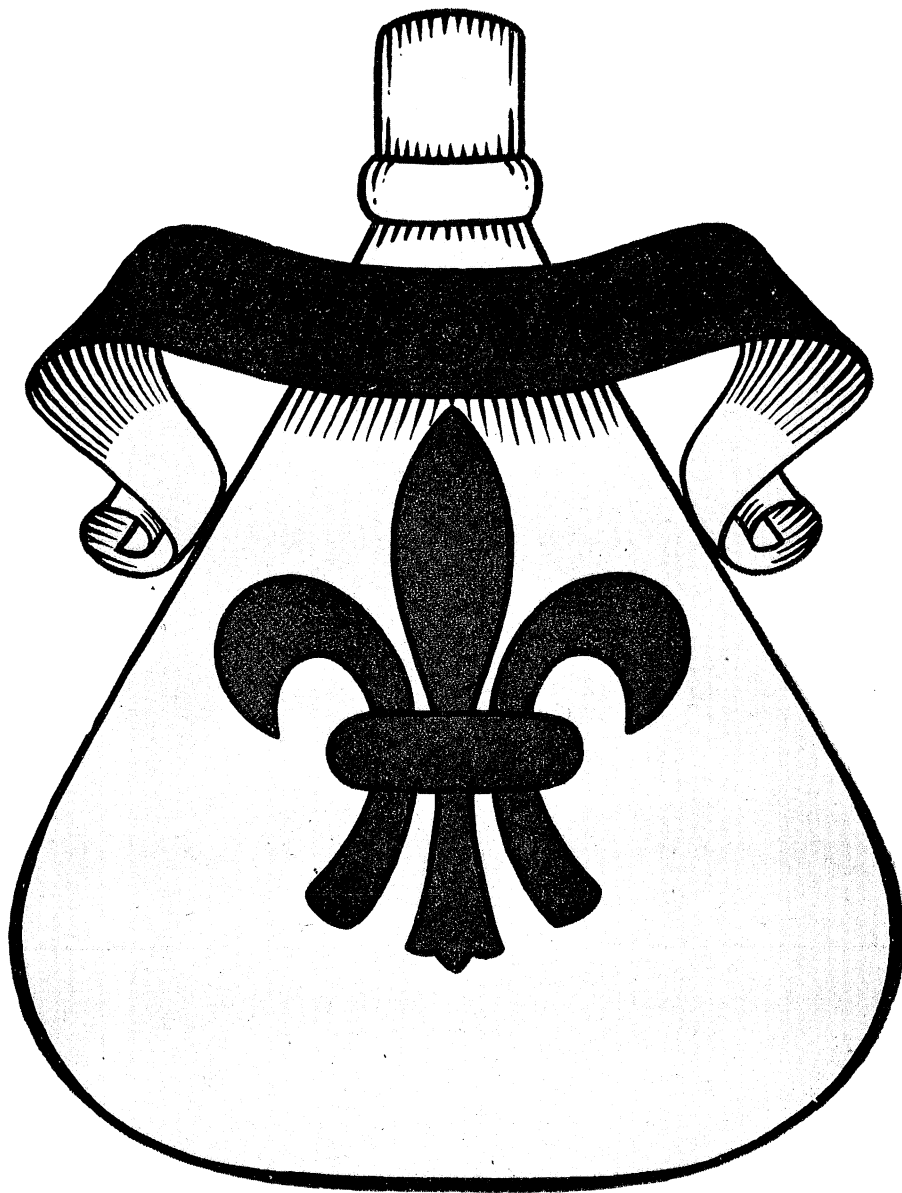


HEADQUARTERS AND HEADQUARTERS BATTERY



By authority delegated to the Quartermaster General by 2nd Ind. AG421.7 Insignia, 9-15-42, the distinctive badge below is approved under the provisions of par. 51, AR 600-40, 28th August 1941 for the 87th Division Artillery: BADGE—on a gold powder flash, a scarlet fleur-de-lis. Around the top a scroll in scarlet with the motto "DRY POWDER" in gold lettering. The motto Dry Powder alludes to the famous quotation "Keep your powder dry."

HEADQUARTERS 87TH DIVISION ARTILLERY

FT. BENNING, GEORGIA



8 September 1945

To my comrades of the Headquarters, 87th Division Artillery :

As the day of our inactivation draws near, and before we are scattered to the far corners of our country, I wish to offer a brief testimonial of my gratitude and admiration for your services.

The splendid battle record of the 87th Division has been recorded. In the making of that record you, who operated the nerve center of the Division Artillery, played a conspicuous part. I am aware of the many individual feats of heroism and sacrifice which you have performed; I know of no instance of shirking nor of half-hearted performance of duty. Surely you may feel confident of your country's gratitude.

The comradeship I have enjoyed with you and the great honor of leading so fine a group will remain with me as sources of undying pride. God speed!

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "W. W. Ford". The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style.

W. W. FORD
Brigadier General, U. S. A.
Commanding



WILLIAM W. FORD

BRIGADIER GENERAL

Commanding Division Artillery

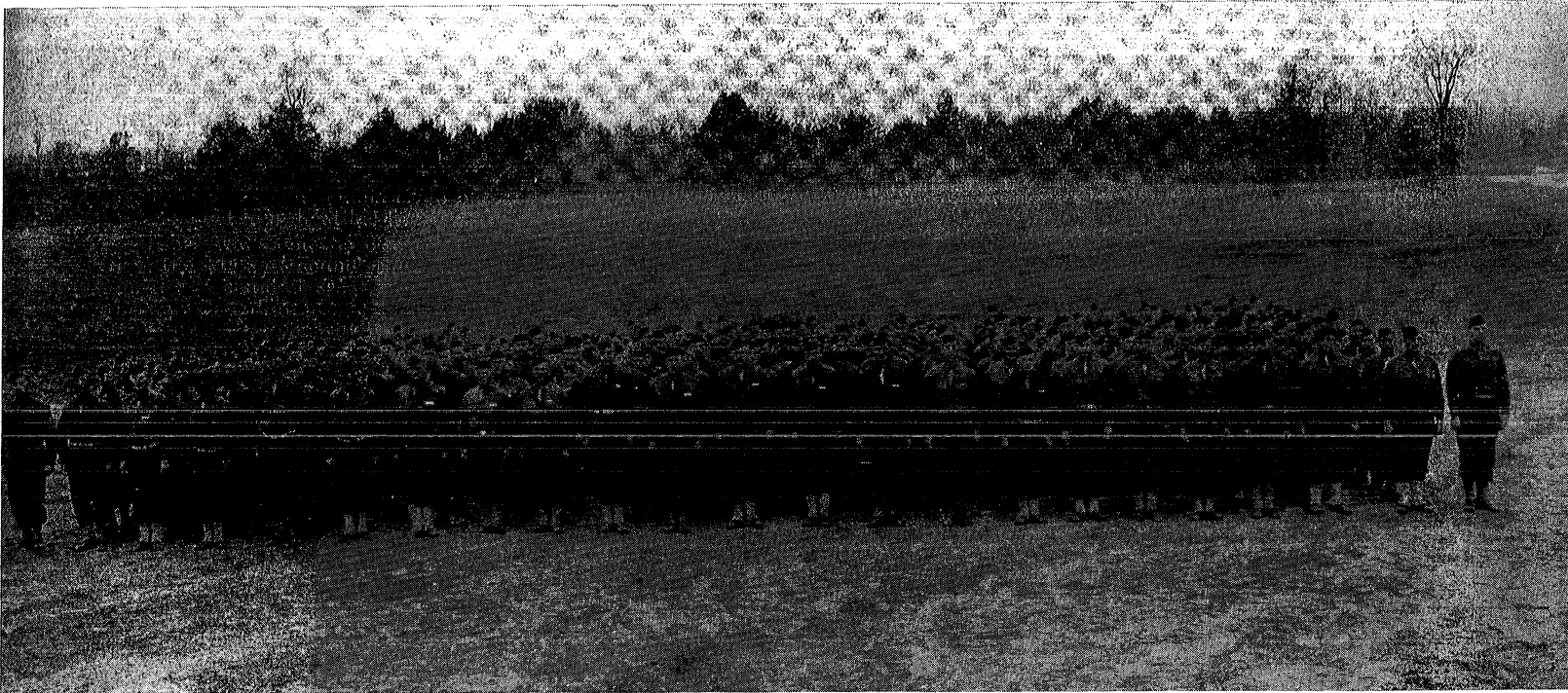
Commanded 87th Division Artillery, 13 March 1944 until inactivation. First officer to earn and only general to wear the artillery liaison pilot's wings. Introduced the invaluable "Cub" plane for artillery observation. Graduate, United States Military Academy, class of 1920, and the Command and General Staff School. (Photo Bassenheim, Germany.)

HISTORY OF HEADQUARTERS AND HEADQUARTERS BATTERY

Our organization was redesignated from the 162nd Field Artillery Brigade, which served overseas in 1918, demobilized at Fort Dix, N. J., March 1, 1919, and made a unit of the 87th Division, Organized Reserves October 30, 1926. On the 30th of January, 1942, Headquarters and Headquarters Battery 162nd Field Artillery Brigade was redesignated Headquarters and Headquarters Battery 87th Division Artillery. Our colors are entitled to carry the Victory Ribbon streamer.

We were commanded by Brigadier General Russel G. Barkalow when the Headquarters and Headquarters Battery was activated at Camp McCain, Mississippi, December 15, 1942. The 81st Division at Camp Rucker, Alabama, sent the

paration for combat was made. Efficiency tests of all types were conducted and all equipment was readied for overseas movement. We left Fort Jackson for the New York Port of Embarkation October 11, and arrived at Camp Kilmer, N. J., the next day. Inspection, inoculations, orientation lectures and movies filled the days but many of the men had an opportunity for a pass to nearby homes or to visit New York City. On the evening of November 3, loaded with barracks bags and personal equipment, we marched off the ferry onto the 48th Street pier in New York City. The Red Cross passed us doughnuts and coffee and a WAC Band enlivened the staggering climb up the gangplank of HMS *Louis Pasteur*.



Entire 87th Division Artillery on activation day

original cadre and the organization quickly filled up with officers from Fort Sill and men from the Third, Fourth and Fifth Service Commands. Most of the personnel came from east of the Mississippi.

After the organization details were completed, intensive primary training was climaxed by winter maneuvers with the Second Army near Shelbyville, Tennessee. We gained invaluable experience, fighting this sham battle in mud and snow, which later in Germany was to stand us in good stead. The hardening discomfort of near zero temperatures were not relieved until we were ordered to Fort Jackson, South Carolina, where most of us got furloughs. From the 26th of January, 1944, to November 3, 1944, every team of specialists we had was trained and equipped for the combatwise tricks of their job.

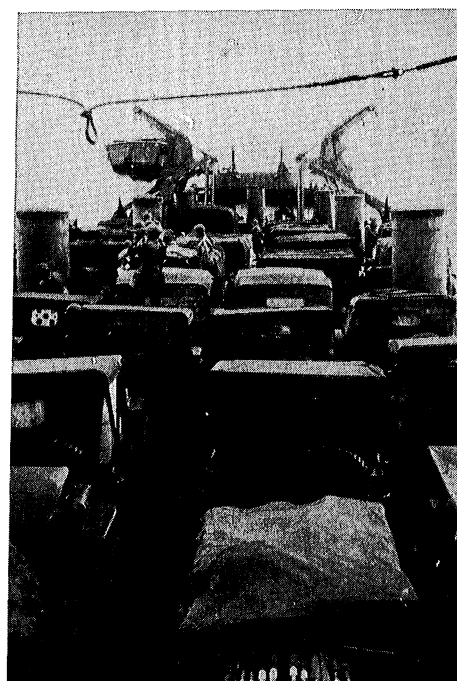
When General Barkalow left in February, we were commanded by Colonel Stuart L. Cowles. On March 13, Col. William W. Ford arrived from Fort Sill, Okla., where he headed the Department of Air Training at the Field Artillery School. Colonel Ford soon won his star, on August 11, thus becoming the only general to wear the Artillery Liaison Pilot's wings. Under General Ford's direction, final prep-

The next afternoon tugs nosed the big ship out on the Hudson River and we slowly steamed into the harbor past the Statue of Liberty. The New York skyline gradually faded from view as the men watched with some misgivings and many mixed emotions. The seas were quite rough for the first three days and seasickness touched nearly everyone, but the following week was much smoother, the decks swarmed with men anxious to glimpse the first sight of land. After passing within sight of Ireland and Wales, the tenth day brought us to the harbor of Liverpool, England. Broken windows and tattered roofs gave evidence of some of the devastation that had come to this port in the early days of the war.

As the troops filed out of their compartments into the dimmed-out docks, a British band played familiar tunes to welcome us. The ordeal of going from dock level up to the trains might well be referred to as "The Battle of the Liverpool Docks." Loaded down by full field equipment, duffel bags and bulky TAT boxes, we stumbled and staggered along, stopping frequently to rest, but here again the Red Cross was on hand to refresh us with coffee and



Brigadier General Russell G. Barkalow, commanding officer, from activation to 6 February 1944



Across Channel on LST

doughnuts. The full realization that we were abroad came to us as we settled into the seats of the quaint English coaches.

Our advance detachment, which had arrived in Glasgow aboard the *New Amsterdam* several weeks, had gone on to Macclesfield, Cheshire, to prepare quarters for us. It was after five in the morning when our train rolled to a stop and we piled out into the blackness of Macclesfield's station. Our march through those half-lit, narrow, winding streets will always be remembered. A meal was ready for us at the Cheshire Regiment's Armory. Hot showers and beds were available in the Niessen huts next to the old vicarage which served as our headquarters.

Macclesfield is a bustling textile manufacturing city, renowned the world over for its fine silk. In Cromwell's time it was a walled city, accounting for the narrow, twisting streets and names like Chestergate for its main thorough-

fare. While we awaited the arrival of our heavy equipment, the friendly people welcomed us to their pubs and dances, their clubs, churches and homes. Spending pounds, shillings and pence was a novel experience.

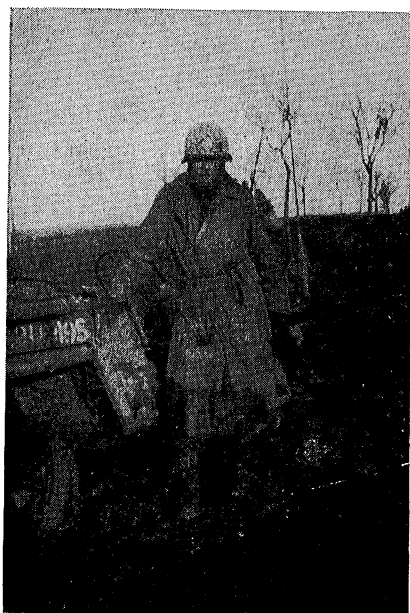
The howitzers, tractors and cases of supplies piled up in the armory yard and our trucks and trailers filled the motor park. The stir created by our celebration of Thanksgiving day continued throughout the early evening. This was "D" Day for us; we lined up in the pouring rain to leave that night. Many of our newly-found friends came to wish us good luck and Godspeed—the youngsters calling "any gum chum?" and "cheerio," with their hands raised, fingers forming a "V."

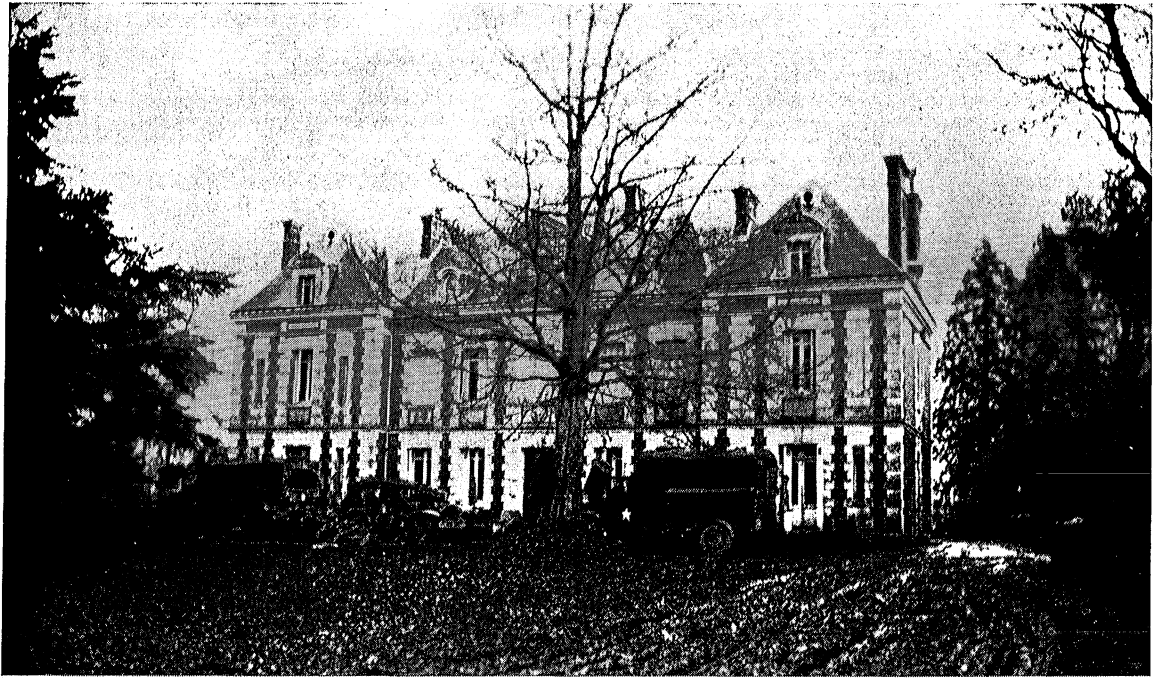
Twenty-two hours later, we arrived at the D-14 marshalling area at Portland. The predominant features of this camp were "C" rations, mud and very little sleep. The Red Cross girls saw us off again, the next morning, when we drove down the seawall road to board the U. S. Navy LST No. 350.

We drove up the ramp let down from the bow of the LST and an elevator whisked the vehicles to the top deck where they were chained down for the voyage. To the surprise of almost everyone, the quarters on board were the most pleasant ones we had had, the food was excellent and music coming from the many speakers throughout the boat lent a festive air to the trip. The usually stormy English Channel was smooth, and although a vigilant watch was kept, all gunners at their stations, no incident marred the crossing. Most of the LST's in the convoy bore scars of the air attacks on previous voyages.

The headlands of France, just west of the mouth of the Seine River, was the first land seen; shortly afterward we stood off in the harbor of Le Havre. Scanning the city with glasses it was possible to see the terrible damage which had been wrought on this foremost port of France by the passage of three armies and constant aerial bombardment. A French river pilot came aboard and in the late afternoon, the ship threaded its way up the Seine past the ruined docks, sunken ships, blasted buildings and blown fortifications of the harbor. Mine sweepers were still at work clearing the channels. The anti-submarine nets were drawn aside and we passed the black buoys marking the underwater wrecks. Along the west bank of the river, German trucks, guns and wagons of all descriptions were seen

Captain Robert M. Magee at Brandelfingerhoff Farms Command Post December 22





Our first Command Post in Europe, Chateau Bailly St. Saens, France, December 2, 1944

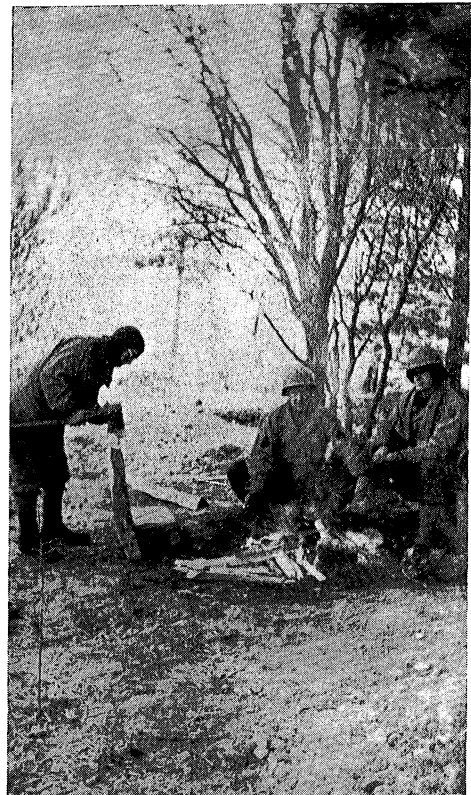
cluttering the wrecked farms and villages. Not a bridge and hardly a building was undamaged by either bombs or artillery fire. As dusk fell, the ship came to anchor in the river. Blackout was carefully established, and in the clear moonlight many men slept out on the open decks. In the morning we were underway again as soon as it was light enough to see the twisting river banks. The city of Rouen, with its famous cathedral was soon sighted. Here again all was desolation and ruin. The huge Shell Oil plant was being

reconverted to an Army gasoline and oil dump from the shambles the German demolitionists had left. On a peninsula in the river, supplies of all descriptions were heaped over acres of ground. In the squeeze of heavy traffic our boat collided with another LST, tearing a hole in the bow. The ship proceeded slowly to a spot where bulldozers were rapidly scouring down the bank to make a road and sloping landing spot for us, and in practically no time the bow ramp was down and we drove onto the rain-soaked battle

Preparing the Christmas turkey

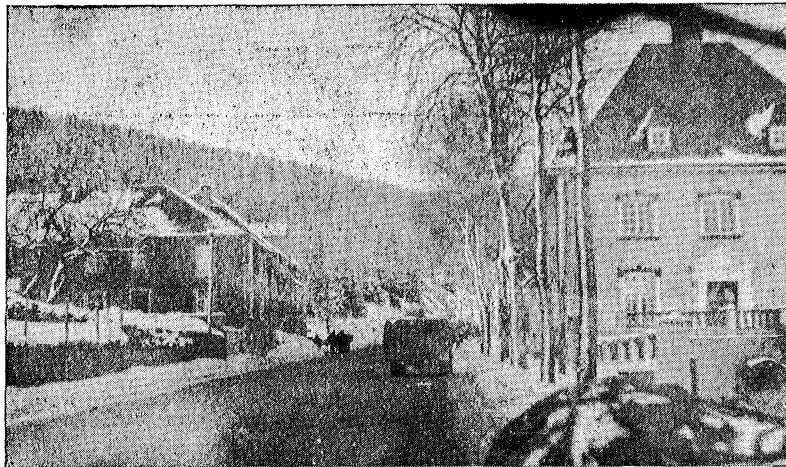


Corporal Connolly, Corporal Rasmussen and Private First Class Klenk build a fire in the Rheims area





Wire coming through, Corporal Hinton and Sergeant Crippen



A Command Post was set up at Recogne, Belgium

field of France. This was just after ten o'clock in the morning, December 2, 1944.

We prepared for our first battle assignment at the old Chateau Bailly in the Red Horse Assembly Area near St. Saens. December 6, we moved out in pouring rain to help reduce the remaining forts at Metz. In the meantime, our Air Section, which had had its new Cub planes issued at the Avro Lancaster Plant near Macclesfield, had made the long hazardous flight to France. After two days of flying across England, they reached the channel on the 30th. Accompanied by the English flying boat "Walrus," and wearing Mae West life preservers, all ten pilots safely landed their planes at Rouen. After a thorough check of their equipment the section took off on the long jump to Metz, December 7.

After marching 234 miles, we stopped for the night at the military barracks at Chambley. In the morning extra ammunition was issued and the convoy moved up the last 45 miles to Metz. The last few miles gave each man an impression of the battle. The mangled and bloated bodies of dead animals, the wrecked and abandoned equipment in the craters along the roadside brought to all of us the feeling that this was "it." The battle was in full swing, and the roar of artillery and the flash of exploding shells filled the

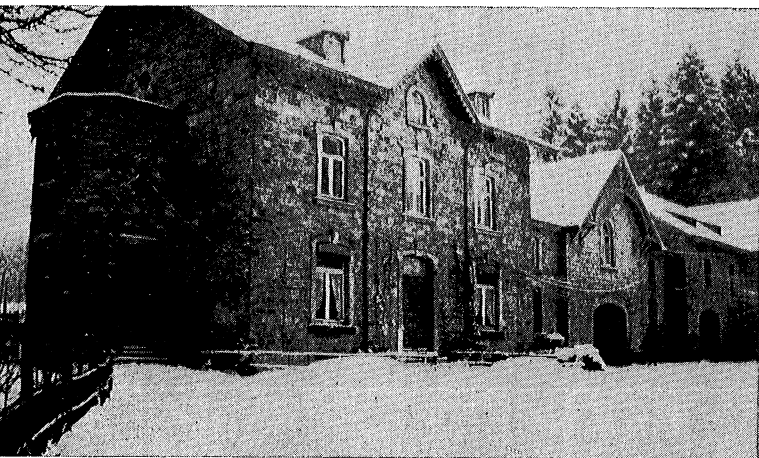
pitch darkness as we proceeded at a snail's pace through the snarl of blown bridges, blocked streets and tangled traffic of this fortress city. Most of us were cold, wet, and hungry.

The battle role of the Division Artillery began at Metz when the fires of the four battalions were massed on the fortresses of Driant and Jeanne d'Arc. General Ford flew the first observation mission registered the 334th battalion on Fort Jeanne d'Arc. Some 670 prisoners were taken when Fort Driant fell on December 8, and on the tenth we moved up 71 miles to relieve the 26th Division Artillery on the stubbornly held ground west of Bitché. All of our surplus equipment, duffel bags and footlockers had been left behind in Metz; we were stripped for action when we took over the Command Post at Achen, December 13. Our planes had moved up to Saarable, the XII Corps Airstrip, and later to a field at Schmittviller, behind Achen.

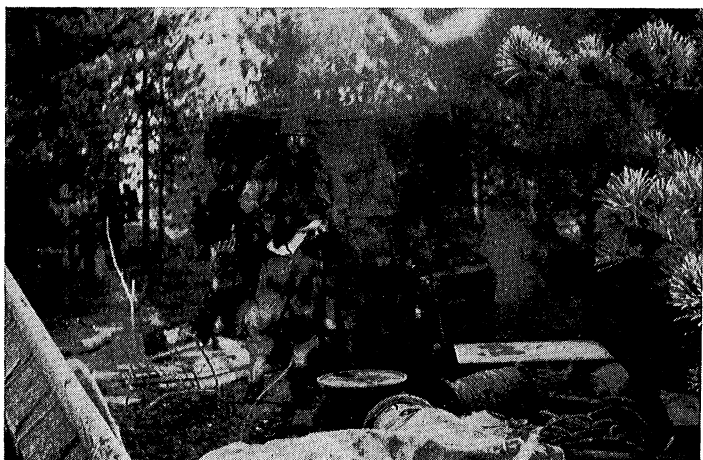
The mud was churned deep when we drove up the tortuous trail past the Maginot Line forts on the heights above Achen the next day. We passed the struggling wire crews in the little valley where the 334th received the first enemy fire on their position. On the high ground behind Gros Rederching the whole battlefield could be seen, smoke rising in the distance and dodging planes among the black puffs of flak. Our "Cub" planes had their first trouble with Jerry planes, our generator left the Command Post in darkness when it was destroyed by fire and the metro section had difficulty keeping its balloons in the air against our doughboys alert anti-aircraft fire. Some ground was gained and on the 18th we moved into the crowded town of Rimling on the right division boundary.

Rimling was a hot spot, under fire from the forward Siegfried Line positions, and threatened by an attack from the lightly held area between us and the 44th Division who were still engaged with the forces in the Maginot forts. Every section worked at top speed and the success of our

Command Post at Seviscourt, Belgium, on the nose of the Bulge



Private First Class Logsdon and wire truck



massed fires and counter-battery work won us a reputation which was not to dim throughout the rest of the campaign.

From information flowing in by phone, raider and messengers the enemy's movements plotted on the acetates covering the battlemaps in the stone-arched cellar were quickly converted to fire missions, the Blies river valley towns of Altheim, Seyweiler, Herbertzheim and Rubenheim were among the targets for our concentrated fires. On the 22nd of December the Command Post was moved to the ruin of Brandelfingerhof Farm in the center of the Division zone.

Efforts were made to celebrate Christmas, the chaplains produced a Christmas tree and turkey and cranberry sauce were drawn in anticipation of the feast. A very appropriate stage was set in the vaulted cellar and the straw filled barns of our quarters—bright star-lit nights gleamed on the new fallen snow . . . but, on December 20 Von Rundstedt surrounded Bastogne—and we were off to a new job. Part of the battle of the Rhineland for which we wear the first star on our ETO ribbon, was completed as we left the Saar basin, at midnight on December 23.

The battle of the Ardennes (our second battle star) began for us when we were slipped out of the lines December 23 to reassemble at Rheims. The forced march in freezing near zero temperatures, our Christmas Eve spent in the railroad yard at Dieuze, Christmas services in the shell torn chapel, these 244 miles will be remembered as our most trying moment. On the old French artillery range near Rheims, we bivouaced in snow and hoarfrost covered woods while a quick check was made of our equipment. The air section joined us after spending Christmas Day with the Third Army at Nancy.

Von Rundstedt was apparently endeavoring to swing south out of the Ardennes Forest west of Bastogne; our job was to plug that route. On the 29th we arrived at Bertrix, Belgium, 96 miles northeast of Rheims. At noon on the 30th our Command Post was established at the little crossroads town of Recogne, enemy contact was established several miles north and a furious fight was going on at Freux and Moircy, where Jerry tanks were trying to break through.

A patrol of Germans in white snow capes infiltrated along the railroad to the 335th Field Artillery motor park a few hundred yards north of the Command Post, wounding one man. We had to patrol wire lines to prevent tapping. Tanks gave us plenty of trouble and many deep concentrations, some just in front of our troops were required to stop them.

On January 4, 1945, the Command Post moved to the chateau of Baron Philamont at Seviscourt. This threw a heavy burden on our wire sections struggling through the snow along the mined and shelltorn roads. Many rounds of incoming shells landed close to our positions as the Germans sought to interdict the heavily travelled road. Low flying V-2 bombs were seen as our guards stood half frozen in knee deep snow.

At night, the Jerries mined wide bands in the woods using all varieties of anti-tank and antipersonnel devices they could obtain. One band was estimated to be two miles wide and a half mile deep from St. Hubert to Bonnerue. They fused trip wires to hundreds of shells captured from dumps overrun in their advance, making the snow covered woods a death trap. The trip wires could not be seen under the snow. Our wire and survey crews and the messengers and agents "sweated it out" when their work took them across those uncharted fields.

At first the crack troops from the Remer Brigade and the Panzer Lehr Division, school troops from the German military schools, paid little attention to the thousands of propaganda leaflets and surrender passes which our air bursting shells showered on this front. But as reports came back to us that we had broken up mine laying parties, hit mess lines, caught vehicles on the roads, cracked a Command Post and isolated advance groups with the curtain of fire from our guns and howitzers the Division began to

get prisoners—with our passes in their hands.

German artillery was most active on days when snow or low clouds made it impossible for our planes to fly or our ground observers to see them. They apparently moved self-propelled guns up close to the lines and fired on data which had been previously figured for these positions. Luckily for us their data was not too good, and their ammunition supply must have been quite low.

The deadly TOT mission which called for all the shells of three to seven battalions to fall on a target at the same time was used frequently. Pironpre, Amberloup, Tillet, Vesqueville were cleared of enemy after this type of shelling. When the infantry took Tillet we screened the town with smoke shells.

In order to prevent supplies and reinforcements from coming up to help the Jerry's push we figured the data and at night we worked over every possible approach to our lines with interdiction fire, especially on bridges, crossroads and defiles. The effect of our night firing and unobserved fires on days when the visibility was poor was greatly improved by the use of the "pozit" fuse, a scientific miracle which made it possible to get a correct air burst over enemy troops automatically.

The liaison planes which had come up to a farm in the Forest of Luchy near Recogne had difficulty taking off and landing in the heavy snow. The landing wheels were taken off and skis installed; this solved the problem. These were the first planes in Europe to use skis and motion pictures of them were shown in the newsreels back home.

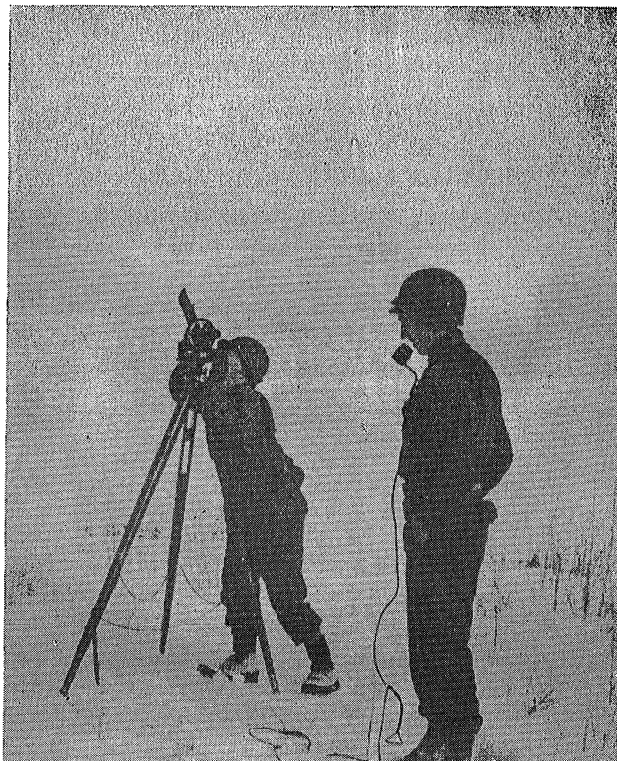
With the fall of St. Hubert, Bonnerue, and Tillet, the Germans turned tail and ran. Our mission was finished. We were glad to leave these mined and booby trapped woods, the scene of our heaviest action to date.

When we relieved the Fourth Division Artillery we passed through Sandweiler and Olingen before establishing our headquarters in the Hitler Jugend Maiden Leader's School near Betzdorf, Luxembourg. We had a wide front along the Sauer River and all the units were disposed for deep defense in the event that Luxembourg City was attacked.

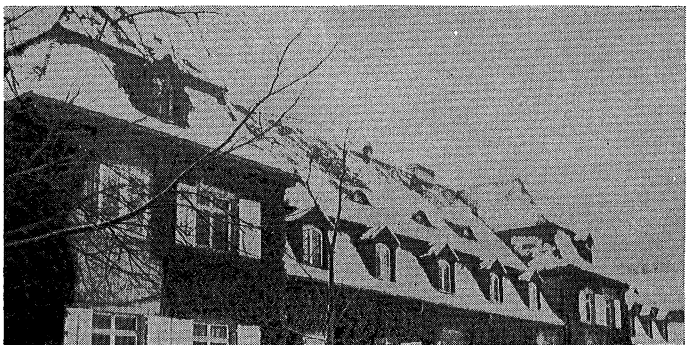
In the hilly Sauer River country it was necessary to use high angle fire to reach the Germans on the other side of the deep river gorge. It took almost a minute from the time the shell left the howitzer to complete its flight and as many as three shells could be on the way from the same gun before the first landed. For the first time we had "boats on the river" for a target—good experience for the Moselle and Rhine to come.

Except for some long distance shelling the front was comparatively quiet and the battery enjoyed the luxury of the big indoor mess hall and kitchens, separate rooms, steam heat and electric lights. The long delayed mail began to come through with Christmas parcels for everyone. We even had ice cream made up for us in Luxembourg City.

Shooting the metro balloon for upper air data



Command Post at Betzdorf, Luxembourg



They took Belgian money in Luxembourg and most of us could sample their beer and schnapps using our francs from the payday in Seviscourt.

A few lucky ones got passes to Paris and Luxembourg. The 76th Division Artillery took over our job January 26, when we moved up to Limerle, Belgium and relieved the 17th Airborne Division Artillery. We passed through the shambles of Bastogne, Houffalize and Gouay where some of the bitterest battles in the "Bulge" were fought. The planes came by way of Steinbach, Deyfeldt, Beho and St. Vith, the leveled towns on the main Ardennes crossroads. The next fifteen days went swiftly as we pushed from Limerle through Hautbellain, Gruffingen, and Breitfeld to Schonberg, the Belgian border town at the foot of Schnee Eifel Ridge where the 106th Division had made its desperate last stand before Von Rundstedt's drive. Live mines on the roads and in the woods made every move hazardous and melting snow uncovered the horrible wreckage of this battlefield. Wrecked vehicles and dead animals cluttered the roads and woods. Into all this moved an advance field hospital unit and nurses joined us slogging through the muddy streets on the way to chow. It amazed some of us to see the caretaker of the town cemetery dig up old bones to make way for the new dead, "They've rested long enough," he said.

We crossed the German border at Auw, Germany, February 10, and billeted in the customs houses just past the iron rail gate that marked the line. From the hill behind the house we could see the Siegfried Line fortifications. New German graves, their crosses silhouetted against the forest behind the motor park were a constant reminder as we glanced out of the window above our map boards, that we were now on "sacred German soil." Our vigilance redoubled, all civilians were suspects—the fact that the owner of our billet had won the Iron Cross for technical services to the Fatherland was investigated. Our wire and survey crews worked in the open many times under fire as they were picked up by Germans in the forts. Just north of the Command Post toward Manderfeld we could hear the rumble of heavy caliber shells coming in. Huge fragments indicated that these were probably 380-mm. (almost 16 inch) railway gun or howitzer shells weighing almost a ton. No damage was done however and our planes went hunting for the gun. Surveyors traced the pattern of the craters and the direction was plotted to guide the planes.

Due to the terrible roads, hourly getting worse under the grinding traffic, we had to watch our supplies, ammunition was expended with care and rations began to lack variety as K's, C's, and 10 in 1's were broken out for mess. We had our first formation to distribute awards on the sloping field behind our billet. The wire section got some well

First Command Post in Germany, Captain Magee and Lieutenant Schumaker



The wire job was tough, Corporal Connolly

deserved praise from the General for the difficult job they had done, in fact all of us got a boost.

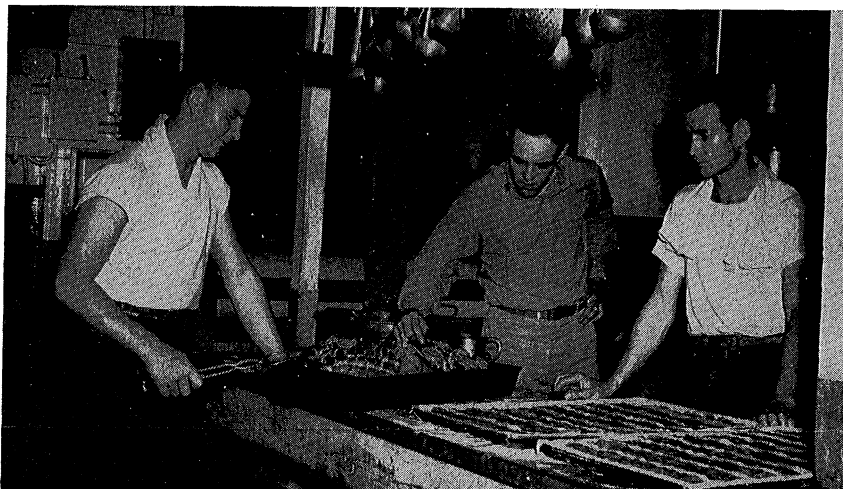
Pinpointing was the rule in searching for targets. Our planes flew hundreds of missions searching the area. Air photographs were scanned through stereoscopes to locate every possible point where our shells might soften the German positions. Finally a penetration was made on our south flank and our infantry moved up, taking the forts and emplacements one by one. We threw everything we had into the towns of Olzheim, Neuendorf, Ormont and Reuth. As one by one these strongholds fell—the Siegfried Line was breached.

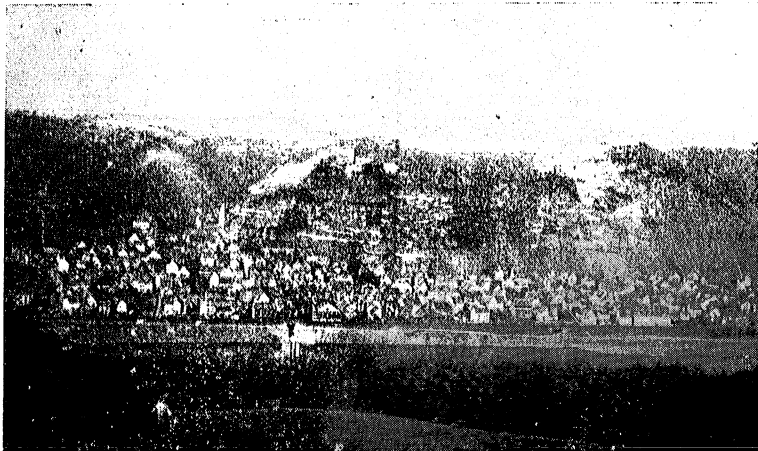
It was a real thrill for the battery when we moved through the "dragon's teeth," wire and blasted forts of the Siegfried Line. We picked up the advance Command Post which had been installed deep in an underground concrete dugout in the side of the mine strewn valley behind Neuenstein and sixteen miles from Auw. We set up our new headquarters at Lissendorf on the afternoon of March 7.

As things began to open up, the problem of crossing the Kyll River was solved the next day. Our battalions were attached to the infantry regiments to help speed the advance. This cut down our work somewhat and we explored the surrounding country—climbing the high knob behind the cemetery on the hill—searching the wrecked plane we found in the valley below and investigating the dugouts and field fortifications which the Germans had dug to defend this area. Almost every town from now on had heavy log and stone roadblocks built to slow the attack.

Military Government began to take on a new meaning to us as we read the proclamations posted for the townspeople and "Verboten, h'raus mit" rang frequently in our

The cooks, God bless 'em. Turkey dinner in the snow at Rheims, 10 in one and fried chicken at Breitfeld, K's and cherry pie at Jocketa





We crossed the Moselle on the 23rd of March

ears as our guards enforced their orders. Running water and plumbing in several houses enabled most of us to get a warm bath. Every hour brought reports of new towns taken and on the ninth our troops had contacted the 69th and 28th Divisions that had pinched off the main escape route across the Ahr River for the Germans trapped in front of us. Our PY cage was filling up rapidly. Advances of forty-five miles were made while we were at Lissendorf and on the 16th we moved up to Bassenheim, three miles west of the Moselle River, opposite Koblenz. The air section left Steffeln and stopped off at the Luftwaffe glider school at Krufft. Our new job was to help the Division cross the Moselle, take Koblenz and clear the west bank of the Rhine River.

Bassenheim was a clean and fairly modern city surrounded by well-kept fields. We were quartered in the houses next to the three story hotel we used for a Command Post and enjoyed for the first time since leaving England plenty of running water and better still flush toilets. Except for the constant din of our cannonade of Koblenz and the far bank of the Rhine, the civilians removing the road-block in the street outside, and the smoking craters 88's left the day they bracketed the 155 gun outfit on the slope across the street, the war seemed very far away. Every day was wash day and winter stained gear and clothes took on a new spruce appearance. Clear, bright weather helped keep our "grasshopper" planes in the air and every movement on the river (they reported one as a periscope!) and on the plainly visible east bank of the Rhine was radioed back to us. The German artillery seldom operated when our "cubs" were up.

Many of us ran the gauntlet of the constantly shelled roads on the open hills above Rubenach where the wrecked anti-aircraft batteries that defended Koblenz were scattered. We could go to the crest of the palisade-like river bank at Metternach and look down on the whole city of Koblenz spread out on the plain at the confluence of the Moselle and the Rhine. Kaiser Bill's huge equestrian statue on the tip of land where the rivers met was soon to tumble to our heavy guns.

On the 17th and 18th thousands of rounds fell on Koblenz, 35 TOTs being fired. We paused from time to time to offer them surrender through loud speakers on the Moselle river bank. The infantry had crossed the Moselle to the south and for three days had pushed the enemy back into the city. On the 19th Koblenz fell. We toasted this great victory with Rhine wine and champagne from the city's cellars.

The Moselle was crossed on a rubber pontoon bridge and we swung south stopping at Gonderhausen and Bucholz before entering the beautiful Rhine city of Boppard, where we were to cross to the heart of Germany.

Our engineers had bridged the Rhine with rubber pontoons over which a steel tread had been laid. Here and

Here it was easy, but at Auw, somehow Mac kept 'em rolling



there along the bridge were air compressors to keep the big rubber boats pumped full. Machine guns and armed guards covered every possible position that would give full view of the expected air attacks. Up river, there were nets and barriers to prevent floating mines or other sabotage devices from harming the bridge and close by were spare sections of tread on spare rubber pontoons. It was a busy scene and there was no letup in the traffic crossing day or night. We joined the flowing stream, crossed the bridge and pushed on down the river road and up the steep valley wall to Dachenhausen, a shabby town reminiscent of the old, dirty barnyard villages of the Saar Basin. The Rhine was crossed at 1000 March 28, 1945.

The sprinting combat teams that had been made up from the infantry regiments, adding tank destroyers and tanks to the usual infantry-artillery organization, were racing north and east toward Limburg. Our moves from now on were to be long jumps—increasing in speed as we reached the open country and excellent roads of Central Germany. We paused at Koltzenbolgen the next day before going on to Weilmunster 33 miles away.

Thousands of displaced persons and prisoners of war of every Nazi-controlled country began to line our route. A large camp of Russian and Polish laborers was housed in the buildings of Weilmunster's garrison on the hill behind our Command Post. A crowded German hospital in the valley worried us a bit until the hundreds of nearly fit "walking" patients were screened out to the PW cages. German rifles, pistols, flags, armbands, and insignia were acquired by many of us for souvenirs. A wire party was ambushed close by and we doubled our guards at the isolated air strip on the top of the hill across the valley. The bypassed and cut off Germans were a real threat to every small party on the roads. Convoys of supply trucks were given added protection and officers on inspection and liaison trips took guards along to assure that they would get through. Even on our trips on foot about the town, we never walked alone.

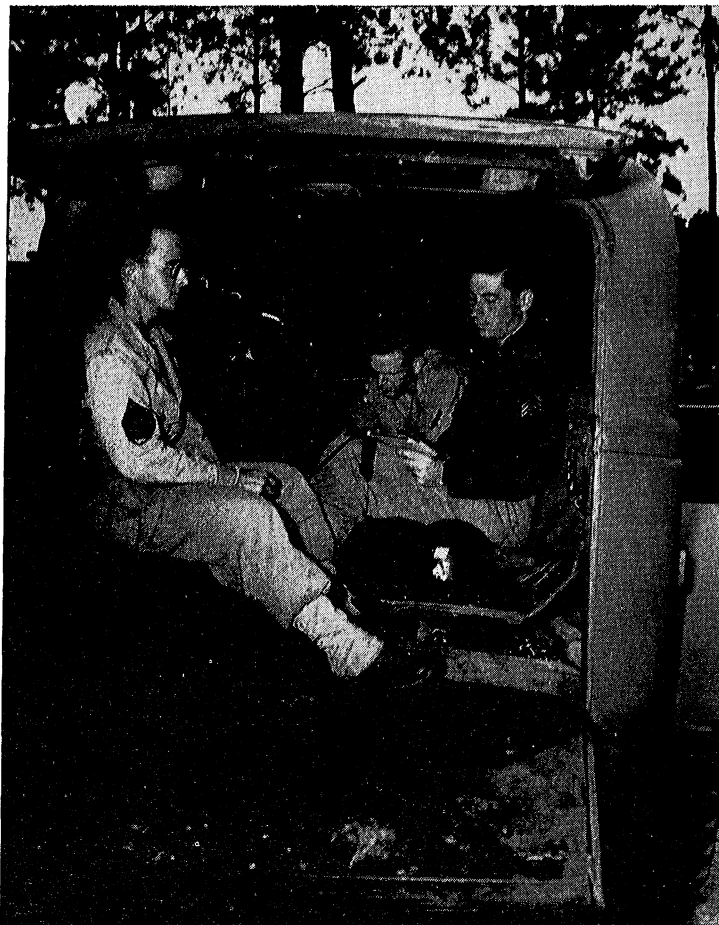
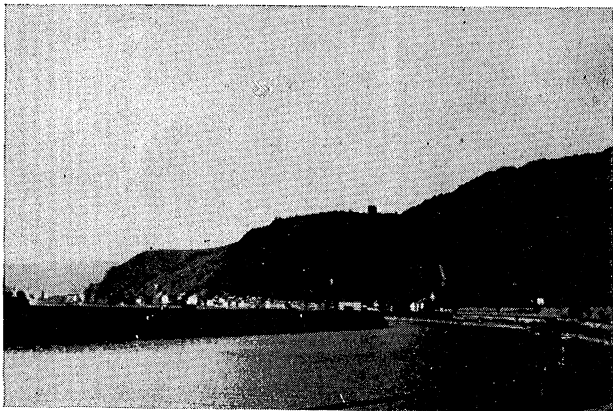
Easter Sunday was celebrated by church services in the school where we were quartered, mess was a little better that day. We were on a steady diet of C's and K's now.

Our longest one day jump was made when we moved 86 miles up the Autobahn to Friedewald. We relieved the 90th Division Artillery in the strafed and perforated houses just off the traffic-jammed super highway. They had had almost daily air attacks here as the Luftwaffe crossed the village strafing the long columns on their way east. Our anti-aircraft gunners put out extra ammunition in anticipation of some action, but we had no trouble, the Luftwaffe was pretty nearly done, Kaput.

The crowded hospital center at Bad Liebenstein was our headquarters April 7, just a month before our job was finished. In this beautiful resort town we had good opportunity to see why it could not be very long now before the Nazis must give up. Every large building and hotel was jammed with the horrible human wreckage of the war. The grim faced nurses and German medicos hurried on their rounds and we sensed that the civilians were deeply affected by the reality of the defeat that was sure to come.

We supported the stubborn fight when the Thuringen Forest towns of Floh, Tambach and Krawinkel were cleared. In this deeply gorged mountain country our planes had to

We crossed the Rhine at Boppard



Twenty four hours a day the radio kept us in touch with observers and liaison officers. When the wire went out these boys kept us shooting.

fly low to spot the hidden enemy. Flak brought one plane down in flames, the pilot, severely wounded, bailed out and was captured but was freed a few days later when the 90th Division overran his hospital. We began to flush prisoners out of the woods around every position.

When the move was made from Tambach to Grafenroda April 12, some of the battery traveled by way of Ohrdruf. The sickening first hand description of the horrible concentration camp there, put new determination in everything we did. The civilians with whom we had to deal must have felt the revolting disgust we had for them and the fiendish practices they allowed. Quartering was an easier detail for the boys who went ahead. The flaming town of Remda where our Command Post was set up April 14 seemed to be just punishment for these people who had smelled the reeking ovens of Ohrdruf.

The fires roared unchecked throughout the night and drying phosphorus imbedded in the rain soaked buildings behind us burst into flame. Walls crashed into the street when we pulled out the next morning showering us with debris. Our next stop was in the outskirts of Saalfeld where we were soon to return. Our special services section set up the movie projector in a barn. This hard working crew had gone from battalion to battalion all through the campaign making it possible for every man to see a movie at least twice a month. They went back hundreds of miles to get PX supplies and we had everything we needed, thanks to them. Passes and leaves for London, Paris and the French Riviera were now coming through, the winners of the drawings we held for these privileges were envied by all of us.

The big cities of Possneck and Pausa were overnight stops for us before settling down for our long stay at Jocketa just outside of Plauen. This was a beautiful spot, unmarred except for the ruined railroad viaduct which crossed the crystal clear waters of the stream, the main attraction of this vacation resort. Our bullet scarred air section had the whole airfield of the Luftwaffe's installation on the west side of Plauen to themselves. Seven of our planes had borne the marks of flak and ground fire and two planes had been shot down. A close call was had at Schwarzau



Scenes at Ohrdruf concentration camp

when the planes landing at an advance field caught mortar fire from the hill above them. Quickly getting into the air again one observer was able to bring his battalion's fire on the mortars, knocking them out.

At Jocketa on top of the hill across the valley we found the Volksturm's (home guard) ammunition and arms dump, 26 cases of rifle ammunition and 14 cases of panzerfausts. We got in a little fishing in the tumbling brook, and deer stalking was a popular sport. When the woodshed, next to our quarters, burned we moved into pup tents.

The Russians were very close to our front lines. Daily reports were closely watched, and we had lines on our firing charts beyond which we could not fire without positive identification of the target. Our advance Command Post established at Falkenstein May 6 to get ready for an advance along the northern Czech border, but at 5:30 the next morning the cease fire order was phoned to us by General Culin. The job was done, and our third battle star had been earned.

Long columns of surrendering German units were passing as we quietly celebrated the victory that evening.

On the 13th of May our new job of occupation began. We were assigned to organize and govern Saalfeld, the fine old Thuringian medieval city on the Saal River. The Mauxion Schokolade company had made this town the Hershey of Germany, and many of the buildings on the market square were owned by the Mauxion family interests. The Roter Hirsch hotel was commandeered for our Command Post while we took up quarters in the Gulden Anker Hotel. We painted the "golden acorn" on our helmet liners and put on the spit and polish to impress the citizens who watched our evening retreat ceremony. Some of them even saluted when "To the Colors" was sounded. The camera bugs had a field day snapping pictures of the quaint old buildings

and the picturesque people who came into town on foraging errands. Our occupation money bought weak beer and good porcelain. The mail sacks bulged with our gifts going home.

Crowded in old trucks and plodding along on foot the scattering released soldiers of the Wehrmacht passed through the square on their way home. Our counter intelligence team filled the ancient circular jail tower behind the city hall with SS and Nazi officials screened from the wandering Germans. First class rations were coming through to us now and chow took on an extra flavor from the fine equipment of the hotel kitchens. It was getting to be a fine life when our redeployment orders arrived; we got a lot madder at the Japs!

We traveled 492 miles after we left Saalfeld on June 14 to reach the new tent camp at Sissone, France, near Rheims. Here we went over all of our gear and turned in all of our heavy equipment. On the 27th we climbed into dilapidated German railway coaches and chugged off on a 16-hour trip to Camp Lucky Strike, just back of the little English Channel port of St. Valery. It was dirty and dusty in this staging camp, we were glad to leave it on the day that will always have an extra meaning for us—July 4.

The fine luxury liner *America* that had been converted to the U. S. Army transport *West Point* lay out in the ruined harbor of Le Havre and we boarded a British lighter to go out to it. In our happiness to stand on what amounted to American "soil" we forgot all about the new war we were to fight. The first day out the loudspeaker announced that our port would be New York, the crew cheered and excitement ran through the ship.

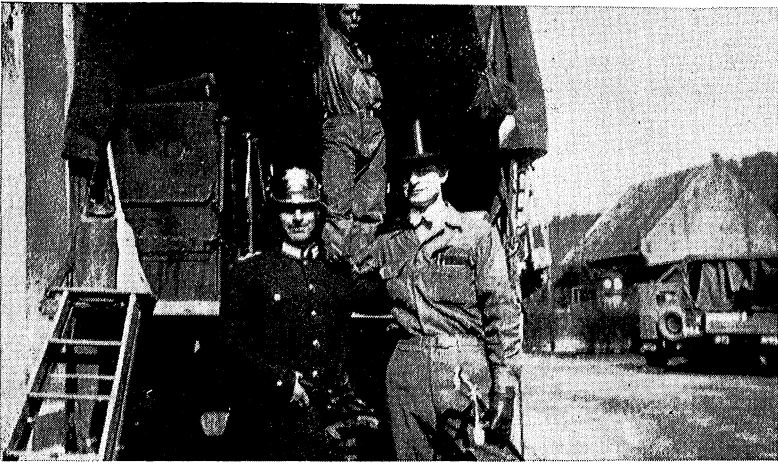
Except for two squeamish days when the bow dived deep into huge waves and the unwelcome appearance of the Jap Ambassador to Berlin with his thirty man staff, on deck,

The battery was smoked out into pup tents at Jocketa

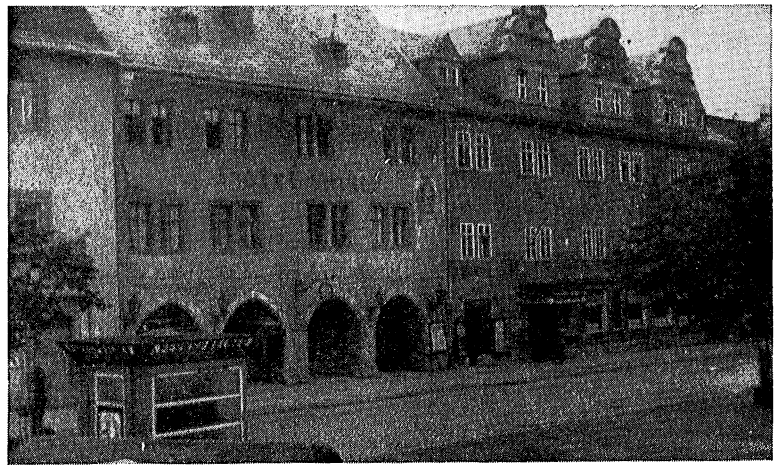


Sometimes it was hard to find a Command Post





A little fun by the chow truck at Saalfeld



This was the Battery's billet at Saalfeld. 13 May to 14 June 1945

the trip was thoroughly enjoyed. But the greatest thrill of all was when we came past Sandy Hook, New Jersey, and entered the narrows of New York harbor on the afternoon of July 11. Blimps, planes and autogiros overhead, WACs, SPARS and WAVES crowding "Welcome" bannered tugs while bands played and every ship gave us three blasts of their deep toned whistles. At the foot of the Statue of Liberty a heliograph flashed "Welcome Home" in Morse Code. Many of us swallowed a lump in our throats from the sheer joy of it. We passed fire boats pumping all their streams at once, like huge fountains in the harbor. Paper fluttered from the skyscrapers of lower Manhattan and bands played at the Battery as we passed up the river. Pier 86 was bunting-decked and more bands played when tugs slowly nosed the big ship into the dock. At the next pier, the *Queen Mary* which had passed us at sea that morning,

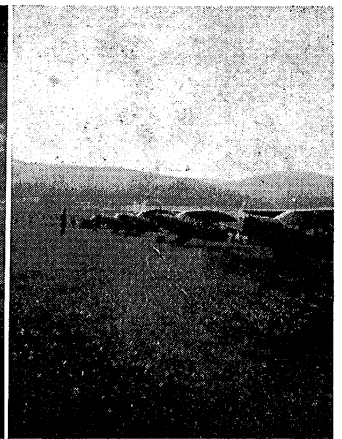
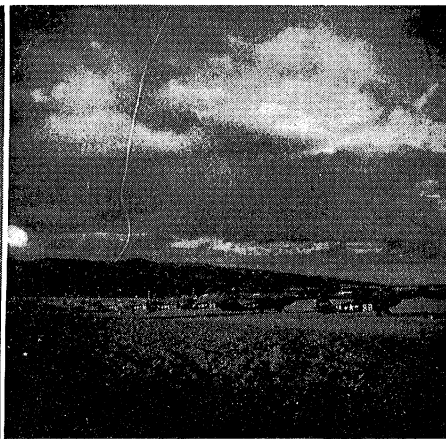
was disgorging its load of happy GIs. On the pier that evening we had our first taste of fresh milk. The Red Cross girls with baskets of doughnuts and cartons of milk passed up and down the lines as we waited for the ferry. At Camp Kilmer we had a big steak dinner and got our orders that would take us home for thirty days. At this time the entire unit was placed on temporary duty for rest and recuperation at their homes. While home on furlough, victory over Japan was announced. The organization began reassembling from the 15th to 31st of August, 1945, at Fort Benning, Georgia. Here the role of being an aggressor in the Pacific was changed and the entire Division was inactivated, some men sent overseas, others were sent to different camps throughout the United States to help in the redeployment problems of the army and to wait for their—discharges.

Relaxing at Saalfeld, left to right, Capt. Shackelford, 1/Sgt. Struble, Maj. Schirmacher, Lt. Epsaro, Lt. Blair. Lt. Bock in foreground with map.

A take off at Saalfeld.

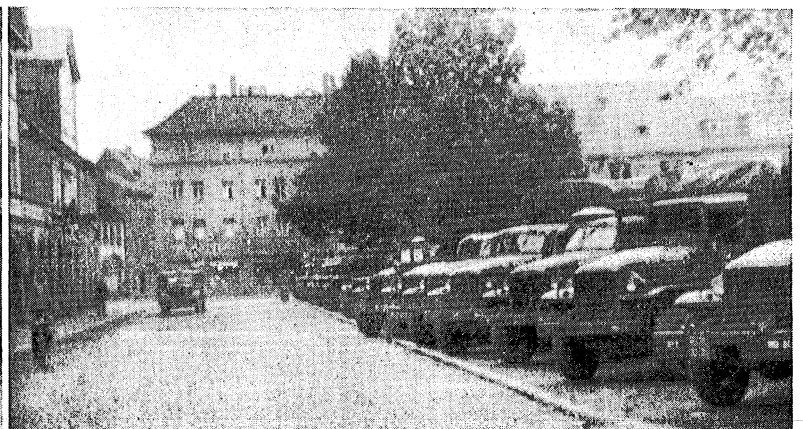
The line at Saalfeld.

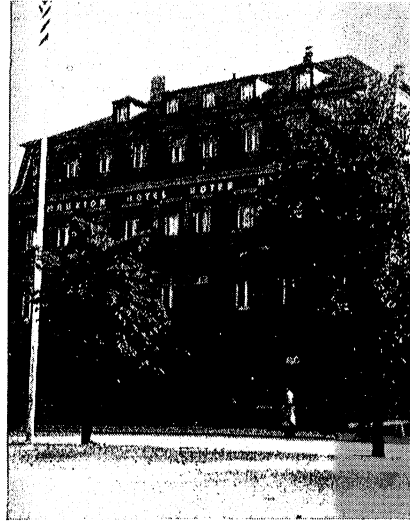
Warming engines immediately before flight to Ausbach, Germany, to turn in planes to air corps.



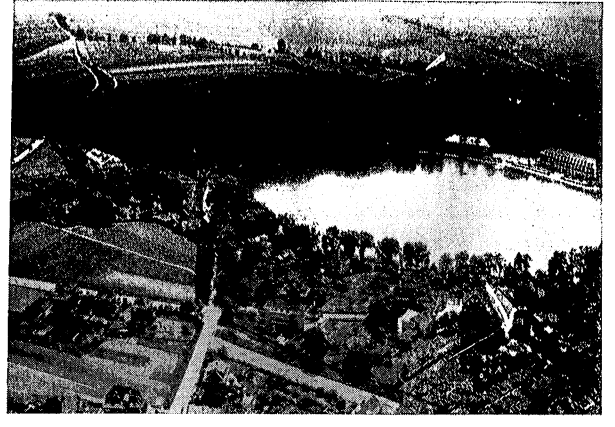
Goodbye, Saalfeld, June 14, 1945.

Parked on the square at Saalfeld.

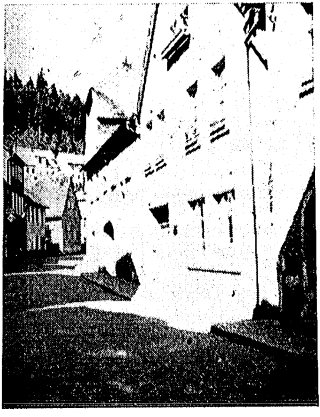




SCENES AT SAALFELD



Command Post at Saalfeld



A typical street

CP guards keep out the curious German people

Ruins of the industrial area of the city



Concert by the Division Band

Lt. Lee, Lt. Schumaker, Lt. Guilfoyle, Col. Cubbison and Capt. Magee

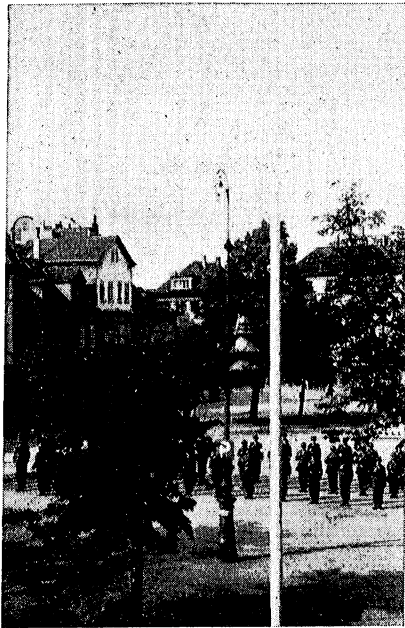
German civilians watch Retreat Ceremony

Monument to German World War dead

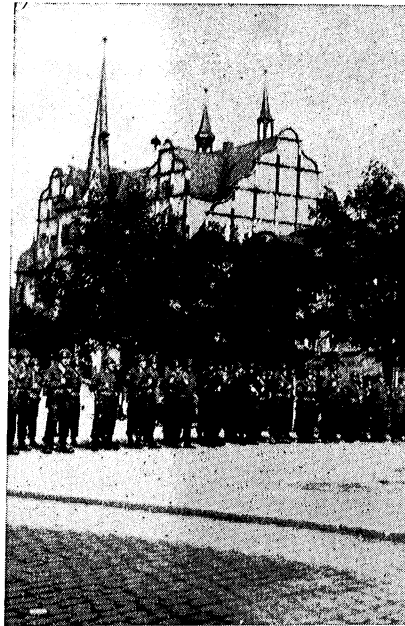


Everyone took pictures

The ever curious Germans



Saalfeld



Retreat

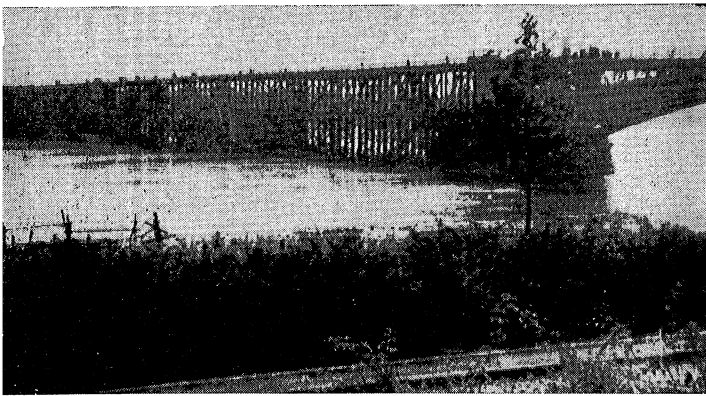


Left to right, Corporal Swanson, First Sergeant Knight, Private O'Brien. The old sarge never had an AWOL on his roster from start to finish



On the autobahn near Giessen

MEMORABLE SCENES



Many of us crossed the General Patton bridge at Mainz

K rations were tasty at first

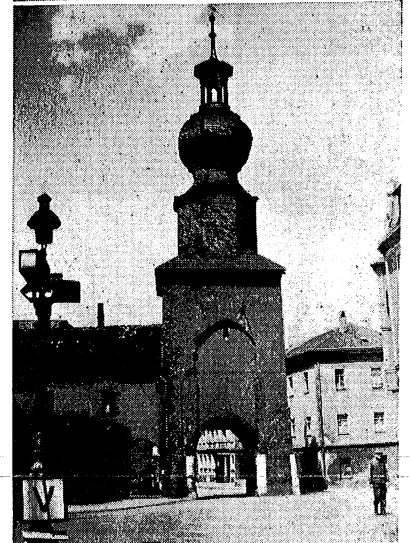
The German kids tried their best to make friends

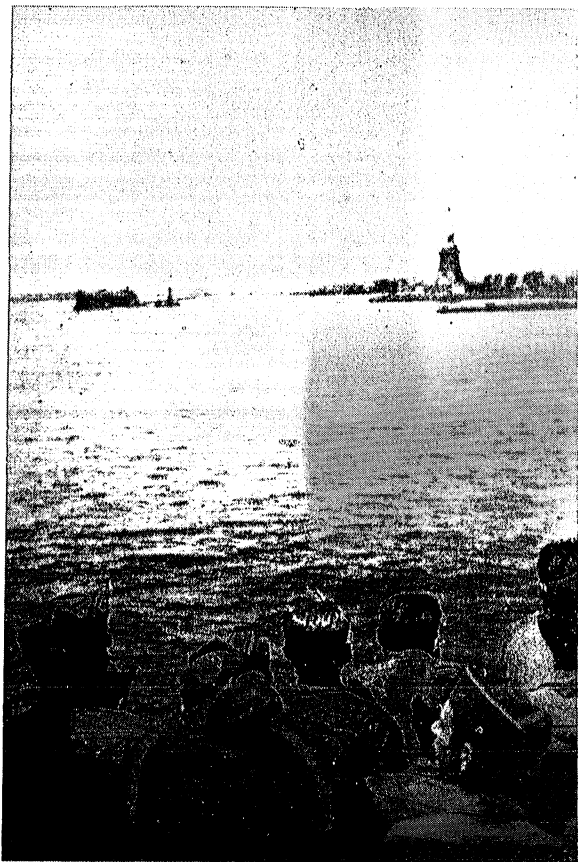


Laundry was quite a problem

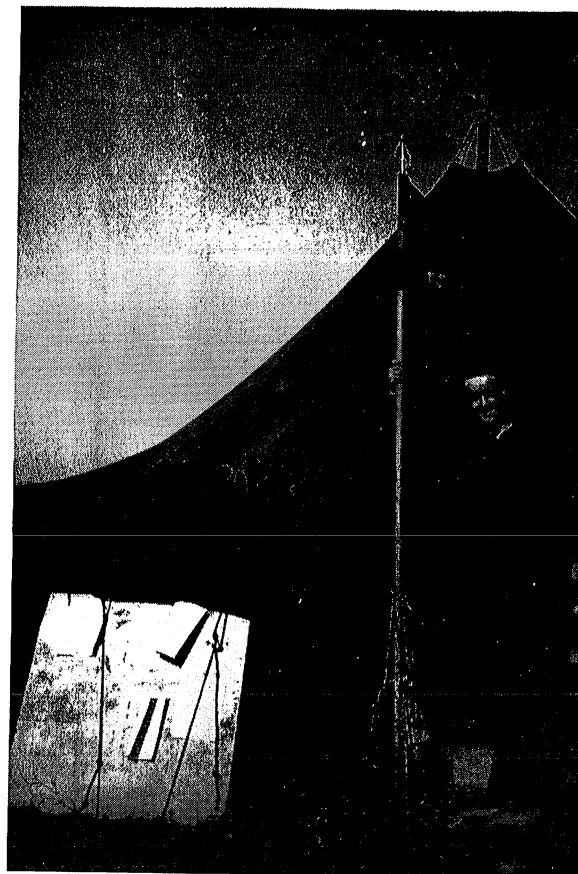


*Below: We visited Buchenwald concentration camp before leaving Saalfeld
Bottom: We drove through the Brandenburger Tor*





There she was waiting for us July 11, 1945



Command Post at Camp Oklahoma City



Details were easy on the West Point



Showdown at Camp Oklahoma City, France



Sissone to St. Valery, a German coach on a French raidroad

AWARDS AND DECORATIONS



BRONZE STAR MEDAL

For heroic achievement on the 15th of December during the Battle of the Saar

COLONEL DONALD C. CUBBISON, JR.

For meritorious service against an armed enemy of the United States in France, Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany during the period 9 December 1944 to 7 May 1945

BRIG. GEN. WILLIAM W. FORD
COL. DONALD C. CUBBISON, JR.

Oak Leaf Cluster
LT. COL. ARTHUR N. HERR
MAJ. ROBERT S. WILTON
MAJ. EDWARD H. BURCH
MAJ. DAVID HADLEY
CAPT. ROBERT M. MAGEE
CAPT. SIMON LEWIS
CAPT. THEODORE S. MAY
CAPT. LLOYD P. JORGENSEN
CAPT. CHAPLAIN BEN C. ERICKSON

CHAPLAIN (CAPTAIN) JOHN G. CHAPMAN
1ST. LT. DONALD H. LEE
M/SGT. EDWARD G. WITOWSKI
M/SGT. IRA W. HUBBARD
T/SGT. MAURICE J. DUTSCHKE
S/SGT. STANDISH F. CRIPPEN
S/SGT. STEVE M. HUBIS
T/4 CLIFFORD A. McCOMAS
S/SGT. ROMAN J. SYBYL
T/SGT. MARLIN F. BAWCOM
T/3 WILLIAM H. DEAN



AIR MEDAL

For meritorious service while participating in aerial flight over France, Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany from 9 December 1944 to 7 May 1945

BRIG. GEN. WILLIAM W. FORD

MAJOR THEODORE F. SCHIRMACHER
FIRST LIEUTENANT DONALD H. PHILLIPS, Two Oak Leaf Clusters

CAPTAIN FRANK T. SHACKELFORD



PURPLE HEART MEDAL

For wounds received in Germany December 15, 1945

CHAPLAIN (CAPTAIN) BEN ERICKSON

CERTIFICATE OF MERIT

For meritorious service against an armed enemy of the United States in France, Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany during the period 9 December 1944 to 7 May 1945

1ST. LT. DONALD H. LEE
CWO THOMAS J. MCGREW
M/SGT. ARTHUR MEASNIKOFF
1/SGT. SAMUEL F. KNIGHT
S/SGT. JACOB BERGER
S/SGT. KENNETH E. MACE
S/SGT. WILFORD COLE
S/SGT. HOWARD D. JONES, JR.
T/4 CHARLIE P. COUGHENOUR
T/4 ROY R. HOLDEN
T/4 DONALD J. RANC
T/4 DONALD H. SWANSON
T/4 GERALD C. TALLENT
T/4 VOKEL RIFE
T/4 HAROLD W. WILLIAMS
CPL. HENRY D. BELL
CPL. JOHN J. CONNOLLY
CPL. CHARLES R. HINTON
CPL. RAYMOND H. ROGERS, JR.
CPL. VERNON TAYLOR
CPL. RAYMOND C. VETTER
T/5 ELLWOOD G. ANDERSON
T/5 LEROY ARLEDGE
T/5 JOHN H. BRANTLEY

T/5 LLOYD E. BATSON
T/5 JAMES E. DAVIS
T/5 FRED GAGLIANO
T/5 CHARLES E. HATCH
T/5 BRADLEY M. HATHAWAY
T/5 CLARENCE V. JOHNSON
T/5 CHARLES W. KENT
T/5 RICHARD H. KNARR
T/5 DONALD L. RASMUSSEN
T/5 SEYMOUR M. THIMSEN
PFC. JEROME ALLEN
PFC. PAUL R. DENNISON
PFC. JOHN M. DUFF
PFC. WILLARD M. DYE
PFC. ABNER R. GARY, JR.
PFC. HAROLD E. KLENK
PFC. GENE A. LEGG
PFC. MORRIS LEVINE
PFC. EDWARD LOGSDON
PFC. ARMAND D. PASQUARIELLO
PFC. RALPH E. PETTIT
PFC. JOSEPH PRIETO
PFC. FORREST E. SHADEL
PFC. FRED J. TUBB

HEADQUARTERS AND HEADQUARTERS BATTERY

87TH DIVISION ARTILLERY

BRIG. GEN. WILLIAM W. FORD, c/o AG, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.
 COL. DONALD C. CUBBISON, JR., c/o AG, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.
 LT. COL. ARTHUR N. HERR, Portsmouth, Ohio.
 MAJ. EDWARD H. BURCH, 6311 Monmouth Ave., Ventnor, N. J.
 MAJ. DAVID HADLEY, 3132 N. New Jersey, Indianapolis, Ind.
 MAJ. ROBERT S. WILTON, 1736 S. Knoxville St., Tulsa, Okla.
 MAJ. THEODORE F. SHIRMACHER, 121 Perry Ct., San Antonio, Tex.
 CAPT. ROBERT M. MAGEE, Box 534, Crowell, Tex.
 CAPT. SIMON LEWIS, 36 E. Main St., Beacon, N. Y.
 CAPT. BEN C. ERICKSON, 4008 Porter St., Oakland, Calif.
 CAPT. JOHN G. CHAPMAN, 319 West Saublier, Houston, Tex.
 CAPT. FRANK T. SHACKLEFORD, Box 293, Forest City, Ark.
 CAPT. THEODORE S. MAY, 589 Maywood Ave., Maywood, N. J.
 CAPTAIN LLOYD P. JORGENSEN, 1604 Monroe St., Madison, Wis.
 CAPT. CLARENCE G. DAVENPORT, c/o Trust Dept., First Trust & Savings Bank, Pasadena, Calif.
 1ST LT. DONALD H. PHILLIPS, 1301 Washington Ave., Milton, W. Va.
 1ST LT. CHARLES S. SCHUMAKER, 515 Palo Pinto St., Weatherford, Tex.
 1ST LT. DONALD H. LEE, Box 356, Norfolk, Conn.
 1ST LT. HUGH M. MOTES, 210 E. Fourth St., Sylacauga, Ala.
 1ST LT. JAMES P. GUILFOYLE, Ridgefield Park, N. J.
 1ST LT. JOHN D. COLLINS, JR., 53 Henhawk Rd., Great Neck, N. Y.
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 JEROME ALLEN, 39 Fox Blvd., Merrick, N. Y.
 ELLWOOD G. ANDERSON, Sharon, N. D.
 HAROLD C. ANDERSON, 1414 N. Fremont Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
 LEROY ARLEDGE, P.O. Box 1589, Pleasantville, Ohio.
 WILLARD E. BAILEY, Rt. 1, Yuba City, Calif.
 CULMER R. BARFIELD, Rt. 2, Rebecca, Ga.
 LLOYD F. BATSON, Alcolu, S. C.
 MARLIN F. BAWCOM, 637 N.E. 12th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.
 HENRY D. BELL, 1004 S. Church St., Rocky Mount, S. C.
 JACOB BERGER, 2768 E. 16th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 SARKIS K. BOYADJIAN, 9 Fulton St., Phoenix, N. Y.
 JOHN H. BRANTLEY, 45 S. Crockett St., Cameron, Tex.
 GEORGE R. BURKHARDT, Box 33, Wilson, Mich.
 ARVIN E. BUNGER, Brandenburg, Ky.
 WILBERT H. BUSCH, Rt. 2, Putnam, Okla.
 ERNEST L. CANNON, Stanley, N. C.
 DAYTON CASSIDY, 300 W. Olive St., El Dorado Springs, Mo.
 RICHARD L. CHATTERTON, 4126 Fifth Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
 WILFORD COLLE, Magee, Miss.
 JOHN J. CONNOLLY, 28 Water St., Hyde Park, Mass.
 CHARLIE P. COUGHENOUR, 605 S. Main St., Laurensburg, N. C.
 CECIL R. CRAWFORD, Rt. 1, Box 61-A, Wewoka, Okla.

ALBERT K. CREIGHTON, 107 N. Chilson St., Bay City, Mich.
 STANDISH F. CRIPPEN, Westport Point, Mass.
 JAMES F. DAVIS, Fayette, Iowa.
 WILLIAM H. DEAN, R.F.D., Rose Hill, Va.
 PAUL R. DENNISON, 1539 Maple St., Pasadena, Calif.
 JOHN M. DUFF, 3863 Flourney St., Chicago, Ill.
 MAURICE J. DUTSCHKE, 965 S. Third St., Apt. 10-A, Louisville, Ky.
 WILLARD M. DYE, Ranlo Sta., Gastonia, N. C.
 MERRAN ELANJIAN, 331 N. 10th St., Camden, N. J.
 JOHN R. ELLINGTON, 224 College St., Oxford, N. C.
 ALBERT G. ELLISON, 1609 Yale St., N.E., Washington, D. C.
 JOHN EVICH, 836 14th St., San Pedro, Calif.
 HAL I. FOX, 1228 E. Sedgewick, Decatur, Ill.
 FRED GAGLIANO, 4508 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
 ABNER R. GARY, JR., Morris Station, Ga.
 DAVID M. GRADINGER, 316 DeForest Rd., Syracuse, N. Y.
 BRONIS GRAY, 49 Green St., Waterbury, Conn.
 MELVIN J. GREVING, 816 N. 14th St., Quincy, Ill.
 CHARLES W. HAIGHT, 9109 S. Dixie Hwy., Grand Blanc, Mich.
 HAROLD H. HAMLIN, JR., 4478 G St., Sacramento, Calif.
 CHARLES E. HATCH, Munnsville, N. Y.
 BRADLEY M. HATHAWAY, 145 S. College St., Akron, Ohio.
 FREDERICK T. HENNING, 290 Lakeview Ave., Waterbury Conn.
 CHARLES R. HINTON, Rt. 1, Tell City, Ind.
 ROY R. HOLDEN, Hartford, Ala.
 BASIL A. HOSTAGE, JR., 60 Briarcliff Rd., Hamden, Conn.
 IRA W. HUBBARD, 2840 Peery Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
 STEVE M. HUBIS, Rt. 2, Rising Sun, Md.
 CLARENCE V. JOHNSON, 1126 Stoph, Escanaba, Mich.
 HOWARD D. JONES, JR., 2629 McDuffy Rd., Youngstown, Ohio.
 WILLIAM G. JONES, JR., Woodville, Ala.
 LEONARD JORDAN, Robbinsville, N. C.
 CHARLES W. KENT, Rt. 2, Harmon, Ill.
 HAROLD E. KLENK, 836 E. Thompson St., Philadelphia, Pa.
 ABRAHAM J. KLUGERMAN, 2290 Strauss St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 RICHARD H. KNARR, 1208 College St., Logansport, Ind.
 SAMUEL F. KNIGHT, 507 Burnett St., Wichita Falls, Tex.
 FRANK KOS, Box 227, Cuddt, Pa.
 EDWARD J. KOWATCH, 150-26 115th Ave., Jamaica, N. Y.
 GENE A. LEGG, 1122 Third Ave., S., Escanaba, Mich.
 MORRIS LEVINE, 20 Talcott St., New Britain, Conn.
 KENNETH J. LICHTENWALNER, 2236 Thighman St., Allentown, Pa.
 ALTON C. LIVSEY, 80 Plantation St., Worcester, Mass.
 JOHN J. LOEFFLER, 235 Mithoff St., Columbus Ohio.
 EDWARD LOGSDON, 1849 Parkmore Ave., Hamilton, Ohio.
 KENNETH F. MACE, 818 Garfield Ave., Lancaster, Ohio.

EDWARD I. MARINETTI, Ironwood, Mich.
 THOMAS W. MARSHALL, Rt. 2, Box 430, San Antonio, Tex.
 CLIFFORD A. MCCOMAS, Rt. 1, Courtney Rd., Independence, Mo.
 ROBERT R. McMILLAN, 517 N. Poinsetts, Compton, Calif.
 ARTHUR MEASINOFF, 1125 Drake Ave., Roselle, N. J.
 ANTONIO A. MESA, Rt. 2, Box 411-B, Ventura, Calif.
 EDWARD W. MILACEK, 7809 223rd St., Flushing Heights L. I., N. Y.
 FREDERICK L. MOSS, Newport News, Va.
 EDWARD J. MURPHY, JR., 902 W. Liberty St., Ann Arbor, Mich.
 DONALD J. NEDVED, 931 26th St., S.E., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
 JOHN R. O'BRIEN, 62 Fulton Ave., Fairview, N. J.
 THOMAS E. PARKS, Burdine, Ky.
 ARMAND D. PASQUARIELLO, 191 Hopkinson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 RICHARD E. PAULSON, 419 W. 5th St., Washburn, Wis.
 JOHN W. PERSON, 620 Scott Ave., Greensboro, N. C.
 RALPH E. PETTIT, 86 Warren Ave., Kenmore, N. Y.
 JOSEPH PRIETO, 107 Ash St., Anmoore, W. Va.
 DONALD J. RANC, Box 116, Geauga, Lake, Ohio.
 DONALD L. RASMUSSEN, 44 Lafayette Ave., Rockville, Center, N. Y.
 ROBERT A. REGAN, 8929 Southmore St., Highland, Ind.
 VOKEL RIFE, Zebulon, Ky.
 RAYMOND H. ROGERS, JR., 881 Flemington St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 RICHARD W. ROSE, 1826 W. 5th Ave., Gary, Ind.
 ANTHONY A. SAFIN, 10 Apple St., Carbondale, Pa.
 PAUL SAWCHUCK, 629 Hamilton St., Schenectady, N. Y.
 WILLIAM P. SCHAFER, Crestwood, N. Y.
 FORREST E. SHADEL, 621 Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa.
 WILBUR F. SMITH, 453 Garden Rd., Columbus, Ohio.
 MORRIS SOFFER, c/o Dr. A. Soffer, Genesee Hosp., Rochester, N. Y.
 GEORGE A. SPRAGUE, 38 Austin St., Norwood, Mass.
 THOMAS J. SPRATT, 818 W. 50th St., Chicago, Ill.
 DONALD H. SWANSON, 622 N. Chestnut St., McPherson, Kan.
 ROMAN J. SYBYL, Rt. 3, Woodford, Va.
 GERALD C. TALLENT, 2009 North St., Belleville, Kan.
 VERNON TAYLOR, Williamsport, Ind.
 SEYMOUR M. THIMSEN, Rt. 2, Box 209, Hopkins, Minn.
 ARNOLD S. THOMPSON, 1312 Second St., Minot, N. D.
 FRED J. TUBB, 216 Crescent St., Andalusia, Ala.
 FRANK J. VACCARELLA, 927 Center Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y.
 RAYMOND C. VETTER, 340 Palmer St., Toledo, Ohio.
 HAROLD W. WILLIAMS, 127 Powers St., Cadillac, Mich.
 EDWARD D. WITKOWSKI, 3316 S. Carpenter St., Chicago, Ill.
 EDWARD O. WOOD, 57 S. Fifth Ave., Illon, N. Y.
 JOHN A. WOYNAROWSKI, 133 S. 12th St., Reading, Pa.

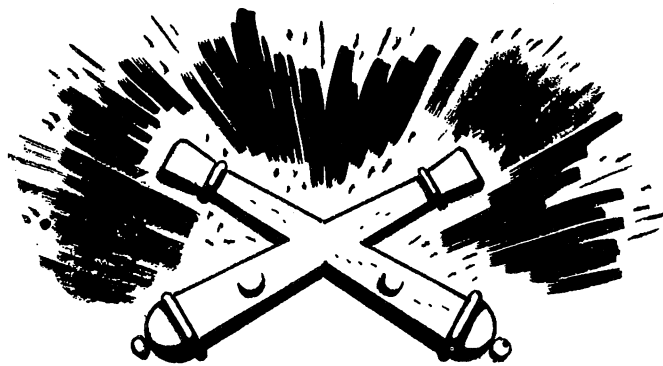
The following named enlisted men are those who attached from other units and served with the Battery during our campaign through Europe

JAMES H. BLALOCK, Webster St., Dayton, Ohio.
 JACK B. BEBOUT, 543 N. Beaver St., Wooster, Ohio.
 JOSEPH J. BEDRICK, 127 N. Marquette St., Ironwood, Mich.
 JOSEPH N. BELACK, 607 S. 63rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.
 JOHN F. BLODGETT, 42-19 190th St., Flushing, N. Y.
 THOMAS A. CAPONE, 525 59th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 EDWARD J. CLARK, Avon Park, Fla.
 TEDDY R. DECKARD, Rt. 1, Wagoner, Okla.
 VERNON K. FARMER, 1214 S. Main St., Fort Scott, Kan.
 ROCCO GALILEO, 1337 66th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

GILBERTO GOMEZ, 1408 Jaurez Ave., Laredo, Tex.
 EUGENE V. GOLDBERG, 247 Bedford Park Blvd., Bronx, N. Y.
 RUBEN GOLDSTEIN, 2380 Crest Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
 PETER J. HENDERSON, 5 Grant Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 CALVIN G. HOGAN, 12 Cariton St., Methuen, Mass.
 DOUGLAS C. JAYNES, 1511 N. Gale St., Indianapolis, Ind.
 ROBERT N. JONES, 35 First Ave., Kingston, Pa.
 CLIFFORD B. KEY, 1805 Highland Ave., Tampa, Fla.
 KENNETH S. LOWRY, Houston, Mo.
 ARTHUR LUKACZIWEICZ, 312 S. Washington St., Herkimer, N. Y.

MANON L. MOORE, Greenway Station, Tucson, Ariz.
 WILLIAM R. PERKINS, Rt. 2 Box 602, Louisville, Ky.
 CHARLES E. PINKSTON, Box 425, Jefferson City, Tenn.
 CARL M. ROLL, Fredericksburg, Ind.
 FRED R. STENBUCK, 84 S. Genessee St., Pontiac, Mich.
 NORMAN E. VITALLI, 2825 Claffin Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
 WILLIAM A. WELLS, 1365 Logan Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah.
 MICHAEL F. WHITE, 1368 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 OTTO E. WOLF, 3345 Decatur St., Denver, Colo.

**334TH
FIELD ARTILLERY
BATTALION**



87TH INFANTRY DIVISION



DONALD C. CUBBISON, JR.

Colonel

Commanding

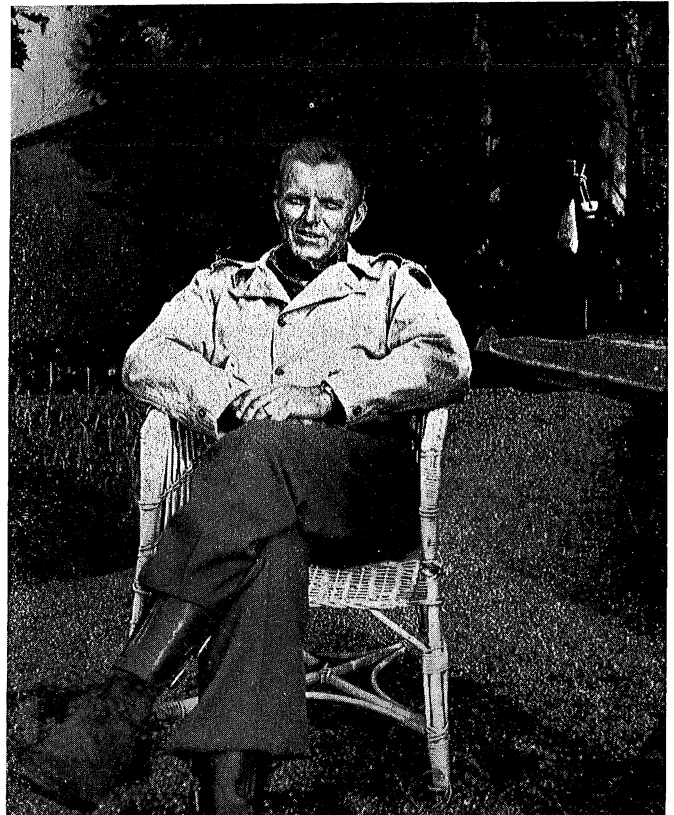
4 March 1944-16 February 1945

THOMAS W. BENDER

Lieutenant Colonel

16 February 1945

until deactivation



HISTORY OF THE 334TH FIELD ARTILLERY

Those men who were the 334th Field Artillery Regiment of the last World War were originally organized at Camp Pike, Ark., in 1917. They will remember having served overseas for little more than two months without having seen action before returning to Camp Dix, N. J., where they were demobilized in 1919.

Consolidated with the 87th Division's 334th Field Artillery in the early twenties, the Regiment was redesignated a battalion in January of 1942, and at the end of the year was reactivated at Camp McCain, Miss., as part of the 87th Division. Until our departure for overseas our history was pretty much the history of the rest of our Division. We suffered through Tennessee Maneuvers and received final overseas training at Fort Jackson, S. C. When we hit combat our history became unique, a history that we alone know and remember.

After a month of packing and crating, of physical and clothing inspections, we entrained at Fort Jackson on the 11th of October for Camp Kilmer, N. J. We had to delay at Kilmer until the 2nd and 3rd of November, waiting for shipping space, when we entrained for the Brooklyn Pier and boarded the HMT *Pasteur*, the famous French liner, at the 48th St. Pier. By afternoon of the 4th of November, we had cleared port, bound for Liverpool.

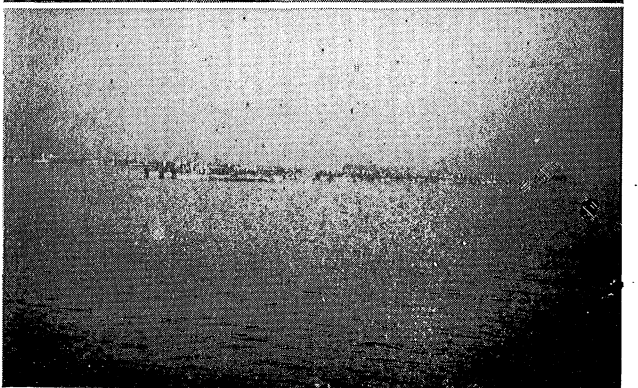
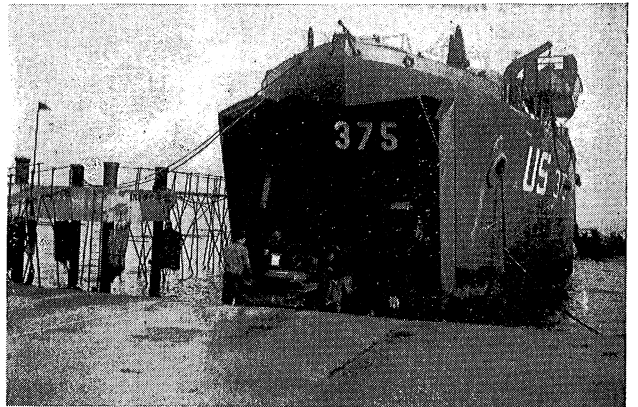
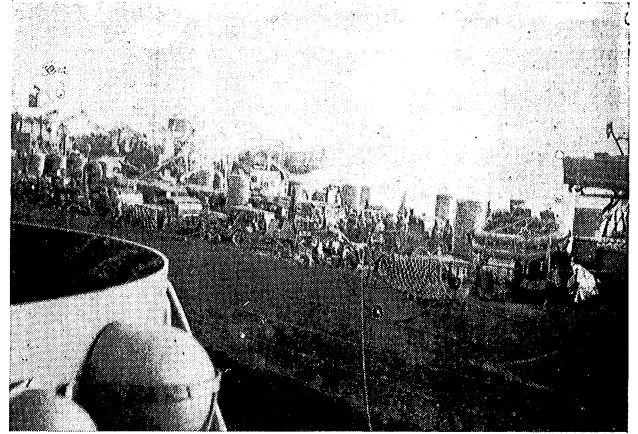
Except for the particularly lousy chow, our voyage proved uneventful until we neared the Irish Sea when radar detection picked up a submarine. But we had no difficulty, docked on schedule on the 14th, and waited for trains to take us to Macclesfield in Cheshire. Batteries B, C, and Service remained in the city at Lord Street Sunday School, while Headquarters and Battery A marched to Tytherington Hall on the outskirts of town. Our equipment reached us; we unpacked it and awaited orders.

We were pretty excited to be in a new and alien land. We had passes into the city where we drank beer at the local pubs and made friends with the English. Although the rain and fog were miserable, we liked England. Then one night we were given ammunition and were told we were leaving. Two days after Thanksgiving we left Macclesfield, combat loaded and armed, on the long difficult march to the English Channel.

After spending a miserable night at Camp D-14 near Portland, we departed for the pier next morning. Our



Harbor scenes at Portsmouth, England, prior to crossing the Channel. LSTs are being loaded with men and equipment.



Front Row, left to right: Major Aranow, Colonel Cubbison, Major Seiler and Lieutenant Haun. Back Row: Captain Mott, Captain Moore, Captain Mobley, Captain Franey and Captain Mahn.





Battery B Command Post at Bagny, France, where we fired our first round in combat 6 December 1944

LST's were waiting for us; we boarded with vehicles and equipment on Number 306 and 375, and on the 28th set sail in convoy for France. Because of unusually high seas, we had to return to port until next morning. On December 1 we cleared Le Havre, and leaving the convoy, our two ships started up the Seine estuary. Since we were to be the first troops taken up the Seine, mine sweepers preceded us and we kept a sharp look-out for mines. As we churned slowly up the Seine, we had our first taste of the picturesque and torn countryside that six months before had felt the impact of the Allied invasion.

Anchoring at Rouen, we readied our vehicles and equipment and disembarked the following morning, setting out for a bivouac area near the village of Saint Saen. The weather was miserable with intermittent rain, and we got wet and cold, sticking around our tents trying to keep warm. Far back here in France, the only signs of aggression were the Air Force's steady wave of planes headed for the inner fortress. Then on the 4th we got orders to move.

Setting out early in the morning with our combat team, the 345th Infantry, we journeyed through villages and cities



Near a battery position at Metz

made famous in the First World War which had only been names to us until now. We saw Compeigne, Soissons, Rheims, Verdun, St. Mihiel, and late that night pulled into Valleroy and billeted in an abandoned German concentration camp for Russian mine workers. We were getting close enough to the front to hear reports of the big guns and see the flashes flicker on the horizon. Most of us still didn't know where we were going or what our mission was to be.

Then, next day we circled south of Metz and established our first command post at Magny. Our division had been ordered to relieve elements of the Fifth Division, and try to effect surrender of the four forts that were still holding out, although the city of Metz itself was in Allied hands. On the 6th of December at 10:55 in the morning, Battery A

opened fire on Fort St. Quentin, in the presence of the division commander, Brig. Gen. Culin, and our Battalion Commander, Lt. Col. Cubbison, Brig. Gen. Ford, commander of Division Artillery, from his liaison plane, adjusted the first round of any caliber that the 87th Division had fired in the last two wars. Pfc. Donald McCabe of Sgt. Wicker's section pulled the lanyard.

In the next two days three of the forts, San Quentin, Plappeville, and Driant surrendered; on the 9th we moved into the city of Metz, and resumed firing on Fort Jeanne D'Arc, which still resisted. But as artillery we had been completely safe from counter-battery fire; as usual it was the doughboys and our forward observers who suffered most. Our first taste of combat compared with later action wasn't combat at all. It was all far too easy. Then on the 12th we were relieved from our commitments at Metz by elements of the 26th Division, and on the next day headed east to new positions in the Third Army sector north of Saare-Union. Bivouacing in the vicinity of Oermingen for the night, we rolled on the next day and established our command post at Brandelfingerhoff Farm in a cellar filled with water and straw and rutabagas. Our mission was to support the 345th Infantry.

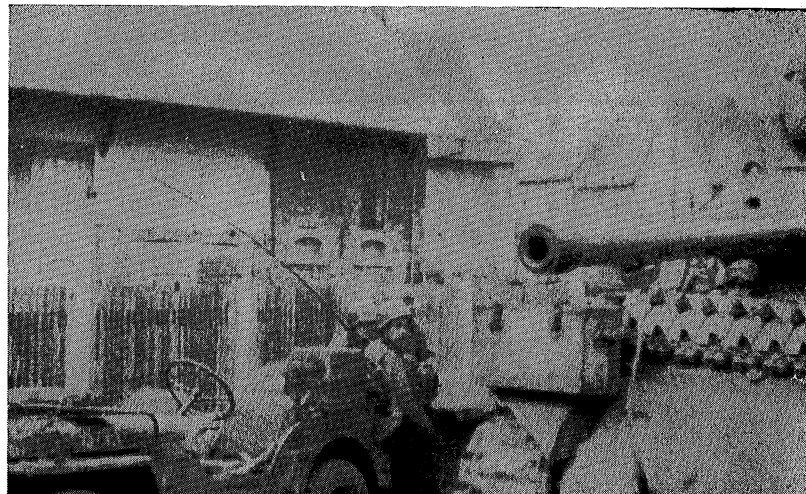
Brandelfingerhoff Farm, one of those large landlord-owned domains, had been badly battered. The surrounding hills bristled with light and heavy artillery, which kept a steady pounding all night long. The place was overcrowded with soldiers, and the only civilians remaining were a few Polish and Russian refugee laborers. On the hills skirting the farm, our howitzers went into action.

The first tragedy happened next morning. In any shelling or action everyone who sees it has his own story. One of the men who saw it said this is the way it happened:

"When I went down to chow next morning, I got my K ration and sat down by a trailer, about five yards from the Fire Direction truck. Most of the Battery was standing around eating, and it happened. Enemy mortars had our location zeroed in as a likely target. We heard the shells all right. But this was our first day up close and we didn't know whether they were coming in or going out until they began to hit close. I put my K ration back together and then my lemonade was sprinkled with sand. Following three or four other men, I hit out towards the cellar where the infantry had had their headquarters. I ducked inside the cellar, but the other three took cover in an alcove underneath an outside stairway."

Capt. Mahn, communications officer, had seen it all happen. He called for the medics, and T/5 Pinkston, a cook on duty at the nearby mess truck, helped carry the litter cases. As the casualties were brought in, Doc Salko did what he could for them, but before the shelling was over, we realized what had happened. One shell had landed on the cab of the Fire Direction Truck, and had instantly killed Cpl. Edwards and Pvts. Koniewicz, Harris, and Hallenbeck. Shrapnel had wounded T/4 Morrissette and Pvt. Roy. Another shell had come within a couple of yards of the alcove under the steps, and T/4 McCarthy died of wounds just after he was carried into the aid station. T/4 Smith and Pfc. Weber, both medics, and Cpl. Neff, from the wire section, were wounded and had to be evacuated. Later Neff died. The Germans had us zeroed in all right, just at chow time. Several men from other outfits were hit, too, and four or five of our vehicles needed immediate repair. Our firing batteries were also hit, but they came through a little better. For their

The "tank-artillery" team





CHRISTMAS DINNER AT DOMNON, FRANCE

A TANK DESTROYER MOVES UP





We changed our socks twice daily

heroism, Capt. Mahn and T/5 Pinkston received the Bronze Star.

On the 16th the infantry jumped off towards the German border; we fired also 400 rounds in preparation for the advance, using delay fuse in trial for effectiveness of tree bursts. When the Third Battalion, 345th, jumped off in the afternoon towards an objective hill north of Medelsheim, Lt. McGhee went with Company L, while Lt. Price stayed with Company K in reserve. Company I's forward observer, Lt. Staver, had to evacuate Sgt. Carver, who the night before had been wounded by shrapnel in the back. As the infantry advanced they met little resistance until they hit an open field just below Medelsheim. Enemy artillery opened up with a four hour barrage from the far right flank out of the Third Army sector. Lt. Allee, forward observer, spotted the enemy guns near Utweiler, but before we could fire on them, we had to obtain clearance from the Seventh Army.

As the infantry met heavy and stubborn resistance, we moved up on the right flank of the Division sector into Guderkirch. Using 88-mm. tree bursts against our doughboys, the Germans defended their high ground positions with Tiger tanks, machine guns, mortars, and mines. Here Capt. Pollock, Ln O 2, was awarded the Bronze Star medal for his heroism in going to the front lines under heavy shellfire to adjust fire on the enemy. From our Battery B position the engineers pulled thirty "Bouncing Betties" before they could move in. We were being shelled continuously. On the morning of the 20th we were hit hard. An ammunition truck of our attached 549 AAA Battalion

received a direct hit. During the shelling 1/Sgt. Ross of Battery B ran across 100 yards of open terrain to drag a wounded soldier from the AA platoon into a foxhole. For his heroic efforts, he was awarded the Bronze Star. Two of our men, Pvt. Velasquez and Pfc. Herrin were wounded and had to be evacuated.

The infantry continued to suffer tremendously, and we pulled back to Moronville Farm, where the 345th Regimental Commander was directing the action of the combat team. As the infantry renewed their attack, we fired preparations on fortified positions in the woods.

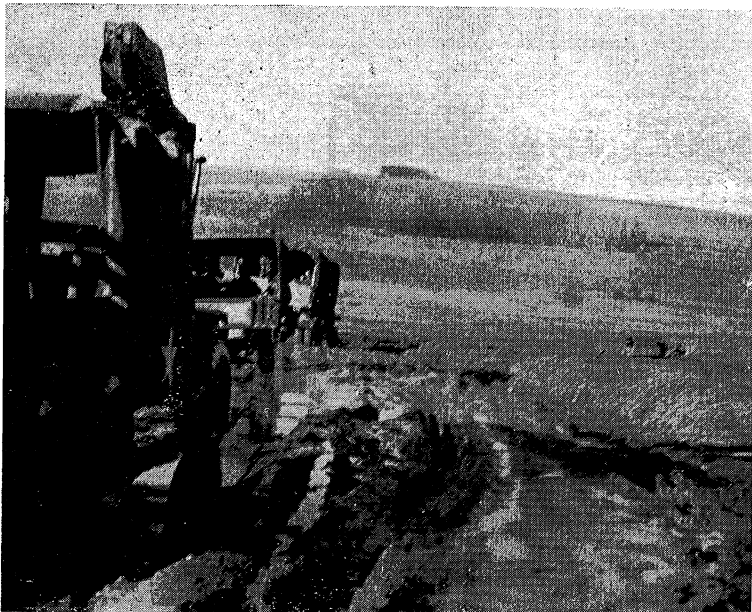
After a difficult period of what was more than indoctrination, our Division was relieved of its mission in the Saar on Christmas Eve, and ordered to an assembly area near Rheims for further instructions. At four o'clock in the morning we march ordered and headed west. The ground had frozen and a cold wind swept the snowy hills. Some of our vehicles were held up with tire trouble, and as the convoy formed, part of it passed the initial check point four times before hitting the right road in the inky blackness. As usual the responsibility of safety rested with the drivers, and pretty much as usual, they conveyed us through without mishap. Not until afternoon did we reach overnight billets at Domnon, France, a little desolate village that was trying to make the best of the festive season. We were back behind the lines now, back to "peace on earth." It seemed only natural to go to Christmas services in the village church.

Combat provides little opportunity for celebrations, but Christmas was as jubilant as it could have been. Our kitchen personnel cooked turkey dinner and some of us received letters from home. We had time for nothing more. That evening we loaded in convoy again and rode all night and the next day through the intense and bitter cold to a bivouac area near Epoye, France, just outside of Rheims. Traffic on the icy roads had become extremely heavy. We learned that not only our Division, but a lot of other Third Army units were on their way north towards the Ardennes forest, where, apparently the Germans had the upper hand.

Here in the snow and pines we set up bivouac, dug fox-holes, and tried to keep warm in the intense cold. Although far from the front lines, we still had to keep alert and on guard. During the day our fires of green wood burned slowly, and during the night they had to be extinguished completely. We lived in complete blackout. Meanwhile our Division reassembled, on the 29th, shortly after noon, we entrucked and headed north. We could see the sun but we couldn't feel it.

Traveling rapidly and without mishap through the little French villages, we enjoyed the civilians' hospitality, as they threw us apples and gave us hot ersatz coffee at the breaks. About dusk we hit Belgium and the blackness of the Ardennes, which covered with snow under the bright moon, looked weird and picturesque. A full moon and clear sky made blackout driving easier. About eight o'clock we contacted our reconnaissance party, who led us to our bivouac area in the forest near Libramont. We ate our C rations, pitched our tents on the snow in the thick pines, and tried to sleep.

The bulge disappeared with its snow and in its place was mud, mud, mud.



"Supermen" become cooperative



About midnight we received orders that we had been reattached to the Third Army (having been temporarily in the Seventh), and that we were to furnish direct support for the 345th Infantry's jump-off the next morning. Because we didn't know what tricks the Germans might pull, our supply sergeants distributed our gas masks, our operations and communications sections worked all night preparing maps and changing radio frequencies. We march ordered next morning about four-thirty.

The doughboys started walking northeast from Hait. We went into position and tried to fire, but since there was little resistance, the infantry kept going. The front lines had hardly been established. We displaced again and moved ahead of the engineers and reserve infantry into Freux Suzerain for better range. So far we were the only artillery battalion that had moved up.

At Moircy resistance suddenly increased. Having retreated into the village, the Germans entrenched themselves and opened up with all they had, defending their positions with mortars, machine guns, small arms, and tanks. The infantry had the situation in hand by mid-afternoon, and the Germans pulled back. The town was ours with forty-eight prisoners and two tanks knocked out. Lt. Diamond, observer from Battery C, suffered a severe head wound, Lt. Oberist, survey officer, got trench foot, and both had to be evacuated.

Then, just a little after dark, the Germans counter-attacked with a number of infantry and tanks. The doughboys suffered heavy casualties and had to withdraw from the town. Lts. Allee and Staver, seeing that artillery support was desperately needed, withdrew to the infantry's command post, which contained the only remaining wire communication to our Battalion. First observer to return, Lt. Allee, reported the attack and contacted our Battalion for fire. The Germans had come through in numbers, all right, had confused our infantry by setting the town on fire and by a heavy use of automatic weapons. With Division and Corps Artillery, which had by now moved up, we massed fire on the attack, and during an hour and a half period at the high point, we fired 574 rounds at them. Our excellent communication with Lt. Allee and Capt. Lee, liaison officer, permitted accurate location of defensive fires. About midnight the enemy was repulsed, and by daylight had again withdrawn.

For the next ten days as the Germans began to withdraw under heavy pressure, we remained in position and fired on target as demanded. The doughboys kept plodding ahead, but we had been relieved of direct support and ordered to prepare strong defensive measures in case anything should happen. Some of our batteries shifted positions, and the men picked dugouts in the frozen ground and snow in de-

fense against occasional artillery shells and the freezing weather. We were confined mostly to specific targets and harassing fires: Lt. Col. Cubbison adjusted fire and obtained seven direct hits on a church in Vesqueville, which, we learned later, was the battalion command post of the 130th Panzer Engineer Lehr Battalion. On the next day we fired our first pozit fuse, but the round was unobserved, and not until later did we learn the effects of the artillery's new "secret" weapon.

On the 4th of January, Sgt. Cassel's Battery B section fired the 10,000th round in combat. On the 8th we had assumed direct support of the Second Battalion of the 345th, while the First and Third Battalions prepared an attack through Pironpre. We began firing propaganda into Vesqueville, Hatrival, and Saint Hubert. Lt. Haun, seeking FO indoctrination, went forward and adjusted fires to score a direct hit on a tank. On the 11th, infantry patrols went into Saint Hubert and Vesqueville to confirm reports that the Germans were withdrawing. We had to be especially careful in firing, because the First Army was sweeping down from the North. The German's great winter offensive was rapidly disappearing into history.

The Belgians had treated us well, giving us billets, sharing their food and fuel and giving us opportunity to keep as comfortable as possible. The Germans had driven away much of their cattle and had burned their wood. Before we left we went into the forest and hauled some logs for them.

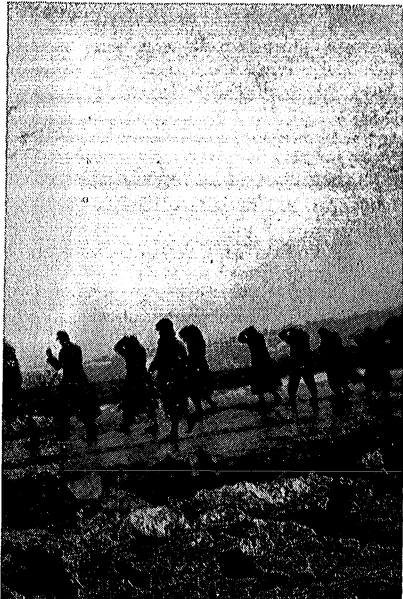
On the 12th of January we finally displaced to a new position, about 2,000 yards behind the front lines, near Menil. The roads through Moircy were still heavily mined; the snow was deep and icy, the temperatures far below freezing. Our road march had been extremely difficult, for we had to detour through the fields because of the mines. Digging through one to two feet of snow, our batteries went into position after dark, occupying the same ground that the enemy had vacated that morning. At the command post enemy dead littered the snow. A Tiger tank, destroyed by fire, lay upturned in the frozen duck pond. The Jerries had booby-trapped the woodpile with an 81-mm mortar shell.

Up ahead our doughboys occupied Lavacherie and Sprimont, as the enemy delayed our advance with mines and small isolated forces of infantry. We now began to see the effects of the Germans' first withdrawal, as our wire and reconnaissance parties reported considerable wrecked equipment and casualties, but interrogated prisoners reported they had had no difficulty in obtaining gun replacements or ammunition.

Two days later we met the British at Rumont on the Ourthe River, where they had driven down from the north. Our guns were silenced, for the Division had gained its

The Siegfried in winter





P.W.'s from the Siegfried line near Kobscheid, Germany

objective. Attached to the 345th combat team and to the 17th Airborne for administration, we helped clean up enemy rear guard action and awaited orders to move. The rest of the 87th had gone on already.

In a way, fighting the war seemed almost incidental to trying to maintain physical comforts, to finding billets, a stove and a way to keep warm. We slept when we could and did our job as we were needed. Winning our objectives left little time for reveille and retreat and routine army discipline. Our mission now was of far greater importance. Finally on the 17th we left Belgium for a 76-mile march into the Duchy of Luxembourg.

In Luxembourg our Division was ordered to relieve the Fourth Division, which had beaten off the Germans' attempt to take Luxembourg City, and to hold the line along the confluence of the Sauer and Moselle Rivers, just overlooking the Siegfried defenses. We were to take up the old positions of the 42nd Field near Consdorf, Echternach, and Altrier. In assuming direct support of the 345th doughboys, we failed to register because of zero visibility. Our survey crew tied our batteries together, as well as the 945th Field, old friends from the Saar Valley, and a company from the 691st Tank Destroyers, which were supporting our action.

Battalion Command Post in farm house in Kobscheid, Germany



Enemy action was light. Our infantry confined their action to patrolling. But as a Second Battalion patrol withdrew after meeting sudden heavy resistance on the Saar River, opposite Bollendorf, we covered them with protective fire, and fired a few harassing shots during the night. Because of the extreme defilade, Capt. Seiler, operations officer, resorted to high angle fire for the first time in combat. We had successful hits on wire patrols and pillboxes, and during the next two days Maj. Aranow, our executive, adjusted on a number of enemy assault boats in the River. There was little continual action: as our observers spotted the targets we adjusted on them. Lt. Evens blew the camouflage from a suspected ammunition dump, and we knocked out mortars and artillery pieces.

Meanwhile we had time to get acquainted with the civilians. We found them friendly and co-operative, willing to do what they could for us. For a bar of soap, candy and gum, they washed and ironed our clothes and plied us with questions about the war.

At Altrier we converted the local cafe into a drink parlor, where we bought one per cent beer at the taproom for 2 francs a glass. Special services set up a theater in the bowling alley, which Headquarters Battery was using as a mess hall, and we saw our first movies in combat. Many of us got passes to Luxembourg City and some to Paris. Although the weather continued miserable and cold, we lived in apparent luxury. Most of all we looked forward to letters and packages from home.

We would rather have remained in Luxembourg, but on the 26th the sector was taken over by the 76th Division, and we joined the 345th infantry for movement back to Belgium. It was evident that enemy was withdrawing into their fortifications in the Siegfried. Our Division was to relieve the 17th Airborne and make preparations to crack the line.

Returning through Luxembourg City and Arlon, we swung off through Bastogne and Houffalize. The weather was icy, and in spite of every effort to windproof our vehicles, we got cold. Riding went very slow. The roads were shell-pocked and filled with mines. By late afternoon we had veered back into Luxembourg near Huldange.

Huldange had suffered unmercifully. Civilians told us the Germans had killed all their stock, stolen their food, wantonly destroyed their furniture, and had driven all the young people into Germany for forced labor. In one house we found the remains of a steer, which had been slaughtered in the living room. Upstairs a bed had been booby-trapped. The Germans had left that morning, towing their vehicles in tandem to conserve fuel. Prisoners stated that the outlook of the German soldier had become gloomy and futile. Their food, when there was any, was cold; their missions were always suicidal; their officers were never present at the front. They began to surrender without firing a shot.

Our infantry advanced against very little opposition. Apparently our identified enemy, the Ninth Panzer Division, was moving east. Assigned to general support of the infantry regiments, we kept harassing fires on the enemy. Sometimes we had trouble. Battery C attempted to adjust on enemy tanks, but both wire and radio communication failed so that the mission could not be completed. We were in a peculiar international position. We could fire north into Belgium, east into Germany, south into Luxembourg.

Reassigned to direct support of the 345th, we pushed on to Bauvonn. The 687th Field came up to help us. The area had been pretty badly torn up; our command post looked like a sieve, and the enemy dead were still lying on the snow. That evening Lt. McGhee brought in our first prisoner.

With our combat team spearheading the Eighth Corps attack next day, we launched offensive and harassing fires on the enemy's action to delay us with scattered artillery and mines. We moved closer, just east of Saint Vith, for better range. The roads were still poor. Snow had drifted across them, concealing mines and demolitions. All along the route we noticed an increase of abandoned enemy equipment.

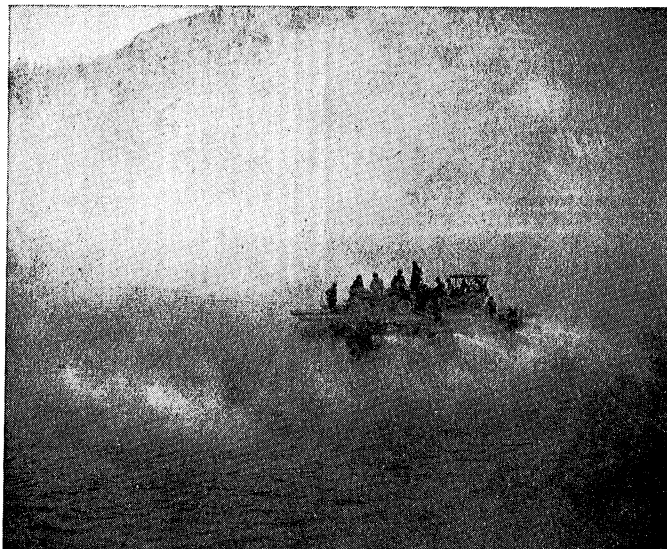
Saint Vith had been seriously damaged. Not all of the infantry outfits had moved forward, and we had difficulty in finding suitable command posts or gun positions. Up forward two of us were wounded. T/5s Mazzetti and Alsbach were hit by mortar fire, but Mazzetti, although wounded, helped evacuate other wounded comrades to sheltered positions in the rear. For this heroic achievement he was awarded the Bronze Star.

That night we were ordered to cease all harassing fire so that the infantry could make a night attack on Heuem. As resistance increased next day, more artillery moved up, and six battalions massed fire on the town. Next morning it surrendered. The enemy still had artillery, however. They

dropped eight or ten rounds across our battalion front, and next day when we reconnoitered in the vicinity of Heuem for new positions, we found they had been using ammunition dated as late as November 11. That was a good sign. But they kept giving us trouble and our reconnaissance party had to return. Later the 912th moved into Heuem, and we remained in position to assume defense and protection of our Division rear section. Some of us kept getting hit. Up forward too long as observer, Lt. Guilfoyle had to be evacuated for battle fatigue and superficial wounds.

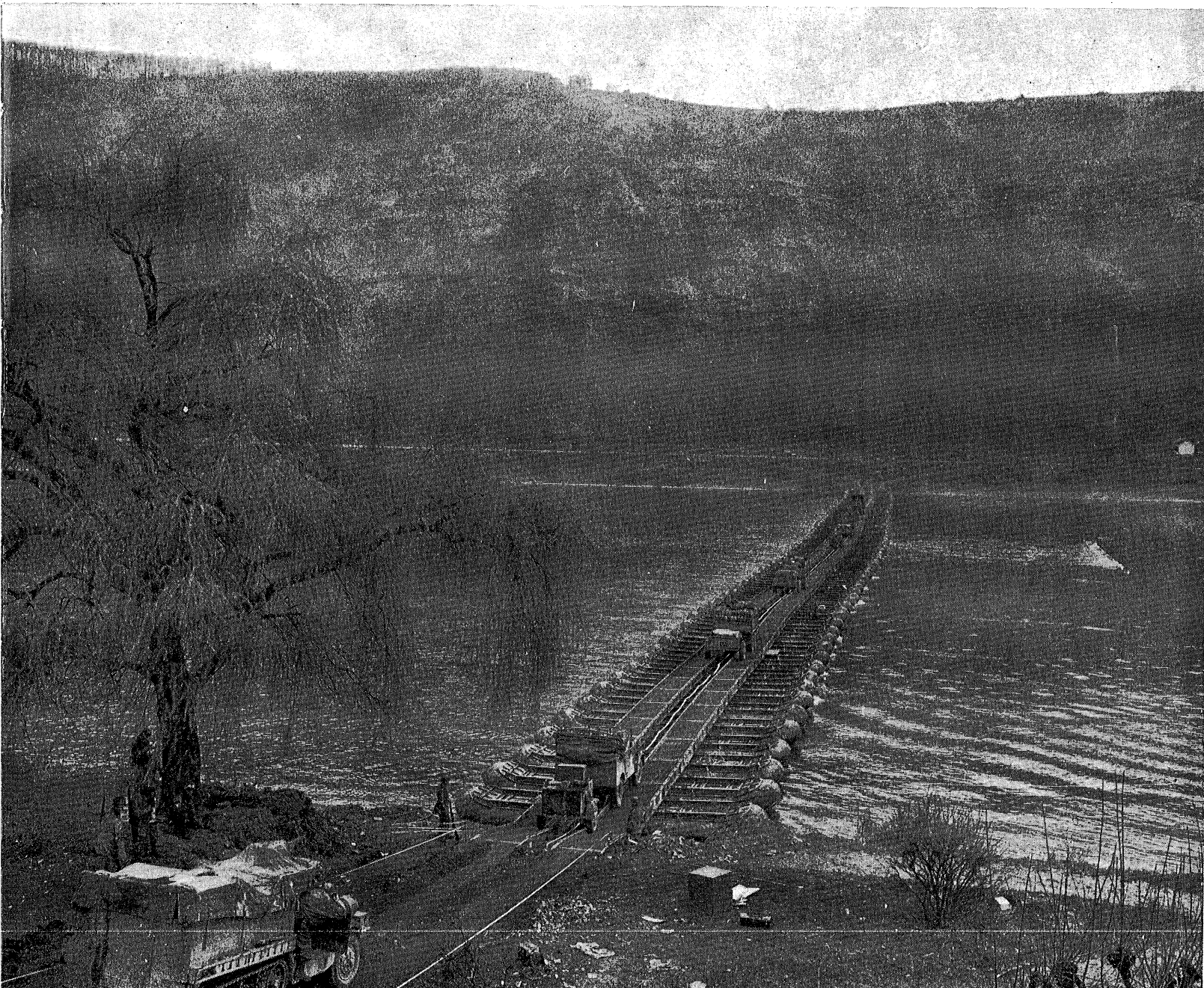
Flanked by the 82nd Airborne on the left, which had already penetrated the Siegfried, and the Fourth Division on the right, our Division met only moderate resistance in their advance through Manderfeld and Auw. We assumed direct support of the 345th, and on the 2nd of February moved for the first time onto German soil, going into position near Wischeid. The roads were almost impassable; the fields were soggy with mud and water. As the infantry jumped off, we began firing into the Siegfried defenses and the enemy countered back at us. A prime mover in Battery C's position was hit as was an M-10 trailer, which although loaded with ammunition, failed to explode. Luckily there were no casualties. We had to find better positions, and on the 5th moved into Auw.

Up front the situation was growing tense. Our forward observers began calling for increased fire. At midnight Company F of the 345th started their advance into the Siegfried. The doughboys advanced through the defense



The medics cross the Rhine

The supply train crosses





334th Command Post in a Siegfried pillbox. March 5, 1945

barrier of Dragon's Teeth, and then a little after six o'clock the next morning, enemy sentries sighted them not fifty yards away. Things opened up and a sharp fire fight forced our observers back with the second platoon so that they might be able to move without being pinned down. Artillery support was impractical; there were heavy casualties. Our observers stayed behind and helped the infantry aid men treat the wounded. The fire was heavy and the seriously wounded couldn't be treated in the open.

The night had been dark and it was little wonder they had passed a pill box without seeing it. In the dim morning light they spotted it. It looked like a place of refuge. Lt. McGhee and Cpl. Walker (who later was to receive a battlefield commission) crawled toward it. Springing in front of the entrance, they captured the lone German sentry, and, gesturing with a hand grenade, forced the surrender of the ten Germans inside. They made sure it was safe from booby-traps and trip wires, and then helped carry the wounded inside. It was the first Siegfried fortification that the 87th Division had captured.

The doughboys waded on through the falling rain and heavy shelling. Lt. Price, observer with the now badly battered Third Battalion, had been wounded, and Lt. McGhee and his section were ordered to take over his assignment. By nightfall of the next day the doughboys had only four more pillboxes to capture. As the Infantry Commander regrouped his men for the final assault, Lt. McGhee, Cpl. Walker, Cpl. Gazvoda, and an infantryman, later killed, volunteered to try to force the occupants of the pill boxes to surrender by use of a German interpreter. The idea worked. Thirty-two prisoners fled out and surrendered. By the last captured fort the infantry erected a sign: "You are now entering the Siegfried Line—Courtesy of the 345th Combat Team." For their gallantry in action Lts. McGhee and Walker were awarded the Silver Star.

Back at the command post we kept firing heavy concentrations and watching the long lines of prisoners file by with upraised arms and grim faces. We thought the going would be tougher now that we were on German soil. We expected

few favors from the sullen-faced civilians. Some of our officers received promotions: Capt. Seiler, operations officer, became a Major, and Doc Salko, a Captain. Battery A's commander became Capt. Mott, and Liaison Officer number three, Capt. Bockstein. Lts. McGhee, Price, Turley, Wilson, Climie, and Jones became "First Looies."

We kept heavy concentrations on our regimental objectives. Disregarding ammunition allotments, we were told to pulverize any objective or remunerative target with a high volume of fire. Our liaison officers reported we had been hitting the target pretty consistently, and we helped break up several enemy counter-attacks as the infantry advanced. Propaganda shells went out to Olzheim, Neuendorf, and Kleinlangendorf. The doughboys were taking it heavily: Lt. Turley, forward observer, was sole surviving officer with Company G as they organized their objective and took it. As the Second Battalion occupied Olzheim, and the Third Battalion took high ground south of the village, the prisoners kept filing back to the rear.

Wherever our observers went it was always necessary to lay wire to them, and our crews worked constantly and methodically to maintain communication. Their job was one of the toughest. They worked at any and all hours; some of them were rewarded for their heroic efforts. Laying a direct line through the Siegfried to Olzheim, Corporal Mosher and his Headquarters Battery wire crew worked steadily on the heels of the doughboys through mine fields and constant shelling. They completed the line less than two hours after the village fell. Sometimes the crews couldn't wait for road blocking convoys and delays. When Battery B moved into an almost inaccessible location, T/4 Albu and his crew struck off cross-country over strange snow hidden terrain, laying the wire by hand in the cold and darkness. Both Albu and Mosher received the Bronze Star in recognition for their achievements.

Some of our key observers had become casualties. Since we lacked available officers to replace them, we had to call on enlisted personnel. S/Sgt. Greening of Battery A, S/Sgt. Morczy of Battery C, and T/4 Walker took over the

job. There could be no let up. On the 9th of February we were ordered to move to Kobscheid.

Most of us will not remember Kobscheid as an essential delay in cracking the Siegfried, but rather as a dirty little German border town with thatched roofs and manure piles. We stayed there twenty-three days, our longest delay during the campaigns. The weather was still cold and wet, with plenty of rain and very little sun. All of the civilians had been evacuated back to Auw by the Military Government; except for the livestock and poultry, only soldiers were in the town. Most of the chickens looked bored and frightened. Rather than let them die of misery we comforted them and found them a home in a pot.

Since the penetration of the Siegfried by the 345th, our mission was to remain in position and hold the ground. We began striking out a series of targets, paving the way for the final assaults. We had already done some damage. Capt. Pollock reported that shelling in Olzheim had demolished eighty per cent of the town, knocked out more than fourteen vehicles, killed enemy personnel, and broken up a suspected counter-attack. On the 10th we fired our 20,000th round. There was little advancement now, but for fifteen consecutive days we averaged almost 450 rounds per day. Prisoner of war reports claim the effectiveness of our artillery fire had forced the enemy to hold their supplies and trains far back out of range. It seemed safe enough, now, to withdraw our batteries one by one and fire for calibration.

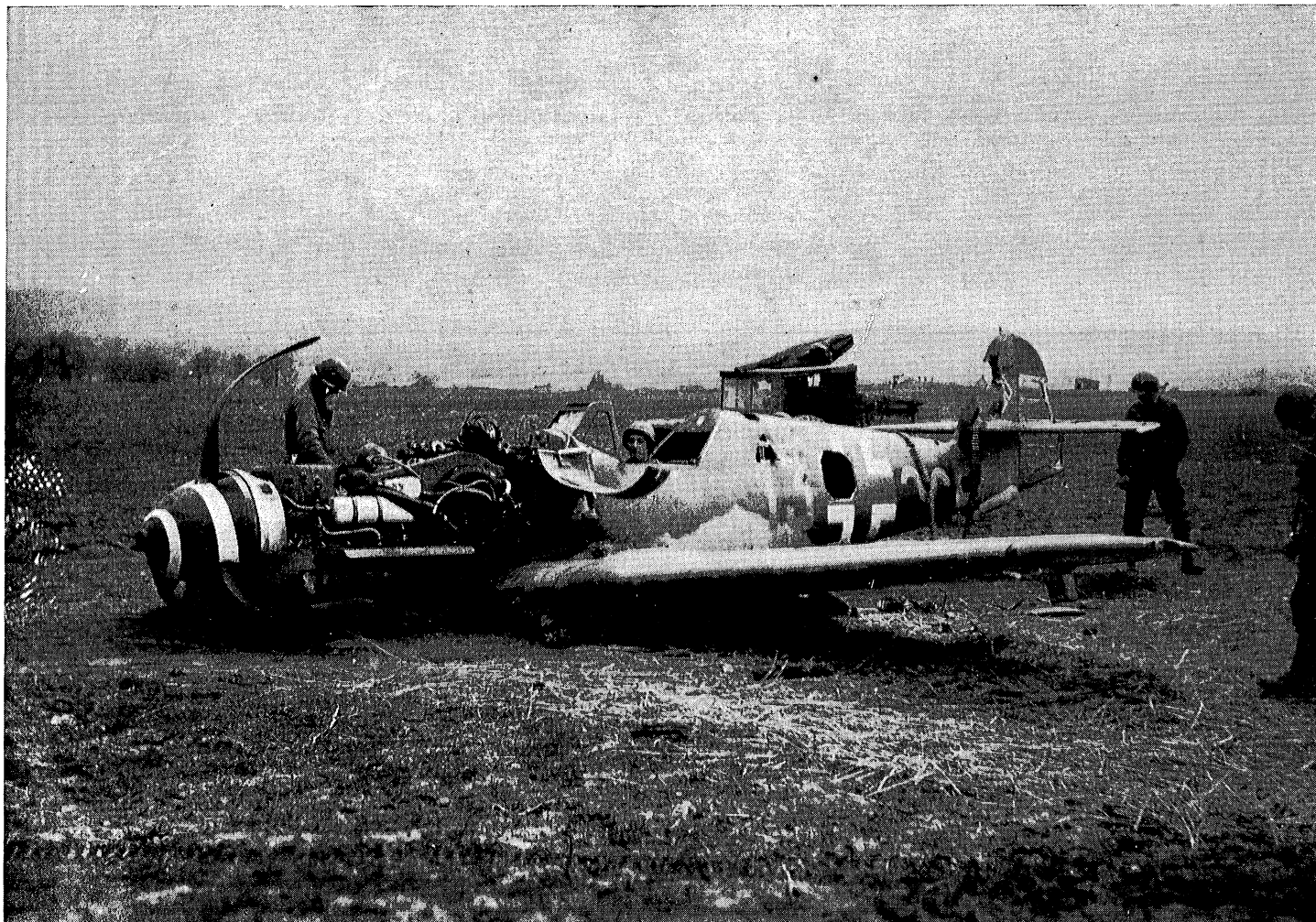
On the 16th of February our battalion commander, Lt. Col. Cubbison was relieved of command to assume duties as executive officer in Division Artillery. We hated to lose him, for he had guided us through some rough places. We had confidence in him and trusted his judgment when the going got tough. But it was a break for him. It meant a jump in rank. The next day our new commander, Maj. Bender, from the 912th Field took over, and we continued with our missions without a break. Some of us saw the movie "You Can't Ration Love" in the local church. At that particular time the theme didn't make sense at all.

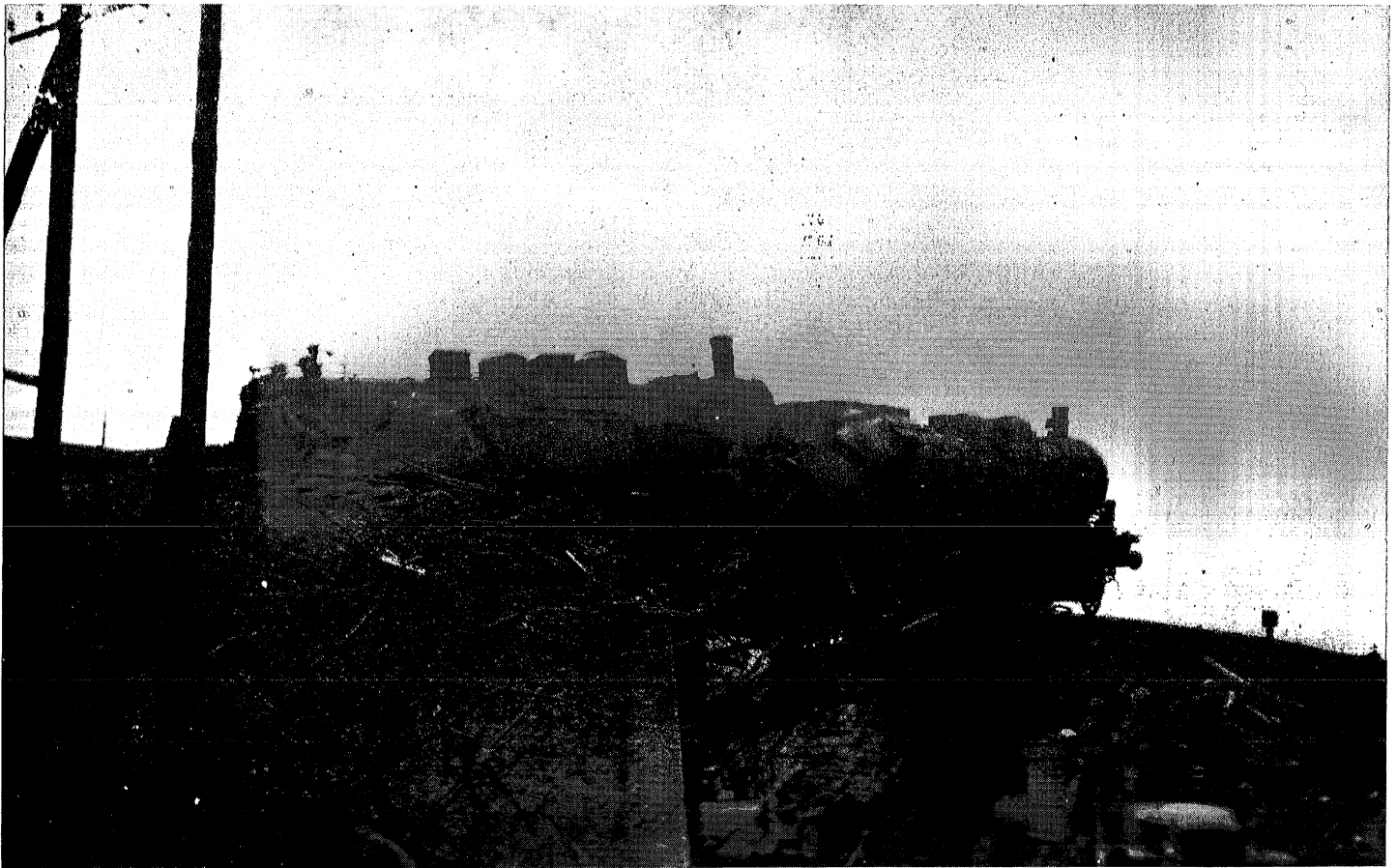


"Loot"

The enemy continued active. We kept receiving counter-battery fire on our positions, and our guns kept answering back. We were not low on ammunition now, but we had

Our ack-ack shot down this plane near Mulheim, Germany, in March, 1945





They tried to stop us with blasted locomotives on overpasses near Konigsee, but failed

none to waste. We were maintaining our Battalion ammunition load only by the superhuman efforts of our Service Battery personnel, of the drivers and of the men who loaded the trucks. For the accomplishment of this difficult job Capt. Walker, our Supply and Ammunition Officer, received the Bronze Star.

We kept firing propaganda and pozit fuses on the surrounding towns of Reuth, Ormont, and Neuenstein, making some good hits on automatic weapons and an ammunition dump. A letter found on a dead German soldier indicates that they were finding it difficult to go on:

"Death has reigned in this area. . . . The Americans rule the battlefield. . . . Their Artillery fire destroys everything. . . . We do not have enough cover and our trenches will not hold up much longer. . . . I too, will be the victim of a shell like so many who were my comrades. . . . Such a death will be easy. . . . I do not think that anybody will escape this hell."

On the 26th the infantry attacked to straighten out our Division line. We helped them out on specific targets, knocking out haystacks that were suspected of concealing assault guns, and massed fire when they jumped off. It seemed evident that the Jerries were running out of artillery, for the bulk of the heavy resistance came from mortars and mines. Casualties were heavy.

As the Germans moved up vehicles and tanks, we concentrated fire on them, and prepared a heavy barrage for Company L's attack on Hill 605. As some of our tanks moved up, we screened their advance. Here T/5 Welever received the Bronze Star for voluntarily racing across 100 yards of open fire-swept terrain and mounting a friendly tank. The doughboys had been halted by intense enemy machine gun fire. Welever hung on the tank and directed its fire until the enemy position was destroyed.

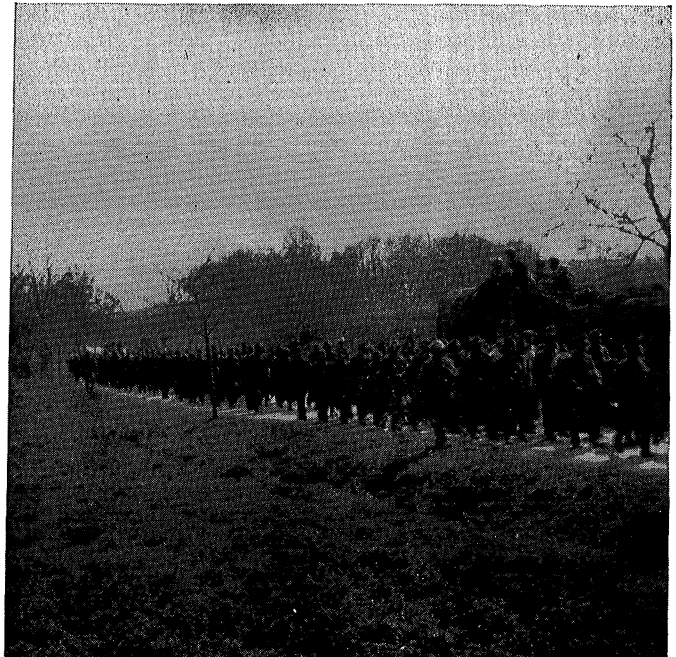
The infantry was aiming at Neuenstein, on which the 81st Field laid down a heavy concentration of fire. The enemy formed for a counter-attack, but Lt. Benson adjusted on the targets and succeeded in breaking the enemy action. If the losses to the enemy were heavy, we lost some too. Cpl. Gehrt from Battery C was killed; Cpls. Allred and Gazvoda were wounded. Sgt. Oakes had to be evacuated for combat exhaustion. The infantry entered the town that morning and took about fifty prisoners.

In the afternoon four P-47's came over to help us. They bombed and strafed the target area, and we joined in mass artillery fire on retreating enemy vehicles. It was good air-artillery teamwork. As the enemy withdrew the 347th took Ormont and we massed fire on Reuth in preparation for an attack.

Later a U. S. Liaison plane, identified as belonging to the 402nd Field Artillery Group, made a forced landing in enemy territory near Reuth. The plane tried to take off but failed and the pilot and observer were taken prisoner. The enemy then dragged the plane into a clump of timber, virtually out of sight. Gen. Ford ordered it fired upon to keep it from falling into enemy hands. We covered the area and damaged the plane but failed to destroy it.

We finally left Kobscheid the afternoon of the 4th, displacing by single or small groups of vehicles because the

Long lines of Jerries were surrendering even to the artillery



road junction just above Roth was still under enemy observation and fire. The command post was set up in a German pillbox that was well camouflaged by the side of the road. Nearly all of the houses in the area had been demolished; so we had to pitch tents in the woods. The snow was still deep, and it was cold. The woods had withstood some pretty heavy enemy fire, and there was enemy equipment all around. Souvenir hunting was pretty good.

Up ahead our infantry was moving rapidly toward the east. That morning they had mopped up Reuth and taken Kerschenbach, and before late afternoon had captured Kronenburghütte and Hallschlag. Resistance was light, but we kept a steady rate of fire. At two o'clock we had expended almost 1,250 rounds in the preceding fourteen hours.

We kept moving and next day established the command post in a badly battered shack in heavy woods about a mile northeast of Neuendorf. It was snowing a little and raining, but since we were going forward, we didn't mind. Some of the fellows who slept in the shack had to pitch their tents inside to keep the water off. We saw visible results of our massed artillery fire on Olzheim and Neuendorf, and were satisfied with the job.

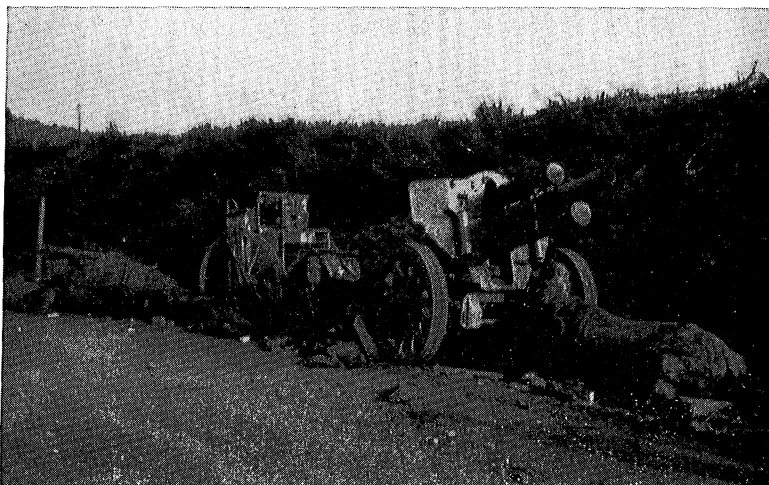
During the night we began preparations for long-range support of a task force, that was organized with the 345th's AT Company, the 87th Cav. Ren. troops, and a company of light tanks. Lt. Allee, Battery A reconnaissance officer, was assigned as artillery observer on the drive to the Kyll River.

Clearing a road block, the task force had reached Steffeln and taken Lissendorf the next morning; while the infantry captured Gonnorsdorf and Schuller. As yet we hadn't fired a single round. Sending a work gun forward from Battery C, we displaced again to the east of Schonfeld. Now, Capt. Pollock was able to register on the base point across the Kyll river in Birgel. We fired harassing fires during the night, but generally speaking everything was pretty quiet. The next morning the task force and infantry jumped off across the Kyll River. Fire control was decentralized and Battery B moved near Lissendorf as artillery support. The task force and 345th Company K entered Weisbaum and we began to displace by batteries to establish a new command post in Lissendorf. The infantry kept going and took Mirbach and advanced toward Dollendorf. Battery B moved on across the Kyll to help the Third Battalion of the 345th Infantry's assault on the town, which fell with little opposition. As the rest of us moved on to Wiesbaum, traveling over the road that only a few hours before had seen the destruction of the retreating Germans, we were appalled at the wreckage and debris. We had to drive carefully over the bad roads and through the litter of dead animals and strewn vehicles. Although we had been relieved of combat team attachment to the 345th Infantry, we were to continue in direct support.

Our Command Post in Schoneck Hotel near Bad Blankenburg, Germany. April 1945



We cut the Berlin-Frankfort superhighway here

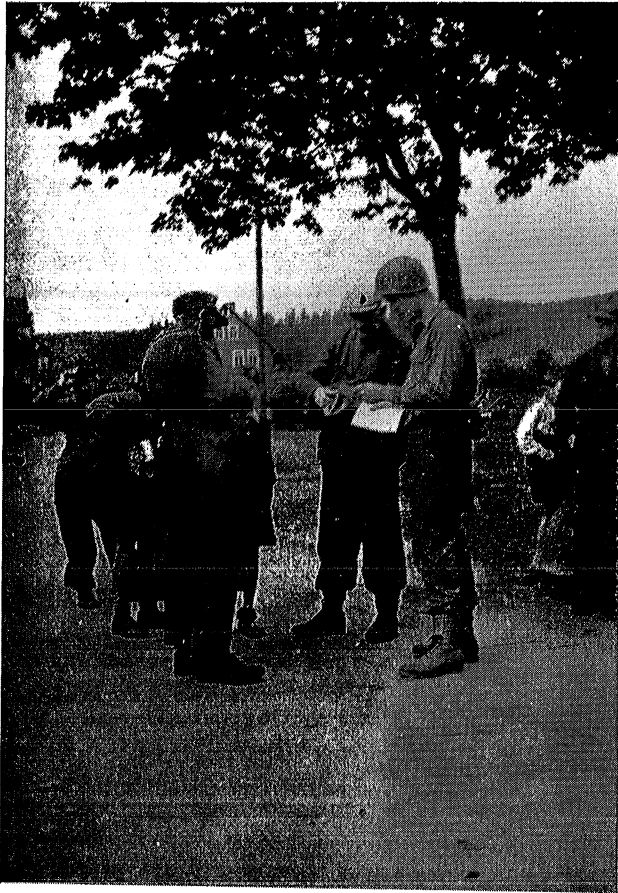


Our rival artillery didn't fare too well towards the end

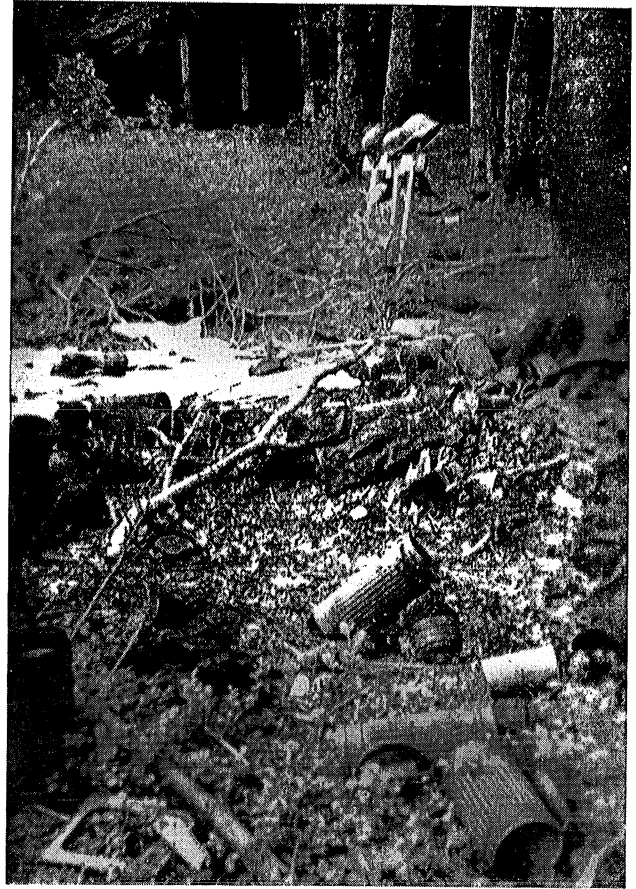
We couldn't register at Wiesbaum. The 345th held all the ground to the Ahr River, and the Third Battalion had crossed over to contact the 28th and 69th Divisions of the First Army, which had crossed the division front on the east side of the Ahr. We noted that the strong defensive positions which the Germans had built on the Kyll River line east of Birgel had been unmanned. Their quick withdrawal seemed to lack organization or will to resist.

As the infantry continued mopping up operations of isolated stragglers and groups mainly from the 18 VG and 26 VG Divisions, we took it easy. During the next four days we didn't fire a single round, but had the chance to clean up at the bath unit back in Lissendorf and to take care of the guns and vehicles. We went to see the movies "Till We Meet Again" and "Two Yanks Abroad" in the hay loft of a barn across the street from the command post. On Sunday we went to church. We had lost a couple of vehicles, and since everyone had collected more stuff, we were short on room. There were plenty of enemy vehicles around, and with a little tampering, our motor sergeants got some of them to run. On the next day our forward elements were alerted to leave, and on the 13th of March, they left for new positions on the Rhine. We didn't know it then, but our division had been assigned the capture of Koblenz. On the 14th we displaced and marched fifty miles to our next battle position. Spring was coming slowly. The sky was clear, the sun bright. All along the roads we saw death and debris and scattered groups of refugees.

When we reached Mulheim, about seven and a half kilometers northwest of Koblenz, the white flags of surrender were flying and the town was filled with refugees. From the hills we could see the city of Koblenz, our objective, still in enemy hands, lying in the valley where the Moselle joins the Rhine. Our division mapped the strategy; the 347th



Battery B men on occupation duty. Checking papers of a Wehrmacht soldier



The watch on the Rhine is over "alles kaput"

Infantry was to establish a beachhead on the south bank of the Moselle; while the 345th was to cross over, capture and hold the city itself. The 346th was to occupy the high ground north of the Moselle and to take Koblenz Lutzel. We were to furnish direct support for our combat team, the 345th doughboys. It was Battery A that fired the first round across the Rhine.

The assault went according to plan. As the 347th crossed the Moselle and held their beachhead near Winnigen, we registered our batteries. The 58th and 949th Field Battalions were reinforcing us. By mid-afternoon, the First Battalion from the 345th crossed the river and swung right from Lay to cut off the city from the south, swiftly followed by the Third Battalion, which cut left close to the river into

Moselweiss. We laid down barrage after barrage of massed fire and knocked out specific targets to pave their way. Any assault is costly. If the Germans would surrender, it would speed operations and save lives. To give them this chance, Corps ordered a concentration of artillery fire to show them what we could do. At five o'clock nearly 300 guns fired over 5,000 rounds in a five-minute barrage. Sgt. Pohlman's Battery B section delivered fifty rounds of propaganda leaflets in three and a half minutes. While we awaited results, Lt. McGhee, adjusting Battery C, knocked out a machine gun and panzerfausts upholding Company I's advance along the east bank of the Moselle just south of Moselweiss.

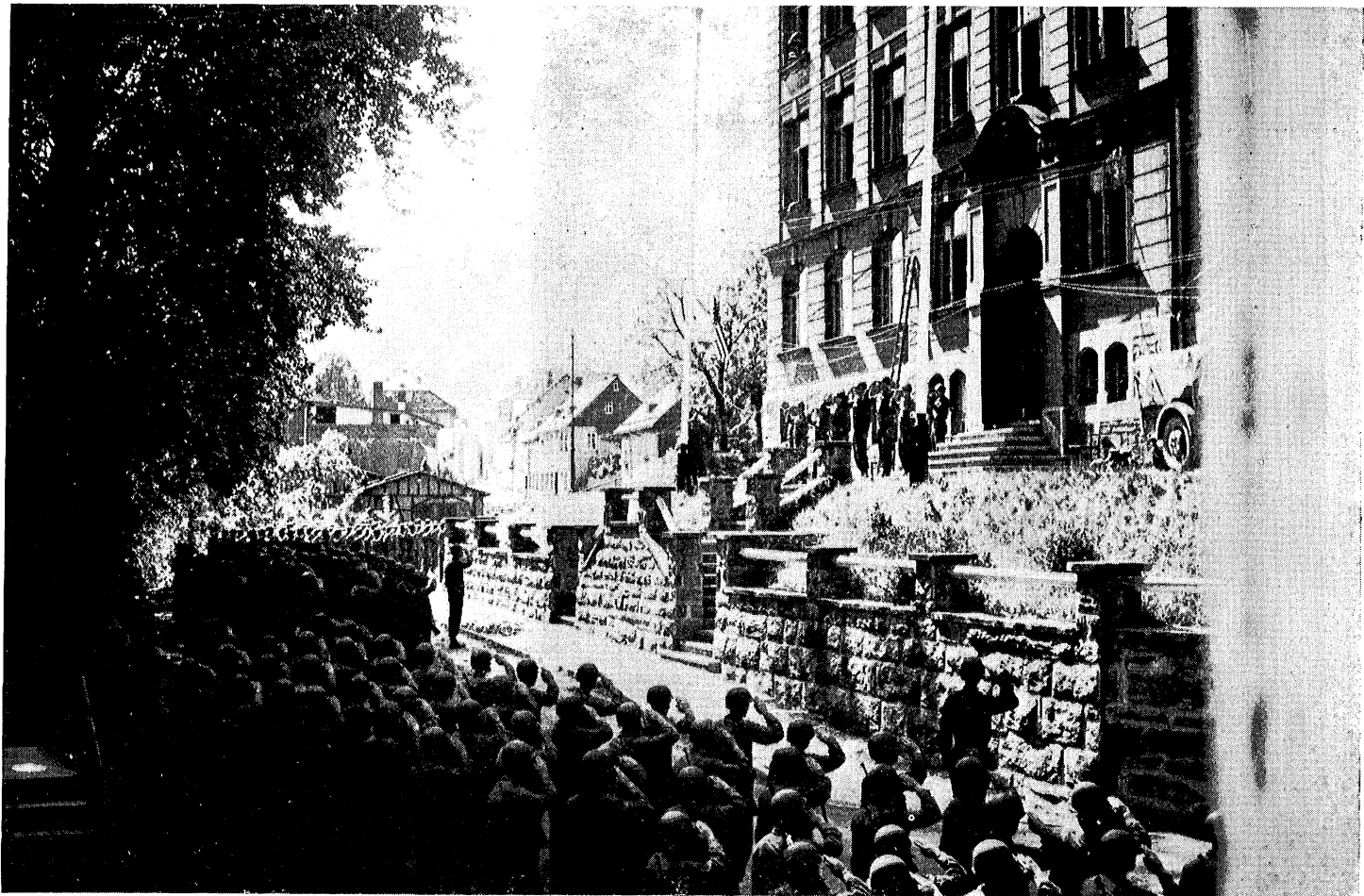
The city failed to capitulate, and as the infantry fanned out through Moselweiss, we massed fire and struck out targets as the radio operators relayed the messages. T/5

Graafenthal

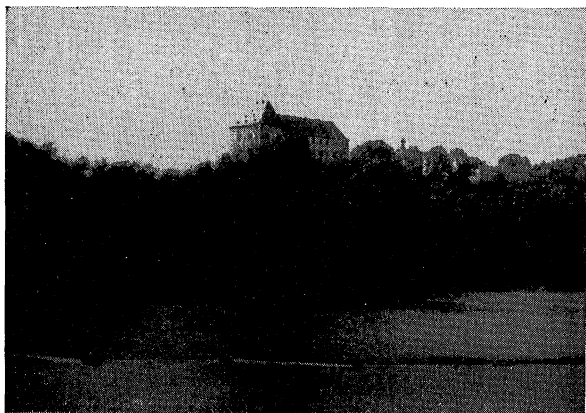


Thuringen mountains





"Ole Glory" goes up for the first time

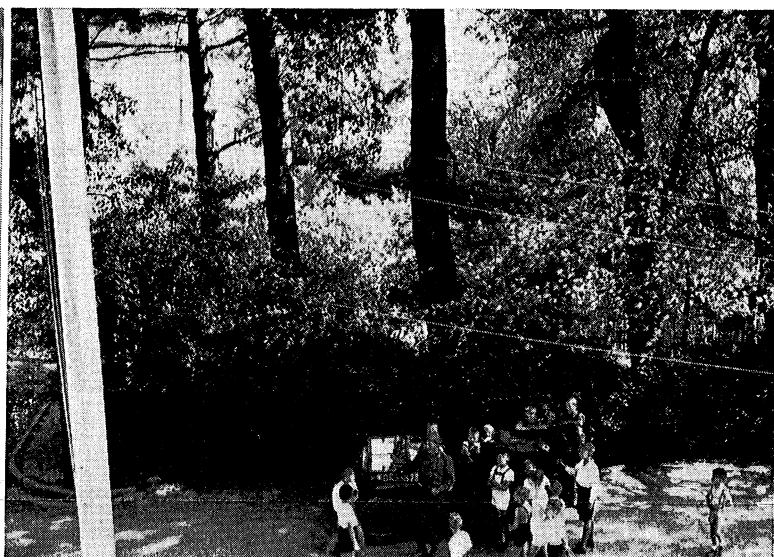


Burgk Castle Near Saalfeld

Dunker, operating from an observation post in the attic of a house, narrowly escaped when three direct hits from a 40-mm. anti-aircraft gun set the house on fire. Our air observers picked out the movement of enemy personnel trying to cross the Rhine from west to east in boats and barges. As Lt. Climie adjusted from his air observation post, we knocked out three boats with estimated casualties of three dozen personnel. Again he spotted enemy boats loading for an east to west crossing, and we got four of those. Lt. Haun adjusted on anti-aircraft guns, and Lt. Mitchell from an air observation post, adjusted an eight-inch gun on a locomotive across the Rhine to obtain a direct hit. It was like this for two days as we sent out over 2,000 rounds of ammunition. The game was not all one-sided. Capt. Bockstein and Sgt. Dumelle, operating their radio relay station at the infantry command post, were wounded by shell fragments when a 120-mm. mortar barrage hit their positions. They had to be evacuated, and Lt. McGhee took over as liaison officer, while Lt. Pare became forward observer.

Doc eats chow

"kinder"



Koblenz was falling. Even we were taking prisoners, liberating quantities of wine and champagne. Capt. Mahn, communications officer, and S/Sgt. Wyatt's wire crew brought in seven prisoners, who had proffered surrender, waving some of the propaganda leaflets we had fired a couple of days earlier. That brought the total to fifty-two prisoners taken thus far.

On the 18th, supporting the infantry's mopping up operations necessitated moving up just above the town of Guls, but neatly shielded out of enemy observation by the hilly banks of the Moselle. Action continued. In the last four days we had fired our 30,000th shell, and had expended 2,671 rounds in a total of seventy-eight missions.

With the fall of Fort Konstantin at daybreak of the 19th, Koblenz officially surrendered to the 345th Infantry. Sniper action and scattered resistance continued, and the infantry needed help. Lt. Turley got a direct hit on a tank with the 335th Field, and from the air, Lt. Mitchell adjusted on another barge and fifty enemy personnel. At noon we moved again by echelon to Bisholder, the first troops to take over the village. Despite the fact that we had to police the town ourselves with a roving guard, everyone was pretty well satisfied. Koblenz had paid off well in champagne and Rhine wine. As the forward observer and liaison sections delivered the goods we abandoned water for wine and drank pink champagne for breakfast. Souvenir hunting reached a new high.

At times action of the enemy puzzled our observers. Even after our heaviest barrages, the Germans remained in the open. Stretcher-bearers came out under direct observation and fire, and twice we saw litter-bearers walk right into another volley and become casualties themselves. Our observers figured the enemy was being forced to work in the open by their own officers. We kept getting a number of hits on machine guns, ammunition dumps, mortars, and bazookas. But resistance had all but ended and we began taking it pretty easy. We drank wine and ate venison and got ready to march order.

The battle for Koblenz had ended. Receiving orders to assemble near Morshaven in preparation for the Infantry's next mission, crossing the Rhine, we hit south across the Moselle through the vineyards, over the rough mountainous terrain. Going into position near Bucholz, we withheld all fire to maintain an element of surprise until the Second and Third battalions of the 345th Infantry jumped off at midnight. We joined in a massed concentration of fire on Kamp, just before the attack began. The surprise was successful. Four companies had crossed the river before snipers and sporadic anti-aircraft guards discovered them.

During those first three hours we obtained a number of hits on the now disintegrating enemy action. The infantry was moving fast, and by afternoon we had to displace further down the river, into a deep gorge just south of Boppard. Some of the villages were surrendering after receiving little more than an artillery barrage; Capt. Gooding adjusted six battalions of fire twice on Lykershausen, and Company K doughboys walked in without opposition.

On the 26th of March we crossed the Rhine at Boppard under thick camouflage of artificially generated smoke and fog. We knew then that the vaunted attempt of the enemy to save himself at the Rhine had failed. For the most part any delay in advancement meant we were out of range, for resistance was light and crumbling. We set up operations late that afternoon about 2,000 yards northwest of Lykershausen. The bulk of the enemy was being routed with such rapidity that in a few hours we were out of range. Battery B silenced a couple of self-propelled guns, and T/4 Albu collected five prisoners, who walked out of the woods and surrendered. That's the way it was. The swift pursuit of our doughboys had left a great many stragglers, who, isolated and disorganized, had no other choice than to give themselves up.

We started moving again next morning by echelon. First to leave was Battery C and part of our fire direction crew, which ran into an unmanned road block that the engineers were in the process of clearing. Maj. Seiler, our operations officer, and Capt. Mobley, Battery C Commander, leaving the convoy, went to reconnoiter another road that would circumvent the hold-up and allow the convoy to proceed. Not far away, but out of hearing of the convoy, a terrific explosion sounded. Their jeep had hit a road mine. Both Maj. Seiler and Capt. Mobley were instantly killed. The driver and radio operator, Cpl. Willis and Pvt. Perkinson were seriously wounded. We couldn't understand this kind of warfare; like the rest, it made no sense at all.

By the time we had reached our new position, we were

out of range again, and late in the afternoon pushed on into Marienfels. Sometimes a motor convoy moves unbelievably slow, and sometimes remarkably fast. As we moved up a stretch of road over the crest of the hills emptying into Marienfels the town was still under enemy fire. They had the road junction just this side of the village zeroed in. As we approached the road guard told us what was up and to "go like hell." We did. Vehicles traveling at 60 mph are pretty hard to hit, even in convoy.

As our combat team took Bettendorf and Pohl, we fired less than ten missions. The First and Third Armies had joined forces at Lahnstein, pocketing the enemy in our sector. The infantry cleared them out, and we pushed into Hunzel, where we set up operations for less than an hour. At Retteret, we received march order again without even dismounting from our vehicles, and that evening pulled into Allendorf. We had moved fifteen miles without firing a single shot.

Following a quick change in strategy, Col. Sugg, our combat team commander, ordered us to send 20 two-and-one-half ton trucks to motorize the First Battalion of doughboys for a thirty-mile advance to cut the Frankfurt-Cologne Autobahn. Mounted on tanks and tank destroyers, the Second Battalion led the way, followed by the First, while the Third stayed in reserve. With our Battalion immobilized, the 335th and 177th Field were thrown into direct support of the task force. That evening, on return of the vehicles, we moved into Dauborn, setting up the command post in the elegant apartment and mill of a Nazi miller. We fired three missions, and were out of range.

As the task force avalanched up the highway, we followed on their heels until just before Brandoberndorf, where we waited in convoy for the infantry to clean out the village before setting up the command post on the edge of town. Since isolated groups of Germans were still at large in the woods, we had to establish strong security outpost guards for the night. The Germans' favorite trick now was to ambush single vehicles and kill or capture the occupants.

We remained at Brandoberndorf for five days, while the infantry cleared the woods, and we checked our vehicles and equipment. Changes in personnel had to be made: Capt. Franey became Operations Officer; Capt. Busch, commander of Battery B; Lt. Allee, Assistant Operations Officer, and Lt. Staver, Commander of Battery C. Lt. Haun took over as Liaison Officer, and Lt. McGhee became Battery A Executive. Meanwhile our patrols kept rounding up prisoners, and we went to movies in a nearby lumber mill and to church on Easter Sunday.

Leaving Brandoberndorf on the 4th of April, we cut northeast toward the Limburg-Berlin Autobahn for an eighty-mile march to Honebach. A swift and steady advance had given the enemy little time for mines and road blocks, and we rolled down Hitler's superhighway, which he had built especially for military purposes—but hardly ours. An occasional bridge that had been blown or bombed was little more than a minor delay in our attempt to keep pace with the infantry. We were still fifty miles from the front lines.

Again we sent our trucks to help motorize the infantry, and while we remained at Honebach, we sent heavy patrols to flush out the surrounding woods that the infantry had by-passed. The German soldiers, often changing into civilian clothes, were wandering aimlessly about, stealing food from the civilian population. In Honebach civilians asked us for protection, not from the fatherland's enemy, but from soldiers of their own country. But we collected very few prisoners.

Leaving Honebach on the 7th of April and veering south, we moved thirty-five miles to a rendezvous area at Herges Votgen. Resistance at Dietharz had suddenly stiffened as the 345th doughboys met heavy sniper, bazooka, and self-propelled gun fire. Headquarters and Batteries A and B moved to Floh; the extremely rugged and heavily wooded terrain, made few suitable gun positions. Moving Battery A onto the mountainside, Capt. Mott, since he had no communication with the Fire Direction Center, operated his own battery fire direction, and commenced firing. For the first time since the 29th of March we were able to contact the enemy. Capt. Pollock continuously manned an observation post until dark, despite shelling, and adjusted Batteries A and B on profitable targets.

We helped break up a counter-attack the next morning that took no more than ten minutes of our time. The infantry was capturing prisoners by the droves; even we got quite a few. One Battery B patrol and the survey crew shot a German trying to escape into the woods the night before; the following day a Headquarters patrol brought in one officer and forty enlisted men. Then as the infantry slugged on, we moved into Tambach. As we entered the city,

the Third Battalion was still engaged in heavy sniper and machine-gun fire east of the city. By morning the Germans had withdrawn, leaving only road blocks and rear guards to stall our advance. They gave us trouble enough.

On the 9th when Lt. Towers and his crew went out to relieve Lt. Howard, as forward observer with Company I, they took the wrong turn and ran square into a road block. The Germans were waiting with machine guns. T/4 Schoenberg and Pvt. Fogle were killed, and Lt. Towers, who although seriously wounded, escaped, but died after he was evacuated. Pfc. Smith, driver of the riddled jeep was made captive, but later released when the Americans cleared out the section.

The infantry met further resistance at Stutzhausen, which we had been firing on during the day. Lt. Evens, Battery B forward observer with Company B, was with lead elements of the forward platoon which was to make the attack late that evening. Advancing down the road they ran into a road-block, heavily guarded by small arms and automatic weapons. The doughboys took cover, and the enemy sent two half-tracks, filled with twenty-five or thirty SS men through the thin skirmish line to a point about 200 yards behind our doughboys. They had isolated the lead platoon from the rest of their company, and although the infantry commander radioed for them to return to the main body, not all of the platoon got the message.

Only officer left with the isolated platoon, Lt. Evens began collecting the stragglers and regrouping them to sneak back. Finding only about ten men, they started, but the enemy spotted them and opened up with automatic weapons and flares. When the firing ceased, Lt. Evens again reformed what men he could find and succeeded in infiltrating back to the main group. Twenty-two of them got back, including two wounded. For his responsible leadership, Lt. Evens received the Silver Star for gallantry.

On the 10th of April when we moved into Stutzhausen, about ten rounds of mortar fire fell into our headquarters position just after we had dismounted. A few of the doughboys who were waiting in the road to move up, were lightly wounded, one of our radio operators, T/5 Collins, was hit in the foot and had to be evacuated. Battery C was firing point blank into the hill directly behind the village to help the infantry in clearing out the snipers and mortars. We were in range again, and massed fire on suspected enemy armor in Frankenhain and Grafenroda.

Some of us billeted in an ammunition box factory. We remained at Stutzhausen until the 12th of April awaiting clarification of the now fluid situation. It was impossible to pin the front lines to any definite spot. Our wire crew brought in three SS men, one of them wounded; and we watched our Doc fix him up with blood plasma and sulfa drugs, just like he would have one of us. He was seriously wounded in the abdomen, but still alive when evacuated. We wondered if the Germans would have done the same for one of us.

The war was becoming little more than a grand motor march. Leaving Stutzhausen for a rendezvous area near Rhoda, we moved into position near Grasinau, to reinforce the fires of the 912th Field. But by afternoon we were out of range and displaced in a heavy rain for Rottenbach. By the time we got into position we were out of range again.

Next morning we continued our journey to Bad Blankenburg, setting up the command post in the luxurious Schoneck Hotel. While the gun batteries were going into position, our reconnaissance parties pushed on for another. They ran into a little difficulty at Crosten and came back with five prisoners. Battery B picked up three in their battery area. Even our air section was on the offensive: picking a landing strip a little too far forward, they were forced to abandon their position after a heavy mortar shelling. They captured thirty-four more prisoners to swell our day's take to forty-two. Occasionally we fired a mission, just to keep in practice.

Next afternoon we started out, crossing the Saal River at Saalfeld, where bands of now free Russians and Polish refugees were looting homes and public buildings. For a few cigarettes we could trade them out of anything, especially wine and champagne. We were held up just outside the city while Doc Salko picked pieces of shrapnel from a man and his wife. The civilian, eager to learn about hand grenades, had pulled the pin on one. A little further on the Doc and his crew had to administer first aid to a 912th liaison section, which had cracked up in a jeep accident. We pulled into Kansdorf, past a huge prison camp long enough to chow up on more C rations, and moved on into Ranis for the night.

As we struck out for Neuendorf next afternoon we felt more like soldiers passing in review than artillerymen with-

out a target. When the first Americans passed through the countryside, these "slave laborers" of all nationalities became free to leave, to go back, or to go somewhere. Those who had been soldiers donned their worn uniforms and somehow obtained their national colors. Hundreds of them lined the highway and saluted us as we went by. Although a little short on them ourselves, we tossed cigarettes and candy into their greedy hands. Some of them for the first time in over four years were rediscovering freedom.

As the doughboys captured and cleaned out the great prewar lace-making city of Plauen, we circled down through Mukitroff, where we stopped long enough to feast on K rations for dinner, and then pulled into Klosen. Our reconnaissance party had been the first Americans in the village, and when the rest of us arrived, the Russian, Polish, and French patriots had the town waiting for us. Around the command post, the liberated soldiers and workers embraced and kissed everyone they could catch. We had taken forty-two prisoners, but had no stockade for them. Getting rid of prisoners became our greatest trouble.

When we got ready to leave, one of Tito's partisans wanted to join us. The idea was contagious. A hundred Frenchmen wanted to come along. They couldn't understand why War Department regulations prevented them from becoming KP's and guards, and we, too, were a little disappointed that we couldn't take them with us.

On the 17th we pulled back through the rubble and ruin that was once Plauen to the little village of Unter Losa, where we remained until the 6th of May. Since we did very little firing, there was time to clean our clothing and equipment and to get ready for any future mission if we were needed. We were reinforcing the fires of the 912th, but very seldom did we fire a round. Could it be? Was the war over? We read and slept, went to the movies, tried to carry out the non-fraternization policy as best we could. On the 25th when our Division sent down a garrison training program, we knew that the serious part of the war had ended. Down in the village our Doc was operating a clinic, treating the civilians, who were greatly in need of medical care.

On May 6, the 347th met the last remnant of resistance as the enemy tried to counter-attack. In case we were needed we moved up to Arnoldsgrun, on to Schoneck, and to new positions at Kottenheide. We fired no shots; we were only out for the ride. Next morning just as our reconnaissance party was ready to leave, a message came: "Cease firing on all missions by order of the Division Commander." It was true. The war in Europe had ended.

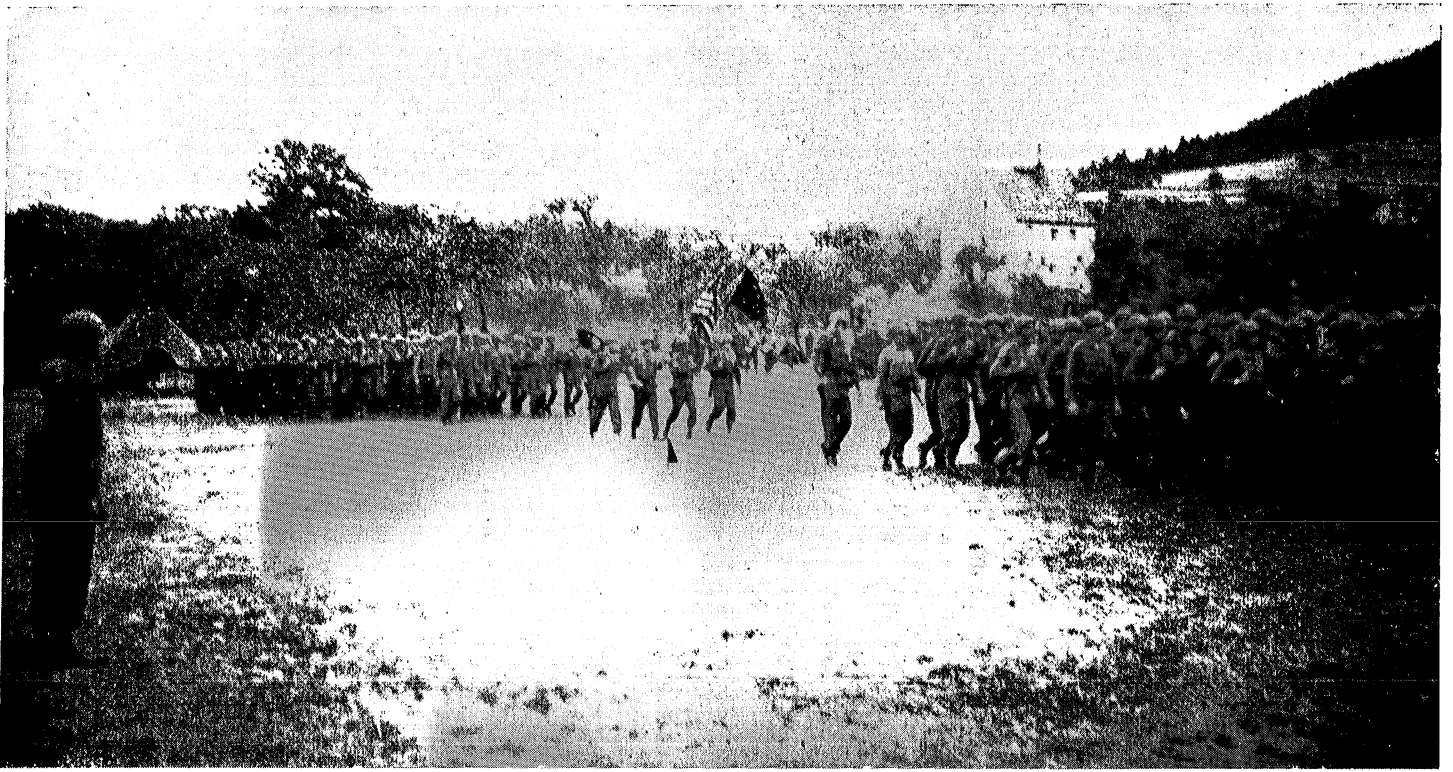
Two days after the war had officially ended we lost all semblance of an operational set up. Then on May 12 we received orders to pull back into the vicinity of Grafenthal to "occupy, control, and govern" an area in Landkreis Saalfeld. Relieving the 93rd Chemical Battalion at Grafenthal, we established our command post in the local school building and scattered our battalion in nearby bivouac areas to assume duties as policemen. Principal guard post was at the German Military Hospital in Probstzella. Here our personnel section from the rear echelon rejoined us.

On Sunday we all went to Memorial Services for our dead in the village church, and afterwards over Grafenthal raised the American flag for the first time in Germany.

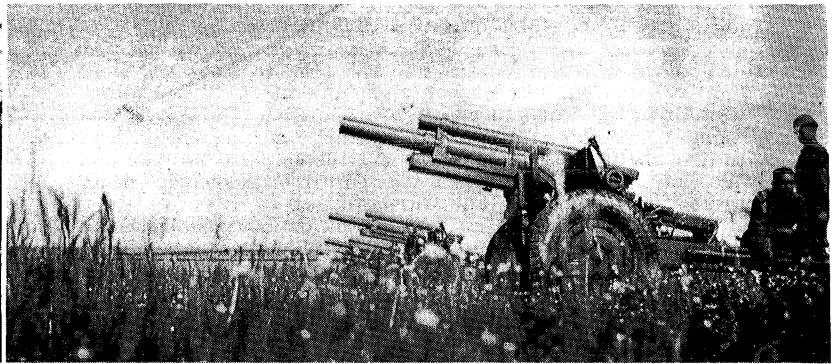
On the 28th of May we were relieved of our occupational duties by the 118th Field of the 30th Division, and left the village on what was to be the first leg of our journey back to America. While we waited in an assembly area at Unterwirschbach we had a chance to visit the 900-year-old castle at Burgk and visit Buchenwald concentration camp just outside of Weimar. On June 13th we headed back to France, to Camp Oklahoma City for processing and regrouping. The War Department announced that our Division had been scheduled for immediate redeployment to the Pacific by way of the States. There was nothing to do but wait, but waiting proved pleasant. All of us got passes into Paris and Rheims and did nothing but rest up for the voyage home.

Boarding the train at Soissons on the night of the 26th of July, we pulled out at one the next morning, loaded in box cars, for Camp Lucky Strike near Le Havre. On the 7th of July we boarded the U.S.S. *Marine Robin* for a nine-day voyage to Hampton Roads, Va., where we disembarked on July 16th for home on a thirty-day rest and recuperation leave. We were to reassemble when we came back from furlough at Fort Benning, Ga., for further training.

Then suddenly while we were home the whole war collapsed. The Japs had given up. When we came back to Benning, it was not for more training, but for inactivation. Along with the rest of the Division, our Battalion would cease to exist as an active unit. We were on our way back to civilian life. The jig was up. Our story had ended.



We held a review at Unterwierbach, Germany



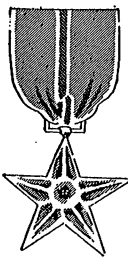
334th howitzer part at Unterwierbach after the end of the war

Field of Death



Battery street at Camp Oklahoma City, France

MEMBERS OF THE BATTALION WHO DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES IN ACTION



The Bronze Oak Leaf Cluster to the Bronze Star was awarded to the following officers for meritorious service in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany for the periods indicated:

BOCKSTEIN, Louis, Capt., 6 Dec.-16 March (GO 202, 21 June 1945)
POLLOCK, James M., Capt., 6 Dec.-8 May (GO 200, 20 June 1945 as amended by VOCC)

The Bronze Star Medal was awarded to the following officers and enlisted men for heroic achievement in action against an enemy of the United States as indicated: BOCKSTEIN, Louis, Capt.

In Germany on 6 Feb. 1945, Capt. Bockstein, acting as LNO with the Infantry, distinguished himself by his coolness and courage under fire. He exposed himself constantly to small arms and artillery fire while moving about from one forward position to another in order to give the Infantry artillery support where needed (GO 76, Hq. 87th Inf. Div., 14 April 1945).

POLLOCK, James M., Capt.
In Germany on 17 Dec. 1944, Capt. Pollock went forward to front lines to establish an observation post, and finding it impossible to find a suitable place, remained in woods in spite of danger from tree bursts in order to adjust artillery fire by sound. (GO 17, Hq. 87th Inf. Div., 16 Feb. 1945).

WELEVER, Donald E., Cpl., Battery B.
In Germany on 28 Feb. 1945, when infantry men were halted by intense enemy machine gun fire, T/5 Welever voluntarily raced across 100 yards of open fire-swept terrain and mounted a friendly tank. In the face of direct hostile fire, he fearlessly remained atop the tank and directed its fire until the enemy position was destroyed. (GO 123, Hq. 87th Inf. Div., 10 May 1945).

PINKSTON, Charles E., T/5, Hq. Battery.
For heroic achievement in action in France 15 Dec. 1944 (GO 21, Hq. 87th Inf. Div., 19 Feb. 1945).

MAZZETTI, Frank A., T/4, Battery B.
For heroic achievement in action against the enemy near St. Vith, Belgium, on 29 Jan. 1945 (GO 26, Hq. 87th Inf. Div., 22 Feb. 1945).

The Bronze Star Medal was awarded to the following Officers and Enlisted Men for meritorious service in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States as indicated.

ALLEE, Guy E., 1st Lt. (GO 166, 5 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 8 May 1945 in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

ARANOW, Robert H., Major. (GO 135, 10 May 1945) 9 Dec. 1944 to 12 April 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

BENDER, Thomas W., Lt. Col. (GO 163, 3 June 1945) 16 Feb. 1945 to 21 May 1945, in Germany.

SILVER STAR

The Silver Star Medal was awarded to each of the following officers for gallantry in action against an armed enemy of the United States:

McGHEE, James R., 1st Lt.
On 5-7 February 1945 Lt. McGhee a forward observer, personally compelled the surrender of two defended fortifications in the Siegfried Line near Kobscheid, Germany, and assisted by two enlisted men, captured two additional fortifications, capturing many prisoners and saving the Infantry many casualties. (GO 219, Hq. 87th Inf. Div., 23 June 1945).

WALKER, Donald R., 2nd Lt.

Lt. Walker (then Cpl.) was a member of Lt. McGhee's forward observer party and, together with Lt. McGhee and another soldier, captured four defended fortifications in the Siegfried Line on 5-7 February 1945 saving the Infantry many casualties. (GO 247, Hq. 87th Inf. Div., 26 June 1945).

EVENS, Irwin E., 2nd Lt.
Lt. Evens, on 10 April 1945 was a forward observer with the leading platoon of a rifle company, which platoon was cut off and surrounded by a mechanized detachment. Lt. Evens collected and reorganized the platoon and after a fire fight brought them safely through the enemy lines. (GO 219, Hq. 87th Inf. Div., 23 June 1945).

BRONZE STAR

BERTOLOTTI, Richard A., WO(jg) (GO 200, 20 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 8 May 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

BUSCH, John P., Capt. (GO 177, 15 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 31 Mar. 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

FRANEY, Henry B., Capt. (GO 201, 20 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 30 March 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

HAUN, William T., 1st Lt. (GO 200, 20 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 1 April 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany.

HOWARD, Gordon, 1st Lt. (GO 180, 15 June 1945) 7 Dec. 1944 to 25 April 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

LEE, Garnett O., Jr., Capt. (GO 82, 16 April 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 18 March 1945 in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

LUNDBLAD, Philip A., 1st Lt. (GO 200, 20 June 1945) 17 Dec. 1944 to 8 May 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

McGHEE, James R., 1st Lt. (GO 184, 15 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 11 April 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

MOORE, Arthur W., Capt., (GO 201, 20 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 30 March 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

MAHN, Joseph H., Capt., (GO 200, 20 April 1945) (Transferred to 912th Field Artillery Battalion).

MOBLEY, Joseph G., Capt. (Posthumously) (GO 202, 21 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 27 March 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

MOTT, Willard C., Capt. (GO 174, 15 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 8 May 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

SALCO, Edward W., Capt. (GO 200, 20 June 1945) 16 Feb. 1945 to 8 May 1945, in Germany.

TURLBY, Joseph G., 1st Lt. (GO 179, 15 June 1945) 7 Dec. 1944 to 25 April 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

STAYER, Kenneth W., Capt. (GO 184, 15 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 8 May 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany.

WALKER, Albert H., Capt. (GO 120, 9 May 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 21 April 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

WALKER, Donald R., 2nd Lt. (GO 245, 25 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 8 May 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

WILSON, Claude G., 1st Lt. (GO 200, 20 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 8 May, 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

SEILER, Franklin C., Maj. (Posthumously) (GO 93, 25 April 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 27 March 1945, in France Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany.

ADAMS, Morris H., Cpl. (GO 200, 20 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 8 May 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

ALBU, Nicholas, T/4 (GO 200, 20 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 8 May 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

ALSBACH, Clarence L., Cpl. (GO 200, 20 June 1945) 12 Dec. 1944 to 29 Jan. 1945, in France, Belgium, and Luxembourg.

AMUNDSON, Ernest I., 1/Sgt. (GO 200, 20 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 8 May 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

ANDERSON, Benjamin H., S/Sgt. (GO 200, 20 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 8 May 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

ANDRESKY, John E., Cpl. (GO 200, 20 June 1945) 9-10 Feb. 1945, in Germany.

BARTKOVICH, George A., S/Sgt. (GO 135, 19 May 1945) 30 Dec. 1944 to 26 April 1945, in Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

BLAIR, Charles C., T/5, (GO 200, 20 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 8 May 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

BUBOLSKI, Henry S/Sgt. (GO 202, 21 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 4 March 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

COONRADT, Rowland J., Sgt. (GO 201, 20 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 8 May, 1945 in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

DAVIS, Neal W., T/4 (GO 201, 20 June 1945) 10 Jan. 1945 to 8 May 1945, in Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

CONNOLLY, Paul J., T/3 (GO 167, 5 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 9 May 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

DUMELLE, Paul G., Sgt. (GO 201, 20 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 8 May 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

DUNKER, Henry G., T/5 (GO 180, 15 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 8 May 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

EDISON, Robert G., T/5 (GO 200, 20 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 8 May 1945 in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

FRANCIS, Earl S., Sgt. (GO 200, 20 June 1945) 20 Dec. 1944 to 8 May 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

FUNKHOUSER, John S., T/5 (GO 186, 15 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 1 May 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

GASTINEAU, Herman S., Pfc. (GO 203, 21 June 1945) 18 Jan. 1945 to 8 May 1945, in Luxembourg, and Germany.

HAUCK, Richard W., Cpl. (GO 200, 20 June 1945) 22 Jan 1945 to 8 May 1945, in Luxembourg, and Germany.

KELLER, Gay D., S/Sgt. (GO 204, 21 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 8 May 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

KIDD, Frank L., Sgt. (GO 201, 20 June 1945) 7 Dec. 1944 to 8 May 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

LOCJNER, James L., Sgt. (GO 201, 20 June 1945) 7 Dec. 1944 to 27 March 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

McCLENDON, Warren S., T/4 (GO 201, 20 June 1945) 15 Dec. 1944 to 8 May 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

McGRAW, Francis L., S/Sgt. (GO 200, 20 June 1945) 15 Feb. 1945 to 15 April 1945, in Germany.

McINTOSH, Clyde S., Jr., Sgt. (GO 186, 15 June 1945) 7 Dec. 1944 to 25 April 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

McKENZIE, Cyril E., Cpl. (GO 201, 20 June 1945) 1 Jan. 1945 to 8 May 1945, in Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

MILLER, Chester E., T/4 (GO 201, 20 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 8 May 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

MORYCZ, Mark C., T/5 (GO 151, 27 May 1945) 15 Jan. 1945 to 15 April 1945, in Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

REHRIG, James H., T/5 (GO 200, 20 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 8 May 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

ROBARDS, Glen M., Cpl. (GO 135, 19 May 1945) 17 Dec. 1944 to 1 April 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

ROBERTS, George M., T/5 (GO 201, 20 June 1945) 5 Jan. 1945 to 8 May 1945, in Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

SNYDER, Mark C., T/5 (GO 151, 27 May 1945) 2 Jan. 1945 to 24 Apr. 1945, in Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany.

STOCKMAN, Arthur A., Sgt., (GO 202, 21 June 1945) 15 Dec. 1944 to 1 May 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

STRUEVE, Eldridge B., S/Sgt. (GO 163, 3 June 1945) 7 Dec. 1945 to 29 April 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

TREUBNER, Marcus H., Cpl. (GO 162, 2 June 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 9 May 1945, in France, Belgium Luxembourg, and Germany.

TROY, James H., Sgt. (GO 182, 15 June 1945) 16 Dec. 1944 to 8 May 1945, in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

WYATT, Samuel A., Jr., S/Sgt. (GO 149, 26 May 1945) 6 Dec. 1944 to 8 May 1945 in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

ZAVADIL, Frank B., T/Sgt. (GO 173, 10 June 1945) 19-30 March 1945, in Germany.

The following Officers were awarded the Air Medal for meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight as indicated:

BOCK, Everet W., 2nd Lt., in Germany, 15 March 1945 to 6 May 1945 (GO 181, 15 June 1945).

CLIMIE, Henry C., 1st Lt. For meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight over Germany from 16 Feb. 1945 to 19 March 1945 (GO 67, 4 April 1945)

MITCHELL, William G., 1st Lt. For meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight over France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany, from 15 Dec. 1944 to 22 Feb. 1945 (GO 37, 7 March 1945)

SCHMIT, Clemens J., 1st Lt. For meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight over France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany, from 17 Dec. 1944 to 22 Feb. 1945 (GO 37, 4 March 1945)

The following Officers were awarded the Bronze Oak Leaf Cluster to the Air Medal for meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight as indicated:

The following Officers and Enlisted Men were awarded the Purple Heart for wounds received in action against the enemy as indicated:

BOCK, Everett M., 2nd Lt. Wounds received in action in Germany 18 April 1945 (GO 88, Hq. 87th Inf. Div., 23 April 1945).

McGHEE, James R., 1st Lt. Wounds received in action in Belgium 30 Jan. 1945 (GO 153, Hq. 87th Inf. Div., 29 May 1945)

OBERIST, Stuart C., 1st Lt. Injuries received in action in Belgium 30 Dec. 1944 (GO 153, Hq. 87th Inf. Div., 29 May 1945)

STAVER, Kenneth W., 1st Lt. Wounds received in action in Belgium 6 Jan. 1945 (GO 153, Hq. 87th Inf. Div., 29 May 1945)

TURLEY, Joseph G., 1st Lt. Wounds received in action in Germany 27 March 1945 (GO 81, Hq. 87th Inf. Div., 16 April 1945)

CARVER, Joseph W., T/4 Battery C. Wounds received in action in France 15 Dec. 1944 (GO 12, Hq. 5th Gen. Hosp.)

DUMELLE, Paul G., Sgt., Hq. Battery. Wounds received in action (Par. 3, SO 92, Hq. 6th Conv. Hosp., APO 43 U. S. Army, 2 April 1945)

MOBLEY, Joseph G., Capt., 27 March 1945, Braubach, Germany.

SEILBER, Franklin C., Maj., 27 March 1945, Braubach, Germany.

EDWARDS, William C., Cpl., 15 Dec 1944, Oermingen, France.

FOGLE, Francis W., Pvt., 9 April 1945, Tambach, Germany.

BOCKSTEIN, Louis, Capt., 17 March 1945, Moselweiss, Germany.

DIAMOND, Frank B., 2nd Lt., 31 Dec. 1944, Molroy, Belgium.

PRICE, Lester T., 1st Lt., 6 Feb. 1945, Kobscheid, Germany.

TOWERS, Frederic J., 2nd Lt., 9 April 1945, Tambach, Germany. (Died of Wounds 11 April 1945)

GRILLS, Glen W., T/4, 9 April 1945, Tambach, Germany.

BATTLES IN WHICH THE BATTALION PARTICIPATED

RHINELAND CAMPAIGN:

Metz—6 December to 11 December
 Saar—11 December to 23 December
 Defense of Luxembourg—15 January to 25 January
 Siegfried Line—6 February to 4 March

Moselle River Crossing—16 March to 17 March
 Koblenz—17 March to 18 March

ARDENNES CAMPAIGN:

"Battle of the Bulge"—29 December to 15 January

CENTRAL EUROPE CAMPAIGN:

Rhine River Crossing—25 March to 26 March
 Pursuit Through Germany—27 March to 8 May

AIR MEDAL



CLIMIE, Henry C., 1st Lt. For meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight over Germany from 16 Feb. 1945 to 19 March 1945 (GO 67, 4 April 1945)

MITCHELL, William G., 1st Lt. For meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight over Germany from 22 Feb. 1945 to 20 March 1945 (GO 67, 4 April 1945)

The following Officers were awarded a second Bronze Oak Leaf Cluster to the air medal for meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight as indicated:

CLIMIE, Henry C., 1st Lt. For meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight over Germany from 19 March 1945 to 24 April 1945 (GO 148, 26 May 1945)

MITCHELL, William G., 1st Lt. For meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight over Germany from 20 March 1945 to 29 April 1945 (GO 148, 26 May 1945)

SCHMIT, Clemens J., 1st Lt. For meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight over Germany from 25 March 1945 to 29 April 1945 (GO 148, 26 May 1945)

The following Enlisted Men were awarded a Bronze Oak Leaf Cluster to the Purple Heart for wounds received in action against the enemy as indicated:

DUMELLE, Paul G., Sgt. Wounds received in action in France, 18 Dec. 1944 (GO 134, 16 May 1945)

CARVER, Joseph W., T/4. Wounds received in action in Germany 6 March 1945 (GO 53, 24 March 1945)

PURPLE HEART



GAZVODA, John M., Pvt., Battery A. Wounds received in action in Germany 27 Feb. 1945 (GO 37, Hq. 203rd Gen. Hosp. 13 April 1945)

HERRIN, Lawrence J., Pfc. Battery A. Wounds received in action in France 16 Dec. 1944 (GO 24, Hq. 49th U. S. Sta. Hosp., 12 Feb. 1945)

KILLED IN ACTION

GEHRT, Robert J., T/5, 28 Feb. 1945, Reuth, Germany.

HALLENBACH, Frank L., Pvt., 15 Dec. 1944, Oermingen, France.

HARRIS, Carl D., Pvt., 15 Dec. 1944, Oermingen, France.

HINES, Eugene Sgt., Battery C. For wounds received in action in Belgium 30 Dec. 1944 (GO 165, Hq. 87th Inf. Div., 4 June 1945)

LEVY, Alan J., Pvt., Battery A. Wounds received in action in Germany 18 March 1945 (GO 61, Hq. 87th Inf. Div., 3 April 1945)

MAZZETTI, Frank A., T/4, Battery B. Wounds received in action at St. Vith, Belgium, 29 Jan. 1945 (GO 10, Hq. 87th Inf. Div., 5 Feb. 1945)

MORRISETTE, William F., S/Sgt., Hq. Battery. Wounds received in action in France 16 Dec. 1944 (GO 18, Hq. 87th Inf. Div., 29 Dec. 1944)

PERKINSON, John E., Pfc., Battery C. Wounds received in action in Germany 27 March 1945 (GO 29, Hq. 107th Evac. Hosp., APO 403, 31 March 1945)

VELASQUEZ, Juanito, Pvt., Battery B. Wounds received in action in France 17 Dec. 1944 (GO 167, Hq. 23rd Gen. Hosp., 23 Dec. 1944)

WEBBER, Carl J., Pfc., Med. Det. Wounds received in action in France 15 Dec. 1944 (GO 94, Hq. 6, Convalescent Hosp., 27 Dec. 1944)

KONIEWICZ, John R., T/5, 15 Dec. 1944, Oermingen, France.

McCARTHY, Thomas W., T/4, 15 Dec. 1944, Oermingen, France.

NEFF, David F., Cpl., 15 Dec. 1944, Oermingen, France.

SCHOENBERG, Raphael B., T/4, 9 April 1945, Tambach, Germany.

WOUNDED IN ACTION

ALLRED, Robert E., Cpl., 28 Feb. 1945, Reuth, Germany.

ALSBACK, Clarence L., Cpl., 29 Jan. 1945, Heuen, Belgium.

COLLINS, Samuel M., T/5, 10 April 1945, Stutzhausen, Germany.

ROY, Rolland J., Pvt., 15 Dec. 1944, Oermingen, France.

SMITH, Eddie V., Pfc., 9 April 1945, Tambach, Germany. (Also Prisoner of War 9 April 1945)

TAYLOR, Robert L., T/5, 7 April 1945, Tambach, Germany.

WILLIAMS, Kenneth J., Pfc., 6 Feb. 1945, Kobscheid, Germany.

WILLIS, Rayford C., Cpl., 27 March 1945, Braubach, Germany.

LIGHTLY WOUNDED IN ACTION

LAMB, Joseph C., Sgt., 3 Jan. 1945, Rondou, Belgium.

ROSTER OF 87TH DIVISION ARTILLERY

87TH INFANTRY DIVISION

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

334th Field Artillery Battalion

ADAMS, Norris M., Cpl., Rt. 4, Fort Wayne, Ind.

AMUNDSON, Ernest I., 1/Sgt., Rothsay, Minn.

ANDERSON, Norman B., T/5, 109 Jones St., Roseville, Calif.

ANDREBSKY, John E., Cpl., Box 107, Hurleyville, N. Y.

BARTKOVICH, George A., S/Sgt., 132 Highland Ave., Highland Park, N. J.

BEGLEY, James R., Pvt., Box 52, Williams, Calif.

BELLINGER, Clinton R., Pfc., 801 McKinley, Rome, N. Y.

BEYER, Daniel L., Pfc., 1377 E. Blvd., Cleveland, Ohio.

BLAIR, Charles C., T/5, Box 115, Youngstown, Pa.

BLANKENSHIP, George W., T/5, Columbia, Ky.

BLASER, Ralph M., Pfc., 75 George St., Roxbury, Mass.

BLODGETT, John F., Pfc., 42-19 190th St., Flushing, N. Y.

BOONE, Carl D., Pfc., 175 Riverside Dr., Montgomery, Ala.

BOWERSOCK, Edward E., T/5, Rt. 2, St Marys, Ohio.

JARAPOLA, Alfred A., Pvt., 112 Sandford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CHEWING, Thomas W., M/Sgt., Manning, S. C.

CISSON, William B., T/5, 47 White St., Chester, S. C.

COLLIER, Warren W., T/4, Box 17, Lucama, N. C.

CORUM, William R., Pfc., 329 S. Jewell, Liberty, Mo.

DAVIDSON, Richard E., Pfc., Box 146, Birmingham, Ohio.

DECKARD, Teddy R., Pfc., Rt. 1, Wagoner, Okla.

DICKUP, Claude H., Pfc., 112 Ann St., Booneville, N. C.

DUKES, Woodrow W., S/Sgt., P. O. Box 1451, St. Augustine, Fla.

DUMBLE, Paul G., Sgt., 14825 Oxnard St., Van Nuys, Calif.

EDISON, Robert G., T/5, 4 Ireland Rd., Newton Center, Mass.

EISENBROWN, Richard S., T/4, 145 Melrose Pl., Ridgewood, N. J.

EPSTEIN, William F., T/4, 2125 Arlington Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

ETNIRE, Leonard H., T/4, 2479 Whiteclaw Ave., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

FOLARON, Francis G., T/5, 2013 McAvoy St., Flint, Mich.

GARCIA, Dolores G., T/5, La Union, N. M.

GARRETT, Floyd F., Pvt., Washita Rt., Mt. Ida, Ark.

GIBSON, Travis O., Pfc., Box 162, Cresson, Tex.

GIORDANO, Philip T., T/4, 12 Prince St., Troy, N. Y.

GRAMBO, Leroy O., Pfc., 312 Railroad Ave., Scranton, Pa.

GRANT, Lester, Cpl., Rt. 2, Soddy, Tenn.

GRIMM, Jack W., T/5, 704 Yale Ave., W. Bessmer, Mich.

HART, Jack E., Sgt., 73 Pearl St., Lyon, N. Y.

HECHT, Lawrence, Pvt., 310 West 99th St., New York, N. Y.

HEILMS, Clayton R., T/4, 1015 Jefferson, Topeka, Kan.

HETRICK, Desmond, Cpl., 555 N.W. St. Helens Rd., Portland, Ore.

HOFFMAN, Ernest, S/Sgt., Bozeman, Mont.

HOWE, Lionel D., T/5, Rt. 1, Gansevoort, N. Y.

HUNT, Albert L., Pfc., Rt. 1, Niota, Tenn.

HUDSON, George, Cpl., 410 Ashcroft Ave., Cresson, Pa.

INMAN, James F., T/5, Rt. 1, Box 64, Rochester, Wash.

JACOBS, Calvin L., T/3, Hayesville, Iowa.

JAYNES, Douglas C., Sgt., 1511 N. Gale St., Indianapolis, Ind.

JONES, William H., Cpl., 714 E. 13th St., Lamar, Mo.

KANE, Clyde A., Pfc., Rt. 1, Bethel, Kan.

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 TRIOLO, Charles P., Pfc., 212 Bleeker St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
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SERVICE BATTERY

334th Field Artillery Battalion

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 CRADDOCK, Thomas J., Pfc., 69 Miriam St., Walley Stream, N. Y.
 DENNISON, Delmar D., Pfc., Ohley, W. Va.
 D'ORAZIO, Beigenio, Pfc., 87 Alpine Pl., Franklin, Mass.
 DRISKELL, Doyno E., Pfc., Dora, Mo.
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 NOLTE, Fred E., T/5, Heatly, Kan.
 PALMER, George B., Jr., Pfc., 408 Fairview Ave., Orange, N. J.
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 WALD, Marvin J., Pfc., Hills, Wis.
 WALSH, Thomas J., S/Sgt., 8614 Dante Ave., Chicago, Ill.
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 WEAVER, Harvey C., Cpl., 730 Lemington Ave., Greensburg, Pa.
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334th Field Artillery Battalion

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ROSTER OF FORMER MEMBERS

HEADQUARTERS BATTERY

334th Field Artillery Battalion

COLLINS, Samuel M., T/5, Mt. Eden Rd., Shelbyville, Ky.
 EDWARDS, William C., Cpl., Killed in Action, 46 E. Market St., Long Beach, L. I., N. Y.
 GARRETT, Floyd F., Pvt., Rt. 1, Norman, Ark.
 GRILLS, Glen W., T/4, Rt. 1, Kokomo, Ind.
 HALLENBECK, Frank L., Pvt., Killed in Action, 33 N. Fourth St., Hudson, N. Y.
 HARRIS, Carl D., Pvt., Killed in Action, 442 W. Minnesota Ave., DeLand, Fla.
 KONIEWICZ, John R., T/5, Killed in Action, 265 Roberts Ave., Conshohocken, Pa.
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 MARRISETTE, William F., T/4, 1412 E. 49th St., Chattanooga, Tenn.
 NEFF, David F., Cpl., Killed in Action, Rt. 2, Slatington, Pa.

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 ROY, Roland J., Pvt., 148 Central St., Manville, R. I.
 SMYTHE, Eugene P., Pfc., 4413 McKinney St., Houston, Tex.
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 VINSON, Cullen L., Pvt., Chester, Tex.

BATTERY A

334th Field Artillery Battalion

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 COMISKEY, John J., Pfc., 1431 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 COONRADT, Rowland J., Sgt., 1000 Grand Ave., Charles City, Iowa.
 DECKER, Oscar C., T/5, 613 Second St., Altoona, Pa.
 DICKSON, Lester J., Pvt., Rt. 2, Jacksonville, Tex.
 FARLEY, Iley L., Jr., Pvt., 7533 Bennett St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 FLOURNOY, Julius I., Pvt., Gen. Del., Columbia, S. C.
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 MARKS, Daniel G., T/5, 14 W. Lincoln Ave., Little, Pa.
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 OPHUS, Wilbur A., T/4, Big Sandy, Mont.
 OSWALD, Henry A., Cpl., Topeka, Ind.
 PARRISH, Kenneth L., Pvt., 104 North Fourth St., Decatur, Ind.
 VARNBY, Virgil, Sgt., 1501 Hugh St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.
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 KOZDRON, John J., Pvt., 1922 Sidney St., St. Louis, Mo.
 KRAFT, Gerald A., Pfc., 7608 Lambert, Detroit, Mich.
 LOCHNER, James L., Sgt., Herscher, Ill.
 SEAMANS, Donald R., Pvt., Rt. 3, Willsville, N. Y.
 SCHOENBERG, Raphael B., T/4, Killed in Action, 31 Tapscott St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 SMITH, Eddie V., Pfc., 213 Hargett St., Raleigh, N. C.
 SMITH, Pascal H., S/Sgt., Gen. Del., Benton, Tenn.
 WILSON, Emery L., Pvt., Rt. 1, Delmar, Iowa.

BATTERY C

334th Field Artillery Battalion

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 BOHANNAN, Raymond E., Pvt., 3304 Midlothian Pike, Richmond, Va.
 BYRD, John L., Pfc., Osborne, Kan.
 CAMPBELL, Samuel C., Sgt., Guilford, Ind.
 CLARK, Leslie P., Pfc., 61 Fruit St., Worcester, Mass.
 COLE, James H., Cpl., 2077 E. 88th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
 GEHRT, Robert J., T/5, Killed in Action, Shullsburg, Wis.
 GREEN, Thelmo, Pvt., Rt. 2, Manila, Ark.
 HEFFNER, Raymond F., Sgt., 715 Wadsworth St., Syracuse, N. Y.

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334th Field Artillery Battalion

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TRAMMELL, Joel E., Sgt., Mangum, Okla.
TRYNOCK, Leo G., Pvt., Box 63, Chestnut Ridge, Pa.
WELCH, George L., T/5, Killed in Action, 151 Canterbury St., Worcester, Mass.
WILSON, Harry, M/Sgt., 311 N. Main St., Enterprise, Ala.

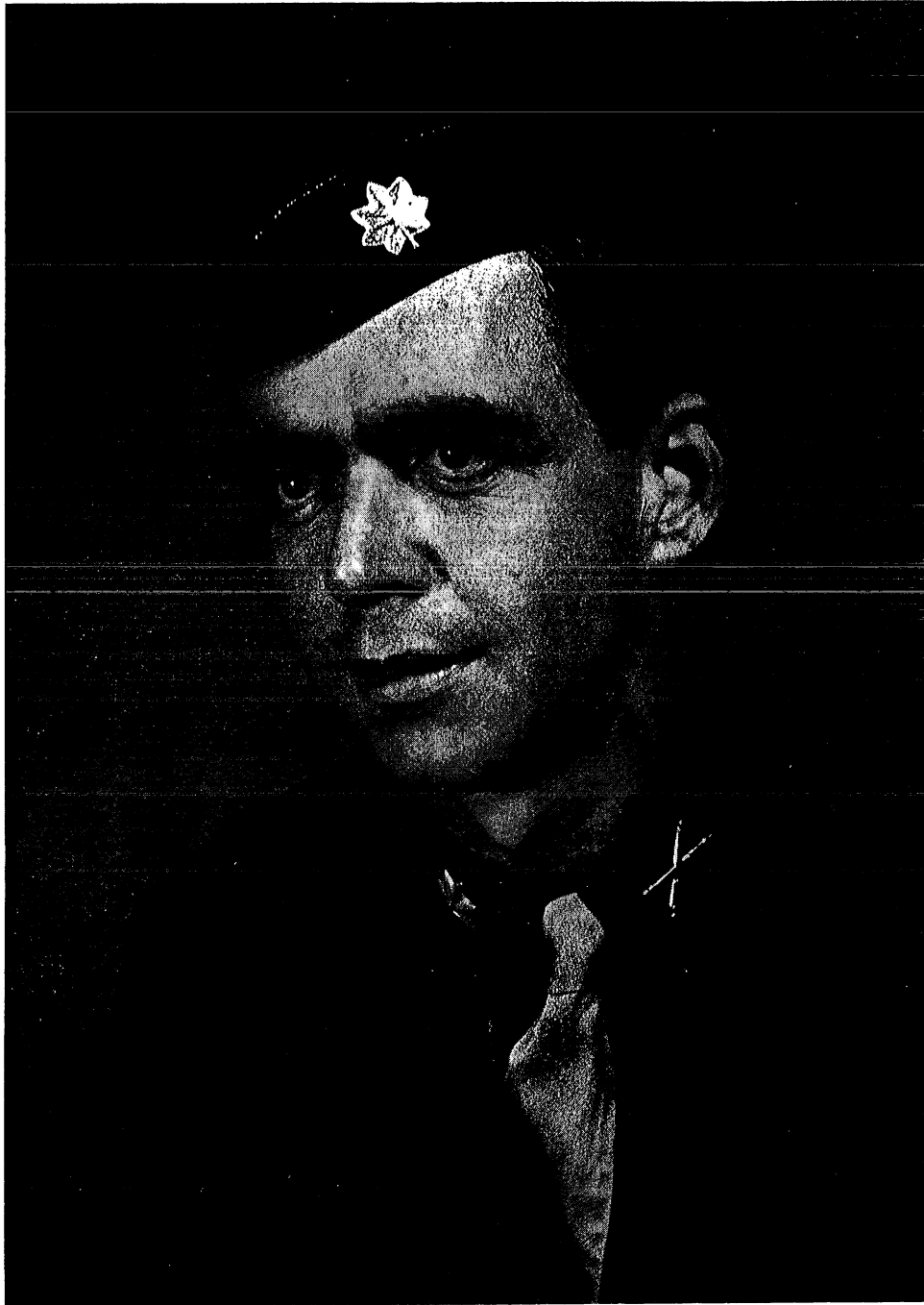
MEDICAL DETACHMENT

334th Field Artillery Battalion

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LEVIN, Maxwell, Pfc., 984 Sheridan Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
SMITH, Glenn E., T/4, Wellman, Iowa.

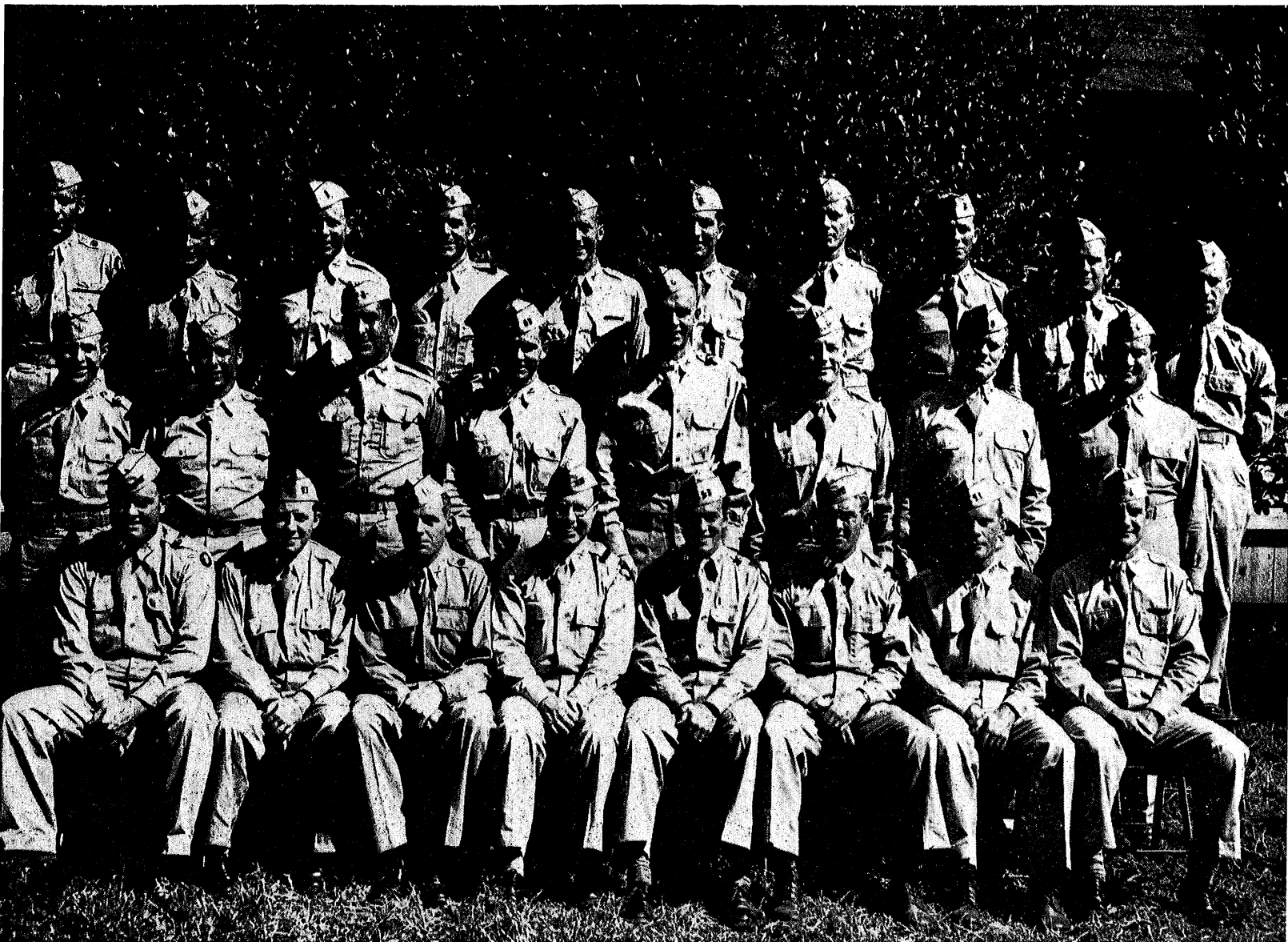
335TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION





JACK B. HARDIN
LIEUTENANT COLONEL
Commanding

BATTALION OFFICERS



Top Row, left to right: Lieutenant Bartz, Lieutenant Van Hasebroeck, Lieutenant Connor, Lieutenant Cherry, Lieutenant McGreal, Lieutenant Britt, Lieutenant Burnett, Lieutenant Baker, Lieutenant Dickinson, Lieutenant McQueen.

Second Row: Lieutenant Dolginko, Lieutenant Landrum, Lieutenant Tindel, Captain Bishop, Lieutenant Colonel Hardin, Major Hicks, Lieutenant Sweeney, Lieutenant Frankel.

Bottom Row: Captain McCain, Captain Smith, Captain Dionne, Captain Bailey, Captain Donnelly, Captain Williams, Captain Bretz, Lieutenant D'Orazio.

T H E G O L D E N A C O R N

There's lots of good outfits in the Army,
some fresh and some battle worn.
But about the best, "as far as I know,"
are the men of the Golden Acorn.

Back in the States in our basic
we were nicknamed the Division of Nuts.
But the name has changed to the Golden Acorn
in respect for fighting men's guts.

No! We didn't land on D-day—
we started our fight at Metz.
And since, then we've had some tough battles
just as tough as the fighting gets.

I remember a time in Saar Valley
we thought hell had opened its gates
When our infantry jumped off at three A.M.
through a barrage of eighty eights.

Brave men were tested in the fight that day
and the Medics worked hard saving lives
As the Doughboys pushed on through the enemy lines
with the help of our One Five Five's."

As they went through the lines of the Jerries
they would kill them or push them back.
And the Jerries soon learned, the hard way,
that an Acorn is a hard nut to crack.

Again in the Bulge in Belgium,
when the enemy came through in a flood,
We killed them off or pushed them back
through the snow that was red with blood.

There's a sign at the Fatherland's border
where all this trouble was born.
That says, "You're now entering Germany,
compliments of the Golden Acorn."

Most of the P. W.'s we had taken
liked to brag of the Siegfried Line.
But we pushed through that, like everything else,
though I'll admit it took a little more time.

When our Doughboys would find some pillboxes,
full of Jerries like bees in a hive,
They'd call, "Big Jack's Mortar Battalion,"
Nick-name for the Three Three Five.

Through these drives our team-work was perfect
just as good as you'll ever see.
The Liaison Planes would check the spots
where they needed the Artillery.

A hard-hitting tough bunch of fighters
though most are still young in years—
Combat teams, Medics, and Ordnance
and our well trained Engineers.

And the Quartermaster deserves lots of credit—
let's give credit where it is due—
For delivering delicious "C" rations
to this fast-moving fighting crew.

With our Doughboys fighting like demons
we had crashed through the Siegfried Line.
And we kept fighting on, with a new goal ahead,
to kill the Jerries between there and the Rhine.

We all had lost some good buddies
but this was war, and we knew what it meant.
So we pushed on across the Moselle
and captured the town of Koblenz.

In Koblenz we had some pretty tough going
but we took it without too much loss.
Then the order came down through the chain of command
we had one more river to cross.

We crossed the Rhine and the moving was faster—
on the move was every report:
The Division T. D.'s led the combat teams
with One Five Five's in direct support.

We moved on toward the Czech border
moving fast, but it tested our nerve.
For the twisted trails through the timbered hills
had S. S. troops around every curve.

As we rounded the curves we were careful
to stay separated well apart.
Though some were probably bucking
it was not for a Purple Heart.

And we moved on fast across country
killing what we couldn't take alive,
Making history for our country
as we spearheaded the Third Army drive.

As we pushed on past the road blocks,
defended by burp gun and rocket,
We finally pushed the enemy
into one big German Pocket.

The Germans just kept on retreating
trying to stay out of our way.
And now when we clean this pocket
it will officially be V-E Day.

When cleaning this pocket is over
and our last big battle is won,
They will probably send the Golden Acorns
to black out the Rising Sun.

Just got the news, The war is over,
and on one thing we all agree—
The next bridgehead we want to make
is on the U. S. side of the sea.

And I'll bet that all the Jerries
wish that Hitler had never been born—
For he was the cause of their feeling the might
of the "tough nuts" of the "Golden Acorn."

S/SGT. JAMES L. McCLENDON.

ROSTER OF 335TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

HEADQUARTERS BATTERY 335TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

MAINTENANCE

T/4 JOHN SHEA, Highland Ave., Barnesboro, Pa.
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T/5 FRANCIS B. LISLE, 629 Dennison Ave., Cadiz, Ohio.
S/SGT. WILLIAM C. SOWERS, 15 W. 17th St., Erie, Pa.

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T/SGT. JULIAN STONE, 6449 University Ave., Chicago, Ill.
T/4 HAROLD K. GREGG, 504 First St., Wenatchee, Wash.
T/5 RICHARD G. RAYMOND, JR., 99 Lincoln St., Needham, Mass.
T/5 HAROLD D. KANTROWITZ, 331 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, Conn.

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T/3 EDWARD F. POOR, 8 Beverly Rd., Oradell, N. J.
T/5 WARREN G. McMILLEN, 1104 Fourth St., N. Braddock, Pa.
PVT. NELSON J. GAMMANS, 62 Tunstall Rd., Scarsdale, N. Y.

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PFC. WILLIAM A. LYONS, 42-17 Judge St., Elmhurst, L. I.
T/4 ALBERT D. WISMAR, 20614 Clare Ave., Maple Heights, Ohio.
S/SGT. JACK L. RATZKIN, 1615 Ave. I, Brooklyn, N. Y.
PFC. PAUL F. STAMM, 5015 W. 14th St., Indianapolis, Ind.

MESSAGE CENTER

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T/5 WILLIAM J. GALE, 530 N.W. 13th Ave., Miami, Fla.
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PFC. ROBERT M. PATTERSON, 4109 Grand Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
PFC. ROBLEY H. TATUM, Rt. 4, Atlanta, Ga.
M/SGT. RUSSEL H. VAN LANDUYT, Box 331, Prineville, Ore.
T/SGT. EUGENE M. RICHARDSON, Comfrey, Minn.
T/4 LOUIS R. SIERER, 1519 S. 11th St., Ironton, Ohio.
CPL. JOSEPH N. BELACK, 607 S. 63rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.
S/SGT. LLOYD D. LAMBERSON, 20 West St., S., Hillsdale, Mich.
T/4 EDWARD STRIMBEL, 144 Wells St., Marietta, Ohio.
PFC. RAY F. LONG, 11 Elizabeth Dr., Marion, N. C.
T/5 FRANK L. BURRELL, Clarksville, Ga.
T/5 JOHN K. BARTO, 5222 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

IN MEMORIAM

T/5 JOSEPH J. KAPINUS
Killed in action in Luxembourg
CPL. HERBERT V. ZERKEL
Killed in action in Luxembourg
T/SGT. FRANK J. HELBLING
Killed in action in Germany

T/5 JAKE S. HOLLIFIELD, State St., Marion, N. C.
CPL. RUSSEL R. WRIGHT, Brandenburg, Ky.
PVT. ELWOOD CASEY, Rt. 1, Purcell Okla.
T/5 DAVID KORMAN, 1658 S. Avers Ave., Chicago, Ill.
PFC. HENRY S. HANSON, JR., Rt. 1, Sunbury, Ohio.
T/4 WALDO S. STUCKAY, 417 Center St., Berne, Ind.
T/4 JOHN H. VAN FOSSEN, 514 Dupont St., Roxborough, Pa.
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T/4 WALTER R. KLOPFSTEIN, 1812 Iwa, Wichita, Kan.
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PFC. GEORGE B. FOSTER, Perryville, Ky.

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T/5 RICHARD W. SCHREIBER, 1618 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo.
T/5 SIDNEY G. HICKEY, Dardanelle, Ark.
T/5 FRANK M. FAHRER, 405 E. Exchange, Akron, Ohio.
T/4 JOHN J. SEEBCH, 4003 Superior St., Homestead Park, Pa.
T/5 MARCUS DENHAM, Box 28, Bragg City, Mo.
T/5 STANLEY G. ORMSBY, 11661 Pinehurst, Detroit, Mich.
T/5 WAYNE H. HUDSON, Rt. 1, Solsberry, Ind.

WIRE SECTION

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PFC. JOHN C. WRIGHT, Gilmer, W. Va.

T/5 ORLANDO P. CORRA, 340 S Ave., Glen-coe, Ill.
T/5 JAMES T. GENDRON, 276 Margret, Plattsburg, N. Y.
PVT. PAUL H. ABBETT, Edgemont Station, East St. Louis, Ill.
S/SGT. RICHARD N. GLEASON, Pacific Junction, Iowa.
CPL. EUGENE P. COOK, Grabill, Ind.
CPL. DAVID N. SPRADLING, Foster Lane, Robertson, Mo.
CPL. WINFIELD A. BECKER, 1627 Brook Haven, Wynnwood, Pa.
CPL. ROBERT A. MUNFORD, 1925 W. Mistletoe, San Antonio, Tex.
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PFC. JOHN LEACH, Lathrop, Mich.
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PFC. ALFRED J. HOLTGRAVE, Rt. 1 Ben-
dena, Kan.

PFC. ROMAN B. KONKOL, 1115 S. Elighth St.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

PFC. ARCHIE M. BLACKBURN, Rt. 1, Gal-
latin, Mo.

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ing, Chews, N. J.

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T/5 ROBERT J. DURST, 131 Chalfont St.,
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T/5 FRANK J. MOYNIHAN, Scroon Lake,
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PFC. ROBERT J. MILLER, 1902 Green Bay,
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PVT. CHARLES M. HUGHES, 1124 Crystal
Lake, Iron Mountain, Mich.

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don Rd., Canton, Ohio.

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1ST LT. EUGENE M. LANDRUM, JR., Mem-
phis, Mo.

2ND LT. HENRY M. DICKINSON, JR., Rt. 6,
Box 170, Bessemer, Ala.

MEDIC

PFC. THOMAS J. BEDNARZ, Wilkes-Barre,
Pa.

SERVICE BATTERY, 335TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

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ington St., Herkimer, N. Y.

T/4 LEWIS H. GREEN, 608 Woodland Ave.,
Salem, Ohio.

CPL. GEORGE P. MAHER, 1348 Cryer Ave.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

PFC. PORREST G. B. SMITH, Rt. 1, Tripoli,
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PVT. KERMIT V. PUTMAN, 1807 Southeastern
Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

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PFC. D. C. MORGAN, Rt. 1, Box 582, San
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ello Ave., Winamac, Ind.

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PFC. DON R. MICHMERSHUIZEN, 614 Lin-
coln Ave., Holland, Mich.

PFC. JOHN OPAR, Rt. 2, Box 183, Lowell-
ville, Ohio.

PFC. JAMES K. PRIEST, c/o G. E. Updike,
Moseman Ave., Katonah, N. Y.

PFC. ORVILLE W. TENNIS, Highlandville,
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PVT. OMAR O. BAUGH, Rt. 1, Bellflower, Mo.

PVT. CLINTON W. DODD, Rt. 1, Milano, Tex.

PVT. LEONARD A. CATRONE, 5409 Jackson
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T/5 KENNETH B. RIDGEWAY, 614 N. First
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T/5 HOWARD E. WILEY, 312 High St., Gar-
rett, Ind.

PFC. WILLIE M. COX, Gibson, N. C.

PFC. ALTO J. HENDERSON, Rt. 2, New
Brockton, Ala.

PFC. JOSEPH T. GWIAZDA, 40 Chapel St.,
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PFC. CHESTER H. MINER, 91 High St.,
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PVT. WILLIAM E. KELLUM, Rt. 1, Burlison,
Tenn.

PVT. CARL L. LITAKER, Rt. 1, Box 454,
Concord, N. C.

PVT. WOODY WILLIAMS, 427½ W. Fremont
St., Stockton, Calif.

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SGT. LAWRENCE MITTENDORF, 615 Ash-
wood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

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Phoenix, Ariz.

T/5 DARRELL D. SCHLIEMAN, Panora, Iowa.

PFC. JAMES L. HOUCHIN, Rt. 2, Olmstead,
Ky.

PFC. TRINIDAD PEREZ, Gen. Del., Gallup,
N. M.

PFC. MELVIN H. RILEY, Rt. 1, Huntsville,
Mo.

PFC. LEON E. WELCHES, Rt. 3, Elwood, Ind.

PFC. JOSEPH KAPOLKA, Rt. 19, 65 Middle-
sex Ave., New Brunswick, N. J.

PVT. RALPH S. MOLINE, JR., 7612 Yates
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PVT. JAMES MULRINE, 614 Morton St.,
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S/SGT. EDWARD H. GREENAGLE, 408 Church
St., Newark N. J.

PFC. THOMAS F. GALLAGHER, 305 E. 161st
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PFC. JOHN B. STAVER, Benton, Wis.

PFC. WILLIAM M. THREADGILL, 1208 E.
73rd St., Los Angeles, Calif.

PFC. CARL R. WEBB, Rt. 2, Greenwood, Ind.

PVT. HOWARD G. LOWD, Apt 724, 316 W.
95th St., New York, N. Y.

PVT. WILLIAM R. PERKINS, Rt. 2, Box 602,
Louisville, Ky.

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Wash.

M/SGT. HERBERT CLARKE, 1430 Buchanan
St., San Francisco, Calif.

T/4 MARVIN W. BERGERSON, 1004 S. Wash-
ington St., Madison, S. D.

T/4 STEWART D. LIVINGSTON, 328 N.
Queen St., York, Pa.

T/4 CLYDE S. McFADDEN, Clinton, Mo.

CPL. FRANK H. EILERS, JR., Monticello,
Iowa.

CPL. JAMES A. ROSE, 418 Front St., Cresson,
Pa.

CPL. GEORGE V. WHEELLESS, Nashville,
N. C.

T/5 CALVIN H. BELL, Box 92, Malvern, Ohio.

T/5 ALBERT P. LELAND, Rt. 3, Hamilton
Square Rd., Trenton, N. J.

T/5 PETER A. MOSWIK, 2617 Welch Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

T/5 FRANK W. SHAW, Carbon Hill, Ohio.

PFC. HOWARD E. CHILIE, 3023 E. Hemphill
Rd., Flint, Mich.

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S/SGT. EARL E. DOWNING, Ponca City, Okla.

S/SGT. ALBERT E. KRAHL, JR., Rt. 8, Vera
St., East Haven, Conn.

T/4 DEWITT L. BOWERS, Rt. 4, Osgood, Ind.

T/4 DANIEL D. GALLOVITCH, 744 W. 81st
St., Chicago, Ill.

T/4 HERBERT L. WERNER, Mount Olive, Ill.

T/5 RALPH C. BEMISE, 505 Mulberry St.,
Hammond, Ind.

T/5 RUSSEL W. DUTEMPLE, What Cheer,
Iowa.

T/5 JAMES G. KLUG, 619 Madison St., Fort
Wayne, Ind.

T/5 LAWRENCE T. SCRUGGS, Rt. 3, Center
Tex.

PFC. WILLIAM SUCHY, Box 94, Saint Ansgar,
Iowa.

OFFICERS

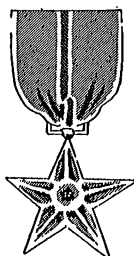
CAPT. CARROLL W. BAILEY, 1801 Alta
Vista, Houston, Tex.

CAPT. FRANK E. WILLIAMS, Manchester,
N. C.

LT. JOSEPH J. DOLGINO, 181 MacDougal
St., New York, N. Y.

LT. CHARLES R. CONNOR, 3411 Hickory
St., Savannah, Ga.

AWARDS AND DECORATIONS



BRONZE STAR

PFC. GUY F. BRIGGS	S/SGT. CLARK D. KNOX
PFC. CARL R. WEBB	S/SGT. DENTON G. PETERSON
PFC. RUSSELL R. WRIGHT	S/SGT. JACK L. RATZKIN
T/5 SEAVEY M. BAILEY	T/SGT. DONALD H. RATLIFF
T/5 FRANK M. FAHRER	T/SGT. JULIAN STONE
T/5 CALVIN C. HENSON	1/SGT. LEONARD E. ALLEN
T/5 DAVID KORMAN	1/SGT. BUCK CONNORS
T/5 BERTRAM J. WOLFE	1/SGT. WILLIAM J. MURRAY
CPL. JOSEPH N. BELACK, II	M/SGT. HARVEY W. DRIGGS
CPL. ROBERT A. MUNFORD	W/O (JG) MAURICE FROOMAN
CPL. DAVID C. PRINDIVILLE	LT. JOHN M. VAN HAZEBROECK
CPL. DAVID N. SPRADLING	LT. IVAN L. BAKER
CPL. FAY E. TOTZ	LT. JOHN B. BRITT
CPL. JOHN A. WOJNAROWSKI	LT. IRVIN P. CHERRY
T/4 STEWART D. LIVINGSTON	LT. JOSEPH J. DOLGINKO
T/4 PERRY A. LOWE, JR.	LT. WILBUR R. ENDERS
T/4 GUY E. MCALISTER	LT. DENNIS J. SWEENEY
T/4 PAUL L. SCHMOKER	CAPT. CARROL W. BAILEY
T/4 WALDO S. STUCKEY	CAPT. WAVERLEY D. BRETZ, JR.
SGT. IVAN K. MCALLISTER	CAPT. RAYMOND J. B. DIONNE (One Oak Leaf Cluster)
S/SGT. VERNON N. ADAMS	CAPT. BERNARD A. DONNELLY
S/SGT. JAMES M. CONWILL	CAPT. PAUL B. MCCAIN
S/SGT. CLARENCE G. FROHLING	CAPT. FRANK E. WILLIAMS
S/SGT. RICHARD N. GLEASON	CAPT. BRAXTON W. WRIGHT
S/SGT. EDWARD H. GREENAGLE	
	LT. COL. JACK B. HARDIN



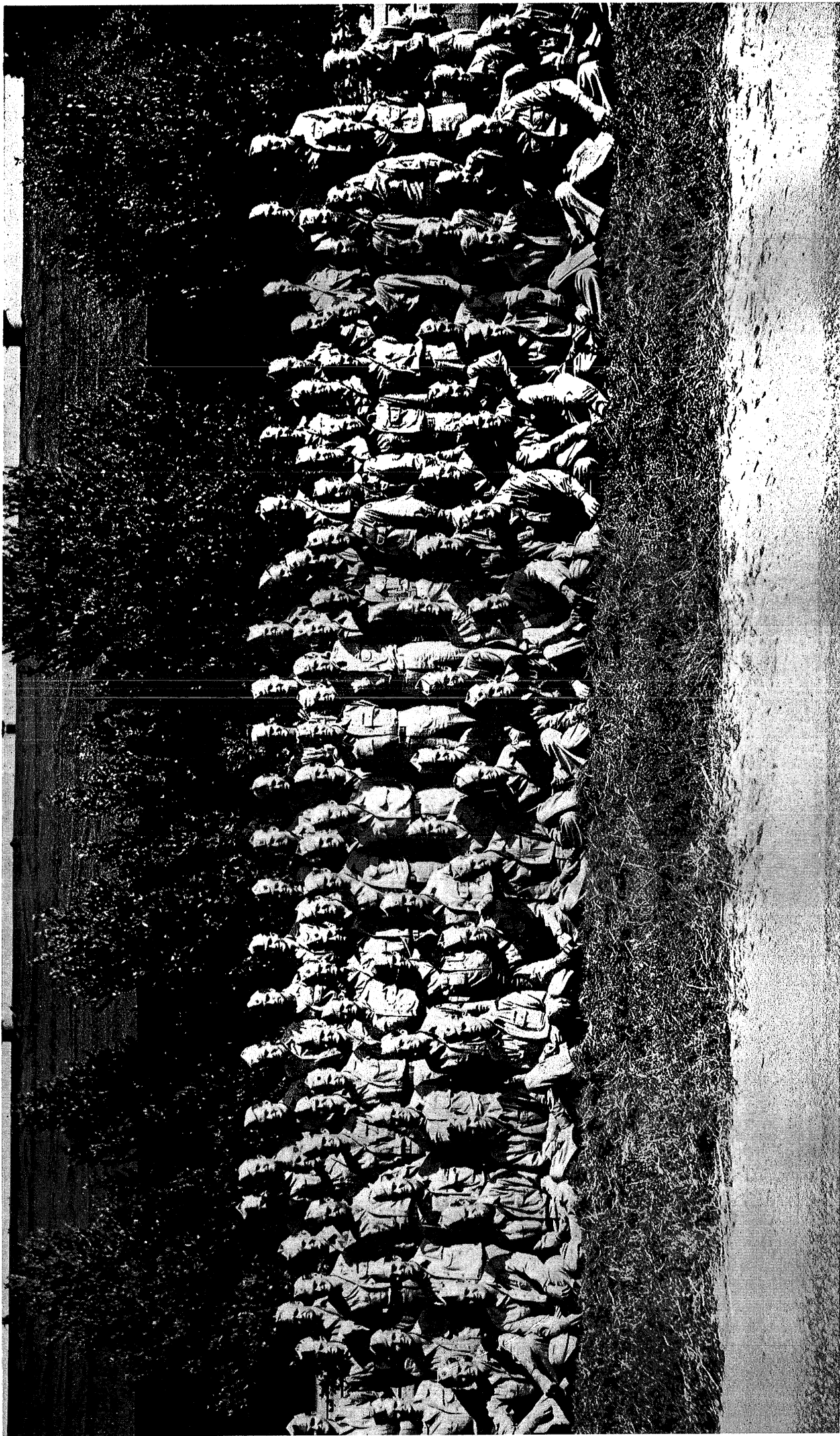
AIR MEDAL

SGT. LOUIS C. TUBRE (Two Oak Leaf Clusters)	LT. STANLEY O. D'ORAZIO (One Oak Leaf Cluster)
LT. JOHN A. BARTZ (Two Oak Leaf Clusters)	LT. AUSTIN F. EPSARO (Four Oak Leaf Clusters)
	LT. IAN P. MCGREAL (Two Oak Leaf Clusters)

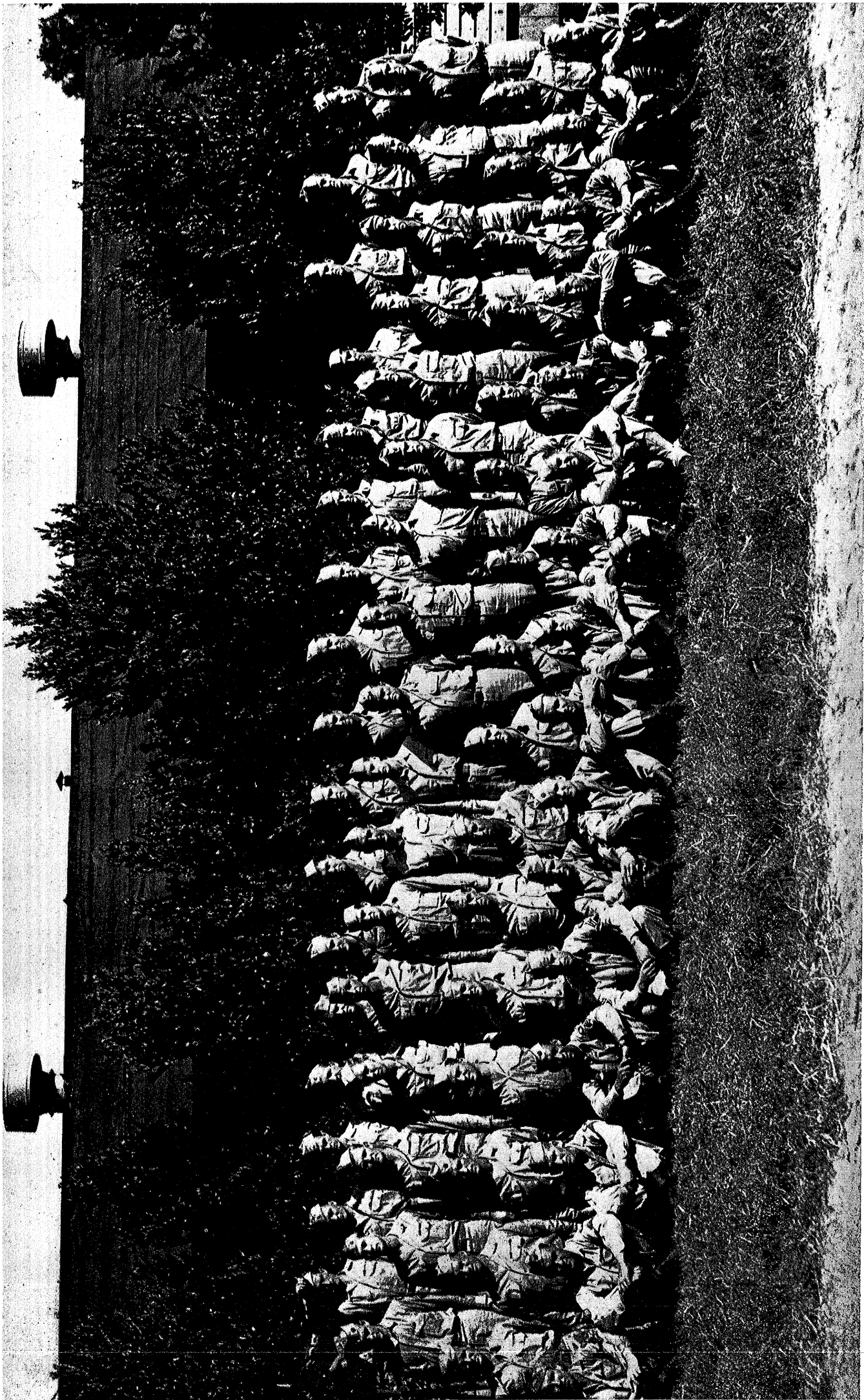


PURPLE HEART

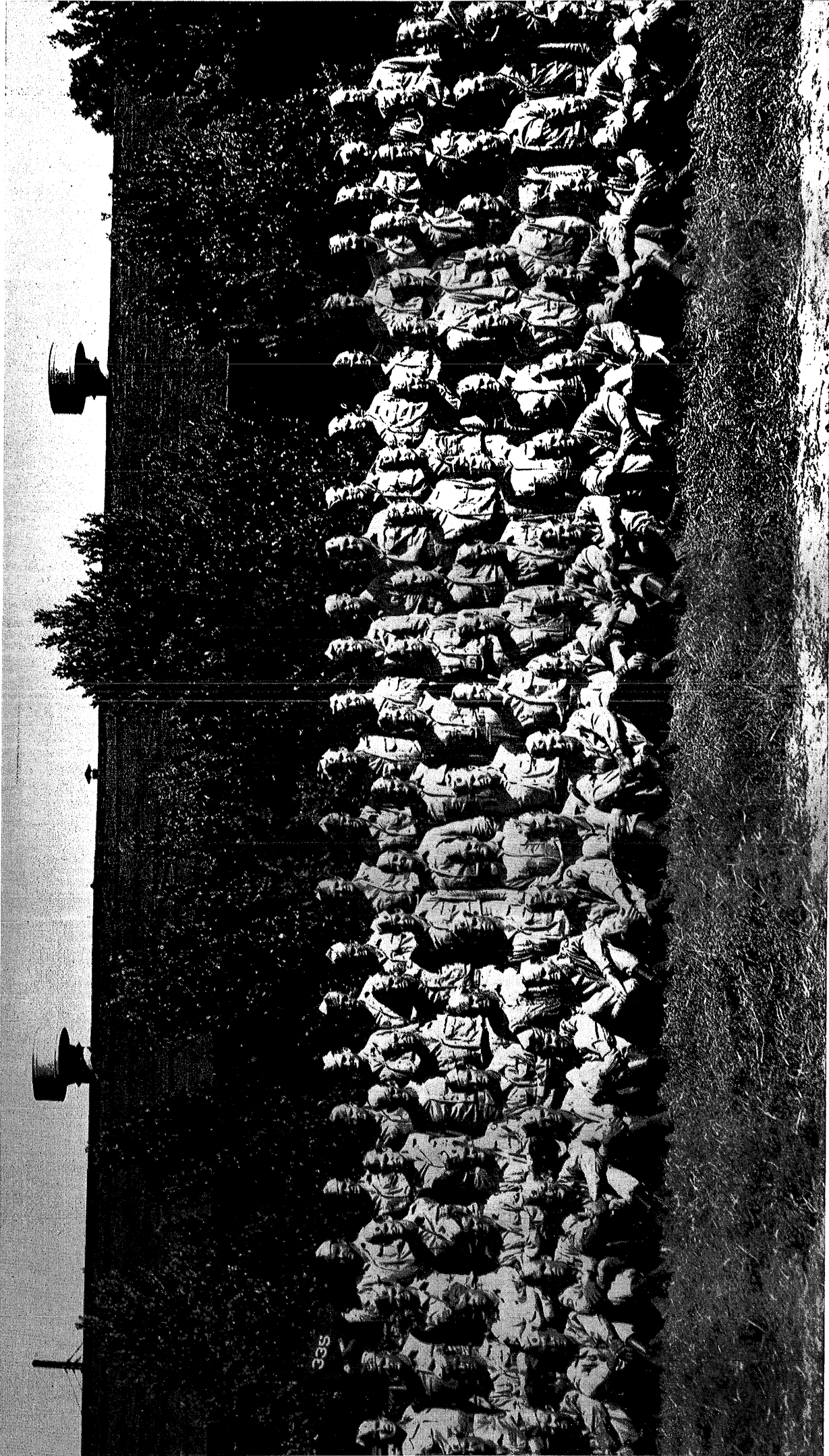
PVT. HERBERT DUDLEY	T/5 ORVILLE G. KELLER
PFC. OMAR O. BAUGH	CPL. LE ROY R. HAYES
PFC. THEODORE B. BOHR	CPL. HERBERT V. ZERKEL (Killed in Action)
PFC. THOMAS F. GALLAGHER	SGT. NEWTON D. RYAN
PFC. CARL R. WEBB	T/SGT. FRANK J. HELBLING (Killed in Action)
T/5 JAMES T. GENDRON	T/SGT. DONALD H. RATLIFF
T/5 JOSEPH J. KAPINUS (Killed in Action)	



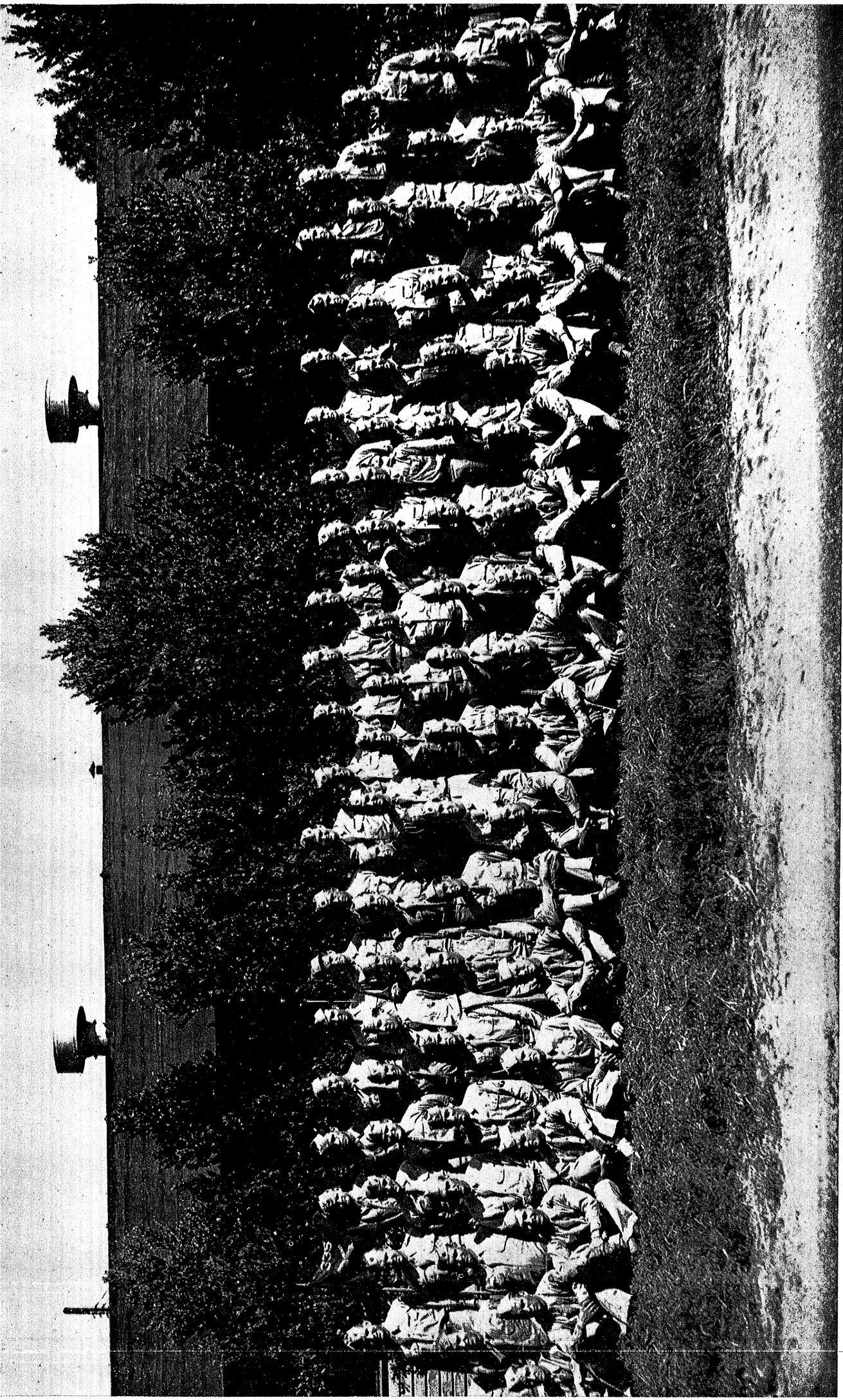
HEADQUARTERS BATTERY



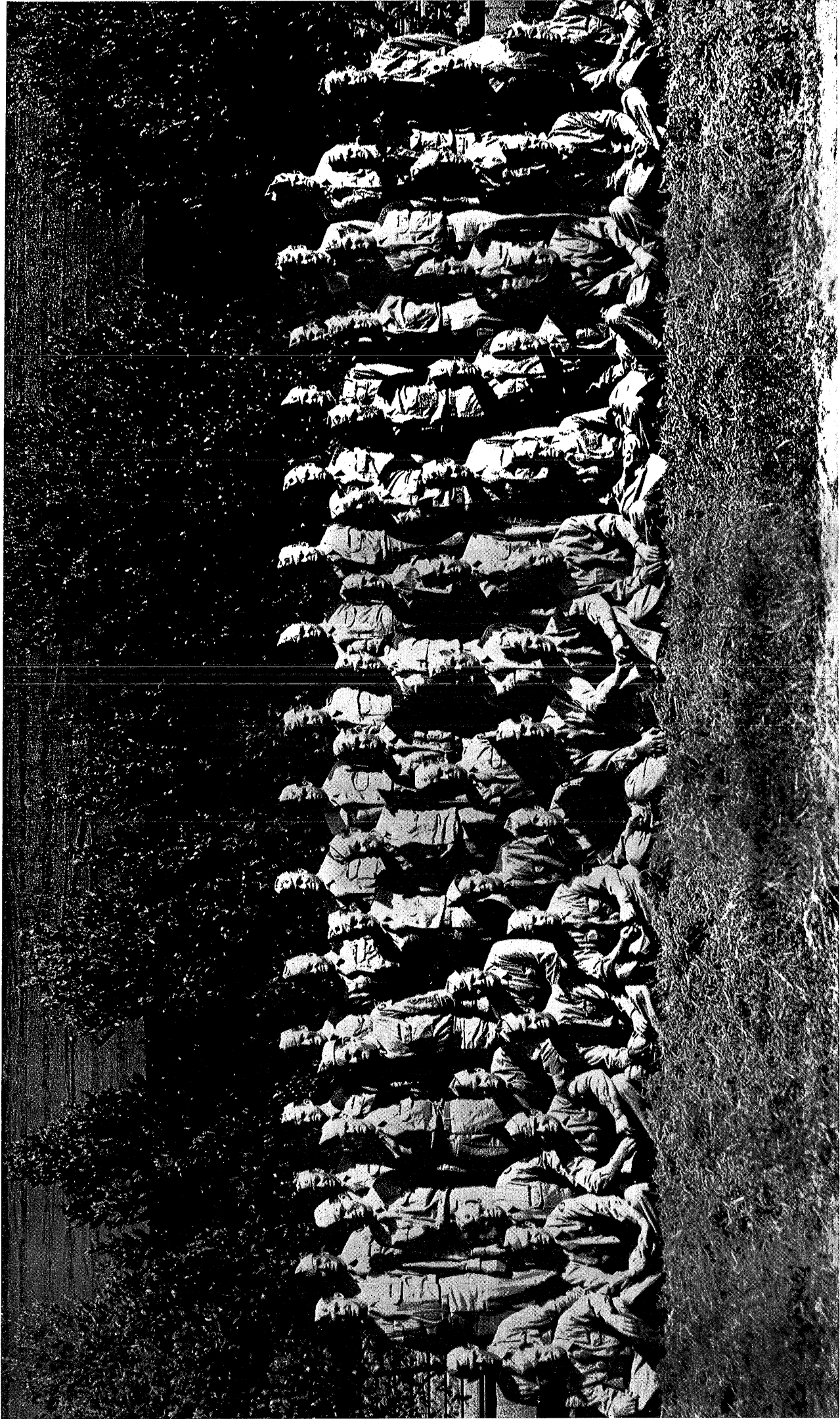
BATTERY A



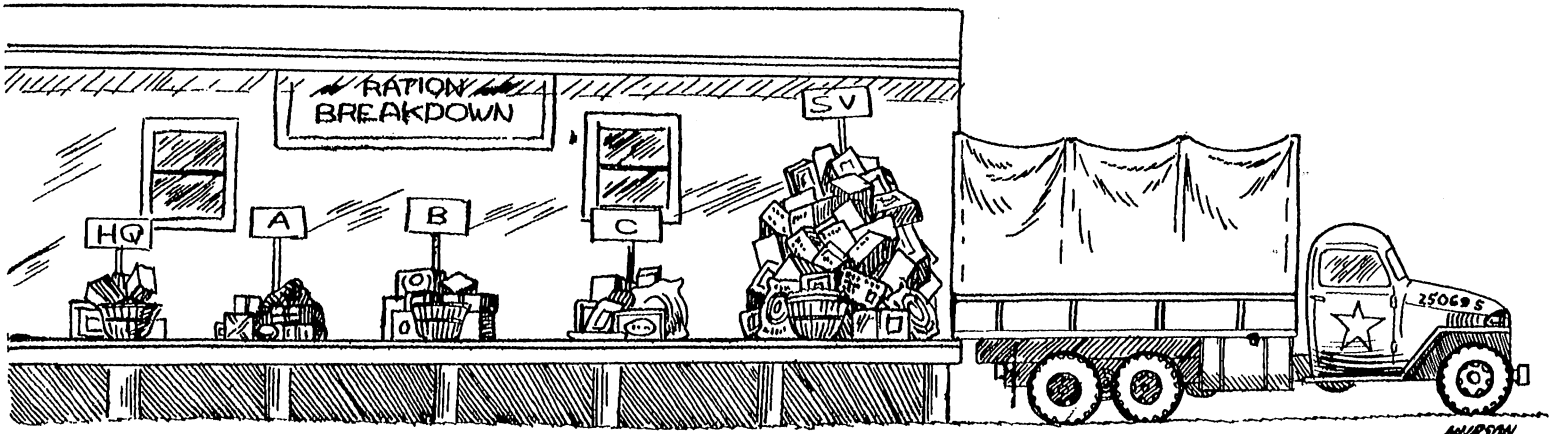
BATTERY B



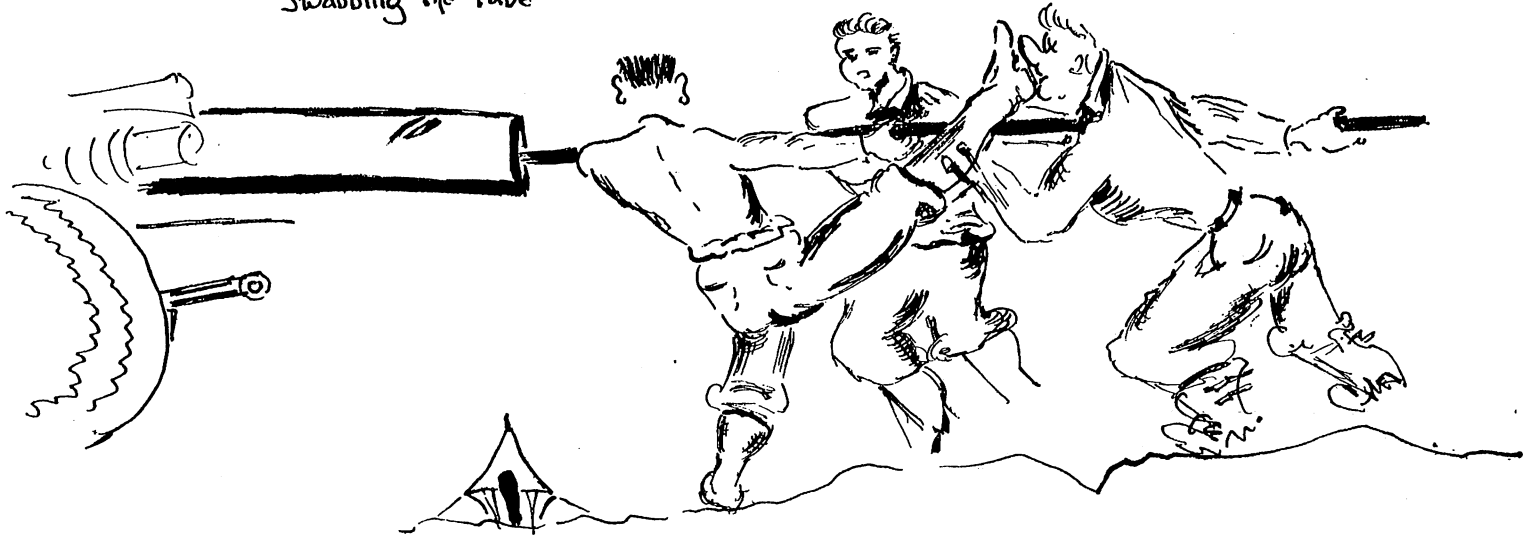
BATTERY C



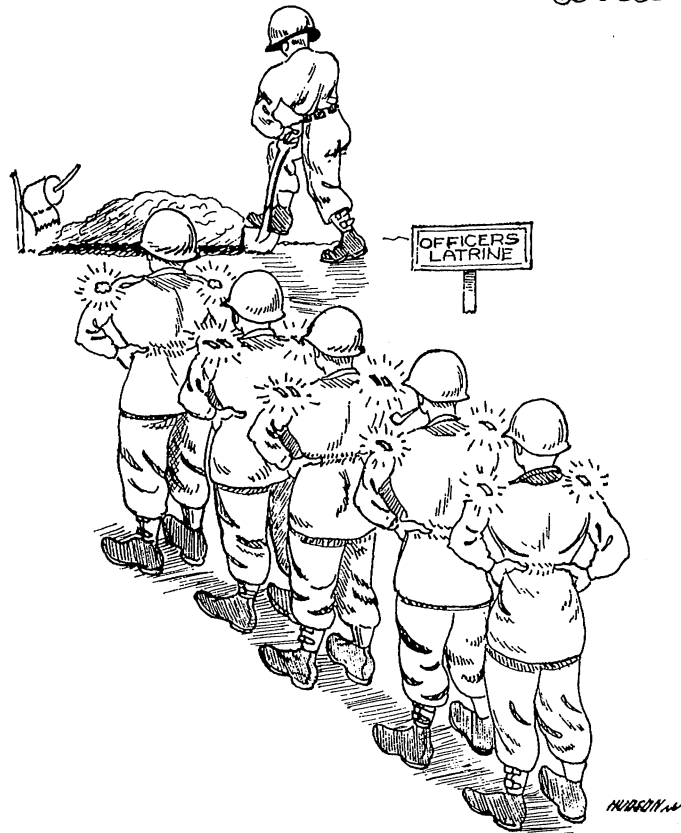
SERVICE BATTERY



Swabbing the tube



R.H.P.



T H E B A T T L E O F G E R M A N Y

Before the battle was Mississippi. . . .

(On 30 January 1942, the 335th Field Artillery Regiment, which was originally organized at Camp Pike, Arkansas, in August 1917, was redesignated the 335th Field Artillery Battalion, pursuant to letter from War Department, AG 320.2 (1-22-42) dated 30 January 1942. The battalion was ordered to be made active at Camp McCain, Miss., effective 15 December 1942 by authority of General Order Number One, Headquarters 87th Infantry Division, Camp McCain, Miss., 15 December 1942.)

Those who came down South from the North looked out of the dirty train windows and watched for signs of summer, but the woods looked cold, the negroes by their unpainted shacks looked cold, and the fields of fragile brown twigs, which "them Yankees" supposed was cotton, looked barren, poor and cold.

The train stopped and they left the train in a ragged column of twos, each man carrying two barracks bags. The officers who walked by were hard to size up. Some looked



Men arriving January 1943

as though it was going to be a lot of trouble to make soldiers out of the new men and some grinned, as though it seemed tough now, but it could be done. The important thing was the shoulder insignia that the officers wore.

"Is that ours?"

"What the hell division is that?"

And those who had been wrong about the destination paid off. The men stood around in large groups in a field, waiting for someone to come and march them to their units. Unexpectedly, unbelievably an eighteen year old would turn around and find that the friend he made on the train was gone to become a doughboy, and he was left as an artilleryman.

There was marching, issuing of blankets and field equipment; there were talks and inspections; there were columns of hobbing men coming back from the barber shop with their long hair shorn, with only a quarter inch of prickly hair beneath their drafty helmet liners.

Hundreds of trees had to be cut down, made into railings, walks, and bridges. Sign posts were erected and battery signs were painted and hung in front of the orderly

rooms. Before battalion headquarters was a colorful sign which no one understood.

"It that ours?"

"What the hell is "Audaces Fortuna Juvat"?"

(The shield is red for artillery, just as the piping on the caps of the men. The rainbow was the shoulder insignia of the 42nd Division during World War I.)

This is the blazonry:

Shield: Gules, a bend archly in the colors of the rainbow issuing from clouds proper.

Crest: That for the regiments of the Organized Reserve.

On a wreath of the colors (or/and gules) the Lexington Minute Man proper. Note quartermaster general drawing CR 5-8-1. The statue of the minute man, Captain John Parker, H. H. Kitson, sculptor, stands on the Common in Lexington, Mass.

Motto: Audaces Fortuna Juvat (Fortune favors the brave).

Waiting for the new men were the soldiers who knew what it was all about, the original cadre and the enlisted men, eighty-four of them, from the 318th Field Artillery Battalion, Camp Rucker, Ala.

Basic training began on March 8, 1943.

It began in the morning when it was cold and the goose pimples showed up even beneath the long johns. The air was full of coal smoke, and its strange, unpleasant, persistent odor drifted in through the windows of the barracks, invaded the mess halls and pervaded the drafty, tar-paper covered huts where classes were held. Everyone's best friend was the squat black bellied stove, glowing at the base of its smoke pipe until it seemed as though it would melt.

Lt. Col. Williams was the battalion commander then, a West Point taskmaster who closely supervised the training, turning up at the motor park to look into engines which must be clean, visiting classrooms where young, new second lieutenants were working with notes and blackboards, and standing on the side of the road to watch the squads go by with a "Hup, twop, thrup, fowah! Hup, twop, thrup, fowah!" The voices of all the men would sing out the numbers, throwing out small clouds of frozen breath from their mouths.

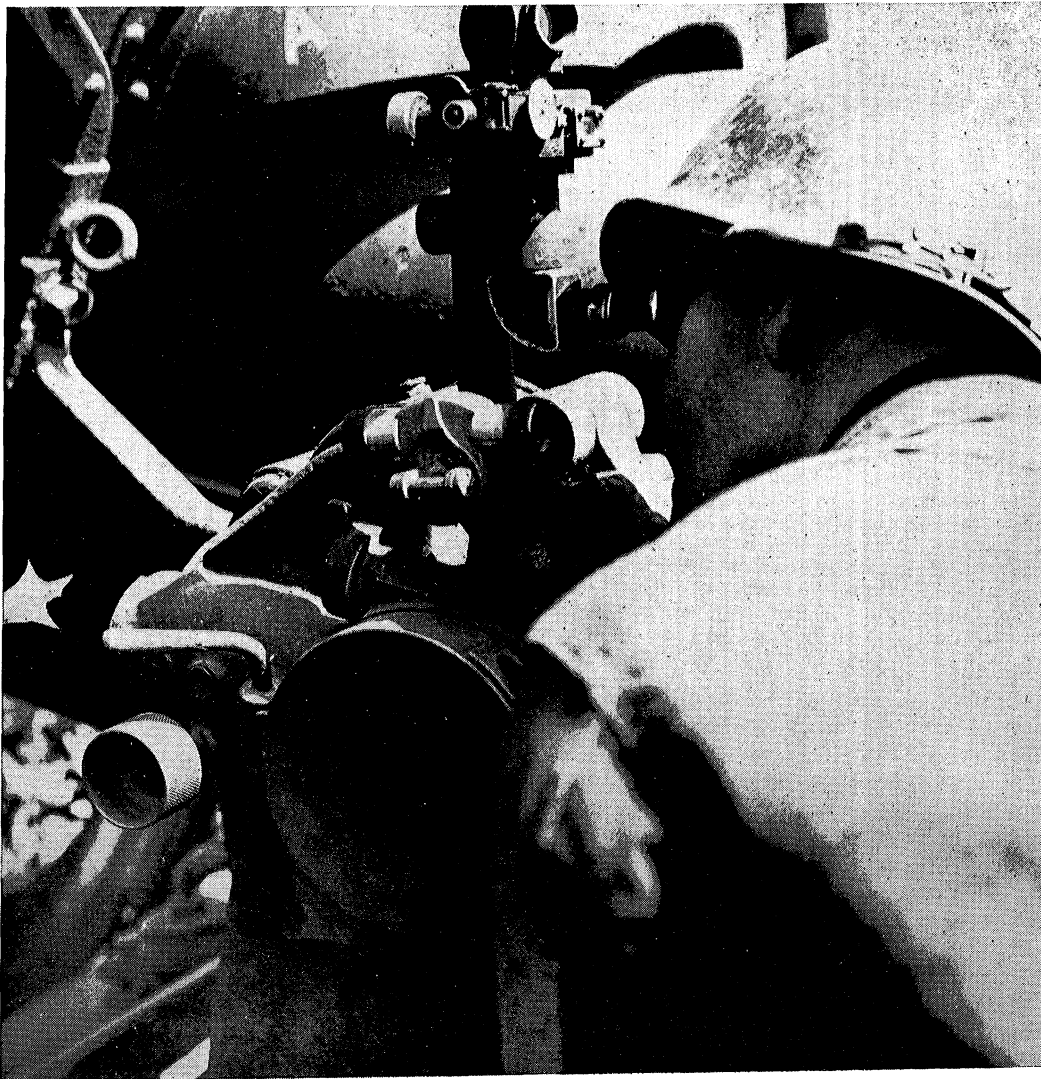
Of course, there were men who had a tough time learning. To them the rifle seemed like a ten-foot pole, the marching like a complicated business which only a Rockette could manage, and the conferences on personal hygiene and first aid like graduate courses in a German university. But most of them tried, and most of them got it—the facts, the orders, the techniques.

Major John M. Read became the second battalion commander, assuming command June 4, 1943; on June 6 the battalion completed the MTP tests with a rating of satisfactory and unit training began June 14.

Now the men found out about howitzers.

"There's one important thing you'll have to learn—the shell goes in this end (the sergeant points to the breech block) and it comes out this end" (the sergeant points to the muzzle of the tube.)

For weeks the gun crews were hopping about the pieces, learning the quickest and best way to serve the piece so that when the time came for action against an enemy (and it seemed far off) they could shoot fast and accurately. At the same time the wiremen worked their way across country, through fields of high grass, across wide cold streams, beside long roads leading out to the range—worked their way with the wire reels squealing, branches whipping them,



Gunners

and the dull sun going down before their work was done. Men wigwagged at each other with their signal flags; the radio crews called each other, improving their procedure; the detail and instrument crews took their aiming circles and tape out to fields and brought in data for the clever young corporals who did the computation of their surveys; the fifth section men dug large holes and filled them up again, carted dummy projectiles about, and held long classes on the handling of ammunition.

In July, forty-six enlisted men trained in field artillery were attached unassigned to the unit for administration and training. The following month Major Read was transferred to Headquarters Division Artillery and Major Jack B. Hardin (now lieutenant colonel) transferred from Division Artillery, became Battalion Commander. The Battalion was reorganized 14 August 1943 in accordance with a new T/O. Fifty-two enlisted men were transferred to the three Infantry Regiments of the Division to be part of the nucleus of cannon companies in those units. Physical fitness tests by Able Battery, battery tests, and battalion firing tests were given and satisfactory ratings were received.

The cold weather which had disillusioned the inexperienced who were beginning to feel like veteran soldiers had gone and the summer months justified the extravagant stories about the southern sun. The tar on the barracks melted, and showed glistening black scars where someone had scraped the tarpaper with a stick. There was no longer the bothersome coal smoke, but there was the hot air of the barracks, the close musty air and the smell of hot wood.

And there was dust, inches thick along the roads, coming in clouds across the large baking motor parks. The water in the canteens tasted stale, metallic, and was further deadened with chlorine and salt tablets. At meal time an officer in each mess hall checked the number of men and saw to it that everyone took his salt tablets. Hikes were limited to reduce the number of men being affected by heat prostration and sun stroke. The greenness of the grass and trees was abnormal, so bright and lush that the fields and woods had the same strange appearance that a jungle must have.

In September the unit training was completed and the combined training program period began. Corporal Ellis of Battery A climaxed an exciting series of boxing meets by winning the Division heavyweight boxing championship. Tall and impassive, with a whip punch that was always unbelievably lethal, he provided brilliant endings to programs of less spectacular bouts.

The long weeks of work were forgotten each weekend as streams of soldiers from the battalion and the rest of the division took off for swimming holes and pools, for the beer and girls of Grenada, and for the "Night train to Memphis," the sleek green Panama Limited which moved swiftly into Memphis, while the soldier passengers planned to tour the streets, the Claridge and the Peabody with their whiskey bottles in tall brown bags.

Then came "D" series, days and nights of going into position and coming out of position, of confusion, hard work, sweat, rain, orders, problems—a concentrated program of maneuvers which most men believed, later, was tougher than the Tennessee Maneuvers.



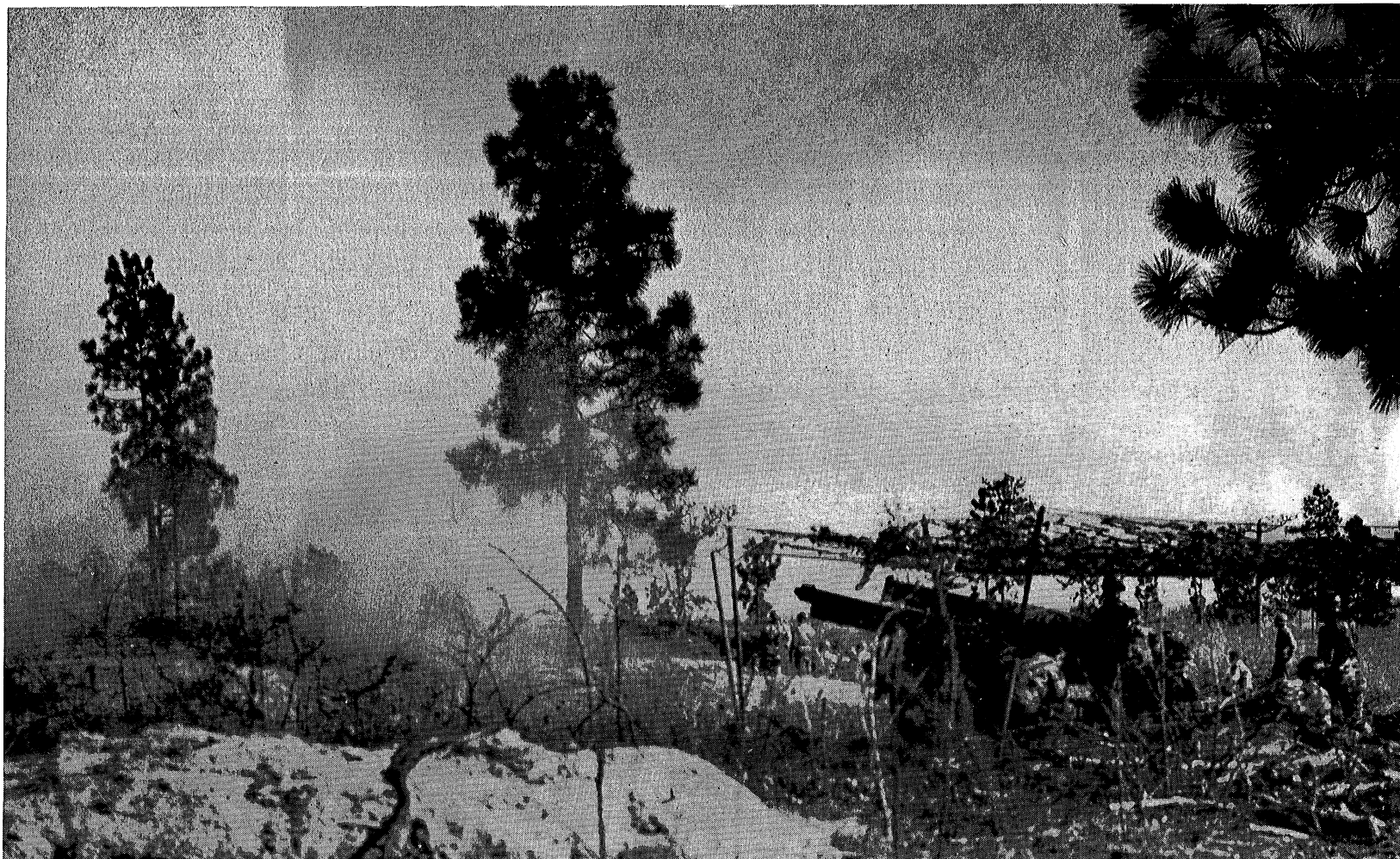
And now they were back where they came in—back to the cold December and winter rain. The first convoy trip of the Tennessee Maneuvers was to a bivouac area near Russellville, Ala., a trip of 195 miles, made on the first of December. The next day the battalion traveled 139 miles to Shelbyville, Tennessee.

Fifty-five attached and unassigned enlisted men were transferred to Fort George G. Meade 29 December 1943. Leaves and furloughs were granted to 25 per cent of the command immediately after maneuvers ended, and before the organization moved to the new station. The maneuvers ended in Tennessee on 17 January and the battalion moved in an administrative bivouac about five miles north of Shelbyville and then on 26 January 1944 the 335th moved to

Tate, Ga., a distance of 199 miles. The following day the journey continued and a trip of 162 miles brought the battalion to Abbeville, S. C. Fort Jackson was reached on 28 January after a shorter trip, with good roads and weather, of 93 miles.

Fort Jackson, a short distance from Columbia, S. C., was considered by most of the battalion as "a good deal." The barracks were not palaces, but they weren't drafty and covered with tar. There was some of the old smoke, but it didn't seem to stick to the ground and sneak up on you, the way it did in Mississippi. There were a lot of PXs—one on the other side of the road from the battalion—and lots of beer. There were several theaters, as at Camp McCain,
(Continued on page 102)

FIRING PRACTICE UNDER CAMOUFLAGE NETS, FORT JACKSON



T E N N E S S E E M A N E U V E R S



The Devil was given permission one day
To select a good place for soldiers to play.
He hunted around for a month or more
Wanting a place that would make them all sore.

And at last was delighted a country to view,
Where the black walnut and the hickory grew;
And vowed that Tennessee could not be beat
As a place for maneuvers, in rain, snow, and sleet.

He scattered the rocks so the men couldn't sleep,
And brought weather so cold it even froze sheep.
He then sent some rain, the bedrolls to soak,
And a few cards and dice so that men could stay broke.

He brought the Division from old Camp McCain,
And put all its soldiers out in the rain.
He then sent an order to a place called Fort Bragg
To send guns so heavy that the bridges would sag.

The 100th Division has their men here too,
And the 35th outfit on the side of the blue.
Then he brought in some Armored, the 14th I think,
Enough soldiers to fill all the towns to the brink.

There are plenty of umpires with their flags of green
And the craziest ideas that I've ever seen.
The trucks are wiped out by simulated shell,
So the umpires can laugh and give the men hell.

The cooks he sent with us are O.K., I think,
But they never have rations or water to drink.
All that we get is the coffee they brew,
And some stuff in a can that they call G.I. stew.

And the Devil is happy o'er the things he has done
To the men in the Army that carry the gun,
For the men from the ranks to the General's Staff
Are so cold and hungry he just has to laugh.

After this War when a man's around me
He had better not mention the word Tennessee,
Or a trip to the hills, where nature is law,
For as sure as he does it will be the last straw.

On Christmas in Nashville, a Tennessee town,
Thousands of soldiers were prowling around.
They were hunting some fun or a good place to eat,
And half of these men had no place to sleep.

And most of these men, as long as they're here,
Will want no more passes, not even for beer,
For the towns in this state, though they seem complete,
Can furnish no place for soldiers to eat.

Then January the first, the year forty-four,
The Good Lord himself pulled open the door,
And let the sunshine come into our camp,
And the men covered bushes with clothes that were damp.

That night with bushes, still holding up clothes,
And all of the men had started to doze,
I know that old Satan came to our camp again,
For who else, but him, would bring such a rain.

One day of sunshine in four weeks of hell,
And most of the soldiers still feeling well,
Has shaken the plans of the demon below,
Who is trying to drown us, while waiting for snow.

Then on the fifth problem, with men nearly froze,
Down came the order "Simulate Mosquitoes."
So we got out our headnets and mosquito bars,
For the order came down, through the man with the stars.

He said, "Wear your headnets until seven a. m.,
And keep bars in pup tents or hanging on limbs,
And take Atabrin pills," the General said,
"At the first of the chow line or you won't get fed."

For all the Commanders, and the men in their charge,
Are exposed to Malaria, with these insects at large.
If you go without headnets, you'll surely be seen,
By the men from headquarters, that fly flags of green.

Then an order came down that made us all sore,
The cooks will serve breakfast at a quarter 'til four,
And the first sergeant said as he looked straight at me,
We will all get up early in the Artillery.

So at zero three hundred we all had to rise
And pull the old headnets down over our eyes,
And disperse on a hillside at about fifteen feet,
Then feel in our messkits for something to eat.

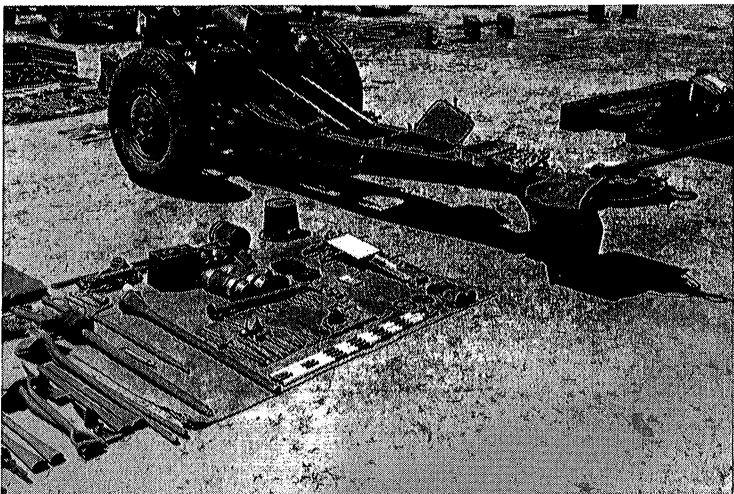
After five problems we all needed rest,
But here is what happened, now this is the best.
Some "Big Shot" on Staff picked us a spot
Where there wasn't a stick of wood on the lot.

With five weeks now past us and one more to go,
In this place without firewood, it started to snow,
We've now taken all that the old Devil had,
And all that's accomplished is to make us all mad.

Now we're on the last problem, we've all done our part,
And at the end of this week, the furloughs will start.
Then men will go home, with tall tales to tell,
Of the things that they did, through this six weeks of hell.

Now the men that have fought for the blues and the reds,
And used rocks for pillows, as well as for beds,
Want some real battles—they're as tough as can be,
Since they've stood the maneuvers, in old Tennessee.

By SGT. JAMES L. MCCLENDON, Battery A.



INSPECTION

(Continued from page 100)

and if you had a pass to town you could take in a show in seats that rested the part of you that takes the worst beating from a jeep.

Then there was the Ship Ahoy, the Market Restaurant, the La Konga (with its pitchers of beer and good "spaghatt") and lots of small beer joints where there were plenty of other soldiers to talk to and lots of smoke to breathe.

The first phase of the post maneuver training period began on 21 February 1944. By this time training was a familiar part of life and each day was organized with its classes of general and specialized training. Saturday was always a familiar and welcome day with an afternoon of sports, usually soft ball and touch football while half of the battalion took off for town. During this time the battalion was reorganized in accordance with a revised T/O which called for an authorized strength of twenty-nine

officers, two warrant officers, and five hundred and eight enlisted men.

Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson and Major General A. D. Surles, Chief of the War Department Bureau of Public Relations, reviewed the division in April.

One hundred and twenty-two enlisted men, tank destroyer trained, were received by the 335th during April and since almost half of this group were NCO's, promotions were frozen.

The following month one hundred and twenty-six enlisted men were transferred to Fort George G. Meade. At this time the battalion was about forty per cent over strength in grade, with only about ten per cent actual over strength in number.

Training, tests, furloughs and leaves, filled up the weeks until the significant announcement in late summer that the battalion was alerted for overseas movement.

More tests, inspections and extensive preparation, involving a great deal of co-operative effort, long hours, exhaustive paper work—all the sort of thing that makes up a large part of the army's major work, and demands a kind of unheralded working together that pays off later in the more publicized business of killing the enemy.

The inspection by the Division Inspector General was completed and the results were excellent.

The advance party, uncomfortable in ODs, marched down the road one morning and everyone who noticed them wondered where they were going and how things would turn out.

The advance party was composed of Major Casteel, Captain Bailey, Lieutenant Sweeney, and two enlisted men, Corporal Belack and Sergeant Sierer.

OVERSEAS

On the morning of October 12, the battalion got out of Fort Jackson beds for the last time, dressed, picked up the heavy duffle bags full of marked clothing and equipment

PASSING IN REVIEW AT FORT JACKSON





On the way!



Lieutenant Frankel, battery executive

which had been checked many times on the grass of the battery areas, assembled on the road and marched to the train. It was a tough early morning walk with full pack weighted down by blanket rolls.

The next day the 335th arrived at Camp Kilmer, marched to their area and continued preparations for overseas movement.

Softball games, drilling, checking of equipment, classes on abandoning ship and conducting oneself properly in a lifeboat, filled up the days at Kilmer. In the evenings the men attended USO shows, or movies, or took off on a pass to New York and the Diamond Horseshoe, the theater, the top of the Empire State Building, or wherever their inclinations and their financial status would take them.

The train carrying the battalion to New York to board the ship left Camp Kilmer on 3 November at 1800 hours EWT. A sudden, unexpected halt occurred when one of the men pulled the emergency cord, believing it to be the apparatus for flushing the toilet. A further delay was caused by a broken coupling. It was almost midnight when the battalion began to board the S.S. *Louis Pasteur*. There were no visitors on the huge, dimly lighted pier to which the men had been transported by ferryboat, but a few Red Cross women were there with doughnuts and coffee.

In the morning the ship was still in port, thoroughly covered with river fog, but in the afternoon November 4, the engines started and the ship began its voyage. Most of the men managed to get a farewell look at the Statue of Liberty and then the long days of sailing brought seasickness to hundreds on the ship, long hours of poker playing and reading, some enjoyment of the sun on deck, comedy shows and boxing on the sports deck, abandon ship drills, movies, sleep in hammocks, unappealing English food, and miles of ocean to look at day after day.

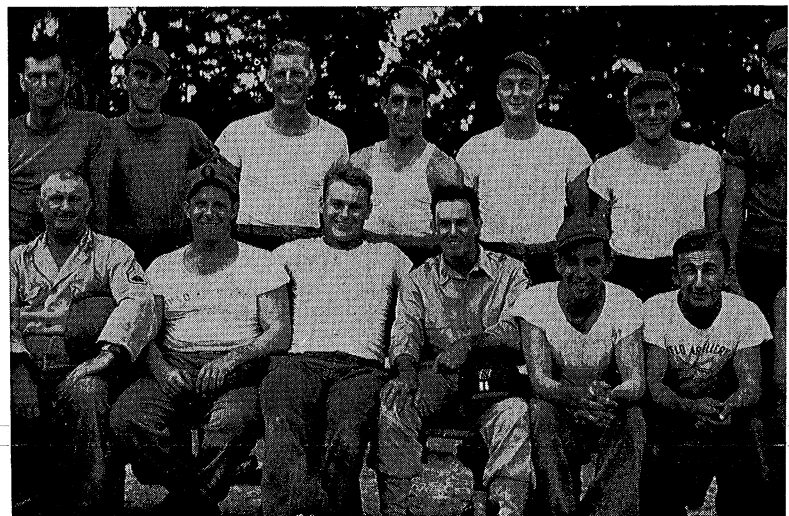
Liverpool, England, was reached on November 13 and the following morning at 0415 the debarkation began. The marching took the battalion up the long high ramp of the pier to the cobbled street, past some Thunderbolts covered for shipment, along the blacked out streets of a deserted

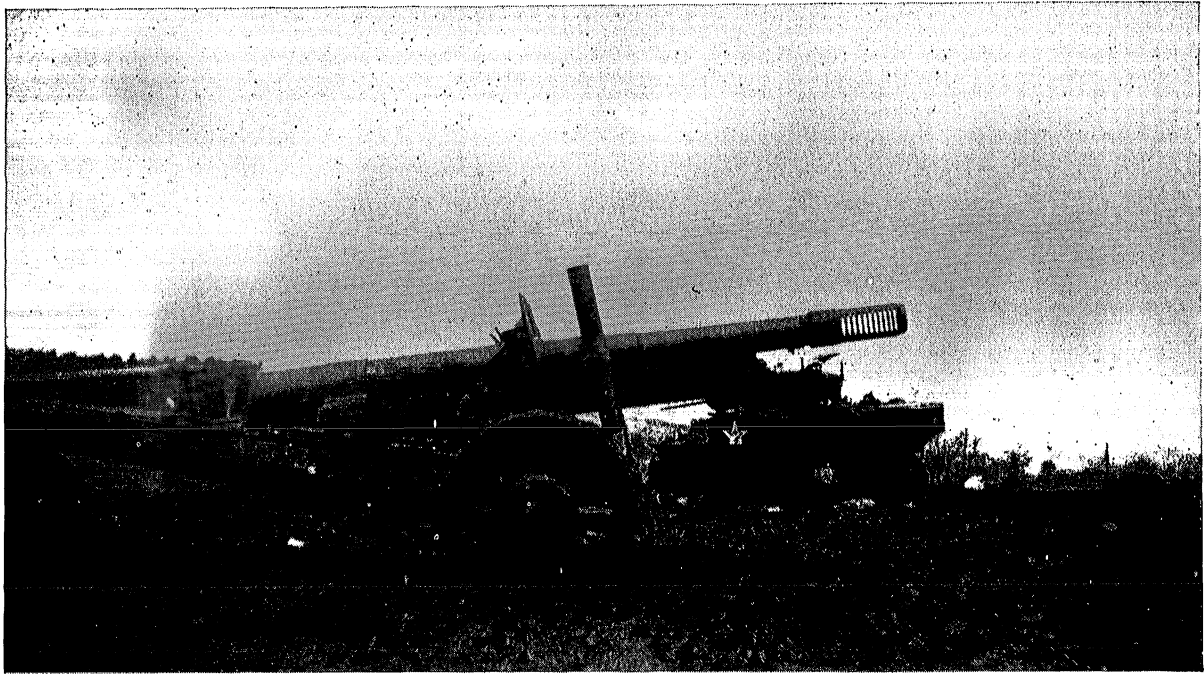
Liverpool (since it was early morning) to the train station. On the platform of the station was a characteristic Bobby, his tallness accentuated by his high rounded police hat, and Red Cross girls with doughnuts and coffee, pretty, running American girls; it seemed that it had been months since there were American girls around.

By eight in the morning the queer compartmented train arrived in Macclesfield, Cheshire, and the battalion marched up the hill along the narrow, winding street to Tytherington Hall and its adjoining Nissen huts.

In Macclesfield, the 335th learned to drive on the left side of the road. On pass after supper the streets, blacked out except for dim street lamps directed toward their bases, were spotted with the flashlights of the troops. Every frosted window emitting a pale orange glow was a pub, a "public place," for a series of experiments, happily consummated, with bitters, ale and "'alf and 'alf." The English girls, hatless and red legged, had broad smiles, characteristic accents, and warm natures. You could hear their soft laughter and American wisecracks in all the pubs, along the dark streets in the center of town, from doorways, and other private

Division Softball Champs, 1944





Captured Jerry gun fired by 335th

spots which the varied architecture and crooked streets of England make possible.

Thanksgiving dinner was eaten in Tytherington Hall, a good meal of turkey, sweet potatoes and pumpkin; a crucial meal for the cooks who were finding dehydrated foods becoming a larger part of the rations.

At night (2230) of the 26th of November the motor convoy left Macclesfield for the marshalling area. It was a long trip during which Jevitt of Baker Battery went off the road with his weapons carrier and shook up the men he was carrying. Service battery got them going a few hours later.

The next day at 2200 the battalion reached the marshal-

ling area and after parking the vehicles with hundreds of others in a huge motor park, the men ate hot C rations and found a place in the permanent tents in the area.

The following morning, after a long wait in the rain during which LaCasse of Baker Battery had his forehead sewed up after having walked during the early morning darkness and rain, into some large rusty machine in the area, the convoy left Weymouth, England, for the docks. Before boarding the LSTs which were to take the troops to France, the battalion passed through a Red Cross Hut for doughnuts and coffee. The girls were getting prettier all the time!

The last chance to use shillings and ha-pennies came a few

Prisoners of 335th



minutes later when the small shops near the docks yielded newspapers, bread and buns.

The LSTs were boarded at 1145 hours, November 28 and the trip began at 0810 hours on November 30.

The LST voyage was a very pleasant experience. The ships were American; they were clean; the channel was smooth and the sun was warm. Through the loudspeakers of the ships came good American music from "the States" and at regular intervals, the news. The food was familiar, and good. After sitting outside of Le Havre for almost twelve hours, the voyage continued up the Seine River.

Except for those who had had a good look at Liverpool in the day, the gutted houses along the river were the first evidences of the damage of war. Now and then behind the trees someone would see a wrecked German vehicle or tank. Burned houses, exploded houses and bombed out factories lined the river. A few small ships sat on the river's bottom, revealing only their stacks or a portion of the deck.

Debarcation was at Rouen on December 2, 1944 at 0845 hours. The elevators of the LST's carried the vehicles from the upper deck to the lower deck to be disgorged through the huge gaping mouths of the vessels.

Motor convoy took the battalion through part of Rouen, through Totes, to St. Saens. The French flags were clean and bright, flapping from short poles from the upper stories of the houses. The people stopped to wave or cry out to the troops. A little girl threw a handful of flowers into a jeep and a woman ran laughing from a store and tossed small green apples to the men riding on the tractors.

Pup tents were put up in the fields and continuous rains fell on them and the troops until December 6, when the trip to Metz, France got under way at 0600. The planned route took the battalion through St. Saens, Gournay, Beauvais, Compie Give, Soissons, Rheims (where a few alert men caught a glimpse of the famed cathedral), Valmy, Ste. Menehould, Verdun, Etain, Jarney, and Chambley. The French along the way were very friendly. Their houses were small and poor—old stone and wood. The narrow roads which looped through the villages were rough or muddy, and bordered by large piles of drying manure which had been built a short distance from the doorways of the houses. Here again was evidence of war's destruction, the roofs burned to webbing, the crumbled stone walls, a house with its side gone, revealing the small rooms with their rose wallpaper and pictures on the walls—as though the house was on a stage.

Very tired from driving and no sleep, the convoy reached Chambley at 0430 in the morning. One of the tractors was still back on the road since the long fast movement had worn out a total of twelve bogie wheels on the M-5 tractors. The men were billeted in a church, old houses, and a long empty chicken coop.

The next morning the familiar rain was falling. A few men were briefly entertained by a French woman who brought them hot cups of coffee and cognac. A family in one of the small houses gave the hot water from their stove to the men so that they could wash and shave, balancing their helmets full of water on the fenders of the vehicles or on the tarp of the trailers. In the doorways of the houses, out of the rain, K boxes were opened and the flat round cans of pork meat, the chocolate bars, and the medicine tasting crackers were eaten for breakfast.

"Do you know what day this is?"

"Hell no. Who cares?"

"It's December 7, Pearl Harbor."

"Well I'll be damned—and we're moving up today."

INTO THE COMBAT ZONE

With D ration chocolate in their mouths the troops



Tractor repair along the roadside

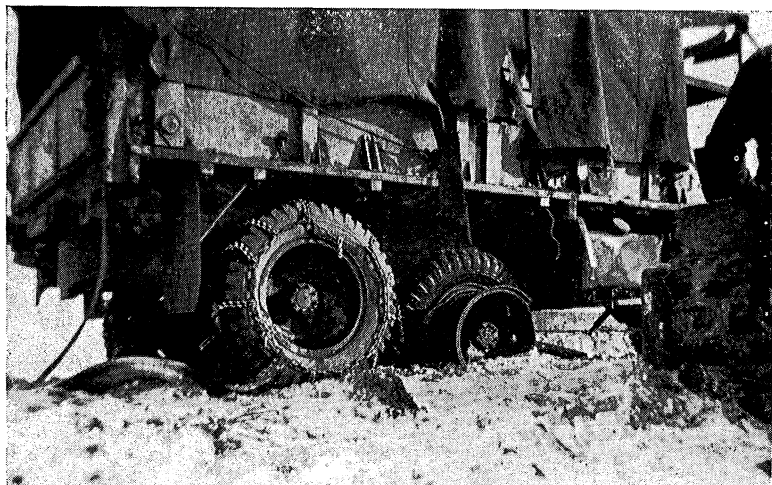
mounted their trucks and the trip continued, leaving Chambley at 1345 on December 7. The basic load of ammunition had been drawn, and it was the move into the combat zone. No one of the men knew where he was going.

The convoy passed through St. Benoit, Thiucourt, St. Rara, Mousson, Cheval-Blanc and Metz.

There were fox holes along the road now, old ones, filled with wet yellow straw and water. There were green coats half covered with mud, and helmets. As the convoy neared Metz there were zigzag trenches, carefully constructed, lined with small logs and buttressed with planks, extending as far as one could see across the fields. They were familiar, World War I type trenches.

The dead were animals. Cows and sheep and horses lay in the fields, on their sides so that their rounded bellies

Damaged by mine



seemed abnormally large; sometimes a horse was just a head and tail and four legs attached to a cage of ribs. Mines? Shell fragments? Both, probably. Everyone looked at the black shapes, silent and unmoving. If that can happen to animals. . . .

Metz was blacked out, and the convoy was sent the wrong way by an M. P. Vehicles jammed the streets of the city so that jeeps with worried commanders had to climb the sidewalks and run along the lawns. The sky was lit up every few seconds. The sound of shells landing was muffled, but unmistakable.

"Have they shelled Metz lately?"

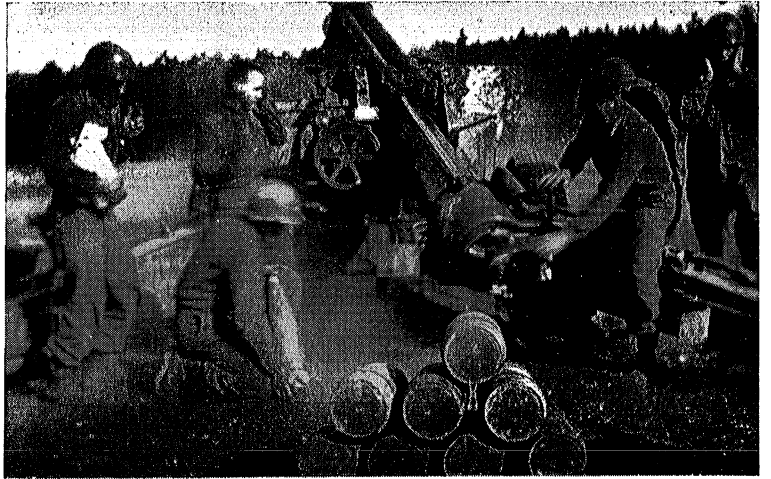
"Who knows? Do you know?"

Things began to be straightened out. The batteries started coming in one by one to their first firing position. Someone called out to a lieutenant on the corner.

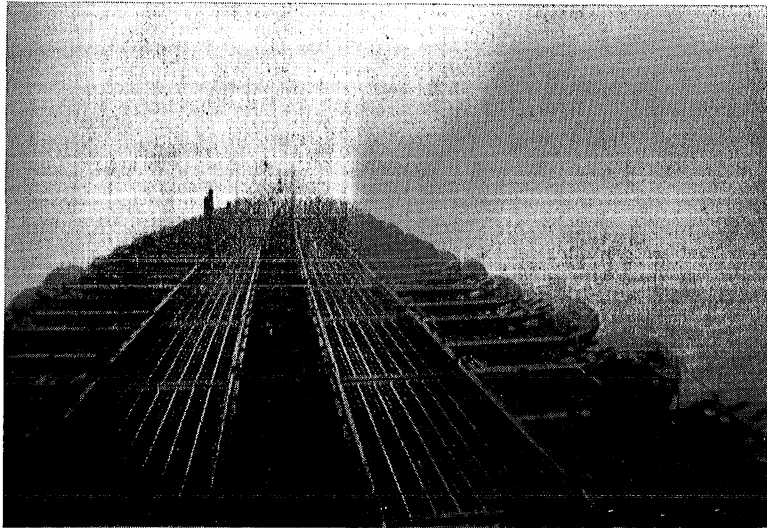
"Hey, you look scared!"

"Well, I guess maybe I am."

The orders were to fire on Forts Driant and Jeanne D'Arc, two fortified knolls west of Metz. The battalion was assigned to III Corps, Third Army under Lt. Gen. Patton. The first round in registration upon the forts was at 0930 on



M-1 howitzer firing in Germany



Crossing the Rhine under smoke



Street scene, Plauen, Germany

the 8th of December. A liaison plane from the 224th Field Artillery Battalion completed the registration.

At noon a battalion concentration was fired—all three batteries—and an order was received from Division Artillery to cease fire on Fort Driant as a white flag had been shown by the Jerries.

The howitzers were firing from a field location near a railroad track running from the main railroad yards of Metz. The field was covered with American propaganda leaflets and German ammunition—potato masher grenades, machine gun bullets, rifle bullets, etc.

For three days the battalion fired on Fort Jeanne D'Arc, changing on December 10 to fire on the perimeter of the fort instead of within it.

French guards joked with the troops who could stammer out some French and gave them a mixture of cocoa and coffee to drink. A few men from the battalion visited the Cathedral at Metz, a large beautiful edifice in the center of the city. In the crowded cafes were many fairly well dressed French, and American soldiers. The change was often in small tarnished Nazi francs.

Herbitzheim, France, was the next stop, a woods for temporary bivouac which the battalion occupied the night of December 11. It rained all night and several vehicles sank into soft earth up to their fenders and had to be winched out.

At 1300 hours the following day the batteries left that area and moved to Woelfling, France, going into position east of the village. 74 rounds were fired on enemy positions.

There was enemy shelling on the way to this position and while in position. In Charlie Battery, Capt. Donnelly found a shell fragment in his bed and Sgt. Ripley found two holes in a tarp he had put up to cover himself during the night.

It didn't require much practice to move to the ground when the shells started coming in. The strange quick swish of sound, and then the sudden sharp full crack of the explosion just automatically, it seemed took a man off his feet and put him in the bottom of a fox hole. And to every shaking man it seemed that each shell was headed directly for him. No matter how many missed, it was always going to be the next one.

Lynam was the first casualty. He was squeezed between two trucks in Woelfling. His injuries were slight but he was sent to the rear for a few days, and his wife received word that he had been wounded in action.

The battalion liaison planes were flying on the front, attempting to discover the carefully concealed enemy. The men on the ground could see the machine gun tracers and the black balls of flak appear near the planes, and the small

Cub diving toward the ground to escape. Although there was more anti-aircraft fire in the Saar battles than later on in the Battle of Germany, the planes escaped without a hole.

The artillery fire from our guns was directed on cross roads, enemy held towns, suspected enemy positions, vehicles, tanks, and half tracks. On the 14th of December the front lines advanced 1,500 yards in the direction of the battalion concentrations. Fire was placed on targets holding up the advance of the 87th doughboys, starting in the morning and continuing for half an hour as a preparation for the daily infantry jump-off. During the night the battalion fired harassing and interdiction fires on the enemy.

On the 17th of December the battalion moved to Ober-Gailbach. The infantry had left the town a short time before. Shattered equipment and bodies covered the area. The enemy and our infantry were not far from the new position, beyond a ridge in Germany. The battalion had observers in Germany to direct artillery fire from the ground. During the day a plane came over, a Jerry plane strafing, but it was shot down by American anti-aircraft. For the first time in the war some of the battalion's machine gunners got a chance to fire and machine guns all over the area opened up.

The battalion fired on seven enemy batteries and six tanks the next day and continued harassing and interdiction fire for the next three days.

In Bliesbrücken on December 22, the battalion became part of the Seventh Army (XV) Corps. Captain Dionne out with his survey crew, hurrying them along, followed vehicle tracks through a mine field, past the signs and white tape, with his crew behind him, taping and measuring the angles.

The following day the 335th moved to Dieuze—a cold road march. The convoy passed through Bliesbrücken, Rohrbach, Saare Union, Fenetrance, Dieuze to Kerprich (near Dieuze). The men slept in pastures, sheds, and a barn.

Perhaps the barn was appropriate for Christmas, but it wasn't pleasant. On Christmas day the Division Artillery chaplains visited the battalion and held services in the afternoon in a hay shed. There was turkey for dinner.

Many of the men attended services in a French church which had been damaged by bombs and enjoyed the wine and schnapps which the citizens of the village liberally provided.

Two hours before midnight on Christmas Day the trucks and tractors started to roll again, through Kerprich, Dieuze, Moyenvic, Xermaméni, Bayon, Tantonville, Colombey-les-Belles, Vancouleurs, Houdelain Court, Ligny-en-Barrois, St. Dizier, Chalons, Les-Deux-Maisons, Biene, Nauroy. One tractor was evacuated because of damage after sliding into a stone wall off the icy road. For three days the battalion stayed in bivouac position, inspecting, drawing supplies, getting ready for the next move.

An alert notice for the move came on the 29th and then the cold journey continued—to the Belgian front. We passed through Pont-Faverger, Isles, Rethel, Villaine, Lonny, Charleville, Pussemange, Bouillon to the vicinity of Bertrix.

From the rendezvous area, after reconnaissance, the batteries moved to their firing positions. A tractor from Able Battery driven by Corporal Evans and carrying Cummings, Smith, Arrigona, and Maier met a truck coming along the narrow road. The driver turned the tractor so that one track was traveling about a foot and a half off the road, rolling in the snow. There was an explosion, smoke covered the men in the tractor who had been knocked off their seats and thrown around with blankets, overcoats, and equipment. A hole had been blown through the bottom of the tractor and the sudden force injured the driver's neck and threw open a door in the floor, banging Cummings' foot.

A mine detector showed two more mines under the tractor and one under the trailer—full of ammunition. The detector also showed that earlier in the day a tree had been dragged over one mine and the truck had straddled the mine on the way back.

The next day Col. Hardin registered the battalion on a check point and the howitzers fired 254 rounds during the day and night.

By this time the battalion was getting accustomed to snow. Once in a while someone would stand up between fire missions and look around at the Belgian countryside. With its small hills, small clear brooks and woods of evergreens, Belgium seemed to be made for snow. Ordinarily the beauty

Colonel Hardin and Captain Dionne with cast of "Big Jack's Crackerjack Review" in Saalfeld, Germany



of the country was spoiled by having C rations for lunch, by a stove that smoked up and wood that wouldn't burn, or a tent that dripped melting frost in the mornings—or by the thought that uncomfortable as it was for the artillery, it was worse for the doughboys with a hole in the hard earth beneath the snow to keep the wind off them.

The tents were in the woods. One night Sgt. Ryan was standing outside of his tent and saw four men go by, far enough away in the darkness so that he could not recognize them. One of them was caught in the barbed wire of a fence that had been pushed over. The sergeant came closer and saw the boots and pants of a Jerry.

"Halt!" he yelled, and then ran and fell to the ground behind a tree just as the German fired toward his tent. In the dark Sgt. Ryan fumbled with his carbine, trying to keep his numbed fingers from shaking, and pushed the release catch instead of the safety, dropping his clip of ammunition into the snow. He searched for it frantically, found it, but couldn't get it back in. He could hear the Jerry cocking his piece and firing in his direction.

Suddenly his helmet went back on his head and his ears were ringing. He had been hit in the arm. The man was on him, rolling with him, trying to get the rifle. He yelled for a second time "Help!" He kept his foot in the sling of the rifle so the Jerry couldn't pick it up. Someone was coming through the woods, and the enemy ran off.

Sgt. Ryan got up but no one was there. He walked off through the woods, dazed and groggy. There was a shape—again he heard someone putting a round into the chamber. He could not speak; his throat was dry. Finally he managed to make the sounds come out and Lt. Tindell, who had intercepted him, held his fire.

There was someone else coming through the woods, making the kind of sound, thuds and branches breaking, which meant he couldn't see.

He was calling out as he came.

"Now, if somebody'll just challenge me, I'll tell them who I am. If you'll just say something, I'll identify myself. I'm Captain Wright."

Two days later the battalion moved over icy roads to a new position near Freux. The wheeled vehicles had to assist the tractors to pull the howitzers and the move was very difficult.

One tractor from Able Battery missed a turn and went into a town which was still in the process of being captured. The infantrymen got behind the tractor and fired from behind its protective cover. The ice on the road made it almost impossible for Holloway, the driver, to turn around.

The S-2, Capt. Dionne, with his driver and radio operator, registered the battalion. The driver was Pfc. Russell R. Wright and the radio operator was T/5 Frank M. Fahrer. These two enlisted men were awarded the bronze star for establishing an observation post in a building which they knew was under direct observation of the enemy. The citation states (for both men) "His heroic actions and fearless determination were vital to the success of the accurate fire placed upon the enemy positions and the successful completion of the mission."

A contest for the best gun section was held on January 6, 1945, and the second section of Baker Battery won. During the day the firing of the battalion in the battle for Tillet was described by an infantry platoon leader in the *Acorn News*, the 87th Division newspaper: "The ability of the 335th Field Artillery Battalion to lay a blanket of fire exactly where it is wanted was demonstrated in the battle for Tillet. An infantry leader, 2nd Lt. Glenn J. Doman, Company K, 346th Regiment, has reported that he called for fire on enemy positions on all four sides of the house he was using as an improvised fortress. The 335th, through a five-hour period, placed the fire so accurately that it stymied every attempt of the enemy to storm the place from distances as little as fifty yards away. At times during the battle, Lt. Doman called for bursts within twenty yards of his building—not one friendly shell or fragment touched any of the men in the besieged house."

Some shelling was observed falling several hundred yards from the battalion position on January 7. One round, a dud, fell in Able Battery's gun position.

Freux-Menil was the next battalion position in which the 335th stayed for five days, firing on a variety of targets—tanks, command posts, personnel, towns, and supply points. One battery was in position to fire upon St. Hubert.

By January 12 the enemy had begun its rapid withdrawal from the St. Hubert-Tillet area, and the displacement of the battalion to Tillet on January 13 did not bring the artillery within range of the Germans. Two days later the 335th

Up the gang plank of the S. S. Marine Fox in the harbor at Le Havre



moved to Luxembourg and once again the difficulty with icy roads was encountered, but the experience of the chiefs of sections of the batteries minimized the trouble. The route took the battalion through Recogne, Arlon, Luxembourg, No. 1 and 14, Graulinster, Luxembourg No. 2, Sandweiler, Beyren. Headquarters and Service Batteries moved into Beyren at 0330 on January 16. The three firing batteries were on the road all day and moved into firing positions by 2300 near Berbourg, Luxembourg, having traveled from Tillet through Wecker to Berbourg.

On the 17th of January Baker Battery received some counter-battery fire but suffered no casualties. There was more shelling the next day. The following day Able battery was fired on, once at 1430 and again at 1930. During the shelling in the evening T/5 Joseph J. Kapinus was killed in action, a fragment having penetrated his chest, and Corporal Herbert V. Zerkel was seriously wounded in action and died the next day in the city of Luxembourg at the 104th Evacuation hospital.

One gun was left in the old position to fire harassing and interdiction fires when the two batteries moved to alternate positions. The battalion's fires were primarily on enemy gun batteries during this period, with some fire on pillboxes and ammunition dumps.

On the 19th the Division Commander, General Culin, received the Bronze Star which he accredited to the work of the division as a whole.

Relieved by the 76th Infantry Division, the battalion moved again through Steinfort, Arlon, Bastogne, Houffalize, Gouay, Limerle, Hautbellain. The area around Bastogne provided a great deal of evidence of the long battle there. American and German tanks with their tracks blown off and their turrets black with smoke lay beside the road. Fallen aircraft were scattered in the fields. Almost every tree was scarred by shell fragments.

The town of Houffalize was completely devastated, its houses all blown to rubble. No house had a roof and the walls that were left were half fallen and ruined.

Colonel Hardin was awarded the Bronze Star on January 27 for his ability to move the battalion to positions where its fire power was most helpful to the assaulting forces.

Galhausen, Belgium, was reached on January 28 and fire on enemy assembly areas was delivered. In Brietfeld, to which the 335th moved on January 30, the battalion commander rejected a command post which had been chosen because the dead enemy soldiers who occupied an adjoining room made the air too unpleasant. The road march to this position was hindered by a great amount of traffic on the road.

Lieutenant Dionne, Battalion S-2, was promoted to Captain, and Lieutenants Baker and Epsaro were promoted to First Lieutenants on February 1, the day the 335th moved to Schonberg, Belgium. Part of the move was made over roads repaired by working parties from the battalion.

Billets were hard to find in Schonberg because of the large number of troops. When Headquarters Battery gave up their rooms to Division Headquarters, except for one room to be used as a fire direction center, it moved to German dugouts in the vicinity of the firing batteries.

Colonel Hardin and Captain Dionne went on reconnaissance near Auw, Germany, for an observation post. While going around a building Captain Dionne came upon a German soldier in a doorway, called "Halt!" and took him prisoner. When he called "Colonel!" there was no answer until the Colonel came cautiously around the corner of the building with his pistol drawn. General Culin took the Jerry to the rear on the hood of his jeep.

The registration was completed on a road junction and then TOT (Time on target) fire was directed on a Tiger Tank—which turned out to be a horse and wagon. The fire had good effect.

On February 3 the battalion moved to Manderfeld, Belgium, a position it was to occupy for a month.

Manderfeld was a compact, rather dirty town. The streets were several inches deep in watery mud; the houses were small and old. The firing batteries were sloughed down in fields where the trucks, tractors, and soldier traffic had whipped up and deepened the mud.

The quality of the mud was best illustrated by the experience of Pvt. Mortimer Blair of Charlie Battery. He was an ammunition handler but he decided to help the wire section by laying a line from the wire section to the fifth section. His first step brought mud up to his ankles. That was to be expected, so he continued. The next few steps brought him up to his knees, but he was a little closer to his goal, and he continued. Finally, despite his efforts to find a hard bottom, he was up to his chest in mud and had to be pulled out with ropes.

The enemy shelled the town and the surrounding area considerably. The battalion was close enough so that men in Charlie Battery could see the smoke from registrations on a ridge in the Siegfried Line. As Baker Battery was moving into position a shell fell and wounded Pfc. Herbert A. Dudley. A few days later the enemy attempted counter-battery fire with what appeared, from the fragments to be a 380-mm. railroad gun. The shells passing overhead sounded like freight trains and gave the impression that if they dropped in the vicinity the whole battery would disappear.

A great deal of firing on the enemy was done from this position. It was the pause before the Siegfried assault. The ammunition was brought up to the batteries from rear areas over almost impassable road, deep in mud, filled-in corduroy roads made of small trees. Lieutenant Dolginko and his crew sweated those trips out.

The poor condition of the roads slowed up supplies, making air transportation of essential supplies necessary. C-47s in long formations flew in, circling a few hundred feet above the ground, to drop the boxes by parachute.

Among the targets fired by the battalion, besides the customary H and I fires, were personnel on an O.P., a tank—destroyed by direct hits, a house with enemy troops—five direct hits.

Colonel Hardin returned 51 rounds of German ammunition to the Jerries by firing it from a captured 15.2-cm. gun-howitzer. A target hit was scored on a large house on the enemy side of the dragon teeth of the Siegfried Line. The fire was adjusted from the air with Lieutenant Bartz as pilot and Lieutenant McGreal as observer. The acting chief of section was Sergeant Murray (D.J.) of Charlie Battery, resting from his job as mess sergeant.

On February 26, the mission of the battalion was changed to general support. The doughboys had begun to work their way through the dragon teeth, log, iron and wire obstacles, and the well defended pillbox area around the town of Ormont, Germany. Lt. Sweeney and Lt. Enders were with the 346th Infantry Regiment to bring artillery fire on points holding up the advance. The following day two enemy mortar positions were neutralized, four direct hits were scored on tanks, and three enemy vehicles were destroyed—plus other damage inflicted by a total of 442 rounds.

The 10,000th round fired by the 335th was fired at 0003 on February 8. On March 2 the battalion averaged one round every two minutes during an 11-hour period. Baker Battery had fired the 10,000th round and lead the firing on March 2 by firing nine battery volleys in one and one-half minutes in one concentration.

These facts indicate the volume of fire which was continually directed upon the enemy. Proof of the effectiveness of this fire, in addition to results observed, was the testimony of Jerry PWs who stated that they could not stand the force and accuracy of American artillery fire.

The dragon teeth and pillboxes of the Siegfried Line could be seen from the battalion's next position in Krewinkel, Belgium. The displacement was by battery so that continuous fire could be delivered during the move.

March 6 T/5 Comer of Able Battery drew the battalion's first 30-day furlough to "The States" and the rest of the men who had been sweating it out continued to work on the enemy.

Germany was entered by the battalion on March 7, on the move to Stadtkyll, Germany. Two men hit mines that day—T/5 Keller and Cpl. Belack. Cpl. Keller was mail clerk and when his jeep hit the mine he was thrown out of the jeep accompanied by a snowstorm of mail. Cpl. Belack was on his way to the Division Artillery Command Post on a road that was supposedly clear of mines when the explosion beneath his jeep occurred. Cpl. Keller suffered a broken leg, and Cpl. Belack was badly shaken up.

Pfc. Miller of Charlie Battery was on a forward party with his jeep and stopped to fix a flat. Enemy snipers with rifles and machine guns shot at him as he was working. He moved around to the other side of the jeep to work on a second flat which had developed, finally finished, discovered a third flat and fixed it before he could continue.

The battalion moved up to Birgel, then to Mirbach, on March 8. The following day the battalion moved back to Birgel since the situation was such that the division's troops were not needed. T/5 Blasco and T/5 Baker were both wounded by mines which their trucks ran over.

The move to positions near the Rhine was on March 13 when the 335th moved to Bassenheim. Able Battery fired the first shell from the battalion across the Rhine. From the position fire was directed upon Koblenz.

The move into Guls, a small town on the Moselle River,

was made on March 16 by infiltration of advance elements, under enemy observation, and then by the rest of the battalion under cover of darkness. This position was so close to the enemy that a mortar squad was located in the yard outside of the house in which Colonel Hardin's command post was set up. They were firing at enemy positions across the river. The tactical characteristic of the 335th of staying close to the enemy in order to reach further into the enemy lines with medium artillery fire earned the battalion the name of "Big Jack's Mortar Battalion."

The next day a few rounds of enemy artillery fell in the area, slightly wounding T/5 Gendron but causing no other damage.

During this period the battalion continued to fire upon targets on the enemy side of the Rhine. Several forts which were built on the high bluffs on the eastern side of the river were fired upon, among them Forts Ehrenbreitstein and Ahrenstein.

Captain Dionne and Captain DiMascio, were interviewed and received publicity in newspapers in the States. During the interview Captain DiMascio told the reporter that Captain Dionne was the fifth cousin of the Dionne quintuplets and that information was faithfully recorded for American readers.

A few days later, Captain DiMascio, who had done an excellent job as Assistant S-3 in Fire Direction Center, was returned to the hospital where he had been previously examined for a non-tactical injury in his back. He was evacuated to England. Lieutenant Cherry was then assigned as Assistant S-3 and continued in that capacity for the rest of the campaign.

Major Hicks and Lieutenant Burnett took over the government of Guls during the brief stay in that town.

The second 30-day furlough to the United States was granted to T/5 Vito Deo of Charlie Battery.

On March 23 the battalion moved to Macken, Germany, crossing the Moselle on a pontoon bridge, passing through the towns of Winningen, Dieblach, Niederfell, Oberfell, to Macken. The following day the batteries went into position near Bucholz and registered with air observation, the usual procedure. From this position preparatory fires were delivered to soften up the area for the infantry assault across the Rhine. The battalion was assigned to a task force following the Rhine crossing.

On March 26 Colonel Hardin and Lieutenant Cherry crossed the Rhine on the engineer's pontoon bridge, under cover of smoke pots—the third vehicle across. The crossing was at the town of Boppard. The first elements of the battalion crossed the Rhine at 1400 and went into position in Filsen as the first artillery of the division to cross the Rhine.

Before midnight the battalion had moved to Dachshausen, a short time after the infantry had passed through. Fire was delivered on targets called in by the task force, a fast moving column of American tanks and doughboys. The survey crew was fired on with high bursts but except for a ripped glove, no damage was done.

Air observation was a great assistance to the task force. The cub observers spotted road blocks, enemy guns, and personnel before the task force contacted them. One evening's firing which was successful, exposed Lieutenant D'Orazio and Lieutenant Epsaro to a large amount of enemy anti-aircraft fire from three directions.

March 28 the 335th moved into position near Oelsburg and its mission was changed to general support, reinforcing the fires of the 334th Field Artillery Battalion. By 2030 that night the unit moved again—to Mittelfishbach. The infantry was moving fast, by-passing small groups of Germans which were picked up by mopping up details. From this time until the end of the campaign the artillery played a large part in the capture of prisoners and the disposal of them in prisoner-of-war enclosures.

On March 29 the battalion moved into Kirberg, and fired to support an infantry column held up by SS troops. The next day it moved to Brandoberndorf and the day following to Langenbach.

At Brandoberndorf Corporal Strange, Private First Class Spink and Private May went to a barn for straw, discovered three Germans and took them to the PW enclosure. They returned for the straw and captured two more Jerries. Rather exasperated, they took another route and captured three more. By the time they got the straw it was very dark.

While in Langenbach the battalion performed maintenance on the vehicles, rested, and went fishing.

The ration truck was ambushed on March 31 as it was coming over the crest of a hill. It was fired on by machine guns from the woods. The driver, Pfc. Webb, expertly turned the vehicle around and escaped down the road with

the large vehicle and trailer. Sgt. Helbling was killed immediately by a round which had come through the side of the truck. Warrant Officer Zeigler was shot in the arm and suffered a severe fracture, and Pfc. Gallagher and Pfc. Webb were also wounded.

One of the famed superhighways of Germany was traveled on for fifty miles during the move to Petersburg, near Hersfeld. On April 6, a move was made to Auwalienburg, a fifty mile trip. Service Battery captured three snipers and killed one when the column was ambushed.

In Floh, to which the battalion moved on April 7, a prisoner was captured in the woods near the position. Four men left on pass for the Riviera. The next day, in Tambach, forty-two prisoners were taken. Results of the previous day's artillery fire were easily found—demolished road blocks, buildings, and dead Germans. While on reconnaissance mortar shells fell around the party, wounding T/Sgt. Ratliff in the arm.

April 11, the battalion was in Plauen and Behringen. In fired on the day before, and went into position on the west side of a high ridge which some other artillery unit was firing on, eliminating some snipers before the doughboys mopped up. From this time until the end the troops were on the move. Everyone was getting tired of K rations. April 11, the battalion was in Plauen and Behringen. In Nahwinden some enemy mortar and artillery shells fell and caused two minor casualties in Charlie Battery, Pfc. Bohr and Cpl. Hayes. Fragments struck the vehicles but there was no serious damage.

Friday the thirteenth was bad luck—for the Jerries. Fourteen prisoners were taken by the battalion in an eighteen mile advance; the battalion was in four firing positions, having displaced forward three times; 222 rounds were fired. The towns occupied that day were Lichtadt, Schaala, Etzelbach.

On the fifteenth the 335th moved to Herschdorf, then to Gegau, capturing seventy-six Jerries en route. The next day it was on the road again to Zuelenroda, then Dobia—more prisoners.

During these fast moves the vehicles were packed with route markers, and their hoods and fenders were covered with captured prisoners. On one move a German made a motion toward his knife and was killed by a route marker. Before he died he was dragged along the road by some liberated slave-laborers and dumped at the end of a column of Jerries lined up for questioning. An old man and boy, enemy soldiers, came down the road with their bicycles, waving blue cloths. They were taken, searched for P-38s and Lugers, and put on a Jeep hood. The old man started to cry—he thought Major Casteel was going to shoot him when he motioned him toward a ditch. He stopped crying when a lieutenant snapped out the words "Stop whining!" in German, which he had learned when he had seen a mother scolding her child for crying because American troops had taken over their home.

Hartmannsgrun was reached on April 17. The infantry had reached a limiting line. Fire missions continued, but there was time during that and subsequent days for movies, washing, maintenance, ball games, etc. On the 20th seven rounds of estimated 150-mm. shells fell in Service Battery's area forcing them to move to the other side of town. Colonel Hardin determined the direction of fire from a study of the shell holes and gave the information to the air observer, Lt. McGreal, who was patrolling the front. Because of the range and the haze the enemy gun, which was observed could not be accurately located and zone fire was placed in the area. The gun did not fire again. The enemy fire had killed an enlisted man, in the Engineers, and seriously wounded some others.

On April 22 the battalion was transferred to VIII Corps, First Army. On the 24th, Major Casteel, Pvt. Redfern, and T/Sgt. Lubinsky left for duty with the Military Government.

The Red Cross doughnut truck rolled into town on April 23. Men were leaving for Brussels and Paris. There were bets on the end of the war; it seemed that there was a good chance it would end for the 335th in Hartmannsgrun.

But there was one more move before V-E Day—to Eich, a few kilometers east. From that position, on May 6, the day the battalion went into firing position, zone concentrations totaling 147 rounds were fired by Able Battery with air observation, on Schonheide. The following day a cease fire order was received and as far as the artillery was concerned—the war was over!

In combat on the western front the 335th Field Artillery Battalion fired 23,855 rounds of 155-mm. ammunition, which means that 1,311 tons of high explosives were thrown upon the enemy.