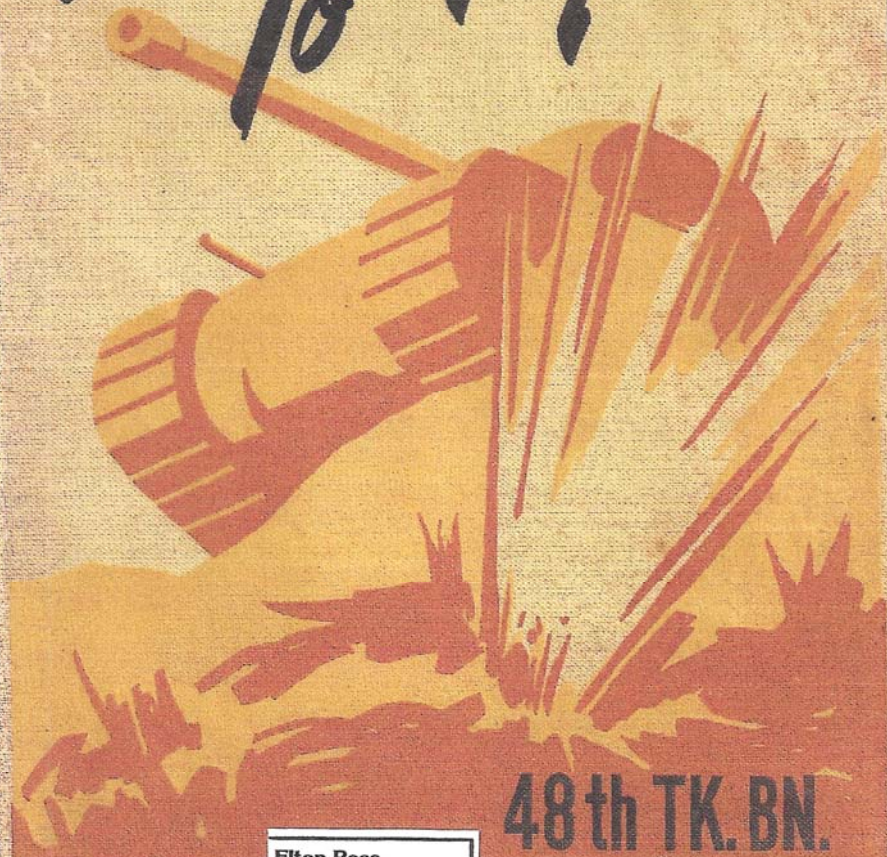


We Came
To Fight



48th TK. BN.

Elton Ross
1208 Wabash Ave.
Crawfordsville, IN 47933

"WE CAME TO FIGHT"

COMPOSITION
& ART WORK BY CPL. NICHOLAS VELTRI JR.

HISTORY WRITTEN T/SGT. DEAN B. ROBINSON
BY T/SGT. VERNON G. BROWN

FEATURE STORY
"RITTERSHOFFEN"
EDITED BY MAJOR JAMES N. STUDER



Compliments of

Jim Buddy Hick

TAKEN *May 1945*

(DATE)

AT *Riviera Fr.*

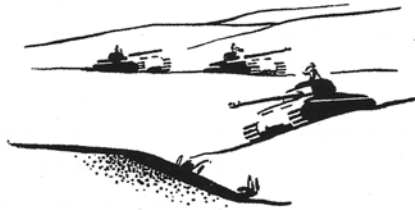
(PLACE)

Dedicated to

Those men who sacrificed their lives that democracy might live forever.

That land of freedom we love so much and which tomorrow will be governed by the sons of those brave men who shall never return.

That patriotic spirit of self-sacrifice which the families and loved ones at home so graciously displayed for the cause of Peace Liberty and Justice.



To the men of the 48TH

I feel sure that you will never forget the ETO nor your baptism of fire, but in order that you may have a remembrance of your many accomplishments and the thoroughness with which you did your job, we present to you this booklet as a constant reminder that you are a member of a victorious team.

• Many of our victories cost lives; these brave men made the supreme sacrifice to make our victory possible. They will live forever in our hearts and minds. It was an honor and a privilege to serve with them.

• May the determination and will to win, you so courageously displayed in battle, be a constant reminder that no matter what the job, these qualities are the key to success.

As you turn these pages and think of days gone by, may the hard work and teamwork that made our exploits possible live always in your minds as it did in the 48th Tank Battalion.



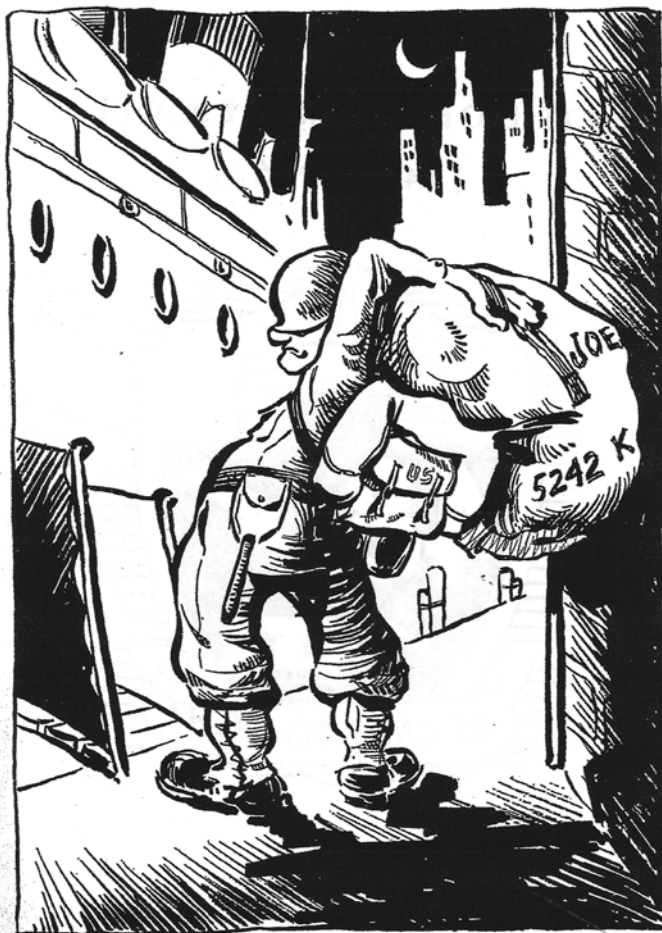
Lt. Col., Commanding.

BATTLE OF THE RHINE
•
BATTLE OF CENTRAL EUROPE
1944—1945



John C. Cavin
JOHN C. CAVIN

LT. COL. COMMANDING



IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?

OUR HISTORY



"WE CAME TO FIGHT"

This is an old song and dance theme of a fair percentage of the members of this organization, but for the benefit of those who have forgotten, or may, in the future years, prefer to recall incidents of the days spent in aiding the establishment of peace again in the world, I'll repeat it here:

"Fellows, I'm telling you when I get out of this Army I don't ever want to hear anyone mention military discipline, KP, guard, P & P, or 'Button your jacket soldier,' 'It's four o'clock Sarge time to move out,' 'Hard rations for the next six days,' 'Push hard men and by-pass enemy resistance.'"

Now all joking aside men, wouldn't you like to have a little something about five years from now to recall those memories of the day when "we had those plush beds to sleep in" or "we lived in anticipation of those quotas for Paris and London." Perhaps Colonel Cavin might drop in on you and want to talk over the seige of Hatten and Rittershoffen, or possibly your buddy will come along and you'll want so much to recall that tedious blackout driving on the night of April 30th when we crossed the Isar River. Or even Mother may like to know five years from now just where you were and wouldn't it be nice to say, "Well Mother, it was 0400 on Easter morning that we crossed the famous Rhine River."

Well gentlemen, if you will just stick with us for a few hours we will try to take you back to those good old days when we rode the waves of the Atlantic and had our first glimpse of Europe.

PART I BATTLE OF THE RHINE



It seems the Army Ground Forces found out that the 14th Armored Division was pretty hot for combat and so decided to send us to an isolated little spot called Camp Shanks, located in the vicinity of that great metropolis, New York City, where with very little trouble, a short train ride would take us to that excellent port of embarkation.

Camp Campbell, Kentucky, was our home after maneuvers in the Tennessee Maneuver Area. Here, under the excellent supervision of Lt Col Ferris, the Battalion Staff, and the Company Officers, we received our final training for battle. How well we remember the platoon leadership tests, the M.O.S. tests, the battalion field exercises, and the combat firing exercises. We sweated out many days of indirect firing in the areas of the reservation. On the notable date of October 3, 1944, a Tuesday, the 48th Tank Battalion departed, our destination a secret to most of us at that time.

Not unlike our other trips by troop train, we enjoyed the comfort of Pullmans and private compartments. Scenes and towns along the way were reminiscent of fond memories to many of the soldiers who lived in those parts of the States.

Naturally the excitement of the first few days hazing soon wore off with such items of interest as assignment of barracks, film "musts", physical examinations, clothing checks, boat drill, and inoculations taking the limelight. For many of us, here our first censorship regulations were instigated and unfortunately for the officers, many of their off duty hours were spent in this boresome task.

It was also a day of rush and excitement when the men were permitted to visit New York for twelve hours and enjoy the sights it had to offer. We enjoyed the city in a big way, visiting the Empire State Building, the world renowned Rockefeller Center, Staten Island, subways, and of course, not failing to see the Stage Door Canteen, Minsky's Burlesque, and the Roxy Theater. Perhaps for the men living in the west, this visit is a memory that will live long in their lives.

At the end of a busy week the battalion was completely equipped with clothing, shoes, gas masks, new blankets,





shelter halves and all the necessary details that marked a unit ready to "GO", including that overseas physical check and that extra one or two shots in the arm.

So—amidst a downpour of rain, Friday the 13th, the 48th Tank Battalion marched enmasse to the railroad station and boarded the train. After a very short ride we again gathered our equipment and proceeded to trudge laboriously to the ferry where we enjoyed a brief rest during the trip across the Hudson River to the harbor and embarkation point.

Let us pause here just a moment in memory of that little jaunt from the ferry to the pier with musette bag and blanket roll on our shoulders, overcoat over one arm, and our duffle bag dangling on the other, causing us to stagger to each side of the walk. Do we have any volunteers that would care to repeat that struggle of a few city blocks or shall we leave it for the next generation??..

With a refreshing cup of coffee and a doughnut from the Red Cross girls, the roll call began and one after another we took those last few steps up the gang plank and to our quarters, wondering as we went when we would again set foot on American soil.

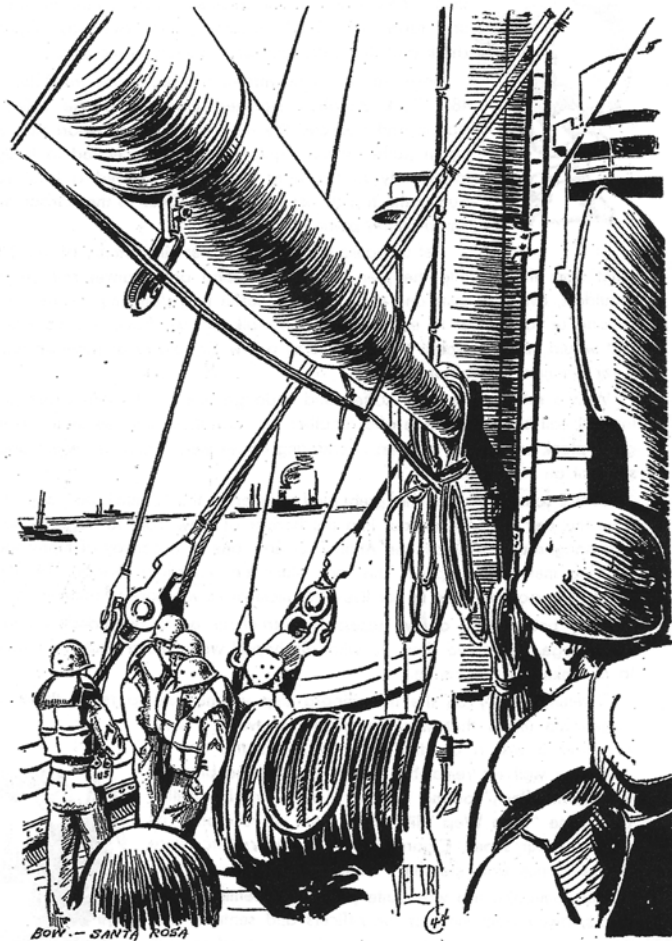
With a fond farewell to that great land of America, the "Santa Rosa" departed from the pier and pushed out into the harbor of New York to begin its long and dangerous trip across the Atlantic Ocean, one of a convoy of many ships carrying men and supplies. This took place on Saturday, October 14, 1944, another memorable date in our lives that most of us will care to remember.

After being given a few necessary instructions as to our conduct during the voyage, we settled down to what we hoped would be a peaceful journey to an unknown destination.

Dwelling briefly on the life aboard ship we hesitate to recall those unforgettable meals that were served to us twice a day. For most it was a question of shall I miss this one or not. How well we remember those words, "The blackout is now in effect," or the frequent "abandon ship drills" and those "Mae West" life belts, worn as religiously as we wore our shoes. Cigarettes, candy, cigars, etc, were in abundance from the ship's store.

For some, the trip was quite profitable; behind locked doors, away from view of the officers and sentries, who can say what was the favorite pastime—reading, bull sessions, or just plain "bunk fatigue".





BOW - SANTA ROSA



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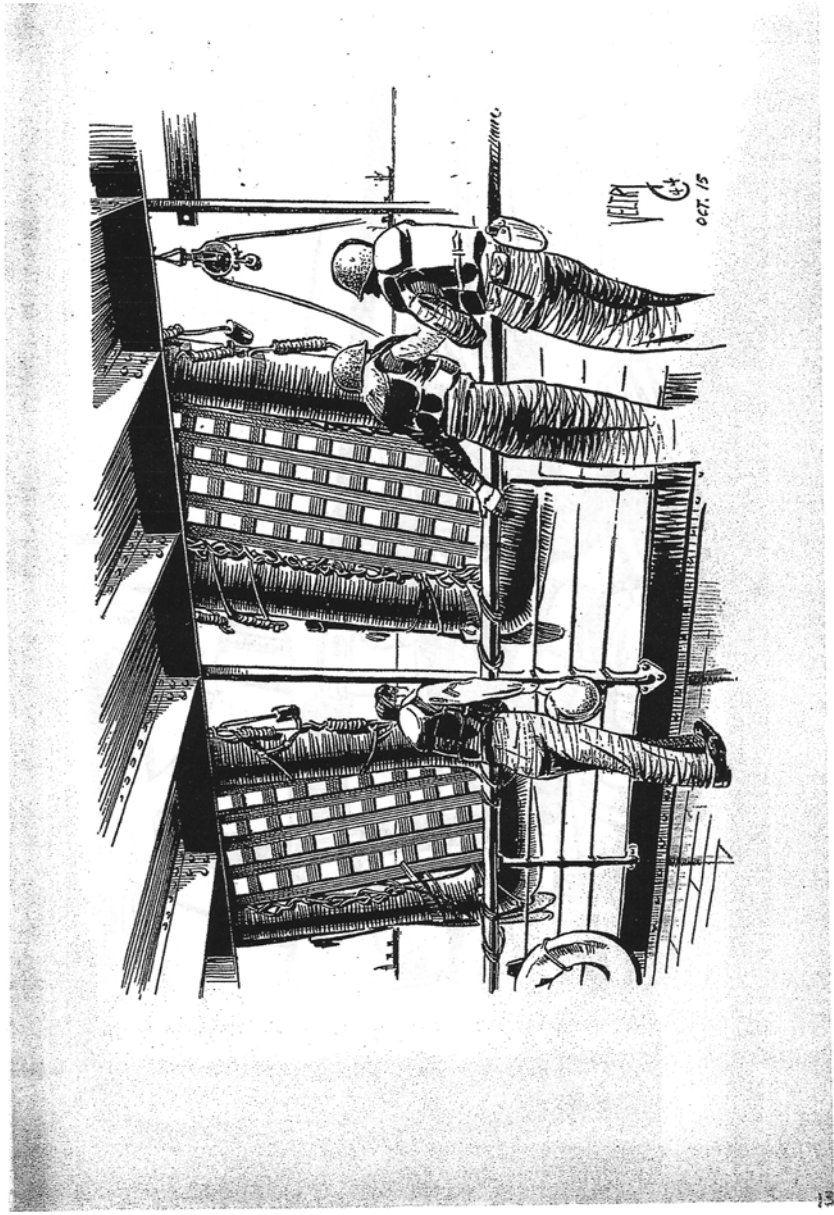
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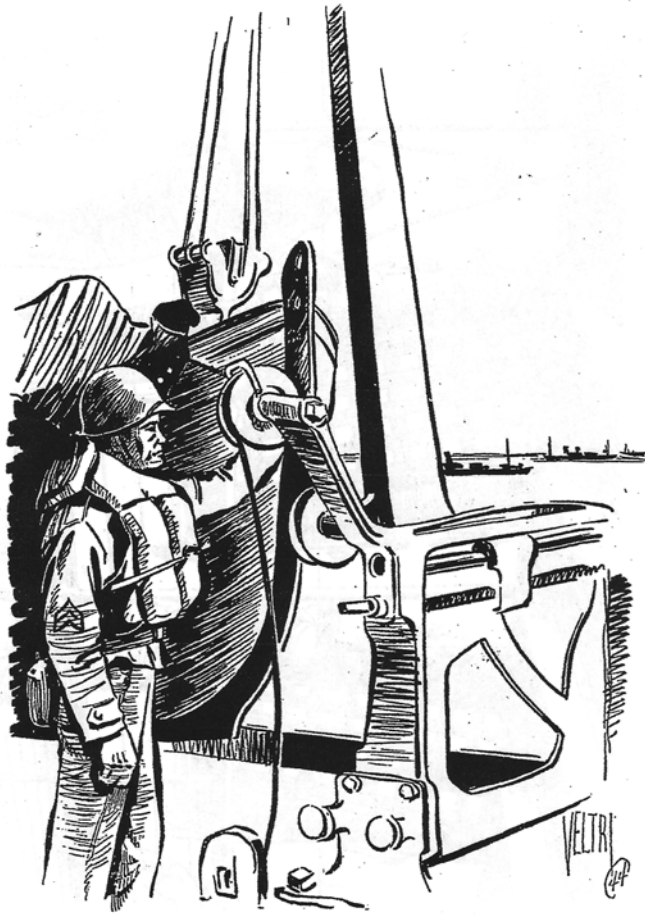
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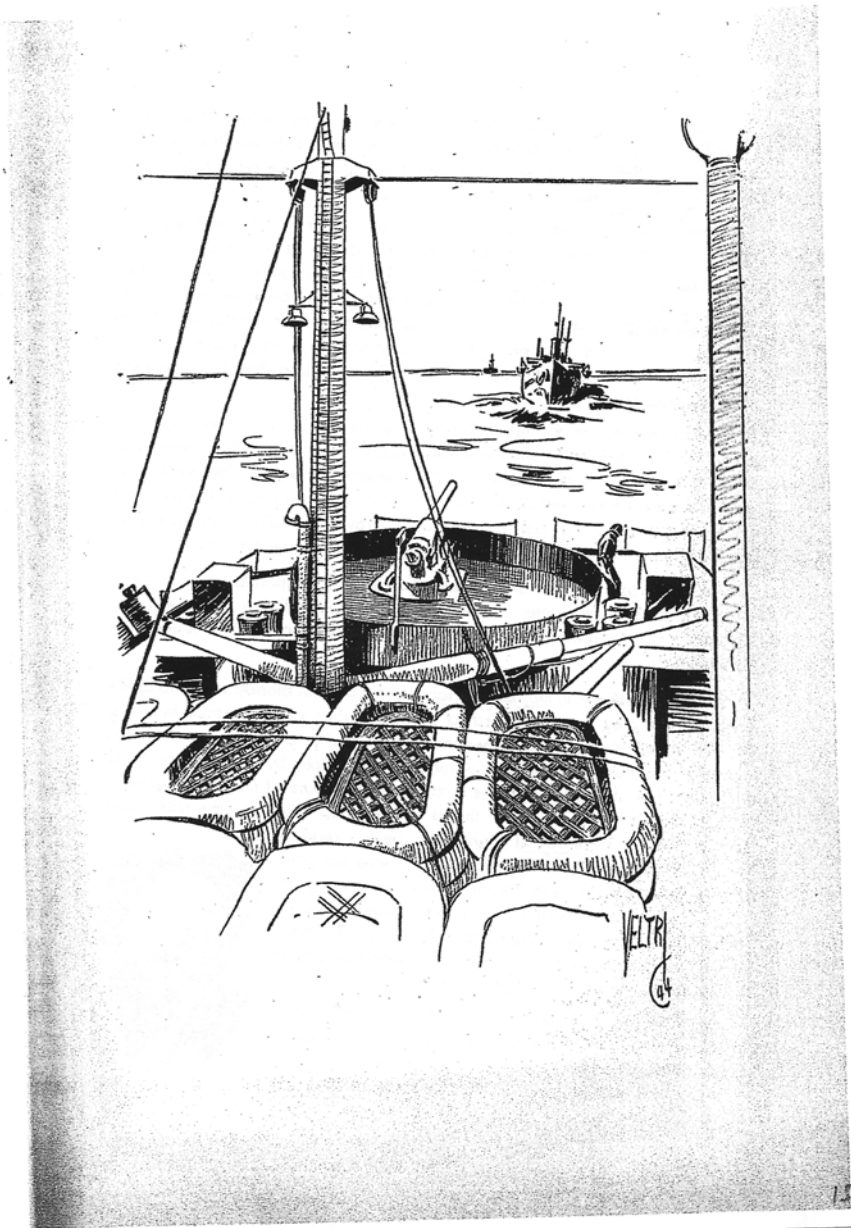
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The calmness of the ocean caused many of the men to spend considerable time on deck enjoying the sunshine, fresh ocean breeze and the sight of the other ships riding the waves.

After seeing nothing but water for the past week or more, we finally sighted the dream of our childhood days, the Rock of Gibraltar. This famous landmark was passed on October 25th, and it was then we knew we had entered the Mediterranean Sea. Here the water took on a decided change and gave us a sample of a rough and very uncomfortable ride. No doubt many had their first symptoms

of seasickness here.

Toward evening on the fifteenth day after departure from New York, the good ship "Santa Rosa" pulled into the famous port of Marseille, France, and we had our first real glimpse of Europe, however, throughout the Mediterranean we were within view of the hills of Spain on the north, and Algeria on the south. Naturally our first instinct was to crowd the rails to see what we could see, and many passed up the evening meal to remain on deck.

Due to the late hour of arrival, debarkation was postponed until the following day; consequently after the attractions had worn off men began wandering back to their quarters, there to make last minute checks of their equipment before turning in.

Early on the following morning (October 29th) sans our blanket rolls and duffle bags, company by company marched down the gang plank for their first stop on foreign soil. It was a new experience for most of us and little did any of us know just how long it would last. After brief instructions by the advance party as to where our bivouac area was located and the route of march designated, our unit moved out in column of threes to trudge up and down the hills under the hot sun for a stretch of eight miles before reaching our destination. The novelty of the march was no doubt the congregation of little French children all along the route, standing with outstretched hands asking for either chocolate, chewing gum, cigarettes, or candy. The value of such items being unknown to us, they were freely given to the little ones until our supply ran low.

After several ten minute halts for rest we reached our area which was to be our home for the next several days. Here we were greeted by our Adjutant, who, after a brief discussion with the battalion commander, informed





the company commanders that tents would be pitched immediately, and so by nightfall a small village had sprung into being, with small bon-fires furnishing the light. These were surrounded by groups of men, all discussing the day's events and pondering rumors about the future.

During the next ten days operations consisted entirely of the drawing of equipment, the stowage of vehicles and mounting of weapons. Every man had his job to do and at the end of a weeks work we felt that, lacking a few items, we were ready for any eventuality.

Much to the delight of many who were free over the week end, an enjoyable time was spent in the city of Marseilles, with all of its glamour and array of allied troops moving in and out of the port. The people themselves, having been liberated only a few short weeks, seemed to be going about their business accustomed to the movement of troops among their city streets. Marseilles being one of France's largest sea ports will be remembered by all of you who were privileged to visit it.

Our stay on the outskirts of Marseilles was cut short, for on November 8th the first train loaded with Hq Co moved out to our final staging area in the vicinity of Portieux la Vererrie. The following two days saw the balance of the battalion also leave by train for the same area, to be followed by all the wheeled vehicles on the 11th. For those going by train they can rightfully say they are now full fledged members of the 40 et 8. The ride was quite unlike similar rides we had back in the States. Weather opposed us and we recall snow flurries penetrating the many cracks of the cars, while we slept on the floor. For those going by vehicles, we can say it was a cold miserable ride in an open peep and we were very happy to reach our destination.

At Portieux the battalion was scattered out among several acres of forests, and tactical in disposition as the unit was now in the near vicinity of the front lines. The majority of the time spent here was utilized in putting the finishing touches on the equipment, vehicles, and weapons, and the final testing of large and small caliber guns. Here from the 14th to the 21st the men were faced with a new kind of life that was to accompany them through the following unknown number of months. Alertness to air raids and blackout conditions was a new phase requiring the cooperation of all concerned.





It was on November 20th that the Battalion Commander received his first alert order calling for an exchange of one medium tank company for an infantry company. This was found to be the SOP through the balance of our combat career, and in addition, attachments such as artillery, engineers, and reconnaissance were normal for a tactical unit.

Being on the alert meant that the entire unit must be prepared to move out in such time as allotted by higher headquarters. Our first was a four hour alert, and after waiting indefinitely, we almost decided that it was merely a test to see just how efficient and ready we actually were.

The battle of the Vosges Mountains will no doubt be remembered as the first mission and engagement for the 48th Tank Battalion. Suffice it to say that the tactics and technique we were taught in the states were not quite applicable here, but the officers and men distinguished themselves admirably in that the first objective, Schirmeck, was reached with a speed and precision surpassed only by seasoned troops. Such towns and villages as Rambervillers, Barcarat, Blamont, Cirey Sur Verouse, Abreshviller, Grand Fontaine, and finally Schirmeck, will always be remembered as the first enemy held towns in France that the 48th was privileged to liberate. The terrain and weather conditions that existed in the Vosges during these five days were definitely obstacles to tank warfare, but orders are orders, and they were carried out successfully.

Without a doubt, the next important mission of the 48th Tank Battalion, was that of seizing and holding the town of Selestat, located just north of the city of Colmar, where the much publicized pocket of enemy resistance held out. On November 27th, the battalion and attachments moved out from the town of Schirmeck, and first encountered resistance in the town of Valf. Not underestimating the strength of the enemy, the battalion pulled back for the night preparatory to continuing the attack in the morning. Via a different route, early on the morning of the 28th, the forward elements proceeded toward its objective through the towns of Obernai and Bernandsviller, only to meet disastrous results from the hands of the enemy at Barr.

Here, well concealed anti-tank and bazooka teams located at strategic dug-in positions, completely foiled



← WHERE MY TANK AND MANY OTHERS GOT HIT.



our advances. In addition to the Battalion Commander's tank being knocked out, and he seriously injured along with his crew, the companies suffered severe losses in men and equipment. Had it not been for the quick thinking of the commanders involved, and the assumption of command by the executive officer in consolidating his troops to the north of the town, perhaps complete annihilation would have resulted.

With the difficult task of continuing the attack on the following morning, November 29th, the new Battalion Commander discussed the coming operations with his staff. Although little rest was obtained by the men they continued their advance through Barr, Andleau, Dambach la Ville, and into Scherwiller. Here a friendly infantry unit was contacted and therefore altered the situation. Higher headquarters changed their plans and the 48th, after remaining in Scherwiller for two days, was ordered to return north to the town of Melsheim for reorganization.

MOLSHEN

Although Selestat was not reached by our unit, the enemy having been overcome by superior forces, decided to pull his defenses to the south of the city.

At the end of our first month's operations of the battle in France we now felt that we were fully capable of engaging the enemy on his own ground under any conditions.

Spending the next four days in maintenance and cleaning of weapons and vehicles, the men were again ready for our next mission, whatever it might be. We were soon to learn that combat in open terrain is much different than in the hills and mountains. Late on the night of December 13th, under extreme blackout conditions, our elements again moved out, this time to concentrate our efforts in cracking the Siegfried Line near the border of France and Germany. With apparent ease we passed through the towns of Hochfelden, Brumath, Haguenau Forest, Surbourg, Rittershoffen, Hatten, Buhl, and finally into the small but well defended town of Salmbach. Here under intense small arms and artillery fire our forward elements proceeded to clear the town of the enemy. Had it not been for the close coordination of the infantry and tanks, the task would have been much more difficult. Here for four





days, from December 14th to the 18th, under unusually heavy enemy artillery, patrols were sent out to reconnoiter the enemy positions to our front in an effort to determine their strength in defense.

It may be interesting to know that upon arrival at Salmbach, our combat elements were the most easterly elements on the entire Western Front.

It seems that about this time higher headquarters decided to make a slight change in troop disposition and therefore ordered our battalion to relieve another tank battalion then in position in Kapsweyer, Germany, just a few kilometers from us.

This was the first time for most of the personnel to have actually set foot inside Germany, and needless to say, to be confronted with the Dragons Teeth on one of the enemy's main lines of defense, the Siegfried Line, was not a pleasant thought.

With disregard for artillery continually falling, the tanks and infantry took up their assigned positions in the area just vacated by the other unit, and so continued their own shelling of enemy troops defending the Siegfried Line. Our experience while confronting the Siegfried Line later proved very valuable to the full scale assault at a later date.

It was on December 22nd that higher headquarters decided that at the present time it was not feasible for either Corps or Army to continue their offense against the Siegfried Line, so we were ordered to pull our troops from that vicinity, and move to an assembly area in the vicinity of Preuschoorf, France. This was done with little effort, and the usual procedure of maintenance began at once. After a complete and thorough job of cleaning both personal equipment and weapons, the men settled down to enjoy what turned out to be a very enjoyable Christmas holiday with all the trimmings of turkey, dressing, cranberry sauce, and candy. In addition to that, Uncle Sam treated us very kindly in furnishing us with an abundance of packages from home. With the aid of the class VI, and the generous civilians adding their donation of fine spirits, a very merry Christmas can always be remembered by everyone.

We were destined to spend our next coming holiday in a new and different territory. Apparently the XV Corps





on our left flank was anticipating a heavy counterattack by the enemy sometime during the end of the year, and therefore we were temporarily released from the VI Corps to support their ground troops in the event of a breakthrough. Late on the eve of December 27th the battalion moved west through the Vosges again to a small French village called Drulingen. Here with the ground completely covered with a beautiful blanket of snow the troops posted their guards, set up a perimeter of defense in their assigned areas, and settled down for the night.

It was here in this town and the surrounding villages that the entire battalion and attachments spent the balance of 1944, and saw the old year out and the new one in. But as holidays go in the Army, orders were received on New Years Day to move north to the vicinity of Lorentzen, where reports of a suspected attack had been received.

Apparently someone's pencil slipped in higher headquarters to cause us to have a few mix-ups with the French. The lack of co-ordination, I call it, resulted in their being in the same locality as we were at the time, with the same mission to perform. Probably getting the better end of the deal, our battalion was ordered to revert back to our division and original Corps, so after much shuffling of vehicles, with the French column mixing with ours, the long procession began its march back through the Vosges Mountains, and once more viewed the beautiful scenery as the miles were covered.

Not being allergic to sudden moves or changes in orders, the command post had no more than set up in Reidheim before word was received that a new mission of setting up a defense along a large wooded area just north of Neuwiller was received. So almost without stopping, the companies continued their march a few more miles to the assigned areas.

Some of you will recall that the following day we were, what you might say, ranked out of our CP, for the 45th Infantry Division, thinking our quarters were adequate for their General, claimed we overstepped our boundaries, and by means of a phone conversation with Corps, had the battalion politely moved to another town. With the least possible delay we retraced our footsteps and settled down once more in Reidheim, this time to remain there from the 3rd to the 5th of January.

Trying to give you our own estimate of the situation as we think Corps and possibly Army was looking at it at





this time: they had decided that this was the psychological time to once again attempt to push our forces as near the German border and the Siegfried Line as possible, in anticipation of a big push in the Spring. We knew from various reports that troops in the Corps area were spread out from the Hardt Mountains running south and east along a general line, down as far as the right flank that bordered the French Army in the vicinity of Siroisbourg.

With this general picture in mind, the 48th's part in the push was to again make a stab at the enemy in the Rittershoffen, Hatten area, and north to Kapsweyer.

So it was that from the 6th to the 20th of January 1945, we again found ourselves in familiar territory, only this time with a more determined effort from the enemy to check our advances. It is a difficult operation to describe, but to bring back a few of the highlights during this period we shall start with our first mission, which consisted of taking up defensive positions in the vicinity and high ground around Surbourg. Supporting troops and a task force had assembled to our left with a similar mission of seizing the commanding ground in that area.

During the first four days nothing exciting took place, until a large enemy force was reported in the vicinity of Hatten and Rittershoffen, and we were ordered to move against them. Our advances were soon to be halted for at the edge of Rittershoffen the enemy's defenses were so situated that it was impossible to proceed further without great loss of life and equipment. Two forces jockeyed back and forth, one holding a portion of town one day, and the other the next. That was the situation for a period of ten days and under extreme weather conditions of cold snow and ice, our men continued at their posts, sometimes under intense artillery and mortar fire and subject to the air attacks of the new German jet propelled planes.

Late on the night of the 19th, higher headquarters deemed it advisable to pull our forces far to the rear in accordance with plans set forth by Corps.

The task that now confronted our battalion commander was the mission of furnishing the rear guard for our entire division in this movement. With superb leadership and knowledge of the situation, his troops were so deployed that from the beginning of the retrograde move-





ment through the Haguenau Forest to our prearranged area, all routes of possible attack by the enemy were sealed. Strategic points such as bridges, trees, cuts, narrow by-passes, were either blown or prepared for demolition as a possible means of delaying the enemy. As our forces were quietly withdrawn through the forest, many did not realize that with our flanks exceedingly weak, with a thin shell of protection covering the rear, had the enemy known of our movements earlier, disastrous results could have happened. It is with one thought in mind at this time that we pause a moment to highly commend our Battalion Commander for the superb leadership, skill, and knowledge of the tactics involved in undertaking such an operation. As far back as history goes, it is a well known fact that a retrograde movement is much more difficult than an advance or attack.

Perhaps most of you will recall that it was during the next few days that we enjoyed some of the most beautiful winter weather so far. Our arrival in Wintzenheim was greeted by a deep blanket of snow that lasted several days. After anticipating a few quiet days here in this little town, someone decided that we were too far south from other units and therefore we journeyed to a quaint little village called Lupstein where our battalion headquarters was established. The other companies in the battalion were scattered in the surrounding villages, namely, Wilwisheim, Ingenheim, and Duntzenheim. Being placed on a two or four hour alert was nothing new to the men by now, and needless to say, we were soon on a somewhat garrison basis with movies, training schedules, first echelon maintenance, retreat parades, and even night compass courses.

One of the most important and perhaps delightful things that was instigated during our extended stay here in Lupstein was the pass and rest center quotas that were allotted by division. They included Paris, Brussels, and Nancy. Paris and Brussels were definitely the highlight of the three for here the men were granted three whole days to see the sights of two of the most beautiful and historic cities in Europe. Having been privileged to visit Paris, we can truthfully say it is one of the greatest cities in the world. Such points of interest as the Eiffel Tower, Louvre, Arc de Triomphe, Champs Elysees, Napoleon's Tomb, and the Notre Dame Cathedral will without a





doubt be remembered by those who were fortunate to make the trip.

Brussels, reputed to be one of the most scenic and famous cities in northwestern Europe, is noted for its ancient churches, cathedrals, the king's palace, and also some of the most modern apartment and office buildings. The cleanliness of the city is also in marked contrast to other cities of its size.

Nancy being smaller than the two mentioned above, does not have such widely known places of interest, but furnished the men with an excellent place for rest and recuperation, and various types and places of entertainment to meet the desires of most of the men. One of the courtesies furnished all enlisted men was the complete change of uniform for new ones, and a weapons repair and cleaning shop where arms could be left until time of departure.

To please higher headquarters a strenuous and complicated training schedule was set forth each week covering almost everything that reinforcements might receive in their basic training.

Dwelling only briefly here, the most popular event on our schedule without a doubt was the mine and booby trap course set up by the reconnaissance platoon. Because of a maximum of publicity, it was visited by several of the higher staff officers, and to the delight of the men it was a pleasure to watch the small explosive charges go off intentionally as they walked over the ground.

Having reconnoitered the surrounding country within a radius of perhaps thirty miles in anticipation of a sudden move against the enemy, our efforts were soon rewarded; on March 4th we were to find the battalion quite broken up. Movement began with one company attached to the famous 42nd Rainbow Division, two to the 103rd Infantry Division, one to our own 14th, and Service Company remaining in place for the time.

Two of the line companies were placed quite close to the front in the near vicinity of the Hardt mountains, with the other remaining in reserve. One platoon was used as protection for the 14th Division command post, and the assault guns consolidated under the 103rd Division Artillery.







Battalion Headquarters was established in Bosselshausen with the Headquarters Company, while the other units were in Wingen, Wimmenau, Ingwiller, and Duntzenheim.

It was along about the 10th of March that rumors began floating through the air which led to believe there might be something big brewing. The Battalion Commander, after being called to division on several different occasions, returned one day with the information that the battalion minus one company would return to 14th division control, and proceed to our old stamping grounds, Lupstein or that surrounding area; but for some unknown reason, after the advance party had been sent out movement was halted, and we were informed that a change in orders had been received.

Upon investigation and contact with higher headquarters, the new orders revealed that the entire battalion minus the one company, would be attached to the 42nd Infantry Division, the one company reverting to Reserve Command of the 14th.

So, with little trouble involved in the movement of troops since all three companies were practically in their respective areas, the battalion headquarters moved on the evening of the 12th, to a small village located in the Hardt Mountain range, where on arrival the rumors of something big again sprang up.

Here in this small town of Hinsburg under extreme secrecy, future plans of operation were discussed by staff and company officers.

To give those men interested in the big picture at this time a brief outline of the coming mission, the situation was this: 6th Corps was given the mission of uncovering and breaching the Siegfried Line, destroying the enemy in the zone, and capturing the high ground east and northeast of Pirmasens. The mission of the 42nd was to attack on axis of Lichtenberg-Schonau to capture high ground in the vicinity of Schonau and to uncover the Siegfried Line. The mission of the 48th, with only two companies, was as follows: one platoon in support of the 222 Inf Regt, and one in support of the 242 Inf Regt, the other platoon in division reserve. The other company initially in reserve, was given the mission of reconnoitering routes forward behind





advancing front line units, prepared to support the attack on division order.

While the operations instructions were being given to the company commanders involved, the men were busily engaged in the final preparations, checking guns, ammunition, vehicles, and other necessary equipment for the coming engagement.

Late on the evening of March 14th, the battalion moved from its location in Hinsburg to the nearby town of Wingen, where it could be in close contact with its own units and also nearer the scene of the opening action.

Under a terrific barrage of artillery and wave after wave of supporting aircraft dropping their eggs, the famous "Rainbow" Division, with the 48th supporting, jumped off at 0600 to begin the dangerous operation of cracking the Siegfried Line. Through some of the most difficult terrain yet encountered, the Hardt Mountain Range, the infantry and supporting tanks gradually fought their way up the steep mountain sides, over narrow winding roads and trails, engaging and beating back the enemy on all sides as they went. When the going seemed impossible and vehicles literally buried themselves in mud, with that will to win and with victory our inevitable goal, the fighting hearts of the American soldiers pushed doggedly on stopping only for a brief respite and supply.

In the small but all important town of Ludwigswinkel, which lies roughly parallel to the Siegfried Line, and just inside the border of France and Germany, a more determined resistance was met, and here our forces took advantage of the opportunity of consolidating positions and of redeploying troops.

For three days headquarters remained in Ober Steinbach performing necessary plans and preparations for the coming assault against the enemy and their so-called impregnable defenses. During this time the artillery maintained a continuous harassing fire to soften up the enemy, and cause them to seek cover during the entire period.

I might add at this time that the entire 7th Army front was carrying out a large scale coordinated attack against the enemy and that their main lines of defence were located just outside the German border.

Once more the proverbial "H" hour arrived with sufficient time allotted beforehand to permit either an





artillery or air preparation prior to the attack. In this particular instance, a more devastating effect was deemed necessary, and consequently, an air mission of approximately thirty-two planes took part, dropping their explosives and strafing as they covered the initial point of breakthrough.

The 48th distinguished itself admirably in this particular phase of the operation, for it was on the 22nd of March that higher headquarters ordered a task force assembled under the command of a staff officer from our headquarters, to exploit the breakthrough made by the Infantry

the night before.

At 1630 the force moved out from Ludwigswinkle, and with a speed and power yet unprecedented, proceeded to advance through Salzwoog and Dahn, halting just short of Busenberg. Light resistance was met and repulsed by tank and infantry fire, which knocked out several pieces of artillery and started a long chain of prisoners marching to the rear.

The balance of the battalion moved out at dusk to follow the narrow winding road leading through the mountains, stopping for the night in Salzwoog and proceeding early the next morning to reach the tail of the task force, which had entered and seized the town of Busenberg. Here the battalion commander had contacted friendly troops of the 103rd advancing in their sector, and the mission of occupying the enemy held territory was accomplished.

Prior to our release from the 42nd Division, the Battalion Commander paid his respects to the Commanding General, who commended him upon his excellent work in the recent operation.

Early on the morning of the 24th the battalion and attachments began movement to our division area, and were privileged to enjoy some of the scenery that existed along the route into Wissembourg.

The 14th Armored Division, having breached the Siegfried Line in the vicinity of our old and familiar stamping grounds, Kapsweyer, was reorganizing for the coming operations. One of the more difficult tasks in conjunction with this was the clearing of mines and the collection and cleaning out of the numerous pillboxes scattered throughout the area.





Due to the diligent efforts of our special service officer, movies were shown to all personnel desiring to attend, and other than that diversion, time was mainly spent; in the cleaning of clothing and equipment. The seldom seen duffel bags once again made their appearance.

Summing up the operations for the month of March, it is safe to say that most of the men will remember the breaching of the famous Siegfried Line, Germany's one time main line of defense. Generally speaking it extended north and south almost continuously along the German border, and in places was several miles in depth; other sections being thinner due to the terrain formed a natural barrier. We can also feel honored that our attachment to the 42nd Infantry Division occurred, for their reputation from World War I can long be remembered.

We might also recall the fact that our battalion was the only one possessing the much publicized "Ripple Dipple" or Multi-barrelled Rocket projector. Its demonstrations to the various divisions in the Corps created a sensation, and was highly praised by the general officers seeing it in operation.

At this time, it might be quite appropriate to give you a summary of the activities of the various Armies along the Western Front and of the advances made during the recent breakthrough.

The First and Ninth Armies in the north had pushed forward to the Rhine, reaching Kolm and Dusseldorf, where Germany's great industrial center began, and the main life line of the enemy's war material was produced.

The First Canadian Army in the Netherlands had paralleled the 1st and 9th's advances, and had reached the entrance of the Ruhr Valley, Germany's great ore producing region, furnishing the raw materials for the manufacturing centers of Essen, Dortmund, Hanover, and Bremen.

The Third Army noted for its speed and fire power, had made the initial crossings of the Rhine in the vicinity of Bonn and Koblenz and made dashing gains into the enemy territory.

The Seventh Army, having one of the largest fronts in Western Europe, had successfully breached the Siegfried Line, and was contemplating its initial crossings of the Rhine in the vicinity of Strasbourg, and was also



utilizing the bridges now being built in the general area of Mannheim and Worms.

It was plain to see at this time that our primary mission would be to move our forces parallel to the 3rd Army's right flank, and then continue our assault against the enemy.

Although the job of policing the area occupied by the Germans and their pillboxes had not been completed, orders were soon forthcoming and last minute preparations were made for the long march.



Fire Power



1



2



4



5



3



6

1. Deployed in snow covered terrain. Enemy tanks burning in background. Rittershofen, France
2. Demonstration of "Ripple Dipple!" Near Saverne, France
3. Snow white terrain meant white tanks. One in reserve at Niederbetchdorf, France

4. Another one for Jerry. Assault guns shelling Hatten, France
5. One knocked out, but there are more on the way. Continuing the assault from Barr, France
6. Moving from concealment in Niederbetchdorf on the way to Rittershofen, France



SIEGFRIED LINE



1. A salute to the men who gave their lives. Lengdorf, Germany
2. Major General A. C. Smith decorates Lt. Col. John C. Cavin with Bronze Star at Lupstein, France
3. Major General A. C. Smith, Lt. Col. A. R. Stevens, Lt. Col. J. C. Cavin and Battalion formation. Lupstein, France



IN APPRECIATION TO OUR MEDICS

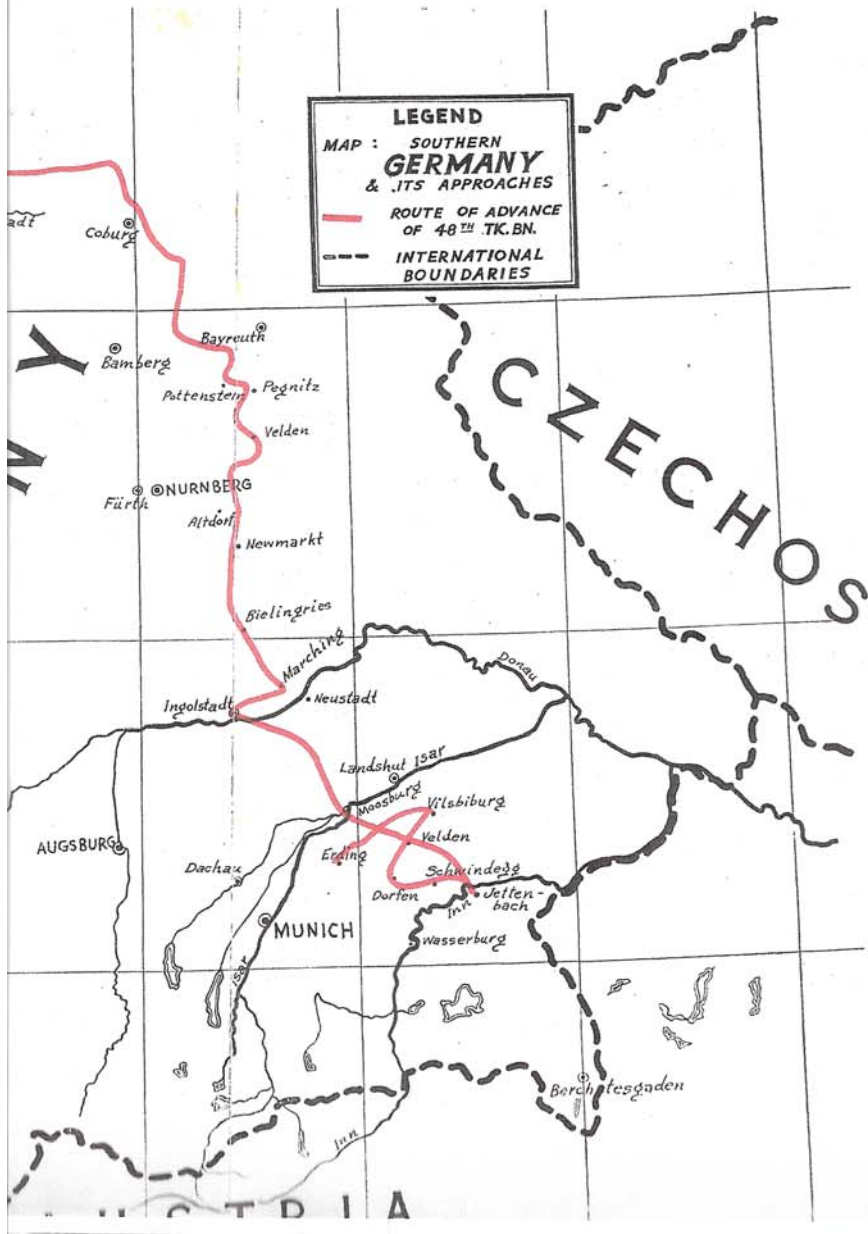
Aid Station—Niederbetchdorf, France

Trougt the countless hours of valor, toil, and effort, our medics devoted their all to the saving of human lives. What a salvation to an injured soldier to see a red cross flag or a red cross brassard during his misery, and what a secure feeling to know that they are right by his side.

Many can say that their lives were saved through the tireless efforts of these "soldiers without weapons."

During the siege of Hatten and Rittershoffen, the offensive toward Salm-bach, and the cracking of the Siegfried Line, our medics were continually striving toward the preservation and health of the men. Their efforts are appreciated to the greatest extent by every man of this unit.





PART II BATTLE OF CENTRAL EUROPE



After a brief rest from the last operation we soon found ourselves sitting on the road waiting for our place in column.

The division had been ordered to move some 110 miles north and east cross the Rhine River at Worms, Germany and continue to the town of Gundernhausen; there to establish our CP and await further orders. At approximately 1800 the column was formed in the town of Neider Otterbach and just as the sun began to creep behind the last remaining hill in the distance we started the long and tiresome journey. Through the towns of Berg Zabern, Landau, and other small villages parallel to the river, the column continued, reaching the city of Worms and crossing the Rhine at 0415 on Easter morning. Although our crossing was merely routine it is unquestionably a date to remember since the river is one of the largest in Europe and was Germany's last natural defense barrier.

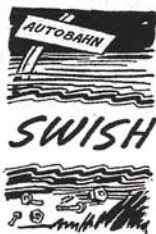
We soon hit the super highway or Autobahn and for the next several miles enjoyed a smooth and comfortable ride, although it played heavily on the bogie wheels of the tanks causing several to drop out of the march.

Another spectacle the men were soon to see was the utter destruction and mass of ruins of Darmstadt. To actually believe such a task could be accomplished is to see it. For such a large city to be so completely destroyed it could be done only by air power. Perhaps something unique to remember was to see the lone building marked very conspicuously with a large red cross and yet on either side to see nothing but a mass of walls and debris.

Continuing further we soon reached the town of Gundernhausen, our destination, much to the delight of the men for many had remained awake during the entire trip.

Being so many miles inside the German border for the first time brought forth additional security regulations which were deemed necessary for the safety and protection of equipment and men. Additional guards and out-





posts were situated in strategic locations to prevent enemy infiltration.

With little or no rest the men began their necessary maintenance of vehicles and weapons preparatory to future orders which we knew might come at any time. Upon investigation it was found that almost half the track laying vehicles required new bogies and immediate steps were taken to secure replacements.

It was late in the afternoon of the 1st that faint rumors of a possible move into contact with the enemy might be made. This seemed impossible at the present time for the vehicle strength of the battalion was far below normal level, due to the long road march.

Nevertheless the operations instructions were received at approximately 2300 and called for the movement to begin at 0100. With hardly enough maps covering the expected area, routes were prescribed and the company commanders given their march orders.

Promptly at 0100 with the entire battalion and attachments on the road ready to move out, the signal was given and the lead vehicle slowly began pulling forward. Queer as it might seem, higher headquarters suggested we use driving lights for the remaining hours of darkness thinking it quite safe to do so. Here for the first time we were suddenly surprised with one lone enemy plane strafing the column. He came swooping down over the town directly into the midst of a group of vehicles taking their place in column and opened up with machine guns blazing. With ample light to guide him, his harassing fire made men scatter in all directions. Lights were promptly turned off before his next turn could be completed.

Marching for the balance of the night was merely routine and by dawn the battalion had covered several miles.

At approximately 0800 the lead vehicles reached the Mainz and crossed the ponton bridge which had recently been constructed. When most of the vehicles had completed the crossing, the column was halted in a nearby field and dispersed for security against enemy aircraft.

It was in this vicinity that the battalion commander re-assembled his troops and ordered all men and officers to prepare for combat and keep a sharp eye out for the enemy. Additional maps, having been received enroute, were distributed to the various commanders and platoon





leaders and after a brief discussion and review of orders, the troops again proceeded toward their mission.

For the remainder of the day our advances were continued with little or no resistance from the enemy. Terrain and weather conditions were the largest causes of delay and by nightfall we were forced to halt in the vicinity of a few farm houses, to cook a few rations and get some much needed rest. Our attached infantry men were successful in making contact with the enemy and dug in for the night in the open fields.

On the following morning with rain still falling and roads extremely bad, the column continued its march covering the route prescribed against only small arms fire and scattered resistance.

Late on the evening of the 3rd our first experience in the clearing of a German town was confronted. The infantry began a house to house canvass, confiscating guns and ammunition and on several occasions finding enemy soldiers hiding in the cellars and out of the way places. It was necessary to establish a cage for them until the MP's from higher headquarters arrived on the scene.

With an unceasing effort to push on, the battalion commander ordered his troops to move to the next town and clear the enemy from that vicinity before night could overtake us.

When the headquarters moved out after receiving word the town had been taken, we soon found out that the rain and darkness was an extreme handicap in the movement of vehicles over mountainous terrain. Literally leading the tracks and peeps by foot was a necessity and after uprighting one trailer that had overturned we reached the little village where we remained for the night.

Every day it seems the men were continuously confronted with new obstacles, complicated problems, domestic headaches, and liberated allies.

After leaving the little town of Aura, the column continued through town after town, meeting little or no resistance and by-passing what was encountered. It was necessary in a few instances to set fire to buildings with our tank guns to impress the town folk that we were serious and that this business of war was nothing to be held lightly. Reaching Bad Bruckenau was an easy task but on arrival we found that the enemy had





established strong road blocks, and severe anti-tank and small arms fire was encountered; artillery was called for to assist the infantry and tanks in their turn pushed forward.

In the town we found a large hospital containing several hundred sick and wounded enemy soldiers and necessary precautions were taken until proper authorities were notified. This was also our first large scale release of allied PW's for the hospital contained approximately one hundred disabled soldiers from the French, Polish, and Russian Armies and in addition six hundred others were released including one American soldier.

From all indications the enemy was going to make a determined effort to halt our advances and it was deemed advisable to halt here for the night and consolidate our positions until morning with the possibility of additional fire power being brought forward.

Reconnaissance was made prior to movement in the morning and it revealed that the enemy had pulled out; without further delay the advance elements again pushed forward.

After contending with blown bridges, road blocks, enemy artillery, mortar fire, anti-tank and small arms which go to make up a delaying action, the column dropped down into the small but scattered village of Wildflecken. Here we found a large and elaborate enemy hospital and barracks that would accommodate several thousand troops.

A little known fact which was released after occupation of the town was the presence of adjacent troops on our flank that had, as one of their intermediate objectives, the same town. It was rather humorous at the time to see their infantry come creeping over the nearby hills in combat formation expecting at any time to be welcomed with sniper or artillery fire.

Consolidating our gains for the day and posting security was the prime mission at the moment and at dusk the men were ready to get some much needed bunk fatigue.

With a determined effort to reach the objective in the least possible time, a coordinated plan of attack was drawn up with the 3rd division. At the crack of dawn on the 7th, the initial push was made with the infantry in front to secure the immediate towns in the vicinity. Followed by tanks and mounted infantry, the 48th moved





towards Neustadt with the speed and precision acquired through our weeks of battle experience. Town after town was taken and overrun leaving only sufficient troops behind to maintain control until relief arrived. In the late afternoon the objective was reached. After stiff resistance had been met and overcome, the city was entered and occupied. This being one of the largest cities yet encountered by our men, it called for a more intensive guard and patrol system to be established; by dusk plans and details for all round security were made.

For several reasons many of the men who took part in this, our first drive against the enemy on German soil, can best remember it by recalling that here three days of rest and quiet were received with a welcome smile. Showers were made available, back mail finally caught up with us, and of course, our first experience at being paid in Marks arrived.

Perhaps the most remarkable thought is that since the departure from Neider-Otterbach to Neustadt, the battalion had covered over one hundred and fifty miles over all types of terrain, against unknown resistance and obstacles. This in itself is an accomplishment that can be compared with any of Patton's troops and we feel honored to belong to such an organization.

The reports continued to come in regarding the vast gains being made by the western allies and it was always of interest to the men to know just where we figured in the big picture. With the Third Army coming down from the north and overrunning their boundaries, and the right flank of the Seventh Army making a drive deep in enemy territory, the situation confronting the division was to move south and join forces that were driving towards Munich. Having moved directly west from the Rhine, our future missions would be south in an effort to contact other forces in that area.

On April 11th the battalion was again alerted for movement; this time with the objective Staffelstein, a town lying just across the Mainz river between Bamberg and Bayreuth. At approximately 1700 the CP closed in Neustadt and moved to an assembly area in the vicinity of Simmerhausen preparatory to jumping off in the morning.

At the break of dawn with a steady downpour of rain and no relief in sight the forward elements moved out in a somewhat similar formation to that previously used and proceeded to advance over the prescribed route meeting small arms and sniper fire.





After passing through numerous towns and villages, over small trails and roads, up hills and down valleys, the battalion reached the Mainz river and as was quite expected all bridges were blown and no crossings available in our sector. Several reconnaissance parties were sent out to search for a crossing but to no avail. With much deliberation and thought the battalion commander ordered a crossing to be forced somewhere. Through the efforts of the leading company the tanks were driven across at Unnersdorf where, although the water almost cleared the sponsons, all reached the other side and were able to seize and occupy the next town.

Because the balance of the battalion which included most of the wheeled vehicles were forced to remain until a bridge could be constructed, the column was halted in the town now occupied by the two tank companies and infantry.

To visualize the "big picture" at this point we must understand these facts. The crack 3rd and 45th Infantry Divisions had the mission of seizing Nurnberg, the birthplace of Nazism; the 14th was to cut and secure the Autobahn running east of the city. Our march to the highway was opposed by the normal amount of small arms and artillery fire. Terrain was a definite obstacle too; hence several roads were made by our tanks. Upon arrival on the Autobahn, our elements headed south to the vicinity of Neudorf; companies were dispersed to the outlying towns and orders were to sit tight.

To us it seemed like the crossroads of the world, and Jerry, realizing that we had a very strategic point and that he must have the main supply route in order to continue his fight for Nurnberg, counter attacked at numerous points. Throughout the night enemy movement was reported everywhere and at the break of dawn the first attack was on our higher headquarters located in a town to our southwest. One company was sent to the rescue and repulsed the enemy; another came from our left flank and was turned back by our tanks while to our front on the Autobahn another was launched and repulsed but by this time the enemy had given it up as a lost cause.

During this last drive large numbers of allied prisoners of war were released and also several groups of enemy prisoners sent to the rear. In addition, quantities of ammunition and arms were captured and disposed of through





the proper channels. (Proper channels on small arms being the soldier's individual person.)

Having assisted the two Infantry Divisions in seizing the city of Nurnberg, the battalion was informed their new mission was to cut the Autobahn south of the city in the vicinity of Neumarkt. This being one of Germany's main supply routes and means of escape, was considered a highly important objective from this point of view. So early on the morning of the 18th tanks and Infantry again moved out to meet and defeat the enemy.

However Heinie put up a more stubborn resistance than usual and by nightfall little progress had been made. Troops were ordered to consolidate for the night and Hqs set up in the little village of Berg set to push hard the following morning.

Higher headquarters considering this resistance as critical to our advances ordered a coordinated attack with an Infantry battalion in support to drive the enemy from Neumarkt. Promptly at 0700 on the 19th the forces moved out with a determined effort to enter the town. A prearranged air mission had been scheduled in the event resistance was still too strong but fortunately a few tanks and Infantry were able to enter the north east edge of town and the air support was withheld until called for. Positions were consolidated for the night awaiting the continued attack in the morning.

Seldom are troops treated to the sight of aircraft in operation against the enemy nor are they privileged to see a bombing mission performed; higher headquarters ordered all troops to withdraw from the edge of town and the air force took over. Viewing this spectacular scene from a distance of approximately 1000 yards, although a bit dangerous, was most exciting and welcome; unfortunately for reasons unknown, we were relieved from this mission and replaced by the 65th Infantry Division. The results of the bombing were never revealed.

Our new orders called for the bypassing of the town and continuing the attack to the south. This was done with all possible haste and by nightfall our troops had moved to Dillberg before halting.

Feeling rather hurt at being drawn away from the Neumarkt objective after our untiring efforts were beginning to pay off, we tackled our new assignment confident that resistance would be overrun and large gains acquired but the enemy definitely had other ideas in





mind; before the battalion had moved any distance at all we were confronted with intense artillery and mortar fire and well protected road blocks and anti-tank guns.

For two days the battle continued, first the enemy gaining the upper hand and driving our forces back or forcing them to withdraw, then we with flanking movements sending infantry and tanks to attempt a breakthrough with little gains being made. On several occasions Corps artillery was called in to dislodge the enemy from their positions but it had little effect.

It was at this time that the division pulled CCA from the line and put it in reserve; as the luck of the 48th goes, we were switched from CCA to CCB, no changes were made in the assigned mission and we continued to fight. With the constant pounding of our artillery and perhaps a dash of the information that we had changed commands influenced the enemy, a break was finally made and the battalion after two days of continual fighting in this particular sector managed to march several miles south where it was halted in the vicinity of Bielingries, due to a blown bridge. Positions without question were consolidated and the battalion was fortunate in getting in two days of rest while the bridge was being replaced.

To refresh the memories of those who might have forgotten, our present drive was for the purpose of seizing the crossings at the Danube river before the enemy could destroy them. It was a part of the large scale operations that were being conducted to seize the all important city of Munich to cut off all resistance in that area.

On completion of the bridge at Bielingries the column again took to the road advancing rapidly through hill and dale against little resistance until advance elements were practically within sight of the river where the enemy again decided to force the issue and harass our troops in a delaying action. Here for the first time in many weeks, tanks and Infantry deployed across the open fields flushing bazooka teams and enemy snipers from their fox holes; where resistance was heavy artillery missions were called to assist in the operation. One small town, Arresting, was taken in this drive and it was thought the battalion would remain there for the night. Evidently combat command deemed it advisable to push to the next village so without further





question our troops pushed on reaching the village of Marching by nightfall.

No bridges were available in our zone for the crossing and since adjacent troops on our right flank had secured crossings at Ingolstadt the division deemed it advisable to place our combat command in reserve for the present and let the other units in the division move across the bridge and continue south. For the first time in many days we were given a chance to rest and conduct much needed maintenance. Church services were held for those desiring to attend while others attended to personal business if time permitted.

Unfortunately we soon discovered that the enemy had not entirely pulled its defenses from the Danube for late in the afternoon of the 27th incoming mail arrived in the form of rockets, screaming meemies and artillery. We were almost led to believe they had the CP spotted for several rounds came close enough to splatter shrapnel over our vehicles and through windows. Upon investigation we found a large hole in our front yard with part of a casing from one of the rounds. When reports came in from adjacent companies that they were also receiving the barrage, we were convinced their target was the entire village.

Future operation orders soon arrived. We were to advance to an assembly area a few kilometers across the Danube in readiness to support advancing troops in the event of a counterattack from the enemy or if assistance were needed. Unfortunately no information was given regarding friendly or enemy troops in the assembly area; therefore a small task force was sent ahead to reconnoiter prior to occupation.

The crossing of the famous Danube River was made at Ingolstadt where other units of the division had built a bridge. Although we were quite disappointed in not seeing a "Blue" Danube, it is a date in our history most of us will someday want to recall.

The night of the 28th, after crossing the river, we closed into a small town called Gaden Bei Geisenfeld; we bring this into the picture purely for the reason that it is one of the longest names for a town or village we had yet encountered.

The division continued its advances making good progress against light resistance and our battalion still





being in reserve, we contented ourselves with stringing along behind just in case. The objective this time were crossings of the Isar River at Landshut and Moosburg, another secondary defense line enroute to Munich.

Our brief respite was soon to come to an end; after trailing the leading elements the past two days, we were ordered to assemble in the small village of Inkhofen preparatory to crossing the Isar at Moosburg, and to take over the task of continuing the advance toward the next barrier, the Inn River. The other commands now in the line had successfully seized a crossing at Moosburg and the new objective had been announced.

Shortly after midnight of the 30th, in extreme darkness and a drizzling rain, the column crossed the bridge and halted in an assembly area until dawn at which time the forward elements moved again to drive the enemy from our zone. It is very doubtful that many will forget this first day of May. It is unusual to see snow this time of year; yet during the entire day and night a steady blanket of white flakes poured down on us and literally covered the ground and vehicles. By nightfall when the battalion halted in the little town of Burg and consolidated its positions we were all happy to seek the shelter of the surrounding houses.

Early the following morning with a slight change in the weather the advance continued through town after town; we never knew when Heinie would be around the next bend in the road. Upon arriving in one small village, a bridge was found to be demolished. Krauts were put to work placing corduroy across the stream but it resulted in some delay. Another stream was reached which was much deeper and wider. After much deliberation the battalion commander ordered it forded so that the advance could be continued.

News travels fast and before many minutes had passed the entire column was informed that the leading elements had seized the all important bridge crossing of the Inn river at Jettenbach. To realize how essential this was is to know that it was the immediate Corps objective and we were the proud possessors of the information that we were further south into enemy territory than any other unit in the Third Army. The bridges, one across the canal and the other across the river, were both posted with guards. The surrounding area was occupied and





positions consolidated awaiting further orders from higher headquarters.

Resistance was definitely disorganized for with little difficulty prisoners were rounded up and caged. Important buildings, a concentration camp and several other installations were taken over and guarded.

A little story which at the time held much importance was the series of events leading up to the surrender of the jet propelled air force. Because of information obtained from various civilians a handful of men was sent to the town of Kraiburg to pick up a large number of German soldiers who wanted to surrender and to take over the town. This was accomplished with little difficulty. During the occupation it was revealed that there was located further south a complete wing of jet propelled planes and the entire personnel consisting of technicians, pilots, etc. which are necessary for its operation. Upon further investigation by an officer we found that the major who was in command would consent to surrender only to an officer of field grade or equal in rank to his own. The battalion commander was informed of this and the following morning, armed only with a light tank and two peeps, he traveled the fifteen or more kilometers arriving on the scene to accept the surrender. With information that we were to be relieved in this sector by the 86th Infantry division, the battalion commander ordered the German major to assemble his entire complement of personnel in the town of Kraiburg where they would be sent to the rear for further processing by higher headquarters. To actually see such a sight as one lone US half-track intermingled with over one hundred kraut trucks, wagons and motorcycles is almost unbelievable but it happened. The usual necessary formalities were completed and the battalion was relieved of its big catch. It was very evident at this time that almost all organized resistance in western Europe had ceased, for such wholesale surrenders were occurring in all parts of the front. We would like to add that the above mentioned achievement is quite unparalleled for it was reported that this was the only complete wing of jet propelled planes in the German Luftwaffe or in the world.

Before departing from the little town of Jettenbach we should like to recall that it was here most of us got our first glimpse of the Bavarian Alps with their snow covered peaks far in the distance. It was here in these mountains





that Hitler had his famous retreat, now demolished by allied bombings, which was to become a favorite place of interest for touring soldiers.

Getting back to our future operations we once again found ourselves on the road, this time heading north to the vicinity of Schwindegg where the battalion was to remain outposting a few of the surrounding villages which had previously been taken.

We know all the men will want to remember the respective towns they were then occupying, the dates and the important events that occurred. After conducting the necessary maintenance and cleaning of weapons and personal equipment in conjunction with the handling of a continuous flow of prisoners to the rear we were informed on May 6th that all hostilities had ceased on the western front. This definitely did not come as a great surprise to many of us, yet to actually receive the good news was something we had all been waiting so long to hear.

Immediately following this good news was the announcement that V-E day in Europe was tentatively set for the 8th of May. There is no need to elaborate on our activities covering these two days; to recall this all important date in the history of the world will need no prompting on the part of any soldier.

Shortly after the exciting news had died down somewhat, we were cautioned that the importance, of our conduct in future months would merit our closest attention. To impress on the minds of the German population the seriousness of their war crimes, the restrictions and penalties which they suffer today were inflicted as payment in part for the suffering and destruction they inflicted on the world.

After moving the battalion to Vilsbiburg, each company was assigned a definite area of responsibility. The task of being troops of occupation began. Duties of guard, police, clean-up crews canvassing the roads and trails for enemy vehicles etc. were part of the daily routine instituted by each company. We were informed that in the near future a permanent area would be assigned so consequently only temporary quarters and CP's were established.

Our general area at the present time extended south from the Isar river at Landshut to within a few miles of the Inn River.





Upon receiving a few helpful hints on the art of occupation during our brief stay in this area, we were ready to do business when each company reached its respective town namely, Erding, Moosenning, Fensing, Lengdorf, Pastetten and Aufhausen. Skipping over lightly the duties and activities of the battalion while occupying, it consisted initially of maintaining peace and order and the handling of displaced personnel. Areas were policed of all destroyed vehicles and patrols established throughout each company area.

When most of the companies had settled down to a regular routine of duties, arrangements were made through the Chaplain to hold memorial services in each area for those men who had sacrificed their lives that others might live. With the American flag and the battalion colors flying in the background a most impressive ceremony was held with each company turning out enmasse to pay their last respects to the buddies who had fallen. Some of the companies desiring to do so had a hand carved plaque prepared with the names of the men who had died and which now stands in the company CP as a final tribute and memorial.

Other activities such as baseball, softball, moving pictures, scenic trips to Berchtesgaden, fishing and such sports or interests as the men desired we participated in from time to time.

Undoubtedly the big question that held the spotlight now was how long would we stay here and if we moved, in what direction would it be. YES that was the BIG question!

To compose an ending for this brief history of the operations and activities of our tank battalion, the 48th, from the time we left the states until that victorious V-E Day, would be quite fitting and proper; but on second thought can we definitely say our history making has ceased?

At the time of this writing, our destiny is unknown; granted there is the point system, demobilization, army of occupation and last but definitely not least, the war in the Pacific, who can say where each man will find his future.

Many of us have acquired friends and lost them; many have seen sights and wonders they shall never





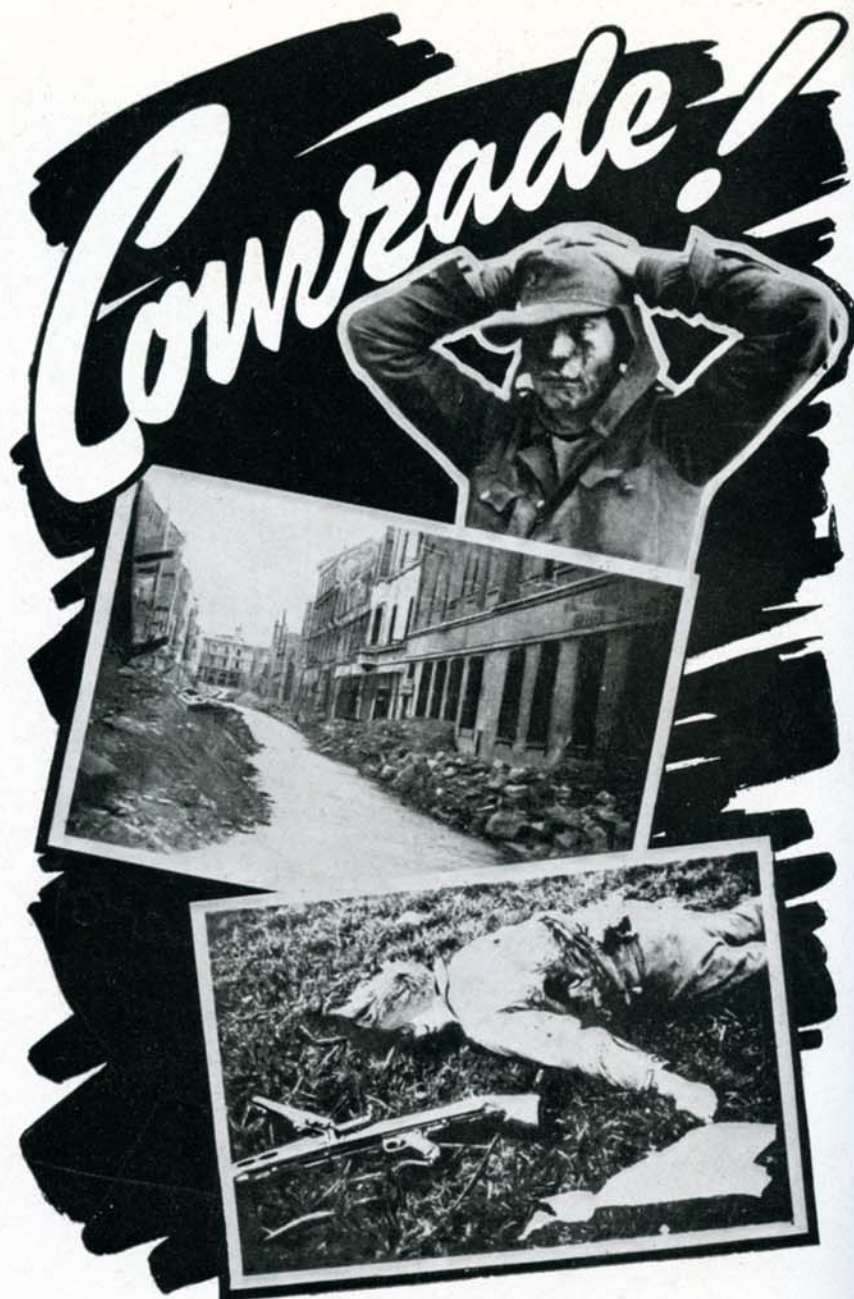
forget; within each man's thoughts there should be that feeling of honor and satisfaction of being a member of an organization to have so distinguished itself on the field of battle.

With a slight hesitation we meekly type these last few words

Point system	that long trip home
Demobilization	its a question
Army of Occupation	Stay here
OR	

C-B-I Here I Come!!!!

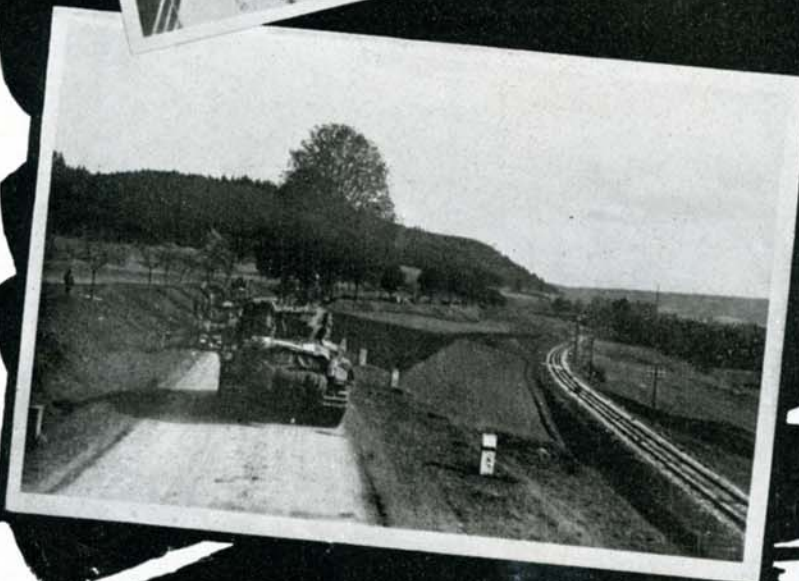
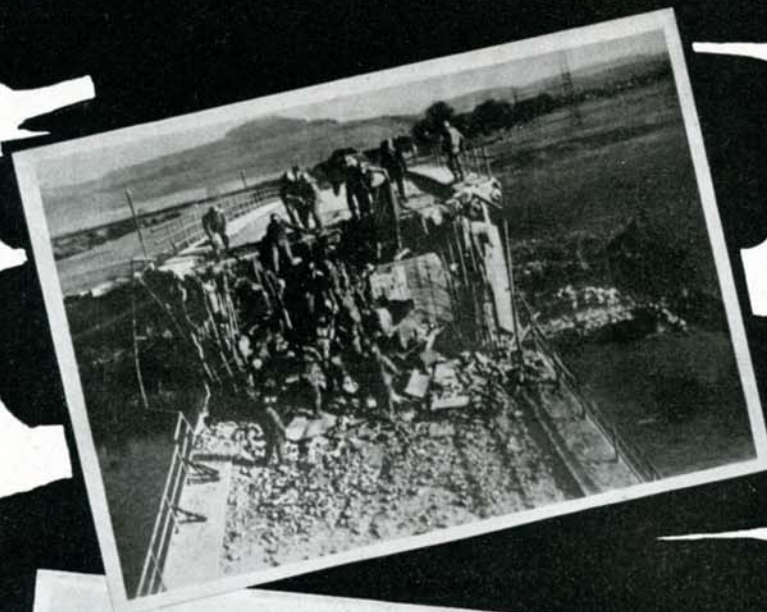




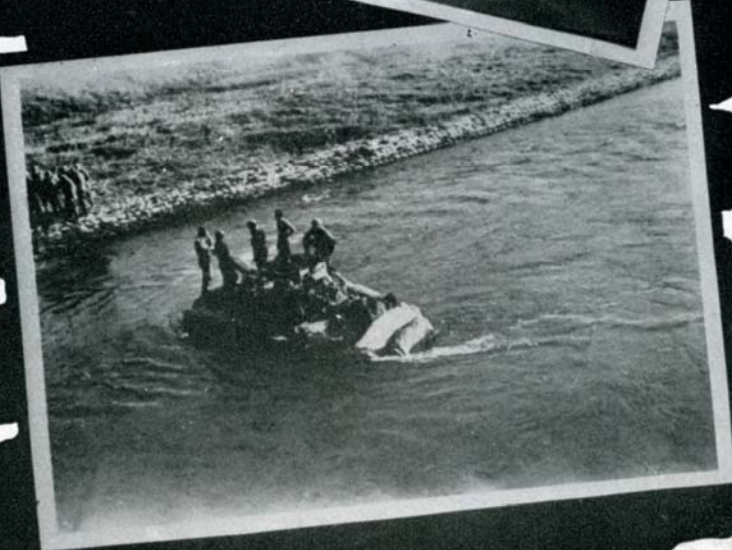
"Comrade"—that word familiar to us all; used frequently by the failing German Army. Surrendering, defeated soldiers were everywhere; thousands gave up to our forces but some were not so fortunate.



Prisoners included several high ranking officers of the enemy's forces; some still as arrogant as ever. It constituted a great problem transferring them to the rear.



Obstacles were numerous in blocking our advance. Blown bridges and road blocks delayed movements and the enemy used them often for rear guard action in their hasty retreat.



Our delays were brief, however pontoon bridges were constructed quickly when necessary; otherwise rivers and streams were forded.



- (1) Well concealed enemy vehicles go up in flames.
(2) The Autobahn, Germany's super highway speeded our progress.
(3) Bridges were not always present, but our forces had to pursue the enemy.



The enemy attempted all possible means of delaying action. No matter what the obstacle, our forces pushed on and in their wake sprung the hasty highways of war.



Familiar sights along our route of a once undefeatable German Army. A contrast in monuments depicting the past and present of Germany's air power.



Towns that were defended paid the penalty for their resistance.



Forward

Men in battle feel a new language, a language whose letters and words do not make up speed. They do not represent; they are. They are gripping anticipation that knots your fingers, cold crawling fear that twists your belly, hysterical grief and anger that blind. And they are flooding relief that loosens your breath, waves of mirth that wrench off the safety valve. Men learn the language quickly. Eleven days are enough. They take the course in Hell's Capitol, Rittershoffen, where the eternal fires are fueled with houses, barns, tanks, and bodies thrown to the dancing flames by devils in square black helmets and powder blue uniforms; where they discard the double tined fork and fling jagged hot steel that sears and tears— — — Come with us.*

* PFC. MICHAEL D. ROFRANO

We took it with a road march the first time. It looked like any other little Alsatian town then, the muddy streets, the narrow sidewalks—or no sidewalks at all, the manure piles, the tricolors, the square Alsatian faces, the waving arms, the cheers—they were just the same. Heinie had gone. It felt good to rumble through, and it was just another town on the road to Berlin.

But the big picture changed. Maybe we of the 14th had been too good. We were doing our job of splitting up the block alright, but someone had missed getting the guy with the axe. Anyway we pulled back, the doughfeet took our place, pulled back, and Jerry crept close to the little town, so close that in early January only one other little town stood between. The doughfeet held there. It was good enough defense ground. Higher headquarters thought it was far enough back and they held... until Heinie desperately wanted both towns. We learned later that the price didn't really matter. And when he moved in to buy he bought first a few pages, then a couple of chapters and finally the book.

Let's look at the doughfeet. They were pretty green to begin with, not their fault, and they'd been kicked around in a couple of other recent engagements, in short, were pretty much easy meat for even the ordinary run of Heinie guts and tricks. Then one night Jerry pushed into the east edge of Hatten (the other little town) where the battalion in that sector had its Command Post in a cellar by the church near the center of town. At first the next morning it looked rough for them, and then it didn't, then it did. And during that night and the next day the battalion was cut off, the remainder of the regiment was beaten back and Heinie was in Rittershoffen too. But that's too fast for the story because we got tangled in it soon after Heinie threw himself into Hatten.

Look at A Company. They constituted the leading elements of the Battalion as we were held in reserve to counterattack if needed, a floating finger, so to speak, ready to punch in any direction. They'd been in Kuhlendorf for a couple of days to the northwest of Rittershoffen about three kilometers. It was a good pivot. They were there the morning that Heinie started pouring the power into Hatten after getting a toehold the night before. That was the 9th of January and by 0930, Able Company had been rushed to assembly positions east of Rittershoffen, all set for a big Jerry drive through and past the doughfeet MLR. It didn't come through, we breathed again, and A Company roadred back to Kuhlendorf to watch and wait. And they hit the doughfeet again; it looked like the business.... It was just 1300 sharp when Captain Ace quietly told 1st Platoon Leader Woodard to bring the boys back up with a bang while he whipped over to Hatten in the peep to talk to the doughfoot Colonel.

It's not a pretty thing to see a frightened man or a group of frightened men—made panicky because Jerry tanks are swinging in south of the town and Jerry half-tracks are cutting in north of the town and no one is doing anything about it, "Hey, Captain! there's a tank, a Jerry tank over there!—right over there, right over the hill, goin' around town!"—"Sure, sure, take it easy. Somebody'll get it, where's your CP?"

The air in the cellar was do or die with a generous dash of confusion added. The colonel clutched a phone, strain on his face... the major darted here and there with his map... wounded lay by a wall, another coming down, couldn't get them to the aid station... the light was going bad. Captain Ace found out what he could, it was hard to get, they gave him what they could, and took off back down the main street toward his outfit. Had the six Kraut tanks that later gave Able the quickest kill on the battalion record been satisfied with enveloping just one town as was the half-track detachment, we would have lost the Ace then. The small TD detachment on the west edge of Hatten couldn't get set, get going. One squatted squarely in the middle of the street, covered no threat at all. "Turret commander!—hey Sergeant, stick your head up—good target south of town, tank!—Go up that street and you can get him!"—"But, boss, I already been up there!" Another TD did better, sent the lead half-track up in a shower of sparks, range 75 yards, as Captain Ace complete with 1/4 ton flew west out of Hatten.

Where is that damn' company—There! pulling off the road under the trees—wrong side—Woodard, Woodard, Jerry tanks on your right, your right! Pull over there on the crest and—but let Cpl M'Grane tell you—

"An assignment was ours, it was routine. We were reserve; maybe we'd have to counterattack, but this had gone on for days—you lose your edge about it. The entire sector was quiet, only a few big guns to our far right mumbled through the silence of the day. Nothing was to happen, it couldn't. The quiet breeze said so, it was so calm; the hills said so, they were so solemn; the trees said so, they were so still. They lied, all of them!

This was friendly country, we knew that. We had passed through it a few weeks before and gone beyond through the Maginot Line, those forts that followed this entire area along the northern edge. We had been untouched, we pushed north—toward the Rhine. To the south stretched the forest, a coniferous snow covered group. A valley lay tranquilly between the forest and a two lane snow-padded highway which seamed the North and South sectors together. Between the Maginot and the forest at either end of the

road sat two towns, foreign as yet to war's destruction, Rittershoffen at the west, Hatten at the east. The country between the chain of forts to the north and the wooded sector on the south rippled gently.

It was the morning of the 9th that we moved up just to the east of Rittershoffen. We were to protect this town, from what, we wondered—V-2? We were reserve, we had to be. We had taken these towns a few weeks before, taken them without resistance. Obviously this mission was not important. We were being shuffled like cards—we were pulled back, it was routine.

Then we were rushed back—it was hurry, hurry!

A peep and a recon car darted into view, streaking from Hatten. The peep halted, an officer bounced out, artillery was dropping close now. "Tanks on your right!—German tanks—in the valley—Get em! Get em! Pull your tanks to the right of the road, onto the crest, you can't miss, hurry!"

German tanks? In the valley? To our right? They couldn't be there, the front was some kilometers to our East or North—it was here!—no, Captain Ace must be mistaken, they are our tanks, no doubt, our flank protection. The alarm flew from tank to tank. My platoon swung to the right of the road toward a position over-looking the valley.

Five gunners, and five tank commanders, five drivers, and five bogs eyed the squat tanks crawling half hidden along the railroad track that creased the valley's lower side. These were ours, of course—they weren't ours! Fire! Gunner, Fire!

Five tanks spot flame, one still on the move. It was a two minute job"—

That afternoon A-48 jumped off to the counterattack at 1710, a platoon on either side of Hatten. Corporal McGrane again records—

"We left our commanding ground and eased down its sloping sides toward the valley floor past the smouldering Jerry tanks which burned like huge torches to guide our way in the gathering darkness. Doughfeet walked behind us, five to a tank. Now and then Heinie ammo within the flaming tanks would explode and throw hot metal into the night to make of the sky a blanket of twisted colors. The night was cold; the wind was sharp. We stamped our feet against the floor as our tanks munched through the snow, exhausts coughing at their heavy vents. We pressed forward along the

valley floor, going due east now. Our right flank, the forest wall, was close but invisible, it blended into the night. We moved in close to our objective. This new Jerry life line, the road leading southeast out of Hatten to Seltz must be severed. We squeezed in closer, the air had become still, the night was far black—we waited.

From out of Hatten a vehicle cautiously fumbled its way—if it were Kraut—we wet our chilled lips. One tank fired! two, three, and the Jerry vehicle burst into flames. Strange and ghost like was the scene, as the flare lit up the cemetery in the background. The stones winked at us through the leaping fire."

Two more kraut vehicles died by the cemetery that night and in the early morning A-48 was relieved by doughfoot elements. They pulled back toward Rittershoffen and held there on the east edge for the night.

There were fourteen more hours of it for Able Company before Charlie Company took over the brunt of the assault for them—hours of give and take, of strain and sweat, hours when eyes blurred and the mind fogged because a man is not of steel.

Their counterattack against Jerry had gone well at first the next morning. The tactics might have been better; a company of tanks swinging south and east and a company of infantry swinging north and east to surround Hatten might have done very well, but there was no good way of telling that Jerry would launch a counterattack of his own on the north only—in force against the infantry.

"We didn't use the roads much any more if we could avoid them; the ground was firm. In line formation and in column we plodded east. To our left flank there was protection—we had been assured. Yet there was always the chance that—the radio screamed, 'Enemy tank moving up on our left! Bob, traverse left, left! Steady—on.' The lone vehicle stood daringly on the hill, moved closer—our sights found him. Damn the fog an that sight! Hurry!—the radio rang out, 'Don't shoot, for God's sake, men, don't shoot, it's a friendly tank.'

The ground was cold and icy hard as a steady wind swept snow into swirling heaps. This was the kind of land that gave birth to tanks. The white sheeted knolls lay calm and silently solemn. They were waiting for something. And it came, 'Counterattack on the North side against the doughfeet! We pulled back slowly and held with the doughfeet, shot up enemy infantry and two more tanks. We were tired, there had been little sleep the night before

despite the few hours relief. You don't sleep very well in a cold tank. How long could we go on, how long did we have to go on?"

It was 1600 that afternoon when Charlie Company took over allowing Able to pull back.

It's like a song, the sound of the motor when you go back; there's a terrible urge to go faster, faster; there's the tingling, giddy feeling of relief, the thought of chow, hot chow, warm rooms, laughter and stories, then of sleep maybe for weeks. "Oh, Lieutenant, how was that again, the way you give fire commands?" and "Sir, what do you mean, 'Slam! bam! Thank you ma'm'?" Camaraderie of battle it's been called—anyway you know your men and they know you.

Charlie Company had no time for ten minute breaks for some time. Upon relieving Able they attacked almost due east, north of the Hatten-Rittershoffen Road into the teeth of German tanks and anti-tank defenses. Heinie suffered first because of his surprise, but he only staggered a bit under the punch. Corporal Todd was gunner in the number 1 tank.—"The attack order came down and we were on our way toward the left of Hatten. Lt Stair, my tank commander, spotted three Mark V's as we inched over the final ridge before Hatten, three Mark V's nestled near the north edge of Hatten with their right sponsons toward us. I fired at the center one and all hell broke loose. Our whole company must have seen the Kraut tanks at the same time—within two minutes the Panzers were flaming coffins. Then Heinie struck back. Concealed antitank guns (you don't see flashes) took three of our tanks before we could recover. Oncoming darkness and the need to lick our wounds pulled us back to a defensive position just east of Rittershoffen where we learned that green infantry is not at all disposed to dig in properly to defend a tank at night. During that night Heinie threw in a heavy barrage of artillery and moved tanks and infantry close to us under its cover. We found in the morning that he had gotten the jump on us with white tanks that blended perfectly with the snow covered terrain. They crept up on us in the dim light of dawn. I saw one fire on our number 5 tank and he was but seventy-five yards from me before I saw him. I fired point blank once, again and he burst into flames. I traversed left, picked up a second and pumped two rounds of AP into him as quickly as I could shoot. But the order came down to withdraw. We pulled back and flanked to the left where two friendly tank destroyers manned by German crews put two rounds into our tank. Immediately we recognized them as our own type tank destroyers."

Corporal Glass saw that action too—"After a while the big picture gets out of focus. There is only one war, the one facing you on your own small front. Some incidents take on a clarity that is frightening, others fade into a blur where there is no proportion. **Within hearing of guttural German

phrases the crew of the recovery vehicle worked feverishly in the night to move the crippled one. At last they were forced to destroy it to prevent its capture. ** We lost men too—guys that showed us snapshots of their sweethearts and wives. ** 'We cannot give you artillery there, there are friendly patrols in that area.' 'But I can hear voices out there, Kraut voices!' And so it went without getting the artillery. ** An hour before dawn it came. The three fires in Hatten started the afternoon before had gone out—it was quiet. Then the enemy artillery screamed; the shellfire walked up the field between the two towns. Following it closely came white, ghostlike tanks and white-robed men. A horde of crack German troops given a night of unhampered preparation advanced relentlessly, fanatically. The words surprised but flat came over the air, 'I'm hit!—you bastards!'—Now orders to withdraw. Someone's interphone open, 'Back right, now straight! straight!' ** The Germans paid, paid heavily and kept coming. Multi-colored tracers criss-crossed in the harsh dawn searching for victims. Another tank burst into flames."

Corporal James sat in the gunner's seat of his tank which was silhouetted starkly by the flare, "I remember picking a spot on the wall where I expected the first 88 to tear through. I cursed the mist on my sight and mumbled a prayer."

Baker Company became tangled in it the same afternoon that Charlie made its first kill. They had the south side of the sector near the forest to take care of, and started the attack in much the same manner. We hadn't much experience yet with full scale tank attacks and Baker looked too much like the illustrations to have been played safe near this Kraut hornet's nest. S/Sgt Winslow was platoon sergeant of the third platoon.

"At this point we were to move south across the railroad track then due east across the flat, treeless table land between the Hagenau Forest to our south and the towns of Rittershoffen and Hatten to our north. Our objective was the same Hatten-Seltz Road that Able Company had cut the first night of our battalion action. It wasn't very far from our line of departure as distance goes, two kilometers perhaps. ** As we moved out into the open Jerry began laying in artillery but we received no direct fire from Rittershoffen. When we reached the point where we were to cross the tracks my section went across in line, covered by the other section as we turned our vulnerable rears to the enemy. The first platoon was moving east south of the tracks at this time. As my section crossed the track we were fired upon from somewhere on the west or south edge of Hatten. My section apparently got out of the traverse of these guns, but as we moved up a hundred yards

two German tanks or anti-tank guns opened up. Behind me, Captain Elder's tank was hit twice in quick succession. Heinie had zeroed bushes, for the Captain had crawled behind one of the few on the pool table. Four more tanks were hit and still we couldn't pick up those damn flashes. It's an odd feeling, the one you get when you see a shower of sparks cover the turret of the tank right ahead of you. Your whole body goes tense, you are scared to your fingertips, 'Driver, back! Hard right! Move out straight! Straight! See that knocked out Kraut tank? Get behind it, kick hell out of it!' Communications went out—you are helpless without them. Darkness came down like a blanket and we withdrew."

Later in the action when Baker was part of the force that held on inside the rubble of Rittershoffen with tooth, toenail, and anything else that would help, T/5 Minter had a few specific jobs. "That afternoon when my tank commander came back from the CP he told us we had to go down the street about a hundred and fifty yards and shoot up the building named Marie. I moved the old girl slowly down the street to where Cpl Reinhart could throw four quick rounds into the building named Marie. How the Krauts poured out and what a picnic the doughfeet had. We moved back—then up again to shoot the building next to Marie. We couldn't get into position by going the same route so we made a right turn and started down that street. Fifty yards down the street a bozooka smacked our right track. I put the old tank in reverse and got the hell out of there!"

Time dragged on, one day merged into the next as the houses tumbled one by one, the acrid stench of burning buildings and singed hair and flesh grew stronger, the stumbling cattle and horses chained by shock to the ruined village wandered more aimlessly. The monster deadlock heaved forward then back, now we lost a building, then we seized it, until the night when Jerry tried his flamethrowing tanks.

It had been quiet, relatively quiet at least, for an hour save for the snapping and crackling of the eternal fires. The squat silhouettes of the tanks guarding the streets blotted for a space the red glow beyond; the drizzle of soot and cinders kept falling. Occasional unwary footsteps rang on the roof-tile rubble on the walks. Then a whisper that grew to a murmur floated back toward the Command Posts from the Guard Posts in front preceding a scattering of doughfeet, haggard and frightened—"Flamethrowers! We can't stand up against 'em."

The street intersection near which two Command Posts were housed filled with men.

"Whats up? Spread those men out!"

Then the doughfoot commander calmly—

"They report flamethrowers coming down that cross street—my men can't stand up against that."

"O.K., we've tanks guarding that street where he'd turn this way."

"Easy niner to Easy Fox Able—put all the artillery you can get on street from check point one hundred to one two zero!"

"Pull that light tank out of there and put in a 76."

The flames licked and curled forward house by house, billowing high above the rooftops, then dropping, then huffing high again, as the terrifying German machine rolled toward the next intersection. Gunners strained on their sights, cursed sweat that gathered despite the cold—and then the thunder of artillery, spasmodic blasts as the first few rounds whined in, that grew to a pounding, roaring, inferno of sound so close that we flinched. We grinned, some laughed hysterically—it must be falling squarely on Jerry. The flames died leaving only a few licking tongues from new buildings which had ignited. The doughfeet rushed back to regain their houses.

It wasn't long after we threw our weight into the scales that we learned to appreciate our medics. T/5 Kieckhefer like the rest of us didn't know what he was getting into at first. "It was 2400. I lay in my GI roll listening to the steady breathing of Lt. Salisbury, and the rythmical creaking of the litter on which Joe Hall had lain his weary 230 lbs for the night. I mulled the next day's mission over in my mind. We had orders to establish a forward aid station in Rittershoffen. I'd be along I knew; it might be a little rough. We knew the town pretty well but things were getting pretty hot up there now. When I had what there was of the situation well in hand I dropped off to sleep.

It seemed but a few minutes until Sgt Creed was shaking me out of a delicious dream of Milwaukee night life. My watch was straight up, 0600. I protested as much as I thought the situation warranted, then painfully wormed my way out of the old sack and lighted a candle. By 0645 we were off in the cold blackness of the winter morning. Six inches of snow lay on the fields. ** At that moment Jerry interrupted us by dropping in several rounds. I didn't try to figure them out. We started a home in the soil of France clawing away with axe and shovel. It was rough digging. Then they caught us—our foxhole was only begun. For five minutes Jerry pounded us. The ground shook, we pressed the ground tighter, the shrapnel screamed overhead. Then it was

over and we swiftly counted the black splotches on the snow, two less than fifteen yards away. ** Soon the grapevine spread our location and we began treating the flow of cuts, aches, pains, and sore feet that afflict the front line man.

About 1330, a doughboy came in to tell us of a casualty down town. We took a litter and with doughfeet leading made our way over the rubble. We went from doorway to doorway, house to house, out the window, across the street into the next window, and so on. An aid man had already dressed the wound. We debated on how to get him out. Then I figured, what the hell—I hiked back to the aid station, gunned my peep back to the casualty, we loaded him on and whistled back before you could say 'Heil Hitler.' ** On our way back to the rear aid station we pulled up by an anti-tank emplacement and dragged a case out of a foxhole. He screamed; 'I can't stand it—all those shells!' ** While the Lt dressed the hand the Sergeant calmly told his story. He had led a small patrol deep to the enemy held portion of the town. The patrol had spent a few minutes gathering information in the same building with 4 or 5 sleeping Jerries.

The black of night filled the village, sharpened and reddened the glow of the flames."

Men and machines dropped out one by one, some were replaced, most were not. The grinding pace went on, tankers nodded over gunsights. Dog Company lost a little boy and a good tank commander with it, Charlie was down to three tanks, Baker to five—it wasn't much of a battalion any more, but we hung on, munched K rations at any hour, dozed when we could and hung on.

The spring sun shines on Rittershoffen now, and little gusts of wind kick flurries of dust in the streets. The orchards are budding, green leaves are peering out, and violets grow in the sod as they always have. The fields have a film of green over them—and the tank under the large apple tree in the north orchard is badly rusted, the jagged edges around the hole in the side are almost crimson with rust. The helmet with the bullet hole near the brim leans over the clump of violets near the east side of the south orchard. It has rusted, too. The carbine with the splintered stock is almost hidden in the dry grass on the other side of the little hump where the violets are. There is a brown stain near the butt and a fleck of hard dirt tips the front sight. And the gun in the tank nearby is swung over to the side, points at nothing. They're all very still, and it seems like a long time now. **

AWARDS AND DECORATIONS

Bravery and meritorious services in action did not pass unheralded. To most of us, the pride of belonging to a winning team of the victorious allies distinguished by our uniform and shoulder patch is sufficient. For outstanding gallant and meritorious feats, awards were presented in accordance with the deed. Space does not permit the lengthy list of names to be presented, however to these men the following pages are dedicated.





DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS—

Awarded to persons performing act or acts of heroism so notable and involving a risk of life so extraordinary as to set him apart from his comrades.

Bronze cross with eagle in center. Scroll with inscription "For Valor" below eagle. Suspended from ribbon of blue with narrow red and white bands.

1 Awarded.

SILVER STAR—Awarded to persons distinguishing themselves by gallantry in action not warranting Medal of Honor or DSC.

Bronze star with raised silver star in center. Suspended from ribbon of red white and blue bands of near equal width.

5 Awarded.



SOLDIER'S MEDAL—Awarded to persons distinguishing themselves by heroism not involving actual conflict with an enemy.

Bronze octagon an eagle displayed, standing on a fasces between two groups of stars 6 & 7, above the groups of 6, a spray of leaves. Suspended from ribbon composed of 2 outside blue stripes, the center containing 7 white and 6 red stripes.

1 Awarded.

BRONZE STAR—Awarded to persons who have distinguished themselves by heroic or meritorious achievement.

Bronze star with raised bronze star in center. Suspended from ribbon of red with blue stripe in center trimmed in white.

150 Awarded.



PURPLE HEART—Awarded to persons who are wounded in action against an enemy of the United States or as a direct result of an act of such enemy.

On purple enameled heart within bronze border a profile head in relief of General George Washington. Above heart shield of Washington's coat of arms between two sprays of leaves.

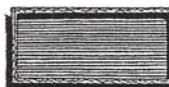
Suspended from purple ribbon trimmed in white.

170 Awarded.

PRESIDENTIAL CITATION—As a unit, it must have distinguished itself by conspicuous battle action of a character that would merit the award to an individual of the Distinguished Service Cross.

Badge consists of a blue ribbon set in a gold colored metal frame of laurel leaves.

1 Platoon received citation.





IN MEMORIAM

Arriola, Vicente M.	Miami, Arizona
Ball, David	Fayette, Missouri
✓ Berg, Raymond E.	Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Boyden, Samuel E.	Lakewood, Ohio
✓ Brock, Newell E.	Starford, Kentucky
Brooks, Donald R.	Belpie, Ohio
Brooks, Harold K.	Mineral Ridge, Ohio
Browne, William H.	Buffalo, New York
Bryant, Gordon O.	Orange, Virginia
Butler, Melvin E.	Lawrenceville, Illinois
Carey, Charles B.	Jonesboro, Tennessee
Cuife, Alvin J.	New Orleans, Louisiana
Conard, Joseph A.	Memphis, Tennessee
✓ Crawford, Charles M.	Portland, Oregon
Damico, Alonzo J.	Long Branch, New Jersey
Daver, Edward J.	Hornell, New York
De Carr, Seymour E.	St Regis Falls, New York
Dempsey, Howard C.	Shelbyville, Kentucky
Flynn, Joseph D.	Evansville, Indiana
Gable, Forest	Losantiville, Indiana
Greene, Clarence E.	Spruce Pine, North Carolina
Hanheide, Vernon	Jennings, Missouri
Herbert, George H.	Teaneck, New Jersey
Hoover, John D.	Hartford City, Indiana
Jacobs, Ralph M.	Gary, Indiana
Karles, Walter	Chicago, Illinois
Kaufmann, Robert J.	Barberton, Ohio
Kemper, Paul E.	Ft. Madison, Iowa
Kinnunen, Carl J.	Pelkie, Michigan



Kitchen, Ray F.	Alton, Alabama
Lashomb, Donald A.	Watertown, New York
Loper, Lawrence G.	McKean, Pennsylvania
Maas, Walter	Prospect Park, New York
Malloy, Richard F.	Portland, Maine
McAfee, Nathan G.	Corsicana, Texas
McDaniel, Leroy	Weed, New Mexico
✓ Morrison, Dalton H.	Hodgenville, Kentucky
Norton, Silas E.	Eager, Arizona
O'Donnell, Raymond T.	Genesee, New York
✓ Oliver, J. L.	Greer, South Carolina
Parker, Ray C.	Jacksonville, North Carolina
Patosky, Robert C. Jr.	Lebanon Junction, Kentucky
Palanowski, Raymond J.	Cheektowaga, New York
Robinowitz, Saul	Baltimore, Maryland
Rankin, Knott C. Jr.	Rockland, Maine
✓ Rigsby, Charles E. Jr.	Bonham, Texas
✓ Roberts, John W.	Elizabeth City, North Carolina
✓ Schwartzman, Henry	Brooklyn, New York
Small, Charles E. Jr.	Washington, D. C.
Spellman, William J.	Chicago, Illinois
Stansfield, Gilbert W.	Monsoon, Massachusetts
Sykes, Gary B.	Berkeley, California
Traugott, Arnold H.	Arkansas City, Kansas
Vacanti, Andrew J.	Rochester, New York
Viscomi, William	Pleasantville, New York
Warren, Ahythel A.	Miami, Florida
Watson, Russell	Connellville, Pennsylvania
Weidner, Walter S.	Reading, Pennsylvania
Weldon, Howard C.	Locksprings, Missouri
Whatford, John E.	Rochester, New York
✓ Young, George M.	Santa Monica, California



May these few pages be a lasting remembrance,
in the years to come, of that spirit of fellowship
and good will that was so generously expressed
by everyone in the 48th.

The End



Sign Here Headquarters Company

(Your Co.)

3rd Rock
 3rd Rock
 3rd Rock



Edward R. King
 515 St. Clair Ave.
 St. Louis, Mo.
 81 Children Ave.
 Manhattan, Mo.

How About The Rest of You

George Fleming
 Harry E. McCreary
 Sanford Ramsey
 Robert A. Menden
 Thomas E. Brown
 George Miller
 Angelo J. Melino
 Leslie D. Mearns
 Norman E. Galt
 110 No. 38 St. Omaha, Neb.
 1051 W. Harrison Ave.
 Chicago, Ill.
 5824 Bryant St.
 Philadelphia, Pa.
 970 Forest St.
 208 West Myrtle St.
 154 E. Oregon Ave.
 154 E. Oregon Ave.
 154 E. Oregon Ave.

Poland S. Dixie

Westport, N. Y.

Richard B. Murray

Bloomington, INDIANA

Richard H. Norton

Jonesport, Maine.

Claude Lelie

Marshall, Okla.

Orville Dick

521 N. Henry St
Madison, Wis.



... 57: 4

BEST NAME EXTENSION

1978-2007

370, 44, thru 427: 45

Classification changed on 04-11-83 to **CONFIDENTIAL**
 by authority of **NSA DIR 5000**
 35-
 1-4047

3 Jul 1959

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History

From

New York o/Hudson

to

Jettenbach o/Inn