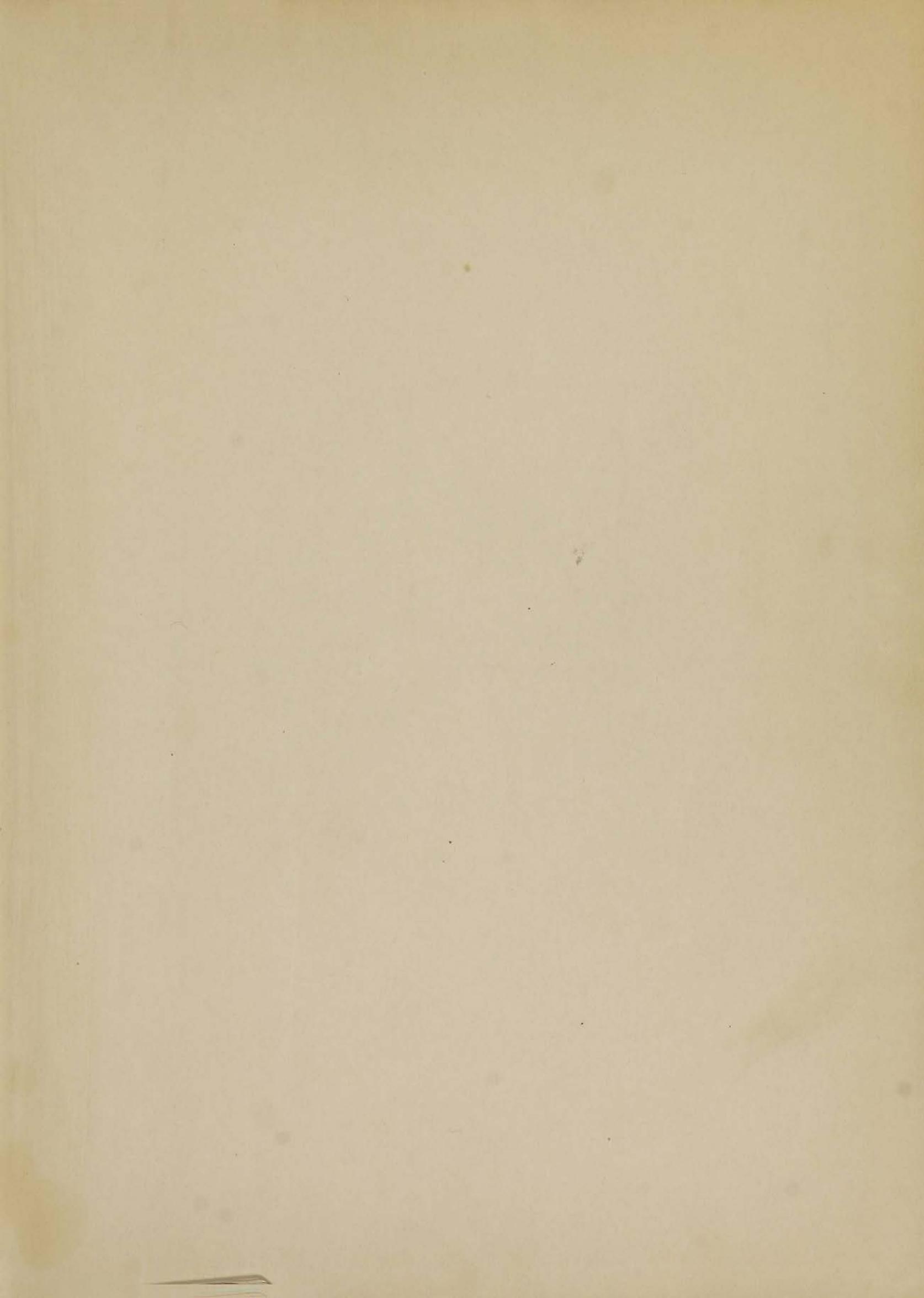




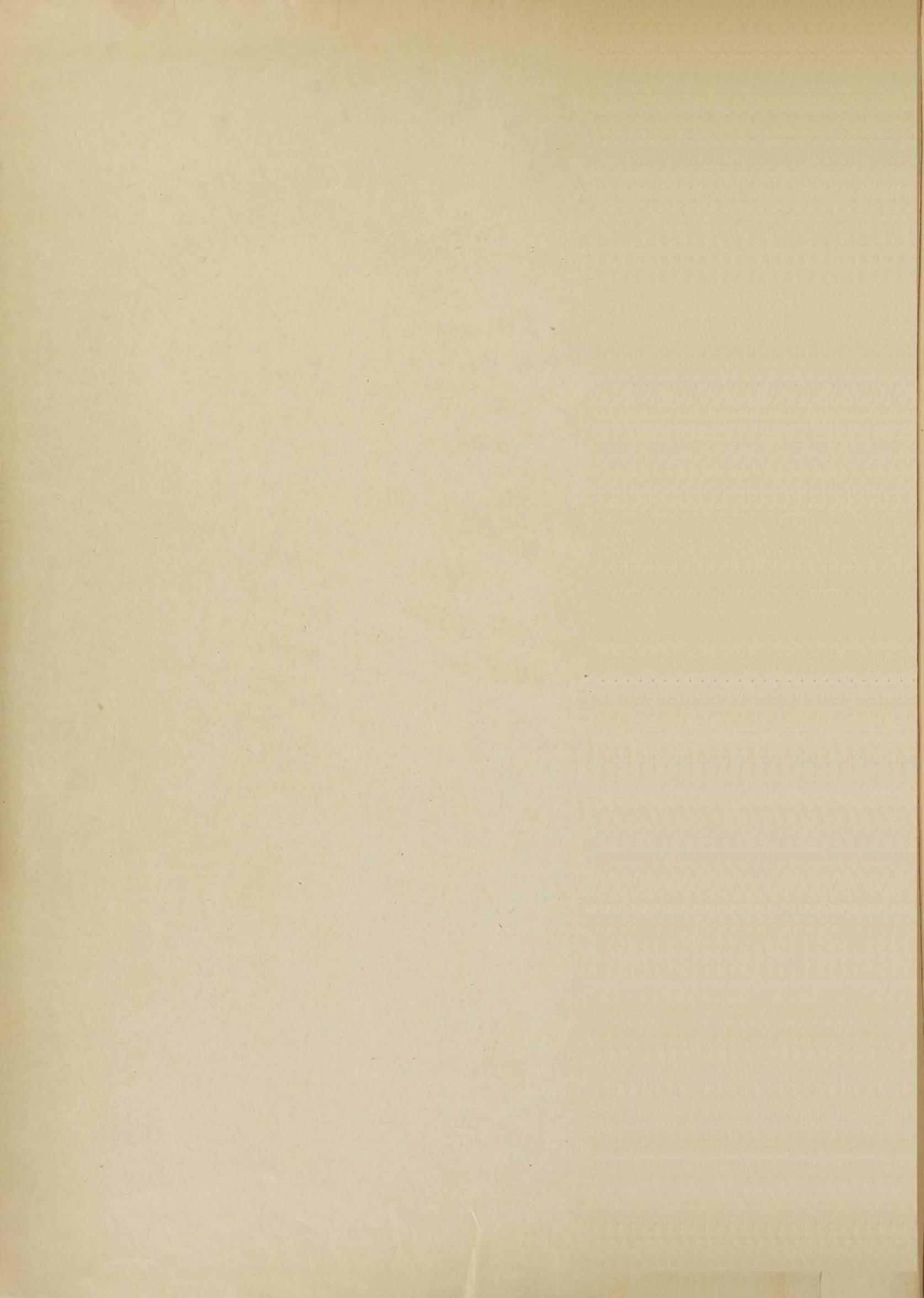
I AM READY





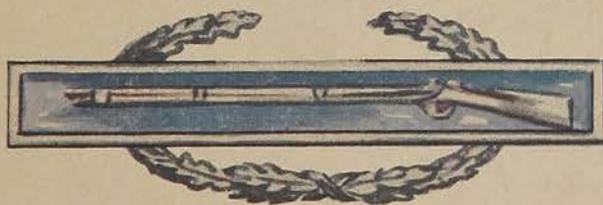


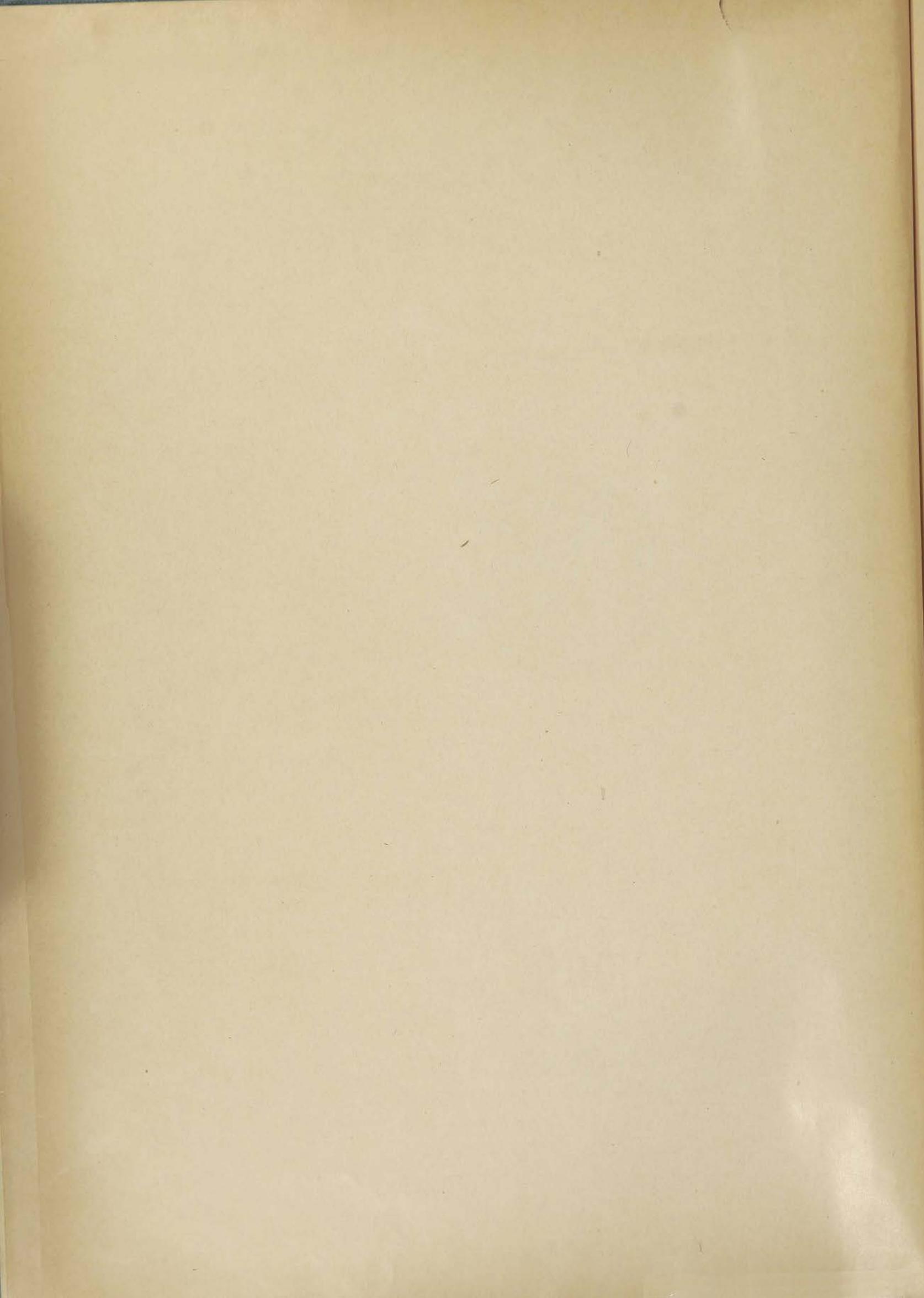






**T**he Infantry - The Arm of the Army  
The Infantryman - He Seizes and Holds



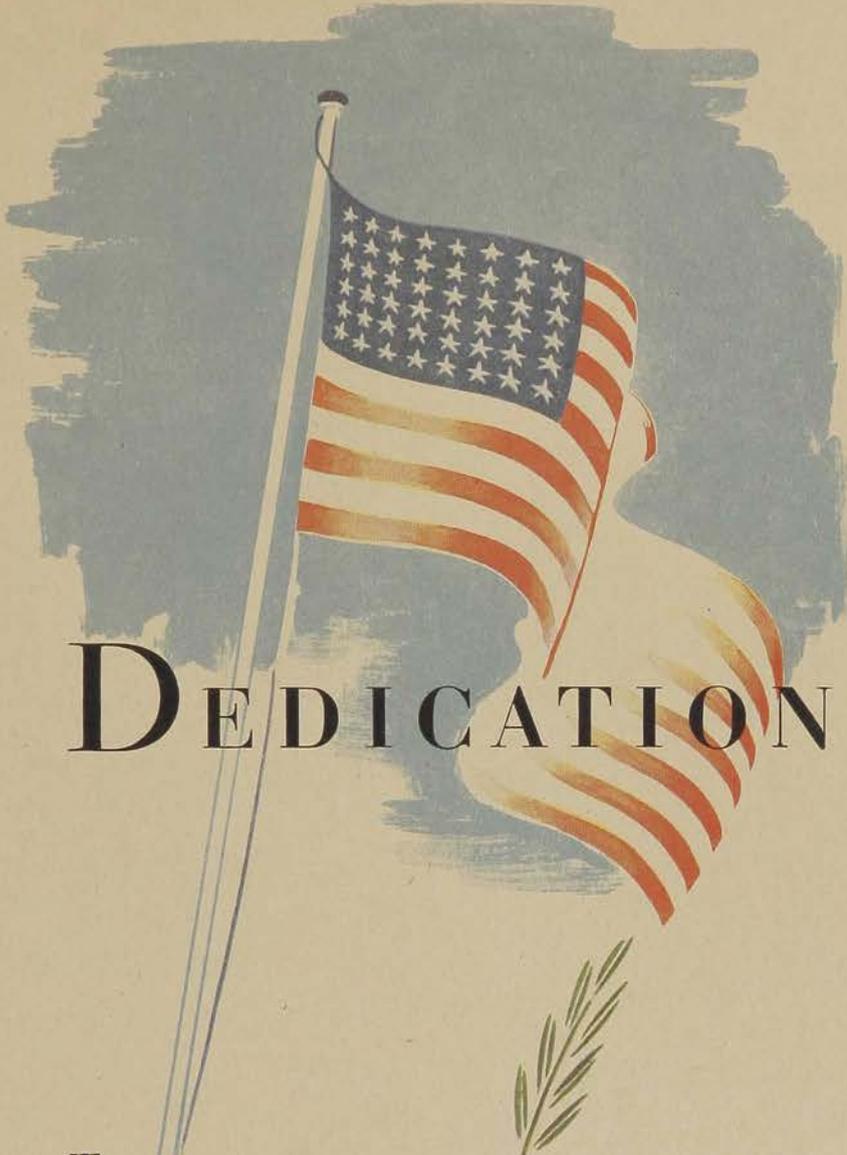


# 399<sup>th</sup> *in action*



with the  <sup>100</sup>th Infantry Division

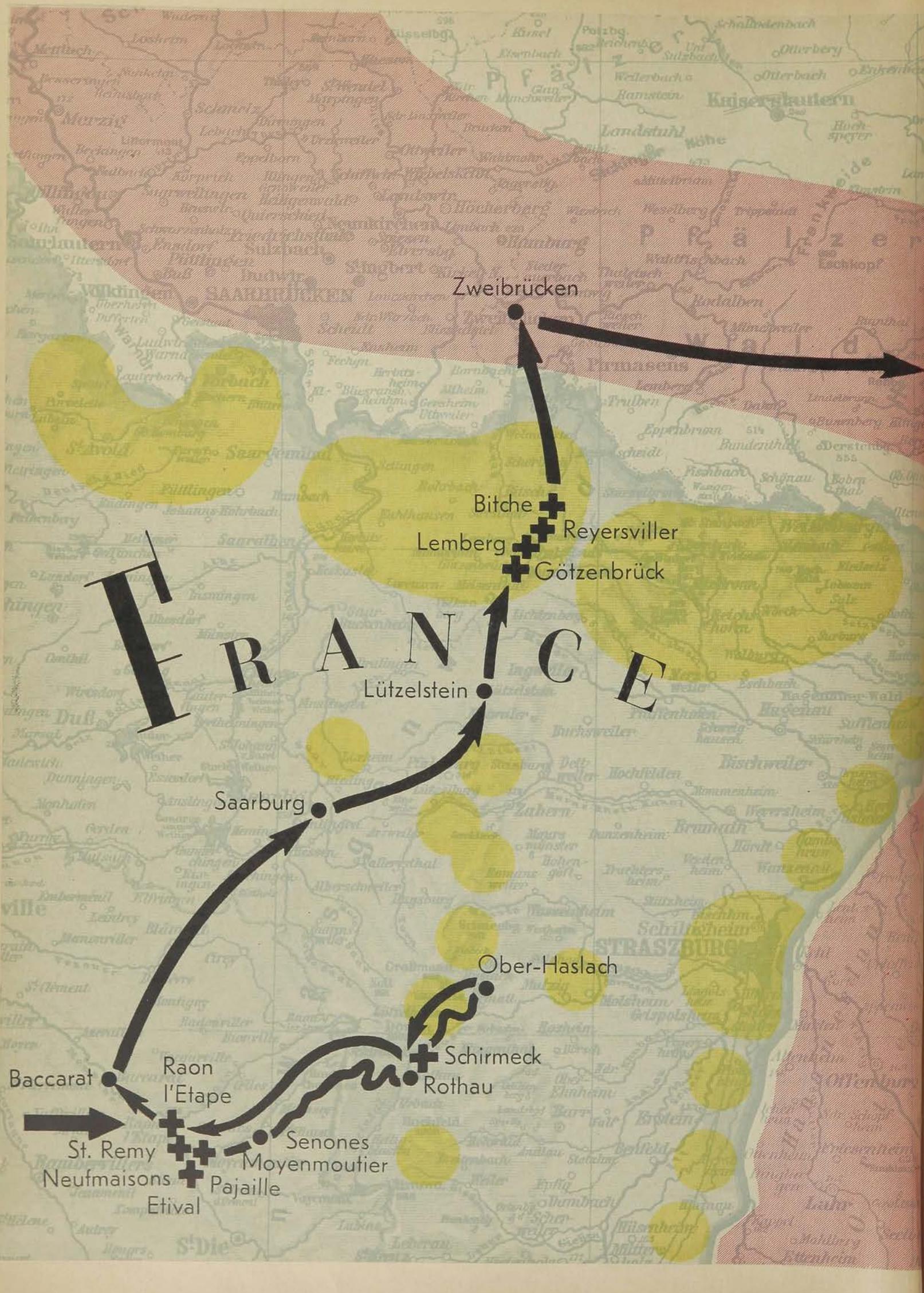
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# DEDICATION

**T**o those brave men of the 399th Infantry whose love of God, family, and country carried them so far forward in battle that they died for their ideal, this book is humbly dedicated. Once our closest friends, today they lie buried in the fields of France and Germany. They placed the quest after peace and decency above life itself: they had no greater gift to offer.

# FRANCE



Zweibrücken

Bitche

Lemberg

Reyersviller

Götzenbrück

Lützelstein

Saarburg

Ober-Haslach

Schirmeck

Rothau

Raon l'Etape

Senones

Moyenmoutier

Pajaille

Etival

St. Remy

Neufmaisons

Baccarat



GERMAN



MAGINOT-FORTS



SIEGFRIED-LINE



LINE OF ADVANCE



CRITICAL POINTS

Mannheim  
Ludwigshafen  
Neustadt  
Landau  
Hockenheim  
Walldorf  
Schwaijern  
Sontheim  
Talheim  
Grossgartach  
Heilbronn  
Flein  
Beilstein  
Helfenberg  
Hertmannsweiler  
STUTTGART  
Wäldenbronn  
Esslingen

HEADQUARTERS 100TH INFANTRY DIVISION  
Office of the Commanding General

APO 447, United States Army

To the Officers and Men of the 399th Infantry,  
100th Infantry Division:

It is most gratifying to learn that your great combat unit is going to record its splendid achievements in six months of continuous combat in the European Theater of Operations. Combat Team 399 was the first element of the Division to enter the front lines. On 1 November 1944, it relieved elements of the 45th Division in the Rambervillers sector and immediately made successful attacks over the most rugged terrain in the Theater of Operations — the Vosges Mountains. But your history will do better justice to a description of the great part you played in the defeat of the enemy than I can here.

You accomplished every mission assigned in a most admirable and effective manner. On all occasions you fought aggressively, courageously, and intelligently, and clearly demonstrated a spirit and pride of organization second to none that I have ever seen.

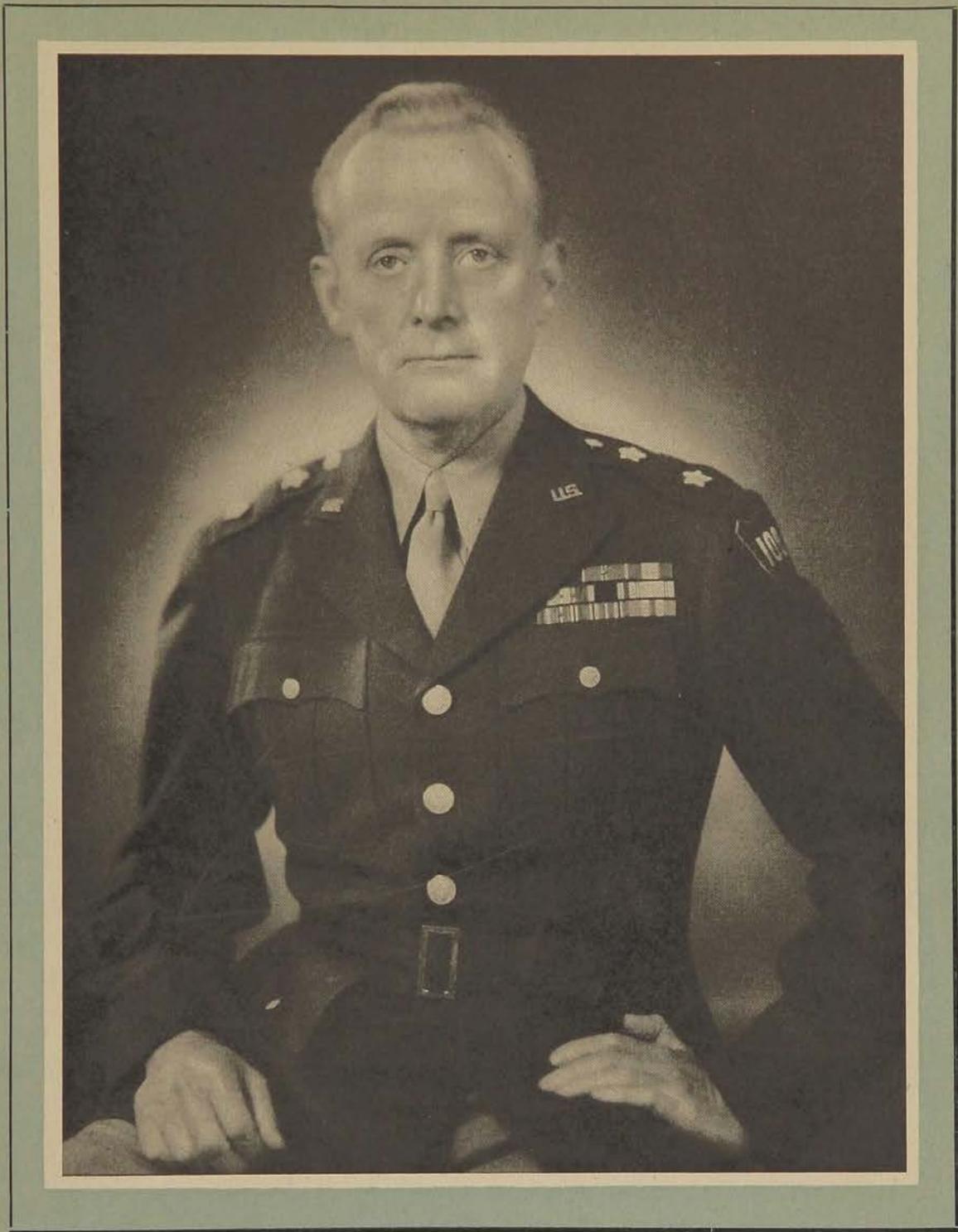
In the years to come, you, therefore, will derive much satisfaction from the fact that you have done your duty to the fullest in bringing about the greatest victory in history. There is no doubt in my mind that you as citizens will still carry on the tasks of making our country ever greater and better — the best monument I know of to your comrades who gave their lives in battle.

It has been my greatest privilege and honor to have had you in my command in battle. God bless you all.

Faithfully,

*W. A. Burress*

W. A. BURRESS  
Major General, United States Army  
Commanding



WITHERS A. BURRESS

MAJOR GENERAL

U. S. A.

Former Commanding General, 100th Infantry Division

Former Commanding General, 6th Corps, 7th Army

Now Inspector General, USEET



HEADQUARTERS 100TH INFANTRY DIVISION  
Office of the Commanding General

APO 447

U.S. Army

22 October 1945

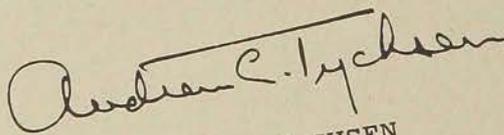
SUBJECT: Commendation.

TO: Officers and Men of the 399th Infantry.

It is a pleasure and an honor to be included in your regimental history. Naturally, I have a profound interest and affection for my old regiment. We trained hard for combat back home, and the record of the regiment in action over a six months period reflected that thorough preparation.

Above all I must mention the marvelous spirit that carried the regiment so magnificently through the war. Never in my lifetime have I seen the counterpart of such tremendous enthusiasm to get on with the job and get it over. The 399th Infantry entered combat with courage, resolution and élan. It never lost that spirit despite the loss of many officers and men throughout the operations. We shall never forget our comrades who laid down their lives for their country. It will be our constant duty to assist, in every way possible, our wounded comrades; to visit them in hospitals and their homes, and to carry on the spirit of fine comradeship established by our association in the regiment and the division.

My salute to all my comrades who ever served in the famous Powderhorn Regiment under the motto "I am ready."



ANDREW C. TYCHSEN  
Brigadier General, U.S. Army  
Commanding



ANDREW C. TYCHSEN

BRIGADIER GENERAL

U. S. A.

Commanding General, 100th Infantry Division  
Former Commanding Officer, 399th Infantry Regiment



HEADQUARTERS 399TH INFANTRY REGIMENT

APO No. 447

24 November 1945

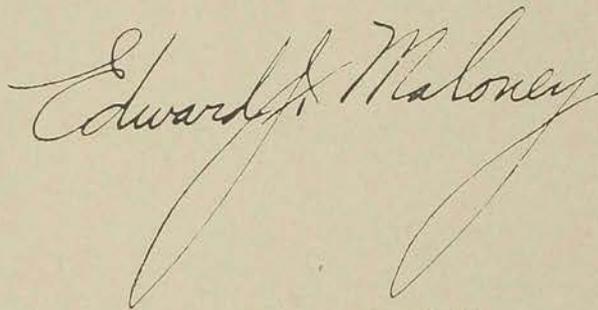
Men Of The 399th

We can all of us feel an honest pride in the knowledge that our regiment did outstandingly good work in combat. Many men in many different jobs made up the team and each played his part to make the team successful.

Some men of the unit gave their lives and others were seriously wounded in helping to drive from the earth those governments which ignored all consideration of men as individuals. Those fine men who died on the field of battle seem still to live on as part of the regiment.

The associations which existed in France and Germany will come to mean more and more to us as time goes on. There are few ties as strong as those between men who have been able to trust one another in combat.

I hope that all of you, in years to come, will find happiness and success.



EDWARD J. MALONEY  
Colonel, 399th Infantry,  
Commander.



EDWARD J. MALONEY

COLONEL

U. S. A.

Commanding Officer, 399th Infantry Regiment

*T*wo first scouts and a BARman were appointed to write the story of the 399th. They added a few beat-out riflemen from the alphabetical line companies to the staff. Browsing around the regiment they listened to more beat-out riflemen mumble the story one syllable and one shot at a time. It's written for the guy Way Up Front; nobody else will quite understand it.

Frank Gurley

*Editor*

Park L. Brown

*Business Manager*

Robert Kyle

Ronald Fett

Donald Waxman

Richard Wickinden

Daniel Ahearn

John English

*Associate Editors*

Robert Sowers

Howard Hall

*Artists*





# The REGIMENT *is organized,*

A couple of Generals saluted each other, read a bunch of words from a piece of paper, and saluted again as the flag was raised. Everything was according to military Hoyle. The 399th Infantry Regiment had just been activated as part of the new 100th "Century" Division.

That was Fort Jackson, South Carolina on November 15, 1942. Cadre came from the 1st and 76th Divisions, citizen-soldiers came largely from New York, New Jersey, New England. They were new all right. Twelve months of the usual Infantry stuff just a little bit south of North Carolina, grind-studded days of 25 mile hikes, RCT problems, D Exercises. After a special assignment to guard the railroad route of the late President Roosevelt's tour to Parris Island, the 399th left Jackson in November of 1943.

*"Tennessee was different from the sand and scrub pines and tableland of Carolina. We were east of Nashville in the Cumberland country, full of red clay and rocky hills and deep cutting rivers. Real dignified towns like Carthage and Rome and Leeville and Gallatin."*

*"Yeah, we had 15,000 square miles of solid rain to wander around in with the 14th Armored and 35th and 87th Infantries. They always told us the Brass was right out in the weather, too, but the only four stars I saw were General Rain and Mud. Man, was it rough on maneuvers!"*

Tennessee separated the men from the boys in January 1944: the boys turned left and the 399th went right, to Fort Bragg, North Carolina with Fayetteville attached. The 399th Repple Depot turned out four thousand topnotch soldiers who shipped overseas



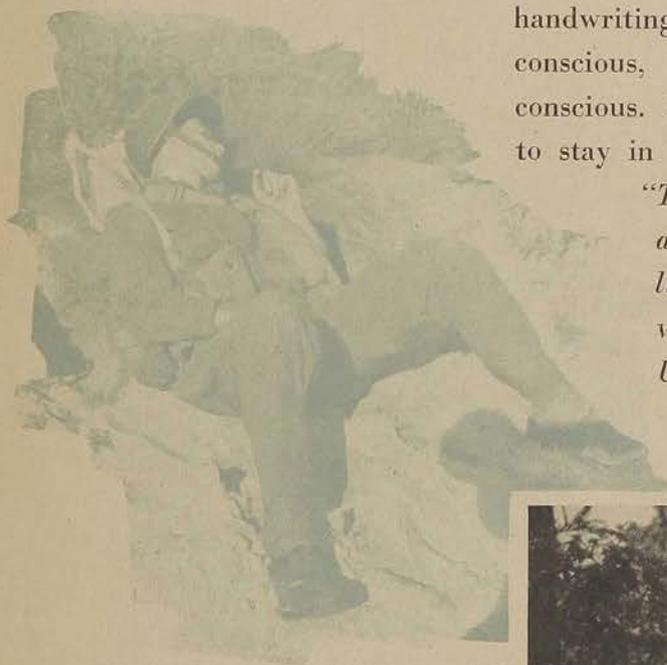
to fight with the 3rd, 36th, and 45th Divisions, famous Infantry outfits the 100th would one day fight beside.

In March the Joes who were destined to fight with the Powderhorn began a modest entry into the Regiment. They were Air Corps, Ack Ack, MP's, Barrage Balloons, and Quiz Kids from the folded ASTP program. A new world of 34 pushups, the Inspecting General, C-47's darkening the sky, and furloughs. Lt. General Leslie Mc Nair pinned the first Expert Infantryman's badge in Army history on Sgt. Walter Bull of Company A, 399th Infantry. Five hundred Powderhorn Doughs were to follow Bull in winning the badge, several thousand 399th Joes would soon win the same blue badge with a silver wreath added. *The 399th sweated out D-Day over CBS.*

In June the Powderhorn went to New York City to march in the Infantry Day parades. The civilians were very Infantry minded about that time and gave the Doughboys a terrific welcome as they came marching down 5th Avenue and Lower Broadway to meet Fiorello LaGuardia at City Hall.

Secretary of War Stimson with hundreds of industrial leaders, brass hats, and publishers were shown through the 399th Model Regiment. By July the handwriting was on the wall. Everyone became "Why We Fight" conscious, "Why We Carry Only 7 Pounds of Personal Stuff" conscious. Nobody wanted to rush overseas, yet no one wanted to stay in the States.

*"The band was brassing that sunny September morning and the Stars and Stripes were waving in the breeze just like in the newsreels when we marched to the train. I was really proud of the outfit that morning, even the USO Commando who was my platoon leader."*



*"Tennessee was different..."*



*trained...*

★  
Camp Kilmer treated the Infantry like kings: everything for the boys. 12 hours of heaven in New York or Philly or Washington, another train ride to the Jersey docks, a Ferry haul across the Hudson.

*"New York sure looked beautiful that night. We were all lined up along the ferry rail. Thousands of tiny squares of light from the city. Sure, everyone had a lump in his throat."*

Early October 6th, the USAT's Washington and MacAndrews slid through the Narrows and left Miss America holding her torch in the morning mist. After 12 nights of small hurricanes, phosphorescent lights, and constellations, the rugged cliffs of Africa appeared.

*"That must be Gibraltar over there with all the lights twinkling. Those are the Spanish cliffs and moors and over there on Africa are the Atlas Mountains. So far it's strictly a Cooks' tour."*



*"... strictly a Cooks' Tour*



*and goes overseas*



The western sky was aglow with the wake of the setting sun, the whole eastern sky was a tremendous ugly gray thundermass hunched over Europe. The tiny Destroyer Escorts plunged boldly on into the Mediterranean, leading the first convoy of the war to run the German sea gauntlet from America to the backdoor of France.

*As the secret convoy sneaked smugly through the Mediterranean, over the ship's radio came: "Good evening, boys. Before we start our sentimental dance music, I'd like to welcome the 100th Infantry Division to the Mediterranean area."*

*Berlin Sally was in the know.*

Marseille and the French on October 20th.

*"No sooner did the Army give us back our land legs when they made us march 10 miles from the harbor up into the hills behind Marseille. I was too busy reading all the French signs and looking at the short skirts to get tired. Who said there was a lipstick shortage among the Europeannes?"*

Puptents and vino, francs and mademoiselles, historic Notre Dame de la Garde and sinister St. Louis. Yes, and mud. October 28th the 399th Infantry left the rest of the Division at Marseille and struck north toward the battle front.

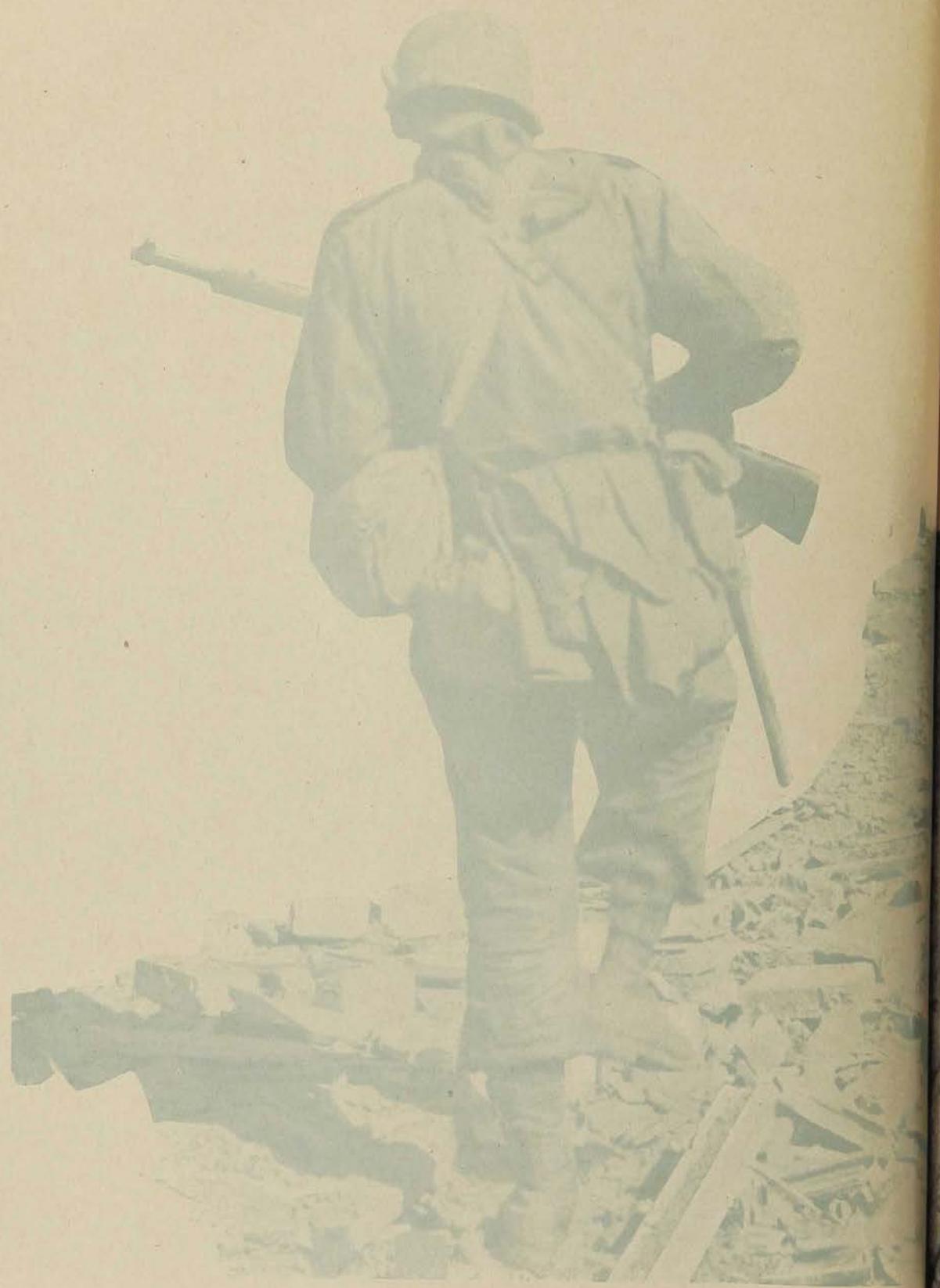


*Uncle Harry wasn't kidding*



*"Yes, and Mud"  
... Marseille staging area*

*Then*



# 399<sup>th</sup> *in action*





# VOSGES

## Mountains



After three days of barnstorming in a frosty convoy up the postcard valley of the Rhone, amidst technicolor autumnal hillsides, twisted charred Mark VI's and second story French kiss-throwers, the 399th Infantry Regiment rolled to a stop. Past Aix, le pont d'Avignon, Valence, Chalon, Dijon—420 miles into the northeast corner of France—into the mist shrouded foothills of the Vosges Mountains.

The assembly area near Fremifontaine was a broad horizoned country of sunshine, lush green meadows, and black pine woods. There was no sunshine in the woods, but there were old German foxholes, helmets, potato mashers. No one wanted any souvenirs. The doughfeet went to bed in trim pup tents, woke up the next morning in soggy holes freshly dug. Nobody had told them that the 240's yammering nearby were the property of the 45th Division. It was the last day of October.

*"Men, we'll be in this bivouac area at least three days. Tomorrow the Eagle screams and you'll all get paid in francs. Everybody turns in his duffel bag and you'll get 'em back in a day or two."*

*That was the last the doughfeet heard about their duffel bags for the duration.*

The 399th received a hurry-up alert that afternoon and prepared to move up to "the front". Platoons mobbed around like football teams for last minute advice. The Old Man made a little speech that his goal in combat was to lead his company through without losing a single man.

November 1, 1944, just 26 days away from Manhattan, the line companies moved in silent wondering columns past dead Germans and dull green Shermans, through gloomy tapestries of pines in the ghostly Fôret de St. Benoit. In alphabetical order they relieved the companies of Bill Mauldin's 179th Infantry of the 45th — the Thunderbird Division.

*"Where are your ammo bags, and packs, and bayonets, and overcoats?"*

*"Threw 'em away."*

*"Where are the Jerries?"*

*"Right in front of you."*

*"Where are the front lines?"*

*"You're them."*

*"ooh."*

The nonchalant vets of Sicily, Anzio, and Riviera picked up all their loose equipment — one rifle — and ambled away. “Good hunting, fellas.” The 399th came’s threw their military junk in a huge stack, jumped into their foxholes, and peered ahead anxiously into the infinite forest looking for something tangible, like a Jerry, to shoot at. The trees dripped noiselessly on the mossy floor.

At 0950 Pfc Hartmut Arntz of Mike Company sighted his mortar and Pfc Walter Meliere dropped in an 81mm shell, to send the 100th Division’s first round of the war crashing into St. Remy. At 1100 Pfc Edmond Burzycki radioed “Let ’er rip!” to Pfc Richard Dein and a Cannon Company 105 blasted a LaSalle crossroad. In mid-afternoon the 925th Field Artillery opened up with howitzers.

The 399th had entered combat with the other two Regiments several hundred miles in the Rear, but they didn’t know it. Several crack American divisions and the French 1st Army were pounding the German Meurthe River Winter Line. The 399th was sandwiched between the 45th and 3rd Divisions in thick-pined Ramblevillers Fòret in the Vosges foothills. Three miles ahead, the Germans were holding with fanatical firmness on their Meurthe defenses. Beyond the disputed river rose the lofty peaks of the High Vosges. The 3rd Battalion faced St. Remy on the left, the 1st faced La Salle on the right.

Twelve man patrols on November 2nd felt out the flanks of the 45th Thunderbird and the 3rd Rock of the Marne.

*“Patrols felt out the flanks of the 3rd Rock of the Marne”*



*The young Lieutenant slung his carbine and went into the 15th Infantry CP. The two scouts loitered suspiciously outside.*

“Hey, what outfit you guys from?”

I said what outfit you guys from?”

“1127th Messkit Repair.” *The scouts wouldn't admit a thing.*

*A beard emerged from a second floor window.*

“Hey, I saw youse guys coming across that long meadow. This town was taken two days ago. What're youse, on maneuvers?”

*The Lieutenant came out smiling and the scouts warily brought their rifles to the ready and beat a Fort Benning retreat back over the meadow to the woods.*

Lt. Thomas Plante's 2nd platoon of Love Company on November 3rd raided the forested approaches to St. Remy from the west. Scouts Paul Lincoln and Thomas Campbell ran into an ambush of burp and machine guns, and after an hour's fire fight the raider platoon was forced to withdraw. Pfc Estil Crittendon was wounded and captured, first 100th man to fall to the enemy.

Lt. Jack Reid took Baker's 1st platoon into LaSalle and Lt. James Shields led Charlie's 3rd platoon astride the highway approaches to the town. Baker night patrols probed into the soggy, wind-swept fields toward St. Remy.

On November 4th the Regiment went into the attack against St. Remy. Baker Company advanced in battle spread up a long low ravine through a deep plowed pasture with only the church steeple visible to guide on. Charlie, Able, King, Love, and Item lined the edge of the Bois de St. Remy, set to jump off across 800 yards of open ground.

*Lt. Colonel Ellery Zehner stormed out ahead of Baker to lead the attack into the battered machinegun-swept village and merit the Divisions's first DSC. Snipers, burp gunners, and machine gunners opened up on the oncharging company, mortars rained down as the rest of the Regiment swung into full attack. The routed Germans withdrew to the high ground to the East and darkness scudded over St. Remy.*

*Doughboys with rifle in left hand and grenade in right cleared the houses without lights.*

*“The only thing troubling me was how in hell to pull the pin on the grenade with my hands full. If I was only rugged like Errol Flynn I coulda pulled it with my teeth.”*

Lt. Reid's boys from Baker Company spearheaded the assault, to chalk up LaSalle and St. Remy for their platoon as the first two French towns to fall to the 100th Division in World War II. The retreating enemy hurled night long barrages of Whistling Annie 88's crashing into the narrow rues of St. Remy. Love Company contacted the 45th Division in the woods to the north of town.

*Pfc John Bolin of Love Company peered out of the woods toward the town.*

“What's the name of that place?”

“St. Remy.”

“Hell, this ain't getting us noplac. My old man took this town in the last war.”

*In a St. Remy house he later found his father's initials JHB carved in the wine-cellar wall.*

Before daybreak of the 5th the Red Battalion was moving East again.

*The two scouts squished alertly across soggy pastures in size 13 Shoepaks.*

"We gotta reach our objective before daybreak. Which woods did he say?"

"The next patch of pines, I think."

"Sh-h-h, see that shadow moving in there?"

"Must be the wrong woods."

*The Company turned around and ran back 500 yards. The CO looked at his map.*

"This woods is where we belong. We're not supposed to attack that other one till tomorrow. No wonder there were Jerries there. Musta had my map bent."

*Daylight had lifted too soon, however, and an intense mortar barrage fell on the un-dug Able Company.*

At twilight of the 5th the Blue Battalion slugged east along the St. Remy-Etival highway for a short advance. Tracers screamed high over the Regimental front while grazing fire clipped into foxholes.

*"Boy, this place gives me the creeps. Open rolling ground with a pine woods here and a pine woods there. Machineguns chattering away in those mountains to the left, and in the mountains to the right, too. Listen to that artillery hitting in those pines on top of that next rise. Sounds like a giant bowling ball making a strike. The Old Man told me those babies are the foothills of the Vosges. I'd hate to see the father. Now I know why they call these Frenchies 'the Frogs'. This sunny France they live in is a lake."*

"Aw, dry up."

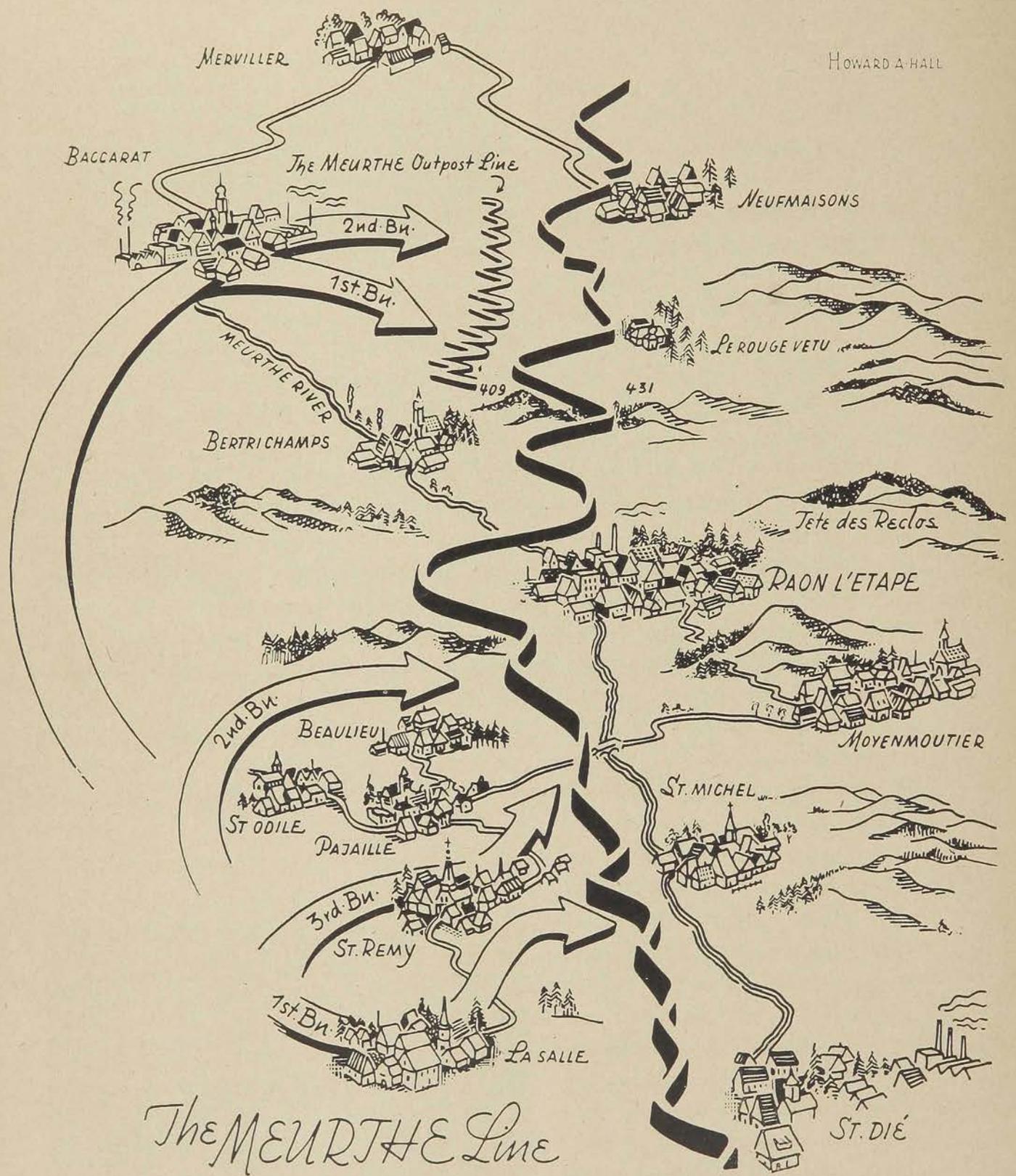
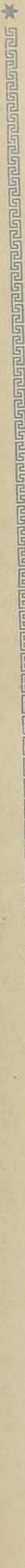
November 6th Item Company came out of the woods on the Regiment's left flank to spearhead the Blue Battalion toward Etival and the Meurthe.

*"Our route of attack goes right across the St. Remy—St. Odile highway. Those names are too holy sounding to suit me. Everything's too quiet."*

Fifteen minutes after the jumpoff intense machine gun and mortar fire from a balcony of woods overlooking the Greyhounds' route of attack pinned down the company. Pfc Ulysses Henry rose and led the charge toward the entrenched enemy and was killed by a burp gunner. Captain Travis Hopkins was among Item's 32 casualties in the first half hour of their first attack. Crashing



*"Item Company came out of the Woods..."*





105's of Cannon Company into the German emplacements enabled Item to overrun their objective across a stream to St. Odile.

Able and Charlie Companies moved forward for the Battle of the Six Woods, rectangular pine groves teeming with dugouts and camouflaged machine guns. Able jumped off from Woods 1 and 2, attacked 3, 4, and 5 midway through the rainy afternoon with George Company, 15th Infantry. At twilight Charlie moved with Able against Woods 6.

They attacked across 700 yards of open pasture with fixed bayonets into the face of a German machine gun battalion.

*"The battle-wise krauts rode chains of screaming red tracers high over our heads to make us stand up and then let go with invisible knee high fire. When we finally overran the woods there were no krauts around but millions of mortars. I never knew mud tasted so good."*

Some of the German machine gunners refused to retreat. Lt. Paul Loes of Charlie Company charged a nest with his Thompson sub and wiped out the crew. Scout Charles Hoak of Charlie took a dive in front of a kraut machine gun and when they shifted fire to the rest of the company thinking him dead, he rose and destroyed the strongpoint. Several kraut gunners got the wooden cross. Hoak and Loes got the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism.

*The Regiment dug in for the night in their newly-won woods, and all the doughs went to sleep except 30% who went out to patrol the black flanks, 50% who were on guard against a possible counter attack, and 20% who couldn't sleep in a muddy foxhole with only a soaked combat jacket to keep them warm.*

The 399th was little more than a mile from the Meurthe River on November 7th when a shuffling of forces began. After capturing Woods 7 and sending patrol feelers toward the Meurthe MLR, the Red Battalion was replaced by the 3rd Division, Baker relieved Item outside St. Odile, and the Blue Battalion took over 45th Division positions in embattled Pajaille.

During the night of the 6th, the 157th Infantry in the mountains on the left had sent out a call for help: their Baker Company was surrounded. Lt. Bennett Taylor took his 3rd platoon of Love Company and marched all night through the rainy black Vosges. At dawn they attacked toward the surrounded company on a mountain. Sgt. Alfred Coursey and Herman Sodie led and shot their way through the



*Shu-mines...tragedy awaited the Brave*

ring of Germans, wiping out a machine gun and capturing 14 krauts. Willie Young got an officer. Baker Company was saved from annihilation by Love Company's magnificent breakthrough.

*"The Battalion CO of the 157th couldn't believe it, one platoon of a green outfit like the 399th rescuing a whole company of the 45th. They had a lot of respect for the 100th after that."*

November 8th the White Battalion moved up to relieve the 157th Infantry in the mountains on the Regimental left flank just short of enemy held Beaulieu. The enemy heard Easy Company digging in and showered them with mortars. The 2nd Battalion never went into the attack: they had a stationary battle against kraut snipers and zeroed artillery.

King Company maintained their toehold in Pajaille, capturing 14 ex-aryans.

*"Boy, this sawmill is getting me down."*

*"Yeah, the basement is full of water and the upstairs is full of 88's."*

*"I wish all those damn burp-gunners would get furloughs. It would make the war a less noisy unpleasantry."*

*"Duck!" Bbth-r-r-r-r-r-rip. Bbthr-r-r-r-r-r-rip.*

The Red Battalion moved back into reserve in the S-mined St. Benoit woods. November 9th rumor bruited around that the 398th had arrived and would relieve the battle-trying and battle-tired 399th.

*"Hear we're getting relieved this afternoon."*

*"It'll take more than getting relieved to make me feel relieved."*

*"And this afternoon we go under control of the 100th Division."*

*"Oh yeah? Why should we let some green outfit like that order us 399th men around?"*

*"Yuh know, I never thought of that."*

November 10th Red, White, and Blue battalions marched through the dark precipitous pines to a convoy IP. The dusk truck caravan rumbled across the Meurthe River through a prosperous city called Baccarat and up into the hills of the Bois de Bingotte outside the city. A thin chain of outposts was thrown up in front of the bivouacing Regiment. The new 397th dug in between us and the River while the mobile 117th Recon stood poised on the left.

*"We really put one over on them, eh General?"*

*"Yes indeed, sir. With the 398th holding the thin line of the entire Division on the west bank of the Meurthe, we send the 397th and 399th through our bridgehead at Baccarat on a left end run around the German winter line. We'll bust right into their backfield."*

*"Just like that one at Annapolis in '24, eh General?"*

On the other side of the Meurthe things weren't quite so clear and rosy. First of all, nobody knew where St. Remy had been, or cared. No one knew why they had crossed a river at Baccarat, or cared. The main issue was that the Regiment was living in dry foxholes, busting open Christmas packages and writing V-Mails. King Company outposts borrowed milk from a herd of cows that grazed unconcernedly out in no-man's-land along the Meurthe.

*"They had church services for Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish boys on Armistice Day which was Saturday. And when they do that on Saturday, it don't take no S-2 section*

*"A thin outpost line" . . . They who only stand and wait*



*"The woods were absolutely noiseless . . ."*



*to figure out that we're gonna jump off on Sunday. I remember last Sunday we were laying under a mortar barrage outside St. Remy. Seven days seem like seven years over here."*

Armistice Day was celebrated by listening to the roaring Corps Longtoms thunder a welcome to the 26th anniversary of peace. An ironical celebration, perhaps.

Tiny Veney fell to Love Company. Snow fell during the night, and the woods were absolutely noiseless as outpost patrols stealthily pushed ahead to secure the Veney-Bertrichamps road. The 100th Division on November 11th celebrated peace, on November 12th jumped off in war.



Crack American divisions had been pounding all along the Meurthe River Winter Line — 3rd, 36th, 45th, 79th, and the whole French 1st Army. Allied grand strategy called for a Bac-

*"And when they do that on Saturday . . ."*

“**T**he trees had a longer life expectancy



*"In the thick forests of the Petit Reclos..."*

carat bridgehead and a drive down the Eastern bank of the Meurthe to key city Raon l'Etape, thus causing the Meurthe Line to be outflanked, smashed, and driven in retreat into the High Vosges.

The German high command had prepared for such an eventuality and had built impervious defenses on the northern flank of their winter line. In the thick forests of the Petit Reclos and the Grand Reclos between Neufmaisons and Raon l'Etape they built their winter line. *Behind these forests lay a huge silent mountain, Tête des Reclos.*



At dawn of November 12th the Red and White battalions in silent columns felt their way through the white pines up to the outpost chain. Objectives lay through the Bois de Grammont and the Bois de Chamont and the Fôret de Petit Reclos. Silent woods. After thoroughly waking up the Jerries with the Dog Company 50's the two battalions jumped off.

*The only living thing in the grim white woods seemed to be the two scouts treading noiselessly along.* "Hey, look. See that guy walking through the trees up ahead?"

"Yeah. It must be a GI."

"And there's two more. Shall I shoot?"

"Naw, it must be Charlie Company." *A sharp crack came from up front.*

"I've got a bullet hole in my raincoat collar!"

"The B-----!"

Rifles, bazookas, anti-tank grenades, BAR's, machine guns, 105 cannons kicked up the cathedral-tall forest 75 yards ahead of the attacking companies. Charlie and Able on the left, Fox and George on the right slugged forward once more, overrunning the German MLR with its machinegun log bunkers and cleared avenues of fire. Companies drew up on skirmish lines and plodded ahead, firing. Doggies wiped the snow off their weapons with hands that were too numb to load clips into rifles. The enemy, flushed from his prepared log defenses, retreated through the woods — stopping for brief firefights.

The Red Battalion pushed through to their objective high ground commanding the spired village of Neufmaisons, the White Battalion drove to cut the Neufmaisons-Raon l'Etape forest-locked highway. The doughfeet dug in hurriedly: they knew what was coming. Two things fell that night — thick snow flurries and dime-hitting 88's.

"Foxholes were invented in the Stone Age, but they're here to stay. The Jerries knew exactly where we were and had us zeroed in. But the only way they could get us was to drop their 88's in the holes. Last night one landed less than 2 yards from our foxhole." *Some did drop in the holes.*



*Burpgunners watched George's  
scouts from this trench*



*The fortress Le Rouge Vetu*



*"The twinnight attack ran into  
barbed wire ..."*



*"... the mighty Winter Wall"*



General Winn was reported in the 399th area, visiting all three attacking battalions. Winn was the code name for 7th Army CG, Sandy Patch.

No day in combat is lucky, and the 13th is no exception. The first company in the Division to hit the Vosges winter wall was George Company, 399th. Advancing through the snow-bound Fôret de Petit Reclos, the lead scout spotted a battered blockhouse in a clearing on the Neufmaisons-Raon l'Etape highway. It was the fortress Le Rouge Vetu.

*Eight George scouts cut through the six barbed wire fences, advanced up to the ominously silent blockhouse, grenaded and searched it. Everything was quiet and the winter wall had been breached. The scouts waved the Company on.*

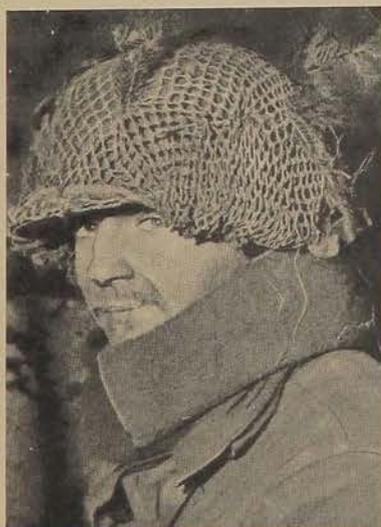
"All of a sudden a million mortars crashed into the company pinning us down. A mob of kraut burp gunners came charging out of the pines behind the fort firing everything they had. Two of the eight scouts, Delbert Steines and Ronald Fett escaped back through the barbed wire. Five officers got hit — Captain Clark, Lts. White, Kerr, Calder, and Lahti. Finally we pulled back out of the mousetrap of automatic fire and zeroed mortars and dug in for the night. *That was Purple Heart Lane.*"

A French scout led Baker and Charlie Companies through the trackless forest to Hill 409—431 saddling the Neufmaisons-Raon l'Etape highway. Their twinight attack on 409 ran into barbed wire and spontaneous machinegun fire supported by plummeting mortars and whistling 88's. *The 399th had brought the war into the German's backyard, and here he intended to hold for the winter.*

On the White Battalion front an Easy Company patrol forcing entry into the strong-point town of Neufmaisons was pinned down by a mortar blanket. Captain William Smith and Pfc James Manwell fearlessly went out to help the all-casualty patrol and were both hit in a second barrage. That night Catholic Chaplain Thaddeus Koszarek led Medics out into the snowy no-man's-land to bring in the Easy wounded. The 2nd Battalion had already lost two of their three rifle company commanders.

*"The Vosges Mountains were a two week campaign of misery and rain and snow and pines and fangers that couldn't button pockets and 1000-franc notes for toilet paper. There's a kind of cold dark fog that oozed up out of the deep Vosges forests changing day into hazy twilight and twilight into black night. There were thousands of hills one after another with French names and every one had a number, usually 4 something and the really tough ones were 5 something. Every doughboy remembers at least one hill number."*

November 14th was spent hammering at the mighty winter wall of the diabolical German militarists with artillery and men. Baker went after 409 again shortly after dawn. After an advance of 150 yards a murderous hail of small arms, machineguns, and mortars halted Lt. Toth's 2nd platoon. Pfc Joseph Cacace of



*GI Joe . . . Wanted:  
one million francs*

Charlie single-handedly knocked out a machinegun behind the barbed wire. Medic Ralph Lyerly worked on the fire-swept bare slope dragging out wounded. Other Baker medics went forward to help their shot-up buddies and were shot through the big Red Crosses on their helmets by tree snipers.

*"The Winter Wall was a murder factory. The Germans had thinned out the thick Vosges forest for 200 yards in front of their barbed wire and they dug in on the high ground behind the wire. To break the wall we have to break out of the wooded heights opposite the enemy high ground, run down the open slope in the sights of the kraut machine gunners, charge up into their fire, break through four barbed wire entanglements, and then dig the krauts out of their foxhole forts. It looks impossible to me."*

It didn't look impossible to Colonel Tychsen, though, and he ordered every piece of artillery in the 6th Corps backyard trained on hill 409-431. The whole Regiment pulled back 500 yards. Dog, How, and Mike mortars dumped HE on the Murder Factory, and high overhead the be-draggled doughs listened to the rhythmic whisper of high bore howitzers throwing a saturation punch.

*"It didn't look impossible to Colonel Tychsen, though" . . . up in the Eagle's Nest*



*"Medics were shot through the big Red Crosses on their helmets by tree snipers" . . . Discretion (left) proved the better part of Geneva (right).*



*"The whole Regiment pulled back" ... \$74.80 a month for just sitting around*

★  
"431 ... the Big Hill in the Murder Factory"



"Corps Express. That stuff swishing by in the night sky sure sounds nice. Artillery, King of Battle!"

"Yeah, you know why the Infantry is called Queen of Battle, don't you?"

November 15th was the second anniversary of the 100th Division's activation. *The 399th celebrated by being the first Regiment in the 7th Army to breach the enemy's Vosges Winter Wall.*

Grand strategy changed, and the 3rd Battalion went after 431, the big hill in the Murder Factory. The weather improved from rain drizzle to snow flurries as the Blue doughs moved up through the 397th and the stalled Red Battalion to attack. At 0930 Item and King kicked off behind a rolling barrage across the open saddle between 409 and 431.

"That rolling barrage was a marvel. It chewed up every living thing in its path as it rolled like a tornado across the saddle smack into the Winter Wall. Sam Foster's 1st platoon of King breached the barbed wire with cutters, the company poured through the gap and fanned out with bayonets fixed. *The boys really meant business that day.*"

Cpl. Roy Kaminske of Mike cut another gap in the barbed wire under heavy machinegun fire and Item charged through. The companies stormed up to the highway when a terrific screen of fire from the trenches of 431 behind the road halted them. Doughs lay on the defiladed road bank, sticking their rifles up over the road to fire.

*Pfc Irving Blumenthal of Item rose to his feet and ran up into the woods of 431 yelling "Charge!" like something out of Hollywood. Sgt. Jesse Rosewell of King wiped out a German squad. Lt. Russell Peeples of Mike was firing a rifle, carbine, tommygun, and bazooka.*

The determined Blue Battalion overran key 431 and enlarged the puncture by storming relentlessly 500 yards past the Neufmaisons-Raon l'Etape highway. Hills 411 and 432 were neutralized under intense 88 and small arms fire. The suicide blockhouse of Le Rouge Vetu was overrun by Love Company doughs and Sherman tanks.

By noon the fate of the Vosges Winter Wall was sealed by the 3rd Battalion's magnificent breakthrough. The Red Battalion was poised on hill 409 astride the Raon l'Etape highway between the 397th on the right and the Blue Battalion holding 431 on the left. *It was for the Red Battalion to exploit the breakthrough.*



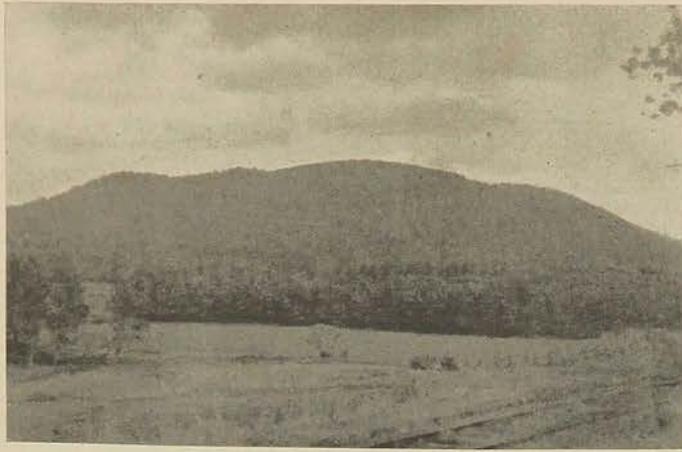
"It was for the Red Battalion..."

Baker cleaned up the high ground on the right, Charlie and Able mopped up the left side of the highway as the 399th Infantry spear pierced southward into the black-pined *Fôret de Grand Reclos* guarding Raon l'Etape. Charlie unknowingly bypassed a kraut-infested thicket and Able walked into the ambush. Pvt. Edward Cook up front with the Walkie-Talkie was killed by a sniper. Sgt. James Amorofo was knocked down by a bullet in the leg but kept killing krauts until another slug hit him in the shoulder. His courage had broken the ambush force and Able overran the thicket.

F

*oxhole Artillery ... "On the way!"*

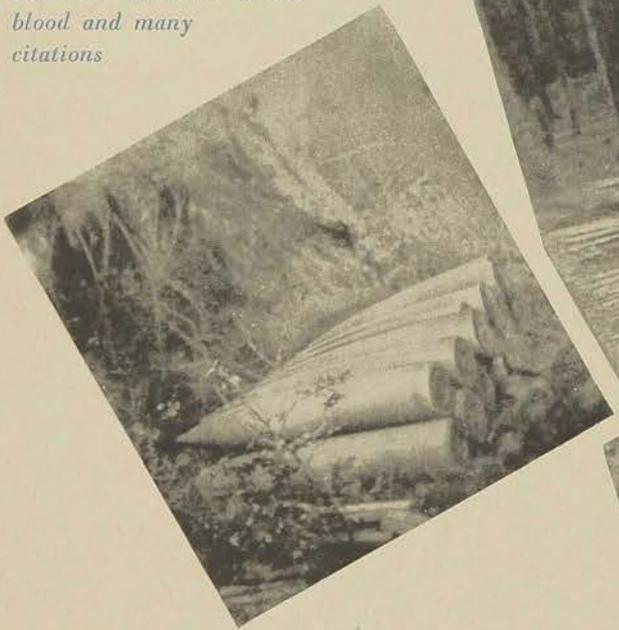




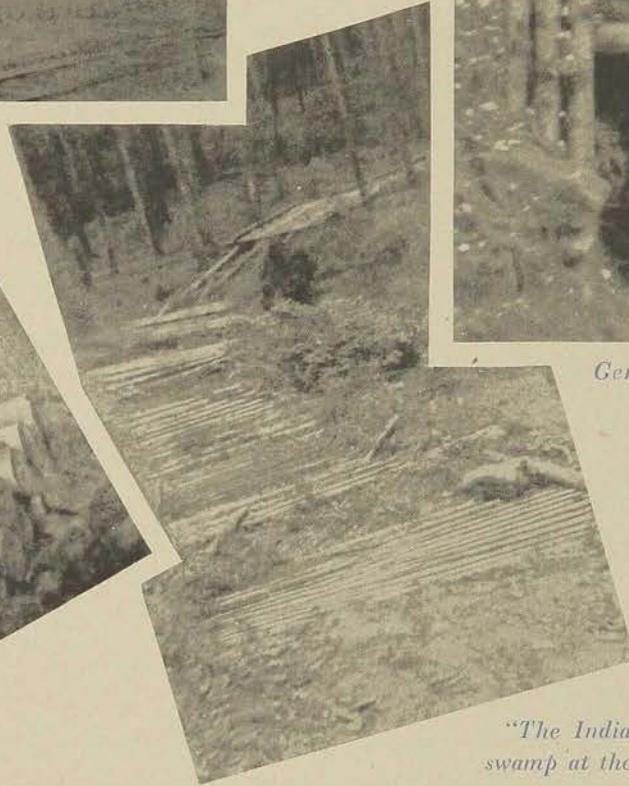
*Tête des Reclus... much  
blood and many  
citations*



*German foxhole for sale...  
the price was high*



*American Propaganda*



*"The Indian files started across a  
swamp at the foot of the Mountain"*

Charlie Company plunged ahead so swiftly that they overran a German mortar section and repulsed a vicious counter attack. A column of supporting Shermans rumbled down the highway to come on line with the rifle companies. The Red Battalion finally halted and dug in to sweat out the wrath of the 88's. One more mile of woods lay between the spearhead battalion and the green open valley of the Shirmeck Pass leading through the Vosges to Strasbourg.

*A red-scarfed soldier with a tiny silver leaf on the front of his helmet stood legs apart in front of the lead tank looking at his map.*

"Captain Champion of Charlie came running up yelling something about the 88's. Sgt. Steinman of Dog was yelling at his machinegunners to get dug in before the shelling came. Captain Brown was yelling at Steinman to stop yelling if he didn't want shelling. Another captain came running back from around the road bend up ahead of the tanks screaming that Colonel Ellis of the 397th had just been killed by a sniper."

*The calm soldier with the red scarf was engrossed in his map.*

*"Well look here, we're 1000 yards in front of the rest of the 7th Army. Sort of a Lost Battalion. Of course I don't mean a lost battalion, we know right where we are. Watch the open flanks tonight."*

The first 88 exploded in an ugly black crash between the first and second tanks. One second later the excited knot of 20 soldiers had disappeared into the ditches or under the squat Shermans.

*The stars usually come out at night in the Vosges. Toward daybreak they fade and the dirty scudding rainclouds cover the pines. And it drizzles. Such a day was November 16th.*

The Winter Wall, and the forests of the Little and Great Wildernesses had been breached. Ahead lay the crusher, a silent foreboding hill mass Tête des Reclus.... "Top of the Wilds". The Red Raiders shuffled their thin ranks sending Able on the right, Baker on the left, Charlie in reserve. A loud barrage rode into the ranks of the poised battalion.

*"There's no use describing how 88's make you feel. They sound like freight trains with long whistles. They're the best sermons I ever heard for praying."*

The Red Battalion moved out in silent alert Indian skirmishers through the green-mossed pines. After a 45 minute artillery softening, the Indian files rose and started across a swamp at the foot of the mountain. German sniper companies opened up with their bolt action one-bullet-per-man rifles. These fanatics were crushed by sheer numbers and the trail circling the base of the mountain was crossed on a 1000 yard front. *From all over the mountain automatic weapons opened up and the battle was on.*

*"The top was nowhere in sight. The hill went straight up into the sky. It was buddy with buddy, squad by squad, platoon with platoon. Some fired into German foxholes, others climbed to the next tree. Sgts. Clarence Sutton and Lucian Zarlenga reached the top first and Able fanned out to fight on two knobs. Lt. Ballie's 3rd platoon got surrounded on the right knob and Captain Young took Sgt. Bull's 2nd platoon up to retake it, with BARmen Joseph Hoffman, Roy Lee and William Pondrom leading the attack. *The cream of the 1st Battalion died on that hill.*"*

Baker Company slugged up on the left and went after hill 538 which rises out of Tête des Reclus. Henry Bader and Milton Reppert of the 1st platoon shot up 10 Germans between them. Lt. Harry Flanagan, Sgt. Harold Fager, Paul Stepherak, and George North spearheaded the 3rd platoon in their drive to the crest.

Down on 462.5 the counterattacks started against Able. Rifle against rifle, BAR against burp gun, pineapple against potato masher, as 100 SS troops charged up the backslope. Everybody was a hero that day. Burp gun-potato masher teams worked up within 20 yards of the wavering Red ranks. Tennesseean twins Lester and Chester Fraley sharpshooting from behind twin pines killed two burp gunners with every two shots. Pfc Leonard Herschberg sprayed the attackers with a toy greasegun. Every time Hugh Price squeezed off a shot, Gilbert Moniz yelled "Thanks!" Frank Fischl of Dog Company stood up and fed ammo belts into the blazing machinegun of Richard Atkinson who riddled the assaulting SS from the hip.

The 1st Battalion won the first Presidential Citation in the 100th Division that November 16th. The Citation is called Tête des Reclos, and doesn't mention hill 538 towering high in the dark forest above Tête des Reclos, which Baker and Charlie captured and held under relentless counterattacks. BARman Robert Barringer got three wounds and four krauts. James Kimm and Andrew Powell's deadly shooting combined with William McGee's machine gun to drive the Germans reeling in defeat down the backslope.

*Pfc Harold Briley of Dog shot a German officer and captured his 35 man platoon. Sgt. Rudolf Steinman singly outflanked an enemy strongpoint while leading an ammo detail to the summit, shot up 16 krauts with his carbine, won the DSC. At nightfall the handful of men that was the Red Battalion dug in and waited.*

The Blue Battalion meanwhile had slugged through the dense heights of the Grand Reclos 2000 yards eastward into the boundless pines to secure the left flank of the 100th Division. Spearhead Love Company was halted by thick machinegun and 88 fire, counter attacked on the exposed flank by a German company under wraps of the 88's.

A prospective rout was averted by the heroic efforts of Sgt. Thomas Campbell, Liberato Di Battista, Lt. Richard Van Allen and Thomas Plante who rallied the company to drive off the attack after two hours. Sgt. William Ansel's blazing machine gun finally turned the tide for which he received the DSC. Medic Harold Becraft of Mike Company was wounded five times during the two day attack but refused evacuation.

*"Doughfect aren't noble. They just don't have the strength to walk back to Battalion Aid to collect their purple heart."*

The White Battalion roved the Neufmaisons woods in combat patrol strength to neutralize Neufmaison's defenses.

*November 17th on Tête des Reclos, a big man with barbed red whiskers peered out from under a log with a map in his paw.*

*"All right boys, we'll figure our where the Jerry lines are,"* said Captain Richard Young of Able. *"From Neufmaisons back there in the northwest all the way around to Raon l'Etape over there in the West. We're surrounded on 315 degrees of the compass. Tell the boys to pour a little oil on their shootin' irons."*

*Tête des Reclos, as Captain Young had figured out, jutted into the German backyard and caused them to abandon their entire Meurthe River Line. The stalled 100th went into action: the 397th rolled into Raon l'Etape, the 398th lunged past the Tête across the open valley floor of Shirmeck Pass onto the high ground beyond.*

*"Life on the Hill was having two foxholes per man — one for an underground latrine. It was watching*



*"The 397th rolled into Raon l'Etape ..."*

# Lightning News

3rd November Issue

WESTERN FRONT

Nov. 12th, 1944

## Robot Planes — an unpleasant weapon

Nobody knows where they come from — And now: V 2!

The British Minister of Health announced recently the enormous amount of damage done to London by doodles. Up to Sept. 15th, 900,000 houses had been damaged — and of these, 100,000 were

completely destroyed. This does not take into account the damaged houses in other sections, for example in Southern England, where the sheltering of thousands of homeless people is a grave

problem to solve. Armament factories in the South of England have been heavily damaged, as well as numerous ports on the Channel coast. Bridges, railways, and communication lines have also suffered.

A message from the British Anti-Air Command states that an Army of 300,000 men is detailed to fight the V 1. In addition to this, several hundred thousand specialized workers have been called from Canada and from other parts of England to repair the worst of the damage as quickly as possible. This means we are short that many men at the front.

Our quick advance in France and our violent attacks in Holland and Belgium ought to have prevented the Germans from continuing their V 1 attacks. We should have got this done before winter set in. But we didn't make it. The doodles keep on coming, and nobody knows their exact starting place. Our Air Force dropped thousands of tons of high explosives in an effort to annihilate probable doodle bases — the whole of northern France, part of Belgium as well as of Holland are now in our hands — yet the doodles keep on coming.

Many of us have heard the raring of these flying bombs. An American journalist writing from London said: "It is a gloomy and dangerous weapon, and it is incomprehensible how anyone can help losing his nerve when these steel monsters approach."

Of late the enemy has used this arm successfully against troops in the front lines. It is also rumored that many other arms — even more violent — have been prepared. Since November V 2, a much more effective explosive has been put in action.



Cheer! this hits the spot!

### Rain, snow and cold

The European winter proves every day more severe than we expected it to be. The sufferings our men are put to is beyond imagination. It often happens that they can't change their wet clothes for several days. Then again they can't get any rest due to the fierce fighting of the Germans, and on top of all this the cold against which they are not sufficiently protected gives them plenty of trouble. These conditions have considerably slowed down our advance and have made us suffer severe reverses. During the attack on Walcheren Island and in the Schelde area we lost, in a few days more than 100 tanks, 15 to 20,000 men killed and twice this number wounded. At Aix-le-Chapelle one of our fighting units was surrounded and scattered before help could be given. Above all, a great number of prisoners were lost.

The victory which, weeks ago, seemed to be so near is now in the far distance and we are looking forward to a fight in an adverse and intolerable climate, resulting in losses and privations. Let us remember a speech made by Lt. Gen. Ben Lear, Army Ground Forces Commander, at the end of September at Fort Benning, to future officers: "You can be assured of hard work and much suffering before your job is finished."



## Japan is still on the map!

The correspondent on naval questions of the "Yorkshire Post" writes that one must not underestimate the strength of the Japanese fleet. Japan has six big new battleships of 40,000 tons. This means that these ships outclass the "King George" of the British Navy and the six American battleships of 35,000 tons of the "Indiana" and "Washington" type.

The new special corps of the Japanese Air Army, the "Kamikaze" has just made its appearance on the Pacific front. The "Kamikaze", as has already been stated, is composed uniquely of pilots who voluntarily drive a one-man flying torpedo heavily charged with ex-

plodesives against the vulnerable point of a battleship or aircraft-carrier. The special communique issued on Oct. 25th by the Japanese Supreme Command states that this corps has already accounted for 3 aircraft-carriers, 1 cruiser, 1 transport, and has gravely damaged 6 aircraft-carriers, 2 ships of the line, 2 cruisers, and 1 transport.

The Japanese War Department published a statement according to which the Nippons, since their occupation of the former Dutch Colonies (Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Celebes, etc.) in 1942, have, with the help of the natives, been successful in increasing economic production and bettering conditions of life.

### Gen. Alexander makes excuses

General Alexander, Commander in Chief of the Anglo-American troops on the Italian front said to newspaper reporters recently: "Delay in our action in Italy is due to the loss of numerous divisions which had to be transferred to the French front. The enemy also has the advantage of troops using only one language, whereas the Allied forces, in addition to Americans, Englishmen, Canadians, and New Zealanders, consist also of Frenchmen, Poles, Czechs, Greeks, Brazilians, Negroes and Indians."

### Sees 4,000,000 Men In Service After War

Sen. Elbert D. Thomas (D-Utah), member of the Senate sub-committee on Army and Navy appropriations, predicted today that the U.S. would need at least 4,000,000 men in the armed forces for "five, eight or 10 years" after the war.

Under the circumstances, when can we expect to get rid of our uniforms and live back home with our dear ones as peaceful citizens?

### Non-stop record of our long distance bombers

London Radio reports on Nov. 8th that American long distance bombers have bombarded Singapore, the capital of Malaya, for the first time, by flying 8,000 km. This is the longest distance allied bombers have ever gone in a non-stop flight.

Two years ago Singapore was still the strongest sea and land fortress of the Britains in the Far East.

But since the Japanese have taken Malaya, with the fortress of Singapore, we are obliged to fly 8,000 kilometers to bombard this very important terrestrial and maritime base.

### A life or death job

These Joes have a job. It's a life or death job and they're doing it 24 hours a day, seven days a week, every week of the month.

(Stars and Stripes, Sept. 19, 44).

Do people at home realize how cruel and pitiless war is, and what it means to fight not only against the stubborn resistance of the Germans but also against the nastiness of a climate, which we were not prepared for?

### Did you vote Republican?

It's a strange coincidence that the two Democratic governments, Wilson's and F. D. Roosevelt's, both promised to keep America out of war; both got her into war, and both were and still are strongly tainted with Jewish influence.

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



Goebbels delivered more regularly than Stars & Stripes...

shadows crawling up the backslope to murder you in the dark. It was every man taking two messkits and three canteens down to chow and muttering 'Chow for two, water for three.' One of the less brilliant cooks couldn't figure how a 65 man company ate chow for 150. It was going all day with pants unbuttoned because our fingers were too numb to button 'em. It was looking up at Orion and Cassiopea through a hole in the trees and thinking of home. It was planning the menu of our first breakfast when we get back to the States. You heard me — WHEN we get back. It was making patrols down into the dark woods below our home in the sky. *We had one consolation: we didn't have to take any high ground — we WERE the high ground.*"

*November 19th the gag about Sunny France came true and the valleys got a little sun.* The 399th didn't feel it down in the deep woods of the Grand Reclus, though. The 117th Recon rolled into Neufmaisons and the Blue Battalion took hill 468 in the eastern wilds. The Air Corps had bragged that given two days of flying weather they would knock the Germans out of the war. The sun came out the 18th and 19th, a few Thunderbolts played tag in the sky, and the war went on. *The Infantry watched hopefully, and were unimpressed.*

"I'll never forget the afternoon Father Koszarek said Mass up there on a mountainside. The snow was falling thick through the pines and it looked like a misty cathedral. He used one of those K ration crates for an altar. *My knees got soaking wet.*"

*"...blasted roadblocks up the Plaine River Gap"*

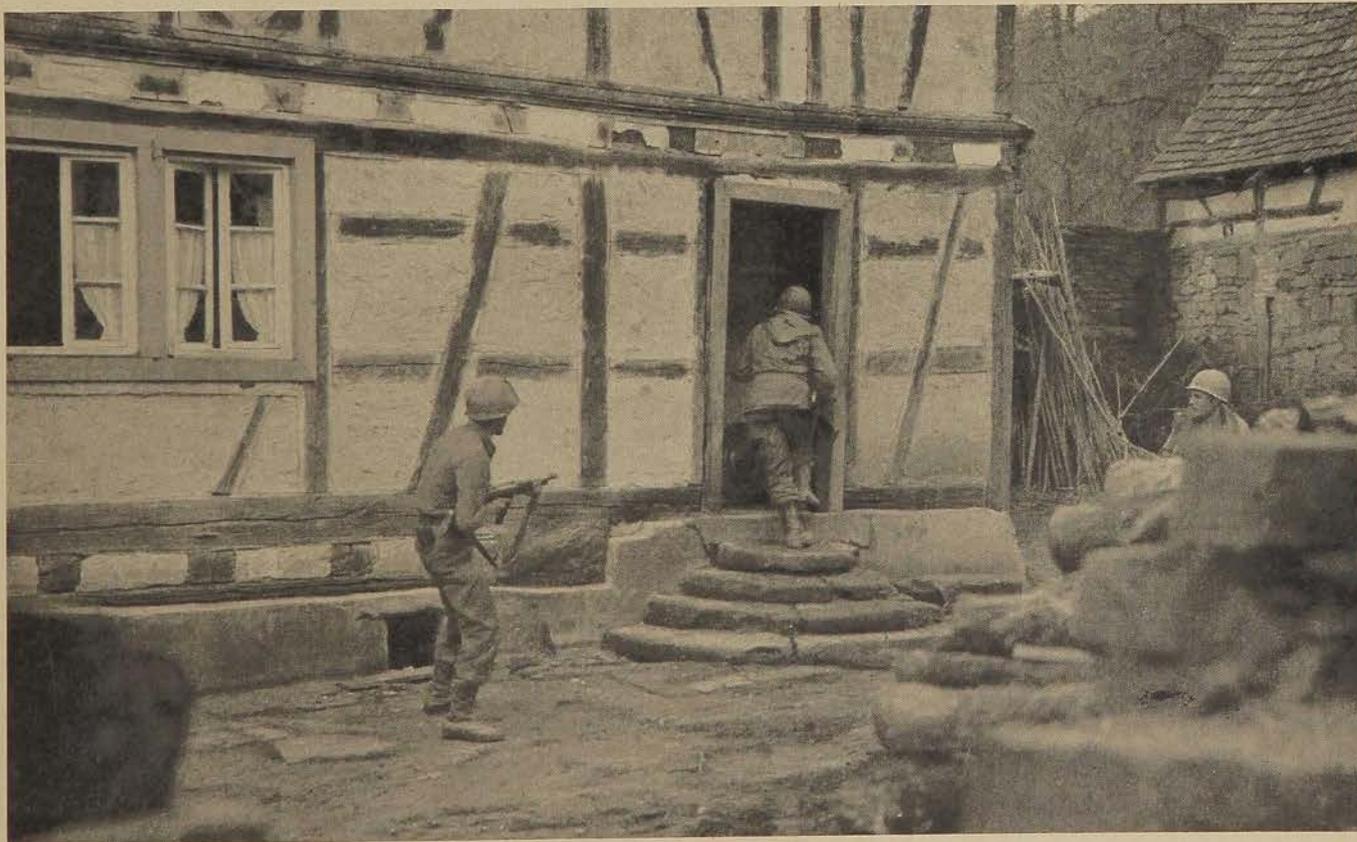


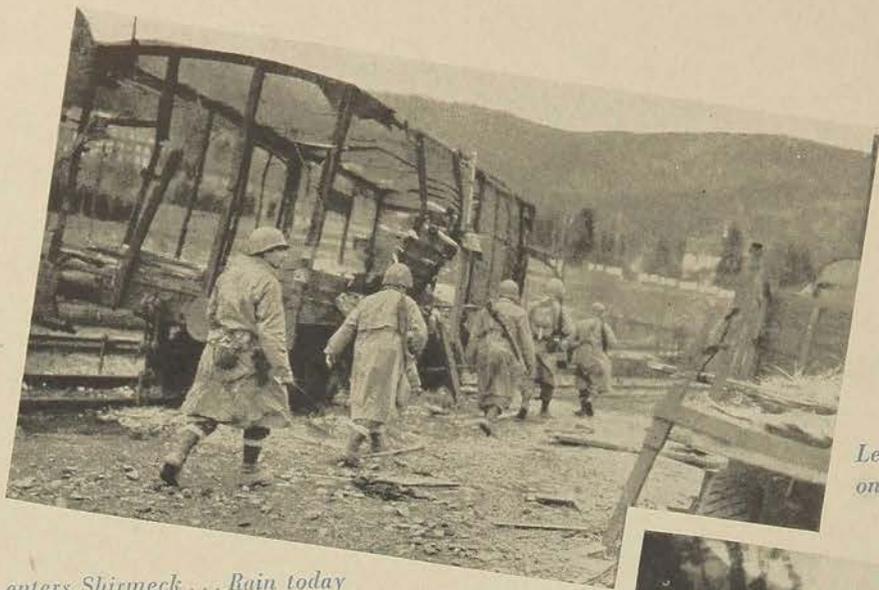
King Company's 3rd platoon on November 20th took three light tanks to push further into the weapons-bristling eastern heights. A sniper killed the tank commander, the tankers thought German grenades were Panzerfausts and took off, leaving King stranded. Sgt. Edward Rusinovitch boldly stood his ground firing his machinegun from the hip. Sgt. Thomas Sweeney, Vernon Long, and Robert Talbert took up the fire and King Company beat off the attack and pushed through to take the objective hill.

Baker Company pulled down off Tête des Reclos under terrific shelling, moved to capture La Trouche and plug up Shirmeck Pass to Strasbourg. Sgt. John Borders led a patrol across the Plaine River into the town, when enemy fire forced them to swim back. Lt. Altus Prince took the rest of Baker in the other end of town, and burning La Trouche fell during the night. Fox Company dug in on the northern bank of the Plaine to complete the stopper to Shirmeck Pass. The 325th Engineers removed a time bomb in the Shangri la Trouche sawmill and the 925th Artillery blasted enemy roadblocks back up the Plaine gap. *The Regimental front retained its general shape and the Joes read Herr Goebbels' Lightning News for diversion.*

After the 399th had smashed the winter line on November 16th, the Meurthe River Line collapsed completely. Crack VI Corps divisions poured across the River and drove eastward into the High Vosges toward the Alsatian Plain and the Rhine. The big boys said that resistance was crumbling on the 22nd. November 23rd Frigate relieved Franklin as the 399th came out of the woods for a Thanksgiving Dinner. Millions of letters and packages. Everybody got sick and happy.

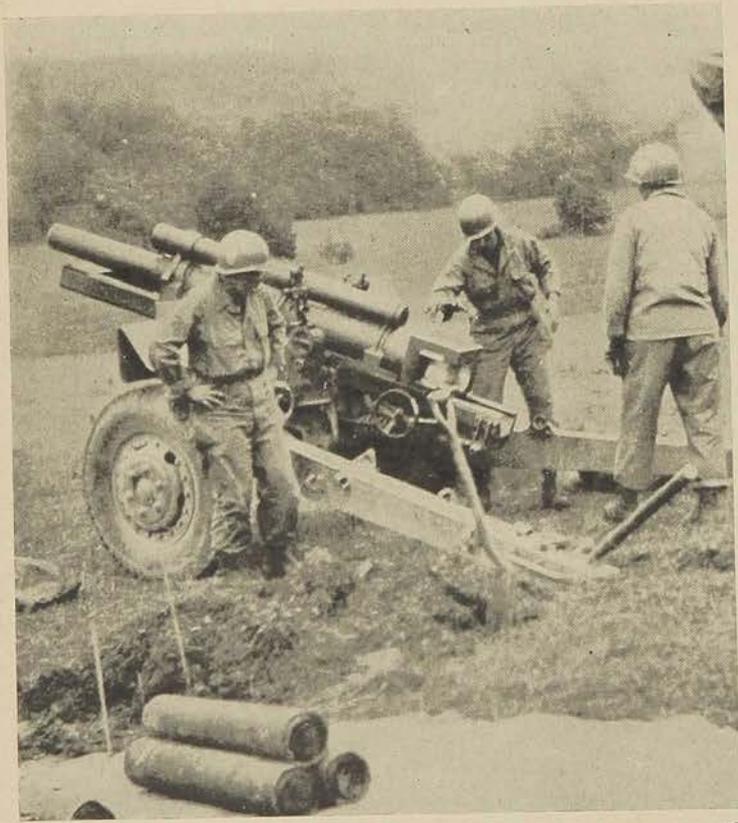
*Buddy System . . . friendship payed off*





*Les Quevelles . . . Rockets fell on Easy*

*Dog Company enters Shirmeck . . . Rain today followed by tomorrow*



*. . . Scattering pockets of resistance*



*"Forgers of glorious Vosges Victories" . . . pause to look over their accomplishments*

“Hey, get a load of this, fellas. It’s from my aunt. She says, ‘My, isn’t it wonderful that you boys can see so much of the world these days. It’s really a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to see the cultures and quaintness of the French.’”

“Yeah, it’s once in a lifetime all right,” came a pfc’s voice from behind a bottle of officer’s cognac. “Now, like I wuz sayin’, Lootenant —”

Night convoys hauled the 399th through Raon l’Etape and up the Rabodeau Valley toward the front where the 398th and 397th were pushing. In the early blackness of November 24th they passed through the other Regiments and at dawn jumped off toward Strasbourg. The Red Battalion kicked off up the picturesque swollen Bruche River Valley while the White Battalion attempted to keep pace over a rugged range of mountains on the left.

On the rainy morning of the 24th the 399th was once again plodding along under a fresh load of bandoliers and grenades.

*The two scouts shuffled along the highway, half alert, half asleep.*

“See those little guys running on the other side of the river?”

“Open your eyes, Buster, those longcoats are Jerries.”

“Did we hit that guy or did he fall in a ditch?”

“My rifle drowned after one shot. 1000 yards is kinda long range, anyway.”

There were no organized lines of defense. Scattered pockets. A little encouragement and the stragglers headed for the Fodderland on the double. The Red Battalion raced 3rd Division tanks up the flooded valley into Rotheau. General Daniels, CG of the Marne Division, raised a howl that the 399th was taking towns in his sector so Baker Company pulled a night attack on Netzenbach to give the Red Raiders a home in their own Division sector.

Easy, Fox, and George drove across tall mountains on the left. The 2nd platoon of Easy was spearheading the White Battalion when they ran into an ambush in a narrow mountain pass outside Les Quevelles. Sgt. Peter Mazzucco took a combat patrol to try to wipe out the strongpoint but heavy machinegun fire broke up the patrol. Before the rest of the battalion could catch up with artillery support, the enemy threw in a rocket barrage which wiped out half the platoon. Pfc Theodore Scanlon, Cpl. Arthur Beuttner and Sgt. Roland Caron did great work during the night reorganizing the platoon and patching up the wounded, as the White Battalion lay out in the shelling and driving rain without foxholes. Easy jumped off in the morning and stormed into Les Quevelles capturing 30 Germans.

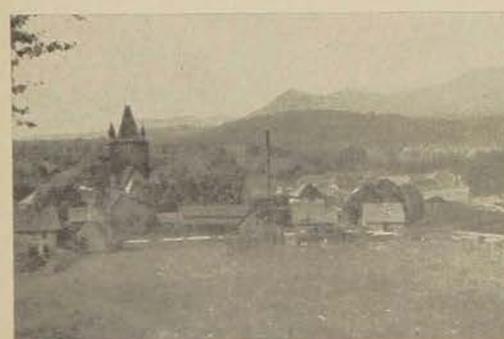
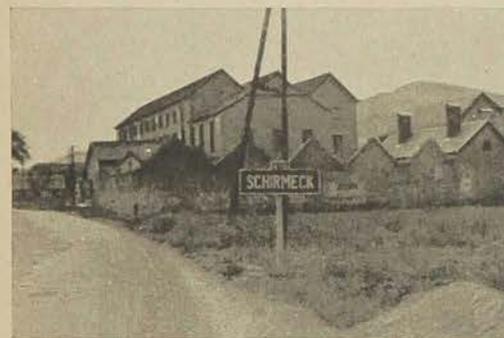
Sgt. Steinman was helping guard prisoners in rainy Rotheau. The German POW was telling what a rough time he had had in the German Signal Corps. He never should have been drafted with two sons in service. His punch line was “I’m too old. I am 41 years of age.”

“I’m 47,” said Sgt. Steinman, matter-of-factly.

George Company crossed the mountains to capture Wackenbach in a coordinated attack with the 14th Armored. Easy stormed into Framont, Fox grabbed off Vacquenox. *These towns were all on the Raon l’Etape-Strasbourg main drag and sealed off hundreds of square miles of round Vosges.*



“...Nothing but Tricolor flags waving everywhere”



The Red Battalion roared up the valley to overrun Shirmeck, Wisches, Lutzelhouse, Urmatt, Niederhaslach, Oberhaslach. Shirmeck sat at the strategic junction of the Plaine and Bruche river valleys, thus ended the threat of a German counter-attack from the east fanning out into these valleys.

The CG of VI Corps, General Brooks, commended the 100th Division enthusiastically for “...first breaching the hinge of the German winter line (hill 431 and Tête des Reclos) ...and secondly capturing Shirmeck promptly blocking the enemy on the left.... Your fine Division has written a bright page in the military history of our armed forces.”

“So LeClerc’s French 2nd Armored is responsible for this, eh?”

“Don’t know how in hell they ever captured Strasbourg, but it’s a worthy cause.”

“I always did say the French were fast.”

“Boy, my feet are burning up from this Rat Race and my head is hot from other things.”

“You’re merely schnapp-happy, m’boy. Tough life, nothing but Tricolor flags waving everywhere, French style kissing by everybody, le vin rouge in the canteen, champagne bottles among the grenades, apples in the ammo bag. Just a couple of big handsome Libérateurs.”

“Is that anything like Saboteurs?”

“Trouble is the babies and grandmothers line up to kiss me while the gorgeous in-betweens are grabbing you.”

“C’est la guerre, Tyrone.”

The spirited foot cavalry of Colonel Zehner slashed ahead more like an armored division than a doughboy battalion. Charlie captured Heiligenburg at 1700, Able swarmed into Niederhaslach at 1715, Baker buttoned up Oberhaslach at 1800. Fifteen miles from Strasbourg and the Rhine. A night of relaxation. Waking up between clean sheets. *Footprints on the blankets.*

Early morning of the 26th the Blue Battalion raced up through Red and White beyond Oberhaslach and jumped off toward Strasbourg. The armor of the 3rd and 45th Divisions had cut us off, however, and a messenger was sent to recall the battalion. The Regiment moved back to Moyennoutier on the Rabodeau River awaiting assignment. November 28th we were transferred from the 6th Vosges-Breaching Corps to the 15th Maginot-Busting Corps.

“Baker buttoned up Oberhaslach...”

**T**he French rural scene . . .





*Give us this day...*

*"Vive l'Amérique et la France!"*

*Quarterbacks*

*"The Regiment pulled back to Moyemoutier on the Rabodeau River"*



The 399th motored through Raon l'Etape and Baccarat up to Saarburg, 40 miles behind the 240 Hows.

*"Outside the movie house in a little town near Saarburg, one Joe was sitting contentedly in the pouring rain listening to a phonograph some officer had rigged up. They were playing 'I'll Be Seeing You'. It sounded swell."*



*2nd Lt. Rudolph Steinman receives DSC from General Wade Haislip for Tête des Reclus action...the Battlefield Commissions wore their bars in their pockets*





From November 28th to December 2nd Combat Team 399 stayed back in reserve as a reward for joining the 15th Corps. The other two Regiments drove northeast toward the Maginot while the 399th doughfeet holed up in Schneckenbush, Plaine de Walsch, and Bruderdorf, tiny French rural towns in the damp green valley of Saarburg. Writing Christmas cards, attending church, taking in a shower, a movie, a night's sleep, Johnny Burns' Division band...

"Whoopie! They're gonna raise all combat men who were privates up to pfc now. It's not so much getting the stripe, it's impressing these Frenchmen. *In Frog jargon a private is a 'simple soldat' and a pfc is a 'soldat de première classe'. It makes a difference.*"



*"Long haphazard files of doughfeet ..."*



*"Motor March"*

Joes found that their high school French was too correct for the Alsace-Lorraine Deutsch. The next campaign was mapped out: everybody got the big picture. Army to Corps, Corps to Division, Division to Regiment, Regiment to Battalion, Battalion to Company, Company to Platoon, Platoon to Squad, Sergeant to Private.

*"Okay, fellas, here's the situation. There's a town up ahead called Lemberg and one behind it called Bitche. When we take those it'll straighten out the Western Front. Then we'll cross the Rhine and push into Berlin. Any questions?"*

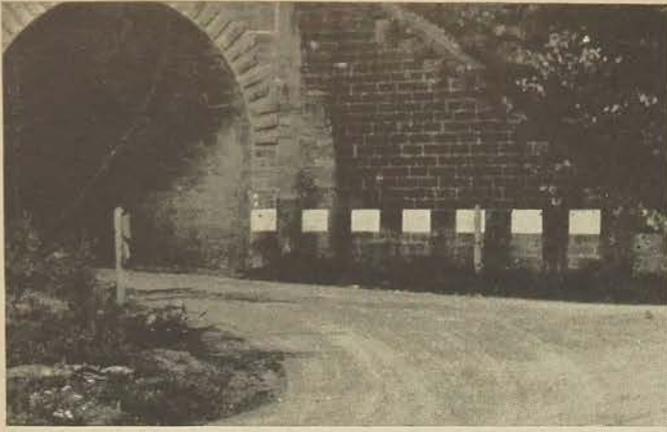
*Everybody had the big picture.*

At dawn of December 2nd, the 399th slogged northward across the Lorrainian Plains toward the little Vosges Mountains. Somewhere up ahead lay a Maginot and a Siegfried Line. Motor marches were the order of the day.

*"Yeah, the brass motor and we march."*

Long haphazard files of doughfeet shuffled through the gently rolling farmlands of Lorraine at a 10 yard interval.

*"I always used to get a kick out of my history teacher. He was forever toying with a little hunk of land up in the corner of France, Alsace-Lorraine. Every war he'd bounce it back and forth like a chess pawn. I didn't give a casual damn at the time, but now the joke's*



Wingen Railroad...the 3rd Battalion kicked off toward the Maginot "Blown bridge in the road"...a battle started

on us. *We just pushed the krauts out of Alsace, and here we are trying to chase 'em out of Lorraine. They can keep it as far as I'm concerned.*"

A column of Paddlefeet winding across Europe is a pretty uniform sight, but the Joes who make up the column are all different. Some wear field jackets, some raincoats, some overcoats. Every Joe has his own style for wearing grenades and bandoliers, and ammo bags. Every bedroll is slung at a unique angle. Guys carry rifles, or carbines, or bazookas, or tommyguns, or greaseguns, or BAR's, or machineguns, or mortars, or .45 pistols. The only similarity among Dog-faces are big Shoepaks and two pairs of pants which made everybody look like Mr. 5 by 5.

*The doughfeet were too busy wondering whether they could last till the next break to enjoy the National Geographic countryside, the wayside crucifixes, the black and white cows, the barnyards full of chickens.*

"Every time we spotted a Frog standing in his barnyard we tried to bargain with him for a couple of chickens. The Frenchies would always yell 'Pas les miens, pas les miens!' Once when the owner gave us that line that they weren't his we said 'Bon, monsyour, Bon!' and grabbed two. *Who said the bayonet was only a valuable weapon as a can opener?*"

The Regiment rolled northward for three days in the wake of the hard churning Division. Through Schalbach, Weckersviller, Sieweiler, Petersbach, Petit Pierre, Fromuhl, Moderfield, Puberg — French towns with German names. Horizontal rainstorms and groping 88's felt out the advancing 399th. The Blue Battalion sent combat patrols into the Fôret du Petit Pierre. *Finally the awaited order came: attack December 5th toward the Maginot.*

The Blue Battalion moved through the battered 398th in Wingen and jumped off to the north. Love pushed up the left side of the highway, Item slugged through woods on the right. The climbing highway suddenly left the woods and turned sharply past giant camouflaged pill-boxes and roadblocks to a skytop road junction. A panoramic countryside extended to the front. Down in a storybook valley to the left were the villages of Soucht and Meisenthal which the Germans abandoned tout de suite when the Blue Battalion came over the crest. To the front lay Goetzenbruck and behind that another town and another. The Lorraine horizons were lined by columns of sentinel poplar trees.

A heavy snow fell that afternoon as the Red Battalion moved up majestic Ingweiller Gap to Wingen and the White Battalion sent patrols to link up with the 44th Division pushing on our left.

*"You know, this beautiful country couldn't just have happened this way. They musta had a priority with mother nature and she planned it all out to the inch."*

*"Yeah, Alsace-Lorraine sure is beautiful, but the French lost a postwar tourist when they made me fight here. One visit per country is par. What's that fancy name yuh use — Alsace-More Rain?"*

The Blue Battalion dug in for the night awaiting the jumpoff against Goetzenbruck at dawn. Lemberg was only 6 kilometres. Where would the German make his stand? Would he make a stand?

Miles to the north at dawn two Wehrmacht staff officers stood on a thickly wooded hill behind Lemberg called Schlossberg. Peering through their special telescope out across Lorraine's scenic garden they watched a skytop road junction and its big pillboxes where the 3rd Battalion had stopped for the night. They counted the tiny shadows coming down the open ground in the early morning mist, still many miles away.

*"Iss goot, mein Colonel, iss goot."*

*"Zih coment im Lemberg dees morgen, Major."*

*"Ya, ya," laughed the assistant commander, "Alles iss prima."*

Down below in Lemberg all was feverish activity. Green clad columns shouldering .31 calibre machineguns and sniper rifles filed into the dense woods to the east of Lemberg. Ugly-nosed flak wagons rolled through the town and stopped on the far outskirts. Down beside Schlossberg in the Lemberg-Bitche cut rumbled an array of aryan armor — three panther tanks, longnosed 88's drawn by clattering horses, a dozen more flak wagons, armored cars. SP guns rolled up on Schlossberg, a machine gun battalion was digging in at all Lemberg street corners. The Major pointed out the defensive axis along the Enchenberg—Lemberg—Mouterhouse road. Zeroed in meadows, criss-crossing machine-guns, sweeping fields of fire for the ack ack guns being fired at Infantry.

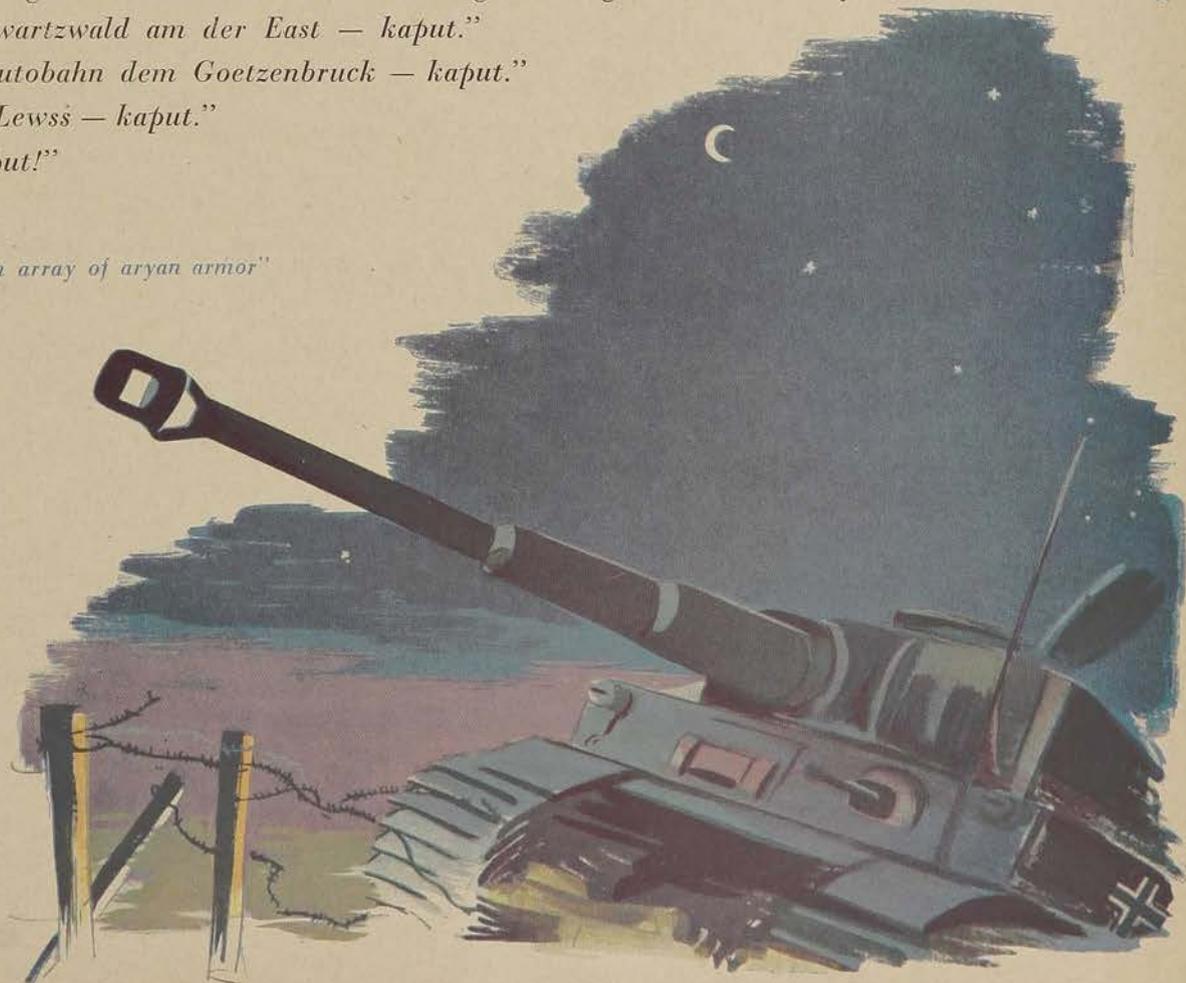
*"Fum der Swartzwald am der East — kaput."*

*"Fum der Autobahn dem Goetzenbruck — kaput."*

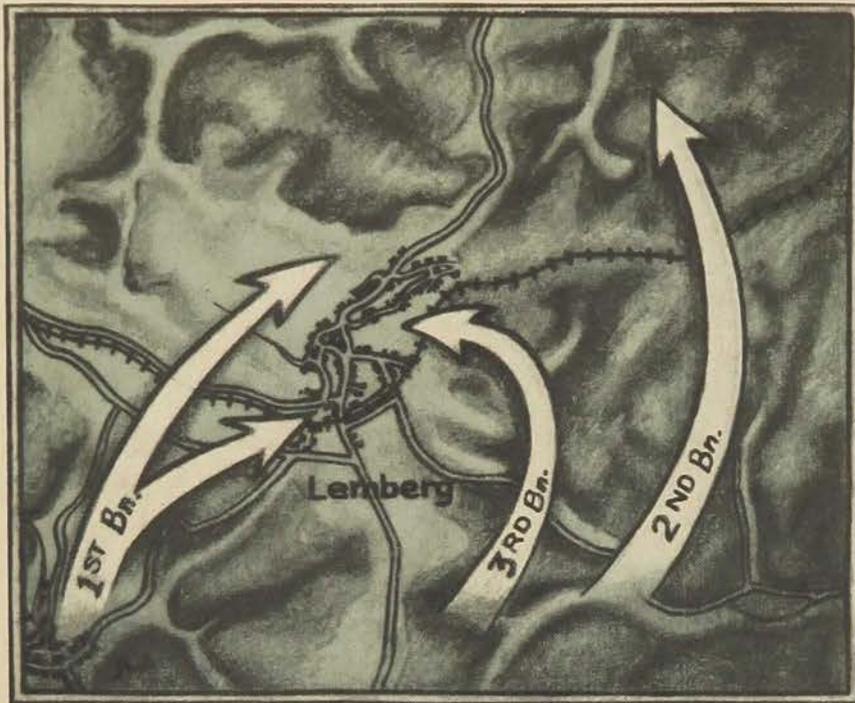
*"Fum Zaint Lewss — kaput."*

*"Alles — kaput!"*

*"At dawn... an array of aryan armor"*



*"The Regiment threw a pincers attack at Lemberg"*



The Major laughed heartily at the Colonel's joke as they got into their staff car and left Lemberg, the outpost of the reversed Maginot Line.

By 0915 the Blue Battalion had swept down from the high ground to capture the twin cities of Goetzenbruck and Sarreinsberg. The attack pushed right through toward Lemberg 3 kilometres up the road. One KM from Lemberg they ran into the stone wall — a blown bridge in the highway, enemy entrenched

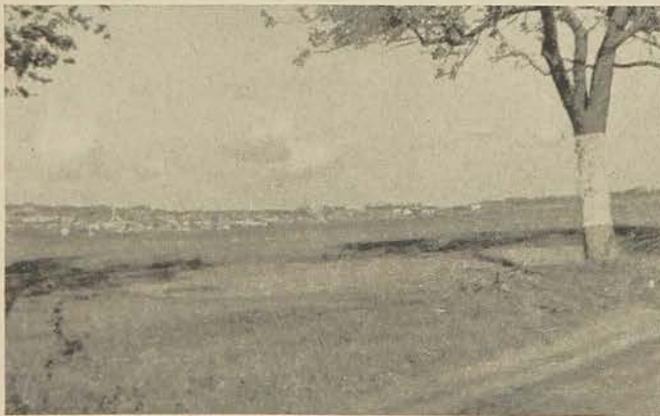
before the city. Mortars answered our rifle fire. The battalion dug in hurriedly, Love on the left in woods across an open field from the plateau city. King on the right of the road was receiving murderous artillery from Schlossberg behind the city. Item on the right flank was pinned beneath a withering umbrella of HE from Suicide Hill.

The Red Battalion moved up to Goetzenbruck and threw patrols out toward the 398th in St. Louis on the left and the 397th near Mortarhouse on the right. American 155's set Lemberg aflame. The Germans sent long whining salvos of 88's tearing over the high ground into Goetzenbruck, plastered the line companies of the 3rd Battalion with mortars.

*December 7th, 1944.*

*"Gee, whiz, it's the third anniversary of Pearl Harbor. We always attack either on a Sunday or a holiday. What a lousy day for a battle."*

The Regiment threw a pincers attack at Lemberg. The Red Battalion was to sweep across



*"At 0930 the assault wave crossed the Enchenberg—Lemberg road" ... 51 Bakermen fell by the wayside*



*"The Red Battalion threw patrols toward the 397th in Mouterhouse"... Americans pronounced it Mortarhouse*

open ground on the left, the Blue Battalion was to drive around through woods on the right. Baker and Charlie jumped off behind five minutes of artillery softening.

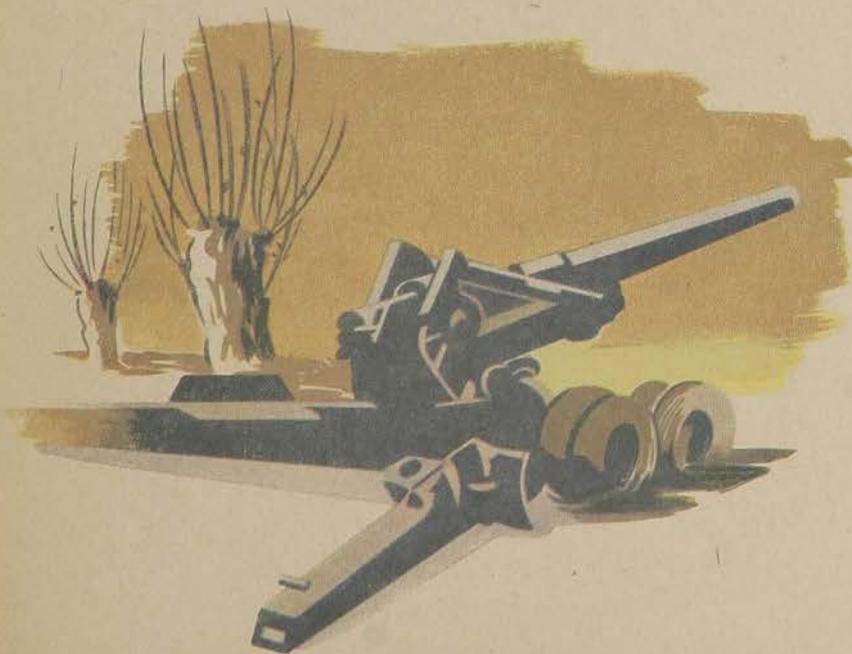
"Men, my orders are to cross this open field and take the high ground beyond. Nothing in training ever justified such a move and it looks too peaceful to suit me. But orders are orders and I want every man behind me. 1st on my left, 3rd on my right, 2nd and 4th behind. Let's move out."

*At 0930 the assault wave of Baker moved out of the Durrenwald woods and crossed the Enchenberg—Lemberg highway. At 0931 Charlie moved out on the right. At 0932 Able moved up*

*out of the deep canyon from the famous glass-making village of St. Louis onto Christmas tree hill to secure the left flank of the Regiment.*

"Hey, look at those guys walking across the field in skirmishers."

"Must be Baker or Charlie."



“T

hree times Itom assault troops tried to slug” . . . Overhead, a heavy .50 spoke American fluently



*Suicide Hill... 70 Item infantrymen failed and fell  
Railroad underpass in mid-Lemberg... Love led the way*

“And there are the rooftops of Lemberg behind them. Look at those big shells tearing apart the houses.”

“Hey, listen to all that firing. What’re those sharp cracking explosions?”

“The skirmish line disappeared. I don’t see ’em in the field any more.”

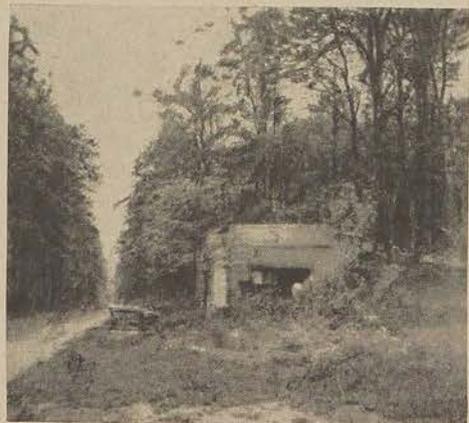
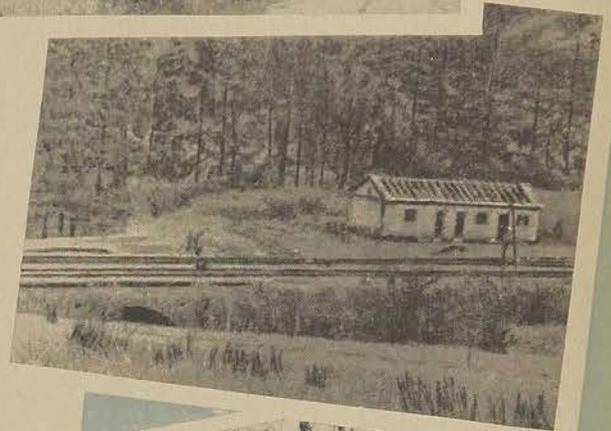
“Whew, lucky we’re in reserve this morning. Let’s get the company into these woods before they spot us.”

For nine hours Baker and Charlie lay in the naked shrapnel-swept field under ceaseless machinegun, knee high 20mm fire, and SP guns flashing over on Schlossberg. They tried to fight back. Lt. Harry Flanagan and his six man platoon fought the machineguns until five were killed. Sgt. Charles Adamcek set up his MG in the open field, duelled and knocked out a flak wagon. Richard Jones and Russell Brayall strung a radio wire up to Captain Altus Prince in the midst of the shelling. Frank Rubino and Donald Taylor of Charlie crawled up to two flak wagons and captured them.

On the right King and Item attacked. *Three times Item assault troops tried to slug across the Lemberg—Mouterhouse road, and three times murderous small arms from Suicide Hill drove them back.* Joe Williams, Charles White, and Daniel Goodman led the attack across the fortified road when a death trap of machineguns opened up. King Company got across and drove a 400 yard bulge into the German lines led by James Praley and Ralph Fortenberry under fanatical fire from deep ravines to the east of the city. King Company was finally forced to withdraw to the battalion line under threat of encirclement. A blockhouse opened up on Item with 20mm’s.

*All afternoon it rained and the two battalions lay out in the ceaseless shelling.* Buffer Able Company cleared Christmas tree hill led by Woodrow Gilbert, Henry

*20MM flak wagon... “It was Infantry vs. Armor”  
“A blockhouse opened up on Item...”*



Kiwior, Eugene Swartz, and Lester Fraley through bouncing betties, flak, and mortars. At dusk the handful of men that was Baker Company stumbled back to the woods dragging their wounded buddies with them. Then the enemy threw overhead 20's into the woods, small ugly black puffs which burst over the foxholes. Baker lost 51 men. Item lost 70. *The lucky guys were the ones who got wounded and evacuated.* Litters were scarce and many wounded lay in the icy rain all night. Some guys were paralyzed by morning.

*December 8th was another third anniversary — our declaration of war on Germany. Battle plans were changed and the 2nd Battalion was thrown in, to cross the Lemberg—Mouterhouse road to the east of Lemberg, bust through a rugged range of hills to cut the Lemberg—Bitche RR and highway. That would cut off the city and allow the Red and Blue Battalions to storm into Lemberg from the South.*

The White Battalion kicked off early on the 8th, George Company outflanking Suicide Hill and Fox Company overrunning it. The battalion drove relentlessly through the fire-sprayed forest across four hills to breach the Lemberg—Bitche railroad. Thick flak and machinegun fire halted the attack.

*Love Company spearheaded the 399th into Lemberg, when they made a dash from the eastern woods to reach the RR underpass in the center of town in midafternoon. The Railroad was the German MLR.*

“Lt. Taylor’s 3rd platoon reached the RR embankment and Lt. MacDonald’s 2nd platoon dashed up a draw to hit the railroad on the right.



*“The lucky guys were the ones who got wounded and evacuated”... the Infantry became a religion*

*Sherman wheeling through Lemberg  
... Southerners noted a parallel*

Charley Goldman stuck his head over the embankment and got hit by a machinegun bullet. Sgt. John Butler tried to lead the 2nd across the tracks but didn't make it. They were firing a hail of 20 millimeter stuff and machineguns up and down the tracks. *The only possible way into Lemberg was through that underpass and the Germans knew it.* A bunch of krauts



came charging through the underpass and we wiped 'em out with guns and grenades — Harvey Rohde, Al Lappa, and Bob Binkley shot up plenty. *George Demopoulos of the Medics amputated a Mike boy's arm under fire.* Then two mortars were rushed up behind the RR embankment and set up like Infantry crossed-rifles, each firing a different direction. John Khoury crawled up on the tracks and directed fire to knock out a flak wagon and a machinegun. Then we opened up with everything we had, charged through the underpass, and made a dash for the first couple houses of Lemberg.”

*At twilight, the 2nd and 3rd Battalions were working on the Railroad.*

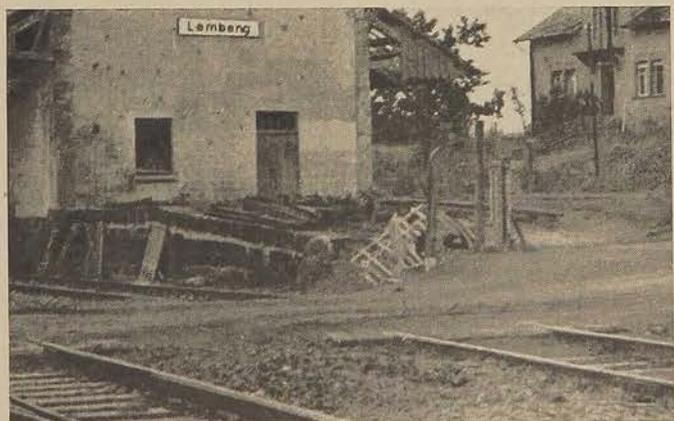
At dusk the Red Raiders stormed into Lemberg from the south with four Shermans from the 781st Tankers. A heavy smokescreen hung over Charlie and Able Companies as they charged across open fields into the blazing city. Lt. William Kizer's spearhead tank roared up the steep St. Louis—Lemberg road and busted into town with Charlie; the other three Shermans were blown up by mines. Charlie smashed ahead in a house-to-house campaign with the Sherman whanging 75's into cellars and the doughboys taking care of the upstairs with grenades. Able swept around to enter Lemberg from the east.

*A hunched up shadow with a rifle sprinted up a narrow alley between a flaming house and a low wall. At the end of the alley the opening was bright as day as a fiery barn across the street illuminated the bullet-raked main drag. He peered around the corner of the building, looked up and down the street, pulled his head back in when a burpgun zipped.*

“I don't see no Charlie Company who're supposed to meet us here at the center of town, Cap'n, but I don't think we're alone.”

*A chain of tracers chipped off the corner of the wall next to his head, in confirmation.*

Major Bernard Lentz of the Red Battalion and Lt. Bennett Taylor of the Blue Battalion held a midnight powwow as the two battalions joined forces in burning Lemberg.



*“Charlie smashed ahead in a house-to-house campaign”  
...the conquest was a bitter anti-climax*

*In the woods to the East of Lemberg, Fox Company pushed across the fortified railroad. Captain Newton Heuberger sent out a call for flank support, tanks, anti-tank guns: he got nothing. Alert to the tremendous danger of their exposed position, Lt. Caspar Breckinridge, Sgts Francis Schilberger and Robert White kept every foxhole awake and alert during the night.*

At 0500 of December 9th the first of four hit-and-run flak attacks struck when a 20mm wagon rumbled up to the foxholes. Cpl. Steve Balchunas was killed duelling the armored car with his bazooka. Two more scouting attacks with three flak guns and a light tank, and when no anti-tank or tank fire challenged them they grew bolder.

*At dawn Pfc Marvin Wilkes' bazooka was knocked out and it was infantry against armor. The crusher came when 80 German infantry with 20mm armored wagons stormed the two platoons firing flak into foxholes. Lt. Breckinridge's 1st platoon put up a valiant fight but were virtually wiped out. Sgt. Louis Snyder charged forward to destroy a burp gunner who had Lt. Duncan Emery pinned, and some of the 2nd platoon escaped.*

*Fifty-five men were hit before Fox Company finally drove the attack to the flanks. Easy and George reattacked, Easy crossing the tracks on the right and George going after Hochfirst hill on the left. Captain Richard Howard led Easy across the tracks.*

“Captain Howard knew what had happened to Fox Company that morning, and his mission was to cross the same railroad. He didn't ask for any volunteers to lead — he was first scout, crossing the RR gap with carbine in one hand and map in the other and striding fearlessly into the woods on the other side. *All of a sudden the woods were filled with the chattering of machineguns and a runner had to go up to bring back the map from the dead Captain.*”

“Four flak wagons came roaring down a firebreak from left to right flitting from tree to tree across the company front like four clay pigeons in a shooting gallery. They were only 75 yards away and would have wiped out the whole company except we were lying in the defilade of the railroad. Charles Boyce blasted one with an anti-tank grenade and Theodore Brundidge stood up and riddled the fleeing crew with his BAR. The other three wagons ran off after that.”

*The Germans had prepared an ambush for George Company on Hochfirst, but a terrific Corps 155 preparation set two flak wagons on fire and George stormed up onto Hochfirst taking 20 prisoners.*

In Lemberg a hit-and-run German patrol had captured Love Company's machinegun platoon during the night. In early morning Item Company, 42 strong, moved into Lemberg as the final push to root the fanatical enemy from the city began. King and Love attacked the fortified houses of hill 423 behind the flak tower against heavy machinegun and 20mm fire. *Sgt. John Rode, who was later to become an officer at 19, routed and captured 12 krauts who had pinned down his platoon. King Company mopped up the stronghouses atop 423, with Lt. Warren Behrens receiving the DSC for leading his 1st platoon to destroy a key machinegun nest.*

The Red Battalion jumped off with Shermans in mid-afternoon to clear the heavily fortified main drag. Tanks belched fire into every house, then the doughfeet went in shooting. Sgt.



*"George stormed up onto Hochfirst (high firs) Hill ..."*

*Flak tower on Hill 423 ... King checkmated Lemberg*

James Langridge of Able Company charged up to a fortress house, kicked brush in front of the door to distract the enemy's attention inside, and then went through a window with his Thompson blasting, destroying the occupants.

*Snow flurries threw a sound blanket over Lemberg's chaos as the entire city was mopped up and prodded files of gray clad prisoners were sent to the rear. At the outskirts of Lemberg, the courageous Shermans didn't stop, but plowed ahead into the middle of the retreating Germans. They shot up a dozen flak wagons and 88's as well as enemy infantry digging in. Pfc Ray Carlson of the Love Company medics went out front to patch up one of the tankers. The battle of Lemberg was over.*

The 399th had destroyed all enemy resistance around Lemberg, and December 10th the 398th Infantry marched up through the snow of Lemberg to chase the enemy into his Maginot Line. Red pulled back to St. Louis, White went to Goetzenbruck, and Blue outposted the high ground around Lemberg.

*"Never expected to get on such a nice warm floor again."*

*"Nope. Hope the replacements come soon. It's kinda lonesome with just you and me in the squad."*

*"So the 398th pushed through us to take up the attack."*

*"Don't worry, they'll call us when they need us."*

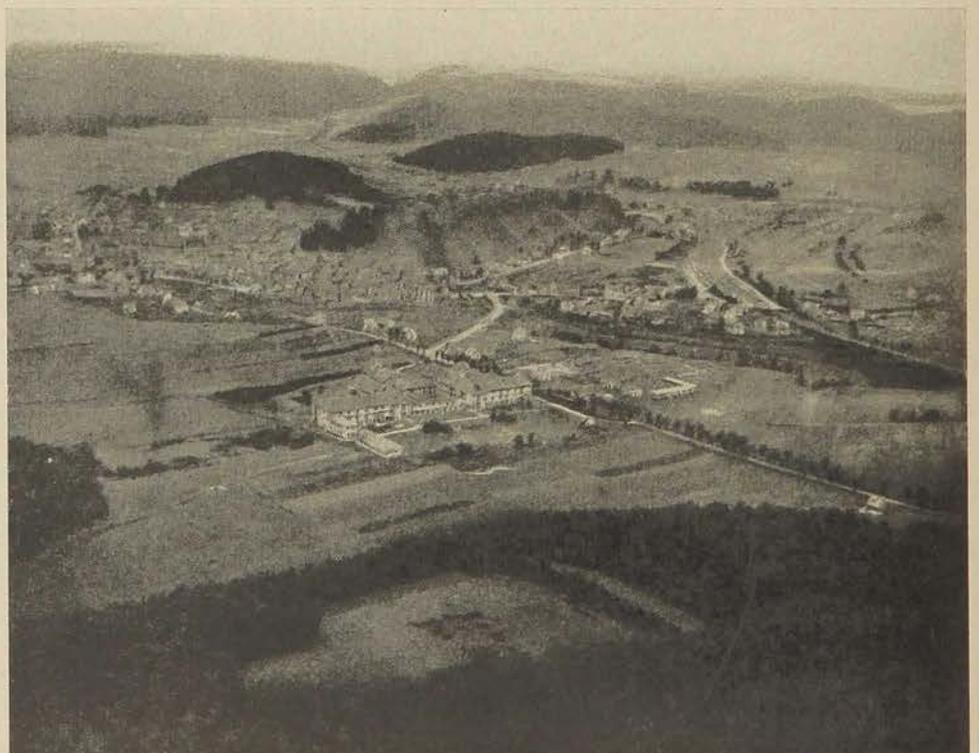
*They did.*



# Siege of Bitche

December 14th the 399th made the long march up through Lemberg and down through the winding road cut between huge pine-covered hills toward Reysviller. Past mangled 88 chassis and dead Germans. *The doughboys' orders were that they would take Bitche in the morning and go into Corps reserve in the afternoon. Fair enough, because nobody could live in a foxhole during the winter.* The Red Battalion filed into the woods of Spitzberg to cross the Reysviller gap and ascend Shoenberg and Shimberg.

"Ah'm walkin' in yoah footprints, white man. This pasture and woods look slightly mined to me."



"A beautiful city, like something out of a fairy tale" ... Bitche  
as seen from Reyersviller Ridge



"We're going this way to steer clear of that road junction down there where the Bitche—Lemberg road meets the Reyersviller Road."

"Boy, look at that fleet of Shermans rumbling up the highway toward Bitche. And that must be the 3rd Battalion moving up on the other side."

"According to the sign it's only 2 kilometres."

"Just a matter of hours."

*Months, Joe, months.*

The Red Battalion dug in on the Reyersviller Ridge and the Blue Battalion dug in down on the right between the Bitche highway and Railroad.

*"We passed through the 398th and dug in along the edge of the wooded horseshoe that was Shimberg and Shoenberg. Down in front of us lay a beautiful city, like something out of a fairy tale. Three big knobs made a beautiful triangle in the middle of the valley floor. Two were covered with dark green trees, and one had a monstrous stone fortress sitting on top—Spread around were the red-roofed houses and a little white cemetery in the sunshine. Beyond the city were rolling ranges of hills, one after another. Boy, what a place to stay in Corps reserve."*

The attack was pushed back to the 15th to give the 398th on the left a little more time to do whatever it was they had to do. Sgt. Stan LaBrake of Able took a combat patrol down into the city past the red chapel towers of the College de Bitche into a stiff fire fight. Apparently the krauts wanted to live in Bitche, too. On the 15th Bitche would fall.

*"Everything was peaceful and beautiful in the morning air. It couldn't have been more than a thousand yards. I'll bet I could run right down the hill into Bitche in three minutes without all these bandoliers and grenades holding me back."*

Able would drive between the Citadel and the green hill to the left, Charlie would drive past the Citadel, Baker would sweep up the right side of town, and the 2nd Battalion would spill into Bitche to grab the Citadel. Objectives? A range of hills two miles behind the city. Everything was set. The Germans had nothing to stop us. At the last minute the attack was cancelled.

The situation began to unfold. The ancient Citadel had a dozen 88's in its stone apertures. The other two pretty green hills of the triangle were artificial and actually Forts Sebastian

and Grand Otterbiel of the Maginot Line. Also dumping fire into Bitche would be Forts Grand and Petit Hohekirkel, Petit Otterbiel, Ramstein, Simserhoff, Freudenberg.

*And don't let the "Petit" fool you. They were all big forts, with moats and drawbridges and French 75's and everything. The man-made ridge towering over Bitche on the northwest was Fort Schiesseck. Newspapermen called the whole works the "Ensemble de Bitche."*

The attack was postponed and officially the 399th sat back to watch the 398th do their stuff. King Company sent a 13 man patrol to the Hôtel on the Pond de Hasselfurt. Sgt. Russell Sefing crawled up to the Hôtel and brought back a burp gunner who said that 30 Germans with four machineguns had just moved into the Hôtel and were expecting the Americans to attack on the 16th. *They weren't disappointed.*

Five pea-shooter light tanks went in with King the next morning. The barking of the tankers' tiny 37's combined with Pfc Robert Masters' blazing BAR overran the position and captured 16 in the Hôtel. The Blue Battalion moved forward to the edge of woods fronting on Bitche.

Lt. Harry Flanagan and five daring Baker doughs captured a house next to a strong pillbox on the Bitche highway right under the nose of the Citadel. *At dawn of the 17th Charlie's 3rd platoon with Lt. Robert Hakala and Sgt. Russell Solovey's machineguns made a dawn dash for the College de Bitche sprawling 400 yards below their Shoenberg positions.*

*"We were on OP up on Shoenberg when Charlie filed out of the woods. It was like a movie. The Germans had trenches dug all around the college and came running out of the building to man their machineguns. Just then Dog Company's mortars opened up and landed right in the middle of the krauts. That killed all but three who ran back inside to man an upstairs machinegun. The mortars coughed again and three rounds went through one hole in the roof and wiped out the crew. I never saw such shooting in my life!"*

*That night the rest of Charlie infiltrated down into the College, climbed in a broken window, and dispersed in the vast, battered building.*

Pvt. Santiago Gonzales led Baker Company in storming the pillbox next to Flanagan's Fortress by shooting up six Germans. The 2nd platoon grabbed off the houses between the pillbox and the College. *The 100th Division had two rifle companies billeted in Bitche.* Able Company sent Sgt. Ignace Doblewski and Joe Galiuzzi into the city at night.

*"So just when we get to the first house we hear footsteps. So we kneel down in the road and wait. Four long overcoats with burp guns crooked in their arms come laughing and talking up the road headed for our lines. Ten yards from us, we open up. Three fell and one ran away firing his burp gun into the dark. Then we turned around and ran like hell ourselves. I'm a staff sergeant now. Big deal. Whatsa matter? I was doing all right as a private."*

The College was only 300 yards from



*Bitche Express... Baker jeep wheels through Shoenberg woods with hot meal for Joes in Flanagan's Fort*

the Citadel in Bitche. A jovial Counter Intelligence Corps Captain sent Frenchmen into Bitche every night. Not all returned. *He pointed out to Charlie doughs the periscope up in a fissure of the Citadel that was trained on their College window.*

The Artillery really made merry. All night long the 399th Joes on guard heard the big guns beating a tattoo in the rear.

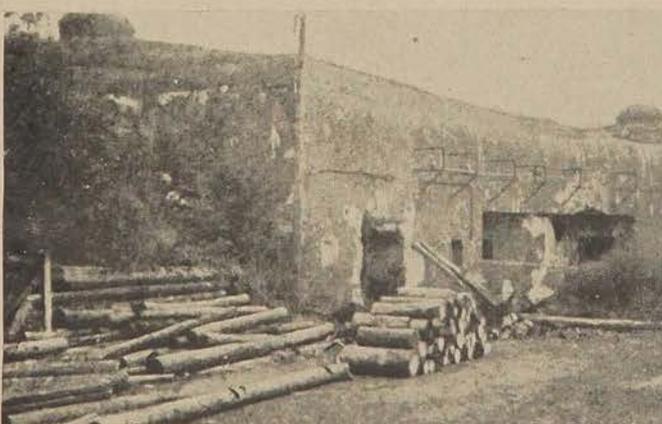
*"They hammered like Gene Krupa's drums, and then went over our foxholes like that descending melody of Glenn Miller's '2 o'clock jump'. It was sweet music all right."*

Tanks formed ranks on Shoenberg Ridge with their stout 76mm noses sticking out of the woods pointed at the Citadel. Anti-tankers lined up their guns beside the Shermans all ready for the jumpoff. Every day was clear blue skies with no clouds but millions of airplanes. All day long the orange tailed "Jabo" Thunderbolts filled the sprawling Bitche valley with their 8-barrelled thunder and bounced 500 pound bombs off Schiesseck.

Two Doughboys crept up to the 925th FA forward observer's hole. One looked through the F/O's telescope, the other read Stars & Stripes.

*"Hey, here's an article about the Doughboys at Bitche. That's us! This guy Ed Clark says us Joes are practical, not theoretical men, and that we're hanging our wash on the Maginot Line."*

*"Gosh, through this telescope I can see the turrets sticking out of that fake hill Schiesseck. Every time the Thunderbolts dive down to strafe 'em the turrets disappear underground."*



*"And don't let the 'Petit' fool you..."*

“T  
anks formed ranks”... Sherman on Shoenberg



*"Listen to this. He says the Maginot forts are all stacked-up cement graveyards and that you can knock 'em apart with a pencil or bayonet."*

*"The Thunderbolts are dive bombing Schiesseck now. I can see the tiny bombs going down — and they bounced right back up. Maybe those pillboxes are made of rubber."*

*"Never mind that. You should read the newspapers, 'cause they're educational. The article says even the Germans don't have any faith in the Maginot because all the forts face the wrong way."*



*Shell's eye view of Bitche... Americans coined a phrase*

*"What he don't know is that those French 75's fire out the back door. Maybe if we smuggled a couple copies of Stars & Stripes to the krauts they'd get scared and pull back to the Siegfried and then we could move into the Maginot and practice being Frenchmen for the winter."*

*"Boy, I'll bet the civilians back home got a big kick out of this article."*

The turned around Maginot Line lay between Bitche and the Siegfried Line to the north, hence the 399th walked right up to the gates of the city on Reyersviller Ridge and the College de Bitche without much trouble. But to bust through the city was another story. As the doughfeet axiom goes: you get only what you pay for.

*"We never could get onto the way the Germans and French argued over the spelling of words. The French called it Bitche and the Germans called it Bitsch. So we decided to be independent and named it Bitch. We hit it right on the head, it turned out."*

December 17th when Baker and Charlie dashed into Bitche, the 398th hit the Forts on the high bare Maginot plateau to the west of Bitche. From Shoenberg we could see flame throwers blazing away on Fort Freudenberg and then Sherman tanks appeared on the skyline as the doughboys moved toward the doomed hill of Schiesseck.

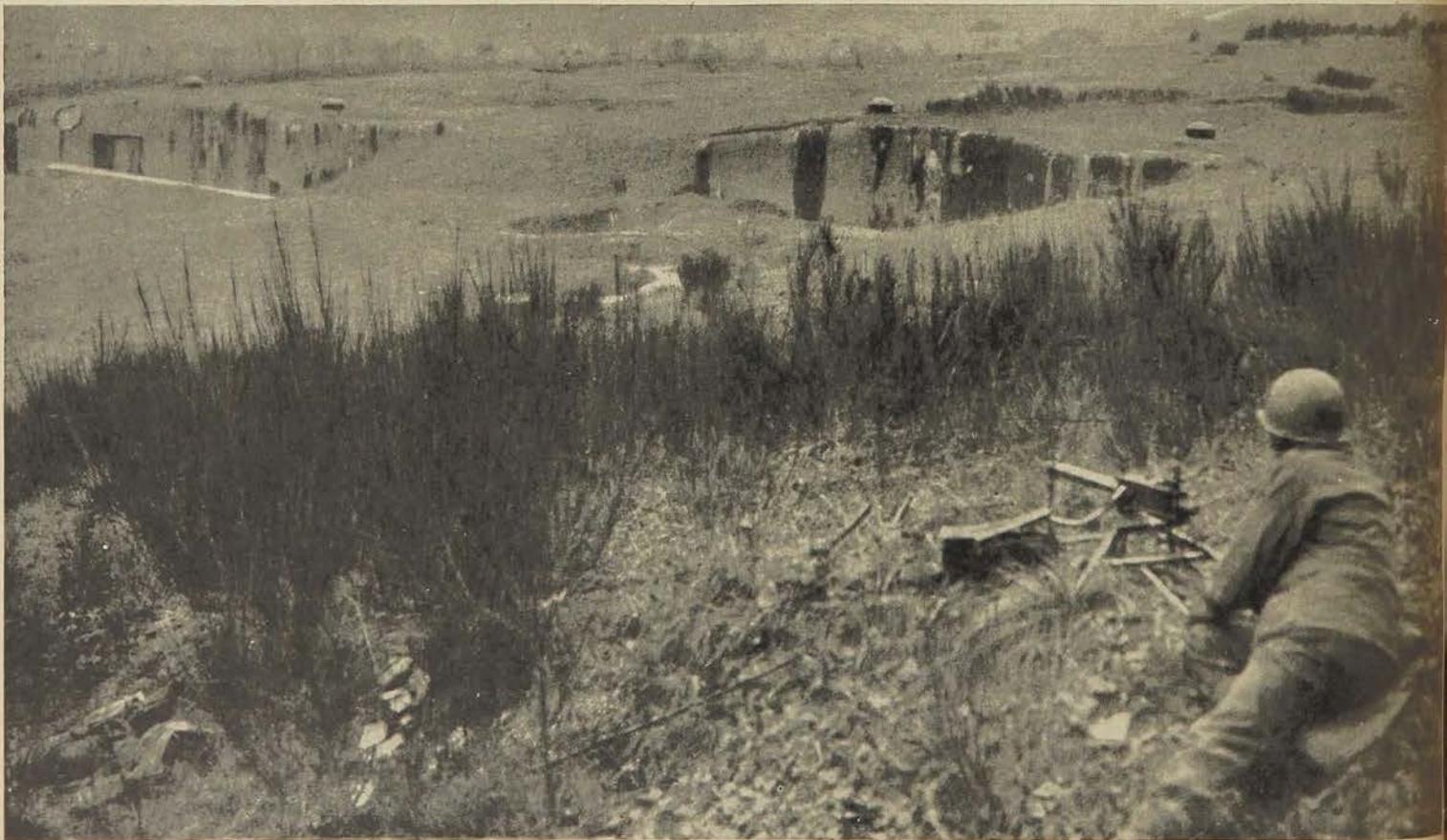
Sgt. Thomas Sweeney led an eight man King night patrol which bumped into two camouflaged pillboxes across the Bitche—Strasbourg highway almost in Camp de Bitche. A machinegun, grenade, and finally hand-to-hand fight followed. Only two of the eight got back to our lines, and the remainder drifted in dazedly during the night. Item patrols spent their days in the woods, their nights in Bitche.



*398th doughboys give  
Freudenberg Farms  
bunker a quick bazookay*



*Nobody here but just us Kamerads ...  
Americans capture Germans in French Maginot*



*"The gallant 398th Infantry assaulted the man-made monster of Schiesseck"*

December 18th the gallant 398th Infantry on the left continued their battle across the shrapnel-sprayed table to the west of the city and assaulted the man-made monster of Schiesseck. They overran all eleven forts of Schiesseck and won a Presidential Citation.

"The city is surrounded by a 100th Division horseshoe."

"And the Corps artillery and the Air Corps keep coming. It won't be long now."

"I hope not. Only six more shooting days till Christmas."

Also on December 18th roving bands of SS troops overwhelmed an outpost line on a lonely front up north. December 19th rank upon rank of Königstiger tanks rumbled through the gap. Von Rundstedt's gray-clad legions had broken through. This affected every soldier on the Western Front. Patton roared northward, Patch took over Patton's sector, the 398th withdrew from Schiesseck, and the 399th took over the front of a full Division. The 2nd Battalion moved into position along the Lemberg—Bitche RR to guard the Division's right flank.

"You know, I can't figure out the war, sometimes. In the battle for Lemberg we were on the other side of the tracks trying to get over here. Now we're on this side of the tracks, waiting for the enemy to come across from the other side."

December 23rd the 399th lined up in depth for an expected counterattack. The 3rd Battalion formed on Spitzberg and the 2nd dug in around Lemberg. The 1st Battalion held an outpost line semi-circling Bitche. Flanagan's Fortress looked up at the Citadel from the Lemberg—Bitche highway in the east. Fort Fraley — only Schiesseck Fort still in American hands — looked down on the Citadel from the west.

"Yuh know, we got the Citadel right where we want it — practically surrounded. And all with only five guys on each side of the city."

Up front there were 4 men in Wolfs-garten Farm, 3 in Flanagan's Fort, 6 in the College, an OP here, a listening post there — strictly a dotted line.

"The College de Bitche was the spookiest, weirdest place we were ever in. We'd walk down those long, pitch black, glass-covered corridors, and the echoes and noises would sound like something straight out of Hell. The place must have had a 100 passages. There was this damned horse that used to walk around outside the College at night."



"... strictly a dotted line"



“**T**he White Battalion moved up into the Maginot Line...”



“I’d like to meet the General who’s responsible for us being stuck way out here on this outpost.”

“High calibre, the Army calls him.”

“*I wouldn’t know, I’m only .30 calibre myself.*”

P-47’s roamed the Bitche valley daily. Snowmen hundreds of feet tall stood above the city in fantastic array as Corps 240 Long Toms dropped in White Phosphorus spark sprayers. *Taller than the Citadel, these snowmen.* The days were clear and an icy moon hung over the city every night. Our Armies had been drawn Northward and the Regiment was stretched tight as a fiddlestring. The 398th held Freudenberg Farms on the left and the luckless 117th Cavalry Recon moved into the Bois de Bitche on the right.

*A jeep whirred past Freudenberg Farms hell for leather toward Bitche. A couple of white parkas in a foxhole waved them to a frantic stop.*

“Where’s the fire, soldier?”

“Down this road. You see, we’re artillery observers.”

“Well, you see, this is our last outpost before Bitche. In ten seconds you’d be safe for the duration. How’s the Stars & Stripes coming?”

“Good. They say the edge has been broken off Rundstedt’s tanks and no German gains have been made lately. Big battle at Bastogne. So long.”

*The jeep wheeled around and zoomed off out of sight behind Freudenberg Farms.*

After dark on the 28th Plan Tennessee went into effect. The old guys called it the Tennessee Maneuver. The new guys called it “One hell of a way to spend the winter.” The White Battalion moved up into the Maginot Line on the left, George in ghost town Hottviller, Fox in the French Garrison, Easy in Freudenberg Fort and Farms.

*Everything was quiet as a mouse up front on the OP lines, but back in the Rear Echelon of S-2 things were humming.*



*Paratroopers had jumped behind Enchenberg. Eleven thousand Germans and two hundred tanks were approaching Bitche from the North. German Messerschmitts filled the sky. The enemy was pushing power in through Bitche’s back door. Horses clattered down in front of the black Maginot Dragon’s teeth, and small groups of Germans loitered around on top of Schiesseck’s Forts.*

A tiny dog came through the dragon’s teeth sniffed our lines went back. That night an Easy outpost hole was found empty. Down

*“I wouldn’t know, I’m only .30 calibre myself”*



*"December 31st it snowed"*

in Bitche the Germans played phonograph records for Baker Company of trains pulling into Bitche. Baker Joes took a look at the map and saw that the Lemberg railroad ran into Bitche and then turned back south into our lines again, ignored the phonographs smugly.

Kraut combat patrols hit Baker and fought infantry, hit the 117th Recon and met dug-in halftracks. They knew the Corps boundary must be in between: fate had placed it along the Lemberg—Bitche highway. The Jerries had more American parkas than we did. Pfc's directed artillery fire over the multi-phoned outpost exchange on everything that didn't grow. *December 31st it snowed. At 2200 hours of December 31st twenty thousand German SS troops milled around in huge mobs in snow-covered Bitche eating chocolate bars. The chocolate contained dope. The Western Front was quiet.*

**B**aker held the College de Bitche and the enemy had the Citadel (background)... Between the two lay the infinity of a winter



# Counter ATTACK

Vogt

Gunners Cecil Bailey and Fred Dewhurst had just come on guard on their anti-tank gun near Bitche. It was five minutes before midnight of December 31st.

*"This'll be the first time I ever stood guard two years in a row without even sitting down for a rest."*

*"Sure is quiet here in that eerie white moonlight. The snow-bound Citadel sure does look ghostly. Say, look at that chain of flares drifting over the Citadel. Red, white, and yellow."*

*"Hey, look at the tracers flying over by Wolfsgarten. The barn is blazing. Look at those krauts running around in the light!"*

*"There's some more running around Flanagan's Fort. Let's fire!"*

Whoom . . . Whoom . . . Whoom . . . Whoom . . .

*"Happy New Year, soldier!"*

Whoom . . . Whoom . . .

*"What's that?"*

*"I said 'Happy New Year!'"*

*"Oh yeah . . . isn't it."*

The Americans had a flare for the dramatic, as Americans will. Every gun on the 7th Army front from 60 mortars up to 240 Long Toms was set to fire at midnight. The Germans were actors too. At midnight a total artillery barrage roared and rocked the American lines to ring in the New Year and ring out all communications. A mob of shadows stormed out of the moonlight toward Baker Company's machinegun outpost in Wolfsgarten Farm.

*"First we heard 'em shrieking like Indians. Then they came rushing in waves, waving their guns right into the sights of our machinegun. La Belle piled 28 of 'em out back and the charge finally broke. Those guys acted like they had just had a shot of something."*

*They had.*

“**A** mob of shadows stormed out of the moonlight toward Baker's *Wolfgang* outpost”  
...the enemy wished us a dope-happy New Year



Doped-up mobs charged Flanagan's Fort and the Shoenberg woods behind the College de Bitche. Three waves came up, the Dog heavy machineguns of Sgt. John Mizar and Paul Kovacs barked in the night, three waves broke and went back down again, leaving 100 fallen Germans under the barrels of the smoking guns.

Pfc Solter of Baker was hiding in a potato barrel in the cellar of Flanagan's Fort when the house was overrun by a thousand Germans. An Oberleutnant came down after him just as the 1st Battalion AT gun drilled 15 rounds through the house killing the officer. Solter escaped from the cellar through the AT shell hole in the wall.

*In the high Maginot Line battlefield on the other side of Bitche Sgt. Frank Sims' Easy squad in the last pillbox of Schiesseck was surrounded, phone wires cut, Missing in Action. A fierce midnight attack welled up from below the dragon's teeth and Easy's 1st and 2nd platoons were waiting. Machinegunner Davis zeroed his clattering 30 on the hillside of Schiesseck and an enemy assault column ran right through his sights. Easy fought back under Sgt. Gerald Lennarton and Lt. James Walsh using several captured German machineguns in front of Fort Freudenberg. The attack broke.*

At 0400 of New Year's Day three men from the 117th Recon without helmets or rifles came running into the Blue Battalion lines at Lemberg shouting that most of the 117th had been wiped out at the Hôtel de Hasselfurt. The German New Year's attack against the 7th Army hit first the Maginot powerhouse city of Bitche, and wave after wave of storm troopers smashed at the Corps boundary at Flanagan's Fort. *The remnants of the cavalry boys got on their armored horses and could be heard rumbling off through the Bois de Bitche, leaving the 399th with two miles of open flank.*



*Storm Trooper... Happy days were here again*

"If we had had another Baker and Charlie Company on the other side of the Bitche-Lemberg road there wouldn't have been any Bitche Bulge."

*For hours the 399th fought off overwhelming 25-1 odds, and then the enemy began drifting thousands of storm troops into the Bois de Bitche to surround the 399th rather than fight it.*

At dawn the Germans must have figured Shoenberg was cleared, because they started marching up from the Citadel past the College.

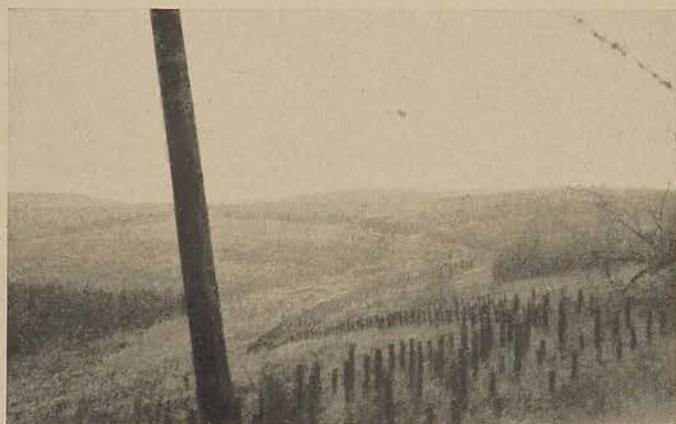
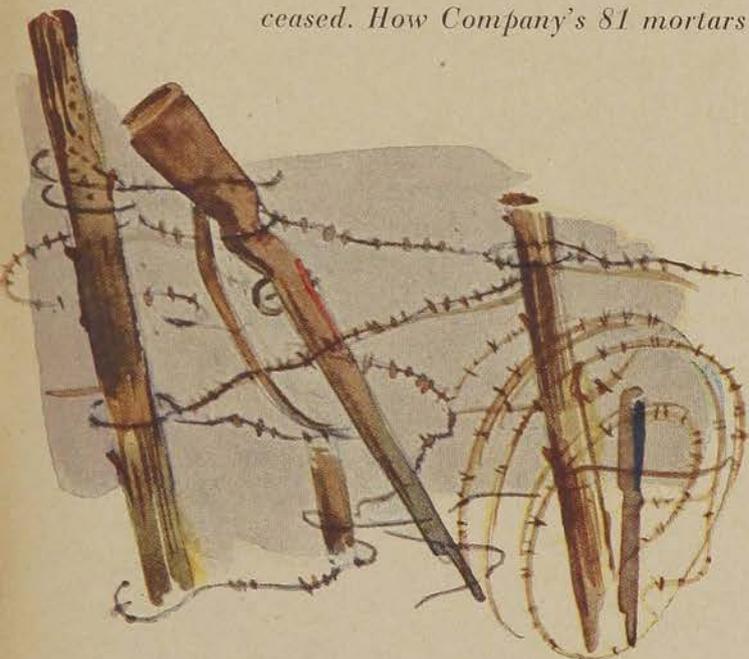
"Good soldiers, too," said Lt. Steinman of Dog who learned his soldiering in the French Foreign Legion. "Perfect columns of two."

*Steinman fired a belt of 1500 rounds in one burst and destroyed the column.*

At 0600 the Screaming Meemis shrieked into the 2nd Battalion lines and the Germans jumped off against George Company in a master attempt to encircle giant Fort

Simsershoff. The left pincer of the attack charged up out of a draw and overran the 1st platoon's exposed outpost commanded by Sgt. Russell Sisco. The attack got as far as the next OP hole. Sgt. John Harlowe skip-bombed the krauts with anti-tank grenades while Robert Tomlinson, Ralph Broitman, and Julian Motley blasted the enemy back into the draw. Machinegunners Klein and Mooney of How Company blasted the woods, and 81 mortars destroyed the attackers.

*The right pincer worked into a draw defended by the 3rd platoon and George's 60mm mortars zeroed in. George reigned. The Infantry Journal later heralded Sgt. Harlowe's skip-bombing as a new weapon of war. The Air Corps swung in to bomb and strafe Shorback from where all the attacks bubbled, and all activity in the sunken ghost town ceased. How Company's 81 mortars ruled the 2nd Battalion Maginot front.*



*"...a fierce attack from below the Dragon's teeth"  
...Easy and George were waiting*

On the right flank of the entire 15th Corps, Lt. Richard Ferguson's 2nd platoon of Charlie Company was surrounded on a hill by an overwhelming force of crazy krauts. Lt. Robert Hakala took his daring 1st platoon across the Bitche—Lemberg road to help out. *2nd platoon, escaped; 1st platoon, MIA.*



*Flanagan's Fort where the Bitche Bulge began...Solter remembered a potato barrel*

Charlie's 3rd platoon were dug in atop Reyersviller Ridge that day, as battalion "riot" platoon. They got a 1000 man riot, rushing down to bolster the remnants of Baker and Charlie in a last ditch fire fight raging down on Shoenberg. The line buckled and withdrew, leaving 30 Bakermen surrounded in their farmhouse CP. Pfc Thomas Richards and three buddies went on outpost.

*"I was lying there right along the Bitche highway with my rifle cradled when two heads pop up not 15 yards away on the other side of the road. One of 'em says in perfect English 'Stick 'em up, Joe.'"*

*I didn't have time to tell 'em my name isn't Joe, I just plug 'em both between the eyes. Then I turned to ask my buddies if maybe we should pull back but they've already parteed."*

Five hundred dope-happy Germans were screaming around Shoenberg, assaulting the Baker CP. The farmhouse had been Baker's CP and supply room, and there was plenty of ammo. Sgt. Clifford La Belle burned out half a dozen barrels as he fired 12,000 rounds from his white hot machinegun. Riflemen in the windows got four krauts for every five shots, it was that easy. In the attic, Captain Altus Prince fired three cases of anti-tank grenades. Sgt. William Bartscher of the 925th FA called all his batteries.

*"Emergency concentration, attention all batteries, total concentration on grids 76.0—48.6. Got that? That's right, the target is the farmhouse where we are right now. Blast away."*

The krauts stopped shooting, started screaming as howitzers rocked huge craters around the farmhouse and the Bois de Bitche. Baker split into buddy groups of four and tried to break through to our own lines during the shelling.

*"Three groups of four headed up the hill toward Reyersviller. We heard a lot of shooting and then it was quiet. So our fourth group headed the other way down toward Bitche and then followed the edge of woods up Shoenberg and Shimberg and down into Reyersviller. The first three groups never showed up."*

*Captain Prince, Sgts. Bartscher and La Belle had been in the first group.*

Dog Company's mortar F/O Joseph Wesley poured deadly fire into German ranks as he withdrew up Shoenberg. The 81's had fired 1000 rounds and their barrels were pointing straight up when Wesley, unknowingly, backed into his own mortars, still directing fire. In a small arms battle the mortarmen escaped.

Able Company threw in their 1st platoon to guard the entrance to Reyersviller Valley from the enemy-filled Bois de Bitche. Gabriel Belinsky and William Nails were stuck on an outpost in front of the platoon.

*"We're right down in the bottom of the valley and on each side of us on snow-covered Shoenberg and Spitzberg we see big mobs of men milling around. They're American reinforcements, we figure. Then the American reinforcements on the hills start shrieking like Indians and come charging down the hills on each side of us firing tracers at us. They weren't Americans after all. We ran almost two miles before we reached our own lines."*

Pfc Charles Boonen fired his sub-machinegun into the enemy ranks as his Anti-tank Company crew escaped the encirclement taking their gun with them.

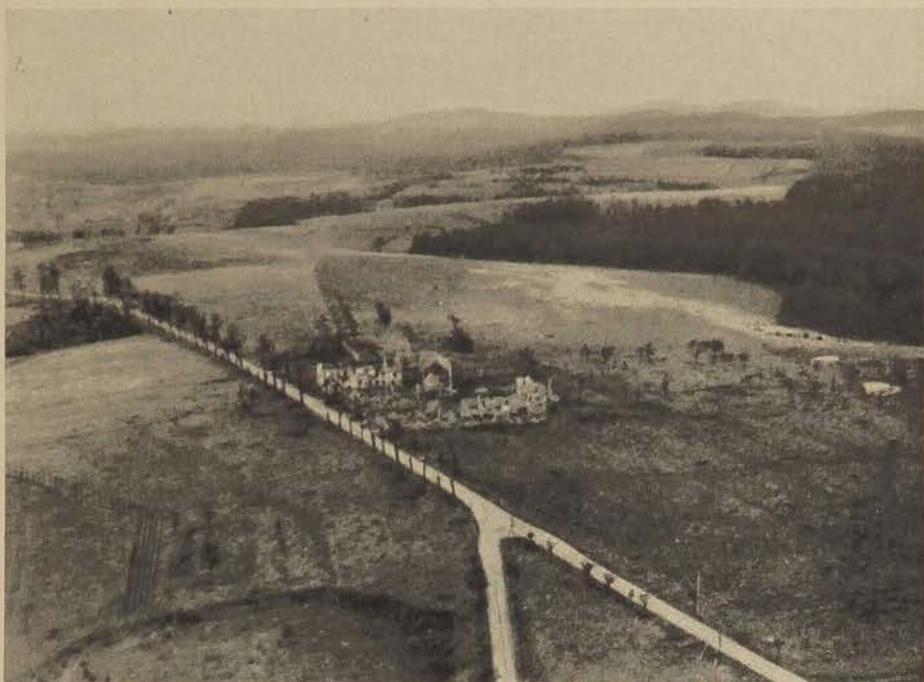
Half of the krauts in the Bois de Bitche turned into Reyersviller Valley, half kept coming over the high wooded mountains. The Blue Battalion line stretched taut from Spitzberg Hill to

*"Able threw in their 1st platoon..."*





*"When the kraut artillery gets up within pistol range of the American Infantry..."*



*Freudenberg Farms... a bumper crop of craters*

Lemberg. A lonely listening post of Item was hit by 20 krauts and spontaneous BAR fire by Pfc Edward Kobetich enabled the outpost crew to escape. 100 more Germans infiltrated Item's scattered platoons on Rundenkopf.

A bad firefight raged in front of Lemberg, as Love Company's Railroad forward outpost of Maurice Lloyd and Paul Lincoln was assaulted. Sgt. Clarence Conroy rushed a six man patrol into the battle but they were engulfed by a battalion of SS troopers. Love's MLR on Hochfirst held firm and bounced the attack off the flank as Mike gunner Thomas Beaman riddled a dark-shadowed column of krauts as they moved through the white woods headed for Goetzenbruck and Wingen. The infiltrating enemy tapped Item's phones, learned that the 63rd Division was moving up to fight, halted the attack. *Up in Reyersviller Valley they didn't stop.*

Clifford Simons, Michael Cahill, and Russell Sefing were on outpost on Spitzberg hill overlooking Schwangerbach when the counterattackers swarmed up from the Bois de Bitche. After an hour fire fight the King outpost was overrun, captured, disarmed, and marched down toward Reyersviller. American 105's began to plaster the area and Sgt. Sefing crawled away to escape and arouse the rest of King on Spitzberg whose communications had been cut and who were being surrounded.

*"We're all standing around wondering what the counter attack is all about when Sejing with no rifle or helmet comes running into our 1st platoon. He says we're surrounded. Then all of a sudden a kraut Artillery Captain comes casually strolling into our position all loaded down with maps and binoculars looking for a good hole. He shot Sgt. Tuttle with his P-38 and then we grabbed him and his maps of all the German plans of the*

counter attack. We waited for darkness. The schnapped-up krauts were singing down in Reyersviller having a delayed New Year's Eve party."

"We collected a task of Mike machine gunners, Charlie riflemen, anti-tankers and King riflemen. We figure when the kraut artillery gets up within pistol range of the American infantry it's time for the infantry to haulahss. There were four Looies — Hackling, De Witt, Skinner, and Behrens — and the ranking man of the bunch the kraut Captain was a prisoner."

*That night a silent column of 65 shadows wearing white parkas moved like ghosts through the moonlit snowy forest to American lines a mile over the hill carrying wounded pick-a-back.*

Wehrmacht warfare was a calculated science. The German hordes had broken through at the Corps boundary at Flanagan's Fort, fanned out in the vast Dominiale Fôret de Bitche, and driven south. 16 Tiger tanks were in Mouterhouse. Paratroopers cascaded behind our lines. English speaking Germans came through in jeeps wearing American uniforms.

*The 117th Cavalry Recon had been routed on our right which started the breakthrough. Now, by an unpleasant coincidence, it was the 117th Panzer Recon rolling down from Bitche into Reyersviller looking for a hole in the American lines. Behind the Recon was poised the massed armor of the 117th Panzer Division. The enemy was hitting for a Bulge. He never found one in the 399th Infantry.*

Easy Company's Maginot defenders threw back every attack on New Year's Day, and that night the Germans who were on three sides prepared an annihilation attack. Finally orders came for Easy to pull back from exposed Freudenberg Farms and Fort Freudenberg.

Green 255th Infantry troops moved up through Lemberg to bolster the Blue Battalion's thin defenses. They were newly committed and scared stiff as scouting attacks struck all night. At 0300 the 36th Texas Division moved in to take over the defense of Lemberg from the 100th and 63rd Divisions, and Love Company began their crazy Lemberg to Lembach march.

The cross-country snow jaunt from Lemberg to Lembach, two miles as the mortar flies, took five hours.

*"That night was the low point of the war. We were completely beat out when we got to Lembach at dawn. Major Punaro says to 'follow that contour line till you run into the 398th.' Maybe we shoulda asked him if contour lines were painted on hills, but we took off like he said. We never did run into the 398th but we did run into Jerries up by the Signalberg Tower, and after a firefight took five prisoners and went back down for more orders. Then they sent us down through Siersthal up Reyersviller Road through the snow and finally we relieve the 398th who are standing there waiting for us without any foxholes.*

There are little patches of woods all around us and pretty soon we begin to notice krauts mobbing around behind every tree and we're surrounded.

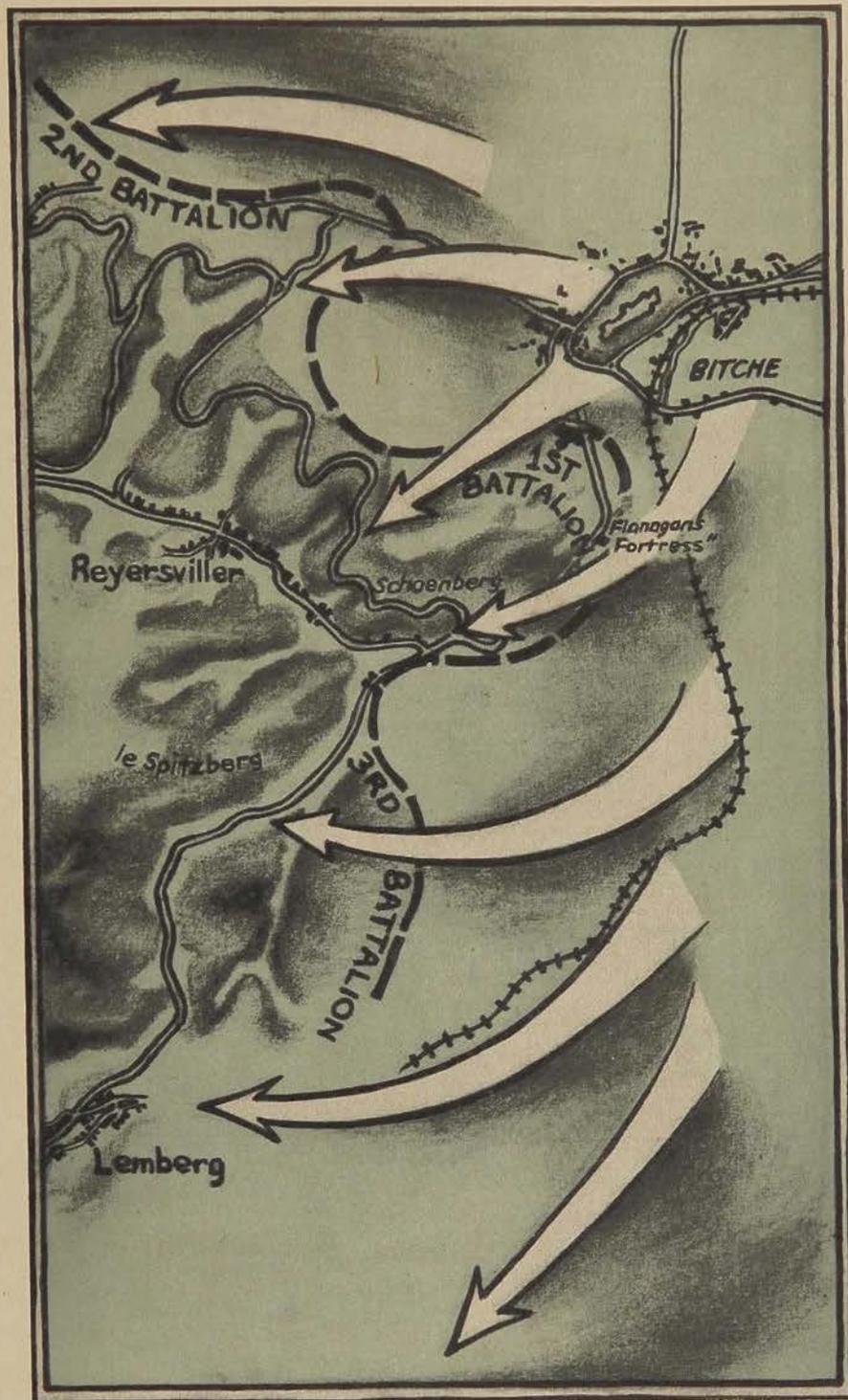
*So we make a break for it and every kraut gun in France opens up but we escape and finally dig in."*

At daybreak of January 2nd the Germans, at a cost of 400 men in the Schoenberg ("Beautiful Mountain") woods alone, had battered the 399th. His total gain was the stretched out valley village of Reyersviller and the massive Reyersviller Ridge as far west as the Kirscheidt where the Red Battalion was entrenched. The 399th's front jugged out at Spitzberg and Signalberg. *The enemy wanted that high ground.*

At dawn 100 infantry with tanks smashed through Item Company's right flank forcing a 1000 yard withdrawal to high ground behind the Lemberg—Bitche highway. Love Company on the exposed ground overlooking Reyersviller were jolted by 100 more infantry and shoved back.

*"The dope had worn off and the two groggy punch-drunk Armies felt each other out feebly. The krauts didn't have enough dope for another attack and the 399th didn't have enough men left to reattack."*

*The fanatical, shrieking, doped-up gangster of New Year's Day returned once again to the sullen, crafty, lurking, dull German soldier.*



# The Winter Line

*The counterattack was over, and the 399th never lost an inch of ground for the rest of the war. Front lines ran from ghost town Hottviller to Simserhoff's giant forts to Freudenberg Farms, bellying south through the deep draw of Kirscheidt across Steinkopf and up over high Glassemberg village to the Lemberg—Bitche highway.*

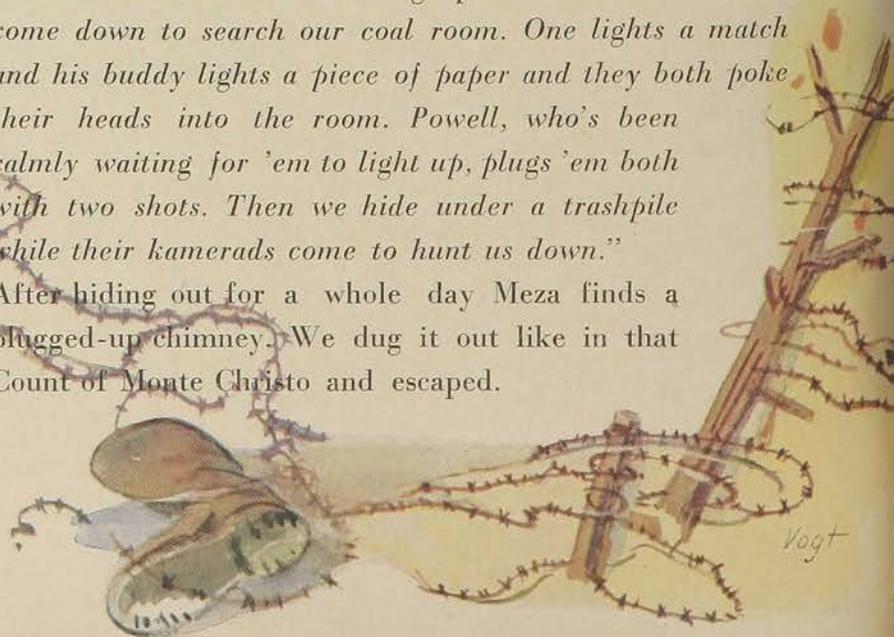
*"This warfare don't settle anything. Two days ago we had a front running east — west, and now it runs north — south."*

*The Germans knew which way the front lines ran, however, and dropped 14 aerial bombs on Able and Baker's front foxholes.*

Midnight of January 2nd, a forward OP of King Company on Signalberg challenged a group of six shadows which stumbled up out of no-man's-land. They didn't know the password, and didn't have any weapons or helmets. They were the Baker outpost lost on New Year's Eve in the College de Bitche — Juan Meza, Andrew Powell, Harry Powers, Carl Syerson, Porter Lane, and Willis McIntire. They had a story to tell.

*"We're just wishing each other a Happy New Year when we hear hobnail boots clattering upstairs. Then two krauts come down to search our coal room. One lights a match and his buddy lights a piece of paper and they both poke their heads into the room. Powell, who's been calmly waiting for 'em to light up, plugs 'em both with two shots. Then we hide under a trashpile while their kamerads come to hunt us down."*

*"After hiding out for a whole day Meza finds a plugged-up chimney. We dug it out like in that Count of Monte Christo and escaped.*



**S**nowbound .50... it paid to know the password



*A campaign of sweating out and watching...*

*"It's real quiet in the Shoenberg woods and we feel good at being back in our own lines. We come across two dead men in the moonlight who are GI's and we get suspicious. We get halted a couple times but don't answer."*

*"We come to a jeep with four American soldiers sitting in it and the headlights shining bright. We go over to talk to the guys but they're all riddled with machinegun bullets. Finally we get to Reyersviller and go to sleep in a house."*

*"Suddenly a Jerry starts chopping a hole in the door and when he gets finished he sticks his head through the hole. Powell was just waiting for him."*

*"We haulahss outa Reyersviller and climb a steep hill and bump into King Company. Did we miss any excitement while we were away?"*

*The six guys without guns didn't get the CMH for their two weeks of continual heroism and two day fight behind German lines. In fact they didn't even get the DSC or Silver Star. Joes who do their stuff too far out in front oftentimes don't get noticed on decoration day.*

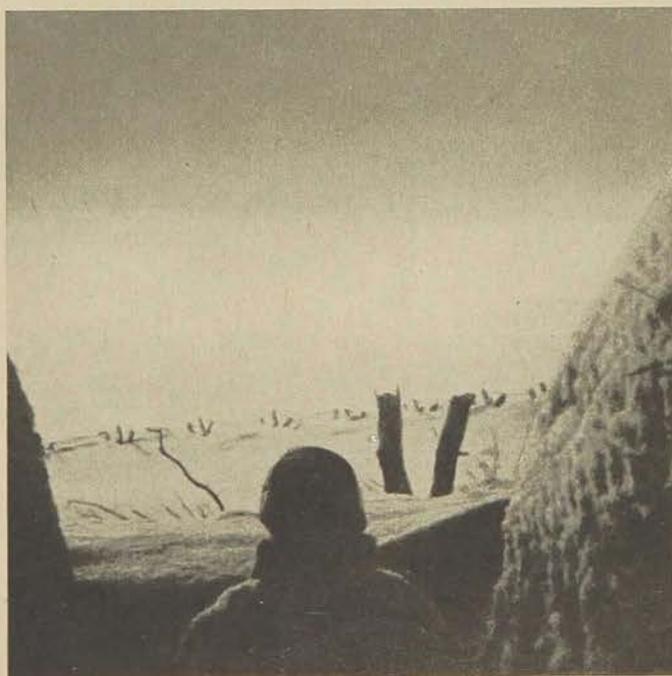
Every 7th Army division except the 100th had been pushed back during the New Year's counterattack. The 399th sat out at the tip of the Bulge which nearly touched Bitche. The White Battalion held the Maginot high ground, Red Battalion held the Kirscheidt ridge with Baker in

"Little Anzio" next to Freudenberg Farms and Able in the "Splinter Factory" next to Reyersviller. The Blue Battalion held in foxholes around the hill-top village of Glassemberg.

Every day Love Company went after Steinkopf hill down next to Reyersviller and every day enemy fire from the surrounding high ground broke up the attack.

*"Ralph Klencannon was always right up in the Steinkopf attacks with his BAR. Finally he got nicked and we had to drag him back out of the exposed slope with a rope tied to his ankle."*

*...of freezing and waiting*



“Sgt. John Nulty’s philosophy on combat was ‘say a prayer, grab your rifle, hit the ground, start shooting’.”

“*Yeah, and the atheists’ theory was ‘Grab your rifle, hit the ground, start shooting, say a prayer’.*”

There were no radios. Joes got it from the platoon CP. Platoon occasionally sent a man up to Company to see what was cooking. When a man got back as far as Battalion they started drawing big pictures for him.

“You’re the first officer I ever saw come up to the foxholes, Lieutenant Landis. Just like in the cigarette ads. What happened in the counterattack, sir?”

“*Jerry took a bunch of woods. Reyersviller was the closest thing to a town they got. Hope they have a cold winter over there in the Dominal Forest.*”

“Is that right what the Stars & Stripes call us, a ‘Bitche Bulge’?”

“*Oh sure, why the New York Times even calls us the Lorraine Salient.*”

“Break that one down, will yuh Lootenant?”

“*Oh, yes. There’s a Plan Lafayette cooking that the French tankmen are going barrelling into Bitche tomorrow morning shooting up everything. Stay down in your holes, men. They say there’s a French Sherman parked next to every farmhouse in the Rear.*”

The tanks never showed up. Doughboys are patient, because it pays them to be. It was a full week later that they gave up on the big brave French tankers ever shooting up Bitche.

“*The Frogs musta liked the farmers’ daughters,*” one of the dogfaces concluded wryly and let it go at that.

Intelligence doped out the German flare system: Red meant All Quiet, Green—Danger, Yellow—American patrol. The 399th kept the yellow flares busy. 3rd Battalion patrols raided high Signalberg, the 2nd raided Sussels Farm down past the Dragon’s teeth. Lt. Elwood Shemwell took a Charlie raider force into Reyersviller which was broken up at the first house on Hell’s Corner by a chain of machineguns.

*The enemy sat back in his Bitche fortresses and sent Screaming Meemies blazing orange meteor trails in the night sky. At the end of their shrieking neon parabolas they crashed into our lines like thunder, destroying a 1st Battalion anti-tank gun.*

When it wasn’t raining Meemies it was snowing. The farm buildings out in front of the French Garrison blazed all night and the dead cow in the yard formed a guiding marker for Joes going out on night outpost to the black pillboxes out front. Bleary-eyed OP sentinels watched the Dragon’s teeth march up and down in front of their eyes all night long.

*The night of January 7th a herd of white-washed Sherman tanks crept cautiously forward through the moonlit snowdrifts led by doughs who sprinkled sand on the snow to deaden the metallic roar. Early January 8th the Blue Battalion kicked off after Signalberg and Spitzberg.*

Pfc Jacob Vogt was the lead scout as Item moved through the deep snows against Spitzberg Hill. The key to the Bitche Bulge was Spitzberg and there were plenty of Germans around that morning. Item ran into an MLR of 8 machineguns in a row with riflemen in between. Sgts. Irving Schlechta and Herbert Shusta led the 1st platoon to the left flank to get around the machineguns.

**T**

*he pause that reinforces... infinity is the time between  
the end of one counterattack and the start of the next one*



*Lt. Col. Ellery Zehner, an empty Tommygun, a Sherman tank ...  
a hill was taken on a bluff*

William Bechtold, Javis Helsley, Robert Kadison, Frank Wisniewski, Arthur Ullman, and Joseph Tyre were in on the knockout of three MG nests out in the open firing from the little wooded shelf overhanging Broadway. Sgt. Thurston Cox destroyed a nest with an AT grenade at close quarters.

“We took 99 prisoners and killed 150 krauts with a company which numbered 52 men at the objective. The enemy wanted that hill and started throwing counterattacks from all angles. *Pfc James Hasselschwurt got his third purple heart, all in the face.* The eight-man 3rd Platoon under Lt. Fabian Hechtkopf beat off 70 Germans who swarmed across the Lemberg—



Bitche highway to hit their exposed flank where the 36th Division was supposed to be but wasn't. Lt. Simmons' Love platoon was attacked to Item and captured 35 krauts. Simmons had 8 men and 7 BAR's. *He let one guy carry a rifle and called him his runner.*”

King Company jumped off in the middle and pushed over the tip top of bare Signalberg, raked by bullets and shrapnel. Lt. Marcel Novotny's 2nd platoon spearheaded the attack with Elmer Mink and Theodore White leading, overran enemy mortar positions and captured 25. In one of the German dugouts on Signalberg, Captain Frederick Batrus found his monogrammed stationery being used by krauts who had captured it in the Counter Attack. Mike Company recaptured several machineguns abandoned Jan. 1.

*Love Company started on low ground.* 47 Joes and 3 Shermans busted out of the woods next to Steinkopf and started up Signalberg to join King. The enemy threw a screen of 88 and MG fire sweeping down from the high ground which killed Lt. Park Ashbrook up front and drove the company back into the woods.

*Lt. Colonel Ellery Zehner, 399th CO, jumped into a tank and roared up Signalberg. When the Sherman hung on a stump and got knocked out, he advanced on foot to rout 15 krauts out of their holes and led them back through no-man's-land under heavy fire from both American and German lines, all with an empty Tommygun. Regimental Commanders have more important things to worry about than personal ammo supply.*

Love Company reattacked and drove up Signalberg to join King at the beacon tower. Medic George Boe ran around all afternoon of the 8th under fire caring for wounded. At twilight

160 krauts stormed up from the Reyersviller backslope to hit King and Item's precarious new holdings but they were driven back down.

*Lt. Alphonso Siemasko's 3rd platoon of George made a night raid on Shorbach.*

"Shorbach was a ghost town in a valley way behind the German lines: it was a Volksgrenadier Battalion CP. The patrol was called 'Operation Hollywood'. We were to clean out the town of krauts, set fire to corner houses with Molotov cocktails, shoot a blue flare when leaving, shoot a red flare for artillery on the fire-marked town. Then we were supposed to walk a mile through an alerted enemy to our lines. Simple, wot?"

*The raiding party ran into a perimeter of machineguns outside the town, didn't go through with the theatrical accoutrements. Said S-2 Lt. Kenneth Morgan who sent them out: "Never expected to see you guys again."*

All night of the 8th Zehner's tank blazed on Signalberg, lighting up the battlefield. A night raid into Item's lines was broken up by Sgt. Harry Lampert. At dawn a hit and run counter attack by Germans carrying one or two automatic weapons apiece charged up from behind the Tower. Sgt. John Mullins of Love opened up with his machinegun and scattered the attackers. The white Shermans were still around and pumped 76mm stuff into the fringe of woods behind the pinned krauts to discourage reinforcement.

*Mortar Observer Dunbar stood atop a camouflaged tank burning out one carbine after another and at the same time directing deadly 60 mortar fire. Warren Kurtz walked out among seven dead burp gunners to get a souvenir, found them very much alive, captured all.*



*"The white Shermans were still around..."*

The enemy expected Item Company to press the attack down Spitzberg to Reyersviller and threw in three companies of Grenadiers. The only thing holding Item back was manpower shortage. Ferocious fighting had gotten Item onto Spitzberg, tenacious fighting kept them there. The counter attacks would surge up from the monster



draw called Broadway and the krauts were invisible until they bobbed up 75 yards in front of Item. Then Ranger Robertson would open up with his BAR and the battle was on. Rear Echelon mortarmen Anthony Sevino, Edwin Lohbauer, and Dino Ravene fired mortars, lugged ammo through the drifts, carried wounded out on litters, laid wires, ran patrols to the sparse units on the flanks.

*Sgt. William Morgan spliced the battalion wire 17 times, kept every inter-company wire working under round-the-clock small arms and artillery, was killed by a shell burst repairing a wire. When asked if he sent out any patrols between Jan. 8th—15th Captain Alfred Olsen replied "We were the patrol."*

To prove it, Fox Company of the 398th pushed through Item on January 10th to attack. 100 yards in front of Item foxholes they ran into a murderous volley of fire and withdrew. Item threw out a smokescreen to evacuate the wounded at twilight and the krauts threw in another counter attack under the smoke.

Down on the corner of the Bitche—Lemberg highway was a 10 man outpost co-owned and co-operated by the 399th Infantry and the 36th Division. Cpl. Calvin Brown was a big Swede who talked just enough like a kraut to make all enemy patrols feel at home behind our lines. Kraut patrols had a choice of turing left at the OP and hitting the 36th Texas Division or turning right and hitting the 100th Century Division.

*"The Jerries must have looked up the records and seen that the 36th was a rugged old Anzio outfit, because one hell of a bunch of raids hit our Item lines."*

One morning a big brass hat came up to the front lines on a tour of inspection. He noticed Item's sparse line of defense.

*"Where is your depth, soldier?"*

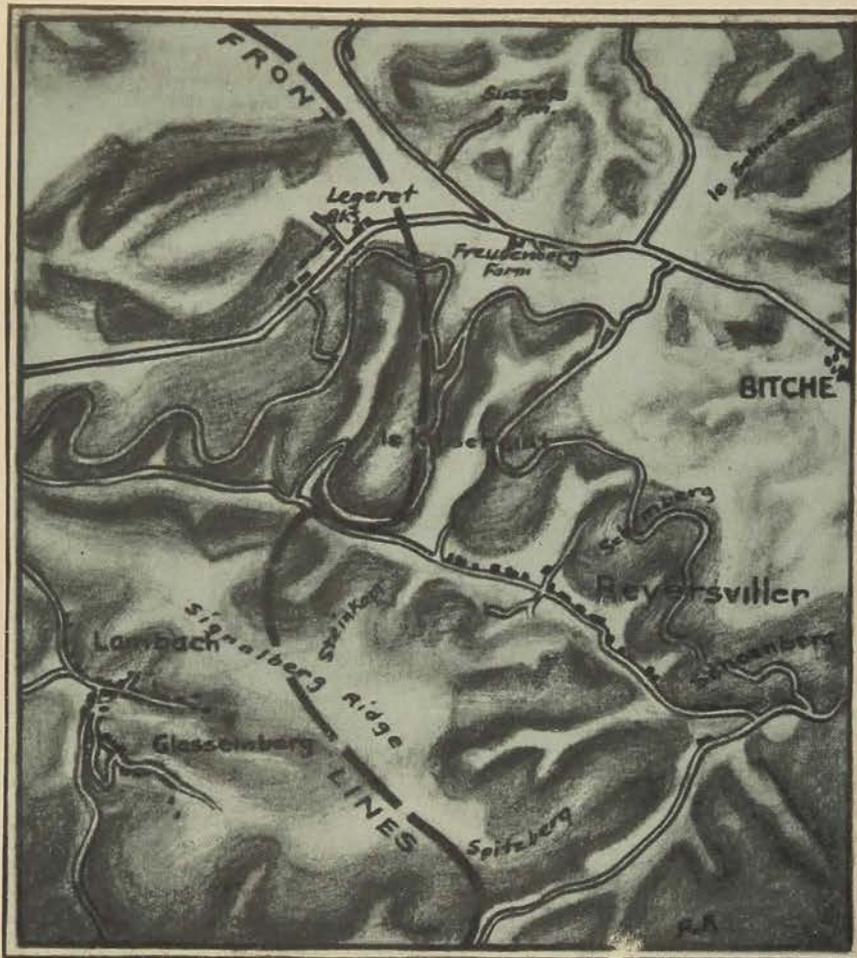
*"Sir, you can't have depth where you ain't got men,"* said Sgt. Julius DelMese.

*"Why, I could walk right through here between your holes at night,"* continued the brass hat.

*"Yes, sir, and you'd be pushing daisies like all the German B----- who thought the same thing."*

*The brass hat departed for the wonderful Rear and Item Company settled down for another quiet evening of counterattacks.*

After 27 consecutive days of fighting the Red Battalion was relieved by White between



Little Anzio and the Splinter Factory. On January 12th Colonel Edward J. Maloney took over as 399th CO, with Zehner, Spiegel, and Lentz CO's of Red, White, and Blue Battalions.

*The Winter Line was unique. On the high weather and weapons-beaten Maginot table the 399th held half of the Maginot Line and the Germans held the other half. Hence the winter campaign was fought sideways, something the French engineers of 1939 Maginot blue-printing hadn't bargained for. Sticking out of the Maginot plateau were the two giant forested knees of the Kirscheidt, with no-man's-land down between the knees. Where the American knee*

*came out of the plateau was Little Anzio and the end of the knee was the Splinter Factory with a southern exposure into Reyersviller village at the end of the German knee. Across the Reyersviller Road rose majestic, wind-swept Signalberg Mountain with its airplane beacon sitting on top. Dug in atop this huge hump in the sky, 399th Joes could see the entire Winter Line — Freudenberg Farms, French Garrison, Reyersviller Ridge, Kirscheidt, en effet tous. Where Signalberg ran into woods on the right was Spitzberg and in front of the two lay the giant draw Broadway.*

The one thing that very few 399th doughboys saw during the winter was Reyersviller itself, burrowed in a deep valley.

“Our anti-tank gun is set up by that knocked down overpass on the Reyersviller—Siersthal road. So that's all right. But every day about a dozen visitors — T-5's, Generals, everybody — come and stand by my gun and point and say happily ‘It's down that way, right over there’. I'm easy to get along with, but WHAT's over there?”

*Reyersviller, m'boy.*

Lt. David Ballie of Hawaii and Able Company took a night patrol after a machinegun on Steinkopf that had been harassing the Splinter Factory.

*The patrol maneuvered around and approached the bunker along the route the*

*Back at Platoon CP hibernation often set in  
Maginot No-Man's-Land... Nobody wanted it*

*machine gunners' relief was supposed to come.*

The guard called, "Iss dot du, Otto?"  
Sgt. Joseph Galiazzi said "Nein" and  
fired eight shots quick.

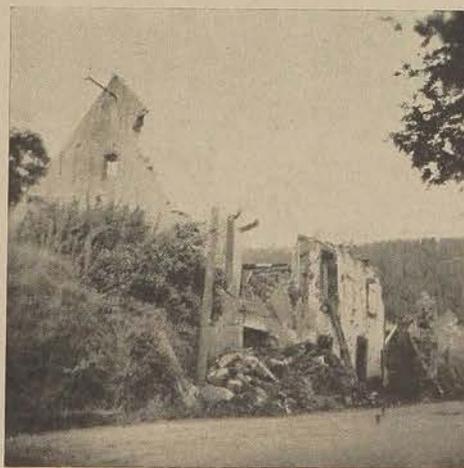
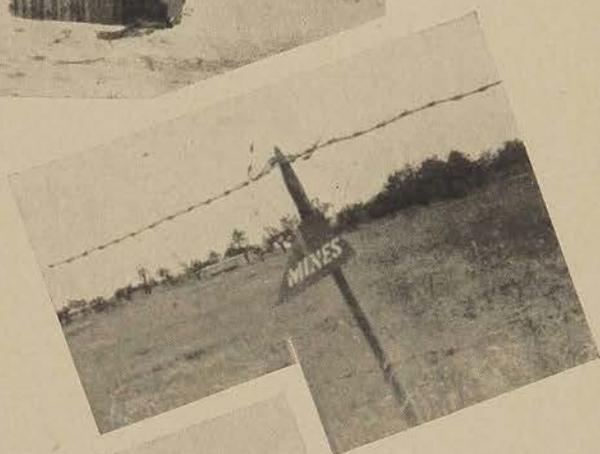
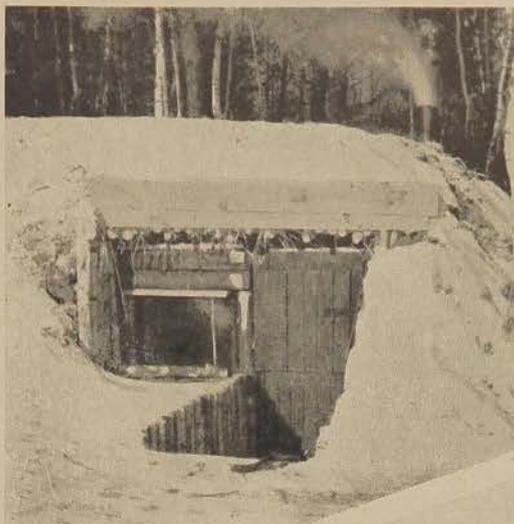
*Next morning the machinegun was  
on display in Siersthal and five dead  
krauts were on display on Steinkopf.*

January 15th Red relieved Blue on  
Signalberg—Spitzberg with its Jerry "Machine-  
gun Charley" spraying the hillside and long  
salvoes of artillery which rose out of Bitche's  
fortresses, climbed over the Reyersviller Ridge  
and dumped HE on Skytop. Concertina barbed  
wire was thrown up in front of the winter  
line and the heavy snows began. Doughs  
counted the footprints around their foxholes in  
the morning to see if there had been any hob-  
nailed callers. Jeeps were painted white, and  
white-caped snipers went out front.

"There was a jeep sitting out in no-  
man's-land next to the Tower which  
every rifle platoon eyed longingly  
but nobody dared to go out to re-  
trieve. One night Sgt. Fred Wilson of  
Love Company crawled out icy Sig-  
nalberg past the Tower to the jeep,  
tied a cable to the bumper, got be-  
hind the wheel, and steered it back to  
our lines."

Thirty-one Jerries surged up out of  
Broadway at midnight of January 18th to  
make noise while a woman spy slipped  
through our lines. Able broke up the kraut  
patrol and fraulein Mata Hari was nabbed  
by an alert OP.

*Signalberg Mountain... a huge hump in the sky  
Reyersviller... no ceiling on real estate*



*Freudenberg Farms  
...in daytime, the status was quiet and quo*



# B

oomtown





Siersthal... "nestled in the deep valleys behind the Maginot turrets"

*"For the next few days our squad debated on the proper methods of interrogation for women spies, but I guess the Army has rules."*

The Winter Line was run on a schedule: one battalion in foxholes on each side of Reyersviller Road and one battalion in reserve in the French towns of Siersthal, Lambach, and Glassemberg — tiny villages nestled in the deep valleys behind the Maginot turrets in the heart of Lorraine. The local people spoke German although they claimed allegiance to the French. Those quaint cow-towns came to be the doughfoot's idea of heaven after the weeks underground in the hills. The front lines were a common proving ground for all 399th men. Water-filled foxholes behind the Dragon's teeth, little pillboxes in open pastures, the Garrison farms with their dead cow and clear view of Freudenberg, Little Anzio, Kirscheidt ridge, Splinter Factory, Reyersviller Road, Steinkopf, Signalberg near the Tower, Grenade Terrace overlooking Broadway, Spitzberg woods.

*"Freudenberg Farms were the hotspot of the Maginot. The French Garrison farms were only 400 yards across an open field from Freudenberg and its two little pillboxes out back. Outpost crews hustled in and out after dark and before dawn: during the daytime the status was very quiet and very quo on the Maginot front."*

*"The Freudenberg Ensemble de Machineguns kept everybody indoors except Lt. Young of How Company who would calmly throw a smoke grenade out into the road and then slowly stroll across the road, all 6'3" of him, in full front of Freudenberg."*

Up by Signalberg Tower on the night of January 27th George outpost Richard LaFleur, Michael Sirockman, and John Harlowe walked over to the next hole without helmets or rifles and said "Is this Fox Company?" Spotting a big burpgun sight sticking out of the foxhole, they excused themselves for a moment, got their rifles and captured three krauts in the hole.

*The Big Boys took a look at the Winter Line on their maps and noticed that Steinkopf hill bulged slightly into our lines. That line should be straightened out to keep everything neat, they decided.*



*Maginot Pillboxes went 14 stories underground...below,  
and railroads lingerie*

*View from Signalberg OP's...in the trees were Jerries*



Lt. Herbert Verrill and Pfc Cyril Van Lanen took Easy's 3rd platoon roaming Steinkopf at night on January 29th. They brought back 12 prisoners who said there were 39 more krauts on Steinkopf, enough to keep our patrols active.

*"Everything happens at night. Then the kraut patrols had a tough time getting through our lines, but in the daytime they could probably have walked back to our Division CP, everybody being comfortably asleep in their foxholes at the time."*

*"Yeah, we did everything at night all right. During the daytime it wasn't even safe to reach for the toilet paper at Little Anzio."*

The monster forts of the Maginot were 1% above the ground, 99% underground.

*"We went into a pillbox near the French Garrison looking for some foxhole furnishings. Down 14 double flights of stone stairs it was pitch dark and damp and eerie. There could have been a million Jerries hiding in there and we wouldn't have noticed. We tip-toed down long stone passageways with a flickering candle and every little noise we made echoed for miles, like something out of Tom Sawyer. We found a railroad, hospital, Diesel power plant, kitchens, restaurant, water works, machine shops. Also millions of beds and plenty of women's lingerie. I guess the Frenchmen in 1940 didn't spend all their time figuring tactical problems. We got lost and came up in Fort Simserhoff, nearly a mile away. Lucky thing we didn't wander off in the other direction — the Heinies would be hanging us out of Freudenberg Farms for targets about now."*

Two enemy pillboxes at the Needle's Eye on the German side of the Kirscheidt were also 14 stories deep and linked by tunnels with Freudenberg Farms. The American high command wanted Freudenberg Farms and they wanted the two pillboxes, and they wanted them all at night. *From the second floor of the Farms the Citadel of Bitche would be visible.*

It was pitch dark the night of February 2nd as Item and Able moved up through a sleet storm for the twin jumpoff. Lt. David Ballie's 1st platoon of Able slid down the American side of the Kirscheidt like human toboggans on the icy slope, and groped up the heavily wooded enemy side. At the top a machine gun MLR opened up, the krauts spontaneously touched off colored flares and started lobbing grenades into the completely pinned platoon. *Hugh Vickers loosened up the right arm which beat Dizzy Dean in 1932 and hurled frag grenades into the nests after the little*

*Spitzberg Woods*

*"Morale in the foxholes was a lot of little things..."*



*German pineapple grenades had wounded Raymond Sholes and three more raiders. Sgt. Herbert Rice's squad worked up between two machineguns, and Robert Jones stood up in the bright flare-light firing his BAR from the hip to silence first the left gun, then the right one.*

*Sgt. Ross Spenilla and Lt. Fabian Hechtkopf were Item patrol leaders who knew Freudenberg Farms by heart. After they had reconnoitred the attack area 43 Item doughs stumbled ahead in the inky blackness looking for Freudenberg. They had memorized every doorway to the closely-bunched Farms, but in the darkness it didn't help. Sgt. Walter Moore and Benjamin Shafer took 32 men against the blacked out Farms while Lt. Henry Prysi led eight men against the pillboxes out back. Doughs helplessly bumped into one another in the dark and fell into water-filled shell craters. A dozen enemy machineguns sliced up the blackness and electrically controlled mines were exploded. The Item doughboys were fighters and kept advancing right into the doorways. Flares suddenly began bursting overhead and the kraut gunners had targets. Slowly Item withdrew with heavy casualties. Next day Stars & Stripes said the 7th Army night front was absolutely quiet except for minor patrol skirmishes. Not so minor to the Joes who were there.*

*"Before daybreak they bring up chow for the outpost crews. At noon we eat chow out of little cans, and then after dark they bring up more chow. The only trouble with this Winter Line is that there's nothing around to eat but chow."*

*"Remember, pal, morale is a lot of little things."*

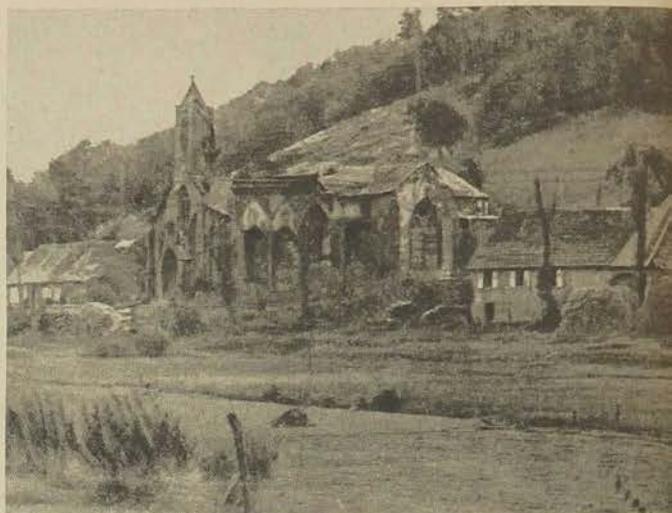
*"Yeah, beans and cubed carrots."*

*And so it was all winter long up in the foxholes. Morale was spotting the battered company jeep churning up through the mud with PX rations, rumors, and maybe a package. Morale was a cheerful letter from home describing the corner drug store and gossip about the most beautiful little Chick in Hometown, USA. Morale was whether you got*

*Hell's Corner, Reyersviller ... many American patrols, many German machineguns*



*Downtown Reyersviller and steep slope of Signalberg ... at the top sat the 399th*



*a dinner K ration with malted milk tablets or one with York Caramels; whether you got socks size 13 or socks that fit; whether you stood guard from 8—10 and 2—4 or from 6—8 and 12—2. Morale was whether your two foxhole cronies were good Joes or 8—balls. Morale was hearing that you would go to Division Rest in maybe two months, or that there was going to be a drawing for two men per battalion to visit Paris or Brussels. It was having an attack on Steinkopf hill called off. But most of all morale was knowing that you were going to go in reserve in Siersthal, Lambach, or Glassemberg in 8 days, 6 days, 5, 4, 3, 2, tomorrow!*

February 9th was the 100th Division's 100th consecutive day in combat. Lt. Roy Simmons' Love platoon shot up a Broadway kraut patrol from Grenade Terrace. German-flown Thunderbolts dive-bombed Charlie Company on Kirscheidt. Able OP's spotted a French Tricolor protruding from wrecked Freudenberg Farms. *Just another day.*

Man-made moonshine made its entry into the annals of modern warfare the night of February 11, 1945, and Lt. Earl Cross' 1st platoon of Easy roamed and shot up Steinkopf by its silvery gleam. BARman Alex Kwolek, Spangler, Roth, and Gunther Weierstall who had been running the platoon all winter shot up 27 krauts in the raid.

*Lt. James Walsh of How Company, former 1st platoon leader of Easy, had been told to keep away from Easy Company patrols. He went incognito on the raid. Later when the brass were investigating they asked a member of the patrol if he had recognized Walsh among the raiders. The Joe who had come overseas with Easy's 1st platoon replied "I'm new here."*

Artificial moonlight bounced off the low hanging clouds, allowed night OP's to direct round-the-clock artillery, brought foxholes closer together, got in the krauts' eyes. Every rifle company sent patrols to Sussels Farm, Freudenberg Farms, Needle's Eye pillboxes, the high hill of Kirscheidt, Hell's Corner at the entrance to Reyersviller, Steinkopf, Broadway, Spitzberg woods.

Lts. Martin Quinlan and Duncan Emery of Fox Company used to argue over who would lead the next patrol. Able had a Sgt. Claude Currier who had the handle "Combat". Most of the

doughfeet preferred to get their action from war correspondents like Gunther who boldly described his trip into "No-Man's-Land" when he walked in front of the 240's.

At 0215 of February 11th a shell struck the leaning Tower of Signalberg and it collapsed beside a Love outpost. Signalberg had been so named because of its airplane beacon tower.

*"Guess maybe we'll have to call it just plain Berg now," one of the Paddlefeet concluded.*

*"Now that you mention it, this place IS a burg."*

**M**an-made moonshine... it got in the krauts' eyes



A cold driving rain swept the snow from the hills on February 12th. Love Joes crept out to the fallen tower on Signalberg, planted hundreds of dynamite charges, ran back, listened to a terrific explosion rock the night. Krauts in Reysviller muttered "Verdammt Amerikaner!" and dove for the cellars. The Panama Canal had been started. The long trench of World War I vintage was burrowed 75 yards from the nearest Germans!

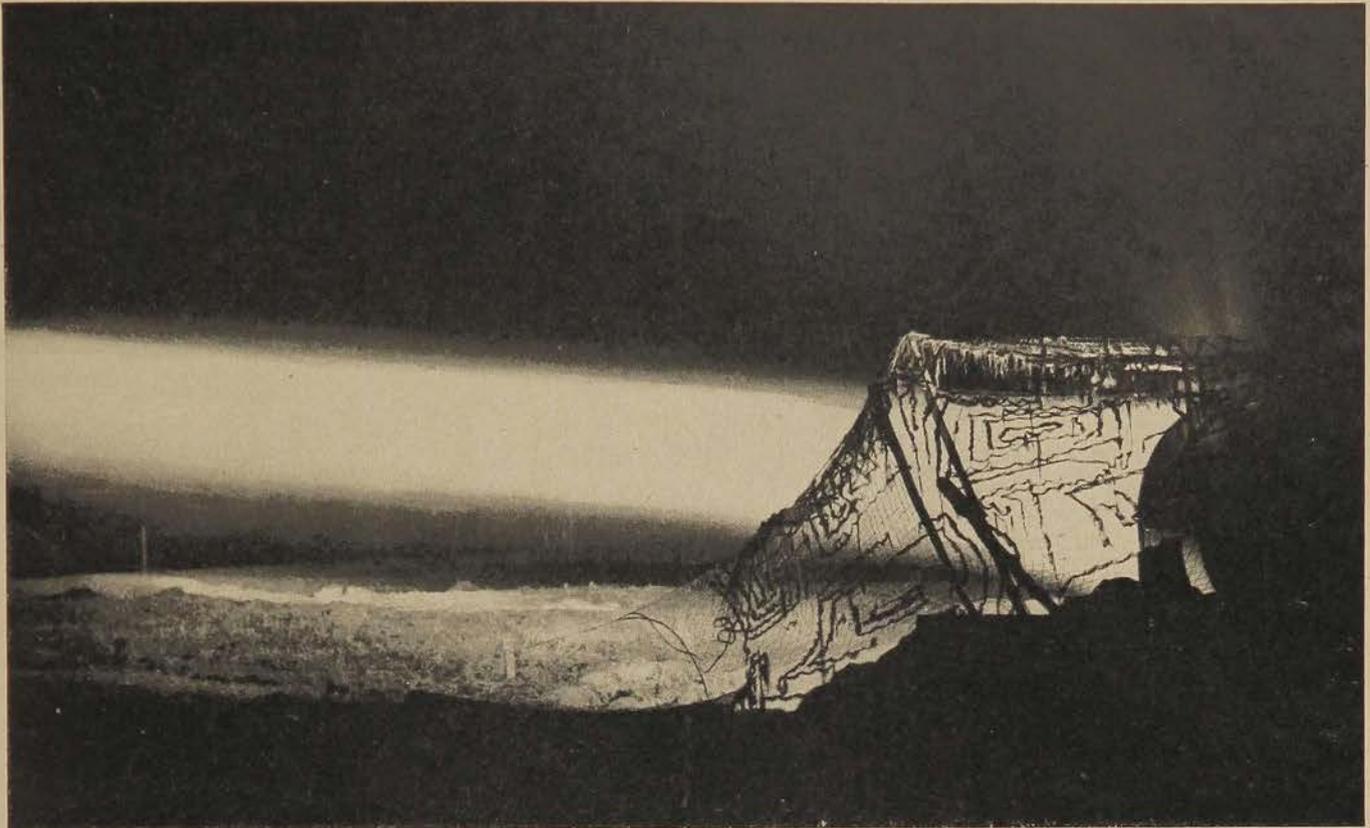
Sgt. Horace T. West had fought in Sicily with the 45th. He wanted to fight in Germany, so African authorities gave him a Springfield sniper rifle and shipped him off to the ETO. West landed with Love Company of the 399th Infantry.

*The tall, lanky, bald, bewhiskered Oklahoman sniped continuously from the Splinter Factory with his '03. Few men volunteered to work on the skyscraper Panama Canal, but all day long West lay out there potting away with his "raafle" named Mabel. Legend says West killed 150 Germans. The legend is fact.*

Baker Company staged two raids the night of February 12th. Thomas Briggs and Richard Jones took a patrol down through the gap in the black Dragon's teeth to neutralize Sussels Farm for the umpteenth time. The 3rd platoon went after Needle's Eye pillboxes with a flamethrower. Pfc Andrew Powell destroyed a machinegun nest as Baker waded through intense enemy fire to reach the pillboxes. Cpl. Floyd Baker squirted his fire eating machine and toasted the kraut sentries guarding the forts before Baker withdrew.



*Horace West and friend... 150 Germans and a legend*



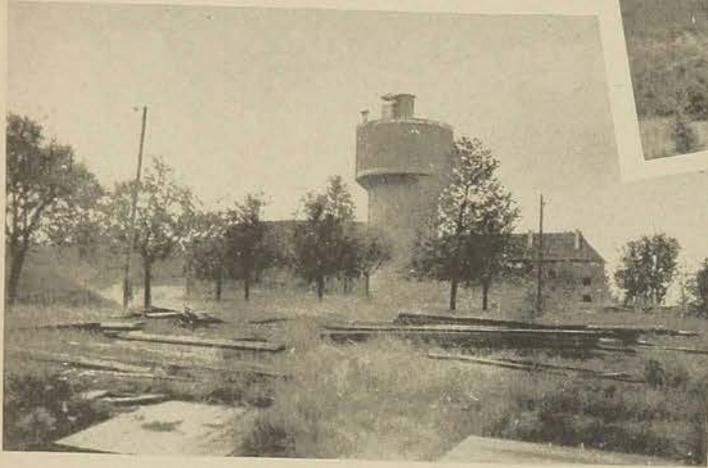
“...artificial moonlight wiggled illuminating fingers...”

Item and King sent out four patrols after prisoners on February 15th. Lt. Warren Behrens' patrol ambushed two krauts on Signalberg, Sgt. Arnold Stevens' raider force was ambushed near Steinkopf, Sgt. David Griffin hit nothing. Down in the Fishing Grounds of Steinkopf Lt. Robert Hoth and Pfc Joseph Sanchez talked a kraut out of his burp gun and forced him to lead them to five kamerads, whom they captured.

*Volksgrenadier troops were relieved by the 2nd Mountain Division who were in turn relieved by the 6th SS Mountain Division. The enemy was sending his mountain troops to fight in the Bitche hills.*

Captain Frederick Batrus led a King platoon raid which shot up everything on the back-slope of Signalberg in front of the Canal for 15 minutes before returning to our lines. Pfc John Jeske of Able took a patrol out to Zehner's Zany, the ghostly Sherman which had sat in no-man's-land with turret blown off all winter, found it completely booby-trapped. Item outposts saw a French tricolor flag draping out of Freudenberg Farms, had target practice.

It was February, 1945, in Siersthal, France. Siersthal was gray under a wet snow mist. Overhead the artificial moonlight wiggled illuminating fingers toward the hidden enemy. Some GI patrol would probably raid Sussels and Freudenberg Farms tonight. A burp gun popped over on Steinkopf and a night owl hooted from the Reyersviller Road, a hoot which at times sounded suspiciously regular. Here at the company's Rear Echelon Shangri-La 750 yards behind the front there was light and warm stoves. Down in the 1st platoon there



*Tower in front of French Garrison*



*Looking Down Broadway from Grenade Terrace at the corner of Signalberg and Spitzberg*

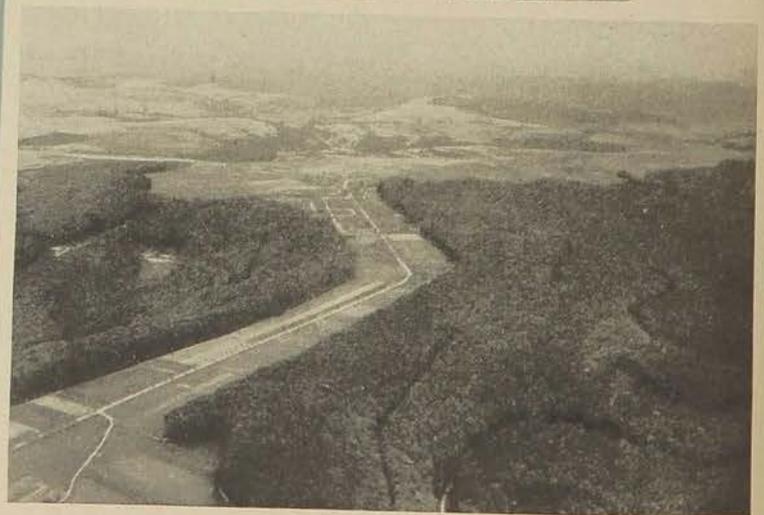
*Sweating out the duration and six*



*Bathtub for two*

*Zehner's Zany, II . . . mortar shells fired electrically like bazookas*

*Aerial view of French Garrison . . . beyond the woods — the Maginot Line*



was a game of 49 card stud poker going on. It looked like old times, like Bragg or on the ship.

*Outside the little house above the church the second platoon guard challenged the approaching GI. "Give the password." "Cripes if I remember it. Some kind of a — oh yeah, Cigar!" "Brandy." The sentry started to whistle softly "It Had To Be You". From Enchenberg a 105 American howitzer let go with a new type artillery shell that buzzed over Siersthal and exploded in a dull orange "crump" somewhere in Bitche.*

In the waning days of February there was a big moon which came up in the German East about 10 and set behind the American lines at 5. When the moon was down OP life was nerve-racking and doughfeet used grenades lavishly. When the moon did shine on the lonely outpost holes it lighted up the C ration cans around the foxhole like a diamond necklace, making the poor Joe on guard feel like a conspicuous young deb out among wolves. Deadwood crackled underfoot and patrols sent out after prisoners reported that the Jerries were playing hard to get.

*Overhead in the night sky chugged the last of Goering's Luftwaffe Mohicans-Bedcheck Charley the scout plane. He never dared to venture out in daylight hours.*

The last days of February the sun came out and a strong wind chased big white clouds across the Winter Line. On towering Signalberg, doughboys stripped to the waist, took baths in the natural springs which dotted the hillside, lay basking in the sunshine out front of their foxholes.

*"Dear folks, Well here I am writing from a horizontal pose in the sun in No-man's-land. Just a-settin' on a salient, thas all.' Boy, the folks back home will really eat that up!"*

In the French Garrison guys lolled outside in easy chairs, German-piloted P-47's played cat and mouse with our Cardboard Annie back over Enchenberg. Doughs stacked Hershey bars from the last PX ration in neat wooden shelves in their foxholes.

*"You know, I wouldn't mind sweating out the duration and six right here in this hole. We do our fighting with Zhukov and Patton via the Stars & Stripes. Nobody bothers us and we don't bother nobody. The Brass issue orders for us to police up the area, but I don't see any of 'em coming up front to check on it. Status quo, I love you."*

A flock of geese flew over and the entire front line opened up. In the tiny hill-top village of Glassemberg, American Red Cross girls brought the finer things of life to the doughboy battalion in reserve. *The girls were 600 yards from the nearest Heinies but didn't write a book about it.* ARC gals went for combat Joes: they were more simple in taste, straightforward, and more appreciative than the Rear Echelon Commandoes.

*Anti-tankers Henry Cosmos and John Williams drilled 27 rounds of HE down Broadway from Skytop. Commented foxhole analysts: "Reyersviller's catching Hell again!"*

The March winds took over. S-2 heard a rumor that seven Germans in Reyersviller wanted to give up. George Company's 3rd platoon were appointed FBI to investigate. James Stiles and Ronald Fett scouted the 21 Full Blooded Infantrymen and moved into Reyersviller Past Hell's Corner shouting boldly in Deutsch to "Raus kommen!" It was so quiet you could have heard a mortar drop . . . . . then a lone Jerry rifle cracked. A rash of rifles, machine guns, BAR's, machine pistols, burp guns, grenades, flares broke out. *Nobody surrendered.*

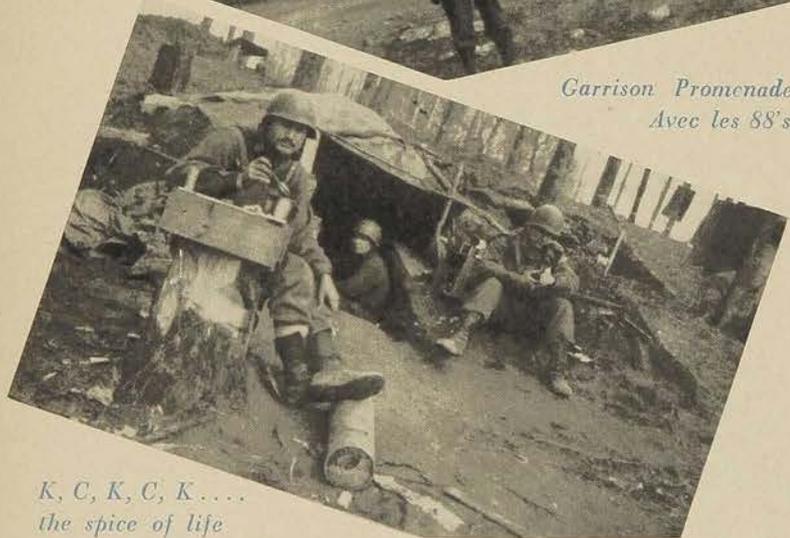
*How mortar speaks*



*Fugitives from the law of averages . . . 4th platoon of King*



*Garrison Promenade  
Avec les 88's*



*K, C, K, C, K . . .  
the spice of life*



*Underground Athletics*

All the replacements — or reinforcements as the Army preferred calling them — went up to the Belgian Bulge all winter, but in early March the 399th began filling up. ME-110's bombed and strafed the French Garrison, American patrols probed Steinkopf and roamed freely up the deep canyon of the Kirscheidt. The enemy was becoming harder to contact all the time. A luckless George patrol to Steinkopf led by Carl Henry, Joseph Posterino, and John Harlowe stepped on shu mines.

March 7th psychological warfare was initiated. Loudspeakers were set up on Kirscheidt and Broadway.

*"Come alone or in groups of two . . . make your way to the open ground and follow the paved roads West to the American lines . . . stay in the open . . . hands held high with palms forward (grenade precaution) . . . do not bring weapons . . . do not try to climb the high hills or go into the woods . . ."*

*Go West, young man, go West.*

Pfc Robert Gustafson of King was wounded when a bullet from his BAR ricocheted off the Dragon's teeth. Captain Travis Hopkins led a platoon of Love in a successful daylight raid on the Needle's Eye.

*Up North the 1st and 9th Armies were slugging toward the Rhine and Patton was zig-zagging up the Moselle Valley in a giant pincers against the Saarland which confronted the 7th Army with its Maginot and Siegfried Lines.*

March 14th the sun put in long hours. Fleet upon fleet of P-47 "Jabos" and P-51 Mustangs rode herd over Shorbach and Bitche, strafing and divebombing the German rear echelon. That night the black dim-starred night was aglow with the awesome frenzy of colored flashes 50 miles away a Pirmasens was bombed over in Germany. A squadron of Flying Forts adjusted their Norden sights on Bitche's dormant Forts at midnight.

*All during March when someone would mention the subject of jumping off, General Andy Tychsen had always replied with his tongue in his cheek, "Beware of the Ides of March." March 15th at 0100*

the 399th resumed their private little Bitche war one day ahead of the 7th Army jump-off.

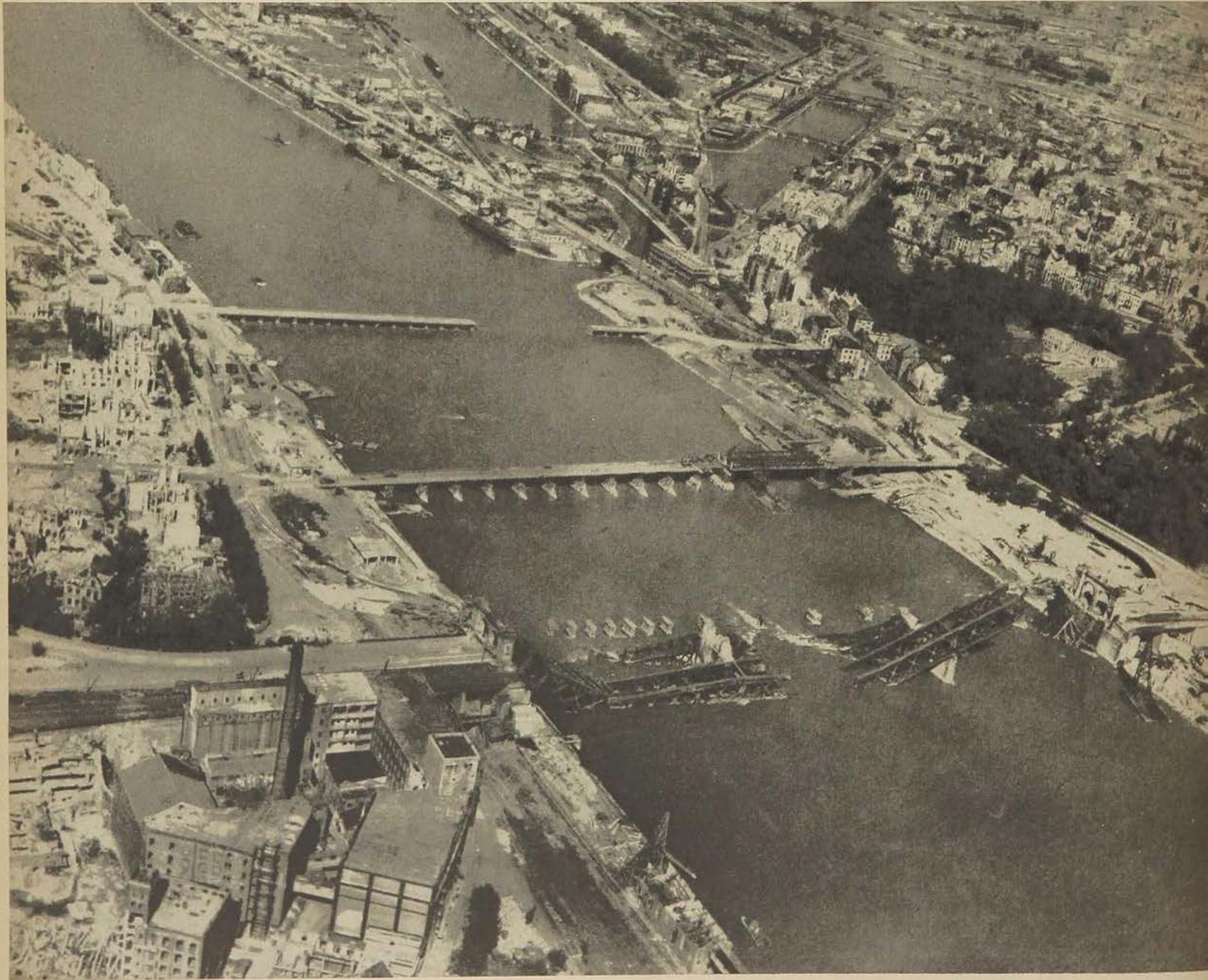
★



*Et tu, infantryman... the Ides had come*

# RACE TO THE RUINE

Vogt





iant pincers were to be sprung on Reyersviller, the Blue Battalion sweeping across the Reyersviller Ridge and the White Battalion driving down Spitzberg Mountain to spring the trap shut. Waves of aircraft and tanks were on hand, the 66th and 71st Infantry Divisions were moving up behind the 100th.

*Before dawn of D-Day, March 15th, the 399th jumped off from their Winter Line they had held for 72 days. The 3rd Battalion silently crossed the deep no-man's-land of the Kirscheidt and in the early morning mists of uncertainty fanned out into the German lines at 0613. The surprised enemy was rapidly overrun and by 0617 Love had pushed onto Shimberg. By 0730 Sgts. Ark Chin and Manuel Hernandez of King Company were in the College de Bitche. The sun came out and the mists glided away from the gaunt stone Citadel.*

On Spitzberg the enemy was waiting with four thousand hidden mines and plenty of infantrymen as the 2nd Battalion kicked off unheralded by artillery at 0600. Sgt. Melvin Denham's squad was leading Fox's 3rd platoon in the silent dawn jumpoff broken only by the roaring of three Sherman tanks which started to work down Spitzberg with the infantrymen. The three tanks were knocked out within a minute and the doughfeet moved ahead.

*Pfc Francisco Hinojosa while first-scouting the Fox spearhead worked through a triple row minefield with his bayonet and destroyed two machinegun bunkers behind the mine field. A sudden machinegun burst from a third nest killed the scout after he had won the Distinguished Service Cross.*

Sgt. Richard Trapani was the forward observer for How's 81 millimeter mortars. To win a battlefield commission on March 13th he merely had to say "yes" to the routine question "Would you be willing to lead a rifle platoon in combat?" and he would get his Mortar F/O job back again as a 2nd Lieutenant. Trapani was one of those guys with ideals, and not wishing to risk 40 men's lives to his complete inexperience of rifle tactics, he said "No." March 14th he went back to How Company as mortar sergeant.

*March 15th Dick Trapani was up front per usual calling his mortar shots. He borrowed grenades from the Fox scouts, knocked out two machineguns, and was killed running risks no rifle platoon leader would ever be called upon to take. Trapani's action was under-rated with the DSC.*

*"Bitche fell without a fight"  
... perhaps the 93 day battle was but a wintermare*

*Louis XIV's Citadel... Frederick, Wilhelm, Hitler failed*



A reserve tank was rushed into the battle. The enemy had the woods all mined except for the narrow tank trails which they had zeroed with 88's and machineguns.

*Two Colonels of the 71st Division fresh from the doctrines of the Infantry Journal were standing with Easy Company who were waiting to jump off. Their sharply creased pinks and gleaming eagles standing out in the open brought in "stuff" from Jerry, and the curious twosome wound up sharing a muddy foxhole with the unglamorous Easy doughs. "Er, rough up here, isn't it?" ventured one Colonel.*

*"Yessir," replied the doughboy lackadaisically as he clambered out of his foxhole and prepared to move out.*

At 0900 Easy was thrown into the vicious battle for Spitzberg. Lt. Herbert Verrill was leading his spearhead 3rd platoon through barbed wire and a triple row minefield down the embattled hill. He stepped on a shu-mine, lost a leg, refused evacuation, kept directing his platoon, prevented panic, and lived to get the DSC. Easy's 2nd platoon slugged ahead with Fox in the tank treads. Sgts. Jose Diaz, Elmer Odell, and Robert Hargrave teamed to liquidate three machinegun nests.

Sgt. Joseph Kazer of Fox Company picked his machine gun off the bipod, threw the ammo belt over his shoulder, and waded into the German MLR shooting up six and capturing fourteen. After six hours of intense fighting through barbed wire, thousands of mines, machinegun crossfire, and ceaseless shelling Fox Company slugged to the northern nose of Spitzberg by 1200. *Reyersviller was pincerred.*

Signalberg fell to George Company in early afternoon as the doughboys spurted through gaps in the minefields to lead tanks in and mop up. Lt. Robert Lynch led Charlie's 3rd platoon up Steinkopf's back door and grabbed 18 krauts. Major Angelo Punaro with a platoon of Shermans roared down the Reyersviller Valley to crash through past ex-Hell's Corner and mop up the encircled town.

The 398th sneaked ahead to grab off Freudenberg Farms, Fort Freudenberg, and Fort Schiesseck, the identical nightmarish Maginot ground they had stormed in December to win a Presidential Citation. It came easy this time, and the two Regiments once again topped the majestic sprawling valley of Bitche from the commanding ridges.

*Everybody relaxed in the sunshine and the doughfeet went up to the OP's at the edge of the woods to get a look at the panoramic mirage that was Bitche.*

*The old soldiers looked and said "Yep."*

*The new men took a gander and said "Gee!"*

Captain Richard Young took Able Company's 2nd platoon down toward Bitche and ran into a ring of machineguns entrenched outside the city.

*In 1661 Louis XIV built a monstrous Citadel in the middle of the far flung valley of Bitche. In 1870 mighty Prussian hordes of Frederick the Great bumped into the bastion city of Bitche and were routed. In 1914 the Kaiser's arrogant armies overwhelmed Metz and Nancy but struck a tartar when they assaulted Bitche. In 1940 Hitler's blitzkrieg rolled up to the Maginot Forts, struck at the Ensemble de Bitche, and was stopped cold.*

March 16th, 1945, D + 1, another invading Army jumped off against Bitche. The 399th Infantry of the United States Army kicked off from Reyersviller Ridge and the 398th spilled over the hill of Schiesseck. Charlie Company wheeled down through the College de Bitche, scene of a thousand nightmares, into the city. Able and Baker swept down off the Shimberg heights across the tilted meadows which curve downward into the streets of Bitche.



*"Sweating Paddlefeet shuffled through the streets of Bitche" ....the zoot character on the left is an American Paddlefoot*

As if in mockery of all that had gone before, Bitche fell without a fight. Sweating Paddle-foot shuffled into the streets of Bitche, walked under the shadow of the Citadel, took a look around they would remember. Six Charlie doughs led by Lt. Elwood Shemwell captured the monstrous Citadel. *Red-headed Captain Harry Flanagan led Baker Company into Bitche. Standing on a street corner waving an American flag he spotted Peter, the French spy who had sneaked into Bitche from the College in December. Peter said that on the night of January 1, 1945 he had seen Captain Prince and 10 other soldiers being marched through the streets of Bitche as prisoners. That was the first news Baker had heard of the valiant men who didn't escape from the New Year's Day encirclement.*

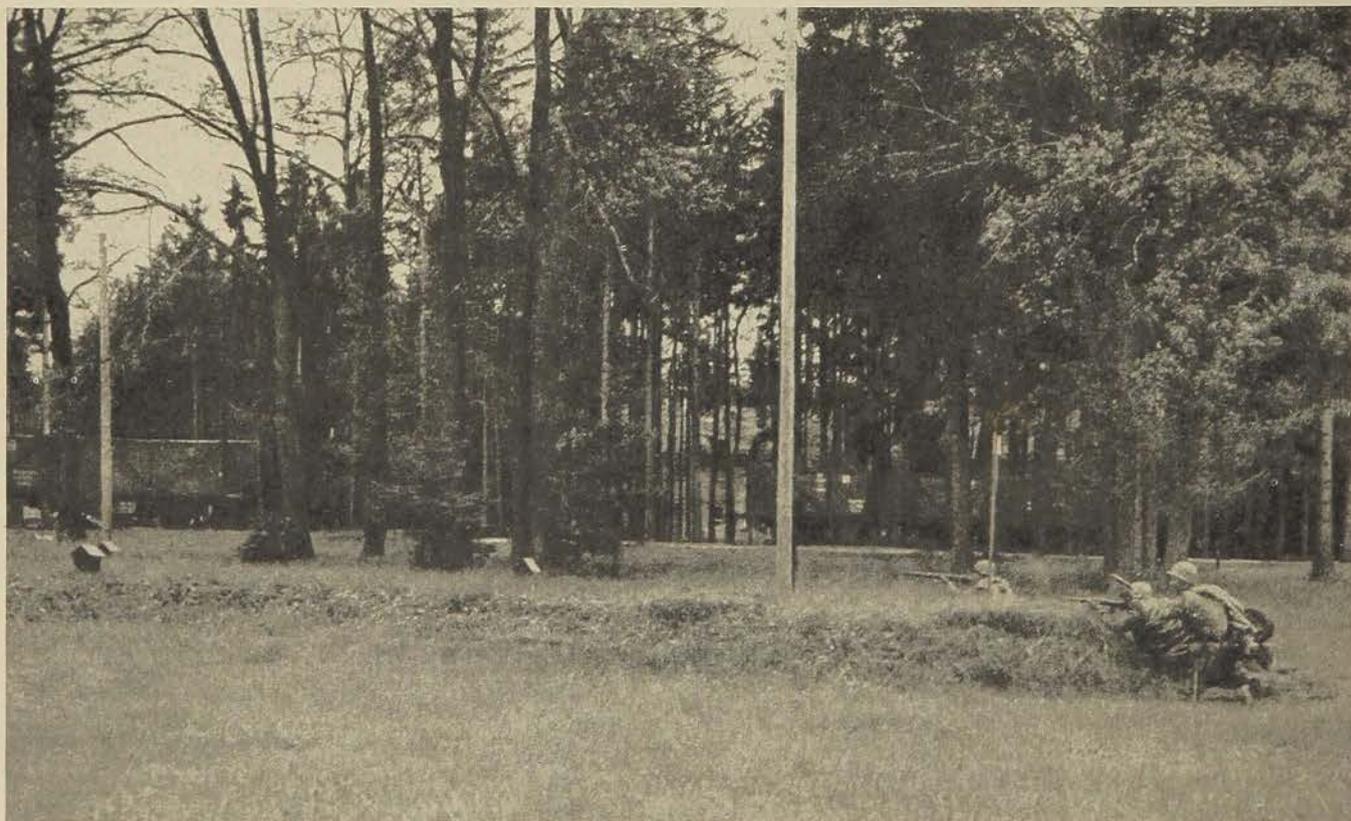
The civilians of Bitche spoke surprisingly good English and whipped out the celebration schnapps, but the Infantry had work to do.

*"We fight for Bitche four months and then we march through it in 10 minutes and out the other side."*

*"Yeah. Sherman would probably have said 'La guerre, elle est Helle' if he had fought his wars with nations that spoke different languages."*

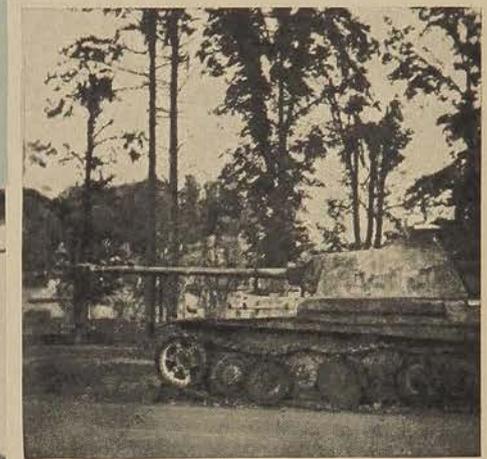
*"What do y'all think the North and South were?"*

Able and Baker struck out along two different highways toward Camp de Bitche, a huge military camp to the east. The range of Maginot hills behind the city looked down on the rifle companies as they shuffled along in the morning sun. *Whistling 88's began marching along the fields beside the advancing columns as the enemy made one last fling to destroy the conquerors of Bitche.*



*World War II, shot-by-shot . . . Able in Camp de Bitche*

*Panzers waited in Camp de Bitche . . . .*



*Sons of Bitche . . . . a winter had made them  
look like fathers, feel like grandfathers*



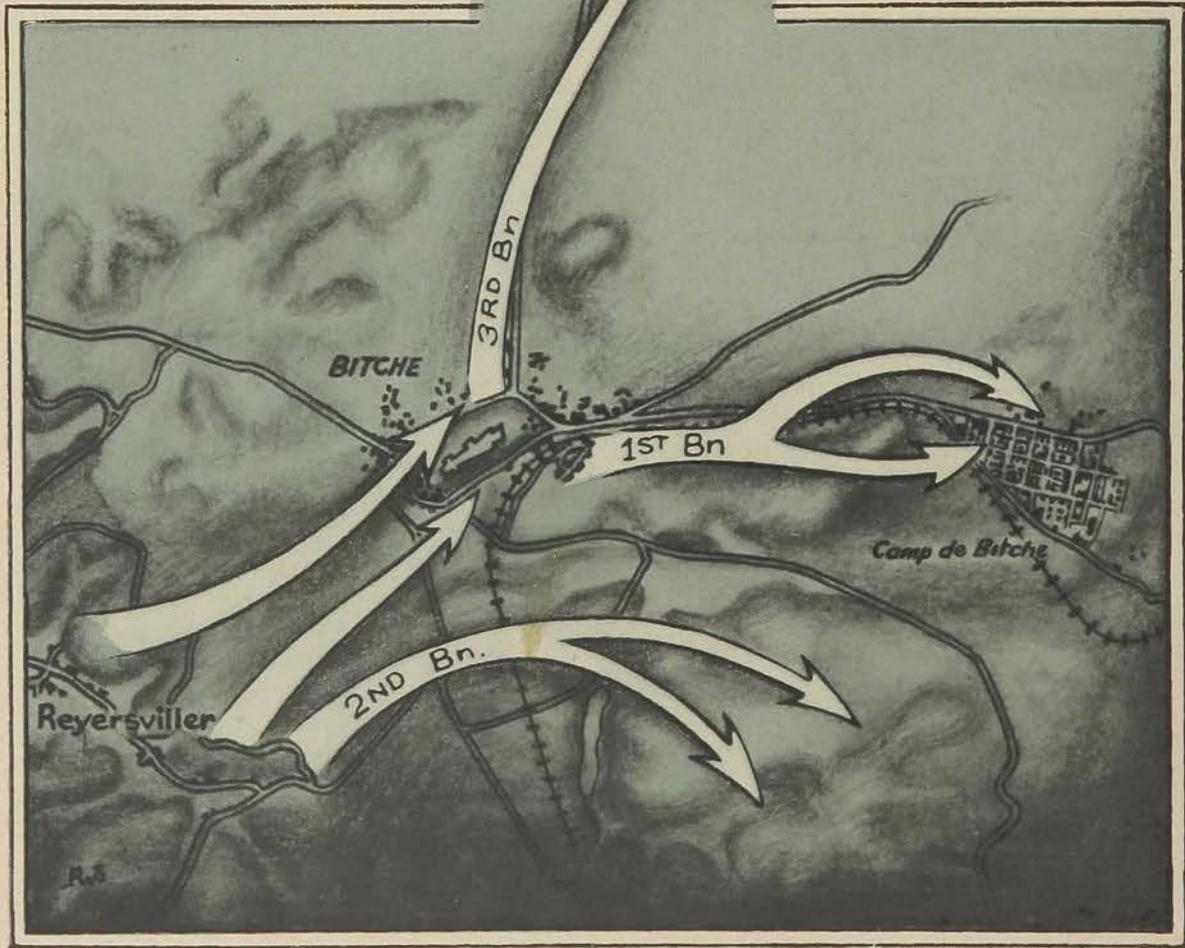
*. . . . a huge military camp to the east*



Bousseviller

Hanviller

# The Break through



“D  
og-Tired . . . Why do they call a Dogface a Dogface?”





*"King captured the dead city of Schweix"  
..... a T-5 led the 100th into Germany*



*Camp de Bitche had been mopped up completely by Able when Tigers, Panthers, and .88 SP guns*

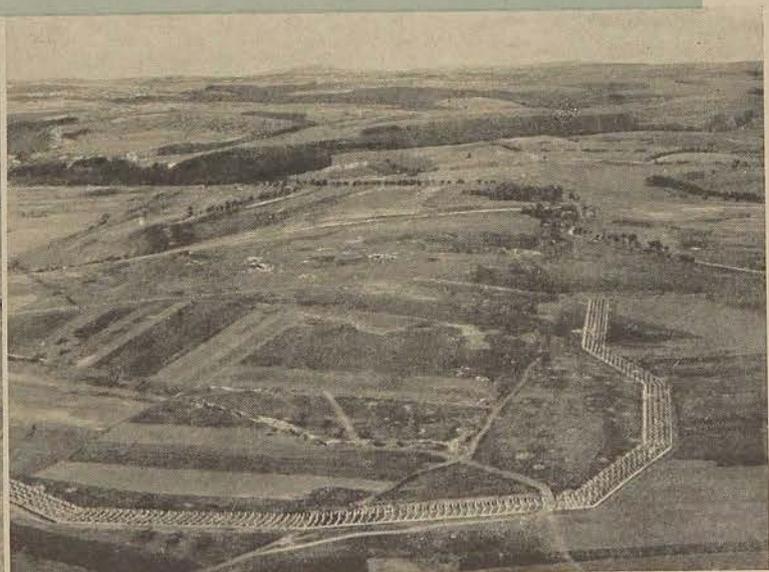
*roared up from the thick woods to the east and counter attacked. The flimsy wooden barracks Able doughs were firing from disintegrated before the point blank smudge pot 88's. In the uneven battle of the Tigers vs. Infantrymen, fearless Lt. Thomas Plante was killed leading the infantrymen in driving off the counterattack, winning the Distinguished Service Cross.*

March 17th was D + 2 and the Blue Battalion struck north from Bitche up the main highway toward Germany and the Siegfried. Slashing relentlessly through Hanviller and Bousseviller the 3rd Battalion pivoted East and swarmed into ghost town Liederscheidt with its mutely staring houses and "Achtung Minen" signs and silence of death.

*At 1431 first scout Richard Hanz of King Company with rifle at ready cautiously and suspiciously walked past the stone marker on the border to lead the 100th Division into Germany. King Company quietly captured the dead city of Schweix, moved to the high ground beyond, and dug in. Gleaming blanchely in the sunshine on the next open hillside. lay the vaunted Dragon's teeth of the Siegfried.*



*".....north toward Germany and the Siegfried"*



*".....the vaunted Dragon's teeth of the Siegfried"*

*The ghosts wanted company...*

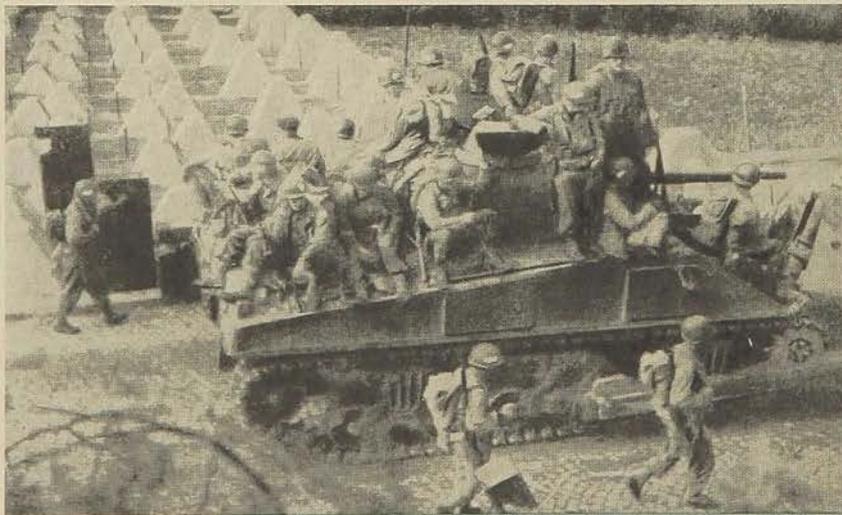


*Chamberlain fiddled while bordertowns burned*



*Holes with houses in them*

*An infantryman aimed at Germany across the border*



*Dragon's teeth... open wider, please*

At 1445 the Red Battalion routed a German outpost in the hills beyond Roppeviller and first scout Ernest Emmons of Able shot and chased the fleeing krauts across the border.

*The scout trudged back with rifle still smoking, sat down on the border stone, took off his netted helmet, wiped his sweat-dripping brow with an empty bandolier.*

*"Takes something out of you, running from one country to another," commented Emmons.*

Between the Maginot and the Siegfried Lines lay tall-pined gloomy forests, with mathematical death traps of barbed wire and bunkers on every hill. The towns were ghost towns, targets for Maginot and Siegfried mass artillery practice in 1940, in days of the War of Words, Peace in Our Time, Chamberlain, Daladier, Hitler, Mussolini. Siegfried mortars, machineguns, and 88's felt out the 399th as they dug in Red, White, and Blue astride the border. Platoons were in Germany, platoon CP's in France.

The night of March 18th the green 5th Infantry of the 71st Division moved up with headlights blazing, platoon leaders calling the roll, everybody shouting at once, to relieve the 399th doughs in their foxholes on the border.

*"Welcome to the Fodderland, boys."*

*"Where's your BAR hole?" asked a non-commissioned camel under 100 pounds of junk.*

*"Don't have one."*

*"Why aren't your holes in a straight line? How do you expect to turn back a bayonet charge?"*

*"Uh, the Lootenant is a battlefield commission and isn't too sharp on that technical stuff. What's all the junk for?"*

*"This is our T/O equipment. All of it's necessary to win a war. Where's yours?"*

*"Uh, musta misplaced it."*

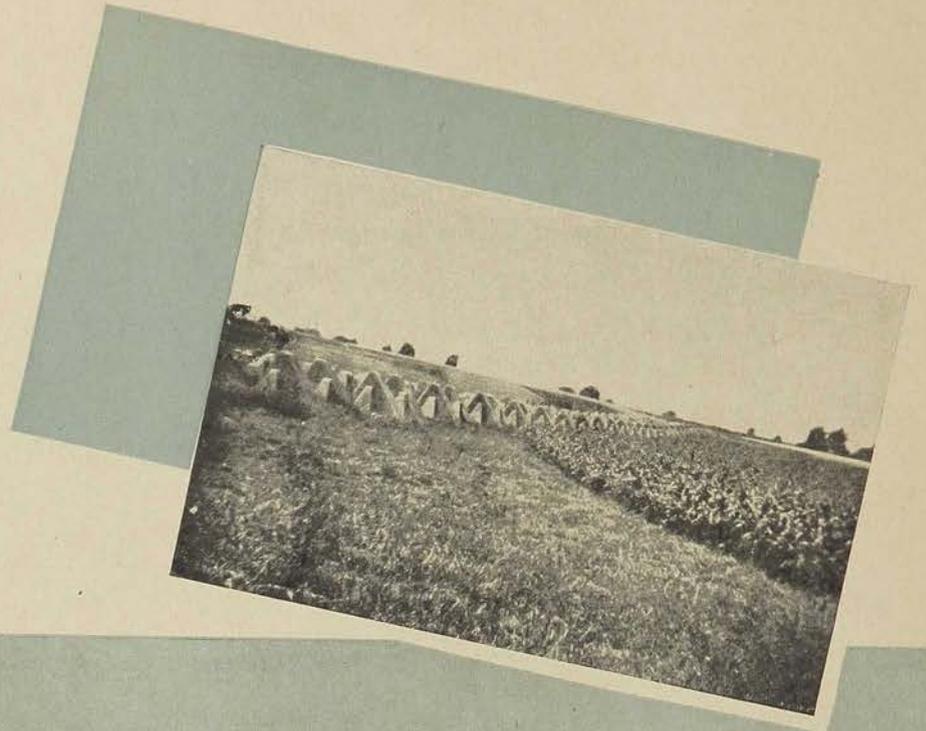
*"Well, good-bye now. I've got to set up my MLR and FPL and RRL and OPL and LPL for an imminent counterattack."*

*"Uh, yeah, sure. Good luck."*



*"... while the McCoy lay a mere three miles to the front"*

*So as ye sow, so shall ye reap*



*Don't stop there, Joe*



“What outfit did you say you were? I’m going to write a foxhole novel on everything that happens.”

“*The 933rd Infantry. Got that?*”

The White Battalion moved into a sandwich of the 397th Infantry and the 3rd CMH Division who were busy busting a hole in the Siegfried. Easy, Fox, and George waited for a counterattack and sweated under terrific direct fire from the underground fortresses.

The rest of the 399th moved back into reserve wooded areas and spent the days shooting deer, pulling lanyards on nearby artillery, and training in smashing imaginary Siegfrieds while the McCoy lay a mere three miles to the front. The 399th had the distinction of being one of the few combat outfits left in France while the rest of the Western Front pushed into Deutschland.

On the second day of Spring the 399th Armored loaded onto everything with wheels. *The trucks, jeeps, kitchen wagons had their wheels on the bottom, while the tanks and TD’s had wheels inside driving them.* Objective-Mannheim. The average Paddlefoot’s conception of Europe was Bitche and maybe the next hill, but Mannheim — that must be the middle of Germany.

The 1st Battalion riding Task Force Winn — 7th Army Special-rolled across the border in mechanized array and into the 3rd Division’s neatly punched hole in the Siegfried.

*“We’re tearing through some peaceful woods and bingo! We come out in the open and here are millions of yellow and green Dragon’s teeth gnashing in the sunshine from horizon to horizon, with deep tank moats behind them. Our road ran between the Teeth and the endless ridge of invisible pillboxes with long 88’s craning their necks out. Everywhere were shattered barbed wire and bomb craters, just like the common conception of World War I battlegrounds. I’m glad we didn’t have to fight for this baby.”*

Charlie Company was the 7th Army spear as Task Force Winn rolled deep into the Saarland with a Flying Jeep overhead keeping Lt. William Kizer’s lead tank aware of what lay ahead by radio. Each Sherman left a long plume of white dust trailing fantastically behind as the armored arsenal rumbled over high misty ridges overlooking prosperous red-roofed valleys which in the sunshine looked like toy villages without roofs.

*Big white surrender flags and German civilians hung out of every window, taking their first look at these conquerors from America who had dared to breach their invincible Siegfried into the Aryan sanctity of the Fatherland.*

“They saw sand-bagged Shermans with stubby defiant 76mm snozzles roar proudly past. Riding the tanks they saw tough-looking American soldiers—human grenade trees



*"World War III had begun"*



with BAR's, camouflaged helmets, black streaked faces, and Buck Rogerish goggles. Something clicked in the German mind and the sullen beaten looks turned into fake smiles and children began waving at Task Force Winn. *World War III had begun.*"

The armored column pivoted eastward and headed hell for leather through the Hardt Mountains pricking the point of the 7th Army into Germany. The Race to the Rhine was en route.

*"It was a parade. Rat-racing East were the knifing American armored spearheads chasing the battered remnants of the German Saar armies. Streaming Westward were liberated slave laborers and long gray files of German prisoners. Watching the parade were the Jerry civilians: they were all dressed up with no place to go."*

A confiscated Jerry truck full of French men and women with a crude Tricolor lashed onto the bumper careened around a bend with horn blowing full blast as only Frenchmen can blow it. Along the roadside walked Greeks with KG stamped on their blue shirts, bountily busted Polish girls with bright red headkerchiefs, burly Russians in cossacks and worn fur caps. The V for Victory was everywhere. Everybody was shouting seven years' worth of "Thank You!" During the war good feeling among the Allied nations builds up, and after a war there is a natural letdown. The 399th saw that joyous one minute's worth at the zenith.

Into the deep-forested mountain fastness of the Hardts plunged the Spear. Gorges where the sun never penetrated, chilly forests under the shadow of towering peaks black with neat yet ugly groves of pines.

They brought back memories of the Vosges.

*"They're gonna have to drag me to make me go camping among the pines in the Adirondacks after the war. If I never see another pine tree it'll be too soon."*

In early twilight the speeding armor broke out of the high Hardts with their littered roadsides of knocked out German tanks into the sprawling majesty of the pancake Rhineland.

*"This is a different kind of front. It's 60 miles long and one Sherman wide."*

A fairy land of red and white villages lined up one behind another a few kilometres apart. The church spires were unlike the tall slim Catholic steeples of France: they were squat and gray. The Red Battalion pulled up at Deidesheim. *The Blue Battalion liberated a liquor warehouse in urban Neustadt and shared it reluctantly with the rest of 7th Army.*

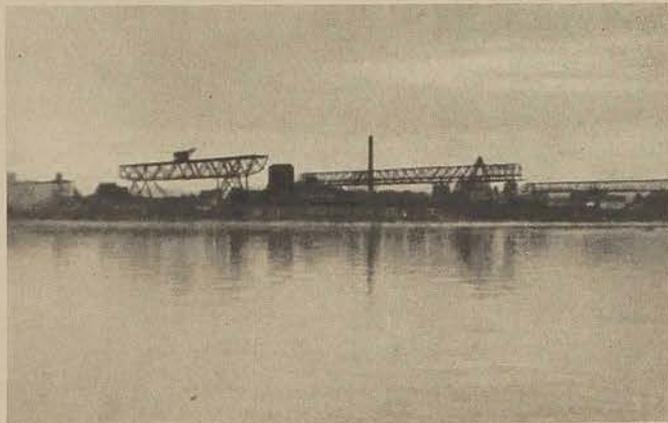
ME-110's strafed the idle column at dawn and Task Force Winn jumped off again toward Mannheim. Through Deidesheim, Neckensheim, Hochdorf, Dannstadt, Mutterstadt, Maudach. 30 kilometres to Mannheim, 24, 17, 11, 8, 6. Between Maudach and Ludwigshafen the 399th bumped into doughfeet from the 94th Division of the 3rd Army. Two Armies had joined. The Saar pincer had closed. The battle of grease pencils, speedometers, and gasoline was over.

*"Patton's boys didn't walk tilted over forward and their hair didn't stick straight back and their ears weren't pinned flat against their heads, like the newspapermen like to believe. They were strictly a bunch of beat out riflemen like ourselves. 'Old Blood and Guts' the 94th Joes told us. 'Our blood and his guts'."*

March 24th the 399th moved for the Rhine. At 0830 a dusty jeep wheeled up to a submerged bridge and Captain Alfred Olsen of Item Company got out.

*"So this is the Rhine. Hmph, it doesn't look so tough. We'll round up a rowboat and start sending patrols across."*

*A sniper's bullet pinged from across the water barrier and the jeep took off tout de suite.* Minutes later Love Company on tanks roared into Altripp and King pushed up to the River. The 2nd Battalion tore to the Rhine banks south of Ludwigshafen at 1100, and the 1st Battalion cleared themselves a path through shattered southern Ludwigshafen to reach the River. The 399th Infantry held a solid watch on the Rhine. Across the River, factories and cranes were still humming away turning out guns. Sniper and SP-88 fire raged across the Rhine day and night.



*Mannheim-in-the-Rhine . . . . an infantryman said "Hmph"*

*Michael Escalera, Wilbert Davis, and Joseph Tylutki of Charlie Company jeeped through the streets of Ludwigshafen shooting up the houses with the .50 calibre machinegun in Wild West style, routing out Wehrmacht Colonels, Captains, and a hundred others.*

The 399th was again relieved by the 71st Division and pulled back off the Rhine a few miles. The 3rd and 45th Divisions had crossed the Rhine to the north and the 100th Division was awaiting priority to get across into the bridgehead.

*In the Rhineland, Doughs wore snappy derbies, zoot civilian suits, rode bicycles, motorcycles, horses, autos. Soldiers were told they must growl and look dignified to impress the civilians. The Joes figured they had impressed the civilians enough: they called us the 100th Panzer Division, we travelled so fast.*

"This is the way a war should be fought," said a mountain of pink champagne bottles coming up a cellar stairs followed by a doughboy. Lootfilled Germany was quite a change from destitute France. "We hated to kick the Jerries out of their houses, but orders are orders, don't you know? Running water, electric lights, white bath tubs, fancy stationery. Everybody in the squad gets a bed now. And without too much reconnaissance you can find pistols, swords, watches, cameras. Not loot, mind you, all in the line of



*"...through shattered Ludwigshafen" ...ahead lay a river and question marks*

*"This is the way a war should be fought..."*



duty. I'll bet by time we left the Rhineland they didn't have any more chickens than America has buffaloes. We really have to give Generals credit for mapping out this big ETO Spring cleaning. We took the most prisoners with the fewest casualties. Ah'm a high falutin' rootin' tootin' shootin' lootin' son of Bitcher!"

*Clearly, the war was practically over.*



*"The 3rd and 45th Divisions had crossed the Rhine up north"  
..... the 100th awaited a priority*

# Heidelberg



The Rhine was green, white-capped, and only 200 yards wide where the 399th went across on a water-level pontoon bridge the last day of March. All the Joes kept a wary eye on the high range of mountains to the east behind Heidelberg. After passing through levelled Mannheim, however, the advance drifted south away from the mountains. The 399th stopped for the night in Brühl and an SS barracks with big Red Crosses on the roofs to fool the bombers. No Geneva believers, the Germans.

Easter Sunday, April 1, the Regiment kicked off east of the Rhine. Pushing through the 63rd Division between Brühl and Schwetzingen, the 399th struck south parallel to the Rhine. The Red Battalion's Easter Parade consisted of flushing out five miles of woods before Reilingen, while the White Battalion drove ahead with tanks to grab

Hockenheim. Patrols quickly contacted the 397th Infantry on the left and the French 2nd Corps on the right. The Blue Battalion went back to Mannheim to guard Corps.

*"Why does the infantryman sit down in an easy chair with a big shot of schnapps on April 1st?" quipped one of the Paddlefeet.*

*"I dunno, Oswald, you tell us."*

*"Because he's completely beat out, having just finished a March of 31 days."*

A company of dusky French Moroccans trudged good-naturedly through Reilingen lugging huge ammo bags, huger packs, .50 calibre machineguns, bazookas, 81 millimeter mortars.

*"Whew, lucky thing we weren't drafted in Africa. Those guys don't need any trucks."*

*"They're probably Rear Echelon troops hauling supplies up to the front line troops, which are also themselves."*

The French took our next day's objective to the South and the 1st Battalion moved over to Waldorf, birthplace of John Jacob Astor. The land had become rolling pasture, meadow, and orchard — a treat for the doughfoot.

April 3rd the Red Battalion made a long armored advance over dusty roads and cross country hillsides in the wake of the blitzing 10th Armored. This was tank country. Steinsfurt fell at twilight to the 1st Battalion while the 2nd Battalion jumped off in attacking armored echelon and pushed from Wiesloch to Sinsheim. The enemy was fading, we never saw him any more. American Shermans tearing across the landscape looked like giant pincushions, with rifles, BARs, machineguns, and doughfeet protruding haphazardly in all directions.

*Some of the Joes were a little suspicious of straddling the 76 gun and riding the tanks like a bunch of animated clay ducks in a shooting gallery.*

*One of the boys showed the tank driver the Mauldin cartoon where the tankman is saying to the worried infantryman "What're yuh worried about, we've got six inches of armor."*

*The tanker looked at the cartoon and chuckled "Great guy that Mauldin."*

The war was practically over — *unbedingt*. The Air Corps rode herd over Germany all day long, the French were rolling somewhere on our right, we hadn't fired at a Jerry in ages. Up north



*Bridgehead via a bridge... the doughboys felt like tourists*

*"...the infantry dove for the ditches"*



six armies were slicing Germany into thin strips. How many days, how many hours? Some of the doughs inwardly wouldn't have minded if it did last a few more days, because this searching towns for Jerries that weren't there was fast becoming good sport. How far was Czechoslovakia, anyway?

April 4th the Big Boys looked at their maps, grunted with satisfaction, and laid out Schwaigern, Schluchtern, and Grossgartach as the day's objectives. It looked like another day of good hunting. The light tanks tore through Reihen and Ittlingen and Gemmingen. Only 5 kilometres to Schwaigern, 1st Battalion objective, the sign said.

Schwaigern is a small city on the main drag between Mannheim and Heilbronn. From Gemmingen the highway rises for a mile, goes through a thick wood, and descends again to the neat valley floor with Schwaigern two miles beyond. The deep tank ruts of the 10th Armored had skirted the Gemmingen-Schwaigern woods and barrelled through to Heilbronn. The krauts had opened wide to let the armor race through: then they shut the gates.

The armored column started up the grade toward the woods when distant machineguns started rattling. Thousands of tracers sliced up the morning gray, the infantry dove for the ditches, and the tankers opened up with their pop-gun 37's. A covey of Thunderbolts came over to help, but a skyfull of flak drove them off. Then Jerry started throwing in artillery from the hills off to the right where the French were, theoretically.

*"The Frogs' liberating technique consists of using up one town and then moving ahead to take another town."*

Came the inevitable call: Infantry up! Able and Charlie moved into the woods. *Charlie Company*



*Charlie Company on exposed right flank of the Western Front . . . . "It was no honor"*

was the right flank of the 1st Battalion, 399th Infantry, 100th Division, 7th Army, AEF, and Western Front that morning. It was no honor.

For eight hours the Germans threw all kinds of heavy stuff into the Schwaigern Woods — regular 88's, overhead time fire, and self-propelled stuff that tore off the treetops. Hidden machineguns opened up every time somebody tried to find a better gulley to sweat out the shells. In mid-afternoon Lt. Samuel D'Arpino's 1st platoon of Able with three tiny tin tanks ran the two mile valley gauntlet into Schwaigern and captured an entire German company.

The 2nd Battalion fought through to Massenbach and Schluchtern and Fox Company struck out for Grossgartach, last big town before Heilbronn. Grossgartach fell to Fox and tanks at night after a torrid four hour firefight. April 5th White motorized patrols pushed up to the Neckar to contact the 10th Armored and the French.

At Schwaigern the krauts had let the armor through and then shut the door. The same thing happened at Heilbronn. The 398th crossed the Neckar up north and was driving down toward Heilbronn. The 397th was closing in from the West. The 10th Armored then crossed the Neckar right in Heilbronn and took off due east to Crailsheim 40 miles away. *The trap slammed shut and the Germans waited for the 100th Infantry to arrive.*

0045 of April 6th the 1st Battalion left Schwaigern in the blackness and convoyed to Böckingen, right across the Neckar from Heilbronn. In a column of shadows the Red Battalion edged into Böckingen's black streets.

*Spring and the 399th arrived together in Heilbronn . . . the enemy was waiting*



*"Sh-h-h. Walk softly and cut out the gab."*

*"Whasa matta, Lootenant, yuh noivus?"*

*"Nope. It just happens that we're now taking this town."*

*"ooh."*

The Battalion set up in houses along the Neckar looking across at enemy held Heilbronn and Sontheim. 500 yards flat trajectory.

Dusk of April 5th the Frolic Red Battalion of the 397th had crossed the Neckar in assault boats. All day of the 6th they were counterattacked in the factory district by waves of Königstiger tanks and Wehrmacht assault troops. Sledged back to the banks of the river, the embattled battalion sent out a feeble radio call "Send us another company!" Charlie Company, 399th, answered the call.

*"Everyone was fairly jittery from Schwaigern, as it was, and they'd been shelling the West side of Heilbronn where we were all day long with really heavy stuff. That didn't help but this was the payoff. Don't let anybody tell you he wasn't scared in the boat. Hell, it was broad daylight, no smokescreen, and those hills up back of Heilbronn where the Jerries had all their beaucoup artillery were staring right down our necks. I know some guys who unlaced their shoestrings."*

Charlie landed, assembled in a brewery, and soon had the situation well in hand. Attacking in the twilight to relieve pressure from the imperilled 397th, Charlie Doughs took a Sugar Factory and grabbed off a few houses along the river. Lebensraum, Hitler called it. Came the dawn, there was a trenchful of krauts dug in exactly in the middle of Charlie's slim bridgehead.

*"From the top floor of the brewery we could see the entire terrain along the Neckar, and the attack on the infiltrators unfolded like we were watching a movie thriller. In a shallow hole about 30 yards from the Heinie trench, Sgt. Charles Ufen was heaving grenades at the Jerries. With each burst the guys on the roof would yell as though they were watching a pitcher at a baseball game. Then Sgt. James Harte and his squad came around like something out of a training film. They edged up to the trenches and the Heinies opened up with a stream of automatic fire which we thought must have sliced the whole squad, but it didn't. The M-1's won out. Two krauts were dead and eight came out of the ditch Kamerading. At this point the guys on the roof started screaming 'kill the b-----, kill 'em, kill 'em!'"*

That morning of April 7th the Germans threw their big bid to smash the 100th Division's flimsy bridgehead. Shortly after dawn came the No. 1 counterattack. Four King Tigers with 75 Heinie infantry moved against the Sugar Factory. Charlie was driven back to the CP house on the bank of the Neckar. With backs to the wall Lt. Vaughan Calder led the 1st and 2nd

*Charlie-Am-Neckar...the wise unlaced their shoestrings*



★  
platoons to counterattack the counterattack, recapture the Sugar Factory, rout the big tanks. The krauts attacked after lunch, again after supper. Charlie held—and won an oak leaf cluster to their Presidential Citation, first rifle company in the Division to win that honor.

*The Battle of Heilbronn. What do you think a battle is, anyway? Two waves of soldiers with bayonets charging each other with shells exploding all around them and tanks firing, and combat engineers fixing things?*

Three Pfc's were in a high observation tower behind Bockingen on the west side of the Neckar. Below them lay Heilbronn and behind it a massive amphitheatre of hills semi-circling the city. Crowding the eastern Neckar bank were tall grain elevators, fat squat factories with huge surrealistic streaks of green, black, and yellow camouflage paint, gigantic cranes, railroad yards. Somewhere down there must be Charlie Company and the 397th and 398th. An artillery F/O came up into the Tower to zero in his batteries. Black sponges of smoke on top of buildings followed by the full-bassed crash of Corps artillery marked his progress. Four Shermans rattled down through Bockingen to the Canal, lined up, and started whanging away at Heilbronn. A flash of flame, a recoiling tank, a drifting black puff across the River, and two Whoom-Boom! explosions.

Word got around about the Tower. First came Looies and Captains and Majors, and pretty soon General Tychsen climbed the circular stairs with Colonel Maloney and Colonel Zehner.

*The Big Boys decided Heilbronn looked one hell of a lot like Cassino. Somebody said, "Why not infiltrate a battalion of infantry to that high ground behind the city at night and when dawn comes see what happens?"*

*"Yeah, and where'll you be when they're up there on the hill?" one of the pfc's whispered to his buddy.*

All the officers looked through the telescopic glasses and gave the F/O more targets to dump his Corps freight on. A dozen Thunderbolts appeared in a twinkling over the city and like a rehearsed dance team began their long sweeping bomb runs. After all the P-47's had dropped their 500 pound calling cards they went into ten more tobaggan slides with all eight machineguns thundering and throbbing. Then the 'Bolts swept into a compact bunch and rode off into the sunset. A giant smokescreen seeped up from the bridgehead area and spread a thick fog over the Neckar battlefield. Artillery puffs walked up the highway winding into the hills behind Heilbronn.

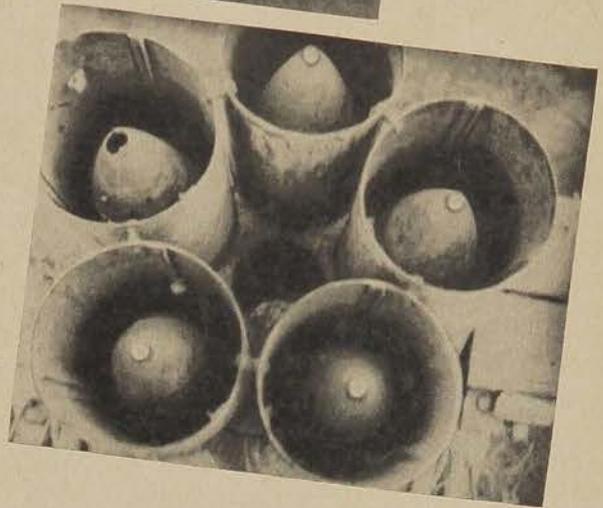
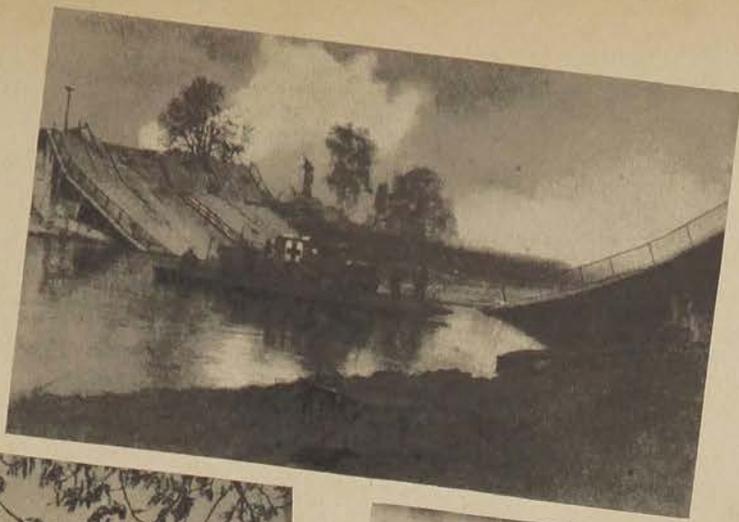
*Heilbronn was the biggest battle going on in the world on April 7, 1945, yet not a single soldier was visible to the observer all day. That is what a battle is.*

Along the river front Able and Baker had anti-tank guns on the front porch, machineguns sticking from under a curtain in the bedroom window — fighting in style. Sniper and machinegun duels crackled across the low green delta. During black morning hours of April 8th the 325th Engineers threw a pontoon bridge across the Neckar. At 0800 Sherman tanks and Helleat TD's thundered across. At 1130 Baker and Able crossed.

*"Remember now, you dash up out of this cellar, straight across the yard, through that pile of rubble, under that iron fence, around the building to the right, turn left when you*

*Broken bridge in Heilbronn*

*"Giant smokescreens seeped up . . . over the Neckar battlefront"*



*Nebelwerfers . . . sky-rockets with a scream*



*Aerial view of Heilbronn . . . on the left bank beyond the broken bridge fought the 399th*

“D  
ough by dough, hit and run, run and hit” . . . . for some, it was a living



“Here come the Meemies!” . . . . not everyone had a cellar to sweat out in

come to the water, turn right onto the bridge, run like hell, turn right off the bridge, up the cinder path past the brewery, turn left into the coalyard, go around the Sherman, follow the railroad cars to the big sugar factory, second door on the left side of the building, turn right and down into the basement. Ehrmantraut left 16 seconds ago. You've got 4 seconds. There'll be snipers watching for you to slow down on the pontoon bridge. Ready?" *Guys with Zero IQ's remembered every detail.*

Black crashing 88's saturated the bridgehead area and their roar was magnified in the big hollow factories. Somebody yelled "Here come the Meemies!" and even the Joes in cellars tried to crawl under something. The sky was filled with a metallic shrieking which increased in intensity until the 15 rockets burst like thunder among the factories. *Then all was quiet except the 88's.*

The Meemies and 88's punctured the pontoons and the bridge sank. Half of the Red Raiders swarmed across in assault boats, and Baker and Able joined Charlie in the Sugar Factory. Dog Company heavy machineguns got up on the roof and began sweeping the city as the rifle companies jumped off to expand the narrow bridgehead. Factory to factory, house to house, room to room fighting. Platoon by platoon, squad by squad, dough by dough, hit and run, run and hit, over dead krauts and under barbed wire — sweating, firing, throwing grenades, charging into blazing houses, shooting through floors.

*Giuseppi Peri of Baker Company was a Technician, 1st grade. In Ludwigshafen he escaped from the German slave gangs and hid out in the rubble till Baker Company rat-raced into the city. Then the handsome Italian boy joined up with Sgt. Armando Persiani of Baker and went to Heilbronn in the 399th Infantry.*

*Baker Company's 3rd platoon was blasting through Wehrmacht troops in Heilbronn when Sgt. Persiani lugging the big 538 radio got hit by a sniper. The enraged Peri became a one-man Army and charged forward shooting up plenty of Germans, capturing 30. Captain Harry Flanagan said "Now don't beat up those prisoners," then looked the other way.*

A long-nosed BAR of Robert Jones of Able stuck itself out of a tiny fissure in a blank brick wall, jiggled off 20 crashing rounds. Three krauts running up a burning street 200 yards away folded up. After a dozen small attacks the companies were on their objectives — Baker along the Sontheim—Heilbronn RR and Able along the grassy lawn separating Heilbronn from Sontheim.

A German Jaguar tank came storming into Baker Company's advance houses in early morning of April 9th. Pfc Arthur Grimm jumped into the open with his bazooka, fired one rocket to bring the tank reeling around to attack him, two more head-on rockets to stop the panzer, and one White Phosphorus rocket to set the tank afire. The 2nd platoon took care of the crew escaping from the dead Jaguar.

*The Battle of Heilbronn was a battle of supply boats and communications, coun-*



*Dead German Jaguar . . . one infantryman and one bazooka*

*terattacks and house to house battles, panzerfaust teams and automatic weapons, snipers and Screaming Meemies, King Tigers and Hitler Jugend. The food situation was never pressing: the doughboys dined on French fries and bottled cherries.*

Every morning at 1030 the Meemies would come screaming into the bridgehead and the bridge would go. Two tanks sank in the narrow Neckar. The Engineers rigged up a motor-propelled assault ferry which carried infantry and armor into the ever expanding bridgehead. Pfc Leon Januszewski of the Medics performed numerous deeds of gallantry around the bridgehead for five days when killed by shelling.

April 10th Able made a local attack to sever Sontheim from Heilbronn.

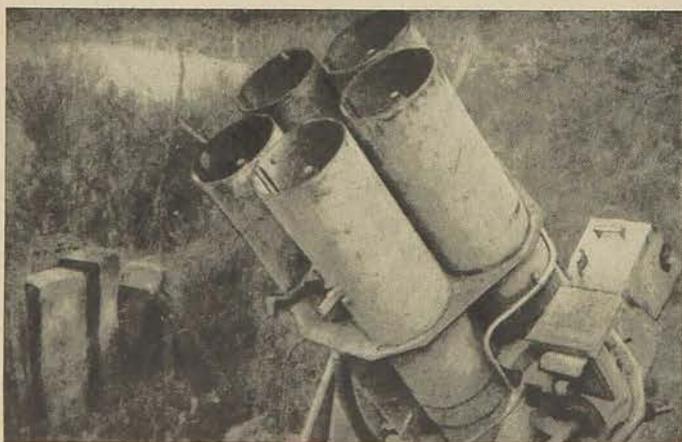
*"The two scouts went out the door and were promptly riddled by burp guns from the next house not 30 yards away. Sgts. James Amoroso and Gilbert Moniz went out into the yard firing into the windows of the Heinie house to drag in the two badly-wounded men. Fred Mattson made a dash for the fortress house and a civilian dropped a grenade on him out of a second story window. A Sherman tank was called up to blast holes in the house, and the enemy filed out kamerading—three soldiers and one civilian. We sent all four of them back to the rear under guard, but only the three soldiers reached battalion. I can't imagine what happened to the civilian."*

At 0300 of April 11th the Jerries were supposed to counterattack with SS troops and King Tigers holding their Sontheim—Flein MLR and 12 Grenadier companies lining the ring of hills behind the city. The counterattack didn't come off, so Charlie slugged through the residential section right up to the edge of the Schlieffern Barracks, a big cluster of SS buildings with Red Crosses on the roofs.

*"There's a Jerry hiding in the orchard between here and our left flank house. Call those guys up and let 'em know."*

The Jerry appeared breaking out of a hedge and running across the 200 yard smooth lawn toward Sontheim. Every M-1 in Able Company opened up, kicking up clouds of dust. 25 yards, 50 yards, 75 yards—and down.

*"Jesse Owens couldn't even have made that 200 yard stretch and he's better than any German."*



*"Every morning at 1030 the Meemies would come screaming..."*

Thunderbolts gave the Schlieffern Red Cross Club the works on April 11th, shoving their tons of aerial coal down iron shutters to tear apart the SS buildings. Some of the Joes stuck their heads out the window to watch the fun and the rocking concussion pushed them back in.

*Smokescreens turned bright day into eerie night. German civilians crawled out of cellars in the hazy smoke-screen to dig graves for their soldiers while the battle raged around them. A fantastic and weird city, Heilbronn.*

**T**hrough the fires of Heilbronn...



**H**ave you tried being *Lucky lately?*





“...the 2nd Battalion crossed the Neckar in assault boats...”

At 0515 of April 12th the 2nd Battalion crossed the Neckar in assault boats and rafts. Baker Company kicked off against the big Schlieffern Barracks, last stepping stone before the woods-crowned hills ringing Heilbronn. From a trench 150 yards from the barracks Baker fought it out as the enemy poured small arms, MGs, mortars, SP's, and big bore stuff on the doughboys. Then Baker went into the assault with tanks and TD's firing overhead and cleaned out the SS buildings one at a time.

• *Cannon Company blasted the SS-Tiger MLR between Sontheim and Flein. The White Battalion wheeled through Heilbronn to the gates of Sontheim. Everything was set to bust out of the ring of steel the Germans had clamped around Heilbronn. Able and Charlie sent recon patrols to the towering terraced hills.*

Twilight of the 12th the 2nd Battalion kicked off south along the Neckar and launched a night attack upon industrial Sontheim. Scouts Julio Paiva and Anthony Paci led Fox Company's spearhead 1st platoon as they blasted into the heart of Sontheim. The attack raged down the RR tracks in southern Sontheim where Sgt. Schug outduelled an enemy machinegun. A torrent of large and small arms fire from a factory fortress blunted the spear and stopped the attack.

Easy Company slugged into Sontheim led by Sgt. Crockum and his 2nd platoon. Elmer Odell shot an SS trooper off a bicycle and Joe Munn blasted ahead with his BAR until Easy, too, bumped into the fortified factory. Artificial moonlight came on and a Corps TOT artillery concentration was dumped into the German-held half of Sontheim. At 0340 hours of April 13th Easy and Fox kicked off again under the manufactured moonshine.

“We were attacking straight down the RR tracks when Lt. Martin Quinlan spots two Jerries a couple hundred yards down the tracks. He hushes up his platoon, lies down on the wooden ties, adjusts his sling like he was at Benning, squeezes off eight shots. He missed. At 4 AM Quinlan wheeled around a corner, fired quickly from the hip at a Jerry blocks away and down he went. *Yuh gotta humor these M-1's, I guess.*”



*Fox Company mopping up along Adolf Hitler Strasse... "Give me five years and you will not recognize Germany"*

Fox drove down the Railroad and Heilbronner Strasse to Adolf Hitler Strasse. By 0515 Easy had overrun the Sportsplatz and were mopping up along Wilhelmsruhe.

At 0400 in the wet gloomy pre-dawn, Charlie and Able started climbing toward the looming black shadow of the high ground behind the city.

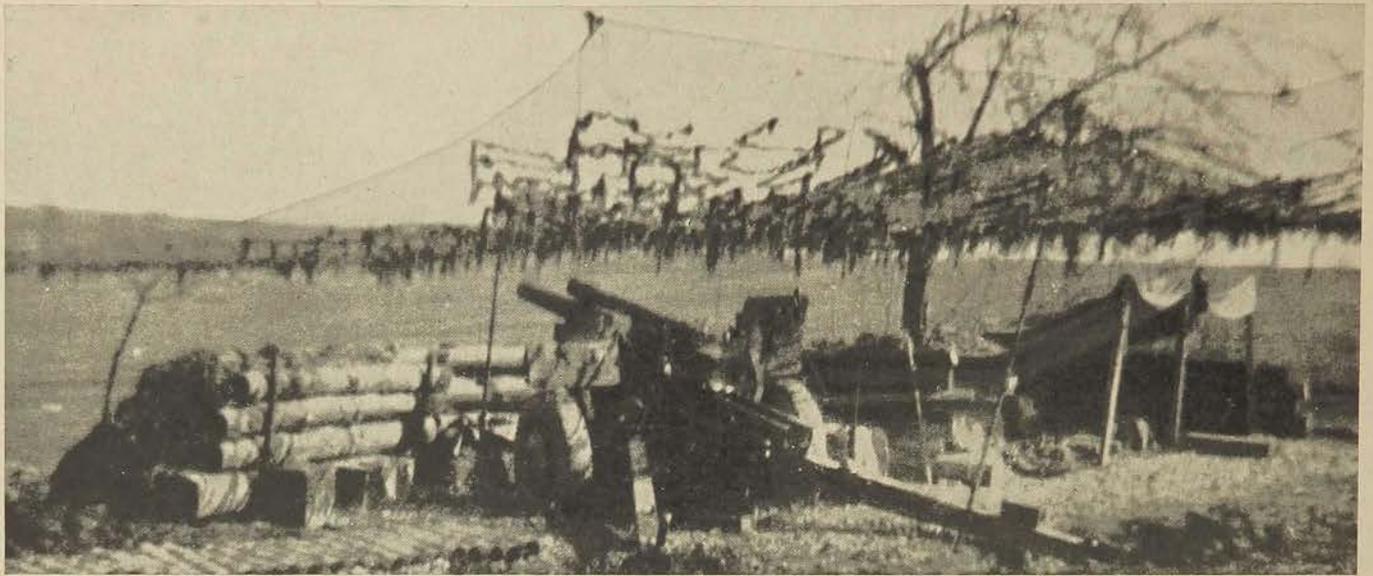
*"The guys who remembered it was Friday the 13th didn't bother to remind their buddies. Doughfeet are smart."*

S-2, after an all night session, announced that the high ground would be defended by armor but probably no infantry. Joes who knew S-2 used their heads and figured that if Intelligence said "tanks but no infantry" it would probably be "infantry but no tanks". Which it was.

*First scout Manford Baker of Charlie Company used the glow of burning Sontheim down below in the Neckar Valley to guide him up into the blackness. Suddenly he fell into a German outpost foxhole, killed the two occupants with Sgt. David Swift's help. Charlie pushed over the hill.*

Able jumped off up the winding highway which went into thick woods at the crest. Lt. Charles Stanley's 3rd platoon silently bypassed a chain of machineguns lined up on the woods' edge commanding perfect fields of fire to any point in Heilbronn. Scout David Van Norman led the platoon behind the German MLR, when suddenly the machineguns opened up to pin the rest of the company along the road below. Attacking from the rear, Van Norman got one kraut gun and Sgt. John Hambric knocked out two nests to win the DSC.





*"Cannon Company blasted the SS-Tiger Line . . ."*

*"It was raining and the woods were thick and visibility was less than 30 yards and there was a kraut behind every tree and it was Friday the 13th and the woods had to be cleared. We plowed through in skirmishers and shot up one Heinie for every one who surrendered. Sgts. Sigmund Christensen and George Klein ran into a blind ambush leading the 2nd platoon, and Chris was killed wiping it out. When we finally got through that mile of woods, Frank Maltese came up from Battalion and told us President Roosevelt had died. That was a black Friday."*

Baker was pinned by machineguns and artillery outside Flein when Lt. George Everett and Russell Leahy charged into the town to rout 25 krauts out of their trenches and capture the strongly-defended hinge town of the Flein—Sontheim MLR with no casualties. Lt. Everett won the DSC as he manned the ack-ack .50 machinegun atop a Sherman as Baker pushed through Flein to the high woods beyond under Meemie and White Phosphorus barrages.

Tank-borne George doughs busted into Horkheim-am-Neckar at 1300 and kicked off toward Talheim to the South. Easy Company pushed across open ground toward the high ground capping Talheim. Captain William Smith, Lt. Roland Watson, William Achatz, Jesse Slaughter and Joseph Wallace led Easy into the teeth of the Flein—Sontheim SS-line. Machineguns sprayed the bare slope and Meemies kicked up huge geysers of earth as Easy slugged relentlessly ahead to overrun the German positions until completely pinned down under fire from a hilltop fortress house.

Pfc Robert Pearson was George's lead scout as they attacked across rolling open ground toward Talheim under heavy fire. Two camouflaged pillboxes with surrounding bunkers stopped the company cold, when Pfc Lonnie Jackson charged a bunker full of nine firing Germans with a Thompson sub and took it single-handed. Sgt. Frederick Drew led the attack on one of the pillboxes and shot up the defenders.

*When Lt. Alphonso Siemasko got hit, Sgt. Vincent Kelly took over the 3rd platoon while carrying a BAR and radio. He held his platoon together under withering enemy fire, led*

*them forward to capture a pillbox when he was killed by a shellburst. Kelly and Jackson were awarded the Distinguished Service Cross.*

Charles Zierman, Donald Fernback and Daniel Ahearn set up their 2nd Battalion anti-tank gun on the fire-raked open ground and poured 55 rounds of assault fire into the fortress house pinning Easy Company. George Company pushed the attack to Talheim where they saw the Germans all lined up with their hands raised in surrender. At the last minute the krauts ran back into Talheim and opened up. George pulled back from the ambush and dug in to sweat out the shelling with Easy.

“I’ll tell you what kind of a guy that George CO, Captain Millard Hayes is. Mortars and Meemies were plastering the whole battalion and everybody was clawing the ground just waiting for the one with his number on it. I look over at Captain Hayes and there he is sitting up with his radio man Robert Fraser timing the mortar shells with his watch so he can locate their positions.” *Friday the Thirteenth the 399th won four Distinguished Service Crosses, dozens of Silver Stars, and took 270 prisoners — not scared troops anxious to surrender but out-battled SS and Grenadiers. Many 399th men fell that unlucky day.*

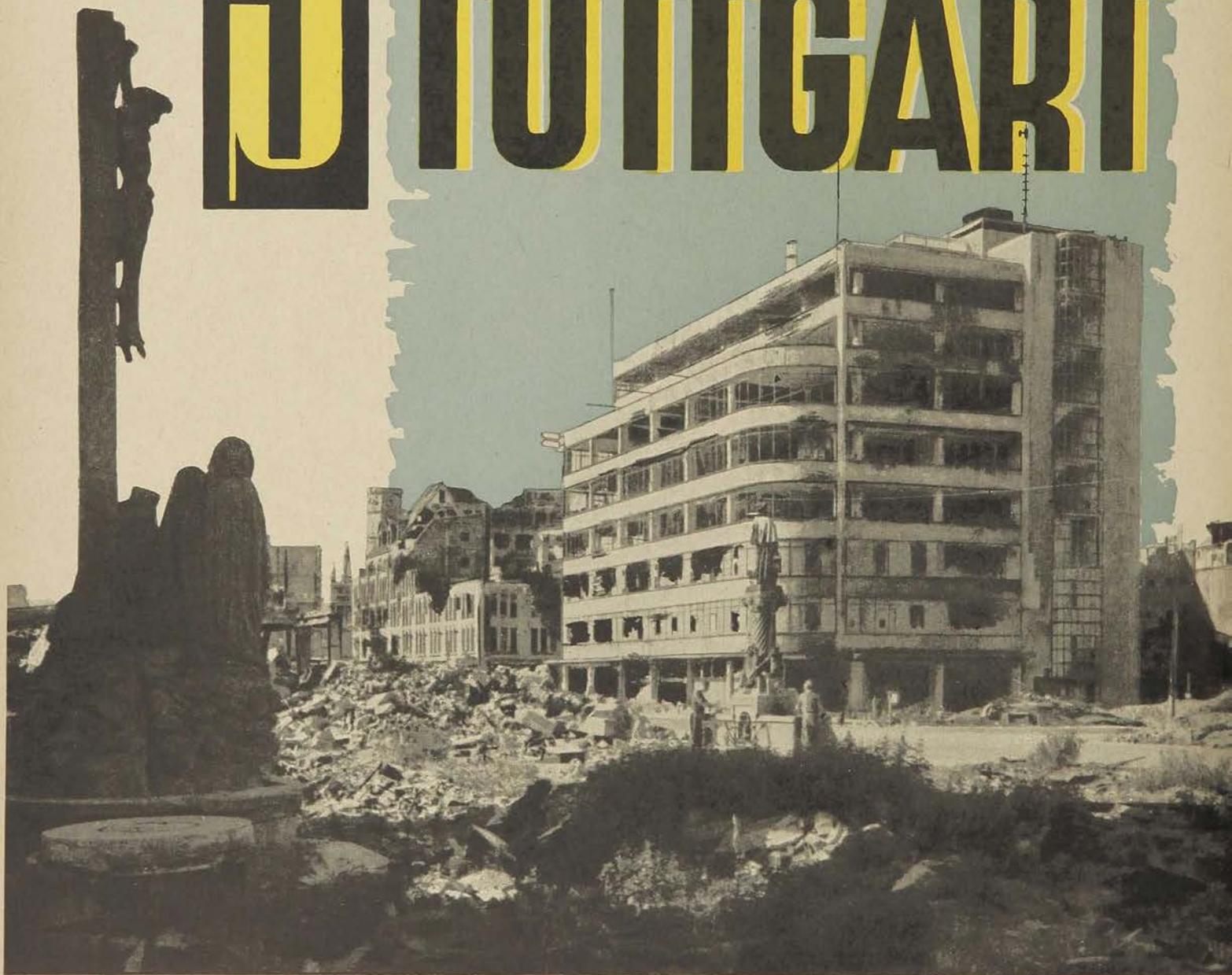
“I could look at dead krauts all day long and never bat an eyelash. But one GI lying there tears me apart. One million Germans don’t add up to one American.”

★

*“One million Germans . . .”*



*Pat Race*  
to **S** **TUTTIGART**



The 399th had broken the ring around Heilbronn by overrunning the hills to the East and the valley MLR to the South. From now on it was called the Rat Race to Stuttgart. *But all ratraces start slow, on foot and stomach.*

Sgt. John Delonas led an Easy patrol to capture the hilltop stronghouse at dawn. Easy Company pushed across a vineyard and an orchard to link up with George who had already kicked off toward Talheim. Running a 500 yard gauntlet of machineguns and mortars George and Easy burst into Talheim and mopped up all enemy by 0900.

The Red Raiders jumped off before dawn for a big crescent of woods bending between Flein and Donnbronn. Able went in the Flein end, and Charlie went in the Donnbronn end to crash through toward a junction in the middle. Able plunged into the wooded crescent and was stopped cold by a heavily defended roadblock in a narrow waist of woods. German SP's started pouring stuff in.

*"One of our outposts called for fire on a house full of krauts to the right of the woods. So the tankers come up to fill a house to the left of the woods full of 76's and the tankmen go in on foot with Thompsons to shoot up the house inside and out."*



Fotos Lazi

“**A**nother day, another town”



*"When they got all through and back to their tanks, on the radio they heard 'When the hell are you tank jockeys gonna fire at this house, there are millions of krauts running around in and out.'"*

Tank Destroyer fire finally smashed the roadblock and Able slugged through a mile of woods, firing every step of the way.

Charlie Company got split up and surrounded by tenaciously-fighting green German marines. A terrible firefight resulted before Lt. George Everett came up on a Sherman to wipe out four machineguns and smash the encirclement.

*"The forests of the Württemberg hills in Southern Germany were days of clucking cuckoos and running deer and death. We thought the cuckoos were clocks in some unseen town till they started striking 14 times. Plenty of times we could have shot half a dozen deer without even aiming. They pranced right in front of our tensed skirmish lines in the woods. The Germans were tougher hunting."*

Afternoon of April 15th Easy and George Companies sent out task forces with TD's and Shermans to capture the two patches of woods between Talheim and Schozach. The raider force captured 15 Germans in buildings between the two woods, and George Company moved into the edge of woods commanding Schozach.

George went after Schozach on the 16th. The 1st and 2nd platoons ran a gauntlet of heavy stuff through a draw to get into Schozach with the armor while the 3rd platoon was pinned and pounded on high ground outside of town. Pfc Robert Barker, although wounded three times, held command of the 3rd platoon and finally led it into Schozach. Cpl Robert Brunet of the Medics took care of all the wounded on the shell-swept hill. Another day, another town.

*The 1st Battalion pushed out of the woods to take Untergruppenbach with its medieval Citadel and tiny Wustenhäusen, towns just short of the Reichsautobahn between Heilbronn and Stuttgart. The Mayor of Abstatt across the Superhighway called up to say the town was ready to surrender so the 2nd platoon of Charlie took off at breakneck speed in two jeeps and trailers.*

A cub liaison plane steered the racing task force out of one ambush by dipping low over the jeeps and yelling over the loudspeaker, but they ran into another invisible ambush outside Abstatt. Cpl Michael Escalera fired the .50 machinegun on his jeep while the platoon dove for a ditch. All day long the pinned Charlie doughs fought it out with the ambushers until Pfc Spence of Dog Company made a break for it and brought back Baker Company to rescue them.

*"We used to call Baker Company the Fighting Irish. They were led by a bunch of officers named Flanagan, Sullivan, Reid, Leahy, Everett, and Snow, and didn't know what it meant to be scared."*

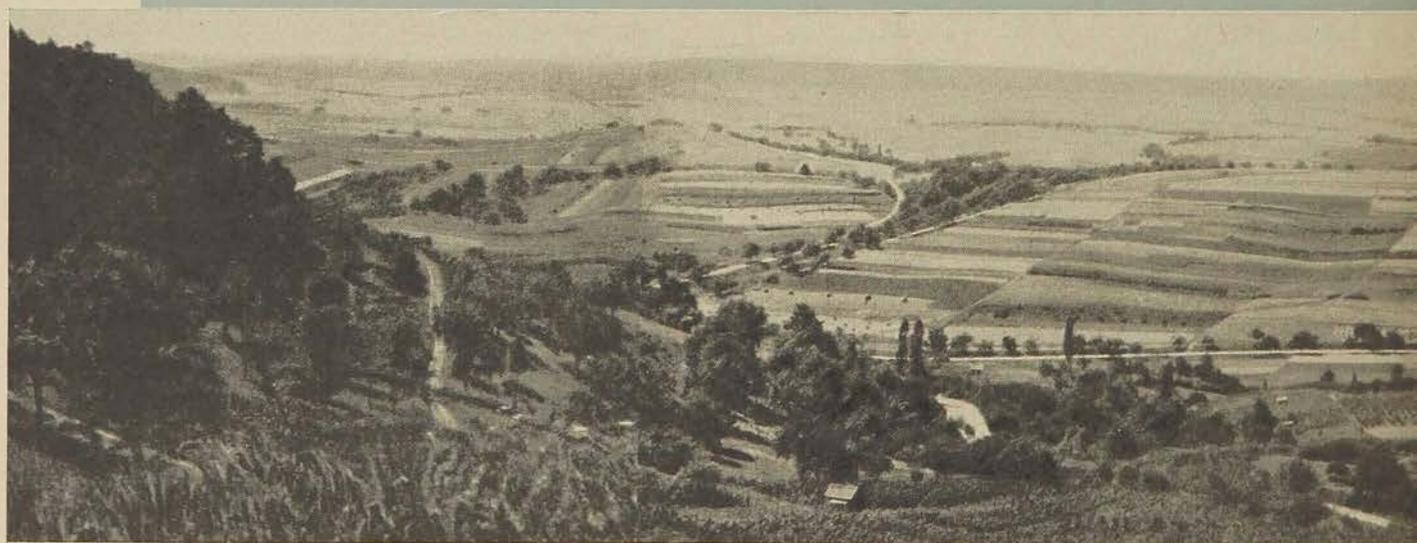
The Regimental front on April 17th faced South 15,000 yards between the Neckar River and Unterheinriet. Grand strategy called for a breakthrough in the deep forested hills on the left flank which dominated the Reichsautobahn and the entire far flung Neckar Valley.

The thickly wooded, deer-filled hills south of Unterheinriet form a forested hand with extended fingers clutching westward toward the Neckar with the thumb at the bottom. The little finger is the hill Vohenlohe with a staunch medieval castle sitting at the end.

The second and third fingers are the twin wooded ridges of Steinberg, the index finger is called Kubelsteige, and the massive thumb is the mountain Fohlenberg.

Sgt R al Parenteau of Able took a patrol up into the deep forests of Vohenlohe to capture the castle and set up an OP right across a checkerboard draw from silent Steinberg and mighty Fohlenberg on April 16th. The Regiment jumped off April 17th on the proposed breakthrough in a column of battalions — Red, Blue, and White. The 3rd Battalion had been released from duty with the 35th AAA Brigade and was moving up. A Provisional Recon Squadron held the thin line between Untergruppenbach and the Neckar as the 399th packed its punch. Baker's objective was the woods-locked town of Helfenberg. Able went after Steinberg and the town of Helfenberg in the valley below. Tankers and TD's were unable to penetrate the forest barrier into which the Red Battalion advanced. Baker ran into a canyon ambush outside Gagernberg and withdrew under shellfire. Able also ran into an ambush — 10 machineguns entrenched in a perimeter.

*"We were moving out toward the end of Steinberg ridge right across the draw from medieval Vohenlohe castle when 1st scout Richard Watson came running back with a bullet in his nose. Everybody dove for a tree except Thomas Pitzer, R al Parenteau, Raymond McIntire, and Herbert Rice. They ran from tree to tree firing while the frantic krauts opened up with all their machineguns and snipers. Those four daredevils wiped out four machineguns with their entire crews when snipers killed squad leaders R al Parenteau and Raymond McIntire. Pitzer kept going like a madman, shooting up another MG nest and the two snipers before he finally got hit. Pitzer got a DSC, when all four of them deserved the CMH. All day long they shelled us — pinpoint mortars, big mortars, and canvas-ripping SP guns that knocked the trees down on us. Lying there in the warm breeze and sunshine we could see the castle 300 yards across the draw being knocked apart by the shells, the big Citadel of Untergruppenbach in the hazy distance, and the tower overlooking Heilbronn way off in the west. It was too beautiful a place to die."*



*View from Fohlenberg across the far flung Neckar Valley front . . . . "It was too beautiful a place to die"*

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The second and third fingers are the twin wooded ridges of Steinberg, the index finger is called Kubelsteige, and the massive thumb is the mountain Fohlenberg.

Sgt Réal Parenteau of Able took a patrol up into the deep forests of Vohenlohe to capture the castle and set up an OP right across a checkerboard draw from silent Steinberg and mighty Fohlenberg on April 16th. The Regiment jumped off April 17th on the proposed breakthrough in a column of battalions — Red, Blue, and White. The 3rd Battalion had been released from duty with the 35th AAA Brigade and was moving up. A Provisional Recon Squadron held the thin line between Untergruppenbach and the Neckar as the 399th packed its punch. Baker's objective was the woods-locked town of Helfenberg. Able went after Steinberg and the town of Helfenberg in the valley below. Tankers and TD's were unable to penetrate the forest barrier into which the Red Battalion advanced. Baker ran into a canyon ambush outside Gagernberg and withdrew under shellfire. Able also ran into an ambush — 10 machineguns entrenched in a perimeter.

*"We were moving out toward the end of Steinberg ridge right across the draw from medieval Vohenlohe castle when 1st scout Richard Watson came running back with a bullet in his nose. Everybody dove for a tree except Thomas Pitzer, Réal Parenteau, Raymond McIntire, and Herbert Rice. They ran from tree to tree firing while the frantic krauts opened up with all their machineguns and snipers. Those four daredevils wiped out four machineguns with their entire crews when snipers killed squad leaders Réal Parenteau and Raymond McIntire. Pitzer kept going like a madman, shooting up another MG nest and the two snipers before he finally got hit. Pitzer got a DSC, when all four of them deserved the CMH. All day long they shelled us — pinpoint mortars, big mortars, and canvas-ripping SP guns that knocked the trees down on us. Lying there in the warm breeze and sunshine we could see the castle 300 yards across the draw being knocked apart by the shells, the big Citadel of Untergruppenbach in the hazy distance, and the tower overlooking Heilbronn way off in the west. It was too beautiful a place to die."*



*View from Fohlenberg across the far flung Neckar Valley front . . . "It was too beautiful a place to die"*

824th Tank Destroyers lined up on a high ridge dominating Gagernberg and blazed a machine-gun and 90 millimeter tracer trail into the town as Baker doughboys moved up for a night assault. James Wright and Robert Reynolds wiped out the automatic weapons guarding the entrance to town and Baker overran Gagernberg.

*At 0600 of April 18th the Blue Battalion was thrown into the battle of the Five Fingers. In the early mists of dawn King Company overran German outposts on Steinberg and jumped off against 1st objective Kubelsteige (the index finger) and final objective Fohlenberg (the thumb).*

The forward slope of Steinberg bent down in a colorful patchwork quilt of farmland gardens dotted with tiny shacks. In the middle of the big valley below was the forested hill Kubelsteige, and beyond rose the steep slopes of majestic Fohlenberg.

*In the poem "Charge of the Light Brigade" 600 soldiers rushed into the Valley of Death. 602 Blue Battalion doughs moved down through the precipitous vineyards of Steinberg into the Kubelsteige valley of death.*

King and Item slugged through the thick forest of Kubelsteige under shellfire and machineguns. Mike-gunner Glenn Estes knocked out a machinegun on Item's left flank that had been pouring heavy fire into the battalion. King and Item started the long attack up Fohlenberg, Love and Mike started the long descent down Steinberg.

"All the artillery in Southern Germany opened up simultaneously. Umbrellas of chopping mortars, full volley 88's, ripping SP's blasted the four alphabetical line companies on the exposed hillsides. A hundred guys yelled 'Medic' at once but there weren't a hundred Medics. George Demopoulos and Jack Williams were everywhere patching guys up. A platoon of Mike went into that deep ditch in the Kubelsteige woods and only four came out. Everybody was just waiting for the one with his number on it."

*130 shells did have numbers on them.*

*Peaceful valley — of death*



*"From Beilstein Castle 80 German OCS with automatic weapons charged up through the terraced vineyards" . . . King was king of the mountain*



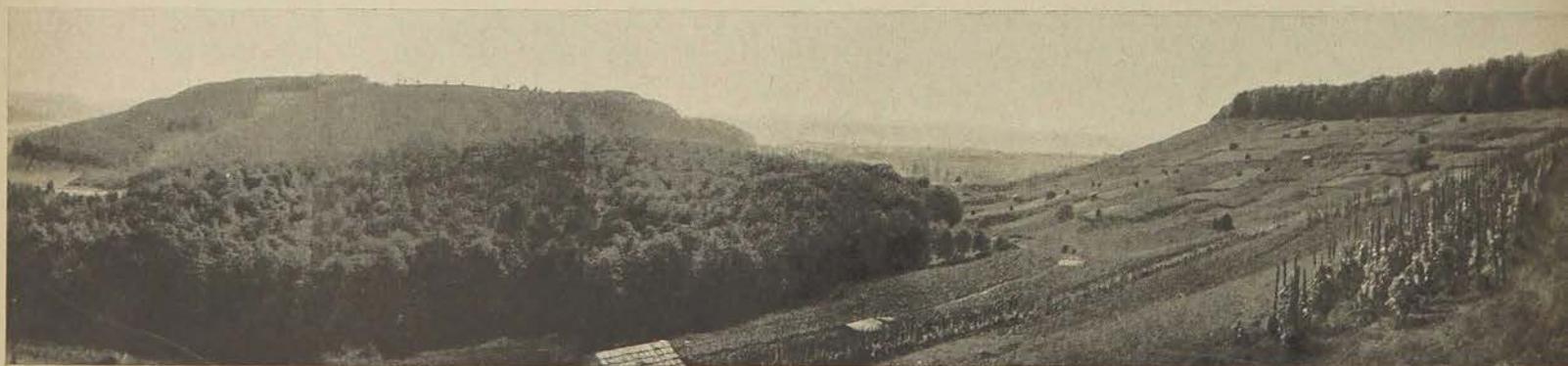
The attack went on. The line companies stood up in the bursting shells and charged ahead. King and Item slugged up to the wooded summit of Fohlenberg Mountain, Love and Mike waded through Kubelsteige.

*Then came the counterattack. From Beilstein Castle over behind Fohlenberg 80 German OCS with automatic weapons charged up a winding trail through the terraced vineyards toward the summit. There were only a handful of doughboys on top, and ammo was low as the enemy blanketed the summit with stunning mortars and crackling machinegun fire which clipped into 3rd Battalion foxholes.*

"Lt. Marcel Novotny was commanding King's spearhead 2nd platoon, and when he was killed in the counterattack, many of the doughfeet lost confidence and started running back off of Fohlenberg. The battle was hanging in the slim balance when Sgt. Emory Yount of King stood up with his cradled .30 machinegun, crouched defiantly in the hail of enemy fire, and riddled the attackers.

*Every Joe who stayed on top and fought it out was a hero. Pvt. Joe Chuey poured steady fire into the German ranks and the fanatical Hitlerite officer candidates were slowed to a cautious sniping advance. When Lt. Warren Behrens took a squad to the right flank firing every bullet they had left, the Germans broke and retreated down into Beilstein."*

*The Blue Battalion had captured the thumb of the hand, the mountain commanding the 15,000 yard Regimental front. They had smashed the German defense line east of the Neckar. They had opened the way to Stuttgart, Munich, the Brenner Pass. They were awarded the Presidential Citation.*

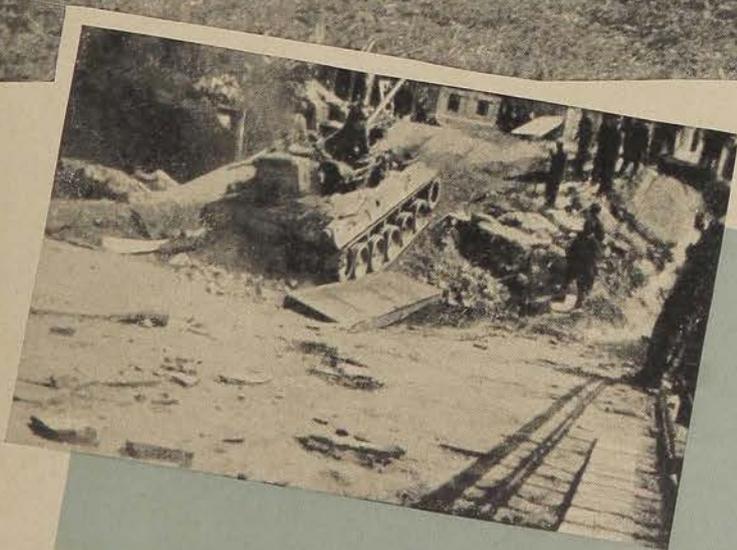


*The Blue Battalion attack moved from Steinberg (right) to Kubelsteige (lower left) and then up Fohlenberg (upper left) . . . 130 numbered shells fell in the vineyards*

*"Engineers threw a quick bridge across the blown Murr River...."*



*"They had smashed the German line east of the Neckar"....Smile, sucker, smile"*



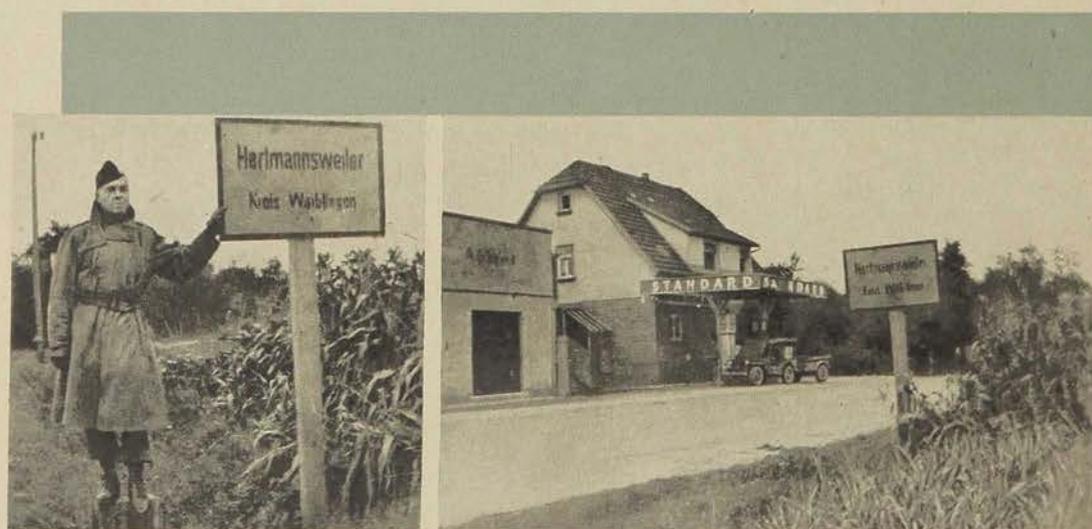
*"...and the rat race continued southward toward Stuttgart"*

When the Pyrric thumb fell the rest of the 399th went to work. Able and Charlie spilled over from the forested hand into the valley floor below, overrunning the towns of Helfenberg, Abstatt, Sohlbach, and Auenstein. Blue Battalion night patrols probed the reverse slope before Beilstein without meeting the beaten enemy and at 0830 of April 19th Item's 2nd platoon thrust down to capture Beilstein and its Castle under rear guard sniper and mortar fire. *The enemy was fleeing southward.*

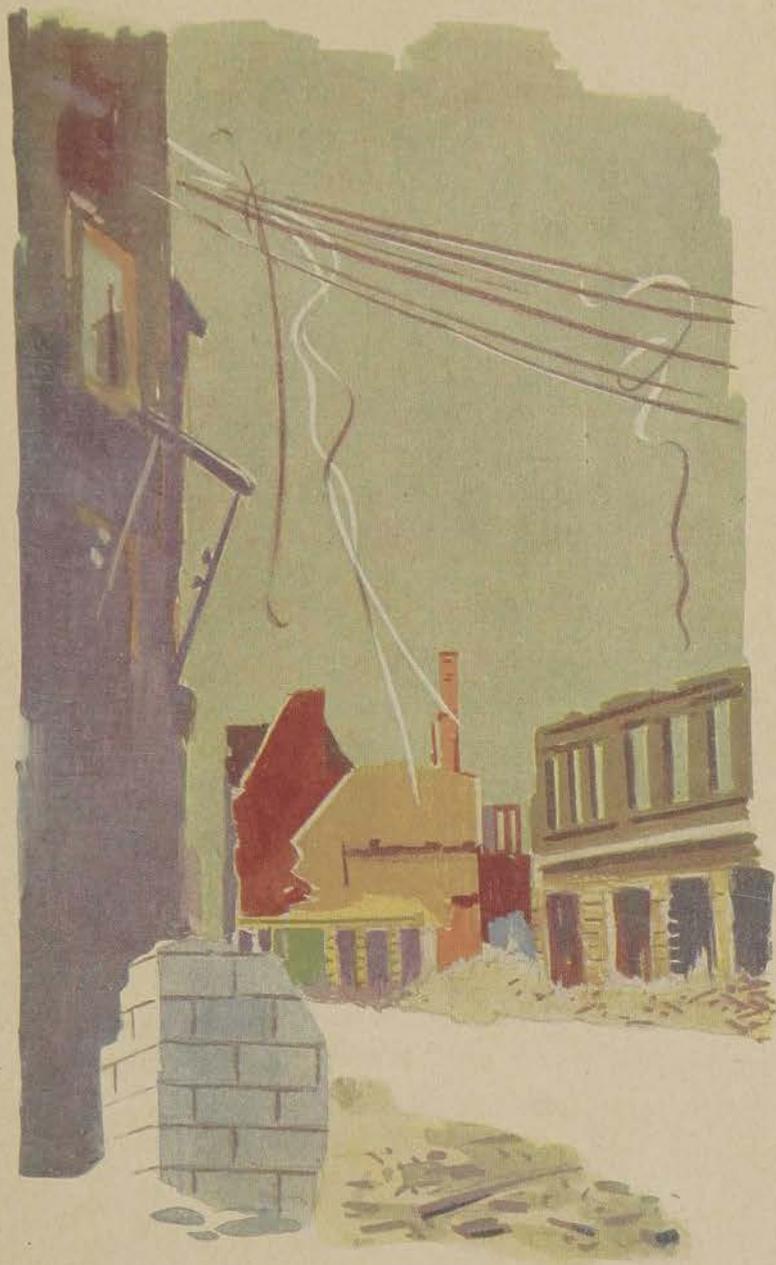
On April 20th the entire Regiment with Red, White, and Blue abreast jumped off driving straight south in a giant three-sweep pincers. Blue with strong armor busted through Oberstenfeld to meet White who had swung down from jumpoff Prevorst. Red kicked off from Nassach and made a broad sweeping scimitar through Kurzach and Altersburg to link up with the other two attacking battalions. By noon the advance was assuming Rat Race proportions, and the Red and White Battalions in parallel armored columns raced for Backnang to the southeast. By 1300 Red had taken the city and White was in a raging fire fight on the outskirts.

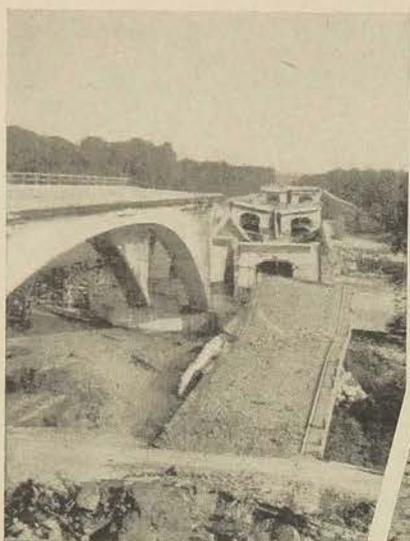
*The 325th Engineers threw a quick bridge across the blown Murr River in urban Backnang and the rat race continued southward toward Stuttgart.* The Red Raiders buttoned up Marbach rapidly and raced for Hertmannsweiler. Lt. William Kizer's churning Sherman tank was the spear, carrying Baker's 1st platoon.

"We spotted another convoy of GI vehicles racing for Hertmannsweiler along another road. We figured it was another battalion and began putting on steam as we rounded the last corner in sight of a Standard Oil Station. All of a sudden a 75mm gun invisible under a camouflage net roared and blew a hole in our tank from 75 yard range, killing a lot of boys. Then the German crew jumped into the GI vehicles and took off, while we were lying there on the road, stunned, with no rifles, helmets, or grenades. Then Wild Bill Sullivan and his boys went into town shooting along with the tankers who were firing Thompson subs."

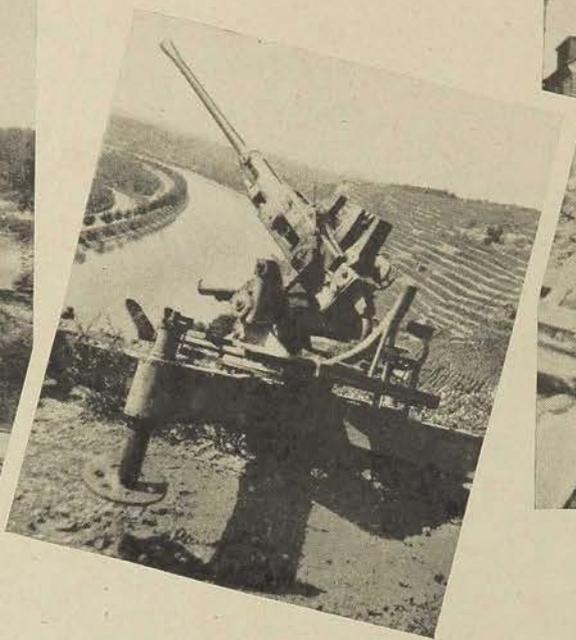


*Wild Bill Sullivan and Hertmannsweiler... an Irishman feared no hundred Germans*





*"The Neckar loomed nearer"*



Darkness and artillery broke up the advance as the 2nd and 3rd Battalions roared up through Backnang. *The 399th in one day had cut off 270 square miles of Germans between Backnang and the snaking Neckar.*

At midnight our outposts picked up two German priests who said the enemy were trying to blow the Buchen and Zipfel River bridges in the next large city of Winnenden. Fearing more German treachery, Baker kept one as hostage and led the other into Winnenden with a gun in his back. Two 2500-pounds bombs were removed from the bridges before the surprised enemy could pull the switch. *The 925th Artillery had set big Winnenden afire with white phosphorus barrages, and the 399th stormed in to clean out the city in the glare of the blazing buildings.*

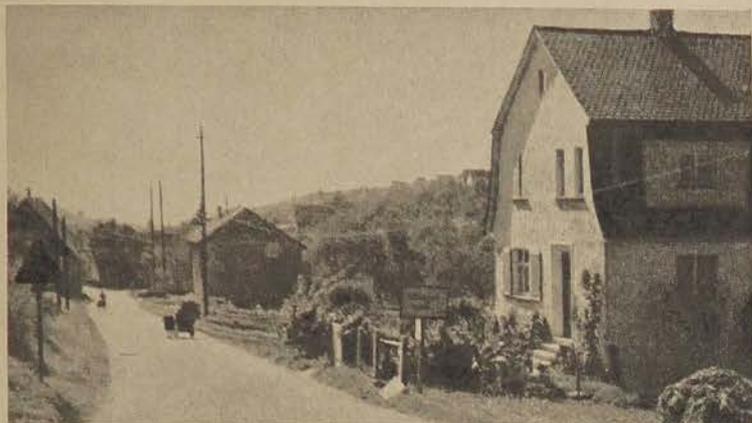
April 21st Blue and Red kicked off south again toward Corps objective Neckar River to cut off Stuttgart. Blue captured a Volksturm company after a firefight in Korb; Red roared through Hanweiler and drove toward Klein-Heppach. Item crushed small arms before Waiblingen and seized two bridges spanning the Rems River. Charlie grabbed Rems bridges at Beinstein and Able pivoted through Charlie to seize Endersbach. Blue overwhelmed Rommelshausen and the two battalions sprang pincers on Stetten.

*Stetten was due East of Stuttgart. German stragglers trying to escape from the French through Stuttgart's back door infiltrated the Blue Battalion, making them fight twice for the same ground.*

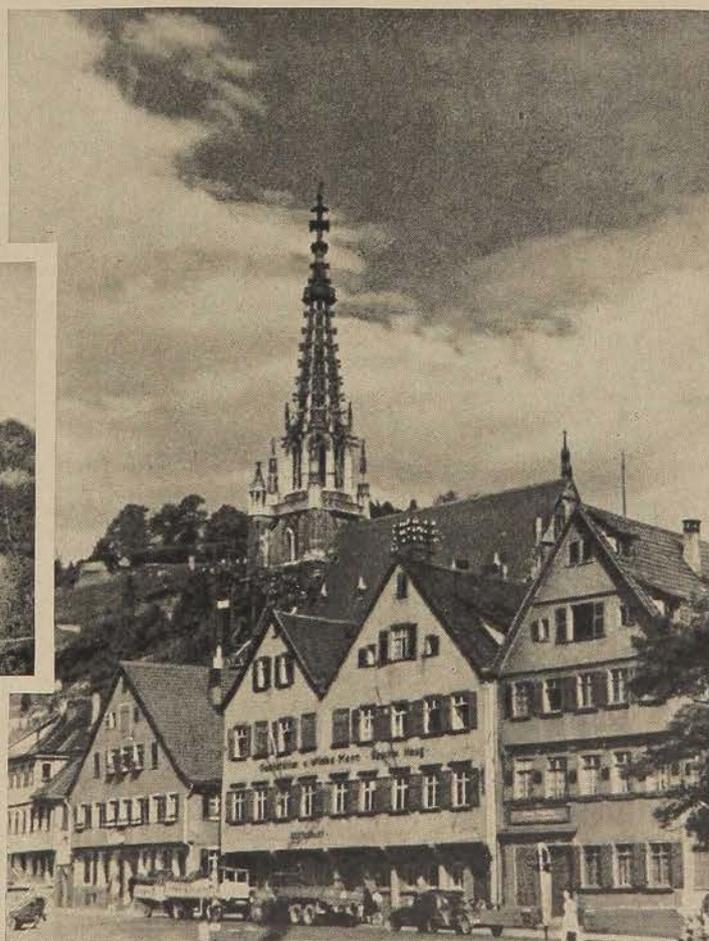
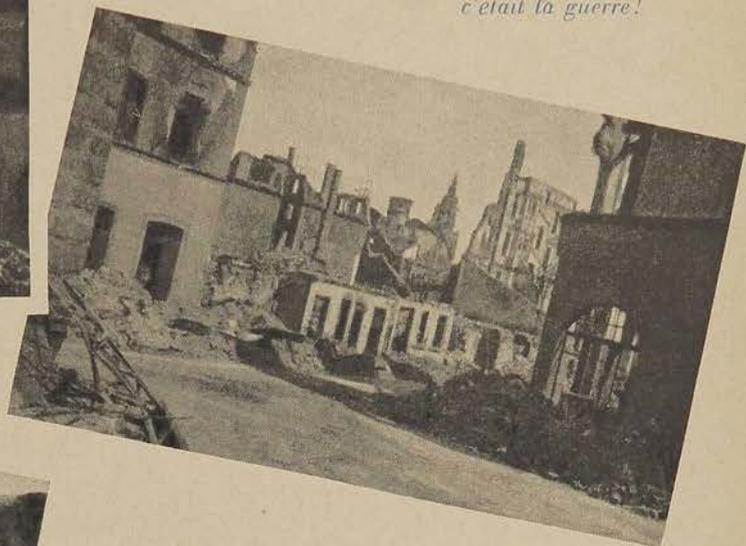
The Neckar loomed nearer. Able took Lobenrot, Baker and Charlie grabbed Schanbach, the 3rd Battalion chased an enemy column through woods between Rommelshausen and Waldenbronn.

*"We had been fighting all day with rear guard Germans, when somebody heard a rumor that Waldenbronn was safe. It was pitch dark as we walked out of the woods, past a burning road block into the apple blossom scented valley of Waldenbronn. The TD's*

Waldenbronn . . . King's last fight



*c'était la guerre!*



*"Item captured Esslingen's 60,000 with two platoons"*

★  
\*  
were moving in the middle of the road with a column of men on each side. Then a big explosion from right out front and I look over and there's no more right column. Machineguns, burpguns, and panzerfausts opened up and combat CO Captain Batrus was one of the many casualties.

April 22nd was the clincher. On the right Fox stormed Rotenberg after a daring entrance by Lt. Martin Quinlan's platoon had captured 100, George grabbed off Uhlbach, and White patrols reached the Neckar at Obertürkheim and Untertürkheim. In the middle of the 399th, the Blue Battalion drove up to the river and Item Company captured Esslingen's 60,000 with two platoons. On the left Baker slashed through woods to Hegensberg, and the 1st Battalion pushed through to the heights of Oberesslingen.

The 399th lined the Neckar and awaited their next objective. *The orders never came.* April 25th the 100th Division went into 7th Army reserve after 175 consecutive days on line. The 103rd Division took up the chase into the Austrian Tyrol and the Brenner Pass.

★

*399th doughfeet watched the war peter out on May 8th without elation. They occupied Germany and sweated out the invasion of Japan. August 12th Japan surrendered and the doughboys relaxed.*

*The War was over...*



97. Howard  
Bridges  
95



# IMM

*F*allen—but to rise again;

Broken—yet in strength to lead;

Stilled—for now to follow Him;

*You—in death—will light our way.*

JAMES ADAIR, JR. \* ROBERT F. AHLBORN \* RUSSELL L. ALBANO  
FREDERIK L. ALLEN, JR. \* RUDY AMECZCUA \* RICHARD L. ANKNEY \* CHARLES ARCHER  
HARTMUT F. ARNTZ \* ADAM J. ARZO \* PARK N. ASHBROOK, JR.

\*  
**Memoriam**

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OTTO C. BARTHOLMA \* JOSEPH C. BARTKOWSKI \* JOHN BAUD \* JASPER N. BEAM  
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ALBERT BOUWMAN \* CASPAR S. BRECKINRIDGE  
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JACK H. WEBER

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PAUL E. WHITE

THEODORE E. WHITE

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VERGIL R. WITT

ROBERT G. WODELL

ARLOSE WRIGHT

JAMES M. WRIGHT

ANDREW B. YURKO

LUCIAN A. ZARLENGA

EDWARD W. ZEIGLER

WILLIAM G. ZILLIOX

FREDERICK ZIMMERMANN

WALTER D. ZIMMERMANN

STEPHAN M. ZNAMENACK

TONY J. ZUVELLA





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TONY J. ZUVELLA

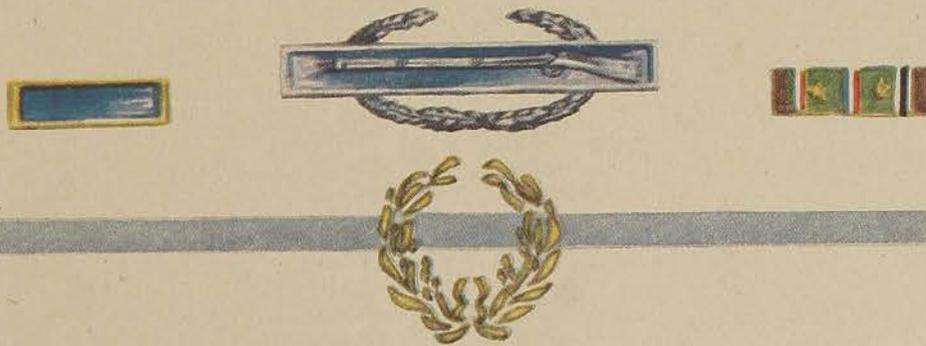




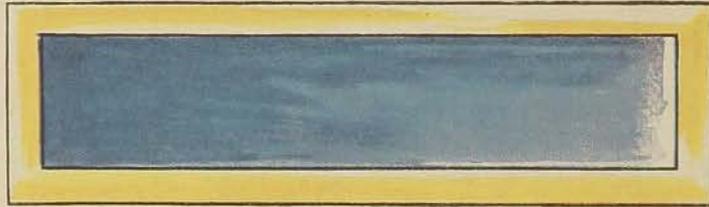
★  
★  
**LAURELS**  
★



ROBERT SOWERS



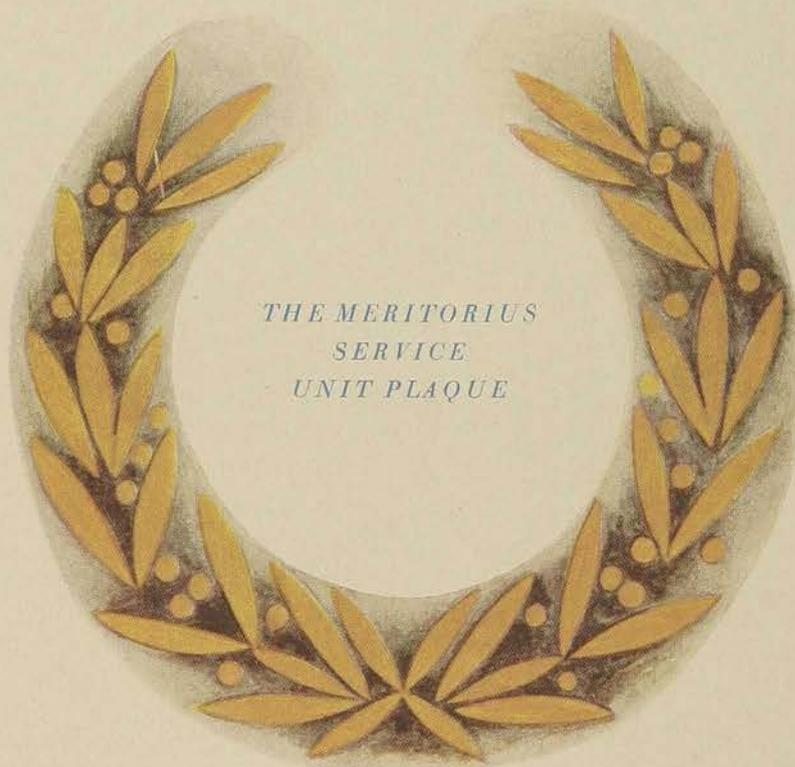
*DISTINGUISHED UNIT BADGE*



1st Battalion  
Company C \*



3rd Battalion



Regimental Headquarters Company



Service Company

\* Denotes Cluster



**DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS  
WITH CLUSTER**

Zehner, Elery



**DISTINGUISHED  
SERVICE CROSS**

Behrens, Warren  
Everett, George  
Hambric, John  
Hinojosa, Francisco  
Hoak, Charles W  
Jackson, Lonnie  
Kelly, Vincent  
Loss, Paul  
Pitzer, Thomas  
Plante, Thomas  
Steinman, Rudolph  
Sullivan, William  
Trapani, Dick  
Verrill, Herbert



**LEGION OF MERIT**

Maloney, Edward



**SILVER STAR WITH CLUSTER**

Langridge, James S.  
Novotny, Marcel W.  
Prince, Altus E.  
Watson, Roland G.



**SILVER STAR**

Achatz, William  
Amoroso, James R.  
Atkinson, Richard S.  
Ballie, David W.  
Barker, Manford A.  
Barr, Robert W.  
Barringer, Robert D.  
Batus, Frederick W.  
Becraft, Harold T.

Behrens, Warren D.  
Boe, George A.  
Boonen, Charles  
Borders, John W.  
Boyce, Charles P.  
Breckenbridge, Caspar S.  
Brundidge, Theodore D.  
Butler, John R.  
Caley, George E.  
Campell, Thomas E.  
Campion, Ronan W.  
Christensen, Siegmund E.  
Chuey, Josef T. Sr.  
Cockrell, Seth A.  
Cook, Edward D.  
Cox, Thurston, E.  
Currier, Claude W.  
Demopoulos, George  
Denham, Melvin V.  
Diaz, Jose De J.  
Domblewski, Ignatius  
Emery, Duncan M.  
Fischl, Frank J.  
Flanlagan, Harry G.  
Foster, Samuel, V.  
Fralely, Lester  
Fraser, Robert A.  
Frint, Charles R.  
Galiazi, Joseph  
Galles, Donald G.  
Giannini, Dominik J.  
Gillbert, Woodrow W.  
Gondolf, Edward R.  
Grant, George, D. Jr.  
Greer, Joseph H.  
Grimm, Arthur, C.

Griffith, Jerre K.  
Hafeman, Melvin R.  
Hall, Homer H.  
Hambric, John W.  
Harlow, John N.  
Harshman, Joseph W.  
Harte, James J.  
Heuberger, Newton J.  
Hechtkopf, Fabian S.  
Hofmann, Joseph A.  
Holl, Richard L.  
Hopkins, Travis T.  
Howard, Richard F.  
Howel, Robert F.  
Jamiszewski, Leon A.  
Jenkins, John M.  
Johnson, John W.  
Jones, Richard J.  
Kaminske, Roy  
Kazer, Joseph Jr.  
Kiwior, Henry  
Klein, Nelson G.  
Klomp, John R.  
Koszarek, Thadeus J.  
La Brake, Stanley D.  
La Belle, Clifford W.  
Lafferty, Charles E.  
Lampert, Harry D.  
Laverty, William C.  
Leahy, Russell R.  
Lentz, Bernard V.  
Leo, Anthony S.  
Long, Vernon A.  
McCarthy, Williard R.  
McCarthy, John  
McDonald, Douglas E.

SILVER STAR

McDuffy, Martin M.  
 McIntyre, Raymond J.  
 Magee, Clyde R.  
 Majeski, Joseph A.  
 Maloney, Edward J.  
 Masters, Robert A.  
 Meines, Harold L.  
 Moniz, Gilbert B.  
 Moore, Walter L.  
 Morgan, William E.  
 Munn, Joe Jr.  
 Novotny, Marcel W.  
 Odell, Elmer E.  
 Olson, Alfred E. Jr.  
 Parenteau, Real L.  
 Patterson, Joe C.  
 Perrs, Clayton M.  
 Pfeiffer, Rober  
 Porter, Paul E.  
 Pondrom, William A.  
 Prince, Altus E.  
 Prosser, Joe F.  
 Quinlan, Martin V.  
 Reynolds, Robert L.  
 Revere, Edward X.  
 Richardson, Darrell M.  
 Roswell, Jesse L.  
 Rubino, Frank J.  
 Rusinovich, Edward  
 Samplawski, Marvin G.  
 Sarles, George A. Jr.  
 Savage, John W.  
 Schilberger, Francis  
 Sefing, Russell M.  
 Shemwell, Elwood H.



Shields, James P.  
 Simmons, Roy E.  
 Smith, William P.  
 Snyder, Louis W.  
 Spence, Clarence K.  
 Steinmann, Rudolph  
 Sutton, Clarence L.  
 Swartz, Eugene E.  
 Talbert, Robert H.  
 Taylor, Bennett D. Jr.  
 Taylor, Cecil V.  
 Twomey, Francis T.  
 Van Allen, Richard D.  
 Van Daalen, Ernest F.  
 Van Norman, David E.  
 Van Steenberg, Robert R.  
 Vadasz, Francis E.  
 Versiackas, Joseph E.  
 Victor, Andrew A.  
 Vogt, Jakob H.  
 Wagnon, Lester V.  
 Wallace, Joseph E.  
 Warner, Edward A.  
 Watson, Roland G.  
 Watts, Monroe  
 Weiss, Arthur S.  
 White, Robert A.  
 White, Charles D.  
 White, Lloyd H.  
 Wilson, Crudroff G.  
 Worley, Charles E.  
 Wright, James M.  
 Young, Richard G.  
 Zarlenga, Lucian A.  
 Zehner, Elery M.



SOLDIERS MEDAL

Bell, Edgar R.  
 Collins, John B.  
 Dowling, John E.  
 Gribbin, Robert M.  
 Miller, Evan M.  
 Racke, Chester A.  
 Tirpark, Michael P.  
 Zona, Carl J.



BRONZE STAR MEDAL WITH SECOND CLUSTER

Hayes, Millard B.  
 La Flamme, Walter H.  
 Siemasko, Alphones W.  
 Walters, Norman F.



BRONZE STAR MEDAL WITH FIRST CLUSTER

Adameck, Charles S.  
 Anderson, Donald W.  
 Apgar, Norman M.  
 Ballie, David W. Jr.  
 Baucocom, William H.  
 Behrens, Warren D.  
 Bennett, Alton W.  
 Bivona, Joseph P. Jr.  
 Breuer, Adam A.  
 Briggs, Philipp M.  
 Buzzell, Harold W.  
 Cherry, Edgar W.



Chesnut, George J.  
 Cohen, Melvin  
 Cottone, Gerard  
 Creasey, Hubert H.  
 Cross, Harry W.  
 Demopoulos, George  
 Derryberry, Quentin M.  
 Dyke, Donald L.  
 Elliot, William E.  
 Emery, Duncann M.  
 Esgitt, William  
 Finn, Robert H.



Fraser, William P.  
 Freeman, Charles P.  
 Gale, Menfred  
 Gallagher, Bernhard A.  
 Galliazzi, Joseph  
 Gladstone, Erwin  
 Gluck, Julius R.  
 Goebeler, Frederick J. Jr.  
 Gregory, Ernest T.  
 Gregory, Maxwell E.  
 Griffin, David  
 Grossetti, Victor E.



★ BRONZE STAR MEDAL WITH FIRST CLUSTER ★

Hale, William T.  
 Hanifin, William T.  
 Hayes, Millard B.  
 Hernandez, Manuel S.  
 Heuberger, Newton J.  
 Hoth, Robert C.  
 Huston, Arthur J. Jr.  
 Jackson, Richard F.  
 La Fleur, Richard H.  
 Levy, Louis E.  
 Lively, Howard L.  
 Mathews, Charles P.  
 Maushardt, Robert E.  
 Megna, Mark I.  
 Michaels, Lloyd O. Jr.  
 Moss, Robert G.

Newberry, Donald E.  
 Oliva, Vincent J.  
 Ovitt, Everette W.  
 Pacion, Henry G.  
 Pedersen, Edwin G.  
 Pendleton, George C.  
 Peplinski, Ray J.  
 Perry, John G.  
 Personette, Howard E.  
 Ponder, Charles M.  
 Reid, Jack  
 Reynolds, Clifford F. Jr.  
 Roth, Jerrold  
 Rubank, George B.  
 Sanfilippo, Jack J.  
 Sebastiano, John C.

Sessions, Roy B.  
 Shea, Vincent J.  
 Sheets, Ralph W.  
 Shields, James P.  
 Snyder, Ray H.  
 Stewart, Ralph L.  
 Taylor, Bennett D. Jr.  
 Terss, Robert H.  
 Walters, Norman F.  
 Williams, Jack  
 Wilson, Fred M.  
 Witt, Scott J.  
 Yeamans, John J.  
 Young, Herbert E.

BRONZE STAR MEDAL

Abraham, Michael  
 Ackermann, George M. Jr.  
 Adameck, Charles S.  
 Adkins, Coleman  
 Admas, Paul  
 Alberts, Andrew  
 Alexander, William N.  
 Alheim, Louis G. Jr.  
 Allen, Nicholas  
 Allen, Edwin M.  
 Allen, Hugh, D.  
 Allin, Charles W.  
 Alters, Albert  
 Altieri, Anthony P.  
 Anderson, Donald W.  
 Anderson, John A.  
 Angier, Robert W.  
 Angus, David W.  
 Araujo, Victor M.  
 Archuletta Frank V.  
 Argiris, Angelo C.  
 Arndt, Albert K.  
 Asay, Fred B.  
 Atwater, John E.  
 Aughey, John L.  
 Augustyniak, Henry S.  
 Austin, Irvin C.

Babb, Leslie, J.  
 Bader, Henry L. Jr.  
 Baker, Elmer E.  
 Baker, Meril C.  
 Ballie, David W. Jr.  
 Bambrick, William E.  
 Bannan, Charles J.  
 Barr, Robert W.  
 Barry, Richard M.  
 Bartomioli, Ennio P.  
 Bashore, Jay L.  
 Basile, Anthony J.  
 Basler, George J.  
 Bass, Michael A.  
 Battista, Liberato D.  
 Batrus, Frederick E.  
 Baucom, Henry C.  
 Baucom, William H.  
 Beaver, Charles E.  
 Bechthold, William E.  
 Bederski, Richard J.  
 Begley, Desmond L.  
 Behrens, Warren D.  
 Bell, Edgar R.  
 Belongia, Joseph F.  
 Benda, Charles R.  
 Bennett, Alton W.

Bennett, Donald E.  
 Bennett, Judson P.  
 Bennett, Johan T.  
 Bentley, Byron D.  
 Benton, Henry F.  
 Benton, Robert C.  
 Benton, Rodney C.  
 Berg, William J.  
 Betsworth, Maurice L.  
 Bett, William J.  
 Biever, Vernon J.  
 Binkley, Robert F.  
 Birger, Thomas E.  
 Biskup, George E.  
 Biunno, Michael J.  
 Bivona, Joseph P. Jr.  
 Blanchini, Joseph J.  
 Blanchard, Charles W.  
 Bledsoe, William W.  
 Blood, Charles A.  
 Blumenthal, Irving  
 Boatwright, Oscar J.  
 Boban, George J.  
 Bociiek, Edward J.  
 Bodin, John A.  
 Boehms, Sam H.  
 Boerstler, Montie H.  
 Bogan, Sam  
 Boggs, William G.  
 Bohannon, Lee S.  
 Bohner, William G.  
 Boratko, John  
 Bosc, Paul G.  
 Bower, Irving W.  
 Bower, Warren C.  
 Boyce, Charles P.  
 Bozzo, August R.  
 Bradley, John J.  
 Bradley, Louis E.  
 Brandano, Daniel J.  
 Brayall, Russell  
 Breidigan, Walter C.  
 Brenner, George F.  
 Briel, Robert F.  
 Briesemeister, Edward F.  
 Brigandi, Ralph J.  
 Briggs, Philipp M.  
 Broitman, Ralph  
 Brouder, Robert G.  
 Brown, Carl E.  
 Brown, Hubert D.  
 Brown, Wallace E.  
 Browne, Robert J.  
 Bruner, Donald W.  
 Brunker, William T.  
 Brunnett, Robert J.

Bruno, George  
 Bruzonski, Gordon L.  
 Buettner, Arthur  
 Bull, Walter L.  
 Bulliard, Robert L.  
 Buonanno, Eugene F.  
 Burke, Ernie S.  
 Burnett, Boyd V.  
 Burzycki, Edmond  
 Bush, Frank J.  
 Busler, Wilbur J.  
 Butler, Tobert J.  
 Butrico, John A.  
 Buzzell, Harold W.  
 Byrd, George D.  
  
 Cacace, Joseph  
 Calacer, Vaughan E. Jr.  
 Callahan, Thomas J.  
 Champion, Tonan W.  
 Campoux, Francis L.  
 Cantrell, Weldon B.  
 Capderoque, Michel  
 Caplinger, Omer C.  
 Capone, Anthony W.  
 Cardona, David  
 Cardoza, Stanley T.  
 Carey, Thomas F.  
 Carlson, Roy G.  
 Caron, Roland  
 Carter, John E.  
 Caschera, Vincent  
 Cassiani, Cante E.  
 Cassiere, Richard A.  
 Cation, Paul C.  
 Cawley, Herbert C.  
 Caudillo, Ruben A.  
 Cesarek, John B.  
 Chamberlain, Harold  
 Chery, Edgar W.  
 Chestnut, Albert F.  
 Chestnut, George J.  
 Chevront, Russell  
 Chin, Ark G.  
 Christensen, Robert H.  
 Chuey, Joseph T.  
 Ciampichini, Elmer J.  
 Cipriano, Methew J.  
 Clayton, James A.  
 Cline, Lacy E.  
 Coburn, Winston G.  
 Cochran, Elwin H.  
 Cohen, Melvin  
 Cohen, Abraham D.  
 Collins, James V.

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BRONZE STAR MEDAL  
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Collins, Joseph F. Jr.  
Colson, Conrad H.  
Conforti, Michael N.  
Conlon, Edward F.  
Connors, Robert T.  
Conrey, Lawrence A.  
Conroy, Clarence R.  
Cook, Benni R.  
Cook, Henry  
Cook, John H.  
Cook, John J.  
Cook, Milton G.  
Cook, Ryland W.  
Coons, De Witt N.  
Coons, Edwin R.  
Cooper, Donald R.  
Coplín, Grady  
Corbin, Roy  
Cordozo, Stanley T.  
Corley, T. L.  
Corley, Lynch B. Jr.  
Cornellius, Arthur  
Cote, Le Roy J.  
Cottone, Gerard  
Course, Alfred W.  
Cox, Paul  
Cox, Thurston E.  
Cramer, Robert E.  
Cranmer, William E.  
Creasny, Hubert H.  
Crombie, Robert A.  
Cross, Earl, L.  
Cross, Harry W.  
Cunningham, Edwin C.  
Cupton, Rye C.  
Curtis, Julius N.  
Cuthbert, Leonard E.  
Cyr, Robert C. St.  
C'Addario, Anthony R.

Dale, Raymond E.  
Daley, Eugene W.  
Dalonas, John  
Damewood, Lloyd D.  
Dane, George W.  
Daroczy, Charles A.  
D'Arpino, Samuel F.  
Daugherty, Lucius L.  
Davis, Howard H.  
Davis, Robert M.  
Davis, Threkell M.  
Davis, Wilbert  
Dawe, George  
Day, John W.  
Deason, Wallace R.  
Decker, John P.  
De Fusco, Ernesto  
Degarimore, Edward E.  
De Garmo, Arthur  
De Haven, Marcellus E.  
Delewski, John S.  
Del Mese, Julius  
Dembeck, Leonhard R.  
Dement, Albert M.  
Demopoulos, George  
De Palma, James A.  
Derryberry, Wuentin M.  
Deseafanis, Richard E.  
De Simone, Anthony  
Desroches, Andrew  
De Wall, Kermit B.  
Dewis, Robert M.  
Dian, Charles L.  
Diaz, Jose De J.  
Dickey, Lowell W.  
Diehl, Kenneth O.  
Dilendick, Stephen  
Dister, Frank  
Dix, Raymond  
Dobbs, Walter A.

Dodd, Harry J.  
Dodge, Richard F.  
Doherty, Michael  
Dombrowski, Henry S.  
Donaghey, Manson A.  
Dondero, Joseph J.  
Donnelly, James A.  
Douda, Stanley  
Douglas, Robert H.  
Dowdy, Allen T.  
Dowling, John E.  
Doyle, Samuel C.  
Drew, Howard D.  
Drumm, Denis W.  
Du Bois, Donald  
Dunay, Milton  
Durant, Albert J.  
Durgin, Charles E.  
Dwhurst, Frederick A.  
Dyke, Donald L.  
Dzuba, John Jr.

Eames, Eugene J.  
Earl, Richard V.  
Ebert, Carl H.  
Eddy, Dwight K.  
Edelbach, Albert N.  
Edwards, Winfred  
Eger, Daniel  
Ehret, Herbert L.  
Elliot, Warden B.  
Elliot, William L.  
Emery, Duncan M.  
English, John P.  
Ensign, Edwin L.  
Erquiaga, Fernando  
Errera, Samuel J.  
Errickson, Harold B.  
Escalera, Miguel  
Estep, Hasfor R.  
Estes, Glenn  
Etchison, Roy  
Eubank, George R.  
Evans, James C.  
Everhart, Melvin M.  
Evert, Harry F.

Fager, Harold A.  
Fair, Robert R.  
Falsetto, Joseph A.  
Feinberg, Sidney  
Fellerman, Seymour E.  
Felker, Edwin R.  
Fels, Curt J.  
Fenklestein, Leonard  
Fenstermacher, Edgar R.  
Feragola, Vincent J.  
Ferguson, Bernard H.  
Ferguson, Joseph W.  
Fernbach, Donald J.  
Ferris, Paul  
Ferrari, John J. Jr.  
Fett, Ronald R.  
Fetterolf, Chester  
Fields, Raymond  
Fike, James E.  
Fink, George H.  
Finn, James F.  
Finn, Robert H.  
Finney, Dale D.  
Firesheets, William T.  
Fischer, Glenwood  
Fischl, Frank J.  
Fisher, Lowell L.  
Fisher, Paul F.  
Flanagan, Harry G.  
Flaum, Salem M.  
Fleck, Carl E.  
Fliger, Eddi M.  
Fly, Earle D.

Flynn, Johann J.  
Foisy, Roland T.  
Foley, Edward J.  
Fortner, Archie L.  
Fraley, Chester  
Frame, Claude P.  
Francisco, Edwin B.  
Fraser, Robert A.  
Fraser, William P.  
Freeman, Charles P.  
Freitag, Norman D.  
French, John E.  
French, Theodore E.  
Friedlander, Leonard E.  
Frint, Charles R.  
Fritz, Leo F.  
Froio, Franc  
Funaro, Angelo J.

Gabriel, Gemari, George J.  
Gacek, Stanley E.  
Gagnon, George A.  
Galagan, Herbert A.  
Gale, Manfred  
Galiazzi, Joseph  
Galidas, Panos  
Galipo, Charles  
Gallagher, Bernard A.  
Galloway, James R.  
Gardner, Oscar A.  
Garmon, Bayce  
Garner, George W.  
Garnier, George A.  
Garrett, Curley P.  
Garvey, George T.  
Gasazza, Edward G.  
Gates, James E.  
Geese, Albert G.  
Geib, Walter J.  
Gerry, Henry E.  
Geistman, Harold J.  
Giannini, Dominik J.  
Gibson, Jefferson  
Gihl, Carl A.  
Gilbert, Donald T.  
Gilbert, Robert S.  
Gill, Alfonzo P.  
Gladstone, Ervin  
Gloyna, Walter  
Gluck, Julius  
Goland, David  
Goldberg, Bernard  
Goldman, Charles B.  
Goebeler, Frederick J.  
Goodnight, William C.  
Goddrich, Thomas K.  
Gouveis, Seraphine F.  
Grady, Roy L.  
Graff, William  
Graham, Jack C.  
Grandusky, Howard  
Grant, George D. Jr.  
Grant, James R.  
Grant, William J.  
Greaves, William E.  
Green, Clarence G. Jr.  
Green, Roland J.  
Green, Vernon  
Greene, Leo R.  
Greer, Joseph H.  
Gregory, Ernest T.  
Gregory, Maxwell E.  
Griffin, David  
Griffin, Raymond W.  
Griffith, Malcolm F.  
Griffith, William A.  
Grimes, Chester O.  
Grimmie, Richard E.  
Grinnel, Roy W.  
Grossetti, Victor E.

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BRONZE STAR MEDAL  
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Grunke, Eric B.  
Guice, Raymond A.  
Gullborg, Harry E.  
Gupton, Rye C.  
Gurien, Harvey  
Gurley, Franklin L.  
Gutierrez, Augustine  
Gutierrez, Christopher A.  
Hackling, William H.  
Hadik, Joseph E.  
Hakala, Robert W.  
Hale, William C.  
Hall, Earl F.  
Hall, Homer H.  
Hall, Howard A. Jr.  
Hallenstein, Ralph H.  
Hallmann, William E.  
Hammond, Floyd R.  
Hanifan, William T.  
Hannewald, Carl R.  
Hansen, Joseph A.  
Hanson, Erneult H.  
Hardister, James M.  
Hargrave, Robert D.  
Harlamon, John L.  
Haprer, James L.  
Harrell, Noan G.  
Harris, Alfred S. Jr.  
Harris, James  
Hart, Eldred S.  
Harte, James J.  
Hartman, William H.  
Harvey, Rohde F.  
Harwood, Robert L.  
Hase, John R.  
Haslam, Horace J.  
Hasselschwert, James L.  
Hatfield, Gene L.  
Havens, George J.  
Havens, George S.  
Hawes, Joseph W.  
Hawkins, James R.  
Hayes, Millard B.  
Hayes, Thomas J.  
Haynes, Clarence W.  
Haynie, Wakerlin W.  
Hays, Kenneth A.  
Heady, James T.  
Healy, William T. Jr.  
Hellard, Ben H.  
Helsley, Davis  
Hema, Thomas F.  
Henderson, C. H.  
Henderson, Geald R.  
Hennigan, Patrick C.  
Herlihy, Robert E.  
Hernandes, Manuel S.  
Heron, John Jr.  
Hershberg, Leonard  
Hess, John R.  
Hetzer, Harris  
Heuberger, Newton J.  
Hickey, John M.  
Hicojosa, Francisco  
Higgins, James C.  
Hileman, Charles R.  
Hill, Ralph R.  
Hill, Roy N.  
Himmelfarb, Sam  
Hinojosa, Francisco  
Hinton, Royce A.  
Hoff, Clarence  
Hoffman, Linwood R.  
Hojan, Alvie J.  
Hojan, Robert  
Hojenboom, Charles P.  
Holdy, Glen W.  
Holland, John G.  
Holmesm, Alan D.  
Himbrig, Ernest L.

Hopkins, Travis V.  
Horn, James P.  
Horowitz, Victor  
Hoshaw, Wilbur M.  
Hospoa, Frank E.  
Hoth, Robert C.  
Housler, Paul  
Howard, Thomas L.  
Howarth, Raymond S.  
Howe, John W. Jr.  
Howington, Robert M.  
Hubbard, Edward L.  
Huber, Paul E.  
Huber, Rober C.  
Hudgens, Arthur W. Jr.  
Hudgins, Robert E.  
Hudson, Willi  
Huggins, James F.  
Hull, Clarence F.  
Hummel, Ralph E.  
Hurat, Thomas B.  
Hurwitz, Ralph S.  
Huston, Arthur J. Jr.  
Hutto, Harold S.  
Ingsbauer, Robert T.  
Inman, Floyd B.  
Ireland, Eugene F.  
Jackson, Richard F.  
Jacober, John J. Jr.  
Jacobson, Harold R.  
James, Sam L.  
Jennett, Tommy  
Jeske, John F.  
Johnson, Arthur C.  
Johnson, Bernard M.  
Johnson, George G. Jr.  
Johnson, James L.  
Johnson, John W.  
Johnson, Robert S.  
Johnson, William M. Sr.  
Jones, Claude H. Jr.  
Jones, Edward  
Jones, John R.  
Jones, Samuel  
Jones, William H.  
Jonson, Gerarld A.  
Jordan, Vernard  
Joyner, William  
Juarez, Andrew G.  
Juarez, Robert C.  
Jurces, Anthony R.  
Kadison, Robert M.  
Kaefer, John A.  
Kanellos, Charles  
Kapsner, Alby J.  
Kasney, John M.  
Keblusek, Laddie J.  
Kedzierski, Joseph T.  
Keeling, Edward A. Jr.  
Kelleher, William T.  
Kelling, Edward A. Jr.  
Kellum, Joseph L.  
Kelly, Leo J.  
Kelly, Randall  
Kent, Earl L.  
Keserich, Rudolf  
Khoury, John M.  
Kimbler, Charles S.  
Kimm, James W.  
Kimmel, Glenn E.  
King, Frank E. Jr.  
Kington, Leslie J.  
Kinney, Raymond F.  
Kinzie, John F. M. C.  
Kiser, Raymond R.  
Kissamis, George E.  
Kivolek, Aley, A.  
Klein, Richard  
Knepfle, Harlan A.

Knoth, Howard W.  
Kobetich, Edward  
Kondra, Victor  
Koszarek, Thadeus J.  
Kouw, Robert J.  
Kramer, Ronald V.  
Kramer, Rudolf E.  
Krentzman, Louis  
Krukum, Marvin  
Kugelmeyer, Harold L.  
Kugler, Mark S.  
Kugawski, Bernard J.  
Kunstman, William E.  
Kurtz, Warren F.  
Kwolek, Alex A.  
Kyle, Robert F. Jr.  
Lacey, Thomas L.  
Lackey, Harrington A.  
La Corcia, Anthony  
Lafferty, Charles E.  
Lafferty, Samuel D.  
La Fleur, Richard H.  
Laincoln, Paul E.  
Lambert, Donald M.  
La Montagne, Henry E.  
Lampert, Harry D.  
Landa, Earl  
Landis, Raymond B.  
Lane, Porter  
Lang, Henry P.  
Langley, John C.  
Lala, Alexander J.  
Larsen, Kenneth B.  
Lathrop, Bertrand C.  
Latwinas, Albert M.  
Laurence, Richard G.  
Laurie, Louis G.  
Lavair, George W.  
Lavier, Alex F.  
Lawrence, Frank J.  
Lawson, Charles T.  
Lawson, Donald  
Lawson, John J.  
Layton, R. C.  
Lean, Eldon D. MC.  
Lee, Herbert F.  
Lee, Jack  
Leedham, Robert K.  
Leighton, William  
Lemorande, Leonard J.  
Lenz, Joseph W.  
Lentz, Bernard V.  
Leo, Anthony S.  
Leverett, Cecil E.  
Levitsky, Walter  
Levy, Eric  
Levy, Louis E.  
Lewis, William D.  
Liebsch, Paul A.  
Lindberg, James H.  
Lippert, Bernard  
Lively, Howard L.  
Lloyd, Stanley L.  
Lockhart, Jack M.  
Loeper, Donald J.  
Loeble, Jakob F.  
Lonas, Bernard L.  
Long, Homer S.  
Long, Robert W.  
Long, Vernon A.  
Lothian, James R.  
Lovre, Robert J.  
Lugo, Bob S.  
Lu Priore, Anthony M.  
Lyerly, Ralph H.  
Lykins, David O.  
Lyman, Frederick  
Lyman, William  
Lynch, Robert E.

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BRONZE STAR MEDAL

McAneney, George G.  
 McAlexander, Wallace R.  
 McClellan, William T. Jr.  
 McCormick, Joseph D. Jr.  
 McCuffey, Charles W.  
 McDonald, Melville J.  
 McDonnel, Charles L.  
 McGee, William C.  
 McGrady, Harold E.  
 McGregor, Malcolm D.  
 McIntyre, Raymond J. Jr.  
 McIntyre, Stuart H.  
 McIntyre, Willis C.  
 McKay, Ralph E.  
 McLaughlin, Edward J.  
 McManus, Roy L.  
 McNevin, Gurdon  
 McVicar, Roy W.  
 Macario, Antonio J.  
 Macklem, William H.  
 Majeski, Joseph A.  
 Makarovich, Walter J.  
 Maki, Issac E.  
 Malconey, Edward J.  
 Maneri, Joseph A.  
 Maness, Onnis H.  
 Mangarano, Clarence  
 Manley, William O.  
 Mansell, Lawrence E.  
 Marafino, John A.  
 Marco, Dominik J.  
 Marino, Bruno J.  
 Marone, Louis G.  
 Martin, Ray G.  
 Martin, Wayne  
 Massey, Walter  
 Mathews, Charles P.  
 Matrafailo, Paul G.  
 Nauney, J. D.  
 Maushardt, Robert E.  
 Mayer, Glenn E.  
 Mazzey, Pete L.  
 Meck, Delma R.  
 Megna, Park  
 Mejia, Santiago U.  
 Melillo, Daniel  
 Merkle, Eugene C.  
 Messina, Anthony G.  
 Metcalf, Norwood J.  
 Metro, Jack D.  
 Meyer, Frank A.  
 Meza, Juan  
 Mezzanotte, Fontaine L.  
 Michaels, Lloyd Jr.  
 Michel, Aristodemo  
 Miele, Vito L.  
 Miglino, Michael  
 Milby, Luther W.  
 Mills, Fred W. Jr.  
 Mills, Milo F.  
 Milne, John R.  
 Mink, Elmer H.  
 Minkoff, Max  
 Minnis, James E.  
 Mitchell, Vincent  
 Mitchell, Williard  
 Mittman, Boris  
 Mizar, John J.  
 Moffit, George K.  
 Moitosa, Anthony Jr.  
 Mollisse, Vito J.  
 Montgomery, Richard W. Jr.  
 Moore, Bernard O.  
 Moore, John  
 Moore, Ragene M.  
 Morgan, James W.  
 Morgan, Kenneth M.  
 Morof, Jack  
 Morrell, Antony G.  
 Morris, Richard E.

Morrow, Billy M.  
 Moskowitz, Horace  
 Moss, Robert G.  
 Motley, Julien C.  
 Mount, Joseph O.  
 Munty, John C.  
 Murdoch, Loyall E. Jr.  
 Myers, Earl P.  
 Myers, Eskel

Nageotte, Joseph L.  
 Nails, William C.  
 Naive, John J.  
 Nason, Condes C.  
 Neal, Williard V.  
 Neerberry, Donald L.  
 Neher, Robert L.  
 Nelson, John W.  
 Newhouse, Donald J.  
 Nicholas, Stuart W.  
 Nielsen, Rolf E.  
 Norwood, Howard  
 Novocain, Walter J.  
 Nowotny, Marcel W.

O'Brien, John G.  
 O'Brien, Robert J.  
 O'Connell, Edgar J.  
 Ogle, Junior P.  
 O'Hara, William H.  
 O'Keefe, John W.  
 Oliva, Vincent  
 Olsen, Marcus C.  
 Olsen, Vernon H.  
 Olsofsky, Joseph  
 O'Malley, Francis  
 Ong, William T. Jr.  
 O'Neile, Joseph  
 Orbanus, Martin  
 Orris, Lester L.  
 Ostermiller, Virgil R.  
 Overstreet, Alfred H.  
 Overton, Robsin  
 Ovitt, Everette  
 Owens, Thomas F.  
 Ozebek, Julius

Pace, Mario E.  
 Pacion, Henry G.  
 Page, Richard D.  
 Pajewski, Henry J.  
 Panos, William G.  
 Pappas, John O.  
 Parenteau, Real L.  
 Parker, Ben J.  
 Parker, James R.  
 Parr, David  
 Parkes, Richard C.  
 Parris, Haroly  
 Pascoline, Jack A.  
 Pasquale, Anthony W.  
 Pate, Marreitt R.  
 Paterson, Jack W.  
 Paterson, William H.  
 Paulin, Evariste J.  
 Paulson, Howard K.  
 Payne, James E.  
 Pazera, Anthony F.  
 Peadew, Andrew G.  
 Pearson, Raymond Jr.  
 Pedemonte, Alexander B.  
 Pedersen, Edwin G.  
 Pedersen, Erwin G.  
 Penney, William H.  
 Peo, Julius J.  
 Peplinski, Ray J.  
 Perguson, Ralph P.  
 Perry, John G.

Perry, Lester G.  
 Perryman, Kibry D.  
 Persan, Edgar R.  
 Personette, Howard E.  
 Peters, James E.  
 Pettee, Daniel S.  
 Petterolf, Chester M.  
 Phipps, Bradley C.  
 Philipps, Edward J.  
 Piacenti, Mark A.  
 Picard, Ralph J.  
 Pickens, Benjamin R.  
 Pike, Boyd R.  
 Piontkowsky, John L.  
 Pirtle, Charles A.  
 Pizzo, Vincent W.  
 Plounde, Leon J.  
 Poggioli, Peter  
 Poling, Floyd C.  
 Ponder, Charles M.  
 Poole, Le Foy H.  
 Porter, Chester D. Jr.  
 Porter, Jack E.  
 Potter, John J.  
 Powell, Andrew  
 Powell, James R.  
 Prather, Charles G.  
 Prather, Herb D.  
 Prather, John C. Jr.  
 Prator, Louis R.  
 Prestridge, William  
 Price, Daniel M.  
 Price, Hugh P.  
 Priest, Robert J.  
 Proctor, William S.  
 Prunavera, James A.  
 Prysi, Henry F.  
 Pudlo, Edmund T.  
 Pulkas, Walter W.  
 Punaro, Angelo J.  
 Purezinsky, Julius O.

Quiggle, James W.  
 Quigley, James B.  
 Quinlan, Martin V.  
 Qumby, Otis C.

Racke, Chester A.  
 Radin, Jack  
 Radwan, Edward A.  
 Raggiani, John  
 Rahn, Leon N.  
 Rainault, George G.  
 Raithel, Ernest  
 Raithel, Ernest J.  
 Raymer, James B.  
 Read, Charles W. Jr.  
 Recktenwald, Norbert J.  
 Reeves, Ralph L.  
 Reid, Jack  
 Reilla, John P.  
 Reilly, John H.  
 Reilly, John P.  
 Reilly, William F.  
 Reis, James F.  
 Reisor, Bertis E.  
 Remchan, Edward J.  
 Remior, William C.  
 Resnick, Sam L.  
 Reynolds, Clifford E.  
 Rice, Herbert D.  
 Rice, William H.  
 Richard, Leonard C.  
 Richey, Ray E.  
 Richolson, Orville J. Jr.  
 Ricker, Carrol  
 Riley, Mike H.  
 Rilovich, John A.  
 Roal, John W.

BRONZE STAR MEDAL

Rode, John Stuart  
 Rodkey, Joseph E.  
 Rogers, William H.  
 Rohde, Harvey F.  
 Root, Thomas M.  
 Rosemann, Lawrence J.  
 Rosenthal, Charles  
 Ross, Benjamin F.  
 Ross, Hilliard  
 Ross, Lawrence T.  
 Roth, Gene E.  
 Roth, Jerrold  
 Roth, John M.  
 Rudin, Sidney  
 Rule, Kenneth, O.  
 Rupert, Ray M.  
 Rusche, Richard O.  
 Russo, Nicholas  
 Ryan, Harold H.  
 Rybiski, Thaddeus N.  
 Ryder, Thomas R.  
  
 Saldana, Reynqulev D.  
 Salmi, Floyd C.  
 Sammartano, Philip G.  
 Samplawsk, Marvin J.  
 Sanchez, Joe  
 Sanders, Charles R.  
 Sanfacon, Lewis  
 Sanfilippo, Jack J.  
 Santus, William R.  
 Sarner, John R.  
 Sartori, Robert C.  
 Savage, Robert L.  
 Savago, George L.  
 Savino, Anthony  
 Saunders, Cleveland N.  
 Scarpa, Donald A.  
 Schafer, Benjamin F.  
 Scheuerman, Frederick J.  
 Schindle, Rudolf H.  
 Schneider, Thomson  
 Scholten, Morris J.  
 Schulte, Joseph H.  
 Schuyler, Raymond H.  
 Schwartz, Kenneth A.  
 Scollin, Warren R.  
 Sebastiano, John G.  
 Sebsions, Roy B.  
 Sees, Roy D.  
 Sefino, Russell M.  
 Selm, Edward  
 Sessler, Clair W.  
 Shade, Thomas G.  
 Shaffer, Don K.  
 Shapiro, Milton A.  
 Shaw, Richard E.  
 Shea, Vincent J.  
 Shega, Edward J.  
 Shemwell, Elwood H.  
 Shields, James  
 Short, Levon S.  
 Shufro, Harmon S.  
 Shuman, Benjamin  
 Shuman, Robert M.  
 Shuster, Herbert  
 Sicard, Victor A.  
 Sizzo, Warren J.  
 Sichta, Clifford J.  
 Siegel, Saul M.  
 Siegler, George A.  
 Sielawd, John B.  
 Siemasko, Alphonse W.  
 Simeni, Anthony  
 Simmons, Roy E.  
 Simone, Anthony  
 Simons, Robert  
 Sinclair, Joe S.  
 Single, George M.  
 Sirvetz, Marshal H.

Sivieri, Landro A.  
 Sisca, Joseph S.  
 Sisco, Russell W.  
 Siske, Boyden C. Jr.  
 Sisson, George W.  
 Sjolander, Herbert A.  
 Skibe, Eugene J.  
 Skinner, Frederick J.  
 Sklar, Eugene  
 Sleigh, Robert G.  
 Smith, Adair A.  
 Smith, Alex J.  
 Smith, Anthony  
 Smith, Fred  
 Smith, James E.  
 Smith, Lee E.  
 Smith, Loy L.  
 Smith, Loyd J.  
 Smith, Robert V.  
 Smith, Walter E.  
 Smith, William P.  
 Smitz, Melvin F.  
 Smitz, Raymond L.  
 Smulski, Michael W.  
 Smythe, Walter F.  
 Snipes, James C.  
 Snook, Orvis N.  
 Snow, Francis C.  
 Snow, Michael  
 Snyder, Ray H.  
 Sobodacha, Joseph  
 Sodie, Herman L.  
 Sohlter, John B. Jr.  
 Sohlman, Leonard A.  
 Sokolowski, John J.  
 Soldano, Frank J.  
 Solovey, Russell  
 Somerville, James S.  
 Sommers, George W.  
 Sorensen, Kenneth N.  
 Sorrells, Granford M.  
 Soucy, Rene H.  
 Sowell, Sidney J.  
 Spencer, William D.  
 Spenilla, Ross  
 Spiegel, George F.  
 Spittler, Clarence L.  
 Spratt, David M.  
 Sproull, Theodore  
 Squillante, Castano  
 Stafford, John E.  
 Stanley, Charles E.  
 Stark, Robert B.  
 St. Cyr, Robert C.  
 Stein, Joseph  
 Steingruby, Harry B.  
 Stevens, Arnold H.  
 Stewart, Ralph L.  
 Stimens, Alfred C.  
 Stites, Joseph E.  
 Stitman, Charles J.  
 Stone, Charles R.  
 Store, Edward W.  
 Strattman, Caroll C.  
 Street, Lowell G. Jr.  
 Strickland, Rudolph S.  
 Stritmatter, Ralph E.  
 Stroebel, Otto D.  
 Stucky, Oliver C.  
 Sukuskas, Stanley J.  
 Sullivan, John R. Jr.  
 Sullivan, Michael J.  
 Sullivan, William A.  
 Surman, Stephen J.  
 Sussman, Moris R.  
 Sutton, Clarence L.  
 Swartz, Forrest W.  
 Sweeney, Aubery C. Jr.  
 Sweeney, Thomas F.  
 Sweitzer, John T.

Swesey, Vernard O.  
 Swift, David M.  
 Swosinski, Daniel R.  
 Syverson, Carl L.  
  
 Tabisel, Salomon  
 Taft, Adon C.  
 Talbert, Robert H.  
 Tanhoff, Robert F.  
 Taylor, Bennet D.  
 Taylor, Benned D. Jr.  
 Taylor, Donald G.  
 Terrien, Clement  
 Terrs, Robert H.  
 Terwilliger, Elmer J.  
 Thomas, Nathaniel W.  
 Thomas, Warren K.  
 Thomson, Earl G.  
 Thomson, Worth H.  
 Thornburg, Karl S.  
 Thomton, Roger S.  
 Thorsted, Raymond C.  
 Tidwell, Charles E.  
 Todd, Otis M.  
 Toller, Ivary E.  
 Tomlinson, Francis R.  
 Tomlinson, Robert P.  
 Toner, William F. Jr.  
 Trapani, Richard  
 Trevisan, Nello A.  
 Trippler, Alfred  
 Tripplet, William H.  
 Trull, Ishmael H.  
 Tupper, Arthur W.  
 Turner, Garland B.  
 Turnquist, Edwin C.  
 Tweedie, David W.  
 Tychsen, Andrew C.  
 Tyre, Joseph D.  
  
 Ufen, Charles H.  
 Ullman, Arthur  
 Underwood, Horward E.  
 Unger, Arthur W.  
 Urdahl, Robert W.  
  
 Vadavic, Milan  
 Valliere, Alphonse J.  
 Vance, William H.  
 Van der Schaaf, Lester H.  
 Vanelli, Robert F.  
 Van Lanen, Cyrill P.  
 Vann, Roy T.  
 Vaughan, Floyd J.  
 Vender, Robert  
 Vermise, Lyle P.  
 Vernon, Paul  
 Verrill, Herbert S.  
 Vicari, Joseph C.  
 Viera, Julius J.  
 Vladimer, Isidore  
 Vollrath, Gene  
 Volz, Elmer  
 Vorce, Raymond B.  
  
 Wade, Raymond B.  
 Wadler, Marvin  
 Wagner, Joseph A.  
 Walden, James G.  
 Walker, James L. Jr.  
 Walker, Lawrence E.  
 Wall, Robert  
 Wall, William E.  
 Walsh, James B.  
 Walsh, James J.  
 Walsh, Tom J.  
 Walters, Norman F.  
 Walton, William B.  
 Warfield, Carroll W.  
 Warner, Donald

★  
BRONZE STAR MEDAL  
★

Watmuff, Walter A.  
Waxman, Donald A.  
Weatherspoon, Dicie L.  
Weaver, Cornelius A.  
Webb, Allion B.  
Weber, John  
Webster, Charles S.  
Weddle, John R.  
Weed, Emmett S.  
Weickel, Harold F.  
Weierstall Gunther Y.  
Weinberger, Ernest F.  
Weiss, Arthur S.  
Weiss, Joseph F.  
Welch, John C.  
Welke, Richard A.  
Werner, Elmer A.  
Weslex, Joe J.  
Wesson, William T.  
Westrick, Robert E.  
Whitacre, Roy L.  
Whitaker, Harry M.  
Whitaker, Kenneth D.  
Whitehead, Carl  
White, Eugene G.  
White, John N.  
White, Marshal L.  
White, Robert A.  
Whitley, Berry B.  
Whitmarsh, Lloyd  
Wiacek, Joseph J.

Wicykoski, Edward  
Wiese, Milton L. Jr.  
Wilkinson, Kenneth W.  
William, Jack L.  
Williams, Earnest J.  
Williams, Hewitt E.  
Williams, Jack  
Williams, Jack L.  
Williams, John T.  
Williams, Joseph C.  
Williams, Marshal E.  
Williams, Robert J.  
Williams, Samuel D.  
Wilson, Arlan E.  
Wilson, Blake W.  
Wilson, Burl C.  
Wilson, Edward G.  
Wilson, Fred M.  
Winitzky, Martin  
Winkler, Virgil A.  
Winterfield, Edward  
Wisniewski, Frank J.  
Witt, Scott J.  
Wittcoff, Irvin  
Wobig, Glen D.  
Wohlens, Richard W.  
Wolicki, Norman A.  
Wood, Ernest R.  
Wood, Harry C.  
Wood, Muriel J.  
Wood, William M.

Worsham, Thomas F.  
Wright, Andrew J.  
Wright, James  
Wright, James M.  
Wunderlich, Charles C.

Yeamans, John H.  
Yearsley, Evan Y.  
Young, Herbert  
Young, Julius  
Young, Richard G.  
Youngson, William F.  
Yurcho, Michael J.  
Yusavitz, Carl R.

Zalcha, Andy  
Zanelli, Alfred A.  
Zavatzky, Josef M.  
Zehner, Elery M.  
Zenar, Oliver B.  
Zent, Kenneth V.  
Zieman, Charles R.  
Zimmerly, Jere M.  
Zimmerman, James W.  
Zimmerman, James L. Jr.  
Zinn, John B. Jr.  
Zona, Carl J.  
Zucchini, Vincent A.  
Zuis, John J.  
Zuvella, Tony J.

★  
THIRD PURPLE HEART CLUSTER  
★

Becraft, Harold T.

★  
SECOND PURPLE HEART CLUSTER  
★

Becraft, Harold T.  
Duncan, James, E.  
Munz, Richard E.  
Radin, Jack  
Urdahl, Robert W.  
Williams, Jack

★  
FIRST PURPLE HEART CLUSTER  
★

Bacchi, Benjamin J.  
Becraft, Harold T.  
Bowser, Walter  
Burkhater, John Z.  
Carter, John D.  
Chawaga, Stephan  
Daledovich, Charles  
Del Mese, Julius  
Di Battista, Liberato  
Dodd, Ruben E.  
Duncan, James E.  
Earl, Richard V.  
Eger, Daniel M.  
Everett, George W.  
Faus, Robert  
Fonda, Erwin R.  
Grady, Leo M.  
Griffin, David  
Grimmie, Richard E.  
Ham, Richard W.

Hasselschwert, James  
Hellard, Ben H.  
Hickey, John M.  
Jackson, Richard F.  
Jerding, Bernard B.  
Johnson, Bernard A.  
Johnson, Bernard M.  
Kahn, Adolf R.  
Kimbler, Charles S.  
Klomp, John L.  
Kreutzmann, Louis  
Kuntz, Joseph S.  
Laverty, William C.  
Lentz, Bernard V.  
Lorell, Donald  
McFaddin, Douglas  
Meza, Jaun  
Munz, Richard E.  
Murry, Peter J.  
O'Leary, Stephen B.

Paine, James G.  
Pendleton, George C.  
Persiani, Armando V.  
Prosser, Joe F.  
Radin, Jack  
Revere, Edward  
Robinson, Elmer W.  
Romero, Eniseto  
Sauchez, Joe  
Sandlin, Russel D.  
Shea, John W.  
Suead, Clifford A.  
Stone, Harry L.  
Taylor, Bennet D.  
Teasdale, Fred  
Thomas, Leonard L. C.  
Tyson, George F. Jr.  
Weiss, Arthur S.  
Young, Richard G.  
Zuvella, Tony J.

PURPLE HEART

Abott, Harrison L.  
Ackermann, George Mp.  
Adair, James A.  
Adams, Drue S.  
Adams, James J.  
Ahlborn, Robert P.  
Akana, Walter P.  
Alberta, Andrew  
Alexander, William N.  
Allen, Jeffrie L.  
Allison, Warren J.  
Anselmo, Bernhard T.  
Appleman, Paul E.  
Archer Edwin A.  
Ark, Chin  
Arney, Wilbur G.  
Aronson, Howard A.  
Ash, Frederick S.  
Atkinson, Richard S.  
Aylward, Merlin

Bacchi, Benjamin J.  
Bagget, James L.  
Bailey, Hugh  
Bailey, William J.  
Baldrige, Wallace R.  
Barranco, Jgacie  
Barranco, Igancio V.  
Barthelman, Burdett  
Barthley, William W.  
Basile, Anthony J.  
Bazilevich, William  
Beasley, Ross H.  
Beechler, Raymond  
Beck, Victor C.  
Becraft, Harold T.  
Bell, Edgar L.  
Bell, Edgar R.  
Bell, Ray W.  
Belongia, Joe F.  
Benda, Charles R.  
Bentley, Byron D.  
Bermond, Harold L.  
Berry, Paul E.  
Bilder, John C.  
Blackwell, Marlin E.  
Blair, Harold R.  
Bliss, James J.  
Bloomberg, Jason F.  
Blundell, Jack D.  
Bosc, Paul G.  
Boudreaux, Perry J.  
Bower, Irving W.  
Bowser, Walter J.  
Boyce, Charles P.  
Bradford, Samuel W.  
Brayall, Russell E.  
Brayman, Frank  
Breuer, Adam A.  
Briley, Harold L.  
Brockhoff, Lester T.  
Broitman, Ralph  
Brown, Hubert J.  
Brown, John A.  
Brown, Park L.  
Bruce, Herbert B.  
Bruce, Herbert C.  
Brzezinski, Virgil  
Buchanan, Robert B.  
Burkhalter, John Z.  
Butensky, Joseph  
Byram, Joseph R.

Cadile, Frank  
Calder, G. C.  
Calisch, Leroy V.

Calvert, Cecil B.  
Campion, Roman W.  
Capone, Anthony W.  
Cardozo, Stanley T.  
Carey, James F.  
Carter, John D.  
Chamberlain, Harold J. Jr.  
Chawaga, Stephen  
Chidnoff, Harold  
Chin, Ark  
Chin, Ark G.  
Christianson, Vernon L.  
Ciampichini, Emer J.  
Clemous, Corbin Jr.  
Clen, Arthur G.  
Clendendin, Ralph  
Codd, John E.  
Codino, Henry P.  
Cohen, Benjamin M.  
Cohen, Simon  
Colenian, Harold B.  
Collius, Francis C.  
Comwell, Harold  
Coney, Lawrence G.  
Connolly, Thomas E. Jr.  
Cook, Milton G.  
Corlew, John J.  
Cormwell, Wilbur D.  
Coursey, Alfred W.  
Courtney, Victor D.  
Cox, Paul A.  
Cox, Raymond W.  
Crockett, Arthur J.  
Croff, Karl G.  
Curley, James P.  
Currier, Claude Jr.  
Curry, Michael J.

D'Agunno, John  
Daledovich, Charles E.  
D'Ambrosia, Sam A.  
Davis, Archie C.  
Davis, Edward C.  
Davis, Howard H.  
Davis, Hugh, F.  
Davis, James V.  
Dean, Clarence W.  
Deason, Wallace R.  
Decker, John H.  
Deitrich, Donald W.  
Del Mese Julius  
De Loack, Charlesworth  
Dement, David G.  
Deming, Edward L. Jr.  
Demopoulos, George  
Dempsey, Joseph F.  
De Wald, Omar E.  
Diaz, Joseph  
Di Batista, Liberato  
Dickey, Lowell W.  
Diel, Max L.  
Di Lorenzo, Frank J.  
Di Mona, Nick R.  
Dodd, Ruben E.  
Dombroski, Peter F.  
Dowdy, Allment  
Duby, Perry K.  
Dyc, Hubert G.

Earl, Richard V.  
Eddy, Dwight K.  
Edwards, Robert J.  
Eger, Daniel M.  
Einhorn, William  
Elius, Edward W.  
Elkins, Edward N.

Elliot, William L.  
English, John P. Jr.  
Esler, Edward H.  
Eubank, George B.  
Evans, Thomas Qu. Jr.  
Everett, George W.  
Evert, Harry F.

Falchi, Anthony J.  
Falsetto, Joseph A.  
Farrel, Robert L.  
Farish, Thomas W.  
Faus, Robert  
Federke, John  
Fedik, Vincent J.  
Fetterolf, Chester M.  
Fink, George H.  
Fiorini, John  
Firesheets, William T.  
Fisher, Boyd W.  
Fitzgerald, Preston R.  
Follo, Rudolph  
Fouda, Erwin R.  
Foquet, Philip E.  
Fortman, Walter P.  
Fortner, Charley C.  
Foster, Lee R.  
Foster, Samuel V.  
Fox, Cecil F.  
Fox, Harland G.  
Frale, Chester  
Franklin, Howard M.  
Fritz, Leo F.  
Frizzell, Harvey M.  
Funston, John H.  
Furlow, William J.  
Furr, William R. Jr.

Gambale, Stanley  
Gardner, James J.  
Garnant, Raymond H.  
Gasazza, Edward G.  
Gedville, John J.  
Gennari, George J.  
George, Dowald M.  
Geosetti, Victor E.  
Giannini, Dominik J.  
Gilbert, Paul E.  
Gilbert, D. Ogles  
Gilfedder, Hugh  
Gill, Edward J.  
Gilpin, Paul F.  
Giordano, Peter  
Gladden, Oscar R. Jr.  
Gloyna, Walter A.  
Goatz, Robert A.  
Godsey, Gleu E.  
Gonterman, Thomas B.  
Goodnight, William C.  
Gordon, John L.  
Grady, Lee M.  
Grady, Leo M.  
Graham, Herbert L.  
Graff, John F.  
Grattoff, Mason S.  
Gratz, Daniel H.  
Gray, William F.  
Greco, Vincent P.  
Green, Roland N.  
Greene, Carl W.  
Greene, Leo R.  
Greet, Joseph H.  
Griffin, David  
Griffin, William T.  
Griffith, Jerke K.  
Grosrenor, Ray L.

PURPLE HEART

★

Grzetich, Joseph S.  
 Guest, Roy D.  
 Guest, Roy O.  
 Gullborg, Harry E.  
 Guntsch, James L.  
 Gurien, Harvey  
 Gusick, Charles  
 Gutierrez, Augustine

Haefele, Edwin T.  
 Hafner, William G.  
 Halgash, Lawrence J.  
 Hallenback, Edward R.  
 Hall, Olen A.  
 Hall, Raymond C.  
 Hall, Robert C.  
 Hambric, John W.  
 Hamer, Spencer D.  
 Hardister, James M.  
 Harlow, John N.  
 Hartford, Rex W.  
 Hartmann, William  
 Hass, Harold W.  
 Hasselschwert, James L.  
 Hatter, James L.  
 Hawthorne, Herbert R.  
 Hedges, Edwin M.  
 Heidenthal, Fred F.  
 Heil, Harold H.  
 Heiret, Robert L.  
 Heitzman, Harold A.  
 Helland, Ben H.  
 Hellard, Bon Hr.  
 Helsley, Javis  
 Hendershot, James W.  
 Herring, William H.  
 Herrling, William H.  
 Herman, Ernest C.  
 Hewhouse, Donald J.  
 Hickay, John M.  
 Hicks, Carl  
 Hilley, Charles J.  
 Hill, Howard G.  
 Hill, Jack M.  
 Hind, Alfred  
 Hock, Frederick D.  
 Hodge, Archie H.  
 Hoff, Clarence K.  
 Hoffmann, Thomas W.  
 Hollander, Harold J.  
 Hofstatter, Salomon  
 Holser, Howard D.  
 Holstein, Herbert C.  
 Hoon, Emory  
 Horton, Ben. R.  
 Horton, Ben. R. Bliss,  
 James J.  
 Hoth, Robert C.  
 Howe, Henry B. Jr.  
 Huffman, Belvin A.  
 Hughes, Dewey H.  
 Hull, Clarence F.  
 Hull, Virgil U.  
 Humphries, La Verne L.  
 Hutchison, William F.

Icia, Gerald F. Isom, J. P.  
 Jackson, Lonnie  
 Jacobs, Joseph  
 Jacobs, Joseph J.  
 Jacobs, Thomas F.  
 Jankins, Harold W.  
 Jannotto, Andrew J.  
 Jasilious, Joseph J.  
 Jellinghausen, John W.  
 Jennet, Tommy  
 Jennings, Dale G.  
 Jerding, Bernard P.  
 Jeske, John F.  
 Jetton, William B.

Johnson, Bernard M.  
 Johnson, John W.  
 Johnston, Curtis H.  
 Jones, Claude G.  
 Jones, Claude H.  
 Jones, George E.  
 Jones, James W.  
 Jones, Robert  
 Jones, Samuel T.  
 Jordan, Vernard  
 Juarez, Andrew G.  
 Jurcee, Anthony R.

Kappner, Alby J.  
 Karas, Richard J.  
 Karus, Joseph S.  
 Kelly, James T.  
 Kenney, Frederick  
 Kiele, Francis S.  
 Kimbler, Charles S.  
 Kimmel, Louis  
 Kimm, Howard F.  
 King, Norris D.  
 King, Ray A.  
 Kitchens, Beryl C.  
 Kivior, Henry  
 Kline, Calvin R.  
 Kline, Adolph  
 Kline, George A. Jr.  
 Knapp, George H.  
 Knox, Clarence K.  
 Kolopsky, Albert  
 Koppel, Powald H.  
 Korzec, Raymond  
 Kramer, Rudolph E.  
 Krause, Walter J.  
 Krentzmann, William E.  
 Kretsge, Lonard R.  
 Kuntz, Joseph S.  
 Kunstmann, William E.  
 Kurowski, Ben. J.  
 Kurtz, Warren F.  
 Kyle, Robert F.

Lacy, Finis G.  
 Lafferty, Samuel D. Jr.  
 Lamirand, Lloyd E.  
 Lampert, Harry D.  
 Landry, Wilson A.  
 Langley, John C.  
 Langridge, James S.  
 Lapa, Alexander J.  
 Larsen, Charles A.  
 Larson, Charles A.  
 Lathrop, Bertram C.  
 Laverty, William C.  
 Leddon, James E.  
 Lees, Arthur S.  
 Lennerton, Gerald F.  
 Lentz, Bernard V.  
 Leo, Anthony S.  
 Lewis, A. L. Jr.  
 Lindbergh, James H.  
 Lippert, Bernhard  
 Liudahl, Ordell A.  
 Lo Dolce, Guido  
 Lord, Nestor P.  
 Lowe, Sidney G.  
 Lowther, Edward M.  
 Lucas, William C.  
 Ludlow, Henry F.  
 Lunn, Viktor P.  
 Lutkins, William J.  
 Lysterly, Ralph H.  
 Lyman, William E.  
 Lynch, Michael W.  
 Lynich, Robert E.

Majeski, Joseph A.  
 Mallak, Marshall L.

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Malone, Roy T.  
 Mann, Christopher S.  
 Manor, William R. Jr.  
 Marino, Bruno J.  
 Martin, Thomas A.  
 Martines, Gilbert C.  
 Martino, William F.  
 Matthews, William F.  
 Matthews, Ben.  
 Mattson, Frederick J.  
 Maushardt, Robert L.  
 Mayer, Glenn E.  
 Maziarz, Edward A.  
 McAlexander, Wallace R.  
 McBane, Lester J.  
 McComb, Clarence I.  
 McDuffy, Martin M.  
 McFaddin, Douglas  
 McNeil, John E.  
 Megna, Mark A.  
 Meins, Harold L.  
 Melillo, Daniel  
 Messal, Farnum L.  
 Meza, Juan  
 Mick, Walter C.  
 Milanese, Joseph A.  
 Miles, Lester W.  
 Milewicz, Michael E.  
 Millraney, J. P.  
 Mineo, Ludovico Jr.  
 Mistrot, John J.  
 Mochel, Arthur K.  
 Mochel, Herman A.  
 Molise, Vito J.  
 Moore, John  
 Moran, James F.  
 Morgan, James W.  
 Morgan, Thomas W. Jr.  
 Morris, Theodore  
 Morse, Richard P.  
 Moyer, James J.  
 Munty, John C.

Nash, Arthur R.  
 Nason, Condee C.  
 Nelson, Charles O.  
 Nelson, John W.  
 Newberry, Donald E.  
 Norrone, Andrew M.  
 Norwood, Howard  
 Nulty, John C.

O'Brien, Thomas F.  
 O'Connell, Edgar J.  
 Odette, George J.  
 Ogle, Junior, P.  
 Ogles, Gilbert D.  
 O'Hara, William H.  
 O'Neill, Harry S.  
 Onofriette, Anthony  
 Ostreim, Kermith H.  
 Owens, Thomas F.

Pagnozzi, Thomas F.  
 Paine, James G.  
 Palumbo, John B.  
 Parham, Kline  
 Parker, Clifford F.  
 Parker, Everette E.  
 Parris, Harvey F.  
 Parry, Edward L.  
 Partridge, William A.  
 Patterson, William F.  
 Paulovitz, Bernard W.  
 Payne, Chester M.  
 Pendleton, George C.  
 Pennington, Arnel J.  
 Perry, John G.  
 Peters, Laird W.  
 Peterson, Dean R.  
 Pettee, Daniel

PURPLE HEART

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 Phillipp, Edward  
 Piacenti, Mark A.  
 Pike, William C.  
 Polansky, Harry  
 Polehronopolculas,  
 Licuorgas M.  
 Poole, Le Foy H.  
 Popelka, Paul E.  
 Porter, Chester Dr. Jr.  
 Porter, Jack E.  
 Postorino, Joseph J.  
 Powell, Andrew  
 Prade, Norbert R.  
 Predracovich, Emerick  
 Press, Lewis  
 Price, Arthur  
 Price, Hugh P.  
 Proctor, William S.  
 Prosser, Joe F.  
 Pudlo, Edmund T.  
 Purezinsky, Julius O.

Quigley, James B.  
 Quigley, Peter F.  
 Quigley, Rocker L.

Racke, Jester Al.  
 Rafferty, Clement J.  
 Reeves, Ralph 2  
 Rere, Edward X.  
 Reyna, Ishmel F.  
 Riley, Mike H.  
 Riley, Norman C.  
 Ritch, Russel R.  
 Robinson, Ehner W.  
 Robinson, Roy L.  
 Rohall, William  
 Rohde, Harvey F.  
 Rosebrook, Robert J.  
 Rose, Robert H.  
 Ross, Benjamin F.  
 Ross, Hilliard T.  
 Roush, Gordon L.  
 Rubino, Frank J.  
 Rudin, Sidney S.  
 Rudolf, Albert  
 Ruiz, Jose R.  
 Rusinovich, Edward A.  
 Russo, Nicholas  
 Ryan, Harold H.

Salama, Andrew J.  
 Saldana, Reynaldo C.  
 Salter, Lloyd G.  
 Samplainski, Marvin J.  
 Sanders, Edward J.  
 Sandlin, Russel D.  
 Sanfacon, Lewis  
 Santus, William R.  
 Saunders, Calvin W.  
 Savage, Robert L.  
 Scanlon, Theodore R.  
 Scepanskie, John J.  
 Schlicher, Lynn T.  
 Schrader, James J.  
 Schweda, Rufin L.  
 Sebilian, George  
 Sees, Roy D.  
 Sefing, Russel M.  
 Seger, Ralph C.  
 Selewskie, Frank W.  
 Semeraro, Anthony  
 Sensabough, George H.  
 Shea, John W.  
 Sheets, Ralph W.  
 Sheetz, Mack  
 Sheridan, Michael J.  
 Sherman, Elden P.  
 Sherman, Iwing  
 Shields, James P.  
 Shufro, Harmon S.

Siems, Peter A.  
 Simmons, Roy E.  
 Sims, Elwood  
 Sinclair, Lewis  
 Six, Luther E.  
 Skinner, Marlin J.  
 Sklar, Eugene  
 Skrovan, John  
 Sluder, Ellahugh NMJ.  
 Sluder, Joseph  
 Smith, Albert S.  
 Smith, Charles III  
 Smith, Lee E.  
 Smith, Walter  
 Smith, William P.  
 Smit, Marvin T.  
 Smolenski, Walter  
 Sneep, Howard M.  
 Smyder, Louis W.  
 Southerly, Wilbur F.  
 Spear, Edward C.  
 Spencer, William D.  
 Spenilla, Ross  
 Spratt, David M.  
 Sroka, John R.  
 Srokey, John T.  
 Stahlman, Mitchell D.  
 Stanley, Charles E.  
 Stearon, Daniel F.  
 Steelman, Clarence Jr.  
 Stegora, Raymond  
 Stefurak, Paul F.  
 Stein, Lewis A.  
 Stewart, Ralph L.  
 Stitman, Charles J. Jr.  
 Stoiber, Walter  
 Stone, Harry M.  
 Storer, James H.  
 Stover, James H.  
 Strasser, Charles  
 Stritmatter, Ralph E.  
 Suggs, Harry L.  
 Sundeen, John D.  
 Surrect, Hugh A.  
 Swartz, Forrest W.  
 Sweeney, Aubrey C.  
 Sweeney, Thomas F.  
 Syverson, Theodore E.  
 Szoszorek, Clarence F.

Taft, Adon C.  
 Talyer, Richard C.  
 Taylor, Bennet, Dr. Jr.  
 Taylor, Donald G.  
 Taylor, William A.  
 Teasdale, Fred  
 Tepperman, Senior  
 Terss, Robert H.  
 Thibault, Charles R.  
 Thomas, Geirges C.  
 Thomas, George C.  
 Thomas, Warren K.  
 Thompson, Worth H.  
 Till, Joseph M.  
 Timmerman, John F.  
 Tobias, Ray W.  
 Todd, Charles J.  
 Todd, Otis M.  
 Tomeczyk, Stanley A.  
 Troxell, Ellis F.  
 Troyer, Donald D.  
 Tuttle, Roland E.  
 Tyson, George F. Jr.

Ulrich, Harold R.  
 Unger, John L.  
 Urrdahl, Robert W.

Vanelli, Robert F.  
 Vaughn, Donald E.

★  
 Verrill, Herbert S.  
 Vickers, Edgar H.  
 Vieres, Woodrow W.  
 Vlahoo, Mario  
 Vogt, Jacob H.  
 Van Malderghem,  
 Edmund G.  
 Volz, Elmer W.

Wall, William  
 Wallace, Joseph E.  
 Wallter, Wayne  
 Wallter, William L.  
 Walker, James L. Jr.  
 Walker, Kenneth G.  
 Walsh, Harold J.  
 Wandler, George F.  
 Warchel, Edward S.  
 Wareham, Charles J.  
 Watmuff, Walter A.  
 Watson, Henry E.  
 Watts, Fred A.  
 Waxmann, Donald A.  
 Weatherspoon, Dixie L.  
 Weaver, Cornelius A.  
 Weber, Joseph F.  
 Webster, Charles D.  
 Webster, Roy A.  
 Weierstall, Gunther J.  
 Weil, Sherman L.  
 Weinberger, Ernest F.  
 Wenner, Ralph O.  
 Weslowski, Bernard  
 Wesson, William R.  
 West, John W.  
 White, Edward T.  
 White, Eugene G.  
 White, Richard G.  
 Whittaker, Harry M.  
 Wik, Osswald H.  
 Wilbur, Francis R.  
 Wilkerson Q. D.  
 Wilkinson, Kenneth W.  
 William, Glenn H.  
 Williams, Howard L.  
 Williams, Marshall E.  
 Wilson, Arlan E.  
 Wilson, Burl C.  
 Wilson, Joseph  
 Wiskup, Leon A.  
 Witt, Virgil R.  
 Wojtys, Walter  
 Wolff, Donald A.  
 Wolfgang, Robert R.  
 Wolfson, Edward A.  
 Wood, Harry D.  
 Wood, Howard E.  
 Woods, Broadus R.  
 Woosters, Walter M.  
 Woosten, James K.  
 Worley, Richard J.  
 Wright, Arlos E.  
 Wright, James M.  
 Wunderlich, Charles O.

Yarum, Joseph M.  
 Yearwood, Joseph R.  
 Young, Joseph R.  
 Young, Richard G.

Zann, Lee B.  
 Zecicikey, Leo  
 Zent, Kenneth V.  
 Ziman, Robert  
 Zimmerman, Frederick  
 Zimmerman, James M.  
 Zolinsky, Arthur MD.  
 Zucchini, Vincent A.  
 Zuvella, Tony J.

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The Century Division's Commanding General, Withers A. Burrell, designates organic elements of his division to form a team which will operate as a potent, independent and self-sustaining force in combat. The 399th Combat Team – or more often called CT-9 – was made up of the 399th Infantry Regiment and the following supporting units:



**925th** Field Artillery Battalion throwing 105 howitzer shells out front of the attacking Regiment.

\*

**Co. "C" 325th** Engineers uprooting enemy mines, building lifeline bridges behind the infantry, blowing and manning roadblocks.

\*

**Co. "C" 325th** Medics rushing wounded infantrymen from battalion aid stations to the rear for evacuation.

\*

**IPW** Team interrogating Prisoners of War and forwarding the information to the line companies.

\*

**Wire** Team from 100th Signal Company maintaining communications between Regiment and Division.

## *925th Field-Artillery*

With targets ranging from horse-drawn chow wagons to huge Maginot and Siegfried forts and gun batteries, the 925th Field Artillery Battalion provided accurate, well coordinated artillery support for all of CT-9's combat operations in World War II. To them goes credit for firing the first round of heavy artillery for the 100th Division in combat at 1645 hours of November 1, 1944.

During the attack on Lemberg, December 7th, they poured in the heaviest concentration of fire in their combat experience and succeeded in destroying two strategically placed flak-wagons, which enabled the infantry to crash into town.

Throughout the winter their firepower helped contain the New Year's Day counter-attack, aided the numerous infantry patrols and softened the enemy positions preparatory to the Spring Offensive. Again at Heilbronn, the counter-battery fire against the 88's that rained down onto the 399th Neckar River bridgehead from the commanding ridges played a large part in the fall of that key bastion.



*Vosges Sky scraper*

## *Co. "C" 325th Engineers*

Few of the Engineers' wartime tasks are spectacular, most of them are dangerous, and all of them are imperative to the success of a Combat Team's operations. While the fighting was still raging on Tête des Reclos where the 399th won the Division's first Presidential Citation, Company "C" 325th Engineers built a log corduroy supply road through the swamp at the base of the mountain. By means of this road supplies and ammunition poured in to assure control of the promontory which broke the German Vosges Wall in two.

The Engineers spent the winter laying minefields in front of infantry positions, stringing miles of concertina and double-apron barbed wire fences, blasting foxholes out of the frozen earth and constructing roadblocks.

In April, as the 399th closed in around Heilbronn, the Engineers had the task of building a bridge across the Neckar River. With perfect observation, the enemy poured direct artillery fire on the bridge site and destroyed each attempt the bridgemen made to span the river. After several heart-breaking and futile attempts, they finally succeeded and, in addition, put into operation a motor-propelled assault ferry.



*The Engineers advanced one step at a time . . .*

## Co. "C" 325th Medical

The task of speedy evacuation of casualties fell to the men of Company "C" 325th Medical Battalion. Forming a vital link in the medical evacuation system, their collecting company gave aid and performed operations on casualties brought in from the battalion aid stations.

Speed with care was the keynote of these medics who saved the lives of many 399th men. From the collecting company they provided ambulance transportation back to the division clearing station. On December 7th, the first day of our all-out attack on Lemberg, these corpsmen did a herculean task in evacuating 146 wounded.

At Heilbronn, all efforts to move the ambulances across the Neckar during the first period of battle were smashed by the observed German shellfire. The Aidmen brought the wounded to the river where they were taken across by rope-towed ferry or assault boats to the waiting corpsmen on the other side for evacuation to the collecting point.



*Medics enter Heilbronn bridgehead via rope-towed ferry*

## Co. "A" 781st Tankers

Although not a member of the Combat Team, Company "A" 781st Tank Battalion was attached to CT-9 during the 175 days on line. The rough wooded terrain of the Vosges was unsuited for tank warfare and the Shermans made their first good showing at Lemberg, where they smashed into town in a night tank-infantry attack.

It was the Rhineland offensive, however, when the Sherman-doughfoot tactics really began to pay off. Quickly breaching the Maginot Line at the hitherto impregnable fortress of Bitche, the armor-infantry team pushed on deep into the heart of the Reich. After a quick race to the Rhine, the motorized columns sped south to Heilbronn where the armored support of the infantry was temporarily halted because the engineers couldn't push a bridge across the Neckar. On April 10th, motor-powered assault ferries transported the first tank across the river and the armor-infantry team continued its drive toward Stuttgart.



*Sherman busts into Bitche.... it took four wars*

## Co. "A" 824th Tank Destroyers

Also attached to CT-9 during combat was Company "A" 824th Tank Destroyer Battalion. Teaming with the tankers, the TDmen churned along, protecting the tanks, carrying riflemen, splitting pillboxes with direct fire, and giving indirect fire when needed.

The 824-men were an important part of the armor-infantry team that made the race to the Rhine and beyond. In one day they drove their M-10's sixty miles into enemy territory. In the drive south from Heilbronn, the TD's gave direct support to the attacking infantrymen. At Sontheim, Talheim and Gagernberg, the TDmen fired their point blank cannons and .50 calibre machineguns to relieve the infantry who were pinned down by enemy fire.

In the woods between Flein and Untergruppenbach, their daring assault fire knocked out four German machineguns and killed 18 krauts which enabled the infantry to move forward and initiate another breakthrough.



*Tank Destroyers . . . thoroughbreds among armor*



## 399th Combat Infantry

# Band

At Chateau-Thierry in 1918 a correspondent once heard an American infantryman mutter, "Some guys fight the war and others play in bands." In World War II some guys did both.

One winter morning of early 1944 a Sgt. Frank Hanshaw and a Colonel Andrew Tychsen were walking past the Rec Hall in Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

"Tell me, Sergeant, do you hear noise coming from that building?"

"No sir, Colonel, I hear music."

The 399th Infantry Band was organized and quickly became tops in the North Carolina dance circuit, appearing on several radio shows. In the June "Battle of Music" among 100th Division bands, the 399th musicoes walked away with top honors in both sweet and hot licks.

The band played nightly shows across the Atlantic before the 399th landed at Marseille. The bandsmen put their instruments with the duffel bags, picked up their rifles, headed up the Rhone Valley toward the front.

175 combat days later the band reorganized. Five of the Stateside members were wounded and gone. The remainder were wearing the silver and blue combat Infantryman's badge, the Medic's valor badge, purple hearts, silver stars. The trombones wouldn't slide and the trumpets were mildewed. After a four day overhauling the boys put on their first post-war show which was later to increase to over 1,000 appearances.

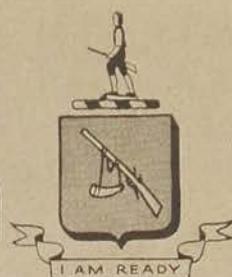
The 399th Combat Infantry Band has been acclaimed by Privates and Commanding Generals alike as "the" band in the ETO. Radio AFN Munich beamed many of their recordings and personal appearances.

A show by the 399th Combat Infantry Band would have the spotlight on the trumpet of Joe Rao, sax of Ken Soderblom, clarinet of Irwin Witcoff, and piano of Don Gero. Top sidelights are the announcing of CBSman Deane Stewart, laughs by Rip Farish, solid sending by "Creepy" Sohlman and the Sextet, drum duet by Joey Roina and Dannie Seyapura, and vocals by Ray Vorce, Harry Walker, and Jay Johnson.





# POWDER HORN



Volume 3, Number 11

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1944-1945



399th Combat Infantry Band

## GERMANS NET BIG PX HAUL

Jan 1, 1945, Germans counterattack at Bitchel. Men of 399th leave first PX rations in holes as they withdraw to secure positions. It was in the last week of December when the first PX rations came to Powderhorn men.

After two months of tropical chocolate and unpronounceable butts the ETO rations came with good candy

and some popular brands of weeds. From then on till the war's end and after, regular rations came in ever increasing numbers. Finally came a day when 3.2 beer was added to the luxury list and soap and shaving articles were in abundance. The crowning achievement came with the addition of coca-cola after the war's end.

## BENNY GIVES TEN AS 10,000 CHEER

"So you think I'm tight eh? Want to borrow ten bucks?" The astounded G.I. gave a positive answer and Benny whipped out his bill fold and handed over a tenner. A roar went up in the Century Stadium and the Jack Benny show was on its way. Benny played the bad man opposite Ingrid Bergman in a plot-heavy, me-

lodramatic version of "Casablanca" and Benny wound up on the floor. The joint was really jumping when Martha Tilton gave out with "I Wanta Get Married". Larry Adler and Jack gave a harmonica and violin duet that was a knockout. The ever critical Century audience said, "Terrific, solid and on the beam."

## Red Cross Girls serve donuts

The sign "Danger Woman Driver" heralds the approach of the Red Cross Girls and their vehicle laughingly called a truck. They travel from company to company to pass out donuts, coffee and wisecracks. To the 399th men

## to the chowhounds

able to get in to Stuttgart the welcome sign is out at the Red Cross canteen. The inevitable donut and coffee and cokes highlight the club where there is always a band to entertain.

## PASS THE PASSES

### PLEASE

The always pertinent Regimental motto "I Am Ready" more than applies to the men going on pass. Men have been known to do a six hour packing job in ten minutes when the good word got to them. When Readymen were on line passes were seldom and far apart. At the outset passes were confined to regimental and divisional rest centers. Soon men were sent to Nancy, Brussels and Paris. The best break came for the combat veterans with the addition of seven day leaves to England and Riviera. As the war neared its finish more and more men got to see the ETO

The last leave added to the list was the seven day tour of Switzerland where the men saw a peaceful country once more.

## New Company Clubs Make Hit

Club 48 or 8 Ball or what have you has become the company favorite in almost all companies in the regiment. Set up in the style of a night club or a bar they furnish a place for talking, smoking and drinking. Most clubs have a piano or radio so noise is not lacking. They feature German beer, wine and schriaps at moderate prices.

# Passing Parade

As the curtain falls on this final and unforgettable scene of the Citadel of Bitche, it is fitting that we call upon those men who contributed their names and deeds to the pages of this story to represent us all at curtain call.



**A**chatz, William + Adamcek, Charles + Ahearn, Daniel  
Amorose, James + Ansel, William + Arntz, Hartmut + Ashbrook, Park + Atkinson, Richard

**B**ader, Henry + Bailey, Cecil + Baker, Floyd + Baker, Manford + Balchunas, Steve + Balley, David  
Barker, Robert + Barringer, Robert + Bartscher, William + Beaman, Thomas + Bechthold, William + Becraft, Harold  
Behrens, Warren + Beuttner, Arthur + Binkley, Robert + Boe, George + Bolin, John + Boonen, Charles  
Borders, John + Boyce, Charles + Brayall, Russel + Breckinridge, Caspar + Briggs, Thomas + Briley, Harold  
Broitman, Ralph + Brown, Calvin + Brown, Park + Brundidge, Theodore + Brunet, Robert + Bull, Walter

**C**acace, Joseph + Cahill, Michael + Calder, William + Campbell, Thomas  
Campion, Ronan W. + Carlson, Ray + Caron, Roland + Chin, Ark + Christenson, Sigmund + Chuey, Joes  
Clark, Melvin D. + Coburn, Winston + Conroy, Clarence + Cook, Edward + Cosmos, Henry + Coursey, Alfred  
Cox, Thurston + Crittendon, Estil + Crockum, Paul + Cross, Earl

**D**avis, Leonard J. + Davis, Wilbert + Dein, Richard + Demopoulos, George  
Delonas, John + Del Mese, Julius + Denham, Melvin + De Witt, George + Dewhurst, Fred + Diaz, Jose  
Di Battista, Liberato + Doblewski, Ignace + Drew, Frederik + Dunbar, Robert

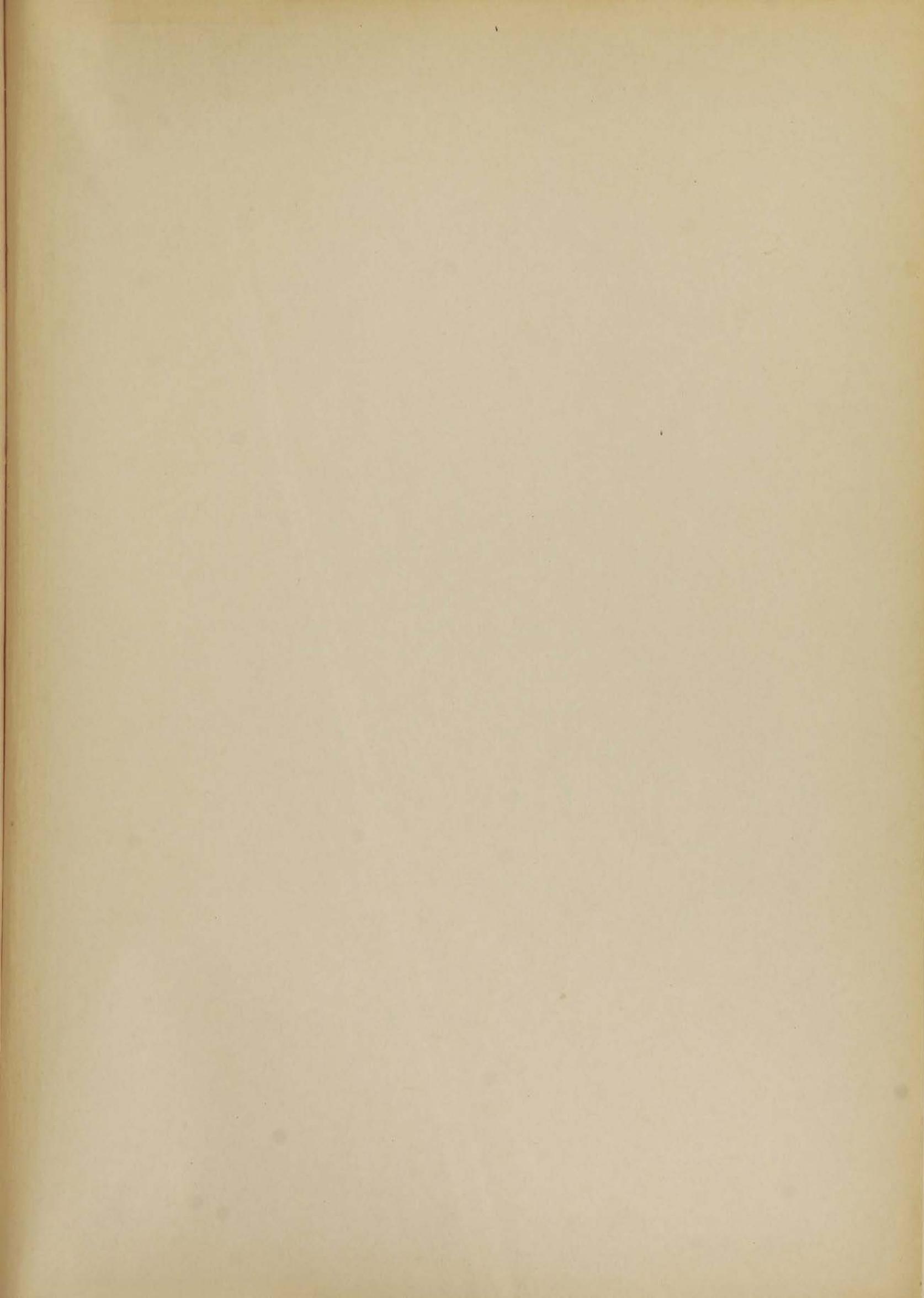
**E** Emery, Duncan + Escalera, Michael + Estes, Glenn + Everett, George  
**F** Fager, Harold + Ferguson, Richard + Fernback, Donald + Fett, Ronald  
 Fischl, Frank + Flanagan, Harry + Flaum, Dalem + Fortenberry, Ralph + Foster, Sam + Fraley, Lester  
**G** Galliazi, Joseph + Gilbert, Woodrow + Goldman, Charles  
 Gonzales, Santiago + Goodman, Daniel + Griffin, David + Grimm, Arthur + Gustafson, Robert  
**H** Hackling, William A. + Hanz, Richard + Hakala, Robert + Hargrave, Robert  
 Harlowe, John + Harte, James + Hasselschwert, James + Hayes, Millard + Hechtkopf, Fabian S. + Helsley, Javik  
 Henry, Carl + Henry, Ulysses + Hernandez, Manuel + Heuberger, Newton + Hinojosa, Francisco  
 Hoak, Charles + Hoffman, Joseph + Hopkins, Travis + Hoth, Robert + Howard, Richard  
**J** Jackson, Lonnie + Januszewski, Leon + Jones, Richard + Jones, Robert  
**K** Kadison, Robert + Kaminske, Roy + Kazer, Joseph + Kelly, Vincent + Kerr, Richard A.  
 Khoury, John + Kimm, James + Kiwior, Henry + Kizer, William + Klein, George + Klein, Nelson G.  
 Klencannon, Ralph + Kobetich, Edward + Koszarek, Thaddeus + Kurtz, Warren + Kwolek, Alex  
**L** La Belle, Clifford + La Fleur, Richard + Lahti, Richard E. + Lampert, Harry + Lane, Porter  
 Langridge, James + Lappa, Al + Leahy, Russel + Lee, Roy + Lennarton, Gerald + Lentz, Bernard + Lincoln, Paul  
 Lloyd, Maurice + Loes, Paul + Lohbauer, Edwin + Long, Vernon + Lyerly, Ralph + Lynch, Robert  
**M** McGee, William + McIntire, Raymond + McIntire, Willis + Mac Donald, Melville J. Jr.  
 Maloney, Edward + Maltese, Frank + Manwell, James + Masters, Robert + Mattson, Fred + Mazzucco, Peter  
 Meliere, Walter + Meza, Juan + Mink, Elmer + Mizar, John + Moniz, Gilbert + Mooney, Phillip + Moore, Walter  
 Morgan, William + Morgan, Kenneth M. + Motley, Julian + Mullins, John + Munn, Joe  
**N** Nails, William + Nilty, John + North, George + Novotny, Marcel + **O** Odell, Elmer + Olsen, Alfred  
**P** Paci, Anthony + Paiva, Julio + Parenteau, Real + Pearson, Robert + Pederson, Edwin  
 Peeples, Russel + Persiani, Armando + Plante, Thomas + Pondrom, William + Posterino, Joseph + Powell, Andrew  
 Powers, Harry + Praley, James + Price, Hugh + Prince, Altus + Prysi, Henry + Punaro, Angelo J.  
**Q** Quinlan, Martin + **R** Ravene, Dino + Reid, Jack + Reppert, Milton + Reynolds, Robert  
 Rhode, Harvey + Rice, Herbert + Richards, Thomas + Robertson, Elmer + Rode, John  
 Rosewell, Jesse + Roth + Rubino, Frank + Rusinowitch, Edward  
**S** Sanchez, Joseph + Scanlon, Theodore + Schijberger, Francis + Schlechte, Irving  
 Schug + Seffing, Russell + Sevino, Anthony + Shafer, Ben + Shemwell, Elwood + Shields, James  
 Sholes, Ray + Shusta, Herbert + Siemasko, Alphonso + Simmons, Roy + Simons, Clifford + Sims, Frank  
 Sisco, Russell + Skinner, Frederik J. + Slaughter, Jesse + Smith, William  
 Snow, Michael + Snyder, Louis + Sodie, Herman + Solter + Spangler, Jack + Spiegel, George F.  
 Spence, Milton + Spenilla, Ross + Stanley, Charles + Steines, Delbert + Steinman + Stepherak, Paul  
 Stevens, Arnold + Stiles, James + Sullivan, William + Sutton, Clarence + Swartz, Eugene  
 Sweeney, Thomas + Swift, David + Syerson, Carl  
**T** Talbert, Robert + Taylor, Bennett + Taylor, Donald + Tomlinson, Robert + Trapani, Richard + Tuttle, Roland E.  
 Tylutki, Joseph + Tyre, Joseph + Tyschen, Andy + **U** Ufen, Charles, + Ullman, Arthur  
**V** Van Allen, Richard + Van Lanen, Cyril + Van Norman, David + Verrill, Herbert + Vogt, Jacob  
**W** Wallace, Joseph + Walsh, James + Watson, Roland + Weierstall, Gunther + Weiß, Arthur  
 Wesley, Joe + West, Horace + White, Charles + White, Eugene G. + Whitt, Robert + Wilkes, Marvin  
 Williams, Jack + Willams, Joe + Williams, John + Wilson, Fred + Wisniewski, Frank + Wright, James  
**Y** Young, Richard + Young, Herbert E. + Yount, Emory + **Z** Zehner, Ellery

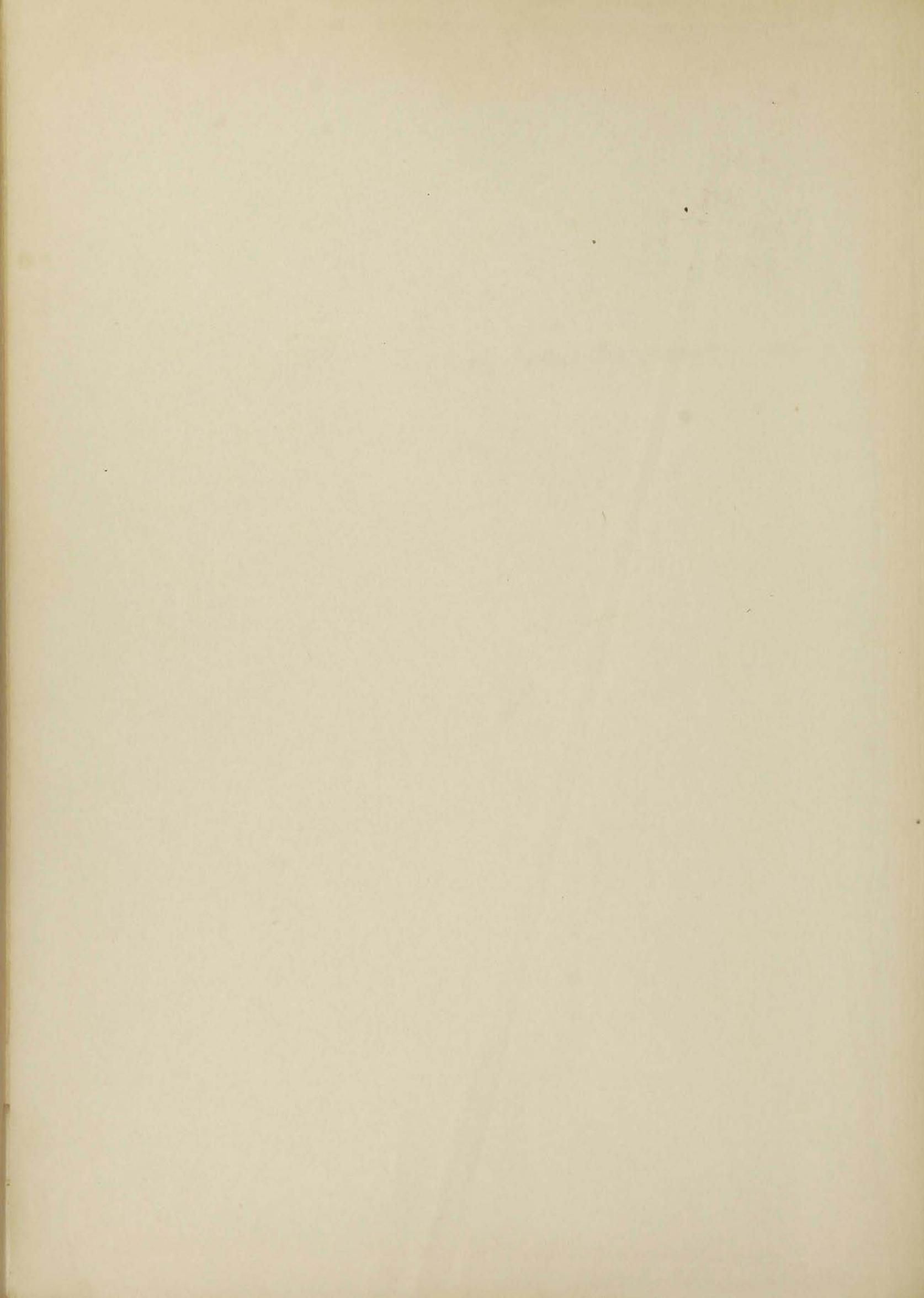
..... and as the Citadel of Bitche was our goal in battle,  
 may our strength be even mightier in the Citadel of Peace.











Fremifontaine  
7 out de St Benoit

St. Besmy  
La Salle

David  
Moran