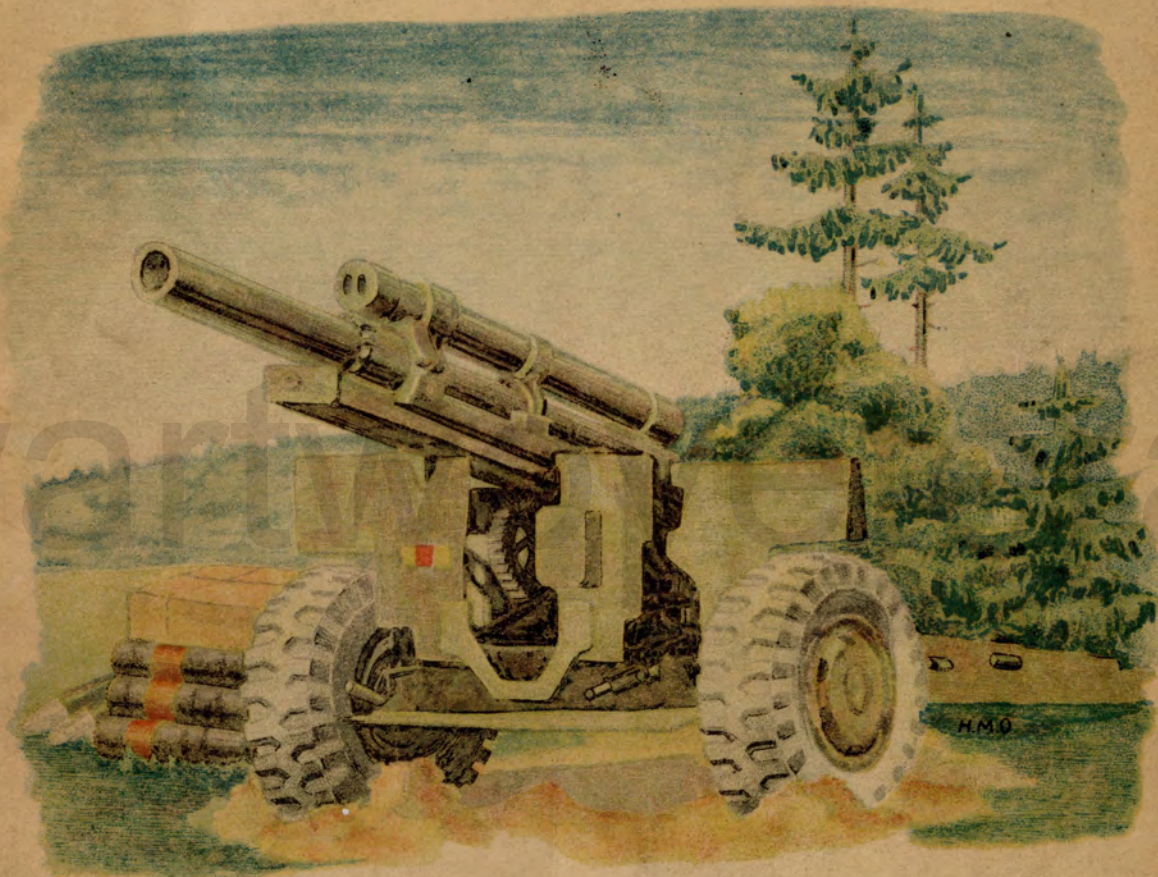


# UNIT HISTORY

## 283<sup>RD.</sup>



# FIELD ARTILLERY

## BATTALION

HIGH HEDGE

HISTORY



25 JUNE  
1943

8 MAY  
1945

We dedicate this book to:

Albert W. Bell  
Gerard H. Gauthier  
Sidney Geller  
John E. Hare  
Fredrick C. Kimmick  
Earnest L. King  
Maurice London  
Joseph C. Morrelly  
John E. Muench  
Fredrick W. Nover  
Nicholas M. Poetti  
William G. Tinner  
George E. Weaber

They were the price this battalion paid --  
in life -- for victory.

## FORWARD

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*The following pages are an authentic account of the battalions actions from the day of activation to the end of combat in Europe. It is not a detailed report but a summary of the highlights, written as a memory book.*

*This, then, is our HISTORY! Not a diary marking the beginning and end of time, or the facing of a clock which records mere truth and, for lack of expression, repeats itself. It is, at best, a workable skeleton and nothing more for within these pages it would be impossible to encompass our individual experiences and emotions. You, must give it flesh and blood, instill it with life, shape its character and, by so doing, preserve its existence.*

*Were it possible to assemble the entire group of men, who originally formed the 283rd and those who joined during the later stages of training and combat, many once familiar faces would be missing from its ranks — the cost of missions on almost every sector of the European front. For those men who gave their lives, we cannot estimate the loss to us and our country. For those who have been seriously wounded, our only consolation is in knowing that they have been returned to their homes and families. To these men we dedicate whatever tasks the future may hold for us, as a small contribution toward the debt we owe them.*

*The information for this book was taken from the unit after action reports and from personal experiences of members of the organization. Compiled, written and edited by the officer and enlisted personnel of the battalion.*

WE CANNOT ESTIMATE THE LOSS TO US AND OUR COUNTRY

Albert W. Bell Computer Feb. 5, 1945 Wife: Mrs Rose A. Bell 115-86 119th Street Ozone Park, New York	Tech. Grade V Fire Direction Center Colmar, France	Maurice London Cannoneer Apr. 17, 1945 Wife: Mrs Norma London 3209 W. Dauphin St. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Private First Class Able Battery Fischbach, Germany
Gerard H. Gauthier Actg. Ptry. Cmdr. Mar. 15, 1945 Wife: Mrs Marie L. Gauthier Commumpan Avenue Jersey City, New Jersey	First Lieutenant Baker Battery Sarreinsming, France	Joseph C. Morrelly Cannoneer Feb. 18, 1945 Mother: Mrs Anna Marie Morrelly 459 Maplewood Ave. Ambridge, Pennsylvania	Private First Class Charlie Battery Epinal, France
Sidney Geller Computer Feb. 5, 1945 Mother: Mrs Dora Geller 5637 Diamond Street Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Tech. Grade V Fire Direction Center Colmar, France	John E. Muench Operations Sgt. Feb. 5, 1945 Mother: Mrs Georgia Muench 1459 Texas St. Louisville, Kentucky	Tech. Sergeant Hdqs. Battery Colmar, France
John E. Hare Executive Officer Oct. 27, 1944 Mother: Mrs U. J. Perkins Carysbrook, Virginia	First Lieutenant Baker Battery German Hospital	Fredrick W. Nover Cannoneer Nov. 22, 1944 Mother: Mrs Anna E. Nover 1415 Orange Ave. N. W. Roanoke, Virginia	Private First Class Baker Battery Aldenhoven, Germany
Fredrick C. Kimmich Ammunition Handler Jan. 29, 1945 Wife: Mrs Fredrick Kimmich Jr. 733 Beaver Street Lancaster, Pennsylvania	Private First Class Service Battery Rapportsweiler, France	Nicholas M. Pocetti Vehicle Control Feb. 5, 1945 Mother: Mrs Mary Pocetti 311 Beech Street Vandergriff, Pennsylvania	Tech. Grade IV Fire Direction Center Colmar, France
Earnest L. King Battery Supply Aug. 15, 1944 Wife: Mrs Vivian L. King 1582 1/2 West Vernon Ave. Los Angeles, California	Staff Sergeant Service Battery St. Mars, France	William G. Tinner Truck Driver Dec. 29, 1943 Mother: Mrs Ethel Tinner 69 Hoyleton Street Ashley, Pennsylvania	Private First Class Charlie Battery Camp Rucker, Alabama
George E. Weaber Cook Apr. 28, 1945 Wife: Mrs Caroline Weaber 322 North Seventh St. Lebanon, Pennsylvania	Tech. Grade V Headquarters Battery Kuhback, Germany		

## HIGH HEDGE HISTORY

25 June 1943 - 8 May 1945

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In the beginning, approximately 225 new soldiers stood perspiring in the hot afternoon sun at New Cumberland Barracks. We had been tested, inoculated, and indoctrinated. Now we were being shipped to our assigned branch of service.

A short speech was delivered by the officer in command, in regard to the secrecy of the move, but no hint of the ultimate destination. Then, for the first time, barrack-bags, loaded with equipment, were hoisted to our shoulders and we filed into a train.

«I wonder where we're going? Do you think we're in the infantry?» Questions flew thick and fast. Speculation raced from chair to chair. «The lieutenant in charge is in chemical warfare, can't you recognize the insignia?» «Yeah, but they wouldn't put me in that. I don't know anything about chemicals. It's a cinch to be the infantry; look at all these fellows, young and healthy.» The consensus of opinion favored the infantry.

Then the question of destination arose. What camp, what state, how far from home? «I heard from a guy that knows a guy who works in the office, that our shipping orders said Texas.» And so it went with occasional bets to back opinions.

The train arrived at Baltimore, so we knew that we were heading south. Then Washington. No lights, curtains drawn, coach doors closed - Troop Train, with all its attendant mystery. There was a thrill in that. The hundreds of people in brightly-lighted trains, looking in our direction, wondering who we were, and where we were going. We were not very tired yet.

A little later the men went to sleep in various positions of discomfort. We were learning the hard way. The coaches were old, stuffy, and dirty.

During the night we passed through Richmond and those who were awake started to speculate anew on the possibility of going to Florida.

Morning came, and with it aching backs, dirty faces, and the realization that we, certainly were not going to be stationed near home.

The memory of the meals is mercifully obliterated by the passage of time, but our introduction to synthetic drinks, the first one in the form of grape juice, can never be forgotten. Through the foresight of the officer in charge (He was new and as yet, had not become contaminated) we had changed into fatigues, so the accumulation of grime, though annoying, was easier to take.

Florida was dropped as a possibility when we switched off the main line around Florence, and started wandering through Georgia. Around nightfall we pulled into Macon and for the first time in twenty-four hours, had the opportunity to stretch our legs by walking around the railroad yards in a drizzling rain. Then off again through the night into Alabama.

In the early morning came the order to change into khakis. Word spread that the lieutenant had at last, told some of the men we were to be artillery, and our post Camp Rucker, Alabama.

Waiting to greet us, as the train backed into the siding were the men and officers of the cadre. Here was the answer to many of the questions and doubts: You are now a member of 283rd Field Artillery Battalion.

Tarpaper village — Steady — Sergeant! Take four men for KP. Sergeant! See that these men know their general orders, so they can go on guard as soon as possible. Sergeant!

Military courtesy. They MUST learn military courtesy.

«Now look, stupid! That is Lt. Lull. He is an officer. He is a 2nd Lt. You must salute him! That is Captain Russel (I «L»). Your must salute him! That is Major McDonald. He is your commanding officer. He should be a lieutenant-colonel but he is only a major. AND DONT CALL ME SIR!»

«I'm sorry, sergeant. But where I come from we call all gentlemen sir.» You couldn't resist it, so now you're a wise guy. Wise guys get left out of passes.

Friday night, and the bucket-brigade from von latrine, G. I. the barracks for Saturday's inspection. You miss the dance in Dothan. Just when Janie Mae was losing interest in «her



"... FEVERISH PREPARATION FOR A. G. F. TEST"  
(See page 8)



"... THREE PHASES OF A THOUSAND TORTURE  
CHAMBERS AND DEATHS"  
(See page 8)

War» for the new jitterbug step you'd introduced. And she - «Whose foot-loker is this? How many times do I have to tell you, Koo-savitski? Your socks are rolled in this corner. Your underwear in this corner; with your handkerchiefs on top of your underwear, not your socks. For Chrissakes! Look the diagram.»

«Hut, tup, thrup, forp! Pick it up. Which is your left?? Which is your left! Get a rock in your hand!» Alabama sun. Mad dogs, Englishmen, and the 283rd. Hot! Hot! Hot! Take a ten. The mad dash for the coke machine, which belched willingly until your nickel slid all the way through, leaving the little red light blinking merrily.

It is the policy of this Battalion for every man to have his hair cut, no longer than 3/4». Across the street is the Barber's «butcher shop» «butcher's» barber shop? where to the tune of Pisto! Pack'n Mama, those Raphunzel curls come tumbling down. And the price was twenty-five cents, but somehow, when you left the slaughter-house, you were two simoleons lighter.

«Hut, tup, thrup, forp!» Training films, lectures, manual of arms. You squeeze the trigger «as if it were a lemon» «To the front of your pieces, facing your pieces- all to pieces- FALL IN! Now let's try that again, this time faster, faster!»

Into these hectic days, came a supplement of 52 men. They were five weeks behind in basic training. To make up these weeks an intensified program was instigated for the group. Training intensified in Alabama August! Appropriately enough it was enough it was named «Dog Battery».

Then, of the 2nd of September, the battalion moved to the upper post area. Better surroundings, better barracks, better transportation facilities. Still, no matter what connections you made on the bus to Dothan, it was a physical impossibility to arrive at the liquor store earlier than late.

You began to reminisce of the «good old days» in tarpaper village, when a series of endless inspections left you groggy. Wondering too, if you were being prepared for a psychopathic ward, or just what.

Came the four - day conditioning in the field. And you learn the usages of blanks. A blank was the three cards you inevitably drew to a pair. And the magical rumor «Furlough» danced evasively from campfire to pup-tent, full-laden with anticipation, dreams of home. And you held your breath, as well as the bus fare you'd scraped together-a dollar from Joe

two from Max- Somehow, through a maze of trepidation, you were clutching that precious piece of paper and en route home.

Shortly, sharply, painfully, you were dumped into the lap of army again. Where even a savory reverie was denied in the feverish preparations for AGF tests. To the field, practice Test 1. To the field practice Test 2. To the Test, practice Field 3. To the 2 Field the Test practice, practice, practice - 1, 2, 3. Over-trained, over confident - someone was sleeping, and Test 1 was snafu. AGF tests flunked.

A week later, the battalion departed Camp Rucker en route to Murfreesboro, for Tennessee maneuvers. You can remember what any native Tennessean would remark gravely: «Yes it's very unusual weather for this time of the year.»

At first there was a feeble attempt made to keep dry. Then, after days of interminable wet misery, the futility of striving to a minimum of comfort was realized. How much wetter can you get than wet? Water in your shoes. Water down your back. Your bed a miniature swimming hole. And those tasty cheese sandwiches! Even they weren't neglected in the deluge. Rain. . . Rain. . .

Blackout road - marches. Move into firing positions. Simulate firing. No sleep. You could not sleep anyway. The Army could do a lot of thing to you but they could not make you amphibious. Albeit you were forced to give them «A» for effort.

Somehow, you made it through the three phases of a thousand torture chambers and deaths, though on paper, you were killed only twice. Once during an artillery concentration. -The order had come down for every man to dig a fox-hole. You had made a valiant effort to explain to the sergeant that this was impossible without an air-hammer. He concluded the interview, sergeant - like, with a laconical «dig». And once again, when the forward party was annihilated crossing the Cumberland River, the last problem of maneuvers.

Back in Gallatin, working 24 hours, loading the train for Fort Riley, Kansas. Still, there was the consolation of your remarkable stamina, your body - resistance undreamed. How else to explain emerging from the pits unscathed - physically. Yet, even this one bright thought was dispelled by a more practical dog-face. «What do you think they've been giving you in that needle - Scotch?»

They will tell you that all troop trains are the same. But can you remember one where the sheets were so smooth? Where the bed was so soft? Or better rhythm of wheels, as you lay half-dozing, maneuvers behind, and



«... COMMAND INSPECTIONS (SOMEONE ONCE COUNTED 87)»  
(See page 10)

ahead the Kansas gal, as ripe as fall corn, and twice as mellow.

To most, the sojourn at Camp Funston was the most bearable of our army life. The fierce concentration of command inspections «some one once counted 87» and field problems, we had learned to take in our stride at Rucker. The training program had been intensified, but off-duty hours were more pleasant. Frequent passes to the towns of Manhattan and Junction City were enjoyed.

In Manhattan there were the girls from KU. «Uncle Hank», dances at the service club. In Junction City the service clubs alternated dances. It was also near at hand for the men with their wives, for a good meal at the China Clipper, a movie, a glass of beer. Some of the boys had good clean fun on the post. Such as playfully roughing it up with the cavalry.

The serious side was becoming all too prevalent with P O M. In the latter part of April we had the AGF tests again, this time passing satisfactorily. With the induction of P O M, came the physical fitness tests and more inspections. Then again furloughs.

Leave taking was very difficult on this furlough. We were alerted for overseas shipment, and no one knew when if ever, he was to see home again.

The last few days in Funston were occupied as usual, with inspections and last minute preparations, awaiting orders. On June 8th, secret orders were received and we left by rail for the staging area on the morning of the 11th.

The battalion, as usual, arrived in the rain at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey on the morning of June 13th, after a trip spent mostly in speculation as to our destination - the old Army Game. It was heartbreaking for some of the boys to pass through hometowns in Pennsylvania unable to wave hello or goodbye.

Kilmer was not a pretty camp, but facilities were good; and despite the excessive heat, we were comfortable - physically. The thought of «this is it» prevailed, and expressions were more serious, especially since we plunged, immediately, into the business of preparing for overseas. First, all equipment which had just been checked before leaving Riley, was rechecked completely - four or five times. All shortages were made up, salvage replaced, and new items added. Once more the order: «Turn in all non - G I equipment» piles of shorts, towels, and other civilian accessories, gathered in the aisles of the barracks, only to be missed sorely upon arrival in England. Here it was discovered that you could have brought any thing you were able to carry.

Next, a training program was introduced

which dispelled any remaining doubts as to where we were going. Life - boat drill, rope climbing, train seating, lectures on what to do when the boat sinks, and how to keep it from sinking-already some of the boys were getting seasick. The old standbys, the obstacle course, and gas chamber drill rounded out a full schedule. The hopes of the diehards, «I won't go over», were dashed by the final «strict» physical, which the battalion went through in an hour, and consisted of «He's breathing - OK»

Once it was certain that we were going the tension lifted. Everyone devoted his time to enjoying the 24 and 48 hour passes given out to all but «A» Battery, which was quarantined by reason of a case of mumps left back at Riley. Most of the men in the battalion lived nearby in the Philadelphia - Pittsburg area, and the passes enabled them to spend a remaining few hours with their families and friends. For those who were unable to go home, New York offered a final fling in the good old US.

On the 20th, a forwarding party went aboard the transport, Louis Pasteur, to secure accommodations. The following morning, the rest of the battalion ferried up to 49th Street pier where the Queen Elizabeth and the Louis Pasteur were berthed. As usual, none of the men knew where he was going, consequently every one was certain he was going to sail on the Queen! We staggered and struggled up to the gangplank under a load too big for an elephant, gave our first name in response to our last, and officially left the US.

The Louis Pasteur was a converted French luxury - liner captured by the British at Martinique in 1941. It was 750 feet in length, with a gross tonnage of 30,000 tons, and a top speed of 26 knots. It was capable of transporting 5,000 to 6,000 troops without escort.

It little resembled the luxury-liner it was intended to be when we went aboard; stripped of all fineries, with its drab naval war paint, and armed fore and aft. Naturally the quarters were not spacious, so the battalion was crowded into unbelievably small space. «A» and «B» Batteries acted as gun crews, and occupied the top decks. The other batteries were below decks on different levels. Luckily the days were long, and the weather good, so that most of the time could be spent on deck. This kept the sea-sickness, suffocation, and cramps down to minimum.

As per the lectures, we were issued life preservers, and were never without them from that time on to the end of the voyage. It was one item of G I equipment no one seemed to mind carrying - we used them for pillows and seats.



"... STRICT PHYSICAL ..... HE'S BREATHING ... OK"

About 10 o'clock, on the morning of the 22nd the Pasteur pulled out of New York Harbor. We had our last glimpse of the Statue, and Sandy Hook, amidst convoys leaving and returning. Then began the long days of the crossing.

The decks were crowded with sightseers watching other ships as we passed them, or scanning the sea for planes and subs. Those who were either bored with the sea or afraid of it spent their time in the innumerable crap and poker games that went on all the time. Many patronized the bird-cage game some enterprising member of the crew set up until the ship's officers put an end to it. The PX and Day rooms afforded some diversion, and even the shots in the arm took up some of the time. All in all the trip was not too bad, although the food for the enlisted men was incredible, and the sleeping accommodations and toilet facilities on a par.

At the same time everyone was aware of the ever-present menace of subs and bombers - we were traveling without convoy or escort. There were two or three bad moments when the generators stopped and we drifted helplessly in the middle of the Atlantic. However, we derived some comfort at the boat drills, when the English gun crews put on exhibitions and gave our men some instructions in the use of the 20mm, 40mm, and 6 pound guns. We also knew that every precaution was being taken.

The ship changed course constantly; we zigzagged all over the face of the ocean. Refuse, scraps, and litter from the boat were carefully disposed of. Blackout rules were stringently enforced. In changing course, we had swung far north, and the weather became cold and rough; consequently we were delighted on the morning of the 26th to sight the northern tip of Ireland. Here we had our only known brush with danger - a loose mine drifted off our starboard bow, not more than 75 yards away.

The next morning the Pasteur, after a passage through the Irish Sea, between Ireland and Scotland, was tied up at the docks in Liverpool. Here the first signs of the Blitz on England, and of war's destruction appeared - sunken ships in the harbor, bombed docks, stations, and buildings. The battalion remained on board for another day in speculation as to our destination, (why don't they tell us these things?) then, on June 29th set foot on foreign soil, «This is it!»

We staggered and floundered onto the dock under full pack, carrying duffle - bags into a formation from which we were sent scurrying to our places on the dinky English train. Red Cross girls served us doughnuts and coffee, the

peanut - stand whistle shrilled, and we scooted off over the English countryside. Most of the men were pleasantly surprised at their first view of England. Some even compared it favorably to less beautiful parts of the States. However, the spirits that had begun to rise literally dampened when we arrived at Pontypool in a pouring rain at three o'clock in the morning.

Q.M. trucks took us to Llanover Hall, which was to be our last camp of any permanence for the remainder of the war. Llanover is an old and stately estate located amongst the mountains and streams of South Wales. It had been converted to a camp of Nissen huts for the use of the American army.

At first the weather was rainy and cold. We cursed the English climate, and were thankful for the Limey blankets issued. However, the weather soon cleared and, after some completely misleading lectures on the monetary system, the customs, and the attitude toward Americans, both white and black, of the Britons, passes were issued. Then we learned, with mixed feelings - «any gum, chum?», «you can't miss it», beer and ale, pubs in general, fish and chips, and many more of the delights and annoyances of Welsh life. Even today those passes, both military and otherwise, bring back fond memories; and nostalgia siezes one and all when someone sings or whistles a few bars of «Roll Me Over».

It was not all beer and skittles at Llanover, however, as we launched into an immediate program of preparation for the last step toward combat. We acquired a new and complete TO of guns and motors, and proceeded to get them in shape for their ultimate use. Drills and physical training had nearly everyone tied in knots, at first, and the hikes, or marathons, up and down perpendicular Welsh mountains did not help untie them.

There were classes in air-craft identification - a subject which had begun to have a greater significance for us, now that we were in range. More lecture on recognition of Jerry uniforms and tactics. We also made a trip to the artillery range, some 30 miles away, to fire carbines, machine - guns, and give the non - coms some practice on the puff-ball range.

Thus the time passed quickly. Before we realized, we had been in England almost six weeks and were alerted for combat. Secrecy and seclusion! neither of which in the least prevailed. On the 7th of August we left for the staging area, arriving there late the same afternoon after a hard drive. We ate supper, were issued PX rations, and bedded down in the huge encampment, drivers standing guard by their vehicles.



"...SCRAPS AND LITTER FROM THE BOAT WERE CAREFULLY DISPOSED OF"



The entire staging area was severely camouflaged, giving us an idea of the proximity of Jerry attacks. The destruction in Southampton, through which we passed on our way to the docks, proved, conclusively, that camouflage had a definite and real value. Here was the dawning realization that war was a grim business, and close at hand for us; and that our days of peaceful living were all but over. This feeling was enhanced when those who weren't on guard were awakened quietly at 2 a.m., cautioned about lights and noise, and moved out silently, following the 7th Armored Division to the port of Southampton.

All day our vehicles, guns, and equipment were loaded into the liberty ship Mahoney-Pitney. After the first novelty had worn off, we



LOADING THE MAHONEY-PITNEY

waited impatiently for the job to be finished. For the first time, we were deemed sufficiently responsible to possess the live ammunition which was issued to each man. We spent the



MAHONEY-PITNEY AT SOUTHAMPTON

night on board, sprawled amidst a welter of crowding and confusion. The next morning, moved down Southampton bay into the English Channel.

The Channel crossing was without incident. There were the usual poker and crap games, perhaps a little more feverish with the same tension that gripped both gambler and non-participant - our days of playing were over.

Normandy shore was sighted early the same evening, and we followed the coastline before maneuvering for drop anchor off historic Utah Beach.



DUKW OFF UTAH BEACH

«Bed Check Charlie» made his debut for the 283rd that night as we anchored off Utah. The missing engine was unmistakable, not withstanding crew members who sparked our uneasiness with - «There's Jerry, Never Misses a night.» We trembled in unison with the Pitney at the close bombing.



LANDING AT UTAH BEACH

Surrounded by wrecked evidence of the invasion, we anchored there for a day, while the forward party went ashore. The following day, August 11th, we descended rope ladders to the lighter barges and landing craft. After a short dash to shore, we set foot on the battleground of France.

THIS IS IT.  
The realization that this was it, did not hit us with a sudden blow. It was more a series of impressions that gradually resolved into a pic-



... BRING BACK FOND MEMORIES..... A FEW BARS OF «ROLL ME OVER»

(See page 12)

ture of grim reality. There were the dusty roads and devastated French villages. The ruins looked so fragile, it seemed as though those walls that were standing would crumble into more dust to sift into our clothes, eyes, and hair, if one so much as leaned against them. The children swarming around the trucks when we stopped with their plaintive: «Cigarette pour papa? Chocolat?» The natives, some smiling, waving, making the «V» sign, and shouting «Vive les américains». Others, still too stunned by the shock of their bombing and shelling to do more than smile wanly and continue their tasks.

The hedgerows concealing their gruesome contents with a jealous tenacity that was put to naught by the hot August sun, whose work caused such a stench that the dusty breath of the open road seemed sweet and clear by comparison.

Dusk, and we pulled into position. In the distance we could hear the rumble of artillery. Tired, dusty, hot, the only thought - sleep. «Awright now, this is no dry-run. Let's get those fox-holes dug. Joe! You're on guard from 2 till 4.» Trying to catch a few hours sleep between guard tours. Strange sounds in the night, and «Bed check Charlie» beginning his regular round. That tinny metallic sounding motor that we would get to know so well. Rising early, then waiting to move. We moved to the vicinity of Domfront, dug in, and there fired our first shot.

Events blur, CSMO, wait, move, dig in, lay wire, pick it up, dig foxholes, deeper, better cover. Rain, dust, guard, fire-mission («on the way!») - reconnaissance, move again. An endless procession of tiring, back-breaking work. Bring up the ammo, gas, rations.

The long night march to Brezolles, pitch black, narrow roads, rain, drive-in a ditch, out of ditch-stop. Daylight and on the move again. Undamaged towns, pretty girls, cider, calvados. «Look out for those green apples.» If a bullet doesn't get you the apples will. Cheers, flags, «libérateurs», and the inevitable «cigarette?»

Brezolles, St. Andre, Le Parc, Eyreux; rain, mud, move, dig in, C rations, K rations - CHEESE, CHEESE, CHEESE! «And to think that when I was in England I wrole home asking for cheese» Fire-mission, guard; on the move again.

The Seine River. «Now we're getting somewhere. Maybe we'll see Paris.» «How far is it?» «About 25 miles, but we're not going in that direction.» Mantes-Gassicourt, the first large

pontoon bridge. «The engineers are on the ball.» Little did we know how many more rivers we had to cross.



BIENVENUE IN BREZOLLES

Resistance - a pocket of jerries, artillery, 42 battalions «on the way!» Two days and nights roaring, thundering, keeping us awake. But it was music, our music.

August 27, a big day - our first mail in France. Letters, Home. . .

Gennicourt, and our recon party ran into a nest of Germans and came out on top. Box-score: Home team - no casualties. Visitors - 3 killed, 12 wounded, 22 prisoners.

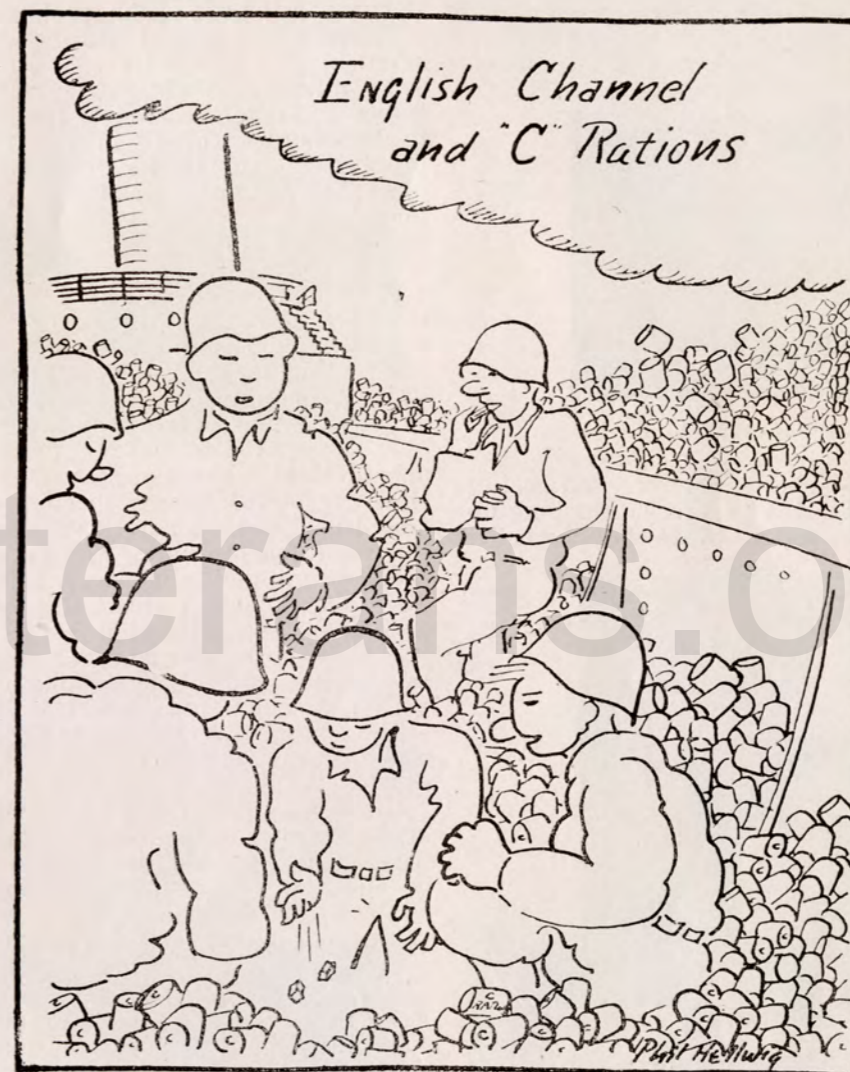
«Look! you can see the Eiffel tower» «Yeah, but we're not going there. We're headed for Belgium. We've got them on the run!»

The long march to Belgium amid cheers, smiles, and cognac from a deliriously happy people. September 2nd night in Belgium. All's quiet. Morning, Sunday morning, and some of the men were going to church. Shots! Jerries in the woods, lots of them. Organized patrols, charges, tree bursts; more dead, wounded, and prisoners.

Rumor: the Germans are going to quit. Patton is heading for the Siegfried Line. -Three days of rest, cleaning. Here we go again. Waterloo, stop. Waiting in the woods. «Why don't we go on? Is the war finis?» -No, some sort of trouble about gas and supplies CSMO - back to France. The army needs supplies, and we'll have to pitch in.

We returned to France, September 7th, and settled down at Ohain, just a stones throw from the Belgian border.

For those of us who did not go on «Red Ball», there was a month of «Chicken», training, and some entertainment. Mess gear inspection, full - field layout inspection. Reveille, retreat,



"... USUAL POKER AND CRAP GAMES"

(See page 11)

classes, cannoneers hop, close - order drill. «To h- with this c-! I'd rather be back in the front lines.» But there was good with the



MORE CHICKEN

bad. Movies, USO shows, showers, and best of all, some of that back mail started catching up. We, also, had the opportunity to become better



FULL FIELD INSPECTION AT OHAIN

acquainted with our French allies - especially the mademoiselle. Fourmies was not very far away.

The men who were assigned to «Red Ball» left the battalion with little idea of the arduous task ahead. For the first five days they had no equipment except what was on their backs. The first job was hauling sections of Bailey-Bridges for the Meuse River crossing. They were on the go for 5 days completing this as-

signment. Then came the opportunity to obtain some of their equipment, but it meant no let-up in work.

Day and night for thirty days, drivers and assistant-drivers hauled ammunition continually. The two would alternate driving and sleeping in the cab of the truck.

Thirty trucks loaded with between five and seven tons of ammo traveled about six thousand miles in that period. From Soissons to Eupen to Liège. In France, Holland Belgium, to the borders of Germany where the slow process of cracking the Siegfried was taking place. Never once was the convoy lost, even though they barreled along through the night with only cat-eyes to guide them over the strange roads.

The maintenance crew kept them rolling. No truck was broken down for over thirty minutes and all repairs were made on the road. There was no time for relaxation, or pleasure; but the waving, smiling, second-story girls helped smooth the way.

There was excitement and danger. One notable incident occurred in Liège. Our convoy was slowly wending its way through town. Fourteen trucks loaded with TNT leading the column and fourteen more with the same dangerous and unpredictable cargo, bringing up the rear. Flares with their cold, revealing glare gave us the first intimation that a German plane was stalking us. The 90 mm ack - ack opened up with deadly accuracy making a flaming target for the chattering 50s to tear apart.

The administrative duties of «Red Ball» were also part of our job during the early part of October.

It was a hard and tiring task, but every one of the seventy, to one hundred men who took part in it, was glad to do the work, because we all knew how important those supplies were; and realized that, probably, we would be using some of that same ammunition very soon.

On the 6th day of October, the battalion departed its «Red Ball» headquarters in Ohain, France for Teuven, Belgium. From Teuven, you could hear the distant rumble of artillery besieging Aachen. And, at night, see reflection in the sky of the town burning. The week spent in Belgium was one of constant conjecture as to the campaign ahead. How tough was the Siegfried Line? How long would they fight?

On the 15th of October we moved to Einighausen, Holland. There, the battalion took a defensive position as the northern - most American forces on the continent. Ours was the task of defending 10,000 yards of the extreme left flank, in direct support of the 125th Cavalry Squadron.

The Dutch had a different phrase for it, but we knew, without translating: «it was very unusual weather for this time of the year».

There was mud. Oozy mud, that soaked through everything. And there was rain, that stole in bed with you at night, permeating three thicknesses of blankets with that icy touch - that cold, wet, miserable, fnger that beckoned



GUN POSITION NEAR EINIGHAUSEN

«FIRE MISSION!» And you crawled out of three feet of mire and torpor into a galaxy of arms and legs - «Battery adjust! Shell H. E., charge 7, fuze quick, deflection - right 50, S.I. 200, battery 1 round, elevation 210 FIRE!» Night after night without end, without sleep, without end. With mud and rain, and rain and mud.

This was Einighausen. Where we lost four men on reconnaissance. Where, on occasion, a truck would take you into Heerlen for a hot shower at nearby coal mines. Where your feet would revel and breathe again, carressing the hot tile floor, only to shrivel when forced again into sodden shoes.



DUTCH CHILDREN IN EINIGHAUSEN

Each night our guest, «Bed Check Charlie», May-Tagging overhead, capriciously unload-

ing his cargo. Where service Battery occupied Sittard a week before moving to a spot they wouldn't share with the Germans. Where our mines were thick in the fields in event of attack, and nerves almost as thin as the lines stretching between us and Jerry. Where agents nightly made a 23 mile trip to Division Headquarters, skirting the enemy lines, and playing hide-and-seek with the same «Charlie».

The 8th of November pulled us out of muck and insomnia, into the outskirts of Heerlen, where we bivouacked the night in readiness for the march into Germany. The following morning we moved along the road of shattered pill-boxes onto the «sacred soil».

Our first town in Germany was Merksteim, where intermittent whining of shells, and two nights' bombing gave some portent of the tough assignment ahead.

The days spent in Merksteim were filled with tension. Everyone knew there was to be a big push. Infantry companies camped around our position were sober; with the knowledge of what lay ahead, and we were quick to absorb the mood. It was going to be rough.

Tanks and infantry shoved off behind a terrific army barrage. We followed later, the road that led to the Roer. The road that ran through fields thick with death. Death you could see, death you could smell, and the nebulous death you felt - an icy fist around your heart. Like looking for the little Italian kid from Brooklyn - Christ! he wasn't much more than a baby. He looked at you with tired eyes, and gave you a pair of gushes, saying: «Here Joe - I ain't gonna be needin' these.»

Suddenly you were in Bettendorf. You knew it would be bad. And still the shells were coming in, thirsty and relentless, all night and the next day.



C. P. AT ALDENHOVEN

That night, under darkness, the battalion CP moved to Durboslar, with the firing batteries in, and just outside, Aldenhoven. We were

bombed and shelled that night with poor marksmanship.

The following morning there was no complaint forthcoming on their marksmanship other than it was deadly. One of the battery's kitchens was hit, and the position suffered a mortar barrage that cost more casualties.

The next two weeks there was constant shelling of both towns. One of the executive officers out in front of the battalion, would call the shots into headquarters as they passed over his position. «On the way! This one's going to be CLOSE!

Yes, there were many close ones during our stay near Durboslar and Aldenhoven. Aching backs, blistered hands, and dripping sweat,



GUN POSITION NEAR ALDENHOVEN

were the prices for a comfortable, safe, underground home. Guns were dug in below the ground; thousands of rounds of ammunition dug in below the surface. Trucks, kitchens, switchboards, everything down, down, down. Dig, dig, dig was the theme, but when heavy shells bounced just a few yards from your dugout - «Hey! Joe, let's dig a little deeper, and put a couple more logs on top.»



O. P. AT KOSLAR

All the firing batteries had O.P.s in Koslar. Excellent places to look down into the Jerries' back yard, but one helluva ride up and down «88 Boulevard».



« 88 BOULEVARD » ALDENHOVEN TO KOSLAR

November 23, 1944 - the usual cold rain, the mud, maybe a little more soupy, and always fire-missions. There was nothing much to make it different from any other day. Our artillery and air force must be sending home some hard blows, we're not receiving quite so much shelling.

«Hey! Joe, today is a holiday at home. This is Thanksgiving Day» Thoughts drift back to an easy chair, a warm fire, delicious odors from cooking food tickling the nose. A cheerful gathering of people, happy because it was a holiday. Thankful for their homes and friends; and eagerly awaiting the call to dinner.

The men of High Hedge, on this Thanksgiving Day, were thankful. Thankful just to be alive; and damn glad to be able to eat if nothing but a «K» ration. One kitchen had been hit, but the other batteries lent a helping hand so all could have a little something extra. None of us will ever forget Thanksgiving Day 1944.

During the Battle of Julich, the battalion had, at one time or another, directly supported every infantry regiment in the 29th Division. Firing night and day during the engagements of Hasenfelt Gut, and the Julich Sportsplatz. Armchair strategists informed us we had «one more river to cross» - the Rhine, after we had inched forward, surrounded by dead, crippled tanks, blood and mud, to an impasse at the banks of the Roer.

After the first three weeks, «incoming mail» almost ceased, with the exception of a few shells, obviously intended for harrassing fire. Then we settled down to the job of scraping the mud off the highways, waiting to cross the Roer.



«... DIG, DIG, DIG, WAS THE THEME»

In spite of the heavy shelling, the rations, mail, and messages got through. These various vehicles passed, daily, the «hot corner» just outside of Aldenhoven, where an MP - frequently replaced - directed traffic from a fox hole. And the wire crews, during, and after barrages, kept communications intact.

German winter was well under way as equipment began to mass in rear areas, in preparation for the river crossing. Boat after boat of the assault type, lay in readiness for the word. Engineer battalions, with Bailey Bridges, armor, artillery, were gathering for the Roer, when the Germans struck hard and fast in the bulge. Large quantities of troops, operating in our sector, were shifted to the bulge, leaving us again holding a thin line.

Approximately a month was spent sweating out the bulge. Digging alternate positions, in case of falling back. Hard soil had to be blasted with dynamite, so that digging would be possible. Mines were laid, barbed - wire entanglements stretched across fields, and we settled down to long, cold, nights of guard in the heart of German winter.

New Year's Day brought a memorable attack by the Luftwaffe. Our ack - ack, and machine-guns, were not caught napping. Twenty-seven planes were brought down in our area.

The news of decisive victories in the «Battle of the Bulge» seeped through, and we began to wonder, what next?

We didn't have long to wait. On the 25th of January we received word that we were no longer attached to the 29th Division, and to be prepared to move at 0600 on the 26th.

There was a great deal of work entailed in getting ready to move, since we had gotten so well settled during our long stay. Through one of the usual SNAFU, after we had pulled the guns out of their pits and loaded all our equipment we received orders to go back in firing position. Later - change number 101 - «Be prepared to follow original movement schedule.» Our troubles were only beginning.

A mere factual account of the cold, ice-covered roads, heavy snows, and mileage covered, could never convey the extremes of suffering, fatigue and misery that we went through in the next three days.

Early the morning of the 26th, after a sleepless night of preparation, we started out. Before we had gone ten miles we realized it would be no pleasure trip.

It was cold, a bitter cold, a damp, penetrating, cold. The sky was overcast, so we didn't have the slight comfort that a weak winter sun might bring. When we stopped for a break,

drivers could hardly straighten their legs; and even the most notably lazy men dashed madly up and down the column, trying to generate a little warmth. He who could open and eat a «K» ration, with frozen fingers, was indeed dexterous.

Mile after mile - Aachen, Liege, Rochefort, Marche, through Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, the Ardennes, and finally Sedan.



BLIZZARD IN THE ARDENNES

Places of interest, steeped in tradition - to us, just miles to be put behind. Snow flurries, icy roads slowing down our progress, lengthened our period of misery. Then snow, heavy snow, making narrow roads more narrow. ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY - SEVEN MILES, stretch it out interminably, for that's the way it seemed. Then, at long last, Verdun.

A place to lie down and sleep - any place. Maybe we could get warm in our bedrolls. The sleeping accommodations were not much, but at least we were under shelter and out of the all-chilling snow.

It seemed we had hardly closed our eyes, when we were awakened, abruptly, the next morning.

Once more the monotonous grind started. Heavy snow hampered our vision, sifted into



MAINTENANCE CREW AT WORK IN VOSGES

our trucks, and made the going more treacherous. St. Mihiel, Nancy and up into the winding roads of the Vosges. One hundred and thirty



CONVOY THROUGH VOSGES MOUNTAINS

miles to St. Die. Many of us began to realize why the Eskimos think Hell is a place of cold and snow and not the proverbial hot place.

St. Die - those barn-like, cold, well ventilated barracks; getting up out of a warm bedroll to go out in the cold and gas up the vehicles. How much can a human body stand? If ever men were close to the limit of endurance, we were.

The morning of the 28th was as cold and cheerless as the previous two days. But we had



CHOW STOP IN VOSGES

the break of not starting out to cross the final range of mountains until noon. Those hot «C» rations and coffee tasted pretty good.

Over the peaks of the Vosges we went. Steep winding roads, hairpin curves, and - snow snow, blizzard, snow. Down into the Alsace plain to a dirty, war-torn village of Ostheim, and into firing position.

From the northern-most Corps of the American forces to the southern-most, this move of three-hundred and twenty miles is believed to be the longest ever accomplished by a field artillery battalion in moving from one firing

position to another, directly, in spite of the hazards, and seemingly insurmountable difficulties, we had arrived at our destination intact and in good physical condition.

The short Colmar campaign was to prove costly to the 283rd. The ammunition train, while moving down from St. Die on the 29th, was shelled on the road. One man was killed, two were seriously wounded, and a number of others cut by flying shrapnel.

When Colmar was taken, after a bloody three day battle in the outskirts, we moved in



OUTSKIRTS OF COLMAR

to town. There misfortune struck again. A German railway gun shelled the Battalion C-P, and four men were killed.

We moved to South Colmar, Niederherghien, and then into the woods near Dessenheim. From this position, we could fire across the Rhine onto German soil again.

One of the minor advantages of fighting in Alsace was the abundance of wine and cognac. Many of the men are not so positive it was beneficial, but it certainly kept us from freezing.

We were shelled, bombed, and strafed at Ostheim. Shelled again in Colmar. We suffered losses in men and matériel, but we successfully completed our mission. None of us will ever forget the misery and heart-break of this campaign.

On the 11th of February, while we were in the woods near Dessenheim, we received news that we were detached from the 28th Division, and were attached to the 75th, for movement to Longchamps, France.

The return trip over the dangerous Vosges mountains was made at night, and in good order. A section of Service Battery's ammo train was the recipient of a final attempt, on the part of the German railway guns, to inflict more damage on the 283rd. Fortunately they were able to come through unscathed.

We enjoyed a nice break at Longchamps while awaiting further movement orders. The weather was perfect, and we cleaned our equipment, washed, or had our clothes done, took showers in Epinal. We also had the opportunity to see some movies in Epinal.

After all the cold and snow, and the arduous Colmar Campaign, the warmth of the sunshine and relaxation were much needed.

For a long time the forward party played «Ring around the rosey» with higher headquarters, getting up in the middle of the night for an invigorating thirty-mile ride, only to find that orders had not been received.

After 2 or 3 false starts, we were off again over «High-Hedge Boulevard» through Verdun to Sedan, spending the night in the latter. The next morning we rolled along the familiar route - Marche, Rochefort, Liege, to Eschweiler, Germany. Snafu on nature's part - the sun shone during part of the first afternoon. This situation was soon remedied; and the usual bad weather, that accompanied us, returned. This time it was our old enemy rain, who, after leaving us to the tender mercies of his compatriot snow for most of the winter, enveloped us with a hearty welcome.

We learned we are now attached to the 104th Division for the drive to Cologne and the Rhine. Positions were prepared in the vicinity of Luchen, and the following day the battalion moved in ready to fire. It was obvious the Germans knew something big was cooking. M. E. 109s, and a few jet - planes, sneaked through our aerial cover to see what was going on; and they maintained harrassing artillery fire from across the Roer. Our guns were kept hot firing about 4,000 rounds to cover the drive to the approaches to Duren.

The following day we moved to Geuznich, 500 yards from the Roer and the proposed crossing sight. There was «a hot time in the old town» that night. We were firing all night, covering the crossing. The Jerries didn't care much for the idea, so they retaliated with counter - battery. Besides bombing the bridge that was under construction - near misses falling in our area - they sent planes over to drop anti-personnel bombs especially for the 283rd. Although a number of men were injured, and most of the strafing was too close for comfort, the men stayed with their work. They pooped them out all night, and kept the ammo train running back and forth bringing more food for the cannon's hungry maw.

The next day we crossed the river. Duren was a mess. Not only were the buildings destroyed, but the very ruins were pulverized.



DUREN WAS A MESS

We moved on to Mernezinck, passing the infantry on the way. Then on to Gut H. S. Forst, covering the troops who were cleaning out Sindsdorf on the Siff River.



C. P. IN SINSDORF

The highly-touted self-denial, on the part of the German people to prosecute the war, was belied by the cellars full of coal, smoked hams, preserved fruits and vegetables, and pickled delicacies. There were coops full of chickens, fields full of cows - mostly French and Dutch. Perhaps the residents of some cities had been suffering, but not these smug, well - fed, solid supporters of the «last» Reich.



TIGER WITH CLAWS CLIPPED NEAR COLOGNE

No longer did the confused, bewildered, deflated refugees resemble their alleged «master race». As we pushed across the Cologne plain, through their ever-increasing numbers we knew at last we were striking the blow that would lead to the final disintegration of the Nazi power.

We crossed the Erft Canal to Gros Konigsdorf, then on to Weiden. «Look! you can see Cologne. How far is it?» - «Oh, about 8 kilometers.»

There was a little «incoming mail» as the infantry passed us to take the city, and two of our men were injured.

March order! to Cologne! Cologne - that crucial city, that juicy bait that had dangled be-



CONVOY ON THE COLOGNE PLAIN

fore our eyes during the long, bitter months spent at Einighausen, Durboslar and Aldenhoven. The objective we had longed to gain, and then never expected to reach after we were sent down to Colmar. Now we were among the first artillery to enter the city. For the second time within a month, the 283rd had driven to the banks of the Rhine. Here, again, we fired across that «holy river».

News: Some elements have crossed the Rhine! On to Berlin! - But not the 283rd.

Actual realization that we were to return south to re-enforce yet another army in its drive to the Rhine, fell on our heads with a dull, well-cushioned blow. With all and sundry was the knowledge to expect the impossible, but this was too much. Two armies we had carried to the Rhine on our backs. Twice we had reached that fabulous river, which was the key to the heart of Germany. Still a third time we must drive to its banks. It's not cricket. The army can't do this to us.

The battalion crossed the I. P. at 0700 on the morning of March 10th, en route to Guising, France. The road was familiar, inasmuch as we had traveled it before on our first trip south. This time, however, part of our despondency was alleviated by the approach of Spring. On our first trek it had been perilous to take in the landscape, for fear of frost-bitten nose.

Normal halts, en route, for meals, invited throngs of Belgians and French, to surround the convoy. Some for curiosity, some to trade «des oeufs» or champagne («made from the finest apples of France») for cigarettes.

Verdun was reached at nightfall. We stayed the night, well-guarded by the restless ghosts of 1914.

We left Verdun at 0900 in the morning. Pulled into a quagmire near Guising, France, and set up position for firing. The battle for the Saar Valley was on for the 283rd, on our third approach to the Rhine. This time we were supporting the 44th Division.

On the 13th of March the battalion was released from the 44th Infantry Division, and attached to the 45th Infantry Division, with the mission of re-enforcing the fires of the 171st Field Artillery Battalion.

One large, remaining pocket west of the Rhine still confronted the American Armies. For the third time the 283rd girded its armor, and started off for the Rhine, with high hopes of not being stalled at its approaches.

With the seasoned veterans of the 45th Inf. Division, we moved swiftly from Guising, France to positions near Sarreinsming, France. From Sarreinsming we crossed the Bles River to Habkirchen, Germany. Here, we encountered exceptionally thick mine-fields. Another member of the battalion lost his life, fatally wounded by a «Schu» mine.

The battalion moved on to positions in Wiltersheim, Germany. From there to Ballweiler, Beeden, and on to a rendezvous in Heidesheim.

Herrnsheim, Germany, is to be remembered in 283rd history in that it was, not only the last position occupied west of the Rhine, but it was here the battalion acted in the capacity of a groupment headquarters, controlling the fires of eight battalions.

On the 26th of March we crossed the Rhine. The crossing, itself, was not particularly notable, except that in the past it had been S.O.P. for the 283rd to be turned back from the river banks, and shifted to another sector. However, there were no more «worlds to conquer» west of the Rhine, so over we went.

The forward elements of the Battalion left Herrnsheim, on the west side of the Rhine, a-



PONTOON BRIDGE ACROSS RHINE



RHINE CROSSING

bout 1100, to go to a DUKW assembly area. After watching a display of flares, and AA shooting, not to forget the bombs dropped from 'Red Check Charlie', we started across via ferry and DUKWs.

The crossing went favorably enough—shells, a few bombs, sporadic strafing, but no more dangerous than usual. A few of 'C' Battery men went down stream, but after a little moon light (man-made) excursion finally landed on the east bank.

The battalion was immediately sent to position at Rhein-Durkeim in an abandoned airfield. DUKWs did our prime moving and ammo hauling to this position. Here we did our firing east of the Rhine River from the wee hours of the morning until noon of the 27th March, when our rear elements came up after crossing the north bridge.

At noon we dismissed the DUKWs, and prepared for another 'rat-race'. The race started on the afternoon of the 27th. We stopped only at nights for thirteen consecutive days. To move

at this rate of speed, we formed our battalion into 'stripped batteries', making each battery into a small battalion. We had to do without kitchens, supply vehicles, and many luxuries, but we moved swiftly and were ready to go into position to fire on a moment's necessity. Frequently we would pass the infantry, duck low at the sound of machine-gun fire; and, many times, were the first American into a town.



SUPERMAN ADVANCING TO THE REAR

Such sights as German soldiers walking to the rear, civilians waving, or turning aside, military equipment strewn along the roadside abandoned or destroyed tanks, vehicles, and artillery pieces, were common. Then there were the cigar factories, the breweries, the warehouses, that afforded some diversion. It was a mad rush, confusion predominating, but we went on without too much opposition or trouble. We passed burning villages, bombed factories, ruined towns; still no one seemed to be able to answer our questions: Where is the Wehrmacht going to make its stand. Where is the SS? When will it be over? The weather during those thirteen days was miserable—rain, cold, sleet. Fortunately we did little firing.

We crossed the Mainz River, for the first time, near Aschaffenberg. The preponderance of enemy time-fire didn't prevent our enjoying the spectacle of our air-corps dive-bombing that center of fanatical resistance. It took a few days to clear the area; then we were off again over mountains, through thick forests, and a cross innumerable canals and streams. In Königshofen we had a few days halt, while the armored fingers of our drive were probing deeper and deeper into Germany.

March Order! More miles of burning villages were put behind on first muddy, then dusty roads. The Mainz again—that aimless wander-

ing, river that was forever in our way. How many times had we crossed it? Two? Three? What's the difference—cross it again.

Over a pontoon bridge we wormed our way through the night, under a heavy enemy barrage, up to the hills overlooking Bamberg. Here the panorama of the battleground was in perfect view. You could see our infantry move in, and could watch the time-bursts of our own and German artillery. The crackle of small-arms fire echoed across the valley reminding you of the firing-range at Camp Rucker going full-blast.

We fired a few parting rounds at enemy infantry in houses on the outskirts of Bamberg, then pulled back to the town of Gurdelsheim to enjoy a three-day break while readjustment for another push took place.

On the 17th April we were on the move again; and finally, after fighting nothing but dust arrived outside Nuremberg. Our arrival at Nuremberg (Fischbach) was given a warm reception by the Germans. The advance elements streaming down the autobahn passed the infantry on tanks, and moved up with the forward foot-soldier of our combat team, who at the time was halted by a hidden German machine-gun. Men in the lead battery jumped off the trucks to get under logs for protection, while the infantry accomplished their mission. Finally, the machine-gun was silenced by fire from another artillery battalion, and we moved out to take up positions in Fischbach, suburb of Nuremberg.

We had been in position for scarcely ten minutes when we received our first shelling—



AIR BURST OVER FISCHBACH

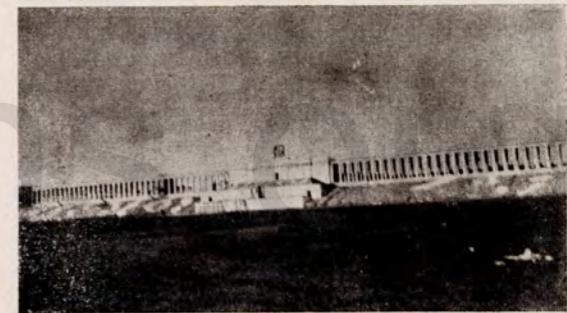
time—fire from German 88 mm AA guns. The bursts were too high, and deflection was off, but we knew it would not be long before that

was corrected—fox-holes were finished in record time.

Rear elements, coming up the autobahn an hour later, received strafing and bombing from the vanishing Luftwaffe, but suffered no casualties.

When all the battalion was in, 'A' Battery reported they could see, from their position, the German 88s that were firing on us. Before we could get clearance to fire, darkness settled in and things quieted considerably.

Early the next morning tanks moved through our positions, followed by infantry. Then, again, those 88s opened up! We received clearance to fire, and it became an artillery duel. We suffered many casualties, but when it was over, found we had knocked out eight 88s, and one multiple 20 mm gun, as well as Germans dead, wounded and captured. When the infantry had passed these 88 mm gun positions we found that, altogether, there were eighteen 88s, well hidden and camouflaged, that had made our Fischbach stay most unenjoyable.



HITLER'S STADIUM IN NUREMBERG

The following days were spent firing in Nuremberg—preparation fires, barrages, and on-call missions. No more trouble from the enemy,



ACK-ACK BOYS WITH SOUVENIR OF NUREMBERG

other than occasional visits from «Bed Check». We left Hitler's «own city» on the 23rd of April to move on again against what was left of the German army, wondering when they were going to make their stand.

We moved, stopping only at nights, for another eight consecutive days, crossing the Danube, and ending up in Feldmoching (Mun-

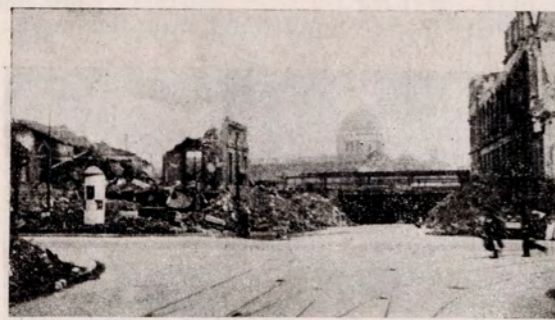


DANUBE CROSSING

ich). Surroundings conformed to that familiar pattern — dead Germans, wrecked equipment, and destroyed villages.

At Feldmoching, many of us went to the notorious concentration camp at Dachau. Viewing it, we realized we were fighting a nation of fiends; that the German people could never recompense the world for the horrors perpetrated there.

The fall of Munich was comparatively easy; the 45th, 3rd, and 42nd Divisions moved into



MUNICH — GERMANY

the ruins without much opposition. It was here we fired our last artillery rounds in the battle against Nazism.



TOWN HALL — MUNICH, GERMANY

We joined the 42nd (Rainbow) Division, and left Munich, to move on again. The move from Munich to Salzburg (Piding) was fast and uneventful, except for the fact that it snowed on the 2nd of May, and we had left the 42nd Division to join the veteran 3rd.

We passed thousands of Germans streaming to the rear to surrender. These prisoners, as before on the fast moves, were rooted out by



BAVARIAN ALPS NEAR SALZBURG



PIDING GERMANY — ARE LOCATION ON V. E. DAY

armored units, spearheading deep into enemy territory. We pulled into position at Piding, outside Salzburg, with the intentions of firing on the city, which was rumored to have been in the hands of the SS. But Salzburg fell to the 3rd Division without any great opposition.

Rumors were becoming strong, now, that the war was over; and two days our stay at Piding, the declaration of peace was signed. But not before our Command Post had made a dash to Berchtesgaden to set up our final combat C. P. in Hitler's mountain retreat.

V - E Day was celebrated with a 4th-of-July bang at midnight 7th of May. So ended our fighting against the German army.



## HEADQUARTERS BATTERY - 283rd FA BN

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On the 10th of July, 1943 the large part of Headquarters Battery arrived at Camp Rucker, Alabama. Here we were greeted by a group of officers, and high ranking non-coms straight from the rock. After all formalities and administrative work were completed, we plunged into the routine of basic training. Basic training; how we'll remember that! Remember the first day the whistle blew and we recruits hit the line? We were sure a sad looking bunch. At the other end of the whistle was a short well built individual with a lot of stripes and a diamond in the middle. We later learned that he was our first sergeant, and his name was Maupin. Standing beside him, with gleams in their eyes, was his staff which consisted of T/Sgt. Hughes, T/Sgt. Haynes, S/sgts. Greenwell, Young, Randall, Muench, Wainwright and Mandulay. Just behind them were T/4s Wainwright, Davis and Gay, also T/5s Dale and Gaines. These were the cadre, these were the guys from the rock, Hawaii, who were to make up the base of our battery. The rest of the cadre who were not present at this formation were Master/sgt. Scott, T/4 Wecker and Cpl. Cowherd. These men were busy at their jobs in Battalion Headquarters. In the meantime then Mess Sgt. Rohling and his cooks, T/4 Sparks, and Leezer along with T/5 Ivy were preparing the daily hash.

This is the way Headquarters battery looked that first day when the recruits arrived at Camp Rucker. Today, nearly two years later, there are a few new faces, and a few old faces missing, but the battery is somewhat the same, except the new men are no longer recruits. They are no longer unseasoned, untrained yardbirds. Today they are combat veterans and a great bunch of fighting guys.

That was 1943 but this is two years later so lets grab our helmets and carbines and take a stroll around Headquarters battery. Let us see these Joes, and find out just how they spend their days. Due to the absence of soda fountains, dance halls and other forms of entertainment I am sure we will find them all at home.

First let us take a walk over to the radio house. We don't have to knock as the door is wide open. The first thing that catches our eye is a poker game going on over in the corner. Dave and Willie Wainwright, Dalinsky,

Georges Davis, Oldfield and Petkash are having it out; it looks like the Wainwright and Oldfield are the only ones out.

Over on the other side of the room Hall, Burch, Ray, Gebert and Toro are having their usual everyday arguments. It looks and sounds like the league of nations, with Italy coming out on top due to his superior knowledge of the Army. At my feet sitting on the floor are Mowers and Bruce. Mowers is telling Bruce all about his days as the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad—or was it vice brakeman. Well, anyway, Bruce isn't at all interested as he is too busy counting his nuts and bolts. Pensock is sitting beside me still reading the last letter that he received from his heart beat. Somebody is really holding up Pennies mail. Gosh! the letter is dated four months ago and I know we received mail since then. Really is sitting by the window. Every German that he sees go by he wants to put him in a P.W. cage. He just can't forget those days when he was a big shot at the cage in Furstenfeldbruck. By this time the noise is getting too much for us; so lets get out of here.

On the way out we open the door across the hall and there Bob Smith is arguing with Mailshanker. It seems that Mailshanker owes Smitty two marks for a picture and is trying to get him to settle for one. That's the last straw so we decide to get out of there and fast. Just as we start out the door we bump smack into those two great lovers—Levy and Hernandez. They look a little sheepish, so I ask them whats the matter. Before they can answer, a little fraulein coms around the side of the house and starts jabbering and yelling at them. When we turn around they are nowhere in sight.

The next stop is the wire section. This isn't very hard to find, as just look for the house where the most noise is coming from and thats it. On entering the door we stumble over two bodies laying on the floor. For a minute we are startled as maybe somebody was hurt, but then I remember that somebody brought in a barrel of beer and then I knew who the two bodies belong to. Yes, you guessed it, Taylor and Bultenavage. They claim that they just had headaches and lay down there to rest. Leaving them to sleep it off we go on in the

house. The first stop is Righters room where we find Walsh, Esposito and Hart. Righter is busy telling Esposito just how good a ball player he used to be. God knows the Phils need you more than the Army does Bud. Sally is taking it all in while he varnishes his helmet presses his pants, and shines his shoes. From the other side of the room we hear Walsh yelling at the top of his lungs and trying to find out who was sitting on his bed. Unfortunately for Hart, terrible Tom thinks it was he and proceeds to tell him off. But the tall freckled faced lad just laughs and goes back to dreaming of the days spent at the Riviera on pass.

As we pass the next room strange sounds are coming out. It sounds like a bunch of Germans having an argument. Next door we barge right in without knocking and there Trygar, Pomykla, Jonczak and Moneta are having a big Pow-Wow in Polack. Not being able to understand this lingo we decide to get out of here and let the Polacks fight it out.

The next door we open and walk into we find the C. P. wire crew. The first face our eyes fall on is the New Castle flash, Othites. Rumors have it that Manuel has tried to volunteer to stay in Germany. The Greek informs us that his business would be much better over here then it would be in New Castel. Could it be that some up-and-coming 4-F has replaced Manuel in western Pennsylvania. Sitting on the edge of the bed were Miller, Yingst and Fereck, and they sure were having it out. Uncle Busick had his Dutch up and was really telling old man Fereck and the mechanical nut Miller where to go. Patterson was sitting at the table with a mass of figures before him. After a few inquiries we learned that Pat was figuring up his wives pay per month, and hoping that she made enough to keep him, as he heard a rumor that the army was going to discharge men over thirty.

Leaving all the old men we mosey up the winding stairs to the second floor and there find a room with a large sign slating « Danger! Men at Work ». Entering the room we found out what it meant, as Eries gift-to-the-women Dwelle, the big Irish lad Burns, and « do I have a letter from Nancy ? » Spiecker were really working—that is if you call sleeping work. Looking at our watch we find that the hours have really past by, so we decide to leave and continue our tour.

Going down the steps we bump smack into Dotterer and Leighton. They were having a big discussion about city and country life. Dotterer being a country boy was telling the young St. Louis City slicker just what could be done on

a farm that couldn't be done in the city. When it comes down to the shoveling part Leighton won out, as the Dotterers don't have that much on their whole farm.

The next stop was Fire Direction and non-sectional house. Here we found T/Sgt. Nicholas trying to tell Rappaport, Malmberg and Steinmeiz just what he knew about women. Malmberg tells me that Nick is really an authority on this as he has already had two love affairs end up in marriage and Nick wasn't the groom. In the meantime Morris Smith was sitting in a chair across the room sewing stripes on his underwear. Yes, Smitty is now a S/Sgt.

On the second floor live the men who are without direct sections. The first door we entered we found Govoruhk, Perlman and Rossiter discussing what they are going to do when they get back to civilian life. After Govoruhk and Rossiter gave their ideas, Perlman came back with—« Well I think I'll just spend the rest of my days enlarging the Perlman family ». There on the floor was a large « X » showing where « it doesn't pay to get up in the morning ». « Rosinski had slept before he got his trip home ».

We decided to go across the hall where the great Hughes lives. Just as we expected the red head is on his back dreaming up some sort of gadget to warn him when an officer comes in the door. His bed mate, Mandulay, must be out someplace pitching horse shoes, or attending to his duties as Provost Sgt. Well, our tour is now only half finished so, as we only have a couple more hours before chow, we will have to get along to the next house.

Entering the next house we find Hoover, Fake and Arblaster engaged in a big argument. It seems the Arblaster and Hoover are against Fakes ideas. On the verge of receiving a commission as an officer in the army, Fake doesn't like the way that the boys are talking about the army and the distinction between officers and enlisted men.

On the other side of the room Rocco, Kurtz, Mocariski and Rubino have their heads together trying to figure a way of getting a vehicle out of the motor park without being seen by the 1st Sgt. Just leave it to Mocariski, men, he is a lot smarter than he looks.

Next door we found Greenwell, Dale and Decker. The supply sergeant and our ace mechanic are working too hard these days. Why, they are only getting eighteen hours sleep each day instead of their usual twenty! We'll admit that Decker doesn't do much work, but he, at least, isn't on his back all the time.

Leaving these overworked men, we climbed the long flight of stairs to see the Survey gang. When we opened the door, we found Hummer pretending that he is still back home teaching school. After all Bill, men like Dilonardo, Wilmot, Kacinko and Crouser can probably teach you plenty. Crouser was telling me about some of the new tricks you picked up since you came in the army. Shame on you Bill. While we were sitting here taking it all in the great Bud Norris came in. When Hummer saw him, he grabbed a chair, sat down, and told Norris to teach the class as he was more experienced.

The next house we entered was occupied by the orderly room and the battalion switchboard. Here we found Maupin, Young, Rohling and Randall engaged in one of their annual cribbage games. Rohling and Young were partners, and poor Maupin and Randall were again taking a beating. If Randall would take a little time off and teach Maupin how to play I am sure they would win a game once in a while. Gay was over by the window figuring his points again and chuckling to himself. The army needs men like you to keep the box kites flying.

In the next room was Gibson, Graf and McGee. To hear these guys talk Philadelphia is the only city in Pennsylvania. Being from up-state we couldn't take this very long so we decided to take a walk down to Battalion headquarters and visit the personnel section. We were greeted at the door by Sgt. Dobbs, who replaced Andy Cowherd when Andy's points caught up with him. We really received an old fashioned Southern welcome from Dobbs who escorted us in to meet the rest of the pencil pushers. The first guy was a bald headed individual with more stripes than hair. M/Sgt. Scott is the name and every inch a soldier. Beside him was Kardos and Davis his two loyal aides. In the next room we met T/4 Kaplan and

Cpl. Marchinock. We were exceptionally nice to these Joes, as after all, we may want to get out of this army some day.

The last stop we made was in Message Center. There we met the Clearfield kid Rowles and his right arm Shovlin. We vote them the two best looking guys in the battery. With Emory's voice, and Jimmies freckles, I can't see how they can go wrong. Oh yes the Battalion Mail clerk was in the room too. T/5 Pickles is the name and— I don't have any mail for you either. We received this answer fast and furious, and we didn't even ask him anything about mail! Just force of habit, huh Pick.

Well according to my stomach it must be chow time so we will meet the rest of the battery and eat chow at the same time. Gosh! Hash again. I thought Sparks went back to Kentucky but I guess Pappy Back must really be replacing Sparks in all ways. Behind the chow table was Barge, Sewell, Gaines and Larsen. These guys will really make some woman a good husband some day. That is if she has a good stomach and isn't spoiled on eating too good food. After washing our kits in water that Rearick forgot to put soap, we left the kitchen and started back to our quarters. As we were passing the officers mess we bumped into Parks, James Smith, and Hill. They didn't have time to stop and talk as they were too busy carrying some bottles into the mess hall.

After a day like this we were really ready to hit our bunks; but we had a lot of fun, met all the Joes in the battery and saw a lot of strange sights. But before we close we want to dedicate the next few lines to our four buddies who gave their lives. To Johnnie Muench, Nick Pocetti, Albert Bell and George Weaber we bow our heads for a few minutes in remembrance. They were our buddies and we'll miss them as long as we live.

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JAMES H. KURZ,  
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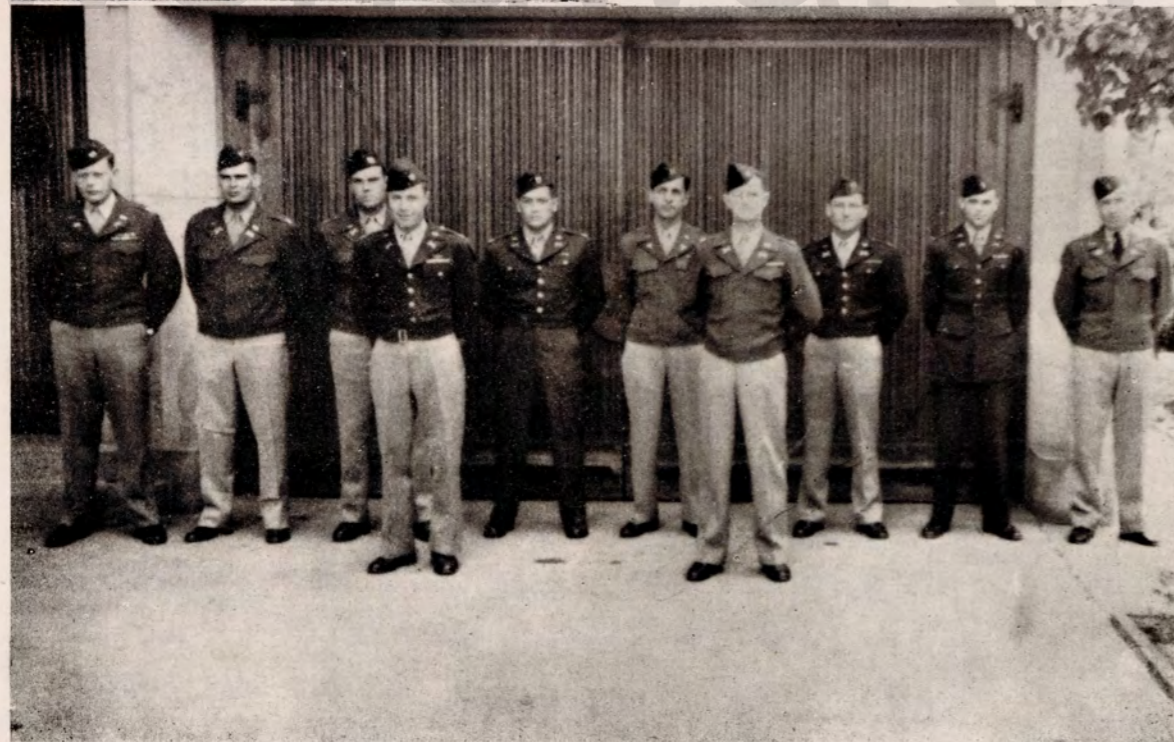
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*Technician Gr IV*  
MORRIS Kaplan,  
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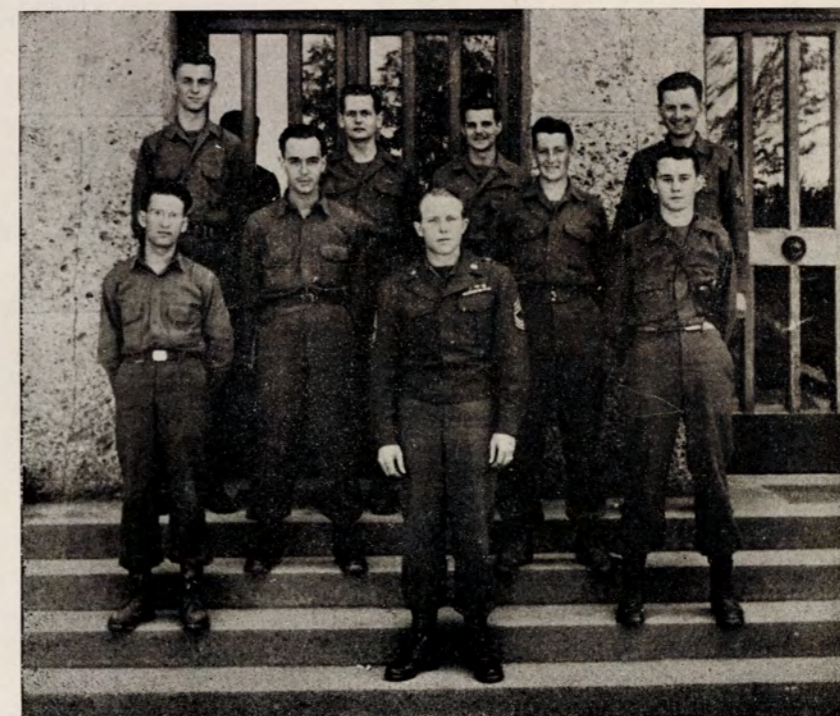


BATTALION STAFF  
Lt. Col. HUGH McDONALD

Left to right : First row : Majors  
Dieterle, Sapp.  
Second row : Captains Evans, Harvey,  
Dodson, Van Valkenburgh, Cohen,  
Dopp ; Lt. Lull ; CWO. Mc-  
Closkey.



HEADQUARTERS BATTERY  
Battery Officers  
First row : Capt. Dopp, Mr.  
McCloskey.  
Second row : Lt. Druyor,  
Lt. Lundgren, Lt. Nedeau,  
Lt. Stanton.



HEADQUARTERS BATTERY  
CP and Personnel Section  
First row : Ciavatto, Kohn,  
Scott, Shovlin, Rowles.  
Second row : Marchinock,  
Dobbs, William Davis,  
Kardos.



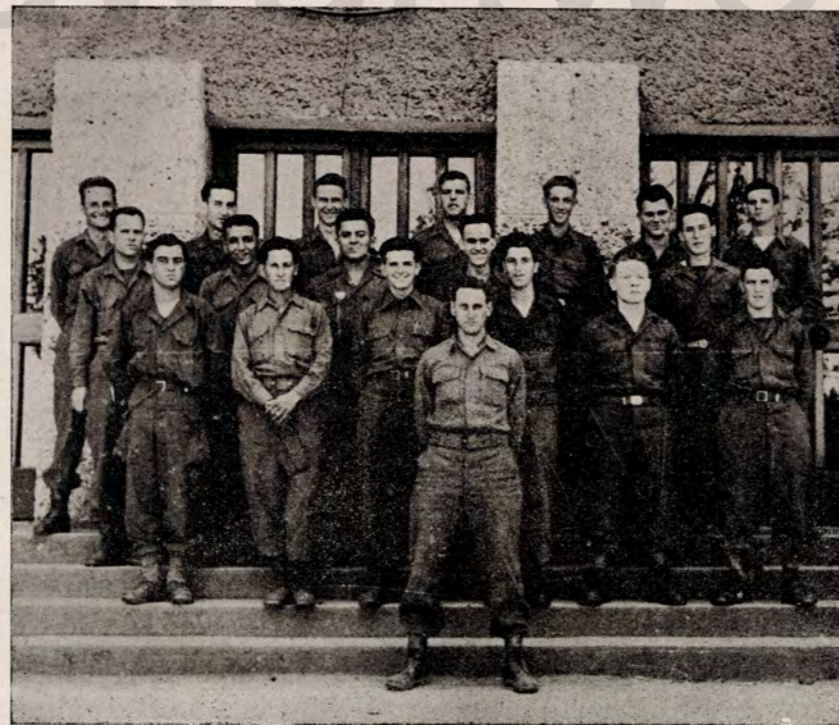
HEADQUARTERS BATTERY  
Radio Section

First row : George Davis,  
Realey, Burch, Pensock,  
Hall, Bruce, Robert Smith.  
Second row : Levy, Petkash,  
Hernandez, Toro, Dalinsky,  
David Wainwright.  
Third row : Mailshanker,  
Ray, William Wainwright,  
Gebert, Mowers, Oldfield.



HEADQUARTERS BATTERY  
Maintenance Section

Front : Dale, Young.  
First row : Norris, Yingst,  
Dotterer, Mocariski, Rubino,  
Gay, Hill, James Smith.  
Second row : Righter, Perl-  
man, Kurz, Govoruhk, Lei-  
chton, Spinella, Taylor,  
Rositzer, Arblaster.



HEADQUARTERS BATTERY  
Wire Section

Front : Randall.  
First row : Butanavage, Kurz,  
Moneta, Esposito, McGhee,  
Burns.  
Second row : Patterson, O.h-  
tes, Trygar, Dwell, Graf.  
Third row : Fereck, Jonc-  
zak, Spiecker, Rohling,  
Hart, Pomykala, Walsh.



HEADQUARTERS BATTERY  
Battery Headquarters

First row : Hughes, Maupin.  
Second row : Greenwell,  
Decker, Manduley.

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HEADQUARTERS BATTERY  
*Fire Direction Center*  
*Front : Nicholas.*  
*First row : Fake, Morris*  
*Smith, Gehman.*  
*Second row : Steinmetz, Mal-*  
*mberg, Williams, Rappa-*  
*port.*



HEADQUARTERS BATTERY  
*Survey Section*  
*First row : Kacinko, Hu-*  
*mmmer, Dilonardo.*  
*Second row : Hoover, Wil-*  
*mot, Crouser, Gibson.*



HEADQUARTERS BATTERY  
*Kitchen Section*  
*Kneeling : Sparks.*  
*First row : Sewell, Ivy, Park.*  
*Second row : Larsen, Rocco, Jones.*  
*Third row : Back, Rearick, Gaines.*

## HISTORY OF THE MEDICAL DETACHMENT

283rd Field Artillery Battalion

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Well remembered is that eventful day - August 11, 1943 when from Battalion Headquarters there came a clarion call for «volunteers» to activate a Medical Detachment. From behind Howitzers, under Trucks and from the drill field, they flocked (with the aid of a few spécial orders, memorandums, etc.) to the pill factory to learn two things - medicine and soldiering. With the patient (sometimes not so patient) teachings of Captain Cohen, these men absorbed the fundamentals of medical care. Under the guidance of the soldier from the «rock»; Sgt. Zimmerman, they learned the basic rule of the army, that when in doubt - salute.

This training continued until June 21, 1944 when they boarded H.M.S. Louis Pasteur for Europe - they still contend somebody was pushing them!

Wales was the harboring point for these men before going to France, and it can truthfully be said they enjoyed themselves once they learned the values of the pence and the shilling.

The landing in France, August 12, 1944 took place, almost to the day a year after their activation. France is full of memories for them except for Scarborough, he slept through most of it and when he did awaken it was always with a melodious «Ugh!» - Truthfully, I don't believe George was enjoying himself!

They toured through France and of Belgium, and then found themselves doing a bit of Red Ball.

It was here that Kiley started a deep Frenchship with that gruesome toothsome belle of O'Hain - Renee. After tangling teeth he reported for first aid. We don't know why but the courting died down. Could there have been too many teeth in the way - Dick?

After this stint of work they went into position, in a little town just outside of Sittard, Holland. On one of these pitch black nights some of the boys decided to go into Sittard - Betts graciously volunteered to drive them. Then af-

ter estimating the density of the evening, plaintively asked, Where is the Jeep? We won't go into details of why John didn't drive, but we will say one thing - if he had raised his foot, he would have hit the starter!

Goo-Goo Zimmerman demonstrated his versatility in the vicinity of Enighausen while observing Kiley's often repeated frantic search for his messgear - «Dick, if Jane didn't live next door to you, you'd get lost going home!» How true he was!

So came another phase in the war and they found themselves facing the Roer River.

At home the bobby soxers' have their Sinatra, but in Germany the medics had Avanzato. Men of Able Battery, during the long winter nights, would pick up a telephone awaiting the announced conference call - instead they would hear the soothing tone of Patsy's rendition of Besame Mucho. Patsy always claimed he was better off that way, they could never throw missiles through a phone.

It was during that same winter that the familiar cry of Guerrisky's, «Wahooha - another dud», could be heard throughout the Baker Battery area. We are not ones to disprove statements, but let us insist on one thing-before those words were finished, there would always come a loud crumping noise.

In Durboslar Germany, certain members of the detachment spent their evenings playing poker with the «crooks» of headquarters kitchen. As the «spud boys» entered for a session, one of them looked at Berkowitz and stopped; «If only I had two slices of bread, what a wonderful hot dog that nose would make!» Berk stood there literally speechless. Percy was so taken back by this, that he remained in a fog quite some time. In fact he won a few marks that evening but he wasn't a bit conscious of it!

This Battalion journeyed to Colmar, France, to assist the French First Army in its drive to the Rhine, and almost every man has the famous last words of Captain Cohen still ringing in

his ears - «They haven't got a thing! Many a time in the not-so-sunny southern France, bombs fell, shells landed, dirt flew, and houses crumbled; but if you could listen to any two medics talking, you would hear one say, «Don't worry buddy, it's only thunder - they haven't got a thing!»

The Colmar pocket closed, the First Army sent down the order, and the 283rd started the trip to northern Germany. When orders became snafued, the Battalion was forced to bi-

presented his views about who should be in the army, and who shouldn't. The old boy screamed loud and long about the elder men and fathers that are serving, but he didn't impress anybody (except Betts). He was just wasting time and words on a bunch of bachelors. It is not uncommon now to hear the phrase «old man» being used frequently - the name really stuck.

The Seventh Army was the next to call them, and this time they found themselves in the ba-



MEDICAL DETACHMENT

Picture No. 10

First row : Scarbrough, Zimmerman, Capt. Cohen, Betts, Kiley.

Second row : Berkowitz, Migliori, Bethel, Guerrisky, Jackson, Zavacky, Thayer.

vouac in Longchamp, France; and it was here that Jackson had his own little war with the Jerries. He found himself running from the Germans (he claims he was chasing) and this running took him right off the hay loft, where he was sleeping, onto his buddies who were below him. Nobody was hurt, but there was one excited medic, and two very much disturbed soldiers.

It was shortly after we had joined the First Army somewhere near Eschweiler that Bethel

son of the Saar listening to the wails of Zavacky. He never missed breakfast, and if was up to him, nobody else in Baker Battery would. Because it was Zavacky, who up at the crack of dawn, would shout, «Let's go men - spit on the rock, it ain't quite day, but it's four o'clock. The men of Baker have stated that they prefer Alex to a bugler.

The Rhine was finally crossed, Munich and Nurnberg behind them, when Thayer joined the ranks of these «syringe mechanics», Frank

proved to be an ardent walker and it wasn't long before his hobby was realized by all. When anybody wished to know the site of something in the immediate locale, they just asked Thayer, they knew he must have been there.

The war came to an end and VE day was wonderful, but to Migliori it was something special. The «Nigger» is a teetotaler, but when he tangled with that wine in Furstenfelbruck, his membership was suspended (slightly). No-

body was more surprised than this bunch when they wheeled Casper in, yelling, «I want a meatball.» Today he still insists that it never happened.

The routine of these men today is a far cry from the days that have just passed, and they now live with one idea in mind. Many men in the Battalion will tell you they've seen all of them, at one time or another, put their famous pills in a box and, with each pill they seem to say, «Where do we go from here?»

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### "ABLE" BATTERY - A HISTORY

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Camp Rucker! Tar-paper city, gnats, aching backs, and «pistol packin' mama!» Youse guys will have to learn to be soldiers; hup, two, three, four - get in step, DE MELAS; report to ROSE for motor-stables - he is the cadreman with the clipboard and stripes; this class is on military courtesy, REDMOND - the point is that you will salute all officers. Second lieutenant? Yes, even second loueys; everyone will know those general orders and you, NOWAKUNSKI, will recite them at guard-mount tonight; hand-salute, BY-the numbers, manual-of-arms, BY-the numbers (pick up that rifle, DELLA PIETRA), gas-mask drill, BY-the numbers (the other end fits over the face, PONIATOWICZ - that nosepiece stretches!). Cannoneers hop! George GREGORY, Executive Officer; you're the number 2 man, GREGORIA - number 5 cuts the powder charge - and don't ever step over those trails, BROWNE, or you won't be seeing Dofhan this weekend. Field problems, overnight bivouac, advance training! Foxholes will be dug! One shovel missing - where's BOYLE? There he is in his hole - wake him up! And those «immaculate» layout inspections, sand and all! Quarantine! Nobody leaves the battery area - it isn't GIFFORD's fault - he probably doesn't live right! The newly made corporals couldn't promenade their stripes in Ozark, and who will forget our first party with CHICHERICO's exhibition, «all or nothing at all», HALL's initial attempt with 3.2 in which he absorbed a small percentage of spirit and a great percentage of affect. Tsk, tsk - how some guys are shoveled off to bed. «Have a coke», says D'OTTAVIO, as he kicks the machine with his boot. The championship basketball team with our own DIXON sparking the quintet; the scramble, after chow, to stake a claim on the solitary pool table and, invariably, those «sons of the rock», FOWLER, STEVENS, and WILSON securing possession by rank, not presence. And EBEN, our pigeon fancier, bemoaning the fate that placed him in artillery instead of signal corps!

Tennessee maneuvers! Blackout, keep your interval, watch the white light - mud, rain, snow and no overshoes! Where's HILLEBRAND's section? Out of the column, into the creek, and those shivering, blanketed sadsacks, PETERSEN and DELCAMP, stumbling and mumbling, «This is rough; they shoulda

had a road marker, and you can tell MacDonaid we won't sign Statements of Charge. «And the decision HENDERSON made regarding the machine-gun, the «difty» clattering onto the macadam road. Then there was AMES, the short-lived Pfc; the pilgrimage to Nashville with MC EWEN heading the convoy; the football games in which the Keystoneers consistently drubbed those Hillbillies! And where's the hill that «Lend-me-a-fm, ROBINSON couldn't go over?»

Kansas and Camp Funston! What a paradise! WILLIAMS and STAFFIERI rushing to the main PX for mailies; those ladies home companions, BAKER, SLOAN, KEYSER, RUCOLAS, and STARK, boarding the «Junktown» bus and letting the rest of the world go by; those OD wolves in cheap clothing, FITZMYER, DACHILLE, FREY, and ADOLPH, thumbing their way to Manhattan so as not to keep the college gals waiting. And who was the man, looking for a man, to act as best man? Here, also, top-kick WAGNER was bested in the finals of our table tennis tournament by LI, FIFE who converted the prize money into pop and candy for all. Almost immediately before departure, ZERBENSKI swelled up with the mumps; we are turned down for passes, the only battery so restricted («est la guerre!») and, shortly thereafter at Camp Kilmer, the same bugaboo caught up with us.

The «Pasteur», as ugly a skow as we ever hope to see, dispensing the worst grub we ever hope to eat and which, somehow, SIRULNICK didn't care about and retained none too long. And MARCELLINO, witnessing gun drill aboard ship, then demonstrating how apt a pupil he was by bursting a balloon with a 20mm. Remember those long, drawn-out, reoccurring debates with BRECKINRIDGE and BARTLE in opposite corners, and, in another corner was our own AVANZATO, Bridgeport's gift to pugilism, having his arm raised in token of victory.

Liverpool! Shouldering those duffel bags, impelling our weary bodies down the gangplank, and the exclamation from one of our wits, «There's your wife, WEISSMAN!» Llanover! Hikes, Calisthenics; STARR toting his GI fans of beer; FELDMAN, hot on the trail (but it wasn't beer); the clatter of the bones and HULSE requesting money order



ABLE BATTERY  
Detail Section  
First row : McEwen, Shaddinger,  
Bianchini, Fitzmyer, Smith, Russel,  
Second row : Williams, Ames, Bur-  
kholder, Dixon, Rives.

ABLE BATTERY  
Maintenance Section  
First row : Goad, Lambdin, White,  
Chicherico, Middleton, Breckinridge.  
Second row : McTighe, Savage,  
Tulibacki, Wagner, Wilson, Rose,  
Weissman.



ABLE BATTERY  
1st Gun Section  
First row : Smith, Raymond, Barans-  
ki, Nelson, Berg, DePanici.  
Second row : Boyle, Bailey, Mancini,  
Marcellino, Nuti.



ABLE BATTERY  
Wire Section  
First row : Rucolas, Payne, Pratt,  
Truitt, Keyser.  
Second row : Bender, Branco, Nalley,  
Hall, Rickards



ABLE BATTERY  
4th Gun Section  
First row : Delcamp, Bowman, Da-  
chille, Della Pietra, Ostroski.  
Second row : LeCerf, Gregoria,  
Tabor, Stellato, Petersen, Coyle.



ABLE BATTERY  
3rd Gun Section  
First row : Anderson, Marcantonio,  
Skinner, Poniatowicz.  
Second row : Smith, F., Kolakowski,  
Browne, Eben, Hulse.



ABLE BATTERY  
5th Section  
First row : DeMelas, Herman, Sim-  
cox, Starr.  
Second row : Drost, Stark, Kesse-  
leski, Parrish, Roscoe.  
Third row : Phillips, Matorian, Sta-  
ffieri, Sier, Baker, Feldman.



ABLE BATTERY  
2nd Gun Section  
First row : Gifford, Beard, Adolph,  
Galburt, Hillebrand.  
Second row : Tigue, Sloan, Cartle,  
Skweres, Smith, M.





blanks- «Jet propulsion» BURKHOLDER, sans chest, elaborating on the details of the «weft» system.

Abergavenny; the pub and bitlers, the local pulchritude, and those «American Indians» who snared all the choice cuts. And we finally left Llanover without benefitting from the countless promises given us by Capt. EVANS, none of which had materialized, (not, if you please, a damn one!)

Veni, vidi, vici! France! Cigarette for papa, chocolate for mama, merci, beaucoup, and the American version of il n'y a pas de quoi. Domfront - our first action; MATORIAN digging in his machine gun while the rest of us were plenty scared. Retracing days to the tune of «Cannoners Hop», delivered by those gusty barilones, BERG and BAILEY. What relaxation when, during an extended road march, a convoy halt was made in the main artery of some French city; those intrepid drivers, GOAD, ROSCOE, DE PANICIS and SIACOX would alight from their cabs and partake of refreshing cider and wine from the hospitable and most «disturbing» mademoiselles. Meanwhile, MANGINI would be given the opportunity to inventory his «form 32», and discover he had forgotten the whole blasted lot. LE CERF, meanwhile, was frantically awaiting the «mount up» signal for he had been skillfully protecting his sensitive extremity from he miling throngs and prying hands of his prying buddies. No wonder the guy couldn't enjoy LAMBEN'S meatloaf!

In the unpretentious village of St. Maur, Belgium, we discovered upon arising, that our position was less than 500 yards from an enemy pocket enclosed in the woods behind the town. The OP was hurriedly established in a nearby tower and effective fire directed therefrom with our guns practically hub-to-hub and adjusted on a 25-yard front. Our fire was persistent, the enemy stubborn, and we were forced to expend a considerable number of rounds before the surrender, single-file formation. But, before the victory, many a heart collapsed, many a stomach embraced mother-earth, and BOWMAN was jack-knifed, pinioned by the camouflage net. During this entire action, our position was covered by sniper fire directed on us from houses facing our rear and, after what appeared to be an hour of breathless suspense, the hazard was eliminated by TIGUE'S deadly machine-gun and our supporting ack-ack, much to the relief of PRATT and BENDER who had been out checking lines. What a warm reception for our first reinforcements; GALBURT saying, «Gimme Alaska», and HARDY growling, «What an outfit.»

Ohain, France, will always be remembered, for it was here that we first met that belle of the barns, that chocolate-bar gold-digger, that soap-getter and non-user, «Crooked-Neck Annie.» And, for the first time ANDERSON directed «his expression» on someone other than a member of the battery.

Holland! The flaxen-haired beauties; «D-bah» BEARD'S accent appeal - DROST, his guitar and soulful remark, «That's the best I coulda do» - and they loved it. «Sahgen!» PHILLIPS arrived assuming command of the 4th while OSTROSKI retired and nursed his indignation. There were days when anything could have happened - and it did in the person of BRANCO (the Beast) joining us at the front for chow and payroll signatures, also information concerning the progress of the war. «Take-off-that-damn-bean!» BIANCHINI was ever present to keep the officers in line. Here also, «Ski-snoob» BARTKOWSKI assumed the gargantuan task of building a shelter and personally checking the battery communications.

At Aldenhoven, Germany, reinforcements MARCANTONIO, PARRISH, and Ray SMITH joined us in time to engage the enemy in one of our severe artillery duels; SKINNER once again proved his excellence at the No. 2 post; and, come hell or high water, 88s or 150s, BARANSKI'S blond locks required and received daily attention while COYLE, the «Pepo-dent kid» was literally beating his gums. Others performed their assigned tasks: Russell (the Head) SMITH, generating the generator; TAYLOR giving the boot to the foot and actually repairing some of those watches - such genius and with only hammer and chisel. Our New Year began auspiciously; the visiting Luftwaffe received a holiday welcome from machine-gunners SIER, who bagged one, and KESSELESKI, who «salt 'n peppered 'em». After these buzzards had been disposed of, we launched upon the immense task of consuming the heaping plateful of turkey and trimmings that SAVAGE dished out, all smiles and no stutter. With MIDDLETON'S usual fanfare of difficulties in procurement, we were issued sleeping bags which gave rise to questions regarding their assembly, etc., and to which the estimable sergeant replied, «You oughta knowed.»

In Osthein, TULIBACKI'S performance reminded us of the cartoon entitled, «What's wrong with this picture?» With walking stick in hand, he prodded several Jerri corpses exclaiming, «CSMO!»

At the Colmar front we sustained the loss of T/S SIDNEY GELLER. His sincerity, the en-

thusiasm with which he engaged his duties, and his outstanding ability in those assigned tasks - these are only partial bits of his exemplary character. We shall, through the years, honor his memory and feel grateful for the privilege of having known him.

While at the Colmar position, HERMAN received a promotion in the form of transfer to the wire section, NEBEL getting «the call» to report as BC driver. As he later explained (quote), «This is not a gig besides, think of the prestige!» Here also, NALLEY very conveniently injured his knee and has since waddled like a duck until that curative balm of «85 points» eliminated his pain and suffering.

In the Cologne fracas, SKWERES experienced the unusual occurrence of shrapnel from an overhead air-burst igniting the powder charge in a shell he was about to load. Same was dropped, and he has since held nothing but his breath! And KOLAKOWSKI suffered the nasal humiliation of sharing his foxhole with a dead horse!

At Hedesheim, our mess wagon became just that when it went up in flames - too bad JACOBS and ROWE had been evacuated and were unable to aid in fighting (?) the conflagration. This rendezvous afforded a much needed rest for PAYNE and SHADDINGER; the «exec-driver» had been driven pretty hard of late and our recorder received a respite from the hourly routine of assisting «Shaky» in laying the battery. And on those ten-minute

breaks during any road march, those two knaves, «Chickenhawk» NELSON and «Lootie» NUTI were seen busily engaged in proving the truth of their monickers.

In the battle for Nurnberg, Pfc MAURICE LONDON made the supreme sacrifice. His attributes of friendliness, willingness to share any assignment, his generosity, courage, sparkling good nature and devotion to family - these were his admirable and enviable qualities.

Also in this action, several of our men received painful injuries, none of which necessitated evacuation thanks to the prompt and skilled treatment administered by JACKSON, our aidman. We welcomed at this time several reinforcements - RIVES, TRUITT, STELLATO, MC TIGHE, and more SMITHS, Fred and Marshall.

At Munich, near Dachau, we did a considerable amount of explaining on behalf of RICKARDS who was mistakenly identified as an inmate - he was in the «pink» but, obviously, we could never prove it! In Piding, the joyous news of the cessation of hostilities reached us, and the day of Victory was proclaimed, but WHITE was still unhappy in the affront of J.C.'s failure to recognize his «immaculate record» - so worthy of the Good Conduct Ribbon.

This is the personalized history of this organization and any resemblance to fact or humor is unintended.

### BATTERY "A" - 283rd FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

APO 758 - U. S. ARMY

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## BAKER BATTERY - A HISTORY

★★★

Even before the Officer in command of our Troop Train opened his sealed, secret orders John Gatherwood knew that we were headed for CAMP RUCKER ALABAMA! John knew it and in «nothing flat», so did five hundred «cookies» and one brand new, completely dismayed Second Lieutenant!

Faced with a roster of good old American names like Bajerski, Gawronski, Zakrewski and Zaffuto-First Sergeant Zettwoch struggled and stammered through the initial roll call. First Lieutenant Clark puffed away on his pipe 'til the smoke enveloped him, Second Lieutenant Crowe fumed (as only he could fume), and the twin Cwiklas looking as innocent as two angels, had a heluva good time at the expense of everybody!

Lieutenant Clark impressed us on the tremendous importance of the job that lay ahead of us. Lt. Hare and Lt. Underwood assured us we would see action quick and we immediately started to sweep and mop the Barracks, police the area and dig ditches! The next day there was a new routine. Sgt. Sterling Waggoner gave a two hour class on how to «dield strip» a cigarette. Sgt. Middleton showed us the proper way to dig holes and the combined efforts of the rest of the non-coms- caused Di-Valerio to subscribe to «Good Housekeeping» magazine! This was the Army! Barthalai begged to be shown the quickest route to the Medics!

The majority of men who originated Baker Battery were from Pennsylvania and the Cadremen from Kentucky. The North and South worked together with all the understanding and co-operation that was necessary- and the Civil War started all over again! Although hopelessly outnumbered, Sgt. Tobin never gave up the battle and firmly stood his ground until eighty Pennsylvanians «out-shouted» him!

In only a matter of weeks, the accomplishments of the men in «B» were nothing short of colossal. One remarkable achievement followed another. In close order drill, the Battery finally learned to march in step with «Pete» Kobar. Joe Weidmayer managed to stay awake in the classrooms (at least half the time) and Harry Zaslow drew a map! Lieutenant Clark was promoted to Captain, Zaslow to PFC and

Sgt. Lowry counted some recent additions to his family of gray hairs!

Through many long years of research and study, the Army developed our highly educational training films. These films were used to teach us a variety of interesting subjects, ranging from- «The Finer Points of Keeping Clean» to «How to Stick a Knife in the Belly of a Jap». Each week we anxiously looked forward to the periods that would take us to the Post Theatre. There we could watch Lieutenant Sullivan galloping up and down the aisles!

When our «Casanova Trio» of Saley, Knauss and Andrews exploited the possibilities in DO-THAN- the USO clubs suddenly ran short of hostesses! «Dick» Bowman and «Slim» Robertson listed all the better establishments in this quaint little Southern town and brought back the bottles to prove the presence of the same-Sgt. Middleton made numerous trips to Dothan.

Whenever there was a piano nearby, Philip (NMI) Hellwig always obliged with anything from «boogy-woogy» to classical music. Phil's wife came to Alabama for a lengthy visit and it wasn't long before we noticed that his «efforts were decidedly weak. Phil is now the proud father of twins! He attributes his success to the water in Dothan-which he drank in excessive quantities!

Roy Acuff and the National Barn Dance had nothing on our Workman and his Pennsylvania «hillbillys». With «Dick's» guitar Baran's fiddle and the «Sleepy Hollow» quartet of Roy S. Read, Guthrie, «Brute» George and Glen Rossman-no night in the Barracks was a dull one. This type of music became quite popular until «Pappy» Back and «Knuckles» Shlauer learned the words to «Beside That Lonely Mound of Clay»!

Sgt. Lowry and the men from «Dog» Battery were rapidly catching up to the rest of the Battalion in their accelerated training schedule. Lt. Sullivan proudly reported to Captain Dopp and the men of Baker, that these belated newcomers had actually scored higher marks on the .22 caliber Range, than the rest of the Baker! It was at least one point above the average score of «B»!

«Mole» Bowman inspired the pep of every athletic team in the Battery. No matter what the game being played, he was out on the field doing his damndest to win. «Mole» was the only man in the Army who could chew a six inch wad of tobacco and still make an umpire understand he was being called a «bum»! «Chuck» Kline living up to his namesake, presented the smoothness and co-ordination of a natural player- his actions on the field were always the kind that drew the admiration of those who watched. «Mule» Kodish our streak of Lithuanian Lightning probed to everyone that he could cover ground as fast as a rabbit, nonchalantly removing any obstacles in his path-human or otherwise. It seemed that we had no end of good athletes, the twin Cwiklas, «Cheb» Speiser, «Tony» Malozi, «Stush» Doviak, «Pappy» Tobin, «Babe» Allen and «Norm» Davis. The rest of us played too!

Captain Dopp and Captain Sapp were two of our Battery Commanders so small in stature and big of wind. In double-time marches, they «ran the pants off us» and we were glad that their jobs necessitated their presence inside the Orderly Room beside a desk-most of the time!

We can best remember Tennessee Maneuvers as a particularly rough campaign that involved a heluva lot of effort against the «elements». We fought the rain and snow, the mud and the cold and then did our damndest to stay sober in towns like Nashville, where every store had liquor on the counter. Jim Bowen and Kodish had a particularly rough time in that respect! There were two soldiers who enjoyed TENNESSEE MANEUVERS, Fay and Payous, our umpires. Just what in the hell they were umpiring we still don't know! The maneuvers were very similar to actual combat. A G.I. ran up to «Pete» Kobar, pinned a tag on his shirt, and «Pete» was a serious casualty! An officer dashed into our gun position waving a panned flag, we thought he might be leading a parade and everyone stood around to watch the fun. He politely informed us that enemy artillery shells were landing in our position and since we didn't run for our fox holes (such as they were!) our entire Battery was knocked out! To «top it all off», Lt. Hare and the rest of the Battery Commanders were captured by the Red Army. The Colonel was captured too but he fooled hell out of them he told them that he was an Umpire!

FORT RILEY, KANSAS, was the scene of many worthy accomplishments by the men of the 283rd. It was here that we passed our Army Ground Force Tests and the Field Artillery kicked hell out of the Cavalry. «Charlie» Judge and Gilbert King did well for Baker and

even Lt. Mack who was Officer of the Day during one battle, couldn't help but admire the «Esprit De Corps» of our outfit. Lt. Denton spent many an hour teaching us to fight for our rights and King and Judge were solidly abiding by our codes. The sprawling Cavalrymen who were on the ground in various embarrassing positions-were severely reprimanded by Lt. Mack!

For miles along the highway that leads into Manhattan, Kansas are many dazed civilians who still talk of the green, flying machine that used to roar past their homes. That was the Ford V-8 of First Sergeant Zettwoch, delivering our boys to their wives!

It seemed as if the impossible happened to us when we were «alerted» for P.O.E. shipment. From here on in anything was bound to happen. Lt. Sullivan was made Battery Commander!

The most enjoyable part of our remaining days at Fort Riley, were the «down to earth» talks by Captain Cohen. He went so far down that everybody had a good time. Before he was finished we were certain that we could guard our health and maintain a high standard of sanitation on the battle fields. He warned us that we would have to protect ourselves against foreign women but none of us knew then, how well they were equipped.

Some of our men were leaving us at this stage of our Army life-Lieutenant Newman, Sgt. Owens, Alford and Smith. No help to our morale was the «breaking-up» of the Lt. Newman and Lt. Granger duel. Their first appearance together came while we were fighting a forest fire at Camp Rucker. Who could forget their songs that truly touched us all? No more would we hear the unusual renditions of such old favorites as «Ring-Dang-Doo» «I Knew a Girl Who Lived on a Hill» and «The Lady From Wheeling». (What she did wasn't Emily Post!)

CAMP KILMER, NEW JERSEY dimmed the last hopes of every man in the Battery-we went through the fastest Physical Inspections of our Army lives and even Steve Vasilko's back made the grade. «Tanglefoot» Rappaport missed the water jump on the Obstacle Course and Judge missed the train back to Camp while on pass.

Although our voyage aboard the LOUIS PASTEUR was without major incident-the time spent at the rails compensated for any loss in action. «S-2» Leigey was busy «brushing up» on his French and «Nick» Reiter was convincing everyone that he would control the financial interests of the Battery. The English food that we were served was just plain «dousy»-

even though Buckley and his crew of «KP's» did everything possible to make our meals pleasant.

What we left behind in America immediately started appearing in our minds when we landed in jolly old ENGLAND. After one hasty look at Abergavenny, Speiser immediately confined himself to writing letters in CAMP LLANOVER! Catherwood, forever imitating the speech and manners of a «limey»- complimented his mother on being an American, as soon as he could write home. Frank Waitkus visited NEWPORT and found the object of his affections. Jol Weidmayer caught asleep while holding up the side of a building in Abergavenny appeared to be slightly confused over the color of the English girls and their sun-tanned companions. When Joe became aware of the unusual combination of male and female- he demanded action quick. Corporal Roy and Sgt. Shlauer went fishing every night at Llanover and never brought back any fish. Hellwig, a «deetotaker» if there ever was one, forced himself to drink a glass of cider and ended up quite «dipsy». Judge who could drink the worst of anything with the best of them had no kind words for the ales and bitters in the Pubs. «Zoo» DiSantis taught some ATS girls the finer points of «Jitter-bugging» and Reeves felt right at home in any part of England.

It was no small job for Fletcher, Pizzi and Barge to open those «C-Ration» cases, while we were on our way to FRANCE. We ate «C's» for breakfast, «C's» for dinner and «C's» for supper. If this was a preview of «things to come», we earnestly hoped that they would sink our ship before we landed! They didn't sink us and we reached the coast of France and the Utah beachhead. Oil from the sunken ships glistened on the surface of the water that still carried in the bodies of a few dead Jerries.. and Poorman, Rappaport, Hellwig, Saley and the Cwiklas went swimming!

Coming in after St. Lo, we joined the rat race that sent the rats back to Germany. In and out of position, five and six times a day. We couldn't believe that actual war could be so similar to maneuvers. No battle casualties all through France, not until we played a game of ball and Tommy Edsell was sent to the Hospital! Baker Battery scored another «first» when «Knuckles» Shlauer and his machine gun crew of Hill and Wilson «bagged» the first German prisoner for the Battalion. The Jerry was carrying so many grenades and «Booby-traps», «Knuckles» didn't know whether to shoot or run!

The biggest Artillery barrage we participated in while in France-was when we crossed the Seine River. The «240's» were firing, the «155's» were firing, our «105's» were firing and Baran and Hellwig were giving a concert with fiddle and accordion! Our guns were in the backyards and streets of Limay- Malozi's Section taking their turn at using a bathtub in one of the houses!

We ran into a few Jerries in St. Maur, BELGIUM and quicker than you could say «Jack Robinson», Baker's mess line was a hasty skirmish line. We killed a few Jerries and Mollenhauer killed one twice!

Our truck drivers went on the «Red Ball» and the rest of the Battery went «chicken». We had full field inspections, classes calisthenics and a very obliging old lady in Ohain. «Radar» Bajerski promoted good-will relationship and the Second section started studying French in earnest.

We met the Cavalry once again, this time it was in Holland and in a little different situation. We teamed together with them and made life very unpleasant for a lot Germans.

Sgt. Tobin was promoted to Staff...and Sgt. Lowry asked for a transfer! Day and night we fired missions with the regularity of a clock, cleaned the mud off the streets of Einighausen and became full fledged members in the 29th Divisions «Little Beavers».

Harold Herneisen and Carl Devitz teamed together to overcome the language difficulties and King built «Blackie's Place», scene of many a rough poker game.

While in Holland, Lt. Hare, Sgt. Devitz, «Whitey» Robinson and «Bill» Wagemann and some Dutch soldiers were lost on a trip into Germany. Not until we heard from Devitz many months later, did we know that they had driven into a minefield - Lt. Hare being killed and the rest of them wounded and taken prisoner. No small joy was felt in the Battery, when it was learned that Devitz and Wagemann were liberated by our Armies in the final drives through Germany.

The loss of Lt. Hare was a shock to all us. Our fast, straight shooting gun sections were his products and the men who worked under him never ceased to admire his good nature and lightning personality that nursed us through many problems. The finest tribute that we could pay to our Battery Executive would not justify the loss of a real soldier and friend.

Rephann, Sgt. Haggrave and Corporal Roy were all tied up with another Army vehicle in Sittard-we lost our Command car and Roy was evacuated.

«Crash» Curry who was «stuck» in the mud at Rucker, Riley and Tennessee was likewise in Holland. By the time he reached Germany his «six» was allergic to any kind of soft ground. Sgt. Miller seriously considered assigning a couple of horses for Eugene.

«Hot Dog» Fragale and Claude Heath, our forgotten men made a few hasty appearances in Holland. Fragale brought the payroll around in person and Heath delivered a message from headquarters.

«Pappy» Back and his strongpoint crew of Baran, Hellwig and Rodgers, will assure anybody that our first position in Germany was «rough as a cob». The boys carried in the pieces of shrapnel to prove that the «88's» landing in their immediate vicinity were the real «McKoy»!

It was here the beginning of a mighty cold winter, that our Gun Section realized they were strictly field soldiers. The Howitzers couldn't be parked inside a building and the cannoneers weren't the ones who could seek the safety of a cellar when bombs and shells started coming in. They went to work with shovels and picks and in short order were living in foxholes that were underground wonders. Lt. Stanton and the «Exec» Section with Sgt. Zettwoch, «Larry» Reidy, Buckley, Reeves and Hill built an underground apartment. Lt. Stanton will testify to it's homely comforts!

«Bed-check Charlie» was a regular visitor on the Ninth Army Front and he dropped a flare that Tobin could have caught in his hands! The bombs that followed were dropped in another position, fortunately for our cannoneers.

Lt. Sullivan was promoted to Captain and Glen Rossman openly predicted a very rough future for the Battery! «Zoo» Di Santis immediately started «ducking». Sgt. Clore saluted first!

Once again the Jerries were «on the run» and we moved right up to them (possibly in with them!) at ALDENHOVEN. Our position was in a sector that Lt. Whitt considered too close for his OP, the doughboys were anxious to see the bayonets on our Howitzers and we felt crowded as hell in our skinny foxholes when the shells started coming in in no small numbers! Remembering what had happened in BETTENDORF when «Pete» Kobar became a candidate for the Purple Heart, everybody was digging in earnest the next morning when incoming mail became quite heavy! A direct hit on our kitchen seriously wounded «Johnny» Kopeho. Sgt. Fletcher and Evans were evacuated with him.

The apple orchard became a little too hot and the Motor Park was moved near the protecting cover of a cliff, in front of the gun position. «Billy» Nover was hit while working on his foxhole and although King, Lt. Denton and Guerrisky, immediately went to his aid. «Billy» died of his wounds. His loss was a heavy one for the men in the Battery—always the life and fun that did much toward our morale. «Billy» has a permanent place in the memory of every man of Baker Battery.

The German shells that seemed to be coming in from every direction, started to land near our trucks and Sgt. Patrick from Service Battery was seriously wounded. Alex Zavaky was right on the job and he dressed «Pat's» wounds and quickly evacuated him. During the incessant shelling, the gun sections were expecting a fire mission and Shlauter, Pribish and Judge delivered White Phosphorous rounds... ducking the «88's» in the process.

The outstanding work of our aid men, Zavaky and Guerrisky—earned the permanent respect of every man in the Battery. With disregard for their own safety, they were right on the «spot» doing the job that was so important at this time.

It became quite clear that we were going to lose men and equipment at a heluva fast rate if we remained in that position. Communication lines were disrupted, we wanted to fire back at the Jerries like we never wanted before and we couldn't get a fire mission. Captain Sullivan gave «march order» and we pulled out so fast, our machine gunners, «Bob» Waggoner, «Gook» Wilson, Phil Hellwig and Eddie Cwikla were nearly left behind in the rush! Along with a Howitzer «bogged down» in the mud, and our overload of «ammo», we retrieved everything that was important to the fire missions we were getting in a new position a few hundred yards from the «hot spot».

Pizzi and Tomaselli went to work on our kitchen equipment that bore the marks of shrapnel—pots, pans, stoves and water cans were one mass of holes. Although Thanksgiving Day meant «K» rations, in no time at all we were eating good, hot meals. «Mother» Jones and his crew were right on the ball, keeping our morale away from our feet—where it seemed to have been for so long!

Our cannoneers went forward to «dig in» a new position and were promptly shelled by the Jerries. Sgt. Lowry and Levanda were wounded and evacuated. When finally the guns were in a good «spot» it would have taken the whole German Army to drive us out! With each day of concentrated effort, the position took on all the appearances of an underground city. Every

section's sleeping quarters were well under the protection of good old mother earth and it would be an injustice to call them foxholes! Complete with stoves, electricity and modern furnishings—real homes were all of them. Our reinforcements were a vital part of the Battery, «Salesman» Mesrobian, «Red» Lieb, Joe Pianica, Bertonazzi, Grushus, Mindala, Fair, MacLacklin and Youells—all helping to get the Battery back in fine shape. The days and nights were long ones at Aldenhoven, German Artillery fire and the Luftwaffe in force—brought about a club known as the «motor park moles». They only came above the surface of the ground to eat!

New Years' Day and our machine gunners celebrated at the expense of some hedge-hopping Jerry planes. «Flash» Damico, «Chet» Speiser, Harper and Rodgers were part of the gun crew that shot down an FW 190.

Lt. Gautier joined the Battery as Executive Officer and Sgt. Clore started home for a thirty day furlough.

Keen and Andrews lost their home when fire destroyed the foxhole they were living in.

When we received word that the Battalion was moving to another sector of the front, we left Aldenhoven and a bookful of memories were added to our growing History.

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The snow, ice and cold didn't delay us on our route to the COLMAR pocket. Although Paul Reece and Sgt. Tobin's gun section missed a curve on the mountain, we arrived at OSTHEIM and went right to work. Our cannoneers fired missions that kept them at their guns day and night, it was so damned cold there...the shell casings «stuck» to the fingers of the boys handling and firing thousands of rounds!

Everybody was sick from the water and excessive quantities of wine caused many complications at the Battery CP! Steve Vasilko, while blasting with dynamite, came close to becoming a casualty when a slow burning fuze exploded TNT in his face!

Hellwig was so sick he started to turn green and everybody had a bad case of the G.I. —s! Even O'Farrell refused «seconds» on the chow that we were getting and «Creep» Liddell feared he would starve to death!

Our Forward Observation teams, Lt. Denton, Lt. Whitt, Joe Weidmayer, «S-2» Le gey, Berry, Rossman, Rajher and DiValerio were always «up front» with the doughboys and they brought back stories that convinced us Colmar was an exceptionally tough experience for them.

Dignonville, France, gave us all a short breathing spell. Maier, Guthrie and Baran started a Battery pilgrimage to Epinal! «Hobble-Gobble» Youells couldn't get enough of what d'dn't cost hardly anything. «Dick» Workman drank too much of what there wasn't enough of and in general—everybody had a heluva good time with the French.

Back to the First Army sector and the ruins and bombed out towns near DUREN was just like returning to home in Germany. One night in Duren and the Germans convinced us we were anyplace but home! Not enough credit could ever be given to the cannoneers, who were out firing their missions while Jerry planes were dropping flares and anti-personnel bombs all over the place. One string of bombs sprayed shrapnel from Davis's section right through to Malozi's and «Mickey» Paone, «Shorty» Fair, Rephann, DiValerio, Tom Berry were all wounded and evacuated. Grushus, displayed his steel helmet with a shrapnel hole just above the line of his head!

The First Army moved fast and we reached COLOGNE, losing «Pete» Zakrewski and «Stush» Doviak on the way. Both were wounded by shrapnel from air bursts and evacuated. When the Battery moved back with the Seventh Army, two new Ford trucks were in our column of vehicles, cameras, swords, pistols, rifles and every kind of souvenir imaginable. Sgt. Zettwoch started his homeward bound collection of «knick-knacks» that soon overtaxed the U.S. Mail Service!

With all the speed and good driving that moved us safely for thousands of miles up and down the entire front, Sam Pontino, Paul Reece, Howard Miller, «Crash» Curry, Morris Houser, Glen Rossman, Kenneth Rodgers, «Slim» Robertson, Walter Baran, Fay, Youells, Richard Bowman, and the entire Motor Section brought the Battery to the Seventh Army and the start of the last drive that ended the war.

No greater sorrow was ever felt in the Battery than that which followed the news of Lt. Gautiers' death. He was the kind of Officer that gave the men the confidence they needed. It was his leadership, good nature and friendliness that always was noticeable no matter how tough the going may have been. These characteristics won for him the respect of every new and old man in the Battery.

It seemed that the «rat race» started again for the last time when we moved in and out of position with all the speed and regularity that



**BAKER BATTERY**  
Officers  
First row : Lt. Denton,  
Lt. Granger.  
Second row : Lt. Whitt,  
Capt. Sullivan.



**BAKER BATTERY**  
Battery Headquarters  
First row : Berry,  
Reidy, Rajher.  
Second row : Lowry,  
Heath, Gawronski,  
Reber.



**BAKER BATTERY**  
Battery Maintenance  
Left to right : Ross-  
man, Zettwoch, Mi-  
ller, Hargrave.



**BAKER BATTERY**  
Detail Section  
Left to right : Li-  
ddell, Weidmeyer,  
Reiter., Leigey.



**BAKER BATTERY**  
Kitchen Section  
First row : Tomaselli,  
Sayare.  
Second row : Stetts,  
Pizzi, Levanda.



**BAKER BATTERY**  
Wire Section  
First row : Reeves,  
Baron, Guthrie, Bu-  
ckley.  
Second row : Read,  
Workman, Clore,  
Rossman, DiSantis.



**BAKER BATTERY**  
1st Gun Section  
First row : Paone,  
Cwikla, Malozi.  
Second row : Leezer,  
Randolph, Bowman.  
Third row : Saley,  
Steers, Bertozzi,  
Vasilko, Waitkus.



**BAKER BATTERY**  
2nd Gun Section  
First row : Allen,  
Edsell, Macklacklin,  
Mindala, Bajerski.  
Second row : Pontino,  
Bowen, Sammons,  
O'Farrell., Gale,  
White.



**BAKER BATTERY** 3rd Gun Section  
First row : Davis, Grushus,  
Catherwood, Poor-  
man. Second row : Guerreski,  
Kodish, Knauss, Curtis, Pri-  
bish, Houser.



**BAKER BATTERY**  
4th Gun Section  
First row : Kline,  
Piatnica, Hermiesen,  
Mesrobian, Bowman.  
Second row : Tobin,  
Fay, Andrews, Za-  
slow Allen, Leib.



**BAKER BATTERY**  
5th Section  
First row : Middleton,  
Shlauer, Hellwig,  
Damico, Judge,  
Speiser.  
Second row : Curry,  
Youelles, Mahoney,  
Keen, Jones, Ro-  
bertson.

marked our drives through France. To the cannoneers who still loaded and unloaded... put up their nets... dug in the guns and foxholes... fired and cleaned their guns; the fast moving drives meant more work than ever before. To the men like Beverly White, «Chuck» Kline, Stanley Bajerski, «Jim» Bowen, «Billy» Bowman, Stanley and Eddie Cwikla, Grushus, Harold Herneley, Harold Levanda, «Charlie» Mesrobian, «Joe» Piatnica, Steve Vasilko Frank Waitkus, Harry Zaslow, Andrews, John Catherwood, George Gale, Floyd Keen, Dean Knauss, «Ray» Kodish, Mac-Lacklin, Mindala, O'Farrell, Pribish, Reiter, Saley, Sayare and Workman- the

war was still on the same as it ever was, just a little faster!

The «Repple-depple» Boys came to us at Nuremberg and had they arrived a day sooner- Mahoney, Allen, Curtis, Samons, Stets, Randolph, Pilluk and Steers would have joined the rest of the Battery «Sweatin' out the air bursts and Jerry planes that changed our whole attitude about the war situation!

When the news of the surrender of our opposing forces came, we were just on the German side of the Austrian-German border and although Sgt. Davis and Sgt. Allen fired their carbines- there wasn't too much celebrating.

### BATTERY "B" - 283rd FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

APO 758 - U. S. ARMY

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## CHARLEY BATTERY - A HISTORY

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—«Dismount! Fall in! Pick up your equipment! Face me. Forward march! Stragglers pick it up! Halt, stop, hold it here! Drop your equipment. Heres the latrine—to some of you the rest room. Wash up, shave, three men to a bowl, and you have five minutes to fall in.»

—«Fall in! You! Wipe that lather off your face. Foller me! Mess! Smoke! Fall out! Fall in!»—This was Joe Doaks initiation to «C» Battery.

Whatta life! Who is this creature standing before us with so many stripes he strangely resembles a zebra? —«I'm 1st Sgt. Mitchell, you'll see and hear a lot of me.»— How true. How true.

To us, close order drill was nothing more than a stampede. At the command «forward march», each man stepped off with his left or right foot, whichever he so desired. At the command «dress it up», Biff Schwartz would invariably proceed to comb his hair. At the command «to the rear march», McGheen—dreaming of Shibe Park—just kept on going. «Greenman, pick up the step! Talbot wipe that smile off your face. And it's not Sir, it's Sgt. Mills to you.» No doubt «Little Caesar» got out on the wrong side of the bed this morning, as he generally did in the days to follow. «To the left flank march! To the right flank, march! To the rear, march! Greenman pick up the step! Column right!—Huyck, you aren't plowing a field now, let's walk at attention. Hut, Hup, Hoop, Hore. In cadence count! Sound off Aungst! Column left, march! Brenner, keep your eyes up, you won't find any pennies on the ground. Greenman pick up the step. Battery halt! Left face! Fall out for a ten minute break.» —Given as only Johnnie Mills could give it.

«Fall in outside for chow, no helmets necessary. That's the way to fall out men, on the double, that's the way to fall in from here on out. Ciarcoski, go back and put the screen door on its hinges. Probert, how many times do you have to be told not to wear your helmet to chow? Left face, forward march. Pick it up Greenman. Powers, close it up.» At the door «Beast» Leason, greeted us with these famous words: «Don't start eating until the last man has been seated.» This was necessary, because some of the men, such as little Harry Gehman,

devoured the table's contents before the last man had been seated.

—Take it easy Gore, that's my plate. The unfortunate table waiters, had to hold the dishes over their heads to keep the men from grabbing the food before they reached the officer's table in the rear. Dougherty, by this time, could be seen double timing down to the barracks to catch up on a little sleep before drill call, usually fifteen minutes later. This, incidently, had to be done on the floor, since our beds had to be ready for inspection.

«March the men to the motor park!», bellowed Lt. Lull, and the maintenance period had begun. Pick up the step Greenman. Double time, march! To D'Antonio and Tomar (the old men of the battery) double time was a great effort. Upon reaching the motor park, the men were given a much-needed ten minute break. By the time Sgt. Finn had wakened Irofito and Aquino, half the maintenance period was over. Everyone seemed to want to clean the C.V. joints. As these parts were underneath the vehicle, it afforded better sleeping accommodations. DeTuro and Ruggerio are experts at this profession. A few vehicles away, Sgt. Rice could be seen explaining to Haxton the proper procedure in cleaning a spark plug.

«To the rear of your piece, facing your piece, fall in. To the right of your piece, facing your piece, fall in.» Lt. Stanton rages in agony as John O'Neil goes headlong over the trails, to the amusement of all. «This is not called a gun, but is referred to as a howitzer, or a piece. Now Gutman, what caliber piece is this?» —It's a .105 gun, sir— «Now whathahell did I just get through telling you?—Elentrio, you don't use the breach for a head rest.—Fire Mission! Cannoneers post! Voytush, don't run so fast; you might hurt yourself. This isn't supposed to be a football game, you blockers step aside. Griffiths get up off the ground. Battery adjust, shell HE, charge 7, base deflection right 26...etc. Rosso, what's your deflection. Ram it home like you mean it. Costigan. Fire! Well, Thurston, you didn't have to pull the lanyard completely off.»

—«O.K., men, you have 15 minutes to get ready for retreat. The dress is overseas-cap, cotons, pistol bell, carbine and leggings. Be sure

that your shoes are shined.»—Who took my soap? Hey Linn, lend me a razor blade.

Smoky Romito, you won't find your shoe polish in my foot locker. —«Leggings will not be worn tonite.»— Out of my way I've got to shave, Peters, how many times are you going to comb your hair. Let someone else in there. Lucy Naylis, who hasn't yet shaved a day in his life, lets go with a Bronx cheer, as he dashes for the barracks, while D'Antonio and Alessandrini, frantically scrape at a day's growth of beard. —Garvey, this is one helluva a time to bring up the organization of a C.I.O. rest room. —«Leggings will be worn tonite; pistol belts will not be worn.»— At this, Berry cuts himself, and Pfeifle lets out with—Doesn't Mitchell ever make his mind up? Meyers pleads with tears in his eyes—please fellows, this is the third time I've cleaned the latrine today. —O.K. Men, you've got plenty of time to fall in, three minutes.»— With this everyone is off to the barracks.

Big carbine inspection tonite. Who's got the key to the rifle rack. Lewis. No, Brewer. Lend me a shirt. Gutman you have your leggings on backwards. Albert DeFelice, no use putting powder on your face. Lt. Armstrong can tell, you didn't shave. —«Instead of leggings, ties will be worn.»— Pfeifle, quit beating your head against the wall. Roper Houston, come here, I'll help you with your tie; I know you never wore one before. Hey, did you hear the G2? Ignafol said there was no retreat. Hey Risk, let's go to the PX. There's the whistle; wait till I see Ignafol. —«Anytime at all Schuessler, you had all of fifteen minutes to get ready. Dress it up, Irofito, put that that comb away! Tall men in the rear—Beltrami, do you think you're as tall as Markle and Lucas? Right face, forward march, in cadence count. Let's sound off. Frankly, gentlemen, that stunk; and if necessary, we can get out here tonite and do it. Greenman, pick up the step! Battery halt, right face. Prepare for inspection.»— To the sour strains of Bill Hoy's bugle, we stood retreat.

No scrubbing the barracks tonight. Lt. Dodson didn't say a word about the inspection.

—«At ease! Lt. Dodson just told me that your carbines were filthy, shoes weren't shined, some men needed a haircut, and most of you didn't shave. Frankly, that is a rash undestatement. Immediately after chow, everyone will GI the barracks until they pass my personal inspection. Sgt. Risk, take charge of barracks n°. 1, Sgt. Zielinski, take charge of barracks n°. 2, and see that no one goes to the PX. Stop crying Thurston. Roy Rogers is on tomorrow night too. All right, men, fall out.»—

—«Roll your bed-rolls, men, we're going on an over-night bivouac.»— Sgt. Stratton, what is a bivouac?—It's a — and a-a-a, you go into a h— surrounded by trees, you know what I mean, you'll like it. —Boy! this ought to be fun. Don't kick him when he's down, Washburn, Stanley doesn't know any better.

Powers, you can't put your mattress in your bed roll. Shore, when you're over at the PX pick me up some marshmallows, we'll roast them tonite. CQ and guards will be the only ones left behind. —Smitty has to meet his wife tonite, I can't go, how about taking my guard tonite. Smitty? I want to go on the bivouac.— Rearigh, you don't have to take all that stuff, we'll be back tomorrow.

Who is the character driving? Someone tell farmer Graden he isn't on a tractor. —«What do you guys think this is, a picnic? Put those helmets on, and stop yelling at those women!» —There's Lt. Stanton over there waving at us. This must be the picnic grounds. Get out your accordian, Hoffman.

O.K., you guys, dismount and get this piece into position. Perry, you're no. 1 man, dismount! —I'm sorry Sgt. Palmer-Ball, but I thought we were supposed to dismount by the numbers. Kohler, you report from this section to the Beast, to dig a sump.— I never ate sump before, are we having that for supper?— A sump is a hole in the ground, get going.

—«Men this is a tactical situation, dig in, and stay under the trees, and camouflage your howitzer—also no fires.»— Hey, Gillis, how we going to toast our marshmallows? We eat in half an hour. —«Let's get those tents up.»—

Look at this ditch Shepter, let's pitch here. —«Reiff, use your head, don't drive those pegs with your carbine.»— Use my head! What you want me to do? Knock myself out? —Say Marklow, let's not dig a trench around our tent look at that clear sky. O.K., Barndt, if you think it won't rain.

—«Stay in the shadows, and keep your messkit under cover.»— What are we having for supper? Is that the new «C» ration? I read in Good Housekeeping that they're really on the ball. How about a hash, Mother Jones? I always liked my mother's hash. Hey Dills, how about a stew for a meat and beans. Weaver have you tried this lemon yet? It's really on the beam.

—«O.K., you guys, spread out, this is still tactical.»— Hey, Marazoo, Lt. Dodson wants to know if you have an extra can of hash. Boy! look at Lewis and Glarner, up for seconds, already. —«Remember, men, all cans and garbage go into the sump.»— Say, Rearigh, how

about playing a few numbers on the guitar. —«Did you hear that, Lt. Hix? These guys think this is a weinie roast. Back to your guns, men, and be especially watchful for enemy patrols.»—

Crash! Clank! —Help, Help— What are you doing in the sump Kohler? —Let there be no dilly-dally, e'mon, get me out of here.— You're not sleeping with me tonite, unless you change clothes.

Vitacolonna, you missed it. You should have seen Robertson and Roper Houston just now. Ole Rob was lying on his blanket, and you know Roper teases him all the time. Well, Roper yells, Rob, there's a snake crawling on your leg. You should have seen Rob jump up off the ground. By the way, where's Shackelford, the Medics? —What do you want with Shackelford?— Oh, I forgot to tell you, Rob swallowed his tobacco in getting away from the snake.

Oh what a beautiful morning! —Do you have to sing on a morning like this, Sprow? Where's Joker Janssen? He said it wouldn't rain last night? Anyone seen Shepter? That was a dry creek bed he pitched his tent in last night. Hey, Silliman, is that a dry blanket you have wrapped around you? —How about a cigarette Brown, mine got all wet last night? — Sure, have a Chelsea.

Any mail come in yet? Somebody said that Headquarters got some. Wait till Krivitski finds out that he has two flats. Where's Stratton, he said we'd like this? —«Fall in! You guys look like a bunch of pigs that slept in the mud all night. Breuning, your carbine's rusty, report for K.P. tomorrow.»—But sar.—«Shut up! Get your stuff packed up, we're going back to camp. Someone help Shepter find his pup-tent. Fall out!»—

—Good news, men, furloughs start at midnight tonight. For your information, the train leaves from Ozark at 12:30. Men, I don't like this any more than you do, but we have to go through the infiltration course at 11:45. Then there won't be a train until 7:30 in the morning. Fall out!»— Hey Vita, lend me ten until I get home? The way I figure it up, we should get all of three days at home. What's the uni-get for tonight, bathing suits. It's raining like all hell out. —«Sweesy, have the men mount up in the trucks, we leave in ten minutes.»— No tops on the trucks, yesterday the sun was shining and we had them up.

Oh, my! look at those guys waller in that mud. —«Dismount, and wait over here.»— Hey Brey, it's 12:00 your furlough started already.— Shut up! Do you have to remind me of it? Hey fellows! look who's firing the ma-

chine gun. It will be dangerous out there with Knepp handling that thing. —«O.K., men, the machine gun fire will be 30 inches above the ground and I'll caution you to keep low and keep moving.»— Shore, you better take out another 10,000 dollars worth o' insurance, I don't think you'll make it under barbed wire. Ole Joe Romagnole is lucky he has his artics on. —Artics, hell, they're his shoes. Look at Reagan waller in the mud, he must think he's in the Schykill river.— Stop kicking me in the face, stupid.

What's so funny, Lookhart? —Hoban just fellin a crater full of water, and looks like a wet herring. Hey Kehl, got a match? I just used my last one to see who it was behind this mud-pack. — Oh that, why it's Ray Poremski. Mud can never hide that puss. —«O.K., men, fall in! It's 12:25, and I'm afraid you won't make the 12:30 train.»— Are you sure we won't make it? Whatta brain. We still have five minutes to get back to camp, pack and catch a bus to the station, we may make it. —«All right Warren, that's enough out of you. When you mount up, men, be careful you don't get the seats of the trucks muddy.»— To hell with the men, take care of the equipment.

Hey Armand, I was looking at a time table today, and I think our best bet is to go by way of Chicago. —Hush, Junior, you were looking at a freight schedule. Our best bet is to go by way of St. Louis, it only takes three days that way, and it will give us at least three days at home. Lucky ain't we

Boy! am I glad they're gone. I didn't get any sleep last night. Did that rotten Fido take my two shirts? No, Gardner, here they are, someone used them to shine his shoes.

Did you hear the latest poop? We're going overseas. — Oh, that's a lot of propaganda. I'll betcha twenty-five bucks we're here six months from now. O.K. Shore, start writing out a check for twenty-five bucks, that doesn't look like the Hudson Ferry out there. —«Let's go Orville, that gangplank ain't an escalator. You're supposed to carry that duffle bag up, not drag it.»— I wonder how many men will be assigned to a stateroom? —Are you kidding, Reagan? This is a modern version of a slave ship. All you need is an oar in your hand to make it complete.

There is Liverpool. Land sure looks. Good even if we are 3,000 miles from home. I'll never forget this miserable ride, and I'll bet Lewis, Glarner, and Hoffman won't either. I don't think a day passed that they didn't feed the fish their breakfast, dinner, and supper.

—Well, what can you expect, they're not sea-

faring men like us from the Rock. And what about Stratton, the night he fell out of the hammock and Talbot yelled, submarine off the starboard. By the way, wasn't that funny looking spinach we were eating. —That wasn't spinach, that was seaweed, Finn had the detail of winching the drag-net up each day to deliver it to the kitchen.

—O.K., men, get your duffle bags and equipment on, we have a hundred yard march to the train.»— What a joker! I struggle five hundred yards so far, and still the train isn't in sight. Boy! look at the pretty M.F.s. White leggings and helmets. Hey! look at the Red Cross girls— doughnuts and coffee. Best meal we've had since we left the States. How about some seconds, kid? —«Let's get moving, six men to a compartment.»— This looks more like a toy train at Coney Island. Say, what makes this thing move? Whatahell are they burning? Rosso and Sweesey should feel right at home with all this smoke around us. Looks like Pittsburg all over again. —«Get your equipment on, we pull into Pontypool in five minutes.»— Hey, Gehman, wake Doc and Janssen up, will you? Wake Doc and Janssen! Who's going to wake Gehman?

Boy! it sure is dark, I wonder were they're taking us. Look at those big gas drums over there. —Gas drums nothing, they're Nissen huts, Ow! my feet, Oh! —I'm sorry, Smokey, I couldn't see you in the dark. —«When you get to your quarters there will be no lights. Remember, this is blackout. It is now 2:30 A.M., get a good night's sleep. Reveille is at 5 A.M. There will be a sight-seeing tour in the morning on foot—for about five or six miles.»— We ought to make that hike standing on our heads after all that sleep, don't you think, Doc How about you Gehman? —Oh, sure with Janssen by my side, how can I miss.

—«All right Tomar and Rocco, close it up. This is a friendly country, we don't need a rear guard.»— Heads up here comes a lorry. Move off to the side of the road—I mean path. Doesn't Lt. Gauthier ever get tired? —Don't worry Swank, we'll be back at the house in ten minutes. —«You looked like a bunch of girl scouts. Tomorrow we'll go about ten miles. Fall out.»—

Going to the dance tonite Ferra? Yeah, Wardach. I'll meetcha at the Red Cross in Abergavenny. What are you doing standing in that line, Gardner? That's not the entrance to the dance. —I know it ain't, junior, I'm waiting to get some fish and chips. —Did you see Vita and Armand De Felice do that dance called the Hokey-Pokey? Some dance huh? And they think the jitterbug is bad, whew!! Look at

WACKY Talbot, trying to knock himself out. He sure gives these English girls a rough way to go. —What's that thing Aquino has under his arm? Wonder what she charges to haunt a house? Why a house, how about a small apartment. —Hey Zeke and Risk, where you going? —Up to the Union pub to get a couple of more biters before we leave. Better hurry up, you only have ten minutes till the truck leaves. Where is the Union pub at? —It's straight ahead, you cawn't miss it. I hear that Zeke and Risk plotted all the pubs night coming from Abergavenny.

—«Turn in all your British money today and pick up francs.»— FRANCS!! —«This is it men, just what we've been training for. Is all your ammo on the truck Sweesey? How about your section's insect repellent Kehl? Glarner, Lewis and Hoffman, did you get your vomit bags? Neckties.»— I thought they were fighting a war in France. Look at the white cliffs of Dover, Bob. —Don't bother me just now, all I can see is the water beneath me. Well, why don't you use your vomit bag like Glarner and Hoffman? Gee, I hope we get a hot meal tonite. —Yeah, hot «C» rations for a change. Ain't we the lucky guys. UGH! Is that what they call an LCT? Looks more like a Mississippi cattle barge.

Don't sweat so much Stratton, and stop acting so nervous. The mines have been cleared to the beach. Hey! Tomar, what are you digging a fox-hole here for? We aren't near the front yet.

Cigarette pour papa? Chocolate pour mama? Madame, avez vous de vin pour soldat? This was France, critique by Capt. Williamson. First combat. The day near Domfront, when Roper, Pollock, Sandy and Finn and ole Rob were playing poker, a battery of 155s sut loose. The concussion knocked Roper flat on his face, and saw the rest make a mad dash for their foxholes.

Long dash to the Seine. Smiles and kisses from liberated Mademoiselles. The beam on Henry Sprow's face when the sixty year-old, toothless, Mademoiselle jumped on the fender of his truck, and planted a big kiss, smack on his lips. It was here in France that Lynch joined the Battery.

Well I wonder how many days we'll be here? Joe Condon was looking at a map, and he said there was a town by the name of Epinal, about ten kilometers from here, and beaucoup women in it. Think there will be passes, or do we have to infiltrate? I hear Claus and Waggoner took off already.

—«You guys going into town, if you should happen to get into any trouble, make sure





CHARLEY BATTERY  
Officers  
Left to right : Lt. Armstrong, Capt. Williamson, Lt. Silvertooth, Lt. Kaufman.

CHARLEY BATTERY  
Headquarters Section  
First row : Berkowitz, Migliori, Lewis, Waggoner, Ignafol, Glarner, Childers.  
Second row : Lucas, Markle, Finn, De Felice Albert, Mitchell, Brown.



CHARLEY BATTERY  
Instrument and Radio Section  
First row : Zielinski, Talbot, Silliman, Hoy, Knepp, Gehmar.  
Second row : Janssen, Linn, Dougherty, Slater, Schuesler, Hoffman.

CHARLEY BATTERY  
Wire Section  
First row : Iorfido, Tomar, D'Antonio, Reiff.  
Second row : Gore, Probert, Stanley, Huyck, Vitacolonna.



CHARLEY BATTERY  
Kitchen Section  
First row : Marazzo, Barndt, Perry.  
Second row : Leason, Shore, Washburn, Weaver.

CHARLEY BATTERY  
2nd Gun Section  
First row : Vita, Stowell, Peters, Krivitski, Smith, Robert.  
Second row : Smith, Orville, Nolen, Lynch, Aquino, Claus.



CHARLEY BATTERY 3rd Gun Section  
First row : Reagan, O'Neill, Testa, McGeehan, Wardach, Voytush.  
Second row : Stoops, Kehl, Sprow, Thompson, Hoban, Lambert.



CHARLEY BATTERY  
5th Gun Section  
First row : Graden, Reis, Ruggiero, Beltrami, Dills, DeTuro.  
Second row : Aungst, Morgan, Thurston, Houston, Ciarkoski, Gardner.



CHARLEY BATTERY 1st Gun Section  
First row : Brenner, Lookhart, Costigan, Elentrio, Romito, Steele.  
Second row : Sweesy, Rosso, Gutman, Marklow, Naylis, Breunig.



CHARLEY BATTERY 4th Gun Section  
First row : Warren, Mills, Solano, Babich, Farra.  
Second row : DeFelice, Armand, Schwartz, Shackelford Bretz, Condron.

you see Migileri or Bethel.—How come Gore and Schuesler are digging the latrine?—They tried to infiltrate.

Hey, Babish, I heard you soaked that Air Corps guy seventy-five bucks for your P38. What did you tell him?—That it was Hitler's personal weapon.

I see where Ray Wagner had to sleep in a hayloft for a change. I'll bet it was rough. Wasn't it Ray? Guess who had the bridal suite? No one but Tex Nolen, and boy! did he feel at home. Remember last night when Ogden was bragging an what a soft bed he had? Well it turned out to be a dung-pile. They took him into Epinal now, to get a shower.

Better get those shovels working, men, it looks as if the Krauts are going to defend Nuremberg. Slater you're not at Miami Beach now, better dig, and dig deep.—Well, Stoops and Thompson, how does it feel to be with a combat unit?—You're better put that trumpet away, stoops you can always dig that in later. Hey, Rearigh, you won't get paid anything extra for taking a picture of that air-burst, let's take cover. There's no use looking for eggs men, Testa and Morgan looted all the eggs in the neighborhood.

Reis, you've been awake fifteen minutes already. You better get back to bed.—I-don't-sleep-as-much-as-you-do, Lynch, we just got march order, you can't put all that loot in this truck!

Boy! look at the snow on those Bavarian Alps, Mills. Do you have anything like that in North Carolina Wake Salerno up, don't let him miss this beautiful scenery.

You'd better take a good look at that dense shrubbery, Lambert, you'll probably see a lot of it in the Pacific.

Has anyone seen Stowell? He and Childers are taking a ride in the cable car. Will someone get Shackelford out of the Oldsmobile? It's time for breakfast. Ole Berkowitz was a busy man last night.—How about singing us a number, Smith, while Steele accompanies you on the organ? Hey! Doc, wake up Gehman and Janssen, and tell them the war's over.

The war in Europe is over, but our work is not yet finished. To some there is the Pacific ahead, and to the men eligible for discharge, there are the comforts of home. However it may be, Joseph Morelly and William Tinner shall long live in our memory for their part in helping to preserve and maintain American Democracy.

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#### Technicians Gr V

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Hempstead, N. Y.

## SERVICE BATTERY - A HISTORY

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Mundy took one look at Sgt. Cotton Bryan, and fainted dead away. And to tell the truth, to a bunch of raw recruits, Bryan was a prepossessing example of the mental picture we had formed of a typical First Sergeant.

«You fellows should be proud to be chosen for Service Battery. Any damn fool can be a cannoner, but it takes brains to service a battalion.» Yes, you had to be clever to sleep during Military Courtesy classes without getting caught and to look busy doing nothing during motor stables.

We got to know each other and the army pretty well at Camp Rucker. Eddie Rygalski's first inspiration to some day become a cook, came to him when he saw Morgan and Ivy sleep all day when off shift. «That's what I'd like to do. He was heard to say. Yes, that is what a lot of us would have enjoyed doing on those hot Alabama days. But slave drivers White, Kosinski, Pitts and Harper had different ideas. Even the most diligent effort brought no results with «Big Dog» Guckin - so they made him a cook - and regretted it ever since.

For a while we wondered if we had three Samsons in the outfit, Spallone, Rava and Savoy. The tenacity with which they clung to their hair was a trial to the powers that be. Under much protest they submitted to getting their locks shorn and fearfully watched them go. Was it their power over women they feared to lose?

When we were assigned to our regular jobs, Parker, Patrick and Sossin were happy as ammo section clerks, Kaplan as battery clerk, a source of much misinformation, the drivers with their vehicles and Pelullo was happy doing nothing.

During the field problems when Lt. Hightower had us crawling through the tall grass, we wondered if we hadn't made the infantry after all. And nobody has ever decided whether the fellows were so dumb, the time Sgt. White showed us how to dig in an ammo dump. Nobody knew how to handle an ax so he had to chop all the logs himself. It is to the eternal credit of Stultz and Mallory, the wrecker crew, that they never tired of pulling Lt. Malone out of a ditch.

As we look back on those days at Rucker, what pleasant memories return. «Blue eyes»

Gormley's explanation of just what did happen at Kokomo, Brod and Rittenberg crying «But Sgt Bryan I was just on K.F. the day before yesterday. Charlie Cundiff's cold-eyed appraisal of the kitchen floor—» Mopping is not good enough, you'll have to G.L. the cement part. -«Casablanca» Anderson walking post around an empty lot muttering «If they've got a make believe motor park, why don't they use a make believe guard? And who can forget that memorable guard mount when «Rocky» Kleman made that classic statement. «I gave you b — at ease not rest!»

Tennessee maneuvers with its very unusual weather was taken in our stride. Of course there was the incident of D'Alessandro and Alusick's disappearing lake. And though it was tough to get up in the morning, especially after a pass to Nashville, Courtney, the mighty after a pass to Nashville, Courtney, it wasn't der his own power. Hillbillies Kline, Ling, and Dobbin achieved their life's ambitions when they were able to see and hear, in person, Roy Acuff and the Grand Ole Opry.

Out to Kansas we went, Fort Riley—the happy home of the Cavalry, till the 28th got there. Shorty Timson, in spite of his aching back, accompanied by Mentzer and Morgan took care of more than their share of the horse marines.

In spite of the obvious preparation, there were still diehards like Troup and Kleman who insisted that this outfit will never ship overseas. We found out differently. While the rest of the battalion engaged in ball games or went on pass, we worked at Bn Supply under Jackson, Pitts and Rava, each one trying to get us to do the same thing differently. Pop Bailey and Lt. Croff kept the mechanics and drivers in a frenzy getting the vehicles ready to turn in. It seemed that the Army expected new trucks back for the beat up jalopies they'd issued us.

In transit to Kilmer we passed within a few hundred yards of Markowitz's house. Though we didn't get that close to anyone else, most of us had that so near and yet so far feeling.

Lots of us were lucky enough to see our families or girls while we were at Kilmer. Marinelli had only 25 miles to go. Feldman's girl almost lived in the camp. New York was a treat

for the Kentucky crew, and Harpers trip to Baltimore did not go by unnoticed. Lt. Clum's talk on censorship made us realize that they weren't kidding. So DeHoratius, Pelullo and a few of the other «collectors» shipped home their excess baggage.

Whenever we are tempted to criticize our kitchen, and that is often. Let us remember the food we ate on the good ship Louis Pasteur. In spite of Lipowitz and Gershenfelds able KP we still didn't get enough to eat, and what we got—phooey! It was bad enough to be in such crowded quarters but Jake Radebachs snoring was the last straw. Somebody was always stealing somebody else's hammock, and Vuocola's fair skin had a greenish tinge whenever it got a little rough. Alusick, Conrad, Brodsky, Courtney, Dobrin Kline, Rairigh and Markowitz swabbed the companionway every other night and tried to figure out how the hell they got in the British Navy.

Any body that rode with Unger, Lacy or Kindred over the narrow English roads, figured the veterans Administration was due to pay out some insurance money before we left the country. By some miracle nothing happened.

During the hikes we were entertained by LaCairo's rendition of «Down where the trade winds blow» which made every mile seem like two. Tom Pugh seemed to like the English Beer, the rest of us just drank it. Krevokucha developed quite a dislike for cows. Danny Hardesty was transferred to our battery and the first sergeant got another gray hair.

Bob Shaw got lost on the first road march in France and after going hungry for a day and a half decided it didn't pay to get separated from your outfit.

The night of the great Tank Battle at Mortain, only a few miles from our position, was a sad one for all of us. The grim reality of war struck home when Sgt King was mortally wounded while on guard duty. His loss was deeply felt by all the battery.

On the long night march to Brezoles the wrecker crew found their Rucker experience helpful. They were kept busy pulling Young out of ditches. The night we spent in the underground shelter on the abandoned airfield nearby was a bit uncomfortable. Safety was more important than comfort as Doc and Stubby decided rather suddenly about 1/100 of a second after Bed Check Charlie started dropping a few bombs.

«This is a Hell of a time to be looking for mines» Shanks was heard to say, when he saw two engineers checking the road we had driven over a few hours earlier to pull into posi-

tion near the Siene. One thing we noted was that no matter how deep we were in combat, Conrad was still the first man in the chow line.

When we got to Belgium, Lipowitz was quite surprised to find that the natives spoke French. He couldn't speak that either.

Those of us who did not go on Red Ball had a pleasant stay at Ohain, but to protect your home lives we won't go into detail. After all your girl friends and families may read this.

In Holland some of the boys were always getting in Dutch. And we all felt more comfortable when we moved back of the firing batteries instead of a mile in front.

After bawling Sammy Sokolovich out for digging such a small foxhole, Papa Jake found out that there was room for a couple more, the morning that those big shells came in. Pitts and Capt. Van had a dead heat in the's dive for shelter and Bill Falmer was very lucky he left his haystack home to go on guard about three minutes before one of the rounds made shredded wheat out of it.

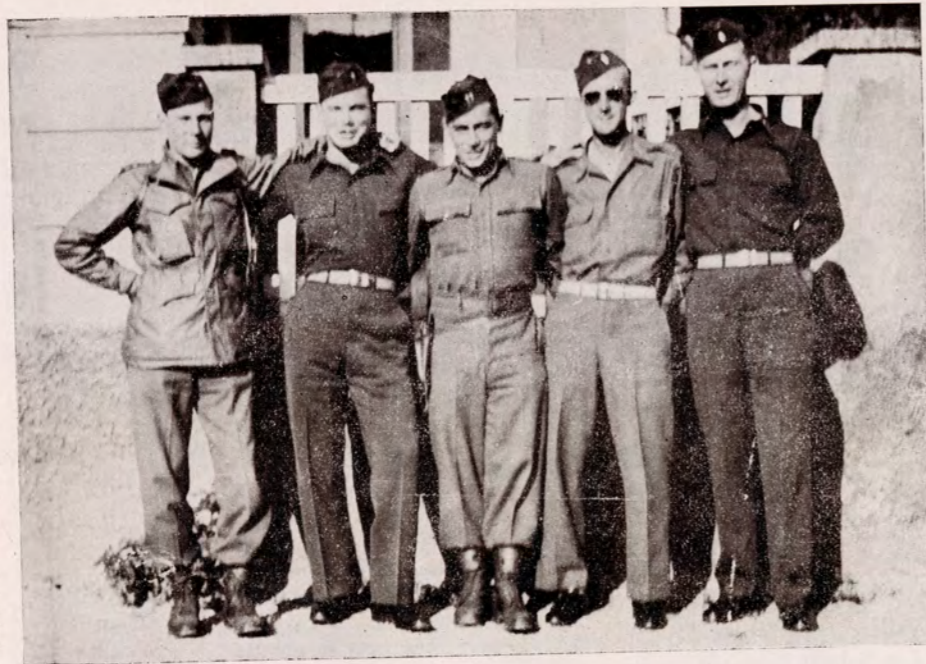
After pulling up with the high-jinks of the second section as long as he could, Mike Patrick stepped in the way of an incoming shell at Durbostar. Mike was badly wounded and even his incorrigibles felt badly, why when Tony Reynolds look over as section chief they had returned so much that they drove him only half crazy.

Service Battery's forward elements spent a rough night in Durbostar the time 101 rounds came in, but Parker and Spallone insist it was worth it for the vision of Lt. Barrington bursting into Fire Direction cellar fully allied in steel helmet, pistol belt and long johns.

The kitchen crew, Williams, Garman, Guckin and Parks, really put out Thanksgiving day, trying to cheer us up after the beating the Battalion and Battery had been taking at Aldenhoven. It was odds on that Brodsky would show up for that «mighty fine» turkey dinner. Somehow his runs always seemed to coincide with our good meals.

Al Misdorf, Benny Szhachta and Jimmy Balinger joined us. Guy T. took one look at their swelle figures and started dunning Dale for double rations. Johnson was a perfect addition to the rugged 2nd section and though many attempts have been made to polish him off, he still remains a diamond in the rough - very rough.

We've always been proud of the way the boys stand up for their rights. Take Pop Pay-us for instance. Captain» he says «Here I am, an old man, supposed to be on limited service, and what am I doing? Why I'm first machine gunner on the first truck of the first ammo sec-



SERVICE BATTERY  
*Officers*  
 Left to right : Lt. Wolf, Lt. Barrington,  
 Capt. Van Valkenburg, Lt. Croft, Mr.  
 Ryersen.

SERVICE BATTERY  
*Battery Headquarters*  
 First row : Gersherfeld, Spallone, Brodsky.  
 Second row : Montella, Parker, Lafferty,  
 Rava.



SERVICE BATTERY  
*Battalion Supply*  
 Left to right : D'Alessandro, Pitts, DeHo-  
 ratiis, Mundi, Lesniak.

SERVICE BATTERY  
*Battalion Maintenance*  
 First row : Stultz, Troup.  
 Second row : Krevokucha, Mallory, Vuccola,  
 Fisch.





SERVICE BATTERY  
Battery Maintenance  
First row : Rairigh, Sokolovich.  
Second row : Farley, Hamel W., Kleman.

SERVICE BATTERY  
1st Ammunition Section  
First row : Szlachta, Sossin, Shaw, H.  
Second row : Savoy, Metzger, Gooley,  
Kindred, Lacarro.



SERVICE BATTERY  
2nd Ammunition Section  
First row : Courtney, Lipowitz, Unger,  
Gormley, Anderson.  
Second row : Markowitz, Pelullo, Alusick,  
Shaw R., Hardesty, Hamel H.

3rd Ammunition Section  
First row : Snyder, L. Kline, Shanks.  
Second row : Lacy, Conrad, Mange, Johnson.  
Third row : P-yous, McKenzie, Marinelli,  
Marshall, Dobrin, Medrano.





## SERVICE BATTERY

## Kitchen Section

First row : Carmon, Williams, Young,  
Snyder F., Rygalski, Guckin,  
Bollinger.

lion.» The next day Payous was an ammo handler.

By the time we left Alsdorf, the boys were all expert souvenir hunters. Guckin and Pelullo led all the rest, but Metzgar and Gooley were no slouches. Even Stozko added to the props of his future theatrical ventures.

The miserable trip to Colmar didn't stop the talented boys from finding what they wanted at St. Die.

The cup of bitterness on that journey south, overflowed its bounds. Fred Kimmich with whom we had kidded so much and liked so well was killed during the shelling on the road. Les Snyder and Harold Jackson were seriously wounded. Johnny Betts the medic, for whose presence we were always so grateful, did everything he could.

Bad luck dogged us. Tom Pugh broke his ankle. Brodsky lost his peep in a bomb crater, and Montella's command car had more holes in it than a sieve. The battery's and the Battalion's misfortune weighed heavily on us, and it was with a sigh of relief that we left the Colmar Area.

Back up on the Roer again—that 26 hour period of hauling ammo, ducking shells, bombs and strafing, was a bit rough, but was soon forgotten when the «souvenir» hunters found their paradise. Collecting was so good that a lot of the fellows didn't have room in their duffel bags for clothes. Ray Farley was driven wild by the sight of the equipment lying around. Everyone felt bad about leaving the fertile Cologne Plains.

Down to the Saar valley and the Seigfried line again. During that mad dash to the Rhine, Pete Lesniak, Rava, and Krevokucha were the fair-haired boys to the liberated Polski; and Wilmer Hamel decided to champion the Rus-skys.

It was S.O.P. for anyone going on pass to get an orientation lecture from Harry Shaw on «The Perils Of Paris» or «Never Count The Cost».

Life became one lumber yard after another; and after four months Mundy was getting used to the Ration truck—but the truck could never get used to him. Stratton joined the battery and radios began to play, lights to work, and generators got bigger and bigger. If the war had lasted much longer he could have easily gone in competition with General Electric. Henry Hamel still hadn't learned to turn a corner with a trailer. Floyd Snyder joined us at Lauf and got right into the kitchen—smart boy. Blue McKenzie and the Blue Danube came together.

Up into the Bavarian Alps. Camera fiends had a wonderful time—lots of pictures. There were beaucoup prisoners—anybody could tell you the time from either wrist.

V.E. day found us well preserved—in alcohol. We would have liked to stay that way, but the supply ran out. Now we must be content with weak beer, until we get home—or the CBI. They say Saki is pretty good.

Where will we go? What will we do? Ah the Army—the good old Army. This is where we came in. So long fellows. Good Luck.

## HOME ADRESSES SERVICE BATTERY

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South Charleston, Ohio.

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Paw Paw West, Va.

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Chiz, Va.

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Rt. 1.  
Marlowe, Okla.

CHARLEY STRATTON.  
Ivel, Ky.

## FACTUAL HISTORY

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The 283rd Field Artillery Battalion was assigned the code name of HIGHHEDGE, as a security measure, when they first entered combat. Since that day they have always been referred to as High Hedge or «That light artillery battalion that has fought all over the front.» Being a separate battalion and a very young organization when we left the states for combat we had no organization insignia. However we did have an organization marking, a yellow, red, yellow rectangle, painted on all of our trucks, guns, and trailers. Before the end of combat the greater percentage of MP's in Northern and Eastern France, Belgium, Luxembourg and Western Germany knew that yellow, red, yellow rolling down the road meant that HighHedge was, on the move again. At the end of a battle or drive there were two SOP questions, who is in trouble now or where is the next drive, followed by two commands, «CSMO» (Close station march order) and «Mount up!» The Battalion has traveled a distance of approximately 10,757 miles by land and sea of which 4,341 miles were in combat. The vehicles in the Bn have traveled an average of nearly 13,000 miles since we landed on the continent.

The 283rd Field Artillery Battalion (105 MM Howitzer Trk Dm) was activated on the 25th of June 1943 at Camp Rucker, Alabama. Authority for the organization were letters from the Army Ground Forces dated 14 April 1943 and from Headquarters Second United States Army dated 20 May 1943. SUBJECT: Organization of Field Artillery Battalions in June 1943, and General Order Number One, Headquarters, 283rd Field Artillery Battalion, dated 25 June 1943.

The Commanding Officer Lieutenant Colonel (Then Major) Hugh McDonald and a small staff of officers were ordered to duty with this organization from New Division Officers Course 14, Fort Sill, Oklahoma and reported to Camp Rucker, Alabama on 9 June 1943. Officers joining later were assigned from various Field Artillery units per orders of Headquarters, Army Ground Forces.

The cadre of eighty eight (88) enlisted men were assigned to duty with the organization from the 198th Field Artillery Battalion, APO

957 %Pm San Francisco, California. The filler enlisted personnel were inducted from the State of Pennsylvania, under the Selective Service Act of September 1940.

The men from High Hedge are honored to wear three campaign stars on their ETO ribbon. They were in the Campaign for Northern France from 10 August 1944 to 14 September 1944. During this campaign they took part in the following principal battles and engagements.

Falaise-Argentan Pocket 9 Aug 1944 to 27 Aug 1944

Battle of Domfront; Domfront, France 14 Aug 1944 to 16 Aug 1944.

Northeastern France & Belgium 27 Aug 1944 to 3 Sept 1944.

Mantes Gassicourt Bridgehead; Limay, France 26 Aug 1944 to 31 Aug 1944.

Battle of St. Maur; St Maur, Belgium 3 sept 1944-

From 15 September 1944 to 22 March 1945 they were in the campaign for the Rhineland. During this campaign they took part in the following principal battle and engagements:

Defensive engagement of Siegfried Line, German Border in vicinity of Einighausen, Holland 13 Oct 1944 to 6 Nov 1944.

Battle of Julich 16 November 1944 to 25 January 1945.

Battle of Bourheim; Bourheim, Germany 21 Nov 1944 to 23 November 1944.

Battle of Koslar; Koslar, Germany 25 Nov 1944 to 28 Nov 1944.

Battle of Hausenfeld Gut; Vicinity of Koslar, Germany 3 Dec 1944 to 8 Dec 1944.

Battle of Colmar Pocket 28 January 1945 to 11 February 1945.

Battle of Colmar; Ostheim, France 28 Jan 1945 to 3 Feb 1945.

Drive to Rhine River; Vicinity of Colmer, France 4 Feb 1945 to 11 February 1945.

Battle of Rhine Plain 23 February 1945 to 10 March 1945.

Battle of Roer River Crossing; Luchem, Gurzenich, Germany 23 February 1945 to 26 February 1945.

Battle of Merzenich; Merzenich, Germany 26 Feb 1945 to 1 March 1945.

Battle of Erft Canal; Sinsdorf, Germany 1 Mar 1945 to 5 Mar 1945.

Battle of Cologne; Weiden, Germany 5 March 1945 to 10 March 1945.

Battle of Saar Basin 16 March 1945 to 22 March 1945.

Blies River Crossing; Habkirchen, Germany 16 March 1945 to 18 March 1945.

Penetration of Siegfried Line; Ballweiler, Germany 19 March 1945 to 22 March 1945.

On the 23 March 1945 the battalion entered the campaign for Central Europe and remained in combat until VE Day. During this final campaign they took part in the following principal battles and engagements:

Battle of Inner Germany 23 March 1945 to 7 May 1945.

Rhine River Crossing; Herrnsheim, Germany 26 March 1945.

Mainz River Crossing; Momlingen, Germany 28 March 1945 to 30 March 1945.

Soon after crossing the Mainz River the war developed into one of movement. The battalion spent most of its time on the road, following the motorized infantry looking for German pockets of resistance. The 5th of April 1945 brought a change in our method of moving in this type of combat. Stripped batteries (guns, ammunition and personnel necessary to fire the guns) traveled well in advance of the remainder of the battalion. This greatly increased the speed in getting the guns into action. The remainder of the battalion followed along all day, joining the strip batteries whenever they stopped for the night. Whenever any amount of resistance was expected the battalion was reformed in regular combat order.

During this period the men from High Hedge took part in three large battles namely:

Battle of Bamberg; Fundelsheim, Germany 12 April 1945 to 13 April 1945.

Battle of Nürnberg; Fischback, Germany 16 April 1945 to 20 April 1945.

Battle of Munich; Feldmoching, Germany 25 April 1945 to 30 April 1945.

### NOTABLE FACTS

The 283rd Field Artillery Battalion was in combat for 268 continuous days. Never, from the day they landed on the coast of France until the end of the war in Europe, was the battalion given an official rest period. The guns did not fire every day of this period but they were in position to fire the great majority of the time. Only during the days spent on the Red Ball Express were the guns out of the combat zone.

The battalion travelled as a unit, a total distance of 4241 miles in combat. The men from Highhedge drove to the Rhine River with three different armies, namely: the French 1st in the Colmar area on 8 February 1945, the American 1st Army in the Cologne area on 7 March 1945, and finally crossing with the American 7th Army just north of Worms, Germany on 26 March 1945.

Highhedge howitzers fired a total of 45,361 rounds in combat. The most intensive fire delivered by the battalion was on Feb 23, 24, & 25, 1945. On the 23rd & 24th while in position

in Luchem, Germany they fired 5372 rounds. On February 25th they moved to new positions near Gurzenich, Germany and fired 2807 rounds. The grand total fired by the battalion during this three day period (68 hours) was 8179 rounds, an average of 2 rounds per minute for the 68 hour period.

During the battalions time in combat they saw many of the destroyed cities, suffering people, dead soldiers and civilians, all the horrors of war. These things they saw as they were happening; their travels in Europe were not a sight seeing or history tour, they were making history. Some of the history making exploits as follows:

22 August 1944—among the first allied artillery to cross the Seine River in France.

2 September 1944—among the first American troops to enter Belgium and the second American artillery in Belgium.

14 October 1944—5 November 1944—During this period while in position near Einighausen, Holland the battalion operating with a

troop of the 125th Cavalry held a 10,000 yard front and the left flank of all American Armies on the Western Front.

21 November 1944 to 25 January 1945—during this period (the big German break through) while in positions near Durboslar, Germany their guns were the most eastern of any allied artillery on the Western Front and the closest allied artillery to Berlin, Germany.

26 January 1945 at 730 hours the battalion left Durboslar, Germany to take part in the battle for Colmar, France. They reported ready to fire from their new positions near Osheim France at 1620 hours on 28 January 1945. Traveling a distance of 320 miles with extremely adverse weather (over the Vosges mountains during a blizzard) in 56 hours and 50 minutes. This is believed to be one of the longest marches ever made by an artillery battalion in combat from one firing position to another.

4 February 1945—first allied artillery in Colmar, France.

5 February 1945—first allied light artillery to fire observed fire across the Rhine River south of Stuttgart, Ger.

26 February 1945—among the first artillery to cross the Roer River in the area near Duren, Germany.

6 March 1945—among the first American artillery units to cross the Roer River in the area near Duren, Germany.

6 March 1945—among the first American units to enter Cologne, Germany.

26 March 1945, 1900 hours—among the first American artillery units to cross the Rhine River in the area of Worms, Germany. Essential personnel and equipment crossed the river in «Ducks» before the bridge had been completed.

17 April 1945—first American artillery to enter Hitler's 'own city' Nürnberg, Germany.

30 April 1945—in Munich, Germany. The town was entered from several sides, Highhedge was the first artillery unit to enter from the Northeast.



**THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST**  
of Stations, Camps and Positions occupied by the Bn since activation

\*\*\*

June 25, 1943 - Feb. 25, 1944	Camp Rucker, Ala
Feb. 26, 1944 - Feb. 27, 1944	Enroute to Tenn Maneuvers
Feb. 27, 1944 - March 24, 1944	Tenn Maneuver Area
March 25, 1944 - March 26, 1944	Enroute to Ft Riley, Kans
March 27, 1944 - June 10, 1944	Ft Riley, Kans
June 11, 1944 - June 13, 1944	Enroute to Cp Kilmer, NJ
June 14, 1944 - June 21, 1944	Camp Kilmer, NJ
June 22, 1944 - June 29, 1944	Enroute to Liverpool, Eng
June 30, 1944 - August 6, 1944	Cp Llanover, S. Wales
August 7, 1944 - August 8, 1944	Enroute to Southampton, Eng
August 9, 1944 - August 11, 1944	Enroute to France (Utha Beach)
August 11, 1944 - August 12, 1944	12th Corps Marshalling Area
August 13, 1944 - August 14, 1944	Millny, France
August 14, 1944 - August 15, 1944	St. Mars, France
August 16, 1944 - August 19, 1944	N. E. Domfront, France
August 20, 1944 -	Brezalles, France
August 21, 1944 -	Le Souchet, France
August 22, 1944 - August 24, 1944	St. Luc, France
August 25, 1944 -	Emmalville, France
August 26, 1944 -	Verdun, France
August 27, 1944 - August 28, 1944	Lemay, France
August 29, 1944 -	Lainville, France
August 30, 1944 - August 31, 1944	Gericourt, Thermicourt, France
Sept. 1, 1944 - Sept. 3, 1944	Enroute to St. Maur, Belgium
Sept. 3, 1944 - Sept. 6, 1944	St. Maur, Belgium
Sept. 7, 1944 - Sept. 9, 1944	Gaillernarde, Belgium
Sept. 10, 1944 - Oct. 5, 1944	Ohain, France
Oct. 6, 1944 - Oct. 13, 1944	Teuven, Belgium
Oct. 14, 1944 - Nov. 6, 1944	Einighausen, Holland
Nov. 7, 1944 -	Bautsch, Holland
Nov. 8, 1944 - Nov. 20, 1944	Floes, Germany
Nov. 21, 1944 -	Bettendorf, Germany
Nov. 22, 1944 - Jan. 25, 1945	Duboslar, Germany
Jan. 26, 1945 -	Verdun, France. Enroute
Jan. 27, 1945 - Jan. 28, 1945	St. Die, France. Enroute
Jan. 29, 1945 - Feb. 3, 1945	Ostheim, France. Enroute
Feb. 3, 1945 - Feb. 5, 1945	Colmar, France
Feb. 6, 1945 -	So. Colmar, France
Feb. 7, 1945 -	Niederhergheim, France
Feb. 8, 1945 - Feb. 11, 1945	Dessenheim, France
Feb. 12, 1945 - Feb. 17, 1945	Longchamps, France
Feb. 18, 1945 - Feb. 20, 1945	Enroute to Eschweiler, Germany
Feb. 21, 1945 - Feb. 23, 1945	Eschweiler, Germany
Feb. 24, 1945 -	Luchem, Germany
Feb. 25, 1945 - Feb. 26, 1945	Gurzenich, Germany
Feb. 27, 1945 -	Merzenich, Germany
Feb. 28, 1945 - March 1, 1945	Gut HS Forst, Germany

March 2, 1945 -	Sindorf, Germany
March 3, 1945 - March 5, 1945	Konigsdorf, Germany
March 6, 1945 -	Weiden, Germany
March 7, 1945 - March 10, 1945	Cologne, Germany
March 10, 1945 -	Verdun, France. Enroute
March 11, 1945 - March 12, 1945	Guising, France
March 13, 1945 - March 15, 1945	Sarreinsming, France
March 16, 1945 -	Habkirchem, France
March 17, 1945 -	Wittensheim, Germany
March 18, 1945 - March 21, 1945	Ballweiler, Germany
March 22, 1945 -	Beeden, Germany
March 23, 1945 -	Heidesheim, Germany
March 24, 1945 - March 26, 1945	Herrnsheim, Germany
March 27, 1945 -	Rhein-Durkheim, Germany
March 28, 1945 -	Reichback, Germany
March 29, 1945 -	Monrlingen, Germany
March 30, 1945 - March 31, 1945	Hofstetten, Germany
April 1, 1945 - April 2, 1945	Soden, Germany
April 3, 1945 -	Obndorf, Germany
April 4, 1945 - April 5, 1945	Jossa, Germany
April 6, 1945 - April 7, 1945	Siefert, Germany
April 8, 1945 - April 10, 1945	Lothausen, Germany
April 11, 1945 -	Lofsbergsgereuth, Germany
April 12, 1945 -	Unter Oberndorf, Germany
April 13, 1945 - April 15, 1945	Gurdelsheim, Germany
April 16, 1945 - April 21, 1945	Fischback, Germany
April 22, 1945 -	Georgersmund, Germany
April 23, 1945 -	Kotterhochstadt, Germany
April 24, 1945 -	Rehlingen, Germany
April 25, 1945 - April 26, 1945	Kierberg, Germany
April 27, 1945 -	Etting, Germany
April 28, 1945 -	Glonn, Germany
April 29, 1945 -	Ampermoching, Germany
April 30, 1945 -	Feldmoching, Germany
May 1, 1945 -	Perlach, Germany
May 2, 1945 -	Esferndf, Germany
May 3, 1945 -	Rottous, Germany.
May 4, 1945 - May 9, 1945	Mouthsn, Germany
May 5, 1945 -	Berchtesgaden, Germany
May 10, 1945 - May 13, 1945	Munich, Germany
May 14, 1945 - May 30, 1945	Furstenfeldbruck, Germany

## PERSONAL AWARDS AND DECORATIONS

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NAME	RANK	AWARD	DATE
Armstrong, Frank H.	1st Lt.	Purple Heart Oak Leaf Clu. Bronze Star	11 Nov. 44. 2 Feb. 45. 17 Aug. 44.
Bartle, John W.	Pfc.	Purple Heart	7 Mar. 45.
Bertrami, Anthony F.	Cpl.	Purple Heart	24 Nov. 44.
Berry, Thomas L.	Cpl.	Purple Heart	25 Feb. 45.
Boyle, Eugene J. Jr.	Pfc.	Purple Heart	17 April 45.
Breckinridge, Wm. R.	Cpl.	Purple Heart	26 April 45.
Brodsky, Samuel S.	Cpl.	Cert. of Merit	6 Sept. 44 - 8 Jan. 45.
Burkholder, James R.	T/5	Cert. of Merit	22 Aug. 44.
Chicherico, Domenico	Pfc.	Bronze Star	22 Nov. 44.
Ciarkoski, Stanley M.	Sgt.	Purple Heart	24 Nov. 44.
Chidester, Thomas	T/5	Bronze Star Purple Heart	30 Aug. 44. 27 Nov. 44.
Coyle, Robert J.	Pfc.	Bronze Star Purple Heart	17 April 45. 17 April 45.
Davis, Norman B.	Sgt.	Purple Heart Bronze Star Cert. of Merit	22 Nov. 44. 24-25 Feb. 45. 9 Aug. 44 - 15 Jan. 45.
Denton, James W.	1st Lt.	Bronze Star	29 Aug. 44.
Dieterle, Frederick E.	Major	Bronze Star	18 Aug. 44 - 8 Mar. 45.
DiValerio, John J.	T/4	Purple Heart	25 Feb. 45.
Dopp, Robert H.	Capt.	Bronze Star	30 Aug. 44.
Druyor, Frank A.	1st Lt.	Air Medal Oak Leaf Clu. Oak Leaf Clu. Purple Heart	20 Aug. 44 - 20 Oct. 44. 20 Oct. 44 - 27 Nov. 44. 27 Nov. 44 - 14 Dec. 44. 18 Jan. 45.
Evans, David J. Jr.	Capt.	Bronze Star Purple Heart	3 Sept. 44. 13 April 45.
Fitzmyer, Robert J.	Cpl.	Cert. of Merit Bronze Star	22 Aug. 44. 22 Aug. 44.
Follmer, William I.	Cpl.	Purple Heart	29 Jan. 45.
Gauthier, Gerard H.	1st Lt.	Purple Heart Bronze Star	24 Oct. 44. 14-24 Oct. 44.
Gibson, William E.	Pfc.	Purple Heart	9 Nov. 44.
Glarner, George A.	T/4	Purple Heart	11 Dec. 44.
Greenbaum, Donald L.	Pfc.	Purple Heart	9 Nov. 44.
Grohne, William G.	1st Lt.	Bronze Star	3 Sept. 44.
Grushus, Vane G.	Pfc.	Purple Heart	24 Feb. 45.
Guthrie, Boyd, Jr.	Cpl.	Bronze Star	22-23 Nov. 44.
Harvey, Arthur E. Jr.	Capt.	Purple Heart	5 Feb. 45.
Haynes, Gordon B.	1st Lt.	Air Medal	6 Dec. 44 - 2 Jan. 45.
Heath, Claude S.	Cpl.	Bronze Star	30 Aug. 44.
Hoy, George W.	T/5	Cert. of Merit	22 Aug. 44.
Hummer, William R.	S/Sgt.	Bronze Star	13 Aug. 44 - 19 Mar. 45.
Huyck, Milton L.	Pfc.	Purple Heart	17 Apr. 45.
Jackson, Harold E.	Pfc.	Purple Heart	29 Jan. 45.
Janssen, Leonard J.	Cpl.	Bronze Star Purple Heart	17 Aug. 44. 11 Nov. 44.
Kaufman, Clifford G.	1st Lt.	Purple Heart	2 Mar. 45.

## HIGH HEDGE HISTORY

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NAME	RANK	AWARD	DATE
Kline, Paul B.	Pfc.	Purple Heart	25 Feb. 45.
Kobar, Peter P.	Pfc.	Purple Heart Oak Leaf Clu.	20 Nov. 44. 25 Feb. 45.
Kurz, James H.	Pfc.	Bronze Star	8-10 Nov. 44.
Lacy, James J.	T/5	Purple Heart Oak Leaf Clu.	29 Jan. 45. 2 March 45.
Lesiniak, Peter J.	Pfc.	Purple Heart	16 Apr. 45.
Levanda, Harold B.	Pfc.	Purple Heart	25 Nov. 44.
Liddell, Elwood J.	Pfc.	Purple Heart	12 July 44.
Linn, Jacques G.	Cpl.	Purple Heart	23 Oct. 44.
Lowry, John J.	Sgt.	Purple Heart Oak Leaf Clu.	22 Nov. 44. 25 Nov. 44.
Lucas, Harold M.	T/5	Purple Heart Oak Leaf Clu.	24 Nov. 44. 25 Nov. 45.
Mailshanker, Irvin	T/5	Bronze Star	4-6 Oct. 44.
Malozzi, Anthony C.	Sgt.	Bronze Star	25-25 Feb. 45.
Manduley, Albert	S/Sgt.	Bronze Star Purple Heart	13 Aug. - 9 Nov. 44. 9 Nov. 44.
Migliori, Casper	Pfc.	Purple Heart	2 Feb. 45.
Miller, Howard F.	T/4	Purple Heart	23 Nov. 44.
Moneta, Gregory L.	T/5	Bronze Star	8-10 Nov. 44.
Morelly, Joseph F.	Pvt.	Purple Heart	23 Nov. 44.
McDonald, Hugh	Lt. Col.	Purple Heart Oak Leaf Clu. Bronze Star Oak Leaf Clu.	30 Aug. 44. 5 Feb. 45. 30 Aug. 44. 14 Oct. 44 - 2 Nov. 44.
Nalley, Sidney M.	Sgt.	Bronze Star Purple Heart	22-25 Nov. 44. 5 Feb. 45.
Nebel, Harold W.	Pfc.	Bronze Star	22-25 Nov. 44.
Nedeau, Lewis P.	1st Lt.	Air Medal Oak Leaf Clu. Oak Leaf Clu.	20 Aug. 44 - 20 Oct. 44. 20 Oct. 44 - 27 Nov. 44. 27 Nov. 44 - 14 Dec. 44.
O'Quin, John C.	Capt.	Purple Heart	12 Apr. 45.
Parrish, Marvin W.	Pvt.	Purple Heart	21 Aug. 44.
Pomykala, Chester H.	Cpl.	Bronze Star	8-10 Nov. 44.
Rairigh, Robert L.	Pfc.	Purple Heart	4 May 45.
Rajher, George J.	Pfc.	Purple Heart Bronze Star	24 Oct. 44. 29 Aug. 44.
Rava, Frank J.	S/Sgt.	Purple Heart	29 Jan. 45.
Reagan, Edward J.	Pfc.	Purple Heart	25 Feb. 45.
Reeves, Robert M.	T/5	Purple Heart	26 Nov. 44.
Reiff, Ruben K. Jr.	Pfc.	Purple Heart Oak Leaf Clu.	24 Nov. 44. 25 Feb. 45.
Rephann, Lee E.	T/5	Purple Heart	25 Feb. 45.
Righter, Linaley V.	Cpl.	Bronze Star	8-10 Nov. 44.
Robertson, Curtis	T/5	Purple Heart	23 Nov. 44.
Roscoe, Edmund	Pvt.	Purple Heart	17 Apr. 45.
Rose, Thomas E.	S/Sgt.	Bronze Star	13 Aug. 44 - 23 Mar. 45.
Sapp, John D.	Major	Bronze Star	30 Aug. 44.
Savage, Harry A.	Pfc.	Purple Heart	17 Apr. 45.
Scott, Walter L.	M/Sgt.	Bronze Star	30 Aug. 44.
Service Battery		Meritorious Service Unit Plaque	1 Aug. 44 - 31 Dec. 44.
Skinner, Raymond E.	Pfc.	Purple Heart	17 Apr. 45.

NAME	RANK	AWARD	DATE
Smith, Orville E. ....	Cpl.	Purple Heart	2 Feb. 45.
Smith, Russell C. ....	T/4	Purple Heart	17 Apr. 45.
Snyder, Lester A. ....	Sgt.	Cert. of Merit	11 Aug. 44 - 8 Jan. 45.
		Purple Heart	29 Jan. 45.
Spinella, Joseph J. ....	Pfc.	Purple Heart	26 Apr. 45.
Stanton, Thomas F. ....	1st Lt.	Purple Heart	22 Nov. 44.
Stoops, Charles D. Jr. ....	Pfc.	Purple Heart	5 Feb. 45.
Taylor, Paul N. ....	T/5	Cert. of Merit	23 Mar. 45.
Troup, Harry A. ....	Cpl.	Purple Heart	29 Jan. 45.
Trygar, John J. ....	Cpl.	Bronze Star	9-11 Nov. 44.
		Purple Heart	24 Nov. 44.
Waggoner, Robert E. ....	Pfc.	Purple Heart	26 Oct. 44.
Waggoner, Sterling P. ....	S/Sgt.	Cert. of Merit	21 Jan. 45.
Wagner, Ray J. ....	Pfc.	Purple Heart	22 Jan. 45.
Weissman, Sidney J. ....	T/5	Purple Heart	17 Apr. 45.
Whitt, Fred B. ....	1st Lt.	Air Medal	22 Aug. 44 - 28 Oct. 44.
Wiedmayer, Joseph J. ....	Pfc.	Bronze Star	29 Aug. 44.
Williams, John V. ....	Pfc.	Bronze Star	22 Aug. 44.
		Cert. of Merit	22 Aug. 44.
Williamson, Martin R. ....	Capt.	Bronze Star	13 Aug. 44 - 19 Mar. 45.
Wilson, Robert L. ....	S/Sgt.	Bronze Star	23 Nov. 44.
Wolf, Herman J. ....	1st Lt.	Bronze Star	22 Aug. 44.
Workman, Richard E. ....	Pfc.	Purple Heart	25 Feb. 45.
Zettwoch, Walker L. ....	1st Lt.	Purple Heart	15 Mar. 45.
		Bronze Star	13 Aug. 44 - 1 Apr. 45.
Zielinski, Irvin J. ....	S/Sgt.	Air Medal	24 Aug. 44 - 12 Nov. 44.
		Oak Leaf Clu.	12 Nov. 44 - 7 Dec. 44.
		Oak Leaf Clu.	7 Dec. 44 - 7 Jan. 45.
Zimmerman, Milton M. ....	S/Sgt.	Purple Heart	26 Apr. 45.

At the time of this book's printing many awards have been submitted to higher headquarters for approval. Unfortunately approval has not returned in time to be added to the list.

## CITATIONS FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

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HEADQUARTERS, 71st Ordnance Group,  
APO 230, U. S. Army. 18 Sept. 1944

Col. Charles L. Dasher,  
32nd Field Artillery Brigade.  
APO 230, U. S. Army

Dear Colonel Dasher,

I desire to express to you, your officers and men, my appreciation for the valuable assistance you have rendered the Army Ammunition Supply, myself, and my staff, by the willing co-operation and use of your personnel, equipment, and observation pilots section during the past month. All personnel have been eager to assist in this work and have done an excellent job.

The help received from the personnel and equipment from your organization has enabled this headquarters and its subordinate units to accomplish a task without which it would have been impossible.

It is desired that my appreciation be extended to all those responsible for, and assisting in, this operation.

Hoping that I may in some way be permitted to reciprocate, I remain,

s/Herbert E. De Lee  
t/Herbert E. De Lee  
Lt. Col., Ord. Dept. C. O.  
CLD/wdh

1st Ind.

HEADQUARTERS, 32nd Field Artillery Brigade, APO 230, 19 September 1944,

TO : Commanding Officer, 283rd F. A. Bn.

1. The above is a copy of a letter received from the C. O. of the 71st Ordnance Group.

2. Although temporarily away from its primary mission, your battalion did a fine job of helping to get ammunition to those who could use it.

s/Charles L. Dasher, Jr.  
t/Charles L. Dasher, Jr.  
Col., F. A., Commanding

I certify that the above is a true copy, free of erasures and alterations and appears in all respects to be genuine.

s/Frederick E. Dieterle  
t/Frederick E. Dieterle  
Maj., 283rd FA Bn. Ex. & S'1

HEADQUARTERS, First United States  
Army, APO 230.  
200.6 (Arty) 21 September 1944

SUBJECT : Commendation.

TO : Commanding Officer, 32nd Field Artillery  
Brigade, APO 230, U. S. Army.

1. It is desired to convey to the officers and enlisted men of the 32nd Field Artillery Brigade and all attached Field Artillery units the appreciation of the Army Commander for the great assistance rendered to First Army during a critical supply period. The rapid advances on all fronts necessitated the utilization of every available facility in order to supplement the normal supply means already taxed to the extreme.

2. The enthusiastic, co-operative and efficient accomplishment of this unusual mission by combat troops reflects great credit upon all members of your command. Every officer and enlisted man may well take pride in a job well done.

By command of Lt. Gen. Hodges :  
s/W. B. Kean  
t/W. B. Kean  
Major General, G. S. C.,  
Chief of Staff.  
CLD/wdh

1st Ind.

HEADQUARTERS, 32nd Field Artillery Brigade, APO 230, 25 September 1944,

TO : See Distribution.

s/Charles L. Dasher, Jr.  
t/Charles L. Dasher, Jr.  
Colonel F. A., Commanding  
Distribution :  
« EXTRACT »  
1-CO, 283rd F. A. Bn.

I certify that the above is a true copy, free of erasures and alterations and appears in all respects to be genuine.

s/Frederick E. Dieterle  
t/Frederick E. Dieterle  
Major, 283rd F. A. Bn.  
Ex. & S-1

HEADQUARTERS, 422nd Field Artillery Group, APO 230, U. S. Army.

12 October 1944

SUBJECT : Commendation.

TO : Commanding Officer, 283rd Field Artillery Battalion, APO 230, U. S. Army.

1. The Commanding Officer, First Provisional Truck Battalion, has reported that the Provisional Truck Platoon, furnished by the 283rd F. A. Battalion hauled forward 2215 tons of urgently needed ammunition and covered a distance of 3115 miles during the period 14 September - 10 October 1944.

2. The members of the 283rd F. A. Battalion, Provisional Truck Platoon are commended for the highly successful accomplishment of the difficult mission entrusted to them. This mission required aggressive and untiring action and the solution of many unforeseen route difficulties. It involved working for extended periods with inadequate rest. The fine spirit with which, under adverse conditions, they adapted themselves to the job at hand, indicates initiative, discipline and morale of high standard.

s/Wm Clarke  
t/Wm Clarke

Colonel, FA., Commanding

I certify that the above is a true copy, free of erasures and alterations and appears in all respects to be genuine.

s/Frederick E. Dieterle  
t/Frederick E. Dieterle  
Major, 283rd F. A. Bn.  
Ex. & S-1

HEADQUARTERS, First U. S. Army Signal Service, APO 230, U. S. Army.

676.1 (SIG) 13 October 1944

SUBJECT : Cable recovery by Provisional Artillery Unit.

TO : Artillery Officer, First Army.

1. I wish to express my appreciation to you for the valuable assistance given by the Provisional Signal Company, organized from First Army Artillery units, during the period 27 August to 1 October 1944. The work of this unit involved the recovery of all spiral four cable from Canisy to our present Command Post laid

by Signal troops of the First Army. The rapid advance of the First Army and resulting commitments of Army Signal troops made cable recovery an impossible task. The work done by your provisional unit resulted in the recovery of valuable and irreplaceable equipment and thereby relieved the difficult supply situation.

2. Request that you express my appreciation to the commanders concerned.

s/Grant A. Williams  
t/Grant A. Williams  
Colonel, Signal Corps  
Signal Officer

1st Ind.

HEADQUARTERS, First United States Army, Office of the Artillery Officer, APO 230, U. S. Army, 15 October 1944.

TO : Commanding Officer, 422nd Field Artillery Group, APO 230, U. S. Army.

1. It is desired to add my own appreciation to that of the Signal Officer, First Army, for this well performed task.

2. The organizations represented, together with both officers and enlisted men who participated, have just cause to be proud of this contribution to the effort of the First Army.

s/Chas. E. Hart  
t/Chas. E. Hart  
Brigadier General, U. S. A.  
Artillery Officer

2nd Ind.

HEADQUARTERS, 422nd Field Artillery Group, APO 230, U. S. Army, 16 October 1944.

TO : Commanding Officer, 283rd Field Artillery Battalion, APO 230, U. S. Army.

THRU : Commanding General, XIX Corps.

It gives me great pleasure to forward this well earned commendation.

s/Wm. Clarke  
s/Wm. Clarke  
Colonel, FA., Commanding

I certify that the above is a true copy, free of erasures and alterations and appears in all respects to be genuine.

s/Frederick E. Dieterle  
t/Frederick E. Dieterle  
Major, 283rd F. A. Bn.  
Ex. & S-1

HEADQUARTERS, 125th Cav Rcn Sq, Mecz, APO 339.

201.22

14 December 1944

SUBJECT : Letter of Commendation.

TO : Commanding General, 29th United States Infantry Division, APO 29.

1. It is a genuine pleasure to submit the following commendation for the service rendered this organization by the 283rd Field Artillery Battalion during the period 14 October 1944 to 2 November 1944, during which time this unit was under your command.

2. The 125th Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron, Mecz, during this period was in an extremely thinly-held defensive position from Millen, Germany (inclusive) northwest to Maeseck, Belgium (exclusive) and was supported by the 283rd Field Artillery Battalion with an exceptional spirit of co-operation, enthusiasm and efficiency that provided a bulwark of defense for this command.

Despite a stretch of intensely inclement weather, this artillery unit devoted tireless efforts, day and night, firing missions required of them. Impartial observers have told of the deadly accuracy of their guns that definitely caused many casualties among enemy personnel and vehicles.

The Battalion Commander, Lt. Col. Hugh McDonald, provided the impetus that made his unit so important to the success of the 125th Cavalry Rcn Sq in their mission. He took a personal interest in the combined operations of both Cavalry and Artillery, and devoted tireless energy in maintaining the efficient functioning of his organization. On numerous occasions he has gone beyond the call of duty, with considerable risk to himself, in keeping contact with the furthestmost front line elements, checking his forward observers and OPs. In the town of Millen, Germany he went well forward to personally direct fire on important targets.

The Officers and men directly attached to the 125th Cav Rcn Sq displayed the same interest and efficiency. On numerous occasions, without waiting for the need to arise, they have, with exceptional foresight and initiative, anticipated requirements in advance. Their actions, in missions of great personal danger, were characterized by an enthusiasm and zip seldom exhibited by attached units.

3. I highly commend the 283rd Field Artillery Battalion in general, and the following listed Officers and enlisted men for their heroic achievement and request this be directed through normal channels for appropriate recommendations for awards :

Lt. Col. Hugh McDonald . . . . .	0233128
Capt. David J. Evans . . . . .	01167826
1st Lt. Gerard H. Gauthier . . . . .	01173957
1st Lt. William G. Grohne . . . . .	01176647
1st Lt. James W. Denton . . . . .	01177363
1st Lt. Frank H. Armstrong . . . . .	01174759
1st Lt. Lewis P. Nedeau . . . . .	01184269
1st Lt. Frank A. Druyor . . . . .	01184805
S/Sgt. Irvin J. Zielinski . . . . .	35175466
Cpl. Jacques G. Linn . . . . .	33511510
Pfc. Robert L. Leigey . . . . .	33761863

s/Anthony F. Kleitz  
t/Anthony F. Kleitz  
Lt. Col., Cavalry, C. O.

1st Ind.

HEADQUARTERS, 29th Infantry Division, APO 29, U. S. Army, 19 December 1944.

TO : Commanding General, Division Artillery, 20th Infantry Div., APO 29, U. S. Army.

The undersigned is pleased to note and forward the foregoing commendation, for information and appropriate action.

s/C. H. Gerhardt  
t/C. H. Gerhardt  
Major General, U. S. Army  
Commanding

2nd Ind.

HRW/cc

HEADQUARTERS, 29th Division Artillery, APO 29, U. S. Army, 20 December 1944.

TO : Commanding Officer, 283rd F. A. Battalion, APO 29, U. S. Army.

Commendation included in the basic communication is most pleasing to the undersigned.

s/Harry R. Warfield  
t/Harry R. Warfield  
Col., 29th Div. Arty, C. O.

I certify that this is a true copy of the original document, which bears an autograph signature, and that such original document show no erasures, alterations, or irregularities, and appears in all respect to be genuine.

s/Frederick E. Dieterle  
t/Frederick E. Dieterle  
Maj., 283rd FA Bn. Ex. & S-1

HEADQUARTERS, Ninth U. S. Army, Office  
of the Commanding General.

314.7 APO 339, 20 Jan. 1945

SUBJECT: Commendation.

THRU: Commanding General, XIII Corps,  
APO 463, U. S. Army.

TO: Commanding General, 29th Infantry Divi-  
sion, APO 29, U. S. Army.

1. I wish to commend the personnel who pre-  
pare the after Action Reports of the 29th Infan-  
try Division.

2. The narrative reports are concise, accurate  
and informative, and will be invaluable in future  
years as source material for historical and mili-  
tary studies. The painstaking effort given to  
supporting documents, which in many cases are  
supplemented with specially prepared charts and  
maps, is highly commendable. The assembly of  
the report, the manner in which each report is  
neatly contained in its own cover, and the work-  
manship and effort displayed in the preparation  
of each cover, is indicative of the ingenuity,  
imagination and thoroughness displayed on the  
part of the personnel responsible for the compo-  
sition of these reports.

3. I consider the reports to be a model which  
has been excelled by no other unit under my  
command.

s/W. H. Simpson,  
t/W. H. Simpson,  
Lieut. Gen., U. S. Army,  
Commanding

1st Ind.

HEADQUARTERS, XIII Corps, APO 463,  
U. S. Army, 22 January 1945.

TO: Commanding General, 29th Inf. Div.,  
APO 29, U. S. Army.

1. It gives me great pleasure to add my com-  
mendation to the above.

2. The well directed effort expensed in pre-  
paring the report and the excellent result  
obtained are outstanding.

s/A. C. Gillem, Jr.  
t/A. C. Gillem, Jr.  
Major General, U. S. Army,  
Commanding

2nd Ind.

201.22

CHG/ejp

HEADQUARTERS, 29th Infantry Division,  
APO 29, U. S. Army, 24 January 1945.

TO: Regimental and Separate Battalion  
Commanders.

Organization commanders and their staff offi-  
cers who have been responsible for the prepara-  
tion of After Action Reports have earned the  
foregoing commendations by the Army Com-  
mander and the Corps Commander, by their  
painstaking and ingenious work. The reputation  
of the 29th Infantry Division for doing well any  
assigned task has been upheld by these officers  
and their enlisted assistants.

s/C. H. Gerhardt,  
t/C. H. Gerhardt,  
Major General, U. S. Army,  
Commanding

I certify that this is a true copy of the ori-  
ginal document, which bears an autograph  
signature, and that such original document show  
no erasures, alterations, or irregularities, and  
appears in all respects to be genuine.

s/Frederick E. Dieterle  
t/Frederick E. Dieterle  
Major, 283rd F. A. Bn.  
Ex. & S-1

HEADQUARTERS, Sixth Army Group Office  
of the Commanding General, APO 23.

12 February 1945

SUBJECT: Commendation.

TO: Commanding General, XXI Corps, APO  
101, U. S. Army.

1. From early November 1944 to January  
1945, the German Army had clung tenaciously  
to the Colmar pocket, presenting a constant  
threat to the security of the 6th Army Group.  
To drive the enemy from Colmar, the First  
French Army on 20 January launched a deter-  
mined drive in which the XXI Corps played  
a brilliant role. Your achievements are espe-  
cially preaseworthy, because it was the first  
major operation in which the Corps had partici-  
pated.

2. On 29 January, the XXI Corps assumed  
command of a vital sector of our lines West  
and North of Colmar with the II French Corps  
on its left and the Vosges Sector on its right.  
You were not only confronted with a desperate  
enemy, but appalling weather, flooded areas,  
and a network of canals and rivers promised to  
make your task arduous and exhausting.

3. Upon your arrival, the Commanding Gene-  
ral of the First French Army entrusted you  
with the mission of attacking Neuf Brisach and  
the Brisach bridges, so as to cut off the enemy's  
main line of retreat from the pocket. Despite the  
obstacles in your path, the hard-driving Ameri-  
can and French troops under your command on  
2 February reached the Colmar-Neuf Brisach  
railroad and entered Colmar.

4. Other victories followed in rapid succes-  
sion. On 5 February, armored units of your  
Corps made contact with troops of the I French  
Corps thrusting northward from Mulhouse. The  
Brisach bridge was reached on 6 February,  
Neuf Brisach fell the following day, and on 8  
February your sector together with the remain-

der of the pocket, was in the hands of Allied  
troops.

5. Your swift advance was an inspiration to  
the entire Allied Expeditionary Force, and a  
striking tribute to the superior leadership of your  
officers and non-commissioned officers, and to  
the resolute courage of your troops. The dogge-  
dness and skill with which you pressed home  
your attack and in eleven days overcame seem-  
ingly insurmountable barriers is worthy of the  
highest praise. I am proud of the officers and  
men of the XXI Corps, and I consider it a great  
privilege to count you among those under my  
command.

s/Jacob L. Devers  
t/Jacob L. Devers  
Lt. General U. S. Army  
Commanding

220.2

1st Ind.

FWM/hoc

HEADQUARTERS, XXI Corps, APO 101,  
U. S. Army, 16 February 1945.

TO: All units, XXI Corps.

It is pleasure to transmit this letter to the  
officers and men of the XXI Corps, who through  
their valor and courage, made such a victory  
possible.

s/F. W. Milburn  
t/F. W. Milburn  
Major General, U. S. Army  
Commanding

I certify that this is a true copie of the original  
document, which bears an autograph signature,  
and that such original document shows no era-  
sures, alterations, or irregularities, and appears  
in all respects to be genuine.

s/Frederick E. Dieterle  
t/Frederick E. Dieterle  
Major, 283rd F. A. Bn.  
Ex. & S-1

1st FRENCH ARMY  
The General  
No. 2350/CAB.FR

CP, 14 Feb. 1945

**ORDER OF THE DAY TO THE OFFICERS NON COMMISSIONED  
OFFICERS AND TROOPS OF THE XXI CORPS**

The day after the brilliant victory achieved on the plains of Alsace by your Divisions fraternally united with the French Forces of the I and II Corps, I am particularly happy to convey to you my gratitude and admiration.

This battle once again manifested the community of ideals which links us to your noble country.

We shall never forget the magnificent part played by the XXI Corps, under the wing of the 1st French Army, in the delivrance of the most dear of our provinces.

The superb drive and persistence of the 3rd US Infantry Division, breaking out into the open, and by an exploit that shall remain legendary, took by assault the old fortress NEUFBRISACH.

The chivalrous spirit of the 28th US Infantry Division, which, after long hard days of combat reached the outskirts of COLMAR, and left the honor of entering the city first to the French tanks.

The courage and firmness of the 75th US Infantry Division, withstanding, at first, the attacks conducted against the flank of our principal drive, then worked side by side with the 3rd US Infantry Division in the decisive action.

The offensive spirit of the 12 US Armored Division, the last to be committed to battle, who helped effect the meeting at ROUFFACH with the forces of the I corps.

Under the authoritative and able command of General MILBURN, and thanks to the precise and methodic work of his Staff, and thanks to the indomitable heroism of the troops, you have covered your colors with new glory.

I humble myself in the memory of those of your comrades who have given their lives for France, for their Country, and for the Liberty of the World, and I hope, a day will come when once again, side by side, our united armies will achieve final victory.

General d'Armee de Lattre de Tassigny  
Commander in Chief of the  
First French Army  
signed : J. de Lattre

HEADQUARTERS, XXI Corps, APO 101,  
U. S. Army.

201.22

10 February 1945

SUBJECT : Order of the Day.

TO : All Units, XXI Corps.

It gives me great pleasure and pride to transmit « Order of the Day no. 7 », Headquarters, 1st French Army, to all units that were assigned or attached to the XXI Corps for the operations in the Colmar area.

s/F. W. Milburn  
t/F. W. Milburn  
Major General U. S. Army  
Commanding

1 Inc :

Order of the Day No. 6

(See reverse side)

Distribution :

5-Divs  
2-Regts  
2-Bns  
1-COs

I certify that this is a true copy of the original document, which bears an autograph signature, and that such original document shows no erasures, alterations, or irregularities, and appears in all respects to be genuine.

s/Frederick E. Dieterle  
t/Frederick E. Dieterle  
Major, 283rd F. A. Bn.  
Ex. & S-1

HEADQUARTERS, XXI Corps, Office of the  
Corps Commander.

201.22

16 February 1945

SUBJECT : Commendation.

TO : Commanding Officer, 283rd Field Artillery Battalion, U. S. Army.

1. The operations of the XXI Corps in the Colmar area have been successfully completed. Colmar has been liberated and the enemy has been driven to the east of the Rhine.

2. The success of these operations has been due to the loyalty, the gallantry and the unselfish devotion to duty of the many thousands of officers, and enlisted men to the units that constitute the XXI Corps.

3. The 283rd Field Artillery Battalion was particularly outstanding in these operations. It performed its assigned missions with great enthusiasm. It completed these missions successfully contributing materially thereby to the great victory achieved by our units.

4. I wish to commend you, the officers, and the enlisted men of the 283rd Field Artillery Battalion for the superior manner in which they performed during these operations. Their actions were superb, and they reflect the finest traditions of the Armies of the United States.

s/F. W. Milburn  
t/F. W. Milburn  
Major General U. S. Army  
Commanding

I certify that this is a true copy of the original document, which bears an autograph signature, and that such original document shows no erasure, alterations, or irregularities, and appears in all respects to be genuine.

s/Frederick E. Dieterle  
t/Frederick E. Dieterle  
Major, 283rd F. A. Bn.  
Ex. & S-1

HEADQUARTERS, 28th Infantry Division,  
APO 28, U. S. Army.

8 February 1945

SUBJECT : Commendation.

TO : Commanding General, 28th Division Artillery, APO 28, U. S. Army.

I desire to express my great appreciation of the superior manner in which the Division Artillery so ably supported the advance of the division in the capture of COLMAR and advance to the RHINE RIVER. Only those who know the conditions under which your unit entered this operation, after the gruelling Ardennes battles, can appreciate the superior soldierly qualities exhibited by your officers and men. They were grand. Their aggressive and cooperative spirit was magnificent. I congratulate each and every member of the 28th Division Artillery. I ask you to keep it up. March, Shoot, Obey, and Salute and we will have the « Fightingest » Division in the U. S. Army.

s/Norman D. Cota  
t/Norman D. Cota  
Major General, U. S. A.  
Commanding

1st Ind. 9 February 1945

HEADQUARTERS, 28th Division Artillery,  
APO 28, U. S. Army.

TO : Commanding Officer, 107th, 108th, 109th, 229th, 283rd Field Artillery Battalions, Headquarters, Battery, 28th Division Artillery and 447th AAA (AW) Battalion.

It is very gratifying to receive such a commendation from the Division Commander. I thank and congratulate each and every one of you for your excellent performance. Keep up the good work, and « Keep 'em rolling along ».

s/Basil H. Perry  
t/Basil H. Perry  
Brigadier General, U. S. A.  
Commanding

I certify that this is a true copy of the original document, which bears an autograph signature, and that such original document shows no erasures, alterations, or irregularities, and appears in all respects to be genuine.

s/Frederick E. Dieterle  
t/Frederick E. Dieterle  
Major, 283rd F. A. Bn.  
Ex. & S-1

HEADQUARTERS, XIX Corps, Office of the  
Corps Commander.

APO 270  
c/o Postmaster  
New-York, N. Y.  
6 September 1944

SUBJECT : Commendation.

TO : Commanding General, 30th Infantry Division, APO 30, U. S. Army.

1. On August 29, 1944 the 30th Infantry Division rejoined the XIX Corps after serving for a brief period with the XV Corps and establishing a bridge head on the SEINE River. At that time, this Corps was ordered to advance into Belgium.

2. From its position astride the SEINE, the 30th Division advanced against opposition across the SOMME River and numerous smaller streams and into Belgium, a distance of 180 miles in 72 hours. It arrived on its objective in good order. This is believed to be one of the fastest opposed advances by an infantry division over a similar distance in the history of warfare.

3. It is desired to commend you, your officers and men, on this splendid achievement. It is also desired to express the pride and pleasure it gives this headquarters and other Corps units to serve again with your fine organization. We will go on together to further victories.

s/Charles H. Corlett  
t/Charles H. Corlett  
Major General, U. S. Army  
Commanding

1st Ind.

6 September 1944

HEADQUARTERS, 30th Infantry Division,  
APO 30, U. S. Army, 7 September 1944.

TO : The Soldiers of the 30th Infantry Division.

1. This citation is YOURS — each and every one of you who so fully did your individual part in this latest achievement.

2. Again, I express my congratulations to you, my pride in you, and my deep appreciation for your fine work. God continue to go forward with you all.

s/L. S. Hobbs  
t/L. S. Hobbs  
Major General, U. S. Army  
Commanding

2nd Ind.

HEADQUARTERS, 30th Infantry Division  
Artillery, APO 30, U. S. Army, 30 Jan. 45.

TO : Commanding Officer, 283rd F. A. Bn.,  
APO 339, U. S. Army.

1. The above expressed thoughts are applicable to the officers and men of your organization, the latter being a part of the 30th Infantry Division organization during this action.

For the Commanding General,

s/J. J. Parrish Jr.  
t/J. J. Parrish Jr.  
Major, F. A., Adjutant

I certify that this is a true copy of the original document, which bears an autograph signature, and that such original document shows no erasures, alterations, or irregularities, and appears in all respects to be genuine.

s/Frederick E. Dieterle  
t/Frederick E. Dieterle  
Major, 283rd F. A. Bn.  
Ex. & S-1

HEADQUARTERS, Sixth Army Group, APO  
23, U. S. Army.

In reply refer to :

SECRET  
CG, 6th AG Init. JLT  
AG 421. 4/3 A-O 3 March 1945

SUBJECT : Army of the City of Colmar.

TO : Commanding General, XXI Corps,  
APO 101.

THRU : Commanding General, Seventh Army,  
APO 758.

1. To commemorate the liberation of the City of COLMAR, the Mayor of that City has authorized the wearing of the Arms of the City of COLMAR by the officers and enlisted men under the Army Group Commander's command. Such authorization is hereby extended to the officers and enlisted men who were assigned or attached to your command during the period 20 January to 9 February 1945. It is desired that the commanders of units listed in Inclosure I be notified of the above.

2. This authorization does not constitute authorization for wearing of the Arms of the City of COLMAR as a part of the service uniform unless and until they have been incorporated in distinctive insignia or shoulder patches approved by the War Department.

By command of Lt. General Devers,

s/J. L. Tarr  
t/J. L. Tarr  
Colonel, AGD, Adj. Gen.

1 Incl. : List of Units  
AG 421.4 Pers

WGC/JDM/jsh

1st Ind.

HEADQUARTERS Seventh Army, APO 758,  
U. S. Army, 12 March 1945.

TO : Commanding General, XXI Corps, APO  
101, U. S. Army.

For compliance with basic communication.

By command of Lt. General Patch :

s/W. G. Caldwell  
t/W. G. Caldwell  
Colonel, AGD, Adj. Gen.

Incl. : n/c

Reproduced : Hq XXI Corps, 18 March 1945.  
Basic Ltr., Hq 6th Army Group, 3 March 45.

Subj : Arms of the City of Colmar.  
421.4 AG 2nd Ind. /vdm

HEADQUARTERS, XXI Corps, APO 101,  
U. S. Army, 18 March 1945.

TO : Co, 283rd FA Bn, U. S. Army.

The Commanding General is pleased to forward this for the information of all concerned.

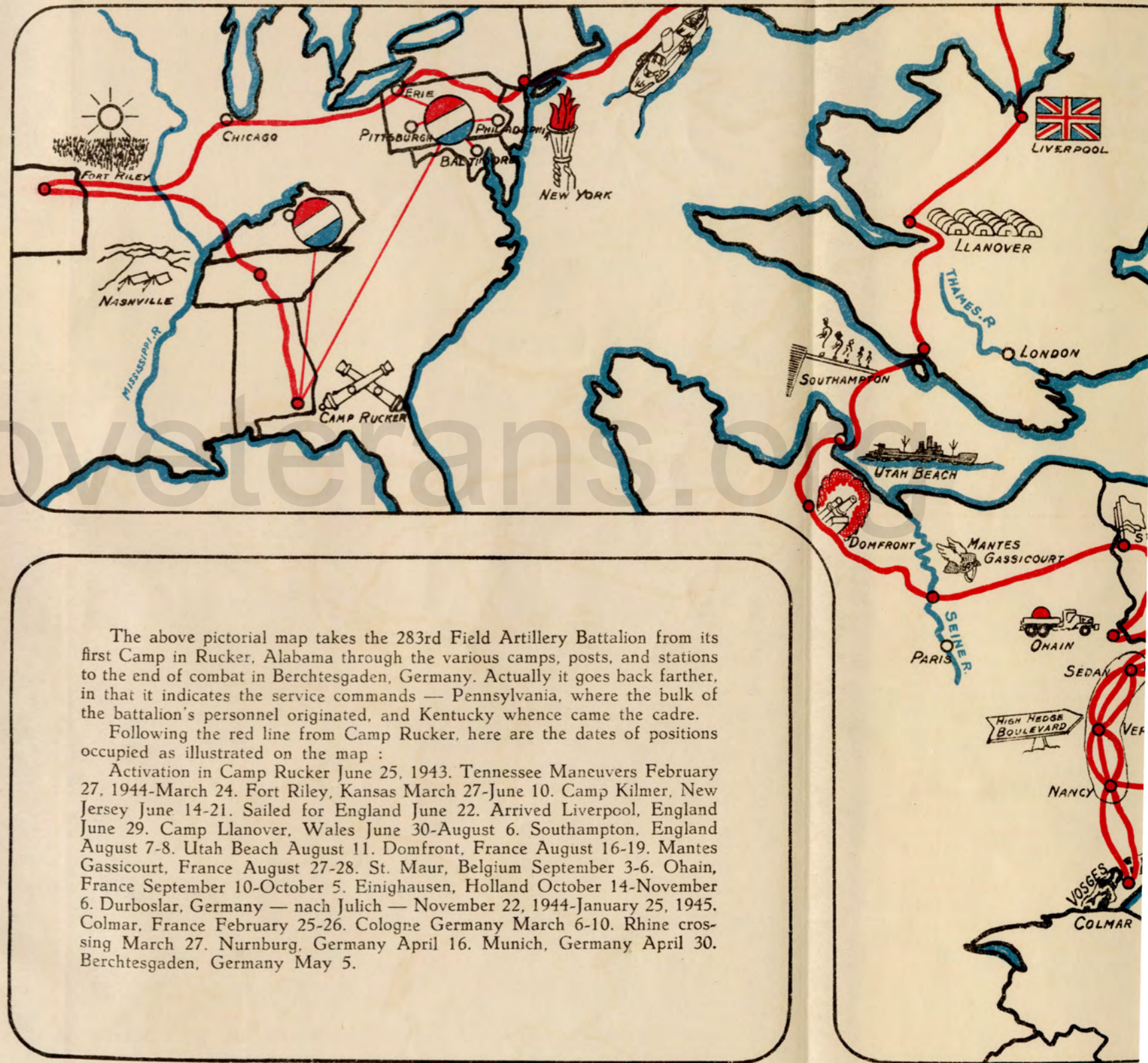
For the Commanding General :

s/Willis E. Vincent  
t/Willis E. Vincent  
Colonel AGD, Adj. Gen.

1 Incl. : Withdrawn

I certify that this is a true copy of the original document, which bears an autograph signature, and that such original document shows no erasures, alterations, or irregularities, and appears in all respects to be genuine.

s/John D. Sapp  
t/John D. Sapp  
Major, 283rd F. A. Bn.  
Ex. & S-1

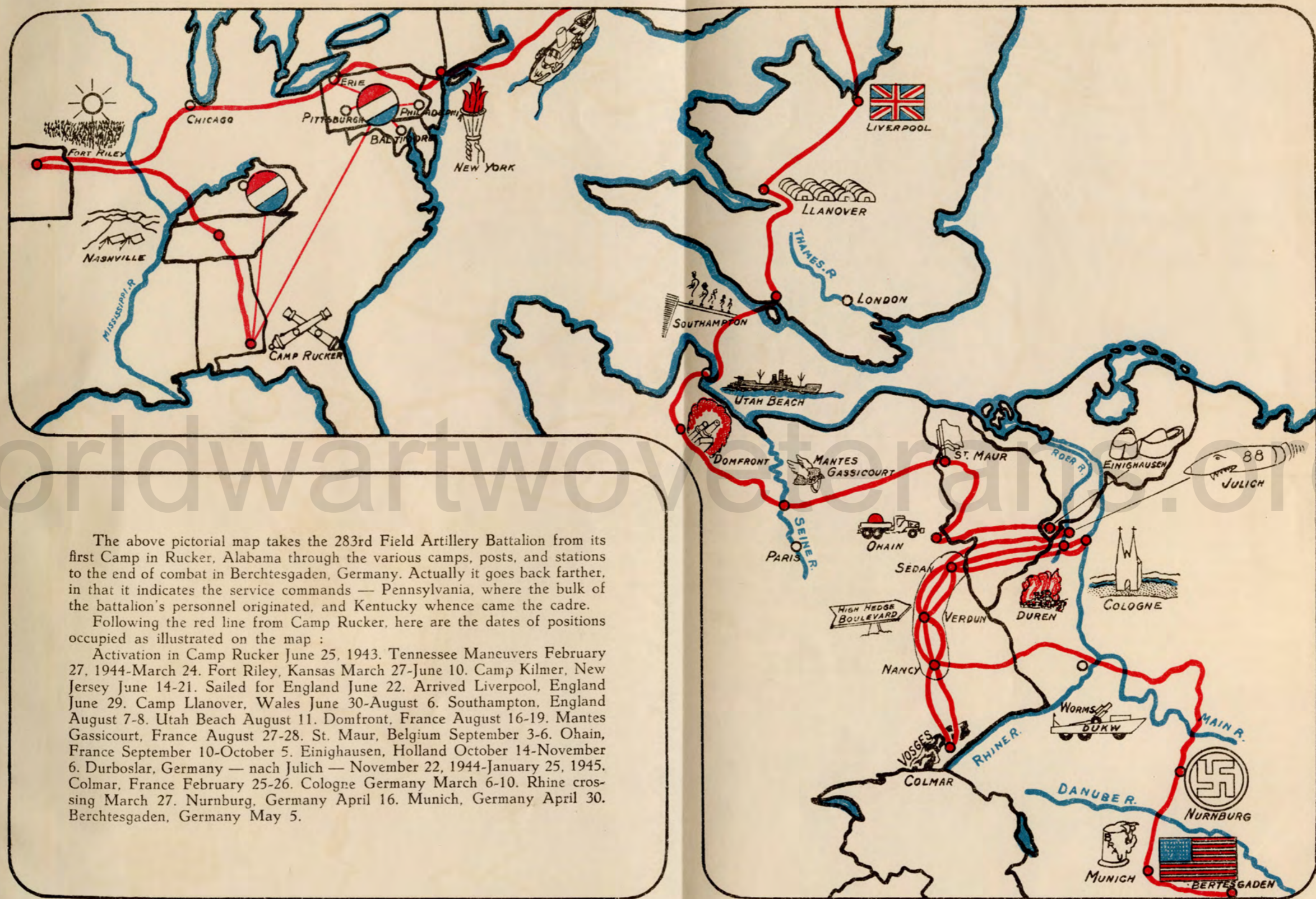


The above pictorial map takes the 283rd Field Artillery Battalion from its first Camp in Rucker, Alabama through the various camps, posts, and stations to the end of combat in Berchtesgaden, Germany. Actually it goes back farther, in that it indicates the service commands — Pennsylvania, where the bulk of the battalion's personnel originated, and Kentucky whence came the cadre.

Following the red line from Camp Rucker, here are the dates of positions occupied as illustrated on the map :

Activation in Camp Rucker June 25, 1943. Tennessee Maneuvers February 27, 1944-March 24. Fort Riley, Kansas March 27-June 10. Camp Kilmer, New Jersey June 14-21. Sailed for England June 22. Arrived Liverpool, England June 29. Camp Llanover, Wales June 30-August 6. Southampton, England August 7-8. Utah Beach August 11. Domfront, France August 16-19. Mantes Gassicourt, France August 27-28. St. Maur, Belgium September 3-6. Ohain, France September 10-October 5. Einighausen, Holland October 14-November 6. Durboslar, Germany — nach Julich — November 22, 1944-January 25, 1945. Colmar, France February 25-26. Cologne Germany March 6-10. Rhine crossing March 27. Nurnburg, Germany April 16. Munich, Germany April 30. Berchtesgaden, Germany May 5.





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wartwovetera