History of Company "M"
330th Infantry
83rd Infantry Division
The deeds performed by the members of this company can never be measured by decorations. All were brave, all were scared — but a certain few came to the front. Their actions merited some recognition, and it came in the form of a decoration.

MEN RECEIVING THE BRITISH MILITARY CROSS

William Priest, 1st LT.

MEN RECEIVING SILVER STAR

William D. Clark,
Clel Martin,
Charles E. Gray,
Andrew W. McKenna,
Cary A. McArthur, Jr.,
Robert J. Semler,
William Priest,
Henry Vaughn,
Edwin Heinz,
Paul O. Martinez,
Robert F. Moore,
Ronald A. Messler,
Leo T. Hury,
Eugene J. Bishop,
Eugene V. Tetrick,
S/Sgt.
S/Sgt.
Sgt.
Captain
Pfc.
1st LT.
1st LT.
Cpl.
T/Sgt.
S/Sgt.
Cpl.
Cpl.
1st LT.
S/Sgt.
S/Sgt.

MEN WHO WERE AWARDED THE BRONZE STAR MEDAL

George Krivak,
Antoni Cammarat,
Raymone H. Houston,
Edwin T. Sullivan,
Arthur C. Nelson,
Walter B. Wheeler,
Edward J. Malton,
James M. Hare,
William C. Porter,
John Casella,
Harold E. Ebanks,
William Mackowski,
Franklin L. Ashe,
John J. Ferraro,
Edward J. Mauer,
Melvin C. Oliver,
Edward H. Eifer,
Thomas C. Page,
Robert J. Semler,
T/Sgt. (also cluster)
S/Sgt. (also cluster)
1st LT.
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BRONZE STAR MEDAL (Cont.)

Archie L. Cropper,
Percy Vaughan,
Mack Alexander,
Nick Maston,
Lawrence M. Stearns,
William D. Clark,
Alfred Russo,
Hadley T. Caulder,
Robert G. Blackwell,
Andrew W. McKenna,
Robert W. Zwick,
Steve M. Click,
Pete Pahanich,
Thomas H. Langhorn,
Joseph L. Kotenko,
Eugene V. Tetrick,
Nick A. Vangelos,
Leo T. Hury,
Clel Martin,
Henry J. Suman,
John E. Beal,
Charles B. Hand,
Francis G. Scavolta,
Robert B. Turner,
James Amato,
James W. Fowler,
Pete Komorinski,
Sladley Johnson,
William G. Howard,
Watson E. Meeke,
Henry S. Hine,
Samuel Borrello,
Porter M. Mois,
Joseph E. Ritterkampf,
Lee M. Osmon,
Joseph J. Hatom,
William S. Burns, Jr.,
Forrest B. Stubbs,
The men who were wounded in combat were unfortunates. Every man took his chance, and it was a certainty that some would get hit. In recognition of their suffering, the Army gave the Purple Heart Medal to the following:

MEN RECEIVING THE PURPLE 心 MEDAL WHILE WITH "M" COMPANY

Note: KIA — Killed In Action  
SWA — Seriously Wounded In Action  
LWA — Lightly Wounded In Action  
DOW — Died Of Wounds

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Status</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mack Alexander, Jr., Pfc.</td>
<td>KIA</td>
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<tr>
<td>Samuel J. Balsama, Pfc.</td>
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<td>Howard L. Banker, Sgt.</td>
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<td>George E. Barrie, Pvt.</td>
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<td>William A. Berger, Cpl.</td>
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<td>Louis Barlakus, Pfc.</td>
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<td>Frank R. Barion, Sgt.</td>
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<tr>
<td>John E. Beal, S/Sgt.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mike Beazle, Jr., Cpl.</td>
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<td>Wesley S. Berry, Pvt.</td>
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<td>John D. Bicey, Pfc.</td>
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<td>Arlon T. Billie, Cpl.</td>
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<td>Marion D. Blackwell, S/Sgt.</td>
<td>SWA</td>
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<tr>
<td>Robert G. Blackwell, Sgt.</td>
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<td>Stanley L. Borregaer, Pfc.</td>
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<td>Samuel Borrello, S/Sgt.</td>
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<td>Kenneth F. Bawen, Pvt.</td>
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<td>Franklin E. Bowers, Pfc.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Killburn E. Brannan, Pfc.</td>
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<td>William Burdy, Pfc.</td>
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<td>John M. Ball, Pfc.</td>
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<td>Everett J. Bishop, S/Sgt.</td>
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<td>Corbin D. Buchiel, Pfc.</td>
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<td>Arlo K. Busk, Pvt.</td>
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<td>John T. Bialski, Cpl.</td>
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<td>Alphonse P. Carretto, Pfc.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wallace E. Carter, Pfc.</td>
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<td>William D. Clark, S/Sgt.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Steve M. Clink, 2nd Lt.</td>
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<td>John A. Cornell, 2nd Lt.</td>
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<td>Robert A. Costello, Pfc.</td>
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<td>Archie L. Cropper, Pfc.</td>
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<td>Hadley T. Caulder, S/Sgt.</td>
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<td>Frank Dominick, Jr., Pvt.</td>
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<td>Rufus L. Dudley, Pvt.</td>
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<td>Robert J. Dunn, Sgt.</td>
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<td>James W. Edwards, Pvt.</td>
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<td>Caution G. Ely, 1stLt.</td>
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<td>Donald J. Evans, Cpl.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wallace Edwards, T/1</td>
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<td>Robert M. Ferguson, Cpl.</td>
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<td>Elliot Fegler, Pfc.</td>
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<td>James W. Fowler, S/Sgt.</td>
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<td>Thomas J. Flanagan, Pvt.</td>
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<td>Howard M. Finnerly, Pfc.</td>
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<td>William George, Pvt.</td>
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<td>Charles W. Gillett, Pfc.</td>
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<td>Anthony J. Ginnell, S/Sgt.</td>
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<td>David A. Glasscock, Pvt.</td>
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<td>John A. Griswold, S/Sgt.</td>
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<td>Charles E. Hanley, Pvt.</td>
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<td>Frederick E. Harmon, 2nd Lt.</td>
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<td>William H. Harter, Pvt.</td>
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<td>Leonard J. Hatfield, 3rd Lt.</td>
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<td>Edwin O. Hents, 1/Sgt.</td>
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<td>Clayton D. Hicks, Pfc.</td>
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<td>Merlin G. Hodgson, 2nd Lt.</td>
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<td>Albert P. Hoffmann, S/Sgt.</td>
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<td>Charles J.霍夫特, Pfc.</td>
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<td>Charles B. Howard, Sgt.</td>
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<td>Leo T. Hurley, 1st Lt.</td>
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<td>Frank J. Jaskolski, 2nd Lt.</td>
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<td>Morton H. Johnson, Pfc.</td>
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<td>Edward T. Jones, Pvt.</td>
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<td>Staley Johnson, S/Sgt.</td>
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<td>Henry R. Koronowski, Pfc.</td>
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<td>Raymond F. Koslik, Pfc.</td>
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<td>Chester P. Kublin, Pvt.</td>
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<td>George Kriwak, T/Sgt.</td>
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<td>Paul S. LaBresse, Pvt.</td>
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<td>Adelard Laree, Jr.</td>
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<td>William H. Leader, T/Sgt.</td>
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<td>Michael J. Leonard, Sgt.</td>
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<td>Homer Likens, S/Sgt.</td>
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<td>Edward E. Lincendiac, Pvt.</td>
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<td>Oscar D. Long, S/Sgt.</td>
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<td>Charles W. Lyberger, Cpl.</td>
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<td>Robert H. Lemieux, Pfc.</td>
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<td>Irvin Malek, Pfc.</td>
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<td>H. D. Martin, Pvt.</td>
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<td>Paul O. Martinez, S/Sgt.</td>
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<td>Edward P. Maurer, Pvt.</td>
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<td>Edward J. Melton, Pfc.</td>
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<td>Thomas E. Mikes, S/Sgt.</td>
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<td>Jesse L. Miller, Pfc.</td>
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<td>Andrew W. McKenna, Capt.</td>
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<td>Cary A. McArthur, Jr., Pfc.</td>
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<td>Thomas J. Naughton, Pfc.</td>
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<td>Arthur C. Nelson, Pfc.</td>
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<td>John Olivani, Pfc.</td>
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<td>Willmer A. Orndoff, Cpl.</td>
<td>KIA</td>
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<td>Melvin C. Oliver, T/Sgt.</td>
<td>LWA</td>
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The history of Co. "M" begins back at Camp Atterbury, Indiana on August 15, 1942. The cadre came from a cavalry outfit, and for most of them a heavy weapons company was something new. We were all fresh from civilian life, and when we met our new officers and noncoms, we were half afraid of them. It was quite a change from "civies" to "O. D.'s", from living our own way to the Army's routine.

After many long weeks of gun drill, hikes, field problems, and firing practice, we went to Tennessee to take part in the maneuvers there.

We all expected to take it easy after maneuvers, but no. Once more the 83rd Division went on the march. Many miles passed under our tired feet, but last we came in sight of our new home, Camp Breckinridge, Kentucky. After we were given a rest, we entered a new phase of training—combat firing, combat team exercises, and many other things we would soon need to know. Our days in Breckinridge passed swiftly, and suddenly we found ourselves alerted for overseas movement. (Remember your feeling at the first thought that you, yourself, were going overseas. We were all excited and a little scared.) Many days were spent by our taking physical examinations, checking equipment, drawing new equipment, having our records brought up to date in the order, and getting ourselves P. O. M. qualified. At last the day to leave Camp Breckinridge arrived. On the 28th of March 1944 we steamed for Camp Shanks, New York. At this staging area we listened to lectures, got shots, and learned how to use our new gas masks and other equipment.

Then one cold, snowy evening, April 5th we left Camp Shanks and loaded onto an English ship, H. M. S. Orton. The 6th of April was the beginning of an exciting chapter in the history of our division. Early on the morning of that day the ship pulled out from the harbor past the Statue of Liberty and bound for England. (We were on our way. We will never forget the funny feeling we had as our boat passed the Statue of Liberty and we watched the last traces of America fade away in the early morning light.) The trip "across the big pond" was uneventful and after ten days at sea, we finally reached Liverpool. The trip across wasn't so bad as we had expected. We slept in hammocks, some seats stretched out on the tables. There was plenty of time for letters writing, reading books, and chatting the "galloping dominoes". The ships store carried plenty of candy and soft drinks, and we took full advantage of it.

After staying on board ship in the harbor for two days, we finally landed in "merry England" on April 18th. Our new home turned out to be Camp Doddington Hall where we lived in pyramidal tents. After a week stay here, the company moved to Blackshire Moor near Leeds and there we began a new type of training—toughening ourselves up for the coming battles by hiking and running problems up and down those beautiful English mountains (we enjoyed ourselves very much here learning all about the English-theres pubs, their warm beer, their shortage of beer, and the almost complete lack of Scotch. From here several of us received passes to the nearby towns of Newcastle and Stoke-on-Trent where the people treated us very nice, even asking us into their homes. We also met our first "foreign" girls here and rather enjoyed the meeting.

But the time for having fun had come to a "hinge" We hadn't come all the way from America on a sightseeing tour, and soon we departed for Wales and even more strenuous combat problems. "D-Day" found the company engaged in a firing problem with the rifle companies. (The rain is the principal thing we remember about Wales.)
NORMANDY

From here on we moved fast. First, back to Blackshire Moor. Then to an assembly area, next Southampton; and finally early the morning of June 19th, we left the British Isles bound for France and WAR.

The platoons were split up. The jeep drivers with their jeeps, squad leaders, gunners, and assistant gunners left on board a troop ship, and the platoon sergeants, section leaders, and ammunition cart had to be transported across the narrow channel. The men on the LCT reached Omaha beach on the morning of June 20th. But because of damage to the landing craft from a storm, we had to remain on the ship for almost a week. (At night we waited for the Jerrys planes to come, and every other came. The air would be filled with tracers and flares and the muffled bursts of ack-ack could be heard as they tried to bomb ships and supply the beach. We were all scared—no one ever tried to deny it. There we sat, just like ducks in a shooting gallery while the Jerry planes bombed and strafed.)

Finally we set foot in France, wearing our O. D.'s and impregnated clothing on top. The company reassembled about 12 miles from the front lines. At night we could hear the Jerrys planes roaring, hurling shells through the air into the German's lines, and we began to think that sooner or later we would be up there, engaging with the "Krauts". The day finally came, and on June 27th, 1944, we moved up and relieved the elements of the 10th Airborne Division near Carentan. After training so long, we found ourselves face to face with a real enemy — the real thing. (We were green as grass about this "combat stuff", and those hedgerows — we never received any training on that type of fighting. We had to learn, and we did — the hard way.)

July 4, 1944 will be remembered by those that were there for as long as they live. That day, the attack began in the hedgerows for us. We were up against one of Hitler's best combat divisions, the 7th SS Panzer Grenadiers. (It was a bitch, those hedgerows. Dead, stinking cows, the stench and smell that arose from it — not to mention those 88's coming in constantly.) By nightfall though, we had advanced almost two miles and dug in to hold the ground until we could attack again.

The night of the 5th is one we'll never forget. Recall the orchard we moved into in order to prepare for a surprise dawn attack? Instead though, the Heinies surprised us, laying 88's and artillery and mortar fire down on the orchard. All night long we were pinned down, but we repelled their counter-attacks until the 329th attacked through us and drove the Jerrys back.

After a few days we got some new reinforcements and moved up and out of the swamps around Tribehon. It was a living hell through there! The rifle companies jumped off and were cut off for 72 hours. Our mortars fired continuously until the tubes got red hot and burnt out. This was the toughest fighting of the entire campaign. We lost a lot of good men in the swamps and we'll never forget them.

Finally we drew back to Remilly-Sur-Luzon, set up an MRL, and waited. Then they came, winging their way over our heads and almost blocking out the sky — three thousand bombers. Standing in our foxholes and watching them raise hell with the Germans was the most amazing sight we had ever seen. That 25th day of July was a happy one for us. For two more days we fought and then the tanks broke through. Then we had our first rest period.

BRITANNY

On July 29, we began again, this time on the "Task Force". There was artillery, tanks, airplanes. engineers, trucks, jeeps, and INFANTRY — All headed for Brest. The Brittany campaign was to prove an entirely new kind of warfare to all of us. Gone were the heart breaking days of the hedgerows and swamps. We were moving fast and had very little hand fighting. Our battalions job (The rest of the division had been left behind,) was to clear out the pockets of resistance. The Jerrys didn't have a chance, and they had to do the next best thing to dying — give up.

The next few days made us wonder what was wrong with that guy Sherman when he said "War is Hell!" The roads and streets of the town were lined with beautiful Madmoiselles who showered us with flowers, cider, wine, cognac, and best of all, beaucoup kisses at every halt. The Jerrys were on the run, and the F. F. L. were doing their part in helping us round up the prisoners. It was seldom we had to fight for a town, but Guingamp proved to be an exception. Here the Boche were determined to stop our push, but here too the first section of mortars did one of its most masterful jobs, Going into position right on a corner of the main street, they used a chimney for an aiming stake and the rear of one of our tanks for a D. P. They fired HE. Heavy over the tops of the Juns, and then Captain McKenna walked forward calling for the German's to surrender. Soon seventy dazed supermen came out with their hands up. The town was ours, and we pushed on.

We will never forget the reception the French people gave us at Mortain. The people were so grateful to us and so happy for freedom that they were almost insane, which made us realize that our lighting was for a worthy cause.

All was not to remain so easy for us on the peninsula — the Jerrys ran as far as they could, and then like a cornered rat they had to fight. We suffered casualties and with the death of our friends and the sweating out of our men, the big coastal guns that the desperate Germans turned on us, those of us who were new began to realize what real war is like. The Jerrys were determined to stand but our rifle troops were more determined that they would reach the end of the peninsula. Here the entire platoon of mortars fired day and night, sometimes firing as close as fifty yards and at times even twenty-five yards of our own troops. This was to knock out Jerry positions and counterattacks. When the fighting was over, we took up defensive positions across the water from the port city of Brest. Here the machine gunners collected all the .30 caliber machine guns in the battalion and used them in long range fire to sink small boats and fire on anything else they could see. Plenty of ammunition was fired. But it was mostly for training. Target practice with live targets! We again had life easy living in style in our never-to-be forgotten home, the pig-pen. We had pushed off from Normandy on the third of August, and on the thirtieth we found ourselves at the end of the drive where our drive had ended. We stayed in defensive positions until the city of Brest was captured on the twentieth of September. Three days later we were again on the move.

This time we moved six-hundred miles by truck and train to Hettang Grande, France. For four days here, we engaged in pill-box training using the famous Maginot Line as our objective. The mortar platoon would lay dawn smoke and the machine gun platoons would cover the riflemen as they worked forward to blow up the pill-boxes. Soon we had it down pat, and then every time we would take a crack at the Maginot Line. (Here we saw our first clubmobile since we had left England. The way we went after those doughnuts it's certain everyone ate his fill, and we could speak and look at an AMERICAN girl once again.)
The attack began at 0330 in the midst of a swirling snow storm. The machine gunners accompanied the rifle companies and entered Strass at 0700 hours. The mortars were split up. The first and second sections remained in position firing a supporting barrage while the third moved with the battalion, having carried their mortars and ammunition. Shortly after defensive positions had been established, the enemy succeeded in closing behind us, and the entire battalion was cut off.

There followed numerous counterattacks by the "Supermen", but the rifle companies with our help succeeded in repelling the infantrymen and tanks. An enemy counterattack early on the morning of the 15th with tanks managed to capture one section of the 2nd Platoon. The following morning, Jerry repeated his tactics and had the same luck with the other section. Enemy artillery fire was continually falling on the town, and it seemed as though Hitler thought Strass was essential to his plans.

Numerous patrols were sent out from another battalion, but they couldn't break through to us with their supplies. Our wounded could not be evacuated, and the situation really looked desperate. Finally, though on December 12th a patrol managed to break through and rations reached us. This was the only food we had eaten since the 10th with the exception of a very few "PO" bars dropped from an observation plane.

Slowly and surely the town was reinforced and finally on the 14th we were able to pull back out of Strass quite aware of the fact that we had taken all Jerry had and were still around. Replacements (now known by the better sounding term "reinforcements") came up and we were soon reinforced and ready to go again. Several of the non-casualties of the first platoon were transferred to the second to form the basic for the almost entirely new platoon.

Instead of a long rest though, we were soon on the go again. We moved up to the banks of the flooded Roer River, set up our guns, and it was here we spent our first Christmas out of the States — out in the cold, X-mas weather, trying to keep warm (it just wasn't possible). Our division had made the farthest penetration into Germany of any division thus far. Our battalion was the farthest forward of all, and we received praise from the commanders for the excellent support we had given the rifle companies.

The Ardennes Bulge

It was here that we learned about Rundstedt's counter offensive, and after being relieved by a cavalry unit, we moved to a small town in Belgium to get ready for our part in stopping the drive to "push the Allied troops into the sea". Here we ate our Christmas dinner—Turkey and all. It was a week late, but we all appreciated it.

On January 3rd our Battalion, attached to the 3rd Armored Division moved out at 0630 in a column of companies. Besides the Jerrys we had to fight against the bitter cold weather. Clothing wasn't enough, and to start a fire was useless. We had to guard against trench foot. (Those of us who got it knew that it is no joke) and take care that our weapons would work when called for. The least any at us wore was: heavy woolen underwear, woolen O.D., D.E. field jackets, overcoats, overshoes, hoods, scarfs and anything else we could find. It was very unhealthy for fighting. But it was that or freeze.

It was a constant, bitter fighting in snow and freezing cold, pushing the enemy back step by step, yard by yard, town by town through Fratruire, Regno, Langit, Lomme. Our mission was to cut the St. Vith-Houthulze high-
way, last escape route for Rundstedt's once mighty offensive. The rifle companies rode tanks. After they took a town with the support of the mortars, the machine gunners would move in and set up their guns to hold the newly captured ground. This was a type of fighting that found the mortars ahead of the machine gunners. During the fierce fight for Cherain, the mortar platoon suffered its heaviest casualties of the war.

**Rhineland**

After fighting for 21 days, our mission was accomplished and we moved to Hamois, and later Ploë, Belgium. Billed into private homes we enjoyed all the comforts of home. Well, not quite all. (What, the pleasure of stepping between white sheets and on soft beds, showers, clean clothes and movies twice nightly. Remember the reason for the “off limits” sign going up.) Quite a change from the Bulge.

The company was brought up to strength and started training to give the Nazis that last lick. After three weeks we were ready, and we moved to Moulard for a short intensive training period.

On the 24th of February we crossed the Roer River and relieved the elements of 29th Division on their newly won bridgehead just on the outskirts of Julich. Gone were the soft beds and once again we slept in foxholes. Before dawn we jumped off, following an all night artillery preparation. The mortars now were firing entirely by battery, and their fire helped the rifle companies, to which were attached the machine gun platoons, take the town of Pattern against moderate resistance. Later the same day we took Sevinich. Then the Armor was able to shake loose, and we passed through a small town that had been taken only an hour before, but the “ride” was uneventful until we hit the industrial city of Nuesse. The city was only partly taken and we flushed the cellars and houses and took several German soldiers in civilian clothes before we were certain that it was safe to bed down. (Lt. Rubin captured a German general here all bedecked in his dress uniform. It wasn’t his fault he turned out to be a fireman.) Everyone found a bed in some of the apartment houses around, and all went to sleep in comfort for a change. There wasn’t much sleep though because at noon the battalion moved out to clear the rest of the town.

The night of the march on Oberkassel was the scariest of all. Bed Check Charlie’s flying in the sky had us all on edge, and in the dark of the night, a file of German Volksturmers unknowingly walked abreast of us. Unfortunately for them, they challenged our tanks. Despite their use of machine guns and Panzerfausts, they were soon overpowered. Moving on, dawn found us on the Rhine and by noon we had occupied positions on the west bank of the Rhine; thus gaining the distinction of being the first Allied troops to reach the Rhine.

After being relieved by elements of the 93rd Division on the 31st of March we embarked for a small town in Holland and extensive river crossing training.

**Central Germany**

After other units had established the Rhine bridgehead the Armor sped across. We were to follow the 2nd Armored and clear out pockets of resistance they had to leave behind because of their speed. This is never the easy job that the newspapers make it seem. On April 1st we established defensive positions along the northeastern corner of the Ruhr pocket. The 7th of April found us again on the move, this time crossing the Weser River and moving deeper into the heart of Germany. We were riding deep in German territory, but it meant that we were helping to win the war as quickly as possible. On the 8th we moved out on foot and pushed some 20 miles to cross the Leine River, April 16th found us on the northern edge of the Harz Mountains still clearing out pockets of resistance. We had done much riding on tours, tanks, destroyers, jeeps and plenty of walking to get here. From here on, foxholes and dirty slit trenches were forgotten, and wherever the opportunity (it most often did) permitted, we slept in German homes from which the Germans had departed or were helped to depart. The mortar platoon once again, a section being attached to each of the rifle companies in the battalion. We now encountered that long expected guerrilla type of warfare. The Wehrmacht, Volksturmers, remnants of S. S. Troopers, and the teen-age Hitler’s Youth resisted our advances at every turn and we ran into a lot of small arms and panzerfaust fire. However, we were no match for our superior weapons and better trained troops.

We began liberating the forced laborers and heard for the first time the horror stories of the mistreatment these people received at the hands of the Nazis. The roads were full of these people who were now liberated and starting the long journey home on foot. We traveled by jeep, trucks and captured German scout cars, motorcycles, and trucks until we finally reached the Elbe River where other units of our division held the only bridgehead the Allies had across the Elbe. After two weeks in this position had been spent firing countless machine gun and mortar ammunition at the confused Jerries and Italian prisoners, with the same, the Russians at last appeared.

It was a “beautiful” sight.

We then moved to Jerstedt, Germany near Goslar. There we celebrated the official V-E day May 8th. Trying our hand at Military Gov. was a novelty at first, but all the guard was boresome and we were happy to learn that the British were going to take over our duties. Here we began our first 1st & 6th class rides incidentally, and as we go to press we are still wondering what they are like in a fire they built with those very personal questionnaires.) For the sake of some, we’ll drift hastily over how we passed our free time but there was Viels Schaps, wasn’t there?

The first part of June we moved from Jerstedt by truck and jeep to the American occupation zone. Our destination proved to be the small town of Altrelchenau in the beautiful Bavarian mountains. (That’s all that was beautiful.) Since the war with Japan was still going on, we began training on the Japanese tactics of war. But then the news of the Japs surrender came just in time to keep us from having to go on maneuvers, it was really a glorious feeling to realize that we were all going to get to go home at last and again be with our loved ones.

At this time more than half of the company has left, and only one man who was in the division in the States remains—— Robinson. We are all supposed to load on board ship for home within two months, so soon all that with it (darned few don’t) will once more be civilians.

We have come to the end of hostilities with the full knowledge that "M" Company, 3rd Infantry, "Our Company", has done its part well. And we sincerely hope and pray that what we have seen and what we have gone through will not have to be repeated by the coming generation. Our Sons...