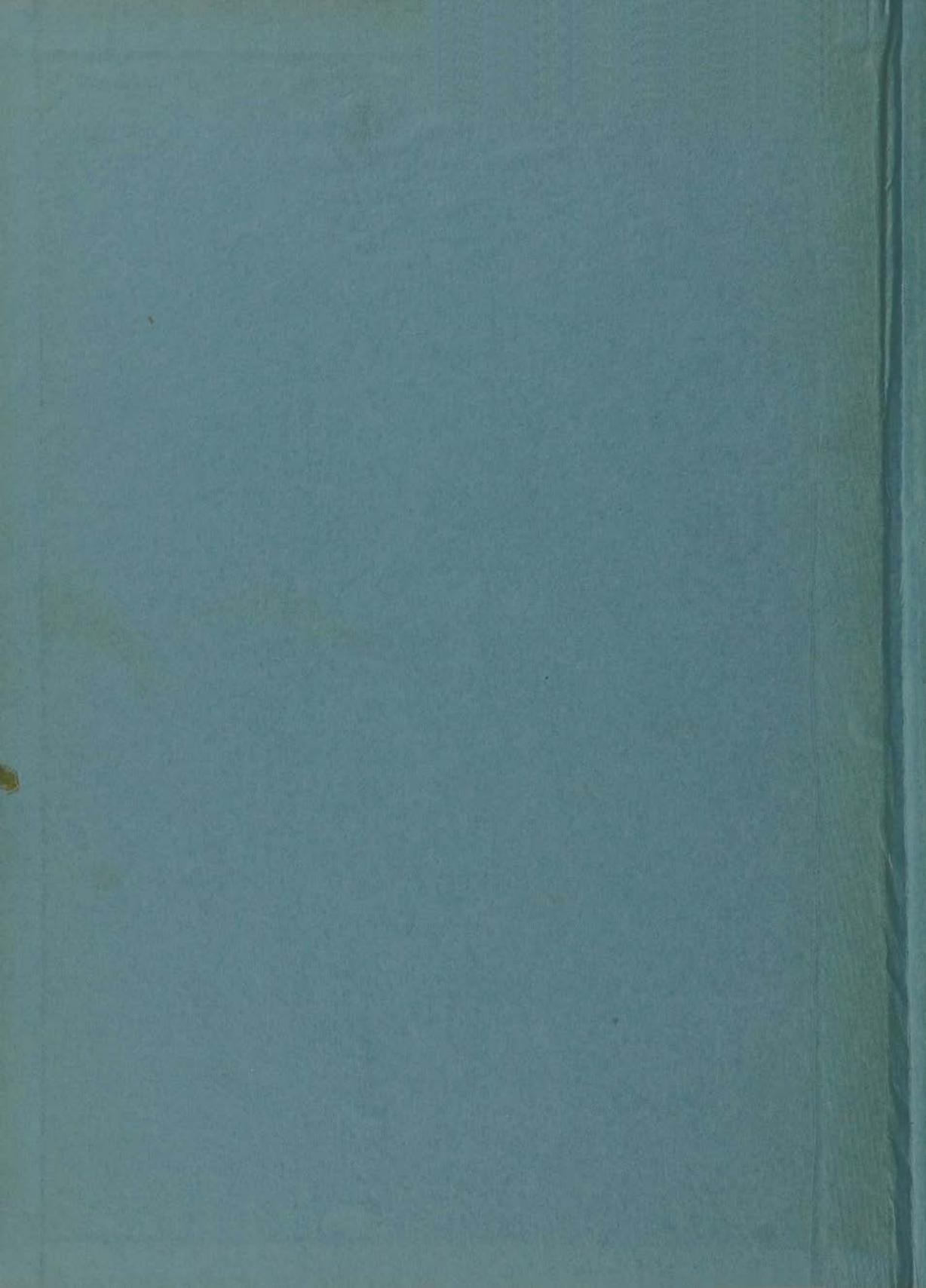
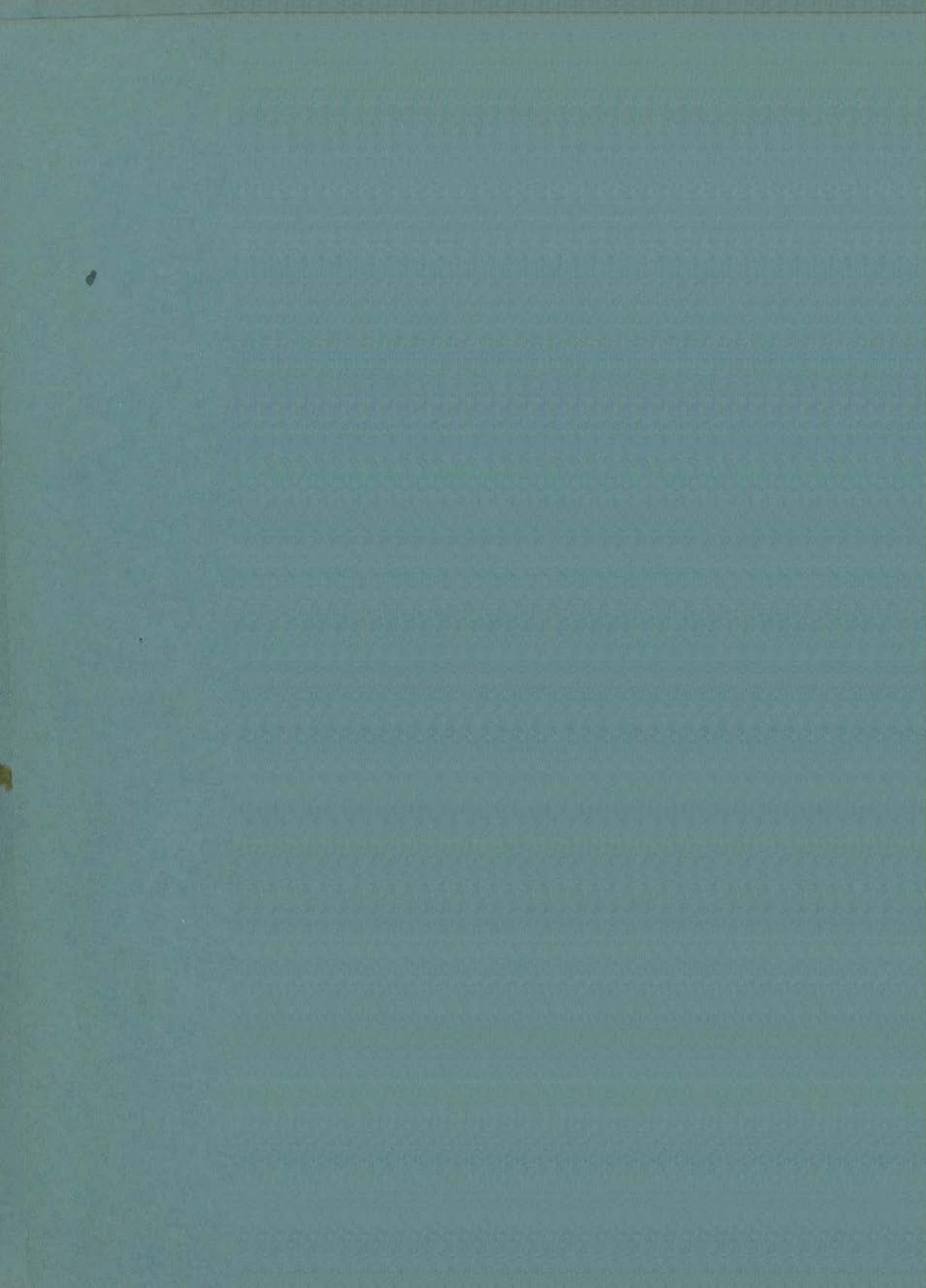




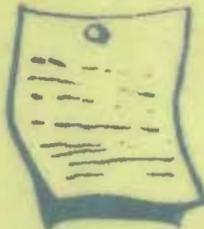
THIS IS GEORGE





REDEPLOYMENT PLANS

SUBJECT TO CHANGE

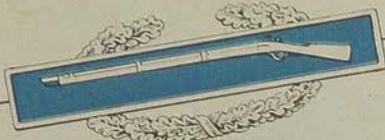


A FICTORIAL STORY OF GEORGE (COMING) JERRY INF, IN REDEPLOYMENT TRAINING, ENDERSBACH, GERMANY. ALSO FEATURES COMBAT COLLECTIONS.



A PICTORIAL STORY OF GEORGE COMPANY, 398TH INF, IN REDEPLOYMENT
TRAINING, ENDERSBACH, GERMANY, WITH FEATURED COMBAT COLLECTIONS.





Company G, 398th Inf. 100TH INFANTRY DIVISION

JUSTLY PROUD OF THIS ORGANIZATION ARE THE SOLDIERS WHO HAVE HELPED SET ITS STANDARDS - THOSE WHO HAVE LED IT, THOSE WHO HAVE FOUGHT WITH IT AND THOSE WHO HAVE NOT.

THE TURNOVER HAS BEEN TERRIFIC. MANY HUNDREDS HAVE BELONGED TO IT SINCE ITS ACTIVATION ON NOVEMBER 15, 1942, AT FORT JACKSON, S.C. THEY FOLLOWED ITS OPERATIONS IN COMBAT AND EVEN NOW ARE FOLLOWING ITS PREPARATIONS FOR WHATEVER THE FUTURE HOLDS IN STORE, REDEPLOYMENT OR OCCUPATION.

TO THOSE G-MEN WHO LEFT AS COMBAT REPLACEMENTS BEFORE THE COMPANY LEFT FOR OVERSEAS, TO THOSE WHO EARLY IN THE FIGHT WERE CAPTURED OR WHO WERE INCAPACITATED AND ARE NOW IN AMERICA, TO THOSE WHO ARE NOW PROUD CIVILIANS - TO EVERY SOLDIER WHO EVER BELONGED TO COMPANY G, 398TH INFANTRY, WE DEDICATE THIS PUBLICATION.

The Staff

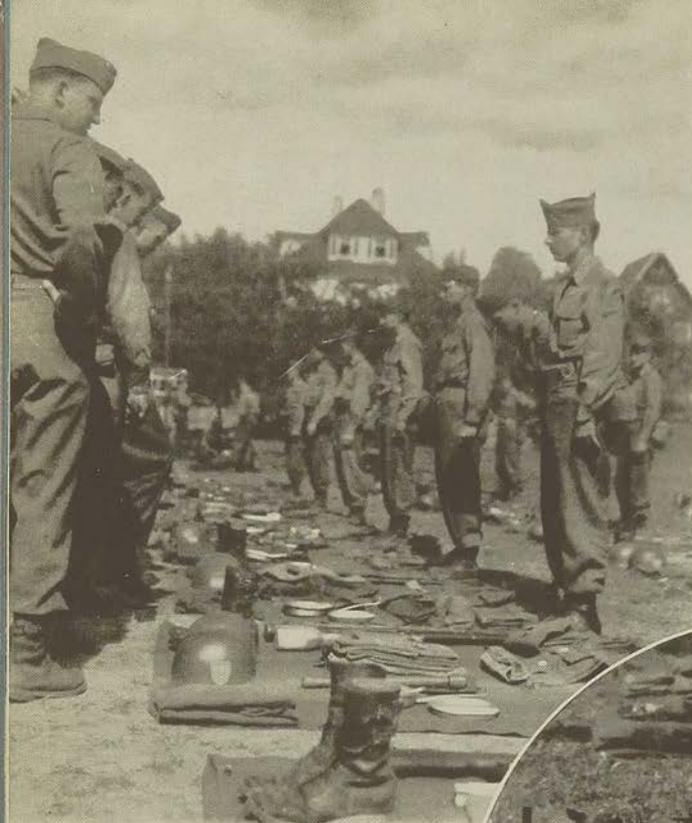
DEDICATION



COMBAT VETS BECOME

GARRISON SOLDIERS

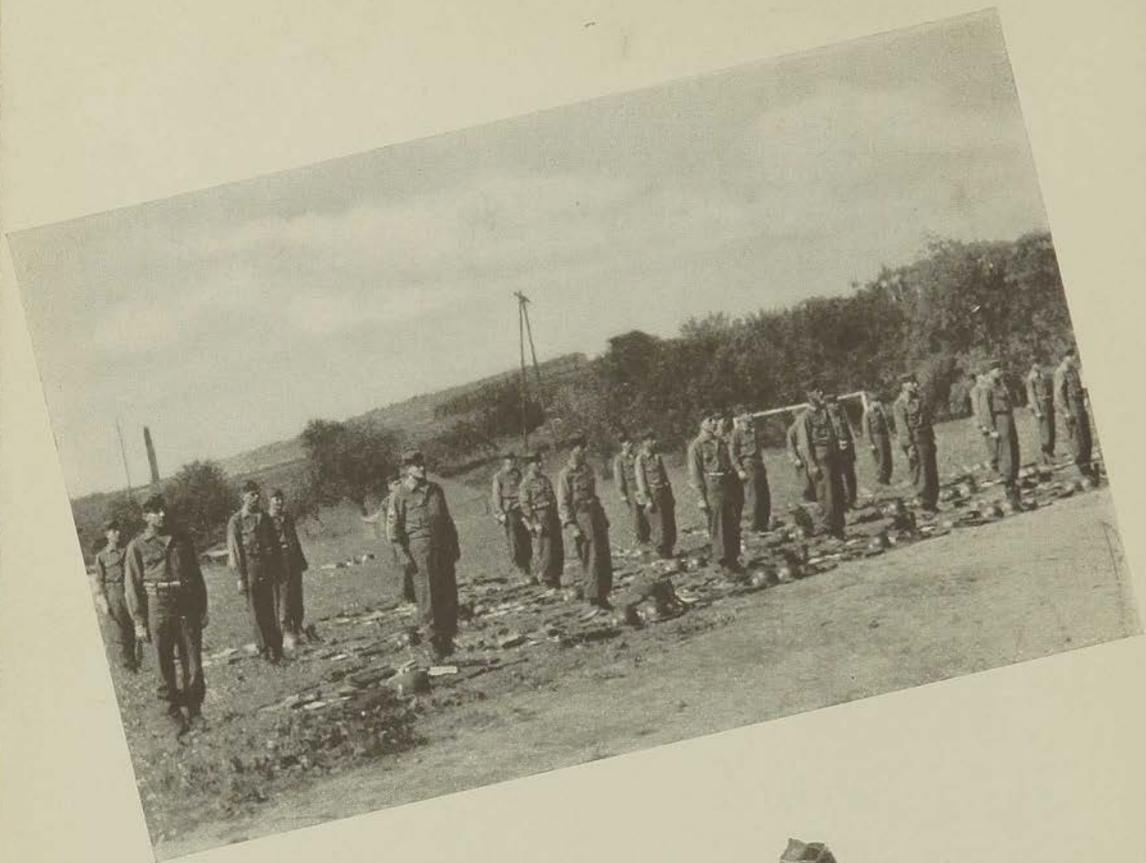
First and most difficult step of redeployment training was the transition from combat to garrison - saluting instead of shooting, a new kind of discipline, retreats, guard mount.



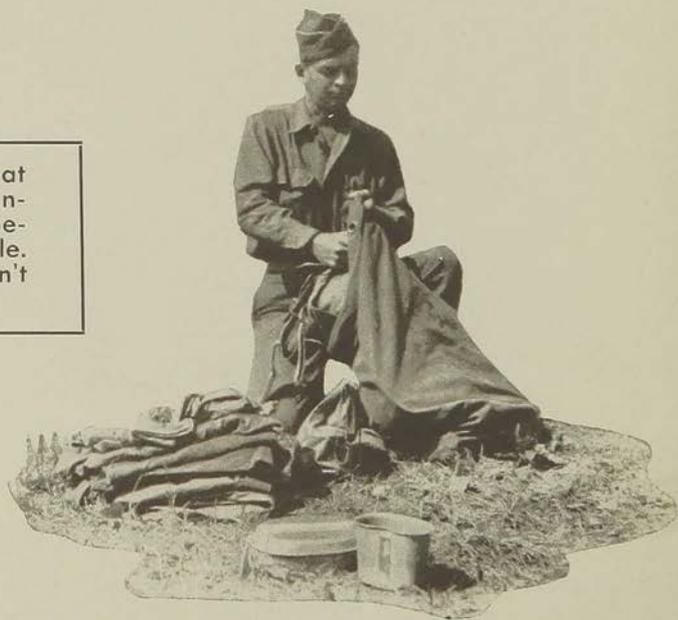
INSPECTIONS

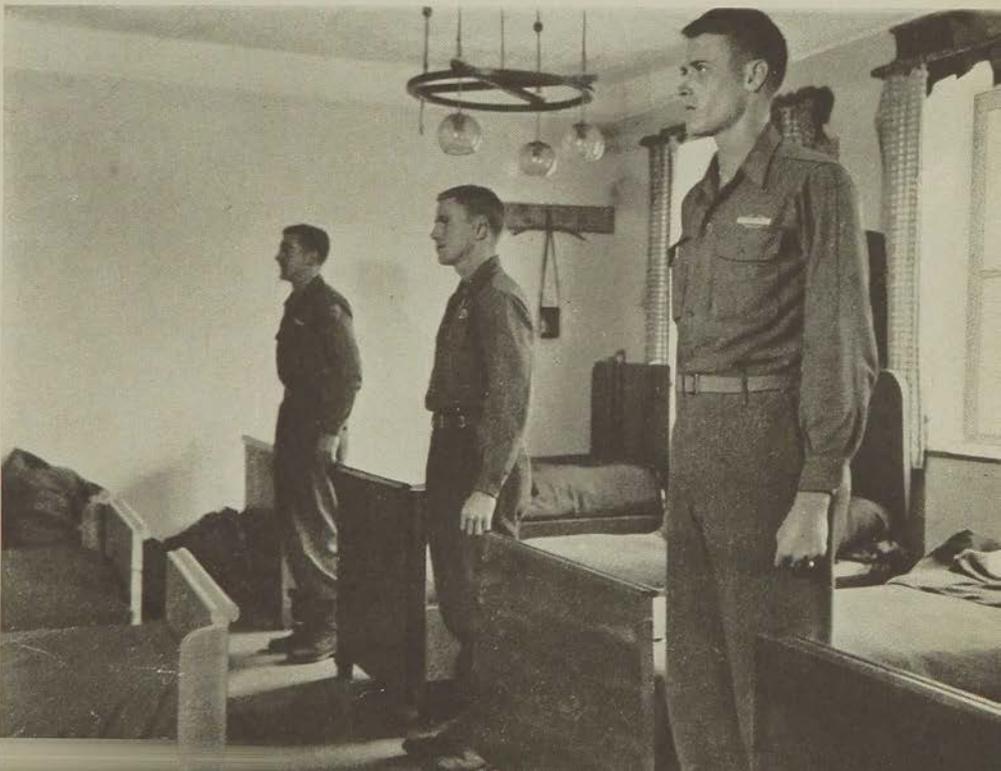
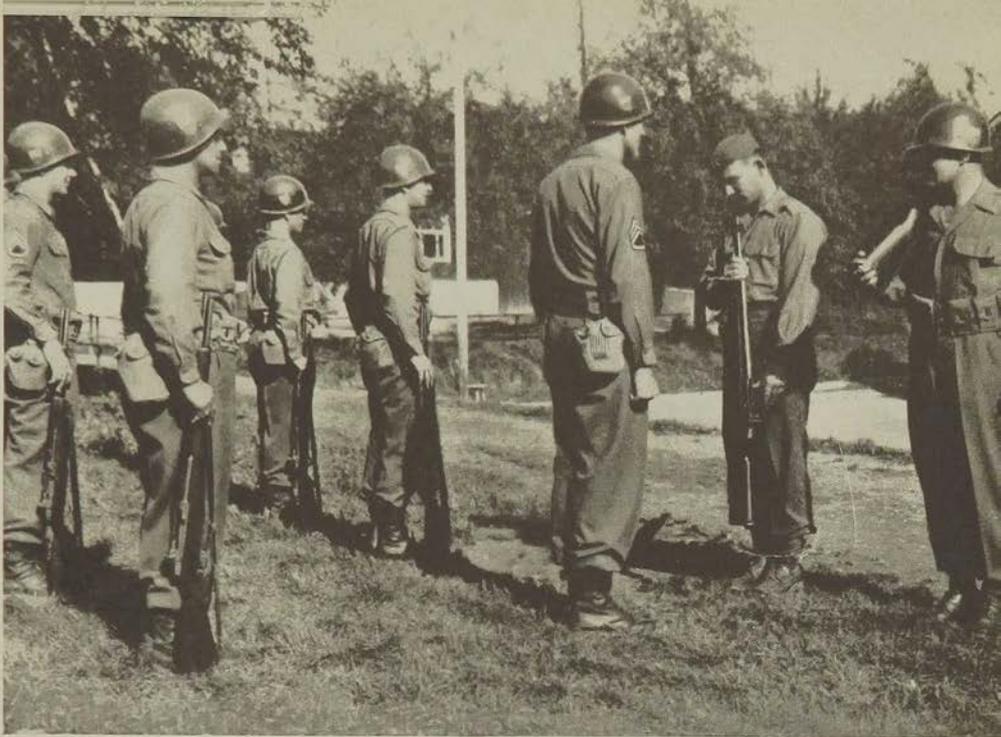


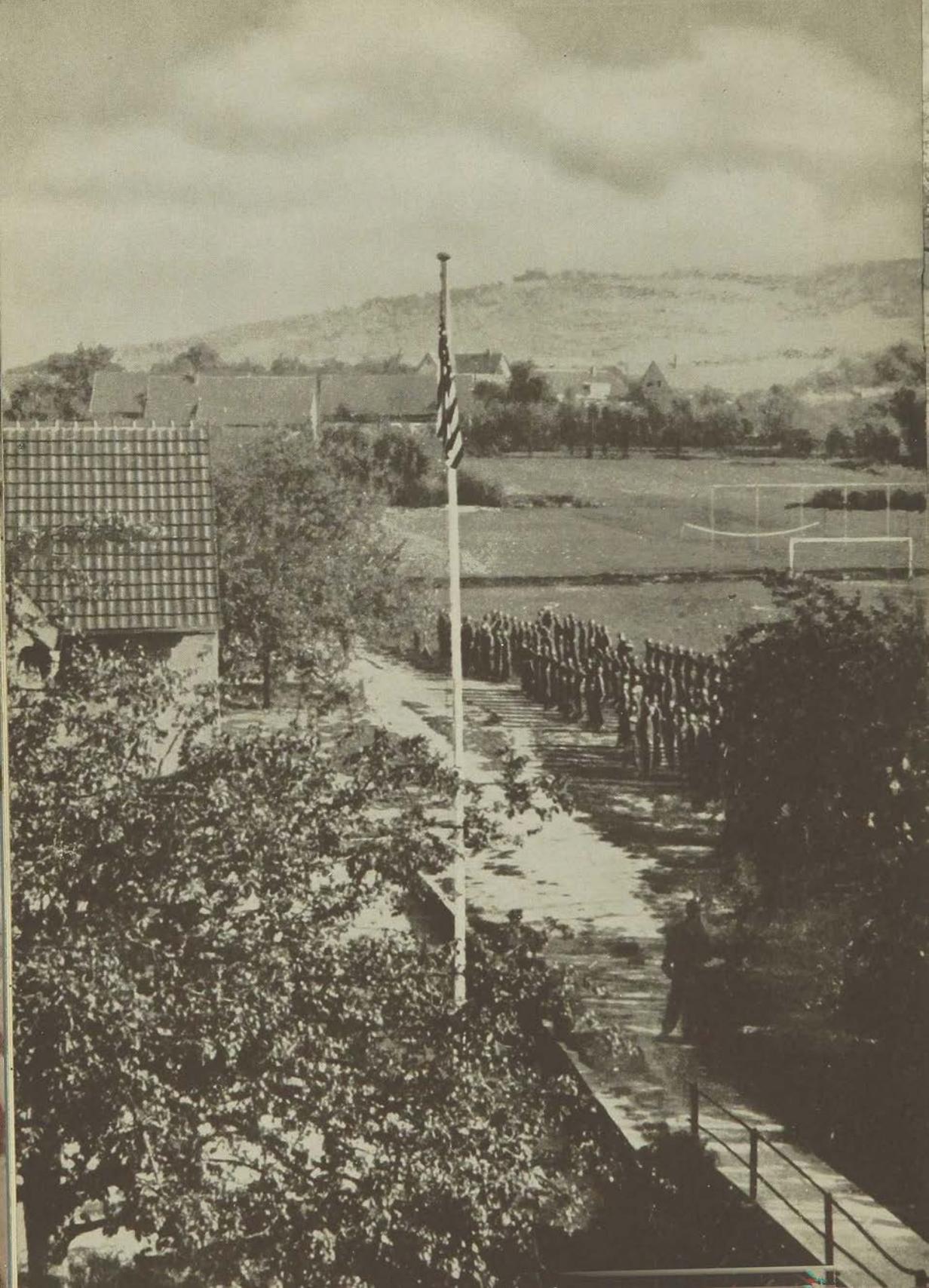
CLOTHING AND EQUIPMENT SHOWDOWNS



Full field displays were a sure sign that redeployment training had begun. Inspections of weapons and billets became a part of the daily schedule. (What's the matter, Delaney? Aren't you having fun?)





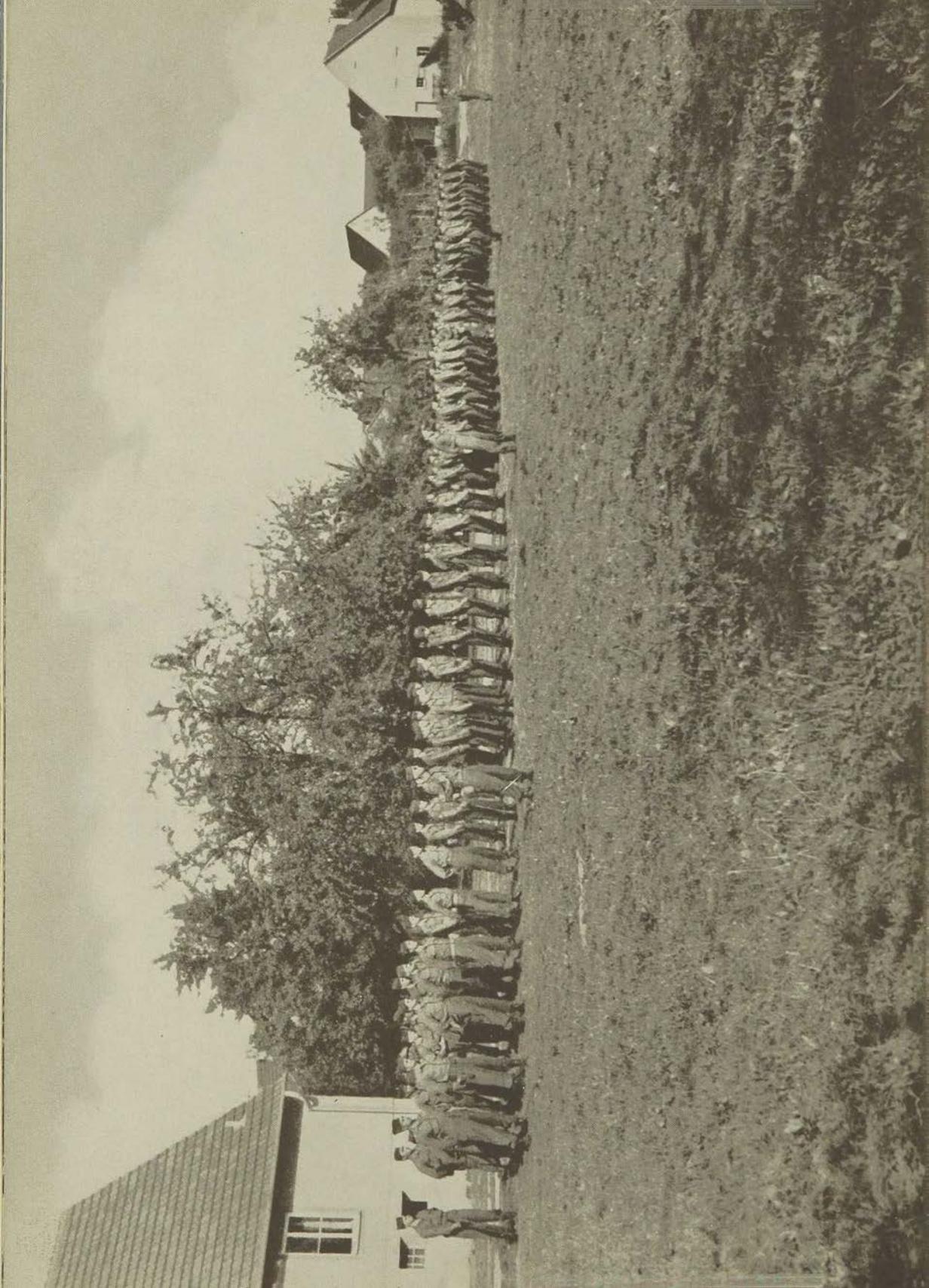




RETREATS

Colorful retreats at 1730
finish the day's training.





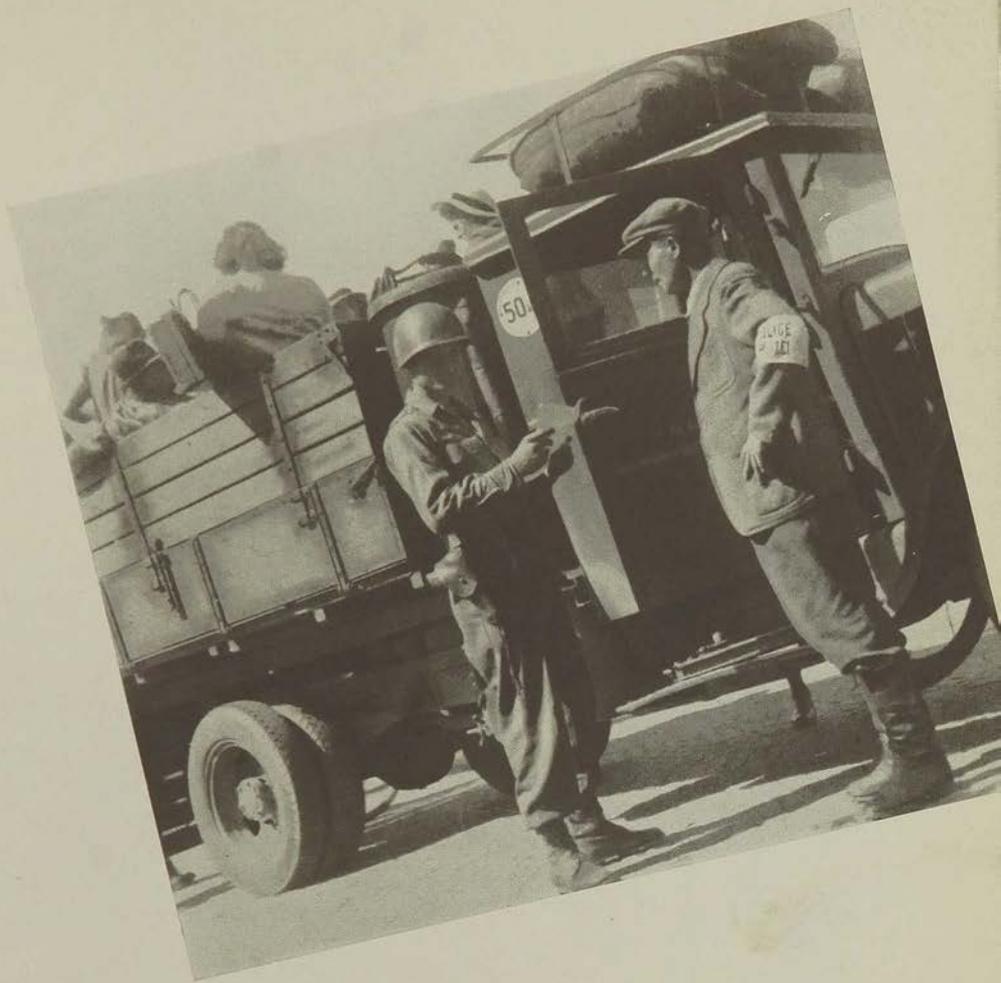


GUARD MOUNT

New guard passes in review.
Guard mount follows retreat.







A far cry from vigilant fox-hole guard is the new post, which may be walking or standing. Sentinels guard strategic installations and maintain security posts along highways - all a part of the temporary occupation duties, supplemental to routine training.



DECORATIONS

2d LT EDWARD G DANNER BRU, FRANCE 11 NOV 1944

S/Sgt Mike J. Minnon
Bru, France
10 Nov 1944

Pfc Richard Glass
Bru, France
10 Nov 1944

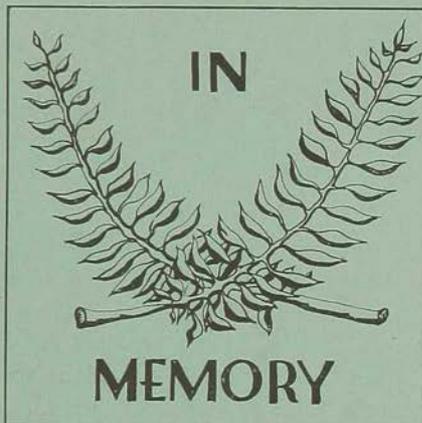
Pfc Charles E. Greenwell
Clairupt, France
20 Nov 1944

S/Sgt Adam J. Rynkiewicz
Clairupt, France
20 Nov 1944

Pfc Frank J. Guasti
Clairupt, France
20 Nov 1944

Pfc Leroy Howard
Clairupt, France
20 Nov 1944

Pfc Harold E. Townsend
Clairupt, France
20 Nov 1944



Pfc Ralph E. Sutch
Clairupt, France
20 Nov 1944

Pfc Henry F. Hochevar
Puberg, France
4 Dec 1944

Pfc Howard F. Dolphin
Puberg, France
4 Dec 1944

Pfc William G. Peterson
Alt-Schmeltz, France
11 Dec 1944

Pvt Leonard Darrow
Bitche, France
20 Dec 1944

Pvt William Webb
Bitche, France
20 Dec 1944

Pfc Leorne W. Anderson
Althorn, France
23 Jan 1945

S/Sgt John Jempelis
Götzenbruck, France
3 Feb 1945

Pfc Edward Montgomery
St. Louis, France
12 Feb 1945

Sgt Joseph H. Coale
Götzenbruck, France
1 Mar 1945

Pfc Clifford J. Clyburn
Jagstfeld, Germany
9 Apr 1945

Pfc Alton V. Harderson
Jagstfeld, Germany
9 Apr 1945

Pfc Clarence R. Poor
Jagstfeld, Germany
9 Apr 1945

Pfc John J. Dillon
Jagstfeld, Germany
9 Apr 1945



THE PARTING HOUR

Dedicated to Captain Matthew B. Einsmann by men of Company G, 398th Infantry.

Stately and strong the company stands before a man of war,
And the silence is filled with memories of ghastly blood and gore.
The cannons' roar and Jerry's charge had never shown them weak,
Yet the tears of parting sadness creep down the veterans' cheeks.

The snows of the Vosges have faded away, lifting a merciful veil,
And out of their misty magesties still echoes the wounded's wail.
Steeped in fury and turned in steel, this bond of battle blend,
To strip us of his presence, is a wound that's hard to mend.

Can we dust away the hardship trail, the rain and snow we bore?
Can we shrug the attack and counter-attack, and what is yet in store?
He suffered and stormed, drove and mourned; it's hard to beat his kind.
But he won't be here as he used to be to ease an anxious mind.

To show one's worth in this deathly bout is a feat that proves a man,
And now we cling to his straining clasp, the touch of a buddy's hand.
He rushes the last and turns his face, for grief is leaping its bounds.
Slowly we walk from the parting place, vainly searching the ground.

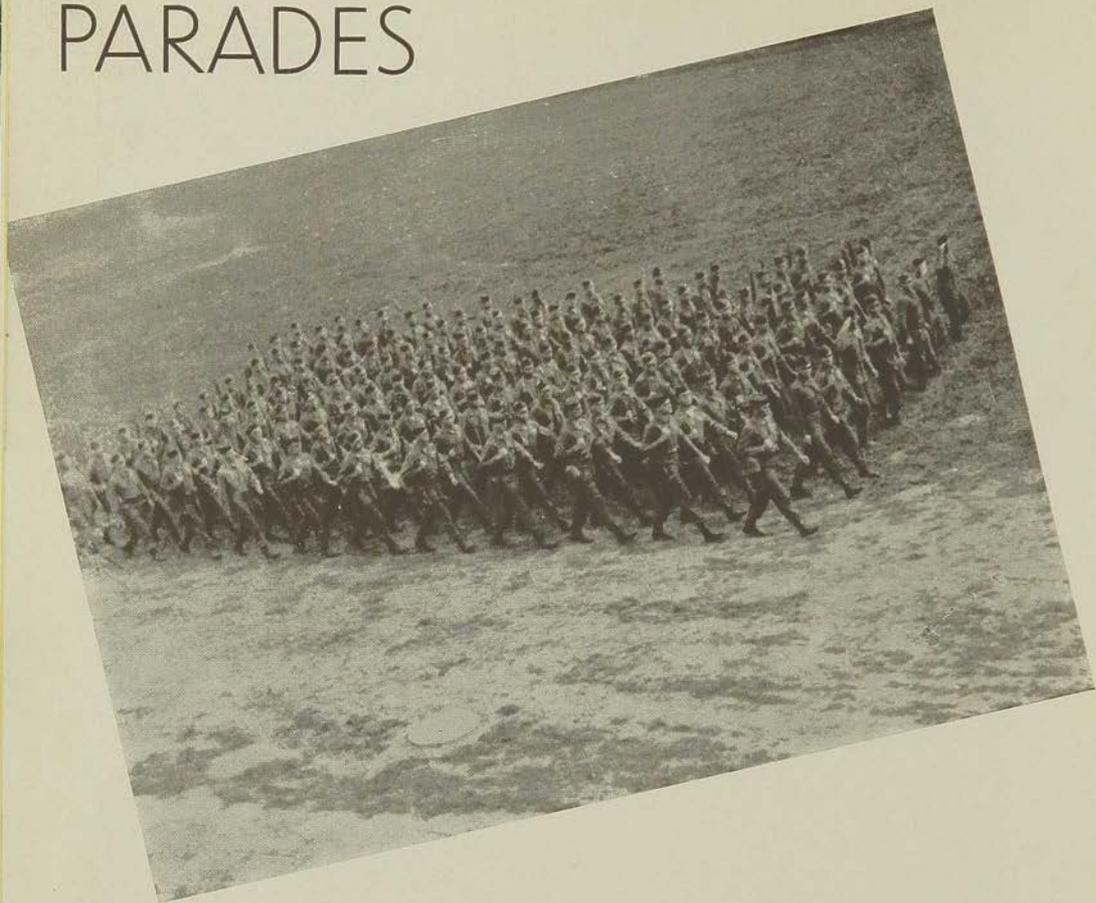
Stately and strong the company stands, the men who fought the war;
Spirited and proud of the part they played and filled with tales galore.
They've lost a friend and a leader true; his goal was more than the peak,
And now the tears of sadness dry on the veteran's cheeks.

LT. THOMAS E. WOODS



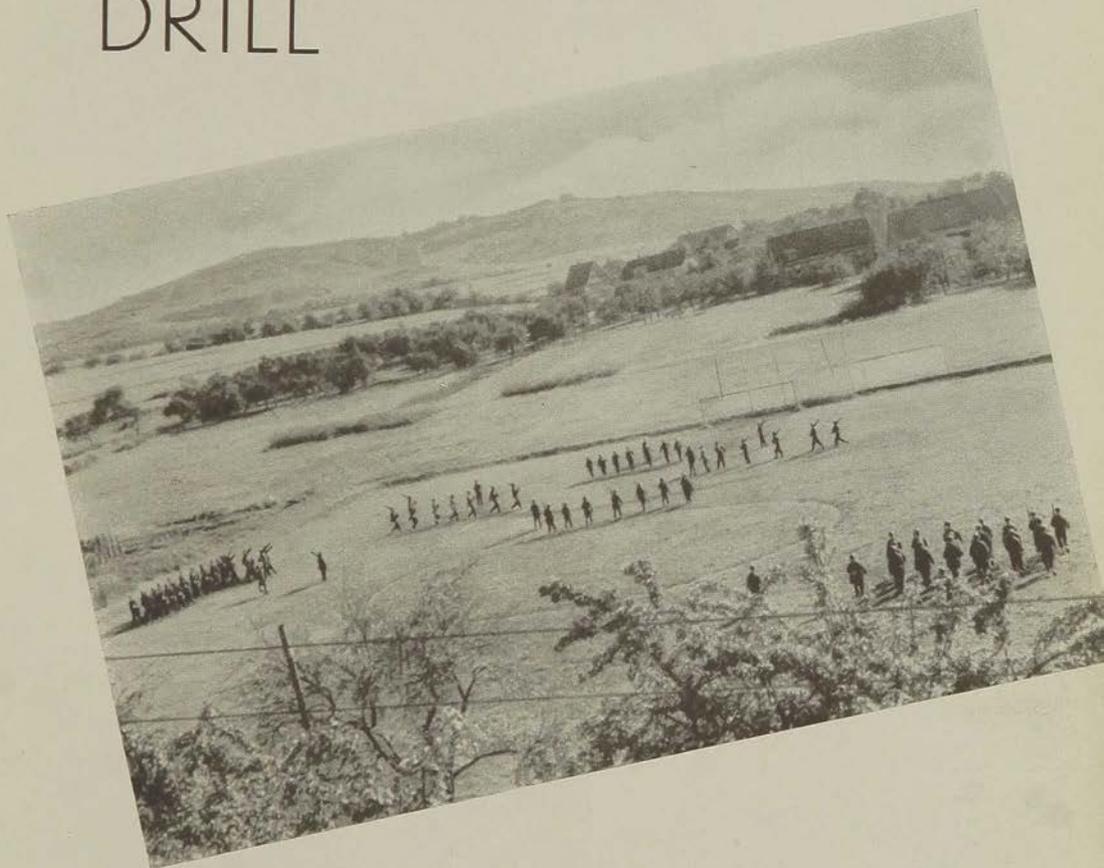
G-men get decorated at company, battalion and regimental ceremonies. George company has distinction of being the most decorated rifle company in the division.

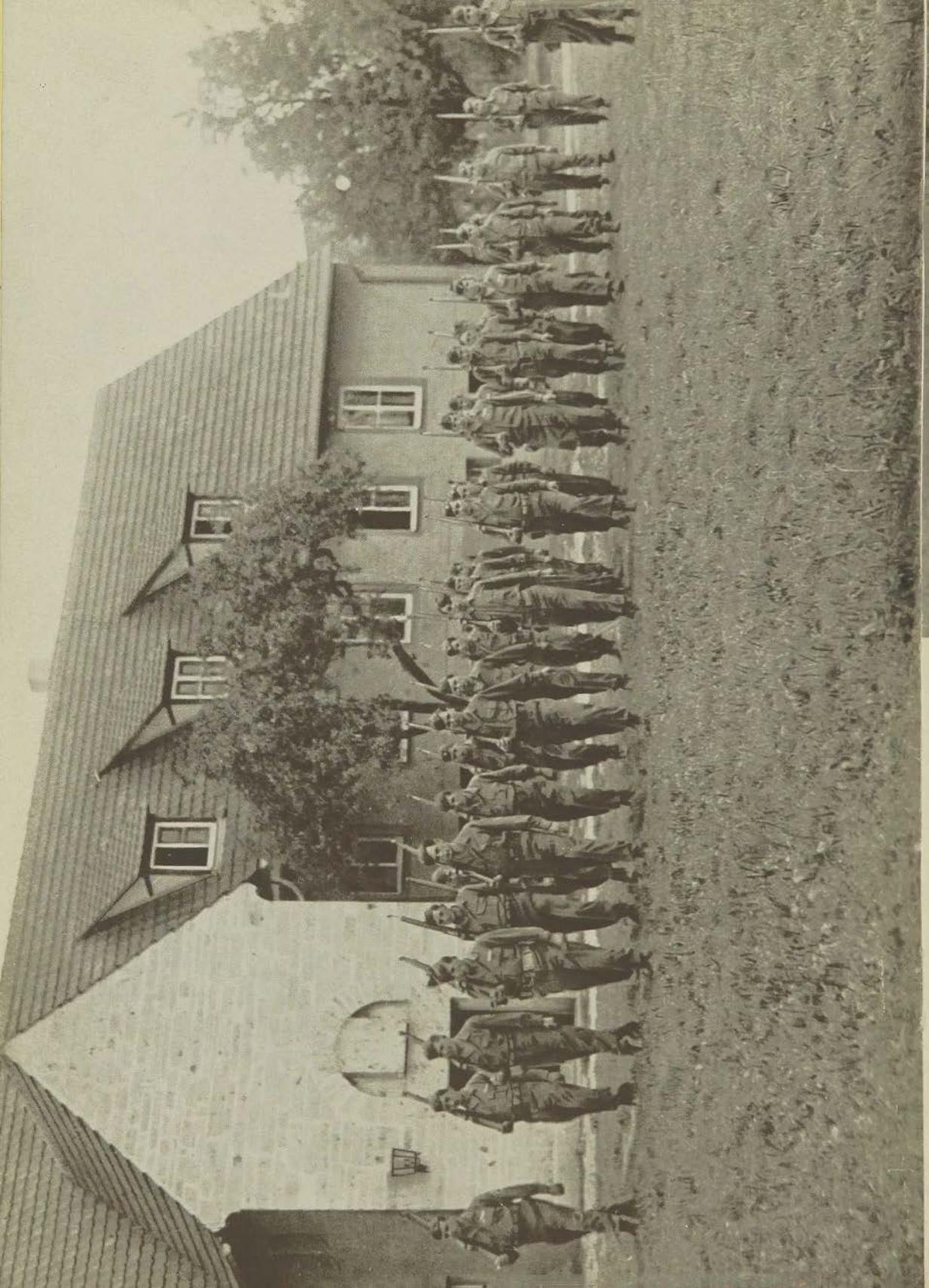
PARADES





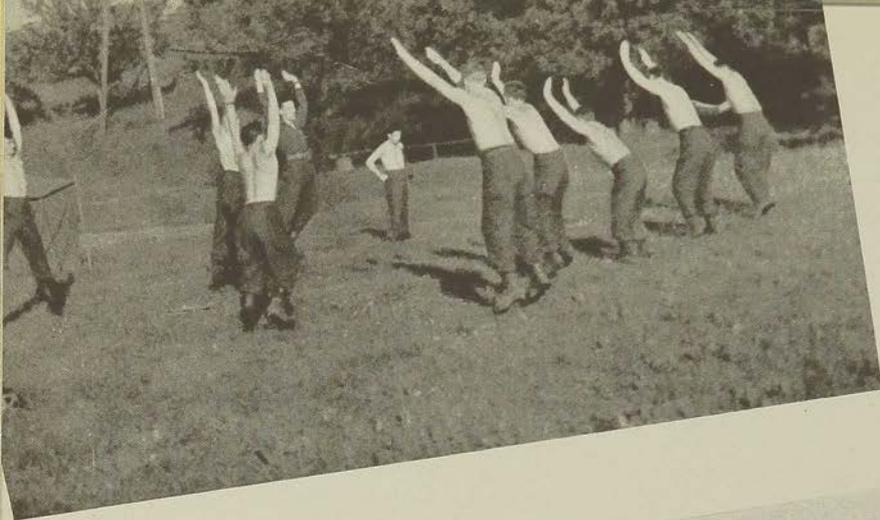
DRILL

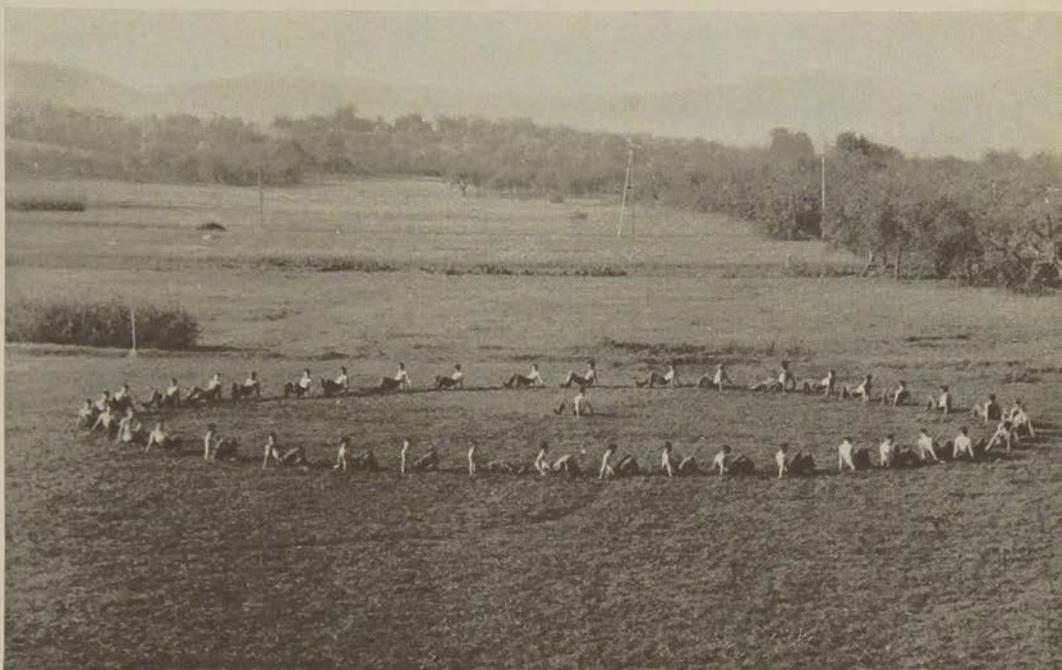




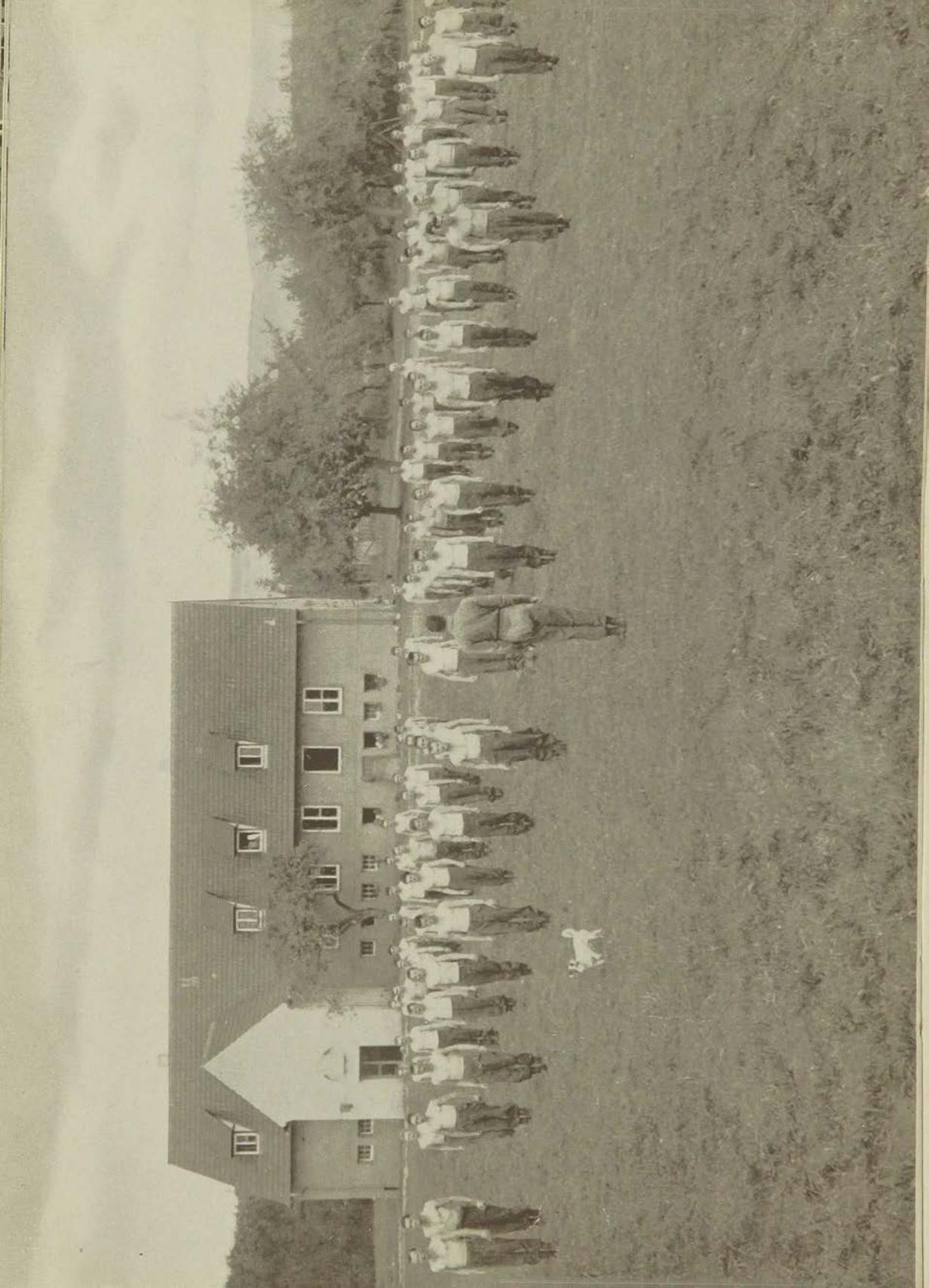


PHYSICAL TRAINING





Sqads learn new physical conditioning exercises. Keeping physically fit is stressed at all times. Men exercise at least once daily.





FROM GARRISON SOLDIER

To FIELD SOLDIER

Most important of all is to be good combat soldiers. Because of replacements, inexperienced in combat, and because of the difference in Jap tactics and German tactics, field and weapons training must be intensive.



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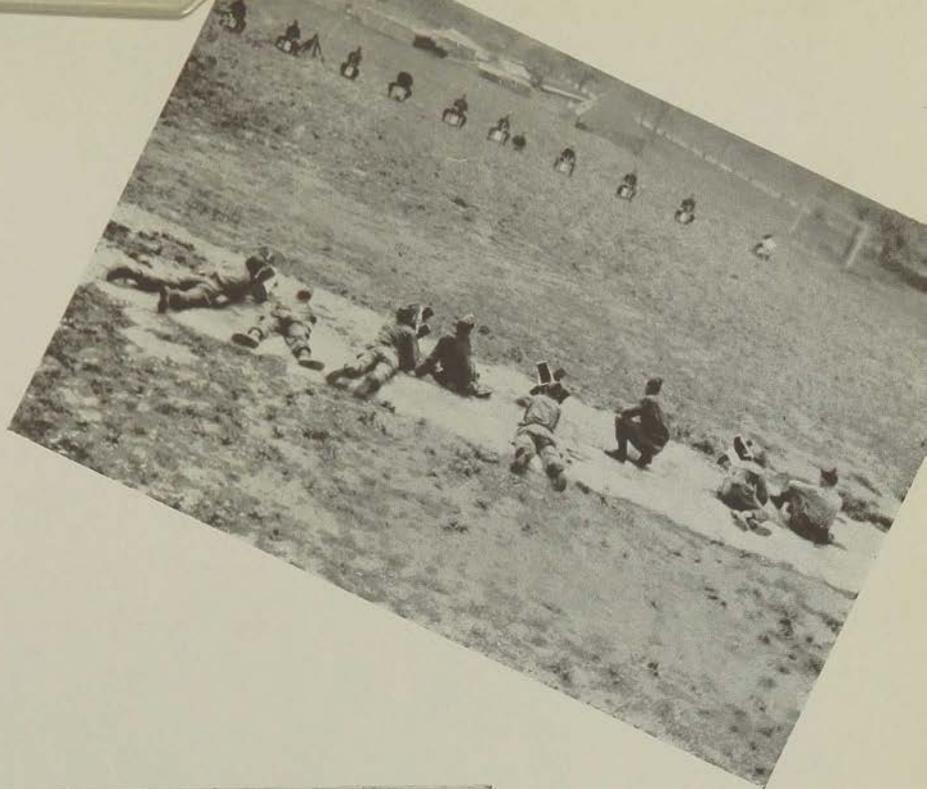


Weapons training
and aiming, triggers
and shot triangulation

NING

TH

PONS



included sighting
squeeze, position,
rotation exercises.



Especially important is training with crew-served weapons. Competition between squads increase interest and proficiency.



Combat Diary

COMPANY G 398TH INF

Raon Le Tape to Trois Fontaines

Phase I

IT was a fast train trip from Ft. Bragg to Camp Kilmer. Never knew the Army to work so smoothly. And though it was longer, it wasn't long enough before we hit Marseille, took that long drag up through the hills to the staging area, and pitched tents in a veritable sea of mud. A Kraut "Recon" plane took a look at Marseille the night we made that hike. Everyone got quiet for a minute when they saw the "ack-ack" reaching its long, searching fingers into the sky. This was our first glimpse into the dirty workings of war. There had been a few "harmless" mines, with their ugly prongs, floating by in the Atlantic, but heretofore our only worry had been sea-sickness. From here in, we found out what it meant to be "Infantry!" It was having the guts to stick. Get sick and drop out and you increased your buddy's burden; he had more ammo' to carry, more guard to stand; and if you were bad off, there was always someone worse off.

AND so we had left the U. S. on Oct. 6, 1944, and landed in France on the 20th of Oct. Came the 29th of Oct. and we loaded on "40 & 8's." The box cars bristled with comically improvised smokestacks, used for heating "C's" and in a vain attempt at keeping warm. We would run up to the engine in the morning for hot water to shave—steel helmets had more than one use! We arrived at Thoane, late on the 1st of Nov. The boys had plenty of rations now. We had passed a couple of side-tracked supply trains and it hadn't taken them long to provide themselves. Trucks hauled us to a rear assembly area and again we pitched tents in the dark. It started raining again. WE sweated it out in the rain for six days and then at 22:30 on the 7th, in the heaviest rain yet, we "rolled up," moved out by truck, and arrived at a forward assembly area about midnight. It had started to snow and we were soaked to the skin. We pitched tents for the last time and lay down in the wetting snow to think and shiver. Some of the boys were seriously looking for shoe mines to end their misery. Most of us were up before daylight and exploring a nearby military cemetery. Lucky guys???? They were finished with this misery.

WE got a chance that day to lighten our packs. We dried our equipment just enough so that it was only damp, not soaking. And then we crawled into the lines, relieving elements of the 45th Div. Boy, were they a rugged looking crew! No sooner were we there than Jerry started pouring it in. Must have spotted us moving. There weren't enough holes, since we were full strength going in and the 45th had been cut down plenty in its

fighting. So six of us crawled into one hole, shaking and shivering from fright, until the barrage was over. It was "K" rations, shoe-mine fields, which took their toll (even got the "C. O."), wet holes, and constant guard. This was it! The first patrol that went out got tangled up in a shoe-mine field. Need I say more? Dick Glass was put in for the Silver Star-----posthumously. All this time the Kraut artillery and mortar fire was catching us, always wet holes, and they came around with the election results. What difference did it make who was president? We began to get tired of "K" rations three times a day. And on the 18th of November came the change.

WE pulled out of the defensive positions, traveled by motor convoy, and razzed all other outfits we saw (especially the MPs)! We were veterans now — "we thought." We were lucky and got reserve positions for a couple of days. Just a little artillery fire and lots of the boys getting trench foot. Then came our first attack! We started out in a long staggered column, across a little trickle called the La Plein River. As per usual Jerry caught us moving up and layed in the "coal." Two men were hurt, but everyone around us was catching more hell. Lots of prisoners streaming back. We saw some dead G.I.'s; never liked to see them. We moved across an open field following a hedgerow and a lone Jerry sniper worried us for awhile. After crossing the open valley and getting the comparative safety of a grove of pines in a little gully, we grabbed a "K" and started an exhausted nibbling. There was lots of small arms fire on the mountain overhead. Then we got the other to make a "night attack." So we fixed bayonets and up the mountain we went, confused and jumbled in the complete darkness, trying to think straight. Things finally got so mixed up that we settled down for the night about 200 yards below Jerry, the mountains so steep that you had trouble to keep from sliding off if you lay down. Some of the boys lost their helmets—what a racket they made rolling down the mountain! The outfit that was having all the trouble on top of the mountain came back through us. And so we lay there, shivering and thinking in exhausted doze.

AT daylight we were again moving in the attack. Just as the scouts hit the crest, a ripping crescendo broke the silence. Everyone was flat and squirming for more cover in a split second. I glanced up from under one corner of my helmet to see the tiny slugs ripping through a tree about a foot in diameter. A scout on my right dropped his head forever. Then some of the boys in the first platoon took off around the left flank, shooting at anything and everything. They got some Krauts too. Jerry hauled out and we took over the crest of the mountain. It was then that we started digging in and not any too soon, for the Kraut "50's" chewed us to pieces the rest of the afternoon. It wasn't a nice picture when they landed in the holes with some of the boys, and those tree bursts did their maximum damage (we didn't have time to get tops on the holes). We finally pulled back to reverse-slope positions and dug in again. Our canteens were dry and some of the boys were getting weak from thirst. That night we had plenty of water. It rained from dusk 'til dawn and almost every hole had six inches of water in it. And so it was another night of misery: soaked to the skin, black as coal out, and just cold enough to keep a man shivering. The next morning a good one-third of the company went to battalion aid either from exhaustion or trench foot. Of course there had been the wounded and killed of the day before to knock down our strength. It was quite a consolation to still be alive.



AND so the next morning we moved out, passed through "Easy" Company, which had been on our left flank, scouted out and patrolled another mountain, found no enemy, and started to dig in. It just so happened that every place we dug, we hit water at two feet. After digging about five different holes to this depth and finally improvising one in the side of a bank, my buddy and I sat down to rest for a moment. Then came the order to move out. Thoroughly exhausted and disgusted, we dutifully obeyed the order, only to find to our great joy that the whole company was moving into a not-so-clean, but very dry barn. It was the first time since entering combat that we had gotten inside any sort of house and had eaten hot chow. This was Heaven!!! But it couldn't last and it didn't.

THE next morning we were roused out about 0400 to feed, clean our weapons, and chase the Jerries as part of a task force. We had gone about five miles on trucks when the forward elements ran into some "88" fire and a couple of "Recon" cars came tearing back through with wounded laying on top. And so we waited all that day to move but were apparently stalled. We held up in the rubble of the French town in which we were stalled (got a good night's sleep anyway).

THE next day the trucks were moving again, it was still raining, and we got off the trucks at a little village called Le Vermonte. We attached ourselves to a tank outfit but were halted by enemy resistance before dark. It was finally decided we should hold the ground outside of Le Vermonte and guard the tanks. It was raining, snow was on the ground in patches, and we were more than a little wet. Bed rolls came up about 0200. It was almost too dark to find your way to the bed-roll pile and back to your squad. And still it rained, and almost everyone was afflicted with dysentery.

THE next day they pulled us back to a barn in Le Vermonte where we dried out, slept, cleaned ourselves and our weapons, got a good night's sleep except for the dysentery, and ate "Thanksgiving Dinner" the next morning about 0500 in the dark. This was the 24th of November. We left Le Vermonte on foot, slogging through the mud. We hiked all day and dug in a little east of Salm, France. It was still rainy and cold. The next morning we began another tedious hike. About mid-afternoon we stopped and orders came down that we were to be transported by truck back to St. Prayel to sleep there in a barn — the same one in which we had spent that first night, dry and inside. The next day, with hot chow and a chance to clean up, we were feeling fine. We moved in late afternoon to Trois Fontaines, took our first showers, wrote home, got plenty of sleep, did a little training, and were in Corps reserve. We were here from Nov. 27th to Dec. 2nd and got our first large group of replacements. And it was thus that we got our first short-lived rest.

Puberg, Soucht, Bitche.

Phase II

IT seemed that each of us had already had a multitude of close shaves, numerous breath-taking experiences, and of course for many, it had been more than close misses; for some the very worst. But in spite of this we found ourselves in another combat assembly area. We hit it late that night after a gruelling hike, put out some guards, and crawled into our rolls for what sleep we could get. Up before dawn the next morning, we ate another hot chow and started the attack on Puberg. It was early the morning of Dec. 3, 1944, that we hit the first roadblock outside of Puberg. There were a few enemy riflemen dug in and protecting the roadblock. The scouts caught them unaware, and before they could draw a bead on us, had the enemy covered and yanked them out of their holes. When we tried to by-pass the block on the road, fearing it was mined, we passed through a heavily sown mine field of "Bouncing Betty's." It gave you a tight, fearful, panicky feeling to see those innocent looking prongs sticking out of the ground. Several of the mines were set off, but they failed to explode after bouncing into the air. (We finally had all passed through the mine field when we hit another block outside the "Main Drag" leading into Puberg. Luckily we swung clear of it and hit the town from the flanks, while one platoon slipped through the middle of town but stayed clear of the block. The town was all clear of enemy; and as could be suspected, things were going too well. On the other side of Puberg the land dropped away to a rather deep valley and then rose again to a high commanding ridge. The company was no sooner spread out on this forward slope and following a winding road down this hill than Jerry decided to throw his artillery at us. We all thanked God many times for those ditches which flanked that road leading out of Puberg. In between barrages we would make a dash down the road and then hit the ditch again. A few men were lightly wounded, one of the many miracles we encountered. And then it was the ridge that had to be taken. Another roadblock covered by direct "88" and other artillery fire had us pinned mercilessly most of the afternoon. I remember seeing one man who had lost his helmet trying to protect his head from the flying scrapnel with the disk of his mine-detector. We finally scrambled out from under the barrage and continued the advance, although constantly harrassed by near-by attempts to locate us. That night we dug in under cover of darkness, not knowing exactly where we were or what the situation was. We later found that the town in front of us was Soucht, France. It rained all night, but in spite of the situation we fed hot chow after dark and

before dawn. Everyone was covered with red clay mud the next morning and we stood out like sore thumbs against the green forests we occupied. We were wet, forlorn doughboys, but comical to see just the same.

FOX Company attacked through us that morning and ran into a retreating column of Krauts immediately in front of our positions. The fight developed most fiercely on our right flank. A couple of our boys were killed; "Short-Round" Crowley got his first round through his helmet; and there were a lot of dead Krauts accounted for. A patrol was sent into Soucht late in the afternoon and reported the town clear. Hot chow came up again after dark that night and before dawn the next morning. It was a wonderful help to be able to eat this food, in spite of the conditions. How that chow wagon found us sometimes, I'll never know. It was the following morning that we moved into the then-cleared Soucht, outposted the town, and got a brief respite from the labors of combat. We occupied Soucht on Dec. 6 and moved out on foot for St. Louis on Dec. 8.

WE were billeted in a shell torn school building in St. Louis. A couple of "88's" hit in a building across the street; but at least we were inside. We left St. Louis about dusk on the following day and were along with the rest of our Battalion, attached to the 399th with the mission of protecting their flank. Few men who were there will ever forget that blind, stumbling march we made through the mud to get in position. We passed through Goetzenbruck, later to be forever remembered by the men of the company. Finally reaching our position, we made one of those vain attempts at digging in, set up our guard posts, clambered back down the mountain in shifts to feed chow about 1 a. m., climbed back up the mountain, and crawled into our sacks for what sleep we could get before our "guard shift" came.

THE next morning we started improving our holes but moved out in mid-morning to a point about a thousand yards in advance of our previous position. It was Dec. 9 and we found ourselves at a little railroad station called Alt-Schmelz. It was the same story: dig in, put a top on your hole, and try and get a little sleep. We ate chow that night behind logs, rocks, and trees, for the "88's" were chopping down the trees over our heads. We got capes which could be attached to our field jackets and which would keep the water from running down our necks or the sand from trickling in. The next day we moved out from there and were stopped for awhile by what was the left flank of a Jerry roadblock on the Lemberg road. Our scouts walked straight into the surprised Krauts and they just stood there looking at each other. They both took off simultaneously and a patrol was sent out to clear the woods and feel out the situation. The Jerries had withdrawn from our section of the roadblock, and the order was given to "move on." As per usual, the Jerries threw in an "88" barrage upon withdrawing and took their customary toll. We moved on cautiously for the rest of the day and dug in overlooking Bitche, that famous city of our combat career. There was sporadic small arms fire down the ridge from us, but we spent the usual rainy and otherwise peaceful night. The following morning, after what had become "the usual" hot chow, we moved out with the third platoon being sent across the Lemberg Highway as a combat patrol. There was plenty of artillery support, but no opposition was encountered. We moved on to occupy a ridge on the other side of the Lemberg road and were subjected to severe artillery snelling. We had started to dig in under the barrage when we got orders to move to a different position. We were finally able to get out from under the barrage and move into



part of the old Maginot line. The date was Dec. 13. On the 19th of Dec. we jumped off from these positions, but the attack was halted and we held up in Easy Company's old positions. The next morning we sweated out the move-out order, and up until mid-afternoon it looked like we would be resting easy for another night. Then things happened fast.

WE shoved off swiftly, followed a roundabout supply road for one of the Maginot forts, and arrived at the French garrison. It was then that we came out into the open and followed the bald crest up toward Freudenburg farm. Long-range machine-gun fire was trying to get our range, and as we got to the old farm buildings we were pinned down in the open road by "88" fire. It was a gruesome feeling to hear the shrapnel clattering on the hard-surfaced road. We cut off the road through the giant piers that served as AT

protection for the Maginot forts and held up. Things were hot, we were hiding, and no hot chow that night. As we lay there we could hear someone who was either lost or wounded, off down the steep draw to our left. He kept yelling all night. It got colder. We moved out at dawn and almost immediately contacted the enemy. It was then that the 120 mm mortar fire began a barrage that was not going to end for 24 hours. We drove out their outposts by throwing our mortars into action, and we crowded into the defilade of the narrow ditch out of which we had just chased the Krauts. It was Hill 410. It was the "Cabbage Patch." The date: Dec. 20. The boys were digging in under sniper fire, mortar fire, and artillery fire. One of the machine gunners was killed and another man crawled into his hole with him, using the dead man for a parapet. A patrol was sent down the ridge to Schorbach, was pinned, had one man killed, and couldn't escape until after dark. Tanks were sent to relieve the patrol and were driven back by fierce resistance. The night was cold and the men were having serious trouble with trench foot. The next morning we received "K" rations and bed rolls. No sooner had they arrived than we received orders to withdraw. We hightailed it out of there under a shower of phosphorous, and that was the last of Hill 410. That night we ate hot chow once more, crawled into our sacks, and dropped off into an exhausted sleep. Some of us began to realize that sooner or later this "business" was bound to get us. It was merely a question of how bad will it be?

Defensive and Bitch

Phase III

THE ambulances were busy hauling back our trench-foot victims after Hill 410. Most of us were just too tired to care and it had been a long time since our last shower. The dysentery was weighing heavily on quite a few of the boys, but the next day we "went in" again to relieve elements of the 44th Division, which had been attacking on our left at Hill 410. A little thing called the Ardennes Offensive was developing and so it seemed that we had decided to hold the best way possible what we had gained, and to move the bulk of our troops northward to fill in the gap caused by the Nazi Drive. It was quite a blow to find one's company suddenly setting up a defensive position in an area that had the day before been a regimental area. Our holes were a long way apart, platoons were farther apart, and our company of about 75 men (rifle platoons and weapons platoon) was soon covering almost a 2000 yard front. And so it was that we hiked back to Holbach, France, which was just around the mountain from our assembly area after leaving the "Cabbage Patch," and took over the holes of the 71st Inf. They were nice, luxurious holes, but we spent most of the night digging reserve positions in case we were driven back. It was rough digging in that frozen ground, and impossible to do it quietly. It was Dec. 21, 1944. The next day the supply jeep brought up winter combat pants and wool-lined overalls. We received Christmas packages and ate our fill. The dysentery got worse. That evening we were ordered to move to the left and relieve I and K companies of the 397th Inf. Regiment. And so on a cold, but bright moonlight night, the 23 Dec., we moved on to "Sheep Hill," above Hottviller, France. It was called "Sheep Hill" because of the roaming herds of sheep between our lines and the German lines. They were wounded, limping, mournful creatures dodging one mortar and "88" barrage after another. We could see the Kraut positions in several places, spread as thinly as ours. Patrols from both sides passed through each other's lines during the long, cold nights. About the only exciting thing we did other than keep a constant vigil was to further spread out our lines and send out a couple patrols. We ate a large Christmas dinner on the 25th—turkey and cranberry sauce, salted nuts and all. The night after Christmas Eve we caught a sharp counter-attack by some Krauts with too much schnapps. A couple of the boys were hurt. The next few days we kept guard and looked forward to the Xmas packages that were coming up each day. On the 29th of Dec. we were "relieved" and went in Bn. reserve, which was nothing more than stepping off of "Sheep Hill" and down into Hottviller. Hottviller was a ghost town of war-torn buildings which had, up until the time we occupied it, been between our old right flank on "Sheep Hill" and the 3rd Bn. "somewhere" farther to the right. All this time we never even saw 3rd Bn.

FROM this small, delapidated town we sent out almost a patrol a night, either combat or reconnaissance, and sometimes both, up until the 6th of Jan., 1945. It was from this town that one of the Division's most successful combat patrols set forth. It was the "Dohlenbach Raid," made up of 25 EM and 1 officer. They went approximately one mile behind the enemy lines with the mission to destroy all installations and personnel. Their mission was accomplished, according to G-2 reports, with two buildings burned, one machine-gun silenced, 11 enemy killed, an unknown number of enemy wounded, and all with no casualties whatsoever in the patrol itself.

IT was after this period that we moved to Lambach, France, and its snow-bound hills to relieve elements of the 63rd Div. Some of us were in the town, some outpostting the hills, and others in the snow-hidden holes. It was safer in the holes. Jerry knew we wanted to get into town and keep warm and his "88's" tried hard to convince us to stay in the hills, but by the 11th of Jan. we had all pulled into town.

AFTER dark on the night of the 11th, we moved out on foot along the snowy roads to Petit-Rederching and went into reserve for the night, holding up in an old barn. We always got very cold after a hike like that. We would sweat as we hiked and freeze in the cold air when we stopped. From Petit-Rederching we plowed through the snow-drifts to the front-line holes outside of Bettviler, France. The terrain was barren and open and you couldn't stick your head outside the hole for fear of Jerry laying in what we had first come in contact with in Hottviller—namely, rockets! They plowed up the frozen ground and snow all around us and occasionally blew the top of a hole in on the occupants. We spent the nights in wire-stringing details and reconnaissance patrols. Things were just a little boring. Hot chow, mail, and a trickle of packages from home made life quite livable, though, and some of the boys were able to get back to the rear for showers.

ON the night of Jan. 20 we pulled out of these naked positions and went into Petit-Rederching to be billeted in private homes. There were few beds for any of us to use; but in spite of hard floors, we were inside and really quite warm. Some of us had to pull some outpost duty in the Maginot pillboxes surrounding the town, and there was rumor of our having to dig reserve positions in that hard-frozen ground. But this never materialized, and on the 22nd we left by motor convoy for Meisenthal, France, a forward assembly area.

AND that night we relieved elements of the 36th Div. in the line of holes between Althorn and Goetzenbruck. It was a "lay and wait" game, with the Kraut holes about a hundred yards away. It snowed heavily and the drifts were deep. It was hard to find the holes in the morning (The guard had only a tiny slit in the collected snow through which to keep his watch). At midnight on the 25th of Jan. we were relieved in these precarious positions and again travelled to Petit-Rederching.

We spent a few quiet days there getting showers, packages, and a little extra sleep for a change. It was quiet except for a strafing by a lone enemy aircraft one day. Jerry took just one swipe at us and then took off. No one even got a shot at him.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

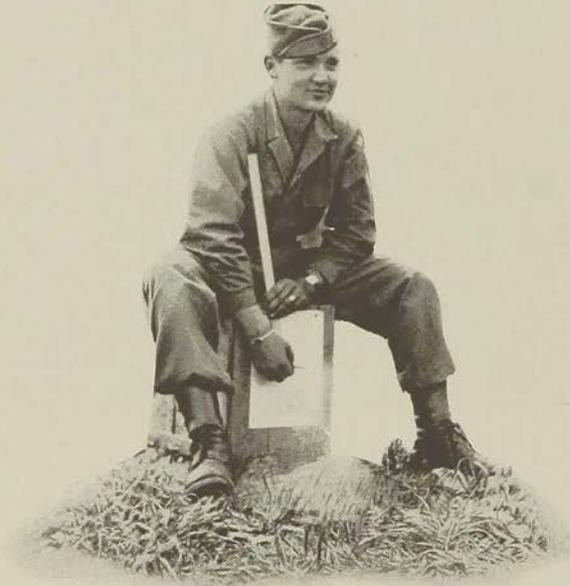


Gun Drill with motars
and machine guns.





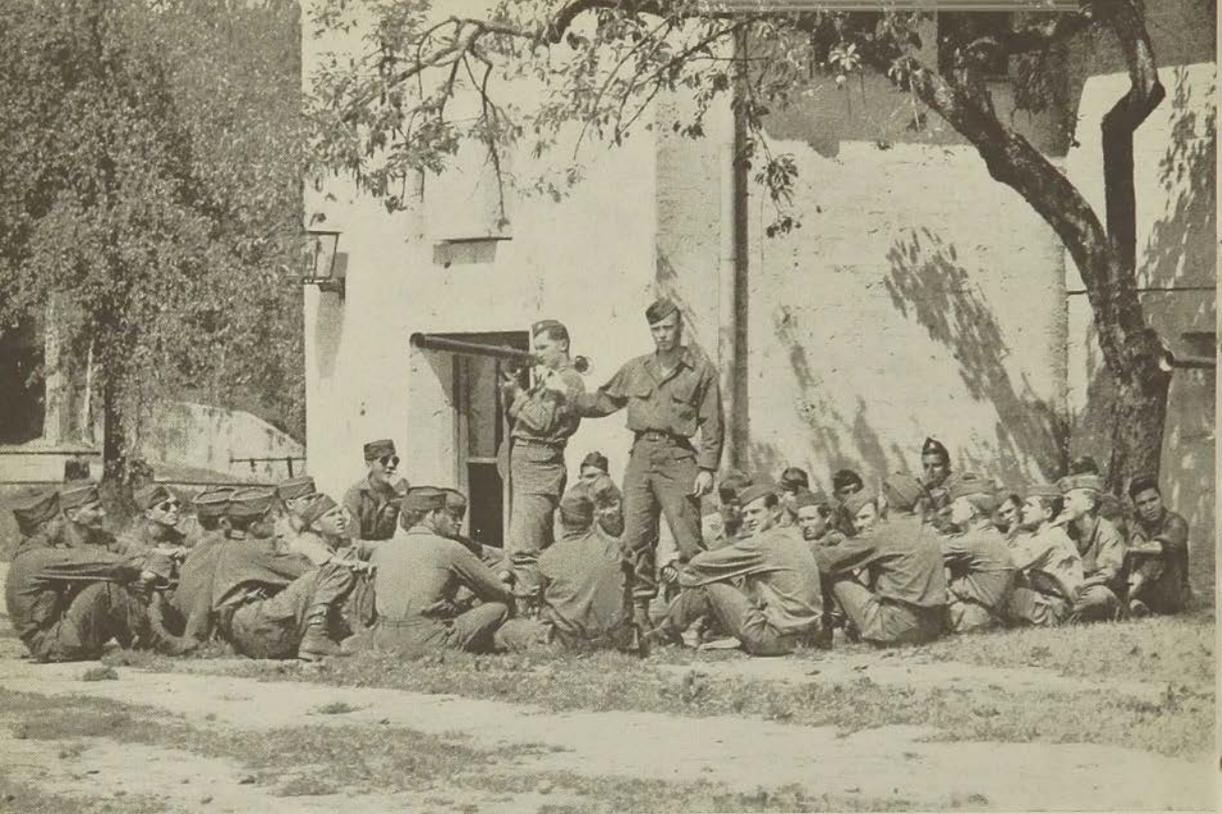
Marches of from one to four hours duration brought back memories of combat. Extended order drill, this time minus the bloodshed, assumed a never-the-less realistic effect because of combat experiences in France and Germany.



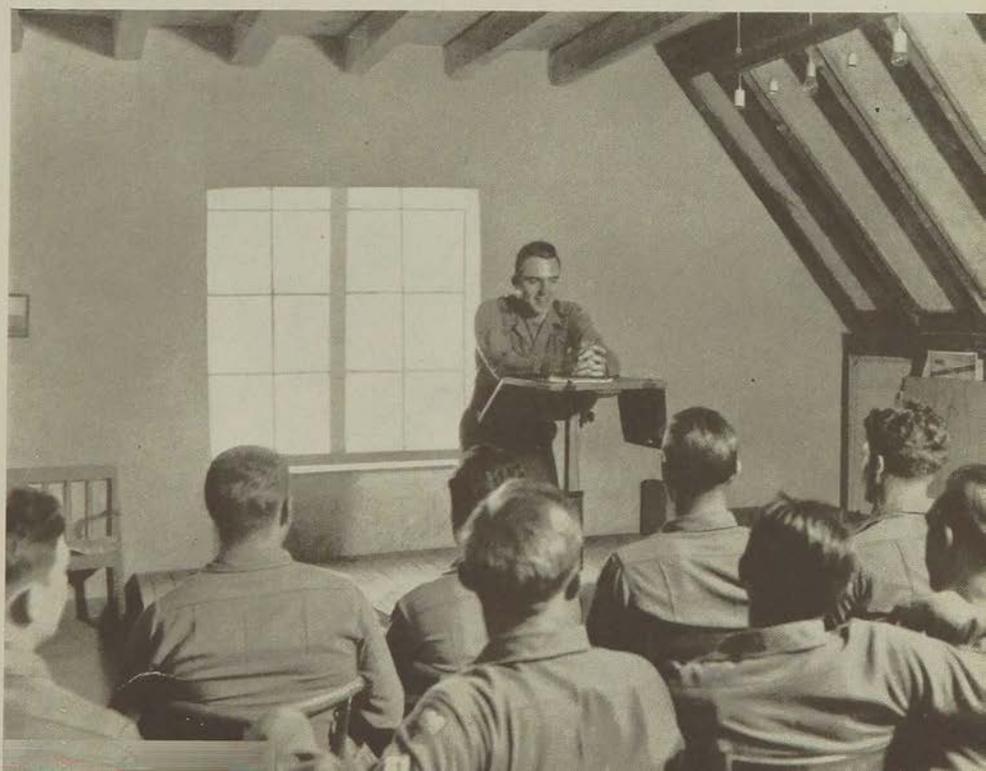
FROM FIELD WORK

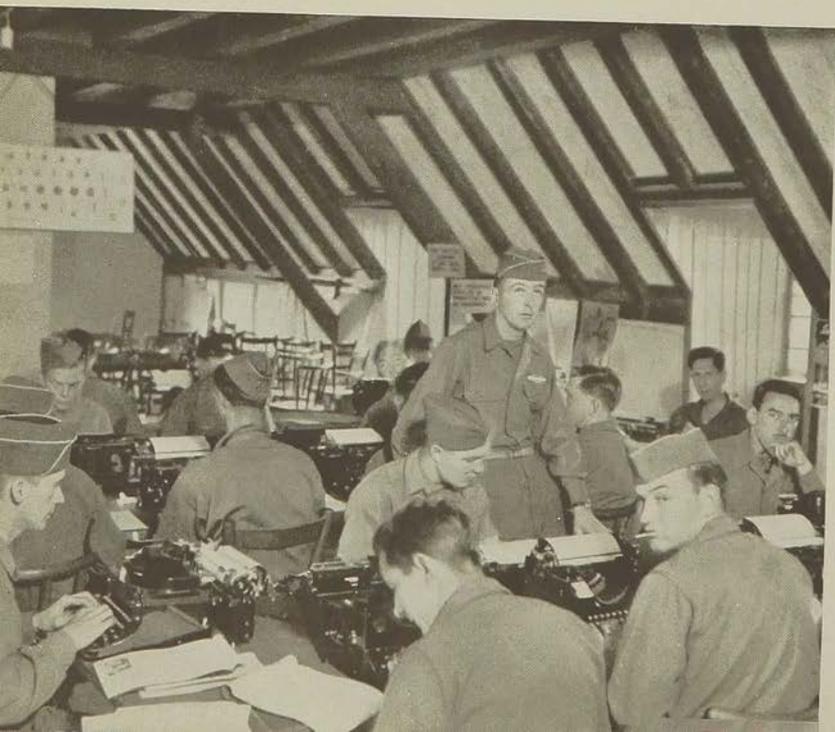
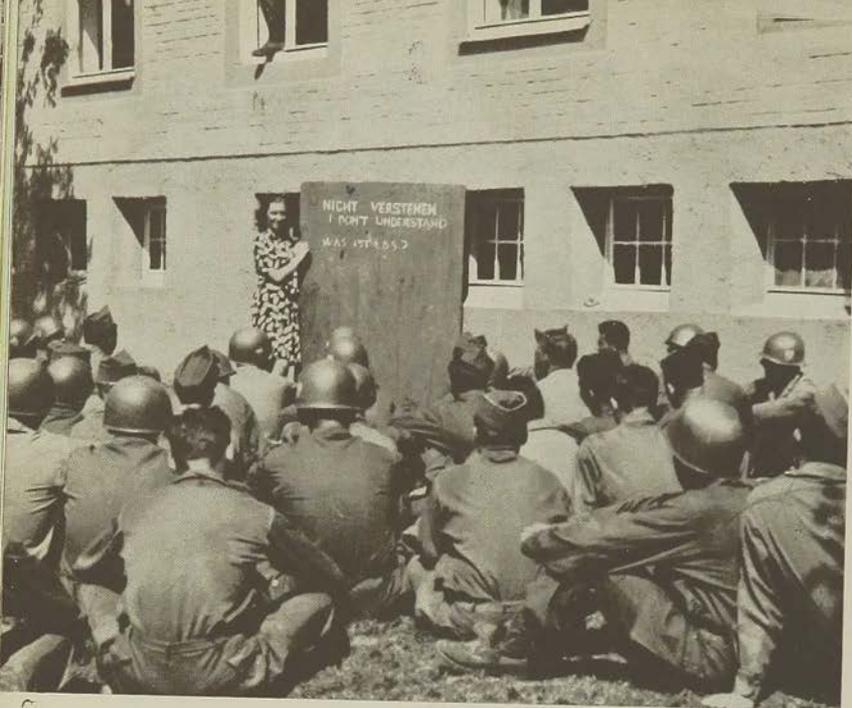
To CLASS WORK

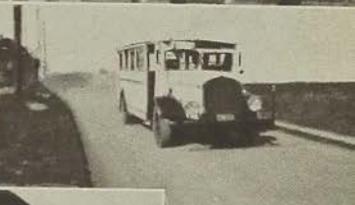
With a semblance of an I.R.T.C., class work varies from military courtesy and interior guard to a study of every infantry weapon. Practical experience, plus the aid of a field manual, makes for some valuable classes.



Non-commissioned officers explain the bazooka, give testimonies as to effectiveness of the weapon. Orientation twice a week, abit of I. and E., and daily German classes by local fraüline—but no fraternizing!





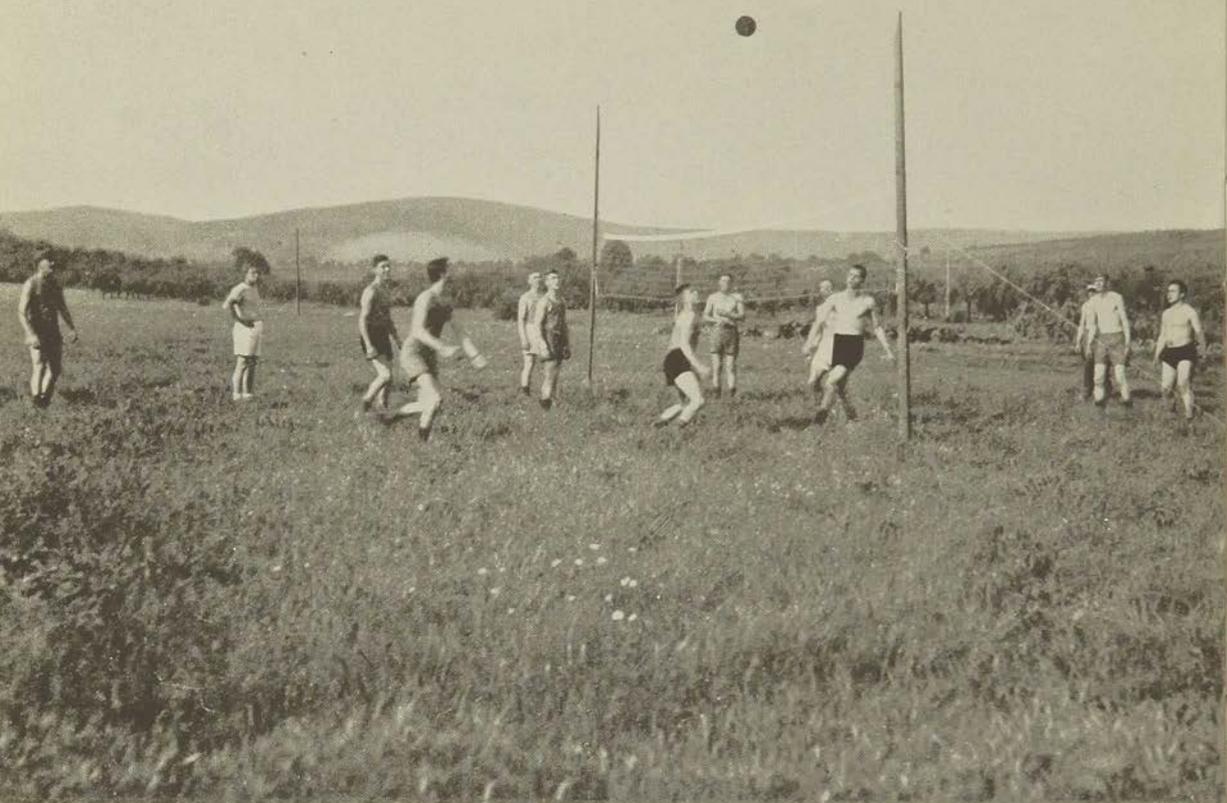




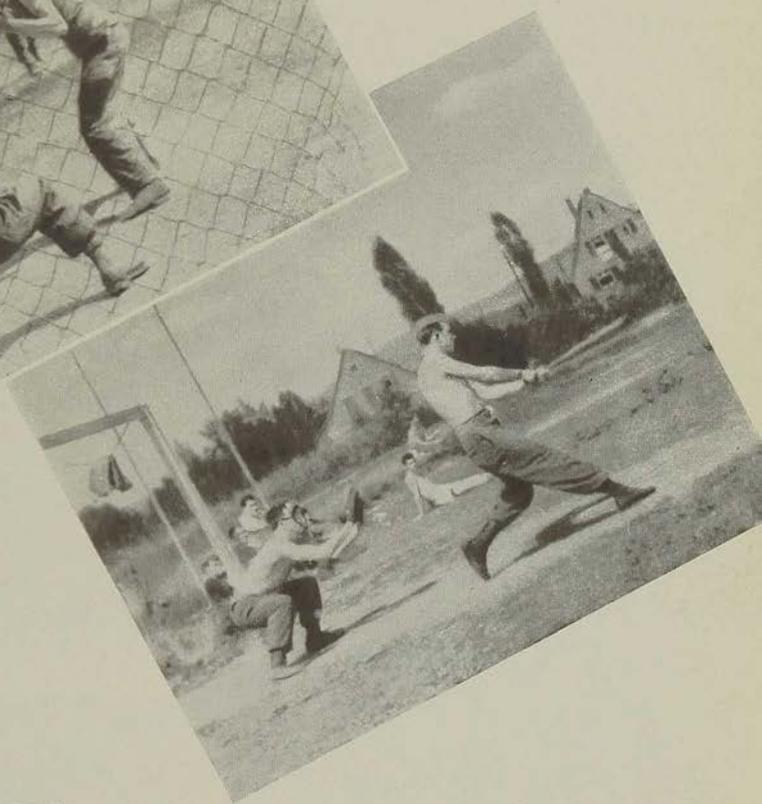
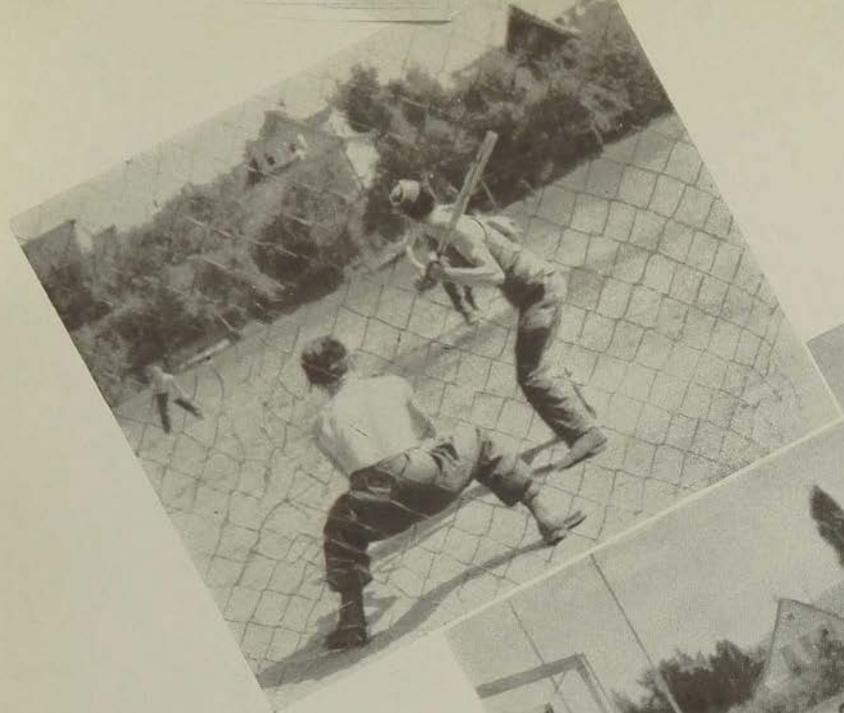
FROM CLASS WORK

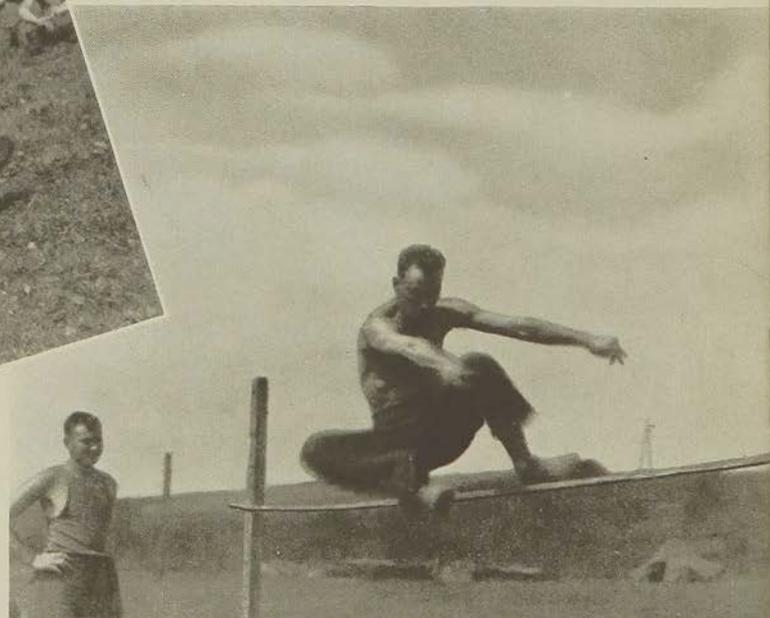
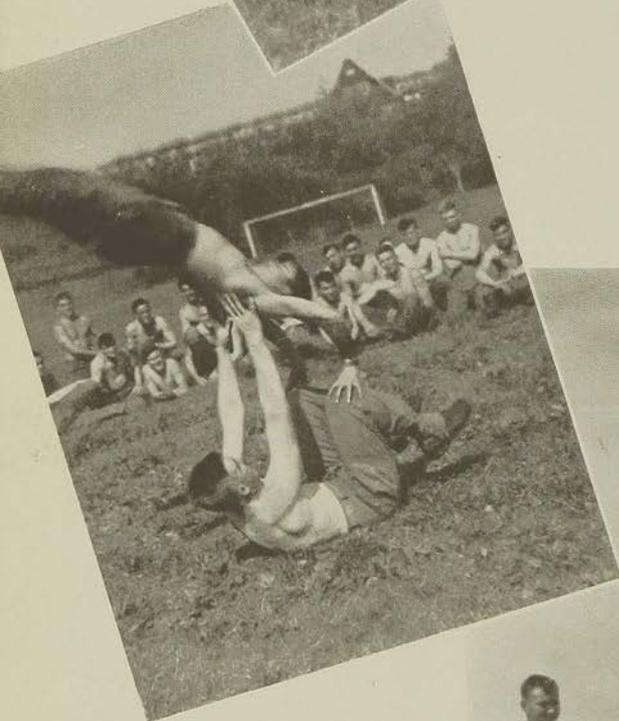
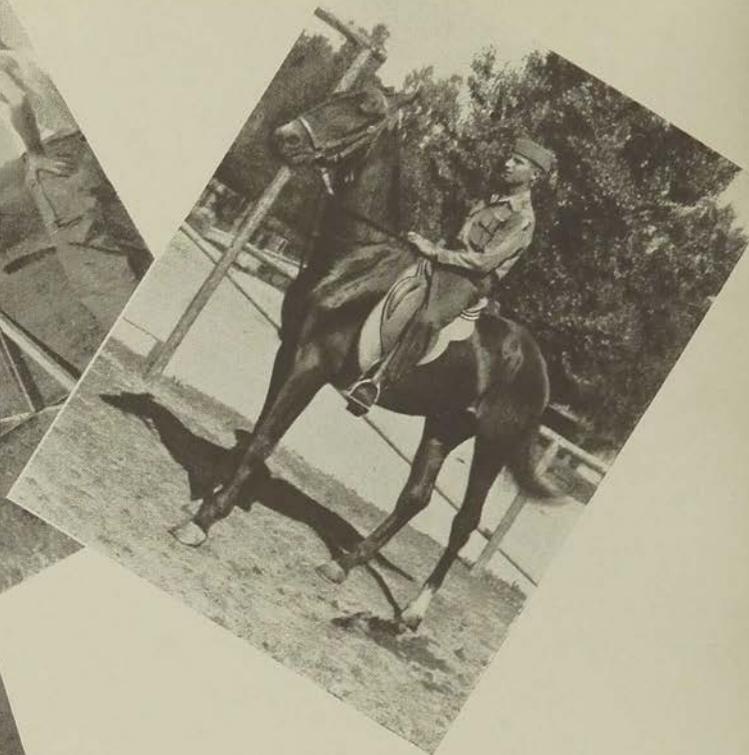
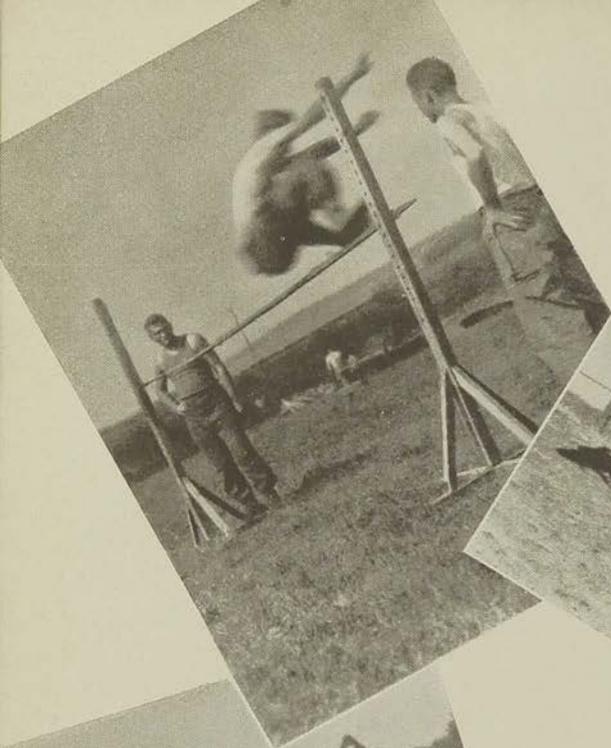
To SPORTS

An indispensable part of the day's program is athletics and recreation, in which George Company leads the 398th Regiment.



Most popular sport is softball, but during the hours for recreation, many participate in volleyball, horse-shoe, field events, horse riding, and swimming.







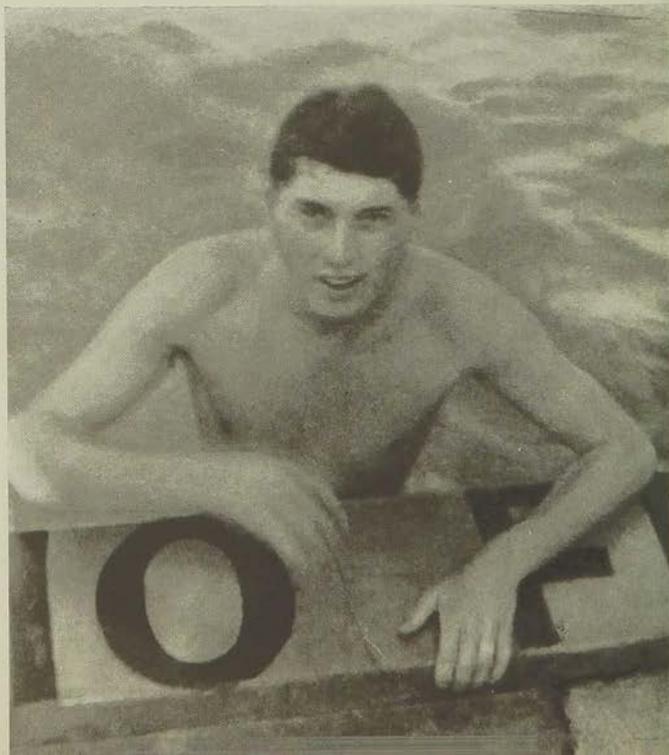
Company softball team won Battalion League Chamionship, placed outstanding players on battalion and Divisions teams.





G Company's swimming team won both swim meets held by battalion.

Spilios, star of team, went on D.S. with Div., took honors in both Div. and 7th Army meets, attended E. T. O. finals in Nürnberg.



Capt Matthew B Einsmann
 Capt Walton R Thompson
 2nd Lt Warren C Herold
 T Sgt James C Harris
 S Sgt John A Crowley
 S Sgt Robert J Fittery
 S Sgt William C Grimm *
 S Sgt Clarence M Groat
 S Sgt Edward P McKenna
 S Sgt Bernie L Mika
 Sgt Raymond P Chaty
 Sgt James B Hazen Jr
 Pfc Herbert C Horn
 Pfc William J Moisan Jr
 Pfc Fergus Saucier

SILVER STARS

Pfc Theodore L Swager
 Pfc Lawrence Wachtel
 Pfc Frank V DiPiazza
 Pfc Richard Glass
 Pfc Russell T McLean
 Pfc Clifford J Clyburn
 Pfc Howard F Dolphin
 Pfc Richard Glass
 Pfc Henry F Hoche var



Decorations

Capt Matthew B Einsmann
 Capt Everard K Meade Jr
 1st Lt Joseph T Cadden
 1st Lt Richard C Ness
 1st Lt Milton Schnall
 1st Lt Hardy B Woodbridge
 2nd Lt Edward G Danner
 2nd Lt Thomas J Higgins
 2nd Lt Robert H Rush
 2nd Lt Thomas E Woods
 1st Sgt Fred C Fehling
 1st Sgt Charles M Flavin *
 T Sgt Robert F Benke
 T Sgt James C Harris
 T Sgt Joseph S Murray
 T Sgt William G Purse Jr
 S Sgt Henry C Adams Jr
 S Sgt John A Crowley
 S Sgt Orville A Donoho
 S Sgt William E Grimes
 S Sgt Jack A Herrmann * **
 S Sgt Eugene C Keil
 S Sgt Francis J Krahe
 S Sgt Richard R Mastrogiovanni
 S Sgt Bernie L Mika
 S Sgt Edmund M Miniatt
 S Sgt William L Pannell
 S Sgt Michael J Paura
 S Sgt Robert J Sabo
 S Sgt John Jempelis *
 Sgt Joseph H Coale
 Sgt Charles E Compton Jr

BRONZE STARS

Sgt Charles H Cunningham
 Sgt Granville F Freeman
 Sgt James B Hazen Jr
 Sgt John L Hirons
 Sgt William C Knight *
 Sgt Bennett Korchmar
 Sgt Herbert L Young
 T 5 George A Momany
 T 5 Ernest J Osborn
 T 5 Stanley Rachowicz
 Pfc Hubert A Allen
 Pfc Jean P Belden
 Pfc Philip F Bell
 Pfc Francis H Belland
 Pfc Samuel C Bolton
 Pfc Eric B Bowers
 Pfc Norman E Budnick
 Pfc Olin D Carmichael Sr
 Pfc Marion A Carter
 Pfc Leon V Clary
 Pfc Richard L Coleman
 Pfc Luis A Colunga

Pfc Jack S Denton
 Pfc John J Dillon
 Pfc George K Easley *
 Pfc Van D Hardage
 Pfc Ronald H Hively
 Pfc Gordon B Howell
 Pfc Marvin Huggins
 Pfc Terry G Jim
 Pfc Samuel Johnson
 Pfc Darrell E Jones
 Pfc Robert C Kocher
 Pfc Robert C Liska
 Pfc Doran A Lofton
 Pfc Clarence T McCallum
 Pfc R. V. McMahan
 Pfc William J Moisan Jr
 Pfc Gordon D Murray
 Pfc Peter P Nappi
 Pfc Russell W Norman
 Pfc George Perry Jr
 Pfc James A Poirrier
 Pfc Raymond Ramey
 Pfc John A Reynolds
 Pfc Robert H Rockwell
 Pfc Robert R Somers
 Pfc Samuel S Sponder
 Pfc Alan D Swain
 Pfc Christ Vullmann
 Pfc Garnie C Walker
 Pfc George W Webb
 Pfc Charles E Williams
 Pfc Elijah J Williams
 Pfc Raymond T Wolf
 S Sgt Mike J Minnon
 Pfc Edward Montgomery
 Pfc Leorne W Anderson
 Pfc Clarence R Poor

* Denotes Oak Leaf Cluster

** Denotes Second Oak Leaf Cluster

SGT. CHARLES E. COMPTON, JR.
Sylacauga, Alabama

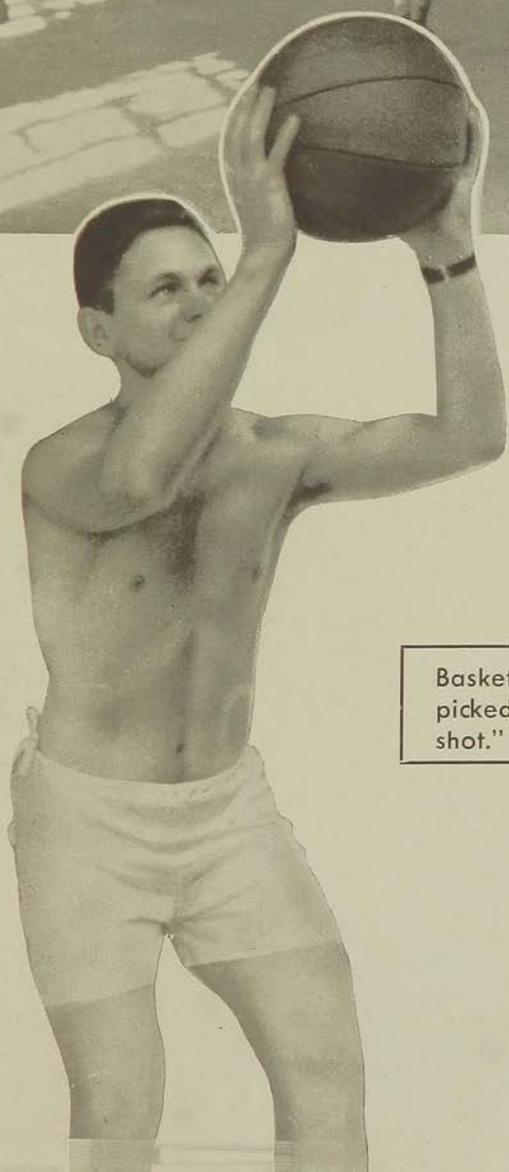
For his conspicuous heroism in connection with the Jagstfeld operation, Sgt. Compton, Communications Sgt., has been recommended by 7th Army for America's highest military award — the Congressional Medal of Honor. Outstanding action of the day was when he broke away from a group of Germans who captured him by beating them over the head with his helmet, a gesture intended to fake complete surrender. For other outstanding actions, see COMBAT DIARY, Phase IV.



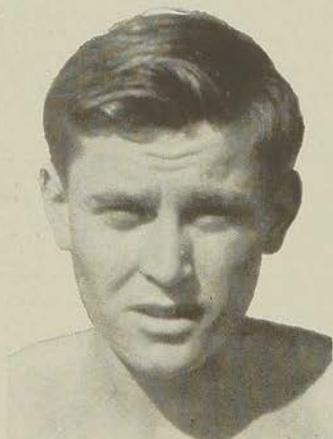
PURPLE HEARTS

| | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| Capt Matthew B Einsmann | Sgt Thomas J Gibbons | Pfc Darrell E Jones |
| Capt Everard K Meade Jr | Sgt William R Gibson | Pfc Marion Kestner |
| 1st Lt William E Kanter | Sgt Steve Horvath Jr * | Pfc Robert C Kocher |
| 1st Lt Walton R Thompson | Sgt Bennet Korchmar | Pfc Robert C Liska |
| 2nd Lt Warren C Herold | Sgt Robert A Zeman | Pfc Charlie T Marlin |
| 2nd Lt Thomas J Higgins | Pfc Orlo J Archer | Pfc Thomas F Martin |
| 2nd Lt James A Mackin Jr | Pfc Ralph G Bauer | Pfc Donald E Mason |
| 2nd Lt Frederick M Peyser, Jr | Pfc Bertram M Baum | Pfc Oscar M McCreary |
| 2nd Lt Robert H Rush | Pfc Raymond H Bishop | Pfc J. D. N. Miller |
| 2nd Lt Thomas E Woods | Pfc Samuel C Bolton | Pfc Cleve J Mitchell * |
| 1st Sgt Fred C Fehling | Pfc Robert D Boos | Pfc William J Moisan Jr |
| 1st Sgt Charles M Flavin | Pfc Eric B Bowers | Pfc Gordon D Murray |
| T Sgt James C Harris | Pfc Harry Bowser Jr | Pfc Leon V Nelson |
| T Sgt Joseph S Murray * | Pfc Allen H Budinger | Pfc John S Nicodemus Jr |
| T Sgt William G Purse Jr | Pfc Richard T Campbell | Pfc Russell W Norman |
| S Sgt John A Crowley | Pfc Olin D Carmichael Sr | Pfc Paul D Perry |
| S Sgt Orville A Donoho | Pfc Carles E Charlton * | Pfc Sylvester Poncik |
| S Sgt Robert J Fittery | Pfc Tony P Cipolla | Pfc James A Ralston Jr |
| S Sgt Clarence M Groat | Pfc Richard Coleman | Pfc Dale R Rettstatt Jr |
| S Sgt Donald H Gareis | Pfc Louis A Colunga | Pfc Allan T Shirley * |
| S Sgt William E Grimes | Pfc Clarence J Cowart | Pfc Glen H Schnadt |
| S Sgt Warren E Lozinski | Pfc John M Dalmo | Pfc Franc J Sladen Jr |
| S Sgt Edward P McKenna | Pfc Jack S Denton | Pfc Frank Snyder |
| S Sgt Samuel T Micciulla | Pfc Ralph B Eckles | Pfc Gus C Spilios |
| S Sgt Michael J Paura | Pfc Jack Gilden | Pfc Theodore M Swager |
| S Sgt James H Saum | Pfc Sherman P Gray | Pfc Ivan C Trumbo |
| S Sgt Alfred Chiusano | Pfc Francis R Guile | Pfc William H Wade * |
| Sgt Harry E Banks | Pfc Robert Harrison | Pfc Garnie C Walker * |
| Sgt Raymond P Chaty | Pfc Charles R Henry | Pfc Charles E Williams * |
| Sgt Charles E Compton Jr * | Pfc Herbert C Horn | |
| Sgt Charles H Cunningham | Pfc Charlie F Hunter | |

* Denotes Oak Leaf Cluster

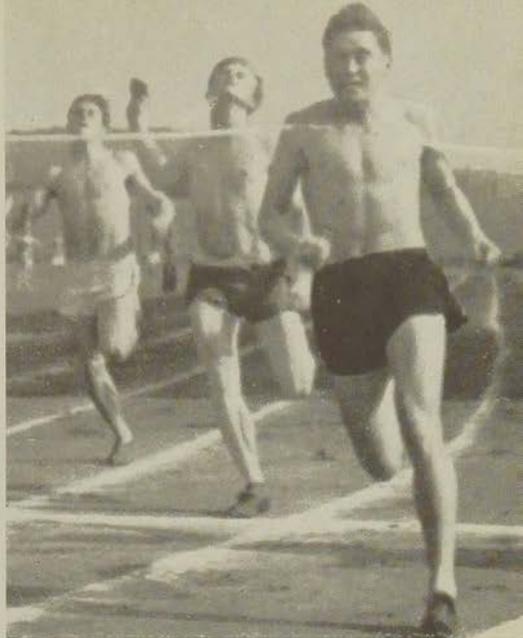


Basketball "prospects" and company team are picked at inter-company games. Girhiny gets "free shot."

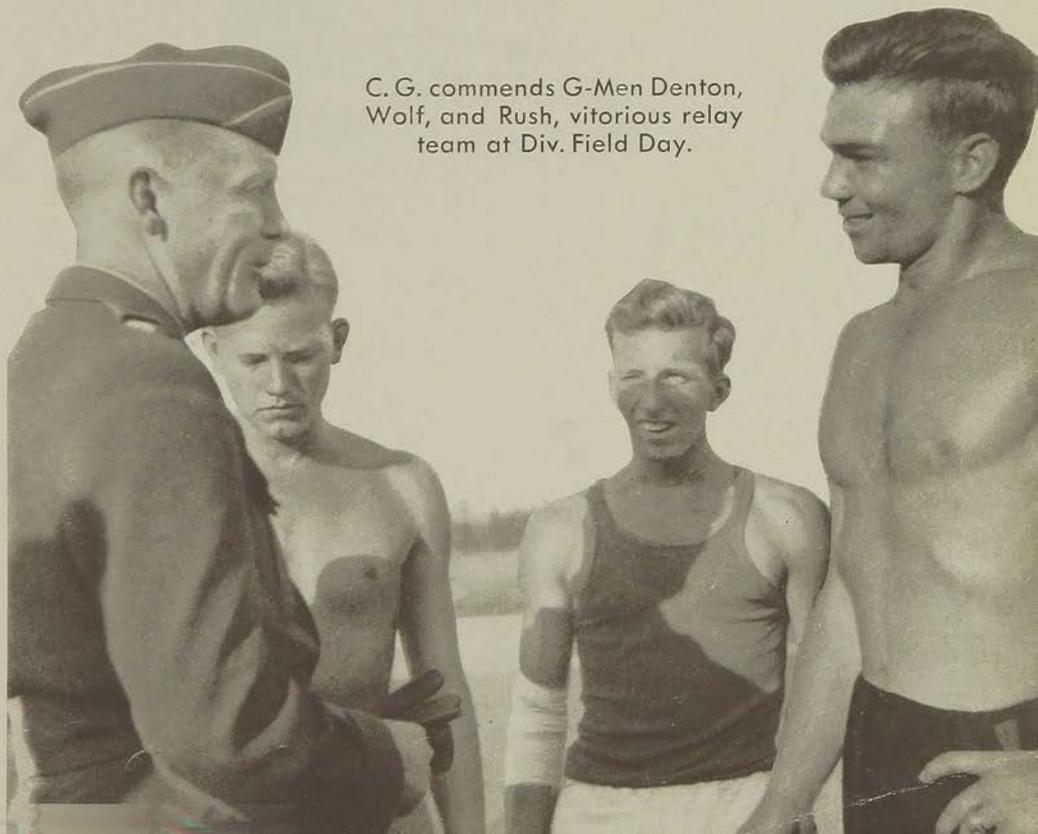


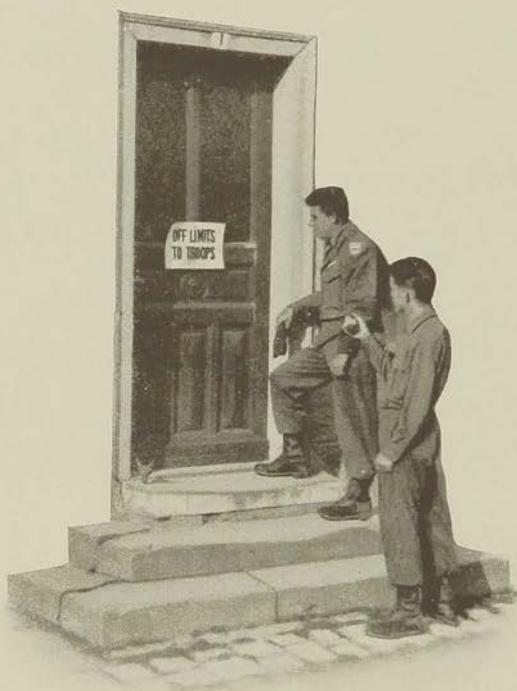
G Men, led by Lt. Rush, won the Regtl Trac Championship, placed high in Div. Meet. Binder, left, is star of team.

Binder, shown here winning the 100-yard dash, copped honors in both Div. and 7th Army meets, attended E. T. O. finals.



C. G. commends G-Men Denton, Wolf, and Rush, victorious relay team at Div. Field Day.



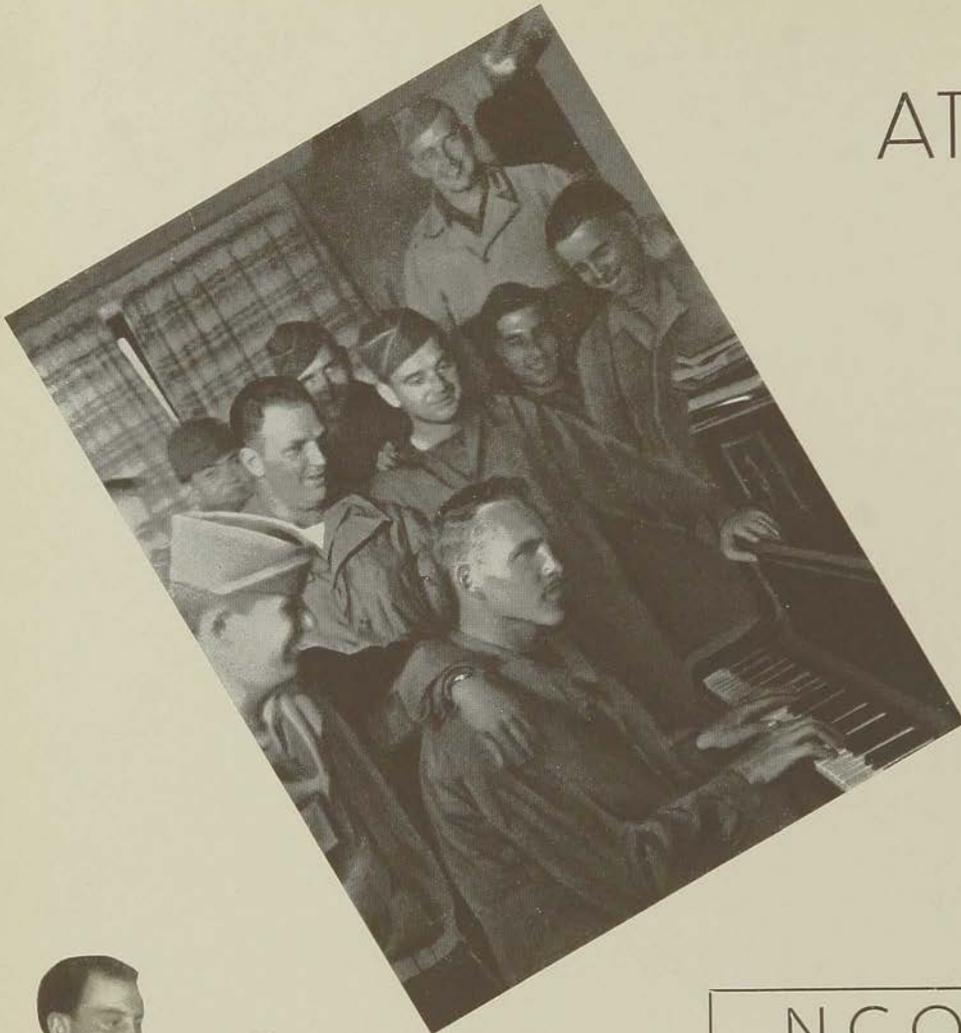


THE G-MEN

OFF DUTY

G-Men make maximum use of their minimum time off duty. Curfew comes at 2230.

AT THE

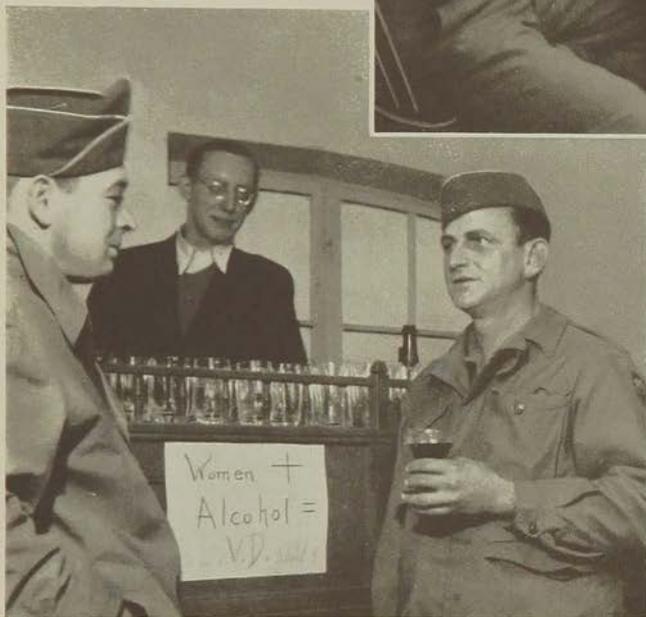


N.C.O.
CLUB



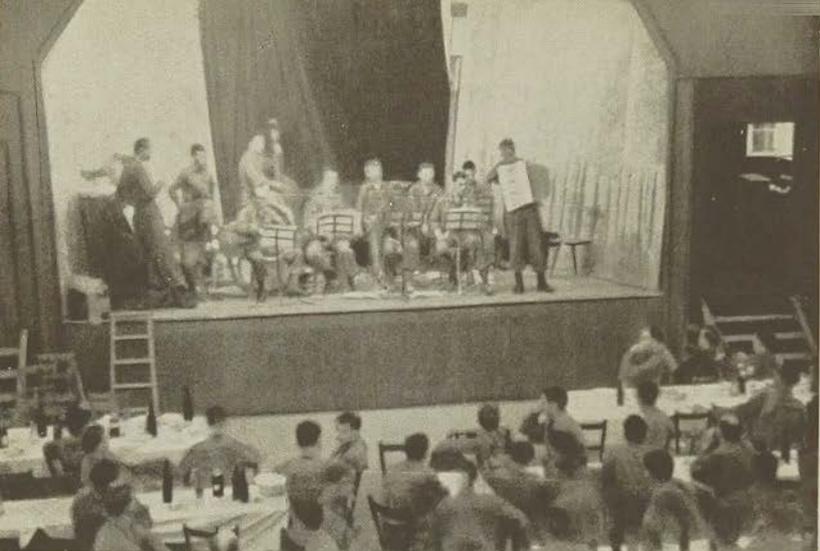
GASTHAUS
RÖSSLE

BARS

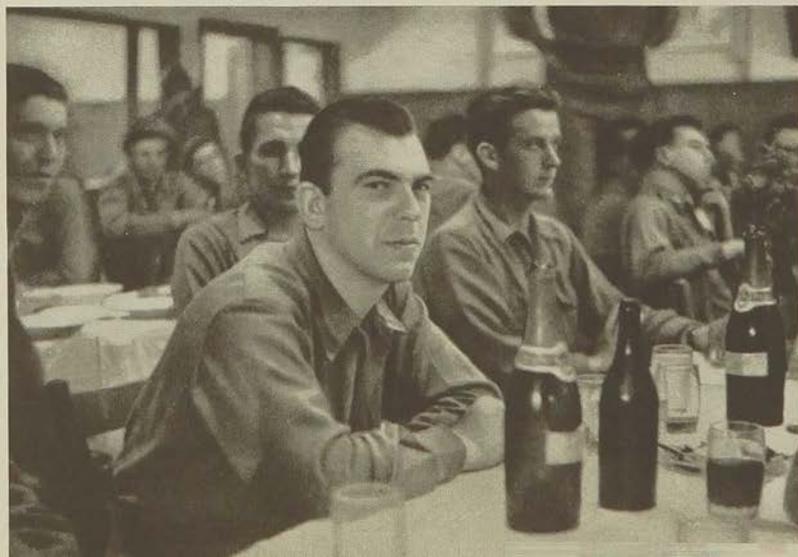
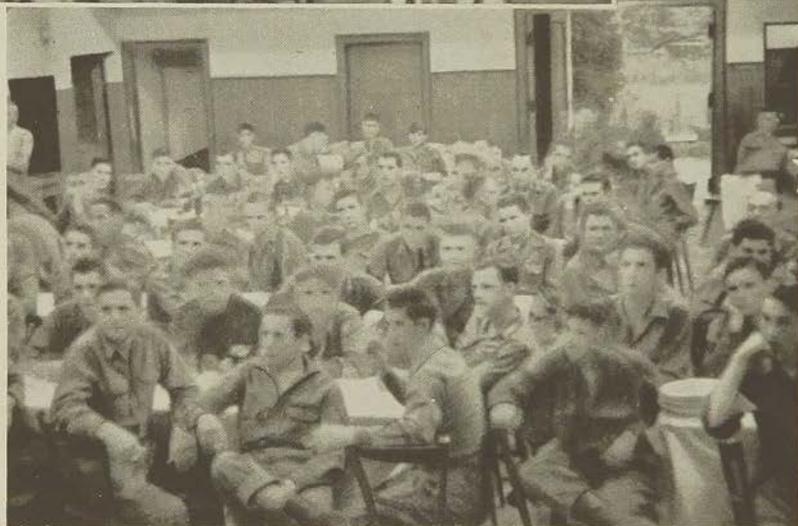


"CLUB
PRIVATE"

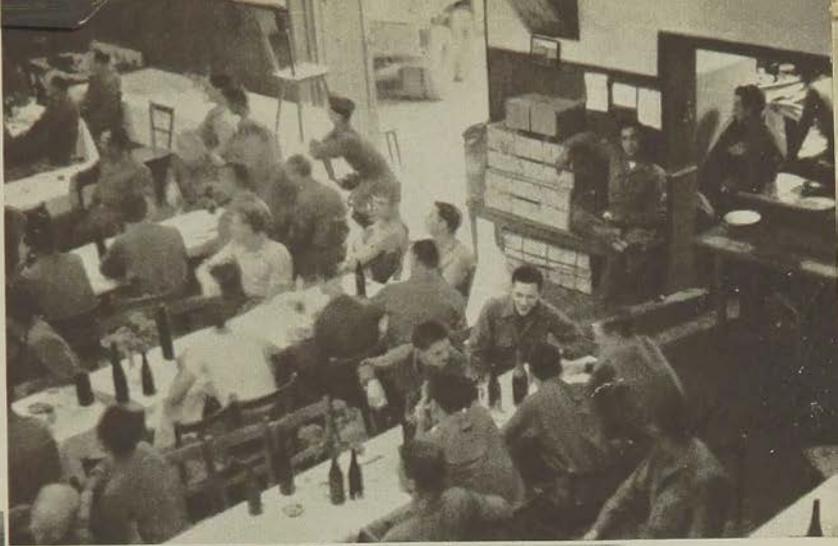




COMPANY

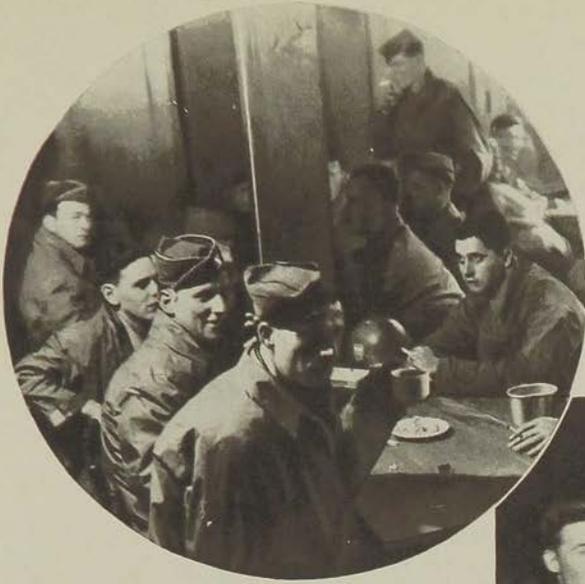


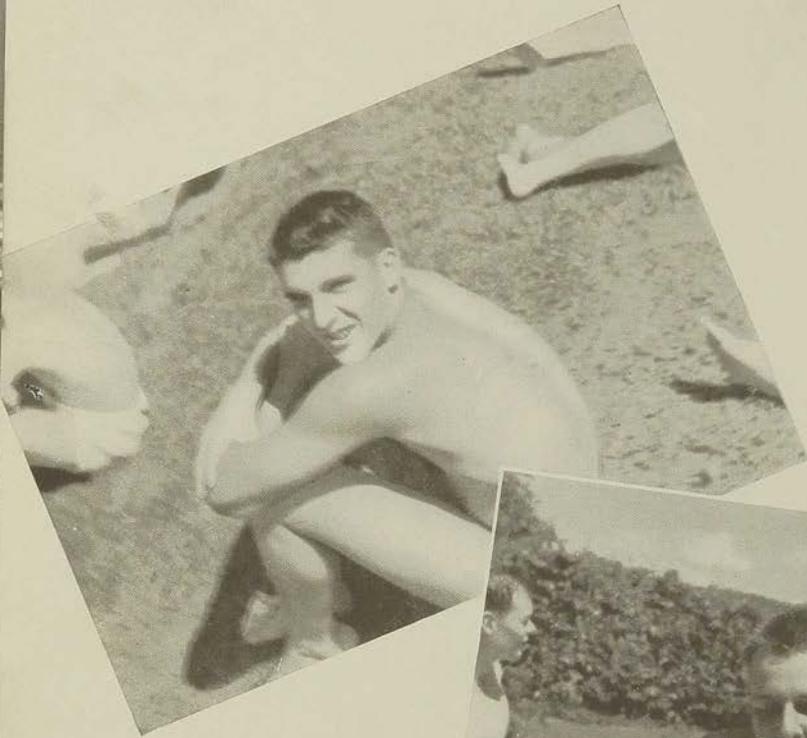
PARTY



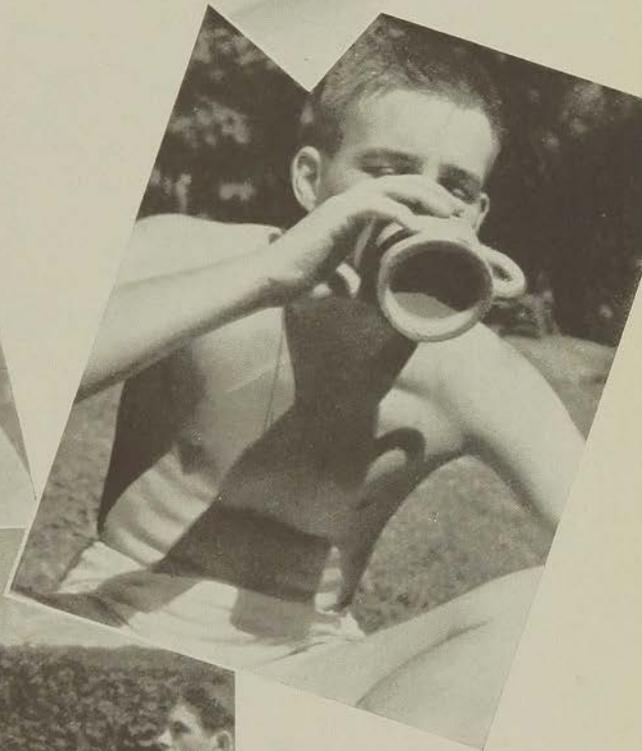
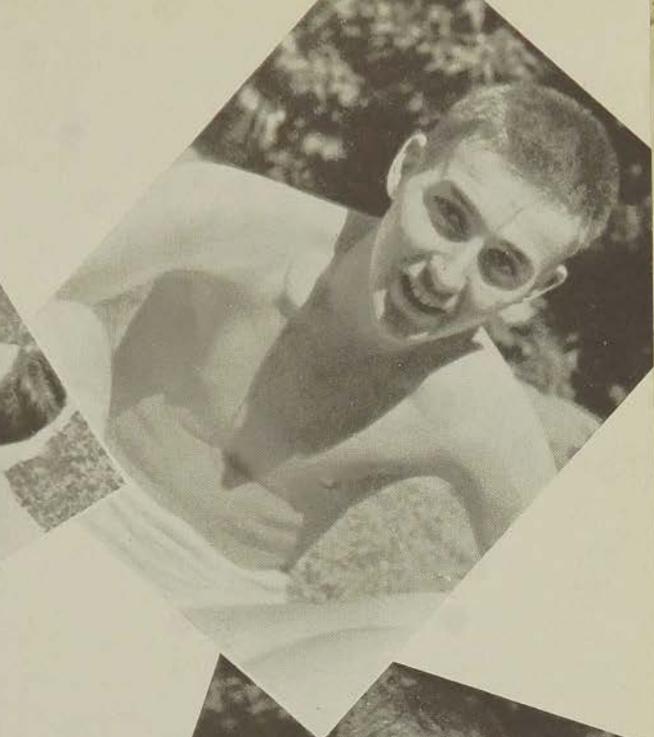
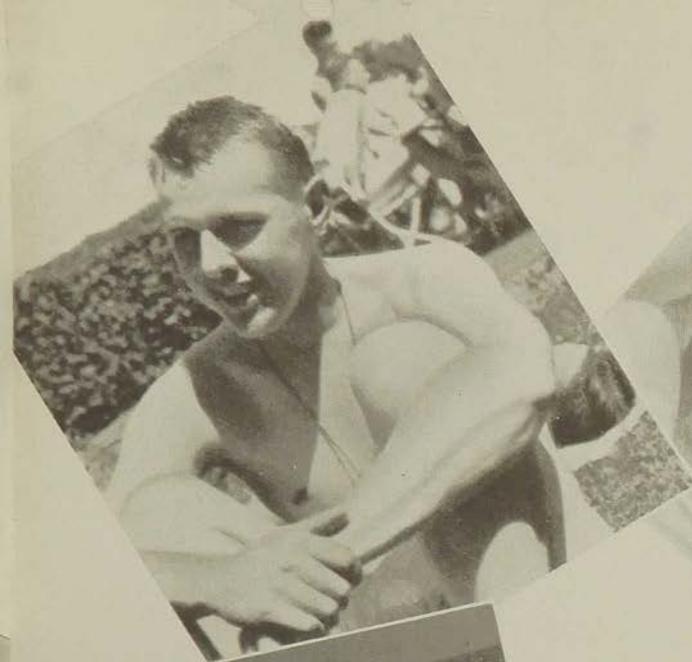


G Company presents professional talent at Battalion Show as Fuller croons and the Peters-Fuller-Osborne trio leads off with an original program featuring Frerichs at the piano. Right, the Red Cross pays a visit as Spider monopolizes.





G-Men at the Battalion Swimming Pool—Healy, Frerichs, Young, Garies, Korchmar—beer “trinking” and sun-bathing (Where are your trunks, Healy?).





COMBAT DIARY

CONTINUED

IT was the 30th of Jan. when we crawled into the snowy holes between Lemberg and Goetzenbruck. We received elements of the 35th Div. and there were a few dead Krauts laying around. It was all right while the snow was on; that is, except for the snipers and occasional mortar fire. That wicked and mysterious "draw" was below us — the one that had us constantly worried by the continual movement and action we could hear coming from its unobserved depths. And then a Feb. thaw and rain turned the snow to ice water and life was in its most miserable state. Every hole was literally dripping ice-water and filled to a considerable depth with same. On the 5th of Feb. the company was technically pulled back to Bn. Reserve in Schirestal, but one platoon had to remain to keep an apparent gap filled between what were the left and right flank units adjacent to us. This "platoon" was alternated through the company so that the rifle platoons and attached machine-gunners pulled 24 hours on line and 48 off. It was a considerable hike to make this relief and we were sometimes too tired to think it worthwhile. Once in a while some of the boys were hurt. One day three of them were missing — captured as far as we could figure. It was then that they decided to fill out the gap with more of the company, and the right flank was extended in an attempt to get close to Easy Company. One officer and two EM were captured in this move and there was still the gap between Easy Company and ours. This was patrolled at night, but we were lucky and never lost any men on this mission. We got so we could call the shots of the "50" mortar down the draw, and the Jerries kept chopping trees! It was decided we should fall back to new positions, through the wire, and into to new holes. The reserve section of the company then made its headquarters at the "Power House" between Goetzenbruck and St. Louis and we were able to trot down to St. Louis for showers. It was really getting to be a set-up. All we had to do was patrol now and then. And we even received reinforcements. Yes, it was actually getting nice, and we hated to think of leaving it; but that we did. It was supposed to be for a 7-day rest period.

WE were relieved by elements of the 71st Div. just after dark on Mar. 13 and embarked on trucks for a 20-mile ride to the rear to Zollingen, France. The next day we ate three hot meals, played ball, cleaned ourselves and our weapons; we even went fishing with hand grenades. That night the C. O. called in the NCO's to tell what lay in store.

The company was to jump-off in the attack at 5:45 a.m. on Mar. 15, leading the Battalion in the attack on Fts. Freudenberg and Schiesseck in the Maginot Line protecting Bitche. We moved by truck to Enchenberg, the forward assembly area. We bedded down for a few hours and at 1 a.m. had sandwiches and hot coffee. Then we started that long gruelling hike to the line of departure. We were taking off from that old French garrison that we had passed several months before on our way to the "Cabbage Patch." Things were forebodingly familiar. As we moved up the railroad-bed to Petit-Rederching we watched

the barrage for the 3rd and 45th Division which were jumping off at 1 a.m. that same morning. It was a gruesome, yet awe-inspiring sight. We were "sweating it out."

CAME the dawn and we were off on schedule. Our first advances were met by sporadic bursts of small arms fire from Kraut outposts and a terrifying rocket barrage. Casualties were light and although it was slow going at first, we speeded up as the day progressed. We got through "Little Anzio" (a flattened pine-forest) and through the mine fields which had been laid during the winter and were now entirely exposed due to the snow being gone. We didn't get much resistance from Fts. Freudenberg and Schiesseck but the snipers kept pecking away, and we could plainly see Fox Company pinned down on an adjoining ridge. We broke over the crest with a thrill, for there below us lay Bitche, the focal point of our effort for almost four months! Krauts were streaming downhill from us, toward Bitche. And in Bitche itself, they were high-tailing in out of town and along whatever escape route they could find. We had a bird's eye view of the whole panorama. Our artillery was crashing into Bitche, the Jerries were heading out of town, and most important of all, the "88" fire, which was vainly searching us out, was hitting just below us and doing no apparent damage.

WE dug unusually shallow that night, kept our watch under a pleasant sky, and even had some hot chow for those who were ambitious enough to take the trouble to go back for it when it came up. But it had been a long hard day, and sleep was almost as important as eating. The next morning found the whole company with hot chow under its belt and cautiously advancing down the long, straight, hill-road, past the last pillboxes, and into Bitche. We took a few more prisoners; and although we were guilty about it being "too easy," we were sort of glad it had been that way. We outposted different parts of town that night and the next morning found us rolled up and moving on the road north and out of Bitche. Germany was on the horizon. It was March 17, 1945.

Bitche to Oberrot

Phase IV

SOME two miles north of Bitche we relieved a company of the 399th Regt and spent the night there in already-prepared positions. It was here that one of the platoons saw a handful of Jerries waving white flags some 500 yards away but making no motion toward coming in. A patrol was sent out to bring in these Germans. Upon the patrol's return, we learned that the Germans had employed fake graves as positions for a machine-gun and snipers.

AROUND noon on March 19th the company moved out from its positions and marched into Lengelsheim, a broken down, deserted town with just an occasional unmarred house standing. We were put in Corps reserve in Lengelsheim, which gave everyone a chance to shave, clean up in general, and relax for a few days. The 22nd brought with it letters and packages for everyone — and as always happens when packages arrive, the order to move out came. So, at 1900, after stuffing packs and pockets full of cake, cookies, and candy bars, we started once more on foot with the promise that trucks would pick us up shortly. Finally, after marching some four hours, we reached the trucks and moved on into Germany, stopping at Delfield, where we billeted in our first German homes. The following morning confirmed our first impressions; the people of Germany weren't too happy to see us.

1400 found us on trucks moving on toward the Rhine. This particular move will be well remembered because of the mass destruction and apparent evidence of the Germans in complete route. Vehicles wrecked and burning and hundreds of dead horses as well as the charred bodies of men gave mute testimony to the searing effectiveness with which the Air-Corps had fulfilled its mission. After seeing all this, a lot of us were inclined to diminish our begrudging the Air-Corps their cleaner mode of living. The amount of destroyed material was incredible and furnished us with proof that Germany, too, was suffering as France once had suffered. The motor trip lasted several hours. When we did detruck, the smoking remains of Ludwigshafen and Mannheim were directly before us. We moved into Oggersheim, a suburb of Ludwigshafen, and spent the night. We received token artillery fire from the east bank of the Rhine — just enough to disturb an otherwise peaceful nite.

AFTER dinner the following day, the company walked back to Dannstadt. We were in Dannstadt only a couple of days when we heard that our fighting days were over, that we were going back and pull MP duty. Well, we did move farther back, but our MP duty was limited to some 24 hours spent in Neustadt, where everyone got roaring drunk. Yes, 24 hours later we were back in Dannstadt and wondering just what had happened to our beautiful set-up.

ONCE we had settled in Dannstadt and were looking forward to a few days of nothing but eating and sleeping, we found out we had a training schedule of P.T., close-ordre drill, an practice hikes to conform to. This change of routine wasn't greeted too cheerfully, in spite of the fact that some 10 days previously we all swore that if we ever got back far enough, we would take all the chicken that could be dished out. The USO shows, the religious services, and the movies which we were allowed to see, did keep our morale pretty high.

FINALLY, news came to move out, and on March 31st we crossed the Rhine by truck and billeted for the night in Friedrichsfeld. From there, on to Oftersheim, and a few more days of rear-echelon living. About the only point of interest we had in Oftersheim was when a Jerry observation plane came over one afternoon about 1600. Every type of gun in town from 50 Cals on jeeps to AA fire reached up for the plane... we heard later unofficially that it had been shot down.

OUR next move came on April 4th and Eschelbach was our destination. We had just enough time there to fry up a few eggs and slices of ham before pushing on again. This next move employed the use of tanks, our first meeting with any tank outfit in a long time. We certainly were glad to have the tankers with us and don't think they weren't happy to have a little infantry support. Brother, those tanks can really sit up and spit lead, but can they draw the "88" fire!

OUR tank trip to Hohenstadt was long, dusty and tiring, and everyone was in an ill-frame of mind when we reached the town. To add to our bitterness was the deplorable condition of the houses in which we relieved the 63rd Division.

ON April 5th we crossed the Neckar on tanks and moved into Offenau. Before reaching Offenau we were forced to detruck, and the following hike tore our last bit of energy and spirit to shreds. Everyone was cold, hungry, and badly in need of sleep. After crawling into our sacks and praying for a little rest, runners came around and called the

platoon leaders down for an attack order. Just about the time everyone had gotten to sleep the order to "roll 'em up" came and we took another heart-rending march, our every reflex anesthetized by fatigue. That march carried us into Duttenberb.

IT was about 4 a.m. on April 6th when the company assembled in a church to wait for the attack order. The plan was to cross the Neckar again, using 16-man boats, and to take the high ground and town beyond. It seemed like everything went wrong that early morning, but in consideration of what lay ahead — better yet, since we were oblivious to what lay ahead — we were ready to get moving. The engineers failed to get our boats into position on time and consequently it was just dawn when the first boatload got under way. About the same time that first boat pushed off an enemy machine gun cut the water in wide arcs and sent the Battalion, less one man, scurrying over a mound some 30 yards to the rear. That one man who refused to withdraw was Charlie Compton. For the following three hours while we were pinned behind the mound, Compton stayed on the River bank reorganizing the boats, calling encouragement and fire orders to the men on the opposite side, and returning fire with his B.A.R. All the assault boats except one were on the bank of the river and covered by direct machine gun fire from that German position on the high ground on the other side of the river. The one remaining boat was carried up steam by Compton above a dam and was employed to shuttle men across the river. In the meantime other members of the company carefully crossed the river, walking on top of the dam.

THE company organized along a railroad embankment some three hundred yards across a flat, open field from the river. A heavy concentration of artillery was thrown into a patch of woods to our right and to our immediate front in preparation for the forthcoming attack. We moved out to continue the attack at noon. The terrain was rolling farm land, clear of trees and underbrush. Upon reaching the crest, a group of Jerries were sighted about 500 yards to our front, waving a small white flag. Several of our men failed to notice the white flag and opened up on the Jerries, who immediately dispersed.

THE company was then dispersed over a very large area, all on a bald ridge with absolutely no cover anywhere. Seemed as though the Jerries were waiting for us all to get on the ridge, for as soon as we did, we were pinned down by extremely accurate sniper fire from three directions. Before we could organize to do anything, one of the heaviest artillery barrages we ever had to sweat out came rolling in on top of us. Jerry was having a field day. It wasn't often that he got the drop as well as he had it then, and he made the best of the situation. Again here on Sniper's Ridge, Charlie Compton went on over the entire area, seemingly unaware of the danger. Compton directed mortar fire, Compton directed small arms fire, Compton used our 300 radio to contact Battalion, and last but not least, Charlie put himself to the maximum exposure when he went over the ridge unarmed and picked up men who were pinned down (more from fear than anything) and started them on their way back. For his actions that day Compton was put in for the Congressional Medal of Honor. But even a distinction such as that could never express or replace the admiration we have for the man who under the worst possible circumstances went about helping all he could, doing more than any other ten men, and never wasting a thought of his own safety. A similiar trip over the

suicide ridge was made by our Company Commander, Captain Einsmann, who for his gallantry was recommended for the DSC.

APRIL 6th will linger in the minds of all of us long after many of our other combat experiences are forgotten. The loss of 60% of the company's strength in a little less than 8 hours, the loss of a good many of our buddies in such a short time while we lay there powerless to aid them in any way . . . these things are just a little too much to take and



still come back for more. As we moved back from that ridge line, making our retreat to the old castle that was a mile or two to the north, we tasted for the first time the results of defeat—defeat that lowered the head of every man and brought tears to the eyes of all. Morale was far from good that night and for the first time in the history of the company, the morning report read: Morale, Fair.

AFTER reaching the castle, we all settled down and tried to get some sleep. Fortunately, sleep came easily for us that night in spite of the fact that everyone was under a terrific nervous strain. We pulled some security around the building that night and after a hot meal in the morning were off again. This time we knew we were headed for Jagstfeld, and although we couldn't be sure what was in store for us, such depleted ranks didn't make for very high spirits. We moved across the base of Sniper's Ridge early on the morning of the 7th and were wondering whether we could get thru this time or not. Moving on into the outskirts (the northern outskirts of Jagstfeld), we met practically no opposition, and it wasn't until we changed our direction and started east, that we ran into anything. As we moved up one street along with our TD escort, we met some fierce enemy machine-gun and sniper fire. We found ourselves pinned down behind gates, walls, in buildings, and any place that would afford a little cover. It was here that the TD's took over and performed such a splendid job. Dusk was falling fast and we were a long way from our objective — that is, clearing the town. We were being held up directly in back of a large railway station, and the Jerry 50's and sniper fire kept us close to the houses. As we prepared to hold our positions there for the night, the TD's rolled up and began to pour shell after shell into the station. A few minutes later it was a blazing inferno. The 50 calibers on the TD's cut down a good many Jerries as they tried to get back to their lines from the station. The fires that the TD's had set helped a lot that night in standing guard — a moonless night in a deserted city can be incredibly black.

THE following morning after eating a K ration as well as all the cherries we could find in the cellars of the houses, we continued on clearing the rest of the town. Around noon on the 8th of April we occupied the last building on our side of the railway tracks and

sat back to catch our breath and await the next order to continue with the attack. From the 8th to the 12th we remained in Jagstfeld under what proved to be quite favorable conditions. For the several days that we were there, we had plenty of fresh eggs to eat, very little guard to pull, and a maximum of sack time. It was here in Jagstfeld where we got to watch our air force go into action against the Jerries in the town about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile away. From the attics of the houses we would watch the P-47's and P-51's come swooping in strafing the outskirts as they went along dropping their eggs right into the heart of town.

FINALLY the order came to move again, so on the evening of 12 April we started out for Bad-Friedrichshall, the same town the castle was in. We made the 6-mile march without any trouble, and after a hasty K ration, pushed east to Untergriesheim, where we received Charlie Company of our Reg't. Untergriesheim was straddling the Neckar river and all night our artillery poured into the eastern portion of the town. We stayed there only until the following evening and then moved back for another night in the castle.

FROM here on out until the company was relieved, we moved along quite rapidly and everyone seemed to be enjoying this attack. The 13th of April found us attacking with Easy Company, and resistance was slight all the way around. We took Neckarsulm and Forg with nothing but token resistance. It seemed the krauts had pulled their stakes and headed for safer grounds. It was in this town of Forg that we released a good number of French and Italian political prisoners. Some of you might also remember it as the town where the salt mines were and wherein part of the loot of the German army was found. It had been raining for two days and was still pouring when we started out late on the afternoon of the 13th. The hike that followed was really a gruelling one. We marched a long way before hitting the hills, and then it was REALLY tough going. The boys in the rifle platoons who were finding it pretty tough going really took compassion on their weapons platoon that day, for the mortars and machine-guns were on the backs of the mortar-men and machine-gunners when an M-1 itself seemed to weigh a hundred pounds. Finally we broke out of the hills and upon descending the slope of that last range the company was met by the Bürgermeister of the town to our right flank; he was waving a huge white sheet and seemed elated at seeing us. However the company moved on, without going through the town and passed through Easy and Fox companies and found billets for the night in a broken down village which was occupied by the 10th Arm'd Division.

FROM here the following day the platoon leaders were called to the company CP and were told that we were attacking in conjunction with the 10th Arm'd and were "going to barrell-ass down the road to Bubenorbis." This phrase became a stock phrase with our company.

THE next morning we continued on with the attack. We were moving rapidly now, slowing up every now and then until an artillery concentration could be thrown in, until the tankers could spray the area with their 50's, and then pushing on. On the 15th we took Pfedelbach after a short skirmish which at first looked as though it would develop into a real fight, but which petered out within an hour or two. This rapid moving continued until our last town, Oberrot. We had been attacking all morning

and met practically nothing but token resistance. However, just after we had finished eating our dinner K ration and had mounted the tanks ready to shove off again, the "88's" came whistling in and for the next two hours gave the tankers holy hell. The lead tank was knocked out, and since the remainder couldn't advance to the next town, they were forced to turn back and seek refuge in Oberrot. Finally, the third platoon, which had been sent out to see if they could find anything, came across the F.O.s for those "88's." From the persons of these F.O.s, Lt. Herold gathered maps which had the gun positions marked, as well as all the other German installations in that area. It was just a matter of time till our artillery, working on the new coordinates, began to finish off the guns that were holding up our advance. About 2000 on the night of the 18th, we entered our last town in our last attack. Resistance was light, and we all settled down to a hot meal, supplemented by the cherries that we became so attached to. The next morning we moved back several towns to a small village called Württemberger Hof, and here we were relieved by the 44th.

OUR days of fighting were over, although it wasn't known at that time. We haven't written this history of our company in combat as a memorial to anyone or anything. We have just set down the most important steps of the fight as it went along, giving some details that will aid further in remembering those days when the point system was the farthest thing from our minds. Combat experiences react on every man in a different manner. One can't satisfactorily explain to another just what it feels like to be up there. This history has been written for the men who made the writing of it possible, whether they are still with us, transferred to another unit, or are fortunate enough to be back in the States.

—The End



COMES THE DAWN

THOUGHTS OF AN INFANTRYMAN

Daylight has come to this little French village, just liberated, and the families (in whose houses we billeted last night) have begun to stir. What a joy — simple though it is — just to see signs of family life. Men, women and children, living together in peace, sitting at a table drinking coffee. So remote, but so God-like; so peacelike.

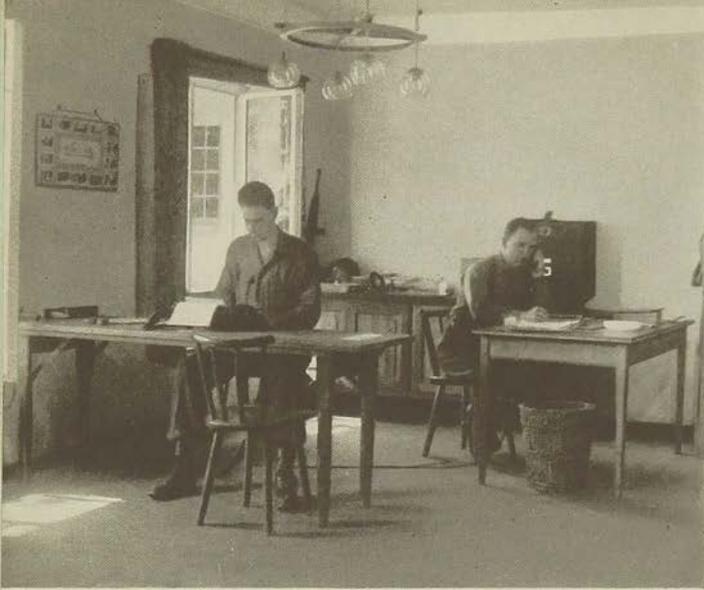
Today, between cat-naps and dreams, I can think only of the simple things in life: sitting around a fireplace, sitting at a table (in chairs), sleeping in a bed. Simple, but yet the meaningful and unforgettable things — things which only a combat infantryman's life can make one appreciate.

From the ridiculous to the sublime . . . that's the only way to express the contrast between this world and the one I just left — the world we go back to tomorrow.

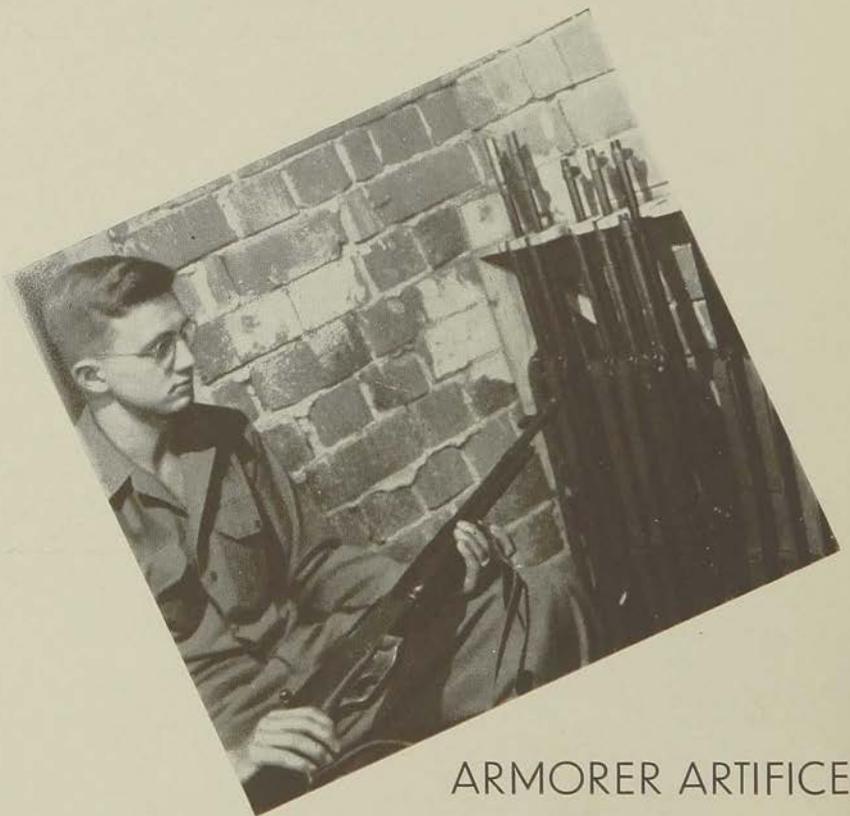
During times like this, our minds begin to wonder. Looking back on the world we just left, we wonder how man — supposedly the most intelligent animal alive — CAN be, actually, the most beastly? How he can spend all his time, money, and energy learning how to kill; devoting it toward a life of destruction instead of CONstruction? If only everyone could see through the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, there would be considerably less of the misunderstanding between races, selfishness and greed, which tend to cause war in the first place.



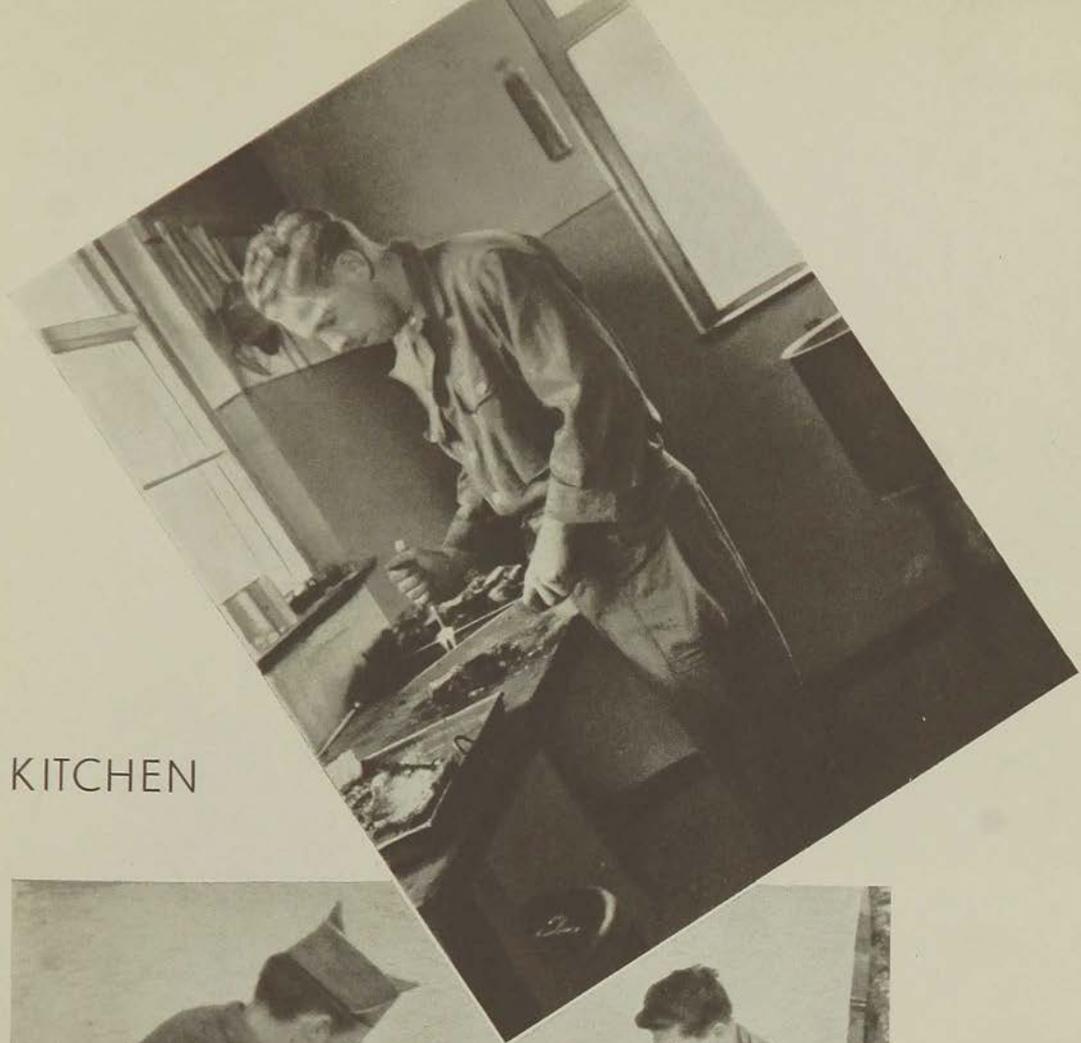
BEHIND THE SCENES



ORDERLY ROOM

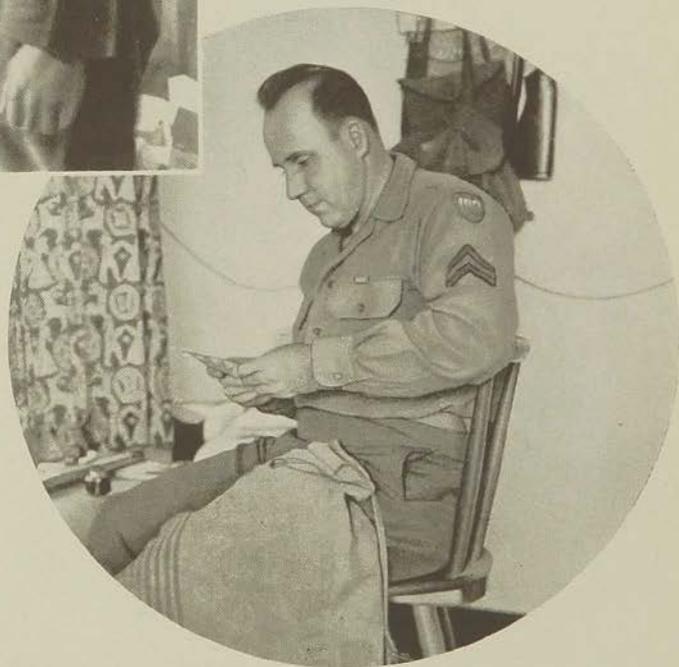


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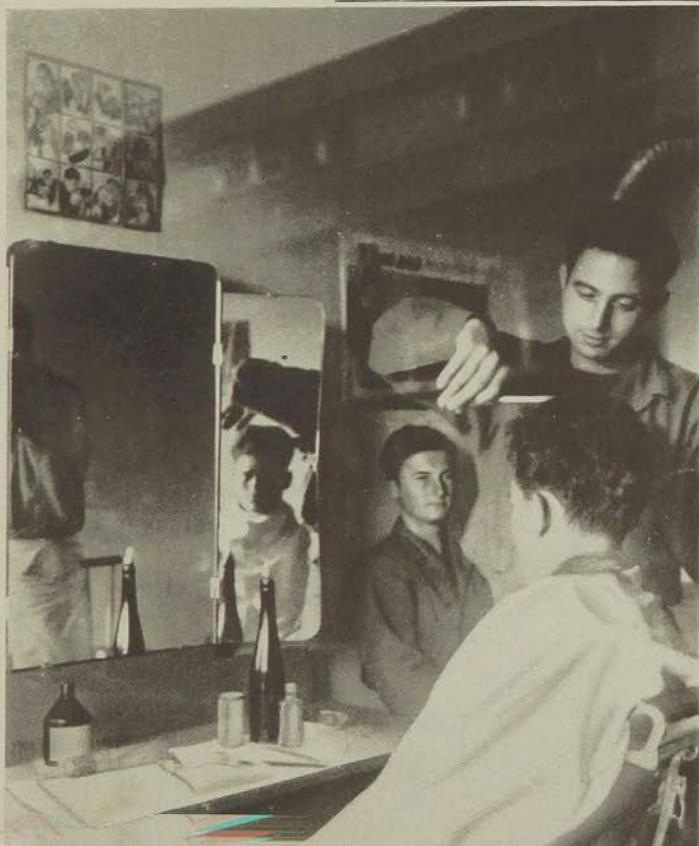
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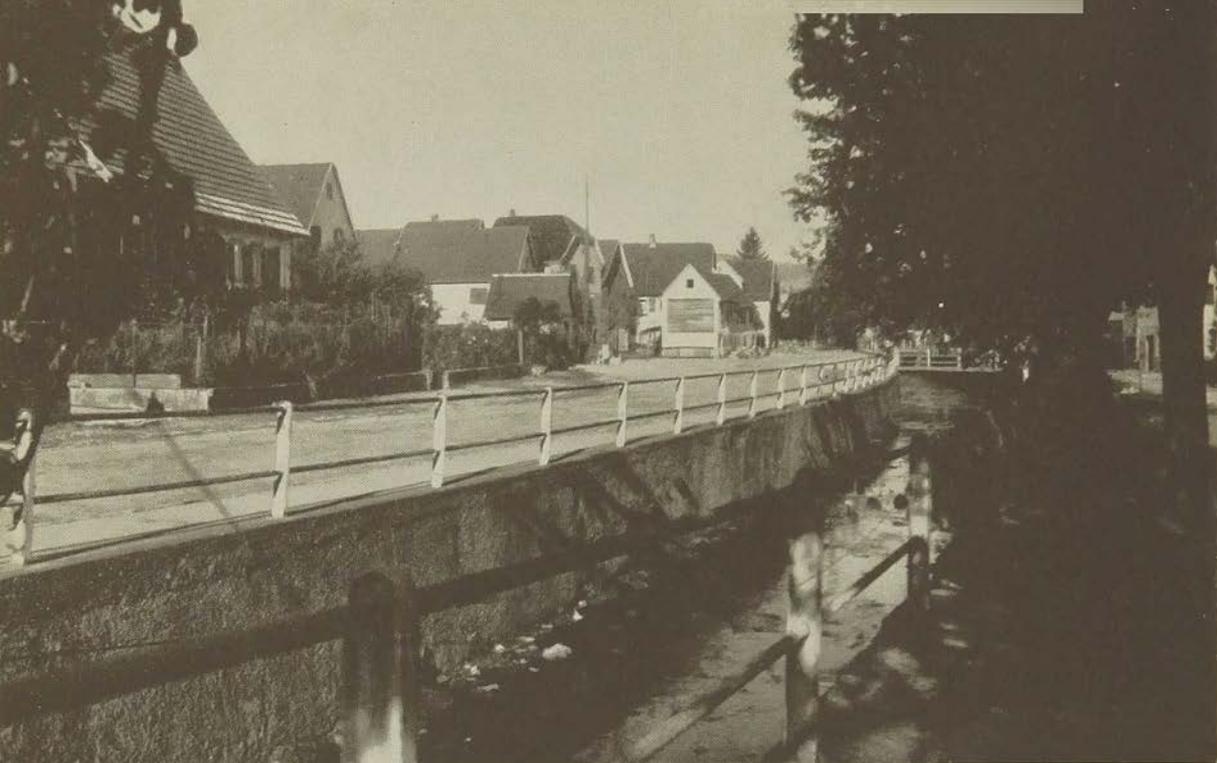


MAIL CLERK - "PX" MAN

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SERGEANT

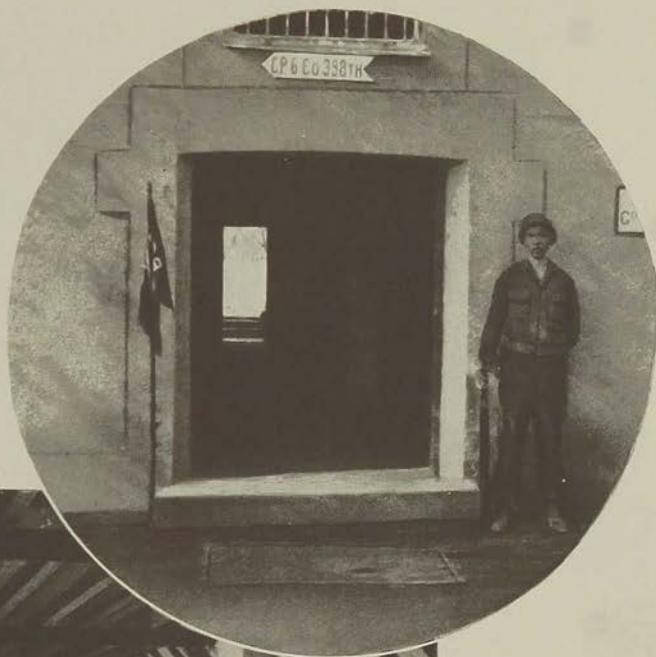


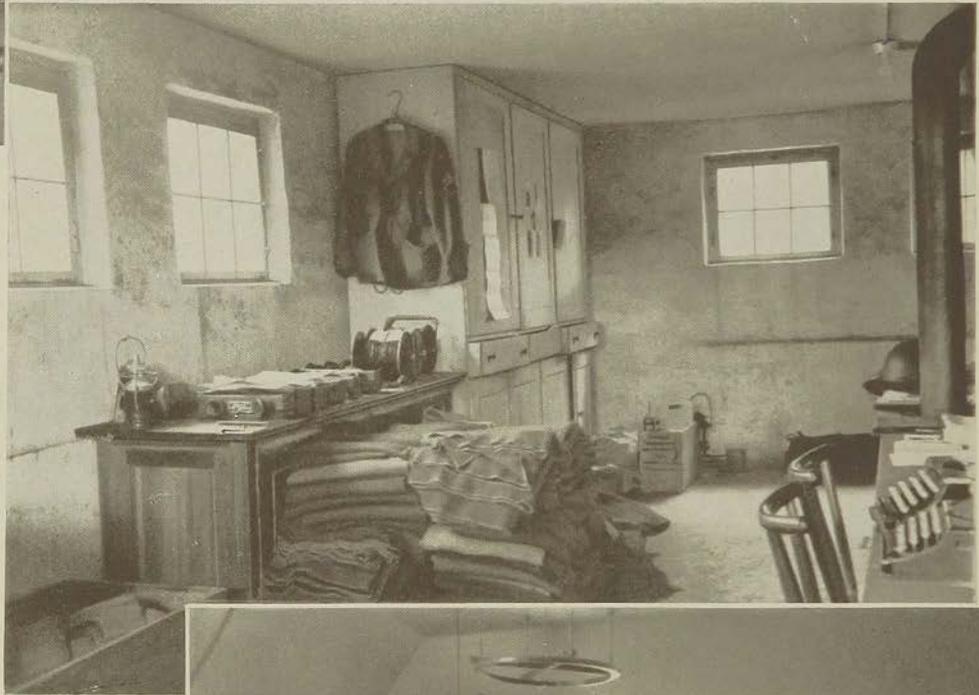
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THE POST

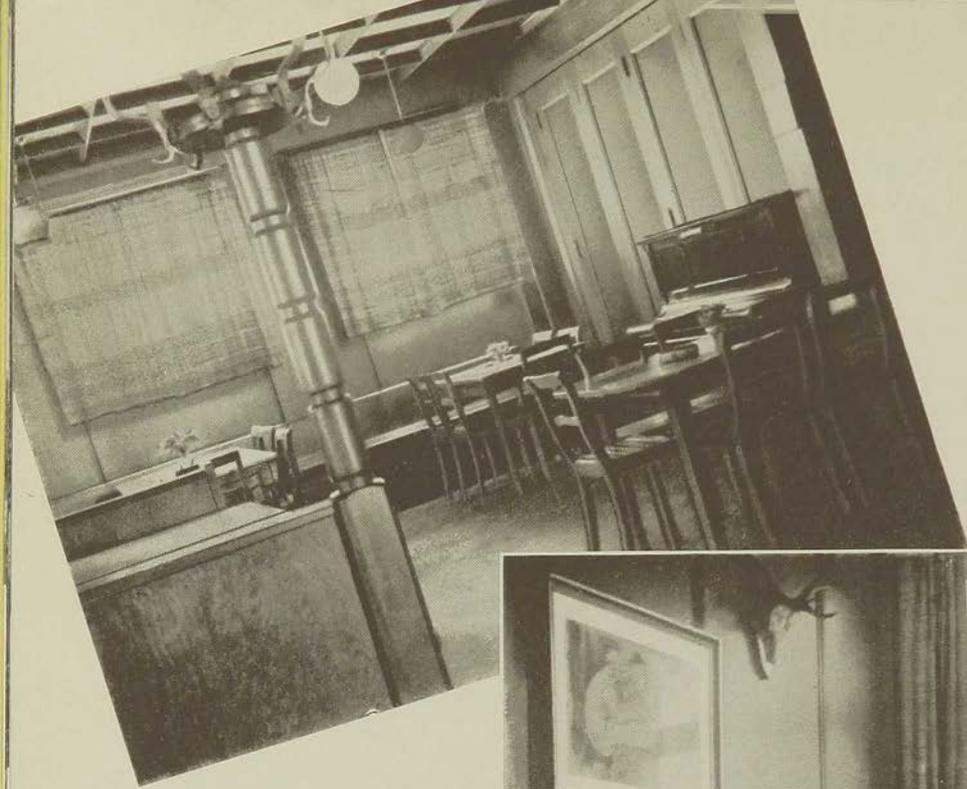
Endersbach, home of G Company, is a farming center famous for its vineyards and apple orchards, its wines and its cider. Company occupies recently-built Hitler Youth Camp site. Scenes of C.P. building begin at right.







Barber Shop, Supply Room, Private's Bar, Day Room
are all in C. P. building.

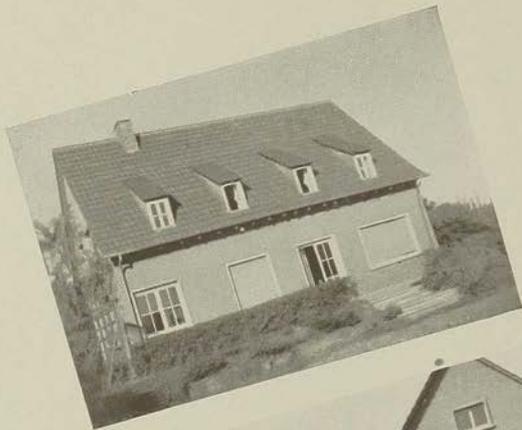


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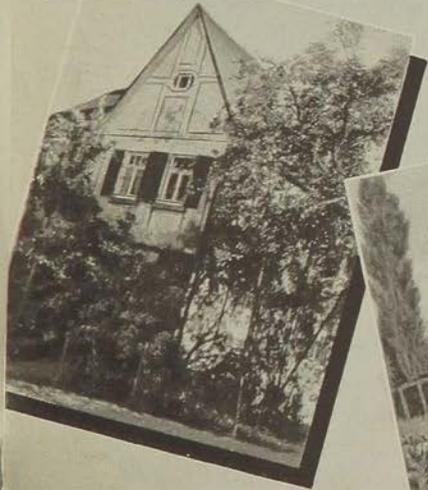
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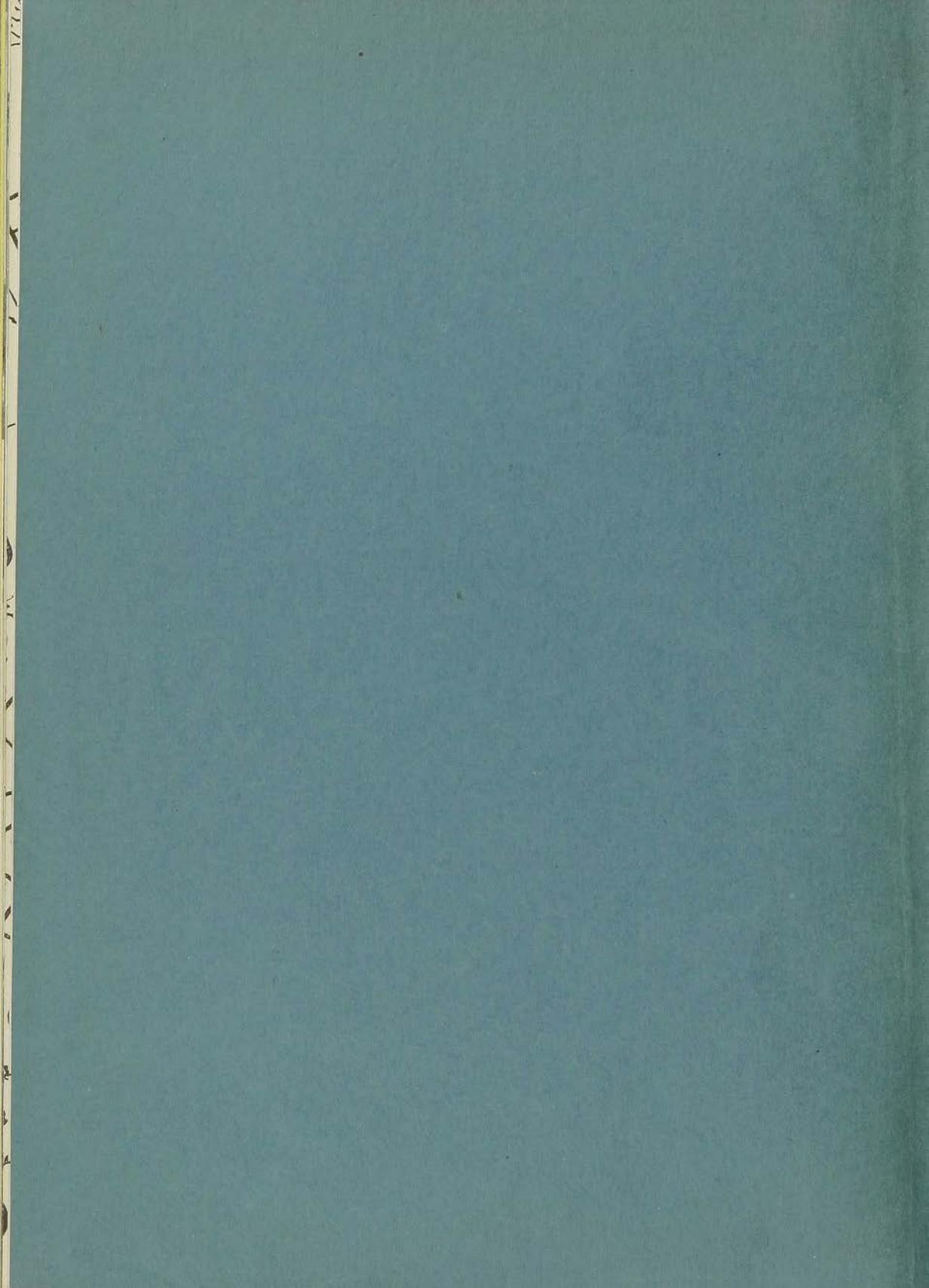
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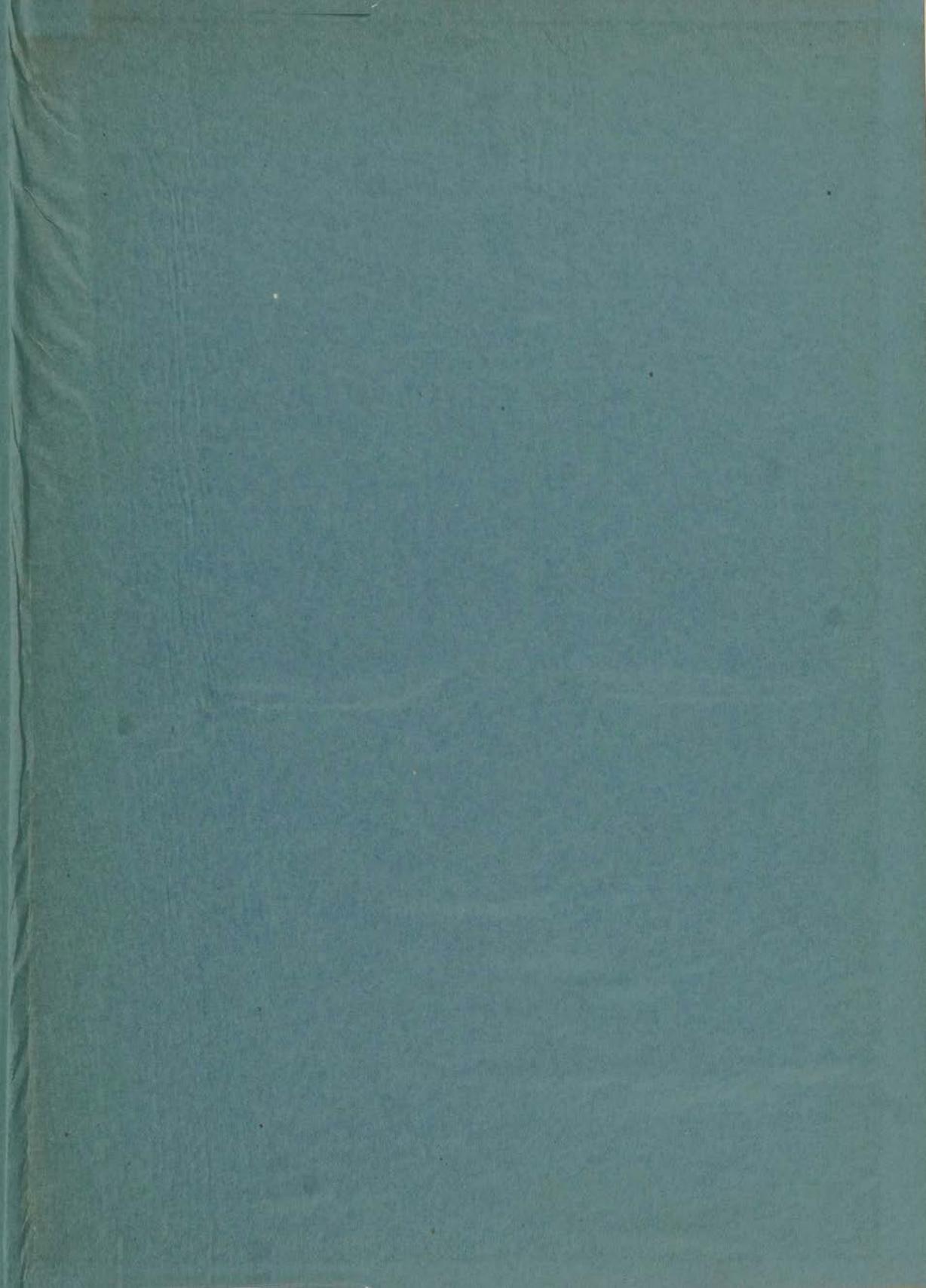
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