

*Memos
of
The Mortarmen*

Mr. & Mrs. Robert L. Smith
2685 Glenmore Drive
Westlake, OH 44145

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MEMOS OF THE MORTAR MEN

(A daily account of the life led in the E T O of World War II by the men of the 91st Chemical Battalion's Second Platoon - which became the First Platoon under combat.)

Text and illustrations by Roy J. Carlson

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Bil Fiscus
Marcellus Kientzy
Jerome Strangeland
Frederick Wildberger
Sesto Martin
Don Miner
Eugene Howard
Vic Sarjeant

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Dedicated to all the fellows in the platoon, since they furnished the material for this book and their co-operation made its fulfillment possible.

The Fellows



1st. Lt. Goodwin



1st Lt. Ledderer



1st. Lt. Owings



1st. Lt. Michaud



1st. Lt. Locke



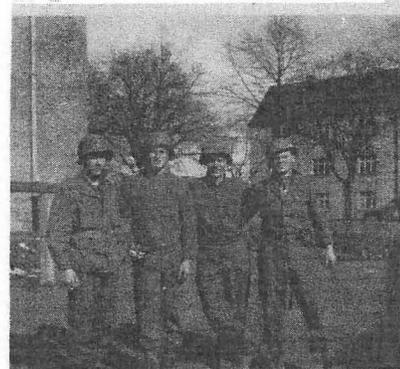
1st. Lt. Goff



FIRST SQUAD
Left to Right:- Wildberger,
Laquere, Hungerford, Franklin



S/
Sgt.Kientzy - Stevens



SECOND SQUAD
Left to Right:- Stangeland
Driskill, Carlson, Manning



THIRD SQUAD

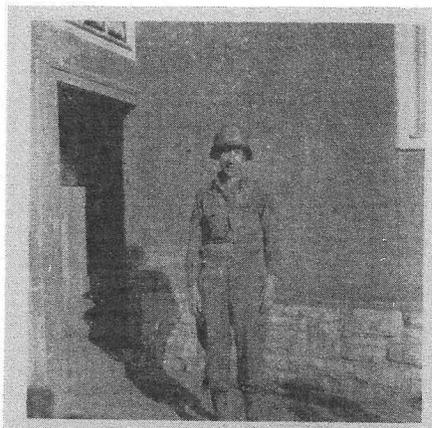
Left to Right:- Singletary, Gulczewski, Burns, Hanny

FOURTH SQUAD

Left to Right:- Howard, Chaney, Hook, Demers

FIFTH SQUAD

Left to Right:- Miner, Lentz, Eagleson, Allen



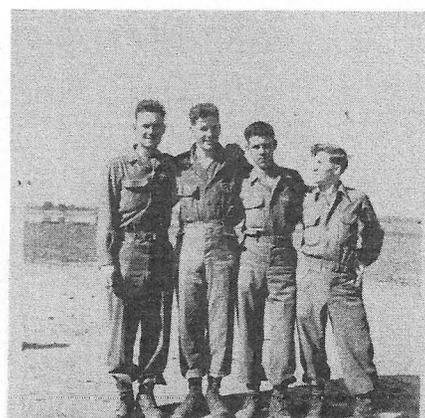
SIXTH SQUAD

Left to Right:- Panella, Panucci, Montagne, Kephart

Plt. Medic
Baughmen

COMMO.

Left to Right:- 1st Row - Griffith, Denis, 2nd Row - Sarjeant, Yurgielewicz, Asofsky, Mickiewicz,



F.D.C.

Left to Right:- Hiott, Vanoer, Favorite, Sarjeant

KITCHEN

Left to Right:- Schroeder, Bradley, Jordan, Jacoby, Gant.

LTS. DRIVERS

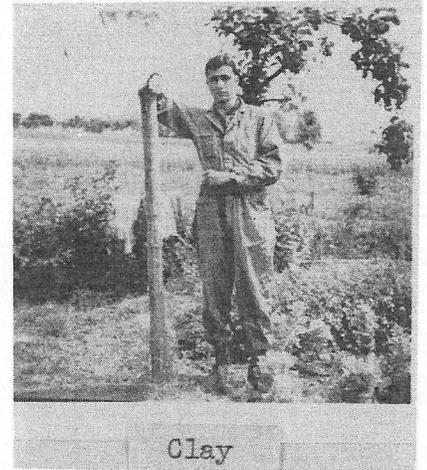
Left to Right:- Fiscus, Vanoer, Branniny, Kessler



Boyd



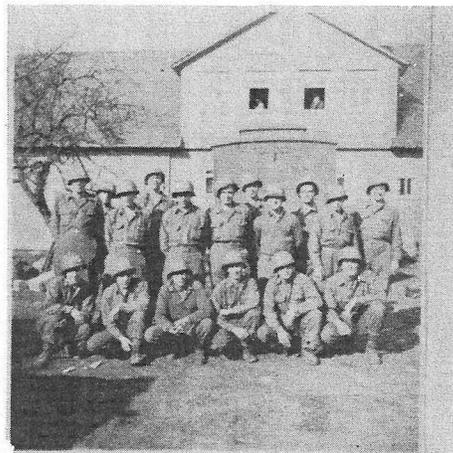
"Tubby"



Clay

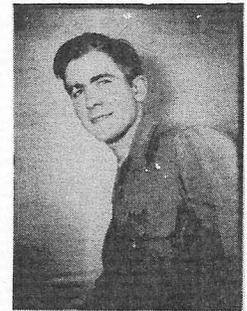


Barcalow



AMMO.

Left to Right:- 1st Row - Lashbrook, Marini, Crow, Martin, Catrambone, Farnan, 2nd Row - Bowman, Bingham, Jaschek, Heithaus, Kraus, Brueggeman, Born, 3rd Row - Hardy, Cole, McNinny, Hoffman,



Hamilton



Schmucke



Dietsche



MECH. - SUPPLY
Left to Right:- Leith, Meloche, Kukol

"Sound Off"

- 1st Lt. Goodwin, Thomas W. -
*Tommie, @ Plt. CO # Chem. Eng. Filtrol Corp.
& Argonaut Hotel, Denver, Colo. % Mar. 4, 1910
\$ Motor boat racing, hunting, fishing.
- 1st Lt. Ledderer, Charles M. -
* Charley @ Exec. Off. # Student Central Miss. State
Teachers Col. & 103 N. Park Ave., Ft. Lupton, Colo.
% June 11, 1922. \$ Singer (ahem!) Football, wife.
- 1st Lt. Michaud, Stanley -
* Stan. @ Forward Obs. Recon. & Liaison. # Salesman for
B. F. Goodrich Rub. Co. % Calais Stage, Montpelier, Vt.
% Jan. 1, 1913. \$ Piano, Community Singing, tennis, swimming,
hiking.
- 1st Lt. Locke, Alan, G. -
* Mike. @ Forward Obs. Recon. & Liaison. # Student Layton
School Fine Arts, & 409 E. Welles St., Darlington, Wis.
% Sept. 22, 1919. \$ Bucking for a discharge, photography,
swimming, art, history.
- 1st Lt. Owings, James B.
* Jackson. @ Forward Obs. Recon. & Liaison. # Student Texas
A & M. & R. 1, Box 347, Pt. Arthur, Texas. % Mar. 11, 1923.
\$ Basketball, tennis, dancing.
- 2nd Lt. Goff, Gordon H.
@ Forward Obs. Recon. & Liaison. # Student U. of Cal.
& 2814 Russell St., Berkeley, Cal. % Sept. 9, 1922.
\$ Ping Pong, Swimming, Baritone horn - Wife.
- S/Sgt. Kientzy, Marcellus M. -
* Pat. @ Plt. Sgt. # Checker Wells, Lamont, Smith & Co. Glove
Factory. & Elsberry, Mo. % July 8, 1914. \$ Photography amb.
press photo, newspaper clippings, baseball.

* Nickname
@ Position
Prewar occupation
& Address
% Birthdate
\$ Hobby

S/Sgt. Stevens, George C. -
 * Steve. @ Plt. Sgt. # Apprentice Printer. & 206 Lansdowne Ave., Clarks Summit, Pa. % April 30, 1918. \$ Motor boats, automobiles.

Sgt. Hungerford, Norman B. -
 * Leach, Papa. @ Lst. Sqd. Leader. # Office Mgr. & 123 N. Main, Lyndonville, N.Y. % July 10, 1916. \$ Bowling, softball.

Cpl. Franklin, Frank -
 * F.F. @ Gunner. # Aircraft riveter. & 54 Crescent Ave., Buffalo, N.Y. % June 2, 1924. \$ Football, Stamp collecting, Reading.

T/5 Wildberger, Frederick A. -
 * Willie. @ Motor Pool Cpl. # Ship welder. & 2940 Independence St. Baltimore, Md. % Sept. 4, 1911. \$ Motorcycles, traveling.

Pf. Laquerre, Edgar -
 * Eddie. @ Cannoner. # Crating Dept. Print Shop. & 69 Waverly St., Springfield, Mass. % April 6, 1915. \$ Football, Hockey, Racing (over here) wine and eggs.

Sgt. Stangeland, Jerome M. -
 * Stinky. @ 2nd Sqd. Leader, # Electrician. & Dawson, Minn. % Aug. 29, 1922. \$ Electricity, Hunting, Fishing.

Pfc. Carlson, Roy J. -
 * Sleepy. @ Cannoner. # Student Notre Dame. & 1510 E. 26th Pl., Tulsa, Okla. % Aug. 25, 1923. # Drawing, Reading, Swimming, Sleeping, Horseback riding, Tennis, Writing.

Pfc. Driskill, Norwood J. -
 @ Driver. # Operator drawing machine cotton mill. & 201 8th Ave., Meridian, Miss. % Jan. 25, 1925. \$ Basketball, Hunting, Traveling.

Pfc. Manning, Wm. C. -
 @ Cannoner. # Truck driver. & 811 Varis St., Crawfordsville, Ind. % Sept. 29, 1925. \$ Leatherwork, Collecting Stamps, Nazi pins, cameras, pistols, harmonicas, swimming, baseball.

Sgt. Hanny, James K. -
 * Tojo. @ 3rd Sqd. Leader. # High school student, & 469 W. Harrison, Alliance, Ohio. % June 7, 1925. \$ Track, Football, Basketball, Wrestling, Stamp Collecting.

Sgt. Gulczewski, Barnard H. -
 * Barney. @ Gunner. # Tool and Die maker. & Box 125, RFD 3, Yale Road, Yale, Mich. % Aug. 23, 1928. \$ Reading, Baseball, Swimming, Artist (draws flies).

Pfc. Burns, Wm. J. -
 * Burnsie, @ Cannoner. # Emp. Ford Motor. "follow-up man." & 6327 Sparta Ave., Detroit, Mich. % Dec. 4, 1912. \$ Reading, Football, Boxing, Baseball.

Pfc. Singletary, Wm. C. -
 * Terry. @ Driver. # Electrician. & 334 S. Broad St., Cairo, Ga. % Sept. 8, 1921. \$ Basketball, dancing, golf, traveling.

Sgt. Howard, Eugene H. -
 * Howie. @ 4th Sqd. Leader. # Student U. of Ark. & 115 North N St.,
 Muskogee, Okla. % Mar. 9, 1924. \$ Photography, Reading, French Horn.

Pfc. Hook, Harry N. -
 * The Hook, also Ish. @ Gunner. # Student Washing. State. & 408 W.
 16th St., Spokane, Wash. % Oct. 28, 1923. \$ Woodwork, Basketball, Ice
 skating, Skiing, Chess.

Pvt. Chaney, Alfred L. -
 @ Al. @ Cannoner. # High School student. & 616 E. Maxlow, Hazel Park,
 Mich. % May 19, 1926. \$ Guns, Roller Skating, Driving, Dancing.

Pfc. Demers, Jules L. -
 * Frenchie. @ Driver. # Construction Mechanic. & 16 Martin St.,
 Lowell, Mass. % Mar. 27, 1915. \$ Horseracing, Swimming.

Sgt. Lentz, John -
 @ 5th Sqd. Leader. # Baseball (Ath.) & 439 E. 22nd St., Baltimore, Md.
 % Aug. 3, 1923.

Cpl. Eagleson, Wm. T -
 * Cur. @ Gunner. # Deck hand on Steamboat. & Wheelersburg, Ohio.
 % Aug. 15, 1916. \$ Reading.

Pfc. Allen, Jessie V. -
 @ Cannoner. # Farmer. & Renington, Va. % June 19, 1922.
 \$ Reading, Baseball, Swimming.

T/5 Miner, Don J. -
 @ Driver. # Bus Driver. & 350 Atwood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 % July 23, 1914. \$ Baseball, Swimming.

Sgt. Pannucci, John A. -
 @ 6th Sqd. Leader. # High School student. & 81 Burchard Ave., East
 Orange, N. J. % Jan. 10, 1925. \$ Music, Collecting pistols.

Cpl. Panella, John -
 @ Gunner. # Bulldozer Oper. & 298 Leland Ave., Plainfield, N.J.
 % Oct. 17, 1917. \$ Reading, Hunting, Fishing.

Pfc. Montagne, Nicholas J. -
 * Monty. @ Cannoner. # Prof. soldier. & 826 Smith, Rochester, N.Y.
 % Jan 2, 1918. \$ Mechanics, Basketball.

Pfc. Kephart, Wm. K. -
 @ Driver. # Iron mill employee. & 25 S. Walnut St., Burnham, Pa.
 % June 27, 1925. \$ Hunting, fishing.

Sgt. Lashbrook, Walter K. -
 * Walt. @ Ammo. Sgt. # Prec. Inst. work in Machine ind. & 1214 E.
 New York St., Indianapolis, Ind. % July 6, 1921. \$ Reading, Golf,
 Bowling, Softball.

T/5 Brueggman, Earl H. -
 * Bruggie, Shrapnel. @ Ammo. Cpl. # Lab. Tech. Richardson Co., Chicago.
 & 935 Garfield St., Oak Park, Ill. % Dec. 24, 1925. \$ Trumpet, Swimming,
 Aviation, Reading.

Pfc. Farnan, John -
 * Jack. @ Ammo. handler. # Mech. at Wright Aircraft. & 480 E. 18th St.,
 Patterson, N.J. % Aug. 4, 1916. \$ Cameras, Swimming. Intends to do photo
 developing work.

Pfc. McNinney, James J. -
 * Mac. @ Ammo. handler. # Truck driver. & 1025 Chestnut St., Bristol,
 Pa. % Nov. 2, 1924. \$ Musical records, Hunting, Fishing, Traveling.

Pvt. Catrambone, Gene D. -
 * Scabby. @ Ammo. handler. # North Park College student. & 2109 W.
 Polk St., Chicago, Ill. % June 5, 1926. \$ All sports writing, musical
 records.

Pfc. Martin, Sesto -
 @ Ammo. handler. # Ford Aircraft, Emp. & RR 4, Asheville, N.C. % June 25,
 1921. \$ Fishing, Hunting, Traveling.

Pfc. Bowman, James -
 * Grasshopper, Bo. @ Ammo handler. # Wood chopper (Dom.) & RR 1, Birchwood,
 Tenn. % Aug. 12, 1923. \$ Fishing, Tool sharpening.

Pfc. Crow, James A. -
 * Captain, Jimmie. @ Ammo. handler. # Saw Mill em. & Brilliant, Ala.
 % Sept. 25, 1922. # Fiddle, Baseball, Fishing, Hunting.

Pfc. Bingham, Wm. -
 * Red. @ Ammo. handler. # Farmer. & R.R. 3, Ethel, Miss. % May 19, 1923.
 \$ Basketball, Softball, Hunting, Fishing.

Pvt. Bond, John -
 * Jack. @ Ammo. handler. # Lab. tech. Univ. Oil Products Corp. & 511
 S. 9th Ave., Maywood, Ill. % Mar. 6, 1919. \$ Fencing, Tennis, Woodwork.

Pfc. Hoffman, Walter R. -
 * Papa. @ Ammo. handler. # Beech Nut Gum Emp. & 501 Newbury St.,
 Springfield, Mass. % Mar. 16, 1913. \$ Traveling, Poker, Jack of all Trades.

Pvt. Kraus, Edmund F. -
 @ Ammo. handler. # Farming. & R.F.D. 8, Wichita, Kans. % Jan. 26, 1924.
 \$ Model airplanes, Golf.

Pvt. Heithaus, Kenneth D. -
 * Red. @ Ammo. handler. # Mechanist at McQuay & Morris. & 3706 Meramec
 St., St. Louis, Mo. % Feb. 3, 1925. \$ Football, Violin.

Pvt. Jaschek, Donald D. -
 * Don. @ Ammo. handler. # Truck driver. & Box 130, Rockton, Ill.
 % Mar. 10, 1919. \$ Fishing, Traveling.

Pfc. Cole, Joseph. -
 @ Ammo. handler. # Student at Bucknell U. & 20 E. 4th St., Carmel, Pa.
 % May 11, 1925. \$ Football, Reading, Guns, Trapping, Hunting.

Cpl. Mickiewicz, Jos. A.
 * Mick. @ Ammo. handler. # Plumbers Assist. & 16 Lake St., Middletown,
 Conn. % Dec. 6, 1917. \$ Football, Baseball, Golf, Collection of photos.

Pfc. Yurgielewicz, Charles E. -
* Yugo, Joe. @ Lineman. # Norden Bomb Sight Corp. emp. & 4 Ferry Ave., Northampton, Mass. % July 22, 1925. \$ Horseshoes, Pool, Football, Boxing, Harmonica, Nazi pins.

T/5 Denis, Paul R. -
* Thumper, @ Lineman. # Salesman Montgomery Ward Co. & 25849 Stanford St., Inkster, Mich. % Mar. 9, 1925. \$ Harmonica, Sleeping, "King of the Scavengers".

T/5 Asofsky, Lawrence P. -
* Socky. @ Switchboard Op. # N.Y.U. Student. & 1314 Seneca Ave., Bronx, N.Y.C., N.Y. % Dec. 7, 1920. \$ Politics, Stamp Collecting (First day covers), Handball, Tennis.

Pfc. Griffith, Charles W. -
* Griff. @ Lineman. # Store Mgr. American Stove Corp., & 309 N. Third St. Lewisburg, Pa. % July 9, 1921. \$ Accordion, Fishing, Mechanics, Tennis.

Cpl. Sarjeant, Victor P. -
* Vic. @ Radio Op. # Claims Rep. for Casualty Ins. Co. & 249 Park Ave., Warwick, R.I. % Sept. 18, 1913. \$ Breeding English bulldogs, Roses, Photography, Reading, Piano, Pipes.

Pvt. Kessler, Don L. -
@ Lt. Michaud's driver. # Employee Glass factory. & 527 E. Chestnut St., Lancaster, Ohio. % July 1, 1923. \$ Dancing, Fishing, Hunting, Golf.

T/S Branning, Lester C. -
* 9-Pts. @ Lt. Ledderer's driver. # Farmer. RR 2, Philadelphia, Miss. % July 19, 1923. \$ Fishing, Sports, Hunting.

T/5 Fiscus, Willard K. -
* Bill. @ Lt. Locke's driver. # Student at N.E. Univ. & 18 Brook St. Wakefield, Mass. % Feb. 6, 1923. \$ Photography, Radio, Skiing, Hunting, Fishing, Harmonica, Movie stills.

Cpl. Vanoer, Walter L. -
@ Lt. Goodwin's driver. # Clerk A&P. & 2300 Gilbert St., Chattanooga, Tenn. % May 3, 1925. \$ Collects Nazi pins and emblems, Softball, Boxing.

T/5 Barcalow, Eugene W. -
* Lu. @ Lt. Owings' driver. # High school student. & 2710 Hugo Ave., Baltimore, Md. % Dec. 11, 1925. \$ Golf, Football, Basketball, Harmonica. \$ Collects dirt (who doesn't?)

T/4 Jordan, Milfred -
* Mert. @ Cook. # Farming. & R.R. 1, Box 159, Gilbert La. % Feb. 23, 1920. \$ Hunting, Fishing, Swimming.

Pfc. Gant, Robert E. -
* Pop. @ Platoon K.P. # Accountant. & 712 State St., Lima, Ohio. % Nov. 22, 1909. \$ Poker, Reading.

Pfc. Jacoby, Homer H. -
* Jake. @ Platoon K.P. # Truck driver. & 503 Sarah St., Stroudsburg, Pa. % Mar. 5, 1913. \$ Fishing, Hunting, Harmonica.

Pfc. Bradley, Lemuel F. -
* Brad. @ Cook. # Confection salesman. & 40 North Blvd., Gloversville,
N.Y. % May 24, 1915. \$ Guns.

T/5 Schroeder, William W. -
@ Cook. # Truck driver. & 3649 N. Oakley Ave., Chicago, Ill.
% Feb. 29, 1912. \$ Fishing.

Cpl. Hiott, Greer F. -
* Bill. @ Plt. IMG Man. # Student at Wake Forest College, & 2428
Commonwealth Ave., Charlotte, N.C. % Dec. 9, 1923. \$ Reading, Guns,
Sleeping. Third greatest interest - women.

Cpl. Favorite, Wm. F. -
* Bill. @ Plt. IMG Man. # Botany Instr. Mass State College,
& 1750 N. Pleasant St., Amherst, Mass. % Feb. 7, 1916.
\$ Bowling, Mountain climbing, Meteorology.

Cpl. Dietsche, Heinz B.M. -
* Quack. @ Plt. Medic. # Student Stanford U. & 701 Jefferson St.
Klamath Falls, Ore. % Aug. 2, 1919. \$ Skiing, Hunting, Reading, Saxa-
phone.

T/3 Baughman, Norman J. -
* Jud. @ Plt. Medic. # Contractor in Cement and Brick Constr.
& 728 Northcourt, Sullivan, Ind. % Dec. 10, 1920. \$ Hunting, Fish-
ing, Sports, Coins and Stamp collecting, Woodcraft.

T/5 Meloche, Frank D. -
@ Plt. Supply Cpl. # Tool grinding for Buwer Roller Bear Co. & 23212 Avon
Blvd., St. Clair Shores, Mich. % Aug. 7, 1921. \$ Football, Old Clothes.

T/5 Kukol, John F. -
@ Plt. Mech. # Wright Aeronautical Corp. & 126 Jewell St., Garfield, N.J.
% Dec. 25, 1913. \$ Shuffle Board, Airplanes.

Pvt. Leith, Alan T. -
@ Plat. Mech. # Mechanic. & R 1, Box 16, Wausau, Wisc.
% Mar. 25, 1924. \$ Football, Basketball, Hockey.

Cpl. Schmucke, Jos. E. -
* Smokey. @ Interpreter. # Bookkeeping. & 2938 Michigan Ave., St. Louis
Mo. % Mar. 22, 1923. \$ Swimming, Fishing, Hunting, Baseball, Agriculture,
Studying.

Cpl. Boyd, James N. -
* California. @ Gunner, # Truck Driver. & 3917 Whittier Pl., Riverside,
Cal. % July 5, 1925. \$ Football, Hunting, Swimming.

Cpl. Hamilton, Hance H.
* Hammie. @ Plt. IMG Man. # Chem. Eng. Texas A & M. & 1100 E. Bowie,
Beeville, Texas. % Feb. 23, 1924. \$ Radio, Sailing, Boat building and
rowing.

Sgt. Clay, Edward D.
@ Sqd. Leader. # Chem. Eng. Student at Princeton. & 5 E. Hampton Rd.,
Philadelphia, Pa. % Aug. 16, 1925. \$ Swimming, Tennis, Golf.

Pvt. Herman, Karl -

* Herman the German. @ Ammo. carrier. # Automotive machinist.
& 3208 Long Blvd., Nashville, Tenn. % Jan. 25, 1908.
\$ Woodwork, Hunting, Fishing, Pipes, Antiques.

Pfc. Kalback, Richard E. -

@ Assist. gunner. # Office employee. & 1023 Kilsythe Road, Elizabeth,
N.J. % Nov. 24, 1923. \$ Trombone, Collects coins.

Sgt. Hillman, Alvin E. -

* Turtle, Hillie. @ Sqd. Leader. # Brush winder at broom factory.
& Deshler, Nebr. Box 102. % Dec. 16, 1919. \$ Baseball.

M E M O R I A L

The following fellows were casualties of our platoon. A swell bunch of guys. We sure have missed 'em and our sympathies are with the families they left behind.

o-o-O-o-o

SGT. WALTER F. LUNDBERG

Born February 14, 1909 at Anderson, Indiana. He moved to Muncie, Indiana when still a small child and remained there 'til he entered the service.

Walt met his wife, Bertha, in February of 1934 when she was confined to the hospital after a serious automobile accident. They were married the following August.

On January 26, 1945 our platoon was preparing its mortar positions outside the village, Wilwerwiltz, Luxembourg. The German's 88 mm. guns began to shell the position. One round lit very close to where Walt was digging his foxhole. It was a sudden death.

Walt was an inspector for the Chevrolet Corp. of Muncie. His hobbies were politics, dogs and flying. He was going to start raising "Pug" dogs after the war as he and his wife already had five of them.

CPL. KEVIN D. HAGERTY

Born November 29, 1924 at Brooklyn, New York. He graduated with honor from Holy Cross Parochial school and won a scholarship to Saint Michael's Diocesan High School. Later he worked in the Federal Reserve Bank of Manhattan.

On December 26, 1944 we were experiencing our third day of combat in the thick of winter. We were located in southern Luxembourg near the village, Osweiler. One of the rounds prematurely exploded in the barrel of the 3rd sqd's mortar. Kevin and his sqd. leader were seriously injured. They were rushed by jeep to the nearest medical station after the platoon medics did what they could. Kevin died on the way.

Sports were Kevin's chief hobbies and he excelled in swimming and baseball.

In a memorial to Kevin, the Manhattan Bank, where he had worked, wrote the following in their paper - "He was a wonderful physical specimen and in his character and abilities he was just as fine as his physique."

PVT. GRADIE B. HARDY

Born May 10, 1914 in Martin County near Williamston, N.C., Gradie spent most of his life on a farm and in 1938 he married Hilda Roberson. They had one child, a daughter, Julia Dale Hardy.

At the time that Gradie was drafted he was driving a State truck and the job was left open for his return.

On April 20, 1945, Gradie and another fellow were patrolling the vicinity which was under their section's jurisdiction. Our outfit was doing Military Government work then and the platoon had been split up into sections - each one having a particular region to govern. A sniper fired on the jeep causing the driver to lose control. The jeep swerved off the road into a tree. When the driver recovered from the accident he found Gradie was dead.

Traveling, baseball, reading and the movies were Gradie's chief enjoyments. I remember him saying to me that he hoped to travel through the States after the war.

He was with our outfit only a couple of weeks, but his sincere, easy going manner made him a friend to us all when he first arrived.

SGT. ROBERT W. RANDENBUSH

Born in Minneapolis, Minn., on November 30, 1920. However, he spent most of his life in St. Paul.

I shall now quote the biography he gave me of himself, - "I first met my so-called ball and chain in a friend's home and from there the courtship was long (lasting about seven years) and wild, coming to an end on November 22, 1943, when we were married in Marfa, Texas."

Bob worked for St. Paul Fire & Marine Insurance Co. before entering the Army.

He was injured at the same time as Kevin Hagerty on December 26. He was sent to the 101st Evac. Hospital, the 105th Tent Hospital, the 50th General Hospital, 159th General Hospital and then Stark General Hospital where he landed upon arriving in Charleston, S.C. From there he was sent to Baxter General Hospital in Spokane, Wash. He has had one 60-day furlough and is now in line for 30 days more and that white slip of paper for which we are all looking.

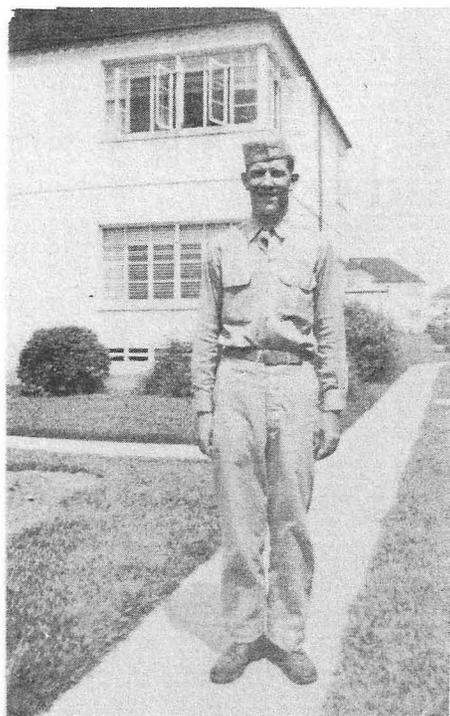
Bob writes that his biggest and most consistent hobby is drinking and raising Cain. Others are fishing, hunting and just out for good plain fun.

PFC. RALPH W. STEPHENS

Born in Hornbeck, Louisiana on February 12, 1924. He finished Hornbeck High School in 1941 and is a member of Hornbeck Baptist Church. He did construction work until entering the Army on August 4, 1943.



Cpl. Kevin Hagerty



Pfc. Ralph Stephens



Sgt. Walter Lundberg



Pvt. Gradie Hardy



Sgt. Robert Raudenbush



Pvt. Kenneth Heimlich

Ralph was injured the same time as Walt Lundberg on January 26, 1945. He was hospitalized in France for eye surgery, later transferred to a hospital in England, then to William Beaumont General Hospital in El Paso, Texas. Ralph expects to be discharged in the near future.

One of five brothers, all of whom are in the Army, four of which have served overseas, his hobbies are baseball and basketball. Especially the latter. I can well remember the long discussions he and "Red" Bingham used to have on the sport.

PFC. KENNETH L. HERINLICH

Born in Chicago on November 5, 1905. He attended Loyola Academy in Chicago and later St. John's Military Academy at Delavan, Wisconsin. He was salesman for a Chicago stationery firm before entering the Army.

Kenneth was wounded the same time as Ralph Stephens and Walt Lundberg. He had an operation on his right leg and back immediately following the accident. Then he was sent to the 1st General Hospital in Paris until being sent to La Mans, France where he remained for 21 days. Next he landed in the 53rd General Hospital in England where he was operated on again. He entered the 10th Reppal Deppo at Litchfield, England in April and within three weeks he was transferred to the 735 M.P. Battalion in London. Kenneth returned to the United States on June 16, 1945, and he has just finished a 30 day furlough.

Kenneth's son William is a S/Sgt. in the South Pacific and has participated in six campaigns with the 158th Combat Team. His daughter is the mother of one year old twins. Both children are too old to give him points and no provisions have been made for grandchildren in the discharge plan.

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FORWARD

On February 15, 1944 the 91st Cml. Bn. was activated at Camp Joseph A. Robinson with cadre from the 85th and 86th Cml. Bn.

The cadre left for Camp Swift, Texas on April 3rd and individual training begun on the 19th. Intensive training as a unit began on the 26th of June.

On October 2nd we left Camp Swift for Camp Miles Standish, outside of Boston. This was a P.O.E. and was nicknamed Camp "Hush Hush" since it was a secret base.

On October 10th we left Camp Miles Standish by train and within a few hours we found ourselves at the docks of Boston. Gee! It was kind of a shock. We thought we'd be stayin' at least a night in the city, but instead the first thing we saw upon gettin' out of the train was that big ship, the Wakefield, staring us in the face. We lined up with our duffle bags on the dock. Soon the Red Cross was serving us coffee and donuts. Everyone was trying to appear cheerful but I think we all had a sorta sick feelin' in the pit of our stomachs. There was a good sized band there to give us a royal send off. As we struggled up the gang plank with our bags, they gave out with the "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy."

The Wakefield used to be one of the largest U.S. luxury liners and 'twas then named the Manhattan. Our outfit was stationed in Compartment E.

The ride over was pretty rough for several of the fellows. Those who weren't sick and laid up in their bunks occupied themselves with card games, reading (they issued us an abundance of Armed Forces editions) and bull sessions. We got Red Cross gift bags containing cigarettes, cards, stationery, a book, shoe polish, soap, etc. The PX was open daily and we soon got our fill of Nestles and Hersheys.

We drew into the harbor at Liverpool, England on the night of October 18th, after 7 days of sailing. At 3:30 A.M. of the 19th we disembarked and boarded a train for Southampton. Again the Red Cross served us refreshments. One of the gals was from Pittsburgh and she tried to fool us with a British accent.

We passed thru the worst section of London and our impression of the city wasn't much for that reason. But the English countryside is beautiful. Everything is so neat. The fields are bounded with small brown fences or colorful shrubbery. The houses are all made of brick and are quite a novelty with five or six chimneys. The small hamlets which are located at random throughout the country appeared dead and dreary with their narrow streets winding amongst the gloomy, bulky shaped buildings. You see very few people on the streets and this just adds to the dreary effect. Often the cemeteries which layed on the outskirts would be the only thing colorful in sight for they were filled with flowers.

I'll never forget one of the stops we made. There was a husky, rosy-cheeked wench on the station platform, dressed in coveralls with her hair tied up in a bandanna. Her wild laughter and brazen manner soon drew our attention. She had Gusta sittin' on her lap and I guess she'd have given us all a farewell kiss if we didn't have to rush on. She was all out for this war - and how!

After reaching Southampton we walked down to the docks and boarded the Atenar. The ride across the channel wouldn't have been so bad if we had had decent food and something to lie on besides our duffle bags or the benches.

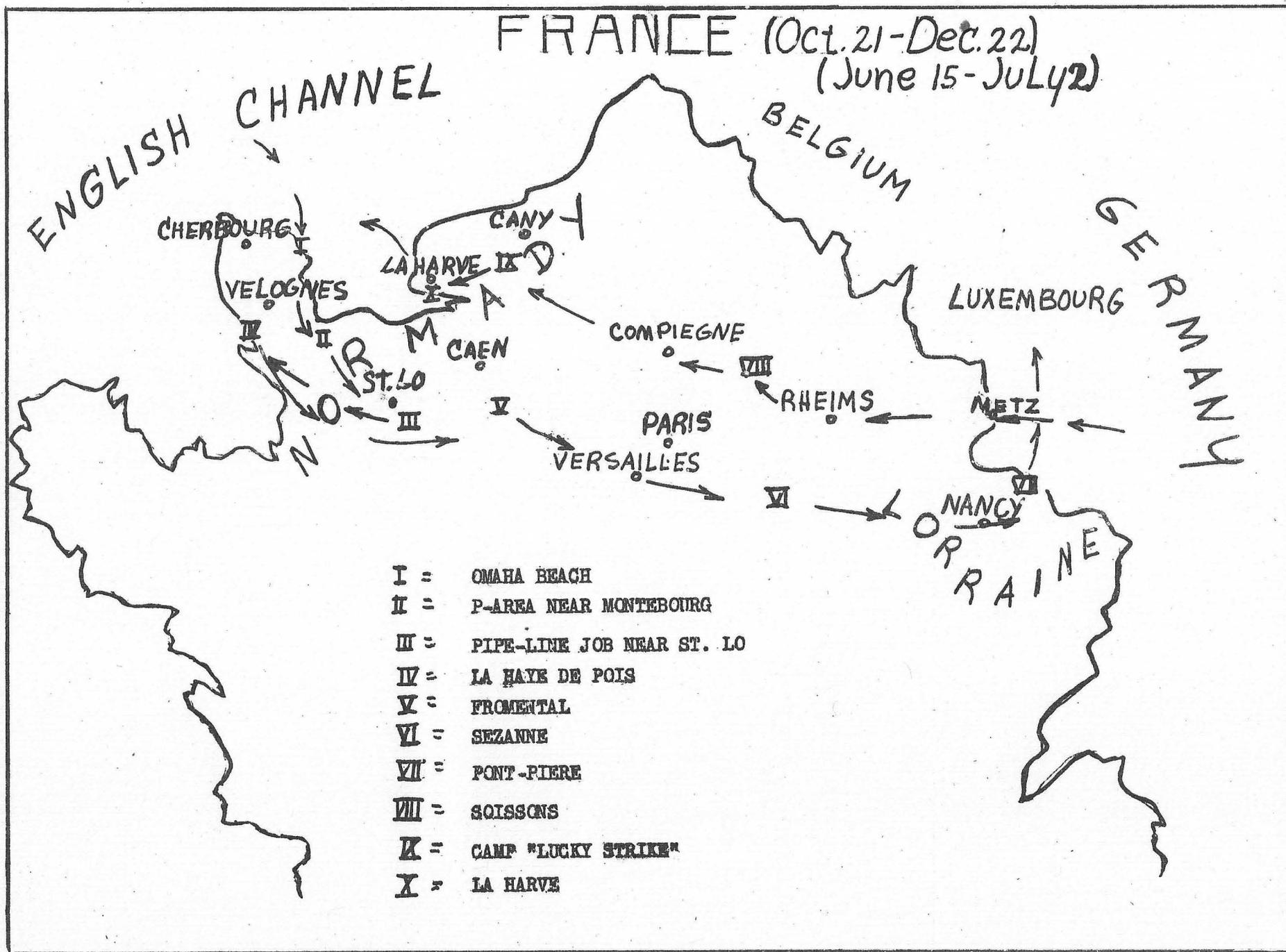
At 7:30 A.M. on October 21st, after two nights and a day aboard the Antenar, the sinister voice on the loud speaker cried out, "Hear this - hear this - bla-bla-bla." It all boiled down to prepare to board the L.C.I.'s. Ugh! They hammed us in those landing crafts till you couldn't turn around without causing commotion throughout the boat.

We landed on Omaha Beach where the D-Day boys began their fight thru France. They must have had a tough time landing there. A high bank springs up from the beach and the pill boxes were located on top of it. We saw several ships sunk in the water and there were many cases of ammo. on the beach. I thought to myself, "Is this mud hole what we're fighting for?" Mud hole isn't an exaggeration. We scuttled around in slush which was knee deep in some places and it rained and rained. 'Twas a gloomy beginning.

That night we ended up in P-Area just outside of Montebourg. This was nothing but a huge staging area for our troops. We pitched six-men tents and after brewing a cup of Tillen's coffee, we hit the hay (I should say the hard ground).

o-o-o-o-o

It was October 29th. We had been in P-Area one week. Staff Sgt. Kientzy happened to suggest to me "Dontcha' think it would be a good idea to keep a memo of the doin's of our platoon?" I took him up on it. Kept a daily account of our doin's and what follows is the result.



NORMANDY

Bordering the English Channel, this is one of the most important of French provinces. The important ports of Cherbourg, Dieppe and Le Havre are among its towns, also the old capitol city of Raven, and the beautiful towns of Caen and Lisieux.

The cathedrals and churches are full of interest. They are especially picturesque when set in a background of apple orchards in their white spring dress. Also of interest is the sight of cider being made at the roadside presses in the autumn. Beet-root, so much used to make sugar, is grown over the wide spreading valleys. Potatoes is another important crop. From Le Havre pass out millions of eggs and tons of butter and cheese from the dairy farms of the north.

At the beginning of the 10th Century Normandy was seized by the Norsemen under Duke Rollo; their descendants invaded England with William the Conqueror, Normandy being united with England up to 1204. It was twice reconquered during the Hundred Years' War, the French finally regaining it in 1450.

One can easily detect the religious feeling of the Normans for grottos, shrines, crucifixes are seen throughout the villages, woods and alongside the roads.

I found the landscape in this region to have two peculiar characteristics. One was the way in which the terrain was blocked off by high hedges and the other was the huge trees which took on a peculiar appearance since their trunks were branchless almost to the top of the trees where they sprout out in umbrella fashion. These trees must have been pruned down thru the ages for some agriculture purpose. The hedge rows which I previously mentioned made good defense lines for the enemy.

When we first saw Cherbourg it was quite well intact, but further inland we found towns like Valagne, St. La and Montebourg to be a mass of ruins.

October 29th -

This has been a beautiful day. The sun was out and it hasn't rained (believe it or not.)

We went to Mass at the Lady of the Star Monastery in Monetbourg. It's an ancient building, constructed in 1060; partially destroyed during the French Revolution; rebuilt only to be destroyed again in this war. It is quite long and the main part is narrow with high columns forming arches along the ceiling of the interior. Most of the windows are partially, if not wholly broken and in the rear wing there is a huge hole in the wall. Rays of the morning sun shone thru this break and one would imagine that the light was evidence of God's blessing on these courageous people as they assembled in His church. A small, hunched-over layman passed the collection plate and every time a person donated, he would whisper "Merci". When one G.I. dropped a dollar on the plate, we thought he'd jump thru the roof. A priest followed the layman with a money bag and every so often the money would be shoveled from the plate into the bag. (That layman must have been a trusting soul.) 'Twas a rather conspicuous sight, and I'll sacrèligiously add that it made you feel that you were in a gambling house.

We encountered several children on our way back to the Company area and were halted by their pleas for "bon bons". One lil' lad burst out with "Roll Out the Barrel". Said he had learned it from the priest.

This afternoon we visited Montebourg. Gee! That place is really laid flat. The streets are cluttered with ruins. A few frame wood shacks have been built for business purposes. One lil' gal found that Bill Fiscus had a pocketful of candy. She chased him all over the street. If she had been about 15 years older she wouldn't have had to make such an exhaustive plea for the candy. You see very few gals our age gere. (*!/?# it).

Strangeland, Hanny and Demers look like three monks with those new haircuts they got today. Hanny would pass for a Chink. That reminds me - where'd you get the bottle of cider, Jim?

Gant got in late tonight. Seems he had been playing the role of Sir Lancelot in Montebourg. He and a couple of 1st Plt. men ran across a mother and child who were quite seriously cut up. They tried to learn the cause of her injuries but since none of the fellows could handle French they were at a loss. However, they built her a fire and stood guard 'til some M.P.'s showed up. What color of eyes did she have, Pop?

October 30th -

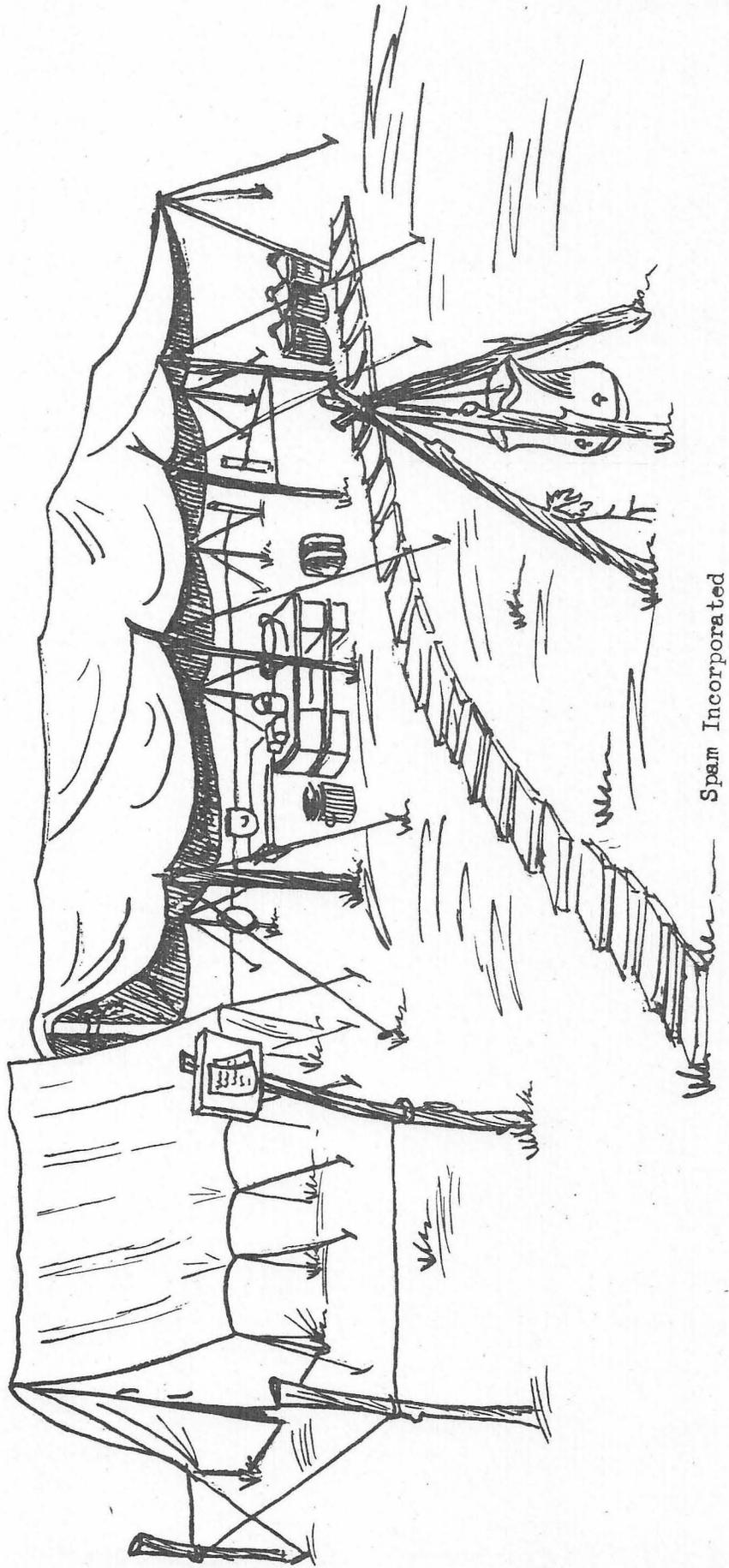
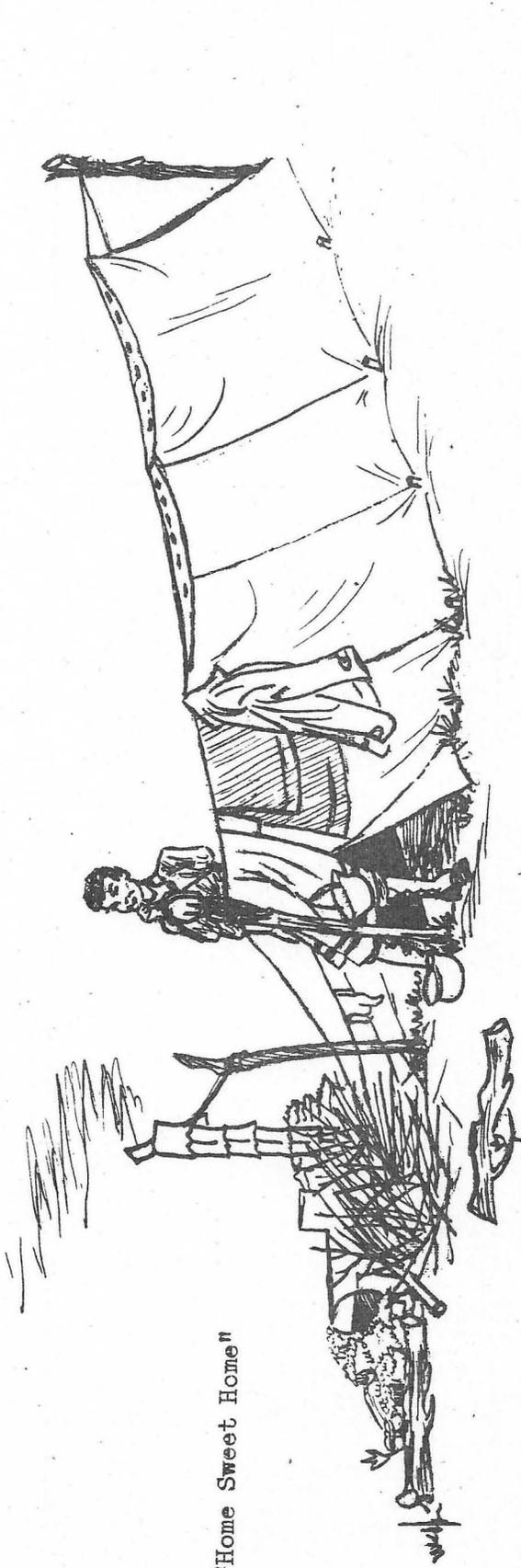
Jack Farnan has been in Battalion for the last three days with an infected finger.

The boys are making good use of their francs - at least that's what Demers thinks. He's big winner of current Red Dog games.

The chow we've been getting lately is something sorry. I'd like to be the owner of the Spam outfit in the States. They've made a fortune by feeding our company alone. Peanut butter and marmalade are quite popular on the Tillen menu also.

Yurgielervicz was on a wood hauling detail this afternoon and while down at the beach head he saw the evacuated defense positions of the Germans. They consisted of large cement mounds, well camouflaged, with small railroads running between the various positions.

"Home Sweet Home"



This evening a bunch of us had to haul huge logs to the wood pile behind the mess tent. It was one H--- of a job. Those logs felt as tho' they weighed tons and the ground was so muddy you had a time getting through it. The hitching ran wild. That darned Tillen would just stand in the shade of the kitchen and laugh at us. "Easy, greasy, you have a long way to slide," he'd cry out. The reply was an outburst of cuss words not exactly the kind to put on paper.

Sarjeant and Dietsche have let their feud reach a drastic state. Their tents are next to each other and Dietsche threatens to build a high wall between them. Sarjeant, in turn, plans to write a book on the quackeries of the Medical Corps.

Kientzy learned today, to his surprise and ours, that he's a naturally talented barber. He gave me a first class hair cut. I recall a couple of Camp Swift episodes which made me think his true goal was in the jitterbug field. Now I wonder.

October 31st -

Ho - we've got a good one on Strangeland. Just ask him what all that rumpus was that he was making early this morning. First we heard him trying to scramble out of the tent - then he tripped over the entrance board - this was followed by an outburst of profanity as he tore for the latrine. But alas - he was too late! Tain't funny, is it Stinky?

B Company had a rip-roaring football game with A Company this afternoon. The fellows came thru with a 12-6 victory. First touchdown was made by a Hanny to Hillman pass and the second one was made when Regosta intercepted a pass. There was good deal of malice between Visgitos and Barkalow after the latter blew up because Visgitos was getting pretty rough. But all ended in good spirits and well deserved congratulations were given to Hanny, Rodolico, Hillman, Boyd, Yugo and the rest.

Laquere, being one of the few fellows in the platoon who can speak French, had a nice deal last night. While he and two 3rd platoon men were in Montebourg he talked the three of 'em into getting a free meal. Seems that Laquere made friends with some hospitable Frenchmen and before long the three of them had been invited to a roast beef and potato dinner.

Brueggeman got a cold shower tonite. The lamp in the 1st Sqd's tent caught afire so Forhman grabs a canteen of cold water and douses it on the lamp. That did the trick, but at the same time, Bruggie, being right below the lamp, was scuttled with the cold water.

That Brueggeman's a great one for exercising the vocal cords. But we thought he was going too far when he started out one of his stories with, "I'll never forget the time in Minnesota, before I was born, when I - - -". Shoot the shovel to me Herman - it's gettin' thick!!

There was a big explosion this afternoon so Branning and Hanny went to investigate it's cause. About a half hour later they came running back saying they had mustard on their shoes and leggin's. They had seen the location of the explosion but at the present they were way more concerned about their legs and feet. Guess they got their odors mixed up for this morning I noticed that Branning was still walking on his legs and Hanny on his knees.

November 1st -

All Saints' Day - the Catholic fellows attended mass in Mountebourg. We took a short cut thru the woods and saw a picturesque grotto built against the

wall which surrounds the monastery. Also noticed several holy statues throughout the woods. Bet they've been standing there for ages.

After mass we roamed around town and had cider in a quaint "eplicere". Cider is cheap - just 10 francs per quart. Also got some stationery and cheese at a small shop. These shops are hard to find. They're inconspicuous, having no signs of advertisement and looking just about the same as any other place in town.

Saw a pretty mademoiselle and gave her a big "Bonfour". Sarjeant wanted to add - "Will you marry me" but didn't know how to say it in French.

Most of the platoon was on guard tonite. It turned out to be nothing more than a succession of fireside chats. Saw a convoy of "red ball" trucks, packed with G.I.'s, tearing down the road, in the middle of the night. Didn't know till then that the red painted ball on the windshield signifies that the vehicle is bound for the front.

Mustaches are getting to be quite the fad. Kundberg, Yurgielewicz, Rodenbush, Gant and Sarjeant have 'em. Think that Kientzy should grow one - the villianous type, then he could go around twisting it at the ends and cackling - "Hee-hee, who will I get for my next detail?"

At the present we have three casualties. Born has a cut hand from a slip of the ax; Yugo won a nice shiner in the last play of Tuesday's game, and Farnan is still at the hospital with his infected finger. McNinney was the first to shed blood on French soil - cut from the ax.

November 2nd -

We had a good sized mail call today. 'Twas great to hear from home. Know the others read their letters over a couple of times, as I did.

"Root-in-Poot" Randenbush, "Pop" Gant, "Captain" Crow and Born worked as mine clearers today. They cleared an area which we may bivouac in soon.

Kalback made a good lamp by use of a wine bottle, tent rope (wick) and a cap he got from a lamp funnel he found in an evacuated house. He and Lundberg got three life belts from the Engineers. They plan to make mattresses out of them. Sounds great.

Hagerty got a letter today which asked "How's things down in Texas." Bet a lot of those Yankees wish they were back there now.

As I write this I can hear Demers' loud laugh coming from the midst of the services held in the other end of the tent. "Dat's alright Curly, I loves ya", he just cried to Strangeland. He must have drawn the pot again.

Happy Birthday to Mac who's twenty years old today.

November 3rd -

Late last night Laquere came back from town with some steaks which he sold to the fellows. He's been having a good dinner in the village for the last three nights. He buys his meat and cooks it at a French home.

Tillen located a potato patch so a detail was sent out yesterday to confiscate a batch of 'em. We had the spuds at noon today - the first we had tasted in three weeks.

This cognac is a mighty potent drink. I took one sniff of it and slept beautifully all night. Toddy (Bowman) seems to be one of the few who really enjoy it.

Lt. Ledderer and Lt. Goff wrote letters to each other's wives last night and then each would sign his respective letter. The contents must have been rare - Forhman became so absorbed in the fun that he wrote a four page letter to a gal back in the States and wasn't able to think of her name.

November 4th -

We ran into some fellows from an A.A. outfit who had been stationed here six weeks. When we told 'em that we thought we might be pulling out soon they said not to get alarmed. According to rumors they had pulled out four times so far. One of 'em added that a lack of trucks was their big hold back. Their outfit is supposed to have 106 but have only 53. We watched several of them digging pits over which they'd pitch their tents. They made the pit about 4 feet deep and by the time the tent was put up over it they were able to stand inside. This idea affords more warmth also.

Platoon Hdqs. plans to have a big feast tonite. They have 3 quarts of cider, 5 lbs. of steak (bought in town), plenty of cheese, bread saved from our daily rations, stewed apples, fried onions, (Hey! Where did you get those ??) potatoes (bartered with a D bar), jam and butter (I saw you take it Branning).

Tonite we were issued Pro-Kits. There's a white and black tube in each. Someone naively asked if these were meant for whites and negroes, respectively. Of course, some characters made dirigibles out of the propholactics.

Gant is known to possess the oldest ash tray in the outfit. He has had it with him ever since the Eustis days and it's really nothing more than a shoe dubbin can. I have to chuckle at Pop sometimes - he's sure conservative.

As I crept into my fold of blankets this evening I could hear Bowman praying -- to the dice in the crap game they were holding in the next tent.

November 5th -

At 9:00 A.M. Bill Fiscus and I decided to take a trip to Cherbourg. In the Army such decisions are sometimes costly, but we were lucky for we escaped and returned unnoticed. We began hitch hiking just outside of Montebourg and caught a ride in a salvage truck which was going all the way to Cherbourg. Wrapped in blankets with a huge stack of clothes as a bed we traveled with the greatest of comfort.

We arrived in the famous port just in time for 11:30 mass at Notre Dame de Vien Cathedral. The service was similar to the way it's done in the States except that the man who took up the collection was attired in a uniform which he must have borrowed from Napoleon. It looked just like the suit you usually see Napoleon wearing.

Later we had coffee and donuts at the Red Cross and then saw the American movie "Holy Matrimony" with Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields. That was a real treat. The theatre house was quite small and when I first stepped inside I got the impression of being in one of those spook houses they have at the fairs.

Their butcher stores are unusual in appearance. They look like a big zoo cage. They have no door or window - just a big iron grill work covers the front. With the meat shortage in this country, a butcher wouldn't dare have such

open front to his store.

Cherbourg had beaucoup taverns but most of them were off limits to G.I.'s. Being it was Sunday, we had a hard time finding a souvenir store that was open and once we found one we had one h--- of a time getting in it.

It was dark when we were let off at Mountebourg and it sorta gave you the creeps walking thru the dark empty streets of the ruined city. The moon shone down on the ruined buildings and gave them a grotesque, evil appearance. 'Twas good to be back in ol' P-Area.

We had missed out on the show which the Battalion had given that evening. It was pretty swell according to reports from the fellows.

The show began at 7:00 P.M. The Stage consisted of two trucks backed up together with a platform propped up across the top of them. Lighting was furnished by trucks also. The 490th Post Band was located in front of the stage in a white fence enclosure. The audience sat on a hillside surrounding the stage.

The show commenced with a speech by Col. Muth. The following performances were given by the men in our company -- Spaulding sang a couple of numbers, the Log Cabin Sextette (Crow, Brueggeman, Evans, Moberly, Dell and Parmenter) sang "Army Boys Are We" and "You Are My Sunshine"; Lansing, who was once in the Barnum & Bailey show, gave his razor blade and glass eating act.

November 6th -

Guess that the favorite gathering place of the 2nd plt. is around the ol' incinerator behind Root-in-Poot's tent. It lacks all the style, design and domestic characteristics of our fireplaces back home but it serves its purpose well. Nothing but a 50-gallon oil drum, it was found in the woods surrounding this area by Kientzy, when we first arrived here. He suggested that it would make a good incinerator so Stinky and Root-in-Poot didn't hesitate to grab it. Taking the drum to the location of their tent, they dug a shallow pit out a few feet from the tent entrance, made a hole at the top and side of the drum, and setting it over the pit, filled it with wood, which soon took fire. When the company was rearranged, Root-in-Poot kept track of the incinerator and moved it with his other belongings to its present location. Now its sides are dented and charred and cracks open up here and there when a big fire gets ahold within. Nevertheless, it's still the best fireplace in the area. Many are the bull sessions held around its sides and its warmth has added fervor to many a crap player's prayers. Bowman can tell you lots about its constitution since he's its most faithful feeder. When she's slow on starting, he'll give her a couple of kicks and before long red devils are flyin' out of its mouth. When fed raw material, she rebels with a gust of smoke and refuses to give off heat.

Now and then good, thick Normandy steaks are cooked over its simmering coals. Sock, leggings and gloves are hung above its mouth so that its heat will dry them quickly. There's most always a couple cans of water setting on it for purposes of washing or shaving.

You see, this plain, ordinary ol' can has gotten to be a real friend to us and we feel kinda attached to it. It's the first place the fellows rush to in the bitter cold mornings and the last place they visit before hitting the hay.

November 7th -

The fellows have sure learned to better their conditions by building things with scrap that could be found in the vicinity. Now you see clothes lines, tables, chairs, adequately sheltered latrines and kitchens, etc. Which proves - we all have a good deal of ingenuity once the necessity calls for it.

Catching on to this French language has been quite a problem. A few of the fellows have French translation books which are darn useful. The other day Forhman came upon a mademoiselle and began to struggle thru the native language with her. Finally it dawned upon him that she might know English so he asked, "Parlez vous English?" She smiled and said "Yes." "What the h----. Let's speak it then," cried Forhman.

We spent the morning close to schedule - (7:30-8:00) breakfast; (8:00-8:30) personal hygiene; (8:30-9:00) police up the area; (9:00-9:30) calisthenics; (9:30-10:00) clean equipment; (10:00-11:00) map reading; (11:00-11:30) French class. If we don't draw detail we are usually free for the afternoons.

November 8th -

9-Points (Branning) woke up this morning with his left eye puffed up like a balloon. Heard that he got in an argument with some Yankees and ended it by sayin', "OK. Any ten of you step up and we'll settle this like they do down South." All ten stepped up.

This afternoon we went scavenging for some building material and found a good many pieces of lumber on a demolished French house. We asked a Frenchman, who was watching us, if we could use his horse and cart to carry the lumber back to our camp. He replied, "No. It's bad enough that you take my wood without using my cart to haul it away."

9-Points received a package today. It was all torn up except for a package of cigarettes, and Branning doesn't smoke.

November 9th -

A bunch of us were on a company wood detail. Frenchie (Demers), Kalback and I worked on the roof of a nearby house and got a good load of lumber. We got to working pretty high there. When everyone was hammering the whole structure would shake and when you looked way down to the ground, your knees would start a knockin'.

I caught Wildburger smoking and when I reprimanded him for taking up such a vile habit, he exclaimed: "Listen here Carlson, I've worked so d--- much this morning I feel like I'm apt to do anything." Wildburger!! Oh!!!

The PX came thru today -- each man got 5 packages of cigarettes, 3 Hershey bars, 1 bar of soap, razor blades and one Nestles bar (gift of Col. Muth).

November 10th -

Heimlich is one of our Company's permanent K.P.'s - that is he was until today. Col. Muth was giving out cigars to some of the officers up at the kitchen. Heimlich, feeling the desire for a smoke, walks up to the Col. and says, "Sir, how's about giving me one of those?" The Colonel gave him a cigar but afterwards he told the Captain to put that man out in the field.

We had an inspection at 2:00 P.M. All the raincoats were lined up (supposedly) and the fellows began to arrange their displays. Then somewhere,

way up the line, the course of the raincoats had swerved so they were all lined up again. About that time the inspectors showed up. Most of us had just gotten everything re-lain but there was still a good bit of arguing as to which way the teeth of the tooth brush should point; was the fork on the right or left side of the knife; how many inches should remain between the canteen cup and the pistol belt, etc.

Hey Staff! Did you have your notebook with you like a good non-comm?
Aw! Come on - you can tell me the truth.

November 11th -

Last night a detail gathered up enough jeep crates to give each sqd. a good start on a hut. Thus most of the day was spent building. Wonder if the other sqds. met up with as much controversy on how to build the hut as the 2nd sqd. did. Strangeland, Herman and I wanted it one way - Gant and Hanny another, and Driscoll was neutral. By night time we hadn't finished but we had achieved one good architectural feature - pitch. Yep! Our roof has good pitch. We're going to put up a sign in front - "We don't bitch - we got pitch."

Most of the officers now have G.I.'s who act as their orderlies each day. (Good topic for discussion).

Today is Armistice Day and the first anniversary of our departure from the States.

The final electoral returns - Roosevelt 438; Dewey 113.

Heimlich is now in the 1st sqd. to replace Born who's been transferred to Company Hdq.

November 12th -

Sarjeant had some bad luck today. He lost his wrist watch which was quite valuable.

Who put the can over the 4th sqd.'s smoke stack? Within a few minutes the interior of the hut was swimming in smoke and the fellows inside blamed it all on Kalback since he was firing the stove at that time. Kalback was dumb-founded. He couldn't understand what he had done to cause so much smoke.

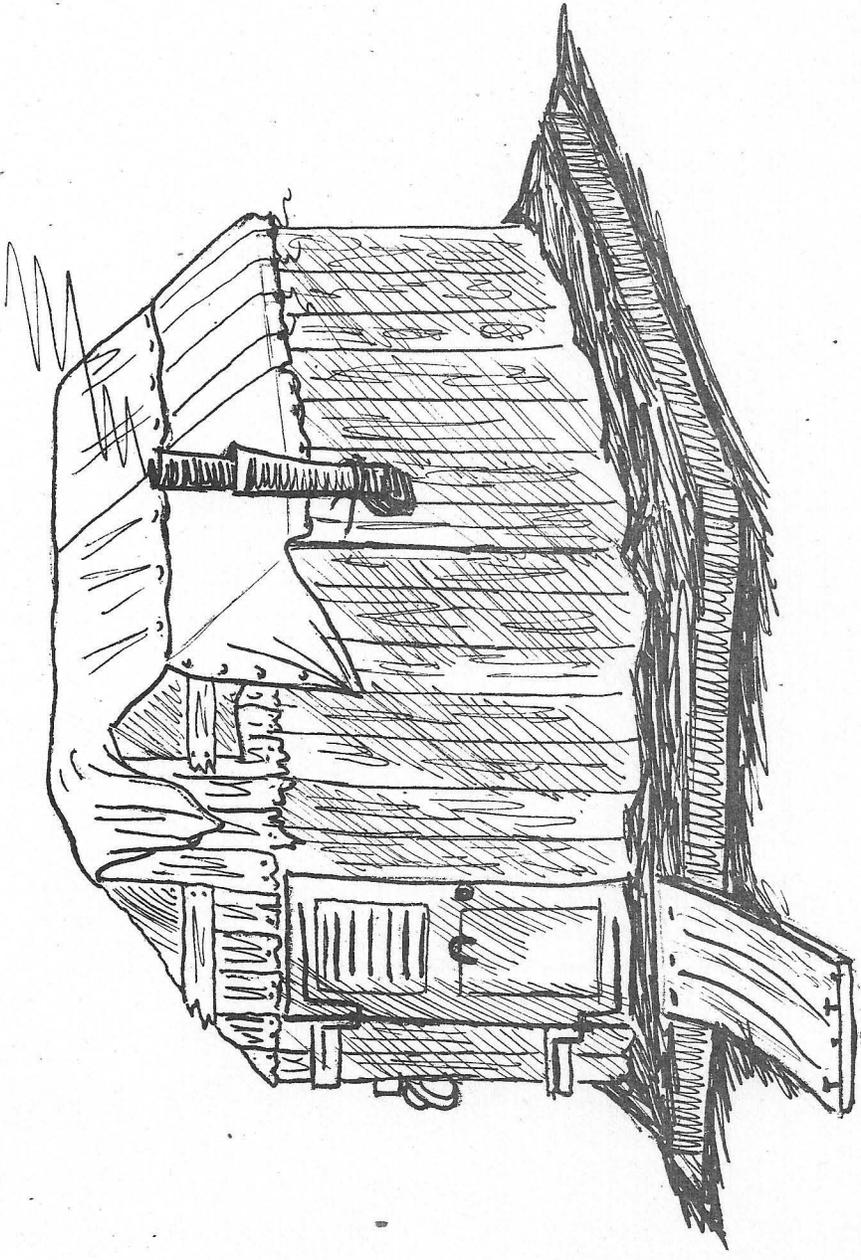
November 13th -

Yugo is Dietsche's best customer. The other day he had alternate chills, a cold, lumbago with fever, rheumatism and the croup all at once. Dietsche gave him one little inconspicuous white pill and within two hours Yugo felt fine. Sounds like a bit of that ol' black magic.

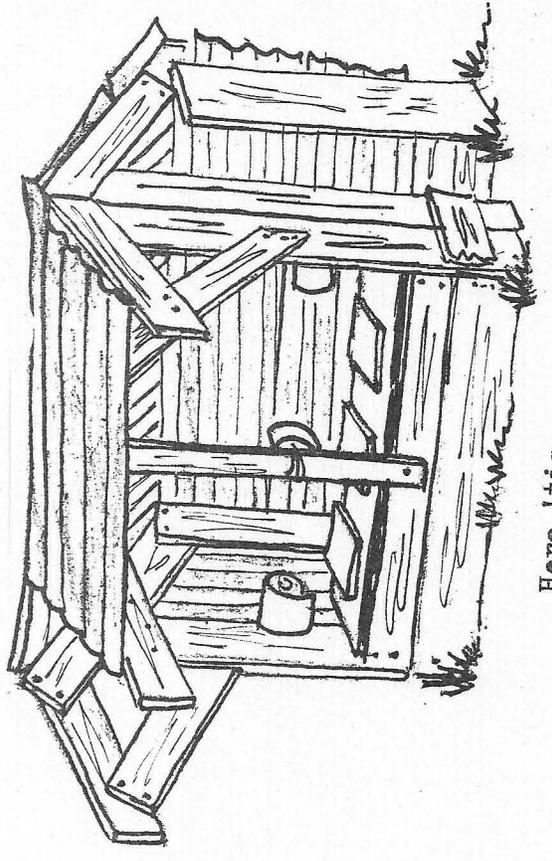
Fiscus was laid up today with a bad lung condition.

There's a family of 3 girls, a boy, the mother and grandmother that live next to an old church a short way from here. The girls are aged 14, 15 and 18 and are respectively named Mary Jane, Mary Ellen and Francis. Altho' they aren't so good looking, they've become popular with the fellows since they can speak a bit of English and their mother will do your laundry for a few francs provided you supply the soap.

Gee! Notre Dame really took a beating from Army - 59-0. That's the worst score a N.D. team has ever undergone.



Time marches on - - -



Here 'tis

There's sure a noticeable change now that each sqd. has its own hut. No longer do the fellows gather around the incinerator behind Root-in-Poot's place for each hut has some sort of a stove of its own. Used to be so crowded out there, now there's no one outside there in the evenings.

We've had lots of rain lately and the Area's muddy ground has become a sea of footprints.

November 14th -

Jim Janny and "Pop" Gant came back from a recon. with a nifty front door, a saw, bucket full of coal, big roll of wire, picks, bolts, etc. I calls that first rate scavengering.

There's a cute little French poodle roaming around the Area. We've nicknamed him "Frenchie". This evening when I saw him lying in the big tent next to the heater, I was reminded of one of Mauldin's cartoons. It shows Willie sticking his head outside a tent - there's a skinny dog shivering outside in the rain and one of Willie's buddies says to him - "Let him in. I wanna see a critter I kin feel sorry fer."

November 15th -

Some of the sqds have done one h--- of a good job on their huts. They have a floor inside, bunks, shelves, fireplace, etc. Our living conditions are pretty comfortable now - guess we'll be moving out directly.

Lundberg sprained his arm while working with the T.A.T. today.

"Pop" Gant won the highest staked poker hand since leaving the States, where he pocketed 74 bucks from Strangeland, Hanny, Hungerford and Randebush tonite.

Demers', Strangeland's and Janny's nobs are beginning to look natural again since their hair has grown out a good deal.

November 16th -

Something went haywire with the burner in the 2nd Sqd. hut. It was smoking to beat the band and most of the smoke was leaking inside. 'Twas too cold to be outside and too smoky to stay inside so Hanny and Driscoll tried to neutralize the condition by standing inside the hut while hanging their heads out the front door.

The food is getting some better now that the T.A.T. has arrived. This evening we had chipped beef stew, potatoes and gravy, rice pudding, cauliflower, bread and jam, coffee and apples.

The entire Company pitched in on a W.P.A. project today. We carried sand and rock from the motor pool area to the Company area where we used it to make a path around the mess tent and up in front of the platoons. Looks OK now but I doubt if it stands up under a heavy rain.

As of last night, Montebourg has electricity. We should be able to get some lanterns in town now.

November 17th -

Seeing Hungerford drive that 3/4 ton truck around the mud packed motor pool was a sight. He really made that baby jump and spin. Lt. Michand was

driving with him but he got out of the truck when they reached the motor pool. Guess his life insurance is low.

We got more jeeps in today. Was raining hard and we found it a job driving. There were a good many horses and buggies goin' between Valogne and Cherbourg. They all looked practically identical. Must be some sort of transportation service like our taxies look back home.

The water situation is getting bad. Don't see how a fellow's goin' to shave every day (Colonel's orders).

November 18th -

"Captain" Crow holds the "Mail Miser" title. He's received 17 letters in the last two days.

The Company obtained a big dispensing tent and is going to replace the smaller mess tent with it. Also are going to fix up a sheltered eating place so we'll be able to eat without having our chow rained off the plates.

Spaulding, of the 3rd platoon, found an ol' French coin while digging a slump pit for the kitchen. It's dated 1694 and was made during the reign of Louis XIV.

Sarjeant and I went into Valogne this afternoon. When we dropped into a shop to buy some stationery Vic made himself at home with the piano. After leaving he told me that he hadn't realized it at the time but he was playing a couple of German Christmas songs - Ha!

One Joe's tent in A Company burned down. The G.I. was burned quite badly.

Had an inspection of huts this afternoon. We spent a good two hours cleaning the joint and were quite proud of the job we did. Then the inspectors only peeked in the door and passed on to the next hut.

Two Lieutenants pulled a good deal when they traded 3 D bars for 2 nanny goats.

November 19th -

Fiscus has rigged up a crystal set in the 1st Sqd's hut. Last night they got a Command Performance through the B.B.C.

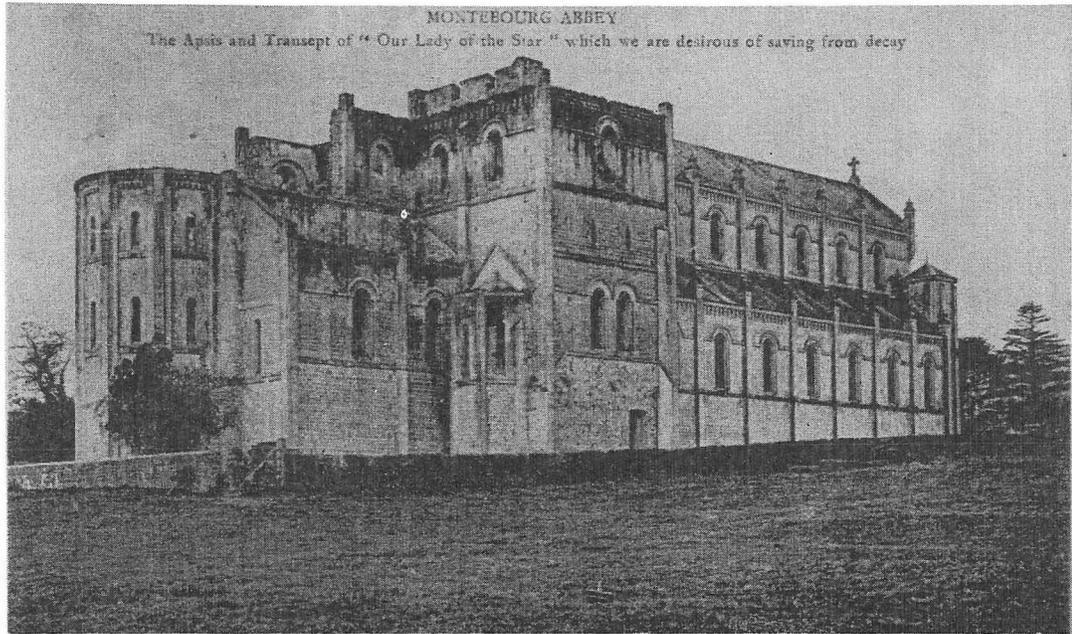
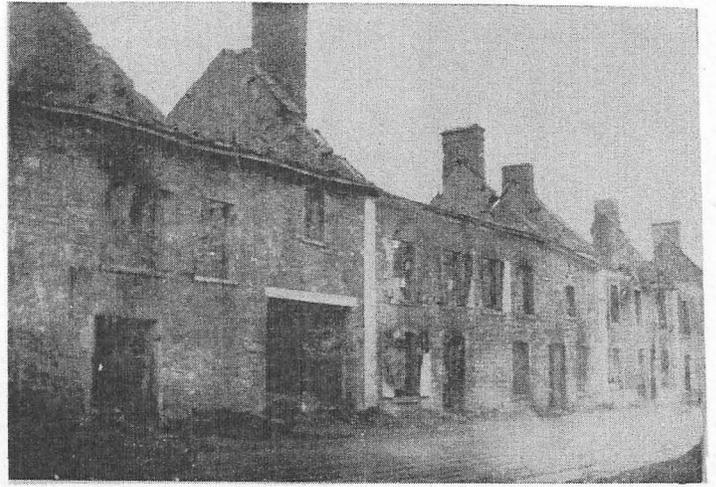
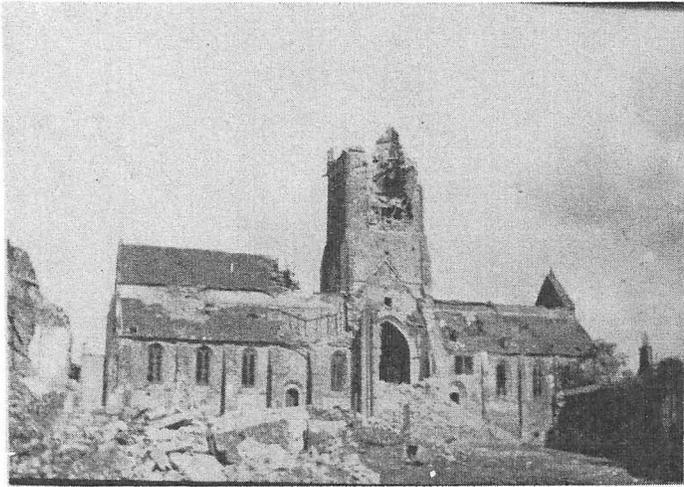
This morning two little French lads popped their heads thru our front door and inquired "Chocolate, cigarettes for Papa?" in broken English. By the time they got thru the entire Battalion they must have had beaucoup chocolate.

The 1st sqd. has the oldest and youngest men in the platoon. Heimlich is 40 years old and Brueggeman is 18 years old.

Lt. Ledderer read an interesting log of the 87th Cml. Bn. This outfit landed in Normandy on D-Day and fought strenuously from then till the capture of Paris on August 26th, 1944. It told how Montebourg was barraged with 14,000 rounds of ammo. and we can all verify the success of that attack.

Root-in-Poot and Toddy get into at least one tussle per day. They both bear marks of these battles. Randenbush's glasses are broken at the rim and Bowman has a pair of teeth marks on his shoulder - Ha!

Montebourg



The 4th Sqd. gets a bang out of the tall tales "Captain" Crow tells. This evening I was in their hut when he started cutting up. Hillman was roaring away in the corner and Jacoby took his teeth out and joined in the laughter.

"Pop" Gant, Hanny, Hagerty and McNinney went to Cherbourg today. Had a swell time. Saw a Dead End Kids picture. Hanny bought his wife a pair of lined Dutch shoes. These French have little, if any modesty and the fellows thought it was rare the way the latrine for men in Cherbourg wasn't anything but a cut out section in the wall of a building with a low front wall hiding just a little of the interior.

November 20th -

Yesterday afternoon Wildburgher and Forhman went to visit Farnan at a hospital near Cherbourg. He wasn't in his ward and they didn't see him at the U.S.O. show given for the hospital so they stayed and saw the show. They hitch hiked back and would have had a ride with some gorgeous nurses but Wildburgher was detained in the weeds at the moment.

The Red Cross showed this afternoon with cigarettes, matches, gum, fruit drops, coffee and donuts. One of those gals was sweet on the eyes. She had a real shawl around her long blond hair which made her appearance the more conspicuous.

Ol' Pop Gant is killing two birds with one stone. When they take up the salvaged clothes, he turns in a pair of long johns each week and the following week he gets a new pair. This way he always has clean underwear and doesn't have to pay for it being laundered.

November 21st -

Forhman left yesterday afternoon for the 5th Hdq. Hospital where he's to have an operation on a spinal cyst.

We have two naturalized citizens in the platoon - Sarjeant and Dietsche. Dietsche was born in Mannheim, Germany on August 2, 1919 and at the age of five he and his family came to America. Sarjeant was born in Birmingham, England on September 18, 1913. He was 14 when his family moved to America.

November 22nd -

Platoon Hdq. has named their hut "No 10 Downing Street." Never thought that such staunch Yankees as Griffith and Yugo would allow Sarjeant's British influence get the best of 'em.

Driscoll led the life of Riley this morning. He stayed in bed and had "Pop" Gant bring his chow to him. His excuse - "guard has worn me out."

Those who are bookworms have found these Armed Forces editions to be good reading material. Most of us have a couple of books we got from the Wakefield, such as "Honey in the Horn", "Avalanche", "Mrs. Parkington", "Queen Victoria", etc.

Lord! But the burner in the 2nd Sqd's hut was hot tonite. Herman's eyes were smarting; Hanny was stripped to the waist, Gant was sweating to beat all h--- and Strangeland moved down from the top to the lower bunk and then decided to slip outside and cool off. However, Driscoll liked it. Must have reminded him of that Mississippi heat. When Stinky returned he tried to make some pop-corn and spilt some of it. The stuff started popping as soon as it touched the floor.

"Pop" Gant celebrated his 35th birthday today.

November 23rd -

Thanksgiving Day!!! Had a grand meal - turkey, dressing, creamed carrots, cranberries, candy, turkey giblet gravy, peaches and cherries, pumpkin pie and coffee. Herman's mess gear was missing so he took a No. 10 can and had it filled to the brim.

Hagerty, McNinney and Kalbach went into Montebourg and got showers at a G.I. setup about a half mile on the other side of town. The place furnished both hot and cold water, so it's well worth the jaunt over there.

Starting today four men from the platoon will get passes to Cherbourg each day. Herman, Gant, Strangeland and Hanny left at 1:00 P.M. They returned with lots of souvenirs and practical goods. While in the city they ran into Jack Farnan.

November 24th -

We got up at 5:45 and went to the beach near Sertainville to get some firing practice. Ten cans placed against a sand embankment. It took us a couple of hours to reach the range. Guess someone took a wrong azimuth or read the map upside down.

Kalbach hit the 21 notch today. Well - how does it feel to be a man?

Staff made himself a pair of mud cloppers. They raise his feet about 2 inches off the ground. When I saw him shuffling along on those high things I thought of a lil' gal back home I used to date. She'd wear towering heeled shoes to appear taller.

Lundberg, Demers, Jacoby and Kalbach went to Cherbourg.

November 25th -

The fellows have started to build a catwalk from the end of the 3rd platoon to the kitchen.

Root-in-Toot, Hillman, Driscoll and I went into Cherbourg. Went to the movie "Dragon Seed". Soon after the picture began I noticed a more advantageous seat and moved to it. I had forgotten about some stinking French cheese that was in my pocket. The fellow next to me turned towards me, sniffed and made a grunt. In a few minutes he was up and out. By then I knew the score but kept a placid face. The seat was vacant for the rest of the show and I soon began to sympathize with that race called the "Untouchables" in India. The movie was good but didn't last long. The sound would become real low so the fellows would holler out "Louder" and every time it became louder the film would discontinue. This happened about six times until the manager announced that the show couldn't be continued. A typical G.I. movie.

Driscoll's visit was a disappointment. He could find no shops that sold things he wanted and after waiting in a movie line for an hour or so the doors were closed just as he got to them.

November 26th -

Kalbach saw a rare sight the other day. While in Montebourg he saw a man taking a leak in the street as he was talking to a couple of women. Ho! wouldn't the folks at home lost their eye balls over a sight like that!!

Jacoby received a V-mail from his wife today dated November 20th. That darn good service. You're a lucky man, Jake.

Strangeland returned this evening from an unsuccessful search for the 86th Cml. Bn. He and six others drove all over this vicinity. They picked up a fellow from the 104th Inf. Div. who was stationed at a hospital near Valogne. Wounded four times, he had been all thru France, Belgium and Holland, and added, "Nothing in the world would make me go back."

Wildburger, Brueggeman, Fiscus and Heimlich went to Cherbourg. Being today is Sunday they didn't have anything to do but see a movie and visit the Red Cross.

November 27th -

Staff has started a Pin-Up Girl contest. The first entry is Rita Quinsly, one time child actress. She sent him a swell picture of herself and we thought her to be alreet until Staff added that she's married to someone in the Navy. Right then and there her popularity took a nose dive.

Yugo has struck up quite an acquaintance with Anna, a Polish girl who lives with a nearby French family. The family had been having trouble with the G.I.'s who took their cider. This evening several G.I.'s were over there visiting the girl with Yugo. The French cops turned up and they all took a powder except Yugo. The old man of the family accounted for Yugo's character so the cops paid him no attention. Say boy - how do you get in so good with these families?

McNinney, Bowman, Hagerty and Laquere went to Cherbourg. Toddy bought a good typhoon styled raincoat from a sailor.

November 28th -

Santa Clause came early to Griffith. He received three packages today.

Heinz Dietsche is alias Andre' Diete over here in France. He fears his real name being German, would be a source of hostility and embarassment.

Lt. Herd of A Company underwent a serious injury the other day when he stepped on a land mine in the vicinity of the firing range.

Griffith, Hungerford, Hamilton and Sarjeant went to Cherbourg. "The Leach" spent all day looking for a pair of overshoes and succeeded in buying some from a sailor for 300 francs. The others all bought pipes and gifts for the women folk.

Brueggeman has been in the Army only seven and a half months, so that makes him the greenest Joe in the platoon. Herman has been in 8 years and 10 months. What does that make him?

November 29th -

Happy Birthday to Hagerty who's 20 years old today. It has been a lucky day for you - Crow and you were picked out of the whole Battalion for the two Zippo lighters in the PX rations.

Dietsche, Yugo and Lt. Ledderer visited Cherbourg. Yugo and Dietsche saw a French movie. The news reel showed the various Allied Troops and the cheers and clapping were least for the U. S. Doughboys -- Humph!!

Strangeland, Hillman, Jacoby and Fiscus had to remove the earthen camouflage from a Robot Bomb platform in the Area where we may bivouac next. 'Twas an all day detail with "C" rations for the noon meal.

November 30th -

Heard a lot of yelling and commotion in the 3rd Sqd, hut this morning. Guess Root-in-Poot was getting h---. This is his 25th birthday.

Hanny wondered why his face kept getting darker as he washed it and then he learned that he was using the coffee Herman had made the night before as washing water.

The cigarette shortage is getting beyond the "I'll settle for Wings" state. According to the Stars & Stripes the home front hasn't slackened. Believe there's something wrong in the transportation and distribution. Gen. Ike Eisenhower guaranteed that there would be an investigation and that the cigarettes would start coming thru as they should.

Learned today that Forhman has been evacuated to England. He's to be operated on there.

December 1st -

Farnan paid us a visit today. He has a neat setup. Gets into Cherbourg quite frequently - the food is good and the nurses beautiful. He gets 7 packages of cigarettes per week.

Gant, Hanny, Strangeland and Hungerford had a big time in Cherbourg. They got showers and cocas at the 280th General Hospital. For one roll of Life Savers, Hanny and Strangeland got a three course meal at a French home. Later they heard the 1st Engineers' Orchestra at the Red Cross.

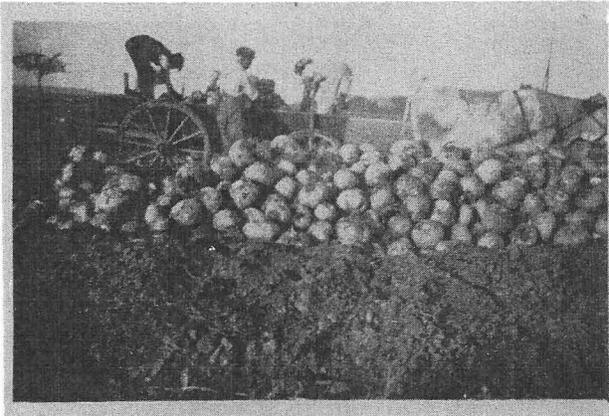
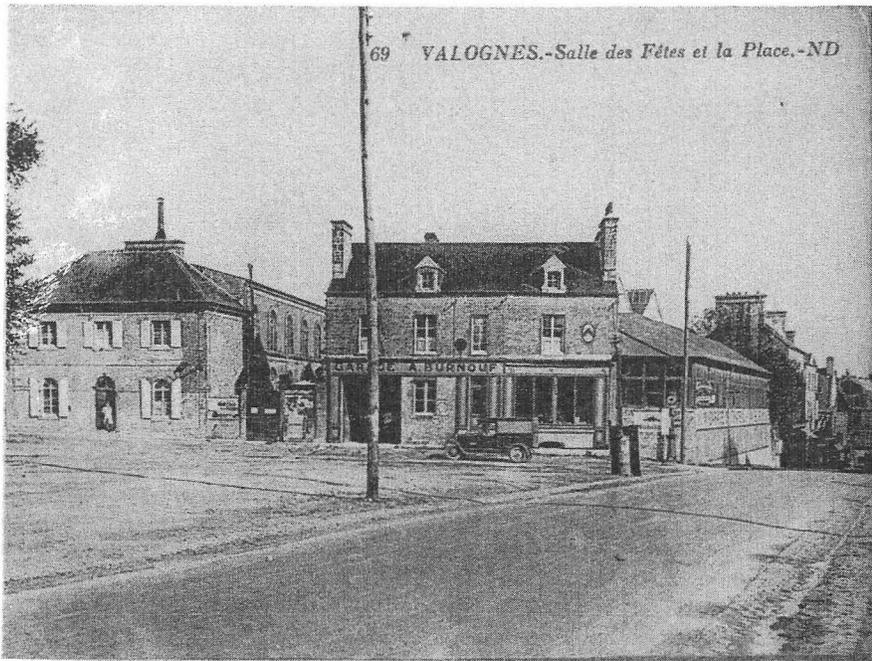
Here's a fact I bet few of you know. Hamilton, who likes to argue about the Spanish American War, Civil War, race problem, cattle, the history of Texas, and all the famous men of the Lone Star State, isn't even a true native of Texas. He was born in Tennessee.

December 2nd -

Yugo, Gant, Driscoll, Laquere, McNinney, Wildburgher, Heimlich and Crow went with about 23 other drivers of the Company to take a convoy of jeeps to Paris. They left at 6:45 A.M. - all looking forward to a big time in the big town.

Mail call and showers boosted the morale of the rest of us who weren't fortunate enough to make the Paris trip.

Lt. Ledderer just stepped into the hut and announced that we'll be moving in the morning. The fellows who went to Paris will be surprised to find their shacks torn down and everyone cleared out.



The sugar beets of
 Normandy



December 3rd -

Lt. Ledderer announced that the 2nd and 3rd Sqds. of the 2nd Plt. would be transferred to D Company for our new assignment. Therefore, we arose at 4:30 this morning, packed, tore down our shacks, ate and were off by 9:00 o'clock.

Our new location is up in the wooded country east of St. Lo. It's called Post 13. We'll be living in perambual tents.

We got the dope on this new job. The Battalion will patrol the pipeline, running from Cherbourg to St. Lo. So you see, we're at the end of the line.

December 4th -

Chow is served by D. Company in a town, Tarigny, which is nearly 4 miles away. Seems like all the town's kids turn out to watch us eat. One lil' fellow was trying to bum a cigarette from Strangeland, who replied, "No cigarettes". Then the lil' guy returned, "Ooooh - cigarette for me - you're too young."

They pump 25,000 barrels of gas per day thru these lines.

While on Post (3) the pumping station, I noticed that all the motors and pumps are made by Hanlon-Waters, Inc. of Tulsa, Okla. Ya Hoo!! I just guess Tulsa is known all over the world.

December 5th -

Laquere, Driscoll, Gant and McNinney came back from Paris. Mac stayed at the Grand Hotel and had to pay only 30 francs for his room. They ate in the big dining room of the Hotel for 10 francs a meal. Gant and Driscoll got a room in the Morinni Hotel and Laquere was with Bildberger.

The fellows visited the Red Cross, took the bus tour of the city, ate and drank at the sidewalk cafes and saw a stage show at the Olympia Theatre. They said the sights were so magnificent you have to see them to even imagine their splendor. Cigarettes, soap and chocolate will purchase you almost anything you want. The women were plentiful and really knockouts. "Dressed fit to kill", added Laquere. And Lord! they were forward! They'd proposition the G.I.'s right on the street.

December 6th -

Heard that 16 P.W.'s were captured by the fellows in Battalion Hdq.

They must have done some real fighting in this region - trees are scattered in every direction - you notice how the backs of many trees are shrapnel pitted and now and then you run across a corpse.

They've busted us fellows up again. First the 2nd Plt. was separated from the Company; then the 2nd and 3rd Sqds. from the platoon, and today they busted up the Sqds. Now all of us are together, except for McNinney, Bowman and Randebush, who were placed in another tent.

December 7th -

This station is divided up into 6 posts, of which post 2 is by far the worst. You have a choice of walking on the pipes or the swampy ground. Then the pipes go about 2 feet under water for several hundred yards. There are high hills on one side so that you make a perfect target walking out in the open along a straight line. In the night time you get to imagining all sorts of noises, and

the other night a cow walked out of the brush. I got darned good and scared. Some G.I.'s who patrol the next post up the line told us that they had found a corpse on their post. He was hung around the neck by some wire and his body was floating in the stream. Must have been a hideous sight for his teeth and eyes were missing and his body was badly mauled.

Kalbach, Hagerty and Hanny built themselves bunks and Gant and Laquere got a bunk each from the Engineer outfit next to us since they've moved out.

December 8th -

We opened a can of applesauce and marmalade and toasted bread. Was a good change from this rotten D Company chow.

This afternoon we were yellin' and cuttin' up a lot - you know - makin' one big racket when Lt. Ledderer came into the tent. He said, "I'd like three volunteers." The sudden silence was as startling as if the place had been struck by lightning. No one said a word, per usual, so he had to call off three names.

The fag famine is getting extremely critical. You guard what few you have as if they were precious jewels. One never directly throws away his cigarette. First he says, "Who wants butts?" Gant smokes a bit on a cigarette, then clips the dead end off with tweezers and saves the rest. Several fellows are rolling their own with pipe tobacco.

December 9th -

Hillman, Crow and Hungerford dropped by. "Turtle" has been made sergeant and will be transferred to the 3rd platoon. Hagerty went to the dentist in Cherbourg this morning. The dentist got a telegram while working on Haggie. It notified him that he was just made a Captain. Haggie said it was surprising how much better work he did from then on.

o-o-0-o-o

The following is Vic Sarjeant's account of the doin's of the rest of the platoon during this post week. They operated a courier service between a French coastal town and certain points. - "The route is divided into two sections. A northbound and southbound jeep set forth from our chateau at the same time. I only took the south route, so I can't describe the northern one.

We pass thru St. Lo where Patton made the historic break thru. To the east is Caen, famous for the greatest tank battles in this war in France; La Hogue de Pais, Tarigny, etc. The fields and hedgerows are littered with disabled machinery of war. On the roads one meets giant convoys enroute to the front, French peasants with their 'cidre' carts, girls carrying buckets by yoke bars, free French soldiers, G.I. Joes, British Tommies and bare kneed French children looking for our chocolate. We've dubbed the town Bagnoles 'Shan-gri-la'. It's a prosperous looking place, untouched by war, and also free of Military Police.

Back in our headquarters we hand in our reports in a dimly lit, large vaulted old room, with the aid of grand conspirators. The house is full of passages, all black as pitch. The timbers are hand hewn and of oak. The architectural lines of the house have great charm."

LORRAINE

This is the name of several districts which have figured in medieval and modern history, and now designates a region mainly in France and partly in Germany. This old French province, located between the Vosges and Rhine, was formerly a confederation of independent towns. It was occupied by France in 1648, after the Thirty Years' War, remaining French 'til 1871, when it was taken by the Germans. France again occupied it in 1918. Strassburg, the capital, Mulhouse, and Colmar are the principal towns. The climate is mild, with a slight difference between the plains and the mountains. Rainfall being abundant, the soil is well adapted for agriculture; however, mining and manufacturing industries employ a good percentage of the population.

o-o-0-o-o

December 10th -

While Driscoll and Hanny were riding along the pipe line on Post (1) they met a Frenchman who was smoking. Now it's forbidden to smoke alongside the pipe line so Hanny tried to explain this to the man, but all he would say was "Wee". Jim pointed to the pipeline, the cigarette and shook his head in a negative manner, but the reply still was "Wee". Finally they drove off in disgust - the man still smoking away.

Company D pulled out at noon and we followed at 6:30 P.M. We traveled west to the Abbye de Blancheland - outside of La Hoye de Pais, where we met up with the rest of B Company. None of us know just what's in store for us.

December 11th -

The rest of the Battalion has been streaming into this place through the day.

The Abbye is a large, old, picturesque building. A stucco wall surrounds the large grounds which are full of beautiful trees and shrubbery, through which the drive winds in and out.

We got lots of mail and Christmas packages today so there was beaucoup eating and happy thoughts of home.

December 12th -

The Battalion spent the day cleaning the mortars and other equipment. Jeeps were buzzing around, in and out of the narrow archways. I'm surprised there weren't a couple of accidents. If the constructors of this place had been on the ball 300 years ago they would have made the roads and archways wider so a jeep could get by easier.

Farnan returned to the Company today.

Saw Heimlich parading around the muddy parking lot with one of those black silk opera hats. Looked good with his mud-splashed O.D.'s and combat jacket.

December 13th -

The momentous occasion has finally arrived. Yep! We're headin' for the front. We pulled out from the Abbye at 7:00 A.M.

During the first break Bowman, Strangeland and I were so absorbed in conversation that the convoy got started again before we took notice. The Captain's jeep was at the tail end and he picked us up. We thought it all was a pretty good joke but Captain Groves didn't.

As we traveled East we noticed a couple of changes - first, the hedgerows became scarce; second, the people seemed friendlier and the gals prettier.

Saw lots of destroyed cars and tanks alongside the road. I wonder why the cars were all turned over on their tops.

There are hardly any French cars on the roads. The natives either walk, ride a bike or horse and buggy.

At 5:00 P.M. we reached a field outside of Fromental, where we bivouaced for the night.

December 14th -

We continued our journey today at 7:00 A.M. We're out of the hedgerow country now and at times the countryside reminds one of the States. There were large piles of sugar beets in the fields.

The fellows got a couple of shots of Cognac from a Frenchman during our first break for one or two cigarettes. As the convoy was waiting for a train to pass, some of the fellows dashed across the street and bought champagne.

Shell, Esso, Texaco and Veedol gasoline and Singer Sewing Machine signs were quite plentiful.

We stopped for the night at a large estate near Suzanne. The officers slept in the chateau and we slept in German barracks.

Our journey so far has been pleasant. The sun's been out and altho' it's cold there's been no rain (that's one for Ripley). We passed through Versailles and saw the summer Palace of Marie Antoinette, the birthplace of Versailles.

December 15th -

That fool Herman let off two shots as we were passing thru a village. At first the rest of us thought some sniper was drawing a bead on us.

We passed thru Nancy and went south till we hit a small village in the Lorraine named Pont Piere. The people speak both French and German.

The 2nd Sqd. was put in with a family of four - the Mom and Pop and a gal 17 years old (Ah-ha!!) and a boy of about 7 years. They gave us their kitchen as sleeping quarters, fed us coffee, homemade molasses bread and pickled ham, and heated water for us to shave. In turn Herman brought them a loaf of bread, a helmet full of coffee and a can of marmalade. Gosh! Were they thrilled with the coffee.

December 16th -

Didn't rise 'til 8:00 A.M. (Boy! This ain't the Army). The Friar gave us hot milk, bread and marmalade as a breakfast.

Driscoll sure gets a kick out of the lil' boy in the family. When Norwood says something the little fellow will try to repeat it. His name is Hermon.

Kientzy dropped by last nite. He can speak a lil' German and seemed to be getting along fine with the Fraulein. He, the older woman, and girl talked about the various rulers of this section of France. By use of paper and pencil, Kientzy showed that in 1918 the Germans were ruling; 1936 the French; 1940 the Germans and then in 1944 the Staff was going to add "the French", but the old man took the pencil and wrote "the Americans". Ha! they must think we're going to take over the country.

Gee! This is a filthy place - stacks of manure and straw piled up right before the front doors; however, the inside of the houses are quite clean and adequately furnished. Here they don't name the streets, only the houses. For instance, we live in 68 - no street address.

This afternoon I had quite a time trying to teach the mother how to make popcorn. At first she burned it, for she didn't use any lard or butter. When she did succeed, she was so surprised to see the corn pop. She acted as though it were some kind of black magic.

This evening the girl, Irene, showed us pictures of herself, the family and friends. She had one picture that she tried to hide, but finally she showed it to us. It was a picture of herself in a bathing suit, which was very modest compared to the ones we see at home. The older boy was killed a few years ago by a Nazi truck as he was shoveling coal out in the street. The mother told of his death and bitterly added "Deutsch Bad" with a hostile flash of the hand.

Gee, but they seem to lead an easy life here. The men just sit around and smoke their pipes while the poor women seem to do all the work. Most of them are farmers which accounts for their idleness at this time of the year.

Later tonite I bought some bread, and a lady gave me some meat loaf, so we had some sandwiches. I tried to get cheese but they said that the Douthches had taken all of it. However, I did get some German cigarettes and tried one. Whew! Mighty potent.

December 17th -

Lt. Ledderer sure had some rough luck last nite. He borrowed a 3rd Plt. jeep to go to Naucie, and later found that the driver had taken the tools from the jeep. When it started to have engine trouble they had to be pulled by a 3/4 ton truck. The Lt. said that he was really shaking in his boots for if the truck was to stop suddenly there would be a h--- of a crash. However, this wasn't the end of their troubles - on the way back they had a flat tire! They finally fixed it with some tools borrowed from a messenger who, luckily, was passing by at that time.

Sarjeant, Dietsche and Fiscus are now members of the 400, for they live in one of the nicest homes in town. They all sleep in sheet covered beds and have nearly all the comforts of home. The payoff came when the old man walked into their room and kissed them all goodnight--Ho! He should have left such formalities up to the daughter.

The fellow who lives in the house where the 1st Sqd. and Hdq. are staying, was captured by the Germans when the Maginot Line was taken. He said that they received no pay in the German Army and had to live on bread and water. When France was thoroughly conquered he was allowed to return home.

Tonite the Visse's fixed us a much appreciated dinner of rabbit, lettuce, salad, potatoes, bread and coffee. It really tasted good - especially the cold, fresh lettuce. 'Twas very considerate of our French friends.

December 18th -

We got overshoes, helmet nets, ponchos and bed rolls today. Mrs. Visse saw us making up the bed rolls and she said, "Deutsch nix" - so, at least, we sleep better than the enemy.

Today when Lt. Goff came into the room, we remained slouched in our chairs. After he had gone, Mrs. Visse started saying a lot of words and then she snapped to attention, thus showing how the Germans acted. She couldn't understand why we didn't come to attention when the Lt. entered.

Perry and Burns transferred from Co. Hdq. to Hdq. and 1st Sqd. of our platoon respectively.

December 19th -

Fiscus dropped by this morning, and since he can speak German quite well, we were all able to carry on a conversation with Irene. Mrs. Visse told him how the Germans took all of their food and shot some of the hostages who wouldn't comply with the Nazi orders. She said that Irene would have had to go to Germany and work in the factories if the Yankees hadn't arrived when they did. We were looking over one of their school books - it had a picture of the big smiling Fuehrer on the first page shaking hands with a little girl. Several of the stories related to the infallibility of der Fuehrer and the marvelous things he is doing for his conquered nations. Fiscus was looking over the pictures Irene had and asked her for one. Her mother gave her permission to give him one of herself provided he didn't show it to the other natives. It was taken during the German occupation, and Irene had her hair done in the Deutsch style. Later I asked if they would be going to midnight Mass on Christmas Eve and Irene said "No" since the lights in the Church would make the place too vulnerable for air attacks. They should have a regular feast Christmas Day with all the food we've given them. This afternoon Irene took pictures of Driscoll, McNinney and myself. She has a darn good Agfa camera. Only two pictures were taken, for I imagine film is almost inexpendable.

Last nite a couple of us used our sleeping bags for the first time. Oh! You should have heard them marvel - so much wool material!! a zipper!! a water-proof cover!! With the use of Hanny's German translation book, Irene has picked up a good deal of English. She knows all of our last names - calls Hanny, "Henie".

This evening Kalback, McNinney and Bowman were in the kitchen, besides our squad. Hermon, the little boy, was having a big time since everyone paid a lot of attention to him. Bo would make sounds like a duck and Hermon would get down on his hands and knees trying to see where the sound was coming from. Then Strangeland would reach over and tickle him. Ho - he would bounce up and jump around as if a bee had stung him. We all got a good laugh at that. Mrs. Visse said that the nice thing about these Americans was their courtesies and consideration about everything. The Germans never asked - just took everything -- sometimes destroying it at the same time. Irene said they only go to school up to the age of fourteen. Of course, they may obtain a higher education but such isn't the usual custom.

December 20th -

The townsfolk are pretty scared over the news of German paratroops landing near by. Several of the families have moved to their cellars, and there is only one French flag out today.

Several shots were heard on the other side of the pond, so Lundberg and Burns investigated. 'Twas a couple of A Co. men shooting rabbits. Not realizing

this, Lundberg had to shoot a couple of rounds when they closed up on them before they were convinced he meant business. The one hunter stuck up his hands over his head and the other hit the ground as soon as shots were heard. They thought they might be Germans and weren't going to take any chances.

Some pretty nice looking gals in this town. Their sex appeal is considerably fostered--by the way, they wear their dresses at least 5" above the knees. But it is surprising how old the men and women both appear when they get in their middle forties. I know Irene's folks aren't much over 50 years old and they look as though they're in their seventies. Must be this rugged form of living they undergo.

This evening we all traded card trick with Mr. Visse. 'Twas an enjoyable means of understanding between the old man and the rest of us. He called it "hokus-pokus" and knew some pretty good ones. Little Hermon is a full-fledged scavenger. He hangs around the mess table during chow and ends up bringing food back to the family. This they delight in seeing, not so much for their own profit but because they think it is so clever and loyal of Hermon. And it is!

December 21st -

Lt. Goff was up at the front yesterday. Co. D is making a good showing for themselves there. They've been firing 24 hours per day. However, they've had it pretty easy for they haven't had to use camouflage on the mortars -- haven't had to dig tunnels between the mortar positions and ammo. pits, and have had no counter-attacks. They live in houses directly to the rear of their positions and the ammo. is brought right up to the mortar positions in the jeeps.

Dietsche and Sarjeant had dinner with the Mayor tonite. Gee! the "Quack" really is popular over here and at the present he is almost inexpendable--not just because he's a damn good medic, but also because he can speak German so fluently. He is kept busy as an interpreter. When something goes haywire between the G.I.'s and the villagers, ol' Dietsche is called to the rescue.

These people are different than we Americans, in that they are much more sensitive to the little things of life. For instance, it's a great offense for one to abuse their hospitality or generosity - to refuse a gift or to act unthoughtful might lead to a grievous offense. And a wolf has a heck of a time! These gals (i.e. the decent ones) take their romances seriously and when a Joe makes a couple passes at them, they believe him to be serious and contemplating marriage. So we have to be careful, since we're so used to taking many such things lightly.

There's one fellow in our platoon whom I have always admired as being a good soldier. Herman is the fellow I have in mind. He is so damn G.I. and military in his every action. I wish I could train myself to be more like him. For instance, the other nite a guard halted him and inquired, "Who is there?" dear Herman, my ideal and inspiration, yells out "Karl Herman - member of the Post -- Stonewall Jackson" (the password), so loud that it aroused the O.D. who was quartered in a house t'other end of the block. Now, I ask you, is there one of us who hasn't been reprimanded for not sounding off? I know many a sergeant has raised h--- with me for just that, so we should all take Herman as a good example and really let out with the vocals when we sound off.

More changes have been made in the platoon. Cpl. Singletary has replaced Cpl. Morey in the 4th Sqd.

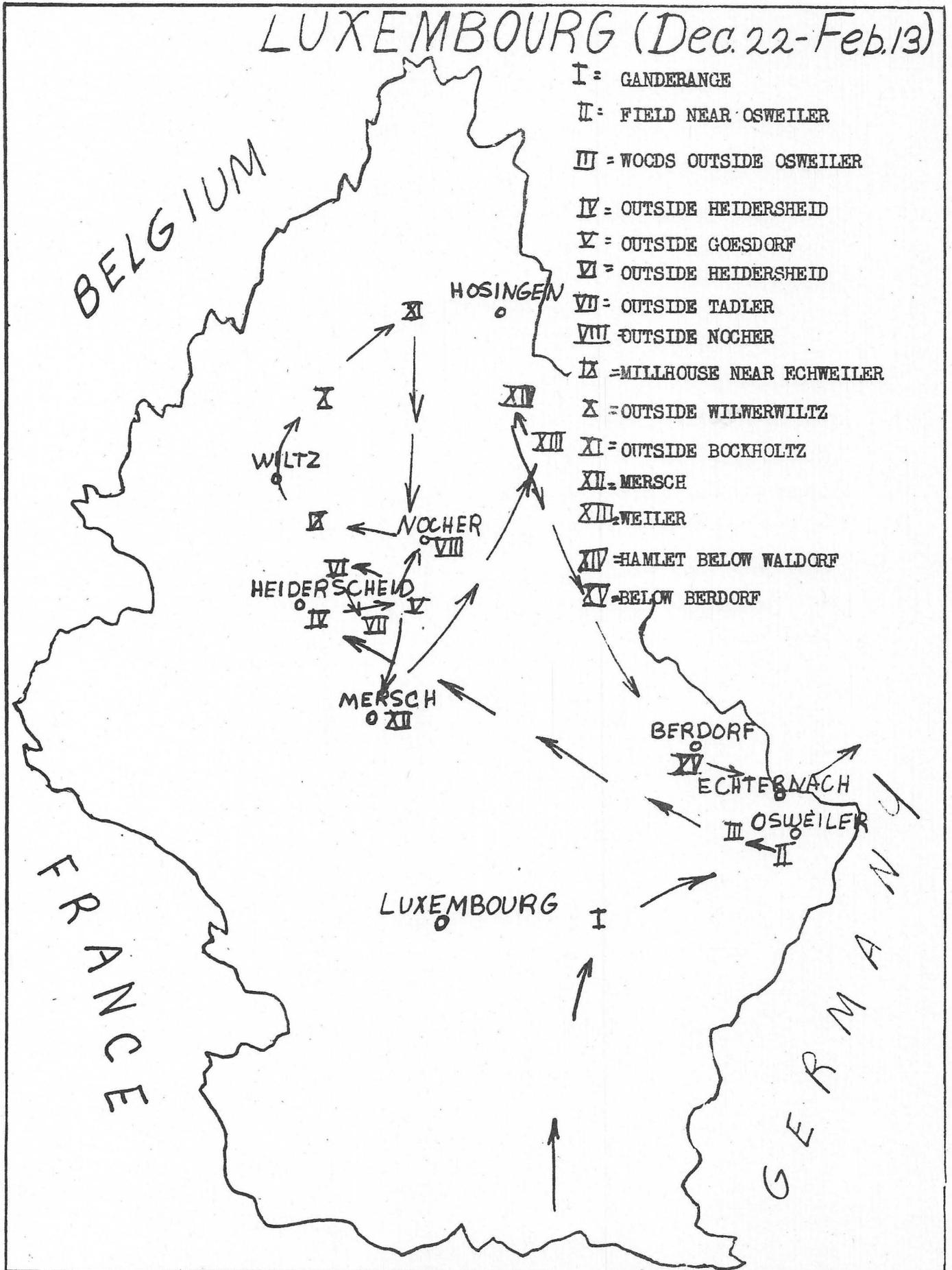
December 23rd -

We were greeted with the first snow fall this morning. It made this small village with its quaint buildings look like a Christmas scene.

At 11:00 A.M. we pulled out for the Luxembourg region where the Germans have made a big counterattack. On the way we passed thru Metz, which is a good sized industrial city. The people greeted us with "Hellos" and the kids tossed us apples. Their patriotism was quite evident for so many shops had French and American flags waving in the windows. At one town the convoy stopped for about three minutes and a girl ran into her home and brought a bottle of Cognac out to Heimlich's jeep. This caused the rest of the convoy to jam up at that point.

We traveled north till 1:30 A.M. The artillery on both sides opened up so we got our first report of the rackets of war. Sounded like all h--- was breaking loose.

LUXEMBOURG (Dec. 22 - Feb. 13)



LUXEMBOURG

It has been a happy and peaceful Luxembourg people of 300,000 inhabitants who lived and worked in their tiny country until overrun by the Germans in 1940 and subjected to the cruelties of tyranny for four years.

From the beginning of the 10th Century, when its history began, to the year 1839 when finally restored to its independence, Luxembourg passed among the Spaniards, French and Austrians as a possession.

The character traits of the Luxembourgers are to a great extent due to the different landscapes they live in. The slate soil, mountains and oak-wooded slopes bear a strong and sturdy race. The flowering vineyards along the Sauer and Moselle Valley are the home of a merry people, while honest and hardworking people toil in the iron ore district of the South.

o-o-0-o-o

December 23rd -

Gandarouge is the name of this small village. It's a good deal more prosperous looking than Pont Piere with it's electricity, radios, stoves in each room, etc. We listened to Bing Crosby, Irene Manning and Frank Sinatra.

At 5:00 P.M. we pulled out for the front and at 7:00 P.M. we reached our destination - the edge of a blank, snow covered field near Osweiler. Then began the work. All night long we dug in that frozen ground - first the gun position, then a fox hole, and an ammunition pit.

December 24th -

At 9:20 A.M. the 2nd Sqd. of our platoon fired the first round for B Company. It was surprising the trouble we had with the mortars. The cold weather would cause the elevating screws to bind or other parts would crack.

There was no counterattack but we saw a good many planes in the sky and watched a couple as they were shot down.

Our targets were a Heinie bivouac area, the town of Osweiler and a concentration of troops near a road junction. The forward observer said we did good. He said we knocked the hell out of the town we were firing upon and did in a few minutes what would take the 105's a day to do.

December 25th -

We have been very charitable this Christmas. By noon we had sent 45 gifts to the Heinies via air mail. I hope they get a big bang out of 'em.

A Company was strafed by Heinies flying our P-47's. The Company was moving along in convoy and was caught by surprise. Several men were killed when a 3/4 ton truck caught fire.

The 2nd Sqd. fired 50 rounds without changing the baseplate. It went down and back so far into the ground that we had to pull it out with a jeep.

The PX rations came, which made a sorta' Christmas gift. For dinner we had turkey, gravy, bullion, dressing, apples and potatoes. Tasted wonderful.

December 26th -

Had one of our largest mail calls today. Kalback got 60 in all.

Heard that Perry and B. nning caught around 8 Germans while on guard at the O.P. The Heinies wore white handkerchiefs around their waists and were only too willing to surrender.

Around 1:30 P.M. there was a big explosion in the 3rd Sqd's mortar pit. The round had gone off prematurely in the barrel. Root-in-Poot was acting as Cannoner and he suffered a broken and badly cut leg. Hagerty was Gunner. Most of the shrapnel flew to his side. The medics applied what aid they could immediately and "Pop" Gant rushed the boys to the nearest medical station. Hagerty passed away before they reached the hospital.

Clay's squad from the 1st platoon will replace Randenbush's squad.

December 27th -

Twice last night, at 10:30 and 12:00, we had firing missions. Today we did very little firing since the enemy has been driven back and is out of range.

Learned from Dietsche that Root-in-Poot was sent to the 101st Evacuation Hospital.

We've got ourselves set up pretty nice now - everyone has a good foxhole with overhead covering - the mortar positions are well fortified - we've been given plenty of cigarettes - so what happens? We get "march order".

At 5:00 P.M. we pulled out. Traveled thru ruined Osweiler and onward for at least 3 miles till we hit a thick woods. We set up the mortars at the edge of the woods. Hit the hay (I mean ground) at 1:00 A.M.

December 28th -

'There was a lot of firing goin' on last night - small arms and artillery could both be heard and at times it sounded as if the shells were landing right next to us. But upon rising in the morning, I saw that such wasn't the case.

We're well supplied with clothes and PX rations in this neck of the woods. Our main complaint is a shortage of water. The little we have freezes up in no time and we ain't allowed to build a fire, so what is a fellow gonna do?

December 29th -

Laquere came back from the service area to relieve Burns who is goin' to Battalion to see about his infected ear.

The enemy is out of range. Thus we haven't fired a single shot in this location, as yet. We're just sitting tight in case of a counterattack.

Several of the fellows received packages. We had a regular feast as we sat around a small fire on the edge of the woods and shot the bull and read the hometown papers which had been used as wrapping paper.

Heard that an artillery shell lit in one of the D Company mortar pits and killed two men out of the squad.

December 30th -

This has been an ideal day. Did nothing but shoot the bull, read and jot down a letter or two after you warmed up your hands a bit.

The squads were issued "Hot Boxes" (fuel tablets) which will come in handy for cooking those C rations when other fuel is scarce. They'll burn 25-35 minutes and will heat one meal for 5 men of the 10-in-1 rations.

Lt. Higgins was transferred to D Company where he will take over as C.O. All privates who have been in the service a year and are fighting overseas automatically become privates first class.

December 31st -

A Company found around 4,000 bottles of Champagne in a cellar. Thus each man in the Battalion got a bottle with which to greet the New Year.

The 1st squad was relieved and sent back to the service area for a 2-day rest. It'll give the fellows a chance to catch up on their letter writing, wash and change clothes. They'll be excused from all details durin' the two days (it says here). Lentz's squad came out as replacements.

Jacoby was sent back today to have work done on his back. This damp weather makes it act up.

At 1 o'clock several of us went to Mass in Herborn. I appreciated it more than any other Mass I've attended over here since the priest was English and we could understand his sermon. He said a lot of the G.I.'s think the war a detriment to the rest of their lives and he added that it was up to us to see that it wasn't. To illustrate his point he told how a lady visited the artist Ruskin once and showed him how her beautiful handkerchief had been marred by an ink blotch. Ruskin asked to borrow the handkerchief for a few days and he made an exquisite design out of the blotch so that when the lady saw it again she couldn't recognize the source of her complaint.

Boyd has replaced Singletary as Gunner in Lundberg's squad.

January 1st -

The Infantry had a mock attack on the hill to our front. After reaching the top, they'd attack a dummy pill box.

Sarjeant is having a big time back at the service area frisking the clothes of the dead Heinies he runs across. Whatcha' find, Vic?

Happy Birthday to Lt. Michand, who now misses 40 by 2.

January 2nd -

The 2nd Sqs. went in for a 2-day rest. In fact, the whole company went in for a breakfast of fried eggs. 'Twas a d--- cold ride in.

The guys back here have the jitters worse than the fellows on the line. Guess the town has been strafed some but a plane can't get near here but what they shag a ___ for the cellar.

At 6:00 P.M. our rest became restless (Get it? - Ha-ha!) We moved out to a new location with the company to dig mortar positions. We're not even sure

we'll move to this new place but just gettin' set in case we do. We called the location "Daisy Hill" - 'twas bare as they make 'em and a nice straffing target. Didn't finish the job till after mid-night.

Fiscus has a bad case of the Flu.

Staff cautioned us against enemy prowlers and said we should challenge anyone approaching our positions. Hanny saw a distant silhouette approaching so he cried out, "Halt you --- --- --- or I'll bash your brains out"!!! The figure halted and Jim asked, "Who's there?" The stern voice replied, "Lt. Close." Hanny gave a guilty giggle and said, "Oh, I thought it was Strangeland."

January 3rd -

Sarjeant had some experience he won't forget, while he was up at the forward O.P. in Rickenweiler. He spent one night (and a damn hot one at that) in town and four days in an Infantry dugout. These 4th Div. boys fight a hard war. One Joe saw a Heinie approaching. He didn't halt him but waited 'til he was in good range and then let him have it smack thru the temple.

While on the switchboard Vic heard a Yank plea, "For God's sake - their tanks are right on ue. What'll we do?" The answer was, "You've got bazookas - use 'em." A little later the Yank came back, "Send up the Artillery quick! (Pause) the Big Boys are falling short." The hook-up went off then and Vic couldn't pick it up again.

January 4th -

Hook took us up to the line this morning. The road was slippery and we slid off a curve and turned half way over at the bottom of the embankment. No one was hurt and after a bit we had things straightened up and were on our way again. There was a marked field (meaning not cleared of mines) just beyond the place we turned over.

This afternoon we went to Osweiler to scavenger some things in order to better our living conditions. We brought back a mattress. Seems crazy - sleeping on a mattress in the middle of a woods.

January 5th -

Bo made a swell hood by ripping apart two extra stocking caps he found and sewing them onto the cap he had.

Lundberg, Strangeland and Hanny went scavengering in Osweiler and brought back several mattresses, a chicken, lots of honey, etc. But it was to no avail. We had gotten "march order" in the meantime.

At 2:30 P.M. we left Herborn, where we had assembled as a Company, and drove till around 8:00 P.M. Our new position was in a deep frozen ravine. We worked the entire night. After breaking thru the ice the digging was easy but water started oozing thru. We were anticipating a hit mission at dawn. You could see the Infantry silently moving all the road above us, to the front.

January 6th -

We didn't fire at all.

Saw 26 P.W.'s being marched to the nearby town. They didn't look dejected at all.

At 2:30 P.M. we got "march order" again. ¶*?!#& we were mad when we learned we'd have to carry the mortars and ammo up to the jeeps on the road above. Last night when it was dark and the drivers weren't familiar with the road they let 'em bring the jeeps down into the ravine and this morning they can't.

The road was icy, steep and winding. We saw a couple of dead Heinies alongside the road - a U.S. tank burning and the destruction of mortar and artillery shelling everywhere. At one place there was at least two dozen Heinie bicycles - equipment and all. Guess they took to the hills in an emergency.

When we got to the mortar positions below Goesdorf, we only used a sub-surface set-up and started right in on our foxholes. The digging was tough and slow.

We'll be eating our meals at the F.D.C. house - about 600 yards up the hill to the right of us.

January 7th -

The other day Hillman and some other fellows were in one of the villages buying necessities. They got into an argument and thinking the women in the store couldn't understand English they let loose with a good deal of profanity. Then Hillman asked the woman the price of the object they were arguing over and she said, "Why that costs 50 francs, soldier."

Around 4:00 A.M. the enemy's artillery started coming in close. Shrapnel was landing to the front and rear of us - in fact Bingham confesses that he was hit on the helmet by a small piece.

We attached to an Artillery outfit now. They said we did well on ifring this morning. Lt. Close claims that the village Nocher, our target, is all aflame.

The shells were landing so close to the F.D.C. house the plaster began to fall off the ceilings.

In mid-afternoon it began to hail and get colder. This evening the enemy's counterattack was the severest it's been so far. At times the rounds landed only a few yards from our position.

Demers was on guard this evening. It was dark out and he fired three shots at a small trunk on the hillside across the road. He thought it was the silhouette of a man.

January 8th -

It continued to hail throughout the day. We fired around 400 rounds in all. The enemy's fire slackened and we had a chance to improve our foxholes - dug 'em deeper and put overhead cover on 'em.

The 2nd sqd. had a "miss fire" and couldn't extract the round. First time I've seen that happen.

A couple rounds lit up on the hillside close to the guard post and Lt. Ledderer's and Keintzy's foxholes. One of them lit about 10 feet from where Staff was standing. A small piece of shrapnel went into McNinney's foot and Dietsche's face was as black as a minstrel man's - he got it covered with soot when a shell hit their discarded fireplace.

We have been fortunate today. Things got d--- hot. I know the fellows will join me in thanking God and ask Him for more protection, strength and courage to abide with His will.

January 9th -

There was another counterattack this morning early. The fire command called for 4 and then 6 rings, which meant the enemy was drawing d--- close. Staff warned us to have our carbines handy. We fired all morning 'til things cooled down.

Laquere, Franklin, Boyd and Crow have gone back to the Company Area because of sickness. Boyd's trouble is his feet -- too flat. Right, California?

We have been having harassing fire the last two nights. By harassing fire we mean a continuous fire of about 5 rounds per hour throughout the night. Oh Lord! It was torture having to get out of your warm fort sack into the bitter cold air. Half the time your shoes would be frozen and it would take some time to thaw 'em out. And once outside you'd have to jump around and clap your hands to keep your blood in circulation so that you could run the mortar.

Maj. Gen. McBride, Div. Commander, specifically complimented the 91st. Said we knocked out 6 screaming meemies.

Aaaaah! We had a good night's sleep with no disturbances.

January 10th -

As I was walking down the hill this morning from the F.D.C. house I saw four additional artillery scars on the hillside. That's close enough - take me back to Tulsa.

Driscoll, Lundberg, Brueggeman and Kalbach went back to the service area for a rest.

"Red" Bingham heard some Bombers flying overhead so he yells out, "Take your helmets off, men, and you can hear 'em better."

At 1:30 Tillen came around with lunch consisting of apple tart, cheese sandwiches and coffee.

January 11th -

The "Big Boys" have been giving us the once over the last few days. This afternoon some Brig. General honored us with a visit. Up 'til then we had received nothing but compliments on our positions. But this man sang a different tune. He wanted the aiming stakes moved out farther and thought that our mortar pits are too close together. So we're gonna' have to dig new pits and move the whole damn set-up just because some "One Star" who probably never saw a mortar before, fancied that more work would be good for us.

Had to laugh at a letter I received. I quote - "Here's wishing you a Merry Xmas. How did you celebrate the holidays?"

This evening Hook and I were eating supper, on the hood of a truck, when the enemy's artillery started coming in. We heard an explosion nearby so we slid under the truck. Something hit me on the bottom and I thought I was a goner. I began to say my prayers and prepare to the best of my ability for a good death. Then I realized that I wasn't in pain and I could feel nothing on the seat of my pants. Guess it was a rock. Sure scared me.

January 12th -

Ever since the first of the month we've had a new officer with us. Lt. Lack's the name. Seems to be quite likeable.

Lundberg, Kalbach, Driscoll and Brueggeman returned from their rest. When I asked them how they enjoyed it, they looked at me as tho' I were trying to be facetious. They were put to work cleaning ammo. and barely had time to write a letter.

Clay, Gulczewski, Bingham and Stephens went in upon the return of the others.

McNinney was awarded the Purple Heart. The three fellows who've gotten Purple Hearts so far in this company have been from the same platoon, same squad.

I don't mean to take an honor away from McNinney, but I think it's a racket - the way they give out these Purple Hearts. You hear of so many fellows gettin' them for a mere scratch or fall. They are becoming as plentiful as Willkie pens.

Worked all afternoon on the new mortar positions, ammo. pits and foxholes. Most of the fellows are digging two-man foxholes.

January 13th -

The F.D.C. house has a lot of hostages from the village. There's one fellow who was in the German Army when they made their push on Russia and when he got a furlough his folks hid him so he's never returned since. One lady was complaining about her hotel being shelled. But the woman who she was talking to wasn't nearly as impressed with her story as she was at the thought of Harry Cole, who lives up there, being home sick. She burst into tears when she first heard about Harry.

January 14th -

This morning our squad went into Heidersheid, the service area, for a rest. We found the accommodations not nearly as nice as at Herborn. Instead of sleeping on cots we sleep on a straw-covered floor. In order to get water you have to draw it from an old pulley well. One thing that struck me as ironical was the big picture of the Brooklyn Bridge which hung on one side of the room we slept in.

Hanny and I went scavengering thru the attic this afternoon. Jim's found several stamps for his collection.

Fiscus received his camera in the mail today and he said he'd help all he could in taking pictures for the book.

Do you fellows remember Katie - the pretty, vivacious blond with the red shawl, who served us coffee and donuts under the Red Cross back in P-Area? Well, I saw in the Stars & Stripes that she was killed in a Belgian Hospital, which was bombed. Katie was the first Red Cross girl to be killed on the Western Front.

January 15th -

Talked to Burns this morning and he told me a good one. Burns was up on a hill when a Heinie shell lit nearby. As Willie was taking cover, Kientzy

yells up to him, "Take an azimuth on the next one that comes in." That's a good idea, but Burns wasn't gonna' stick his head out of his foxhole for any Heinie shell.

Gusta got the prize package of the Company - a pair of civilian shoes. Oh-ho!! that takes the cake.

Last night Jeep 17, which belongs to "Pop" Gant, got a direct hit and was blown to h---. Glad I had got my belongings out of it. 'Twas a good jeep - the oldest in the Company.

The Russians have made a big push. They made 25 miles on a 40 mile front.

Yugo was quite perplexed when he learned that his girl had sent "The Voice" Visgitos, a Christmas box of candy. Of course, Yugo got one too - but that's different - says he.

The other day Griffith, Yugo and Lt. Goff were out looking for a suitable O.P. An Infantry Officer led them to one location but Lt. Godd decided to venture farther. Thus the three of them took off into "No-Man's" land. The enemy's artillery began to come in close as they approached the top of a hill and after looking around a bit they decided to start back. Well, they got lost and ended up following some commo. lines which led them into Echternach. This town had been vacated by the Heinies the previous night and they were about the first to set foot in it since then. Even the Infantry hadn't reached that point. Ho! they really shagged a ---- out of there. Finally they got back to their origin.

A lil' while ago we all heard a peculiar noise outside. Some thought it was a tank - others thought it to be a crippled plane. It turned out to be a Buzz Bomb.

January 16th -

Hadn't any more than arrived back at the mortar position than we got "march order".

An advanced party was sent to the new location to dig the mortar pits while the rest cleared camp and brought the mortars out. The position is about 4 miles on the other side of Heidersheid. We finished the pits at 7:30 P.M. but had to wait several hours for the mortars. Some of the fellows didn't bring their jackets and got damn cold.

Meanwhile the fellows had some excitement at the old position. "Pop" Gant's jeep had chains only on his front tires and with the trailer loaded down it wouldn't hold back as they went down a steel hill. So they all jumped out and let her go on alone. It spun around and slid over the side. It would have gone down a huge drop if a couple of trees hadn't stopped it.

January 17th -

This location has one big advantage over the last one. Before we had to walk up a long hill for chow, now we need only step out of our foxholes.

Gray, Spaulding and Goss were wounded by shrapnel. Believe Spaulding's is the worst - he was wounded in the hand. The accident occurred while they were in their mortar pits.

Tonite they got us up to fire. We fixed the mortar and ammo and then they (the F.D.C.) tell us the whole thing's called off since observation is too poor. *!?!\$! it all!!!

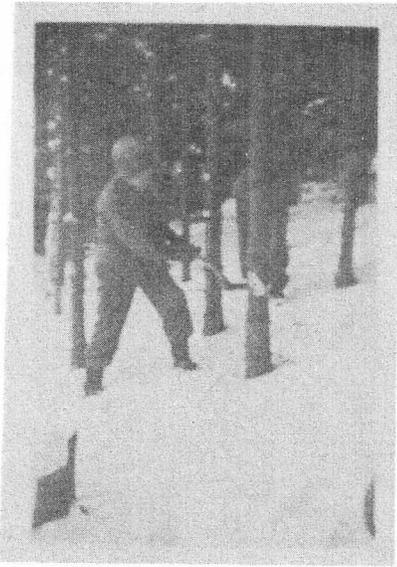
Winter Time



Heidersheid



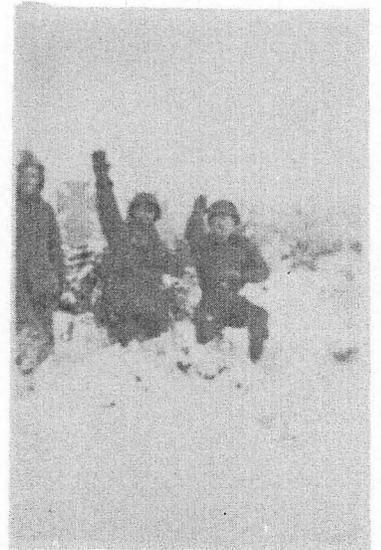
Tadler



"Swing it Crow"



Brrrrr !!



"Sig Heil"



The boys at Bockholtz



Tribble Exposure

January 18th -

Staff heard from Root-in-Poot. He's been operated on three times and is now at the 350th Evac. Hospital.

The 3rd Sqd. had a good bull session this morning. They started out talking about death, then dollars (which was of particular interest to Clay), and then basketball. They couldn't get off that subject since Bingham and Stephens were in on the conversation and that's their favorite sport.

January 19th -

Mother Nature dealt us a wicked blow last nite. Big chunks of hail were swishing through the woods and made it damn good and cold. To make things worse - as night passed on it turned to rain and we were soaked by the time we got to bed. When we rose this morning the surroundings looked like the practice grounds for a T.D. outfit - trees were torn down, and snow had covered the foxholes and filled the mortar pits - really good camouflage.

Pop Gant had to go back to the C.P. He's had a good deal of trouble with his side, having hurt it while carrying ammo.

This afternoon I saw two anonymous figures approaching me in a jeep. They were dressed in those white camouflage suits so I couldn't recognize them as Yugo and Vic 'til they came closer. These suits blend in well with the snow.

January 20th -

The 1st and 2nd platoons have been split up into entirely separate units - each unit with its own officers, commo men, ammo men, and cooks. Lt. Ledderer is our C.O., Lt. Lock is the Executive Officer and Lt. Michand is the R & L Officer. Captain Zaimbone received the silver star for rescuing some wounded G.I. from an ambulance which was being strafed.

Having received "march order" at 3:00 P.M. we moved to Tadder. Some of the fellows struck water in digging their foxholes, and altho' they logged-in the floor they were pretty soaked by morning.

January 21st -

Started firing at 8:30 this morning and didn't finish 'til 1745. During that time there was always at least two guns firing 2 or 3 rounds per minute. We fired around a total of 810 rounds. The guns went out of action on the hillside so we moved them down to the road below and they worked darn good there.

'Twas a big day for Herman and Wilberger. Herman dropped a shell down the mortar for the first time in his life and Wildberger received his first Christmas package.

White camouflage suits were issued to us.

January 22nd -

The "chow" jeep couldn't get road clearance down to our location so we had to walk in to Tadler for breakfast. After eating we went into one of the houses to warm up and we had a talk with some 317th Regt. Inf. fellows. Gee! they looked down and out. In taking this region their outfit lost several men.

Supper didn't arrive 'til 9:45 P.M. The "chow" jeep had to wait 'til dark and then several convoys held it up. Most of the fellows had already gone

to bed. There's a house about 400 yards down the road and lots of the fellows too their bed rolls down there for the night. It was a good deal - there were three rooms; two with stoves.

January 23rd -

✓ At 10:30 A.M. we got "march order" and took off for Heidersheid where we met the rest of the Company. From there we took off for Nocher and set up our guns in the edge of a woods just outside of town. This is the target we fired on at Goesdorf. Man! It's laid low!!

Hanny and I were pulling the mortars to the position from town. We weren't sure just where we were to go so we asked an Infantry Officer if he'd seen any 4.2 mortars in the vicinity. He said, "No, but I should think this would be too far forward for the 4.2 mortar." He doesn't know our outfit.

This evening 17 of us slept in one small room. It made a sardine can look like the Buckingham Palace. The 1st sqd. security and Lt. Michand stayed out at the mortar position.

A 319th Regt. Lt. stopped by for a bull session. He said they had traveled from Luxembourg City to here by foot. He admitted that as soon as they took a town they put up in it. Sometimes they could take a town without a shot and other times they'd have to open up with everything they had. Once the town was taken they'd hoard the natives into one building, question them and (before all this) they'd set security out all around the town.

January 24th -

Spent all afternoon yesterday digging in the mortars and our individual protection. After supper we worked for several hours by carrying ammo. down to the mortars. So what happens? You guessed it - "march order" at 3:00 A.M. We had a tough time getting out of Nocher for at one spot the road banks dangerously to one side and there's a big hole bordering the other side. Both Bingham and Martin had trouble at this point and then a medic's jeep with three casualties hit the hole. One of the wounded was thrown out of the jeep with blood curdling scream. Finally things were straightened out and we left.

After traveling northward thru Wiltz we finally came upon a suitable place for the mortars near an ol' mill house outside of Echweiler.

Having eaten no breakfast or dinner, we really welcomed Tillen's chow at 4:00 P.M.

January 25th -

Happy Birthday to Herman, who's 41 today, and Driscoll, who's 20.

Here's a hot one. Stalin claims he'll have dinner in Berlin this coming Sunday. Only a G.I. could make up that wild a rumor.

We've fired 25,000 rounds this past month.

Some of the 6th Div. Cavalry fellows are at this mill house also. They've been across $1\frac{1}{2}$ years and here in France since July 9th. One of the men told how the French punish the female collaborationists. They'd cut all their hair off and march them through the streets nude. They saw one kid riding down the street dragging a Heinie by the leg.

Last night was the first time the entire platoon had slept in a house since we've been in action.

At 10:30 P.M. we got "march order" after having had an hour's sleep.

January 26th -

We reached our destination around 2:00 A.M. The platoon set the mortars up in a ravine just outside of Wilwerwiltz.

We just got started on our individual protection when the Heinie's 88's started coming in. At first a couple of them lit on top of the hill before us - then a couple behind us and then one hit right within our location. I didn't realize how close it had come till Howard come by our position and said, "Our squad's been knocked out. We'll need some help."

It was far more serious than I had ever imagined. Lundberg was killed immediately, Stephens was wounded in the eye, Heimlich in the leg and back, Clay in the stomach and Howard in the back. All except Howard had to be evacuated.

Well, that accident knocked us all for a loop. We kept on digging till dawn and then we went to a house at the rear of the gun positions and Lt. Ledderer did all he could to keep things calm. We drank coffee; warmed up a bit by the stove and tried to make light conversation. Kalbach was badly shaken up.

January 27th -

Twenty of us slept in a small cellar last night. 'Twas so crowded Branning and Bingham wriggled into the same fort sack.

At 11:00 A.M. we moved northeast to Backholtz so that we could fire on Hosingen. We have troops on both flanks and they hope to block their retreat to the Siegfried line.

The Infantry has had heavy losses here. Tanks and jeeps have been bringing back casualties from the front all day. One company has only 12 men left.

Hanny set some sort of record. He fired 14 rounds in 25 seconds.

Since the casualties of the 26th left the 3rd and 4th sqds. short of men, there has been a rearrangement in the platoon. The 1st sqd. remains the same; Boyd replaces Hanny in the 2nd sqd; the 3rd sqd is made up of Lentz, Gulczewski, Bingham and Miner; Hanny is the squad leader in the 4th squad with Singletary, Eagleson and Burns.

Heard that the 9th Army penetrated the Siegfried line at several points and found practically no resistance.

Several of the 318th Regt. fellows were in the room warming up this evening. They said the reason we had a hard time finding stoves was because the Heinies took 'em out of the homes and put 'em in their dugouts. Not long ago one of their Colonels was captured. Later they found his body in a room. His body was covered with lash marks and shot thru the chest.

January 28th -

The 3rd Cml. Bn. replaced us this morning and we left for Mersch, where we're to have a couple days of rest.

We're staying in a large factory here at Mersch. It used to be a German Chemical Plant. It has a big tile walled kitchen where we have the pleasure of eating on tables.

Several of us saw the movie "Shadow of a Doubt" this evening.

January 29th -

Had a huge and delicious breakfast. Tillen surprised Hamilton by asking him how many hot cakes he wanted. Hammie said "twelve" and he got 'em.

Spent the morning cleaning out the jeeps and trailers. The white camouflage paint was whipped off the jeeps.

They fixed the showers in the factory so lots of us took a shower. For most of us it was the first we'd had in one h--- of a long time.

Others took advantage of the city's coffeours and then saw the movie "The More the Merrier."

January 30th -

We were issued new gloves and shoe packs. The gloves have a woolen lining and are leather on the outside. They're made in a mitten pattern with the trigger finger separate from the rest. Pretty nifty.

At 10:30 A.M. the platoon went into Luxembourg. Hook and I looked all over town for showers but to no avail. At noon we ate the unrationed meal of potato salad, pea soup and meat loaf at a cafe. Saw Kientzy, Franklin, Hungerford, Sarjeant, Hamilton, Strangeland and Griffith there. We made friends with some students and they gave us the ration coupons to obtain the better meal of beef, rice and carrots. These students go to school 3 days out of the week and have to go to a different building each day since the G.I.'s have taken over their main school. After eating we went to the coiffeur and got a shampoo, tonic, massage and haircut.

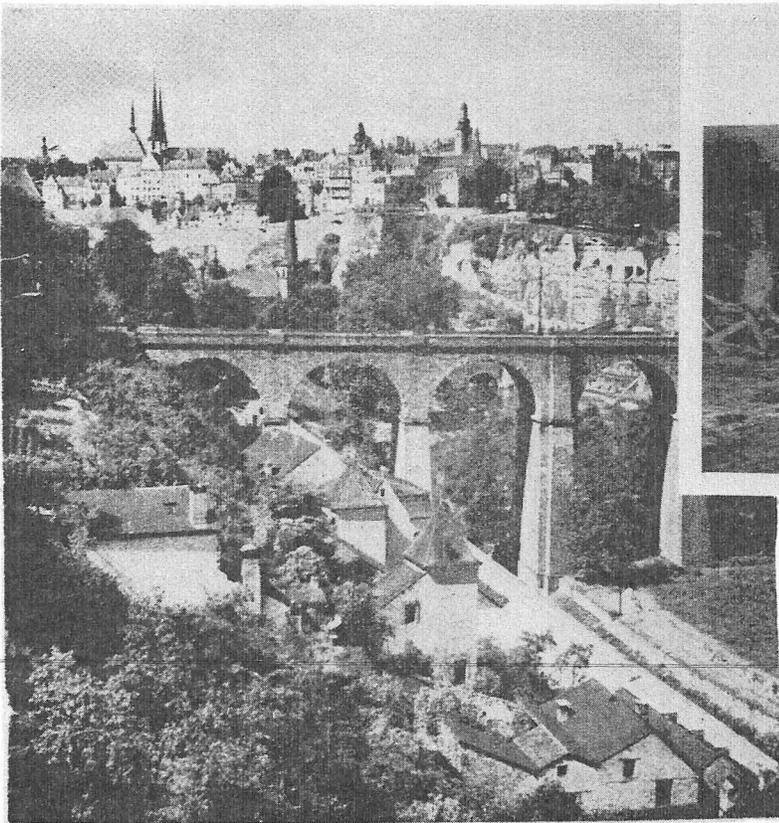
Most of the civilians can speak a bit of English. One lady in the city told us that the German Artillery had shelled the city only 14 days ago and she showed us where one of the buildings had been damaged.

In the evening Hook, Bingham, Branning and I saw "Sun Valley Serenade." I was surprised to see a picture of Jean Harlow hanging in the theatre's lobby. After the show we met up with Singletary and Strangeland and we all went for some soup and beer in a cafe. Singletary got us each a glass of champagne by giving a pack of cigarettes as exchange. As we walked to the place where the truck taking us back to Mersch was to pick us up, I heard a woman lightly humming "South of the Border" in a black-out building. Must have been the janitress. Seemed ironical to hear that song way over here in Luxembourg.

January 31st -

At 1:30 P.M. there was a Battalion formation and the General Eddie of the 21st Corp. gave out the silver and bronze stars to the men who were entitled to them.

I experienced a ticklish experience this morning. I went to the back-house for you know what, and as I entered I slammed the door shut. When I was ready to exit, I learned that the latch was missing on the inside. There I was - trapped. Pretty soon Lentz came by and I asked him to open the door. He couldn't -



Luxemburg



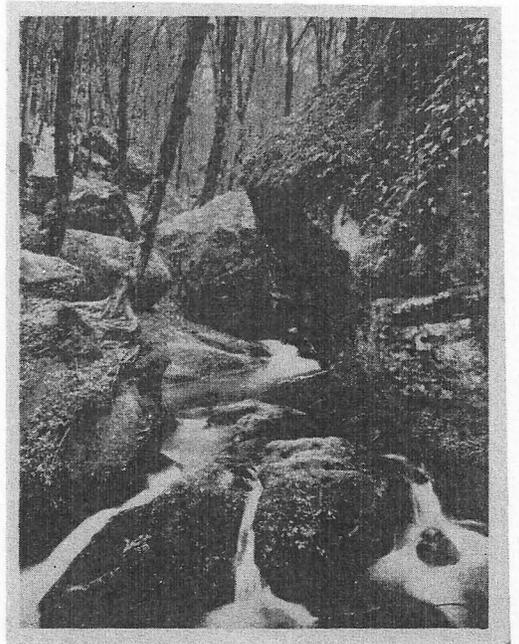
Weiler

Luxembourg



MERSCH

MICHELSTURM



there was no knob. So he slid his knife under the door and I wiggled it in the slit where the latch should have been. The door finally opened. Oh! Happy Day! I had visions of being there all day.

Eagleson had the landlady of the house where he's staying fix him a hot bath. When she told him it was ready, Lentz cried out, "Ho - I knew you smelled Eagleson but I didn't think it was that bad."

February 1st -

At 1:00 A.M. we got "march order" and traveled north to Weiler where we sat up right in town - first time our platoon has done that. We are on high terrain here and can observe across the Saur into Germany.

February 2nd -

The weather has taken a turn for the better. Regular fall weather with the sun out and the wind blowing up a good hit.

Franklin just called up the F.D.C. to see what time it is. Herman was making a lot of racket on the other end of the line for he had lost his carbine. Some one just asked "What color is it?" This was followed by an outburst of laughter and all the more racket.

The 4th squad was livin' in a cellar last nite but have been washed out. They really have a nice room now - but no water.

February 3rd -

Red Bingham had just fixed up a good lightin' system from his jeep to the 3rd squad's room when "March order" came. From 2:00 P.M. 'til we stopped, we traveled southwest. Scores of dead horses could be seen on the hillsides - at one place we saw a tank which had slid off the side of the road and layed on its side several feet below the edge of the road - the road was in bad shape, being perilous in spots. The snow on the mountains has melted and the valley streams are gushing with water.

February 4th -

The entire platoon spent last nite in the hay loft of Waldorf's only barn (pretty exclusive, eh?) The Infantry had occupied the first floor and cellar. (That's the Infantry we're supporting).

Some of these fellows have been over here only since January 16th. They spent New Year's Eve in Meridian - Driscoll's home town - while on their way from Camp Robinson to the East.

The enemy started puttin' 'em in mighty close this evening. Sesto Martin says, "Maybe I'll have a few more openings for my radio aerial," and by the sound of the shrapnel on the tin roof of the barn, I think he's right.

February 5th -

On our way to Berdorf we passed a few companies of Infantry men, some of which looked like greenies by the appearance of their helmets and clothes.

There's a dead horse lyin' right beside the spot where we had chow to-nite. Its bloated corpse, glassy blue eyes and visible guts certainly didn't help one's appetite. Hungerford said we'll have to have some dead rats lyin' around

the table at home before we'll feel like eatin'.

Had a sweet talk with Herman this evening. It ended with the usual ol' topic - What we'll do when we get home. Gee, sometimes it seems that day will never come. The ol' dazd "Easy Greasy! You've got a long way to slide" is turning out to be prophecy.

February 6th -

We had ten of us sleepin' in this room last nite - cozy and hot!

The natives of this vicinity seem to have all cleared out, and their homes are pretty well ransacked - either by the Heinies or our Infantry. They leave very few valuables behind - just ol' furniture, papers, clothes, pictures, etc. Speakin' of pictures - Holy ones, it seems are the only kind they have - at least two or three in each room.

Churchill, F.D.R. and Uncle Joe had a big meeting today. Here at Berdorf "services" were resumed - to the good fortune of Papa. The C.P. here had some close calls this afternoon. One round lit at the base of the building they were staying in.

Happy Birthday to 22 year old Fiscus today.

February 7th -

All last evening the Infantry, Tank and Combat Engineers were along the road in front of this house. At 1:00 A.M. they planned to cross the Sauer River. We were all in bed when hell broke loose. Several casualties were brought into our C.P. downstairs and were treated by Bowman. This afternoon we learned that several assault boats got across. One boat capsized and a Sgt. started swimming back when he was shot in the back - by one of his own men, I gathered. The first sqd. fired 25 rounds - their first since Hosingen, and all day long we could hear the artillery.

February 8th -

Boy! Oh Boy! We really did the firing today - from 10:00 A.M. 'til 6:00 P.M. - 1,500 rounds. Half the time only the 4th sqd's gun fired and the entire platoon helped keep the rapid rate of fire continuous. A photographer took pictures as Boyd dropped the rounds handed him by Laquere. We just had a horrible accident - about. While several of the fellows were extractin' a misfire, the round all of a sudden fired. 'Twas a dud and only went about 25 yards. Thank God, no one was in front of the muzzle while tryin' to get the round out.

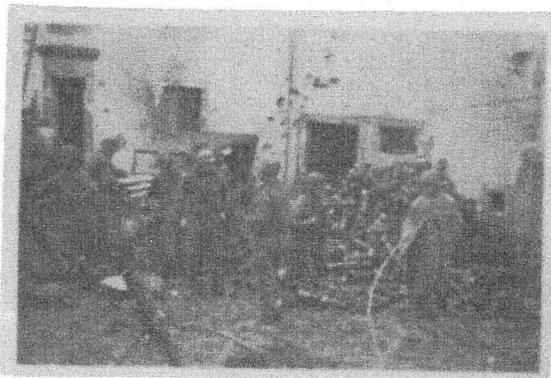
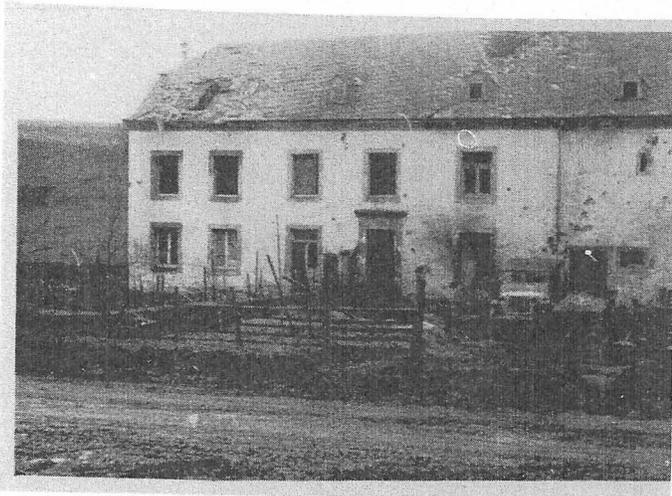
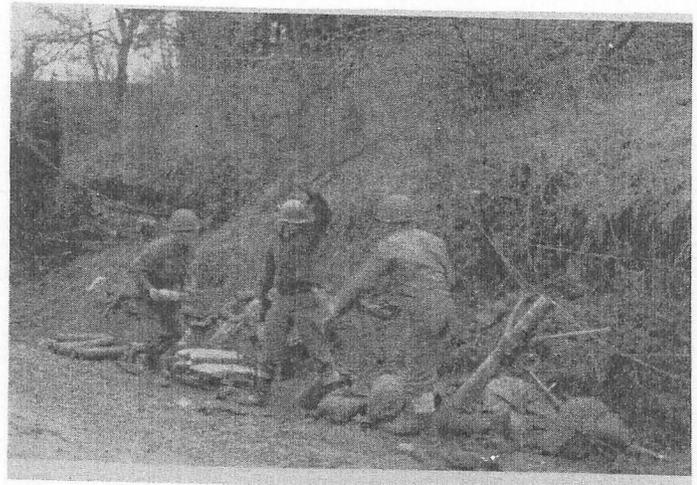
Will probably have to take up lip readin' after the war - all our ears are ringin'.

We used five mortars today and as soon as the 4th sqd's mortar sank too low they jerked the extra one into action. Very little time was lost in the transaction which went back and forth several times durin' the afternoon. The Service platoon was havin' a rugged time gettin' the ammo prepared. Heard that 1st Sgt. Adams, the cooks, everyone in fact, were helpin'.

February 9th -

We commenced firing around 8:00 A.M. with four mortars set up in front of this house. Only one mortar was fired at a time. When the day drew to a close the area looked like a mine field which had just been cleared. Once the barrel

Firing The Sauer Smoke Screen



became so hot the round went off prematurely and lit about 30 yards away. At times the small area here looked like Times Square - men preparing ammo rings on a jeep hood and a table alongside the wall; others emptying the ammo from the cases and throwin' the latter onto the huge growin' stacks of empty cases; others diggin' in or up, the mortars; others carryin' the ammo to the rack beside the mortar which was firing; others emptying the ammo jeeps of their cargo; and the gunner and cannoner firing - all this at once made quite a confusion. Nevertheless, the mortars fired five rounds a minute throughout the day. We were made to feel we were indispensable by some newsreel photographers who took shots of us from all angles as we set a record for a 4.2 Cm. Platoon by firing 1786 rounds! When Bo came up with a load of ammo you couldn't help but notice the accompanyin' load of tobacco in his mouth. Others kept him company at his chewin' before long.

February 10th -

Today didn't differ much from the two previous days. We fired continuously, not getting "cease firing" 'til 7:00 P.M.

About 35 Heinies were taken back to Bedford by a couple of M.P.'s and they passed along the road right in front of us. When they heard us firing they held back and seemed to be afraid; when we stopped for a few seconds they dashed across. One fellow, however, wasn't in any hurry, skuffing up the ground and throwing defying looks our way as he walked by.

My hearing went bad on me and I haven't been able to hear much at all for the rumbling sound in my ears. This fact has made me the butt of several jokes for some of the fellows doubt that my hearing has been affected. Once Hanny came up to me and cussed in my face. I heard what he said clear enough and laughed. Thus he was convinced that I was a faker and am trying to pull a fast one. But - tain't so, Jim

The big three conference is bein' held somewhere near the Black Sea; however it's all a hush-hush matter and the public has been kept ignorant of its contents.

February 11th -

Half the platoon moved downstairs today when the 81 mm fellows moved out. This afternoon the 105th Infantry Division moved in.

It rained most of the afternoon as it has the past few days. This makes our work all the harder - the holes made when the mortars are changed from place to place, fill with water; the ammo rings get wet; the ground loosens up, causing the baseplate to sink faster, etc. We beat our record of 1786 rounds today by firing 1846.

We had lots of the Big Boys visiting us. Believe a Colonel was the highest ranking observer. I don't know just why they dropped by or what they had to say, but they seemed mighty pleased with the 4.2. I only gather about half of what goes on - the ears are still on the blink. (OK - Hungerford and Strangeland - that's no bull! - Quit laughin')

February 12th -

Ya Hoo!! We didn't fire any today. 'Twas really a relief. The fellows amused themselves by playin' poker, reading, writing home, etc.

We had a rather hectic experience this afternoon. Driscoll's jeep and trailer got stuck fender deep in the mud. So "Red" Bingham got his jeep out and

by means of a chain he attempted to pull him out. The chain broke. Then a rope was tried. The rope broke. It was tied up again and "Red" tried to pull the jeep out. The rope broke again. "Captain" Crow got his jeep out, finally, and drove around in front of "Red's" jeep. "Captain" connected his jeep to "Red's" by a chain and "Red" connected his to Driscoll's by a big thick chain and rope. Once again, all the motors started humming. Crow's jeep started forward a bit - "Red's" gained a lil' also - Driscoll's jeep started to edge out of the mud. Then the chain connecting "Red's" jeep to Driscoll's broke and Driscoll's jeep sunk back into the mud. Well! We were getting damn mad at the whole mess and about out of ideas when a 3/4 ton truck came by. He (the driver) agreed to try with his winch. The line was connected to Driscoll's jeep. In no time the jeep was rollin' out of the mud like butter off corn. Which goes to prove -

"With a chain or rope
there's no hope
But try a winch and line
and you'll sure save time."

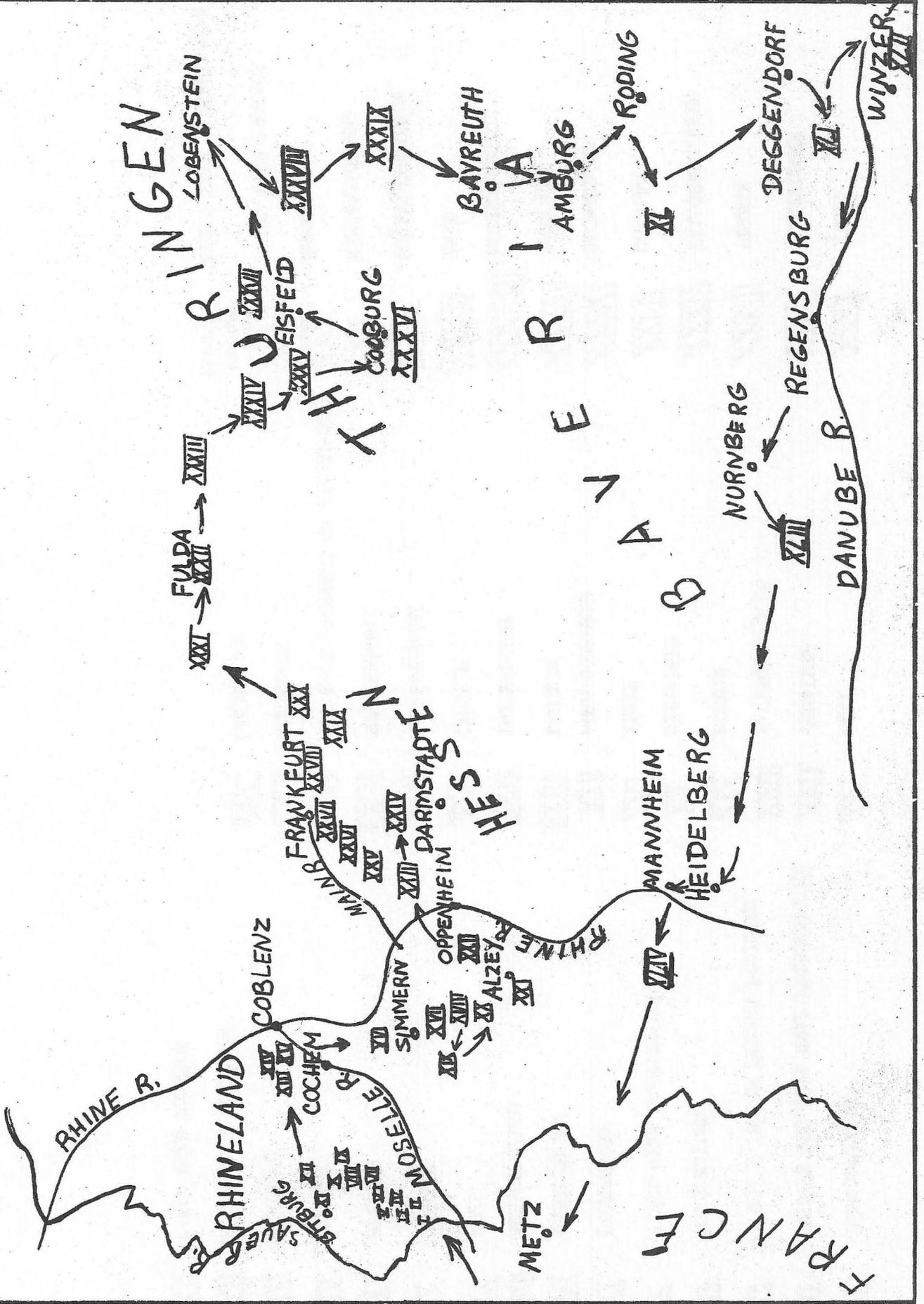
(Wo-ho - Don't throw that brick at me!!!!).

Lt. Ledderer, Staff and 9-Points returned this afternoon around 4:00 P.M. from a reconn. into Heinie land. Branning was covered with mud. The incoming mail got pretty thick and, not wanting to risk making it to a nearby pill box, he fell at his feet - in a big puddle.

At 10:00 P.M. we were all sleepin', or tryin' to, when Staff comes in the room and in a low monotone says "march order". Gosh! I think my heart skipped a couple o' beats. The very thought of moving at that hour - altho' we had done it before at more ungodly ones - seemed like a night mare. Then Staff laughed to himself and says, "I was only foolin' fellows, but I do have some mail I picked up at the C.P." Oh joy!

In the Stars & Stripes we read where they're considerin' a plan by which the war wives in the States will have a chance to come over here and be with their husbands for a while. The married fellows in the platoon thought the plan stunk. Good, gosh! What guy would want his wife to see all this mess and be subjected to the danger and hardships?

GERMANY (Feb. 13 - June 15)



(names of towns on other side)

I	FERSCHWEILER	XVI	BELL	XXXI	FULDA
II	HEINIE DUG-OUTS NEAR FERSCHWEILER	XVII	OHWEILER	XXXII	MIENNINGEN
III	2 MI. N. W. OF FORMER POSITION	XVIII	RAVENGLERSBURG	XXXIII	THENAR
IV	SHANKWEILER	XIX	RODERN	XXXIV	HILDBURGHAUSEN
V	FIELD NEAR SHANKWEILER	XX	STEINHARD	XXXV	COLBURG
VI	DOCKENDORF	XXI	ALZEY	XXXVI	SACHENDORF
VII	OBERSTEDIUM	XXII	DORN DURKHEIM	XXXVII	TSCHIRN
VIII	SCHARTBILLIG	XXIII	LEEHEIM	XXXVIII	HODERMANSGRUN
IX	ROHL	XXIV	WEITERSTADT	XXXIX	ZELL
X	GONDORF	XXV	NANHEIM	XL	MICHELSMUKIRCHN
XI	BITBURG	XXVI	KONIGSTADTEN	XLI	NIEDERALTECH
XII	OBERKALL	XXVII	KELSTERBACK	XLII	WENZER
XIII	ILLERICH	XXVIII	NEIDEROD (SUBVERB OF FRANKFURT)	XLIII	FIELD NEAR ANSBACK
XIV	FIELD NEAR ILLERICH	XXIX	OFFENBACH	XLIV	FIELD NEAR KIESERLATERN
XV	FIELD NEAR BRIDON	XXX	ANGERSEACH		

RHINELAND

This is the most densely populated province of Prussia. Its population is well over seven million.

About 43% of the total area is under tillage. The chief agricultural products are rye, wheat, barley, oats and potatoes. There are extensive vineyards along the Rhine and Moselle and wine is exported on a large scale.

The province produces annually upwards of 25,000,000 tons of coal.

The chief commercial centers are Cologne, Dusseldorf, Aix-la-Chapelle, Coblenz and Duisburg.

The capitol is at Coblenz.

Nearly 70% is Roman Catholic.

Many rivers are larger and more beautiful than the Rhine but none have been the subject of as many poems, stories and legends.

o-o-0-o-o

February 13th -

"March order" came at 9:30 today. We drove down to the banks of the Sauer where we had quite a wait before we could cross the newly constructed pontoon bridge. The ride was very beautiful, thru a valley of giant moss-covered rocks, which was made more picturesque by the tall pines and clear, swirling brooks. At 1:25 P.M. we crossed the Sauer and hit Germany. Here we had a four hour lay-over. While eating our K and 10-in-1 rations, we saw around 245 Heinie prisoners being led down the road. They were a "sorry" outfit, some being quite old and some very young. They were all pretty well "beat-up" looking and one old fellow was crying. Guarded by only two "M.P.'s", it looked as tho' they were glad to be captured. I sure couldn't blame 'em! At 5:30 P.M. we got under way again and finally reached the town, Freisweiler, where we set up our mortars, fixed our sleeping quarters and ate a much appreciated chow. Bill Fiscus and I had quite an exciting trip after chow, taking the cook back to the Comp. C.P., struggling along the road in the "black-out". Having had enuf of that, we spent the nite in Balleridorf.

February 14th -

Just saw John Lentz gallivanting down the road on a Heinie bike. The fellows have picked up all sort of junk - bayonets, clocks, Nazi hats, postcards, flags, etc., etc. Small Christmas trees with all the trimmings, were found in many of the homes.

This afternoon we had a pep talk by Gen. Bullene and he also talked about the research they are doing on barrel bursts. The General said the 4.2 had won a good name for itself. Every outfit was cryin' for 'm during the big Nazi counter-attack.

"March order" came at 5:00 P.M. and we moved out to the field. Kinda "rough" going back to foxholes after staying in houses. During the nite we had a harassing fire mission.

February 15th -

This morning we moved into a logged Heinie dugout back in the woods from the mortar positions. The place was full of debris but soon had a stove brot from Freisweiler by Lentz's Sqd. drying it out.

Two captured Heinies were brot to the Co. C.P. and were found to be in possession of American cigarettes. When asked how they got them they said, "Comrades, comrades." When the officer in charge tore the cigarettes up, one by one, right in front of the Heinies, they looked very woe-begone and sad. Believe today has been the loveliest one since we have been in action. The sun has been out all say, there's hardly a cloud in the sky. However, the noise caused by artillery fire over our heads makes the effect of the weather less sublime.

Today is the 1st Anniversary of the activation of the 91st Cm. Bn. Beer was served to all the men in commemoration.

Howard, Vanoer and Hook replaced Lentz, Eagleson and Miner, who will return to the Service Platoon. Gulczewski took Eagleson's place in the 4th Sqd.

February 16th -

Mickiewicz was fired on a couple of times by a sniper. Strangeland, California and F.F. wanted to go out and hunt down the B--- but Lt. Ledderer advised against it. Staff heard from Clay. He's now in England. Was at seven medical stations before arriving there. His operation was quite painful since they only gave him a light anesthetic.

If you ever feel in the "dumps" and wanta' get a kick out of life, just take a swig of this "Snaps". Good Lord! It's putting it mild when you say it's potent.

February 17th -

We moved out to a new position in a N.W. direction about two miles away. That evening the enemy gave us a lot of trouble with their artillery, especially around 5:30 P.M. when they got too close for comfort. After one round it was so smoky we thot it might be gas and all grabbed our masks. 'TwasnIt gas. Must have been W.P. Kind of hard to keep your senses when those shells start poppin' all round. Gee! Never knew I could say so many prayers in such a short time. I prayed as I knew the rest did, that the good Lord would protect us and help us bring this war to a quick end.

February 18th -

A plenty "hot" place was Shankweiler, where we moved at 1:00 P.M. Laquere was telling us of some casualties on the road into town. Shrapnel got three Infantrymen. It blew the crown of one fellow's helmet off, went thru another's hat and got a third fellow in the legs.

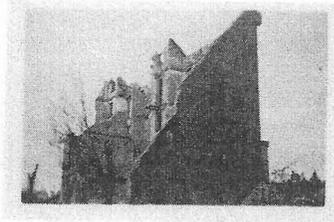
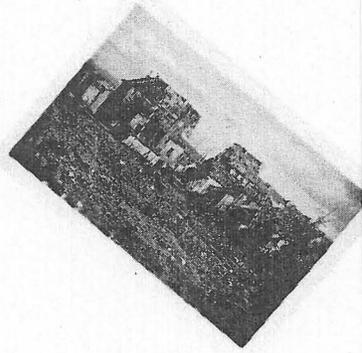
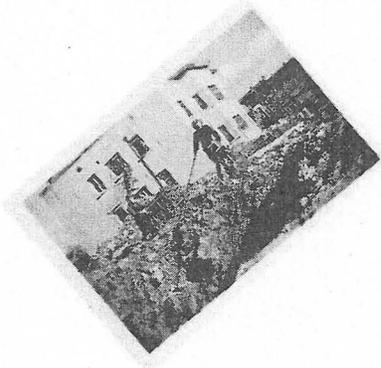
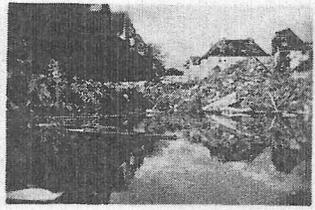
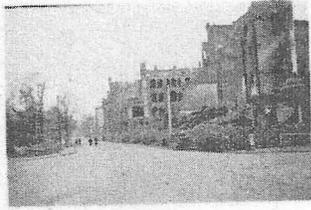
Strangeland heard from "Root-in-Poot". He's going back to the States and thinks his leg will be O.K.

This eve two 2nd Inf. Div., 3rd Bn. men slept with us in the cellar of one of the houses. They were the only two survivors of a combat patrol last nite. The men said the German women do a lot of sniper work, and also said the best means of attack is marching fire. They had been in action since D-Day.

February 19th -

Hook, Branning and Burns had a lot of fun with a beehive they found in a lot next to the C.P. Hook was the only one to go after the honey bare-headed

The Ruins of Germany



and the only one who didn't get stung.

King, in White Platoon, was riding along in his jeep and got a mortar shell hit directly in the side of the jeep. King's arm was badly beaten up by Shrapnel but was lucky to get off with nothing worse.

February 20th -

There's a couple of Heinies at the house across the street. Bowman was called for first-aid so Herman went along. Oh Boy! He really gave 'em h---. "Why you dirty - - - why don't you all give up?" "I should break every one of your d--- necks," he said. They couldn't understand him but knew by his expression that he was laying them low. Later I helped Driscoll back his trailer and one of the prisoners came over to help. When we finished I didn't know whether to thank him or give him h---.

The Company moved in this afternoon. Plenty of confusion, everything was screwed up, but we stayed. 'Twas good to see all the fellows again in one bench, and the bull sessions ran high and mighty.

February 21st -

Our Company is to receive replacements from A Co. We'll have three mortar platoons.

Honey with our toast today, thanks to Hook. Darn good!

Moved out to the field at 11:00 A.M. Bad road! Red Bingham's jeep threw Vanoer. The Co. back at Shankweiler was getting hell shelled out of 'em. One round hit in the mess hall. Ho! I bet Lum and Checka about had a fit. Had harassing fire throughout the nite.

February 22nd -

Vanoer got a burp gun and several cleaning kits from some dead Heinies found in the woods. Lansing got a 35 pistol, 2 knives and 2 cig. lighters. Bumgardner got a wrist watch and fountain pens. Jacoby got a ring and Bingham a cig. lighter. We now have 6 sqds per platoon. Lentz, Eagleson, Cole, Miner, Bowman and Hoffman make up the 5th sqd. and the 6th one consists of the A Co. replacements. Had a harassing fire mission again tonite.

February 23rd -

Beautiful weather the last few days, sun's been out and it's nice and warm until around 8:00 P.M. Moon's been up each nite.

Hungerford's sqd got a new kind of baseplate today. It weighs 265 lbs. and is a great deal larger than the kind we've been using. Boy! It will be a job shifting that thing around when it's packed with dirt.

Saw a movie this eve in the barn of the F.D.C. house. "The Man From Half Moon St." was the name of the picture. Horror movie about immortality. Hell of a kind of movie to show a bunch of G.I.'s, who aren't worried about living 100 years but only want to see tomorrow.

Happy Birthday to Jordan, who was 25 years old today.

February 24th -

Strangeland and Hungerford went up to the F.O.P. early today with Lt. Ledderer. They weren't enthused about going. Can't blame 'em. Damn hot up there.

This afternoon we saw another movie, "Chip Off the Ole Block". Very mediocre. Heavy shelling went on while we were at the picture. The medics left but every one else stayed and the show was on its way again.

The Inf. was to cross the Prum at 10:00 P.M. and from 10:30 to 11:30 we fired a H.E. barrage of 60 rounds per gun. Hell of a lot of racket. Were surprised and glad we didn't draw counter-fire.

February 25th -

The Yanks have crossed the Prum and captured a new bunch of Heinies. One English-speaking German said they had been expecting us for about a week. Their neat uniforms and shaved faces substantiated the statement.

Driscoll got quite excited over a poor "witta" tame rabbit which was in his foxhole. Hanny had put it in the foxhole for a gag. Hungerford pulled a fast one - making us believe he saw some Jerry planes. We all left our comfortable places and flew out to the edge of the woods to get a better view. Then Hungerford says, "Ha! you all were too well set so I wanted to see how fast you could move! Hungerford ----- you ----- rat!

February 26th -

Got "March order" at 5:30 A.M. and moved across the snow for about 7 miles to Dockendorf. Many civilians were still in the town. We finally located a room in a house where there were about six women, a little girl and boy. One man there was of Army age. We wondered why he wasn't drafted. The 26th had been a black letter day for the last two months and this one had passed O.K. Thank God.

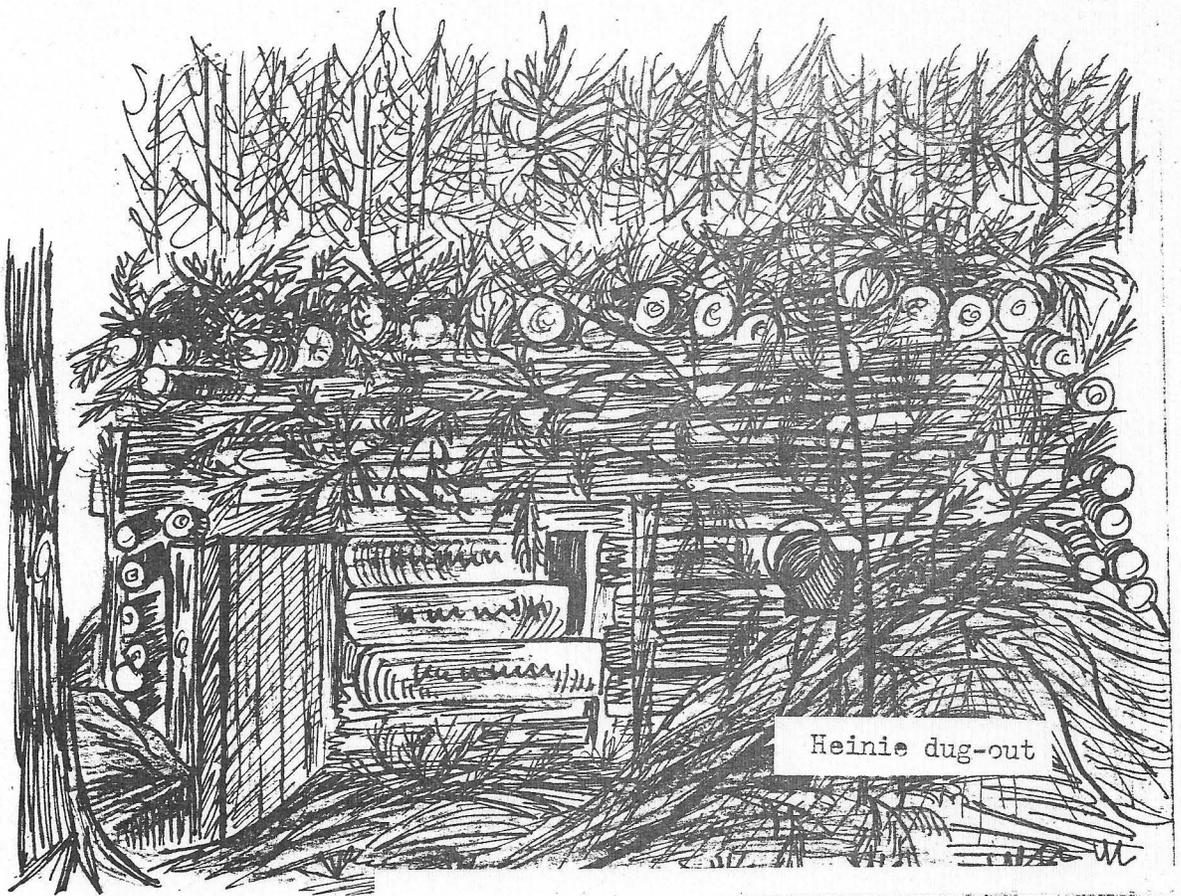
February 27th -

At 12:30 last nite we packed up and moved at 3:00 A.M. We were held up at a certain town as the road wasn't cleared from there on. The drivers were asked to keep their motors low. Hanny said he bet we could just about shake hands with the Heinies. We had to wait for the Engineers to build a bridge. The nearest house, where we rested, proved to be where the civilians were being kept. They were lying in all sorts of positions in all the rooms, so we stayed in the hall. Finally we reached Oberstedium and set up the mortars. It's been pretty "hot" throughout the day with all the mortars and the screaming meemies.

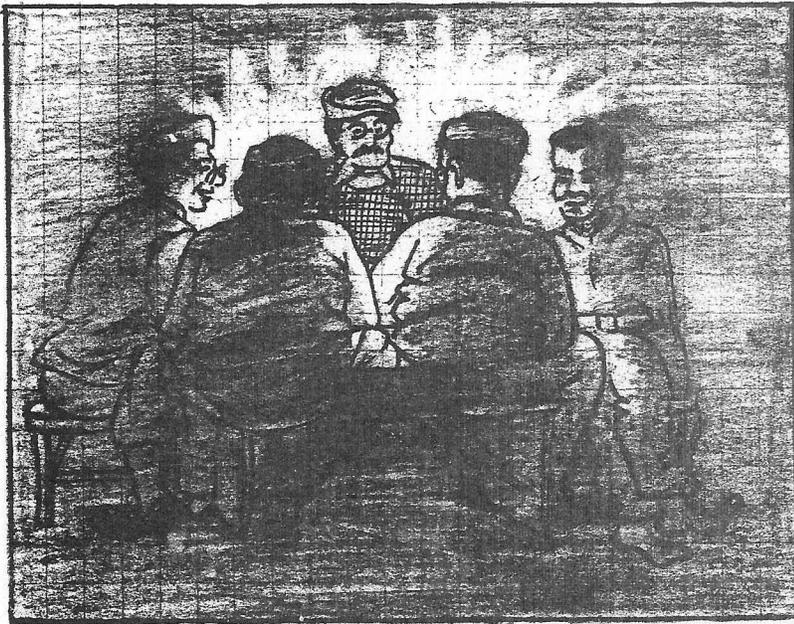
Pop Gant told me a good one. A Heinie came running up to his jeep as we were pulling out to go into the town. He was yelling "Kamerade" and wanted to surrender but they didn't have time to fool with him. They told him to go to the M.P. who was back down the road.

February 28th -

Pulled out again at 5:30 A.M. and drove about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the town of Schartbillig. You see several young fellows in town but they are Polish slaves. A Regt. Staff Capt. came into our C.P. and told Lt. Goodwin we would have to leave the house. They were going to take it over. Lt. Goodwin explained that we were told to come to this town thru orders of Regt. Col., 2nd Bn. Nevertheless, the Capt. was persistent. There we were with orders to go and orders to stay. If we set the mortars up in the field in this weather they would be sunk in no time. What a mess!



Heinie dug-out



Services



Ho-Hum What a life !!

Civilians were all bawlin' and bitchin' because they had to leave their homes and move together into a cellar. G.I.'s were having a big time tearing up and down the muddy road on bicycles, motor cycles, horses, etc. No eggs left to hatch, they've all been confiscated long ago.

Lt. Michand said a family must be rich when he saw a huge manure pile in front of the house. Guess that's the only way to tell a family's financial standing over here. Personally, I prefer the good ole U.S. way, - the mortgage sign.

Yugo has been having a good time speaking Polish. The Poles told him they had been in concentration camps and then put to farming. All they wanted was to go back to Poland.

Moved to Rohl at 3:00 P.M.

Happy Birthday to Schroeder, who is 33 years old today.

March 1st -

Hanny and Strangeland killed two chickens; we got potatoes and preserved cherries from one of the cellars, and Burns made use of his cooking knowledge, so we, the 1st and 3rd sqds, had a delicious meal today.

Gulczewski will have to go into the Pawn Shop business after the war - clocks and lamps are his specialties.

Here in town there's a tall, dark, curly haired gal who's really one for the looks and shape - Oh! What a shape! She meanders around in a light colored ski sweater - so tight, so firm, so fully packed - and black slacks. Ugh!!

That famous March wind came along right on schedule, for this is the first day of the month. The accompanying drizzles made it quite miserable; in the evening, however, Single-tree entertained us with tales of his experiences in the Paratroopers.

March 2nd -

Hot cakes for breakfast! - a popular dish to say the least. The helpings were small so we'd just go right back to the end of the line and eat while waiting. Towards the end there about seven fellows in the line and you hardly had time to finish your hot cake before you'd be gettin' another. However, no one got dizzy - or tired of hot cakes.

At 11:30 P.M. the 4th, 5th and 6th squads laid a H.E. barrage as the Infantry crossed the Kyle river.

March 3rd -

Manning was taking Panella back to the battalion yesterday and he took the wrong turn up the road a ways. They got a good view of the Heinie towns across the river. Soon they noticed that they were being shelled with W.P. and H.E. Yipe! they could observe the target which the 1st and 3rd squads were firing on. Realizing they were on the wrong road, they turned around and literally flew.

The Heinies have shelled the hell out of Schartbillig today. Wonder if Regiment is still there.

March 4th -

Yesterday 9-Pts. was out in front of the C.P. scrubbin' his teeth when who should walk by but an ole school friend from his home town. He's the first fellow Lester has met from Philadelphia (Miss.) since he's been in the Army. They spent most of the night talkin'.

Moving out of Rohl at 10:30 P.M., we crossed the Kyle river and went on thru Hosingen up to Gondorf. Finally, at 3:15 A.M. having had a hell of a time trying to find a place to sleep, we ended up with the cows in a barn.

Happy Birthday to Lt. Goodwin, who's 35 years old as of now.

March 5th -

I write these lines with bloody hands. Yes, yours truly has lost all his scruples - for just this morning he was tossin' around with a couple of dead Heinies on the hillside. However, my troubles were to little avail for all I could pick up was a Nazi Iron Cross, some marks, a mirror and tweezers. One of the B---- had a G.I. supper ration in his pocket - I left that.

Hungerford stayed back at Rohl with the kitchen yesterday. He's been runnin' a fever.

Crow found a violin here in Gondorf. He can really play the hill-billy music.

"March order" was sounded at 9:30 P.M. and we joined the Company at Bitburg.

March 6th -

The 2nd Division is starting a big drive for the Rhine. They hope to make it in 3 days. We spent the morning preparing emergency supplies.

Bitburg is a large city. It must have been a beautiful one - about a week ago.

The 16th outfit in the convoy, we started off. We traveled south to Rohl, crossed the Kyle and went on up to Gondorf, where we waited further instructions. Proceeding N.E. we stopped about one mile outside of Oberkall and waited while the Infantry finished taking it. That's how close we were.

"See the Rhine
And leave your skull there."
and

"Many roads lead to the Rhine
But more roads lead to death."

March 7th -

As of today Denison - from A Co. - is king of scavengers. While snoopin' around he found a complete Major and 2nd Lt.'s uniforms, medals, braid and all; two cameras, a ruby ring; woman's gold watch, a chain and locket; two cigarette cases. That's all I can think of, but isn't that enough?

Altho' we stayed close to the mortars there wasn't much action.

March 8th -

The leading unit of the spearhead, the 4th Armored Division, has reached the Rhine. At 5:00 P.M. Section B moved up to the next town, Schwanzerborn. Right behind us 105's and 155's were set up by the F.A. Those 155's make the racket - the whole house vibrates when they fire.

Happy Birthday to Jacoby - 32 today.

March 9th -

California learned the reason for his throat trouble - tonsillitis. He's been evacuated, but I don't know where.

Jim Hanny was loosin' his shirt at poker today. "Guess I'll have to pull out my ol' standby. It always brings me luck," he says, as he brings out a picture of his wife. Well, Jim - how'd the game end?

On the east bank of the Rhine has been established a beachhead by the 9th Armored. A bridge, which fortunately hadn't been destroyed, was their means of crossing.

Happy Birthday to Howard and Denis, 21 and 20 respectively.

March 10th -

✓ Leaving Oberkall at 7:00 A.M., we traveled 5 miles to Manderscheid. About 4:00 P.M. we moved out of the convoy and ended up in Illerich, a small town due north of Kerchum. We saw many liberated French, Poles and Russian soldiers walkin' along the road with packs on their backs. Their faces showed the joy they felt in bein' free again and goin' home.

Staff found a picture of Shirley Temple in one of the Heinie homes. He persuaded me to send it to her and ask her to autograph it. This I did. Someone saw the letter before it got off and now I'm bein' accused of robbin' the cradle. Staff! -)*@#?!? you.

March 11th -

This town was taken without a shot bein' fired. It's a relief to be in a place that hasn't been laid flat by artillery and bombardment. The civilians were waving white flags in the windows to show that they had surrendered.

I went to Mass - the first time since New Year's Day. The church was packed. It was High Mass and the singing was beautiful.

Only the T.D.'s were in town when we arrived yesterday. They had captured four Heinies - one was the brother of the man who lived in the house where we are staying.

This evening we moved out. We spent the night in a big barn next to the mortar positions.

Happy Birthday to Lt. Owings, who's 22 today, and Joe Cole, who's 20.

March 12th -

After three days of eatin' nothin' but C rations, we finally got a meal from the kitchen tonight - a good idea!

Laquere had good news from his Mom today. She said that his wife had seen the picture of us taken at Bedford -- the one with Boyd actin' as gunner and Laquere as camnoner -- in one of the Springfield, Mass. papers.

Three peasants walked up the hill by the barn this afternoon. We got Barnie to talk to them since they were Polish. Claiming to be slave laborers, they said they'd been in that part of Germany for three years. They inquired whether Germany or France would be the better place for them. It seems all the towns up ahead are occupied by regular Nazi fanatics -- so they said.

March 13th --

No clouds in the sky, a bright sun -- what a beautiful day. At 2:00 P.M. "March order" interrupted the peace afforded by nature. This time a little past Bredon was our destination. This is a quaint little village. Its houses are quite picturesque with their low curved roofs and fancy walls. They are painted all sorts of pastel colors -- really quite different than most of the Heinie towns we've seen.

As night approached, Howard, having taken ill this afternoon, got chills and his temperature went up. Bingham took him back to the 5th Division Collecting Station.

March 14th --

Today we had quite a bull session with the 2nd Battalion of the 2nd Regiment of the 5th Division as they waited to cross the Moselle River. The Battalion had some new replacements who were seeing their first action. Others had been over since the first of July.

"Franklin is doin' mighty well in the "services" which were held this afternoon. At least it looked that way by the big wad of folding money he drew out of his wallet.

March 15th --

We really had a life of ease today -- didn't fire a single round. The services were held throughout the day -- others laid out on the hillside in the warmth of the sun and read, wrote letters, or slept.

Panella got word today of his mother's death. She died on February 20th, but Panella's wife had written the chaplain and told him not to notify Panella until he wasn't in a hazardous position. I know the fellows join me, Panella, in offerin' our sincere sumpathies.

March 16th --

At 4:00 P.M. we moved into Bredon. We're about the only outfit in the town. Saw Farnan, McNinney and Fiscus for the first time in several days.

Laquere received the picture of us at Bedford from his wife today. It turned out pretty good.

Several of the fellows just had time to start feelin' good from this Moselle wine when we again began to move. We made our way through Pommeron and Carden, and rode till 11:45 P.M. reaching Bell. This is quite a prosperous looking place -- lots of big homes made of brick or stucco with fancy beam work. The town hasn't been touched by the war. Several of the homes had celluloid window panes -- something we hadn't noticed before.

Happy Birthday to Hoffman, who's 32 today.

March 17th -

Traveling right behind the Tanks and Infantry, we slowly edged our way out of Bell. When we got to Ohweiler we were almost the leading element of the drive. Only the Tanks were before us for the Infantry fellows had hopped on to our trailers and jeeps to ride along with us.

Reaching the outskirts of Ravenglerburg, the Infantry fellows jumped off our jeeps and we watched them take the town from the hillside. Altho' there was little opposition, it was exciting to watch the Doughboys at work. Women and kids were waving white handkerchiefs. On a nearby hillside behind a large church the nuns could be seen huddled together. A homemade cake was given to us by an ol' lady as we passed through the town. The big church in the center of town is over 1,000 years old. It was originally built from a Chateau and is named St. Christopher's.

Asofsky has now added a brand new-never-been-fired Heinie rifle to his collection. He didn't exactly find it. Being able to speak German quite fluently, he told one of the civilians that he'd have to turn in any personal arms he may have to the Allies or else he'd face persecution. That did the trick.

March 18th -

Demers, Hook, Burns, Cole, Laquere, Gulczewski, Lt. Michand, Franklin, Denison and I attended 9:30 Mass this morning. The sermon was quite impressive. The preacher was certainly dynamic. He'd beat his head - I mean his fists - against the pulpit rail and throw his arms into all sorts of dramatic gestures. We thought the walls would crumble from the vibrations of his voice, and what passionate expressions. It was too bad we couldn't understand a word he said.

The Red Cross was giving out donuts on the outskirts of Ohweiler when we returned there for further orders from the Infantry. This is the first time we've run across the Red Cross since P-Area and the incident brought back ol' memories; however, all too soon we proceeded on to Rodern.

March 19th -

This morning Burns showed that his heart is in the right place when he gave the old man who lives in the house he slept in last nite, a pack of tobacco. Later, Burns learned that his benevolence was all in vain - Barnie had already kipped the old man's pipe.

At 7:30 A.M. we joined a convoy which began in Mengerscheid. Most of the day's traveling was thru woods. Saw the remains of a destroyed Heinie motor pool at one place. Must have been around twelve vehicles including civilian cars, an army bus, a motorcycle and several trucks. One of the cars was a Ford V-8. Had a pretty tough time getting thru the woods. Just before reaching Eckweiler the road was very poor and the jeeps were constantly getting stuck.

At 6:30 P.M. we pulled into Steinhard. This was accidentally taken by the artillery earlier in the afternoon. They made a wrong turn up the road and came into the town even before the Infantry had taken it. However, there was no resistance so they went on thru. So far we are the only outfit in the town. Boy! this place is seventh heaven. It has electricity, believe it or not. The house we're staying in has a radio and bathroom with tub - to boot. Ah, Joy!! We've been having a rare ole time listening to popular American bands. Later took the first bath I've had in a tub since being "across". Oh! What a treat!

March 20th -

We spent an ideal day in our new luxurious surroundings. The jeep drivers washed their autos and performed the essential check-up work on 'em so it wasn't too easy a day for them. Hanny, Manning, McNinney, Strangeland, Franklin, Burns and Demers had a big "Red Dog" game. At the climax of the game there were about 2600 francs in the pot. Hanny came out top man.

Heard today that the artillery outfit which is situated near the town behind us was surprised by a Heinie patrol. They lost three men and the patrol got away before they could repay the damage.

Just finished listening to the "Hit Parade." Those of you who used to be Hep Cats in the ol' civilian days, like Cole and McNinney, will want to know the No. 1 tune, so here it is -- "Is You Is or Is You Ain't?" Gosh! That's an old one. I remember hearing that back in Austin, Texas.

March 21st -

At 10:30 A.M. we left Steinhard. It was a beautiful day and we had good roads for most of the way. At 5:00 P.M. we pulled into Alzey, which is a fairly large size city. There was a little girl hanging her head out of a four story window and crying to beat the band. Seems that she was locked in a room with another person, and a drunk G.I. was firing at the door since they wouldn't open it. On the sidewalk below there was a good deal of confusion - the mother of the little girl was crying out for help from every G.I. that passed by. Finally an Officer went up into the house and settled matters.

The streets in Alzey are narrow so we had to drive the jeeps up on the sidewalks in order to let the 4th Armored Division vehicles pass. We have swell home to stay in, but there is no electricity in the city so it can't compare with Steinhard.

March 22nd -

Left Alzey and moved up to Dorn Durkheim. Hungerford returned. He said that things were mighty nice at the rest camp.

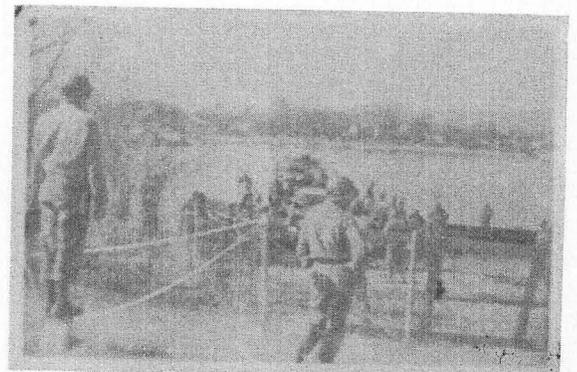
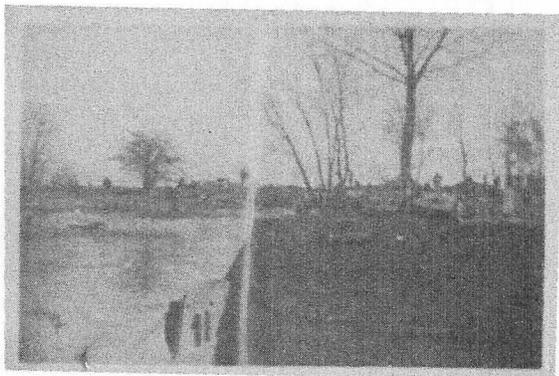
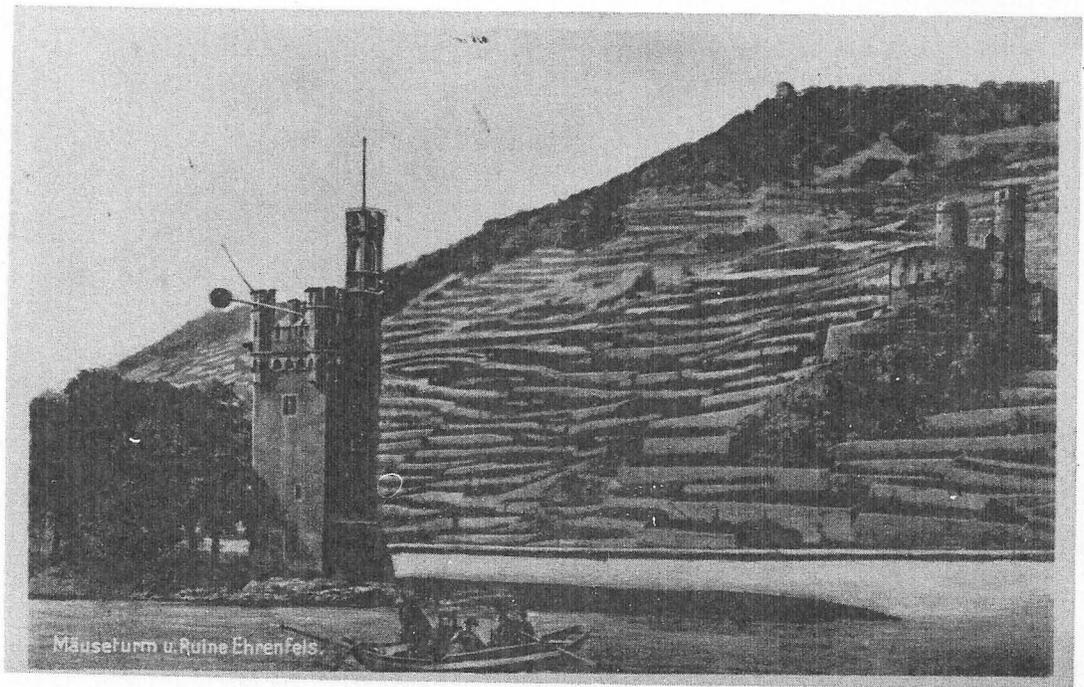
We were asking people in the house we're staying in if they had any personal arms. They replied "No." Then some one said that Manning had found a pistol upstairs. We told them this and the works really started. They swore up and down that they didn't have arms and did their best to drag us upstairs to prove it. Joe Cole was doing most of the talking for us since he can speak German fairly well. Boy! They really had him rattled. Seems that Manning had found the pistol in a room that was being used by some person who had recently left, and the family really knew nothing of it. They were scared that we were going to punish them in some way.

We received the first publication of the Battalion Weekly. As yet it has no name. So far the 91st has received 18 Silver Stars and 43 Bronze Stars. We've fired 62,32 rounds since joining the 3rd Army. B Co. has fired the most WP - 20,836 rounds and the most FS - 1132. We've fired more than any of the other Companies.

There's a little kid who lives up at the C.P. House. Every time Lt. Lederer passes near him, he bends over and whispers to the little fellow, "Hitler is kaput." Finally, as the day was drawing to an end, the little kid was going around saying "Hitler is kaput" himself.

The Infantry plans to cross the Rhine at 10:00 P.M. They have 11 Artillery outfits backing 'em up.

The Rhine Crossing



March 23rd -

At 11:00 A.M. we crossed the Rhine at Nierstein, just about Oppenheim. It's a beautiful river, and the west bank is quite picturesque - every inch of the land is plowed and built into small sections of various shapes which are walled in to prevent erosion. They ferried the jeeps across on landing crafts, one at a time. As the 4th sqd's jeep was coming over we were attacked by enemy planes which strafed and dropped a few bombs. Those of us on land crammed into small foxholes already built on the banks. There were four of us trying to get into a hole which was barely big enough for one man.

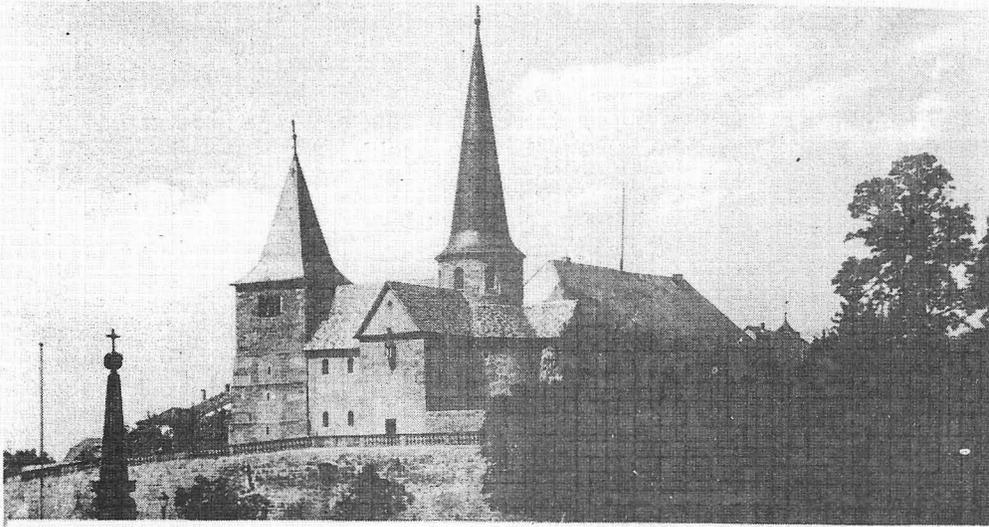
By mid-afternoon the beach was covered with jeeps, tanks and the Infantry fellows. Then they started to bring the PW's back from the next town. Fiscus said that the sight of the PW's marching along in columns of three reminded him of his reception center days. Travis met a Doughboy from his own home town. They didn't have a very long talk together since his friend was moving on to the next town. Heinie fire came in quite regularly during the afternoon so most of us stuck right in the foxholes.

At 4:30 P.M. we tore off for Leeheim. We had the jeeps goin' their fastest across the flat open country.

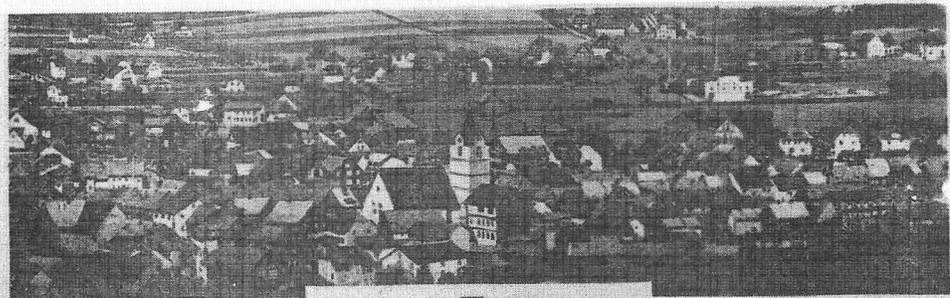
HESSE

With the exception of one district, the whole grand duchy (the eighth German state in size) belongs to the Rhine basin. The surface consists of level, hilly and mountainous sections. Being rather raw and cold, the northern differs somewhat from the mild climate of the south. Over 63% of the area is under cultivation; however, the number of people whose main occupation is agriculture is about 25% smaller than that of those engaged in industry and mining.

The name "Hessian" was generally applied in American history to the German conscripts who were hired and sent over by England to subdue the revolting colonists, since over half of them came from that state.



Fulda, St. Michaelskirche.



Grüß aus Themari Thür



An der Stadtmauer

March 24.

This was one hot spot last night. Heinie artillery poured in all night long. Their airplanes were constantly releasing flares for better observation and our AAs and ach-achs kept up a steady rattle of firing. Three of C Company jeeps were blown up and three of their men were seriously hurt. The F.D.C. was occupying the rear and front rooms of a house. Around 20 Inf. men were resting up in the center room. About 10 minutes after they pulled out a shell lit smack into the room. Luckily noone was hurt.

We got 3 new men in the platoon. I haven't met them as yet, but Bruggie brags that two of them are from Illinois and one from Michigan.

This afternoon the 4th Armored started pouring thru' the town. Soon artillery was scattered throughout the surrounding fields. The tanks, prime movers, trucks and jeeps came on throughout the day - a steady stream of them. I hear that two bridges have been constructed across the Rhine since we left there yesterday, which accounts for the vast amount of mechanism moving up.

At 5:30 p.m. we moved to Weiterstadt. Here B section did a good deal of firing on Greisheim. At times they fired 28-1/2 and 30 rings, using the lan-yard. As we entered the city it was illuminated by its blazing ruins. Now and then the Luftwaffe would send a plane over; however, they did very little damage.

I spent the evening in the Ammo. sections quarters. There was a phonograph player in the room which highly amused McNinny. Most of the records were really sorry - one was nothing but a series of bird calls and another sounded like a Spike Jones selection with a mule bellowing and a man laughing as specialties.

March 25.

At 2 a.m. we moved to Nanheim. This morning as we were eating breakfast we saw hoards of civilians flocking to a big warehouse nearby where they were confiscating the Heinie's food storage. Some of the women were pleading with the G.I.s for help in packing their findings. The young gals knew the best way to appeal to the fellows. T'was quite a sight to see women of all ages running along with their petite carts behind them. They'd fill these 'till they could hold no more, then they'd take their scavengings home as fast as possible so they would be in time to return for more.

At 10:30 a.m. we moved up to the next town, Konigstadten. The Protestants had church services this afternoon out in a nearby field. The Chaplain gave a good sermon on the crucifixion in memory of to-day, Palm Sunday, the beginning of Holy Week. The Catholics heard mass in a vacated auditorium which had been turned into a furniture storage room.

This evening I went back to the Co. with Branning, Sgt. Stevens and Frank Franklin. We heard a hot rumor from Sgt. Adams while there. Seems that he heard the following from a CWS Major: We're due to leave the ETO before the war is over here - we'll go home by way of top priorities for a 21 day furlough, plus time to reorganize for the CBI. Twenty-one days - Yahoo ----

Singletary learned thru' the mail today that he was made Papa on March 1. Its a girl. Congratulations boy. Where are the cigars?

You would have thought that it was the 4th of July last nite. The sky was lit up with green, orange and red flares released by the Luftwaffe.

March 26

While I was up at the kitchen today I saw one of the little girls who lives in the house there out in the yard picking up cigarette butts. I was surprised to see this but more surprised when Bradley told me that they took the frankfurter remains from the manure pile, where he had dumped them. These people seem to eat alright. I guess its just that they don't get certain kinds of food. Bradley said that our oranges were the first they had seen in three years.

One of the new men, Bond from Chicago, is a darn good barber. He sure came to the right outfit. Don't think there is a one in the outfit who doesn't need a haircut. He has been over here only since March 3.

At 5 p.m. we got "March Order". We drove NE all the way through woodland 'til we reached the city of Kelsterbach on the Main River. In the woods we saw a lot of pinewood dug outs occupied by the evacuees from the nearby towns. The 3rd Sqd. looked like a bunch of Senators parading thru Washington - they all wore black top hats.

March 27

While passing through the woods today on our way to Frankfurt, we saw a good many demolished Luftwaffe planes. They must have had an airport nearby.

Latest news has it that Joe Cole tried to get a ride back to the platoon with a Bn driver, but he was loaded down (the truck) so Joe turned himself in to the 11th infantry hdq.

By the light of a match flame Denis was up in the attic looking for valuables. 'Twas under such a gloomy setting that he opened a small inconspicuous box and found a human skull. He flew out of there like a bat outta hell.

Kientzy and Fanny were entertained last night by a good looking gal who could speak english and danced and sang for them. She knew the "Beer Barrel Polka" and the "Woodpecker's song" called "An evening in the Woods" in Germany.

Iaquere and Wildberger found the company of a French couple interesting. Iaquere always feels right at home with anyone speaking French. Happy birthday to Demers who's 30 today

March 28

Cole and Jordan returned to the platoon today. Joe told quite a different story about himself, from the one I heard the other day. He said the bombing and strafing had driven him to the shelter of one of the buildings alongside the river. When he came out our outfit was gone so he crossed with the 6th armored tanks and rode them for quite a ways. Then he realized they were headin' for the front so he hopped off. Eventually he got back to the west side of the Rhine where he reported to the 10th Inf. Regt. Hdq. They told him our outfit would be sending vehicles back for supplies and to wait on the other side 'til he could get a ride. He finally ran across a Bn. Sgt. and got a ride up here.

Lt. Lock was slightly wounded by shrapnel while working at the O.P.

Keesler, Lt. Michaud's driver, accidently shot himself in the left thigh with his P-38, or was shot by a sniper. I am not sure which it was.

Lashbrook got a letter from his wife today saying he was to report on March 8 to the federal building in his home town, regarding his income tax. His wife said it was about the same as a warrant. Ha--Tell 'em to come and get cha' Lashbrook.

McNinney was side-swiped by a truck as he stepped out of his jeep. He was taken to the first-aid station in the city.

March 29

This morning we crossed the Main River into Frankfurt proper. We just got the mortars up and started our individual protection when we got "March Order". From there we went east to Offenbach. We were supposed to stay here two days as reserve. There was a German wearing a white coat patrolling the bridge, spotting for aerial and artillery fire. When he would not heed to the GIs "halt" they laid him low with MG and BAR fire.

'Twas good to see the fellows of White Platoon again. Lots of the fellows got shaves and haircuts from a barber nearby. His charge was a package of fags.

This has turned out to be as good a deal as Steinhard as the electricity isn't kaput and the homes are modern.

Keasler claims that a sniper shot at him and caused his wound. He said his gun happened to go off at the same time. He's got the bullet which caused the wound, to prove his P-38 didn't do the job.

March 30

Hiott, Favorite and a couple other fellows were the first ones to enter the town Oberstedium last February 27. They were lookin' for a house to use as the C.P. At one house they came to a lady who told them there was a German soldier in the cellar. They proceeded to the cellar door and called for the Heinie to make his exit. Soon a Heinie medic came out with his hands wavin' over his head. Hiott wrote home about the incident and his town paper made the following head line of it: "Cpl Hiott captures German medic."

Joe Pasternack was entering the dark cellar next door when he saw a figure in GI clothes stoopin' over a trunk. Joe gives the GI a slap on the a-- and yells "how's the lootin' ole boy?". The figure straightens up and turns around without a word. He faces Joe and poor Joe dies in his tracks - the GI facin' him was none other than the Colonel.

We got quite a kick out of the nudist camp pictures found in this house. Gee. They make Esquire look dull.

March 31

Passes to Brussels start this morning. One officer and three E.M. get to go each time. The selection is made thru a lottery and the pass is good for five days.

Lady Luck was walking along side of Demers today. He and Panuaci were walking down the street when some German opens up a second story window of one of the buildings and calls out to the fellows. Demers crossed the street and the German jabbered something and tossed out a bulky object to him. It turned out to be a Luger with holster. 'Twas a new one - Frenchie you lucky one. Saw Herman this evening - he looks in the pink of health and says he's having it real soft in Bn.

"Captain" Crow and "Red" Bingham really ran the mileage up on Crow's jeep today. They shore saw the country - ask 'em about it. You'll be surprised when you learn where they went.

Tonite the picture "Roughly Speaking", starring Rosalind Russell and

Jack Carson was shown at Bn C.P. 'Twas a darn good movie. Right in the middle of the show, as reels were being changed, a Bn Sgt. reminded us that we were still at war when he called out "OK, it's time for the new guard to go on" and he and three others had to leave to stand their relief.

April 1

Happy Easter fellows. It's hard to get that peaceful feeling that we usually have on this day; however, let's hope things are different by next year at this time. Mickowicz returned to the Co. today. He had been hospitalized with pleurisy for several days.

Harry (the Hook) received a letter from an old buddy today, dated March 31. His friend has our APO number so Harry believed him to be in the near vicinity. He and Vanoer hunted all over town for the outfit, but to no avail.

The budding trees and newly blossomed flowers make spring quite evident. This evening Wildberger and I enjoyed ourselves by wonderir' through the gardens of the yard next door.

April 2

Three times on the way to Angersbach we hit the ditches today as a Heinie ambush was expected. The town is in a pretty hot spot. Coming up here we saw three wrecked gasoline trucks, one had the driver inside. He must have been shot and then his truck crashed into the corner of a building, where we saw it.

April 3

The egg business is prosperous here, as some sqds with 3 and 4 dozen have found out. But Manning has turned his attention to cameras. He's already sold several of the many he has found, accounting for the excess pocket bulge.

Tough luck came to Vanoer. He and Watkins were chosen through the lottery for a seven day pass to the Riviera in France. However, Vanoer wasn't present when the announcement was made so they chose another fellow in the company. Oh, low blow.

A youngster in town happened upon a hand grenade and in the process of trying to determine how it worked, he killed himself. We could hear the explosion this afternoon as we were cleaning the mortars.

April 4

Do you fellows remember seeing the overturned jeep and 3/4 ton truck alongside the road on the way up here? Well, the jeep belonged to Capt. Fleetwood. He and S/Sgt. Trabalka were captured by a Heinie outfit and freed a couple of days later when the Yanks captured the same outfit. They weren't ill treated in any way, but were worked damn hard.

Howard fears that his Mom and Dad are mixed up in a triangle affair. No, the third party isn't a woman, but a possum. Seems the possum is seeking shelter in the Howard's wood shed and Mrs. Howard said that her husband would have to leave if he couldn't convince the possum to. However, Mr. Howard's hands are tied since it's against the law to shoot possums at this time of the year. Howard is looking forward to the next letter for the next episode in this domestic drama.

This afternoon the company was ordered to patrol up all male civilians



Bilburg. Horst-Wessel-Platz



FRANKFURT a. M.
Blick auf Manske's Uhr-turm und Palasthotel



Hildburghausen

Marktplatz

between the ages of 18 and 45 seen in the streets - a precaution against further sniper trouble.

Kientzy, Stevens and Strangeland saw an ol' man wobblin' along the streets and when they looked back, after passing him, they saw that he was quickening his steps. They turned back and, despite his violent protests, took him down, trembling from fear (the ol' man) to where all suspects were held.

McNinney returned to the platoon today and six re-enforcements were added - four to the ammo. sec., one as an assistant to Fugere and one to the kitchen.

April 5.

At 11 a.m. we moved SE to Fulda, a fairly large city. Here the Co. is billeting in what used to be a German barracks and Ord. Depot. Some of the guys found a lot of stuff in an ol' storage building, but on the outside they also found a "keep out" sign. Mighty temptin' nevertheless.

April 6

Happy birthday to Laquere who is 30 years old today.

Kientzy, Lentz and Franklin started out to look for a nearby gymnasium, but were delayed by some "good lookers". I've heard lots of "reports" about these beautiful German gals.

"Captain" Crow and his fiddle, Johnny Permenter and Lentz, with their guitar, and Evans with his mandolin, gave out with some sweet music to-night. "Captain" can make that fiddle talk.

Hanny heard from his wife that she just heard a new song in the states called "Oh, My Aching Back." - ha. We've known that song for a long time. That's one hit tune that became popular over here before the states.

You've all heard of the Battle of the Bulge, the Battle of Normandy, etc., but I bet the folks back home haven't heard of the famous Battle of the Turd. This drastic fight was staged last night by the six sqd leaders. I'll not elucidate on the subject - they'll tell you all about it. Personally I think they deserve a bronze star for meritorious service durin' the period of duty - or off duty.

Asofsky found a genuine signature of the famous Nazi labor leader, Dr. Robert Ley, on a labor proclamation of some sort in an evacuated factory. Miner has been working all day on a radio the 5th and 6th sqds have found. Something is definitely kaput with the sound functions.

Hoffman and Miner argued into the late hours of last night on the race problem. Papa said he's in the mood to be honored if a negro tipped his hat to his wife as they were walkin' down the street; however, Miner felt altogether different. Papa repeated the words "Now, if my wife and I were walkin' down the street, etc. etc." so many times that you began to feel weary - so much walkin'.

April 8

Leaving Fulda at 7 a.m. we made our way to Meiningen. It's been a beautiful day and the fellows were contended this afternoon in sittin' on the sidewalks, against the buildings, where we billeted and shot the bull; read or just basked in the sun's invigoratin' rays. We could get a good look at the

vicinity's frauleins in this way, which more than likely accounted for some of the fellows being out there. 'Twas kinda pathetic to see the men and boys pick up our cigarette butts from the street as they passed by.

This evening the fellows met with a 5th "Rangers" Division GI who had been a prisoner of the Heinies since the middle of February. He was at the hospital here when the GIs captured the city. He really had the tales to tell.

Several of the fellows went up to the hospital after chow tonite. The invalids were certainly glad to see 'em. They kept pleading with 'em to take showers or baths, saying that they'd furnish all the toiletries. They wouldn't let them go without havin' a cup of cocoa. Most of the invalids were from the Air Corps,..

April 9

More of the fellows went over to the hospital today to see if there were any people there from their home states. Heithaus met a fellow from St. Louis, his home town. He didn't know the GI personally but recognized him as the owner of a hamburger stand, where he used to eat a lot - a lot of the times. Sesto met a fellow from Ashville, N.C., his home town. Before the war Sesto worked for a dry cleaning shop and he remembered the GI as bein' one of their steady customers.

This morning we noticed a brigade of frauleins paradin' down the street with their brooms. Upon investigating we found out they had been ordered to clean up a large hospital in the vicinity.

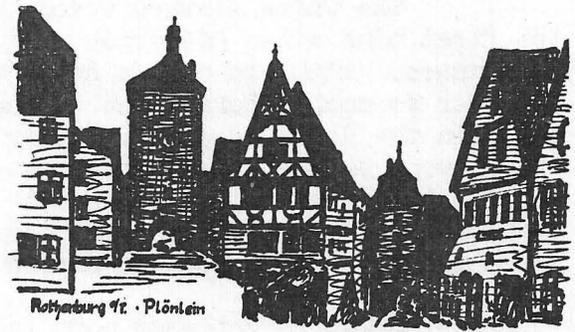
You've all heard of Nick Fischta and Alice Kaput. But, have you heard of Eilene? Come on, bite- ask "Eilene who?" and I'll respond "I lean over and you."

THURINGEN

The region took its name from the Thuringians, who at the time of the migration of nations established an extensive kingdom near the center of present Germany.

It is a picturesque region traversed by the Thuringen woods, an extensive mountain range of central Germany. The range falls steeply towards the northeast and is covered to the summits by magnificent pine trees. It is rich in minerals, among which iron, copper, manganese and gypsum are the most important.

In 1547 when the Ernestine, or electoral branch of the Saxon Dominions was stripped of all its possessions outside of Thuringen the modern Saxon Duchies arose.



April 10

The town of Themar was so traffic bound this evening that we had to wait out in a field for a couple of hours before going into it after we had left Meningin.

Last night Franklin was accidentally shot in the fingers so he went to Bn this morning. McColmont told us later that he had been evacuated in order that his hand could get X-rayed.

This evening after chow Red Bingham got hold of one of those "laughing" records and set the phonograph player on the window sill. Soon the street was filled with people curious about the hilarious laughter. We got a big kick out of watching 'em trying to find out what this woman found so hysterical. When they caught on they joined us in our laughter.

April 11

The White platoon moved out early this morning, splitting the Co. for the first time since Affenbach. At 10 a.m. we moved also to the town of Hildburghausen. Although only a short trip it took us over four hours - we had to lay over so much. During one of these lay overs a rather humorous thing happened in the Commo. section. Miner was starting his jeep up to move and asked if everyone was set. Joe Cole was just climbin' in but said nothin'. Miner started the jeep and Joe falls out. His head barely missed bein' hit by the trailer wheels, but Joe's only comment (although he nearly broke his neck) was "Good Lord", "I've gotten my carbine dirty".

Favorite got good news today. He learned he's passed his O.C.S. physical. Now he's got a good chance of makin' the grade. Good luck to you oleboy.

One can't help but notice that the religious feeling isn't as great here as it was in the Rhineland. Now you see few holy pictures in the homes and hardly ever see the grottos, shrines and crucifixes which were so prevalent in the Rhineland villages; however, each town still has a large church. The homes are very well furnished and have less of those primitive traits which so many of the Rhineland houses had. Many of the homes are 3 and 4 stories high, stucco foundations with the typical orange tile roofs.

April 12

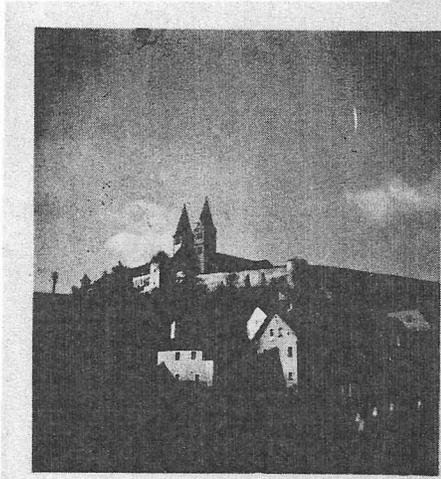
Wildberger and Barcalow are both from Baltimore, but it was only the other day that they discovered they lived near each other.

It was with reluctance that several of the fellows left Hildburghausen with us today. They were getting along pretty well with the local frauiliens. Before entering Colburg we had a lay over in a large Nazi training camp. Pop Gant found a 38 and 25 pistols. Mickowitz was left behind there since he was scavenger in' around when we pulled out; however he hitch hiked into town.

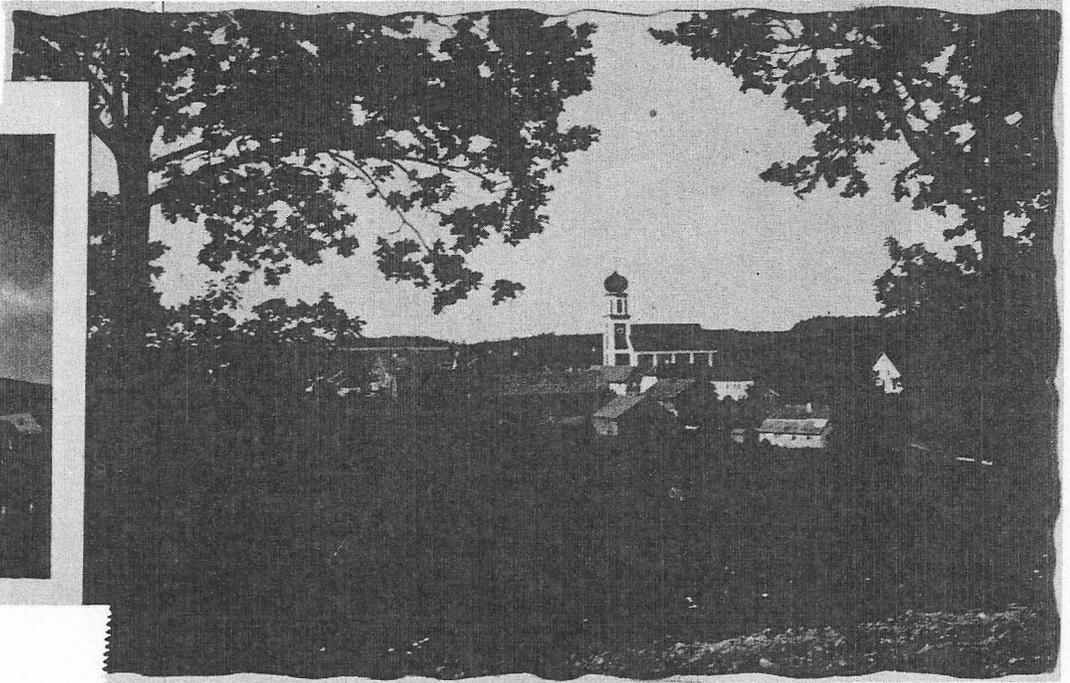
The 6th sqd. was part of the billeting party for this move and they got here before the Infantry had thoroughly ramsacked the place. Montagne got a luger; several of the fellows got watches and lucky Strangeland was passin' a house when a lady ran out and gave him a neat camera. Hiott found a large edition of Shakespeare's works that will keep him out of trouble for a while.

April 13

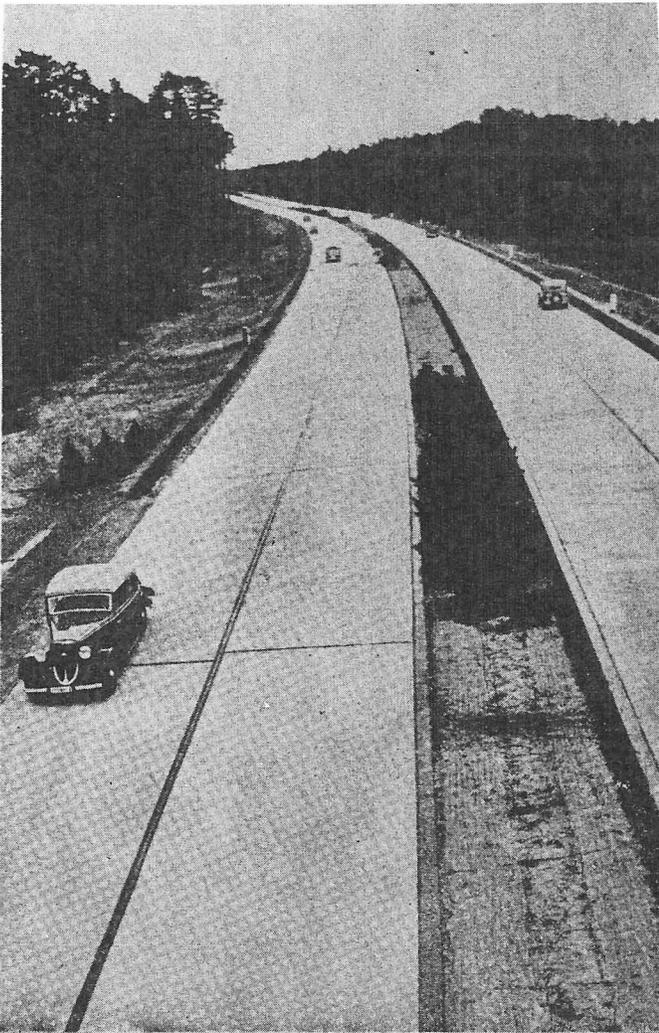
This morning Vanoer, Eagleson, Hook and I visited a museum in the ritzy residential section of town. It was very interesting but our time was



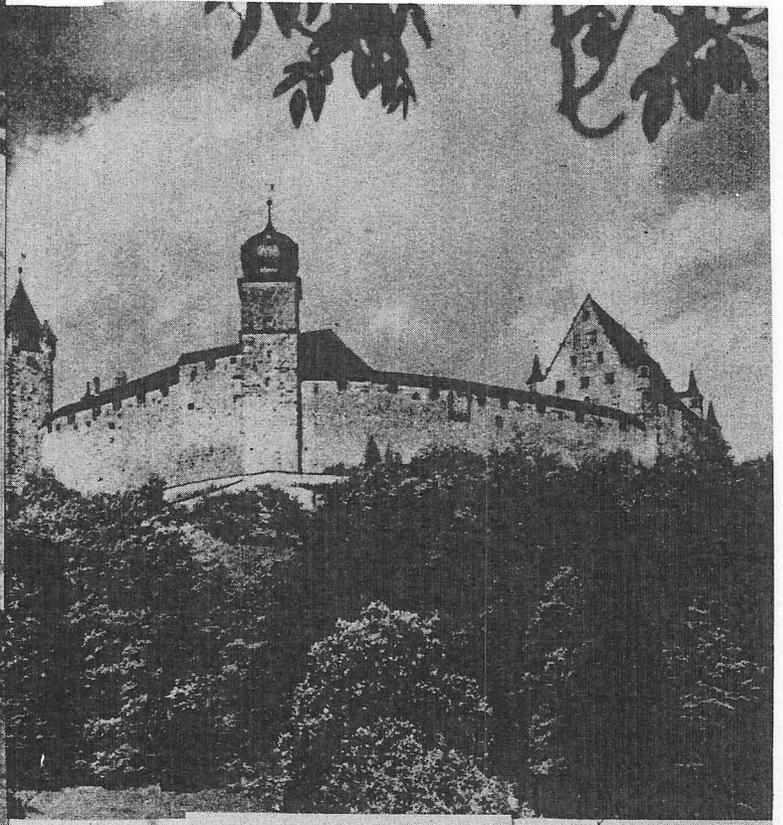
Reichenback



Michelsmukirchn



59. Die Reichsautobahn bei Frankfurt a. M.



Castle at Coburg

limited and we didn't get to see half enough.

Durin' the noon chow I learned of the startlin' news that must be on everyone's lips back home - President Roosevelt died yesterday at Warm Springs Ga. of a troubled heart.

The civilians are allowed out in the streets only from 7 a.m.-9 a.m. and 4-6 p.m. This afternoon a few of us were wanderin' aroun' town durin' the hours 4-6 p.m. Crowds of women flocked the entrance of bakeries, butcher shops, grocery stores. The women are the home guardians of Germany - you seldom see a man on the streets. The home labor of Germany has fallen entirely upon the women's shoulders.

A pril 14

Coburg is the birthplace of Prince Albert, Queen Victoria, Regina's husband. He had the first world's fair in London during his first reign. He lived in the great castle overlooking Coburg. The present reign of Coburg is titled "Duke of Sax - Coburg & Gotha."

Around mid-afternoon we headed north for Sachsendorf. There we were joined by A and C companies so that the entire Bn was once more together. We had been relieved from the 71st Division by the 97th Cml Bn. It seems that we will be MG men for an indefinite time. Capt. Arch told us of a school system which they hope to put over, thus giving the fellows a chance for education in various fields. He also spoke optimistically of more passes to Brussels and Paris.

This evening several of us went to a movie - "Manhattan Serenade". It was shown in a small auditorium which was filled with smoke after the majority of the Bn crammed into the room and the sound projection was kaput so we had to "sweat it out". 'Twas too much agony so we left around the middle of the show.

Chaney has thrown away his false teeth, so the poor fellow is absolutely toothless now. Ha - if they keep us goin' on these 10-in-1s, he won't be the only toothless GI in the platoon.

We were officially informed today that:

1. No loot may be sold
2. No non-GI articles may be worn, which refers to neckerchiefs, pins, belts, etc.
3. Pistols may not be worn except in the pockets or other "out of sight" places.

April 15

We all got quite a few things accomplished today. We had both Catholic and Protestant services. Showers this afternoon. We finally got out barrack bags back and learned that most of them had been ransacked. The jeeps were given a thorough once-over and lots of junk was thus discarded.

This morning there was a Bn parade and the various honors were given to the men who had won 'em. Lots of bronze stars were won and a couple of silver stars. Col. Muth gave us a farewell speech. He's going to be 12th Corp Cml officer.

April 16

This morning many of us went for showers. It was about a 15 mile ride. On the way we saw around 30 trucks loaded with PWs. The showers were a good deal - so nice and hot. They furnished us with clean underwear and socks. On the way back we encountered the 97th Cml's convoy, the outfit which relieved us. They have seen just one day of action, haven't fired one round and are going to be security troops under the MG now, like ourselves.

This afternoon the Bn went to Eisfeld where we heard lectures on our new job by Col. Darling; Major Sprig of the Corp MG and Lt. Avery of the CIC. As a whole the lectures were quite entertaining.

April 17

The 1st Sqd got a replacement for Franklin today. So far he goes by the nick name of Smokey. I don't know his correct name. He's an asset to the Plt. since he can speak German fluently.

This morning while Sgt. Stevens was talking to us, Harry (the Hook) took a fancy to put on an impersonation of Hitler. He combed his hair down over his forehead and used his comb for a mustache and to make the picture complete he was giving the Nazi salute. Stevens caught him at this act and cried out "Hook, do you wanta' join the Schicklegroober?" Ho - poor Harry was really taken off guard. He didn't know what to say - was just dumbfounded.

At 1:30 p.m. we left Sachsendorf. We encountered a couple of Heinies on the way - one of them got away into the woods, although the whole platoon took after him. The remaining Nazi claimed that they were looking for food at the time we encountered them and that there were nine of them.

When we reached Lobenstein, the Plt. was separated into four groups. Sgt. Kientzy was put in charge of the first three squads; Lt. Owings of the second three; Lt. Michand of the Ammo. Sec., and Lt. Goodwin of the Hdq section. Each section was given a division of territory over which they must patrol 24 hours a day as MGs. Our section headed out for a small town surrounded by woods, named Tschirn. Here we sought out the Burgomeister and gave him the regulations to the townsfolk, which are to be enforced. Then Driscoll drove the town cryer around in his jeep while he rang his bell and yelled out the regulations to the townsfolk.

We gave the people who lived in the house we decided to billet in, 20 minutes to clear out and in that time they had the place cleared out of mattresses, carpets, comforters and even cooking utensils. The whole town practically turned out to help clear out the house. We felt quite disillusioned at the efficiency of this task, for we hoped they would at least leave the comforters for us to sleep on. One young gal in the house put up quite a fuss. She said that the unit which was here before had torn up the houses something pitiful and that a GI had raped her. We couldn't say much to console her, but we did assure her that she could get anything she wanted from the house in the morning and that we wouldn't wreck the place.

April 18

This morning Hungerford, Stangland and I started out on Rt No. 1. We were very fortunate in being able to find interpreters in each town. We met one old man at Nordhalben, the first town on our route, who used to live in Chicago. He seemed so proud to be an American and seemed to be taking full advantage of the fact. He told us how he had said that the Americans would conquer Germany

and how he strutted down the main street swinging both of his canes (yes, he had two) when the town was being bombed, yelling out to the people that the Americans had come. Then he leaned over close to us and whispered "the people are glad you are here."

At Steinweisen I met a lady who is from N.Y.C. She has been here three years and hasn't been able to get back. She said, "Oh, I want to get back to America - it's so different here. You know the people aren't nearly the same." I fully agreed with her.

At Ober-Rodoch, Stangeland met a man who used to live in Minnesota. He had been thru Stinky's home town often.

At Burnhaum the Burgomeister's brother is a PW at Camp Ellis, N.Y.C. He showed us the last letter he had received from him.

In each town we could contact the Burgomeister and show him the list of regulations which he must enforce. These included the curfew hours, turning in military equipment, guns and cameras. Then we would inquire as to his name, address, the location of the jail, number of civilian police, etc. After that we'd inform him of the Allied Proclamations.

When we returned to Tschirn we found our house full of people attempting to get passes from the staff. The village priest came to the house for dinner. He startled us by asking, "Why haven't you taken the Burgomeister as a prisoner?" Several of the Burgomeisters in this region are pure Nazis and if we were going to be here permanently we'd get rid of them. However, our job is temporary - the Army of Occupation will sift out these bad men.

April 19th -

Nordhalben had 7 PW's waiting for us in the Burgomeister's office. In Nurn we met a man from Latvia. He could speak excellent English and claimed he was registered in Washington, D.C. Since he held a high position in the Latvia Embassy, the Nazis were hot on his trail and he and his wife had been traveling all over the country to escape them. He said Nurn was the first village that had accepted them. Guess he had some important information for he wanted to see our Commander. When the journey ended our jeep was loaded down with rifles, bayonets, pistols, etc., which the Burgomeister had turned over to us. These people are great to whine, just as Col. Darling said. They fuss over every little thing. However, their food problem is becoming drastic.

Hungerford accidentally shot himself in the left foot. He was taken back to the Company and may be evacuated.

April 20th -

There's one hum-dinger of a beauty in Lahm. We see her now and then when passing through the village. She has natural blond hair, blue eyes and when you see her figure you feel like putting powder on your feet - they tingle so. When we asked if we might take her picture, she seemed quite flattered and laughed. "Why do you want my picture?" she asked, in her broken English. We were stumped. "Because you're beautiful", I had to admit. She had seen movies of Clark Gable, Jeannette McDonald and Shirley Temple, but was unfamiliar with Sinatra. (Thank God).

This evening 17 fellows from the 795 AAA put up with us in this house. Stangeland and Bernie fixed the blue room (the dining room upstairs) so that it looked fit for a king.

April 21

Staff brought back a good deal of news from Plt Hdq. Hoffman and Hardy were fired upon by a sniper as they were riding along in a jeep. Hoffman lost control of the jeep and it crashed into a tree. When he recovered he learned that Hardy had been killed in the accident.

Bowman and Bruggeman saw two Heinies at the edge of a woods. Bo yelled out for them to halt. One obeyed, but the other began to run. Bo took three shots at him and knocked him flat with the third shot.

Lt. Michaud was strafed last night by Bed Check Charlie; however, the bullets flew wild and neither he nor his jeep were hit. We've gotten a total of 25 Heinies so far. One of them had been in the Wermacht 9 years. "that's too long, so I surrendered" he said.

The lights in the town were fixed this afternoon and this evening the Burgomeister loaned us his radio, which he claimed was the best in town.

April 22

Snowed this morning; quite a surprising thing to see at the end of April.

There's a wealthy man named Karl Reissman who lives in Teuschnitz. He has visited the states many times. He tried to tell the Germans they could never cope with our vast production. But since he was anti-Nazi they wouldn't listen and he landed in prison. He told us the Burgomeister, his policeman and the woman interpreter for us in Teuschnitz, were all fanatically Nazi. Several times he had been threatened to take down the white flag from the front of his house. He was told that the Nazi flag would be flying again after the Americans left.

Tonight, Harry, Stangeland, Burns and Manning made a mock attack on one of the homes, accusing the people of feeding the Heinies. This was done to scare them for we knew someone in town had been feeding the Heinies. Well, 'twas a good plan and would have worked but they happened to raid the home of the civil police, whom we had elected ourselves. Whew, what a low blow.

April 23

This morning a Major from the MG Hdq at Kronach accompanied Barnie and me to Teuschnitz where Karl Reimann and another man were interviewed about valuable information in respect to the Nazi party. Reimann lives in a small house far back in the woods outside of Teuschnitz. The house was in bad state until he started remodeling it. He owns a large area of farm land and woods in that vicinity. We met his wife who is a very attractive, copper haired woman. She has fair skin with freckles of the same color as her hair and light blue eyes. Reimann is a distinguished looking man. He must be at least 60 years old and looks like a character out of a story book in his brown tweed coat, knickers and white wool socks.

He had a list of all the suspects and their crimes which he turned over to the Major. The woman interpreter for us in Teuschnitz was on the list. He said she had told the people that they needn't work in the fields since the Americans would feed them. She also said that they needn't fear us for we would be leaving soon and then they could do just as they wanted. The Major picked her

up. He said she seemed quite surprised and said "how could those nice Americans suspect me of anything."

As Hanny and Driscoll were passing thru one of the towns on their route this morning, a man rushed up to their jeep and cried, "Eier" (eggs). Hanny replied "no" since we really didn't need any and we don't want to be depriving the civilians of food. But the man was persistent and ended up by handing Hanny a box containing 50 eggs. During the Nazi regime, 70 eggs per chicken had to be given to the party yearly.

This afternoon Barnie and I met that beautiful blond who lives in Lahm again. We had a pretty long talk with her. Her name is Gerlaund Wilke and she's from Berlin. She and her mother fled from the city several days ago and only her father remains in the Capitol. After completing high school she became a member of the R.A.D. for one year. This is a compulsory women's organization. They lived in regular Heinie barracks and did such things as caring for the children of the lower classes. She showed me pictures of herself and friends in the R.A.D. uniforms which were pretty sorry looking. When we told her that the Russians are in Berlin, she seemed quite downcast. We said the Russians are good and she said "no". When we asked her why, she said "I have had to work in a factory with Russian men and they aren't gentlemen like you Americans".

One of the barbers in Tschirn cut some of the fellows' hair today. He made Wildberger look like a Heinie since he shaved his hair all around the sides and way up in the back. Manning said Wildberger's new hair cut reminded him of one of Major Venson's at Swift last summer and now Willie goes by the title of "Major."

When Staff and Laquere were returning from Plt. today, they found a young lad lying on the side of the road. Blood was all over his body and after questioning his young comrade, they learned that a hand grenade was back of all the trouble. He must have found one of them and while fooling around with it, it exploded. They rushed him to the next town where he quickly obtained medical aid.

Burns and Stangeland were up at Bn. today and they returned in a black '38 Opel which they picked up in Lobenstein. They had to take it away from five Russian soldiers who were cutting up in the town with the car.

Bingham and Hook paid us a visit this evening. Harry (the Hook) said three lugers had been found so far in section. He was one of the lucky men. They are situated at Bad Steben and have a darn good house to live in.

A London commentator gave a beautiful description of London tonite, the first night that the black-out has been lifted. He pointed out how the lights returning to London was a good comparison with the light of peace returning to a dark world.

Just heard some tragic news. Ernie Pyle was killed by a Jap sniper in the Pacific. I remember reading where he had a premonition that he'd die while serving overseas. Many an American will grieve over this loss.

April 24

This afternoon Barnie and I were returning from Kronach where we had taken a prisoner to the MG prison in the city, when we noticed a young man with a pack on his back crossing the field on the right side of the road. We called out for him to halt and he broke out into a run. We climbed out of the jeep

and began firing at him. Soon he was over a slope and out of sight. We ran to the top of the slope and continued firing. Finally he fell to the ground. Upon reaching him we found that only his right hand had been grazed by our bullets. It was plain to see that he was dying, yet we couldn't determine why since he had received such a small wound. We carried him to the jeep and took him to the nearest doctor - in Teuschnicz. He was dead by the time we arrived there. The doctor told us that he had thrown a shoulder bone out of place when he had fallen and this bone had cut off his wind pipe. After searching his belongings we learned that he was a graduate chemical engineer from the college at Nurnberg. He had won honors and was a good athlete and a marvelous artist. He had every kind of pass book imaginable.

Mr. Buner of Teuschnicz told us that 10 Nazis entered the town this afternoon, changed into civilian clothes, obtained food and fled westward. As Staff and Laquere were returning from Plt. Hdq. they ran across three Heinies. Staff opened up on them with the 50 cal. m.g. on the jeep, but the soldiers got away.

April 25

The Russians have met the Americans in the suburbs of Berlin. The San Francisco Conference commenced today. Teuschnicz is quite a large town and we had collected only a few weapons there, so yesterday the Burgomeister was warned that he had better collect a lot more weapons from the people. Today the fellows learned that he fulfilled his order well. Hanny got a luger; Wildberger a Spanish 7.65 m/m pistol, binoculars and two fancy bayonets. Manning got a 25 cal. pistol. Besides these they brought in a lot of other bayonets and rifles.

Laquere and I inspected an underground aircraft plant while on the way to Plt. Hdq. It was built on the side of a steep hill and was tunnel shaped inside. They built fuselages in the plant. It was quite long and two stories deep. The coiling and walls were made of brick with wooden floors. It was very well camouflaged. The only part you could see from the outside was the entrance and it was set back a good ways from the road so that you could easily pass by without even noticing it.

In Plt. Hdq. we have two new men - both are British soldiers, one from South Africa.

Burns caught the Burgomeister and one of his policemen on the streets after 6 p.m. Wow - he really gave them hell and ended up by chasing them down the street to their respective homes.

April 26

Wildberger and I saw that beautiful blond again. She was wearing a white, turtle neck sweater which made her full, round breasts so obvious. Good Lord, we almost collapsed at the sight. Later I told Terry about her being in a tight, close fitted sweater. He was washing dishes and got so excited he dumped the wash basin of soapy water off the stove. We sure laughed about that.

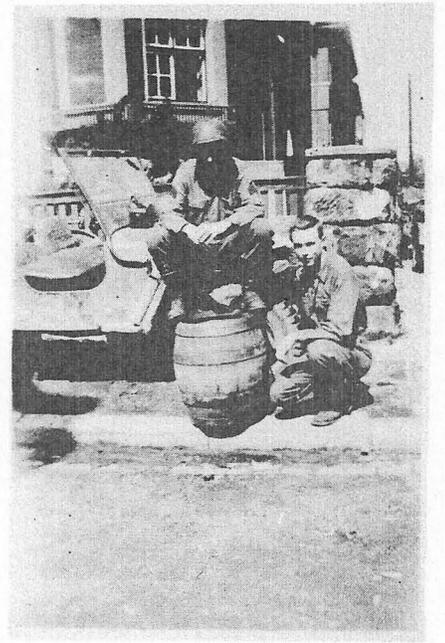
This afternoon Staff and Laquere were invited to supper by several liberated Frenchmen who are living temporarily in Nordhalben. The supper turned out to be a regular feast in honor of one of the French girl's birthday. Staff said that they had a swell time and he thought they'd never stop



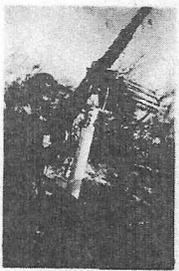
Hillman



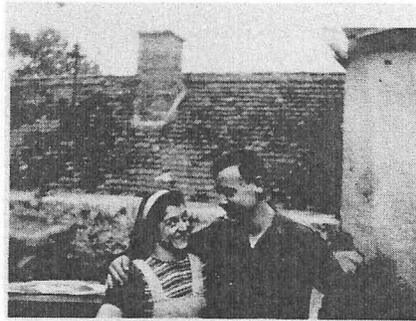
Heithaus takes ten



Hungerford & Stangland



Hoffman on the 50 Cal.



Marie and Hook



Cpt. Groves



Deners in Coburg



"Recheck"



"Come and get it"

serving food. Another haul of weapons, swords and bayonets was brought in from Teuschnitz today. Driscoll got a 35 this time.

April 27

At 6:30 p.m. we got "March Order". Gee, we have been in Tschirn for ten days and I had almost forgotten what the order meant.

Rain was pouring down hard and thunder echoed throughout the woods as we started out. You could see the end of the rainbow on a high forest covered hill. Didn't look like a very likely place for a pot of gold.

Soon after reaching Hodermansgrun, where the Co. is located, we were each given a bottle of German liquor; then we went into the kitchen and had hamburgers and coffee. There we heard about Kukle getting shot last nite. He was hit in the left arm and this morning all the men combed the town for the sniper, but to no avail.

Also, one of the French soldiers who has joined up with us announced that he heard over a French radio broadcast that Mussolini was taken prisoner by the Allies.

B section had French and Russian women from another town doing their cooking the last few days. Some of the boys took them back to their home town. They liked working for the boys so much they walked back the next day.

Manning was "out" when we took off from Tschirn this afternoon. He had the Heinie's car and when he returned to Tschirn he said the civilians had really taken advantage of our leave. They were all out on the streets and when they unexpectedly saw his coming, they practically ran over each other trying to get into their houses.

BAVARIA

This is the largest and most important German state after Prussia. Belonging to the Danube basin, Bavaria is traversed by the river through its entire width from west to east. The climate, although somewhat colder than that of the rest of Germany, is on the whole mild and salubrious. Bavaria has an area of 30,000 square miles; nearly a third of the country is covered with forests, but the soil is fertile and agriculture very important.

Iron is mined extensively and there are considerable manufacturers. The capital is Munich, with splended art collections. Other places of importance are Nurnberg, a great toy-making center, and Augsburg, formerly a free city.

o-o-O-o-o

April 28th -

Moved out around 7:00 A.M. At Berg we took a super highway to Bayreuth. Man! We really made good time. Driskill's jeep was goin' so fast the speedometer was registering where there should have been a '70 on the dial. We had a short lay-over at Freiburg and we saw a good many Heinie aircraft dugouts built right next to the road, which they must have used as a run way.

We traveled southeast from Freiburg to Bruck and there we remained until the rest of the Co. pulled in.

Around 6:00 P.M. the Platoon was dispersed as at Lobenstein and we, A section, started off for a small town called Zell. Twice along the way we were stopped by German farmers who warned us of SS troopers in the surrounding woods.

Zell wasn't much of a town and the Yanks had been here the first of the week and had gone over everything. The Water system and electricity are Kaput!

April 29th -

The house we live in used to be a school. A doctor, school teacher and a couple of other people lived in it until we moved in. Today we learned they had a h--- of a lot of propaganda material. This eve we collected it all and burned it.

Upon returning to the Co. today, Laquere reported that "California" is back. He was in a hospital outside of Paris for some time. He celebrated the Easter holidays there. They didn't remove his tonsils.

While the fellows were out on the new route, they ran across a "Limmie" named Henry R. Furnell ("Just call me Tubby"). They picked him up. He had been long separated from his outfit and brot him back to Zell. He's been a P.W. for five years. Tubby's experiences were terrific over the period of imprisonment. When they gotword the Russians were coming, the Heinies started to evacuate the P.W.'s. Tubby and a couple of his pals dug a big hole beneath the floor of their barracks and hid there. The place was bombed but the hiding men were not injured. After this they escaped and traveled five miles on their first day of freedom. They spent the night in a farmer's hay loft and the farmer informed on them, and

they were re-captured the next morning. This took place around February 4th - then began the long march all the way thru Czechoslovakia and on to Michnewkuchen, Germany. They marched about three months. On April 23rd they were freed by the Yanks and the fellows picked Tubby up at the Burgomeister's house in Michnewkuchen today. Tubby is a short fellow with big, brown eyes - a ready smile and a gift of gab. We find it a little hard to catch his lingo. He looks healthy but has lost a lot of weight due to the long march. He hopes to be going home any day now and he certainly deserves to get back to England. Lord! He's had a h--- of a life for these last five years.

April 30th -

A Heinie farmer gave the fellows a case of 300 eggs today. He said they were supposed to turn in to the government 70 eggs a year per chicken. Since the Nazis had fled they had a surplus.

It was announced that Mussolini had been killed. He was shot by one of his own countrymen while crossing the Swiss border.

This afternoon a couple of civilians warned us that a group of S.S. troopers were hiding out in the woods. Manning and Tubby went out to get 'em. They returned with 3 officers and 2 enlisted men. They got 'em by surprise and didn't have to fire a round. The Heinies were unarmed. After supper Manning treated us to a movie. He found a hand operated movie projector. Most of the reels contained a dozen or so pictures - some were colored. The best was of a tramp dancing. I whistled "In the Mood" and Staff, who was operating the machine, would stop the film at the proper intervals, so that it looked as if the tramp was really keeping time with the whistling.

Around 8:30 P.M. two Poles came in to the kitchen and reported that three Heinies were hiding out in a house about four miles away. Smokey, Laquere, Wildberger, Farnan (who has been with us since we left Co.), Manning and I took off with the jeeps and one of the Poles, to the house which was high up on the side of a hill. We stopped at the foot of the hill. Manning and I went up the right side, Smokey and Farnan up the left and Wildberger drove his jeep up closer to the house while Laquere manned the 50 cal. M.G. We called out for the Heinies to surrender. A woman came running out crying that her children were inside. We continued to call out warnings to the Heinies and nothing happened. Laquere shot the 50 cal. M.G.'s tracers over the top of the house - still no one came out. So we entered the place and found three Heinies hiding underneath some beds.

We took the prisoners to the jail room of the Burgomeister's house in Zell. Three Poles were sleeping in beds but two of them wanted to give up their beds to the Heinies, so we let 'em. The Burgomeister wanted to give 'em some beer and altho' we realized it wasn't called for under the Geneva Conference, we said O.K. He brought a bottle for each man and they surely were happy then. Bet they throw a big drunk over there tonite.

May 1st -

Here it's the first of May and snowing! Oh well, we're used to this crazy weather by now.

Rather an uneventful day. We got 580 more eggs and 14 more Heinies.

This eve we picked up a woman who had been in the Nazi army. She did clerical work. Tubby searched her belongings and when he found some filthy pictures he surely gave her h---! Ha - he'll tell 'em anything and they seem to understand for he can talk their language.

We get a big kick out of Burns and Tubby razzin' each other. Tubby calls Burns "That bloody spud."

As I write this day's memo, Smokey, Staff, Terry, Stinky and I are sitting around the kitchen table by the light of a kerosene lamp. Smokey is tellin' us some rare experiences he had while on train duty as a M.P. He said his biggest haul was when he took a bottle of "Haig & Haig" off a Lt. Col. They got ration money for food each day but the trains usually furnished them food for nothing and they sold whiskey on the side. All in all, they really had a racket.

May 2nd -

It's winter time in Heinie land. This morning when we woke up there was snow every where. This weather is hard on desperately needed farm crops.

This morning we visited B section at Falkenstein. On their first day there they captured fifty some Heinies. They pick out the commissioned officers and give them all sorts of tasks and errands. When they took the prisoners into Coin they let the E.M. ride in the jeeps and put the officers on the hood. Ha - I'd like to have seen that.

They have a darn nice house in Falkenstein with electricity and running water. A couple of Polish women do their cooking and laundry. A young Heinie, about 15 years old, is errand boy. About twenty civilians had to stand outside our house this morning, for a couple of hours, as punishment for being on the street after 9:00 A.M.

Burns and Hanny were fired on tonite, while walking thru town. Burns wasn't armed so all they could do was take cover in a ditch. After a few terrifying minutes the men went on and Burns and Hanny continued on their way - somewhat shaken by their narrow escape.

May 3rd -

Learned from Baughman that the German forces in both Italy and Austria have unconditionally surrendered and Berlin has been taken over (sniper fire still gces on) by the Allies.

Baughman's wife wrote that Randenbush hasn't received a discharge yet.

The last couple of days we have had a good bit of trouble with the Russians. A bunch of Russian civilians have been roaming thru the vicinity robbing and scaring the Germans. This morning the fellows found ten of 'em with sacks full of confiscated food and goods. They were armed so the fellows took their weapons and sent the bums on their way.

It's the custom here to leave your shoes outside the door so as not to dirty up the floors.

We sure laughed at the Burgomeister's wife's impression of two of the boys - she thought Barney was our Chaplain (that's not so bad), but she thought Hanny was a Jew.

Happy Birthday, Dad.

Tonite the Burgomeister's daughter baked us a delicious cake. Tasted like a chocolate tort. She's a darn nice gal and gets along pretty well with the English even tho' she only had a little of it in school.

May 4th -

This afternoon Singletary was experimenting with some hand grenades in the line of fishing. He took himself off to a lake outside of town. The explosion wasn't very loud but the grenades sprayed water all over creation. Soon Terry had a big audience of spell-bound civilians.

The latest issue of "Muzzle Blast", 91st weekly was the best put out so far. This poem is in it:

The Mortar Song

We own the weapon that nobody loves,
They say our gun's a disgrace.
We come up two hundred and two hundred more,
It lands in the very same place.
There's many a gunner who is blowing his top
Observers are all going mad
But our devotion has lasted
For the two point two little bastard
Is the best gun the world ever had!

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
Shells heavy and light, big and small
Check all our charges and drop the shell in
Where it lands we don't give a damn
It'll be over or under
If it's on it's a wonder
That's the life of a poor Mortar man.

We have been on the line continuously for 117 days. In that time the Bn. traveled approximately 350 miles and it fired 68,671 rounds of ammo. in support of 10 divisions. We received a swell commendation from Major Gen. LeRoy Irwin of the 5th Div. The Bn. was with that Div. for three months and they especially congratulated us on the screening of the Sauer crossing.

This eve Manning, Smokey and I went to a nearby town where a Polish girl and her three children were having trouble with the landlord and his wife. It seems the girl was married to a German soldier and was living in this man's house. He didn't want to give her adequate food or lodging. We turned the case over to the Burgomeister. He has a lot of them. These Germans do not like the Polish refugees and the Poles don't want to go back home now that their country is under Russian rule. What's to be done? That's a good one for Mr. Anthony.

May 5th -

This eve we had the village priest over for supper - just a young fellow who has been a priest for five years and belongs to a secular order and studied in Regensburg.

After dinner we met a woman over at the Burgomeister's house. She's traveling thru here to the South. She claimed to be 28 years old and altho she was an artificial blond, she was most attractive. However, in spite of make-up and a Leopard coat, she looked past 28. She was a linguist of no mean ability and had traveled extensively. She claimed the American soldiers were good to her but not the Russian soldier. This woman had been in Berlin during the bombing and she said it was horrible. We asked her about marriage in the Reich and she said it wasn't necessary - the paramount issue was children. A pregnant woman, so she

said, was treated royally until after the child's birth, when the State took over the child and the mother was forgotten. She also talked of the beauty of Paris, Prague and Vienna and the wonderful music. Her claim was that Berlin was dead compared to Paris. The women of Berlin are quite plain compared to the Parisians, she thought. According to her, opportunities in Berlin were few. She said the German women had three things to live for - home, church and children. But under the Reich just children and home. Her hatred of the Russians was acute, claiming she would take poison before submitting to them. She claims the Russians have no love for us. I think the Germans are just as bad as the Russians. The Germans need a strong leader. Their living standards are so low and everything is very hard for the majority of Germans. These conditions can't be remedied by war - these Germans have to learn to cooperate, share among themselves and love their neighbors. Why, the Burgomeister here was hostile to this woman because she was from the north of Germany.

May 6th -

Happy Birthday to Tubby, who is 28 years old today. The Burgomeister's daughter baked him a delicious cake.

We talked to Mati Hara, the blond from Berlin, again today. Her name is Marianne Schultz and her birthplace is in the Crimea region. Staff talked to her for hours, trying to get something on her and for his personal interest. She worked for Goebbels's propaganda bureau in Berlin. Gee! She is certainly familiar with all the political angles here in Europe.

One of Marianne's four male comrades can play the accordion well, and this evening he gave out with all sorts of German songs as we danced with the Burgomeister's daughter and her cousin. The men would sing the songs and soon they too were dancing with the girls - even the Polish servants. One of the men did a regular Russian jig - jumped all around the floor clappin' his hands and clicking his heels like a Baboon.

A little after noon the rumor came around that Peace had been declared, but we didn't believe it till Staff got back from Bn. where he verified the news.

May 7th -

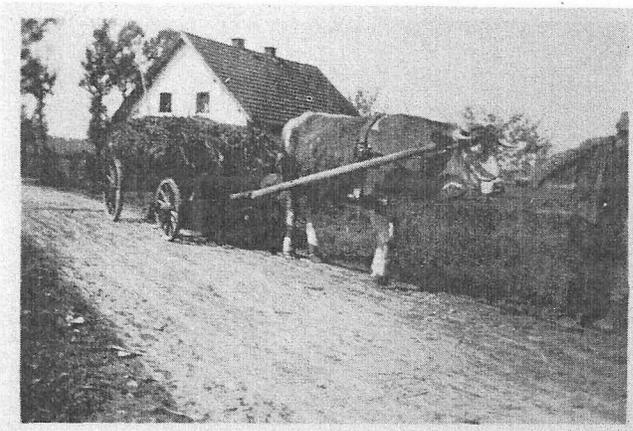
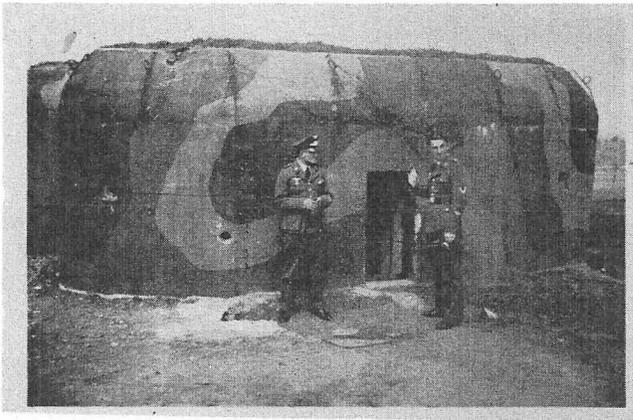
This afternoon Staff, Wildberger, Tubby and I took 2 P.W.'s down to Regensburg. There we saw the famous Danube, which was green, not blue (at least that's the way we looked at it).

We were told at the PW cage that all soldiers in civilian clothes and not possessing soldier passes, must have a warrant made out about them before they'll be accepted at the PW centers. They also informed us that any Allied soldier has the authority to make out such a warrant or let the soldier go - according to his own judgment. This is a crazy set up. Why - any soldier can discard his Soldat Book, get into civilian clothes and fetch a Wehr Book. They are just as dangerous as those in uniforms for many of 'em have access to hidden weapons. Tubby was burned up at the plan - after spending five years in a German PW Camp, he thought it was a H--- of a set up to let these Heinies by so easily.

Passing thru Miltenan, where the Co. is located, on the way back to Zell, we learned that Capt. Groves and several other officers have a pass to London for 9 days. They'll leave by plane today.

Unconditional surrender having been announced by the German radio today, V-E Day will be declared tomorrow morning at 1:00 o'clock.

The Conquered People



May 8th -

V-E was declared this morning !!! Yahoo! Viva-la-Allies!

At Falkenstein we met Lt. Owings' section; Harry, the hook, must have hated the departure since he was gettin' along quite Well with the Polish chambermaid, Maria.

The house we're stayin' in has a tub and running water - and don't think we hesitated to take advantage of these facilities. However, I learned from Staff that we'll be moving on tomorrow.

Ol' Pop Gant sure has the system. He's got a Heinie PW to do his work in the kitchen - with Pop's supervisin'.

May 9th -

Nideraltaich, a pretty village just beyond Doggendorf, is our present stopping place. On the way down we saw four deer. After a great deal of firing, Burns finally downed one, and Laquere removed its guts immediately so that it wouldn't spoil.

We have a swell house here in Nideraltaich which borders the "Danube". The first floor is a school. We live on the second floor, furnished with two bathrooms, a tub with running water, two radios and electricity - besides all that we each have a bed. Couldn't ask for more.

While at Plt. today I learned that the Luftwaffe had bombed Prague, which was declared an open city by its inhabitants, who revolted and overthrew the Nazi stronghold in the city. This is the first display in a long time of the Luftwaffe, which was believed to be kaput. It caught the Allies off guard. Throughout the day we have seen fighter planes flying in the direction of Prague.

The regulations in regard to curfew and blackout have been made more lenient. The civilians may now be out from 7:00 A.M. 'til 8:00 P.M. and the house light need not be "blackout".

We heard over the radio the celebration of Victory over the Germans from London, Moscow, Holland, Denmark, Norway, So. Africa and Canada. Also heard that Goering is a prisoner of the 7th Army. The S.S. were going to execute him for saying that he was going to take Hitler's place, but the Luftwaffe saved him. Kesselring is also a prisoner and Quisling, the traitor of Norway, turned himself in.

May 10th -

Since this is Ascension Thursday, we began the day by going to Mass. The Church in this village is one of the most beautiful ones I have ever seen. The main altar is surrounded with golden statues, decorations, candles and a huge oil painting which reaches to the ceiling. The sides of the Church are lined with small altars, and each one has the corpse of a martyr robed in oriental jeweled clothes, lying in a glass casket right above the altar. The ceiling is covered with gorgeous paintings. We Were very much impressed by the sight.

This afternoon Driskill and I went boating in the Danube. The current was so swift we had one h--- of a time getting back to the starting point. Later on Smuckey and I went swimming in the river. It was ice cold, but wasn't bad once we got used to it. When we got thru we felt pretty weak but refreshed.

This is a pretty little village. The winding road which passes thru the village down to the banks of the Danube is lined with big, overhanging trees. Apple blossoms, lilacs, tulips, locust blossoms, and other colorful plants are seen everywhere. A mother duck and her six toddling youngsters may be seen wabbling down the dusty road making noises at everyone passing by. You see teen-age girls walking arm-in-arm, going nowhere, just strolling along. Several of them were on the banks of the Danube, some reading; others fussing over their babies.

While down on the Danube, several P-51's flew low over our heads. We had heard over the radio that these planes are patrolling the Area between the Yanks and the Russians in Czechoslovakia. The trouble in Prague has ceased, but there is still a large number of uncaptured Heinies in the vicinity.

Tonite we ate some of the deer that was shot on the way down here. 'Twas very good.

While in Bruck, Vic Sarjeant and Griff discovered a house where a group of P.W.'s were harbored. The owner of the house claims he's innocent. The man may be given a General Court Martial in Paris. Sarj. and Griff sure hope so 'cuz they'll be first hand witnesses and will be able to "do" Paris at the same time.

Lu Barcalow has had to be evacuated because of a finger which has become seriously infected.

May 11th -

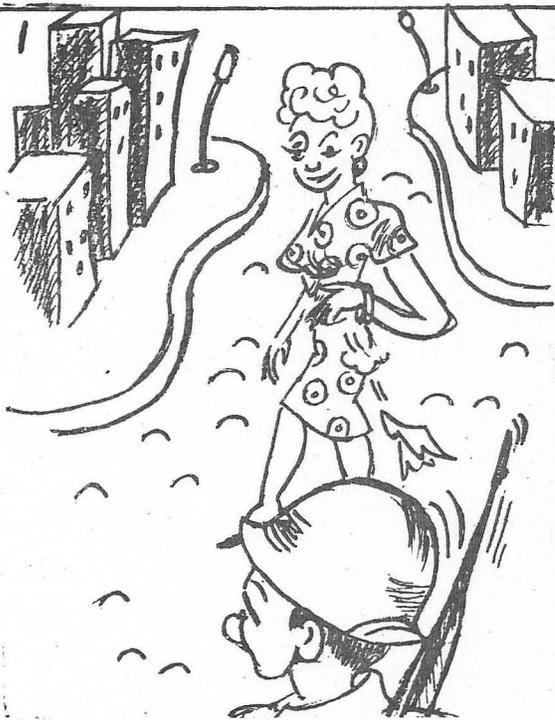
We met up with a good one today. There's a little village by the name of Serback, which is halfway, 6 km., between Doggendorf and Hengersberg. Now the civilians can travel only 3 km. from their homes, and the Burgomeister of Serback is having a great deal of trouble figuring out how the people will get their milk, wheat, butter and meat from the nearby towns. The MG unit at Doggendorf permits the civilians there to travel 6 km. from the town, so that some of them are visiting friends in Seebach, whereas the latter couldn't go the same distance to get food. Such is a typical problem of which we present many to Staff daily.

This morning a young woman came in to see Staff about going back to Berlin, her home. Well, that was out for the present, but the conversation became quite chummy and she insisted on bringing a language book over here and teaching Staff some Douth. She asked him for his name, and he replied, "Smuckie - Joe Smuckie." This afternoon, around 1:00 P.M. the woman returned and asked for "Smuckie". Naturally, he heeded her call; then he learned of the trap he had fallen into. Seems that he and Staff had it out verbally upon the young woman's exit.

May 12th -

Now that the war is over the roads are crowded with Heinies making their way back to their homes. Some are riding bikes, some on foot, and some fortunate in having obtained Heinie trucks and ambulances. One also sees lots of civilians on the move with their wagons loaded with goods and the kids riding on top of it all. Believe many of them are leaving Russian occupied territory. It's a good thing they weren't allowed on the roads during the war for they certainly hold up traffic. Don't seem to be able to get it into their heads that they must stay on the right side of the road.

Lt. Close brought some good news today. Toward the first of next week the entire Bn. is moving to Regensburg. There we'll probably be doing some type of guard work. In the meantime, we'll attend classes of the educational system in the city. All sorts of courses are offered, and there are on the job training courses for those who want actual experiences in various fields. Besides these,



these, one may take what courses he may choose by mail thru the U.S.A.F.I.

May 13th -

This morning after completing "the run" we took a drive of several miles along the edge of the Danube. You're apt to see anything along there in the shade of those big weeping willows. At one spot we saw a woman sunning. She wore only a brassiere and skirt, and her two little girls were running thru the weeds without a stitch on, wearing communion wreaths on top of their heads. We saw a lot of weary travelers resting on their packs in the shade next to the water. Down where the ferry docks there was an artist sitting in a row boat doing a charcoal sketch of the scenery. There's a small steam boat docked there, and the men and women who live in it were eating on a table out on the deck under a canvas canopy. Their meal consisted mostly of fish, which is plentiful around here. Their table was decorated with a bouquet of wild flowers. The girl wore a blue print dress over her bathing suit - you'd think it were a negligee instead of a dress the way she'd fling it around. Ugh!!!!

Wildberger, Laquere and I went into Bn. and saw the movie, "Christmas in Connecticut." It had a good cast of Barbara Stanwyck, Dennis Morgan, Charles Greenstreet and Reginald Gardner, but the plot dragged a good deal.

May 14th -

This afternoon we left for Wenzler where the platoon is located. Hiott told me about the two Heinie planes Lt. Locke's section burned in celebration of V-E Day. The two planes came zooming over the roof of the house and one landed. The other flew down and then dove down over the house again, barely clearing the chimney. One of the fellows opened up on him with Carbine fire, but the pilot landed on his own accord. The pilots put up no resistance. When the fellas approached them, the Heinies claimed they had flown several of our planes. The fellows burned the planes as a means of celebrating V-E Day.

An English lieutenant's body was found in the swamp nearby the house where the Plt. is staying. "Doc" Baughman was the one to discover him and claimed that the body must have been dead for at least 10 days. The Lt.'s "45", which Baughman took over, was in perfect condition.

May 15th -

Learned from The Stars and Stripes that Himmler has been captured.

Tubby left us today. We took him as far as Deggenndorf. From there he's going to Regensburg, where he hope to get a plane ride to dear old England. Hiott, Kraus, Panucci, Hiethaus, Hook and I went swimming this afternoon. The water was swell.

Well, the latest dope has it that we're in for a month's bivouac near Regensberg, then a 700 mile road march to the coast of France and from there to a theatre (?????????). It all sounds too damn mysterious. We still don't know if we'll get a furlough before heading for the C.B.I. Lt. Goodwin said it will probably be one of those "bein' at the right place at the right time" as to whether we'll get home first or not.

May 16th -

I've really lived up to my nickname today. I slept all afternoon, and this evening Smoky and I went out "wolfin", so I didn't get around to gettin' any news. However, I saw Sgt. Stevens, and he said it looks like we'll be moving

into Heinie barracks instead of the field, which is some consolation. He also said that Bn. seems to think we're due for the C.B.I. without furloughs in the States. Boy! That will be the last straw.

Sgt. Kientzy's musset back is missing. We've searched everywhere for it and have come to the conclusion that it has been stolen. So, Staff notified the Burgomeister to have his policemen make a house-to-house search. It's a big loss to Staff since he had a good many valuables and souvenirs in the bag, besides his cleaning equipment, toilet articles, clothes, etc. I wouldn't doubt that we'll find it in the possession of one of these kids around here. Gosh! there's really a mob of 'em and they're always hanging around the jeeps and trailers.

May 17th -

The neighborhood kids become quite bothersome at times. Laquere has found a good method of solving this problem. Whenever the kids start congregating around the front of the house, he runs inside, grabs his Carbine and fires a couple of rounds in the air. This scares them away, and how!!!!!!!

We are now allowed to mention our location in our letters and tell the folks that we're doing MG work.

Laquere, Smoky, Driskill and Hanny rode all the way back to Bruck to get some good beer. On the way back they stopped in Zell and saw the Burgomeister, his daughter and the other folks we had known there. However, it turned out to be a hectic ride. Hanny lost his wallet, which contained a good deal of money, and they had two flats on the way back.

Montagne made a good trade with an Infantry Joe today. He swapped a Heinie wrist watch he had picked up for a 45 cal. Pistol.

Everyone's adding up their points to see if they have enough to get a discharge. You need 85 pts. Most of us have just around 40, although Terry is darn near the 85 pt. mark. You get 1 pt. for each month in the service; 1 pt. for each month overseas; 5 pts. for each battle star won, and 12 pts. for each child (3 is the limit). All pts. are good up to V-E Day.

May 18th -

This morning we cleaned the mortars, painted them and turned them into Miner. Guess we won't see them again until the C.B.I.

Heard from Sgt. Adams that the bivouac which was to take place has been canceled, and the latest rumor has it that we'll live in billets in Regensberg.

Saw Lt. Ledderer at Plt. this afternoon. Up 'til today he was working for the MG under the 12th Corp at Regensberg.

Lt. Owen's section is really on the ball. They had the Frau, whose house they live in, make them blackberry and cherry tarts. The cherries were raised here, and the blackberry jam from the 10-in-1's. They tasted darn good.

Hook and I took a walk up to the ruins on top of the knoll overlooking the village. We met Martin and Asofski escorting a couple of the village Frauleins along the way. Ah-ha---What a life!!!!!!!

Schroeder has 64 pts. and a 100 when counting his three children. However, there has been some mix-up since the Co. has no record of his having three

children. Schroeder has gone into Co. to straighten things up, and I guess he'll be out of the Army in a few months. The lucky bum!

May 19th -

This morning we had an inspection on Webb and T.O. equip. so as to check for shortages. Hiott had only his pistol belt to show. How come you hung on to that, Bill?

Lt. Michaud returned today. He has been away at Radio School in Frankfurt A.M. - also visited parts of Belgium. 'Twas good to see him back.

This afternoon we sent into Company for dental inspection. Picked up another rumor there - this one has it that we'll be out in the field soon. Saw "Papa" Hungerford, who will return to the platoon some time next week.

May 20th -

It rained most of the day so we remained inside. Shot the bull with the "prima" Fraulien who lives here. Her name is Doris - quite a shrewd character - had to be with all of us around.

Chaney and Bingham celebrated their birthdays with a cake made by a woman here in Winzer.

Barcalow returned to the Platoon today.

We had supper up at the Plt. 'Twas a swell meal - chicken, peas, potatoes, cake and cocoa. Believe that we'll be eating all of our meals there from now on.

Tonite we went into Co. to see a movie. The sound, film, and everything else worked really good. The picture, "My Dog, Wolf", was a good dog story, and besides that they had a newsreel and several shorts. One of the short subjects was about Texas. They showed the main streets of the large towns, and the roof of the auditorium was nearly blown off with yells when they showed the Capitol St. of dear ole Austin. Someone must have gagged Hamilton and Lt. Owens to keep 'em from bursting out with the Aggie Song.

May 21st -

Quite an uneventful day. Doris told our fortunes with a device she made (consisted of a key bound in a prayer book, and you'd balance the key on your fore finger while she balanced it from the opposite side. Everytime the book revolved meant a specified time according to your fortune). She foretold that Burns wouldn't go to the C.B.I.--or the States. I was quite pleased with my future. I'm to remain here five more weeks and shan't see the C.B.I. Ha! Tell that to the Marines.

We've been divided into the old set up of three platoons again, and this evening we all had to move about so that we ended up in the house with our respective platoons. Now the men from the platoon are all mixed up in other platoons, and there's not a squad left with all its original men.

Tomorrow we start Basic Training again. This life was just too good to last. Will have calisthenics the first thing in the morning. Oh, my aching back!!!!!!!

May 22nd -

The ole "Basic" is in full swing again. This morning we fell out at 6:30 A.M. for reveille. After breakfast we had a half hour for personal hygiene and classes on military courtesy and discipline, communications and the Articles of War. In the afternoon we had a class on the care and cleaning of small arm weapons and were then assigned our jeeps per squad.

It rained a good deal the past few days but the villagers don't seem to mind it. You see them walking around barefooted without raincoats or umbrellas.

Now that the Allies are controlling the radio in Germany, you sure get good programs.

Bruggie just "busted" in the room. "Where's the beer, I smell beer", he says. "That's not beer, it's hair oil," replies Pop Gant. We found a small bottle of it in the house and within a few minutes we had our mops saturated. Amerikain soldatan haben nix haar oel in Deutschland.

Bill Fiscus sent me the first copies of the pictures he developed of the Squad pictures. Gee! They are grand! Good work, Bill! If this book turns out any good, we'll be mighty indebted to you.

Franklin returned to us this evening. Mighty good to see his ole mug around again.

May 23rd -

Calisthenics and more classes this morning. In the afternoon we had gas mask drill and athletics, which consisted of socker, horse shoes and soft ball.

The natives of Winzer have finished reconstruction of the bridge on the west entrance to the village. Don't know who kaputtet it but it was really done for. It was rebuilt with logs from the surrounding forest and they did a good job considering their meager building equipment.

We had quite a soft ball game. We used an ax handle as a bat and a small size soft ball. Pop Gant and Jacoby were captains. Pop's team won by a long range Staff was pitcher and Lt. Ledderer 1st baseman for Jacoby's team. At times Staff would get pretty wild and Charlie would trot over to him, pat him on the back and give him a pep talk and trot back to his base. These episodes were comical, so "big tije."

Churchill has resigned as Prime Minister of England. In early July the Limmies will have their first election in ten years.

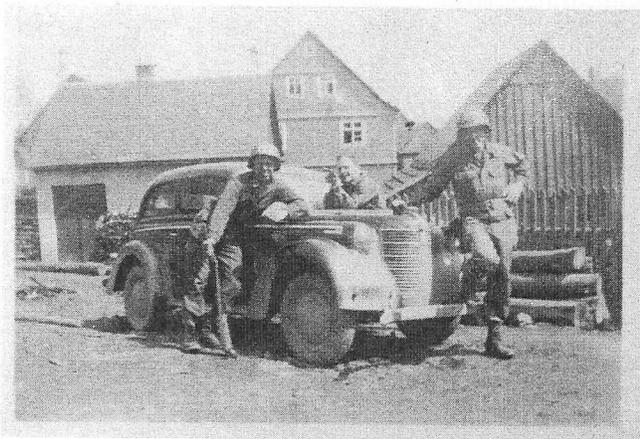
We are due to get 3 battle stars for the Rhineland (Sept. 15, '44 - March 21, '45), Ardennes (Dec. 16, '44 - Jan. 25, '45), Central Europe (Mar. 22, '45 - May 7, '45) campaigns.

According to Stars and Stripes, censorship of enlisted men's mail by unit officers has been discontinued!

Drastic meat shortages back home, especially in the eastern States.

May 24th -

This afternoon several of us went to various schools. Bruggie, Hammie, Smokey and I went to I.M.G. school at Bn. Driskill, Crow, Laquere and Gusta went



Laquere, Burns and Singletary at Tschirn



Hungerford and Lentz at Coburg



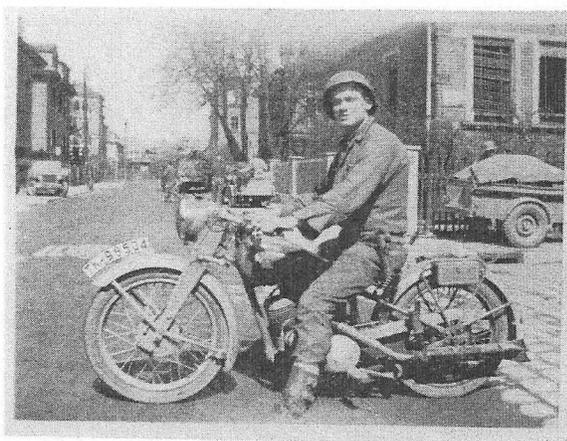
Panella, Kephart and Kraus at Falkenstein



"Tubby", Burns, Manning and Laquere on the Danube



Kraus and Bingham at Falkenstein



Manning at Neiderrod



Hep-two-three-four



Carlson, Gulczewski and Wildberger on MG route

to Radio School.

On the way to Bn. we found the roads crowded with wagons packed with refugees and their belongings. Evidently going back to their homelands.

At Bn. we saw a compulsory G.I. movie on the redeployment set-up, "Two Down and One To Go." 'Twas interesting and cleverly illustrated in technicolor.

Heard over the radio this eve that Himmler committed suicide while being held as a prisoner of the 7th Army.

What officer was throwin' himself into all sorts of contortions so as to give the impression of catching a pass - chasing geese all over the training field - and, all in all, acting very "un-G.I." (tut-tut) while his fellow officer took motion pictures of his strange performance????

May 25th -

We started the day with a five mile march. It took us one hour and thirty-five minutes to cover the five miles, including a ten minute break. No one fell out but many of us began to feel the burn of newly developed blisters on our feet.

The latest rumor has it that we are due to be in Rheims, France, on either the 6th or 11th of June and we'll be moving from Winzer either this coming Sunday or the first of next week - destination unknown..

According to Stars and Stripes, the Allies have compromised with Tito on the Trieste trouble and thus a new outbreak of war was prevented.

We are listening to Bob Hope now and I find it hard to concentrate on this entering. Ho! That was a good one! Hope was asked by Colonna, "When you saw Dottie Lamour in a sarong did you give it a second thot?" Hope replied, "No, I couldn't get rid of the first one."

The British humor, we find, is dry and sometimes extremely "corny". By we, I mean 41 out of the 42 fellows in our platoon. The exception? You guessed it - "Vic" (Muscles) Sarjeant.

May 26th -

This afternoon several of us had a darn cold swim - the water took your breath away and we were forced to swim as fast as possible to keep from freezing. Just down the way from us were two Heinies and a Fraulein. The Heinies were not very modest. We thought it one for the book when they stood stark naked before the Fraulein while dressing. Oh well! That's life in Deutchland! Several P-51's flew over as we sat on the bank of the stream. They flew so low we could almost read the pilot's dog tags from where we sat.

A 5th Div. G.I. entertained a bunch of the fellows this evening. They were assembled in the Platoon classroom and this G.I. gave out on the piano there. Man! He really did tickle those ivories!

Chaney's going to get a new set of teeth any day now. He will look somewhat different, but teeth can't change those big, brown whirling eyes, that ear-to-ear grin and Charlie Chaplin gait of his. What a character! A guy is really in the dumps if he doesn't get a laugh when he's in Chaney's company.

May 27th -

Being Sunday, we had the day off. The fellows entertained themselves by swimming, playin' soft ball, sleeping, etc.

This eve I visited Doris and her mother. We were looking thru a Life magazine when we came across a picture of Roosevelt. Doris' mother spoke up, "Jude?" (Jew). I gave a laugh and added "Gosh, No!" These Germans believe our government is run almost entirely by Jews.

Several English Wacs have moved into town. They wear the letters "U.N.R.R.A." (United Nations Relief Rehabilitation Administration) of their right shoulders.

Lt. Owings showed me a column from the Baltimore Sun which related to the exploits of Red Platoon when they were counter-attacked just this side of the Rhine. The only fellow from our platoon mentioned was Lu Barcalow.

Our work doesn't end when supper is finished. Oh no! We spend the evenings cleaning our carbines, washing our webb equipment, reading the Soldier's Handbook, etc. Surprising how busy we are. Fraternize? Va is dat? We're just plain, ordinary men, who haven't seen a good-lookin' gal since we left the States. No - we don't fraternize (it says here).

May 28th -

The Platoon is planning a Track Meet and a Play for the near future. Hanny is in charge of the Track Meet and Durkee is in charge of the Play, which is named "Sally, Irene and Grandma." It's to be given this coming Saturday eve.

'Twas "feel" hot so some of the fellows took a swim during calisthenics.

Several of us dropped in on Fiscus' workshop. He has a neat set-up in Hengersburg. He does all his photographic work in a glass-roofed shop which was originally used for this purpose. He develops all the Co.'s pictures, which is a big job. Hanny has helped out some.

Mickiewicz has a darn cute pup. It's real small, round as a butter ball and it's fluffy, brown-spotted hair reminds me of a powder puff. He's the center of much attention.

These calisthenics we have here each morning are reaching the torture stage. Boy! They were really rugged this morning - thanks to the sadistic outlook of Hanny and Lt. Owings, who had us aching from head to foot as they led the exercises.

May 29th -

Last nite my Fraulein and I
Went strolling neath the star-lit sky
When who should we meet
In the darkened street - but
 Lt. Owings.
Oh! my aching back !!!
Dig, dig, dig. Well, all right.

The day started off with a six mile hike which went along fairly easy for most of us.

Durkee, Bruggie, Tiny Kohn, Stinky, Daddy Hoffman, Tom Langnan and I rehearsed for the play Saturday night. Durkee ordered four wigs to be made for the female parts. We found an ideal sitting room setting in the school house where we'll give the play. The fellows with female roles are going to borrow the U.N.R.R.A. gals' skirts. I play an ole woman and will use a dress I found here in this house.

Bruggie is fixing up the lighting system, curtain and other essential details. So if we all get our parts down good the show should go off swell.

Martin got a good duckin' under the water pump by Toddy. Seems that Sesto had killed his fag on Toddy's fanny and the dunking was Bo's means of revenge.

Stangeland cut his face and several fingers this afternoon when he fell down the stairs with several bottles of wine in his arms.

Heard a lot of racket outside just now and there was ole Chaney cutting up with a Fraulein. He was fighting desperately for a kiss. Ha! Looks something like a jui jitsu exhibition.

May 30th -

This morning Staff gave a lecture on booby traps. He didn't have any references to draw his lecture from so he had to ad lib a good deal. This evening I dropped into his room to razz him about the lecture. He said he was dreaming. In his dream he was lying under the starlit sky and he read the letter W in the constellations - signifying WAR. Should have been D for DISCHARGE.

I received a small wooden puzzle in a package today. The idea is to pull the wooden pieces of the puzzle apart. I beg Pop Gant that he couldn't work it. Around midnight I found him sitting up in bed - his hair a mess - his eyes weary and haggard - his ash tray full of fag butts. Don't lose hope, Pop. Gee, you have plenty of time - Reveille isn't till 6:30 A.M.

May 31st -

These Germans go in for the Church holidays in a big way. Today is the feast of the Immaculate Conception and they have the front of their homes decorated with wreaths, tree branches pinned to the wall, yellow and white church flags.

Stangeland, Hamilton, Bruggie, Durkee, Panucci and Montagne got tetanus shots. During the I.M.G. school I'd hear Bruggie groaning now and then. They must have used that square pointed needle on you, Shrapnel.

June 1st -

During Lt. Close's Orientation Class we had an argument about our Allies taking too much credit for the victory in Europe. Vic Sarjeant got up and said, "If one buys a paper in N.Y. he reads that the Yankees are winning the war; according to the Canadian papers their boys are winning and in Texas it's always the Texans who took this or that city or island. This is quite true and we (except Lt. Owings) laughed when he mentioned Texas, for having trained in the state, we well remembered their great state patriotism. Lt. Owings doesn't like anyone to ridicule Texas, so he got up and added that it was only natural for each country or state to give their own boys most of the credit.

When we first entered Germany I found a picture of Shirley Temple in a Heinie home. So Staff prompted me to write and ask her to autograph it and send us a more recent one of herself. This I did and today she sent the original pic-

ture back autographed plus five recent ones. She's grown to be a pretty gal. Over here we'd say she's "Prima".

June 2nd -

The day began with an 8-mile march. We did it in 1 hour and 45 minutes.

Chaney was chasing the civilians into their homes with a flea extermi-
nator filled with water. 'Twas past 8:30 P.M. and they're supposed to be off the
streets then. If he saw any of 'em in the doorways or looking out the windows
he'd give 'em a squirt.

The fellows brought a keg of 14% beer back from Rickenback so we had a
big celebration. Guess we sang every song we could think of.

Durkee picked up the wigs he had ordered for the play. We have the
stage, setting and costumes, so if we get our lines across O.K. it should be good.

June 3rd -

The play "Sally, Irene and Grandma" was given this evening. The three
G.I.'s were played by Stangeland, Hoffman and me; the three Wacs by Langnan, Denis
and Metz; the Colonel by Durkee; the Wac Captain by Kohn and the two M.P.'s by
Crow and Brueggeman. The play was supposed to be a comedy and the audience was
real appreciative. We goofed up on several of the lines but it wasn't too notice-
able. In one part I was supposed to dump a glass of ice tea on Durkee's lap.
There were four glasses of tea in all - one particularly low for that purpose.
But I grabbed the wrong one and nearly scuttled the ol' Colonel.

June 4th -

Vanoer must be pretty sick - he has a temperature of 104. Don't know
just what's wrong with him.

This morning we had a physical exam - regular Army routine. If you had
four senses you passed.

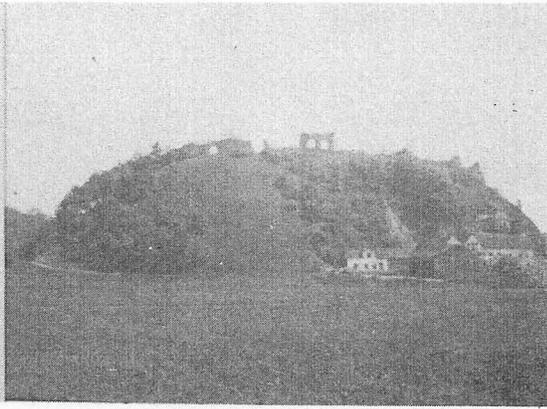
Jack Farnan's wife had her picture taken by a newsreel camera man when
she was visiting a grotto of Jack's home town church. Seems that it was some sort
of special occasion. They asked her to light a candle, place it in front of the
Blessed Virgin's statue and then kneel in prayer. This she did - having Jack in
mind as she prayed. Jack said he'd give any thing to see the newsreel - which you
can easily understand.

Panucci gave himself a hot foot when he stepped on a live butt down at
the swimming hole. Hot!! Wasn't it? Bein's there's a bad cigarette shortage,
I'm surprised someone hadn't snatched the butt from the ground before Panucci
stepped on it.

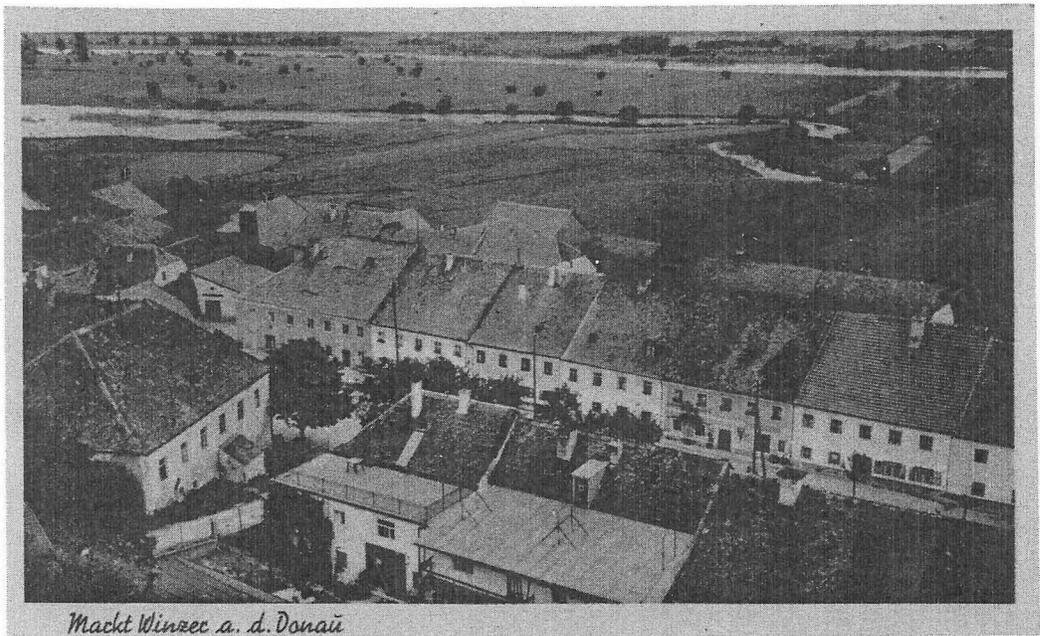
June 5th

Rumors are flying right and left but nobody really seems to know when
we'll leave Winzer. Staying here a longer time means less time spent in the
C.B.I. - that's one consolation. But most of us are fed up with Winzer. There's
so little in the line of entertainment and we're used to moving around more.

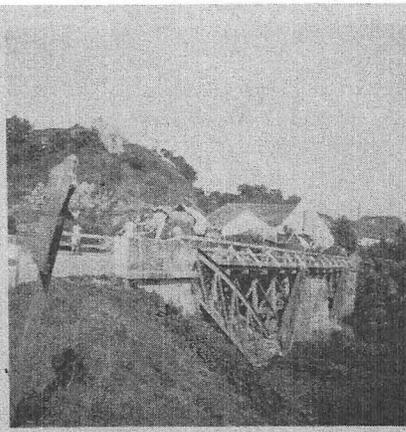
Montebourg is a changed place, according to the Stars and Stripes. The
ruins have been cleared from the streets and temporary, wooden business buildings
have been erected. Now one finds drugstores, barber shops, butcher shops, cafes
tobacco, jewelry, shoe and furniture stores there.



Winzer



Markt Winzer a. d. Donau



June 6th -

The first Anniversary of D-Day. 'Twas a holiday for all G.I.'s with E.T.O. so we didn't have any training.

Hook and I went horseback riding on two of the five horses the 5th Div. had captured from the Wehrmacht. Hanny went to Passau to buy athletic equipment for this coming Sunday's Track Meet. One of the other Companies had already bought most of the stores' athletic equipment.

Kraus and Barcalow drove to Tittling where they visited friends in A Company.

It costs \$330,000,000 for a single Super Fortress raid over Japan. That's including the cost of the planes.

June 7th -

Capt. Watson was promoted to a Major.

This afternoon the Quartermaster fitted us all for Eisenhower jackets.

In the evening several of us saw the movie "San Diego, I Love You" given by the 5th Div. The show wasn't so hot but Louise Allbritton, the femme lead, was.

Hey Stangeland! How come you didn't fall out for Reveille this morning?

Happy Birthday to Jim Hanny, who's 20 years old today.

June 8th -

Here's a rare one - before comin' to Winzer Lt. Locke's section was stationed near Rickenback. A few days back Jaschek heard from his brother and learned that he's stationed near Rickenback. So yesterday, Jaschek went over by jeep to see his brother. He was too late. His brother had just moved out but he did run into a fraulein who he used to see a lot of. Now here comes the strange part - his brother had been datin' this fraulein also. Thus he didn't get to see his brother but he heard lots about him from the girl.

This afternoon we had practice for Sunday's Track Meet. Hanny did the 100 yd. dash in 11.8; Franklin did it in 11.9. Franklin shot putted for a distance of 41'. Seems that Harry Cole of Co. Hdq. out shone everyone else when it came to both standing and running broad.jumping.

This eve aroun' 9:30 we received one whopper of a rumor. We're to be at the Normandy beach section by the 12th of this month. Tomorrow is the 9th, so we'll have to be leavin' soon.

June 9th -

This morning we packed up to leave tomorrow, but later found the trip was postponed -- so we're back where we started from. Personally, I'd just as soon stick around here for a while since that means all the longer time before we leave for the C.B.I.

Hungerford returned to the Plt. this morning. He had been with Battalion and then Company since around the first of May.

Gee! I was surprised to see Clay up at the Co. Hdq. when I went there

for dinner. He's been back with the 91st since the 7th of June. He said that he was operated on in Luxembourg. The operating room looked like a huge dance room and was filled with operating tables which were all occupied. As soon as one man was sewed up another patient would be put on the table and the doctors were running with sweat from such a continuous rush of work. They yanked out five pieces of shrapnel and ten pieces of zipper (from his money belt) from Clay's stomach. He said that Heimlich is now with the 82nd Cml. Bn. over here.

Joe and Willie, Bill Mauldin's famous Infantrymen, have finally shaven. Joe now looks a good deal like his creator who won the Pulitzer Price and the Legion of Merit for his cartoon "Up Front With Mauldin". The cartoon now goes by the name of "Sweatin' It Out."

June 10th -

Well, it looks like we're due to pull out of here the first of this week. Today is the last day we can write letters and we were given V-Mail Change of Address forms to fill out.

The last of the 5th Div. boys from Winzer moved out today. The 83rd Infantry Division has moved in to take their place. I have a sneakin' idea that we'll go back to the States with the 5th Div.

Barcalow's jeep and one from another outfit kissed front bumpers with a good deal of force this afternoon outside of Deggendorf. Nothin' but the bumpers were damaged by Lt. Owings, Driskill and Lou got a good scare out of the incident.

April 11th -

The orders have been changed again - we won't leave tomorrow...Wednesday instead. We're to leave at 8:30 A.M. on that day, assemble in Company and then start on our long march back. We have three days to get to our destination.

All the fellows with 85 pts. and over were transferred to the 83rd Inf. Div. They'll stay with that outfit till the shipping quota for discharged men is re-opened and then they'll start for home.

Red Heithaus served in the Italian Campaign so he had the chance to enter the Army of Occupation and get out of goin' to the C.B.I. However, Red decided to stick with the 91st. Guess the prospects of that 30 day furlough was too much to resist. We got our Eisenhower jackets this afternoon.

June 12th -

Today's history can be boiled down to a succession of formations. We were checked on our dog tags at each formation for without these one can't board the boat. Then the drivers and assistants and sqd. leaders had several motor calls to attend.

At 1:30 P.M. the Co. assembled and the Captain gave us the low down on the trip back. The C.S. will be flyin' high.

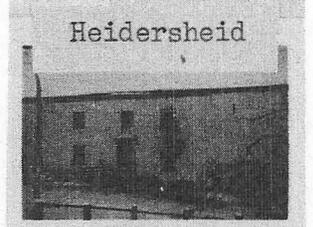
We celebrated our last nite in Winzer with a taste of some delicious wine.

I gathered negatives from several of the fellows and established a \$5 deposit for all buyers of the book. I'm gonna do my darndest to get it completed during the furlough.

Houses We've Lived In



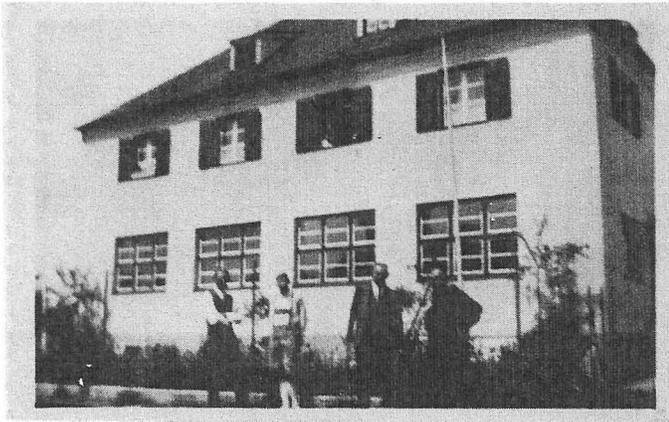
Leeheim



Heidersheid



Tschirm



Niederaltiech



Rohl



Alzey



Michelsmukirchn

THE ROAD BACK

June 13th -

At 7:30 A.M. we pulled out of Winzer for Hungersberg, where we met the rest of the Company and at 8:30 we were on our way for the Normandy Coast. The weather bein' chilly and rain fallin' off and on made the first days' travel pretty uncomfortable.

We were all impressed by the vast destruction of Nornberg. We saw the famous sports arena where Hitler used to witness vast displays of his armies. It's supposed to be the largest in the world.

Here's a hot one - Bradley left this morning to cook for the advanced party. The rumor claims that the party is flyin' to the States - Tillen is the instigator of this latest news.

At 5:00 P.M. we pulled into a wooded bivouac area just outside of Ans-back. The 86th and 97th Cml. Bns. are bivouaced here also. Stangeland, Montagne, and Panucci were formerly in the 86th so they were mighty glad to visit with some of their ol' pals.

Jacoby got a little groggy while driving down here and his jeep ran off the road. It hit a tree, and although the jeep was beaten up a good bit, no one was hurt.

June 14th -

We started off again this morning at the ungodly hour of 4:30 A.M. 'Twas chilly during the morning but the sun came out so that the rest of the day's ride wasn't uncomfortable (i.e. in regard to the weather). We all have aching a---- from sittin' on those hard jeep seats.

We found Heidleberg to be quite well intact. Several of the bridges running across the Rhine from the edge of the city were thoroughly kaputtet, however. Later on in the day we passed thru Mannheim. 'Twas here that Dietsche's parents resided while living in Germany. Crossing the Rhine at this city, we noticed that one of the Engineers' new bridges had been named for Ernie Pyle. This crossing was far different from our previous one of last March 23rd. There were no L.C.T. boats and no straffings by Nazi planes and no disappearances made by Joe Cole.

At 3:00 P.M. we arrived at Kauserlatern where we bivouaced for the night.

June 15th -

When we pulled out at 3:30 this morning, it seemed like we had no more than just pitched our tents.

There's quite a difference in the scenery of France and Germany. The German villages looked cleaner and more prosperous than the French. The German fields seemed to be worked on more than the French, who aren't near as conservative with their lands as their neighbors. However, the French gals are a credit to their country. Many of 'em use makeup and have these fancy high pompadours. As we passed thru the villages, the kids would rush out to the curb and give us the victory sign amid cries for chocolate.

Staff has wanted a French beret ever since we landed over here. Today Lou Barcalow got him one. How did you manage it, Lou?

We camped just outside of Saisons in a huge area with several other units, who, like us, are heading for a disembarkation center. They have a swell "mess" set up, with the Heinies doin' most of the work.

June 16th -

Our destination, Camp Lucky Strike - between Cany and Le Havre, was reached around 4:00 P.M. The camp is nothing more than a vast area smothered with par-ambial tents.

Bradley showed up soon after our arrival. The rumor about him flyin' to the states with the advanced party was not true, I betcha. However, they do expect to leave here in the near future.

Saw Vanoer this evening. Guess he's gettin' along better since he was up and on his feet a bit.

On the way down we saw lots of signs pertaining to tire conservation and mines. A good bit of this Normandy region is still not cleared of mines. One warning was a series of signs which read - "It's not a good joke to step on a mine, so watch your step, and live a long time." Can't recall any casualties the Battalion's had from land mines since Lt. Hart was injured last November in P-Area.

Look's like we'll be here at least another week - there's a lot of processing to be done.

June 17th -

We fell out for breakfast at 7:40. The chow line was so immense we didn't reach the food 'til 9:20. Lots of the fellows gave it up and returned to their tents where they ate K rations.

The drivers took the jeeps down to an Ord. Dump outside of Le Havre. There was every kind of vehicle imaginable down there - including civilian cars of all makes.

We haven't set our time back as yet. Thus it doesn't get dark 'til 10:30 P.M. - which should be 9:30 P.M. The nights are plenty chilly with the sea breezes very noticeable. However, it warms up durin' the day. This evening the fellows went to the movies or over to one of the Red Cross centers where they could read or play ping-pong.

June 18th -

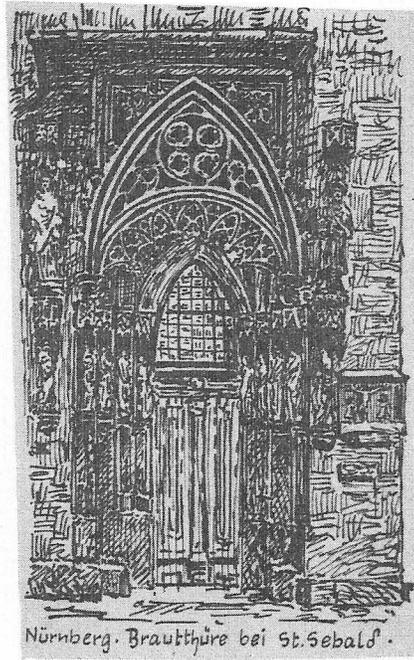
The Plt. got h--- this morning for not fallin' out for reveille. The trouble was that no one woke us. Holland was awake and he verifies this.

We were told to lay out our clothes for full field inspection, so we did this and the clothes stayed there on our cots 'til after supper, when they were finally inspected.

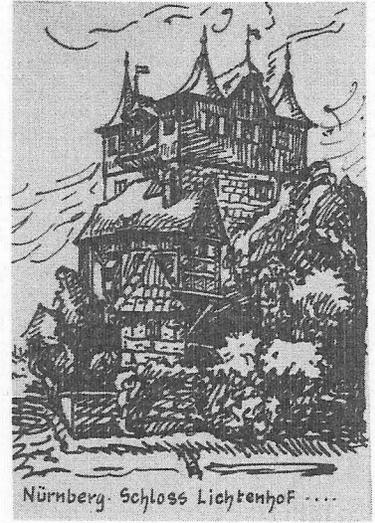
We're not allowed to take optical instruments, jewelry or household goods home, so lots of us spent the day trying to figure how we could hide all such stuff.



Schloss Kadolzburg



Nürnberg. Brauthüre bei St. Sebald.

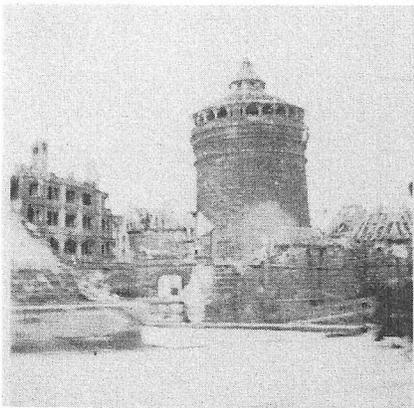


Nürnberg. Schloss Lichtenhof

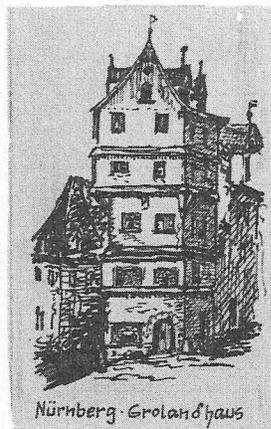
The
Road
Back



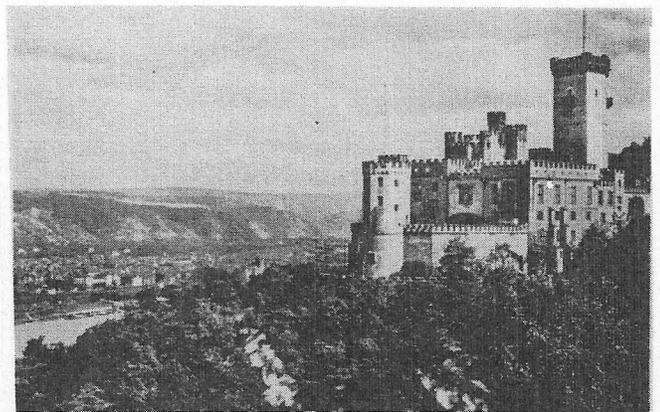
Regensburg



Nurnberg



Nürnberg. Grolandhaus



Heidelberg

June 19th -

Happy Birthday to Jessie Allen, who is 23 years ole today.

That fellow in Bn. Hdq. who was shot is paralyzed from the elbows down and from the hips down.

Driskill was sittin' on the edge of his cot when he spoke up, "Who smokes Camels?" Panella (guess he thot Driskill was going to offer him some) answered, "I do." "Well, come over here and police up these butts," said Driskill. Ho! Panella! You sure walked right into that one!

Today we signed the Pay Roll, got our immunization certificates and received the clothes we had ordered. Within the last few days we've turned in the mortars, jeeps, carbines, helmets and liners. Have had our duffle bags inspected. We only have our physical to go and then we'll be set for the boat. Sgt. Adams said several Lieutenants are in Le Havre now seeing about what ship we'll take. Hope they can get as good a one as the Wakefield.

This eve several of us saw "Murder, My Sweet!" Lord! It was hot in that tent theatre. Afterward the Red Cross furnished us a grapefruit juice drink and we listened to a couple Lts. give out with some strictly G.I. songs.

Several of the fellows saw a U.S.O. show which had the hot French gals doin' their stuff. One gal could really handle herself and there wasn't a G.I. in the audience who didn't want to help her.

(Tut! Tut! You'd better put a black marker on this page, Lt. Ledderer, if you're going to leave this on your living room table.)

June 20th -

Since we haven't our loot back as yet, the fellows have been using PX rations to gamble with. Manning won 2 cartons of Camels and 3 bars of Butterfingers. See where he'll be the popular guy on the boat going back. Someone goofed up our boat arrangements and it looks as tho' we'd be here at least 4 more days.

Starting tomorrow, passes will be given out for Paris. Eight fellows from each Company will leave at 6:00 A.M. and have to report back here at 12:00 P.M. Not much time but better than nothing. Since no one has money guess they will have to sell some loot to get some.

This eve several of us saw a softball game between the 97th and a Negro outfit. The colored boys won 7-3. You get a big kick out of watching those "jigga-boos" - they're always crackin' jokes, cuttin' up and grinning from ear to ear.

June 21st -

Heard a stinker this morning. Goes like this - the reason we haven't left as yet is that 3 C.W. Bns. are going to be chosen for direct shipment to C.B.I. and they are deciding which ones will go now. Burr!!! Who started that one?

We got mail for the first time in nine days today.

The latest edition of Time has a sketch of Bill Mauldin's "Willie" for its cover. Mauldin hits the G.I. outlook of Army life on the head.

Staff and Favorite had a wonderful time in gay Paree. Favorite can speak French fluently so it was easy for them to get around. While visiting the town's famous Art Center, Favorite met an ole school friend - the first fellow he's met in the E.T.O. from previous acquaintance. Staff said the streets weren't crowded until around 4:00 P.M. then the gorgeous women, with their elaborate hair-dos, fine clothes and skillful makeup came in view. They sold cigarettes for \$1 a pack; good cameras brot top prices - a Rolo Flex would sell for \$300. They visited several jewelry and perfume shops. It seems Chanel is only middle class perfume. Salesmen, outside of N.D. Cathedral, would try to sell you holy pictures. If you didn't care for these they would offer sexy ones. Staff said the city was filled with G.I.'s. The "big boys" were prominent. You were just as apt to see a Colonel as a buck Sargeant on the streets.

Vanoer and Hiott took the bus thru the city and were able to see the high spots with 2 hours for only 60 francs.

June 22nd -

Okinawa fell yesterday after 82 days of bitter fighting. The enemy suffered 90,000 casualties. On June 18th Lt. Gen. Buckner, CO of 10th Army, was killed on the island by a Jap shell bursting. Stillwell is to take his place.

B Co. played Bn. Hdq. four innings of soft ball and smeared 'em with a 13-2 score.

We don't have to bother much about policing up cigarette butts like we did in the states 'cause the P.W.'s come along every eve and do the job. This evening Manning and Franklin went with Kraus and Catrambone to a nearby village where they saw Bing Crosby in "Here Comes the Waves."

Sargeant, Clay, Howard and Burns went into Paris today and - like the others - had:

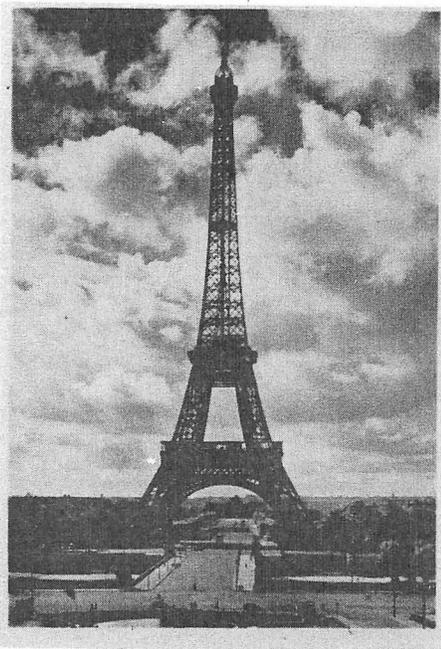
June 23rd -

The post office cancelled all money orders for the 91st. They claim this Battalion cashed more money orders in one day than the rest of the comp. did in one week. Guess they doubted the source of the money - thus shutting down on us. Well, you can't say the 91st lacks initiative. When the fellows got hold of these French francs, it looked like they'd be stuck 'til they found this money order opening - then they cashed in while the sun shone. Ha - good one on the ol' Army.

This morning B Co. beat D Co. of the 97th Cml. Bn. 28-12. Driskill yelled, hissed and hollered so much for the home team that you'd have thought he was from Brooklyn. Barcalow stood up at the base plate with that big grin on his face and a lit cig behind his ear. Ball one came and he missed; ball two came and he missed. Barcalow just kept grinnin' and didn't move an inch. The bases were loaded, causing the 91st players to be pretty much on edge. "Guess I'll have to hit this one," says Barcalow, with a grin, as the third ball heads his way. He swings - and it's a homer with a gain of 4 points.

Around 10:30 this eve. Tom Langan went around to the entrances of various tents and announced that ice cream was bein' served in the C.P. tent. Most of us saw thru his act, but Montagne grabbed his mess kit and went flyin'. Getting about 3/4 of the way there, he realized he'd been tricked, and turning around, retraced his steps sheepishly.

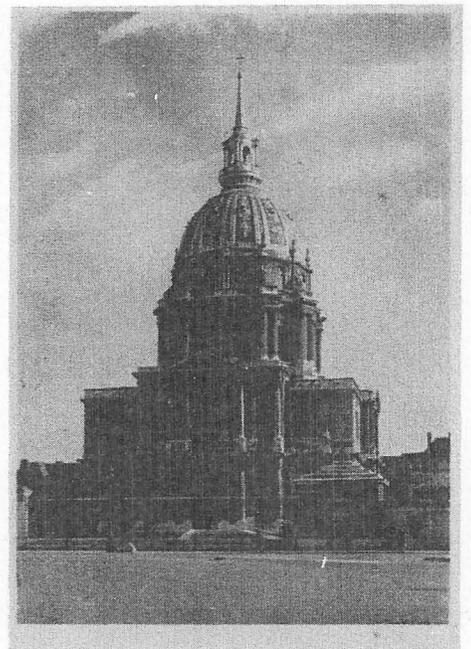
Stangeland, Hanny, Denis, Asofski and Kraus were the lucky ones to see Paris today.



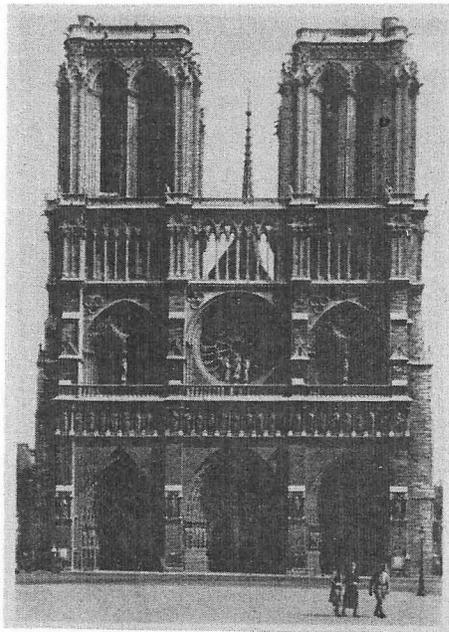
La Tour Eiffel

Gay

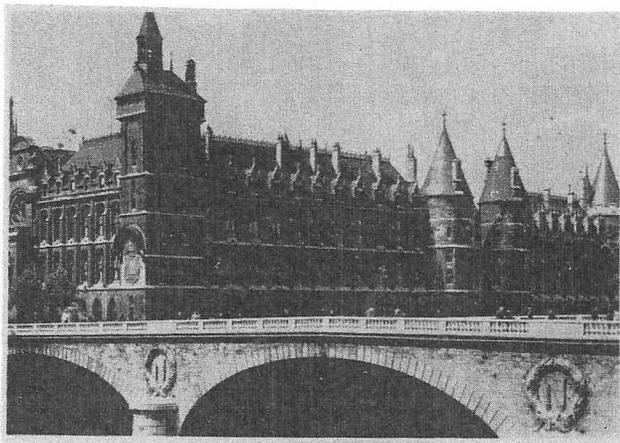
Paree



Le Dome des Invalides



Notre Dame



La Conciergerie



L'Arc de Triomphe

June 24th -

We had ice cream - and darn good! It was purchased with out Co. funds.

Looks like we'll be here 'til the end of the month. Today Panucci, Smuckie and Jacoby went into Paris. Lee and Heithaus were supposed to accompany them, but they weren't awake so some hdq. guys took their place. A dirty trick, I says. Anyway, they saw Jack Benny, Martha Tilden and Larry Adler broadcast - among other things. Upon reaching the microphone, the first thing Benny said was, "Gosh! He looks 20 years older than in the movies." This brought up a roar 'cause it's exactly what everyone was thinking. Then he began to tell of his sightseeing in Paris - "I saw the Notre Dame Cathedral, the Eiffel Tower, the Ard De Triumph, the beautiful mademoisells riding along the blvd. with their skirts about their hips. Yes - I saw everything." Next he began to complain about the steep cost of living in gay Paree. "I went on a spree yesterday and before the afternoon was over I had spent 5 francs without even realizing it. "

June 25th -

This set up at "C" block where we moved this morning is pretty sorry. The theater isn't running and we have to walk a hell of a way to wash up or take a shower.

This afternoon we saw an American U.S.O. show. Not as rare as the French show, but better as a whole, since the gals were better lookin' - that was one peach of an amber haired gal singin' those popular songs.

Franklin came in late tonite with some rumor about movin'. H-mmmm - I wonder.

June 26th -

All Paris passes have been cancelled. It seems that the same has happened with the other outfits here. Don't know just the reason. Guess they were jealous of the 91st's ability to enter the city poor and leave it rich.

Today Lt. Owings, Stinky, Staff, Kohn, Langan, Laquere, Hanny, Durkee, Holland, Barcalow, Franklin and I played volley ball.

Hook, Clay, Howard, Hungerford and Gulczewski were occupied with pinochle.

Gant, Hanny, Hungerford, Harvath and Panella played a steady game of Poker.

Bruggie, Vanoer, Laskbrook and Demers kept their noses glued to books, while Panucci, Montagne, Driskill and Denis were contented just sleeping.

June 27th -

This morning Walling and I went over to the gift shop in "D" block. We waited for two hours in the line that wrapped itself around the building. Everything but post cards came from Belgium or other places we haven't been. The jewelry was gaudy and expensive, but the salesman said they'd have Paris merchandise tomorrow.

The wind blew today as if this were Camp Maxey. The tent sides flapped and flipped 'til we thought she was gonna' take off. The weather sure is inconsistent. It has turned cooler and the fellows have dug their field jackets out again. Tomorrow's weather forecast - the sun will rise in the East and set in the West; will be light during the day and dark at night. All else is uncertain.

June 28th -

Altho' it's been chilly and rainy, the morale of the fellows ran high since our day of departure is in sight - the T.A.T. left this morning.

The weather has brought the finishing touches to Laquere's opinion of France. Altho' he is of French ancestry, he thinks France stinks. He thinks the apparent low moral standards of Paris overshadow any glory it may claim - the French villages seemed uncolorful and drab compared to those of Germany and now this weather. "Hell!, he said, "Whoever heard of chilly weather in the middle of the summer?"

June 29th -

We were issued the two battle stars for the battle of the Bulge, and the battle of the Rhineland.

Today I believe we got the rumor to end all rumors. We're to leave Sunday afternoon and the uniform for departure will be fatigues. Sounds like we're in for a detail aboard ship.

Tonite we got 2 weeks' PX rations, which may have to last 'til we hit the States.

You fellows remember the newsreel photographer who took pictures of us at Bedford while we fired the smoke screen across the Rhine? Well, Clay's father saw a newsreel about the 4.2 mortar and from his description, it was most probably that one of us. For further information about this newsreel, see Clay, who'll see his father, who'll see the theater manager, who'll see the newsreel corporation, who'll probably say the film's location is unknown.

Now and then in the evening, boxing matches have been staged at the U.S.O. stage in the rear of this area. No one in this platoon has offered his services in this sport as far as I know, but Lansing of the 3rd Plt. and a couple of other men of the Co. usually give a showing.

June 30th -

Lt. Owings was at Le Havre yesterday and he saw our ship come in. It's a small rusty ol' baby named the "Hawaiian Shipper". We'll probably be at sea at least 9 days since it'll only do 18 knot. Our Battalion will probably be the only passengers and we'll most likely get a turn at all the details. I feel sorry for the fellows who got sick on the Wakefield, which was smooth compared to a small ship like the Hawaiian Shipper.

I decided to try my luck at poker this afternoon. First time I had played since bein' in the Army, and about the third time in my life. I joined in with Brueggeman, Panucci, Permenter, Walling, Crow, Jacoby and Bowman - a bunch of sharks. I felt pretty lost sittin' there; it took me a couple of plays to distinguish between a flush, straight, full house, etc. In fact, I'd play by colors most of the time - if I had a hand full of black suited cards, I thought that was good. Bet you think I got my a--- licked. You're wrong. Driskill coached me along and soon my one dollar grew to \$3.60. Then Norwood left and Mitchell replaced him. My luck dropped and when the game ended was a mere 60¢ to the good. Hard way to make just 60¢, but it was fun. Later Gant, Hanny, Manning and I saw "Rhapsody in Blue."

July 1st -

I get a big kick out of watching these poker fiends who stay till the wee hours of the morning playing by the light of a lantern. There are several characteristics by which you can tell these ol' timers. They are never eager about pickin' up their cards. No, they nonchalantly pick them up - shuffle 'em in their hands for a few seconds and then "squeeze out" each card. Then they bet differently from a novice. They flip the greenbacks around as if they were Rockefeller, Jr. I juggle my money; pinch the coins till the quarters' eagles' wings are featherless. But the ol' timers are good losers - no long faces, hysterics, threats. They lose as if it was just another daily occurrence, like going to the latrine.

At 12:00 P.M. we piled into trucks and headed for Le Havre. Like on the Wakefield, we ended up in the hold of the ship.

Mickiewicz (at last I've spelled your name right Mick) got the pup he picked up in Winzer on the ship O.K. Sure is a cute one.

Happy Birthday to Keesler, who's 22 today.

o-o-0-o-o

We pulled out of the harbor at 1:00 P.M. on July 2nd. A negro band was playing "Aloha" at the time (I would have preferred a song with a less Pacific Island touch). We passed a big liner loaded down with the 104th Div. fellows.

July 4th was celebrated with K.P.

Several of the fellows celebrated their birthdays while on the trip. Boyd was 20 on the 5th; Lashbrook was 24 on the 6th; Kientzy was 31 on the 8th; Griffith was 24 on the 9th, and Hungerford was 29 on the 10th of July.

'Twas quite a sight to see the schools of porpoises flipping in the air - 3 and 4 feet high.

Marriage is a big topic of conversation. I gather that one's furlough isn't complete unless he's married. Several times, while talking about the furlough, I've been asked "Are you gonna' get married?" I have to laugh at the casual tone the inquirer uses - just as if he were asking, "Are you gonna' have h. cakes for breakfast?"

At 7:00 A.M. on July 10th we sighted the dear ol' home land.

As we sailed into sight of the Statue of Liberty, a Red Cross sponsored ship came out to welcome us. A band aboard played The Victory Polka - Sidewalks of New York, and other tunes. The gals aboard the ship yelled, sang, waved, clapped their hands, threw kisses and made such a fuss that one G.I. said he bet they were all members of the Lonely Hearts Club.

We traveled up the Hudson and at 3:15 P.M. we disembarked for Camp Shanks.

I had planned to end the book here, but I want to tell about the first meal we got at Shanks. We had grilled steaks, french fries, beans, corn, lettuce salad, apple pie ala mode, water melon and milk. Maybe this Army has a heart, after all.

I hope you fellows all have one h--- of a swell furlough. See you in 30 days.

o-o-0-o-o

P.S. Gee, fellows, I'm sorry about the way some of your names have been butchered up. It was all done thru ignorance - not intentionally. I had to rush like h--- to get the book done so you'd have it before leaving your homes. If I had had more time, I could have done a more correct job of it.