

CARTHAGINIANS
ROMANS *and*
AMERICANS



CARTHAGINIANS, ROMANS and AMERICANS

This is the Historical Book of the 355th AAA Slt. Bn. published for free distribution (one copy per soldier) to the members of the outfit who served overseas with the unit. Advanced orders for a limited number of additional copies were taken, at a cost of \$5.00 per copy.

The Balance Sheet! Receipts for publishing this book: From contributions, \$4,175.00; from interest, \$25.59; from advance subscriptions, \$170.00. Total receipts, \$4,370.59. Expenditures: The contract price of \$4,485.00 for the publication of this book, more than consumed the total amount of receipts. In addition, there were miscellaneous expenditures.



**CARTHAGINIANS
ROMANS *and*
AMERICANS**

OVERSEAS WITH THE 355th AAA SLT BN
Chaplain Karl W. Scheufler, Editor

1946

CINCINNATI, OHIO

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I o s o n o l a r i z u r e c t i o n e e l a v i t a

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LETTERS OF GREETINGS

COMMAND AND GENERAL STAFF SCHOOL
FOUR LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS

11 March 1946

Chaplain Karl V. Schaefer, (Major)
1521 Main Avenue
Cincinnati, Ohio

My Dear Schaefer:

May I congratulate you and through you the entire personnel of the 359th on the successful completion of that eagerly awaited project, the Historical Book of the 359th.

While time, as we know, moves on and the sounds of the great conflict grow faint and disappear in the distance, the memories of pleasant moments remain with us to be treasured throughout our entire lives. There is no finer way in which to preserve these memories and to keep them forever fresh, than through the medium of this book, which I, for one, shall always cherish.

That this book should come to be typical of the grand spirit and unswerving ability of the entire personnel of the 359th and I consider it my good fortune to have been associated with such an outstanding group of young Americans.

Once again my heartfelt congratulations.
Sincerely,

Stanford J. Goodman
STANFORD J. GOODMAN
Colonel, GAC

529/47

In The Home Land
5th May 1946

To
The Officer and Enlisted Personnel
The 356th AAA Searchlight Battalion

Dear Friends:

The realization of a dream, born of war, comes to life in this record; the publication made possible by the 356th AAA Searchlight Battalion Historical Book Fund. We are proud of our unit, activated on 1 May 1942 at San Diego, California, and in-activated on 20 December 1944 at Malpensa, Italy in the Mediterranean Theater of Operations. We are proud, also, of our own Battalion Record.

The idea for the book was conceived on foreign soil, at Oren, Algeria, in North Africa, during the early months of 1943. The original suggestions for the book called for a short history covering the foreign service of the battalion. A fund was created, its purpose defined, and its disbursement demarcated. The idea of a history gripped the members of the battalion, and in a matter of a few months it was realized that a really valuable historical record was possible, with a free copy available for every man who was a member of the organization during its period of foreign service.

Thus was born the idea which has developed into the Battalion Historical Record found between these covers. The original suggestions for the book called for a short history covering the foreign service of the battalion. A fund was created, its purpose defined, and its disbursement demarcated. The idea of a history gripped the members of the battalion, and in a matter of a few months it was realized that a really valuable historical record was possible, with a free copy available for every man who was a member of the organization during its period of foreign service.

May the future be full of joy, and peace, and prosperity for you and for yours.

Sincerely,

THE HISTORICAL BOOK FUND COUNCIL
Paul A. Schaefer
PAUL A. SCHAEFER, JR. (Pres.)
Jack A. Pezman
JACK A. PEZMAN (Member)
Richard J. White
RICHARD J. WHITE (Recorder)

HEADQUARTERS
AIR DEFENSE COMMAND,
MITCHELL FIELD, NEW YORK

12 June 1946

TO THE 356TH AAA SEARCHLIGHT BATTALION

It gives me the greatest pleasure to be afforded this opportunity of greeting again the personnel of the 356th AAA Searchlight Battalion. Although, greatly to my regret, the 356th was never under my command after its formation as such, we had gone together through the trials and triumphs of the First Provisional Searchlight Battalion, from which you and the 356th were formed, and I had followed you and your work since, so closely, as to make it seem that I had always been part of you.

As half of the First Provisional Searchlight Battalion, you earned a great share of the responsibility for the spotless success of the First American Fighter-Searchlight Detachment, and for the triumphant proof to the formerly skeptical, of the value and capability of the American AA Searchlight, when manned by good, enthusiastic American men, properly trained and equipped.

After your outstanding success on the Pacific Coast, you went overseas with the first American Fighter-Searchlight Detachment, eventually triumphantly resuming all the obstacles and tribulations in your way, eventually triumphantly re-established the superiority of American equipment, operated by American personnel, and of the American system. Your morale, enthusiasm and effectiveness were matched only by the most capable leadership of your commanding officers, Lieutenant Colonel David B. Whitney, and later, Lieutenant Colonel Frank D. B. Lockman, and of your outstanding group commander, Colonel Stanford J. Goodman.

Let me wish you all success and happiness in your future lives.

Sincerely,
Arthur B. Nicholson
ARTHUR B. NICHOLSON
Colonel, GAC

TO: LT. COLONEL DOUGLAS G. S. HITCHINGS
AND
THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE
356th A.A.A. SEARCHLIGHT BATTALION

My association with your battalion commenced on 1 June 1943, when my brigade assumed direction of the anti-aircraft defenses in the Constantine area which included the already established fighter-escort defenses of the "Belgian" group of airfields. No one of us will soon forget the trouble of that period - the hot days and cool nights, the sirocco, the difficulties in getting air missions to perfect timing, and the Arab hands who cut telephone wires and then begged chewing gum and cigarettes from the communications details who had to repair the lines. It seems hard to believe now that a major strike by the B-17's from the airfields we defended was not more than one hundred planes.

With the jump-off for the "Whiskey" operations, we both moved from Algeria to Tunisia - you to the staging area at Bizerte and later to the part in the defense of that most important port; while my brigade became your close neighbor to the south at Mammouch. My air action became very real at Bizerte and it was there we encountered a new difficulty - operating through "Windows". Heavy memory of an inspection of your battalion on the cold, windy, last day of 1943 and of the turkeys being prepared for your New Year's Day meal the following day.

The searchlight-fighter defense of the Joggia group of airfields, in our memories. The miles and miles of communications that were laid, the new spread base attachments for the lights, my uncooperative attempt to get you better redress to replace the 266's, the cozy castle which was your battalion C.P. and the anti-malarial precautions, the football games - all these seem as if they happened yesterday.

Having followed you through Algeria, Tunisia and Foggia, I feel that, in a small way, I can share with you your pride in a job so well done and your regret when the fortunes of war and the diminishing power of the German Air Force caused the inactivation of your battalion.

My hearty congratulations on a job well done by a fine outfit and my best wishes to all of you for the future.

Washington, D.C.
19 March 1946.

Robert Bennett
ROBERT BENNETT
Former CO, 1st CA Brig. and
Former Deputy AA Officer, AFHQ.

TO
THE MEMBERS OF OUR UNIT
*who devoted many precious years of their
lives to the great cause of peace
throughout the world and*
TO
THE FAMILIES AND LOVED ONES
*of these who served with us both
at home and overseas*

* * * *

*May your efforts not have
been in vain*

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FOREWORD

THE WORDS "The End" were penned to this, your Historical Book, before this preface was begun. Nevertheless, before the first word of the book could be printed, most of the preface was an old, old story to the editor. It is a story, however, which you should know.

In December of 1944, you climbed aboard the trucks at Malpensa, Italy, and with sad hearts headed toward your new units, or toward the Replacement Depot. The 355th AAA Slt. Bn. was dead. Then it looked as though even the dream of a historical book would never be realized. Some entertained a hope, that perhaps it would be possible for small groups of the "Old —5th" men to get together for reunions, after the war ended, but even that seemed very remote in December of 1944. That was a dark month for the men of the old unit. Then in February of 1946 we were able to inform you that plans for the Battalion Historical Record were being pushed towards completion. In response to that announcement, the editor received a large number of personal letters. Some of you said that the publication of this book would be "a miracle!" Others of you informed me of reunion banquets being held in Buffalo and New York. Edward Cortese sent me some pictures of a reunion held in New York on 21 February 1946. The old outfit was dead in body, only.

On 26 April 1945 the CO of the 1108th Engineer Combat Group placed in the hands of the chaplain of that unit (the editor of your book), a letter from General McNarney. That letter made possible the completion of our plans for our book. As I quote, you may be able to read behind the sentences of the letter, and understand the full significance of this indorsement. The letter reads:

19th Indorsement to letter Hq 355th AAA Searchlight Bn, dated 26 November 1944, subject: "Request for Authority to Maintain Fund."

AG 123/786 DTC-O 19th Ind RDF/wp
HEADQUARTERS MTOUSA, APO 512, 22 April 1945.
TO:

Commanding General, Fifth Army, APO 464, US Army.

1. Because of the work already accomplished in preparing the historical book of the 355th Antiaircraft Searchlight Battalion, it is not deemed practical to change the arrangements now in effect for the administration of the 355th AAA Searchlight Battalion historical book fund. Normally, an official fund of a unit which has been inactivated will be transferred to the Theater Central Welfare Fund. In this instance, however, the Board of Directors of the TCWF cannot assume the responsibility for discharging the liabilities involved in putting out an historical book. It is therefore desired that efforts be made to expedite the publication of the book, and that the present custodian continue to discharge his responsibilities under the guidance of a council composed of former members of the 355th AA Searchlight Battalion.

2. When the task has been completed, it is desired that the books pertaining to the fund and whatever balance remains be forwarded through proper channels to either the TCWF or to the Army Central Welfare Fund in Washington, D. C., if final settlement does not take place in the near future.

BY COMMAND OF GENERAL McNARNEY

/s/ R. H. Frese

/t/ R. H. FRESE

Captain, AGD

Asst. Adjutant General.

For a while the recommendation to the CG had been that the funds collected for the publication of our book be turned

over to the ACWF. That recommendation was opposed by your Council. The custodian of the Council had written the 16th indorsement to the basic letter, as follows:

"I am willing to continue in the army service for such a length of time following the war as is necessary to complete this task; or if the War Department does not desire that, I am willing to complete it following my discharge from the army. This projected book has been a tremendous factor in holding the morale of the 355th AAA Slt. Bn. (now disbanded) high. I cannot let these men down, even though the unit has been broken up. As I meet men from the old unit, the normal question for them to ask during the conversation is: "Chaplain, we will get our Battalion Book will we not?" My answer is always: "If that decision is left in my hands, you will!"

This letter helped the CG to approve of our book, but it did not help the War Department to see fit to continue me in the service, on salary, to complete the book. Nevertheless, here is your book!

We are all indebted to the men whose names appear in the Table of Contents of this book, as contributors. There are others, who have worked on this project, as well. James D. Ochs has a section in with the chaplain's chapters. Arthur Peterson has a poem in with the C Battery History. James Porter has some drawings. Mrs. Arnold Henze gave us permission to use a poem she sent her husband, while he was overseas. John Page gave us the basic idea, and the phraseology of the dedication. The book is enhanced by greetings from three officers under whom the "355th" served. Unfortunately, the national scene was so complicated in May and June of 1946, that it was impossible for General Eisenhower to find the time to supply us with a greeting. Many men have read proof on the book. We are indebted to them. Then, too, back in the early days many, many hours were spent by the clerks in S-1 (and elsewhere) typing manuscripts. It is impossible to name all of these, who have thus labored on this publication. Mrs. Ada M. Scheufler has spent long hours reading proof, and in defending me from interruptions while working on the book. To all of these, and others, we are indebted.

As usual the editor of this book disclaims any responsibility for the statements made by the writers in the various chapters of the book. I have permitted these men to speak freely. If an author wanted to maintain that his battery had the best ping pong team in MTO (as an example), I gave him that privilege. I entered all claims, exactly as they appeared in the manuscripts handed to me. Right or wrong, those claims are in this book. The items which appear herein are not published by me, as fact; but they are presented as the views of the authors engendered by their experiences.

Practically the last order issued while the 355th was a unit was SO No. 95, dated December 22, 1944. It read, in part:

2. The fol named O are appointed Council for the 355th AAA Searchlight Battalion Historical Book Fund.

Major PAUL A. SCHOELLKOPF, Jr., 0412344 (President)

Capt. JACK A. PEYMAN, 0400439 (Member)

Capt. KARL W. SCHEUFLER, 0480125 (Custodian)

CWO RICHARD G. WHITE, W2112066 (Recorder).

The three members of the Council who have worked with me have not had an easy task. We are separated by hundreds of miles of territory. Limited funds have added to the problems we had to face. The demands of civilian life have crowded in upon them. Nevertheless, they have responded eagerly to the requests I have made of them, as editor of this book and as custodian of the Council. It is hard for me to conceive of any suggestions which would have improved the manner in which

they have worked with me. Naturally, a heavy burden has fallen upon the recorder, Richard G. White. He has carried that burden in his usual efficient, and cheerful manner. The response of these three men has been of great material value to me, and it has also been spiritually stimulating.

Why did these men take time to make this book possible? The war is over. The duties of economic life back in the States are insistent. They have their families, also, to consider. The answer to this question is both simple and profound. The 355th AAA Slt. Bn. had ever been motivated by high ideals and noble ambitions on the part of the officers and the enlisted personnel. We were a unity as a unit, and we were a happy, efficient group. The members of the Council have worked on this book, not only to discharge their obligations to the Battalion as ordered in SO 95, but also, to preserve the fine spirit of unity and the noble spirit of fellowship that was ours in North Africa and in Italy. They have worked to keep alive the spirit of the "355th" even though we buried the body deep in those numerous record boxes back at Malpensa, Italy.

The book has an unusually large number of pictures. Even with all these illustrations, there are many that I wanted to include in the book which do not appear. For instance, I had a picture of the motor pool of "HQ" earmarked for the chapter on HQ Battery. However, as we were making the paste-up for the chapter, it was discovered that the proofs of the picture had been made too narrow to include in the chapter. Rather than hold up the work on that section until a new print could be made, we discarded the picture. That happened many times. It is unfortunate. Likewise, I found that I did not have pictures of a number of men, whose photographs should have appeared in with the pages of individual pictures. I beg of you, rejoice that we have secured so many pictures, and pardon the omission of the few.

That you might better understand that the editor did work systematically at the job of illustrating the book, note that I took the rosters of the batteries of the battalion dated as follows: A Battery for 4 October 1943, B Battery for 4 September 1943, C Battery for 15 September 1943, and HQ Battery (undated), about the same time. Two years ago, I checked the names of you men off on these lists as I photographed you. I believe that I have a picture of every man whose name appears on those rosters in this book! However, some men's names do not appear in those rosters. Where were William J. Baynes, Edward C. Cortese, or Frederick Kramer when those lists were typed? I do not know, but fortunately, I did secure pictures of these three. I should have a picture in this book of every man in the roster, after whose name a star (☆) appears. (The star indicates that they were with this unit from the time it left the States till it was disbanded.) There are five men with stars after their names, whose pictures do not appear in the sixteen pages of massed photographs. One is that of Richard G. White. However, his picture is in with that of the officers. The other four are Floyd Knight, Joe Koch, Nathan Mathis, and Morris Rubin. I missed them because their names do not appear in those rosters. Two of these men did send me snapshots of themselves, as I wrote to them to see if I had photographed them; but the pictures they sent to me were unsuitable for reproduction by the photolithographic process. Therefore, I tender my apologies to Floyd Knight, Joe Koch, Nathan Mathis and Morris Rubin, especially. There is no picture of Zachary T. Beard in this book. "Zach" went to the hospital soon after we arrived in North Africa and never rejoined the unit. I failed to get his picture, and pictures of many men who left about the time he did, as well as many men who left later. This is regrettable. I almost missed Jim Bedell's picture. As it was, I had to go to a hospital and snap him while he was reclining on an elbow. That accounts for the peculiar picture I have of Jim. Most of our replacements are pictured in this book. It may be that the men whose pictures do not appear in with the pages of individual pictures will find their pictures elsewhere in this publication. I tried hard to get pictures of each of our men in this book. I regret the omissions (and admit some duplications), but I rejoice that I was able to be as largely successful as the book indicates.

The pictures in the book were selected almost exclusively from about 18,000 negatives I snapped with a 35 mm. camera while overseas in 1943, 1944 and 1945. Three pictures appear which were taken with a larger camera in 1926, and one taken with that same camera in 1946. In 1943 I secured an exposed, undeveloped roll of film from a German POW. One picture in the book was made from one of the negatives on

that roll. One roll of 35 mm. negative, which I had not taken, was found in with my pictures. I used one print from this roll. I do not recall who gave me that roll of pictures. Some of the pictures appearing in this book were taken by the chaplain using a camera borrowed from Augustus J. Eaves. At times, "Gene" Habitzruther, or Richard Blanchard, or some other camera enthusiast used my camera as I was conducting services, and thus secured some pictures of the editor, himself. The picture of "Nat" Mandel was furnished the chaplain by Mr. and Mrs. Louis Mandel.

In this preface, on behalf of all of you, I desire to express our sympathy to all those loved ones of the men of the "355th" whose soldiers failed to return home from service. We are thinking, now, of the wives and children, the fathers and mothers, and the sweethearts (a) of the men who died before the unit left for overseas service, (b) of the one who died while we were near Chateaudun du Rhumel, (c) of the many who died following the inactivation of the unit, and also (d) of the men of the "355th" who had been transferred to other units and who fell while serving with those units. Our sympathy goes out, also, to the men who returned home after several years of absence, to find that some loved one at home had departed to walk in the caravan of the saints. These words are written with deep understanding. So often the chaplain delivered messages of sad import to you overseas; but the first message he received when he returned to the States was an announcement from the Red Cross that his own mother was stricken with a fatal illness. We are a unity in the brotherhood of the sorrowing, too.

Most of you will rejoice when you receive and examine this book. Some of you, undoubtedly, will not! After I mailed the prospectus of the book, last February, one man wrote to me and, frankly, said: "I am disappointed in the book." I know that I cannot please everyone who was overseas in the "355th" with this book. I am very conscious that some of you liked murder mystery stories, and borrowed only such stories from my library. Others of you only read classical fiction, while still others only borrowed the comic magazines. I have no illusions about this book meeting with universal approval. Were it to do so, it would be the exception to the facts of history, and the sum total of human experience. Nevertheless, I feel certain that the majority of you will receive this book with joy and gratitude. I mail it to you, with the hope, that its presence in your hands, as well as in your home, and in the hands of those whom you love, will keep alive the things which the chaplain preached, and the things for which he worked and lived while with you in the "355th."

By the title of the book, "Carthaginians, Romans and Americans," we would indicate that we were part of a span of world history, which began about eight hundred years before Christ, continued through the centuries of the Roman Empire, and ended with the inactivation of our unit in 1944. There is still evidence in North Africa of the Phoenician civilization which resulted in the establishment of a great city (perhaps the greatest North Africa ever knew) on the shore of the Gulf of Tunis. In Italy, too, one is conscious that the Carthaginians once were a mighty people. Near where Hannibal defeated the Romans at Cannae (216 B.C.) we spent a year (1944 A.D.). Both in North Africa and in Italy one is seldom able to forget that once a mighty and proud Roman people maintained their civilization for centuries in the face of terrific odds. It is doubtful if North Africa and Italy will ever forget that "we" (Americans) fought and lived in these lands. Three page-size pictures, in the chapters which follow, are symbolical of the entire book. The first is that of the Punic Mausoleum at Dougga, the second is that of the Temple of Septimius Severus at Djemila, and the third is that of the group of American soldiers around the Chaplain's Recreational Table in Chateaudun du Rhumel. We could think of no more appropriate title, to symbolize our service in Algeria, Tunisia, and Italy than "Carthaginians, Romans, and Americans."

There has not been room for a sermon in the text of the book. May I preach that sermon here? May I make it an object sermon? If so, first, face some cold facts with me. Face the fact of the unpaid balance for the printing of this book! In actual cash expenditures that balance runs into hundreds of dollars. In addition to that, I have spent not less than six solid months working on this publication, over and above the time spent on the book while the government was paying me for working. This is a sizable amount! This is an amount that cannot be repaid.

Now against that fact, look at a text. There is a verse in that Book which the chaplain read each Sunday in the worship services, which says: "Then you will be blessed, because they cannot repay you." That statement is found in the gospel according to Luke, chapter fourteen, and verse fourteen. The promise is, that I am to be blessed, because no one can repay me for this unexpected expense. I am to be blessed far and away above what would have been had the accounts balanced. Is that sound logic? Is that good religion? Is that what the books on economics teach? To me it is sound teaching. I'll tell you why I think so.

In the first place, one of the curses of life today is the fact that so many people only work in anticipation of reward. Such people usually get what is coming to them, and that is usually a lot less than they expect. The result: Misery! No man can go through life, feeling that the world owes him something, continually failing to collect in full according to his accounting, and be happy or continue sane. Happy, rather, is the man who works without thinking of reward. Then as the expressions of appreciation filter back to that man he becomes supremely joyful. Buddha saw how miserable people were because they continually drew up a statement of account, and proclaimed the world to be their debtor. As a result Buddha taught that the way to happiness is the way of banishing all desire from the human heart. Don't desire, he said, and you won't despair. Never expect anything, he said, and you will not be depressed when you get nothing. So, you see the Buddhist saint trying to reach Nirvana, by a process of negation. On the other hand, both Christianity and Judaism teach a positive way of life. We are to desire, in these high religions; but we are to desire in accord with the sublime teachings of the great prophets and (for the Christian) of Jesus of Nazareth. Desire to do! Desire to serve! Desire to accomplish! Desire to bless others! But do not desire to be rewarded. Never anticipate a reward or a recompense. In that truth is the secret of happiness, in the ethical religions. Jesus said that we would be blessed because people could not repay us. You will be blessed when you have no expectation of any reward.

A second thing that this unpaid balance teaches us, is that we are to find joy in the deed which occupies us. It has been fun working on this book. I do not know when I have received so much sustained satisfaction over so long a period of time as I have had since I came home from overseas, and began working to prepare this record for publication. When I say that, let me add, that the happiest four years (approximately) of the quarter century in which I have been an ordained Methodist clergyman, are the four years during which I served as a chaplain with the "355th" and with other units of soldiers.

Look for joy in your work, if you want to be blessed. The man who works to get money, so that he can have joy in the spending of the money, usually ends up at the same place where the dog arrives after chasing its tail. He is tired, and defeated, when all is said and done. Find joy in your work. Find joy in religious work as well! It is equally wrong for a person to do good just because he expects to be rewarded with a mansion in the sky, as it is for a person to do good and expect some temporal, material reward therefor. Jesus did good to the multitudes, not because he was working for an eternal reward, but because he loved people, and he found joy in living with and doing for people.

The final observation I would draw from this unpaid balance is that it must ever be an unpaid balance. It must be eternally so. You cannot liquidate it. Hudson Taylor was a missionary in China generations ago. One evening after addressing a large London audience, he refused to take up a missionary offering. "Why?" he was asked. The questioner added: "You might have had one hundred pounds in that collection had you taken up an offering." Taylor knew, that by NOT taking up an offering, the audience went away feeling that they were indebted to the cause for which Taylor stood, and that they had an obligation to discharge that indebtedness. In the end Taylor's work received infinitely more in material gifts than he would have received had he passed the collection plate that night; but more especially, his work gained a new group of friends. Because of the unpaid balance on this book, you have an obligation, but it is not an obligation to the chaplain. You have an obligation to the ideals for which he stood. You have an obligation to live according to the ideals of the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. You have an obligation to strive for an ecumenical church. You have an obligation to be noble and pure. You have an obligation to make your home an antechamber of heaven itself. You have an obligation to make the fact that you were a member of the 355th AAA Slt. Bn. synonymous with the truth that you are a noble religious character, far above the average such in any community!

The best chaplain or the best clergyman is not the one who is paid to preach; but the best, is the one who pays most heavily for the privilege of preaching and serving. So, too, the layman.

I close with the sincere prayer, that the grace of the Eternal might be with you and with yours, eternally.

KARL W. SCHEUFLER,
CHAPLAIN

Cincinnati, Ohio
7 July 1946



ROOTS OF THE 355th

By M/SGT. EDWARD MILLER

WHILE the title "355th AAA Searchlight Battalion" dates back to May of 1942, the actual history of the unit, and the personnel in it, dates back to fifteen months before that—February, 1941. At this time there were four coast artillery regiments in training at Camp Stewart, Georgia. The 207th and 212th were from New York City, the 209th from Western New York State, and the 214th from Georgia. These units had been sent to Camp Stewart for one year of basic training. The A batteries, or searchlight batteries, of these regiments were the units which later formed the First Provisional Searchlight Battalion. Such terms as "DEC," "azimuth," "elevation," "orientation," and "slant range," soon became familiar to the men of these batteries. In addition to their specialized training in searchlights and searchlight tactics, the men received regular basic military training. The study of subjects, such as convoy discipline, first aid, communications, map reading and aircraft recognition, became a part of the daily routine. The men were also given calisthenics, infantry drill and manual of arms to build their bodies.

Midsummer found the men in top physical condition. The slim ones had begun to fill out and the fat ones to trim down. The units had settled down to a dull routine of drills, classes and inspections. Week-end convoys to Savannah or to the beaches around it, occupied the leisure hours of the men. At the completion of the 13-week basic training period, 10-day furloughs were granted to the men. After the furlough period, the dullness turned to boredom as most of the novelty of army life had worn off. New developments soon changed all this. Late in August of 1942, Major Arthur B. Nicholson was sent to Camp Stewart by the War Department to conduct an experiment in a new form of anti-aircraft defense, namely the Fighter-Searchlight System, a system which is today all too familiar to the men of the 355th, who have operated under it for more than three years.

Prior to the introduction of the Fighter-Searchlight System, the searchlights were used in conjunction with the gun batteries of the Coast Artillery Regiments. The searchlight sections would detect the approach of planes on their sound locators and when the targets came within range they would light them up

for the gun sections to shoot at. Under the Fighter-Searchlight System, the searchlights ceased to operate in conjunction with the guns, and instead, tracked the targets for night-fighters of the air force to attack. With the advent of the Fighter-Searchlight System, the sound locator gave way to a detector known as "radar." This new detector was far more accurate and dependable than that formerly used.

For the purpose of his experiment, Major Nicholson selected the A batteries of the 207th, 209th, 212th and 214th Coast Artillery Regiments and formed the 1st Provisional Searchlight Battalion. Immediate study of "radar" and of the new tactics employed under this system, was begun late in August; and on September 3rd the 1st Provisional Searchlight Battalion left Camp Stewart to begin a two-month test. Headquarters for the Battalion was set up at Swainsboro, Georgia, and the batteries were deployed in the area around Swainsboro, Metter, Vidalia and Lyons, Georgia. Each night, bombers from the nearby air bases winged their way across the Georgia sky, and pencils of light from the powerful searchlights picked them up and followed their flight.

During the period of this test, the famous "Southern hospitality" was enjoyed by the men of the battalion. Sunday dinner at the home of one of the local families became a regular occurrence in the lives of a great many of the men. Dances, parties, and picnics filled the week-ends with unending pleasures. The close association between the townspeople and the soldiers gave the men a much-needed touch of home and also gave the people a clear understanding of the problems faced by these soldiers (many of whom had never before been away from home). Many a Southern family was responsible for causing a case of home-sickness to be "nipped in the bud."

All play and no work was not the rule as far as the men of the battalion were concerned. Many nights, until long after midnight, searchlights probed the black sky in search of the elusive bombers. However, the release from the strictness of garrison life instilled a new spirit in the men and put an end to what had been unending monotony.

The two-month trial period ended all too soon and the battalion was ordered to proceed to North Caro-



Near the Torre delle Milizie, Rome

lina for the purpose of participating in the first army maneuvers. Here, as members of the "Blue Army," the battalion was set up in tactical positions to protect vital installations from the opposing "Red Army." Winter had started and the chilling Carolina wind and frequent rains dampened the ardor of the men. Evidently the "Red Army" was composed entirely of ground forces as not one enemy plane was sighted during the entire month of maneuvers.

The maneuvers did provide one unforgettable and unpleasant incident. Thanksgiving for the battalion was celebrated in a woods between Candor and Biscoe, and it was without a doubt the wettest Thanksgiving the men had thus far encountered. Shortly after a delicious piece of turkey would find its way to a man's mess kit, it would be inundated by the never-ceasing rain which thoroughly dampened any holiday spirit that might have been present.

The first week in December the 1st Provisional Searchlight Battalion returned to Camp Stewart to disband. The pyramidal tents of Camp Stewart with their spring cots, mattresses, sheets and Sibley stoves were a welcome sight to the men after "roughing it" for a month in North Carolina. The batteries were once more under the control of their respective regiments and plans were being made for furloughs for Christmas and New Year's when December 7th, 1941, changed the entire future for the entire country. Almost immediately, the 1st Provisional Searchlight Battalion, which had been going through a disbanding period, was reorganized and ordered to the West Coast to guard the aircraft industries and population centers of that section of the country. By the end of the year the Battalion had been shipped across the country and was set up to protect it from the threatening "Sons of Heaven." Battery A of the 209th was set up in position around San Diego as part of the defense under the control of the 33rd Brigade. The remaining units were located around Los Angeles

under the control of the 37th Brigade. For 24 hours a day the men of the battalion were on the alert, searching the skies for "hostile" aircraft. None appeared however.

By this time the results of the experiment conducted in Georgia had been studied by the War Department and a table of organization for a separate searchlight battalion was issued. On the 1st of May, 1942, the 1st Provisional Searchlight Battalion ceased to exist and the 354th and 355th AAA Searchlight Battalions were formed. The men of the 209th and 212th formed the 355th and the men of the 207th and 214th formed the 354th. While the 1st Provisional Searchlight Battalion did not last to celebrate its first anniversary, its ideas and traditions are still carried on by the 354th and 355th. What was once merely an experiment is now a standard "battle-tried" procedure in anti-aircraft defense.



Chapel at a General Hospital near Foggia



PURPLE HEART AWARDS

Action in Tunisia

T/5 Elmer C. Edgar

Pfc. Frederick Waligorski

T/4 Remo N. Boccagni

Pfc. Thomas M. Scanlon

T/5 Harry J. Hammersla





HISTORY OF THE BATTERIES

History of **HEADQUARTERS BATTERY**

by Sgt. Henry T. Koch

HEADQUARTERS BATTERY was formed in San Diego, California, when the 355th Coast Artillery Searchlight Battalion was activated on May 1, 1942. The Battery was made up of men from the "A" batteries of the 207th, 209th, 212th and 214th Coast Artillery (AA) Regiments. Major Paul A. Schoellkopf, Jr., then a First Lieutenant, was the first Battery Commander. Capt. Wyant, Capt. Bailey, and Capt. Scott (all First Lieutenants at the time) also commanded the Battery. Capt. Nimmo, Capt. Page, Lt. Teasley and Lt. Van Buren, likewise, were in command of the Battery at some time during its history.

The Battery moved as a unit with the Battalion from San Diego via rail to Fort Dix. We had spent almost two years under balmy southern skies at Camp Stewart, Georgia, and San Diego, California. Fort Dix had some of its famous weather with rain and later snow, with very low temperatures, to greet us. It looked like Valley Forge, and the boys from New York and New Jersey had a hard time explaining what had happened to the fine Eastern weather they had been talking about. From there we sailed on the Army Transport "J. W. McAndrew" to land a bit seasick and a little the worse for wear at Oran, North Africa. The Battery was bivouacked at Fleurus where rain and inclement weather failed to dampen the spirit of the men. From Fleurus the Battery moved out as first battery in the convoy bound for Chateaudun-du-Rhumel. On this convoy we witnessed our first air raid. It was a raid on Algiers and we viewed it from a distance of about twelve miles. The ground shook from the concussion of the explosions. We didn't know for a minute what was happening, but as soon as we saw those long pencils of light probing the sky we realized it was an air raid. None of the planes came near us, however, and that was a good thing because we were packed along the road like sardines. One hit would have made an awful mess. The convoy made good progress from then on and the camp was set up in a lovely grove just outside

Chateaudun. We were really glad of the shade offered by the grove when the African sun beat down that summer. From Chateaudun we moved, again by motor convoy, over roads made practically impassable where the war had passed over them, to the staging area in Bizerte. The Battery was there about six weeks undergoing a few light air raids on clear nights before moving to Ferryville for permanent bivouac when the Battalion set up tactically for the defense of Bizerte itself. We were all disappointed when it became apparent that we were to work with AA guns instead of using the Fighter-Searchlight System in which we all had confidence. Before we went into this set-up we had been ordered to load twice for transport to Sicily. The first time we proceeded as far as the Houston staging area and spent the night there only to return to our old bivouac in the morning. A short time later we did manage to get on the boats. That night there was a big air raid and the boys really sweated that one out. We knew we were in the target area and we couldn't fight back. We had to sit on those cold decks and pray they wouldn't hit us. Luck was with us, or else our prayers were heard, and we got off very lightly. "Got off" is exactly the expression because Messina fell that night and back we went to the staging area. Our next stop was Italy. The city of Naples, to be exact about it, was where we disembarked. The Battalion was forced to travel on Liberty Ships, which necessitated much extra work in packing equipment, but the voyage was quiet and the weather pleasant, and most of the men weathered the trip very well. After a minimum of time to unload the boats we moved, again by motor convoy, to San Severo, a little town north of Foggia, where we are as this record is penned.

Headquarters Battery is formed for the purpose of performing all the functions of an administrative nature for the Battalion. It supplies all the rated enlisted men for the S-1, S-2, S-3 and S-4 sections as well as for the Battalion Communications Section, the Plotting Board Crews and the Battalion Motor Pool Section. All of the men required to operate these departments from non-coms to privates and all commissioned officers who head the departments are men of, or men



Sgt. Daggs and Bty. HQ

attached to Headquarters Battery. In addition the enlisted men perform all the regular Battery details such as guard, K. P. and Battery Motor Pool maintenance. All Battalion staff drivers are drawn from the Battery personnel and also the officers' orderlies.

The Battery is quite sport conscious. It has softball teams in every department and a Headquarters team to represent the Battalion in outside leagues. Volley ball enjoyed great popularity, almost on a par with baseball. Practically all men participated in this sport and pickup teams played almost every night. While in Chateaudun, Bizerte and San Severo swimming was encouraged and was very popular. The warm waters of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic Sea have drawn almost every man in the Battery at one time or another and, of course, there were those Sun Worshippers who would slip off for a swim at every opportunity. On rainy, or cold days, bridge, cribbage, chess and the usual friendly poker games took the place of outside sports.

The Battery has men strung all over, wherever it goes. There is hardly a day passes when someone is not sent off on detached service. All the Plotting Board men are usually sent to the Group Headquarters to work with men from the other Battalions in the tactical set-up. Sgt. Gene ("Pop") Schultz is one of these boys. He is generally regarded as the old man of the outfit though he really isn't. Pop can remember when Theda Bara and William S. Hart were the idols of the movie-going public. He had a fit when Congress said he had to spend eighteen months in the Army instead of twelve. That was two years ago and he is still with us, playing baseball like a demon and bridge whenever he can find three others who can stand his renegeing. There are the supply or S-4 men who must make long trips, many times overnight, to pick up needed supplies. Tech. Sgt. Sanford ("Sandy") Brinsmaid is usually elected for these jobs and he seems to thrive on them. Sandy, who was an insurance man in civilian life, is an expert bridge player and a fine cook. He can concoct the most deli-



The First Sergeant and His Clerk



HQ near San Severo

cious pickup lunches with practically nothing. He nearly drives his wife crazy with his requests for salad dressing, shrimp and other delicacies. Tech. Sgt. Sidney ("Agitator") Warren is usually left in the S-4 office to wrestle with the paper work involved in the supplying of the Battalion. Sid will argue with anyone, anytime, about anything under the sun. He will take either side of the argument and usually win. Warren is assisted by Maurice Pudnos and Ed Conklin, who do the typing. Maurice is the Chaplain's formidable chess opponent, and will also start an argument on the least provocation. Ed is an old 209th man and was one of the finest control station operators in the business before he came to Headquarters. The supply drivers, Weams Brown, Eugene Hall, Orlin Olson and Harry Henson, spend long hours on the road and deserve credit for the fine record of miles without accident which they have piled up. Brown and Hall are a little disappointed with the war. Their main ambition is to "kill themselves a German." Brother Brown and Brother Hall have only one worry, that being that they will go home with a Northern accent. Harry Henson, otherwise known as "Speedy," is a Kansas man and you just can't change him. He moves at one speed all the time, except when he gets

behind the wheel of his truck, and then you would think every second counted. Olson ("The Swede") is the Supply Officer's driver and is phenomenally lucky with the pasteboards. He is a tall, good-natured fellow and can always appreciate a joke. Staff Sgt. Pete Stangle is the Battery Supply Sergeant and has to keep Headquarters men looking like soldiers. Pete has lots of trouble with his salvage problem but he always gets through salvage day somehow. He sticks to strict office hours of 9:00 to 5:00 and woe be to



The Author Poses



San Severo Grand Opera

the one who comes in for anything before or after hours. Sgt. Stangle is assisted by Frank ("Zibby") Bayles. Frank likes supply work and gave up a T-5 in Communications to get into it. He is an expert electrician and as yet we haven't been able to discover any of his vices.

The Communications Section have a really tough job when the Battalion moves into a new position. During our travels they have had to lay and pick up literally hundreds of miles of wire. Tech. Sgt. Ernest Hallenbeck is the big boss on wire installation jobs and is considered as indispensable. Ernie comes from Schenectady, New York, and has a wife waiting for him there. He takes everything seriously and is much concerned with the welfare of his own men—never missing a chance to praise them if he can. His corporals, who head the line crews, are "Honest" John Honkus, Frank ("Chief") Halfred, and William Miller. These boys and their crews have done a fine job in maintaining communications with all parties concerned. The Battalion switchboard, which is located in Headquarters and manned by Headquarters personnel, is also Tech. Sgt. Hallenbeck's baby. The chief operator, T-5 Warren ("Smokey") Greene, hails from Fort Valley, Georgia. "Smokey" loves to play poker and sleep. His main worry is whether or not that sweet Southern belle he left behind will be waiting for him. "Smokey's" crew is made up of Ray Hobson, Louis Gray and Tony Zannieri. Tony ran

into relatives in Italy and has been sitting pretty ever since. Although a part of communications, radio does not fall under Sgt. Hallenbeck's stern eye. Radio communications is Staff Sgt. Marvin Hess's worry. Marve has some good operators in Sigmond Sikorski, Wilbert Ernst, Boyd Jordal and J. P. Porter. "JP" is shown on the T/O as a radio operator but that by no means describes him. He is a jack-of-all-trades and a general handyman. "JP" will try to fix anything whether he thinks he can or not. Always hiding behind a two-day beard you can find him tearing something apart to see what makes it tick. He devised a very efficient oil burner for the tents during the cold winter in Africa and can help you with almost any mechanical problem.



Message Center



Sgt. Houghland



Sgt. Hess and the Radio Trailer



Sgt. Lis



The Convoy to San Severo

The Battalion Motor Pool men do all the third echelon maintenance for the entire Battalion. Master Sgt. Bob Taylor headed the department on all the moves since we were organized. "Pop," as he was always called, has since gone home on rotation and has been replaced by Master Sgt. Henry Bogacz. T-4 Pasquale ("The Bull") Pandolfi, T-5 Charles ("Harp") McAvoy, T-4 Angie ("BigUn") Molinari, T-4 Mike ("Lem") Mastin, Pvt. Edward ("Butts") Quirk and S/Sgt. Ellis ("Pic") DiLaura are the boys who keep the trucks rolling and they get mighty dirty doing it. The boys are all upstate New Yorkers, hailing from Honeyoye, Albion, Rochester, and Buffalo, with the exception of "The Harp" who is from Manhattan. They love their coffee and have it every night. It is hard to keep up with these boys as they are a group of kidders and have no mercy on anyone when it comes to a good joke. In their business they have to go all over for spare parts and it has led them to some strange places. There was the time that



Sgt. Hallenbeck and the Legion of Merit



Dougga: Temple of Jupiter

Mastin found himself all the way up to the Field Artillery just after the Americans had taken Cassino, and "Ang" Molinari found some of his cousins down near Salerno when he was on a hunting expedition. The Motor Pool has one other vital man necessary for its operation and that is T-5 Earl L. Bayless, the parts clerk. Earl enlisted in Buffalo and has been trying to figure out how it happened ever since. Detroit is his home and apparently the rest of the USA just revolves around it. That is the way he tells it. The record these boys have made in keeping the trucks moving on the long convoys in Africa and in Italy is an excellent one. Long hours and little sleep is their routine on convoys, plus eating when and what they can, as they are seldom around at regular chow times when the Battery is on the road. Through their planning and ingenuity they have devised means of doing fourth echelon work if it becomes necessary.

Working along with these boys is the Headquarters Battery Motor Pool. It is rather difficult to distinguish just where one ends and the other starts as the boys work well together, helping each other out whenever necessary. T-4 Anthony ("Bennie") Bentkowski, T-5 Hank Krause, T-5 William ("Bill") Pelkey and Pfc. Bernard ("Bernie") Dawson keep the Battery vehicles rolling right along with the best of them. Their job is to perform all second echelon maintenance and it is up to the drivers themselves to perform the first.

The kitchen crews headed by Mess Sgt. Edward Lis have not been mentioned up to now but they perform the rather vital job of feeding the Battery. The cooks have done a fine job with the material at hand and have prepared delicacies for the mess wherever they could be found. The mess sergeant's pride are his stoves which are kept scrupulously clean by the hard-working KP's. Sgt. Lis loves to go around without his shirt and he has no trouble keeping warm as his chest strongly resembles a bear-skin rug. His first cooks, T-4 Laddie Kurgan and T-4 Charles ("Danny") Danbury, both know their business well. Laddie comes from Minnesota and is a baseball fan. When anyone makes an error it almost breaks his heart and



"Framed"



Another pet



Djebel Achkel

he keeps muttering "Isn't that pitiful," or "They do the same thing every time." T-5 Louie Krause who works with Laddie is an energetic boy from Texas. On his day off he runs a thriving laundry business and he will probably be able to retire after the war on the profits. Louis likes volley ball and no matter how hard he has worked all day he always shows up for a game or two in the evening. "Danny" Danbury is from Wichita, Kansas, which according to him, is the only place in the world to live. Everyone is quite sure that "Danny" parts his hair with a plumb line every morning. T-5 Chambers is the Battery baker and a good one. Wilbur looks just like you would expect a baker to look—short, stocky and with a big smile and a hearty laugh. His peach pies are a dream.

The S-2 (Intelligence) and the S-3 (Operations) sections are headed by Sgt. Charles Gollwitzer, and T/Sgt. William ("Bill") Baynes. "Chuck" is a short, wiry young fellow who is very quick with the wise crack. He has a son, "Pete," who is his pride and joy. "Chuck" heard about Peter's arrival just before a special Saturday inspection and showed up with various bottles and boxes of cigars to celebrate. He just couldn't wait another minute. Incidentally, he brushes what hair he has left fifty strokes a night and swears it is growing back. "Bill" Baynes is an ex-platoon sergeant and an expert in searchlight maintenance. He never hurries but plans his work and always finishes up on time. "Bill" is an excellent draftsman and

likes to play pinochle in his spare time. T-5 John ("Hollywood") Beatty is the clerk for S-2—S-3 and is kept busy typing directives and filing training memos and schedules. He finds time for baseball and is captain of the Headquarters team. John is quite a ladies' man and to top off everything he shoots a mean game of pool.

S-1 is the key-point of administration of the Battalion. Master Sgt. Ed Miller, the Battalion sergeant major, has charge of this office. "Ed" is a pinochle player and a great reader. He plays the organ for



Wire Patrol



Camp at the Fort



HQ EM Club

church each Sunday morning and never misses if he can help it. The old sergeant major is tall and thin. T/Sgt. "Herb" Hougland is second in command in S-1 and is personnel sergeant major. "Herb" likes to read and it is hard to mention a book which he has not at least glanced through. He is a great person for using words and you could have knocked the Battery over one day when upon viewing a beautiful saddle horse "Herb" asked if any of the boys were "equestriennes." He is a great practical joker and his one aim is to get home to his lovely wife. "Herb" is as-



Inspection near Bizerte



Our Bizerte Fort

sisted in his work by the Battery clerks who are attached to Headquarters for administrative purposes. T-5 "Gil" Babcock is the Headquarters clerk and is a baseball player from away back. "Gil" comes from Oakland and really wants to get back. T-4 Howard ("Tiger") Holzkamp of Watertown, South Dakota, is the personnel file clerk and a great volley ball enthusiast.

The Battalion staff drivers are the boys who really get around. T-5 "Joe" Koch has probably seen more of Africa and Italy than any other enlisted man in the outfit. He drives the Colonel and really gets around. "Joe" loves hunting and fishing and is a great camera enthusiast. T-5 "Charlie" Sabatino drives the Major and has been almost as many places as Joe. "Charlie" likes to sleep and makes up the pinochle foursome of Miller, Baynes, Hougland and Sabatino. Another boy who sees plenty is T-5 Eugene Habitzruther. "Gene" drives for the Chaplain and gave up a T-4 in a radar section to take the job. He wants to get married as soon as the war is over. (P.S. He did!) Pfc. Henry ("Hank") Crawford has nailed down the job of driving for the "BC." He hails from Kalamazoo, Michigan, and for some unknown reason is sometimes called "Nancy." "Hank" gets a big kick out of everything from burlesque to grand opera and he has a laugh that words cannot describe. When Crawford laughs everybody laughs.

One man who has never stopped working since he came to Headquarters is T-4 Howard Harris. He is the carpenter and he can never seem to catch up on the things people want him to do for them. Howard is hard-working and yet he always has time to stop and talk about your problems with you. He is one of the best-liked men in the Battery. One other department must be mentioned and that is the Message Center. Sgt. Henry ("HT") Koch operates it and checks on the vital morale-builder—the mail. Pfc. Clarence ("Red") Klein is Message Center clerk and a great baseball fan. "Red" would rather play ball than eat. He never misses a game if he can possibly



Bizerte from our Fort

help it and when his team isn't playing he's usually out on the diamond giving advice or umpiring. T-5 Alfred ("Al") Schweers is the official mail orderly for the Battalion and Message Center driver. He drives his jeep like it was a P-38 and has the Motor Pool nearly frantic to figure out how to keep the body from coming right off the frame. "Al" is a good outfielder and how he makes some of his shoestring catches is a mystery to everyone. Sgt. Vernon Green was with the Message Center section for some time. Vernon comes from Texas and has a lovely wife waiting for him. He was recently transferred to the Plotting Board and likes the work a great deal though he will miss playing volley ball with the boys. Sgt. Royal C. Daggs has been 1st Sgt. of Headquarters Battery since we left San Diego. He is a tall, dark-haired boy with a love for dogs and home. Royal comes from Rochester, New York, and was with the old "209th." He likes to drive and is continually talking about the car he will have when the war is over. He has many headaches as 1st Sgt. and swears he wakes up every morning wondering if he will get a new "BC" that day or not.

Under our new T/O a Tech. Sgt. is required in Headquarters Battery for maintenance work on the Radar units of the Battalion. Tech. Sgt. Wesley ("Wes") Miner was brought in from A Battery to fill the bill. It was Headquarters gain and "A's" loss. "Wes" is an ardent pinochle player and an all-round ball player. He has alternated between pitching, catching, and short stop. When the football season rolls around "Wes" will be right out there playing hard. At the same time "Wes" came to Headquarters, T-5 James ("Red") Travers showed up. He drives for a Battalion Staff Officer and is well satisfied with his job. "Red" is a typical Irishman and comes from New York. He was with the 212th CA before he came with the "355th." "Red" has been attached to every battery in the outfit except "B" and knows practically everyone.



HQ was a Rendezvous for Officers



Another Inspection



Pup Tent De Luxe



On the "Wm. D. Pender"



Finishing the Job



But, when they started . . .



The Patient in the Case

The Medical Detachment is attached to Headquarters Battery for rations and quarters only. They do not do any battery details and many of their men are on detached service to the other batteries of the Battalion. All the boys here at Headquarters are Southerners with the exception of T-4 Rocco Domino. Rocco is from Cincinnati, Ohio, and thinks the Reds will win another pennant before long. (Editor's note: Of course they will!) Staff Sgt. Raeford Smith ("Smitty") heads up the Medics and is quite anxious to get home and see his baby for the first time. His standard answer to almost all queries is "Pardner, you just go see the Chaplain about that." Corp. Verlyn Price is the mechanical genius of the department. His latest invention is a shower complete with hot and cold water. His theory is that to be first in the chow line will pay dividends. T-5 James Alich is the musician and T-5 Roy Hughes is the ambulance driver and teller of tall tales. Roy amazes himself sometimes at the stories he tells.

All in all, Headquarters Battery has quite an important part in the efficient operation of the Battalion. It has functioned smoothly and done its work well. Let us hope that as you have read this over many little incidents have been brought back to your mind. I am sorry I have not mentioned everyone here, there are many, many good men who have not been named but it would take a whole book to include them all.

As we write this record, there are rumors afloat; rumors that bid ill for outfits such as ours. They say that our job is completed. If that is true, what will become of us? Time must answer that. After all this chapter is history, and I am not a prophet. As I lay down my pen, we are still located near San Severo. It is summer in 1944.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Later Sgt. Hallenbeck was decorated for Meritorious Service, thus becoming the only member of the "355th" to receive a decoration other than the Purple Heart while serving overseas with the unit.)



Another View of Djebel Achkel

History of **BATTERY "A"**

by 1st Sgt. Harold J. Keeffe

IN order to write a complete history of this organization it is necessary to go into the past and relate facts concerning its origin. It was formed from the 1st and 2nd platoons of Battery A, 209th CA AA. That organization was sent to California shortly after war was declared against Japan.

Its first night in California was spent in California's proverbial "heavy dew" at Camp Callan. The following morning reconnaissance parties went out and in a day or so tactical positions were occupied.

The 1st platoon of the 209th was commanded by Lt. E. C. Wind with S/Sgt. Walter McGuire as his likeable assistant. Their first CP was on Rosecrans Boulevard in the heart of San Diego. The cooking staff, headed by Al Drdul, put forth great effort to provide meals while working under poor conditions in a garage attached to the house. The 1st platoon holds the record for frequent moves. While in San Diego they moved eleven times—generally to a house in the residential district. Their second CP was located in La Jolla in a fine house fronting on the sea. In off duty moments the men took delight in feeding the sea gulls by tossing crumbs of bread into the air. The gulls would swoop gracefully through the air and catch the crumbs before they fell to the ground.

Another site occupied by this platoon was in a large house located on Sunset Cliffs Boulevard. There, the men were just finishing flushing out the swimming pool when they received movement orders again. This time the platoon moved to Fort Rosecrans. While in the Fort the men lived alternately in barracks and a tent area, and were stationed in the Fort when "A" Battery of the "355th" was formed. It was while in the barracks that the boys ran into a little difficulty with the Post OD. Pillow fights were the order of the day. That particular night Bubb and Richardson had driven Kirkland and Miner from the top floor of the barracks and were poised at the top, awaiting their return. Steps were heard climbing the stairs and Bubb and Richardson bore down hard with their pillows. However, much to their chagrin, a captain spoke up from underneath the barrage and ordered them to cease and desist. They did so quickly, whereupon the officer suggested that they allow the rest of the camp to get a little sleep. Strange to relate he found it necessary to return ten minutes later and plead with the men to quiet down. The story is also related about a surprise visit paid to George Klumpp's section by General Curtiss. It seems that George was cleaning the searchlight and was told by the General that he was out of uniform because he didn't have on his helmet, gas mask, rifle and cartridge belt. Just prior to this incident the platoon had moved into their own barracks located outside the gate of Ft. Rosecrans.



Sergeant Keefe



Patent Pending?



Waiting . . . waiting



Battery Officers

The 2nd platoon of the "209th" placed its first CP in a housing project in Linda Vista. There Lt. Page and Ransom Thilk, his platoon Sergeant kept things moving by borrowing a huge trailer from the Marine base and transporting shacks to tactical positions to be used for sleeping quarters. This platoon also did some moving about. Their next area was in a housing project in Pacific Beach. At this location facilities for fairly comfortable living were readily available. Each apartment was equipped with bath, refrigerator and heating facilities. The ice boxes were generally well-stocked. Upon the formation of the "355th" this platoon also moved into government constructed barracks and became the 2nd platoon of the new unit. The movement from the housing project into the new barracks brings to mind an amusing sidelight. The move started on a Monday and by Thursday of the same week, "Sid" Warren was the only person left in the old area. A call came through, in search of "Snatch" Bauer. A thorough search had been made at all sections and at the new area, but to no avail. "Snatch" couldn't be found, but someone mentioned that "Snatch" had gone to sleep in the old area on the previous Monday. "Sid" was instructed to make sure that "Snatch" was not in the area. He started

through the buildings and in covering them all came to the last room. In that room the shades were drawn, and in order to make a complete search, he raised them. In one corner of the room a figure was lying deep within a sleeping bag. "Sid" uncovered the huddled form and, lo and behold, it was "Snatch." "Snatch" was very indignant at being so rudely awakened. He maintained that he had just dropped off to sleep. Finally with the aid of a civilian passerby "Sid" convinced "Snatch" that he had really pulled a "Rip Van Winkle" and had been asleep since the previous Monday.

The battery demonstrated its technical ability on numerous occasions. One section was tracking about 4:00 a.m. in the morning when a target appeared in the scope. The information was phoned into the plotting board and the entire city was alerted. The guns prepared to fire; the target came within range, and the light went into action. The plane, however, was identified as friendly just as the guns were about to fire. At other times, individual sections of the battery and the battery as a whole were commended by General Curtiss as the best "Light" battery in San Diego. The section of A Battery which General Curtiss visited most frequently and praised highly was located



Doughnuts



"40 and 8"



The Red Cross entertained at Foggia



Horse Car Pullman



"Nor iron bars a cage"

at Pacific Beach. Section "141" will always be remembered by the men of A Battery. It was commanded at various times by Clapp, Christian and Koch. It was near La Ronda Cafe where the men made many enduring friendships. "Al's Restaurant" also received a good share of attention. Another excellent section was on Sunset Cliffs Boulevard, overlooking the ocean. The section was camouflaged so that it appeared to be a beach club. Our baseball and basketball teams were among the strongest in the area.

At the time the battery was alerted for movement overseas Captain Schoellkopf was battery commander. Strangely enough it was almost on the first anniversary of Pearl Harbor that we began packing. The train trip to New York from the coast was welcomed by the men because it gave them a chance to rest up after days and nights of work, dismantling and loading equipment. As is usually the case, fortunes were won and lost by the gamblers during the Christmas



Dining Room Table

week on the train. Our arrival at Fort Dix was not too cheery. The weather was cold and a light drizzle added to our discomfort. We marched from the train to our tent area and proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. The trip from Fort Dix by train to Staten Island and finally aboard the U. S. A. T., "J. W. McAndrew," was a nightmare and will live long in our memories as a really hectic twelve hours. Once aboard the ship, after lugging our heavy barracks bags, plus full field equipment, up the steep gang plank, every one dropped into their bunk and slept the sleep of the exhausted. The next morning we were all surprised, and happy as well, to find ourselves out of sight of land. The trip across the Atlantic was uneventful. The talk on deck at night centered around the living conditions we were expecting at our destination. No one had the faintest idea as to what our destination was to be until a booklet was distributed describing North Africa. Despite the booklet the men visualized positions set-up in the midst of sand dunes, cut off from every contact with civilization. We arrived at Oran January 27th, 1943, and a new phase of the battery history was begun.

North Africa was not at all what we expected. It was civilized, yet it was not civilized in our interpretation of the word. Our bivouac area at Fleurus rap-



A Battery Pet



"Did you get a picture, Buddy?"

idly took shape. For the first time since maneuvers in North Carolina, Battery A was really living in the field. Sleeping on the ground in the rainy season was not exactly a picnic yet we didn't gripe too much. Soon our equipment began to arrive in Oran and details were constantly traveling back and forth from the docks to the battery area. Many of the men went to Oran on pass and found the dirt and filth very different from the clean cities in the States. They quickly learned to disregard the beggars and street urchins and occasionally found something of interest to buy and send home.

The motor convoy from Fleurus to Chateaudun was very interesting. On the second night of the convoy as we passed Algiers, it was experiencing an air raid. The trucks were proceeding slowly, blackout. The road was narrow with a deep ditch on either side. Suddenly one truck left the road. It was followed by two more. No one was seriously injured although several men riding in the back of ammunition trucks narrowly escaped as the heavy boxes of "ammo" shifted. Passing through the mountains we saw some of the most beautiful scenery we had ever experienced. At one point we saw a railway tunnel gouged through a mountain which was all of five miles long. As we left the mountainous area the next morning we



Forty Men and Luggage



The Weather Outside was Terrible

descended into a huge valley. Before long we were passing air fields, extending many miles back, from both sides of the road. For the first time we saw built-up pup tents, complete with stoves made from oil drums topped with smoke stacks of No. 10 cans. As we approached Chateaudun, A Battery's convoy split into two groups; the first platoon, commanded by Lt. Quigley proceeded to St. Donet and the 2nd platoon and Battery Headquarters drove on through Chateaudun to their area located in a large grove of trees. The 1st platoon was located in an orchard with a large farm house nearby.

It was at Chateaudun that we were most peacefully situated. We arrived there March 28th at the end of the rainy season. It was cold and uncomfortable during the first few weeks, but with the approach of summer the weather became warm and dry. The Arabs were put to work digging foxholes, machine gun revetments, searchlight and "268" installations. After



The Author Writes

sections were set up, everyone settled down to routine work. The radar sections were on a tracking schedule and there were occasional missions. A Battery baseball team was organized and games were played throughout the season with the numerous air corps outfits in the area. One thing which will always keep Chateaudun in our memories is the quantity of eggs everyone consumed day after day. They were cooked in every conceivable style. Pass trucks were frequently dispatched to Constantine where it was possible to buy a good meal. We gained a slight insight into the customs of the ancient Romans who had occupied the country at one time, when we visited the ruins of Djemila. We learned that the present day steam bath was not a novelty to the Romans, when we took a bath at the local bath house and were washed by the Arab attendant. When Rommel's army capitulated at Cape Bon there was jubilation and much wishful thinking expressed in optimistic predictions concerning an early termination of the war in Europe. We had been overseas barely six months at that time. We

saw the tanned 8th army troops traveling back from the front in long convoys and thousands of prisoners of war on their way to confinement. On one occasion three high-ranking German non-commissioned officers who had escaped, were recaptured by the men at Sgt. Corcoran's section.

On July 12th we left Chateaudun traveling East. Our destination was unknown. Our first night on the road was spent at La Calle where several of the men took a quick swim in the Mediterranean. Shortly after noon of the next day we reached Staging Area No. 1 near Bizerte. We fully expected to leave this staging



Dishes Must be Washed



That Last Long Ride



Pup Tent with Basement

area within a day or two after our arrival. Time went on, however, and we didn't break camp. The staging area began to fill up with anti-aircraft troops of all descriptions. Sightseeing trips were arranged to the ruins of Bizerte. Swimming parties and tours to Tunis also helped to keep the men occupied. The beach was one of the finest we had ever seen. It was crowded from morning 'till night. On the night of July 27th we experienced our first real air raid. Our machine guns had been set up, and needless to say, it was necessary to clean them the next morning. On August 12th we left the staging area expecting to board ship



Team, Rah!



All Work and No Play . . .



Remember the Rest Camp?



Deserted Deck

immediately in Bizerte harbor. Instead we bivouacked for two days at an assembly point and then returned to the staging area. At this time Captain Schoellkopf left the battery to assume the duties of Battalion Executive Officer. Captain Peyman was transferred to us from "C" Battery. We again left the staging area on August 17th and this time actually went to the docks. Late in the afternoon the LST assigned to A Battery pulled into shore and we prepared to load. Between the hours of 9:00 and 11:00 p.m. German bombers raided the entire harbor area. Our trucks were parked bumper to bumper and we were extremely fortunate that only two men were wounded. These two men, Edgar and Walgorski, later received the Purple Heart.

Due to the great concentration of troops and supplies in the Bizerte area the 355th was ordered to set up equipment in that locale. Battery A took up positions at Ferryville. Shortly after equipment was in place, another bombing attack was attempted by the enemy. Our lights went into action with a moderate



It's Done with Mirrors

degree of success. The "window" dropped by the enemy planes interfered with radar operation. After this raid we thought that all action was over there. However, on September 8th the Germans came over again. Aerial torpedoes were used unsuccessfully in this attack.

Visits to the ruins of Carthage, Tunis and destroyed French fortifications made the interval in Ferryville fairly pleasant. The White Father's Monastery at Beja also received attention. Their wine was excellent. Our living conditions for the winter were very much improved when pyramidal tents were issued. A touch football league was organized in the fall. Our participation in this sport, to the extent of two teams, showed that A Battery had a live-wire group of men. New Year's Day was spent in Ferryville. The cooks, under the capable supervision of "Chic" Niznansky, worked hard and long to make a meal long to be remembered.

Another month passed and we received the long-anticipated movement orders. On the 14th of February we boarded the Liberty Ship William Pender and started across the Mediterranean. The trip was slow and leisurely enough to enable us to see Sicily, the Isle of Capri and many other points of interest. After six days on the water we arrived at Naples and spent three days at the staging area located in a university

near Bagnola. When the ship was unloaded and the trucks ready for convoy we left Naples on our way to Foggia. The scenery en route was very fine, although the weather was cold and damp. We arrived in Foggia on the night of February 25th and established ourselves in a temporary bivouac area on the outskirts of town. We remained there while reconnaissance parties picked our positions. The 2nd platoon was located on the main road between Foggia and San Severo. Battery headquarters and the 1st platoon CP was set-up on the road between San Severo and Lucera. Each installation was built up on a semi-permanent basis. At battery headquarters a large mess hall was constructed complete with a cement floor. A Battery's baseball diamond is acknowledged as one of the best in the area. At this writing the baseball team is leading the Battalion league in undisputed occupation of first place. On the first of May a further reorganization of the battery took place when a new table of organization was adopted. At that time a new group of officers took over. The battery commander became Captain Nimmo.

This completes the history of Battery A 355th AAA Slt. Bn. up to May 23, 1944. What happened between then and December 7th will be suggested by the illustrations supplied by the Chaplain.

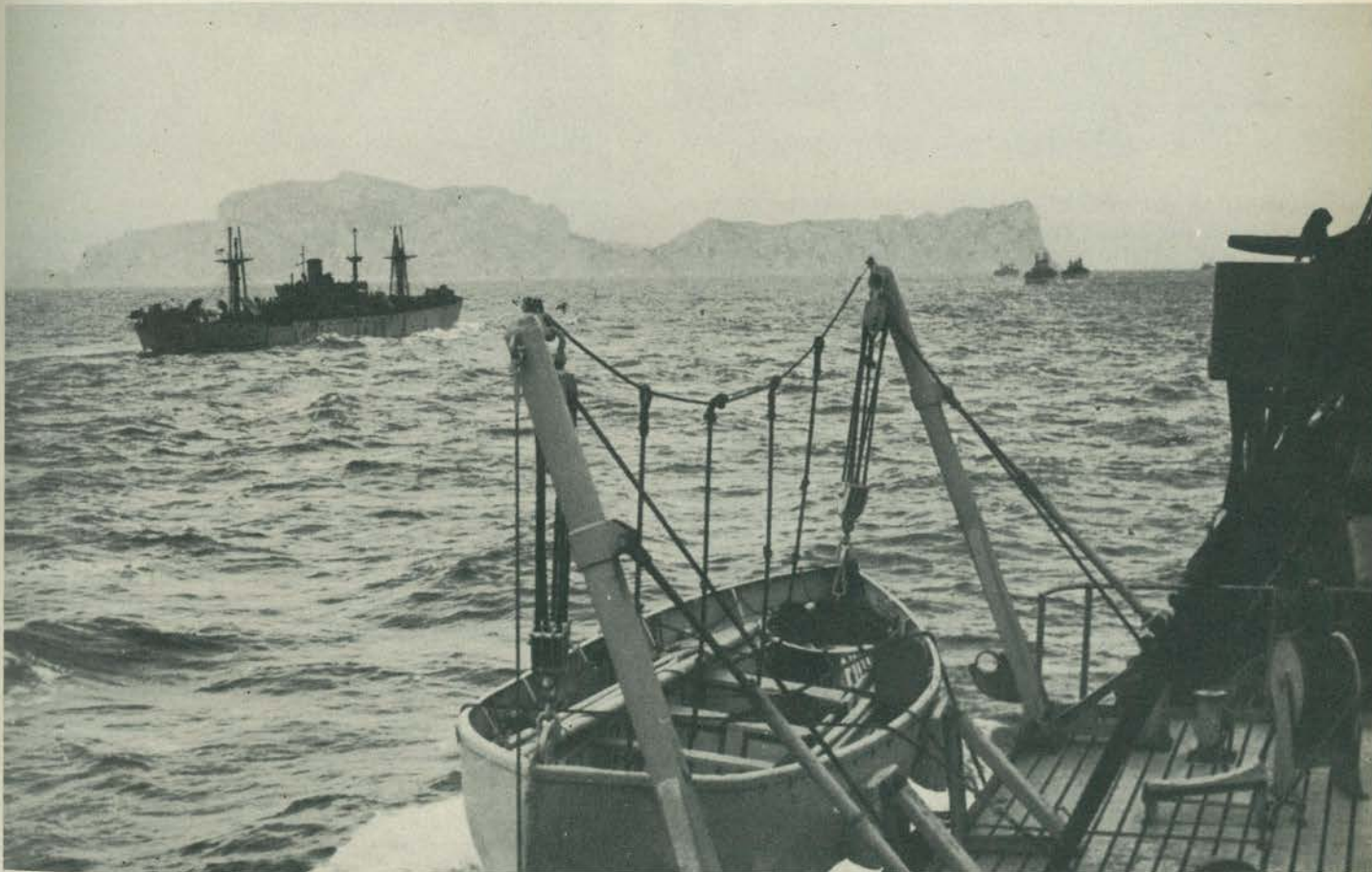
History of
BATTERY "B"

by T/4 Clarence L. Fien

"B BATTERY! FALL IN!" The first time we heard that shrill cry was on May 1st, 1942, in "Sunny" California. The location was Otay Mesa some twelve miles from San Diego and a few miles from the Mexican border. The nucleus of the battery was composed of men from two different anti-aircraft regiments. First Lt. George H. Gaines was our first battery commander, with First Lt. John A. Page in command of the first platoon. At the time of his appointment Lt. Gaines was not present so Lt. Page became acting CO, with Harry Warner as First Sergeant. There was much to be done in those early days to make the battery into a smooth working organization. Otay Mesa wasn't the best location but just had to do as a headquarters. There was plenty of work in store for us before this wind-swept plateau could be made into a halfway decent looking area. The two small hangars on this one-time airfield were put to use by making one into a kitchen, mess hall, and a supply room. The other was made into a motor pool, garage and main-

tenance shops. Off to one end was a small building used as an office. Living quarters were put up at the opposite side of the field. It was by no means an ideal set-up for it was very dusty. Each drill session we returned white as ghosts. This is what our new CO walked into on the 18th of May. Brig. General Curtiss put in an appearance a few days later. After a short inspection of the area he made a comment that will live long in the battery's history. He said, "From my observations of your outfit, I've come to the conclusion that you are the worst bunch of soldiers in the 33rd Brigade and act like a bunch of New York hoodlums." That was a bit too much for us to take and we were determined to become the best outfit in the brigade. This meant a lot of work, but there was a goal to work for. At that time we were under strength, a handicap that was hard to overcome. On the 25th of May our hopes rose when forty-seven men were transferred and assigned to the battery from Camp Callan, California. With these new men on hand we could start in to make the outfit look like something.

Soon things began to look brighter for us for on June 16th, Second Lt. George Hunt was assigned to



Convoy off Capri



You can't do that to a First Sergeant

us. Lt. Page was still in command of the 1st platoon located with the CP just outside of Coronado, California. It wasn't long before "The Nipper" left us, being transferred to Battalion Headquarters. Second Lt. John R. Pailthorp took over on June 26th. Even the loss of men being transferred to better themselves wasn't felt very much for on the 27th of June seven men were transferred to our battery from the 204th

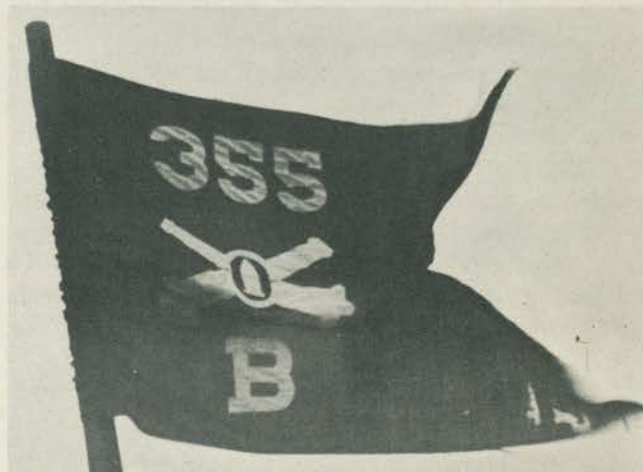


The Author and His Friends

C.A. AA Regiment. These men somewhat atoned for the loss of Sgts. Rooney, Shelton and O'Donnell, who left for Officers Candidate School at Camp Davis, North Carolina. Sgts. Shelton and O'Donnell, at this writing, are First Lieutenants in a sister outfit, the 354th AAA Slt. Bn.

(Editor's Note: Lt. O'Donnell was killed in action with the 255th Eng. Combat Group during the campaign in the Po Valley.)

The job of bettering ourselves in the eyes of General Curtiss was difficult. Being set up in a defense



A Proud Banner

position meant that men were strung out in sections occupying vital defense spots and still had to maintain a training schedule. What did he expect us to do—work all night and be up all day, too? On the 14th of May our battery commander, Lt. Gaines, was relieved of his command and transferred to another outfit. First Lt. Mason C. Rudd was transferred from another outfit and became our new commander. He came to us with the reputation of being a strict disciplinarian. We soon found out what that meant and he was soon tagged "the Warden." "The Warden" had some new ideas and put them into practice immediately. The going was tough for awhile.

On July 6th T/5 Joseph Fox passed away at Camp Callan Hospital from an acute case of yellow jaundice. His loss was felt by many friends.

Battery life continued on in much the same way from day to day, consisting of training and details. On the 31st of July Second Lt. Carmelo DeSimone was assigned to the battery as communications officer. About the same time we received the news that furloughs would begin on the 12th of August and every one was happy. Only seven men could go at a time, but that didn't matter. The fact that we had a chance to get a fifteen-day furlough and see our folks was all that counted. A few days later the furlough

list was posted. About this time, also, a call was put out for volunteers for the Commandos. There were quite a few men who volunteered. On August 12th the first of the furloughs began and on the 14th, fourteen men were accepted for the Commandos and left for Fort William Henry Harrison, where their training was to start.

The loss of these men was felt, since with men on furlough it meant double duty for some. On the 21st of August Second Lt. Harold V. Van Buren was assigned to the battery, making four officers beside the BC. Lt. Van Buren became the first platoon's commander in the absence of Lt. Pailthorp, who went to school on DS. It was noted by the men of the battery that they had never seen Lt. Van Buren smile, so they tabbed him "Poker Face." The name did not stick. First Lt. Benjamin C. Teasley soon put in an appearance, being transferred from Battery A to Battery B. Lt. DeSimone was then transferred to Battalion Headquarters as supply officer. A lot took place with changes and "what have you," but the achievements of the battery rifle team in competition with fifty-seven other teams of the Western Defense



The Cap Zebib Bell

Command was outstanding. They placed third, the only team from the 33rd Brigade to be in the first twenty. The team was headed by S/Sgt. Jones. This achievement must have caught the General's eye. Not long after he paid us a visit. This time the results were a little more favorable. He said, "There is a decided improvement in your battery, but still room for more improvement." We thought we'd heard everything, but we wouldn't stop plugging. On November 1st we were awarded the 33rd Brigade Plaque, on which was inscribed: "To the most outstanding battery in the 33rd Brigade for the month of October."

September came, and on the 6th our second fatality was felt when Pvt. Edward Orlowski met his death in an automobile accident near Delmare, California.



An Africakorps Prisoner

Orlowski was a likeable fellow and would do most anything for anyone.

On the 16th of September First Sgt. Harry Warner received the orders he had been waiting for for quite some time. He had finally been accepted by the air corps as a pilot cadet. We heard from him occasionally and recently received word that he was re-



Beacon Light Section



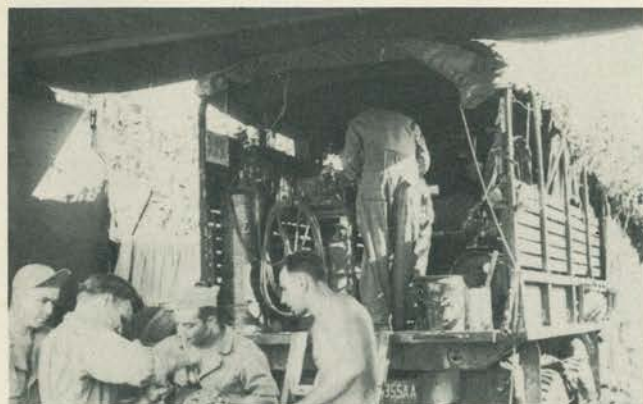
Bizerte: From the West Side

ported killed in action over the Normandie Beachhead on D-Day. Staff Sergeant Edward Jones, better known as "Alfie," then became the First Sergeant. "Alfie" left us on the 8th of October for the hospital at Camp Callan. Sgt. "Doty" Martin then became acting First Sergeant.

Men had been continually leaving from time to time, either for OCS or other schools. We finally got twenty men from Camp Callan to replace these losses. Furloughs were still going on. Deserving men were being promoted. On the 17th of November Lt. Rudd became Captain Rudd.

Thanksgiving was only a week away and a big feast was anticipated. Before entering the mess hall

to devour those golden-brown roasted turkeys, with all the trimmings, Capt. Rudd had a few words to say to this men. He thanked them for the cooperation they gave him and was proud to say that he had the best bunch of soldiers he'd ever had the opportunity to work with. Then we all rushed for the mess hall. This was one day when the privates would be in their glory for it was the first three-graders doing KP for a change. They took quite a razzing. Nevertheless, all had a swell dinner and were happy. Sgt. Thompson and Cpl. Ebberson left for OCS at Grennel College, Iowa, as did Lt. Teasley for Washington and Lee University, Virginia, on DS, to take up Special Service Work. Pfc. Sandifer left for the air corps.



Motor Pool



On Guard



Bizerte: Waiting for the Ferry

December 7th, 1941, will long be remembered by everyone. That particular day of that month will be long remembered by the men of Battery B in other years, too, for on December 7th, 1942, we received March Order and were told to prepare for oversea duty. This new order was received with mixed emotions among the men. Some had brought wives and families out to the west coast so as to be near them; most felt that this would be a chance to prove our searchlight tactics in actual combat. The disappointing feature of the whole order was that men had just left for furloughs on the 4th of December and had just reached their destinations when they received orders to report back to the outfit immediately. There

was a lot to be done and Capt. Rudd really had his hands full. Equipment had to be especially packed and crated, men issued new clothing, and many other hurried things needed to be done. This wasn't all, for men were still at school and many others awaiting orders to be called into other branches of the service. These men had to be transferred. Besides we had to have a full strength outfit on hand when we left. Many men who volunteered for oversea duty were brought in. Everyone worked hard at the task assigned him. On December 10th First Sergeant Jones rejoined us from the hospital and those who were on furlough began drifting into camp. December 17th Second Lt. Eugene Ruff was transferred to our battery from "C"



Service at Battery C



Chow!



As Shadows Lengthen



"Fall In!"



Bty. HQ



Carpenter Shop

to replace Lt. Hunt who had been transferred to Bn. Hq. a month previously. Except for last minute changes everything went smoothly and on December 22nd we boarded the train at the San Diego Marine base to start our cross-country trip. At this time we knew our destination to be somewhere on the east coast. The trip was pretty monotonous and tiresome. In all the rush and excitement six men who had been on guard at the Linda Vista siding were forgotten, but later rejoined us at our destination. The 25th of December, Christmas Day, was spent on the train while passing through Arizona and New Mexico. One of our numerous stops (the one in Douglas, Arizona) will long be remembered by T/4 George Klafehn. It was here that George decided to get some holiday spirit and succeeded in doing so. But on this daring adventure he missed the train. Poor George! Pvt. Severe and Biondolillo met much the same fate later that evening. "Wonder Boy" Severe and Charlie ("Beyond the Horizon") were on guard duty at the rear end of the train. When the train stopped they got off and stood near the caboose, when all of a sudden the train gave a sudden start on a down grade and left them standing out in the middle of New Mexico. No other unusual events took place, except for passing through many of the boy's home towns on the fly.

We finally arrived at our destination, which turned out to be Fort Dix, New Jersey, on the 29th of December. It was raining when we pulled in and the area we were to call our home was a quagmire. If any one said they came from New Jersey they were looked upon with pity and disgust. We spent New Year's Day slogging around in mud up to our knees. We were mighty glad to see the sun come out for a few days later and dry the place up some. Usual battery details and duties were the orders of the day. On the 5th of January Lt. Teasley joined us again from school. On the 9th of January Lt. Pailthorp and T/5 Fien left for the dock area as an advance detail to work out plans for troop loading, which took place on the 13th of January. We boarded the U. S. A. T., "J. W. McAndrews," on the evening of the thirteenth. We left Staten Island terminal on the morning of the 14th. Outside of the usual seasickness and a couple of days of rough weather we had an altogether nice crossing. We did see a little excitement after passing the Strait of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean sea, when one of our escort vessels came up off our port side and began dropping depth charges. It took us all by surprise at the moment, but nothing ever came of the instance. We docked at Oran, North Africa, on the 26th of January and disembarked on the morning of the 27th. We marched to a waiting convoy of trucks which took us to our bivouac area just out-

side of the town of Fleurus, which is some twelve miles from Oran. St. Cloud, the site of one of the bloodiest battles of the North African invasion, was only a few miles from our bivouac area.

Upon our arrival we set up pup tents and began to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. We ate "C" rations for a few days until our kitchen was set up and then "B" rations were available. Our overseas duty was now an actuality. Our equipment had not arrived from the States as yet, but on the 5th of February our equipment convoy docked. Details of men were sent down to the dock area to bring it back to the area. This went on for about two weeks, but still no trucks. We cleaned up what equipment we did get and got all in working order. Finally the rains came and it rained on and off for three weeks. It was miserable and windy. Some men had their tents in bad spots and the rain washed them out. During this time Chaplain Karl Scheufler took groups of men on a sightseeing tour to the HQ. of the French Foreign Legion at Sidi Bel Abbas. Everyone enjoyed these trips, and passes to Oran.

The day we had been waiting for finally came, for on the 25th of March we made a 320-mile motor convoy to Chateaudun du Rhumel, a small town about 35 miles southwest of Constantine. We arrived there on the 28th of March. This area was at that time the site of the 15th Air Force, whose fields we were to protect from enemy action. We set up immediately and were ready for action on the 2nd of April.

Our activity was negligible, and due to our long lay-off we were in need of practice, so practice missions were scheduled. This was all the activity we ever had as far as tactics were concerned for quite some time. Conditions, as they were, we had opportunities to take passes into Constantine whenever duties allowed. By this time the battery softball team was in full swing. After a few practice games between other batteries in the battalion they branched out and played teams of other units in the area. Before this they asked for membership in the North African Softball League but were refused membership for some reason which we don't understand, even to this day. The team continued on and chalked up a twenty-three game winning streak. Sgt. Pallone was managing the team and was pretty proud of his record. June 6th Captain Rudd was relieved of his command and transferred to battalion headquarters. Our Executive Officer, Lt. Teasley, then became our CO.

Battery activities continued much the same as usual until July 3rd when some high ranking air corps men wanted to see our defense tactics. The exercises were held and those viewing the activities were very much impressed by them. They said they had just seen



African Landscape



"Oran"



Lake Bizerte Shore



San Severo City Limits



A Team of Eight

something they thought to be impossible: the idea of fighter aircraft working with searchlights and radars. We felt honored by the statements made and when march order was given us on the 9th of July we thought we'd go some place and see some action. July 12th we left Chateaudun du Rhumel by motor convoy and arrived in the staging area at Bizerte on the night of July 13th. We made very good time covering some 490 miles in two days over some of the worst roads this outfit had ever encountered to-date. Another amazing fact of this convoy was that it extended forty-two miles in length with 120-yard intervals ordered between vehicles.

July 13th saw Captain Rudd's return from battalion headquarters to take over his former command. Lt. Teasley then became our Executive Officer again.



Platoon CP

Men were transferred to us from the 7th Replacement Center. Everyone was excited, with outfits moving in and out—and still we remained behind. It was monotonous waiting around. While here we saw a few raids but all we could do was sit and watch, hoping nothing came our way. We found out how comfortable a foxhole can be. The baseball team soon began showing their wares again by taking on all comers. This helped to break up the monotony, and gave the men something to do.

We thought **THE DAY** had finally come on the 17th of August when we received orders to load on LST's to go to Sicily. The 1st platoon and part of battery headquarters were the first to load and pulled out into Bizerte Bay to wait for the rest of the batteries to load. It took about three hours to load and



Gas Chamber

everyone was dead tired. It was a beautiful clear moonlit evening out there in the middle of the bay, with the rest of the outfit hard at work on shore loading, when about 21:30 Jerry paid us a visit. About 100 JU 88's and ME 210's came over and were met by a barrage of bursting shells and searchlights from outfits still set up in defense of the port installations. The sky was ablaze with tracers and bursting shells for almost forty-five minutes. Most of the bombs missed their targets and very little damage was done. During the raid two of our personnel were hit by flak—T/5 Hammersla and Pvt. Thomas Scanlon. The wounds were not serious and the men were back on duty the next day. Our vehicles took a beating with many punctured tires and gas tanks. No injuries were sustained by the personnel aboard the ship in the bay. After "all clear" was sounded we received word that Sicily had just fallen to the Allies.

The next morning there were a bunch of sad faces as orders were changed and we were told to return to the staging area. Those who had already loaded had to unload. This happened on August 18th. The next day, August 19th, we received other orders and convoyed some twenty-five miles to the other side of the lake to set up positions in case of any further raids. September 1st eleven men were assigned to the battery from the 7th Replacement Center. They arrived just in time to experience the September 6th raid on Ferryville harbor. It was during this raid that one of our personnel, Pvt. James Whelan, received credit of downing an enemy plane with machine gun fire (.50 cal.). The incident was never made official, but anyway we knew there was one less German plane.

It was about this time that our ball team was going strong again. They finally booked a game with the so-called North African softball champs: the 105th Station Hospital Ten. We defeated them 6-0



Nice in Wet Weather

and as a result two more games were scheduled. We defeated them on those two occasions as well. Team members were as follows: Tony ("The Boy Wonder") Severe, and Herb ("Cannonball Willie") Williams doing the chucking, with Benny ("Bunyock") Samolis



Camouflage



"Emp. Livingstone" on the Rocks



A Familiar Sight

doing the receiving. The infield was made up of "Chuck" ("Fuller Brush") Zeiler on first, Sammy ("Belly Tank") Pallone on second, "Bobby" ("Butter and Eggs") Benson at short, and Jack ("Dotty") Martin on third. Roaming the outfield was John ("Honest John") Mattle in right, Yale ("Jamestown Flash") Kohlbacher in center, Clyde ("Wet Your Lips") Schuster in left, and George ("Grizzley") Klafehn at rover. Jack ("Nigger") Nargiso was utility man. These boys went on to greater fame later on. Usual battery activities still existed and the 29th of September saw Second Lt. Charles J. Levi assigned to the battery.

October saw a small number of men leave the battery for many different reasons. S/Sgt. Joe Kenny left for the hospital on the fourth. His illness was serious and he was sent back to the States for a discharge. Joe was last reported to be working for an oil company in Southern California. T/5 Monaco, Pvts. Ruocco and Intonti left to become interpreters at 15th Army Hq. S/Sgt. Gordon White received a discharge to return home to assist his father manage their large farm in New York State.

On November 1st a formation at battery headquarters was called in honor of T/5 Hammersla and Pvt. Scanlon who were presented the Purple Heart for wounds received due to enemy action. Lt. Col. Hutchins made the presentation in a colorful ceremony. Nothing happened until the 27th of November (Thanksgiving Day) when at another formation,

Capt. Rudd presented some 100 men of the battery with Good Conduct Ribbons. After the presentation a delicious turkey dinner was enjoyed by all.

Usual activities followed until December 22nd when four new men were assigned to the battery from the 7th Replacement Center and on the 24th of December T/4 Kurt Moss was sent to us as mess sergeant. The next day being Christmas we looked forward to the usual holiday meal. Many attended the colorful midnight mass held in Bizerte. Soon New Year's would be here and another year was just about past. The 1st of January, 1944, after a very quiet celebration, saw the 2nd platoon move to the opposite side of Lake Bizerte from our previous position. This new location was on the outskirts of Bizerte. It was destined to be one of the best locations overseas. Of course, all sites picked were ideal for our type of set-up. The lake separated us from our battery H.Q. We finally received march order on the 5th of February and bivouacked as a unit in the Houston staging area on February 9th. Our set-up in the staging area was ideal until the rains came, turning the camp area into a sea of mud. We finally moved to a vacant building on the Karouba docks until we sailed on the 20th of February. Most all the equipment was loaded on the Liberty Ship, "Wm. L. Smith," as was the majority of the personnel. The remainder followed on the Liberty Ship "Calvin Coolidge."

On February 14th, Lt. Tomaso, Lt. Van Buren, and Cpl. Kurowski had left on the advance detail to pick

out sites and make preparations for laying communication lines. So when the main body of the battery arrived in Naples on the 24th of February they were met by the advance detail and on February 26th convoyed to a site already selected in the Foggia area. The fourteen men who remained in Africa joined the rest of the unit on the 28th of February at the battery headquarters located a few miles outside of San Severo. San Severo is located about twenty miles north of Foggia. The set-up here called for about the same thing as did our first set-up in North Africa.

We set-up in a very short time, ready for action. It soon developed into another Chateaudun episode. About the only thing that happened during this time was the battery team entering the San Severo Special Service League. There were so many teams in the area that two leagues were formed, the "National" and "American" leagues. Battery B, in a four-month period, won the American league title, losing but one game. A play-off was held in both leagues. Our opponent was battalion headquarters, the winners of the National league. These two teams squared off against each other, making it an inter-battalion battle to see who would represent San Severo in the tourney to be held in Rome to determine the champs of Italy. Winning from Bn. Hqs. we lost to the Flying Hellcats, who represented the Foggia area. We lost two games out of a three-game series. This same team later went on to win the Italian championship. When this same team played the world series in Oran, North Africa, they defeated the North African champs and became the overseas softball champions in the European theatre. Losing to a team of that caliber, we didn't feel quite as bad as we did by being frozen out of the North African championship the previous year.

On May 1st we received a new table of organization which resulted in a great number of promotions.



Sick Call

This was a real treat to those who received them for some had been holding down top ratings for quite a spell with no chance in sight for advancement. There were a few lucky boys who went back to the States on rotation. Every now and then we'd receive replacements from replacement centers. Such was the case when on July 3rd we received sixteen men from the 2nd Repl. Center. These men had just come over from the States a month previously. On August 1st, Lt. Volz, who had been with us for only a short time, left us on rotation. Lt. Teasley followed on September 11th.

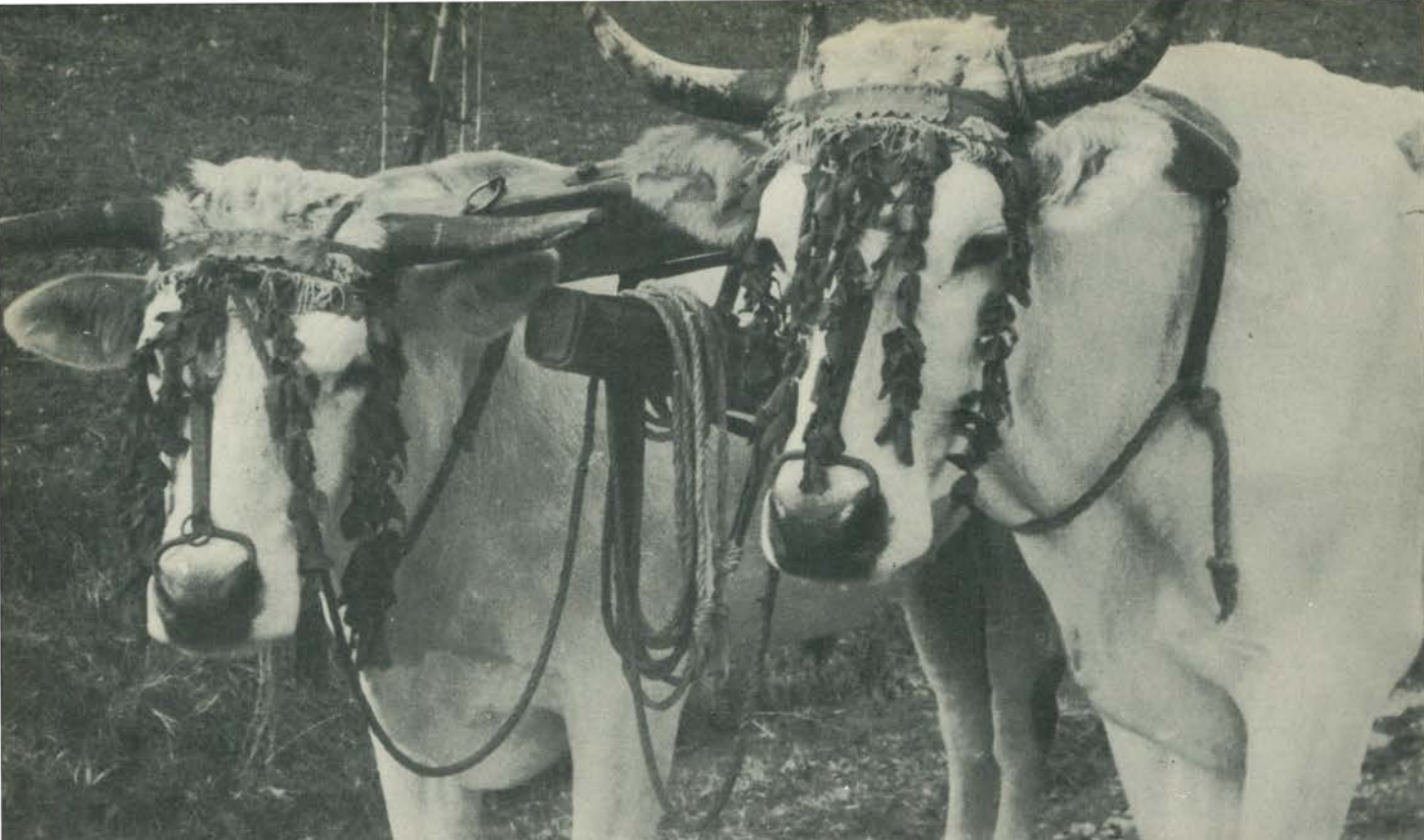
September 9th saw everyone pull into battery headquarters, equipment and all, awaiting for further developments. They came a short time later with the rumor of our becoming an infantry outfit (heavy weapons company). This meant a lot of training far different from what we had been accustomed to. You can imagine how we took that, as most of the men had been overseas now close to twenty months. On October 11th Capt. Rudd, who had been our commanding officer for over two years, left for his new duties with the petroleum section AFHQ. We were sorry to see him go but his services were needed much more there. First Lt. Harold V. Van Buren became our new commanding officer. As this history comes to an end on paper, we know that we will soon cease to be "AAA." Time will reveal what we are destined to become.



Remember this, Sgt. Gere?



Radar Section



A Team of Oxen

History of
BATTERY "C"

by Pvt. S. Carfagno

WHEN the 355th CA S/L Bn. was organized on May 1, 1942, two platoons of A battery of the 212th CA formed C battery of the newly-organized searchlight battalion. First Lt. David F. Ciccorella was appointed as battery commander and the battery was attached to the 354th CA S/L Battalion tactically and administratively. Battery headquarters was situated on the campus of the University of California at "L. A." with access to the swimming pool, wash rooms and gymnasium. Permission to attend certain classes, tuition free, was given to the boys by the university.

The first platoon, commanded by Lt. Peyman, was located in the old post office in Venice. The sections were situated throughout Venice and Culver City. The second platoon, commanded by Lt. Walker, was located in Santa Monica, while the sections were scattered throughout Santa Monica, Westwood, and Bel-Air. A long narrative could be written depicting life in Los Angeles alone. A composite picture must include the sublime and the ridiculous.

Late in June of '42 Lt. Walker was sent to Alaska and Lt. Ruff was assigned to the battery. On August 1st, Lt. David F. Ciccorella was ordered to report to Fighter Command School at Orlando, Fla., to serve

as an instructor. Lt. Peyman was then made battery commander and Lt. Tomaso was transferred to C Battery from the 354th S/L Bn.

On December 9th, C Battery was ordered to San Diego to join the rest of the battalion which had been alerted for overseas duty. A few changes in officer personnel were made in San Diego. Lt. Ruff was assigned to B battery while C acquired two new officers—Lt. Rogers and Lt. Carr. After loading our equipment aboard freight trains, the battalion left for the East coast on December 22, 1942. The train ride was long and monotonous. At the various stops the boys would leave the train for short periods of calisthenics and exercise. An interesting incident occurred in the one-hour stopover at Amarillo, Texas. It was on Christmas day. For most of the men it was the second Christmas away from home. When the troop train pulled into the station the men left the train as usual, for their regular limbering-up exercises. Lt. Peyman decided to take the boys for a short walk. While parading through the town we came within four blocks of "Herbie" Wilson's house, but army restrictions concerning troop movements prevented him from visiting his family. As the French so aptly put it, "C'est la guerre."

In contrast to this episode, was the stop at Chicago. As the train pulled into the station, T/Sgt. Milton Kaufman asked the boys if they wanted anything in the line of cigars, cigarettes, candy, etc. He



Sergeant Garrett

was the purchasing agent for his car. The conductor assured Milton that it was a half-hour stop at least. With this assurance he dismounted the train at the station and scurried around making the purchases.

To his consternation, the train pulled out before he got back. Using some good old-fashioned initiative (for which the American doughboy is famous) he inquired from the train agent when the next train would be pulling into Chicago. A streamliner was due in a few hours. Milton "sweated out" its arrival in the cocktail lounge. When it arrived, he boarded it,



The Author and His Friends



Nathan Mandel: Died 1943

and arrived at Pittsburgh several hours ahead of the troop train. The glow in Milt's eyes testified to a good time aboard the streamliner.

It was December 28th when we arrived at our destination, Fort Dix. There was no band to greet the boys. However, a certain young lady was on hand to greet her husband, which proves that love will always find a way. Snow and rain had made Fort Dix a mud hole. Nevertheless, the boys lost no time in making themselves as comfortable as possible. We spent a miserable New Year's at Fort Dix. Our only conso-



The BC was Trained in HQ



When Capt. Nimmo was Kissed



In Honor of a French General



It Happened in Bizerte



"Hep, hep, hep"

lation was the fact that we were less than 100 miles from New York and home (for many). On the other hand, the passes didn't allow us enough time to get to our home and back. Once again, American initiative played its important role.

We boarded the U. S. A. T., "J. W. McAndrew," on January 13th. While boarding the ship, the inimitable Frank J. Sheehan made his appearance. He had just been made a Pfc. less than seven hours before. On January 14th, 1943, we left the shores of our beloved country for "destination unknown," until the officers passed around a little pamphlet telling all about North Africa. The trip across was quiet and peaceful. Occasionally, a destroyer would dart out of its position and drop a few depth charges.

With the cooperation of the various units, the special service officer aboard the transport arranged a show, boxing bouts, and other forms of entertainment. Nevertheless, the main forms of divertissement for many boys were the dice and card games which were in progress everywhere.

On the 27th of January, we arrived at the port of Oran, in North Africa. We staged several miles outside of town, for several months, while waiting for our equipment. Rain has always played an important part in the destinies of the 355th CA. It did not fail us while we were stationed at the staging area. That was soon referred to as "Mud Hill."

However, it wasn't long after our arrival that we accustomed ourselves to living conditions on "Mud Hill." Duplex pup tents sprung up everywhere. While reporting to the docks at Oran for our equipment, many of the boys found time to supplement their wardrobe. Volunteers for the detail were many. The competition was keen. It was an era of plenty for the bold.

Rather than remain in their tents during the heavy rains and lament their lot, some of the boys sought refuge in the bars of the neighboring villages of Fleurus and Assi-Ben-Okba. Their introduction to wine was a startling revelation. One bottle purchased by a soldier entombed a preserved mouse.

When it came to dealings with the Arab, the boys soon found out that the Arab is a keen business man. Barter was used almost exclusively for the acquisition of commodities. The soldiers used cigars, cigarettes and candy against the Arab's merchandise of wine, oranges, dates and figs. A word picture illustrating one of these "big deals" would go something like this: Private Cormack approaches a group of four or five Arabs, squatting in a group. Their merchandise is oranges. Cormack has a bar of sweet-smelling toilet soap. After bidding them all "Bon jour," Cormack reaches in his pocket for his precious soap and says,

"Gedesche" (Arabic for "how much"). One Arab offers him three oranges to which Cormack quotes OPA prices. The deal is finally consummated. Cormack returns to his tent with five oranges and a smile of victory. He hastens to tell his tent buddy of the big deal; but, to Cormack's dismay, his buddy just got seven big juicy oranges for a bar of soap. And it goes on indefinitely!

Having received all its equipment, the 355th CA was ordered to Chateaudun where, with three other searchlight battalions, they were to set up a defense of the air fields which represented the main striking power of all the American and British forces in North Africa. The 500-mile convoy from Oran to Chateaudun was concluded without an accident. It was late in the evening when we by-passed Algiers, which was having one of its frequent visits from Jerry. Otherwise, the trip was uneventful.

From March till June, 1943, the 355th CA was attached to the Fifth Army. Then it was transferred to the first armored corps under General Patton. While stationed at Chateaudun, personnel of the entire battalion were offered an opportunity to apply for a direct field commission. High qualities of leadership, military knowledge, and education were the main points for qualifying. First Sgt. Arthur Garrett, S/Sgts. Kramer and Rosso, Sgts. Gamble, Ryall, Madden, Abbott and R. Currie submitted applications. A board of officers from the battalion passed on the qualifications of each applicant. Those that were approved, appeared before a brigade board. The findings of the two boards were then forwarded to the theatre commander who made two appointments. T/Sgt. Levi of battalion headquarters, was commissioned a second lieutenant, with an appointment in battalion headquarters. S/Sgt. Kramer received his gold bar and was sent to a replacement center. From there he was assigned to an automatic weapon outfit. His rise from a private to a commissioned officer in the U. S. army is the best testimonial of our democratic army.

With the death of Pvt. Nathan Mandel, of C Battery, the Chaplain registered the first loss for the battalion overseas. "Nat" died following a very brief illness. Although his buddies knew that he had experienced several violent attacks of sickness, even before arriving in North Africa, due to the soldiers reticence in speaking of these matters, his death came as a great shock to the battalion. "Nat" was a graduate of the Abraham Lincoln high school of Brooklyn, N. Y. He entered the army the 15th of May, 1941. He came from a fine home and was always unusually considerate of the home folks. In the overseas record of the "355th" his death stands alone. (Some of our



"Fall In"



"Dress it up, there!"



Carry Light Crew



"All I've got to say is..."



Light House, Lake Bizerte

soldiers, however, died after the unit was inactivated.) The funeral was held May 1st, 1943, at Communal Cemetery, Constantine, Algeria. The Chaplain, Karl W. Scheufler, though a Methodist, followed the Jewish ritual as closely as possible for the service, as no Rabbi was available at the time. Later he forwarded the copy of the Jewish scriptures used at the services to Mr. and Mrs. A. Mandel (the parents) as a remembrance.

July 12th saw the "355th" on the march again. We had been alerted for movement to the Bizerte area where we were to stage in preparation for movement to Sicily. We arrived in the area on July 15th. We staged here for five weeks during which time Jerry paid quite a few visits. One of Jerry's visits caused quite a bit of excitement. During the raid a well-

meaning GI thought he smelled gas and gave the alarm. Immediately, everyone ran helter skelter for their gas mask. The "gas" was the odor of smoke pots.

Now we were ready to ship off for other fields. We went down to the dock area to await the LSTs which would take us to Sicily. We waited around for two days, but no boats were available. Back to the staging area we went. On August 17th we went to the docks to load up again. We were assured that LSTs were now available. Battalion headquarters and Battery B loaded up first. When they had done so their ship anchored in the lake. It was a clear moonlit night which facilitated loading our equipment aboard the transport. I doubt that anyone expected the Jerries to come over, least of all the "355th." All we knew was, we were finally going to leave North Africa and see Sicily! However, Jerry had other plans. That night the "355th" really received its baptism of fire. It seemed like all inferno broke loose. The flak we sent up was terrific! The Germans paid dearly in men and planes while the damage done was negligible. That same night Sicily fell to the Allies. The next day the "355th" returned to the staging area!

We remained at the staging ground until September and then moved to the Ferryville and Bizerte areas where we were assigned to the defense of the



Breakfast



Smiling for the Chaplain

territory. At this time, a few changes in the officer personnel of C Battery were made. C Battery lost Lts. Peyman and Zaranka and acquired Lts. Scott and Quigley. Later, Lt. Scott was made battery commander. We remained in this area for approximately six months during which time a number of interesting events occurred. From time to time, Yank Magazine and the Stars and Stripes have published stories of American ingenuity. C Battery, too, boasts a story of this type. It all started on August 17th, the night the 355th Searchlight Bn. endured several hours of fiery hell. Sgt. Casley and Pvt. Velasco were bemoaning the fact that the .50 cal M.G. was not too effective as an anti-aircraft weapon. They longed for something with more striking power. It wasn't long thereafter that thought gave way to action.

Sgt. Casley's section was located between Ferryville and Bizerte. One day, Casley and Velasco decided to tour the surrounding dumps to see what they could pick up. At the Mateur dump, where was piled the various types of captured German equipment, they saw a 20 mm. German anti-tank, anti-aircraft automatic weapon. It was badly damaged. Using high pressure salesmanship for which America is famous, they acquired the weapon. They brought it back to the section where Peter Jung, Bill Thompson, Tom



Fox Hole for a Power Plant



I Eagle 4



The Sheep Herder

Cronin and others immediately went to work trying to put it in working condition. It was a long tedious task, but their patience was rewarded. When it was ready to be fired there were other obstacles to be overcome. The gun had no sight and there was no ammo. Again Casley and Velasco took to scouting the various dumps. They finally secured parts from half a dozen sights which they hoped would make one good sight when put together. Their travels also netted them several cases of German ammunition. As soon as the boys returned to the section they lost no time in constructing the much-needed sight. The gun was taken to an abandoned area where it was tested. The results left little to be desired. Then there was still another hurdle to jump. Permission from Capt. Scott (he had been promoted meanwhile) to keep their prize had to be secured before they could

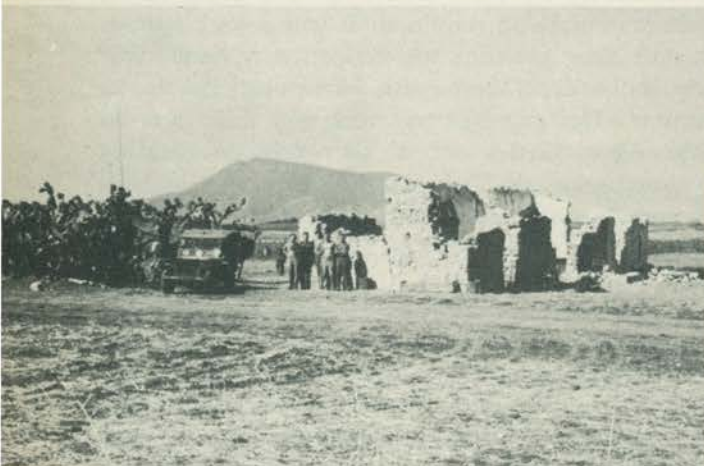


Augusta Harbor, Sicily

retain it on the section. Sgt. Casley was elected to do the asking. Capt. Scott was reluctant to give his approval without first talking it over with Colonel Hutchins. The boys were on pins and needles awaiting the verdict. Was all their labors to go for naught? No! Colonel Hutchins, Capt. Scott and Lt. Volz came down to the section to look the gun over. They each took turns at firing it and permission was immediately granted to keep it on the section. With all the boys pitching in, an emplacement was dug, and the gun painted the traditional olive drab of the U. S.

army to coincide with the rest of the equipment. Thus, Yankee ingenuity converted an enemy weapon of destruction to our weapon of protection.

A humorous story connected with our stay in Ferryville involves Arthur Peterson, Abernathy, Lieberman and others. Sgt. Abernathy had a few smoke grenades which he wanted to try out. With Peterson and Sgt. Rosso as his accomplices, they sought out their victim. It was to be David Lieberman. Abernathy was to lure Dave away from his kitchen while Peterson and Rosso were to go to the designated meet-



Carry Light Section



"One Oudna"



Sgt. Kramer was Commissioned

ing place and make the necessary arrangements. Here the plan almost fizzled. Dave could not be persuaded to leave his kitchen. Dejectedly, "Abby" went to meet his fellow conspirators, but fate favored the mischief-makers in the form of another battery mate, who after a little coercion agreed to go for a walk with "Abby." They reached the designated spot, which was a dungeon about thirty feet below the surface. The victim needed no persuasion to do a little exploring. They descended the staircase and started poking around. In the meantime, Rosso and Peterson were concealed

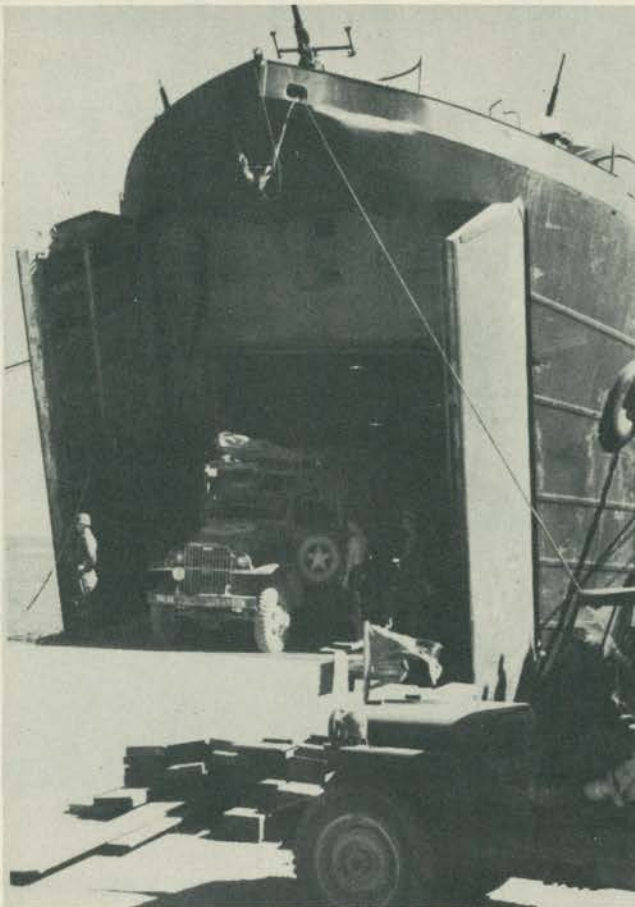
behind a tree watching. Pete threw the smoke bomb which fell about ten feet from "Abby." The sizzling noise of the grenade gave the impression of rushing water. The innocent victim swore he had stepped on a booby trap. Later in the day, Rosso and Pete saw the victim and told him that "Abby" was suffering from nausea. The power of suggestion worked. He lost no time in reporting to medics. His story to Capt. Hammond was that he stepped on a booby trap which discharged poisonous gas. Nothing short of going to the hospital would satisfy him. He brought the de-



I Crow 5



View from Bty. HQ over Lake Bizerte



Loading for Sicily

tonators he had found in the cave to an engineer outfit to prove that the dungeon was infested with German mines and booby traps. It was sometime before he was convinced that it was the work of a few mischievous friends. Only he spelled "friends" with the "r" omitted.

The long-awaited issue of good conduct medals was made on the occasion of the awarding of the Purple Heart to one of the boys of C Battery on

September 12th, 1943. Sgt. Technician Remo N. Bocagni was awarded the Purple Heart for wounds received at Bizerte on September 6, 1943. He was wounded superficially while manning a .50 cal. machine gun. When the 300th General Hospital moved into area adjacent to the command post of the first platoon of C Battery it was the signal for more excitement for the boys. The outfit had just come over from the States. Their knowledge of the war consisted in what they had learned from the books. We were experienced campaigners, with a strong desire to impart our learning to anyone who would listen. The seeds of friendship were soon sown. The personnel was invited to our sumptuous repast while their cooks were setting up their kitchens. Beach parties were organized on which everyone had lots of fun. They rode to Tunis with the boys on the pass truck. An excursion to the Monastery at Thibar was arranged for them, accompanied by our boys. They toured the battle-scarred fields surrounding Tunis, where ruins of German tanks could be seen everywhere. The boys were really conducting a touring agency worthy of competition with the renowned English Cook.

Before the hospital left for Naples, a lawn party was held at the command post of the first platoon. Lt. Rogers had been introduced to a commander of a Dutch gunboat, a friend of one of the nurses. The commander brought an all-Japanese orchestra to supply the music and entertainment. It was a gala affair in which everyone had a good time.

Come what may come, the men of C Battery always made army life as enjoyable as possible, yes, even when rations were poor. One time, when rations had been very poor for three consecutive weeks, Gamble, E. McBride, R. Gilliland and Waire decided to do something about it. They went out one evening and returned with a 1500-pound cow. Bill Berberick and Joe Dudo took over the job of butchering it. For the next couple of days the entire platoon had steaks and the trimmings.



II Eagle 1



Sky Line Club

The highlight of the season's entertainment was the "Comfy Coffin Hour," staged by the personnel of the 355th AAA S/L Bn. At the request of Col. Hutchins, Sgt. R. Lewow and R. Currie of C Battery, were asked to put on a show for the battalion. They were assisted by Harold Jaslow of B and M/Sgt. Ed Miller of battery headquarters. Together they formed the nucleus for one of the best shows ever put out by any group of GIs. All the time they had in which to prepare the material and go through rehearsals was five short weeks. It was a mammoth job to do in such a short time. Nevertheless, the boys went about their task with determination. Capt. Wyant assisted by making arrangements with the Ferryville branch of the American Red Cross to use their auditorium. Talent was auditioned throughout the battalion. Using practically all their leisure time to work out skits, the boys finally were ready to put on their first rehearsal. With "Jim Bailey and His Orchestra" hired for the occasion, and R. Lewow as Master of Ceremonies, the curtain went up and the show was on. The Induction Day scene, with Capt. Hammond (not in person) as the examining physician at the Induction Center, brought back many fond memories to the men who had to appear with their letter from the President. The satire on the battery commander's meeting was sufficient cause for the hilarity that gripped the audience. Songs were rendered by Dave Lieberman of C Battery and Tony Giancola of B Battery. After the show, a special service officer attached to the Karouba Naval Base, asked the boys to put the show on at that base. Other Red Cross unit directors requested the boys to put the show on in their respective areas. All the critics admitted it was one of the best shows they had seen. Let it be here recorded, also, that without Capt. Peyman's tireless assistance the skit could not have been possible.

As the services of the 355th AAA S/L Bn. were no longer needed in North Africa, we were alerted early in March, 1944, for new fields to conquer. We biv-



The Shepherd's Crook

ouacked at the Karouba Naval Base for two weeks, where many boys attached themselves to the amphibious forces of the U. S. Navy, while awaiting Liberty ships to load our equipment. Attendance at the dock cinema increased immensely in these two weeks. It was the main form of diversion during those wet and muddy days.

February 16th, 1944, saw C Battery boarded on the Liberty ship, "William B. Smith," and headed for



II Eagle 5



Fox Holes



Foggia Red Cross



Something heavier than a .50 cal.



That German .20 MM

Naples, Italy. En route we stopped at Augusta, Sicily, where fishermen came out to greet us with their wares. Here again, American cigarettes played an important role. A few of the boys acquired guitars for a couple of packs of cigarettes. The convoy proceeded up the coast of Italy and docked at the port of Naples on February 20th. We staged at Bagnoli, a suburb of Naples, in a group of buildings which formerly housed a Fascist military academy. From Naples we convoyed to Foggia where we set up fighter searchlight belts protecting some twenty airfields of "the Mediterranean Allied Air Forces," which included the 12th and 15th air forces plus various Royal Air Force Wings.

After settling themselves in their new homes comfortably, the men in C Battery started planning recreation rooms. The non-coms took the initiative. At the suggestion of Captain Scott, the battery commander, the non-coms held a meeting and decided to organize a club, which they called the Nissen Nuts Club. Captain Scott assisted by securing the materials that were needed. Sgt. Souza took over the job of construction. The non-coms voted an assessment of twenty dollars on each member for the purchasing of furniture and beverages. The officers of C Battery formed a rule committee. All regulations regarding the policy of the club were voted upon by the non-coms. The officers of the club were Sgt. Wilfred Curry, president; Sgt. Jack Pew, vice-president; Sgt. Robert Currie, secretary, and Sgt. Henry Rosso, treasurer. When Sgt. Rosso left for the paratroopers, Cpl. Frank Rosone was elected to fill the vacancy. The interior of the club was decorated by "Mike" Arsenia. Using water colors exclusively, he sprayed the inside of the club so as to give a South Sea island effect. The boys had several parties in which many WACs attended. When all the sections were ordered into headquarters, preparing for another move, the non-coms opened the club to all the personnel of C battery and their guests.

Previously, in the first platoon, the plan for a recreation room took shape—thanks to Sgts. "Pete" Charloch and Lew Gamble. With the approval of Lt. Bragdon, Sgts. Gamble and Charloch enlisted the support of all the men who ate at the platoon. Materials needed for construction were soon pouring in. Sacrificing their leisure time, the boys had the club constructed in less than a month. Added to this was the artistic touch of "Mike" Arsenia, who gave the interior a realistic atmosphere by painting the New York skyline. A beautiful bar was installed to quench the thirst of the boys. In addition, there were card and writing tables, chess and checker games, and a variety of books for those who liked to read. For the ping pong enthusiasts, a large table was set up in the



The Little Village of San Marco

middle of the club. It was the ideal place for good fellows to get together. The executive officers were Lew Gamble, president; Pete Charloch, secretary and treasurer; Edward McBride, business manager. A council, consisting of one man from each section formulated the policy of the club. The council members were Sgt. Currie, Sgt. Paulitz, Pvts. James Gordon, Ed Jablonski and S. Carfagno.

The club was operating two months very successfully when all the sections were ordered into battery headquarters, necessitating its closing. Rather than declare a profit to the investors, the club served all drinks free the last two nights. Aside from their social activities, the men of C Battery took a definite interest in sports, football in particular. Having won the championship of the battalion in 1943, the boys took to the field in 1944 to repeat the previous year's performance. The team was captained by Morris Rubin and coached by Charles ("Snuffy") Smith. Due to a fractured rib in the second game, Sgt. Joseph Marone was lost to the team for part of the season. Sgt. Frank Franco replaced him in the backfield. Other members of the backfield were Pete Retzler, Tom Cronin and Buddy Walsh. It was Franco's passing that was responsible for the success of the aerial attacks that gave C Battery so many first downs while Buddy Walsh carried the ball on most all of the run-

ning plays. Frank Evans and F. Fabrizio played the ends. When Fabrizio was hurt in the fourth game of the season, Lew Gamble was substituted for him. Morris Rubin, Irving Thrash, and Rene Jandelli played tackles with Roy Pierce as center. The team attack was based on a single wing formation behind an unbalanced line.

Many are the interesting experiences which the men of C Battery endured. One might well be recorded here for preservation.

It could only happen to Sgts. R. Currie and R. Lewow! They were returning from Caserta where they had applied for a transfer to a special service outfit. It was getting dark and hitch-hiking had become an ordeal, so they decided to stop at Benevento for the night. They stopped at an inn. An abundance of Fascist literature about the premises gave rise to evil forebodings, so they decided to check out and look for another place to sleep. They found another place not far away. Feeling famished, they ordered the sumptuous repast of potato chips with eggs. Their spirits uplifted, they decided to retire for the night. The room which they occupied had one double and three single beds. Lewow and Currie took the double bed. Still later, two more GIs, feigning drunkenness, entered and occupied the last two single beds. One of the last two who entered opened the window for



Funeral in San Severo

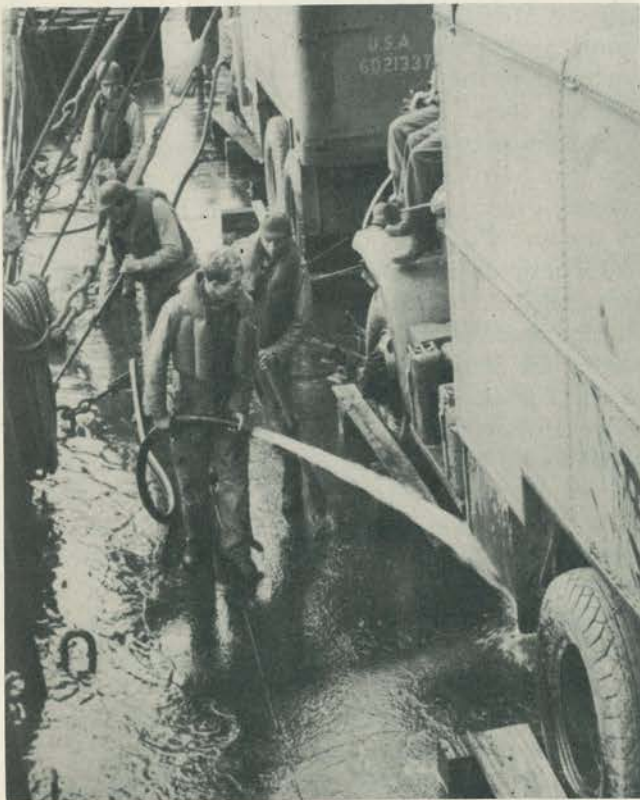
some fresh air before retiring. Lewow, who is definitely the indoor type, bellowed his resentment. Apologetically, the GI lowered the window within an inch of closing it. They all went to sleep.

About six in the morning, while the room was still dark, the paratrooper, who was headed for Naples and then home on rotation, awoke to get dressed. He couldn't find his clothes and started raising a rumpus. Currie advised him to put on the light and then look around. When he did so, Lewow noticed that all his clothes were gone, too. This was too much for Currie, who got up hoping he had had a bad dream. Nevertheless, the stark cold facts stared him in the face. The window was open, the two GIs who had pretended they were inebriated were gone, and so was everyone's clothes. What a dilemma! There they were, stark naked, no clothes, no money, no identification. The thieves had done a thorough job with the exception of Lewow's shoes and a few packs of cigarettes which Currie had put in the drawer of the dresser. They called the woman of the house, who cried as if discovering the loss of her own possessions. She found a set of fatigues for the paratrooper who took off immediately, in spite of the fact that he had been relieved of \$250 in money orders, payable to himself, \$60 in cash and two fifty-dollar gold pieces. (Paratroopers always carry such gold when they are

dropped in a foreign country. It is the only kind of money they carry which they use for bribes, etc.) For Lewow, the woman got a set of dungarees. Currie had to be satisfied with some old, dirty, greasy civilian clothes. They left the house for the town major's office, trailed by half the civilians who were not sure whether they were Tedeschi or American deserters. Feeling the effect of walking without shoes, Currie suggested hiring a buggy. A pack of cigarettes was all that was necessary to induce one cabby to take them to their destination. The town major was not sure what manner of men they were. He tried calling up Capt. Scott, but the line was out. Fortunately for the boys, they still had the letter from the special service company. The town major brought them to an English MP station where their story was checked. The military police fed them and gave them clothes to get back to camp. With English battle uniforms on, hitch-hiking again was in order. They finally reached Foggia. They boarded a truck at Foggia headed for San Severo. Using a cockney accent, they narrated some weird tales concerning the evacuation of Dunkirk to a couple of boys from B Battery who in turn gave their version of the battle of Alamein and Anzio. When the truck reached C Battery bivouac area, Currie asked the chauffeur to stop, in his best Brooklyn English. Even in a bull session, C Battery



Nothing to Do



Something to Do

is at the top. The boys reported to Capt. Scott who roared with laughter after hearing the story.

C Battery has a poet in the person of Arthur Peterson. Here is a sample of his work:

GOOD CONDUCT RIBBON

Oh captain, dear captain
Please listen to my tale,
I want a conduct medal
And I want it without fail.

I went to see the Chaplain
To see what he could do,
He said he couldn't help me
It all was "up to you."

Now I've worked and toiled
Till blood I sweat,
Worked in rain though
Soakin' wet;

Gave up vino—raised no hell,
Both were hard as you can tell;
Shoes always shined, my
Gun is the best;

Work—work—work
With never any rest.

One long year, free
From any sin;
I think I'm entitled
To a good conduct pin.

A call for paratrooper volunteers was a long-awaited opportunity for some men of C Battery. It was a chance to do something more for their country than they had been doing. Extremely high standards of physical fitness did not phase them in the least. Of the applicants First Sgt. Arthur Garrett and Sgt. Rosso were called. The training was hard and rigorous. Discipline was inexorably strict. You either had the stuff in you or you didn't. There was no middle road. Sgt. Rosso, having finished his basic training was ready for his first jump. He was nervous but confident. He could be washed out if his instructors saw fit. The jump was completed but he hurt his back. Telling the instructors this, would mean the finish of his career as a paratrooper. Suffering in silence, he completed the next four jumps and was assigned to a qualified parachute battalion.

The story of First Sgt. Arthur Garrett is exemplary of a soldier's determination to go whole hog in doing his utmost in the winning of the war. After completing all his jumps and becoming a qualified para-



At the Tunis Maginot Line



To Defend Bizerte

chutist, he volunteered to a call for a first sergeant in a special service outfit going to France. The life of a soldier in special service is shorter than in the paratroopers. It is probably the most hazardous service in the army. Armed with a pistol and knife, they usually parachute over enemy territory with a very definite assignment which they are to fulfill at all costs. Their targets take in communication centers, "ammo" dumps and, in general, they rain havoc behind the enemy's lines. It is indeed an adventurous life.

This is the story thus far, when the changing phases of war permitted the abandonment of all anti-aircraft defenses in the Foggia area.

As C Battery enters into a new phase of its army career, it does so with confidence and assurance in its officer personnel. It is proper, therefore, that the enlisted men know a little more about the men who lead them.

On April 16th, 1941, William W. Scott was inducted as a private into the army of the United States. He received his basic training at Fort Eustis, Virginia, and was assigned to the 245th Coast Artillery, Company L, Fort Hancock, New Jersey. On April 1st, he was sent to Camp Davis anti-aircraft school with a sergeant's rating. He received his gold bar on July 10th, 1942. Three weeks later, he was assigned to A Battery of the 355th CA Searchlight Battalion which was stationed at San Diego, California. He received

his silver bar in November, 1942. Shortly afterwards, he was relieved of his duties as platoon commander and was made executive officer of the battery until March of the following year. He was then called into battalion headquarters to become the commanding officer of headquarters battery. On August 9th, 1943, he was sent to C Battery to fill the vacancy left by Capt. Peyman's removal. He was made captain on October 15th, 1943, the anniversary of his birth. Captain Scott's home town is Youngstown, Ohio, where he attended Youngstown College. Before entering the armed services of the United States he was employed by the Milky Way Candy Company, and assigned to the Dr. I. Q. Program.

A story that made the front pages of papers throughout the United States was the Mystery of the Missing Mansion. Capt. X (one of our officers) has finally settled the mystery which had the police department of the city of San Diego baffled.

When Capt. X was made commander of one of A Battery platoons, one of his first tasks was to relieve the horrible plight of the sections in regards to housing conditions. No arrangements had been made by the army. Capt. X decided to do something about it. He noticed an unused two-family house on a nearby abandoned air field. Borrowing a long trailer from the Marine base, he took some of the boys with him and loaded the house on the trailer. It was brought back to the bivouac area where the boys immediately set to work to overhaul it. It was not long afterward that a policeman from the air field came out to make inquiries. Standing in front of the building the policeman described the building to Capt. X. The best assistance Capt. X could offer was that the officer might look for it in La Joya, a neighboring town. Thus, the boys learned the value of camouflage.

On August 18th, 1941, Leonard d'Artenay was inducted into the armed services of the United States. He received his basic training at the 26th Training Battalion, Battery C, Camp Wallace, Texas. He specialized in coast artillery and anti-aircraft branches. After three months of primary training, he was transferred to the 6th Coast Artillery, Harbor Defense, San



"We Like to do KP"

Francisco, California. He was less than ten miles from his home town, San Francisco.

On April 1st, 1942, he was selected for Officer Candidate School and sent to Camp Davis Anti-aircraft School in North Carolina. He was given his commission on July 25th and thence was told to report to the 204th CA Searchlight Bn. at San Diego. He commanded a platoon until he was transferred to A Battery of the 355th Searchlight Bn. Lt. d'Artenay was born on December 28th, 1915, in Davis, California. He attended St. Mary's College, at Moraga, California. He was taking a course at the University of San Francisco Law School when Uncle Sam interrupted his studies.

First Lt. Eugene E. Ruff was born on July 17th, 1919, in Russell, Kansas. He graduated from Kansas State College and received his commission on May 25th, 1942. Immediately thereafter, he was sent to Fort Riley, Kansas, where he received orders to report to the 37th Coast Artillery Brigade. He was then assigned to the 354th Searchlight Bn. On June 15th, 1942, he was transferred to C Battery of the 355th CA S/L Bn., which was then attached to the "354th."

A native of Champaign, Illinois, First Lt. George Hunt was born on January 6th, 1919. He attended the University of Illinois where he registered for the Reserve Officer Training Corps. He graduated from the University of Illinois in 1940, at which time he also received his commission, and was placed in the reserves. He took a one-year post graduate course at the same institution and then went to work for a New York auditing firm until the summer of 1942. He was then ordered to active service and sent to Fort Monroe for anti-aircraft schooling. He joined the 355th Searchlight Battalion at San Diego.

Meredith K. Bragdon's home is in Perham, Maine. He enlisted as a private on March 4th, 1942, and was assigned to the 8th Coast Artillery, Portland, Maine, where he saw service off the coast. This service entitles him to wear the American Service Ribbon. On September 7th, 1942, he was sent to Camp Davis anti-aircraft school for officer candidates. He received his commission on November 25th, 1942. Lt. M. K. Bragdon made the rounds of Replacement Centers before he was finally assigned to the 355th Searchlight Bn. He was first sent to the replacement center at Camp Edwards, Mass. From there he was sent to another replacement depot at Casablanca and then to another at Oran. In April, 1943, he was put on detached service with the 505th Anti-aircraft Bn. His next orders were to report to A Battery of the 355th S/L Bn. On May 1st, 1944, he was transferred to C Battery. Lt. Bragdon operates a 600-acre farm in Maine with his father, in civilian life.



Medical Inspection



The Sign of a Medic



The Medics



MAIL CALL

by Mrs. Norma Henze

to Arnold Henze

April 25, 1944

You see the postman coming,
With letters in his hand.
Around your heart, there tightens
An imaginary band.

You quickly take your letter,
With very little grace;
Forgetting, too, the postman,
As he hurries from your place.

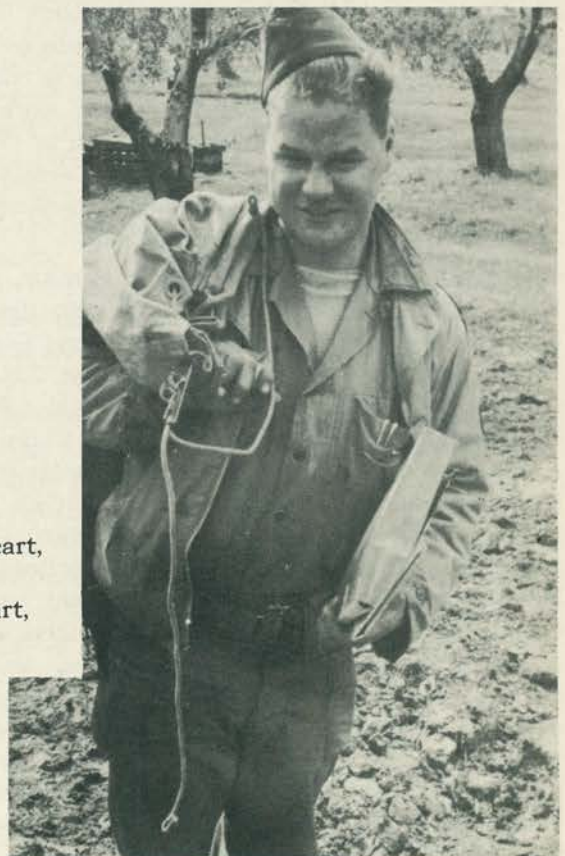
You tear the letter open,
It seems a long, long time
Before you get it ready
To read that first sweet line.

The first time through the letter,
You read all at a glance,
To see if he be injured,
Or sick, by some bad chance.

His letter is not lengthy;
Just: "Sweetheart, I am fine.
It makes me very happy
To know, that you are mine."

At last, you fold the letter
And heave a mighty sigh.
You feel so very foolish,
With tears within your eye.

Then deep down in your own heart,
You hear a small voice say:
"You're goin' to see your sweetheart,
Some not too distant day."



THE BATTALION STAFF DIVISIONS

THE S-1 WORK (PERSONNEL)

by Capt. John R. Wyant

THE battalion adjutant is S-1 on the battalion staff and is responsible for the work of the S-1 section of battalion headquarters. The S-1 section is divided into the adjutant's group and the personnel officer's group. The adjutant's group consists of the adjutant, the battalion sergeant major, and one clerk.

The S-1 or adjutant is in charge of all matters pertaining to personnel, both commissioned and enlisted. He issues all orders for the battalion commander. It is his responsibility to interpret the will of the commander in all official relationships. He is directly responsible for the handling of official correspondence, and the promulgation of orders. He is responsible for all staff functions which are not especially delegated to others. These functions may include the following:

(1) Securing replacements of personnel and working arrangements for receiving, processing, assigning and quartering them.

(2) Securing means for recreation and for maintaining or building the morale of the unit. He works with the Chaplain on religious, recreational and welfare matters and he supervises non-military agencies.

(3) Taking measures to secure decorations, citations, honors, and awards as prescribed in regulations.

(4) Maintaining strength reports, casualty reports, and numerous administrative reports of various natures.

(5) Maintaining the unit journal or historical record of the unit.

(6) Supervising mail clerks and arranging for mail and dispatch collection and distribution.

The operation of the army personnel system, as prescribed by army regulations, puts the major part of personnel record keeping in the battalion unit personnel group. The personnel officer heads the personnel group of the S-1 section. The personnel officer of a searchlight battalion is a warrant officer, who is officially designated as "assistant adjutant" (personnel). This group contains the battalion personnel sergeant major and selected clerks from each battery of the battalion. In some arms and services, such as an infantry unit, this personnel group may be separated from the adjutant's group and be located at the rear echelon of the division or corps headquarters,

but in the case of a separate searchlight battalion the two groups work together as one unit.

The S-1 section of this battalion is composed of the following enlisted men:

A. Adjutant's Group

- 1 Master Sergeant: battalion sergeant major, and chief clerk.
- 1 T/4 Clerk: chief file clerk, administrative assistant and stenographer.
- 1 Private: file clerk, mimeograph operator, typist.
- 1 Technical Sergeant: personnel sergeant major.
- 4 T/4 Battery Clerks.

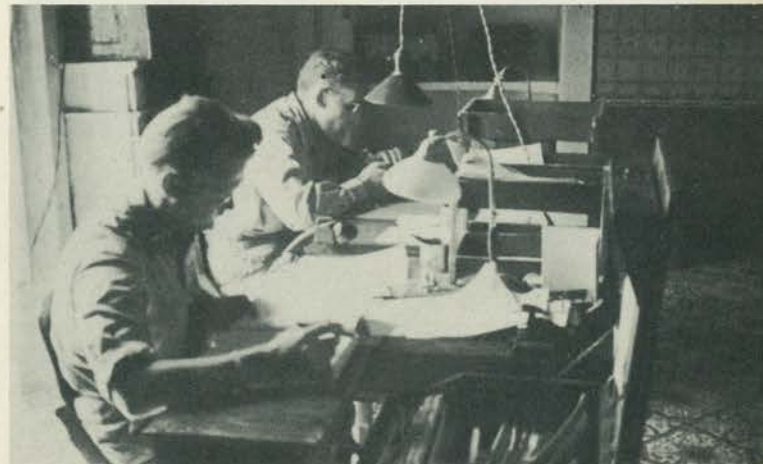
B. Message Center Subsection

- 1 Sergeant: message center chief.
- 1 T/5: mail orderly.
- 2 Privates: runners.

With a great amount of overlapping of duties, the S-1 work is handled as follows:

(1) Adjutant's Group—Handles incoming official mail, miscellaneous correspondence; prepares general and special orders, memorandums, bulletins, circulars, details, duty rosters; maintains decimal files of miscellaneous correspondence, operates mimeograph, provides stenographic work for commanding officer and executives.

(2) Personnel Group—Maintains service records, handles pay calls of enlisted men and individual pay vouchers; final statements, statements of charges; ap-



Adjutant and Assistant Adjutant



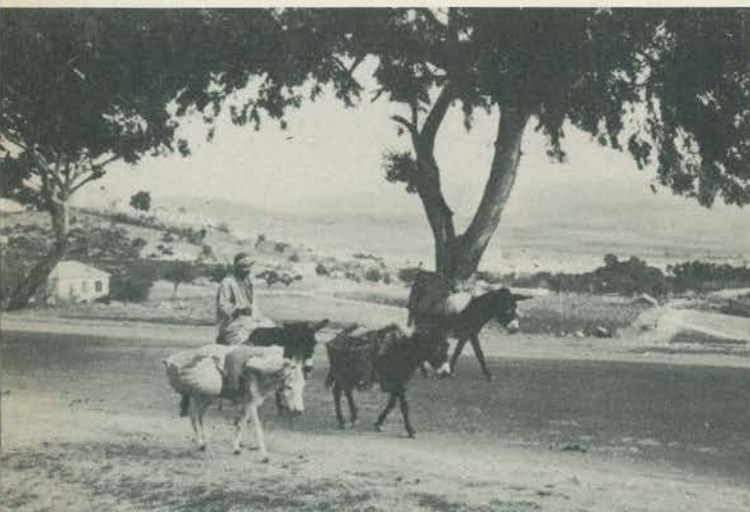
Message Center Service

plications for insurance and allotment of pay, bond deductions, discharges and reenlistments; classification and reclassification of enlisted men; enlisted 201 files and locator card files; checks monthly MRU rosters. This group also maintains officers 201 files, status cards; prepares pay vouchers, mileage vouchers, maintains locator card file; checks monthly rosters. It handles reports of change; prepares and checks morning reports; prepares ration returns; checks daily ration returns; prepares strength reports when required; handles correspondence concerning individual officers and enlisted men.

(3) Message Center Subsection — Receives mail from the APO and distributes it to the batteries; bundles and delivers outgoing mail to APO. Provides dispatch service between batteries, battalion and interbattalion headquarters departments.

(4) The personnel officer is charged with the preparation, maintenance and safeguarding of all records, documents, correspondence, and statistics of a personnel or administrative nature.

In the "355th" the work of the assistant adjutant was handled by CWO Richard G. White.



This is North Africa

GENERAL INFORMATION ON INTELLIGENCE (S-2)

by Sgt. Charles R. Gollwitzer

You must remember that old proverbial story of the three monkeys perched on a log, and the inscription at the bottom: "See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil." Well, the function of the Intelligence or S-2, is something like that story; and just as the three monkeys were trained, so also must the GIs be trained to know what to see, how to listen, and just how much he can say. Of all three the most important is the last. For rigid security of military information cannot be stressed too much. Numerous reports of carelessness and gross indiscretion on the part of individuals dealing with military information, is ever evident in normal conversation. So campaigns are constantly being urged by the intelligence department in connection with safeguarding military information, so each individual may arrive at a state of



The Author and a Friend

training where he is completely sure of what he may say or do, in the event he comes upon a situation in which military information might be compromised.

So we have one phrase of the intelligence department! Supervising and in many cases personally instructing his unit in safeguarding military information. To teach the soldier security education is to teach him a few simple rules: mainly to watch CONCEIT. Conceit is responsible for ninety percent of all breaches. Everyone is vulnerable to boasting. FAITH is another point. We consider ourselves good judges of character. We believe too, implicitly, in the safety of such national institutes, as the U. S. mail and telegraph services. Then, ENTHUSIASM. Excitement in impressing people often leads to an overzealous narrative. Then, IGNORANCE—and this is where the S-2 must take hold. So it keeps a constant

vigilance—and fundamentally must instruct, that if captured, a soldier gives only NAME, RANK and SERIAL NUMBER.

One of the primary duties of the S-2, is to work with his commanding officer. Usually when an organization is about to move or embark to distant shores, the S-2 department precedes the unit and often the intelligence officer, as unit liaison officer, will represent the organization commander until the latter arrives. He will have prepared himself before preceding his unit to answer all questions which invariably arise, and thus avoid costly delays and facilitate the movement of the organization he represents. So we now have the intelligence officer as liaison officer, and the completion of his staff, as a liaison section, acting to minimize the effort of liaison officer in the coordination and dissemination of their prepared and accumulated information.

Once an organization on the move halts, it is a primary factor of the S-2 to supervise the proper concealment of his unit. If the halt is to be for a period, he shall see that strict maintenance and camouflage discipline is employed. So again we have our intelligence section preceding the unit, and in conjunction with operations (S-3), selecting a bivouac area that is both suitable tactically yet with possibilities of concealment. A unit not under cover is vulnerable to air attack, and may be crippled to such an extent that before it reaches its final disposition it will be rendered useless to the defense of that sector.

Aircraft Recognition: Intensive training programs are inaugurated in the identification of aircraft. For spot recognition is essential in all arms. And not only in the recognition of the plane, but also its accomplishments, performance, and special features. Classes are constantly being held, and where possible visits to air fields are made, where first-hand information may be obtained, not only concerning our own planes but those of the enemy as well.

Another duty of the S-2 is to see that the men in the field have the proper colors and codes of the day. For darkness prevents recognition of AC and often decides the fate of the pilot, unless the man at the gun can identify the colors the pilot discharges.

Prisoners of War: While in North Africa our battalion had the fortune to be credited with the capture of three German soldiers. It happened in the month of June, 1943, a few miles from Chateaudun-du-Rhumel. A few of our GIs from A battery, under the command of Lt. Meredith K. Bragdon, brought the prisoners into battalion. After questioning them it was learned that they had previously been captured but escaped en route to a PW camp. Ordinarily when prisoners are captured they are immediately searched

and relieved of all weapons and military documents. The prisoners will be dispatched under guard to a higher S-2 or nearest PM for transmittal to a PW camp. A report must be submitted accompanying prisoners with the following information: hour and place of capture, and total number captured.

Subversive Activities: All subversive activities by any personnel, whether enemy or allied, must be compiled by the S-2 and forwarded to a higher headquarters. So with enemy action reports. Any actual contact with the enemy must be described by the S-2 and the report forwarded to a higher headquarters.

Unexploded Bombs: The S-2 must give the exact location to bomb disposal units, and see that a guard is placed to insure no inquisitive tampering on the part of loiterers. A situation such as this was just the case while we were in Bizerte. How well I can remember that night. A group of us had just returned from a show in town. As we left the town the air raid alarm sounded, which compelled us to drive black-out. Fortunately, it was a bright moonlit night. Perhaps I should not have said fortunate, for it later proved quite a handicap to us, and advantageous for the Germans piloting the JU-88's. Although a few fires were started and a couple warehouses pulverized the Germans missed their mark by far. However, they did introduce a new kind of bomb for that theater: a torpedo bomb which was landed by parachute. The parachute dislodged itself once the bomb hit the water, and the water in turn set off a propelling charge that rotated the bomb in the water. As the propelling charge weakened the path of circle for the bomb diminished. One can see that anything within the circle was a dead goose eventually. However, their (the Germans) accuracy in bombing was practically nil, and quite a few bombs landed on shore. In fact one landed not twenty feet from where we were crouched. It's quite obvious that the torpedo didn't go off. The S-2 did have to cope with the situation of at least half a dozen unexploded bombs back in Bizerte.

Summary of the war in all theatres: Situation maps with up-to-date fronts enabling the men to follow the progress of the war are provided to give the soldier a common interest with the allied forces who are fighting on all fronts. It also acquaints men with the contents of special intelligence reports and bulletins.

In this little narrative personalities have been excluded. There is one of whom something must be said. That is our intelligence clerk, Corporal John Beatty. John and I have been in the department practically since the activation of this organization. During our time the department has been headed by Lt. Houston, Capt. Nimmo, Lt. Holz, and finally Capt. Peyman. Every officer has found in John what

I have experienced time and again. First off, he is a competent and trustworthy clerk. He is noted for his Hollywood profile, and although humored because of it, has become the delight and envy of his associates. John is quite a participant in sports, heading the management of the headquarters softball team, which won first place in this area. Lady luck smiles on John and there is seldom a month that quite a few pennies are not salted for that day which we are all so anxiously awaiting.

As for myself I am the intelligence sergeant. I have done what I could and that is about all that can be said. There is so much more that can be said about my wife and two-and-a-half year old son! Of course, it is a father's prerogative to talk of his family, but unfortunately it is not the basis of this story. So in conclusion, we can say that for the S-2 to be effective, it requires complete cooperation between every one concerned.

OFFICE OF THE S-3

by T/Sgt. William J. Baynes, Jr.

S-3 is the pin on which the tactical success of our unit hinges. It consists mainly of a "plans and training" officer, an operations sergeant, a master gunner, a clerk and various and sundry other personnel as the local situation may dictate. At present our "plans and training" officer is Maj. Schoellkopf and assistant P. and T. O. is Capt. Peyman. Together they make up a pair that can think up more ingenious ideas in a week than most people can in a life time. The operations sergeant and master gunner are for the time being combined in T/Sgt. Baynes. Assistant to Sgt. Baynes and doer of odd jobs about the department is Corp. Guy ("Orville") Catalano. The corporal is a meticulous worker but is endowed with a slight tendency towards procrastination. Our very able clerk, T/5 John ("Hollywood") Beatty is an industrious worker and carries the weight of the department on his shoulders. Along with his normal duties he also does the clerical work for the S-2, the special service officer and the radar department.

I think about the easiest way to paint the picture of our duties is to start at the receipt of a movement order. Immediately the batteries are informed of which movement plan to follow. These plans are made up ahead of time and two or three alternate plans are devised. It is then necessary to make out a schedule of arrival and departure of the lead vehicles of each serial at various points along the route of march. This requires coordination with the traffic control officials to prevent unnecessary crowding of roads. An advance party is sent forward to select

new sites and bivouac areas, according to a tentative plan set up by this office. Of course, this plan may be changed to allow for local conditions not apparent on the map. As a general rule a one-thousand-yard area is designated in which the equipment is to be located.

When the battalion arrives, the convoy is broken up and each battery proceeds to its designated bivouac area and immediately starts to occupy sites. In the meantime the S-3 goes to work. First it is necessary to make plotting board surfaces for each of the eighteen "268" plotting boards (this is where Corp. Catalano shines). Then it is necessary to prepare tracking schedules, tracking sectors and a hundred and one little details that always crop up at a time like this. Usually these are hard times for the department and there is a lot of midnight oil burned in an effort to get the job done in the least possible time.

In some cases it is necessary to make a central plotting board for the area. This is a large grid map with the sites indicated on it and on which the path of incoming hostile aircraft are plotted. When it is necessary to construct one of these boards it becomes the duty of the S-3 to man this board, for which purpose the department's personnel is augmented to provide the required men.

Gradually the work tapers off and we assume once more normal working hours during which we revise the S.O.P. (this is where T/5 Beatty does his stuff), make out new movement plans to fit the new location and make the usual routine reports. It is necessary, of course, to keep an active training program operating within the battalion at all times to keep up the high efficiency of the operating personnel. This falls to the S-3 and we are constantly giving courses on mines and booby traps, infantry tactics, chemical warfare, radio and radar maintenance, etc.

In November of '43 we inaugurated a class in elementary electricity, which eventually developed into a school offering courses in modern history, ancient



The Author and Friends

history, accounting, electricity, radio, and algebra. For instructors we have the assistance of various officers and enlisted men of the battalion who gladly give of their valuable spare time to teach. Of course, our school did not live an easy life as it was interrupted from time to time for movements. Also inasmuch as our work is essentially night work it will be realized the difficulty in arranging class hours to fit in without depriving the personnel of too much sleep. It also befalls the lot of this department to do all the drafting for the battalion. This includes wiring diagrams for the communications department, and everything from footlockers to flyproof latrines for the carpenters. We also reproduce items of interest such as diagrams showing the operation of electron tubes.

Occasionally it becomes necessary for the S-3 to design and coordinate certain modifications to the equipment. Fortunately, these occasions are rare as modifications in the field are sometimes rather difficult. For instance, there was the time we made the plotting boards for the mounts. These boards are remote controlled and automatically plot the position of aircraft on a grid map. This job was thrown in our lap in the late fall and due to the difficulties encountered in getting parts and material it went well into the winter. It was often necessary to wear overcoats while drafting or doing other work in the office. We had a Sibley stove, but due to a poor draft, usually when lit, it would smoke us out of the office. For a while it was pretty rugged, especially while drawing grid sheets, which are composed of large squares, ten kilometers on a side, subdivided into one kilometer squares. Each of these one kilometer squares was numbered. All together there were some three hundred thousand numbers. The remarkable thing was that with cold weather one could hardly bend his fingers, and by the time the grid sheets were made they felt like they'd fall off. However, the complete job was finally done and turned out to be a fine example of Yankee ingenuity.

By far the most interesting job, or at least the one we enjoy most, is the upkeep of our situation map. Naturally this map is closely watched by one and all and must be kept up-to-date. Using dyed string to represent the fronts we keep a record of each advance made by the Allies. It is also interesting to speculate on the point of coming invasions. Since the invasions of France, it keeps one man busy keeping up with the swiftly-moving Allied forces. In the original assembly of the map there was one section of the map that was not available and it was necessary for our personnel to make up this section from a much smaller map. This was, of course, a



S-3 at work

tedious job but was excellently done by our competent operations sergeant.

One of our lighter jobs was in connection with .50 cal. MG practice. In the mighty brains of higher authority was hatched the idea of a target towed for this purpose. By the time the idea got down to us it had developed into some hazy form as a "sleeve" target to be lifted somehow into the air and towed by some crazy jeep driver ("Red" Travis the S-3 chauffeur). Finally, the lifting power was decided on as a kite for the first choice and for the second choice a hydrogen-filled balloon. Immediately we set about constructing various types of kites and experimenting with them. It was during these tests that Corp. Catalano, due to his devoted interest, earned the nickname of "Orville." Unlike the Wright Brothers, however our experiments proved to be failures. We, therefore, turned to balloons. This experiment also proved futile as the wind had a tendency to force the balloons to the ground. Also there was the added disadvantage that the strain on the balloons had a tendency to break them just as they got moving about the correct speed. We finally hushed up our attempts at providing a moving target of our own, and acquired a rocket projector that fired a target rocket at an average speed of 250 mph.

In the course of our travels we have had many types of offices in which to work. In San Diego the department was housed in the Canadian Legion Building, adjacent to the east end of Balboa Park. From the windows on the second floor we had a fine view of the park and the naval training station. Directly opposite the entrance to our building was the entrance to the famous San Diego Zoo. In Oran, the department was housed in a CP tent and the view from there was in direct opposite to our previous office set up. Just a vast sea of mud with soldiers and trucks wallowing in it. In Chateau-dun-du Rhumel we had the pleasure of being in a cool, grain warehouse. The warehouse was windowless, therefore, the only scenery was our books and files. When we moved

to Ferryville we had a temporary set up in a pyramidal tent which eventually became too small. About the time we decided it was time to enlarge the office we moved to Bizerte. Our new set up was in an abandoned French fort, high on a hill, overlooking the town (what was left of it) and the beautiful Bizerte harbor. It was always a pleasure to watch the numerous convoys coming and going in the Mediterranean Sea. After about a month of working high on this hill we rounded into good physical shape. This was due to the fact we were compelled to hike down a steep hill (200 to 300 feet in height) for our meals to say nothing of walking up again to go to work. The buildings were windowless although there were small cement openings devoid of any covering. The harsh winter winds howled through the office despite our efforts to plug up the cement holes with cello glass. It seemed that the wind never stopped blowing on top of the hill. Now we come to our present place of business near San Severo. Our office consists of a fairly large room in the summer home of a wealthy Roman. The building is a high-ceilinged two-story affair with 16-inch stone walls and domed ceilings. At each corner of the building there is a tower with apertures through which guns could be fired. The pleasant part about it is its coolness in the summertime, and the unpleasant part, its coolness during the winter season. At its worst it is still a much better location than a tent.

After reading this far you have a general idea of the duties of the office of the S-3. Although it seems like quite a bit on paper actually it isn't. Our policy has been to do the work when the work is there, but when there is not any work don't try to make people think you are busy. It's just a waste of good time that could be occupied with a book or with a bit of "prone."

SUPPLY (S-4)

by T/Sgt. Sidney R. Warren

EVERY man in the outfit remembers the hectic days at Fort Dix, but few men realize what every supply sergeant went through in the two weeks we spent there. All you probably remember about the problems of the supply sergeant was the issuance of new clothing and equipment and the "raincoats off, raincoats on" routine of supply. Nobody, from the chief of supply to the lowest man in supply seemed to know just what "combat" troops leaving for overseas duty were supposed to take with them. Consequently, as you will remember, the supply sergeant would issue you one thing one day and the next day take it back and issue something else in its place. He had

to requisition the clothes in the first place, then get each man fitted to his own "particular size" and then go through the tedious process of explaining to each man why he must turn the items back again. If you think it isn't a job issuing, for instance, a complete set of impregnate clothing to 200 men, and then have to go through all the work of getting them back, you're crazy. Well, after two weeks of hectic preparation due to changing orders, the supply sergeant finally got his men completely equipped and ready for the boat-ride to Africa, and adventure. He enjoyed a 10-day rest on the boat before he started in all over again in North Africa.

Back in the states we were told that supply overseas was a snap. Hitler, I think, couldn't have launched a bigger propaganda campaign than that. Ever since coming overseas the supply sergeant has had a continual struggle to obtain supplies in sufficient quantities to satisfy his battery commander and the men of his particular battery. One of the biggest problems confronting supply overseas was the unceasing cry from the batteries for construction materials. In the States this problem was negligible since our outfit was put up in barracks or housing projects. However, over here, for the first time, the men had to combat the elements, consequently the steady demand for lumber, cement, tar paper, etc. Another big problem was the scarcity of supplies of all sorts. Because of this supply men were everlastingly running about the countryside arguing with supply depots for materials that they felt they couldn't spare and then, as always, if the supplies hunted for couldn't be obtained you had to harangue with the battery commander or the men about it. Also depots overseas were segregated in the most out-of-the-way places. Another touchy problem overseas was the misconception of the men that overseas nothing had to be accounted for. There was, they thought, no limit to the amount of clothes and equipment they could draw. Such a thing as a statement of charge was unheard of. The breaking of this illusion was one of the most miserable tasks that confronted each supply sergeant. Not only were many bitter words spoken between the parties concerned, but the supply sergeant became most unpopular with a great many of the men, and that didn't help any, either. On top of this, everything that was lost had to be accounted for on a report of survey. Since the outfit moved quite a bit many things were lost or stolen (or disappeared as the mattress covers did). Reports of survey were so many that they became a constant nightmare to the supply sergeant. Oftener than not, battery commanders would decide to write off the lost items on a Certificate No. 57. This form is used when it has

been decided that no person was negligent in the lost or destruction of property and thus no pecuniary measures against any particular person can be taken. This playing "good Samaritan" proved also to be one of the biggest of headaches. In a report of survey the facts, that is, the truth must be stated, but not so in a Certificate No. 57. The better sounding the statement (white lies so to speak), the better the battery commander liked it. For the first three or four months this wasn't too bad, but after awhile the poor supply sergeants began to run out of ideas, and that also didn't help any. All this could have been tolerated with reasonable patience if it wasn't for the paper work involved. For everything that happened, a long tedious report had to be submitted to the battalion supply officer. The supply sergeants had to submit a daily status report, a weekly report of chemical warfare expenditures and ammunition, and a monthly report for each class of supply. On top of this and in between they would have the supply sergeants submit reports on the number of flat tires in a week, or the amount of gas consumption in a week, or mileage covered by the vehicles in his battery in a week or something else just as silly. In short, there was about six times as much paper work to do overseas than when in the States. Of course, from all this you can see that supply overseas was a snap.

To trace the history of supply while overseas would be as interesting as the monotonous and humdrum existence of the "fighting 5th" has been. The problems involved at each of our respective locations were practically the same . . . and as always this was—"get more, more, and more." So the easiest way to cover supply is to give you a slight glimpse into the machinery of supply and let you see for yourself how it functions.

Initially, every outfit is told by the army in its table of organization and equipment (T/O and E) what it *must* have. The first objective of supply is to get these basic items. Depending upon the class of supply (i.e., whether signal corps, engineer, ordnance, etc.) a requisition is submitted to the appropriate supply depot and when they have the equipment for us, they let us know, and it is picked up and signed for on a tally by the battalion supply officer. This equipment is then shipped to the batteries on a tally and is recorded on each battery's property book. The property book is a record showing just what each battery has on hand. When an item of equipment is received it is recorded on the book and when it is turned in it similarly is taken off the record. By this method the supply sergeant can inform the battery commander or any one else who might wish to know exactly what equipment he has on hand at all times. The supply



"Sid" and "Pop"

sergeant issues this equipment to the men of the battery on a memorandum receipt. By following this simple procedure through we can see the three basic forms used by the supply men. The property book, on which is recorded the actual status of supplies on hand; the tally out or in, which is used whenever any equipment is shipped from one unit to another; and the memorandum receipt, which in essence, is a tally from the supply sergeant to the individual using the equipment and who is thus responsible for it. The items authorized under the T/O and E are relatively easy to handle as they are for the most part large items such as trucks and radars. The real job of supply is to keep this equipment in operating condition.

Supplies that are consumed through use are spoken of as expendables. It is the obtaining of expendables which in essence is the biggest and most vital part of supply. This is the job of supply which goes on day in and day out. When you think of the gas, food, clothing, cleaning and preserving materials, stationery, tools and and other accessories it takes to keep an organization such as ours operating, you can appreciate the real significance and importance of supply. Expendables do not have to be recorded in the property book but it is the duty of the battery commander to see that these supplies are properly used.

We have seen how supplies are obtained, recorded, and issued out. The other big problem involved in supply is accountability for lost or destroyed articles. Whenever any piece of equipment is lost or destroyed it can be dropped from accountability by a report of survey, Natousa Cir. No. 57, or a statement of charge. To go into the mechanics of these forms is too technical to warrant any interest by anyone not immediately connected with supply. Of the three methods, however, the statement of charge must be very real to a large number of the men in the battalion.

Upon the face of things it might sound as if supply isn't as big as I would make it out to be. However, the following figures might give you more insight into



At our Bizerte Fort

the matter. Of the T/O and E equipment authorized by the army there are 247 different items of equipment. To keep this battalion operating we order some 5,000 different items. Just the paper work alone is tremendous as you can well imagine from this. The battalion is quite a sizeable business. In a business sense the total assets are about \$3,000,000, while the operating costs run to about \$118,000 a month. So that you may see what the main items of equipment are, I have listed below what might be called a balance sheet for the 355th AAA Slt. Bn. Also we will list the operating expenses for one month. Of course, the "profit" to the government is the defense of the Chateaudun, Bizerte, Ferryville or Foggia areas and "freedom." Is it worth it? Decide for yourself.

"Balance Sheet"

Item	Average or Unit Cost	Number on Hand	Total Cost
Clothing.....	\$ 150 per individual	800	\$ 120,000
Small arms.....	50	780	39,000
Vehicles.....	2,200	211	464,200
SCR-268-B.....	75,000	18	1,350,000
Searchlights.....	12,000	36	432,000
Tentage.....	79	250	19,750
Radios.....	450	73	32,850
Machine guns...	150	72	10,800
Wire, com.....	.006 ft.	600 mi.	19,000
Trailers.....	450	86	38,700
Other.....			500,000
Total Assets			\$3,026,500

Operating Expenses	Total Expenses for One Month
Payroll	\$ 70,000
Gas and oil (at six cents a gallon).....	2,500
Clothing salvage (average \$5 per man).....	4,000
Equipment replacement	10,000
Food	13,000
Replacement parts and accessories.....	3,000
Other expendables (engineer, ordnance, stationery, QMC, signal and CWS).....	15,000
Total Expenses for 1 Month.....	\$ 117,500
Total Expenses for 1 Year.....	1,410,000

The army is the biggest business in the world. These figures bring home this fact more forcibly. But this is but part of the cost of operating a unit such as ours. Think of all the incalculable costs such as getting the equipment over here; all the outfits that function merely to serve us; and depreciation on our equipment. Of the \$3,000,000 worth of equipment held by this unit it would be safe to say that the government will not realize \$500,000 on it. This means that \$2,500,000 must be written off for the period that the equipment is actually in use. As I write we have been overseas twenty months. Let us assume that in another four months this war is over. Then depreciation on our equipment amounts to \$1,225,000 a year or \$102,083 a month. At this rate it costs the government over \$2,500,000 a year to keep 800 men overseas.

All the equipment obtained is handled through battalion supply. The "purchase manager" for the battalion is Capt. Carmelo E. DeSimone. Under him he has a staff of ten men, headed by T/Sgt. Sidney Warren and T/Sgt. Sanford Brinsmaid.

The ration crew is supervised by T/Sgt. Brinsmaid and is comprised of four men: T/5 Adamo, Pvts.



"I'm Going for a Ride"

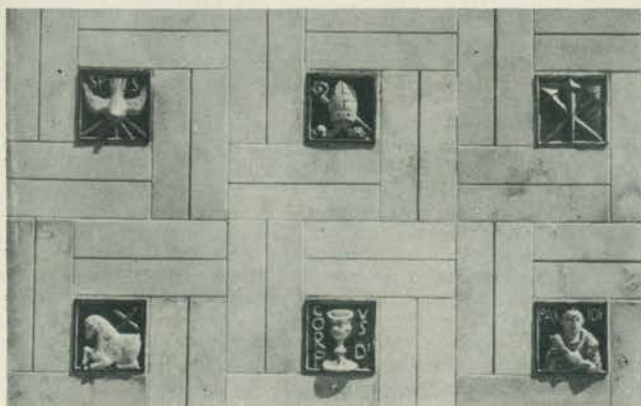


North African Moslems

Brown, Hall, and Hensen. The food is drawn daily. These men work every day in the year including Sundays and holidays.

The office staff is supervised by T/Sgt. Warren and is composed of three men: T/5 Lillie and Pfc. Conklin and Pudnos. The tenth man in supply is Pfc. Ohlson who chauffeurs Capt. DeSimone.

The supply officer is represented in each battery by a supply sergeant, who has one assistant assigned to him: S/Sgts. Stangle (hdqts.), Walters (A), Tastid (B), and Cardella (C). Each of these men has capably performed the duties assigned him and has managed in spite of being a supply sergeant to keep the goodwill and respect of the men in the battery.



Detail, Hospital Chapel Wall (near Foggia)



The Shepherd

The supply set up has been practically the same since coming overseas. When we reached Africa, Lt. Charles Levi, who was then a T/Sergeant, was Capt. DeSimone's right-hand man. T/Sgt. Warren was at that time supply sergeant of A battery. Also to be found in the battalion supply personnel was "Berny" Malone, who has since gone home on rotation. While in Chateaudun, T/Sgt. Levi was recommended for an officer's commission but it was not until we moved to Bizerte Hill that he was commissioned a second "luey" and left battalion supply. S/Sgt. Warren was called in from A battery to take his place and was shortly thereafter promoted to T/Sgt. "Bucky" Walters filled the vacancy left in A battery.

It's been the same old bunch for a long time and that is one reason that battalion supply has been able to operate as efficiently as it has. For a time Lt. Levi was supply officer so that Capt. DeSimone could have a short stay in a battery to more fully appreciate what the problems of the batteries were. After about four months Capt. DeSimone resumed his old duties.

Nothing of particular note has happened to the men of supply. We have had a good time working together in harmony and close fellowship and this has been a noteworthy achievement in itself. Whenever there has been work to be done everybody chipped in and finished it. There has never been any quibbling, perhaps it is because we are too busy for it.

As of September 1st, 1944, this is the state of supply since we have been overseas. We still have the same demands upon us that we have always had, only as the fellows seem to have more time on their hands, they think of more things for supply to get. Of course, we do our best but oftentimes our efforts and beggings to make life more luxurious for you are to no avail. However, when you think back on it I think you will agree that supply has done a pretty good job of keeping you clothed, fed, sheltered, and in comparative luxury, since being overseas; but until this mess ends, we of supply shall attempt to get more of everything, whether authorized or not, as your needs seem inexhaustible.

CHAPLAIN KARL W. SCHEUFLER

1108 Engineer Combat Group

A. P. O. #464

c/o P. M., N. Y. C.



Col Robert Harrell
Hq A6F Wash 25 D.C.



Karl W. Scheufler

1521 Dana Avenue

Cincinnati 7, Ohio

THE CHAPLAIN'S CACHET

European-African Design

Basic in the design is the Insignia of the FOURTH CORPS (a circle quartered). Over this is the outline of the FIFTH ARMY Insignia, with its suggestion of a Moslem dome.

Within the HOUR GLASS (time accumulated, overseas) are four items:

1. The Christian cross over the Jewish Star of David.
2. The Fish from the Coat of Arms of Constantine in Algeria is also a Christian symbol.
3. The owl was the insignia of the 355th AAA Slt. Bn. The Florentine lily in its claw reminds us of the owl's death near Florence, Italy, in December, 1944.
4. The Chaplain and many men of the "355th" joined combat engineer units. So opposite the owl you see a camel back bridge on Italy's Serchio River, through the panel of a Bailey Bridge.

To the right of the Hour Glass are four items also:

1. Pillars from a ruined Roman city. Ancient Rome, archaeology and the Mediterranean area are inseparable.
2. The star and crescent from Oran's coat of arms.
3. The Arab on his camel units the study of ethnology with comparative religion.
4. The Moslem mosque tells us that North Africa is a Mohammedan land.

To the left of the hour glass four more items are found:

1. The star and crescent of Tunisia.
2. The dome of St. Peter's in Rome. This symbolizes the many tours we made in the area.
3. The farmer and his ox was a familiar scene in Italy and Africa.
4. The Temple of Jupiter at Dougga adds the study of history to the interests suggested previously.

Asiatic Design

The FOURTH CORPS Insignia is basic in this design also. Superimposed is a suggestion of the TWENTY-FOURTH CORPS insignia. The heart shape is formed by a reproduction of the Chaplain's scarf. The SPADE (and castle) in the lower right-hand portion of the cachet was the symbol of the 1108 Engineer Combat Group. In the upper left-hand portion of the design is the OWL of the "355th" with a background of searchlight beams.

The central part of the cachet has four divisions:

1. The five stars are the battle star awards for the following campaigns: Tunisia, Rome-Arno, Southern France (this star is emphasized because it was the subject of controversy), the Northern Apennines, and the Po Valley. Note that the stars form the constellation of the Southern Cross.
2. On V-E Day we occupied the Villa Manzoni, near Milan, where the great Italian novelist wrote. "May 8th" is indicated by five books (and moons), and eight suns.
3. When V-J Day came on September third (nine anchors and three links) we were on Manila Bay, near Corregidor. Corregidor is the island below the line of waves, and Mt. Mayon (the symbol of the Philippines) is above the waves.
4. The Chaplain wears six overseas stripes (one is not quite complete). The stripes indicate:
 - a. Symbol of Oran and Constantine where we spent our first six months.
 - b. The camel and the Tunisian symbol where we rounded out our first year overseas.
 - c. Then to South Italy (the ox) and the land of Fascism (the fallen fasces).
 - d. Next, under the symbol of the Florentine lily, we joined the combat engineers.
 - e. Then came the drive from the heart of Italy (Italian shield) to the border of Switzerland (Swiss shield).
 - f. Then the long journey directly to the Philippines from Italy, the end of the war and the (fifty-two day) trip home. The "stripe" shows a map of the Pacific flanked by a life preserver and a slow ship.

The design might have said (but does not) that we were overseas from January 14, 1943, to December 4, 1945.

Envelopes, such as those illustrated, are of more than passing interest, since they are memorabilia of World War II.

FEEDING THE BATTALION

“CHOW TIME!”

As S/Sgt. Kurt Moss told it to Lt. Charles J. Levi

THREE times each day for every man, woman, and camp-follower (be it dog, cat, Arab scavenger, or “Eytie” bambino) of Uncle Sam’s army, this happy cry is echoed through camp and bivouac area. Sometimes a few groans are heard, but nearly always there is a stampede to be first in the chow line, and soon hungry GIs, with loaded mess kits, are filling their tummies.

The eating of the tons and tons of food that are shipped by boat, plane, train, and truck, and even mule-carried to soldiers fighting in far-off corners of the world, is a most important consideration to those whose job it is to fight the war. So important is it that we often forget what goes on inside the kitchen

—that other end of the chow line. Where does all of this food come from, who prepares it, and how? What is there to this GI mess that makes it one of the most important things on any inspector’s check list? Food is probably the most important contributor to morale, not only because it keeps the soldier physically fit, but because it also keeps him smiling. Napoleon said, “an army marches on its stomach.” Our “moonlight cavalry” was no different.

Feeding his men is the responsibility of the unit commander. He usually delegates the work and planning of this to his mess officer who, in turn, supervises the running of the unit mess by the “staff sergeant (mess)” as the T/O calls him. This mess ser-



A Couple of Birds



Hungry! Always!



K P

geant is the really important guy in the deal. He not only has the responsibility of seeing that the food is properly prepared and served, but he also gets all of the blame (and what few compliments there are) for the state of the soldier's digestion. For this reason, mess sergeants are chosen for their ability and conscientious effort to achieve and maintain the highest standards of excellence in messing facilities. Most of the mess sergeants in the 355th were not cooks in civilian life. S/Sgts. Lis, Niznansky, and Shaw came up the hard way—KP., to cook, to mess sergeant. S/Sgt. Moss was more fortunate because he had "poisoned" many of the patrons of the "Hickory House" in Miami. S/Sgt. Hayes, an old army man, was a veteran of many stripes (off and on) and kitchens. These men were helped by large staffs of willing cooks, and hordes of unwilling KP's.

The cooks were the men whose "touch" really made the difference between "meatloaf a la Arab" and just plain "spam." Up at the crack of dawn, they hovered over a hot stove (thankful for the heat in winter but not in summer) without benefit of "soap opera." Their days were endless. There were always enough men who had to eat early or who were held up by this, that or the other thing to make it impossible to run things on a strictly three-meal-a-day basis. And when, after supper, the kitchen was finally cleaned, cold guards would come begging for "coffee and . . . (whatever you've got)," or men coming home from pass in Foggia or Tunis where restaurants were "off limits" would beg for a "snack" to see them through until morning. Of course, then, everyone else within sight or hearing managed to show up with a ready and empty stomach.

The KPs were the ones who carried the burden of cleaning up the "mess." The hours were long and the pay—we won't mention that. Up with the cooks, it was their unhappy lot to light the fires, keep them going, carry the water, wash the dishes, sweep the kitchen, clean the mess hall, empty the garbage, and do whatever else happened into the mind of the sergeant or the cooks, and those men really had minds

of their own when it came to work for the KPs. The only ones who were spared the burden of KP were the first four grades; but each year, come Thanksgiving and Christmas, they did their stint. Who can forget the glee with which we watched them wash and scrub with the best of them, on those days; "Ranse" Thilk cleaning the grease trap with his gas mask on; "Pop" Taylor up to his ears in garbage barrels; "Ed" Miller and "Herb" Hougland on hands and knees giving the floor a high polish. KP was never a picnic—and even if it were, we wouldn't like it.

But let us go back to the beginning. By examining the changes that occurred in our battalion history we can see how the mess department played a most vital role in the life of the battalion.

Long ago, in the days of San Diego and Los Angeles, when Balboa Park, Otay Mesa, Pacific Beach and UCLA were the homes of the batteries, messing was little or no problem. Food was plentiful and a varied and well-balanced diet easily maintained. We were on garrison rations and what the army didn't have the mess sergeant could buy on the open market. We really lived like kings. If you didn't like the supper at night, you could always go to "Jim and Jim's" or "Glenn's" or the nearest "Drive-in" for a "ham on rye" and "chocolate malt." The mess sergeants might have thought they did know, but they didn't know what trouble was.

Some will long remember "Charlie" Gollwitzer's attempts to put a meal together and "Marty" Altman's persistent habit of not washing the dishes. Others long for the good old days of Hollywood when the film stars fed, in addition to clothing and housing, sections near to them. Ida Lupino will long be remembered by the men of Jack Sobel's section for her generous hospitality. She adopted them as her own and her kitchen soon became a mecca for searchlights and movie stars alike. No wonder "Ernie" Hallenbeck volunteered for steady KP.

It was in those early days that the kitchen personnel first became acquainted with their chief utensil—"the range, field, M-1937." This diabolical thing



Kitchen on "Dust Hill"



Mess Kit Water

would cook anything in anyway—if you only knew how to make it work. The gremlins seemed to enjoy “snafuing” the fire-unit which doubled in off-duty hours, when we got overseas, for tent heating. These pesky things had to be coaxed, cajoled, and otherwise teased into giving their all for the furthering of the war effort. And the “stove man”—the fellow whose job it was to keep them clean and going—was the power behind the throne of the mess sergeant. The early model stoves were equipped with all aluminum pots and pans, but as the war got under way, the government supplied steel ones which were very poor in quality and it always required “mucho elbow grease” to keep them spotless for inspection.

In the early days, as always, the mess sergeant had his hands full keeping soldiers happy. Many were the times when it was “more fun to fool” than to publicly admit to what was going into the meals. Take tuna fish salad for instance. If the men demanded tuna fish salad and beef hearts were the issue, it was a simple matter to grind up the beef, add celery, mayonnaise, and anything else within reach, mix it well—and, lo, everyone was delighted with the tuna fish salad.

Our meals on the West coast presented few problems to the adroit cooks. It wasn't until our trek to the POE that their real troubles started. This was the first time the battalion had moved as a unit, and soldiers don't stop eating just because they are going somewhere. Our kitchens on the train were set up in railway express cars with all of the modern conveniences left off. The only break was that garbage disposal was no problem. In addition to the usual trials of operating a kitchen, it was necessary to cope with the rollin', rockin', rhythm of the Santa Fe and the Pennsylvania. In spite of soup spilled from one end of Iowa to the other, and cranberry sauce with soot a la mode, the cooks managed to turn out a Christmas dinner that was the equal of anything previously seen in the history of railroading. Turkey, bought from a butcher in Kansas, cooked in Missouri, and served in Iowa was sandwiched into a menu that

bulged with all of the trimmings mother used to have. So, we went on to New Jersey.

At Fort Dix we were to have the last real kitchen we were to know for many months. It will be remembered mostly because it was such a dirty hole and we had to clean it up. But, if we had only known then what we were to learn in the months to come, we would have left the place a lot cleaner—of utensils.

Shipboard cooking was something new and different. Everybody suffered, from eater to KP to mess officer. Here we first ran into the two meal a day racket and no one liked it. That was only the beginning. The food for the first few days was not too bad and we managed to get quite a bit of it down. How much stayed down was another matter altogether. We had quite a few fresh vegetables, fresh milk, butter and much fruit. We even had fresh eggs. Gradually as we approached the African coast the fresh foods disappeared and the canned goods made their appearance, but by that time every one was so numb that it really didn't make any difference.

Bucking a chow line is bad enough, but bucking a bucking chow line is even worse. Ships roll and so does everything on them. The result was that at least fifty per cent of the food cooked never ended up in the stomachs of the men. Who wants to eat cereal with the eggs and bacon mixed in, all covered with a thin film of spilled coffee? Eating on a rolling deck isn't much fun either, especially when the guy next to you decides that his food would be better off in the sea than in his stomach. I'll always remember the chap who staggered up from the hold with a mess kit full of food only to rush to the rail and throw it into the sea. I asked him why he had done this and he answered, “I've decided to stop being the middle man in this eating business.”

Our first meal in North Africa is one that will long be remembered. After marching up hills and riding down again, we managed to reach a spot, later to become known as “Mud Hill,” where dinner was waiting for us. We lined up and were served “C” ration out of three 32-gallon GI cans. This first meal was a



Minnesota's Gift to the Battalion

novelty—the second was not too bad. But from then on in, it was every man for himself.

“Chow time” overseas was more important by far than it ever was back home. It was at this time that the men got together, relaxed, and refortified themselves for the continuing battle, even if it was only the battle of “Mud Hill,” “Dust Hill,” or “Windy Flats.” Standing in the chow line was a tedious proposition and so it was the effort of the mess sergeant to see that there was something in the mess kit that would make the soldier happy. Sometimes, that is very difficult, because spam, corned beef hash, and Vienna sausage don’t have the changeability that fresh meat does and they become quite boring after

a period of years. Even so, there were ways and means of improving the daily ration, but it took effort and ingenuity to do so. It is a proven fact that what you put into a thing you will get out in return. If you can put good things to eat into a pot you will get good things to eat out.

Let’s examine for a moment the types of rations that we were issued. First, there was the garrison ration. This ration is a money allotment with which the mess sergeant can purchase any food that he wishes, either from the army commissary, or if they do not have what he wants, from a commercial firm. The next ration is an “A” type field ration. This ration contains all of the locally available food produce and should have very little canned food in it. It is pretty much like the garrison ration except that all of the foodstuffs are issued. The mess sergeant can buy nothing except that which is not issued and his funds are limited by the ration savings of the company fund. The “B” ration is the ration that we were issued in the field overseas. A straight “B” ration is all canned foods, but it can be augmented by fresh (frozen) meats and fresh vegetables that can be purchased locally by the quartermaster. “C” ration means one thing—a four-ounce can of meat stew and a four-ounce can of biscuit, confection, and coffee, chocolate or lemonade. The “D” ration consists of three bars of a specially rich chocolate which is supposed to have the same amount of energy as a full meal.

We also had the “K” ration. That is the box of food, about the size of a Cracker Jack box, which had a very good meal packed inside. For a short time in North Africa we were issued the “U” (or five-in-one) ration for the use of the men eating at isolated sections; but I think every soldier in Uncle Sam’s army would be glad to give any and all of these to anyone who would supply him with a grade “A” home-cooked (like mother used to make) meal.

Management of the kitchens involves several things. First there is the handling of the food itself. To begin with, the food is brought from the storage depot to the battalion area by the ration detail of the battalion supply officer. There it is broken down on a head-count, percentage basis, and distributed to the individual batteries. Here again, if the batteries operate several kitchens, the food is divided and sent out to the men who will prepare it. Sometimes these smaller kitchens are nothing more than searchlight trailers prepared with screening and a work table. Sometimes they are more elaborate, but the food is the same. Everyone in the battalion eats the same food at the same meal, with minor changes, because the mess sergeant does have the discretion of serving his food as he chooses.

Once the food is broken down, it is in the hands of the cooks to see that a good meal is prepared. Sometimes, when the ration is slim, or excess quantities of certain types of foods are built up, it is possible to augment the supply by purchasing fresh vegetables or swapping foods with other units. This latter was particularly effective with British units because they always seemed to have an abundance of flour and other foods that we were short of and were always eager to exchange this for our meat and vegetable stew.

One of the most important aspects of any mess is the sanitation of that mess. A great and sustained effort is made to insure that there is no source of infection in the mess that might spread disease throughout the group that eats there. To this end each kitchen is inspected by a medical officer at least once each month and the cooks given physical examinations and blood tests. In addition, there are weekly inspections by the battery commanders, and daily inspections by the unit mess officer. Cleanliness is next to Godliness, they say, but it rates even higher in a GI mess.

The washing of the mess kits of the individual soldiers is as important as any other factor. Before the food is placed in the mess kit it should be dipped in a can of scalding hot water. This is guaranteed to kill any air-borne bacteria. After eating, the mess kits are washed in three tubs of boiling water. The first of these is well soaped and the second is a rinse for the first. The last tub of boiling water has added to it a chemical called "microclean," which is just one more protection against the damaging bacteria.

Each mess hall must have a soakage pit to take care of the old water that is to be thrown away. As there are no sewers in olive groves, these pits must usually be dug eight, ten, or twelve feet deep, and the first sergeant is always glad to have one of these projects on hand to give the delinquents something useful to do. In addition to a soakage pit, there are usually deep ice boxes dug in the ground and additional facilities for the handling of both good food and wastes.

To give some idea of the quantity of food required to feed a battalion of about 750, and what the menus were like, appended hereto are menus showing what foods we ate—and how much of them. It is interesting to note that in the course of a month a total of 1978 pounds of coffee was used and there was about 20,000 pounds of condensed milk to go with it, and about three to four thousand pounds of sugar. Also, in the course of a month, about 10,000 pounds of fresh meat were issued and 1500 pounds of fresh butter. These are astronomical figures, even to



Popular Men; Unpopular Food



The Stoves Must Shine



Kitchen in the Olive Grove

the corner grocer. The army has a mighty big, and perpetually empty, stomach.

Messing in the army is a job. It requires constant attention and application to be successful. It is different from any other type of the battery work in that the operation is for the men, and the result of good messing is readily reflected in the attitudes of men. A man with a complaining stomach is not going to do a satisfactory job. One whose stomach is happy will do the work necessary. When one looks back on the things that have happened, I'm sure that there is no one who would deny that those who were connected with the kitchen did more than their share to make life easy for us in the field. Despite the complaints and the gripes, there is hardly a man who cannot but say, "Thanks," to all of the cooks, KPs, and food handlers for their efforts throughout our sojourn in the army.

RECORD OF FOOD SUPPLIES DRAWN FOR OUR BATTALION—March 31 to April 30, 1944

Tomato juice, No. 10 can size.....	498
Pineapple juice, No. 10 can size.....	86
Tomato puree, No. 10 can.....	21
Grapefruit juice, No. 10 can.....	326
Apple nuggets, lbs.	56
Maple flavor tablets.....	117
Apricots evaporated, No. 10 can.....	7
Apricots, No. 10 can.....	88
Jam, No. 10 can.....	214
Fruit cocktail, No. 10 can.....	296
Pineapples, No. 10 can.....	263
Pears, No. 10 can.....	206
Cherries, No. 10 can.....	29
Prunes, dried, No. 10 can.....	68
Peaches, No. 10 can.....	285
Raisins, pounds.....	559
Sweet pickles, cans.....	11
Syrup, No. 10 cans.....	22
Apple butter, No. 10 can.....	153
Apples, No. 10 can.....	66
Butter, canned, No. 10 can.....	152
Butter, fresh, pounds.....	1,523
Peanut butter, No. 10 can.....	50
Sweet potatoes, pounds.....	52
Sweet potatoes, dehydrated, pounds.....	113
Corn, No. 2 cans.....	1,160
Tomatoes, No. 2 cans.....	1,465
Spinach, No. 10 can.....	91
Peas, dry, pounds.....	635
Beans, dry, pounds.....	1,268
String beans, No. 10 can.....	253

Peas, No. 2 can.....	1,104
Potatoes, dehydrated, large can.....	328
Onions, dehydrated, pounds.....	129
Beets, No. 10 can.....	179
Carrots, No. 10 can.....	32
Carrots, dehydrated, pounds.....	123
Boned chicken, cans.....	231
Luncheon meat, cans.....	242
Meat and vegetable stew, No. 2 can.....	1,078
Salmon, small can.....	1,109
Vienna sausage, No. 2 can.....	1,230
Pork sausage, cans.....	297
Chili, No. 10 can.....	189
Bacon, cans.....	177
Corned beef, cans.....	291
Hash beef, cans.....	248
Meat and vegetable hash, No. 10 can.....	101
Coffee, pounds.....	1,978
Tea, pounds.....	63
Cocoa, pounds.....	177
Milk, 48-oz. cans.....	8,692
Sugar, pounds.....	6,003
Flour, pounds.....	2,198
Rice, pounds.....	453
Macaroni, pounds.....	203
Bread, loaves.....	7,130
Lard, pounds.....	410
Cereal, pounds.....	661
Rolled oats, pounds.....	104
Dessert powder, cans.....	54
Dried eggs, pounds.....	658
Cheese, preserved, pounds.....	461
Eggs, fresh, each.....	2,130
Vinegar, quarts.....	14
Baking powder, pounds.....	58
Baking soda, pkgs.....	43
Lemon extract, bottles.....	7
Vanilla extract, bottles.....	10
Nutmeg, pkgs.....	21
Mustard, pkgs.....	21
Corn starch, pkgs.....	109
Tomato catsup, cans.....	72
Salt, pounds.....	290
Pepper, pounds.....	36
Crackers, boxes.....	147
Worcestershire sauce, bottles.....	21
Oranges, fresh.....	4,140
Onions, fresh, pounds.....	540
Cauliflower, heads.....	213
Lettuce, heads.....	480
Carrots, fresh, pounds.....	208
Meat—stew, boil, pounds.....	2,557
Meat—roast, fry, pounds.....	2,528
Chopped beef, pounds.....	2,592
Pork chops, pounds.....	2,554

TYPICAL MENUS (after the arrival in Italy)

(Headquarters)		MONDAY, March 27, 1944
SUNDAY, March 26, 1944		<i>Breakfast</i>
<i>Breakfast</i>	French toast	Hot cakes
	Fried bacon	Fried bacon
	Fried cereal	Wheat cereal
	Wheat cereal	Fresh butter
	Fresh butter and jam	Syrup, jam
	Coffee and tomato juice	Coffee
<i>Dinner</i>	Chili con carne	<i>Dinner</i>
	Boiled kidney beans	Meat balls and tomato sauce
	Fruit cocktail	Bread and jam
	Coffee	Fresh butter
	Bread and jam	Sliced pineapple
<i>Supper</i>	Meat loaf	Coffee
	Gravy	<i>Supper</i>
	Creamed peas	Roast beef
	Bread and jam	Gravy
	Fresh butter	Carrots and peas
	Peaches	Bread and jam
	Coffee	Butterscotch pie
		Coffee

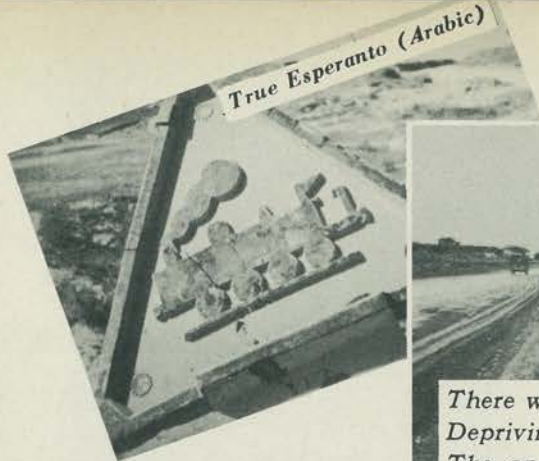
FRIDAY, March 24, 1944
Breakfast
 Hot cakes
 Fried bacon
 Fresh butter, jam
 Fresh oranges
 Coffee
Dinner
 Baked spam
 Sliced cheese
 Chopped spinach
 Bread, jam
 Fruit cocktail
 Coffee
Supper
 Pork chops, gravy
 Apple sauce
 Sweet corn
 Bread, jam
 Pineapple
 Coffee
THURSDAY, April 6, 1944
Breakfast
 Corned beef hash
 Bread, jam, fresh butter
 Coffee
 Grapefruit juice
Dinner
 Chili con carne
 Boiled kidney beans
 Pickled cut beets
 Bread and jam
 Pears
 Coffee
Supper
 Fried steaks, gravy
 Creamed carrots
 String beans
 Bread and jam
 Pineapple cobbler
 Coffee
FRIDAY, April 7, 1944
Breakfast
 French toast
 Fried bacon
 Wheat cereal
 Fresh butter, jam
 Coffee
 Grapefruit juice
Dinner
 Roast beef
 Gravy
 Sweet corn
 Mashed potatoes
 Bread, jam
 Chocolate cake
 Coffee
Supper
 Salmon patties
 Boiled Lima beans
 Stewed tomatoes
 Bread and jam
 Fruit cocktail
 Coffee
 Atabrine
MONDAY, March 20, 1944
Breakfast
 Fried eggs (2 per man)
 Fried bacon
 Wheat cereal
 Stewed prunes
 Bread, jam
 Fresh butter
 Coffee
Dinner
 Chili con carne
 Boiled kidney beans
 Pickled beets
 Bread, jam
 Fruit cocktail
 Hot cocoa
Supper
 Hamburgers
 Potatoes au gratin
 Creamed spinach
 Bread, jam
 Fresh butter
 Mixed fruits
 Coffee
THURSDAY, March 23, 1944
Breakfast
 French toast
 Fried bacon
 Wheat cereal
 Fresh butter, jam
 Stewed prunes
 Coffee
Dinner
 Salmon, cold
 Sliced cheese
 String beans
 Bread and jam
 Fruit cocktail
 Hot tea
 Catsup
Supper
 Roast pork with gravy
 Applesauce
 Creamed carrots
 Bread and jam
 Fresh butter
 Hot rolls
 Coffee
FRIDAY, March 31, 1944
Breakfast
 Scrambled eggs
 Fried bacon
 Fresh butter
 Bread and jam
 Wheat cereal
 Coffee
Dinner
 Baked spam
 Stewed tomatoes
 Vegetable soup
 Bread and jam
 Apricots
 Coffee
Supper
 Roast beef
 Gravy
 Peas and carrots
 Bread and jam
 Mixed fruits
 Coffee
SATURDAY, April 1, 1944
Breakfast
 French toast
 Fried bacon
 Wheat cereal
 Syrup (plain)
 Fresh butter
 Coffee
Dinner
 Baked beans
 Bread and jam
 Apricots
 Hot tea
Supper
 Meat balls with sauce
 Macaroni
 Bread and jam
 Cookies
 Coffee
SATURDAY, March 25, 1944
Breakfast
 French toast
 Fried bacon
 Rolled oats
 Fresh butter, jam
 Coffee
 Stewed prunes



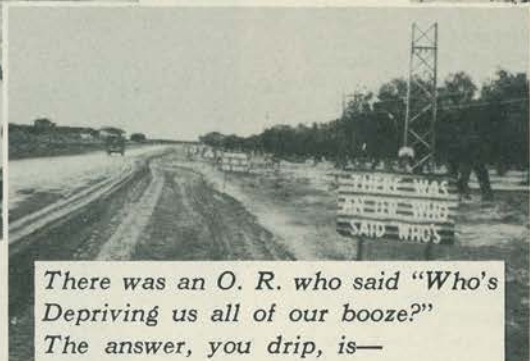
The Recorder of this Story

Dinner
 Meat and vegetable hash
 Pickled beets
 Bread
 Jam
 Mixed fruits
 Coffee
Supper
 Vegetable soup
 Bread
 Jam
 Coffee
WEDNESDAY, March 22, 1944
Breakfast
 Hot cakes
 Fried bacon
 Stewed prunes
 Fresh butter, jam
 Coffee
 Tomato juice
Dinner
 Corned beef
 Gravy
 Creamed peas
 Bread, jam
 Rice pudding
 Hot tea
 Of course there was salt, pepper, milk, sugar and water in addition to the above; but if "syrup" is not mentioned with French toast, there was none. If butter is not mentioned, there was none.
 These menus were taken from a hook in the officers' mess, and were not selected. They are fair specimens for this period. However, for the first six or eight months in North Africa we did not have such feasts as these meals were, normally. And one week later the fresh meat and eggs and butter were radically reduced.
Supper
 Braised beef
 Stringless beans
 Boiled Lima beans
 Bread, jam
 Butterscotch pie
 Fresh butter
 Coffee
TUESDAY, March 28, 1944
Breakfast
 French toast
 Fried bacon
 Fresh butter, jam
 Coffee
 Fresh oranges
Dinner
 Fried Vienna sausage
 Spinach and string beans
 Bread and jam
 Peaches
 Hot tea
Supper
 Beef stew
 Bread and jam
 Fresh butter
 Coffee
 Yellow cake with icing

True Esperanto (Arabic)



True Esperanto (Italian)



There was an O. R. who said "Who's Depriving us all of our booze?"
The answer, you drip, is—
"The space on the ship is reserved For the petrol you use."

For the Brazilians, too



We Recommend . . .



S
I
G
N
S



North Africa



"Beware! Enemy Observation!"



Purple Heart Valley



Clark Field, Luzon



Street closed to . . .

A SOLDIER'S PAY

By RICHARD G. WHITE, CWO

THE last day of each month is probably the most important day in a soldier's life, for that is when the sweet music of "pay call" sounds. There are many interesting sidelights in connection with the pay of a soldier. How much does he draw each month? What does he do with it? What deductions does he have? How much does he save? How are pay rolls prepared? Here are a few facts and figures:

Base Pay—

Private	\$ 50
Private First Class.....	54
Corporal or Technician 5th Grade.....	66
Sergeant or Technician 4th Grade.....	78
Staff Sergeant or Technician 3rd Grade.....	96
Technical Sergeant	114
First Sergeant or Master Sergeant.....	138

In addition, a soldier receives an increase of five per cent of base pay for every three years of service. Also, a soldier serving overseas receives an increase of twenty per cent of base pay.

The preparation of pay rolls is a function of the adjutant's office. The individual battery clerks type the rolls, beginning on about the fifth of each month. They are checked by the personnel officer and submitted to the finance office on about the 16th of each month. The preparation of these payrolls is of a definitely technical nature and requires many long hours of careful work on the part of experienced clerks. The utmost care must be exercised to insure that each man is paid the correct amount, that promotions and reductions are recorded, that forfeitures and stop-pages are entered, and that names and serial numbers are absolutely correct. Each man signs the pay roll before it is forwarded to the finance office for computation and payment. If a man signs his name incorrectly, such as his initials only, omitting a middle initial or a "Jr.," or signs with off-color ink, he cannot be paid on that roll, but must wait for a supplemental roll or the regular roll the following month.

Payment of pay rolls is made by an officer of each battery. These officers are known as agent officers. It is no easy task to pay several hundred men even under the most favorable conditions. It is especially difficult when the unit is in tactical operation, for then the agent officer must travel from section to sec-

tion, which takes him over a distance of many miles. Sometimes the agent officer must also travel many miles to pay personnel in hospitals or on special duty at a distant point.

On presenting himself to be paid, the soldier salutes the agent officer, but the salute is not returned. He stands at attention while the agent officer counts the money to be paid him, quickly checks the amount when he receives it, salutes and moves on. Sometimes a soldier thinks he is not being paid the correct amount. It usually happens that the finance office is right, for they just can't afford to make many mistakes.

The sound of the bugle announcing pay call is not always a prelude to the clicking of dice and the shuffling of cards. The soldier of today saves money. This is especially true of the soldier on overseas duty. (On one occasion, men of this battalion made $33\frac{1}{3}\%$ on their money with no risks attached. When we arrived in North Africa in January, 1943, the rate of exchange was set at 75 francs to the dollar. Within three weeks the rate of exchange was set at 50 francs to the dollar. This change meant that a soldier made 50¢ on every 75 francs he had in his possession. Being overseas began to look like a profitable adventure.)

It has always been the policy of the army to encourage soldiers to save as much money as possible, and to send as much as they can to dependents, relatives or banks in the States. Too much money in the hands of troops tends to upset economic stabilization and fosters exorbitant prices and the "black market." It is interesting to note that about eighty per cent of all men in this organization effected allotments to dependents, relatives or their own bank accounts, or authorized deductions for the purchase of War Bonds. These allotments and War Bond deductions averaged \$24,621 monthly. Ninety-three per cent of the personnel were covered by the full \$10,000 government insurance plan. Individual insurance deductions averaged about \$6.60 monthly, or a total deduction of \$4,819 monthly.

Another system for individual savings offered by the army is soldier's deposits. Under this plan the soldier deposits money with the finance officer as a credit to his account. Upon discharge the soldier is



Pay Call

repaid his deposits at an interest rate of four per cent per year. Over a period of sixteen months, soldiers of this unit deposited \$87,760.

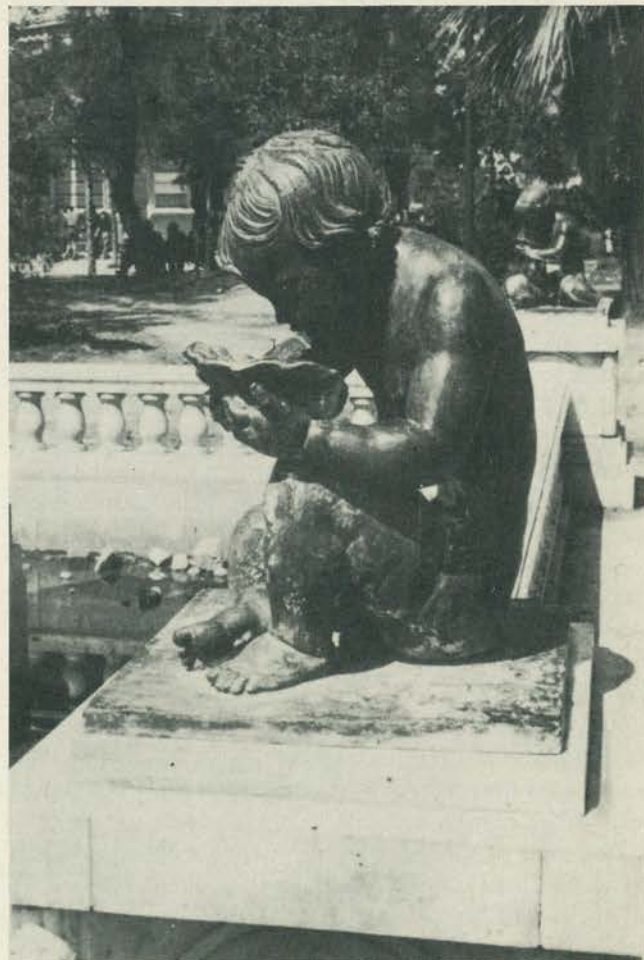
Personal transfer accounts was another method of transmitting money to any person or bank in the States. The soldier could send amounts to any address in the United States. \$41,215 was transmitted to the States by this method over a period of sixteen months.

A soldier overseas does not spend much money. The only regular expenditures are for post exchange and laundry. PX supplies cost between \$1.00 and \$2.00 each week. Laundry prices varied with the supply of native labor, being very high sometimes. Visits to cities like Oran, Constantine and Tunis accounted for some spending. The greatest amount of money was spent in Italy. Souvenirs from Naples, Bari and Rome were sent home by the hundreds. The opening of several clubs for enlisted men also managed to put more money in circulation.

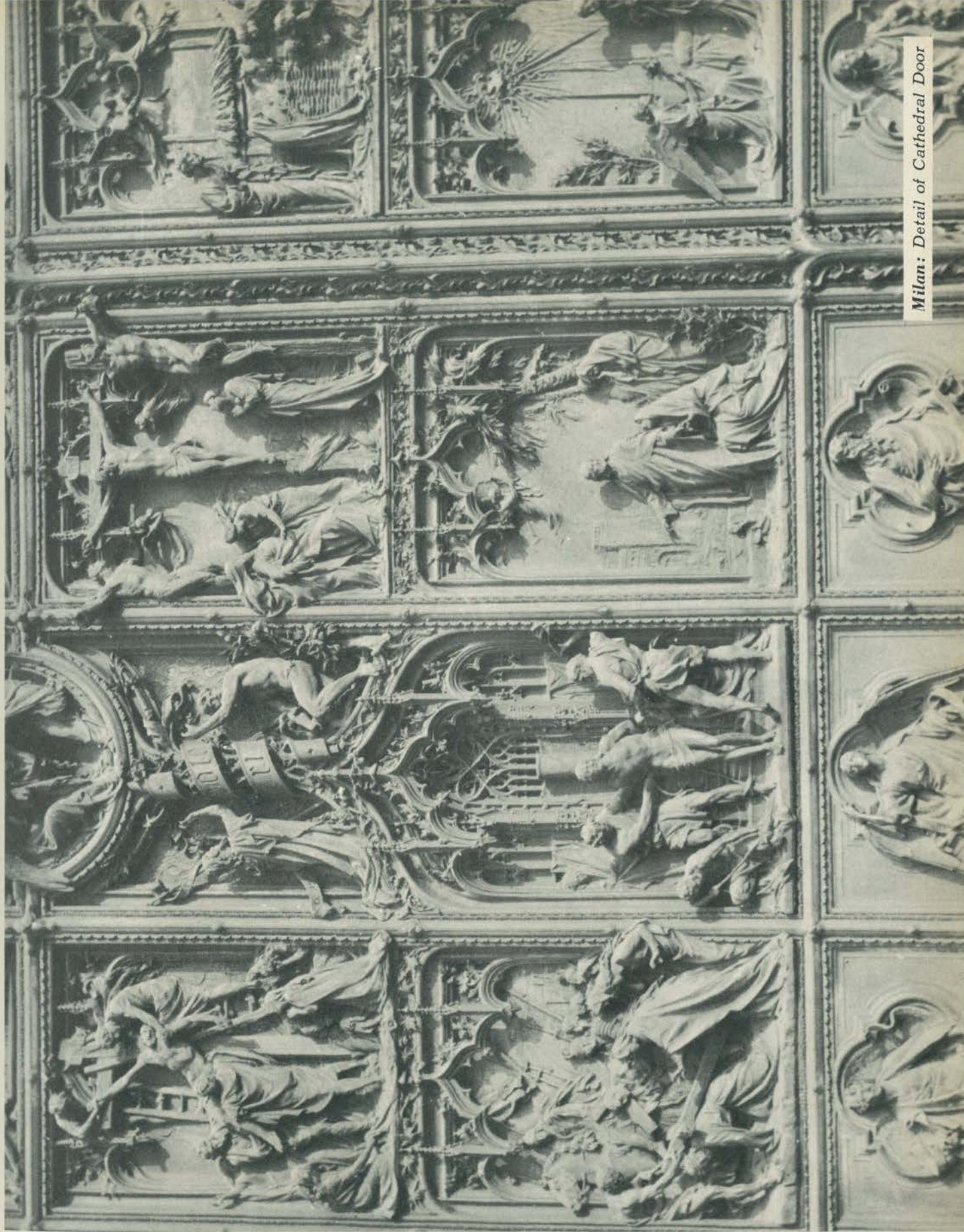


Mr. White in Bizerte

Yes, the American soldier is well paid. He spends well, but saves better. They look forward to the days when a "nest-egg" means a home, an automobile, a radio and a wife and family. It is probably true that most soldiers have saved more money while in the army than at any other time in their lives.



Bambino in Foggia



Milan: Detail of Cathedral Door



*The Chaplain's Relaxation Center at
Chateaudun du Rhumel*

THE CHAPLAIN AND HIS WORK

THERE are no second lieutenants in the Chaplain's corps. The lowest rank for any chaplain is that of first lieutenant. The highest rank which a chaplain may hold is that of major general—there is one such general in the army today for the first time in our national history. We mention rank in the chaplain's corps first to make a further observation: A chaplain should always be addressed as "Chaplain" and never by his rank. Even as the church flag is given precedence over the national emblem as it flies for certain services, so the chaplains feel that the title of "Chaplain" is superior to any rank that we might attain as officers in the army. It is enough when you speak to a chaplain to observe the Christian cross (or the Jewish table of the laws) on his collar. That signifies that you may address him as "Chaplain." It is unnecessary for you to look to see if there is one bar on the other point of his collar, or two stars, or any of the many insignia which lie between these two extremes.

"The Chaplain"—what does that mean? Why is the minister in the army called a chaplain? It is an old story. St. Martin of Tours once divided his military cape with a beggar. A cape, such as he wore, was called a "capella" and the word "chaplain" is derived from the foreign word for cloak, "capella."

On March 3, 1791, a chaplain was authorized for the U. S. army. Before this there had been chaplains in the Revolutionary Army, but they were contact workers who joined the army for six-month periods. In 1791, however, the chaplain was given rank for the first time. He was a major then, and he alone was responsible for the direct spiritual supervision of the U. S. army, which numbered a grand total of 2,232 men. John Hurt, who hailed from Virginia, was the first chaplain in the army. At the beginning of the First World War there were only eighty-six chaplains in the army. During that war a total of 2,364 chaplains served. How many chaplains are now serving in the army is a matter of military secrecy. The total will be many fold that of 1910-1919. (Later, actually more than three-fold.)

To become a chaplain one must first have the ecclesiastical approval of his own church body. For the church of which the chaplain of the "355th" is a

member, that body was the Methodist Commission on Chaplains with headquarters in Washington, D.C. Having first supplied this group with letters of reference, the chaplain-candidate was requested to appear before that group in Washington on a specific day. The group interviewed the candidate to determine whether or not he was the type of man who could adequately represent the Methodist Church with the armed forces. This group checked up on certain requirements the army had set for chaplains; he must be the graduate of a college, and of a theological seminary as well, and he must have been regularly ordained by his church and have served acceptably for two years in an organized church. The army took care of the physical examination. That examination was the most thorough examination I have ever experienced. It was a relief after that two-hour session to have the chief medical examiner say: "As far as we are concerned, you are in the army now." Only we were not in the army then. The Chaplains' Corps, with headquarters in Washington, collected the report of the Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains of the Methodist Church, the report of the medical examiners at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, and they also added to that, the investigation of certain other recommendations and requirements. Some weeks thereafter my commission as a chaplain arrived, together with instructions to be sworn in at a convenient army post, and orders to report to a definite assignment at a definite army camp. With your chaplain that organization was the 213th General Hospital, and the camp was Bowie in Texas. It was an historic day when this chaplain left his home to proceed to Camp Bowie. The date was July 7th—the fifth anniversary of the resistance of the Chinese to Japanese aggression. Because the chaplain had served as a missionary in China for a number of years, he was happy to date the beginning of his career as a chaplain from that July day.

The readers of this book are not interested in what the chaplain did in Camp Bowie, nor yet what he did when he was transferred to the 463rd C.A., A.W. Battalion in Camp Haan, California. One December day the chaplains at Camp Haan were informed that a searchlight battalion located at San Diego was



Shot from the Door of the Chaplain's Tent

about to sail overseas on a special mission, and that a volunteer was desired to serve as chaplain of that unit. Because this chaplain was within two months of his 45th birthday, and because the indications were that no chaplain over forty-five would be sent overseas, he signified his willingness to accompany the 355th C.A. Slt. Bn. across the Atlantic, if that were their destination. So on December 19th, 1942, he reported to the adjutant of the unit at the Canadian Legion Building in Balboa Park, San Diego, and three days later he was on a troop train bearing half of the 355th eastward. Christmas eve was spent on board that train. That evening a group of men accompanied the chaplain through the eleven passenger cars of

that train, singing Christmas carols. It was one of his first official duties and consequently these carol singers are named herewith, together with the rank they held then: Sgt. Ed. Miller, Pfc. "Norm" Wagner, Pvt. "Bob" Baldwin, Sgt. Sherwood, Cpl. Storms, Pfc. Salvatore, T/4 Angelo Molinari, Pfc. Conklin, Pvt. Bergman, Sgt. Samolis, Cpl. Van Meurs, Cpl. Schuster, and Sgt. Flynn. The following day was also spent on board that train—Christmas Day. The chaplain did not know what thoughts coursed through the minds of the men on his train, or of those on the second train taking a more southerly route across the States, as they saw the scores of Christmas trees, brilliantly illuminated, peeking through the curtains



At St. Paul's in Rome



Speeding the Departing



Singing in Tunisia

of American homes. Here were families happily united for the festival of the Nativity, but for the men of the "355th" there was no voice of mother or wife or child to break the monotony of male voices and the click of iron wheels passing joints in iron rails. Perhaps that fact accounted for the popularity of Irving Berlin's song, "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas," during the following years. The chaplain conducted eleven brief services on Christmas day, in the eleven coaches. He tried to keep the soldiers supplied with games and reading matter, secured from the Red Cross and the USO clubs along the route.

Then there was the period of staging at Fort Dix, N. J. Since there was no special service officer func-

tioning at the area for the "355th," the chaplain took care of those items. More books and magazines were secured. The men complained that they could not get enough candy to guarantee them a supply on the long transport journey, so in two days the chaplain made candy purchases (at the PX office that sold in wholesale lots to organizations) totalling \$441.43. Someone said (officially) that there would be few cigarettes overseas, and advised the soldiers to lay in a supply according to a plan advocated by the army. The chaplain handled this transaction which involved over \$1,900.00—and later, months of worry, trouble and work. A lot of fine OD scarfs appeared in the officers PX at Fort Dix. The enlisted



Football



It's a Pass



The Chaplain Encouraged Such Shooting

men admired them, but could not enter that PX to make purchases, so the chaplain secured over one hundred of these for individual soldiers. So the days at Fort Dix passed slowly, and in bitter cold.

On the transport there was not too much for the unit chaplain to inaugurate. On the "J. W. McAndrew" was a transport chaplain—Chaplain Thorne—who had a detailed plan of activity covering every day of the journey. A unit chaplain needed only to fit in with his program.

When we disembarked at Mers el-Kebir in January of 1943, the chaplain's work began on a new scale. The religious services naturally had to be continued. The chaplain took care of the general battalion services, and secured the services of Chaplain Fey for Catholic mass. He also accompanied the Jewish soldiers on their trips into the Synagogue in Oran. His tent was always open to any GI who wanted to enter and talk. A lending library was established there. Still there was no special service officer, so the chaplain arranged for motion picture shows in the vicinity, and also for a "live" show. He secured and distributed more games and magazines. Each week he made the PX purchases, and dispensed them to the troops. In one week between \$1,500.00 and \$2,000.00 worth of merchandise was secured and disposed of in four hours. Here in the staging area of "Mud Hill" near Fleurus (all hills seemed to have one of three different names: "Dust," "Mud" and later "609") he began conducting tours to places of

historic, geographic or religious interest. The first such "trip" was the series to Sidi-bel-Abbes. At Fleurus he also broached the subject of this battalion book and began to work for its realization. In the meantime he had to collect the equipment which was to serve him in his office for the years destined to be spent overseas. Unfortunately, at this stage of our journey he had no camera. We had been informed that cameras were "out" overseas. Then arriving overseas, we had been informed that cameras were "in." His camera arrived at the next stop of our long journey.

At the staging area in Oran the Chaplain began to publish the "Candle." Each week a copy of this battalion paper came from the mimeograph. It was written not only for the benefit of the soldiers, but also



On the Road to Foggia



The "Bag" on a Camera Expedition

it was designed so that the soldier might mail his copy home after he had read it. The reaction of the home folks to this venture was excellent. Unfortunately, soon thereafter an army order was published prohibiting the mailing of unit publications to the States. Thereafter, the "Candle" carried on for awhile on a weekly basis, but a shortage in paper soon prevented its weekly publication. Thereafter the "Candle" appeared only upon special occasions. (Even after the "CA" in our designation was changed to "AAA," we retained the name of "Candle" for this publication.)

During the first year with the unit—a year spent on boats, in staging areas, on the move, and in positions in Algeria and Tunisia—the Chaplain conducted one hundred and seventy-five preaching services and

nine communion services. These one hundred and eighty-four services were attended by six thousand and fifty-one soldiers and officers. In that same period he visited the hospital seventy-five times, talking to five hundred and one patients. One major part of the Chaplain's work was the visiting of our battery headquarters, our platoon headquarters, and the scattered positions occupied by our numerous sections. Five hundred and sixteen visits to such positions were made in the year 1943. In that same year our library functioned only part time, but three thousand three hundred and nine books were borrowed from the library housed in the Chaplains tent. Many more magazines than that were also borrowed. (The Chaplain had established independent libraries in each of the lettered batteries as well.)

The Chaplain's tent was always pitched at a point somewhere between the tents occupied by the officers of the battalion and the area in which the men pitched their tents. With this arrangement, the soldiers could visit the Chaplain whenever they desired without feeling that they were encroaching upon the officer's area. Until the soldiers established their own clubs, the Chaplain had a literature and game table near his tent, where the soldiers could read, write, play, listen to the radio, or just loaf.

We do not here record the number of personal interviews between the Chaplain and soldiers. It ran into the thousands. Men came to the Chaplain with their problems, their difficulties and their joy. What would



Chaplain's Assistant



Service at B Battery

bring the soldier to the Chaplain for such conversations? Perhaps a girl friend back home would suddenly stop writing, or even announce to the soldier her impending marriage to another. Perhaps letters from home had suddenly ceased coming and the soldier feared sickness or death. Perhaps a wife's letters had become cold and indifferent. Wives even announced to their husbands overseas the institution of divorce proceedings against them. Or a soldier knew that a brother was in the same theater of operation, and wanted to try to locate him, that a reunion might be effected. One very frequent occasion for a conversation with the Chaplain was the discussion of the merits of a camera or of some pictures which a soldier had snapped. The Chaplain was the consultant in photographic matters. Scores of men dropped into the tent just for a game of checkers or

chess. The occasions when the soldiers consulted the Chaplain ran from the sublime to the ridiculous. Men came because they wanted to unite with the church—and men also came to have the Chaplain answer such a question as "Was the Panay sunk in 1940 or 1941?" Why did such a question need an answer? Because somebody had bet \$5.00 that somebody else did not know what he was talking about when he dated the sinking of the Yangtze river boat in the year preceding Pearl Harbor?

The Chaplain tried to mail a mimeographed letter to every nearest of kin of each soldier in the unit every other month. Frequent replies came to the Chaplain concerning these bi-monthly letters, and such replies were always acknowledged with what the Chaplain called an "interim" letter. This letter was mimeographed in part, but there was a space left so that a personal note or two might be inserted before the letter was mailed. Because of these letters the Chaplain received hundreds of letters of appreciation from the folks in America, and they also opened the door for the home folks to write the Chaplain concerning their "soldier." So from America there came to the Chaplain letters of all sorts. A soldier had neglected to write, and his mother wrote to ask the Chaplain if her son had been wounded or even killed. Some relative—perhaps a father or mother or even the wife—might die. A letter would come from home, or a cablegram through the Red Cross, asking the Chaplain to break the sad news to the soldier. A soldier might have misinterpreted a letter from home, and in anger dispatched a letter full of venom. The wife back home would write to



One Survived



One Thanksgiving Day

the Chaplain beseeching him to explain to the husband the circumstances, and asking that he pour the oil of healing upon the troubled waters. These letters ran also from the heights to the depths. One wife wanted to move to a different house and the request was made to the Chaplain to secure for the husband a furlough so he might return to the States from Italy to help move—and the wife promised that as soon as the moving day was over the soldier might then return overseas. No matter what the subject of the letter, every letter was handled sympathetically and personally. It would not be proper for me to quote from these letters of sorrow, but to let you read a few of the letters of cheer will not be amiss. I select the letters at random over intervals of some months.

LETTER ONE—APRIL 7, 1943

Dear Rev. Scheufler:

During the past month, our son—a Sgt. Tech. in the 355th has sent six copies of the "Candle." We do not feel that it is necessary to stress the fact that we enjoyed your weekly publication of the services and activities of the 355th.

While we receive a great deal of pleasure in reading the "Candle," our greatest enjoyment and gratification is derived from the knowledge that our boys have the benefit of religious services, and that the various activities which they enjoy are being conducted in a moral and religious atmosphere. The people of the United States, who have loved ones in the service, will always be indebted to you and the other Chaplains in the U. S. Army for the spiritual influence which you exercise over our boys.

Hoping you and the boys a Happy Easter,
Yours with deep appreciation,
Mr. and Mrs. _____

LETTER TWO—NOVEMBER, 1943

Dear Chaplain:

We at home are very grateful to you for being so interested in our boys. It makes us feel more at ease to know you are with them, helping them in different ways, also helping them

religiously with general services and all.

May I take this opportunity to wish you and all your boys a happy and victorious New Year.

May God bless and watch over you and all the boys. Keep you all in good faith and send you all home safely to your loved ones.

Thank you again for being so kind and thoughtful. I remain
Sincerely yours,

LETTER THREE—APRIL 16, 1944

Dear Rev. Scheufler:

Your letters both arrived at the same time, and I cannot tell how elevated we all felt, you just tell us what we want to know, yet keeping in line with regulations. Of course your additions about _____ at the bottom of your letter tops everything and the weeks of waiting for word from our sergeant is explained in the few words you told us. How can I thank you on paper? We all love him very much and know what he can do with the confidence you have in him. I know he is alright, and well. Please see him when you are able. Your friendship he values so very much. "God bless you and yours."
Sincerely _____



Threading out the vino: Athlete's Foot Brand



"And the Little Crow said, 'You're breedin' a scab ...'"

LETTER FOUR—JUNE 26, 1944

Chaplain Scheufler:

Your very interesting letter received.

It is very kind of you to send a letter to the parents of the boys in your command. I also have received other letters from you but just could not get around to answer them.

Our son———has mentioned you in his letters home quite frequently, which has been very consoling to us, considering the conditions which exist over there.

When a boy talks about his Chaplain doing this and doing that, and saying things to them to keep up their morale, that Chaplain must have "something on the ball."

So thanks again for your kind message and when you all come home we will consider it a great pleasure to meet you personally.

Good luck,———

I think it is needless for the Chaplain to add that these letters from the homefolks often helped him to keep his morale up. Also working toward the same goal, would be quotations from letters home, which the censors would whisper to the Chaplain.



The Sun Had Hardly Risen

The Chaplain's obligations towards the regular worship services did not end with the holding of battalion services. Whenever we moved to a new area, he published a list of the Roman Catholic and Jewish services in adjacent camps or cities as early as possible. If there were no other camps near and no villages in which there were such church services being conducted, he would attempt to secure the services of a Roman Catholic priest to say mass in our camp. (Jewish chaplains were few in number, so not available.)

Army regulations are strict in protecting a Chaplain's time and energy from many things that might otherwise keep him from his major task. The Chaplain may not be appointed special service officer, duty officer, mess officer or given dozens of other assignments that must be handled by an officer. Frequently,



Service at Battery A



On the road to Zaghouan

however, the Chaplain finds it wise when there is a need in the lives of the men, not filled by official appointments, to take care of that need till it may be turned over to the proper authority. Consequently at times, the Chaplain has handled the following items: Kept a supply of U. S. air mail stamps, writing paper and envelopes as well as V-mail forms on hand. Kept a supply of local currency or invasion money on hand to change large notes into small ones, or small ones into large ones as the soldiers had need; and to exchange gold seal or blue seal money into local currency, or vice versa. Secured all special service supplies for a period when the special service officer was unable to carry on. Arranged for movie programs and for many months projected those programs himself, until an operator acceptable to a higher

echelon could be found and trained amongst the enlisted men. Attended as many of the athletic events participated in by the men of the battalion as possible, and took part in many of them. Made the overseas army newspaper, "Stars and Stripes," available to the soldiers. Attended the special ceremonies (Bizerte reception for General Nast, Ferryville Armistice Day services, presentations of Purple Hearts, Memorial Day services at Bari, etc.), towards which the battalion had an obligation. Chaperoned dances held in the enlisted men's clubs. Attended Italian lesson classes at the Red Cross, both to learn the language, and to guarantee that the class would meet profitably. The Chaplain seldom went to any place of interest in his weapons carrier without loading up about eight men to accompany him on the trip.



Holy Communion



Unison Prayer



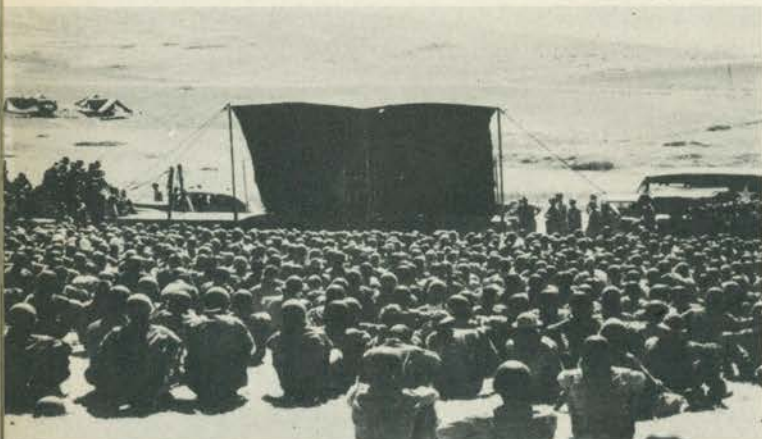
"Medics," Shower, and Chaplain's Tent

The trips taken by the Chaplain are written up elsewhere. Up to the time this account was written, the Chaplain was the only officer in the battalion who consistently planned trips to points of interest for the soldiers, and took groups to these points. The normal procedure was to take eight men from each of the four batteries on each of these major trips. It was the hope of the Chaplain that one or more of these eight men might later return over this same route with groups from their own batteries, so that each man in each battery would be given an opportunity to see the attractions in the lands where we served. It was impossible for the Chaplain to spend enough time to take every individual man on a trip which he might supervise. Thirty-two men made the trips to Naples and vicinity with the Chaplain, and the actual trip itself took twelve days of the Chaplain's

time, not to count the other days spent in preparation for such a trip. Nothing else that the Chaplain did met with such loud and universal approval as these trips, with one possible exception.

That possible exception is the battalion book, which you are now reading. The preparation of this book has consumed months of time over a two-year period up to June, 1944. Whenever the Chaplain had no other duty pressing upon him, he could turn to the work on this battalion book. In a few months over \$4,000 was given the Chaplain to start the project off.

In the educational field there was work for the Chaplain. In the early days of the American army, the Chaplain was the teacher who conducted the schools for the children of the soldiers at the army posts. In a war period there are no children around an army camp, so work with the families of the soldiers does not occupy him directly. Nevertheless, the Chaplain taught school—school for the enlisted men. Shortly before writing this sketch he completed a course on ancient history (how fascinating that is when studied on the soil over which that history was made). As he writes this sketch he is engaged in giving a series of two lectures on the "Pacific theater," in each of the batteries. Many other lectures are also presented at intervals: Every six months the Chaplain is charged with the responsibility of delivering a lecture on sex morality, which must be attended by every soldier in the battalion. Roll is called at this lecture, and absentees must make up the loss. The same lecture will be presented about eight or ten times in order to reach every man in the battalion. (At one time, these lectures were given monthly.)



The Bob Hope Show in Bizerte



No Pews

Guard house visitation was another obligation of the Chaplain, but overseas the stockade is usually located a long way from our camp, and could only be reached after many hours of driving. We hate to admit that it was necessary at times for some soldiers to be sentenced to the stockade.

Even as the Chaplain called other chaplains in to serve men of a different faith, so other chaplains might call your Chaplain in to serve the soldiers in their battalion of the general Protestant faith.

Each month the Chaplain must fill out a long report, which eventually reaches the desk of the chief of Chaplains in Washington. This report gives the Chaplain's office an accurate and detailed report of the Chaplain's activity in the religious field and in the secular field, of the Chaplain's equipment, of the cooperation given the Chaplain by the officers and men of his unit. In my conversations with other Chaplains, I never located a Chaplain who could boast of better cooperation from his "CO," officers and men than I could.

There is one duty to which the Chaplain may be assigned, and usually is assigned in each organization: graves registration officer. Few civilians can appreciate the minute care with which each deceased soldier's body is handled and interred. The record of the location of any soldier's body who has died through natural causes or in action while in the army at home or overseas is detailed, and verified from several angles. The Chaplain helps to arrange for burials as GRSO, but as Chaplain he officiates as the representative of the church at the open grave. Later, with the combat engineers, my visits to the cemeteries were

all too frequent. Following every burial, the Chaplain must write the nearest of kin of the deceased.

No Chaplain has ever been drafted for service in the U. S. Army, Navy or Marine Corps. All Chaplains are volunteers — carefully selected volunteers. There have been a few Chaplains who have proven unworthy of their high calling. While the military authorities only check on the lives of the other officers in the service, the military authorities and the denomination of which a Chaplain is a member, check on his life. Even the army demands a higher code of ethics for the Chaplain than for the other officers or enlisted men. If a church has reason to believe that a chaplain, whom it has approved for his position in the army, is not representing it in accord with its



Cork (Algeria)



On a Liberty Ship

moral idealism, that church need only inform the U. S. government that it withdraws its ecclesiastical approval of that Chaplain, and the government will immediately discharge that Chaplain from the service. The army, also, may act in a disciplinary measure against any Chaplain who has disgraced his calling, independent of the Chaplain's denomination. Since anything along this line has happened so infrequently why should we mention it? It is written "to whom much has been given, much is required." The Chaplain and the clergyman have opportunities to influence the lives of people seldom given to other leaders. They are respected, loved and trusted as no other group may be. They have an unusual power over the lives of people. Therefore, more should be required of them than of others, and the requirements should be, and are, rigidly enforced.

Every Chaplain in the army is assigned an assistant. The assistant is an enlisted man with at least the



"Tony" Sings a Solo



A Service in Bizerte

rank of T/5 open to him. This assistant is not a member of the Chaplain's corps, but of that army corps to which the Chaplain is attached. (In the 355th the "medics"—officers and men—are members of the medical corps; and the Chaplain, of the Chaplains' Corps; all other members of the "355th" are coast artillerymen.) The Chaplain's assistant should be his automobile driver. He is the clerk in the Chaplain's office. He is the custodian of all the equipment used in the stated services. He is a vital contact between the Chaplain and the soldier. So often the Chaplain may feel that he stands fairly isolated on certain issues. At such a time, the attitude of the Chaplain's assistant can be of untold value to the Chaplain. The Chaplain's assistant may be a personal religious worker, too. There are numerous little items that he can attend to, and thus free the Chaplain of many details. In the 355th AAA Slt. Bn. when it was known that a Chaplain's assistant was sought, T/4 Eugene Habitzruther voluntarily relinquished his higher rank in order to assist in the religious field. Of such devotion to the spiritual is a better world constructed. (When the "355th" was inactivated in December, 1944, "Gene" went with the Chaplain to the 1108th Group Combat Engineers.) The major items of the Chaplain's equipment were the following:

- Field desk, including typewriter.
- A vehicle—weapons carrier or a jeep.
- A field organ.
- A chest of 150 hymn books.
- Pyramidal tent.
- Radio.



Capt. Burton Lectures



One Sunday Morning

An altar, constructed out of the carrying case of the organ.

Communion set for field use, and for emergency use.

Of invaluable service to the work of the Chaplain was the loyalty of M/Sgt. Ed. Miller in accompanying the Chaplain and his assistant on the rounds of Sunday services, to play the organ. Both of these men had to listen to the same sermon four or five different times. The Chaplain often felt that had his voice given out after the second service, one of these two men could have carried on, delivering the same sermon without missing many of the Chaplain's thoughts. "Tony" Giancola, too, frequently sacrificed his time and energy to lead the singing for the Chaplain.

As we write, the Allies are pushing ahead rapidly from the Cherbourg and Brittany peninsulas; the Russians are pausing momentarily on the borders of East Prussia to complete preparations for the great push across into German soil; in Italy our forces are crossing the Arno. In the Pacific we have set up bases inside the outer ring of Japanese defense. We are optimistic about the early close of the war. The time is coming when the Chaplain must bid farewell to the men of the 355th AAA Slt. Bn. Next year or the next we will go back to our civilian occupations. As we face tomorrow, it is the Chaplain's humble prayer that his influence for good, for morality, and for religion in the lives of his soldiers may never end. May your homes be blessed because he served with you. May generations still unborn, perhaps by merely picking up this record, long after our bodies have resolved to dust, the more readily say: "God is good, God is love. It is good to be alive, and by God's grace that good life shall never terminate."



Proud to be called: "Chaplain!"



Djemila: Temple of Septimius Severus

ROMAN NORTH AFRICA

NORTH AFRICA was once the prime factor in advancing Christian civilization in the pre-Islamic world. It was in North Africa that Latin first became the ecclesiastical language of Christendom. North Africa was the home of the earliest Christian literature. Arnobius (circa 300 A.D.), the Christian apologist, was a North African. It was in North Africa that Tertullian and St. Cyprian lived, and wrote their compelling treatises. It was in North Africa (at Thagaste) that St. Augustine was born; and it was in North Africa that he lived as the bishop of Hippo (modern Bone). The "Confessions" and other writing of St. Augustine are amongst the most widely read ancient Christian literature. The theology of Christendom is what it is today in large part because of what Augustine thought close to sixteen hundred years ago.

The Romans wrested North Africa from the Carthaginians. Phoenician colonists from Tyre about the time of Elijah of O.T. fame, had previously founded the city of Carthage on a site near the modern city of Tunis. There were three "Punic Wars" (Punic is a Phoenician dialect) before Carthage and her power faded. Rome finally destroyed Carthage in 146 B.C. Remember that the Phoenicians had furnished history with great names such as Pygmalion and the woman Dido, as well as the warriors Hamilcar, and Hannibal. When Carthage fell, Rome formed her first territorial possession in Africa into a small province called "Africa," which roughly coincided with the area which the 355th AAA Slt. Bn. occupied in Tunisia in the closing half of the year 1943. (This area can only be arrived at by including the position of our units around Oudna—and from thence eastward to the Gulf of Tunis).

Today we have a fairly good picture of what life was like in ancient Roman North Africa due to a number of studies. The epigraphist is an important man in helping us understand this ancient life. He deciphers for us the ancient inscriptions which the Romans were in the habit of carving deeply into stone. The thing in American life that most nearly reflects the universality of the existence of these inscriptions, is the bill board which clutters our urban and suburban scenes. Fortunately, these ancient inscriptions were beautiful to the eye, and enduring to

the elements. Memorials and resolutions are written frequently in the minutes of American societies. In Ancient Roman life such memorials and resolutions were carved into the stones forming the walls and decorations of city life. Then the archeologist adds his contribution to our knowledge of this ancient civilization. I showed a bit of pottery I had secured to a Greek-Spanish refugee who lived in an ancient Roman cistern in Carthage. Immediately he told me that that shard was a fragment of an oil lamp, and he named the time of the manufacture of the lamp as well as the place in Italy where it had been made, and from whence it had been imported into Carthage, eighteen hundred years ago. This man was an amateur archeologist. The numismatologist, too, helps our understanding in these matters, because large quantities of ancient Punic, Roman, Greek, and Arabic coins are found around these ruins. Unfortunately the ethnologist cannot help us too much in this study, because the armies of Islam pretty much eradicated the means by which the student of ethnology would work in this field. Nor may we underrate the historian in this work. There are many books today which have been written about the North Africa of Roman days, or written by North Africans of that period.

In the early days Rome did not control much more than a twenty-five mile strip of the coast of North Africa from the area of modern Libya, to a point only a few miles west of Oran. In later days she controlled a strip of territory about eight times that wide, and had established a few outposts at a much greater distance from the sea. In this territory, beginning about the year 40 B.C. and running to the year 238 A.D. Roman life in North Africa was at its height and in its flower.

Many Americans think of North Africa as a land of bleak, barren desert. Undoubtedly the war will not only correct this false impression, but will also cause North Africa rightfully to find a large place in our history books of tomorrow. The neglected history of that land of yesterday, will be glorious tomorrow. North Africa is very fertile. Land that has raised wheat for two thousand years, still raises a large harvest of that grain. Even where the sands of the desert dance like ocean waves on a terrestrial sea, this sand



Djebel Zaghouan: Cultivated for Twenty-five Centuries

is not like the sand of our seashores. The Arab says of the desert: "Water a stick and a tree will grow." The Sahara sand is remarkably fertile, when watered.

In Carthaginian times there were four main agricultural products raised in what is modern Tunisia: wheat, barley, olives, and grapes. Even today the name of Magnon, coming from that period, stands for the name of an agricultural expert. This land also raised vast quantities of vegetables, of which the artichoke was then a choice product. Its fruits were largely figs and pomegranites. While dates were raised here, they were then not a superior product. The land likewise was excellent for grazing, and horse breeding was widely practiced. From these and other labors the Punic people provided for their tables, but they made their wealth and gained fame from their commerce.

The Romans were not the great sailors of pre-Christian days. The Phoenicians were. Rome discouraged commerce. In a much later day, by imperial law, no Roman could own a ship which could transport more than three hundred bushels of wheat. Had they not been a great maritime nation the Phoenicians never could have established Carthage. They were the agents for and the means of transporting produce between the ports of the Mediterranean. True their boats were small, and they maintained frequent harbors along the Mediterranean shore, so that at the

least warning of an approaching storm, they could run to safety. For this we cannot blame them. In one week, from our fort above Bizerte we saw one Liberty Ship broken in half by a storm, and another ship, the "Emp. Livingstone," driven ashore. If our modern oil-burning ships are in that danger, what of the sail and oar-propelled vessels of yesterday? Because of their skill at sailing, and because of their bravery in the face of risks, maritime commerce made Carthage and her Phoenician race wealthy. So Carthage developed into the greatest of North African cities.

When Rome became master of Carthage in 146 B.C. commerce there declined. Each Roman center with one exception was self-sufficient for the physical necessities of life. They needed no coast-wide trade. That exception was Rome. Rome encouraged trade between herself and the other cities of the empire. She did not encourage independent trade between these other cities. Under Roman direction the cultivation of wheat greatly increased. North African soil produced an extra 50% wheat harvest per acre over other Roman lands. The life of the city of Rome depended upon an unbroken supply of this staple reaching her people. Free distribution of wheat was made to the poor of Rome to nip unrest and rebellion in the bud. Additional wheat was sold at prices far below the market price. For one twenty-year period Domi-

tian forbade the planting of new vineyards and required the uprooting of other vineyards in Italy, to help supply Rome in her insistant demand for wheat. One-third of all the wheat used in Rome came from Tunisia and Algeria. In this she matched the contribution of the rich Nile Valley, and in this she matched all the rest of the Roman Empire, other than Egypt, combined. The Elder Pliny (who died when he tried to bring succor to the trapped inhabitants of Pompeii in 79 A.D.) wrote of this rich area: "The soil of Africa has been given by nature in its entirety to Ceres; oil and wine has been practically denied to Africa but the whole glory of the country is in its crops." While "oil and wine" is thus claimed by Pliny to be denied Africa, he meant that it was denied her only as far as

ment was for the purpose of personal safety, but there were more compelling reasons for this state of existence. To live in the city was the "smart" thing to do. All the best people did so in Italy, and North Africa followed closely the example of Rome and her environment. Then it was almost impossible to be recognized as a Roman citizen if you did not have a city home. Furthermore, by living in the city, you had certain tax exemptions—and the larger the city, the smaller the tax. A few of the very wealthy had country estates—estates in which they had most of the advantages of city life, even to great baths. Such people, nevertheless, maintained their city homes as well. One of the largest country estates was located at Oued Athmenia. This site was chosen probably because of the natural hot springs in the neighborhood—hot springs in which the "355th" bathed frequently and comfortably even in cold weather.

Roman cities were divided into four political classes: Roman Colony, Roman Municipium, Latin Municipium, and Peregrinus. The colony was really a bit of Rome itself transplanted overseas. Its citizens were Romans who did not pay any taxes because of their colony status. The Peregrinus was little more than a foreign settlement, ruled by a native leader. In between these two extremes were the cities with varying degrees of privileges, and varying grades of taxation. In all cities the citizens were divided into three classes. There were the small propertied citizens. There were the large landowners or their representatives. There was the worker tied to the land by economic ties and by hereditary right.

Roman cities may also be divided into three classes from an occupational standpoint. There were port cities like Utica, Carthage, Bone, Bizerte, Philippeville, Ferryville or Melilla. There were military cities, which were established near the frontier (limes) by soldiers who had served twenty-five years in the army and consequently received the gift of citizenship and of land. Timgad and Djemila were such cities. Finally



Djemila: Inscription from the Church

a market in Rome was concerned. Her oil and her wine did not match that of Italy and other parts of the Empire, and was not seen on the Roman market until such a time as oil could be used extensively as the illuminant in the ancient clay lamps. (It was used too, later, in the baths.) Barley was not used extensively as a human food under the Romans. Only the very poor ate it, but quantities were raised for stock feeding. Other exports to Rome were mules, lions and leopards (for the games in the arenas), precious stones, and building marbles, some rare wood for furniture making, and unimaginable quantities of firewood for heating the baths of the Romans, some herbs were sent for medicinal purposes, and some oil was sent for dye purposes.

After Rome had controlled this land for about two hundred years she began to use the mines which exist both in Tunisia and Algeria, and she widely expanded stock raising and stock breeding. About this time, the camel began to take an important place in the life of the people, even as it does today.

The people of North Africa lived in cities, largely, and the agriculturists farmed their land from city domiciles. At first it looked as though this arrange-



Timgad: Material for an Archaeologist



Djemila: Market Place: Base of Statue of Mercury

there were the agricultural cities—developed because of the need for grain and food. This included practically all of the cities in the Oued Miliane, and the Oued Medjerda. (It was down these two valleys that our troops marched in 1943 to break the German hold on Tunisia.) Dougga was such a city, and Thuburbo Majus (near Pont du Fahs) was another. Djemila had started out as a military city, but soon developed into an agricultural center as well, and consequently expanded beyond the fondest dreams of her founders. A fourth group might be suggested by the city of Bulla Regia—the summer resort.

To the modern tourist visiting ruins in North Africa or in Italy, the types of ancient buildings are interesting. One cannot miss the *Forum* in any Roman city. It was the Central Park or the Boston Common of the day. It was also a place for transacting business—sort of a Wall Street. The Forum was large, paved with stone slabs, open to the heavens above, except for the shop area which lined its perimeter. Dotted over the pavement were statues. Lining the Forum architrave might be inscriptions. The normal place for the Temple of Jupiter (or the Capitol) was at one end of the Forum. We have suggested that Djemila was an overgrown city. It soon outgrew its old Forum and a new one was developed, while the old one also retained its position and function. In such a case, the official Forum was the one which housed the municipal council (the *curia*). In Djemila there is a Temple of Jupiter at the old forum area and *not* at the new area.

The *Basilica* was normally equally prominent. It was the roofed area where the court held session, and where the wholesale disposal of products was attended to. The most numerous public buildings in a Roman city were the various *temples* dedicated to various Egyptian, Greek or Roman gods. The *market places* too, are fascinating—that at Djemila being a gem. Here you see the place where the ancient balance hung. Here is the standard cubit measure, cut in stone. Here is the standard (stone) measure for wine

and grain. Lining the open enclosure of the Market are the stalls, with their high stone counters—the legs of which are carved with figures suggesting the product sold over the counter. In the center area is a statue to Mercury—the patron god of the market place. *Christian Churches* made their appearance late in the life of Roman cities. They are usually built on the site of a former pagan temple, and with material from the displaced temples. Often they have the same name as the law court or *Basilica*.

The bath houses are numerous. The *baths* were the places where the Romans spent more hours awake than they did at home. When business was over, and the Forum was not visited, the Roman usually could be found at the bathhouse. It was a club, a gymnasium, a place to gather and swap stories, as well as a place to bathe. The bath houses usually have double floors, and a large number of basement furnaces passed heated air between these floors to heat the bath water, and to warm the steam bath rooms. In addition to the bath one finds at least one of three kinds of sport arena in every city. First there was the *theatre*—like the one at Djemila which seated about 3,000 spectators. Then there was the *amphitheatre*, such as the one at El Djem, which seated tens of thousands of spectators. The theatre was a semi-circle of seats, with a stage across the diameter of the half circle. The amphitheatre was elliptical. In the theatre, plays were presented. In the amphitheatre contests would be held—even naval exhibitions were made possible by flooding the arena. Finally there was the *circus*. Since this was used for chariot races, it was a long structure, more like a fair ground race track than an amphitheatre. It is difficult to get an idea of a circus of ancient Rome today, because it was too large to be built of solid stone, and consequently quickly decayed. At Timgad one sees another type of recreational building—the only such extant (as far as I have seen) in all North Africa, if not in the entire Roman world: *A Library*.



Djemila: Mosaic from the House of Asinusnica

Not all Roman cities had *walls*. The wall at Tebessa is impressive. Rome did not encourage the building of walled cities, except when she garrisoned those cities. It would be too easy to defend a walled city against Rome herself, you see, if there were a rebellion. But walled or not, every Roman city had its *gates*, or its *triumphal arches*. These added beauty and dignity to the cities. Unforgettable in Roman cities are the water works and *sewage drains*. The *aqueduct* to supply Carthage with water began at Djebel Zaghouan (where the French drove the Axis back in hard fighting and where we later could pick up shells by the hundreds, and shrapnel by the pound) eighty miles away. Some of this aqueduct is above ground, but much of it is underground. In the cities large *cisterns* held the water until needed by the baths, fountains, or homes. Underneath the paving stones of the cities are the giant sewers which drained the rain, flushed the public latrines and emptied the public baths. Many Roman *houses* were mansions—like that of Madame Europa in Djemila, but for the most part the homes were not places to live—they were just places to go to eat and sleep.

In Roman cities one often comes upon a house or a series of houses without windows. These were the *granaries* where the harvests were stored till eaten locally, or used to pay taxes and bills, or sold on a market destined to eventually dispose of the produce in Rome itself.

Roman towns were not large as we think of urban centers today. The average size might have been around 10,000. A city of 30,000 was big. One of only 5,000 was still an important city. Carthage with over a hundred thousand in Roman times was colossal. (Perhaps it had close to a million inhabitants in Punic times.)

The Romans did not build their towns on natural fortress sites. Constantine is an exception to this rule. The Romans built there because there had been a Numidian town on that site before the Roman arrived. They preferred, however, the side of a gently sloping hill, with access impeded in part by a stream or ravine, but easy access afforded across level ground in a contrary direction. These cities were built with an eye to a water supply, and another eye to trade routes. An elevated position was preferred because it gave one a view to warn of approaching danger, or an opportunity to supervise activity on the surrounding farm land, but too great an elevation would have been detrimental too from the hydraulic standpoint.

The Romans in North Africa built solidly. They had a type of concrete that has lasted until today. Their roofs were tiled. Walls were constructed of brick, coarse stone, rubble, and even marble. Often pillars were rough quarried stone, coated with Roman



Djemila: Market Place. The Standard Measure

cement. Pillars, too, were made of finished granite and marble, beautifully fluted and capiteled. The Africans were not original. They copied the arts of Rome. Practically all of the statues and architectural designs had their originals in Rome or Greece. Ancient Africa, however, outdid Rome in placing mosaics on floors, and the public latrines are superior to anything seen in Italy.

As one looks at the ruins of Roman North Africa we impulsively ask: What destroyed these cities? Why are there ruins here today where once life pulsed full and happily? The answer is many fold. First, the fortunes of war eventually were misfortunes for Rome. She began her career in North Africa with the destruction of Punic Carthage, and she ended when Roman civilization was eradicated following wars. Shortly after 238 A.D. unrest in North Africa and social disintegration set in, imperiling the empire. Then at the beginning of the 5th Century A.D. the Vandals entered and conquered Africa. From North Africa (not from Europe) the Vandals attacked Rome itself. After a century of Vandal rule the Emperor Justinian reconquered this land, but he ruled from Constanti-



Kairouan: Pillars from Carthage in the Grand Mosque



Djemila: General View to the Temple of Septimius Severus (Lower End of City)

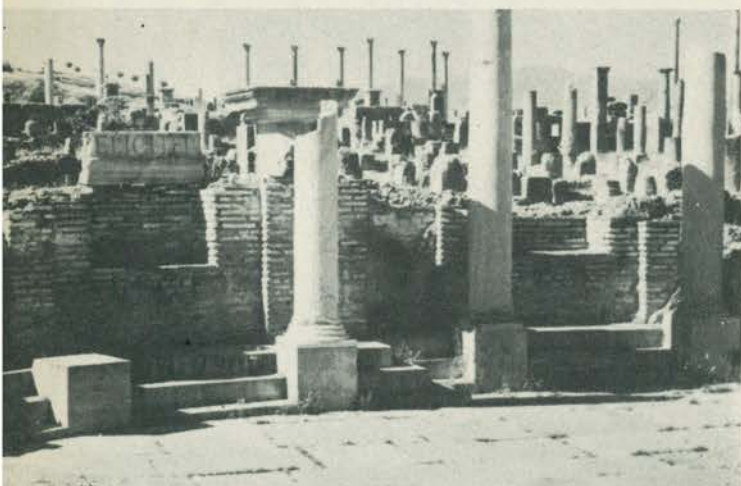
nople and thus introduced the Byzantine period of history. Under the Byzantines Roman North Africa never regained its primal glory. We see in many old cities, great fortresses like the one at Timgad, rapidly constructed by Byzantine soldiers, to try to hold a land which they were destined to lose eventually. In the 7th century the Moslems came. Tunisia was entered in 647 A.D., and Carthage fell to them in 698 A.D. With the coming of the Mohammedans Roman life and cities were doomed.

The sea is another potent factor in destroying the

cities along its coast. Today the site of Utica, the former great seaport, is far from the Mediterranean. Land subsides and waves erode. Later, the requirements of post-Roman building operations, often covered the sites of prosperous cities, and unfortunately the ancient cities were often used as quarries for the raw material of newer edifices. For instance at Kairouan, the Grand Mosque contains about 600 pillars—the majority of these came from the Roman city of Carthage. Finally the slow, persistent action of the elements: sun, wind, sand, frost, rain and oxidation, have laid a heavy hand on such cities.

Before these cities could fall into decay, first, the inhabitants fell into a similar condition. The veneer of civilization wore off of Berber groups. The Roman character disintegrated through license and intrigue. Even the Christians shed blood in their schismatic apostasy. The Donatist controversy was a disgraceful thing in the Church, weakening not only the Church but imperiling civilization. Some evidences of Christianity persisted in French North Africa until the 11th century, but French North Africa unlike North Africa further to the east, developed no indigenous Christianity that was to persist after the full effect of the fall of Rome was experienced.

Today where once proud emperors sat, and a mighty people lived, the doves build their nests in lofty roofless temples, the lizards scurry at the fall of your shadow, the sheep or a cow graze in the Forums un-



Timgad: The Library



Djemila: General View to the Baptistry (Upper End of City)

mindful of a great history, and the Arab offers Roman coins for sale.

The French have taken great pains to preserve as much of old Africa as possible. They have their caretakers at most of the ruins. They have gathered priceless relics into museums—the greatest of which is at LeBardo in Tunisia (near Tunis). Three things impress one as he walks through this LeBardo museum—(a) the beauty of the marbles from the Odeon in Carthage; (b) the beauty, number and massiveness of the marbles from the Temple of Apollo in Bulla Regia (a city of which little is left); (c) and the unusual relics from Mahdia. The story of the marbles and bronzes of Mahdia is fascinating, even if details are obscure. Near Mahdia an old tragedy resulted in a modern blessing. Long centuries ago, a ship probably on piratical mission bent, raided a Greek city on the northern shore of the Mediterranean. Laden with great booty, it headed for some unknown destination, there to dispose of its wares—so it hoped. But off the coast of the Roman province of Africa a storm overtook the ship, and it went down. Two thousand years pass—years of silence. At the turn of the 20th century, sponge fishers at Mahdia occasionally brought up from the bottom of the sea, ancient bronzes in their nets. They had been seining on the spot where the old galley ship rested in rust, decay and ruin. About 1905 the French organized an expedition to secure all that could be obtained of

the ancient ship and its cargo. The expedition was partly successful. Four rooms in the LeBardo museum house these bronzes, marbles and relics. The bronzes are better preserved than most of the marbles. Can it be that they were buried in mud, and thus protected from the salt water. Little of the ship was left for the divers to collect for the museum.

When the war is over North Africa is destined to become a tourist mecca for Americans. Perhaps your family, too, someday will visit that land as tourists with you. If so, be certain to see the Amphitheatre



Djemila: Temple of Septimius Severus



Constantine: The Sidi Rached Bridge

at El Djem, the Temple of Jupiter and the Punic mausoleum at Dougga, the El Bardo museum at Tunis, the Library and Market Place at Tingad. But if there is one spot that is the gem of all Roman North Africa today it is the jewel of a ruin called Djemila—located many miles off of the Setif-Constantine road, high up in the hills, approachable only over a long, narrow and bad surfaced road. Its inaccessibility to-date has helped to preserve it better for the world of tomorrow. It is the only ancient city in Africa where we had to buy a ticket to enter—the

ticket cost six cents. Had we space it would be valuable to devote an entire chapter of this record to this city of Djemila—"Djemila, the Jewel."

All of the ancient Roman cities in Algeria and Tunisia have been identified. Many of these have some significance connected with the tour of duty performed by the 355th in these two lands. In conclusion we record here the old Roman names of some of these cities, and their modern names. Here is a list that will bring back many memories to the men of the Battalion.

- Aquae Carpitanae—(Baths of) Korbous
- Bulla Regia—Hammam Darradii
- Caesarea—Cherchel
- Carthago—Carthage
- Castellum Tingitanum—Orleansville
- Castra Nova—Perrageux
- Cirta—Constantine
- Cuicul—Djemila
- Diana—Zana
- Hadrunetum—Sousse
- Hippo Diarrhytus—Bizerte
- Hippo Regius—Bone
- Icosium—Alger
- Igilgili—Djidjelli
- Lambaesis—Lambaese
- Membressa—Medjez el-Bab
- Milev—Mila



Oued Athmenia: Modern Bath House



Thuburbo Majus: Temple of Jupiter

Mina—Relizane
 Mons Ziguensis—Djebel (Mt.) Zaghouan
 Neapolis—Nabeul
 Oppidum Matarense—Mateur
 Pomaria—Tlemcen
 Portus Divinus—Mers el Kebir
 Portus Magnus—Saint Leu

Thamugadi—Timgad
 Theveste—Tebessa
 Thignica—Ain Tounga
 Thuburbo Majus—Henchir Kasbat
 Thubursicu Bure—Teboursouk
 Thubursicu—Oued Athmenia
 Thugga—Dougga
 Thunes—Tunis
 Thysdrus—El Djem
 Uthina—Oudna
 Utica—Henchir Bou Chateur (Utique).

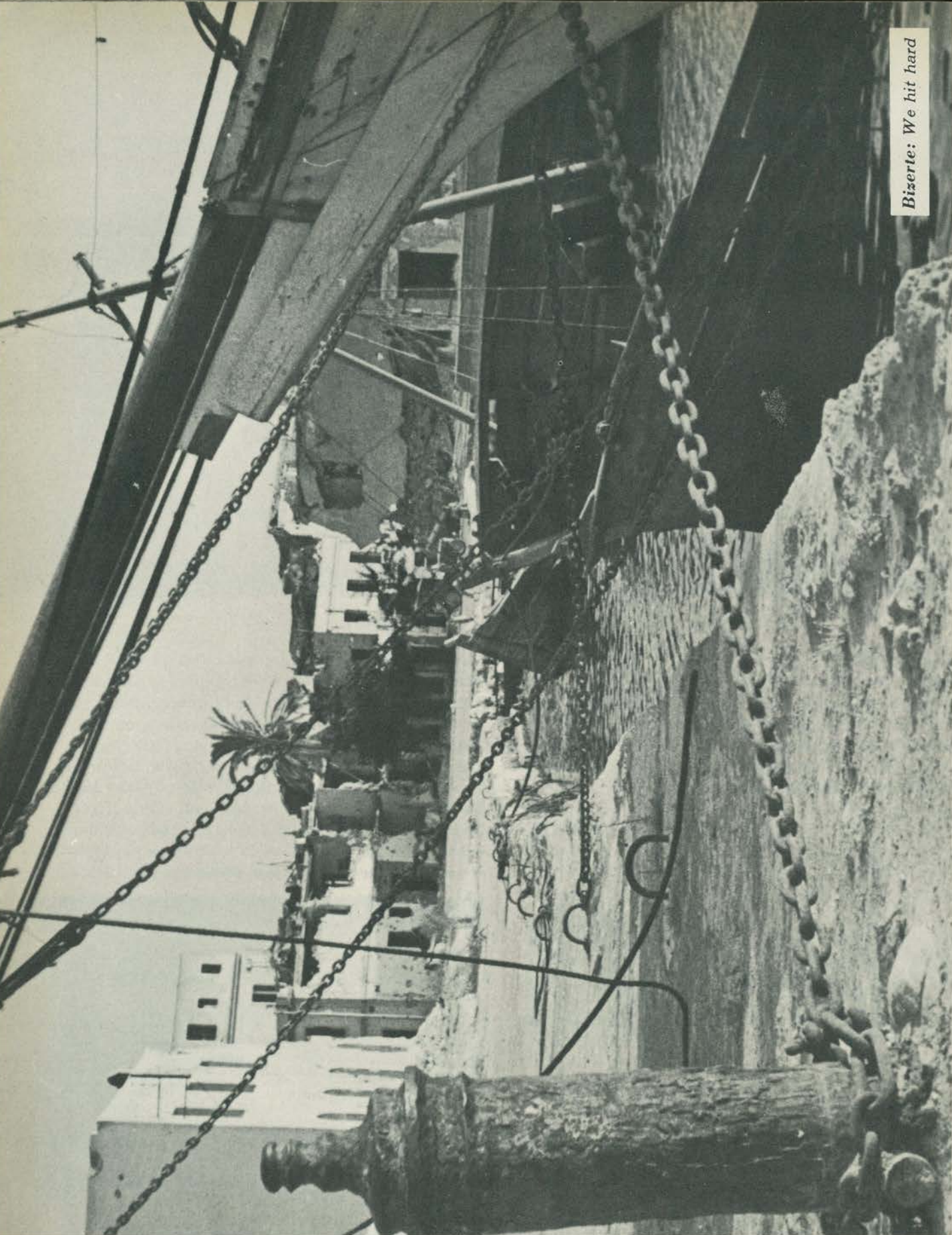


Carthage: Cyprian's Monument

Rusaddir—Melilla
 Rusicade—Philippeville
 Saldæ—Bougie
 Sitifi—Setif
 Tasaccora—St. Dennis du Sig
 Thabarca—Tabarca
 Thagaste—Souk Ahras



El Djem: Inside the Colosseum



Bizerte: We hit hard

THE TUNISIAN CAMPAIGN

ON November 7, 1942, President Roosevelt announced that "a powerful American force equipped with adequate weapons of modern warfare" had landed in Morocco and Algeria, two French colonial lands bordering on the Mediterranean and the Atlantic in Northern Africa. With the 355th CA Slt. Bn. looking westward across the Pacific from the shore of California, no one suspicioned that the invasion in North Africa would be the magnet to draw us eastward (rather than westward) into the European-African-Middle Eastern campaign.

The struggle in North Africa began long before November 7, 1942. When Prime Minister Winston Churchill was in Washington in January of 1942 this invasion was discussed as a possibility. In July of the same year when President Roosevelt and the Prime Minister were again together, the invasion was determined upon. While it was realized that an invasion in November would have serious drawbacks due to adverse weather conditions, sufficient ships to guarantee an earlier success for the operation were not available. In addition to the occupation of Casablanca, Oran, Algiers, it was seen that landings at Philippeville, Bone and Tunis would be extremely desirable at the same time. Lack of sufficient shipping space eliminated these three cities from the November 7th time-table. While ships were being built, and men prepared for the invasion in the British Isles and the States, North Africa itself was being prepared to receive this Allied Force.

General Dwight Eisenhower was in charge of the European Theater of Operations at the beginning of the North African campaign. At his headquarters in London he received orders to send five American officers to a rendezvous near Algiers for a conference with pro-Allied French officers, destined to make less bloody the impending invasion. On October 18, 1942, this secret expedition consisting of Major General Mark Wayne Clark, Brigadier General Lyman Lemnitzer, two colonels and a captain set out. The journey began in a roaring plane, later it continued in a 750-ton submarine, and finally it ended when three out of four kyaks beached on the Mediterranean shore near Algiers, there to permit their passengers

to meet a party assembled at the request of the American Consul General (Bob Murphy) in Algeria.

Months later, under some olive trees near Ferryville, Tunisia, General Lemnitzer rehearsed the historic journey informally following a dinner at the "355th" officers' mess. The general is one of the keenest men to have visited our camp. His dark eyes sweep the horizon as he speaks, and they miss nothing of importance. He has an uncanny ability to read character. His mind catalogues and files the information that comes to him. His appraisal of events and situations is dependable. He loves baseball and even kept on smiling when our officers' team drubbed the team of officers for whom he pitched, on more than one occasion, while he was our Commanding General during the period when we were set up at Chateaudun du Rhumel. He was a big enough man to take a lot of ribbing from us, as we pounded his team to defeat. He does not underrate an opponent, but appreciates strength of arms and character as well. A better man to be in charge of plans and training for an army would be hard to find, than represented in G-3 General Lemnitzer. The General told of their experiences in learning to climb into a kyak from a submarine pitching in a choppy sea in the black of night, preparing to land in North Africa. Their instructor was a commando captain who had secured the small craft and accompanied the original party when the submarine journey began. He was never satisfied with the way the Generals maneuvered themselves into the kyak—they never quite followed the precision of his demonstrations. Later with a bit of satonic satisfaction, these Generals saw the commando upset his own kyak as he tried to enter it for the historic landing. It was General Mark W. Clark's kyak that capsized. Then it was that General Lemnitzer ordered his commando boatmen to get as far away from the submarine as possible so that when General Clark called one of the other kyaks back, that he himself, might be taken to shore, it would not be General Lemnitzer who would miss attending the history-making meeting. Then, too, there was the incident of the General's pants. As they were drying their "pinks" following the kyak trip, General Clark's



Tunisia: So hearty was the French cooperation

“pinks” disappeared. With a Major General pantless and a Brigadier General properly clothed nearby someone had to make up for the leader’s lack, and that someone had to rank below a Major General. General Lemnitzer could laugh at the experience later on, but for hours he shivered through the cool of an African October evening, with no more protection for his limbs than a kilted Scotchman enjoys.

Next he told us of their experience in the cellar of the rendezvous when the police arrived thinking that a smuggling party had landed. “Bob” Murphy’s handling of that delicate situation, while the officers hid, was worthy of a Broadway stage production. Murphy pretended to be innocently enjoying some drinks with a group of French officers. Convinced, the police left without searching the premises. There was a long hide in a woods later, after the invasion had been planned, before the “sub” could again surface at night to receive her historic party for their return journey. The journey had its hardships and its humor, but supremely the journey spared the blood of vast numbers of American and British troops when “D-Day” arrived.

The purpose of the invasion was many fold. The Mediterranean was barred to Allied use, necessitating the long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to supply the Allied armies in the near and middle East. The invasion would open the Mediterranean to a large degree. The invasion would also remove the German threat to occupy Morocco and the port of Dakar

further to the south. Dakar was like the tip of an arrow pointing from Africa to the Western Hemisphere. The invasion, if properly handled, would bring French forces to the side of the Allies, and begin the long journey for French warriors back to the soil of the motherland. Victory, too, in this undertaking would dampen the spirits of the Axis leaders (even though the Axis people would not learn of the magnitude of our victory until long years had passed) and elevate that of the Allies. Especially, would it prove beneficial in our relationship with the Russian bear, who feared that the British lion and the American eagle were not bearing their share of the load in the struggle against the spawn of the Prussian double-headed bird.

In opposition to our purpose the Germans (and Italians) wanted to hang on to North Africa to protect Axis colonial possessions in that continent; to keep the throttle-hold on the Mediterranean; to keep a bridgehead from which they could supply Von Arnim’s forces. But if worst came to worst for them they wanted to keep open an avenue of escape for Rommel’s army through the ports of Tunis, Ferryville and Bizerte, if the British pressure should increase. If North Africa was to be wrested from their grasp they wanted that action to be as costly in manpower to the Allies as possible, and they desired to hold up the British, French and American opponents until such a time as they could shutter more of the windows of Festung Europa.

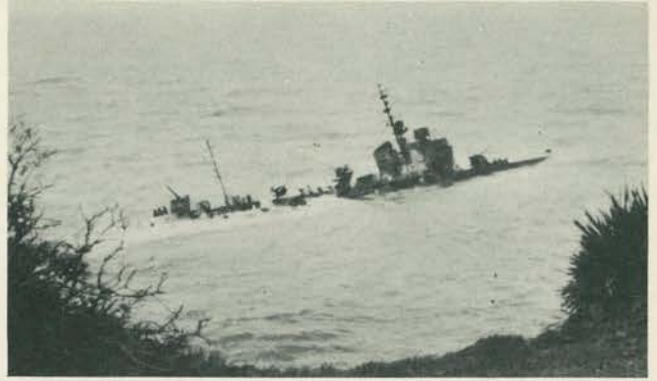
Having prepared the soil of North Africa for invasion as much as the necessity of secrecy, and the complex political situation in France and her colonies permitted, General Eisenhower moved his command post from London to Gibraltar. Under his command three task forces were to make the invasion. One was to be composed of American soldiers direct from the States, convoyed by the American navy. This force was to land on the west coast of Morocco. The second force was to land at Algiers. It was composed of British and American soldiers. The third force was a group of American soldiers from Britain, charged with landing at and near Oran (how familiar now are the names of places like Mostaganem, Arzew, Mers-el-Kebir). These last two forces were escorted by ships of the British navy. The voyages began on October 25, 1942. A total of 107,000 men were involved, wearing the khaki of the American and British armies. They were to take and hold eight hundred miles of coastline bathed by the waters of both the Atlantic and the Mediterranean.

At 1 A.M. on the morning of November 8th, President Roosevelt spoke over the short wave radio, on a beam directed at the Mediterranean French possessions. He announced the invasion. He protested any desire for territorial aggrandizement on our part. He requested the cooperation of the French people in this task of clearing French soil of Nazi domination. The preparations made by General Clark's group combined with the request of the President did not render the invasion bloodless, but it did radically reduce the opposition of the armed French garrisons in Morocco and Algeria.

Most objectives were quickly secured. In Algiers the fighting was "token" fighting largely. In Oran there were many casualties, but insignificant in number compared with the objectives secured. In Casablanca there came a pinch. Under Marshall Petain, the Vichy Government had ordered the French sol-



Tunisia: The darkest days of the campaign



Korbous: A "Dunkirk" impossible for the Axis

diers to resist in North Africa. Soldiers in Casablanca were following that order. Then occurred one of those peculiar fortunes which attend war. It was discovered in Algiers that Admiral Darlan was in that city visiting a sick son at the time of the invasion. He was taken into "protective custody" by the Allies. On November 11th, when Germany invaded unoccupied France, Darlan renounced Vichy and called upon the soldiers at Casablanca to cooperate with the Allies. His order reached the Casablanca garrison minutes before the troops of General Patton were to attack.

So rapid were our successes in this invasion and so hearty was the French cooperation that we sometimes forget that ships were pounded to wreckage by shells, that buildings were left battle-scarred, that wharves were rendered useless, and that American boys did die in battle.

With our initial success unforeseen problems faced us. Harbors had to be cleared, wharves had to be repaired, the railroads had to be developed, the local population had to be cared for, the French army had to be rebuilt, and the terrific problem of supply and replacement for our troops dealt with. In the meantime the Navy had to begin patrolling on the Mediterranean. There was a possibility that Spain might join the Axis and that we might be attacked from Spanish Morocco. This had to be recognized and its threat minimized. Rommel was on the desert. Von Arnim was further west. They would not allow us to proceed unopposed. So the second phase of the invasion began: The Race for Tunisia.

While some of our soldiers were entering Casablanca, others debarking from Algiers, were heading for Bougie, further east along the coast. Algiers had been eager to welcome the Americans and Britishers and their willingness assisted us vitally in pushing on speedily toward Tunis. As it was, however, we missed our final connections by minutes. We were at Bougie on November 11th; we were at Bone on November 12th. On the 15th the French garrisons at Algiers and



Tunis: President Roosevelt announced



Zaghuan: As the curtain fell



Tunis: The French army had to be rebuilt

Constantine moved to protect our southern flank, thus aiding vitally in our drive. With American reinforcements, including tank destroyer units, the French also tried to protect the air fields in the Tebessa-Gafsa regions—superior as all-weather fields than those in the Setif-Constantine-Batna area.

The German leaders rushed reinforcements to Tunisia by sea and by air. Their line of communication for this purpose was very short, and consequently very effective. On November 16th we encountered German patrols 60 miles west of Tunis. In this initial push one group of Allied soldiers approached a point on the railroad thirty-two miles from Tunis, and another patrol got to within ten miles of that city. Most important, on November 25th, the British First Army with American reinforcements captured Medjez el Bab. Here we may say the ball was downed in this football game, and the ends who had advanced farther into the opponent's territory, had to be called back, as the combined British-American team lined up for their next "down." Then the game was slowed up because of a muddy field. With a solid base against the coast cities running from Bizerte, through Ferryville, Tunis, Sousse, and Sfax to Gabes, and with all-weather air fields, the enemy prepared to hold the advanced line. Our air force was compelled to use the less desirable air fields around Biskra and just west of Constantine. Constantine is located on the upper plateaux, where the altitude brings more cold and rain than is experienced by the fields in the possession of the Germans in December of '42.

At this stage of the game the fight was on for air superiority. The Luftwaffe raided our fields from their all-weather bases, violently. Our ack-ack protection was not able to cope with the situation adequately. Colonel Nicholson, who fathered the Fighter-Searchlight idea, suggested that he could solve the problem of the air force. In December a number of Fighter-Searchlight Coast Artillery units were alerted for overseas service. The following month the "355th" sailed from the States and reached Africa.

In February the tide turned so that the Luftwaffe lost its supremacy before the Fighter-Searchlight system could cover our air fields. It was early in February that Rommel's Afrika Corps fell back to the Mareth line in southern Tunisia. General Montgomery with his British Eighth had left El Alamein in Egypt on October 23 and reached Sirte in Tripolitania on Christmas day. On January 23rd Tripoli was occupied. On January 30th the Eighth Army crossed the frontier into Tunisia. Now it was time for a united Allied command. On February 4th the North African Theater of Operations was created under the command of General Eisenhower. (General Andrews took

over the former responsibilities of General Eisenhower in London.) His deputy was General Alexander of the British Army, who was in charge of the 18th Army Group composed of the British First, the American II Corps, and the French units in Tunisia. Sir Andrew Cunningham took charge of all naval operations (a vital matter in the closing days of the campaign in Tunisia). Air Marshall Tedder of the British forces took over the job of Air Chief, Mediterranean Theater, and Major General Spaatz became his deputy. The Strategic Air Force was organized under General Doolittle, composed of the heavy bombers and their fighter escorts. The Tactical Air Force continued to grow as well.

The arrival of the British Eighth Army into the Tunisian picture, with its attending unification of command, had a counterpart in the German chapter of the battle. The Afrika Corps and the Tunisian forces of General Von Arnim were also unified. Thus unified, the Axis launched a terrific attack on February 14th and broke through our lines at Kasserine Pass. Then followed our darkest days of the campaign. The enemy advanced twenty-one miles beyond the pass and threatened Tebessa. General Eisenhower

seemed not to be unduly alarmed. He radioed his superiors in Washington:

"Our present tactical difficulties resulted from my attempt to do possibly too much, coupled with the deterioration of resistance in the central mountainous area which began about January 17th. That deterioration has absorbed the bulk of the United States 1st and 34th Divisions, which formations had originally been pushed forward to provide general reserves and to permit us to attack from the line which we were then holding.

"You would have been impressed could you have seen the magnificent display everywhere by the American enlisted men. I assure you that the troops that come out of this campaign are going to be battle-wise and tactically efficient."

On February 23rd we hit back. The rains were now ended. The railroads had been re-equipped and were functioning. Gasoline lines had reached their fingers across the miles of North Africa. We hit hard. Even the heavy bombers were used to destroy and demoralize the retreating German columns. On February 26th the German government announced significantly: *"Our offensive operations in Central Tunisia*



Tunisia: The Long Journey for French warriors



Tunisia: The rains were now ended

have been concluded." From then on the Axis was on the defensive.

On March 20th the Western Desert Air Force began its devastating work against the Mareth Line. It bombed that line steadily for twenty-four hours. (Justly proud was the Desert Army and the Desert Air Force of the job they had done from Egypt to Tunisia. So proud were they of their heroic accomplishment that they retained the "Desert" name even in green Italy. The DAF sign just up the road from the "355th Insignia" in the Foggia area of Italy was evidence that nothing that group might do subsequently would dim the glory they achieved in driving Rommel across the desert of North Africa.) Then the British Eighth Army breached the Mareth Line on the north, a New Zealand Corps flanked the line on the south, and a triple-powered blow was struck further to the north by General Patton's II Corps, the British First Army and French units. April 17th is a memorable day. The forces starting from Oran and Algiers made contact with the forces which had started their drive at El Alamein. This was achieved fifteen miles east of El Guittar and two miles north of the Gafsa-Sfax road.

On April 10th when the Allies captured Sfax it was logical for the Germans to fall back to Sousse, but our forces from the west had broken through at Fondouk, had captured Kairouan and Pichon and were coming eastward rapidly. So the Germans chose to make their next stand at Enfidaville. It, nevertheless, fell within a fortnight.

We were naturally disappointed as a Battalion to see so little value to our presence in North Africa, but our disappointment was the glory of the Air



Ferryville: They torpedoed us on dry land



Karouba: Where is the Luftwaffe?

Force. We were in North Africa to help defeat the Luftwaffe if it came over our lines. So often we asked the question: "Where is the Luftwaffe?" There was an answer to that question. Our air chiefs had studied the schedule and the tactics of the Luftwaffe so carefully that they knew where to find the German planes at almost any hour of the day, and they knew the schedules according to which these planes would fly. On April 5th our Air Force hit airdromes of the enemy in Sicily and Tunisia. One hundred and fifty planes were destroyed on the ground and fifty more in the air. In two weeks we destroyed 147 of the enemy transport planes, not to mention thirty-one sea-going vessels. We also hit their ports hard. Such action made it unnecessary for anti-aircraft coast artillery units to function actively and such action also made it impossible for the Germans to stage a Dunkirk in Tunisia. On April 8, 1943, we posted the following notice on the Chaplain's Bulletin Board as we maintained our positions at the air fields near Chateaudun du Rhumel:

"Virtual Allied control of the air over Tunisia is becoming more visible every day. Wednesday, Allied aircraft shot down 27 Axis planes out of the sky. This follows the destruction Tuesday of 50 planes in the air, 150 on the ground. Strength of the Luftwaffe is being steadily reduced."

On April 20th we posted the following:

"Spitfires and Warhawks of the Desert Air Force had a field day on Sunday as they intercepted an Axis Aerial Convoy bound for Sicily. The convoy consisted of 100 JU 52 Transports plus a large escort of ME 109's and FW 190's."

"When the Allied fighters had finished with them, 58 JU's were heaps of wreckage in the sea below, and fourteen ME's which put in an appearance will never see their home base again."

"This is only the minimum score for at least thirty more planes were hit and many of them can be



Chateaudun du Rhumel: Chaplain's bulletin board

counted as lost. Our losses in this biggest aerial victory of the war was nine aircraft."

On April 21st the following was posted with our last drop of musilage:

"Yesterday, Allied aircraft roamed far and wide in search of more juicy transport targets like the aerial convoy Sunday which was almost annihilated . . . 112 enemy a/c have been destroyed in the past 48 hours, 70 of which were transports. Allied losses have been 23 planes."



Bizerte: To the side of the Allies



Staging Area No. 1, Bizerte: A Dud



Staging Area No. 1, Bizerte: A Camouflet



Staging Area No. 1, Bizerte: A Shell Hole



Tunisia: The Bizerte defenses

From now on the campaign rose to a whirlwind finish. Two hills have become historically famous due to the fighting of these days. The British fought five days for Long Stop Hill. The Arabs call this "Djebel el Ahmera." On the maps it is given the designation "328" to signify that it is that number of meters above sea level. So the title "Hill 328" is commonly used. The American hill was "Hill 609," called by the Arabs "Djebel Tahent." It, too, cost five days of bitter fighting, and helped to locate one of the largest American cemeteries in Tunisia. "Hill 609" was taken on May 1st. From it Mateur is visible, and Mateur fell on the 3rd. With the fall of Mateur the Eastern Base Section could be moved forward to this spot from Constantine. Later it advanced again to Bizerte. On May 8th, resorting to a thumb tack, we posted the following cryptic sentences on the Chaplain's Bulletin Board:

"The First Army is now in Tunis. American Forces are now in Bizerte. Tebourba has been taken.

"Bombers and fighters darken the skies, make 2500 sorties in nine hours continuous blast.

"Victorious Allied forces driving forward relentlessly.

"Hundreds of prisoners taken.

"German commentators admit 'Tunisian Campaign in Last Phase.'"

On May 14th we posted the announcement:

"General Von Arnim captured by Punjabian Ghurkas near St. Marie du Zit. He had taken Rommel's place when the famous desert leader was called back to the Vaterland. All fighting on the northern tip of the Cape Bon Peninsula has ceased, it was reported last night."

On May 13th and 14th three governments published communiques. They are as follows:

A. *German Communique of May 13, 1943: "The heroic struggle of German and Italian African detachments today came to an honorable conclusion."*

B. *Italian Communique of May 13, 1943: "Thus after 35 months of resistance the African battle has come to an end."*

C. *American Communique of May 14, 1943: "No Axis forces remain in North Africa who are not prisoners in our hands. The last remaining elements surrendered at 1145, May 13, 1943."*

On May 15th the Chaplain's Bulletin Board contained the final happy news of the campaign:

"The number of prisoners taken by the Allies hit the 175,000 mark last night. Allied headquarters report 2,000 enemy aircraft destroyed in the North African campaign as against 770—a ratio of almost three to one in favor of the Allies . . . General Alexander describes the victory as the 'most complete and decisive one in history.' Despite Hitler's praise of Van

Arnim for fighting to the 'last cartridge,' press correspondents point to the huge quantity of material, including cartridges abandoned in the rout . . . Von Arnim is also quoted as declaring it would have been impossible for him to give an effective order to 'cease fire.' (Reason: Disruption and disorganization) . . . Berlin radio describes the Tunisian defeat as a 'colossal' Nazi success, and Tunisia as a 'good place to be out of.' Press continue to stress the strategic importance of North Africa as a 'springboard' for an attack on Southern Europe . . . United Press reports that German troops bewildered by the failure to get an answer to their question as to 'where is the Luftwaffe?' just threw up their hands and quit."

The German losses in the Tunisian campaign from March 21 to May 13, 1943, were: Killed, 30,000; wounded, 27,000; captured, 266,000 (including 18 Generals, four of whom were Italian).

The Allied losses since November 8, 1942, were: United States—Killed, 2,574; wounded, 9,437; missing, 1,620; prisoners, 5,107. British (since January 30, 1943): Total casualties 35,000.

As the curtain fell on the Tunisian campaign, from the distance one heard the sound of continued warfare. Pantelleria was falling. So was the sister Italian island of Lampedusa. Then Linosa fell and finally Italy's last hold on North Africa—the rock called Lampione. But as the curtain fell General Patton was not with his II Corps. Back in April he had been replaced by General O. N. Bradley, so that Patton could prepare for the next step in the assault on Europe—the Sicilian campaign. The Tunisian campaign was over—but two months later the 355th was to get a baptism of lead as it carried on in Tunisia. The Luftwaffe was trying to save Sicily and Europe by destroying all military objectives in Bizerte and Ferryville. They bombed us while we were on shipboard on Lake Bizerte. They torpedoed us while we were on dry land. This delayed action, with its attending Purple Hearts, gave us a feeling that we really had had a part in the Tunisian campaign.



Tunisia: (German negative) German losses



Bizerte: Our forces are now in Bizerte



Hill 609: Called by the Arabs "Djebel Tahent"



Kairouan: Our forces . . . had captured



Dougga: Punic Mausoleum

THE 355th SEES NORTH AFRICA

FROM ORAN, the Chaplain conducted one series of tours only, to an isolated place of historic interest: Sidi bel Abbas. However, when we reached Chateaudun du Rhumel, and Bizerte, hardly a week passed without a group of soldiers accompanying the Chaplain to some point of interest. In this chapter we will briefly describe the major places of interest in North Africa visited by the members of the "355th." Others which we visited, such as Utica, Dougga, Thuburbo Majus, Zana, Bulla Regia, Zaghouan and Uthina, are mentioned in the chapter on Roman North Africa.

SIDI BEL ABBES

The first Battalion Tour we took after arriving in North Africa was to Sidi Bel Abbas, the city of the French Foreign Legion. This town which numbers thirty thousand people today, was dedicated in 1849 as the home of this Famous French Detachment. The city was laid out after the fashion of an ancient Roman military city.

Here is the heart of that romantic French Legion which has attracted honest adventurers and dishonest fugitives to its ranks. Here it has its headquarters, its training school, its main barracks, and its museum. In the museum you see the type of uniform worn by the Legion in its various campaigns, its weapons, large oil paintings of its important engagements, souvenirs of its campaigns, memorials of its famous members, and even the product of the spare time activities of skilled craftsmen enrolled in the Legion Regiments.

Life in the Legion is not easy. Much of its activity has been centered around the hot wastes of the Sahara. The Legionnaire who conducted us through the museum and historical buildings of this shrine, had lived in Philadelphia, and had applied for transfer to the American forces. He was impatiently awaiting that transfer. In no uncertain terms he voiced his dissatisfaction with life in the world-famous organization. He was intensely bitter. (Do you remember the description of this life contained in "Beau Geste"?) A minor pet peeve of his was the fact that France issued no socks to the Legion Etrangere members. He couldn't get used to bare feet encased in heavy shoes. The pay was too small to permit him to buy socks. The German army had not come near Sidi Bel Abbas

during its Algerian stay. I wonder what would have happened if it had. And today I wonder if our American speaking guide to his army headquarters has been transferred to the American army. (More than a year later we met the Foreign Legion in Italy.)

Here we append a one hundred and thirty line sketch on Sidi Bel Abbas written by Sgt. James Ochs while studying Journalism.

When mention is made of the French Foreign Legion, one immediately thinks of a group of white-capped, blue-coated soldiers who apparently spend their time trudging wearily over the desert sands; and when mention is made of Legion Headquarters, one usually associates it with a large fortress somewhere in the midst of these sands—a forlorn structure that is miles from anywhere.

On the contrary, Legion Headquarters is not an isolated garrison in the middle of the desert; rather, it is situated amid green, rolling hills in the fertile farming country of Algeria. It is located in the city of Sidi Bel Abbas. It has been there since it was first formed 113 years ago.

Sidi Bel Abbas grew up around the Legion. Its present population is between fifty and sixty thousand people, mostly Arabs and French. Its apartment buildings are of modern design; its streets are paved and there is an abundance of sidewalk cafes. Every man who joins the Legion must pass through Legion Headquarters, therefore, every Legionnaire has at one time or another, been at Sidi Bel Abbas.

The Headquarters of the Legion is located at the western fringe of the town. Here, surrounded by stone walls, are the administration buildings, the barracks, the parks, and the museums. To enter the grounds one must pass under a cement archway, upon which is inscribed in high block letters, the words: "Legion Etrangere." A statuesque sentry is on guard in front of a small sentinel box. Upon orders from the corporal of the guard he allows entry into the grounds. Once inside, one begins to see a little dreamed of side of the Legion; the gentle, sentimental and traditional side. This is manifested in the flower gardens, monuments and in the mementos in the museums. About 150 yards straight in from the entrance is a monument. It has been erected to the memory of those Legion-



Bizerte: Arab Quarter and Harbour

naires now dead. The monument consists of a 10-foot granite cube upon which rests a metal globe of the world. Upon this globe are marked the spots where the Legion has fought. One is surprised at the manifold campaigns that the Legion has waged. At each of the four corners of the granite base is a life-sized bronze statue of a Legionnaire. Upon the sides of the base are etched the names of all those who have died serving the Legion. This monument is sacred to the Legionnaires, and all who pass it, salute.

To the rear and on both sides of the monument are the permanent, four-story, stone barracks which house the garrison. A diurnal policing keeps them immaculate in appearance.

Probably the most remarkable part of the Legion Headquarters is the museum. Here the trophies, decorations and mementoes of the various campaigns can be found. Here, the Legion and what it has stood for, becomes a tangible thing. Here, not only can you feel the atmosphere of tradition, but you can also see it. Tradition is everywhere; in pictures on the walls, in showcases of medals, in the flags and swords of conquered chieftains, and in the log book containing the signatures of all who have enrolled with the Legion. In one of the showcases is a particularly remarkable medal. It has a bullet hole directly through the center of it. The man who was wearing that medal escaped death because the impact of the bullet was absorbed

by the medal. All of the paintings which adorn the walls are the work of Legionnaires. The furniture was also made by members of the Legion; members (perhaps) who were in the guardhouse and whiled away their time by making things for the museum from wooden crates begged from the kitchen. Most unusual of all the exhibits is a wooden hand which is enclosed in a glass case on the wall. There is a story behind that hand. A Captain Danjou lost his hand in the Crimean campaign. He had a wooden hand built to replace it. It was artfully made and mechanically perfect. The fingers were jointed and functioned very much like a human hand. The only thing that differentiated it from its human counterpart was its dark wooden color.

When the Emperor Maximilian encountered difficulties during his reign in Mexico, Captain Danjou and a force of men were sent to aid him. It was there that the most memorable battle of the Legion was fought. Captain Danjou and 115 Legionnaires barricaded themselves in a hacienda and held at bay a Mexican army of 4,000 men. In the battle Captain Danjou and all but three of his men were killed. These three escaped. Later the wooden hand was retrieved and sent back to Sidi Bel Abbes, where it reposes prominently. On April 30 each year—the anniversary of that battle—the Legion holds a parade and review, and Captain Danjou's hand is brought out in

its case as a symbol of the Legion's heroic tradition.

Contrary to popular belief, the Legion is not composed of criminals and outcasts. True at one time, it is no longer a fact, and now the Legion has grown into one of the most respected military organizations of the world. It is considered an honor for a French officer to serve in the Legion. The top graduate of each class at St. Cyr (the French West Point) has the privilege of choosing where he shall serve. Traditionally and inevitably he chooses the Legion.

The men feel deeply towards the Legion. One ex-Legionnaire from Chicago requested on his death bed that his ashes be sent back to Sidi Bel Abbas. They are now secreted in a small niche in the wall surrounding the flower garden.

The Legion is bringing its equipment up-to-date. Its horses have been sold and trucks have replaced them. The guns of an old design which were turned over to the Germans are being rapidly replaced. The days are gone when each Legionnaire had to carry three sticks of wood on his back during desert marches to supply the fuel for cooking purposes. During those



Djemila: Torso of Jupiter



Djemila: Arch of Caracalla

days these three pieces of wood were a soldier's meal ticket. If he lost them, or threw them away, he didn't eat. Now, with modern stoves and spacious trucks, the Legionnaire's load has been lightened.

Steeped in glory and tradition, the Legion is once again campaigning; this time to free the Mother Country from the Nazi yoke. It is not improbable that more glory will be heaped upon the glorious record of the Legion. After this war there will undoubtedly be more pictures of heroes, and more mementoes—in the museum. And there will be more names added to the base of the monument, names of those who have fought and died honorably; men who will become a part of the tradition that permeates the Headquarters of the French Foreign Legion.

DJEMILA

The first Roman ruin which we visited upon arriving in North Africa was the finest such ruin to be found in all the world. It is called by the Arabs Djemila, but by the Romans it was known as Cuicul. Guide books to North Africa give only a few lines to this ruin, because it is comparatively inaccessible. It is located about twenty miles from the nearest main road. From Chateaudun du Rhumel we took a twenty-mile journey north and then another twenty miles west, descending into river valleys, and crossing two mountain passes to get there. The road was hard surfaced, but not smooth, and very narrow. The scenery along the way was ample reward for the journey, but only the smaller part of the reward. The chaplain took over one hundred men from our unit on tours through this ruin, as well as a large group from a bomb wing.

The city of Setif and the city of Djemila were both founded during the reign of the same Roman Emperor. That was the Emperor Nerva, who ascended the throne in 96 A.D., and descended it two years later. Djemila was founded by a group of retired soldiers, who upon the completion of twenty-five years in the Roman army, were given their Roman



Bizerte: Vieux Porte

citizenship and some land to homestead. Such military settlements were usually established near the frontiers or in comparatively wild country, so that the Roman culture might infiltrate into the surrounding area, and so that Rome might have a nucleus from which to work if military expeditions became necessary. Such settlements were not forts, they were residential cities. True they might be walled, but the sites were selected with the idea of a city in mind, rather than the thought of protection.

The site of Djemila is a wedge-shaped area of land forming an incline plane protected on the two long sides by ravines, but at the end without natural protection. Djemila is at an altitude of over three thousand feet, and so situated that at all times of the year there was an ample supply of water flowing into its water courses from the springs higher up in the mountains. The main highway through this part of the Petite Kabylie Range ran by Djemila on its way from Setif to Djidjelli. However, it was not the only mountain road here in Roman times.

The original city of the veterans was comparatively small. To walk from the upper (south) to the lower (north) gate does not consume but about ten minutes of time. The city was surrounded by a wall. Today one lateral ravine has eradicated a long stretch of that wall. The erosion attendant upon the work of that stream has pushed the brow of the hill back until it is only a few yards away from the main thorough-

fare through the town. This may mean that a considerable portion of the original city of Djemila has already been carried down stream by the little brook that flows hundreds of feet below in a V-shaped valley.

In the center of that oldest part of the city stood the Old Forum. Its pavement was as level as a threshing floor. Along one side one could visit the ground floor of the old court room. On the opposite side of the Forum was a small room, comparable perhaps to a mayor's office. On the higher ground above the Forum a Temple of Venus stood. Through its portico one could look out upon the Forum. At the side of the Forum away from the Temple of Venus (called the North Temple) rose the Capitol or Temple of Jupiter. Today no stone of the temple pillars remains in place. Its main floor is located high above the level of the Forum pavement, even though the Temple was built at the lower end of that Public Square. There was elaborate foundation work to raise the main floor so high. In its day this Capitol must have towered conspicuously above the whole city. The elaborate foundation work did not prove strong enough to support the massive temple, with its gigantic statue of Jupiter. Even before the city was deserted, the arches beneath the floor were reinforced. The foundation walls of the temple form a number of basement rooms. Now they are open to the sky, and a massive torso in one high room, is all that remains at this spot of the statue of the god which once occupied the honored position in

the temple above. The approach to the temple was through the Forum, and up a long flight of stairs. The sections of the pillars that fronted the Temple lie scattered over the floor of the Forum. One archaeologist wanted to try to reconstruct the Temple from the stones lying around. Such a thing would be possible, but the expense of providing a firm enough foundation, would be too great to justify such a restoration.

Surrounding the Forum pavement are many bases on which statues once stood, and also, the rostrum for orators. The detail of some of the carving still in place here, is sharp and clear and beautiful. At one point is a Roman eagle, and at another is the spouted oil cruse with an oil spattering device attached. The carving suggests that the ancients were anointed with oil in some religious ceremony. The most prominent thing still standing on the floor of the Forum is the altar of sacrifice. On one face thereof is an Egyptian symbol, and on the other a representation of this very altar with its consuming fire, and the victims and utensils employed in the act of sacrificing. The Forum was the heart of every Roman city.



Djemila: Temple of Septimius Severus



Djemila: West Fountain

Underneath the one end of the Forum area is the prison—a two-chambered affair. The slots in which the bars were fitted to fasten the ancient prison doors securely are still found where you would expect them to be located. This prison, which is entered from the street which slopes down alongside of the Forum, is really built under the floor of the Basilica (Court Room). One would hardly realize this fact, if the roof of one dungeon chamber had not fallen in, leaving a hole in that “Greater Forum” floor above.

We will walk down the main road of the city, toward the north gate, which is situated many yards below the level on which we now stand. Hard by the Forum stands the Market of Cossinius. It, together with the Temple of Jupiter, bounded the Forum on the north. It is a beautiful market place. I wonder if it smelled so fresh in Roman days as it does today. Perhaps then the counter of the fishmarket, and the counter of the meat market did not supply much fragrance to the air. The only thing that separated the stalls from the open area in the center of the building was the stone counters themselves. There is a long inscription concerning the building of this market place. There were two brothers by the name of Cossinius. One lived at Djemila and was not very wealthy. His brother had gone out into the world to make a fortune and succeeded. The market was built for the benefit of the city to the honor of the boy who stayed home. The money was supplied by the wealthy brother. I have not seen a finer market place in any Roman city. Nor have I seen a more interesting Forum area elsewhere, though elsewhere we may find larger Fora and larger markets.

As we walk nearer the North Gate we will stop at the house of Madame Europa, a structure of tremendous size for such a small city. Soldier, do you recall our descent down into the huge vaulted cellar room deep underground? We speculated whether it was used to store wine and food stuffs, or whether the suggestion of our guide was right, that Madame Europa engaged in banking business, and used this for



Thuburbo Majus: Basilica

the safe deposit vault. Do you recall the peculiarly deep recessed stone counters in one room? Perhaps they were the cash registers, and perhaps Madame Europa sold produce (naturally through her servants) in a small shop that opened onto the main street.

Do you recall the atrium of this house, with its elaborate fountains in the center? Do you remember the dining room—unmistakable because of the arrangement of the mosaic which had covered this room. In this atrium we saw a large stone drain leading down into the large sewer vaulting below. These Romans built great sewers—they needed them because they used water lavishly in their home, their baths, and their fountains. The main sewer of Djemila runs under the pavement stone of this main street, down which we have been walking. A small man can walk for blocks in this sewer channel. At the rear of the house of Madame Europa was the servants entrance and the narrow passageways through the servants quarters. In that section of the house one saw the kitchen, and the old brick stove for heating water was right where the architect had planned it.

Across the street from the servants entrance of this house was a public latrine, with about a dozen seats cut into a thick layer of stone. A much larger latrine is to be found near the Cloth Market—and that latrine still has the basin intact where one might wash their hands and face. At the door of the smaller latrine is a half ring carved into the stone. Here you could tie

your horse when entering the public relief station. In this same paragraph is the best place to mention one other item in the life of this, as of all Roman cities. The Romans brazenly carved phallic symbols on stone, to mark their "Palaces of Darkness." Several such symbols are found in this part of town. However, such symbols also were used as good luck signs due to their suggestion of fertility.

While the city extends down below the house of Madame Europa to the North Gate there is little in this area that has been excavated, because while the laborers were working here years ago, someone discovered the ruins of the baptistry in the new town, and the laborers were sent to dig there. Consequently here is a section of the city that still awaits the revealing spade of the archaeologist. That spade has not been working long in this city. While the ruin was known to Europeans in the eighteenth century, it was not till 1909 that excavations were started. Such work must proceed slowly. While we were here, we saw the workers filling their miniature railroad carts with dirt dug from the hillside—and sifted before it was loaded into the carts to be hauled away over the narrow guage rails. Mademoiselle Yvonne Allais (the curatrix of the ruins) told us that in a few days from the time of one of our visits the director of Antiquities for Algeria was arriving, and then following a conference it would be determined where the Arab laborers should start digging next. The bulk of the scientific

work of uncovering Djemila was done under the direction of M. Ballu. When he died his wife carried on in his place. Mlle. Allais was then a school teacher nearing retirement. When the wife of M. Ballu laid down the torch of excavation, Mlle. Allais was requested to take up her abode in this out-of-the-way place and carry on. She has done so magnificently. She speaks English with a slight French accent, but with studied perfection. While the soldier visitors to this famous ruin often caused her great anxiety, she was charitable towards them, and never too busy to attempt to help them appreciate much that this ruin revealed.

One especially busy Sunday when about three hundred soldiers visited the ruin, arriving in truck loads, one soldier wrapped his coat around a marble statue four feet in height, and somehow or other got it back to his camp. This vandalism brought a general and other high ranking American officers to Djemila to investigate. The statue was soon found by an officer in a camp located near one of the Telergma airfields. The soldiers who had ridden to and from Djemila in the truck dispatched there from this outfit the day the statue was lost, were asked to tell how the statue got to their camp. They insisted that when they got in their truck and started on their way home, they discovered the statue on the floor of the truck. No one knew how it got there! It was safely returned to its place in the Museum and the Museum placed "Off Limits" to the American soldiers. How often some foolish act by an irresponsible soldier closed a place of interest to the men who came later and who appreciated the good things of life.

We will pass many points of interest in Djemila as we return to the Forum by a back street, and heading south from the old Forum we will go directly to the South Gate. Perhaps it was called the Setif Gate. In that gateway was the milestone telling how far it was to points south and west. Because you had to



Djemila: South Gate

walk this way to arrive at the old Forum area from the modern highway, you will not be surprised to be reminded that this city did not end at its South Gate. More of the city lies in the area outside the South Gate than lies within the city wall. Immediately outside of the gate is the new Forum area. So fertile was the soil around this city that it had ceased to be a home for retired veterans, and had become an agricultural center. That necessitated enlarging the city and building a new forum. The new Forum is larger than the old, but not so carefully built. The vast area covered by this Forum is not level. Like the other Forum it had many statues scattered around. Unlike the other Forum it has space for a large number of stores at points around its periphery. Two things stand out prominently here. One is the Temple of Septimius Severus which opens on the Forum. This Temple is fairly complete, and shows details of its original plan as well as any other Temple I have seen in North Africa. Septimius Severus was Roman Emperor from 193 to 211. He was the first North African to sit on the imperial throne. Probably that is why he is honored with this temple. His successor, Caracalla (211-217 A.D.), is honored with a dignified Triumphal Arch built at one end of the Forum area, but across the highway to Setif. It was built in 216 A.D. The road through this arch probably was a busy place once. As yet few buildings have been uncovered along this roadway, though in the immediate vicinity of this Arch of Caracalla is the large Cloth Market which was covered to protect its merchandise from the elements. In the other market, smaller but more jewel-like, the rain might help to promote sales of fish and vegetables. In this area also is a large fountain. A quarter mile out this road beyond the arch is the West Fountain.

We will pass out of the new Forum Gate opposite the Arch of Caracalla, and walk around the brow of a hill on which the Temple of Septimius Severus stands, to the theater. Fortunately, Djemila was too far up the mountains for it to become an easily acces-



Djemila: Load for a Weapons Carrier



Near Batna: Bedouins on the March

sible quarry from which to get stones for modern cities. Consequently we find this theater in a marvelous state of preservation. The stage is better preserved than any other similar stage in North Africa. It is 24 feet wide, and 110 feet long. Columns still stand, and its dressing rooms still exist. Rising above the orchestra pit are twenty-four tiers of seats, enabling this theater to seat from two to three thousand people. Perhaps that was twenty per cent of the population of the city in its heyday. Now we can return through the New Forum and continue our journey up the gentle slope of this wedge-shaped city, or we can climb over the tiers of seats of the theater and arrive at the same goal. Either way, we will pass a stable, with its many stalls and mangers. We will see a bakery on the way, with its stone mill still in place. There is also the site of the blacksmith shop from which many implements were recovered which are now displayed in the Djemila museum. Then we will come to the Christian Baptistry! Here one can enter the domed building where the Christian catechumens were baptized. The vaulted circular passageway where the classes waited for their turn to be called to step down into the water has lost its facing of cement, but it is almost complete otherwise. A series of niches line the passageway, and each niche had a little ledge on which an oil lamp could be placed. It would be possible to have men prepare for

baptism on one side of the baptistry, and women on the other, because the circular passageway was divided in two by the main gate at one point, and the Bishops seat opposite to that point. The baptistry basin is in the center of this circular building. This basin is lined with mosaic and is entered by descending three steps. Overhead is the stone hook from which a large lamp was suspended. The basin of the baptistry at Timgad is much larger than this basin, but here most of the building is preserved, while at Timgad only the basin remains. Here catechumens were baptized by "sprinkling" or "pouring." The basin is too small for immersion.

Adjoining the baptistry are two churches. The first church built is smaller than the adjoining one which was necessitated by a larger congregation in later years. In the larger church an inscription was found which carried a dedicatory message. The inscription is by Bishop Cresens. It told how the church had been divided by the Donatian schism. The council of 411 had healed that schism, and then the church was a unity again. This new and larger church was built to house the old orthodox congregation which worshipped next door in the smaller sanctuary, plus the congregations which came from the Donatist churches whose ruins still are seen on neighboring hills outside the city.

The two churches occupy the highest point of the



Djemila: Repairing Mosaics in the Museum

city. From them we look down over the city we have already visited and across to the Great Bath not yet visited. Before we enter the Great Bath let us first pause to admire a conical fountain between the Arch of Caracalla and the Bath. It is not large—only about twelve feet high (I give these figures from memory, because I pen this sketch in Italy, almost a full year after our visit to Djemila). A groove along one side of the cone shows that a lead pipe conducted water under pressure to the top of the stone pillar, there to splash down into the surrounding basin. Lining the outer rim of the basin is a series of stone panels. These panels have been worn by the friction of the water jars as they were raised brimful out of the basin, and balanced on their edges before being carried off on the heads of maidens and matrons.

The Great Bath was built outside of the original city before the second Forum was built. Roman baths were the centers of social and recreational life, as the Forum was the center of political and financial life. I wish I could give you figures concerning the vast size of this Great Bath house, but I cannot. Some of its huge cisterns still hold water. Its main hall is still surrounded by four walls with many doors leading to cold and hot water baths, to steam rooms and to rest rooms where one might sleep after a warm bath. A number of pedestals are here with an inscription to the God Aesculapeus, who was the patron god of bath houses and doctors. If we will study the doorways to some of the steam rooms we will see how the stone doorposts were so erected that all doors would automatically swing shut assisted only by gravity. Here we have a fine opportunity to see how heat was passed through the opening between false walls and under false floors. We may descend into the basement of the bath house and see the store room for fire wood, and numerous furnaces which supplied the heat for this structure. Hundreds of people could use the facilities here afforded at the same time.

As we leave we must pause at the Museum by the gate where we paid our three franc entrance fee and Mademoiselle Allais will explain to us the different exhibits there. The walls are covered with mosaics which were originally on the floors of private and public buildings in the old city. This mosaic art bears the evidence of finer workmanship in the earlier centuries of Djemila's existence as a Roman city than in the later Christian centuries. Here, too, is a section of Roman roofing—intact. Statuary, jewelry, coins, lamps, ornaments, tools, physicians' implements, locks, keys, charred grains, weights for scales, dice, combs, candelabra, inscriptions, and other items of interest are tastefully housed in this modern museum building.

Would that it had been possible to visit this city when life throbbed here and before the Vandals laid the foundation for the ruin of the Roman empire. Yet, today, it's fun to walk through such a city and try to imagine the Forum crowded with people, the shops filled with customers, the temples with worshippers, and the chariots clattering noisily down the paved streets. These ancient stones are not grave



Djemila: Gate to the Market of Cosinius



Djemila: Arch of Caracalla and the Cloth Market

markers indicating the resting place of a dead city; they are a warm, vivid record of a page in history over which men and women moved in their joys and sorrows, with their problems and solutions, their victories and their burdens, even as you and I walk across our pages of history today.

From Djemila we will visit an ancient Roman city which is one of the chief cities of Algeria today—Constantine.

CONSTANTINE

Chateaudun du Rhumel was the little French-Algerian town which was our headquarters near the end of the Tunisian campaign. Near here was located some of the greatest bomber and fighter fields yet developed in the war. Chateaudun du Rhumel was situated on the Oued Rhumel. Before the bomber fields were built that village's claim to fame was merely the fact that it was located on the Rhumel. Here the Rhumel was little more than a ditch. The main bridge to cross it, just outside of town, was a structure that no one would have remembered had it not been for the steep approaches on either side. One could have crossed the stream in arctic, without getting one's feet wet, except in the height of the rainy season, but then, you could hardly cross any road without getting soaked.

Ten miles northeast of Chateaudun du Rhumel one came to Oued Athmenia with its wonderful hot springs. These were in the bed of the Rhumel. At this point a bath house had been constructed, and the American and British soldiers bathed in the deep, natural "bath tubs" which held a dozen or two men at a time. To provide a maximum of courteous protection for the soldiers, we used the baths five days a week, and the Arabs had the exclusive use thereof on the intervening days. A fee of one franc per bather was specified for the Arab attendant.

Another thirty miles on its journey the Rhumel has produced for us one of the wonder places of the world—the site of Constantine. At this point the river halts its journey to the northeast abruptly and loops

to the southwest. By this time the stream is a real river, and a river that has slashed a mountain as abruptly as the Virgin River in Utah has slashed the Horse-Pasture Plateau, though not quite as deeply. This change in direction of the river has left a narrow point of land surrounded on three sides with perpendicular cliffs. The fourth side is touched by a narrow saddle of land leading to the slope of Jebel Chettaba. Here was an ideal fortress site.

Neither the Romans nor the Phoenecians before them were in the habit of building a city in such a position, impregnable as it appeared.

As in the case with Le Kef, similarly situated, this site was selected by the Phoenecians because a city already existed here when they conquered the land. They called this new city Kartha (town) and enlarged it. Later the Romans came along and relieved the Phoenecians of the responsibility and privilege of administering and defending this area. They renamed the town Cirta. Under the Romans, Cirta did not have continuous peace. In 112 B.C. civil strife



Constantine: Sign on the Post Office Building

amongst the Romans resulted in its capture by Jugurtha. In the year 311 A.D., when another period of civil strife broke out in the Empire, the Emperor Maxentius caused the city to be destroyed. Two years later, when Constantine had it rebuilt, it was renamed in his favor, and became the city of Constantine—the city made famous forever by the power of the little river called the Rhumel.

The Rhumel and its gorge offered the city marvelous protection. When the Vandals arrived under Genseric in 435, Constantine did not fall. The Rhumel was to be thanked again. Eighty times in history the natural moat thrown around the city by the little stream saved it from capture. However, when Rome lost control of North Africa to the Moslems, Constantine could not hold out alone and capitulated to this new civilization. Later, while most of Algeria fell to French hands early in the 1830's, not so Constantine. Ahmed Bey defended it against the French. In 1836, half a thousand French soldiers storming the city, were pushed back to their death in the deep defile below them. One year later Ahmed Bey was forced to surrender the city, but not till two generals of the French army had paid for the city with their lives, and not till thousands of Mohammedans went to their deaths in the Rhumel Gorge.

Today Constantine is the third city in Algeria. It is the grain market of central Algeria. Wool is one of its famous products both in the raw state, and the form of the ubiquitous Arab burnoose. Its tanneries are famous in the leather world, but infamous in the tourist world, for they pour a lot of foul smelling liquid into the Oued Rhumel. Shoes from Constantine and saddles from the same city are famous throughout this land. Philippeville is the port city for Constantine. The weather in Constantine is bitterly cold in the winter—you see it is built at an elevation of 2,000 feet. Snow is deep at times. In the summer and fall the sirócco is felt here more keenly than in any other place of importance in North Africa. The army posted frequent signs in this area to inform the soldiers that this was malarial territory. We found that out later, although the atabrine we took suppressed the germ until we stopped taking the pills in November. Tunisia, as well as Italy, found dozens of our men confined to hospitals because Anopheles had stung them back in the neighborhood of Constantine.

All together too few of our soldiers made the trip through the gorge at Constantine. This trip is one of the non-forgettable experiences of a life time. Near the Devil's Point, where the Kabyle houses cluttering around the rim of the gorge are gaudily decorated in blue and white, we descend into the defile. We pay our five francs to make the trip over the Chemin des Touristes—the path built by the French



Constantine: The Red Cross Building

government in 1895 to show visitors to Constantine the most glorious gorge in the Tell Atlas region—and that is a mild statement. High over our heads we see the Bridge of Sidi Rached, leaping the gorge with a span of 230 feet at an elevation of from 300 to 400 feet above the solid rock beneath. And then we start down stream. At its widest point the gorge is 400 feet across. At its narrowest, it defies calculation because at one point the Rhumel becomes an underground stream, and the sides of the gorge meet overhead. At its depth the gorge is 600 feet from the plateau on which the city is built, and then as the stream says "Adieu" to the gorge after emerging from its underground course, it plunges down a cascade for an additional two or three hundred feet. Segmenting the perpendicular wall of the gorge below the city are the great sewer pipes which carry the city sewage and the odoriferous tannery pickling brine down into the gorge. Yet, at one time, we are given to understand, this evidence of human civilization found its way down the sides of the gorge without benefit of iron piping.

For almost two miles we walked through the gorge, viewing the long bridges overhead and the skirts of the city billowing over the edge of the cliff. Where



Constantine: The Auto Highway



Constantine: The Suspension Bridge

the gorge narrows we come upon the ancient Roman baths, now restored for moderns to use. Certainly the water for these does not come from the Rhumel, but from some spring, perhaps of hot water, which seeps through the rocks, and after functioning in the bath house, descends further into the gorge to dilute some of the filth of the river polluted by mankind. Then the gorge narrows to the utmost limit it attains before you enter the tunnel formed by the river deep under the surface of the earth. At this narrowest point the Romans built a bridge with a span of 198 feet. It was built of stone, without benefit of steel or iron beams. Today only the side buttments stand. Further on one sees the ruins of an aqueduct terminating on a high cliff opposite the city. Perhaps from the stone buttment the water was siphoned across the gorge by the skillful Roman engineers of 350 A.D. Then we come to an old Roman bridge which still spans the gorge beneath the modern bridge of El Kantara. The old bridge crosses the river with narrow spans without putting its piers down into water. The water isn't to be seen. The river has passed underground. While the modern bridge crosses this gorge at the level of the plateau above, the old Roman bridge crossed deeper down in the gorge, because the Rhumel had already dug a gorge at this point several hundred feet deep, before it determined to turn mole.

We will follow the river into its underground channel. For almost 1,000 feet you will walk in the grottoes, which attain a supreme height of 230 feet. At a few places the roof of the grotto has fallen in, providing natural illumination. The Chemin des Touristes follows a narrow cat walk bolted into the face of the cliff as previously it had been bolted into the wall of the gorge.

You look down to the water far below and up to the moist ceiling far overhead. Birds fly overhead, underneath fish swim. When you emerge from the Grotto, ahead of you stands a solitary natural bridge, isolated when the roof connecting it with the parent

grotto catapulted into the water. Only the man who would go to Las Vegas and not see Boulder Dam would be foolish enough to visit Constantine and not walk through the gorge. (At this point in the long years ahead, the little child upon your knee—grey-haired veteran—will look up into your face and say: "Grandpa, did you walk through the gorge?" Then, beware how you answer, veteran soldier of the Great War. Remember the injunctions the chaplain reiterated again and again.) Too few soldiers took the trouble to visit the gorge, they peeked over the rim from the Rue Nationale, or the Route de Corniche, or they called it "Enough" as they peered down from one of the famous Constantine bridges.

Perhaps you saw the great War Memorial perched on the Rocher Sidi M'Cid, perhaps you saw the beautiful gardens, or the wonderful museum (where our generals had their headquarters, displacing men carved in stone and all the rest for which museums vie), perhaps you saw the Medersa (not knowing that this Islamic building was a school). You saw the Red Cross and other beautiful buildings around the Place



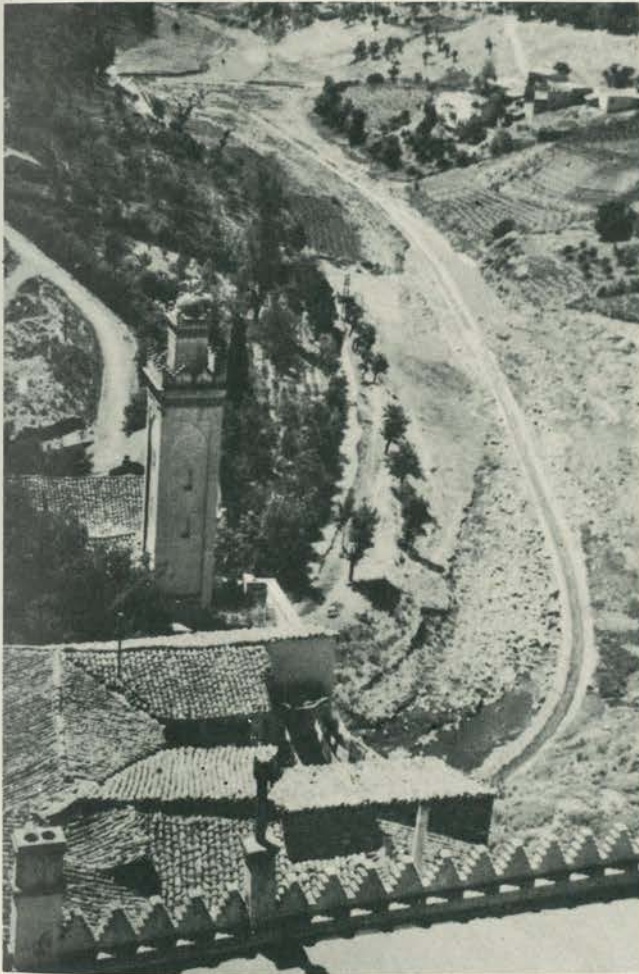
Constantine: The Rhumel Gorge

de Nemours, you may have visited the Kasbah and seen the Moslem life surging through its streets, you may even have seen the Jewish quarter on a Saturday afternoon, but two things you will never forget as long as memory lingers—the view of Constantine commanding the top of its chalky, limestone plateau, as one approaches from the Philippeville road and the view of Constantine as one looks at it from the depth of the Rhumel Gorge.

The Arabs called this city Blad el Hawa—the city of the air. Whoever said: “See Naples and die,” had never seen Constantine. Having mentioned Constantine as the third city of Algeria, we will append a brief description of the other two important cities.

ORAN

It was in January of 1943 that the ATS ship, J. W. McAndrew, skirting the shore of North Africa with her attendant convoy, turned her nose towards the harbor of Mers el Kebir. The sun was shining brightly as we headed into the port, but it was night by the time we anchored at our dock. In those hours we



Constantine: From the Sidi Rached Bridge



Constantine: From the Philippeville road

had our first intimate view of a French city on North African soil. In another ten hours we would step upon that soil—the first “foreign” soil most of our soldiers had ever visited. The harbor of Mers el Kebir is the naval harbor of Oran. There we saw the great British ship, the “Nelson,” and an aircraft carrier, “Formidable.” While there we saw a sub start on its voyage of destruction. But we were anxious to see the city of Oran, not knowing then that we would be living in its outskirts for many weeks. We were destined to become fairly well acquainted with this second largest of Algerian cities.

Oran was not located on the site of any ancient Roman city. There was only one Roman port on the Gulf of Oran and that was at Mers el Kebir and was called Portus Divinus by the Romans. Oran was founded, according to tradition, in 902 by Moorish merchants from Andalusia. In the following centuries it became the chief port of this region, and while a Moslem city, its influential merchants were of Italian extraction. Part of the glory of Oran in that day was a reflected glow from the brilliance of Tlemcen, the inland Moslem center.

Cardinal Ximenes, Archbishop of Toledo, spurred by the Portuguese success against Moslems in Morocco, attacked the Mohammedans of North Africa at Melilla in 1496. In 1509 Mers el Kebir and Oran fell to Spanish arms and were made a base from which the Spanish power spread to Tripoli on the east and inland to Tlemcen on the south. This Spanish period lasted till 1708 when the entire garrison on Djebel Murdjadjo was destroyed by the enemy. Then again in 1732 the Spaniards regained power. In 1790 an earthquake weakened the city and its defenses, and under pressure from the Moslems, Spain withdrew from this land. Now began the formation of a piratical state inaugurated by Haruk Barbarossa, which was destined to cause much international concern, culminating in the thrilling page in American history, surrounding the name of Stephen Decatur. (The center of this state was at Algiers and not Oran.)



Djemila: View of the Old City

In 1831 the French undertook to destroy the power of the pirates, and from that date she has held Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia either as protectorates or as French states.

The Spanish influence is still seen in the architecture of Oran. Gradually the Arabic influence decreased and the French increased. From a town of between 5,000 and 20,000 inhabitants in 1831 (according to varying reports) Oran has grown to a city of over 200,000. Its harbor is excellent. Its climate is the mildest in North Africa and its soil is rich. There are no outstanding buildings in the town, except the Cathedral and the Centenary Building, but all in all it presents a pleasing aspect to a visitor. The Chateau Neuf is a fortress built by the French in 1563 and it commands a fine view of the harbor, as does the boulevard which skirts it and descends down the steep hill to the level of the sea. High on the side of Djebel Murdjadjo one sees the statue of Santa Cruz—majestic in its setting and visible for many miles in many directions. There is a Moslem mosque in the Casbah area, called as usual the "Grande Mosque." This was built with the ransom money, we are told, paid by Spain to free Christian captives of the pirates. Another report merely states that the mosque was built in 1792 to commemorate the withdrawal of the Spaniards from this land.

The Cathedral is a brilliantly shining new structure and not far away is the gaudily decorated modern structure erected at the time of the centenary of Algeria. What it is used for in peace times, I cannot say, but our army used it to house G4. The museum in Oran is small, but impressive. Its collection of fossils and Roman inscriptions is good. One picture in its art collection deserves to be reproduced in large numbers, and a copy would probably be appreciated by every soldier who visited North Africa. The picture is entitled, "The Return from Market." It portrays a typical Arab, mounted on a typically diminutive donkey, going home with a burden of grains, greens and poultry. No one walks save the donkey.

Lest we remember the streets but forget the names shall we record here some thoroughfares which we knew so well then? Remember the Boulevard Magenta, the Rue de Mostaganem, the Avenue de St. Eugene, and the Highway to Assi-bou-Nif? This was just one single passageway that led from the Boulevard Joffre (separating Oran into two sections as it ran in a general north-south direction) toward our camp at Fleurus. But we usually turned down the Boulevard Clemenceau before coming to Boulevard Joffre as we headed towards the Red Cross, on the Boulevard Gallieni. Soon the Red Cross moved to larger quarters, as more troops arrived, and occupied a theater building on Rue d'Alsace-Lorraine. Remember how we used to pick up our PX supplies on the Boulevard Hippolyte Giraud? Remember how hard it was at first to learn to pronounce these names—what a tongue-twister the Boulevard du 2me Zuaves was? But it was equally hard to locate the streets once you had learned to speak the names. It is much more practical to name your streets "First," "Second," "Main," "Avenue A," "Avenue B," and the like, but how

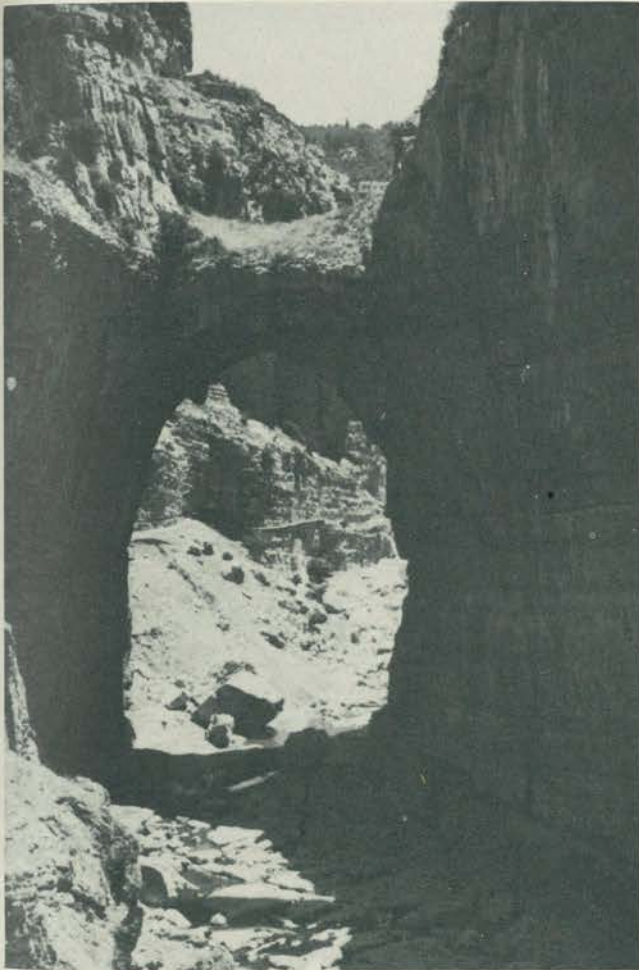


Constantine: Roman Aqueduct

much more romantic to say "I live on the Rue de la Bastille, close to the Place de la Bastille," or "Meet me at the corner of the Rue de la Vielle Mosque and Boulevard des Chasseurs at seventeen hours today." Someday when we return to revisit the city, perhaps Avenue Marshal Petain will bear the name of a Patton or an Alexander or a de Gaulle, and we will have to learn the city over again. Who knows? Unfortunately, by the time our cameras had been received from the States we had left Oran.

ALGIERS

Algiers is the chief city of Algeria. Originally the Roman city of Icosium occupied the site. The modern city dates back to the year 940 when Bologgin ez Kiri established here a city which he called Al Jezair Beni Mezghanna. "Al Jezair" means "the islands" and referred to a number of islands off the coast of the mainland. The "Beni Mezghanna" was a Berber tribe living in this locality. One can see with a bit of effort the connection between the ancient and modern names of the city.



Constantine: Natural Arch



Algiers: Modern Post Office

While today one must go to the Museum to see the relics of ancient Rome; in the 11th century the citizens of Algiers were using the Roman baths and worshipping in the old Christian Basilicas. Little is known of the history of the next few centuries, but in the fifteenth century Algiers was used by the Moorish exiles in their opposition to Spain. Then it was that Spain occupied some of the islands for which Algiers was named. In 1516 Horuk Barbarossa, the Turkish pirate of Christian (?) descent, defeated the Spanish here. He built the Casbah and the Jenina (Moslem fort and Moslem palace). It was the brother of Horuk, a man named Kheireddin Barbarossa who really firmly established the piratical state with its center at Algiers which the French finally destroyed in 1830—after a long record of independence. Before the French finally conquered Algiers it had been unsuccessfully bombarded by European nations on fourteen separate occasions. Piracy became dangerous as well as less profitable in its later years. Piracy had paid big dividends in its early years, but just before the French took over in North Africa the population of Algiers had decreased to one-third of its former number.

Algiers is built on the slope of a long, high hill which gives it a remarkable appearance from the sea. Undoubtedly it had over 400,000 inhabitants at the time the Great War broke out in 1939. Its citizenry is made up of Moslems, Jews and Christians. The Christians are of French, Spanish, Italian and Maltese nationality mainly.

Not many of our soldiers had an opportunity to visit this capital city of Algeria, so we will not spend much time describing it. A few of its points of interest deserve to be named, nevertheless, in addition to the Museum (unfortunately closed to the general public while we were there to protect the prized possessions from war's destruction).

The Great Mosque was founded in 1018 and rebuilt many times subsequently. Its new portico was completed in 1837. Near to it is the Mosque of the Fisher-



Medracen: Archaeological Puzzle

man. Algiers' War Monument is one of the most elaborate memorials erected following the War of 1914-1918, and commemorates the price Algeria paid in manpower to assist France. Nearby is a new post office building with Moorish characteristics. Two Christian churches are outstanding in this city. One is the Cathedral containing the bones of Geronimo, a Christian Arab martyr. (He was immured, and a cast of his body used to be kept in the Museum, but could not be located there by the chaplain as he walked through the deserted, sandbagged interior of the building). A second church is high on a hill overlooking St. Eugene, and is called Our Lady of Africa. Cardinal Lavigerie founded this church in 1872—a place of pilgrimage for the sick and the mariners. It is familiarly known as the Church of the Black Virgin, for the Virgin here represented is literally black. An inscription reads (in French): "Our Lady of Africa, pray for us and for the Mussulmans."

Though sorely tempted we must not take time to name many other points of interest around Constantine. So with just a word about far-off Medracen and a section on Timgad we will proceed to Tunisia.

MEDRACEN

Leading from the road between Constantine and Batna one finds an inconspicuous dirt road wandering away to some distant hills. It is one of hundreds of such roads. If you will follow this one road till it blends with the surrounding terrain and then drive over that terrain in the right direction you will pick up the road again and arrive at Medracen. This is the outstanding pre-Roman royal tomb in Algeria (that erected by the Punic in Dougga being the outstanding pre-Roman tomb found in Tunisia). The tomb has a cylindrical vertical base, 14 feet high, and 190 feet in circumference. Above this is a conical pyramid leading by a series of twenty-four steps to a platform thirty-eight feet in diameter at a height

of sixty feet above ground. A passage led into the tomb in olden times, but a cave-in in 1865 filled the passageway. This tomb may be Numidian and it may be Punic.

TIMGAD

Probably the most famous Roman ruin in Algeria is that of Timgad. Somehow or other as I walked through the streets of Timgad, into its public buildings and private homes, it was impossible to conjure up in my mind's eye, a vision of ancient life throbbing warmly there. Djemila had impressed me as an ancient ruin over which the jeweler-archaeologist still labored eagerly and creatively. At Timgad I had the feeling that it had now been deserted by the archaeologist as it had been previously deserted by the Romans. Timgad is like an old brooch of which the world has tired. Djemila is like a diamond in the rough, still being cut and polished. Perhaps, however, the desolation of Timgad as I viewed it, is the temporary result of the paralysis that attends war rather than a permanent condition in the ruin itself.



Algiers: The Cathedral

We learn that about the year 100 A.D. the Emperor Trajan ordered the Legate P. Munatius Gallus to found a city near the Aures Mountain passes and name it Colonia Marciana Trajana Thamugadi. Perhaps at the same time the Third Legion had been ordered out of Tebessa to establish the neighboring army post of Lambaesis. We passed Lambaesis on the way to Timgad and stopped to get a hasty view of the city. In 1848 when the French built a large prison at this location much of the material of the Roman city went into the building of that institution and a large portion of the Arab-French city of today covers a large section of the older Roman city.

The outstanding building here in Lambaesis is the Praetorium. It is claimed that this is the "finest" Roman ruin in Algeria. I suppose that word "finest" really means that this is the most completely preserved of any ruined Roman building in Algeria. It is a rectangular gateway which stood at the entrance to the residence of the commanding general. Its two-story height covers a vertical span of fifty feet, and its other dimensions are 100 by 75 feet. It is sur-



Setif: Tomb Stone



Timgad: Trajan's Arch

rounded by many streets and the ruins of many buildings—for the most part formless.

A half a mile away stands the mound that was the amphitheater of Lambaesis. The amphitheater was a chief quarry for the stones of the modern neighboring penitentiary.

In a different section of the old city and only approachable by a road which leads through the superimposed modern city, stands the Arch of Septimius Severus, which the Algerian Government thought beautiful enough to portray on a postage stamp. They did well in making this selection. The other ruins hereabouts are not impressive.

A number of reasons are advanced for the early disappearance of this city of Lambaesis from the stage of Roman history. As the city grew when the Third Legion was established here, so when the Third Legion was transferred to the Rhineland for a period of twenty-five years, the city declined. The Third Legion could be transferred to that distant region since the necessity of a post existing at this North African site was no longer urgent, because the frontier had been pushed further into the interior and other army posts advanced inland. In the next place the act of Constantine in transferring the seat of government to the city which was to bear his name (Constantine in Algeria) had its effect. And again there was an earthquake in 268 A.D. that sadly damaged this city and perhaps the same earthquake was responsible for the unmistakable evidences of seismographic disturbances that exist in Timgad today. At a time when Timgad was being graced with new structures Lambaesis was being deserted.

The disappearance of Lambaesis must have had a disturbing effect upon Timgad. Fifteen miles beyond Lambaesis we come upon Timgad in our journey eastward from Batna. There are a number of buildings in Timgad that need special mention. The Library in Timgad is the only public library still standing in any ancient Roman city which is undisputably a pub-



Timgad: A Small Baptistry

lic library. Near the Forum in Pompeii there is a building which some say is a shrine of Lares, and others say is a library. As I write this chapter of our Battalion Book in my tent in Italy, I must rely on my memory to recall the background of a picture called "A Reading From Homer." That background, I believe, was dictated by the form of this library at Timgad.

The Forum here has pedestals for thirty-two statues—it is a large Forum. Otherwise it is little different from other Forums as planned by the architect. One late addition was made to the decoration of the building, when some one crudely scratched a sentence into a lintel stone on the north side of the Square. It reads: "Venare lavare ludere ridere occ est vivere." There is an error in the Latin, but it too has stood for fifteen hundred years, ineradicably etched in stone. Where in the world is there a school boys' scrawl that has been more quoted than this? "To hunt, to bathe, to play, to laugh: this is the life." There is a public toilet near the main entrance to the Forum which is the

most beautiful in Algeria. Its marble seats have arm rests, decorated with dolphins.

The theatre in Timgad is large—it will seat 4,000 people, but it is dilapidated because the Byzantine emperors caused its stones to be used to help build the fort they constructed to defend the garrison against the Aures Mountain Berbers. It took a lot of stone to build that unartistic Byzantine mass with its walls eight foot thick and 23 feet high stretching around a rectangle 366 feet long and 240 feet wide. The fortress dates from the 7th century. To create its ugly mass, many beautiful buildings were ruined.

The Temple of the Genie of Timgad is a dainty little building, which might be mistaken for a gigantic Capitol if one looked at it from a distance with a false perspective. Nearby is Trajan's Arch—the best-known such triumphal arch in Algeria. It was only the top of this arch that marked the site of this ancient city when excavations were begun here in 1880.

The large market in Timgad has some excellent carvings on the decorated partitions separating one stall from another. These carvings indicated the nature of the produce sold in the adjacent stall.

As usual in Roman cities in North Africa there are extensive ruins of a number of churches. In this connection two unusual items may be mentioned here. First, there is a beautiful mosaic-covered baptismal basin here—large enough for immersion. Second, a "modern" church building had been built elsewhere in the city in such a way that it blocked one of the through streets of the city. It was a late addition to the city.

As in the normal Roman city the streets here are well-paved with both limestone and sandstone. In the pavement one sees deep ruts worn by the wheels of chariots, whose wheel base was wider than that of the chariots used in Pompeii. Beneath the pavement runs the sewer system, and there are frequent man hole covers in the pavement that the slaves might the more rapidly clear any obstructed portion of this vital part of a cities' life.



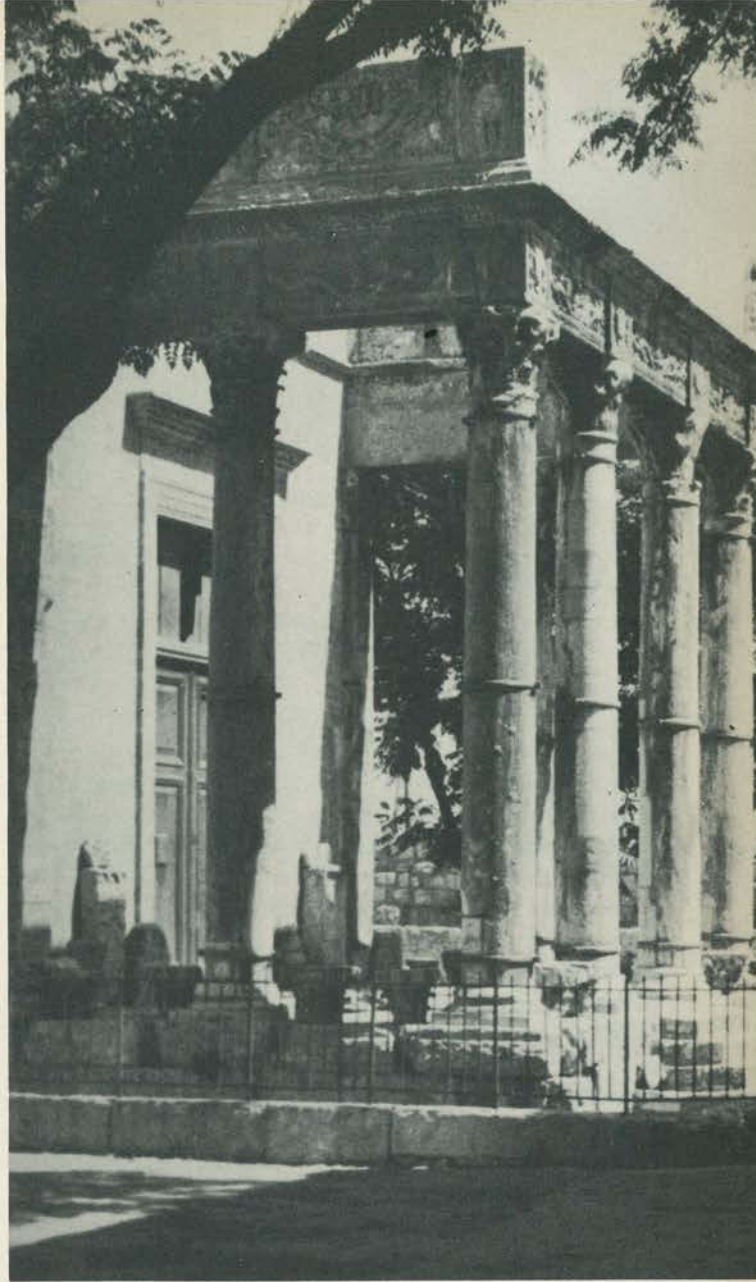
Timgad: The Theater

Our guide placed the earthquake which has marked Timgad much later than the earthquake of 268 A.D., which Lambaesis experienced. Perhaps he was right, but a different type of quake shook this city for five centuries after the Lambaesis earthquake. This was the Donatist Controversy. A word about that controversy ought to be appended somewhere in this book, and this seems to be a convenient place so to do.

During the persecution of the Christians many of the faithful proved unfaithful. They renounced their Christianity and performed the act of Emperor worship. When the persecution ended most of the unfaithful sought membership in the Christian church again. The question arose: "Shall we readmit these renegades or not?" The church was divided on the question. Bishop Cyprian of Carthage and Bishop Stephen of Rome advocated a mild policy towards these weak persons. The group who opposed these bishops in this matter of readmitting the lapsed Christians were called Novations in the third century and Donatists in the fourth. The Donatists were extremists and there were ultraextremists in this group as well. These radicals (ultraextremists) were called Circumcelliones and even went about shedding blood, terrorizing North Africa in their zeal to purify the church. It may be that there was a racial element in this division of the church. It may be that the Donatists were the non-Latin people of the church, and the Orthodox or Catholic group may have been the Latin section. When the Vandals captured Rome in the fifth century and spread to North Africa this Vandal group, too, was a non-Latin group of Christians; they were Arians (declared to be heretics by the Council of Nicea). The Arians joined with the Donatists to oppose the Catholic Church. This fact indicates the racial element in the controversy. One jewel in the Donatist creed was that the character of the officiating priest determined the efficacy of the sacrament. Of course, the Orthodox church maintained that the character of the priest had nothing to do with the validity of the



Timgad: The Christian Baptistry



Tebessa: Temple of Minerva

sacramental act. The decision of the Council held in Cathage in 411 did not satisfy all the Donatist heretics, even though Bishop Cresens of Djemila found that it was highly satisfactory in his parish. Donatist churches probably existed in North Africa down to the time of the Moslem conquest.

Such divisions in the church as represented by the numerous schisms of the early centuries seriously handicapped Christianity in its program of expansion. Today divisions still exist, and they are as deadly to the program of the Christianization of our civilization as were the divisions memorialized in the dead cities of the Roman empire.

The above is evidence that there still exists in the ruined cities of the first Roman Empire lessons for



Tebessa: The Church

the modern world. Timgad may be our moral teacher as well as a text book in ancient history.

Having mentioned Tebessa early in this chapter we will next visit it, as it takes us close to Tunisia.

TEBESSA

Tebessa is one of the oldest Roman cities in North Africa having been built in the third century B.C. This was the first headquarters of the Roman Third Legion and from here it was transferred to Lambaesis and Timgad. A military road was built in 123 A.D. to connect Tebessa with Carthage. The Kasserine Pass is not far to the southeast, but the Roman road probably passed much to the north of this pass. After being destroyed at the time of the Vandal invasion, Solomon, one of Justinian's generals refounded the city in 535 A.D. The Moslem invasion ended Roman rule here as elsewhere in Algeria and Tunisia.

The city wall of Tebessa is less than a mile in circumference. Originally it was higher and more decorative, but the rebuilding in 1852 removed some of this height and beauty. Part of the North Gate of the city today is the Arch of Caracalla, built in 214 A.D. While this arch is now outside of one of the two



Tunis: El Bardo Museum

main gates of the modern city it once stood in the center of a far more populous city. This is the most imposing such monument in Algeria, we are told by guide books. Guide books are always superlative. Nevertheless this arch must rank with the best of the Roman triumphal arches in North Africa.

A Temple of Minerva in a remarkable state of preservation stands inside the city wall. It is used as a museum today.

The largest ancient Christian Basilica area in North Africa is down the road a few rods from the Arch of Caracalla. The church structure proper is not as large as the buildings indicated by the pillars recently erected on the sites of old basilicas in Carthage, but enough of the walls stand here to indicate the magnitude of the structure, and a portion of the balcony can be traced clearly. There is a baptistry and a number of chapels in connection with the main cathedral. In front of it is an area that may have been a place to water cattle and horses. Alongside of this area is a section which might readily be called the stables, because there are a large number of stable-sized rooms with stone mangers and a place to tie the reins at each such room. What is this doing in connection with the church? Or were these rooms the cells of monks? Then why the mangers and the stone rings? No satisfactory answer to these questions has yet been advanced by the archaeologists.

TUNIS

In July of '43 we left Algeria to spend the months till February '44 in Tunisia. There the chief city is Tunis. American soldiers approached Tunis from the land side, as they exercised their privileges of passes to this city. Their first day there was spent walking around the Avenue Jules Ferry, that wide boulevard which is the heart of the French part of Tunis. Along the sides of this unusually wide boulevard are found the main cathedral, the opera house, the picture shows, the chief hotels, eating and drinking establishments, the palace of the resident-general, and the American Red Cross. Of course, in peace time the American Red Cross will disappear and then the office of Wagon Lits Cook will again be a center of tourist gravitation on this street. At one end of the Avenue Jules Ferry is the statue of the French statesman for whom the avenue was named. He is the man who was responsible for the French establishing a protectorate over the land of Tunisia. In a contrary direction the street narrows down and is called the Avenue de France. This ends at the great gateway marking the former entrance into the old Turkish quarter, and called on maps, The Porte de France. The Arabs call this the Bab el Bahan, or the Gate of the Sea.

Perhaps you stood at this gate and looked around

for the sea. It could not be seen, as it is far, far away. To get there you would walk beyond the Statue of Jules Ferry at the opposite end of this axis, and thus on to the water front. There, there is water—but that is not the sea. There, there are ships from across the seas, but they are on the Lake of Tunis which is a shallow body of water across which a channel was dredged a long time ago to bring ships to the docks of the city. Beyond this lake one comes to the Gulf of Tunis, and that is the sea.

Doing an about face, while standing at the Gate of the Sea looking seaward, you looked towards the Medina (perhaps you called it the Kasbah) region. Here is the most fascinating part of Tunis, but at each entrance into the region was posted a sign, "Out of Bounds." So you returned to the region of the Red Cross, had something to eat, went to a picture show and walked up and down the streets window shopping. Perhaps you saw a beautiful pocketbook that you would have liked to buy for the lady back home, but there was a discouraging sign: "Fr. 2,570." One can buy a lot of pocketbooks back in the States for \$51.40—at least you could when last I saw the States. You did buy a few trinkets and after visiting a few of the streets running off of the Avenue Jules Ferry and observing that they were similar to the main street for shopping purposes, you returned to the truck which was to transport you back to the outfit. If you had sampled some of the wine sold in this capital city of Tunisia you may have returned home completely unconscious, or with a splitting headache. The majority of the American soldiers who drank French wine found it difficult to handle the stuff. Going back home that day, you said: "One visit to Tunis is enough. I'll not go again. Why, there's nothing there." Too bad you hadn't approached it from the sea.

Perhaps after you got back to camp you learned a few of the historical facts about the city. It was an ally of Carthage in Phoenician times. It was probably destroyed in 146 B.C. at the same time Carthage was leveled by the Romans. Both cities were later rebuilt and when Carthage again was destroyed by the fortunes of war in 698 A.D. Tunis became the chief port of this land. Under the control of the Mohammedan Hafsidis it increased in grandeur until during the period from 1300 to 1600 A.D. it was a very important metropolis of North Africa, vieing with Cairo and Alexandria. Here the pirates sold their booty and bought what pleasure and produce the land offered. In the native city of Tunis until 1816 Christian slaves, male and female, old and young, were sold on the slave market, having been captured when some pirate ship destroyed the vessel on which they sailed or



Tunis: Souks



Tunis: A street



Tunis: Porch of the Zitouna Mosque



Tunis: Mosque of Sidi Ben Arous

raided the port where they resided. The French took over in reality, though not in name, on May 18, 1881. To them Tunis owes the development of the harbor and the building of roads and railroads in goodly number. They repaired the aqueduct built by Hadrian about 136 A.D. to carry eight million gallons of water from Zaghouan to Carthage daily. Hundreds of the huge arches supporting the channel of the aqueduct still stand to the north of Tunis, and portions of the old aqueduct were used by the French to bring water from Zaghouan to this capital city. The Romans called this place Thunes. The Arabs called this place "the white bernous of the Prophet." You had seen how picturesquely the white-hooded great coats of the Arabs stood out in an oriental grandeur against the Tunisian landscape. Now hearing these things you began to wonder. Perhaps you had missed something in Tunis. You would go back and try to find that charm which Oriental and Occidental alike maintain, is there.

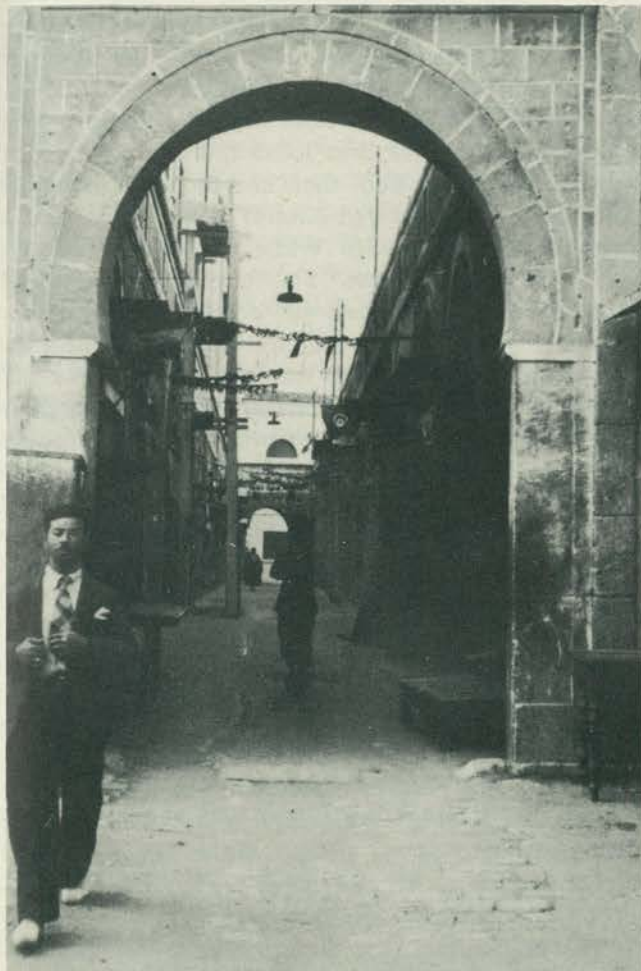
This second trip to Tunis led you back to the Red Cross (always the "hub" of any overseas city for the American soldier). On the bulletin board you saw announced a conducted tour to the "Kasbah," scheduled for that afternoon. You signed up to go on the free tour to the "Out of Bounds" area.

At 2:00 p.m. you started out with about fifty G.I.'s and perhaps a half a dozen WACS to visit the old Arab city of Tunis under the guidance of a Christian Arab. You went to the Bab el Bahan again, and from there took the Rue de la Kasbah past the M.P. (who kept a record of your name) into the primitive city. (When you returned the M.P. would check your name off the list.) First you passed through the poor Jewish quarter. Here you saw the great buildings newly constructed by the French as a slum clearance project, and then bearing left you cut into the Arab city. The streets narrowed, some getting as small as 16 feet in width, and others narrowing down even to a bare dozen feet. At first, however, you see the sky above the street in unbroken line. Later you will pass a number of places where the streets are arched over with towers and houses. The first outstanding piece of Moorish architecture seen will be the Mosque of Sidi Ben Arous. It has a very graceful octagonal minaret which was built while the Pilgrim Fathers who landed on Plymouth Rock in 1620 were still able to reminisce to their grandchildren on the voyage of the Mayflower and the first years on that bleak and barren coast.

A few blocks away you see the great square tower of the Djamma Zitouna, or the Mosque of the Olive Tree. This minaret does not have the fragile grace of the first minaret, but rises 145 feet in the air with a solidity that makes for beauty as well as imparting a

strange sense of security. You walk to the gate of the Mosque of the Olive Tree which is called by the faithful the Grand Mosque of Tunis, hoping to be able to enter and inspect the interior of a Moslem place of worship. Over the door you see posted a notice in German, English, French and Italian: "Reserved for Moslem Worship. Entrance Forbidden." You knew that you must not attempt to enter. You now wonder if you may photograph the entrance of the Mosque, the minaret, and the people on the streets. Somewhere you had read that the Moslem resented such attention. Cautiously you opened the case of your camera and watched the reaction of the crowd. Would they react? How would they react? They reacted quickly. They wanted to get in the picture and they showed signs of appreciation that you had desired to photograph them and their environment.

This Zitouna Mosque was founded in 732 on the site of the Tomb of St. Oliva of Palermo. This saint is revered by both Christians and Moslem. The Moslem religion has taken over many Christian stories and characters, although Mohammed had half for-



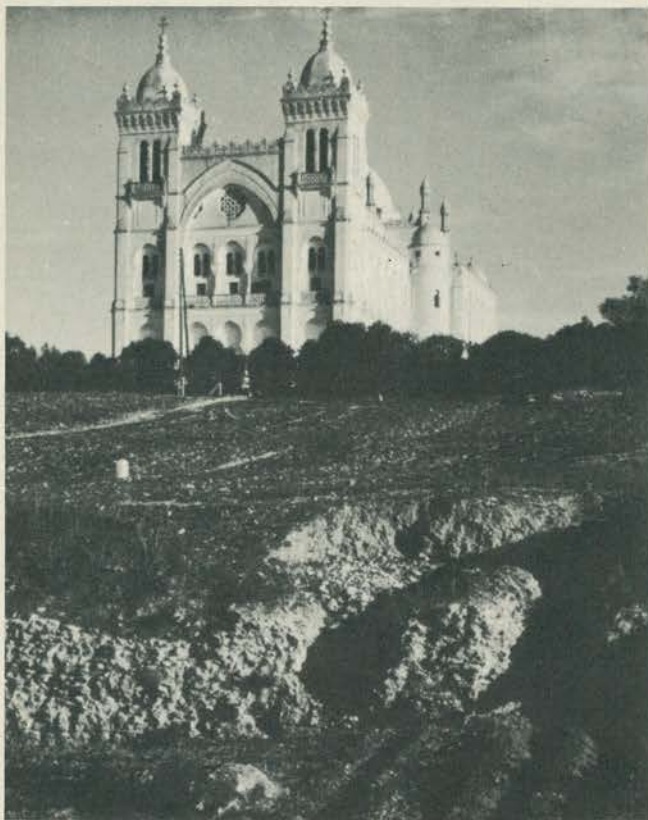
Tunis: Typical Street in the Arab Quarter



Tunis: Zitouna Mosque

gotten the tales he had heard from the Old and New Testament when he wrote the Koran. Consequently we find it hard to recognize our old religious heroes as they reappear in the religion of the Prophet. In return we are told that Mohammedanism has added something to the Old Testament practice here. At the Feast of Unleavened Bread when the Passover Sign is placed on the door post of Jewish homes, here in Tunis, in brilliant red, the imprint of the hand of Fatima, the beloved wife of the Prophet Mohammed, is substituted for the traditional Old Testamental sign. Since its date of founding, the Zitouna Mosque has been rebuilt many times. The present minaret was constructed in 1894, but followed in its reconstruction the form of the minaret which it replaced. Here is conducted a Moslem School with several hundred pupils. While you cannot enter the sacred precinct you are not left altogether in the dark about its form and beauty. First you can imagine what is here because we are told that the general plan of this Mosque and that of the Grand Mosque at Kairouan is the same. You can visit the Grand Mosque at Kairouan. Also in Tunis if you will climb to the roof of the Place of the Bey you can look from that roof over the roof of this Mosque and over the roofs of the city of Tunis. There is the beginning of another parallel between this mosque and the corresponding one in Kairouan. As the French had desecrated the Kairouan Mosque when they conquered the land, so Charles V desecrated this mosque by using it as a stable for his horses. The parallelism ends here. In Kairouan as a result of the desecration the unbeliever may enter the mosque, but not here at the Djamma Zitouna. Here, too, as in Kairouan the pillars supporting the mosque originally decorated nearby Roman cities.

Now we are standing on the roof of the Bey's Palace looking over Tunis. You can see to the faraway hills along the sea coast. Close at hand you see the Grand Mosque and the Mosque of Sidi Ben Arous. But on the other side of the palace you can see another minaret looking very much like that one of octagonal



Carthage: Cathedral of St. Louis



Tunis: Mosque of Sidi Ben Arous

shape noticed before. This other minaret, that of the Mosque of Sidi Youseef, was built in 1610 and furnished the model for the minaret of Sidi Ben Arous. Surrounding these mosques you look down on the roofs of the Souk (shop) area of Tunis. Only here and there can you look down into a street. The majority of the streets are roofed over. You see the skylights permitting the light of day to brighten the streets and shops underneath. Everywhere a white color predominates; the roofs, too, are white.

This palace of the Bey is interesting, but not as beautiful as the palace maintained at Le Bardo. We are told that the Bey lives here only during the holy month of Ramadan. He has a palace at Hammon Lif, and a chief place of residence at La Marsa. You will see the throne room here, and nearby a very large canopied bed. From the strain of the affairs of state it is but twenty steps to the forgetfulness of sleep.

It is time now to walk through the streets of the vaulted shop area. Each block is occupied by a similar type of shop which specializes in one single article or a class of articles. We walked through the souk where fezes are made and sold. There we saw the workmen producing the typical headpiece of the Mohammedan, except that here in Tunis some of the Moslems wear a fez that looks more like a half of a large red rubber ball, than like the traditional hat resembling the truncated base of a large cone. These hats are expensive now. While we were in Tunisia money had little value. You might have a lot of money, but the war had cut off the supply of the products that money could buy. Goods were of more value than money, and the purchasing power of money consequently diminished. A suit of clothing that might cost \$40.00 in America cost an equivalent of \$120.00 in French francs. As we walk through these shops we are surprised to find the tomb of a marabout in the middle of the street. It is an oblong, rough box shaped affair, resting on top of the pavement. Farther on we stopped near the door of a shop (ten feet of width is ample for the front of a shop) and wondered at a man walking rapidly through the streets calling out, in Arabic, at the top of his deep voice. Now and then he stopped and let some merchant examine the burnoose he carried on his arm. Then he went on, still calling loudly. He was the auctioneer. Instead of the purchasers coming to a central place to bargain the auctioneer carried his articles, one at a time, up and down the street, calling out the latest amount offered for the product. So the burnoose is sold to the last bidder. When we were there the price bid had gone up to Frs. 1875, but what the final price was I do not know.



Carthage: Stage of the Theater

A listing of the souks will give you an idea of this shopping district:

Souk el Attarin—the perfume and spice market (founded in 1249). (There is no connection between attarin and attabrin that I can see, except that some spices are used for medicinal purposes.)

Souk el Blagdja—the leather market.

The Souks des Etoffes—silks, woolens, rugs (here the auctioneer we watched operated).

Souks des Femmes—female apparel.

Souk el Kebabdja—lace market.

Souk el Sekajine—saddle market (think of a cross between an old American harness shop and the Metropolitan Museum of Art to picture this area).

Souk el Berka—this was once the slave market, and the auction area was unusually wide at this point. The purchasers evidently gathered around the auctioneer and his wares. With the abolition of the traffic in slaves this market became the place where the jewelers set up shops.

Souk el Trouk—tailor establishments (the tailors and merchants in this market area are largely Jews).

Many of the merchants in this area will speak to you in English. One man who is the parfumeur to the Bey of Tunis visited America for the Sesquicentennial Exposition in Philadelphia. Another had a rug market in the Oriental Village area of the Chicago World's Fair of 1933. Most of these shops are not "one price" stores. You and the merchant must agree on a price before the article is yours. A sale is a social affair as well as a business transaction. It is accompanied by the drinking of coffee and a lot of conversation. These dimly lit shops may be narrow in front, but they may be spacious to the rear, and they may have a second story. Many of the shops, however, would easily fit into the old American voting booth that my father used to enter at election time to cast his ballot—do you remember those red boxes on iron wheels?

We have spent so much time in the Souks that the two remaining places of interest in the city must be



Carthage: Modern Buildings

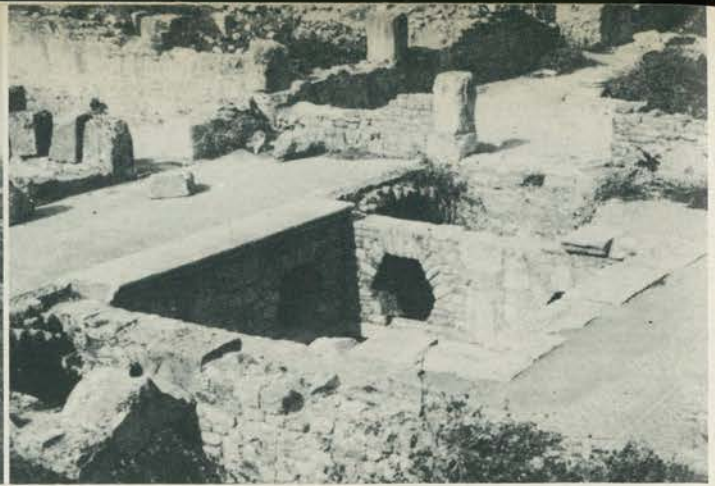
visited speedily if you want to get back to camp in time to report in before the first sergeant loses his patience. First we will stop at the Belvedere—that beautiful 250-acre park built on a hillside overlooking Tunis in 1892. Unfortunately, the hill bristles with guns now and it cannot be freely used as a park. After stopping our vehicle alongside of a British camp we entered the adjacent pavilion of the Belvedere. This building must have been constructed by jewelers turned carpenter.

Now the final stop on the days' journey will be made at the palace area in Le Bardo. Sidi Mohammed built this palace area in 1855-59. It was then the winter palace. The present Bey still uses the throne building of the area for audiences. In fact, the throne room, with its life-sized statues of the former beys and with its pictures of contemporary European rulers is worthy of a visit. The picture of Louis Philippe is done in Goebelin tapestry of remarkable design.

The Palace of the Harem, alongside of the winter palace, was restored in 1885-88 and transformed into the National Museum. It is called the Musee Alaoui, being named after the bey who ruled from 1882 to 1902, Ali Pasha. The best of the mosaics and statuary of the Roman cities of Ain Toungga, Dougga, Thurburbo Majus, Carthage, Bulla Regia are to be found here. Many other Roman cities are also represented. The rooms that I will remember longest are those containing the relics of Mahdia. Somebody has guessed that Sulla looted Athens in the first century B.C. The loot, consisting of marble and bronze forms and articles, was placed on an ancient ship and headed for some predetermined destination. A storm descended and wrecked the vessel off the shore of Tunisia near the city of Mahdia (south of Sousse), before the time of Jesus. It sank in 150 feet of water. Centuries passed. About forty years ago the sponge fishers of Tunisia found curious bronze objects entwined in their nets as they worked in a certain part of the sponge grounds. Archaeologists investigated, and a diving expedition began work in 1907 and completed its work in 1913.



Utica: Once a Great Port City



Bulla Regia: Somebody's Home

The results of the expedition are housed in special rooms here in the museum. One of the art pieces is a bronze bust of Dionysius I of Syracuse, signed by an artist whose name was Boethos (if my memory recalls those small letters incised on the pedestal, correctly).

Attached to the Alaoui Museum is the Musee Arabee, which gives you a glimpse into the more intimate life of a Moslem home of wealth. It cost us eight cents to enter the palace and these two museums.

Now, as you return to your camp, you are captured by the spell which Tunis weaves around her admirers. You will return here again, and again, until Uncle Sam calls you to embark on a ship which will sail past Syracuse on its way to Naples.

"Tunis the White." "Tunis the Magnificent." So speaks the Arab of this city. We agree, but we insist that while Tunis is fine to visit if we were to pick a residence we would choose a house on Main Street back in some American middletown. Let the Arab keep Tunis, we admire it and respect their judgment, but the white lights of Broadway call us with a firmer voice than "Tunis the White." One of our American consuls, who represented the U. S. A. here, beginning in 1842, and who died here in 1852, had much the same feeling one day when he sat down somewhere in Tunis and penned these famous lines:

Be it ever so humble,

There's no place like home.

His name was John Howard Payne.

CARTHAGE

From the roof of the Bey's Palace in Tunis we saw to the east the hills on which Carthage was built. In the ninth century, B.C., the city of Tyre was ruled over by King Pygmalion. This was the heart of the land in which the worship of Baal was practiced with human sacrifice, and which meets with such violent opposition from the lips of the prophets of Israel. King Pygmalion had a brother-in-law whom he caused to be assassinated (the courteous way of mentioning a political murder). The murdered man's wife,

the sister of Pygmalion, thereupon felt that it would be more conducive to her longevity if she would leave that part of the world. So Queen Dido assembled a huge party and sailing westward, founded a "cart hadach" (a new city) in a part of Africa, southwest of Sicily. This city of refuge was well located and soon reached a population of close on to one million souls. So important did the city become, and so great were the names of her sons and daughters (Dido, Hasdrubel, Hannibal, Hamilcar, Himilko), that Rome took notice and three Punic wars resulted. At the end, in 146 B.C., the Romans destroyed this city. Later they rebuilt, either on or just south of the old site. The Vandals captured it in 439 A.D. In 698 the Mohammedans captured it. Other great names connected with the city were those of Scipio, Pyrrhus, Cyprian, Augustine, Genseric, St. Louis, Hassan ibn Ben Nomane, Cardinal Lavigerie and Pere Delattre—a list which includes warriors, church leaders, and archaeologists.

Few other famous historical cities have suffered as has Carthage. Wars have again and again wiped out this city's existence, only to see the city reborn in another generation. Even the ruins of the ruined city were robbed to build such widely scattered cities as Kairouan, Tunis, Pisa, Genoa, Cordova, Palermo and Amalfi. The river Medjerda has aided in covering parts of the old city with silt, while erosion has covered deep valleys with an accumulation of detritus increasing in depth at the rate of a yard each hundred years. Add to this the fact that the sea has risen over ten feet since Roman days, inundating much that once was on dry land, and you begin to understand the difficulty of the archaeologist in making definite statements concerning the place occupied by the great buildings of the ancient city. Archaeologists, digging, uncover a ruins near the surface of the earth; but often when they dig below this ruin, they find it was built on the ruins of an earlier civilization, and so you proceed for forty or sixty feet as you dig down in the earth before you come to the original earth on which the first city was built. We cannot see here in



Carthage: Damous el Karita



Thuburbo Majus: The Bath House

Carthage the ruins of those most prominent Roman centers: the Forum, Temple of Jupiter, the market place, the baths. Until the 16th century the amphitheater here was of "exquisite beauty." Another ancient tells us that it rivaled the Colosseum at Rome. Given the meager ruins which mark the site of the amphitheater today and you would not dream of any great structure.

Most prominent in that place today are the unpretentious memorials erected to the memory of St. Perpetua and St. Felicita, who were martyred in the year 212 A.D. because they refused to sacrifice to the emperor. One could easily pass within ten rods of this ruin today and miss it altogether.

On the Byrsa, or main hill of ancient Carthage, stand many ruins. Some of these are Punic, some are Roman. Byrsa means "bull's hide" and refers to the story of the purchase by Dido of as much land as could be enclosed in a hide. The story of how she cut the hide into narrow strips to enclose the maximum amount of land is not new to us. The Cathedral of St. Cyprian and St. Louis dominates this hill and is visible for miles away. St. Cyprian is honored because here in Carthage he lived and was martyred. The cross marking the site of his martyrdom is not far away—near the hill of the Abbey. St. Louis is honored because that intrepid crusader died of the plague here in 1270, and his relics are contained in a sacred spot above the high altar. Behind the church is the Museum of Cardinal Lavignerie in which the wealth of material which the archaeologist Pere Delattre unearthed with the aid of his White Fathers over a period of decades, is housed. The best museums to visit to see relics of Carthage is this one, the one at Le Bardo, and the Louvre in Paris.

On the Abbey Hill one sees the remains of a Christian church which was built on the site of an old Roman bath. The remains are scanty. Hard by are the cisterns, some of which are occupied by an amateur archaeologist who reproduces ancient lamps, bottles and the like in clay. Singularly honest he frankly

tells you that his work reproduces the old. He never tries to sell you a lamp he has made for a genuine ancient lamp.

The Odeon Plateau still stands, but the Odeon has disappeared as completely as the amphitheater. On one slope of this plateau is located the ancient theater. The shape of the ground on which the theater was built shows the definite semi-circular shape of the original, but very few stones are in place at this site. On another slope forming the plateau you have a large number of dwelling houses of the Roman period, but these were not the houses of the wealthy.

The site of the old harbor of Carthage is suggested by a small lagoon hard by the seashore. Two hundred and twenty galleys could tie up here at once. The island in this harbor, where a palace stood, still exists.

Three large basilicas indicate that Christianity was once very strong in Carthage. That called Damous el Karita covers the site where a number of Christian churches succeeded each other. Here the ground was not cleared of the old, before the new was constructed, resulting in a T-shaped ruin, which we are told inspired the shape of the mosque at Kairouan called the Grand Mosque. Another basilica is that of St. Cyprian, built on a bluff overlooking the sea. Slowly the sea is eating back and undermining the foundation line of the ancient cathedral.

On towards the northwest is the Basilica Maiorum, said to be the place where the two martyrs memorialized in the amphitheater are buried. This, however, was the seat of an Arian (heretical) bishop.

There are ancient cisterns to be seen, largely preserved today because they are in use now for the same purpose for which the Romans first built them. Other sites, but dimly outlined, such as the Circus, are to be seen, but nowhere do you see ruins of the ancient city of Carthage which correspond in preservation to the ruins found at two dozen other Roman sites in North Africa.

Unfortunately, we cannot today visit even the bath house where a Synod in 411 settled the Donatian



Dougga: Temple of Jupiter



Djemila: End of Altar of Sacrifice



Bulla Regia: Ruins of an Old Floor

schism in the North African church. The synod was held in the Gargelian Thermae—today that bath is just a name. A gigantic wall ran along the seaside of old Carthage. It was between fifty and sixty feet high and thirty feet thick. In it, casements had been built to house 300 war elephants and 4,000 horses. Here were housed 24,000 soldiers. You cannot find this wall today. Where were located the ancient buildings which we are told rose to a height of seven stories? There was not a single fresh water well in old Carthage, but one cannot see here any outstanding part of the aqueduct which furnished the city with its water supply from Zaghouan, eighty miles away. (Elsewhere, it can be admired, however.) Miles away across the Lake of Tunis one sees a mountain on which Baal worship was practiced. There hundreds of urns containing the ashes of children sacrificed to the God Baal have been found. Did Carthage try by these sacrifices to avert the doom threatened as the Roman legions marched against her? Only suggestions of the truth remain. Yet one archaeologist uncovered five thousand coins (gold, silver and bronze) in a four-month period of excavation. Scores of Arab boys offer you Punic and Roman coins for sale here. Some are spurious undoubtedly, but not all.

Up the coast from the site of old Carthage is a modern Arab city, built on a high hill. It is a beautiful city. The Arab claims that Sidi Bou Said was St. Louis himself, and that this crusader was converted to Mohammedanism before he died. And so they call this city "Sidi Bou Said." No modern historian credits the tradition, but travelers admire the beauty of that village.

As we close the door on this summary of a visit to Carthage may we insist that the oldest evidences of Christian churches in the world are to be found in North Africa and not in Italy. What were Christian churches like in the fourth, fifth and sixth centuries? You can see their ruins best in North Africa. Between two and three hundred of these cathedrals or chapels exist in North Africa. Nowhere in the world do you find larger Christian ruins than in Carthage, Tebessa and Djemila. When one goes to Pompeii in Italy, after having visited the North African cities, you expect to see the site of the Christian basilica. Only a few doubtful fragments of inscriptions even suggest that any Christian ever lived in Pompeii.

The two cities near which we camped and which we helped defend for months are Ferryville and Bizerte.

FERRYVILLE

Ferryville is the youngest town in Tunisia. It was named after Jules Ferry whom we have mentioned

in connection with Tunis. It was never Roman. A naval arsenal is located here and large dry docks. The docks were taken over by the Allies and the lake of Bizerte usually harbored dozens of ships. This lake was the target of the torpedo bombers who dropped three of their bombs on our camp one dark night, thus missing completely their target, and giving us a subject of conversation for many days. Armistice Day in 1943 was celebrated by the French, Italian and Arab population of Ferryville with the aid of the 355th. From a population of 3,000, thirty years ago, the city has grown many fold since then. It has little of tourist interest.

BIZERTE

In 1943 we set up tactically around the city of Bizerte. When we arrived the city was in ruins. It must have been a beautiful port in its day. From the ruins of war it will rise again. Its harbor is excellent and was the main jumping off place for troops and supplies destined for Sicily and Salerno. Its history is checkered as is the history of all old Roman port cities. The Vieux Port is only used by fishing boats today. In the 18th century it was a favorite haunt of pirate vessels. The modern harbor utilizes the Lake of Bizerte, on which Ferryville is located, and is reached by a deep channel that leads to the sea from the lake. The French maintained a large garrison here and a large airport was just a few miles away. Bizerte was heavily fortified by the French. Guns as large as 14-inch in diameter protected the harbor. Some hills surrounding the city were honeycombed with subterranean passageways built for military defense. In some of the deep underground rooms, thus developed, troops could be housed and the 14-inch guns manned. Hoists, elevators, generators, huge stores of ammunition, motors, machinery, long con-

necting passageways, rooms at different levels, automatic gun control stations—here was a miniature Maginot Line. And like the Maginot Line it fell rapidly when an attack developed from an unexpected direction. I think all of us who saw Bizerte after the pounding our gunners gave her would like to see her again when she has been rebuilt. In ruins, there was a beauty that fascinated; what must it have been in 1942, and what will it be again "apres la guerre"?

NABEUL

The village of Nabeul held a peculiar fascination for our troops, even though it was reached only after a several hour trip from our camps. It was a village with an Oriental flavor one does not find in the new cities of Tunisia. Here the chief industry was pottery making. The citizens were happy to show you how the clay was mixed, molded, decorated and burned. Some of the shops here located had exhibited in some of America's "World Fairs." Here also we could watch men weave the shopping baskets that were so popular in Tunisia.

KORBOUS

One of the most beautiful shore drives in Tunisia is that from Tunis to Korbous along the Cap Bon shore. Korbous was an old Roman city with a famous hot springs. It was also the place where Bishop Cyprian of Carthage was imprisoned before his martyrdom. Nestled deep down in a ravine and bordered on one side by the Mediterranean, and on the other by precipitous slopes, the city presents a fantastic, other-worldly aspect. Off shore a few rods we watched the waves pounding an Italian destroyer which had been hit by our bombers. When bombing, bombs are dropped in "sticks." Bomb craters are consequently often three in number. On the shore, near the place



Ferryville: War Monument



Ferryville: Water Jugs

where the destroyer rests on the bottom of the shallow sea, we could see a large bomb crater. Back over the brow of the hill was the second crater. In line with the two craters was the third hit—the sunken ship. All of her guns are pointing upward—she was hit evidently while trying to drive the Allied planes from the sky. This destroyer is an illustration of the reason why the Germans could not stage a Dunkirk from Cap Bon.

EL DJEM

The single most impressive ruin in all of North Africa is the Colosseum at El Djem. I first saw it pictured on Tunisian postage stamps, and at first wondered why the government of Tunisia should picture the Colosseum at Rome on their postal issues. In front of the gigantic structure, pictured on the stamps, I noticed a camel train where I had been accustomed to seeing the Arch of Constantine. Then I knew that the building was not in Italy, but must be in Tunisia. As I searched to ascertain its location I met with no success until I asked a British soldier. (He had fought at Kairouan.) His reply was: "It's jolly well near to Kairouan, at a place called El Djem; and it's magnificent, it is." At least that is what I think he said, now, that I have heard so many Englishmen use the mother tongue.

Surely, here was a structure to really rival the Colosseum at Rome. Why has it not been hanging in American high schools in lithographed, photographed and etched form? Rummaging around I found statistics for the five greatest amphitheatres in the world. Here they are:

<i>Location of Amphitheatre</i>	<i>Long Axis</i>	<i>Short Axis</i>
Rome.....	615 Feet	510 Feet
Capua.....	558 Feet	459 Feet
Seville.....	510 Feet	441 Feet
Verona.....	501 Feet	402 Feet
El Djem.....	489 Feet	407 Feet



El Djem: Interior of the Amphitheater



Nabeul: The Potters

These statistics do not tell the whole story, as is customary with statistics. Statistics do not reveal the extant-extinct condition of the structures. Were they to reveal that, the amphitheatre at El Djem would be the only real rival to the one at Rome.

I've seen Redland (Crosley) Field in Cincinnati packed for world series baseball games. That crowd could have been poured into this El Djem amphitheatre and it would just about half fill it. You could fill the amphitheatre at Pompeii full and dump those spectators into the amphitheatre at El Djem, and then do that a second time, and still a third time, before you would fill the structure. More startling, however, is the truth that you could take all the inhabitants of modern El Djem and hide them in the subterranean chambers and passageways of the arena and then crowd all of their sheep, oxen, camels, dogs and donkeys into the arena itself, and not need to use a single amphitheatre seat for any overflow. Sixty thousand people could be seated here before its decay—sixty thousand people seated before it would be necessary to hang out an SRO sign. This vastness contrasts so vividly with the small Arab village



Nabeul: An Artist

which clusters in its shadows. Except for this one great building there is little evidence that in the third century A.D. one of the richest cities of North Africa flourished at this place—here was located Thysdrus, pride of the Romans. One hundred years ago, I learn from reading records of old explorers, you could still see the ruins of a second (smaller) amphitheater, large cisterns, and a great circus which measured 2,100 by 350 feet, with a spina one thousand feet in length. Today only the great amphitheatre is impressive.

You can count the three ranges of arches that stood one above the other, with sixty arches to a range. The reddish brown color of the interior stones predominates now, although grey stone was used for arches and trimming, and marble had once covered the interior of this building. Between each arch you can see a half column and over each arch a keystone which the architect had planned to have carved, but which the contractor decorated in few instances only. Undoubtedly there was once a fourth range of pillars. There is still evidence of that standing today, though guide books disagree. One says the fourth range was begun but never finished, while another says that it was finished and then pulled down long, long ago. A book published in London in 1861 quotes an earlier description of a fourth range in these words: "The fourth is a pilastrade elevated on a stylobate with a square window in every third interpilaster." That should prove something.

The galleries and stairways of the great theatre are not too secure today. They were not built out of hewn rock but were constructed out of Roman brick and a crude mortar into which large pebbles had been mixed. In many places this has weathered away. It is possible, in spite of this, to climb to the royal box over the only remaining grand archway leading into the arena.

The arena measures 217 by 172 feet. Here was held the gladiatorial contests and other spectacles. Beneath the arena passageways and chambers, which are said to have been excavated in 1909, but which were visited



Nabeul: Funeral Procession

by the archaeologists whom we quoted above, exist. In these lower areas the gladiators, athletes, victims of Rome's wrath, and the wild beasts awaited their turn to appear in the arena. An elevator connected the lower basement floor with the level of the arena as well as stairways. The wild beasts were placed in cages whose sides were held upright by the frame of the elevator until the cage reached the upper level, and then the hinged front of the cage fell outward due to the force of gravity, and the enraged beasts were revealed to view. At times this amphitheater was flooded for the Naumachia. The ancient cisterns were higher than the arena and water would flow quickly to this spot guided by well-planned channels. The Naumachia was the water spectacle that thrilled men and women in Roman days. The spectacle over, gravity again was put to work to drain the amphitheatre, by conducting the water in the arena to neighboring fields.

The Arab city around the old Roman theatre is called El Djem. The Arab word "jama" means "to assemble." Perhaps the Roman place of assembling to witness spectacles has named the modern village.

History records that this ancient relic of Roman civilization was fairly intact until the end of the 17th century. Then Mohammed Bey blasted a great hole through the structure at the point where one of the great gateways was located. When this was done some of the local tribes were in revolt and the bey was afraid they might turn the amphitheater into a fortress. Not only have the walls of many of the houses of El Djem been constructed from the material once forming this building, but builders in Monastir and Sousse likewise have used this as the quarry whence came their building stones.

In its silent majesty this pile of stone is eloquent evidence that once Roman civilization in North Africa here reached the pinnacle of its height. Here stood Thysdrus, at the junction of seven roads, a Roman city of supreme importance in the third century A.D. How quickly fades the glory of a day. In the amphi-



Kairouan: Minaret in the "Barber's Mosque"



Kairouan: Faience in the "Barber's Mosque"

theatre of El Djem only do you find a single building of the old city with one stone left on top of another, and only in a few museums like Le Bardo at Tunis do you find the record of her beautiful mosaics with one stone lying alongside of another in colorful arrangement. Thysdrus! I had never heard of the city before I went to Tunisia.

KAIROUAN

It is fitting that we close our record of North Africa wanderings with the story of a visit to Kairouan.

Nowhere in French North Africa does one come nearer to the heart of Islam than in the holy city of Kairouan. To fully understand the life of Kairouan is to give one an insight into that religion called Mohammedanism, or Islam, and whose devotees are known under various terms such as "Moorish," "Turkish," or "The Saracen." Many Moslems do not desire to be called "Mohammedans" because the word is parallel in construction to the word "Christian" and the Moslem is afraid that this parallelism will cause people to think that the followers of Mohammed worship him as God, even as the Christians worship Jesus. In Kairouan one comes to realize that there are "Societies of Jesus" amongst the followers of Mohammed. Jesus, Mary, Abraham and a host of Old and New Testament characters are mentioned in the Koran, the holy book of the Mohammedan.

The faith of Islam is simple—belief in one God, Allah, and acknowledgment that Mohammed was his prophet. Nevertheless Islam is broken into many sects according to the method by which the Koran is interpreted. Four of these rites or sects are the Malickite, the Hanifaite, the Hambelite, the Schafieite. As in Christianity there are extremists in Islam. Some members of certain rites will not worship in the mosque of another rite. Fanaticism is also well-known in this region. One visitor to Kairouan at the time of the pilgrimage (annually in the Spring) tells of seeing at least twenty men swallowing scorpions at a ceremony in one of the zaouia places of prayer. He also saw a man run four swords the size of ones little finger through his body, and then walk around the courtyard while another religious brother pounded the hilts of the swords with a mallet. At this same ceremony about seventy men, of all ages, rolled on the leaves and the fruit of the prickly pear. The prickly pear has big and little spikes with needle-like points. How painful even the smallest spikes can be—spikes so small that you can only locate them in your skin by the sense of sight, with difficulty; while the sense of touch cries out that there is something there.

The great name in connection with Kairouan is that of Sidi Okba ben Nefa. He arrived in Tunisia in



Dougga: The Stage of the Theater

the year 661 at the head of a small army to put down a local uprising. He founded Kairouan in 669, in the first century of the Islamic calendar. Later he marched victoriously to the Atlantic Ocean. Sidi Okba died near Biskra when a follower of another branch of the religion of the Prophet, assassinated him. There he is buried. The name of this "saint" Sidi Okba is found again and again in North Africa. Cities and mosques have been named after him.

Legend tells us that the saint desired to build a holy city somewhere. He selected the site of Kairouan, surrounded by desert waste and without an oasis, because he believed that if a city could be established here it could only be accomplished with the help of God and therefore would have to be holy. Reason would tell us that the city was built here because the desert was as much the home of the Arab as the sea was the home of the Phoenician. Port cities could be bombarded from the sea and attacked by foot soldiers disembarked from the ships. Inland one would need a troop of cavalry to be effective and the best horsemen of that day were the Arabs. The city was built here for protection.

One of the foundation stones of Islam is "Pilgrimage." The word usually refers to a pilgrimage to the holy city of Mecca. But when Kairouan was founded it soon became a North African rival of Mecca. Seven pilgrimages to Kairouan became equivalent to one to Mecca, and gave the pilgrim a special name—"Sidi Hadj." The pilgrimages must be performed at a certain period of the year (so it would take at least seven years to qualify for the title "Sidi Hadj" if one did not go to Mecca). The pilgrim must visit the 23 specified mosques and the 90 specified zaouia places of prayer to meet the requirements of a pilgrimage. Kairouan lives as a holy city. The numerous holy places have been endowed by the faithful in lavish fashion. When the French captured Kairouan in 1881 and became the first foreigners to enter the city and live, they entered without a shot being fired, because some holy man years before had prophesied



Kairouan: From the Tower of the Grand Mosque

that the French would one day take the city. At that time the word "fifth columnist" was not known. Because the French took the city and occupied the chief mosque the holy city became profaned, and subsequently foreigners could enter the mosques. This had its advantage. Now "infidel" and "believer" both come to Kairouan and contribute to the cities' traffic, trade and treasure.

One must visit two mosques and one of the zaouias to appreciate the city. The first mosque is that of Sidi Okba, and is called Djama El Kebir, or Djama Sidi Okba (Djama meaning mosque). This is the "first" mosque or the original site of the mosque founded by the holy crusader. The modern building is probably the fifth building on this site. I say "probably" since it is impossible to say when a new building has been completed. For instance, the lower story of the minaret comes from the time of the third structure, while the second story comes from the time of the fourth structure. Only mosques in Mecca, Medina and the Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem are more important to Islam than this mosque for Islam.

As one enters the main gate into the court yard of the area, to the right is the meeting place of the mosque, a building 240 feet in length, with a wide portico. The roof of the portico is supported by scores of double pillars made from various types of stone in various designs. This portico is extended around two sides of the quadrangle in front of the main building of the mosque. Onto it opens a series of doors admitting into the sanctuary. Normally, only one door is open daily, but at the time of the pilgrimage all will be open, the sanctuary will be crowded, the porch filled, and there will not be standing room left on the pavement stones of the quadrangle whenever a religious service is in progress within.

The pillars which support the building (about six hundred of them) came from Hadrunetum, Carthage, Caesarea, Sbeitla, Thusdrus, Thyna, Thunes—the ancient Roman cities were thus deprived of their best material. Here you have marble in a variety of colors.



Dougga: Arch of Alexander Severus

Here is granite, porphyry and alabaster. Here you have columns of varying sizes and shapes, with Ionic, Corinthian or Byzantine capitals. By building up the bases the columns are all made to rise to a common level at the top. It took a major feat of engineering to transport these stones to this point and erect this building.

Inside the building one sees the sacred niche pointing to Mecca, the great pulpit carved of sycamore wood in Bagdad (9th century), the enclosing gates of cedar wood, the sea of esparto-grass mats covering the floor and which must not be walked over while one is shod with his shoes (the mats would not wear well if treated thusly). Three hundred pillars support the roof on the sanctuary, dividing the main hall into a great number of subchambers which hide the view of the pulpit from the eyes of many worshippers. In this hall only men worship. A few women are accommodated behind a latticed screen on an elevation. They may see but not be seen. Two porphyry pillars stand near the pulpit, placed close together. Two stories are told concerning these pillars. One says that only the just and the pure can squeeze between these two pillars. The other says that only he who can thus squeeze between the pillars can enter paradise. The two pillars are showing distinct signs of wear at the point where Moslems and foreigners pass between. I tried—and succeeded with effort.

The great courtyard in front of the sanctuary is paved with stone and covers a large cistern. We must learn to think in terms of rods rather than feet when we think of these cisterns. At the further end of the courtyard stands the minaret, 128 feet high. One enters it by passing over a stone threshold intricately carved—from what Roman building it came, I do not know. The view from the top of the minaret gives one a wide sweep over the housetops of Kairouan and over the surrounding terrain.

The party who accompanied the chaplain in his weapons carrier on its trip to Kairouan consisted of T/4 Laddie Kurgan, T/5 Chambers, T/5 Habitz-



Dougga: Through an Arch in the Theater Wall

ruther, Corp. Holzkamp, T/5 Roll, Pfc. Dawson, T/Sgt. Brinsmade and Lt. Levi. While we were here at this mosque the call for prayer was sounded down over the city by the muezzin from the minaret. Five times a day the pious Moslem hears this call and heeds it.

The second mosque worthy of a visit in Kairouan is that called Djama Amor Abbada, or the Mosque of the Sabers. This is the most recently built mosque in the city (only sixty years old). It was built by small offerings gathered here and there by a dwarf blacksmith, a holy man—a marabout. (That term “marabout” may mean a tomb, a place of pilgrimage, or a holy man.) Since the man was a dwarf he admired big things cast in metal, gigantic swords, battle axes, anchors, and even a huge tobacco pipe that stands as high as a man. These ornamental curiosities are covered with inscriptions from the Koran. You may see them at the mosque. From all over the city the five-fluted domes of the mosque stand out prominently. There is room for another dome to be erected—but the holy man worthy to erect this final dome has not appeared as yet. This mosque is outside of the wall of the primitive city, but still in a populous area of Kairouan.

The place of prayer that should be visited is falsely called the “Mosque of the Barber.” It is really a



Constantine: Public Park

zaouia, being a tomb, a place of prayer, a dormitory and a school house. Mohammed had a companion called Abouzoumat Obeid Allah ibn Adam Le Belaoui. Fortunately, this name has been shortened even for Moslem use to Abou Zema el Beloui. That is too long for convenient use so the Moslems call this place the Zaouia of Sidi Shab—the School of the Sainted Companion. This companion carried about on his body for years, as a talisman, three hairs from the beard of the Prophet. These hairs have given rise to a tradition that he was a barber. Here the “barber” was buried and here the hairs are enshrined.

The holy place is a series of connected courtyards and chambers, the innermost of which is the place where the catafalque of the companion of Mohammed rests. It is surrounded by flags of many descriptions, by ostrich eggs, by sacks of holy earth carried here by pilgrims who had gone to Mecca, and the floor is covered with a mass of rugs, presumably of great value.

The courtyards between the gate and the tomb are porticoed and the walls lined with colorful faiences, while the ceilings are covered with sections of intricately carved stucco work. A four-storied minaret graces this place of worship.

The Mosque of the “Barber” is located half a mile outside of the walls of the city and is surrounded by tombs. For hundreds of miles around, the sick come that they may die in the holy city, and the dead are brought to be interred in its holy soil.

One should not fail to visit the souks of Kairouan. There, are sold the rugs for which the city is famous. Here the soldiers bargained for souvenirs, using packs of cigarettes as the main medium of exchange. A pack of American cigarettes here was worth about 80 cents in trading value. The children would gladly offer to



Lambaesis: The Praetorium

pay the soldier 20 cents for a package of “Shoogum.” So brisk became the traffic in these things that the army forbade soldiers bartering with PX supplies.

One final place to visit in Kairouan, unless you desire to acquire the title of “pilgrim,” is the great reservoir which have supplied the city with water since Ibrahim el Agleb built them long, long ago. A small reservoir caught the riled water of a neighboring stream and filtered it, passing the filtered water into the larger reservoir. There is a capacity for 2½ million gallons. The French have connected the reservoir with a series of springs, guaranteeing ample water even in dry seasons. The Moslem is grateful for the roads the French have built and for the hydraulic systems maintained. This is not an evidence of the superiority of French culture or civilization, but a sign of the goodness of God who has used the infidel to serve the faithful, according to the Moslem.

Who was it first called Kairouan “One of the Four Gates of Paradise”? His name is forgotten, but never the memory of a visit to the holy city founded by Sidi Okba ben Nefa.

Kairouan has only about 20,000 inhabitants, but few living cities of this size have exerted a greater influence upon any civilization than has Kairouan upon Islam.



Thuburbo Majus: Temple of Jupiter



Kairouan: Mosque of the “Sabers”



Pisa: The Tower Fell into Our Hands

ITALIAN CAMPAIGN

ON August 16, 1943, our patrols entered Messina, Sicily, from the west, as the British forces entered it from the southeast. After thirty-eight days of concentrated fighting, Sicily was completely in our hands. The fall of Sicily came as a disappointment to the men of the "355th." Before Messina fell half of our unit had loaded on LSTs. The rest were loading, as fast as it was possible to accomplish this task. We were scheduled to sail for Sicily on August 17, at 0800 hours. So when the news reached us that Messina had fallen our hearts sank. "Now, what will happen to our unit?" "Will we get to Sicily, or will we have to stay in Tunisia for another indefinite period?" The answer to those questions hung in the balance for hours, and then the German air force settled the question, contrary to our wishes. That same evening over one hundred enemy planes raided Bizerte Harbor. The bombing was heavy. The ack-ack fire was intense. The raid was brief, and ineffective, from the military standpoint; but from the standpoint of the hopes of the men of the "355th" it was a most disastrous raid. It was evident, now, that Bizerte Harbor needed more adequate defense than it had. It was evident, also, that Sicily would have a diminishing need. So back we returned to Staging Area No. 1 at Bizerte. In a few days we left that area to take up our tactical positions around Lake Bizerte, and the Bizerte water front. Here, we were doomed to watch the invasion of the mainland of Europe begin, and develop. We didn't like that assignment. The men wanted to have a part in the actual struggle. This necessity to sit back and wait for the enemy to attack was not of our choosing.

Nevertheless, the successful culmination of the HUSKY (Sicily) operation brought beneficial results. With the fall of Sicily, came the fall of Mussolini, and the surrender of Italy. This surrender was signed the day the British troops moved onto the toe of Italy at Reggio Calabria. It was September 3, 1943. The day after the surrender was announced, the Fifth Army troops hit the beaches from Salerno to Paestum.

Five days passed between the signing of the surrender agreement, and the announcement of that surrender. This was done so that the Allied forces might capitalize upon that capitulation to the largest

possible extent. In spite of these five days, the surrender of Italy did not prove as beneficial to us as we had hoped. We had half expected that the bulk of Italy, south of Rome, would fall into our hands without much struggle. That did not work out as anticipated. There were, nevertheless, definite, beneficial results to the surrender, over and above the boost it gave to Allied morale, and deflationary effect it had upon the German. The bulk of the Italian navy fell into our hands intact. General Lemnitzer, later, while the officers of the "355th" were seated under the trees of an olive grove near Ferryville, Tunisia, related to us some of the events of that historic meeting when the surrender of Italy was agreed to, by the delegates charged with the arrangement of the terms. The Allied representatives insisted that the Italian delegation must bring pressure to bear upon the naval authorities so that the ships would be turned over to us, rather than scuttled, if the Italian delegation wanted to entertain any hope that the surrender would result in any ships being used to transport civilian goods to Italy for the benefit of a war ravaged population.

Another gain was the draining of German divisions from other parts of Europe, in an attempt to replace the Italian divisions in the Balkans as well as in Italy, and to keep a major portion of the peninsula of Italy from falling rapidly into the lap of the Allies. About fifty German divisions were thus accounted for. About half of these were kept in the Balkans, and the other half was sent to Italy. These fifty divisions were badly needed by the Germans in Europe, where they faced the drive of the Red Army, and the possibility of the ANVIL (S. France) and the OVERLORD (N. France) operations. The divisions in Italy, enabled the Germans to take over control of the land from the Swiss border to a point south of Naples.

The British were able to land on the beaches and at the docks of Reggio Calabria almost without opposition, as the invasion of the mainland of Europe began. This invasion could be covered by warships at sea, as well as by our field artillery in Sicily. It was not the place for the German forces to oppose a landing. Even the dreaded land mines and booby traps, as well as the barbed wire entanglements were not



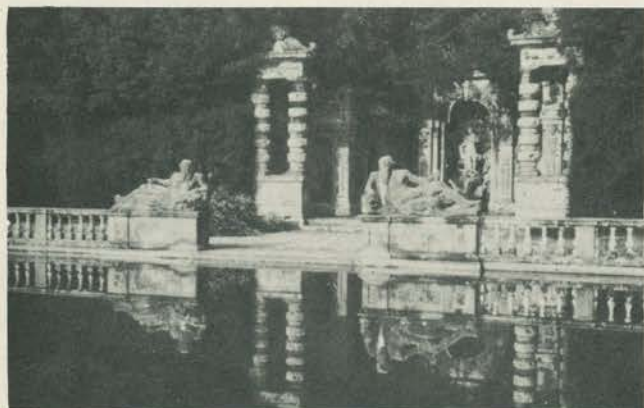
Florence: Ponte Vecchio

encountered in any number. In less than one week the British were able to duplicate their landing on the toe of the boot of Italy, by a similar landing on the inside of the heel, at Taranto.

The AVALANCHE operation, that strenuously opposed landing around Salerno, was altogether a different story. The Fifth Army, under General Mark W. Clark, began that operation on September 9th. The Fifth Army, for that operation, was made up of the American VI Corps and the British Xth. The VI Corps was largely made up of the 36th and 45th Divisions, plus Commandos. The British X Corps was augmented by the presence of Rangers also. This operation did not take the enemy by surprise. It had been anticipated, and the enemy was ready for such a landing. It was obvious, that if a landing were to be

made by the Fifth Army on Italian soil, it would have to be made somewhere along that coast extending south from Amalfi to Paestum. Not only so, but the German planes trailed our invasion fleet as it headed north. For us to have landed further north would have overstepped the limit at which our fighter planes could work, and would have stretched our supply lines to a dangerous point. No, it had to be in the vicinity of Salerno. So the enemy air force, his infantry, his artillery, and his armor were ready for us along that beach. Yet, he could not place his finger on the exact point where he might be expected to oppose the landing. We landed. We reacted vigorously, immediately.

The landing was tough. As we have said, we were expected, and the defenders were awaiting our forces. Also, while the beaches were in our favor, the hills



Near Lucca: Palace Grounds at Marlia



Near Rome: Railroad Demolition



Leghorn: The General was unmoved

behind favored the enemy. Too, we were landing at the limit of the range of our tactical air force. While we had another army on Italian soil to the south, it was two hundred and fifty miles away, and could not be of any immediate assistance to us. Nevertheless, the British moved, as rapidly as possible, north from the toe of the boot. Finally, it was easy for the enemy to reinforce his troops, and to shift them along the invasion coast, to the points of greatest need.

In our favor was our air superiority, and the weight of the naval support afforded by our ships. The British navy was there with its Valiant and Warsprite. The fifteen inch guns of such ships were terrific assets. The American navy was also there with power and number. The ships of the navies were kept as busy as the tail of a hungry dog anticipating a big feast.



Above Riola: In His Own Minefield

In eleven days, the cruiser Philadelphia, had her anchor down for ten brief minutes. Offensively, she had to keep going, and defensively, there were "radio" bombs to dodge. For the navy as well as for the army the battle of the Salerno beachhead increased in fury as the days increased. This is better understood against the background of a story told on the chaplain of the "Philadelphia." In the early days of the engagement, as he closed his daily devotional talk over the ship's loudspeaker system, he always said: "God bless you all." Later, as the battle grew in fury, he changed the closing to: "God bless us all."

The Fifth Army landed. It made some progress. Then the enemy concentrated his opposition and the Fifth was pushed steadily back towards the sea. Though General Clark said, optimistically: "We are



Above Riola: Everybody Happy?



Vergato: Blocking the Road to Bologna

here to stay" General Eisenhower's headquarters was in doubt if the Fifth would stay, alive. By the 14th of September the situation was so critical that HQ was alarmed. Eighteen LSTs were en route to India, loaded. The situation was such that permission was secured to unload those boats and use them to reinforce our battered troops, even though it took days to change cargo. On such events history hinged. Our air force pressed the B-17s into dual service each day. One mission was not enough. General Montgomery put his troops coming up from Reggio Calabria under forced draft. Using our available shipping we landed men and more men, equipment and more equipment on the beachhead. Four days later the tension at Gen-

eral Eisenhower's advanced CP eased; the tide was turning in our favor. Now the German forces had a problem. Some of their troops were threatened with a pincer squeeze, caught between the beachhead and General Montgomery's forces. As the German army solved its problem by withdrawing its troops to the north, it solved our problem, too. The beachhead was secure! On September 23, Churchill sent General Eisenhower the following message: "As the Duke of Wellington said of the battle of Waterloo, 'It was a . . . close-run thing;' but your policy of running risks has been vindicated."

The second step on the Italian mainland was the capture of Naples. As the German army retreated to



Pte. d. Maddalena: Railroad Demolition



Genoa: Harbor



Above Riola: Road Building

the north, the Fifth pushed after them. On September 28th we were in Nocera and Castellamare, at the foot of Vesuvius. While the Germans had the Herman Goering Division, and two divisions of Panzer Grenadiers opposing our forces, it was obvious that the Allied corps intended to drive north at any and all costs. Then the German policy in Italy became clear. They would make us pay as heavily as possible for our gains, but they would not endanger too great a German force in doing it. They would utilize the terrain, and their weapons as effectively as possible, but whenever one of their armies seemed about to be overwhelmed, they would retreat, and reform at a previously prepared line. Cassino was the exception to this

rule. The American policy was also becoming clear by now. The major American interest, as opposed to the British, was the ANVIL operation, and the OVERLORD drive. Our Italian forces were drained constantly, in the interest of the other fronts. On the other hand, the British were wholeheartedly in favor of the Italian campaign. They wanted to prosecute it with vigor.

By October 1 Naples was ours. We took over control of a sad city. Our bombs had damaged it severely. The former allies of the Italian people had wrought systematic destruction upon the harbor, the public utilities, and even human life. Long after we took over, we would know the fury of time bombs placed



Castel di Casio: Artillery Center



Torino: Palace of Duke of Aosta



Abetia Bridge: The Cost? Four dead, sixteen wounded!

in public buildings. The enemy fell back to the Volturno River.

In the German withdrawal, which was general throughout south Italy, the British took over the Foggia air fields. This was the outstanding prize of the Italian campaign. It was the one thing that the American leaders wanted as badly as the British leaders. With Foggia in our possession, no part of the Axis homeland or Axis dominated territory was beyond the range of our bombers. Once we gained these air fields, Italy was permitted to become "The Forgotten Front." In February of 1944, the "355th" came to Italy, and set up in defense of the air fields around Foggia, San Severo, and Lucera. We soon appeared to be a forgotten unit on the forgotten front. In Algeria, in Tunisia, in Italy, the same story was repeated for

our unit, again and again, and again. Let us set up and be ready for action, and not a German plane would appear. It would be nice to believe, that the German intelligence department knew of the record of our unit as revealed in tests in California and at Chateaudun du Rhumel. It would be a comfort to know that they were so afraid of our fighter-searchlight defense that they made it a standard operating procedure to avoid any area where we were set up. That thought is an unconfirmed hope.

The next step in the history of the Italian campaign is the fall of Rome. It is a fairly complicated step. First we had to cross the Volturno, to which the enemy had retreated as he dropped Naples into our hands. All appeared to be quiet on the Volturno front on the afternoon of October 12th. Hardly had dusk



Mt. Belvedere: It Cost



Near Florence: All Together! Roll!



Santa Maria di Lebante: Ready to go "Over the Top"

fallen, however, when the quiet was broken by the roar of our artillery, announcing an offensive. Six hundred guns told the German army that we were on our way to cross the river. On a forty-mile front we crossed. The enemy acted true to form. He was faced with a determined enemy of gigantic proportions. He fell back to his winter line, which ran about 75 miles south of Rome, and followed in general the course of the Garigliano River in the Fifth Army sector, and of the Sangro River in the British sector.

Early in November the Fifth Army was against the winter line. The German soldiers were better prepared and situated for the contest at the winter line than were we. The weather and terrain favored the defenders. The rain was cold and wet. The wind was icy and bitter. The mud was often deep—knee deep,

and hub cap deep. Rivers flooded. Bivouac areas held lakes of water. Rain and mud and cold are not so bad if you can get into a warm, dry room once in a while; but when you must hike in the mud for miles, fight in the mud, then pitch your tent in the mud, eat your meals standing in the mud, and finally turn in to sleep in the mud, it gets discouraging. Peaks, rising up to a mile in height, towered above us, up ahead. The enemy had made the roads as dangerous as possible. They were heavily mined. His guns were placed so as to command wide stretches of road. He fired from caves, from planes, from stationary guns, from SP vehicles, and from railroad guns.

The Liri Valley corridor to Rome was selected for our advance through the winter line. This was Highway 6. The Mignano Pass (entrance to the valley)



Porretta: From the Grand Hotel



Near Riola: The Cap Zebib Bell! Again!



Near Marano: For a Road Surface



Above Marano: N. Apennine Bivouac



Porretta: Capt. Van Buren Inspects



Near M. Belvedere: Two Weasels

was guarded by hill masses, and mountain villages. These had to be taken. San Pietro, San Vittori, Mt. Maggiori! Mules became a useful element in an armies equipment.

By January 15, 1944, a point on that winter line, named Cassino, began to appear in the news. The Garigliano, the Liri and the Rapido Rivers all mingle their waters near Cassino. Now our 240 MM. howitzers, and our eight-inch guns began to appear. For some unknown reason, the Germans had determined to hold Cassino. Cassino was a clear-cut victory for the defending Germans. Did they fight there to bolster their own morale? We don't know. At Cassino they determined to hold, and held. Cassino is so small and compact it almost seems that one well placed bomb would wipe out the whole city. Our planes dropped 3,500 tons (that is 7,000,000 pounds) of

bombs. Our artillery shot 85,000 rounds into the city. Then our infantry advanced to take over. From the cellars and caves of Cassino the defenders emerged, and drove our men back. We failed to take Cassino by storm. We got it later, when the defenders withdrew, as our lines advanced far beyond the city.

In addition to the crossing of the Volturno, the breaking of the winter line, and the defense of Cassino, the end run at Anzio was part of the story of the fall of Rome. Churchill called the play against the advice or desire of the American generals. The landing was made at Anzio without opposition in the early hours of January 22nd. It was a complete surprise for the enemy. We gained a tremendous initial success, and that was all. From there we might have marched on Rome, or turned south and struck the Germans from the rear, or pushed east and cut their



N. Apennines: Any Sunday



Near Florence: Experimental Suspension Bailey



Pracchia: By Pass



Porretta: General Bowman Decorates Col. Zezza



Near Vergato: Preparing for the Push



Above Riola: The Engineer Front

lines of communications. One correspondent tells us that there was no American general at HQ who was willing to take the responsibility involved by an advance from Anzio. General Eisenhower was not there to say: "It's my responsibility; go ahead and exploit your advantage; take the risk." So our troops dug in, and waited for the enemy to attack. On D-Day, supported by an umbrella of planes and a backdrop of naval vessels, we had 36,000 troops facing a sum total of 22,000 in opposition. Three days later, where we had increased our forces 66% Hitler had increased his over 100%. A week later, he had 98,000 to our 92,000. Six days after we landed the enemy took the initiative. He hit with everything he could muster and kept it up for three weeks. He used everything he had. Luftwaffe! Artillery! Railroad guns! Nebelwerfers! Tiger tanks in massed formation! The en-

trenched Anzio soldiers were made of sterling stuff. They inflicted terrific losses on the attackers, and as a result, the enemy settled back to watch, wait, and snipe at us with artillery fire.

On May 11th the period of watching ended for the enemy. The May offensive was due to start that day. It began with the usual artillery barrage, at 2300 hours. All along the winter line the Allies moved forward. Who fought in the Italian campaign as allies? The Algerians, the Americans, the Arabs, the Brazilians, the British, the Canadians, the French, the Goums, the Greeks, Italians, Indians, Moroccans, New Zealanders, Poles, South Africans, Senegalese, and a brigade of Palestinian Jews. What fighters those Goums were! Hitler's forces had a wholesome fear of them. In the American army, too, we had a regiment or two of soldiers particularly feared by the men



Mt. Belvedere: A Live Teller Mine



Near Silla: A German Hospital Unit



Santa Maria di Lebante: Before the Push

of the swastika: our regiments made up of citizens of Japanese extraction. To hold this international horde back, the Germans even flooded the Pontine marshes. They were disappointed not to see the roads disappear under the flood. Once our divisions began to move the opposing forces were not able to stop at their Gustave line, nor yet at their Hitler line. On June 4, 1944, II Corps entered Rome. Rome was no place for our armies to stop. We made it a rest camp, soon; but it was only a night's bivouac for the advancing troops.

Step four in this record carries us across the Arno Valley, and into the Apennines, to a spot just north of the Futa and Collina Passes. On July 19th we entered Leghorn. On September 2nd, Pisa (and its Leaning Tower) was ours, and our troops were across the Arno. We had to have the slope of the hills to the north, however, for from this slope enemy guns could command the Valley of the Arno. The British entered the section of Florence north of the Arno on August 10th. The Gothic line, on the southern slope of the



Above Riola: Sweeping for Mines



Porretta: Grande Hotel



Santa Maria di Lebante: X Mountain Troops

range separating the Arno and Po Valleys, was soon penetrated and early in the fall we settled down to a winter of war, where the advances were made in rods rather than in miles.

At this point a large number of men from the 355th entered front line service in the struggle. In December of 1944 the unit moved to the vicinity of Lastra a Signa, just west of Florence, and was inactivated. A goodly number of our men joined the units associated with the 1108th Engineer Combat Group, the 235th Engineer Combat Battalion, the 255th and the 337th Engineer Combat Battalions, as well as group

itself. Others joined other line outfits. These men had a forward observation post from which to follow the last two campaigns of the Italian war, the Northern Apennine struggle and the Po River Valley campaign. Those two campaigns form the fifth and last step in this chapter.

We have been told that the war in Italy was an engineers' war. I agree. We have been told that the combat engineers often did the impossible. I have seen them do so. Writing in the Saturday Evening Post, Frederick C. Painton said of the combat engineers: "The German failure properly to estimate the



Montichiari: German Convoy



San Benedetto: A Duck Takes to Water



San Benedetto: Crossing the Po

American combat engineers has cost them vital defense lines they had expected to hold. The American combat engineers, in brief, have hit the Germans with all the impact of a secret weapon." As we were with them through the winter of 1944-1945, we could understand the full truth of that statement.

Through those bitterly cold months in the higher altitudes of the Apennines, the combat engineers were active. The Germans held the same line, with few changes, throughout the winter. It hit the sea just north of Viareggio, then passed northeast through Vergato, and thence east to the Adriatic. Only three things seemed to break the monotony of those months from a news standpoint. First, the British made advances on the Adriatic anchor of the line. Second, the Germans threatened to march against our 92nd Division

and retake Leghorn. (Was the threat only a rumor, or did our reinforcing that line halt a counter-attack?) Third, the newly-arrived X Mountain Division took Mt. Belvedere, near Highway 64, north of Pistoia.

For the combat engineers these were not monotonous months. The mountain roads were kept open all winter. Bridges were repaired and rebuilt. New roads were constructed. An order would be given to transform a mule path into such a highway that two and one-half ton trucks could pass. Many a time I would have insisted that only a mule could negotiate that hill side, but two weeks later, the trucks would be passing over that road. Bailey Bridges were built to replace bridges blown by the Germans as they retreated rod by rod and mile by short mile.



Above Riola: Take it Away!



Near M. Belvedere: The Cableway



San Benedetto: Floats for the Bridge

Often, these bridges were replaced under direct observation of the German artillery. At times the German observation was "pin-point" observation. Witness the fact that the Germans dropped one round, only, of mortar fire into a group of my men working on a bridge near Mt. Belvedere (Abataia). Only one round was fired. Yet it killed four men, and wounded sixteen others. In spite of such observation and fire the bridges were built. Jack Rogers came along with his camouflage engineers to conceal some of the roadway on which we were working, just previous to the final push. It was unusual, however, for the engineers to have the protection of camouflage. Naturally we worked ahead of our artillery.

Yes, it was cold in the upper altitudes of the Northern Apennines during the winter of 1944-1945. In

addition to the natural cold, we occupied a hotel in Porretta which had been air conditioned by the German artillery. Not a pane of glass was left. Few doors were left. Then, every night, normally, "the Porretta express" pulled into town, usually in six or eight sections. Some of the men who had been with the "355th" previously, learned to sleep right through the noise of the explosion of such shells. We were at Porretta for the opening of the final spring drive.

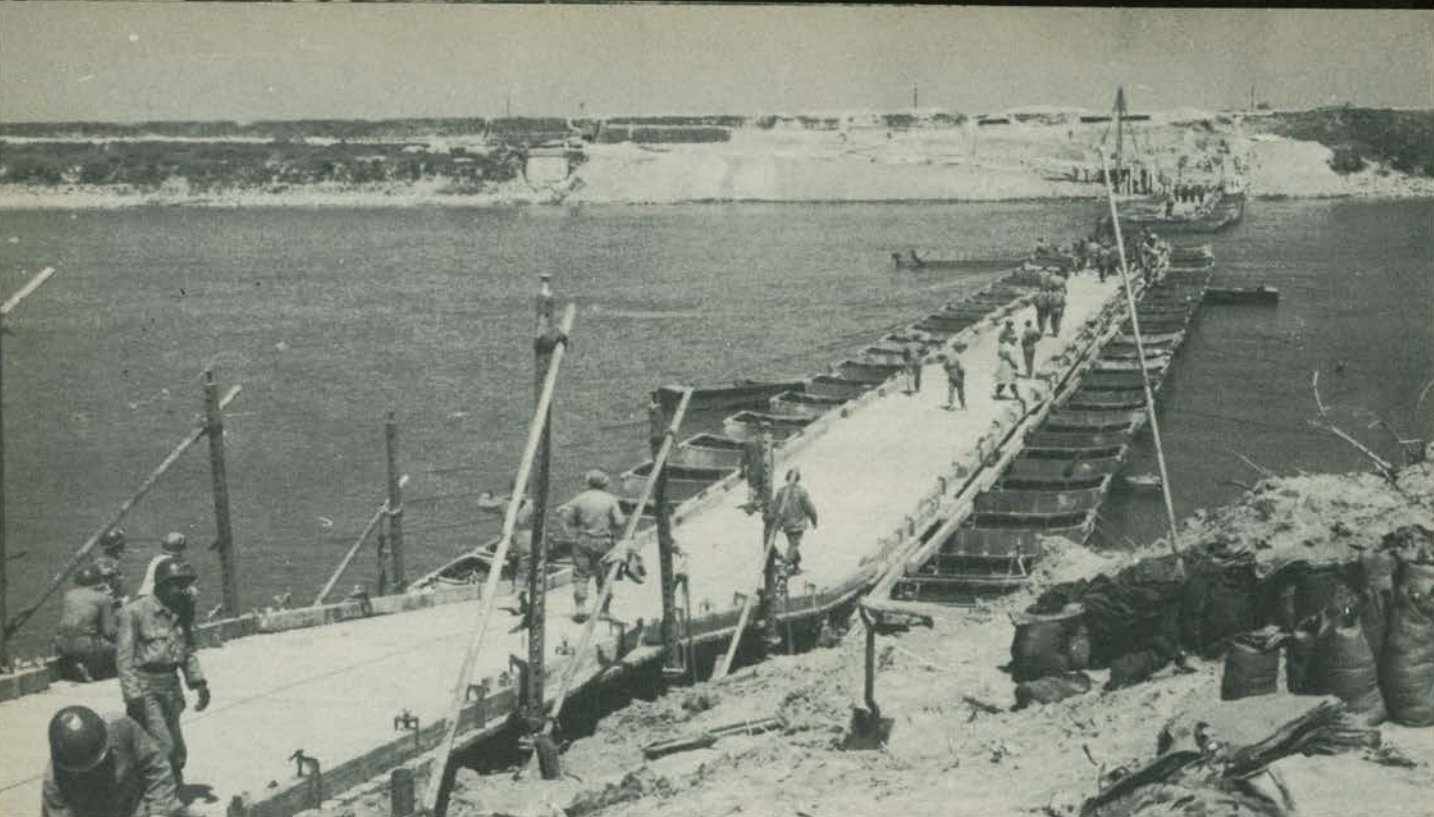
The British began the spring offensive on their front five days ahead of ours. We started on April 14, 1945. Those were days when rain threatened, but the rain held off long enough for us to get through those mountains down into the Po Valley. Had it rained during the opening days of that drive we couldn't have moved one inch. So steep were those



Above Riola: Probing for a Mine



San Benedetto: A Duck Takes to Land



San Benedetto: The Bridge Grows

roads that vehicles would have skidded right off the roadway in many places. As the drive began, the Germans were able to hold for slightly more than one day. From a neighboring hill we could watch our planes bomb the enemy installations and machine gun the enemy troops. Once that line wavered, we broke through and there was no stopping the American forces till they reached the Swiss border. There was one pause (but a temporary one), at the River Po. The combat engineers had to replace the bridges destroyed by the German soldier as he retreated. The first two bridges thrown over the Po were built by units working under the 1108th Engineer Combat Group. The Po held us up about 24 hours only. Then we followed the X Mountain, and other divisions, as

we continued toward the Swiss and the French and Austrian frontiers. The German forces in Italy were cut in two, and those in northwest Italy were cut off from their supplies.

Late in April, while we were in Castiglione, near Lake di Garda, a group of German generals were brought into Fourth Corps HQ there. They were ready to surrender their forces in northwest Italy. The combat engineers had to manage some of the POW cages, so great was the number of prisoners! Many of these German soldiers seemed to be happy to have the war end, even though they were our prisoners. On the last day of April we were in Milan. A few days later the German forces in Italy surrendered. This was five days before the end came in Germany.



San Benedetto: First Step in Bridge Building



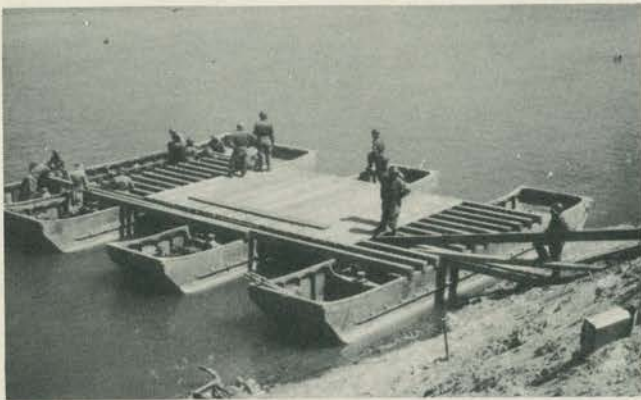
San Benedetto: "Corky," the Bridge Builder



Above Riola: It Took Months!



San Benedetto: Ducks at the Dyke



San Benedetto: To Close That Gap



San Benedetto: The Treadway Bridge

The end came so rapidly, so unexpectedly, that we were somewhat bewildered. The end of the war in Europe did not mean too much to us. There was still a war going on in the Pacific. The night of May 2nd the Italians went wild with joy. Throughout the night the citizens used abandoned German flares for roman candles. Often, I heard them ask: "What's wrong with you Americans; you are not celebrating? Isn't the war over?" The answer was: "For you, yes; for us, no!"

Casualties for the American forces in the Italian campaign were:

21,577 killed,
77,241 wounded,
10,388 missing.

The total was 109,163. Not a single soldier in the 355th AAA S/L Bn. was touched by enemy fire while with that unit in service in the Italian campaign. Not a single member of the "355th" was killed in action while overseas with the unit. Only one soldier died while the unit was in service overseas. We are thankful for that remarkable record; but there is still more



Near Vergato: Equipment at Work

to that story. Hundreds of our men joined combat engineer units, where we faced a different story. While with the 1108 Engineer Combat Group and its battalions the chaplain (transferred from the "355th" along with many of his former associates) was called upon frequently to bury those killed in action. Nevertheless, as men fell in action, wounded and dead, the men who had been in the 355th AAA S/L Bn. seemed to continue to possess charmed lives. Not a single man, transferred along with the chaplain into units which he then served, was killed in action, or even wounded. However, one officer who had been with the 355th before it went overseas, was in with this group, and was killed in action.



San Benedetto: Loading a Duck



San Benedetto: Haven't I met you before?

The chaplain had pitched his tent in the garden of the Villa Manzoni, just north of Milan, before the war in Italy ended. Here it was that Alesandro Manzoni had written his masterpieces of Italian literature in a previous generation. Here we were when General Eisenhower sent the following message to the chiefs of allied operations:

"The mission of this Allied Force was fulfilled at 1241 local time (*British Double Summer Time*), May 7, 1945."

Here we stayed, till we moved south, to prepare to go to the Pacific theater. Months before, as we heard of the surrender of Italy, while we were in our areas around Ferryville and Bizerte, in Tunisia, we had said: "One down, two to go." Now we said: "Two down, one to go," and headed for the Philippines.



Montichiari: Happy Prisoners



Manila: And headed for the Philippines



Pompeii: Mercury Road Tower

POZZUOLI AND POINTS SOUTH

THE following authorization was placed in the hands of the Chaplain on May 31, 1944:

HEADQUARTERS

355th AAA SEARCHLIGHT BATTALION

APO No. 512, U. S. ARMY

1 June 1944

SUBJECT: Orders.

TO: See Distribution Below.

1. The following named O and EM, this organization, are authorized to proceed to NAPLES, ITALY, and other points of interest in that area on 1 June 1944 for purpose of recreation and sightseeing in connection with the Orientation program conducted by this Headquarters. They will return to their present station not later than 4 June 1944. Govt MT Auth TDN.

Capt. Karl W. Scheufler, 0480125

T/4 Wilbert A. Ernst, 39240866, Hq Btry

T/4 Laddie E. Kurgan, 37116343, Hq Btry

T/4 Clinton L. Walker, 18124776, Btry A

Cpl. Verlyn S. Price, 34085349, Med Det

T/5 Eugene A. Habitzruther, 20274663, Hq Btry

T/5 Henry E. Kraus, 37252378, Hq Btry

Pfc. Clarence W. Klein, 20274602, Hq Btry

Pfc. Benedictus J. Wachowski, 20274625, Hq Btry

Pvt. John M. Trapp, Jr., 32120379, Hq Btry

By order of Lt. Colonel Hutchins:

/s/ Richard G. White

/t/ RICHARD G. WHITE

CWO, 355th AAA Slt Bn

Asst. Adj. (Pers.)

DISTRIBUTION:

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1—CO Hq

1—File

The nucleus of this group was students from the class on ancient history being taught by the Chaplain. Habitzruther, Walker and Price were the men to represent the class. It will be noted that in the total group were included a "medic," a man from the kitchen, a man from the motor pool, a man from S-1 office, a man from the message center, an orderly, the Chaplain's assistant and two men from "com-

munications." It had been planned to take one man from "communications" only, and one man from "supply," but when the supply representative found that he could not be away for the days in question, Pvt. John M. Trapp, Jr. (a member of "communications") was added, simply because he had camped in the doorway of the Chaplain's tent, in what we feared was a sit down strike, designed to continue until we gave him leave to accompany us. With one exception the men were all from headquarters battery, because this was designed as an exploratory tour, which if successful would be repeated once for each battery in the battalion.

Laddie Kurgan got up early on the morning of June 1st, so the group could have some hot coffee and hot cereal before Gene Habitzruther shifted the first gear on the trip. At 0530 we were on our way. The ten travelers were loaded in a weapons carrier and their luggage was carried in a quarter-ton trailer. The same Foggia road to Naples was traversed which we had taken in February as we deployed in tactical position near San Severo. Many stops were made to admire and photograph the beautiful scenes which unfolded constantly, as we drove through the Central Apennines. In Naples only one stop was made, since this city was not on our schedule for an intensive visit. The one stop was at the 55th General Hospital, where the Chaplain called on Lt. "Big Joe" Zaranka. Our "Mad Russian" had driven on Suicide Hill near Avellino, a few days previously, and the jeep had failed to negotiate one of the dog-chasing-his-tail curves successfully. "Joe" had a broken collar bone, some strained muscles, some scratched epidermis, and the most beautiful black eye it has ever been my privilege to behold. His injuries were not too bad, so we left the hospital in a few minutes to continue our journey on to Pozzuoli. In the early afternoon we arrived at this ancient city, concerning which we have all read frequently, without knowing that we have read about it.

If you will turn to the last chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, you will read the record of Paul's journey from Syracuse in Sicily and then through Pozzuoli (he called it Puteoli) to Rome. The Greeks



Pozzuoli: The Amphitheater

who had founded this city about 600 years before Jesus, had named it Dikaearchia. In 194 B.C. the name became Puteoli, as the Romans assumed control. In Paul's day this was one of the chief ports in Italy, far more important in commercial circles than it is today.

As we visited the points of interest here, we wondered if Paul had seen the same sites. Did Paul visit the Solfatara? Did he see the fumeroles? These fumeroles cannot be compared with similar ones in Yellowstone National Park, or those in Lassen Volcanic National Park in California, without suffering by the

comparison; but for the soldiers who had not visited those famous American spots, this area was amazing. At one time a volcano functioned here. Although it has done little but bubble and boil since 1198 A.D., it has bubbled and boiled constantly, to the enjoyment of tourists and the enrichment of Pozzuoli merchants. The action takes place in an area about one-quarter of a mile in extent within the throat of the ancient volcano.

Our guide (guides are usually a necessary nuisance in Italy) led us through the area, pausing on the way to toss rocks up into the air, so that we might hear the hollow sound given forth by the earth, at their downward impact. We listened as he told us that the crust on which we stood was a mere six feet in thickness. There are three points of special interest in the Solfatara. The first is the boiling mud pond—the Italian version of the Yellowstone paint pots. The noticeable difference here is that while the American versions of this boiling pond have most of the colors of the spectrum, the Italian version is done in monotonous black.

As we walked to the second object of interest, we paused to feel the heat issuing from many little steam vents scattered over the area; and we paused to watch the guide demonstrate the increase in the visibility of the fumes issuing from all the dozens of vents, when a lighted match or a lighted cigarette was passed over any one vent. It appeared that the fire ignited the gasses issuing forth, and the burning



Pozzuoli: "The Serapeum"



Pozzuoli: Solfatara mud pots

gasses were more opaque than the gas in its original form. I think the guide called the fumes: carbonic acid gas. The second point of interest was the cone through which a strong blast of super hot air issued. The attendant would pour pounds of sand, cinders and stones, the size of walnuts over the hole, to demonstrate the power of the blast to keep the opening clear.

The third point of interest was at the place where the Romans had had their steam baths. There were two caves in the tufa rock of the surrounding hills. You could walk a few yards into these caves. The heat in them was of such an intensity that one began to perspire profusely in less than one minute. The odor of gas (sulphur) was strong, and in one of the caves, the odor of camphor was even stronger (and I had always understood that camphor was a product from a tree, having seen the Chinese work at crystallizing camphor from the sap of the tree in South China). This odor probably was caused by an ammoniacal gas.

The main color of the general area was the white of gypsum. Men were quarrying the gypsum here to be burned into plaster of paris at a neighboring plant. Interspersed with the white was the yellow of sulphur. The black of the boiling paint pots was below the level of vision unless one stood at the rim of that cauldron.

As usual, before we left the area, the guide led us by the place where souvenirs were sold. Here you could buy all sorts of 25¢ jewelry for \$7.50 per set of two. We spent little time at these counters, and more time at the weapons carrier where we had our dinner—a late dinner, and we were hungry following the time intervening between mid-afternoon and our early morning breakfast. For the first time I saw soldiers eat “luncheon meat” (we called it “spam”) and enjoy it. We finished our sandwiches with a variety of diced fruits preserved in their own juices and called a “fruit cocktail.”

Did Paul see the Solfatara? I don't know. I'd like to ask; and I would like to ask: “Paul did you see the amphitheater here, too?” Having spent 15¢ to visit the solfatara (exclusive of tips) we now con-



Pozzuoli: At the Roman baths



Pozzuoli: Sea level



Pozzuoli: Solfatara steam vent



Near Baia: A crater lake



Pompeii: Garden Gate, House of the Faun

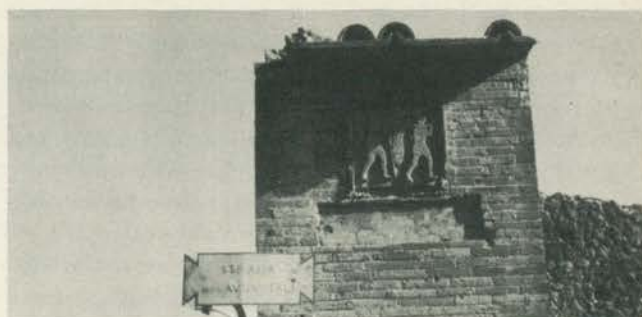
tinued to squander our money by paying two cents to enter the amphitheater. The subterranean chambers and the interior passageways of this amphitheater are fairly well preserved, thus reminding us of the similar building at El Djem in Tunisia, although the colosseum there is much more massive. As at El Djem, so here, water contests would be staged between fleets, by flooding the arena and thus creating a small, enclosed lake. We are told that under the persecutions of Diocletian, St. Januarius was thrown to the lions in this arena but escaped the lions after the fashion of Daniel. The Romans were not thus to be cheated of a victim, so the saint was taken to a point near the solfatara and executed.

The soldiers on the trip were little impressed by the ruins of the Roman "Serapeum" in Pozzuoli.

Without a doubt Paul saw this building, because it was close to the water edge, and being the market place (macellum) was situated in a prominent position in the city. In Paul's day the market was above the level of the sea. Today the sea covers the floor of the ruined building; but in the centuries intervening, there is a strong evidence that this land sank about twenty feet, remained stationary at that level for a period, and then was elevated again. This submergence and elevation was accomplished without the destruction of all of the pillars of this building. Three columns still stand but there is a wide band on these stone pillars, which is pitted with the borings of shell fish. The lower edge of this band is as high above the floor of the market as a man can reach. This is the positive evidence of the continued



Pompeii: Outside the Nolan Gate



Pompeii: Sign of a wine merchant



Pompeii: To the Nolan Gate

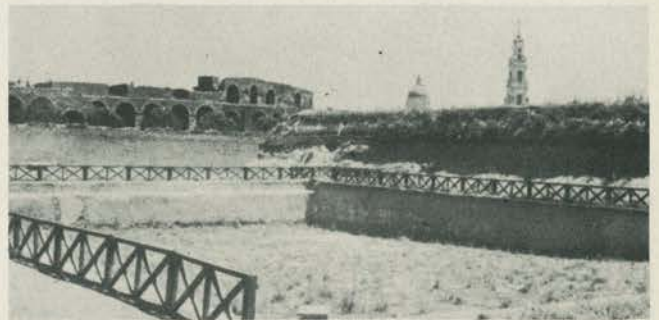
inundation of this building at some former period.

From Pozzuoli we skirted the Gulf of Pozzuoli till we turned on the road leading to Lake Averno. This lake seems to follow the example of Crater Lake in Oregon, although it is located close to sea level, and is comparatively small. The water therein is salt, and the lake was once famed for its oysters. Located so close to the Solfatara and the volcano called Monte Nuovo, the ancients proclaimed the lake to be the concealing curtain over the entrance to Inferno. We followed our road past the Lake Del Fusaro, past Baia, and then retraced our steps through Naples and took the highway towards Pompeii. We wanted to spend the night up near the top of Vesuvius, and attempted to drive over the old road up the mountain side, but we were soon driving

through high banks of volcanic ash which had been ejected by Vesuvius in the eruption of March, 1944. The intervening two months had not been sufficient to have the road cleared, under present conditions. The piles of ashes were higher along the roadway, because the accumulations on roof tops had been shoveled there, by the landlords, who tried to keep their roofs from caving under the weight of aerated stone. We soon gave the trip to the cone of Vesuvius up as an impossible job with a weapons carrier at that particular time and by that particular route. We went back to the auto strada near Pompeii, and finding a convenient cinder pit set up our cots a few rods off the road, and unrolled our sleeping bags. We had had a long day, and were too tired to care to eat much, but Laddie soon had some coffee boil-



Pompeii: Relief on altar



Pompeii: Swimming pool



Arch of Tiberius



Pompeii: Street of abundance

ing, and some "spamwiches" ready. Believe it or not, they tasted good again. That night we slept the sleep of the weary, undisturbed by the usual planes which fly through our base-camp-nights in endless procession.

When we woke up early the next morning, our bedding rolls were damp with dew, but that was not too objectionable. Pompeii was our goal that morning. It was not hard to get the men up an hour before they would have stood reveille back at camp. Again we had our cereal and coffee, and throwing our cooking utensils away (the number ten cans in which so much army food arrives) we arrived at the Gate of Pompeii in time to welcome the ticket sellers, and the guides. Here we purchased nine tickets for soldiers at five lire each, and one for the Chaplain at ten lire (was the price established on the assumption that an officer will get twice as much out of such a trip as an enlisted man, or on the assumption that the officer is more affluent than the EM?) At this time we had to spend a few minutes to explain to the ticket seller that he was overcharging us ten lire for our tickets. I don't know yet whether that was a simple mistake or a studied procedure. It was corrected. We had vowed "millions for defense, but not one cent for chicanery," after being overcharged at the Solfatara on the preceding day.

As we embark on this journey through Pompeii, a sketch of the city and its history is necessary for the

best understanding of the tour. The facts in this sketch were presented to the soldiers who took the trips in lectures weeks before the trips were inaugurated.

The city of Pompeii is radically different from the ancient Roman cities which we visited in North Africa. In common with North African Roman cities it has one characteristic — ruin. The North African cities, however, were ruined due to military reverses, the decline of Roman civilization, and exposure to the elements. North African cities became ghost cities before they became ruined cities. The early use of the old North African sites as places from which stones could be secured for the building of recent structures, likewise accounts for the poverty of the ruins on the south shore of the Mediterranean.

Pompeii is radically different. When it was destroyed it was a city enjoying a brilliant period of prosperity. Twenty years before its utter destruction it had received a tragic blow, in the form of a terrific earthquake (A.D. 63). Few houses were left untouched by this disturbance, and no public building but received its mark. The rebuilding of the city gave the city fathers an opportunity to build on a better plan, and a grandiose scale. In the intervening years the buildings had been completely restored with very few exceptions. When Pompeii was uncovered in modern times, these few buildings still exhibited the marks of the seismographic disturbance, but a large number of



Pompeii: Arch of Caligula



Pompeii: Cryptoporticus



Pozzuoli: "The Serapeum"



Pompeii: Steps to site of Greek Temple

houses were being redecorated (perhaps for the second time after the earthquake) while others were being newly-constructed on vacant ground. The archaeologists found many rooms in which the decorators were working when the final blow hit the city. These walls are partly frescoed, and the tools and materials employed by these workmen in their task were still on the floors of the houses, where they had been left in 79 A.D.

In its glory one of the sights of the city was its view of Mt. Somma, some ten miles away. True, Mt. Somma was volcanic, but it was not greatly feared. It had been a blessing to the surrounding land, rather than a curse, for its decaying ashes from pre-historic eruptions helped to fertilize the fields of the neighborhood. Suddenly in the third week of August 79 A.D. Mt. Somma became violently active. Hot streams of mud and lava poured from its crater and from fissures along its sides. A stream of mud inundated Herculaneum—destroying it beyond any immediate hope of redemption. Pompeii suffered extinction by the same eruption, but by different means. Poisonous gases, hot descending ashes, and volcanic dust snuffed out its life. Rock, a little heavier than air, fell by the ton; dust seeped into every house; ashes began to accumulate on roofs. First there was a few inches of dust, ashes and cinder-like rock in the streets and



Pompeii: In the Theater Garden

on the housetops; then there was a foot, and then a yard, and then a rod. Roofs collapsed under the accumulated weight, and still the rain of rock continued. In places it increased to a depth of forty feet. This blanket of volcanic belching ended the existence of Pompeii as an inhabited city. Today Mt. Vesuvius is a point on the rim of ancient Mt. Somma, but higher in elevation than the point, elsewhere on that rim, which is still called "Mt. Somma." It was Mt. Somma that destroyed Pompeii in August of 79 A.D. It was Mt. Vesuvius which erupted in March of 1944, and again spread a thin coating of volcanic dust over the ancient city.

For centuries the ashes which covered Pompeii, protected it from the action of the elements, and to a certain extent from the depredations of men. When the ashes of Mt. Somma hardened they covered bodies of men and animals and house furnishings as well as houses. Many of these bodies and objects thus encased, decayed, leaving a cast in the ashes. In removing the solidified ashes, archaeologists early learned that it was wise to fill every cavity they came upon with plaster of paris; and when it was hard to carefully remove the ashes from around the cast. In this way they have recovered reproduction of the dead (human and animal forms) and other objects such as doors, chests, and the like.



Pompeii: Amphitheater



Pompeii: Temple of Isis

Pompeii was originally a small agricultural village. In the eighth century B. C. Oscan people from the Roman Compagnia chose this site for their city. In the sixth century B.C. these inhabitants found it advisable to make an alliance with the Greek people of Neapolis and Cumae (Cumae was a town on Lake del Fusaro just beyond Neapolis, or Naples), and subsequently the Greek cultural influence soon became evident. We visited a Greek temple ruin near the site of the Triangular Forum in Pompeii which dated from this early period. Late in the same century Samnite people conquered Pompeii and made it one of the centers of their culture. In 89 B.C. Sulla besieged this city, and nine years later it became Roman.

One important date in the life of the city stands out in addition to the year of the earthquake and the year of the eruption of Mt. Somma. It is the year 59 A.D. In this year, during a spectacle in the arena, mad rivalry broke out between the Pompeians and the inhabitants of Nocera. Shall we compare it to the uproar occasioned by a close, adverse decision against the Dodgers on Ebbets Field, multiplied many times? Pompeii citizens took one side in a dispute, and Nocera citizens took the other. Blood was shed, and the noise and odor of the riot reached the ears and nostrils of Nero. He referred the case to the Roman Senate. The verdict of the Senate was: "Padlock the Pompeii Amphitheater for ten years." This was a severe punishment, because of the prominence of the amphitheater in Roman life. The earthquake of A.D. 63 helped the people to forget the temporary loss of the use of their arena.

If you want to read a first-hand account of the eruption of Mt. Somma, with the attendant destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii, you may turn to the letters of Pliny the Younger, written around the date of August 24, 79 A.D. In these letters you will find also his record of the death of his uncle, whose life was sacrificed in an attempt to assist the inhabitants of this area.

Immediately after the ashes of Pompeii had cooled off, refugees returned to the site to look for their old homes and to recover their precious possessions. It was not an easy task, with so thick a blanket of material covering houses, roads, public buildings, and even the city wall. At a later date, people dug into these ruins to secure the finely cut marbles which faced some of the public buildings. However, the impression one gets as he visits Pompeii is that a lot more rough stone was used, and then given a cement coating in imitation of rare marbles, than was the case in the cities in North Africa, such as Djemila, Timgad, and Thuburbo Majus. Marble work was superior there. The first major post-Roman excava-



Pompeii: Temple of Apollo

tions around Vesuvius were made by Charles of Bourbon in 1748. His excavations were crudely administered, and the goal of the digging was selfish rather than educational. From 1806 to 1832 the Forum area was uncovered, together with a few private houses. Beginning in 1860 more scientific methods were adopted by the archaeologists—perhaps now for the first time we may use that word "archaeologists" for these employers of shovel and pick. As a result of that effort, about sixty per cent of the city was uncovered. Since 1911, however, unusually careful work has been in progress in sites previously unexcavated. Today the scientists still take many priceless discoveries to the museum at Naples for preservation, but in general the present plan is to make each house uncovered, a miniature museum for the treasures gained therein. This plan is turning the Street of Abundance, along which the excavations have largely proceeded since 1911, into the most fascinating part of this ancient city. Where once the House of Pansa, and the House of the Tragic Poet, or of the Faun,



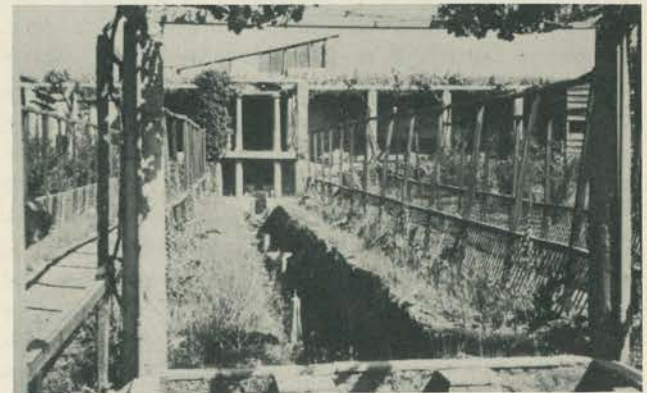
Pompeii: Forum and Temple of Jupiter

were the show places of Pompeii, now the House of Menander and neighboring homes and shops attract the curious, and the serious student of history, as well.

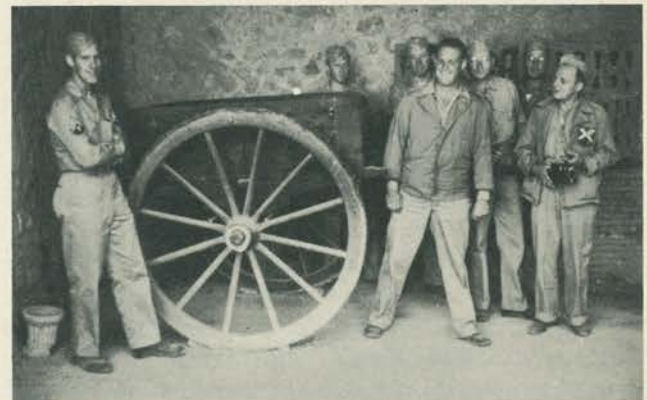
The wall of Pompeii is definitely defined, except toward the west. If one were able to traverse the top of the wall around the entire city, the circuit would be just under two miles. There are eight gates through the wall, and a number of towers between the gates. The tower at the end of the Street of Mercury gives an excellent view of the excavated city, the smoking cone of Vesuvius, the surrounding hills and the neighboring sea. From it one can see the definite plan of the city with most of its streets intersecting at right angles. These streets are paved, with sidewalks bordering each side of the street. At intersections large blocks of stone rise from the level of the pavement to the level of the sidewalks, permitting the pedestrian to walk across the streets, in wet weather, without descending into the mud covering the lower pavement stones. These blocks of stones were so placed, that chariots drawn by a team of horses, could pass between these stepping stones without a jolt. These stepping stones localized the course of the chariot wheels at intersections, and consequently here we see the deep ruts which the rims of countless chariot wheels wore into the flinty surface of the stone. In this city are located many taverns. The number of the taverns combined with the small size of kitchens in private homes, has led the students to believe that at least the slaves, of whom there was a very large number, did not eat in the homes of their masters. In this general paragraph, which deals with a lot of the miscellanea of Pompeii, a word must be spoken about the frescoes of the houses. In North Africa the work of the mosaic maker reached a peak of production, while in Pompeii the art of the fresco painter reached a peak. Many of the frescoes seem to be as fresh today as they were the day the artist surveyed his work and pronounced it complete. Such frescoes must be protected from the sun and the elements. First the blanket of ashes afforded this protection, and then after the excavation



Pompeii: Triangular Forum



Pompeii: Garden to the House of Loreius Tiburtinus



Pompeii: In the stable of the House of Menander



Pompeii: A Shrine of the Lares



Paestum: Temple of Neptune

perhaps a glass lid, or cloth shade, or even the re-roofing of a room helped to preserve the same. Unfortunately, many of the pictures and signs uncovered by the workmen and not immediately protected from the sun and rain, and wind, have faded more in a generation than they had faded in the previous eighteen hundred years. By means of these frescoes we see the illustrations the ancients used to illuminate their mythological stories, the literature of their day (such as Homer's *Illiad*), scenes from Pompeian life, scenes from the record of travelers and the intimate details of the activities of the artisans and shopkeepers of the city. One fine fresco gives us a series of pictures of the initiation rites into one of the mystery religions which were so popular in the world of the first century A.D.

Pompeii is located seventeen miles from Naples. It is a quick drive if one takes the *autostrada*, but a laborious drive if one takes the parallel road which runs only a few blocks away and which forms the main street of adjoining villages along the coast. The city of Pompeii is located one mile from the sea, and erected on a prehistoric lava flow which elevates it about one hundred and thirty feet above the level of the sea. Perhaps the city had 20,000 inhabitants at the time it was destroyed, although the amphitheater will seat more than that number of people. (Amphitheaters attracted people for many miles around. In Pompeii was found one notice advertising a spectacle in the amphitheater at Puteoli, some twenty-five or thirty miles away, and which we visited on the previous day of our trip.)



Paestum: The old and the new



Paestum: Interior of "Basilica"



Amalfi: The Cloisters of Paradise

On our trip through the city we did not bother to try to distinguish between the five different periods of the cities life, marked by the different kinds of building material used in the construction of the walls of homes and shops. At times limestone was used, at times soft volcanic rock, and at other times harder volcanic rock, or brick was used, or cement, or a combination of these materials.

Our knowledge of life in Pompeii has been enriched by a study of the elections notices, and casual sentences scribbled on the surface of walls or pillars in the city. Some of this work was done with paint, and some with any convenient bit of metal which would

leave a mark upon stone or cement. By these casual sentences we have been able to identify many houses as to their ownership. One even sees the crude drawings of animals etched on the plaster walls by children. Were these children spanked for doing something which the authorities have tried to preserve, carefully, today?

A modern gate bars the entrance to every important house in Pompeii. But attendants are on hand to open the gates for you and to explain to you the treasures found within. For this service no fee is specified, but one soon learns, that in Italy, no fee is ever unexpected. We parked our weapons carrier



Paestum: Temple of Neptune



Paestum: Temple of Neptune and "Basilica"

at the Marine Gate, and left half of our party there to protect the vehicle from the scores of children and vendors who pester one continuously at that point. (Later, the Chaplain conducted these men over much the same territory he visited first with the other half of the party.) We entered the ruins through the Marine Gate, which was never a popular gate of the city, in Roman days, due to the fact that the road passing through it, immediately climbed the steepest slope of the lava flow on which Pompeii was built. There used to be a museum here, but a bomb hit it—an American bomb. (From the tower at the head of the Street of Mercury we could see the guns used by the enemy to delay our advance when we moved on Naples. Some of the bombs used to silence these guns, damaged the old city, because the guns were located hard by the city wall.)

Rather than describe in detail the places visited in Pompeii we will merely list those places. Our general plan called for us to see the following points of interest:

Marine Gate

The Basilica

The Temple of Apollo

The Forum—walking down the left-hand side to see the standard measures to which individual vendors' measures had to conform.

The Temple of Jupiter at the end of the Forum

The small temple of Fortuna

The arch of Caligula

The House of the Tragic Poet with its mosaic "Cave Canem"

The House of Pansa

Then retracing our steps we went down the other side of the Forum to visit the points of interest situated there:

The Market hard by the Arch of Tiberius

The temple called the Temple of the Lares

The so-called Temple of Vespasian

The building of Eumachia

The Election Booth (Comitium)

The offices of the city officials (the curiae)

When we left the area of the Forum we took the several turnings which led to the area around the Stabian Gate. Here were the

Triangular Forum

The Greek Temple

The Great Theater

The Small (Covered) Theater

The Palaestra, which was once the promenade garden for patrons of the great theater but which later became the barracks area for the gladiators.

The Temple of Jupiter Meilichius

The Temple of Isis

The Stabian Gate itself



Paestum: Temple of Ceres

Following this we entered the area of the new excavations and visited:

The Fullonica (dye shop and laundry) Stephani

The House of the Lararium

The Cryptoporticus (with its casts of human bodies)

House of Lucius Ceius Secundus

House of Menander—the finest in all Pompeii

House of the Lovers

House of P. Paquius Proculus

House of the Ephebe (P. Corneli Tegetis)

House of C. Trebius Valens

House of Loreius Tiburtinus

Passing through the rear door of one of the above buildings we crossed over the area of the largest Palaestra in Pompeii (seeing the swimming pool as we went) to the amphitheater. Retracing our steps back through the Street of Abundance we visited the following places:

The Stabian Bath

The House of the Lupinar (with its obscenity)



Amalfi Road: Ships and the ship yard



Amalfi Road: An Italian Mesa Verde

- The House of the Faun
- The House of the Vettii (reconstructed)
- The Vesuvian Gate
- The Tombs outside this gate
- The Tower at the head of the Street of Mercury
- The Herculanean Gate
- The Street of the Tombs outside this gate
- The House of the Mysteries (outside the city wall)

The above itinerary was a general guide for our tour of Pompeii. On some trips some of these places were not entered, but others not listed were visited. It took approximately three or three and one-half hours to cover this itinerary. The groups exposed hundreds of photographs on the trips. We will allow these photographs to describe the places visited. The groups left behind to guard the vehicle had not wasted their time, but had employed it (sometimes unprofitable) to purchase little tubes containing samples of the type of dust and ashes which Vesuvius has spewed out on the five violent days of its eruption just a few weeks before our visit to Pompeii, and a variety of other things.

Before we write "Finis" to this visit to Pompeii, it might be profitable to append to the story of this visit two lists. The first is the ancient names for parts of a Roman dwelling.

Tabernae—shops (which usually were connected with homes)



Salerno: Petrol dump

- Atrium—court, paved, at the front of the house
- Ostium or fauces—entrance passages
- Vestibulum—vestibule (not too frequently seen)
- Compluvium—opening in roof in the atrium
- Impluvium—large cistern for holding the water admitted by the compluvium
- Cubicula—bed room
- Ala—wing where ancestral statues were stored
- Tablinum—chamber opening on atrium
- Peristylum—court garden
- Xytos—garden beyond peristyle
- Oecus—parlor
- Culina—kitchen
- Arca—strong box
- Triclinium—three-tabled dining room
- Biclinium—two-tabled dining room
- Lario—shrine for the Household God
- Vomitorium—as the name suggests

The second list gives the names for the rooms and some of the furniture in the Roman baths, and these names will indicate the magnitude of these establishments:

- Vestibulum—entrance hall
- Palaestra—game room or gymnasium
- Apodyterium—dressing room
- Frigidarium—cold bath
- Tepidarium—sweating bath (lukewarm)
- Caldarium—hot room



Near Vietri sul Mare: Let's eat

Piscinae—basins

Alvius—hot water basin

Labrum—fountain style basin

Laconica—sweating baths

Praefurnium—furnace room

Fornaces—stoves

Testudines—the boilers

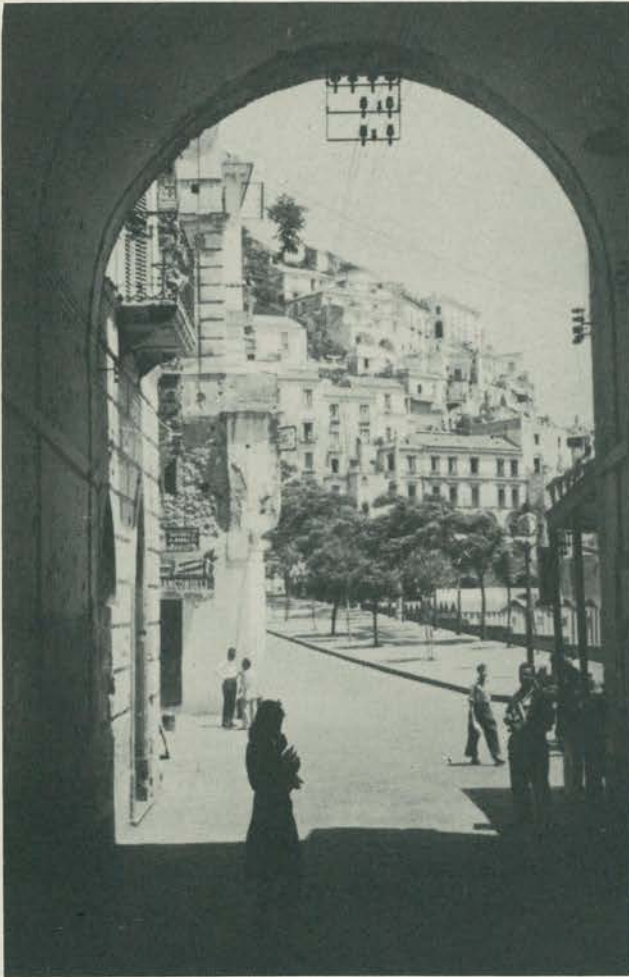
Hypocaustum—hollow floor supported by short brick pillars

Suspensurae—the hollow pavement under which warm air passed

Tubli—hollow tile

Tegulae mammatae—nipple tiles which lined the walls in hot bathrooms

Leaving Pompeii about three o'clock in the afternoon of this our second day on the trip we drove through Torre Annunciata, Castellammare, and along the beautiful coastal drive to Sorrento. Sorrento seems to be filled with soldiers on rest leave from their units and the shops seemed to have more of the type of thing tourists buy, than any shops we had previously seen in Italy. Beyond Sorrento we climbed the high



Amalfi: City on a hill

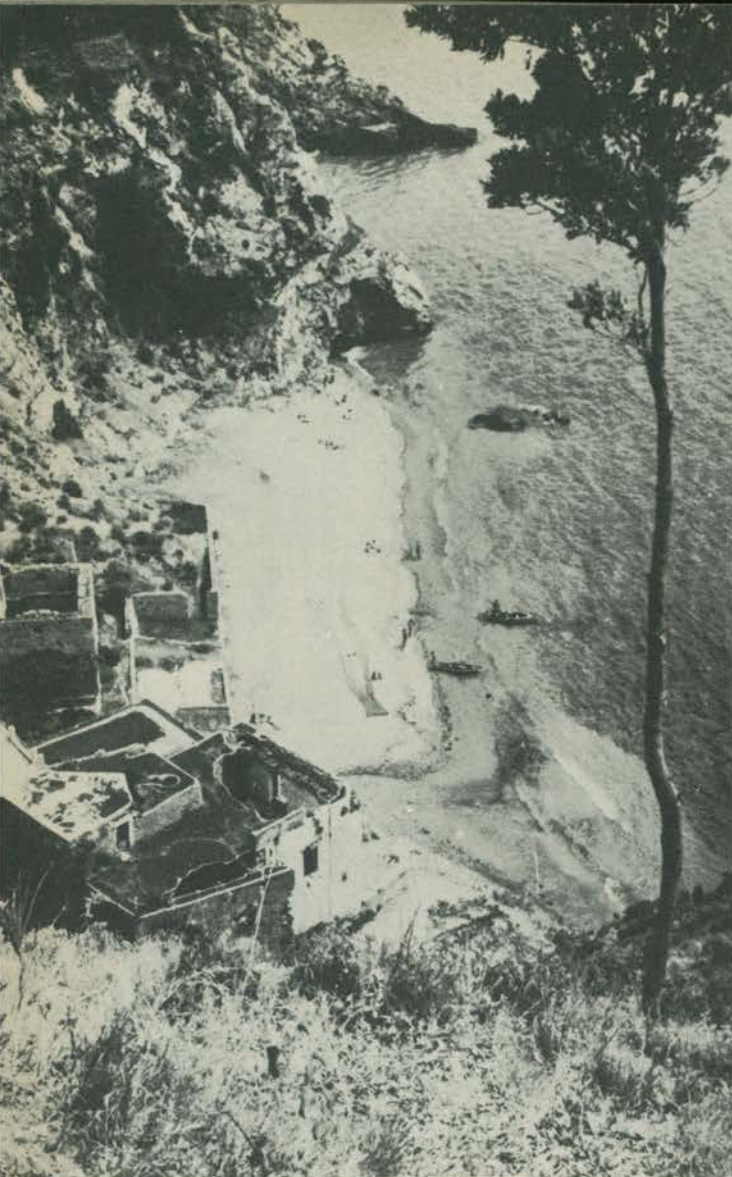


Ravello: Fawn in Villa Cembrone

hill to the suppressed monastery, called Deserto. This is now an orphanage. The view from Deserto is superb. One sees Vesuvius, Capri, the nearby cities, and two gulfs.

It had been our plan to take the road across the peninsula from the gulf of Naples side, to the gulf of Salerno side, but we had not known that a special pass was necessary to use this road, so we reluctantly returned to the camping place we had occupied the previous night, determined to get an early start the following morning, and make up for our disappointment. We slept the sleep of the exhausted.

Without complaint the men arose two hours before they would have heard the bugle back at camp the following morning. Breakfast was soon disposed of, and we started out. It was necessary before we had gone far to replenish our water supply, as we had done the day before, and to find a petrol dump where we might refuel our tanks. The water point presented no problem. Then we took the road through Nocera



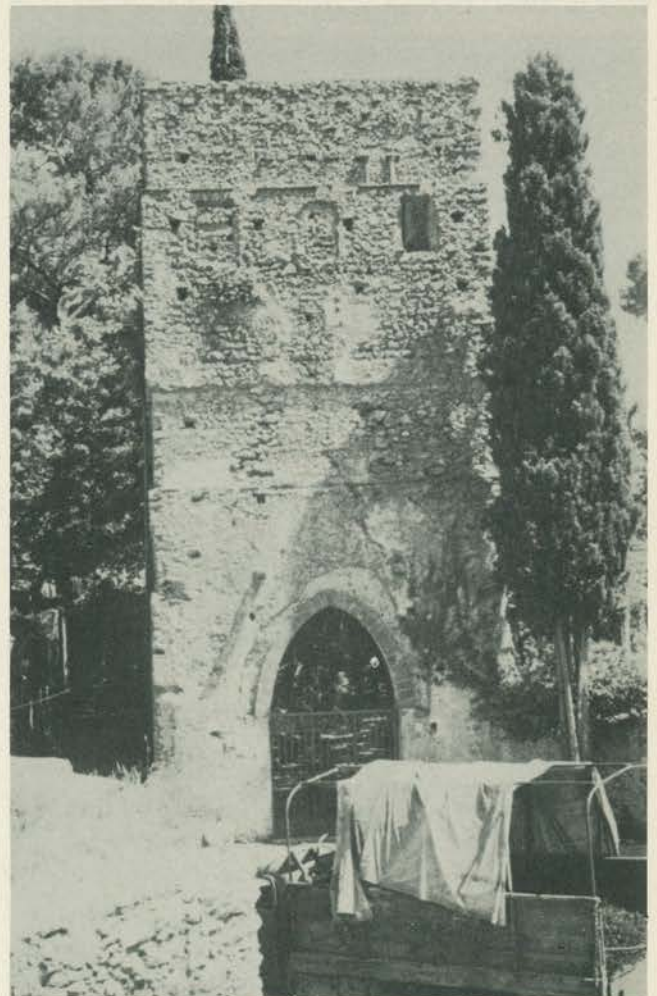
Amalfi Road: A strip of "Invasion Coast"

to Vietri sul Mare, and there we turned westward to visit the Amalfi coast and Amalfi itself. Unfortunately we arrived at Amalfi at a time when the sun was not right for a visit to the famous Emerald Grotto. With a determination to rearrange the trip for the next group so that we might visit this grotto, we turned our weapons carrier around and headed in the direction of Salerno.

Salerno did not detain us, except for the visit to the petrol dump, located in front of the heavily bombed railroad station. Our tank was about dry by the time we stopped here. (We had last refilled in Naples two days previously.) Leaving Salerno our goal was the ancient Greek city of Paestum. Some people claim that at Paestum we have the best preserved examples of Greek architecture in the world. Others will say that Paestum is second only to Athens in this regard. The ruins at Athens are far more extensive, but the ruins at Athens, also, have

been frequently restored. There are three temples left in Paestum which show a very definite form. They are the Temple of Neptune, the Temple of Ceres, and a temple called "The Basilica." "The Basilica" dates from the 6th century B.C. The Temple of Neptune from the 5th century B.C. The Temple of Ceres was built at an intervening date. There are also ruins of the Roman city which replaced the Greek city in 273 B.C. Lying on low land near the sea, malaria probably plagued the city, which was finally deserted for health reasons. Therefore, shall we say that what the Vandals and Arabs did to Timgad, and what Mt. Somma did to Pompeii, mosquitoes did to Paestum?

On our return journey we threw local advice to the winds, and followed a road marked clearly on our maps. It went through the mountains, heading towards our main road between Foggia and Naples with a junction indicated at Grottaminarda. This road required very slow driving, and after we reached the half way mark toward our destination on the main road, we found that the road had been bombed



Ravello: Villa Rufolo



Vesuvius: At the Crater

extensively. Some of the bridges had been repaired, and some had not been, nor had diversions been constructed around the ruined bridge. This necessitated our driving the weapons carrier across one river, and through one very steep gully which was especially worthy of mention. At the Stazione di Conza-Andretta the railroad center was a total wreck. The station was destroyed, the passenger and goods cars were splintered and burned, and even the stout locomotives stood in front of their "round house" in desperate need of intensive repairs. When we had passed the mountain village of Contursi we thought we had seen a beautiful gem of an Italian hill town. Later when we saw the uniqueness of Quaglietta, emphasized by its castle mounted crag, we thought we had entered a photographer's paradise. These cities made this trip an unusually fine experience. Unfortunately by the time we reached Andretta, Vallata, the Bar-

onias, the Elumeri the light was too poor for satisfactory photography.

We had driven over this bomb marked road for four and one-half hours before we came upon a single motor vehicle. After five hours we came upon a second—a bus laden with people approaching us. The sight of the bus was welcome to us. Night was falling and the lack of detours around ruined bridges would be extremely serious in the dark. We could not stop and wait for morning light, because the Chaplain had four church services to conduct the following day. So the bus approaching us, indicated to us, that the road down which we were driving, was not too difficult to negotiate. The bus probably stopped at Andretta—I am certain it could not have negotiated the road beyond there.

We arrived back at camp about midnight of the third day of our trip. It had been most enjoyable,



Vesuvius: Sunless day



Vesuvius: Sunrise



Vesuvius: Rim of the volcano

but the call of the guard piercing the darkness as we approached our tents, was a welcome call: "Halt! Who goes there?" The answer might have been: "The Chaplain, with a happy, weary group of tourists." Then Gene could turn the ignition key and let the motor die. Although the party had not been thrilled (as had the Chaplain been) by the Serapeum at Pozzuoli, or the Greek Temples at Paestum, the total picture of the three-day journey impressed the group more than the Chaplain has ever seen any group of soldiers impressed, both previously and elsewhere. There were other things of interest on the trip, such as the herd of water buffalo we met on the road near Paestum, the attempts at choral singing as we sped along the road, and even Bennie Wachowski attempting to imitate a dialectical comedian. The total necessary cost of the trip for each man

(they did not have to buy the trinkets they bargained for so eagerly) was sixty cents. The normal American might be able to make this trip, starting from the States, for \$600.00. Even at that price it would be worth while!

The eight men who accompanied the Chaplain on his first conducted tour in Italy, were loud in their praise of the trip. As a result the frequent question was heard from the men of the lettered batteries: "Chaplain, when do you take men from our battery to Pompeii and the other places?" The second tour, with men from C Battery was consequently planned, and the following order issued:

HEADQUARTERS

355th AAA SEARCHLIGHT BATTALION

APO No. 512, U. S. ARMY

15 June 1944

SUBJECT: Orders.

TO: See Distribution Below.

1. The following named O and EM, this organization, are authorized to proceed to NAPLES, ITALY, and other points of interest in that area on 15 June 1944 for the purpose of recreation and sight-seeing in connection with the orientation program conducted by this Headquarters. In addition, they are authorized to proceed from Amalfi to Sorrentino via Positano and Meta. They will return to their present station not later than 18 June 1944. Govt MT auth TDN.

Capt. Karl W. Scheufler, 0480125

T/4 Donald G. Moyle, 39604861, Btry C

T/5 Joseph Sicurella, 32091979, Btry C

T/4 John M. Sosiewicz, 20258092, Btry C

T/4 David Lieberman, 32120468, Btry C

T/5 Eugene A. Habitzruther, 20274663, Hq Btry

Pfc. Walter V. Williams, 39235431, Btry C

Pfc. Manuel Ramos, 20258072, Btry C

Pfc. Simon Karnis, 32091987, Btry C

Pvt. Leon E. Sheldon, 32672845

By Order of Lt. Colonel Hutchins:

RICHARD G. WHITE

CWO, 355th AAA Slt Bn

Asst. Adj. (Pers)

DISTRIBUTION:

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1—CO, Btry C

1—File

At 5:00 a.m. on the morning of June 15th, Gene Habitzruther, Donald Moyle (who is the clerk from C Battery and consequently lives at hq. btry.), and the Chaplain arrived at the headquarters of C Battery in time for breakfast. About 5:30 the weapons carrier and trailer were loaded, and we began the second of this series of four trips.



Near Pompeii: Bivouac for a night

We reversed our general direction on this trip, turned off the main Naples road (Appian Way) at Avellino and headed towards Salerno. The trip to Paestum was omitted on this journey, because we had hopes of visiting some other sites not seen previously. On the former trip we were unable to make the journey from Sorrento to Amalfi by the way of Meta and Positana due to the fact that a number of British rest camps have been established here, and only groups with specific authority to use this road were permitted on it. A British MP (on our previous trip) had permitted us to pass over the restricted road to Amalfi upon our promise that we would return within three hours. He also told us that all we needed to use the road was a pass signed by our CO and specifically mentioning this highway. That information accounted for the one sentence in our orders, which did not exist in the previous order. That sentence permitted us to use the road, and it saved us hours of travel and gave added miles of scenic grandeur.

We planned to reach Amalfi in the afternoon when the sun would be in the best position for a journey to the Emerald Cave. While we stopped in Amalfi to get directions for visiting the cave we also visited the cathedral there. The cathedral is reached by a long climb up a broad avenue of steps. Its architec-



Vesuvius: Lava road block



Vesuvius: Contemplation

ture reminds one of the Moslem buildings in North Africa, even though the arches here are gothic. The original building dates back to the year 937, but some modern additions were necessitated near the close of the last century when the original building was destroyed in part by fire.

Leading into the cathedral there is a pair of bronze doors which were cast in Constantinople in the year 1066. Tradition has it that at this time, also, the bones of St. Andrew, patron saint of Russia as well as of fishermen, was brought here from the Sancta Sophia cathedral in Constantinople. Today the bones of St. Andrew are said to rest in the crypt of this church. Near the main altar of the new church, we saw a large statue of St. Andrew done in silver, and donated to the church by Italians, who were making a living in America fishing along our New England coast. A statue of St. Andrew before the type of a cross on which he met his death, stands in the square before the cathedral. Amalfi is a city of fishermen.

For years the fishermen of Amalfi knew of a cave of gigantic dimensions, located about four kilometers



Herculaneum: General view of the water front

westward from their city, where the mountains meet the sea. In their superstitious fear, however, they did not venture into the black interior of this cave. In 1933 the cave was officially investigated, and immediately developed into a point of tourist interest. It was given the name, "The Emerald Grotto," to connect and yet to distinguish it from the "Blue Grotto" of Capri.

In the dim ages before man dwelt on the earth, water seeping through the limestone hills bordering the Mediterranean shore produced a huge cave. From

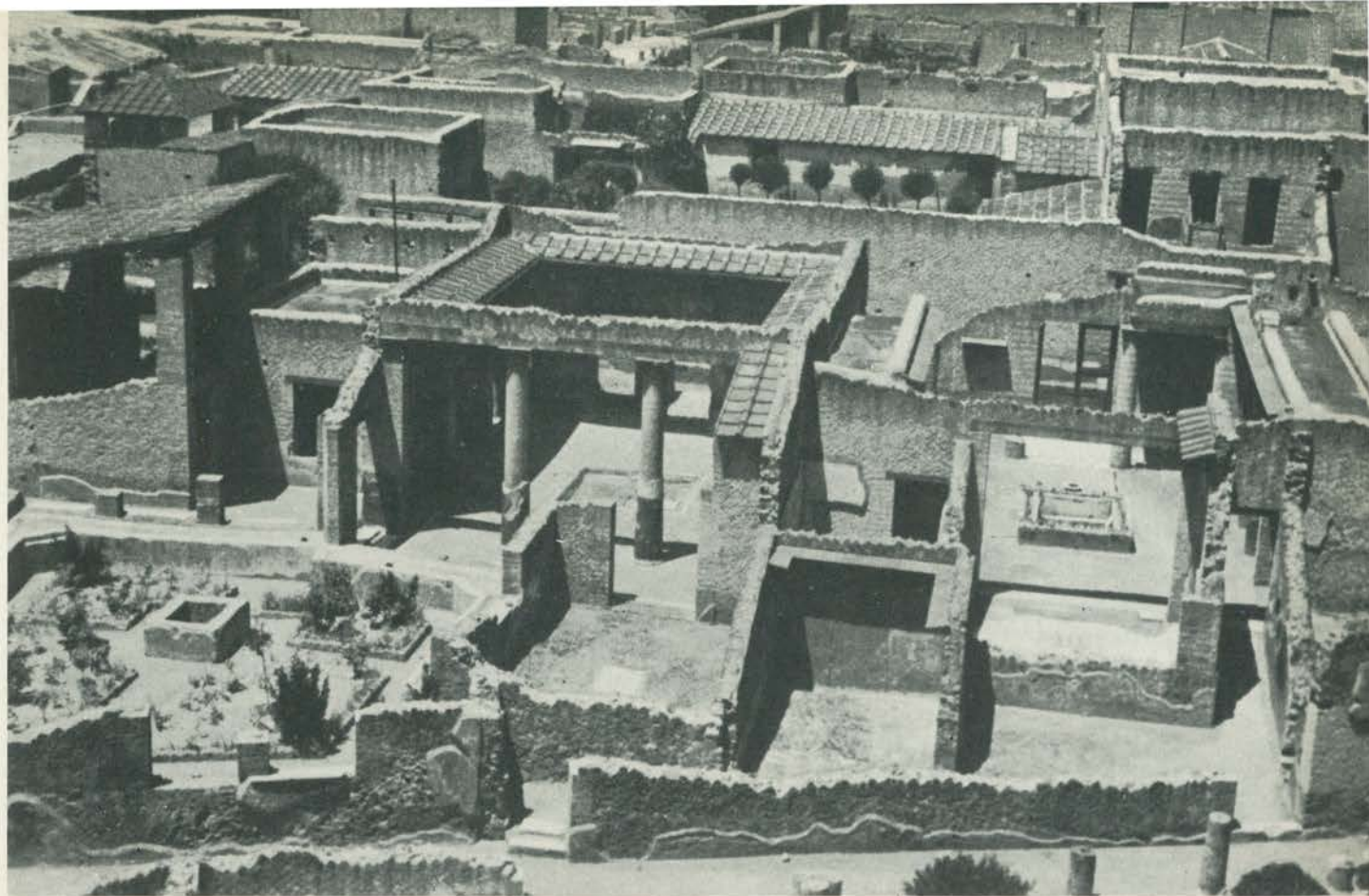
roof to floor it was more than one hundred feet in extent. Its length and width, if we can apply these terms to its irregular form, were likewise in excess of one hundred feet. These dimensions exceed that of the Blue Grotto in height, but not in linear extent. Then the water continuing to seep through the roof of this cave began to form stalactites on the ceiling, and later stalagmites on the floor. Some of these united to form high pillars. In this respect the Emerald Cave is similar to the Carlsbad Cave, and absolutely dissimilar to the Blue Grotto. The Blue Grotto is in a granite rock, and these calcium formations therefore cannot exist there.

After the stalactites and stalagmites had formed, there was a general land subsidence in this area, and the level of the Mediterranean rose till about one-fourth of the cave was submerged. Two small entrances into the cave remained above the water level (or were formed subsequently) and one large entrance was submerged far below the surface of the sea. The light from the afternoon sun entering the cave through this entrance (the other two being too small to illuminate the area) gives the peculiar color which is responsible for the name of the cave.

Our party took the boat trip around the Grotto, they watched the water glisten like gems when the



Ravello: Villa Cembrone



Herculaneum: General view from entrance road

oars splashed the sea. They looked down into the clear water to see the stalagmites far below the sea level, and to see the fish swimming around them. We heard the peculiar tones produced when the pillars of calcium (above the sea level) were struck with a wooden hammer. We saw the translucence of the folds of calcium when a light was placed behind them. To think that this grotto has only been open to tourists for eleven years!

One other item that the former party missed, but this party experienced was the trip to the top of Vesuvius. We knew that the roads to the top had been destroyed by the eruption in early spring, but we decided to try to reach the top again over it. The end of the road came very soon and at the end a sign in English announced that guides would conduct parties to the top for twenty lire each. The entire party except Karnis started out. Williams soon found the climb too strenuous. Both Karnis and Williams have a lot of weight to carry around with them. The other eight men in the party made the top. Along with us, six men who were members of a Jewish regiment from Palestine started out. Only two of them finished the trip to the top. The path does not zigzag across the slope of the mountain, to make the ascent easy, but often goes in a straight line from one ridge

to another. The footing is ash and lapilli. At times one would advance the foot one foot and slide back one and one-half feet. It took two hours of tough climbing to bring us to the top. Formerly one could descend into the throat of Vesuvius from the rim and walk across the hardened lava there. Now, however that is impossible. The throat of the volcano is still unexplored. In time the steep slope of the mountain will be reduced by the forces of erosion and gravity. While we stood on the rim, we could hear



Herculaneum: Looking towards the sea



Herculaneum: In a Temple

the ash slides pouring from higher levels to lower. The pit was filled with vapor clouds hiding the bottom. The return to our weapons carrier was made in about one-fourth the time of the ascent. A step down into the ashes often carried one in an easy slide for a yard or more. There is a lot of satisfaction gained by starting out on a tough climb like that, and finishing.

Having omitted the trip to Paestum, this group had more time to spend in Pompeii itself. We covered the area of the new excavations very carefully, even going to the House of the Lovers (missed before) which is located in an out-of-the-way corner of these excavations and seldom visited by parties, unless they make special request of a guide to take them there. The house is named "House of the Lovers" because it was newly-decorated at the time of the eruption, and the archaeologists have guessed that it was thus

prepared to greet a bride and groom starting out on their married life.

The parties of soldiers visiting these places of interest are very anxious to secure souvenirs for the home folks. The prices paid for such souvenirs are often unreasonable. As we were leaving the Marine Gate of Pompeii a pair of sea shells, decorated and made into a pair of dresser lamps caught the eye of one of our soldiers. "How much?" he asked the vendor. "Ten dollars," the vendor replied. "I'll give you five," said the soldier. "Sold!" said the vendor. A little further along the road a similar pair of lamps was seen. "How much?" another soldier asked. "Five dollars for the pair," the vendor said. "I'll give you three," said the soldier. "Nothing doing," said the vendor in his native tongue. However, when we got into our vehicle and started to warm the motor up, he hastened to say: "The vases are yours, give me the three



Herculaneum: A Street



Herculaneum: Artifacts



Herculaneum: House of the Mosaic of Neptune and Amphitrite

dollars." Even the three dollars gave the merchant a very handsome profit. Whether purchased for \$5.00 or \$3.00 a soldier is a happy man when he secures such curios. After all we only visit Italy once in the course of a normal lifetime. (My own experience contradicts this statement.)

The third tour in the series started on June 29th and ended on July 1st. The orders were similar to the last, except for the dates, and for the men authorized to go. The orders named the following:

Capt. Karl W. Scheufler, 0480125

S/Sgt. Harold M. Tastad, 37252357, Btry B

T/4 Elmer Aglietta, 32148484, Btry B

T/4 Frederick J. Darby, 20274652, Btry B

T/4 Neal R. Hawkins, 20257957, Btry B

T/4 James E. Geiger, 20257956, Btry B

T/5 Howard W. Eisminger, 37254955, Btry B

T/5 Leonard C. Holmstedt, 39173334, Btry B

T/4 Clyde W. Schuster, 20274710, Btry B

T/5 Eugene A. Habitzruther, 20274663, Hq Btry

However, when the group arrived at the Chaplain's tent early on the morning of June 29th, T/4 Schuster was not along. A very important baseball game was coming up,—so S/Sgt. (T-3) Joseph F. Mattle, 20274737, Battery B, got the break.

The first day we made the run to Salerno and along the Amalfi coast. The climb to Ravello was



Herculaneum: A garden



Herculaneum: South front



Herculaneum: A mural

made for the first time in this series of tours. Ravello is famous for two villas—Cembrone and Rufolo. Since the ex-king of Italy was in residence here (fulfilling his promise to abdicate when Rome fell to the Allies) entrance to the Villa Rufolo (or Palace Rufolo) was denied to sightseers.

The Villa Cembrone is the estate of an English officer. Its buildings are semi-Moorish in design and its gardens are spacious and restful. The view along the Amalfi coast from this estate can best be described by a statement made by one of those taking the trip, as he wrote home following the trip (the censor broke all rules in telling me this): "Dear Mom: I never thought that Italy was very beautiful until I went with the Chaplain recently on a trip. After I drove with him along the Gulf of Salerno and the Gulf of Naples I had to change my view. I had always thought that Southern California was the most beautiful spot in the world—now I know it's Italy—Italy between Salerno and Sorrento. But, please, don't tell the Chamber of Commerce in Los Angeles that I have written this." There are lookout points at the Villa which afford a magnificent view both up and down this coast, and at one spot there is an uninterrupted view straight down for one thousand feet to the highway just outside of Amalfi.

To many people, Villa Cembrone probably will only be remembered as the place where a movie actress by the name of Garbo spent a honeymoon. For the soldier, however, the view of the invasion beaches of Maiori and Minori holds the attention. And while we looked over those beaches, two American landing craft beached.

A bridge, in process of repair, kept us from crossing the hump of the Sorrento peninsula to Meta, so we returned to Vietri sul Mare and headed towards Pompeii by the way of Nocera.

One other point was visited on this trip that had not been visited on the previous two—Herculaneum. This visit marked the biggest surprise the Chaplain has had since arriving in Italy. In 1926 when here



Herculaneum: Deserted village

on a previous trip, I had been told that Herculaneum had been covered with a layer of lava, that made it impossible to excavate. On the first trip with the soldiers, I still remembered that statement: "Herculaneum can never be uncovered." On the second trip, I picked up a guide book to Herculaneum in Italian from one of the hawkers at Pompeii. The book was several years old, but told how excavations were begun there around 1927, and were progressing remarkably well. I skimmed through the book before this trip and had determined to include Herculaneum in our itinerary.

It seems that several hundreds of years ago the Bourbon kings had started to work here even as they had at Pompeii (remember that they were mentioned previously). But here, due to a hard layer of mud, they could not dig down from above. They went to the seaside of the slope and dug long tunnels under the layer of solidified mud. They had secured many relics, but they had destroyed much of value because those tunnels were driven ahead through whatever they encountered.

Herculaneum was destroyed at the same time Pompeii was covered in 79 A.D. It was a hot stream of mud that came upon Herculaneum—the fishing city. This mud filled the streets and then crept into the doors and windows of houses, filling them from the bottom up. At Pompeii the ash and lapilli had accumulated on the roofs, and filled the houses from the roofs down, as the roofs crashed. At Herculaneum the hot mud engulfed walls, doors and furniture. The heat charred the wood, but the mud prevented conflagration. Since charred wood resists decay as cured lumber will not, today you can still see in Herculaneum wooden furniture (charred black) standing intact. In one room there is a charred wooden bed, with the skeleton of a child still lying, where the child had died in sleep (let us trust). The rising mud acted as a support for the roof tiles. The roof timbers would be charred, but the roof would not fall. Herculaneum was not crushed, as was Pompeii.

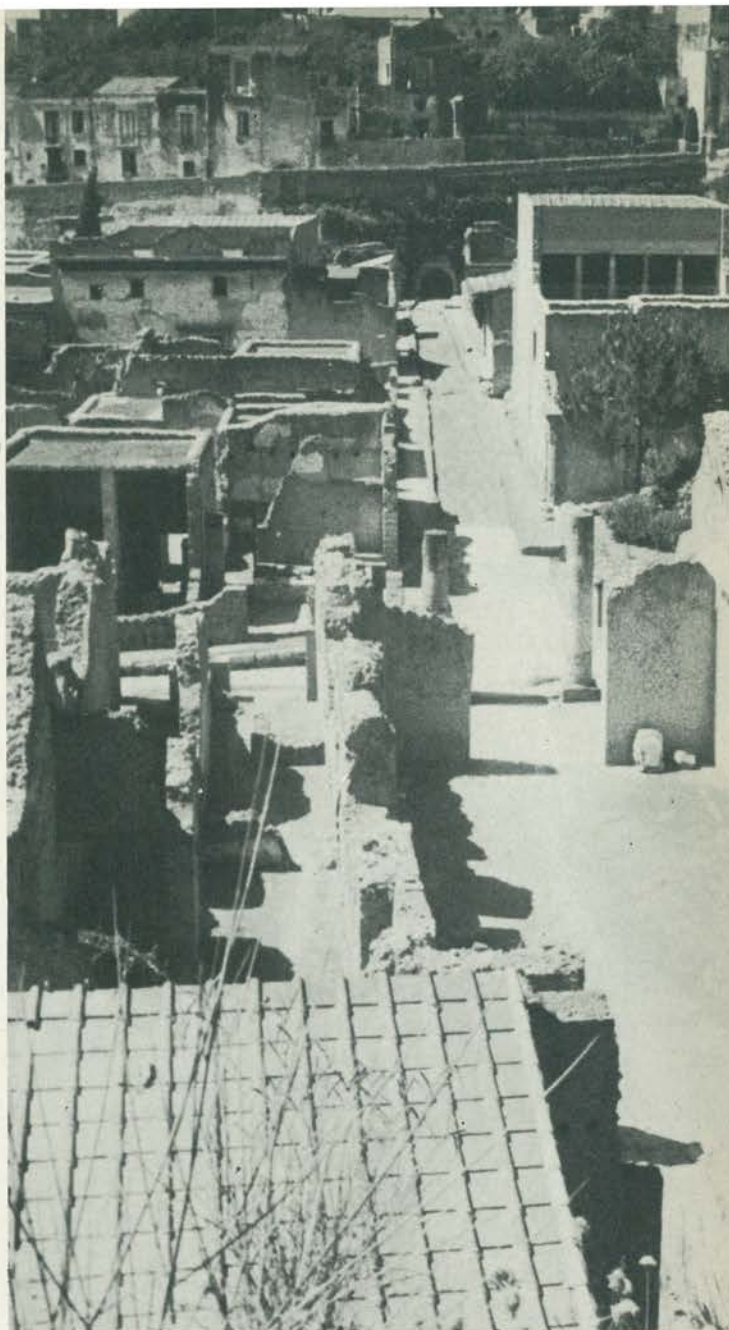
Now the excavations of Herculaneum are going forward slowly, but very systematically. Walls are being reinforced and roofs restored as the excavations progress. Only a few square blocks of the city have been uncovered as yet—they have not even come to the city wall, since the excavators are still working along the sea coast front of the city. Perhaps there was no city wall. Modern Ercolaneio is located on top of the site of the old city. As money becomes available the modern city is being purchased, the modern houses cleared, and the thick layer of mud (rods in thickness) is being removed. This ruin threatens to out-strip Pompeii in importance in the next decade or two. The places of interest which we visited were:

- One of the Bourbon tunnels
- House of Aristides
- House of Argo
- House called The Hotel (Albergo)
- House of the Atrium and Mosaic
- House of the Bust in Bronze
- House of the Wooden Folding Doors
- House of the Skeleton
- The Bath Houses (Men, Women)
- Samnite House
- House of the Carbonized Furniture
- House of the Mosaic of Neptune and Amphitrite
- House of the Bicentenary
- House of the Corinthian Atrium
- House of the Wooden Shrine
- House of the Big Portal
- House of the Deer
- House of the Relief of Telephus
- The Palaestra
- The Salt Bath
- The Temple of Cybele
- The shops

The Forum has not been reached by the excavators yet, and the main temples are still undiscovered. The market place will be found some day. I must make a notation to return to Herculaneum in about twenty-five years (I'll be in my seventies by then) and see how the excavation is progressing. Today where thousands go to Pompeii, ten go to Herculaneum. The day may be coming, if Herculaneum proves to be a large town, when that proportion will be reversed and Herculaneum will be the supreme goal of tourists in this part of Italy.

The last section for this tour left camp on July 11th, and returned late on the 13th. Orders were published as previously, naming the dates as suggested above, and naming the following men for the trip:

- Capt. Karl W. Scheufler, as before
- T/5 Eugene A. Habitzruther, as before



Herculaneum: A street

- S/Sgt. Frank P. Nizansky, 20274614, Btry A
- Sgt. Sheldon E. Machemer, 20274669, Btry A
- Sgt. Harold Kardaman, 20274601, Btry A
- T/3 James L. Culliton, 32039160, Btry A
- T/4 Albert A. Drdul, 20274593, Btry A
- T/4 Stanley J. Gawcynski, 39083542, Btry A
- Cpl. Carl R. Falk, 39682440, Btry A
- Sgt. Richard W. Blanchard, 32116467, Btry A (taking the place of Sgt. James D. Ochs, who was threatened with malaria the day before we left).

We saw nothing new on this trip, although we had a new experience or two. We had thought that the men from C Battery had eaten well on their trip, but nothing could compare with the food placed before



Herculaneum: At the edge of the Palaestra

the group by "Chick Murphy" (Frank P. Niznansky in the order) and his assistants. Such food! Quality and quantity at times almost made one forget the main purpose of the journey.

Then about two a.m. the first night, as we were sleeping peacefully at the base of the cone of Vesuvius, without tents, and with no "tarp" for the weapons carrier, it began to rain. We wrapped our bedding rolls, or our shelter halves tighter around our bodies and slept on. It should be noted here, however, that some men in the group slept so soundly that they did not know it had rained until they woke up the next morning. It rained, but not too hard. Had it been a downpour, it would have been impossible for us to have climbed Vesuvius that morning. A heavy rain helps to generate too much poisonous gas in the throat of the volcano.

The next afternoon as we were walking through Pompeii, it began to rain again. We took refuge in the tower at the head of Mercury street and waited

for the squall to end. You understand, do you not, that soldiers never carry umbrellas?

On this tour we visited the cathedral at Amalfi a bit more carefully, than previous groups had done. We saw the pillars which had been brought from Paestum to build the early church, but which had been covered by masonry when the church was re-decorated a few hundred years later. Also we visited the Cloister of Paradise which is located next to the cathedral. This group also spent more time in Herculaneum than the previous group had done.

The lowest assessment on any group who made the trip, to cover tips, guide fees, and entrance fees was the sixty cents it had cost the men from headquarters battery. The highest amount assessed was the \$1.50 the men of B Battery paid. The enthusiasm with which the men viewed this trip upon their return, warmed the heart of the Chaplain. One of the treasures of life, for him, is to visit these places of historic interest, and natural magnificence. Another treasure of life, for him, is to help other folks to enjoy the things he enjoys. Now, just a few weeks of rest, and then, if we can get permission to run tours to the Eternal City, it will be "On to Roma."



Herculaneum: Preserved by a tragedy

I POPOLI
NONO LA
CONDANN
CADENZA

ABBANDO
BA SONO
LA DE.



San Benedetto: The Old Order Changeth



The Tiber: St. Peter's and the Bridge San Angelo

ROME: THE CAPTIVATING CAPTIVE

THE American soldier in Italy never appreciated the sentiment of the ancient who lauded Naples with the classic phrase: "See Naples and then die." That city did not appeal. Rome, however, was another story. While the soldier in North Africa often said: "Let's give the country back to the Arabs and get out of here quick," in Italy he modified his eagerness to return to the States by saying: "Let's see Rome; then go home." Very few who visited Rome came away disappointed. Many who went once, returned as frequently as time, distance, and the demands of the army would permit.

Most everyone remembers that there is a mythological story concerning the founding of this city, that centers around a Romulus, a Remus and a foster wolf-mother. Few remember that the traditional date for the founding of the city was 754 B.C. Most everyone remembers that Rome was founded on seven hills, but few can name these hills. They are the Capitoline, the Quirinal, the Viminal, the Esquiline, the Palatine, the Aventine, and the Caelius. These hills are so small that one has great difficulty in locating all of them today. Probably were you to name the seven hills, you might include some prominent hills, more recently incorporated into the city, such as the Pincio, the Vatican, the Janiculum. Most everyone remembers that Rome was the great city of antiquity. Do you remember that again and again her existence was threatened, and the fortunes of war, compelled her to fly a variety of conflicting flags? The Stars and Stripes first flew over Rome, following conquest on June 4, 1944. It is interesting to remember that the Allies took Rome, much as the Vandals did fifteen or sixteen hundred years previously—by attacking through North Africa.

When the 355th first started to visit Rome the facilities for handling troops were not well developed. Consequently we usually went to the Piazza dei Vespri Siciliani to find rooms, and also board. Here we paid \$1.25 per person for sleeping quarters in some fine apartment buildings. We brought our own food along and paid fifty cents per person per day for the hostess to prepare our food for us. Naturally what was left over was consumed by the household in which we were guests. Often we felt that that family

ate adequately only when we were guests in the home. It was almost impossible to purchase eggs or flour in the city of Rome at that time. We know that the portiere got twenty-five cents out of every \$1.25 we paid for our room, and we know that we were paying too much according to prevailing standards, but it was a joy to mix with these Romans. Later when the Fifth Army Rest Camp was adequately established, our soldiers made that camp their headquarters. The camp was situated at the Mussolini Stadium.

The Red Cross at Rome ran conducted tours to many of the places of historic interest. At least three tours were made daily. There was the enlisted men's Red Cross tour (the same morning and afternoon). There was the officers' Red Cross tour (a bit different in the afternoon from the morning tour). Then there was the exclusive Air Corps officers' Red Cross tour (afternoon). The Red Cross had secured a fleet of busses for this service. Perhaps they were the same busses that Thomas Cook and the American Express Company had used in peace times. As with most Red Cross services, this activity was free.

As we start this tour of Rome, it would be convenient if we could say that the oldest monument in Rome is the "Lapis Niger—the tomb of Romulus." The Lapis Niger is in the Forum close to the Arch of Septimius Severus. In the summer of 1944 it was still hidden under a pile of sand bags protecting it from possible damage due to the war activity. It is an old, old monument. It may date from the sixth century B.C., thus being one of the oldest monuments in Rome. The romanticists say that this is the tomb of the traditional founder of Rome. The archaeologists say "I'm sorry to spoil your story. This may have been an altar of sacrifice rather than a tomb."

We may be certain, however, that the Cloaca Maxima (that gigantic sewer) which drained the water from the low lying forum into the Tiber is a relic from the time of the Ancient Monarchy (which ended about 510 B.C.). At this time the Temple of Jupiter was built, but unfortunately the main Forum in Rome is not dominated by any pillars of the Temple of Jupiter today.

That temple has fallen into decay, or been reincorporated into more recent structures. So has the



From the Torre delle Milizie: To the East End of the Forum

crowning glory of this Roman Forum departed. The Circus Maximus, a few blocks away, was also constructed in this period. As we observed when we took you for the trips through the Roman cities of North Africa, one hardly expects to find the ruins of buildings on the sites of the ancient circus grounds. The "grounds" were very important, and little more than the "grounds" remains today. A few short stretches of the Servian wall of Rome are incorporated into the modern wall of Rome. These stretches are the work of the sixth and seventh centuries B.C. All this is rather unsatisfactory as one tries to find some definite relic of this Monarchical period in the life of Rome, but there is one very definite spot that dates from that earliest period of Roman history. It is the Carcer Mamertinus, and is located almost opposite the Arch of Septimius Severus on the street that passes between the Capitoline Hill and the Roman Forum. Here, literally you get your two cents worth! You pay two lire (rate of exchange in 1944: one lire

to one cent) for the entrance fee, and descend into two rock-hewn caves; in the lower of which, there is a well and recesses in the wall where prisoners' chains were fastened. The tradition that Peter and Paul were both incarcerated in this dungeon is probably as authentic as tradition ever is. Perhaps from that well, Paul secured the water with which he baptized the Christian converts who came under his chained influence. The prison was centuries old before Peter and Paul were born.

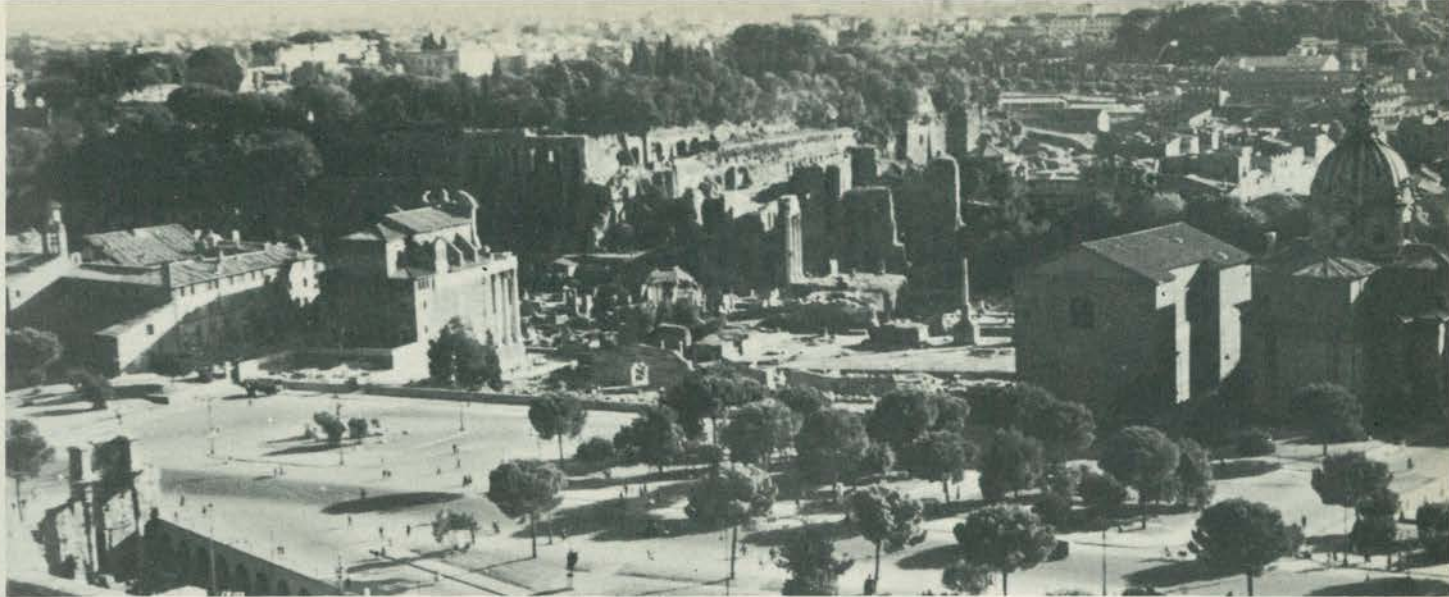
The second period in the life of ancient Rome is the Republican period. It dates from 510 B.C. to the death of Julius Caesar in 44 B.C. From this period dates the earliest Roman aqueducts, of which there were dozens in ancient times, and the construction of the Via Appia by Appius Claudius Caecus, a blind statesman, in 312 B.C. It was over this Via Appia that we drove so often in South Italy, and also as we approached Rome, following the ancient road through Beneventum and Capua.



Pons Milvius: Rebuilt B. C. 109



Bridge: From ancient days



From the Torre delle Milizie: To the Palatine Hill

The Roman Forum is the great work of this period. If one visits a Forum in such a city as Djemila, or Dougga, or Timgad, or even Thurburbo Majus and then visits the Roman Forum he will be greatly disappointed. The state of preservation of the Roman Forum is really a state of confusing ruin. The three triumphal arches of Titus, Septimius Severus, and Constantine, and the Colosseum still retain their proud shape and dignity. Little else does. There are a few buildings which you will want to see and recognize in this Forum, however. The Temple of Saturn is close by the slope of the Capitoline Hill, and has eight columns standing. This may date from 501 B.C. in its original form, but from the third century A.D. in a reconstructed form. The Temple of Vespasian has three columns standing. Vespasian was emperor while Titus was warring in the Holy Land. There are three basilicas which attract your attention in the Roman Forum. The Basilica Julia is just below the Temple of Saturn. The "Julia" comes from the name Julius, and this court-of justice was begun by Julius Caesar. Imagine a court house 351 feet by 155 feet in

extent, and two stories in height, beautifully proportioned and decorated. That was the Basilica Julia. Today it is little more than a number of ruined brick arches. The Basilica Emilia is almost the same size as the one mentioned immediately above. It was built in 179 B.C., but in 78 B.C. a M. Emilius Lepidus enriched it following a partial restoration. At that time, therefore, its present name must have arisen. Less of this basilica remains than that of Julius Caesar. On the same side of the Forum with the Basilica Emilia, and about half way down towards the Colosseum, is the Basilica Maxentius (or the Basilica of Constantine). While it is about the same length as the other two basilicas, it is wider. To get an idea of the grandeur of this law court, remember that the column before the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, which supports the bronze image of the Virgin, was originally merely a supporting pillar in this public building. Near the Basilica Julia you will see three more pillars standing—part of the Temple of Castor. This dates from 484 B.C. The Christians destroyed this temple along with other relics of Roman



The Quirinal: From Torre delle Milizie



Capitoline Hill: Top of the stairway



From the Torre delle Milizie: To the West End of the Forum

religion in their early, short-sighted effort to eliminate the record of anything that savored of paganism from the face of the earth. Two other Forum buildings have caught the imagination of the modern world. They are the Temple of Vesta and the House of the Vestal Virgins. In 394 A.D. the Emperor Theodosius closed these buildings and thus extinguished the everlasting fire which had burned here for more than a thousand years. The Vestals had been the guardians of the fire—guardians pledged to celibacy and chastity. When one looks at the Forum area from the shadow of the Colosseum, the most prominent building, because it is nearest to the viewer, is the Temple of Venus. This is a unique temple because it is a double temple. The half of the building facing the Colosseum is dedicated to the worship of Venus, and the other half is the Temple of Roma. These pillars are clearly visible when the Colosseum is viewed from the Tower of the Milizie. It was Hadrian, again, who was the motivating genius behind the dual temple. Today the Church of S. Francesca Romana occupies part of the original site of the eastern half of the building and serves also as a museum. The campanile of this church dominates the eastern end of the Roman Forum.

The Forum has already taken us into period III of Roman history. It is in the third period that the best examples of ancient structures originate. This period begins with the death of Caesar and ends in the transferring of the heart of the Roman Empire to Constantinople, by the Emperor Constantine in the year 330 A.D.

The Pantheon dates from both the beginning and the end of this period. The porch of this ancient temple was erected by Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus. Later Hadrian added the remarkable dome, which supplied Michaelangelo with the design and proportions for the dome of St. Peter's. Where once the ancient gods stood, now are the tombs of great Italians. Here are buried Victor Emmanuel II, Humbert I, and Raphael. The bronze which originally covered and supported the dome of the Pantheon was melted down by Pope Urban VIII, and what was not used to form the columns of the high altar of St. Peter's Church, was cast into cannon.

The Augusteo dates from the early part of this period, as the Tomb of Hadrian does from the later. Were the Augusteo as well preserved today as the



Carcer Mamertinus: Mamertine Prison



Roman Forum: From the Capitoline Hill to the Torre delle Milizie

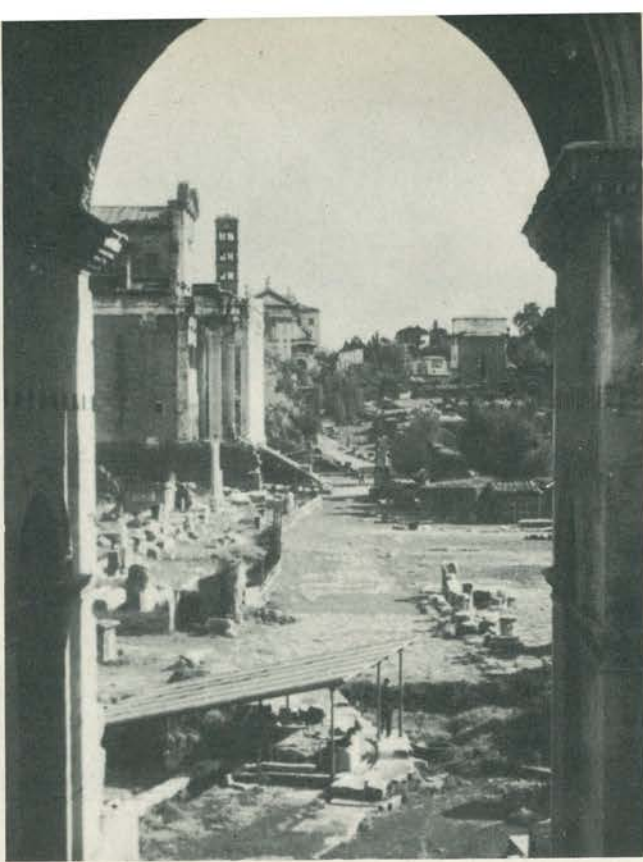
Tomb of Hadrian, it might be a twin of that later tomb. A stroll up the Tiber from St. Peter's leads one by the ruined mound which is the Augusteo.

If you stand on the steps leading up to the Capitoline Hill and look to the right, you will see the Theater of Marcellus a few blocks away. Some modern buildings have been built into the theater. In time these may be removed—let us hope so. Augustus fin-

ished the theater in B.C. 13 and named it after his nephew. While we are standing on these steps we might as well look up to the top of the flight and see the Piazza of the Capitoline Hill without its central equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. The statue of Marcus Aurelius will be returned to its base after peace comes to Italy again. Many of these statues adorned ancient Roman cities. Most of those have



Roman Forum: To the Temple of Faustina (center)



Roman Forum: Framed by the Arch of S. Severus



Roman Forum: From Temple of Faustina



Piazza del Popolo: Fountain

been melted down into cannon, altars and many other things. There are many bases in the Roman Forum on which bronze statues once stood. Not a sign of many of these statues remains today. This equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius was thought to be a statue of Constantine for centuries. Since Constantine was a Christian Emperor, the statue was not melted down to supply the raw material for some papal project. Pope Paul III brought the statue here from the Lateran Square in the middle of the 16th century. Michaelangelo designed the base for it. It has been observed, that Augustus found Rome a city of brick and left it a city of marble. He built palaces and baths and a multitude of unnamed and forgotten structures.

Nero is credited with having fiddled while Rome burned. We are told, that he burned the city down so he might build it on a more magnificent scale. We are also told that he burned the city down to gain inspiration for a musical masterpiece. We are also told that he burned the city down to incite the Romans against the Christians. We are told that he redesigned Rome with rectangular squares formed by regular streets intersecting each other at right angles. If that is true, somebody changed his plans at a later date. Nero has not left any buildings to his glory that we remember.

The Flavian Dynasty followed upon the reign of Nero. The Flavian Amphitheater dates from this House. Vespasian began the edifice in 72 A.D. It was used for many centuries, but like its rival in El Djem, Tunisia, it probably was never completed according to the blue print. This is the largest Roman amphitheater in the world—it would seat, at least, 50,000 spectators. There are, however, a number of more interesting such structures elsewhere in Italy and in North Africa.

The finest structures on the Palatine Hill probably date from the years of this dynasty, as does the Arch of Titus. In 1944 the Arch of Titus was completely encased in cement as a protection against stray bombs. Consequently visitors to Rome could not see the relief scenes carved on it, illustrative of Titus's victory over the Jewish people in Jerusalem in 70 A.D. General Titus later became an emperor. He it was, who mercilessly destroyed the city of Jerusalem and slaughtered several million Jews as he broke the political power



Theater of Marcellus: From the Capitoline Hill

of Judaism for all succeeding centuries. This arch celebrates that ignoble event.

The bas reliefs show the Jewish captives being led through Rome on exhibition, as well as the furniture of the Temple from Mount Zion being carried to the Eternal city as a symbol of the great achievement of this "great" general. When Titus destroyed the Temple of Mount Zion he ended that long history of holy buildings which began with the Temple of Solomon and ended with the temple in which Jesus had worshipped and taught. Never again was there a Temple of Zion located anywhere other than in the heart of man.

Three names should now be mentioned, and some monuments from their respective reigns. The first is Emperor Nerva. He is a very important emperor, although he reigned in 98 and 99 A.D. only. While he was on the throne, Setif and Djemila in Algeria were founded as Roman cities. For me there is no finer Roman ruin in all the world than the little Roman city of Djemila, high in the hills northwest of Constantine, Algeria. You will probably never see his Forum in Rome, but it is near the Forum of Trajan. I may be alone in thinking that Nerva is a very important emperor, but my love of Djemila compels me to devote these lines to that emperor.

Then comes Trajan. His Forum is just below the Tower della Milizie, and alongside of the Monument of Victor Emmanuel II. Across a main modern street is the famous Roman Forum. In the Forum of Trajan stands the column of Trajan. It celebrates the wars won by this emperor along the Danube. Eighteen blocks of marble were placed one on top of another to a height of 88 feet. The blocks were hollowed out and a staircase built. The exterior of the blocks were carved into a band winding around it spirally for 660 feet. On this band was incised scenes from those struggles which took place in the first decade of the second century A.D. There are at least 2,500 distinct figures on the relief. Trajan was buried under this column, and his statue erected on top of it. However, in 1857 his statue was replaced by one of St. Peter. As a chaplain, I have great reverence for the name and work of Peter, but nevertheless, I am sorry that a statue of Peter replaced that of Trajan. Trajan belongs on top of that column.

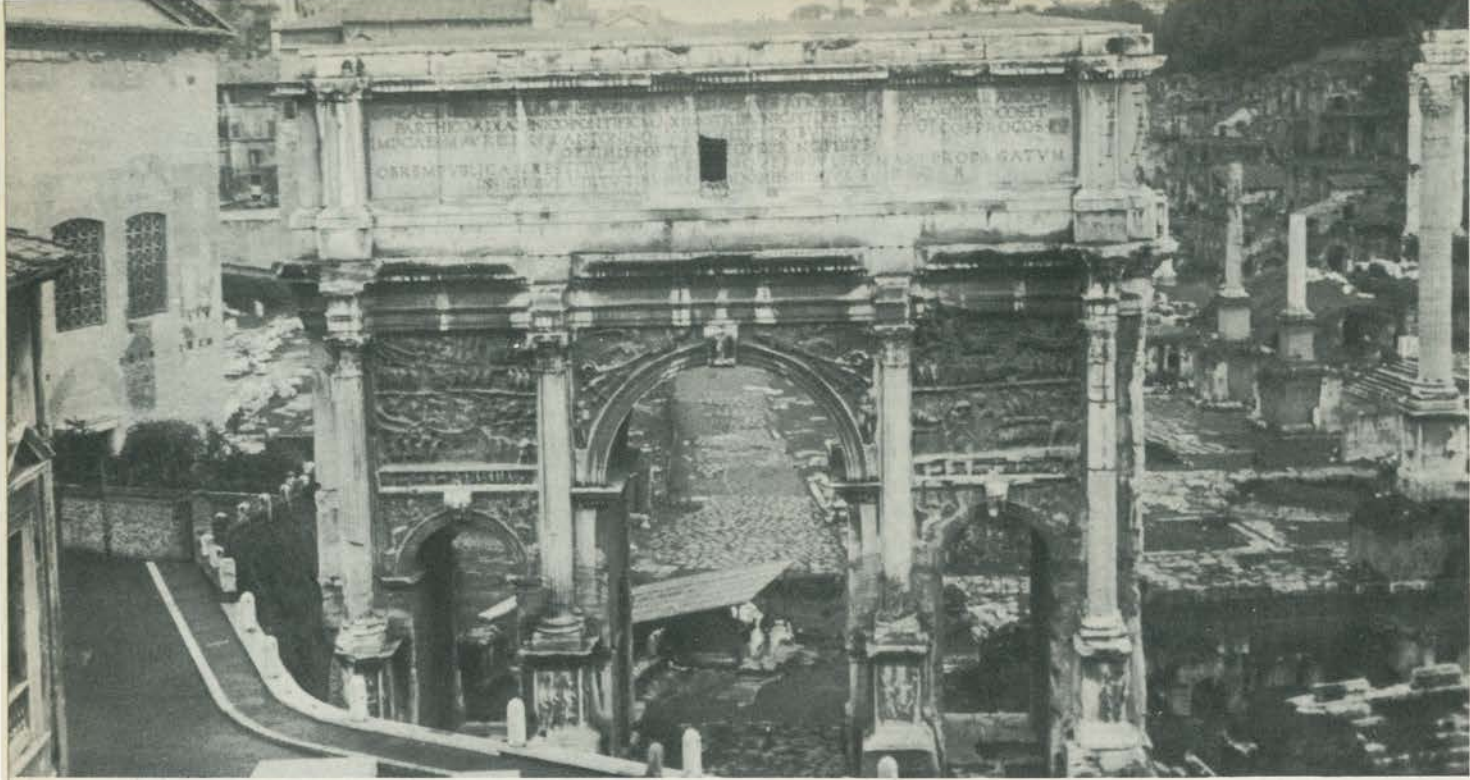
There is a second triumphal column in Rome—that of Marcus Aurelius. It comes from a later period.



Temple of Vespasian: Three pillars remain



Temple of the Dioscuri: Temple of Castor



Roman Forum: Arch of Septimius Severus

It is higher than that of Trajan, but it copies the idea of the original. The column of Marcus Aurelius is up the Corso Umberto from the monument of Victor Emmanuel II.

To return to the three names promised—the last of these three is Hadrian. While Hadrian is the last of these three names, he is really the first of another and more important trinity of names. (Under this second three Rome came to a glorious climax. This group was Hadrian, Antoninus and the philosopher statesman, Marcus Aurelius). We have mentioned the completion of the Pantheon under Hadrian and we have mentioned his Tomb. The Tomb of Hadrian is one of the most impressive monuments of Rome. Do you not recognize this building by this name? Perhaps you will recognize it under its more popular title, the Castle of San Angelo. This was built by

Hadrian to house his bones in death, and many Roman emperors were buried here. Later this became a fortress, a prison, and finally a museum.

Perhaps the most famous triumphal arch in Rome is that of Constantine—built to celebrate his triumph over Massentius in 312. It is located near the Colosseum (the Flavian Amphitheatre). While all the carvings on the monument may not have been originally planned for this particular project, the arch is graceful and impressive. The arch of Septimius Severus at the other end of the Forum dates from the beginning of the second century A.D.

Naturally there are the ruins of many Roman bath houses in Rome. One of these could accommodate sixteen hundred people at one time. The Roman bath houses are massive, but very ruinous. You can study such buildings better in North Africa.



The Janus Quadrifons: Four facades



Arcus Argentariorum: Ancient bas relief



Arch of Constantine: Hard by the Colosseum

A visitor to Rome should not miss seeing the two temples in the Foro Boario. To reach this you continue past the Theater of Marcellus from the steps of the Capitoline Hill for about two blocks. You will find yourself on the bank of the Tiber, in the presence of two small, well-preserved temples. These are the Temple of Fortuna Virilis, (the rectangular one with the Ionic columns) and the other, Temple of Vesta (circular with Corinthian columns). The Forum Boarium was the cattle market of ancient Rome. Do not leave this area without glancing at the Janus Quadrifons—that square, two-storied vaulted arch, which dates from the last part of the Imperial Age, and also be certain to glance at the Casa di Rienzi, which is just across the street from the entrance to the Temple of Fortuna, and is the earliest medieval dwelling left in Rome. It dates from the 11th or

12th century. Here, too, is the Arcus Argentariorum.

You have several touches of Egypt in Rome. The many obelisks came from Egypt and the idea of the tomb of Caius Cestius came from the Egyptian pyramids. Cestius died in 43 B.C. The pyramid straddles the wall of Rome, just a few yards from the Gate of St. Paul. Part of the pyramid lies outside of the city wall, and part inside. The part inside, curiously enough, also lies within the wall which encircles the Protestant Cemetery. Shelly is buried here, and so is John Keats. On the tombstone of Keats is found no name and no date, but the statement, that beneath that stone lies the body of one who in the hour of his passing requested that his grave be identified as that of one "whose name was writ in water." In this cemetery we find also the graves of Trelawney, Severn, the Hewitts, and a multitude of names of men and



Arcus Argentariorum: Sign of the Cattle Market



Arcus Argentariorum: Money Changer's Arch



Basilica Maxentius

women only vaguely remembered, or long since forgotten. Some of the tombstones are inscribed in languages which we do not speak.

Perhaps with the above, we have covered the Ancient Period of Rome's history as adequately as our space permits. The Early Christian Period next calls for our attention. Naturally the beginning of this period and the end of the former period radically overlap. Arbitrarily let us date this period from 70 A.D. to 500 A.D. From this earliest period we have the catacombs as memorials. The catacombs of Rome are numerous, and the passageways cover many miles in extent. It is not unusual for fifty miles of passageways to exist in the more famous of these burial places. The number of Christians buried here is in the hundreds of thousands. The two most famous catacombs are those of St. Calixtus, and St. Sebastian. In the future, however, that of Domitilla may achieve more importance than previously, because it is located on the Via Ardeatina. It was near here that the Ger-

man soldiers executed 320 Italian hostages in the spring of 1944, and tried to hide the execution by dynamiting shut the entrances to the caves in which the massacre occurred. As early as June of 1944, the Italians were busy converting this place of horror into a national shrine. Many of us visited the Ardeatina Caves and saw the attempts being made to identify the hundreds of bodies, and to give them individual burial.

During the persecutions of the Christians, the catacombs became places of refuge and places for secret meetings. The earliest examples of Christian art and symbolism are found here.

In this period the foundations of many of the famous Roman churches of today were laid. We are safe in saying that in the fourth century A.D. there were at least twenty-eight parish churches in and around Rome, and five patriarchal churches. These patriarchal churches, in which the Pope officiated, were St. Peter's, St. John in the Lateran, St. Paul Outside the



Temple of Fortuna: Near Casa di Rienzi



Temple of Vesta: Circular with Corinthian columns



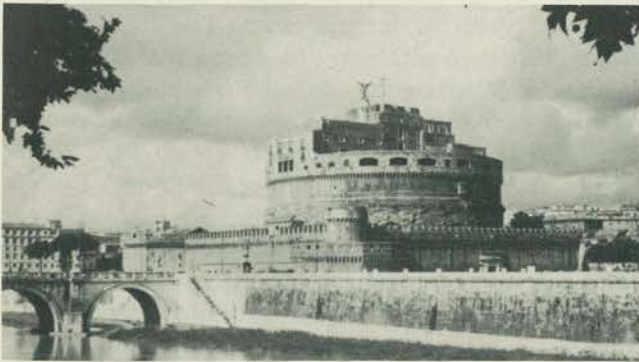
Roman Forum: Temple of Saturn to the Colosseum

Walls, St. Maria Maggiore and St. Lorenzo (the last was severely damaged by our bombs, due to its location by the Roman marshalling yard). Of these, St. John in the Lateran is the "mother" church, although all five were founded in this same fourth century. The churches that we see today are not the buildings which existed in the time of Constantine. We will say more about the basilica churches of Rome later on. All five are worthy of a visit.

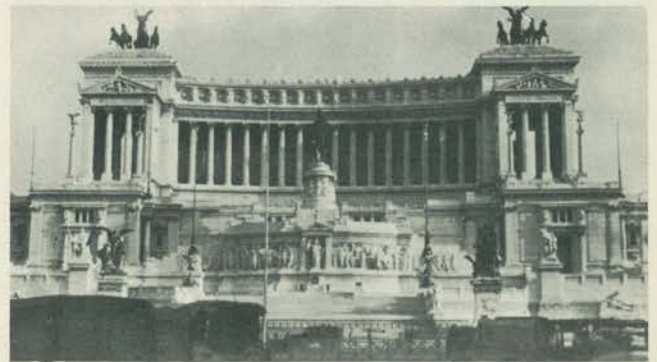
When Constantine moved the capitol of the Roman empire to Constantinople in 330 A.D. Rome declined rapidly. Up till the year 1453 when the Mohammedans captured the eastern metropolis, Constantinople and not Rome was the chief city of the Christian world. Do not look for many historical relics in Rome dating from this thousand year period, although near the end of the period a new spirit and new life seemed to captivate the old city. (Constantinople seriously rivals Rome even today as a dominant city of the old Roman empire.)

This thousand year period was characterized by three things—the building of fortresses, the development of the mosaic art, and the introduction of the Gothic idea from France. In this period the Tomb of Hadrian was converted into a fortress as were many other buildings. In this period the Torre delle Milizie was erected. I strongly recommend a trip to the top of this tower at the beginning of a tour of Rome. From it you gain a fine view of the Roman Forum, the Forum of Trajan, the Monument of Victor Emmanuel, the Colosseum, the Capitoline Hill, the Palatine Hill, the Quirinal, and the low-lying ground between its base and St. Peter's across the Tiber. The tower is ugly. Do not believe the guide who will tell you that this is the tower from which Nero fiddled while Rome burned. Nevertheless, climb the tower.

Some of the fine mosaics in St. John in the Lateran and in St. Maria Maggiore come from this period. The suggestions of gothic architecture in Rome (the cloisters of St. Paul Outside the Walls, St. John in



Castle of San Angelo: Hadrian's Tomb



Monument: To Victor Emmanuel II



Looking South: From Torre delle Milizie



Caesar's Forum: Again, three pillars remain



Colosseum: The Main Modern Entrance

the Lateran, and the gothic tabernacle over the high altar of St. Paul's are illustrations) date from this period. The gothic was more of a necessity in France than in Rome. In France the gothic roof would shed the heavy snow falls. In Italy the basilica and later the baroque type could exist since pitch was not necessary in a roof in a warmer climate.

Remember, also, that during this period occurred the Babylonian exile of the papacy. For a long time the Popes lived in France and not in Rome. This is another reason for Rome's decline in this millennium.

Next we come to the Renaissance Period of Roman history—the period of the rising of Rome from a thousand years of insignificance. The heart of the church throbbed with new life, due to that Christ-like saint who as a boy was called Francis and lived in Assisi. A new interest seized the minds of the people. Now they began to dig for the art treasures of ancient Greece and Rome (and the art of the Roman Empire was really the art of Greece—Rome conquered Greece politically, but Greece took Rome captive culturally). They began to reconstruct the glory of yesterday, and what is more important, to appreciate that life from another time and from another religious period. Likewise, the hands of Italian painters began to move in a surge of creativity. Great names of artists now



Trajan's Forum: His Column



Temple of the Dioscuri: Reflected glory

appear — these will never be forgotten: Cimabue, Giotto, Michaelangelo, Raphael, Fra Angelico, Botticelli, Perugino, Donatello and others. Palaces began to appear — beautifully apportioned. The Palazzo Venezia from which Mussolini used to speak standing on a balcony dates from the Renaissance.

While we visited Rome an unusual exhibition of paintings was on display in this Palazzo Venezia. The AMG, Division of Fine Arts, was responsible for this assembling of great paintings of the XV, XVI, and XVII centuries. Amongst the paintings which we admired from this period were:

Masolino da Panicale: Founding of the Church of St. Maria Maggiore.

Massaccio: The Crucifixion of Christ.

Lippi fra Filippo: Madonna and Child, and Annunciation of the Virgin.

Piero della Francesca: The Flagellation of Christ.

Antonello da Messina: Virgin Annunciate.

Sandro Botticelli: Venus.

Cosme Tura: Madonna with Child.

Bellini Giovanni: Madonna and Child, and the Transfiguration.

Giorgione: The Tempest.

Lotto Lorenzo: Portrait of de' Rossi.

Correggio: Danae.



Arch of Septimius Severus: A POW



The Tiber: St. Peter's with the Castle and Bridge of San Angelo

Raffaello Sanzio: Marriage of the Virgin, Portrait of the Fornarina.

Palma Vecchio: Holy Conversation.

Tiziano Vecellio: Sacred and Profane Love, Pope Paul III, Venus Blindfolding Cupid.

Tintoretto: Christ and the Woman Taken in Adultery.

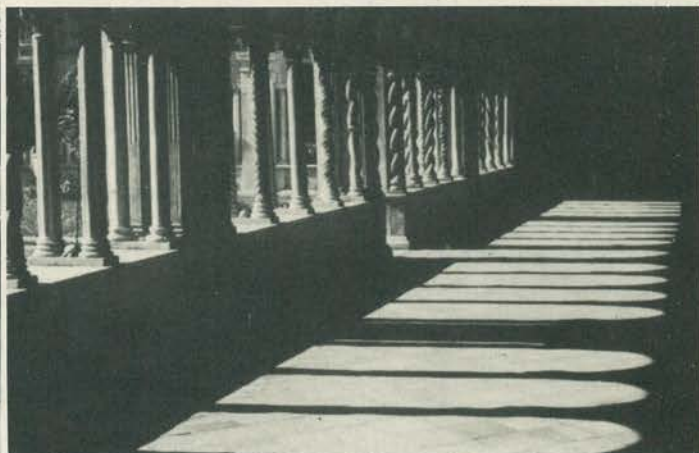
In addition, there were pictures in the exhibit from other lands and other periods, such as those by Veronese Paolo, Greco, Caravaggio, Rubens, Valasque, and Holbein. Rome in its prime is a city of museums. In war years the museums are closed. Except for this special exhibition, and the opening of a part of the Capitoline collection, we did not see the interior of any other museum in Rome proper in 1944.

The Baroque Period followed the Renaissance. There is something gaudy about the period. Shall we call it the "Grand Opera Period" of Roman history? Grand opera did appear at this time. When we visited the Church of St. Andrew in Amalfi, we saw how the historical beauty of an old church was destroyed by an ardent disciple of the baroque form. This is the period of the Reformation also, and that stimulated Catholic art. To counteract the Reformation, the Catholic Church turned to the use of art in religious propaganda. In this period many churches were rebuilt. Perhaps the time has now come to speak of the four great churches in Rome. They have been named for Peter, John, Paul and Mary.

St. John in the Lateran was known as "Basilica Constantiana" or as "Santi Salvatoris" in the early



St. Paul's Outside the Walls: Portico



St. Paul's Outside the Walls: Cloister walk



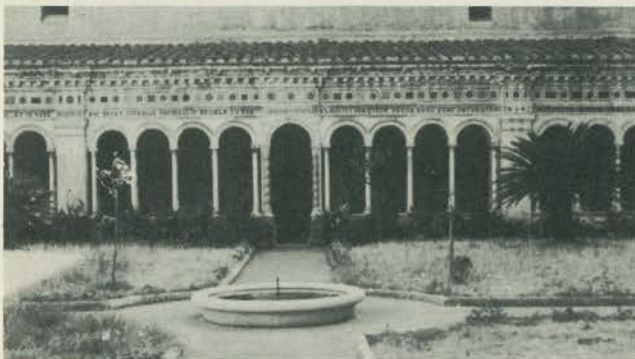
St. Paul's Outside the Walls: The Retreating Storm

centuries. Tradition says Constantine was baptized in the baptistry of this church. That baptistry is built over an old Roman bath house, and ruins of that bath house are still seen beneath the floor of the baptistry. The swinging doors (weighing 1,600 pounds each) of the neighboring oratorio were cast in the fifth century. Today St. John's is a baroque building. Pius the Fourth rebuilt it in the 16th century. This was the papal church of Rome, before St. Peter's succeeded to that honor. Near this church is the Lateran Palace, and the Holy Stairs. The palace was not open, but the Holy Stairs were visited. These stairs, up which pilgrims ascend on their knees, were originally in the Palace of Pilate in Jerusalem, and over these steps Jesus walked to His Pilatean judgment.

St. Maria Maggiore is not far from St. John's. Eighty churches in Rome are dedicated to Mary. This is the largest. The first church here was built about the year 352. Almost one hundred years later it was

rebuilt. In the twelfth century it was radically altered. Side chapels were added in 1586 and 1611. In the 18th century the facade was added. As we said previously, the bronze statue of Mary before the church, stands on a pillar from the Basilica of Constantine. Thus the old ever enriches the new.

St. Paul's Outside the Walls contains a number of surprises for the visitor. Its size is impressive, and the simplicity of its form is enhanced by the beauty of its mosaics. The facade is a mass of mosaic painting, artistically executed. The windows of St. Paul's are alabaster, and not glass. Its cloister is large, gothic and restful. This church was founded in 386 but burned down in 1823. When it was rebuilt in 1854 the early form of the Christian Basilica was adhered to closely, but the decoration of the church was on a lavish scale. Here as elsewhere special attention should be paid to the bronze doors. Biblical scenes in relief decorate the panels thereof.



St. Paul's Outside the Walls: Cloister garden



St. Peter's: From the Via delle Conciliazione



Monument to Victor Emmanuel II: A rainy morning

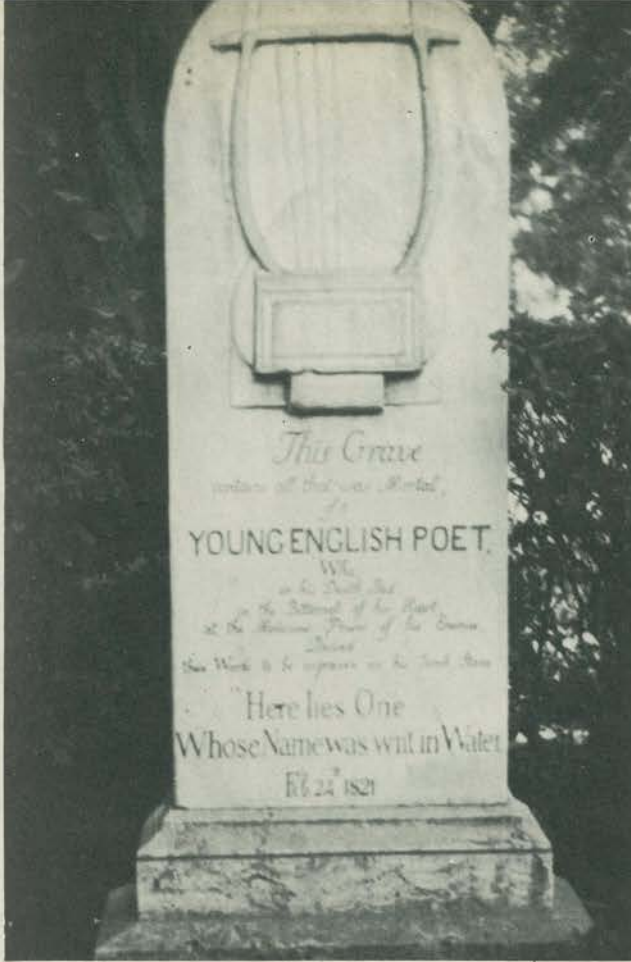
St. Peter's is located in Vatican City, an independent state. Up till 1870 the Pope was the temporal head of Rome. Then Rome was incorporated into the unified Italy as part of the Italian nation. The Pope in protest, became the "prisoner of the Vatican." In 1928 the Treaty of the Lateran again gave to the Pope temporal power. So, today, Vatican City is the Vatican nation. It has its own railroad, its own radio, its own coinage, its own postage stamps, its army, its court, its jail; but it does not have a school in the entire "country," nor a hospital, nor even a restaurant. The total population of this small state is less than a thousand men, women and children. To the two museums which we named as having visited in Rome, we must add the Vatican Museum in Vatican

State. We must not take time to describe the beauty of the Sistine Chapel frescoes (especially the ceiling by Michaelangelo) nor the Stanze of Raphael, nor the beautiful tapestries, and statues, and carvings, and paintings elsewhere. Here are found some of the greatest sculptures of ancient and modern times, and paintings from many centuries. There are maps, books and relics of priceless value. We normally combined a visit to the Vatican Museum with an audience by the Pope. This was held in a throne room at the front of St. Peter's Church, high above the porch.

The history of St. Peter's Church is complex. Constantine dedicated a church on the present site during his reign. The site was the grave of St. Peter. In that day the church followed the form of the basilica. In



Mussolini Stadium: The Abating Storm at Sunset



Protestant Cemetery: Tomb of Keats

800 A.D. Charlemagne was crowned in that church, as were many succeeding emperors. The year before the Saracen took Constantinople, Nicholas V began a new church building here. His death halted the project. Half a century later Bramante was commissioned to build a new St. Peter's. His plans called for a "Greek Cross" church with a main dome, and four subordinate domes. Then for another half century change after change was made in the original plan until finally a church in the form of a Latin Cross with a baroque facade was completed. From Bramante, the first architect, to Bernini, the last architect, the plans of St. Peter's passed through a hundred years of controversy. Michaelangelo was one of the architects. To him goes the credit for the great dome which dominates the skyline of Rome. However, when the church was finally concluded on the basic plan of a Latin Cross, the beauty of the dome was concealed from the eyes of anyone standing within a few blocks of the great cathedral. Figures mean little when applied to St. Peter's Church. It is the largest church in the world. Let that suffice for statistics in feet and inches. Inside St. Peter's you will marvel at the beautiful "paintings." Look carefully, because those works of art are not paintings. They are mosaics.



Pincian Gate: Near the EM's Red Cross

Inside the church are more than two dozen papal sepulchres, some of them amongst the finest sculpture in the world. The famous statue of "Moses" by Michaelangelo, which is in the Church of St. Peter's in Chains today, was originally designed to be the central figure in a papal tomb in St. Peter's Church. There are thirty altars in the church. There is a treasury here where you may see the treasures of the Papal state. There are a hundred pillars and several hundred statues. If you will climb into the dome of the church you will be able to see some of the mosaics at close range (and also get a marvelous view of Rome). It is a long climb to the ball on top of the dome of this great church. On the roof are ten small domes.

The approach to the church is enhanced by the beautiful colonnade which Bernini designed, the two fountains enclosed by the arch of the colonnade and the central obelisk. This particular obelisk (there must be dozens of them in Rome) was brought from the Temple of the Sun in Heliopolis, Egypt, by the Emperor Caligula, and erected in the Circus of Nero. Michaelangelo refused the honor of moving it to its present position, but in 1586 Fontana raised it on its present base. The figures "900 men" and "51 attempts"



City of Rome: From the Dome of St. Peter's

are usually mentioned in connection with this obelisk. This obelisk is all in one piece—therein lay the difficulty of changing its site.

We are still dealing with the Baroque Period of Roman History. Many of Rome's palaces date from this period, too. Two of her squares, Piazza del Popolo and Piazza di Spagna, were designed at this time. Many of her most famous fountains are baroque. The Piazza called "del Popolo" has at least three large fountains, and naturally an obelisk. The Piazza called "di Spagna" has the fountain called "The Bark" (it is shaped like a boat) and its obelisk. The fountain is the work of Bernini. The house to the right of the dramatic stairway leading to the church high overhead, was the home of Shelley and Keats.

In the Piazza Navona are three famous fountains. That of the "Rivers" by Bernini is said to be the most beautiful fountain in Rome (concealed by a brick protective covering in 1944). Also by Bernini is the Fountain of the Triton which stands in the Piazza Barberini (before the Officers' Red Cross Building). The most gigantic fountain in all Rome is the "Trevi." You've guessed it, Bernini designed it. It is built against the side of a multi-storied building, and when it operates (it didn't in August of 1944) water flows from a thousand apertures. This is the fountain into which you should throw a coin, if you hope, some day, to return to Rome.

The final period of Roman history begins with the year 1800. Three monuments may stand out from this



Piazza Navona: A fountain



Piazza Navona: Another fountain



Mussolini Forum: Carrara Marble

period for centuries. First the monument of Victor Emmanuel II. It is gigantic, dazzling, gorgeous and impressive. It is at the hub of Rome. I wonder, however, as I look at this monument, if it is justified. The Italian Unknown Soldier of World War I is buried here. The second monument is the Mussolini Stadium. Bordering the athletic field are sixty statues in Carrara marble, illustrating sixty different sports. The fifth Army Rest Camp was located here. The final monument has just been begun—the Shrine of the Martyrs on the Via Ardeatina.

Shall I mention one more obelisk as I near the end of this sketch? Mussolini brought an Abyssinian pillar back to Rome and erected it near the Circus Maximus as a memorial to his leadership. In the years ahead this will become a symbol, but not in accord with the desires of Il Duce.

Most American soldiers visiting Rome missed the Cemetery of the Capuchin Fathers in the basement of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. This is located just a few rods from the Officers' Red Cross in the Piazza Barberini. Pope Urban VIII had the soil for the cemetery brought here from Palestine. Now the bones of those buried in this soil between the years 1528 and 1870 have been exhumed and are used to decorate the six alcoves opening upon a single corridor. Some of the skeletons have been kept intact, and the bones of some have been used so that all sorts of geometrical designs have been assembled as a covering for walls, ceilings and chandeliers. The bones of 4,000 members of the brotherhood have thus been employed. It is an unusual sight, and rather a persistent memory.

We should breathe a reverent sigh of thanksgiving to God, that Rome was spared destruction by the

war. I have left much unsaid in these chapters, but this book must end on page 288.

I left my coin in the basin of the Trevi Fountain in 1944, as I had done almost twenty years previously.



Church: Santa Maria in Cosmedin



Milan: The Cathedral Roof

MALPENSA AND AFTER

WHEN the "355th" made that long horse-car journey from San Severo to the Valley of the Arno we had hopes of being transformed into combat engineers as a unit. But a few days after our arrival, at our area near Lastra a Signa, the following order was issued:

Headquarters Fifth Army
APO 464 U. S. Army
16 Dec. 1944

G. O.

No. 185

1. Disbandment of 355 AAA Slt Bn

The 355th AAA Slt Bn is disbanded in the vicinity of Malpensa, Italy, effective 20 Dec. 1944 and the records thereof will be disposed of as outlined in MTOUSA Circular No. 79

5. Authority: Letter headquarters MTOUSA AG322/088-0 dated 13 Nov. 1944, subject: "Activation, Inactivation, Disbandment and Reorganization of Units in the Mediterranean Theater of Operations."

It may be that someone made an error in disbanding the "355th." I make that statement for two reasons. First, we were to have been given the designation "The 255th Engineer Combat Battalion" according to first reports. Then we were told, that there was no "255th" to be organized, but just a "409th" and a "337th." After we were disbanded, the "409th" ceased to be, and it became the "255th." In the second place, I think it was Capt. Peyman who reported the remarks a Fifth Army general made to him, when he was talking with this officer about the unit. After the general had heard that it was an old National Guard unit being broken up in that fashion, he remarked: "You can't do that to a National Guard unit." Anyway, it was done, and the "355th" ceased to be on December 20, 1944.

Since we had lost our commanding officer just before we left San Severo, and with Major Schoellkopf in the States on TD, 1108th Group sent Major Harold E. Bowsher to the "355th" to take over for the final weeks. In those short days Major Bowsher accomplished a herculean task. He was ably assisted by Capt. Jack Peyman, who also worked like a demon those days, as well as CWO Dick White. Largely through the individual efforts of these three men,

large numbers of soldiers and officers, who otherwise would have gone to some "Repo Depot" were placed with Fifth Army units, and thus spared months in a replacement center. These three men were well deserving of the praise the enlisted men heaped upon them for the marvelous way in which they worked for the interest of the individual soldier during those days.

The chaplain missed much of this activity, because the strain of those months, the torture of that train ride, and the quality of the food on the journey had sent him to a hospital a few hours after our arrival near Malpensa. He was in the hospital almost two weeks. When he emerged he was no longer chaplain of the "355th" but was chaplain of the "1108th." That 1108th group of combat engineers looked a lot like the "355th" to him before very long. In the group was Major De Simone, and Capt. Van Buren; later, Lt. Rogers joined our mess; to spill soup on the chaplain's field jacket was "Benny" Wachowski; to wipe off the spilled soup, along came "Vince" di Vincenzo. That soup, if it went to your mouth, reminded one of messing at "B" battery in the old "355th" because it was made by no one other than Kurt Moss, assisted by Laddie Kurgan (who gave up his T/4 as a nurse maid to teller mines and booby traps to get back in the kitchen where you didn't expect the stove to blow up in your face the next moment); when the chaplain got in his jeep to make his rounds, it was Gene Habitzruther who stepped on the starter; and when we went to see a movie, it was our old movie operator from the "355th" by the name of Leon Sheldon (who never had to use a step ladder to reach for items near the ceiling) who provided the pictures. Then, when I toured my battalions, there was Capt. Burton, Capt. Quigley, Capt. Ruff, Lt. Tomaso, CWO White, and Lt. Zaranka (who later broke a leg and survived, but then came down with dermatitis and was sent to the States for that). I dare not name more officers, or enlisted men, though they were with us, in large number. You'll see some of them in the pictures—but not any considerable fraction of the number, to be certain.

In this final chapter which is sort of an attempt to catch up loose ends, and tie them in a neat knot, I will try to describe some of the places you may



Lucca: The Cathedral Tower



Lucca: St. Martin on Horseback

have visited in central and northern Italy, and weave in with that a few remarks about the final days of some of the men of the "old —5th."

In less than five days after the "355th" disbanded, a priest came through our lines near Viareggio, and informed the authorities that the Germans were massing troops in that vicinity, preparing for a drive on the American supply dumps near Leghorn. Fifth Army was alarmed. Our engineers, old troops and newly-trained men, were immediately set to the task of mining the roads and bridges in that area, so that these could be demolished if the enemy broke through. We left the vicinity of Lastra-a-Signa and moved to the Serchio Valley. Group set up in the Villa Reale di Marlia. Our battalions set up at different points in the neighborhood. One HQ was in the Ciano home, north of Lucca. The Villa Reale di Marlia was a palace. Kings, prime ministers, dukes, duchesses, military leaders, millionaires and others had been entertained here royally. We were not entertained so royally. Little, if any, furniture was left, but the murals were still on the walls, and the roof didn't leak (much). In 1939 a two-hundred page book had been issued to describe the beauties of this palace. There were sixty-five illustrations in the book. So you can see, there is a temptation to dwell at length on this show place. Although we stayed here weeks, I will not tarry here in this chapter.

The German drive did not materialize, so we could enjoy the beauty of the Serchio Valley. About ten miles above Lucca was the Ponte de Maddalena, a camel back bridge very similar to ones I had seen in China. The bridge must date back into the early centuries.

LUCCA

Lucca was the nearest city to us. Lucca has been changed less by the progress of the world than most cities. Its old walls stand intact. Its gates, at times, are barred. Its streets are narrow. A number of old towers still stand. Ancient drawings of the city show that it must have rivalled Pisa for the number of towers it once boasted. Puccini was born in Lucca, and I once travelled for hours (after we had left the vicinity) to hear the opera, *The Barber of Seville* (Rossini) presented in Lucca. The Cathedral of St. Martin and the Church of San Michele are noteworthy. Art students tell us that the statue of St. Martin on horseback, which is above the porch of the cathedral, is very important in art, since it is the first attempt in Tuscany to present a figure in full relief.

PISA

Surely every member of the 355th AAA S/L Bn. who accompanied the unit to Malpensa for inactivation visited the city of Pisa! Here in Pisa is the best



Florence: Uffizi Palace

known and most frequently portrayed monument in the world.

Unlike Florence, Pisa was a famous city in Roman days. In 180 B.C. it was important. One thousand years later it was still important. And a thousand years after that, American boys fought hard to secure Pisa. In the day of city states in Italy, Pisa ranked with Amalfi, Genoa, Lucca, and Venice. Up till the 13th century, she was feared as a military power by Saracen, and rival Christian city alike. Within her walls the Ghibellines ruled, and this made Pisa the natural enemy of Genoa and Florence. In 1284 the Pisan fleet was defeated by the Genoese, and her military power began to dim. In 1406 Florence marched against the Pisan armies, and defeated them. The sea

also played a trick on Pisa and helped to dim her political and military glory. Once it was at her doorstep; but now the sea is miles away. The Arno has built up a great level plain of fertile soil between Pisa and the sea, if that has not been caused by the land rising, propelled by some unseen force.

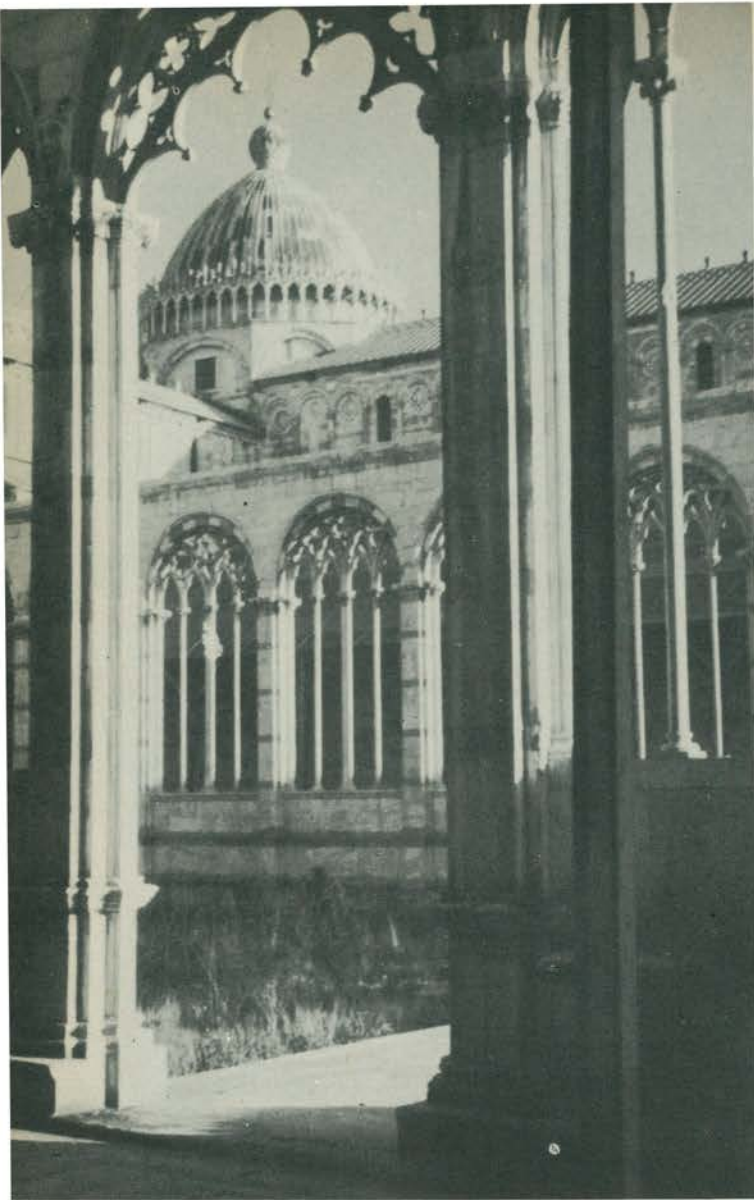
In the northwest corner of the city stands her four famous monuments. The great cathedral is there, done in the Pisan style of architecture. Note in the picture the alternating layers of black and white stone on the cathedral facade, and the pillars high above the main part of the building. This style is followed in Lucca and Sienna, as well as in Sardinia. Most of the pillars in the cathedral are war trophies, taken by the Pisan navy in some foreign contest.



Pisa: To the Campo Santo



Pisa: The Cathedral



Pisa: The Arcaded Campo Santo

In front of the cathedral is the baptistry. It was begun in 1153 A.D. and all Pisans (so say the guide books) "are baptized therein." We will make a similar observation concerning the baptistry at Florence. Nevertheless, we must remember that there are large numbers of religious non-Christians in Italy; as well as large numbers of Protestant Christians, such as the ancient Waldensians, and more recently organized groups.

Back of the cathedral is the Leaning Tower, one of the wonders of the world. Pisa, like Lucca, was once a city of towers. It is claimed that 16,000 towers existed in this city prior to 1174, when a law was posted forbidding any structure higher than 57 feet. An exception was made for the churches, and in that year the campanile was begun. In private hands, the towers were both offensive and defensive weapons; but not so in church hands. Bonanno was the archi-

tect. After he had reared forty feet of the tower into the air, it was observed that the foundation was sinking on the south side. Bonanno tried to compensate for this weakness, but after a struggle gave up the project as a failure. For one hundred years the unfinished campanile stood behind the cathedral. Then Tomaso Pisano came forward with a proposition. He was listened to, and commissioned to complete the tower with a definite, planned lean to it. He succeeded in compensating for the lean. He even hung bells in the structure and had them rung. Today there are seven bells, weighing up to three and one-half tons, that ring from the top story. The tower is 179 feet high, 51 feet 8 inches in diameter, and is 14 feet out from the perpendicular. Since it was begun the structure has settled more than a dozen feet into the earth. The bombing of Pisa did not shake the famous landmark from its foundation. We are, therefore, safe in guessing, that it will stand another thousand years.

Between the cathedral and the city wall is the cemetery, or the Campo Santo. The beautiful, arcaded building is rectangular in form and encloses an area on which fifty-three shiploads of earth have been spread. This earth had been brought from the Holy Land in the days of Pisa's greatness as a maritime power. The arcade was completed in 1463. Few visitors to Pisa, unfortunately, visit this lovely, holy spot.



Pisa: Campanile Bell



Florence: From Giotto's Tower

The bombing damaged the building, destroyed many priceless frescoes, and opened many tombs.

There is more to Pisa than this corner of the city; but though Pisa stands, time flies for me. Not a bridge was left at Pisa across the Arno when the enemy retreated. In fact, there was no bridge left across the Arno from the sea inland far to the east of Florence. The area along the water front of Pisa has been severely damaged, but Pisa started to clear the rubbish away and rebuild before the war ended. Pisa rises again, as a center towards which artists and travellers from all over the world will again converge.

FLORENCE

For centuries Florence was a small, inconsequential village on the north bank of the River Arno. In the sixth century, King Totila of the Goths, destroyed the little settlement. Much later, when Charlemagne

was on his way to Rome to be crowned, he was so impressed by the poverty of the people who occupied this location, that he ordered the village to be rebuilt. It was rebuilt; but then, Fiesole, the neighboring village on the hill to the north, was a rival of the river city. Today Fiesole is famous for its two churches, its old Roman amphitheater, and for its magnificent view of Florence. Today it would take more than one hundred Fiesoles to equal in size the illustrious city to the immediate south. Thus has Florence prospered since the dark ages.

In the year 1133 Florence became a commonwealth; it lost that position in the 15th century when the Medici family gained control. Cosimo was one of the Medici illustrious whom you should remember. He died in 1464 A.D. Lorenzo the Magnificent was the second Medici, whom you should not forget. When he died in 1492, the Florentines turned against this



Florence: Grave of E. B. B.



Florence: Pitti Palace



Florence: Courtyard of the Bargello

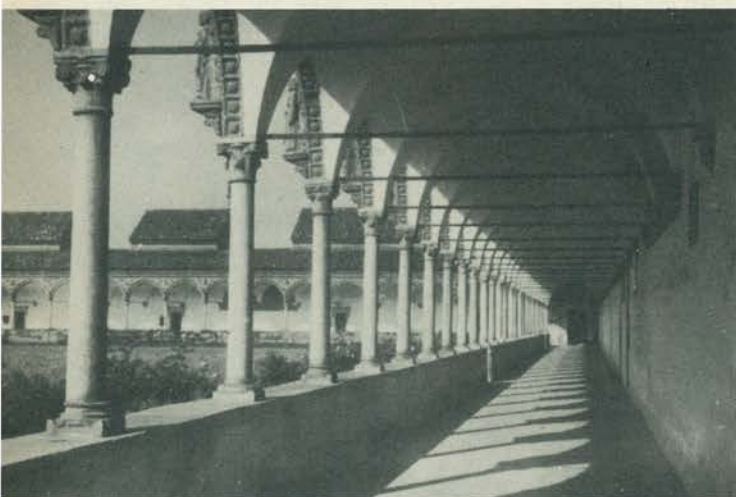
family and temporarily exiled them. The Emperor Charles V came to the aid of the family and in 1530 they were back in Florence, ruling. The Medici line ran out in 1737, and the house of Lorraine succeeded to their privileges. On April 27, 1859, Florence was incorporated into the new Kingdom of Italy. For five years, beginning in 1865, Florence was the capital of the Kingdom.

Florence had long been a city of strife. There has been strife between families, classes, parties, and nationalities. The Guelphs (papal party) strove against

the Ghibellines (emperor's party). The Medici strove against the Pitti. The White Guelphs strove against the Black Guelphs. The Axis strove against the world. So the story has run. Yes, too, the people have striven against pestilence. For in 1348 the Black Death took over half of her citizens.

The roll of the names of illustrious Florentines reads like the roll of world history. The list includes Dante Alighieri, Giotto (the painter), Boccaccio (the Decameron), Brunelleschi, Donatello, Lucca della Robbia, Botticello, da Vinci, Americo Vespucci (for whom America was named), Machiavelli, Pope Leo X, Pope Clement VII, Michaelangelo, Andrea del Sarto, Cellini, Catherine di Medici, Maria di Medici and Savanarola. As soon as you write a period after such a list the names of others crowd into memory, claiming recognition. Suffice it to say, that there are others. Many others!

Let us start our walk through Florence at the Piazza della Signoria. It was in this square that Savanarola was executed and his body burned. The year was 1498. The site of the deed is commemorated in the stones of the square. This square is really a museum in peace times. As we visited Florence, one day, near the end of our Italian tour of duty, we noticed that they were restoring the equestrian statue of Cosimo to its base in this piazza. The building with the high tower nearby is the Palazzo della Signoria, or the Palazzo Vecchio (Old Palace), or the Town



Florence: The Certosa



Florence: Entrance to the Palazzo Vecchio

Hall. This was the center of civic life in olden days, as it was when AMG moved into the Town Hall to govern militarily for the Allies. In 1298 the magistrates of Florence felt the need of a worthy, official place of business, and commissioned Arnolfo di Cambio to meet their need. Sixteen years later the building was completed. This was the palace of the Priori, or the Signoria (guild leaders). The building is a museum of art, as well as a palace of history. The Hall of the Cinquecento is here. Statues and pictures abound. In the inner courtyard of the palace (in peace times) is a delightful statue of a boy with a fish, done by Verrocchio. On one side of the main door of the palace, you see a copy of Michaelangelo's "David" (you see copies of this statue frequently in Florence) and on the other side is Baccio Bandinelli's "Hercules and Cacus." Bandinelli was a rival of Michaelangelo! The tower of the Palazzo is three hundred and eight feet high. Note that the building is fortress-like! It was built thus, by design.

The next most prominent building on the square is the Loggia dei Lanzi (Lancers), or the Loggia dei Priori (Senators). (The Palazzo Vecchio may also be called the Palazzo dei Priori.) The Loggia was built so that the senators could hold public audience with their constituency, protected from the rain. The constituency could be in the square, but the senators would speak from the Loggia, which would ever act like a big umbrella. When in Florence before the war,

I saw the statue of Judith by Donatello, and that of Perseus by Cellini in this Loggia. On my war visits, the most famous statue to be seen in the Loggia was The Rape of the Sabines, executed by Giovanini da Bologna.



Florence: Piazza della Signoria



Florence: Palazzo Vecchio



Florence: The Rape of the Sabines

Occupying the space between the Palazzo Vecchio, the Loggia dei Lanzi and the river Arno, is the Palazzo degli Uffizi, built between the years 1560 and 1574 for public offices. The Uffizi Museum is housed in this building. The front of this Palazzo (both sides of the street) is decorated with statues of famous Florentines. Until the German demolitions ruined the approaches to the Ponte Vecchio, there was a covered gallery leading from the Uffizi office to the Pitti Palace across the Ponte Vecchio. This enabled officers to go to their offices in the office building, from their luxurious Pitti Palace, without mingling with the common herd.

If you follow the route of the old corridor you will cross the Ponte Vecchio, which the German army did not destroy. To make it unnecessary to destroy this famous bridge, houses on the streets approaching the bridge were wrecked, so that their wreckage would block the avenues. The Old Bridge is old. A wooden bridge was here in 966 A.D. The stone bridge soon replaced it. The bridge is covered with shops. These were butcher shops till 1563. Then Cosimo the Medici objected to the odor as well as the pollution of the Arno by these shopkeepers, and he ordered them off the bridge. The goldsmiths were ordered to occupy the vacated places of business. There you find the jewelers today. That corridor was built in 1564.

Following the course of the corridor, you are soon at the Pitti Palace. Luca Pitti began it. The Medici family didn't like the Pitti family, so soon the Pitti family was out, and the Medici group completed the palace on a magnificent scale and occupied it. It is a museum today. The beautiful Bobolo Gardens are behind the palace.

Now if you will return to the Piazza della Signoria and look eastward, you will see a tower. Walk over to it. It is the Bargello, or the Palazzo del Podesta. It was begun in 1255 as a residence for the chief magistrate of Florence. Later it became a prison as well as the residence of the chief of police. Now it is a museum. The courtyard is the most famous such in the world. You will notice that we are using many superlatives in describing Florence.

Continue on the Via del Proconsolo as you leave the Bargello, and you will come to the Piazza del Duomo. Here is the famous cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore. Begun on September 8, 1298, the church was consecrated in 1436. It is made of many colored marbles, as are many of the churches in the Arno and Po valleys. Savonarola preached here. Political rivals, at times, used the church to further their nefarious schemes. Lorenzo the Magnificent narrowly escaped assassination during a mass in this church. Note the beauty of the doors of the cathedral. These doors will give you some idea of the marvelous beauty of



Florence: The Duomo and San Lorenzo

the doors of the Baptistry of St. John which stands in front of the cathedral. Andrea Pisano made some of the doors of the baptistry, but the most famous ones were made by Ghiberti, following the winning of an art contest in 1402. Michaelangelo said that the doors wrought by Ghiberti for the baptistry are worthy to be the Gates of Paradise. To protect them from bombing they were buried deep under the Pitti Palace while we were in Italy with the army. The pictures on these doors illustrate O.T. scenes.

Opening on this same square is the Oratorio of the Misericordia. Here the brothers of that society placed waifs, so kind-hearted people might see them, pity them, and adopt them. The Compagnia della Misericordia was founded in 1240. The brothers served during the plague, since they have vowed never to turn aside from need. To protect themselves then they wore black robes and black hoods. That uniform persists to today. Perhaps the similar design which we saw in San Severo was copied after this design, or perhaps the society in San Severo developed their uniform even as did this Florentine society.

There is a museum of the Opera del Duomo on this square also. These Italian cathedrals are so old, and have been restored so frequently, that museums became necessary to house the weathered statues and faded paintings, which are too old for use, and yet too famous, artistically, to destroy. So in most great Italian cities you will find a museum of the Opera

del Duomo. It is usually located next to the Duomo.

Giotto's Campanile is on this square, right alongside of the church. Let's climb the bell tower. It is said to be the finest such in all Italy. I am not ashamed to record that superlative, also. Giotto began the tower in 1334. Others finished it by 1387. It towers 275 feet in height. Over four hundred steps take you to the top. One of the three finest views of Florence is gained from this tower. The second is from the Piazza Michaelangelo. The third is from Fiesole.



Florence: From Piazza Michaelangelo



Siena: The Cathedral

Look past the Bargello Tower, as you stand at the top of the Campanile, and you will see the Church of Santa Croce. Dante's statue is before the church and his tomb within the church (but his bones lie in Ravenna). Santa Croce in Florence, like the Pantheon in Rome, is an Italian Westminster Abbey. Here

are buried Michaelangelo, Machiavelli, Amerigo Vespucci, Galileo and Ghiberti.

Now, looking carefully across the river, from your tower vantage point, you may be able to make out the copy of the statue of "David" by Michaelangelo, on the Piazza Michaelangelo. It is worth walking there for the view. From the opposite side of the tower you can study the very top of the facade of the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore, and prominently appearing just a block away, below, is the Church of San Lorenzo. St. Ambrose consecrated a church here in 393 A.D. The church has an unfinished facade.

If you will descend to the street again, you can push on and see much more in Florence. You ought to go to the Church and Monastery of San Marco and see the cell of Savonarola, as well as the paintings by Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolomeo. You ought also to visit the Ospedale degli Innocenti and see the ten della Robbia medallions on the front of that children's hospital. Did you enter the Church of Santa Maria Novella (with the obelisks nearby) which stands so close to the Fifth Army Rest Center (in the railroad station)? It was begun in 1278. You passed by the Medici Chapels, undoubtedly; but they were closed temporarily. Did you visit the home of Dante? Or Michaelangelo? Or Vespucci? Did you notice the gates of the old wall of Florence, still standing in the middle of the modern boulevards? In South Florence you can still see the city wall standing.

Not far south of Florence is the Carthusian monastery called the Certoso di Galluzzo. It was founded



Siena: Cappella di Piazza



Suviana: The Great Dam

in the 14th century. It is quiet and restful, and has a famous counterpart near Pavia.

Perhaps I am getting sentimental; but on my wife's birthday in 1945, I visited the Protestant Cemetery in Florence and stood by the grave of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. I had read her poems while courting the lady who became my wife. Can you recall that Catherine Cornell took the part of Elizabeth Barrett Browning in "The Barrett's of Wimpole Street," while we were in Italy? Did Miss Cornell visit this grave, I wonder? Right next to Mrs. Browning's grave is that of Mrs. Holman Hunt.

I have not done justice to Florence in this sketch. Not even a Browning could do that adequately. While there I attended a symphonic concert, and an opera. You may smile, but there is another thing that I will not forget from my visits to Florence. Often we drove fifty miles to have a shower bath in the

officers' Red Cross at 110 Via Ghibellina. The Red Cross was housed in the old Borghese Palace at that number. You went there dirty and unkempt. Remember that it was winter, and it was out of question to bathe from a helmet in your mountain camp. You took off the dirty clothes, took a bar of sweet smelling soap and entered the shower. Then you left the shower, dried vigorously, and put on clean clothes. What a fine feeling! Then if you were lucky, and it was the right hour on the right day, you might get a dish of ice cream in the snack bar upstairs. Is this an anti-climax to the story of visits to Florence in 1945? Not at all, for a fine shower was a prelude to an enjoyable day in Florence, if you were fortunate enough to be able to spend the day there.

SIENA

It was necessary for the chaplain to go to the cemetery at Castelfiorentino, frequently, for burials. With Siena only a few miles to the south, it was natural for me to visit that city. Like Pisa, Siena was once a rival of Florence. Like Pisa, Siennese history goes back to the earliest Roman days. Like Pisa, it has its ancient, famous university. Three things stand out in my mind from that visit to Siena: The House of St. Catherine (which I merely mention), the cathedral, and the Piazza del Campo.

The Cathedral at Siena was begun in 1229. One who goes there will never forget the floor. The pavement of the cathedral is a picture book of Bible history, done in varicolored marbles. This is all inlay work. Only for a few weeks in a year is the protective



Siena: Fonte Gaia



Perugia: Fonte Maggiore (1280 A.D.)

platform removed, but at other times, you may raise trap doors in that flooring and look at the exquisite inlay work below. Nor will one forget the 14th century plan to make this the largest church in all the world. The existing nave was to become a transept, and a new nave erected. The walls were begun and the front outlined, when the Black Plague struck. The year 1348 is a dark year in European history. The plan was abandoned that year. A bird's eye view of the city clearly shows the plan for the enlarged church, but for 600 years those walls have stood merely as a reminder of a great dream that never materialized.

In the Piazza del Campo one sees the beautiful Fonte Gaia (1409-1419, restored in 1868). Here, also,



Perugia: The City

is the Capella di Piazza, which was built following 1348. Behind the Capella di Piazza rises the Torre del Mangia alongside of the Palazzo Pubblico. The tower name reminds us of the iron men who sound a bell in St. Mark's Square in Venice. The iron man is no longer here in Sienna. The tower is 334 feet high, and has 412 steps. Every 2nd of July and 13th of August the Palio is held in the Piazza del Campo. It is a horse race, at which the jockeys wear the ancient costumes of the locality. For the race the track area in the square is covered with clay to form an oval race course. Unfortunately, I could not be at Siena for the Palio. The adjacent Palazzo Pubblico is an office building, a residence, and a museum. It is shameful to skip over the story of these great cities so rapidly, but necessity demands even greater brevity.

PERUGIA AND ASSISI

While near Florence time permitted me to make only one brief trip to Perugia and Assisi. It had to be made in one day. At Perugia we stopped at the main square (Victor Emmanuel), and at the Piazza del Municipio. We saw the Fonte Maggiore (1277-1280). We stopped in the Cathedral of San Lorenzo and admired the statue of Pope Julian III alongside of the church. We saw a fine collection of old paintings in the Palazzo del Municipio, but Perugia was only incidental on this trip. We were mainly interested in Assisi.

Assisi is famous because of one of her sons. Here was born, lived, labored and is buried one of God's



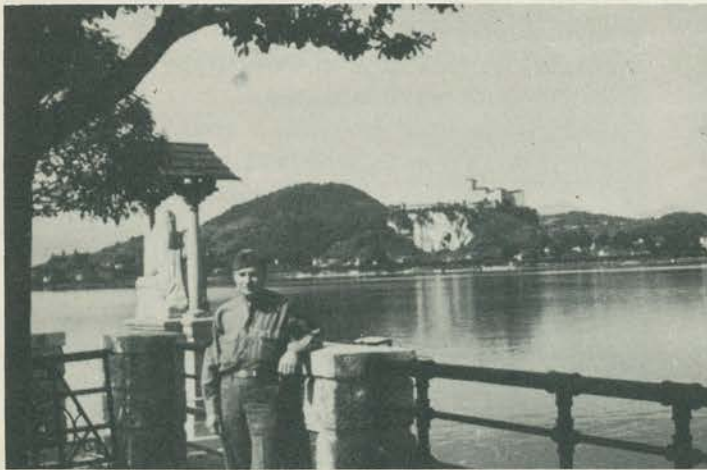
Assisi: To the city

saints, by the name of Francis. Born in 1182, the adored son of a wealthy merchant, the boy lived gaily and without high purpose. Then he heard and heeded a divine commission to rebuild and restore the church. He immediately set to work to rebuild a deserted church in Assisi, and he spent his life at the task of restoring the mother church. He died in 1226, but in those forty-four years he had lived so richly that the world was renewed spiritually. A visit to Assisi, of even a few hours, is a life enriching experience.

NORTHERN APENNINES

From the Serchio we moved to the Northern Apennines, in the dead of winter. For months our units

occupied the territory as close to the German lines through Vergato as it was safe to work, and sometimes closer than it was safe. That was beautiful territory when the grip of winter ended. Its beauty could not be appreciated when it was intensely cold. The dam at Suviano was a center for one of our battalions, and the summer resort towns in the entire neighborhood were known to us. They must be delightful in summer; but in winter, they are not so nice—especially when they are under frequent shell fire. While we were at Poretta the “Stars and Gripes Show” came to town. I thought the best part of the show was Tony Giancolo singing “On the Road to Mandalay.” Re-



Arona: Lake Maggiore



Como: From the Swiss Border



Assisi: From the city

member Tony? As I visited my units in those mountains I often met men who had been with the "355th," now in signal corp units, or hospital units, or in other engineer units.

Once the German line broke in April, we did not have much time in which to see the cities of the Po Valley, until we reached Lake di Garda. There, while my men bridged the Adige, it was possible to enjoy the famous town of Verona.

VERONA

We mentioned the amphitheater at Verona in our chapter on North Africa. We compared the amphitheater here with the one at El Djem. This amphitheater tells us that Verona was a very important town in the days of the Roman empire. I still believe that the amphitheater at El Djem is more impressive than this, or the one at Rome. This structure was used as a bomb-proof shelter during the war.

Another relic of Roman days in Verona is the Piazza Erbe, or the fruit and vegetable market. It is on the site of the Roman Forum. The lion of St. Mark on the column in the square, tells us that this city had affiliations with Venice at one time, for that is the same figure that is so prominent on the Piazza San Marco in Venice.

Verona is especially famous as an art center, but, unfortunately, we were there just a few hours after the Germans left, and the works of art were still hid-

den behind protective masses of brick and mortar. While we were in this vicinity, we were on the move so constantly, that I had my tent up in three different places in one twenty-four hour period. When the war finally ended we were at Milano, and Verona could not be easily revisited.

BOLOGNA

We struggled all winter in 1944-1945 to break through the German lines at Vergato and reach Bologna. Then, when that line broke and Bologna fell, we were moving north so fast we couldn't sightsee in that city. Later, however, when at Milano, we were able to journey back to this city for a few hours, and still later, we took men on tours of the city, starting from our camp at Montecatini.

As at Siena, so at Bologna. A great cathedral was planned but never finished; although the people at Bologna got further with their plan before it was deserted in 1659, than the people of Siena did. In Bologna the church was completed up to the transept. This is the church of San Petronio. There are two other churches in Bologna which I remember well. In that of San Domenico, St. Dominic is buried. In the Church of Santo Stefano, which is really a group of eight buildings, one of which may date back to the second century, there is an outdoor pulpit, even as there is on the church at Perugia and elsewhere. Bologna outdoes Pisa in one regard. It has two leaning towers. Both



Verona: Amphitheater

are unartistic brick structures. The Torre Asinelli (1109 A.D.) is 318 feet high, and is four feet out of the perpendicular. The Torre Garisenda (1100 A.D.) is 154 feet high, and seven feet out of plumb.

The famous Mercanzia of Bologna was damaged by our bombing, thus giving the Fascists another picture for a series of stamps which they issued, depicting the barbarism of the Allies. Most of that damage had been repaired by the time I visited Bologna.

TURIN

While at Milan, some of my troops were stationed in Turin, and consequently I had obligations to be there as often as possible. The battalion stationed there worked on roads as far west as the French border, and lived in Turin on the estate of the Duke of Aosta. Here the palace rooms had been so decorated that the ceiling had a three dimensional effect. Fine as had been our castle at Marlia, this was infinitely more beautiful.

Turin is the Detroit of Italy. The Fiat is made here and many other industries are located in this city. The streets of Turin are very regular, since they were built on the plan of the old Roman city which originally occupied this site. Prominent over the sky line of Turin, as seen from the Monte dei Cappuccini, is the



Verona: Bridging the Adige



Verona: Piazza Erbe

“Mole Antonelliana.” This is a steel structure erected on top of a building which started out to be a synagogue. It ended as the highest structure in Europe, next to the Eiffel Tower. It is neither beautiful, nor useful, as far as I know. The spire is 538 feet high.

In the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist here, one hears the legend of the Sacred Shroud. The shroud is supposed to be a relic of this church. Many of these relics are frauds, but as frauds they are hundreds of years old. The shroud is a strip of cloth about two feet wide and twelve feet long which was supposed to have been folded over the body of the Crucified when he was entombed. The marks of the body stain the cloth, so that you tend to have a portrait of the Man of Galilee. Millions, I suppose, credit these legends.

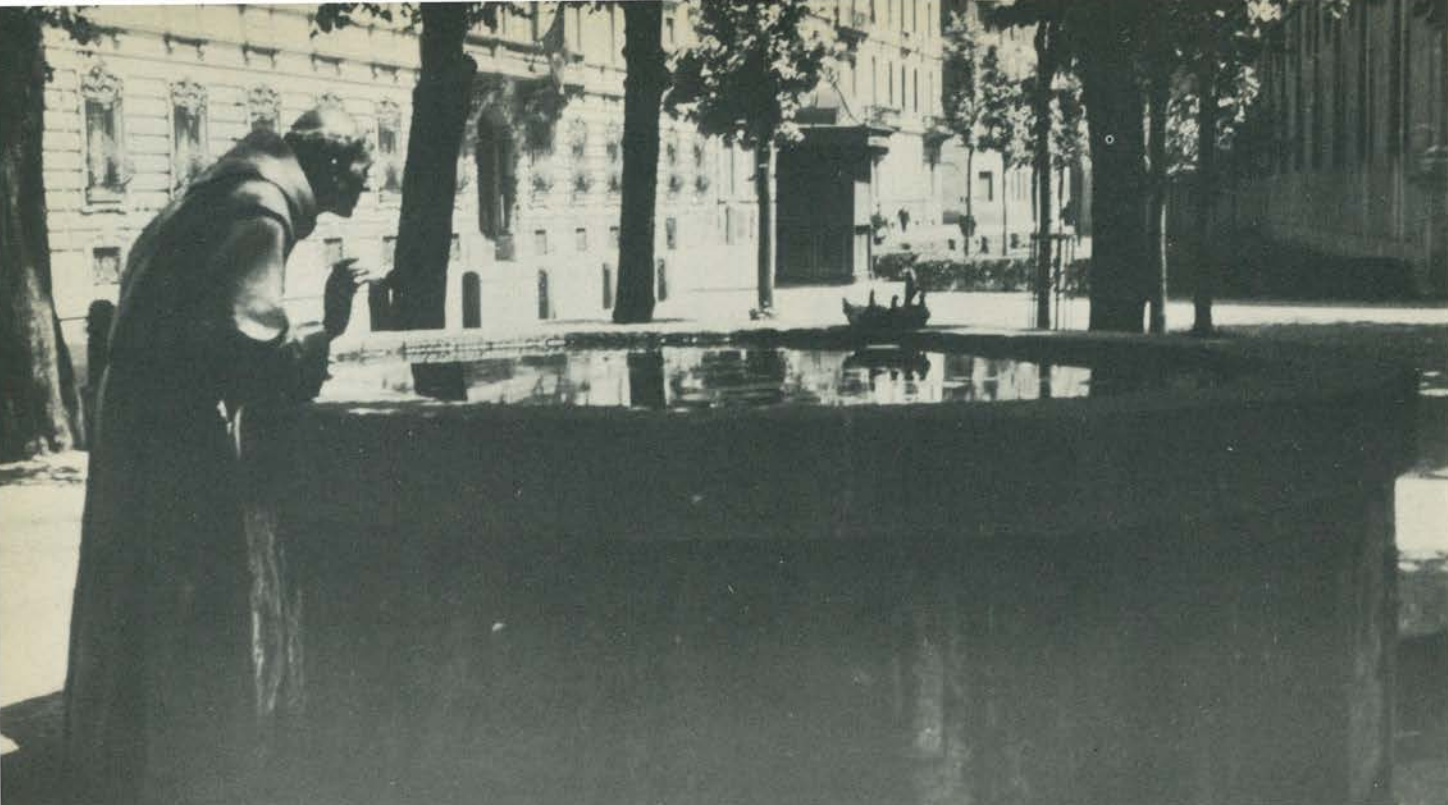
Along the bank of the Po, in one of the parks, Turin constructed a replica of a Medieval City in 1884. Though a reproduction, the “city” is picturesque. Turin was the capital of Italy from 1860 to 1865. From here the seat of government passed to Florence, and from Florence to Rome.

MILAN

For our visit to Milano let us print the instructions I gave my soldiers for an enjoyable visit to that city.



Verona: The Castle



Milan: St. Francis Preaches to the Birds

Be careful, soldier, as you prepare to visit Milano. By your preparation is it to be determined whether you will be utterly disappointed, or thrillingly elevated visiting this complex city. This is the Chicago of Italy—it's second biggest city—a city in which commerce and industry struggle noisily, but a city also, in which religion and the arts have left their eternal mark. As I write on V-E Day Plus Four, the famous galleries, as in many other Italian cities, continue to be closed. Now, with the war ended in Europe, we trust that these galleries will soon be functioning normally again.

Start your visit in Milano at the Piazza del Duomo. Here is found the church of the Virgin Mary, the finest Gothic church in all of Italy, and one of the

largest churches in the world. The cathedral was begun in the year 1386 and not brought to a satisfactory degree of completion until 1805. By that statement I would indicate that it is often difficult to tell when one of these gems of art is really completed. Something new can always be added, and something old restored. The beautiful bronze doors did not come into being until 1906. These doors illustrate events in the life of Mary, and are worthy of a considerable amount of your time. Then, too, test the knowledge you have of the Bible, by naming the events illustrated by the stone carvings on the facade of the church.

It would take pages to describe the interior of the cathedral. San Carlo Borromeo and his activity in the years of the black plague is commemorated. So are hundreds of other people and events. Here in this beautiful cathedral you are to meet your greatest disappointment in the city. The roof of the cathedral was closed to all visitors in July of 1943. I was told that bombing had loosened a lot of stone work on the roof, so that that step was thought necessary. Long before this war began I visited the roof. From it a fine view of the plain and the Alps is obtained. From it one gets the most adequate view of the one hundred and thirty-five spires which look like a multitude of rain drops struggling to return to the clouds whence they were born. Each spire is capped with a statue. More than two thousand statues embellish the exterior of the church. The gigantic spire of the cathedral is in such fine proportion to the whole building that it does



Milan: Villa Manzoni

not appear to be so very high. Be not deceived, but believe me when I say that when you have climbed to the top you will have climbed as many steps as you climbed the day you went to the very top of the dome of St. Peter's in Rome. Would that you were able to make this climb. On top of this church are found the only gutters, which I would recommend for a visit. Here you can walk in a gutter, and still be in a paradise.

As you leave the cathedral, to your left is the Royal Palace (A.D. 1772); straight ahead is the equestrian statue of the same Victor Emmanuel II, whose monument in Rome is so white and so very large; to the right is the Gallery of Victor Emmanuel II. This is the finest arcade in all Europe. The architect fell to his death from the portico of the building in the year 1877.

If you walk through this Gallery of Victor Emmanuel you will reach the Piazza della Scala. The statue in the center commemorates Leonardo da Vinci, whose arrival in Milano (along with Bramante) in the heyday of the Sforzas, made Milano one of the art cen-



Milan: Santa Maria della Grazie

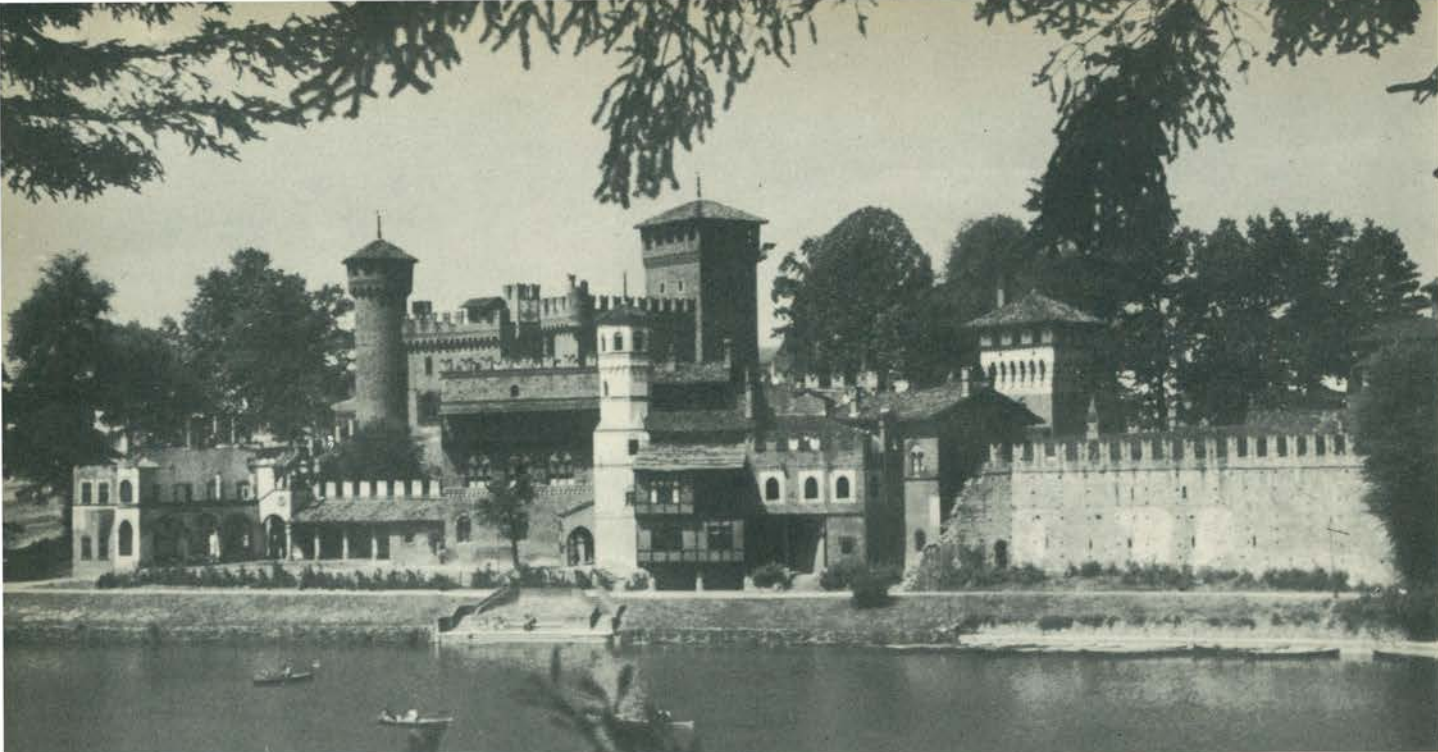


Milan: Cemetery

ters of the world. The statue faces La Scala, the world-famous opera house. All the great musicians of today and yesterday have performed here. Here, the cheer of a crowd has often resulted in success for an artist, while its jeer was an almost certain passport into oblivion. What of tomorrow for "La Scala"? I do not know. It is only an empty shell now, bomb gutted. When the Americans entered Milano a soldier found a placard in the ruined building, which he hung on the facade. An ugly scrawl demands: "Vogliamo Toscanini." (We want Toscanini.)

If you will follow the street that runs along the north side of the Duomo, to the west, you will soon see the tower of the Castello. But, before you go to it, stop at the Piazza del Mercanti, just a block from the Duomo. Here was the center of the medieval Milano. Try to locate the Loggia of the Osii (A.D. 1316), the Palace of the Giureconsulti (A.D. 1564), the College of the Nobility (1625), and the Palace of the Ragione (A.D. 1228-1233).

Before you push on to the Castello, you ought to review a bit of Milanese history. The Etruscans lived



Turin: Medieval Village

in the city beginning in the 6th century B.C. Two centuries later, the Romans began to change it into one of their great cities. Constantine the Great (324 to 337) and Theodosius (379 to 395) lived here. The very first edicts of tolerance for the Christian era came from the city of Milano, over the signature of these emperors. Frederick Barbarossa destroyed Milano in the year 1162, but five years later Milano was so well rebuilt that it could head the league of Lombard cities, and break the power of the Hohenstaufens. Peace may be wonderful, but Milano did not have an opportunity to enjoy it long. Feuds between the people and the privileged led to the seizure of power here by the Visconti in 1277 A.D. The great Visconti is Gian Galeazzo (1378-1402). He founded

the cathedral and the Certosa di Pavia. Half a century down the corridor of time Francesco Sforza gained control of the city. He built the Castello towards the tower of which you can imagine yourself to be walking as I repeat these items. Another Sforza (Lodovico); called Il Moro, will be remembered as the patron whose love of art brought Leonardo da Vinci, as well as Bramante to Milano. Remember, too, that France, Spain and Austria figure in Milanese history. In the day of Austrian control, the Castello was converted into a barracks. Only in 1893 was it restored to its original form. The tower of this castle, and the spire of the cathedral, are two dominating landmarks on the skyline of Milano. The municipal museum was housed in the Castello, and some of it



Milan: Sant' Ambrogio



Above Como: Swiss Border

was damaged when our fire bombs hit the wing of the old castle which is called Rocchetta. Then it was that da Vinci probably stirred uneasily in his grave, because it was in this castle that he was living when he invented the fire bomb.

About one half mile southwest of the castle you may find the Church of Santa Maria della Grazie. Leonardo da Vinci embellished the art of the whole world as he painted his "Last Supper" on one of the walls of a dining room in an adjacent Dominican convent. If you will ask for the "Cenacola Vinciano" you will be shown a wall, covered with sand bags and bricks. Protected back of that unsightly mass is all that is left of the great picture. While our bombs destroyed much of the old convent, they did not destroy this picture—the tooth of time and the rage of other wars destroyed it a long time ago. What is left today is largely a restoration. When the Fascists issued their series of stamps, the central idea for the design was the great works of art in Italy which Allied bombs and shells had destroyed. On the 1.25 and 3 lire stamps we see the picture of the Church of Santa



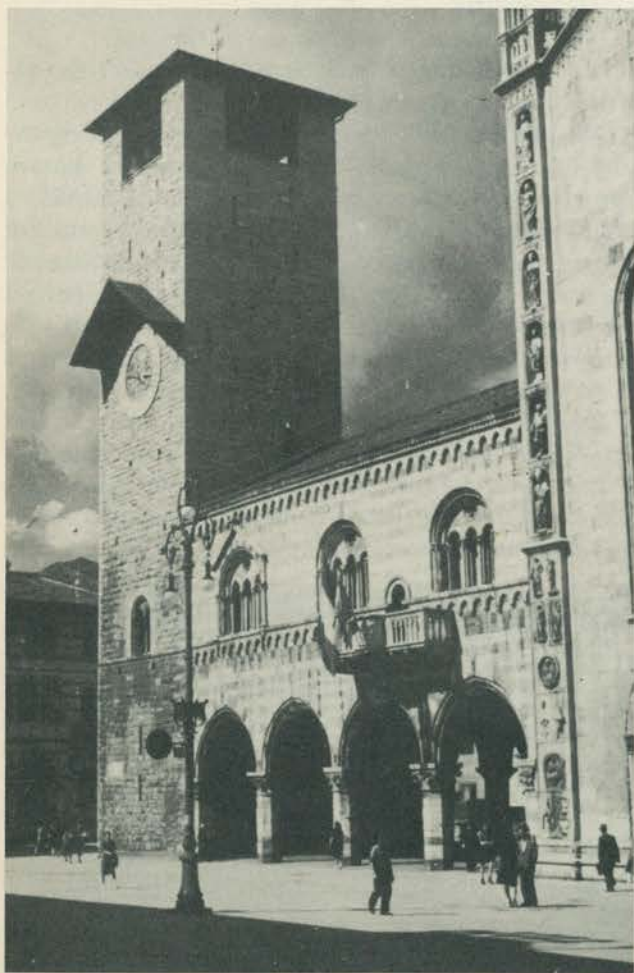
Turin: From the Monte dei Cappuccini

Maria della Grazie. We cannot deny that our warfare has been responsible for lamentable damage to great works of art, but we can rejoice, that in this series of ten regular and one special delivery stamp Mussolini had to use three symbolic designs and three duplications to fill out the series. Only five buildings were pictured on those stamps.

If you are interested in Christian history you must visit San Ambrogio. Bishop Ambrose built the first church here in the years 386 to 397. It was Bishop Ambrose, who in the year 387 baptized the wild North African son of Monica the renowned mother. That son, Augustine, has influenced Christian theology more than any other man since the time of St. Paul. As you visit this church remember, that here on this spot, Augustine became a Christian. The present church retains the form of the old church, and back of these bricks covering the great entrance to the present church (XII century) you will probably find the original doors of the first church. St. Ambrose is buried here. (St. Augustine is buried in Pavia, and St. Monica in Rome.)

The oldest church in Milano today is San Lorenzo. The first church on the site only dates back to 560 A.D. It was burned in 1071 and rebuilt. The reconstruction, in 1574 to 1588, preserved much of the old building, including some chapels of the 5th, 6th, and 7th centuries. The form of this church is octagonal!

You **MUST** visit the Cimitero Monumentale. The galleries in this cemetery are not as large and beautiful as those in the corresponding cemetery in Genoa, but the memorials over the graves under the blue sky are much more beautiful and interesting. The grave of a large estate proprietor shows bronze farmers, plowing the bronze soil, with bronze oxen. The monument would fill a pyramidal tent. It is gigantic. The image of a girl who died on a skiing expedition stands before us in heroic size. The memorial for a school teacher is a bronze group depicting a happy group of children surrounding the good teacher. Over the grave of the motorist, is a bronze representation of the auto speedway, and competing cars. A visit to



Como: Piazza del Duomo



Montecatini: Tamerici Establishment

this cemetery is a visit to a gallery of art. Unfortunately, when our bombs, aimed at the adjacent railroad tracks, missed their aim by only a few yards, some of the tombs here were damaged. (Manzoni is buried here. It was in his home that Group lived while we were camped in the Milano area.)

Milano has some famous galleries of art. Some of these may be opened before our units leave Italy. Keep in mind the name of the Brera Palace, the Royal Palace (by the cathedral), the Ambrosian Library, the Museum Poldi-Pozzoli, and the Archaeological Museum in the Castello Sforzesco.

Near the cathedral is the Church of San Satiro. It is almost as old as San Lorenzo. Bramante restored this building in 1480, preserving, as he did, some IX century chapels. This church alone, of the places I

am recommending to you for a visit, have I not revisited since V-E Day.

One morning as I was heading eastward along the Via Moscova, with my back towards the Nuova Parco, and my face towards Giardini Pubblici, I came upon a beautiful memorial to St. Francis of Assisi. I have never seen this memorial mentioned in the guide books. To my right, as we drove along I saw the statue of St. Francis standing alongside of a basin of large size, talking to a group of birds about to drink from the refreshing water. Herein lies a lot of the joy of travel—to discover something which thrills you, and which the guide books have not exploited. I have gone back to that statue again to see it under different lighting conditions, so that I might gain a greater appreciation of it, and so that I might



Bologna: Santo Stefano



Genoa: San Lorenzo's Lion



Bologna: Leaning Towers

photograph it under those altered circumstances. I do want to secure a worthy picture of that monument for my home—a picture that will both rest and inspire.

Milano! The city that faces in two directions! Facing one way, it appears to be a busy commercial and industrial city of more than a million inhabitants, and a city in political revolt. Facing in the other direction it appears to be a great patron of the arts and religion, and a prime contributor to the pages of important chapters of the book of culture. Facing in one direction we see the barricaded streets, the sprawling factories, the decaying buildings of an old "world's fair," and even the body of a Mussolini exposed to the hateful look of a hostile populace. Facing the other way we see the tremendous spiritual contribution the



Montecatini: Tettuccio Establishment



Luzon: To Mt. Arayat

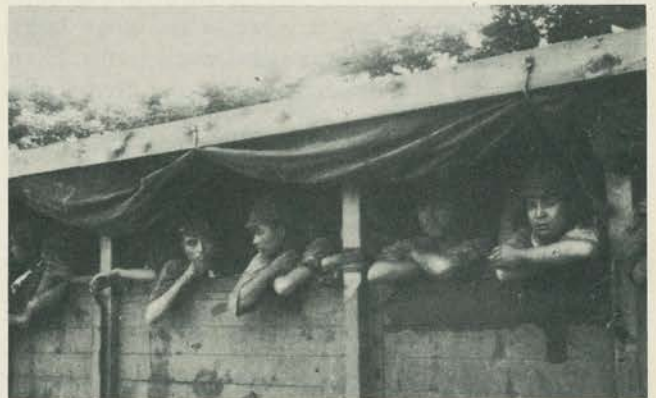
Milanese, both native and adopted sons, have made to the beauty and majesty of life everywhere.

Milano will not disappoint you if you face in the right direction.

THE SEA AND THE LAKES

One rapid trip was made from Milan to Genoa, over the fine autostrada reaching north from that city. Genoa is one of the oldest harbors in Italy, much older than Naples. Romans knew it. Carthaginians knew it. Saracens knew the harbor and city, too, for they also conquered it. When the Allies took the city the harbor was badly damaged. We had hoped to sail from this harbor, but the army intended to use the harbors already repaired, rather than employ the manpower needed to restore Genoa, it seemed. Consequently, we did not get to return to Genoa, to prepare for sailing to the Pacific. We did visit a number of places in Genoa. We show a picture of Laddie Kurgan in front of the Church of San Lorenzo. This church was founded in 985, and rebuilt in 1307 and 1567. Inside is a gigantic shell, which the English hurled at the city, but which failed to explode. I trust that this relic in the church has been defused, and disarmed. In Milano, also, there is a Monumental Cemetery. The one here is much more famous than the one at Milano, but personally, I like the one at Milano better. Though it is smaller, it is more dainty, and even as a cemetery, more restful.

While we were at Milano, one of our units was stationed on the shore of one of the Italian lakes at the



Luzon: Prisoners



Luzon: Lake Taal and the Volcano

foot of the Alps. Later we established a rest camp at Baveno, above Stresa. We had just settled down to enjoy the peculiar beauty of the Italian lake region when we were ordered to return to the Arno Valley region, to prepare for the Pacific journey. However, we had been able to visit Lecco, Intra, and Como, as well as Stresa and its Alpine Garden.

As we left the Po Valley, to return to the Valley of the Arno, and to prepare for Pacific duty, we first stopped at Montecatini. Montecatini was untouched by the weapons of war. It is a great Italian Spa. Here we packed our equipment for overseas shipment (Italy to the Philippines). Here the chaplain gave a series of lectures under the Montecatini Redeployment Training Center I. and E. Program, on "China and the Chinese." The lectures were held in the outdoor theater, and the audiences were often quite large. Here, we bathed in the hot mineral water baths. Here, we enjoyed the unusual facilities of the Red Cross. Here, we played, and rested.

Of Montecatini, Mussolini said: "These notable public works that have been carried out *ausu romano* during the first five years of the Fascist government, to the benefit of the public health, and to the greater decorum of Tuscany, are worthy to be widely known in Italy and abroad." It is officially claimed that "the cure is prescribed for the following." Then are named gastric infections, constipation, diarrhoea, colics, jaundice, diabetes, uricemia, gout, pyelitis, systitis, dermatosis and obesity. I don't know what Capt. Burton

and Capt. Hammond think of that claim, but I know that I didn't lose weight in Montecatini.

Do you recall the names of the beautiful establishments here? Leopoldina, Tamerici, Torretta, Regina, Rinfresco and Tettuccio? The finest Red Cross facilities I have ever seen were those for the EMs at the Tettuccio in Montecatini. That for the officers at the Torretta establishment was smaller, but very, very beautiful. I have tried to capture a thought of this beauty for you in two photographs. Montecatini was ideal for a redistribution center. Here, however, I saw Gene Habitzruther for the last time in the army. The chaplains conducted daily vesper services in the open, near the Tettuccio. During one of those services a convoy of soldiers headed for home by the way of the 88th Division pulled out of town. Gene was on one of the trucks, and while he waved to me, it was impossible for me to wave my hands while seated in the sanctuary. Sorry, Gene! So, Gene was on his way to another camp, then to the States, and to a wedding!

From Montecatini we moved to the air field near Lucca, and then to the staging area near Pisa, and from there we got aboard the General Blatchford, a navy transport, about to take a fifty-odd day journey to the Philippines by the way of the Panama Canal and New Guinea. The transport was tied up in the Leghorn harbor.

WESTWARD HO!

FOR the trip to the Philippine Islands we embarked on that transport at Leghorn. Even the officers were

crowded on the voyage, and when that happens, the conditions the enlisted men must suffer are infinitely worse. There were eighteen officers in the cabin where I slept. When the port holes were closed, as they had to be at night, the heat was intense. The ship had stringent regulations, and they were enforced without benefit of psychology. The weather was very hot, though the sea was very calm. Twice we crossed the equator on that journey.

A delightful break in that journey came when we touched the Atlantic coast of Panama, for the Canal journey. The Red Cross had an area fenced off at the dock where we loaded fuel and food, and the passengers could get off the boat and stretch their legs. There they could buy magazines, books, soft drinks, souvenirs, candy and PX supplies. Nearby, the Red Cross had free coffee to drink, and free hot dogs, as well as ice cream to eat. There were free newspapers, half in Spanish, and half in English. There were free movie and free live shows. There was a tent where letters could be written. The men had neared Panama, not expecting to get ashore, and this opportunity was so unusual that it gave the morale of the men that boost that was urgently needed to sustain them on the long journey ahead. Without that boost, I fear that the trip from Panama to the Philippines would have been unusually difficult. We did not stop a full twenty-four hours in Panama. The trip through the canal was delightful, and unusually interesting. Pictures, however, were not permitted to be snapped. In fact, cameras were "out" on the ship.

Shortly after we passed Christmas Island, word was received over the ship's radio that the Japanese were seeking peace terms. Onward we sailed, nevertheless. We passed the Gilbert Islands, and some days later docked at Hollandia, in New Guinea, for a few hours stop. The officers were permitted to go ashore.

Late in August we saw Luzon. Passing by Manila Bay we went to San Fernando on Lingayen Gulf, to discharge a field hospital unit. Then we returned to Manila Bay and waited for docking space to discharge our passengers and equipment. Finally on the 3rd of September, we disembarked from the ship, and climbed on a freight train which took us to Angeles and the reception area there.

Our unit had been earmarked for the invasion of the main Japanese homeland island before we sailed; but now, with the war over, it was scheduled to go to Korea as an occupational force. An order came out, however, making it mandatory to send high point men back to the States before the unit could proceed. With a total of 119 points, the chaplain was certain of a return to the States in the immediate future. He had been anxious to get to China, while the war was in progress, since that had been his home years ago, but

with the war over in the East and the West, he was more than anxious to get back home.

While waiting for orders to start the journey home, trips were made on the island of Luzon, as far as it was possible to go. We went to Clark Field frequently. We went to Manila often, from Angeles, and later we moved in to Quezon City on the outskirts of Manila. The Manila of 1946 was a different Manila from that of 1926, when the chaplain had been there previously. Several trips were made to Lake Taal, which is a crater lake. The Taal volcano erupted about 1911 and over one thousand people were killed by that activity of the volcano. The view from Tagaytay Ridge, over the lake and volcano, is unusual.

Finally Leon Sheldon, Capt. Van Buren and the chaplain of the old "355th," together with thirty-three other men, were ordered aboard the Liberty Ship Felipi de Bastrop in Batangas Harbor. It sailed on October 15th. Fifty-two days later we reached Boston. But there is an interim story. The crew of the ship were fine. We made a stop at Eniwetok in the Marshall Islands, and some officers and enlisted men went ashore for a few hours. Then we headed for the Panama Canal, bucking head winds and a head sea for weeks on end. Water ran short, food got scarce, and the oil got low. When we finally made Balboa we had less than two hundred barrels of oil left. That was just about the amount consumed by our engines in one day. We were all out of canned milk, coffee and sugar, and most other items, but had plenty of green beans and pork. Who wants green beans and pork three times a day? Weeks before we had noticed weevils in the dry cereal, and had eased up on this form of breakfast food. Now, we called for the dry cereal, dispossessed the weevils, and ate it ourselves. Our arrival at Balboa changed all this, however. Again we stopped one day on shore—this time at the Pacific side. Then we made our second journey through the Canal in that year.

On December 4, 1945, we saw Boston, grey in the gloomy dusk of a bleak December day. What a welcome sight! We had been overseas just short of a full thirty-five months. We were rushed through Camp Myles Standish, where we had a glass of fresh milk, the first such in almost thirty-five months. At Camp Atterbury, in Indiana, the chaplain tried to get TD so he might finish this book on the government payroll, but the request was rejected. However, he was not inclined to desert the project started in the spring of 1943 at Oran, Algeria. At last more than three years after the time we suggested such a book to the battalion, we are finally able to write the words

THE END.

THE MASTER ROSTER

OFFICERS

NAME	Symbol	Corps	Joined "355th"	Entered Army	Rank in "355th"	Serial Number	HOME ADDRESS
BAILEY, John H.....	*	CAC	May42	Nov40	Capt	0414724	Box 523.....Elberton, Ga.
BOWSHER, Harold E.....	‡	CE	Dec44	Dec42	Major	0440720	2306 Seabury Ave...Terre Haute, Ind.
BRADY, James Grover.....	‡	MAC	2Sep44	26Oct42	2ndLt	02048563	324 E. Vine St.....Reading, O.
BRAGDON, Meredith Keith.....	‡	CAC	8Jun43	4Mch42	2ndLt	01047035	RFD No. 1.....Washburn, Me.
BURTON, Benjamin F. Jr.....	☆	MC	1May42	26Mch41	Capt	0273228Dover, Delaware
CARR, Herman.....	*	CAC	18Dec42	25Jan41	2ndLt	01046744	2920 Hillcrest Dr....Los Angeles, Cal.
D'ARTENAY, Leonard F.....	☆	CAC	8Dec42	30Nov41	1stLt	01041745	1838 Alameda Ave.....Alameda, Cal.
DENBERG, Hyman S.....	§	MC	1May42	4Dec42	Capt	01694419	5550 Avondale Pl.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
DeSIMONE, Carmelo E.....	☆	CAC	1Aug42	18Aug41	Capt	01041332	2548 N. Market St.....St. Louis, Mo.
EPSTEIN, Milton.....	§						
FULMER, Harlen Dale.....	‡	FA	29Nov44	8Apr43	1stLt	0516585Albion, Ind.
GRAHLMAN, Joseph S.....	*	DC	6Jun42	15May42	Capt	0262034Bend, Oregon
FRANCISCO, Lloyd W.....	§	CAC	6May44	2Oct42	1stLt	01044519	RFD No. 3.....Belmont, N. Y.
HAMMOND, G. Wardlaw.....	*	MC	1May42	26Oct41	Capt	0336131	1336 Newberry Ave.....Chicago, Ill.
HOLZ, Norbert F.....	‡	CAC	15Sep43	9May42	2ndLt	01051603	2237 N. 65th St...Milwaukee 13, Wis.
HOUSMAN, Walter S.....	‡	CAC	6May44	2Jan41	Capt	0487345	800 Pennsylvania.....Prospect Pk., Pa.
HOUSTON, David O.....	*	CAC	Sep42	15Jul41	1stLt	0410939	c/o Georgia Power Co.....Rome, Ga.
HUNT, George E.....	☆	CAC	17Jun42	20Mch42	1stLt	0394739	1616 7th Ave.....Rockford, Ill.
HUTCHINS, Frank D.B.G.....	*	CAC	1May42	10Feb41	LtCol	0338356	3815 Orloff Ave....Bronx, N. Y., N. Y.
KEARNEY, John R.....	*						
LEVI, Charles J.....	*	CAC	1May42	10Feb41	2ndLt	02055405	93 Chapin Pkwy.....Buffalo 9, N. Y.
MURPHY, Joseph F.....	☆	NMB	13Dec42	2Aug42	WOjg	w2112217	1202 W. Main St.....Murray, Ky.
NIMMO, James M., Jr.....	‡	CAC	31Dec43	12Jun42	Capt	0314450	5 Wiley Court.....Salem, Va.
ORLANDO, Thomas Nick.....	‡	DC	28Jun42	2Sep42	Capt	01691277	44 Main St.....Albion, N. Y.
PAGE, John Alexander.....	☆	CAC	1Mch42	10Feb41	Capt	0410101	1012 M&T Bldg.....Buffalo, N. Y.
PAILTHORP, John Raymond.....	☆	CAC	24Jun42	20Jun42	1stLt	0468467	2303 Keyes Ave.....Madison, Wis.
PEYMAN, Jack A.....	☆	CAC	1May42	10Feb41	Capt	0400439	4106 Case St.....Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.
QUIGLEY, Fred K., Jr.....	☆	CAC	24Jun42	20Jun42	1stLt	0468469	720 Hancock St.....Saginaw, Mich.
RAYMO, Gordon L.....	‡	FA	15Oct44	10Oct39	1stLt	01171730	328 Roup St.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
ROGERS, Jack Richard.....	☆	CAC	14Dec42	15Oct40	2ndLt	01046941	240 Arden Rd.....Columbus 2, O.
RUDD, Mason C.....	*	CAC	14Jul42	13Mch41	Capt	0386212	2126 S. Marion St.....Tulsa, Okla.
RUFF, Eugene Elroy.....	☆	CAC	12Jun44	26May42	1stLt	0463786	1108 N. Maple St.....Russell, Kans.
SCHEUFLE, Karl William.....	☆	ChC	19Dec42	(1918)	Capt	0480125	1521 Dana Ave.....Cincinnati 7, O.
SCHOELLKOPF, Paul A., Jr.....	☆	CAC	1May42	10Feb41	Major	0412344	P. O. Box 443.....Niagara Falls, N. Y.
SCOTT, William W.....	☆	CAC	30Jul42	10Jul42	Capt	01041434	631 W. Delason Ave.....Youngston, O.
TEASLEY, Benjamin C.....	*	CAC	1May42	25Nov40	1stLt	0405212	132 Forest Ave.....Elberton, Ga.
TOMASO, Louie.....	☆	CAC	29Jul42	17May42	1stLt	0465856	3802 Bryan St.....Dallas, Tex.
VAN BUREN, Harold Vernon.....	☆	CAC	21Aug42	17Jul41	Capt	01042194	318 S. 4th St.....Las Vegas, Nev.
VOLZ, Robert R.....	*	CAC	16Dec42	9Mar42	1stLt	01046979Waverly, Penn.
WHITE, Richard George.....	☆	NMB	1May42	10Feb42	WOc	w2112066	210 Linden Ave.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WHITTY, David Edwards.....	*	CAC	May42	22Mar27	LtCol	0329858	172 Fonda Rd...Rockville Center, N. Y.
WYANT, John R.....	☆	INF	16Jun42	12Mar42	Capt	0374836	1215 W. 9th St.....Des Moines, Ia.
ZARANKA, Joseph Richard.....	☆	CAC	16Oct42	26Aug41	1stLt	01044432	Pelican Inn Rt. 1...Detroit Lakes, Minn.

THE MASTER ROSTER

ENLISTED MEN

Control Number	NAME	Symbol	Rank	Serial Number	Entered Army	Joined "355th"	Joined From	HOME ADDRESS
	ABBATELLO, Gaetano C.....	†	Pvt.	32110918	31Mar41	1May42	"A"209th	132 Lake Ave.....Yonkers, N. Y.
p2C	ABBOTT, Edmund R.....	☆	T/3	20257983	16Sep40	1May42	"A"212th	927½ N. Gardiner St...Hollywood, Cal.
m3C	ABERNATHY, Gerald F.....	☆	T/5	19083672	27Mar42	28May42	Cp.Callan	426 Staten Ave.....Oakland, Cal.
g4A	ACORD, Paul J.....	‡	Pvt.	19203015	9Dec42	7Sep43	7thRepDp	
b5H	ADAMO, Edmund D.....	☆	T/5	20274727	16Oct40	1May42	"A"209th	754 Smith St.....Rochester, N. Y.
a6H	AGANOWSKI, John G.....	☆	Pfc.	16064465	4May42	13Dec42	69CA(AA)	1654 Austin St...Lincoln Pk. 25, Mich.
j7B	AGLIETTA, Elmer J.....	☆	T/4	32148484	14May41	1May42	"A"212th	1437 University Ave....San Diego, Cal.
e8A	AHO, Oyva E.....	☆	T/4	32110918	10Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	620 Euclid Ave....Rock Springs, Wyo.
e9A	ALDRIDGE, Roy J.....	☆	Pvt.	34038058	25Aug42	21Nov42	Cp.Wallate	Route 1.....Rural Hall, N. C.
	ALEXANDER, Clifford E.....	†	Pvt.	37254940	10Apr42	25May42	Cp.Callan	
c11H	ALICH, James P.....	☆	T/5	34102300	18Apr41	1May42	Cp.Stewart	Route 1.....Townley, Ala.
f12A	ALLEN, George I.....	☆	Pvt.	36240060	7May42	21Dec42	204thCAAPembine, Wis.
	ALLING, Walter J.....	†	Sgt.	20274728	9Oct40	1May42	"A"209th	797 Elm Grove Rd....Rochester, N. Y.
a14H	ALTMAN, Martin.....	☆	T/5	32086261	16Apr41	1May42	"A"209th	1064 Carroll Place.....Bronx, N. Y.

MEANING OF SYMBOLS

- ☆ With "355th" overseas from January 1943—December 1944.
- † Left "355th" before we left the States.
- ‡ Joined overseas, and stayed till December 1944.
- § Joined overseas, but left before December 1944.
- * Came overseas with the "355th" but left before December 1944.

HOW TO USE CONTROL NUMBERS

Before the name of each enlisted man photographed by the chaplain, you will find a control number. The first letter indicates the page where the man's picture will be found. When you find this page take the number after this page letter, and add to it the first initial of the man's last name. Look for that symbol on the page, and you will find it under the man's picture. The last letter in the control number indicates the battery in which the man served. For example: "J7B" tells you to turn to page "J" of the pictures of the enlisted men and look for the number "A7." You will find it under the picture of Elmer J. Aglietta, who was a member of B Battery. Conversely, if you turn to the pictures, and take the first one you come to there it will have the number "L34" under it. Go to the roster now and find the name under the letter "L" which has a 34 in its symbol. It will be the name of Edward P. Lis. Remember that the "a" before the "34" in the roster indicates the page where you found his picture, and the "H" after the "34" stands for HQ Battery. (There are a few variations in this scheme. In one case you have a letter in place of a number, in a few cases you have a number plus a letter.) The cardinal numbers in the control numbers are not consecutive! Also, you will find a number of names with the same initial letter, which have identical cardinal numerals in their control number. However, these cardinal numbers never appear with identical page letters. Be certain that you have the correct page letter before a cardinal number in the roster for positive identification.

ROSTER OF ENLISTED MEN (Continued)

Control Number	NAME	Symbol	Rank	Serial Number	Entered Army	Joined "355th"	Joined From	HOME ADDRESS
a1H	DAGGS, Royal C.....	☆	1stSg	20274757	8Jan41	1May42	"A"209th	1011 University.....Rochester, N. Y.
a2H	D'AGOSTINO, Erasmus J.....	☆	Pvt.	20258010	4Apr40	1May42	"A"212th	422 E. 81st St.....N. Y. City, N. Y.
	DAINO, Joseph A.....	*	Pvt.	20279326	2Nov39	1May42	"A"212th	2145 Washington Ave.....Bronx, N. Y.
e4A	DALY, Clement S.....	☆	Pvt.	20274651	6Feb41	1May42	"A"209th	590 E. Amherst.....Buffalo 15, N. Y.
a5H	DANBURY, Charles F.....	☆	T/4	37255158	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	1027 Lincoln St.....St. Joseph, Mo.
g6A	DANCE, Clyde R.....	‡	T/5	33524361	12Feb43	8Sept43	7thRepDp	R. R. 1, Box 7.....Prince George, Va.
f7A	DANIELSON, Norman L.....	☆	T/5	37252439	11Apr42	25May42	Cp.CallanGary, Minn.
k8B	DARBY, Frederick J.....	☆	T/4	20274652	9Dec40	1May42	"A"209th	721 - 17th St.....Niagara Falls, N. Y.
p9C	DARRACOTT, Addison S.....	☆	T/5	20447156	25May40	29Jun42	354th	R. R. No. 3.....Washington, Ga.
	DAVIS, James.....	†	Cpl.	32073932	20May41	1May42	"A"212th	2 Glenside Ave.....Silview, Del.
	DAVIS, James P.....	†	Pvt.	37294246	13Aug42	6Nov42		5237 "A" Devonshire.....St. Louis, Mo.
i12B	DAVIS, Luther B., Jr.....	☆	Pfc.	34037987	25Aug42	21Nov42	Cp.Wallace	R. R. 1.....Pfaltown, No. Car.
c13B	DAVIS, William C.....	☆	Pvt.	34102313	18Apr40	1May42	"A"209thOpelika, Ala.
b14H	DAWSON, Bernard P.....	☆	Pfc.	36146994	7Apr42	13Dec42	307th	409 S. Jessie St.....Pontiac, Mich.
p14aC	DAWSON, William H., Jr.....	☆	T/5	32120703				
a15H	DAY, William J.....	☆	Pvt.	20271870	26Sept40	1Aug42	"A"207th	Hotel MacArthur.....St. Louis 2, Mo.
	DEANE, Thomas J.....	†	Sgt.	32092052	16May41	1May42	"A"212th	
j17B	DeBRAL, Douglas E.....	☆	Pvt.	20274758	8Jan41	1May42	"A"209th	56 Marion.....Rochester, N. Y.
n18C	DeCROCE, Sandy.....	☆	T/5	32146631	30Apr41	1May42	"A"212th	50 Main St.....East Orange, N. J.
k19B	DEGITZ, George S.....	☆	Pfc.	39307071	8Apr42	24May42	Cp.CallanHolmstead, Ore.
n20C	DeHAVEN, Clarence T.....	☆	T/4	37154755	26Mar42	24May42	Cp.Callan	106 Yosemite St.....El Cerrito, Cal.
	DEIBERT, Michael P.....	†	Pvt.	37249788		24May42	Cp.CallanBison, So. Dak.
j22B	DELIA, Paul.....	☆	T/4	32148872	16May41	1May42	"A"212th	457 Jackson Ave.....Hackensack, N. J.
o23C	DELLAQUILLA, Charles P.....	☆	S/Sg.	20258109	7Feb41	1May42	"A"212th	31-73 36th.....Long Island City, N. Y.
p24C	DELLEDONNE, Albino M.....	☆	T/4	32073946	20May41	1May42	"A"212th	614 N. Franklin St.....Wilmington, Del.
g25A	DELMONICO, Daniel G.....	‡	Pvt.	12003611	9Sept40	2Jul44	2ndRepDp	229 Lilac St.....Syracuse, N. Y.
p26C	DeMAILLE, Vincent D.....	☆	T/4	20258113	8Feb41	1May42	"A"212th	2 Thayer St.....New York City, N. Y.
m27C	DENNIS, Jess F.....	‡	T/4	36305913	21Nov41	8Sept43	7thRepDp	6972 No. Imlay Ave.....Chicago, Ill.
	DePASSIO, Tony.....	†	Pfc.	36126944				12227 Maiden Ave.....Detroit, Mich.
c29B	DeSALVO, John.....	‡	T/5	36324756	13Mar42	10Nov44	1stRepDp	2113 Mason Ave.....Chicago, Ill.
i30B	DeSERPA, Stanley A.....	☆	Pfc.	39011844	30Sept41	1May42	"A"212th	2025 W. St.....Oakland, Cal.
i31B	DEUTSCH, William L.....	☆	Pfc.	39247595	3Jul42	6Nov42	Cp.Callan	817 N. Monterey St.....Alhambra, Cal.
d32A	DEVITT, Lawrence A.....	☆	T/5	20274653	25Nov40	1May42	"A"209th	109 Enola Ave.....Kenmore 17, N. Y.
f33A	DEWEY, Clyde H.....	‡	Pfc.	39272063	20Dec42		Cp.Roberts	726 N. Van Ness.....Hollywood, Cal.
e35A	DIAMOND, Clyde H.....	☆	Pvt.	20447457	29Nov39	1May42	"A"214th	647 Perkin Ave.....Augusta, Ga.
i36B	DiBELLA, John V.....	☆	Pfc.	32091841	16May41	1May42	"A"212th	839 Penfield St.....New York 66, N. Y.
	DiDOMENICO, Anthony H.....	†	Pvt.	20258232	6Feb41	1May42	"B"212th	205 29th St.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
e38A	DIESSNER, Frank J., Jr.....	☆	Pfc.	37256077	11Apr42	24Apr42	Cp.Callan	Box 193.....Spalding, Nebr.
p39C	DIETRICH, Henry W.....	☆	Pfc.	36125488	6Aug41	6May42	"A"212th	R. R. No. 4.....Saginaw, Mich.
	DIETRICH, Richard T.....	†	Pfc.	20272233	3Oct40	1May42	"B"207th	
e41A	DiGIROMO, Dominick.....	‡	Pvt.	37247656	10Dec42	26Jun43	7thRepDp	1045 E. 4th.....Kansas 6, Mo.
a42H	DiLAURA, Ellis A.....	☆	S/Sg.	20274679	8Jan41	1May42	"A"209th	301 E Ave.....Albion, N. Y.
g34A	DiSTEFANO, Frank C.....	‡	Pvt.	33329307	21Aug42	1May44	505th	1728 S. Ringgold St.....Philadelphia, Pa.
b43H	DiVINCENZO, Vincent J.....	☆	Pfc.	36363561	13Aug42	13Dec42	"E"204th	1224 W. Ohio St.....Chicago, Ill.
h44A	DOMIMO, Anthony F.....	‡	Pvt.	36678878	14Jul43	2Jul44	2ndRepDp	2529 N. 73rd Court.....Chicago 35, Ill.
	DOMANSKI, Henry.....	†	T/5	20274654	23Dec40	1May41	"A"209th	78 Moreland Ave.....Buffalo, N. Y.
c45bH	DOMINO, Rocco A.....	☆	S/Sg.	15056438	19Sept40	1May40	Cp.Stewart	1740 Queen City.....Cincinnati 14, O.
p46C	DONNELLY, Edward A.....	☆	Pfc.	20258011	3Feb41	1May42	"A"212th	146 Harrison Ave.....Mineola, N. Y.
j47B	DOOLAN, Thomas J.....	☆	Pvt.	20274761	8Jan41	1May42	209th	1158 S. Clinton Ave.....Rochester, N. Y.
l48A	DOVIK, John A.....	‡	Pvt.	32467080	4Sept42	1May44	505th	7 Orchard St.....Wallington, N. J.
e49A	DRDUL, Albert A.....	☆	T/4	20274593	14Oct40	1May42	"A"209th	232 James St.....Buffalo, N. Y.
c50A	DRESSEN, Joe T.....	☆	Sgt.	16016254	13Sept40	1May42	"A"209thAssumption, Ill.
	DRICK, Leslie J.....	†	Pvt.	37249728	10Apr42	26Jun42	69th	409 S. 7th St.....Pekin, Ill.
d51A	DUBESTER, Nathaniel.....	☆	Pfc.	32110977	31Mar41	1May42	"A"209th	359 Putnam Ave.....Port Chester, N. Y.
o52C	DUDO, Joseph M.....	☆	T/4	32120337	15May41	1May42	"A"212th	2443 S. 28th.....Philadelphia, Pa.
i53B	DUGGER, Levi.....	☆	Pfc.	38199628	10Aug42	6Nov42	Cp.Callan	R. R. No. 2.....Gilmer, Texas
h54B	DUNKLEY, Richard M.....	‡	Pfc.	37318340	16Oct42	22Dec43	7thRepDp	3419 6th St., N.....Minneapolis, Minn.
p55C	DUNN, Arthur A.....	☆	Pfc.	32116528	28Apr41	1May42	"A"212th	10 New St.....Tuckahoe, N. Y.
a56H	DUNNAGAN, Wesley O.....	☆	Pvt.	39837195		13Dec42	204th	General Delivery.....Redding, Cal.
k57B	DURBIN, Eugene, Jr.....	☆	Pfc.	37373181	21Jul42	4Nov42	Cp.Callan	Bx. 590, R. R. 2.....Independence, Mo.
k58B	DURNELL, Claude I.....	☆	Pfc.	32037738	18Apr41	1May42	209th	R. R. 1.....Lakewood, N. Y.
g60B	DYBERT, Henry C.....	☆	Pvt.	37294818	25Jul42	6Nov42	Cp.Callan	Box 448.....Buffalo, Minn.
i61B	DYSON, Truman E.....	☆	T/4	37255042	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	1302 N. Market.....Wichita, Kans.
c1B	EASON, Otho V.....	☆	Pfc.	34091380	11Apr41	1May42	"A"207th	Box 401.....Selma, N. C.
d2A	EAVES, Augustus J.....	☆	Pvt.	20272115	30Oct40	1May42	"A"207th	20 Locust Ave.....Westchester, N. Y.

ROSTER OF ENLISTED MEN (Continued)

Control Number	NAME	Symbol	Rank	Serial Number	Entered Army	Joined "355th"	Joined From	HOME ADDRESS
	EBBERSON, Chauncey T.....	†	Cpl.	32120700	16May41	1May42	"A"212th	104-4691 Ave.....Richmond Hill, N. Y.
f4A	EDGAR, Elmer C.....	☆	T/5	37255136	11Apr42	1Aug42	Cp.Callan	6121 Albany.....Huntington Park, Cal.
k5B	EDWARDS, Richard Y.....	☆	Sgt.	37372294	16Jul42	6Nov42	Cp.Callan	2723 Bales St.....Kansas City, Mo.
c6C	EGENHOFF, Dave E.....	☆	T/5	34091127	15Apr41	1May42	"A"214th	360 23rd.....Merced, Cal.
e7A	EIDE, Ingwald J.....	☆	T/5	34091127	1Apr41	24May42	Cp.CallanBowdon, N. D.
i8B	EISIMINGER, Howard W.....	☆	T/5	37254955	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	P. O. Box 232.....Banning, Cal.
	ELLIOTT, Carl W.....	†	Pvt.	37255074	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	R. R. 1.....Thayer, Kans.
g10A	ELLIS, Clifford H.....	☆	T/3	20274791	8Feb41	1May42	"A"209th	790 Center Rd.....Ebenezer, N. Y.
m11C	ELLIS, William.....	†	Pvt.	35216521	10Apr43	22Dec43	7thRepDp	803 Main St.....New Lexington, O.
o12C	ERICKSON, Wilbur J.....	☆	T/5	39604976	26Mar42	28May42	Cp.CallanWolf Point, Mont.
b13H	ERNST, Wilbert A.....	☆	T/4	39240866	22May42	6Nov42	Cp.Callan	830 W. 110th St.....Los Angeles, Cal.
m14C	ERVIN, John W.....	☆	T/5	37154527	25Mar42	28May42	Cp.Callan	519 All Hallow Rd.....Wichita, Kans.
f15A	ERWIN, George W.....	†	T/5	39323868	16Dec42	8Sept43	7thRepDp	2127 Marion St.....North Bend, Ore.
k16B	ESCOTT, James.....	☆	T/4	37249798	10Apr42	24May42	Cp.CallanFaith, S. D.
e17A	ESPARZA, Manuel A.....	☆	Pfc.	38003641	3Apr42	1Aug42	Cp.Callan	Box 1773.....Miami, Ariz.
o18C	EVANS, Frank T.....	☆	Sgt.	39164426	30Sept41	1May42	"A"212th	1150 Ravine St.....Munhall, Pa.
g19A	EVERTS, Wilbur J.....	☆	T/5	20274764	8Jan41	1May42	"A"209th	432 Electric Ave.....Rochester, N. Y.
c1A	FABBRICANTI, Liberio.....	†	Pvt.	32160199	8Jul41	16Sept44	248FABn	180 Stanhope St.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
m2C	FABRIZIO, Fiore.....	☆	T/4	20258013	24Oct40	1May42	"A"212th	236 E. 28th St.....N. Y. City, N. Y.
l3B	FAERBER, Edward G.....	☆	T/5	32037694	17Apr41	1May42	"A"209th	1413 Jefferson Ave.....Buffalo, N. Y.
b4H	FAIL, Keith H.....	☆	T/5	37255091	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.CallanLittle River, Kans.
p5C	FALGOUT, Ernest P.....	☆	T/5	34028965	12Mar41	13Dec42	204th	Box 153.....Raceland, La.
p6C	FALGOUT, Sidney J.....	☆	T/4	34028961	17Mar41	13Dec42	204th	Box 153.....Raceland, La.
d7A	FALK, Carl R.....	☆	T/5	39682440	5May42	13Dec42	69th	84 N. Oak St.....Blackfoot, Idaho
	FALLON, George H., Jr.....	†	T/5	32148899	16May42	1May42	"A"212th	31 Watervliet Ave.....Pompton, N. Y.
i9B	FANELLI, Patsy R.....	☆	T/4	32092172	15May41	1May42	"A"212th	4435 Third Ave.....Bronx, N. Y.
	FATT, Harold J.....	†	Sgt.	20258012	30Sept40	1May42	"A"212th	31-23 76th Rd.....Forest Hills, N. Y.
f11A	FEAR, Neal E.....	☆	Pfc.	37256271	2Apr42	24May42	Cp.CallanSouthland, Nebr.
e12A	FEDEROWICZ, Walter I.....	☆	T/4	20274656	2Jan41	1May42	"A"209th	44 Sweet Ave.....Buffalo, N. Y.
	FEHR, Hans G.....	†	Pfc.	32092029				410 La Sombra Dr.....Hollywood, Cal.
f14A	FENTON, Otis.....	☆	Pvt.	38203086	5Jul42	6Nov42	Cp.CallanCushing, Texas
i15B	FERGUSON, Thomas P.....	☆	T/5	20258803	1Aug40	1May42	"A"212th	223 W. 105th St.....N. Y. City, N. Y.
g16B	FERNANDEZ, James A.....	†	Pvt.	34793126	17Sept43	2Jul44	2ndRepDp	311 W. Osborne Ave.....Tampa 3, Fla.
f17A	FIDDLER, Arthur R.....	☆	Pfc.	37249789	10Apr42	24May42	Cp.CallanWhite Horse, S. D.
c18C	FIELD, Theodore F.....	†	Pvt.	39214488	17Sept43	2Jul44	2ndRepDp	1123 27th Ave.....Seattle, Wash.
i19B	FIEN, Clarence L.....	☆	T/4	20275941	26Dec40	1May42	"A"209th	149 Oneida St.....Rochester, N. Y.
b20H	FIGUOROA, Enrique E.....	☆	Pfc.	38003913	7Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	Box 96.....San Ysidro, Cal.
f21A	FILLMON, James W.....	☆	Pfc.	38131721	6Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	R. R. 1.....Tuscola, Texas
e22A	FINK, Charles L.....	☆	Pvt.	36016068	3Apr41	1May42	"A"209th	2514 N. California.....Chicago 47, Ill.
b23H	FISCHER, Andrew A.....	☆	Pvt.	37249667	10Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	2412 No. 5th St.....Milwaukee 12, Wis.
j24B	FLAKER, Louis.....	☆	Cpl.	37087521	10Apr42	24May42	Cp.CallanWinton, Wyo.
k25B	FLYNN, John M.....	☆	S/Sg.	32039120	16Apr41	1May42	"A"209th	2 Avis St.....Rochester, N. Y.
e26A	FOLGER, Floyd J.....	☆	T/5	37255128	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	510 S. Millwood.....Wichita 12, Kans.
e27A	FORTUNATO, Guido R.....	†	Pvt.	32135369	7Jul41	8Sept43	7thRepDp	395 First St.....Rochester, N. Y.
	FOX, Joseph M. (Deceased).....	†	Pvt.	20274765		1May42	"A"209th	369 Park Ave.....Rochester, N. Y.
	FOX, Maynard J., Jr.....	†	Sgt.	20274679	8Feb41	1May42	"A"209th	30 Grandview Ave.....Buffalo, N. Y.
b30H	FOX, William R.....	☆	Pvt.	37255077	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	1014 Bluffview.....Wichita, Kans.
e31A	FRACASSI, Daniel J.....	☆	T/5	2095995	14Apr42	13Dec42	"A"204th	1252 N. Wells St.....Chicago, Ill.
m32C	FRANCO, Frank M.....	☆	T/4	32116371	28Apr41	1May42	"A"212th	36 Smith St.....Long Island, N. Y.
d33A	FRANK, Richard F.....	☆	Pfc.	37300142	13Aug42	6Nov42	Cp.Callan	1061 Randolph St.....St. Paul, Minn.
a34H	FRANKFIELD, Jack.....	☆	Pfc.	39837067	9Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	2096 Telegraph.....Oakland, Cal.
b35H	FRAZIER, Vernol E.....	☆	Pfc.	37255193	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.CallanMoline, Kans.
e36A	FREEMAN, Louie E.....	☆	Pvt.	3818721	9Aug42	6Nov42	Cp.Callan	1209 Tillman Drive.....Minden, La.
	FREIDLANDER, Jack M.....	†	T/5	20258014	16Dec40	1May42	"A"212th	
	FREIDRICH, Robert E.....	†	Pvt.	37116983	10Mar42	1Aug42	Cp.Callan	1815 7th Ave., N.....Ft. Dodge, Iowa
d39A	FRELICH, Edwin F.....	☆	Pfc.	36260786	27Aug42	21Nov42	Cp.Wallace	R. R. 1, Box 69.....Maribel, Wis.
d40A	FREY, Alva A.....	☆	T/5	37254976	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.CallanFord, Kans.
e41A	FRICTZ, Victor J.....	☆	S/Sg.	20274658	23Dec40	1May42	"A"209th	425 Gold St.....Buffalo, N. Y.
	FUCCI, John.....	†	Pvt.	32120352				167 Devoe St.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
d43A	FUCHEK, Edward E.....	☆	Pfc.	39173375	10Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	3205 S. Adams St.....Tacoma, Wash.
l44A	FULLER, Charles E.....	☆	Pfc.	32019625	11Feb41	21Dec42	"B"69th	223 S. Parkway.....Long Island, N. Y.
f45A	FULTON, Gene W.....	☆	T/5	38003502	1Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	1016 Grand Ave.....Phoenix, Ariz.
d1A	GALLAGHER, Delmer C.....	☆	T/5	37252483	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	400 Ninth St.....Bismarck, N. D.
f2A	GALZA, Edward J.....	☆	Pfc.	20274659	30Dec40	1May42	"A"209th	335 Peckham.....Buffalo, N. Y.
p3C	GAMBLE, Lew L.....	☆	T/4	39381784	21Oct41	19Dec42	"I"204th	4204 11th Ave.....Seattle, Wash.

ROSTER OF ENLISTED MEN (Continued)

Control Number	NAME	Symbol	Rank	Serial Number	Entered Army	Joined "355th"	Joined From	HOME ADDRESS
m4C	GARRETT, Arthur F.	*	1st Sg	20258015	30Jan41	1May42	"A"212th	31-68 41st St.....Long Island, N. Y.
d5A	GARVIN, James O.	*	Pvt.	34025790	21Feb41	1May42	"A"214th	R. R. No. 1.....Byron, Ga.
d6A	GAWCZYNSKI, Stanley J.	*	T/4	39083542	20Oct41	13Dec42	"I"204th	811 W. 4th St.....Wilmington, Del.
d7A	GECHOFF, James T.	*	Pvt.	32027709	17Apr41	1May42	"A"209th	146 Swan St.....Lackawanna 18, N. Y.
a8H	GEIGER, James E.	*	T/4	20257956	16Dec40	1May42	"A"212th	369 Wiesfield St.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
	GELBACK, Abraham I.	†	Pvt.	32031932	16May41	1May42	"A"212th	
	GENERO, Peter P.	†	T/4	20258017	3Feb41	1May42	"A"212th	37-54 64th St.....N. Y. City, N. Y.
i11B	GERE, Phil C.	*	Sgt.	39381980	22Oct41	13Dec42	"I"204th	845 E. 83rd St.....Seattle, Wash.
h12B	GERMAIN, Basil E.	*	Pvt.	37249735	9Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	307 8th Ave., S. W.....Aberdeen, S. D.
d13A	GIANCOLA, Anthony J.	*	T/5	32120349	15May41	1May42	"A"212th	299 E. 73rd St.....N. Y. City 21, N. Y.
e14A	GIGANTE, Vito L.	*	T/4	32037720	16Apr41	1May42	"A"209th	289 Swan St.....Buffalo, N. Y.
d15A	GILBERT, Oliver	*	T/5	37372987	20Jul42	6Nov42	Cp.Callan	R. R. 1.....Bassfield, Miss.
f16A	GILDNER, Warren N.	*	T/5	20274596	14Oct40	1May42	"A"209th	278 Curtiss St.....Buffalo 12, N. Y.
m17C	GILLIAND, Harold B.	*	T/5	20314081	8Aug40	8Sept42	7thRepDp	480 2nd St.....Pitcairn, Pa.
l18A	GILLIGAN, Henry A.	§	T/5	33054645	11Apr42	1May44		68th 1935 W. Willard St.....Philadelphia, Pa.
d19A	GIOMUNDO, Louis J.	*	T/4	32037678	17Apr41	1May42	"A"209th	551 S. Division St.....Buffalo, N. Y.
n20C	GIPPERT, George F.	*	Sgt.	20258018	14Dec39	1May42	"A"212th	350 Richmond.....Long Island 2, N. Y.
f21A	GIVENS, Robert N., Jr.	‡	Pvt.	18163085	5Dec42	26Jun43	1stRepDp	R. R. No. 4.....Claremore, Okla.
e22A	GJERTVIG, Leroy E.	*	Pfc.	37249774	10Apr42	24May42	Cp.CallanGary, So. Dak.
	GLEASON, James M.	†	Pvt.	32091893	16May41	1May42	"A"212th	618 W. 142nd St.....N. Y. City, N. Y.
a24H	GOBESKI, Leonard J.	‡	Pvt.	36550861	8Dec42	26Jun43	1stRepDp	R. R. 4.....Midland, Mich.
l25A	GOJSZA, John A.	‡	Pvt.	35066103	14Jun43	2Jul44	2ndRepDp	1159 Cleveland Hts. Blvd.....Cl. Hts., O.
	GOLD, Martin	†	T/5	20259335	27Jun40	1May42	"A"212th	2249 83rd St.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
	GOLD, Robert	†	T/4	32116469				
b28H	GOLLWITZER, Charles R.	*	Sgt.	32037783	18Apr41	1May42	"A"209th	356 Grove St.....Buffalo 17, N. Y.
e29A	GONZALES, Louis	*	Pvt.	18097283	2Apr42	24May42	Cp.CallanSolomonville, Ariz.
j30B	GORDON, Casey C.	‡	T/5	34362700	1Aug42	8Aug43	7thRepDpHurricane Mills, Tenn.
m31C	GORDON, James G.	*	Pvt.	20258019	2Jul40	1May42	"A"212th	370 Baltic St.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
b33H	GOULD, Leonard F.	*	Pvt.	37254998	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	Box 76.....Haven, Kans.
	GOVERTS, Paul	†	Pvt.	20274760	8Jan41	1May42	"A"209th	657 Pine Grove.....Irondequoit, N. Y.
	GRACKIN, Julius G.	†	Pvt.	20258029	1Jul40	1May42	"A"212th	1418 Jessup Ave.....Bronx, N. Y.
k36B	GRADY, Woodrow W.	*	Pfc.	20445556	6Feb40	21Dec42	"A"204th	1532 Fairplace.....Shreveport, La.
e37A	GRASSIA, Alfred P.	*	T/5	32037705	17Apr41	1May42	"A"209th	208 Vermont St.....Buffalo, N. Y.
d38A	GRAVES, Carl B.	*	T/5	32037656	17Apr41	1May42	"A"209thPrattsburgh, N. Y.
a39H	GRAY, Louis H.	*	Pfc.	34179556	10Feb42	12Dec42	"A"307th	408 Harding St.....Raleigh, N. C.
b40H	GREEN, Vernon	*	Sgt.	38131919	9Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	Box 581.....Hamilton, Texas
l41B	GREENBERG, Charles A.	‡	Pvt.	32401418	8Jul42	1May44	505th	894 Rogers Place.....Bronx, N. Y.
b42H	GREENE, Warren E.	*	T/5	34026020	22Feb41	1May42	"A"214thFt. Valley, Ga.
e43A	GRENZ, Berthol J.	*	T/5	37252500	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.CallanGackle, No. Dak.
a44H	GRIFFIN, Aubrey L.	*	Pfc.	34211831	19Feb42	15Dec42	307thSpray, No. Car.
g45A	GRIFFIN, Jim F.	*	Sgt.	20447355	4Nov40	1May42	"A"214th	808 Chafee Ave.....Augusta, Ga.
	GRIMMER, Frank J.	†	T/5	20274662	6Jan41	1May42	"A"209th	11 Minton St.....Buffalo, N. Y.
	GROSSMAN, Peter J.	†	Pvt.	39249460	8Apr42	25May42	Cp.CallanLemmon, So. Dak.
l44C	GROTTON, Clarence R.	‡	Pvt.	31220223	27Jan43	1May44	505th	741 Water St.....Gardner, Me.
h48B	GUAGENTI, Joseph G.	*	T/5	20258016	28Oct40	1May42	"A"212th	570 E. 140th.....Bronx, N. Y.
h49B	GUINThER, Beal D.	§	Pvt.	35229417	23Sept43	2Jul44	2ndRepDp	320 N. Platt St.....Montpelier, O.
c50H	GUNDY, Alvin L.	‡	Pvt.	32736272	24Feb43	2Jul44	2ndRepDp	509 Broadway.....Rochester, N. Y.
n51C	GUNKEL, Russell L.	‡	T/5	37542999	9Dec42	9Jul43	1stRepDpOttertail, Minn.
c52B	GURKIN, William W.	*	Pvt.	34091386	18Apr41	1May42	StaHosp	
	GUTOWICZ, Mathew F.	†	Pvt.			1May42	"A"209th	
	GUZZETTA, Dominic J.	†	Pvt.	20274595	14Oct40	1May42	"A"212thSilver Creek, N. Y.
o1C	HAAS, Charles A.	*	Pvt.	32116458	28Apr41	1May42	"A"209th	1 Arnold Ave.....Ocean Side, N. Y.
b2H	HABITZRUTHER, Eugene A.	*	T/5	20274663	25Nov40	28May42	Cp.Callan	163 Dodge St.....Buffalo 8, N. Y.
m3C	HAGEN, Arnold B.	*	Pfc.	37252510	11Apr42	2Jul44	2ndRepDp	R. R. No. 1.....Arnegard, No. Dak.
h4B	HAHN, Carl D.	‡	Pvt.	36616803	13Oct42	2Jul44	2ndRepDp	308 E. Front St.....Mt. Morris, Ill.
d6A	HALER, Herman	*	Pfc.	37087466	10Apr42	24May42	Cp.CallanGering, Nebr.
a7H	HALFRED, Franklin G.	*	Cpl.	37249772	10Apr42	1May42	Cp.Callan	Box 233.....Dupree, So. Dak.
a8H	HALL, Eugene	*	Pfc.	34025945	22Feb41	1May42	"A"214thPlainsville, Ga.
l5B	HALL, Thomas S.	‡	Pvt.	33748314	25Sept43	24May42	Cp.Callan	1016 17th Pl., N.E.....Washington, D. C.
	HALL, Walter H.	†	T/4	20258022	29Jul40	1May42	"A"212th	
b10H	HALLENBECK, Ernest M.	*	T/Sg.	32048658	16May41	1May42	"A"212th	120 Stein'z Hms.....Schenectady, N. Y.
i11B	HAM, John E.	*	Pfc.	7001649	4Dec39	1May42	"A"214thEastover, So. Car.
	HAMILTON, Doyle E.	†	Pvt.	37087541		24May42	Cp.Callan	
d13A	HAMILTON, John C.	*	Pfc.	34025920	21Feb41	1May42	"E"214th	R. R. No. 1.....Holly Pond, Ala.
b14H	HAMILTON, Russell V.	*	Pvt.	38004062	10Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	815 16th St.....San Diego, Cal.

ROSTER OF ENLISTED MEN (Continued)

Control Number	NAME	Symbol	Rank	Serial Number	Entered Army	Joined "355th"	Joined From	HOME ADDRESS
c15B	HAMILTON, William B.	*	Pvt.	7004998	6Jan40		Sta.Hosp.Ga.	311 E. Gwinnett.....Savannah, Ga.
i16B	HAMMERSLA, Harry J.	*	T/5	20274767	8Jan41	1May42	"A"209th	22-A Lawrence.....Rochester 7, N. Y.
m17C	HAMMOND, George E.	*	Pvt.	37255176	11Apr42	28May42	FtLeawth	220 S. Meridian.....Wichita, Kans.
c18B	HAMPTON, Auburn E.	*	Pvt.	34107912	16Jul41		Sta.Hosp.Ga.	R. R. No. 1.....Danville, Ala.
h19B	HANNA, John R.	†	Pvt.	33250810	20Aug42	1May44	505thFallen Timber, Pa.
	HANS, August J.	†	Pvt.	20258023	19Feb40	1May42	"A"212th	358 E. 78th St.....N. Y. City, N. Y.
e21A	HAPEMAN, Jay E.	*	Sgt.	70274664	2Jan41	1May42	"A"209th	1220 Missouri St.....San Diego 9, Cal.
f23A	HARDIN, Lemar	*	T/5	38054393	18May41	12Dec42	"I"69th	412 Market St.....Orange, Texas
g24B	HARGER, James N.	§	Pvt.	32841397	5Mar43	2Jul44	2ndRepDp	29 Scott Ave.....Chautauqua, N. Y.
c25B	HARGRAVE, Lonnie D.	†	Pvt.	38534029	17Sept43	2Jul44	2ndRepDp	620 S. Charles St.....Herman, Texas
o22C	HARNDEN, Manford L.	*	T/5	37154387	25Mar42	24May42	Cp.Callan	Box 401.....Laramie, Wyo.
	HARRIS, Dalton D.	†	Pvt.	372550662		24May42	Cp.Callan	825 S. Poplar.....Pine Bluff, Ark.
	HARRIS, Edward D.	†	Pvt.	37252451	11Apr42	25May42		
a29H	HARRIS, Howard A.	*	T/4	37189903	1Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	R. R. No. 1.....Fontanelle, Iowa
c30B	HARRIS, Lisle R.	†	Pvt.	37678016	7Sept43	2Jul44	2ndRepDp	5326 East Drive.....Rockford, Ill.
j13B	HARRIS, Martial G.	*	T/5	20258024	14Oct40	1May42	"A"212th	150-32 118th.....Jamaica 4, L. I., N. Y.
h32A	HARRIS, Willie L.	*	Pvt.	34678461	2Aug43	2Jul44	2ndRepDp	15 N. 29th St.....Richmond, Va.
n33C	HART, Ralph W.	*	T/5	37154689	26Mar42	24May42	Cp.Callan	3716 Wyandotte.....Kansas City, Mo.
i34B	HASTINGS, Clarence D.	*	T/5	37255161		24May42	Cp.Callan	1247 So. Waco.....Wichita, Kans.
f35A	HATCHER, Owen E.	*	Pvt.	18008000	1Jul40	12Dec42	"K"69th	1636 Arlington St.....Houston, Texas
k36B	HAUGEN, John W.	*	T/4	17107406	4Aug42	6Nov42	Cp.Callan	622 E. 2nd St.....Ashland, Wis.
h37A	HAVICAN, William F.	†	Pvt.	36880705	11Sept43	2Jul44	2ndRepDp	2233 22nd St.....Wyandotte, Mich.
g38A	HAWKINS, John T., Jr.	*	Pvt.	34842351	31Jul43	2Jul42	2ndRepDp	109 Fleming St.....Darling, S. C.
o39C	HAWKINS, Laurence A.	*	T/Sg.	20257942	10Oct40	1May42	"A"212th	435 22nd St.....Santa Monica, Cal.
g40B	HAWKINS, Neal R.	*	T/4	20257957	16Oct39	1May42	"A"212th	435 22nd St.....Santa Monica, Cal.
h41B	HAYES, Clyde W.	*	Pvt.	18010927	10Dec40	25Nov42	"E"69th	Rt. No. 3B, No. 87.....Jasper, Texas
	HAYMAN, Richard A.	†	S/Sg.	20274665	30Dec40	1May42	"A"209th	320 Jefferson.....Niagara Falls, N. Y.
	HEARY, Edwin M.	†	S/Sg.	20274666	9Dec40	1May42	"A"209th	26 Donaldson Rd.....Buffalo, N. Y.
k44B	HEIM, Herbert G.	*	T/4	20274598	14Oct40	1May42	"A"209th	21 Schrock Ave.....Buffalo, N. Y.
h45B	HELVIG, Ray C.	†	Pvt.	33463652	18Feb43	8Aug43	7thRepDp	97 E. Liberty St.....Ashley, Pa.
b46H	HENDREN, Elmer L.	*	Pvt.	37255152	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	1814½ Palasade.....Wichita, Kans.
m47C	HENRY, Joseph N.	†	Pvt.	32434195	22May42	8Sept	7thRepDp	8 S. 11th Ave.....Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
a48H	HENSON, Harry F.	*	Pvt.	37254985	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	R. R. No. 2.....Hutchinson, Kans.
a49H	HENZE, Arnold F.	*	T/5	37189986	1Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	603 E. State.....Marshallton, Ia.
k26B	HERRINGTON, Lloyd H.	*	Pfc.	38224751	9Sept42	21Dec42	Cp.Callan	Rt. 1, Box 62.....Lake Providence, La.
	HESLIN, Raymond F.	†	Pvt.	20258026	13Jun39	1May42	"C"212th	
b51H	HESS, Marvin H.	*	S/Sg.	20274667	6Jan41	1May42	"A"209th	137 Bissell Ave.....Buffalo, N. Y.
h52B	HIGHSMITH, Oscar H.	†	Pvt.	38247171	18Nov42	8Aug43	7thRepDp	Rt. 1, Box 569.....Silsbee, Texas
g53B	HILLER, Edwin H.	†	T/5	32767876	26Feb43	8Aug43	7thRepDp	341 Willow Ave.....Honesdale, Pa.
h54B	HOBBS, Douglas S.	†	T/5	11020711	11Oct40	1May44	Cp.Callan	28 School St.....Gloucester, Mass.
a55H	HOBSON, Rhey	†	Pvt.	39270347	12Dec42	26Jun43	Cp.Callan	6161½ N. Figuero.....Los Angeles, Cal.
e56A	HOEFLSCHWEIGER, Joseph	*	T/5	32037676	17Apr41	1May42	"A"209th	118 Ivanhoe Road.....Buffalo 15, N. Y.
n57C	HOFFMAN, Albert A.	*	T/5	32118894	8May41	1May42	"A"212th	979 Seneca Ave.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
b59H	HOFFMAN, William J.	*	Pvt.	37252466	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.CallanCando, No. Dak.
m59C	HOLLAND, William J., Jr.	†	Pvt.	33056516	10Apr42	10Nov44	1stRepDp	838 Ridge St.....Freeland, Pa.
o60C	HOLMES, Brewer	*	T/5	18008156	6Jul40	21Dec42	"I"69thPalestine, Texas
l61B	HOLMSTEDT, Leonard C.	*	T/5	39173334	10Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	1222 S. 2nd St.....Mt. Vernon, Wash.
b62H	HOLZKAMP, Howard C.	*	T/4	37249742	10Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	355 Seventh, N.E.....Watertown, S. D.
n63C	HOLZ, Albert F.	*	T/4	32091964	16May41	1May42	"A"212th	2911 Ocean.....Ft. Venice, Cal.
a64H	HONKUS, John H.	*	Cpl.	33143014	19Feb42	15Dec42	"A"307thNew Mine, Pa.
i65B	HOOVLER, Paul	*	T/5	32116346	28Apr41	1May42	"A"212th	
	HOPKINS, Nelson C.	†	Pvt.	18097340		28May42		
c67C	HORGAN, Eugene	*	Pfc.	7025814	27May40		StaHospCpStwrt	811 Sarah St.....West Homestead, Pa.
n68C	HORMERTE, Nicholas	*	Cpl.	32091814	16May41	1May42	"A"212th	346 E. 67th St.....N. Y. City, N. Y.
k69B	HOSTETLER, Christian J.	*	T/4	32073886	19May41	1May42	"A"212thGreenwood, Dela.
a70H	HOUGLAND, Herbert E.	*	T/Sg.	20274668	23Dec40	1May42	"A"209th	266 Vermont St.....Buffalo 13, N. Y.
p71C	HOWELL, Wilbur	*	T/4	32073848	16May41	1May42	"A"212th	14 Nelson St.....Newton, N. J.
a71B	HOWELL, Wayne	*	Pvt.	17107233	29Jul42	13Dec42	"E"204th	5th Ave., S.....Anoka, Minn.
c73C	HOWSBERGER, John J.	†	Pvt.	31419985	1Sept43	2Jul44	2ndRepDp	242 Willow Ave.....Somerville, Mass.
b74H	HUCKABAY, John W.	*	T/5	34028975	17Mar41	27Jun42	"E"204th	Box 124.....Delhij, La.
k75B	HUDY, Walter J.	*	Pvt.	36602703	12Aug42	6Nov42	Cp.Callan	3820 S. Honore St.....Chicago 9, Ill.
c76H	HUGHES, Roy	*	T/5	14007712	20Sept40	1May42	Cp.Stewart	Rt. 2, Box 15.....Greenwood, S. C.
p77C	HUMBERT, Henry H.	*	Pfc.	32091894	16May41	1May42	"A"212th	4257 Keystone.....Culver City, Cal.
c78A	HUNT, John F.	*	Pfc.	34091401	18Apr41	1May42	"A"212th	General Delivery.....Randleman, N. C.
c79C	HUNTER, Sheldon B.	†	Pvt.	37528617	8Jun43	2Jul44	2ndRepDpLawson, Mo.

ROSTER OF ENLISTED MEN (Continued)

Control Number	NAME	Symbol	Rank	Serial Number	Entered Army	Joined "355th"	Joined From	HOME ADDRESS
f80A	HURLBUT, Leland O.....	☆	T/5	39161457	11Jul41	27Jun42	"E"69th	703 Ashland.....Santa Monica, Cal.
	HUTTON, C. Osborne.....	†	S/Sg.	20274670	25Nov40	1May42	"A"209th	56 Doncaster Rd.....Kenmore, N. Y.
i1B	INACIO, Joseph M.....	☆	Pfc.	39528518	24Jul42	6Nov42	Cp.Callan	R. R. 1, Box 126A...Costa Mesa, Cal.
i2B	INTONTI, Angelo.....	*	Pvt.	32155728	11Jun41	13Dec42		23 Third St.....Newark, N. J.
p1C	JABLONSKI, Edward A.....	☆	Pvt.	32120350	15May41	1May42	"A"212th	100 Newell St.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
e2A	JABLONSKI, Sylvester.....	☆	Pvt.	20274671	9Dec40	1May42	"A"209th	175 Keystone St.....Buffalo, N. Y.
j4B	JACOBS, Howard L.....	☆	Pvt.	37053475	8Nov41	21Dec42	"E"204th	725 N. Holladay Dr.....Seaside, Ore.
p5C	JACOBS, William A.....	*	Pfc.	19081895	28Mar42	28May42	Cp.Callan	864 Princeton St...Santa Monica, Cal.
o3G	JACOBSON, Morris.....	☆	T/5	32120947		1May42		870 E. New York.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
f6A	JAKEL, Russell G.....	☆	T/4	20275425	25Nov40	1May42	"A"209th	179 Roehrer Ave.....Buffalo, N. Y.
n7C	JANDELLI, Rene L.....	☆	T/5	20258028	21Oct40	1May42	"A"212th	46 W. 64th St.....N. Y. City 23, N. Y.
m8C	JANJIGIAN, Armen.....	†	Pfc.	35549233	18Dec42	8Sept43	7thRepDp	717 N. Oxford.....Los Angeles, Cal.
	JANSEN, Donald R.....	†	Pvt.	20258029	10Jan40	1May42	"A"212th	430 E. 137th St.....N. Y. City, N. Y.
f10A	JARUSZEWSKI, John.....	☆	T/5	20255560	7Oct40	1May42	"A"209th	1670 Bailey Ave.....Buffalo, N. Y.
h11B	JASLOW, Harold.....	☆	Pfc.	32020367	13Feb41	19Dec42	69thCA	115-05 107th...Richnd Hill, L. I., N. Y.
e12A	JASTRZEBSKI, Carl I.....	*	Sgt.	20274600	14Oct40	1May42	"A"209th	895 Sycamore.....Buffalo 12, N. Y.
n13C	JIMINARO, Joseph J.....	☆	T/5	32073792	16May41	1May42	"A"212th	222 Fifth Ave.....Asbury Park, N. J.
g14A	JOHNSON, Clarence H.....	†	T/5	36362187	6Aug42	22Dec43	7thRepDp	552 Eastern Ave.....So. Beloit, Ill.
n15C	JOHNSON, John A.....	☆	T/4	20257958	24Oct39	1May42	"A"212th	3460 Wilson Ave...N. Y. City 67, N. Y.
a16H	JOHNSON, Orlan D.....	†	Pvt.	19203184	12Dec42	13Jul43	1stRepDp	Malibu Inn.....Pacific Palisades, Cal.
o17C	JOHNSON, Paul.....	†	Pfc.	38265471	10Dec42	9Jul43	1stRepDp	320 Breaux Bridge.....Lafayette, La.
h18B	JONES, Edward M.....	☆	1/Sg.	20258030	7Oct40	1May42	"A"212th	1986 Wash. Ave.....Bronx, N. Y.
b19H	JORDAL, Boyd O.....	†	T/5	37425052	5Aug42	8Sept43	7thRepDpBuffalo Center, Iowa
l20C	JORDAN, George H.....	†	Pvt.	32985230	16Jul43	2Jul44	2ndRepDp	947 College Ave.....Bronx, N. Y.
o21C	JUNG, Peter B., Jr.....	☆	Pfc.	20258032	21Oct40	1May42	"A"212th	562 W. 52nd St.....N. Y. City, N. Y.
n1C	KAIBLE, Elmond A.....	☆	Pfc.	3210737	16May41	1May42	"A"212th	156-34 99th St...Howard Beach, N. Y.
	KAPLAN, Leo.....	†	Cpl.	20258033	25Nov40	1May42	"A"212th	513 E. 79th St.....N. Y. City, N. Y.
l3B	KAPPAUF, Herbert H.....	☆	T/5	32116376	28Apr41	1May42	"A"212th	Charles St.....Belmore, N. Y.
e4A	KARDAMAN, Harold.....	☆	Sgt.	20274601	14Oct40	1May42	"A"209th	278 Hartwell Road.....Buffalo, N. Y.
n5C	KARNIS, Simon.....	☆	Pfc.	32091987	16May41	1May42	"A"212th	705 E. 5th St.....N. Y. City, N. Y.
n6C	KATZ, Aaron.....	☆	Pfc.	32120462	15May41	1May42	"A"212th	2011 61st St.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
p7C	KATZ, Emanuel.....	☆	Pvt.	32120422	15May41	1May42	"A"212th	2101 63rd St.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
o8C	KAUFMAN, Milton.....	☆	T/Sg.	22257769	17Oct40	1May42	"A"212th	19 W. Mosholn.....N. Y. City, N. Y.
	KAUFMAN, Walter S.....	†	Pvt.	20258036	30Sept40	1May42	"A"212th	
	KAVANAUGH, Clifford.....	†	T/5	34029025				Box 134.....Glenmore, La.
d11A	KEEFE, Harold J.....	☆	1/Sg.	20274673	25Nov40	1May42	"A"209th	376 Starin Ave.....Buffalo, N. Y.
	KEEHN, Joseph.....	*	Pvt.			1May42		
j13B	KELLEY, Steward E.....	☆	T/5	20275561	7Oct40	1May42	"A"209th	11 Maywood Place.....Buffalo, N. Y.
	KELSEY, David.....	†	T/4	20274674	16Dec40	1May42	"A"209th	429 Parkside Ave.....Buffalo 16, N. Y.
o16C	KEMPNER, Bernard.....	☆	Pvt.	20257972	12Dec38	1May42	"A"212th	1473 Hoe Ave.....N. Y. City 60, N. Y.
k17B	KENNEY, Joseph F.....	*	S/Sg.	20257959	21Oct40	1May42	"A"212th	1015 Carmelina.....Los Angeles, Cal.
n18C	KERNS, Lewis J.....	†	T/5	38277647	7Dec42	9Jul43	1stRepDp	R. 3.....Lone Wolf, Okla.
n19C	KERR, William G.....	☆	Pvt.	38141901	8Apr41	28May42	Cp.Callan	314 Nevada Ave.....Trinidad, Cal.
m20C	KEY, John.....	☆	Sgt.	32148806	16May41	1May42	"A"212th	57 Sargeant Ave.....Clifton, N. J.
j21B	KIMBLE, Charles F.....	☆	T/5	20258037	11Jul40	1May42	"A"212th	117-23 223rd St.....St. Albans, N. Y.
	KIRBY, George E.....	†	Pfc.	20274782	22Jan41	1May42	"A"209th	Densmore Road.....Albion, N. Y.
	KIRKBRIDE, Gilbert A.....	†	Pvt.	6538014	26Mar42	28May42	Cp.Callan	628 Waverly St.....Palo Alto, Cal.
e24A	KIRKLAND, Donald F.....	☆	Sgt.	32037789	18Apr41	1May42	"A"209th	326 Edison St.....Buffalo 15, N. Y.
f25A	KISH, Frank.....	☆	Pfc.	32088389	25Apr41	1May42	"A"209thBrownsville, Pa.
l26C	KITCHEN, Harry J.....	†	Pvt.	35314645	17Jul42	2Jul44	2ndRepDp	R. R. 12.....Chillicothe, O.
i27B	KLAFEHN, George W.....	☆	T/5	20274768	8Jan41	1May42	"A"209th	275 Park Ave.....Rochester, N. Y.
	KLAFEHN, Willard J.....	†	Pvt.	20274769	8Jan41	1May42	"A"209th	
b29H	KLAUS, Alexander.....	†	S/Sg.	37456341	8Sept42	2Jul44	2ndRepDp	1925 8th Ave.....Scottsbluff, Nebr.
l30C	KLAWITTER, Frank J.....	†	Pvt.	35549638	4Mar43	1May44	505thCA	546 E. Hudson.....Toledo, O.
b31H	KLEIN, Clarence W.....	☆	Pfc.	20274602	14Sept40	1May42	"A"209th	371 May St.....Buffalo, N. Y.
e32A	KLICHOWSKI, Leonard J.....	☆	T/5	36370498	10Sept42	21Nov42	Cp.Wallace	5026 So. May St.....Chicago 9, Ill.
j33B	KLINGEMANN, Eldon M.....	☆	Pfc.	37257563	11Aug42	6Nov42	Cp.Callan	R. R. No. 1.....Rising City, Nebr.
	KLITSKE, Richard H.....	†	Pvt.	37212384	20Jul42	6Nov42	Cp.CallanRansom, Kans.
d35A	KLUMPP, George H.....	☆	T/4	20274675	6Jan41	1May42	"A"209th	304 Riley St.....Buffalo, N. Y.
	KNIGHT, Floyd.....	☆	T/5	34026095	23Feb41	1May42	"A"214thSylvania, Ga.
l37B	KNIFE, Alfred T.....	†	Pvt.	32827299	8Mar43	1May44	505th	95 Shore Road.....Glen Cove, N. Y.
	KNUTSON, Albin O.....	†	Pvt.	37252525		25May42	Cp.Callan	
a39H	KOCH, Henry T.....	☆	Sgt.	20274603	14Oct40	1May42	"A"209th	41 Millicent Ave.....Buffalo, N. Y.
	KOCH, Joseph.....	☆	T/5	20274676	16Dec40	1May42	"A"209th	21 Collingwood Ave.....Buffalo, N. Y.
e41A	KOCH, Paul J.....	☆	Sgt.	20274677	9Dec40	1May42	"A"209th	202 Windermere Blvd...Buffalo, N. Y.

ROSTER OF ENLISTED MEN (Continued)

Control Number	NAME	Symbol	Rank	Serial Number	Entered Army	Joined "355th"	Joined From	HOME ADDRESS
	MacNAMARA, Patrick T.....*		Pvt.	20257949	3Apr39	1May42	212thCA	101 W. 93rd St.....N. Y. City, N. Y.
m4C	MADDEN, Bernard L.....*		Pfc.	20258054	30Sept40	1May42	212thCA	217 E. 107th St.....N. Y. City 29, N. Y.
p5C	MADDEN, Robert E.....*		Sgt.	38104452	22Mar42	28May42	Cp.Callan	586 S. Broadway.....Denver 9, Colo.
e6A	MALECK, Walter S.....*		T/5	20274687	25Nov40	1May42	209thCA	215 May St.....Buffalo, N. Y.
b7H	MALONE, Joseph B.....*		Pfc.	32039190	17Apr41	1May42	209thCA	403 Pennsylvania Ave.....Elmira, N. Y.
	MANDEL, Nathan (Deceased).....		Pvt.	32120420		1May42	212thCA	8320 Ray Pkwy.....Brooklyn 19, N. Y.
o9C	MARCY, Walter E.....*		Pfc.	17054252	28Mar42	13Dec42	307thBtyBHay Springs, Nebr.
	MARKOE, Charles B.....†		Cpl.	20258057	30Sept40	1May42	212thCA	
	MARKS, Fred G., Jr.....†		1/Sg.	20258056	31Oct40	1May42	212thCA	215 W. 92nd St.....N. Y. City, N. Y.
a12H	MARNELL, Lawrence T.....*		Pvt.	37255173	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.CallanChase, Kansas
n13C	MARONE, Joseph.....*		T/4	32148831	16May41	1May42	212thCA	34 S. Prospect.....Hackensack, N. J.
i16B	MARTIN, John R.....*		T/3	20257950	10May41	1May42	212thCA	166 Junius St.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
	MARTIN, Julius L.....†		Pvt.	20446749	17Dec40		204thCA	
c14B	MARTIN, Raymond W.....†		T/4	35252679	13Jan42	3Jun44	2ndRepDp	490 E. Vincennes.....Linton, Ind.
	MARTINDALE, Kenneth N.....†		T/Sg.	32039069	16Apr41	1May42	209thCA	218 Ruhamah Ave.....Syracuse, N. Y.
n18C	MARTONE, John R.....*		Pfc.	20258058	25Nov40	1May42	212thCA	104-49 Roosevelt...Corona, L. I., N. Y.
h29B	MARVA, Andrew F.....†		Pvt.	33671261	16Apr43	12Jul44	2ndRepDp	
p20C	MARVEL, Kennard A.....*		T/4	32073940	20May42	1May42	212thCA	13 Champlain Ave.....Bellemoor, Del.
a21H	MASTIN, Harold A.....*		T/4	20274771	25Dec40	1May42	209thCAHemlock, N. Y.
	MATHIS, Nathan.....*		Pvt.	37211803	16Jul42	17Dec42	204thCA	R. F. D. No. 1.....Quinton, Okla.
g23A	MATSE, John T.....†		Pvt.	31258285	30Dec42	2Jul44	2ndRepDp	192 Merrimack St.....Methuen, Mass.
p24C	MATTICE, John W.....*		Pvt.	37282792	13Jun42	19Dec42	1-69thCA	Box 49.....Craigville, Minn.
j25B	MATTLE, Joseph F.....*		T/3	20274737	2Oct40	1May42	209thCA	90 Quincy St.....Rochester, N. Y.
	MAXIAN, Wm. P.....†		T/5	20274610	14Oct40	1May42	209thCA	333 Elmwood Ave.....Buffalo, N. Y.
	MAYCRINK, Donald.....†		Sgt.	20258059	14Oct40	1May42	212thCA	32 Chittenden Ave.....Crestwood, N. Y.
o28C	MAYS, Hyman L.....*		T/4	20257944	10Feb39	1May42	212thCA	3016 Clarendon.....Brooklyn 26, N. Y.
b29H	MAZY, Melvin E.....*		Pvt.	38131709	6Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	R. F. D. No. 5.....Abilene, Texas
a30H	McAVOY, Charles J.....*		T/5	20258048	24Oct39	1May42	212thCA	349 E. 193rd St.....N. Y. City, N. Y.
m31C	McBRIDE, Edward J.....*		Pfc.	32148780	16May41	1May42	212thCA	264 Broadway.....Bayonne, N. J.
m32C	McBRIDE, James V.....*		T/5	20258049	3Feb41	1May42	212thCA	354 Parkside Ave.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
p33B	McCARTHY, Arthur J.....*		Cpl.	20258051	7Dec38	1May42	212thCA	2026 E. 63rd.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
b33H	McCARTHY, Kenneth J.....*		Sgt.	32086469	17Apr41	1May42	209thCA	434 W. 47th St.....N. Y. City, N. Y.
l35A	McCLANAHAN, Clarence.....§		Pvt.	6646516	29May40	1May44	505thCA R.	
	McGAW, Kenneth L.....†		Pvt.	3928109	27June42		Sugar Creek, Mo.
k37B	McGREGOR, John W.....*		Sgt.	20274680	20Jan41	1May42	209thCA	92 Columbia Blvd.....Kenmore, N. Y.
p38C	McGUIRE, Patrick J.....*		Pvt.	32120351	15May41	1May42	212thCA	8823 171st St.....Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.
	McGUIRE, Walter.....†		S/Sg.			1May42	209thCA	20 Alma Ave.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
a40H	McIVER, Paul J.....*		Pfc.	37252469	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.CallanWarwick, N. D.
m41C	McNAMARA, Daniel G.....*		T/5	20258052	21Oct40	1May42	212thCA	64 W. 104th St.....N. Y. City, N. Y.
d42A	McVEIGH, Wm. T.....*		Cpl.	33050841	10Apr41	1May42	209thCA	2319 S. Buckwell St.....Philadelphia, Pa.
c43H	MERRITT, Stanley O.....†		Pvt.	14181205	14Nov42	2Jul44	2ndRepDp	R. R. No. 1, Box 53.....Greenwood, S. C.
f44A	METZGER, Edward C.....*		T/5	32037784	18Apr41	1May42	209thCA	81 Paderewski St.....Buffalo, N. Y.
h45B	MEYERS, Walter J.....*		Pfc.	39306118	26Mar42	21Dec42	Hq2ndBnRose Lodge, Ore.
o46C	MEZACK, Andrew J.....*		Cpl.	20258061	6Jan41	1May42		135 Franklin St.....Brooklyn 22, N. Y.
c47C	MIBUCK, Russell G.....†		T/5	25525704	11Dec42	2Jul44	2ndRepDp	930 E. 130th St.....Cleveland, O.
d48A	MICHEL, Roy A.....*		T/4	20274689	25Nov40	1May42	209thCA	Box 94.....Silver Creek, N. Y.
e49A	MILLER, Burrell.....*		T/5	32039191	17Apr41	1May42	209thCA	1262 Woodbine Ave.....Elmira, N. Y.
a50H	MILLER, Edward J.....*		M/Sg.	20274690	9Dec40	1May42	209thCA	217 Irving Ter.....Kenmore 17, N. Y.
h51B	MILLER, Paul.....*		Pfc.	32020478	13Feb41	12Dec42	69thCA	220 E. Broadway.....N. Y. City 2, N. Y.
j52B	MILLER, Ralph T.....*		Pfc.	38003890	7Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	1822 E. Garfield, Ap. 485...Phoenix, Ariz.
a53H	MILLER, Wm. H.....*		Pfc.	35394098	28Aug42	21Nov42	Cp.Wallace	R. R. 3.....Barberton, O.
n54C	MILLS, Albert B.....*		Pvt.	13045261	19Dec41	16Dec42	"A"307th	1308 Seller St.....Philadelphia, Pa.
i55B	MILLS, Elmer J., Jr.....*		Pvt.	31068896	25Feb42	16Dec42	"B"307th	146 Water St.....Haverhill, Mass.
e56A	MINER, Wesley J.....*		T/Sg.	32037590	16Apr41	1May42	209th	74 Vellore Ave.....Buffalo, N. Y.
	MIRANDO, Michael J.....†		T/5	20274613	14Oct40	1May42	209th	274 Myrtle Ave.....Buffalo, N. Y.
k58B	MISH, Alfred.....*		Pfc.	32091997	16May41	1May42	212th	1117 Grant Ave.....Bronx, N. Y.
	MOELLER, Charles E.....†		Cpl.	20258064	10Jan40	1May42	212th	
a60H	MOLINARI, Angelo J.....*		T/4	20274752	9Jan41	1May42	209th	104 Garfield St.....Rochester 11, N. Y.
j61B	MONACO, Joseph D.....*		T/5	36367158	27Aug42	6Nov42	Cp.Callan	802 N. Dearborn St.....Chicago, Ill.
d62A	MONTGOMERY, Carl J.....*		Pvt.	37254983	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	1506 S. Topeka St.....Wichita, Kans.
i63B	MOODY, Alva B.....*		Pvt.	17066866	28Mar42	21Dec42	69thCABelmont, Wis.
i64B	MOONE, Theodore W.....*		Pvt.	20447549	23Nov40	1May42	214th	611 More Ave.....Augusta, Ga.
p65C	MOONEY, James J., Jr.....*		T/5	32120419	15May41	1May42	212th	462 8th St.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
m66C	MORAN, Roy O.....*		Pvt.	35267475	19Feb42	16Dec42	307thTralee, W. Va.
	MORELLI, Frank.....§		Pvt.	20258966	24Sept40	1May42	212th	705 Amsterdam Ave.....N. Y. City, N. Y.

ROSTER OF ENLISTED MEN (Continued)

Control Number	NAME	Symbol	Rank	Serial Number	Entered Army	Joined "355th"	Joined From	HOME ADDRESS
c69C	MORELLI, Carl W.	§	Pvt.	6148438		2Jul44	2ndRepDp	58 Chestnut St.....Lawrence, Mass.
g68A	MORGAN, Jessie	☆	Pfc.	39166787	23Oct41	6Nov42	Cp.Callan	416 N. Ninth St.....Santa Paula, Cal.
d70A	MOSCARDINI, Angelo J.	☆	Pvt.	32020124	12Feb41	12Dec42	69th	1843 W. Fourth St.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
g76C	MOSES, George E.	‡	Pvt.	35800177	22Apr43	2Jul44	2ndRepDp	R. R. No. 2.....Jellico, Tenn.
a72H	MOSS, Kurt	☆	S/Sg.	32092156	16May41	1May42	212th	24 Bonnett Ave.....N. Y. City, N. Y.
k73B	MOSTROM, Clarence A.	☆	T/5	20258065	15Apr40	1May42	212th	1482 Flatbush Ave.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
o74C	MOYLE, Donald G.	☆	Cpl.	39604861	25Mar42	17Dec42	69th	c/o Billings Gazette.....Billings, Mont.
m75C	MULHERN, Thomas	☆	Pfc.	20259185	6Feb41	1May42	212th	139 E. 18th St.....N. Y. City, N. Y.
n76C	MULLER, Emil F.	*	T/5	38102638	16Mar42	28May42	Cp.CallanTolar, New Mex.
d77A	MURRAH, Charles J.	*	Pvt.	38193562	8Jul42	6Nov42	Cp.CallanVicksburg, Miss.
	MURRAY, Kenneth J.	†	Pvt.	20275570		1May42	209th	1451 Main St.....Buffalo, N. Y.
f79A	MUTKA, Frank, Jr.	☆	T/5	20275394	30Sept40	1May42		242 Lewis St.....Buffalo, N. Y.
	NAGEL, Robert J.	†	T/Sg.	20274697	13Jan41	1May42		38 Frontenac Ave.....Buffalo, N. Y.
i2B	NARGISO, Jack J.	☆	T/5	32148748	16May41	1May42	212th	151 Dixon Ave.....Paterson, N. J.
l3B	NASH, James G.	‡	Pvt.	33589958	6Mar43	1May44	505thCA	233 Marlboro Rd.....Ardmore, Pa.
d4A	NELMS, Warren Q.	☆	Pvt.	34082611	21May41	1May42	214th	318 Patton St.....Summerset, Pa.
d5A	NELSON, James	☆	T/5	32039005	16Apr41	1May42	209th	711 Clarissa St.....Rochester, N. Y.
e6A	NELSON, Johnny	☆	Pvt.	37252486	16Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	R. R. No. 1.....Rolette, N. D.
h7B	NELSON, Theodore O.	*	Pfc.	37175804	10Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	R. R. 1, Box 4.....Evansville, Minn.
o8C	NEMETH, Charles O.	*	Pvt.	20257975	3Apr39	1May42	212th	233 N. Henry St.....Brooklyn 22, N. Y.
g9A	NESTER, Kenneth T.	‡	Pvt.	33622532		5May44	Prs.Ctr.	1016 Oley St.....Reading, Pa.
d10C	NEVA, Louis E.	☆	T/5	37252496	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.CallanKensal, No. Dak.
c11H	NEWELL, Ralph W.	§	Pvt.	70286673		2Jul44	2ndRepDp	206 Geo. Washington.....Portsmouth, Va.
	NEWTON, Paul A.	†	Pvt.	6575079	20Oct38	1May42	214th	R. R. 2, Box 424.....Salem, Ore.
j13B	NICHELSON, Edward	☆	Pvt.	2025916	1Mar40	1May42	212th	10 Intervale Pl.....Yonkers, N. Y.
a14H	NIELSEN, Edward	☆	Pvt.	39025047	29May42	13Dec42	Hq2ndBn	520 "A" St.....Fresno, Cal.
e15A	NIZNANSKY, Frank P.	☆	S/Sg.	20274614	14Oct40	1May42	209th	200 James St.....Buffalo, N. Y.
	NOBLE, George K., Jr.	†	Cpl.	32148735	16May41	1May42		29 Pavonaia Ave.....Arlington, N. J.
	NODZO, Peter	†	Pfc.	32038269	3Apr41	1May42	209th	719 Marcellus St.....Syracuse, N. Y.
k18B	NOLAN, Joseph C.	☆	T/5	32038917	14Apr41	1May42	209th	36 Roberts St.....Johnson City, N. J.
o19C	NOLAN, Joseph E.	☆	Pvt.	20257976	3Apr39	1May42	212th	134 W. 109th St.....N. Y. City, N. Y.
j20B	NOLPH, George F.	☆	Cpl.	32038498	7Apr41	1May42	209th	111 Magee Ave.....Rochester, N. Y.
n21C	NORWICH, Philip L.	☆	T/4	32120359	15May41	1May42	212thCA	206-07 48th Ave.....Bayside, N. Y.
luC	NUGENT, Frederick G.	§	T/5	32064539		1May44		
	O'BRIEN, Edward M.	†	Cpl.	39171408				4137 Sunnyside Ave.....Seattle, Wash.
i2B	O'BRIEN, George M.	☆	Pvt.	33286891	3Aug42	1Nov42	Cp.Wallace	R. R. No. 3.....Turtle Creek, Pa.
d3A	OCHS, James D.	☆	Sgt.	32038593	8Apr41	1May42	209th	925 W. 85th St.....Los Angeles 44, Cal.
j4B	O'CONNER, David	☆	T/5	32117805	2May41	1May42	212th	107 W. 82nd St.....N. Y. City 24, N. Y.
c5B	O'DEA, Lawrence A.	‡	Pvt.	34208466	30Jun42	10Nov44	1stRepDp	R. R. 1, Box 108.....Tallahassee, Fla.
	O'DONNELL, Frank C. (Deceased)	†	T/Sg.	20274736	5Feb41	1May42	209th	5252 Cote Brillante.....St. Louis, Mo.
	O'HAIR, Wm. L.	†	Pvt.	20275616	11Dec40	1May42	209th	151 Blaine Ave.....Buffalo, N. Y.
	O'HARA, Maurice H.	†	Pvt.	32091819	16May41	1May42	212th	348 E. 137th St.....Bronx, N. Y.
	OHLSON, Verland	†	T/5	32037729	18Apr41	1May42	209th	R. F. D. No. 1.....Ashville, N. Y.
e10A	OLEJNICZAK, Joseph P.	☆	T/5	20274693	23Dec40	1May42	209th	16 Lewis St.....Buffalo 6, N. Y.
	OLENIK, John	†	Pvt.	38058339	5Sept41	1May42	BtryC	1751 Brayton Pt Rd.....S. Somerset, Mass.
a12H	OLSON, Orlin T.	☆	Pvt.	37300003	11Aug42	6Nov42	Cp.Callan	48 Division.....East Grand Forks, Minn.
m13C	OLSZEWSKI, William P.	*	Pvt.	32148633	15May41	1May42	212th	12 Elizabeth St.....Jersey City, N. J.
	ORLOWSKI, Edward J. (Deceased)	†	Pvt.	32148907		1May42		
j15B	OSBORNE, John C., Jr.	☆	S/Sg.	20274741	3Sept40	1May42	209th	89 Wilsonia Rd.....Rochester, N. Y.
p16C	OSWALD, Stephen J.	☆	T/5	32148815	16May41	1May42	212th	83 Christie Ave.....Clifton, N. J.
n17C	OTTAVIO, James E.	☆	Pvt.	32148869	16May41	1May42	212th	288 Montgomery St.....Passaic, N. J.
d18A	OWENS, Wilmer A.	☆	T/5	20274694	2Jan41	1May42	209th	29 N. Adelaine St.....Buffalo 11, N. Y.
o1C	PAINCHAUD, Lionel R.	☆	Pvt.	32120408	15May41	1May42	212th	17 Brevoort Pl.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
k2B	PALLONE, Samuel A.	☆	Sgt.	20274787	9Jan41	1May42	209th	63 Francis St.....Rochester, N. Y.
a3H	PANDOLFI, Pasquale A.	☆	T/4	20274695	6Jan41	1May42	209th	1554 Fillmore Ave.....Buffalo, N. Y.
p4C	PAOLILLA, Ignatius	☆	Pvt.	20258068	14Oct40	1May42	212th	80 N. Munn Ave.....Newark, N. J.
m5C	PARMENTER, Vernon H.	‡	T/5	20118446	29Jan42	1May44	68thCAREg	949 Washington St.....Holliston, Mass.
d6A	PATSYSKI, John A.	*	S/Sg.	20274788	29Jan41	1May42	209th	24 Spiegel Park.....Rochester 5, N. Y.
i7B	PATTERSON, Francis L.	☆	T/5	38004043	9Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	R. R. No. 1, Box 95-C.....Glendale, Ariz.
g8A	PATTERSON, Wm. E.	*	T/4	20274696	23Dec40	1May42	209th	207 Howard St.....Buffalo, N. Y.
e9A	PAULUS, David E.	☆	T/4	32037724	18Apr41	1May42	Mayville, N. Y.
p10C	PAWLITZ, Robert G.	☆	T/5	32073952	20May41	1May42	212th	Haviland Rd.....Stamford, Conn.
m11C	PEARCE, Roy B.	☆	T/5	19083680	27Mar42	28May42	Cp.Callan	609 21st St.....Oakland, Cal.
b12H	PELKEY, William A.	☆	T/4	32039108	17Apr41	1May42	209th	2822 Grant Blvd.....Syracuse, N. Y.
c13A	PENN, Arthur T.	§	Pvt.	33194689		3Jul44	2ndRepDp	3727 New Hampshire, N.W.....Wash., DC

ROSTER OF ENLISTED MEN (Continued)

Control Number	NAME	Symbol	Rank	Serial Number	Entered Army	Joined "355th"	Joined From	HOME ADDRESS
	ROSE, Wm. E.	†	S/Sg.	34091408		1May42	Md.Det.	(Hq. Prov. S/L Bn.)
g34B	ROSIN, Rupert W.	†	T/5	36285213	23Nov42	5Jun44	1stRepDp	Peridot, Ariz.
l35C	ROSONE, Frank S.	†	Cpl.	32401676	8Jul42	1May44	505thCA	108-38 45th Ave., Corona, L. I., N. Y.
k36B	ROSOVICZ, John	*	T/4	20274620	14Oct40	1May42	209th	196 James St., Buffalo 10, N. Y.
p37C	ROSSO, Henry A.	*	Cpl.	20258077	26Oct39	1May42	212th	Princeton-Kingston Rd., Prince'n, N. J.
i38B	ROTH, Carl	*	Pfc.	20275440	25Nov40	1May42	209th	447 Woodlawn Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
f39A	ROYER, Howard W.	*	Pfc.	37087469	10Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	Walnut, Iowa
	RUBIN, Morris	*	Pvt.	32020093	12Feb41	12Dec42	69th	5000 15th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
e41A	RUMSEY, Clarence E.	*	Pvt.	20447587	23Nov40	1May42	214th	1711 Hicks St., Augusta, Ga.
g42B	RUOCCO, Vito J.	*	Pvt.	32020096	12Feb41	14Dec42	69th	1771 Stillwell Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
o43C	RUSHFORD, Richard N.	*	Pvt.	20258081	30Sept40	1May42	212th	2646 Mont Valley Blvd., El Monte, Cal.
n44C	RUSSO, Joseph	*	Pvt.	20257977	1Nov39	1May42	212th	307 E. 105th St., N. Y. City, N. Y.
n45C	RYALL, Joseph J.	*	Sgt.	20258082	20Jan41	1May42	212th	115 W. 90th St., N. Y. City, N. Y.
o46C	RYAN, Frank J.	*	Pvt.	20258079	20Jan41	1May42	212th	6114 Saunder. St. Rego Pk., L. I., N. Y.
n47C	RYAN, Joseph J.	*	Pvt.	20258080	6Jan41	1May42	212th	6114 Saunder. St. Rego Pk., L. I., N. Y.
l49B	RYAN, John	†	Pfc.	32401825	8Jul42	1May44	505thCA	45/10 - 97th Pl., Corona, N. Y.
j48B	RYKERT, Ward N.	*	Pfc.	20274796	8Feb41	1May42	209th	641 Forest Ave., Buffalo 9, N. Y.
d1A	SABATINO, Charles L.	*	T/5	20274706	9Dec40	1May42	209th	225 Herkimer St., Buffalo, N. Y.
o2C	SALACAN, Louis J.	*	Sgt.	20258083	30Jul40	1May42	212th	1468 Leland Ave., Bronx 60, N. Y.
	SALAVADORE, Elide J.	†	Pvt.	32148800		1May42	212th	
h4B	SALVATORE, Joseph A.	*	Cpl.	39186140	15Aug42	6Nov42	Cp.Callan	5903 19th Ave., So., Seattle 8, Wash.
o5C	SAMO, Arthur J.	*	Pfc.	20257961	8Feb41	1May42	212th	22104 Roosevelt, Pacific Palis, Cal.
k6B	SAMO, Walter E.	*	T/5	20257978	8Feb41	1May42	212th	Co. D. Ing. Regt., Ft. Jackson, S. C.
k7B	SAMOLIS, Benny P.	*	S/Sg.	20274744	7Oct40	1May42	209th	907 North St., Rochester 5, N. Y.
h8B	SAMPLES, Vaughn	†	Pvt.	35137290	28Mar42	3Jul44	2ndRepDp	203 Mary St., Charlestown, W. Va.
	SAMPSON, Dent J.	†	Pvt.	19010873	25Feb41	1May42	214th	Delta, Utah
	SANDBERG, Seymour	†	Pvt.	32085098	19Apr41	1May42	209th	
m11C	SANDEL, Wm.	*	Pvt.	32092063	16May41	1May42	212th	582 17th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
	SANDIFER, Willie L.	†	Pfc.	20446762	13Feb39	27Jun42	204th	14 Natchitachis St., W. Monroe, La.
i13B	SANDQUIST, Raymond L.	*	Pfc.	37257540	11Aug42	6Nov42	Cp.Callan	608 North Davis, Oakland, Nebr.
o14C	SAN FILIPPO, Joseph	*	T/5	32148850	16May41	1May42	212th	73 Tulip St., Passaic, N. J.
d15A	SAUCIER, Oscar B.	*	Pvt.	38223267	13Aug42	6Nov42	Cp.Callan	Hattiesburg, Miss.
o16C	SAUSEDI, Albert H.	*	T/5	39235821	10Apr42	28May42	205thCA	6319 Benson St., Huntington Pk., Cal.
	SCANLON, Herbert T.	†	Pfc.	20258441	13Jun40	1May42	212th	3139 Goodwin Terrace, Bronx, N. Y.
j18B	SCANLON, Thomas M.	*	Pfc.	32148930	16May41	1May42	212th	274 4th St., Jersey City, N. J.
d19A	SCHAEFER, Carl N.	*	S/Sg.	20274745	7Dec38	1May42	209th	59 4th St., Rochester, N. Y.
	SCHAFER, Donald C.	†	T/5	20274774	8Jan41	1May42	209th	Hamlin, N. Y.
g21A	SCHARF, Benjamin L.	†	Pvt.	36866673	9Jul43	3Jul44	2ndRepDp	1606 E. Genesee, Saginaw, Mich.
n22C	SCHLOMM, Jack	*	T/5	20258084	23Sept40	1May42	212th	6761 78th St., Middle Village, L. I.
p23C	SCHMIDT, Mike	*	T/5	37252535	11Apr42	28May42	Cp.Callan	Box 348, Sykeston, N. D.
f24A	SCHOEN, George E.	*	T/5	37254965	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	
	SCHOLZ, Donald A.	†	T/4	20274621	14Oct40	1May42	209th	926 Kensington Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
o26C	SCHRODER, Claus J., Jr.	*	Pfc.	20257952	16Sept38	1May42	212th	305 E. 152nd St., N. Y. City 51, N. Y.
d27A	SCHULER, William J.	*	T/4	32042367	12Feb41	12Dec42	69th	706 Croton St., Rome, N. Y.
b18H	SCHULTZ, Eugene M.	*	T/5	20274708	31Dec40	1May42	209th	88 Commonwealth, Kenmore, N. Y.
l29A	SCHULTZ, Irving P.	*	Pvt.	20274709	9Dec40	1May42	209th	301 Pratt St., Buffalo, N. Y.
	SCHULTZ, Charles	†	Sgt.	20259176	28May40	1May42	212th	308 W. 47th St., N. Y. City, N. Y.
k31B	SCHUSTER, Clyde W.	*	T/4	20274710	23Dec40	1May42	209th	97 Krettner St., Buffalo, N. Y.
a32H	SCHWEERS, Alfred M.	*	T/5	20274711	30Dec40	1May42	209th	193 Maple St., Buffalo 4, N. Y.
n33C	SCIRE, Enrico S.	*	T/5	32092084	16May41	1May42	212th	2439 23rd St., Astoria, L. I., N. Y.
	SCOTT, William J.	†	Pvt.	32048180	8May41	1May42	212th	128 S. 3rd St., Mechanic, N. Y.
a25H	SCULL, Robert W.	*	T/5	32039138	16Apr41	1May42	2ndRepDp	22 Franklin St., Binghamton, N. Y.
p36C	SEARS, John T., Jr.	*	Sgt.	20258085	23Sept40	1May42	212th	24 Pond St., Framingham, Mass.
m37C	SEBRING, Russell W.	†	Pvt.	20951645	5Feb41	3Jul44	2ndRepDp	1300 E. Union St., Seattle, Wash.
f38A	SEIBERT, Raymond E.	*	T/5	20275747	4Sept40	1May42	209th	404 Arnett Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.
	SEITZ, Eugene J.	†	T/5	20274713	25Nov40	1May42	209th	48 Winslow Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
i40B	SEVERE, Anthony W.	*	T/5	20274775	8Jan41	1May42	209th	25 Colorado Ave., Batavia, N. Y.
g41A	SEWHUK, Joseph	*	T/5	20274714	30Dec40	1May42	209th	222 Bristol, Buffalo, N. Y.
e42A	SHANIES, Samuel	*	T/5	32091897	16May41	1May42	212th	504 E. 5th St., N. Y. City, N. Y.
g43B	SHAW, Gerald A.	†	Pvt.	6149824	15Jan40	3Jul44	2ndRepDp	Box 16, Ducktown, Tenn.
p44C	SHAW, Gerard F.	*	S/Sg.	20257962	4Jan40	1May42	212th	3810 Church Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
j43B	SHAW, Howard G., Jr.	*	T/5	32120736	16May41	1May42	212th	19 E. 10th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
h46B	SHEEHAN, Arthur J.	†	T/5	16124132	1Sept42	8Aug43	7thRepDp	4905 Superior St., Chicago, Ill.
m47C	SHEEHAN, Frank J.	*	Pvt.	20258832	6Jun40	1May42	212th	787 9th Ave., N. Y. City, N. Y.
m48C	SHELDON, Leon E.	†	Pvt.	32672845	14Dec42		7thRepDp	33 St. John St., Lancaster, N. Y.

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Control Number	NAME	Symbol	Rank	Serial Number	Entered Army	Joined "355th"	Joined From	HOME ADDRESS
a2H	WAGNER, Norman W.	☆	Pfc.	20274718	6Jan41	1May42	209th	64 Weaver Ave.....Buffalo, N. Y.
m3C	WAIRE, Delmer	*	Pvt.	18136160	4Jul42	12Dec42	69thCAManila, Ark.
d4A	WALDIE, George J.	☆	T/4	38013920	1Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	451 Isleta Rd.....Albuquerque, N. Mex.
d5A	WALIGORSKI, Frederick	☆	Pfc.	20274719	16Dec40	1May42	209th	199 Koons Ave.....Buffalo 12, N. Y.
d6A	WALKER, Clinton L.	☆	Cpl.	18124776	22Jul42	13Dec42	204th	P. O. Box 631.....Yuba City, Cal.
c7C	WALLACE, Thomas R.	†	Pvt.	31109498	9Jun42	3Jul44	2ndRepDp	78 West Main.....Farmington, N. H.
h8B	WALLEY, Oiva	☆	Pvt.	36369792	8Sept42	1Dec42	Cp.Callan	809 E. Clark St.....W. Frankfort, Ill.
19A	WALLNER, John E.	§	Pfc.	38402820	25Mar43	3Jul44	2ndRepDp	805 E. Britton Ave.....Britton, Okla.
n10C	WALSH, Francis A.	☆	Sgt.	20258102	21Oct40	1May42	212th	334 East 82nd St.....N. Y. City, N. Y.
e11A	WALTER, Richard G.	☆	Pfc.	20274720	2Jan41	1May42	209th	2050 Genesee St.....Buffalo, N. Y.
e12A	WALTER, Robert C.	☆	S/Sg.	20274748	9Feb41	1May42	209th	51 Woodman St.....Sea Breeze, N. Y.
	WALTON, James T.	†	Pvt.	38003929	7Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	
	WARD, Laurel F.	†	Cpl.	20272100	21Mar39	1May42	207th	
	WARNER, Harry F. (Deceased)	†	1stSg.	20274626	12Sept40	1May42	209th	320 Crestwood Ave.....Buffalo, N. Y.
p16C	WARREN, Hollis M.	☆	T/3	32072589	29Apr41	1May42	212th	R. R. No. 1.....Wyoming, Dela.
b17H	WARREN, Sidney R.	☆	T/Sg.	20274721	11Nov40	1May42	209th	1635 Marine Tr. Bldg.....Buffalo, N. Y.
n18C	WARREN, Virgil E.	☆	Pvt.	37025096	28Feb42	1May42	212th	633 Tenth St.....Portsmouth, O.
d19A	WATSON, Elmo W.	*	Pvt.	37254956	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	1200 Stone St.....Greatbend, Kans.
l20C	WEATHERWAX, Harold L.	†	Pfc.	12096494	16Jul42	1May44	505thCA	436 Millard St.....Schenectady, N. Y.
f21A	WEBB, Joe H.	☆	Pvt.	34091428	18Apr41	1May42	214th	Box 44.....Conetoe, N. C.
f22A	WEBER, Joseph B.	*	Pfc.	37254960	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	104 No. Poplar St.....Hutchinson, Kans.
	WEINMAN, Jack L.	†	Pvt.	20258103		1May42	212th	
	WEIS, George F.	†	T/4	32146195	28Apr41	1May42	212th	329 First St.....Hackensack, N. J.
	WEISS, Harry R.	†	Pvt.	20258287	6Feb41	1May42	212th	
k26B	WELCH, Emery N.	*	Pfc.	20446705	8Apr40	19Dec42	204th	11 Fielhoil Ave.....W. Monroe, La.
m26C	WELLS, Elijah N.	*	T/5	20447466	13Dec39	1May42	214th	119 Mill St.....Swainsboro, Ga.
i28B	WELLS, Lester V.	*	Pfc.	39312599		6Nov42	Cp.Callan	2441 S. Sixth.....Klamath Falls, Ore.
l29B	WHALEY, Everett H.	☆	Pfc.	38014046	3Apr42	24May42	Cp.CallanCebolla, New Mex.
	WHEELER, Holland K.	†	Pfc.	37249643		24May42	Cp.Callan	131 Sixth St.....Huron, So. Dak.
j31B	WHELAN, James L.	☆	Pfc.	36252166	22Jul42	6Nov42	Cp.Callan	2445 N. 41st.....Milwaukee 10, Wis.
j32B	WHITE, Gordon L.	*	S/Sg.	32048553	14May41	1May42	212th	R. R. No. 4.....Massena, N. Y.
d33A	WHITE, Raymond A.	☆	T/5	20275582	7Oct40	1May42	209th	11 Hubbell Ave.....Buffalo, N. Y.
	WHITE, Richard G.	☆	M/Sg.	20274722	25Nov40	1May42	209th	210 Linden Ave.....Buffalo, N. Y.
	WILKS, Robert K.	†	Cpl.	20274723	30Dec40	1May42	209th	227 Lincoln Ave.....Eric, Pa.
j36B	WILLIAMS, Herbert B.	☆	Pvt.	34359343	28Aug42	21Nov42	Cp.Wallace	1081 Currahee St.....Toccoa, Ga.
p37C	WILLIAMS, Walter V.	☆	Pfc.	39235431	9Apr42	28May42	Cp.Callan	1130 E. 57th.....Los Angeles 11, Cal.
	WILSON, Allan	†	Sgt.	20274724	23Dec40	1May42	209th	290 Larkin St.....Buffalo 10, N. Y.
a39H	WILSON, Edward J.	☆	T/5	20275491	2Feb41	1May42	209th	45 Parkview Ave.....Buffalo 10, N. Y.
p40C	WILSON, Herbert	☆	Pfc.	39235447	9Apr42	28May42	Cp.Callan	157 E. 74th St.....Los Angeles, Cal.
	WININGER, Russell W.	†	Pvt.	38004053	9Apr42	24May42	Cp.CallanHartford, Ark.
	WOLF, William	†	Cpl.	32073806	16May41	1May42	212th	High Street.....Cliffwood, N. J.
e43A	WOOD, Charlie J.	☆	Pvt.	36152023	28Feb41	1May42	214thCedar Springs, Mich.
	WOOD, Leonard A.	†	Cpl.	39024701	28Mar42	28May42	Cp.Callan	2215 Powell St.....San Francisco, Cal.
n45C	WOOD, Raymond L.	☆	T/5	37154465	25Mar42	28May42	Cp.Callan	228 E. Eighth St.....Russell, Kans.
m46C	WOODRING, Harold L.	†	Pvt.	33831878				378 Berwick St.....Eastern, Pa.
	WOODWARD, Joel G.	†	Pfc.	20447628	25Sept40	1May42	214th	814 11th St.....Augusta, Ga.
o48C	WOOLSEY, James D.	*	T/5	39235783	10Apr42	28May42	Cp.Callan	Box 213.....Tuolumne, Cal.
p49C	WOZNAK, Casimir J.	☆	Pfc.	35161236	12Jun41	1May42	212th	3716 S. Shields Ave.....Chicago 9, Ill.
n50C	WRIGHT, Earl	☆	T/5	32148868	16May41	1May42	212th	128 Williams St.....Belleville, N. J.
e51A	WRIGHT, Frank M.	☆	T/5	37254957	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.CallanBucklin, Kans.
b52H	WURST, Willie H.	†	Pvt.	35549428	3Mar43	22Dec43	7thRepDp	1010 N. Main St.....Delphos, O.
	YACONO, Joseph	†	T/5	20274779	14Nov40	1May42	209th	134 E. Maple Ave.....E. Rochester, N. Y.
f1A	YBARRA, Gustavo R.	☆	Pvt.	38003945	17Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	215 2nd St.....Safford, Ariz.
	YBARRA, Joe F.	†	Pvt.	38003649	3Apr42	24May42	Cp.CallanGlobe, Ariz.
	YOUNGMAN, Victor J.	†	T/4	32148921		1May42	212th	
	ZAGURSKI, John	†	Pvt.	20258108	20Jan41	1May42	212th	6959 Caldwell.....Maspeth, L. I., N. Y.
j2B	ZALESKI, John A.	☆	Sgt.	32148727	16May41	1May42	212th	733 Avenue A.....Bayonne, N. J.
p3C	ZANIEWSKI, Mathew J.	☆	Cpl.	39024440	27Mar42	28May42	Cp.Callan	8711 Manistee Ave.....Chicago 11, Ill.
b4H	ZANNIERI, Anthony L.	☆	T/5	32037734	18Apr41	1May42	209th	6 Davenport St.....Hornell, N. Y.
	ZAPPELA, Leo J.	†	T/4	32148960	16May41	1May42	212th	216 Chestnut Ave.....Bogota, N. J.
h6B	ZEILER, Charles P.	*	Pfc.	33008206	3Apr41	1May42	209th	2910 Garnet.....Parkville, Baltimore, Md.
f17A	ZELLER, Leo T.	☆	T/5	37254989	11Apr42	24May42	Cp.Callan	R. R. 6, Box 150.....Wichita, Kans.
p8C	ZOMERDYK, Raymond R.	☆	Pvt.	32148752	16May41	1May42	212th	308 E. 26th St.....Paterson, N. J.
k9B	ZUMAR, Joseph K.	☆	Cpl.	32110978	31Mar41	1May42	209th	433 Walnut St.....Yonkers, N. Y.
p10C	ZWICK, John H.	☆	Pfc.	37179303	27Mar42	28May42	Cp.Callan	3278 Regal Pl.....St. Louis, Mo.

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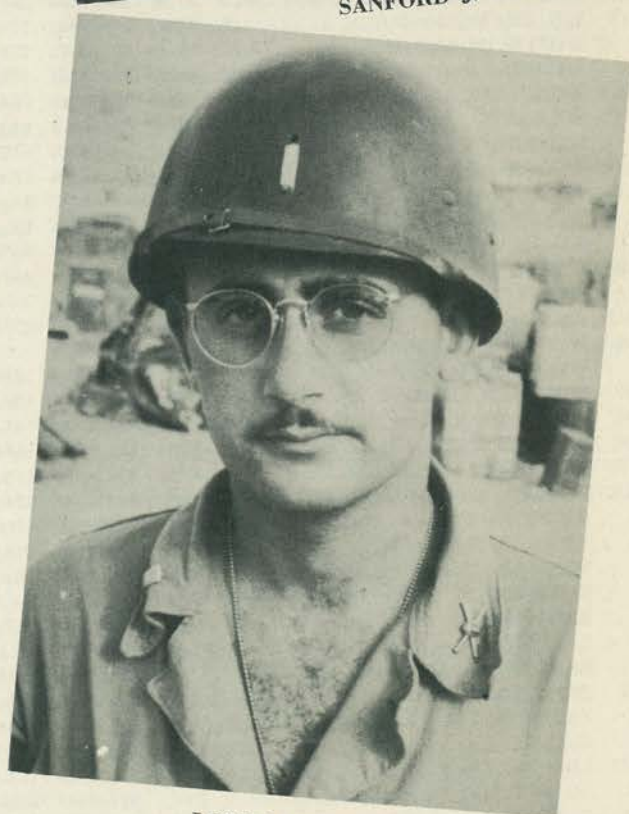
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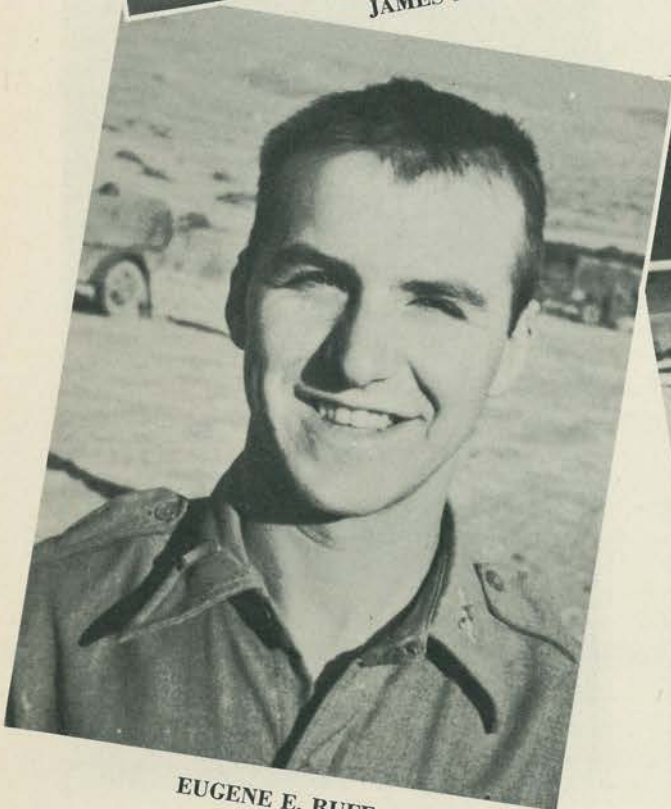
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L34 M72 D5 K54 DI BI C23 G44 K50



D42 M60 M21 TII P3 M30 H49 H29 W2



B53 S25 G8 K39 WI H55 M53 G39 P42 A6 H64 J16



B83 H8 O12 B77 H48 C51 A14 S84 S32



C18 H71 LI5 LI3 C46 H70 M50 T39 H7 B18



M12 CI G24 VII D2 NI4 RI M40 S28 F34 DI5 D56 B22 W39 L30 P41



G 42 Z 4 G 40 S65 K49 D14 M33 C70 Q4 P12 B40 K51



E 13 P33 S 56 H59 C57 S80 S99 F23 C34 VI G33



D 43 K31 F 4 M30 R29 J19 H51 H74 M29 L47



W17 S18 F35 G28 B19 H46 F20 F 30



W52 A5 C75 B58 L37 A27 S56B K29



F 4 M7 H62 H10 L 25 H14 H2 B25



C71 R13 T20 W7 L21 N11 F18 H79



H73 T37 S55 B8 P28 B64 P37 C61



G50 F1 H25 D29 O5 M14 M47 T9



C31 H30 M69 S89 G52 T34 R13 P13 M43



H18 S70 A11 H15 H78 H76 P39 D45B D50



E1 B42 T47 E6 G52 H67 L17 D13



D51 M48 M2 C54 B32 O3 M62 S27 B52 P23 R28 S95



C38 N4 G5 R19 L32 R16 H6 N5 P19 H13 B79 W5 R26



L36 B92 F40 G15 S19 K11 P6 W4 G1 F7



M77 F39 S15 G38 T19 V7 K35 G19 C29 E2 M70



C28 G6 R27 S112 W33 D32 L39 W6 W19 N10



S1 F43 R18 F33 R22 G13 M42 G7 A20 O18



G37 F27 L31 B48 M1 N15 F22 D49 G14



E17 D35 G43 B86 W12 K41 W51 B77B P9 D41 A8



K 32 F36 U3 K24 M56 D4 L38 C60 T18 G29



W11 B55 A9 F26 F31 C10 F41 F12 H21



T16 S42 J2 O10 J12 K4 D38 T7 R41 N6 V12



H56 S100 G22 B33 M49 W43 E7 L23 T44 M6



P40 Z17 W21 E4 B20 Q1 C76 W17 G16



L33 J10 K56 P35 F45 M79 S63 A12 G2



W22 H80 H35 F11 L4 K25 B81 P22 S24



Y1 R39 P34 G21 F14 C32 F17 C20 M2



D41 J6 S38 M44 S75 S107 R2 D7



D33 E15 S87 B87 V8 F21 H23 S103



T 40

S 77

E 19

B 37

T 29

A 4

B 15

J 14



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D 34

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C 44

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C 3

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M 76

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N 9



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D 60

S 97

T 38

L 7

C 78

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C 54

S 41



L 35

E 10

C 33

P 8

S 73

R 42

H 53

H 40

R 34



D54

B47

T17

W8

U2

R24

S94

G12



B36

D44

J18

H37

H32

H19

H54

D57



G49

C45

B96

S8

A24

H4

M29

S66



S97

S111

S4

Z6

C48

A28

K45

N7

B29

M45

L27



L22

H52

B46

T28

P20

S109

H45

T10

C30



G48

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H41

S60

H71

M51

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J11

C11



D61 F3 H16 H34 B67 F9 H11 E8 I1 B28



B39 C74 S13 M63 T41 H65 B13 B60 L1



P24 F15 C62 S64 N2 I2 P7 B90



G11 K27 R21 S67 W28 R38 S111 R6



F19 K53 M16 R11 D31 O2 D36 D30



M55 D12 M64 S86 D53 S40 K55



C13 B11 N13 A16 H13 P25 B74 D22



K33 N20 W31 M52 B6 F24 L5 Z2



B82 D17 S102 D47 C14 R5 K13 S18



P15 K21 S43 C2 R4 A7 T71 M61



J4 W36 S93 R48 A23 K47 M25 R25



O15 B78 W32 B89 B43 L16 O4 G30



H36 R32 B95 W26 B50 V2 P2



K43 H69 B74 L46



A17 C27 B61 F25 H75



C69 S31 D57 S7



T48 C50 D19



S69 M58 L40 H26 S58 T34 Z9



Q3 R36 B27 C9 D8 L41 M37



S82 M73 P17



A15 S89 H41



S52 K17 A21 D58 S110



E5 N18 T46



S6 T2 P26



G36



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E16



B97



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H5

C4

B85

G18

R7

C67

C65



S52

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G41

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J20



A26

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D48

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B71

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H61



S81 B12 O13 L20 R3 G17 R17 E14 F32



P11 T12 B3 M4 M31 S48 H17 S85 J8 M32



P16 T32 C24 M75 M41 F2 B73 S11 L29 G31



W26 W3 B2 L45 B56 T27 E11 V5



K20 T25 S47 P5 H59 S76 S37 W46



G4 T24 H3 K46 A3 M66 D27 H47



K19 D20 C8 C55 J7 L12 M54 C36 S22



W10 L11 C81 R44 P14 K5 C51 J15 W18 W45



M18 C73 K18 S106 K1 C72 T33 G20 S62 M76



R47 C16 B17 J13 N21 M13 B14 P29 H57 H63



T45 S79 T40 L28 D18 B4 T47 S33 O17 G51



B88 S51 W50 C80 K6 B31 R45 H68 UI H33



S78 B2 C25 D52 H60 B41 S22 S16 M9



H39 W48 C52 M28 K8 T36 M74 B35 N19



B59 S54 R15 D23 B30 C7 C15 T20



K16 J3 R46 L3 E12 K44 S26 S14 S5



T24 T26 H22 N8 P1 J21 L8 E18 R12



S2 B84 J17 M46 H1 C58 S96 R43



H 3 Z 8 D46 W16 A2 R37 M38 T15 M20 M28 K48



M 9 D24 A25 C53 W48 H71 M65 P10 D26 D55



J5 L18 Z3 P30 M24 H77 W37 J1 C79 D1



W49 B34 A18 S92 K44B S23 B94 P4 D20 S91 C19 D9



W40 O16 T20 D39 C55 S44 D39 G3 S16 K7



F5 M33 T45 M5 Z10 S36 F6 T29 G4



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