

5/27/86

This was written just after VE day in  
May 1945 on a "liberated" German typewriter.  
The men were members of Co A, 48<sup>th</sup> Tank Bn,  
14<sup>th</sup> Armored Div, 3<sup>rd</sup> U.S. Army.

This account, written so soon after  
the war, is quite authentic.

C. J. MAGRISH  
880 RUE DE LA PAIX - PH 2  
CINCINNATI, OHIO 45220

#### FORWARD

This is neither a book nor is it a pamphlet, so you can call it an in-between or whatever you desire. Our main characters are those who have seen combat with Company A of the 48th Tank Battalion and no women are introduced to enliven the plot. As was stated, this is no book.

No plot is needed and no heroes are here.

Civilians at heart but soldiers at present, they that read this "in-between" know that there is nothing fictitious about 7 months of combat and nothing can be added to heighten the excitement or soften the sorrow.

In short it is a simple story of combat in which everything is damned complicated and a story in which the character parts have been undertaken by the men of "A" Co.

Tec 5 Paul Pryor

To those brave men who made the supreme sacrifice  
so that peace and the democratic, American way of living  
could exist once more in the world, we dedicate this history.  
These men may have left us in body but they will remain forever  
in our minds and hearts.

IN MEMORY OF

Sgt. Charles Small  
Tec 5 Melvin Butler  
Tec 3 Raymond Polanowski  
Sgt. Forest Gable  
Cpl. Knott Rankin  
Tec 4 John Whatford  
~~Sgt~~ William Spellman  
1fc. Richard Malloy  
S/sjt Donald Brooks

THE HISTORY OF COMPANY A 48TH TANK BN

Cpl H. Stone & Pfc L. Crews

On November 1 1944, at a pier in Marseilles, a ship the Santa Rosa, unloaded a cargo. These men new to the ETO then but soon to become part of a famous fighting unit, were members of Company A of the 48th Tank Battalion, and as they walked through the bombed out streets and docks of this once great harbor they gaped about, awed at the newness of it all. The mere sight of the twisted rails and damaged buildings was exciting at the time. Wondering what it was like when the first troops came through a town of this size, or any town for that matter. In fact, just wondering about the war in general.

We were marched sans bedrolls, but with packs, gas masks, ammo bags and weapons up to the assembly area for the battalion. It was only about 8 miles to this area but to us it seemed like 80 and all uphill. The terrain around Marseilles is very strange, if you aren't used to it. It seems that the hills are perched on top of each other. In this way, you arrive at the crest of one long hill and just as you breath a sigh of relief at the thought of marching downhill for a ways, find yourself staring up the side of another one.

On the way up to this area we became acquainted with the chant of the French children, "cigarette pour Papa", and "bonbon". Of course as time drew on and we had received a few passes to Marseilles and Aix we became familiar with a few other phrases in French, but they aren't important at this time.

At the assembly area itself we were arranged in company lines of tents and began our long stretch of field life. After a few days the tanks and other equipment began to arrive. Each piece was buried in the usual coat of cosmoline and paper. We were excited over our new tanks, with their cupalo hatches and 76mm guns. Quite a change from the old radials we had been accustomed to during our training in the states. Everyone thouroughly approved of them and was certain that we would be able to knock the daylight out of anyone that crossed our path, which we did!

Then one day we were told to pack up and prepare to move inland someplace for a final staging area. We loaded ourselves into 40 x 8 box cars and were ready to shove off for parts unknown. Now, the 40 x 8 is a very distinguished piece of French material, and to fully appreciate it one must spend a few soot-filled, smoky days in it. It is indescribable.

The forty and eight, as I said, is quite indescribable. It's cleanliness might be compared to a beautiful winter's morning in downtown Pittsburg. It's as placid and serene as a summer afternoon - in a steel mill. How the French Army ever crammed forty men into one of these boxcars shall remain a mystery along with the Lindberg kidnapping. We, with our sixteen men per car, were not only close, we were packed to the point of intimacy.

Along the way we passed through many bombed-out cities and towns. We had a cross section view of southern France.

The tanks were at the head of the train on their flatcars, the personnel behind. Along the way, when the grade was a little too steep, the railroad men dropped cars. It was not surprising at all to wake in the morning and find half of your tanks missing.

Finally, after what seemed like weeks of travel, we arrived at our destination in Epinal, France, and then were convoyed to Charms, a few kilometers from Epinal. The weather was poor at this time as it was raining almost constantly. The nights were cool already and two nights of the seven we spent here it snowed and turned uncomfortably cold.

We got our last minute instructions at Charms and were informed that our division was in the Seventh Army, under General Patch. We also received our radio procedure instructions and then spent a few days in keeping the air hot with transmissions. "Hello three dog", "How do you read me?", "I hear you five by five", and so forth, until we became experts at the radio game.

The day came when we were to be sent on our first combat mission. Off came the gun covers and on came the rain. This seemed to establish a precedent with our company, for as well as we can remember, we have always started on a long march or a mission on a Sunday and generally during a rainstorm. "C'est la guerre!" We started out early in the afternoon and before long had a few vehicles bogged down. We knew that we were getting nearer the front because we were riding in the direction of the artillery flashes we had seen night after night. We also had a slight idea of what it was going to be like up there because our CO, Captain Ory, and his peep driver, Pfc Craig, had taken a trip to the front lines to get the "big picture" for us. They had had the first close call of the company when a round of HE landed near the peep. This was also the first time anyone had ever made a peep do an "about face" in mid-air.

Our first assignment was the clearing out of the Vosges Mountains. Actually this was not very hard as far as enemy action was concerned but it was hard on the tankers because of the wet, cold and miserable weather. For over 7 days and nights, without a break we moved through the narrow mountain roads. Our clothing was wet through to the skin and we suffered severely from the cold. At this time you could have purchased any tank in the company for a cheap cigar and a pair of dry socks.

We ran up on road block after road block all of the way through the mountains, few of them defended, or even mined, but they were road blocks and each one had to be cleared before the column could move on. The second day of our mission was the first time we had ever been fired at. We were shelled by enemy artillery, with no casualties.

The woods were very thick and lined both sides of the roads. They were excellent spots for snipers to hide and pick off our tank commanders as we passed, so we had to be very cautious during stops when we dismounted.

On the morning of the 3rd day we had stopped and sent out security to protect the flanks of the column. In the 3rd platoon area Cpl Lanham, and Cpl Stone, then Pvts, were the flank guards.

"We were wet and cold and it seemed like a silly thing to do at the time," says Homer W. now, "but nevertheless we did our best at outposting the column."

"After approximately an hour passed we saw a couple of men in German uniforms moving around 200 yards to our direct front. We hit the ground behind a tree, and began firing our 'blow-backs'."

"One of us fired from one side of the tree and one from the other, our bodies crossed behind the tree. Stone's empty cart-ridges were bouncing off my helmet like rain. At first I thought I had been hit."

"We were so scared that we couldn't lay still, just shook until the whole world seemed to shake with us."

After our first clip had been fired, the rest of the platoon came down, we formed in a line and moved down toward the two men."

Larry Miller threw hand grenades at short intervals, at one time almost hitting T/5 Smith with one.

We finally closed in on them, killed one and captured one. Our first real, live prisoner.

One of the tanks, Sgt Newness's was bazooka'd during the first week, killing an infantry man who was seeking shelter from

While we were in the mountains we passed through quite a few towns and hamlets but the largest was the city of Schirmeck. This city was literally flattened by bombing and artillery. We were very curious indeed as we rumaged through an old Nazi headquarters building. It was here that the first platoon found a couple boxes of P-38's still in cosmoline.

Our first real battle in a city took place in the town of Valeff, France. The company in column formation, with the third platoon in the lead and the first following, was to attack and take the town. Recon elements were out in front until they drew fire, after which the column by-passed them and continued on its way to town. At the edge of town we had our first stroke of bad luck. The leading tank, Sgt Charles Small commanding, was fired upon by a "panzerfaust" from somewhere off on our right flank. Sgt Small was killed after he returned to the crippled tank for some reason or other. Whether it was to check up on his crew or to see if the two men in front were all right, we shall never know for he was killed instantly by a round of AP. His driver was also killed by the "panzerfaust" that struck first. Tec 5 Raymond Polanowski, Buffalo, New York, was driving for him. The other members of the crew, Cpl Walter Souder, Los Angeles, gunner; Pfc Robert Holt, California, radio tender; Pvt William Stillwagon, Mount Vernon, Ohio, bow gunner, were injured, all seriously but were evacuated to safety.

This tank formed a natural road block and a bull dozer was called upon to clear it. Here again we were hit by bad luck, the third platoon that is, because they were in the lead at the time. The radio on No 15 was out of commission entirely and the guns on No 11 jammed up. This left the platoon in serious shape so it was by-passed by the first, Sgt McCauley, leading, followed by the rest of the platoon.

"Call for infantry to ride on the backs of your tanks", was the order he received on his radio. Although the column was under spasmodic artillery fire at the time, Sgt McCauley dismounted and placed his attached infantry where he thought it would do the most good. The "doughs" were to ride on the rear decks of all but the leading tank.

"Move out", "Move out", the radio blurted, so he did. The tank took off through town with all guns blazing, blasting everything that came near its path. They knocked out a bazooka team

in the center of the town. At the far edge of Valeff, as they neared the fields that surrounded town, Sgt McCauley spotted a road block that was defended by a number of Germans. He halted his tank and took the road block under fire. The Germans dispersed, the majority of them heading for shelter near a huge concrete cross at the side of the road.

He adjusted his gunner, Cpl Hammon, on the target and gave the command, "Fire!"

"That's a cross!", shouted his gunner.

"Its' a piece of stone with krauts around it, Fire."

The big gun spoke and the krauts were taken care of in short order. At least, most of them were. As they moved along the road leading out of town, the Sgt spotted a German looking over a small hill on his left side. A short burst of .30 cal. made the head disappear but shortly it came back again.

"Well, I'll be!" Again he had his gunner fire at the spot and again the head disappeared. A third and fourth time was too much for his patience so he halted the tank to investigate. It turned out that there were 4 Germans trying to escape to the rear by crawling down a ditch. As they passed this one spot, the ditch was shallow and they were forced to stick their heads up above the ground level. Hence, 4 heads and 4 dead Jerries.

For his heroic action in Valeff, Sgt McCauley was awarded the Silver Star.

The day after this town was taken and cleared our company was again called upon to move into a town. This time it was the city of Barr, France. The second platoon, under Lt Sulik was in the lead of the column moving into the center of town, with Sgt Gable's tank in the point position.

The platoon knew that their mission was to take the town, or at least, this one section of it, but they didn't know what was in it. Their recon consisted of a peep and an armored car. These were fired on by a bazooka and self-propelled guns just shortly after they entered town.

Sgt Gable moved his tank into town, fired into a suspicious looking building and later discovered that it had contained an anti-tank gun and its crew.

They moved into the center of Barr, where there was a large square and a hospital. At this point they were fired on by AT guns. They immediately began to fire in the direction of the gun



~~which was~~ in this hospital. This same gun had just knocked out the battalion commander's tank about 100 yards in front of Sgt Gable.

His radio tender, Pvt Hennessey, saw a German soldier with a bazooka coming down the road toward them. He shot, and killed him with an M-3 submachine gun. This was the beginning of a story that spelled heroism in the eyes of everyone who witnessed it. The story can best be told by the words of the citation presented, posthumously, to Sgt Gable.

"Distinguished Service Cross awarded posthumously to Sgt Forest Gable for extraordinary heroism on 28 November 1944 while advancing into the town of Barr, France through intense enemy artillery and mortar fire Sgt Gable's tank was hit twice by enemy bazooka fire which disabled the tank and injured three members of the crew. Sgt Gable immediately directed artillery fire against the hostile position, thereby enabling the wounded men to escape. When his 75mm ammunition was expended he crawled to the rear of the tank and, despite intense automatic weapons fire, he continued to fire his 50 cal. machine gun. Disdaining retreat, he held his position until killed by enemy fire. By his extraordinary heroism and unselfish sacrifice, Sgt Gable enabled his three wounded comrades to escape and effected the successful withdrawal of the remainder of his platoon."

Sgt Gable's gunner, Cpl Knott Rankin of Rockland Maine, was also killed, as he remained in the tank firing the 75mm cannon until the ammunition had been used up. He was awarded the Silver Star, posthumously.

At the time that this was taking place in the center of town, the first platoon, under the command of Lt Woodard was moving into town via another route. They were following another company of tanks from this battalion. The information was passed down that all tanks should turn around and go back out of town. "The leading company turned around and by-passed our platoon, going back", said Lt Costa, then S/Sgt, "and next we turned around in the narrow streets."

Sgt Newness was in the lead on the retrograde movement and managed to keep up with the other retreating company, but the remaining tanks took a wrong turn and went back into another part of town. After going along for a way they realized their mistake and again turned around. By the time they reached the center of

~~town,~~ at the square, things had quieted down a bit. They met part of the 103rd Infantry Division here and decided it would be best to stay with them, rather than chance it back alone. It was getting to be late in the day now and to travel through this town at night would be disastrous enough, much less, to travel alone and not know where you were going.

The new combination of infantry and tanks made a good team because of the anti-tank guns and tanks in this area. The infantry could take care of the AT guns but were helpless against enemy armor.

One company of the 103rd was to move down through a side street of the city. Major England, our Bn S-3, Major Casper, CO of G Co, the attacking infantry company and S/Sgt Costa went out on a four man mission with the infantry to reconnoiter the territory and check for the possible uses of our tanks here.

A German civilian ran across the road in front of them. The infantry shouted "halt", but the man kept on going so they opened fire on him. The return for this was cross-fire from two enemy machine guns situated at the end of this particular street. The fire wiped out almost every man in the infantry company and pinned the four man recon party down.

After this very narrow escape the platoon of tanks decided that they should cease operations and spend the night in the town in a defensive position. They located the city square and set up out posts on it.

All night long the company command tank tried to reach this platoon by radio. Win Powers, radio tender in Captain Ory's tank, called again and again to the men in the four stranded tanks.

"Hello 1 charley, over!"

"Hello 1 dog, over!"

"Hello xray one, hello xray one, if you can hear this move your platoon to the edge of town!"

They didn't hear him, and even if they would have heard him they couldn't have moved to the edge of town, for they didn't know what was between them and that point. We felt sure, by this time that we had lost four tanks and the men in them. We could visualize these tanks somewhere in town, their charred hulks still smouldering, their ammo going off from the intense heat that is created by a tank burning. In our frenzied minds we could even see members of the crews come crawling out of town,

fighting team.

The third platoon patrolled the roads leading to the town. Back and forth along these roads, their long guns swinging from side to side, watching, waiting for some Kraut to show his face. They kept it up till long after dark and then line the tanks up where they had command of a large section of the country side.

The next morning the platoon was located and given instructions as to the route to follow to rejoin the company. We met, the 1st platoon and the company, in the center of the town and each felt like jumping from his tanks and kissing the other.

We moved out again and went in search of more Germans. A few kilometers from Barr we were exposed to an artillery barrage. S/Sgt Davis, now the company's First Sgt, was hit in the hand just as he was crawling back into his tank. He had dismounted to get information about the roads ahead.

The town was finally left behind us but it will never be forgotten by the men of "A" Company. It will live in our memories as a great battle on the road to complete victory.

From this point we moved to our first rest period at Melsheim, France. We spent 7 days in this city performing maintenance and placing sand bags on the front of the tank to ward off bazooka attacks. We were again ready for some more action and conquest.

We left Melsheim rested and with renewed confidence in ourselves, our tanks and our leaders and moved northeast into the city of Hagenau. This is a very large city situated on the edge of the great Hagenau Forest. We moved through this city and then through the forest.

From here on until we came to the town of Salmbach, France we met very light resistance. Road blocks and sniper fire, with occasional artillery. Just before we made the town of Salmbach we joined the 19th AIB and stayed with them for quite awhile.

The intense artillery and mortar fire around Salmbach and in the town itself made operations very hard. The German artillery was zeroed in on every possible spot in the entire city. No matter where we moved we were bombarded by heavy artillery. We later discovered that the German OP was in the steeple of the church in town. It is no wonder that we were exposed so in this barrage. From this vantage point, they could adjust in on any tank or group of doughs they saw. This was the last place we expected the Germans to have a forward observer, for from our position outside

of town, we had seen their own artillery knocking big chunks of red stone off of this very same steeple. We finished cleaning out the town after dark and then secured it and went about refueling and restowing our ammunition.

The next morning we moved on and were told that before nightfall we would be in Germany. Our mission was to take all the territory between Salmbach and the Lauter River and then establish a bridgehead on this river. At this spot the river is the boundary between France and Germany. On the way to the river we met road block after road block. They were not defended or mined so after a few of them, we threw caution to the winds and began smashing them at full speed with our medium tanks.

At this time the second platoon was in the lead. It contained elements of the second and third platoons. Sgt Spellman of Chicago, Illinois, was the point tank and his superb maneuvering and road block smashing undoubtedly saved many lives and very much time. His tank with its half squad of infantry on the back deck drove fearlessly on to the banks of the Lauter River.

In fact the tanks moved so fast over the bumpy roads that three of the infantry men on the rear deck of tank No 15 bounced off and had to complete the journey with another vehicle. They caught up to Sgt Haseltine at the Lauter River, a little shaken but none the worse for wear. There only darkness kept the platoon from completing the mission that night.

The next day the tanks placed direct fire on all buildings and possible enemy installations across the river. The men of the 19th "C" Co. moved swiftly and surely across the river after it was shelled and thereby completed the operation. Total losses on the bridgehead were 2 men wounded by sniper fire.

We remained here as outpost for 2 or 3 days and then moved on to Wissemburg, Germany for our next operation. We were to relieve "C" Co of the 25th Tank Bn at Kapsweyer, a small town in Germany that is located next to the dragon teeth of the Siegfried Line. It is about 5 km east of Wissemburg.

At Kapsweyer we set up the company in line formation and placed fire on the dragon teeth and pillboxes of the fortification in front of us.

We did not remain here long nor did we advance any farther into Germany for it was at this time that the 7th Army made a strategic withdrawal to straighten out the lines. We withdrew and were sent to Freusdorf, France for a brief rest. It was

getting very cold by this time and we knew the situation in France as far as stoves and fuel went, so before we left we loaded each tank with a small stove and a few baskets of wood or coal. The civilians had all left town anyway so they wouldn't have any use for the stoves that we "borrowed". We spent the Christmas holidays here at this town, which greatly pleased every member of the company; we were afraid that we would be on the line when Christmas came around.

A few days before New Years we moved by convoy to Gungwiller, France for security reasons. The weather was beginning to get very cold by this time and as the winter drew on riding in the tanks became harder and harder on the men. We left Gungwiller on the morning of January 1st supposedly to "dry run" a tactical movement but as it turned out, it was no dry run. For at this time the Germans threw in a counter attack "in the North" and we were called upon to secure a hill near the lines. Our one night here was spent with the thermometer hovering near minus 12 degrees F. This was about the coldest night that we spent in the tanks.

From here we moved to Impsheim and then to Leiterswiller. At Leiterswiller, the second platoon, commanded by Lt Sulik, in the lead, was moving towards the edge of town to outpost. Lt Sulik's tank struck a string of mines, blowing off his right track and doing considerable damage to the rest of the vehicle. He was injured slightly and evacuated immediately. His gunner, Cpl Souder was also shaken up by the blast, and again returned to the hospital. Particles from the explosion were driven into the tanks behind and caused slight injury to tank drivers T/5 Nosal and T/4 Hutt.

We reassembled our slowly diminishing company and moved on to the town of Kuhlendorf. At this town we received a very warm reception. Two of the new jet propelled German planes flew around our location and the field artillery installations on either edge of Kuhlendorf. This was the first time we had ever seen the "Jets" and they had us quite worried for awhile. They failed in their attempt to get close enough to our installations, because each time they came near the air filled rapidly with 50 cal. slugs.

On the 7th of January 1945 we were assigned to a "tank force" consisting of our battalion, a battalion of infantry and a battalion of field artillery. Our job was to hold the main line of resistance along the site of the Maginot Line. We were held in

reserve at the town of Kuhlendorf. Our CP was at this town during our entire stay at Rittershofen. We spent many exciting moments at this town.

One of the first days that we were here a dud from a German artillery piece landed near our mess truck. It skidded down the road between a group of men who were standing there talking. Then it ricocheted harmlessly out into the open spaces. It was quite a scare though, ask Fay Hamilton or Sam Katz or our former mess Sgt Carter, when you get back to the states and see him. Sgt Carter has been shipped back there just recently with a bad foot injury.

A few times the Heinie's artillery wasn't quite so funny though. They got mighty close to us and certainly could have done more than just scare us.

Once during our stop at Kuhlendorf the Germans came over in a small plane and dropped a bomb. It injured S/Sgt Fogelman, 1st Sgt Ferdinand and Sgt Hopkins. Sgt Hopkins will show you his scar to prove it too!

While the rear CP was at Kuhlendorf, our forward CP and RP (rest point) was at an abandoned pill-box between this town and Rittershofen. At night after a long battle-day in the city almost all of the company was pulled back to this shelter for a few hours rest and some hot chow. This was about the most crowded that we have ever been. We had our company plus a mortar platoon in a room that was large enough for a mortar platoon.

We almost lost the chance of getting hot chow one morning when Sgt Zingsheim's tank backed over the mess peep. It was dark and they couldn't see it, consequently it was transformed into an all-metal pancake.

"Didn't even raise the tracks off the ground", says Ed, when he speaks of his "peep-destroyer" days.

The infantry had their mortars set up just outside of the main entrance and we had a few arguments about who was drawing all of that incoming artillery. Whoever it was, the tanks or the mortars, certainly drew plenty. Sgt Cornell and Pfc Derren were injured at this time by a couple of close rounds.

On the 9th we were called to action around Hatten, France. We were to re-establish the main line after an enemy attack had penetrated approximately 1000 yards through one battalion of the

42nd "Rainbow" division. The enemy had attacked in Battalion strength supported by 16 tanks and some self-propelled guns. We were to not only hold up their attack but push them back to the MLR.

The third platoon, under Lt Kidd, moved to the left edge of town and took up defensive positions there. We were subject to both indirect and direct fire from some large calibre weapons. It was here that we first heard projectiles that howled like train whistles and moved so fast that they actually shook the tanks. The men inside, of course, shook under their own power. Lt Kidd destroyed one anti-tank gun in a clump of bushes off to his right flank. He was fired at once and missed. He adjusted his gunner, Cpl Bobby Schulz. (incidentally firing his first round in combat as a gunner) and the Germans fired again. This time getting closer but still not hitting the vehicle. He gave the command to fire and the first round fell short. Again the Jerry gun belched flame and this time the round went directly under his tank. With cool-headed accuracy he corrected his gunner and again fired. This time a puff of black smoke marked the end of his opponent. A few more rounds in the same vital spot and the gun was finished, while he went on to look for more targets.

The rest of the platoon at this time was firing at German infantry and snipers in that locality. The main body of attacking troops went around to the right side of town where the first platoon leader, Lt Woodard, had set up his platoon. His actions can best be described in his own words.

"We took up positions just in front of the town and waited for the attack we knew was coming. We didn't have to wait long. Six German tanks began moving along the railroad tracks to our left. They didn't see us sitting thereon their right so we let them get within 600 yards before we let go."

"A Mark IV was leading the advance. One of our tanks opened fire and before the Krauts knew what was coming off, had poured four rounds into the hull. The battered tank went up in flames.

Meanwhile, our other tanks opened up and within 4 or 5 minutes, we got all 6 of them.

They were so damned surprised, they didn't fire a shot back at us.

"About an hour later we caught another tank. This guy must have forgotten his basic training, for he came out of the woods

and tried to make a run for his own lines.

"He burned up too."

"It was getting dark and though tanks 'aren't good night fighters, we planted our jobs along the Hun Supply line and settled down for the night.

"Finally we noticed a German personnel carrier loaded with Krauts rolling along the road. One round of HE and the carrier blew up and all the Krauts with it.

"Then a medium tank started to sneak into town on our left. We got him. Another tank had managed to get into town, but he made the mistake of poking his nose out, and two of our tanks started him burning.

"We picked off a command car on the road a little later and finally finished off the party with a blaze of fireworks--we nailed a self-propelled and he must have been loaded with a mo for he blew to bits with a terrific blast."

For this action at Hatten the platoon was awarded the Presidential Citation. The orders read as follows:

General Orders No. 21

1 February 1945

1st Platoon, Co A, 48th Tk. Bn., is cited for outstanding performance of duty in action on 9 Jan. 1945 near Hatten, France. Assigned to the mission of repulsing an enemy attack, the 1st platoon, . . . , consisting of four operating medium tanks, moved rapidly and decisively to the support of friendly infantry partially overrun by enemy armor. Displaying great skill and superior marksmanship, the platoon engaged 16 Mark IV tanks in a deadly fire fight and without loss of men or equipment, destroyed 6 enemy tanks and forced the remainder to flee. Later in the day the 1st platoon destroyed four disabled enemy tanks which the Germans were attempting to evacuate. The fearless, daring, and intrepid actions displayed by the members of the 1st platoon, Co. A, 48Tk. Bn., exemplify the high traditions of the armed forces of the United States.



Again on the next day we were called upon to repulse a fierce counter-attack that had overrun the infantry positions. The weather on both of these days had been dark and misty and tank operation was extremely difficult. Visibility was very poor, but our skilled crews, and tank commanders, plus an undying spirit enabled us to repel the attack.

The next day, Jan 11, we assumed the offensive and launched an attack on the town of Rittershoffen, a few km. southwest of Hatten. We were working with the 68 AIB during the first stages of this battle. The attack was launched at 1530 and by 1630 we had the German forces pushed back into town and were able to establish a foothold in the town for the first time. With this accomplished the infantry could move in and fight under more suitable close-in conditions.

Each day after that we would jump off at dawn and follow the infantry through town. When they ran up against automatic weapons we were called in to knock out the guns. We were also used to knock down obstacles with our tank cannons.

On the 13th the enemy launched a night attack on our positions in town. It was customary for the company to move back out of town at night and set up at an abandoned pillbox, leaving a holding force of 2 or 3 tanks in town. This particular night we had Sgt Belanger on the west edge, near an orchard, and Sgt Spellman in the heart of our territory.

At about 2115 the tanks of the enemy began moving toward Sgt Belanger's position. Due to his position he could neither go backward nor forward, he was literally trapped here. He had a building at his rear and the enemy in front of him. He decided that the best thing to do would be to sit and wait until the approaching tanks were at a point-blank range. When the leading tank was as close as 100 yards he opened fire. Witnesses to this say that his 75mm gun sounded like a machine gun, a tribute to Pfc Jerry Lambert's rapid loading. Before long he had succeeded in knocking out 2 Mark V's and a Mark VI.

At this same time, Sgt Spellman at the other location, knocked out a Mark V Flame Thrower that had been moving around town harassing the infantry. Sgt Spellman was killed a few days later by a mortar shell that hit him as he was outside of his vehicle.

On the night of Jan 16 we were again called in to launch an attack on the city and drive the enemy out of their superior positions on some higher ground north of the city. This established substantial gains for the attacking infantry.

The next day, the order came down for the entire company to attack the town from the west, going across some high open ground and down into town via a narrow path through a friendly mine field. The entry to town would be made through an orchard and then past a row of partially damaged buildings. It was later decided that rather than sending the entire company through this route, a force of three tanks and a company of infantry would be used. The three tanks were, Sgt Belanger, leading, Sgt McElhaney, and a flame thrower from the 25th Tank Bn. They advanced along the planned route and Sgt Belanger got in as far as the orchard. Here he was hit by a round of APC from an anti-tank gun in town. His tank immediately burst into flames and the crew was forced to abandon. The intense artillery and small arms fire made their escape extremely hazardous. The crew was forced to remain behind bunkers, about 25 to 50 yards from enemy positions, until dark, when they could make their way back to the pill-box and the company. The bow-gunner, Pfc Richard Malloy, was killed before he could leave the burning vehicle. He was posthumously awarded the Bronze Star. The rest of the crew made their way back to safety and were awarded the Bronze Star. The crew was, Sgt Belanger, commanding; Cpl Belstadt, gunner; Tec 5 Pryor, driver; and Pfc Lambert, radio tender.

The other two tanks were forced to hold their positions until dark and were subjected to bazooka and very intense artillery and mortar fire.

Our maintenance section showed that it too could do a good job under fire, when the tank belonging to Sgt E. Zingsheim was knocked out by mines. He was moving into town from the pill-box and had just about gotten to the edge of it when his tank struck a mine. It damaged the tracks and he was only able to back up about 100 yards. This took him out of line of any direct fire but he was still within range of the artillery and mortar fire. The maintenance section came swiftly to his rescue with their recovery vehicle at this time. They were later awarded the Bronze Star for bravery while moving tanks across a river under fire. Sgt Arp, the radio sergeant was also awarded the Bronze Star

for his very meritorious actions during this battle. Whenever the tanks had any trouble at all with their radios, "Walt" would be there regardless of the conditions at that time.

On the day of Jan 12th, the tank commanded by Pfc Louis Crews of Titusville, New Jersey, was responsible for the German Army's loss of two tanks. He was acting as tank commander in place of S/Sgt Davis, who had been injured by artillery previous to this battle. Pfc Crews was working near the end of one street in the town when he saw a pair of German tanks moving around in front of him. He fired, but missed and the Krauts took cover behind a large barn. He decided that the only way to get at them was to remove the obstacle so he had his gunner, Cpl Jorge Grijalva, Los Angeles, fire at the barn until he could see the two tanks on the other of it. They did this and succeeded in knocking out both of the vehicles. He was awarded the Bronze Star for this action.

Other members of the company to receive the Bronze Star for their actions up to this time were Sgt Zingsheim, Sgt McCauley, Cpl Zolo, and Cpl Hammon.

This battle lasted for 12 days and on Jan 19 the order came from higher headquarters for all forces to abandon the area and move back across the Moder River, a distance of about 15 miles. "A" Company covered the withdrawal of the entire 14th AD, an infantry battalion, and a tank destroyer battalion. Although the roads were hazardously icy the withdrawal was made in perfect order.

We had accounted for 19 tanks and AT guns and other vehicles and only suffered the total loss of one tank.

After the long battle at Rittershoffen and Hatten we were all pretty well shot up and nervous and needed a rest badly. We were sent to Willgotheim first, but that was only for a short while. Our area was then moved to Ingenheim, France. Here we stayed for a little over a month. The lines were fairly static at this time anyway so we didn't miss much in the way of action.

Our stay at Ingenheim is a memorable chapter in our experiences in the ETO. Instances in our life there, are still brought up in the evening "bull sessions" around the company keg. We all remember the love affair of Kuntzsh, Webb, and Belstadt, and how, when the situation threatened to become serious, there were dire threats of locking them up to save them. "A" company wanted no "Alsatian gals" at their reunions. We laugh over the troubles that crews 15, 7 and 18 had with the family downstairs. That was when they had to

requisition all their "holz" after the farmer had gone to bed. Of course he had cause for complaint when the Amerikanische, usually T/5 Fox, followed his chickens around waiting for the eggs, when they shot the hole in the ceiling with the .45, when they took his nieces for a roll in the hay, when they crushed in the top of the cess-pool with their panzers (everybody regretted that when it warmed up), but more than anything else when they drank the fermented lightning that he had kept as a basis for next year's schnapps. We also brag about how the second platoon introduced the infantry to some new tactics when they dismounted their smoke mortars from the tanks and smoked the area on a night problem. We reflect that Ingenheim was where the first real chicken started for us in the ETO. We had wearon inspections, personal inspections, tank inspections and inspections. We speak with disgust about the omnipresent, pungent stink of the Alsatian's stock in trade - that damned manure. That one memory will stay with us longer than the rest - "that damned manure." Our experiences in Ingenheim are well remembered by us but it's safe to say that the peasants haven't forgotten us either. As 1st Sgt George Davis says, "They may not like us, but they'll certainly never forget us." The first men from the company went on passes to the newly finished rest center at Nancy during this long break.

All of the company wasn't resting though. While we were taking our our long rest, Sgt Everett R. Hamilton of "A" Company, Hq section was busy having a multiple rocket installed on his tank, "Annabelle". He spent a few days at the division ordnance battalion and then went on detached service to test it. A multiple rocket launcher is a huge frame holding 60 rockets.

He first was attached to CCB units at Ringendorf, for the sole purpose of testing the launcher. Their first firing was into enemy positions in a forest near Pfafenhoffen. They were with the 62 AIB at this time and fired three complete sets of 60 rockets. The reports were very satisfactory and everyone agreed that this would be an excellent weapon for future use in Germany. This launcher was the first to be installed in the entire 7th Army. Sgt Hamilton not only received very much publicity for his work with the launcher but later was awarded the Bronze Star for meritorious actions. He is now a platoon sergeant in the third platoon of this company.

After their first firing, the crew of the rocket launcher appeared to be going incircles for they were as much in demand as a WAC in the Aleutian Islands. They were sent to Ingwiller to contact units of the 103rd Inf Div, to Ringeldorf, France to work with the 25th Tk Bn and from there were put into the Hq Co of the same battalion, for a longer time. They finished work on detached service with the 62nd AIB and at this time the company was preparing to crack the Siegfried Line so Sgt Hamilton rejoined us there. All in all he did a splendid job with his new secret weapon that made all of the Germans dread the sound of his "machine gun" artillery.

Back at the company, we left Ingenheim on March 4th and went to Ingwiller, France, where we were split up into task forces. One platoon of tanks and one company of infantry. This system was in effect until long after we had pierced the Siegfried Line, and were well into Germany. The third platoon went up to Zutzendorf, approximately 12 km from the remainder of the company at Ingwiller. The lines at this time were still very static and the only action was heavy "outgoing" artillery and very light "incoming." Our job here was more or less a security mission. We were there if anything happened but we weren't there to make it happen.

From this point we moved to Westhausen where S/Sgt J. Costa received a battle field commission and was promoted to 2nd Lt.. Lt Costa has been with this division ever since it was activated at Camp Chaffee, Arkansas. He was first assigned to the company as a radio sergeant but when the TO was changed making radio sergeants a buck he was shifted to platoon sergeant and has been there ever since. He is now the leader of I & E work in the company.

Our former 1st Sgt, Samuel H. Ferdinand, also received a battle field commission here, but left the company shortly after for the hospital.

From here the individual task forces moved from point to point, their only mission being security. Then one day it happened. We were to be dormant no longer, for we started on our trek across the continent and continued to move and fight until after V-E Day, May 8th. This was on March 20, the word traveled swiftly that the 7th Army had jumped off and we knew that we would soon jump off with them and begin the hard task of breaking the Siegfried Line.

We arrived in Kapsweyer, Germany sometime during the early morning hours of March 21. It was a sight to behold; tanks and

infantry, recon and engineers, all massed in the grey dawn, ready to move into the Dragon's Teeth and anything that was beyond them.

Lt Woodard, of the first platoon, was injured slightly in the hand when his tank struck a mine in the final assembly area. He was evacuated immediately. When the time came for us to jump off, the second platoon, under the command of Lt Peterson, went first. They were the first tanks in the division to penetrate the Dragon's Teeth. They moved swiftly and surely through the path that had been blown by the engineers. They moved into the well fortified town of Steinfeld on the German side of the teeth.

In the fresh tracks of the second platoon came the rest of the company, alert and firing at anything that dared move. In the town itself we were subjected to very intense artillery fire. The Germans were still occupying the pill-boxes to either side of the road through town and were using them for forward observation posts. Shortly after we had entered town, Lt Kidd, leader of the third platoon, was injured by shrapnel from a direct hit by an artillery or mortar shell. He had exposed his body at that time to give some instructions to the infantry on the ground and to get a better look at the situation around him. He was sent to a clearing station immediately.

For two days the tank, infantry, and artillery battle raged in town. Every house was a pillbox and every pillbox had to be cleared before we had full control of the town.

All night long the fires in town lighted the streets and house-fronts. That is, those that were left to be lighted. The constant "thud, thud" of artillery and mortars was enough to drive anyone mad, wondering, "When are they going to hit us?", or "Will they throw a counter-attack?"

The second day our first and second platoons moved on to the town of Schaidt in pursuit of the retreating German forces. They moved with such speed and determination that before the fires in Steinfeld had died out and the dead had been cleared away, the ordnance and APO's were moving through. That was typical "A" Co type of fighting. Hit them hard and send them reeling and then throw in everything you have and get the battle over quickly. The Germans learned to fear the sound or sight of our tanks. With the best of crews and quick thinking tank commanders we became one of the best fighting units in the ETO. Our officers were the

best that could be found anywhere and we went into battle feeling confident that the men who gave us orders knew exactly what they were doing, and they did.

After the battle for the Siegfried was finished we were moved north. We went on a 105 mile road march from our pillbox home at Niederbeterbach to Dieburg, Germany across the Rhine. To get to Dieburg we had to travel quite a way on the Reichs Autobahn and the trip was made at high speed, consequently, we blew out a number of bogie wheels. Since the armies were moving so fast at this time, it was hard for them to replace worn items immediately. The supply problems with food and ammunition were great enough without the added shipping space needed for repair equipment. Therefore only a few tanks in the company were able to move and jump off from Dieburg the next day. The rest had to remain there until they could be repaired.

For our work in the Siegfried Line we received the following citation:

"In the operation just past, this combat command played an important part in breaching the Siegfried Line and closing a pocket which resulted in the destruction or capture of all forces in the Palatinate.

The line through which you passed was a part of the greatest system of fortifications in the history of warfare. The part of the line which you overcame was one of the strongest links in this entire system. The enemy who were driven before you made a strong and determined defense until their will to fight was broken by the forces of your attack.

The officers and men of Co A, 48 Tank Bn, 68 AIB, 62nd AIB showed dogged determination and great courage in the face of intense artillery, rocket and mortar fire over a period of days, and an aggressive attitude which carried them to their successive objectives through a hail of small arms and supporting anti-tank fire.

I give my thanks and my congratulations to your who succeeded so brilliantly in the task presented you. Your successful assault upon this fortified area with minimum losses is an achievement which burns bright in the action which swept the enemy to the Rhine."

D. H. Hudelson, Col., Inf.

When we left Dieburg, the company moved to Regensbrunn with Sgt Mc Elhaney in the lead. Just before entering the town of Regensbrunn the tanks had to go down a section of road that had wooded area on one side and a clear open field on the other. The attached infantry was supposed to be working on both sides but as it was they only were on the left, the clear side. They reported that all was clear ahead and that the tanks should move in.

Instead, the woods hadn't been checked and Sgt Mc Elhaney's tank received fire from a "Panzerfaust" at a very close range. The radio tender and bow gunner escaped from the tank and crawled back to report the happening. The driver, T/5 Lester was in the ditch on the other side of the road ready to fire at any other bazooka men with a carbine and Sgt Mc Elhaney and his gunner Cpl Schraeder, were in the opposite ditch. T/5 Lester performed first aid until the aid men could come up. They were evacuated after the bazooka man had been shot and killed by Sgt Mc Cauley who was following the hit tank.

We reformed the company after Regensbrunn at a town named Grafendorf. We again moved out in our task forces. This time instead of each task force taking a different route they followed each other in line formation. In this way we were able to have fresh troops in the point each day.

The next day as we were advancing through some more wooded areas and along very winding roads, our recon elements were attacked and seriously disorganized by small arms and automatic weaponsfire. The tanks were called forward to knock out the opposition. By firing the 30's and some HE the tankers were able to pin down the enemy in his positions at the edge of the woods. Two of the recon men had been injured and it was necessary to administer aid to them until the medics could come forward and evacuate them. They were injured too seriously to be put on the tanks. Sgt Haseltine, Tank No 15, and Pfc Montgomery, Tank No 14, dismounted, despite heavy automatic fire and crept along the ditches to the wounded men. They moved the men to cover as well as they could and then returned to their vehicles.

After this town was cleared we moved on to Waldheim. We advanced on this town with the third platoon in the lead. Approaching the town, one had to go around a long hairpin curve. From the west end of town the Germans had a perfect picture of our tanks as



they moved around this long curve. They had a 75mm gun set up at this end of town and when we had gone far enough past any shelter of protection, they opened up on our last tank. Three rounds and all hit dead on the front of Sgt Smock's tank. Fortunately he was at such an angle that they were all deflected and he had time to back to cover. Sgt Haseltine saw the muzzle flash and while the rest of the tanks were backing to cover he took it under fire and probably destroyed it for we were fired at no more by that gun.

It was at this point that 1st Sgt Davis showed that he hadn't lost his "eye" after leaving the tanks. He directed artillery on a column of German motorized equipment. He made it very unhealthy for quite a few "krauts".

We then sent out the infantry to clear the town and after a short delay, continued on our way. We met only scattered and light resistance all the way then until we got to a town named Riegelstein. Here we were again split down into very small recon units and sent out on 30 mile missions to the flanks of our main bodies.

These task forces were called "Task Force Shestina," and "Task Force Hamilton." They consisted of 2 medium tanks, a platoon of infantry and a platoon of recon. Their missions were to keep moving until they drew fire and then return or by-pass it. The stories of these task forces was just about the same so I shall describe "Task Force Shestina." We started out just after noon and took the road leading off to the right of our column. We all knew that this was not going to be any fun and we prepared for the worst. Our recon elements moved swiftly down the narrow roads, stopping only long enough to be certain that they were on the right path, or to double check some suspicious looking clump of bushes or tree growth.

At anytime during the trip we could have been wiped out by a hidden anti-tank gun because we were a small body and moving through "virgin" territory at a greater speed than was safe. Time was our most important element though, we had to finish the mission quickly and return to the main body of troops.

Our first set back was a washed out spot in the road. We had to retrace our tracks and go out on an alternate route. Next we hit a blown out bridge and again we had to change routes and move out on an alternate.

All along the trip we met sniper and light weapons fire and a few "near" bazooka shots. The command point contacted us by radio until we were out of range and could no longer hear or transmit to them. We reported ever half hour and because we were running nearly parallel to the other task force we could hear their transmissions and reports. - 22 -

All went good until we overran a hospital full of German soldiers, Medics and aides. Here we were with a very small body of men and a mission ahead of us. We could not stop to guard this hospital yet we could not afford to leave it behind us, unguarded. We decided the latter was best so we again moved out on our original mission.

At the edge of the town that this hospital was in we crossed a river and went out into a valley, the road following the river's bank. Here we met some very heavy automatic weapons fire and it was necessary to dismount our infantry to clean out the machine gun nests and snipers. It was apparent that this valley was filled with Germans and as it happened we were in between two bridges, a river and a range of mountains. It would have been a simple task to cut us off here so rather than continue the mission we moved back out of danger of ambush and set up an outpost on high ground for the night.

We rejoined the unit the next day, turned in our reports and then moved on to Hausheim.

We stayed at Hausheim for a short while. It certainly was a good feeling to see our mess truck waiting there for us. After a while on "hard rations" that food tasted like a Sunday dinner at home. Ask anyone in the company in the company who has the best cooks in the army and you'll get only one answer, "A" Company. S/Sgt Carter, T/4 LaVella, T/5 Webb, T/5 Panazzo, and Pfc Heskett were always ready to back up the company with a hot meal.

We were to go cross country, between Hausheim and the town of Polling, then swing back on the main road and come down out of the hills to take Polling and if possible go on to Neumarkt. Approximately 2 km from the town of Polling the road was blown out in front of us by a charge of TNT estimated to be at least 2000 lbs. This was enough to blow a hole in the road about 75 yards in length and as wide as the road. This made the tanks useless as there was no other route into Polling from this point. Our infantry in half tracks were able to maneuver around through the narrow mountain paths and make it to the edge of the woods. This left an open field about 3/4 miles in length to be crossed yet. The

infantry dismounted and began the attack on the town. They ran into very heavy direct fire from anti-tank guns and were pinned down. Then a lifesaving thing happened. A small 12-year old boy came from the woods and said that he would help them if they would stop their own artillery from hitting the town. He explained that his own house had been hit and burned already and that his own house had been hit and burned already and that the artillery was killing many of the townspeople. The town was held by the SS and everyone hated them. He sat in the forward CP with a set of field glasses and pointed out every gun in town. This made the job a very simple task and the town was taken in short order. The boy rode into town on the hood of a half track and was cheered by all of the people, especially the children.

Meanwhile the engineers had repaired the road and we were able to move into town. We set up our CP there and also securities. The next day we, and the infantry, were to move out and take the city of Neumarkt. To get to this town from our present location we had to cross another strip of open terrain, where both tanks and infantry would be vulnerable to all types of fire, anti-tank especially. The city was filled with 88's and 75's and it was impossible to make it. We then called for air support. The following day the Air Force came and thoroughly bombed and strafed the city. Before it was taken though our unit was relieved and the battle was taken over by a foot infantry outfit.

Our next and last mission was to take a bridge on the Inn River. This would make the fifth large river that we crossed since we hit Germany. The Rhine, The Maine, The Isar, The Danube, and now the Inn. We began to feel like Amphibious troops. We also began to feel like tired troops because we had been on the road continuously since the jump-off into the Siegfried.

The company moved swiftly and decisively along the roads leading to the river and its huge dam and power plant. These and the bridge would prove very valuable to the Allied troops, if captured intact. We moved so swiftly that the Germans were forced to retreat before they had a chance to destroy the bridge. We captured it as we wanted it, intact. This was a great moral victory, and for that matter, a military victory, as this point was the corps objective. It was practically a motion picture finish for the war in Europe, with "A" Co supplying the "rah-rah" ending. We were very proud of our achievements and of our company in general.

We owe thanks for our success in battle to all of the fine men in "A" Company that stuck together with a feeling of brotherly love; To our excellent platoon leaders, who lead us through the hardest of battles with keen judgment and a feeling of individual pride in the job that they were doing and the company that they were doing it for; To our supply forces and all the artillery, recon, and Air Forces that helped make our victory possible. More than these, we owe our success to our company commander, Captain Joel P. Ory, whose undying loyalty and devotion for his men and his company made our jobs move more swiftly and easily. He gave us encouragement when we were down, cheered us when we were victorious, mourned the dead with us and applauded the heroes with us. He was in with the point troops as much as any of us, and when not there physically, he was there in spirit and in voice, by radio. He is all that a company commander should be, and more, he is a buddy, a fellow soldier. From the War Department the Captain received a Bronze Star and from his men he continues to receive the highest of praise possible.

Our actions throughout the 7 months of action we spent in the ETO can be summed up in one sentence--"We have met the enemy and they are ours".

In closing it is only fitting and proper to mention our faithful servants who carried us through Alsace and Germany. They held out a hail of schrapnel and small arms, but not one drop of rain. They served as our messhalls, bedrooms, latrines, storerooms, and even our churches.

To our iron buddies, who kept us cold in the winter, wet in the spring, and hot in the summer, we bow in memoriam.

1. Alice
- 2.
3. Alcatraz
4. Alamo
5. Adeline
- 
6. Ailin' Bessie
7. Almighty Five II
8. All Nuts
- 9.
10. Ah Marie
- 
11. Amen
12. Alfred
13. Awkwitcherbitchin
14. Arlene V
15. Alsab II
- 
16. Agnes
17. Avalon II
18. Anna-belle

Here's a list of all the boys in the company and their addresses.

Capt Jool P Ory	Baker, La.
1st Lt Edgar P Woodard	Stanton, Tex
1st Lt Hugh T Winters	801 W Jackson St, Hugo, Okla.
1st Lt William M Kidd	Steens, Miss.
2d Lt Andrew D. Shostina	2090 Lewis Drive, Lakewood, Ohio
2d Lt Joseph J Costa	1216 Nelson Ave, New York, NY.
Pfc Adams, Thomas J.	2 Steward Ave, Downingtown, Pa.
Cpl Anzelmo, John D.	338 Lansing Ave, Youngstown, Ohio
Pfc Apel, Charles H.	737 Highview Ave, Pgh, Pa.
Pfc Ardito, Dante J.	1833 Dudley St, Phila, Pa.
Pfc Arnold, Hensley F.	Route 3, Box 168, Wytheville, Va.
Pfc Robert F. Arnold	94 Taylor St, Waltham, Mass.
Sgt Arp, Walter H.	Jackson, Miss
T/4 Aughe, Irvin V.	Route 1, Council Bluffs, Iowa
Pfc Baker, Robert D.	643 Maury St, Fredericksburg, Va.
T/5 Bell, Thomas H.	Rowena, Ky
Sgt Belanger, Phillip L.	46 Cedar St, Winchendon, Mass
Cpl Belstadt, Henry	960 Walck Rd, N Tonawanda, NY.
T/4 Benincasa, Anthony J.	147 Davis St, Rochester, NY
Cpl Benner, Donald G.	3717 5th Ave, Minneapolis, Minn
T/4 Bilski, Felix P, Jr.	539 Sweezy Ave, Riverhead, LI, NY.
Pfc Blackwell, Earl	15 1/2 Glenn St, Valejo, Cal.
T/4 Ceauran, John A.	3636 Harrison St, Omaha, Neb
Pfc Chance, James T.	
Pfc Cinini, Roger	945 Mineral Ave, Pawtucket, RI
Cpl Collins, Robert M.	19 Frederick Park, Rochester, NY.
Pfc Cortinas, William ...	Route 3, Macogdoches, Tex
Pfc Cox, Thomas ...	Box 213, Fairfax, Okla.
Pfc Crows, Louis M.	Titusville, New Jersey
Pfc Damiano, Joseph	83 Barnes St, Ext., Waterbury, Conn
1/Sgt Davis, George P.	112 Orwood Place, Syracuse, NY
Pfc Dowodzenka, Harry ...	2339 W Greenfield Ave, Milwaukee, Wis
Pfc Fallon, Robert L.	2211 West National, Milwaukee, Wis
S/Sgt Fogelman, Lindsey L	226 Monmouth Ave, Durham, NC
T/5 Fox, Robert E.	152 Elmont St, Pgh, Pa.
Pfc Gugliano, John	640 Columbia St, Bogalusa, La.
Pfc Gervasio, Albert J.	1107 S Winchester Ave, Chic, Ill
Cpl Good, Melvin E.	575 E 2nd St, Marion, Ind
Pfc Gonzales, Victor V.	Dulce, New Mexico
Pfc Gorzynski, Frank J	1359 W Crystal St, Chicago, Ill
Pfc Goy, Stanley	4177 33rd St, Detroit, Mich
Sgt Grijalva, Jorge M.	316 Birch St, Calexico, Cal
Cpl Gunn, Jesse B.	513 Stowell Ave, Alton, Ill
S/Sgt Hamilton, Everett K.	149 E Livingston Ave, Columbus, Ohio
Cpl Harman, Estle P.	RD 2 Three Springs, Pa.
Pfc Handelman, Seymour	1616 Hazelwood Ave, Detroit, Mich
Pfc Ranke, Dale E.	Camp Point, Ill.
Sgt Haseltine, Clyde R.	Dexter, Maine
Pfc Herron, Shirley E.	Hitchins, Ky
Pfc Herron, W. F.	310 N 10th St, Columbus, Miss
Pfc Heskett, Joseph H.	4361 Washington, St Louis, Mo.
Sgt Hopkins, John L.	632 E Grand, Springfield, Mo.
Cpl Hoffman, Edward R.	24 James St, Schenectady, NY

o Hoffman, William F.  
 T/4 Hutt, Lloyd B.  
 Pfc Jones, Leroy  
 Sgt Jones, Joseph J.  
 Pfc Katz, Sam W.  
 Pfc Keane, Thomas J.  
 Cpl Kirman, Norman M.  
 Pfc Konieczny, Edward Z.  
 Sgt Kramer, Wilbur J.  
 Cpl Kraemer, Jim E.  
 T/5 Kuntzsch, Frederick E.  
 Cpl Lanham, Homer W.  
 Cpl Lambert, Jerome J.  
 Sgt Lavella, Paul  
 Pfc Le Grand, Isaac J.  
 T/5 Lester, Walter  
 Sgt Lewis, Leon D.  
 Pfc Litrento, Frank J.  
 T/4 Long, Walker M.  
 T/5 Magrish, Coleman J.  
 T/4 Maurer, Fred T.  
 Cpl McAdams, James B.  
 3/ Sgt Mc Caulley, William E.  
 Cpl McGrane, Franklin  
 Pfc Mc Nurlin, Glen A.  
 Pfc Miller, Lawrence J.  
 T/5 Montgomery, Lloyd C.  
 T/4 Nadrotoski, Anthony M.  
 Sgt Newness, Elmer J.  
 Pfc Noelle, Paul E.  
 T/4 Nosal, Eugene P.  
 Pfc Owens, James H.  
 T/5 Panozzo, John  
 Pfc Parodes, Pete G.  
 Pfc Powers, Winfred W.  
 T/5 Pritchard, John T.  
 T/5 Pryor, Paul  
 Pfc Przybyszewski, Henry  
 T/4 Ratachowski, Stephen  
 Pfc Rhoades, Cecil C.  
 Pfc Richard, Carl M.  
 Pfc Kiel, Gregory F.  
 Pfc Robinson, Robert K.  
 T/4 Salvan, John J.  
 Pfc Ruth, Raymond W.  
 T/5 Seabolt, Willard R.  
 T/4 Seiler, Arthur J.  
 T/4 Schiobe, Arthur H.  
 Cpl Schulz, Bobby O.  
 Pfc Sibille, Louis F.  
 Pfc Sipko, James T.  
 Sgt Skowron, Walter J.  
 T/4 Solenon, Peter E.  
 T/5 Smith, Thomas G.  
 Sgt Snock, John L.

North Spring Dr, Glenshaw, Pa.  
 Blanchard, Iowa  
 Box 207, Blackville, W Va.  
 RFD 4, Corning, Iowa  
 10402 Somerset Ave, Cleveland, Ohio  
 170 Hamilton St, Dorchester, Mass  
 1686 Taylor Ave, Detroit, Mich  
 4681 Junction Ave, Detroit, Mich  
 2201 Carlisle Ave, Racine, Wisconsin  
 1535 Webster St, Los Angeles, Cal  
 113 W 17th St, Hays, Kansas  
  
 194 Flynn Ave, Burlington, Vermont  
 4909 King Hill Ave, St Joseph, Mo  
 3030 Cleveland Ave, New Orleans, La.  
 Box 44, Falls Mills, Va.  
 RD 2, Wellsville, NY  
 931 Faile St, Bronx, NY  
 R R 1, Germantown, Ohio  
 3981 Lowry Ave, Cincinnati, Ohio  
 5144 St Clair Ave, Cleveland, Ohio  
 RR 3, Henderson, Ky  
 Box 581, Elkins, W Va  
 5932 Wentworth Ave, Chicago, Ill  
 Box 161, Garrison, Minn  
 2308 Warren Ave, St Louis, Mo.  
 520 N. 11th St, Petersburg, Ill  
 RFD 1, Wapwallopen, Pa.  
 Garfield Heights, Cleveland, Ohio  
 Route 1, Equality, Ill  
 2535 S Whipple St, Chicago, Ill  
 Route 3, St George, W Va.  
 342 E 136th St, Chicago, Ill  
 1506 Olin wellborn St, Dallas, Tex  
 1041 Colvin Blvd, Kenmore, NY  
 Route 3, Medina, NY  
 1108 E University Bldv, Mitchell, SD  
 101 Zelmar St, Buffalo, NY  
 47 Garfield St, Johnstown Pa.  
 Box 223, Yorba Linda, Cal  
 23230 Lahsar Rd, Detroit, Mich  
 152-26 Northern Bld, Flushing, NY  
 5621 N W 24th Ave, Miami, Fla  
 521 2nd Ave, Olean, NY  
 3312 River St, Saginaw, Mich  
 Ewing, Va  
 RR 1, Box 335, Cloves, Ohio  
 33 S 13th St, Minneapolis, Minn  
 Rt 2 Scribner, Nebr  
 1754 43rd Ave, San Francisco, Cal  
 749 Kitchener, Detroit, Mich  
 414 High St, Willimantic, Conn  
 492 Fairfield Ave, Johnstown, Pa.  
 819 Washington St, Ogdensburg, NY  
 1512 S Prairie Ave, Sioux Falls, SD

Cpl Stachowiak, Frank B.  
T/4 Stevens, Lionel E.  
Cpl Stone, Harold C.  
Pfc Szceska, Julius  
Pfc Torres, Joe  
Cpl VanBuren, Joseph W.  
T/5 Villano, Michael T.  
Sgt Vincent, Howard A.  
T/Sgt Wolfe, Robert L.  
T/5 Wagner, Lloyd P.  
Pfc Watson, Sam S.  
T/5 Wobb, Warren M.

Pfc Withrow, Robert  
T/5 Zack, George E.  
S/Sgt Zingsheim, Edward J.  
Cpl Zollo, William

110 Center St, Lackawanna, NY  
RD 3, Moravia, NY  
332 E Camino Real, Arcadia, Cal  
Lehighton, Pa.  
131 Farnsworth, Aurora, Ill  
261 W Rosemar St, Phila, Pa  
100 Kingsland Ave, Brooklyn, NY  
3831 Colegrove St, San Mateo, Cal  
McGrann, Pa  
Route 2, Black Creek, Wis  
Belzone, Miss  
Stockyard Sta Gen Del, Oklahoma city  
Okla.  
1321 Morgan Ave, Louisville, Ky  
5933 S Union, Chicago, Ill.  
3450 S 108 St, Milwaukee, Wis.  
Phoenix, NY