

USA - ETO



REAR CO.



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HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

OF THE

**397TH INFANTRY
REGIMENT**



DEDICATED

To those men of this company who, in the service of their country, gave the ultimate for the peace that is now ours and is forever theirs.



FOREWORD

Many histories are being compiled now that the greatest war in the ages of the world is over. These histories will vary in text and in importance. Their relative values to civilization can only be measured by the severe critic—time. However, this is the history of a small organization—a company of infantry—and of the minor role it played in the drama of the United States of America at war.

On December 7th, 1941, Headquarters Company of the 397th Infantry Regiment was only an organization drawn up on paper. Men, who were later to become the life and the heart of the company, were living in quiet homes throughout the United States. War was a new thought in their minds—a thought they could not dismiss easily. The radios shouted the progress of the war—headlines became larger and more dramatic—the uniform took its place in the fashion plates of Esquire.

The Japs took the Philippines and the German penetrated deeper into Russia. Americans, civilians in uniforms, were storming their first beaches in Africa when Headquarters Company was activated at Fort Jackson, South Carolina.

A necessary phase of transformation—basic training—began in the winter of 1942. Old army men formed the cadre. Drawing from their experience and knowledge, the cadre carried on the prodigious task of producing soldiers from raw, independent thinking creatures called civilians. The task was not impossible, and, by the spring of 1943, the men began their specialized training. First a soldier—then radiomen, wiremen, scouts, drivers, mechanics and clerks.

The company of small units then worked together as one unit—with the regiment, with the division, and with the combat team. Every exercise, every field problem brought the company closer to combat—prepared them for it systematically. Further preparation was accentuated by participation in Tennessee winter maneuvers. Then, in the spring and summer of 1944, came the final phase of training at Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

By this time, the Yanks had made the Normandy invasion and were also fighting toward Rome. Large numbers of men were being called from the States to fill the gaps at the front. Headquarters Company was called on to send its share—the first direct support to combat operations. But the task of the company did not end there. New men were brought in from such units as the ASTP, the Air Corps, and from Coast Artillery outfits. These new men were subjected to a highly accelerated training program, which was completed in September, 1944 when the company was alerted for overseas shipment.

The barracks at Fort Bragg were closed. Men marched down the company street in full combat regalia. Somewhere at the head of the column a band played. The company had begun the move that would lead it to foreign shores—to the enemy.

COMPANY COMMANDER



Captain ALFRED H. WEILER

COMPANY



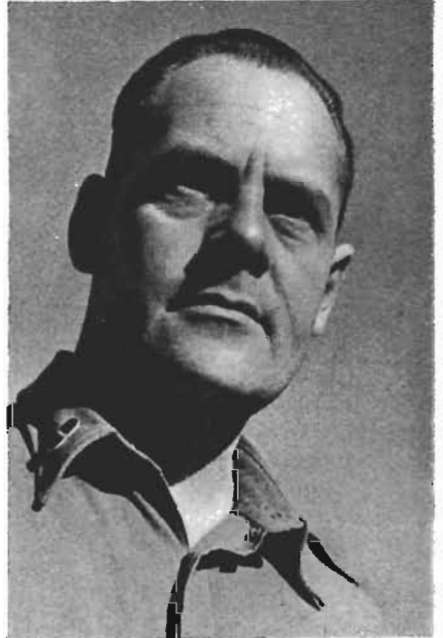
Captain Carl A. Johnson



Lt. Alan F. Goud



Lt. Albert H. Heineman



WOJG Leroy Van Winkle

OFFICERS



Lt. Kenneth H. Voelker



Lt. Harry Klaar



Lt. Alfred G. Peiffer

P E R T I N E N T D A T A

CAPT. ALFRED H. WEILER entered the army from Connersville, Indiana in July of 1942. After 13 weeks basic training, he entered OCS at Ft. Benning, Georgia graduating in November, 1942. He joined the division February 13th, 1943 as executive officer of L company, 397th Infantry Regiment, in which capacity he served until November, 1944 when he became the company commander. Capt. Weiler guided L company successfully through six months of continuous combat, and came to headquarters company on July 14th, 1945 as the commanding officer. He holds the Silver Star, Purple Heart (with cluster), and the Presidential Unit Citation.

CAPT. MARVIN L. BEAMAN is a regular army officer and has spent over 21 years in the service. Most of his time from 1924 to 1940 was spent with the ROTC unit in Tampa, Florida as supply sergeant. At the beginning of the national emergency in 1940, he went to OCS at Ft. Benning and after graduation he stayed there as personnel officer. In September of 1944 he was assigned to Headquarters Company as the company commander. He held this position until July, 1945 when he left the division with 102 points. At present Capt. Beaman is the commanding officer of Headquarters Company, 253rd infantry, 63rd division. He was awarded the Bronze Star.

CAPT. CARL A. JOHNSON came to the army from New Jersey in November of 1940. With the 8th division for basic training, he became a regimental message center chief with the rank of sergeant. He went to the 77th division in the cadre and soon rose to T-Sgt. In July, 1942 he began OCS at Ft. Benning, graduating in November, 1942 when he was assigned to the 397th Infantry. Capt. Johnson has served as communications officer of both the first and second battalions of this regiment, and, after attending the communications school at Ft. Benning, he became the regimental communications officer. He was promoted to 1st Lt. in September, 1943 and to Capt. in October, 1944 in St. Helene, France. Capt. Johnson is the holder of the Bronze Star.

LT. ALAN F. GOUD entered OCS at Ft. Benning on August 20, 1942 after completing basic training at Camp Croft, S.C. He was commissioned on 18, November, 1942 and came immediately to Headquarters company. Except for one brief period, Lt. Goud has been the executive officer of this company since that date. In combat he had the additional duty of controlling the Guard Platoon. He received the Bronze Star.

LT. ALBERT H. HEINEMAN entered the army from Utica, N.Y. on October 29, 1942. He took basic training with the 98th division in Camp Breckenridge, Ky., and was transferred to the 63rd division on May 5, 1943. He attended the intelligence school in September of 1944 and became a battalion intelligence non-com. He received a battlefield commission on May 9, 1945 as S-2 of the 1st Battalion, 255th infantry. In July, 1945 Lt. Heineman was assigned to headquarters company as I and R platoon leader. He holds the Bronze Star.

WOJG LEROY VAN WINKLE entered service from Brooklyn, on November 28, 1942, and went directly to the 100th Signal Company. There he trained as a radio operator, and became a team chief with the rank of technician fourth grade, and, later, was an instructor in the division radio school. On September 4, 1943, he was appointed Warrant Officer, Junior Grade, and was assigned to the 397th Infantry as assistant communications officer. Mr. Van Winkle holds the Bronze Star.

LT. KENNETH H. VOELKER went to OCS at Fort Benning in the summer of 1942, after basic training and maneuvers with the 97th division. Upon graduation he was assigned to the 86th division. He came to the 397th Infantry in June, 1944, and became the platoon leader of the I and R. He served in this capacity until February of 1945, when he was transferred to F company as the executive officer. Lt. Voelker has been awarded the Bronze Star.

LT. HARRY KLAAR was inducted into the army in June, 1941 from Portland, Oregon. He served with various infantry and tank destroyer outfits for two years, and rose to the rank of master sergeant. He attended the military intelligence training center at Camp Richie, and upon graduation in August on 1944 he was commissioned directly. After a short stay in England, he joined the 397th Infantry at Baccarat, serving as the head of the regimental interrogation team until the end of the war. At present, Lt. Klaar is acting as the liaison officer between this regiment and the Military Government.

LT. ALFRED G. PEIFFER, the former I and R platoon leader, entered the army at the age of fifteen from Manheim, Pennsylvania. In over 9 years in the army he has served with numerous outfits and has spent some time in the Hawaiian Islands. In April, 1944 he came to the 100th division with the rank of staff sergeant. As platoon sergeant of the I and R he became T-Sgt. and was commissioned in the field on April of 1945. Lt. Peiffer joined the 63rd division in July, 1945. He holds the Bronze Star.

COMPANY ADMINISTRATION



1st Sgt. Thomas F. Ross

ORDERLY ROOM

Necessary to every large organization of working men is a small group of administrative personnel, who in the infantry company are the first sergeant, company clerk, and mail clerk. To date there have been three First Sergeants in Headquarters Company, 1st Sgt. Erwin, M-Sgt. Cecil B. Coates, and 1st Sgt. Thomas F. Ross. Sgt. Coates, "Top", came to us from D company in November, 1943 and guided us through maneuvers and specialized training at Ft. Bragg. He was a just and efficient top-kick, always striving to help the men, and probably one of the easiest 1st Sgts. in the Army to get along with. His hopes of doing even more for the company in combat lasted from Baccarat to Raon L'Etape, when he left to become the regimental Sgt. Major. "Tommy" Ross took over there Job in a difficult period of the companys history. We were inexperienced in our first real days of the war and we were dealing in the lives of many men. Due to his adaptability and hard work, we performed our duties well and eventually earned the Meritorious Service Unit award.

Working behind the scenes in the Personnel Office is our company clerk, Walter Olson. He has charge of all the company records, an important, but often forgotten task. His devotion to the paper-work has succeeded in keeping these records up to date regardless of the large number of changes within the company.

Far out-doing Special Service or any other morale branch of the Army is our Mail Clerk, T-5 M.L. Carroll. Originally of the guard platoon, he began his present job at Bining when T-5 Harold Siegel left us. He works seven days a week—one hour a day—to bring a little joy into our sometimes monotonous lives.



M/Sgt. Cecil B. Coates



Sgt. Walter H. Olson



Tec 5 Michael L. Carroll



S/Sgt. Timothy J. O'Hare



Tec 5 Alfred E. Mack

SUPPLY ROOM

“The supply sergeant is the enlisted assistant of the company supply officer, under whose supervision he prepares requisitions for supplies and equipment, and maintains records of both organizational and individual property issued to the men . . . he is custodian of the property in the supply room . . . he supplies data for reports of survey, inventory and inspection reports, and statements of charges.” This is the Army definition of the duties of S-Sgt. Tim O’Hare. Since activation, Tim has issued, salvaged, and recorded every material object in the company except the men and their food. He has had his fingers in everything from the largest truck to the smallest pair of sox. T-5 Alfred Mack has the official title of armorer artificer but is, in reality, the second supply sergeant. These two have done a good job, and have our sincerest best wishes for the success of their Army store in the States.

MOTOR POOL



S-Sgt. Dominic J. Lepone

Those who perform their duties at the motor pool are divided into two sections: the maintenance section and the permanent drivers. In charge of all operations here is S-Sgt. Dominic Lepone, the regimental motor sergeant. Under "Lips" guidance the maintenance crew, T-4 Robert Munz and T-5 James Golden, have kept our vehicles in top condition from the States to Stuttgart. They have a fine record

after working in all types of weather and often with improvised facilities. The drivers, who in garrison were concerned mainly with a shiny brand of first echelon maintenance, drove and maintained their vehicles in this theater with a practical view. These men are on call 24 hours a day to drive anywhere and everywhere in often adverse weather conditions. They surely deserve much credit for the job they have done and are continuing to do. Cpls. Edward Sicko and Cicero Eubank, and Pfc. Frank Sketl drive for the staff officers; Pfc. J. F. Seifert for the company commander; and Pfc. Edward Sydor, Robert Krudner, and Edward Wildanger for the liaison officers.



Tec 4 Robert H. Munz



Tec 5 James W. Golden



Pfc. John F. Seifert



Cpl. Edward Sicko



Tec 5 Cicero C. Eubank



Pfc. Frank Sketl



Pfc. Edward G. Wildanger



Pfc. Robert N. Krudener



Pfc. Edward J. Sydor



Pfc. Anthony G. Drogosh



Tec 5 Louis Revillino



Pfc. William J. Lewis



Tec 4 Michael J. Katinsky



S-Sgt. Peter Brykailo



Tec 4 Salvatore Della Bella

KITCHEN

It has often been said that an army travels on its stomach, a statement which every soldier will bear out. In training the job of preparing the company's food was not too difficult because of regular hours, sufficient rations, adequate kitchen facilities. Our mess Sgt. and cooks have had the hard job of preparing bare and, sometimes, monotonous rations almost without a kitchen or help, and serving them at all hours of the day to this straggling company. We all appreciate the work of mess sergeants Pete Brykailo and Mike Katinsky, and cooks Della Bella, Jamison, Dieneman, Solomon, McMahon, and Woody, and realize now, with all of our griping, what an excellent job they have done.



Tec 4 Fred B. Jamison



Tec 4 Roscoe L. Solorton



Tec 5 Foy Woody



Pfc. McMahon

CP GROUP



S/Sgt. Phillip O. Davis



Tec 4 John J. Close



Tec 5 James E. Allgood



Pfc. Richard J. Mitchel



Pfc. Herbert Shauger

The remaining members of headquarters platoon have many different jobs and can only be classified together because of their connection to the regimental C.P. Often the butt of GI humor, they nevertheless have important tasks to do. Working as clerks for the staff officers, T-4 John Close, Pfc. Edward Paytas, Pfc. William Hennessy, and T-5 John Holland keep the C.P. orders and records straight and attend to the numerous small details always found in a headquarters of this size. Pfc. Richard "Snuffy" Michell has served as orderly for four different colonels and is now well experienced in the art of keeping regimental commanders satisfied. That laugh of Snuffy's and other qualities have made him one of the company's more colorful personalities. S-Sgt. Philip Davis and T-5 James Allgood cook for the staff officers and have been noted among the EM for the delicious work they turn out. The generator man and general electrical handy man of the C.P. and company is Pfc. Herbert Shauger. We who have tapped in on his lines surely appreciate his conscientious work in combat—and we apologize for all those fuses.

So ends the roster of headquarters platoon, a varied group of men and duties. They have all done their work well and have contributed much to the fine record of the company and regiment.



Albert Staley



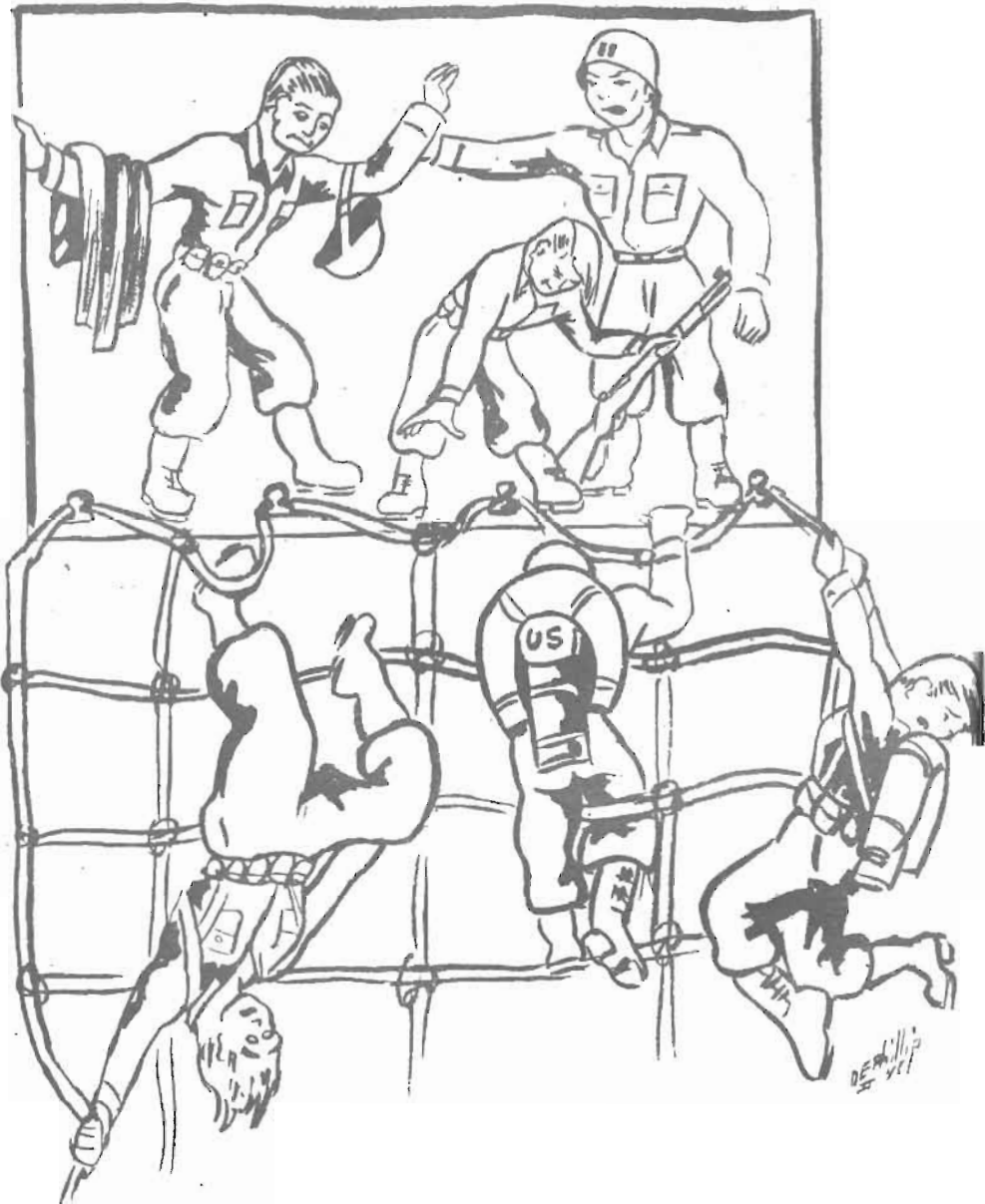
Edward Paytas



John D. Holland



USAT G. WASHINGTON



THE FIRST CROSSING

As a P.O.E., Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, did not meet Hollywood standards. The setting was much too drab, and the tasks too menial. Its very location was disturbing—so near and yet so far from New York City. Clothing was checked, additional clothing was issued, then all was rechecked. A mass production-like physical examination was given, which, naturally, everyone passed. Boat drills were given, and men scrambled down bulky cargo nets—a performance that was to be repeated some weeks later in the port of Marseilles. Twelve hour passes to the big city were handed out, and the troops saturated themselves with the last bits of Stateside civilization. Letters began to suffer from censorship, and bore the anonymous address of % Postmaster, New York, New York. Then came the alert. Rumors ran rampant. The war in Europe was looking good, and, even then, talk about occupation began.

On October 5th, 1944, things took a more definite turn. In the GI manner, the troop train was loaded at Kilmer. The train rolled out and the Jersey landscape rushed past. Troops gazed thoughtfully out the windows, and civilians waved at them. There was only one trouble—the civilians remained, and the troops were in that “going, going, gone” category.

It was dark by the time the men piled on the 44th Street ferry. They crowded the railings, smoked cigarettes, and commented on the blinking New York skyline. As the ferry neared the pier, an army band blared out in the prescribed fashion. The troops, getting into the spirit of the thing, marched off the ferry and into the services of the Red Cross.

And there it was, that last connecting link between the known and the unknown—the gang plank. Last names were read and first names given as the troops walked up the plank to the big USS George Washington—each man sagging under the combined weight of a full pack, horseshoe roll, duffle bag, steel helmet, and rifle.

The company filed through the boat, under the water line, to a condensed compartment labeled G-2. Equipment was stowed beside the triple decker bunks, and the first night was spent in the compartment while the ship waited in the harbour.

In the morning, the company was allowed on deck, and, while waiting in the breakfast chow line, the George Washington pulled slowly out of New York harbour. Life at sea had begun, with its crowded decks, salt water showers, rough seas, and a distaste for food. Money lost value and games of chance flourished.

Then, some ten days later, the first land was sighted—the Atlas mountains of Africa. Although brown and unfamiliar, it took away the timelessness of the rolling, endless ocean. The days were picturesque—the nights beautiful, with semblences of civilization blinking on shore at such points as Oran and Algiers. Former insurance men smiled inwardly as they passed Gibraltar. But, within the port of Marseilles, thoughts became more realistic. It was a striking view, but it was also the beginning.

On the night of October 20th, after an air-raid alert, the company loaded into an LST and went ashore. On shore the company went into a march formation, and, leaving only duffle bags behind, headquarters company marched through the darkened streets of Marseille.

They marched until one in the morning, stopping, finally, in an assembly area ten miles from Marseilles. As the company stopped, the rains began. For the next week and a half it was pup tents and mud.

In the assembly area, vehicles were acquired, equipment uncrated and readied for action. The first words of French were learned—the most useful words being cigarette and chocolat. Passes to Marseilles were issued. This concluded the preliminaries, and on October 29th the company was ready to begin the motor march to the front.

The trip was “C” rations, pitted French roads, destroyed German equipment, a cavalry stable in Valence, and a city park in Dijon. St. Helene was reached by the first of November, and the men were told they could write, “we are within sound of artillery fire.” Last minute preparations were made. On November 6th, replacing units of the 45th division, the company was on the front at Baccarat, France.

THE COMMUNICATIONS PLATOON



M-Sgt. Edward Witkowski

Newspaper and magazines have often given credit to the Signal Corps for all communications, but signal work done from the regiment to the front is done by infantrymen. All communications between regimental headquarters and battalion headquarters were maintained by the communications platoon of headquarters company, commanded by the communications officer, Captain Carl A. Johnson.

When this platoon is mentioned it is also necessary to mention "Chief", Master Sergeant Edward Witkowski. Chief came to headquarters company from the First Division, bringing with him tales of Oahu, Panama, and of his life in the R.A. His official title is that of regimental communications chief, and as such he is the non-commissioned officer in charge of the three sections of the platoon: wire, radio, and message center.

In addition to these prescribed sections, another section was formed just before the company entered combat: signal maintenance and supply. Under the supervision of WOJG Leroy Van Winkle, assistant communications officer, this unique section gave the regiment efficient repair and supply of all signal equipment.

The following pages of this section give a partial combat report of the activities of men in wire, radio and message center.

WIRE SECTION



T-Sgt. Frank A. Lekich

Following the basic pattern of “first a soldier then a specialist”, the wire section, after three months of basic training, began its specialized training in the spring of 1943 under the direction of Master Sergeant Witkowski and S-Sgt. “Pop” Darra. This first training at Fort Jackson, S. C. was the ground work for what was to follow—Tennessee maneuvers, advanced training at Fort Bragg, N.C., and, finally, combat in France and Germany.

In the spring and summer of 1944, many members of the section were sent overseas as replacements, and new men were brought in from air corps, ASTP, and anti-aircraft units. At this time, S-Sgt. Frank Lekich became regimental wire chief, and it was his charge to train and prepare the wire section for combat.

Intensive wire training continued through the hot summer months at Fort Bragg. Night problems, field problems, combat team exercises—all necessary to make the wire section a competent, efficient part of the regimental combat team. This training ended in September, and the section prepared its equipment for overseas shipment.

Night and day, the wire jeeps rolled out, repairing lines and putting in new lines as the front moved forward. Raon L’Etape, the first objective, was taken by the middle of November. The frontal elements moved forward rapidly, and, often, wire communications had to be extended eight and ten miles to maintain contact. The section became “combat-wise”—they understood the language of the 88 and the mortar.



Tec 5 Howard W. Griffin



Tec 5 Robert E. Horne



Tec 5 Thomas J. McPherson



Tec 5 Earl W. Parker



Tec 5 Samuel C. Worley



Pfc. Robert Pinkerton

Town after town it was the same. Move forward, find the battalions and lay the communication lines, keep the lines in repair, then move on again. The nerve system of the regiment—the link between the “brains” and the “muscles”. But the German realized this also, and continually kept the situation warm along the 110 lines.

For efficiency of operation, the wire section consisted of four wire crews and a switchboard crew. Three of the wire crews were responsible for the wire communications to each of the three battalions—the other wire crew, called the local crew, was responsible for communications within the regimental command post, and communications with attached units. These assignments varied from time to time during the period of combat.



Pfc. Guy P. Cochran



Pfc. Hayes F. Graves



Pfc. Harold R. Grubham



Pfc. Stephen P. Kabana



Pfc. Richard M. Lake



Pfc. Robert A. Ourada

Of the many situations that were encountered in combat, some are more prominent in the wireman's mind than others. A situation is best remembered when the hazard quantity has been great. Mouterhouse, France was an introductory phase, but was overwhelmed later at Bining.

Bining was uncomfortable for a number of reasons. The weather was inclement to the point of being miserable—snow, sleet, and freezing temperatures. Quarters for the troops were in gray, drab, dank French barracks. German artillery zeroed in continually—in the same breath, it may be said that communications were disrupted continually. The Luftwaffe came over several times, bombing and strafing the area, leaving the wire lines in a spaghetti-like fashion. Counter-attacks were eminent and alerts frequent. No, Bining is not likely to be forgotten.

In a lighter vein, the motor-march from the Siegfried to the Rhine has to be considered. It was almost a “rags to riches” episode—so great was the contrast



Pfc. John E. Planting



Pfc. John T. Soporowski



Pfc. Robert J. Stamp



Pfc. Carl D. Winge



Pfc. Stanley J. Wright



Pfc. Ernest Vetter

in going from France to Germany. The movement was too rapid for wire communications, and the wire section had a chance to relax. Luxuries of civilian life began to appear—electric lights, running water and comfortable beds. A champagne factory in Neustadt also added to this relaxation period. By the end of March, the regiment had crossed the Rhine and the war again took on its more normal poses.

Then, on April the 4th, the nine day battle for Heilbronn began. The weather was good, too good, as it offered the Germans, who held the high ground, south of the city, excellent observation of activities. Wiremen laid lines, repaired them under artillery barrages of all sizes and description—with the added threat of the rocket barrage. During this action, while laying a line to 3rd battalion, Pfc Robert Pinkerton was seriously wounded. Heilbronn may only be remembered as another



Pfc. Dwight E. Phillip



Pfc. Paul J. Olson



Pfc. Robert J. Vanderheyden



Pfc. Joseph T. Page



Pfc. Olli K. Rautio



Pfc. Kenneth J. Bell

phase of the war, but “Pinky” will always be in the heart and mind of those who worked and fought with him.

From Heilbronn to Stuttgart was like the calm after the storm. The war tapered off, and V-E day was announced while the wire section was billeted in Eislingen, Germany. A victory celebration was held to a minimum, for the Pacific front loomed heavy in the background. There was satisfaction in the wire section—they had proved themselves in combat. They had lived close and worked hard under all conditions. The spirit formed by these adversities is not likely to be lost when the men of the section go their way into civilian life.

SWITCHBOARD CREW

“FROLIC OPERATOR!—The correct time?—I’ll connect you with Frolic 11.” Well, the board isn’t busy at the moment, so I can tell you a little about what goes around the “Frolic” regimental switchboard. When we came overseas we were a small group of four with T-5 Earl Parker as chief operator, Bob Vanderheyden, Paul Olson, and Dwight Phillip making the TO for operators. When we entered combat, where we often had to install a forward board for more efficient operation, our family was increased to seven. “FROLIC!—Frolic 2 is busy, Sir—I can connect you with Frolic 3.”

Our usual set-up consisted of two or three switchboards, BD 72’s and 71’s, connected in parallel, handling an average of 30 lines. Keeping the boards in operation 24 hours a day, placing and servicing calls to and from the regimental CP, to higher and lower units, and attached outfits, and maintaining a constant check on the lines were our main duties. When a line was discovered out of order (perhaps a tank or artillery tore it up) we notified the wire chief who sent a crew out to repair it. “FROLIC Operator! Have you finished? Have you finished?”

a jack-of-all-trades, and along with the other boys, had a hand in building a switchboard from parts scrounged from Maginot Line pillboxes, trying to adapt a generator to furnish lights for the switchboard, working on the trailers we built to carry our junk, making candles from wax, and adapting a captured German board for our use.

His able assistant was Dwight "The Indian" Phillip, the man with the bed-roll and suitcase, who with his collection of this and that earned the title of "the man whose got it when you need it!". In his free time he managed to do a little painting, and act as the barber.

Robert "Shorty" Vanderheyden had us all sweating out the arrival of his wife's baby. It was a relief to us all when Sandra Lee finally arrived safely! Vandy earned quite a reputation as an unsurpassable chicken parboiler and wood cutter—let the chips fall where they may!

Junior "The Kid" Bell, the youngest Casanova of the gang, earned his place in the hearts of the men by his eager attention to their tales of wine, women, and song—and his reply "It's your turn to carry the pail of water" to anyone's implication that he should go for water there at Guisberg!

Sam "Barney Oldfield" Wood was the driver of our wire truck. Sam took his shift on the board when he wasn't driving or cleaning his truck.

Carl "Pillbox" Winge had joined us at Ingwiller, where he transferred from a wire crew to the switchboard. He earned that nickname at Guisberg when, looking for a little excitement, he suggested going out and capturing a pill box. Winge spent much of his off duty time patrolling with the I and R.

Stanley "Dark-Room" Wright became one of the gang when he took over the job of driving the wire truck shortly before we left Guisberg. Stan spent his spare time collecting photographic equipment and developing and printing film for the boys.

We have all shared a lot of memorable experiences, and one thing we never will forget is the phrase with which we have closed every call we have placed in the ETO—"FROLIC! Have you finished? Have you finished?" Finished, thank you.

MESSAGE CENTER



S-Sgt. Morris M. Sier

Message center duty in a command post is to facilitate the receipt and the transmission of messages. That, however, is only the army manual definition. Other incidentals are also taken care of. It is an information bureau, newspaper delivery agency, the bearer of M.P. reports and the paper work necessary in procuring a pass. Message center is a flexible link between the individual unit and the regimental CP.

The team is comparatively small for the variety of duties they perform. It is composed of a message center chief, code clerks, runners and drivers. Sier, Wallace, Sternberg, and Lemire have been with the organization since activation. Wilson and Sauchelli came in from the air corps, and Freese represents the ASTP. Childress was message center chief during combat, but he is now with the athletic section of the regiment, and S-Sgt. Sier has taken over the duties.

From a member of the group there is the following combat report:

"We were all eager when we hit the shore at Marseille. It was night when we landed, and we had to march to the outskirts of the town. There, we made final preparation for going into combat, also maintaining liaison between the regimental and division command posts. The work was not difficult, but it kept us from seeing more of Marseille. After eleven days of this, six of us moved to St. Helene with the company. Childress and Sauchelli remained in Marseille with the dummy radio station, and joined the rest of the section a week later.

Combat began for us when the company was located in Baccarat. Wilson was the first one to face the fire of the enemy. He went on a mission to Bertrichamps and was caught in a mortar barrage. We made repeated trips through the woods around Bertrichamps. By jeep when the roads were passable, otherwise, by foot. But the messages got through.



Thomas R. Childress



Cpl. Alfred Sternberg



Tec 5 Richard J. Wallace



Pfc. Paul A. Wilson

After the Vosges, came the action in the Bitche sector. Sier and Lemire will never forget the time they were caught in open territory with German planes flying low overhead. Sauchelli can probably give you the vital statistics regarding the road to Rimling and its direct observation. We always laughed at the experience Freese and Wilson had in Hottwiller, but it was no joke for them to be blown out of the jeep by the concussion from a rocket shell. Many such instances filled our combat days.

We did our job and did it well. ETOUSA thought so also and we received a special commendation from them, which the regiment still has in its files. The war is over now, and we'll probably be separated soon, but we'll never forget that family of ours."



Pfc. Pasquale J. Sauchelli



Pfc. Bertrand J. Lemire



Pfc. Royce G. Freese

RADIO SECTION



S-Sgt. Frank J. Jones

Any attempt in writing a complete history of the Radio Section should begin with its activation in the winter of 1942, and, in chronological order, record the days of early training, the problems of maneuvers and, finally, the last days at Ft. Bragg. However, such a story would, of necessity, concern itself with many men who left the section before the real test of training came, and slight those whose hard work, during the limited time allowed them in the States, made this the smoothly functioning organization it was on the eve of combat.

And, at this point, in a staging area near the port of Marseille, we take up our recital. There, as we finished the work of uncrating and checking our equipment, we determined that, as far as radio was concerned, there would never be a break in the communication system of the regiment. From that day on, when John Gould and "Chase" Hundley opened a dummy station to camouflage our movement to the front, until after V-E day, our radios ceased operation only once, and, in that instance, for security reasons. Once the move was completed, the regiment was in position at Baccarat. It was here, with the influence of T-Sgt. Diaz, that we began our first project—the conversion of an ordinary one-ton trailer into a mammoth signal maintenance and repair shop. With the direction of Dick Pillsbury, architect, all hands labored day and night to complete the work before the next move. As the result of this work, an able team of repairmen consisting of the various battalion radio repairmen, with, at different times, Hundley and "Scratch" Zartarian, under the direction of Joe Pachucy, always had a headquarters in which to work without the distractions of weather. How well they accomplished their task is only partly borne out by the fact that during combat it was never necessary to send any signal equipment to a higher echelon for repair. Men in battalion headquarters and the line companies never had to wait more than a few hours for the replacement of damaged equipment.

We experienced the first cleavage in the section when Bill Jondro, "Deacon" Pearson, and Frenchy Croissant left us to become the communication unit of the I and R Platoon. From them we heard our first stories of what it was like "sweatin' out" the 88's while manning outposts in church steeples, and, on



T-Sgt. Leocadio Diaz



Tec 4 John H. Gould



Tec 4 Richard Carbrello



Tec 4 Rene C. Croissant

the crest of hills, in full view of the enemy. There was formed, too, at that time, a "resquisition" team consisting of Bob Boyer, Fred Echleberger, and Louie Lorenzo. At the time this is being written, all three are still under the jurisdiction of the United States Government, so, perhaps, it would be wise to softpedal their activities until such date as the stories can form the basis of anecdotes rather than courts-martial. A further split in ranks occurred at Bertrichamps when Bernie Mufson, Pillsbury, and John Duckett left to establish a station with the supply-train. At various times, other members including Pearson, Zerfoss, Gillick, and Holbrook helped to operate this station.

Then follows only a hazy picture of the French towns, and our memories of them are mostly small things in the big picture. Raon L'Etape, a three story building with rain leaking through all three floors. Moyennoutier and the champagne party given us by the Frenchman who had put away two bottles on De-



Tec 4 John T. Gillick



Tec 4 Joseph S. Pachucy



Tec 4 Bernard Mufson



Tec 4 Richard C. Pillsbury



Tec 4 John C. Durkel



Tec 5 Robert Zartarian

ember 7th 1941 for the day when American soldiers would liberate his city. Senones, where we slept in a convent, between clean sheets. During all this time in all the moves, our main concern was the finding of suitable locations for our radio. If any of us should pause at this point for a few moments reflection he'd be conscious of a kaliedoscopic view of the hurry and scurry of Gould and Diaz as they brought signal supplies to the battalions, and, incidentally, put the finger on the most presentable house in the next town—of "Jake" Korman in his eternal search for stray pieces of equipment—of "Effjay" Jones hunched over a 284 in a jeep trying to drag in reluctant signals, and the inseparable team of Durkel and Carbrello trudging along roads and across muddy fields to lay the 28 line. Back of it all we were conscious of the steady accumulation of more equipment, and the progress made in efficiency of operation that paid dividends later. This was combat as we knew it, with only an occasional interruption of routine due to of enemy action.



Tec 5 Richard L. Holbrook



Tec 5 Thomas C. Hundley



Tec 5 Karl P. Zerfoss

The picture changed for us, as it did for all the company, at Ingwiller and Mouterhouse when Jerry, for the first time, began to pay particular attention to our CP. There, we lost the services of Bill Jondro, who was severely wounded while on patrol with the I and R. Now, after the war, we miss his never-failing good humor and even disposition more than ever.

Not long after that we began our real work. The battle for Bitche, and the resultant German counter-attacks began. If we had ever had any doubts before then as to the necessity of radio, we lost them then. It had become the regular practise to send relay teams forward to guarantee contact with the battalions, and, one such team, composed of Echlebarger, Croissant, and Gillick went to Petit Rederching at this time. During the hectic first week of January 1945, their operation of several radios constituted, at times, the only means of communication with the forward elements. Their interception of messages between company and battalion hastened the groupings and movements of needed reinforcements. Through all this, the men at Bining, operating as many as five sets from the dank cellars of Maginot Line barracks, were in a constant state of alert for a retreat that never came. Then, too, they learned, for the first time, the meaning of "close air-support". Communication during this time can only be described as being perfect. Months of training, never-ending preparations, and the seemingly uncanny foresight of one man had paid off.

The lull in company activities, accompanying the long hibernation at Guisberg, was shared by the Radio Section. Beyond the building of a new, all-purpose trailer by Duckett and Echlebarger, little was done there. Perhaps, more than any other place, Guisberg will be the source of tales told and re-told in later years. None of us will ever forget the sight of the bearded Diaz as he climbed to his one meal per day, clutching his cup in hand. Nor will we forget the continuous bailing out of our quarters where only Hundley, Duckett, and Gillick were able to stand upright. Nor the trips to Petit by Duckett on his motorcycle to gather eggs and meat for the nightly repast. And, of course, the invisible "Ninth Man". It was here that Dick Holbrook came back into the fold.

But, again, another of those lightning-like changes engulfed us. We were on our way to the final round. Through Bitche, the Maginot Line, across the German border, and through the vaunted Siegfried—all the time, moving in such swift fashion that radio was the only means of communication. We were in our element—Jones, Hundley, and Carbrello out with the forward CP, relay stations out, all manner of radio contact, including use of the 300 sets and the new 694, in every conceivable combination. All this time, chased by the maintenance section, and Sam Wood hurling his truck and monstrous trailer through the German countryside (stopping only long enough for Pachucy and "Scratch" to "capture" 13 Germans), bringing up the supplies necessary for operation. Then the steady accumulation of "personal belongings", requiring the acquisition of a "Jam and Jelly" trailer. Few incidents stand out above others now except, possibly, our one night stay and tour of the mansion in Neustadt.



Tec 5 Harley M. Pearson

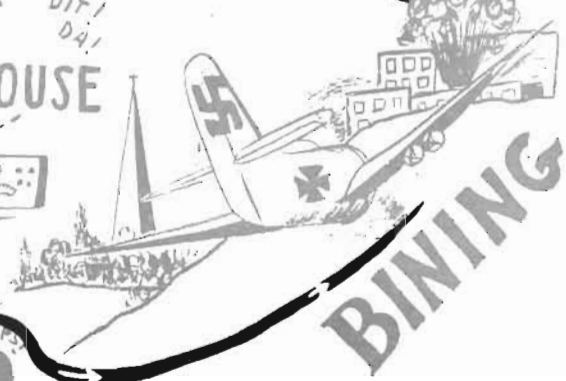


Pfc. Samuel I. Wood

What Heilbronn is to the other members of the company, Neckargartach is to the Radio Section. To Jones, Hundley and Zerfoss it meant two days under constant artillery fire interspersed with the rattle of burp guns and the sound of sniper fire. To Carbrello, Croissant, and Gillick, out on a reconnaissance mission, it meant the end of a long day, culminating with the fall of a dud alongside their jeep. To Durkel, it meant days of duty with the forward observer of AT company, then used as a rifle company. To all of us, it meant the climax of weeks in which our sets never ceased in their transmission of vital messages. Shortly after, came the wild ride through a fire-fight that Gould and Duckett will never forget, but, with the arrival of the division at Stuttgart, our days of combat ended.

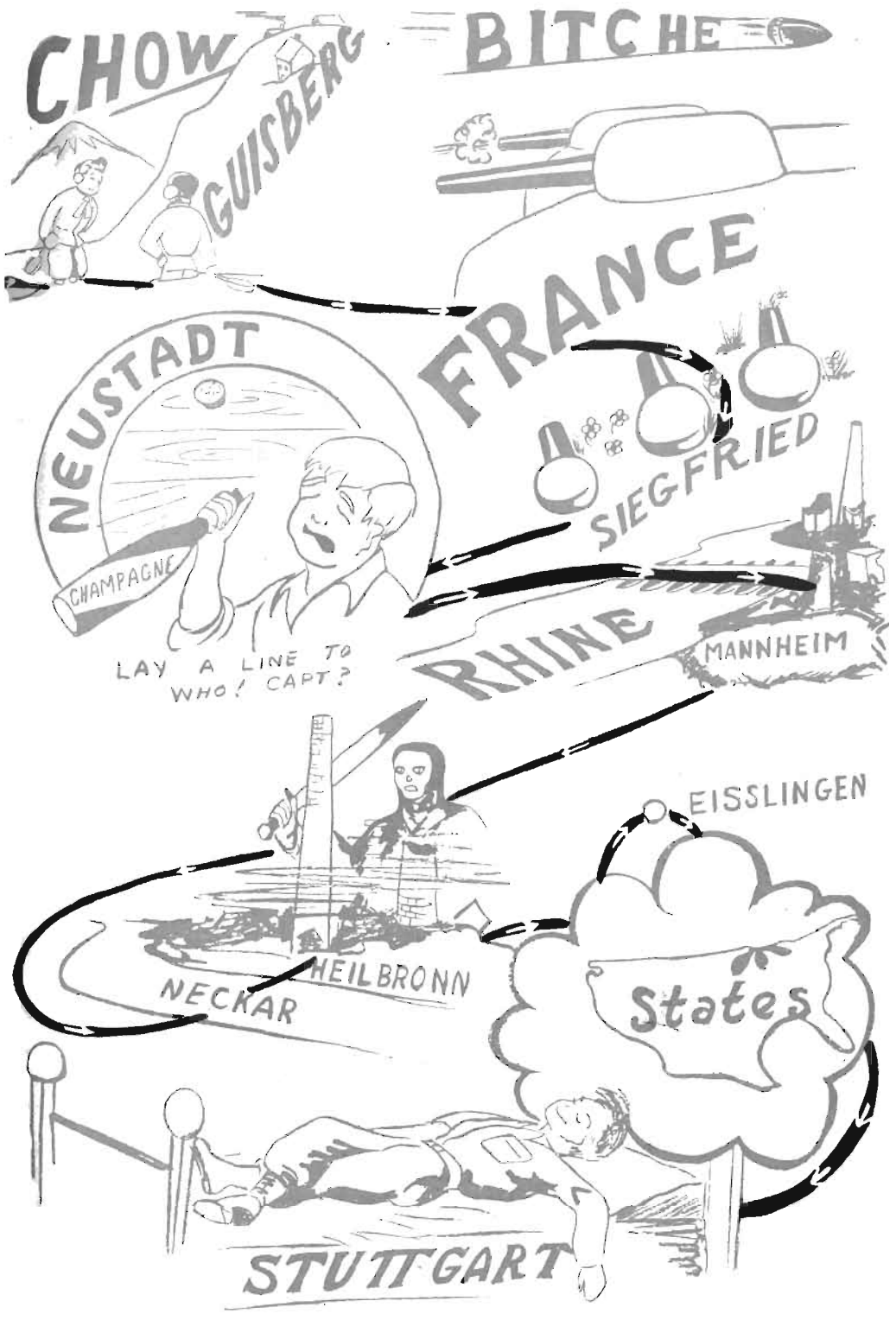
Now, we are under the direction of S-Sgt. Jones, counting our points, regretting Echleberger's illness and "Snooky" Duckett's fracture of his wrist that necessitated their leaving the section. We think both of them, along with Sgt. Diaz, would enjoy hoisting a few cognacs with us at the Sad Sack Shack.

War map



VOSGES





CHOW BITCHES

GUISBERG

FRANCE

NEUSTADT

CHAMPAGNE

LAY A LINE TO WHO! CAPT?

SIEGFRIED

RHINE

MANNHEIM

NEILBRONN

NECKAR

EISSLINGEN

States

STUTTGART

shd

COMPANY COMBAT LOCATIONS

FRANCE

Baccarat	November 6 to November 13, 1944
Bertrichamps	„ 13 to „ 18
Raon L'Etape	„ 18 to „ 21
Moyenmoutier	„ 21 to „ 23
Senones	„ 23 to „ 25
St. Blaise le Roche	„ 25
Champany	„ 26 to „ 27
Raon L'Etape	„ 27
Saarburg	„ 27
Dossenheim	„ 27 to „ 29
Ingwiller	„ 29 to December 6, 1944
Reipertswiller	December 6 to „ 9
Mouterhouse	„ 9 to „ 21
Petite Rederching	„ 21 to „ 27
Bining	„ 27 to January 11, 1945
Oermingen	January 11 to „ 18, 1945
Bining	„ 18 to „ 23
Guisberg	„ 23 to March 14
Holbach	March 14 to „ 17
Waldhausen	„ 17 to „ 22

CROSSING THE SIEGFRIED TO GERMANY

Petersburg	March	22	
Neustadt	„	23	
Rödersheim	„	24	
Oggersheim	„	24 to March	31, 1945
Crossing the Rhine at Mannheim	„	31	
Eppelheim	„	31 to April	2
Wiesloch	April	3	
Sinsheim	„	4	
Kirchhausen	„	4 to „	13, 1945
Heilbronn	„	13 to „	15, 1945
Lehensteinsfeld	„	15 to „	17
Löwenstein	„	17 to „	19
Neulautern	„	19 to „	20
Backnang	„	21	
Geradstetten	„	21 to „	23, 1945
Altbach	„	23 to „	26, 1945
Stuttgart	„	26 to „	30
Eislingen	„	30 to May	10, 1945

TOWNS OF OCCUPATION

Illertissen	May	10 to June	13, 1945
Göppingen	June	13 to July	7
Stuttgart	July	7 to	



T-Sgt. Edward O. Leccese

THE I AND R PLATOON

Nov. 6, 1944—"Establish and maintain an observation post at Bertrichamps, France". These words, although insignificant to many, carried a special meaning to the men of the Intelligence and Reconnaissance Platoon. That was the first of many exploits that became but routine procedure during combat. Since that dismal day, the platoon has learned much about the value of its previous training, our close comradeship, our excellent leadership and our spirit to do our job and do it well. We may have been a green bunch when that first mortar shell screamed over us, but, long since, our boys have earned the vaunted title of "Battle Veterans".

Our history dates back to December 1942 when the platoon was formed at Fort Jackson, S.C., shortly after the 100th Infantry Division was activated. The first taste of army life consisted of a thirteen week basic training period. This was followed by seventeen weeks of Intelligence School, covering many of the subjects which were so essential to us later. Map reading, scouting and patrolling, and establishment of observation posts have all proved their value on many occasions.

During the summer months at Fort Jackson, training was intensified considerably by regimental combat team exercises. Operational errors, which would have proved costly in combat, were corrected during these problems. These exercises, which were the cause of many a gripe, were our first days in the field.



Sgt. Jack E. Riley



Sgt. James D. Sweeney



Cpl. John Burbank



Cpl. Jack T. Brown



Tec 5 Robert J. Boyer



Tec 5 Louis E. Lorenzo

On November 15, 1943, the Division left Fort Jackson for eight weeks of maneuvers in Tennessee. Tennessee, with its mud, hills, cold, and biting winds was, without our knowledge, an excellent preview of "Coming Attractions". Many a curse shattered the stillness of the night, but we also had our share of laughs. It was here that we learned to rough it, and to live in the great outdoors. Those eight weeks were a long hard grind, but we returned to garrison with the satisfaction that we could subsist under a variety of conditions.

After maneuvers, the division's new home was Fort Bragg, N.C. Here the platoon began things easily—gradually getting accustomed to showers, beds, linen—and all men had furloughs. During the summer months we had the misfortune of losing some of our members to P.O.E. shipments. The new replacements



Tec 5 Jack J. Korman



Tec 6 John W. Aitchinson



Pfc. Milton Bloom



Pfc. Harold C. Gormsen



Pfc. Norman D. Harris



Pfc. Saul B. Salla

were selected carefully and trained diligently in order to attain as much knowledge as possible of I and R work in a limited time. The new men absorbed their training well, and have been a credit to the organization ever since. By the time our division embarked on October 6, 1944, we all felt proud of the platoon and knew that we would be equal to any task which might be given us.

The I and R Platoon was in action from that first day at Bertrichamps until long after the official end of the war. Combat patrols, reconnaissance patrols, contact patrols, ground and air observation posts were all a part of our work. When the S-2 desired specific information on certain enemy activities, the platoon succeeded many times in returning with the necessary information. Superior training and devotion to duty have made for a minimum of casualties and many awards have



Pfc. Russell N. Rust



Pfc. Robert J. Tietz



Pfc. William H. Moore



Pfc. William J. Mihalik



Pfc. Gerald M. Bushey



Pfc. Sigurdur T. Christopherson

been made for bravery in action, for completing a hazardous mission and for risking a life to aid a wounded buddy to escape from the enemy.

Below is an outline of some of the highspots of the platoon's activities from the day of commitment to the present time:

Baccarat—The I and R Platoon received their "Baptism of Fire" under intense enemy artillery shelling while manning forward observation posts reporting the enemy's activity in the vicinity of Bertrichamps.

Mouterhouse—Here the I and R men were assigned numerous recon missions, and information concerning enemy activity was brought back to the S-2 officer in spite of intense shell fire and engagements with the enemy. During this period two men were awarded the Bronze Star for heroism in the face of the enemy. Here for the first time the platoon was used as a security guard filling small gaps in the lines.



Pfc. William H. Keiser



Pfc. David G. Reeves



Pfc. Stephen F. Pashilk



Bernard E. Brauer

Binning—The German counter-offensive resulted in numerous minor break-throughs, causing gaps in our lines. These gaps were filled by the I and R platoon under adverse weather conditions in foxholes, finally being relieved by a battalion. While communications were at a straining point, the platoon made contact patrols between our own and adjacent units under intense aerial and artillery action. An Air Observation Post was also maintained during this period.

Guisberg—During the combat team's defensive period, the I and R Platoon made many recon patrols into enemy lines seeking information. Also rear area security patrols were maintained during this period. At the outset of the Spring Offensive the I and R Platoon was used as the spear-

head element of the 397th Combat Team in the dash to the Rhine. The difficult task of moving the entire team such a great distance in so short a time was due to the proper and thorough selection of routes reconnoitered by this platoon.

Oggersheim—It was here that the Division was placed in corps reserve, but the I and R Platoon was called upon to make frequent security patrols in the vicinity of Ludwigshafen.

Neckargartach—During the severe battle for Heilbronn, the I and R Platoon was called upon to guard against the sabotage of communication installations and this mission was carried out in spite of sniper fire and intense shelling.

Lehrensteinsfeld—Due to the rapid advance of all units and difficulty in maintaining communication, the I and R was assigned the task of maintaining contact patrols between our own units and adjacent units. Information gained by these patrols had to be brought back to the S-2 officer through territory which had been bypassed by the forward elements. Also the platoon made route reconnaissance through enemy held territory picking up many prisoners on the way.

Lautern—In this neighborhood, the Platoon was again assigned the mission of route reconnaissance for the movement of troops and supplies. It was during one of these recon patrols that the platoon gained the formal surrender of two towns in the path of the Regiment's rapid advance. The Platoon also carried out contact patrols, and, with the isolation of a Battalion which had no possible means of communication, one of the I and R men lost his life while bringing back information through enemy-held territory. The information was brought back and acted upon by the S-2 officer.

During the period of combat, the platoon has performed its duties in the highest manner. A wonderful feeling of good fellowship and cooperation has developed, and it is our sincerest hope that this feeling will not end with our termination of duties with the armed forces.

NIGHT PATROL

The door didn't slam, it just closed, and, with its closing, the room changed from an air of mild complacency to one of solemnness and waiting. Rust stopped giving the boys the works about "his" Ernie and lit a cigarette; Riley stuck his pen in his pocket and started for the maps; Brown laid his "full-house" on the table and reached for this pipe. Twenty pair of eyes were on Peiffer as he walked across the room. The non-comms gathered around him. We heard him say to Leccese "the usual", and Leccese's dry reply, "Hell, doesn't Barkley know it's dark at night." With this remark the room changed for a third time—this time to an artificial casualness. Lorenzo mocked the "boss" with, "Gather 'round the map-board men, our mission is to take the CP". Tietz resumed his argument with Korman. Bloom gave us a tune.

"The Usual" might mean anything, we knew that too well. Peiffer in his old-army manner explained the mission. We were to recon the sector facing First Battalion—pin point the Jerry forward OP, and bring back information for the artillery to work on. S-2 had given us a few points, and on paper it appeared simple, but so did the OPA, ASTP, and the ERC—we knew better.

Eight men were to be picked and here's where the sweating began. If you remained behind, each distant shot meant a buddie had fallen. If you went on the patrol—well—"the usual" could mean anything.

Gear was checked—a little more oil on the slide wouldn't hurt—another round of ammo wouldn't add too much weight. Travel light and travel fast—that was our business.

The patrol jeeped to Baker company, took a quick, thorough look at the terrain in the already dimming daylight, then retreated to a war torn barn for a few smokes and some purposed sleep. The time table said we'd move out at twelve. We laid down and tried to sleep, but our thoughts wandered back to that last date in New York and how we were going to beat the old man in golf when we got home again.

Twelve o'clock came too soon, and the guide was waiting for us as we reached the "B" company CP. The guide took the lead, and we followed him thru the lines, and through three of our own mine fields. He stopped, gave last minute terrain suggestions to Peiffer and left us, saying, "You're on your own now. Good luck." Those words stuck with us. Burbank and Brauer were sent out as lead scouts. Peiffer took the third position and the remaining five followed along in Indian fashion. We moved on a few hundred yards then stopped again.

The lead scouts had encountered a German minefield, and Burbank was motioning Peiffer forward. By the time Peiffer reached him, Brauer had discovered a path through the field and we moved on. Another hundred yards and we hit the snow again—this time barbed wire, but, again, Brauer found a way through.

We moved on, cutting to our left, across a stream and then thru an open field. The scouts had sighted a small house and were waiting for the patrol to come up and cover their advance on the house. We reached them and took our positions.

Brown never moved a muscle as we watched Brauer move up. Mac kept constant watch on the house. The scouts moved closer, moving separately, but like a pair of pistons—up and down—and always forward. Then they stopped. We watched, we waited, we listened. Finally, they returned, bringing with them information of Germans whispering and mentioning the words “Feldwebel” and “Artillerie”. The mission was complete.

We returned by the same route we had taken earlier—just following our tracks in the snow, perhaps a little slower and surer than before as we were going back. As we crossed the creek again, we heard a loud “bah”. What was it? Had Jerry spotted us? A signal?—was he going to cut us off? Lord, what thoughts run through your mind when you’re lying there in the snow. What the hell was it? Then it moved. A stray sheep—that’s all, just a lone sheep.

We backtracked through the mine fields where we met the guide again, and he led us to our jeeps. We climbed in the jeeps, and, methodically, each man threw a coat over his head and lit a cigarette. Still no one spoke—’till Brauer turned around with that ear-to-ear smile of his and said, “That damn sheep”. That broke the ice and we loosened up.

Mission accomplished—nothing noble, just part of the job. But each man, as he rested comfortably in his sack that night, thanked God for being on the right side.



M-Sgt. George W. Minkler

THE GUARD PLATOON

A guard platoon is non-existent in the T-O of Headquarters Company, but, by necessity, it was formed in Baccarat, France on the second of November, 1944. At least one man from each company in the regiment was brought in to form the new platoon headed by Lt. Allan Goud. Its main duty was to guard the regimental command post. Later this one guard platoon was split into three sections: the traffic control group, the prisoner of war guards, and the command post guard. After Raon L'Etape, Master Sergeant George Minkler

was the non-commissioned officer in charge of the platoon.

Bertrichamps, France, was the first town which afforded the guards some sleepless hours. Soon after darkness a series of shots was fired by one of the guards—warning of a possible infiltration. The situation was investigated, but no proof could be found. Security of the command post at this time was aided by the use of the I and R Platoon and an Anti-Tank platoon. Some of the men dug their first fox holes, and had the experience of guarding from them.

Another incident occurred at Ingwiller, about noon, when the cross-roads outside the command post were shelled. At this time, Bob Sulzer, was hit, becoming the first casualty of the platoon.

At Mouterhouse the platoon became better acquainted with the "88". The guard was assigned three rooms in a building adjacent to the CP, and in less than an hour



Sgt. John P. Lewandoski



Sgt. Leo C. Miller



Pfc. Vasily V. Alexandrof



Pfc. John P. Decker



Pfc. Reynolds



Pfc. Pirozzo

the rooms were minus windows, with plaster and debris covering the floors. It was here that outpost guards were first used to protect the CP from possible counter-attack. In addition to the M-1, the guards were also armed with bazookas and M-3's.

Several weather conditions at Petite Rederching made guard duty more than uncomfortable, and Parkas were issued to the outposts. Counter-attacks were expected at any time. Perhaps some of the present guard can recall instructions that were given at this time. "If you spot paratroops falling, one of the guards will remain at the post while the other guard double-times to the CP to report same."

The next and the most disastrous location was the French garrison at Bining. Outposts were located on the edge of the camp, with little protection from the continual incoming shells. On post number five, the guard could see the muzzle flash of enemy artillery and, seconds later, the familiar whistle and "crunch" could be heard. Many a two hour shift was spent in the prone position, buried in the snow.

An aerial bombing on December 30th, resulted in the loss of three men of the guard platoon, and several others received the Purple Heart for injuries sustained at that time.

No one in the platoon will forget "The Hill" (Guisberg). While the rest of the company was enjoying a comparative rest, the guards continued to work with their two hour shifts. For exercise a tree was cut down and sawed into firewood. After all it was cold, and, besides, the fire was very necessary for the frying of potatoes.

Extra duties performed after crossing the Rhine and Neckar rivers consisted of establishing check-points and road-blacks to stop all vehicles and persons not authorized to pass. Occupational duties continue in much the same line.

M. P. TRAFFIC CONTROL GROUP

This section of the guard platoon is no longer intact, it being absorbed by the *command post guard after many months of service to the regiment and division.* Those men who were members of the traffic control group will long remember the incidents and close comradeship they found with the section.

Formed in Baccarat, France, the principle duties of the group was to control the heavy traffic in that city. Learning the rudiments of traffic control from division and army M.P.'s, they quickly took over their own posts, and, frequently did division and army work.

Always posted on the roads to lead convoys accurately en route, they greeted Combat Team 7 when it entered Raon L'Etape—when it entered Senones and on thru the Vosges to St. Blaise la Roche. Standing on their traffic corners from early morning to late at night, in all weather, they often had the feeling that they were the forgotten men, indeed.

Will they ever forget those long days in Bining standing post in "88" alley"? Or those mad rushes from the cellar, across the flat, up to the big front gate? Or the irregular shell-burst patterns in the snow? Will they forget those eight and nine hour shifts on their traffic corners in Petite Rederching and Mouterhouse? It's not likely—not for a long time.

The most serene existence was at Guisberg, where their duties were not so demanding, and the comforts of the shack at the crossroads helped to shorten the long night shifts.

Great locators of souvenirs and liquid refreshments, the group had much to show in this line for their months of combat. Pistols, knives, and a long trail of soda water bottles marked the path across the Rhine plain.

Of Pat Patterson, Hank Mazer, and Larry Flint, who have left the platoon, there will always be pleasant memories. The rest of the group—Alex Alexandrof, Junior Lynch, Linkous, Greenleaf, Steigler, Sheehan and the sergeant, Lewandoski, will always have a tenderness for the old traffic control gang.



Pfc. Le Roy E. Reid



Pfc. Otto E. Schweikert



Pfc. Alan L. Stiegler

PRISONER OF WAR GUARD



Pfc. James P. Beauchamp



Pfc. John H. Forstman



Pfc. William J. Akers



Pfc. Elmer R. Miday



Pfc. Philip P. Whelan

Main duties of this guard are to collect, guard and enclose prisoners of war until they can be turned over to the division cage. On long moves, this group also aided the traffic control section.

Their work had many long hours, and often in precarious locations. Neckargartach and Heilbronn were two such locations. They established collecting points in these towns, and guarded the prisoners, while sweating out artillery and rocket barrages, until the prisoners could be removed to rear areas.

The drive south from Heilbronn brought them a record number of prisoners for one day. Three were left in a town to guard 123, while three more men went to the next town to guard 158 prisoners. Other men of the section had the experience of clearing one town and routing 58 prisoners—19 from one house alone. More than 310 were marched eight miles thru light snow and rain back to regiment. These prisoners were then shuttle-marched back to division.

By the end of the war, the prisoner of war guard had, themselves, captured 61 prisoners. But now, in occupation, the work is again routine, and more thrilling days are only memories.



Pfc. John T. Sheehan



Pfc. Jackie M. Lynch



Pfc. Curtis A. Meyers



Pfc. Sanford H. Glassman



Pfc. Lowell A. Greenleaf



Pfc. Oscar House



Pfc. Paul Boggs



Pfc. Stanley D. Barber



Pfc. Donald Larson



Pfc. James P. Scruggs



Pfc. Edward W. Throne



Pfc. Roy R. Linkous



Pvt. William B. Macke



Pvt. Allen Barth



Pvt. Jack E. Baucom



Pfc. Anthony F. Jankowski



Pfc. Francis M. Link



Pfc. Joe J. Martin



Pfc. John Di Salvo



Pfc. William E. Gmerek



Pfc. Walter R. Chambers



Pfc. Charles P. Bromley



REGIMENTAL AID STATION



T-Sgt. Byrl Floyd

In order to write up any history of the Regt'l Aid Station one cannot help but mention our Battalion Aid Stations which we support, for they are the ones that really made history. We supported them in their tasks and shared their glory in the end.

One question that was being asked quite frequent by the men was, "Does the enemy respect the Red Cross that the Medics wear? Although this question was an easy one to answer still there was no simple general answer. There were many known cases where the enemy would hold their fire while a Medic, marked with a Geneva Red Cross, went to the aid of a comrade only to resume their fight after the wounded man had been treated or removed. There were also very tragic episodes in which aid men were

killed by rifle fire when they were plainly marked, in many cases the bullet would pierce the cross on the helmet or the arm. After a few such cases most of our aid men took to cutting down the size of their crosses or removing them altogether.

The function of the Regt'l Aid Station in combat as well as in rest periods was to give medical treatment to the companies which compose the Special Units, also we kept a flowing supply line of men and supplies to our Battalion Aid Stations. We kept all of the many complicated records, making sure that men who were evacuated were done so through proper channels, and in the fastest way possible, also recommending for award of the Purple Heart for all men in the regiment who were wounded. Our job was to submit to higher echelons all medical reports concerning the regiment. Later as we took up occupational duties we supervised the management and sanitary conditions of all Displaced Persons and civilian hospitals in our area.

The change from combat to occupation was a real one for us. The return to garrison existence was felt by all. From here on in work ceased being done in a juggled fashion all work became systemized. Our aid stations dispensaries with a regular morning sick call.

This all brings us to our present position, waiting for the day that we will once again board a ship that will bring us, instead of looking back to see "The Grand Old Lady", we will approach it face to face. As we look back to the bitter days of fighting we can all get together to answer that question in our minds when we started out. We did a good job, we saved lives. All our training was not in vain.



Tec 4 Frank J. Scalisi



Tec 5 Percy R. Marsters



Tec 5 Eugene D. Flowers

As for the men who made up our section, we worked as a team. Commanded by Major Vanda A. Davidson who was our commanding officer and regimental surgeon. Captain Thomas P. Rab held and still holds the position of ass't regimental surgeon. Theirs was the job of determining how badly a man was sick or wounded, make a diagnosis and determine the disposition. Not long ago our commanding officer left us for an assignment unknown and to take his place came Captain Walter S. Wiggins, formally with the 12th Armored Division.

Under the supervision of our commanding officer, Tec Sgt. Howard C. Shute, our first sergeant, was in charge of all the enlisted men. Later when he was transferred, due to points, the job was taken over by our present Tec Sgt. Byrl Floyd, former section sergeant of our first battalion section. Tec 4 Frank J. Scalisi, who inherited the name of "Doc", held down the job of surgical technician. Under



Pfc. Nickolas J. Riggio



Tec 3 Julius H. Fraser



Sgt. Anthony Curcio



Pfc. Frank Altamura



Pfc. Armand W. Cabana



Pfc. Fedele P. Infelise

direct supervision of our medical officers he treated the men. The records section was headed by Tec 3 Julius H. Fraser with Tec 5 John W. Fogle as typist and Pfc. Fedele P. Infelise as ass't records clerk. Their job was to compile and investigate all records and requests. The transportation problem was handled by Tec 5 Percy R. Marsters, our motor NCO. His job was to see that all vehicles in the medical detachment were kept running. The job of bringing up all our supplies was held first by Sgt. Camillio J. Farino and then it was turned over to Sgt. Anthony J. Curcio, former aid man with Service Company. Tec 5 John H. Stow during combat held the job of surgical technician at our Regimental Rest Home. Back with us now he has various jobs from being a technician to assisting with the typing of records and correspondence. Our runners job was well done by Pfc. Benjamin Klein. His job was to deliver all our correspondence to message center



Tec 5 John M. Malicki



Tec 5 John W. Fogle



Tec 5 John H. Stow

and keep us informed on times of movements. Transferred out to the 36th Division he was replaced by our present Pfc. Frank Altamura. Tec 5 Grady L. Thompson was the original aid man for Hq. Co., but due to him being evacuated he was replaced by Pfc. Nickolas J. Riggio. Tec 5 John M. Malicki holds down the job of mail clerk. The job of driving our 2½ ton truck changed hands a couple of times. Pfc. Earl Harris held down the job through practically all the combat. He later was transferred to Service Company and the job was taken over by the present Pfc. Armand W. Cabana. Between drivers it was held by Tec 5 John W. Fogle. Pfc. Ebenezer Russell, a new man in our section, formerly with 3rd Battalion Section, holds down the job of handy man, giving his services where needed. Tec 5 Eugene D. Flowers has the job of assistant driver for the commanding officer.

Although our staff of dentists and their assistants are very rarely with us they are still a part of this section of the medical detachment. Their job of keeping the men's teeth was well done. Captain Edward Udis, who replaced Captain Frank C. Benza and Captain Jesse Flashner with their assistants Tec 5 Theodore A. Newbert and Tec 5 Robert Strozewski handled all the work in this department.

Special Recommendation should be given to the following men for they are the only men left of the original Medic's who started with the Regiment in their first days of training at Fort Jackson.

Tec 3 Julius Fraser

Sgt. Anthony J. Curcio

Tec 4 Frank J. Scalisi

Tec 5 John W. Fogle

Tec 5 Percy R. Marsters

Pfc. Nickolas J. Riggio

INTERROGATION OF PRISONERS OF WAR TEAM



Tec 5 Frederick Grunwald

An IPW team consisting of Lt. Klaar, Sergeant Maxi Gilbertman and Corporal Frederic Grunwald, joined headquarters company during the Vosges campaign. Lt. Klaar, who previously worked with division, was sent to regiment when Lt. Newton became a casualty in Ingwiller, France.

Interrogation of prisoners of war is the main duty of this team; however, as with most units in combat, changes were made to confer with the situation and the terrain. For instance, after penetrating the Siegfried Line, this team was called upon to aid the Civilian Intelligence Corps and Military Government. This was a "natural" for the team, as they spoke fluent German. In working with Displaced Persons, language demands were greater, as the variety included: French, Spanish, Russian, Polish and Italian. For interpreting in these cases, other members of the company were used.

In the course of combat, over seven thousand prisoners were handled, bringing about many tragic and humorous incidents. One of these incidents occurred in Heilbronn when a German girl was brought in for interrogation. Her entire family had been killed as they had flown the white flag of surrender from their window before the section had been taken by the Americans. She gave valuable information which aided the action in that city. Another incident concerns a Feldwebel who came into the IPW at three one morning, and, hearing fluent German spoken by men in American uniforms, wanted to get in on the racket.

This was also brought to light when a German officer was interrogated: he had admitted that his company of one hundred and fifty men had captured twenty American soldiers. These twenty Americans, using all available weapons, held up a counter-attack for some hours, ignoring all surrender offers. The position was an impossible one, and eventually the Germans closed in on them. The German officer concluded with these words, "Those men changed my mind about the American soldier. They are the best men I have ever seen."

Now, with the close of the war, the interrogation team is working in conjunction with the military government in the processing and screening of Germans in the American occupation zone.

AWARDS AND DECORATIONS

In recognition for the excellent work done by the various elements of the company over the period of combat, November 6, 1944 to May 8, 1945, Headquarters Company was awarded the Meritorious Service Plaque.

In line with the merit of the company, the men performed individual acts of heroism and merit, for which the following awards were given:

SILVER STARS

Capt. Alfred H. Weiler Bernard E. Brauer*

BRONZE STARS

Major Vanda Davison	Edward C. Leccese
Capt. Marvin L. Beaman	Frank A. Lekich
Capt. Carl A. Johnson	William J. Lewis
Capt. Walter Wiggins	Percy R. Marsters
Lt. Allan F. Goud	Thomas J. McPherson, Jr.
Lt. Albert H. Heineman	Leo C. Miller
Lt. Alfred G. Peiffer	William H. Moore
Lt. Kenneth H. Voelker	Robert A. Ourada
WOJG LeRoy Van Winkle	Joseph S. Pachucy
John W. Aitchison (2)	Robert N. Pinkerton*
Jack T. Brown	Jack E. Riley
Leocadio V. Diaz	Frank J. Scalisi
Julius H. Frasier	Morris M. Sier
Harold C. Gormsen	Robert J. Stamp
Howard W. Griffin	James D. Sweeney
Robert E. Horne	Robert J. Tietz
Frank J. Jones, Jr.	Edward Witkowski
Stephen P. Kabana	Samuel C. Worley

PURPLE HEARTS

Capt. Alfred H. Weiler (2)	Frank A. Lekich
Allen Barth	Roy E. Linkous
Bernard E. Brauer*	William E. Martin*
Michael L. Carroll	Robert N. Pinkerton*
John P. Decker	Saul B. Salla
Richard L. Holbrook	Edward W. Throne
Edward P. Holsapple*	Robert J. Tietz
Anthony F. Jankowski	Samuel C. Worley
Wilfred J. Jondro	Stanley J. Wright
Marvin C. Klann*	

* Posthumous Award

Sports



Activities



The sports program for Headquarters Company during occupation was carried along in a successful manner despite three changes of location, one alert, and the variable summer weather of Southern Germany.

Softball was the first activity to get underway. A division round-robin softball tourney started when the company was billeted in Illertissen. The team had a fair season, and provided recreation and relaxation for both the players and the spectators. Members of the team included Bob Tietz, Bob Stamp, Dick Holbrook, Joe Page, Jack Brown, Tom McPherson, Nick Riggio, Lou Revellino, Sam Worley, Mike Katinsky, Ed Leccese, Bill Gmerek, Olli Rautio, and Lou Lorenzo.



In Göppingen, the company acquired a riding stable and eight horses. Riding instructions were given to the less talented, but men who preferred "Western-style" riding were on their own, and the German horses had to accustom themselves to the cowboy tactics. Swimming was also popular as the company had access to both an indoor and outdoor pool.

With the occupation in Stuttgart, came such sports as volley-ball, ping-pong, and track. The horses were also transported to this new location. Captained by Tom McPherson, the ping-pong team of Carbrello, Cochran, Tietz, Lekich, and Burbank, now has a string of wins and no losses, and is heading for the regimental finals.

In August, a regimental track meet was held at the stadium in Bad Cannstatt. Bob Tietz won a first in the javelin throw, and Ed Leccese placed second in the broad jump, while Bob Boyer took a third in the high-jump. Other company men representing the Fourth Battalion were Saul Saila, Harold Gormsen, Dave Reeves, Carl Winge, and Norm Harris. Fishing also entertained some interest, with Captain Weiler, Mr. Van Winkle, and Saul Saila being the main enthusiasts.

With the continued occupation, the sports continue, and, combined with an educational schedule, the occupation takes on a well balanced aspect.



THE OCCUPATION

*

Heaven help anyone rash enough to question a member of headquarters company about what he did during the war. Readers of the preceding pages will get only a fair idea of the amount of material on hand to attack the unwary listener. For, in addition to this company effort, there is also being compiled both regimental and divisional yearbooks. We doubt the possibility of someone bringing up the war more than once. But, someday, we might be asked, "And what did you do during the occupation?" The questioner will not be satisfied with the simple answer that we celebrated V-E day and later V-J day. No one, who has not spent an evening in the Sad Sack Shack, will believe that such a world wide celebration, occupying the citizens of New York for only two days, could consume so much of our time. Yet, at this point, some four months after Victory in Europe, it is hard to put the finger on any other activity which demanded so much of our time and energy.

It is true that during brief stays at Illertissen, where we were issued new clothing, and at Göppingen (rhymes with "burp-again"), where we went on a diet apparently calculated to make us fit the new clothing, some means were found for preserving the first flush of victory. But, in most instances, the celebrations were localized, and, usually, ran down after a day or two. It was only in Stuttgart, where kind providence located our billets next door to a cafe, that we began our task in earnest. We started off with the optimistic view that 2000 bottles of cognac, champagne, and brandy would see us through any emergency. That stock lasted four weeks, and we hadn't yet seen the end of the emergency. In fact, as V-J day began to dawn, and our occupation of Stuttgart began to appear semi-permanent, new emergencies arose. How were we to celebrate the new victory?

We solved that problem, in part, by engaging a master of ceremonies to take charge of the troupes of entertainers beginning to storm the club. This character was named "Chesterfield"—no reason, he would smoke anything, even Chelseas. His main duty was to introduce each act, even though his introductions often left the audience slightly bewildered due to his mishandling of the personal pronoun. For example, a singer might get this confusing send off: "Now her comes to sing for me and us a song, a girl." In addition to his role as M.C., Chesterfield found time to sing at least twice each evening that "lovely American ballad, Lili Marlene". After a while we did begin to regard it as an American song, and, I suppose, if he'd have stayed around long enough we would have begun to regard his English as the way her should be spoke.

The liquor supply problem was solved, by the discovery of Vermouth. This wasn't the insipid stuff that people back home throw into cocktails mainly for color, but a real drink with a real kick. Since several specially trained observers stated that the Chief's rendition of Captain Bligh's harangue against Mr. Christian,

and the Deacon's vocal efforts with "Jelly-roll on his mind" were as good after five vermouths as after the same portion of cognac, we faced future festivities with an untroubled, though perhaps cloudy mind.

By now, we had acquired a staff of four German civilians: a bartender, two waiters, and a clean-up girl. The main duty of the latter was to tell us each morning how much new glassware to order because of breakage that occurred the night before. Since we had no overhead for rent (the cafe owner freely volunteered the use of his premises) or salaries (the burgomeister paid those), we began to make money. As the war department said we couldn't take it with us, a good part of this profit was splurged on entertainment. Jugglers, fire-eaters, dancing girls, magicians, all these we got in vast quantities. The rest of our money is being saved to meet any other "emergency" that might arise.

Of course, we had a training schedule too. The Army was determined that we maintain our high standards of physical-fitness, so every clear morning 12 of us would go out to the drill field for deep-knee bends and side-straddle hops. What good this did for the remaining 145 men, who never showed up for these exercises, is hard to discover.

However, we can state, that there were quite a few among us who were not bothered with any idleness during these four months of occupation. The unfortunates of the guard platoon and the switchboard crew have been kept busy day and night, and the men of message center, the kitchen, and company headquarters have had regular daytime duties.

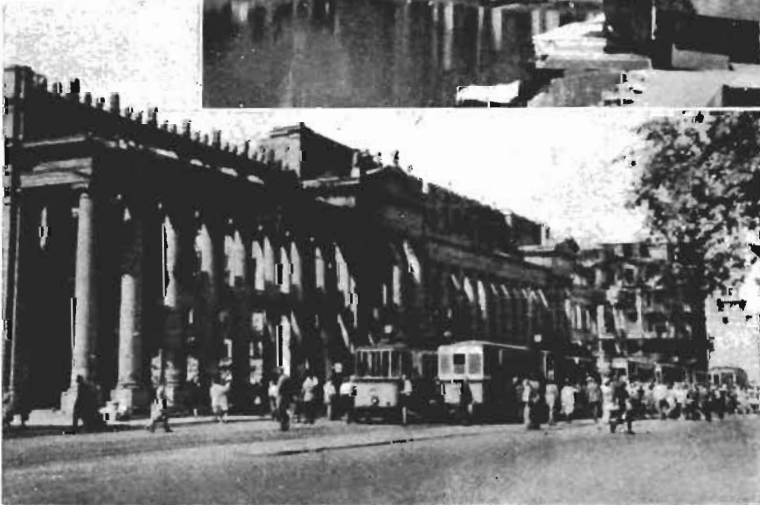
And we have been fortunate being located here in Stuttgart, for, with the large stage and theater facilities, Special Service here has been able to corner almost every movie, play, and production in the ETO. We have also been given the chance to take part in all sorts of activities, including the most popular sports. In addition to all these, there is the most important part of the keep-the-troops—busy program: passes. Though, few and far between, we have all enjoyed the change of scenery and the "rest" afforded by passes to Paris, the Riviera, Brussels, England, and other well known spots in Europe.

But our answers as to what we did after the war, and the answers attempted here in these few paragraphs all point to one very positive thing: we have been and are still waiting to be sent home. Most of us are sweating out our points, and some are just hoping for a miracle—but it's always the same story . . . HOME! At the time of this writing, the German civilians and the civilians in the States know as much as we of our fate. The conclusion of our Army careers, like the conclusion of this book, still hangs in mid-air. What's next? That's what we'd like to know too.



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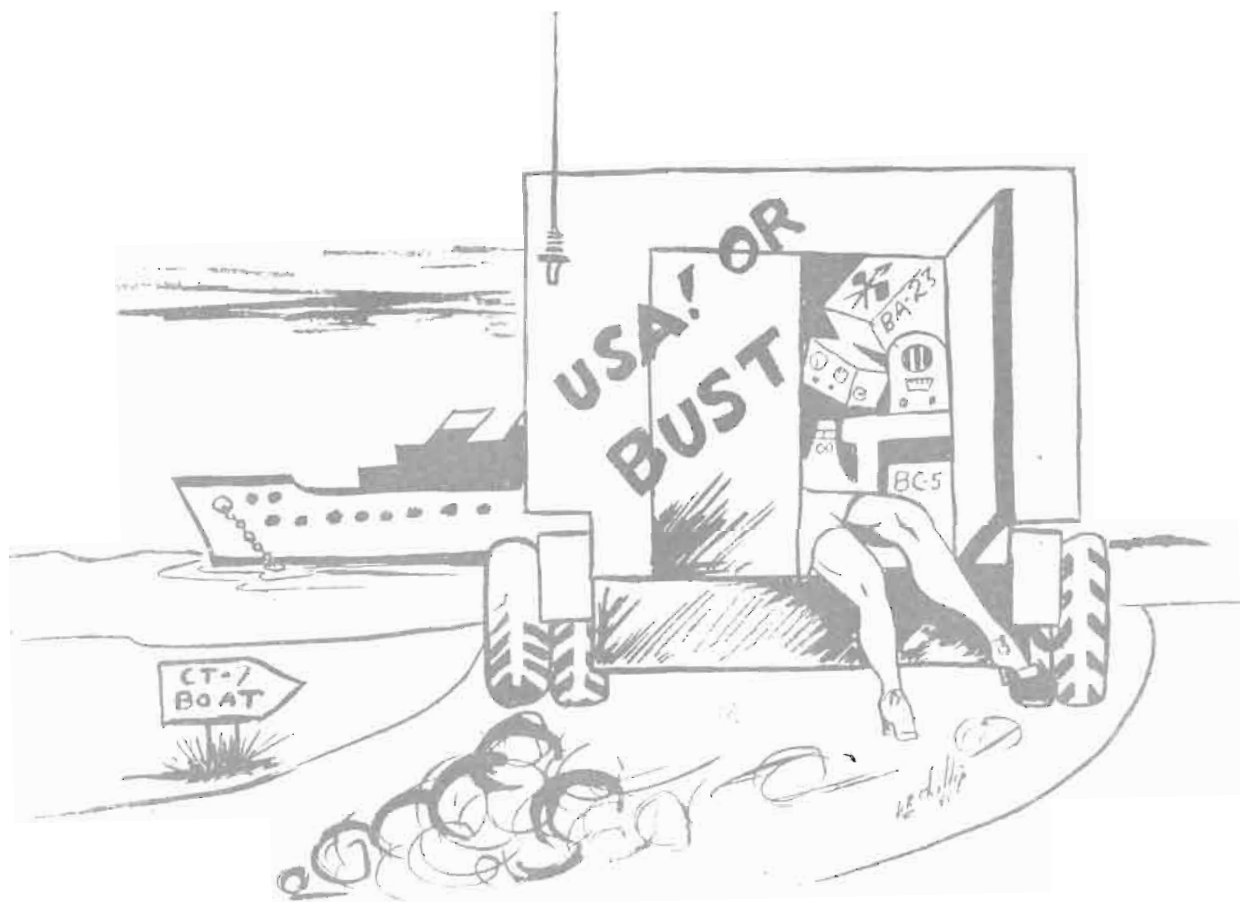


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