CANNON COMPANY
222nd INFANTRY
RAINBOW DIVISION

November 1944 - July 1945

THE BAND BOX WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

By David G. Buck

1

GENESIS

In the beginning . . . well, we were rather excited and anticipated a lot, even though we didn't allow ourselves to show our real feelings. Without a doubt, we had tremors, and surges of anger at having to stand out in the cold for a time, but once we started, and all the equipment was tied down, packed away and shipped, and we were settled in the troop cars, as comfortably as possible, it wasn't so bad, I guess.

The train trip from Gruber to Kilmer was uneventful but enjoyable. We felt out every bit of it because we knew our days were numbered in the States. And they really were. Most of the time on the train was spent in looking out the window whistling at any female who chanced to cross the path of our eyes. Looking in windows of houses at night with those new M-8 binoculars wasn't too fruitless a past-time either.

When we hit Kilmer, we saw some WACs who happened to be officers, and some nurses who happened to be officers, but officers or no officers, they were women and very easy on the eyes. So was everything else. Camouflaged buildings arranged for the sole purpose of confusing new-comers. But the P. X.s were something very few of us, if any, had ever encountered before. All the trimmings, including a place to feed one's ever yawning and hungry cavity—plus—P. X. gals who were a far cry from the Crookston

Hills variety of P. X. gal. Remember that one who used to sell the cigarettes? A lot of focus on that one.

Then there were passes to New York and passes home for some of us, and "tough" overseas physicals—short arm, armpits, dog tags, stamp a big C. S. on your back and you're all ready for combat. There was a cold atmosphere to that place, but everyone was in a state of excitement, new clothes . . . guys coming and going . . .

"Scottie, how the hell come Bruno gets two passes and I haven't had one yet." "Hell, just because he lives in New York . . ."

"Calisthentics in the mud? — but Top, my new combat shoes . . ."

"The hell I'm on K. P.—Just got off this morning; for Crissakes don't a guy ever get a rest? How come they take sixty-four from this outfit and A. T. gives em only six . . ."

Well, so it went until finally the day after Thanksgiving we found ourselves on the wharf being souped upon coffee, and fed chocolate bars, smokes, and donuts until we were given the rush onto the boat into the tightest fitting quarters we'd ever seen since our first pair of G. I. pants.

"Get your feet out of my face!"

"Those are not my feet."

"Well, there's no difference—get 'em the hell out."

2

EXODUS

The trip across was something none of us will ever forget. There was hardly a square foot of deck space visible to the naked eye. It was all O. D. clothes with bodies in them. Sleeping, standing and looking at the sea, and getting mighty damned sick from it all. Crap games, bull sessions, and the smell of that chow hall! One dip and be sure to have your ticket ready. A lot of guys lost plenty of perfectly good weight on that rust-bucket. Just a cargo of G. I. property being shipped to the fracas in Europe.

"That a French ship over there?"

"Which one?"

"That one the second over from us."

"Hell no, that's an Italian ship."

"Geez, ya suppose we're goin' to Italy. Those bastards!

"Sure that's where we're going!"

"Well I'll be damned!"

"No you dope! Whaddya suppose that 'O-629F' means. F.. F.. that's France".

"Aw shaddup, you guys! Cantya hear that on the radio speaker? That's Frankie".

Finally we saw lights in front of us. Thought maybe it was the heinie fleet coming out to meet us. Nope. That was Tangieres on the African coast. Golly—Africa! Another round of K. P. and we'll hit the southern coast of France. F.. F.. 0629F—that's just gotta be France.

Well, one morning later, there it was and it looked like France for all any of us knew about France from its southern coast. It was, and after spending a day or so offshore, waiting for the other ships to unload, we pulled in, debarked and hit dry land for the first time in fifteen days. We were a lot of guys with a lot of curiosity about all of this. So this is Marseilles! To hell with it; where are the babes and the wine?

3

CIGARETTE FOR PAPA?

For a hundred miles we marched with those damned packs—the new infantry pack, designed to make the doughboy more comfortable—anyway, it seemed a hundred miles. Little kids were trying to sell us beer and possibly did, but the Old Man nearly had frumpets because he thought it was poisoned or something.

"You guys aren't moving another foot until you turn over those bottles."

That suited us fine. We were bushed anyway, and it was a chance to rest. Finally, they gave up the search, and we got up on our weary feet again. That was down by the water-front, which was somewhat of a mess.

An hour or so later, we reached some sort of stockade where they had Russians, or Yugoslavs, or both, and then some, penned up in a wire enclosure. We built fires, and were immediately informed that we shouldn't take the wood because there was a fuel shortage in France, and that was all that could be had around these parts. Well, we built them anyway because it was cold as hell and we needed something besides our burning ire on which to cook our K-rations.

After more waiting, trucks pulled up and we were sardined into them, and hauled away towards where, we weren't certain.

Some were absolutely sure we were going straight to the front. We didn't have any idea where the front was—just outside of Marseilles, for all we knew—and others said we were going to live in exclusive barracks. It was neither. It was a "homey" place called C. P. 2.

Many times we were more comfortable on the front lines than we were at that dump. We got to the top of the windiest hill in Europe and commenced to set up our shelter halves. God! what misery! In the morning, after a night of no sleep and plenty of biting weather, we had our first real view of a staging area. It looked like a Visigoth encampment. Millions of little peaked pieces of green canvas sticking out of the mud. It rained and blew and got muddier by the minute.

Then one night we were visited by a guy by the name of "Bed-Check Charley" He was supposedly a German airplane who flew around at night just when the campfires were going peacefully and warmly. The Ack-Ack batteries opened up and made the sky look as though a world's fair had been started.

People commenced to run all over the place screaming,

"Put the fires out; put the fires out!"

So we dumped Lister Bags, buckets and every thing possible on the fires. Several enterprising individuals even crawled out of their sacks to help. One sleepy-eyed gazabo with a quick mind, stepped up to one fire, unbuttoned his long-johns and commenced to extinguish the fire in his own unique method, calmly admitting,

"I give my all for my Country"

It was there that we learned how green we were. It took a great amount of practice to learn to sleep in a shelter tent without making an enemy of your best buddie, and without burning it down or

filling it with mud. It took some of us a week, to realize that a GI blanket between the body and the cold, cold ground wasn't enough insulation. There we took our first lesson in "Combat Expedience". We shoved the book aside and rather than continue to set up our tents in line "Rainbow Style", we dispersed them against air attack. This setup was much more to our liking.

Thus commenced the metamorphosis from green and naive garrison troops to seasoned, and wise, battle veterans. We left CP. 2 one dreary morning about five-thirty. One hundred and nine men piled into three, two and a half ton trucks, six jeeps, and a three-quarter ton. Here was the line-up: A platoon of twenty-eight men, its TE equipment, the men's equipment, plus the Old Man's little gift of a large, ungainly box of dummy rounds, a box of dubbing, no, two boxes of dubbing, and a large case of training manuels. (In case some of the guys wanted to go to OCS or something). I guess this was a chance to learn the extent of our patience.

4

MATRICULATION

The trip the first day was rather amusing. We were packed and bitching like hell, but we were seeing some new and totally different country. We built up our biceps waving at the frogs, we froze our feet innumerable times, we bit each other's heads off incessantly. It was a miserable condition in which to be in, but,

"Men this is war—you can't be comfortable all the time", *He* was telling us!

That day we traveled 161 miles and bivouacked at a dummy airport outside of St. Rambert. Shelter halves and mud again. The most outstanding feature of that place was the enormous hole in the ground that served as a latrine. It had laid across it innumerable slats, about five inches wide and about two feet apart. Those we were supposed to stand on, and then squat. The pit was built to last for a century or more, for it was about twenty feet deep. I still think we lost a couple of men in that damn thing, because when we left the place, the truck seemed less crowded.

The next day we traveled 168 miles to Dijon, where we bivouacked in some kind of a park. The trip that day was a repitition of the one on the preceding day, so there isn't much to say about it. It was just as cold and the sun spent the whole day trying to burn a hole through the overcast, but it never succeeded.

The next day we traveled 194 miles to Dowmon. Before we reached there however, we stopped in Nancy for a few hours, debating whether we should go on to Metz with the Third Army, or go to Strassbourg to the Seventh.

"What! Go to the Third and wear neckties in combat. The hell with that! Lets go to the Seventh; I hear Patch dotes on his men like they were his grandchildren."

It wasn't exactly up to us which way we went, but we had a few hours to kill while we were waiting. So the whole company charged into a French saloon and started pouring down the mirabel, and the cognac, and the beer, as fast as we could drink it, and some say, they were actually trying to get drunk! Heavens! It broke the monotony, anyway. There was plenty of it to break. Well, not monotony but pent up misery, and a blackness of soul, that can't be explained. It's the worst thing in the world not to know the score, ecpecially when you know that the score is definitely concerned with the welfare of your own hide.

Finally we were given our orders, and we set off in the black night to try to find Strassbourg, but instead, we found only Dowmon, a little town that had seen much more than its share of war than many towns in Europe. We pulled in about 0430 and moved into some sad looking houses for a few hours rest. There wasn't anything there but emptiness, some hay, and more of the same agonizing cold we had been living with since we hit the country. The next morning we moved out about ten and headed for Strassbourg. We received word a little later, that the Luftwaffe had dropped a few more eggs on Dowmon, a few hours after we had left. It was then we began believing that we had a guardian angel, who was to guide us through a lot. She had herself a full time job. Bet she's cussing herself now that we ever hitched our wagon to her star.

5

THE ENEMY

Our first encounter with the enemy came when we moved into Fort Kronprinz outside of Strassbourg on December 24. It was a fortress garrison of the Maginot line, and inside of it, we met the enemy—well, the enemy's clothing and equipment.

"Souvenirs!"

"Watch out for booby traps!"

"Booby traps, hell! They left this place in too damned much of a hurry to have had time to set any booby traps".

"Reckon they saw us coming?"

There was the greatest mess of uniforms and equipment, I had ever seen, strewn all over the place. The rooms, at least, had stoves in them which would be protection from the cold. But there was no water, and the latrine smelled to high heaven, and was about as sanitary as those on the sidewalks of Marseilles. But the stoves in the rooms! We worshipped them for the little time we were there.

We were given a little shot in anticipation when our regiment was committed to action on Christmas day. It didn't take any time at all for the rumors to come floating back about what was happening on the front lines. I can remember reading about it later in YANK,

" . . . and some green troops caught hell at Strassbourg"

Some of us spent Christmas day (and Christmas Eve), chasing around Strassbourg looking for howitzer ammunition, and getting our first taste of mild sniper fire.

On the 27th of December, we packed up our vehicles and took off for the city. We landed in some sort of a sheet metal processing plant, but it had fairly decent accommodations for billets. It took some carpentry to fix it us so that it was liveable, but after a few hours of work we had a couple of large warm rooms to live in. The guns were set up behind the factory, much to our surprise, in a straight six gun formation. That was something different from what we'd had drilled into us at Gruber. Now we were like a regular artillery batallion, divided up into two three gun batteries, with an FDC (Fire Direction Center) and our own Forward Observers.

December twenty-ninth at about ten hundred, we fired our first round into Germany. We were on our way to collecting that combat pay. Ten bucks extra.

Up a little road from the gun positions there was a Gasthaus. This was particularly convenient. After a gruelling fire-mission, we'd dash up to the Gasthaus for a few brews, or a warming shot of cognac—or five or six. Somebody suggested that we install a double E8, and receive the alerting signal from there so we wouldn't have to go back to the billet between fire missions, except for meals, of course. That was the best suggestion yet, but then the Old Man wouldn't hear of it, and nobody had the nerve to go in and ask him. To us, it seemed the best deal we could get, and that we would never see a billet again, at least, with a stove in it.

6

LIKE FOXES

On the morning of January 5, 1945, we left Strassbourg and headed west to a little place called Keffenach. We arrived there a little after noon. This was the test. We were to relieve a cannon company of the 79th division. There were no billets for the gun crews, except for the first and second sections. They had a basement to park in. The other four had holes in the ground on the reverse slope of a hill, just behind the gun positions. The weather was extremely cold, and there was plenty of snow and ice to make matters more lugubrious and distasteful. It took us about three nights to get settled in the damned dugouts. We had straw, and some place they rounded up a few small stoves to heat the holes. But it was impossible to regulate the heat or the cold. However, we existed as well as we could. But none of would ever care to do it again.

The heat was on. The rifle companies were taking particular hell on the lines. The Germans were full of P. and Vinegar and they knew they were up against some very inexperienced troops. Our actual baptism of fire was a long one. We fired missions continuously all day long, and fired harassing missions at night. The enemy was reported breaking through in many places, and we were sweating despite the bitter cold. As I said before, not knowing the score is sheer agony.

Well, we learned the meaning, and importance, of security guard. Standing out in the cold at night was far from humorous, watching the trees and stumps make like heinies by wiggling around. It got one of the boys one time. He busted into the night,

"These goddam trees—I'm going to cut em all the hell down in the morning"

If the heinies were there, they probably thought it wouldn't be a bad idea at that.

On one particular night, a report came down that a large German patrol had broken through, directly to our front. One of the guards had spotted something that looked like a flash light, about two hundred yards in front of the guns. We couldn't imagine what the heinies would be doing with a flashlight at night, but then, they did mighty queer things most of the time. Anyway, the situation warranted investigation. So the Old Man, a couple of the other officers, and a few of the guys, formed a recon-patrol and took off to see what gave.

Half of the patrol went around behind the gun positions, and the Old Man and his group went out in front to locate Flashlight Freddie. When they came back, they were almost plugged for jerries. The guards were pretty nervous. The party that went behind had a little excitement too. The guard on the other flank mistook them for something besides what they were, but in order to ascertain what they really were, he fired a couple of rounds into the air. One of the guys was a particularly long sort of a person, and when he heard the shots he folded into the snow from the ankles up. He looked for all the world as though he'd been shot, but the other two kept on running for the gun positions, yelling at the top of their lungs,

"We're us! We're us!"

Luckily, their voices were recognizable. Very lucky for them.

That was all of that, for the night, except for the guys quaking in their breeches. The next night, or day rather, the heinies sent us little gifts from heaven that make loud noises, and scatter crap far and wide around about. They aren't so accurate with their artillery, because if they had been, we would have had many dead guys on our hands.

About the 18th of January, the sun came out, and though it was beautiful to behold, it caused much mayhem by breaking up our sweet little earthen homes. The ground thawed out, and the holes thawed out, and the mud in the holes thawed out, and finally they sought their own level, and collapsed in a mass of powder cases and muck. A few of the guys got caught, but no one was seriously injured. That angel again, bless her!

Of course, we were under continuous attack from German paratroops to listen to G-2 tell it. Every night, with a few exceptions, we had to double the guard, and that meant just one thing: twice as long to stand out in the open and freeze, when we could be just as happy freezing in our fox-holes. We never saw the mythical paratroopers, either. It's just as well we didn't. We heard what they had done to a company of the 242nd. Not a nice story to relate, so we'll skip it.

The front lines were getting very hot. We, not even a division, but a task force of three green regiments of infantry, supported by some "bastard artillery" and TD's, were fighting two panzer divisions with our bare hands. We were out on a salient, and our nose was bloody, and both eyes blackened. It finally came to the point where we had to withdraw, in order to straighten up our lines. If we hadn't, they would have been broken through, and the campaign of Alsace would have been lost. So the night of January 20th we pulled out in a hell of a hurry. A few of us feared it was all retreat, and morale was at its nadir.

7

BOSCH COME?

Our company displaced to a little town about fifteen miles to the rear. It was a picturesque little place called Niederaltdorf. That was a very long fifteen miles. The roads were covered with confusion and chaos. Civilians were moving out en masse, and making military operations a complete fade out. They were frightened. which added to their plight.

The trip took well over six hours, in a fierce blizzard, with the most relentless freezing weather many of us have ever known. When we reached the village the blizzard had quieted down, but it continued to snow. We pulled the guns into a school yard, and went into the school to get warm. The advance party had already got the fires going. That was some comfort, but that place wasn't anywhere near large enough, to hold a hundred and ten men, and it was too early in the morning to seek out billets, without much resulting confusion. So we collapsed where we were standing in the school house, and slept sardine style. We looked like a mass of freshly caught flounders, and very dead.

However, for all the drivers, there was no rest. As soon as they uncoupled the guns, and emptied their trucks of equipment, they headed back to Soultz. There were some riflemen, a squad out of each company of the regiment, who had been left on the former lines, to cover the withdrawal and delay the enemy as best they could. In the estimation of all who saw them that night, they were

shining martyrs—even saints. They faced almost certain death, because if the enemy had been aware of the fact that we had withdrawn, they would have smashed through right in our wake, and caught us before we had time to reorganize on the new lines. Fortunately that didn't happen. These few riflemen held their ground, making a lot of noise to convey the impression that there were still as many troops there as had been previously.

On the way to Soultz, it was an arduous task to keep the trucks on the road. The snow had fallen so heavily there was no distinction between road and fields, and often the trucks slid into the ditches. It made the journey very difficult, and always there was that horrible cold, and the ignorance of where the enemy was. Were we going to run into them around the next curve? It was a question to which no one would say no—because we didn't know, but we did know that a convoy of ten heavy trucks would make a nice haul for the enemy, and if they'd broken through the tiny retaining force on the lines there wouldn't be anything to stop them from taking our trucks.

We gave the Old Man credit for the way he handled all the things that happend that night. At one point, near a cross road, the whole column went in the ditch. We had been following behind each other at ten foot intervals—it was the only way we could keep from getting lost. When the lead truck went into the ditch, all of them went.

There was a lot of fuss and furor trying to get the vehicles back on the road. Suddenly, to our right front: KAH-RUNCH! then another two, in immediate succession: KAH-RUNCH! KA-RUNCH! They sounded right in our back pockets. Those were eighty-eights. Should we duck? Run? Hit the ditches? Where were they landing? We could hear the eerie and ominous scream of the shrapnel over our heads. "Work fast, you bastards! We've got to clear out of here!" Frost bitten hands and feet, mortal fear (after

all, no body really wants to die, even for one's country) had no place in our thoughts, though they existed as realistically as death itself. We worked with a frenzy known only to trapped men. The pounding of the shells continued. We finally got under way again, reached Soultz and loaded our charges. They were a mighty dismal looking group of American soldiers. They had had as much as human endurance could stand, and one was weeping softly.

"Christ!" howled a Sgt. "Let's get out of here!"

We did. The enemy wasn't far behind us, and a few of the rifle troops had remained up there—frozen stiff.

The journey back was long. It seemed to take forever. The same conditions prevailed all the way. We halted the convoy to rescue some supplies from a rifle company kitchen truck, which had rolled down an embankment. It was a hopeless mess of rations, and mail and utensils. We reached a small town called Uhweiler about 0830, and deposited the riflemen, then went back to Niederaltdorf to the company.

We spent a week at that village, but always there was an undermining dread, and the eyes of the villagers asked,

"Why are you retreating—you the great American Army of Liberation?"

Incessantly, they asked,

"Bosche come?"

"Of course not! Don't worry, and Christ! quit asking me! If they come we'll let you know."

One morning, towards noon, we were at the gun positions cleaning the tubes after a long morning of constant firing. KAH-

RUNCH! KAH - RUNCH! KAH - RUNCH! All hell broke loose.

We had fox-holes dug for such occasions, but they were on the back side of the small rise facing us. The fire was landing between us and safety. Some of us jumped into the river behind the guns—it was no weather for ice water bathing. Others just hopelessly lay down in the deep snow and hoped for the best. Then it stopped. We commenced to work. Then it began again. Down we went again. That continued for an hour. Then we heard the whistle of some more coming in, and a dull thud at the end of it. Duds. Some were, some weren't but we couldn't decide whether or not to lie down when the whistle came, but we did anyway. It's a lot healthier.

A couple of the boys were well oiled up on some of the local spirits, and were standing in the shelter of a building about twenty yards from the gun positions. They were having a hell of a good time. Every time there was a whine of an on-coming shell, they'd yell,

"Hit the snow, you silly looking bastards!"

Then it would be a dud, and they'd laugh a raucous belly laugh, and slap their knees.

On the street, at the edge of the field, a few of the villagers were standing, watching our antics, as though we were a group of acrobats. Stand up, hit the ground, stand up, hit the ground. Finally someone said,

"It's too goddam hot out here for me—I'm heading for the house!"

The rest of us agreed, and shortly the barrage stopped. It was rather like "grass drill" only we did it in three feet of snow.

The night of January twenty-fifth was the climax. More extreme cold, more blizzards, more unbearable anguish. About 2100, the report came through that the Germans had broken through our lines and were on the way back. This was no night for a war. It just wasn't the kind of a night any damn fool would stay out in and fight, but there was more at stake. The break-through threatened the whole Alsacian sector—that would be a lot to lose, just because it was a bad night to be out. So we formed a perimeter defense of our village. Three of the guns went up on a hill to repulse an imminent tank attack. A howitzer is no anti-tank gun. If you knock a tank out with the first round you're lucky, but if there are two tanks, the other will knock out the whole section, including the gun, before you could load another round. It's very dangerous business. Like going lion hunting with a bull-whip.

The Jerries put their hearts into their artillery that night. They let up very seldom. Of course they were firing by pre-arranged fire data, and by maps, so their fire wasn't accurate, but it was mortifying and very close. Those eighty-eights are so indiscriminate: they fall where they damn please and don't worry much about what they hit. It's anything but enjoyable to sit in on a little session with the bursts. You want to run, you want to scream, you are absolutely helpless to do anything. You can't fire a rifle at them, you can't stand up and beat them off with your fists. You just stay in the same spot and cuss, and hope to God, that they stay the hell away from you—far away. Some do, some don't.

We weathered the night, all right—no casualties, but many badly shaken men. And the wailing, and screaming of the civilians didn't help to make it less fantastic. Our rifle troops had held, and had cleaned out the breaks but they left swell guys lying in the snow doing it. The Germans settled back for a while to get a breath. Perhaps they couldn't understand how a regiment of

fairly green men could beat off a tank division with rifles and sheer guts.

But we weren't so very green then—not when the dawn of that furious night finally came. We had learned a lot. It was a costly education. The 26th of January, the veteran 101st Airborn came in to take over. Corps had finally decided we had taken enough. Small wonder. We had merely had the living hell beat out of us, so the 27th, we packed up, left the sector in the hands of the 101st, and withdrew into corps reserve. The next stop was Juvrecourt, about sixty miles back. It was near Luneville, and not far from Nancy.

It would be interesting to note, here, a report from G-2 that was contributed by a Jerrie prisoner of war, some time in June 1945.

> "We identified the division from the shoulder patches of the men, shortly after it went into action near Strasbourg, in December," said the PW, a sergeant, who was educated in England, and a professor of English, in the German school system, prior to his entry into the army.
>
> "Later, we ran into the division at Hatten, and at Rittershoffen, when we attempted to drive you out of Alsace. We were amazed at the way the 42nd stopped two of our best divisions. We always thought that you could stop us only if you had air power, and plenty of artillery, but at Hatten it was a case where you had neither of these.
>
> We had tanks, and you had only infantry, but those infantrymen stopped our armour. The whole army staff was surprised at the strength of your division. They never knew of infantry to fight like those men did, without support."

8

REAR OF YOUR PIECES, FALL IN!

The little village we moved into at 1300 on January 27, was covered with snow, appeared to have seen a great amount of Nazi occupation. We discovered later that Patton's third army had passed throught it on the way to Metz.

It was a dirty little hole, and very unattractive. We couldn't see any place to have decent billets without moving the villagers out of their houses. They weren't very receptive to that idea either. It seems that another outfit had been stationed there some time in October, and had left with much of the town's wine supply. There certainly was none left for us. Dirty break.

We finally found enough rooms, scattered out over the village, to house the company .At least, we didn't have to sleep out in the snow. We were all damned if we would. It took a lot of fixing up to make the places comfortable, and it took a lot of determination and fortitude to get accustomed to the pervading and persistent odor of cow dung which the people piled in square stacks at their front doors. Lovely. Simply lovely.

For the first week we were there, we did nothing but sleep and eat; it was very welcome. We were a very fatigued group of men. It was heaven just to lie and drink in the sleep, and the more we had, the more we wanted. Naturally—what would a soldier want to do more. I won't answer that.

Then it came. We didn't expect it at first, but after we'd been there about five days, we could feel it coming. It wasn't jerries, or eighty-eights. Training! Lord, how we dreaded it, and hated it.

We, who had seen all that combat had to offer, and had taken it like veterans, we had to train? Absolutely! Reville, retreat, formations, night problems, classes on military courtesy, classes on map reading, compass courses. All this was stuff we had been doing by instinct.

"Ship me back to combat—I want no part of this!"

But, we got used to it after some very loud griping and wailing.

There is no need to account for all that went on there. We did get passes to Nancy, and Luneville, which weren't hard to take. We threw a bang up party in an old barn. Beer, and plenty of it. Invited the towns people, and everyone got drunk, well nearly everyone. I think the Old Man was the only one who upheld the company's honor, and even at that, he was slipping badly when he left. But we kept it going until well into the morning. We even outlasted the villagers, all except the mayor. He was the last one to leave. After that feelings were not so strained between us and the villagers. They seemed to have a little more use for us. It was a typical French "use":

"What do I get out of it?"

Then one morning early, we got the call, and packed up everything in order to leave the next day. We were quite ready to get back into the fray. The odor at our front doors was becoming unbearable, and to make things worse, the snow had melted and the sun was warm. Now we had to get out! So we went.

9

NOW A DIVISION

At 1400, February 16, we arrived at Wingen-sur-Moder, deep in the Hardt Mountains. It was beautiful. The surrounding country side was studded with tall fragrant pines. Our village was like a picture. Each section was billeted in a house, which was something. The houses were small—probably little summerhouses, but they were commodious and liveable. We set up defensive positions there, and commenced to settle down to a month of defensive war. Spring had hit the country, and it was warm and balmy. Not bad weather to make war in.

While we were in reserve, our supporting units joined us, and at last, we were a division, rather than a bedraggled task-force. Now maybe we could make the Stars and Stripes, as something more than a "certain task force also fought".

Not much of interest happens when one is in defense. The usual routine security guard, and a few classes now and then, to keep us in mental trim. Some athletics, to keep us in physical shape.

One thing we will all remember about Wingen, however, is that a certain general decided he was going to inspect our positions and our billets. That was the last straw. We had to police the roads and yards. We had to police up all the wire that lined the

main thoroughfares, and that was plenty of wire. I think we developed a persecution complex over that.

When a soldier has been in combat for a certain length of time, he yearns to emmulate the Mauldin type of soldier: hard fighting, dirty, unshaven, brass hating, and brimming with an aplomb, peculiar only to men who have "had it". The quicker we could become this way, the more we thought of ourselves. We had no room for garrison spit and polish.

We weren't soldiers, or air corps, we were *fighters* and would have been very happy if our commanders could have taken cognizance of that fact. But no, even the riflemen on the front lines were policing around their foxholes. To us, it was a rotten stab in our "combat integrity". It was a crown of humility. But we policed anyway, and hoped we'd never see that certain general in a dark woods, or in a black alley—just for his sake, we hoped that.

Another incident for which we will remember Wingen is the stretch some of us pulled as riflemen on the front lines. That was an object lesson in nerve shattering suspense. We went up and occupied foxholes, where we could see the enemy tramping around the hill just opposite us. The mortars seldom rested. The Jerries were terribly undermanned. They had had to withdraw countless troops because of the drive of the Russians in the east.

One morning, three of us were out on the OPLR, and could hear a Jerry officer eating out one of the soldiers. German is a very gutteral language, and is a swell one for eating out a subordinate. Boy, that guy was taking a lacing. We would have liked to put a few rounds into the spot from which the voices were coming, but we didn't want to give away our position.

There was a particular menace called Burp-Gun Willie. He'd get up early in the morning, move up close to our lines, and let

loose with his damn burp-gun. Just little, short, annoying burps. Then the mortars, our mortars, pounded into where they thought he was. Silence. Over about twenty yards. "Brrrrrrrrrrp. Brrp. Brrp."

It sounded like the old raspberry. We'd pour a thundering volley of lead into the jerry lines. Silence. "Brrrrrp. Brrrrp. Brrp. Brrp."

It was maddening, because we couldn't get him. Finally, one joe jumped up out of his fox-hole and yelled,

"That miserable conceited sonofabitch has lived about long enough!"

Off he went down the bank, as though he had a load of red ants in his breeches. He wasn't gone more than twenty minutes, when back up the bank he came with a big Cheshire Cat grin on his kisser, and a burp-gun under his arm.

"I caught him in the act of eating some GI C-rations, the skunk! And we only get K's. It was a goddamned pleasure, murdering that wart!"

Then one night about the 12th of March, we received a stupendous fire order from the Artilery. Concentration 52. It called for three hundred rounds, from our six guns—three hundred rounds in twelve minutes. A round every fifteen seconds from each gun. Something was up. The barrage started, and the artillery was just as furious in its output. The tremendous noise was almost unbearable, and it was hard to hear anything for some time after it had finished.

Because of this little celebration, it wasn't any surprise that we had another a couple of nights later and after it, the rifle troops pushed off. It had been a particularly long month of defensive warfare, and we were ready to advance. The whole thing was timed with the Russian advances to the east. The Seventh Army was again on the move. At last!

10

ON THE RUN

From March 17 until the war ended for us, about the sixth of May, we learned to soldier on the run, to work ourselves into a lather, digging the gun and ourselves in, only to leave the position for a new one shortly after. Svereal times we displaced at least four times a day. It was tedious work, and became unbearable at times.

When we stayed in a position over night, we would sleep in a hole in the ground, or in the gun pit. We absorbed a heap of weather, but by this time we were accustomed to it. A sleeping sack and a shelter half, was all we needed to think we were comfortable.

After we cleared the Hardt Mountains, the advance was so rapid that shortly after we'd get the guns dug in, we would be out of range of the rifle troops. So in order to keep within range, we would have to go almost to the front lines to dig in the guns. That way we were able to give them close and efficient support.

What happened during the advance was almost like a fairy tale in places. The first five days were uneventful. We would dig in displace, move up, and dig in again. The towns and villages we passed through were still Alsatian and badly beaten. What fighting there had been was swift and decisive. It was plain that the Germans had retreated to the Siegfried Line, their second to last main defense.

We entered Germany, finally, at a small torn up village, called Schonau. That was March 20th. We set the guns up on a plateau overlooking the town. Up the valley from us, the jerries were busy mortaring the town, believing that troops were occupying it. Down to our right, not a hundred yards away, was a lumber yard which was rapidly being reduced to splinters. Some of the houses in the town were sill standing, and we amused ourselves by exploring them.

The people had not wasted much time clearing out. There were lots of blankets, mattresses, clothes, grand pianos, and grandfather clocks still around, to say nothing of most of the houses' furnishings, a little the worse for wear, but still serviceable.

We took a truck down to the lumber yard and loaded it with lumber. All that we could get before the heinie mortars ripped it up. Then, we stopped off here and there, and picked up an overstuffed chair or two, some rugs, some blankets, a chaise lounge, and dragged them all up to the gun positions. We were bent on living in wanton but plush comfort.

One of the gun positions was fixed up with two easy chairs and a chaise lounge with a rug on the ground. We couldn't find any ash-stands or floor lamps, but there was a magazine rack. If it rained—what the hell! The sun would dry out any dampness the next day. A very droll situation. It was humorous because it was so ironical. Here the town beneath us was being pounded to bits, and heaven only knew when they'd start in on the gun positions, but we were casually sitting in our open air parlors, fanning the breeze, waiting for fire missions. That produced for us, a wierd sort of humor. We had a lot of fun laughing at ourselves. Well, why not—there was powerful little else to laugh at.

The 24th, we left there and pushed along through the hills and valleys, through some battle shredded country, until we

reached Erfweiler. That place was a mess, and all the towns in the approach to it smelled of death, and plenty of that was visible. It was a ghastly sight.

At Erfweiler, we went into reserve again. The regiment had taken another decemintation, and reinforcements were urgently needed. Besides that, we had to take a breather; the advance had been too rapid. During that rest, we had to go all the way back to the starting line at Wingen, and go over it again to pick up what we'd missed. There were a goodly number of German soldiers still sitting in their dugouts, waiting for us to come back. They surrendered with no resistance. Being a prisoner of the U. S. Army had become a more rosey picture than being a soldier of the Reich.

This corps reserve stuff had a bad taste. We loafed for nearly a week, the weather was nice and balmy, and we contented ourselves with scouring the ridge behind us for SS troopers. We pulled out some nineteen in the time we were there. The object was to get one's hands on a German pistol—luger, mauser, P38, anything. It got us out of lugging a carbine around all the time. Then again it looks nice on the hip, and you can always hand somebody a big bucket of snow about how you happened to have it. Oh yes, this war business has given birth to a lot of new and unusual malarky.

An interesting thing about those ridges behind us. The heinies had built shelters flush against the overhanging rock. There was plenty of loot there. Bolts of fine cloth, much cheese that tasted like something not so nice to put in print. There were clothes and shoes, women's and mens. Dishes and silverware. It was all over the place.

It was also the object to get one's hands on the gaudiest piece of cloth one could find and wear it as a neckerchief. Some extremely odd looking uniforms burst forth into bloom. Of course, our

fancies had the screws put to them, and the powers that be issued orders to the effect that the army had prescribed certain regulations regarding the wearing of the U. S. uniform. For that we got us a ducky training schedule to keep us out of mischief while we were comparitievly idle. The morale of the outfit took a nose dive into the muck, and the Old Man had a few very somber men on his hands for a while.

Then the day we had all been waiting for came again the 31st of March. We packed up in a hurry, and set out once more for the war. We were far behind it at Erfweiler because all the time we were in reserve it kept moving farther and farther into Germany. We met it this time at Eichenbuhl, about 120 miles northeast. You see, it had gone quite a distance away. We pulled into position in the black of night, and settled down for some much needed rest. Bouncing around in the back of a truck for a whole day is not exactly plush comfort.

As we were coming into Eichenbuhl, the civilians were standing in the streets. A motorized column doesn't, as a rule, travel slowly, and the people were pushing so close on both sides that it was almost impossible to continue without making meat out of them. Then the convoy stopped. People started to rush the trucks and tried to shake hands with us. Of course, our first impulse was to shoot into the midst of them, but they cried,

"Me Polski!"

"Me Russki!"

"Me Francais!"

We still didn't trust them and kept them at length. But thereafter, it dawned upon us that we were not only the conquerors of an enemy nation of sixty-million Germans, but were also the lib-

erators of some eleven million slaves. Still, it was difficult to trust anyone. As far as we were concerned, people in Germany were Germans, and that's all there was to it.

Mention has been neglected that we crossed the Rhine River at Worms at 1145.

11

ARE EGGS LOOT?

At this point, starts a rather wreckles saga of caroming from point to point, from position to position. The things we did are amusing, in retrospect, possibly brutal. Perhaps we were Hunnish in some of our actions, but after all this was war, we didn't start it, and we didn't care what happened to Germany or its people. Part of the time was spent in what we called looting, the import of the word being not very serious to us. To a devout Christian. "Thou shalt not steal" means just that—from Germans included. However, when a soldier takes a town, or conquers a certain area at the risk of his life, and at the expense of the lives of his buddies, what he takes in that town is his—he has paid for it many times over. That is the excuse for a soldiers looting. The word doesn't mean to imply that he leaves in ruins everything he touches. When he sees something he likes, he takes it, and likely as not, throws it away a few hours later. These articles, such as watches, cameras, pistols mostly, become a medium of barter among the various soldiers of various organizations. In their bartering, perhaps, they will see the same article three times. It's a peculiar idiocyncracy of war. Americans are not inherently or habitually thieves, as a rule. But we figured that the German soldiers had looted and raped millions of women throughout Europe—there was no reason why we shouldn't deliver retribution in one respect.

Imagine the joy of seeing the inside of someone else's house.

Come to a town. see a house. a beautiful modern house. expensive landscaping. and all that. walk in. sit down in the living room. open up the desk. and use the owner' stationery to dash a letter off: go into the kitchen. light the stove. put some water on. tell the old lady or the old man to make with some eggs "schnell!" and some "brote". Hand them your dirty sox and underwear. and live like the king of the roost for an afternoon. or until you push off again.

German homes are very clean. and very neat. Unbeliveably neat. They look almost model. You eat about a dozen fried eggs. or have them in a large omlet with onions. put away a quart of GI coffee. or hot chocolate from home. then take off your clothes and pile into a huge feather bed. and pull a warm. fluffy. feather tick over you. The contrast between the frenzy and sanguinity of battle. and such absolute luxury. for a few hours. had a dashing novelty to it.

Of course there were rules and regulations from SHAEF concerning "looting". Civilian equipment. clothing. etc., were loot. and any soldier caught with such articles in his posession would be dealt with severely. That's what it said. Of course. the soldier wouldn't have articles long enough to get caught with them. Perhaps. he would tire of lugging them around. or else. he would trade them for something else. and on it went from day to day. There was much bickering as to what was loot and what wasn't loot. Eggs were considered loot by the SHAEF directives. but obviously someone from SHAEF had to catch a soldier eating same before the soldier could be accused of looting. A soldier is always hungry and eggs are something he couldn't get many of. except from army rations in a repulsive. nauseous. dried up form called "Spray Dried Eggs. Dehydrated" Certainly. there was nothing that could be done about the looted egs after the soldier had looted them and has them bouncing around in his belly.

12

CONTRAST

It became the fashion to dress as flashily as possible. It was a display of one's combat prowess to go into the foray with gray suede gloves, a white or loud silk scarf, with a large and gaudy stick-pin. It gave the fight humor and glamour. It was even better to fight with a certain offhand nonchalance about the war and all the fireworks.

At Wurzburg, one of the rifle platoons of one of the rifle companies had gotten its nose into a basement of champagne. While waiting for orders to embark in the assault boats to cross the Main River, the boys had a chance to get stinking drunk. It didn't take much. When the assault boat was crossing the river, one big husky BAR man sat right out in front, dangling his soggy boots in the water, playing "Pistol Packin' Mamma" on a beautiful 120 base accordian, and singing it at the top of his lungs. The river was being swept by machine-gun fire from the other side where the jerries were emplaced. A couple of the other boys had acquired a handsome set of ebony dice, and were playing "acey deucy" on the floor of the boat. It was worth a lot of laughs. To hell with the bullets. All this is very nice, seemingly unreal, and you make quite an impression on yourself because of your reckless daring and careless bravery, until the big, laughing, self accoladed drunk starts spurting blood from all sides, and kerplumps off into the river, and sinks like a lump of lead before anyone half realizes what has happened.

Then it feels as tho you've been hit over the head, with a kettle-drum, and someone is beating on its up-turned bottom. Things have a dull reverberation, and you can't make up your mind, which is which, which really exists, what goes on now, or what went on, when you were drunk. Then the grim reality, and the smell of burnt out houses and phosphorous smoke sink deep into you, and you feel like puking, and you inevitably do. The sudden and drastic contrasts to which one is subjected are the most sickeningly sobering things that can happen to a soldier.

Imagine lying in a feather bed in a clean sweet smelling room, looking up at the ceiling, steeped in luxury, half asleep, half awake—the war is on ahead of you a few miles, but here it is comparatively quiet—you're secure, you are about to get the rest that you've been aching for the last three days. Suddenly, though you don't believe it at first, there appears in the doorway a crummy, bloodshot, dishelved figure, in the uniform of the Greater Reich. In the haste of battle and the advance, he was overlooked. He has Hitler in his heart, murder in his red eyes, and lead bullets in the burp-gun he holds in his hands—one last thing for his Fuhrer. No, no, this is one of those damn night mares, but suddenly the shock hits you with the concussion of a trip hammer, and you wait an eternity to be murdered in a soft bed. A carbine blats out down the hall, and the murderer drops dead. The beauty of a buddie. Then the repercussion is almost more than you can stand, and you don't sleep for months, without dreaming of it—and above all you never forget it, when you become too happy. This is contrast, this is the greatest enemy of the combat soldier. You undergo it in one form or another every day.

13

COUNT THE DAYS

Easter Sunday morning, we left Eichenbuhl after some indecision as to just exactly what was going to come off. Regiment wasn't too sure what the enemy was doing and what kind of shape it was in. Finally we got orders to strip our sections down to skeleton crews of four men, and dump off all personal and excess equipment. Nothing but howitzer tools and ammo, plenty of ammo. Then we loaded the trucks the rest of the way with riflemen and took off an a rapid drive for Wortheim. It started out to be rapid. We finally dumped the riflemen off and the gun crews continued on up the road, two miles or so, to a little town called Nassig. We pulled the guns into position in a smooth rolling field, and dug in for the support.

Near our gun positions there were three or four German light machine gun emplacements, still occupied. Of course, the heinies weren't moving or shooting—they had been killed by an American tank not long before we had gotten there. We could see the path of the tank in the smooth brown dirt down aways from the machine gun positions. Evidently, it had been going along minding its own business when one of these heinies had started firing on it with 31 calibre bullets—rather futile—then the tank's tracks turned abruptly and headed for the positions, probably spurting machine gun bullets itself. The tracks passed the position and kept on going. Right there was written a very melancholy story. These little kids in

uniform—the uniforms were almost new—had been left there to hold a last line of defense while the main body of the troops withdrew just as we had done at Niederaltdorf and Kelfenach, but they must have become a little excited and picked a scrap with more than they could handle. Well, "Dust to Dust . . . " Naturally, the tank wasn't going to walk up to them and ask them to please cut out horsing around. There is very little of the milk of human kindness in a tank, what with all the armament it carries.

After we had been at Nassig an hour, the rifle troops passed us marching along the road and headed in the direction of Wurtheim. Soon a mission came down. One of the forward observers was at the edge of an enemy held airport and had picked some good targets. We got the base piece adjusted, and got set for a big shoot. We fired like blazes for half an hour or more, and then were given the order to fire a the same sight settings until given the order to cease. The Cannoneers Dream Mission. It was there that the Fifth Section fired its one thousandth round. Consequently, after the bulk of the missions were over we celebrated with a little table wine some one had liberated.

The rifle troops walked through Wurtheim like a breeze, and from then on the advance entailed nothing more than five large cities to be taken: Wurzburg, Schweinfurt, Furth, Nurnberg, and Munich. But the advance gained momentum every day with the exception of these five towns. Each step was a step nearer the end of the war, and guys were laying odds and making bets.

"How the hell can these stupid square-heads hold out any longer?"

That question kept hammering at our incredulity continually. It was really puzzling. Every day that we advanced further and further—more and more prisoners were taken, and we couldn't figure out what they had left to fight with. But they still resisted, and still had some aircraft and artillery to make life miserable for us. What they had, they didn't spare.

14

THE BIG FIVE

We hit Wurzburg April 4. The rifle troops had to make a bridge head in the center of town. The heinies were firmly dug in on the other side of the river, and evidently were bent on putting up a fight for the town. The air force had already beat Wurzburg to a pulp, but the empty shells that were once buildings still afforded cover for their postions. Our guns were set up in a small town just to the rear of Wurzburg and commenced firing smoke rounds at the river in support of the crossing. Early that morning, some of the troops of the second batallion had attempted a crossing but were driven back by fire from German twenties (Twenty mm. A-A guns).

The Germans had demolished the bridge across the river and already the combat engineers were in the process of repairing it. It was there that I garnered a new and deep respect for the combat engineer. There they stood in the thick of all the enemy fire frantically, doggedly, working on a bridge while intermittantly, a buddy, here or there, would drop what he was doing and plunge thirty feet into the water for an eternal swim. They were working against time and had none to spare for a guy that happened to get shot. It's one of the dreadful incongruities of war. There are many.

The rifle troops were all lined up on their side of the river, and the tanks were lined up about ten feet apart blasting hell out of

every thing that looked to be still standing. Finally the signal was given, and the rifle troops piled into the rubber boats and started paddling across.

They finally got most of them over, and the advance elements had already started the tedious process of brick to brick advance through the town. From doorway to doorway, when there were any. The sniper fire was deadly, and the jerries were making good use of their automatic weapons. Then the prisoners started leaking back to the batallion CP's—little groups of them at a time, and then more, and more.

At one point, two jerry girl-soldiers came back. Talk about tough! I thought, if only Du Barry could give them a success course and make before and after pictures—good advertising. They had pernicious, beligerent expressions on their faces, and very evidently didn't like the idea of being prisoners. The sight of them made us feel proud of the American women. At least, if an American woman were captured she'd straighten her hair and fix her make-up.

It took about two and a half days to clear the town because, of course, there had to be time out for looting. What we found didn't amount to much. Up the hill, in the nice residential section there were some handsome houses that weren't in too bad shape. Several of the guys came walking out of them with derbys on their heads, playing guitars, and mouth organs; a strange sight at such a time.

When the cannons moved into the city, they drew up down by the river wall, about five-hundred yards behind the front lines. There was no place to set up for support, so the trucks and guns were pulled up tight, and the boys commenced making searches for various things of interest. Many returned in a short while

with blood-shot eyes and a drunken outlook on things. The champagne in Wurzburg was abundant and good. The boys had ample opportunity to combat-load their trucks with enough to last them for a week or so at any rate of consumption. For the most part, it was fairly rapid.

Wurzburg yielded plenty of souvenirs—swords, dress and field, both of the last war, and of this war. Apparently, the people of that city were especially interested in photography. Most of the company's photo equipment came from some of the more wealthy residences on the top of the hill.

Many of the events that followed Wurzburg were inconsequential until we hit the positions outside of Schweinfurt. There we set up in a farmhouse, the CP that is, and the guns were set up outside in a field. One of the boys from the first section was wandering around near the edge of the woods in front of the gun positions when he heard shots coming from the woods and noticed, much to his surprise, that the shots were kicking up dirt around his feet. It turned out that he flushed nineteen heinies out of those woods after he had pumped two or three clips of ammunition into them.

After Schweinfurt, and on the approach to Furth and Nurnberg, the advance was going so rapidly that we didn't even have time to take prisoners. We'd see them coming down the road in little groups with someone waving a white flag in advance of them. They'd look at us as we went past as though to say.

"Hey! Look, we're Supermen — we're letting you capture us . . ."

"Keep going Supermen—we don't want you. No time now. There's a war to fight".

So we fought, dug, sweated, cursed and continued to move forward. It took us less time to move up to Munich than it would take me to tell about it.

One morning, we were waiting around in a place where we had been held up for two days. The boys were all pretty anxious to get moving because every step forward meant that much closer to home.

Munich, of course, was the big prize we had all been waiting for. Whether it was from a tourist standpoint or that the capture of that city would mean the downfall and surrender of the German army and eventual peace in Europe I am not sure. However, finally, that one morning I mentioned, we got orders to pack up and start rolling for Munich. We really rolled. The Rifletroops were in trucks just a little ahead of us. When they met any resistance they'd fire out of their trucks and it usually worked because there wasn't enough resistance to worry over.

We were stopped at Dachau. The SS guards there weren't at all happy about being captured and killed on the spot. There was some riflefire and machine-gun fire, and a little artillery coming from somewhere. It was the camp for political prisoners that stopped us. You have read about it in the newspapers and pix magazines. Those of us who saw it were convinced about the cruelty methods of the greater Reich. No words could describe what we found there or the stench of the place.

From there, we rolled into Munich in back of the tanks, and after some sporadic fighting the town was ours. That the story. Everything that happened from there on was dénoument to the story. The end came for us in a period of about four or five days through which we felt certain that the final one would be only a matter of a few more days—then hours.

May ninth was the officially declared end. May eighth was the end for us. That night nobody blacked out the windows, trucks and jeeps rolled leisurely along the roads with their lights on. No more of the creepy, slinking along with those jap-eye black-outlights.

From that moment on we began to sweat out the war in the Pacific.

But the fact that there was peace over here made us all feel a little humble and vary grateful. It was *our* peace. We had fought for it and attained it. The heck of it was that we couldn't find anything to drink for a celebration. That was really tough.

THE ODESSY
CANNON COMPANY 222ND INFANTRY

12 Nov. 44—Camp Gruber, Oklahoma.
13 Nov. 44—Enroute to Camp Kilmer, N. J.
15 Nov. 44—Camp Kilmer, N. J.
24 Nov. 44—Aboard Ship 683 SS Alexander N. Y. Harbor 2300 hours.
25 Nov. 44—Departed N. Y. Harbor aboard same 1300 hours.
9 Dec. 44—Debarked Marseille, France 1530 hours. Traveled by foot and truck to Staging Area 2 mi. NW of Calas.
10 Dec. 44—CP 2.
21 Dec. 44—Departed Base Sector, CP 2, at 0720. Arrived St. Rambert, France. Distance traveled 161 mi.
22 Dec. 44—Dijon, France 1900 hours. Distance traveled 168 mi.
23 Dec. 44—Enroute to Dowmon, France.
24 Dec. 44—Arrived at Dowmon, France 0430. Distance traveled 194 mi. Left Dowmon at 1100 by motor convoy and arrived at Ft. Kronprinz at 1630. Distance traveled 83 miles.
25 Dec. 44—Ft. Kronprinz, France.
27 Dec. 44—Strasbourg, France. Arrived at 1100. Distance traveled 11 mi. Billeted in factory.
5 Jan. 45—Keffenach, France 1130.
20 Jan. 45—Left Keffenach, France 1843 by motor convoy for Niederaltdorf, France.
21 Jan. 45—Niederaltdorf, France. CP established in schoolhouse. Distance traveled 15 miles.
27 Jan. 45—Juvrecourt, France. Distance traveled 60 mi.
16 Feb. 45—Wingen, France. Left Juvrecourt, France 0800 by motor convoy. Arrived Wingen-sur--Moder, France 1410. Distance traveled 60 mi. Established defensive positions.
15 Mar. 45—Lichtenberg, France.
17 Mar. 45—Baerenthal, France 1712. Distance traveled 10 mi.
18 Mar. 45—Dambach, France. Distance traveled 11 mi.
19 Mar. 45—Niedersteinbach, France. Arrived Schonau, Germany 1210 and arrived Niedersteinbach, France at 12.55. Distance traveled 8 mi. Bivouaced for night. Crossed frontier at 1138, and recrosed at 1245.
20 Mar. 45—Schonau, Germany. Company continuing in the attack. Advanced from Niedersteinbach, France to Schonau, Germany and set up defensive positions. Crossed frontier at 1305. Distance travelled 5 mi.
23 Mar. 45—Erfweiler, Germany. Distance traveled 10 mi.
31 Mar. 45—Eichenbuhl, Germany. Crossed Rhine River at 1145 at Worms, Germany. Left Erfweler, Germany 0640 and arrived at Efchenbuhl, Germany 2055. Distance traveled 120 mi.
1 Apr. 45—Vochenrot, Germany. Left Eichenbuhl, Germany at 1050. Arrived Nasing, Germany at 1150. Established positions and supported attack on Wermeith, Germany. Arrived Vochenrot, Germany at 1830. Distance traveled 20 mi.

2 Apr. 45—Rossbrunn, Germany. Arrived at 1048. Distance traveled 11 mi.
3 Apr. 45—Hochberg, Germany. Arrived at 0730. Distance traveled 8 mi.
5 Apr. 45—Wurzburg, Germany 0435.
6 Apr. 45—Rottendorf, Germany 2020.
7 Apr. 45—Prosselsheim, Germany 1535. Distance traveled 11 mi.
10 Apr. 45—Ettleben, Germany. Distance traveled 11 miles. Destroyed 4 enemy artillery pieces.
11 Apr. 45—Schanckenwerth, Germany 1153. Distance traveled 2½ miles.
13 Apr. 45—Fahr, Germany. Departed Schanckenwerth, Germany 0653 and arrived Prosselscheim, Germany 0730. Distance traveled 11 mi. Departed Prosselsheim at 1610 and arrived Volkach, Germany 1850 and arrived Fahr, Germany at 1900. Distance traveled 3 mi.
14 Apr. 45—Castel, Germany 09030. Distance traveled 17 mi.
15 Apr. 45—Munchsteinach, Germany 1140. Distance traveled 19 mi.
16 Apr. 45—Nankenhof, Germany. Guttenstetten, Germany 1012.
17 Apr. 45—Unter Michelbach, Germany 1537. arrived Dondorflsin, Germany at 0930. Distance traveled 8 mi.
18 Apr. 45—Unterfarrnbach, Germany 1159. Distance traveled 3 mi. Supported 2d Bn. in River crossing.
21 Apr. 45—Unter Furberg, Germany 2300.
22 Apr. 45—Neuen-Dettelsau, Germany 0100. Distance traveled 20 miles.
23 Apr. 45—Streudorf, Germany 0300. Distance traveled 5 mi.
24 Apr. 45—Hechlingen, Germany 0110. Distance traveled 25 mi.
25 Apr. 45—Kreut, Germany 1030.
27 Apr. 45—Genderkingen, Germany 0700,
28 Apr. 45—Ober-Baar, Germany 0725. Arrived Ober-Pieching 0230.
29 Apr. 45—Dachau, Germany 1950. Arrived at Ebenreid 1330.
1 May 45—Keferlobe, Germany (outskirts of Munich)
2 May 45—Schattenhofen, Germany.
3 May 45—Trostberg, Germany. Moved by motor convoy from Schatenhofen to Rofhart and there to Berghan. Company in general support of Regiment and billeted in Trostberg, Germany.
5 May 45—Tyrlbrunn, Germany.
8 May 45—Tyrlaching, Germany.
10 May 45—Wasserberg, Germany.
11 May 45—Schwoich, Austria.
12 May 45—Kirchbichl, Austria.
28 May 45—Gmund, Germany.
1 Jun. 45—Zilderer, Austria. Distance traveled 48 mi.
9 July 45—Morzg, Austria. Distance traveled 103 miles.

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