

COMBAT HISTORY



COMPANY "B"
325TH MEDICAL BATTALION

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352ND MEDICAL BATTALION



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COMPANY "B" 325TH MEDICAL BATTALION



Company Roster as of V-J Day

Pvt. William J. Abbate	New York City, N.Y.
Pfc. Walton N. Adams	Pavo, Georgia
Pfc. Herbert R. Aemisegger	Brooklyn, New York
Tec. 5. Wade W. Benson	Cleveland, N. Car.
Pfc. Michael Bender, Jr.	Homer City, Pa.
Tec. 5. Lawrence F. Bourgeois	Menominee, Mich.
Pfc. Frank A. Bunn	Ninety-Six, S. Car.
Tec. 5. Ewell B. Bramble	Wilmington, Del.
Tec. 4. Dale O. Bright	Lynxville, Wis.
Sgt. James A. Brooks	Brooksville, Fla.
Pfc. Richard E. Carpino	Pittsfield, Mass.
Pfc. Donald L. Charlton	Malden, Mass.
Pfc. John Chvostal	Harrington, Del.
Pfc. Lory W. Clevenger	Lost Creek, W. Va.
Pfc. Charles E. Grandell	Oakland, Cal.
Cpl. John E. Cronin	Worcester, Mass.
Sgt. Arthur N. Curtis	Minneapolis, Minn.
Pfc. Michael DeNardo	Brooklyn, New York
Pfc. Harold Edelson	Brooklyn, New York
Pfc. Sylvester E. Ertman	Detroit, Mich.
Pfc. Francis L. Estes	Columbia, Mo.
Pfc. Roscoe M. Evans	Detroit, Mich.
Pfc. Fred J. Fawcett	Youngstown, Ohio
Pfc. John Feczkanin	Cleveland, Ohio
Pfc. Frank E. Florio	Brockton, Mass.
Pfc. Fred J. Giambrone	New York City, N.Y.
Pfc. Russel V. Guidry	Corpus Christi, Texas
Pfc. Roy S. Ginsburg	Toledo, Ohio
Pfc. Donald J. Gorman	Springfield Garden, LI, N.Y.
Pfc. William H. Graeff	Mahoney City, Pa.
Tec. 5. Edward F. Grillo	West Hartford, Conn.
S/Sgt. Joseph E. Gross	Maplewood, N.J.
Tec. 4. Abner L. Head, Jr.	Cottondale, Fla.



325th MEDICAL BATTALION
COMPANY "B"

S/Sgt. Trowbridge L. Higgins	Greenwich, Conn.
Pfc. James J. Holden	Philadelphia, Pa.
Pfc. Charlie T. Hudson	Atlanta, Ga.
Pfc. Thomas G. Hunt	Warrenton, N. Car.
Tec. 5. King A. Jackson	Landis, S. Car.
Pfc. George Jacobs	Thomaston, Conn.
Pfc. Peter M. Jannuzzi	Brooklyn, New York
Pfc. Paul W. Johnson	Arlington, Mass.
Pfc. Casimir C. Kaminski	Ferndale, Mich.
Pfc. George Karaffa	Trenton, N.J.
Pfc. Thomas F. Kenny, Jr.	St. Albans, LI, N.Y.
Tec. 5. Alfred H. La Fleur	Monroe, Washington
Tec. 5. Leo Lefebvre	Central Falls, R. I.
Tec. 4. Paul Libri	West Hampton, LI, N.Y.
Pvt. Bobbie B. Little	Biloxi, Miss.
Pfc. John L. Luzzi	New Haven, Conn.
Pfc. Ralph L. Mc Donald	Baltimore, Md.
Sgt. Thomas J. Mc Gowan	New York City, N.Y.
Pfc. Loren J. Mc Govern	Escanaba, Mich.
Pfc. Richard L. Mc Kiddy	Carpenter, Ky.
Pfc. John E. McMahan	New Hartford, N.Y.
Pfc. Lester B. Meltesen	Los Angeles, Cal.
Tec. 5. Joseph Mikorzewski	Chelsea, Mass.
Pfc. George F. Moore	Salisbury, Mass.
1st Sgt. Paul Naumchik	Red Bank, N.J.
Tec. 5. Harry R. Naylor	Townsend, Del.
Pfc. Lloyd R. Neaves	Flint, Mich.
Pfc. George E. Newton	New York City, N.Y.
Pfc. Wallace B. Nolen	Kinston, Ala.
Pfc. Harry T. Oldland	West Leisenring, Pa.
Pfc. Lawrence J. O'Leary	Wheeling, W. Va.
Pfc. Albert F. Powell	Pleasantville, N.J.
Pfc. Arthur F. Reichel	Brooklyn, New York
Pfc. Edward F. Ronan	Brooklyn, New York
Pfc. Isaac J. Rosen	Patterson, N.J.



COMPANY "B" 325TH MEDICAL BATTALION



Tec. 5. Oscar Schoor	Jackson Heights, N.Y.
Pfc. Harold K. Scribner	Watchung, N.J.
Pfc. Earl K. Secord	Utica, N.Y.
Pfc. Albert J. Shafer	St. Louis, Mo.
Sgt. Andrew M. Sheehan	Brooklyn, New York
Tec. 4. Stanley J. Siegelheim	Brooklyn, New York
Cpl. Joseph M. Skrodenis	Chicago, Ill.
Pfc. Elmer O. Smith	Duncan, S. Car.
S/Sgt. Paul F. Smith	Malverne, LI, N.Y.
Cpl. Bill F. Stephenson	Pawhuska, Okla.
Tec. 5. Wallace L. Stevens	Oakland Beach, R.I.
Tec. 3. Alfred R. Stinard	New York City, N.Y.
Pfc. Warren T. Svenson	Elmwood Park, Ill.
Tec. 3. Lonny R. Tachenko	Grassy Butte, N. Dak.
Pvt. Vincent Taranti, Jr.	Medford, Mass.
Tec. 5. Charles N. Tardiff	Newark, N.J.
Pfc. Oscar N. Tolson	Campton, Ky.
Pfc. George F. Traylor	Nashville, Tenn.
S/Sgt. Herman Traystman	Glen Cove, LI, N.Y.
Pfc. George Trombino	Blue Island, Ill.
Pfc. Frank E. Vest	Turtletown, Tenn.
Pfc. Manley C. Vinson	Jonesville, S. Car.
Sgt. Harvey B. Waterman	Gorham, Maine
Pvt. Cecil S. Watkins	Brooklyn, New York
Tec. 4. Frank J. Wheeler	North Quincy, Mass.
S/Sgt. Frank L. White	Huntersville, N. Car.
Tec. 5. Ernest Yannace	Brooklyn, New York
Capt. Norman V. Petersen	Erie, Pa.
1st Lt. Frederic C. Brown	Mansfield, Mass.
1st Lt. Wallace A. King	Norfolk, Neb.



Former Members of the Company

Capt. Paul H. Goodman	Mississippi
Capt. Harry F. Mignerey	Ohio
Capt. William F. Eckbert	North Carolina
Capt. Robert E. Rose	New York
Capt. Knighton V. Waite	Pennsylvania
Capt. Archibald D. MacDougall	Connecticut
1st Sgt. Joe L. Newman	Missouri
S/Sgt. Ben T. Toomer	Louisiana
Sgt. Andrew P. Cocozza	New York
Cpl. Henry J. Andersen	Massachusetts
Pfc. George D. Brill	Pennsylvania
Pfc. Francis H. Chase	New York
Pfc. Wiard P. Dahlmeyer	New York
Pvt. Arthur L. Goins	North Carolina
S/Sgt. Fred W. Brink	Minnesota
Pvt. Francis T. Kennedy	Massachusetts
Pfc. Patrick J. McCormack	New York
Pfc. Albert F. Morris	Ohio
Pfc. Francis J. Parkinson	New York
Pvt. John F. Phillips	West Virginia
Pvt. Harry J. Smith	Oklahoma
Pvt. Howard A. Stone	West Virginia



COMPANY "B" 325TH MEDICAL BATTALION



COLLECTING COMPANY COMBAT TEAM 8

We didn't know what it was like to hear the anguished cry of "Medic". We didn't know the feeling of a pounding heart, as life came back to man, yet after three days of traveling by motor convoy, over roads strewn with the debris of battle, we arrived in Villaincourt, France, prepared to relieve elements of the 45th Division. On November 6th the relief was completed and we were in full support of Combat Team 8.

There wasn't a man in the Company, who didn't realize the seriousness of war as Staff Sergeant Paul F. Smith related what he had witnessed while spending two days with Company "A" of the 120th Medical Battalion. Faces became set in grim determination as our own casualties began to pour in. The first, a mine casualty, had his right leg amputated to the knee, by what is known as the "Shu Mine". This is a diabolical device conceived by the enemy to wreak havoc amongst our troops. We know, we have seen its results and shared the fears of the men who encountered them.

Now the time had come to put to test the knowledge we had gained from a rigorous two years of training. We learned, and soon, that the best system was the simplest system. Our Station, set up in a dugout a short distance forward of the town of St. Benoit, France, was forced to move back as "Jerry" zeroed in on the road fifty yards from their location. Now located in a tent a mile forward of St. Benoit, the Station worked fast and accurately as the battle for Raon-L'Etape, grew in fury.

The strategy or tactics of battle was not our concern, but it was our concern to remain in contact with the troops in battle. So as the combat team swung north through Baccarrat to the hills around La Trouche, France, our ambulance drivers and litter bearers, learned the meaning of "Under Fire". It was here, over the roughest of terrain and adverse weather conditions that litter bearers Tec. 5 Lawrence F. Bourgeois, Pfc. George Karaffa, Pfc. Loren J. McGovern and Pfc. Harold K. Scribner spent six hours evacuating one casualty. Because of the constant enemy artillery and mortar fire, the task was made more difficult. For this display of courage and loyalty to duty they were awarded the Bronze Star Medal. Ambulance drivers still talk of the washed out roads and the pitch black nights lighted only momentarily by the glare of a bursting shell. Yes, we will always remember this spot on the map of France.

Now Raon-L'Etape had fallen and the enemy's main line of resistance had been broken. He was in full flight. A Task Force consisting of Combat Team "8" and supporting armor was formed; Object: to catch the enemy in flight. This Company reinforced with men and vehicles from the rest of the Battalion brought up the rear of a huge motor convoy that was hampered



COMPANY "B"
325TH MEDICAL BATTALION



by enemy mines, roadblocks and mortar fire, causing some casualties but very few. The Task Force was halted in Senones, France, as the enemy had been beaten as far forward as Strasbourg. Thanksgiving Day had passed and true we had much to be thankful for. We had seen almost a month of combat. War in all its hell had so far inflicted no casualties upon the members of this Company, so missing the revered Thanksgiving dinner wasn't too bad to take.

The month of November spent in the Vosges was a month all men will remember. It was a month of rain and snow, bitter cold and rough terrain, but it was a month that made veterans of all the men of this Company. The many wounded evacuated by this Company and the lives, perhaps saved by its members, are a tribute to its skill. For the part we played in our Division's chain of evacuation, we, as members of the Medical Battalion received the "Meritorious Service Plaque".

The Vosges campaign was over for us as we headed north to partake in the assault on the Maginot Line. No, not as those who must pit their marksmanship and courage against the enemy but as those who must stand behind, ever to the service of all. Trois Fontaine came next in our series of towns along the highways of France. Action had since passed this town and so here we were able to rest while the plans for further action by our Combat Team were drawn up. So on December 2nd we were once again in pursuit of an enemy who fought by day and retreated by night. A jump of sixteen miles took us to a town called Moderfeld. Here again it was mines and mortars and the never ending string of enemy snipers. Jerry's determination to stop us was great, yet not so great as our determination to move forward. How well we remember the courage of Infantrymen and Engineers, smiling, yes even joking, as they passed through our Station, telling us their experiences. Yet how much more we remember the stories written on the faces and bodies of others. Stories that told of men charging up hills in the face of an enemy well dug in and fortified against their fire. Stories that told of weariness from long nights and the things which night on the front, bring about. The stories our own men told were no different. Tec. 5 King A. Jackson and Pfc. Isaac J. Rosen can tell you how their Ambulance tipped and blew a mine without injury to themselves or damage to the vehicle. Driving through mined roads and fields is a job that demands courage and is in keeping with the high standards of the Medical Department. Here, two more "Bronze Stars" were awarded men of this Company. All these are the memories of and around Moderfeld. Of course there are more, many more, that some of our technicians can tell you about. Moving on through the ruins of Rosteig, our next location was in the town of Meisenthal. Now we were beginning to see and realize how close we were to the borders of Germany. Meisenthal is another small town battered and beaten by a passing war and like all other towns in this region, it too is nestled in a valley.

Ever moving forward, the infantry was now engaged in a desperate battle for the town of Lemberg, and although surrounded, the enemy offered bitter opposition. These then were days and nights of continuous driving for ambulance drivers. Days and nights where Doctors and Tech-



COMPANY "B" 325TH MEDICAL BATTALION



nicians plied their skills to help those who had tried so hard. Lemberg could not hold out against punishing blows dealt by our Artillery and so on December 7th the town was entered. Close on the heels of the continually moving Infantry, we moved our entire company into the town for a closer and more direct support of the combat team. Soon the assault on the Maginot Line was to begin. Lemberg will never be forgotten, for there are none of us who do not remember the crack of shells as they struck buildings and roads, nor can we forget the roar of our own guns as they dealt their punishing blows to the enemy. Still forward in the town of Reyersvillers, an advance station was set up for a speedier handling of the most serious casualties. All this was necessary, for the Maginot Line was a strong point of the enemy.

The men who attacked this strong point must have had a queer feeling in their stomachs. Reading in the newspapers how the pillboxes could be picked apart with a pencil and then seeing 240 mm shells bounce off them would turn any man's stomach upside down. The battle was mounting in fury. Back in the towns of Lemberg and Reyersvillers "B" Company with its ambulance drivers, litter-bearers and technicians worked with all the knowledge they had gained to relieve the pain and suffering of the men who tried. While at Lemberg, Pfc. John E. McMahon felt the cold sting of enemy steel as it slashed across his face, and so our first casualty and Purple Heart. Now the enemy had struck very close to home and although John received only minor injuries, surely the memories of that bursting shell are printed forever on his mind.

Could we return to these towns today, we would find none of the buildings so familiar to us. Instead, where once they stood we would find heaps of rubble or perhaps a vacant lot. Yet always there will be a memory of technicians straightening those twisted bones, of doctors assuring those who asked, that they would come back for that one more chance. All this took place in a gasthaus in the town of Reyersvillers. It was the same gasthaus where litter-bearers, tired from a day of crawling, would lay their head upon the floor, oblivious to the noises of the maddened world at war. Outside the door could always be heard the screeching brakes of an ambulance, as it told still another story. There is no glory in our page of this war; just a feeling of pride and satisfaction.

The great series of forts that made up the Fortress of Bitche were crumbling under the direct fire of artillery and the courage of infantrymen and engineers. Soon a page was to be written into history and some 200 years of military history was to be shattered, but we didn't know then that the large scale German counter-attack had begun in Belgium. This was to put us on the defensive as the Armies on the front were shifted. A swing to the left found us in the town of Siersthal, another small French town where you will find those tiled roof houses huddled closely together at the foot of the hills, and, like other localities in France one could see that warning white tape and the glaring red sign that said "Mines", by the side of the roads. Yes, Siersthal was just another stop with a new name. Another two days and we were in the town of Enchenberg.

Here we will remember the snow and the white clad infantry boys as they worked in the



COMPANY "B" 325TH MEDICAL BATTALION



fields outside of town, building new defenses. Here, we will remember a Christmas far from home. A Christmas made cheery by those who had cut a large tree and decorated it with what could be found. Men smiled and laughed that night and I'm sure the war was forgotten for that little while. Could we have gotten a suit, I'm sure Staff Sergeant Ben Toomer would have made the perfect Santa Claus. The members of his Platoon looked upon him as such, anyway.

A war of defense brings very little casualties from man made weapons but as Medical Soldiers we learned that cold and snow could bring sickness and disease. Now we were beginning to see the dreaded "Trenchfoot". Feet were burned and discolored by a disease which knew no preference. In our position it did not come within our means to help these men. Our only help was speedy evacuation.

Tec. 5th grade Wallace L. Stevens has a memento of Enchenberg, for it was while we were there he learned the steel pressed to make the doors for his ambulance would not keep out the flying steel of bursting shells. It was in Enchenberg too that technicians Stanley J. Siegelheim and Lonny R. Tachenko perhaps learned the thoughts of a litter bearer under fire. It was dark that night with the only light coming from the enemy's shells but when the call for medic came it was these two who answered.

Yes, this was now a defensive war and an all out defense for us. Jerry had made a spearhead and was forcing units around us to withdraw. Attack after attack was made by the enemy; an enemy determined to do here, what he had done further north. He had mustered strength and was throwing it at points along our entire line. It was during these attacks that our Combat Team was shifted further north, to take up secondary defenses and to assist another Combat Team in stemming the enemy's attack. We took our place in the town of Oermingen, ready to aid those who were in need. It was here some of us were introduced to Jerry's so called "Rocket". A bundle of Hell, with a scream that sends those icy little needles running up and down a man's spine. Certainly that is the feeling it gave aid men, litter-bearers, and ambulance drivers as they crawled over territory alive with the bursting of these same "Rockets". Surely those who feel the bite of their steel have an indescribable feeling. Maybe someday those members of this unit who have had that feeling might try to describe it to us. Men like Corporal Henry J. Andersen, Pfc. Francis H. Chase, and Pfc. Edward F. Ronan might try, but then it would be very hard.

The smoke of battle had cleared now and it showed we had not given in and those to whom we owe so much, had proven our faith in them. We in a Collecting company, could not have appeared to play a large part in this melodrama of life and death, but during the days of this bitter struggle, we did our job with courage and faith, and a determination that we too were part of the outfit that would change the tide of battle. The New Year had seen this little Medical outfit staying doggedly close to those who needed us. It had seen us give all our efforts and more, some of our men. Jerry had tried and lost. It was now a case of settling down and holding what we had.



COMPANY "B" 325TH MEDICAL BATTALION

All around could be seen the preparations for better defenses. Day after day we would watch the huge bombers flying overhead, leaving behind their trails of vapor, in a sky clear and cold. Things were now becoming very quiet and action was limited to patrols and artillery duels, with an occasional thrust at straightening and shortening the front lines. Now our combat team was to take up positions in the forward line. So once again we moved forward to the town of Rablingen.

Rablingen with its ancient buildings and winding streets, its battered appearance and weary people was much the same as all we had seen. Still forward of this town, we had set up an Aid Station and it was from this station we first used a sleigh in the evacuation of the wounded. It was our Commanding Officer, Captain Paul H. Goodman, who conceived the idea that it would be much easier and a more rapid means of evacuation over these snow covered hills in Alsace. It worked, and well too, as I am sure men will testify. There was only an occasional roar from the front now and it appeared that winter was holding its hand over war and that we must wait and plan our moves for the days to come.

So on the 20th day of January 1945 we moved our tired company back to the town of Diemeringen, away from the reaches of those little guns that make life at the front so unpleasant. This way we were able to rest a group of men, while another group maintained the forward station, now located in the town of Montbronn. There are no streets in Diemeringen that cannot be described by all the members of this Company. The little canal that ran through the town and flooded it in the days to come, when the weather warmed and the sun began to shine. Its busy people knowing the war had passed them, as they now began to rebuild what had been destroyed. These things all spell Diemeringen, to we, who spent the many days of winter in that town.

During the time we spent in Diemeringen the casualties were very light, that is to say the casualties inflicted by the enemy were light, but something else struck amongst us, something that turned the skin of man yellow and his insides turned upside down until that awful feeling of nausea overcame him, his eyes were red and he was oh, so tired. Hepatitis or Jaundice are the names given it by the Medical Officers who have tried so hard to obliterate it.

Our forward station in the town of Montbronn worked very smoothly all the time they were there. They handled all the ailments brought on by winter, the ever increasing Hepatitis and those sudden results of the enemy who never ceased to throw some amount of artillery and mortar fire, with sureness and sincerity of veterans who had learned much since that day in the November past.

The winter months were growing short and the sun shone more brightly, as the month of February passed and March came into being. A month that was to hold many new experiences for us and new data for the pages of history. On March 15th we continued the assault on the Fortress of Bitche. Combat Team "8" was to make a frontal assault against the once impregnable



COMPANY "B" 325TH MEDICAL BATTALION

line. We had heard and seen much of the "No Mans Land" that was carpeted with mines and perhaps prayed silently, for those who were the first to cross this stretch of land.

Against the determination of the men we followed, no enemy could hold. So on the second day of the attack the city of Bitché was entered. We all remember the constant shelling and the diving planes. All part of the massive preparations that were made to reduce this Fortress. The nights that were bright from the burning of surrounding towns. The days that brought the wounded, telling their stories of a "Citadel" high on a hill and a city spread out at its feet. Our stay in Bitché was short for the enemy was running.

Swinging northeast, crossing the Hardt mountains and through the Siegfried Line, Combat Team "8" had penetrated the borders of Germany on the 22nd day of March giving us memories of our first German towns and their houses, decorated with a single white flag. A drive of sixty miles found us in the town of Hafsloch, Germany. Here we were to see for the first time, at close range, the German people. All during this lightening drive the casualties remained very light and thus our part was made easy. Now the roar of the guns seemed far away as our Combat Team remained in reserve and the enemy continued his running. Hafsloch, for us was uneventful and soon our flag was moved to the town of Dannstadt.

With our Station set up in Dannstadt, we were ever drawing closer to the river "Rhine". The highway that passed our door carried the never ceasing flow of men and materials that were soon to bridge this very same river. As we waited our turn to cross, we trained in the things we were yet to use and rested for the harder days yet to come. Who amongst us can forget that day in Dannstadt when the screech and roar of a diving plane brought us all to attention. Deafening crash of an exploding bomb, struck fear in the hearts of men, for there was no warning. Now another dive and another crash, but this time not a bomb but the plane itself had struck the ground. We learned then, why there had been no warning, for the plane was ours and the bomb dropped by a quick thinking pilot for our protection and not our destruction. As the pilot was treated for minor wounds, we learned the story of his troubled plane and his desperate attempts at landing it. These things all made Dannstadt eventful, but it shall always be remembered as the place we stopped before crossing the "Rhine".

At 1730 hours the 31st day of March 1945, our convoy, marked with its blazing red crosses moved along the highway towards the city of Ludwigshaven. A city once beautiful, now destroyed by the marksmanship of the "Bombadiers". Over a pontoon bridge, under the protection of a dense smoke cloud, to the eastern bank of the Rhine and the city of Mannheim, moved this same convoy. Southeast along the great highways of Germany we witnessed the damage done by a retreating enemy and our relentless Infantry and Air Corps. A one night stop in the town of Friedrichfeld and then on to the town of Schwetzingen. Now the enemy was retreating very fast and it wasn't long before we were once again on the highways. This time a long trip to the town of Bad Rappenau. As we moved along we began to see signs of a once retreating enemy,



COMPANY 'B'

325TH MEDICAL BATTALION



fighting. The casualties came and were treated. As we approached the Neckar River, the battle grew in madness. Once again the stories we had seen enacted many times before were being played on the dark roads leading from the river and on the fields that lined its banks. The continual roar of artillery and the steady staccato of machine guns could be heard now, as men and equipment were pushed across the river, with the city of Heilbronn as their objective.

In the many months that preceded this engagement we had learned many things but never had we evacuated casualties across a river under such heavy fire. There was no bridge, by which an ambulance could cross and the hasty foot bridge laid down by the Engineers, could not be used by a litter team carrying a wounded man. Assault boats were our only answer, and these were made into "Ferries". With the necessitated slow movement by the ambulances and the long litter hauls, evacuation might have been slowed, and so, a dressing station was set up near the rivers bank, while the bulk of the company was moved along the river to Bad Wimpfen. Never before had we faced an enemy so determined. From everywhere and everyone came the stories of the fight that was ensuing for the city of Heilbronn.

Bad Wimpfen is the place where men of this Company watched a drama so real and stirring that it could never be reenacted by the mind and hand of man. Looking across the river to the fields on the opposite bank, we could watch the Infantry boys as they pushed their desperate enemy back. We watched shells burst above their heads, yes and we saw them burst at their feet. We watched the diving Air Corps and we listened to the ripping sound of their guns and the dull thud of their bombs. We watched all of this and more, we watched it because the part we played was to come to the aid of those who had fallen, smitten by these very same implements of war. It was great to look out across this field, upon the stage of life, but it was a privilege to watch the group of men that eased the pains and kept life in the bodies of the actors.

Ambulances come and leave collecting stations all day long. The one driven by Pfc. Michael DeNardo had made many trips to the station in Bad Wimpfen with its loads of wounded. How very odd it was that this same Ambulance was to bring him this time, among the wounded. Yet he laughed that day and no one could keep him from continuing his work. Yes it seems there were many towns that could be remembered by the spilled blood of our own men.

It was in Bad Wimpfen that we said goodbye to our Company Commander Captain Paul H. Goodman and greeted a new Commander, Captain Archibald D. MacDougal. Captain Goodman had worked hard in molding us into the unit we were and now he was going higher. The war was by no means over and there were many more problems still to come and for the solving of these we must thank our new commander.

Across the river, the city of Heilbronn had fallen and once again the enemy was running and we were chasing. To where no one could answer. The list of towns and places we stopped mounted, and still, a retreating enemy. Such towns as Jagstfeld and Neckarsulm were merely heaps of rubble for these were the towns where the enemy made his last stand. The town of Rappoch



COMPANY "B"
325TH MEDICAL BATTALION



with its ever present incoming mortar fire, the town where Lt. Wallace A. King and Sergeant Joseph E. Gross captured five enemy prisoners of war.

Towns like Willsbach, Weinsberg, Mainhardt and Murrhardt, were next on our list but they too held very little memory other than the same white flags of surrender and wide eyed people as the might of America passed their doors. Through these towns to the town of Winnenden for a few days and then on to the town of Waiblingen.

The war had ended for us in this town of Waiblingen for at long last we had been relieved and were now to get the rest we had waited for so long. Yes, this phase of the war was over and what the future held we could not tell. It was April 24th that we moved into the town of Waiblingen and it was the 8th day of May that the War in Europe came to its end. Somehow there was not the joy that this would be expected to bring. Perhaps it was the thoughts that many thousands of miles away there was a booming of guns such as we had heard many times ourselves, and maybe the thoughts of those who were still giving lives took away some of the glory of this great victory.

With this part of the job finished Collecting Company, Combat Team "8" looks to its rendezvous with destiny with determination and a lighter heart, gained with its experiences and now stands ready "To The Service Of All."

Collecting Company Combat Team "8"

