SERENADE



HQ. BTRY.
DIV. ARTY.

SERENADE

THE STORY OF HEADQUARTERS BATTERY, 83 RD DIVISION ARTILLERY, FROM THE BRIDGE AT CARENTAN TO THE BRIDGE OVER THE ELBE

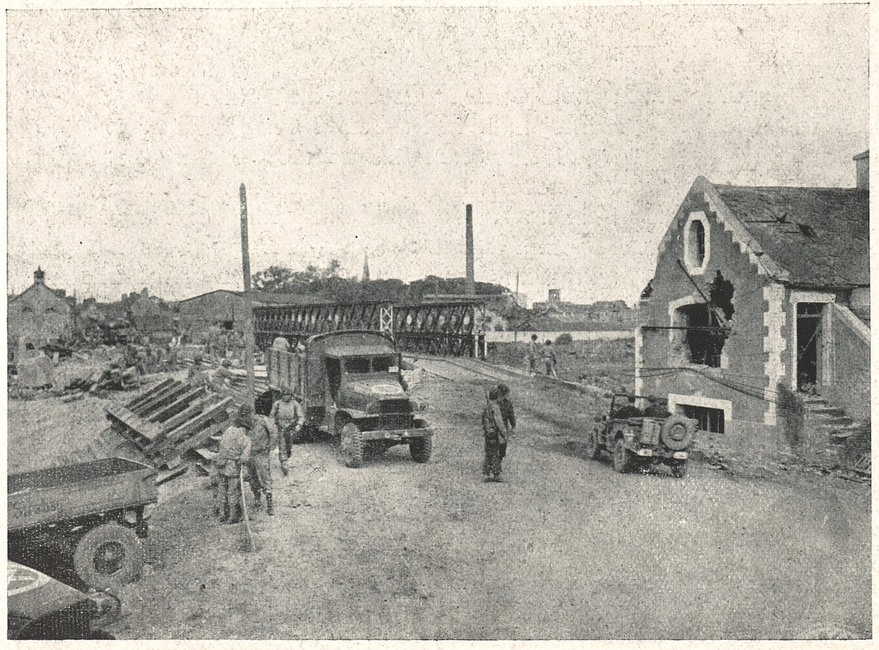
"Serenade was selected as the title for this booklet, because for a serenade to be fired by our battalions it was necessary to have every section of the Battery working together.



FOREWORD

Have you slept in a foxhole along the canal at Carentan, or shuttled across Purple Heart Crossroads, or smelt dead cows at Sainteny, or hunted snipers in the hedge rows, or lived in a resort hotel at Dinard, or seen the Citadel or Cezembre, or strolled with a gal at Chateaubriant, or carried blankets out of the cave at Tours, or waded mud in Gressenich or slept in a cellar there, or eaten ice cream and pastry in Luxembourg, or lived in a monastery, or shivered in the Ardennes, or sweated it out at Calbe, or yelled with victory at Schoningen? If you have, this book is dedicated to you.

James E. Rohrbaugh



From the bridge at Carentan . . .



. . . to the bridge over the Elbe.

THUNDERBOLT CAVALCADE

"Achtung, Mein Camarades" of the Clan Thunderblot,
You boys who gave Fritz his last final jolt.
It was June the 18th in One-nine-fourfour
When LST Seven clanged open its doors;
There was laughing and singing and all kinds of stuff
And it sure kept us going as the weather turned rough.
Friend Jerry came over and night after night
With aerial bombs did pound left and right.
It was nerve-wracking as hell and it sure made us sore
As we stormed up the beaches on Omaha shore

Herr Fritz had his pants down and his hide we did tan
As the Fourth we did jump-off from old Carentan,
And we sure kept on going right smack through St. Lo.
Both bombed 'em and strafed 'em; the rest you well know.
The hell on the earth matched the hell in the skies,
As we boxed-up the Wehrmacht in the Gap at Falaise.
Then came the siege of the Isle of Cezembre;
The Reich took a beating they long will remember.
Von Aulock gave up and made his "Swan" bow
And this was the end of Operations Malo.

Now summer had come; we'd enough of near misses
So we traded K-rations for eggs, wine and kisses.
We lived in chateaux and put on plenty airs
And none can forget both Vendome and Angers.
Each man had a Mam'selle in old Brittany
And for all those who didn't, there was "Club 63"
Sweet summer was flying and so were the Huns
Till they "holed-up" in Siegfried behind their big guns.
We stayed long enough to take Fritz in Beaugency
Twenty-thousand "kaput" was a figure quite fancy.

Two days and two nights we did dash across France;
Then tarried two months in the town Hesperange.
The next stop we made was right close to poor Aachen,
On the door to Berlin we'd soon be a knockin.'
The weather was cold but the nights were sure hot.
Old Hitler threw at us just all that he'd got.
He feinted and parried and struck with a "Bulge,"
For "keeps" he was playing not pleasure indulged.
Did we sit there and take it right smack on the chin?
We struck back damn hard till he went where he'd been.

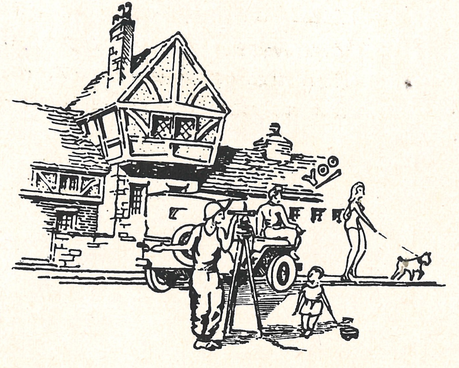
The crisis was over and soon all went well
Where we rested awhile in Belgium (Fanzel).
Then like the March lion we struck at the Roer
And the first German line of defense was no more.
There was shelling and fighting and we went like the deuce;
Though first to the Rhine we were stopped there at Neuss
From Neuss to Echt Holland and there by the canal
We made ready for Hitler and Operations finale.

The bombardment terrific made pulverized swine
Of the Nazis who attempted a hold at the Rhine.
Then once cross the river our boys went berzerkus,
Rode tanks, cars and jeeps in a mad "rag-tag circus."
There was no stopping now, the last page was written;
We were in there a pushin', sluggin' and hittin',
Dog-tired and weary as we overthrew Calbe
But not too far gone to bridge the old Elbe.

FINALE — V-E Day, May 9th, 1945

We'd shot our last round, our war had been won
And now turned our motors to old Schöningen.
Much that there happened will never be told,
Our welcome, you know, was quite far from cold
The town was so peaceful . . . a real paradise
And what we learned quickly was "Don't Fraternize."
Fine trips we took daily, the rest you can guess
For who hasn't ridden the "Schony Express?"

H. D. Hubbard



NORMANDY

We loaded onto LST "7" on June 18th in the harbor of Portland, England, and set forth a little nervously and with a forced smile for the Normandy Beachhead. Because of the rough weather our ship was unable to beach at its scheduled time, so we were forced to ride out the waves for five sea-sick days. During this time we saw our first scenes of battle — the vacant walls of the fishing village to the left, the tent city on the right that we later learned was a hospital, wrecked ships, mines, mine-sweepers, fighter cover for the busy C-47's, barrage balloons, and an overall apparent confusion. Everywhere were fleets of LST's and LCI's, all waiting for a let-up in the storm. Our ship came through an intensive (three near misses) bombing raid unscathed. Some of us thought we recognized the battleship lying nearby as our old friend the "Texas", which had convoyed us across the ocean.

On June 23, 1944, the extra rations from shipboard having been well hidden under the "liberated" blankets, we landed on Omaha Beach Red and proceeded to the vicinity of Bricqueville, France, where we set up camp. Four days later, after an all night blacked-out trip in the rain, we relieved units of the 101st Airborne Division at Carentan, in the position which we refer to as "The Canal".

The radio section moved into town and set up across the street from the church that rang its bells to signal the German batteries. It was here that K. J. Miller became the hero of the day by chasing a sniper down an alley, and Wayne Lawson lost his pants during a shelling.

And then came the Fourth of July. The first time the Division went over to the attack. The first of many "serenades" was fired in preparation for this attack. We moved on beyond Carentan to "The Five Crossroads" and then moved again and again until we had finally crossed the costly swamps. And every evening at dusk "Bed-Check Charlie" would rattle over to make sure that we were still there.

BRITTANY

We were still in our static positions in Normandy sweating out the occasional "incoming mail" and the boredom that accompanies such a position when the 3,000 planes flew overhead pointed towards St. Lo. We saw them turn and drop their bombs; felt the earth tremble, and heard the roar of the explosions. On July 26th the dreamed of breakthrough had become a reality.

Our own breakthrough occurred the evening of August 3rd, when we drove through Coutances and Avranches and, during a strafing attack, passed Mont Saint Michel on our way to positions on the approaches to Saint Malo. We were greeted all the way with wine, flowers, eggs, and kisses. When we moved to a position just north of Dinan was the time when most of us met and made friends with the French people. Here we learned how to say "des oeufs", "avez-vous cognac", "zig-zag", and lots more. This was where the Battery had a formation because of some girl having trouble with her bicycle, and all the kids seemed to have plenty of balloons while the Metro Section was trying vainly to get more. It was in Brittany that Owens, Hughes, and L. H. Smith captured our first prisoner and, reinforced by Reid, let him escape.

The Citadel and the "Mad" Cloonel von Aulock capitulated on August 17th



Artillery and aerial bombardment of the Ile de Cezembre

and we moved on to an estate near Rennes. It was here that our newspaper, "Nee-ha", first was published.

From Rennes we went to Chateaubriant where we lived for a few days on the thickly-wooded hillside overlooking the city, and then packed up and returned to the St. Malo Peninsula. This time we occupied the Hotel de la Mer, in Dinard. Rooms overlooking the water served as perfect OP's from which to watch the artillery and aerial bombardment of the Ile de Cezembre. The hotel offered the best living accomodations the Battery had occupied up to that time. We became a firing battery while in Dinard, but since all of the rounds fired by the multiple-barreled rocket gun fell short of the target, we were unable to "fire for effect." Rumor has it that we were the first troops to fire this new weapon in combat.

It was fun to watch the colorful fireworks as the P-38's dropped their flaming gasoline tanks on the Island. Hubbard, who was CQ in the CP, was the first to spot the surrender flag on Cezembre. He told the General, and the "Cease Fire" order was given. After the enemy had surrendered and it was time to leave Dinard, most of us felt a little sorry to be saying goodbye to the swell "set-up" we had there.

LOIRE VALLEY

Following the fall of the Ile de Cezembre, our Battery returned to its position in the woods at Chateaubriant, where we remained for the first two weeks of September. We went on some hikes here, and had some drill; stood retreat, and had our arms inspected. The Division had taken up a holding position along a 250 mile front and our work was momentarily at a standstill.

It was here that "Beezle" was born, making "Buzzie" Shelton a happy man; Al Long struggled under the weight of a mine detector trying to find a little kid's wrist watch; and Chris Heine tried to explain to a French girl that the straddle trench he was digging was really a machine gun nest. The second half of September was spent on the grounds of the Chateau de Monce, near Vendome. This was the prettiest of all the Battery positions. We went boating on the river, played tennis, fished, and went in to Vendome. "Club 63" became a byword among the fellows. The Survey Section stayed in town and kept some green and lavender bathtubs in working condition for the Battery. Some of us went on a photo tour of Orleans and saw the famous Cathedral and the partially damaged statue of Joan of Arc.



Chateau de Monce, Vendome

We didn't even stop our boating and fishing and sightseeing when the 83rd again broke into the news with the surrendering of the 20,000 Germans to our Division. And then those rumors. There are always rumors. "We're going to Metz." "We're going to Nancy." "We're going to Aachen."

We went to Luxembourg.

LUXEMBOURG

We spent two and one-half months in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, living most of the time in the barracks near Hesperange, on the outskirts of Luxembourg City. We had finally settled near a city. And what a city! Ice cream . . . stores . . . street cars . . . ice cream . . . pastries . . . movies . . . ice cream . . . women . . . ice cream.

In our spare time at the "barracks" the men turned to their hobbies. Burgess and Capt. Burleson tried to see which could build the better photo enlarger. Roth shined up a tandem bicycle, only to be relieved of it by the MP's. Nurches showed a movie every night until someone discovered he had the missing projector and made him send it to a battalion. We had an electric washing machine that worked on occasion, and nearly every section was getting a radio fixed by Epstein.

Hesperange was "our home away from home" for these weeks. "Mom's Place" was here, where the piano player signalled the German soldier upstairs that Americans had entered the cafe. And we had to drive two miles to go two blocks because of the blown bridge.

The 802 TD's occupied some of the buildings in this camp, and they came in handy the night of the paratroop scare. They were also nice fellows to have around because we could beat them at touch football.

During our stay in Luxembourg we spent a few days in Biwer, Mondorff, and the convent. Forward switch and some of the wire crews stayed in Biwer, where a German soldier woke up Yelk and Deluca and tried to make them take him prisoner, but they told him to wait until morning.



Church and repaired bridge Hesperange

THE BULGE

On December 4, 1944, we left Luxembourg and travelled 118 miles (crossing the "non-frat" border) to reach Gressenich, about half way between Aachen and Duren. This was the most "alles kaput" town the Battery had ever occupied. We lived in what was left of cellars, and everyone ran lines to the generator so as to have lights and music. The Luftwaffe put in a fairly strong appearance here, but our own planes so outnumbered them that we didn't even bother to duck for cover when they approached. And that awful gooey mud, knee-deep in places and, damn it all, you couldn't avoid stepping in it. "Jerry" tried several counterattacks here, but they were all stopped with the help of some of those famous "serenades". We were now farther into Germany than any American troops had as yet been, or would be for quite some time.

But then one of his counterattacks didn't bounce. and he was on his way up the road to Liege, the way that would cut off all these troops before Duren. We ate our Christmas dinner at Gressenich and then, on the night of the 26th, we left for Belgium to help put the brakes on von Rundstedt's steam roller. We had New Year's dinner in the "Black Eagle Cafe" in Barvaux, and then moved to Izier, then to that frozen spot in the fields, then Jevigne, and finally Ottre. Our part of the fighting in the Bulge was over, and we moved back to a rest camp in Fanzel. The deepest penetration of the Germans had been stopped only three kilometers from this little farming village, and the people were grateful. MacKay learned how to milk a cow, and Levrault and LaChance practised talking French with the sweater girl who lived in the building the Orderly Room occupied.

We'd gotten away from the fighting for a few days, but we hadn't escaped the rumors. "Our fighting's all done, we've paid our debt to society. We're going back to France as school troops to train new officers. We'll never see acton again." We went back, all right. Back to the Roer River up in Germany. Back to the mud.



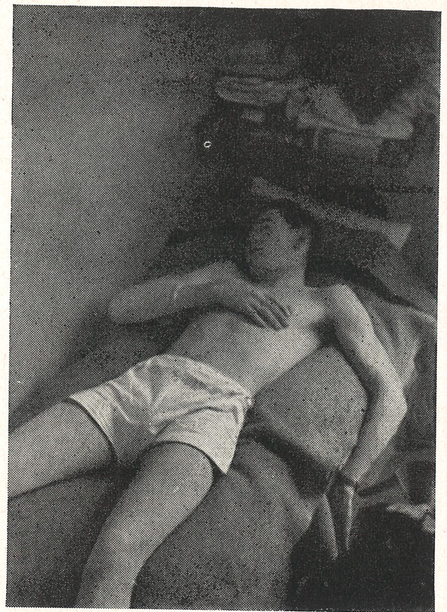


GERMANY

We were "secret" now. Everyone was who was moving up to this sector. No shoulder patches. No numbers on bumpers. Change your code names.

We relieved the 29th Div. Arty. in Schaufenberg, just short of the Roer River. It was almost as muddy here as it was in Gressenich. We were Ninth Army now, part of Montgomery's forces waiting for the swollen Roer to subside so we could bridge it. And while we waited "Bedcheck Charlie" tried to find us, but, as was his habit, he missed us. "Mek Mek" found us, though, and she has stayed with us ever since. And then came Monty's big drive. The Roer was crossed by the Battery on February 28, 1945.

After crossing the river the 83rd took off on its first wild dash through the enemy's lines. Our recon party was the first into Grefrath, beating the infantry by some twenty minutes. German tanks tried to cut us off after we had dashed up this road, but the P-47's stopped them. And then our infantry reached Neuss and were the first to arrive at the Rhine River. We moved the Germans out of one city block of Neuss and set up by sections



We liberated many PW's on our dash to the Elbe.

in the rather comfortable little houses. Charlie Ives, Jim Myles, and Hank Erbe arrived here. Hank and MacClure had a baking contest and we were eating fancy pies and cakes for several days.

Then another rest period, this time at Echt, Holland. During a ball game we saw the C-47's flying over, and we knew the Rhine crossing was on. We left Echt and took off in search of the front lines. After several short stops we arrived in Beckum on April 1. This was the beginning of the mad and furious dash toward Berlin that was to carry us 280 miles in the next 13 days. We were one of the troupes in the famous "rag-tag circus". We had German vehicles, and those tremendous four-wheel trailers. And the loot! (sh-h-h-h) Lugers and P-38's and cameras and swastikas and knives and uniforms and I'll trade you a Luger for two cameras, eighty dollars, and a bottle of schnapps. And then it was the thirteenth and we were in Calbe.

We found a bunch of motorcycles, Mellman accepted the surrender of a colonel and a major, Paul discovered another colonel sick in bed, and the next day the Germans captured Paul and Kurtz on the way back from getting water. We had a skirmish with some Germans who tried to come across the Saale River beside our CP, but we pushed them back. Greene and "Burley" will remember this. And Keith, Hughes, Lawson, Berry, and Almgren leading the motorcycle brigade. And our "welcome back" party

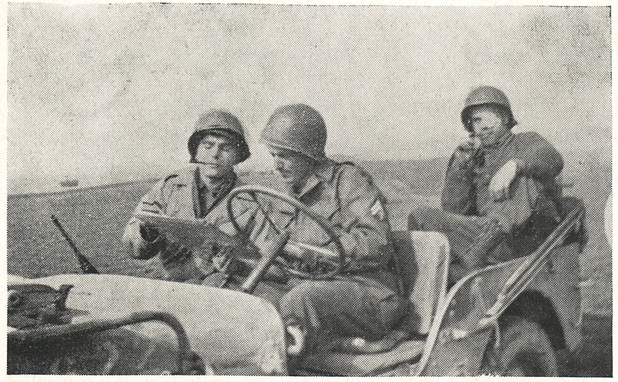
for Kurtz in the "Thunderbolt Cafe" during which the Battery, the band, the guest of honor, and everyone else got pickled. And Holman talked Russian over the radio to our allies a few miles away. And then we moved from Calbe to Schöningen and the war was over.

Yes, the war was definitely over!



. . . the war was over.

The remaining pages of this book deal with the various sections of the Battery, showing where and with whom each of us worked. This is the part we're all looking for, because here our names appear in print.



Has this area been looted yet?



STAFF

Our staff is really a "by the numbers" outfit!

1 - Maj. Howard B. Seidler

2 - Maj. Alfred A. Faxon

3 - Lt. Col. Robert B. Smith

5 - Col. Robert P. Clay
Col. Conrad L. Boyle

6 - Brig. Gen. Robert M. Montague

10 - Capt. Charles E. Burleson
Lt. James E. Rohrbaugh

13 - Lt. Richard O. Mader
Lt. James E. LaFollette
Lt. Roland E. Smith
Lt. Richard T. Alexander

14 - Maj. Jerome E. Byrd
Capt. Karl H. Kern

16 - Maj. Vincent J. Adams
Capt. Ray J. Barry

19 - Capt. Ewell E. Crawford
Capt. Ralph G. Hoffmann

29 - Lt. Emanuel Rosenthal
Lt. James E. LaFollette
Capt. Edward Burr II

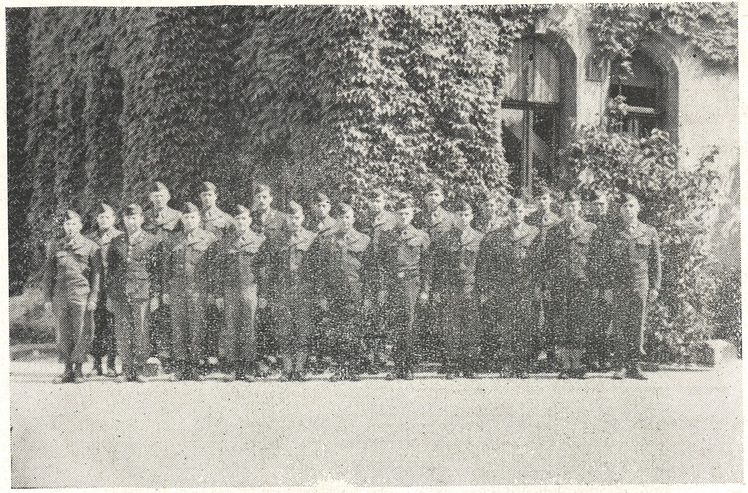
35 - Mr. Kenneth J. Johnson

36 - Maj. Rupert B. Macpherson
Maj. Arthur M. Burghduff

37 - Lt. Robert A. Goodman

203 - Capt. Herbert D. Glass
Capt. Quentin Pease

114 - Lt. John S. Baker
Lt. Robert F. Pfister



BATTERY OFFICERS

Capt. Burleson, until he was wounded in the final weeks of the war, was Com O on the staff and our Battery Commander. Lt. Rohrbaugh was our Executive, and Mr. Johnson our Motor Officer. Later, when Lt. Rohrbaugh took over the battery in Calbe, Lt. Smith came in as assistant "BC".

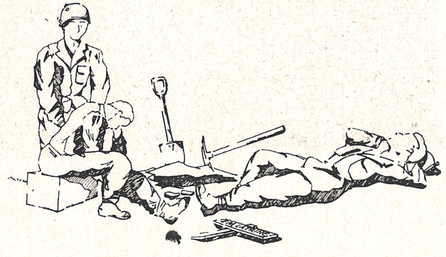
Capt. Charles E. Burleson
Lt. James E. Rohrbaugh
Lt. Roland E. Smith
Mr. Kenneth J. Johnson



BATTERY HEADQUARTERS

During the Battle of the Bulge it was decided to give Battery Headquarters the full strength they were supposed to have, and "Section 8" came into being. Supplies, PX, digging latrines, driving, building boxes; these became the task of the section. Needless to say, Battery Headquarters worked harder than anybody else.

Roy C. Alexander
Alexander T. Siford
Newton R. Rogers
Richard D. King
Paul H. Bostic
John J. Schmidt
Wilmer B. Fowler
John N. Berry
James D. Burgess
Clarence N. Gilles, Jr.
James V. Restivo
Jules J. Levrault
Carl T. Spence
Raymond T. Smith
Frank R. Loeb
Wayne R. Delaney
William H. Shelton
Albert Carbonetta
Calvin D. Kelly
Bismark H. Turner



MESS

This section has slung hash, and spam, and dehydrated spuds at us all over the place. They deserve much of the credit for our dash to the Elbe, because everytime we stopped they'd hit us with hash. But all kidding aside, they did work harder than anybody else.

Roy C. Alexander
Roger J. LeBlanc
Raymond T. Smith
Albert Carbonetta
Earl B. Consla
Carl G. Wedman
David M. Wardlow
Vincent D. Viloria
Walter H. Mc.Clure
William H. Shelton
Lester T. Ives
Henry C. Erbe
James E. Myles
Edward Mayer
Melvin Greer

OPERATIONS

The Operations Section, hot bed of all our daily rumors, punches typewriters and turns out reports like mad. "Yes, sir," "No, sir," "Right away, sir," say these men as they work harder than anybody else.

Richard T. Alexander
Harley H. Bechtol
Donald W. Korn
William O. Shuman
Edwin C. Diller
Thomas G. Stapf
William R. Vaughan
Harvey L. O'Hara
Quincy K. Owens
Joseph G. Ring
Leo F. Baumann
Charles Smith
Joseph A. Murphy
Francis B. Daley
Homer D. Hubbard
Jonas E. Umbel
Arthur C. Wonderly
Jules J. Levrault
James W. Bryan
Harold W. Mikels
Richard V. Aydelotte
Lawrence H. Smith
Harry W. Smith







WIRE

From the beaches of Normandy to within 60 miles of Berlin you can talk over circuits laid by these men. Phantom circuits, splices, and simplexes are all part of their daily diet. Ask any of them and you'll discover that they work harder than anybody else.

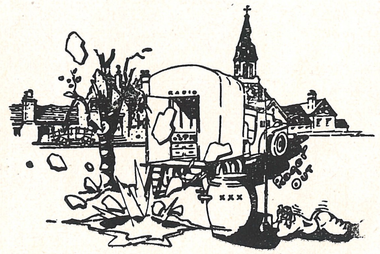
Ernest T. McGee
Clarence O. Wilson
Henry A. Yelk
Frederick H. Christian
Joseph S. Deluca
Arnold L. Drillen
James A. White
Roger J. LeBlanc
Francis G. Greene
William C. Greenway
Kaywood W. Lively
Robert N. Colgan
Paul E. Madden
William Nurches
Umbert Rasicci
Fred W. McCann
George Capien
Ivanhoe Yeamans
Lester W. Davis
Charles R. Deforas
Steve Hajdu
Frank L. Keith
Gerard J. Lachance
Nicholson McIntosh
Anton F. Preskar
Alan N. Tatham
Jonas E. Umbel
Stephan J. Yenchi
K. D. Franklin
Clarence W. Wayland
Yencey E. Wilson
Karl Friedman
Joseph D. Miller

RADIO

The Radio Section is made up of ten men; eight operators, an electrician, and a chief of section. The eight operators send and receive messages. The electrician, who in our case is referred to as "Shine 'em", tinkers here and there. The "chiefy" does nothing. This section works harder than anybody else.

James R. MacKay
William F. Parsons
John N. Kiley
Glendon C. Kinney
Wayne A. Lawson
Kenneth J. Miller
William E. Grost

Milton B. Adelman
Hagan G. Robbins
Alfred L. Long
Wallace W. Koskie
Max L. Epstein
James V. Restivo
Seymour M. Newmark



METRO

The "balloon blowers" have huffed and puffed their way through the war. They had an untold amount of work to do, which, in our way of thinking, is best left untold. However, they did work harder than anybody else.

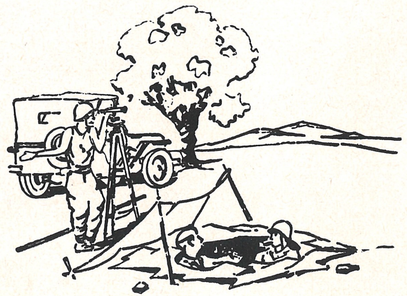
James R. Mellman
John M. Noe
Charles J. Roth

Lawrence H. Smith
William R. Vaughan
Calvin D. Kelly

SURVEY

The Survey Section has spent their time looking through the transit at more hills and church steeples and girls than you could shake a stadia rod at. They have located check points and short bases in five different countries on the continent. Is it any wonder that they worked harder than anybody else?

Emerson S. Reid
William J. Barnes
Alan L. Ingling
James N. McGarvey
Michael A. Plaag
Michael F. Dillon
Wayne R. Delaney
Robert W. Krueger
Frank R. Loeb
Stanley J. Sosinski
James W. Bryan
Thomas G. Stapf



MOTORS

These men have tightened, loosened, oiled, gased, watered, and aired more parts of more of the Battery's transportation than most of us would ever believe. Why, they must have worked harder than anybody else.

Charles C. Clemens
Carl R. Almgren
Paul G. Kurtz
Robert E. Hughes
Donald F. Joy

AIR

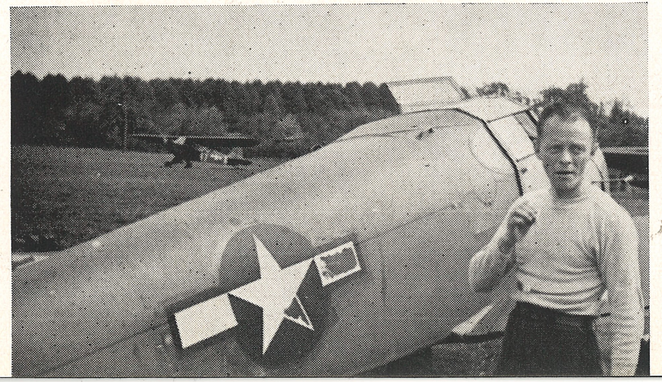
The Air Section and their tissue paper bombers. These men kept the Artillery up in the spotlight by keeping the cubs up in the sunlight. And they did work harder than anybody else.

Robert K. Titus
Walter H. LeFever
Gene W. Presley

George A. Platter
Raymond C. Miller
Clarence Spears







MESSAGE CENTER

Send and receive routine distribution and write letters home. Call and have one of the agents pick up our PX rations right away. This is what occupied most of the time of these men who worked harder than anyone else.

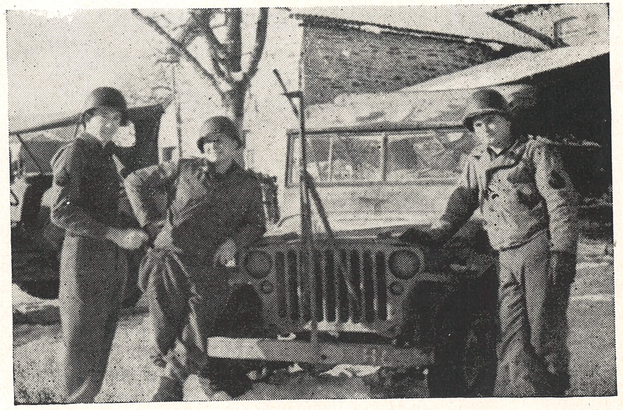
Christian C. Heine
William H. Wainscott
William R. Vaughan
John L. Hesse
Walter J. Koss
Robert E. Mada
Dallas A. Williams
Homer G. Thompson
Fred A. Kemp
Frank Scott
Edward A. Cass
Herman Baker
William "Junior" Stanton
John Voicunas

MEDICS

Our "pill rollers" hold the distinction of having dispensed the first aspirin on the banks of the Rhine. Before and since that time they rested on their laurels and listened to the "feedle" in the next room. The Medics work harder than anybody else.

William R. Lookabill
Harvey E. Davis
Richard W. Paul
Richard F. Balderson
Harry E. Smith
Paul L. Holman
Arthur W. Brown
Adam L. Wichouski
K. D. Franklin
Frederick L. Weaver





PERTINENT POOP

Location or Event	*Date*	*Distance Traveled*
Basic training starts, Camp Atterbury	2 November 42	
Tennessee Maneuvers	4 July 43	
Hiking to Camp Breckinridge	9-12 Sept. 43	
Leave Breckinridge for staging area	30 March 44	
Arrive Camp Shanks	1 April 44	
Board H. M. S. Orion	5 April	
Leave New York Harbor	6 April	
Arrive Liverpool, England	16 April	3,107 Naut. miles
Arrive Camp Bryn-Y-Pys, Flintshire, Wales	18 April	
Arrive Camp Aston, Shropshire, England	2 May	
Ystradfellte Bivouac Area, Brecknockshire, Wales	14 May	
Invasion of Normandy	6 June	
Arrive at Concentration Area	16 June	
Board LST#7	18 June	
Land on Omaha Beach and camp near Bricqueville, France	23 June	114 miles
¾ mile North of Catz	26 June	

½ mile North of Carentan	27 June	
2 miles Southwest of Carentan	5 July	2½ miles
3 miles Southwest of Carentan	9 July	
1 mile Southwest of Hotot	13 July	
¾ mile South of Marchieux	28 July	5 miles
¾ mile Southeast of Feugeres	29 July	
Vicinity Pontorson	3 August	
Chateau Surcouf, 2½ miles NW of Lanhelin	4 August	
1½ miles Southeast Chateauneuf	5 August	
Chateau de Carheil, 2½ North of Dinan	10 August	15 miles
4 miles East of Rennes	20 August	40 miles
Chateaubriant	25 August	35 miles
Hatel de la Mer, Dinard	29 August	87 miles
Chateaubriant	4 September	87 miles
3 miles North of Vendome, Chateau de Monce	13 September	134 miles
4 miles East of Montargis (Forest)	22 September	94 miles
3 miles South of Luxembourg City	24 September	240 miles
Hesperange (Luxembourg)	26 September	8 miles
Biwer, Luxembourg	29 September	15 miles
Hesperange	5 October	15 miles
Mondorff, Luxembourg	8 November	10 miles

Hesperange	14 November	10 miles
Fetchenhof Convent, Luxembourg	18 November	5 miles
Gressenich, Germany	4 December	118 miles
½ mile West of Nettine, Belgium	26 December	
¼ mile East of Jannee, Belgium	28 December	10 miles
Barvaux, Belgium	31 December	13 miles
Izier, Belgium	2 January 45	8 miles
½ mile NW of Chene-al-Pierre, Belgium	4 January 45	9 miles
Jevigne, Belgium	6 January 45	6 miles
Ottre, Belgium	15 January 45	8 miles
Fanzel, Belgium	22 January 45	20 miles
Mortroux, Belgium	5 Feb.	51 miles
Schauffenberg, Germany	6 Feb.	40 miles
Hasselweiler, Germany	28 Feb.	13 miles
Aldenhoven and Grefrath, Germany	1 March	13 miles
Neuss, Germany	3 March	3 miles
Echt, Holland	21 March	44 miles
Neiderheide, Germany	28 March	30 miles
1 mile SW Bucholt, Germany	29 March	43 miles
Sython, Germany	30 March	35 miles
Ludinghausen, Germany	31 March	10 miles
Ahlen, Germany	1 April	12 miles

Beckum, Germany	2 April	10 miles
Delbruck, Germany	3 April	25 miles
Bad Lippspringe, Germany	4 April	20 miles
Steinheim, Germany	5 April	18 miles
Rischenau, Germany	7 April	10 miles
Escherhausen, Germany	8 April	30 miles
Langelsheim and Gr. Freden, Germany	10 April	40 miles
Heudeber, Germany	11 April	25 miles
Cochstedt, Germany	12 April	30 miles
Calbe, Germany	13 April	15 miles

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Our guidon has been unfurled in the following countries;

Wales
England
France
Luxembourg
Belgium
Holland
Germany

Part of the Battery has also visited Austria and Czechoslovakia.

Those who worked harder than anybody else on this book were, in alphabetical order; *Hubbard* *Krueger* *Mellman* *Noe* *Roth*

Passed by the Censor

