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1945

473^{RD.} AAA

On Target



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473rd

A14

1945

Compliments of

H. J. Rowell

October 1, 1945

Munich
Germany.

DEDICATION

"That these honored dead
shall not have died in vain — — —"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Through them we live

Through them we shall yet remember

Through them comes the light of hope in our children's generation

It is to these fallen comrades that this book is dedicated



ALEXANDER, ALFRED
BENNETT, IRVIN L.
CARLINI, MIKE
CASTELLANO, JOSEPH V.
CHAMNESS, WALTER D.
COLLINS, SAMUEL
EAMER, ROGER F.
FIECHTER, FRED W., JR.
ISCARO, ARMANDO
LUNDIN, GORDAN A.
MAHONEY, FRANK J., JR.
MARCHESANO, ANTHONY J.
ROBERTSON, MALCOLM
SHEPARD, MALCOLM S.
TAGLIAFERRI, PASQUALE E.
TEN, WONG O.



OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 473RD:

We have come a long way together since the o'd days at Camp Hulen. The road has not been an easy one. We have passed through the education and the irritation of a training center; the mud and cold of maneuvers; the chill damp of England, where we first fought the enemy in the form of Buzz Bombs. Finally we have come through the war itself, in which we played our part with a vigor, enthusiasm and courage of which you may all be proud. In the 375 days of combat during which you men actually manned your guns, we have never failed. No objective guarded by the Fighting 473rd has ever been successfully bombed; although the Jerries tried many times, much to their sorrow. We have lost good men, fine comrades, in this struggle. Those men we will never forget. They left us with the spirit in which they served. The victory of our army has been won on just that spirit.

Men of the 473rd hold high your heads! You have a right to be proud of the record you have made, from Normandy to Czechoslovakia. Now we face a new world and a new life. God permitting, we shall succeed in this as individuals as we succeeded in this war as a unit.

Lt. Col., CAC Commanding

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BATTLE
PARTICIPATION
1944—1945

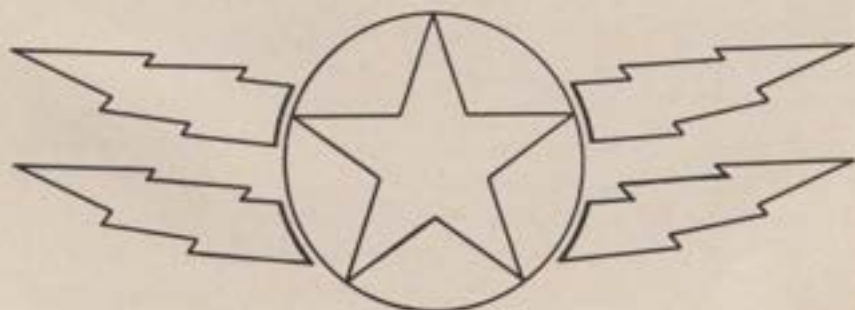
★ GROUND COMBAT - ENGLAND

★ NORMANDY

★ NORTHERN FRANCE

★ RHINELAND

★ CENTRAL EUROPE



The 473rd AAA *in Action*



CAMP HULEN AND MANEUVERS

Out of the darkness it appeared; its ponderous wheels slowly grinding to a stop, its engine panting with catchy sobs; our journey by rail from the east was ended at last. Out of the coaches, tired and dirty from three days travel, we eagerly stumbled—our pale civilian faces turned in all directions with curiosity as we sought for a glimpse of our new home.

Gruff voices soon brought order out of confusion, and in a few moments, a double, erect line stood—waiting! questioning? Where are we? What now? They soon found the answer to these questions, for above the tumult a voice, loud and strong rang out, "This is it fellows, welcome to Camp Hulen!"

Yes, this was it, Camp Hulen, Texas. Small but clean; isolated yet self

sustaining. Home to thousands of GIs for varied periods, and above all, the place where a new name in the Army annals was born: the 473rd AAA AW Bn!

Formed in the spirit of a war-time America, the personnel of this organization, drawn from many parts of the country, represented a good cross section of American life; farmer, factory worker, cowboy and clerk—all answered the call to arms and donned the uniform of the All-American team. In this spirit, we never doubted we could become other than what we did—the best.

The best, that's what we are today, but it took a long time and a hell-a-va lot of sweat and work to achieve this end! Drilling, marching, studying, cussing and griping, frustration; the whole book was thrown at us. At first it staggered us, but with grim determination, we waded in, and in a surprisingly short time showed results.

Records of previous outfits, that had stood for a good many years, fell before our sharpshooters. Target after target was blown to pieces as our gunners got on the "ball". Commendations from higher Headquarters was soon forthcoming, and before long the 473rd was pointed out as the show outfit of Camp Hulen.

On February sixth, 1944, the battalion received orders to proceed to Louisiana. Arriving on the seventh at Camp Polk, we immediately set out for the maneuvers area. Then it began. Hours and hours of convoys thru pitch black nights over narrow winding roads into muddy positions—ever changing, ever moving; digging, guarding, sweating—all with what seemed too little rest. We ached and we griped but we pitched in and followed orders.

"Tactical" was the little word that stood between us and a good old fashioned bon fire in that chilly forest. Want those imaginary Blue Army pilots to see the smoke? Or the light at night? Move around more—you'll get warm. Dig another hole, brother—good for the muscles.

We learned some good lessons in those muddy woods and we learned fast; for not even one month had elapsed before we received, on March third, our orders to proceed to Camp Claiborne for staging purposes. Our stay here was of short duration. Much work was done on our equipment which was turned in shortly to Ordnance. Then on March twenty-sixth, after a physical check up and inspection of personal equipment, the three letters we had heard so much about came into being: POE. On that day we started our trek to New Jersey and arrived at Camp Kilmer on the twenty-eight and twenty-ninth.

Short passes were issued and many of the men were able to have a few hours home. Those of us from other parts of the country appreciated the opportunity of viewing famous New York City for the first time. But to New Yorkers

and Jerseyites, this was especially welcome. This was their last good-bye for awhile; a few hours of forgetting everything but friends and home. Then back to waiting, checking and more waiting. The tension was mounting despite all the officers did to counteract it. Shows and PX beer safety-valved our restlessness to some extent, but at best we indulged half-heartedly.

SO LONG — AMERICA!

Finally, on April fifth the waiting was ended. Our last inspection took place and we loaded on trains which hurried us across the Jersey meadows to the Hudson River. There, struggling under the weight of our gear, we boarded the waiting ferry for the short trip to Pier 90. We took in the sights earnestly; everything the river had to offer—the countless ships loading supplies, the busy tugs chugging importantly in and around the piers, the slowly plodding ferries going and coming, the whistles, the smoke and steam—even the smell of everything that makes up a great harbor. And the ever majestic sky-line of New York City. This was our last picture of America—bustling, throbbing, lovable America. Seemed like we were looking at a good movie that was about to end.

The lurching of our ferry as it hit the wharf shook us from our reverie and while the welcoming band played a few of our favorite songs, we trudged into the immense building before us. Coffee and donuts from the Red Cross, all we wanted, just "hit the spot" and before long we were walking up the gang-plank onto the decks of what was to be our home for the next ten days: the "Ille de France".

Early on the morning of the next day, April seventh, the great sea queen quivered into sudden pulsating life and, urged by the dwarfed tugs beside her, moved softly into the river pointing her sleek bow south toward the misty Atlantic. We were off on the great adventure with a last wave to the Statue of Liberty and a softly murmured, "So long America".



BRITAIN



April seventh and we were on the high seas, viewing the wide expanses of the rolling ocean with mixed emotions. To some, it called up dreams of romance and adventure; to others, last night's supper. Nevertheless, chow call brought lines of men tramping into the dining room. We came in hope and left in despair... our faith in English cooking was unshaken... they are still the world's best diplomats.

Perhaps the most welcome diversion of the entire voyage was the contingent of WACs with whom we shared our passage. Because of the high standards of propriety maintained on board, that was about all we shared with them. But we could look and that we did. Even such menial tasks as sweeping down the hallways became an interesting gamble. With some luck a man might draw the Wac deck... and reap his reward of a smile or a wiff of perfume.

On April fifteenth the ever present haze on the horizon dissolved into the rolling green countryside of northern Scotland. By the morning of the next day we were anchored in the Firth of Clyde. Our ship lay still for the first time in ten days. The tension of sailing through hostile waters had gone. The surrounding scene of the bustling harbor activities was in sharp contrast to its pastoral background. We were impressed and fascinated. Here was a crossroad for destiny. Cargo ships, liners, cruisers, flat-tops; each with its burden; each burden the contribution of a people to a cause. The peaceful green slopes with their tiny thatch-roofed communities, their grazing cattle, back-dropped the harbor as a kind of symbolism... Here before our eyes was the "cause".

On April seventeenth we arrived at Abergavenny, Wales, and then drove in trucks to Dan-Y-Park. Quartered in drafty, damp buildings, sleeping on straw pallets, we were far from a happy lot. The chow was meager and food became the topic of conversation, holding its own against such a subject as, "Where to now?"

The Battalion's first mission came on April twenty-sixth. We convoyed to western England to join the IX Air Defence Command. Our AA defenses were set up at Aldermaston, Greenham Commons, Welford Park and Membury. We were treated royally by the AAF, chow improved a hundredfold and it wasn't very long before we were given passes to near-by towns.

We made our acquaintance with English bitters, pubs, money and girls, though we were really still too fresh from the States to appreciate any of them...



A sudden shift on June eighteenth ended this period of peace and quiet. The Battalion was ordered to protect advanced fighter bases in the vicinity of Ashford in Kent. It was from these positions that we were introduced to Hitler's much touted secret weapon, the Buzz-Bomb. On clear nights their course across England would be marked by myriads of tracers. A hit would mean a silencing of the motor and a few frozen moments of waiting, broken by a flash and dull roar. We'd then sit back and wait for the next one.

The big news came on July third. Orders to proceed in convoy to South Winchester, Hampshire for marshalling, preparatory to shipping over the Channel. On July ninth we moved on to the embarkation point, and after a briefing by our officers began to load.

The harbor was a hive of activity. Every imaginable type of vessel was used to swallow up the steady stream of men and machines heading for France. Barrage balloons spread their protective cables over all. "Let's go", passed up the line of waiting troops, and vehicles roared to life. Slowly the file began to move. A sharp turn; a sudden burst of speed and then up into the dimly lighted interior of the L.S.T.... We were on our way...

NORMANDY

Our crossing of the Channel was uneventful. On July tenth the sloping sand of Utah Beach came into view, where not many days previous the battle had raged that cost the lives of thousands of Americans. It was still raging, but now further inland.

We drew our first combat mission on the Continent about a week later. Battery A covered a supply route south of St. Saveur le Vicomte. The rest of the battalion gave AA protection to field artillery units around such historic places as La Haye de Puits, Gorges and Boupte. It was here that we came under enemy artillery fire for the first time. That was a harrowing experience. It left us making mental calculations of fool-proof foxholes and coming to the conclusion that it would be safer not to be there at all; which of course was a



ridiculous thought. But, ridiculous thoughts seem to flow freely to men facing death.

During such an attack, C Battery had eight wounded. It was a stunning blow to our sense of reality and the impact left us angry and not a little scared.

On July 20th, squads from each of our Batteries were attached to the 28th, 13th and 121st Infantry Regiments. The mission was to force gaps through the hedgerows that formed the enemy's natural defenses. Our particular task was to spray these hedgerows until the infantrymen could get close enough to close in. It was rough going because we often had to expose ourselves to get into firing position. Our tracks became the target for every Kraut that could fire a gun. We were lucky in a way, for in that holocaust of mortar shells and machine gun fire, we only left one man . . . Cpl. Sam Collins.

And so, in a small way we contributed our part to a break-through that was only to halt at the Siegfried Line. We led the cavalcade of troops and supplies to Avaranches and Pontabault, where we fell out to protect two bridges. They told us the bridges were vital and the Luftwaffe spent the next three days proving it to us. Jerry tried every trick in the book to get at those bridges, but the wall of fire that greeted every try made the effort too costly. When the probing fingers of the tracers found their mark, the resultant spiral of flame would descend to earth like a comet. The charred remains would be another monument to Pvs. Castollano, Marchesano and T.5 Iscaro who died there.





NORTHERN FRANCE

The job was far from finished. Reassigned from the First Army to General Patton's Third Army, with hardly a pause for breath, the battalion moved on. Advancing with the swiftly moving armor, fighting off attacking Jerry planes from above and ground troops below, pausing only to gas up and then off again. Off thru Normandy and into Brittany.

Approaching the city of Rennes, by-passed by the forward elements, no one knew exactly what was in store. Cautiously the first tracks crept in, not knowing what to expect but ready for the worst. Suddenly, from every house and cellar poured an immense throng of French civilians shouting wildly, throwing flowers into the streets, giving us bottles of wine and cognac. In a moment they swarmed over the tracks, tears of joy streaming down their faces, kissing the nearest soldiers, forcing (T) them to accept liquor. The Heinie had left, the city was ours.

Our Colonel made short work of the celebration, snapping orders to his Battery Commanders. He soon had the battalion in fighting position, with sniper-hunting teams out on the prowl. Rennes was a Paradise after the desolated countryside of Normandy. It couldn't and didn't last however. On August 8th, the Battalion was attached to the 4th Armored Division, which was to drive to Nantes. Coming to the banks of the Loire River, the 473d set up as ground support. Sharp gunners and men spotted positions across the river and blasted them into oblivion.

Constant patrolling became a necessity. It was on one such occasion, August 7, that a B Battery patrol ran into a strong road-block. A scouting party, led by Lt. Cheney set out afoot. A well hidden German outpost opened fire upon the scouting party, two were seriously injured and S/Sgt. Carlini was mortally wounded. Two men, with small arms, opened fire upon the enemy troops thus diverting the Heinies and enabling the heavily armed tracks to move into firing position, routing the ambushers.

The Germans, in the face of destructive American Armored divisions, pulled into the St. Nazaire area prepared to fight a delaying action rather than waste valuable time, General Patton's forces swung west into Central France leaving only two battalions to retain this enemy force of over 40,000. The lightly armored 2nd Cavalry and the 473rd were chosen for this mission.

For several days these two battalions held the entire front. Finally, elements of the 83rd Infantry Division arrived. A strong German ground force led by



tanks attacked along the Redon-Nantes line. The B Battery command post was in direct line of attack and it seemed a certainty that it would be over-run. However, a quick thinking Section Leader maneuvered his M 15 half track to bear on the attackers. Letting loose with a devastating fire, his crew killed over fifty of the enemy and so disrupted their line of attack that they had to withdraw.

The Germans, utilizing barges and light river boats, attempted on many occasions to land patrols across the Loire River in the vicinity of Angers. D Battery, operating with the 329th Infantry Regiment, threw back these attempts with great loss to the enemy. In one such engagement in this sector, D Battery suffered the loss of two of its best men, Cpl. Fred W. Feichter and Tec. 5 Walter Chamness. Another track managed to frame a Heinie mess hall in its gun sights just around noon time, and poured a full clip of 37's into the window. The meal got a little too hot and the Krauts who couldn't get away in time lost their appetites. It was in this sector too that Lt. McGill of the 329th, aided by D Battery officers began negotiations with the enemy that eventually ended with the surrender of over 20,000 German troops.

The 94th Infantry Division soon relieved the 83rd, and the 473d was assigned to them. Duties now included road-patrols and active advance against the enemy lines. On one such attack, A Battery, advancing in thick underbrush was set upon by German bazooka and grenade teams. With Pvt. Robinson killed and seven wounded, the raiding party was in a precarious position. Only quick thinking and acting saved the party.

November 27th, word came from higher Headquarters concerning a pending move and attaching the battalion to the Ninth Army. December first found the outfit entraining on forty-and-eights, waving a last goodby to the French and heading East.





RHINELAND

During the last three weeks of December we were in Holland, billeted in such towns as Schoesberg, Eyselshoven and Niewenhagen. At the kind invitation of the townsfolk, we were given sleeping quarters in their homes. For the first time in months we enjoyed a rest in an atmosphere that was the closest thing to home that we had found thus far. We forgot war for a time. But the Luftwaffe reminded us of our mission, for time and again they tried to inflict what damage they could on our main supply routes, part of which we were stationed near. The greater part of our time in Holland however was pleasant; we shall never forget the Dutch for their hospitality. Since many of them spoke good English, we naturally did lots of talking, for it was a welcome diversion to hear our native tongue once again. Meanwhile the war was moving on and so must we.

Germany was not far away. We were close to one sector of the border over which the Luftwaffe was using as a corridor to send bombing and strafing missions back to Allied supply dumps. So we moved into that sector—the better to spot them. The Batteries occupied Palenberg, Baesweiler and Wurselen, and set up gun positions in each. The end of the year was only two days off and winter had begun in earnest. Through the long night hours of guard, over the cold wind driving fiercely, we listened for the drone of enemy planes. New Year's Eve held no thrill like the others we had celebrated back home. It was just another cold night. Next day the Luftwaffe came in force and all Batteries reported claims. As part of the German plan for the offensive in the Belgium-Luxembourg sector, enemy air activity was heavy for the next few weeks. The snow and cold played havoc with our equipment and got to be a more dreaded enemy than the Germans. Many gun crews had only dugouts for quarters—there was no steam heat. But somehow we kept warm and the more important enemy was taken care of.

It was in this sector at Wurselen, that T/5 Tagliaferri of



D Battery, was killed through a booby-trap explosion.

On February 8th, relieved of our assignment and attached to the 8th Armored Division, we were on the move again. Through a shift of armies, the 8th Armored was sent in to replace part of the British forces in Holland. Extensive preparations on all fronts was now taking place and troop concentrations began to form for the pending assault across the Roer River.



Hectic days followed. This sector of the Ninth Army front was seething with activity. After throwing up a thunderous artillery barrage, the most devastating thus far, the historic crossing of the Roer was accomplished. On the 28th of February B Battery crossed with Combat Command A and was speedily followed by the rest of the battalion, operating with various branches of the 8th Armored.

Units of the 473rd, driving with the forward elements, advanced far ahead of the main body. The Germans tried desperately to stem this armored tide, but were unsuccessful. Prisoners were now streaming back by the truck load. We accounted for many of these unhappy supermen. The main German forces were fleeing now and scurrying across their last natural barrier: the Rhine.

Meanwhile, mopping up operations had to be carried out. Stony-faced civilians stared glumly at the passing American forces. This was not the welcome we were accustomed to. This was no liberation; we were part of a conquering army now.

Assigned the mission of protecting Field Artillery and railheads, the 473rd was deployed over a wide area, dug in and alerted. The Rhine was the next big Allied objective. Tremendous equipment was being drawn up and assembled for this assault; field pieces, tanks, boats, bridges and huge stores of gas and ammo. AA protection for all this was vital.

Knowing that the assault across the Rhine was inevitable, the Luftwaffe stepped up its bombing and strafing missions. Night and day our gun crews were busy. But no enemy air raid was ever fully successful. We were "On Target" whenever they dared come close enough.

On March 25th, preparations were complete. What we waited for had come. The early morning quiet was suddenly exploded into an unearthly crash with the initial opening of concentrated artillery. Tons of high explosive shells smashed into the German defenses. The steady roar of cannon continued hour after hour. Later in the morning our Air Corps took over, criss crossing in the sky on their various missions.

Word reached us soon that the Infantry had established a sizable bridge-head on the east bank of the river. Orders were not long in coming to prepare for movement. Working feverishly, the Battalion replenished its almost exhausted ammo stocks. Vehicles and equipment were checked and readied—not solely for the pontoon crossing of the Rhine, but for what we knew would follow. We were going places now—



CENTRAL EUROPE

The famous Rhine river gave us a lot to think about. Here the Germans had hoped to stem the armored might of the ever advancing Allies, and failed. Would planes be more numerous now that the Germans were being pushed right into their own back yard? How did Hitler and his Generals plan to cope with this mighty force that had thus far outwitted them across half of Europe? Well, these were the enemy's worries—and that thought, if nothing else, was comforting to us. They had more to worry about than we did.

They did use their planes. But our smashing advance was so fast and so far, both day and night, that it was difficult for them to know where to use them with the greatest effect. Reports came from all Batteries, of air activity in each of our sectors after the Rhine crossing. But our stay at any one place was always short. The armored spearheads smashed forward with growing ferocity, skirting strong points when possible, but advancing always. And not one enemy air raid on the columns of supplies we protected was ever successfully carried out. Days and nights were spent on the road with hardly ever a good rest. Fifty or sixty miles in one day got to be a common occurrence. One gigantic team—pushing, driving, slowing up and pushing again. Prisoners came back by the truck loads, bewildered and stunned by our swift advance, looking as though most of the "Heil" had been knocked out of them.

The good news finally came to us that the American Armies had linked up, forming a giant pocket of desperate German troops in the Rhur. Our battalion, moving with the Armored forces, received orders to proceed with mopping up operations. Now our picture was somewhat different. Instead of a rapidly retreating enemy, we now had the task of squeezing a hard-pressed do or die force. The fighting settled down to bitterly won advances. All resolved that no German would escape this trap. And none did! One instance showing this resolve was when a squad of A Battery men, on April ninth, spotted a building that was being used by the Germans as an observation point for artillery fire; fire that





was inflicting serious damage to the assaulting forces. Unheeding possible danger to themselves, the crew in an exposed position opened fire on the building. In a matter of seconds it was set afire forcing the twenty Germans inside to surrender.

On April 11th, orders were received to withdraw from our sector and proceed to aid the 2nd Armored. That meant back to the main attack front to our fast driving, hard hitting role once more. But we found that the same punch was not needed. Something was happening—inside the "Fatherland". The German armies which had been drawn in to defend it were suffering their worst defeat. The Third Reich was getting groggy; this was the last round. Air activity on the enemy's part, falling off sharply, had by now almost ceased to exist. Herman Goering didn't have enough gasoline left for his cigarette lighter. The war was lost and the supermen were beginning to realize it. Those leaders who had set out to rule Germany for a thousand years and conquer the freedom-loving peoples of the world, were floundering in the pulverized rubble of their own capital. The beginning of the end was at hand.

Hitler Dead! V-E Day! We read the bold headlines and somehow we were not surprised. We were glad but not surprised. We looked sadly at those headlines and somehow the big black print didn't seem to be black. We were thinking of other things now; of the things behind those headlines—of the marching, the training, the studying, the sweating; of boats and barges and beaches; of blackout drives, the apprehension, the long hours of night guard; of enemy planes, the crash of artillery, the hateful whine of shells; of the mud and the cold rain. All was ended now. And we thought of the men who would never read those headlines. No, they weren't printed in black—they were in red! The red blood of brave men who died to make them possible. We are grateful to those men; grateful to have had the honor of calling them our comrades and to have been part of the same team. We who are left will be praised and cheered; our commendations will resound for a time and then we will forget. But their praise, their sacrifice, their achievement shall live forever in the hearts of free men.

Sgt. Eugene Olivetti



SCALPING PARTY



HOME SWEET HOME!



LIBERATION



CIVILIANS AT HEART



WAITING-WAITING



TIME OUT FOR RECREATION!



DISPLACED PERSONS
MOVING TO REAR.



MORNING WORKOUT



ACHTUNG!
MINEN!



END OF
THE LINE



MAIL CALL!



APPROACHING
THE RHINE



TEN MINUTE
BREAK



READY FOR ACTION!



TROUBLE SHOOTERS



K.P.



HQ. BATTERY

A seven-hundred word history of Headquarters Battery must of necessity be sketchy—a kaleidoscope of memories—but what memories!

It all began way back in February of forty-three, when some ninety civilians were assembled into that Step-child of Army organization called a Headquarters Battery. Here a man's status hovers between craftsman and soldier; between tradesman and fighter. We were to service a combat team. We had to learn to feed that team, to clothe them, to keep their vehicles on the line, to keep communications intact at all times. Furthermore, we had to learn to do these things under battle conditions—"Simulation" they called it, and therein began a phase that ended only the day we hit the beach.

After better than a year of this sort of preparation, we hit the big time. Our short stay at Camp Kilmer, N. J. was loaded with work and frustration. The Battalion was subjected to every kind of inspection imaginable, and every inspection meant work for someone. Supply men worked twenty-four hour days; Personnel men made last minute adjustments. The passes were limited to twelve hours—hardly enough to see New York—and certainly not enough for goodbyes.

On Good Friday Morning, from the rain-soaked deck of the "Ile de France", we got our last glimpse of Lady Liberty. Seemingly, she bid us God-speed from out of the morning fog, and each of us told her our own private farewell.

We made the voyage without any mishap and were piped into Scotland by a Kilties Band. We were given a cup of coffee, a newspaper and a nice long train ride.

It was May before we settled down to a quiet English life in a Glider Box Colony at Greenham Commons, a glider base near Reading. It was here that we learned about England, and it was from here that we witnessed the take-off of those first airborne troops on D Day.

D Day was a day of prayer at home and it was pretty much the same with us, except that ours was a sort of individual praying. We'd see squadrons go out and count 'em coming in. Sometimes there'd be some missing and then we'd experience an inarticulate little twinge in the pit of our stomachs. Maybe it wasn't an entirely unselfish emotion, for we knew that our turn would come soon.

And it did about a month later, we'd had a mission shooting at Buzz-bombs when our Battalion was alerted for France. Again that "This is it" feeling and again we made it without mishap.

Our entry into France was something like a nightmare come true. Hitherto, the war had kept its distance. Now we lived within it. The rubble that was once a village, the broken grotesque bodies of men and animals, the inconceivably complete destruction. The smells—of fire, of gunpowder, of decay. The dull booming of the artillery, the staccato cracking of small arms, the soft sighing whine of the eighty-eights. These were the things that impressed us... and made us dig.

But even war has its compensations for the victorious. Ours come in the form of the breakthrough and the subsequent liberation of France. It began at Gorges with Norman peasants, cautiously returning to their homes. By way of celebration they would unearth quantities of Calvados, a sort of French Apple-Jack that had the effect of an atomic bomb—and the after-effect of a war-worker's income tax. Then came Pierres, Coutance, Avaranches, Pentaubault, Rennes and the crescendo of welcome rose to the hysteria of Liberation. Flowers, Champagne, rare Brandies, nothing was too good for these "Heroes", who, just a month before considered themselves fortunate to get a drink of Scotch in an English Pub. We loved it.

In a short time, the city of Nantes became our focal point and remained just that for many months. Places like the "House of Mirrors" and the "Oceanic" will remain legendary in our thoughts.

But a pleasant routine is not the Army way and in November we moved to Holland. It was a cold five day train ride in 40 and 8's, but as usual, we made it without incident.

There's not a man among us that can forget the next three months. We entered Schoesberg on a dreary winter's morning, cold and a bit distrustful of what the future might hold for us. At first we were a little bewildered at being quartered out among civilians, although we couldn't resist the charm of clean sheets and comfortable beds. It took only a few days to discover that we had struck a home. Our hosts became our "families" and in the months that followed there occurred the best possible demonstration for the American Way—a friendship between the Dutch and ourselves that will exist as long as we both have memories.

In the next months we had to forget that friendliness that comes so natural to the American soldier. We had entered enemy territory. The weeks that followed were unforgettable nightmares of violence. The crossing of the Rhine, amid brilliant and deadly AA Fire, the endless movement, the tragedy of Bad Lauterberg where three of our comrades were treacherously waylaid and shot thru the back by Nazi SS Troopers.

At last, VE Day! We celebrated—with wine, with cognac—but we remembered too. We remembered Francitas, Gorges, Avaranches, Little, Frink, and Shepard. We remember with joy, with sorrow, but we remember—and that's history—thank God!

S/Sgt. Raymond Wegner

The Long Supplyline Bogs Down
Heric - Bees in the Beespile
Mvd vs. Maintenance





Yep, fellows, it could only happen in the Army—where else could a cadre of a handful of men, a few officers take a group of half frightened, coughing, pale faced, soda jerks, shoe clerks, cob drivers, etc., from "Joisey" and the Bronx; bronco busters, oil field rough necks and farmers from Texas and Oklahoma and melt them together into the best damned battery in the best damned battalion in the world.

From the battle of Francitas... mosquitos, foxholes (6' x 4' 6" x 2 1/2', measure it Mr. Inspector) AAATC to the battle of the Harz Mountains (SS men, rifle fire, few foxholes and no inspectors to measure them). Sure it was rough, plenty of times we didn't know whether we would see another day dawn, and just as many times we didn't care. Dust, grime, wet to the bone and with that always present stink that goes without bathing for weeks at a time. Riding in the snow and rain for days, struggling through Avaranches with the innumerable Heinie planes bombing and strafing, the sickening sound of an ME-109 diving to spit it's fire of death, if there ever was hell, this was it. Then on to Rennes; a real French welcome, complete with wine and women—we were in our glory. On the move again, this time Nantes, with its unforgettable alleys and gentlemen-like warfare; yes it was nice, but we must move on... always moving.

And now Holland; a new language, different people, a home on the continent, people who loved us and whom we in turn loved... Hard to leave? Hell yes it was! But, the Roer had to be crossed and new battles had to be fought and won. Over the Roer and on to the Rhine; out in front, one night stands if we were lucky; a little sleep and then march order, march order till it rang in our ears. Sleeping in the bucket, on the hood, and if luck was with us on the cold hard ground. Those unforgettable damnable stoves and countless figuring of how seven men could eat food that wouldn't make a good meal for two and then with the food on the fire it would come again; "March Order"! Stove and all in the trailer, pull out a "K" ration cheese and crackers on the road... we're moving again! This is it, the Artillery's setting up, put your

tracks there, dig in, post a guard, the rest of you get some sleep, chow in an hour... if we don't move first.

Planes!... Hell they're Heinie, get on those guns... you're on him, now fire... give 'em hell, count your planes Hitler, we think you're short a couple. At last a break, a house to live in, maybe a bed, nothing to do but rest... What's this?... Clean the bogies, clean the guns and ammo, wash your clothes, gas up... We're moving up again! Rest hell!

On and on, would it ever end? When could we stop and get a good nights' sleep and eat some decent food, it had to stop, but when? At last after traveling across five countries and fighting in five major battles, it did stop. At Braunlage we saw the end of the war. Battery "A" had done it's job and now could sit back and look over it all and realize just why it's the best battery in the best battalion in the world. Why? It's simple, we've got the best damn men and best damn officers in any battery, in any battalion, any place!

Pfc. Robert H. McKinley



Gun's A-Blazin
Jam Session
Pass in Review





BAKER BATTERY

"B BATTERY WILL REMEMBER"

"The war will end soon." This was our answer to the queries of the French people in Rennes. Why shouldn't we be optimistic? The city was newly liberated, deliriously happy people were showering us with kisses, flowers, and good Champagne, while many GIs were dancing in the damaged streets with beautiful "Mademoiselles". Better still, US armor had broken loose, and the "Boche" were withdrawing all along the rapidly shifting front.

Gone were nights like those at Avranches, where B Battery blood and guts bought that vital bridge, which opened the gateway to Brittany—where the enemy used every available bomber and strafing plane to rock the earth with explosions, and fill the sky with fire, while Nazi snipers strived vainly to pin our deadly gunners to the ground.

No more blasting at innocent appearing hedgerows like those at St. Lo, which concealed death behind every bank. No more hidden mines lurking in fields and roadbeds to wreck our vehicles. It was wonderful to be a liberator.

Suddenly the bubble burst; the Luftwaffe struck at the bridge in Rennes. Leaping to action, Baker Battery gunners wove an impenetrable pattern of steel over the bridge, and it stood. Now we realized a long road lay ahead of us.

We learned it again when a German attack smashed toward our C.P. near Blain. Shrapnel tore through the air and missiles of death bounced off our armor, but our Battery squelched the Nazi threat, and left the attackers groggy.

Constantly moving, and making new friends, we entered Holland. The grateful Dutch people took us into their homes and into their hearts. No one could say he left those fine people without heartfelt regret.

But in war, one always moves; this time it was into Germany and the Roer River Valley. Here again the German Air Force felt the sting of B Battery guns, as we celebrated a victorious New Year. Many, who might have damaged US installations, failed to return to the fatherland.

Now the fabulous Rhine loomed before us, but our swift crossing soon put history behind us. Continually advancing and ever guarding the sky above US forces, we witnessed the collapse of Germanys' industrial heart, the Ruhr Valley, and climbed into the Harz Mountains. Nearing the Elbe River, B Battery turned southward, lowered its guns, and flushed fanatical SS troops from the dense forests.

It is over now, but B Battery will remember much. The deafening crash of exploding buzz-bombs in England, the staccato chattering of murderous machine guns in France, friendliness in picturesque Holland, Schnapps filled cellars in Germany, and bewilderment in restless Czechoslovakia. More important, Baker Battery will remember its many succesful missions in Europe, its proud record of the highest total of air victories in the Battalion, and even more so, its heroic dead.

Pfc. Addison McIntock, T/5 Thomas Russo



Come and Get It
Winter in Palenberg
Presentation of Award



CHARLIE BATTERY

CHARLIE'S TIMES — GOOD AND BAD

"Drink up and shed a tear,
For the memories of yester-year."

The men of C Battery have many memories of difficult missions performed and of good times had together. No one will forget the tension and suspense as we waited for the men assigned to blast hedgerows, to return... if they ever would.

It was a long time after our duties of protecting the artillery were over before we could hear a high thin whistle without taking cover. Those '88 jitters are a bad disease.

The cider we drank in Normandy was a let-down to those expecting to get wine and cognac we'd heard about. Then, Rennes where we found the wine and women which we had begun to think were only a myth.

We shall never forget the many tedious hours spent on guard at the St. Nazaire Pocket. But the Germans didn't break out in force and we started to receive a few passes to Nantes, where the entertainment was small, but the prices high.

In Holland, the people were friendly and helpful. There seemed to be nothing they would not do to make us comfortable. Many of the fellows found a "home" away from home in Holland and all agreed that of all the peoples they had met, the Dutch were the nicest by far.

Entering Germany Christmas Day, we were all impressed by the destruction and desolation of the towns we passed through. We moved into the basements of the war-scarred houses and foraged about for beds and food to supplement our G.I. issue.

New Year's Day the German planes came over in force. Four of them crashed to the ground as the others fled before the withering fire of our sharp-eyed gunners. A good way to start the New Year.

Moving further into Germany, we passed long lines of civilians moving

from the fighting area, hauling their goods behind them. We learned to shrug our shoulders and say, "Das ist der Krieg" when they told us their troubles. Funny thing, no matter how many we questioned, there were never any Nazis to be found.

The happy faces of the released PWs and DPs and the way they smiled their thanks when given food or cigarettes, lingers in our memories. Then came the non-fraternization policy and the fines and punishments that were a part of it.

In Czechoslovakia, we enjoyed some dances and beer with a friendly people again. After a one week rest, it was back into Germany, deep in the heart of the picturesque Bavarian Alps where the Nazis were to have made their last hold-out.

Here we set up as an occupation force, establishing roadblocks, screening civilians, weeding out Nazi party members, searching houses and uncovering hidden caches of weapons and ammunition.

It was here as the war came to an end throughout the world, that Battery C found itself, waiting for the order that would send us on our way back to our own America.

T/5 Donald Bergen

Reload
Dress Right





AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST...

Like the noble animal whom its phonetic name represents, Dog Battery has been tested in its many assignments and proven faithful; ever eager for action and deadly efficient whenever action came our way, day or night, rain or shine, in hedgerow, forest or hilltop.

Memories we have—yes. Every hour of overseas duty loaded with sixty of them and each one sixty seconds long. Some are harsh, some mild, some sad, some humorous. From Le Haye du Puit where the famous German 88 baptized us with shrapnel, to the Harz Mountains in Germany where the Stars and Stripes headlines screamed Hitler's defeat, Dog Battery's bogie wheels rattled across our assigned trail, at sunrise, noon or blackout; through rain, through snow, through mud; through cutting wind and choking dust; on good roads, bad roads and on some that we made ourselves. But always on time—scores of destinations without fail were reached at the proper hour. And along that trail, there were both flying and ground targets that felt the sting of our 50s and 37s. Our guns spoke often to the enemy and in tones that commanded respect.

To all of our officers, whose leadership inspired us every mile of the way, a salute with our earnest expression of gratitude. Sound judgement, with calmness and calculation on their part, in all of our darker moments, was never lacking.

Looking back, we humbly claim no glory for the part we played in performing our duty; for victory, as we well know, was not achieved without its sacrifice in the precious lives of our comrades who fell. Their blood is the

supreme price of freedom which neither monuments, medals nor words can adequately glorify. To them, whose willing hands have no more labor, whose weary feet have reached journey's end, whose aching minds are at peace, to them alone, goes the undying honor and reverence.

We are proud of the job accomplished along that winding muddy trail from its beginning on Omaha Beach to its glorious conclusion on V-E Day, contented that our efforts were not without reward; the reward of peace and the thoughts of home and friends. And the deep down inside reward in the cheers of liberated peoples; the wild joy of women and children and old men amid laughter, tears, flowers and wine; these are the rewards we shall never forget. No words can fully describe the feeling it gave us to think we played some little part in bringing happiness to those people. If we suffered any, we are none the worse for it; if we tired ourselves any, we are rested now and pleased with our labor; if we became impatient at times, we have acquired the virtue of patience, and if we never before realized the full meaning of the word freedom, believe us, we do now.

Sgt. Jerry Young

Discipline
Maintenance
Morale



MEDICS



How often we've heard that call—"Medic!" In Hulen it was "sick call." In Louisiana it was, Medic! Is this water ok?" On the Ile de France: "Medic, Are you sure I need this shot?" England: "'Doc' I keep hearing a buzzing sound all the time." The continent: No more bucking. 88's, Shrapnel, "Medic!" Purple Heart.

Medic to the rescue. A darn scared GI, bedecked with red crosses, carrying an OD colored wonder kit. The wonder kit a converted 50 cal ammo box. Its contents? Well, let's take a look. Bandages for all kinds of wounds, and aspirins, of course. There are pills galore; white ones for the GIs, tiny ones for the DTs and great big ones for the VDs. That box was priceless, and that medic, well, he was our best friend.

Not only in case of a casualty was the medic on the job: Patiently training at camp where he tied up the healthiest of pals just to be able to bandage correctly and in the least time necessary when he might be called upon; assisting at sick call, learning to take care of those aches and pains that beset us all; studying field sanitation and public health. All of this to one end. To be the best medical aid man possible, caring for all casualties encountered and treating those minor aches and pains.

Then on the job overseas, practicing what was learned in camp. The aid man travelling with the various platoons. Out on their own, doing their level best to maintain the highest standards of health and sanitation. And in the Aid Station, officers and enlisted men giving more definite treatment and supervising evacuation. The Aid Station travelled with Headquarters Battery except for the interlude with the 8th Armored Division, when they were giving medical aid to Division rear and dental care to both Forward and Rear Echelons.

We've heard the call—"Medic!" And we've done our best to make our response the most efficient and cheerful possible.

T/3 Robert Lentz

† THE CHAPLAIN

A SPIRITUAL GUIDE

The Chaplain is a term used by the military forces applying to the Rabbi, Priest or Minister as spiritual guides to the military personnel. As such, they are men of God, selected by the armed forces upon denominational endorsement through voluntary enlistment. The denominational endorsement is based upon the character, training, length of service and quality of work done. These men of God were tried and proven; toughened to endure hardship as a good soldier. They suffered the trials of the soldier. They know his troubles. They sympathize with his anguish of soul. They get under his burden and help him to bear it with ease. They are the soldiers' go-between. They plead his case with God and man. He aids them physically, mentally and spiritually.

Consequently, the 473rd has not marched alone during its years of service. God has marched with it. The Chaplains have seen to that. By every possible means they have striven to bring religion into the lives of the men committed to their care. And, it is to the credit of our men and their officers that religion holds an important position in our history. It has not been neglected but rather has formed an integral and essential part of our family life.

The first of these men to serve with the 473rd was Chaplain E. M. Clapper who joined the organization at Camp Hulen, Texas in March of 1943. After changing the T.O. placing Chaplains of the AA with AA Groups, this unit was without a Chaplain until Chaplain George A. Kmieck was assigned to the unit upon arrival overseas. He was with the Battalion through its combat period, after which he was assigned to an Infantry unit. Chaplain John B. Holland has been assigned to the unit succeeding Chaplain Kmieck endeavoring to assist every one in his soldiering, in his citizenship and in being Godly men.

SPORTS



Whether it was the bats of softball, or the gloves of the boxer, or the spikes of track, the 473rd led the field wherever it went. Our battalion softball team dusted off home plate in early May, 1945, and by the time the season ended they had the respect of all opponents. Winning 22 out of 25 games, they were proclaimed Champions of the Alpine League of Southern Bavaria. In the Battalion League, after a torrid first half, Baker entered the playoffs against Dog who were the winners of the second half. After a hot series, Dog finally took 3 games from Baker to become the champs of the battalion. This was their second title in the battalion softball leagues, having won their first victory back at Camp Hulen.

Our boxing team kept up the prestige of the battalion by setting a record of its own in boxing circles. They won the 8th Armored "Invitation Show" and then came to take the Southern Germany title.

Led by Lt. Thomas, our track men entered the "Third Army Special Troops Meet" held in Munich, Germany, which involved 17,000 troops. When the cheering was all over and the points counted, our boys had won the meet for the Brigade.

Our officers held the prestige of the men by winning the softball and volley ball championships of the Group.

So hats off to the 473rd G.I.—not only for contributing so much to victory, but for holding the number one position in sports. In the words of Col. Burba of the 8th Armored Division who stated, "The cocky 473rd could outbox and outplay any outfit in the E.T.O." Sgt. Leonard Tyminski





COFFEE, DOUGHNUTS
AND BOOGIE.



NO SECONDS !



WHY CERTAINLY !



ACES UP !



COFFEE ON THOSE
40 AND 8'S.



THE BRASS !

AWARDS AND DECORATIONS

SILVER STAR

Sgt. J. W. Chamberlain

Cpl. H. J. Twarkowski

1st Lt. L. G. Cheney

BRONZE STAR

1st Lt. M. E. McCluggage

Tec. 5 J. J. Loverro

S/Sgt. A. R. Duffy

Pfc. L. J. Selitto

Capt. D. L. Olney

Sgt. W. H. Anderson

Cpl. R. Helherington

Tec. 5 L. O. Moody

Tec. 5 C. C. Hay

Tec. 5 D. Ciriello

Tec. 5 L. Groncrewski

1st Lt. C. W. Johnson

T/Sgt. K. K. Bailey

S/Sgt. C. Arnold

Tec. 5 J. L. Thompson

Pfc. S. Nobleman

S/Sgt. R. T. Baker

1st Sgt. S. E. Stafford

Tec. 5 J. M. Chavez

Sgt. J. A. Proctor

Sgt. P. S. Anicito

Sgt. L. Cimino

Tec. 5 L. Mann

T/Sgt. T. Zimmerman

Tec. 5 E. J. May

1st Lt. R. C. Cheatwood

1st Sgt. W. A. Weaver

S/Sgt. C. W. Helander

Sgt. H. Hermanson

Pfc. V. E. Gibbs

Cpl. V. J. Tolve

CROIX de GUERRE

1st Lt. M. E. McCluggage

PURPLE HEART

Tec. 5 D. S. Maturro

Pvt. L. Padgett

Capt. J. C. Schuller

Pvt. P. Garcia

Pvt. S. Schneider

Tec. 5 C. B. Kirk

1st Lt. E. A. Carroll

S/Sgt. C. W. Helander

Sgt. J. W. Chamberlain

Tec. 5 G. C. Christy

Cpl. S. S. Frizzell

Pfc. H. C. Mautner

Tec. 5 S. Oliva

Sgt. B. J. Page

Tec. 5 I. P. Quercia

Pfc. M. Miller

1st Lt. T. N. Thomas

Tec. 5 F. P. Waterbury

Pvt. J. D. Brown

Pfc. L. M. McMullin

1st Lt. J. J. Rotrekl

Pfc. T. H. Shaefer

1st Lt. C. W. Johnson

Pvt. W. H. Kitchell

Cpl. R. Nacca

Sgt. L. V. Tyminski

Pfc. D. E. Newmcn

Cpl. G. W. Hardin

Tec. 5 L. A. Jesuitus

Cpl. E. Suggs

Tec. 5 F. G. Schubert

S/Sgt. C. E. Chambers

Pfc. T. L. Gilmartin

PURPLE HEART

Sgt. I. Lossner
Pfc. M. A. Gonzalez
Tec. 5 C. Chaloupek
Tec. 5 C. L. Grey
Tec. 5 C. A. Knudsen
Tec. 5 F. K. Murray
Pfc. H. F. Gratz
Pfc. A. Hughes
Sgt. M. A. Simeone
Sgt. G. J. Young
Sgt. W. Vaughan
Cpl. V. J. Tolve
Pfc. J. G. Dohanich

Pvt. J. Stadfeld
Pvt. R. Horan
Capt. D. B. Whipp
Capt. H. B. Gipe
Tec. 5 W. Oats
Pfc. J. L. Aurillo
Pvt. S. J. Mellion
Capt. D. L. Olney
Sgt. C. F. Marchiel
Tec. 4 E. E. Rucker
Tec. 5 T. P. Gallaway
Tec. 5 A. C. Peterson
Pfc. C. J. Ellsworth

Pfc. W. L. Gortat
1st Lt. H. C. Aslin
S/Sgt. N. B. Gee
Cpl. J. L. Quaglia
Tec. 5 J. H. Hall
Tec. 5 T. Russo
Pfc. A. C. Gruwell
Pfc. B. F. Hall
Pfc. R. H. McKinley
Tec. 4 P. A. Dibartolomeo
Tec. 4 M. P. Holland
Tec. 5 J. J. Sheeren

CLUSTER TO PURPLE HEART

Cpl. G. W. Hardin

Sgt. M. A. Simeone



COMMENDATION



HEADQUARTERS 873 SQDG
Office of the Commanding General
APO 197

13 April 1945

SUBJECT: Commendation.

TO: Commanding Officer, 1878 AAC Group, APO 738, U. S. Army.

1. As we enter the final stages of our operations in the South I wish to extend to you, and through you, to your staff and the various units and organizations that have assisted with the Corps during its operations, my commendation for the outstanding performance of all missions assigned to you.
2. In addition to your primary role, which was performed in a superior manner, you and your staff and the units under your command have been called upon to perform secondary missions of great importance by the successful accomplishment of the missions assigned to this Corps. In the accomplishment of these missions imagination, initiative, and ingenuity, together with sound planning, have always been demonstrated.
3. I congratulate you and your staff and the units that have been under your command for their superior performance of duty and I wish to express to you, and through you to them, my sincere appreciation for their assistance.

/s/ John V. Anderson,
Major General,
U. S. Army,
Commanding

1st Ind.

HEADQUARTERS 1878 AAC GROUP, APO 738, U. S. Army, 14 April 1945.
TO: Commanding Officer, 873rd AAC Sq (1st), APO 538, U. S. Army.
FROM: Commanding General, 818 Amored Division, APO 738, U. S. Army.

1. Your attention is invited to the foregoing personal expression of appreciation by our Commanding General.

2. The Commanding Officer, 1878 AAC Group, who, in addition to the duties of Group Commander, has performed Special Staff Officer's duties as Assistant Officer, 873 Corps, during the operations referred to in the basic communique wishes to add his appreciation for your fine spirit of cooperation and superior performance in the execution of all assigned missions. Although your performance of all assignments would not have been completely successful in spite of superior command and secondary missions which have been assigned to units which would not have been accomplished. It is with a noble spirit of appreciation that the Group Commander realizes the contribution you and the staff have made with so many operations by the 873 Corps. The honor and credit for the superior performance is due to the faithful and skillful performance by all ranks and particularly by the best unit commanders.
3. It is requested that the contents of the basic communique and my full appreciation be transmitted to all ranks of each unit which served under your command during the period in question.

/s/ Thomas W. Buford
Thomas W. Buford
Colonel, GAC,
Commanding

BLACKOUT CONVOY

Every driver dreads it. Every squad leader hates it. Every man in the gun turrets hates it and curses the dust; or the rain if there is no dust; or the war or the Heinies, if there is no rain.

We can never, in the future, recall our ETO experiences without thinking of our blackout drives. The average European road even in broad daylight, is nothing to make any American driver dance for joy. They are narrow and ditched; dusty if dry, muddy and slippery if wet. At night these hazards increase their effect tenfold.

But we must move. The time of day is not for us to choose—nor the weather—nor the road. Bombed bridges will delay but not stop us. We must move now. Tonight! Our mission here is finished. We move out in thirty minutes, and—Thirty minutes? Hell, we gotta move fast!

Now is when maintenance pays off... Nothing must go wrong. After hurried preparations and last minute checking, we find ourselves lumbering out of position and heading for the road. We turn west and join the rest of the Platoon near their CP. Soon we are on our way, slowly at first for the night is inky black. The stingy little blackout lights on the vehicle ahead seem no better than the glow of a cigarette, and dust swirls up from the road shielding them from our straining eyes. A row of overhanging trees on either side of the road looms up suddenly and we pass through a natural "tunnel" which hides the meager light from the sky, distorting the silhouette of the vehicle leading us as we surge uncertainly forward. Into the clear once more, we pick up the dusty red lights again. The sky clears somewhat and our speed increases noticeably, except where the ancient road twists and turns, then slopes down toward some hamlet, quietly deserted and ghostlike; either sleeping or blasted into silence by our Air Corps or by the tanks which precede us. Melancholy it looks, in the murky shadows as we rumble by, indistinctly resembling the previous towns, emitting the same odors; musty, sickening and stale, the smell of death heavy in the air. We can see the battered smoldering buildings and here and there, discernable even in the shadows, white surrender flags hang limp and dejected gathering our dust.

To our right and left in the distance, the flash of artillery stabs at the



black sky, and seconds later the deep throated roar of big guns reverberates over the valley. American guns. We nod approvingly to one another and feel better. We are not alone out here tonight.

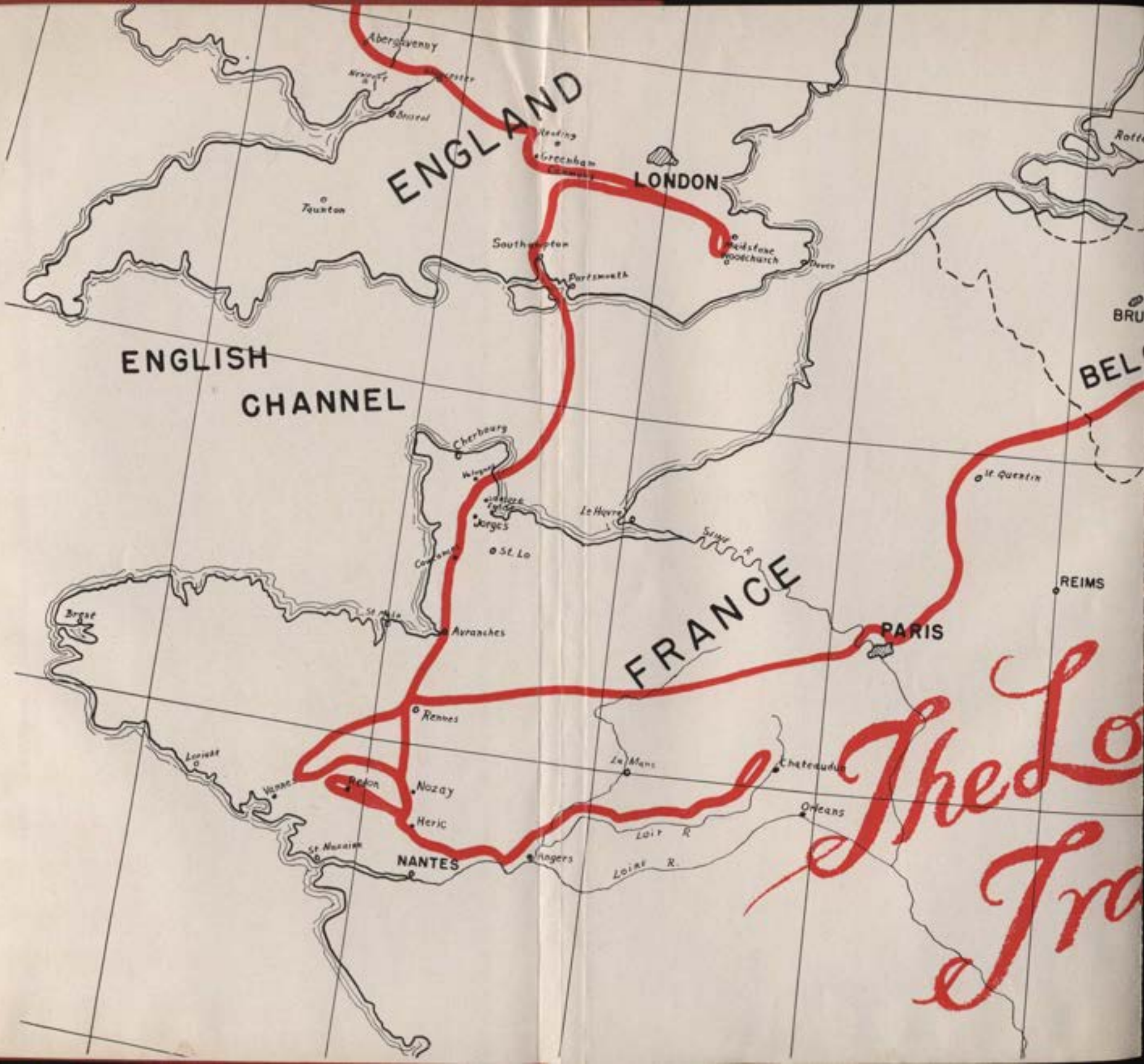
Presently the moon puts in an appearance; the strain is eased, for the road takes shape and we ride with more assurance. Off to the side we can make out the burned hulk of a Jerry tank with the usual litter of equipment scattered around and hastily abandoned. We can see too the overturned wagons that the Krauts used in their retreat; more equipment tumbled in wild confusion in the ditches; dead horses lying grotesquely among the debris. Knocked out gun positions blasted to twice their original size; fields of grass and clover pock-marked by artillery; trees uprooted, wire fences snapped and tangled and the tell-tale foot-deep ruts of some monster tank that took to the field. These are the things that we hurriedly glimpse as we roll on.

We begin to get hungry now, and dry from the dust; cramped from sitting and jouncing. We become impatient too. When will we get there? How many miles did we go? How the hell much further—

Look! Ahead! Ahead of our column—tracers in the sky, climbing into the blackness; two streams of them spaced with precision, all following the leader; then wavering, changing course, groping for the target, hanging momentarily before they die, looking like tangled sets of Christmas tree lights. Now more streams split the darkness—another gun speaks up—and another! Soon a fountain of lead is pouring upward. Where is that plane? Our column stops. Gunners, trackers, cannoneers, all jolted to wakefulness now and tensely alert. Then we can hear it. The familiar up and down drone of a Heinie plane. The guns up front quit, for the plane is nearer to us now. Before the sky is clear of tracers, the track just ahead joins in. There he is! We can see him silhouetted against the sky! Fire! Fire! The 50s chatter an answer, deafening, pounding; roaring defiance at the intruder, in rapid succession firing and recoiling like two barking dogs straining at leashes. Flashing light fills the turret and shows our battle—intoxicated faces upturned. The thundering crash of a bomb somewhere behind us sends a shower of dirt around the area. Another crash follows it, farther back. He's strafing the column now! Green tracers mix with our red. Now we can faintly see him zoom up and away. But he's hit! See—he's burning! Zigzagging away now, the ship seems to fight for control, to shake off the flames eating its strength. But the wound is fatal. It settles reluctantly for the downward plunge which ends in one blinding flash. Another swastika for the door of somebody's half track. Our radio speaker sputters to life; somebody is putting in a claim in category one. Who was it? What's the difference. He's down, ain't he? To hell with him!

We have reached our new "home" finally. In an hour or so, when it's light enough, we'll look it over. There's a barn over there; maybe we can get some hay for beds. Maybe this place will be better than the last. Beds! That's right, we're tired. Well, that can wait awhile—there may be other planes tonight. We want to be ready. Tomorrow we can see about beds. Tomorrow we'll look it all over—wonder how long we'll be at this spot—hope to hell we don't have to move at night.

Sgt. Jerry Young



ENGLAND

LONDON

ENGLISH CHANNEL

FRANCE

PARIS

NANTES

The Loire
France

Aberystwyth

Cardiff

Bristol

Reading

Greenham

Clonbury

Taunton

Southampton

Portsmouth

Widiford

Woodchurch

Dever

Cherbourg

Wigny

St. Lo

Jorges

Le Havre

Saint R.

Avranches

Rennes

Redon

Nozay

Heric

Lorient

Vannes

St. Nazaire

Le Mans

Chateaudun

Orleans

Loire R.

Loire R.

Angers

BEL

REIMS

St. Quentin

BRU

Rott



BATTALION ROSTER

OFFICERS

Lt.Col. James R. Gifford	1st Lt. Alvan C. Gilbert
Major William Y. C. Dean	1st Lt. Henry M. Gossett
Major Ansel W. Rumble	1st Lt. James D. Horan
Cpt. Jack I. Brody	1st Lt. Clifford W. Johnson
Cpt. Herbert J. Dinkel	1st Lt. John C. Johnson
Cpt. Allen Gilman	1st Lt. Darsey T. Kownslar
Cpt. Harold B. Gipe	1st Lt. Daniel R. La Fave
Cpt. John R. Gordon	1st Lt. Samuel B. Lewis
Cpt. John B. Holland	1st Lt. Richard S. Livermore
Cpt. Henry Z. Holly	1st Lt. Max E. McCluggage
Cpt. George A. Kmieck	1st Lt. Rodman S. Moeller
Cpt. Gordon A. Lundin	1st Lt. Robert W. Monroe
Cpt. Joseph Nussbaum	1st Lt. Francis E. Robertson
Cpt. Davis L. Olney	1st Lt. Jerry J. Rotrekl
Cpt. James G. Phillips	1st Lt. Carl R. Rupprecht
Cpt. John C. Schuller	1st Lt. William W. Shoup
Cpt. Donald B. Whipp	1st Lt. George F. Simpson, Jr.
1st Lt. Harry C. Aslin	1st Lt. Robert H. Singer
1st Lt. Ernest A. Carroll	1st Lt. Ernest R. Stephenson
1st Lt. Robert C. Cheatwood	1st Lt. Willard S. Swiers
1st Lt. Linwood G. Cheney	1st Lt. Tony N. Thomas
1st Lt. Dan N. Denton	CWO Donald W. Purdy
1st Lt. Wendell Fields, Jr.	CWO Harry M. Weissmann
1st Lt. Donald D. Fry	WO (JG) Kenneth M. Rorobaugh

MEDICAL DETACHMENT

Andrews, John A.	Gibbs, Vernon E.	Neff, Melvin E.
Arnold, Constanten	Goldberg, Stanley	Schaefer, Howard C.
Balding, Kenneth	Knight, Archie B.	Tworowski, Henry J.
Castronuovo, Nicholas	Lentz, Robert T.	Wiseman, Charles M.
Chavez, Joe M.	May, Ellis J.	Wrick, Frank C.
Davies, Chester	Milosevich, Steve N.	

HEADQUARTERS BATTERY

- | | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|
| Arias, Joe U. | Garner, Harry D. | Pellum, Robert L. |
| Ast, Dale H. | Gehilhardt, Albert M. | Pisarczyk, Andrew O. |
| Bagby, Royce | Gelzer, George | Prager, Irving |
| Bagley, William T. | Gibson, Joseph F. | Quintana, Albert |
| Bailey, Kenneth K. | Gugliardo, Angelo | Raffin, Augusto |
| Banzaca, Anthony | Guglielmo, Ernest A. | Read, Harry W. |
| Beauregard, Henry J. | Guttman, Sandor | Renfro, J. W. |
| Becken, Donald O. | Harlan, Loye M. | Ristow, Gerald A. |
| Berkman, Seymour L. | Hecht, Irving | Roberson, Vernon R. |
| Blecker, Seymour | Hendricksen, Eugene M. | Romero, Adriano C. |
| Borre, John F. Jr. | Henson, Herschel F. | Ronayne, James P. |
| Brush, Forest R. | Hillyer, Wallace M. | Rossi, Hugh R. |
| Bucco, Robert O. | Holbert, Raymond T. | Ruskin, Joseph M. Jr. |
| Burdick, Calvin C. | Hoffman, Otto | Saltamach, Frank P. |
| Bush, Norman T. | Hubacek, William G. | Santagata, Gustie R. |
| Campbell, Harry L. | Janeska, Anthony | Sarver, Gene W. |
| Cannon, Sherman C. | Johnson, John H. Jr. | Seefeld, Charles E. |
| Capehart, Kenneth C. | Kasperek, J. L. | Sharpe, James N. |
| Carter, Fredrick A. | Kiefer, Clyde J. | Sheeren, James J. |
| Carter, Jack W. | Kishonis, Olgert J. | Shepard, Malcolm S. |
| Capone, Louis | Kleinman, Sigmund | Silverman, Herbert |
| Chapman, George E. | Kosack, Arnold | Smith, John I. |
| Chambers, Bob | Kressig, Donald E. | Smith, Lester J. |
| Cimino, John J. | Lalko, Louis L. | Sousane, George J. |
| Cisneros, Justino | Leonard, George A. | Stopiak, John |
| Clark, Gerard F. | Lee, Robert | Swigert, Floyd M. |
| Cole, Richard H. | Levitov, Charles | Taylor, Wilbur B. |
| Coleman, William E. T. | Little, Lionel H. | Thomas, Dwight W. |
| Cowan, Beverly P. | Mathews, Horace B. | Thunberg, Vern S. |
| Crowe, James M. | Maxwell, Charley H. | Tittensor, Jack R. |
| Cultice, Henry D. | McDonough, Arthur G. | Tucker, Samuel R. |
| Della Rocca, Anthony M. | Milhas, Roger D. | Trant, William C. |
| Dibartolomeo, Pasquale A. | Milstein, Seymour | Valencia, Miguel E. |
| Douce, Robert L. | Moore, Rua V. | Vas, Anton J. |
| Douglas, Raymond H. Jr. | Morgalee, Ralph E. | Viglione, Mario |
| Dyle, Charles P. | Murphy, Francis D. | Vispi, Joseph C. |
| Easley, Nathan W. | Netzer, Wilbert R. | Wegner, Raymond P. |
| Ewing, Thomas R. | New, Hobert | Weinberg, Hermon J. |
| Fisher, Jerome H. | Odum, William H. | Welder, Charles W. |
| Franklin, Walter B. | Oelbaum, Robert E. | Wille, Emile F. |
| Frink, Richard A. | Parasole, Anthony F. | Winkler, Adolph H. |
| Frink, Robert C. | Pearson, Willard E. | Zimmerman, Theodore |

ABLE BATTERY

- Alling, Arthur L.
 Altmann, William T.
 Ascoli, Vincent
 Baker, Roy T.
 Bender, Arvin A.
 Breese, Frank H.
 Broom, Austin J.
 Broom, Clyde R.
 Brown, Dale
 Brownell, Othol C.
 Burke, Henry F.
 Burke, Michael A.
 Bynum, Robert W.
 Cannon, Thomas B.
 Carlson, Ralph E.
 Catalano, Angelo M.
 Celano, George
 Chance, Kenneth B.
 Chestnut, Murray D.
 Clevenger, D. G.
 Clinton, John H.
 Coletta, John R.
 Crawford, Norman E.
 Cronister, Junior N.
 Cunningham, Kelly H.
 Custer, Reed M.
 Cypret, Wade J.
 D'Aloia, Anthony C.
 Danielson, James G.
 D'Elia, Louis E.
 Dennis, Elmer W.
 Domico, Anthony
 Donatacci, Pasquale M.
 Donato, Anton
 Downing, Robert M.
 Drzewiecki, Julian J.
 Duncan, Oscar
 Dye, Richard R.
 Elfrink, Gregory W.
 Ellsworth, Charles J.
 Enyart, Stephen W.
 Esparza, Augustin R.
 Fernandez, Joseph
 Fingerhood, Martin
 Foster, Harrison F.
 Foxley, James D.
 Frizzell, Stanley S.
 Futterman, Louis
 Gall, Lloyd A.
 Gallaway, Thomas P.
 Gallina, Peter
 Garrett, Tom J.
 Gatto, Michael A.
 Gaynor, George J.
 Geiger, Harry J.
 Gerrish, James M.
 Gibb, Robert R.
 Gibson, Wilburn M.
 Giese, William O.
 Gillen, James F.
 Giordano, Patsy A.
 Gomez, Jose E.
 Gortat, William L.
 Gregg, O. K.
 Gupton, Lyle A.
 Hamilton, David
 Hanratty, Bernard
 Hanson, Haakon J.
 Hardin, G. W.
 Heilig, James N.
 Helm, John L.
 Hemberger, Norman W.
 Hemstreet, Bob L.
 Henline, James F.
 Herring, Robert F.
 Higgenbotham, Ralph J.
 Hooker, Temple M.
 Hoskins, Orville E.
 Houk, Orville E.
 Johnson, Harvey M.
 Johnson, Leonard H.
 Kennon, Elmer E.
 Kraft, Harvey G.
 Krivenki, John C.
 Lassner, Irwin
 Lemser, Frederick R.
 Levy, Julius K.
 Lewis, Claude E.
 Lyons, Charles C.
 Mahan, Harold L.
 Mann, Donald P.
 Marchiel, Chester F.
 Markowitz, Walter
 Martin, Michael
 Martorella, Rudolph A.
 Massaro, Vincent
 Mauro, Augustine R.
 Mautner, Harold C.
 McCarthy, John J.
 McKinley, Robert H.
 McMullin, Lowell M.
 Meistrich, Harold
 Mickiewicz, Anthony J.
 Miller, Morris
 Morales, John V.
 Moran, Douglas L.
 Morgan, Thomas D.
 Moore, Robert W.
 Nocco, Robert
 Nannen, Donald J.
 Neff, Walter W.
 Newman, Donald E.
 Nichik, William
 Nittolo, Dominick
 Nobleman, Sam
 Nolan, John M.
 Oliva, Santo
 Olson, Axel E.
 Page, Ben J.
 Parente, John T.
 Parker, Jesse W.
 Parson, Morris E.
 Pepe, Louis F.
 Peters, Raymond I.
 Peterson, Arthur C.
 Phillips, Donald G.

Pierce, Winslow S.
Proctor, John A.
Quaglia, John L.
Quercia, Ignazio P.
Rhodes, William L.
Rich, John D.
Riedel, Arthur C.
Rigsby, Dale J.
Rigsby, Louis R.
Rizzo, John P.
Robertson, Malcolm E.
Robertson, Robert H.
Romano, Frank A.
Rosin, Conway E.
Rucker, Edward E.

Ryals, Leonard D. C.
Rys, Frank J.
Sams, Paul L.
Sarrail, Harold A.
Savino, Joseph A.
Schneier, Bernard
Schubert, Frederick G.
Schwed, Herman H.
Serwatka, Mieczyslaw J.
Severhof, Peter
Simeone, Mark A.
Shine, John M.
Sims, Jack O.
Smith, Bert S.
Stein, Melvin

Stankard, Peter E.
Stigliano, Vincent J.
Stone, Virgil D.
Sturm, Henry W.
Swetman, Harland F.
Taylor, Carl F.
Thompson, Junior L.
Tolve, Vincent J.
Tosto, Luciano L.
Turf, Emil E.
Tullas, Colby A.
Waterbury, Frederick P.
Yannotta, John M.
Young, John J.
Zicolello, Rocco

BAKER BATTERY

Acuff, Lillard L.
Anderson, Walter H.
Auen, Arnold R.
Bailon, Jose C.
Barnhardt, Eustace P.
Beck, Floyd J.
Bell, Danail W.
Bennett, Irvin L.
Berger, Howard G.
Black, George R.
Black, Albert J.
Blasenheim, Paul
Blazzard, Max S.
Blestrud, Martin O.
Bopp, Henry L.
Borelli, Michael
Brady, Edward J.
Brajevich, Anthony M.
Bramwell, Frank I.
Brzozowski, Edward R.
Burkle, William J.
Burkle, Howard J.
Butman, William B.
Caleca, Thomas W.

Carbone, Nicholas A.
Carusi, Anthony F.
Caravella, Anthony J.
Carlino, Mike
Cassarino, Emanuel J.
Castellano, Joseph V.
Chaloupek, Clyde
Chiarello, Gus P.
Cerza, Martin
Ciriello, Dominick A.
Clady, Howard J.
Cocco, Angelo A.
Colcord, Joashley M.
Coday, Loy W.
Collins, Samuel
Conlon, Edward D.
Conover, Carl R.
Cornell, K. B. Jr.
Cathren, Troy
Cox, Leonard J.
Crabtree, Carl A.
Cuttito, Alex C.
D'Agunno, Donald V.
DeRosa, Frank J.

Deterding, Anthony
Devito, Vincent
Dikeman, John P. Jr.
Dooley, John J. Jr.
Duncan, John C. Jr.
Fairfield, William I.
Fanelli, Thomas
Fazio, Philip J.
Ferrara, Frank P.
Fesken, John W.
Fischer, Albert P.
Fox, Floyd K.
Friedman, David
Fuhrer, Raymond R.
Garcia, Philip
Garry, Arthur J.
Gee, Norman B.
Geffner, Jerome
Gilmartin, Thomas L.
Glass, Raymond F.
Gonzalez, Michael A.
Gratz, Henri F.
Gray, Clifford L.
Green, Charles J.

Greiner, Harvey W.
Groncrewski, Leonard
Gruwell, Albert C.
Guzzardo, Joseph A.
Hall, Jack H.
Harper, Henry
Harper, Edwin B.
Harris, Herschell R.
Haverstick, Henry W.
Hay, Carl C.
Hayes, Lawrence W.
Hector, Elmer R.
Helander, Carl W.
Hermanson, Hjalmar
Hetherington, Richard E.
Hobbs, Wendell H.
Holland, Marvin P.
Honor, Julius E.
Hornsby, I. D.
Horton, Harold L.
Huffman, Junius L.
Imbriglio, Armon E.
Iscara, Armando
Johnson, Clarence
Johnston, Robert C.
Kaufman, John W.
Keating, Edward F.
Keating, John J.
Kluzak, John J.
Knapp, Charles L.
Knapp, Jesse C.
Lahti, Reino V.

LeBlanc, Felix J. Jr.
Leichter, Howard I.
Lewis, Hugh M.
Mann, Herbert R.
Magnavita, Anthony
Mahoney, Frank Jr.
Marshesano, Anthony J.
Marino, John Jr.
Martin, Lloyd R.
McCarley, Maurice C.
McCunn, Howard W.
McLintock, Addison A.
Medrano, Rufino Sr.
Messina, Angelo
Metro, George
Mitchell, Joseph E.
Modafferi, James V.
Moody, Lewis O.
Mohr, Richard C.
Morley, Donald A.
Morris, Carl L.
Murphy, Derrill A.
Murray, Francis K.
Napolitano, Salvatore
Nevarez, Santiago A.
Nixon, Marvin S.
Padgett, Lewis
Paganessi, Armelio A.
Palenske, Roy E.
Palmieri, Bernard
Parker, John Milton G. Jr.
Partridge, Jesse F.
Pettit, John J.

Plivelic, Matthew F.
Plummer, Woodrow W.
Plymel, Larrie A.
Profeda, Phil
Quintana, Juan A.
Regina, Vito W.
Robinson, Richard J.
Rowell, Herbert J.
Rubin, Murray
Russell, William F.
Russo, Thomas
Russo, Richard B.
Ryan, Leo
Sanchez, Jacinto
Santore, John A.
Schaefer, Roy W.
Schneidler, Stephen R.
Schubert, Thomas J.
Shafer, Daniel J.
Spicer, Harold M.
Stewart, Victor R.
Stoner, Thomas F.
Storey, William R.
Suggs, Elmont
Ten, Wong O.
Uhlenbecker, William P.
Vallillo, Nicholas Jr.
Vogt, Robert A.
Ware, John H.
Weaver, William A.
Wells, Robert M.
Westphal, Harry

CHARLIE BATTERY

Abramowitz, Milton B.
Alexander, Alfred
Anicito, Patsy
Appel, Edward J.
Arangno, John Joseph
Arnold, Henry John

Ascolese, Alphonse J.
Astuto, Salvatore A.
Babb, Arthur D.
Baber, Wilfred H.
Babilas, John A.
Baggett, James W.

Barrese, Frank A.
Beadles, Claude C.
Bean, Leaford O.
Beard, Melvin L.
Bergin, Donald M.
Bernhard, Thomas P.

Berry, Hollie A.
 Blackwell, Calvin W.
 Bohrer, George R.
 Boylan, Patrick F.
 Bristow, John F.
 Brogaard, Paul N.
 Buckley, Thomas H.
 Buehler, Peter J.
 Byrnes, Joseph F.
 Cahill, Edward W.
 Cannefax, Ray S. Jr.
 Carver, Joseph E.
 Caton, Charles R.
 Caudle, William J.
 Caulfield, Bernard M.
 Chambers, Charles E.
 Chamberlain, John W.
 Chamberlain, S. W. N.
 Cheatwood, Jess D.
 Chertoff, Simon
 Chitwood, Roy C.
 Christy, Gene C.
 Cimino, Louis
 Cohen, Irving
 Colon, Francis L.
 Creek, Doss E.
 Crownover, Jack
 Cummins, Clyde B.
 D'Angelo, Michael V.
 Davids, Cortlandt G.
 Davis, Richard W.
 Deehr, Donald J.
 Dehner, William E.
 De Nardo, Frank M.
 De Orio, Frank A.
 De Pasque, Michael V.
 Di Coio, Daniel M.
 Dohanich, John G.
 Dudek, Edward
 Dyer, William W.
 Eagen, Richard P.
 Earnest, Beauford E.
 Eckles, Ucal D.
 Eller, Pete
 Epps, Walter
 Essaian, Harry J.
 Fisher, Henry F. Jr.
 Flippa, Homer T.
 Fonte, Samuel J.
 Fox, Billy F.
 Franz, Edward Jr.
 Fuhrmann, Harold R.
 Goodman, Benjamin
 Gosa, James M.
 Graham, Clarence F.
 Granger, William W.
 Green, Walter J.
 Greiner, Edwin J.
 Grigalunas, Victor J.
 Grubbs, Robert L.
 Guinn, Charles Keith
 Hagenbrok, Roy J.
 Hahn, Charles A.
 Hall, Billy F.
 Harkay, Alexander
 Harris, Walter T.
 Hastings, Robert L.
 Hernandez, Frank G.
 Higgins, Eugene J.
 Hoffmann, William E.
 Holder, Lorenzo
 Hoopes, Eugene H.
 Jenkins, Charlie D.
 Jesuitus, Leonard A.
 Jones, Frank E.
 Jones, George A.
 Jones, Harold E.
 Keit, Jerome S.
 Kleinberg, Bernard
 Knippel, Robert T.
 Koeppel, Joseph J.
 Krueger, Carr C.
 Kyles, Howard W.
 L'Amie, William R.
 Laramore, Marcus S.
 Laraway, Francis J.
 Larsen, Arthur T.
 Lawson, Orley F.
 Legendre, Norris
 Levens, Grady A.
 Lofton, Lonnie D.
 Lompadol, Stephen
 Long, Fred W.
 Lumsden, Stanley G.
 Macha, August J.
 Maggi, Michael J.
 Maltese, John F.
 Mann, Louis
 Marchesani, George
 Margroff, Hobart C.
 Marielli, Anthony
 Marshall, Arthur
 Maturo, Dominick S.
 Mazzei, John J.
 Medellin, Estevan G.
 Mehle, Richard C.
 Meares, Walter C.
 Meli, Paul I. Jr.
 Miller, William F.
 Molina, Valentino
 Newby, Clifford E.
 Nordt, Frank B.
 Oats, William N.
 Olivetti, Eugene
 Olson, Carl T.
 Pearson, Frederick C. Jr.
 Pettit, Philip G.
 Pinnell, Claud C.
 Pitts, Willie E.
 Pongitory, Anthony L.
 Purzycki, Alfred S.
 Racicot, George A.
 Reese, Harry E. Jr.
 Rogers, Robert M.
 Saathoff, Jurian E.
 Schaefer, Thomas H.
 Sharp, Sidney I.
 Schrader, Edward R.
 Silverman, Louis
 Smith, Wendell J.
 Snyder, John W.
 Stock, Albert A.

Taliento, Rosario J.
Tanner, James F.
Trinko, Raymond W.
Trotter, Kenneth L.
Tyminski, Leonard V.
Van Loo, Alfred

Vargas, Amador
Virgil, Rocco A.
Wagohoff, Roy P.
Walter, Landolin G.
Walter, John F.
Welense, Michael

Wheate, Norman E.
White, Clarence L.
Wienken, Joseph F.
Yaden, William Roy
Yannone, Vincent J.
Yohre, Raymond J.

DOG BATTERY

Amoscato, Gaetano J.
Ascoli, Louis J.
Aurillo, Joseph L.
Banks, James D.
Barnhill, Teddie D.
Bell, Dexter A.
Billen, Patrick F.
Blum, Albert L.
Bartoldus, Fred
Benge, Alfred H.
Blank, Maurice
Boudain, Lawrence J. Sr.
Brown, Hyman
Brown, Jimmie D.
Brown, Leonard
Burns, Floyd
Button, Gene A.
Carey, Thomas M.
Carlson, Calvin C.
Chamness, Walter D.
Chase, Victor A.
Cochrane, William D.
Cottrell, Frankie L.
Coulter, Edward J.
Cristini, Louis
Cusack, William J.
Danchise, Michael
Danowski, Stanley F.
Di Costanzo, Peter J.
Di Mucci, Carmine
Dolce, James
Duffy, Arnold R.
Echelle, Joe

Eamer, Roger F.
Erwin, Raymond F.
Faro, George J.
Fascianello, Ignace S.
Fichter, Fred W.
Fiorenza, Frank V.
Fitzgerald, Joseph T.
Fleming, Fred H.
Ford, Willard D.
Forman, Walter
Fugate, James L.
Fusco, Joseph C.
Galdi, Anthony
Gant, David F.
Gitter, Irving
Goodman, Howard M.
Gray, Oscar V.
Grosskreutz, Albert G.
Gunderson, Alfred J.
Hart, Donald L.
Harvell, Delmar B.
Hembree, James L.
Henson, George A.
Hentzell, Dale L.
Hertz, Harold
Hildreth, Joe C.
Hill, James W.
Hill, John W.
Holland, Paul W.
Holt, Jerald M.
Horan, Robert B.
Hughes, Albert G.
Huffman, Everett C.

Hunt, Paul W.
Hutyrta, Ernest D.
Jimenez, Pedro
Judge, Frank W.
Kahn, Lionel F.
Kelly, Lauren W.
Kelley, Harrol D.
Kenney, Raymond H.
Kidd, Elvin L.
King, Roe E. Jr.
Kirk, Chester D.
Kirschner, Joseph F.
Kitchell, William H.
Knudsen, Charles A. Jr.
Kovach, Albert G.
Kuhn, William G.
Lehr, Alexander
Leypoldt, William C.
Logan, Frank H.
Long, Frank J.
Loverro, Joseph J.
Lutz, William J.
Lyda, Garland
McAllister, Donald T.
McDonald, Samuel
Madden, Eugene E.
Maggio, Anthony A.
Magliaro, John
Manthorne, Robert T.
Marshall, John F. Jr.
MacDonald, William T.
Mawhinney, Thomas R.
McGuire, Philip T.

Mellion, Stanley J.
Messer, Elbert D.
Mindich, Harry
Mirabella, Thomas
Monti, Colombo W.
Morelos, Richard V.
Mroga, Anthony D.
Myers, Orville C.
Nesaw, Alex F.
Nicolosi, Sam C.
Nordaker, Leo W.
Oelschlager, Gerald W.
Ohr, William D.
Oliver, Norman J.
Orndorff, Raymond E.
Paduano, Mathew J.
Pannone, Alfred J.
Payne, Pius S.
Pepe, Peter
Powell, Joe F.
Prahm, Henry F.
Propper, Abe
Quigley, Arthur M.
Quintana, Jose I.
Reyes, Joe
Roach, Francis C.
Robichaux, Frank Jr.
Roote, Robert L.
Rosenbaum, Frank
Ruhle, Howard F.
Rush, Everett
Sachs, Albert
Schreier, Fred J.
Sclafani, John
Scoppetti, Andrew J. Jr.
Selitto, Louis J.
Smith, Albert
Smith, Edward W.
Smith, Lawrence E.
Stacey, Arthur R.
Stadfeld, Jerry J.
Stafford, Sharp E.
Stempinski, Edwin J.
Steen, Vernon G.
Stephens, William A.
Sugam, Sidney
Tagliaferri, Pasquale E.
Terrell, Charles Jr.
Tomkinson, John T.
Tucky, Peter
Vaughan, William T.
Veltre, Frank
Vignapiano, Emilio J.
Vila, Ramon L.
Vincent, Murphy J.
Watts, James
Weill, Douglas W.
Welch, Charles E.
Wells, Floyd A.
Williams, Irvin B.
Willson, John L.
Wyble, Louis V. Jr.
Yassen, Edward
Young, Gerald J.

BLESS 'EM ALL

Bless 'Em All—Bless 'Em All,
The handwriting's up on the wall,
Bless our commander and all of his staff,
We pledge to make Hitler the world's biggest laugh.
And when our boys return o'er the sea,
Old Glory will have Victory,
We'll never be mastered by those Nazi bastards,
Says Triple A, Four Seven Three!

Bless 'Em All—Bless 'Em All,
Our motto is "Right on the Ball,"
Bless all our gunners and trackers so true,
Bless every PFC cannoneer too!
For the Luftwaffe's due for a stall,
We're out to make Heinie planes fall,
We spot 'em and track 'em, at midpoint we smack 'em,
And some day, we'll get one and all!

Bless 'Em All—Bless 'Em All,
We're all gonna stay on the ball,
Bless all our drivers and bogey wheels too,
Bless all the grease guns they fire at you!
For there's no job too big or too small,
We'll never see Old Glory fall,
Every one knows that from helmet to toes,
We're a good bunch of Joes, Bless 'Em All!

Sgt. Jerry Young, Dog Battery



April 19 Athenstedt, Germany (2nd Platoon)
April 19 Danstedt, Germany (1st Platoon, Hdq)
April 20 Silstedt, Germany (2nd Platoon)
April 20 Wernierode, Germany
April 22 Barbis, Germany (1st Platoon and Hdq)
Osterhagen, Germany (2nd Platoon)
MAY 8 V E DAY
May 8 Oldershausen, Germany (1st Platoon and Hdq)
Olderode, Germany (2nd Platoon)
May 10 Oldershausen, Germany (2nd Platoon)
June 7 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 1st Platoon and Hdq (Assigned V Corps, Third Army)
June 14 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 1st Platoon and Hdq (38th Brigade)
June 16 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 1st Platoon and Hdq (38th Brigade)
June 16 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 1st Platoon and Hdq (38th Brigade)

Aug 10 Sackhausen 2nd Platoon
Sackhausen

Sept Munich Germany

Oct 17th 103 Depot France

Oct 20th 82 Depot France near Bamburg

Nov 3rd Calary Depot France

Nov 17th Maxeville departed

Machony City Walpratshausen

Walfhausen

Walfahrtshausen

Nov 28th New-Port Virginia departed.
Camp Patrick Henry

D 769,343
473rd
A14
1945

ITINERARY
OF
Battery B 473rd AAA AW Bn (SP)
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS

1944

April 7 Sailed from New York FOB enroute to Great Britain

April 16 Arrived Furth of Clyde, Scotland

April 17 Abergavenny, Wales

April 17 Dan-Y-Park, Wales

April 26 Aldermasten, England (Attached 9th Airforce)
(Glider & C-47 Base)

June 17 Woodchurch, England (P-47 Base - - Shooting V-1's)

June 29 Ashford, England

July 4 Winchester, England (Concentration Area)

July 9 Left England on LSP 508 enroute France

July 10 Landed Utah Beach and went into Bivouac
vic St. Marc

July 19 Gorges Area (VIII Corps)

July 23 Lathaire, France (735 FA Bn)

July 31 Cottances, France

Aug 1 Avranches, France

Aug 5 Rennes, France (Third Army)

Aug 10 Guipry, France (4th Armored Division)

Aug 11 Bout De Bois, France (2nd Cavalry Group)

Aug 14 Blain, France (83rd Infantry Division)

Sept 16 Heric, France (94th Infantry Division) (Ninth Army)

Sept 20 Nantes, France (1st Platoon)

Sept 27 Heric, France (1st Platoon)

Oct 4 Blain, France (1st Platoon and Hdq)
Redon, France (2nd Platoon)

Oct 23 Heric, France

Nov 13 Vigneaux, France

Dec 9 Heerlen, Holland

Dec 10 Eygelshoven, Holland

Dec 13 Palenburg, Germany (102nd Infantry Division)

1945

Feb 9 Gulpen, Holland (8th Armored Division)

Feb 21 Schilberg, Holland

Feb 27 Huckelhoven, Germany (Crossed Roer River)

Feb 28 Wegberg, Germany

March 1 Waldneil, Germany

March 2 Lobberich, Germany

March 5 Wachtendonks, Germany

March 6 Hinsbeck, Germany

March 26 Duisberg, Germany

March 26 Hunxe, Germany (Crossed Rhine River)

March 29 Bruckhausen, Germany

April 1 Dorsten, Germany

April 2 Selm, Germany

April 3 Wiethaupt, Germany

April 4 Geseke, Germany

April 4 Stormede, Germany

April 7 Osterelden, Germany

April 13 Rollingsen, Germany

April 17 Seehausen, Germany

April 18 Wolfenbuttle, Germany (XIX Corps) (8th Armored Div)