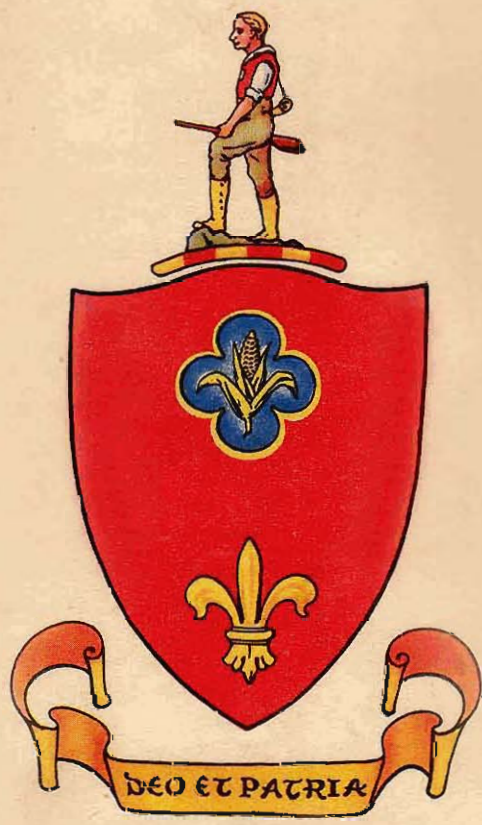


“ DIRECT SUPPORT ”



A
STORY
OF
FIGHTING MEN
2

338TH F.A. BN.



MISSION ACCOMPLISHED

Dedication

It is inevitable that when wars are fought, sacrifices are made. It also follows that certain individuals give up more than others. In this Battalion there were those who, in giving their very lives, subordinated their futures to the future of Humanity, and relinquished the cherished sight of Final Victory.

We realize that there are no words of thanks strong enough to express the feeling of gratitude that we have for those men whose supreme sacrifice gave us the moral strength to finish the fight. It is to these former members of the 338th Field Artillery Battalion that "Direct Support" is humbly dedicated :

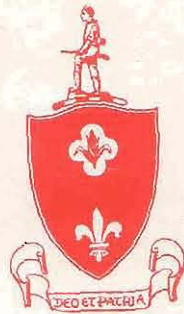
NAME	RANK	BTRY	KILLED	RESIDENCE
AMOS L. EASON	Pvt.	A.	March 6 1944	Rocky Mount, N. C.
JAMES J. ALLDREDGE	Pvt.	A.	March 6 1944	Teague, Texas.
OMER L. PRIEST	Pvt.	A.	March 6 1944	Wentworth, Missouri.
JOHN P. TONILA	T/5	Hq.	May 10 1944	Springfield, Ill.
DAN J. McGUIRE	2nd Lt.	B.	May 11 1944	Jonesboro, Arkansas.
ARTHUR KNUTSON	S/Sgt.	A.	May 12 1944	Norma, N. D.
BENJ. J. DANILOWICZ	Pvt.	Hq.	May 21 1944	Norwich, Conn.
JACK W. VICK, Jr	Capt.	Hq.	May 25 1944	Stonewall, Oklahoma.
ROBERT L. McNALLY	Cpl.	A.	July 13 1944	Cambridge, Mass.
RICHARD N. SPELLICY	T/4	C.	July 17 1944	Perry, N. Y.
MICHAEL T. SKOWERA	Pvt.	A.	Aug. 16 1944	Earlimart, Calif.
MELVIN A PIRCE	Pvt.	B.	Aug. 26 1944	Pleasant Shade, Tenn.
THOMAS WILLIS	2nd. Lt.	Hq.	Sept. 5 1944	Tacoma, Washington.
HERBERT M. KINNE	Sgt.	C.	Sept. 24 1944	Port. Jervis, N. Y.
J. C. STROUD	Cpl.	C.	Sept. 24 1944	Wills Point, Texas.
JOHN J. DAVERN	T/4	C.	Sept. 29 1944	Brooklyn, N. Y.
GEORGE H. LEON, Jr.	P. F. C.	A.	Oct. 7 1944	West Chazy, N. Y.
FRANCIS T. MURPHY	Pvt.	A.	Oct. 19 1944	Cambridge, Mass.
SANTO PIRRI	S/Sgt.	A.	Oct. 20 1944	Boston, Mass.
JOSEPH T. DIONNE	T/5	C.	Nov. 13 1944	Carthage, N. Y.
JACK H. LEWIS	1st Sgt.	B.	Nov. 22 1944	Hillsboro, Texas.
RAFAEL F. GONZALES	T/4	B.	Dec. 26 1944	New York, N. Y.
ADOLPH F. RAB	P. F. C.	B.	Dec. 27 1944	Flatonio, Texas.
THOMAS J. BLOCK	P. F. C.	B.	Dec. 29 1944	Waco, Texas.
ALVIN F. BRIGGS	Cpl.	B.	April 18 1945	Chicago, Ill.
ERNEST J. LORANCE	Pvt.	A.	April 30 1945	St. Louis, Mo.

FOREWORD

The occasion which prompted the writing of this book is one of happiness tempered with regret and sadness. We of the 338th have fulfilled the highest hopes of those who were our trainers and our leaders. We have come a long way from Camp Gruber to the Alps. We have had our periods of sorrow and frustration, as well as the time of rejoicing when we have accomplished the missions set before us. Let us not for a moment forget our comrades who have left us, for they have paid a high price for the ideals for which we all fought. All of us must realize that the job which we have done could not be accomplished by a few individuals. The food we ate, the clothes we wore, and the ammunition and guns with which we fought were ably supplied by Service Battery. The communications which were the backbone of our success were largely the responsibility of Headquarters Battery. The firepower which we were able to deliver so effectively came from the guns of the Firing Batteries. The results of the teamwork of the Survey, Supply, Fire Direction, Personnel, Wire, Gun, Radio and Ammunition Sections combined with the splendid work of individual parties who accompanied the Infantry, have left us with the knowledge that we have done a good job. Some of the men who were with us have already been transferred to other units, and still others may leave in the future. I wish them God speed and the best of luck in their new assignments. Those who have served with this Battalion can feel proud of their accomplishments. To all of you who have helped by your deeds to make this story possible may I wish you the best of everything wherever you may be. It has been an honor to have served as Commander of such a group of men.



RICHARD P. LIVELY
Lt. Colonel, FA
Commanding



CHAPTER ONE

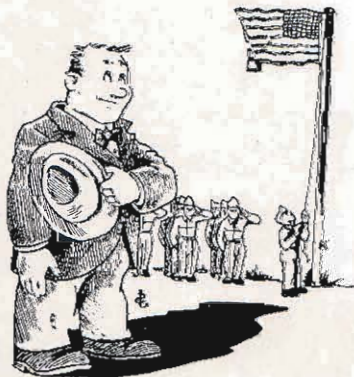
“Hello - This is Locate”

Where are we going? That's what we newly-made members of Uncle Sam's Army were wondering as we listened to the clickety-clack of the train wheels carrying us farther and farther westward. As that train sped through one state after another, our faces were pressed to the window—trying to catch a glimpse of an automobile license plate or place name. Then, at least we might know where we were.

Our first glimpse of Camp Gruber, Oklahoma, came as we chugged around a mountain and saw row upon row of green and cream buildings spread out over a vast flatland. We shuddered at visions of standing on that sweltering prairie all day beneath a broiling sun. When we stepped off the train at Braggs we were greeted by a blast of heat, a “welcoming committee” of the division band, and a fleet of 2 1/2 ton trucks. Herded into the latter, we were driven the short distance to the camp and unloaded in a large open field in front of Division Headquarters.



We knew then that we were in the process of becoming part and parcel of the 88th Infantry Division, but individual feelings were mixed; “To what branch will we be assigned”? Will it be Infantry, Artillery, Quartermaster, Recon or Engineers”? We would find out shortly! But before that time came, we went through more processing. We saw more movies and attended lectures on subjects ranging from military courtesy to the army's conception of sex and its problems.

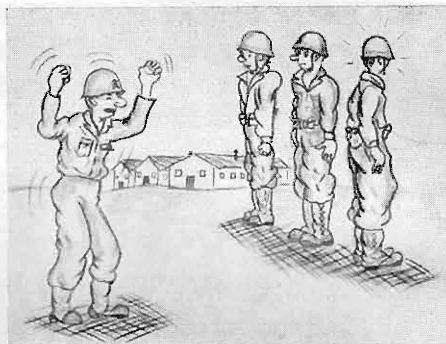


Assignment time came and passed. In the space of a few moments we had ceased to be just plain soldiers—we were now artillerymen! We were assigned to the 338th F. A. Bn; at that time, just another number to us. Shortly afterwards, we were taken to our new home and met our First Sergeant and Battery Commander. We were very much impressed. They both seemed as human as any one else. You can see we were still rookies!

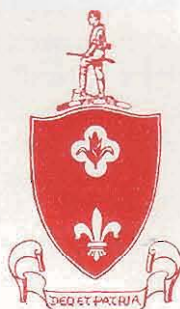
Gruber wasn't so bad after we got to know it. There were quite a few theatres and PX's and chief among these was “old No. 9” which quickly became the

battalion's stamping ground. Then, too, Gruber boasted two large and entertaining service clubs. Army life wasn't bad at all! At least, not until we began our basic training, and sped through our advance work going full-blast and in high gear.

"In the rear of the piece, fall in!" Too hot and tired to bother lifting a finger, but we had to tear around the howitzer like mad, as if we were enjoying the whole thing! "Battery Adjust!" How can we ever forget those commands or that heartless Oklahoma sun! There was specialist training, night problems, blackout drives over rough and treacherous country, the obstacle and infiltration courses, and any number of things that were designed to make soldiers out of us—the hard way. Sure, we griped about it all day, and even halfway into the night, but when we were free, evenings or weekends, we had plenty of recreation—playing just as hard as we worked! The American Legion ballroom, Purity No. 5, Gosset's Cafe, the Manhattan Club, Town Tavern and Severs Hotel all bring back memories. Nor can we forget Tulsa! When our boy first "Discovered" that city, it marked the beginning of an enjoyable "occupation!" Who can forget the Alvin Hotel, Hof-Brau, 400 Club, Tic-Toc Club or those beautiful girls!



There were some NCO's to be made. Competition was high and "Brown-nosing" became an art. We pulled a lot of boners, made many mistakes; but when it came to Regimental Combat Team exercises, "D" problems, Corps tests and inspections, we were right in there showing results! When our stay at Gruber was terminated with a dress parade for the late President Roosevelt, it was a clicking team that passed in review. The green rookie who stepped off the train at Braggs that hot and dusty day the previous summer was now a trained soldier.



CHAPTER 2.

“Southern Exposure”

“Way down yonder in New Orleans,
In the land of dreamy dreams—”

Very few of us—if any—got to New Orleans or anywhere near it, and the second line of the song certainly did not fit the part of Louisiana that was the maneuver area. It was either swamp or prairie, and always hot! While engaging with the opposing forces, we were overrun by multitudes of ticks, mosquitoes, and chiggers. And there was the shower that didn't work, and tents that filled with water despite the ditches around them. What a place! We were either struggling to get the trucks out of the mud or else suffocating with the dust! It was rough, but it had its humorous side, too. There were the mornings when we stretched out on our blankets and took sunbaths by the numbers, with a toot on the bugle as the cue to turn over and bake the other side.

Not long after our arrival, we began maneuvers proper. Day and night problems, river crossings, rapid march-orders, defensive and offensive close combat were only a few of the things we encountered. And all the way through, discipline was even more strict than it had been.

“Get that helmet on!”; “Button that shirt collar!”; “Where is your ‘scat?’”; “Anybody caught drinking untreated water will find himself on the receiving end of a fat fine!” All these were by-words, and were always being supplemented by other “do’s” and “don’ts.” That untreated water order, however, wasn’t bad since it gave us an excuse to quench our thirst with Rum and cokes, as if we needed an excuse for that! Regardless of the weather, the hard (and often wet) earth was our bed. Our steel helmets doubled as wash basins and bath-tubs. We really learned to appreciate those little things in life which before we had taken for granted. You can imagine that we looked forward to our “end of problem” breaks with more than just a passive interest.

One night, when we found ourselves hopelessly surrounded by the “enemy”, word came over the phone like a reprieve, “Cease Firing! End of maneuvers!” We were given permission to fire whatever ammunition we still had, so what was a few minutes before a complete blackout area, suddenly lit-up with flashes from 105 MM blank shells, star clusters, flares, automobile headlights and what have you! It was





AFTER DRILL - FT. SAM

a combination Fourth of July and New Year's Eve; so we climbed into the nearest foxhole until all "hostilities" had ceased!

We set up camp again in Texas to reorganize, prior to going to our next "home". As usual there were questions asked and rumors started; and we found ourselves back in the old routine of wondering, "Where do we go from here?" In addition to Camps Maxey, Bowie, or Livingston, ru-

mor had us bound for practically every camp in the United States and many were the bets made by guys who were "in the know": who had it straight from the feedbox!

Fort Sam Houston was a present—so to speak—as a reward for the excellent showing that the 88th Division made on maneuvers. Charlie battery "took off" ahead of the rest of us and was honored by being selected to fire a salute for the Brazilian Secretary of War at Fort Sam.

The Fort and it's "suburb" of San Antonio was God's gift to the tired GI—That is, if one could overlook the proximity of tick-infested Camp Bullis! Atten-



"STEPPING OUT "

dance at evening mess was very slight since most of us were over at the PX restaurant putting away pork chops, steaks, and potatoes. There was no end of diversions, what with WAC's and the Texas Star Ballroom.

We were given furloughs and knew, instinctively, that we were due for a boat-ride in the near future. Who could have doubted it when guns were cosmolined and "T.A.T.'s" packed? By then the battalion was practically "battle hardened" and as rugged a crew as never saw actual combat!

Our departure from Fort Sam was another of those sad days. As a parting

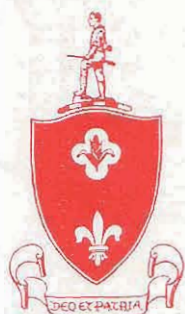
gesture, the WAC contingent and Red Cross treated us to a little party—MC'd by our own Sgt. Arthur Quinn. After a good show and song-fest, we marched out of the recreation hall to the strains of "Over There" And "The Caissons Go Rolling Along." Where to from here?

One of the most persistent rumors we had encountered was to the effect that General Sloan and his 88th would never see action; that we were to be MP's! But then we found ourselves and our barracks bags wandering through the streets of Camp Patrick Henry, a small camp that had the appearance and atmosphere of a POE about it!



We began to get stage-fright then, but Hell, we were trained and hardened soldiers! There was a war going on, and the 338th had to get its two cents in somewhere! We had learned theory of warfare; now we wanted to test that theory by participating in the real thing. We were an inquisitive bunch!

Showdown inspections at Fort Sam had "be-numbed" us enough that we went through our inspections at CPH with a minimum of griping and pain. There were still athletics, censorship classes, and abandon-ship training—not to mention ever-present hikes! CPH was the interim and a rather tense one. Since most of us came from the East, we were not too far from home. But the fact that we were so near—yet so far—intensified our wish to get away and across the pond before we did drastic things, guards or no guards!





CHAPTER 3.

“Over the Sea, Let’s Go Men”

“The SS F. A. C. Muehlenberg is a good ship, a lucky ship! It will get you where you’re going—” We stood on the deck of that Liberty ship miles at sea,



and heard her skipper welcoming us. She may have been a good ship—and she certainly did get us where we were going—but, with over five hundred men and officers packed into one hot and stuffy hold, she seemed more like a floating sardine can than a boat!

Never let it be said that the 338th let a crowded boat and limited facilities balk a training schedule! We had our exercises and classes on the hatch-covers of the pitching, rolling ship. A schedule was part of our diet—a necessity! Very few of us were seasick or bored during that voyage. There were games, even horse-racing, up on the

main deck. At night, after dark, everything took on the aspect of a gambling ship out on a pleasure cruise. It was uncomfortable, to say the least, but then, discomfort was something that had ceased to bother us a long time ago. However, it was good to see dry land again, even if it was Oran, North Africa! The guide book said North Africa was similar to California in many respects. But, in the words of one



“LAND HO!” - N. AFRICA

of the boys, a Californian, "If this is similar to California—make mine Vanilla!"

To us, Arabs had always been a mysterious tribe. But in Oran we met them—and their sheets. They looked as mysterious as a Street and Smith dime thriller. And we thought Oklahoma had mud! It was here at Staging Area No. 2 that we were really introduced to the stuff! Our tents were ditched—both on the outside, and around each individual bedroll inside. Some tents had healthy streams meandering through them and no one could be sure that the next morning wouldn't find tent and all floating out through the channel of Oran harbor!



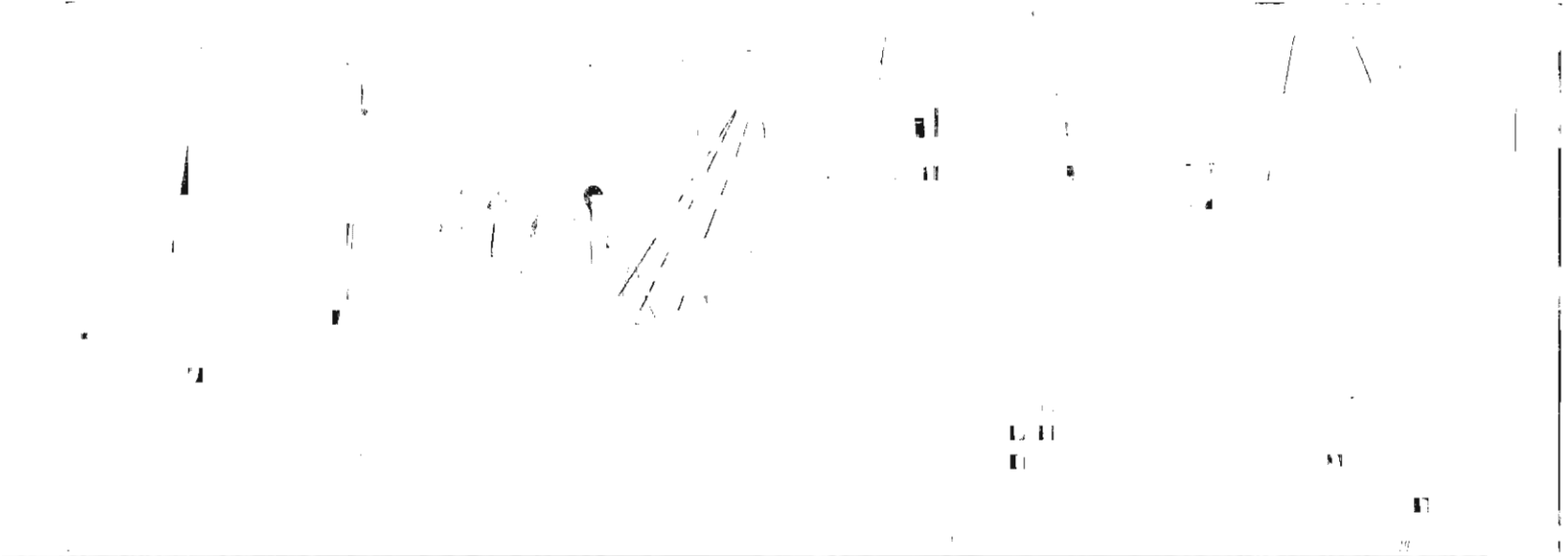
"10 MINUTE BREAK"

It was there that we acquired our taste for the distilled gasoline called "Cognac." And after "Pop" telling us all about the "40 and 8's" we finally got a chance not only to see those wonders of transportation, but ride in them from Oran to the area around Magenta, somewhere in the hinterland.

Mountain climbing and night problems occupied most of our time, with compass course marches—just another name for mountain climbing—thrown in for good measure. There the army reversed itself for awhile; it was the first time that anyone griped about *not* being put on KP or guard. We were always hungry! Remember when, out on night problems, the chief of section had to plead with his men to dig foxholes? Well, now we didn't have enough pioneer equipment to go around; there were even waiting lines on all picks and shovels. "A" Battery's kitchen crew found a way to combat the intense cold, though. All of it's personnel climbed into their one-ton trailer, together with half a dozen guys from other sections, and used an oil lamp for heat! It was always a source of surprise how anyone managed to get out without having to be pried out with a crowbar.

Our FO's **were under** fire for the first time when **doughboys** were learning the art of **directing fire, FO method**. One tried hard not to laugh, seeing various parts of the **anatomies of a certain Captain and two NCO's** who were **stuffed** into a foxhole **that even a fox would have found a bit confining**.

Then there was another boat ride; this one the last. We were more fortunate



WE
LEAVE OUR
FLOATING
HOME . . .



. . . FOR
OUR NEW
ITALIAN
RESIDENCE



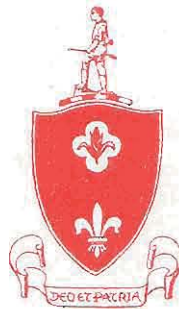
"WINTER ISSUE"



"BALDYS"

though, and drew a converted passenger ship that must have dated back to the 1800's as far as comforts or accommodations were concerned.

We slept in hammocks, on tables, on the floor, up on the barracks bags, and quite a few in the local latrine—where they could have a quick disposal unit handy for the meals that just would not stay down! The boat rocked so much that frequently a man at one end of the table found himself eating another man's meal. Also, it became a common occurrence for a meal to precede its owner down the stairs, with that unfortunate person making his entrance into the "dining-room" on the seat of his pants or the back of his neck. No, no one was sorry when the boat docked at Naples.



CHAPTER 4

“So This is “Sunny Italy”

Naples was blacked out and ghostly in the feeble light of the moon, as we debarked from the “SS City of Canterbury” that night of February 9th, 1944. Here was our first glimpse of the destruction that war can cause; and somehow, the tenseness and apprehension of being in a spot not too long ago passed by a vicious battle communicated itself to everyone marching slowly and carefully through the rubble that had once been a thriving sea-port.

This was Italy! We had at last caught up with the war. The 338th was quiet that night-but in that stillness was an undercurrent of varied thoughts and feelings. We would rather not go ahead into the beckoning arms of a Hell that we instinctively knew was before us, but there was no turning back now! No, this was not patriotism. This, of all times, was not the moment for patriotic thoughts, but for serious and deep reflection.

We took a train from Garibaldi Station to a suburb of Naples called Bagnoli and that first night in Italy we spent in what had once been Count Ciano College. Spreading our bedrolls on the hard floors of the classrooms, we promptly went to sleep. When the new morning dawned bright and clear we were awakened by a clear young voice singing, “Lay that peestol dahn, babe, Lay that peestol dahn.” Then before we could gather our wits about us we were swamped by little boys and girls in tattered, dirty clothing yelling, “Hey Joe, You gotta caramelli, Sigaretti?”



Bagnoli, Naples, and even Italy didn't look so bad on this sunshiny day. A little while later, when we saw visual evidence of the type of young ladies the country produced, it appeared even better. Women! It was not long before we were back in stride again and come rain, snow and mud—the morale of the outfit reached a new high. It sure felt good to be an American!

An advance party of 6 officers and 17 enlisted men commanded by Major Lively had come to Italy 6 weeks previously. In addition to arranging for transportation and billeting the battalion, they had participated in combat operations with the American 3rd, 34th, 36th and 45th Divisions as well as several British Units. For this service, they received an extra battle star.

We set up camp in the small town of Amorosi; a village no one of us will ever quite forget. It was the one place the natives opened their hearts to us and made us feel at home. There was little to do in the entertainment line, but there was always Luigi's place or Tony's place, where one could sit and listen to a mandolin or an accordion while drinking some really good red wine or eating spaghetti and fried eggs.

We marked time at Amorosi, indulging in the ever present schedule, and building up to TO and TE strength in preparation for entrance into combat. It was during our trips to the shower units at Piedemonte D' Alife, then occupied by rear echelon troops of the Fifth Army, that we met elements of veteran 34th, and 36th Divisions. We learned a lot about what we were going into and were given any number of tips on what to do in various situations—all of which we assimilated silently. A lot of it had, to us, a ring of the fantastic and impossible; but just a look into sharp eyes and dirty, bearded faces was enough to convince us that it was no picnic up there on the lines.

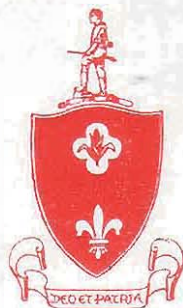
For a while we were alerted to go to the Cassino sector; so advance parties were sent out to reconnoiter possible positions and to get a general idea of what it looked like, "up front". Orders were changed, however, and they returned the same night. Not too long afterward, we were again alerted; so we moved out of Amorosi in the wee, small hours one morning, in a driving rain. We arrived in our rendezvous area the same morning, and pitched pup tents. No one knew the day or hour we would be committed, but we were on a four hour alert.

The evening of the second day the rain let up enough for us to be treated to a brilliantly beautiful sunset. From the top of a nearby hill, one could look out over the Tyrrhenian Sea and watch the play of sunlight on it's waters as the sun slipped down behind the horizon.

We were going into the lines that night. Orders had finally come down. Guns were coupled to the waiting trucks and men moved about quietly or stood in little groups trying hard not to show nervousness or mental tension. We were to relieve a unit of British Artillery and in order to insure an element of surprise, our advance parties wore British helmets.

At 2200 "C" battery moved out, followed by "B" and "A". The road was muddy—it was raining. There were no lights, no one to wish us good luck, or wave goodbye. Everyone was keyed up and expectant. Mile after mile slipped by, then we could see flashes which were followed by muffled reverberations. The flashes became brighter and the report of guns sharper. It was hard to tell whether those were our guns or Jerry's. Hell! How were we to know? We realized, with a sudden sick feeling just how green we were.

We reached our destination in a pouring rain, and there was work to be done. Gun-pits had to be reinforced with sandbags, camouflage nets raised immediately, ammunition stacked and handy; foxholes dug. Early in the morning of March 5th, we were securely in position. The 338th FA Bn was in the line ready for action!



CHAPTER 5.

“The Beach Party”

March 5th. dawned grey and misty. All about us was wet sand, scrub pines, and very few trees. It was a dismal looking sight! Later in the day, when the mist lifted we could see that we were in position on a flatland with the Garigliano River to our right and the Tyrrhenian Sea on our left. “A” battery occupied the northernmost position followed by “B”, “C” and “HQ”, respectively. Service battery was in position in the vicinity of Mondragone, some four miles to the rear.

Our firing positions were dominated by the massive Mt. Castelonorato and Mt. Scauri, from which the Krauts had excellent observation on us. As we went about our work of improving our positions, we felt like veterans, and were enjoying the whole thing immensely!

“B” battery had fired the first round for the battalion on a registration at 0119 in the morning, and shortly after, “A” and “C” fired. With that, our first challenge to the enemy, we declared ourselves “in”! That night, it was a weary bunch of men who went to sleep on that beach; but we were also a smug and complacent lot!

The second day in combat was quiet and uneventful: it was spent in cleaning



HQ'S MESS WAS IN THE SAND, TOO

mud and sand from ourselves and our equipment. We were beginning to like this war. We would look out beyond Minturno trying to see activity, wondering all the time what the big picture was like and what the future had in store for us.

After lunch, we continued our cleaning-up program. Some of the men were in the gunpits, others were cleaning rifles or washing. At approximately 1500 every-

one was startled by an unearthly, high-pitched whine followed by a tremendous explosion. Almost immediately it was repeated by another: This time a little closer. We didn't wait for the third to tell us that we were being shelled! A cold sweat and a chill swept over us and there was a concerted rush for helmets, gun pits and foxholes as carbines, cleaning equipment and what-not went flying in all directions! The enemy barrage was right on top of us raking the whole area with sudden death. Geysers of sand showered over everything and the whine of "shrapnel" was like a vicious swarm of insects as it cut through nets and bushes, bounced off guns, or dug harmlessly into the sand.

"A" battery's number one gun sustained a direct hit on its left wheel, killing three men, wounding four and destroying the gun completely. Private Strong, one of the wounded, staggered across fifty yards of open ground to the second gun section where he was given first-aid. Then, completely ignoring the intense shelling, PFC McGowan and Private Krebs crawled with the wounded man back to the battery Exec-Post, to which Captain Pazow, then Battalion Surgeon, came to administer further aid. And at the height of the shelling, PFC Alu, medic attached to the battery, ran a distance of three hundred yards from the kitchen to the number one gun to give first-aid to the stricken men as soon as he saw the round hit. For those individual feats they received the Bronze Star award. We were not idle, however, and shelling or no, the guns were given a fire mission and attempted to relieve themselves by firing a counter-battery against the enemy artillery. We were a frightened bunch of men but there was blood in our eyes and a firm cast to our chins as gunners pointed the muzzles of all howitzers toward the sound of the enemy guns and No. 1 men yanked lanyards sending a curse along with the shell, both of which boded ill for the luckless Kraut on the receiving end.

Exec-Posts were keeping constant check on where each enemy round fell. Cpl. William Faulkner, of Charlie battery gave a classic retort to one query when he replied, "Where did that one land? Hell, I can stand on the end of the tube and spit in the shell hole!"

That was our baptism of fire! The concentration was lifted as suddenly as it began, at 1700. We were a changed bunch then. We had had our first taste of what HELL was like—and it was a bitter one. Everyone was angry, hurt and grateful all in the same breath. Captain Hazer, who was then in command of "A" battery mirrored the sentiments of all officers and men when, with a slight catch in his voice but a steely glint in his eyes, he said softly, "We've got a personal score to even up, boys. Make every round count!"

From that day on and almost as regularly as clockwork, we took shellings from enemy batteries based in Formia and the Minturno-Castelonorato area. We sustained no further casualties, for Lady Luck was on our side. For example, one day while shells were flying all around, T/4 J. Danek, sauntering down the path toward Message Center, passed Sgt. Smith lying in a foxhole. Smitty shouted, "Better hit the dirt, Joe". Danek replied, "Why? The battalion is just calibrating its guns!" At that instant, one whistled by, close to home. Smith had company... There was PFC Rovello, of "C" battery, who kept right on with his KP duties during the intense shelling of the area. Asked why he didn't get in his fox-hole, he drawled,



CASSINO

VENEFRO

14th Feb. 44
Advance
Parties

Hwy 6

MONTE S. BIAGIO

FONDI

Hwy 7

ITRI

B Shooting
From Hill
19 May 44

FORMIA

SCAURI

MINTURNO

CASTELFORTE

15 May 44

S. LORENZO

S. CASTRESE

7th April 44
TO
14 May 44

SESSA
AURUNTA

TEANO

Hwy. 7

GAETA

GULF OF GAETA

5th March 44
TO
7th April 44

MONDRAGONE

VOLTURNO RIVER

THE
GUSTAV
LINE

TYRRHENIAN SEA

Map. No. 1

“Oh, they’re not shooting at me: they’re trying to hit our guns over there—” To this day we find it hard to conceive that we ever came out of the particular position alive! Not that we were sorry that the Kraut FO’s and FDC were not on the ball, of course!

We began to get battle-wise. More attention was paid to camouflage discipline, even to keeping mess-kits in our shirts going to and from chow. We improved our dugouts, adding layer of sandbags over logs, board, tin and anything we could possibly use. Sand is a poor foundation—as the Bn Command Post soon found out! Every time one of the neighboring 155’s went off, their dugout became smaller. Periodically, their working place collapsed completely! Even Col. Rankin, then Battalion Commander, and his staff pitched in to help rebuild it. This became part of their working routine. They wondered which was more dangerous: the flying “shrapnel” or the timbers and sandbags closing in upon them!

We learned to tell the difference between incoming and outgoing shells and approximately where an enemy shell would land, according to the sound it made.



SOME OF THE HQ'S "MOB"

However, we never could “case” an “88” for we no sooner heard the report of the gun than the round had hit and exploded. Some sections initiated a two-shift system, one crew working all night: the other, during the day. Jerry rarely shelled us at night and we felt more or less secure as we indulged in bull-sessions or card games over coffee and sandwiches.

It was Spring and even on that beach a young man’s fancy lightly turned to thoughts of—er, you know what. The cool sea breezes blowing inland offset a bright sun that held sway over head, day after day. Occasionally, we watched the bombing of Formia and Scauri by our planes, and the shelling of Gaeta by Allied cruisers lying offshore.

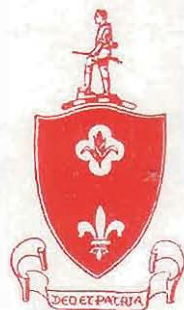
The warmer the weather became, the more inviting did the sea appear. Probably some of the boys would have tried a swim, observation or not, but the beach had been mined by us and barbed wire barricades set up just incase the Kraut be-

came audacious and tried a sneak landing on it. We thought it had come one night when flares started popping and the guards called out alert warnings. But we found out that it was only T/Sgt. Dufreche (our "Engineer-Expert") who, in placing some additional flares on the beach, had accidentally set a couple of them off.

We fired a fair amount of shells on targets of opportunity, suspected gun positions—and mules browsing around in no-man's-land—with maximum success and effect. One of the most interesting diversions was the appearance of a Jerry dispatch-rider on a motorcycle, who showed up each afternoon at the Croce crossroad, but whom our FO's were never able to deter no matter how much ammo was expended. After awhile, all batteries instinctively alerted themselves at the right time to fire at "that damn kiddie-car!" How it deteriorated into that is one of those military question-marks. Pvt. Haire of "B" battery was finally un-officially credited with making the "Kill". They were just starting the fire for effect on the crossroads (we were using it as a check point) when Haire called back, "Here comes the motorcycle". Pvt. Kuti at Fire Direction Center replied, "Three rounds on the way". In one of those freak occurrences, the rounds and motorcycle arrived at the crossroad at the same instant. When the smoke cleared, all was calm and serene once again.

Other lighter moments were the fire-missions on a certain "Joe's Tavern" which, Sgt. Evon and Sgt. Bagdasarian swore was never in the same place from one day to the next. Lt. Hinshaw and Sgt. Yarzinsky found it very disconcerting to watch Krauts going to and from the place at mealtime—to all intents and purposes unconcerned about the HE's continually plastering the area. Another time Captain Hazer was adjusting fire on an enemy occupied house with beautiful effect. Over the phone came his voice saying, "What a sight! They're going through the doors and windows! Keep 'em coming!" "But sir, we're running low on ammo", said Cpl. Herbert, the telephone operator, "Throw a can of "C" rations in the chamber then", the Captain exclaimed, "you're doing good!"

There was no end to incidents of that sort, yet we were somewhat taken aback to hear that Captain Arley Wilson, (then Lieutenant) after dropping five gallon cans of gasoline on white phosphorous shell bursts, swooped low over the Krauts with his cub plane and "strafed" them with his 45 because someone had dared to fire at him!



CHAPTER 6.

“The Lull Before The Storm!”

We knew that it would rain on April 7th, because we were scheduled to move from the beach into new positions east of there in the San Castrese area, but the weatherman crossed us up, for the Battalion completed its first tactical displacement in combat beneath a bright full moon. Two days later “A” battery did the impossible by moving, in the driving rain, from an open field up onto a terrace that was almost inaccessible when dry to anything over a 1/4 ton vehicle. However, earlier training paid off and the battery duplicated one of the difficult draft problems. Winching a 3/4 ton truck up onto the ledge, they man-handled the 105’s to the base of the path. From there, each piece, in turn, was winched into position by the truck.

Setting up a firing position in the pitch blackness of night was never a simple procedure—and a pouring rain certainly did not add to either the efficiency or the comfort of the men that night. However, we had experienced somewhat rougher situations back in the States on a few occasions, and the dawn of the 8th found “A” battery, none the worse for the wear and tear—set up and ready to add effective fires to the rest of the battalion.

We had our counterpart of Shangri-La in that position. For a little more than a month it was hard to believe that there was such a thing as a war being fought. All batteries were well defiladed-making it very hard for enemy rounds to come in on us. We built the same type of dugouts we had had on the beach but usually disregarded them to sleep out in the open at night. Practically all gun sections had included a day-room in the plan of their gunpits. It was common to find ingenious lighting systems installed on doors whereby lights would automatically be extinguished when the door was opened. Switches placed on the guns made it possible for number one men to turn on their aiming-stake lights without having to walk over to them each time.

Athletic equipment got a thorough work-out and the Battalion conducted tournaments in volley ball, softball, and horseshoe pitching. The mornings saw us indulging in calisthenics and classes on subjects pertinent to our possible employment in future operations. We still worked the two shift system and “off duty” men acquired a healthy suntan for themselves during the afternoons. Day passes to Naples gave us an opportunity to visit ancient Pompeii and get a close-up of Vesuvius, which had put on a show for us a month before. A few lucky ones spent four days in Caserta.

On April 20th, at a special formation of “A” battery, Major General Sloan announced the award of the Bronze Star to Sgt Lorfing (then PFC) “A” battery and PFC Alu of the medics. General Sloan remarked that he was proud that the

First Bronze Star awarded in the division went to an artilleryman and also that it pleased him to recognize the often unrewarded services of the Medical Detachment.

There was nothing to mar the tranquility of our lives during that period—well, almost nothing, anyway. “A” battery had been using an abandoned well for disposing of their powder bags, until one night, just at dark everyone was scared silly by a roaring sound and a sudden geyser of flame and sparks that shot up from the old well. The entire area was brightly illuminated as we made a hurried scramble for cover in anticipation of the barrage that we expected Jerry to throw at such a beautiful target. Nothing came in, however, and the fire burned itself out eventually—our positions still undisclosed to the Kraut.

That peaceful countryside was not a setting for a war! Olive groves and ordered, verdant fields thrived in the same way they always had. Often, in the brilliant warmth of a lazy afternoon, we would stop and listen to a chorus of mixed voices from the fields as farmers toiled ceaselessly. It seemed fitting that in that peaceful-appearing setting the perfect harmony of a religious hymn should be borne upon the air rather than the discordant shrillness of an artillery shell.

Good things never last, and early in May a rumor began making the rounds to the effect that the 5th Army would soon break the long winter deadlock and begin an all out offensive. Traffic along our main supply axis was increasing. Service Battery established a forward ammo supply point and stocked it with ten thousand rounds. All batteries began stripping for action. Our idle days were drawing to an end. By the time May 10th rolled around, rumor had become fact. D-day was May 11th; H-hour was still a question-mark.

There was tension on that day that made its appearance almost with the dawn. Early that morning we received the news of the death of T/5 Tonilla, from burns sustained in the explosion of a kitchen stove. There was no change in the weather, yet for some strange reason we felt the heat of the sun. All our senses were almost painfully alert. During the day ammo section crews were busy hauling ammunition to all guns. Howitzers were given a thorough cleaning and their cylinders drained and refilled with fresh recoil oil. The usual registrations were fired through-out the day and forward observers gave last-minute attention to their observed fire methods. Late in the afternoon all men were fully aware of what the big picture was going to be and of the part he was soon to play.

Headquarters, 5th Army, May, 1944. “... We shall soon again resume the offensive and launch the attacks which our apprehensive enemy expects and dreads. You have what you need to strike smashing blows and to follow them through to completion: thorough training, superior equipment, heroic courage, and the knowledge that we can and will destroy the German Armies...”

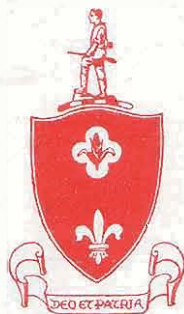
Signed: Mark W. Clark, Lt. General, USA. Commanding.

H-hour was 2300.

Twilight had given way to darkness. All was still and that stillness was oppressive! Time dragged on slowly. 2100, 2130, 2200; —would 2300 never come? Throats were dry from smoking one cigarette after another. Nerves were taut but little by little a spirit of elation began to replace the feeling of nervousness and we were anxious to get started.

“Battery adjust!” the time was 2245. “Shell HE—charge 5—fuze quick.” Men quickly and silently took their places at the gun and at the ammo racks. “BDL 50—SI 295—on number four, close two—battery four rounds per minute for eight minutes—at my command, elevation 830!” The sharp clicks of the breeches closing broke the stillness and seemed to create echoes as, in our minds, we could picture that same scene being re-enacted in hundreds of gun-pits all over the II Corps area. “Locate” was ready.

“Fire!” The command came down like the crack of doom. From somewhere behind us a deafening roar split the air, and as if it were the cue, the entire front opened up in a blaze of fire and a fury of sound. Hills and mountains stood out in sharp relief then exploded into a chaotic combination of steel and smoke. All hell broke loose and death stalked the Garigliano in all its glory. The noise was like the roll of thousands of kettle-drums. Chiefs of sections had to yell to be heard over the din. Men sweated and cursed as round after round sped out of the tubes. Cases caught the glint of fire as they flew through the air in any direction. Howitzers over-heated and blasted even more loudly as the rate of fire was kept to its maximum. Our position was smoking up. Noise, heat, smoke, voices all blended into a deafening oneness. The Wermacht was in the process of being knocked off its pinnacle and sent reeling back, down into the hell that gave birth to it!



IN POSITION WITH "A" BATTERY



1. Outside the C. P. — 2. Chow line. — 3. Drivers and Mechanics. — 4. In our Front Yard. 5. Camouflage experts. — 6. Kitchen Crew. — 7. Packing up-Lt. Dzialuk. — 8. F. O. Parties. 9. Wire Section.

CHAPTER 7.

“We’re Off!”

That night, we reckoned time in number of rounds expended. All men in all sections were busily engaged in sending those rounds on their way into Jerryland or in keeping communications between battalion and forward elements. Even cooks forsook their kitchens to help haul ammo to guns that fired it almost as soon as



ABLE'S 1st SECTION SEEMS TO ENJOY THIS...

they received it! Every gunpit was a beehive of activity—with powder bags, cartons, and empty cases strewn about in heaps. The night had been a bit chilly, but quite a few of the men were stripped to the waist and sweating profusely. At regular intervals, a gun was called out of the mission to give it a chance to cool off. (At those times, the cannoneers would swab the bore down with cold water which would come out the

other end hot. Cold water was poured over tube and recoil mechanism and quickly evaporated into clouds of steam.)

Personnel of battery Exec-Posts were glued to their phones—sending and receiving orders. All during the firing, they kept up a running commentary on the progress of the battle. In those early hours the news was far from being at all heartening. Almost immediately after the jump-off we heard that S/Sgt. Knutson, “A”'s Chief of Detail, had been killed by shellfire. Next morning came the news that Lt. McGuire was killed by machine-gun bullets, while leading “E” Co. up the slopes of Colle Cianelli. Almost half our forward parties, officers and enlisted men, were casualties. Bat-



... AND SO DOES THE 3rd

talion's wire sections had their share but were right in the thick of things—servicing lines almost as soon as they were blown out; doing it all the while under some of the bitterest mortar and small-arms fire.

Advancing with the forward elements of the 2nd Battalion, 350th inf., Capt. Vick established an OP on Hill 316. With utter disregard for his own life, he manned this OP for 48 hours—during which time numerous artillery concentrations were directed solely against the hill; 150 yds away, 15 enemy snipers subjected his OP to intense small arms fire. Nevertheless, Capt. Vick refused relief; effectively directing artillery fire against the enemy, he succeeded in breaking up a hostile counterattack and materially aided the battalion in attaining its objective. For his calmness, vigor, and gallantry during the entire action, he was awarded the Silver Star.

We continued firing all through May 12 and 13. The enemy was stubborn and it was taking all the guts our doughboys had to root them out of positions that had been prepared for months, and built to withstand severe punishment. But, they were rooted out and the Gustav line was breached. On the 14th, we displaced from San Castrese to our first position on the road to Rome and our first mine casualty came near the town of San Lorenzo when PFC Garland, of "A", ran his jeep over a teller mine. The area had been swept twice before that, but, for fear that there were still more mines as yet undiscovered, "A" battery went into position on the road.

The push had begun to gain momentum and we were hardly in our new position before we were moving again to keep in range. We watched long columns of Goums, mules, armor and Artillery of all calibers go by in a steady, and seemingly unending stream. The 5th Army was committing almost everything it had in order to keep the reeling and badly-mauled Krauts from getting an opportunity to reorganize and put up some sort of resistance.

On the 15th of May, while preparing our usual evening coffee shortly after dark we received a red alert; hostile aircraft in the vicinity! Then we heard the drone of the planes. We were quiet, as if holding our breath and keeping a silence would fool the Luftwaffe into thinking we were not there. When the first flares burst and lit up the countryside, everyone scattered—crawling into ditches and into the shadows. We had .50 caliber machine guns loaded and ready to fire, but the order was to hold fire unless we, personally, were the target of the planes.

We remembered that first air raid vividly, and developed a healthy respect for good old mother earth, to whom we couldn't seem to get close enough! The eerie whistle of falling bombs made our hair stand on end; and the tattoo of machine guns, blazing away as planes went into dives, made us draw ourselves into little balls. There was always the most uncomfortable feeling that our backs offered a tremendous target or that those bombs were headed straight for that exposed and unprotected part. One of our machine guns, manned by Sgt. Barron, of "C" battery, did open up. It fired, perhaps, ten rounds then promptly jammed. The curses and oaths that issued from that general vicinity were picturesque—if nothing else!

After the "all-clear" was sounded, we crept cautiously out of our holes and took a tentative breath. Things were again "peaceful and quiet." We were leery the rest of the night: and when we went to sleep, we mentally diagrammed the quickest route to the nearest foxhole—then slept with one ear cocked, anyway!

Two days later, we finally got orders to move forward. Going through Santa Maria Infante, and into position near Capo D'Acqua, we looked straight up into

the sheer face of Mt. Castelonorato. It seemed incredible that such a mass could have been taken; but, our boys being on the other side of it was evidence enough that no obstacle, however formidable, could stop us. There, also, we saw evidence of the type of dugouts and gun emplacements at which we had been banging away. Up near the crest of the mountain was an enormous cave which had been the lair of one of the guns that had given us so much trouble while we were on the beach. It surely felt good to be able to thumb our noses at it!

Our Infantry and forward observers were deep in the mountains and would have been completely out of touch with us had it not been for our Air OP which relayed fire Missions, and dropped maps and messages to Infantry pack trains struggling across almost inaccessible terrain.



ITRI - LOOKED LIKE THIS

The morning of the 18th saw us moving again, this time over Castelonorato to positions near Marinola. On that move we saw visual evidence of the nightmare that the Krauts had gone through during our shelling. It seemed as though there was a shell hole every six inches! What had once been olive groves was now nothing but brown, scorched earth. Buildings were not recognizable as such, being just heaps of rubble! The smell of death was heavy and sickening. It was the most complete scene of utter destruction that the mind was capable of imagining; even then, it felt more like a horrible dream than reality! How could the Krauts take all this without going completely out of their minds! We couldn't conceive of such a thing being possible. It wasn't! Prisoners were streaming in; a dirty, disheveled lot that cried, babbled incoherently, or just stared blankly ahead.

It rained on the 19th of May as we moved up the highway through Scauri and Formia. This was where the 170's were that had banged away at us. We saw some of the guns, knocked out, and smiled wryly with the thought that at least we didn't have to worry about them anymore. We skirted Gaeta, in which fight-

ing was still going on and tore up the highway past cannon companies, Infantry, and tanks. Our next stop was to be on the other side of Itri.

A mile from the town, we were approached by MP's wildly waving, telling us to "get the hell off the road; what the devil are you doing up here!" Itri had not yet been taken. Just then, Lt. Wilson in our cub plane called in a fire mission, having spotted considerable activity in and around the town. "B" battery, leading the Battalion, tore off the road, unlimbered their guns, and began firing through an FDC that Capt. Smallidge had hastily set up on the hood of a jeep. As the other batteries came up to the area, they, too, went off the road and prepared for action. We listened to the fire mission as it came over our radios and cheered every time a hit had been made.

On the spur of the moment, we established un-official liaison with a battery of heavy guns behind us and a battery of 339th Infantry Cannon Co. (85 Div.) in position across the road. With that groupment we caused all kinds of havoc in the town, and succeeded in knocking out two Mark IV tanks that had been covering a large group of retreating Krauts on the road, and one 170 MM. gun as well as forcing another 170 MM. gun to displace—but hurriedly. All the while, Jerry kept throwing in air bursts just ahead of us in an effort to cover the retreat of his remaining forces. That night we were miserable, for it rained for all it was worth. We were drenched completely, but had to stand the usual guard and wait for orders to move, which was liable to be at any time.



ONE THAT DIDN'T GET AWAY!



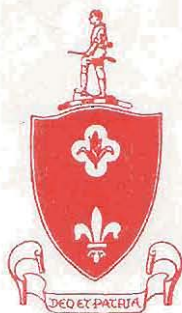
"TANK-KILLERS"

Next morning was warm and sunny. We scraped the mud off our clothes and equipment. Once more we had become rear echelon overnight. The Kraut was way ahead of us and our Infantry was mounted on tanks trying to keep in contact. Our Air OP again solved some of the problems by dropping pigeons, blood plasma, messages, batteries and rations to our troops. With the exception of "B"'s work at Itri, we had not fired a round. No sooner would we go

into position, than it would be necessary to move again in order to keep up with the swift progress.

Five and ten mile moves in a day—and occupying three, four or five positions in one day—was not strange. We received some enemy shells in one area from time to time, but they didn't seem to bother us. We were flushed with victory and anxious to get the Krauts in a position where we could really make them yell “uncle.”

If the Wermacht was in no position to offer resistance, however, it was not so with the Luftwaffe! Every evening, after dark, we were visited by hostile aircraft. Generally, the raids seemed to be confined to some other sector than ours; but nevertheless, we always managed to be close to a foxhole—just in case.



338th IN ROME



ENTHUSIASTIC
ROMANS...



TRY TO MOUNT
OUR VEHICLES...



...MAKING COMMUNICATION DIFFICULT!



“Hail the Conquering Hero”

We were getting fed up with the mountains! Somewhere ahead was a plain; a flat stretch of ground that we wanted to see so much, just to prove to ourselves that at least part of Italy did not have mountains in it. But always, we were either going up a hill or down a hill—until Fondi. Then we rode on Highway 7 that was as flat as a pool table—for a quarter of a mile perhaps, passed our Infantry and went down a dirt road to receive our first welcome as “liberators.” People were lined on both sides of the road, throwing flowers at us as we rode past. Some presented us with wine and fruit. It was great!—until someone remarked that it seemed strange; almost as if these people had never seen Americans before! All too soon, we found out that we were the first Americans they had seen! We had just put our guns into position when a battery opened up on a house that perched atop one of the two hills immediately in front of us. The house, we learned, was a Kraut OP. Just behind the crest of the other hill were enemy mortars. They fired on us shortly after we arrived and subjected the Battalion to a merciless shelling before our doughboys got to them and drove them off the hill.

Next day, the 21st, word came down that Private Danilowicz of HQ. battery had been killed, and Captain Vick mortally wounded by a sniper near Monte S. Biagio. When hit, they had been directing artillery fire from positions well forward of the doughboys. That same night, the Luftwaffe raided in force causing Service Battery to “hit the holes.” Local civilians took off as soon as the first flare dropped; and we had our hands full trying to keep activity down in our own area, so that the Kraut airmen would not drop a few bombs on us—just out of curiosity. We doubled as Infantry, for, on a number of occasions, we formed skirmish lines to battle groups of enemy Infantry that wandered down out of the mountains.

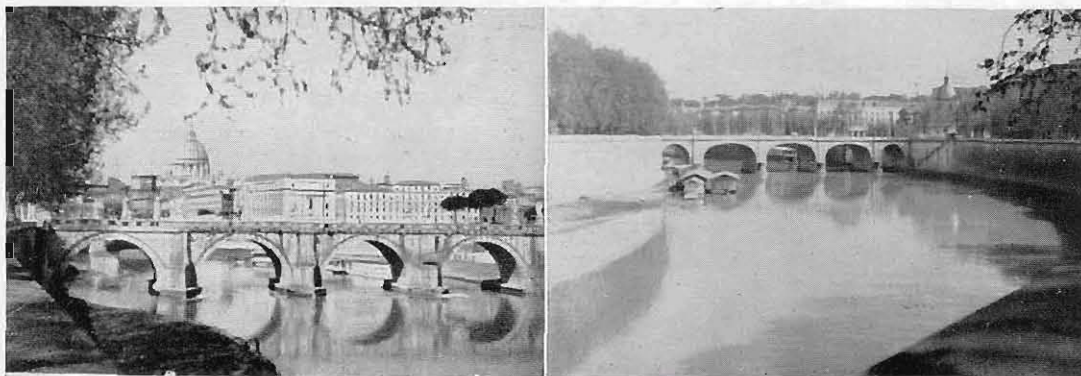
To add flavor, Sgt. Hollifield, fired a powder case, minus projectile! As the sheet of flame lit up his gun position, everyone dived for a cave nearby—and a pitiful voice from within cried out, “They got us!”

Pushing onward, we skirted sheer cliffs that overlooked the sea, and passed through what was left of the resort town of Terracina. Late afternoon saw us entering the Pontine Marshes. Here was really flat ground—for as far as the eye could see! Jerry had flooded the Marshes, but we drove on dry ground a little to the right of Route 7, paralleling a range of mountains. We went into position at dusk but moved out early the following morning.

It was May 26th. Lt. Col. Rankin, then Battalion Commander, had gone forward to reconnoiter new positions. As always, he chose our next stop as far forward as was possible in order that we, as direct support artillery, could better

fulfill our mission for the dough-boys who were clearing the way. An SP was shelling the area all the while, and just before the Battalion moved up, a round hit ten feet away from the Colonel, wounding him badly. Before he was evacuated, however, he had obtained the coordinates of the suspected gun position. "C" battery's first mission after arrival was to deliver fire on those coordinates. Although the fire was unobserved, we "plastered" the suspicious area—and not another "peep" was heard from the enemy SP! That night we were shelled heavily but most of us slept through it—too tired to pay much attention.

With Lt. Col. Rankin now in the hospital, Major Richard P. Lively of Dallas, Texas took command of the Battalion. In quick succession we made two more moves, the second being a long one which brought us to the Nettuno-Anzio area and IV Corps. On both nights we sustained the usual air raids; the second one, directed at our Infantry, which was in bivouac next to us. From Nettuno, we moved at 0400 to Cori; then, again at dusk, to the vicinity of Artena. It was June 1st, Rome was not too far away, and the German High Command stepped up what little resistance the Wehrmacht was able to offer. Rome had been declared an open city but it was evident that they were going to put up a fight to keep us from getting to its outskirts. We had hardly pulled into our last position before the Luftwaffe again made its appearance. It bombed, strafed and dropped anti-personnel bombs all night long. Every time one of our guns opened up, a plane would fly overhead and release one or two bombs. The moon was bright and we could see the planes very clearly. At the same time, an enemy anti-tank gun, emplaced just over a small knoll, regularly peppered our area. The fact that just behind our positions was the road over which our tanks were moving, didn't help our situation any! At 0530 the following day, Pvt. Nimphius was making his bedroll, next to his foxhole, when a round landed just fifteen feet from him. At the moment, he had just duck-



TWO OF ROME'S FAMOUS BRIDGES ACROSS THE TIBER

ed into his hole to fish out one of his blankets, thus escaping injury. He completed making his roll from within the foxhole!

On the third of June, we displaced around a town that was still well within mortar range of the enemy and went up the highway in plain sight of God and

everybody! To the left of the road was a battery of 88's that had been hastily abandoned. Without warning, a round came in, as we were moving, then another, which bracketed us. Knowing too well that the third round usually was on the target there was a wild scramble as bodies dived, rolled or were pushed off vehicles. We sprawled in the ditch and waited for the "target" round that never did materialize. Just as quickly, then, we mounted again and breaking all speed records for prime movers—with guns attached, never did stop until we pulled into a patch of wooded land—only to find ourselves smack in the middle of a Kraut ammo dump!

June 4th dawned bright and clear. We had orders to move early in the morning; we were told that our next position would be in Rome, itself! 'A' battery was assigned to "Bare Task Force" along with a motorized battalion of our Infantry. The task force was to make a quick dash up the highway, by-passing all enemy forces and establish a foothold in Rome. It seemed, however, as though every division or separate unit had the same idea so that the whole thing developed into a crazy race to



see who would get credit for being the first to enter "The Eternal City". We were shelled all along our route of march but excitement was high and we pressed forward resolutely. It is still a highly controversial issue as to who did enter Rome first,



THE 338th USED THIS NEW "MUSSOLINI BRIDGE" TO CROSS THE TIBER

but we firmly believe (by virtue of "A" battery's entrance into the metropolis at 2100) that we were the first artillery unit in the city! At 0330 the entire battalion was in position in Rome's Borghese Gardens.

On June 5th we were again on the move. The Wermacht was still in full retreat and the push was beginning to take on all the aspects of a rout. All along the road we passed destroyed enemy equipment. Prisoners were still coming in and were still as dazed as they had been at the beginning of the break-through.

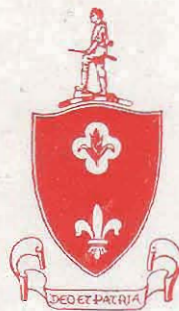
"B" battery again used its "fire from the hip" technique when it dropped trails in the middle of the road, during a displacement, to knock out some machine guns that were holding up our advance. June 7th, still going strong, we rolled into Mon-

terosi, some forty miles north of Rome. Finally, and with a deep and satisfied sigh, we heard the news that we were going off the lines for a rest.

We had totaled 101 consecutive days in the line; participated in the push that cracked the famed Gustav Line and liberated Rome, the first Axis Capitol to be freed from the Nazi yoke, and had expended 48,846 rounds of 105 MM ammunition!

More important, to us, we had instilled a deadly fear of the 88th Division in the hearts of the enemy and had won the nickname of "The Blue Devils". We were satisfied!

At 1100, on the morning of June 12, we headed South, to Lake Albano and a well-deserved rest!



FIRING FROM ROME'S BORGHESE GARDENS



CHAPTER 9.

“Hell Hath No Fury!”

There wasn't much left of what once used to be the pretty town of Albano. Even so, if we had been bivouaced in, or sufficiently near the town itself, everyone would have been a lot happier. As usual, though, we were stuck on top of a wooded hill overlooking Albano and the surrounding countryside. And, no sooner



A “VISITOR” AT HQS RETREAT!

did we have camp set up than we realized, with a feeling of mute anger and regret, that the “rest” we were due to get was not going to materialize. There had been a sudden and unexpected inspection by General Sloan which unfortunately caught a few of us short. As a result, we went into an intensive training schedule, with cleanliness and military courtesy accented more than they had been; and we were restricted until we attained our previous high state of discipline.

From Albano we moved to an area a few miles north of Tarquinia, arriving there the afternoon of June 23rd. The landscape, or at least our particular part of it, was just a mess and so we sweltered, day in and day out, under a merciless sun! Training was stepped up. We had reveille at 0530 and wound up our working day at 1930.

But, as usual, hard work paid dividends. Major Morgan, II Corps Artillery, made a detailed inspection of the training of the battalion and the installations in the bivouac area. His report, received a few days later was very gratifying to the battalion: “The appearance, bearing and state of training of personnel showed unusually high degree of attainment for a unit just withdrawn from battle.” In pas-



“GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL”
(Sgts Minogue, Richman, Llewellyn, Scotti)

sing along this report, the 88th Division Commander added: "The 338th Field Artillery Battalion is to be especially commended." More important to us at the moment was the fact that our pass privileges were immediately re-instated; and some of us became better acquainted with the Eternal City, while some others were content to visit surrounding villages.

On the second of July an outdoor Division Artillery Memorial Service was conducted by Brig. Gen. Kurtz, and Chaplains Kennedy and Pryor—we paid silent tribute to the men lost in action from the time we entered combat at Minturno to the completion of the Rome drive. At the close of the ceremony our Cub planes which had been hovering overhead, dipped low over the speaker's platform and dropped wreaths in front of the massed battalion formation.

The next day, a message came from Col. J. C. Fry, commanding officer, 350th Infantry Regiment, in which he expressed his appreciation of the fine artillery support given his regiment by the 338th Field Artillery Battalion during the march to Rome. He continued, "Without your support, we would have failed on MT. CIANELLI, and on many other occasions you have saved us precious lives... We were beset by many uncertainties, but this never applied to our supporting artillery, who we knew all the time was behind us whole-heartedly, often pushing their batteries forward with complete disregard for their own safety... I speak for my entire Regiment when I say that we have great confidence in you and... as long as I command troops in battle, I shall aspire to have the 338th supporting me."

As our "break" continued, we become more and more restless. We had tasted freedom—in a sense, and excitement. It appealed to us, so much more than the stuff we were going through at the time, that we almost wished we were back in the lines again.

We got our wish sooner than we expected! We were suddenly alerted and at 2200 the night of July 5th, we began our northward trek toward the lines and our second helping of combat. The following morning, we had arrived in our rendezvous area, a few miles behind the lines near Pomerance. Feelings differed a bit. There were some misgivings, but on the whole we were glad to get back. Late in the afternoon we loaded up with our basic load of ammo.

To reach our first position, we had to descend a hill into a valley by a road that was entirely exposed and under observation. Departure time for each battery was staggered and each truck was spaced at least two hundred yards, going down the road. After reaching a certain spot, all drivers were ordered to "open up" and go like a bat out of hell!

Early in the morning of July 8th, while firing a mission, "C" battery had a muzzle-burst which injured four men of the third section. Cpl. Gonzales, also of "C" battery, was injured by the accidental discharge of a hand grenade. These occurrences had all the earmarks of bad omens.

A few nights later we started active participation in the battle for Volterra, a town that sat strategically atop a high hill and commanded a view of the entire countryside for miles around.

There was nothing eventful in our first move, except that an SP gun, of heavy

RAIN OR SHINE
WE
KEEP 'EM ROLLING!



WHAT'S
THE
DELAY,
BUB?



WHO'S
THIS
GUY,
"ROGER,
WAIT"?

IN THE FIELD
WITH
LOCATE

THE
RUMOR
HOUSE



FEED 'EM,
THEY'RE HUNGRY!



FIGHTING
THE
PAPER
WAR

caliber, was firing dead away up the road and just a little over our heads. The heavy "swoosh" as it tore by, made our hair stand on end! The night was pitch dark and we couldn't see very well; so consequently kept to a low speed. At one point we had to pass over a hastily constructed bridge that was just wide enough for a truck to make the crossing. T/5 Norman Hinterlach, hauling "A" battery's 3rd section, got over alright, but the gun decided to cross in its own way and wound up dangling one wheel off the edge. Getting it back on the road was quite a problem, but with the help of the rest of the column, using prolongs and plenty of muscle power, the gun was righted. We went into position just off the road with nothing to offer cover but a low hill before us. The next morning we were awakened by shellfire from what sounded like 150s or 170s.

There was an air about the whole thing that didn't appeal to us: for the Kraut had stopped running and was offering a resistance that almost amounted to fanaticism! Our Infantry was finding it rough going, and we measured our gains in yards instead of miles.

It started raining, and as if that were not enough, the Kraut pulled counter-attack after counter-attack. We fired like mad, at the same time getting soaked to the skin! For almost twenty four hours, there was little respite. Then we moved again—even closer!

July 10th is a date we'll never forget! The 350th Infantry was out on a point, ahead of the rest of the line. We were in position, not far to their rear, in an olive grove and the enemy held important heights, overlooking us. Casualties were mounting. Our men were getting no rest whatsoever and were holding off vicious attacks one after another. Our battalion position was getting plastered with everything from "screaming-meemies" to medium artillery; almost continually, and for approximately 72 hours we lived in a constant hell! The Infantry needed our fire badly—so, regardless of the shelling we ourselves were taking, we were continually at our guns for eighteen and twenty hour stretches, throwing everything we had at the stubborn Kraut. It was unsafe to move about but our ammo trucks were constantly on the go, to and from the ASP, keeping us supplied with ammunition. PFC. Martin Sagers, "A" battery driver, paints a lurid picture of what all drivers had to encounter on their ammo runs when he says that shells were always chasing them in and out of position. It was a game of tag with Death!

Shrapnel holes in all vehicles attest to that fact and it was not unusual for cannoneers to open rounds of ammo that had holes through cases and dents on projectiles made by steel fragments. Even kitchens were under fire and many were the meals that were eaten under the truck or in foxholes—if anyone had any appetite left!

We had our share of casualties. One round hit twenty feet from "A" battery's switchboard, seriously wounding Cpl. Gerald Tessier and Cpl. Robert McNally; the latter died a few days later, in the hospital. Another round, landing close to the ill fated number one gun, wounded Sgt. Lester Lorfing, for the second time, and PFC Timmons. One round hit a "B" battery ammo truck loaded with HE, setting it afire. With great presence of mind, and without regard for his personal safety, Pvt.

Claude Thompson immediately rushed to it and began unloading the ammo while the flames were licking the cases. Inspired by his example, and encouraged by his words, men from all batteries joined in, helping with the unloading and getting the fire under control by the use of fire extinguishers. For this, PFC William Allen, Pvt. Virgil O'Bryant, T/5 Herbert Bice, Sgt. Richard Shannon, 1st. Lt. Kauffman, Cpl. Scalf, PFC Lloyd Clark, PFC Elmore Sutes, PFC Vincent Sigenfoos, PFC William Gruner, Pvt. Archie Mc Rae received from the Division Commander a Citation for heroic action in combat.

Headquarters was set up in a building, on a low hill, beside the firing batteries. They, too, received their share of enemy shells. Sgt. Quinn and members of his radio section were always in their 3/4 ton vehicle, handling fire missions. On one occasion they were handling six fire missions at one time for which feat they received a commendation.

There was no rest for the wire section. Lines were always going out and shells or no shells, wiremen had to get out and fix the breaks. Exceptional performances were turned in by Sgt. Antorino, Cpl. Godwin, Cpl. Stroud, Cpl. Arrisi, Pvt. Smith and PFC Giardinelli. Also out there helping to repair the breaks and reconnoitering new routes for wire, were Lts. Nicholas Lessa and Billy Mitchell.

There was nothing even remotely humorous in anything that happened. However, if one had looked over the top of his foxhole at the height of one particular shelling, he would have been dumbfounded to see a jeep tearing down the side of a hill, chased by shells all the way. Who it was or where he went to is just another of those question marks!

Not only did we fire in direct support of our own Regiment, but also for an attack by the 351st Regiment, which, together with the fire from their own supporting artillery, enabled them to take their objective and inflict heavy casualties on the enemy.

The conduct of our entire battalion was exemplary and for our excellent support we received the following enthusiastic comments:

From Captain Zadik, Battalion Liaison with the 350th Regiment: "The Infantry on the lines appreciated our supporting artillery very much."

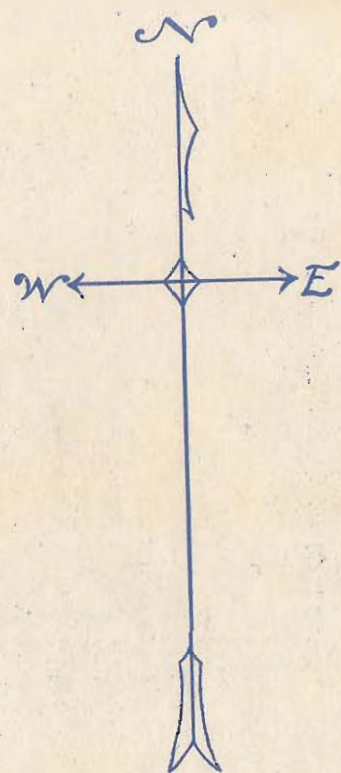
From Lt. Col. Bare, commanding the 1st Battalion: "Magnificent artillery support. Best I have ever seen."

Lt. Col. Williamson, commanding the 2nd Battalion: "Beautiful support. With that kind of support we can go anywhere."

In each successive position, we repeated, in part, the volume of fire that we had laid down at Volterra. The Jerries were giving ground it was true, but not until it was physically impossible to hold it any longer. We got a new slant on the fighting qualities of our enemy and developed a healthy respect for him, that was, in many instances, tempered by a deep hate.

The situation finally eased up and when Red Cross girls came to the position to hand out doughnuts and coffee, on the 13th of July, we knew that we had succeeded in throwing the Kraut back a little farther.

On July 17th, the 3rd Bn. 350th, was assaulting a hill with a little difficulty,



THE
VOLTERRA
PUSH

POMARANCA TO GUADO
 JULY 1 - JULY 31/44

←←←← ROUTE OF BN.

due to enemy guns heavily shelling the area. Lt. Thomas, FO and his party consisting of T/4 Spellicy and Cpl. Stroud, all from "C" battery, voluntarily exposing themselves to the hazards of enemy shellfire, ascended the top of the hill in order to observe and take under fire the enemy trouble-makers. A "Jerry" SP spotted our party and opened up on them with direct fire — a shell burst in the vicinity instantly killing Spellicy, mortally wounding Stroud and lightly wounding Lt. Thomas, who stayed at his post to complete the mission. For their heroic action in this operation, the officer and two men were awarded the Bronze Star. When news of the casualties reached the battery, Capt. O'Hara, 1st. Sgt. Scotti, and T/4 Bagdasarian immediately left for the OP. Upon arrival they found the hill being heavily shelled and under direct observation, making evacuation next to impossible. Despite these facts, the three went up to the OP and brought their three comrades down and all returned to the battery position. Chaplain Pryor came immediately, and there on the field of battle "C" battery held one of the most impressive Memorial Services of the war. Without interfering with the fire missions, the men paused with bowed heads, listened to the words of the Chaplain and paid silent tribute to the men recently killed.

All during the push for Rome enemy artillery had been negligible. It seemed as though the Wermacht had no guns or was unable to get any ammunition. We thought differently now, when we were almost always under heavy barrages of artillery of all calibers, with perhaps the large-caliber rounds dominating. We were striking out for the Arno River and the key city of Florence, with a fierce enthusiasm. But, with fanatic determination, the Kraut was trying to keep us from getting there.

Misfortune struck us once again on July 19th when Capt. Freeman, our S-2,



Lt. Col. Richard P. Lively, Battalion Commander, awards the Bronze Star and Air Medals to members of the 338th Field Artillery Battalion at ceremony held in vicinity of Volterra on 8 August 1944. Reading from right to left Lt. Col. Richard P. Lively, Battalion Commander, Capt. Donald W. Jackson, Capt. (then 1st. Lt.) Sidney Pone, Capt. (then 1st. Lt.) Arley J. Wilson, 1st. Lt. Billie N. Mitchell, Cpl. Frank X. Spahle, T. Sgt. (then S. Sgt.) Edward B. Dufreche, Pfc. Allison J. Smith, Pfc. Lloyd D. Clark, S. Sgt. Leslie D. Smith, 2nd. Lt. (then S. Sgt.) Gene R. Lyons, S. Sgt. Frank J. Yarzinski, Pfc. John Roman and Pvt. George H. Leon Jr. (KIA).

and former Adjutant, stepped on a Schu mine which had been concealed 10 feet outside the entrance to the CP. He was treated by the Bn Surgeon and immediately evacuated to the hospital. The battalion had lost another valuable member.

In sharp contrast to our earlier experiences, we were seldom bothered by the Luftwaffe, which fact hardly saddened us any. We had enough to contend with during the night, when seemingly countless numbers of SPs moved up close under cover of darkness to harass us and make us miserable until early morning, at which time the artillery again took over. If there was a shortage of ammunition, then we had to be shown!



“CAPITO”

On July 21st. we were in position south of the town of San Miniato which straddled highway 67. Our forces were regrouping for the final, direct assault on the Arno River and plans were initiated to prepare for what had all the earmarks of a difficult crossing. At that point we were again taken off the lines and moved to within a few miles of Volterra, for specialized training.

On the 24th of July, something we all dream about happened to Capt. Zadik, Bn Hq; S/Sgt. Ramers, battery “B” and PFC English of “C” battery—they went HOME! Yes, they were transferred out of the Battalion to await shipment to the good old U.S.A.! This thing we had heard about, called “Rotation”, had struck the Battalion at last!

On the 29th of the month Capt. Ray K. Bruch joined the battalion and was appointed S-2. He had been with the 339th FA since activation at Gruber, and was known to many of us from previous associations.

We again had four day passes to Rome and movies in the evenings. There was even an original revue planned by Lt. Seymour Jacobs, SSO, and executed by members of the battalion. The PX was arriving on schedule and life was smooth once again. In compliance with new orders, six guns were added to the unit, increasing its fire-power.

On the 16th of August, a command inspection of motor transportation was made by members of the staff and all batteries were rated as “excellent”. This was a reflection on the fine work done by all drivers and mechanics during the training period. The Bn Motor Officer, Lt. Beard, reported that 100% of the Bn vehicles received a 6000-mile maintenance check during the past six months.

Early in the month of August, Capt. Kaleem Hazer, with Sgts. Praino, Klein and Marrinucci of “A”, “B” and “C” batteries, respectively, were put on TD with the Brazilian Expeditionary Force to give the new-comers battle indoctrination and to help train the Brazilian field artillery for the mission they were to perform as part of the Fifth Army.

STRICTLY AT EASE



1. ABLE'S THIRD

3. WATCH THE
"BIRDIE".

5. HOLD THAT
POSE!



2. OUTSIDE ONE
OF OUR EXEC
POSTS.

4. READY FOR
INSPECTION



6. PART OF THE
FOURTH SEC-
TION - "A" -
"TAKE TEN"



BAGNI

LUCCA

SERCHIO RIVER

3 SEPT. TO 7 SEPT. 44

PISA

ARNO RIVER

VICOPISANO

CASCINA

PONTERERA

MARINA DI PISA

COLTANO

OSTERIA

PONSACCO

COLONIE

STAGNO

22 AUG.

GUASTICCE

COLLE SALVETTI

S. STEFANO

LIVORNO

21 AUG.

LEGHORN- PISA SECTOR

AUG. 21 - SEPT. 7/44

←←← ROUTE OF BN

MAP. No. 4

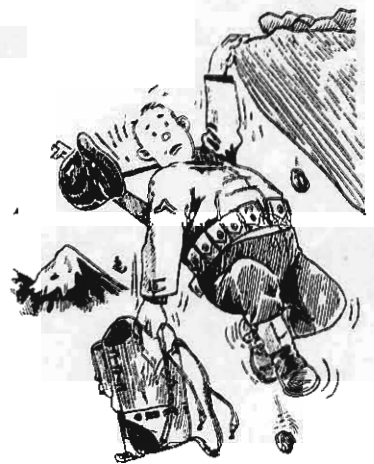
CHAPTER 10

And Then The Rains Came

And then the rains came! We had already experienced one Italian winter and did not like it so we were not looking forward to this one. It had rained early on the day of the 16th, and the ground was wet. We moved up under a dark, forbidding night, to go into bivouac just off the main road leading up into one of the Gothic Line passes. The next morning and the following day, the weather was again clear, as though to give us a parting glimpse of what good weather could be like. From our position we could look up the valley and into the wall of mountains that formed the first barrier of the "Line". It looked terribly high and treacherous. 240 MM Howitzers and Long Toms behind us were blasting away at the heights and we were able to see the shell bursts. It was a stirring sight watching the destruction through field glasses, and for awhile we forgot that we were far from anxious to go back into the lines again.

In true Hollywood style, the weather was again miserable when we were committed into the battle from Corps reserve. A solid blackness closed around us with the night and the rain was cold—penetrating, it seemed, to the very marrow of our bones! We were to move forward and over the top of the ridge ahead, to within a few miles of the communications center of Firenzuola. The rain hampered the engineers fixing the road going through the pass and the necessary, but very heavy traffic did not help matters. We were cautioned that the trip up to the top of the ridge was doubtless going to be a very hazardous one and drivers were warned to be especially careful not to go over the steep drops that fell away sharply at various places along the route.

"B" battery went out first with "C" and "A" batteries following. The ascent was begun slowly. Even with all wheels chained and driving the vehicles in low range, the trucks found it difficult going through the heavy mud. Motors labored and drivers sweated trying to keep on the road, fighting the wheel every time they felt the truck slipping. The road wound ever upward in a never-ending series of sharp, hairpin curves; higher, into the dank nether-world of fog that blanketed the whole ridge. (The rain beating against the windshields, the subdued hum of the windshield-wiper and the drone of the motor made it hard to keep from dropping off to sleep.) Men were miserable in that cold clamminess. We thought there was no end to the winding road. How high was this damn mountain, anyway!

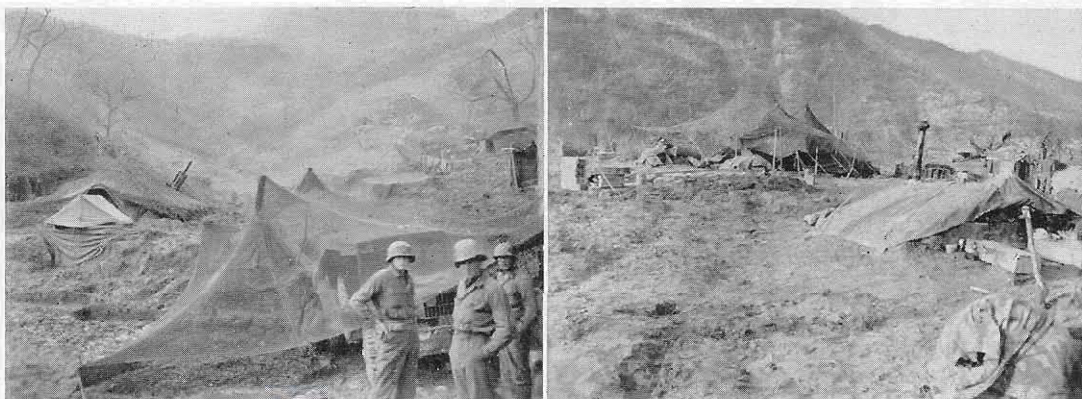


Hours slipped by as the trucks inched their way up. Occasionally a truck slid dangerously close to the edge of a drop; then men would dismount and heave against the truck, fighting to get it back in the center of the road.

The sound of gunfire came through the heavy mist, muffled, but no less deadly. It was difficult to hear the whine of a shell as it came in, which increased the tension. The column had opened up and was spread out along thousands of yards of road. It was hard, very hard, to keep from just giving up right on the spot! Our anger mounted and threatened to explode at any moment. We cursed the weather, the mud and the insane Krauts who continued to fight, for no apparent reason other than to be as low and as absolutely contemptible as it was possible for a human being to be. Then, finally, the lead vehicle reached the top and found level road ahead. It was almost 0400!

The last of "B" battery's trucks completed the march at 0600. According to plans, the rest of the battalion had been pulled off the road into a dispersal area at the base of the mountain. It was extremely difficult to move. Traffic was tied up for miles, this being the only road in our sector that went through San Giorgio Pass. The following morning, however, "C" and "A" batteries left the dispersal area and began the climb. The ammo train stayed behind until further word came to move up. The firing batteries disappeared into the valance of mist that came almost halfway down the mountain-side.

A rather odd practice made its appearance during this battle and assumed the status of an un-official SOP. Men had taken to erecting pyramidal tents over their gun positions and sleeping in them, oblivious of the rounds that fell all about them. It was a highly debatable question as to which was worse; death by steel fragments or by pneumonia. Most of us seemed to have a healthy aversion to the latter! Up until this period in our combat career, we had exhibited a sensible adherence to the safety rules that training and experience had taught us. Now, however, we lost sight of a lot of those things, not through any laxity on our part, but because a new thought had begun to occur in our minds with an increasing frequency. We did not take unnecessary chances but we did not fool ourselves into thinking we



"WE BATTLED THE MUD AS WELL AS GERMANS"

were thwarting destiny. If it was "written in the books" that we were due to go—well, was there anything more to be said!

From that point on, our troubles increased. From our position near the "town" of Borgo we had to displace forward, closer to Firenzuola. Lt. Col. Lively had reconnoitered the most direct route to the town only to find it being heavily shelled almost all the way.

Rather than needlessly risk the lives of the men, he selected an alternate route that was nothing more than a cow trail along the ridge in front of our position. Once again, our batteries accomplished an almost impossible move; the artillery had to get forward—and it did!

After the entire battalion had moved, "C" battery was one mile ahead of the others. "A" and "B", practically, side by side, shared the area with artillery of two divisions, plus that of II Corps. To say that the whole thing was congested, would be making a mild statement!

Shortly after our arrival on the 23rd of September, the Kraut greeted us with a concentration that caused a great deal of havoc. One shell hit a "B" battery truck; another seriously wounded two men of "A"; but "C" battery took the brunt of the casualties with two men killed, seven wounded and five trucks knocked out.

Again we knew what it was like to feel the weight of Jerry's accurate shelling. For three days we were like sitting ducks unable to do much more to protect ourselves but pray. As usual though, we were not inactive. The enemy was counter-attacking our boys up front again and it was as though we were suddenly injected with a dose of adrenalin. Our guns roared back their defiance day after day as we fired thousands upon thousands of rounds of ammo into the fanatical enemy's ranks. He shelled us, but we paid him in kind and with ten times the amount that he expended. He inflicted a lot of casualties on our doughboys, but fields that were littered with countless numbers of his own dead and wounded were proof enough that we could be as fanatical as he—but with better reasons!

We hadn't been making fast progress at any time, and now the heavy rains succeeded in slowing us down little by little. It became more difficult to move and there was always that congestion; three "line divisions" working up one narrow valley with the rest of the rear echelon troops having to be supplied by means of one road—and a secondary one at that! It is a high tribute to our Service Battery to say that never, regardless of road conditions or weather, were they unable to get the food and supplies up to us. Their trucks drove thousands of miles over some of the worst roads imaginable, braved enemy barrages and bombings with not the least bit of hesitancy. Many times drivers went for long, weary hours at a stretch and usually with little recognition and less thanks. Everyone was doing a job and doing it to the best of his ability. For their untiring devotion to duty in the face of **seemingly unsurmountable** obstacles, they **were awarded the War Department Meritorious Service Unit Plaque**, and each member of the organization wears the meritorious service badge on the right sleeve of his uniform.

On the 26th of September the doughboys of the 350th occupied the strategic Mt. Battaglia in a driving rain. It was the last great height before the Po Valley.



1. Service keeps 'em clean. — 2. Ammo had to be handled carefully. — 3. Some shot high angle...
4. ..and others, low. — 5. This section posed in front of their piece. — 6. ..while this crew paused during a mission

From that point on, each successive mountain was smaller than the last. It seemed rather strange that the Kraut had let us walk in on it as we did without putting up some sort of resistance. Whatever the explanation, we had no time to think it over as the enemy almost immediately launched an attack against it in force. Our men were hit with machine-gun fire, mortars, light and heavy artillery, in a nerve-shattering barrage. Forward observers called back for fire. Observation was extremely poor, and for the most part they used sound azimuths and shell furrows to tell them where the enemy pieces were located. Here again we fired hour after hour, laying down intense barrages that we had equaled only at the Gustav Line and at Volterra. At least, the weather had been beautiful, if nothing else, but here we had miserable rains, mud that was almost knee deep, and a nasty ammo supply problem!

All batteries were situated off the road in fields. Trucks could not navigate the deep mud without getting hopelessly stuck; therefore, long lines were formed from the truck to the guns and the rounds were passed back by hand. Often this was done three times a day. If the line wasn't long enough to reach the guns, then after the truck was unloaded, the line reformed from where the ammo had been laid. In doing that, we found ourselves handling the same 800 rounds two and three times.

We were never dry and could not remove our clothes, since we were never certain but that at any time of the night we would be called to frustrate an attack. We were getting hit with 210mm shells at that stage of the game. They did no damage, tangibly speaking, but, they certainly did not help us enjoy ourselves!

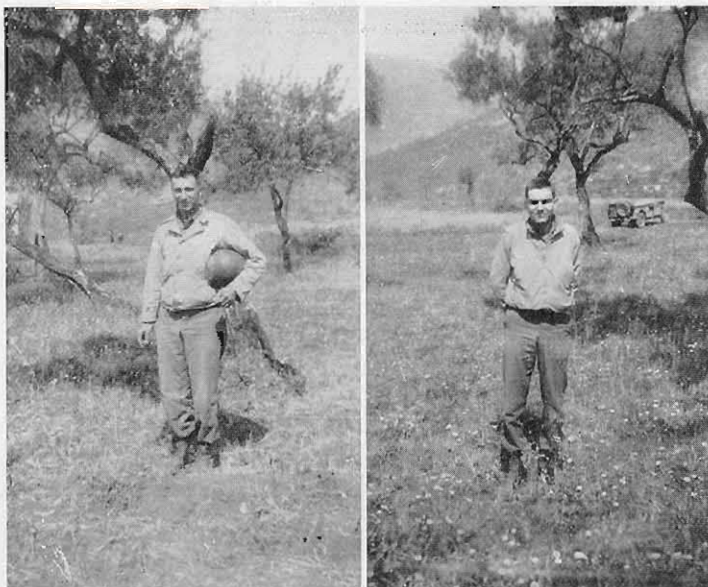
Headquarters Battery worked day and night, laying wire by pack-board and mules despite the inclement weather and never-ending shellings. During a six-day period in this position we fired over 5400 rounds of ammo. For sheer misery, Morraduccio was unequaled!

The battle for Battaglia continued unabated in fury for eight long days. It was there that our FOs and Liaison parties spent the most miserable days of the war. Although badly wounded by a mortar shell which had killed Sgt. Davern and wounded Sgt. Walker, Lt. Vergot refused evacuation and remained in his foxhole on top of the hill, directing artillery fire against the counter-attacking Germans. It was not until the next day when the situation had eased up that he accepted relief and was removed to the hospital. Pvt. O'Bryant, "B" battery, had spent many harrowing days as a member of the FO party on top of Battaglia and had returned to the 2nd Battalion 350th CP for a pause, prior to leaving for a well deserved rest. Along came a company from the 3rd Battalion which was to go to the top of the hill to relieve "G" company, but they had missed the guides and were lost. Although completely worn out from fatigue, Pvt. O'Bryant volunteered to guide the company to the position, which he did by the most expeditious route. Taking them through intense artillery and mortar barrages with a minimum of casualties, his knowledge of the situation and terrain and complete disregard for his own welfare, saved many lives and effected a prompt, well executed relief at a time when it was most needed. For their gallantry in action in the face of the enemy, Lt. Vergot and Pvt. O'Bryant were awarded the Silver Star.

Lt. Riordan and Lt. Baytel were awarded Bronze Stars for their heroic action in conducting fire from the castle on the hill even though both were badly wounded and later evacuated.

TWO HEROES OF BATTAGLIA

Time and time again the Germans stormed the heights, often getting within hand-to-hand fighting range, and time and time again they were beaten back down the hill with a terrific barrage from all types of weapons. Capt. Tillman and all of the Liaison and FO parties attached to the 2nd Battalion 350th Infantry on Battaglia received the Presidential Citation and wear the Distinguished Unit Badge. For voluntarily leaving his position at the Infantry CP to relieve an observer who had been



Lt. BAYTEL

Lt. KRIZAN

wounded, and exhibiting cool, determined gallantry in performing his added duties during intense shelling. Capt. O'Hara was awarded the Silver Star.

As in many other cases, there were those unsung heroes who quietly went about their daily tasks of repairing wire lines under fire, taking supplies up to FO parties, and maintaining radio relay stations on a 24-hour basis. It was these men whose deeds went unrecorded in the official records, who helped hold that vital hill from re-capture by a stubborn enemy.

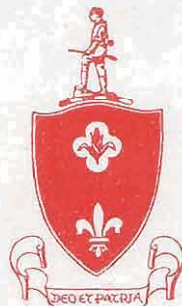
Some time previously, our howitzers had added a modification; extra steel pieces were welded onto the trails. This was done to minimize the danger of trails cracking under extreme pressure caused by repeated heavy firing. However, even with the modification, four guns in the battalion cracked their trails. Since the guns were so imbedded in the mud, they could not be removed and sent to Ordnance for repair. Ordnance men came to us and repaired them on the spot.

The guns were so deeply sunk in the mud that the axles were half covered. Spades and floats had disappeared despite the bases that had been placed under them to keep that from happening. It was a never-ending job, keeping the mechanism clean and well oiled and very often a piece had to be called out temporarily. That meant the digging out of the entire gun, relaying it back on the target and scraping mud from bearing surfaces.

A number of men came down with various respiratory illnesses and replacements were brought up to fill in the gaps caused by the casualties. Then we noticed

a diminishing of our fire missions and less frequent counter-attacks. We were also informed that our doughboys were being relieved by a British Guards brigade. That was the best news we had heard in a long time for we knew what a pounding our men had taken. They deserved a rest! As for us, we were to remain where we were for an additional three days reinforcing the fires of the British artillery until their FOs had been thoroughly oriented.

Mt. Battaglia was ours—for keeps!



BETWEEN MISSIONS
IN OUR
SAN CLEMENTE "HOME"



MAIL CALL

BORE - SIGHTING



HOME - TOWN
PAPERS

"FIRE MISSION"



1. PREPARING THE POSITION.



3. "ELEVATION — 450!"



2. "FIRE MISSION"



4. "NO. 1 IS READY".



5. "ON THE WAY!"

"SALVAGED ROSES"



To us in the 338th F. A. Bn., the period from 8 November, 1944 to 29 March, 1945 spent at Fiumetto, Italy is the most unforgettable part of our combat experience. After bitter battles for Mt. Battaglia and Mt. Grande, the stubborn enemy finally succeeded in temporarily holding us in the rugged Appenine Mountains at the beginning of a miserable Italian winter. Forced to accept what positions the terrain afforded, we moved into the valley of the Idice river along Route 6531, with the enemy looking down our throats. To protect personnel, howitzers, and ammunition from the weather, pyramidal tents were erected over each piece: with the muzzle of the howitzer protruding from the doorway of the tent.

"Salvaged Roses" was painted in February, 1945 by Capt. Edward A. Reep. of Fifth Army Historical Section. It depicts the number one gun section of "B" Battery, sticking its muzzle from its winter home, ever ready to send death and destruction into the enemy lines. But more than that, to us it represents the struggle for existence that winter: the scrounging for firewood to keep warm; the eternal "sweating-out" hostile shellings; the mad dashes for chow in between rounds; and the brave men who stuck to their posts, fighting ammunition fires, dressing the wounded, or repairing broken wire lines.

On August 21st we moved to a rendezvous area in the vicinity of Leghorn. Once again we became part of IV Corps. This time we were assigned the direct support of Task Force 45, composed of five battalions which were former AAA, a British AAA Bn., and the famous 100th Infantry Battalion of Japanese-Americans. This task force was to strike across the Arno River and capture the city of Pisa.

The position we occupied was in very flat terrain with little or no cover. It was like our Garigliano River position, only worse! We had to infiltrate into position this time and batteries were 5000-6000 yards apart and Hq. Battery laid and maintained 175 miles of wire. Wire crews were again active on an "around the clock" basis. We tried to confuse the enemy by setting up dummy gun positions from which roving guns from each battery fired every night. The plan was to make Jerry think we had more artillery than we did. Whether it worked or not, he retaliated by shelling us constantly.

For ten days we took a pounding from enemy mortars which were zeroed in on our guns. "A" battery again sustained a direct hit on a gun, but this time there were no casualties. That night, after the gun was withdrawn, another shell hit in the same place! As a result of the too accurate shelling they were getting, the battery was moved laterally 1500 yards, to confuse the Jerry counter-battery activities.

By the end of the month, we were prepared to storm across the Arno and take our objective. We had already prepared data and were expecting strong opposition. However, we were advised by higher headquarters that the enemy was withdrawing to prepared positions a few miles to the north.

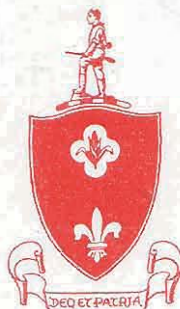


FAMOUS LAND MARK

We crossed the Arno on a causeway of rocks and entered the city of Pisa on the 2nd of August. The firing batteries set up within one thousand yards of the Leaning Tower and Headquarters about five hundred yards from it.

We returned to division control on the 7th, when we moved from Pisa to a bivouac area south of Florence. It rained, as usual, and before we arrived at our camp site we had traveled some 105 miles over some of the muddiest roads we had yet encountered. We were a tired bunch when we rolled in at 2300.

September 16th we were on the move again. We left Scandicci at 2330 and made a road march of 20 miles North to Cornetole. The battle for the Gothic Line had begun!



CHAPTER 11.

Give and Take!

Of all the commendations and unit citations we received in combat, one really brought home to us how much our training had helped us, rough as it was. That commendation came from a German officer of the famed 1st Paratroop Division who had been captured during the Mt. Battaglia fight. He told our division G-2 that only one German Division had volunteered to oppose the 88th Division—all the others wanted none of the "Blue Devils".

Many times during the Rome push we almost qualified as infantrymen. We weren't exactly joking when we suggested attaching bayonets to the tubes of our howitzers, or calling ourselves "the 105mm machine-gun battalion." However, we didn't mind being so close to Jerry then, because resistance was negligible. It was a different story when we moved from Moraduccio, to the vicinity of Mt. Belvedere, five miles to the west. Again our right flank was exposed and it was not so easy to be artillery and infantry at the same time. Something new had been added; we received a lot of mortar and machine-gun fire but less artillery.

In one position, "A" battery captured four prisoners and Pvt. Gullion, while shaving, felt a sting on the back of his head—shaking his head violently, he shouted: "Get that damn bee away from me!" It turned out that he had been struck by a stray sniper's bullet which lodged itself in his scalp. When Service Battery occupied the position after the firing batteries moved forward, they were subjected to shell fire for the second time in the present drive. One round landed in their kitchen, but miraculously, the kitchen personnel escaped injury.

On the 19th of October, advances of 1000 yards were made by the infantry against strong resistance from the enemy in the Farneto area. A counterattack against their newly gained positions was repulsed by our fire, and defensive fires were adjusted before darkness in anticipation of further attempts by Jerry to dislodge our troops. Meanwhile, the 350th Infantry was beginning to attack Farneto—making a strong fight against the enemy dug in on the slopes of the hill. During the attack, Capt. Albert A. Nettles (then Bn. S-3), acting as Liaison Officer with the 3rd Battalion, 350th, crawled to the top of a small knob under intense fire from all types of enemy weapons in order to gain better observation for "shooting in" his targets. Severely wounded in the head and arms by an enemy mortar shell, Capt. Nettles continued to adjust fire on his targets, submitting later to first aid there on the spot. He refused to be evacuated, and continued his observing, ignoring intense hostile shell fire and his own weakened condition. Lt. "Tex" Krizan rushed up to take his place and after thoroughly orienting his successor, Capt. Nettles walked back to the aid station. For his extreme gallantry in action, he was awarded the Silver Star.



1. "A's" Gun crews pose between rounds. — 2. "HQ'S" Mess line. — 3. Three execs, "C", "B", "A": Lt's Spann, Kauffman, Wright. — 4. Set for a recon.: Hazer & Co. — 5. "Hard-Rock" at ease.

Unfortunately, however, his wounds were of such a serious nature that he was soon evacuated to the United States for further hospitalization. His loss was keenly felt by our battalion and those members of the 350th Infantry with whom he had associated. Misfortune struck the 338th during that same action—while conducting a fire mission against another target, Sgt. Bagdasarian, veteran FO from "C" battery, was struck in the leg by a Jerry machine-gun bullet, and had to be evacuated.

Meanwhile, we established a forward CP at Calanco in a well ventilated (by shellfire) house, which was to be our home until the 7th of November.

On the 27th of October, the 350th Infantry relieved the 351st Infantry on Mt. Grande and Monte Calderaro; the mission here was to prepare a defensive line and hold the ground. Our Liaison and Forward Observer parties coordinated a plan for defensive fires which we shot in as soon as visibility permitted. Routes of approach and assembly areas were spotted and harassing fire placed on them. For two days, the situation remained rather quiet, with enemy activity being limited to harassing fire by mortars and artillery. G-2 information indicated the possibility of a relief of German units facing us by the 1st Paratroop Division, crack troops of the Wehrmacht—last heard from on the Eastern Italian front at Rimini, where they held off the Eighth Army for a period of time.

On the 29th, enemy mortars and nebelwerfers were very active and artillery of all calibers was used against our troops. Lt. Stein and his FO party in a wrecked house on Monte Calderaro suffered many narrow escapes from "close ones"—and it appeared to them that something was in the air. In answer to German fire, we doubled our normal ammunition expenditures that day, firing 750 rounds. The next day further increases in enemy activity were noted, and we discovered that the 1st Paratroopers were going to attack Monte Calderaro that night in strength. That afternoon, we placed heavy harassing fires on the approaches to the Vezzolo Area where the 1st Battalion had its outposts. Defensive fires named "Alice", "Betty", and "Carol" were shot in and adjusted. If the famous paratroopers were going to attack, we were going to be ready to greet them with some of our best shells!

At dusk, everything was quiet—all too quiet. Then, at 2105, we received word from our FOs that the enemy was attacking in force. We immediately fired our defensive barrages at maximum rate. Some of the enemy had already infiltrated into "C" Company's position, and they had some fierce hand-to-hand fighting; but our new infantry replacements gave a good account of themselves against the experienced paratroopers. However, those of the enemy who were inside our lines could receive no help from the remainder of the assault groups, who were cut down by the curtain of fire we laid around the position. In about 45 minutes our Infantry had control of the situation, so we reduced our fire. At 2250 the enemy launched another attack, and we again laid down a heavy fire around our dough-boys. This time, Jerry withdrew within 30 minutes. When the Infantry sounded the "all clear", we reduced our fires to a harassing rate to keep the enemy scattered.

But the Paratroopers were not green troops; they had long experience under fire. So for the third time they came back to get the prized ground, from a third different direction, but we held. This time they again slipped in close enough to

use flame-throwers on buildings which our doughboys occupied. Our defensive fires, however were reported to be right on the road that their reserves were coming down, and caught them before they had a chance to move off the road. They had evidently had enough then, because a radio intercept picked up by a II Corps monitor station brought us the information that they were unable to continue the attack because of the artillery fire and heavy casualties. We continued to place heavy harassing fire around Monte Calderaro until dawn to discourage any attempts to reinforce the badly mauled attackers. We had expended 4482 rounds that day. But it was evident that the Paratroopers were thinking twice about making any more attacks, for from that time on, enemy activity was at a minimum.

We received a message of appreciation from the commanding officer of the 350th Infantry, Col. Fry, who said our fires were of tremendous importance in repelling the counter-attack. He also called the Division Commander, and stated, "I am convinced that without the support of the 338th, we would not be holding that hill this morning!"

We not only had counter-attacks to contend with but also the flooded Sillaro River, which kept washing bridges out and making the supply headache a greater one than it had been. The firing batteries had to meet the Service Battery ration truck at the river where rations were taken across by hand. The Luftwaffe became bold for a while and dropped a couple of bombs close to "C" battery's guns, in broad daylight! The Kraut kept up his infernal harassing with the result that wire was always going out night and day. It was during this period that the only wire communication from the front lines to Division Headquarters was constantly serviced and maintained by our wire crews despite the floods and shellfire.

We had slowed almost to a complete stop now. The weather was becoming an insurmountable obstacle. We stayed put in our muddy and miserable foxholes and dugouts. Every bit of our clothing and equipment was wet and there was no way of drying out because of the incessant daily rains.

After things had quieted down a little, we were relieved by the British 1st Division. Instead of being taken off the line (which had been rumored), on November 7th we moved 2000 yards to the west to go into direct support of the 338th Infantry Regiment (85th Division). To get into our new position we had to go all the way back to Firenzuola then north again on Route 6531—a road distance of 20 miles. It took us from 2200 at night to 0600 the following morning to displace a mere 2000 yards!

The valley we found ourselves in this time looked a lot drier and more attractive than the last one. Men of the 329th F. A., whom we relieved, told us that we were in a good spot; one that Jerry rarely shelled.



We lived in houses which were fairly comfortable. Headquarters battery was in a group of houses collected together under the name of Fiumeto. "B" occupied the middle of the valley between the road and the river; a place that all too soon became known as the "impact" area. "A" was set up on the side of the hill left of the river, a hundred yards forward of the others. Because there was no space left "C" brought up the rear about a mile back in a draw. Another mile further south was our "D" battery, a provisional battery of six 3-inch guns that we "inherited" from the 329th F. A., manned by crews furnished by all of our batteries. These weapons were silent during the day, and used at night for harassing missions, partly relieving the howitzers from that task.



HQS BATTERY POSE IN FRONT OF THEIR WINTER "HOME"

On November 10th, we received a welcome from the enemy, 20 rounds of artillery! That night the Luftwaffe further extended the welcome by dropping a number of anti-personnel bombs on "B" battery. We paid our respects by returning 980 rounds of both 105mm and 3-inch shells. Evidently that peevied him, for the afternoon of the following day he hit the battalion with a concentrated barrage of 361 rounds of light and medium artillery, designed to destroy us, in the space of forty-five minutes. After the attack we took count of our losses. "A" battery again received a direct hit on its number one gun that destroyed the pit and all the ammunition in it. Six men were wounded. "B" battery lost two guns and had two men wounded. Ten trucks were damaged by fire; and one completely lost.

From then on, we were subjected to harassing fire every day; sometimes light, sometimes heavy, but always too damn close and accurate to suit anyone.

On the 13th the enemy concentrated on "C" battery. One shell hit just outside of the building that housed the switchboard, killing T/5 Dionne and wounding Cpl. Simpson and Pvt. Godzik.

The Infantry used our area when they came back for a rest and instituted a training schedule. After living through a few of the enemy shellings, they changed their minds and moved back. Mule trains coming up the road were always caught in a murderous fire at a turn in the road a few hundred yards in front of our gun positions, until they took a path up through a concealed draw to the right of us. Two bridges, situated about a mile and a half apart, and the road between, were constantly under fire, and many were the hits registered directly on that road. Each time our trucks made the long haul back for water or rations, they had to run the gamut of steel and fire and sudden death. Sometimes, they didn't make it.

On the morning of the 22nd, "B" battery received a direct hit on its CP, killing 1st Sgt. Jack Lewis and wounding Capt. Stillwell, Sergeants Mlesko and De Angelis and Privates Feinstein and Artish.

Capt. Rom, our Battalion Surgeon arrived on the scene immediately and rendered first aid to the wounded men. Quick thinking and prompt action on the part of many "B" battery men nearby enabled a rapid evacuation of the wounded to the hospital.

On the 24th, we lost "D" battery to the 339th FA. Our crews returned to their original batteries.

It was there in the Idice River Valley that "something new was added" in the way of protection from the elements. Pyramidal tents were erected over each howitzer. People came from far and near to visit us and take pictures of this unique "tent city". It was there that Capt. Reep painted "Salvaged Roses", which was incorporated in the 5th Army history. Even the War Department recognized the practical aspects of such protection when it wrote a description of the area in its official pamphlet, "Lessons Learned In Combat".

We were originally supposed to stay three weeks but after that time we had



THIS WAS "OUR VALLEY"

set up a semi-permanent residence there in "Death Valley". Many sections were issued gasoline burners for heating and those that did not get them rigged up their own with cans and empty brass powder cases. We put by a supply of rations that would last us three weeks, in case the rain and snow was heavy enough to cut us off from our regular supply. The whole front went static. Winter was setting in like a case of rigor-mortis.

Even the enemy shellings could not dampen our Thanksgiving spirit! It was just another day, as days go, but we did have many things to be thankful for. We had been issued all the newest winter clothing and were quite warm and dry, which went a long way to helping the general morale. Pass quotas had been increased and men found themselves going to Montecatini and Rome, not for just one four-day pass-but two and three. Perhaps the only thing that we suffered then was a serious shortage of money. Food was very good and chow-hounds were "hitting on all eight". Yes, we had all manner of things to be thankful for. We were still alive and able to enjoy every little pleasurable moment to its fullest.

When the Kraut shelled us on Thanksgiving, we were sure he must not have known that there was such a thing. At any rate, we know that he had nothing to be thankful for. We don't deny that he made us miserable on a number of occasions, but, for him, it must have been just plain murder! Whenever a fairly clear day made its appearance, our FO's and air OP's took an almost unholy delight in plastering the landscape as far as the eye could see and even beyond. We may have had some periods of comparative quiet but Jerry could always look forward to having our rounds fall somewhere in his positions, all the time. If he wanted to play dirty, we could always go him one better!

On December 2nd our machine-gunners went to attend a school to learn the intricacies of indirect firing with the .50 calibers from forward positions.

On the 6th, our battalion, as well as the other battalions in Division Artillery, placed ten men with five .50 cal. machine-guns on detached service with the provisional "Zebra" battery that was organized to be used on harassing and neutralizing missions, using indirect fire methods. The guns were located about 150 yards north-east of the battalion CP; and



L.T. LYONS COMES IN FROM A MISSION

Fire Direction Center was in direct communication with them, and prepared all firing data. Targets selected by the Infantry were passed on to the FDC for computation



ONE OF "ZEBRAS" WEAPONS

of data. The plan was successful and the rounds that went over into "Jerryland" helped keep their heads down considerably.

Jerry still had some long-range "stuff" and he threw it way back behind us. Not only did Service battery have rounds landing in their area, but our Division Artillery headquarters, about a mile and a half to their rear was also under fire. We knew

those shells were big because they tore past our area like a locomotive with a full head of steam up and landed with a sound that suggested that they had come in sideways and with all brakes on! We fought our psychological warfare with propaganda leaflets; Jerry fought his with "flying boxcars".

Judging from the number of enemy rounds that fell in and near our installations, we decided that the Kraut had rigged up a belt-feed system on his guns whereby rounds coming off the assembly line of the Po Valley factories were fed directly into the gun chambers. All the Kraut had to do was stand idly by and pull the lanyard. We knew how rich a prize that Po Valley was, yet we had orders to stay put and, of all places, just a mere eight miles from the gateway city of Bologna! For months, we viewed the city and its outskirts with field glasses from our OP's and cursed the luck that held us here!



Our particular hell continued day after day with 200 rounds falling on us the 7th of December; 125 on the 9th; 225, the 10th; 350, the 11th; a total of 170 for the 12th and 13th; and 300 rounds on the 15th. He did some damage, yes, but for the number of rounds he used and the very small area that took the brunt

of it all, it seems hardly possible that we could have come through as easily as we did. Eventually he staggered the intensity of his concentrations. One day we would receive a light shelling then the following day we would receive almost double the amount. At the same time, it appeared as though his artillerymen were keeping office hours and we could expect those "visits" at more or less certain times. At night, to give his guns a rest, the Luftwaffe would pay their respects while SP's moved up under the protecting cloak of night to take it from there.

On the 18th, the weather continued bad. We fired a total of 377 rounds including the weekly delivery of copies of the "Frontpost" to our regular readers there in "Jerryland" He received them and thanked us promptly with a barrage of 350 rounds of HE. He certainly was an unappreciative cuss!

Toward Christmas, the enemy ceased harassing us. Perhaps he too had become imbued with the "Peace on Earth, good will to all men" idea. Whatever the case was, however, we certainly did not mind this period of respite. It gave many of us a chance to go to midnight mass on Christmas Eve. That night, there was absolute quiet. The blanket of deep snow glowed like silvered velvet under the blue-white beam of the search-lights that criss-crossed over our heads. A man did not need sleigh bells or gaily lighted Christmas trees. The church we attended was small and showed the ravages of war. It was not a St. Patrick's Cathedral but its simplicity and the deep earnestness of the mass lifted it above and beyond time and space. There was no shape or form to anything about us. We knelt at the alter of a glittering firmament and unspoken prayers fused into each other, floating upward in a pregnant silence with the force and power of an irrevocable truth. We were not just one group of men in one church but part of all the universe; a tremendous chorus of voices upraised in a mighty plea for the simple ways of a free life; for peace on earth and good will to all men!



WE SPENT A "WHITE CHRISTMAS" HERE IN '44

Each battery managed to have its own party. All week long we enjoyed ourselves to the fullest. War or no war, Christmas came but once a year!

"C" battery ushered in 1945 with a 6-gun salute—at Jerry's expense. Otherwise, the New Year dawned quietly. We had been in general support for a while, since the 350th Infantry had been in reserve, but were now shifting our howitzers over to the right to take up the direct support of the 365th Infantry of the 92nd Division.

On January 6th we fired our first VT fuses into enemy held Mercatale, which should have caused Jerry some surprise, to say the least. The same day, we lost Brig. Gen. Kurtz, Division Artillery commander, who was transferred to 5th Army as Army Artillery Officer. In parting, the General said: "Much has been demanded of you throughout our service together and you have at all times responded with a loyalty and determination which has developed the efficient fighting outfit we have today... I say Good Luck to a command that will always retain my deepest admiration and affection". Brig. Gen. T. E. Lewis, former 5th Army Artillery officer, took command of Division Artillery.

Our own doughboys, 350th, had been placed in the lines again, so we were with our regular team-mates again. However, the next few months was to see us working with many various units. Having already been in direct support of units from the 85th, 88th and 92nd Infantry Divisions, we were yet to see service with the 34th and 91st Infantry Division and the Italian Legnano Group, without changing position. The doughboys would come and go, but the 338th remained!

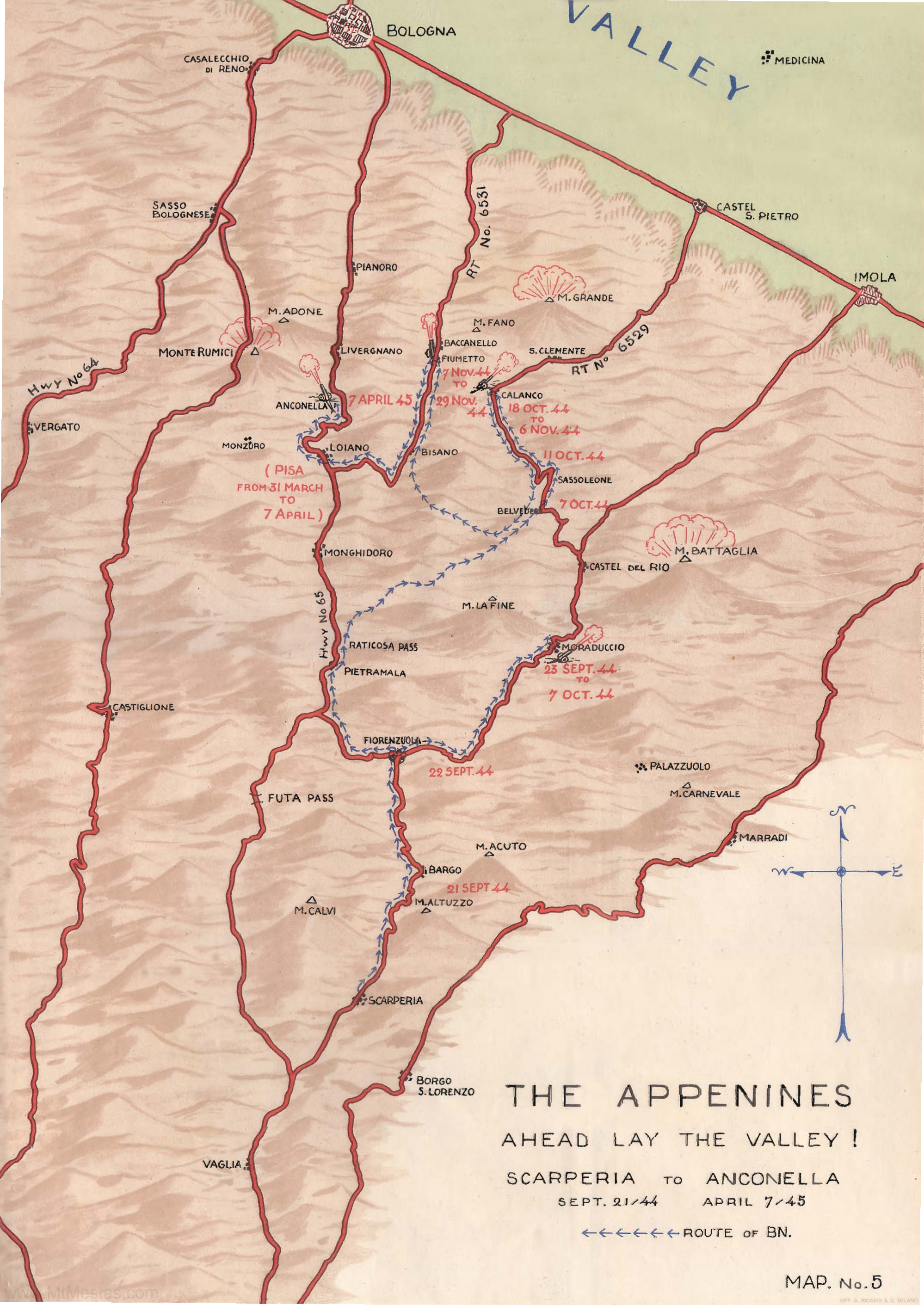
The winter part of 1945 promised to be very quiet, as activity was dropping off considerably. We were able to devote time to various sports. Ground was cleared for baseball diamonds. We figuratively thumbed our noses at Jerry by putting one right in the middle of the impact area. Volley ball courts were set up and Lt. Jacobs got a movie projector which enabled us to see movies right on the lines.

For the first time since entering combat, the Battalion Surgeon reported no casualties for the month of February. This was followed by a clean slate for March also.

During the static period, Capt. Spann and Sergeant Barabas, of HQ battery had been working on a field expedient to adapt a different type of battery for use with our 610 radios since the regular batteries used were scarce and yet needed frequent replacing. They succeeded in discovering a usable adapter, tried it out in actual combat, and found it practical. Their article concerning this new device was published in the Field Artillery Journal and the WD pamphlet, "Lessons Learned in Combat".

As we slowly emerged from our state of semi-hibernation, we found ourselves in pretty good health, despite the winter hardships. As the ground dried and warm breezes returned with the sunshine it almost took on the appearance of the "Shangri-La" we first started from back in the dim recesses of May, 1944.

For the third time in combat position, "A" battery had a fire in its area. This time, in a building and at 0200 in the morning. The building itself was inhabited by doughboys. The flames leaped high into the air and lit up the entire valley in our sector. The night was clear (it always is when something like that happens) and



BOLOGNA

VALLEY

MEDICINA

CASALECCHIO DI RENO

SASSO BOLOGNESE

CASTEL S. PIETRO

IMOLA

PIANORO

M. GRANDE

M. ADONE

M. FANO

MONTE RUMICI

LIVERGNANO

BACCANELLO

S. CLEMENTE

Hwy No 64

RT No. 6531

RT No. 6529

VERGATO

ANCONELLA

7 APRIL 45

7 NOV. 44 TO 29 NOV. 44

18 OCT. 44 TO 6 NOV. 44

MONZURO

LOIANO

BISANO

11 OCT. 44

(PISA FROM 31 MARCH TO 7 APRIL)

BELVEDERE

7 OCT. 44

MONGHIDORO

CASTEL DEL RIO

M. BATTAGLIA

M. LA FINE

Hwy No 65

RATICOSA PASS

25 SEPT. 44 TO 7 OCT. 44

PIETRAMALA

CASTIGLIONE

FIORINZUOLA

22 SEPT. 44

PALAZZUOLO

M. CARNEVALE

FUTA PASS

M. ACUTO

MARRADI

BARGO

21 SEPT. 44

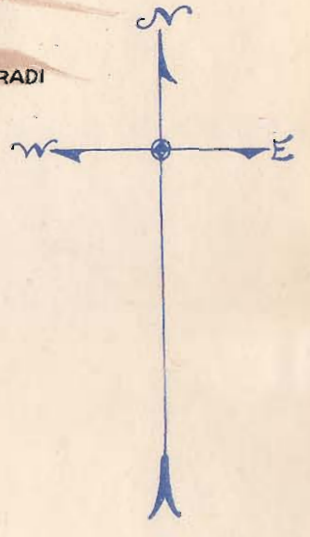
M. CALVI

M. ALTUZZO

SCARPERIA

BORGO S. LORENZO

VAGLIA



THE APPENINES
AHEAD LAY THE VALLEY!

SCARPERIA TO ANCONELLA
SEPT. 21/44 APRIL 7/45

←←←←← ROUTE OF BN.

MAP. No. 5

the glow was visible clear into no-man's-land. Yet, like preceding times we had had a fire, the enemy did not take advantage of it. Fortunately, too, no enemy aircraft were in the air. If there had been a "Kraut" plane overhead he could not have asked for a better target.

At 1100 on the morning of Feb. 3rd, a convoy of jeeps rolled into our front yard; stars descended upon Fiumetto all right, for in that cortege of visitors was General of the Armies, George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army. He was accompanied by many high ranking commanders of the Mediterranean Theater, among them being Lieutenant Generals McNarney, Clark and Truscott, commanding MTOUSA, 15th Army Group, and Fifth Army, respectively. The party inspected the Battalion headquarters area, visiting the Headquarters battery kitchen, "B" battery kitchen, dayroom, and executive's post. Lt. Col. Lively, the battalion commander accompanied General Marshall on his inspection, which also included a visit to the 4th gun section of "B" battery, where the General visited with several men in the gun crew. The Chief of Section, Sergeant Joe Williams was asked, "Where's your home, Sergeant?" His candid reply, "Right over there, Sir", (indicating a sand-bagged dug-out), drew a laugh from the entire party.

We had other visitors that month, also—on the 21st a group of 12 distinguished authors from the U.S. visited "C" battery and the battalion CP as a part of their tour of the Fifth Army front. Interesting comments on their impressions of the front were made, and an opportunity was given to the men of the battalion to meet them.

The last day of February was a fortunate one, indeed, for Lt. Krizan (battery "B"), Sgt. Evon (battery "C") and Corp. Spahle (battery "A"); those three were selected to return to the States for 30 days temporary duty. They were going home!

We had yet to fight one more battle in Italy and that one we knew would be the last! Our last objective was the Po Valley and the complete extermination of all German forces in Italy!





1. Most of our Firing was high-angle — 2. Our medics watched our health. — 3. This piece was spotless. — 4. Most popular item in the PX — BEER! — 5. We had time for volleyball too. — 6. Chow! The motor sections ate with Service Battery. — 7. No, No, Sgt., it comes out the *large* opening!



AT THE FLORENCE AIRPORT -
GEN. CLARK

THEY CAME,
THEY SAW,
THEY
MARVELLED!



BAKER'S KITCHEN WAS SPOTLESS!
GENERALS MARSHALL, CLARK, AND TRUSCOTT



THE C. G. VISITS A "B" GUN PIT



THEY SAW HOW WE LIVED, TOO!

CHAPTER 12.

Objective: The Po-and Beyond!

There was no mistaking the shape of things to come. Early in February, the entire Fifth Army front came to life for a short while. We stocked up with ammo, in readiness for action in the near future. All OPs were fully manned and data pertinent to forthcoming operations came down to all units on the line. We were going to test the enemy's defenses prior to the all-out Spring offensive. He had had many months in which to consolidate and organize a strong resistance. We wanted to find out just how strong he was so that we could gain whatever advantage was possible for the real thing. In a series of limited-objective attacks we moved our lines ahead a few hundred yards after a short but intensive artillery preparation. After two days we were satisfied that the Kraut had not relaxed in his obstinacy and was prepared to keep us from entering the rich Po Valley.

It was on the night of March 4th that the Battalion celebrated its first year in combat by firing a salvo of one round from eighteen howitzers. We had been in actual combat 310 days out of the 365, and the one hundred and seventy-five thousand rounds of ammunition we had expended had inflicted many casualties on the enemy.

Early in March, various units were relieved and pulled back for extensive river crossing training. It was obvious that the Po River, itself, was the only sizeable barrier where such training would be utilized. Our High Command expected the Kraut to defend that river line strongly and through the training we received, we were given to understand that this drive was really going to be all out, in the true sense of the word! We had to overcome and best the enemy no matter how fanatical his resistance was or how strong his defenses. There were no two ways about what the outcome would be!

On the afternoon of March 21st, the Battalion was honored by a personal visit from Mrs. Clare Booth Luce, representative in Congress from Connecticut.

On the 29th we left Fiumetto after spending one hundred and forty-one days in the same spot. We moved without incident to a training area eight miles west of Florence. Two days later we marched past the reviewing stand at the Florence airport, as a part of the first American division to pass in review in Italy. But that very afternoon when we returned to our bivouac area, we lost our identity! All helmet insignias were painted out, our shoulder patches taken off, and vehicle bumper markings removed. We were instructed that we were not to discuss our unit designation with anyone—civilian or military. The 88th Division was being "blacked out"—along with the rest of the 5th Army. A program of operational camouflage was initiated and we sent reconnaissance parties to various different prospective po-

sition areas—some as far east as Rimini, on the Eighth Army front. We were all guessing: just where would we land?

So it was that in the early morning hours of April Fools' Day, our anonymous battalion moved out onto the Autostrada and headed west towards Pisa.

After eight days of river-crossing training near Pisa, we came back into the line, this time in what was to be the main sector—just west of Hwy. 65. It was all done in secrecy to keep the Krauts guessing. While we were at Anconella and waiting for the drive to begin, we did not fire at all until just before the start of the offensive. The weather was again perfect.

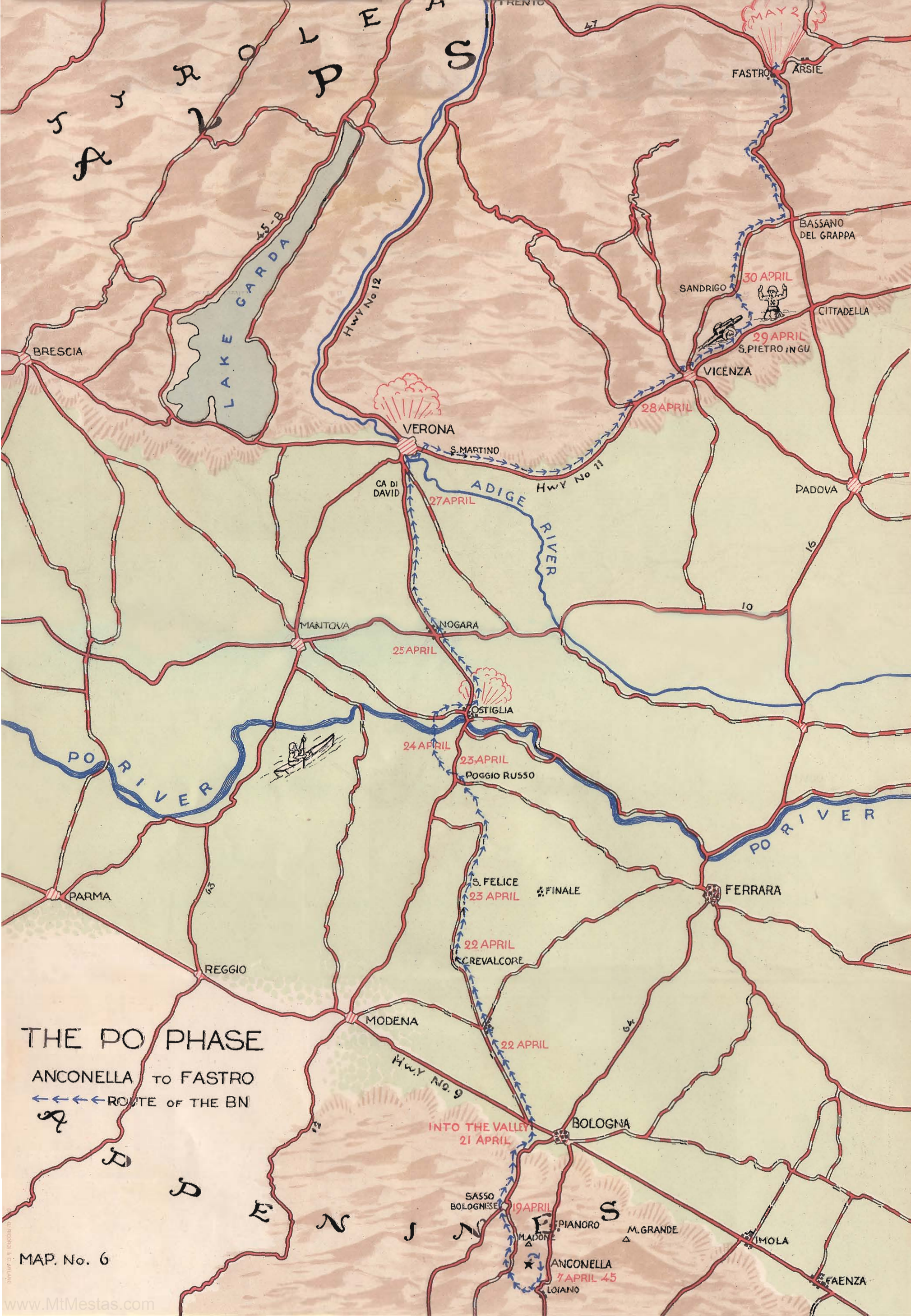
Everything was in readiness. The Eighth Army on the Adriatic coast began their attack. Then followed the attack by the left flank of the 5th Army, on the Tyrrean Sea coast to our west. Jerry had commenced to move his reserves to both flanks, but he still didn't know where the main effort would be: he just couldn't find the "Blue Devils" (a German general captured later stated that when their G-2 was able to locate the 88th Division, they automatically had located the sector of the main effort, as the 88th had spearheaded almost every major drive in the 5th Army campaign in Italy). Twenty-four hours after the 5th Army jump-off on the left, the 91st Division on our right and the Sixth South Africans on our left were in the fight. Our H-hour was set, after a previous postponement of two days. On the 14th of April, we registered, and preparation fires had been ready for days.

During those first days the sky was thick with wave after wave of bombers and fighter escorts. The distant sound of exploding bombs was ominous. To the accompaniment of that deep, rolling sound, as of countless drums beating out a death-knell, our Infantry started up the steep slopes of Monterumici, key to the entire German defenses.

From Anconella we were able to watch the progress of our doughboys on the mountain and what we saw made us heartsick. They were taking a pounding from light artillery and mortars. The mortars and numerous snipers fired from caves that honeycombed the entire ridge. Furiously, we laid down a murderous fire. It was clearly a situation where the foot soldier had to go up himself and wipe out those little pockets of resistance. For two days the battle raged, with first our troops then the Krauts in possession of the field. Every time the doughboys tried to outflank or rush the top of the ridge, they were thrown back with murderous fire and many casualties.

Enemy artillery become more active also, with medium caliber shells falling on the forward areas. Our program of counter-mortar fires was intensified and, ably reinforced by the 913th Field Artillery Battalion, we continued to keep enemy positions covered with our fire.

On the 18th of April, the crisis passed, and after heroic close quarter fighting with the entrenched enemy, our troops captured and held the vital Monterumici feature. The prisoners who were taken said that they could have held out longer if they had received supplies of food and ammunition, but our artillery fire prevented these supplies from reaching them, so they were forced to surrender when their supplies ran out.



THE PO PHASE

ANCONELLA TO FASTRO
 ←←←← ROUTE OF THE BN

With the key point in our hands, we figuratively "threw'er'n high" and swarmed into the Reno River valley. After making a long move, from before the hill to around behind it, we were able to see for ourselves, the excellent defensive set-up the Krauts had built into the reverse slope.

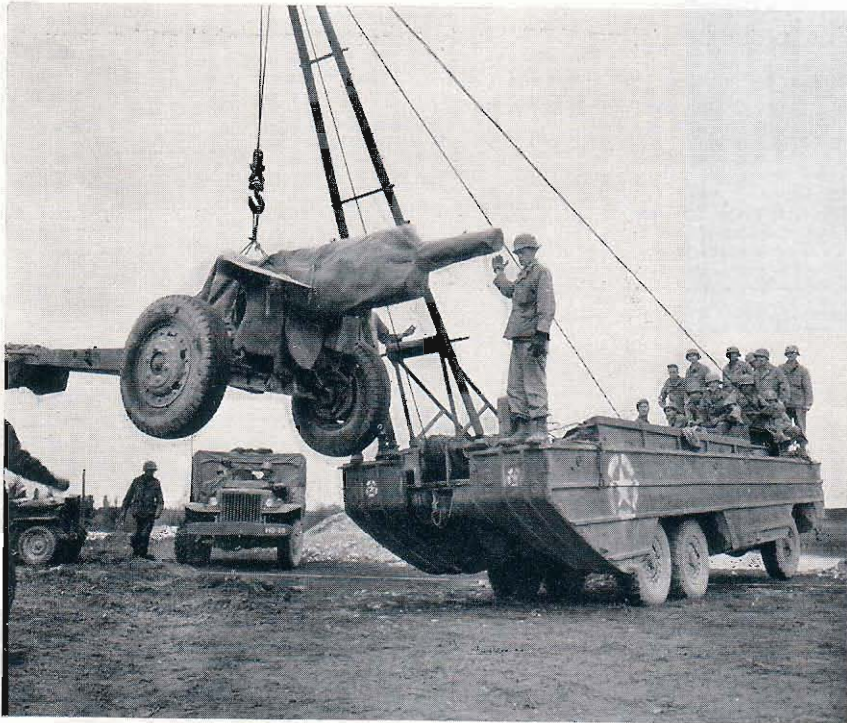
From almost the beginning, the drive seemed to have an unreal quality about it. When we viewed some of the fortifications that Jerry had fought from, it didn't seem possible that we could have taken them. The Krauts must have gone through some horrible moments during our terrific bombing and shelling. In some places it seemed as though some giant steam-roller had ridden rough-shod over everything in its path.

Immense bomb-craters testified to the size and number of "eggs" that had been dropped. The effect our initial thrust had on the krauts was to throw them back on their heels and stagger them so badly that they were never able to regain any semblance of order, anywhere. In one great, glorious flourish, the entire Fifth Army had broken into the open and was dealing knockout blows right and left!

We moved out of the mountains and into the valley in the vicinity of Sasso Bolognese going into position near Pontecchi. Headquarters had its CP in the Palazzo Marconi, where Marconi made his first experiments with radio. It was here that a Jerry SP gun opened up with direct fire against the battalion CP and "C" battery area, and registered several direct hits upon the buildings we were occupying. Fortunately, though, no one was injured, but we spent a few pretty hectic hours.

In fording the Reno River that evening, elements of the battalion were caught in a bombing raid and narrowly escaped damage. That night, a single German airplane roamed over the area, strafing up and down the roads. We came across a large number of German horses and mules still harnessed and saddled. The Krauts had evidently left in a great hurry. On April 21st "B" battery displaced to the Bologna airfield to support the 363rd Infantry regiment until their own artillery was able to come up. The rest of our battalion was in direct support of the remainder of the Infantry of the 91st Division. Brig. Gen. Hospital, 91st Div. Arty. Commander, visited the battalion CP on the 21st of April and commended the battalion for its work in connection with the support of 91st Division units during the initial phase of the attack and the rapid displacement that followed. General Hospital said, "Your battalion did an out-standing job of supporting our Infantry in their sector... your spirit of cooperation, cheerfulness, and the efficiency and promptness of the delivery of fire, have all been a source of much favorable comment."

The enemy was finished! He was in a most complete and disorderly rout! Our own movements from one position to the next seemed like pages out of an adventure magazine. We would move up a road, close on the heels of our Infantry, only to find ourselves having to pass tanks, 155 Long Toms and howitzers, Division and Corps Headquarters units, and even mobile Dental Clinics! Many times we passed the very units we were supposed to be supporting. We wandered into what was supposed to be enemy held territory, captured countless numbers of prisoners and wiped out whatever resistance we ran across. More often than not we by-passed pockets of resistance and ran the gamut of sniper fire leaving it all behind for rear



“B” BATTERY
HOWITZER
“GOING UP”

CROSSING

ONE OF OUR
JEEPS BEING
“TAKEN FOR A
RIDE” - PO
CROSSING SITE





SOME CROSSED

BY

“DUKW”...

THE PO!



..... OTHERS,
BY BRIDGE.

area troops. We had more important things to take care of. We were like a bunch of wild Indians on the warpath and lusting for the kill.

Rolling up to the Panaro River like a juggernaut, we were momentarily stopped



PRISONERS ACTUALLY GOT IN OUR WAY

by a small pocket of resistance. While waiting for the area to be cleared, Lt. Stein and his forward party were instructed to go forward and set up an OP to fire on the Jerrys holding the opposite bank. He crossed the river with an advance patrol of British Infantry then immediately took off to the town of Camposanto to find a building that could be used as an OP. His party were the first ones in the town. Later in the afternoon, the battalion resumed its advance. A lone German airplane dropped three bombs in our vicinity that night causing no damage.

On the 23rd Lt. Jacobs picked up two hundred and fifty prisoners in the vicinity of Moracco and marched them back to our positions where they were turned over to MP's. Prisoners were beginning to become a nuisance! They were being brought in by the hundreds and no one seemed to want anything to do with them. Many times they were marched to the rear, where someone would eventually pick them up. Doughboys were leading prisoners from horseback and captured enemy vehicles. We overran complete signal and ordnance units and batteries of guns still in position, while mopping-up was going on far behind us.

We reached the south bank of the Po River on the 24th, and immediately made plans to cross. Lt. Hinshaw and his party immediately commandeered a nearby canoe, and laid wire across to our Infantry and Liaison parties.

The only barrier that could have caused us a great deal of trouble was ours practically for the asking. The enemy's rout across the river was so precipitous

that he had left scores of vehicles, horses and armored equipment scattered all over our side of the river. A great many of the vehicles and a lot of his equipment was a mess, having been knocked out by our artillery or purposely set afire.

Bridges had been destroyed by the fleeing Krauts, as usual. The only means of crossing the river was by the big DUKW's. Our trucks were unable to make the crossing with us—therefore, they were temporarily left behind with "B" battery. We made the crossing, in the evening, from the town of Quingentole. Less than twenty-four hours had passed since we arrived at the Po, yet, after we crossed over to the north, we went almost 20 miles beyond the river to our first position.

Coming up on the city of Verona, we suprised a German officer and his staff in a car trying to pass through us. They opened fire with pistols but our dough-boys, marching along both sides of the road, soon made them change their minds about going anywhere.

Moving as fast as we were and with no one in front of us, we had to throw out an all-around security in each position. We were all getting reckless and went out hunting Jerrys on the slightest provocation. Then, one morning we awoke to find ourselves looking at a range of high, snow-covered mountains again! In the short space of fifteen days we had crossed the entire valley. However, it seemed natural that we should be here. We would have lost our touch if we had had to stay on the flat for any length of time. The 338th and mountain fighting were practically synonymous.

We crossed the Adige River, south of Verona, on April 27th. "A" and HQ batteries crossed by means of a railroad bridge and "B" and "C" by ferry.

Changing our direction of advance, we went east on Highway 11 toward Vicenza. At 1900, that evening a new task force was formed with "A" battery supporting the First Battalion of the 350 Infantry, on the move. Our objective was to travel forty miles and take the city of Vicenza by morning of the 28th. There was some enemy resistance along the way, but every time a sniper opened up on the column or an SP got in the way, all hell broke loose and the strong point or SP was wiped off the face of the earth! Everyone seemed to have an unholy glee in shooting up anything that even remotely looked suspicious. All along the highway a trail of furiously burning buildings was left; excellent testimony to the ferocity of our assault.

The battalion was together again that morning and moved up at 1800 to new positions before the town of S. Pietro in Gu. Small groups of the enemy were trying to escape to the north through our positions and numerous times we engaged in fire-fights.

Between 0500 and 0900 on the morning of April 29th, two groups of Krauts attempted to infiltrate through our positions. They were immediately engaged by personnel of "A", "B" and "C" batteries with everything from pistols to .50 caliber machine-guns set up on ground mounts. During the height of the battle a "C" battery howitzer opened up with three rounds, firing directly against an enemy occupied house in their area. At the end of the fire-fight none of our men were hurt, but enemy casualties were: eight killed, six wounded and thirty-eight captured.



PEOPLE OF VICENZA WERE CURIOUS

For their quick thinking, prompt and efficient action in this critical moment, "C" battery received an official commendation from the commanding General, 88th Division. Their heroic stand prevented the enemy from infiltrating to the rear where they might have caused further damage.

Earlier that morning, when a patrol of the enemy raided 2nd Battalion Headquarters, they **escaped** with a number of American **vehicles**, a **tank** and some **guns**. They also **captured** Cpl. Gruner, Pfc. Foster and Cpl. Claude Thompson, who later escaped and **returned to us**, after a forced march of more **than** forty miles. That encounter **proved expensive** for Jerry, who gave up 620 prisoners and left 400 of his dead on **that** battlefield.

ANOTHER RIVER!



TOP:
ADIGE RIVER
CROSSING SITE



MIDDLE:
"B" WAITING TO
CROSS THE RIVER



BOTTOM:
HOWITZER CREW OF
"B" CROSSING ADIGE
RIVER ON "DUKW"

We were finally relieved by elements of the 91st Division, but not before we had shot up a column of enemy vehicles and a battery of 88's attempting to sneak away along our left flank.

Moving forward to Ancignano we had the job of protecting the left flank of the division and placed our guns so that they commanded the entire countryside east, north and west. Once again the direction of fire of the batteries was over 1600 miles apart.

By this time rumors were flying thick and fast to the effect that the Krauts were asking for peace. It seemed entirely possible but we were much too leery to give credence to anything but the business at hand. Besides, we were actually having fun! This was the first time that anyone ever considered the war as being a pleasure. Our barracks bags were loaded with all manner of souvenirs and many of the boys were finding it possible to combine a bit of pleasure with their "work".

We had originally been trained to operate as separate combat teams; one battery of artillery being able to support a separate combat battalion of Infantry through individual battery FDCs. However, we had not had the opportunity to function in quite that way for any length of time.

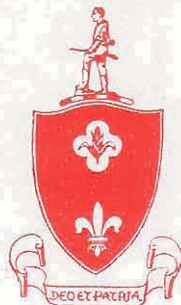
On May 1st, we were placed in Battalion Combat Team formation because the Infantry was patrolling such a large area; the batteries were miles apart—each one with its companion Infantry Battalion.

At 1700, on the 2nd of May, we were officially informed that Col. General Von Veitinghof, commander of all German troops in Italy had surrendered his forces unconditionally!

That long-awaited day had arrived: VICTORY WAS OURS!



OUR GUNS WOULD SPEAK NO MORE:
READY FOR SHIPMENT ELSEWHERE: HOME OR THE PACIFIC?



EPILOGUE

The news of the German surrender was received by us with enthusiasm, but there was no demonstration—rather a quiet satisfaction with the results of our work during the campaign. Since that memorable March 4th on the beach at Minturno, we had fired over two hundred thousand rounds against the stubborn Germans. We had fought in the balmy spring of '44 from the GARIGLIANO River to the rolling hills north of ROME; in the hot summer from VOLTERRA to the hills overlooking the ARNO River; in the rainy autumn we had crossed the Arno River, entered PISA and then moved to central Italy north of FLORENCE where we had supported the 350th Infantry in their rapid drive through the APPENINES at Mt. BATTAGLIA and Mt. GRANDE; in the winter we had occupied our static positions in the IDICE Valley during a defensive situation while the heavy snows covered the mountains south of BOLOGNA; beneath the warm sunshine of the Spring of '45, we resumed the offensive to chase the hapless Kraut from his mountain lair across the broad PO Valley into the ALPS—where he was forced to his knees for the last time.

As we had gone through the various seasons of the year, we had encountered many different situations; from the static condition where we occupied one position for more than four months to the rapid pursuit where we occupied four positions in one day! We had inflicted many casualties upon the enemy, and we had received casualties among our personnel. Some of our original group were no longer with us and we had many replacements added to our rosters. One thing had remained unchanged: our "fighting spirit" was ever—present.

.....

Some of us feel that statistics are usually monotonous; but to those who spent most of their time with "Locate", the following may be interesting (since it serves as a reminder as to where we were during the various phases of the Italian Campaign):

COMBAT DAYS FOR THE PERIOD 4 MAR., 1944 TO V-E DAY, 1945

PHASE	OPERATION	FROM	TO	TOTAL DAYS
1	MINTURNO — Static	4 Mar 44	10 May 44	68
2	MINTURNO — Thru ROME	11 May 44	12 Jun 44	33
3	CECINA RIVER TO ARNO RIVER	7 Jul 44	31 July 44	25
4	PISA (with IV Corps)	22 Aug 44	9 Sept 44	19
5	SANTERNO RIVER — MT GRANDE	21 Sept 44	7 Nov 44	48
6	SO. of BOLOGNA (with 85 th Div.)	8 Nov 44	20 Nov 44	13
7	SO. OF BOLOGNA	21 Nov 44	20 Jan 45	61
8	SO. OF BOLOGNA (with 34 th and 91 st Divs.)	21 Jan 45	29 Mar 45	68
9	PO VALLEY CAMPAIGN	8 Apr 45	2 May 45	25
GRAND TOTAL OF DAYS IN LINE AS OF V-E DAY 1945				360

No. MISSIONS
FIRED
8970

No. RDS
EXPENDED
206,129

No. POSITIONS
OCCUPIED
69

Although the war in Europe was over, and our howitzer were cosmoline'd, packed, and ready for shipment, there still remained a large assignment for the 338th. Order had to be restored in place of chaos and our battalion was assigned the mission of collecting, controlling, and evacuating approximately forty-two thousand troops in our assigned area of nearly four hundred square miles located southwest of BOLZANO. This job was quite different from our previous work of firing in direct support of Infantry troops; but, with a few adaptations to meet the new situation, it was carried out in good order.



FINAL "MARCH ORDER"

We moved back into the PO

Valley once more to "sweat out" a broiling summer sun in the VERONA-BRESCIA area. For three weeks we engaged in a light training program, supplemented by a good quota of day-leave passes to VENICE and MILAN and four to seven day passes to ALASSIO on the Italian Riviera and STRESA on Lake Maggiore. Of course, there was the ever-popular "Locate Tavern" in the Battalion area, and the semi-weekly dances in BRESCIA.

The next four weeks brought us another mission—we furnished escort guards for German convoys of supplies and personnel which were being processed through the VERONA Staging Area.

Part of July and August of 1945 was spent in LEGHORN, guarding POW cages; then came a long move to the NAPLES area, and subsequent guarding of more prisoners near CASERTA and AVERSA. After debarking at Italy's largest seaport a year and one-half before, we had once again returned—but under much different circumstances. It was while we were there that the War with Japan terminated and we knew that we would not see action again as a unit in this present conflict. At last, the entire world was once again at peace.....

..... Autumn, 1945. The 338th Field Artillery Battalion is about to be de-activated along with the rest of the 88th Infantry ("Blue Devil") Division. A small group of men are waiting to participate in the ceremonies: will they be held in Italy, or will the unit return to the U.S.A.? It is late September already, and we are preparing to move to the redeployment center near ROME for the final step before returning to our homeland. Among us are very few of those who boarded the F.A.S. Muhlenberg that dreary December 3rd, 1943; and still fewer are the faces of men who were present at the Activation Ceremonies at Camp Gruber on July 15th, 1942. But those comrades are not forgotten: wherever they are today, our thoughts are with them. We are proud to announce to those who made these pages possible, that, in War or in Peace, the 338th has always been able to report with satisfaction:

"MISSION ACCOMPLISHED".



A FEW OF OUR TEAM MATES:

The 338th Field Artillery Battalion has been in Direct Support of the following units;

88th DIVISION	85 th DIVISION	34 th DIVISION
349 th Infantry	337 th Infantry	133 rd Infantry
350 th Infantry	338 th Infantry	168 th Infantry
351 st Infantry	339 th Infantry	
92 nd DIVISION	91 st DIVISION	LEGNANO GRUPPE (ITAL.)
365 th Infantry	361 st Infantry	68 th Infantry Regt.
1 st ARMORED DIVISION	362 nd Infantry	1 st BRITISH DIVISION
6 th Armored Infantry		2 nd Infantry Brigade
6 th ARMORED DIVISION (Br.)		4 th DMM DIVISION (FRENCH)
1st Guards Brigade		
SPECIAL TASK FORCES		
T F Kendall	T F 45 comprising:	
T F Ramey	100 th Inf. Battalion	536 AAA Battalion
T F Allen	432 AAA Battalion	29 th Lt. AAA Regiment
T F Cheek	434 AAA Battalion	47 th Lt. AAA Regiment
T F Bare	436 AAA Battalion	

338th Field Artillery Battalion has been attached to the following units;

1 st Armored Division Artillery	194 th Field Artillery Group
34 th Infantry Division Artillery	IV Corps Artillery
85 th Infantry Division Artillery	Task Force 45

338th Field Artillery Battalion has had attached parts of the following units;

751 st Tank Battalion	804 th Tank Destroyer Battalion
755 th Tank Battalion	805 th Tank Destroyer Battalion
760 th Tank Battalion	339 th Field Artillery Battalion Btry "C"

338th Field Artillery Battalion has reinforced the fire of the following units;

337 th Field Artillery Battalion	913 th Field Artillery Battalion
----------------------------------	----------------------------------

338th Field Artillery Battalion has been reinforced by the following units;

27 th Armored Field Artillery Battalion	631 st Field Artillery Battalion
68 th Armored Field Artillery Battalion	933 rd Field Artillery Battalion
69 th Armored Field Artillery Battalion	936 th Field Artillery Battalion
91 st Armored Field Artillery Battalion	248 th Field Artillery Battalion
93 rd Armored Field Artillery Battalion	597 th Field Artillery Battalion
337 th Field Artillery Battalion	194 th Field Artillery Battalion
913 th Field Artillery Battalion	19 th Field Artillery Regiment (British)
339 th Field Artillery Battalion	66 th Field Artillery Regiment (British)
403 rd Field Artillery Battalion	152 nd Field Artillery Regiment (British)

SPECIAL AWARDS

LEGION OF MERIT

T. Sgt. William R. Holmes

Lt. Col. James B. Rankin

M. Sgt. Emil F. Stoklasa

SILVER STAR

Capt. Albert A. Nettles
2nd. Lt. Nicholas H. Vergot

Pfc. Virgil L. O' Bryant

Capt. Lewis B. O'Hara
Capt. Jack W. Vick Jr.

BRONZE STAR

Pfc. Salvatore F. Alu
Sgt. Horton F. Anderson
Sgt. Joseph T. Antorino
Pvt. August R. Asbrand
S. Sgt. Eli D. Bagdasarian
Pfc. Arthur H. Barker
Sgt. Fernand J. Barron
1st. Lt. Louis Baytel Jr
1st. Lt. Laurence C. Beard
Capt. W. F. Berzinsky Jr.
Sgt. John W. Bidosky
1st. Sgt. Leroy O. Biels
S. Sgt. Irving Blank
Tec. 5 Dale E. Boling
Tec. 5 J. Boncompagni
Tec. 5 Fred J. Born
Cpl. William R. Boyle
Cpl. Alwin F. Briggs
Major Ray K. Bruch
S. Sgt. Joseph F. Bucior
Sgt. Vincent H. Carlson
Cpl. William M. Campbell
Pfc. Michael Candino
Cpl. Billy H. Chesnut
Pfc. Lloyd D. Clark
Sgt. Clarence F. Clements
Sgt. Louis P. Coenen
Sgt. Thomas E. Collins
Cpl. Leo F. Darcy
Tec. 4 John J. Davern

Sgt. James D. Delgado
T. Sgt. Edward B. Dufreche
1st. Lt. John M. Dzialuk
S. Sgt. John E. Evon Jr.
Sgt. Donald L. Fowler
Capt. H. C. Freeman Jr.
Tec. 5 Benjamin A. Geller
Cpl. Ralph Godwin
Cpl. Joseph J. Gromek
Pfc. Harold N. Grothe
Cpl. William M. Gruner
Capt. D. C. Hardcastle Jr.
Pvt. Riley E. Harris
Capt. Kaleem Hazer
Cpl. Kenneth C. Herbert
1st. Lt. Esper P. Hinshaw
S. Sgt. Angelo Integlia
Capt. Donald W. Jackson
1st. Lt. Seymour B. Jacobs
Tec. 5 Edgar E. James
Cpl. William B. Jay
1st. Lt. John H. Kauffman
Sgt. Herman J. Kloepffer
S. Sgt. Bernard J. Knable
Pfc. Harold E. Kram
Cpl. Conrad Krebs
Tec. 4 Clinton F. Kresge
1st. Lt. William R. Krizan
Sgt. Wilfred J. Lackey
Sgt. R. L. Lawrence Jr.

Tec. 5 Howard A. Lee
Pfc. George H. Leon Jr.
1st. Lt. Nicholas V. Lessa
1st. Sgt. Jack H. Lewis
Lt. Col. Richard P. Lively
Sgt. Lester A. Lorfing
S. Sgt. Frank C. Lovullo
Sgt. Donald K. Macaulay
S. Sgt. Arthur W. Madden
1st. Lt. Simon M. Mannix
Tec. 5 Wallace R. Marsh
T. Sgt. Macey Matisoff
Tec. 4 Edward S. Matyjasik
Cpl. R. J. Mc Gowen
2nd. Lt. Dan J. McGuire
1st. Lt. Hugh H. Mc Kee
Tec. 3 Frank C. McWhorter
S. Sgt. Donald I. Merchant
Sgt. Paul Mesko
Sgt. William Meuer
1st. Lt. Jerry F. Miller
Pfc. Robert W. Millikin
S. Sgt. Francis X. Minogue
Cpl. Joseph Missale
1st. Lt. Billie N. Mitchell
S. Sgt. Joseph C. Mitchell
S. Sgt. William T. Mleczo
Capt. Joseph D. Morton
CWO. Francis M. Murphy
Capt. Albert A. Nettles

Sgt. Andrew Ochoa
Tec. 5 Foy Odum
Capt. Lewis B. O'Hara
Pfc. James F. O'Rear
Pvt. Robert W. Owens
Capt. Lee Pazow
1st. Sgt. Emile G. Perazzo
Pfc. Axel V. Peterson
Pfc. Ronald H. Pollard
Capt. Sidney Pone
Pfc. Chester Preece
Cpl. Walter C. Purrott
Sgt. Arthur J. Quinn
Lt. Col. James B. Rankin
Sgt. Paul Revere
Tec. 4 William A. Ricci
1st. Lt. John J. Riordan
Capt. Jack Rom
Pfc. John Roman
Tec. 5 Robert W. P. Ross
Pfc. John Sadlowski
Pvt. Patrick J. Schavoni
Tec. 3 George R. Schmitt Jr.
Tec. 4 John H. Schmitt
1st. Sgt. Alphonse V. Scotti
Tec. 5 Alberto Segura
Pfc. Walter Selima
Pfc. Richard W. Shannon
Tec. 5 Paul J. Shimo

Cpl. James H. Simps on
Capt. Ralph M. Smallidge
Pvt. Allison J. Smith
S. Sgt. Leslie D. Smith
Pfc. Gordon Snyder
Cpl. Frank X. Spahle
Capt. Frederick C. Spann
Tec. 4 Richard N. Spellicy
Capt. Albert C. Standish
1st. Lt. David Stein
Tec. 4 Lawrence Stein
Capt. Walter S. Stilwell
Cpl. J. C. Stroud
Sgt. Eugene B. Szata
Capt. John G. Tillman
1st. Lt. Oscar F. Thomas
Pvt. Claude F. Thompson
Tec. 5 Frederick E. Walker
Tec. 5 Alvin P. Wenger
Sgt. Robert P. Werher
2nd. Lt. Thomas Willis
Sgt. Casimer P. Wittbrodt
Pfc. Hershel J. Wood
1st. Lt. Frank N. Wright
Pfc. Riley E. Wyatt
Cpl. Arthur L. Wylie Jr.
S. Sgt. Frank J. Yarzynski
Capt. Jacob W. Zadik
Pfc. Eli J. Zimmerman

AIR MEDAL

1st. Lt. John M. Dzialuk
1st. Lt. Esper P. Hinshaw

1st. Lt. Sidney E. Lovell
1st. Lt. Gene R. Lyons

1st. Lt. Billy B. McPhail
1st. Lt. Billie N. Mitchell

Capt. Sidney Pone
Capt. Arley J. Wilson

PURPLE HEART

Tec. 4 Edward Abrigo
Pvt. James J. Aldredge
Tec. 5 William D. Allen
Cpl. Angelo T. Arrisi
Pfc. Walter W. Artish
S. Sgt. Eli D. Bagdasarian
Pfc. Andrew Baldwin
Cpl. Marshall D. Barnett
Tec. 5 William C. Barnett
1st. Lt. Louis Baytel
Pfc. Henry C. Beavers
Capt. W. F. Berzinsky Jr.
Tec. 5 Thomas J. Block
Tec. 5 Alfred J. Bludau
Pfc. Max Boyarsky
Tec. 4 William B. Boyle
Pfc. Joseph G. Brand
Cpl. Alwin F. Briggs
Pfc. Wallace J. Burlo
Cpl. William M. Campbell
Pfc. Robert Casey
Pfc. Norman F. Chaloux
Cpl. Billy H. Chesnut
Pvt. William R. Cichy
Pfc. Lloyd D. Clark
Pfc. Nicholas Cosentino
Pfc. C. H. Cumberledge
Pvt. Ben. J. Danilowicz
Tec. 4 John J. Davern
S. Sgt. Joseph De Angelis
Tec. 5 Edwin T. Detloff
Tec. 5 Joseph T. Dionne

Pfc. Theodore Drwiega
Pvt. Carl G. Dunington
Pfc. John I. Dvorscak
1st. Lt. John Dzialuk
Pvt. Amos L. Eason
Cpl. Antonio A. Fava
A. H. Feinstein
Pvt. Edmund P. Bukala
Pfc. Frank J. Florio
Pfc. Russell G. Frasier
Capt. H. C. Freeman Jr.
Pfc. Forrest A. Garland
Pfc. Victor J. Giardinelli
Pvt. Thomas F. Giesey
Cpl. William J. Glunt
Pfc. Charles W. Godzik
Tec. 5 Morlon Golden
Tec. 4 Rafael F. Gonzales
Pfc. John H. Gossage
Pfc. William F. Graham
Cpl. Alex J. Gralla
S. Sgt. Isadore P. Gretz
Pfc. Billy B. Gullion
S. Sgt. Forrest C. Hamilton
Pfc. Jesus S. Hernandez
Cpl. Peter P. Hess
Sgt. Gerald F. Holloway
Cpl. Noble C. Ingram
Capt. Donald W. Jackson
Tec. 5 Edgar E. James
Pfc. Andrew J. Johnson
Pfc. William C. Jordan

1st. Lt. John H. Kauffman
Pfc. Frank C. King
Sgt. Herbert M. Kinne
Sgt. Herman J. Kloepffer
Pfc. John W. Knox
S. Sgt. Arthur S. Knutson
Pfc. George H. Leon Jr.
Pfc. August S. Leus
1st. Sgt. Jack H. Lewis
1st. Lt. John H. Livingston
Sgt. Fred M. Linton
Lt. Col. Richard P. Lively
Pvt. Ernest J. Lorange
Sgt. Lester A. Lorfing
S. Sgt. John Luttrell
Pfc. Anthony V. Lugo
Cpl. James Lyttle
Sgt. Donald K. Macaulay
Cpl. Eugene H. Mankowski
1st. Lt. Simon M. Mannix
Pfc. Roland D. Marcela
Cpl. Harry Marksfield
Tec. 4 Wallace R. Marsh
Sgt. George W. Marshall
Tec. 4 Edward S. Matyjasik
2nd. Lt. Dan J. McGuire
Tec. 5 Robert F. McIntosh
1st. Lt. Hugh H. McKee
Pfc. William J. McMahon
Cpl. Robert C. McNally
Sgt. Paul Mesko
Sgt. Charlie J. Milberger

S. Sgt. Joseph C. Mitchell
S. Sgt. William T. Mleczo
Tec. 5 Vito F. Monaco
Pfc. Edward L. Morawski
Capt. Joseph D. Morton
CWO Francis M. Murphy
Sgt. Dan N. Neilsen
Capt. Albert A. Nettles
Pfc. John J. Nimphius
Pfc. Virgil L. O' Bryant
Sgt. Barney A. Panek
Pvt. Alonzo C. Parker Jr.
Sgt. Frank S. Praino
Pfc. Chester F. Preece
Pvt. Melvin A. Price
Pvt. Omer L. Priest
Tec. 5 Robert E. Pugsley
Pfc. Adolph E. Rab
Lt. Col. James B. Rankin
Pfc. James A. Rigby
1st. Lt. John J. Riordan
Pfc. Robert L. Robertson
Cpl. Fred S. Rohs
Cpl. Albert A. Sanita
Cpl. Eugene Scalf
Pvt. John F. Seely
Pfc. Walter Selima
Pfc. Richard W. Shannon
Pvt. Fred A. Shenandoah
Pvt. Melvin J. Shirley
Tec. 5 Edmund Sikora
Cpl. James H. Simpson

Pvt. Allison J. Smith
Pfc. Herbert R. Smith
Pfc. Gordon Snyder
Cpl. Frank X. Spahle
Tec. 4 Richard N. Spellicy
Pfc. Ernest A. Spring
Capt. Melvyn S. Stilwell
Pvt. Walter Stearns
Pvt. Val A. Straka
Pvt. William E. Strong
Cpl. J. C. Stroud
Tec. 5 Anthony F. Taranto
Tec. 4 Stanley J. Tarsa
Tec. 5 Gerard J. Tessier
1st. Lt. Oscar E. Thomas
Cpl. Claude F. Thompson
Pfc. Willys C. Thompson
Capt. John G. Tillman
Pfc. George H. Timmons
Sgt. Frank R. Turriglio
Pvt. Everett L. Vassar
2nd. Lt. Nicholas M. Vergot
Capt. Jack W. Vick Jr.
Pvt. Michael D. Weiss
Tec. 5 Alvin P. Wenger
Sgt. Robert P. Werher
Tec. 5 Stan. J. Weronowski
Pfc. Darrell White
Tec. 5 Donald G. Wiggins
2nd. Lt. Thomas Willis
Pfc. Hershel J. Wood

* Oak Leaf Cluster

DIVISION CITATION

138th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION "C" Battery

MERITORIOUS SERVICE UNIT PLAQUE

Service Battery

FRENCH CROIX DE GUERRE

338th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

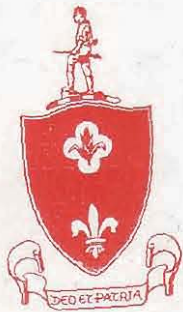
DISTINGUISHED UNIT BADGE

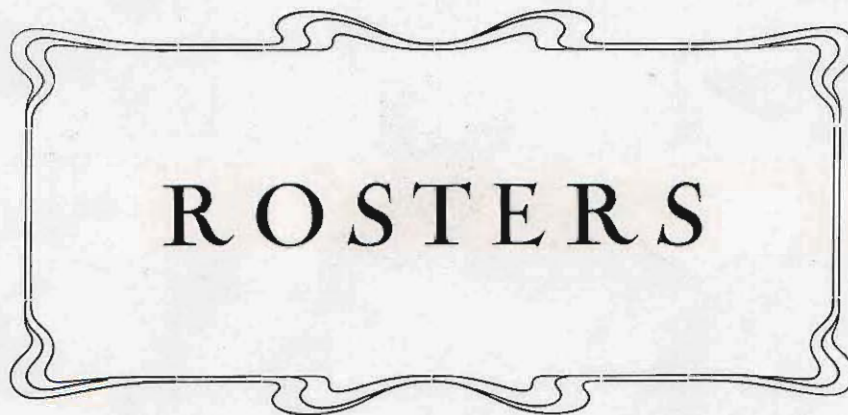
1st. Lt. Louis Baytel
Cpl. Matt W. Besonen

Sgt. Fred M. Linton
Tec. 4 Edward S. Matyjasik

Pfc. Virgil L. O' Bryant
Capt. John G. Trilman

Sgt. Frank H. Turriglio
Tec. 5 Alvin P. Wenger



A decorative rectangular frame with ornate, wavy corners and a double-line border. The word "ROSTERS" is centered within the frame in a bold, serif font.

ROSTERS

BATTALION HEADQUARTERS

B_n CO



Lt. Col. LIVELY

B_n S-3



Major KOEPPEN

B_n EXEC



Major BRUCH

STAFF



Capt. HAZER



Capt. SMALLIDGE



Lt. JACOBS



Capt. PONE



Capt. ROM

LIAISON



Capt. HARDCASTLE



Capt. COHEN



Capt. BERZINSKY



Capt. STANDISH

HEADQUARTERS BATTERY



Lt HINSHAW



Capt. SPANN



Lt. WRIGHT



Lt. LYONS



Lt. Mc PHAIL



Lt. LOVELL



Lt. SADLER

Headquarters & Headquarters Battery 338th Field Artillery Battalion

OFFICERS

GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS	GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS
Lt Col.	Richard P. Lively	Dallas, Tex.	Capt.	Albert C. Standish	Akron, Ohio
Maj.	Ray K. Bruch	Moline, Ill.	1st Lt.	Esper P. Hinshaw	Woodward, Okla.
Maj.	John F. Koeppen	Park Ridge, Ill.	1st Lt.	Seymour B. Jacobs	New York, N.Y.
Capt.	William F. Berzinsky Jr.	Chicago, Ill.	1st Lt.	Sidney E. Lovell	Tonawanda, N.Y.
Capt.	Joseph Cohen	Sturgis, Ky.	1st Lt.	Gene R. Lyons	Holdenville, Okla.
Capt.	Dallas C. Hardcastle Jr.	McAlester, Okla.	1st Lt.	Billy B. McPhail	Comanche, Okla.
Capt.	Kaleem Hazer	Chicago, Ill.	1st Lt.	Woodson A. Sadler	Avon Park, Fla.
Capt.	Sidney Pone	Okla City, Okla.	1st Lt.	Frank N. Wright	Elson, Mo.
Capt.	Ralph M. Smallidge	Lansing, Mich.	WOJG	Roy T. Cullers	Tuolumne, Calif.
Capt.	Frederick C. Spann	Floral Park, L.I., N.Y.			

ENLISTED MEN

GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS	GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS
M/Sgt.	Emil F. Stoklasa	Chicago, Ill.	Tec. 5	Donald A. Kelly	Elmhurst Queens, NY.
1st Sgt.	Leroy O. Bielss	Holland, Tex.	Tec. 5	Robert L. Kiser	Detroit, Mich.
T/Sgt.	Edward B. Dufreche	Ponchatoula, La.	Tec. 5	Albert F. Leone	Newark, N.J.
T/Sgt.	Steve P. Krolczyk	Wallis, Tex.	Tec. 5	Walter A. Morrison	Bar Harbor, Me.
T/Sgt.	Macey Matisoff	Roxbury, Mass.	Tec. 5	Francis J. Pawnell	Dover, N.H.
S/Sgt.	Vincent L. Bonacorda	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Tec. 5	Joseph F. Podoba	Schodack Landing, NY
S/Sgt.	Isadore P. Gretz	Green Bay, Wisc.	Tec. 5	Ralph F. Sicklesteel	Detroit, Mich.
S/Sgt.	William T. Mleczo	Raddison, Wisc.	Tec. 5	John Stepczyk	Middletown, Conn.
S/Sgt.	Aaron W. Reeves	Carlyle, Ill.	Tec. 5	Walter N. Susewitz	Detroit, Mich.
S/Sgt.	Leslie D. Smith	Valley Stream, N.Y.	Tec. 5	Joseph R. Touchette	Detroit, Mich.
S/Sgt.	Raymond F. Valeri	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Tec. 5	Frederick E. Walker	La Fargeville, N.Y.
Tec. 3	George R. Schmitt Jr.	Patterson, N.J.	Tec. 5	Alvin P. Wenger	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Sgt.	Horton F. Anderson	Midland, Mich.	Tec. 5	Stanley J. Weronowski	Alden, N.Y.
Sgt.	James L. Dannemann	New Orleans, La.	Tec. 5	James A. Whitecotton	Dekalb, Tex.
Sgt.	Robert O. Dominick	Tuscaloosa, Ala.	PFC	J. T. Adkins	Dunwoody, Ga.
Sgt.	Donald L. Fowler	Clay Center, Kan.	PFC	William O. Austin	Raleigh, N.C.
Sgt.	Wilfred J. Lackey	Waterbury, Conn.	PFC	Robert J. Barto	Elmira, N.Y.
Sgt.	Richard L. Lawrence Jr.	San Antonio, Tex.	PFC	Chester F. Beaver	Fly, Ohio
Sgt.	William Meuer	Hawthorne, N.J.	PFC	Henry C. Beavers	Bradshaw, W. Va.
Sgt.	Arthur J. Quinn	West Orange, N.J.	PFC	Wilbur E. Boquist	Ceresco, Nebr.
Sgt.	Paul Revere	N. Weymouth, Mass.	PFC	Lon Borders Jr	Milledgeville, Ga.
Tec. 4	Stephen Barabas	New York, N.Y.	PFC	Philip A. Brotherton	Charlotte, N.C.
Tec. 4	Joseph J. Danek	Astoria, NYC, N.Y.	PFC	George F. Brown	Newcastle, Wyo.
Tec. 4	John Dubiansky	New York, N.Y.	PFC	Robert Casey	Liunia Center, N.Y.
Tec. 4	Walter G. Fisher	Muskegon, Mich.	PFC	George Chmelar	Dekalb, Tex.
Tec. 4	Woodrow W. Foster	Beckville, Tex.	PFC	Johnnie E. Cook	Kleberg, Tex.
Tec. 4	Ray Goodwin	Welch, Okla.	PFC	Roderick Cowie	Alhambra, Calif.
Tec. 4	Frederick C. Hartmann	Watervliet, N.Y.	PFC	Donald E. Demille	Rockville, Utah
Tec. 4	Jack A. Marcario	Brooklyn, N.Y.	PFC	Peter A. Dobroski	Bayside LI, N.Y.
Tec. 4	Wallace R. Marsh	Mineola, Tex.	PFC	Charles W. Farrell	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Tec. 4	Walter C. Smaluch	Chicago, Ill.	PFC	Allen J. Foster	Clementan, N.J.
Tec. 4	Blake H. Sinnett	Detroit, Mich.	PFC	Floyd H. Frantz	Pottsville, Pa.
Tec. 4	Robert E. Tischler	Maspeth, LI, N.Y.	PFC	Howard J. Fritz	Chicago, Ill.
Tec. 4	Delmar S. Wolfe	Fort Worth, Tex.	PFC	Joseph A. Gentile	Glen Cove, N.Y.
Cpl.	Angelo T. Arrisi	Highland Park, N.J.	PFC	Harold P. Glowienke	Chicago, Ill.
Cpl.	Milward W. Austin	Detroit, Mich.	PFC	John H. Gossage	Delano, Calif.
Cpl.	William Campbell	Hopedale, Mass.	PFC	Glen G. Graham	Lincoln Park, Mich.
Cpl.	Billy H. Chesnutt	Bangs, Tex.	PFC	John J. Greening	Dickson City, Pa.
Cpl.	John O. Fauerbach	Jersey City, N.J.	PFC	Daniel P. Hanson	Morrhead, Minn.
Cpl.	Antonio A. Fava	Long Island City, N.J.	PFC	Steve Haschak	Phillipsburg, N.J.
Cpl.	William M. Gruner	Highland, N.Y.	PFC	Raymond J. Hassing	Cleveland, Ohio
Cpl.	William B. Jay	Henderson, Tex.	PFC	John M. Hegarty	Cambridge, Mass.
Cpl.	James Lyttle	New Orleans, La.	PFC	Paul Hondros	Philadelphia, Pa.
Cpl.	Clarence H. McWhorter	Lancaster, Tex.	PFC	Bonnie R. Johnson	Sardis, Tenn.
Cpl.	Allison J. Smith	Monroe, Mich.	PFC	Francis E. Kellogg	Honeoye Falls, N.Y.
Cpl.	Arthur L. Wylie Jr.	Petersburg, Tex.	PFC	Leonard J. Klassen Jr.	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Cpl.	William F. Zehring	Galveston, Ind.	PFC	Wayne F. Kipp	Chicago, Ill.
Tec. 5	Giacomo Addalli	Brooklyn, N.Y.	PFC	John W. Knox	West Union, Ohio
Tec. 5	Frank Angeloro	Brooklyn, N.Y.	PFC	Eugene F. Kutí	Youngstown, Ohio
Tec. 5	Alfred J. Bludau	Shriner, Tex.	PFC	George A. Kurzynski	Milwaukee, Wisc.
Tec. 5	Dale E. Boling	Wadsworth, Ohio	PFC	William T. Lagroue	New Orleans, La.
Tec. 5	Edwin T. Dettloff	Monroe, Mich.	PFC	John T. Lain	Herbine, Ark.
Tec. 5	Benjamin A. Geller	Brooklyn, N.Y.	PFC	Tom Larsen	Ozone Park, LI, N.Y.
Tec. 5	George E. Gross	Marcy, N.Y.	PFC	Perry A. Lee	Hereford, Tex.
Tec. 5	Edgar E. James	Monette, Ark.	PFC	Ernest C. Marez	Santa Fe, N.M.

GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS	GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS
PFC	Elmer L. McDaniel	Wichita Falls, Tex.	PFC	Jay R. Sawyers	Oneida, Ky.
PFC	Perry B. Miles	Port Arthur, Tex.	PFC	Loren R. Shuck	Los Angeles, Calif.
PFC	Robert W. Millikin	Knobel, Ark.	PFC	Gordon Snyder	Keyport, N. J.
PFC	Warren Ming	Chicago, Ill.	PFC	Thomas L. Spillers Jr.	Lake Village, Ind.
PFC	Wilford F. Monks	Bar Harbor, Me.	PFC	Angelo R. Tassone	Johnsonburg, Pa.
PFC	Arthur W. Muehlhausen	Alma, Ill.	PFC	George W. Van Etten	Broad Channel, LI, NY
PFC	Atco Perry	Bluff City, Tenn.	PFC	Philip L. Veasey	Camden, N.J.
PFC	Axel V. Petersen	Belpport, N.Y.	PFC	John M. Watts Jr.	Hartford, Conn.
PFC	Morris J. Pinto	New York, N.Y.	PFC	Darrell White	Owensville, Ind.
PFC	Chester Preece	Huntington, W.Va.	PFC	John J. Whitt	Benton Graves, Ky.
PFC	Stanley W. Przygoda	South River, N.J.	Pvt.	August R. Asbrand	Trenton, N.J.
PFC	John Roman	Newark, N.J.	Pvt.	Frank J. Beavers	Bradshaw, W. Wa.
PFC	Harry Z. Rosenay	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Pvt.	Anthony Mainardi	Paterson, N.J.
PFC	Charles G. Russell	Gilboa, N.Y.			

ROSTER OF OFFICERS TRANSFERRED SINCE 4 DECEMBER 1943

Lt.Col.	James B. Rankin	Yuma, Arizona	Capt.	Arley J. Wilson	Marshalltown, Iowa
Capt.	Herbert C. Freeman Jr.	Yonkers, N.Y.	Capt.	Jacob W. Zadik	Dallas, Tex.
Capt.	Donald W. Jackson	Lexington, Okla.	1st Lt.	Louis Baytel	Trenton, N.J.
Capt.	John I. Murphy	Chicago, Ill.	WOJG.	Peter P. Mazur	Mt. Carmel, Pa.
Capt.	Albert A. Nettles	Beatrice, Ala			

ROSTER OF ENLISTED MEN TRANSFERRED SINCE 4 DECEMBER 1943

T/Sgt.	Roman T. Jones	Del Rio, Tenn.	Tec. 5	Graziano Esposito	Westbury, N.Y.
T/Sgt.	John M. O'Connell	Newark, N.J.	Tec. 5	James A. Litras	Astoria, N.Y.
Sgt.	Dan N. Nielsen	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Tec. 5	Robert E. Pugsley	Newburgh, N.Y.
Tec. 4	Stanley M. Laptas	Holyoke, Mass.	PFC.	Ross L. Edwards	Rensselaer, N.Y.
Tec. 4	John M. Sivak	New York, N.Y.	PFC.	Joseph R. Rappoccio	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Tec. 4	Ralph R. Vollaro	Hartford, Conn.	Pvt.	Joseph E. Douglas	Hartford, Conn.
Cpl.	Glenn V. Hardee	Martinsville, Va.	Pvt.	Anthony E. Downs	Long Beach, Calif.
Cpl.	Giacchino Milici	Union City, N.J.	Pvt.	Alonzo C. Parker Jr.	Hattiesburg, Miss.
Cpl.	Samuel L. Rogers	Lexington, Ky.	Pvt.	Val A. Straka	Joliet, Ill.
Cpl.	Victor R. St. Jean	Lowell, Mass.	Pvt.	Joe B. Whitley	Elm City, N.C.

“A”

BATTERY



Lt. DZAILUK



Capt. STILWELL



Lt. RIORDAN



Lt. STEIN



Lt. LIVINGSTON



Lt. DICKERSON

OFFICERS

GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS	GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS
Capt.	Melvyn S. Stilwell	Oklahoma City, Okla.	1st Lt.	John J. Riordan	Detroit, Mich.
1st Lt.	John Dzailuk	Cleveland, Ohio	1st Lt.	David Stein	Brooklyn, N.Y.
1st Lt.	John H. Livingston	Cortland, N.Y.	2nd Lt.	Gerald T. Dickerson	Black Oak, Ark.

ENLISTED MEN

1st Sgt.	Emile G. Perazzo	New York, N.Y.	Cpl.	Bertram K. Devine	Bronx, N.Y.
S/Sgt.	Ronald L. Gump	Leechburg, Pa.	Cpl.	Clifford E. Elmore	Salisbury, N.C.
S/Sgt.	George E. Lum	Hempstead, N.Y.	Cpl.	Donald R. Flinchbaugh	York, Pa.
S/Sgt.	Donald L. Merchant	Seabrook, N.H.	Cpl.	Aubrey E. Holland	Athens, Ala.
S/Sgt.	Frank J. Yarzynski	Bridgeport, Conn.	Cpl.	John P. Kelly	E. Pittsburg, Pa.
Sgt.	John J. Collins	Glen Falls, N.Y.	Cpl.	Eugene Scalf	McKinney, Tex.
Sgt.	Thomas E. Collins	Glen Falls, N.Y.	Cpl.	Joseph Schwartz	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Sgt.	Gerald F. Holloway	Green Bay, Wis.	Cpl.	Frank X. Spahle	W. Orange, N.J.
Sgt.	Herman J. Klopper	Farwell, Tex.	Cpl.	Harold P. Woodworth	Saratoga Springs, N.Y.
Sgt.	Lester A. Lorfing	Hallettsville, Tex.	Tec. 5	Arthur L. Adams	Clarksville, Tex.
Sgt.	Joseph Missale	Bronx, N.Y.	Tec. 5	James Conway	Houston, Tex.
Sgt.	Andrew Ochoa	Galveston, Tex.	Tec. 5	Joseph C. Friend	Bladsdell, N.Y.
Sgt.	Frank S. Praino	Astoria, N.Y.	Tec. 5	Albert J. Gardner	Detroit, Mich.
Sgt.	Antonio Ruggiero	Cranston, R.I.	Tec. 5	Norman J. Hinterlach	Pennsgrove, N.J.
Tec. 4	Edward Abrigo	Bracketville, Tex.	Tec. 5	John Lepis	Plattsburg, N.Y.
Tec. 4	Dupre S. Mosley	Detroit, Mich.	Tec. 5	Frank Pelosi	Providence, R.I.
Tec. 4	Albert J. Stacknik	Amsterdam, N.Y.	Tec. 5	Vincent J. Sigenfoos	Trenton, N.J.
Tec. 4	Wesley J. Sladek	Renfrow, Okla.	Tec. 5	George J. Tooker	Astoria, N.Y.
Tec. 4	Lawrence Stein	Bronx, N.Y.	Tec. 5	Donald G. Wiggins	Danbury, N.H.
Tec. 4	Lawrence Uresti	Victoria, Tex.	PFC.	Delbert J. Adams	Chester, Ill.
Cpl.	William R. Cook	Lawrenceville, Ill.	PFC.	Julian M. Adams	Durham, N.C.

GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS	GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS
PFC.	Marcus H. Baggs	Wayne, Mich.	PFC.	Marion P. Mendez Jr.	San Jose, Cal.
PFC.	Elmore C. Bates	Gadsden, Ala.	PFC.	John O'Bradovich	Brickley, Ill.
PFC.	William F. Biesik	Buffalo, N.Y.	PFC.	Edward F. O'Keefe	Cambridge, Mass.
PFC.	Max Boyarsky	Brooklyn, N.Y.	PFC.	Wilburn W. Osborn Jr.	Aberdeen, Wash.
PFC.	Alfred J. Caldwell	Labadie, Mo.	PFC.	Donald D. Penton	Messena, Iowa
PFC.	Elyern N. Capron	Olin, Iowa	PFC.	Robert R. Pinto	Bridgeport, Conn.
PFC.	Sarafino J. Caruso	Camden, N.J.	PFC.	Samuel G. Post	Chicago, Ill.
PFC.	Lloyd D. Clark	Fillmore, N.Y.	PFC.	Henry F. Reinhart	Forest Hills, N.Y.
PFC.	Theodore H. Clark	Dallas, Tex.	PFC.	Martin Sagers	Ada, Mich.
PFC.	Alvin P. Cottrell	Crossville, Tenn.	PFC.	Leslie L. Seigler	Franklin, Tex.
PFC.	Donald M. Cox	Mars Hill, N.C.	PFC.	Frank B. Tancredi	Astoria, N.Y.
PFC.	Charles E. Dlabal	Petersburg, Mich.	PFC.	George H. Timmons	Dearborn, Mich.
PFC.	George J. Donovan	San Francisco, Cal.	PFC.	William J. Wade	Brooklyn, N.Y.
PFC.	George F. Dorner	Los Angeles, Cal.	PFC.	Kenneth C. Weigand	Letart, W. Va.
PFC.	John J. Dougherty	Philadelphia, Pa.	PFC.	Paul R. Wenner	Emmaus, Pa.
PFC.	Theodore Drwiega	Detroit, Mich.	PFC.	Floyd Yount	Otas, Ky.
PFC.	Lyman P. Flores	Sells, Arizona	PFC.	Lloyd Yount	Otas, Ky.
PFC.	Richard J. Garofalo	Bronx, N.Y.	PFC.	Eli J. Zimmerman	Kawkawlin, Mich.
PFC.	Philip R. Germann	Ozone Park, N.Y.	Pvt.	Oscar N. Barkley	Hickory, N.C.
PFC.	Arthur R. Green	Detroit, Mich.	Pvt.	Ambrose Bubar Jr.	Caribou, Me.
PFC.	Billy B. Gullion	Boisevain, Va.	Pvt.	William R. Cichy	Amsterdam, N.Y.
PFC.	Guadalupe Gussman Jr.	Beaumont, Tex.	Pvt.	Carl G. Dunnington	Cincinnati, Ohio
PFC.	William G. Harbaugh	Mill Run, Pa.	Pvt.	Aubra L. Ford	Weatherford, Tex.
PFC.	Lourin L. Hawley	Detroit, Mich.	Pvt.	Robert F. Gallipeau	Syracuse, N.Y.
PFC.	Riley E. Harris	Tanbark, Ky.	Pvt.	Victor Higdon	Cincinnati, Ohio
PFC.	Kenneth C. Herbert	Crosswell, Mich.	Pvt.	R. L. Jones	Maryville, Tenn.
PFC.	Clarence P. Hollifield	Caroleen, N.C.	Pvt.	Bernard Kasprozyk	Buffalo, N.Y.
PFC.	Donald V. Howell	St. Louis, Mich.	Pvt.	William C. Jordan	Palestine, Ark.
PFC.	Frank Kieras	Dunkirk, N.Y.	Pvt.	Wilbur J. Lockhart	Dunlap, Tenn.
PFC.	Conrad Krebs	Detroit, Mich.	Pvt.	Raymond J. McGowan	Yonkers, N.Y.
PFC.	Olaf Larsen	E. Hartland, Conn.	Pvt.	Hilton Moore	Foreman, Ark.
PFC.	August S. Leus	Somerville, Tex.	Pvt.	Theodore E. Potts	Pottsville, Pa.
PFC.	H. M. Lomax	Spearman, Tex.	Pvt.	Louie Salvadori	Brandy Camp, Pa.
PFC.	Silverio Lujan	Santa Fe, N.M.	Pvt.	Kenneth W. Six	Tulsa, Okla.
PFC.	Roland D. S. Marcela	Newark, N.J.	Pvt.	James R. Sullivan	Ravana, Ark.

ROSTER OF OFFICERS TRANSFERRED SINCE 4 DECEMBER 1943

1st Lt. William R. Krizan Wichita Falls, Tex.

ROSTER OF ENLISTED MEN TRANSFERRED SINCE 4 DECEMBER 1943

1st Sgt.	Myrel E. Moore	Eastanolle, Ga.	PFC.	John J. Nimphius	Bronx, N.Y.
S/Sgt.	Forrest C. Hamilton	McAlester, Okla	PFC.	Edward Slezak	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Tec. 4	Herbert G. Power	Brooklyn, N.Y.	PFC.	Hershel J. Wood	Keota, Okla.
Cpl.	Edward A. Froning	Rockford, Ill.	Pvt.	Anthony Cardillo	Winstead, Conn.
Cpl.	Noble C. Ingram	Laurel, Miss.	Pvt.	Anthony DeSanta	New York, N.Y.
Cpl.	Harry Marksfield	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Pvt.	William E. Hickey	Somerville, Mass.
Cpl.	Howard H. Wharton	Haltom City, Tex.	Pvt.	Ralph E. Jobe	Keokuk, Iowa
Tec. 5	Gerard J. Tessier	Leeds, Mass.	Pvt.	Carl D. Johnson	Sparta, Fenn.
PFC.	William F. Ahrens	Hudson, Colorado	Pvt.	Stephen J. Latkowski	Bellrose, N.Y.
PFC.	Robert L. Brunow	Beaumont, Tex.	Pvt.	Edward L. Morawski	Detroit, Mich.
PFC.	John I. Dvorscak	New York, N.Y.	Pvt.	George A. Nickelson	Woodward, Okla.
PFC.	Forrest A. Garland	Wakefield, N.H.	Pvt.	Walter R. Ryan	New York, N.Y.
PFC.	Lester J. Knop	Jefferson, Mo.	Pvt.	George Schmitt	Corona, N.Y.
PFC.	Walter T. Moats	Fairchance, Pa.	Pvt.	Ludwig J. Skorupski	Brooklyn, N.Y.
PFC.	David L. Morrow	Athens, Tenn.	Pvt.	William E. Strong	Detroit, Mich.

"B"

BATTERY



Lt. KAUFFMAN



Capt. TILLMAN



Lt. MITCHELL



Lt. MANNIX



Lt. SHEEHE



Lt. LIPTON

OFFICERS

GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS	GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS
Capt.	John G. Tillman	Chicago, Ill.	1st Lt.	Simon M. Mannix	Montclair, N.J.
1st Lt.	John H. Kauffman	Chadron, Neb.	1st Lt.	Edward J. Sheehe	Chicago, Ill.
1st Lt.	Julius Lipton	Newark, N.J.	1st Lt.	Billie N. Mitchell	Kosse, Tex.

ENLISTED MEN

1st. Sgt.	Norman H. Klein	Flushing, N.Y.	Tec. 4	William Hopkins	Lake City, Ark.
S/Sgt.	Irving Blank	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Tec. 4	Edward S. Matyjasik	Buffalo, N.Y.
S/Sgt.	Joseph F. Bucior	Hartford, Conn.	Tec. 4	Stanley J. Tarsa	Schaghticoke, N.Y.
S/Sgt.	Joseph De Angelis	Providence, R.I.	Cpl.	Marshall D. Barnett	Frankfort, N.Y.
S/Sgt.	Joseph S. Kuczek	Chicago, Ill.	Cpl.	Frank Madotto	Philadelphia, Pa.
S/Sgt.	John A. Luttrell	Los Angeles, Calif.	Cpl.	Edward I. Norris	Springfield, Mass.
Sgt.	Herbert B. Bice	Tahlequah, Okla.	Cpl.	Wilbur C. Rodgers	New Castle, Pa.
Sgt.	Fred M. Linton	Shell Lake, Wisc.	Cpl.	Fred S. Rohs	Hilltown, Pa.
Sgt.	Donald K. Macaulay	Phillisburg, N.J.	Cpl.	Abraham Rosenblum	Los Angeles, Calif.
Sgt.	Barney A. Panek	Detroit, Mich.	Cpl.	Albert A. Sanita	Buffalo, N.Y.
Sgt.	Eugene B. Szuta	Milwaukee, Wisc.	Cpl.	Luther D. Shelton	Bonnie, Ill.
Sgt.	Frank R. Turriglio	Troy, N.Y.	Cpl.	Claude F. Thompson	Landrum, N.C.
Sgt.	Joe L. Williams	Clinton, Okla.	Cpl.	Louis G. Weber	Glen Spey, N.Y.
Sgt.	Casimir P. Wittbrodt	Auburn, Mich.	Cpl.	Morris Weisenthal	Bronx, N.Y.
Tec. 4	William B. Boyle	Kansas City, Mo.	Tec. 5	William D. Allen	Channelirew, Tex.
Tec. 4	Peter A. Hacia	Hartford, Conn.	Tec. 5	William C. Barnett	Aubrey, Tex.

GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS	GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS
Tec. 5	Roland E. Chamberland	Woonsocket, R.I.	PFC.	Antonio G. Lopez	San Antonio, Tex.
Tec. 5	Arthur J. Cotnoir	W. Warwick, R.I.	PFC.	Victor V. Maggio	New Orleans, La.
Tec. 5	James J. Dorrian	Tampa, Fla.	PFC.	Stanley Malakowski	W. Hartford, Conn.
Tec. 5	Arthur W. Krause	Cochecton Ctr., N.Y.	PFC.	Wallace G. Mann	Spring Green, Wisc.
Tec. 5	Alexander J. Labonte	Holyoke, Mass.	PFC.	Archie R. McRae	Angelica, N.Y.
Tec. 5	Edd Melton	Briggsville, Ark.	PFC.	William M. Meader	Lancaster, Minn.
Tec. 5	Vito W. Monaco	New York, N.Y.	PFC.	Wiley M. Moore	Delia, Tex.
Tec. 5	Paul J. Shimo	Chicago, Ill.	PFC.	Alexander Nirenberg	Bronx, N.Y.
Tec. 5	Edmund Sikora	Syracuse, N.Y.	PFC.	Virgil L. O'Bryant	Muncie, Ind.
Tec. 5	August F. Smirak	Helletsville, Tex.	PFC.	George E. Oglesby	Ft. Walton, Fla.
Tec. 5	Joseph T. Tanzillo	Brooklyn, N.Y.	PFC.	Rudolfo Rivera	Peña Blanca, N.M.
Tec. 5	William G. Webb	Abilene, Tex.	PFC.	Ralph G. Sacht	Cambridge, Mass.
PFC.	Dominic R. Ablondi	Framingham, Mass.	PFC.	John Sadlowski	Easthampton, Mass.
PFC.	Walter W. Artish	Detroit, Mich.	PFC.	Patrick J. Schavoni	Haverhill, Mass.
PFC.	Leonard C. Avery	Tonkawa, Okla.	PFC.	Aniello Scotti	L.I. City, N.Y.
PFC.	Andrew Baldwin	Bay Shore, N.Y.	PFC.	Domingo L. Segura	Del Rio, Tex.
PFC.	Arthur H. Barker	Baltimore, Md.	PFC.	Richard W. Shannon	New York, N.Y.
PFC.	Elmo O. Bethel	Greenville, Ky.	PFC.	Howard L. Slattery	Maple Shade, N.Y.
PFC.	Nicholas J. Biewer	Moorehead, Minn.	PFC.	Herbert R. Smith	Baltimore, Md.
PFC.	Joseph G. Brand	Brooklyn, N.Y.	PFC.	Ernest A. Spring Jr.	Alpena, Mich.
PFC.	Harry A. Britton	Highlands, N.J.	PFC.	Elmer C. Springer	Elyria, Ohio
PFC.	John Camiola	Brooklyn, N.Y.	PFC.	Herbert L. Stegall	Bell Gardens, Cal.
PFC.	Norman F. Chaloux	Newport, N.H.	PFC.	J. B. Swinney	Dallas, Tex.
PFC.	Dominic F. Cogliano	E. Boston, Mass.	PFC.	Ernest Z. Vasquez	Victoria, Tex.
PFC.	Albert A. Condi	Latrebe, Pa.	PFC.	Jessie W. Watkins	Houston, Tex.
PFC.	Nicholas Cosentino	Palisades, N.J.	PFC.	Mahlon E. Whitcomb	Plainfield, Vt.
PFC.	Vincent Cowhy	Avoca, Mich.	PFC.	Tom White	Brooklyn, N.Y.
PFC.	Ira P. Craig	Julian, Pa.	PFC.	James G. Young	Astoria, N.Y.
PFC.	Claude H. Cumberledge	New Castle, Pa.	Pvt.	Robert L. Bickers	Cincinnati, Ohio
PFC.	Koyod Dees	Old Town, Fla.	Pvt.	Cecil H. Brumbelow	Gadsden, Ala.
PFC.	Charles B. De Haven	Martinsburg, W. Va.	Pvt.	Arthur J. Comeau	Old Town, Me.
PFC.	Burton T. Donley	Brawley, Calif.	Pvt.	Thomas F. Giesey	Latrobe, Pa.
PFC.	Abraham H. Feinstein	Hartford, Conn.	Pvt.	William A. Guzzardi	New Orleans, La.
PFC.	Edward B. Goodwin	Octavia, Okla.	Pvt.	Pat P. Jezak	Bay City, Mich.
PFC.	William F. Graham	Coleman, Tex.	Pvt.	Walter A. McLaughlin	W. Duluth, Minn.
PFC.	Willard J. Haase	Spokane, Wash.	Pvt.	Ernest W. Royer	Eldred, Pa.
PFC.	Russell Johnson	Richmond, Ind.	Pvt.	George H. Williamson	Camden, N.J.
PFC.	Frank C. King	Glen Spey, N.Y.	Pvt.	Earl O. Zuella	Waterbury, Conn.
PFC.	Ferdinand A. Laurenzi	Philadelphia, Pa.			

ROSTER OF OFFICERS TRANSFERRED SINCE 4 DEC. 43

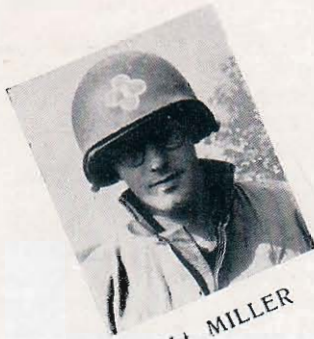
1st Lt. Carl W. Butler Brooklyn, N.Y. 2nd Lt. Guilbert H. King Fair Fluff, N.C.

ROSTER OF ENLISTED MEN TRANSFERRED SINCE 4 DEC. 43

S/Sgt.	Dietrich G. Reimers	Brooklyn, N.Y.	PFC.	Charles J. Teague	Winston Salem, Mass.
S/Sgt.	Rocco Richichi	White Plains, N.Y.	PFC.	Willy C. Thompson	Frederick, Wis.
Sgt.	George W. Marshall Jr.	Pawtucket, R.I.	Pvt.	Carmine Delle	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Cpl.	Matt W. Besonen	Trout Creek, Mich.	Pvt.	Robert C. Gibson	Mt. Clare, W. Va.
Cpl.	Peter P. Hess Jr.	Albany, N.Y.	Pvt.	Robert W. Haire	Queens Village, N.Y.
Cpl.	Eugene A. Mankowski	Buffalo, N.Y.	Pvt.	Rocco J. Scionti Jr.	Lawrence, Mass.
Cpl.	Gene Pasquantonio	Detroit, Mich.	Pvt.	Fred A. Shemandoah	Fiskdale, Mass.
Tec. 5	Joseph F. Miles	Atlantic City, N.J.	Pvt.	Everett L. Vasser	LaRue, Tex.
PFC.	Melvin J. Shirley	Pitcher, Okla.			

"C"

BATTERY



Lt. MILLER



Lt. THOMAS



Capt. O' HARA



Lt. McKEE



Lt. HOFMEISTER

OFFICERS

GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS	GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS
Capt.	Lewis B. O'Hara	Arlington, Va.	1st Lt.	Oscar E. Thomas	Oakdale, Neb.
1st Lt.	Jerry F. Miller	Chicago, Ill.	2nd Lt.	Carl F. Hofmeister	Detroit, Mich.
1st Lt.	Hugh M. McKee	Hope, Ark.			

ENLISTED MEN

1st Sgt.	Alphonse V. Scotti	L.I. City, N.Y.	Cpl.	Harry De Keyser	Detroit, Mich.
S/Sgt.	Harold W. Lepper	Malden, Mass.	Cpl.	William J. Faulkner	Humboldt, Tenn.
S/Sgt.	Joseph C. Mitchell	Six Mile, S.C.	Cpl.	William J. Glunt	Greenville, Ohio
S/Sgt.	Israel J. Richman	Hartford, Conn.	Cpl.	Ralph Godwin	New York, N.Y.
S/Sgt.	Raymond A. Simmons	Garner, N.C.	Cpl.	Alfonso L. Gonzales	Santa Fe, N. Mex.
Sgt.	Joseph T. Antorino	Huntington, N.Y.	Cpl.	Phillip N. Huggins	Judsonia, Ark.
Sgt.	Fernand J. Barron	Holyoke, Mass.	Cpl.	Raymond J. Kaitanowski	Buffalo, N.Y.
Sgt.	John W. Bidosky	Newburgh, N.Y.	Cpl.	John P. Mahon	Boston, Mass.
Sgt.	Clarence F. Clements	Union City, Tenn.	Cpl.	Maurice P. Minissale	Jersey City, N.J.
Sgt.	Pompi R. Marinucci	Watervliet, N.Y.	Cpl.	Leroy Oblander	Shattuck, Okla
Sgt.	Paul Mesko	Detroit, Mich.	Tec. 5	Leslie O. Ames	Audubon, N.J.
Sgt.	Charlie J. Milberger	Victoria, Tex.	Tec. 5	Elden T. Brown	Houlton, Me.
Sgt.	Robert P. Werher	Poughkeepsie, N.Y.	Tec. 5	Benjamin Dulberg	Bronx, N.Y.
Tec. 4	Paul N. Kalis	Bay Shore, N.Y.	Tec. 5	Michael J. Durisin	Trenton, N.J.
Tec. 4	Clinton F. Kresge	Bear Creek, Pa.	Tec. 5	Morlton Golden	Hot Springs, Ark.
Tec. 4	Harold Ostrich	New York, N.Y.	Tec. 5	Richard W. Gunton	Cleveland, Ohio
Tec. 4	William J. Phair	Lowell, Mass.	Tec. 5	Edward M. Hutchinson	Edmond, Okla
Cpl.	Marshall B. Blevins	New Haven, Conn.	Tec. 5	Edward S. Kolpus	Detroit, Mich.
Cpl.	Leo F. Darcy	Jersey City, N.J.	Tec. 5	Wesley Lakey	Zavalla, Tex.
Cpl.	Jacinto D. Day	Jacksonville, Ill.	Tec. 5	Stanley J. Marecki	Bayonne, N.J.

GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS	GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS
Tec. 5	Fred L. Tatum	Chelsea, Okla.	PFC.	William C. McGee	Ft. Smith, Ark.
PFC.	James F. Abernathy	Claremont, N.C.	PFC.	Glenn R. Nolt	Marshallville, Ohio
PFC.	Harold J. Adams	Franklin, La.	PFC.	John J. Pinelli	Gonshohocken, Pa.
PFC.	August M. Berman	Newark, Ohio	PFC.	Ronald H. Pollard	Paulding, Ohio
PFC.	Robert W. Blew	Upper Darby, Pa.	PFC.	Mitchell M. Pulbratek	Hamtrench, Mich.
PFC.	Lawrence J. Brandes	Weehawken, N.J.	PFC.	Clayton O. Rasmusson	Alberta, Canada
PFC.	George W. Brannan	Marshall, Tex.	PFC.	Thomas J. Regina	Hartford, Conn.
PFC.	Wallace J. Burlo	Sturgeon Bay, Wisc.	PFC.	James A. Rigby	Rio Miss, Miss.
PFC.	Dennis Carfagno	Paterson, N.J.	PFC.	Robert L. Robertson	Perry, Fla.
PFC.	Gustava J. Coats	Beaverton, Mich.	PFC.	Daniel P. Rovello	Bridgeport, Conn.
PFC.	Toy E. Compton	Blacklick, Ohio	PFC.	Luz Salinas	Donna, Tex.
PFC.	Frank A. Corey	Chicago, Ill.	PFC.	Walter Selima	Bridgeport, Conn.
PFC.	Johnny L. Crow	Okla. City, Okla.	PFC.	Lawrence E. Schembri	New York, N.Y.
PFC.	John A. De Brango	Jersey City, N.J.	PFC.	Lowell D. Sellers	Tallahassee, Fla.
PFC.	John J. De Santis	New London, Conn.	PFC.	James Sherratt	Lewiston, Me.
PFC.	Paul G. Eberhart	Kingman, Kansas	PFC.	Raymond H. Showalter	Pikeville, Ky.
PFC.	Frank J. Florio	Warren, Ohio	PFC.	Walter Stern	Mineola, N.Y.
PFC.	Charles H. Fritz	Chicago, Ill.	PFC.	Edward S. Vollrath	Carlinville, Ill.
PFC.	Argirios J. Givas	Newark, N.J.	PFC.	Rhule F. Waggoner	Weston, W. Va.
PFC.	Victor J. Giardinelli	Elmhurst, N.Y.	PFC.	Everett B. Warren	Lafayette, Ind.
PFC.	Jack L. Gordon	Vera, Okla.	PFC.	Riley E. Wyatt	San Antonio, Tex.
PFC.	John F. Grau	Bayonne, N.J.	PFC.	Peter A. Yarosis	Waterbury, Conn.
PFC.	Paul E. Harris	Grove City, Ohio	PFC.	Rocco Zerella	Brooklyn, N.Y.
PFC.	Jesus S. Hernandez	San Antonio, Tex.	Pvt.	Stephen F. Baribo	Peabody, Mass.
PFC.	Henry W. Hutto	Bartow, Fla.	Pvt.	Julio Z. Castillo	San Antonio, Tex.
PFC.	Stephen T. Johns	Leoma, Tenn.	Pvt.	Sidney Craddock Jr.	Essex, Mo.
PFC.	Andrew J. Johnson	Orrum, N.C.	Pvt.	James N. Dunigan	Paragon, Ind.
PFC.	Edward K. Johnston	Detroit, Mich.	Pvt.	Ralph D. Fishel	Clearbrook, Va.
PFC.	Marvin M. Kubena	Caldwell, Tex.	Pvt.	Jose D. Gallegos	Canjillon, N.Mex.
PFC.	Chad D. Larkey	Mooreland, Okla.	Pvt.	Alphonsus P. Kizelewicz	Brooklyn, N.Y.
PFC.	William Leba	Luzerne, Pa.	Pvt.	Charles N. La Quay	Bronx, N.Y.
PFC.	Gene E. Marshall	Wapello, Iowa.	Pvt.	Jesus E. Leos	Ganado, Tex.
PFC.	Edward F. Martin	Fall River, Mass.	Pvt.	Charles E. McConnell	Uhrichsville, Ohio
PFC.	Antonio C. Martinez	Commerce, Tex.			

ROSTER OF OFFICERS TRANSFERRED SINCE 4 DECEMBER 1943

1st Lt.	John H. Stutesman Jr.	Newark, N.J.	2nd Lt.	Milton Blum	Bronx, N.Y.
1st Lt.	Nicholas Vergot	Steelton, Pa.			

ROSTER OF ENLISTED MEN TRANSFERRED SINCE 4 DECEMBER 1943

S/Sgt.	Eli D. Bagdasarian	New Britain, Conn.	Pvt.	Jarvis L. Aalgaard	Westby, Wisc.
S/Sgt.	John E. Evon Jr.	Detroit, Mich.	Pvt.	Edmund P. Bukala	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Sgt.	Thomas W. Skirvin	Bloomington, Ind.	Pvt.	Vincent Cassidy	W. New York, N.Y.
Sgt.	Raymond A. Smith	Cleveland, Ohio	Pvt.	Milo V. Dwars	Ableman, Wisc.
Cpl.	Alex J. Gralla	New York, N.Y.	Pvt.	Charles L. Hartleb	Detroit, Mich.
Cpl.	James H. Simpson	Woodruff, S.C.	Pvt.	Albert H. Macy	Cleveland, Ohio
Tec. 5	Robert F. McIntosh	Detroit, Mich.	Pvt.	Pete Maglecic	Nampa, Idaho
PFC.	Carl A. Carlson	Bellmore, N.Y.	Pvt.	Ralph N. Major	Lowell, Mass.
PFC.	Nicholas V. Cirillo	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Pvt.	George J. Moriarty	W. Orange, N.J.
PFC.	Eddie R. English	Ozark, Ark.	Pvt.	Walter Stearns	Boston, Mass.
PFC.	Charles W. Godzik	Poultney, Vt.	Pvt.	Michael D. Weiss	Middlesex, Pa.
PFC.	William T. Mahoney	Wisner, La.	Pvt.	Otte K. Wurst	Bronx, N.Y.

SERVICE



Capt. MORTON

BATTERY



Lt. BEARD



Lt. LESSA



CWO MURPHY

OFFICERS

GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS	GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS
Capt.	Joseph D. Morton	Aurora, Ill.	1st Lt.	Nicholas V. Lessa	Bronx, N.Y.
1st Lt.	Laurence C. Beard	McAllister, Okla.	CWO	Francis M. Murphy	Waterburg, Conn.

ENLISTED MEN

M/Sgt.	John M. Shipley	Eldorado Spring, Mo.	Tec. 5	Louis J. Boncompagni	Westbury, N.Y.
1st Sgt.	Edward G. Przebieda	Chicago, Ill.	Tec. 5	Fred J. Born	Hempstead, N.Y.
T/Sgt.	William R. Holmes	Bridgeport, Conn.	Tec. 5	Clement J. Cote	New Tewksbury, Mass.
S/Sgt.	George W. Allen	Troy, N.Y.	Tec. 5	Joseph J. Darney	New York, N.Y.
S/Sgt.	Angelo Integlia	Providence, R.I.	Tec. 5	Howard A. Lee	Sackets Harbor, N.Y.
S/Sgt.	Bernard J. Knable	New Albany, Ind.	Tec. 5	Foy Odom	Graham, Tex.
S/Sgt.	Frank C. Lovullo	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Tec. 5	Kenneth Ramsden	Schuylerville, N.Y.
S/Sgt.	Francis X. Minogue	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Tec. 5	Lewis P. Shearin	Rocky Mount, N.C.
Sgt.	Vincent H. Carlson	New York, N.Y.	Tec. 5	Anthony F. Taranto	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Sgt.	Louis P. Coenen	West De Perre, Wisc.	Tec. 5	Randall A. Thombs	East Sebago, Me.
Sgt.	James D. Delgado	Fall River, Mass.	Tec. 5	Roswell Timmerman	Watertown, N.Y.
Sgt.	Raymond Le Gault	Haver Hill, Mass.	PFC.	Perry E. Anderson	Shelbyville, Tex.
Sgt.	John P. Llewellyn	New York, N.Y.	PFC.	Robert L. Cavin	Chicago, Ill.
Tec. 4	Joseph P. Berweiler	Elizabeth, N.J.	PFC.	John A. De Vito	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Tec. 4	Raymond B. Orłowski	Buffalo, N.Y.	PFC.	Cosmo Di Bartolo	New York, N.Y.
Tec. 4	Walter J. Smak	Detroit, Mich.	PFC.	Daniel J. Dugan	Garwood, N.J.
Tec. 4	Melvin R. Starkey	Shawnee, Okla.	PFC.	Raymond M. Helgerson	LaCross, Wisc.
Tec. 4	John L. Taylor	Kenley, N.C.	PFC.	Joseph Q. Kane	Summerville, N.J.
Cpl.	Ernest De Feo	Bronx, N.Y.	PFC.	Harold E. Kraan	Detroit, Mich.
Cpl.	Seymour J. Edwards	Lindenhurst, N.Y.	PFC.	Harry Kwasnica	Bronx, N.Y.
Cpl.	Joseph J. Gromek	Jersey City, N.J.	PFC.	Joseph H. Labbe	Hartford, Conn.
Cpl.	Jerald D. Hash	Burkburnett, Tex.	PFC.	James Lasky	New Britain, Conn.
Cpl.	Francis A. Slowick	Woonsocket, R.I.	PFC.	Benjamin D. Looman	Waupun, Wisc.

GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS	GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS
PFC.	Anthony V. Lugo	New York, N.Y.	PFC.	Richard E. Thovson	Veblen, S.D.
PFC.	Harry W. McCurdy	Dora, Pa.	PFC.	Lyle H. Walraven	Bellflower, Cal.
PFC.	William J. McMahon	Carthage, N.Y.	PFC.	Mayo B. Wells	Ivor, Va.
PFC.	Frank Melfi	New York, N.Y.	PFC.	Kurt W. Wissmueller	Detroit, Mich.
PFC.	George K. Morrison	Stockton, Cal.	PFC.	William H. Wright	Steele, Mo.
PFC.	R. E. Olmstead	Buffalo, N.Y.	Pvt.	Dock C. Eldridge	Eldridge, Ky.
PFC.	James O'Rear	Franklin, Tex.	Pvt.	Russell G. Frasier	Athel, Mass.
PFC.	William F. Quirk	Buffalo, Okla.	Pvt.	Michael Marinella	Boston, Mass.
PFC.	John M. Sainato	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Pvt.	Richard D. Sannem	Chicago, Ill.
PFC.	Eldon A. Seifers	Francisco, Ind.	Pvt.	Hurley B. Sparks	Gary, W. Va.
PFC.	Meredith H. Sparks	Anderson, Ind.	Pvt.	Mark T. Wiencek	Chicago, Ill.
PFC.	John A. Sylvester	Chicago, Ill.			

ROSTER OF OFFICERS TRANSFERRED SINCE 4 DECEMBER 1943

2nd Lt. Robert H. Schoeneman Milwaukee, Wisc.

ROSTER OF ENLISTED MEN TRANSFERRED SINCE 4 DECEMBER 1943

Sgt.	Bird R. Edson	Caboy, Vt.	Pvt.	William H. Kirk	Nutley, N.J.
Tec. 4	Peter A. Martinez	Santa Fe, N.M.	Pvt.	Cecil W. Owens	New Bradley, Mich.
Tec. 5	Albert J. Wild	Phoenix, Ariz.	Pvt.	Charles L. Powers	Duquesne, Penn.
PFC.	Ira M. Burnette	Garden, N.M.	Pvt.	Harold D. Roff	Buffalo, N.Y.
Pvt.	Anthony Cardillo	Winstead, Conn.	Pvt.	Carlo S. Rotonto	Faulfield, Conn.
Pvt.	Raymond G. Hoague	Glenn Falls, N.Y.	Pvt.	Bennie J. Scholz	Glen Cove, N.Y.
Pvt.	George E. Hoyt	Bridgeport, Conn.	Pvt.	John F. Seely	Riverside, Calif.

Medical Detachment

OFFICERS

Capt. Jack Rom Pontiac, Mich.

ENLISTED MEN

GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS	GRADE	NAME	HOME ADDRESS
S/Sgt.	Arthur W. Madden	Waterbury, Conn.	Tec. 5	Robert W. P. Ross	Delwin, Tex.
Tec. 3	Frank C. McWhorter	Hugo, Okla.	Tec. 5	Alberto Segura	San Jose, N.M.
Tec. 4	William A. Ricci	Brooklyn, N.Y.	PFC.	Michael Candino	Bayonne, N.J.
Tec. 4	John H. Schmitt	Rennselaer, N.Y.	PFC.	Harold N. Grothe	Homestead, Okla.
Cpl.	Walter C. Purrott	Albany, N.Y.	PFC.	Wilford W. Wallace	Wheeling, W.Va.

ROSTER OF OFFICERS TRANSFERRED SINCE 4 DECEMBER 1943

Capt. Lee Pazow New York, N. Y.

ROSTER OF ENLISTED MEN TRANSFERRED SINCE 4 DECEMBER 1943

PFC.	Salvatore F. A lu	Fair Lawn, N.J.	Pvt.	P atrick M ccarthy	N ew York, N.Y.
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and
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