

the CITY SLICKER

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF 1st BATTALION 311 INFANTRY

MAY 1945

GERMANY

VOLUME 1 NO 1

EAST OF THE RHINE RIVER

Bulletins SERVICES

Church services for the entire battalion will be held each Sunday until further notice in accordance with the following schedule:

Catholic Services
0700 hours in the Church near the Archway in Weilburg
0900 hours in the Church near the Archway in Weilburg
Protestant Church
1100 hours in the area of the 276th Engineers
1300 hours in the battalion C. P. area

MOVIES

Movies will be shown to the battalion at the following places on the dates given:
107th FA and Charlie Co. 7 May 45
H. and Baker Company 11 May 45
Able and 107th FA 11 May 45
Charlie and Baker Co. 19 May 45
H. and Able Co. 23 May 45
107th FA and Charlie Co. 27 May 45

SOFTBALL

The friendly rivalry of the softball players of the battalion is blossoming anew in the warm spring air these days, despite the fact we are now in Germany and not in Virginia. The schedule of the battalion game began Tuesday, May 8, 1945. All games are to be played at 1800 hours and each team is to furnish one umpire, unarmed, of course. The Company Commanders are to see that the games are played as scheduled unless bad weather prevents it. At the end of the season, the winning team — the Champeens — will be awarded a lace dollie by Lt. Flinn, who is in charge of recreation for the battalion. The schedule is:

Tuesday, May 8th
„A“ Co at „D“ Co
„B“ Co at Hq Co
„C“ Co at 107th FA

Friday, May 11th
Hq Co at „A“ Co
107th FA at „B“ Co
„D“ Co at „C“ Co

Tuesday, May 15th
„A“ Co at 107th FA
„B“ Co at „C“ Co
„D“ Co at Hq Co

Friday, May 18th
„C“ Co at „A“ Co
„D“ Co at „B“ Co
Hq Co at 107th FA

EDUCATION AND INFORMATION

A new department has been born in the battalion that is known as the „Education and Information“ Department. 1st Lt. Robert Flinn and his assistants have tackled the job of giving the G. I.'s something to do in their spare time. 1st Lt. David Hornstein is athletic director, 1st Lt. Ernest Smith is in charge of entertainment, S. Sgt. Bernard Grabowski is chief assistant to these three. Cpl. Max Romano is chief clerk, and Pfc. George Connor.

This department is already deep in work and plans to give you every opportunity to derive as much enjoyment and benefit from your new-found spare time as it is possible to do. With the cooperation of you who are to benefit, they have every reason to succeed admirably in their work. It will be to the advantage of every man in the battalion to take an interest in the myriad of things that they will offer you in the next few weeks.

The top item on their list is the contest in conjunction with the Seventh War Loan.

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DEDICATION

In the Hurtgen Forest, in Bickerath, Simmerath, Eldersheid, Dedenborn, Schmidt, On Schwammanuel Dam, the Cologne Plains, across the Rhine River, in Erpel, Unkel, Honnel, Rhondorf, Oberkassel, Königswinter, Beuel, through the Ruhr Pocket many of our comrades died so that we might advance and secure for the American people enduring peace and happiness.

To our fallen comrades we soldiers and all America owe a debt of gratitude which can be repaid only by forever holding down those who would bear arms against us.

To these men, the real heroes of our nation, we dedicate our battalion newspaper.

„FIGHTING MEDICS“

This is the story of the 311th Medical Detachment who has accompanied First Battalion throughout all of its operations, written by one of its members, T. Frank Cashbaugh.

„Hell, that can't be the Rhine River, there's a bridge over it!“

That was the first thought of many a Disbursed Red medic that fateful morning of March 8, as the Remagen Bridge came suddenly into view as the road curved down among the hills. The long line of trucks ground to a halt, and there came that familiar „Wham“ sound. Everyone scrambled off the trucks for the nearest shelter. Pfc. Kirby found himself in a graveyard, but the tombstones didn't look big enough so he traded it for the nearest cellar. After about half an hour, the shelling was deemed over, everyone emerged from the cellar, and the trucks began the mad scramble across the bridge. Of course, the shelling started again, and when our truck stopped right in the middle of the bridge, Doc Hurt deemed it time to take a look at things. He lost some more hair that he could ill afford to lose when he saw that our trailer on the vehicle ahead had come off and was blocking traffic.

M. P.'s were yelling to get that trailer out of the way, and with Pfc. Boyd's and Cpl. Griffin's aid they shoved the trailer out of the way. It is still there at the bottom of the Rhine for all we know. Anyway the crossing was finally accomplished to the accompaniment of some more of those familiar „Whams“ and the „Wop“'s of Kraut artillery. One of our wash-driven by „Hasty“ Hager threw a tread and never did make the crossing, but the other vehicles got over O. K.

Everyone was wondering just who else was across the river, and how much resistance we'd get. It was plenty, and casualties were heavy, but the war went on, and the aid station was moved up to Unkel.

Remember Unkel! Where you jumped off for Honnel? And the town in between wasn't taken yet and the only way back was a „road“ along or in the river. Yeah, I remember Unkel. It was Unkel where communications were necessarily out part of the time, where the night was rainy and black as hell, where you couldn't see two feet ahead of you and if you ran into anyone you didn't know if they were Krauts or not. It was Unkel, where S/Sgt. Munson and Pfc. Nirsche ran onto some Krauts in the dark, and inside them, surrender, although neither medic had a weapon, and used their

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This is your story, Soldier. The story written in blood and heroism of you and your buddies. You can be proud of this story because it is one of heroic achievement despite all that once invincible German Army could do to prevent its end in victory and triumph.

It was 0800 hours on the morning of March 8, 1945 that the men of the First Battalion found themselves loaded on trucks lined up in a tiny German town on the Cologne Plains, a little west of Euskirchen. There had been some rumors of crossing the Rhine, but no one was sure of our destination. As the convoy got under way and rolled through village after village, everyone busied himself in speculation on where we were going and what we were getting into. The low-hanging clouds and intermittent showers of rain that beat on the weary faces of the Infantrymen like showers of ice couldn't dampen the spirits of these men who had run roughshod over all the German defenses of the Cologne Plains. They sang loudly and insulted each other humorously when discussing their abilities as soldiers. That they would soon be battling the Germans again, they knew, but they faced the fact with a confidence born of faith in their company, battalion and regiment. Come what may, the good old „First Bat“ would account for itself well.

After about three hours of bouncing along on the smooth, hard slats that pass for a seat on a G. I. truck, the city of Remagen came into view far below the edge of the road, which the road traveled and there, too, though they couldn't see it. As the convoy rolled into Remagen, the First Bat Doughboys wondered at the quietness and at the manner in which the tank crews lolled around their big tanks as if they were waiting for something to happen. It began to happen right about then. As if the approach of the convoy toward the river was a signal, the Jerry artillery went to work. The loud scream, faintly reminiscent of the high-speed passenger trains that speed you home on furlough back in the States, told them at once that Jerry was throwing in some really „big stuff“ and throwing it mighty close.

That there was anything historic or epic-sounding about the Ludendorff Bridge across the Rhine River did not occur to the men as the trucks that they crowded in rolled onto the bridge and straight into the fire of the enemy big guns. Right then, the one thing on the mind of every Joe was the four hundred yards that separated him from terra-firma on the opposite bank. The EAST bank, of the river. An Infantryman feels pretty helpless in a lumbering truck, on a narrow bridge, and without any opportunity to bring his M-1 into play against his tormentors. Every man breathed a sigh of relief as the trucks finally rolled off the bridge and onto the good earth that is the ally of every foot-soldier. In the few minutes time that it took to cross the bridge, these men had made history and shortened the war in Europe by months, perhaps, yet they grinned at each other and said simply, „I'm glad that's over!“

On the eastern end of the bridge a traffic tie-up began and left many of the vehicles exposed beyond the protecting slopes of „Ack-Ack“ Hill which had been taken by elements of the Ninth Armored Division. The enemy fire would surely smash these vehicles unless something was done immediately. Pfc. Harvey Wense, of the Medical Detachment, dived from jeep and shoved aside his trailer that had become unhooked and Sgt. Edward Malony, Motor sergeant of „D“ Company, legs pumping mightily as he raced up and down the convoy, raised commands at the drivers of the vehicles until he had straightened out the muddle and had the column well dispersed and under cover.

As the doughboys dismounted from the trucks, they were greeted by the lifeless

body of a Ninth Armored Division soldier kneeling in the street with his rifle clutched in fingers stiffened by death. There seemed something prophetic in the position of his rifle that pointed in the direction of the enemy. This was indicative of the many men of the First Battalion who were to fall in the next days — always forward with faces and silenced weapon pointing toward the ever-present enemy in front.

The soldiers crawled from the trucks and assembled rapidly. There was no more doubt or uncertainty about what they were going to do, where they were going, or what the situation was going to be. The First Battalion was about to begin the fight to strengthen and spread the Remagen Bridgehead so that the multitude of equipment and supplies necessary for an Army in combat could pour across the Rhine River. Lt. Col. Lyle Kennedy assembled his company commanders for hurried conference in his Command Post, which was a jeep parked in one of the twisted streets of Erpel. The companies were rapidly assembled, given final instructions, and „pushed off“ into the attack in a matter of minutes. The fighting began some 500 yards from the Ludendorff Bridge. Their mission was to drive north along the bank of the river and keep driving until the Remagen bridgehead was no longer vulnerable to enemy counterattacks.

The fight had started and it was to be a desperate fight for days to come.

„C“ Company moved out of Erpel and cautiously advanced toward the town of Unkel, about a mile and one half distant. German planes strafed the men of the company and they scattered for whatever cover was available diving under vehicles, into doorways, and hugging the shallow gutters of the streets. After the planes had gone, the first and second platoons had the advance and the third platoon followed closely, each of them staying close to the river's bank and gleaming all the protection possible from the hills rising on their right flank. As the company closed in on the town of Unkel, raging small-arms fire pinned the entire company down. The 81mm mortars of „D“ Company and supporting artillery fire soon, however, made it possible to enter the town. „A“ and „B“ Companies moved out of Erpel as soon as „C“ Company entered Unkel and began to search for and ferret out any German positions and soldiers that „C“ had missed. In a short time, the town was completely cleared and the entire battalion moved in. The First Battalion had taken its first town east of the Rhine.

The battalion moved out toward the city of Honnel in the early darkness of the next morning. The men struggled along a narrow trail along the river's edge and managed to stay together only by clinging to each other's packs. They fell often, but not a sound was uttered despite an intense desire to swear when they skidded face down on the hard-packed earth. Lt. Jack Hoyle of „C“ Company and his platoon chose a house to assemble in until time for the attack at the end of the six mile march through darkness. On entering the house, they found it occupied by a German officer and 13 men, who gave up promptly when they were confronted by the grim-faced Infantrymen. This was far from indicative of the conduct of the enemy intended to resist with everything at his command. Artillery, mortar, and small-arms fire continually smashed at the men from the hills on the right flank as the companies moved slowly forward. Soon a report came down that an enemy force of 600 men had been given the mission of retaking the Ludendorff Bridge at all costs. A message dropped by a liaison plane and

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THE CITY SLICKER

Published for and by the men of the First Battalion, 311th Infantry, of the 78th "Lightning" Division.

STAFF

Lt. Col. Lyle J. Kennedy Commanding
Capt. John C. Rowan Supervisor
Pfc George W. Buck Editor
Pfc George S. Connor Copy Editor
Pfc Lawrence Hingt Interpreter

EDITORIALS

On a recent inspection of our Battalion Area, Major General Edwin P. Parker extended his thanks to Lt. Col. Kennedy, our battalion commander, for the "amazing performance your men have given in the past four months. I am truly proud of all of you."

We, too, are proud and honestly grateful to our Division Commander for his splendid leadership and planning that aided us in doing our job.

In case you're wondering how the name of our new battalion paper came about, here it is. The name "City Slickers" was tagged to the First Battalion by General Parker way back in Beul. On a visit to the battalion C. P. there, he said, "The First Battalion, 311th Infantry, is now known as Division Headquarters as the "City Slickers" for the manner in which they have moved through and captured so many towns."

So was born our newest monicker!

If you wish to send this first copy of the "City Slicker" home through the mail, the best method is to fold it and put it into an envelope. It this manner it will travel in the safety given first class mail and get there quicker and in better condition.

BITS OF WIT

You'd think Able Company had captured only two towns in their months of fighting when you talk to some of them. Their only reply to the question, "What towns have you captured?" is always "Beats Hell Outa Me" or "Damned if I Know."

It has been definitely proven that "Alice Kaput" is not the girlfriend of "Nick Verstehen!"

Advice to the wolves: Sure, she looks like a million bucks — and she'll cost you that much if you fall for that come hither smile! Wait'll you get to Paris.

Now that the Wehrmacht is through, What are we going to do? Will we stay here to rot and die. Or will we go to the C. B. L.? Some future!

The Lieutenant inquired of the G. I., "Is your C. O. in the C. P.?"

"Yes, Sir," was the quick response. The officer went into the building and found no-one there.

"There's nobody in there, Soldier, didn't you know that?" asked the irked Lieutenant.

"I know that, Sir my C. P. is four doors down the street!" was the nonchalant reply.

Favorite song of Baker Company men is "Praise the Lord, the Ammunition Passed Me."

A Quartermaster man approached a Charlie Company dough and offered to buy any souvenirs that he had accumulated at the front.

"Haven't got a thing", was the response of the dough.

"You mean that you were at the front for months and didn't pick up a single souvenir?", asked the unbelieving Q. M. man.

"Bud, all I want from this war is a faint recollection", replied the dough as he walked away.

The Rifleman walked into the Mess Hall. "You like pea soup?", inquired the first cook.

"Nah, I don't."

"Maybe corned beef hash?" hopefully.

"Nope."

"Coffee?"

"No coffee."

"In that case, Sonny, you've just finished eating for this meal", was the cook's response.

AS THEY SEE US

COLONEL WILLINGHAM

From Col. Chester M. Willingham, our Regimental Commander, and to us a leader and a soldiers Officer comes the following message.

To the officers and men of the First Battalion, I extend my congratulations and thanks for the job you have done. From December 13, 1944, to April 16, 1945, you have proved yourselves upon the field in battle against the best armies the enemy had in his country. You have beaten him decisively and thoroughly, and helped to win for our great country an assurance of enduring peace to come.

I am proud to be your commander and with God's help and guidance I shall continue to give to you, my soldiers, the best leadership of which I am capable of giving.

THE BATTALION COMMANDER

This is a message from Lt. Col. Lyle J. Kennedy, our Battalion Commander, to the men of the First Battalion.

Men of the First Battalion, it is with pleasure I take this opportunity to extend greetings and congratulations to you for the excellent performance attained in the campaigns of the battalion. It has been tested under the severest of battle conditions and at no time has it been found wanting. It is indeed a pleasure for a commander to have an organization made up of such fine representatives of American soldiers, both officers and men, as we have here. No matter how difficult the assignment, I never failed to accomplish our mission and take the objective assigned.

Your cheerful attitude and efficient aggressive action under the most trying conditions clearly demonstrates why the American Infantryman is unbeatable on the field of battle. You can be justly proud of the part this battalion played in the final victories now being realized in this theater.

We are now faced with a new mission of security and enforcement of Military Law in a conquered country. I have every confidence that our record will be as good on this mission as it is on the field of battle. Let us always remember we are, first of all, soldiers and gentlemen of a great and proud nation. We will always be proud of our ability at all times.

EDUCATION AND INFORMATION

(Continued from page 1)

Drive. Lt. Flinn is trying to bring to every man's attention the opportunity for winning one of the ten automobiles or Frigidaires that can be won with a little effort and a little luck. It seems that all you have to do is to write a letter of not more than 250 words or less than 50 words on the subject, "My Savings and Post-War Plans". The only requirement other than that is that you do one of three things: (1) have a Class "B" allotment now in effect, (2) take out a new Class "B" allotment, (3) or buy a bond for cash anytime after May 1, 1945. You can get the full particulars from the literature and posters that will be soon distributed.

Then there are movies and softball schedules already set up for the coming few weeks.

In a more nebulous stage at this time are plans for a battalion band and German language school. In the event that enough men of the battalion show the necessary interest in these two projects, they will blossom into full life any day now. The instruments for the band can be secured with little trouble, in case that is worrying you. The biggest problem right now is finding someone with enough musical background to organize and direct the band. If you know anyone who could, or would, handle this job tell him to get in touch with Lt. Flinn and get the ball rolling. The German language school should interest a lot of you men. We have in the battalion two or three men who will make excellent instructors and the success of this venture depends only on the interest shown.

A more tangible aspect of the program is the big extravaganza to be put on in Braunfels at 1400 hours, on Wednesday, May 9th, by cast of Russians from the Displaced Persons camp. A pre-view of this show seen by a few members of the battalion was quite entertaining. Of course, you won't be able to understand the dialogue, but the dancing, singing, and allied horseplay will make it a two and one-half hours well spent. The costumes are the most colorful ones this side of Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe. It is rumored that Cpl. Harry Dubets of Headquarters Company will be

Everybody Wins

We like The Stars and Stripes War Bond Contest. We like the idea of a soldier getting a new car without cost. We like the idea of ten soldiers getting new cars ten times as much.

We like the contest because it will help sell War Bonds and because the contestants are required to salt away some dough by buying bonds or making allotments.

But most of all we like the contest because all the contestants and the whole United States will be winners.

Every letter can't win a car or a refrigerator. But every letter writer is doing a lot of thinking about what he's going to do when he gets out of uniform, and he's thinking about it hard enough to organize his thoughts into a postwar plan and putting it down on paper.

The more care he takes in shaping his plan now, the better will be his plan and the greater will be the likelihood that it will work out. Every writer who pushes his own postwar plan along that much is a winner. It will be nice if he cops a car, too, but car or no car, he's a winner.

After the last war a lot of veterans were discharged into an unsettled economy. The country's plans for them and their plans for their country were as vague as pea soup.

If this man's army goes home with definite plans and the determination to carry them out, it will make ours a stronger country, a richer country and a happier country.

The pay-off of this contest can't be measured in automobiles and refrigerators.

Master of Ceremonies and act as interpreter at the same time.

This new department is also in charge of U. S. A. F. I. work in the battalion. You, of course, know by now about what the Armed Forces Institute has to offer you in the way of self-teaching and correspondence courses. Lt. Flinn says that the only difficulty might arise in misunderstanding about particular courses that USAFI doesn't offer or about extension courses from particular universities that you wish to do your work with. In case that you have a problem of this nature, it is advisable to write directly to the school that you wish to secure courses of this nature from and upon settling on the courses you want, make application through USAFI headquarters in Madison, Wisconsin for the courses. In a case of this nature, USAFI will foot half the cost of the course up to \$ 40.00 you will have to pay all except \$ 20.00 of the bill.

That is the gist of what the new "Education and Information" department is doing now. It looks like a beautiful start with a promising future. The ambitious and hard-working boss of the show is confident that he is going to accomplish much in the coming weeks.

RED DOG THREE

The period from March 8th until April 17th on paper, seems like a very insignificant space of time, yet, to the men of Red Dog 3, mortar platoon of "D" Company, it could easily seem a lifetime. In fact, for many of them, it was almost just that. Now that the mind can calmly collect its thoughts again, those days appear as memorable ones. Now when the boys look back, they remember only the amusing and outlandish things that happen and ignore the innumerable instances of personal valor and skill that cropped up in a typical American manner.

Take, for instance, Pfc Stewart Russ of Fort Plains, N. Y., Recollection of his personal crossing of the Rhine River always nets him a hearty laugh. He'll tell you that his jeep had nine lives that day and that he didn't know that the old "shebang" had it in her, but he won't tell you that the gods were really smiling at him, too, that day for only seconds before his vehicle received the well-known "works" from enemy 120mm fire, he had been at the wheel and with the radiator and motor badly rattled, he brought his vehicle, an 81mm mortar and its crew, and a full combat load of ammunition safely across the Ludendorf Bridge.

Every section of the platoon can well be proud of its drivers for they've always braved themselves men of initiative and unlimited capabilities. If you want proof try a dish of Pfc William "The Bear" Lassen's famous chicken soup sometime, and he can also drop those H. E. shells in the tube with the best of them. "The Bear" comes from Detroit, Mich., and reached the pinnacle of success at Honnet on their 12th of March when he brought up a full load of ammunition, cooked a meal for the boys, and assisted the No. 1 gunner in firing a barrage while the other men ate.

Cpl Joe Wells of Belton, Texas, will probably never tell you himself, but the third platoon gun likes to talk about that day back in a small Sieg River village, he and Pfc Garvin Curd of Buchanan County,

Tenn., spotted a Kraut sniper, Wells drew a bead on him and flattened him with the first round, which effectively stopped the Jerry's attempts to knock out a couple of mortarmen. Cpl. Wells is now recovering from wounds received in the Ruhe Pocket drive and his buddies of the platoon all wish him a speedy return.

S. Sgt. Michael Hunniford, section sergeant, can tell you all about the day that Cpl. Wells was hit, along with four others of his section, and the entire section was peppered and shaken by enemy fire. Sgt. Hunniford readily admit that he was almost a Section Sergeant without a section that day, and the section will also tell you that the reserve of that was almost true, too. Another section sergeant, S. Sgt. "Bud" Luisele of Providence, R. I. had just returned to the outfit about this time after recovering from wounds received some time before. He again took his place as forward observer with a rifle company. Within three days, he was back on a litter and on his way to an evacuation hospital, it was written off Sgt. Loissele, to remark in a letter to the Platoon Leader, Lt. Sherwood Berg, that there was enough shrapnel removed from his anatomy to start a scrap drive. Sgt. Loissele is back with the platoon now. The old adage that "you can get a good man down, but you can't keep him there", holds very true of this good-humored "FO".

The other section sergeant of the platoon is S. Sgt. Clarence Childers of Topoka, Kansas. He is probably the quietest of the "Schickselgrubers", as the section sergeants were called in the old days in Camp Pickett, Virginia. It won't be too easy for "Chill" to forget the day he was evacuated for headaches and stomach pains when only an hour before, while being fired on directly by a German tank, he had taken cover in a barn in which a shell went through the wall that he was crouching next to and out through the opposite wall without exploding. He didn't receive a scratch from the man-made hell that roared around him, but failed to dodge the onslaughts of man's mortal enemy, "the germ". He'll be the butt of many a chiding remark when he returns to again take over his duties.

There's a gunner in the platoon named William Wilson. He is a Cpl., and comes from Covington, Ohio, "Doc", as he is often called, proved that nickname was well-earned when he skillfully applied first aid to his wounded squad leader who was seriously wounded during an artillery barrage.

There are a number of men in the platoon like Lt. John Murphy, S. Sgt. Harold Grady, Pfc Richard Humes, and Pfc John Lavor who are with the assaulting elements of the rifle platoons to maintain constant cover for them by the big 81 mm guns. They observe and direct fire of the guns and carry the radios that transmit the directions through the dangers that are a part of many missions. It is always with the thought that the riflemen deserve the best, that they accompany them to insure close support of the guns because that was their way of giving "the best".

These are the men of Red Dog 3. The biggest tribute that can be paid to them was given by Lt. Berg, their own friend and leader, when he said that he wouldn't trade one section for any other whole platoon in the E. T. O.

East of Rhine

picked up by the communications officer, Lt. George Priborsky, confirmed this report and stated that this force was advancing toward Rheinbriedbach in the second battalion sector. The situation was beginning to look dark, indeed, for the First Battalion, but they continued to push relentlessly forward into the outskirts of Honnef, a city with a population of 13,000 during peacetime. Lt. Harold Rhine, commanding "A" Company at the time, was hit in the leg by shrapnel during the early part of this attack, but refused to be evacuated and remained to direct the work of his company despite the painful wounds that almost made it impossible for him to walk. The Nazis were resisting desperately here and every house, street, and intersection was taken only after a bitter struggle. The many veterans of this type of fighting, like S. Sgt. Paul Dungee of "A" Company, were slowly and surely clearing the city, however. It was during this day's fighting that SS troops opened up on Wehrmacht soldiers who tried to surrender to "C" Company and nearly annihilated "C" Company's headquarters platoon in the process.

The first night in Honnef was a nightmare few men will forget. The vehicles of the battalion under the guidance of Lt. John Robinson, Motor Transportation Officer, and Sgt. Muehlend Mitterer, Motor Sergeant, moved from Unkel to Honnef under a hail of mortar and artillery fire in the deceptive light of dusk. Drivers hunched over the wheels of their jeeps and sat along as shells hit behind them and in front of them. Tec 4 John Watts of "B" Company watched jagged holes appear in the body of his jeep and prayed that the convoy would soon reach the protecting buildings of the city. It eventually did without the loss of a single vehicle.

As darkness settled and the night wore on the battalion buttoned up in the tiny part of the city that they held. Enemy tanks and patrols roamed the streets unmolested, as every doghouse prayed for the dawn that would enable him to see them. A raging artillery duel smashed and ripped throughout the night and everyone wondered whether the shells that burst so close were incoming or outgoing "mail". The enemy positions were so close that there was no way to tell. A German tank almost ran down the wire crew of Tec 4 Casey Mercer as they jacked along street, attempting to lay wire from the battalion to the companies. The same tank caught an anti-tank gun of the battalion in the process of going into action and both the gunner, Cpl. Leo Naprienok, and the squad leader, S. Sgt. Donald Fishburn, were killed while trying to turn their gun upon the tank.

The battle for Honnef continued to rip and smash with both the enemy and the First Battalion taking severe losses. On the northern outskirts of the city, there rose a steep and rugged mountain that looked down upon all that went on in the city below. This was the notorious Hill No. 307 on which the Germans had placed all the direct fire weapons that they could muster. The formidable 88's tracked speeding jeeps through the streets, and individual soldiers sprinted like deer when exposed to escape the hail of 40 mm and 20 mm fire that smashed around them. The dreaded "Screeching Meemies" roared their defiance from the safety of the hilltop. The First Battalion, wondering if their buddies on the right, the second battalion would ever be able to clear that hill and stop the nerve-wracking fire that constantly poured from it.

The next three days was a continuous battle for Honnef. The enemy was throwing fresh troops into the fight constantly. These troops were being drawn from the north, in the sector that the Ninth Army eventually made its spectacular crossing of the Rhine. Unknowingly, the First Battalion was making that crossing easier by forcing the German High Command to re-inforce the troops in the Remagen Bridgehead sector at the expense of the defenses of the counterattack of tanks and Infantry smashed by the beautifully co-ordinated work of Tank Destroyers, Tanks, Artillery, and Infantry. Engineers and Infantrymen worked constantly installing mines in front of company positions, often having to repeat their work because civilians removed these mines under cover of darkness in the hope that the Wehrmacht could drive the Americans from the city. Mortar gunners of "D" Company, Harry Cummings and Bill Shafer and others, kept the cubsof their 81 mm gun hot as they fired upon target

after, target despite the artillery that continually searched and probed the ground for their positions. By this time, the entire second battalion had joined the First in the fight for Honnef and, as the fight progressed, more and more heavy artillery of the First Army joined the battle from positions on the west bank of the river.

The last counterattack was driven off at about 2700 hours on the morning of March 12th when a tank was destroyed in front of "B" Company. The tank had been temporarily stopped by a mine and S. Sgt. Robert Patterson of "B" Company climbed up on it and dropped a hand-grenade into the hatch. The city of Honnef had been taken and the First Battalion was awaiting further orders. Despite the ragged nerves that had been torn by four days of terrific fire of all types and ever that were red-rimmed and burning from lack of sleep, they were ready to go. The bridgehead was only nine miles long and three wide and that wasn't nearly large enough. They didn't wait long until the order to push on the North started them moving the following morning.

The advance that day was slow, very slow. The enemy was still pushing fresh troops into the fight and they struggled mightily to stop the oncoming doughface. Small-arms, artillery, mortars, and direct fire from anti-aircraft guns continually smashed and ripped into any elements that were exposed and kept up harassing fire along the line of advance at all times. However, after the ordeal of Honnef, the fighting didn't seem too rough to the advancing companies. By the night of March 14th, the companies had secured themselves on the northern edge of the tiny town of Rhondorf and were preparing for the attack on the famous Rhineland resort city of Konigswinter.

From the first advance from Erpel until this time, the service units of the battalion had been doing a magnificent job under the most difficult circumstances that they had ever encountered. Supplies, rations and ammunition were transported under fire continually, yet Lt. Jack Williams and his men somehow managed to keep rations and water to the companies. The Ammunition and Pioneer Platoon had suffered a number of casualties, but it hadn't slowed the flow of ammunition in any respect and they continued to evacuate prisoners promptly. You could tell that those boys were tired, however, as they dragged their heavy combat boots along and cursed the POW's they were evacuating. Tec 4 John Frank and others at the motor pool worked for eight to twenty hours every day repairing tires and vehicles that had been wrecked by shrapnel, mines, and collisions during night driving.

The capture of Konigswinter was completed in the late afternoon of March 16th and the battalion command post was set up in the center of the city. The over-joyed forced laborers from occupied countries that had been freed of their killing labors in the underground factories that surrounded the city nearly tore the men apart in their anxiety to be the first to show their gratitude. The German fight against the advance had apparently lost most of its power because the capture of Konigswinter was accomplished with comparatively light resistance. The greatest difficulty through out the advance from Rhondorf was in maintaining contact with the elements on our right flank. Patrols led by Lt. Harry Mesier of "B" Company and Lt. Joseph Golding (then platoon sergeant) of "A" Company finally accomplished this job. The doughs congratulated themselves on the capture of the famed wine-cellars of Konigswinter, but the Military Government men soon put up "Off Limits" signs on all the cellars and posted M. P.'s to add emphasis to the order.

The following day, the battalion advanced to, and captured Oberdellendorf. The enemy was well dug in and put up more fight than was anticipated during this advance. "A" Company seemed to be having the most trouble. While "B" and "C" Companies slowed to give them a chance to come on line, automatic fire and direct fire from an Anti-tank gun had them virtually stopped. Finally the third platoon under the leadership of Lt. Henry Lipe and platoon sergeant Vere Swesey maneuvered into position to capture the Anti-tank gun and effectively silence most of the automatic fire. The men of the third platoon really demonstrated the stuff that soldiers are made of on that day. Despite the resistance met by "A" Company, casualties were light and the battalion captured 83 prisoners before buttoning up for the night on line in

the northern edge of Oberdellendorf.

The next day's fighting was a replica of the two days previous. The companies advanced slowly, calling upon their supporting tanks, tank destroyers, and artillery to neutralize the innumerable anti-tank guns, direct fire 88's, and 20 mm and 40mm anti-aircraft guns that were encountered. It was here that Pfc David Williams, runner from "C" Company, on his way back to bring up the tanks, noticed an Ack-Ack gun and several machine-guns in a building. When he stopped to investigate, a German Lieutenant and nineteen men — who were supposed to man these weapons — surrendered to the flabbergasted runner, who never did get his rifle off his shoulder.

The advance kept moving despite small-arms fire that broke out repeatedly. The heavy return fire of the assaulting elements soon took the fight out of German riflemen and machinegunners on these occasions and the backed up slowly. Enemy tanks and vehicles seemed to be retreating in a most caves instead of remaining to fight off the American riflemen. The city of Oberkassel fell late in the afternoon. "C" Company had a difficult job in routing a German unit that was holding a factory in the outskirts of the town. The superb work of the men in Lt. James Burgess' heavy machine-gun section and the withering fire of the light machine-guns of Pfc Robert Lytle and Pfc Eugene Sandy enabled "C" Company to finally overcome the Nazis in the factory. As an "A" Company platoon entered the town from the right along an unprotected road they almost walked into the arms of a large group of Germans that were in position in the yard of a large house. The riflemen scurried for the little cover afforded by scrub brush in the fields around the road while Pfc Calvin VanNewkirk set up his light machine gun under direct observation of the enemy and opened fire. As his machine gun chattered into life, the Germans began to sing out with the now familiar "Kame-rad". Probably the most unusual occurrence of the day happened when Pfc Harry Hurley and Pfc Alexander Kirklianskas were plucked down by fire from a 40mm gun manned by a lone civilian when they were going forward with a "100" radio. Oberkassel was finally cleared about dusk and assigned the operations for March 19th.

That night Col. Willingham, Regimental Commander, told the battalion commander that the next day's operations would be the final drive by all elements on the northern side of the Remagen Bridgehead to reach the Sieg River which had been chosen to be the northern boundary of the bridgehead. That meant that the First Battalion would have to advance roughly five miles and capture the city of Beuel, which was opposite the city of Bonn. The Third Armored Division had captured Bonn a few days before and were waiting for us before establishing a bridge to replace those blown by the retreating Germans. Lt. Col. Kennedy, battalion commander, secured permission to delay the "jump off" on that morning until the elements on our right flank had cleared some of the hills and draws that would surely furnish excellent positions for the enemy to fire into our flank.

The battalion began to advance at 0800 hours on March 20th from their positions on the outskirts of Oberkassel. Units on our right had silenced enemy mortar and artillery fire from that direction as Lt. Col. Kennedy had anticipated and the assaulting elements advanced fairly rapidly with little difficulty. Patrols kept constant contact with elements on our right as the advance continued. In this area, the Germans had a magnificent defensive set-up and the advance had captured Bonn a few days before and were waiting for us before establishing a bridge to replace those blown by the retreating Germans. Lt. Col. Kennedy, battalion commander, secured permission to delay the "jump off" on that morning until the elements on our right flank had cleared some of the hills and draws that would surely furnish excellent positions for the enemy to fire into our flank.

Thus the fight for a strong and substantial bridgehead was completed. The First Battalion had fought steadily for twelve days along the banks of the historic Rhine

River and few men of them will ever forget it. The German Army had done everything in its power to stop it and could not. They had fought their way roughly fifteen miles against stubborn resistance and captured more than 1200 prisoners. The memorable bridge at Remagen had collapsed during that time, but a number of pontoon bridges had been erected and the flow of traffic onto the eastern bank was uninterrupted. On March 22nd, the First Infantry Division and Third Armored Division broke through the bridgehead and began the drive eastward that brought about the link-up with forces of the Ninth Army and sealed off the now famed Ruhr Pocket. The tired and battered First Battalion paid little heed to these developments, however. They were enjoying four days of blissful rest in the city of Beuel that they richly deserved: the first rest of any length of time since they had begun the advance across the Cologne Plains far back in February. Movies, showers, clean clothes, Red Cross Club-mobles, and many other things helped the men to relax and thoroughly enjoy themselves.

It was in Beuel that Tech. Sgt. Grant Mullin and Pfc Andrew Pike found a drunken German soldier wandering around and brought him in to "C" Company's C. P. They held him there that night with the intention of sending him to the battalion headquarters in the morning. The Kraut slept well on G. I. blankets and ate a hearty American breakfast on the next morning. He found these things so pleasant that he secured permission to go back to his unit and eventually returned with thirteen of his comrades who had decided that the chance to get in on the American food was too much to resist.

After a few days of rest, the First Battalion was ordered to take over and hold defensive positions along the southern banks of the Sieg River to protect the advancing elements of the First Army against possible counterattacks from the north flank. On the night of March 26th the battalion moved into positions along a 3000 yard front. The job was completed about 0800 hours on the following day in the vicinity of Junkenbach. No action, other than patrols, took place along the front. The Germans watched the Yanks and wondered what they would do next across the river and the Yanks watched the Germans and wondered if they would attempt to smash through them to cut off the part of the First Army that was east of them. On one occasion, two Russian forced laborers guided a patrol led by S. Sgt. Kirsteiner of "A" Company to the river, but were unable to get across it due to enemy observation.

While the battalion was in this position, Capt. John Waters, battalion surgeon, delivered a baby to a German mother with the aid of Tec 4 Daniel Greenberg, Pfc B. J. Burke, and Tec 4 Dick Wells of the Medical Detachment. The "Doc" was proud of this operation as any company commander has ever been of a particularly brilliant maneuver. Incidentally, Capt. Waters delivered a baby unassisted sometime later in the town of Heinebach.

On March 28th the battalion moved to new positions approximately ten miles east of Junkenbach, but still along the banks of the Sieg. Here the battalion C. P. was set up in the town of Luscheld and the companies took positions in the surrounding villages. Sniper fire and artillery gave trouble quite often, but the front was generally very quiet. Patrols by the Germans and Americans made up the only activity. On one occasion, an artillery liaison jeep found itself under fire when it ran in front of "B" Company's position. The occupants abandoned the jeep and later in the afternoon Pfc William Brown and Pfc Walter Nelson of "B" Company raced to the vehicle, and drove it back to safety under a hail of enemy small-arms and automatic fire.

On one of the patrols across the river S. Sgt. Nickoli Diak and his men encountered a German SS trooper in a town held by the Germans. Here a long argument ensued in which both the SSer and Sgt. Diak tried to convince the other to surrender. The argument led to no place, so the SS trooper gave the alarm and brought fire on the patrol, after which he was promptly eliminated by the sergeant. The ever-ready mortars of "B" Company and Lt. Berg's "D" Company mortars boxed in the patrol after this occurrence and provided cover for its escape without the loss of a man.

While the First Battalion held its positions around Luscheld, the Ruhr Pocket had been completely sealed off by the junc-

tion of the First and Ninth Armies in the East. This pocket was roughly 100 miles long and 50 miles wide and held more than 300,000 German soldiers. Plans were being formulated at Army Headquarters for a concerted push on a front of 75 miles along the southern rim of the pocket and the 28th Division was to take part in this clean-up. The Germans in the pocket had already tried two or three break-throughs in the eastern end of the pocket, but they had been stopped by elements of the First Army. The first plan of attack was to have the 311th Infantry attack from an assembly area fifty miles east of the positions it held, but a change in plans was made and they pushed off from the positions that they were holding on the morning of April 6th. The First Battalion was attached to the 39th Infantry for this operation and were to attack at the same time. The mission of the First Battalion was to mop up behind the other elements of the 39th, "B" and "C" Companies crossed the river at a little past noon and began to move south, encountering light resistance as they advanced. "A" Company crossed the river later in the afternoon and established a road block at the town of Dottenfeld to prevent the Germans from interfering with American troops and equipment that was crossing the river. The elements of the battalion were widely scattered and contact and co-ordination were extremely difficult to maintain. During the day, the battalion cleared Hausen and Rosbach and took up positions extending eastward along the river for the night.

On the following morning, the rifle companies began to move cross-country in an East-Northeast direction, all companies and the battalion C. P. was towed to Rosbach. The companies over-ran town after town as they advanced. Hay, Persevan, Ebingen, Renshage, Vierbirchen, and many others were cleared by the marching doughboys. Hundreds of enemy vehicles were seen, wrecked, burning, or simply out of use as the Germans rushed to escape the oncoming Yanks. The enemy defenses began to strengthen as the battle progressed and heavy automatic fire began to pour in. A group of Germans got in behind "C" Company and gave a lot of trouble before they were subdued and captured. Enemy self-propelled guns, in hit-and-run attacks, continually harassed the advancing companies. On April 9th, the battalions continued to advance, taking the towns of Heide, Brandhausen, Berghausen, Rolsingen, and finally took up positions extending from Berghausen to Heide. The battalion was to hold here until other elements of the 39th Infantry cleaned out a small pocket in front of that position. Here orders were received to relieve the second battalion of the 39th Infantry when the job at Heide was finished and the battalion reverted to control of the 311th Infantry at the same time. This was accomplished the early part of the night. The companies marched about twelve miles in the darkness and took up the new positions and the battalion C. P. was set up in Bocklingen. The fighting during the day had proved that the Germans were putting up resistance and it tended to stop the Americans, if possible.

On the following morning, the battalion again moved out from its positions in the vicinity of Bocklingen when the permission to move was given by the Regimental Commander. "A" Company was exposed on the slopes of a hill as soon as they moved. The Krauts jumped on them with everything they had. Ack-Ack fire sent riflemen skidding for cover, but the tankers attached to "A" had to sit and take it. A Tank Destroyer and Tank were knocked out by the terrific fire from the enemy. S. Sgt. Robert Bandow saw the plight of the tankers that were trapped in their burning tank and jumped from his safe position and went to them. He dragged them from inside the burning tank and extinguished their flaming clothes, despite the rain of enemy fire that fell around him. Later in the morning, light resistance was met by "B" and "C" companies and the resistance seemed to increase as the morning went on. The companies pushed ahead despite the increasing resistance and more and more towns fell as they advanced. In the town of Erdingen, a squad of "A" Company men walked into a house and were amazed to see a German tank pull out from the other end of the building and take off. The companies were getting so many prisoners that evacuation was becoming a difficult problem. When the Germans came face to face with the Americans, most of the fight went out of

them and they surrendered docilely. The fighting had been heavy throughout the day, although the casualties were not too bad. The companies buttoned up in the towns of Denklingen, Loffelstert, and Schubenbach.

The Air Corps and other sources of information had reported a large Armored counterattack forming in the vicinity of Elbe, a town about ten miles north of our positions that night. Where the counterattack would go was uncertain, but preparations were made all along the First Battalion front for any eventuality. Bazookas and Anti-tank guns were arranged for a defense in depth and the 39th Field Artillery was brought up into close support positions and set its guns for direct fire. Mines were laid wherever possible. After the preparations, the battalion settled back to "sweat out" the night. The few Tank Destroyers that were in support would surely fail badly in case of a large Armored attack. Capture of several members of the crack Ninth German Panzer Division during the day added weight to the fears of the battalion commander. Lt. Robert Flins, Battalion Sergeant, mightily to secure more definite information on the movements of German tanks and troops to our front, but to no avail. The night passed and the expected attack did not come. Either it had gone in another direction or the work of the Ninth Tactical Air Command, that was supporting air elements for the 311th Infantry, had broken up the planned counterattack. Pfc. Ruben Pennell of "A" Company, Pfc. Delbert Millander of "B" Company, and Pfc. Michael Majeske of "C" Company ruefully gazed at their Bazookas when the morning brought no tanks and had difficulty hiding their disappointment in not getting at least one crack at a Jerry tank.

The next morning, the battalion turned slightly and began to move Northwest; it had been attacking due North since leaving control of the 39th Infantry. Apparently, the main defense of the Ruhr Pocket in this area had been broken now because the battalion advanced four miles during the day over extremely rough terrain with very light resistance. The German towns of Herscheid, Furken, Eulen, Loffelstert, Brudien, Angulerten, and Billingshausen were overrun by the advancing doughs. Lt. Blinn's Observation Posts reported large numbers of German troops and vehicles moving West during the day to escape the Infantrymen. By this time a lot of feet were beginning to ache and burn in the battalion. These men had been marching for five days now and it was beginning to tell. First Sergeants Jewell Allen and Albert Tolbert were reminded of the old days at Camp Butler and practice marches up "Misery" Hill and Tec 3, "Pop" Hurt at the Aid Station gave out the only medicine that he had for sore feet—sympathy!

The rapid advance of the First Battalion and other elements of the 311th had begun to give trouble in one respect. It was becoming more difficult hourly to maintain contact with the 39th Infantry on the flank. Capt. Collins, "C" Commander, was justly and extremely worried as the advance continued, with little chance for the 39th to catch up.

The next day brought more stubborn resistance from the enemy. "A" Company was hit by small-arms and machine-gun fire throughout the morning, but continued advance steadily. "C" Company met comparatively light resistance until they reached the town of Wiehl. Here tanks, machine-guns, and small-arms fire cut loose with vengeance. "B" Company joined the fight for Wiehl with "C" and it was finally cleared after four hours of intensive fighting. "B" had spent most of its efforts in clearing the wooded area around the right of the town, while "C" had worked its way through the streets. While its two brother companies fought for Wiehl, "A" Company had moved through Oberholzen, Murlhausen, and was approaching Morkenmiltz. After the rough fighting of the morning, the resistance lightened and the advance during the early afternoon was interrupted only by mortar fire that "C" Company encountered while moving in on Aplerbeck. This fire was eventually neutralized by artillery and the advance continued by nightfall, the battalion had advanced five miles and captured a dozen towns during the day. There had been heavy resistance met at different places, but it had not been coordinated and was, apparently, only so-called "pockets of resistance".

All went well on the following day, April 12th, until late in the afternoon. The rifle-men were being pushed unmercifully in an

attempt to get into position to make contact with elements of an Armored division that was driving in from the northern edge of the Ruhr Pocket. At 1700 hours the battalion still had to move 2000 yards before securing their positions for the night. "C" Company was already having trouble with enemy fire from the left flank that was exposed, due to the lagging elements on the left of the battalion. The Battalion Commander tried to get permission for the men to hold up, but was refused and the fight continued. "C" Company was forced to fight until midnight to clear the town Oberulze. When they accomplished that mission, they had more than sixteen hundred yards exposed on their left flank. The expected contact with the approaching Armored division failed to come. On the next day, the battalion advanced only about five hundred yards, secured its positions and sat back to wait the expected friends. Elements of the battalion were less than two hundred yards from the highway along which they were expected to come. Observation Posts were maintained constantly to keep watch for them.

No contact was made with the expected Armored division and the battalion moved out at 0700 hours on the morning of the 14th. This is a day that will be long remembered for its bizarreness. The companies raced over mile after mile with no resistance encountered. Enemy artillery positions, guns, and equipment were constantly being run over by the riflemen and the vaunted German soldiers were surrendering by the hundreds. Tech. Sergeant Earl Wise of the Ammunition and Pioneering Platoon was going mad trying to find a means of evacuating all of them. The battalion C. P. was operating from jeeps throughout the most of the day. It eventually ended in the city of Wermelskirchen which had surely been run over by the riflemen and the Battalion had marched as much as fifteen miles during the day.

After the capture of Wermelskirchen, the battalion front had been reduced to an area that was hardly as wide as the cities through which it passed. The next day's operations were first scheduled to begin at 0400 hours

"Fighting Medics"

(Continued from Page 1)

as litterbearers to carry G. I. wounded back to the aid station. And it was Unkel where Capt. "Honest John" Waters got tired of waiting for communications and set off on foot to Honnel to see what the score was, and found Tec 3 Greenberg, liaison man, peacefully asleep in the forward CP. It was Unkel where Pfc. Walters came back through the dark on foot when the other weasel broke down, and carried up medical supplies on his back. Yeah, I remember Unkel.

Unkel was almost as bad as Honnel, the next town. Honnel, a town of about 13,000 population which the First Bat took and held despite fierce opposition and counterattacks. It was Honnel where Tec 3 Wells went ahead with the Captain at midnight to locate and set up an advance aid station. Of course, they found a beer garden, and used it until its proximity to the railroad station seemed to make it advisable to move. It was while moving that Pfc. Weese tried to beat an incoming shell with his jeep, but lost, thank God! We moved again to another beer tavern and hotel, but the shells seemed to follow, making it seem like someone had moved the railroad station right along with us. Everything seemed to happen in Honnel. It was there that Pfc. Boyd amputated a boy's arm with a flashlight, according to the local Peachbottom, Pa. newspapers. And it was Honnel when Tec 3's Balata and Williams went out after a casualty and were back in three minutes. They had the casualty, a boy hurt by a German patrol about half a block from the aid station.

Königswinter came shortly after: about March 16th. It was another big town, but the M. G. got here too soon. There was a wine cellar there until the M. G. arrived. There was a big open courtyard, and there was a big back yard which became a racing track until the shells started coming in again. Pfc. Liggitt was wrecking his pride and joy, the little "hootnanny" as we called it, but suddenly found himself alone, and was wondering why until he shut the motor off, and heard the shells. He then joined the rest of the boys in the cellar. After Königswinter came Neidenollendorf, and the litterbearers got a big work out here. Pfc's Honeyvager, Pilgrim, Gelfand,

and company commanders sat and wondered how they could possibly force their tired soldiers to move at such a pace. These men had taken a terrific beating for nine days and they were tired, terribly tired. Eventually the order was changed to read 0710 hours instead. The sigh of profound relief given by Lt. Harold Rhine, commander of "B" Company, could be heard for miles. The resistance met throughout the day wasn't nearly as difficult as the Krauts could have made it, if they had utilized all their resources. They were now completely de-moralized and the companies raced through towns almost unhampered except for occasional rocket fire and mortar fire that was soon silenced by whatever means was most available. "C" Company knocked out two enemy tanks with bazookas and one with machine-gun fire in the early afternoon in the town of Haddenbach.

In the late afternoon, "A" Company captured a Major General and his entire staff. This little group was soon only a part of the 1335 prisoners taken that day, however. The huge industrial city of Remscheid surrendered when Pfc. Kurt Lewis of "A" Company got the Burgomeister and the telephone and told him that the First Bat was coming. A number of smaller towns fell to the now jubilant doughs in the afternoon. In one town "C" Company caught a German convoy and shot up three tanks, three trucks, a half-track, a motorcycle, and a staff car in less time than it takes to write it. Heavy, but ineffective, artillery fire fell on the battalion throughout the night, after it had stopped.

The next day, April 16th, the entire battalion converged on the huge city of Wuppertal. No enemy resistance was met, but rioting and looting by the 200,000 civilians in the city kept the riflemen busy for hours. Finally, they were subdued after a public address system was brought into the city. It was soon learned that elements of the Eighth Division were now directly in front of the regiment and the job in the Ruhr Pocket was finished. It had been a crazy eleven days with enough unorthodox events to drive any good tactical officer at Fort Benning to everlasting drink.

And Tippens all did their duty nobly before they'd carry patients in the aid station. Then they'd carry Pop Hurt, our. But finally, on Mar. 23, came Reul. We took the town without opposition and moved in in the morning. Reul, where there were movies, beer, and even cokes and passes. The boys went back to the Corps rest camp and saw how the other half lives. Back where there were lights, music, cognac, and WOMEN. WOW!

Of course, it didn't last. Next big stop was Leuchfeld. We went around to the companies to give shots, and the guys all groaned, "My God, if it ain't the Germans shooting us, it's you!" It was Leuchfeld where Pfc. Liggitt volunteered as weasel driver and went out beyond the front lines after dark to bring back two casualties from an Able Co. Patrol, who had been shot from the opposite side of the river. Tec 3's Williams and Balata, and Pfc. Weese went with him and Pfc. Walters. It was rainy, and pitch black, and really a night for "sweating it out".

April 7 was an crossing of the Sieg river. We tried out an engineer's bridge with the 5 ton truck and trailer. The bridge sagged, and the engineers hid their eyes, but we made it. Then came cleaning out of the Ruhr pocket, and everyone got lost. The night of March 8 was the worst. Tec 3 Bowen went out with the advance party but had to strike a match to see where he was. The battalion drove blackout for 12 miles, and the medic truck almost made it. Just before we reached Bocklingen, however, it didn't quite make a turn and overturned spilling its contents, equipment, and Pfc. Boyd, Liggitt, Tippens, and Kirby all over Germany. Luckily no one was hurt, but it sure played hell with a good typewriter and field jacket of mine. A number of small towns followed and then the Germans began giving up more often. Remember Halzenberg with its Motel pink and Red Cross Aides — gals with packs on their backs? And Wermelskirchen — our first "open city". Where we found electric lights already on, panes in the windows, running water, etc? Game Strada, Ramschert, Ronsdorf, and finally Wuppertal! What a town! We left everything in Wuppertal — civilian cars, wine, trailers, the weasel, and almost S/Sgt. Murdoch Little medics, you've had a busy four and half months!