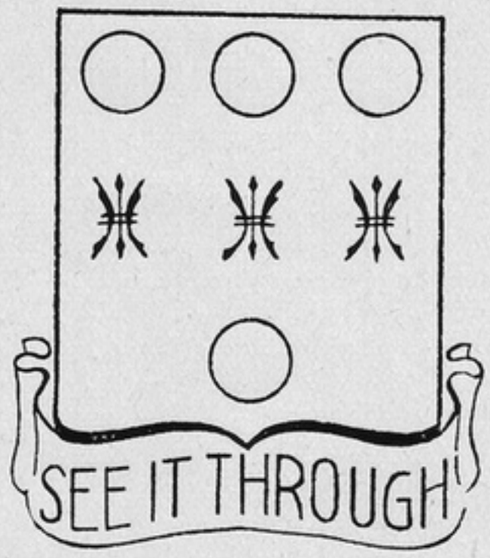
SEE IT THROUGH

We Saw it Through

HISTORY OF THE THREE TODAY THIRTY TOMORROW FIRST FOREVER COMBAT TEAM



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DEDICATED

TO THE FAMILIES OF OUR FALLEN

COL. ROBERT H. YORK, COMMANDING

331st COMBAT TEAM

331st Infantry Regiment
908th FA Battalion
Co. C, 308th Engineers
Co. C, 308th Medical Battalion

ATTACHED UNITS AT VARIOUS TIMES DURING COMBAT:

83rd Recon Troop
Co. C, 736 Tank Battalion
Co. C, 643rd TD Battalion
967th FA Battalion
Platoon from 453 AAA Battalion
Co. B, CCB, 2nd Armored Division
Co. B, 87th Chemical Battalion
Co. B, 774th Tank Battalion
Co. B, 629th Tank Destroyers
3403 QM Co.
Co. A, 772nd Tank Destroyers
951st FA Battalion
193rd FA Battalion
324th FA Battalion
323rd FA Battalion
473rd AAA
Assault Gun Platoon, 736 Tank Battalion
81 mm. Mortar platoon, 736 Tank Battalion
Co. D, 736 Tank Battalion
Co. B, 736 Tank Battalion
Co. C, 705 Tank Destroyers
Co. B, 802 Tank Destroyers
Co. C, 87 Chemical Battalion
Co. B, 86 Chemical Battalion
Co. C, 774 Tank Battalion
Co. D, 774 Tank Battalion
Co. C, 629 Tank Destroyers
Co. A, 746 Tank Destroyers
Co. B, 746 Tank Destroyers
Platoon, Co. A, 813 Tank Destroyers
Platoon, Co. C, 749 Tank Destroyers
Co. B, 705 Tank Destroyers
Co. C, 86 Chemical Battalion
Co. A, 86 Chemical Battalion
Co. A, 709 Tank Battalion
Assault Gun Platoon, 709 Tank Destroyers

Foreword

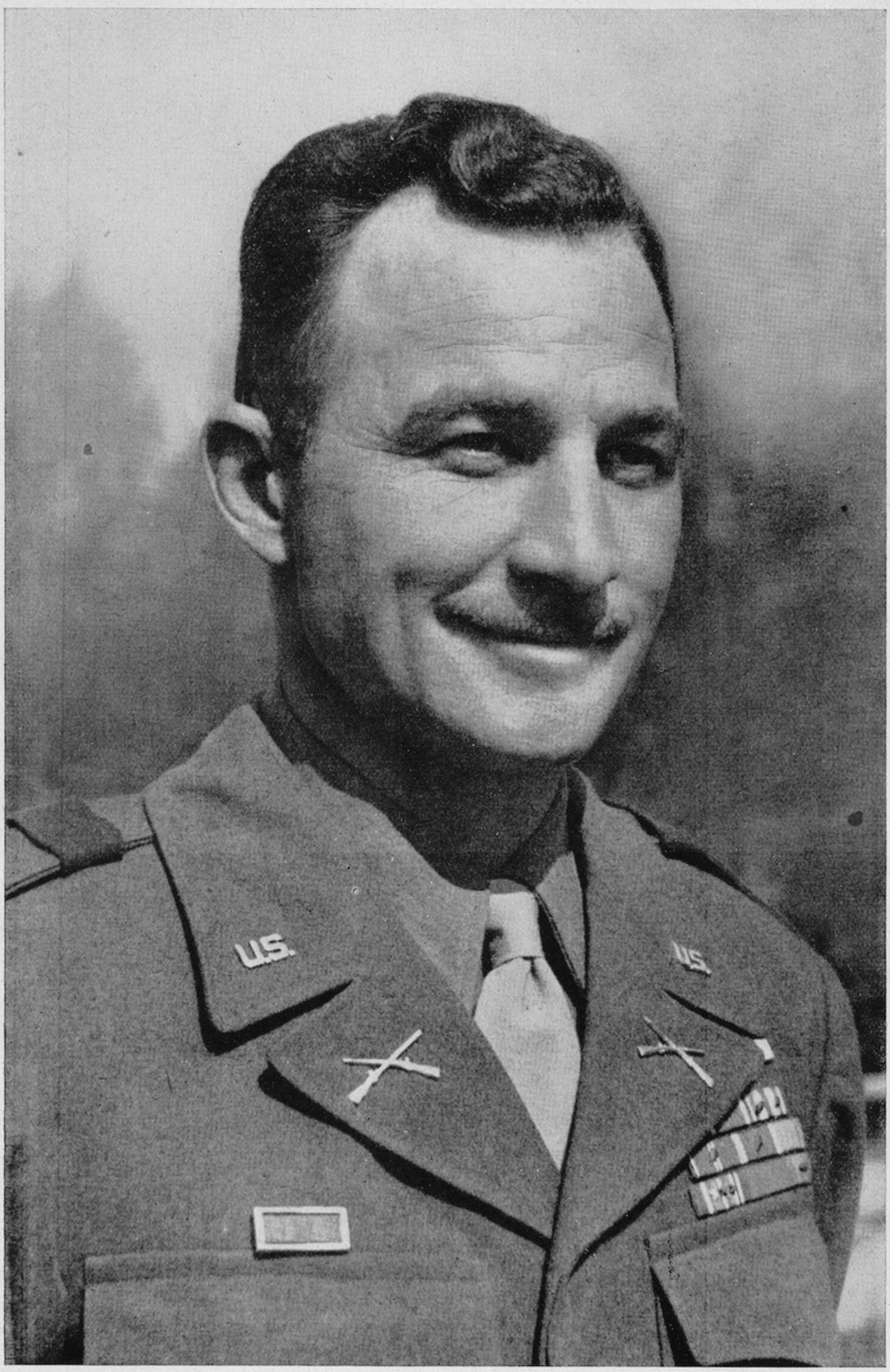
THE war in Europe has ended. The Wehrmacht, the SS troops and the Volksgrenadiers have been decisively defeated.

The victory, though a glorious one, was a difficult and costly struggle. The trail we blazed from the hedgerows of Normandy to our bridgehead across the Elbe River was not easy. Each step was fraught with hardships, danger and bloodshed. A highly trained and fanatical enemy had to be probed from defenses that he prepared for years to hold. It was a task that called for stout-hearted men with courage, determination and an indomitable will to win.

The contribution of the 331st Combat Team has played no small part in this, the greatest of Allied victories. Few, if any, American forces have been called upon to make greater efforts and greater sacrifices than did this Combat Team in the hedgerows of Normandy or during the bitter Battle of the Bulge.

By your efforts, and the efforts of those who have left us, you have distinguished yourselves, the Combat Team and the Division in the annals of American history. You have contributed greatly to the glory showered on the Division at St. Malo, the Moselle River, the Hurtgen Forest, the Roer Valley, the Belgium Bulge, the Rhine and Elbe Rivers. You have won the respect and admiration of all other fighting men, even our enemy.

We pay humble tribute to those who gave their blood and their lives in adding to our achievements. Though they have left us, this victory will ever stand as a monument to their heroic sacrifices, and the memory of their deeds will never be forgotten. It is my sincere hope that this book will give something tangible to the



COL. ROBERT H. YORK

loved ones of both the living and the dead so that they might gain a slight idea of what their brave soldiers endured to aid in our great victory.

And now, I would like to express my pride in being privileged to command in battle this Combat Team, and to serve with the calibre of officers and men who have been and are now with us. I would like to express to all of you my appreciation and gratitude for the magnificent job you have done.

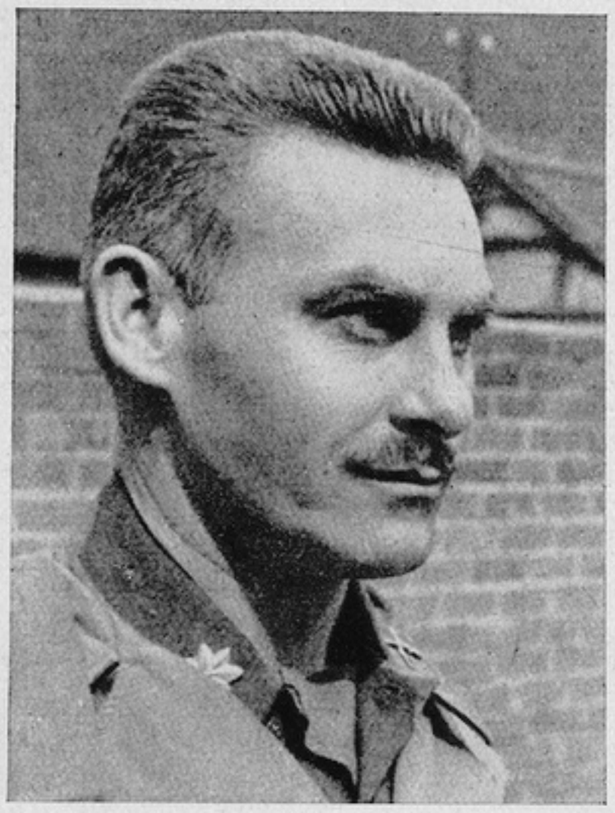
To those of you who have left us, I know that your hearts and prayers will remain, and that you will always feel a justifiable pride in your service with this Combat Team. To you, we bid Godspeed.

To those of you who are staying, I say that it is with full confidence that I face any future assignment that might be given us as we move on to "See it Through" and to write another chapter in our Combat Team history.

Robert H. York

COLONEL, INFANTRY
COMMANDING

REGIMENTAL STAFF



Lt. Col. Henry Neilson
Executive Officer



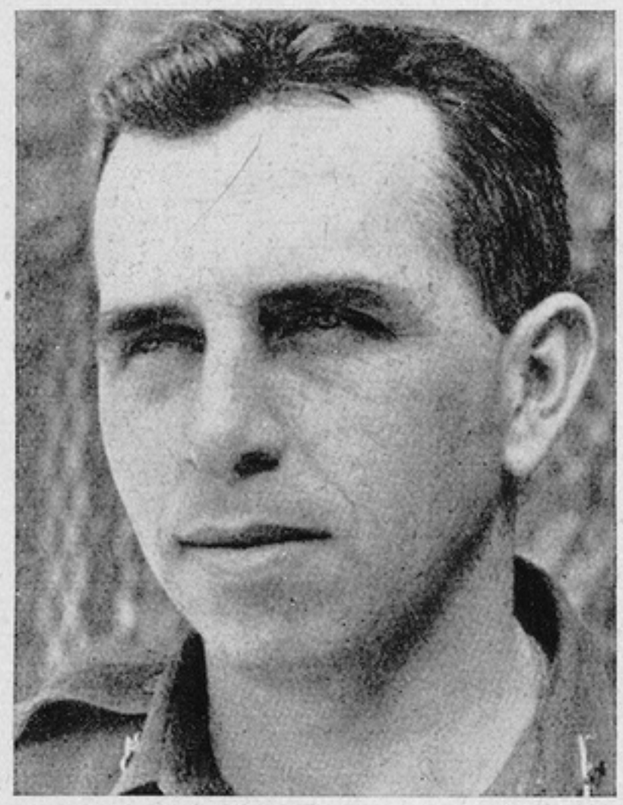
Lt. Col. William E. Long
Executive Officer to April, 1945



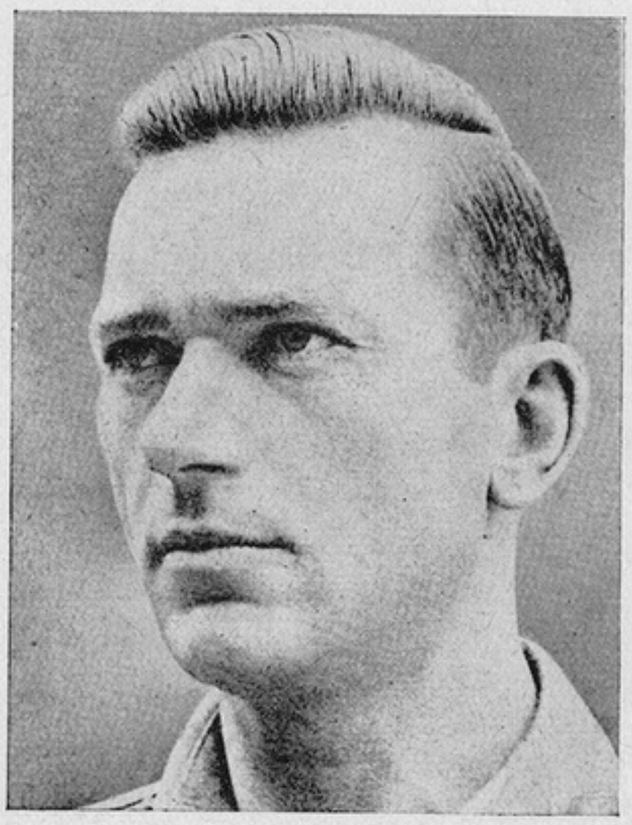
Maj. Harold W. Brown
S-2



Capt. Robert C. Walker
S-1



Maj. John F. Staples
S-3



Maj. Thomas W. Bloomfield
S-4

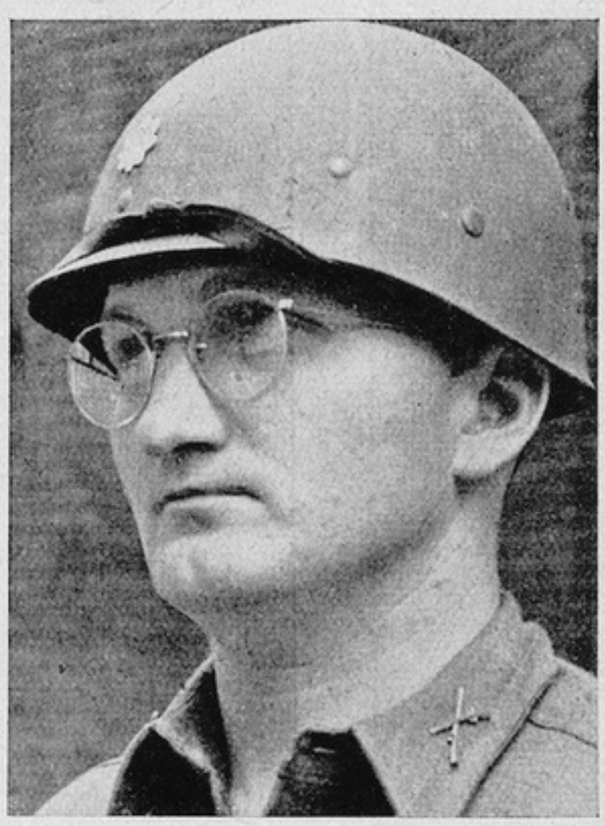
BATTALION COMMANDERS



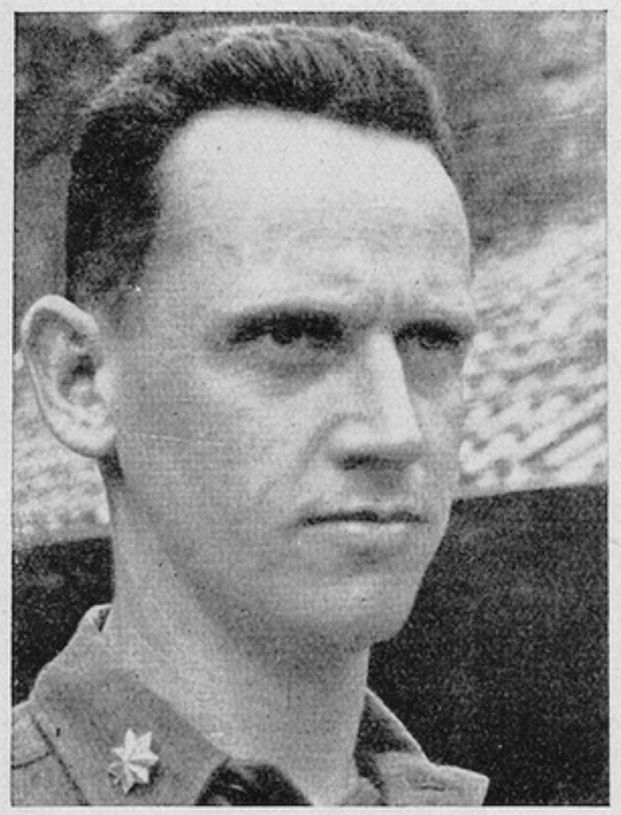
Lt. Col. Leniel E. MacDonald
2nd Bn Cmdr.



Lt. Col. Frederick J. Bailey
3rd Bn Cmdr.



Lt. Col. Martin L. Kuhlman
1st Bn Cmdr.



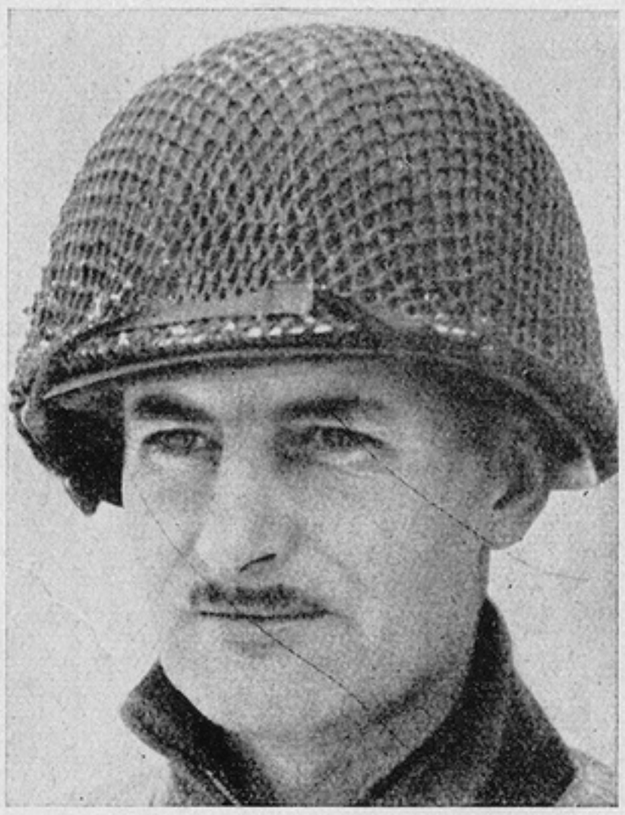
Maj. Kenneth L. Scott
1st Bn Exec Off.



Maj. William W. Sellers
3rd Bn Exec Off.



Maj. Lawrence A. Laliberte
2nd Bn Exec Off.

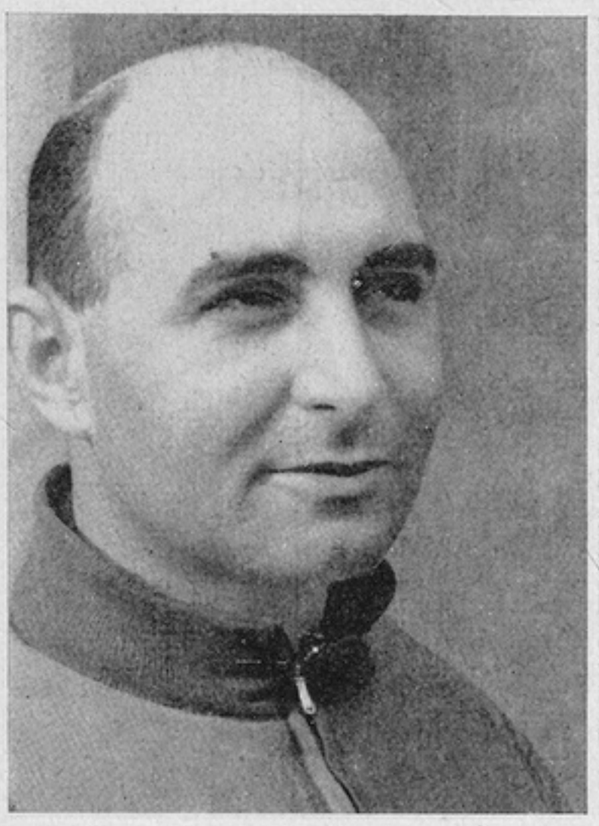


Lt. Col. Arthur Burghduff
908th FA Bn Cmdr.



Maj. George Fosque
908th Exec Off.

REGIMENTAL SPECIAL STAFF



Maj. Charles P. Snyder
Regt'l Surgeon



Lt. David Miller
Asst. S-3



Lt. Joseph Mack
Liaison Off.



Capt. Karl N. Smith
Personnel Off.



Capt. William Von Berg
Transportation Off.

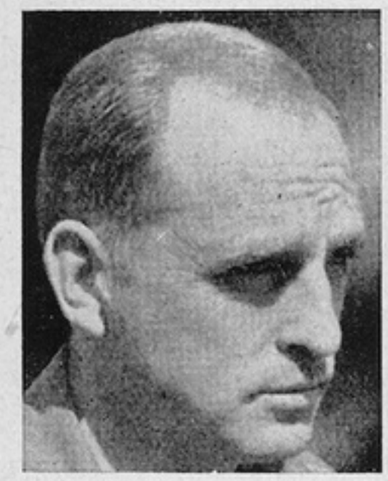


Lt. David A. Kribs
Special Serv. Off.



Capt. Edw. Swartout
Regt'l Chaplain

1st Bn STAFF



Lt. Tom Stidham
S-4



Lt. John Clevenger
S-2



Capt. Wayne Bart
S-3



Capt. Edward Howell
S-1

2nd Bn STAFF



Capt. William Waters
S-3



Lt. Candler Wiselogle
S-2



Lt. Joseph Storey
S-4



Capt. James Patterson
S-1

3rd Bn STAFF



Capt. Enno Schraft
S-1



Capt. Walter Ashmore
S-2



Capt. Frank Tyrrell
S-3



Lt. Harold May
S-4

COMPANY COMMANDERS



Capt. Wilfred Barber
Co. A



Capt. Daniel Moore
Co. B



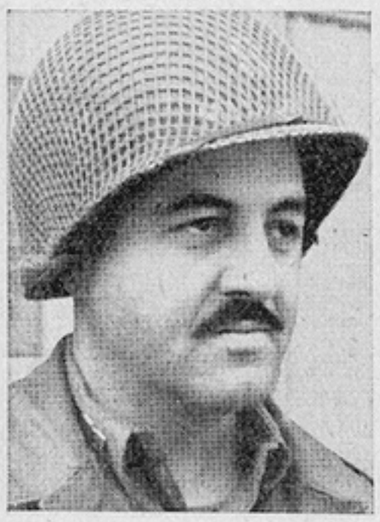
Capt. Walter Edwards
Co. C



Capt. Harold Woodson
Co. D



Capt. Joseph Sloan
Co. E



Capt. Thomas Mitchell
Co. F



Capt. Joseph Macaluso
Co. G



Capt. John Caddle
Co. H



Capt. Roland Eaton
Co. I



Capt. Daniel Halladay
Co. K



Capt. Alexander Kahapea
Co. L



Capt. Maurice Reidy
Co. M



Capt. Herman Mundt
Cannon Co.



Capt. James Shonak
Anti-tank Co.



Capt. Theodore Davenport
Service Co.



Capt. Norman Whitney
Reg Hq Co.



Capt. Robert Lavoie
Co. C, 308 Med.



Capt. Joseph Swider
Co. C, 308 Engr.

(Other Company Commanders during combat—Co. A, Capt. John Rieger; Co. C, Capt. Floyd Souders, Capt. Harlan Wright, Capt. Patrick Murphy; Co. D, Capt. Harry Gravelyn; Co. E, Capt. Cecil Runkle, Capt. Francis Oliver; Co. F, Capt. George Banknight; Co. I, Lt. Russell Butler, Capt. Huston Smith; Co. K, Capt. Everett Deger, Capt. Marion Cooper; Co. L, Capt. James Dye, Lt. Arthur Ungren, Capt. Robert Windsor; Co. M, Capt. Nathaniel Wentworth, Capt. Eugene Jackson.)



331st Combat Team's own newspaper

Activation

Our training progressed rapidly

The 331st Infantry, as part of the 83rd Division, was activated at Camp Sherman, Ohio, on the 13th of August, 1917. The shoulder patch insignia of the Division which bears the monogram OHIO indicates that the majority of the men filling its ranks came from the Buckeye State. Though this is not true today, the now familar insignia is still worn.

In June, 1918, the Division went to France where it was designated as a Depot Division and furnished replacements for units which had been badly hit in combat. Detached units of the Division earned commendations for their work in the Aisne-Marne, Meuse-Aisne and Meuse-Argonne battles.

The Division was demobilized October, 1919 at Camp Sherman, Ohio. It was reactivated August 15, 1942 at Camp Atterbury, Indiana.

Col. Ercil D. Porter took command of the 331st Infantry and a vigorous program of training began in November to develop we civilians into fighting men. Our progress was so rapid that the Division was ordered to maneuvers in Tennessee during July, 1943. Though the youngest Division participating, we won the commendation of higher headquarters. With the conclusion of maneuvers at the beginning of September, most of us marched the distance of 150 miles to our new camp in Breckinridge, Kentucky.

Col. Martin D. Barndollar became 331st commander as Col. Porter was ordered to another assignment. Our advanced training was conducted in Breckinridge for five months before moving to Camp Shanks, N.Y., from which, on April 6th, 1944, we embarked for England.

The SS George Washington docked at Liverpool and the 331st moved by train to Adderly Hall and three days later to Tarporley where the entire regiment was billeted in one area. Intensive training began in northern Wales. Our morale was high. Our thorough training and reconditioning program grew in effect with each ensuing week. Our spirits soared to new heights on D-Day and by June 16th we were sealed within marshalling areas and the briefing of leaders and troops commenced.

The day we were to put the lessons of our training periods to the supreme test had arrived.

Five Campaigns

We fought from Omaha Beach to the Elbe

V-E day climaxed 10 and one-half months of continous fighting for the 331st Combat Team which had since June 26th participated in five campaigns in the ETO—Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes, Rhineland and Central Europe. We traveled 1408 miles from Omaha Beach through France, Luxembourg, Belgium and Germany across the Elbe River and were credited with the capture of 15,958 prisoners.

Our hard punching drives highlighted every major battle engagement. From the vicinity of Carentan we fought one long continuous battle through mine-filled and heavily defended hedgerows to Periers. We succeeded in piercing one of the most powerful lines of resistance and played a major role in the breakthrough from Normandy immediately after the vast bombing attack on Nazi lines which started tank processions for Brittany and central France.

At St. Malo, closeting a staggering Nazi Force, we tore through enemy fortifications and lines of connected entrenchments to help take this vital European port. This led to the downfall of the Citadel—a German stronghold which stood against artillery and bombing attacks for weeks of fanatical holding. More hedgerow terrain was encountered when the 331st took Dinard, opposite St. Malo. Here we fought one of the stiffest battles for Fortress Paula on strategic Hill 48. Then in rapid succession St. Lunaire and St. Brieuc fell to us.

Catching only a breath of rest, we went down to the Loire River to protect the right flank of the 3rd Army as it dashed across France. Then at St. Nazaire we again bottled up Nazi troops, 60,000 this time, who were trying to squeeze out of the Brittany Peninsula to escape our closing pincers and join other of their units fleeing to Germany. Our zone of responsibility—one of the longest sectors given any regimental unit in the ETO—extended from Angers through Nantes to Redon, a distance of 93 miles.

We then moved into Luxembourg and cleared the west banks of the Moselle River before going into Germany.

Relieving elements of the 4th Division in the mud and bog of the Hurtgen Forest, we confronted and finally crushed one of the most formidable Nazi strongholds on the outskirts of the woods. What we did not wipe out, we drove back, in spite of their stubborn resistance; to the banks of the Roer River just south of Duren.

Then in the harsh of winter when Von Rundstedt's counteroffensive struck, the 331st drove through Holland and Belgium to hit at the Northern flank of the Nazi salient at Ottre. In ten of the bitterest, coldest days and nights of our memories, we speared five miles into the bulge, fighting unrelentlessly to push German tanks and infantry from the towns of Petite-Langlir, Langlir and to the edges of the St. Pierre-Hez Forest at the foothills of the Ardennes. Our speed in establishing this bridgehead was so great that it enabled elements of an armored division to advance through the Ardennes and cut the Houffalize-St. Vith highway, vital and last German supply route reaching out to the western end of the salient.

The Ninth Army's great offensive toward Berlin found us crossing the Roer at Julich and streaking across the Reich leaving captured town after captured town in our never ceasing wake. In less than 48 hours, the Rhine River bank at the southern tip of Neuss was ours, making us the first Yanks in the Ninth and First Armies to reach the last wall between the American Armies and the heart of Germany.

In 13 days the 331st Combat team with the 329th Combat team roared 213 miles into the center of the Hinterland to establish the only permanent bridge-head across the Elbe River. This we did with completely exposed flanks, which at one time extended over 80 miles, while bypassing on the right a pocket of 65,000 enemy troops.

The last triumph was accomplished when we held this bridgehead against several German counterattacks. We gave this same bridgehead position to the Russians just two days before V-E Day. Then we returned to the west bank of the Elbe River to assume temporary occupational duties.

Omaha Beach and Normandy

Hedgerow battles were bitter

AFTER two months training in Wales, the 331st Combat Team pulled away from Southampton, England, in Liberty Ships on June 17th and 18th—D-Day plus 12—for the Nazi-held shores of Normandy bristling with enemy machine guns, pill-boxes, mines and almost every type of anti-invasion fortification. The initial beachhead had been successfully established and now it was up to us—green combat troops—to punch through the Nazi's inner lines of defenses into France.

Weather was against us and for five days we tossed around the rough waters of the channel unable to land on makeshift docks which were often washed away. LCIs (Landing Craft Infantry) finally sided up to our ships and we were transferred to them and to LSTs (Landing Ship Tanks).

As we pulled into the shores of Normandy at Omaha Beach, we came stumbling out of the LCIs. Some of us piled into our vehicles which came pouring out of the LSTs into the water and on up the beaches. By nightfall we were in our assembly area in the vicinity of Treviers.

On June 26th, we had our first taste of fire when the 331st relieved the 502nd Parachute Regiment of the 101st Airborne Division southwest of Carentan at Auvers, France. For one week, we dodged enemy artillery, mortar, and exchanged small arms fire in minor skirmishes among the hedgerows. We remained in a holding position while preparing for a major offensive.

By July 3rd, our leaders had been thoroughly briefed on their missions in the general offensive to be launched July 4th. It was at dawn of this day that we experienced our real baptism of fire as we attacked south in an attempt to cut the vital St. Lo-Periers highway. Our immediate objective was Sainteny and high ground to the east in the vicinity of Periers.

Following a terrific artillery preparation beginning at 0400 on Independence Day and lasting for 30 minutes, our 2nd and 3rd Battalions abreast jumped off at 0445 from the vicinity of Meautis. Part of the 2nd Battalion advanced a few hundred yards across a swamp but were forced to withdraw as enemy artillery, mortar fire and counterattacks from tanks and infantry cut their ranks to pieces. The 3rd Battalion was also stopped cold.

So vicious and bloody was the fighting that no gain had been made on the entire regimental front by late afternoon. Casualties among officers were especially heavy. Less than two hours after the regiment crossed the line of departure our regimental commander, Col. Martin D. Barndollar, was killed at the forward Observation Post by a German sniper.

At 1900 the 1st Battalion supported by artillery and tanks launched a coordinated attack with its left flank resting on the Carentan-Periers highway. As the battalion moved into position near the "sunken road" occupied by 3rd Battalion 330th Infantry which had also been stymied, it came under an intense enemy artillery barrage. When they finally reached the line of departure, the "Sunken Road", they encountered anti-personnel mines.

Despite the artillery, the mines and everything the enemy could throw, the battalion crossed the LD and advanced steadily as darkness fell. The advance continued until the village of Les Vermesnil was reached at 2330. Here they were met with a veritable wall of Jerry fire including mortars, machine guns, machine pistols and bazookas. They had made a gain of 600 yards, so they buttoned up for the night.

The following day was another period of hell. About 0700, the Jerries launched a counter-attack with an estimated strength of one company against the 1st Battalion just short of the high ground, the Regimental objective. This was repulsed but with heavy casualties.

While the 1st Battalion reorganized, the 3rd Battalion passed through their position to continue the offensive.

In the face of cutting fire and over terrain broken by hedgerows and heavy foliage, we moved tediously forward. Our advance met determined resistance. Dug into the earthen walls that marked each hedge, the German positions presented a defense that could be eliminated only by slow, costly attacks. Hedgerows were zeroed in by enemy artillery, paths of machine gun cross-fire were set-up and entrenchments were constructed not only behind but also under the hedgerows. Connecting trenches gave the enemy escape routes when their positions were overrun by the doughboys.

Pitted against us—new troops fresh from the schools, the offices, the factories, the farms of the USA—were Germany's best SS and Panzer Grenadier Divisions. These numerous tank-infantry teams that functioned like mobile pill-boxes along the ideally situated sunken roads, and behind fields planted with mines and booby traps, gave us our first bitter pill of battle. And it was hard to swallow. We had never imagined battle like this. We never expected to be walled-in with the enemy in constant deathlock struggles which lasted through the days and the nights, as we moved from one slit trench to another, through one hedgerow to another. We were never sure where the enemy was—to the left of us, to our right or even behind us. We never knew where that next 88 was coming from or when. They hit us with everything they had—artillery, tanks and infantry.

Our nerves were strained. Our task seemed endless. On the map, we held but a mere spot of France. Before us lay thousands of miles through which we must move to reach the

heart of the enemy. And we were forced to fight, and fight hard, for every yard of advance. We had little maneuver ground for we were canalized by the Taute River and unfordable swamplands. Our losses were heavy, but the enemy's were heavier.

On the afternoon of the 6th of July, the 4th Division passed through our lines and we reverted to 83rd Division Reserve until the morning of the 7th when we were again committed with Sainteny as our objective. After hard fighting our 2nd Battalion captured Sainteny on the afternoon of the 9th of July and held the town against repeated counterattacks.

On 10th July, our 3rd Battalion jumped off to clear Bois Grimot against especially bitter resistance by enemy tanks and infantry and heavy artillery and mortar fire. After being held up by stiff resistance and enemy counterattacks on 12th July, all three battalions made a coordinated frontal assault and drove the enemy from Bois Grimot. It was this day that Col. Robert H. York, coming from the veteran 1st Division, took command of our Regiment. The following day our 2nd and 3rd Battalions attacked with the Taute River as our objective. The resistance was initially light, but the 3rd Battalion was held up by a heavily defended strong point and pushed on toward the Taute River. As the unit on the right had not advanced, the enemy counterattacked and cut off part of the battalion which remained out of touch with the Regiment until relieved by advance elements of the 329th Infantry on our right flank two days later.

On the 18th of July, our 1st Battalion attacked across the Taute River and surrounding swamps to seize the La Varde Peninsula against heavy machine gun and tank fire. The attack was unsuccessful and they suffered heavy losses because we were unable to get any supporting weapons across the river.

Again on the 19th of July, companies of the 3rd Battalion with the 83rd Recon Troop attacked the peninsula from the northeast in the vicinity of Le Moulin at 0330. The attack was successful this time. For the enemy was taken completely by surprise, many of them fighting in undershirts and stocking feet.

The main bridge on the causeway leading to the peninsula had been replaced by a Bailey Bridge by the Division Engineers and mined for blowing. Before the tanks could be moved to support the infantry, dug in on the peninsula, enemy artillery detonated the explosives and destroyed the bridge.

At the same time a strong enemy counterattack of tanks and infantry was launched which forced our 3rd Battalion and Recon Troop to withdraw to Le Moulin with heavy losses.

The Regiment then confined its efforts to clearing enemy from a pocket on our right flank which was heavily fortified with mines and booby traps.

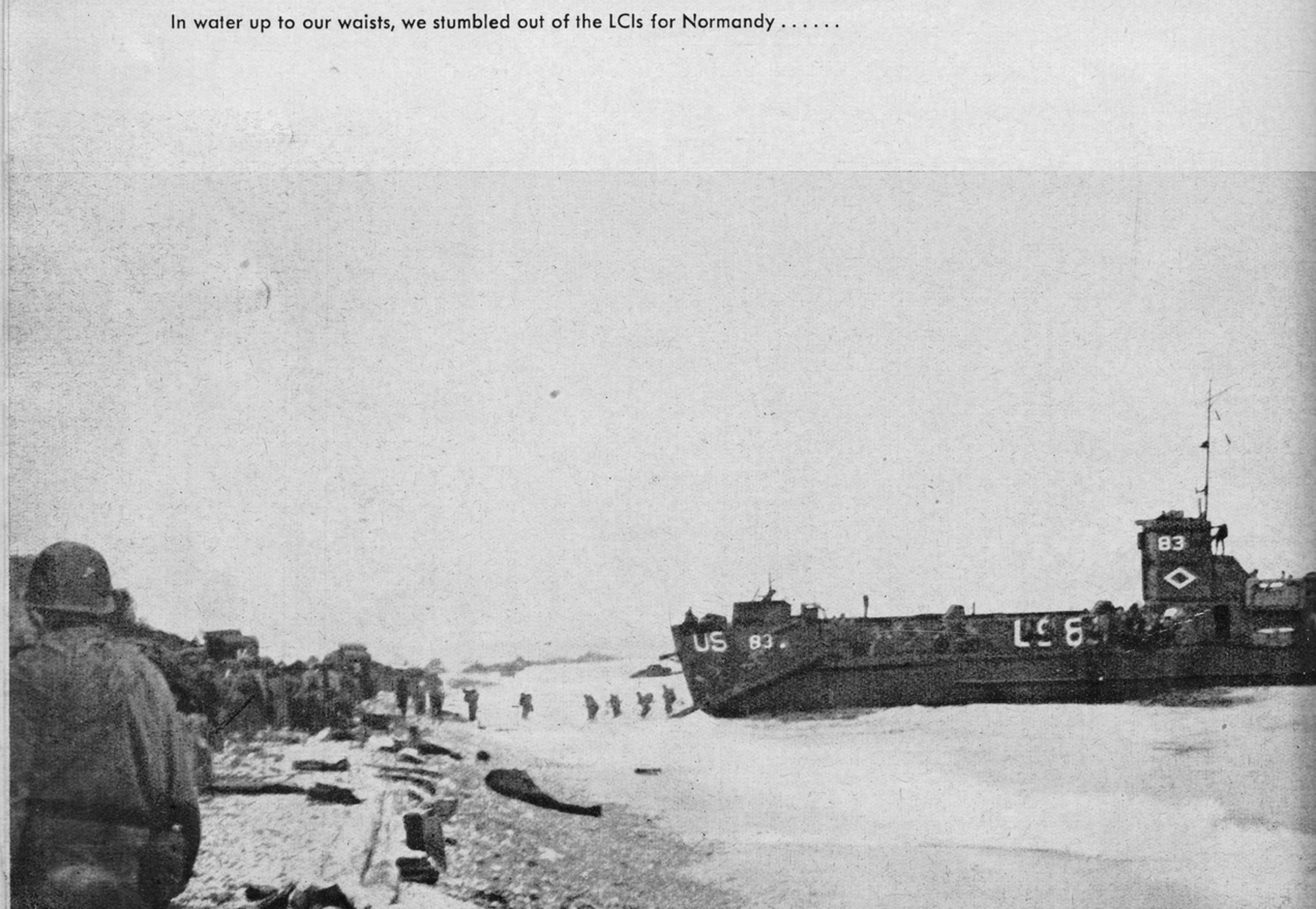
July 25th is the day we remember vividly. This was the day we felt, at long last, we could burst from our geographical bonds and get going. We heard the roar of planes and looked up at the skies to see them covered with bombers—all American. Approximately 2500 heavy and medium bombers supported by several hundred fighters saturated enemy lines with their

bombs in an area five miles wide and two miles deep. The bomb targets were all south of the St. Lo-Periers highway. A tremendous roaring filled the air as 350 fighter-bombers opened the attack, and the earth trembled with the shock of tons of bombs dropped by 1800 heavy and 400 medium bombers while 500 more fighter planes gave protection from possible German air attack. A great cloud of dust and smoke rose over the area obscuring the road. Several planes dropped their bombs short of the target area, among our own troops waiting to attack. Confusion at this unexpected turn of events partially disorganized some of our units that were hit, but adjustments were quickly made and the entire Corps immediately launched a coordinated attack as planned.

The 331st crossed the Taute River on the night of the 27th and though slowed again by hostile tank activity, numerous mines and booby traps, fought through three German-held villages to reach high ground north and east of Le Comprends on the 28th of July. This advance aided materially in the big infantry breakthrough and sent tank columns rolling for Brittany. At Le Comprends, our Regiment was squeezed out of the line by other elements of Corps and we went into an assembly area for the first rest we had after 23 days and nights of continuous and bitter fighting.

We headed for Omaha Beach on Liberty Ships but transferred to LCIs and LSTs when a storm washed our makeshift docks away . . . we landed on the secured beach June 23rd . . . . . .

In water up to our waists, we stumbled out of the LCIs for Normandy . . . . .



But some of us were a little more fortunate when our LCI pulled up to an engineer-built ramp and we marched ashore . . . mine fields were already marked with white tape . . . the wounded were being carried to ships bound for England . . . . . .

Anti-aircraft protected us from the Luftwaffe which made frequent visits to the beach, especially at night . . .



as we marched to the front in our uniforms-as green and fresh as we were-we passed French peasants moving back from the range of German guns . . . . . .



Hedgerow terrain made our first taste of battle bitter . . . and we learned fast the folly of exposing ourselves in open gaps in the thick foliage . . . deep gulleys afforded us some cover in these nerve-tearing battles . . . . . .





Our training in marksmanship paid dividends . . . . . .





We were constantly shooting it out with the Jerries between hedgerows . . . . . .

Our advance was slow and tedious . . . we fought hard for every single yard . . . . . .





Our losses were heavy but
the enemy's were heavier
. . .

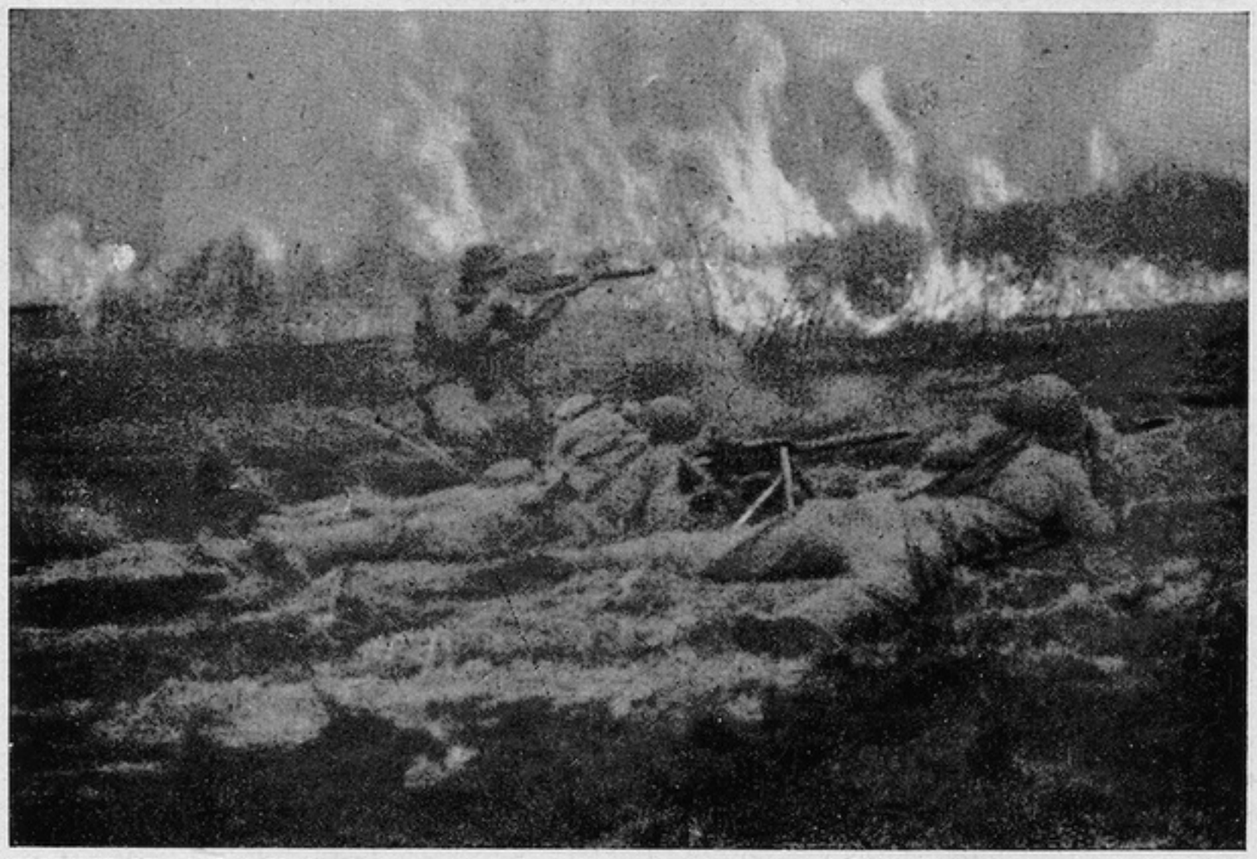
we were constantly on
the alert for the enemy
was everywhere . . . in
front of us and behind us
. . . . . .







We pushed the enemy back toward St. Eny and Periers . . .



through fiery ground from tracer shells . . .

through hedgerow after hedgerow . . . it was rough but we didn't falter. . . . . .

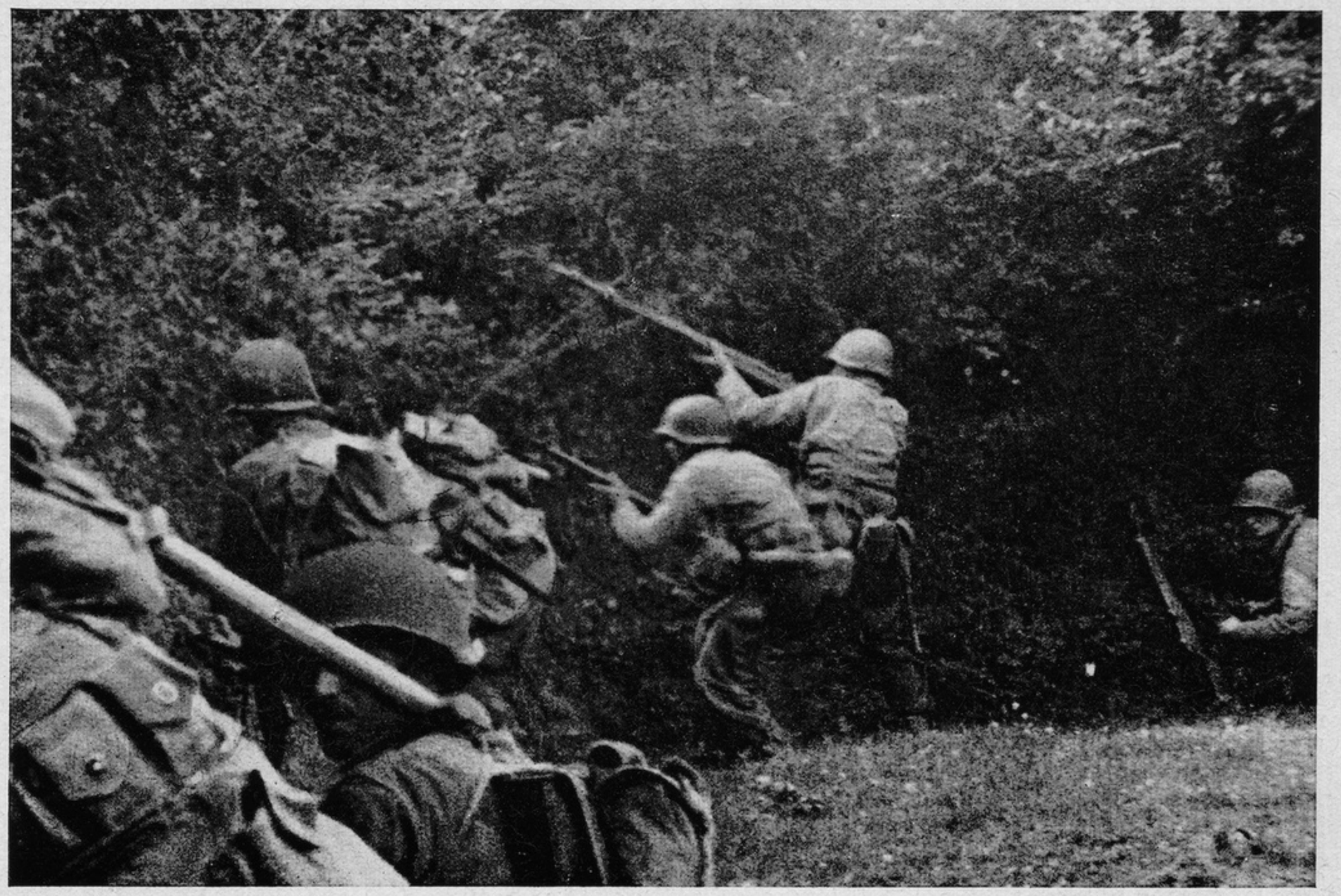


Our machine guns kept blazing away . . . we didn't know the meaning of fatigue . . . our bazookas were frequently used against Nazi tanks . . . . . .



With little rest and over ground filled with booby traps and mines . . . . . .



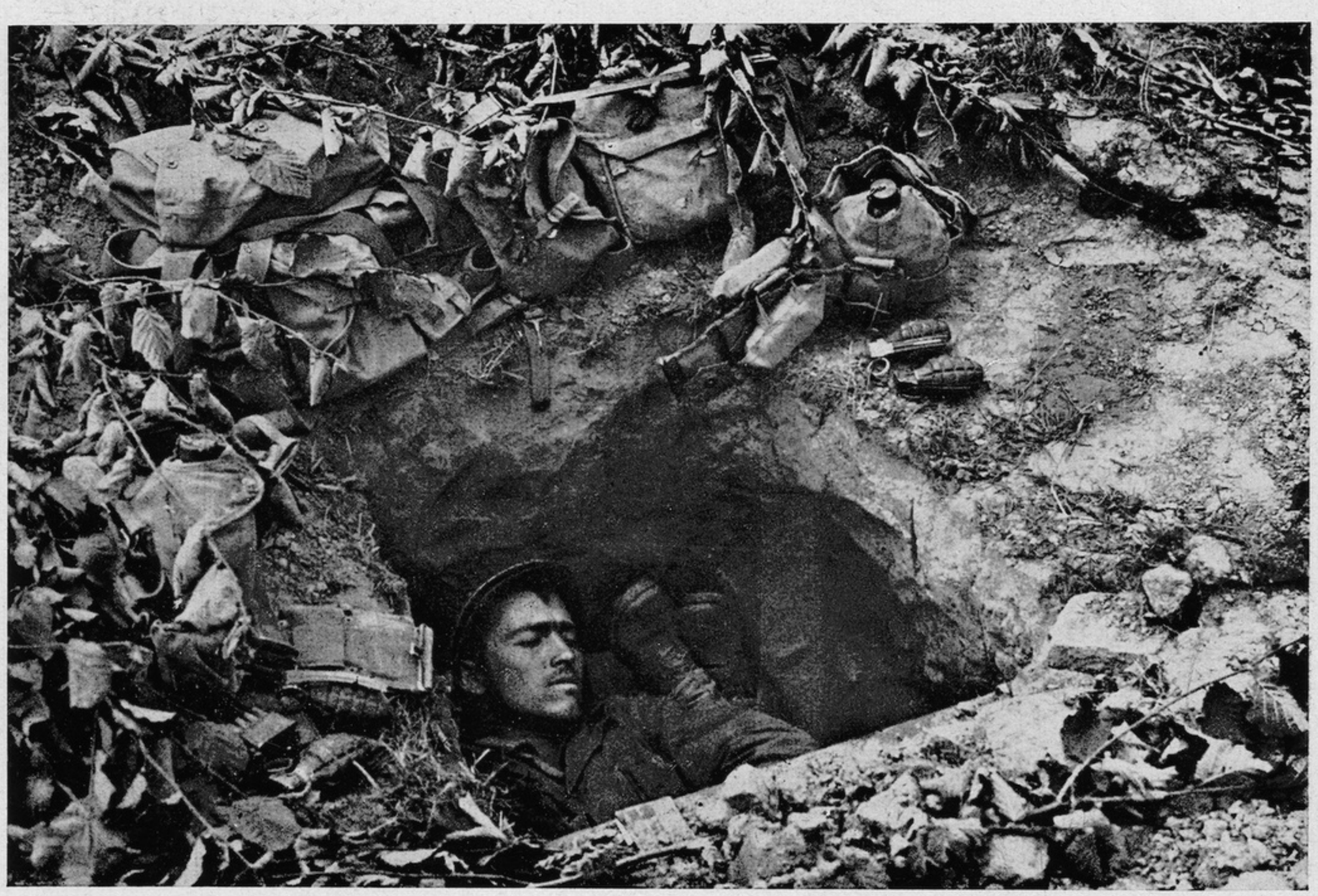


We slugged it out with a stubbornly resisting enemy who fiercely contested every yard we gained . . . . . .





We sought mental comfort in the bible . . . we found little physical comfort in foxholes . . . . . .





Our mortar guns firing from deep emplacements gave the riflemen close support from one attack to another .....

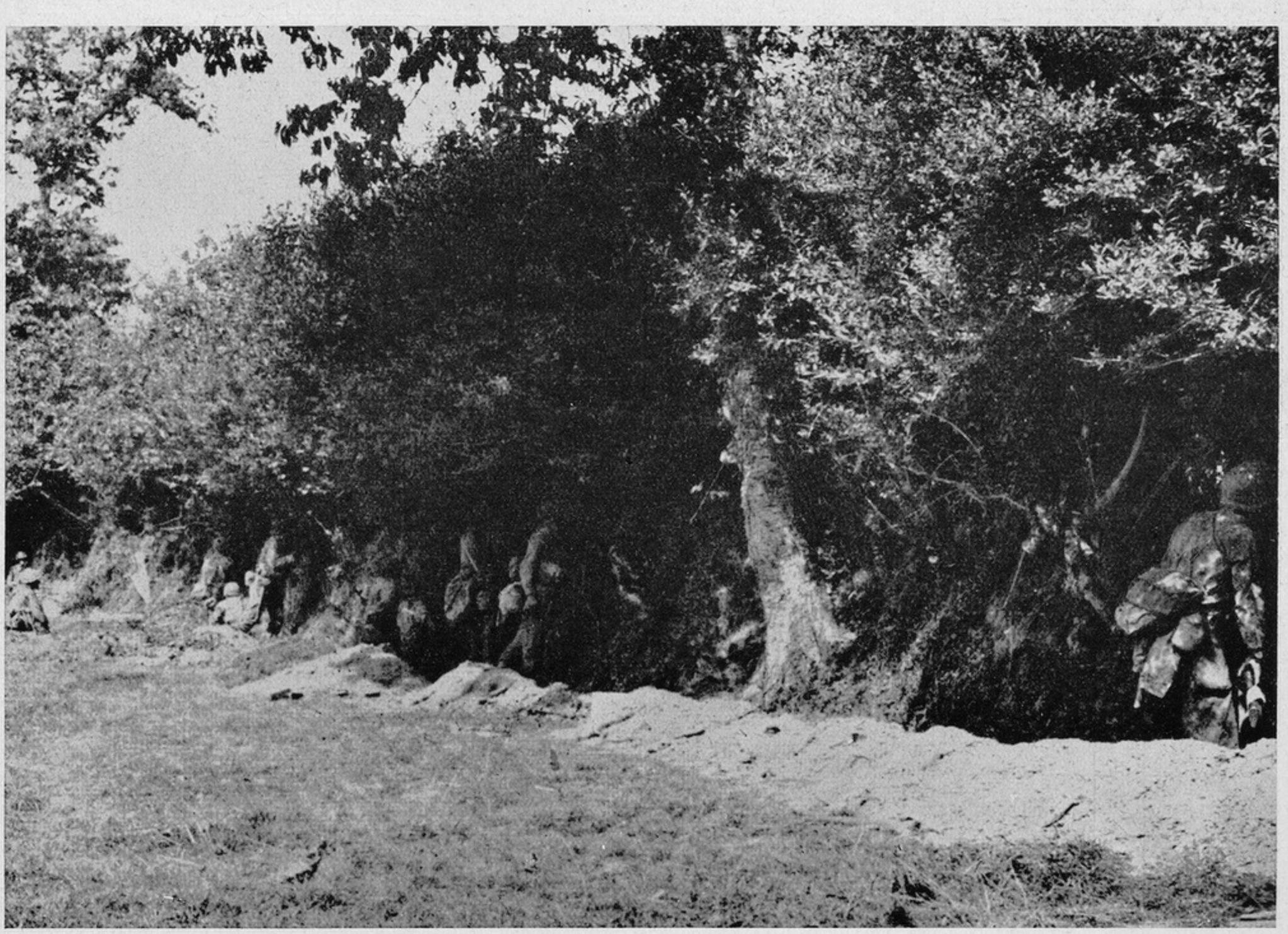




And our 60 mm. mortars kept right up with the riflemen as each squad stopped long enough even in open fields to keep mortar popping over our heads . . . . . .



We never knew when we had to hit the ground to dodge enemy 88s or brace ourselves for a counterattack . . . . . .





We stuck to our guns . . . we ate K and 10-in-one rations and we caught a nap once in awhile . . . . . .

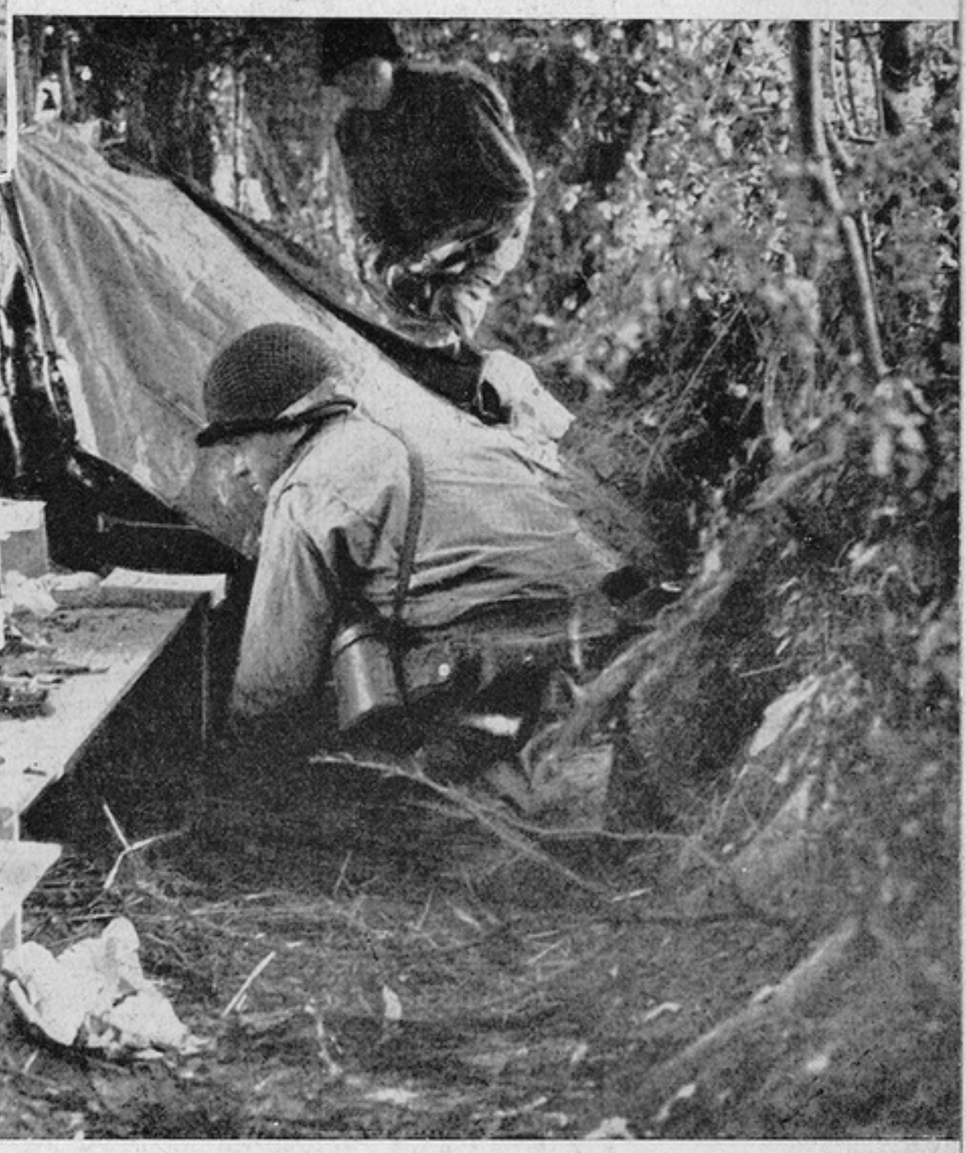


Sometimes wo took a chance and built a small flame to heat our coffee .....





Most of the times we ate in our fox-holes .....



And when we overran enemy positions we partook of their wine .....





French civilians were evacuated by our MPs from danger points subjected to artillery fire . . . our medics were kept plenty busy evacuating our wounded . . . . . .

A few walls were all that remained of St. Eny, typical of most Normandy towns . . . we'll never forget the fine support our Cannon Co. with their 105 mm. howitzers gave the riflemen . . . . . .



We heard the roar of planes on July 25th . . . the skies were covered with them
. . . the earth reverberated as their bombs dropped on enemy lines . . . .

That was our chance . . . a grand coordinated offensive and the big breakthrough . . . we had our first hot meal in days in the vicinity of Periers . . . . . .



The big offensive was on . . . the roads became clogged with civilians returning to their homes or what was left of them . . . in some cellers we stopped long enough to partake of French hospitality and taste their wine . . . . .



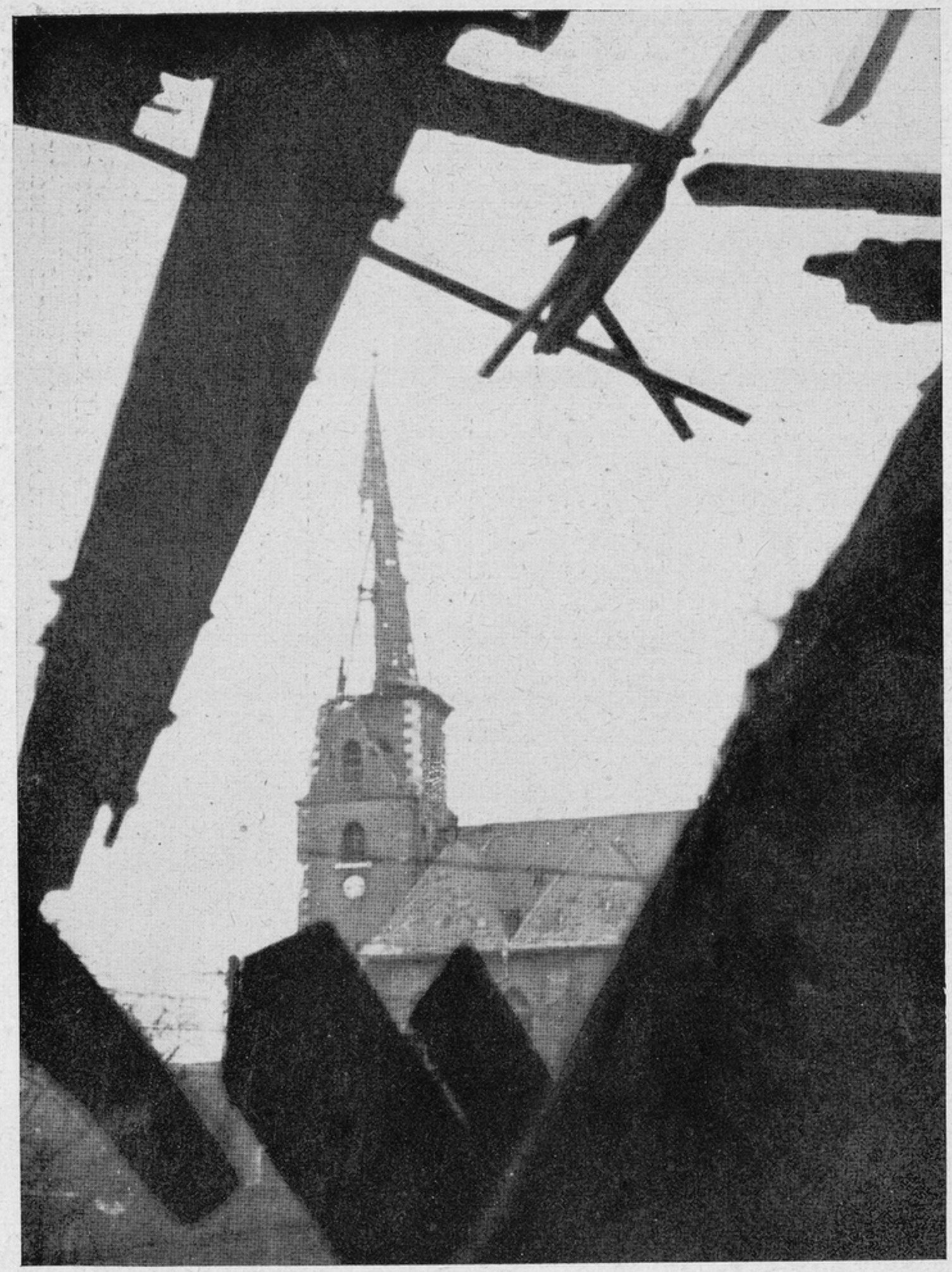


Knocked out Tigers appeared as foreboding as when they were in action against us .....

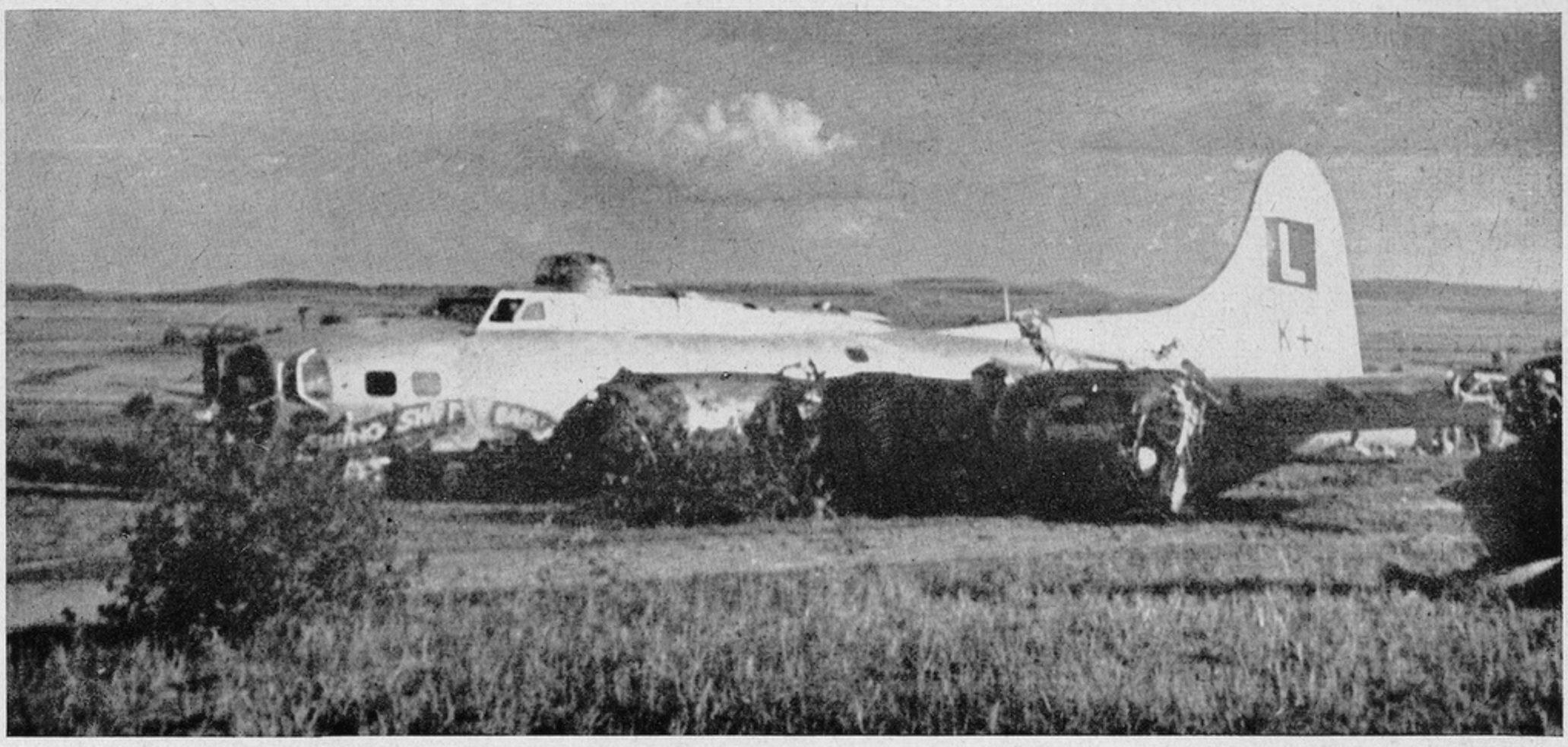




Most church steeples were blown off by our own artillery . . . . . .



Jerries used them as OPs . . . . . .





German ack-ack got some of our bombers that helped pave our advance . . . . . .



We took a break along the road for some hot chow . . . we were soon headed for our next mission . . . . . .

Brittany Peninsula

We smashed powerful strongholds

ON the 3rd and 4th days of August, the 331st was moved to the Brittany Peninsula through Coutances and Avranches while tank columns shot their tongues of steel into the heart of France in every direction, bypassing strong pockets of resistance. Two of these pockets were St. Malo and Dinard on the bay.

From the vicinity of Pontorson and Dol de Bretagne, the 331st launched an attack against St. Malo on August 5th. Crossing two canals, we reached the outskirts of St. Malo by August 8th. Here we were faced with the enemy's main lines of defenses consisting of a series of concrete pill-boxes, connected by several hundred feet of reinforced steel tunnels and trenches. All points were heavily fortified and protected by mine fields and barbed wire, which, in turn, were covered by all types of arms, high velocity and automatic weapons. One company made a 400 yard assault through railroad steel-spiked anti-tank obstacles and double apron barbed wire to knock out an enemy blockhouse. We then charged into Parame—the first troops to penetrate this St. Malo suburb—cleared out the town and with the close support of the artillery, succeeded in blasting and cleaning up the enemy strongpoints. By the 9th day of August, the 83rd had cleared most of St. Malo. Leaving the reduction of The Citadel, extending into the bay, to other units of the Division and our own 2nd Battalion, we swung 56 miles west of the Rance River estuary through beautiful Dinan to push on Dinard, opposite St. Malo.

In our punching drive into Dinard, sister city of St. Malo, we faced again familiar hedgerow terrain through which we fought strong enemy rearguard action defending the approaches to Dinard and strategic Hill 48 on the coast.

A ring of fortifications, consisting of heavy concrete pillboxes and bunkers all mutually supporting and protected by steel anti-tank obstacles and ditches, barbed wire and mine fields had to be pierced before assault on the town was possible. The enemy had expected the possibility of an attack from this direction and was well-prepared.

One battalion of the 121st Infantry of the 8th Division while operating with the 83rd on our right flank, had forced a small breach in the formidable fortifications only to have it closed behind them after they had gained an entrance. For several days they were completely cut

off and surrounded and were unable to move forward or get out of the trap. Supplies could not get through to them except a trickle of medicinal supplies by Cub plane. The only means of communication was radio.

Our 1st Battalion punched another hole through this fortification which was quickly exploited by both the 1st and 3rd Battalions. This action relieved the lone battalion of the 121st Infantry who were now able to evacuate their casualties which were quite heavy. They had done a heroic job beating off German counterattacks and holding on to their gains.

Having cracked the outer ring of these defenses, our attack moved rapidly against strong points consisting of more pillboxes, bunkers and self-propelled guns. The backbone of the defense had been broken. The 2nd Battalion of the 330th Infantry was attached to us to make up for our own 2nd Battalion that was to join us the following day from St. Malo.

With these reinforcements, an attack was planned to assault Dinard proper. Our own 3rd Battalion and the 2nd Battalion of the 330th with one battalion of the 121st Infantry, jumped off at 0800 to sieze the town after a long artillery preparation. By 1700 hours Dinard was reported cleared of enemy troops. Many prisoners were taken. The 2nd Battalion had rejoined us during the night.

In the afternoon, the 1st Battalion jumped off to sieze St. Lunaire. By 1800 hours the town was reported cleared of enemy but heavy fire was being received from Hill 48 and the Island of Cezembre in the bay.

During the night the 2nd Battalion pushed into St. Brieuc against light opposition. The following morning they moved to outflank Fortress Paula on Hill 48 from the west while the 1st Battalion surrounded it on the east.

Hill 48 was an isolated hill that dominated all of the terrain around it. Approaches to it were absolutely bare, with no cover. It was ringed in typical German style with pillboxes, all mutually supporting, and mine fields. The hill itself was tunneled under from end to end and was four stories high. Machine guns and 105 mm. guns guarded all the entrances. This fortress contained a Command Headquarters, with inter-communications, living quarters with bunks, an electric plant, air conditioning, huge stores of ammunition, food, water and equipment of all kinds. The hill was studded with steel pillboxes, multiple machine guns that could be fired through periscopic sights from safe positions underneath the ground. Flame-throwing booby traps were in position along all possible avenues of approach. Screaming meemies were suspended on wires to be cut loose from inside, to fall on troops that might reach the bottom of the hill. Some 800 fanatical Germans were inside this veritable fort. All were determined and prepared to hold out until the last round of ammunition had been fired. These fanatics were volunteers, for the Colonel in command had given his men in the fort the opportunity to leave if they wanted to. A few left under a white flag, but over 800 chose to fight to the finish.

This fortress seemed almost impregnable and the Germans thought only a long siege

could roust them out. We felt sure this battle would again be costly in lives against a determined enemy such as we were up against.

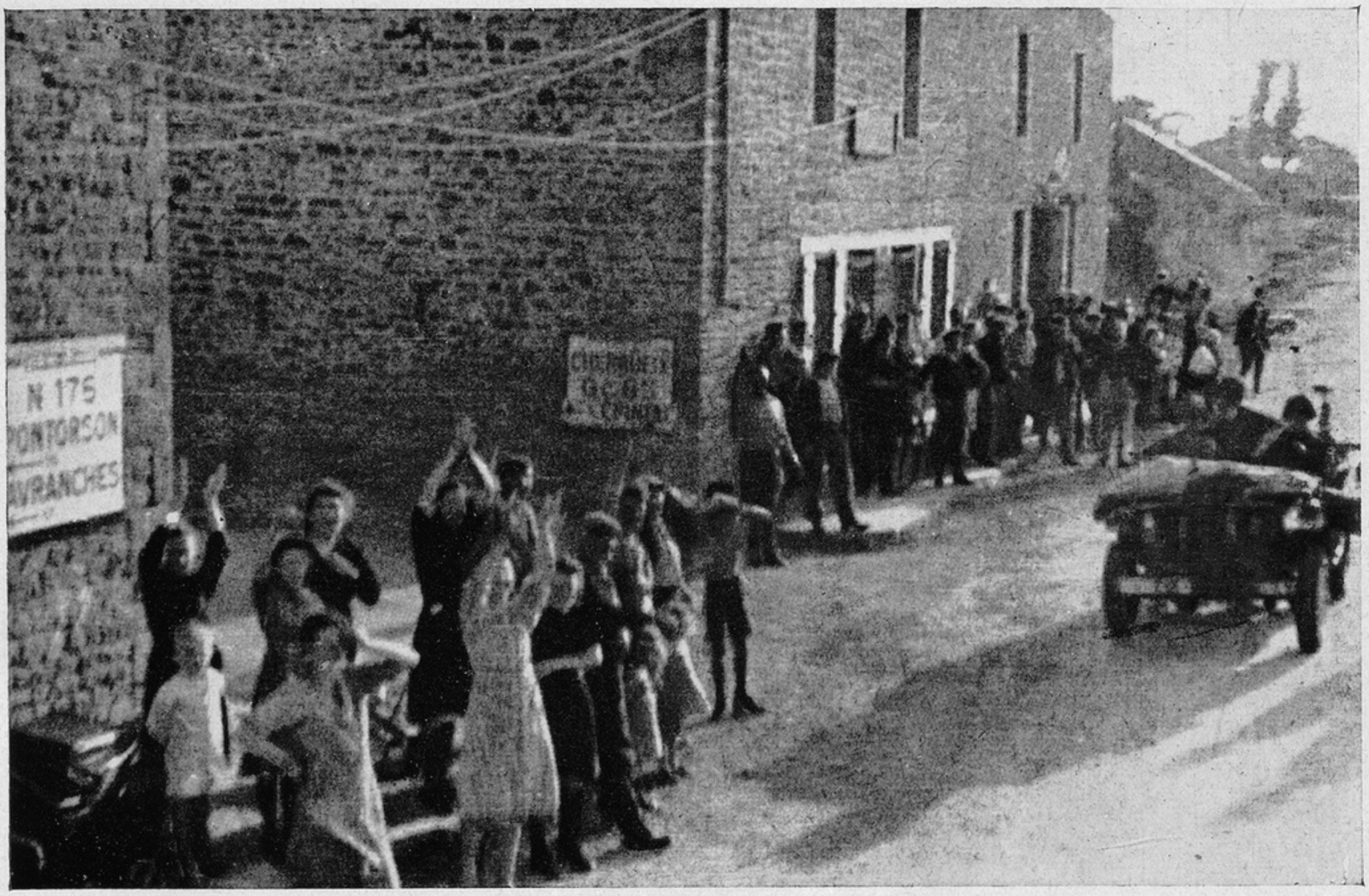
One pillbox on the outer ring of the defense was captured. It was wired for communication back to the Nazi Command Post tunneled deep into the center of Hill 48. We connected a phone, and spoke to the Adjutant. We demanded immediate surrender in order to save both American and German lives. Thirty minutes was given for an answer. The German Commandant realized the strength of his position and his answer was a determined "No, German soldiers never surrender". It looked bad for us, but the position had to be taken.

Before an attack was ordered, our own supporting tanks and TDs fired point blank at the hill. Serenade after serenade of artillery was fired on the fortress. Luck was on our side. One shell smashed into the entrance of one of the tunnels, setting some nearby ammunition on fire. This fire spread through the tunnels. The electricity went off. It was a hopeless situation for the Germans. Their white flag soon went up on top of the hill. The Jerries came streaming out. Many were killed in the panic that followed. Many were found suffocated with their gas masks on in parts of the tunnel that we were able to get to. The number that were killed by the explosions is unknown. For many days, the hill rumbled with explosions of burning ammunition.

In the St. Malo and Dinard battles, over 4,000 prisoners were taken by this Regiment alone aside from those killed. The Germans attempt to tie-up a large force and delay the American offensive as long as possible, had failed.



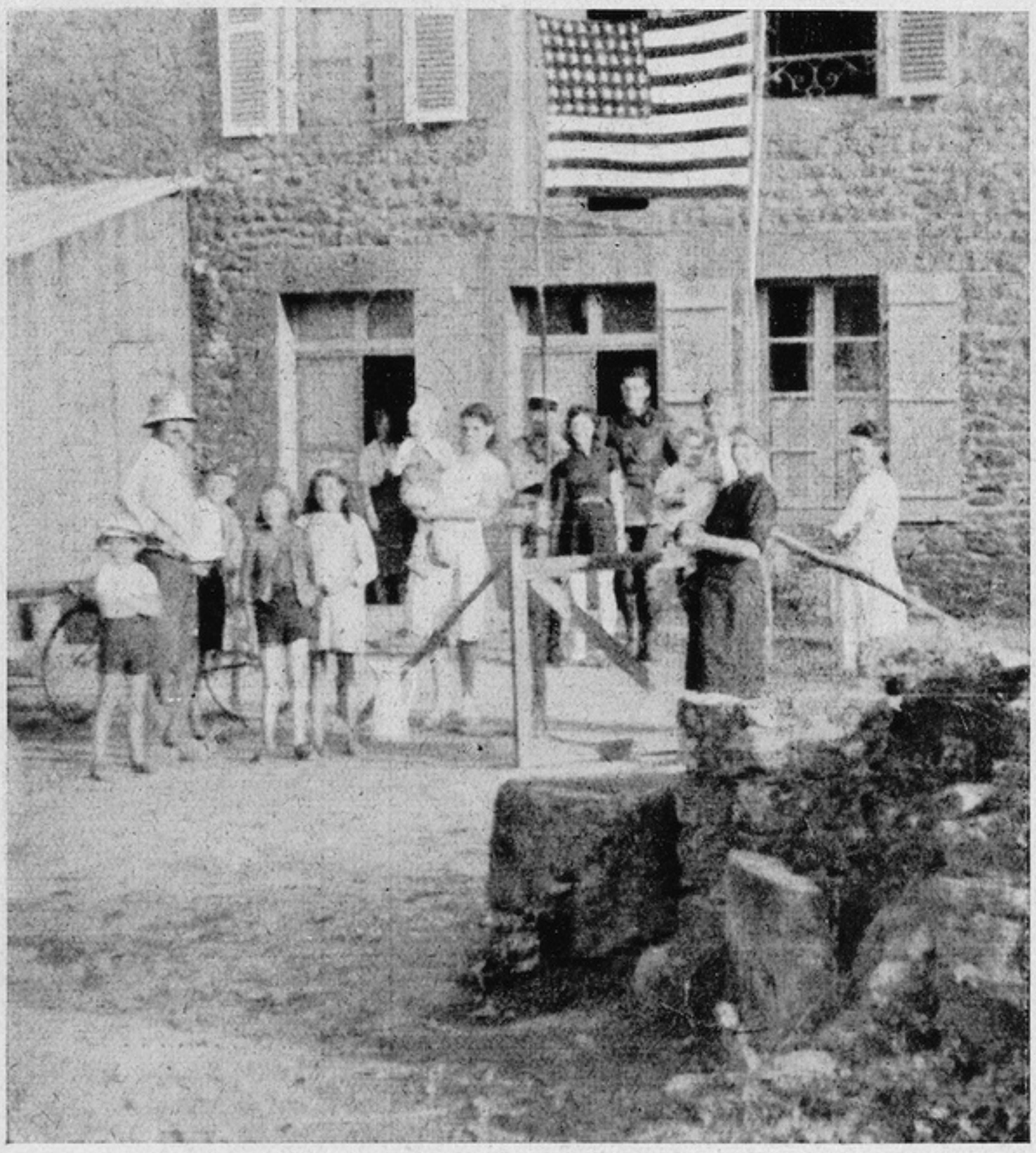
We entrucked and rolled from Normandy through Coutances and Avranches to the Brittany Peninsula . . . . . .



Civilians wildly cheered as we drove by . . . relief from the Nazi yoke was most apparent . . . . . .



When we stopped, even for a moment, they surged around us—young and old—enthusiastic in their expressions of thanks for their freedom . . . . . .





American flags—woven by French civilians—were displayed in front of many homes . . . . . .



We gave our chocolate D-bars to children . . . we were soon hearing the familiar ETO refrain again-"have you any gum?" . . . . . .



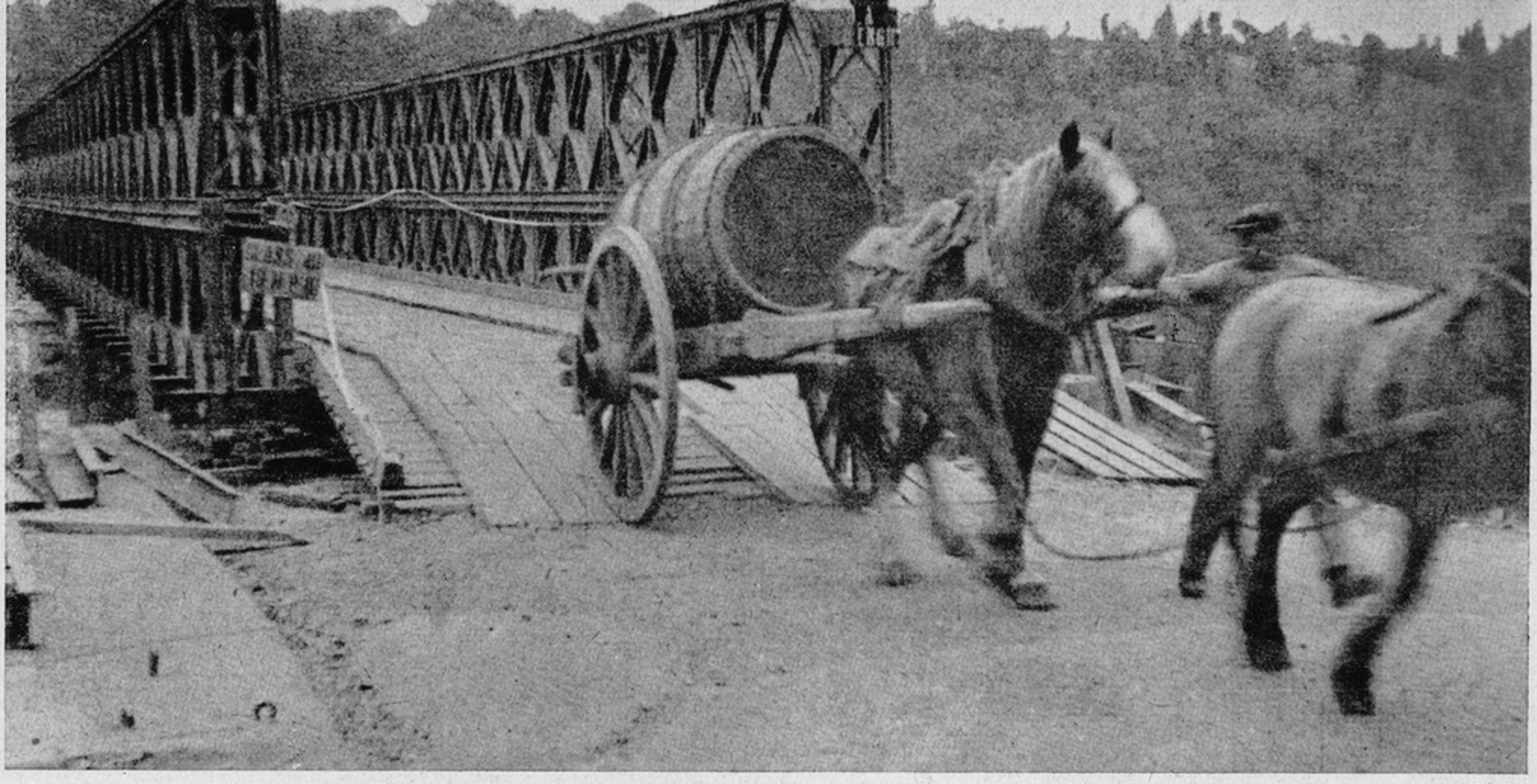
French girls were forced to bare their shame, for having fraternized with German soldiers, by getting their hair cut off.....

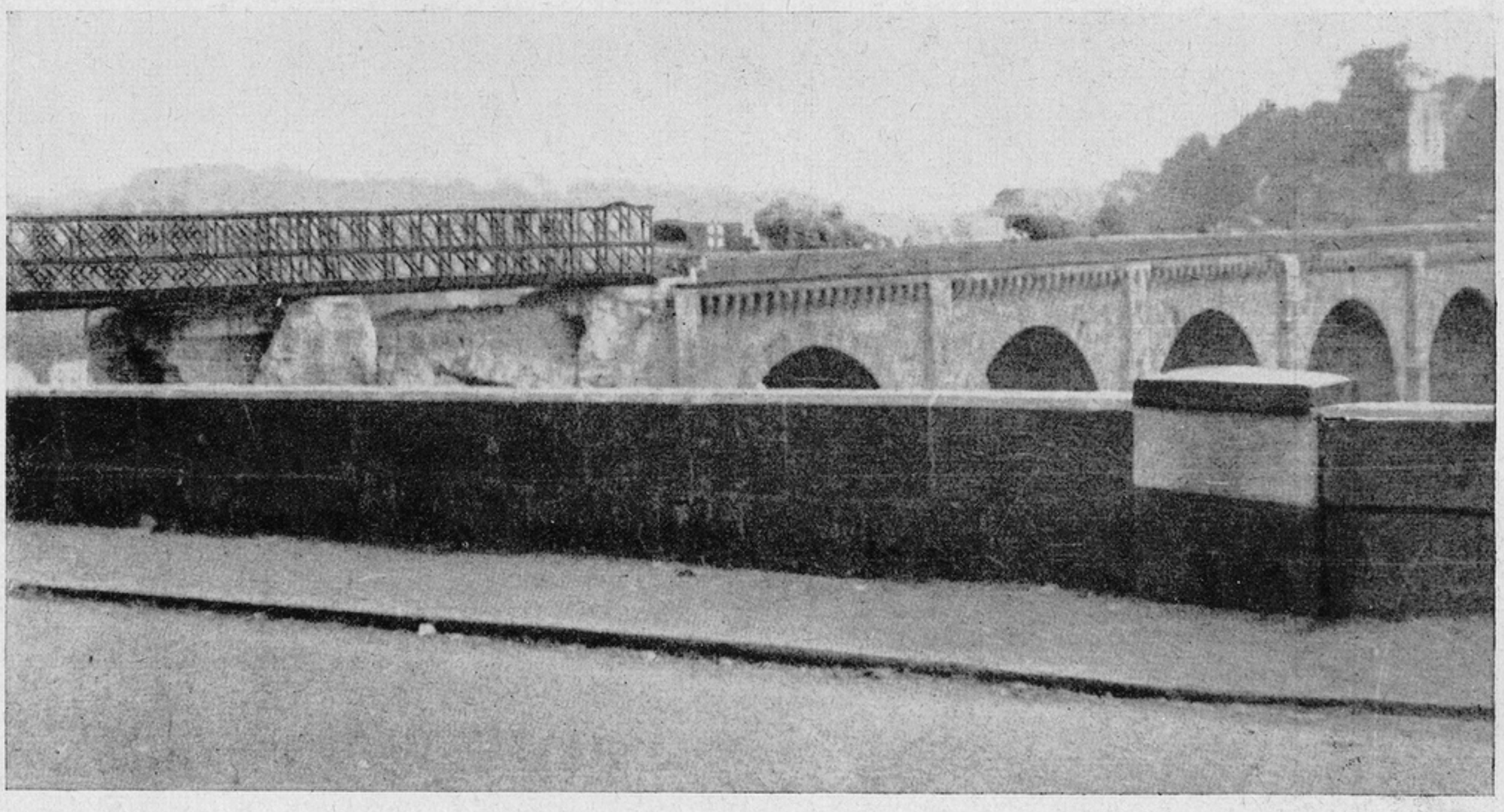


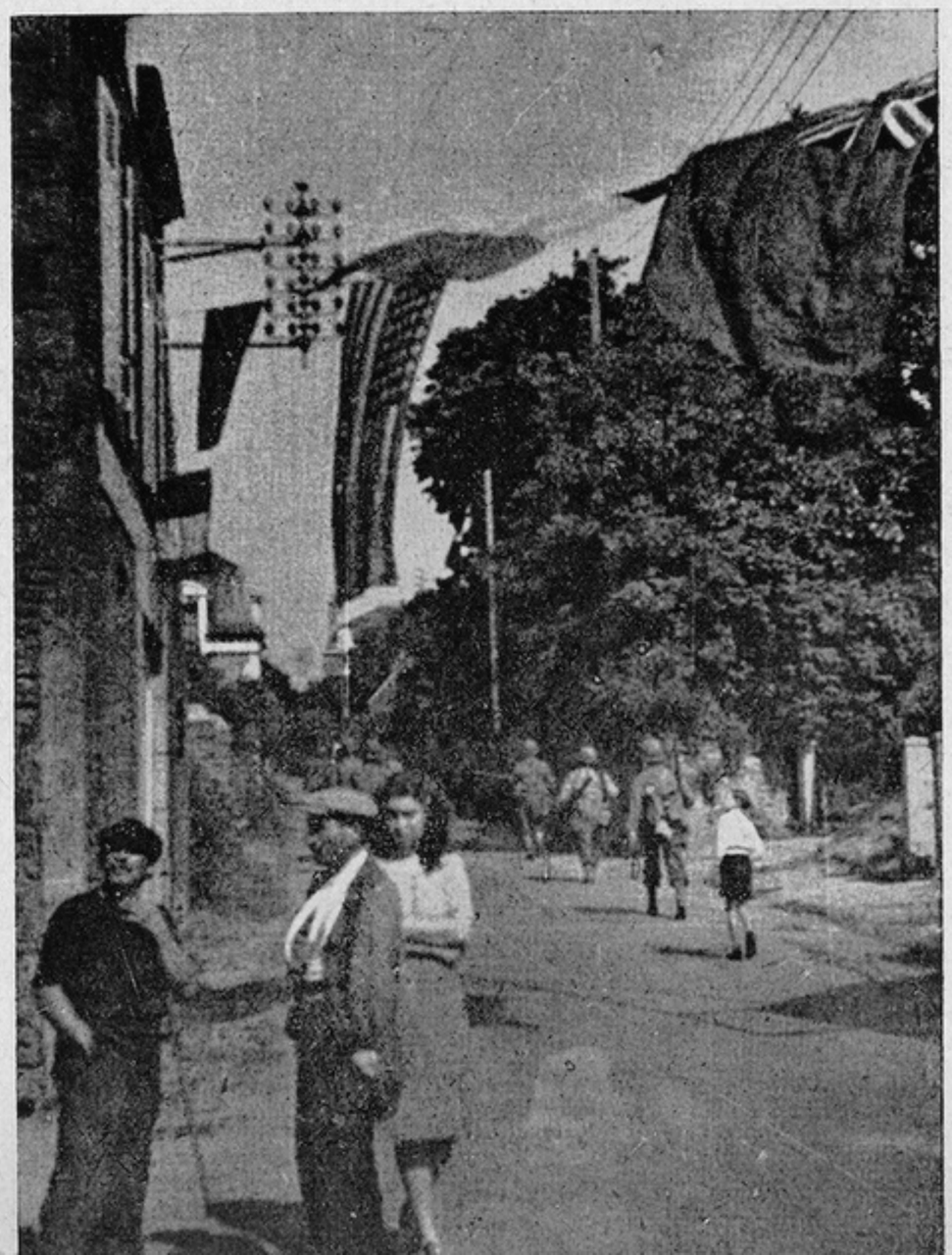
Along the road we saw more and more families trudging homeward, footsore and weary but never too tired to smile their appreciation . . . . .



They revealed their feelings again by their deephearted gestures in placing flowers on the graves of American soldiers and prayed for our dead wherever they found them . . . . . .

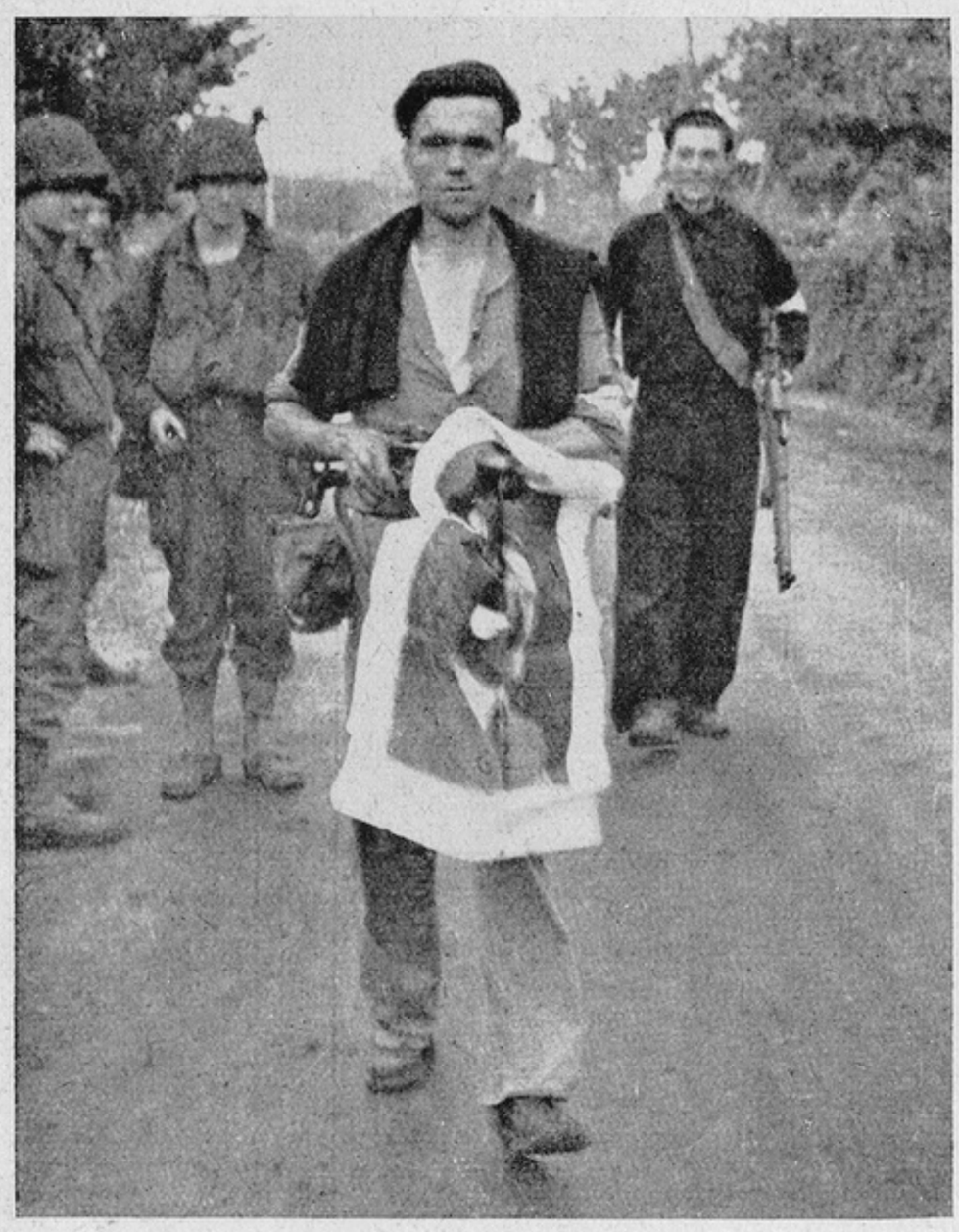


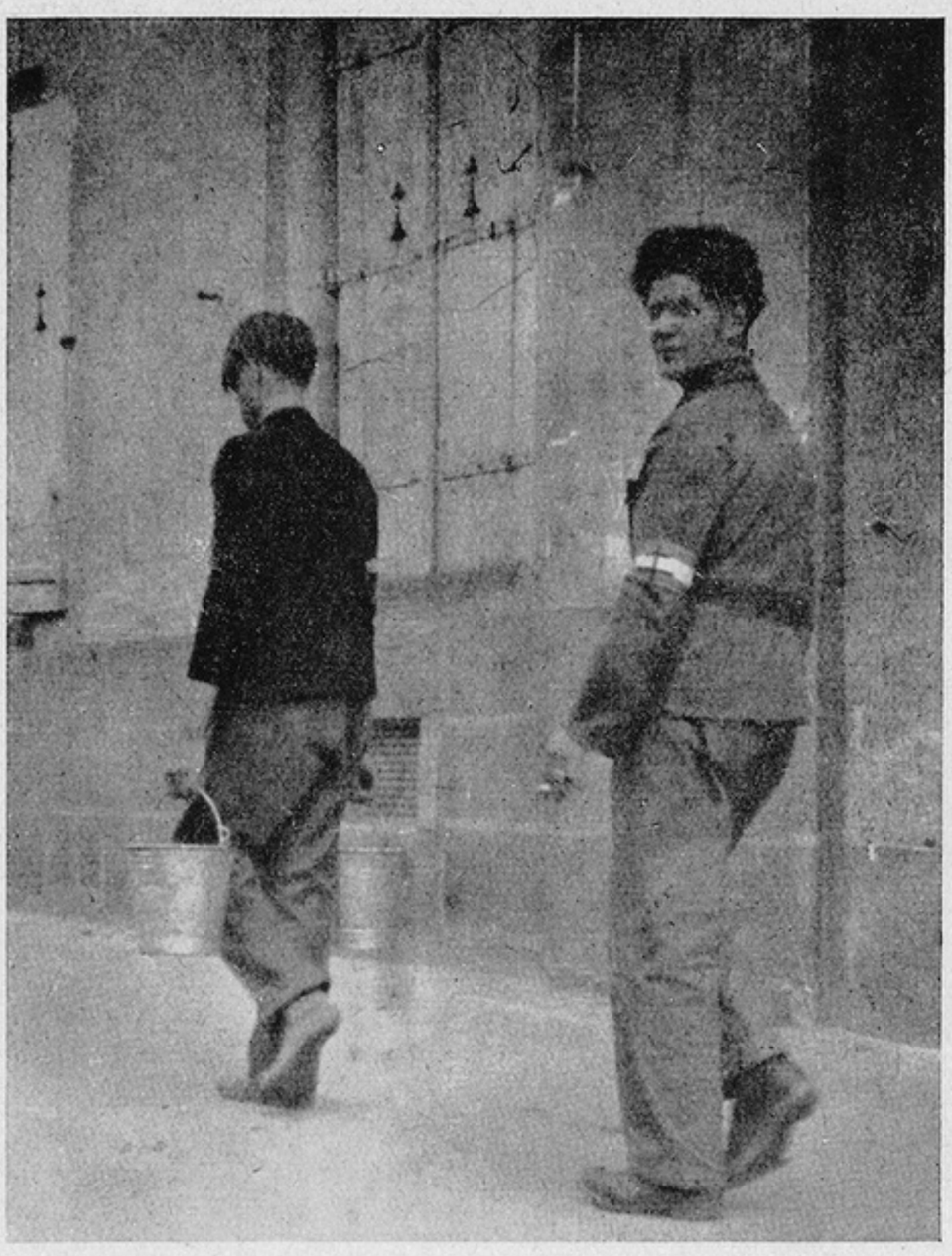




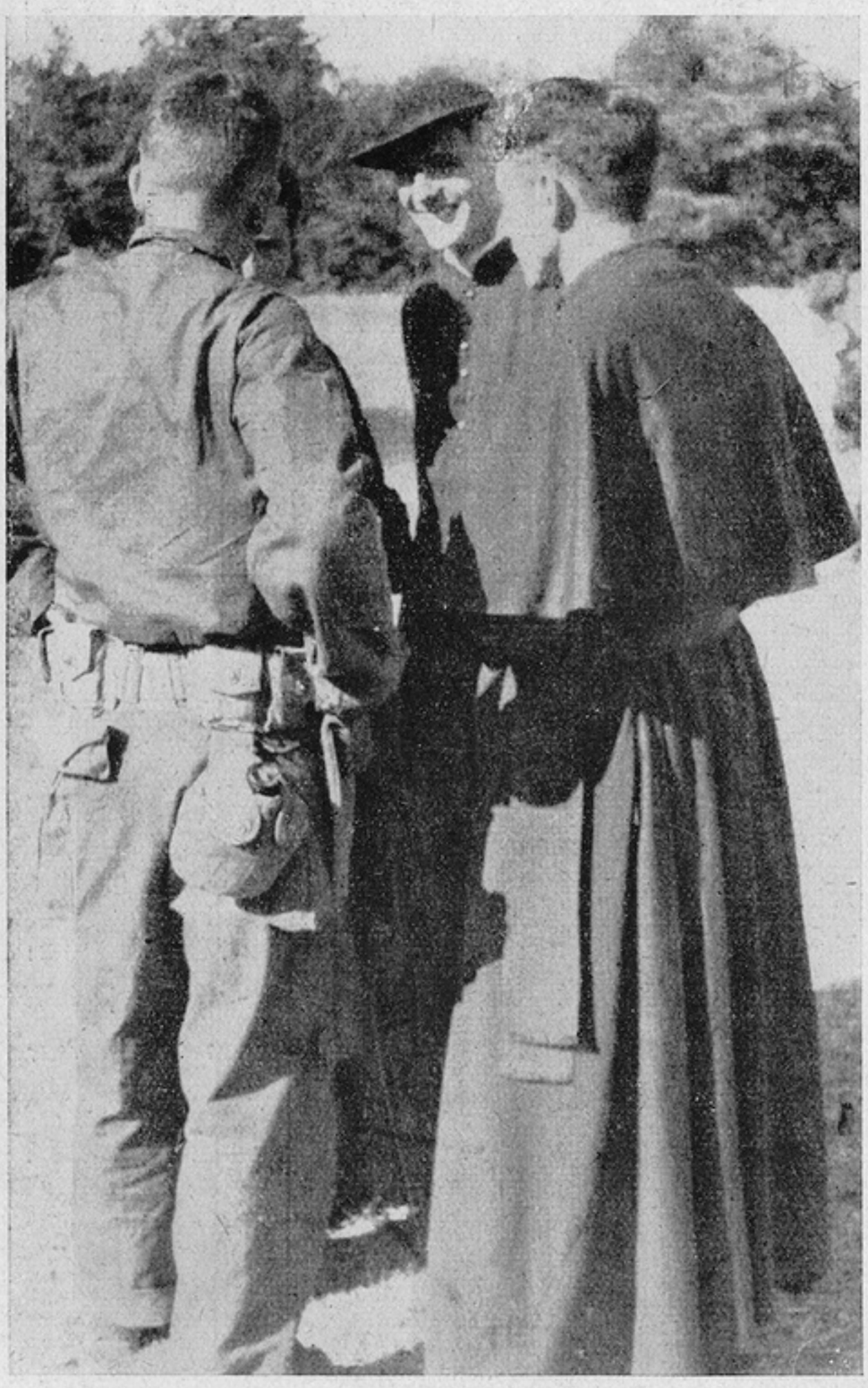
We crossed the Rance River estuary at Dinan on a Bailey Bridge built by our combat engineers . . . it was one of the most notable engineering feats of the war because of its height—200 feet from the valley bed . . . we continued toward our next assembly area at Pontorson

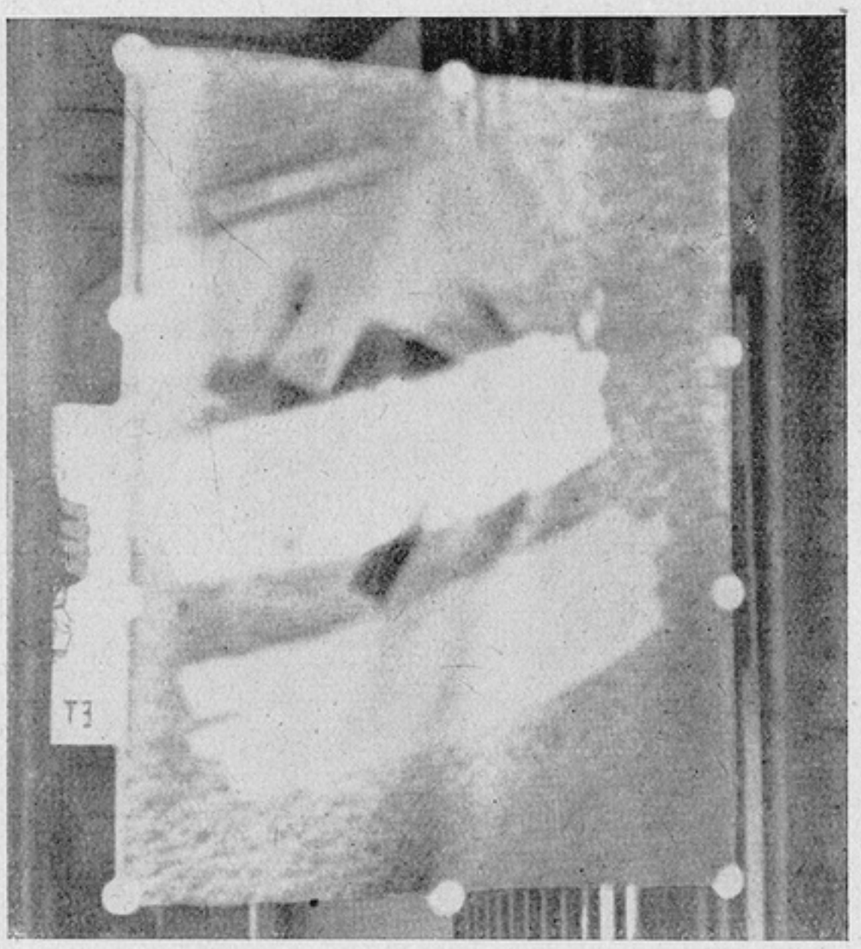
. . . . . .





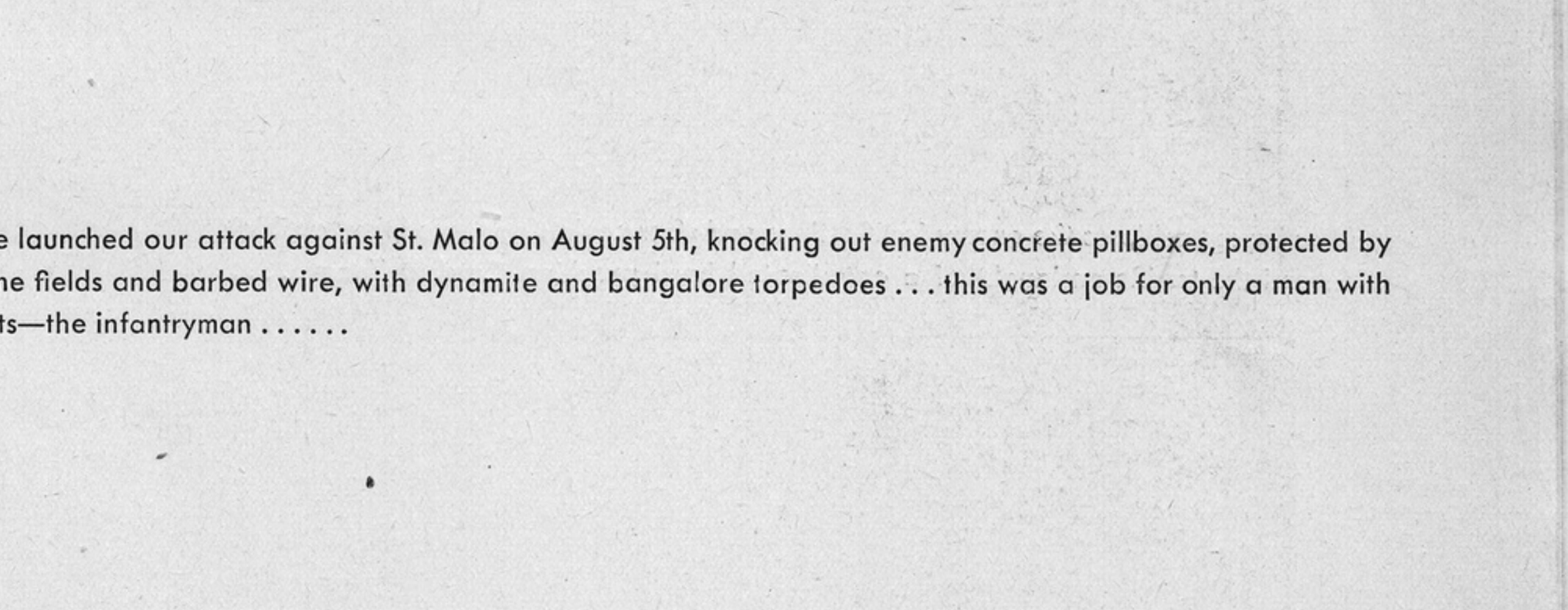
And before long members of the FFI (French Forces of the Interior) were grabbing guns of every description and joining us . . . they were identified with a band on their left arm . . . . . .



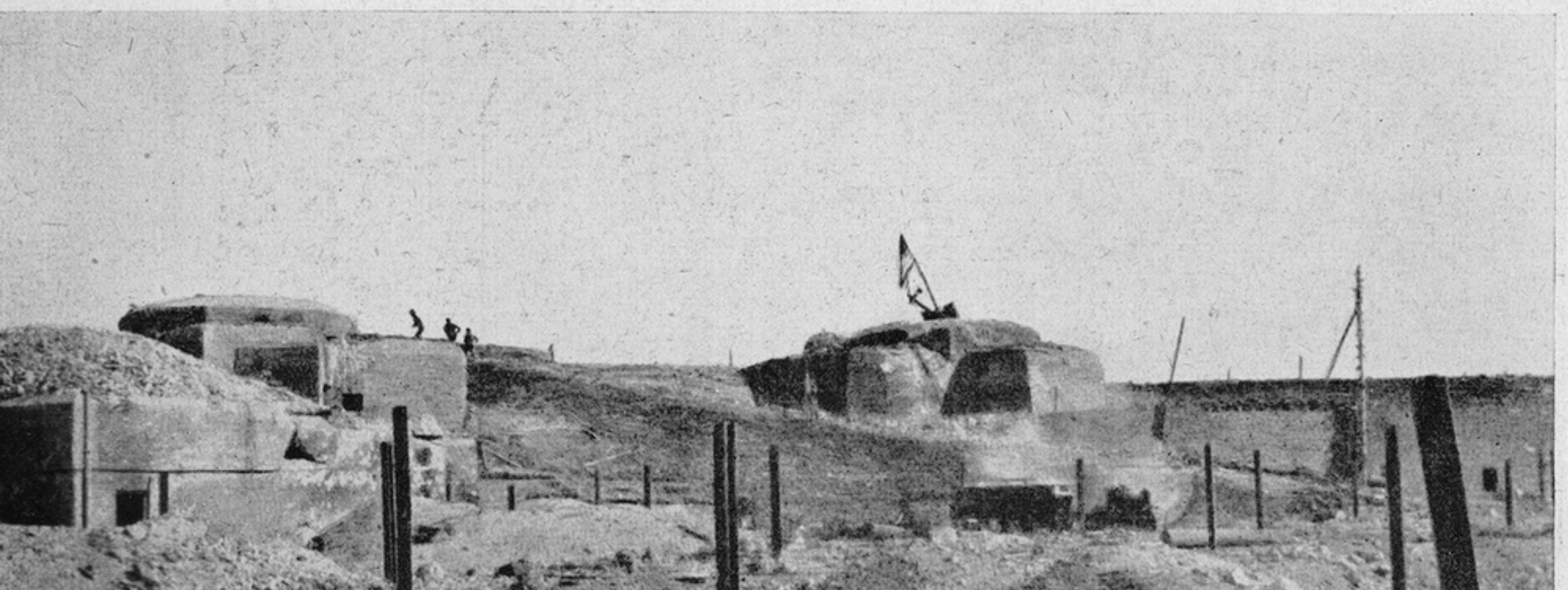


Every Nazi sign was smeared . . . French padres were interested in us Yanks and often stopped to converse . . . . . .

We launched our attack against St. Malo on August 5th, knocking out enemy concrete pillboxes, protected by mine fields and barbed wire, with dynamite and bangalore torpedoes . . . this was a job for only a man with guts—the infantryman . . . . . .



And as impregnable as the enemy fortifications and strongpoints appeared,they couldn't withstand the terrific onslaught of a coordinated hard punching Combat Team .....



We were the first to smash into St. Malo suburb—Parame—and proceeded to mop it up . . . . . .



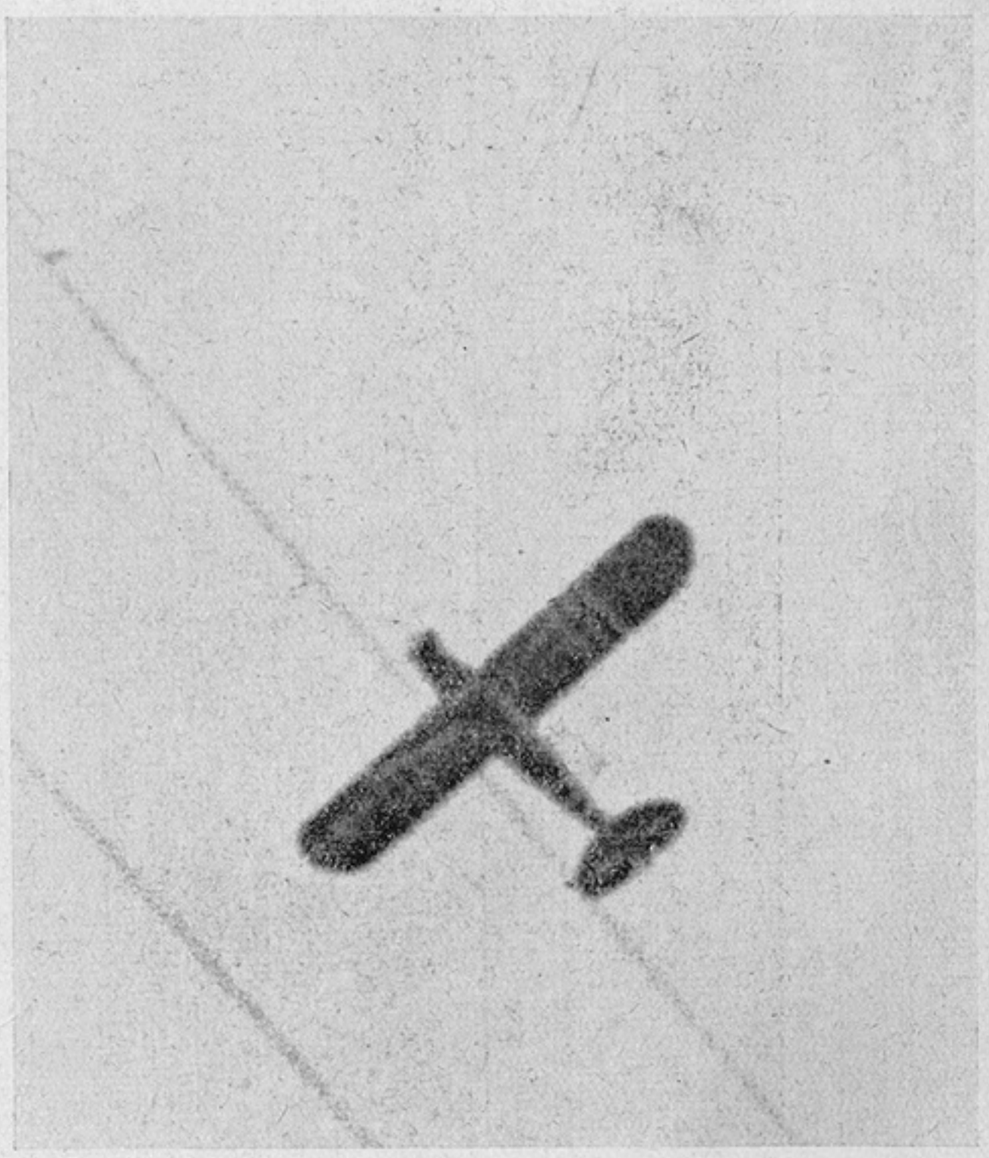
From corner to corner, house to house, we cleared the enemy of the town
. . . and then pulled away to launch our might against Dinard . . . . . .



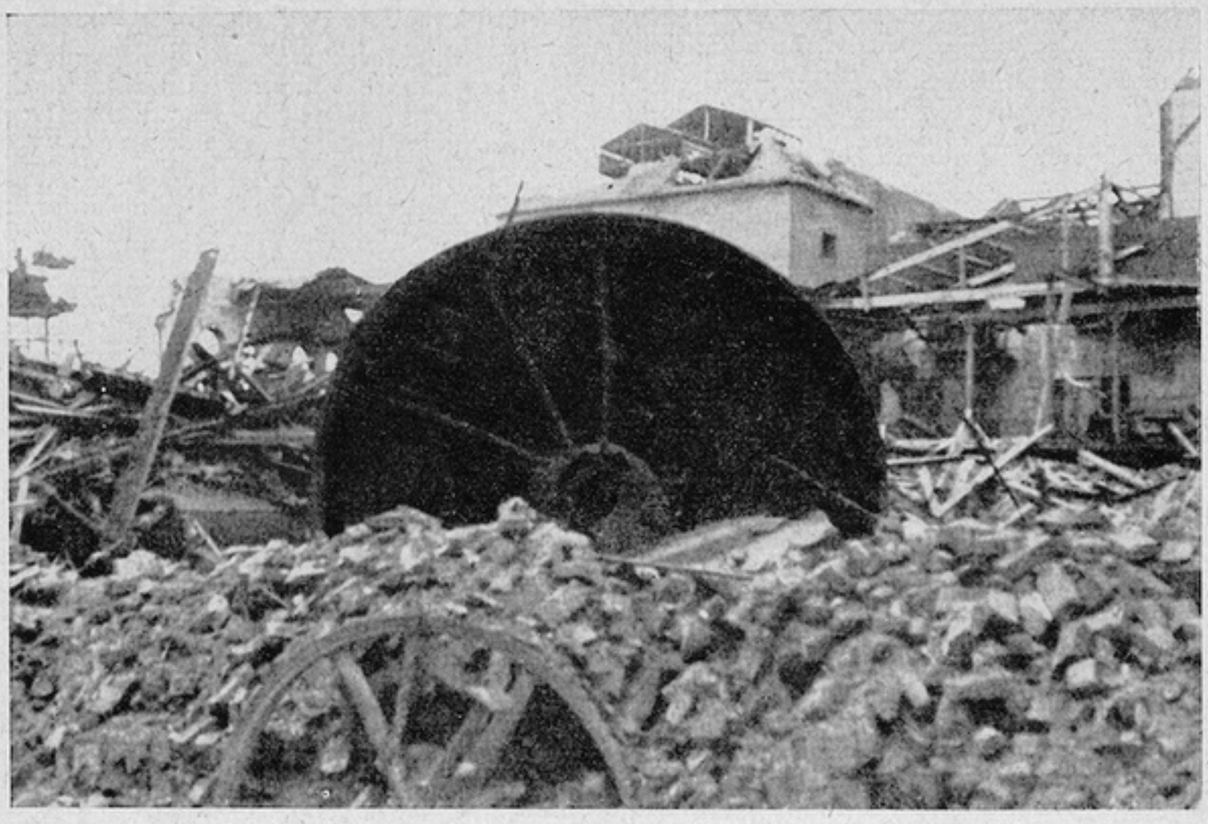


Artillery played a major role and the booming Long Toms of attached artillery helped soften enemy positions for our advancing riflemen . . . artillery liaison officers and forward observers were most vital to the smooth operations of the Team as they kept in close contact with frontline doughboys and the supporting artillery.....

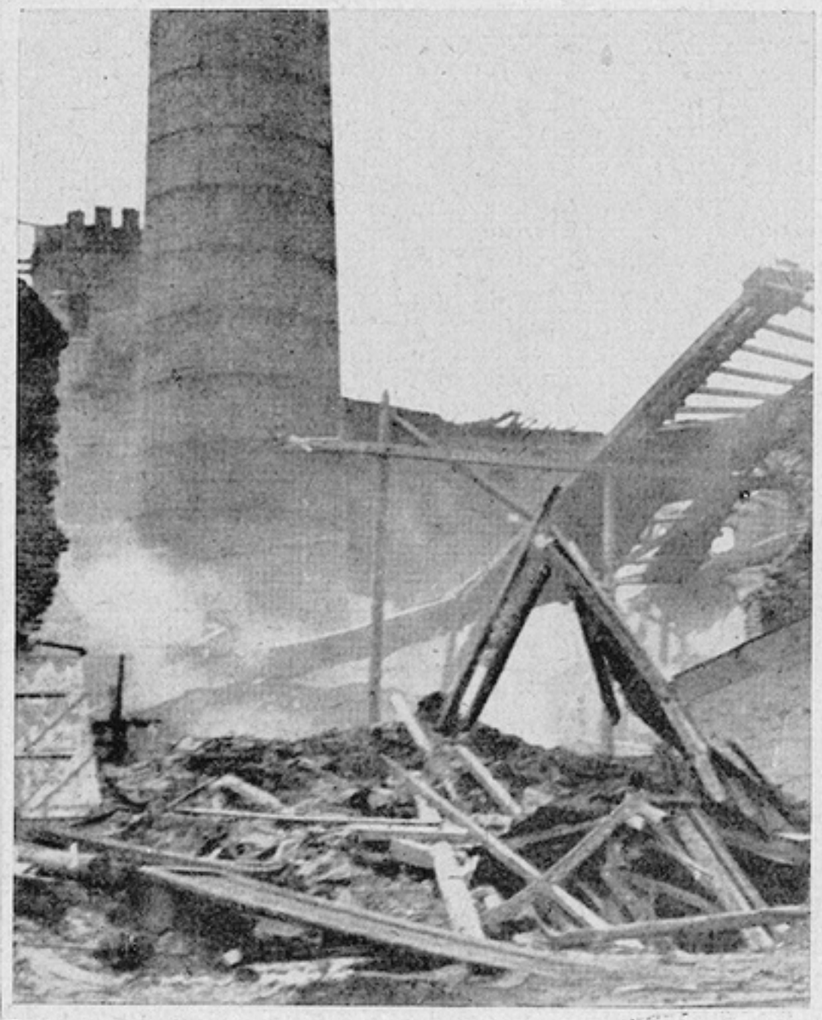


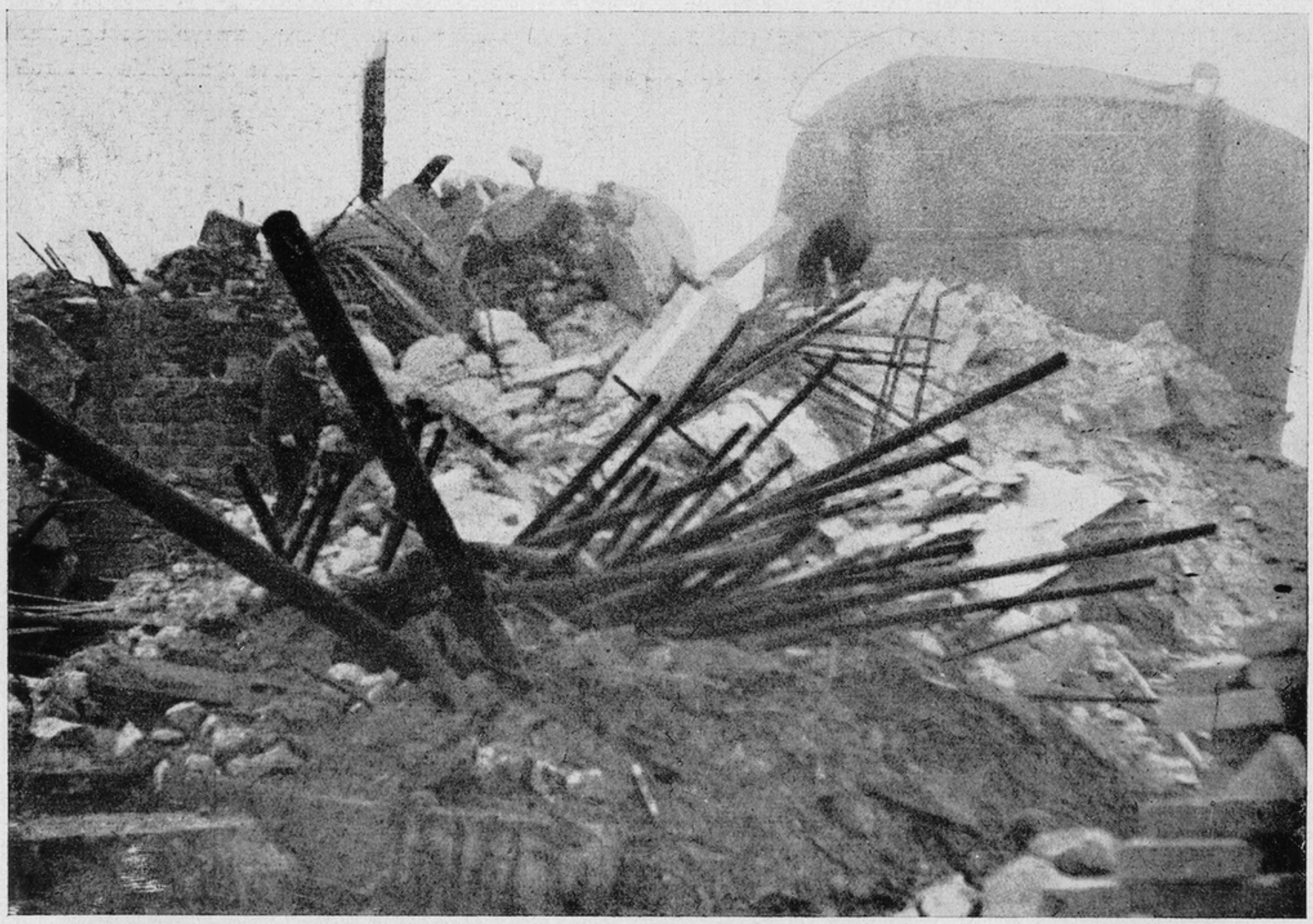


LC2 planes—Piper cubs of the Grasshopper Artillery—were the eyes of the red-legs, spotting enemy positions .....



Enroute we got a good look at the devastating effect our bombers had wrought on the enemy's gasoline dumps and railways to freeze their transportation system . . . . . .



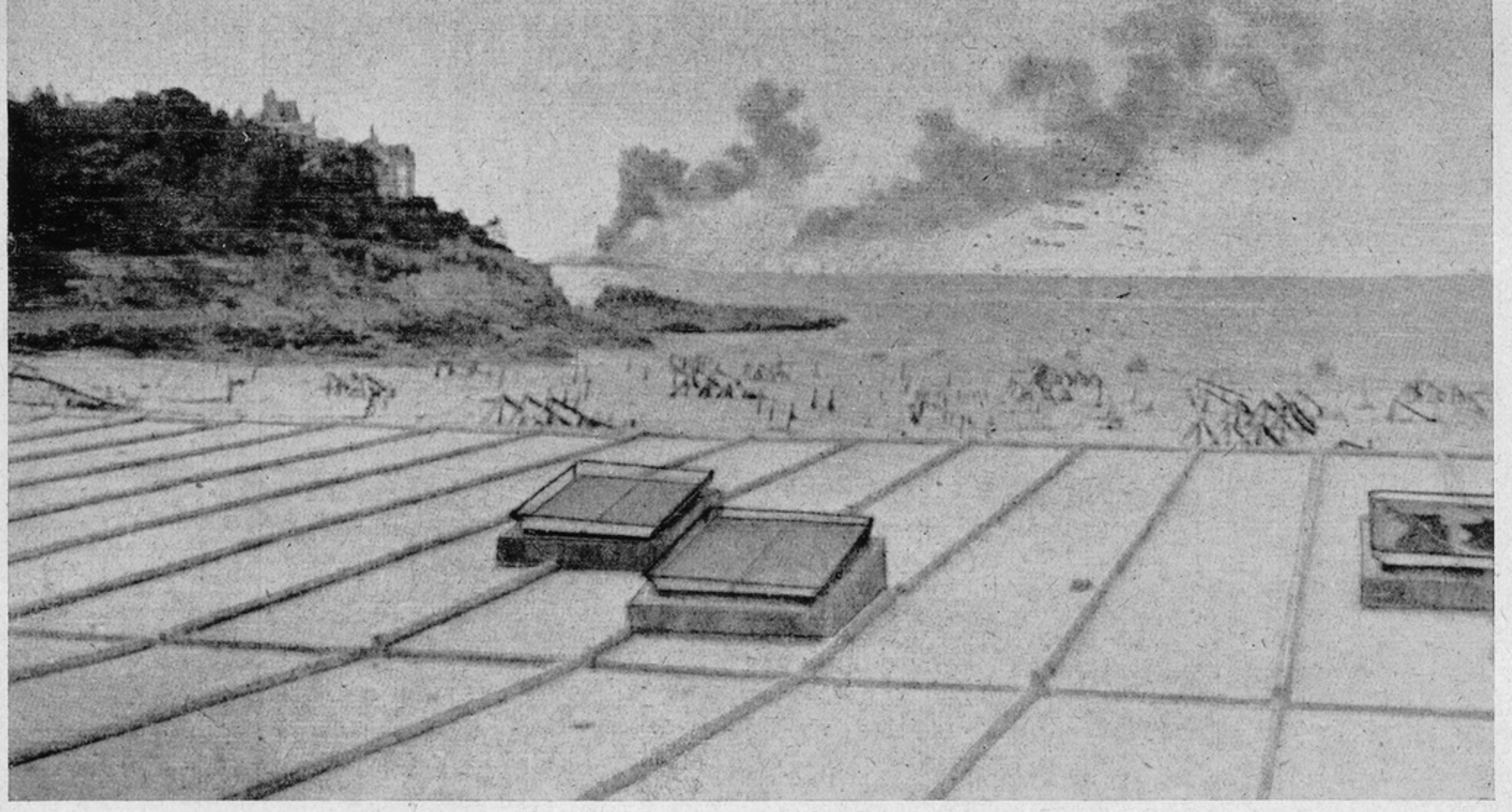


Fortress Paula on Hill 48 could have withstood a long siege had not a lucky artillery shell landed inside one of the tunnels setting ammo on fire . . . . . .

Enemy guns we overran, were turned around and used against them if found intact . . . white flags soon proclaimed the coast on the bay ours . . . . . .

Dinard was taken in stride... cleaning up strongpoints... rounding up enemy snipers...
Our ammunition and pioneer platoon cleared the streets of mines for our tanks.....

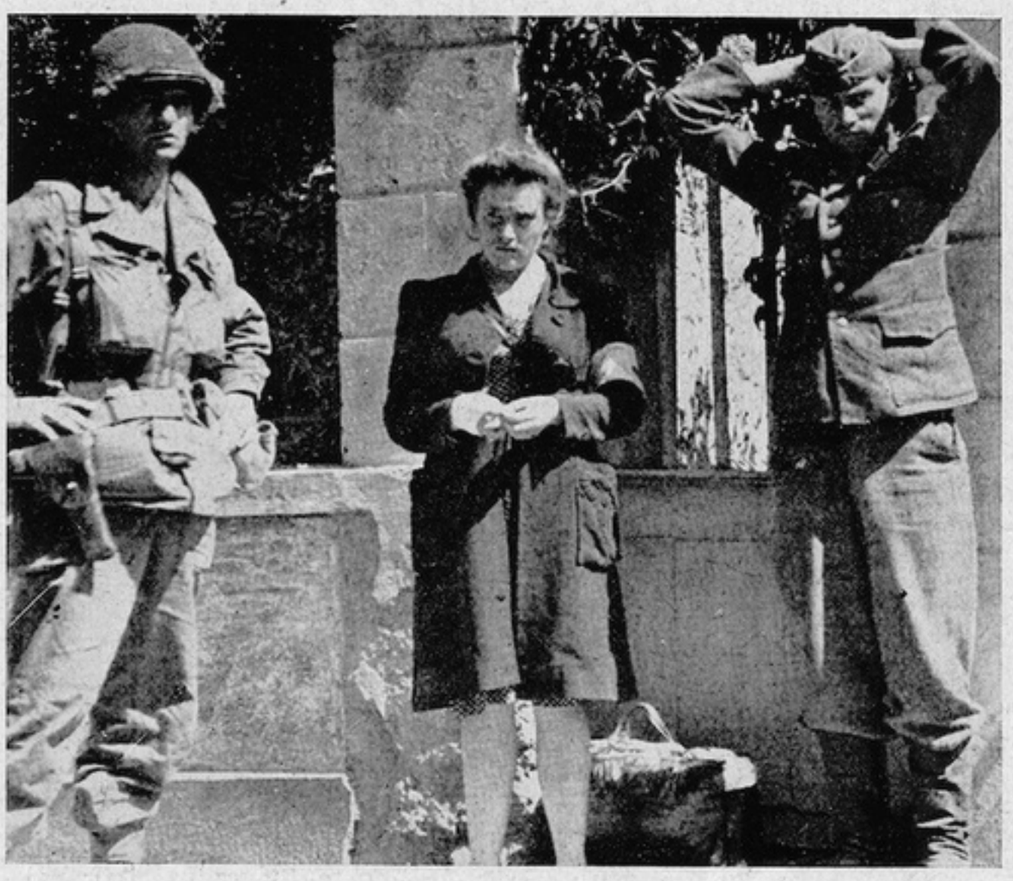






Had we invaded Dinard from the bay we would have encountered mine-filled beaches . . . but now they were to our backs . . . . .





The last of German prisoners were taken and we swung our next blow at St. Lunaire and St. Brieuc . . . . . .







They fell in rapid succession and the mayor of St. Lunaire held a ceremony in our honor on the balcony of the City Hall where our Regimental Commander received the key to the city . . . and then we were wined and dined . . . . . .

Loire Valley

We bottled up 60,000 Nazis

AFTER our successful operations in Brittany on August 20th, the 331st was ordered to the south of the Brittany Peninsula in the vicinity of Heric and Nantes at the Loire River. Here, while protecting the right flank of the Third Army's armored units driving east and north into France, and keeping a large force of 60,000 Germans bottled up at St. Nazaire, we cleared out a number of German pockets left behind by fast moving cavalry units sweeping across France. For approximately three weeks, we held the Germans at bay and broke up several enemy thrusts attempting to squeeze out of the pocket and join other German forces retreating to the Reich. At the same time, we constantly patrolled the unusually wide area from Angers along the west banks of the Loire River to Nantes—a distance of 93 miles—then northwest to Bihain and Redon.

Our Intelligence and Reconnaissance patrols were also active east of the Loire. At regular intervals, they went across by boat at Nantes to feel out enemy strength and positions and probed aggressively deep into enemy territory.

On the 27th of August, a battalion of infantry and three tanks of self-propelled guns attacked a unit of our 2nd Battalion occupying Blain. The attack was repulsed with heavy losses to the enemy. Again on 2nd September, a strong patrol of approximately 40 Nazis attempted to enter Fay de Bretagne but was dispersed after a short fight. Other than active patrolling, this constituted the only enemy action during the period.

While we stayed in the St. Nazaire sector, parts of our extended front were occupied by elements of the FFI who served as a warning element in the areas which we could only cover by motorized patrols.

An advanced Command Post was established in Nantes to assist in the civil administration of this third largest city in France. Food, water and fuel had to be quickly obtained and power had to be restored in order that the remaining 150,000 civilians could be cared for, while we still maintained an active defense against the Germans.

The S-2 section was swamped with intelligence and counter-intelligence material that flowed in from the innumerable espionage agents of the FFI and from our own patrols. The complete fortification system of St. Nazaire was unfolded in the consolidation of these reports.

During this period we also received replacements and began training them in small unit tactics and tank-infantry teams to prepare ourselves for the next mission.





Into the heart of France we rolled toward the Loire Valley ... we were getting to know France better ... we stopped at their cafes ... were amused to see nuns on bicycles ... and were impressed with the courtesy of French policemen .....











We enjoyed the French sights untouched by war . . . their mediaeval towers . . . and French sense of humor . . . . . .





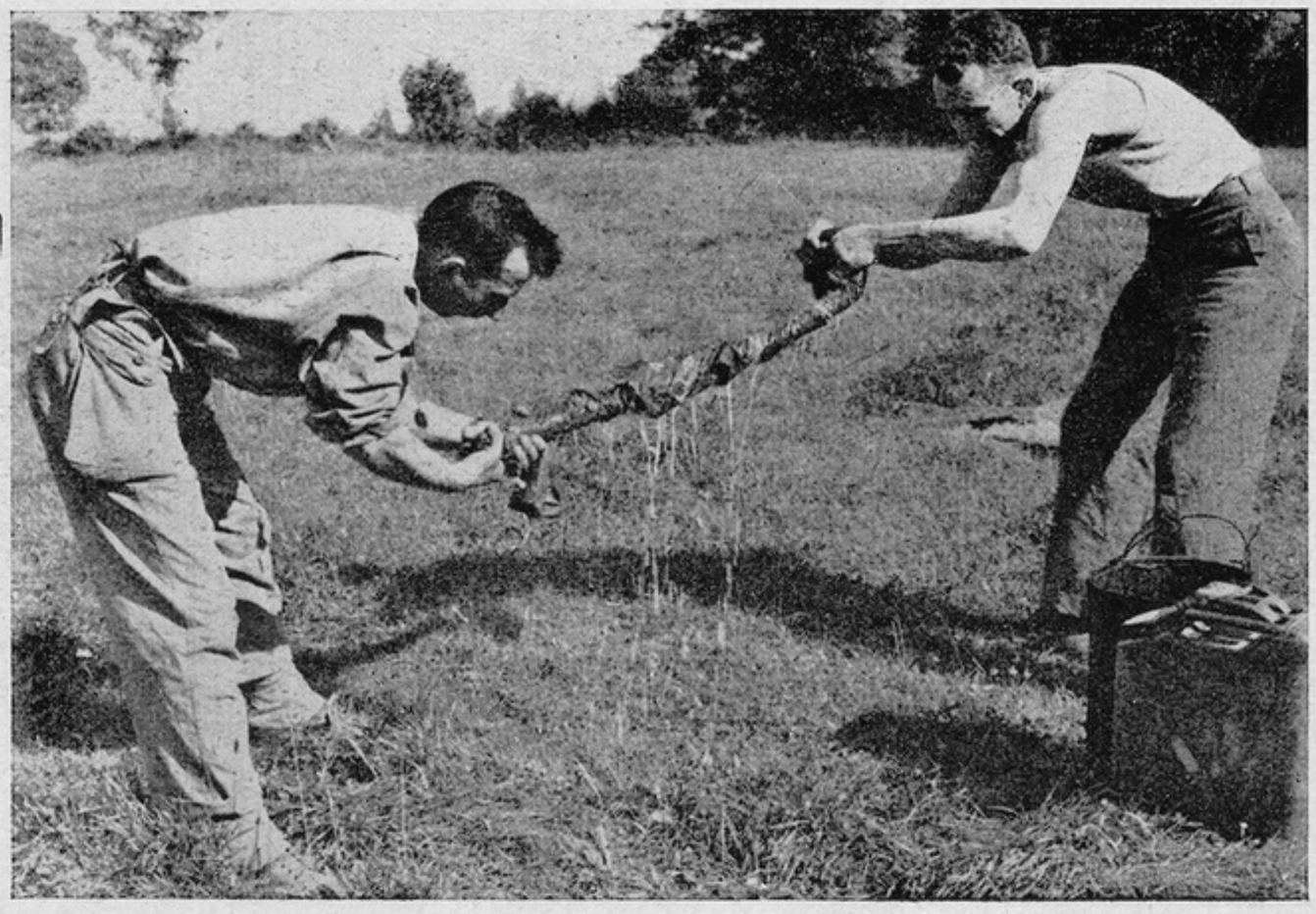


One time when a few of our medics were off the line, they pitched in to help some farmers . . . wherever we went we met smiling French on buggies and bicycles . . . we passed out our cigarettes liberally . . . . . .

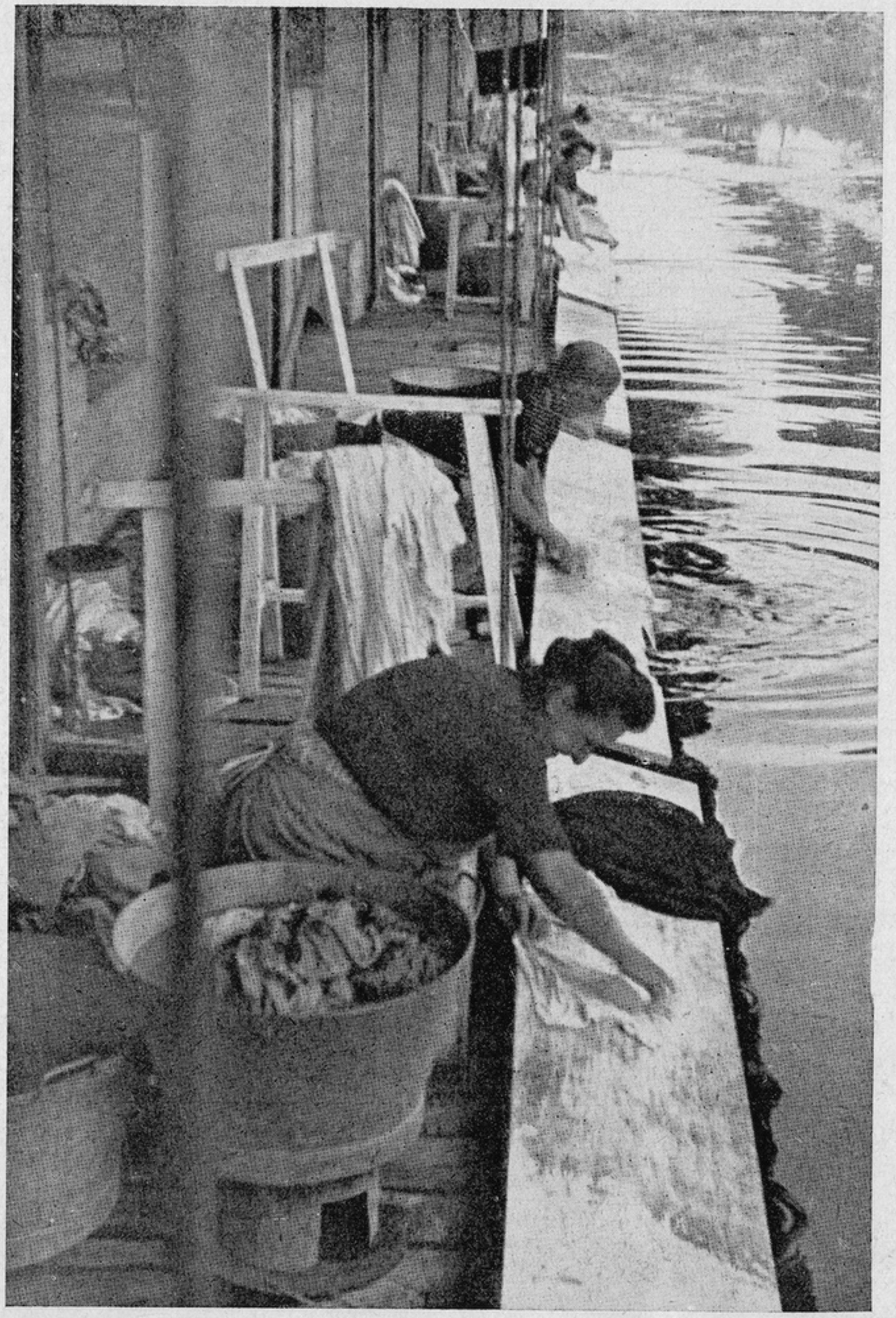




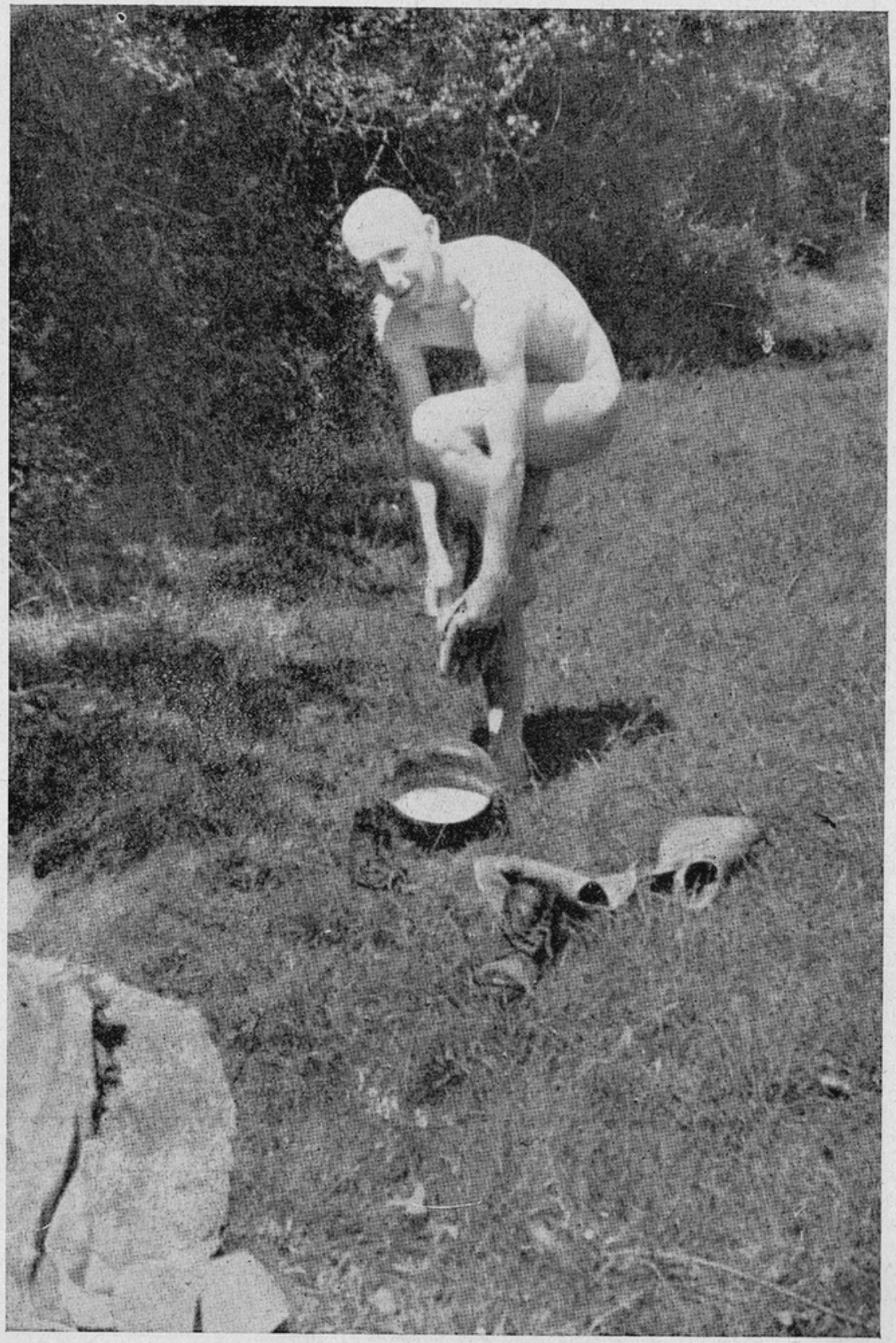




French families gathered around our bivouac areas as if on a picnic and we treated them with crackers and jam . . . children scavenged through our discarded 10-in-one ration boxes in the hope of finding a left-over chocolate bar . . . we washed our own fatigues . . . . . .



But soon French women offered their services . . . helmets proved practical for bathing, shaving and sometimes cooking . . . . . .





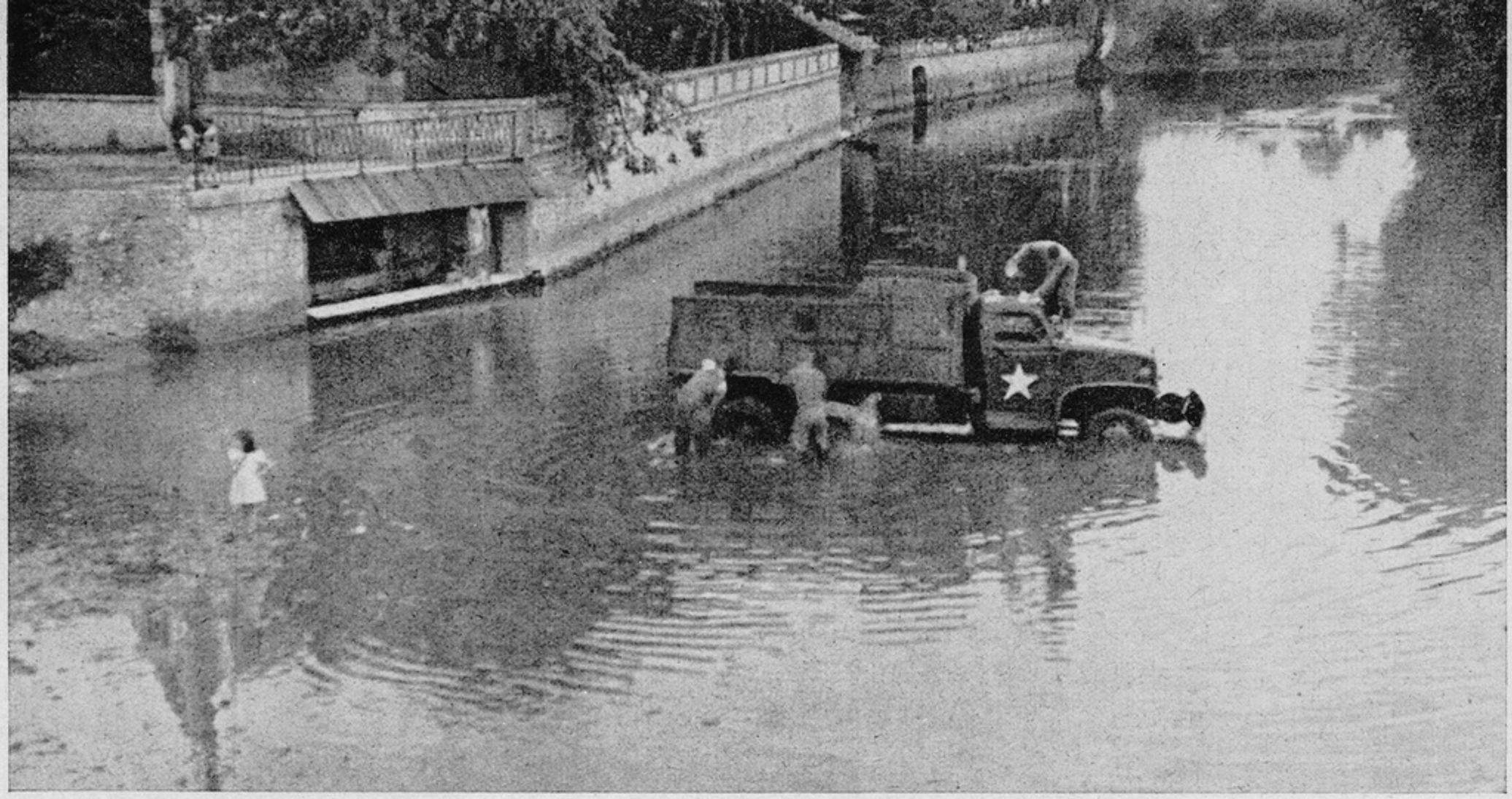


We drew fresh clothes at regular intervals . . . cleaned up our jeeps . . . . . .



In this static period, our motor pools had their first opportunity to check over all vehicles . . . . .





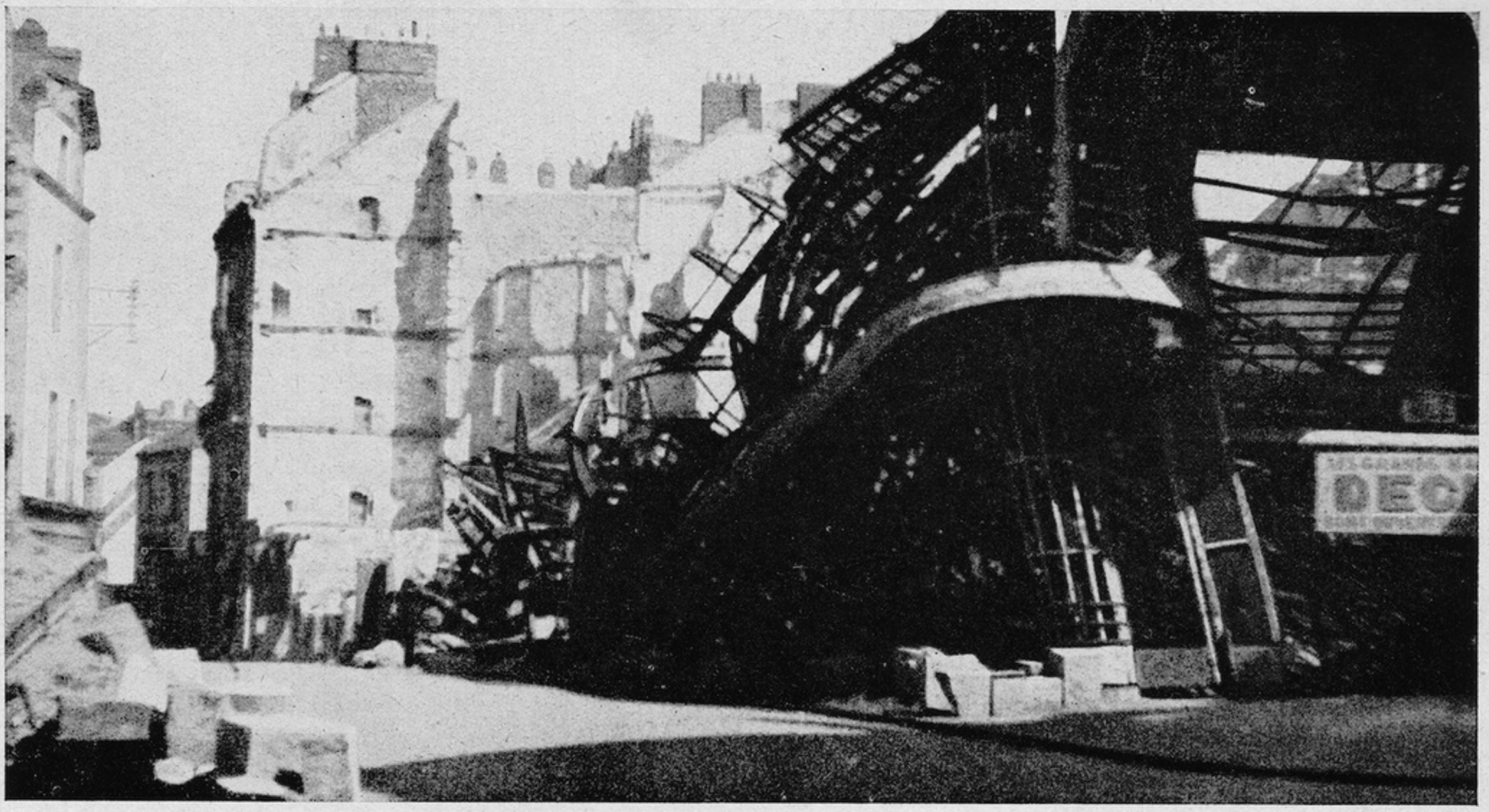
Service Co. gave our 2 and ½ tons a going over .....



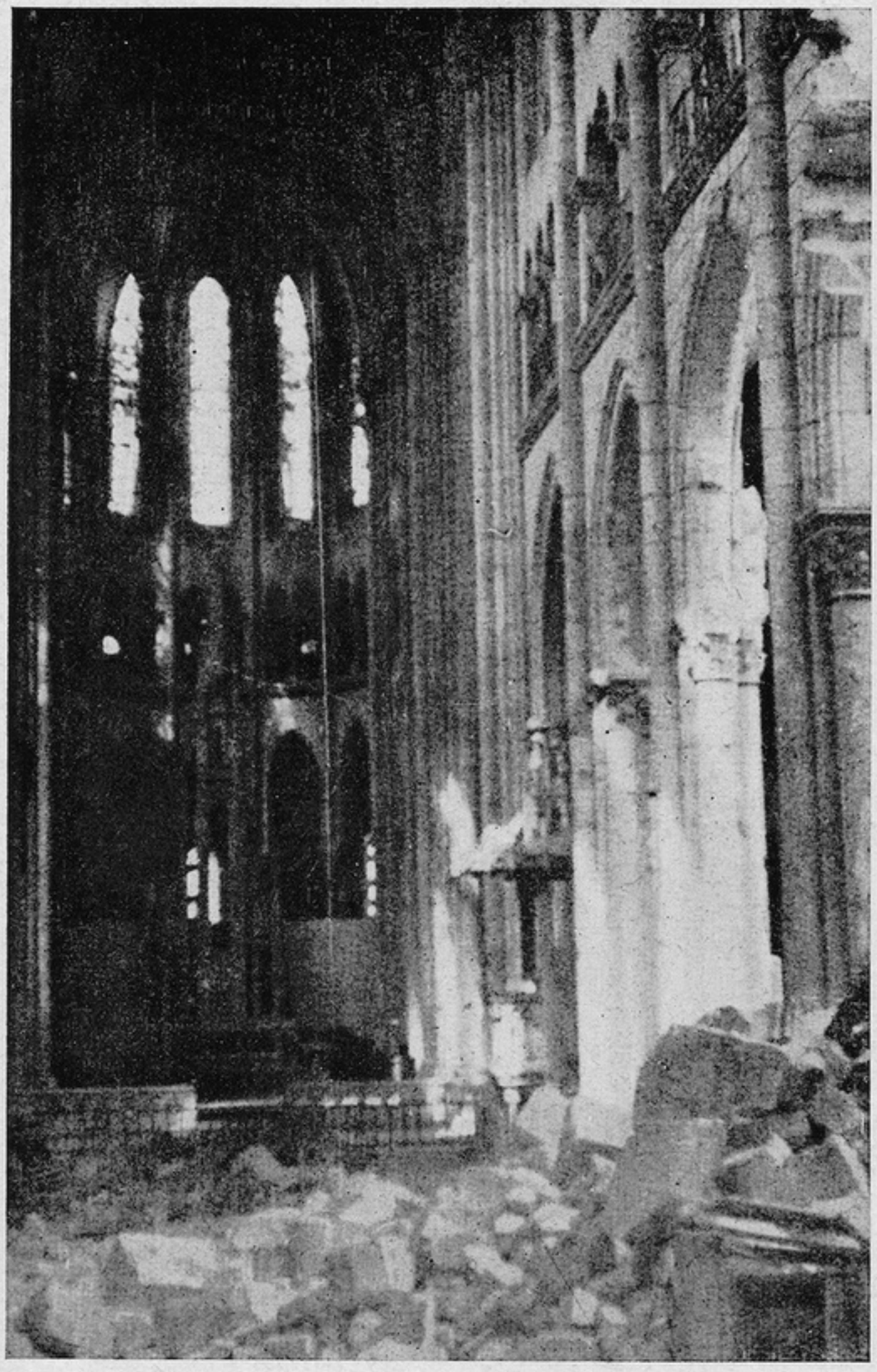
We held religious services in the field and gave thanks for our victories .....

While Col. York proudly looked on, Gen. Macon, CG of the 83rd Division, decorated us for our heroic and gallant achievements .....





The city of Nantes showed the marks of war . . . one of their big department stores was a mass of twisted steel . . . their large and beautiful cathedral was ruined . . . . . .





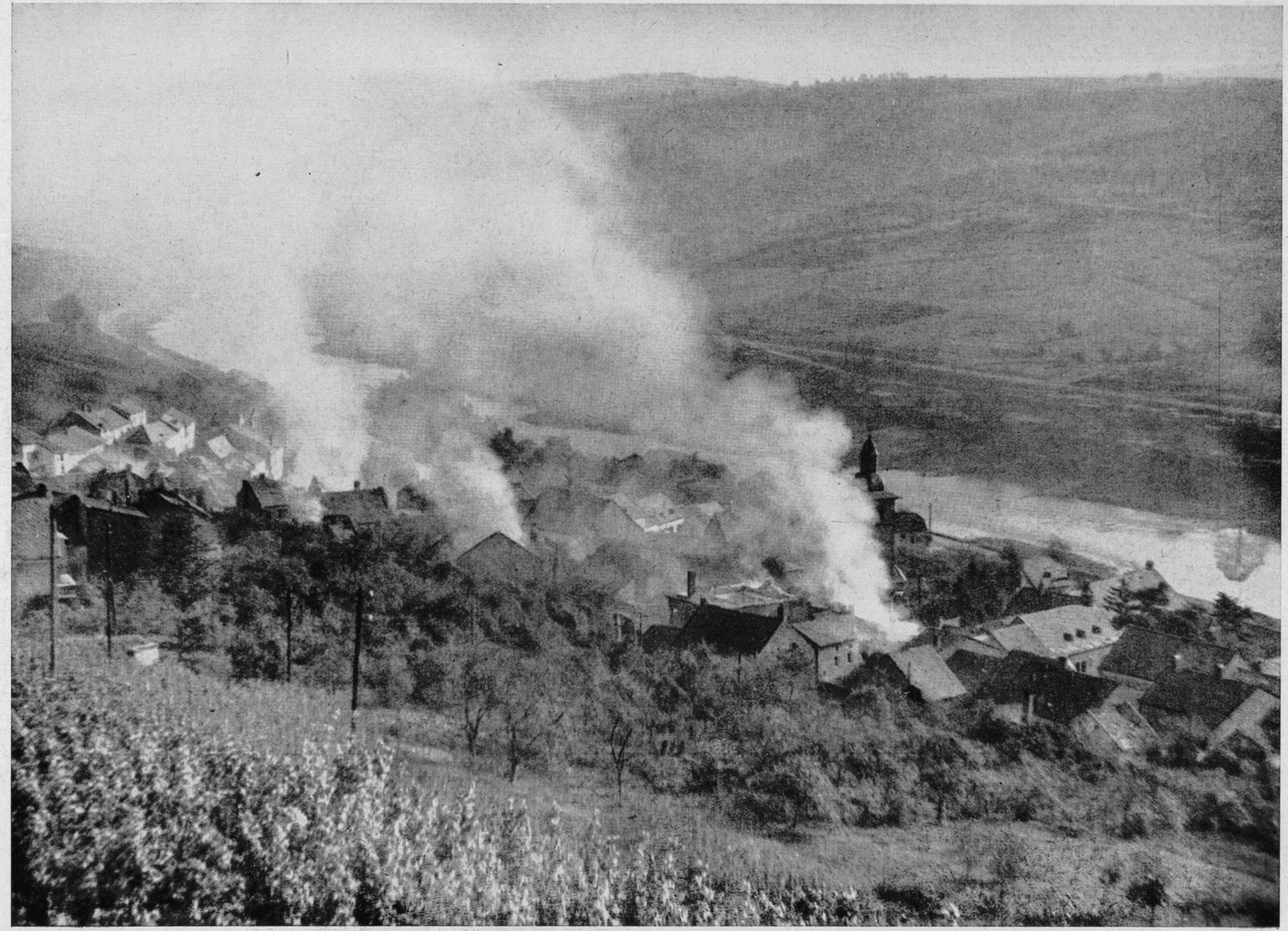


We were royally received in Luxembourg . . . cavalry units had preceded us there but there were still many towns in the Moselle Valley in the hands of the Nazis—stubborn pockets of resistance—which we were called on to liberate . . . the Lion's crest of the Duchy was soon to become a familiar sight . . . . . .



We were greeted with the same friendliness and warmth by young and old that we had received from the French . . . but we didn't have time to enjoy Luxembourg hospitality yet . . . we struck hard against Nazi-held towns . . . . . .

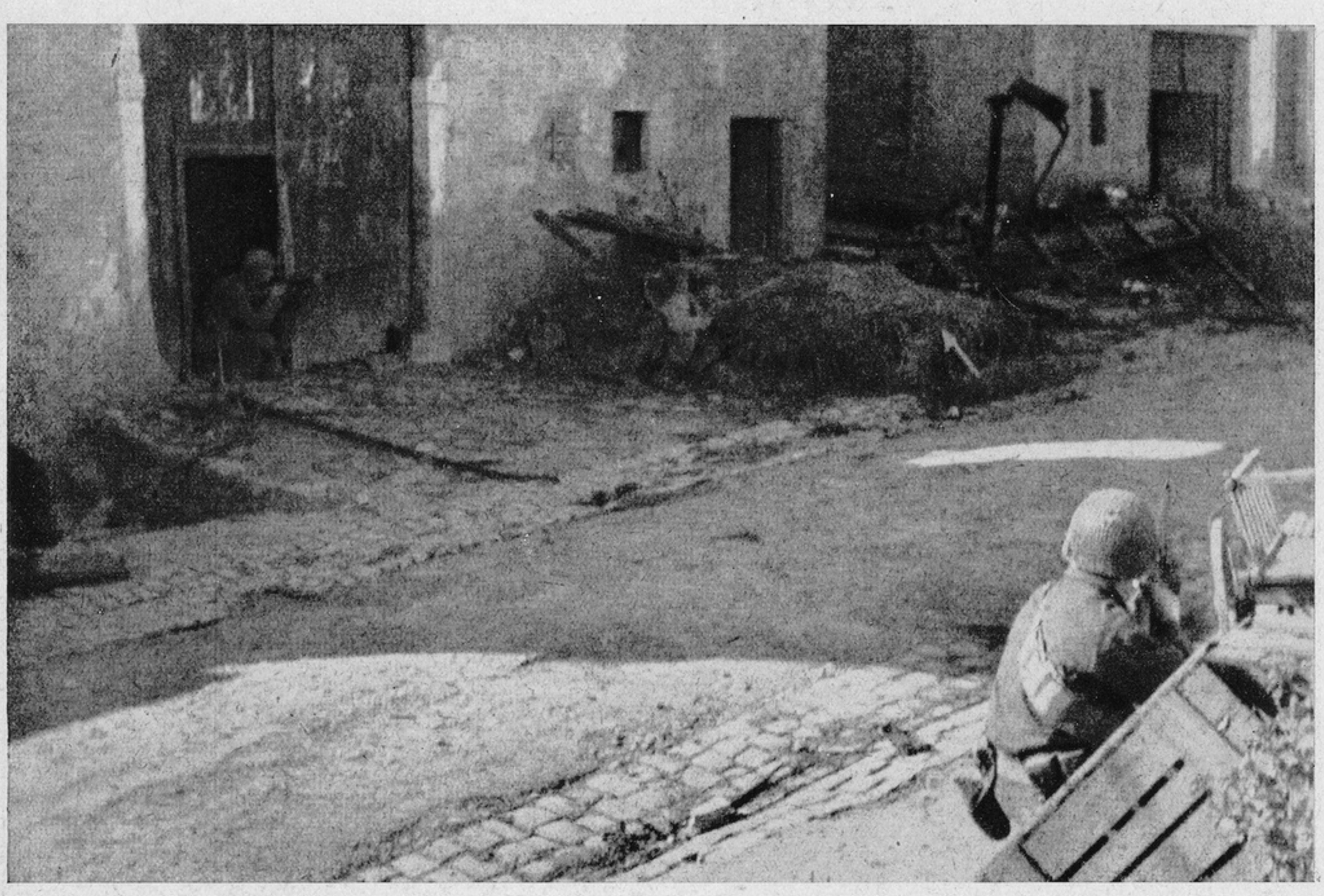




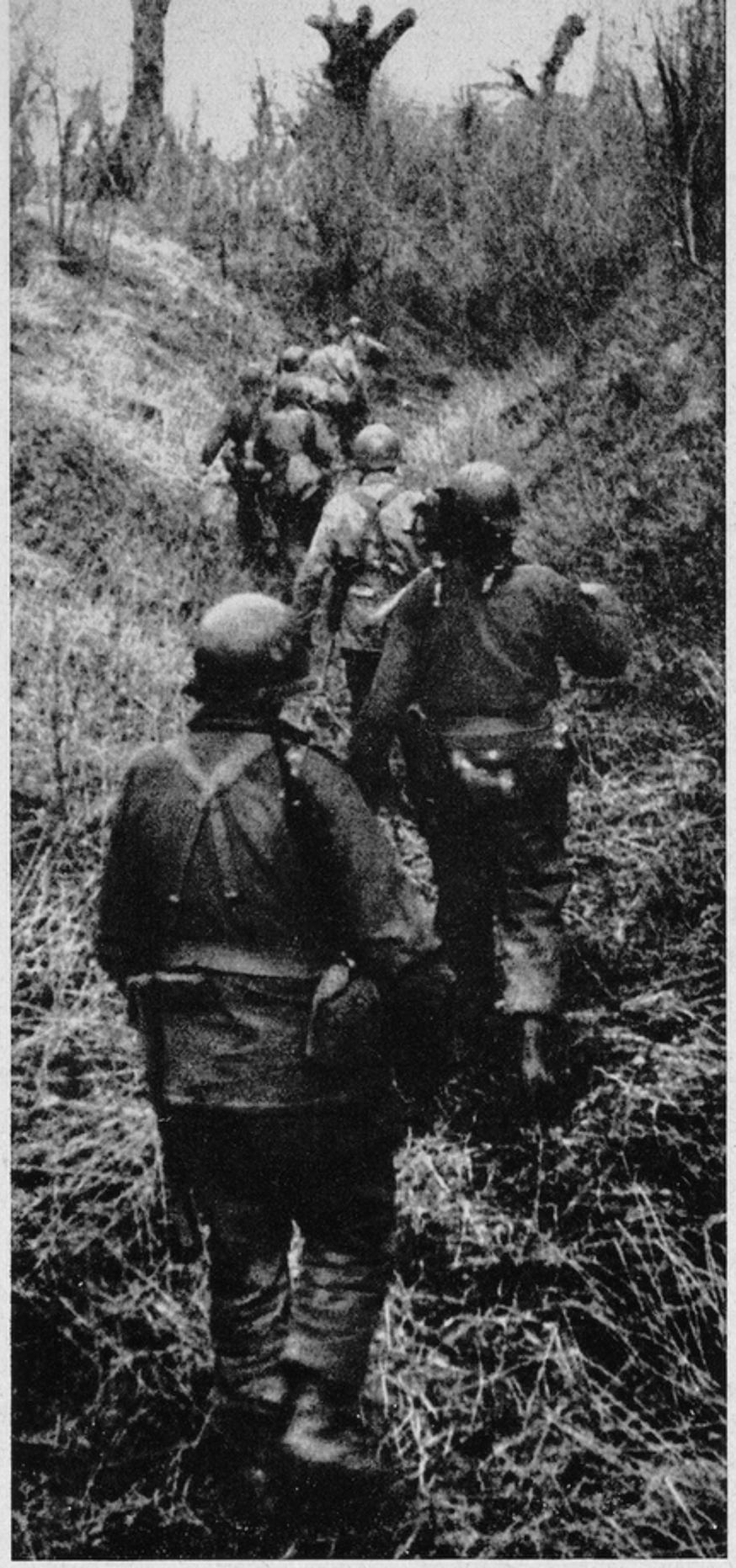
Our artillery barrage preceded our offensive and such towns as Wormeldange blazed as we attacked .....



Artillery softened enemy defenses but again wrought destruction .....



And we still had enemy to dig from houses, barns and cellars . . .



Gen. Macon, 83rd Commander, was a frequent visitor to our OPs watching closely the progress of our battles . . . as we cleared each successive town, one at a time . . . . . .





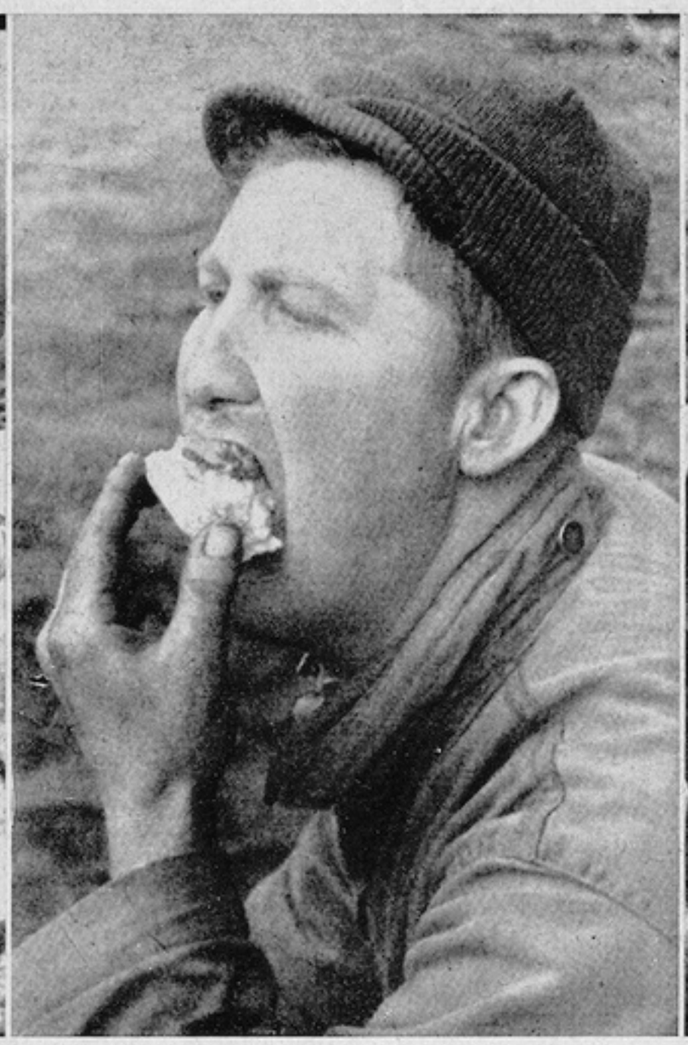
Our medics as usual were on the job . . . surgical technicians at times being forced to perform the work of physicians . . . . . .

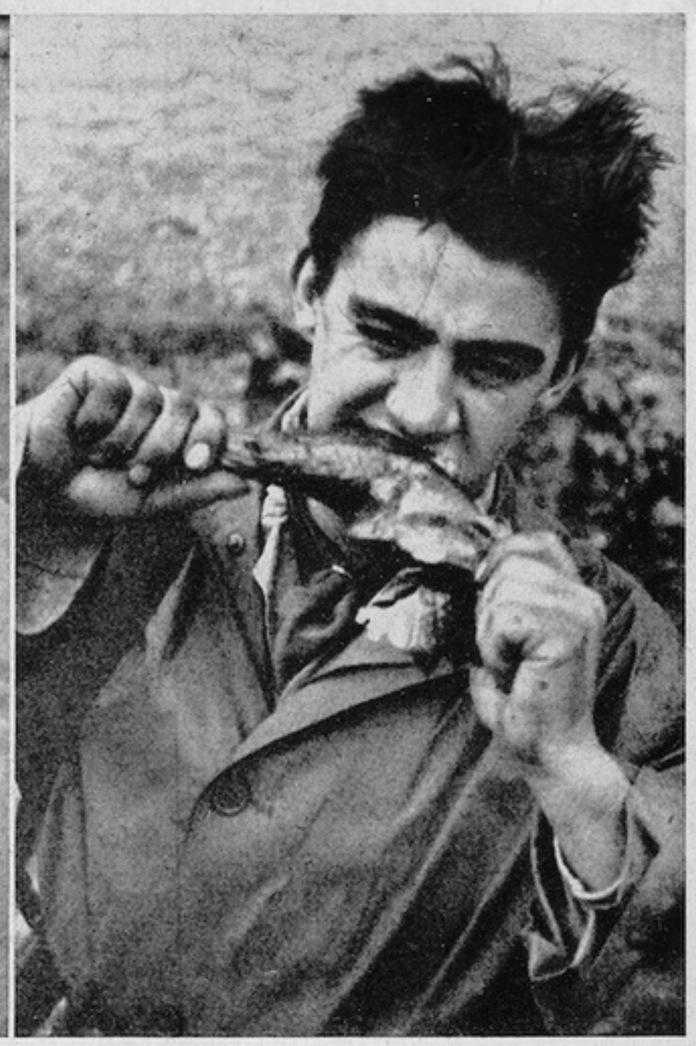




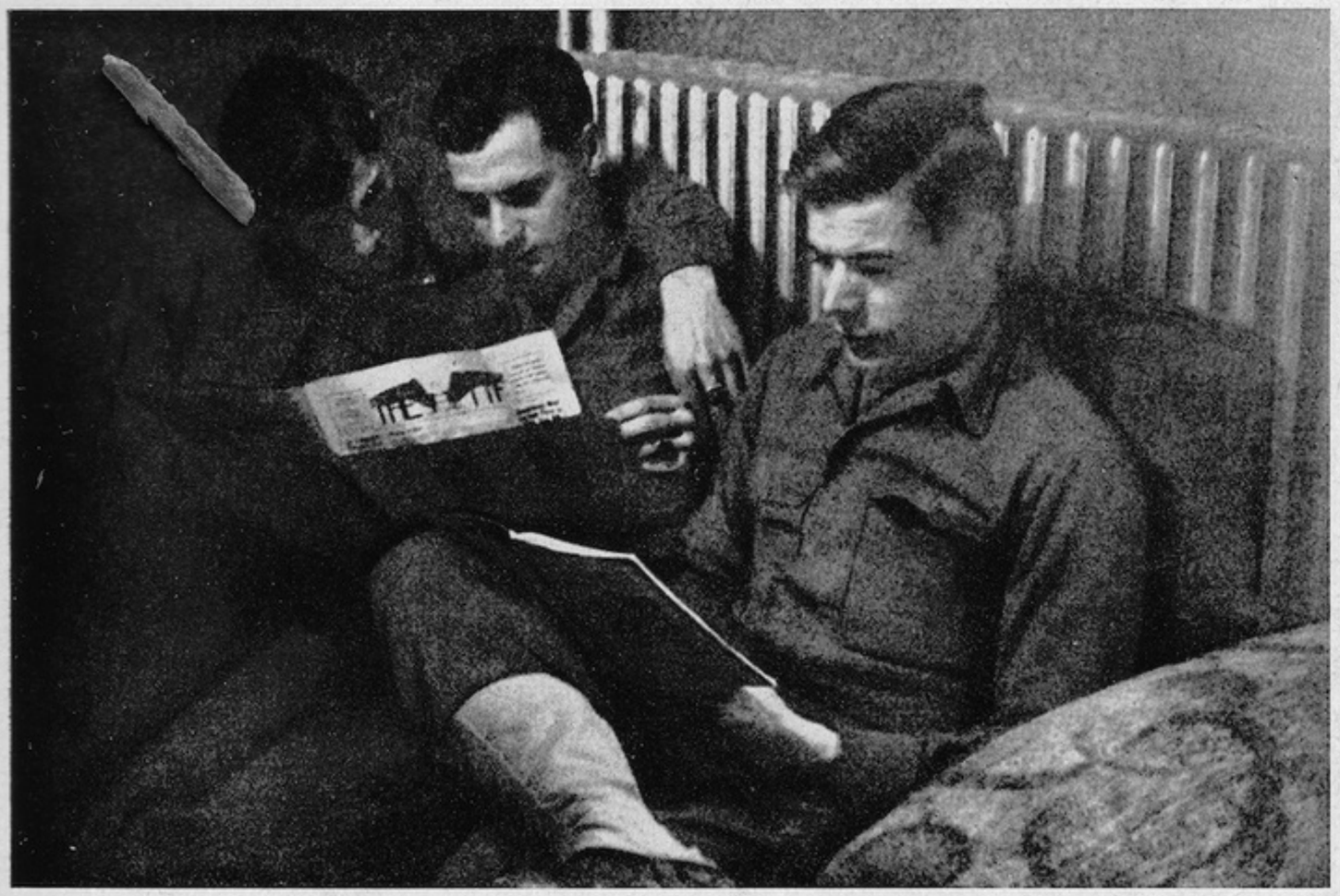
When the fanatic Nazis had been driven to the east banks of the Moselle, we sat tight in defensive positions, took it easy, and waited to deal our next blow against the Wehrmacht . . . . . .

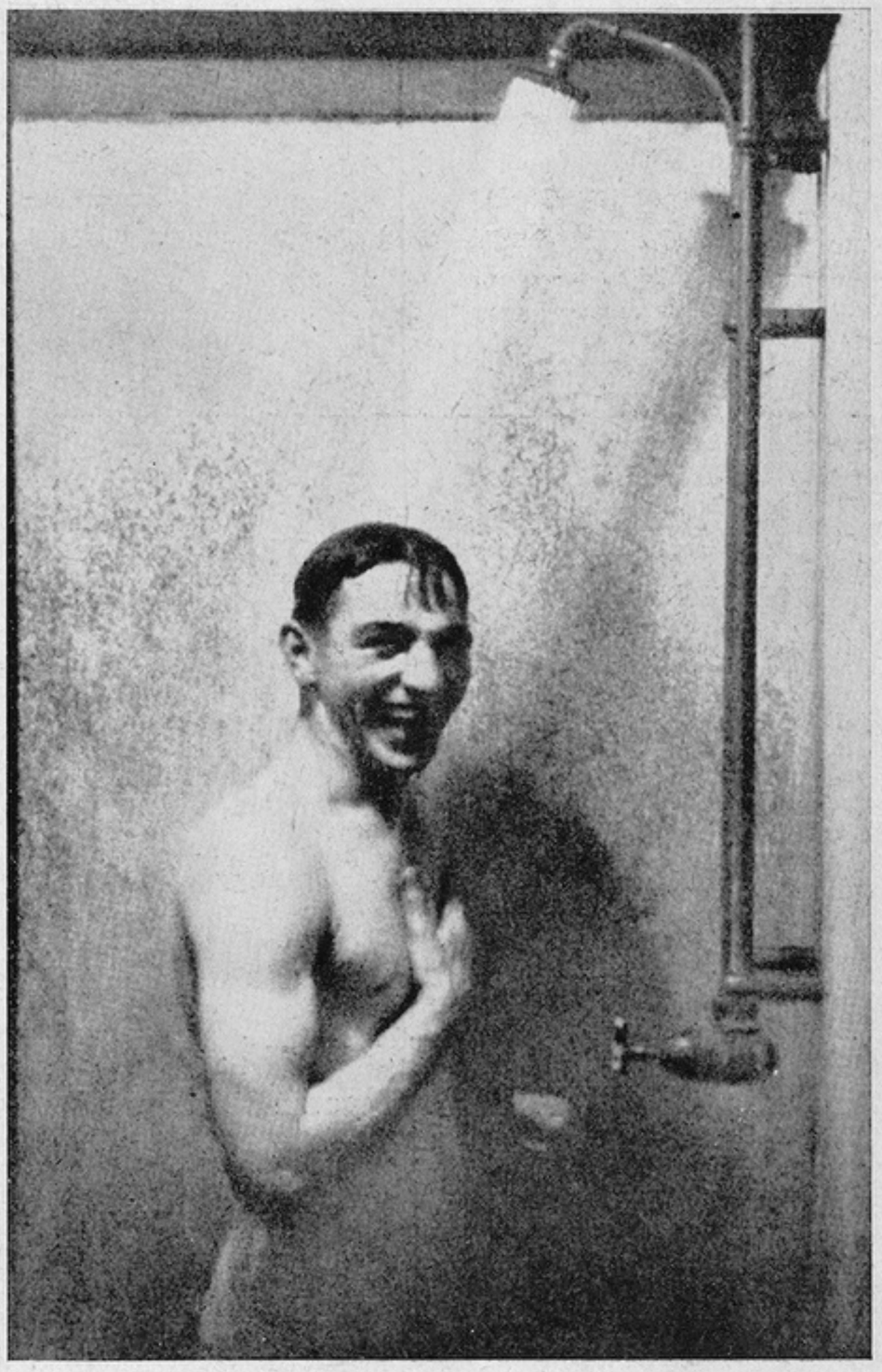






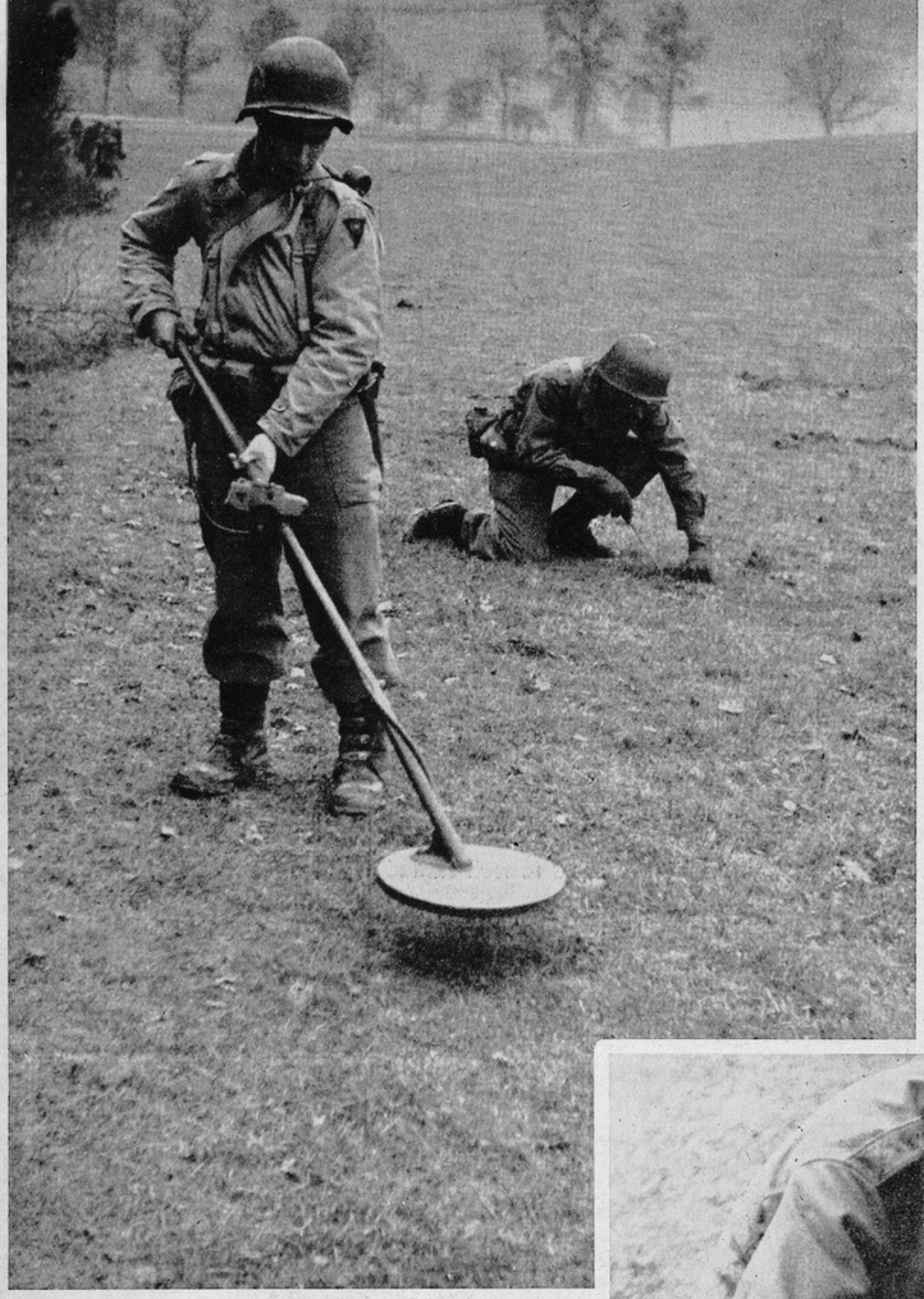
Thanksgiving rolled around and we had our share of turkey . . . some of us were lucky enough to feast at tables specially prepared for the occasion . . . most of us though were forced to dig into turkey in our foxholes, in the field, in our positions along the Moselle . . . and some even had to wait until nightfall when their chow was brought to them during blackness of night in marmite cans . . .







For the first time since combat we visited a rest center—a few at a time in rotation —where we took refreshingly hot showers, relaxed and were served by pretty waitresses . . . . . .



Our Ammunition and Pioneer platoon together with our engineers cleared enemy-planted mine fields in the hills and valley of the Moselle . . . . . .



The mines weren't just left lying around . . . they were carefully deactivated by experienced hands . . . . . .

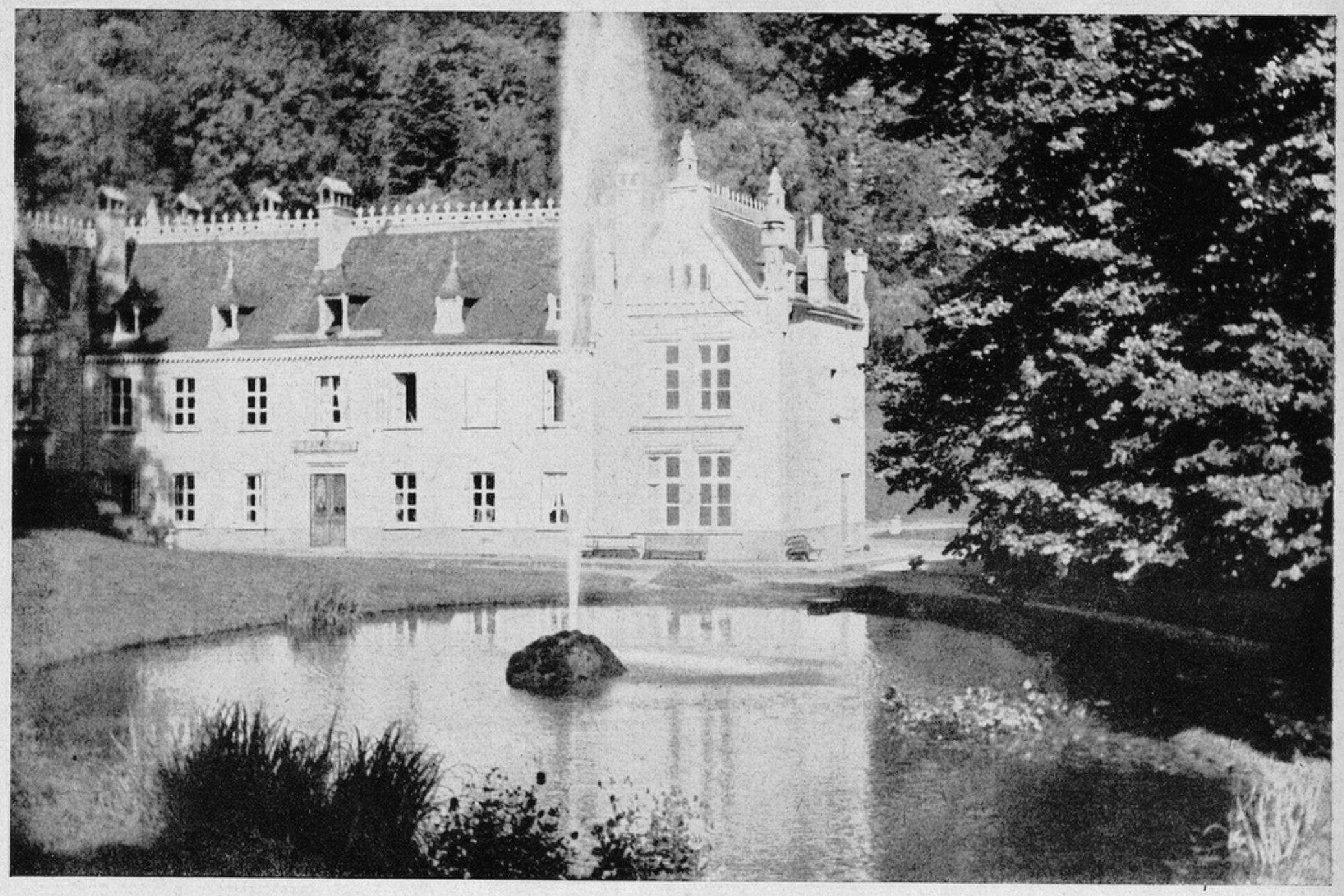








Roof-tops were used as OPs for mortarmen and we lobbed our 81 mm. shells over the Moselle . . . enemy patrols sneaking across the river to the west bank at night would try to strike at us but they were easily gathered into our clutches . . . the munitions men were right on the job keeping the men with the guns supplied . . . . . .

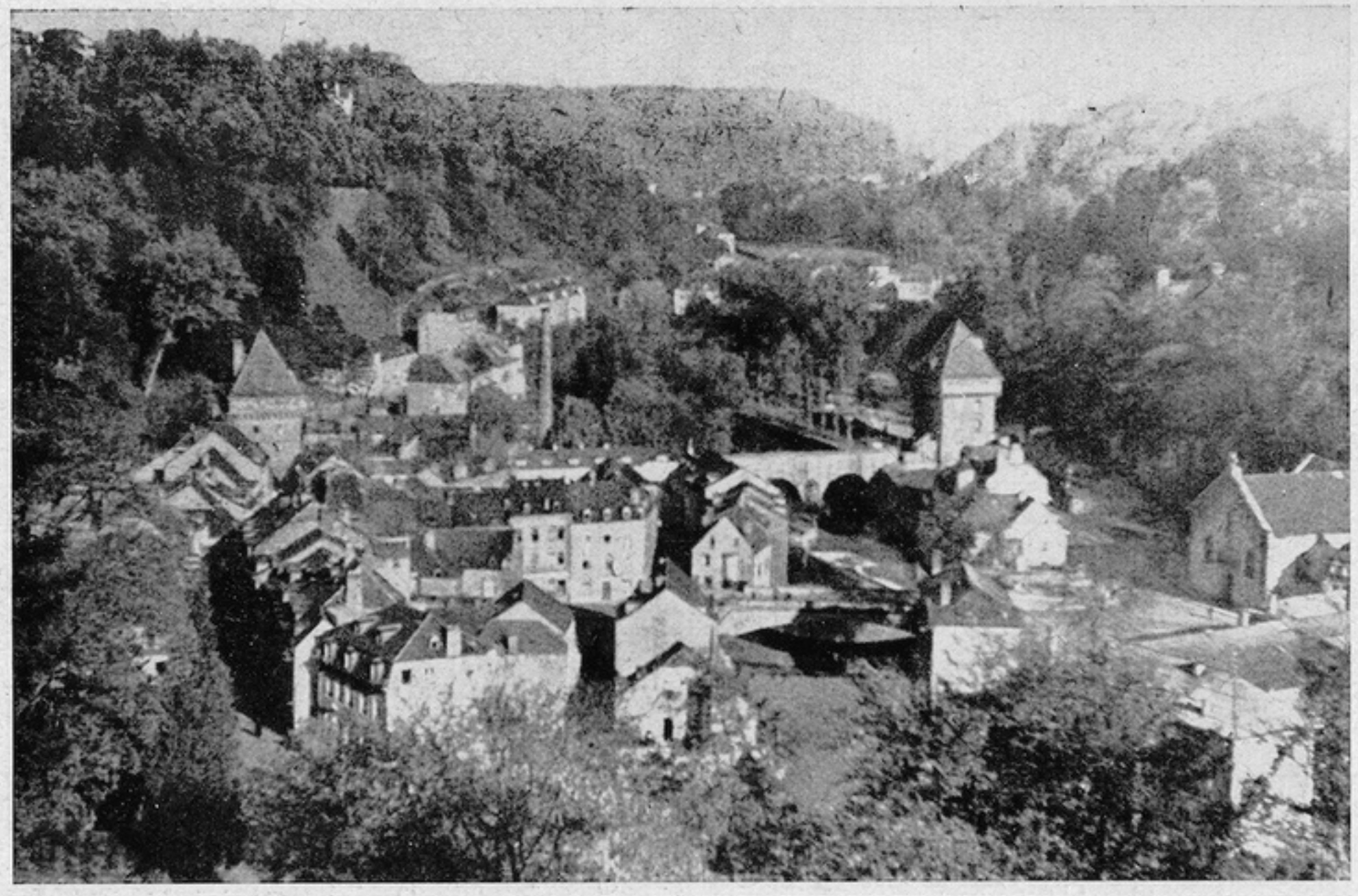


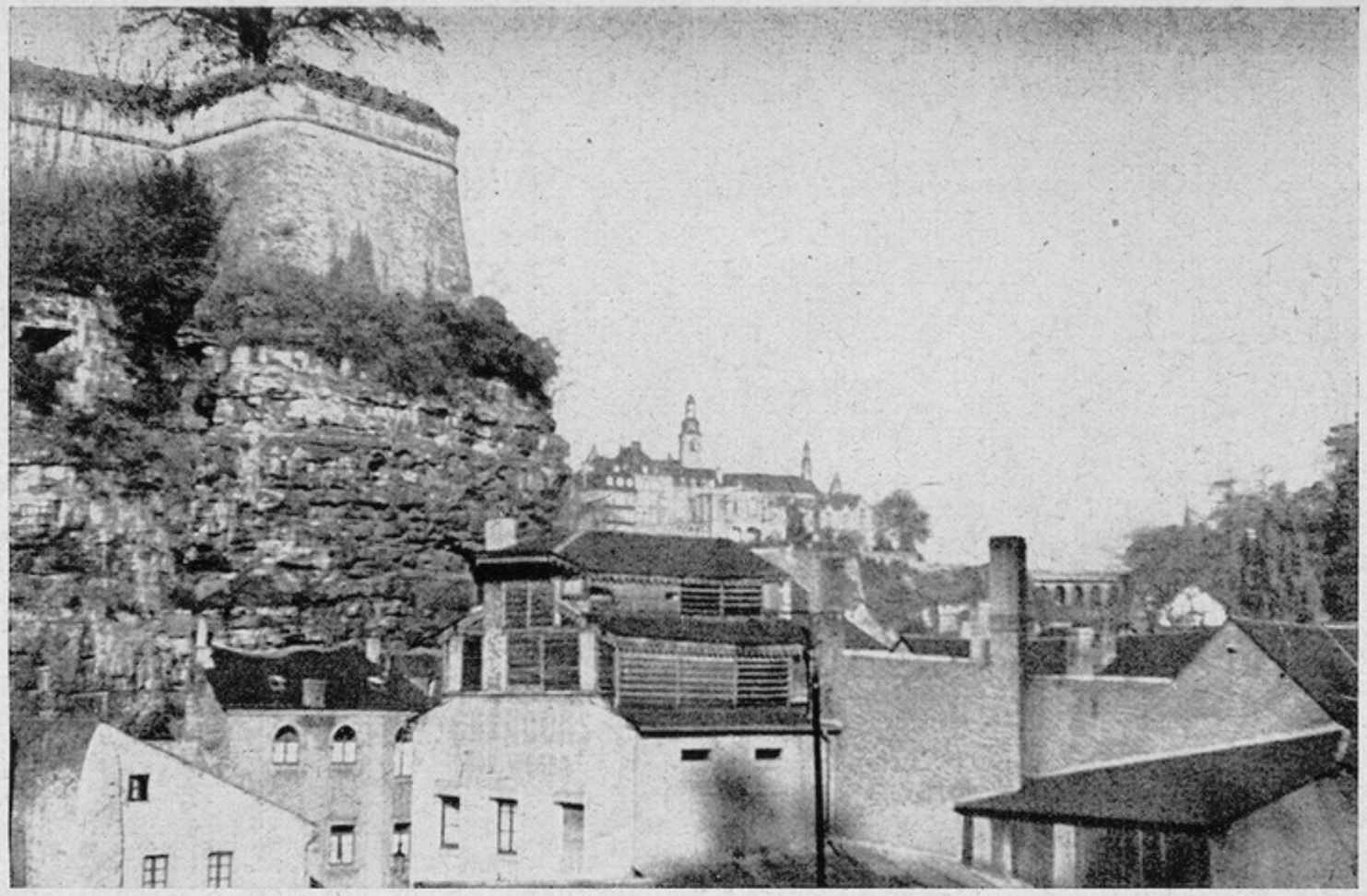
When we pulled back from the line for a short period, we established a Regimental CP in Senningen near the Luxembourg Capital . . . a former country hotel, it will long be remembered as the most beautiful Command Post we had . . . . . .

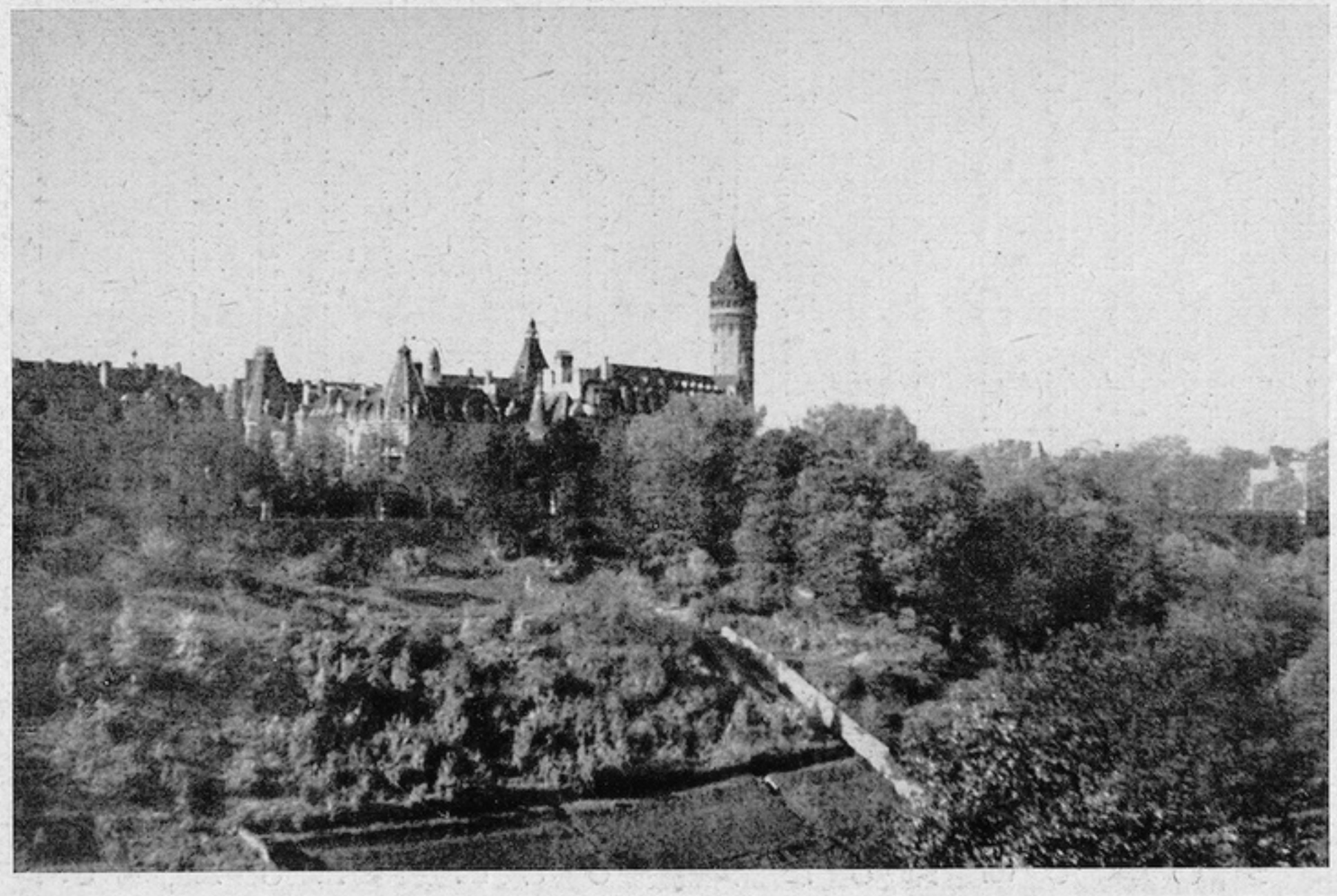


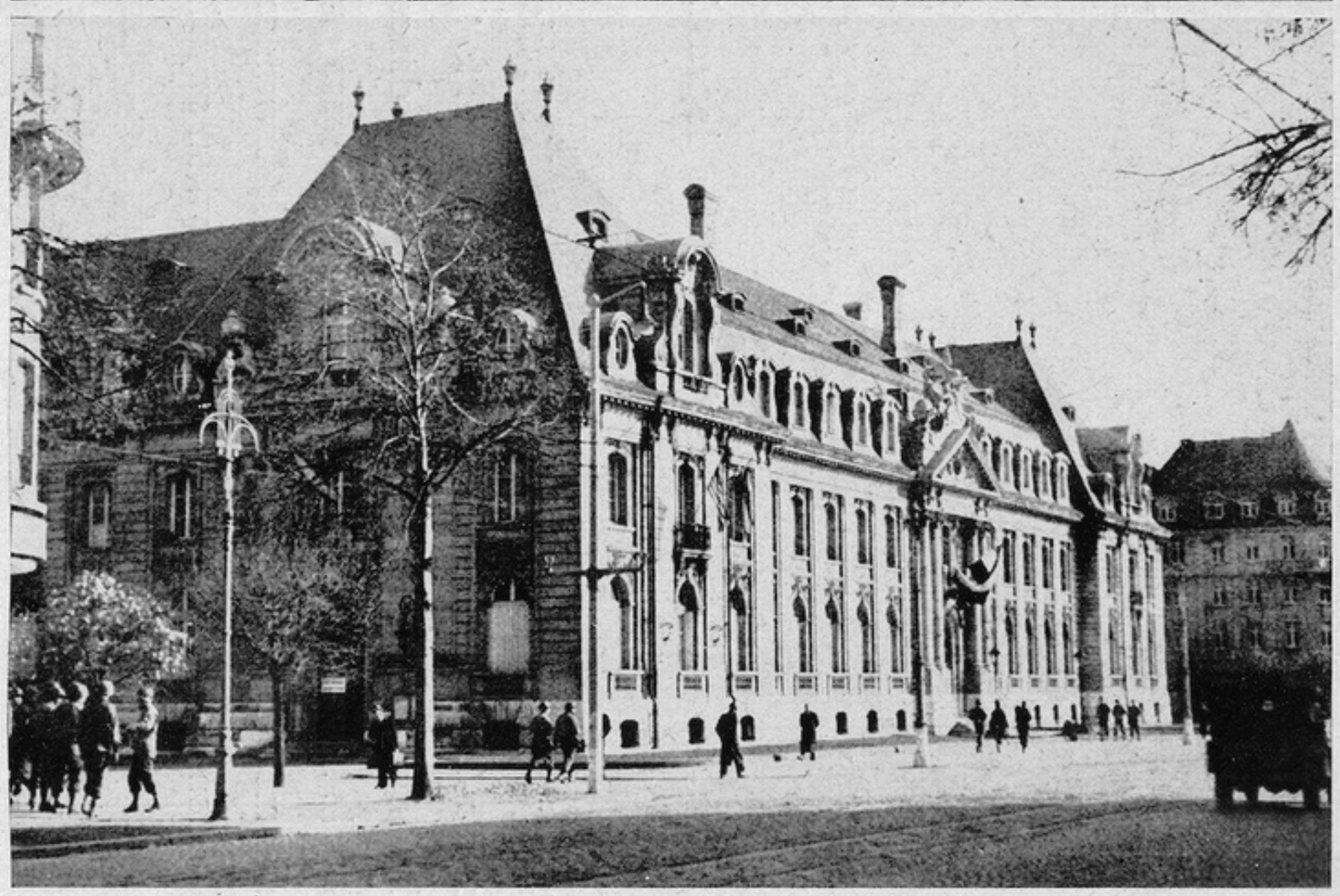
An anti-aircraft gun was stationed in the front yard in case bed-check Charlie—member of the Luftwaffe—got too close . . . our Catholic Chaplain held services in a hall formerly used by the Nazi party . . . . . .











The ancient beauty of Luxembourg impressed us . . . this was the one and only time that we began to feel like tourists from America instead of fighting men . . . this feeling was short-lived though . . . we were soon called to the forest of hell and mud . . . . . .

Hurtgen Forest

Forest fighting was depressing, cold and muddy

ON December 6th, we gave our positions along the Moselle Valley to the 22nd Infantry of the 4th Division. We then moved by truck to the Hurtgen Forest east of Aachen to relieve the battered men of the 12th Infantry in this densely wooded area of hell, mud and snow.

In this cold and depressing forest, we were greeted with Nazi propaganda leaflets which informed us we were "given a damnable Christmas present by being transferred to the famous Aachen sector where fighting is harder than anywhere else. It's all woods here. They are cold, slippery and dangerous." They reminded us—"Death awaits you behind every tree. Fighting in woods is hellish." But it took more than these silly notes to dampen our spirits. Even the nightly "serenades" of enemy heavy artillery and their devastating tree bursts and intensive strafing from the luftwaffe could not make us buckle. Still it was plenty tough; about the roughest experience we had since Normandy. It wasn't enough that we lived in holes roofed with logs, ate K rations with a hot meal only once each day. Our feet got numb and our hands got blue from the wet and the cold.

Trench foot was our biggest nemesis. At every opportunity we removed our shoes and dried and massaged our feet, changing to dry socks. One man massaged the feet of another. Drying tents were set up near the battalion aid stations. As our companies came off the line, we visited the tents in rotation where our chilled bodies were warmed and our clothes, shoes and socks dried. But the constant exercise of one's feet was the only real safeguard against trench foot, and this was done right in the foxholes wiggling one's toes as often as possible while sweating out artillery, mortar barrages and German counterattacks.

We slugged our way out of the forest, and hurling our might against the German town of Gey on December 10th, smashed one of the most formidable Nazi strongholds on the outskirts of the Hurtgen Forest and drove the stubbornly resisting enemy to the banks of the Roer River just south of Duren.

Gey was one of the most strategic strongpoints in the network of German defenses protecting the vital approaches to Duren. Situated at the edge of the Hurtgen Forest, it lies in a valley through which all roads leading from the forest cross. The Germans were determined to hold this town which they had built into a veritable fortress. Every house was a complete

arsenal. At each window large supplies of ammunition were stacked. The basement of every home, reinforced with double walls of cement and steel, was a pillbox. For three days the Nazis continued to pour reinforcements into the town as we fought in a house-to-house struggle punching again and again until the enemy was forced from the cellars and corners.

Nearly every company in our Regiment had a crack at this heavily defended position and felt the sting of the enemy's force. We fought through artillery, mortar, machine gun and small arms fire. As each house was taken, we held it against the most violent enemy counterattacks. Supporting tanks were knocked out on both sides of the town by mines in the streets, bazookas and artillery fire. Supplies could only trickle through. It was impossible for jeeps or any vehicle to get near the town as the Jerries continuously pounded the town's approaches with artillery fire. Basements of houses became aid stations where only medical aid men of our companies cared for the wounded. There were no battle lines. Each house was either an American or German sector. For two days and a night our attacking companies were without water, many of our men without food.

And then from one point of high ground to another, with support of tanks, artillery and engineers, we stabbed relentlessly forward through enemy anti-personnel mine fields in rain, ankle-deep mud and snow, and pushed the Germans back while beating off a series of successive savage counterattacks. Capturing the towns of Horn, Berzbuir and Lendersdorff, we held a firm grip on the west bank of the Roer River just south of Duren, five days after our initial attack from the Hurtgen was launched.



We took advantage of our breaks along the road to heat our K-rations . . . . . .



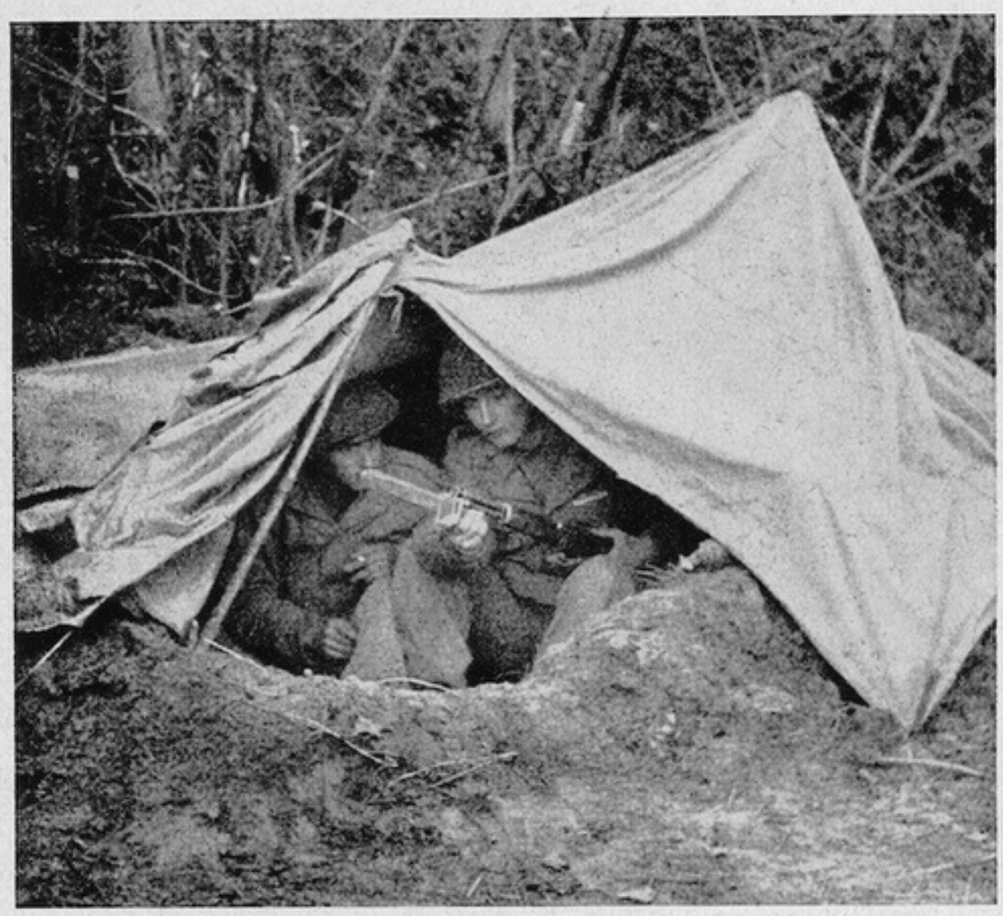
Our trek through Belgium into Germany started as we began to feel the first winds of winter . . . . . .



We crossed the Siegfried line east of Eupen . . . the dragon's teeth of this formidable defense now seemed like mere miniature monuments . . . . .



We moved through Aachen and to the edges of the Hurtgen Forest where we detrucked and started our march into the forest to relieve the battered men of the 4th Division . . . . .



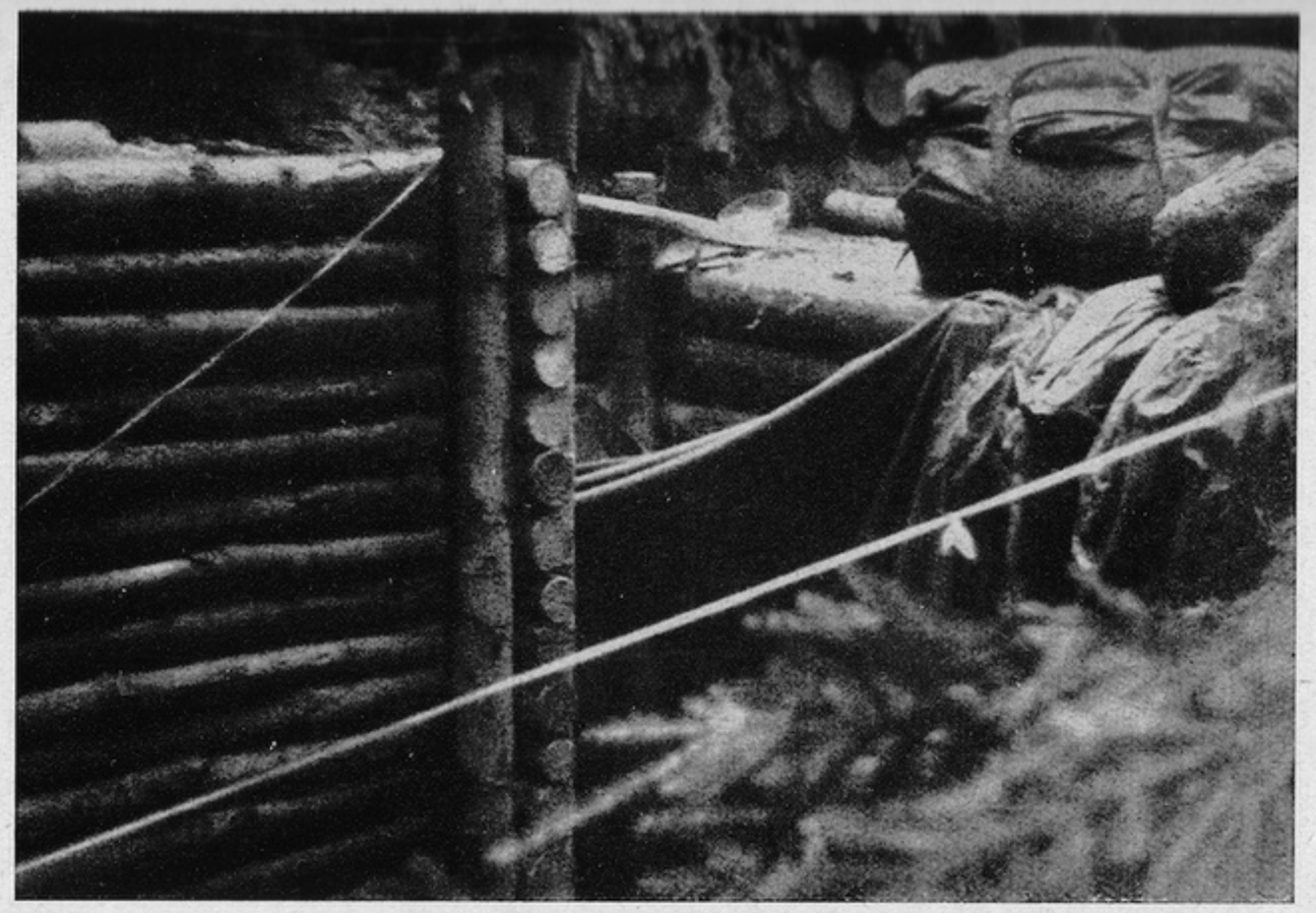


We dug in and got our guns and bayonets ready for the offensive... and by the second night we dug deeper and covered our foxholes with logs for it took only one night to realize the deadly effect of tree bursts coming from Nazi heavy artillery .....



These log-covered holes became our shelters and living quarters for almost a month ... Nazi propaganda leaflets actually tried to frighten us with such warnings as "death lurks behind every tree" but we just read them with scorn and ridicule .....





Our battalion CPs and the Regimental CP were built into the earth, log-cabin style to give room for the staffs and a little protection from shells . . . . .





In the rear echelons of our Combat Team, we built fires near the kitchens and warmed our chilled bodies when we had the chance... Broken tree-tops were mute testimony of the blanket shelling the Nazis laid upon us . . . . .









Mud was everywhere . . . thick, wet and oozy . . . it seemed as if the earth had no bottom . . . our jeeps got stuck in it . . . trucks plowed through it . . . our caissons rolled on through it... and our engineers tried their best to fill the worse spots with gravel.....



Our doughboys found themselves ankle-deep in mud wherever they fought... the ammunition and pioneer platoon built up the ditches leading to and from our assembly areas with logs .....



We thought it was pretty big-hearted of the Jerries to have buried an American flyer and construct a cross on his grave... it was right in the ditch alongside the main road of the forest and nearby lay the scattered remains of a P47 .....





Hot food was occasionally brought up to the frontline boys in marmite cans... a real treat we looked forward to.....





The mud and the snow and the cold didn't stop us... we moved fatiguingly forward, slugging our way through the forest .....





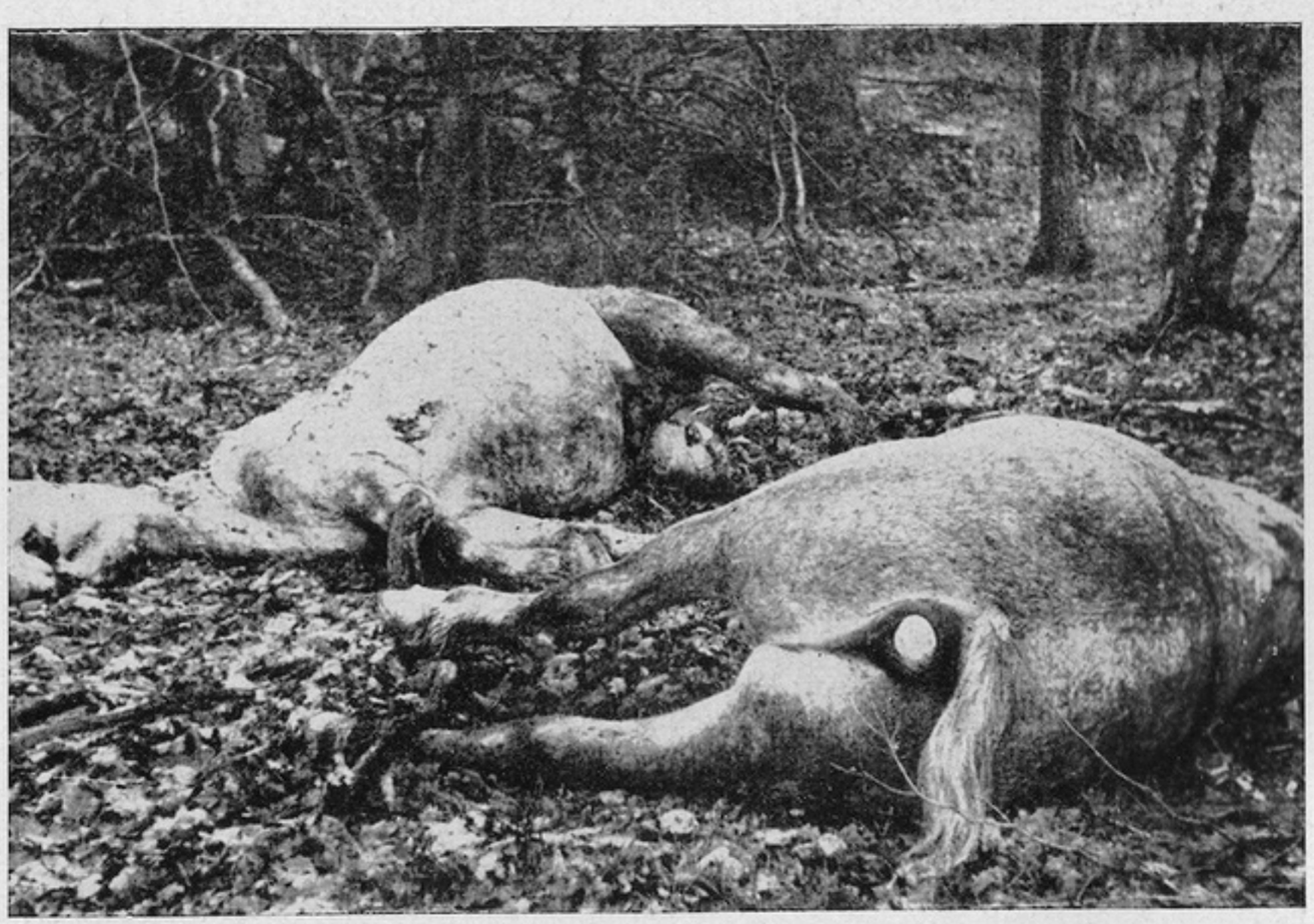
Our first prisoners taken on German soil began to come in and here once again, they were questioned and re-questioned by the IPW.....











Those that didn't want to be pushed back nor be brought back were left lying in the mud of the forest—
their mission accomplished for der fuehrer . . . and pitifully enough, along with them, their horses . . . . .



Our supporting tanks had a tough time in the forest . . . mines were blowing up everywhere . . . . . .





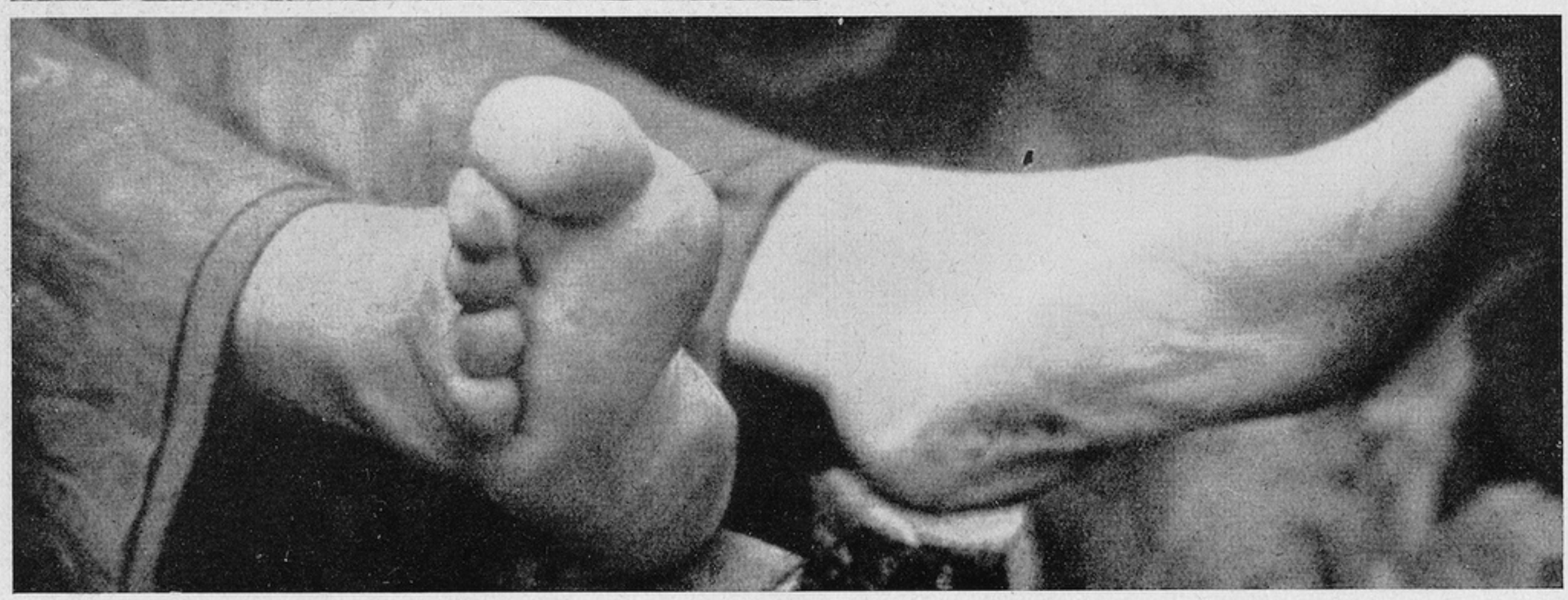
Forest fighting was a doughboy's job and the mortarmen were with them as usual in close support . . . . . .

At times, it became like War I warfare when we overran Jerry trenches and took cover in them from artillery.....





But we also dug our own . . . a job we had become quite experienced in . . . . .



Our feet—the walking symbol of the infantryman—became a primary concern of all... they were becoming frostbitten and trench foot set in causing a great many evacuations . . . . . .

The snow-fall toward the end of December added to our hardships . . . . . .





We became resigned to this, too, for we didn't want any delay in this war because of winter . . . . . .

We just cut more logs and dug deeper into the earth between battles . . . . . .







Christmas packages started coming in—close to 40,000—containing everything from fruit cakes and various delicacies to shoe polish and house slippers... but every package was appreciated for just getting a hunk of home made our Christmas a cheerful one... a few of the men received small Christmas trees from home complete with trimmings and there was little delay in putting them up.....

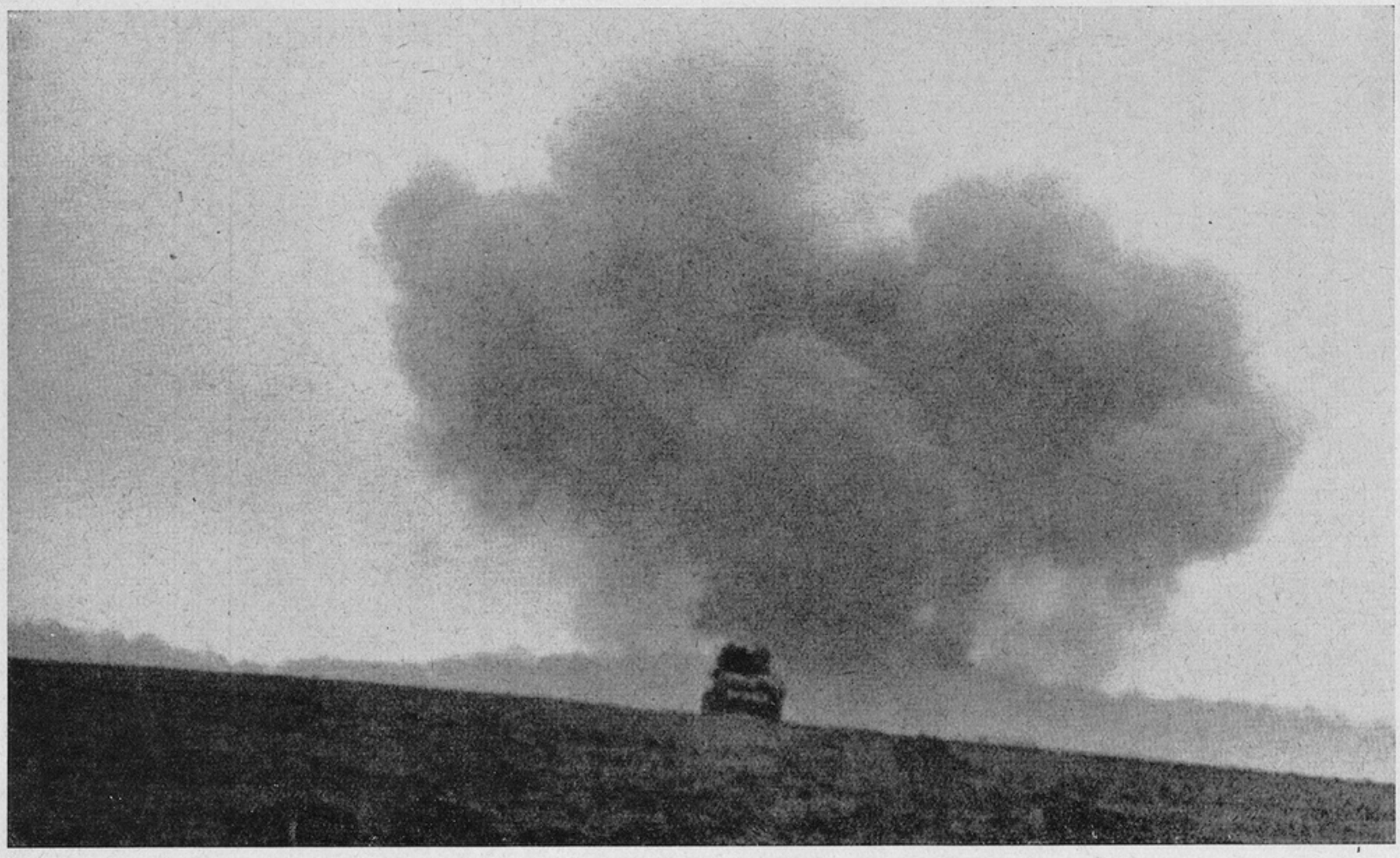




As we prepared to attack Gey, cannon and artillery forward observers crept to the outer edges of the forest beyond our frontline outposts.....



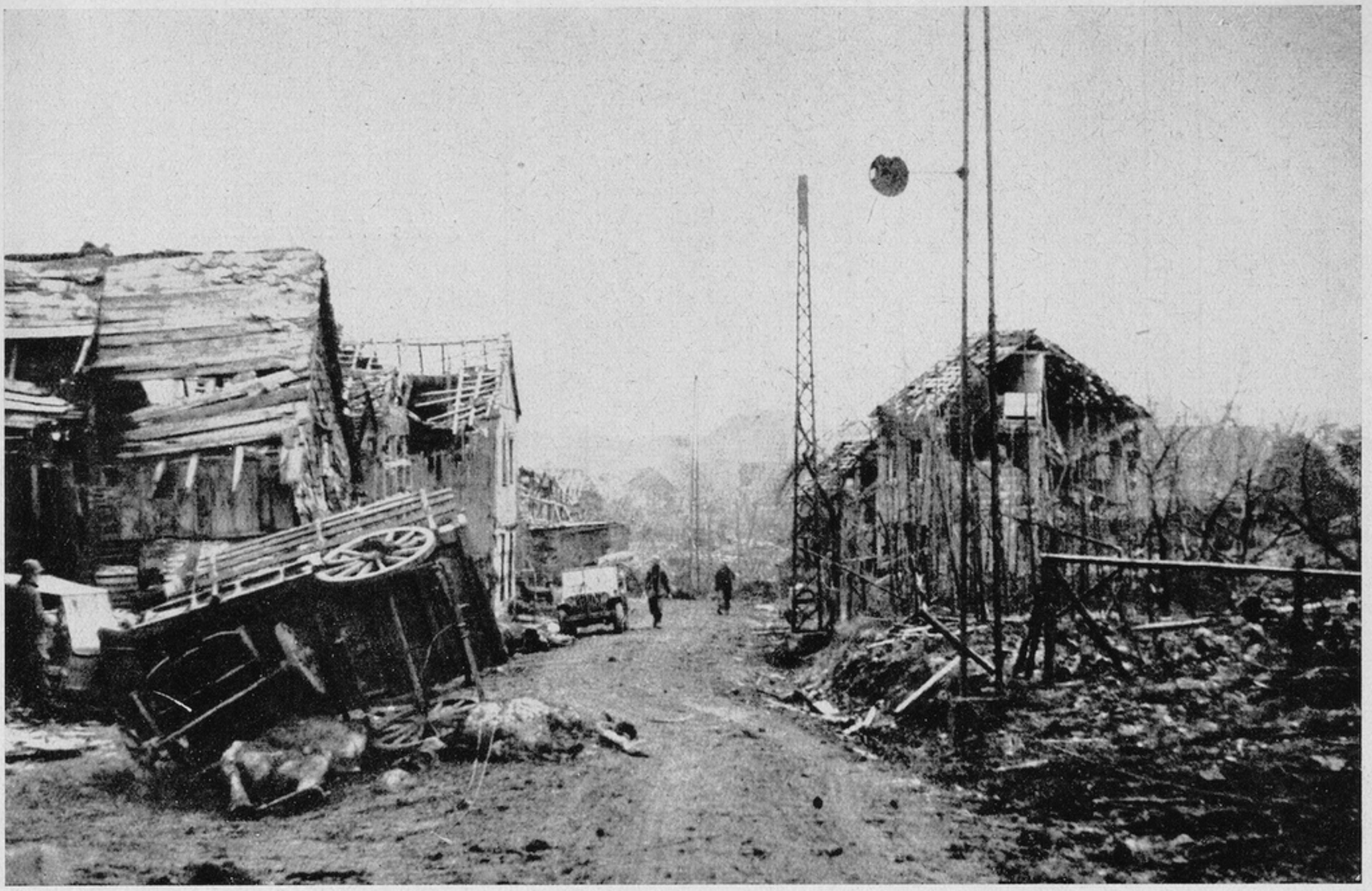
... to direct cannon and artillery fire upon the strategic stronghold.....



Enemy artillery and mortar pounded the approaches to the town and our casualties were heavy as . . .

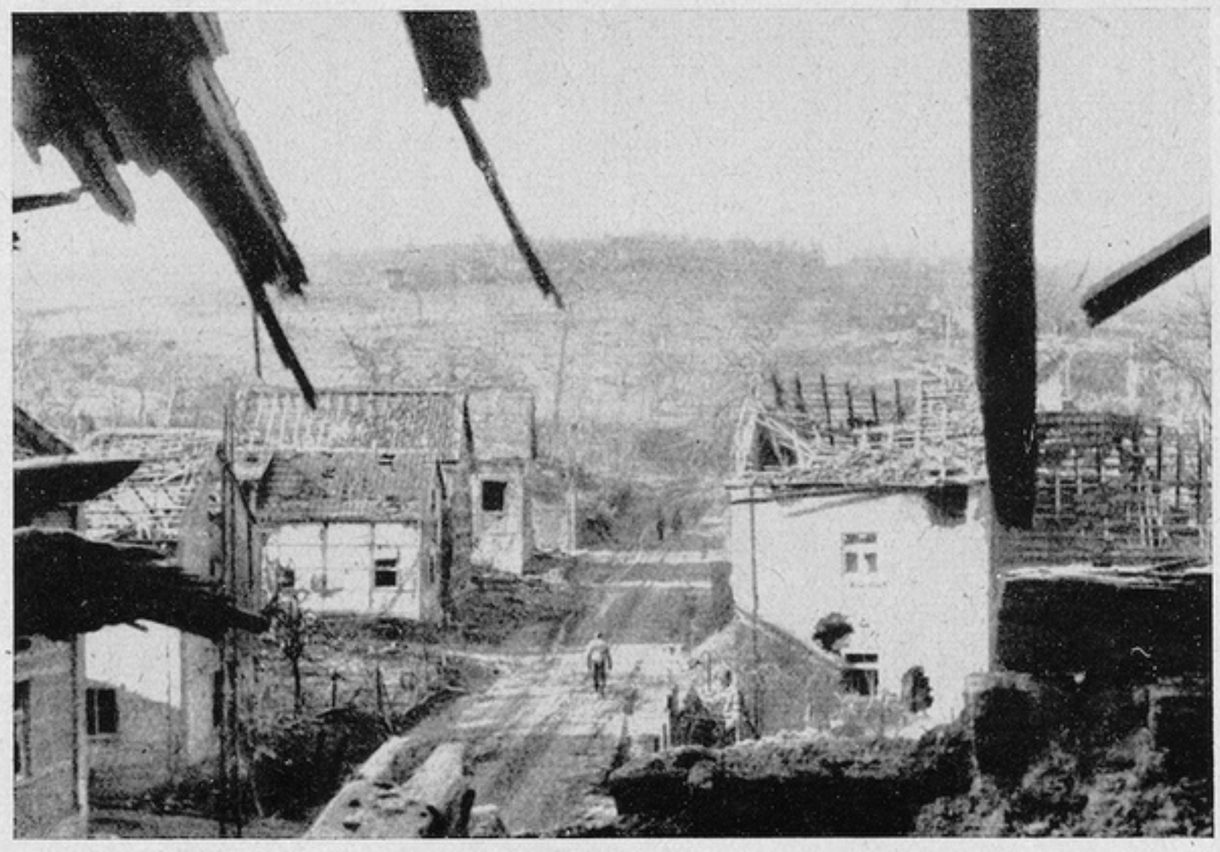


one company after another attacked this heavily fortified town held by fiercely fighting OCS Nazis.....



By the third day, Gey was ours—or what was left of it.....

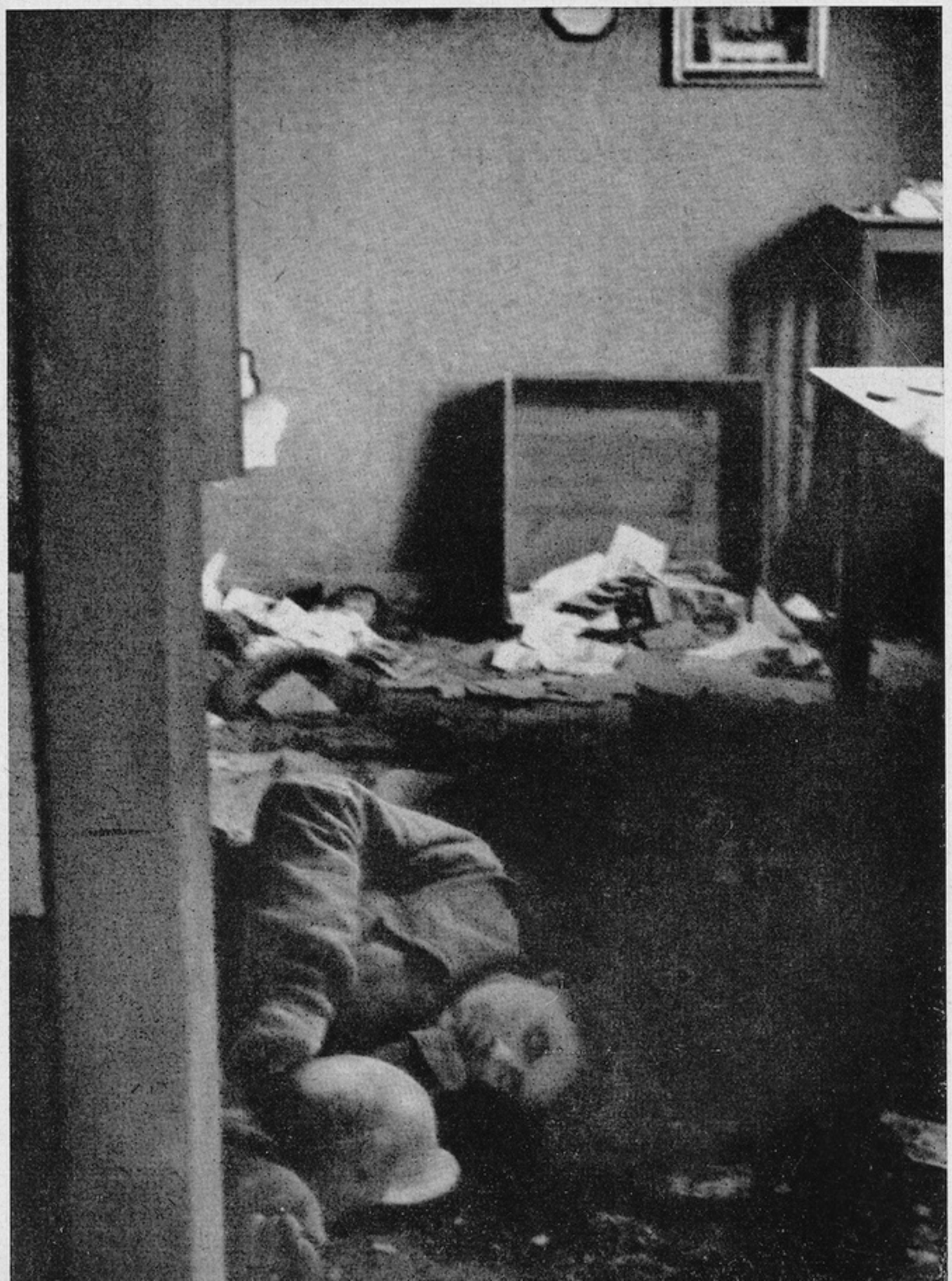




Enemy heavy artillery and shells of direct fire guns from high ground to the east of Gey continued to harass us as we prepared to continue the offensive to the Roer . . . . . .



Marks of heavy battle.....



were everywhere.....



At the battalion observation post on high ground overlooking the terrain ahead, our Regimental Commander watched our progress.....



As we moved out to attack and secure enemy positions east of Gey.....



Up high ground, in the face of enemy small arms, mortar and artillery fire, we fought and punched our way forward.....



Digging the Nazis from their ever-winding entrenched positions in the hills.....



Deep trenches, heavy .50 cal. machine guns and fanatic Nazis couldn't stop our advance and five days after our initial attack from the Hurtgen was launched, we were on the west bank of the Roer River south of Duren.....







Bearded, dirty and unkempt with fatigue written over all our faces.....



We pulled back from Duren and without rest headed for Belgium to smear the German counteroffensive.....

Ardennes

Fighting in winter's midst was our roughest campaign

WHEN the von Rundstedt counteroffensive occurred, we battle weary doughboys of the 331st were called on to help check the Belgium crisis. Between December 23rd and 25th, we were relieved from our defensive positions along the banks of the Roer and without rest moved to the vicinity of Aachen. On December 26th we moved south into Belgium and took up defensive positions on the northern flank of the German penetration west of Rochefort. By January 9th, we were ready and we attacked into the bulge.

Smashing into the northern flank of this Nazi salient from Ottre, while Third Army troops were pushing into the southern flank, we fought relentlessly through the Ardennes forest for 10 days and nights making a five mile penetration into the bulge. We drove German tanks and infantry from the towns of Petite-Langlir, Langlir, across the Langlir River and to the edges of the St. Pierre-Hez Forest at the foothills of the Ardennes. The speed with which this bridgehead was established enabled elements of an armored division to advance through the Ardennes and cut the Houffalize-St. Vith highway, vital and last German supply route reaching to the western end of their salient.

Not only faced with Germany's reputedly finest soldiers, the Panzer Grenadier and SS troops, we were forced to fight weather as well. Through heavy snows we pushed forward as the cold, bitter wind cut our faces and tore through our clothes. In the snow-covered forests we found no shelter. Battle lulls permitted us some rest in our steady advance but fires could not be built and hastily dug foxholes in the frozen earth were of no aid against the cold. For 10 consecutive days and nights with little sleep, cold rations—our guns kept from freezing only by their continual operation—we dug the enemy from their defenses capturing over 400 prisoners and a Nazi supply dump, knocking out Mark Vs and trucks, and left the Ardennes strewn with the bodies of Nazi supermen.

And we learned about winter warfare the hard way. We used branches of trees as matting for our foxholes. Logs and more branches were used as roofs to protect us from tree bursts and two or three of us slept in each hole close enough to pool our blankets—when we had them. Our blankets and clothing got wet with snow and froze. The more frigid nights we abandoned all hope of sleep, walking around and exercising all night to keep from freezing.

When we waded through streams, our trousers got wet up to our knees and our legs

became numb. We couldn't take our shoes off at night for they would be frozen stiff by morning. Our communications men had trouble with their radios. Their breath vapors wet the inside of the mouthpieces and froze. Severe cold caused morphine syrettes and blood plasma to freeze. Our medics put them under their armpits thawing them with body heat or under the hoods of running jeeps.

Our wounded were carried back on litters 3000 yards because our jeeps couldn't get through snowdrifts.

Our 2nd and 3rd Battalions were the first in the Regiment to deliver a blow into the counteroffensive. Jumping off from Ottre southwest to Bihain, the 2nd Battalion helped repulse a vicious German counterattack and made a flank attack from the vicinity of Bihain, west of Ottre. They then continued south sweeping out strong enemy machine gun nests and tanks from the forest up to its southern edges. Close behind, came our 1st Battalion. Pushing from the vicinity of Bihain to the southeastern edges of the forest our 1st Battalion doughboys launched a night attack over a mile of open ground upon the town of Langlir and entered the town through heavy enemy artillery and direct tank fire. After closeup bayonet and trench knife fighting, Langlir was secured at 1300, on eleventh of January.

In the meantime our 3rd Battalion had sent waves of whiteclad infantrymen across the snow-covered slopes and ridges directly south of Ottre leading to the Ronce forest. Smashing an enemy strongpoint of well dug-in tanks and machine guns with the help of artillery, they reached an open plain that lay between the southern edge of the woods and Petite-Langlir. A swift night attack upon this Nazi-held town brought another strong vital objective in American hands.

Toward dusk of the following day our three battalions abreast launched an attack into St. Pierre-Hez Forest south of Langlir and in the most decisive battles of the entire operation, made a two mile penetration and secured an assembly area for the armored units.

After the armored units advanced through the 331st sector to cut off the Houffalize-St. Vith highway, we wearily turned our efforts east into the heart of the salient to flush the Nazis from the St. Pierre-Hez Forest. Through a raging snowstorm our 1st and 3rd Battalions stabbed through the dense woods just south of St. Pierre-Hez Forest to the outskirts of Courtil against determined enemy infantry and tank strongpoints. The 1st and 2nd Battalions then drove across the Houffalize-Courtil road and cut the last escape route to Courtil from Halconreux.

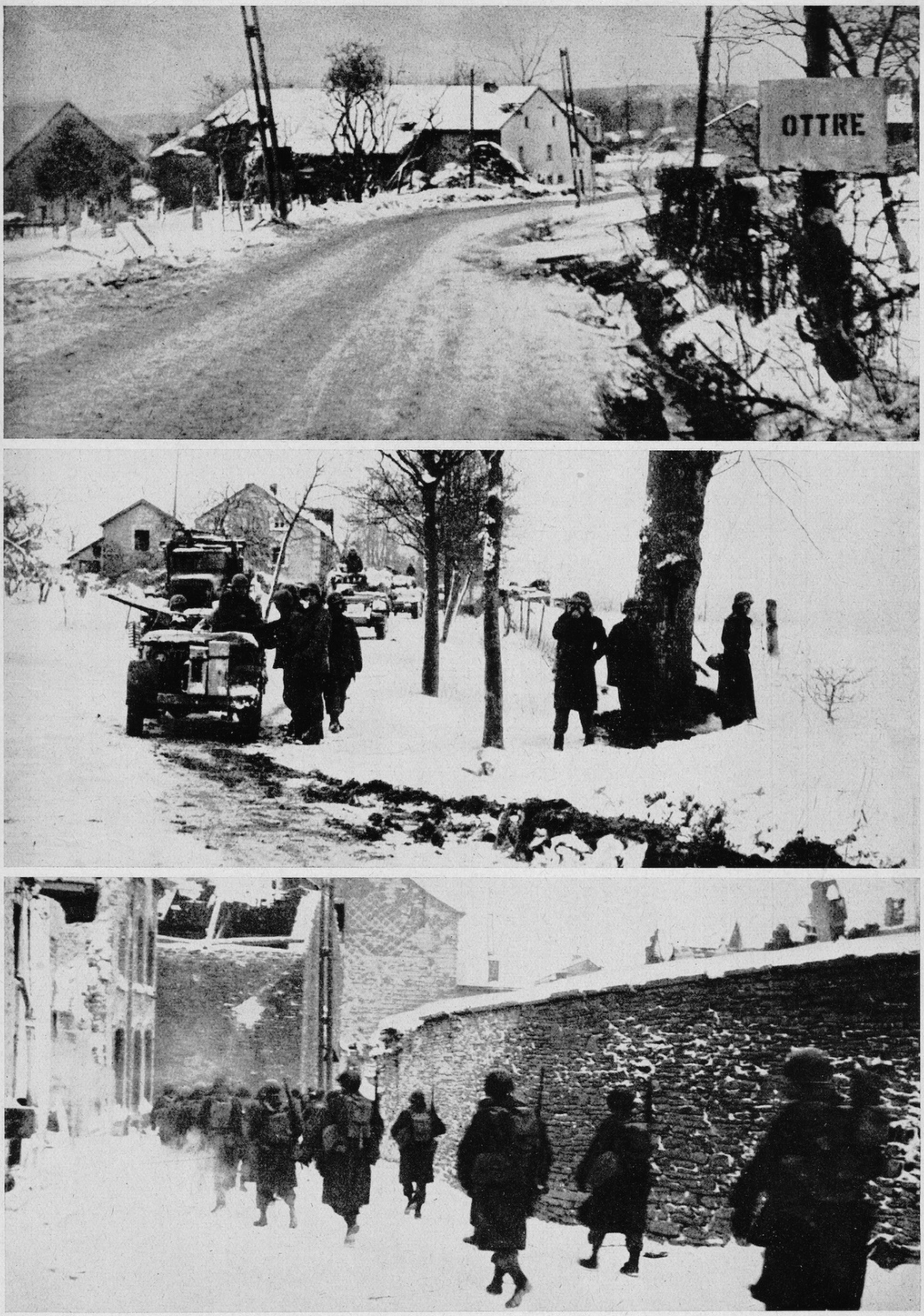
But accomplishing this important mission is incidental to the story of 10 days and nights without rest, fighting with determination through a raging snowstorm to secure these vital objectives. Our 1st and 2nd Battalions had pushed to a road leading from Halconreux and there dug into the frozen earth waiting for retreating Germans, as water seeped into foxholes until it was knee deep. One machine gunner sat on his ammo box in his hole and in a few minutes water covered the box. He placed his helmet on top of the box and perched on it and that too filled with water.

That night a snowstorm raged. All night they stuck to their posts in freezing wet clothing. Two men died of exposure. A cold K ration was their only supper. Supplies could not get through because of the density of the woods. Previous artillery barrages in the area had clipped many of the trees and the strong winds blew the weakened tree tops on them.

But their vigilance was rewarded for in the late hours of the night a German convoy streamed up the road. In spite of the snow, the blizzard and the shells from Nazi tanks, all guns blazed to cripple the convoy. The mission was accomplished.

SS brutality was also evidenced in the Ardennes battle. In one incident two assault squads made a dawn attack into the forest. They had gone 100 yards when they were pinned down by heavy machine gun crossfire. The entire slope was raked continuously for several minutes. The men hugged the ground. When the fire lifted the platoon sergeant raised his head and looked around. Many of his men were dead, most of the others wounded. He saw two Jerries coming down the slope from the ridge and he dropped his head and watched from the corner of his eye. They began searching the clothing of the dead soldiers. A man groaned and a rifle shot rang out. Blood trickled from the man's temple. Another groan was heard followed by more shots. Everyone of the wounded was riddled and their clothes searched. The platoon sergeant was the only man to escape. He had played dead.

Even under such conditions the tide of the German counter-offensive was definitely turned as the Nazis went reeling back to the Reich. With orders to destroy the enemy, who boldly pierced the weak points of American lines at the Luxembourg-Belgium border and murderously slashed out killing civilians and captured American soldiers, we helped turn what had been an overwhelming German victory, to defeat.



We smashed into the northwestern tip of the Nazi salient in Belgium from Ottre . . . . . .



We assembled here and then in white camouflaged uniforms moved out to the Line of Departure . . . . . .









We shoved off with tank support but we were soon to learn that this was another job for the infantry . . . and bundled in winter clothing made freedom of movement cumbersome, our mission tougher . . . . . .



Across snow-covered open ground, we attacked . . . in every house, every barn, lurked Nazis . . . . . .









We were cautious in our approach but our advance was steady . . . . . .



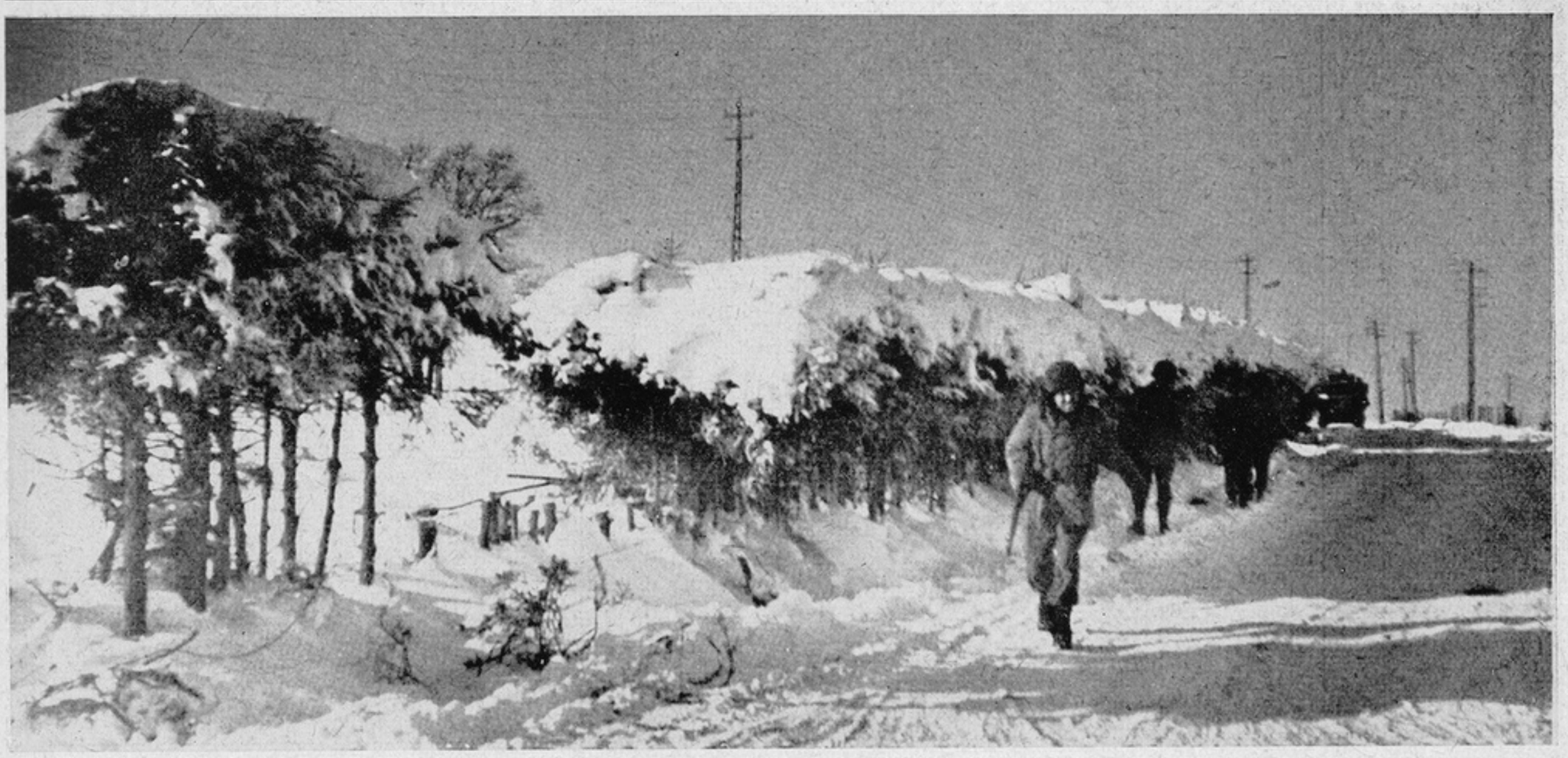
Telephone wireman sweated out enemy artillery to keep communications open with frontline units . . . we pushed the Nazis back and moved up to the LD just before Bihain to attack into the Ardennes . . . . . .











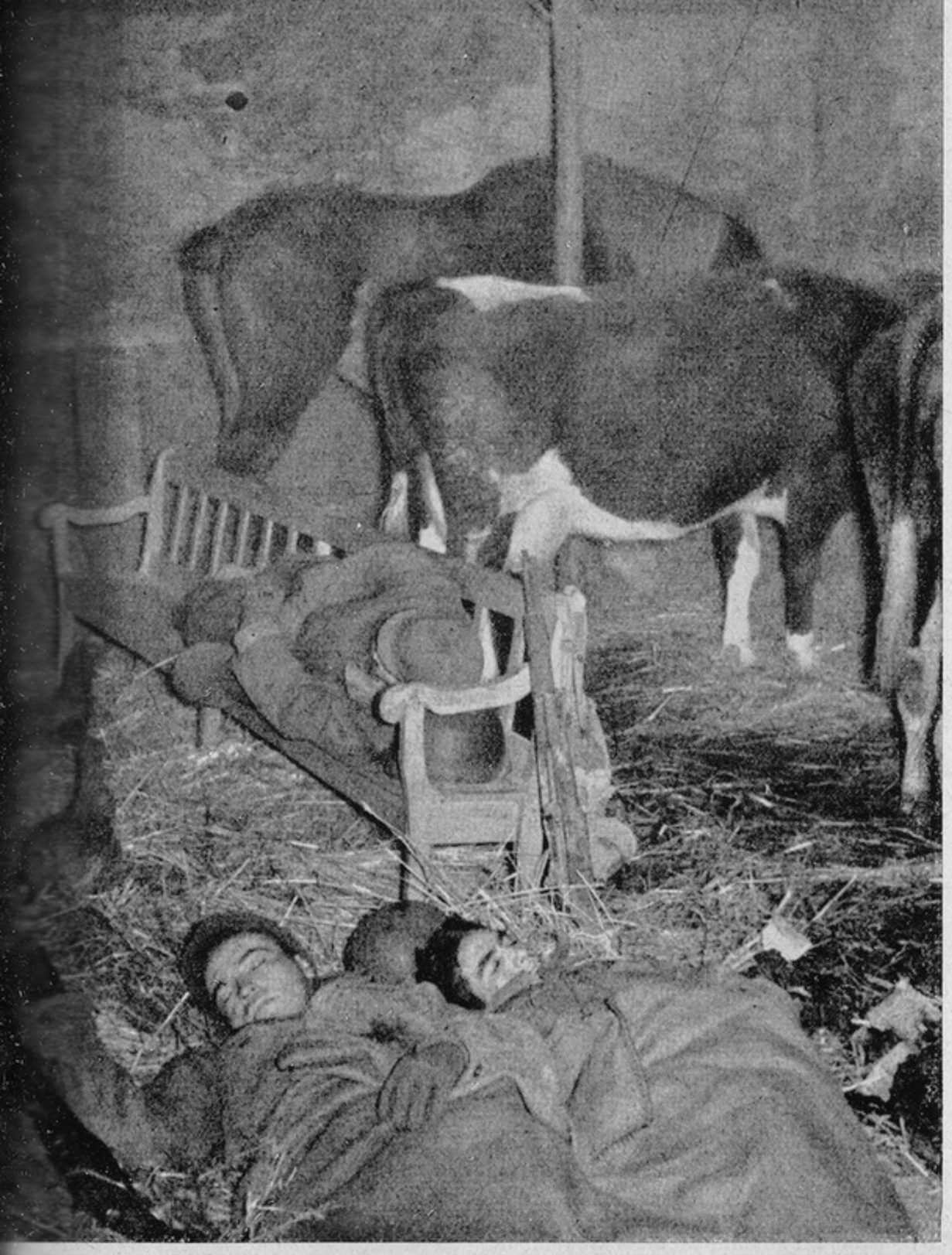
Walkie-talkie and SCR-300 radios supplemented telephone communications and enabled company commanders to keep in contact with attacking platoons.....



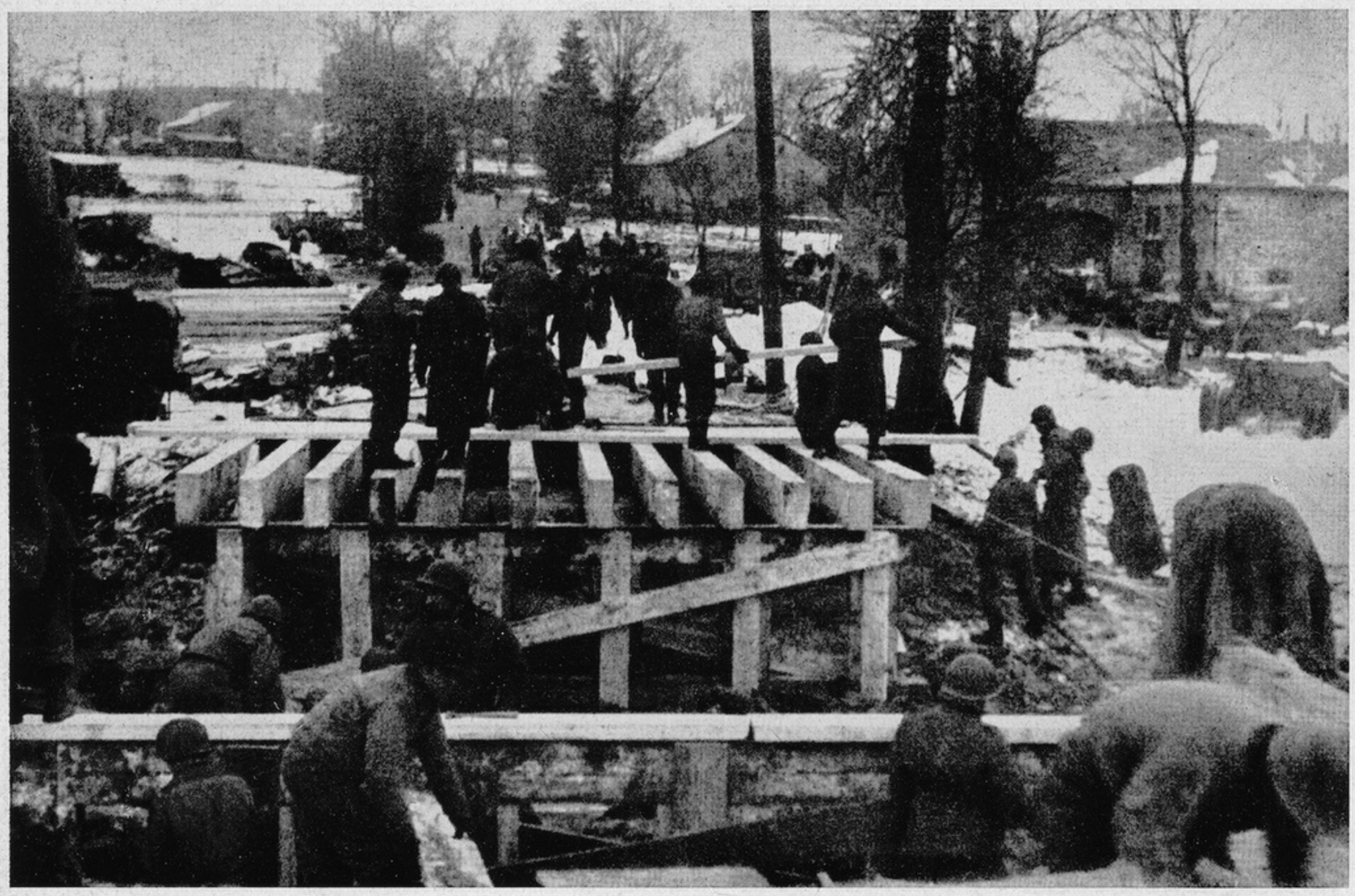
Heavy artillery from the woods pounded around us . . . we sought momentary cover . . .
and then we were up again and attacking across the open plain into the forest . . . . . .



Our units in Bihain repulsed a vicious counterattack and the town was soon blazing from burning Nazi tanks and houses . . . . . .



Our only chance for rest was in barns where we sought the warmth of hay . . . . . .



Petite-Langlir and Langlir was secured in an all-night fight and the following morning during intermittent shelling from the enemy, the engineers constructed a bridge across the Langlir River .....





Practically every house was shell-pocked but they still provided some shelter from the cold of Belgian winter and enemy artillery which was constantly harassing us at irregular intervals .....



Enemy shells got a few of our jeeps .....



And an armored tank not far from our Regimental CP .....





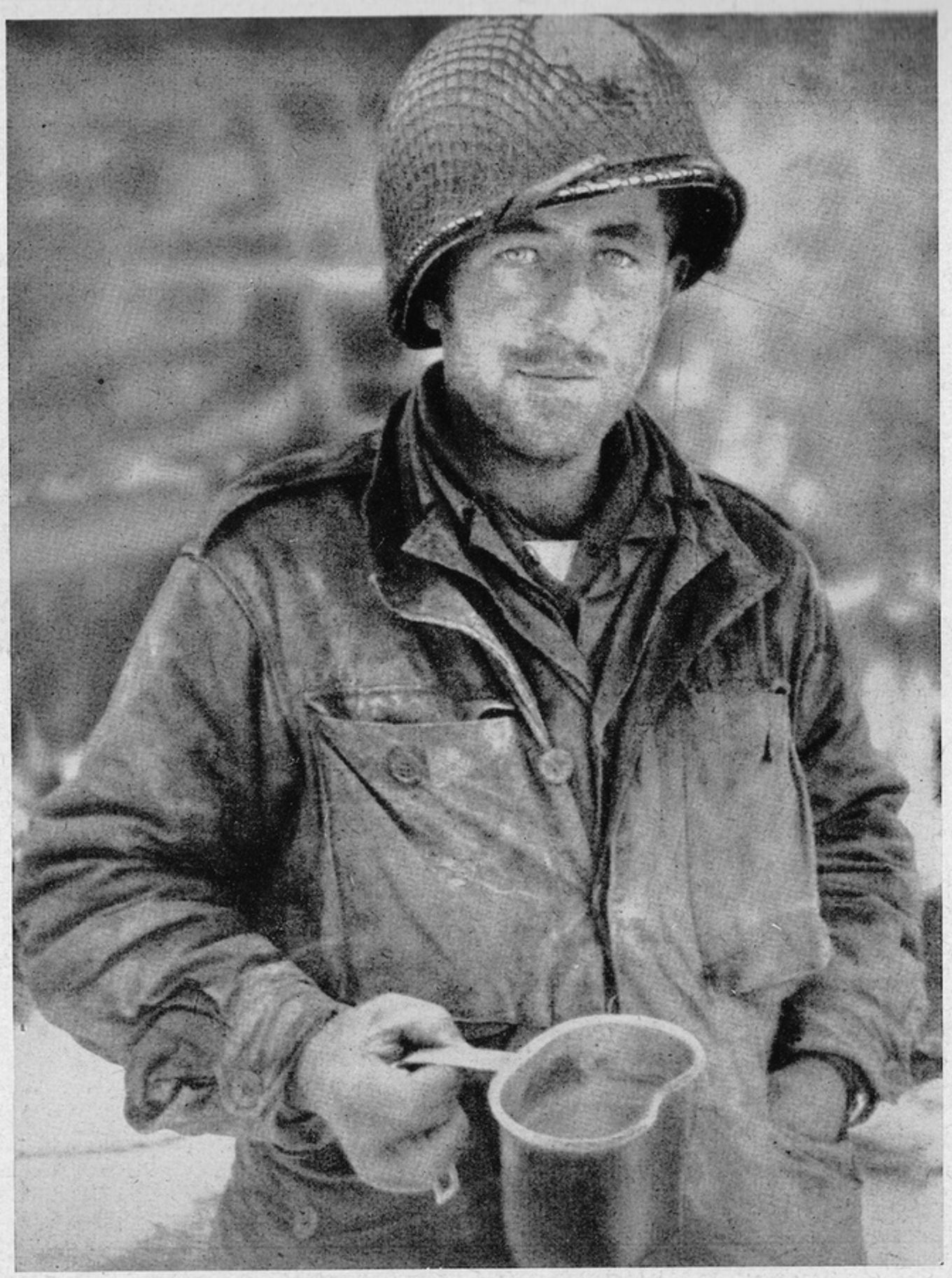
Their incoming shells and our outgoing shells provided the tympani of death...this was now old stuff to us... we knew how to take cover, we knew how to strike back.....





With telling blows that left their biggest tanks destroyed and ditches strewn with Nazi bodies . . . . . .



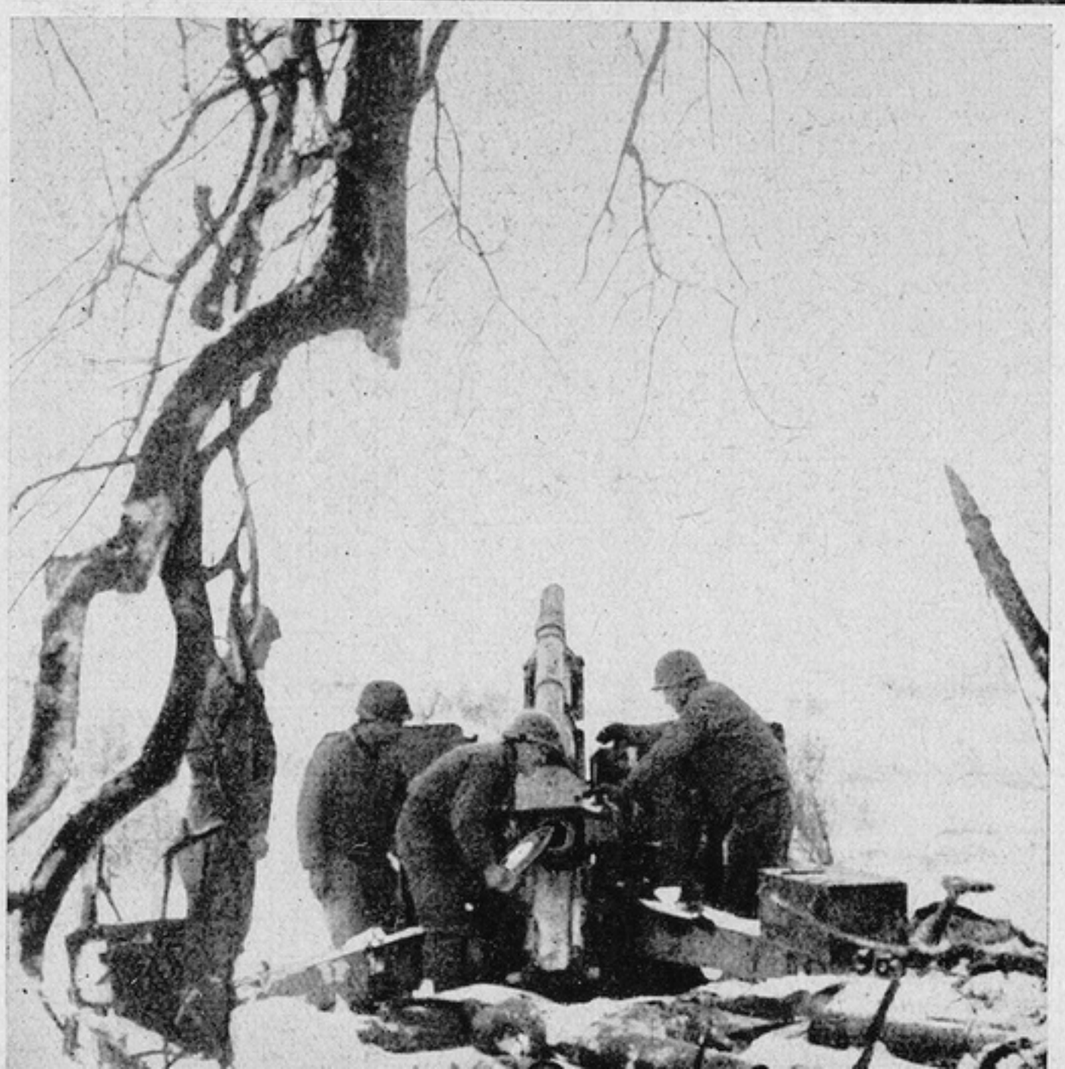


It was nerve-tearing and the snow and the cold only aggravated the ordinary discomforts of battle . . . once in awhile, we did manage to get back to our company kitchens for a hot cup of coffee and some hot chow . . . . . .









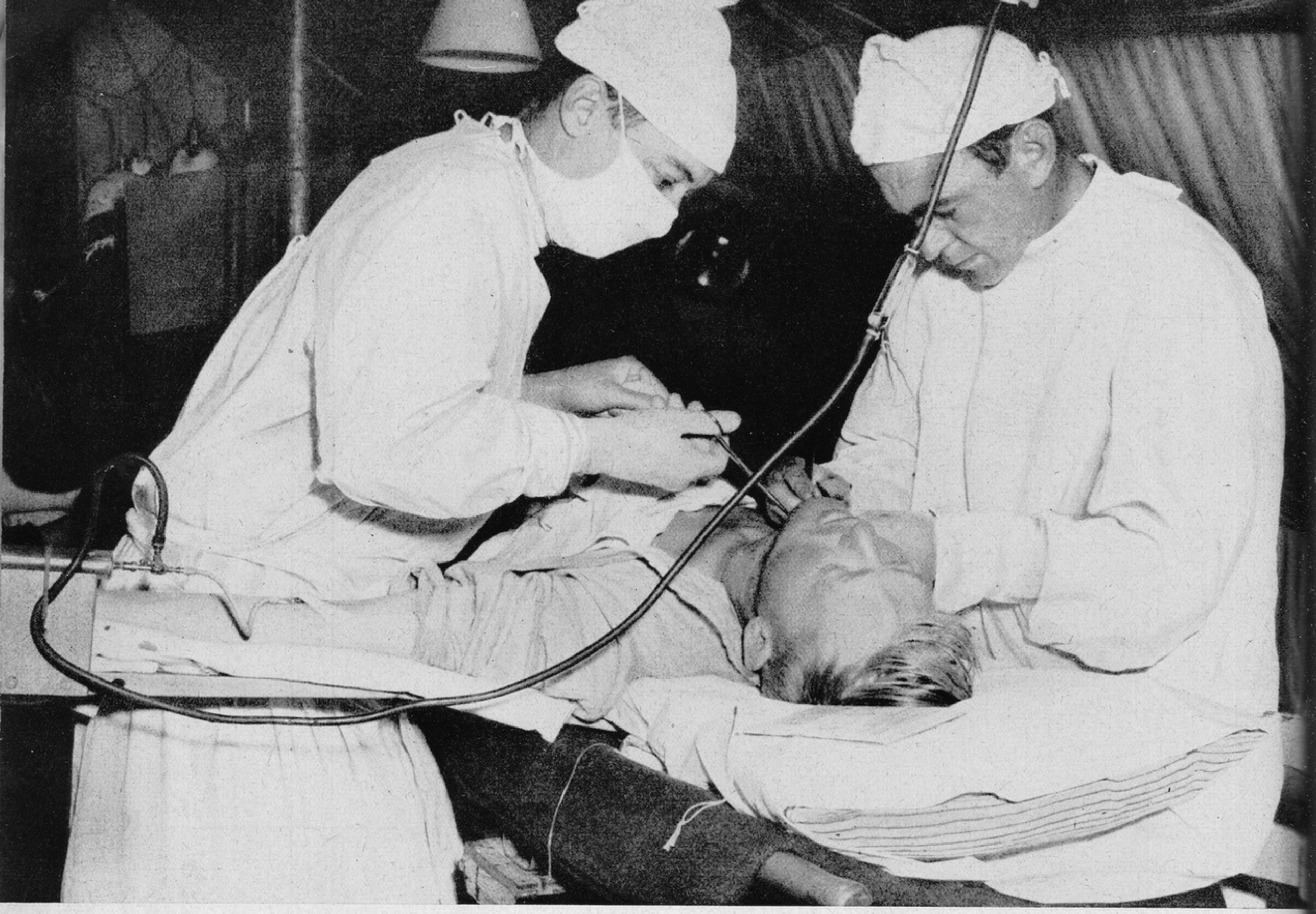
Our Cannon Co. and artillery battalion shared many of the doughboys' discomforts sticking to their guns through the day and the night to keep a never-ceasing flow of shells enemy bound . . . . . .







Our medics carried the wounded as far as 3000 yards in litters to battalion aid stations... ambulance drivers from our collecting company were the modern minute-men of battle .....



Emergency operations were performed at the Collecting Company which many times was not more than a tent . . . the wounded was then taken to an evacuation hospital and if his condition were serious back to a General Hospital . . . . . .

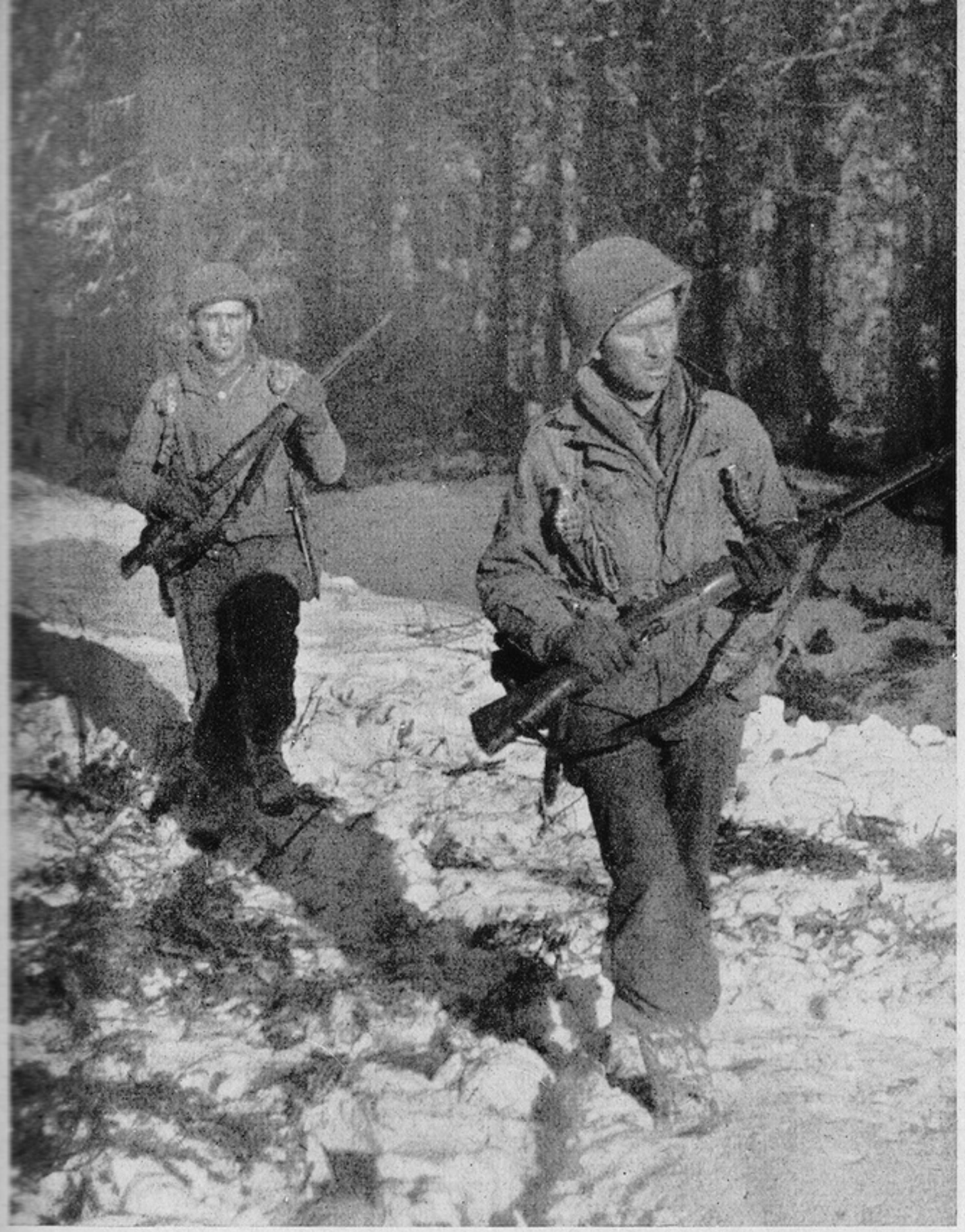


The Belgium bulge was shrinking . . . we pursued the enemy farther into the forest . . . we couldn't stop now though we were tired . . . we were cold . . . our physical stamina was sapped . . . . . .



We flushed the SS and Panzer Grenadier from the St. Pierre-Hez Forest ...





The bold SS were staggering back and we unrelentlessly pursued them . . . . . .

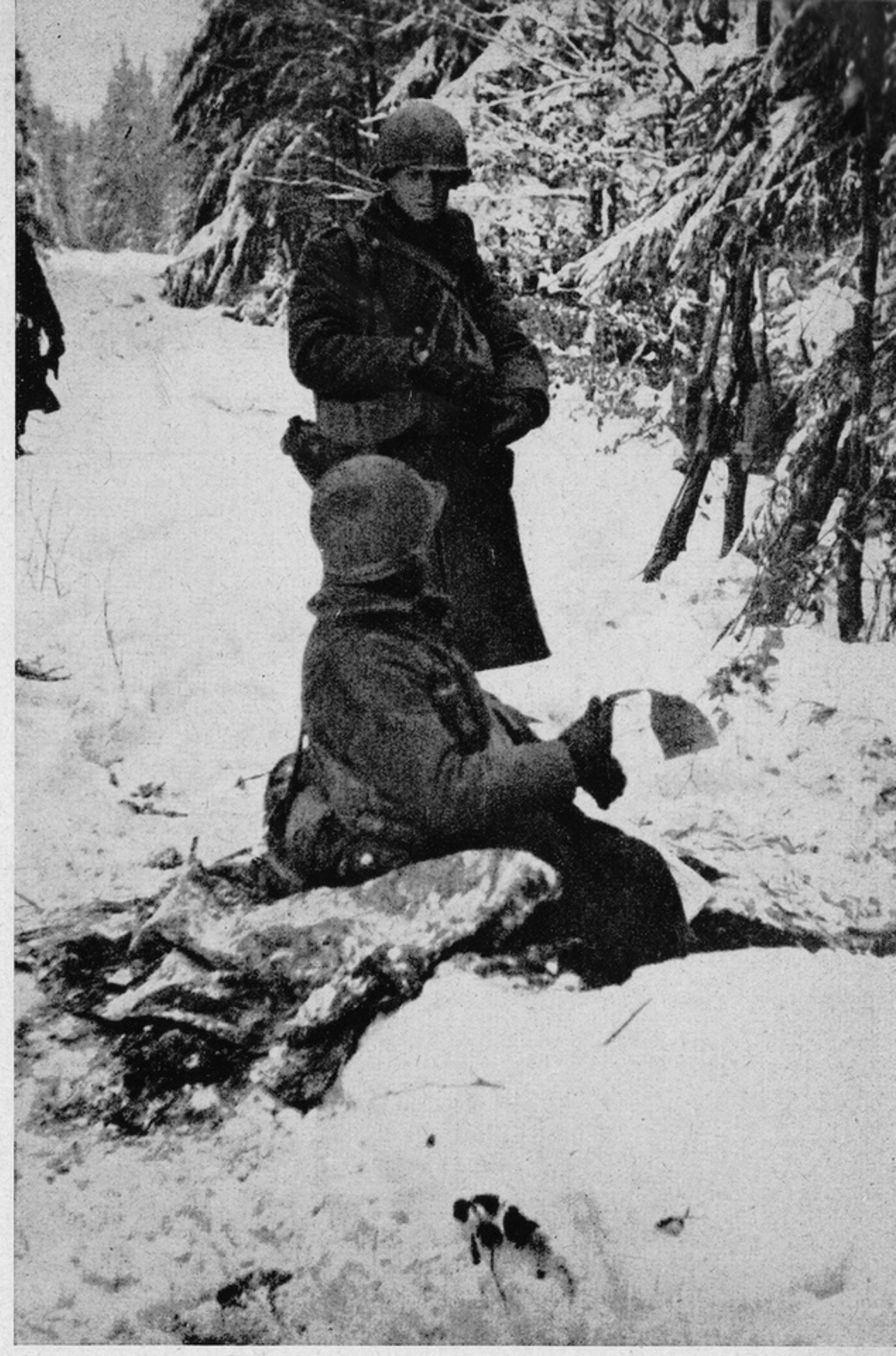


Every man — the rifleman, the ammunition bearer,





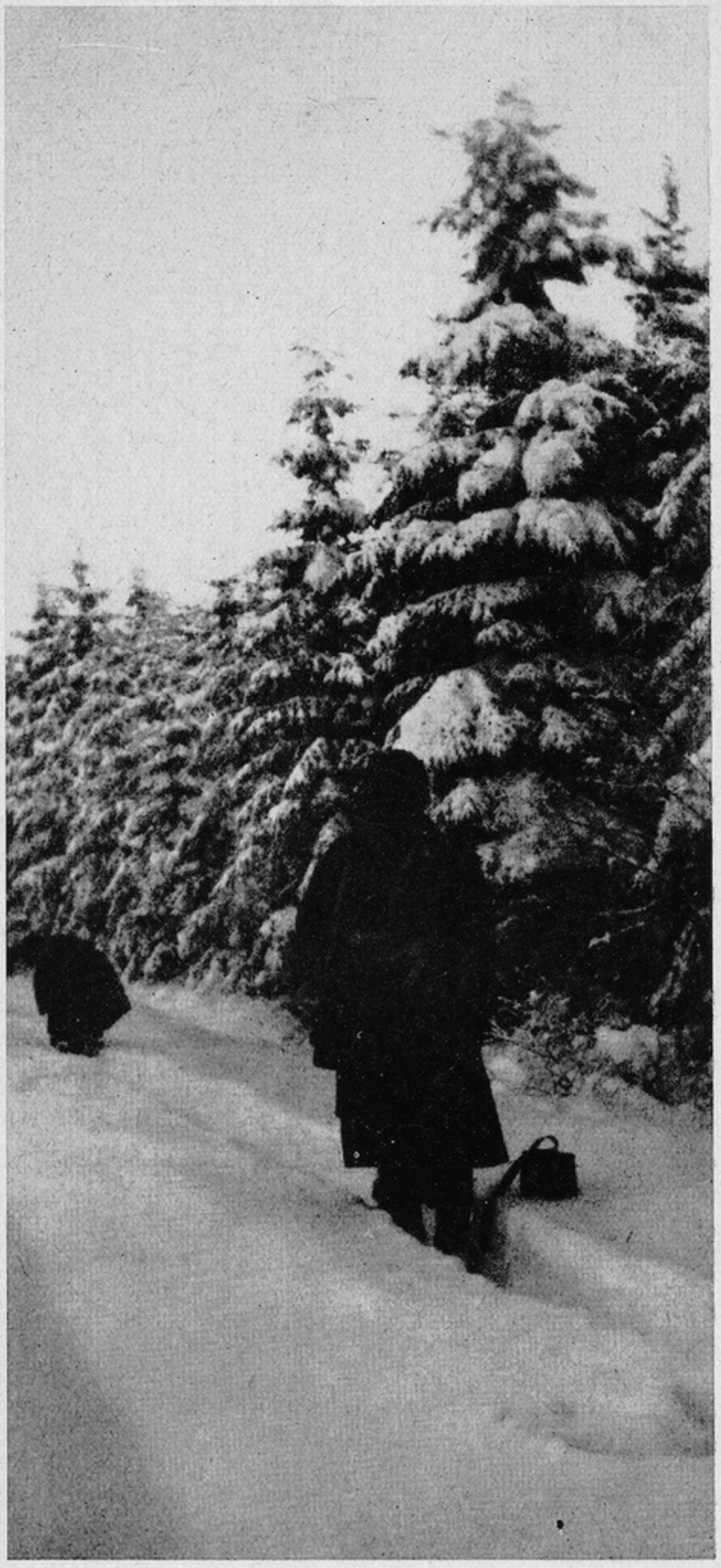
the machine gunners, the bazookamen, the messengers,

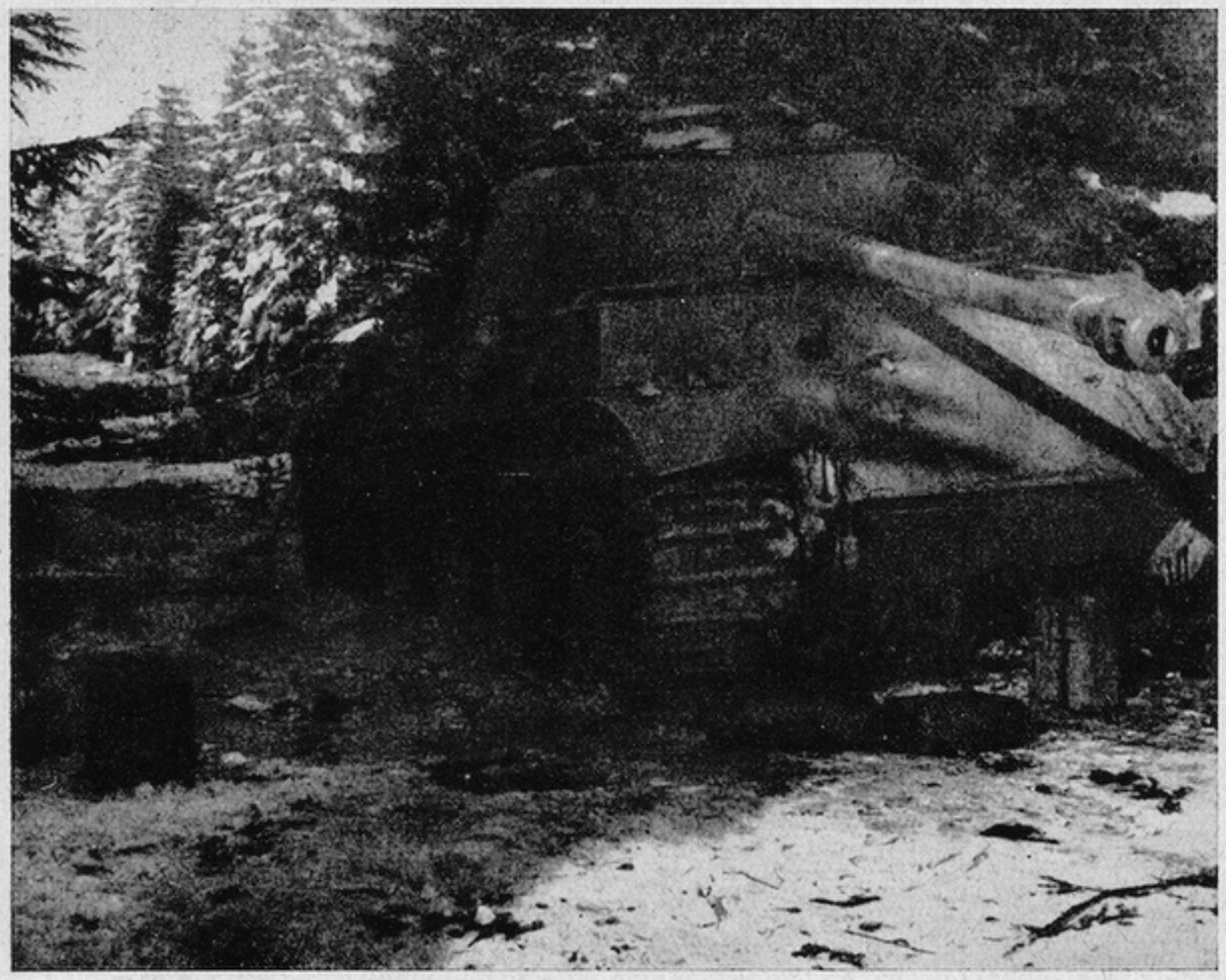


the mortarmen . . . and our scouts ever at the front, drawing enemy fire, enemy shells . . . . . .





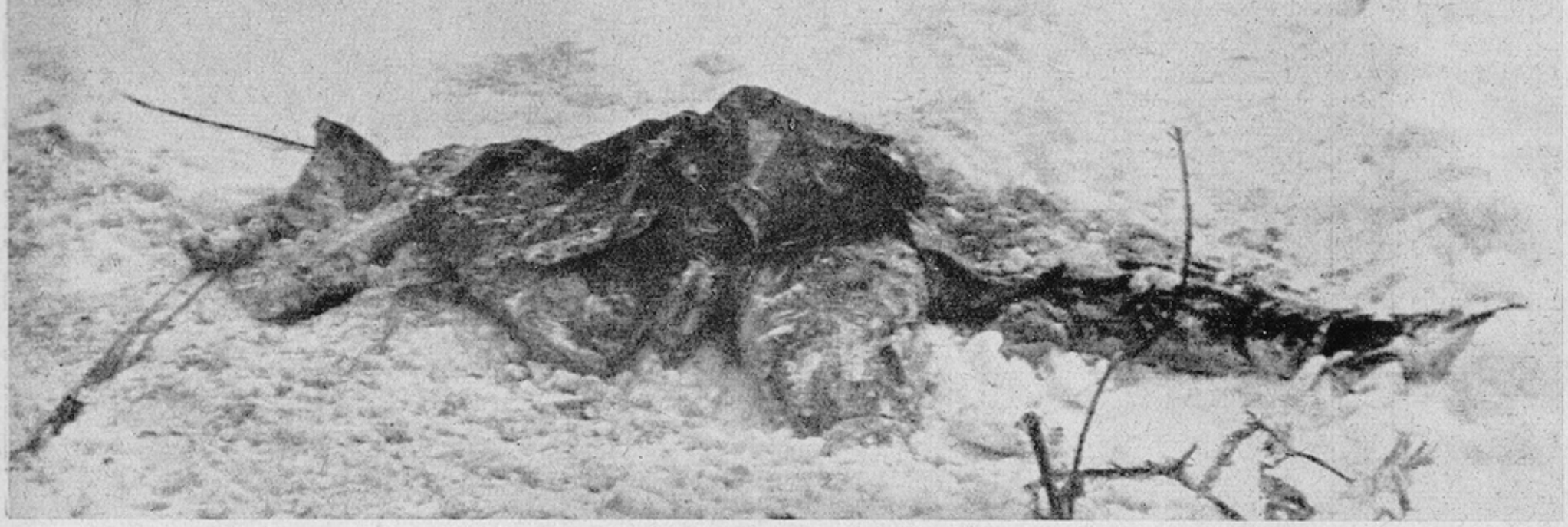




And by the time we reached the edges of the Forest, our linemen were repairing wires and a call sent in—mission accomplished ... armored units were now able to advance and cut the vital Houffalize-St. Vith highway.....

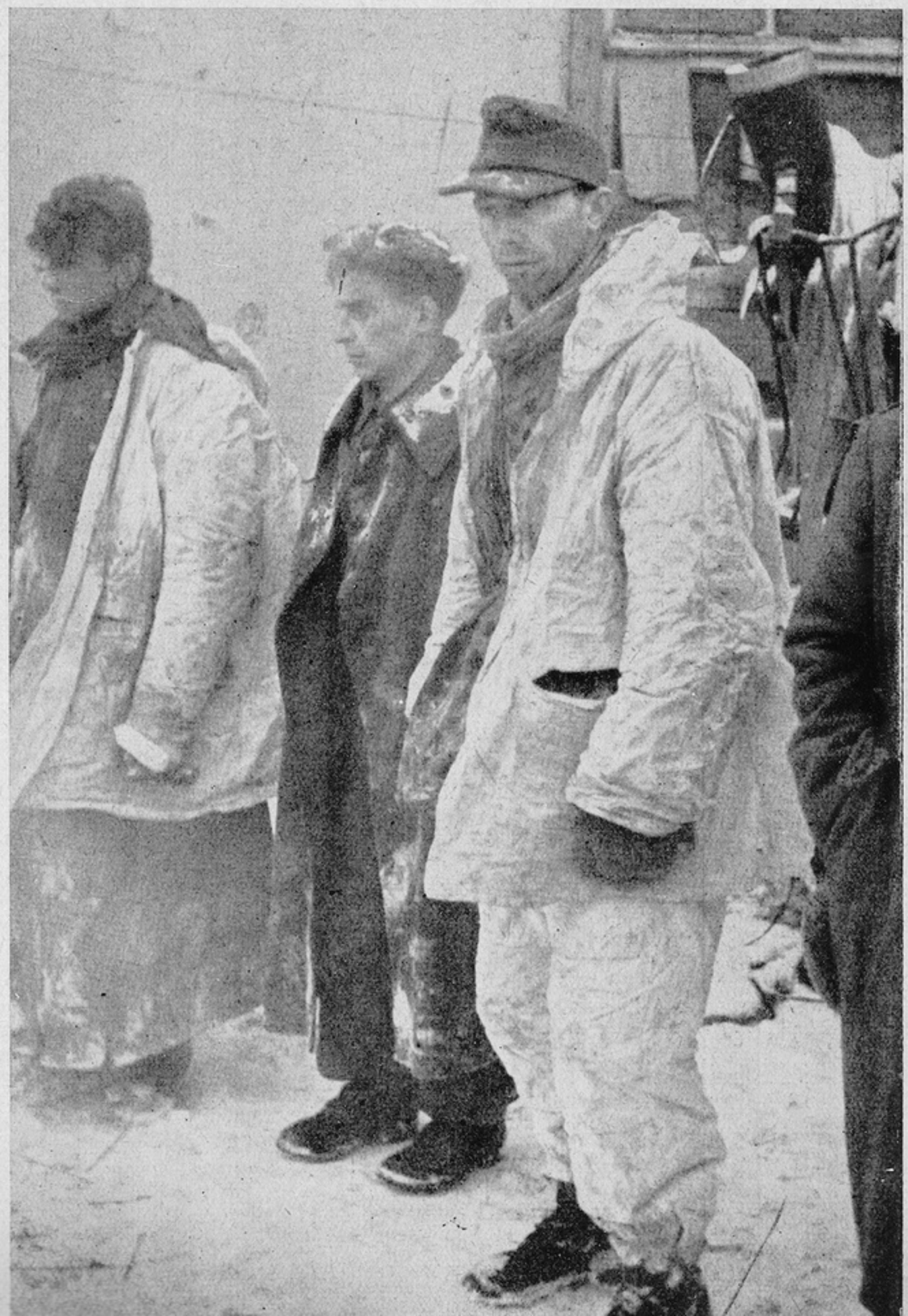
The best the Nazis could hurl at us was destroyed .....





crushed .....

licked .....









Gen. Ferenbaugh, Asst. Div. Cmdr., spoke to a group of reinforcements arriving to refill the ranks depleted by our wounded and dead .....

War Correspondents visited us and spoke to our heroic doughboys .....

Our cooks prepared one of the few hot meals of the campaign .....



The doughboy—tired, bearded and unkempt—was again triumphant .....



Belgian peasants, not far from the battlefronts and whom we saved from the Nazi counteroffensive, invited us into their homes.....







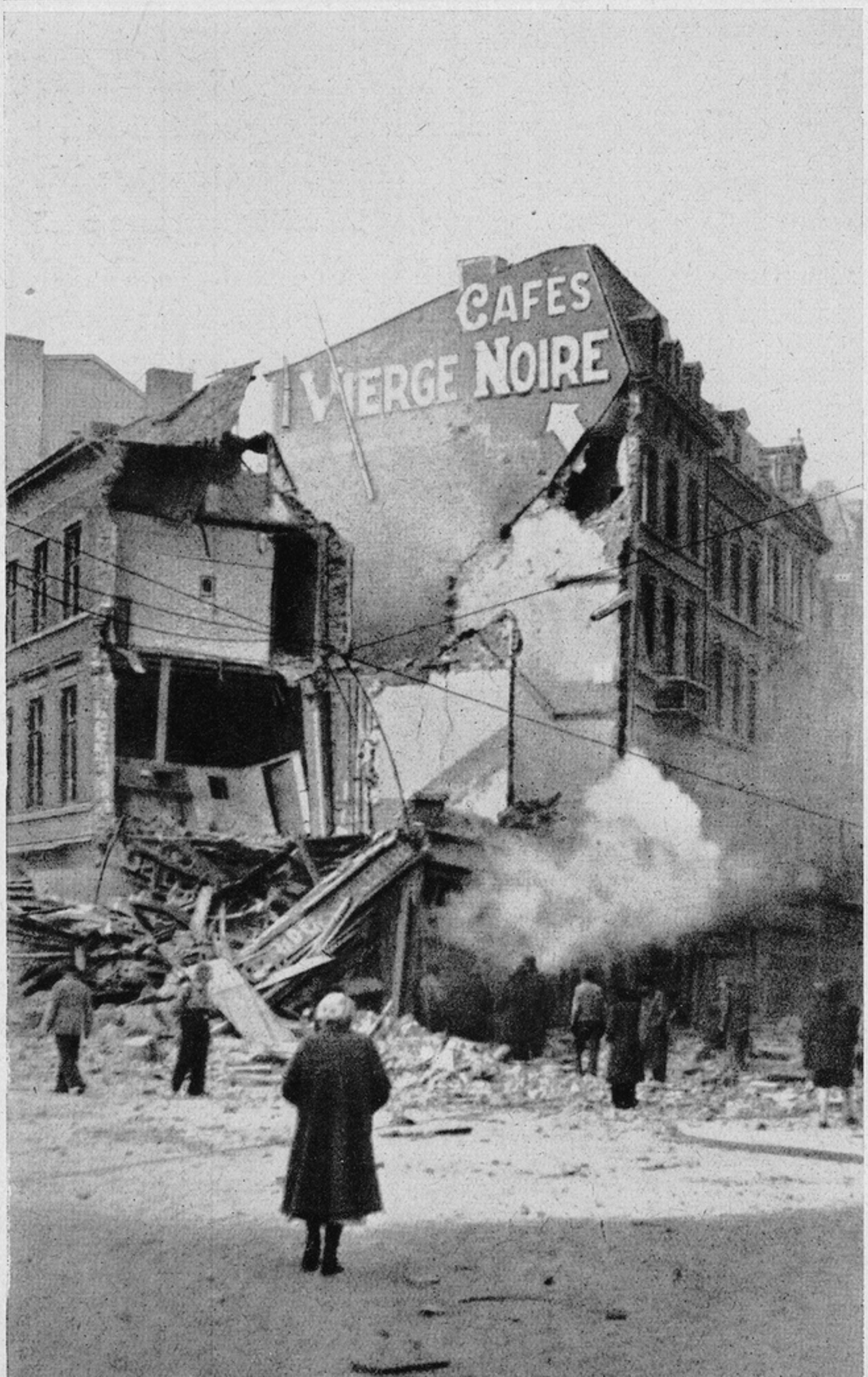


Our leaders critiqued our last campaign and oriented us for our next mission .....

The American Red Cross girls gave us a moment of cheer with doughnuts, coffee and conversation .....

The traveling Jeep Shows entertained us .....





Liege, second largest city in Belgium, and the hub of communications of the northwestern front, was saved.. but the city had suffered heavily from Luftwaffe attacks and V-1 robot bombs.....

Rhineland

We were first to reach the Rhine

WITH the bulge completely deflated, tired men, our physical stamina thoroughly sapped, were pulled out of the line and assembled in Berneau, Belgium. Here we gained our second wind and then on February 6th started a period of training to acclimate our numerous reinforcements. Our Combat Team moved to Alsdorf, Germany, on February 24th preparatory to launching another attack against the Nazi mighty war machine.

Crossing the Roer River at Julich on February 28th in the Ninth Army's great offensive toward the Rhine, we struck across the Reich capturing one German town after another in a series of hedgehopping maneuvers. In less than 48 hours at 0900 on Friday, March 2nd we were on the Rhine River's banks at the southern tip of Neuss, suburb of Dusseldorf, in the vital industrial Ruhr area. We were the first in the Ninth and First Armies to punch our way to this last barrier confronting the American Armies from the heart of Hitler's Hinterland and Berlin.

Determined to "destroy every German" impeding our advance, the 331st Combat Team and elements of the Second Armored Division struck out together in a northeasterly direction forging forward in record time. As one company cleared a town another jumped ahead to capture another place. While cutting into Nazi defenses, the stiffest resistance came from 88 mm. self-propelled guns which sent huge geysers of dirt flying into our faces.

But it was no mad race. For we met Nazi resistance and counterattacks in the same steady stride which characterized our previous battles. We, who had smeared fanatic Nazis before, became engaged again in fierce local fights for a number of places.

All along the drive we knocked out entrenched defenses, destroyed numbers of enemy tanks, captured approximately 15 artillery pieces and took well over 800 Nazi prisoners plus large numbers of the Volkssturm.

Our biggest resistance came in two vicious German counterattacks which hit the regiment's right flank in two successive days on March 1st and 2nd with tanks and infantry, but were successfully smashed with the aid of the Air Corps. This had threatened the XIX Corps' main supply route to its forward elements as well as the possible annihilation of the Regimental CP at Hemmerden.

When the last of the battle's smoke drifted across the Rhine by March 3rd and the last resistance was wiped out, we were holding the southern and northern sectors of Neuss in a firm grip. The 329th and 330th Combat Teams, jumping off from a line generally around Buttgen to Grefrath on Thursday afternoon, had secured the central sectors of this Dusseldorf suburb. Driving into the city from three directions the three combat teams pressed to the river in the face of 20 mm. ack ack and artillery from across the Rhine in an attempt to gain at least

one of the three bridges spanning the river. In the early morning of March 3rd, just as our 1st Battalion reached the northern bridge, a tower of smoke and debris shot skyward. An estimated three tons of enemy-planted dynamite blasted all three bridges in our faces.

In this drive to the Rhine, our men of the 3rd Battalion were the first to cross the Roer River at Julich and jump off across the plains from Garzweiler riding tanks of the Second Armored Division. Together with the tanks, they cleared out the towns of Elfgen and Elsen. At Grevenbroich they detanked, secured the town and blocked the right flank for the XIX Corps as the armored units coiled at Hemmerden in preparation for a drive northward with our 1st Battalion. The 1st Battalion mounted tanks at Hemmerden and started the trek northward with the 2nd Armored. Meanwhile our 2nd Battalion swung east from Hemmerden in the face of enemy fire from direct high velocity weapons, pushed steadily forward and were the first at the Rhine River. In bitter battles through Loveling, Holzheim and Nixhutte to the southern tip of Neuss and the banks of the Rhine, they overran 13 88 mm. guns. And it wasn't long before Nazis east of the Rhine felt the devastating effect of our 105 mm. shells from our own artillery battalion—the first light artillery outfit to pound the enemy across the Rhine.

Holding Grevenbroich, our 3rd Battalion moved up to the Erft Canal to Hemmerden and punched into Kappellan. It was shortly before daylight of the following day, when six enemy tanks with infantry, which had been bypassed during the advance into Kapellan, moved north of the city and cut the main supply road. The enemy then counterattacked to retake the city. But a company of the 3rd Battalion, after excellent fighting, kept the Germans from retaking Kappellan. Again on March 2nd, the enemy launched another counterattack. This lone 3rd Battalion company cut off—and with part of its position over-run—refused to give ground during this day of fierce fighting. They called for the support of our Air Corps and Tank Destroyers. With the help of this great combination, the enemy was forced to withdraw with the loss of seven tanks and high casualties of men.

Our 1st Battalion, in the meantime, was mopping up the towns of Rockrath, Grefrath and Buttgen. At Hinterfeld, our 1st Battalion cut away from the armored units and turned efforts eastward into northern Neuss on the left flank of the 3rd Battalion from the 330th Combat Team. Shooting out with two infantry companies and a task force composed of tanks, TDs, AT guns and infantry platoons, they cleaned out the northern sector of Neuss in the river's horseshoe, including the large Oberlorick Steelworks which had been turned into a strongpoint containing large supplies of ammunition and equipment.

The Rhine River dash was hailed as a brillant tactical maneuver and letters of commendation came to our Regiment from Divisional Headquarters, Army and Corps. By March 3rd, the 331st took up defensive positions along the Rhine River in the vicinity of Neuss. Then began the manning of outposts, screening of civilians in cooperation with CIC, and the administration of minor military government problems until the official Military Government was established.





We crossed the Roer at Julich at 1000, 28th of February...about all that was left of the battered town were a few walls .....

In trucks and on tanks, we rolled east and north via Stetternich, Steinstrass and Rodingen to Kalrath .....



At 0600 of the following day, one of our battalions jumped off from Opherton astride tanks on the road to Neuss in the direction of Garzweiler . . . . . .

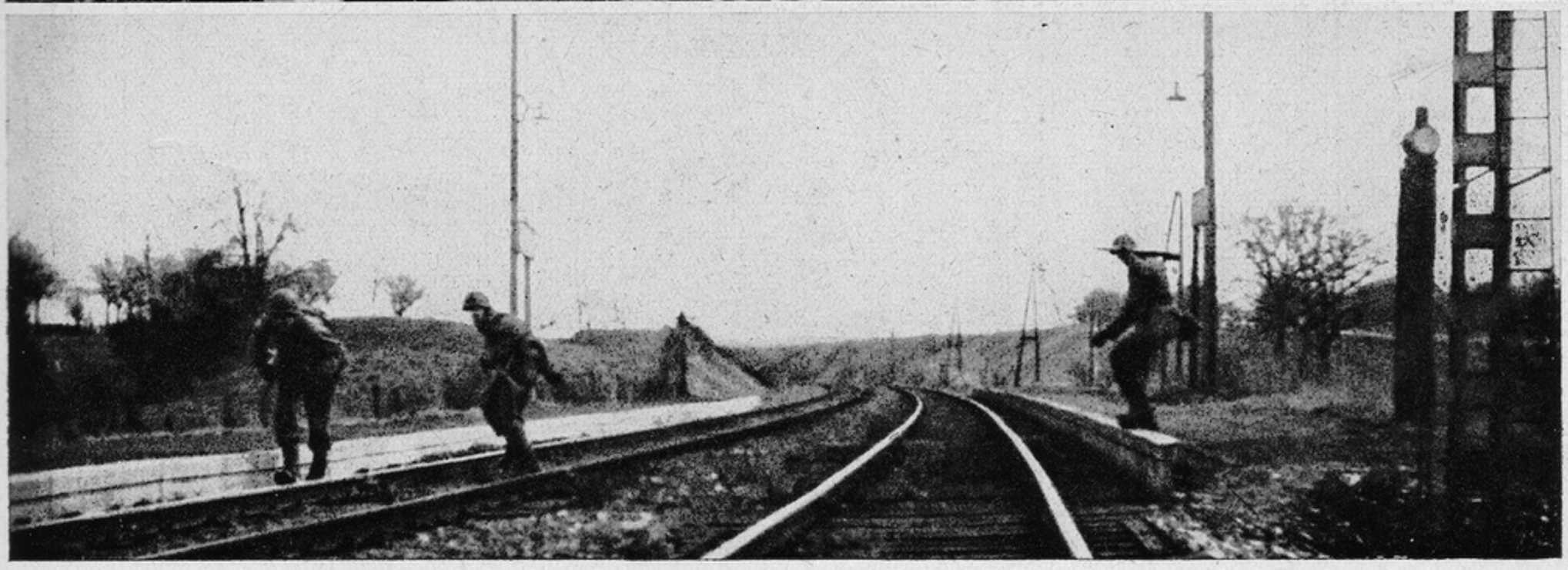


The offensive moved northwest where they attacked Elfgen meeting moderate resistance of small arms, machine gun and 88 mm fire . . . . . .

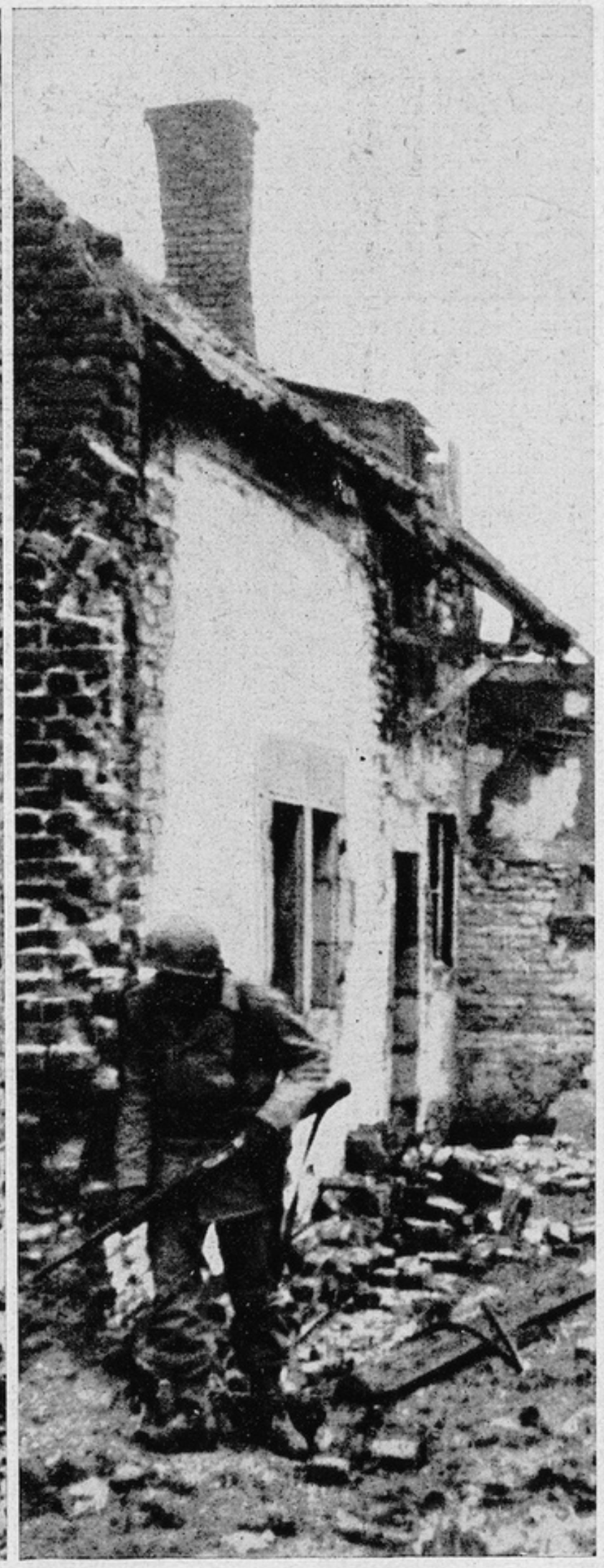
And while one company advanced to Orken where it blocked to the north.....













Another turned east, detanked and advanced to the Erft Canal, clearing Grevenbroich . . . . . .





In the meantime, another battalion on tanks and on foot jumped off south of Garzweiler attacking across open terrain toward Elsen . . . . . .



In these swift movements, contact by radio was more vital than ever and the walkie-talkie (536) proved its worth . . . . .

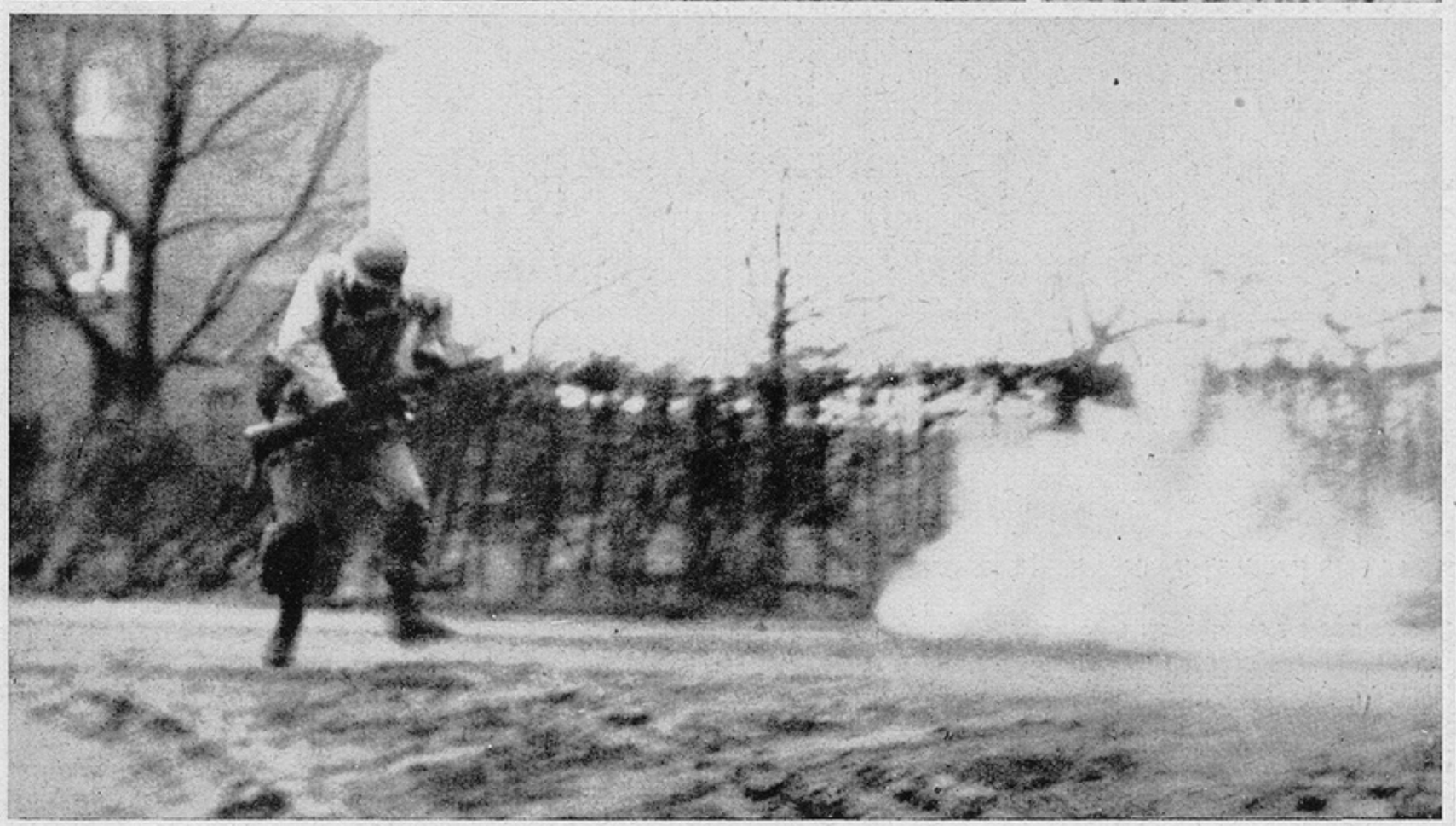


. . . . . As tank and Infantry teams pushed on . . . . . .











In broken order, the doughboys charged forward . . . some were walking . . . some crouching . . . some running . . . foot soldiers—plain infantrymen . . . unshaven faces covered with dirt . . . here and there a torn pant-leg . . . here and there a legging missing . . . dirty, unkempt, unglamorized, unglorified doughboys—tight-lipped and grim, with rifles in steady hands, the immortal foot-soldiers kept pace with modern mechanized armor . . . . . .





There was little time for rest . . . when we did, we just flopped on the ground . . . some of us had enough energy to dig in—just in case . . . we drank coffee on the run . . . and even found the rear-end of a jeep comfortable enough for sleep—precious, beautiful, refreshing sleep . . . . . .

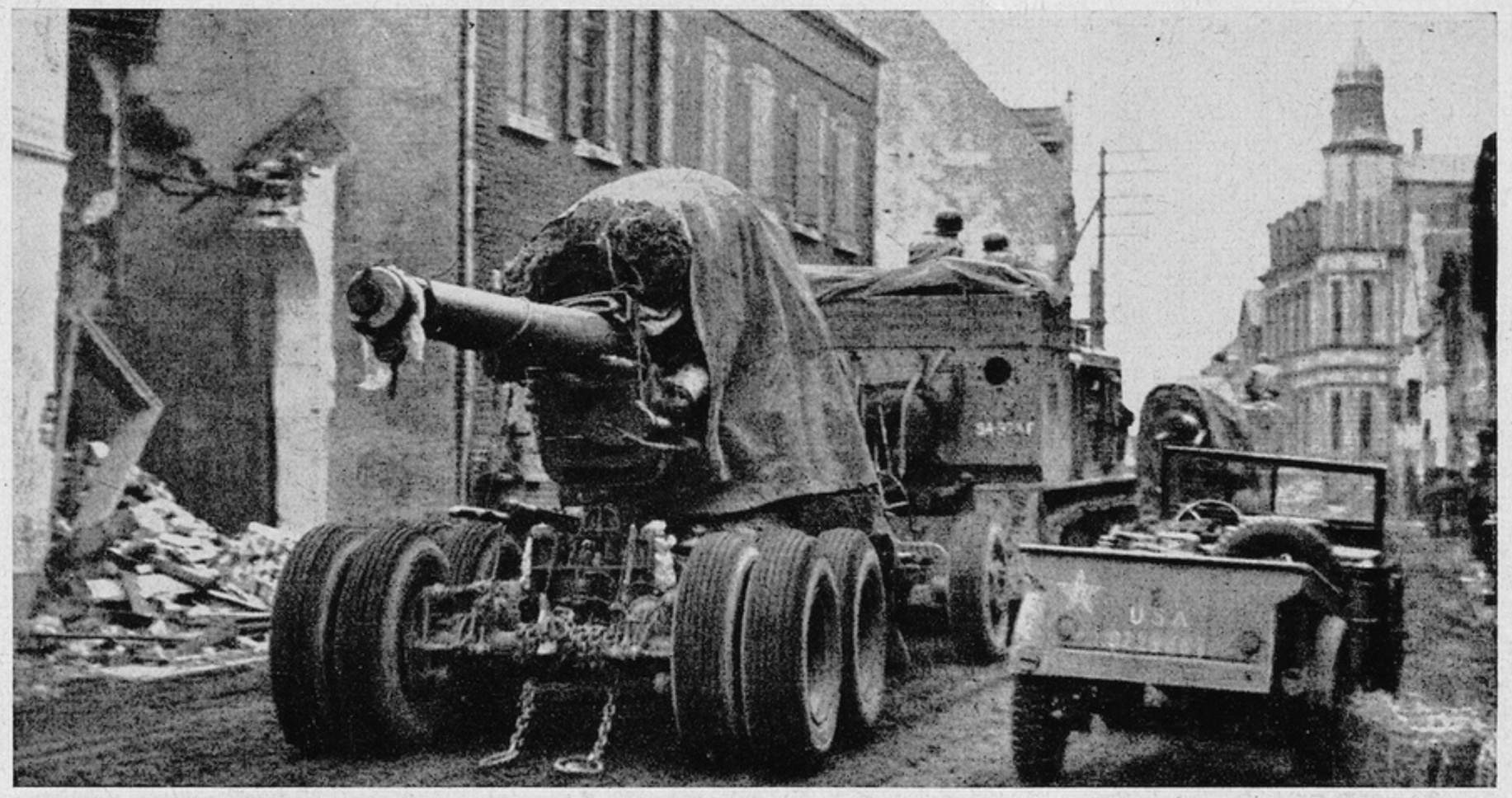


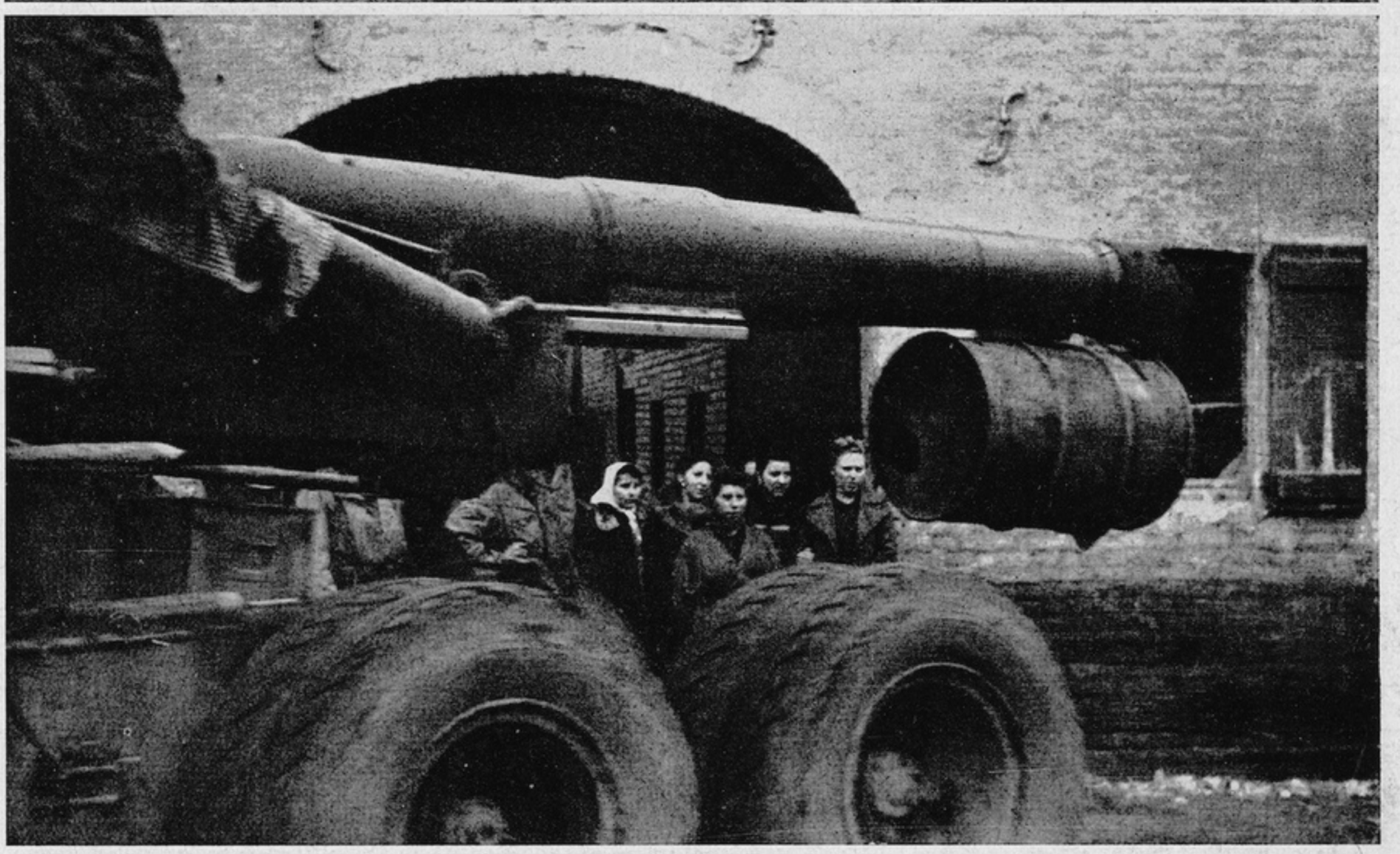


At Elfgen, we didn't even bother to put up our Regimental CP sign...armor rolled on . . . the infantry pushed on . . . our communications officer had his hands full keeping up with forward elements . . . and the French liaison officer had a tough time keeping up with us . . . . . .



Prisoners streamed back by the hundreds . . . . . .





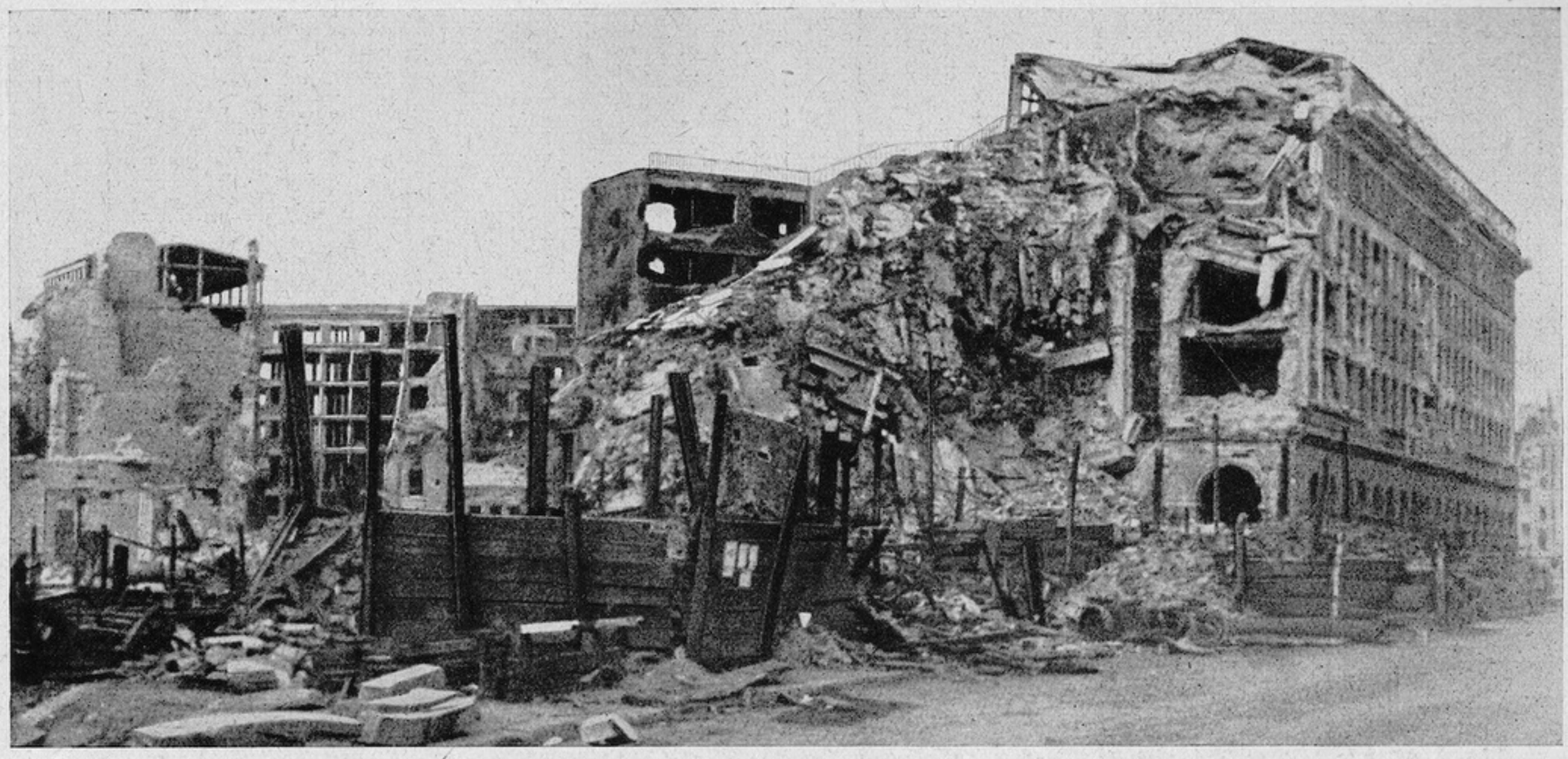


Huge cannon and artillery, supporting units from Ninth Army, were right on our tail . . . civilians watched this display of mobile might with awe and fear . . . . . .

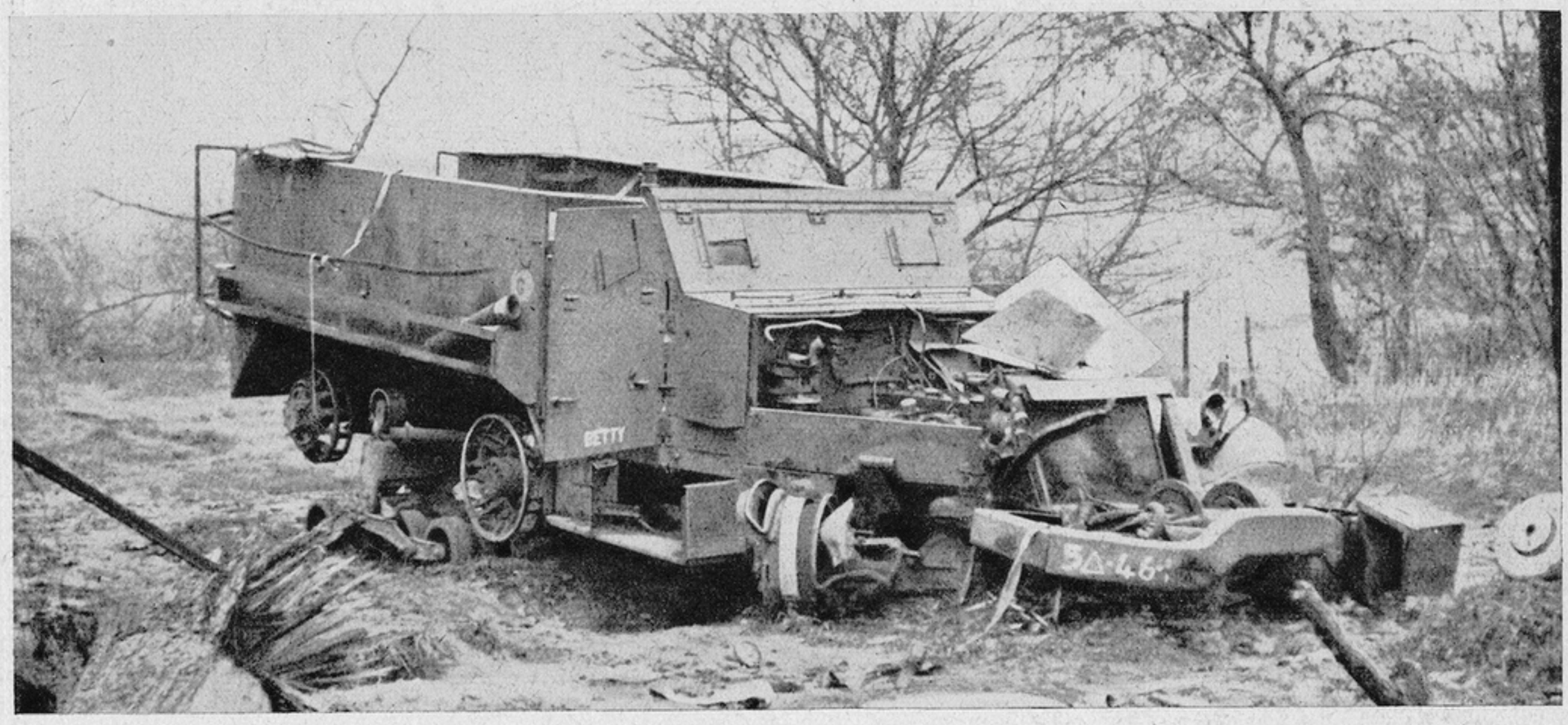




We marched victoriously forward through each succeeding town leaving death . . . . . .



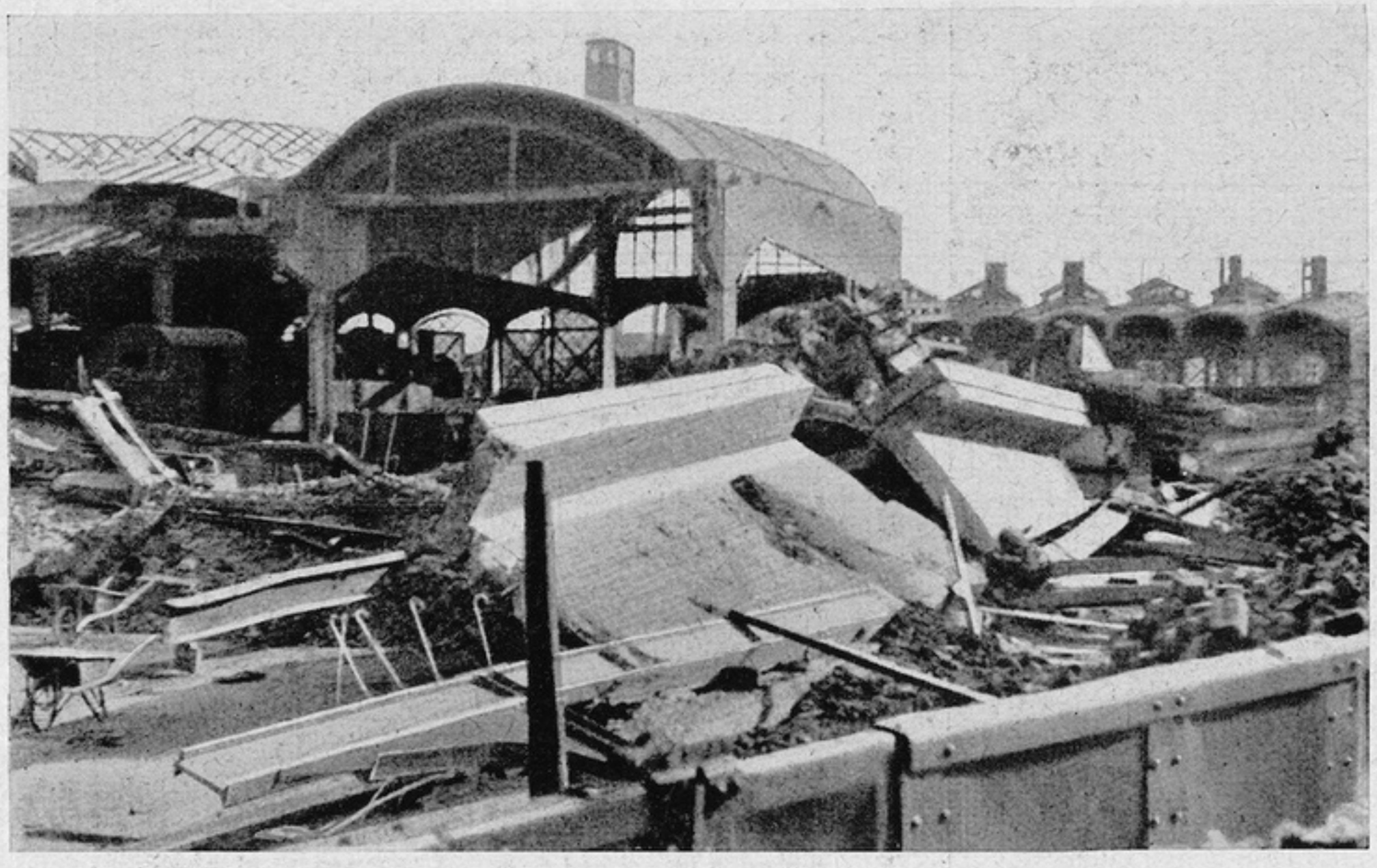
And destruction in our wake . . . . . .

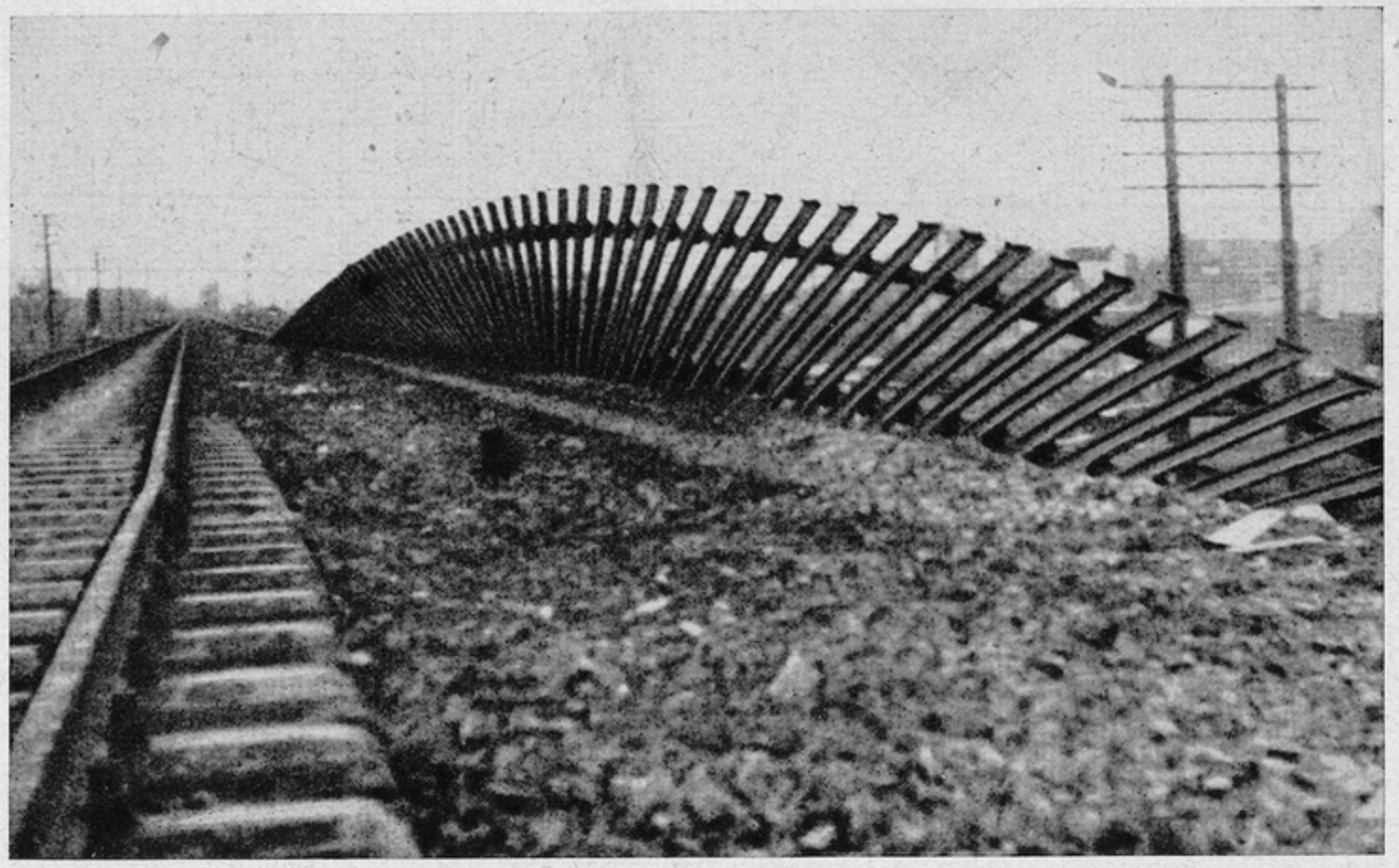


We had our losses too . . . enemy mines took a toll of armored vehicles and our own jeeps . . . . . .



Our engineers tacked up signs around enemy-planted mine-fields near over-run freshly dug Jerry entrenchments and gun emplacements . . . . . .









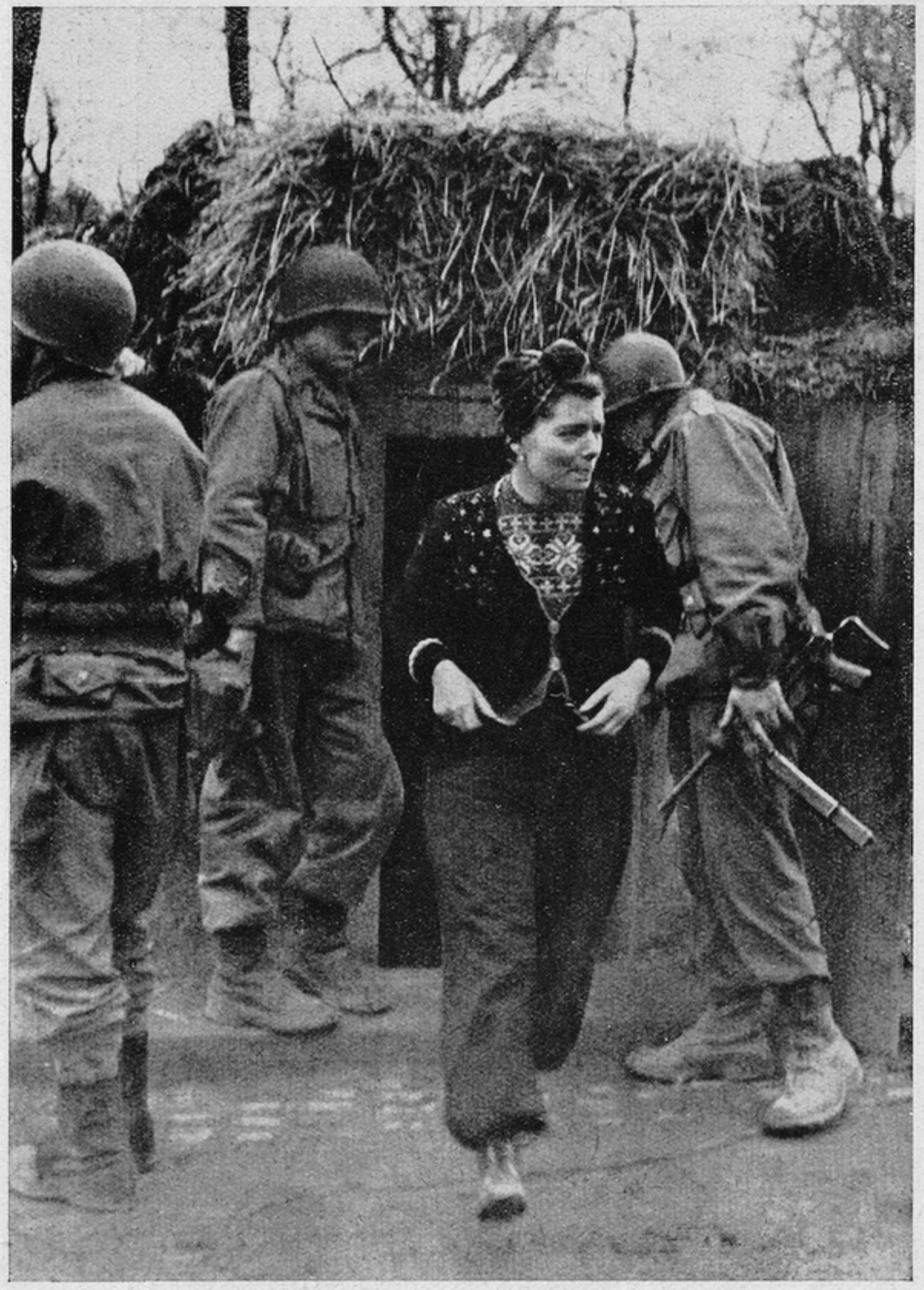
The farther we went into the Rhineland the more we realized why the Jerries' transportation system was almost at a standstill . . . we blessed the air corps for making our job easier . . . their bombs had destroyed railroad yards and miles of rails . . . . . .


MILITARY GOVERNMENT–GERMANY
SUPREME COMMANDER'S AREA OF CONTROL
PROCLAMATION No. 1
TO THE PEOPLE OF GERMANY:
I, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Supreme Commander Allied Expeditionary Force, hereby proclaim as
The Allied Forces
of Germany occupied by the forces under my command, we shall eliminate Nazism and German Militarism. We shall overthrow the Nazi
rule, dissolve the Nazi Party and punish the cruel, oppressive
shall eradicate that German Militarism which has so often disrupted
others suspected of crimes and atrocities will be tried and, if guilty, punished as they deserve.
II.
Supreme legislative, judicial and executive authority and powers within the occupied territory are vested in me as Supreme Commander
of the Allied Forces and as Military Governor, and the Military Government is established to exercise these powers under my direction.
persons in the occupied territory will obey immediately and without question all the enactments and orders of the Military Government
Military Government Courts will be established for the
out. Other serious offences will be dealt with severely.
All German courts and educational institutions within the occupied
SS Police Courts and other special courts are deprived of authority
courts and educational institutions will be authorized when conditions
All officials are charged with the duty of remaining at their
of Military Government or the Allied Authorities, obeying and enforcing all orders or directions
employees and workers of all public undertakings and
German people. This applies also to officials
in essential work.
DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
General,
Supreme Commander,
Allied Expeditionary Force.
SCHLAND
STEN BEFEHLSHABERS
ION Nr. I

Hemmerden was the first static point for the Regimental CP and while Military Government tacked up proclamation signs . . . . . .



We rounded up all male civilians of military age as a precautionary measure and forced all families to stay put . . . . . .



Of course there was bawling . . . . . .

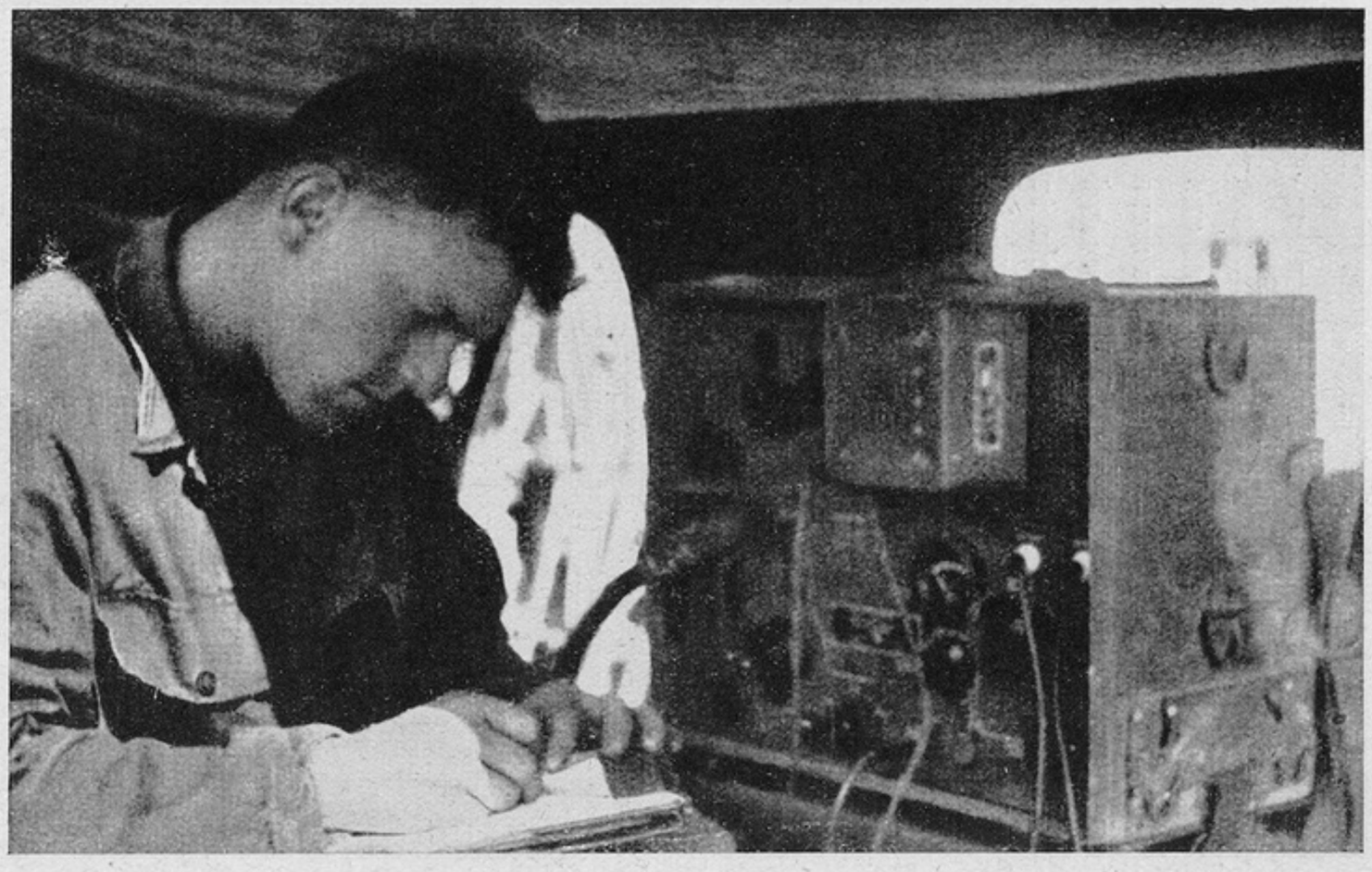




Some men even had the nerve to give us an argument but they soon became docile . . . . . .



Then a strong German counterattack from the Erft Canal hit us on our right flank . . . our trucks were hit on the road by shells from a Nazi tiger while direct tank fire poured into the town . . . . . .



The XIX Corps MSR was cut off and we had no communication to Division Headquarters except radio—many times the lifeline of communications—and a call was placed by our Regimental Commander for air support . . . . . .



And with their bombs and strafing MG fire, P 47s had a field day knocking out Nazi tanks attacking Kapellan and Hemmerden, and which had been bravely held at bay by the doughboys . . . . . .



Our tank destroyers moved to the town's outskirts . . . as one TD fired at the tanks, the other moved into a defensive position . . . . . .



Our ambulance received a direct hit from an 88 but luckily no one was hurt . . . we were soon charging forward past burning tanks to smear the Nazi infantry that had accompanied the Tigers in the counterattack . . . . . .



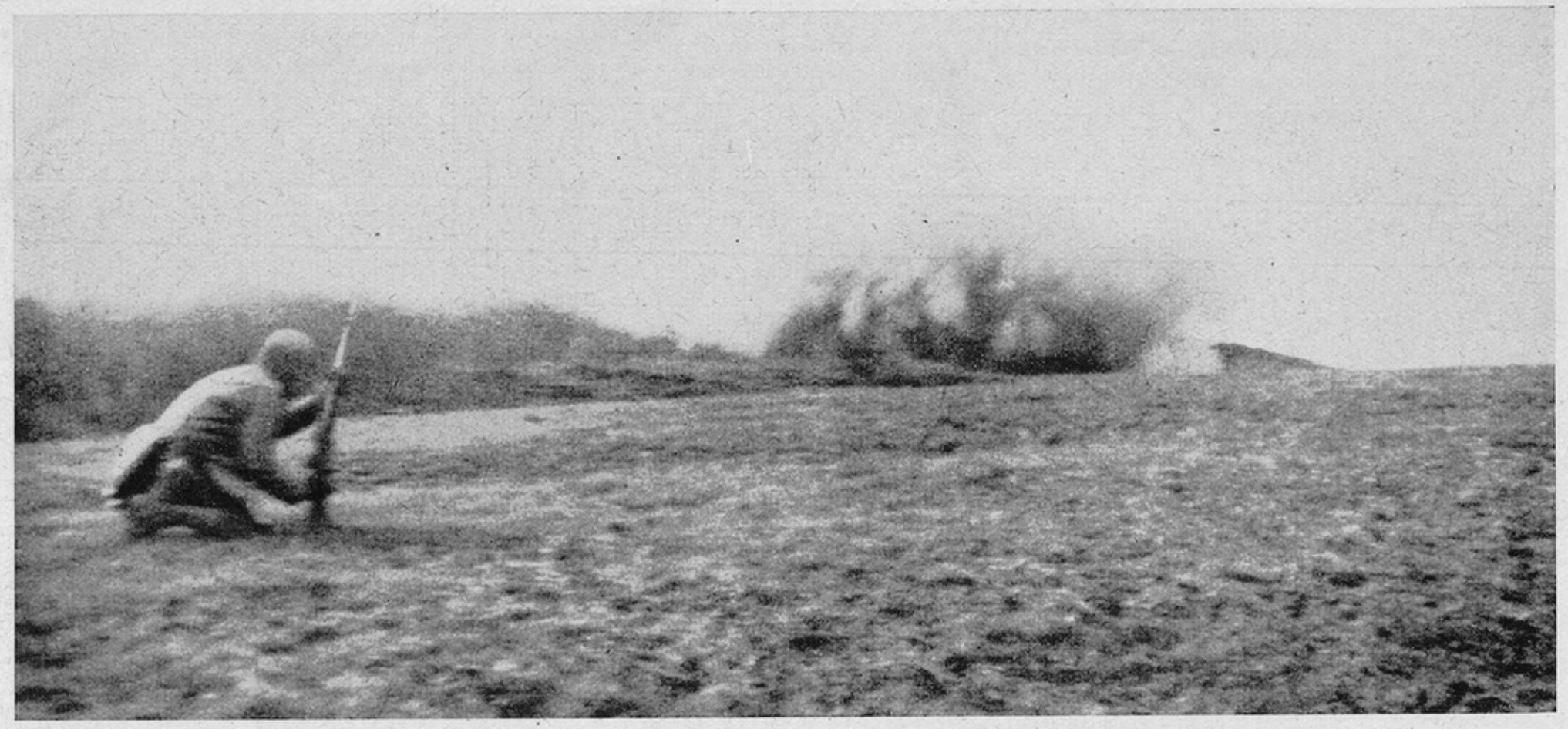


We flushed them out of the woods which already had many freshly dug German graves . . . . . .



Meanwhile our spearheading battalion, cut off from the Regiment, kept pushing steadily forward—the battalion commander yelled, "Hell, with the threat from our rear, let's keep going."







There was nothing static about this fighting...these were action-packed battles . . . the drive to the Rhine was steady, unceasing.....



The arrogant and invincible Hitlerites were soon slogging toward rear lines in their own mud for processing and interrogation by the IPW . . . . . .



The last charge was the roughest...in th face of 20 mm. direct fire from across th Rhine and heavy machine gun fire fro fortified factories, the doughboys fough through barbed wire defenses to th banks of the Rhine . . . . . .

The Jerries west of the Rhine soon had enough and threw in the towel...prisoners were rounded up—about 500 in all.....



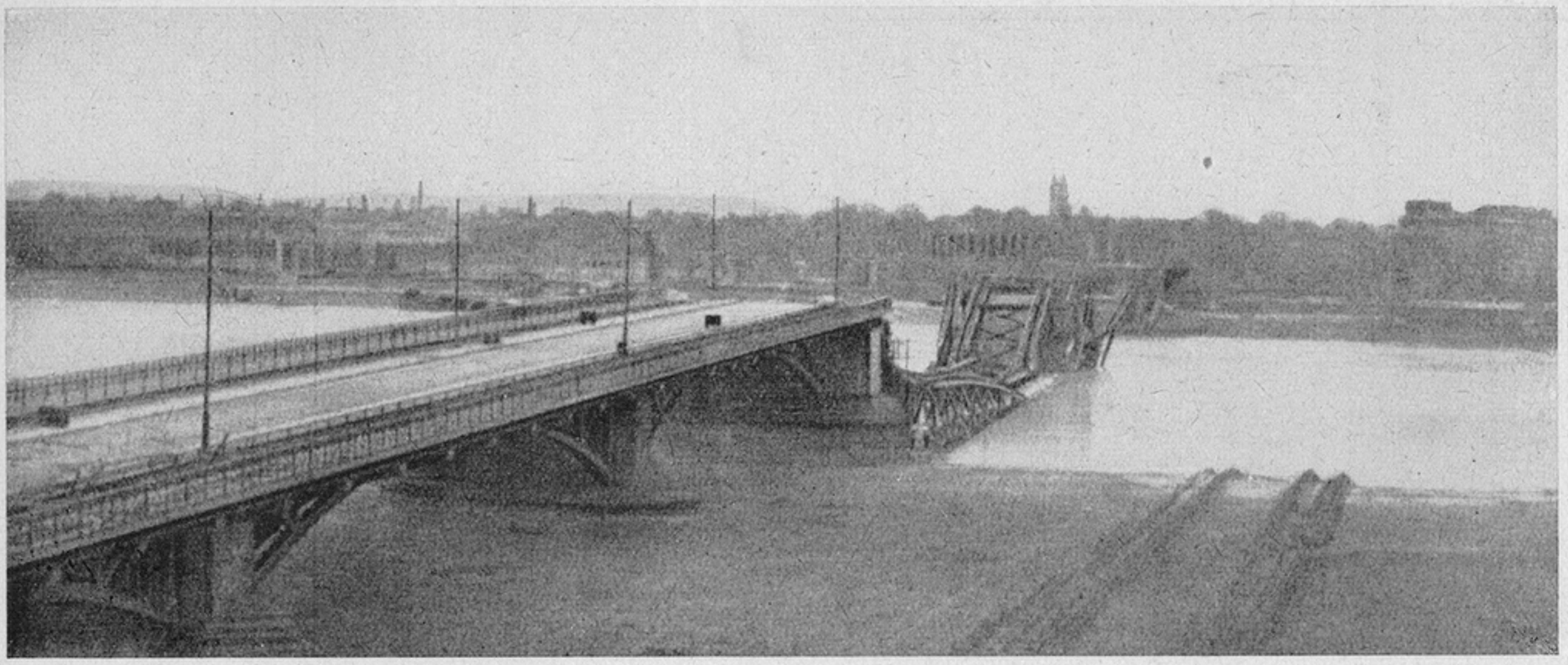


And some didn't seem to mind being penned up in a PW cage . . . for them the fighting was over . . . . . .



We dug in along the Rhine bank, set up our machine guns and prepared a defensive position awaiting further orders to continue our offensive east of the Rhine . . . . . .





The bridges to Düsseldorf were blown . . .

it was the Yanks' turn to stand watch on the Rhine . . . . . .









Neuss was the first big German city we occupied . . . we established outposts around and in the city to check all transient civilians . . . . . .



It became a familiar sight to see civilians gathered around bulletin boards reading American proclamations and ordinances written in both German and English . . . . . .



We helped the CIC in a house-to-house search for weapons, short-wave radio sets and suspicious characters . . . . . .



Prior to the arrival of the official Military Government, we set up our own offices—run by Regimental and Battalion S-2 personnel—to handle the problems of civilians . . . . . .



All civilian men were rounded up for screening by the CIC . . . people climbed out of their candle-lighted cellars and began to resume a somewhat normal life . . . many a pretty girl passed us and smiled but it was "no soap", brother, the non-fraternization policy was strictly enforced and to speak with Germans was "verboten" . . . ration lines controlled by the Burgermeister reminded us of America's one-time depression breadlines . . . . . .

Our Regimental Commander and many of our officers and men were decorated by the French Government for outstanding services in the liberation of France...Gen. Macon awarded many of us again with the Silver Star and Bronze Star medals .....



One of war's bizarre sights was produced in Neuss when the foundation of a railroad bridge was blown away by shells and the rubble cleared by army engineers to produce the effect of a trestle bridge.....

Heart of Germany

We made a record infantry drive to the Elbe

ON March 21st, we left the Rhine and moved to Sustern, Holland to conduct training in river crossings and attacks over open terrain. This was in preparation for the all-out massive offensive across the Rhine to perhaps Berlin with plans calling for us to spearhead the entire Division operation.

March 28th found us in an assembly area east of Munchen-Gladbach, and on the following day we crossed the Rhine River south of Wesel on a pontoon bridge. Because of the more optimistic tactical situation, original plans were changed. Motorized on trucks, and riding astride tanks, we followed in the wake of the Second Armored Division. Close on the grinding tracks of the armored columns, we hammered, smashed and mopped up bypassed pockets of resistance. The momentum of the drive had the outnumbered, outmaneuvered broken Wehrmacht confused. Nazi soldiers went staggering backwards stopping long enough to make a feeble attempt at a line of resistance, only to have their freshly dug mortar emplacements surged over by the onrushing might of our American troops. And it was only where sufficient numbers of the fanatic SS and OCS soldiers could get together to form stubborn knots of resistance, that the eastward push of the 331st was delayed.

In 13 days, we swept 215 miles through the heart of the Reich to establish with the 329th CT the only permanent bridgehead across the Elbe River and reached positions 65 miles southwest of the German capital. The 331st took 5400 prisoners, almost half of our total captured since the Normandy landings, and 1500 wounded prisoners in Nazi hospitals.

We cleared over 50 places, many of them veritable strongholds and freed 1500 Allied PWs. The unprecedented offensive enabled the Ninth and First Armies to meet in a giant pincer movement in the town of Lippstadt and seal the Ruhr pocket which cost Germany well over 300,000 prisoners and the great war production belt without which the Nazi Armies could not stay in the field.

And for the first time, we were obsessed with a glowing spirit of victory. The end seemed near. It was a wonderful feeling. Back in our minds as we dashed ever forward on the heels of the retreating enemy, were thoughts once more of home, of fire places, of automobiles, of Christmas. But this time more than ever, we were sure they would materialize, and that it wouldn't be long. With this added courage and a cocky feeling of the conquerer, we surged ahead.

We sped over superb roads through mile after mile of smashed towns, of ruined homes, of broken buildings. We streamed past stretches of rusted junk that once were railroad yards. We thrust past huge roadblocks, rows of logs sunk deep in the road with earth piled in between, where the Germans had hastily improvised defenses. But there were also little German country towns that were untouched by war. All the glass was in windows, gardens were trim and fresh. The war was going too fast to stop in these small places. And from nearly every house a great white banner flew.

Here and there we met streams of the newly liberated. Down the road they came singly, in couples, in dozens, and in great clusters of 50 and 100. These were the slave laborers of the Germans and we had helped liberate them. Among them were our own too, our own American boys who had been captured in Africa, in Sicily, Italy and France. Men who had borne the pain of Nazi brutality for some three long years, others for months. They crowded around us, shook our hands and kissed us. Their hollowed cheeks flushed and their sunken eyes shone with excitement. They shouted and wept. They were free men again.

Just like the drive to the Rhine, the 331st had an exposed right flank extending 80 miles in depth, to an estimated 65,000 enemy troops in the Harz Mts. and Ruhr Valley. Blocking to the right and pushing forward our first real battle east of the Rhine came at Hamm.

It was April 2nd. Our 3rd Battalion cleared out the north sector of town and pushed across the Dortmund-Ems Canal and Lippe River to establish a fiercely contested bridgehead, while our 1st Battalion siezed ground along the Lippe River east of Hamm and occupied Dolberg. The 2nd Battalion cut the railroad tracks and secured the high ground northeast of Hamm.

Establishing the bridgehead at Hamm on the Dortmund-Ems Canal was one of the toughest knots of resistance to untie during our sweep to the Elbe. But our 3rd Battalion undertook the job, punched a way into the north side of the city, dealt a severe blow across the canal and held the bridgehead for two days until the 95th Division relieved them the night of April 3rd.

The bridgehead was small but costly to the enemy. The doughboys cleared out a one-block factory area and took the police station and large railroad station where they made their observation post and CP. The Germans were anxious to retake this strategic station and protect the military installations known to be located in Hamm. With the help of strong concentrations of mortar and artillery thrown into Nazi positions around our sector, we smeared repeated enemy counterattacks. Later one of the German officers captured revealed that we had wiped out an entire Nazi regiment and part of another as we clung to our positions against their fierce attempts to dislodge us.

After being relieved in Hamm, we moved to an assembly area in Paderborn. From this city on April 4th, the 1st and 2nd Battalions made an attack and secured the towns of Altenbeken and Schwaney. Advancing quickly, our 1st Battalion on the morning of the 5th, captured the towns of Hemmingshausen, Oyenhausen and Bergheim. They continued to the east directly toward the Weser River and after much fighting took the town of Falkenhagen. Then on

April 6th, they fought the most difficult battle since crossing the Rhine River, capturing Polle, an important stronghold on the Weser River.

On the same day, our 3rd Battalion captured the towns of Bad Driburg, Altenbergen and then in a coordinated attack with elements of the 125th Cavalry Squadron and with air support, they took the city of Hoxter. Early on the morning of April 9th, with a 1st Battalion company attached, they made a tactical crossing of the Weser River on assault boats, and cleared the towns of Beuern and Allensheim on the east side of the Weser River.

During this same period, our 2nd Battalion had been attached to the 113th Cavalry. On the way to the Weser River, they captured Horn which opened a pass to the foothills of the mountains leading to the Weser. Their drive continued at an accelerated pace as they headed straight for the river taking town after town, among them Neiheim, Bredenborn and Bordein. Within sight of the river, they bypassed stiffened resistance. Taking advantage of a bridge secured by the 2nd Armored Division, our 2nd Battalion crossed the Weser at Grohnde. Continuing the attack, they moved south and re-entered the Division sector to secure a crossing of the Leine River at Kl. Freden.

The following day, our Combat Team regrouped in the City of Alfeld, Germany in XIX Corps reserve.

And this was the first breathing spell we had. The accelerated pace had continued from the Rhine crossing. For six days and nights we had punched forward with little rest. We would catch an hours sleep on trucks or alongside halted tanks and then move on. We munched K rations and grabbed an occasional cup of coffee brought up by the kitchen crew. We were tired men who had fought at Hamm, Polle and Hoxter, but our winning spirit did not falter.

After one night of rest we were ordered to rejoin the Division which had continued its relentless pressure toward the Elbe River on the right flank of the 2nd Armored Division.

We moved up to the towns of Derenburg and Langenstein near Halberstadt. From here our 2nd Battalion spearheaded the fresh drive. With unprecedented speed, they cleared 15 places including strongpoints at Neinberg, Ditfurt, Gatersleben and Hekendorf while covering more than 50 miles of enemy territory flattening centers of resistance. They liberated thousands of Allied PWs and captured over a thousand German prisoners.

Our 1st Battalion secured four objectives and then blocked to the south, protecting the Regiment's right flank while our 3rd Battalion hitched up with an armored cavalry and cleared the woods south of Derenburg.

The Harz Mts. haven of a huge force of SS troopers was the scene of another hard fought contest between Hitler's best and our doughboys who staged a magnificantly pitched battle against the strongly-fortified defenders of Heimburg.

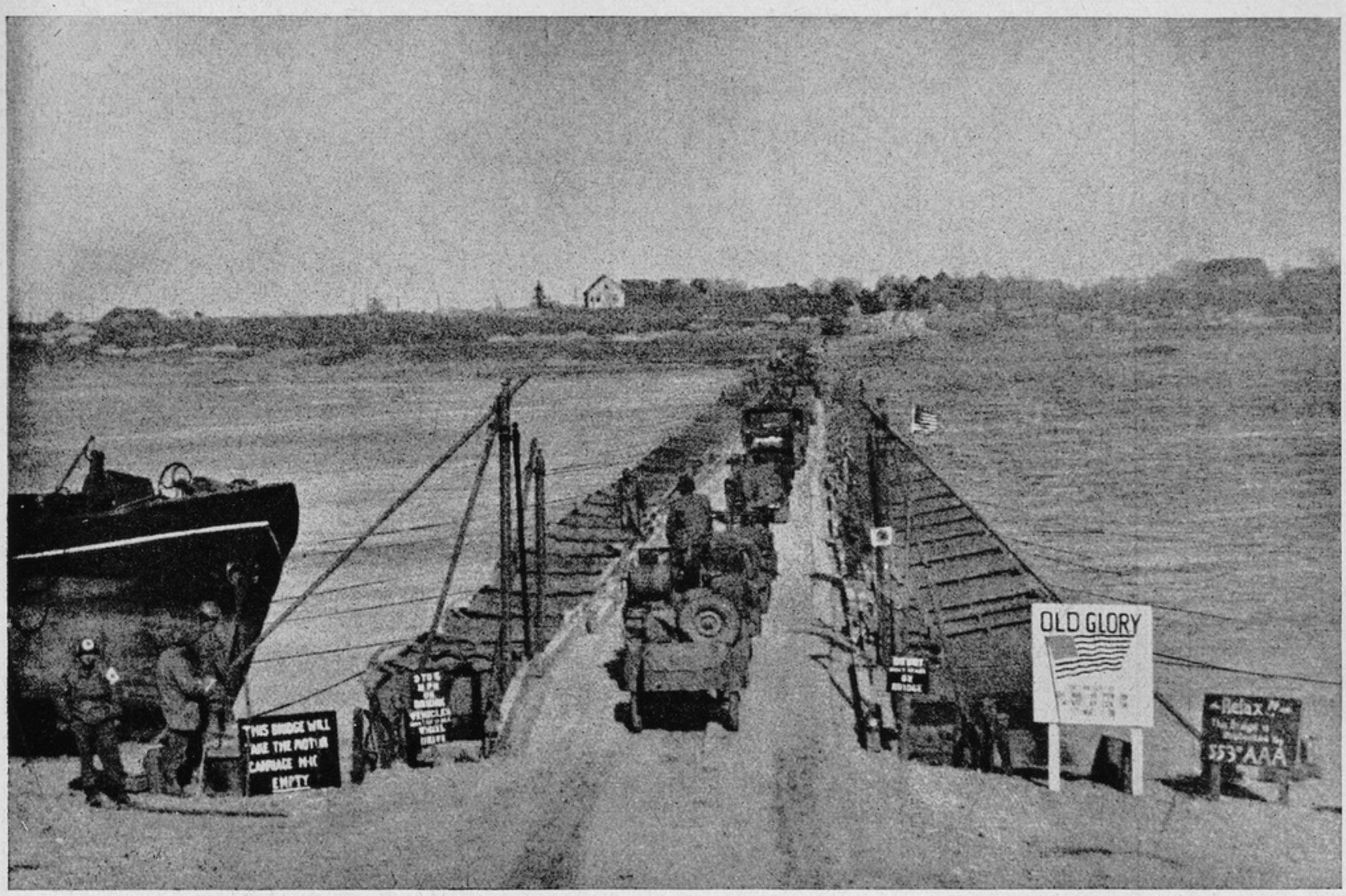
On the 13th of April, with the support of light tanks and heavy machine guns, the 3rd Battalion made a stabbing attack on the town. Enemy automatic and mortar fire was heavy from the town, from a high ridge on the right and from a hill on our left flank. The enemy

positions were well prepared and their observation was excellent. After surrounding the town and firing upon it heavily from all sides, our 3rd Battalion was relieved of the mission and ordered at once to the Elbe Bridgehead.

This unprecedented infantry drive made history. Gen. Simpson, Ninth Army Commander, sent someone down to the Division to find out how it was ever done. Newspaper stories spoke of the drive as the rag-tag traveling circus that rode and fought over more than 200 miles of Germany in ten days, keeping up with the best of American armor. They wrote, "it didn't belong in the books of modern warfare".

We used any kind of transport we could—tanks, TDs, trucks and jeeps, all bursting at the seams with GI passengers.

It seemed impossible but the 83rd Division did it. They had not only kept up with armor—they had outstripped it.



It was late afternoon of March 29 and at last we were rolling across the Rhine River on a sturdy pontoon bridge . . . this was one of the most eagerly anticipated experiences of the war . . . ever since we landed on Omaha Beach, we had been looking forward to this time . . . we had felt that once we got across the Rhine, Hitler's Reich would be smashed in short order . . . the time was now and we drove across the river in trucks and jeeps just south of Wesel in the wake of the Second Armored Division . . . . . .



Just like the drive to the Rhine, we blocked the enemy at our right flank and pushed forward riding tanks, stopping long enough to mop-up by-passed pockets of resistance . . . then back on tanks and forward again . . . there was no time to lose, we had the Nazis on the run and we were striking swiftly into the heart of the Reich . . . . . .







For the first time in Germany we passed through towns that were untouched by war . . . it was going too tast to stop every place . . . white banners flew from windows waving their messages of surrender . . . and civilians just gawked . . . these uninformed people thought the war was still being fought in France . . . after all, Goebbels





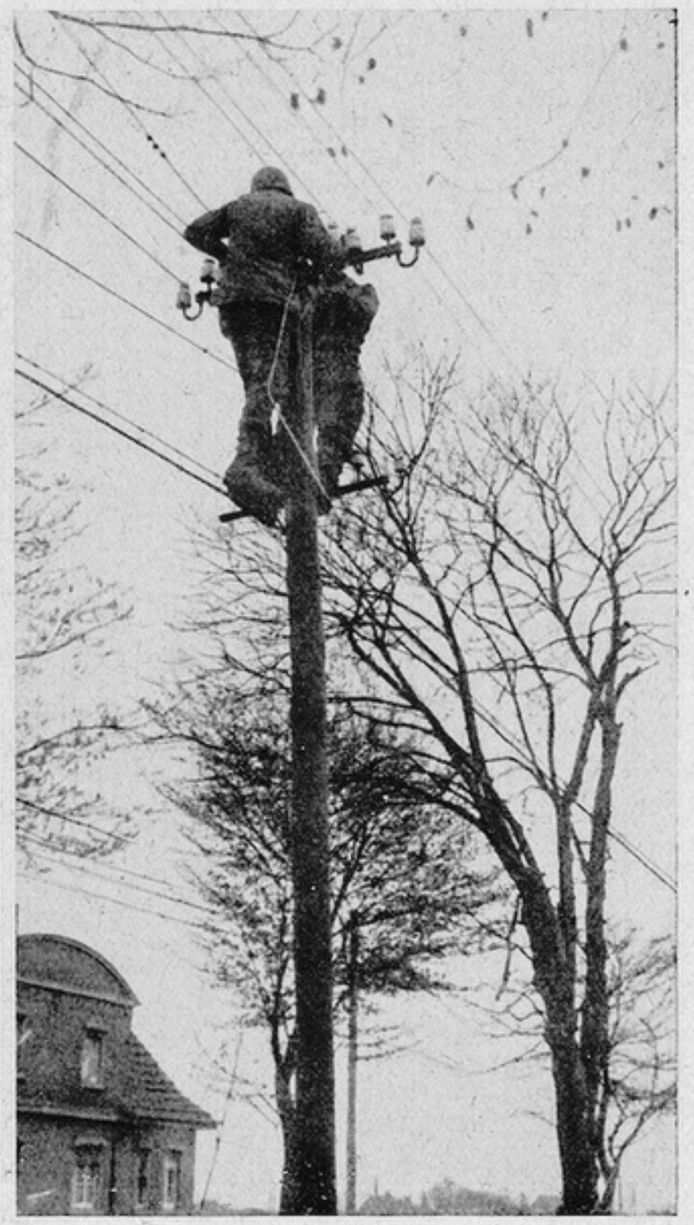




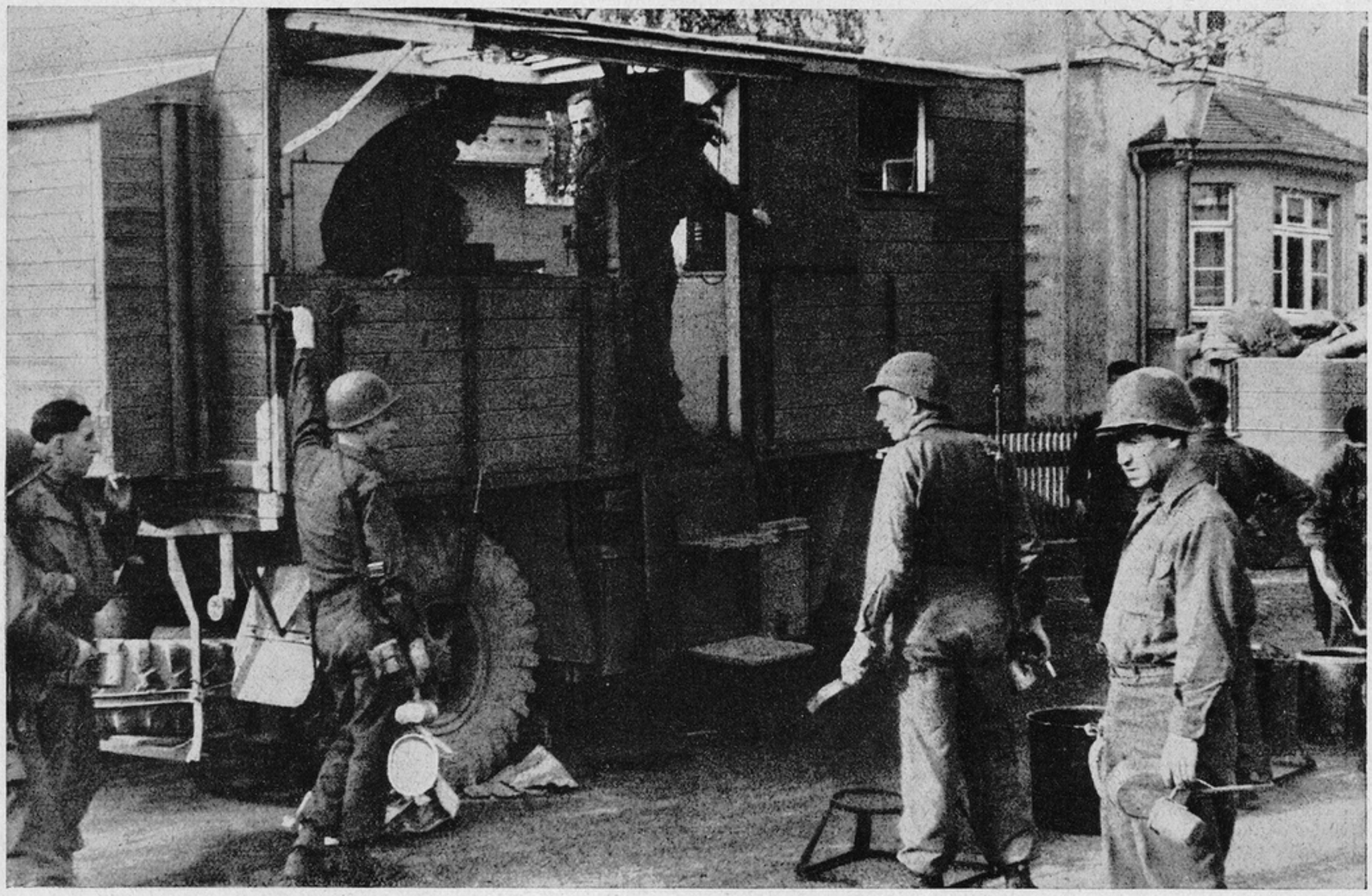
In pairs, tens and clusters of 50 came shabbily dressed people traveling west as we pushed eastward . . . these were the slave laborers of Germany — displaced persons the army called them — now liberated . . . there were Russians and Poles and French and Belgian . . . there were the young and the old and their faces were lighted once more with smiles of freedom . . . . . .







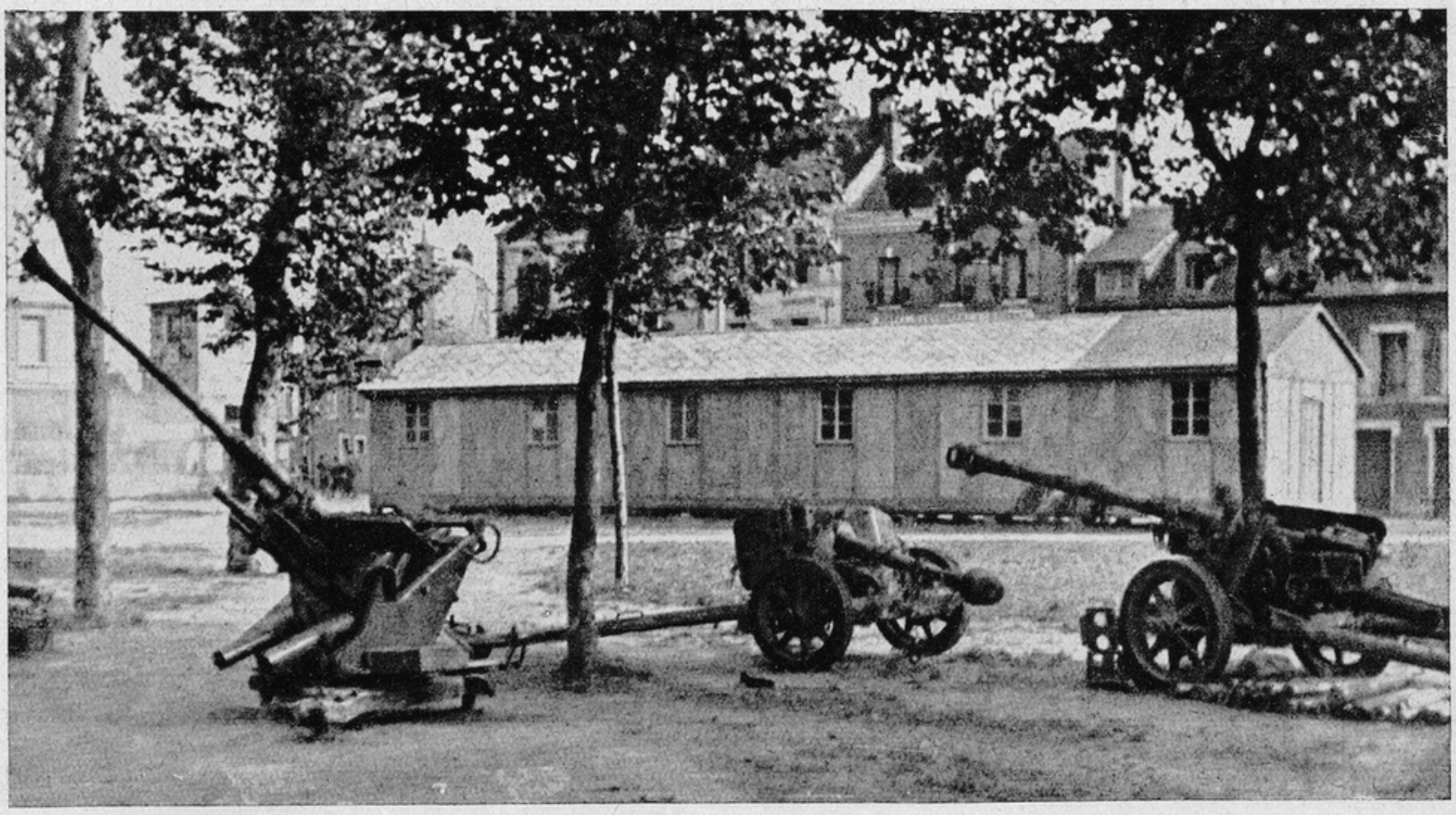
Our wire teams had a difficult task keeping up with this fast moving offensive... they took advantage of existing telephone lines.....



Kitchens, too, had to improvise if we were to be fed any hot meals... a few cooks converted captured German trucks into mobile kitchens and if we stopped for as long as three or four hours in one place, a hot meal awaited us.....

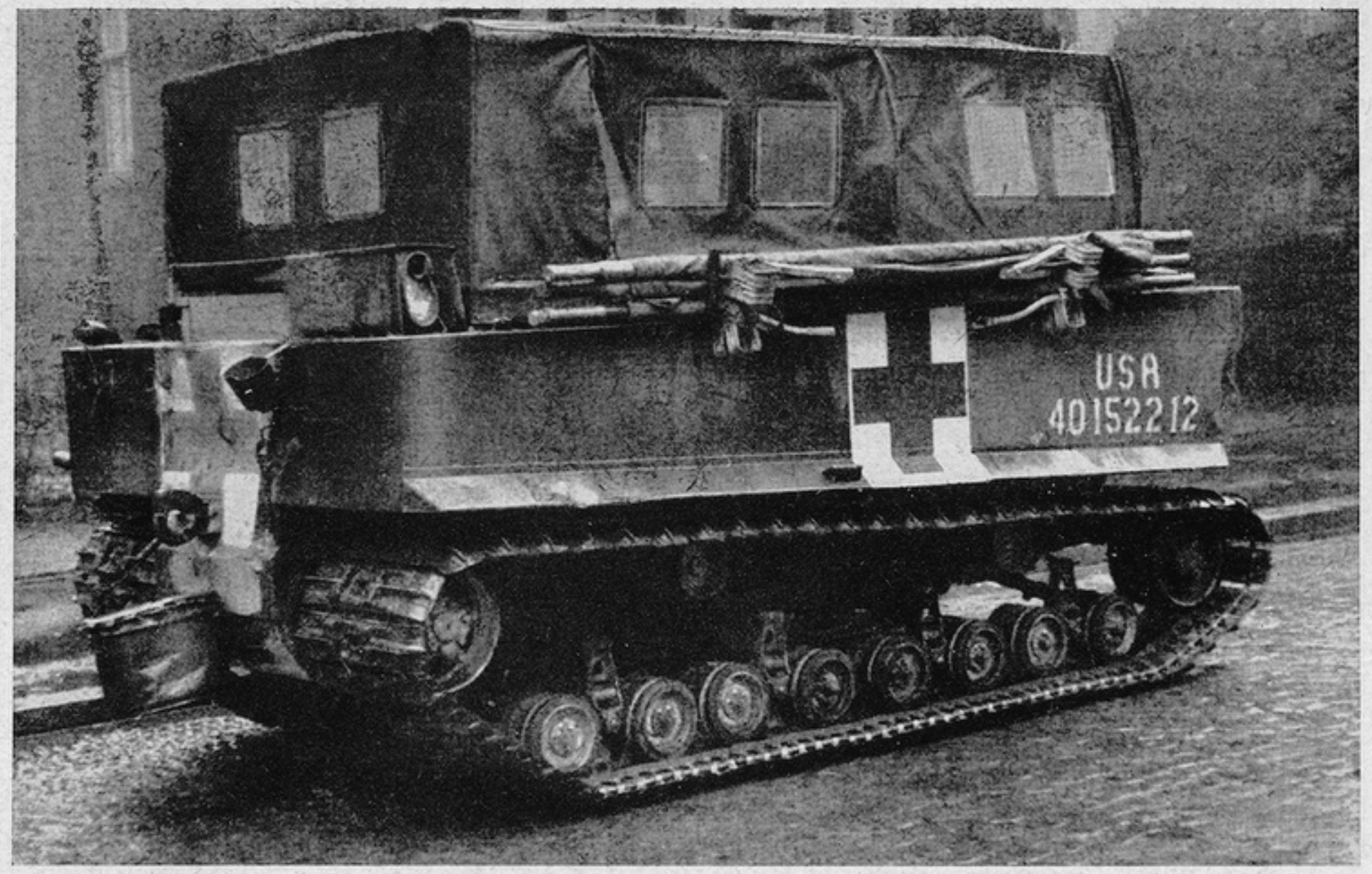


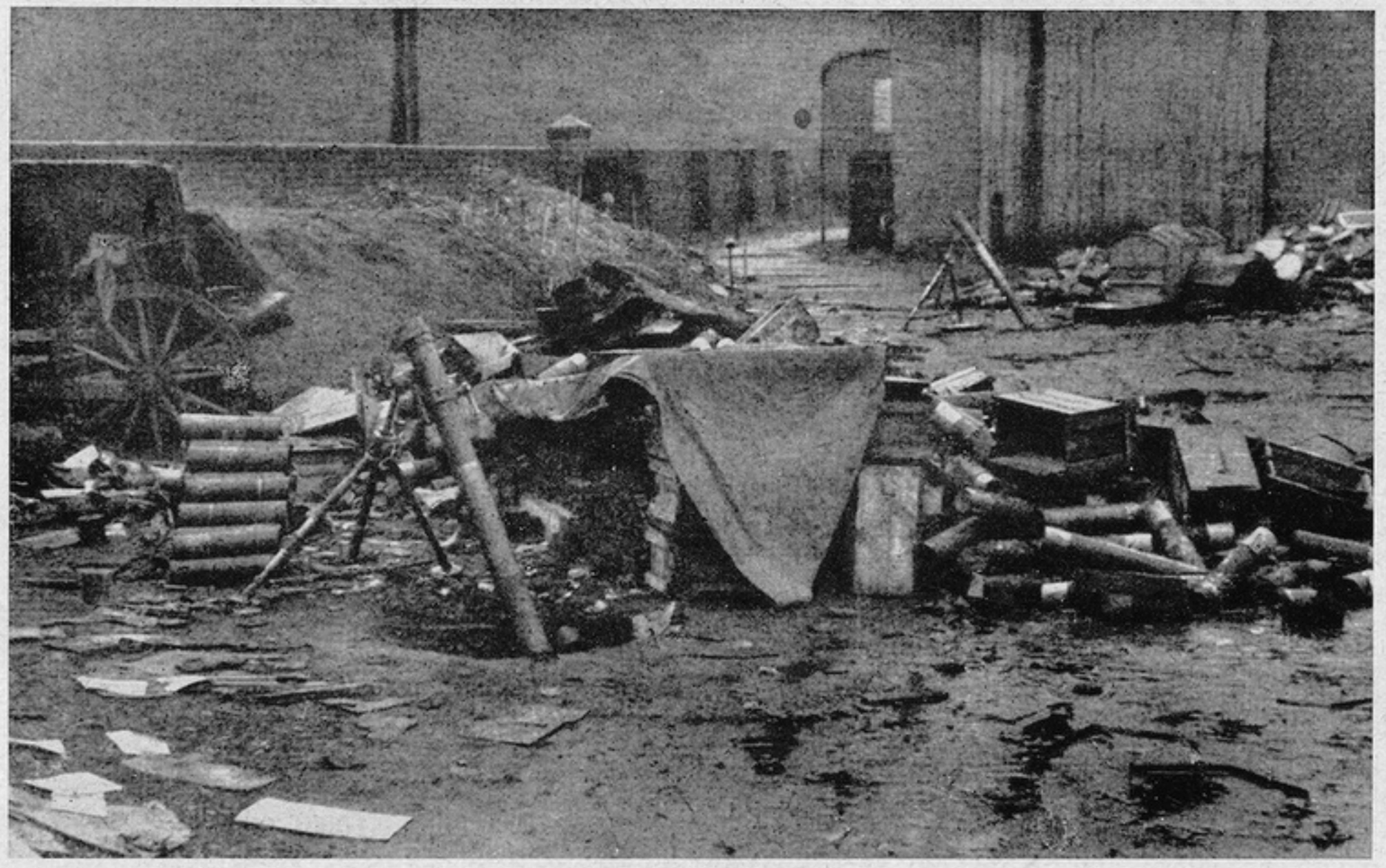


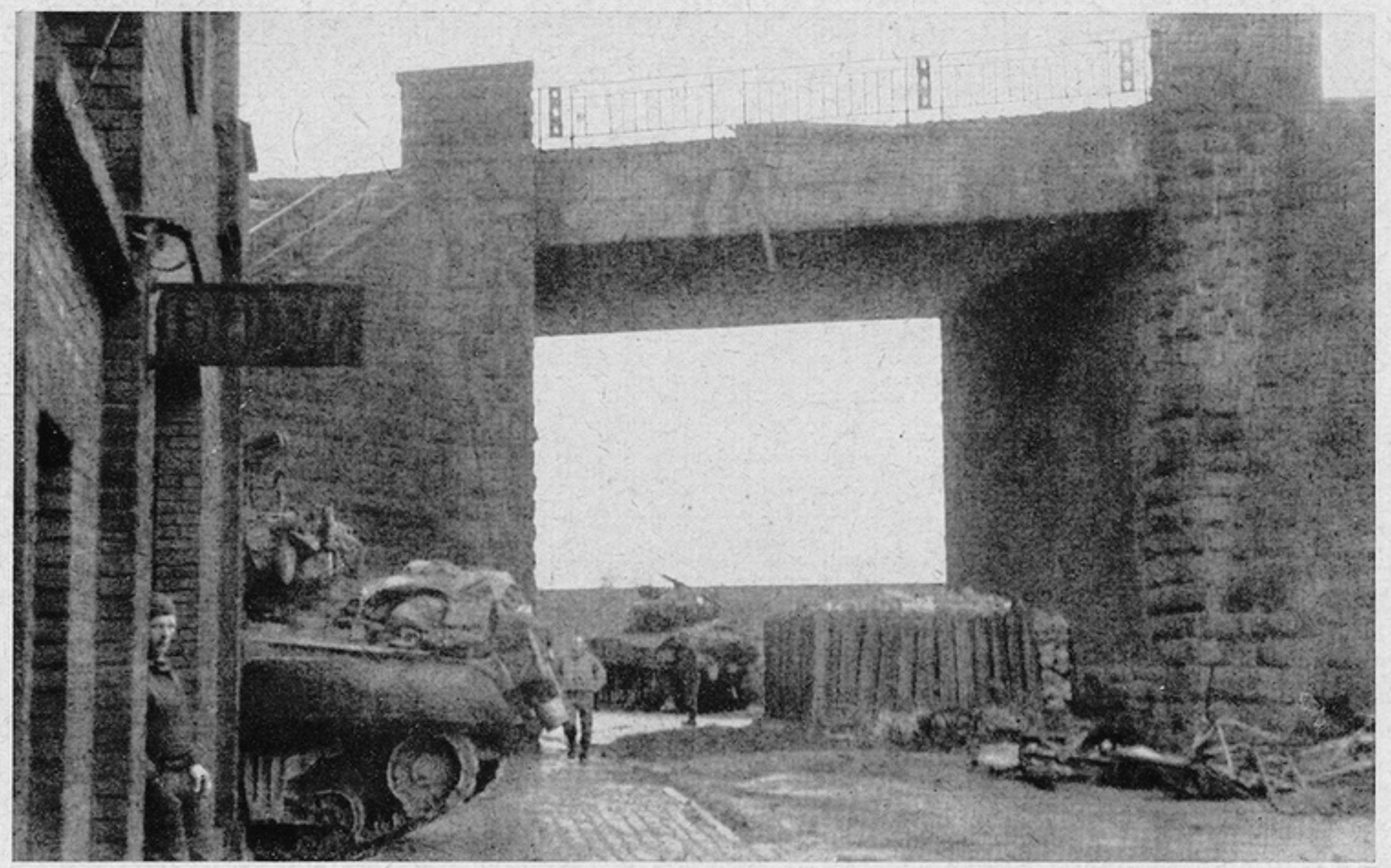


The roads were lined with monstrous Nazi Tigers knocked out by armored units, tank destroyers and our own bazooka teams . . . many Nazi artillery pieces were abandoned as the Jerries went reeling backward . . . . . .









Our first biggest battle of the offensive came at Hamm... our casualties were heavy as we secured a railroad bridge and established a bridgehead across the Dortmund-Ems Canal... our heavy weapons company shot over 4000 rounds of mortar to support the bridgehead... the underpass leading to the railroad bridge marked the beginning of a 500 yard stretch with Jerry shells bursting in the air all the way.....

We were relieved of the bridgehead and headed for the Weser River . . . one of the first towns we attacked in the River valley was Hoxter . . . our doughboys approached the high ground before the city with tank destroyers . . . shells were fired point-blank at houses on the hill which appeared likely strongpoints . . . they were soon ablaze . . . . . .









While forward elements attacked, supporting units moved up . . . a hasty smoke was always soothing before H-hour . . . it wasn't long before Jerry prisoners were coming back . . . a number of them didn't even wait to be captured . . . . . .







High ground overlooking Hoxter was ours... a large number of Nazi tanks were spotted in the town... while we waited for air support before our final attack, a hot meal was brought up ... and even letters from home were distributed as a last minute morale booster .....



We moved cautiously into this apparently peaceful city . . . but by ten o'clock that night we had cleared the town of 500 prisoners . . . . . .



At the same time north of Hoxter, another of our battalions was having a stiff battle for Polle . . . fighting through the night against two companies of SS, four Wehrmacht companies and a tiger tank, we captured the town after the Nazi tank was crippled . . . . . .



Every street in Polle was littered with marks of battle . . . Nazi guns, clothing and food were strewn everywhere . . . . . .



As the enemy retreated east of the Weser, the engineers buil ta pontoon bridge . . . . . .



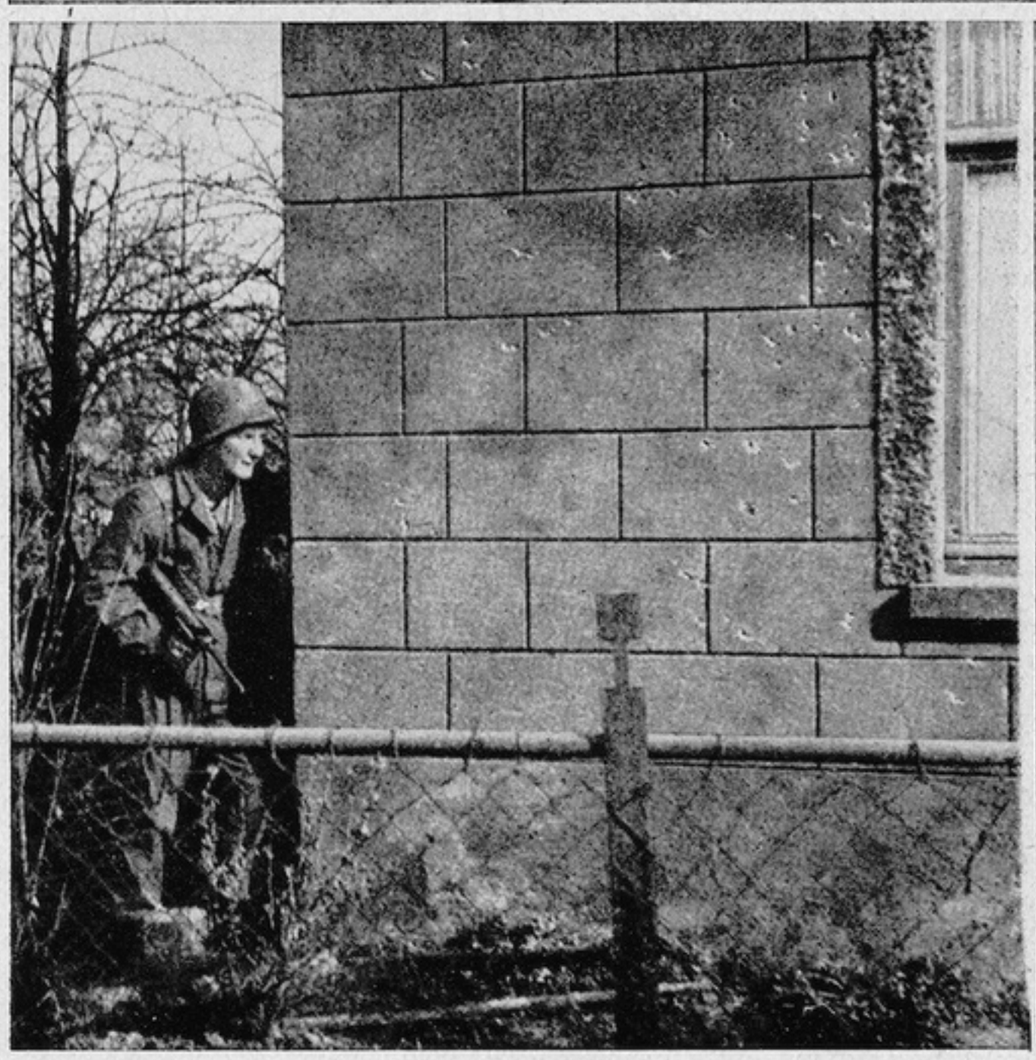
At the same site where a ferry once ran . . . . . .

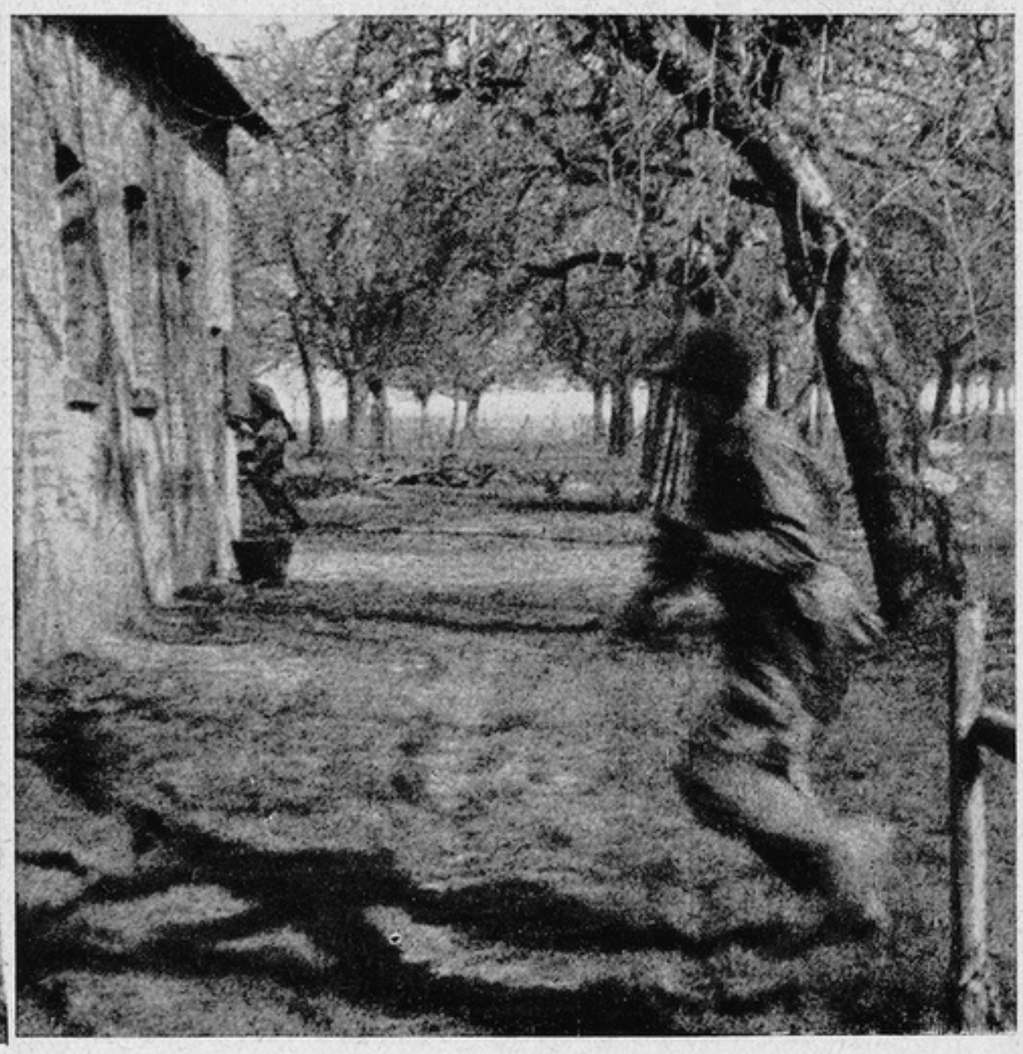


But at Heinsen, which lay between Polle and Hoxter, our doughboys didn't wait for any bridge . . . they made a tactical crossing of the river against moderate enemy resistance . . . . . .









Bevern was taken east of the Weser . . . a booby-trapped road-block was cleared and the attack on Holzminden began . . . . . .





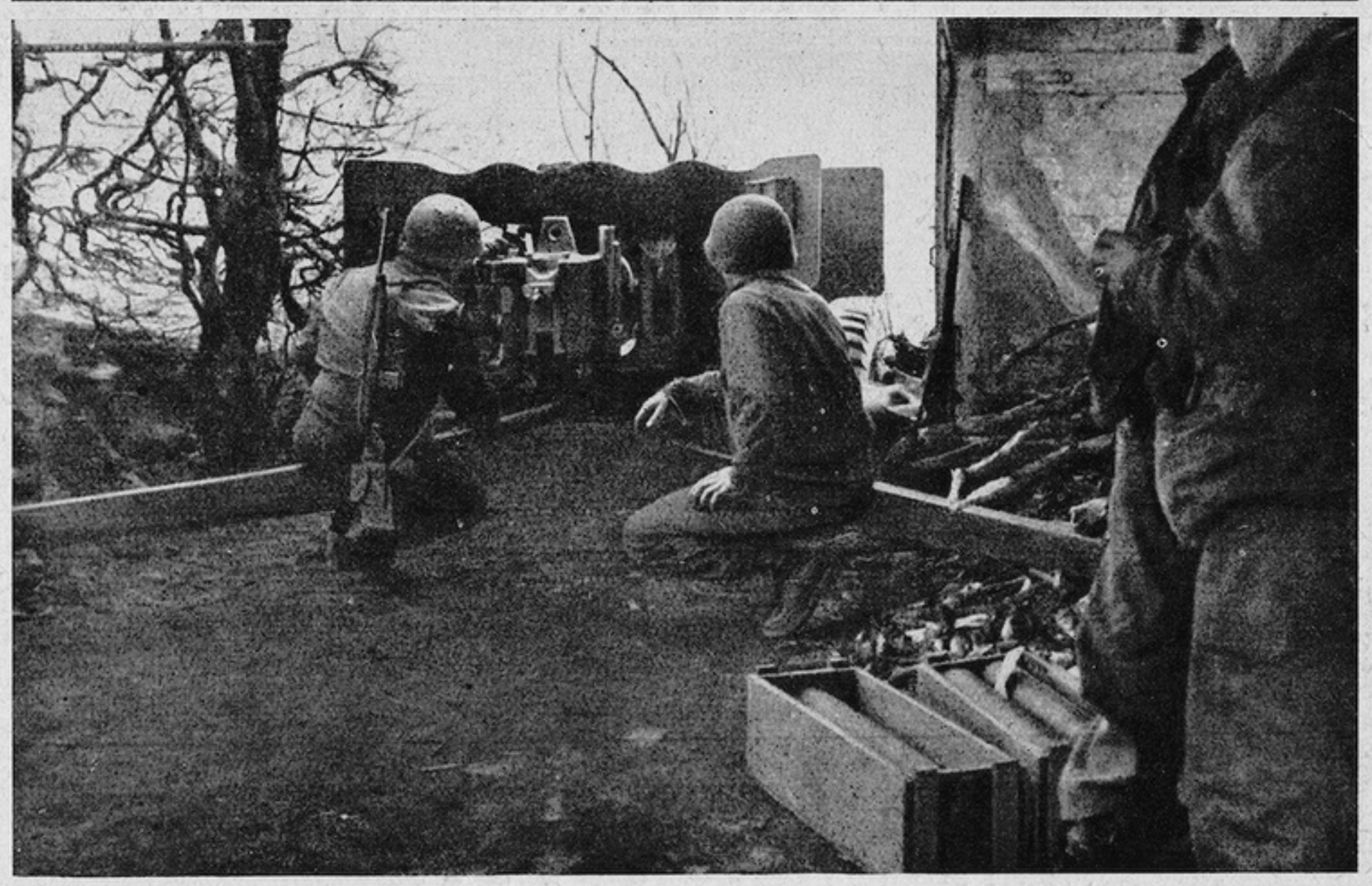


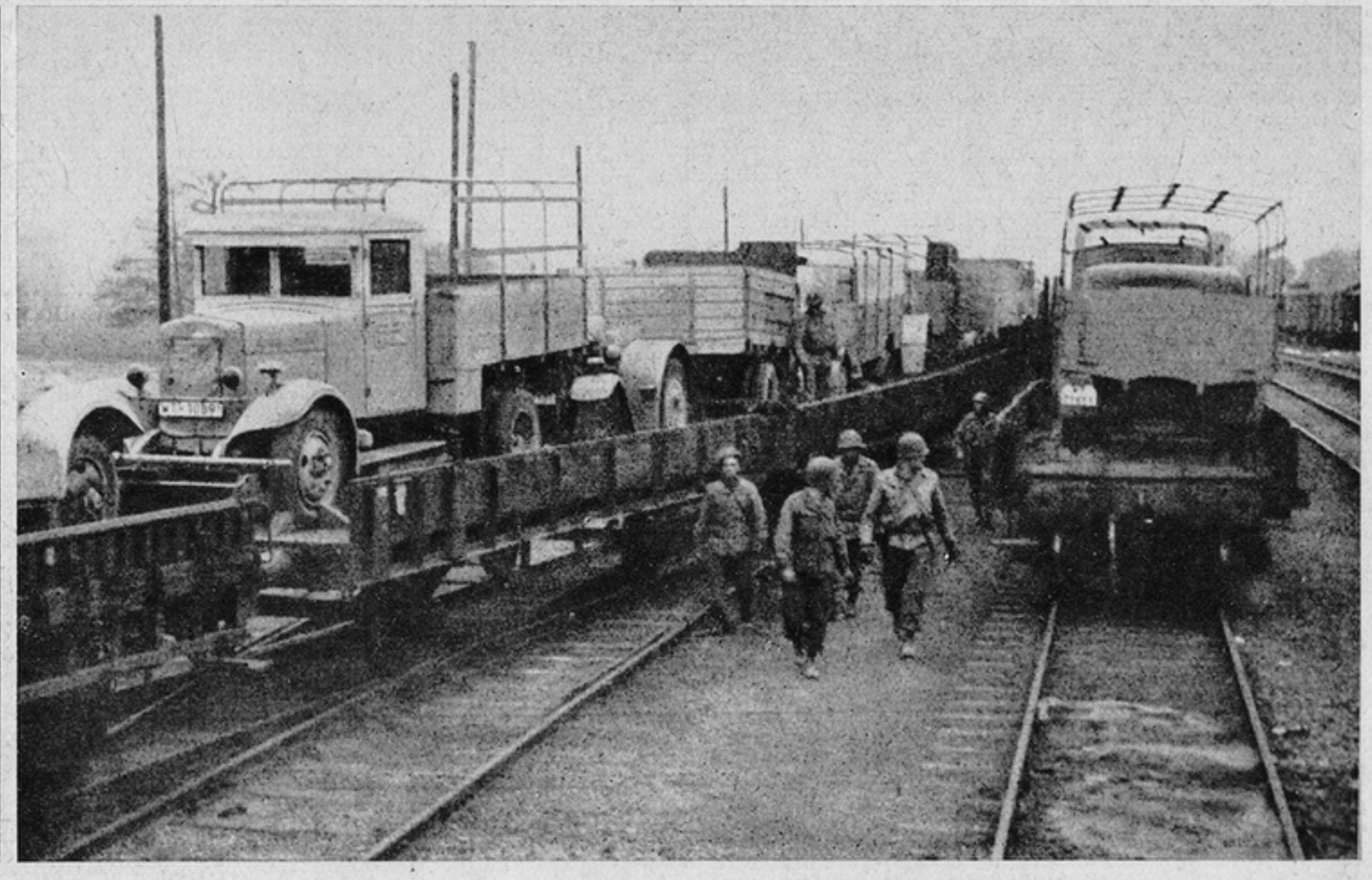
It was another house-to-house job for the doughboys but not quite as tough as Polle or Hoxter . . . . . .

Our job was thorough, even rounding up Hitler Jugend for questioning . . . . . .









Our Combat Team regrouped in Alfeld, our first rest... the following day, we were off again.... at Bad Driburg we linked up with tankers of the Third Armored Spearhead Division this was part of the Ninth and First Armies link-up to seal 300,000 German soldiers in the Ruhr pocket . . . Our Commanding Officer directed our drive on the heels of our forward elements as he rode a light cavalry tank . . . our anti-tank gunners also kept pace with the entire operation protecting our flanks . . . we overran railroad yards of enemy equipment and whatever we could practicably use, we soon had on the road . . . . . .

One of our most thrilling experiences was releasing 15,000 Allied PWs from a Nazi hunger march . . . we gave the weak and the sick a ride back, when feasible, carrying Jerry prisoners at the same time . . . . . .

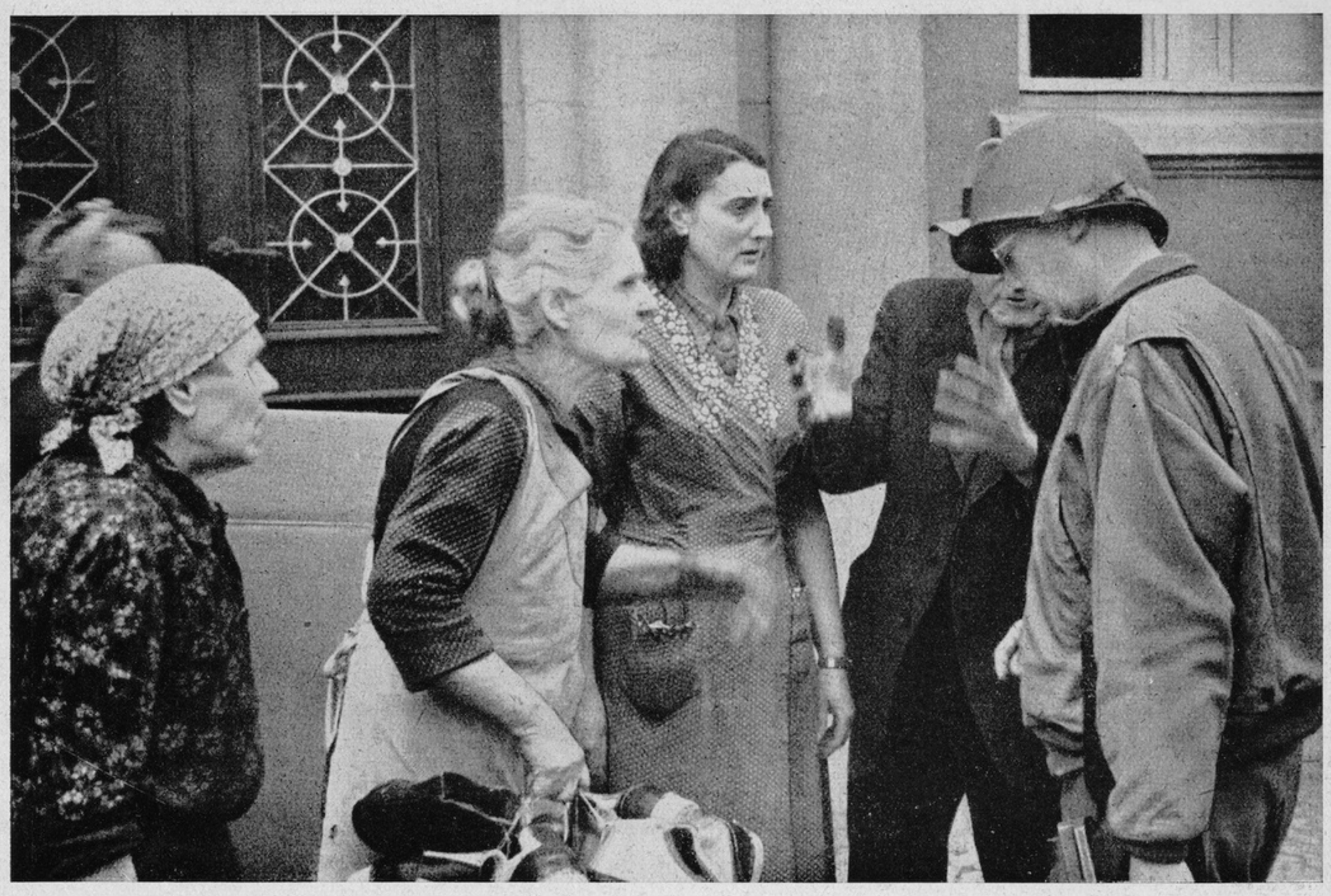




Many of our own men captured in France and Luxembourg were among these newly liberated Yanks . . . . . .

And British P Ws captured since Dunkirk, couldn't say enough in appreciation for their freedom after four years of imprisonment . . . . . .





As the great offensive sped eastward, military government officials had their hands full . . . civilians were complaining about the uncontrollable liberated DPs . . . it seemed they didn't know of the plundering and pillaging committed by German soldiers in France, Belgium and Russia . . . . . .



The DPs had every right to release their pent-up fury after years of enslavement and take what they wanted from the Germans . . . but to maintain order in our already difficult task of governing bombed-out German communities, we were forced to control DPs and make them behave like free people . . . . . .







Civilians were put to work removing road blocks of logs dug into the earth . . . in bombed-out cities they lined up at wells for their only source of water supply . . . our drive began producing bigger prizes of war when we captured intact a Nazi camouflaged airfield with hundreds of fighter planes . . . . . .

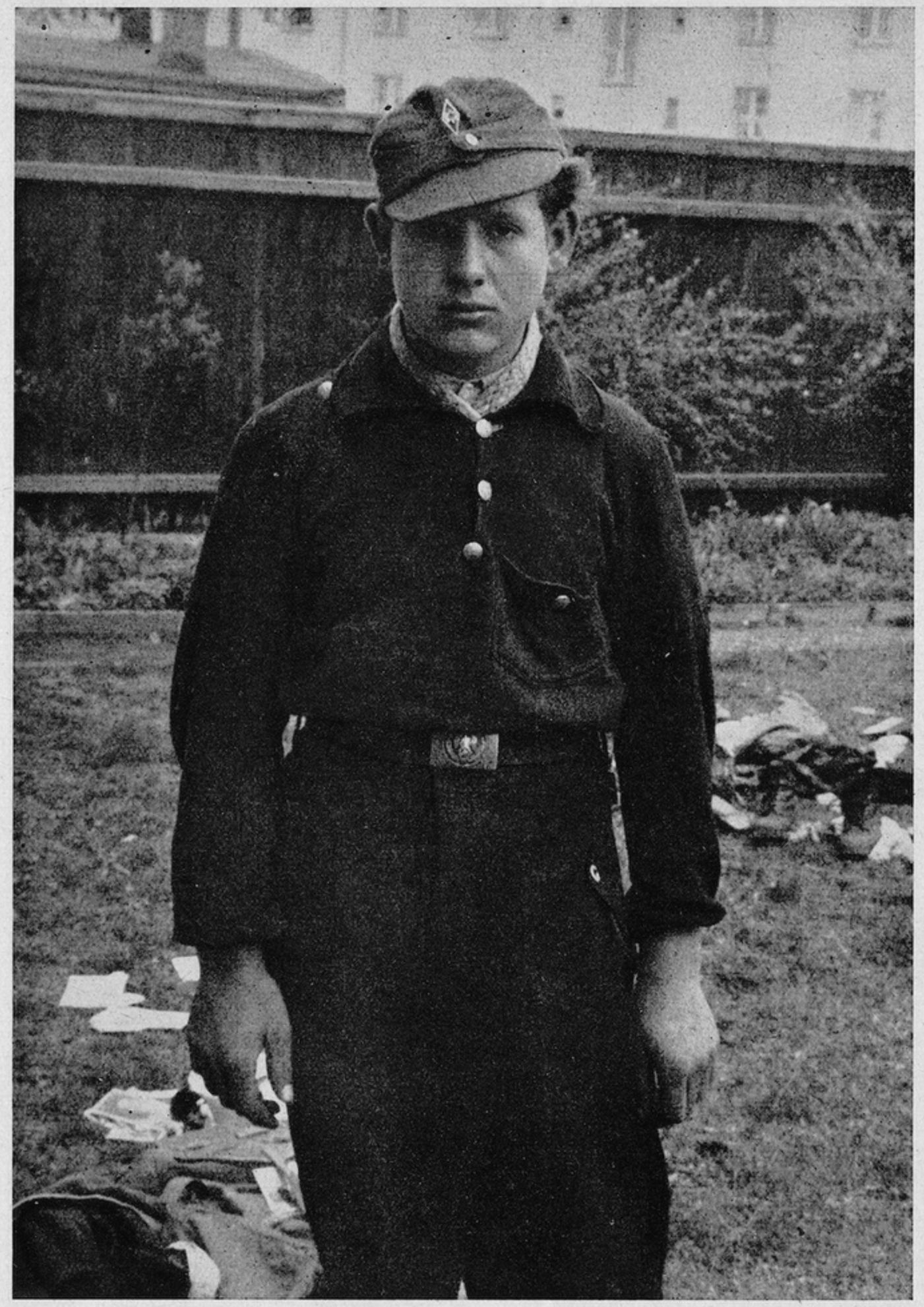






Thousands of prisoners from the very young to the very old made a continuous stream to our rear lines . . . . . .





And among them were generals . . . and fanatic young Hitlerites who were taught only too well how to snipe at us and strike at our rear lines with panzerfaust . . . . . .

Elbe Bridgehead

Our only Elbe bridgehead was held against repeated counterattacks

BY the 13th, our 2nd Battalion had cleared three more objectives. The 329th Combat Team reported the town of Barby clear and our 2nd Battalion, with a company of our 1st Battalion attached, shot across the Elbe in assault boats on the 329th's right flank.

The river maneuver was simple against little resistance and they pushed on to the east side of Walternienburg and made defensive positions for the night. It was during this night that the enemy hit their positions with a strong counterattack of tanks and infantry. The 2nd Battalion held against the strong attack and the next morning moved south to clear the woods and take the city of Tockheim. Still this same day they continued east to Badetz.

The remaining part of the 1st Battalion crossed the Elbe on the 14th and moved into an assembly area to the southeast of Walternienburg. They cleared a wooded area against strong enemy resistance and counterattacks; and then moved to Badetz to relieve elements of the 2nd Battalion and began clearing the Steckby Forest.

The bridgehead expanded but with plenty of pressure against it. Nazi OCS fanatics, with the ink hardly dry on their diplomas, fought a battle to the finish. Our 2nd Battalion met them in Kameritz in a 12 hour grueling fight and our 1st Battalion engaged the same type of Jerry in a fierce 12 hour German counter-attack in the Steckby Forest.

To take Kameritz, an enemy stronghold northeast of Badetz, meant overcoming fanatical German Officer Candidates. Artillery salvos had no appreciable effect as the enemy clung stubbornly to the well-fortified town. A company of 1st Battalion, sending platoons out to the edge of the town, were met with withering small-arms fire and tanks, and were a constant target for an unceasing blasting of panzerfausts. Our 2nd Battalion advanced across open fields fronting Kameritz and employed marching fire as the only possible means of gaining a foothold on the town under the stress of heavy casualties. After hours of nerve wracking fire and courageous action the shattered town was secured, and the 2nd Battalion pushed on to Hohenlepte.

Self-propelled guns fired from the town of Neiderlepte, aroused the men of our 2nd Battalion in the early hours of April 16th with the advance salvo of a counter-attack. Deadly fire from our artillery and our tank destroyers was laid on the town, and the attack was stopped. Five enemy tanks and self-propelled guns were destroyed. All along the open plain over which

the attack was launched, lay enemy dead and wounded. The Nazis had suffered heavily. Very few of their number were captured.

Steckby Forest, the deciding factor in holding the vital Elbe Bridgehead, was the location for some of our fiercest fighting since the Normandy Hedgerows. Here our companies of the 1st Battalion dug-in to be met in the early hours before dawn of April 18th by over a battalion of fanatical German Officer Candidates who had but one purpose—to fight to the last man. The enemy's mission was to push our forces back and destroy the pontoon bridge, wiping out the Elbe Bridgehead. Against their constant onslaught, their concentrated tank fire and blazing panzerfausts, our exposed right flank and their superiority in numbers, we held firmly to our positions. Though some units were at times forced to withdraw in the face of the withering fire-power of the enemy, they soon regained their ground with the support of planes and artillery.

The woods became a blazing inferno and smoke made it difficult to see for more than a few yards. The charred bodies of over 115 supermen were found after the enemy had been forced back—not to mention the wounded and prisoners. It was their last dying effort to remove the western threat from a drive on Berlin.

During all of these counterattacks, the enemy tried to blast the Franklin Roosevelt and Truman pontoon bridges with floating mines. They even tried to send suicide swimmers against the bridges in hope of dynamiting them and every evening just before dark, the wanning German Luftwaffe made desperate attempts to bomb the bridges but without success. The vigilance of our doughboys and the engineers, saved the bridges as numerous mines were exploded with rifles and machine gun fire, and every attempt to destroy the bridges was foiled.







The Elbe River was reached and we boarded boats and ferries and made a tactical river crossing on the right flank of the 329th Combat Team .....



Our 81 mm mortar spread a smoke screen to cover our activities but the enemy had been caught off-guard and resistance was light . . . . . .

We lost no time in digging in as soon as the crossing was made, for we were warned from elements of the Second Armored Division that we could expect a fierce German counterattack in an attempt to wipe out our bridgehead . . .



The first counterattack hit us that night at Walternienburg...it was successfully repulsed and for the following two days our tense feeling relaxed . . . . . .





We kept constant communication with our supporting units west of the River... we took advantage of the static period to cut our hair... and even found time to exchange stories in a bull session . . . . . .





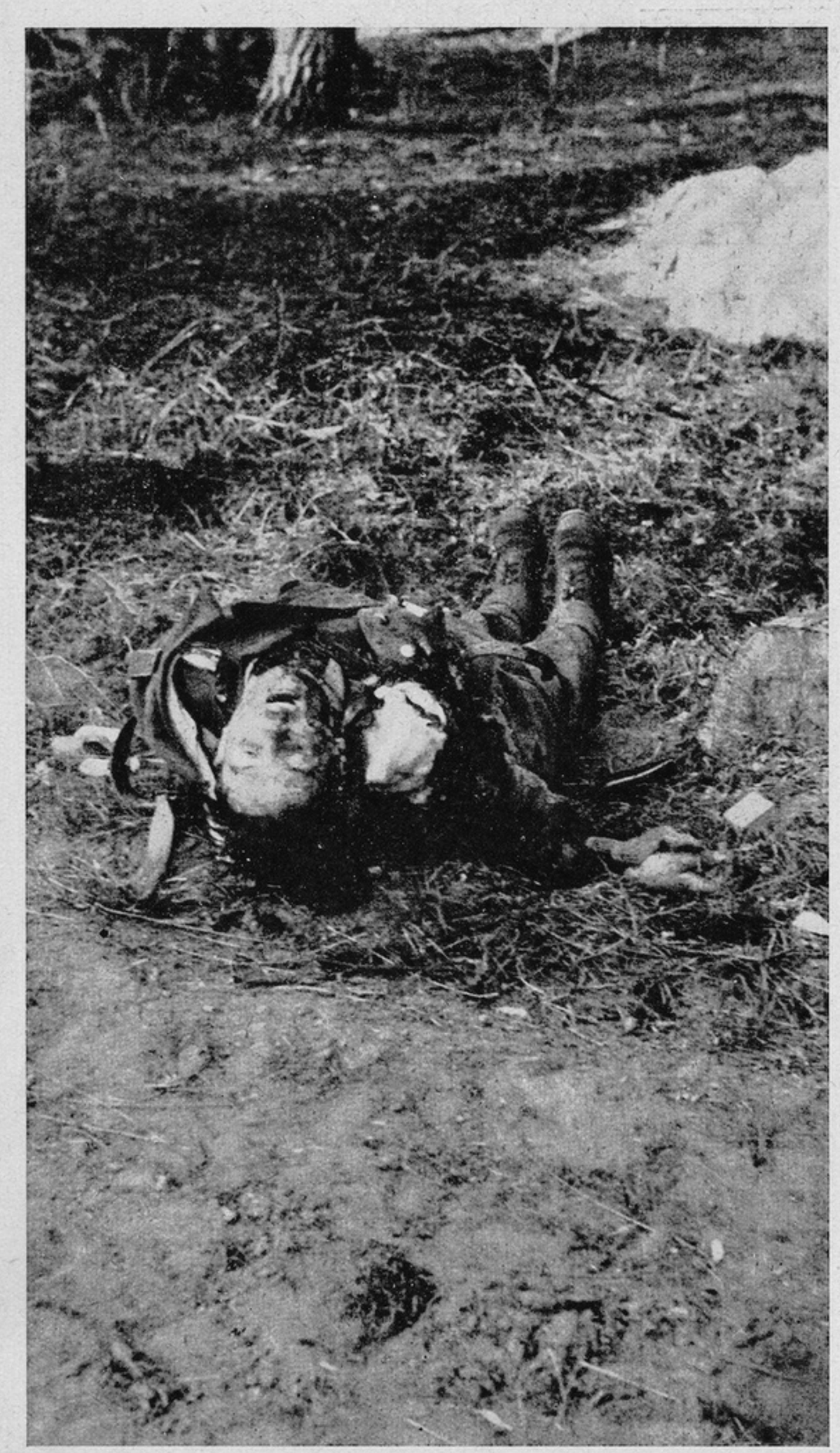
After the initial counterattacks, our bridgehead expanded as we took Kameritz, Tockheim, Badetz and Hohenlepte leaving these towns again strewn with death and destruction .....



More and more of our units crossed the Elbe and we pushed on against Nazi OCS resistance until we received orders to hold our positions and wait for the Russians .....



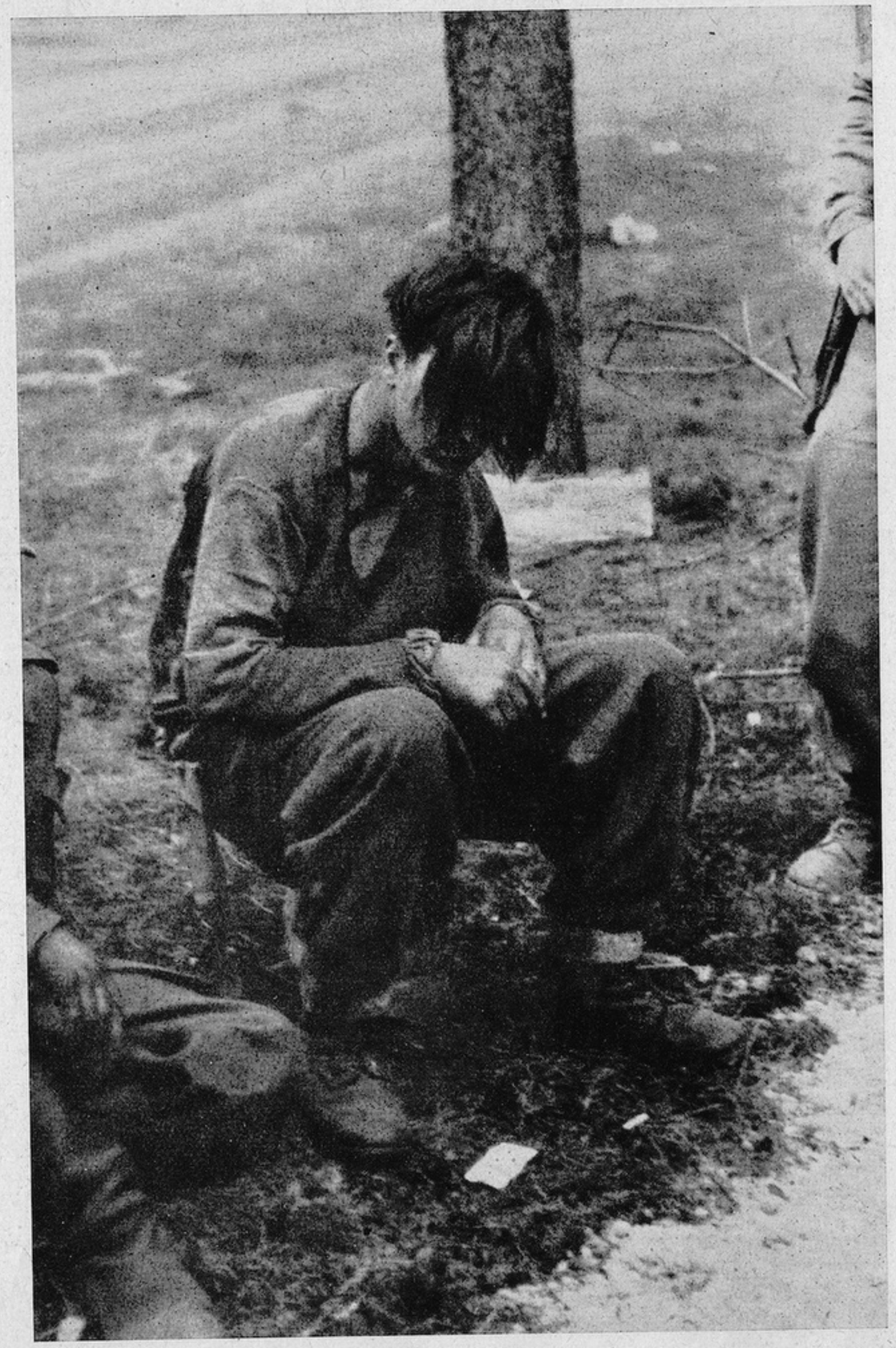
Our bridgehead was threatened with repeated counterattacks and one of the strongest came in the Steckby Forest . . . this was repulsed and our tired doughboys—at battles end—left 115 Nazi supermen behind . . . . .







They died for der Fuehrer . . . that was about all . . . . . .



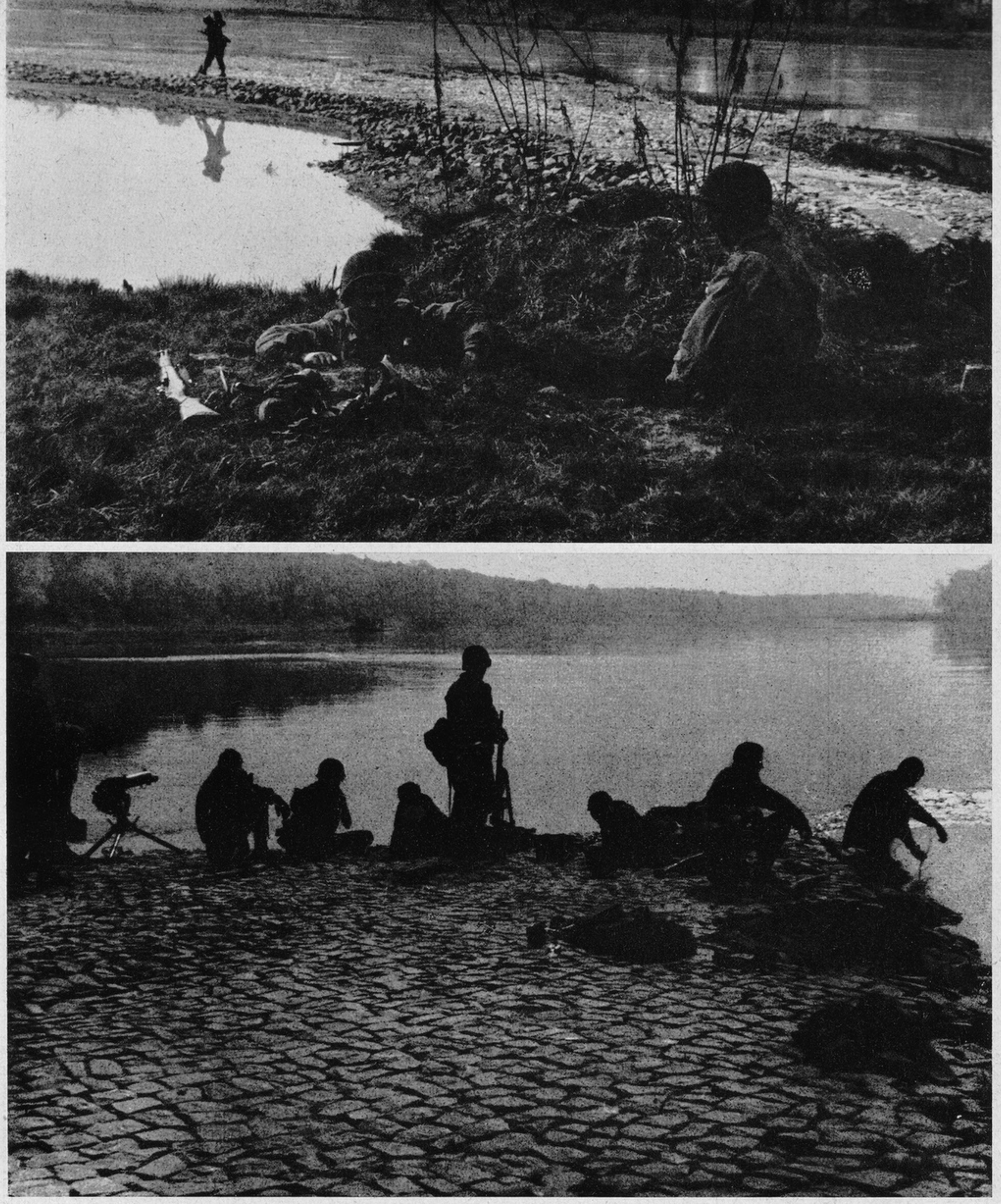


Disheveled and licked, some of the Jerry prisoners still tried to maintain an air of arrogance . . . we chicken heartedly overlooked this false pride and our medics patched up their wounded . . . . . .



The Truman bridge was built as we clung to our positions on the bridgehead, and a hundred yards to the south the Franklin Roosevelt memorial pontoon bridge was constructed to maintain a constant flow of traffic east and west . . . then began the alert job of guarding these bridges against floating mines and Nazi suicide swimmers . . . . . .



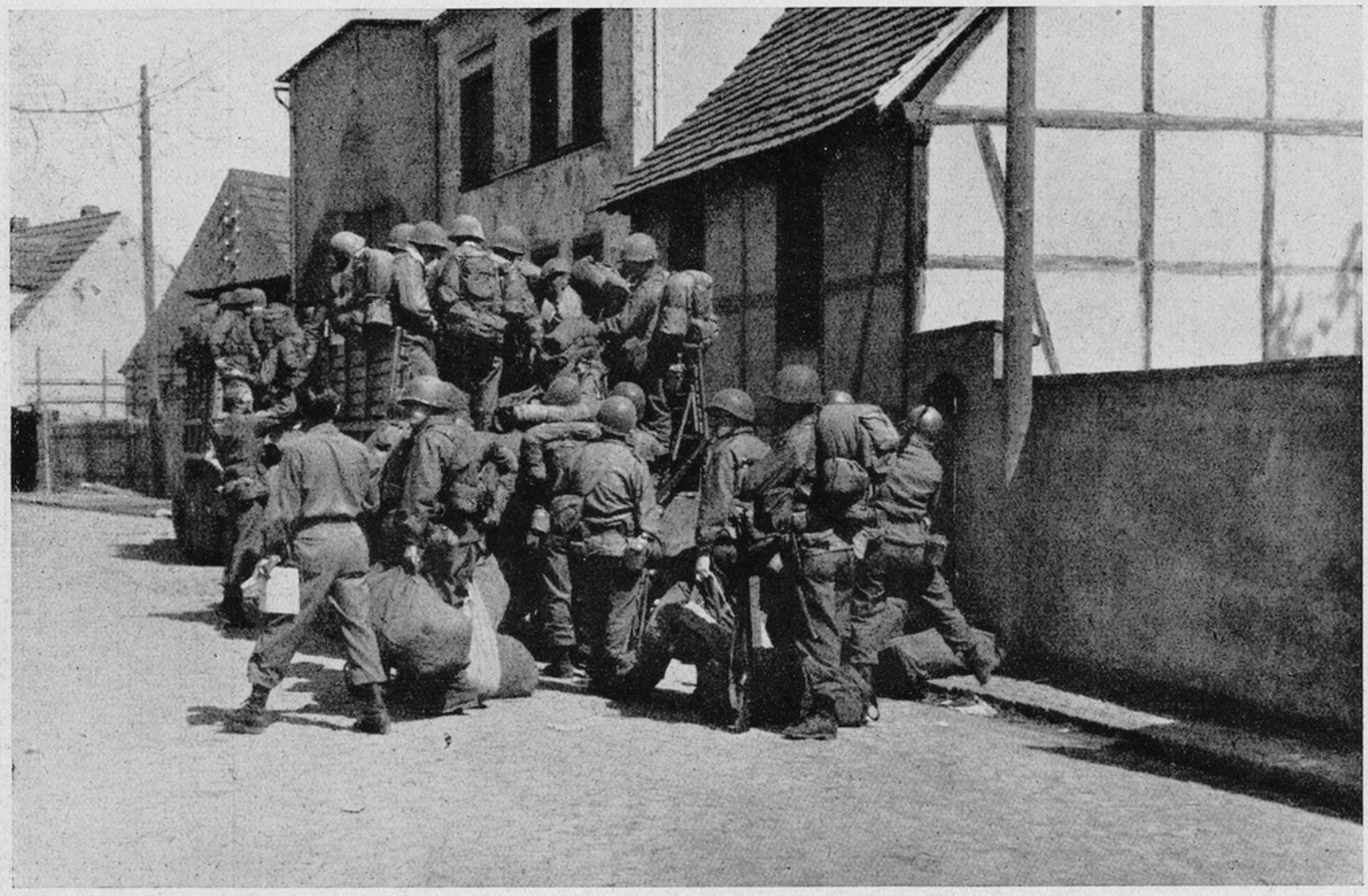




It was a 24 hour a day job but not a single mine got by our guards . . . we captured one suicide swimmer . . . the German luftwaffe's feeble attempts to knock out the bridge was stopped by our ack-ack guns . . . . . .



We started to enjoy our meals once more, though it was still army grub,
and a more cheerful disposition was apparent among everyone . . . . . .



Reinforcements were brought in, oriented and re-filled our ranks . . . . . .



Roadblocks were established all around the bridgehead to keep displaced persons, civilians fleeing from the Russians and released Allied PWs from cluttering the bridgehead and interfering with our positions . . . . . .



It was the German's turn to be sullen . . . . . .



The DPs were impatient to get home . . . with their belongings on carts . . . . . .



in wagons . . . . . .



on their backs . . . . . .



and on bicyles, they lined the roads . . . . . .



One of our lieutenants captured at Badetz talked the German Commandant of the Prison Camp into the futility of holding out any longer and they returned together to our lines to negotiate the release of over 19,000 Allied PWs . . .



Bearing white flags, American trucks were given safe conduct through 120 miles of German lines to Altengrabow . . . . .



And brought back all the prisoners in the camp which included American, British, French, Belgian, Russian, New Zealand, Australian and even South African soldiers .....



A convoy of ambulances was also sent to bring back the sick and wounded from prison hospitals .....



These men had waited a long time for this joyous moment and the officer appointed to administrate the movement had a tough time holding their impatience in check . . . . . .



The deal was to take all prisoners without giving preference to Americans or any other nationality . . . . . .



And while our Yanks waited their turn, there were mixed expressions of joy, impatience, cynicism and irritation . . . that they were to be released, was almost unbelievable . . . . .



And at the same time, thousands more of Allied PWs and displaced persons didn't choose to wait to be carried back to American lines . . . they hit the road and were only too glad to walk—as free men . . . . . .

V-E Day

We met the Russians — We saw it through

THE bridgehead was firmly established and the 331st Combat Team, victorious all the way from Omaha Beach, was ready to use it as a springboard to Berlin. But orders were received to sit tight and meet the Russians driving west as they bypassed the southern edges of Berlin.

For one week, we waited patiently and impatiently for the Russian Allies. For us the battle against Naziism was practically finished. News reports spoke glowingly of other American successes in the southern sectors, and of British victories in the northern sectors. The Germans were licked and we knew it. V-E Day had come to the 331st already.

And finally the Russians came. Maj. Gen. Robert C. Macon, 83rd Commander, first met them at Appollendorf on the 30th day of April. Our own Regimental Commander, Col. Robert H. York, shook hands with Russian Cossacks in Wittenberg. Two days before V-E Day on May 6th, the Russians relieved the 331st and the 83rd of the bridgehead. Joe met Ivan. Karl was kaput. V-E Day came officially on May 8th in Europe, May 9th in the States.

The 331st took over occupation duties in Bavaria. And until the Japanese are also crushed, we are ready to add another chapter to our successes.





We met the Russians . . . Col. York met Russian Cossacks in Wittemberg and a Russian flyer stopped by to chat with other members of our combat team . . . . . .





The Russian Colonel was decorated and proud . . . The Russian tankers appeared rugged and friendly . . . . . .



There was nothing too effeminate about Russian girls or WACs . . . they could handle a gun, too . . . . . .



Lend lease equipment was apparent in our American made jeeps which the Russians called Willys . . . . . .



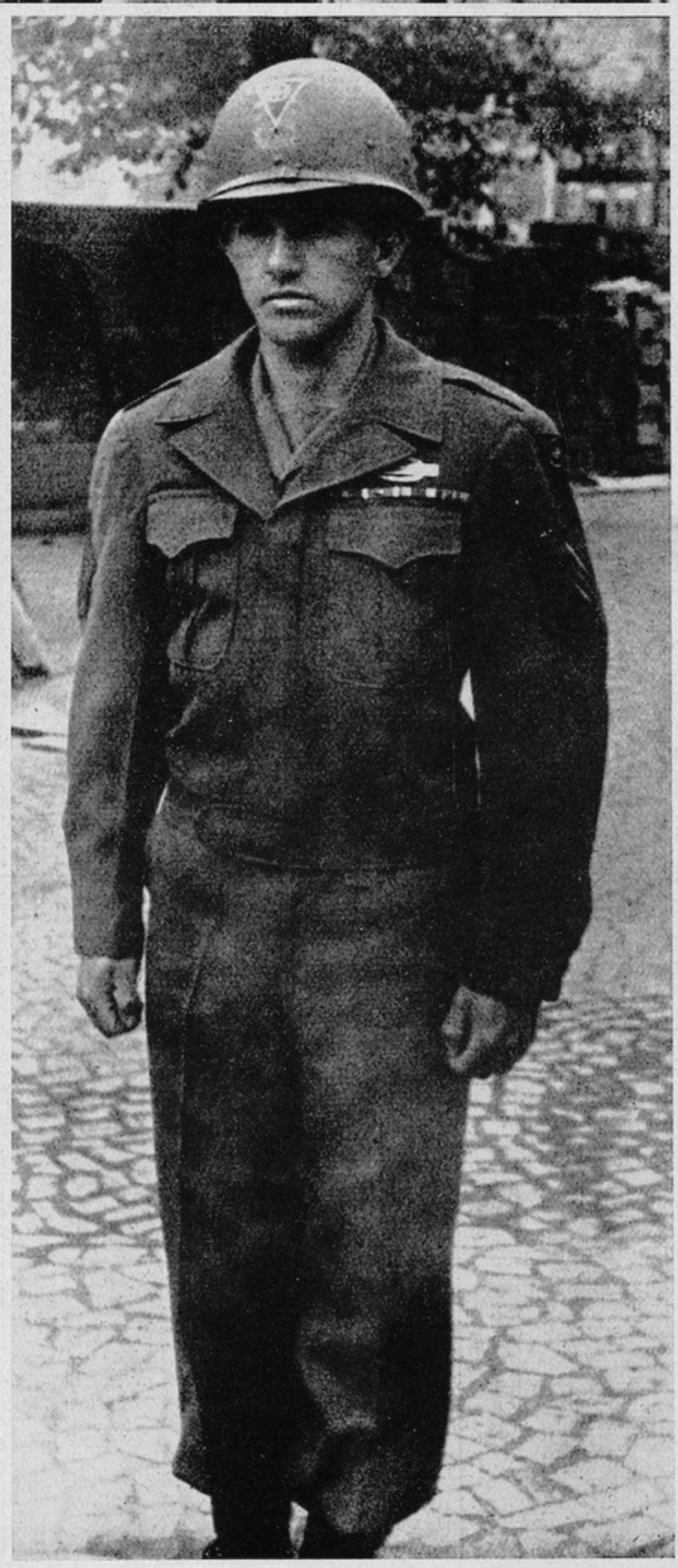
The Russians were glad to meet us and pose for us . . . the Russian soldiers with their carts and horses . . . . . .



The Russian cooks with their mobile kitchens . . . . . .







We were relieved of the bridgehead and moved back to the west side of the Elbe . . . despite the non-fraternization policy we were bound to be friendly with children . . . shortly after V-E Day came the transformation of our dress from combat uniforms to snappy clothes once more . . . . . .



Scenes in concentration camps reminded us again of German brutality . . . . .



Naziism which was the scourge of humanity throughout Europe for 10 years . . . . .



Was now crushed . . . . . .





Today the American flag—the flag of freedom—flies in Germany.

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light,

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,

Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous night,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming.



Roll of Honor



DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS

York, Robert H., Col. Drury, Richard E., 2nd Lt.

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS (POSTHUMOUS)

Faber, James F., Lt. Col.

SILVER STAR MEDAL

Ables, Clarence, T/Sgt.
Anderson, Noel, 1st Lt.
Andres, Kenneth G., Pfc.
Ashmore, Walter G., Capt.
Azevedo, Edward J., Cpl.
Bailey, Fred. J., Jr., Lt. Col.
Barber, Wilfred F., Capt.
Bart, Wayne L., Capt.
Bergquist, K. R., 2nd Lt.
Bobo, Willie V., Pvt.
Brand, Neville L., S/Sgt.
Brittain, Forrest, Pfc.
Brown, Harold W., Major
Caparanis, John, 1st Lt.
Cappuzzo, Cosmo C., Pfc.
Cebula, Fred J., 2nd Lt.
Cheal, Robert M., Lt. Col.
Clopton, Robert H., 2nd Lt.
Cole, Robert J., Pfc.
Cooper, Harry L., S/Sgt.
Cooper, Marion B., Capt.
Cooper, William P., Sgt.
Criswell, Robert J., 1st Lt.
Dalton, Larry L., 2nd Lt.
Dawson, Floyd M., S/Sgt.
Dicker, Henry, Pfc.
DeMore, Joseph F., Sgt.
Dempsey, Jack T., 1st Lt.
Dietz, Alvin R., 2nd Lt.
Donahue, Donald L., 1st Lt.
Doolittle, Alfred D., Pvt.
Douglas, Frank E., 1st Lt.
Drucker, Erving, 1st Lt.
Drury, Richard E., 2nd Lt.
Duncan, Donald W., 1st Lt.
DuPre, Charles W., 1st Lt.
Eagelman, Meyer, S/Sgt.
Eaton, Roland E., Capt.
Egger, Franz F., Sgt.
Fever, Vernon C., 1st Lt.
Fields, Arlie, Pfc.
Fifield, Darwin J., Pfc.
Fleming, Harry C., Capt.
Ford, Randall H., Tec. 5
Fournier, Roger S., Tec. 5
French, George A., Capt.
Freshwater, W. R., Tec. 4
Freudendorf, C. H., Capt.
Garza, Alvaro G., S/Sgt.
Gingerich, Glenw., S/Sgt.
Glenn, James J., 1st Lt.
Gravelyn, Harry C., Capt.
Gray, Henry E., T/Sgt.
Haessley, Leslie G., S/Sgt.
Halladay, Daniel W., Capt.
Hampton, James P., Sgt.
Haney, Harry F., T/Sgt.
Hanks, Bernal E., Tec. 5
Harding, Harry W., S/Sgt.
Helmers, F. W., 1/Sgt.
Henage, Caddie L., 1st Lt.
Horskey, Walter P., T/Sgt.
James, Carl W., Sgt.
Johnson, Donald R., 1st Lt.
Johnson, Grant Y., S/Sgt.
Johnson, James J., Pfc.
Kahapea, A. N., Capt.
Kaminskas, Ernest B., Pfc.
Killeen, John J., S/Sgt.
Kimball, Curtiss A., Tec. 5
Kirkman, Clifford E., S/Sgt.
Kleppin, Donald G., 2nd Lt.
Kohler, George F., Jr., S/Sgt.
Laliberte, L. A., Major
Lancaster, Alson E., 1st Lt.
Lancaster, Paul G., Sgt.
Leedy, Isaac, S/Sgt.
Lewis, Paul N., Sgt.
Lynch, Joseph L., 1st Lt.
Macaluso, Joseph A., Capt.
Maiden, John O., 1st Lt.
Martin, Haran R., Pfc.
Martin, Henry M., Jr., Tec. 4
Martivak, R. J., S/Sgt.
McAbee, John F., T/Sgt.
McCann, Austin J., 1/Sgt.
Medford, Willie L., 1st Lt.

Mitchell, Robert A., Capt.
Monroe, John N., Sgt.
Moore, Daniel M., Capt.
Morris, Robert C., Tec. 5
Mullins, Robert B., Pfc.
Murphy, Patrick F., Capt.
Nagel, Edward, 1/Sgt.
Neilson, Henry, Lt. Col.
Neily, Norman D., S/Sgt.
Nitroy, Joseph A., S/Sgt.
Norton, Whitney F., Pvt.
Ojeda, Modesto S., Pvt.
Oliver, William T., S/Sgt.
Owens, James F., Pfc.
Pangle, Loyal J., T/Sgt.
Patson, John A., Pfc.
Patterson, James A., Capt.
Pawuk, Wasco, T/Sgt.
Peirce, Henry T., T/Sgt.
Pierce, John L., Pvt.
Powell, Francis E., T/Sgt.
Pratt, Clarence O., 1st Lt.
Ray, Herbert, Pfc.
Reidy, Maurice G., Capt.
Richards, Charles H., M/Sgt.
Rider, Isadore M., S/Sgt.
Ridgway, John W., Pfc.
Ritchie, James S., Jr., 1st Lt.
Robles, Roberto B., S/Sgt.
Rothschild, Thomas E., S/Sgt.
Ruckman, Thomas D., Pfc.
Ruttan, Kenneth E., Pfc.
Rzeszutek, Walter K., Pvt.
Slice, Harold E., Pfc.
Sloan, Joseph W., Capt.
Smith, Byron F., 1st Lt.
Singler, Delbert C., Pfc.
Singleton, Everett W., T/Sgt.
Scott, Harold, Pfc.
Shuster, Norman, S/Sgt.
Schwadron, Lester, 1st Lt.
Stamper, Edgar, Sgt.
Sult, Boyd D., S/Sgt.
Tenuto, Joseph J., Sgt.
Terhanko, George P., 1/Sgt.
Thompson, August J., T/Sgt.
Titus, Leroy, T/Sgt.
Trago, Robert C., S/Sgt.
Turcato, Pompelio E., T/Sgt.
Tyner, Parkman W., 1st Lt.
Ungren, Arthur K., 1st Lt.
Walker, Frederick, 1/Sgt.
White, Alexander, Sgt.
White, William G., Major
Willey, Levin H., Pfc.
Winslow, Richard A., S/Sgt.
Wojnar, Thadeusz, T/Sgt.
Woodson, Harold E., Capt.
York, Lonnie, Tec. 5
York, Robert H., Col.
Floor, James M., T/Sgt.
Wolff, LaVern G., Pfc.

SILVER STAR MEDAL (POSTHUMOUS)

Bartos, Albert P., T/Sgt.
Baugh, Bernard F., 1st Lt.
Bickley, Vernon E., S/Sgt.
Bullington, James C., Sgt.
Cambras, Charles W., Pfc.
Dunford, John P., Cpl.
Evans, George E., Pfc.
Fekas, William, T/Sgt.
Kleppin, Donald G., 2nd Lt.
Kosobucki, Adam W., S/Sgt.
Leque, LaVerne O., Pfc.
Lusk, James L., T/Sgt.
Meier, Albert F., S/Sgt.
Metheny, Hershel A., T/Sgt.
Souders, Floyd B., Capt.
Weck, Clarence E., S/Sgt.
White, George E., S/Sgt.
Whitely, Carl L., Pfc.
Williams, Phil. H., 2nd Lt.
Weinhardt, Henry C., 1st Lt.

BRONZE OAK-LEAF CLUSTER TO SILVER STAR MEDAL

York, Robert H., Col.
Cooper, Marion B., Capt.
Moore, Daniel M., Capt.

SECOND BRONZE OAK-LEAF CLUSTER TO SILVER STAR MEDAL

York, Robert H., Col.

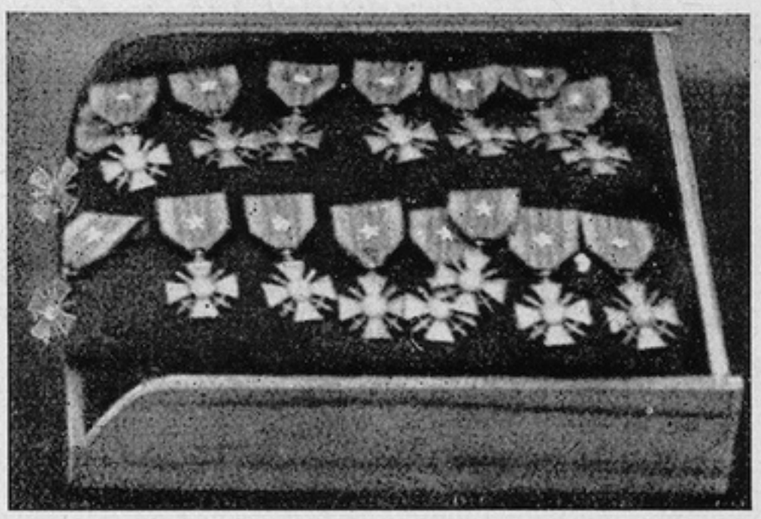
SECOND BRONZE OAK-LEAF CLUSTER TO SILVER STAR MEDAL (POSTHUMOUS)

Moore, Daniel M., Capt.



BRONZE STAR MEDAL 1270
BRONZE STAR MEDAL (POSTHUMOUS) 26
BRONZE STAR MEDAL (MIA) 2
OAK-LEAF CLUSTER TO BRONZE STAR MEDAL 76
OAK-LEAF CLUSTER TO BRONZE STAR MEDAL (POSTHUMOUS) 1
PURPLE HEART MEDAL 806
PURPLE HEART MEDAL (POSTHUMOUS) 1001
OAK-LEAF CLUSTER TO PURPLE HEART MEDAL 181
OAK-LEAF CLUSTER TO PURPLE HEART MEDAL (POSTHUMOUS) 37

UNIT PLAQUE Service Company
Medical Detachment



FOREIGN AWARDS

FRENCH

LEGION D'HONNEUR (AU GRADE DE CHEVALIER)
[Croix de Guerre avec Palme]
York, Robert H., Col.

LEGION D'HONNEUR (AU GRADE DE CHEVALIER) [POSTHUMOUS]
[Croix de Guerre avec Palme]
Barndollar, Martin D., Col.

CROIX DE GUERRE (AVEC PALME) Neilson, Henry, Lt. Col.

CROIX DE GUERRE (AVEC ETOILE D'ARGENT) McDonald, Leniel E., Lt. Col.
Shuster, George M., Lt. Col.
Kahapea, Alexander N., Capt.
Douglas, Frank E., 1st Lt.

CROIX DE GUERRE (AVEC ETOILE D'ARGENT) [POSTHUMOUS]
Faber, James F., Lt. Col.
Ungren, Arthur K., 1st Lt.

CROIX DE GUERRE (AVEC ETOILE DE VERMEIL) Mitchell, Robert A., Capt.
Moore, Daniel M., Capt.
Waters, William E., Capt.

CROIX DE GUERRE (AVEC ETOILE DE BRONZE) White, Alexander, Sgt.

BRITISH

MILITARY CROSS Sloan, Joseph W., Capt.

DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL Smith, Byron F., 1st Lt.

MILITARY MEDAL Sefton, David C., S/Sgt.
Wojnar, Thadeusz, T/Sgt.

BATTLEFIELD COMMISSIONS

	Present Rank	Date appointed 2nd Lt.
Barnes, Fred H.	1st Lt.	27 Aug 1944
Bemus, Earl A.	2nd Lt.	1 Mar 1945
Bergquist, Kenneth R.	2nd Lt.	14 Mar 1945
Cebula, Fred J.	2nd Lt.	1 Mar 1945
Clopton, Robert H.	2nd Lt.	16 Mar 1945
Collins, Virgil T.	2nd Lt.	30 Mar 1945
Dalton, Larry L.	2nd Lt.	14 Mar 1945
Drury, Richard E.	2nd Lt.	14 Mar 1945
Graff, William J.	2nd Lt.	24 May 1945
Hammock, Robert E.	2nd Lt.	6 Jan 1945
Haught, Arthur H.	1st Lt.	6 Jan 1945
Helm, Donald L.	2nd Lt.	6 Jan 1945
Kulakowski, Edward W.	2nd Lt.	1 Mar 1945
Lewis, Arnold	2nd Lt.	15 May 1945
Meredith, Clifford T.	2nd Lt.	15 May 1945
Monroe, James L.	2nd Lt.	6 Jan 1945
Pearson, James, E.	2nd Lt.	6 Jan 1945
Peters, Jack L.	1st Lt.	9 Apr 1945
Riley, George H.	2nd Lt.	14 Mar 1945
Smith, Byron F.	1st Lt.	18 Jan 1945
Stranahan, Samuel J.	1st Lt.	16 Nov 1944

HEADQUARTERS, VII CORPS U. S. ARMY

Office of the Commanding General

APO 307, U. S. Army

23 JANUARY 1945

SUBJECT: Letter of Commendation from the Commanding General, VII Corps.

THRU : Commanding General, 83rd Infantry Division, APO 83, U. S. Army.

TO : All Officers and Enlisted Men, 83rd Infantry Division, APO 83, U. S. Army.

1. As the 83rd Infantry Division comes out of line after three weeks of continuous offensive operations in the Ardennes, I wish to express to you and to the officers and men of your division my appreciation for the job the 83rd Division has accomplished during the period.

Fighting under the most severe weather conditions yet encountered on the Western Front with little or no shelter from driving snow and freezing cold, the division advanced twenty thousand yards in the 1st U. S. Army's drive against the north shoulder of the German salient. In the critical stage of the attack to break across the Langlir-Ronce River and through the heavy woods to the south, the 83rd Division made two consecutive night attacks and fought continuously without letup for three days in order to open the way for the final drive of the 3rd Armored Division to cut the vital Houffalize—St. Vith road which spelled disaster for the entire German position south of the Ourthe River. The officers and enlisted men bore the fury of the elements as well as the vicious fire of the enemy's defense and overcame them both.

The 83rd Division can well be proud of its record in the Ardennes counter-offensive which may prove to be the decisive battle on the Western Front. Please convey to your officers and men my hearty congratulations and best wishes for your future success.

/s/ J. C. COLLINS
/t/ J. C. COLLINS
Major General, U. S. Army
Commanding

HEADQUARTERS, 83RD DIVISION

Office of the Commanding General

APO 83, U. S. Army

9 MARCH 1945

SUBJECT: Commendation.

TO : Commanding Officer, 331st Infantry Regiment.

With the secrecy surrounding the 83rd Division lifted on 2 March 1945, the attention of the Allied World was directed at us. As at St Malo, Beaugency and in the Ardennes, we were assigned a mission of historic significance. By rapidly accomplishing its mission, this Division has hastened the defeat of the entire German position west of the Rhine River. Spearheading the last phase of the attack of the XIX Corps, the 83d itself has struck a severe blow at the very industrial heart of the Third Reich. The enemy will never recover from this blow.

It is an honor for me to commend you, your officers and men for the performance of the 331st Infantry during the period 27 February to 4 March. During the last two days of February, when your Regiment was attached to the 2nd Armored Division, your operations in the bridgehead over the Roer River were notable for the speed and smoothness with which they were accomplished. When on the 1st of March the entire Division was committed, your troops continued to operate in a superior manner. Company E had the signal honor of being the first Ninth Army troops to reach the Rhine River. This action in itself not only characterized the success of your mission but brought the Division's operations to the attention of the entire world. The attention to duty by your officers and men during this historic period contributed in large measure to the Division's successful accomplishment of its mission.

Please accept and convey to all your officers and men my congratulations for their superior actions during this period. It is a privilege to command such troops.

ROBERT C. MACON
Major General, U.S. Army
Commanding

HEADQUARTERS, 331ST INFANTRY

APO 83, U. S. Army

TO : All Officers and Enlisted Men, 331st Infantry Regiment.
You did it again! Congratulations and thanks.

ROBERT H. YORK
Colonel, Infantry
Commanding

HEADQUARTERS NINTH U. S. ARMY

Office of the Commanding General

APO 339, U. S. Army

330. 13 GNMCS *15 MARCH 1945*

SUBJECT: Commendation

THRU : Commanding General, XIX Corps, APO 270, U. S. Army.

TO : Commanding General, 83rd Infantry Division, APO 83 U. S. Army.

1. I am informed that E Company, 331st Infantry, 83rd Infantry Division, was the first unit of any troops participating in operation "GRENADE" to officially reach the Rhine River, at 0930 hours, 2 March. I can assure you that I share your pride in this accomplishment, characterizing as it does the splendid record of the 83rd Infantry Division since it began operations on the continent.

2. The report on operation "GRENADE" leaves no doubt that your Division distinguished itself in this successful and decisive action. I was particularly impressed by the expeditious manner in which the Division, once committed, quickly reduced and cleared the key strong-point of Neuss, elimination of which permitted the successful continuation of the Corps and Army advance northward along the west bank of the Rhine River.

3. Four times during the last seven months, the 83rd Infantry Division has been carried on the troop list of the Ninth Army: First during operations in the Brittany Peninsula; second briefly in Luxemburg; third during the early stages of the critical "Battle of the Bulge" in December; and lastly during Operation "GRENADE". During each period of association, I feel that the Division has added to its long and distinguished record. It gives me extreme pleasure at this time to express my appreciation of the splendid work done by the Division during operation "GRENADE" and I desire to personally commend every officer and man of your organization.

/s/ W. H. SIMPSON
/t/ W. H. SIMPSON
Lieutenant General, U. S. Army
Commanding

Stout Hearted Men

(adopted and sung by the 331st Combat Team)

Give us some men
Who are stout hearted men
Who will fight for the right they adore.

Start us with ten
Who are stout hearted men
And we'll soon give you ten thousand more.

Shoulder to shoulder
And bolder and bolder
We'll grow as we go to the fore.

Then there's nothing in this world
To halt tomorrow's plan,
When stout hearted men
Will fight together man to man.

Acknowledgement to

CAPT. C. C. TASCHEREAU
Canadian Army
SHAEF Press Censor

COL. CLIFFORD E. POWELL
Chief, Publicity and Psychological Warfare
12th AG, U. S. Army

For the interest they have shown in our Combat Team
and our newspaper, The TTF

In Memoriam . . .

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Auman, Gaylord W., T/Sgt.
Anderson, Lloyd S., S/Sgt.
Arrowood, Great B., S/Sgt.
Allen, Lloyd T., Sgt.
Allen, William G., Sgt.
Anderson, Robert P., Sgt.
Arnold, Walter, Sgt.
Armstrong, Kenneth H., Tec. 5
Agnew, Martin M., Jr., Pfc.
Ahart, Eldon R., Pfc.
Aiken, Frank H., Pfc.
Airrington, Earnest D., Pfc.
Aldrich, Louis T., Pfc.
Alexander, Paul R., Pfc.
Altman, Annis I., Pfc.
Alvado, Manuel, Pfc.
Anderson, James C., Pfc.
Anderson, John H., Pfc.
Anderson, Rex, Pfc.
Argenas, Joseph E., Pfc.
Abernathy, Jess E., Pvt.
Adams, Lawrence, Pvt.
Adams, Robert E., Pvt.
Adams, Vernon W., Pvt.
Ammons, James, Pvt.
Anderson, Andrew P., Jr., Pvt.
Aveto, Vincent L., Pvt.
Barndollar, Mart. D., Colonel
Bender, James D., Colonel
Bates, Joseph C., 1st Lt.
Belmont, Victor E., 1st Lt.
Burky, Quentin T., 1st Lt.
Butler, Russell B., 1st Lt.
Bailey, Herschel E., 2nd Lt.
Blumhorst, Cris E., 2nd Lt.
Baker, Kenneth W., T/Sgt.
Bartos, Albert P., T/Sgt.
Boyd, Albert L., T/Sgt.
Burns, Winfred S., T/Sgt.
Bailey, Wilbur R., S/Sgt.
Baker, Emmett D., S Sgt.
Balke, Lewis F., S/Sgt.
Basile, Salvatore C., S/Sgt.
Bickley, Vernon E., S/Sgt.
Burkett, Robert I., S/Sgt.

Bolton, James B., Jr., Sgt.
Boyle, Paul T., Sgt.
Bullington, James C., Sgt.
Beaver, Leslie E., Cpl.
Borowski, Joseph E., Cpl.
Burg, Sol., Cpl.
Braatz, Floyd F., Tec. 5
Baldassare, Alex. B., Pfc.
Baldwin, Garnett W., Pfc.
Bannick, Paul P., Pfc.
Barker, Cecil, Pfc.
Barlow, Arvill D., Pfc.
Baron, Arnold D., Jr., Pfc.
Bartolini, Ilio A., Pfc.
Beard, Joseph E., Pfc.
Beckham, Levon, Pfc.
Bell, Jay J., Jr., Pfc.
Bellows, James R., Pfc.
Berg, William W., Jr., Pfc.
Berry, Herbert E., Pfc.
Berry, Jesse L., Pfc.
Biby, David A., Pfc.
Blacharsky, George, Pfc.
Blair, Clyde, Pfc.
Bolton, Mike, Jr., Pfc.
Bolyszow, John S., Pfc.
Boras, John, Pfc.
Bothelo, Daniel, Pfc.
Boutchyard, Linwood E., Pfc.
Bregman, Lewis L., Pfc.
Brewer, William H., Pfc.
Brockman, Lowell E., Pfc.
Broich, Cletus F., Pfc.
Brookman, Charlie N., Pfc.
Brooks, Herman O., Pfc.
Brooks, James W., Pfc.
Brooks, Thomas J., Pfc.
Brosier, John A., Pfc.
Burgess, Addie S., Pfc.
Burnson, Donald G., Pfc.
Buskirk, James S., Pfc.
Byrd, John H., Pfc.
Bajich, Peter, J., Pvt.
Baker, William C., Pvt.
Baldwin, Alfred L., Pvt.

Baltuska, Albin J., Pvt.
Baluk, Michael, Pvt.
Bardon, Edward, Pvt.
Barone, Frank C., Pvt.
Barrow, Charles H., Pvt.
Bartfai, Louis J., Pvt.
Basick, Joseph A., Pvt.
Beard, Virgel M., Pvt.
Bennett, William O., Pvt.
Boone, Thomas J., Pvt.
Bossaller, Herbert A., Pvt.
Bouillez, Frank A., Pvt.
Bowling, Taylor, Pvt.
Bramlett, L. D., Pvt.
Branton, Carl J., Pvt.
Brooks, George A., Pvt.
Brunner, Robert J., Pvt.
Bryant, Bascom J., Pvt.
Buccheri, Samuel N., Pvt.
Budnick, Harold G., Pvt.
Cohan, Frank D., 1st Lt.
Coker, Lyman H., Jr., 1st Lt.
Chisholm, James E., Jr., 2nd Lt.
Creamer, James E., 1st Sgt.
Cessna, Dougl. C., Jr., T/Sgt.
Campbell, William L., S/Sgt.
Carroll, Edward J., S/Sgt.
Cocco, Joseph C., S/Sgt.
Couch, Ray, S/Sgt.
Croll, Howard F., S/Sgt.
Cycon, Thomas F., S/Sgt.
Cain, James L., Sgt.
Carmichael, Charles H., Sgt.
Chisham, William P., Sgt.
Crisman, Everett K., Sgt.
Czyzewski, Steve S., Cpl.
Cahill, Raymond J., Pfc.
Cain, William L., Pfc.
Caldwell, Merlin F., Pfc.
Cale, Herbert W., Pfc.
Cambras, Charles W., Pfc.
Campbell, Curtis D., Pfc.
Cantwell, James J., Jr., Pfc.
Capehart, Ralph L., Pfc.
Carlton, Joe N., Pfc.

Carpenter, Charles C., Pfc.
Carruthers, Frederick E., Pfc.
Casper, William B., Pfc.
Chmura, Mitchell J., Pfc.
Claytor, Clifton E., Pfc.
Click, Kermit, Pfc.
Clifford, Curtis F., Pfc.
Clonch, Philip W., Pfc.
Cooke, William T., Pfc.
Cooler, Ernest W., Pfc.
Cooley, Ernest C., Pfc.
Cooper, Clifford A., Jr., Pfc.
Cormier, Lawrence A., Pfc.
Corn, Chesley J., Pfc.
Corns, Guy E., Pfc.
Courtney, Francis J., Pfc.
Cox, Cecil L., Pfc.
Cricco, John V., Pfc.
Cruz, Andrew B., Pfc.
Cummings, James R., Pfc.
Curry, Sherman, Pfc.
Curry, Thomas D., Pfc.
Cantrell, Jahue R., Pvt.
Cardillo, Nicholas W., Pvt.
Cearley, Jesse F., Pvt.
Chapman, Maxwell W., Pvt.
Chassey, Maurice, Pvt.
Ciotti, Vincent D., Pvt.
Clark, John W., Pvt.
Cline, George W., Jr., Pvt.
Cockrell, Robert S., Jr., Pvt.
Coleman, Addis A., Pvt.
Collins, Harris L., Pvt.
Conaway, Nevin O., Pvt.
Coolbeth, Dale A., Pvt.
Corbe, Alfred R., Pvt.
Cornejo, Gonzalo C., Pvt.
Coston, Thomas J., Pvt.
Coulson, Wesley H., Pvt.
Cunningham, Zane A., Pvt.
Dellow, Harry J., 1st Lt.
Dever, Harold S., 1st Lt.
Dockery, Rufus L., Jr., 1st Lt.
Dearing, George B., 2nd Lt.
Depp, Glenn G., T/Sgt.

Doolittle, G. W., Jr., T/Sgt.
Davis, John T., S/Sgt.
Dewey, Charles F., S/Sgt.
Dilulio, Angelo A., S/Sgt.
Dimauro, Carmen J., S/Sgt.
Dixon, Dalton J., S/Sgt.
Douglass, Donald L., Sgt.
Davis, Arthur L., Cpl.
Dimassa, Guy L., Cpl.
Dunford, John P., Cpl.
Deluca, Armand R., Tec. 5
Deluca, Charles J., Tec. 5
Dailey, Gale W., Pfc.
Daniele, James, Pfc.
Daniels, Bernhard L., Pfc.
Davenport, John L., Pfc.
Day, Erwin L., Pfc.
Day, Willie F., Pfc.
Dean, Hartzel E., Pfc.
Dearstone, Haskell C., Pfc.
De Legge, Joseph J., Jr., Pfc.
Demers, Wilfred J., Pfc.
Denton, Cyrus E., Pfc.
Dickson, Max T., Pfc.
Didominic, Charly C., Pfc.
Di Mauro, John T., Pfc.
Di Ruggiero, John, Pfc.
Dolan, Robert E., Pfc.
Douglas, Carl E., Pfc.
Dresh, Clifton A., Jr., Pfc.
Dunbar, John M., Pfc.
Depaul, James A., Pvt.
Deverell, Henry J., Jr., Pvt.
Digby, Ernest, Pvt.
Doersam, Irvin E., Pvt.
Duffy, Hugh S., Pvt.
Dufoe, Raymond T., Pvt.
Dulak, Andrew J., Pvt.
Duvall, Raphael E., Pvt.
Ericksen, Harold A., Lt. Col.
Ernster, Ralph W., 1st Lt.
Ettinger, William U., T/Sgt.
Ehmet, Joseph E., S/Sgt.
Englund, Paul L., S/Sgt.
Eller, John H., Sgt.
Evans, Donald S., Sgt.
Elmore, Clarence R., Tec. 5
Eager, John F., Pfc.
Eastek, Walter G., Pfc.
Eckhardt, Jack E., Pfc.
Edwards, Arthur F., Pfc.
Edwards, William D., Pfc.
Eldridge, Jake, Pfc.
Eller, Daniel A., Pfc.
Emrich, William H., Pfc.
Esqueda, Antonio C., Pfc.
Evans, George W., Pfc.
Edgins, J. D., Pvt.
Eggert, Sam, Pvt.
Faber, James F., Lt. Colonel
Frank, John E., 2nd Lt.
Fekas, William, T/Sgt.
Fickes, Robert W., S/Sgt.
Fitzpatrick, Richard C., S/Sgt.
Fontz, George F., S/Sgt.
Fritz, Michael E., S/Sgt.
Fura, Henry S., S/Sgt.
Fyala, Theodore J., S/Sgt.
Fowler, Richard, Tec. 3
Fairscey, Bartholomew J., Sgt.
Farling, Harden D., Sgt.
Fields, Arlie, Sgt.
Fetty, Orland C., Cpl.
Fragale, Joseph J., Cpl.
Faulkner, Herman A., Tec. 5
Fork, Clyde E., Tec. 5
Fournier, Roger S., Tec. 5
Fain, Raymond L., Pfc.
Farris, William E., Pfc.
Faulkner, John H., Pfc.
Feinglas, Marshall W., Pfc.
Fischer, George W., Pfc.
Fisher, Roger N., Pfc.
Floyd, James L., Pfc.
Ford, Ralph A., Pfc.
Foster, Marvin W., Pfc.
Frederick, Lawrence F., Pfc.
Frederick, Wayne R., Pfc.
Freund, Arthur L., Pfc.
Fritz, Edwin A., Pfc.
Fair, James G., Pvt.
Ferrell, Florst E., Pvt.
Fischer, Roy W., Pvt.
Fitzgerald, Louis T., Pvt.
Ford, Randall H., Pvt.
Frank, Joseph R., Pvt.
Franklin, Clinton A., Pvt.
Gahn, Richard R., 1st Lt.
Geldner, Lawr. W., T/Sgt.
Gilchrist, Vincent J., T/Sgt.
Greer, Avery M., T/Sgt.
Gardner, Mannon J., S/Sgt.
Gaston, Chalmers M., S/Sgt.
Gaydush, George, S/Sgt.
Gerber, Franklin J., S/Sgt.
Ghere, Bobby G., S/Sgt.
Gibbs, Chester R., S/Sgt.
Gregory, John V., S/Sgt.
Gillespie, Lanta L., Sgt.
Goulart, Francis, Sgt.
Guy, Willie O., Sgt.
Galli, Robert J., Pfc.
Games, Thomas L., Pfc.
Gancarz, Theodore, Pfc.
Gangemi, Salvatore A., Pfc.
Gaul, John J., Pfc.
Gerken, Rudolph H., Pfc.
Gerlich, Emil F., Pfc.
Germano, John, Pfc.
Giambatista, Anthony T., Pfc.
Giffin, Arthur L., Pfc.
Gilbert, Charles, Pfc.
Glaser, Ralph V., Pfc.
Glenn, Chester W., Pfc.
Goff, G. L., Pfc.
Goff, Walter V., Pfc.
Gonsalves, John S., Pfc.
Good, Earl V., Pfc.
Green, Walter F., Pfc.
Gregerson, Ralph W., Pfc.
Grenon, Leonard C., Pfc.
Gripshover, Richard J., Pfc.
Guthrie, George, Pfc.
Guy, David R., Pfc.
George, Norman R., Pvt.
Gladney, Thomas H., Pvt.
Glenn, Richard R., Pvt.
Gonyou, Robert W., Pvt.
Goodridge, Leverne E., Pvt.
Goss, Vernon L., Pvt.
Greene, Jack E., Pvt.
Greenspon, Jacob L., Pvt.
Grogan, Edmund L., Pvt.
Grow, Orrin R., Pvt.
Hall, John M., 2nd Lt.
Hickman, Donald E., T/Sgt.
Hackenberg, T. H., S/Sgt.
Hans, Howard J., S/Sgt.
Hardie, Robert J., S/Sgt.
Harrison, Roy N., S/Sgt.
Heartsill, James F., S/Sgt.
Henderson, George S., S/Sgt.
Henry, Carl F., S/Sgt.
Hilkey, Joseph R., S/Sgt.
Homka, Joseph F., S/Sgt.
Howell, Howard M., S/Sgt.
Hynoski, Benjamin S., S/Sgt.
Haire, Hubert L., Sgt.
Hanggi, Peter T., Sgt.
Hellman, Callistus S., Sgt.
Hunsaker, John W., Sgt.
Hawkins, Paul G., Cpl.
Hetrick, Robert C. E., Cpl.
Hodges, Grover H., Cpl.
Hughes, Donald J., Cpl.
Hall, Degarth, Pfc.
Hallgarth, Lloyd F., Pfc.
Hamm, Linwood J., Pfc.
Hammond, E. W., Pfc.
Hanley, Joseph B., Pfc.
Hanna, William H., Pfc.
Hanselman, Jacob F., Pfc.
Harkins, John J., Pfc.
Harris, Michael, Pfc.
Harris, Stephen L., Pfc.
Harrison, William E., Pfc.
Haverkamp, Joseph N., Pfc.
Hawn, Iris L., Pfc.
Hayden, Raymond E., Pfc.
Hayes, Russell S., Pfc.
Henry, George V., Pfc.
Hill, James, Pfc.
Hinchee, Harry L., Pfc.
Hodge, Guy E., Pfc.
Hoffman, Donald E., Pfc.
Holley, James E., Pfc.
Hollifield, Joseph D., Pfc.
Hooks, Charles A., Pfc.
Hoover, Voight B., Pfc.
Hope, Clarence L., Pfc.
Hopkins, James G., Pfc.
Hornbeck, Sherley M., Pfc.
Horowitz, Louis D., Pfc.
Huberty, Donald J., Pfc.
Hummel, Joseph H., Pfc.
Hunter, Dale D., Pfc.
Hyatt, John L., Pfc.
Hallas, George J., Pvt.
Hanrahan, John F., Pvt.
Harris, Kenneth W., Pvt.
Harrison, Robert A., Pvt.
Hart, Raymond M., Pvt.
Harvey, William H., Pvt.
Hatcher, Henry F., Pvt.
Hatcher, Kenneth I., Pvt.
Hazel, Donald I., Pvt.
Head, Clyde, Pvt.
Herr, Wilbur J., Pvt.
Hill, Tom B., Jr., Pvt.
Hillin, Mathie, Pvt.
Holley, Vern G., Pvt.
Holmbeck, Arthur J., Pvt.
Houck, Hubert M., Pvt.
Hudack, John, Pvt.
Hulbert, Clarence B., Pvt.
Hustel, Axel, Pvt.
Iusi, Sam F., T/Sgt.
Iafelice, Walter, S/Sgt.
Irvine, Martin O., Pfc.
Isaacs, James F., Pvt.
Jones, James G., 2nd Lt.
Jacobs, Joseph S., S/Sgt.
Jarrell, Thomas F., S/Sgt.
Johnson, James W., S/Sgt.
Jackson, Hugh M., Sgt.
James, Emerson R., Sgt.
Jones, George J., Cpl.
Jacobs, James F., Pfc.
Jamison, Edward B., Pfc.
Jenkins, Earl F., Pfc.
Jenkins, Sesco, Pfc.
Jennings, Raymond, Pfc.
Johnson, Coda J., Pfc.
Johnson, Thomas I., Pfc.
Johnson, William R., Pfc.
Jones, Daniel C., Pfc.
Janiga, Robert L., Pvt.
Jaramillo, Thomas H., Pvt.
Johnson, Charles L., Pvt.
Jones, Harold W., Pvt.

Jones, Marques S., Pvt.
Jones, Vernon G., Pvt.
Jurs, Norman C., Pvt.
Kleppin, Donald G., 2nd Lt.
Kaulback, Clayton R., S/Sgt.
Knapp, Walter A., S/Sgt.
Kosbucki, A. W., Jr., S/Sgt.
Kufrovich, Joseph F., S/Sgt.
Kennedy, John P., Sgt.
Kirkpatrick, Raymond H., Sgt.
Knowles, Charles W., Jr., Sgt.
Kreamer, John C., II, Sgt.
Kurzhal, Richard W., Sgt.
Kraus, Robert J., Tec. 4
Kriens, Harold E., Tec. 5
Kaminskas, Ernest B., Pfc.
Karafa, Steven J., Pfc.
Kavadas, Pete, Pfc.
Kelley, Ernest L., Pfc.
Kennedy, Alexander H., Pfc.
Kibby, Billy C., Pfc.
Kiblinger, Luther W., Pfc.
Kimball, Ralph P., Pfc.
King, Frank T., Pfc.
Kinnett, Joseph, Jr., Pfc.
Kirin, George P., Pfc.
Kirkland, Paul H., Pfc.
Kleiner, John J., Pfc.
Kleinschmidt, Joseph P., Pfc.
Knarr, Ivan W., Pfc.
Koivunen, John E., Pfc.
Kolins, Ben G., Pfc.
Koper, Walter W., Pfc.
Kosvic, Rudolph S., Pfc.
Koudelka, Leslie, Pfc.
Kowalewski, Michael, Pfc.
Kuhlig, Ernest, Pfc.
Kuhn, George W., Pfc.
Kulesa, John, Pfc.
Kanick, Walter W., Pvt.
Kaplan, Harry, Pvt.
Keliner, Eugene D., Pvt.
King, Frank H., Pvt.
King, Fred A., Pvt.
Kornokovich, Joseph A., Pvt.
Kurr, Everett E., Pvt.
Kuzma, Bronislaw G., Pvt.
Laird, Joe R., 2nd Lt.
Loboy, Walter E., 2nd Lt.
Lucas, William C., 2nd Lt.
Lincoski, Louis A., T/Sgt.
Lusk, James L., T/Sgt.
Lee, Gardner, S/Sgt.
Lucas, John, Sgt.
Lee, George J., Cpl.
Labrasseur, Arthur J., Pfc.
Lamaak, Marvin J., Pfc.
Lambert, George A., Pfc.
La Mond Earl D., Pfc.
Lanford, Herman T., Pfc.

Lara, Catarino E., Pfc.
Lavasseur, Archie, Jr., Pfc.
Laws, Jack E., Pfc.
Leathers, Earle B., Pfc.
Leavery, Francis A., Pfc.
Lee, Lambert, Pfc.
Leque, Laverne O., Pfc.
Letersky, William H., Pfc.
Logan, Millard, Pfc.
Long, Elza B., Pfc.
Long, Howard K., Pfc.
Long, William I., Pfc.
Lowell, Lawrence M., Pfc.
Loyd, Ernest L., Jr., Pfc.
Lozier, Clifford W., Pfc.
Ludwig, Joseph H., Pfc.
Lamm, William E., Jr., Pvt.
Langeslag, Richard P., Pvt.
Ledee, Reginald J., Pvt.
Lerma, William, Pvt.
Lium, Olaf O., Pvt.
McHugh, John J., 1st Sgt.
McCarthy, Arthur H., S/Sgt.
McMahen, Dewey W., S/Sgt.
McElhany, James V., Sgt.
McJunkins, Ralph T., Sgt.
McMahon, Thomas R., Sgt.
McMullan, Hugh A., Sgt.
McClain, William M., Jr., Cpl.
McAfoose, Harry M., Jr., Pfc.
McBroom, William U., Jr., Pfc.
McCormick, Bradley M., Pfc.
McCullough, Frank W., Pfc.
McDowell, Ralph R., Pfc.
McGarry, Thomas F., Pfc.
McGrath, Thomas F., Pfc.
McGuire, Edward A., Pfc.
McHaney, Haskel E., Pfc.
McKinney, Braxton, Pfc.
McLain, Neil J., Pfc.
McQueary, James R., Pfc.
McCourt, Frank J., Pvt.
McDaniel, Sim J., Pvt.
McDonald, Lloyd A., Pvt.
McGee, Edward P., Jr., Pvt.
Moore, Daniel M., Captain
Murphy, Patrick F., Captain
Miklich, Ivan J., 1st Lt.
Miller, Bobby C., 1st Lt.
Moriarty, John C., 1st Lt.
Mote, Kingston H., 1st Lt.
Marvin, Wayne S., 2nd Lt.
Metheny, Hershel A., T/Sgt.
Mitchell, John D., T/Sgt.
Moore, Russell G., T/Sgt.
Morris, Leo G., T/Sgt.
Mayberry, Arthur R., S/Sgt.
Medas, Joseph A., S/Sgt.
Meier, Albert F., S/Sgt.
Marzigliano, Steven, Sgt.

Meier, Raymond A., Sgt.
Montague, Daniel L., Sr., Sgt.
Montez, Julien M., Sgt.
Moore, Claude, Sgt.
Mullen, John K., Sgt.
Malioy, John J., Jr., Tec. 4
Maniscalco, Philip S., Tec. 4
Middioni, Carmeio, Cpl.
Mishler, Wilbur L., Cpl.
Molander, Lloyd E., Cpl.
Mullinex, James W., Tec. 5
Mabus, Robert L., Pfc.
Macelwee, Roy S., Jr., Pfc.
Magana, Joe C., Pfc.
Magner, Francis J., Pfc.
Mahlman, Thomas L., Pfc.
Maksin, Andrew M., Pfc.
Malone, Francis J., Pfc.
Marakian, Jack A., Pfc.
Marcus, George, Pfc.
Marmara, Lawrence J., Pfc.
Mason, Robert E., Pfc.
Massey, Carl K., Pfc.
Maxwell, Everett T., Pfc.
Mayes, Herman, Pfc.
Meany, Roy A., Pfc.
Meeker, Russell L., Pfc.
Michael, Richard G., Pfc.
Milby, Walter D., Pfc.
Miller, Edward C., Pfc.
Miller, Edward K., Pfc.
Miller, Henry F., Pfc.
Miller, John J., Pfc.
Miller, Melvin E., Pfc.
Miller, Raymond J., Pfc.
Mills, Guy T., Pfc.
Mills, Harry, Pfc.
Mills, Robert W., Pfc.
Mitchell, Wayne O., Pfc.
Mixon, James D., Pfc.
Molier, Russell A., Pfc.
Moore, Tom H., Pfc.
Morgan, Burlington H., Pfc.
Morgan, Edward W., Pfc.
Morgan, William B., Pfc.
Morris, John A., Pfc.
Mowry, Harry G., Pfc.
Murphy, Joseph B. J., Pfc.
Murray, Wayne D., Pfc.
Myrick, Thomas E., Pvt.
Macaluso, Michael J., Pvt.
Malone, Hershel L., Pvt.
Malone, Ion F., Pvt.
Marcinkiewicz, Benj. J., Pvt.
Marsett, Charles R., Pvt.
Martin, Gerald A., Pvt.
Martin, Kinble, Pvt.
Martin, Thomas W., Pvt.
Martin, William D., Pvt.
Martino, Paul B., Pvt.

Matthews, Bay D. B., Jr., Pvt.
Meaker, William F., Pvt.
Messina, Giuseppe J., Pvt.
Meyer, Odis H., Pvt.
Michaud, Aurele J., Pvt.
Mihailov, Vaio, Pvt.
Milby, Roy, Pvt.
Miller, Harry T., Jr., Pvt.
Millican, James K., Pvt.
Mills, Adran V., Pvt.
Mitak, Paul, Pvt.
Mitchell, William E., Pvt.
Molenhouse, Oliver, Pvt.
Montgomery, Hubert R., Pvt.
Moore, Charles R., Pvt.
Moore, Daniel, Pvt.
Moore, Silas E., Pvt.
Moreland, Dale J., Pvt.
Morgan, Ambrose D., Pvt.
Morgan, Ellis, Pvt.
Murray, James J., Pvt.
Murray, William J., Pvt.
Norskey, Walter P., T/Sgt.
Nardone, Albert J., Sgt.
Newman, George H., Sgt.
Neely, William G., Jr., Pfc.
Ness, Norman D., Pfc.
Newth, George H., Pfc.
Ney, George W., Pfc.
Nieto, Joseph, Pfc.
Norris, Althon B., Pfc.
Norris, Willis E., Pfc.
Nucci, Frank, Pfc.
Nyikos, Robert E., Pfc.
Nadolph, George M., Pvt.
Nagle, William F., Pvt.
Nawracaj, John M., Pvt.
Nelson, Albin E., Pvt.
Newton, Lawrence E., Pvt.
Neyman, Charles, Pvt.
Nicksic, Joseph H., Pvt.
Novinsky, Frank, Pvt.
Nunnery, Leroy, Pvt.
Oelrichs, Vernon J. H., S/Sgt.
O'Hara, James, Pfc.
Oliver, George L., Jr., Pfc.
Oliver, Samuel N., Jr., Pfc.
Olszewski, Edward, Pfc.
O'Neill, Clayton C., Pfc.
Orr, Alex, Pfc.
O'Brien, William R., Pvt.
Olin, John R., Pvt.
Olson, Clifford E., Pvt.
Ordanez, Joe, Pvt.
Owens, John D., Pvt.
Peirce, Henry T., T/Sgt.
Peters, Sylvester J., T/Sgt.
Perilio, Mohn P., S/Sgt.
Pierce, Jesse B., S/Sgt.
Pitre, Syrus R., S/Sgt.

Tuttle, Leonard A., Pfc.
Twedt, Verlin H., Pfc.
Tyl, Emil L., Pfc.
Tyler, William E., Pfc.
Taggart, Robert M., Pvt.
Tannenbaum, Henry I., Pvt.
Taylor, William J .,Pvt.
Thomas, Louis J., Pvt.
Thompson, Thomas H., Pvt.
Tinder, William, Pvt.
Todd, James B., Pvt.
Topicz, Paul V., Pvt.
Touchberry, Robert M., Pvt.
Trenary, George C., Pvt.
Truell, George W., Pvt.
Tufenkjian, Arthur A., Pvt.
Tweed, Paul, Pvt.
Ungren, Arthur K., 1st Lt.
Uchman, Michael V., Pvt.
Vikara, John H., S/Sgt.
Vitantonio, Albert J., S/Sgt.
Vaow, Lawrence H., Sgt.
Verbinski, Albert C., Sgt.
Vitori, Frank D., Sgt.
Vaculik, Jerry R., Pfc.
Van Dusen, Chester, Jr., Pfc.
Varner, Mervin K., Pfc.
Vasterling, Henry C., Pfc.
Vatiato, Phillip, Pfc.
Vayansky, Bernard E., Pfc.
Velasquez, Carlos, Pfc.
Verovich, Nicholas J., Pfc.
Vertucci, Frank M., Pfc.
Vines, Conwell F., Pfc.
Valencia, Richard L., Pvt.
Vanden, James W., Pvt.
Vickroy, Eli I., Pvt.
Weinhardt, Henry C., 1st Lt.
Williams, Wallace M., 1st Lt.
Witherspoon, Vinc. W., 1st Lt.
Williams, Phil H., 2nd Lt.
Walton, Oran O., S/Sgt.
Weck, Clarence E., S/Sgt.
White, George E., S/Sgt.
Wright, Opal B., S/Sgt.
Warburton, Roy E., Sgt.
Ward, Carl, Pfc.
Washburn, Ronald F., Sgt.
Wood, John H., Sgt.
Wrenn, Lloyd M., Tec. 4
White, James R., Tec. 5
Widner, Herbert M., Tec. 5
Williams, Elmer G., Tec. 5
Witek, John, Tec. 5
Waldon, John A., Pfc.
Walker, Earl, Pfc.
Wall, Ivan G., Pfc.
Walzl, Paul F., Pfc.
Warren, Mont G., Pfc.
Watson, Howard A., Pfc.
Weaver, John C., Jr., Pfc.
Weaver, Wilmont, Pfc.
Weiner, John, Pfc.
Weirich, Jack L., Pfc.
Weisenborn, Gerald M., Pfc.
Wells, William R., Pfc.
Wenzel, Eugene E., Pfc.
Werley, Ralph W., Pfc.
Wertel, Norman, Pfc.
West, James, Pfc.
Westerman, Ambrose C., Pfc.
Weyhrauch, Calvin, Pfc.
Wharton, Purcell, Pfc.
Wheeler, Edward P., Pfc.
Whitely, Carl L., Pfc.
Wierzbicki, Raymond, Pfc.
Wiese, Theodore A., Pfc.
Wiggins, Sidney, Pfc.
Wilburn, Sylvester L., Pfc.
Wilder, Robert L., Pfc.
Wildmon, Galveston, Pfc.
Wilkerson, Clarence R., Pfc.
Wilkerson, William A., Pfc.
Williams, Albert A., Pfc.
Williams, Kenneth L., Pfc.
Williams, Thomas H., Pfc.
Williams, Ward E., Pfc.
Wilson, Oliver K., Pfc.
Wingo, Fred, Pfc.
Wodtli, Alvin P., Pfc.
Woods, Paul S., Pfc.
Wopicka, Richard H., Pfc.
Worrell, Joseph B., Pfc.
Wright, William J., Pfc.
Wyatt, Alton L., Pfc.
Waldman, Harry, Pvt.
Walker, Edward C., Pvt.
Wallace, Eldon L., Pvt.
Wallace, William T., Pvt.
Waterbury, Frederick, Pvt.
Watts, Raymond L., Pvt.
Weaver, George D., Pvt.
Weinsteiger, Wilbert G., Pvt.
Whalen, James W., Pvt.
Wheeler, Herman V., Pvt.
Whitby, Albert L., Pvt.
White, Alfred G., Pvt.
Widiger, Theran L., Pvt.
Williams, Frank N., Pvt.
Williams, George R., Jr., Pvt.
Williams, Hugh, Jr., Pvt.
Wilson, Donald V., Pvt.
Wilson, Gerald W., Pvt.
Wilson, James O., Pvt.
Wingert, Donald E., Pvt.
Wolcott, Charles F., Pvt.
Woods, Ben, Pvt.
Wooten, Thomas E., Pvt.
Worden, Robert V., Pvt.
Younce, Warren J., S/Sgt.
Young, Clarence C., Pfc.
Yancy, Daniel A., Pvt.
Zmarzley, Chester P., Pfc.
Zaleski, Stanley, Pvt.
Zinn, Francis L., Pvt.

NON-BATTLE CASUALTY DEATHS

Murphy, Louis D., Tec. 4
Camerota, Carmine C., Cpl.
Burkholder, Sam O., Tec. 5
Metallo, Louis V., Tec. 5
Barbe, Russell M., Pfc.
Dragwa, Charles, Pfc.
Thompson, Eb, Pfc.
Wallace, William B., Jr., Pfc.
Carlig, Louis, Pvt.
Timothy, Joseph J., Pvt.
Veach, Earlmon, Pvt.

MISSING IN ACTION

Labella, Frank P., T/Sgt.
Wetzel, Erwin G., T/Sgt.
Linke, Frederick H., S/Sgt.
Creech, John M., Sgt.
Shipley, Claude F., Sgt.
Denning, Lloyd J., Cpl.
Stevenson, Robert L., Tec. 5
Bapst, Orlando, Pfc.
Cliburn, David H., Pfc.
Enright, John J., Jr., Pfc.
Ginchereau, R. M., Pfc.
Hollingsworth, Garland, Pfc.
Kasik, Joseph, Pfc.
Kelly, James P., Pfc.
Lawrence, James W., Pfc.
Lehman, Walter R., Pfc.
Mendelblat, Milton, Pfc.
Niksa, Edward W., Pfc.
Perun, Stephen A., Pfc.
Ploettner, Chester N., Pfc.
Reynolds, Clinton P., Pfc.
Richardson, Willie L., Pfc.
Sadoski, Peter P., Pfc.
Vessels, William H., Pfc.
Walters, Eugene A., Pfc.
Antle, Elmer R., Pvt.
Clothier, Clyde E., Pvt.
Craig, M. W., Sr., Pvt.
Golben, Marvin M., Pvt.
Gorcznski, John W., Pvt.
Howard, Victor E., Pvt.
Mogan, Joseph W., Pvt.
Nix, John M., Jr., Pvt.
Oien, Jay N., Pvt.
Padilla, Climaco H., Pvt.
Parsons, Bert J., Pvt.
Schilk, Kenneth A., Pvt.
Wagner, Roger H., Pvt.

Materiel Expended —

— Our artillery battalions, including Cannon Co., fired 103,379 rounds of 105 mm. shells and 51,680 rounds of 155 mm. shells.

— We fired 6,974,050 rounds of small arms ammunition.

— We fired 158,958 rounds of mortar.

— We threw 57,607 hand grenades against the enemy.

— We launched 24,507 anti-tank rifle and rocket grenades.

— We fired 3,952 rounds of 57 mm. HE shells.

— We laid 22,306 miles of telephone wire.

— We consumed 25,006,000 gallons of gasoline.

PHOTO CREDITS: 163 pages by Sgt. Jack Straus; 77 by following - Pages 21-42, 50 (top), 51, 52, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59 (top), 61, 62 (bot.), 63 (top), 64, 93 (bot.), 94 (bot.), 129, 134, 135 - Signal Corps; Pgs. 43, 45, 49, 60, 67, 69, 70, 72, 74, 76, 77, 80 (bot.), 89, 144 (bot.) - Lt. Noel Anderson; Pgs. 44, 54, 59 (bot.), 62 (top), 63 (bot.), 66, 71 (top), 75, 85 (top), 86, 92, 94 (top), 98, 100, 101, 104, 119, 120, 121, 125 (bot.), 127 (bot.), 144 (top), 149 (bot.), 150, 151, 152, 154, 160, 163 (bot.), 164, 165, 166 (bot.), 171 (left) - Pfc. Michael Vaccaro; Pgs. 81, 131, 138, 140 - Pfc. George Capes.

