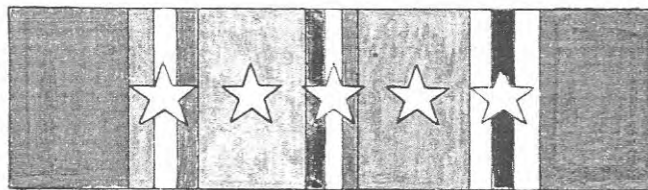


1101
-612
1945

U. S. Army Military History Institute

C'est là guerre!



612TH GRAVES REGISTRATION COMPANY

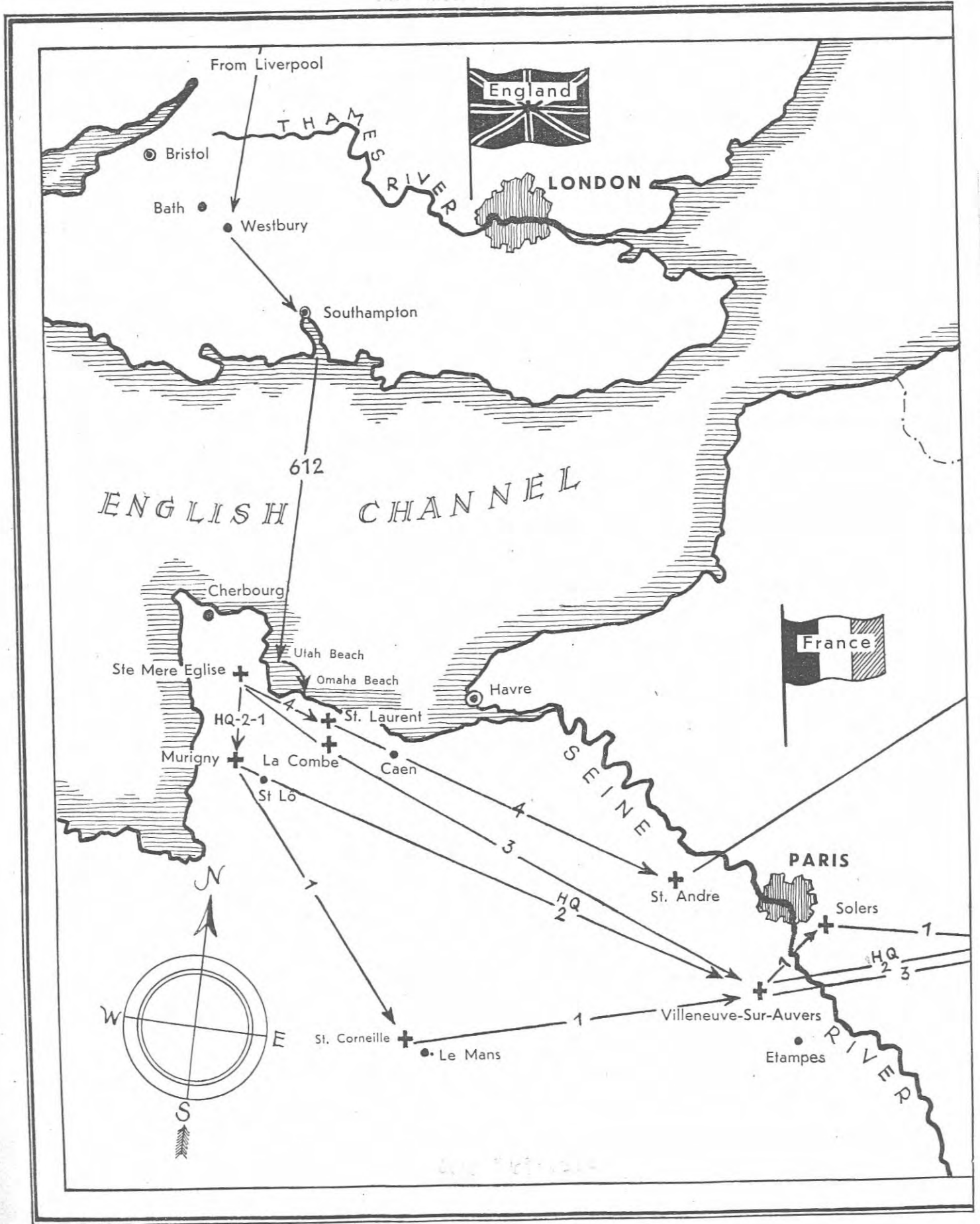
1943

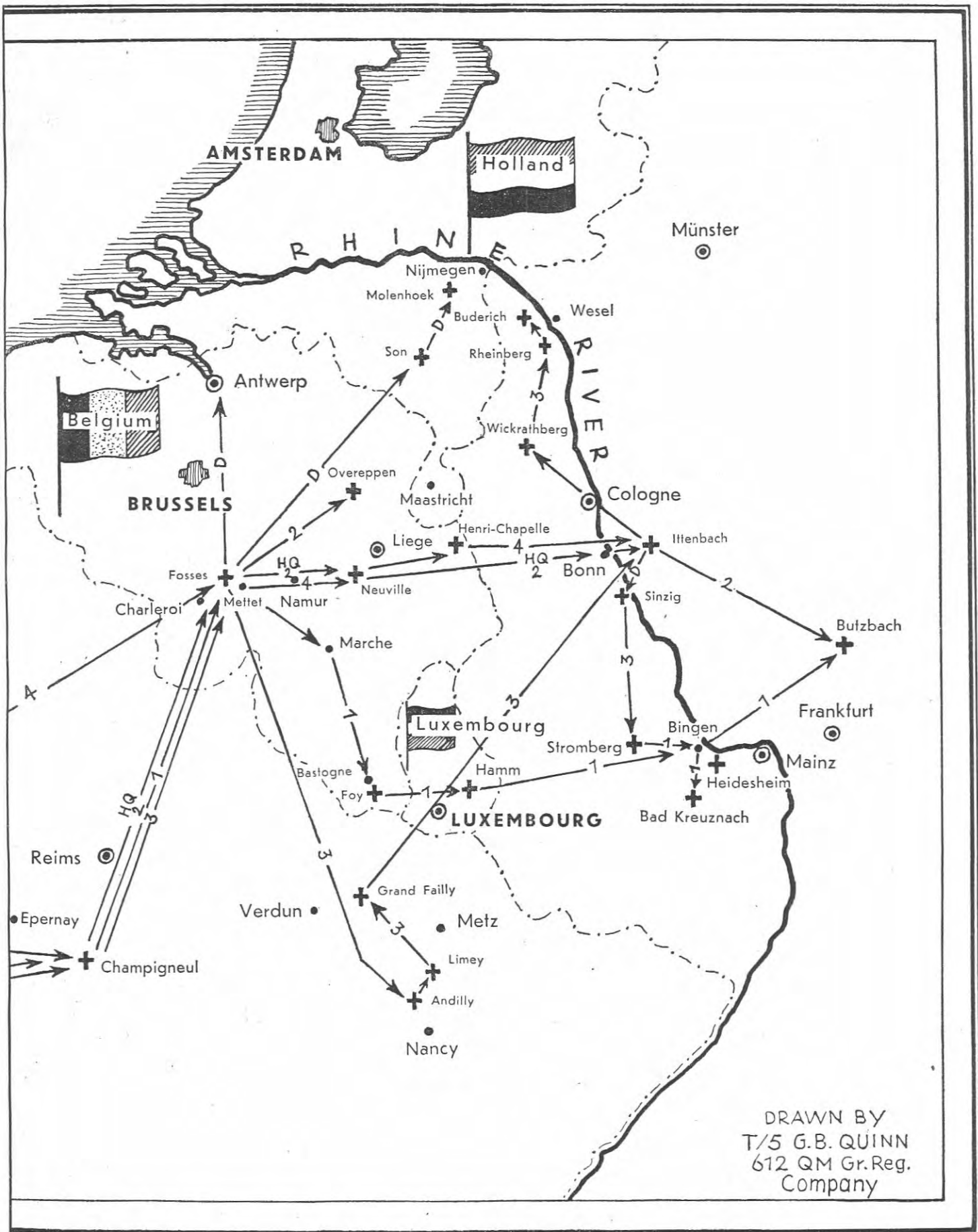
WORLD WAR II

1945

1101
-612
1945
Unit history

81-1





DRAWN BY
T/5 G.B. QUINN
612 QM Gr. Reg.
Company

DEDICATION

GREETINGS:

To our „Friends and Neighbors“ who so generously donated their taxes, war bonds, and Us — we dedicate this book. Through this medium, we wish to express our genuine appreciation for our magnificent salaries, prolonged European tour, liberal education and other favors too numerous to mention. We humbly regret that these gracious offerings can not be realized by our benefactors.

HEADQUARTERS
QUARTERMASTER UNIT TRAINING CENTER
FORT FRANCIS E. WARREN, WYOMING

GENERAL ORDERS)

No. 54)

I. ORGANIZATION OF QUARTERMASTER
GRAVES REGISTRATION COMPANIES
II. ACTIVATION OF QUARTERMASTER UNITS

1. Pursuant to telephonic instructions, Headquarters Seventh SvC, ASF, 26 November 1943, the following named Quartermaster Units, having been ordered into the active military service of the United States, effective 26 November 1943, and transferred to Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyo., by General Orders No. 125, Headquarters, Seventh SvC, ASF, 26 November 1943, are organized in accordance with Table of Organization and Equipment 10—297, effective 27 November 1943:

609TH QUARTERMASTER GRAVES REGISTRATION COMPANY
610TH QUARTERMASTER GRAVES REGISTRATION COMPANY
611TH QUARTERMASTER GRAVES REGISTRATION COMPANY
612TH QUARTERMASTER GRAVES REGISTRATION COMPANY

By command of Brigadier General WHITTAKER:

A. J. SEIDL,
Major, QMC

Director, Administrative Division.

OFFICIAL:

A. J. SEIDL,
Major, QMC
Adjutant.



Thomas A. (Square-bush)
Rowntree
1515 B. Van Buren Street
Amarillo, Texas
30 November 1943

„Amarillo? The prettiest spot in
the world when the wind isn't
blowing.“ (Dr. Miles says, „It
didn't blow for two days in 1888.“)

Ellis V. (Country Store) Clack
Route 2
Mendenhall, Mississippi
9 December 1943

„Why eat now? We will be back
to Headquarters in just a little
while; it's only 150 miles.“



* J. F. Carlbauer



Robert E. (Eye-Wash) Barry
2 Riverside Avenue.
Baldwin, Long Island, New York
9 December 1943.
„Paint all the posts and trees,
fill in all the holes, fix the
entrance-they don't look at the
cemetery anyhow.“

Gerald H. (Junior) Myers
257¹/₂ South Elm Street
Beverly Hills, California
21 March 1944 — 5 July 1945
„But, Yogi, I don't have time to
bring back your T/5!“



Richard C. (Two-Gun-Dick)
Steegmuller
500 Liberty Street
Newburgh, New York
11 December 1943
„If you've got any pistols, I'll
give you a receipt.“



William H. (Post-Card) Staub
Princess Anne, Maryland
11 December 1943
„Be sure to look for money
Belts!“



Winton (Alabama)
Alexander
Route D.
Evergreen, Alabama
1 January 1944
„I was just fixin' to tell ya,
I can get out of the army
whenever I want to.“



Alvin C. (The Head)
Anderson
1223 Military Avenue
Council Bluffs, Iowa
27 November 1943
The Enlisted Man's Mr.
Anthony.



Alex A. (Fat-Stuff)
Armenta
Naco, Sanora, Mexico
7 December 1943 —
4 January 1945
„I was just jivin' ya, man.“

Robert L. (The Crooner)
Barrett
Route 1
Heltonville, Indiana
2 May 1945
„Aw. points won't mean
anything, m-a-y-b-e!“



John W. (Panama) Baxley
Lane Apartments
Hogansville, Georgia
6 December 1943 —
4 April 1945
„Honest, it was only ten
o'clock Lieutenant.“



Walter (Giggles) Benet
1553 Cole Street
Baltimore, Maryland
26 December 1944
„I nominate Stiltner for my
job tomorrow.“

H. Charles (Happy-Her-
man) Block
6471 West 85th Place
Los Angeles, California
21 December 1943
If he can't fix it-junk it.



John (Bugler) Brandt
3003 E. 12th Street
Muncie, Indiana
20 December 1943
„It's just this plastic bugle.“





Everett R. (Mattress-Cover)
Bristow
11671 Pope Avenue
Lynwood, California
21 December 1943
„Jeep Driver? I just change
oil and fix flats!”



James D. (Bruce) Brusuelas
Post Office Box 184
Tularosa, New Mexico
28 April 1944
„Liege? One hour quicker
than anyone else.”



John V. (Preacher) Burman
Route 1
Carver, Minnesota
3 January 1944
„Daly has the ball! He goes
through center for five
yards!”

Joseph (Calamity) Bryant
Lumberton, North Carolina
3 December 1944 —
1 July 1945
„Someday I'm going to get
vexed.”



John E. (Doctor Brinkley)
Burton
Route 2
Atlanta, Texas
3 January 1944 —
1 July 1945
„Engle, you and I process
the ones with clothes.”



Richard (Gold Mine)
Burwick
531 Short Street
Inglewood, California
21 December 1943
„At home they call me,
'The Great Lover'.”

Pablo (Pauncho) Cabrera
The United States Army
20 December 1943 —
29 June 1945
„Bet you a sousand Francs.”



James R. (Gabby)
Calloway
125 North 5th Street
Pocatello, Idaho
31 March 1944 —
4 January 1945
„Gawd, I hope that's blood!”





Cohen (Gopher) Campbell
 Route 3
 Greer, South Carolina
 2 May 1945
 „Couldn't say, never take a
 drink myself.“



Edward (Deacon Dan)
 Campbell
 369 Big Hill Avenue
 Richmond, Kentucky
 14 December 1943 —
 6 April 1945
 „I took a runny-go-lick at
 him.“



Robert E. (Ford) Carr
 Post Office Box 451
 Chester, California
 21 December 1943 —
 4 January 1945
 He spent two weeks docto-
 ring the pup's tail.

Steve (Bohunk) Cikel
 1839 Villa Avenue
 Racine, Wisconsin
 15 January 1944 —
 1 July 1945
 They prefer him to a movie
 star.



Clarence (The German
 Lover) Clemens
 Post Office Box 11
 Mazeppa Minnesota
 1 January 1944
 „Honest, Lieutenant,
 they're Polish.“



Cleston (Railroad Tracks)
 Climer
 2019 — 46th Street
 Longview, Washington
 5 December 1943
 „To ——— with it, do it
 tomorrow!“



Paul K. (OCS) Cook
 2220 Pioneer Road
 Evanston, Illinois
 30 December 1944
 „Won't she be proud?“

Leslie (Diesel Cock-tail)
 Courter
 Route 1., % B. O. Mussel-
 man
 Orient, Ohio
 20 December 1943
 „It seems there was a
 traveling salesman stopped
 at ———.“





Walter (Mortimer) Craker
 Box 112
 Meadow, Texas
 18 March 1944
 „Sarge, I ain't had a good
 ,eating-out' all day.“



Riley (Oh Fine!) Daugherty
 Box 2128
 Las Vegas, Nevada
 21 December 1943
 „The tape stretched!“



John (Gumba) DeNardo
 2839 West Polk Street
 Chicago, Illinois
 12 December 1943 —
 4 January 1945
 „I gotta gooda cheapa
 banan!“

J. D. (Jack) Donaldson
 32 Holt Street
 Ventura, California
 7 December 1943
 „If you don't like it, step
 outside!“



Thomas J. (Steinbeck)
 Dowling
 701 Rand Avenue
 Oakland, California
 15 December 1943 —
 4 January 1945
 „Let me at 'em!“



Edward (Curly) Driscoll
 23 Waite Street
 Malden, Massachusetts
 30 December 1944
 „Foah kids and still I
 cawn't get to Bahston.“



Joseph (Polack) Dudiak
 3714 Stickney Avenue
 Cleveland, Ohio
 1 January 1944
 „There was a colored se-
 cond Lieutenant ———.“

Jerry (The Mick) Dwyer
 609 Irena Street
 Redondo Beach, California
 21 December 1943
 „Requested definition of
 company morale — ,Zero
 point ———'!“





Alvin (Zebra) Engle
506 West 5th Street
Hays, Kansas
1 January 1944
Only 23 years to go. (Suffers from shovel-phobia.)



George (Sweet Little) Esgate
Florence, Oregon
5 December 1943
"Old Bob filled the wood box three times a day."



Robert (Noisy) Falls Down
Crow Agency, Montana
5 December 1943 —
5 August 1944
"He stuck with us with only one foot working."

William A. (Wild Bill) Fisher
4405 Alta Canyon Road
Lacandara, California
7 December 1943 —
4 January 1945
"You can't kid me, I've been to the Dallas Fair!"



Leo (Fiddler) Fixler
729 Westgate
University City, Missouri
2 December 1943
Soldier, you should shave at least once a month.



Charles I. (Furniture Stacker) Flory
Route 6
Chambersburg, Pennsylvania
26 December 1944 —
29 June 1945
"Now lookit here, Lootenit!"

Fred (Two-a-Day) Frazier
Route 2
Franklin, North Carolina
26 December 1944
"But Sir! I had already seen the show!"



Joseph (Indispensable) Frediani
Bell, California
7519 Atlantic Boulevard
21 December 1943
His name wasn't in the hat.





Everett H. (Turkey-Leg)
Freese
1722 Thome Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
12 December 1943 —
4 January 1945;
20 February 1945 —
19 May 1945
„Some of the boys were
whooping it up —.“



Robert A. (Diamond)
Fullerton
2425 NE 37th
Portland, Oregon
8 December 1943
„Would you care for a cup
of coffee, Colonel?“ WOW!



Santiago T. (Tank Opera-
tor) Galaz
521 East Soledad Street
Las Cruces, New Mexico
26 December 1944
„And the lights went out in
Seraing so we couldn't
make it.“

Fred S. (The Mexican Phi-
losopher) Garcia
4544 North Huntington
Drive
Los Angeles, California
7 December 1943 —
4 January 1945
„Physical mastery is my
specialty.“



George S. (Mexicali Rose)
Garcia
Bisbee, Arizona
21 December 1943 —
23 February 1945
Short Cut-Garcia.



Rinaldo (The Mighty Atom)
Garofoli
307 Grassy Island Avenue
Jessup, Pennsylvania
21 December 1944
At last he looked down on
another man.



Chester A. (Turt-le Dove)
Garthwaite
413 West Main Street
Platteville, Wisconsin
18 December 1943
„I remember him when he
was a clerk in Supply
School.“

Jose F. (Spit-n-polish)
Garza
412 North Missouri
Weslaco, Texas
26 December 1944
„Sgt, to get your shoes to
look like mine, you have to
work!“





Clifford L. (Truman)
Gauvain
4135 West Green Lea Place
St. Louis, Missouri
4 April 1944 —
23 February 1945
„I'll clean your carbine,
then we'll go to chow.”



Walter J. (Der Fuhrer)
Gehringer
464 Union Street
Allentown, Pennsylvania
16 March 1945 —
26 July 1945
„Whadya mean? Ya never
had it so good. Home was
never like this!”

Vincent (Chief) Goes Ahead
Box 57
5 December 1943
Pryor, Montana
„I work for Sgt. Garth-
waite-You can't give me no
details!”



Preston N. (Side Burns)
Grandel
Route 1A
Winchester, Virginia
26 April 1944 —
4 January 1945
„The first liar hasn't a
chance!”



Reid (Rolling Bedroom)
Grayson
Antelope, Montana
5 December 1943
„But I want my cigarettes!
I'll learn to smoke.”



Kenneth L. (Pappy)
Hancock
4410 South 22nd Street
Omaha, Nebraska
30 November 1943
„Things are bad all over,
even the Gentiles are ha-
ving fire sales!”

Arvin (Oley Got Dom Ya)
Hanson
3300 Minnehaha Avenue
Minneapolis, Minnesota
4 April 1944
„For you pretty quick soon
I fix him ya?”



Earl (Jack) Harr
1010 South 1st Street
Aberdeen, South Dakota
2 December 1943
„And for 17 days and 17
nights nothing happened.”





Howard G. (Coal Miner)
Harris
44 Morgan Street
Tonewanda, New York
6 December 1943 —
4 January 1945
„I knew that d—— Bryant
was a cotton picker!"



Fernon E. (Horizontal)
Harrison
507 Edwards Street
Brownwood, Texas
27 November 1943 —
„But Captain, I'm from
Texas and you need a dis-
patcher!"

Frank W. (Hedgerow) Hart
Silvertown, Oregon
8 December 1943
„There can't be any colored
boys in Neveremont."



Jonas C. (Robust) Hartsell
169 Duval Street
Concord, North Carolina
3 December 1943 —
1 July 1945
„I just wired Mamma for
50 sheets."



Wallace (The Mouse)
Hildreth
600 Lakeview Avenue
San Francisco, California
14 February 1944
Does anyone smell meat
burning?



John (Roselie) Honstein
3957 NE Cartfield Avenue
Portland, Oregon
5 December 1943 —
23 February 1945
„This war cost me fifty
trucks."

William (Silver Dome)
Huggins
1410 NE Weidler
Portland, Oregon
6 December 1943
„Wake up Junior and get
these Morning Reports sig-
ned!"



William (My Bill) Jackson
5355 SE 51st Street
Portland, Oregon
6 December 1943
„My brother got a head
start."





Harry (DRO) Jefferies
Freehold, New Jersey
26 December 1944
„Do you want to know
anything about rugs?“



Johnnie F. (Kain-Tuck)
Johnson
Route 1
London, Kentucky
28 February 1944 —
7 July 1945
„Right naow. I was fixin'
to cut the Officers hair.“

Herman C. (Ordnance)
Kammauff
Douglas Avenue, Box 382
Midland, Maryland
6 December 1943
„Get me more ‚Road Test‘
signs, these are all worn
out.“



John (Saucer Eyes) Knight
640- 4th Avenue South
Glasgow, Montana
5 December 1943
„Save some chow, I'm going
to help a gal stake out her
sheep.“



Paul E. (High Point)
Kuligoski
210 High Point Avenue
Weehawken,
North Carolina
26 December 1944 —
1 July 1945
„I got it made with my Pol-
ish.“



Joseph H. (Frenchie)
Labrecque
1236 Virginia Avenue
Bronx, New York
26 December 1944
He learned about hot cakes
from Tyson.

Albert (Radar) Leonetti
11615 Buckingham Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio
26 December 1944
„I'm not kidding, I'm se-
rious now- I tell you --
She's beautiful!“



William L. (Butterball)
Lindt
Dover, Idaho
21 December 1943
„You're going to hurt my
feelings if you don't stop
talking that way.“





Keong (Ting-a-ling) Lowe
 1071 Pacific Street
 San Francisco, California
 20 December 1943
 „I can't help how it tastes,
 Lowe marked the rations in
 Chinese!"



Frank G. (The Voice)
 Lowenstein
 186 Mayhew Drive
 South Orange, New Jersey
 26 December 1944
 „Soitiply, I'm a Yenkee!"



Setsuo (Chief) Matsuo
 Box 44
 Honomu, Hawaii
 26 December 1944
 „And I'll take you with me
 to raise pineapples in Ha-
 waii."

Maurice (Irving Berlin)
 Markowitz
 46 Edwards Street
 Brooklyn, New York
 7 December 1943
 „You gotta know some-
 body!"



Reid W. (Mother) Martin
 Brumley, Missouri
 26 February 1944
 „Say Mister, do you Com-
 pre?"



Joseph E. (Blue Nose)
 McCarthy
 Route 1
 Four Falls, N. B. Canada
 26 December 1944
 „You got a cigarette, Colo-
 nel?"

Jack T. (Mack) McClain
 General Delivery
 Williamston,
 South Carolina
 15 November 1944
 „They can take their jeep
 and ———!"



Joseph C. (Optimistic)
 Meagher
 Route 1
 Tigard, Oregon
 6 December 1943
 Don't let grass grow under
 your feet until you shave.





Adrien E. (Colonel)
Melancon
217 Cartier Street
Manchester,
New Hampshire
21 December 1943
„Two more weeks in the
laundry business and I have
my house built.“



Casimir (The Stump)
Miedzwiecki
5231 Ridge Avenue
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
6 December 1943 —
4 January 1945
„Say, Stranger, did I ever
tell you the story of —.“



Delbert (Statement-of-
charges-) Mihulka
3016 19th Street
Columbus, Nebraska
27 November 1943
„Shoe strings? You'll have
to get an approval from
SHAEF!“



Steve (The Muscle) Mikich
656 —33rd Street
Richmond, California
6 December 1943
„Hey Indian, where's my
shot-put?“



Winfred E. (Boot-Tops)
Mock
Roundup, Montana
5 December 1943
„My Luger had a scratched
handle, so I threw it away.“



John A. (Molly) Molinari
374 Hearst Avenue
San Francisco, California
6 December 1943
„Give me a jeep, trucks are
too durable!“



Hugh B. (Uncle Jackie)
Mooney
689 East 124th Street
Cleveland, Ohio
30 December 1944
„Grandmother sent it to
me!“



Willie C. (The Rebel) Nall
Biscoe, North Carolina
30 December 1944
„Well, I did as much as
Lindt, you want a chew?“



Hary G. (Snatchet)
Natchke
Box 493
Gettysburg, South Dakota
1 January 1944
„And so we collected the
mercury in a bucket.“



Joe A. (The Shadow) Neal
Route 1
Bluff City, Tennessee
11 December 1943 —
4 January 1945
„Can you let me have
five?“



Robert A. (The Mole)
Newbold
39 Elk Street
Amsterdam, New York
26 December 1944
„Get movin', Bum. I'll moi-
der ya!“

Thomas C. (Horse-thief)
O'Donnell
728 East Ayer Street
Ironwood, Michigan
21 December 1943 —
23 February 1945
„Let me tell you what
Eleanor says.“



Joseph (Yogi) Okarma
3864 Elsinore Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
8 March 1944
„Piper, You're yellow!“



Casimiro (R-R-renteria-ia)
Ortega
General Delivery
Los Ebanas, Texas
26 April 1943 —
23 February 1945
He prefers the American
Army.

Reuben (Don Juan) Ortiz
443 — 6th Street
Chino, California
7 December 1943 —
23 February 1945
The Jitterbug Undertaker.



Stanford H. (Little Man)
Pearlman
6754 Ridgeland Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
12 December 1943
„What do you mean short,
have you seen Garofoli?“





George H. (Double-or-Nothing) Pens
 572 South Washington Street
 Denver, Colorado
 6 December 1943
 „Leave it to me Quinn, I'll do the talking.”



Walter E. (Commodore) Perry
 62nd and Baseline Road
 Portland, Oregon
 8 December 1943
 „If I work hard I'll get it back.”



Thomas B. (Professor) Piper
 154 Monterey Avenue
 Detroit 3, Michigan
 12 December 1943
 „That's what gets my gun off!”

J. P. (Trigger) Posey
 Box 7
 Riesel, Texas
 11 May 1944
 „Oh shuckin's now, I only work here, see Mike.”



William C. (The Goat) Price
 1532 East 14th Street
 Oakland, California
 21 December 1943 —
 4 January 1945
 „Who Me? I never bitch!”



Leslie (Lightning) Proctor
 Route 1
 Lockesburg, Arkansas
 26 December 1944
 The man with the „Pip”.

Ted (Teddy Bear) Pruitt
 555 West Ely Street
 Ontario, California
 7 December 1943
 „Swimming and finger waves just don't mix.”



George B. (Sick Call) Quinn
 780 Hayes Street
 San Francisco, California
 15 December 1943
 „Well, ah-ah, two more weeks and I'll have stakes set to Seraing.”





William P. (Sinatra) Raner
 3235 Descanso Drive
 Los Angeles, California
 21 December 1943 —
 29 November 1944
 The Ipana Smile.



Leon (Round Man) Rejman
 916 20th SE
 Cedar Rapids, Iowa
 8 December 1943
 „P-38's, Cameras, Watches, Medals? Yeah, I've got a barracks bag full of'em.”



Paul J. (Red) Roberson
 Falls Mills, Virginia
 3 December 1943 —
 4 January 1945
 „Oh well, I've been a Private before!”

Meade M. (Louisville) Robinson
 109 Liberty Street
 Apartment 2
 Orlando, Florida
 27 November 1943
 The Top Bunk Terror; alias, „The Haircut”.



Alphonso (Hey Soldier) Renteria
 103 A North Belmont Street
 Glendale, California
 7 December 1943
 „Things are beginning to click, Dick.”



Victor J. (Cookie) Richter
 Route 1
 Flatonia, Texas
 7 December 1943 —
 4 January 1945
 „What would my brother think if he knew I was in the Quartermaster?”

Joe J. (Little Joe) Rode-wald
 Route 4
 Sedalia, Missouri
 17 December 1943
 „I was with Big Joe all day!”



Duane (Madithon) Rogers
 1216 1/2 Williamson Street
 Madison, Wisconsin
 12 December 1943
 „Well it is thirteen stories underground!”





Clarence (Dutch) Ruter
*Route 1
 Chicago Heights, Illinois
 30 March 1944*
 „Twist my arm, I'll go back
 to Holland.”



Richard (The Hound)
 Ruscigno
*303 Post Street
 San Jose, California
 20 December 1943*
 „No sir! I'm not in the
 plumbing business any-
 more!”



Joe S. (Big Joe) Sadoris
*2808 Van Buren
 Amarillo, Texas
 5 January 1945*
 „I was with Little Joe all
 day.”

Joseph W. (Mill Franc)
 Santora
*17 Maple Street
 Concord, Massachusetts
 26 December 1944*
 „Just ask F. H. or me, we
 got it for a small sum, say-
 mill franc.”



Morris P. (Big Deal) Savoy
*125 West 12th Street
 Cleveland, Ohio
 30 December 1944*
 „I don't operate for
 peanuts.”



Philip (The Eye) Schaff
*1705 East Street
 Sacramento, California
 20 December 1943*
 „I want to take a bath too!”

Charles R. (The Horn)
 Schlossberg
*304 Union Street
 Bluefield, West Virginia
 14 December 1943 —
 4 January 1945*
 „Three to one, you don't
 get it back.”



Peter J. (Smitty) Schmitt
*842 Fremont Avenue
 St. Paul, Minnesota
 1 January 1944*
 King of the Lister Bag.





Marion (Give-em-stew) Simpson
 808 South 11th Street
 Temple, Texas
 2 December 1943
 „They had no rations, but I got 20 rolls of film.”



Americo E. (Guinea) Solazzi
 40 Conn Street
 Woburn, Massachusetts
 17 March 1945
 As unpires go, he's a swell guy.



Douglas E. (Quinky) Spinks
 Rusk, Texas
 3 December 1943 —
 13 January 1945
 „I know where you can get it for 18 francs.”

Hubert W. (Old Lil) Starns
 301 St. Joseph Street
 Columbia, Missouri
 1 January 1944
 „MP — Please let me stay in your jail.”



Leonard H. (Autrey) Stein
 Route 1
 Fay, Oklahoma
 26 December 1944
 He brought the Wild West to Europe.



Jennings E. (Independent) Stiltner
 Route 1
 Grundy, Virginia
 17 March 1945
 „O. K. this time, but don't let Benet talk me into this again.”

Leo (The Lion) Stoll
 136 Calaghan, Avenue
 San Antonio, Texas
 8 April 1944
 „The singing Pugilist.”



Robert R. (Sundy) Sunderland
 947 Iliff Street
 Pacific Palisades, California
 21 December 1943 —
 14 June 1945
 „Lana is really not what you think.”





Ned C. (The Brow) Titus
Route 5
Warsaw, Indiana
20 December 1943
„I won't go home until you
play 'Green Eyes'."



Howard (Cowboy) Toevs
General Delivery
Aberdeen, Idaho
6 December 1943 —
10 April 1945
„Now you're talking about
the woman I love!"



Roberto E. (Senor) Torres
323 East Nevada Street
Ontario, California
7 December 1943
„I didn't do it--it was that
utter guy."

Harvey T. (Porky) Trippel
101 Poplar Street
Carbondale, Illinois
20 December 1943
„I can't help it, look at the
duty roster."



Wilmer (Toute Suite)
Tuttle
632 Oaklawn Street
Malvern, Arkansas
27 November 1943
„Say, how about me going
to ordnance with Kam-
mauff?"



Donald W. (Ninety-nine
Point) Tyler
105 East 41st Street
Vancouver, Washington
27 November 1943
„Where are the Latrines in
these Paris Hotels?"

Fred J. (Indio) Tyson
Post Office Box 1365
Indio, California
7 December 1943
„Yes, I have a question."



Foster B. (My Boy) Vary
1021 12th Avenue North
St. Petersburg, Florida
30 November 1943
„I remember him, I gave
him basic at Warren."





William R. (Wild Bill)
Virchow
8 Midvale Road
West Roxbury, Massachu-
setts
10 December 1943
„Butzbach to Sinzig to It-
tenbach on a bicycle, Oh
my aching back!"



Harry A. (Fireman)
Wallinder
820 North Broadway
Lombard, Illinois
12 December 1943 —
4 January 1945
„Now listen to 'dis fellas!"



Edward R. (Spider) Webb
Alta Vista, Iowa
27 November 1943
„Beats the H---out of me,
why should I work with
Maggie on the payroll?"

Harvey W. (Coke)
Westfall
5718 Cimarron
Los Angeles, California
8 December 1943
„I'll tell you when potatoes
leave this kitchen."



James D. (8-Ball) White
Dorothy, West Virginia
28 February 1944
„What you laughin' at 8-
Ball? Did you say some-
thing funny?"



W. Ross (Wilkie) Wilkinson
715 North Meade
Glendive, Idaho
20 December 1943
„608? No we couldn't find
them, but oh that Paris!"

Roger D. (The Lodger)
Williams
2423 Lombard Avenue
Everett, Washington
27 November 1943 —
29 June 1945
„Now take, for example,
the red tape in this army."



Alvin R. (Baldy) Wright
206 East 9th Street
Tracy, California
6 December 1943
2:30 AM: --„Do you folks
mind if I shave?"



John R. Adams
Cambridge, Mass
14 December 1943
19 March 1944

Lester Barber
373 W. 1st Street
Elmira, New York
12 May 1944
17 July 1944

Joseph H. Beauchene
1838 E 6th Street
Spokane, Washington
20 December 1943
28 January 1944

Russell F. Bertschinger
6263 Helen Avenue
Detroit, Michigan
26 December 1944
29 January 1945

Edwin W. Bland
1061 Parsons Avenue
Columbus, Ohio
30 November 1943
26 April 1944

Ray Boots
907 W. Reed Street
Moberly, Missouri
20 December 1943
17 July 1944

Walter L. Briggs
2227 Alabama, Box 146
Los Nietos, California
7 December 1943
28 January 1944

Ralf E. Conrad
7464 Hollywood Blvd
Los Angeles, California
21 December 1943
28 January 1944

Daniel L. Curatola
941 Laufer Avenue
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania
26 December 1944
26 March 1945

Joyce E. Curtin
Seymour, California
7 January 1944
14 January 1944

Henry DeBrown
500 S. Leavitt Street
Chicago, Illinois
28 February 1944
5 April 1944

Louis Good Luck
Crow Agency, Montana
5 December 1944
31 January 1944

Oleton E. Gray
Route 1
Penrose, No. Carolina
6 December 1943
6 March 1944

Winston Greenwell
230 E. 3rd South
Salt Lake City, Utah
28 February 1944
27 April 1944

Durham D. Hail
3553 N E Sandy
Portland, Oregon
19 December 1943
4 February 1944



Jacob J. (Honest Jake)
Zinkevcz
1713 2nd Street
Wausau, Wisconsin
15 January 1944 —
29 July 1945
„Time for just one more
hand! I am Jesus' Little
Lamb.“

John P. Halavonich
276 Marshall Street
Benwood, W. Virginia
26 December 1944
29 January 1945

Forest W. Hayne Jr.
4477 Monroe Street
Toledo, Ohio
1 January 1944
14 January 1944

Vicente G. Herrera
723 S. Fremont Avenue
Tucson, Arizona
21 December 1943
11 May 1944

John F. Higgins
7811 S. Avalon Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
12 December 1943
18 February 1944

Clarence B. Hodge
Route 1
Bottineau, North Dakota
28 February 1944
21 March 1944

William L. Hodge
Yuma, Tennessee
26 April 1944
1 May 1944

Kay Jew
277 N Lake Avenue
Pasadena, California
7 December 1943
11 March 1944

John E. Keane
468 1/2 Swissvale Avenue
Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania
31 January 1944
18 February 1944

Cedell Lewis
RFD 4
Europa, Mississippi
14 February 1944
22 March 1944

William C. Libby
4519 No. St. Louis Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
6 December 1943
25 February 1944

Joseph Longman
157 W Wayzata Street
St. Paul, Minnesota
5 December 1943
28 January 1944

Louis P. Lopresto
Seals Avenue
Long Beach, Mississippi
26 December 1944
29 January 1945

Irving J. Malbin
1230 Teller Avenue
Bronx, New York
30 December 1944
29 January 1945

Edward A. Massey
315 E. King Street
Orlando, Florida
6 December 1943
26 April 1944

Joseph P. Mattered
7201 Fay Avenue
La Jolla, California
4 December 1943
28 January 1944

Henry Moody
Childersburg, Alabama
12 May 1944
25 May 1944

Frank A. Myers
301 N Birch Street
Ottumwa, Iowa
4 April 1944
17 July 1944

Lavern R. Nieman
Shell Rock, Iowa
28 February 1944
5 April 1944

William C. Parker
7 So 2nd Street
Duquense, Pennsylvania
26 December 1944
29 January 1945

John Pivovaroff
3751 E Princeton Street
Los Angeles, California
28 February 1944
5 April 1944

Stanley J. Plichta
1144 Maple Street
Wyandotte, Michigan
30 March 1944
12 April 1944

Phillip E. Parasko
26 December 1944
29 January 1945

George J. Roberts
800 Oak Street
Columbus, Ohio
17 March 1945
4 April 1945

Kenneth L. Robbins
Osceola, Iowa
27 November 1943
30 March 1944

Richard G. Sequin
622 Westmount Drive
West Hollywood, California
7 December 1943
25 February 1944

Binom H. Smith
Mt Ida, Arkansas
21 March 1944
8 April 1944

Edward J. Spurlock
Stickney, West Virginia
28 February 1944
17 July 1944

James V. Surber
225 Mar Vista Avenue
Pasadena, California
7 December 1943
28 January 1944

Warren Walker
606 E 19th Street
Indianapolis, Indiana
15 December 1943
26 April 1944

Theodore E. Ward
4236 Marlborough
San Diego, California
10 March 1944
29 March 1944

Charles O. Whitaker
658 El Morado Court
Ontario, California
7 December 1943
28 January 1944

Melvin J. Wignall
Box 43
Elko, Nevada
21 December 1943
17 July 1944

Theodore Woloszyn
13448 Ave N.
Chicago, Illinois
28 February 1944
17 July 1944

Russell A. Williams
Route 1
Williamsburg, Virginia
14 February 1944
30 March 1944

Rocco F. Zaino
125 N Front Street
Farmingdale, Long Island, N
26 December 1944
29 January 1945

FORT WARREN

or: „They'll never draft me!“
(Famous last Words)

Through that inexplicable mechanism called „channels“, the War Department started things rolling with the orders you see on the frontispiece. There were innumerable indorsements starting in Washington, through Seventh Service Command in Omaha, Fort Warren, and finally to the Orderly Room in building 341. As the papers hit the desk, it was to become the mailing address for many of us who were blissfully unaware for what the future had in store.

Captain Rowntree was the first to make the change, followed by the five officers and the cadre. The officers were recent graduates of OCS, while the cadre were corporals and sergeants from other companies, who were to act as our instructors during the training period. It was assumed that by their army experience, they could best do the job of converting us from civilians to numbers on the Morning Report.



ARRIVAL: The Texans saw the snow and had to be coaxed out of the cars.

While we were still arriving in little groups, the cadre had beds assigned, and had begun the task of teaching us the difference between our left and right foot. They also imparted some other little intuitional gems in our green heads, the first and foremost was a respect for the penalty for not saluting the staff cars that were always roaming around, usually empty. We also tapped their vast store of knowledge and experience to locate the better night spots in Cheyenne.

During the first few weeks, there was little to do while waiting for the rest of the men to arrive and for Texas to decide which of their loyal sons they could spare; but the cadre had the time well planned for their amusement at our expense. There were many little things to be learned with much concentration and effort that came as second nature to the old timers. First was conditioning ourselves not to hear when Sgt. Vary went up and down the aisle, sometime in the middle of the night, chanting, „612th, time to get up, 612th“, to some tuneless ditty. By the time the fellows had taken the hint that one has to get up when called in order to figure out which was left and right on their leggings, usually having to put them on twice. There was a mad scramble for the door in order to make reveille formation with much „blood and hair“ on the frame to the delight of the First Sergeant.

The First Sergeant kept an interesting diary, affectionately called, „Duty Roster“. It was to become master of our every waking hour, and part of our sleeping hours. In the Duty Roster were to be found the cold facts about just who had last done KP, Fireman, and Room Orderly; later, Guard Duty was added.

Kitchen Police consisted of being wakened at some unearthly hour and sleepily staggering over to the kitchen. The only advantage in getting there first was that the first man held the option on being fireman of the cooking ranges and water heaters, considered the best job of the group. Late comers were put to setting the tables, serving chow on the „line“, and washing the dishes. Between meals, one of the cooks would keep and eye on the door to prevent our escaping to the relative comfort of the barracks, and try to



KP: „Setting tables, serving meals, washing dishes, pots and pans; in general, house-keeping on a large scale.“

keep us at such tasks as peeling potatoes (a three meal a day necessity), cleaning the pots and pans, and in general, regular housekeeping on a large scale.

Fireman was somewhat an easier job, but the dirt and hours made it not so appealing. Many of the Californians had never seen coal before, and a pot belly stove was strictly something from out of this world. In anticipation, the army had a school set up and in practically no time at all, made air conditioning experts from those who volunteered. It meant staying up eight hours at a stretch, making the rounds to some twenty of the hungry things, feeding them with a peanut sized coal scuttle; trying to hold off Wyoming's winter winds with crummy coal.

By far the best job was that of the Room Orderly. His task consisted of sweeping the whole building in the morning and afternoon, watching over the men's personal belongings while they were gone, and in general keeping out of sight as much as possible.

Seeing that the area around the building was free of cigarettes, matches, and such was also one of the First Sergeant's tasks. In the army, it is called „policing up the area“, and the expression has grown so that to pick up or get anything is to „police it up“. At any rate, most every morning we were out making the rounds of the locale sniping all that didn't grow, or was too heavy to move. After lining us up and enthusiastically explaining what he wanted in the line of a police of the area, he would say, „Go and get 'em, and all I want to see is derrieres and elbows!“ Someone spoke a proverb when he said, „If it moves salute it; if it doesn't move, pick it up; and if you can't move it, paint it!“

The sunrise about eight in the morning caught us during drill period. One particularly clear morning, Sgt. Vary halted his platoon and said, „Boys, look at that sunrise. It's the only thing around here worth a damn.“ He wasn't kidding, it was really a beautiful sight.

Our first payday left us all scratching our collective heads in wondering amazement as we tried to make the ends meet and face the lean months ahead. Lt. Clack talked us into a membership to the Red Cross; it meant another weekend of staying around camp and fraternizing with the boys, as an average pay of twenty dollars just didn't buy many \$ 5.50 bottles of sparkling burgundy, as Quinn found out. Christmas 1943 found some of us on guard, and Jackson homesick for a look at his daughter, Patricia Lu, born 16 December 1943. Phone calls home confirmed our opinion that the telephone was here to stay.

The delegates were all assembled by the first of the year and we set ourselves to becoming some semblance of soldiers all day, and part of the evenings. Life consisted of



CLASSES: Field trips to study examples of tank traps, bivouac and field sanitation.

classes on army organization, drill, calisthenics, more classes, and some field hikes to study such things as tank traps and the best way to wear a field pack. Some of the subjects were put across with the aid of movies, but at that stage of the game, they were pretty well out of date; so we all learned to sleep, or ponder the probabilities of Donald Duck coming out, instead of one of those training films on camouflage.

The rifle range and it's prerequisite classes on nomenclature of those museum pieces we used was somewhat of a revelation to most of us. As hunters, we thought we were well acquainted with a gun if we knew which end the shell went in and which was the business end. As usual, the army changed all of this, starting with the name. At home you could be perfectly well understood calling it a gun, but in the army, they would pretend they didn't understand if it wasn't called a rifle or piece.



RIFLE RANGE: „The contortions the Army insisted on.“

After learning the name of every nut, bolt and piece, with endless hours of looking down the sights at an imaginary foe, and firing imaginary bullets by the dozen, the sound of the first shell just about deafened us. The report itself was enough to give a man the jitters, but that and the contortions the army insisted on us going through while firing was all it took for those sadists behind the targets to frequently and joyfully run up that appropriately named red flag.

The night before the big event in which we were all to prove our qualities as marksmen, a pep talk was held to imbue in us the desire to qualify as expert riflemen. For the next month, all went around enthusiastically interjecting into the conversation, „Let's see the hands of all those who are going to qualify as experts in the morning“. Lt. Clack had coined an expression.

Things started off rather dull when we were aroused an hour early on a Sunday morning, our only day off. By the light of an eclipsed moon we made our way through the cold morning to the rifle range, and built forbidden fires in the hopes of getting warm enough to re-create the drowsy feeling we had resentfully relinquished.

The company came through with flying colors, with First Sergeant Williams making the highest score through the combined efforts of all those yet to make a rating, and a case of ammunition. The rumor has it that some of the scores were brought to the qualifying minimum with the aid of a „pencil, caliber .30”, but we all made the grade, and were completely in.

The infiltration course was the army's attempt to give us some experience at actual combat conditions. We were to crawl the length of a field between the relative safety of two trenches while several carefully watched machine guns fired about two feet above the ground. We sweated out Bristow's big feet sticking up too far; but when he started, they left a regular furrow, so we got down in it and crawled behind him, passing completely under several disinterested snakes. Those following Grayson were a trifle disappointed when he led them past a mine loaded with a small charge. It went off just after he passed, spraying all his trusting followers with a lot of oil, mud and slushy snow.



INFILTRATION COURSE: „Carefully watched machine guns fired about two feet above ground.

The obstacle course was the army's attempt to protect it's vanity and live up to the enlistment posters showing how rugged it could make a man. There is no doubt that it wouldn't make a man or two, but it didn't pay off if you consider the casualties we suffered the first try. „Line of Duty but not eligible for the Purple Heart” were Higgins, with a broken heel; Trippel, with a banged knee; Block with a turned ankle; and one hundred and twenty men who were ready to surrender to anyone who could do the course in five minutes flat and talk German.

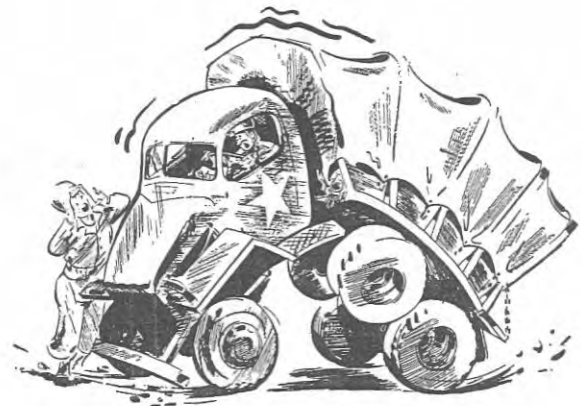
The weekly injections we received made a woeful tale in itself. Practically every week, and twice before paydays, we went before a snarling gang of Medics who stood looking like the forward line of Burman's football team. They were armed with syringes the size of grease guns, some of which were even pneumatically driven. The needles came in all sizes and shapes and each group that came out, before we went in, would tell of new ones that they had thought up since our last visit. Their stories included the addition of such innovations as square ones, corkscrews, one three feet long with a backward thread, and one with an outboard motor on it. Part of the gang hummed merrily as it honed the needles for the next customer, and there was one half-back on the end of the line armed with a pair of tongs to remove the stub of broken needles.



„... an do you know that poor Chaplain hasn't had a promotion in two years!”
 „Take yer card to th' Chaplain!”, was the only solicitude to be received after „singing the blues” to a fellow KP.

After basic training, we started all over and called it technical training. We were divided into groups, each going to different schools to unlearn all that we had acquired in civilian experience, and started from the beginning, the army way.

The Drivers were each issued an army driver's license, and then ordered to march to their class twice a day across some unexplored territory and through blizzards that often tied up the Pony Express. Later on, it paid off with them taking trips in convoys to such scenic places as Pole Mountain; Guernsey, Wyoming; and Sidney, Nebraska.



DRIVER'S SCHOOL: „Joe! Take the front wheels out of reverse.”

The Clerks went to another school, where they learned to type and add two and two in five different ways to make a Morning Report come out right. There is some talk that Huggins and Freese were cutting stencils for the examinations in one room, and taking the tests with the class in another. A new instructor made his way into their hearts by coming out the first day with some new and better jokes, and the class soon became a clearing house for some of Joe Miller's castoffs.

The Draftsmen and Surveyors had their own little racket in which they were given to know that there were two ends to an army pencil, and the usual practice was to start on one end with a knife in order to make it so it would write. After a week's practice with the „Standard Operating Procedure“ on pencil sharpening, they were presented with a piece of paper. Everything stopped as Rogers and Daugherty got into a Hangman duel. Garthwaite and Pens came back with some disheartening news. A full week's effort had netted the fact that there were 114 acres in the parade grounds. By this time, we had memorized every square foot of it, and could map it better from memory than they could with their instruments and calculations.

Bristow had his school in which they succeeded in impressing him with the fact that no one outside of Ordnance Companies must try to disassemble an army rifle. He would then come back and spend his evenings replacing the parts that the more curious had had left over when they reassembled their rifles.

Brandt sealed his fate when he went to Buglers' School. With complete indifference to the water and plugs he would find in his bugle each morning, he managed to get „Row, Row, Row, Your Boat“ and a diploma from school. His first concert for the company was a complete sell out at which we were all to hear him play for a retreat formation. A fellow classmate across the road with a slightly off tune trumpet completely loused up the performance, and we all blushed and tried not to laugh as he battled for the proper key. Brandt gave a recital of calls for us the following evening, the last we hoped we'd hear.

While all this was going on, the rest of the men were learning how to operate cemeteries, our primary function. The company officers and cadre gave us classes on everything from the size of graves and types of dirt to identification of Japanese aircraft. Not to infer that any of this was superfluous, but after our first air raid in the ETO it

became apparent that in order to make a foxhole like the little book says, one must have some sort of light to read the directions on soil types; and an instrument to measure the depth, area of fire, and relative visibility from 10,000 feet.

One of the highlights of training was a trip to Denver to watch an autopsy and a taste of convoy driving. The morning came in with a fog that made San Franciscians homesick, and went out with sub zero temperatures. We crawled forth measuring the distance between vehicles, and in general, keeping things moving, „according to the book“. We took another lesson from the old army men in learning how to smoke without revealing our position to the enemy and those interested in preserving the sanctity of the Articles of War that state that there shall be no smoking in the rear of GI trucks. Autopsies were somewhat of a novelty to most of us, and we found the ceiling far more interesting, with discussions of politics receiving an amazing participation. One or two turned slightly green and a certain surgeon's son passed out, sliding down the door jamb like a fireman answering an alarm.

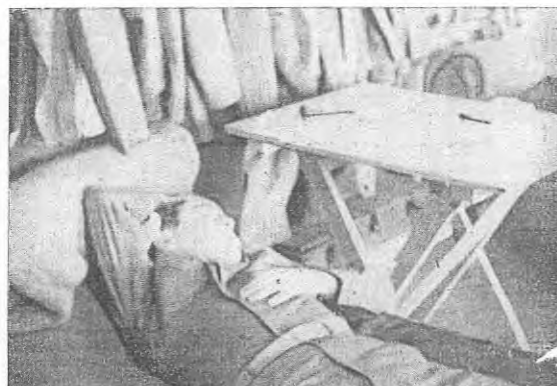
One evening we took to the fields for some more battle conditioning. After usual gas and air raid alarms, things were going according to schedule when we were set upon by bandits firing blanks, and in general, causing considerable unrest. We don't know whether they ran out of ammunition, were captured, or took off on furlough; but they missed a darn good chance to capture one company complete, because all we had in line of defense was two flashlights and a compass. After the raid blew over, we found that the map didn't agree with the compass, which in turn didn't agree with the little signs marking the course. We were „lost“, and were forced to discard all this navigational equipment in favor of some Texas intuition to get us back to civilization. Of course, the fact that we were never out of sight of the Fort was of minor importance, because we were lost. Divine Providence and a trail of beer bottle caps led us to the PX, from which we could find our way blindfolded. Climer showed he had learned something in his month in the army by talking Lt. Adams into carrying his pack the rest of the way.

As training neared an end, the powers that be began to worry for fear that we wouldn't pass the examination, and evening classes were instituted. „Just another word on censorship“ became a byword as Lt. Clack would add an extra half hour telling us just what wouldn't be said once the enemy turned it's ears on our every written word.

Our final examination was in the form of a field problem. One snowy Saturday morning, we set off to fight the Battle of Crow Creek to the bitter end. It was all of bitter, and so far as we know, it never ended; as the thing was called



CLASSES: On everything from soil types to identification of Japanese aircraft.



FIELD PROBLEM: The Battle of Crow Creek being mapped out by Hancock.

when the inspectors decided that they could best judge our qualities over a hot cup of coffee rather than on a snow blown hillside in zero weather. They did linger long enough to see us set up a cemetery, bring in „bodies“, have a gas attack, and be ever on the watch for booby traps. We would have set up tank traps and dug foxholes, but the earth was too hard to even drive a nail for a corner mark. Crow Creek must be the most fought over creek in history, as every unit that came out of Fort Warren had to put on a battle, any one of which would put our Indian fighting ancestors to shame when it comes to looking for booby traps and restraining the information we put in our letters.



REX: His barking indicated a civilian in the area.

One bright morning, there appeared a little table in front of the orderly room, and Rex's barking indicated that there was a civilian somewhere near. The coming of the Union Pacific man had been heralded by many rumors, but we were indeed happy to see him in person, because it meant we were getting furloughs, or at least they would let us see the tickets. We were still trying to find a simple way to fold the five feet of ticket it apparently took to get back to civilization when the First Sergeant told us of a Center Parade. He read off the uniform of the day, ending with wool ODs, blouses, and overcoats. One slightly unhappy soul noted the sun shining brightly and asked if we would take foot lockers; that being the only piece of equipment he had failed to read off. First Sergeants aren't accustomed to such levity, and this one was no exception when he failed to get the joke. We presented a peculiar sight as we lined up in wool ODs, blouses, and overcoats with our foot lockers on our shoulders.

The Captain got the inspiration that we should be the only company to pass the reviewing stand to the stirring beat of a field drum, so one was produced from the depths of the supply room. George „I can master anything in a half hour“ Pens, talked them into letting him do the drumming by relating his past experiences with Goldman and Sousa; and in a half hour was putting on a pretty good street beat, on the wrong foot.

The little Major with the helmet five sizes too large must have known that we had our furlough tickets in our pockets, because he took twice as long as usual to get us lined up for the parade, and it seemed forever under those overcoats before he sang out the orders of the day and started the parade moving.

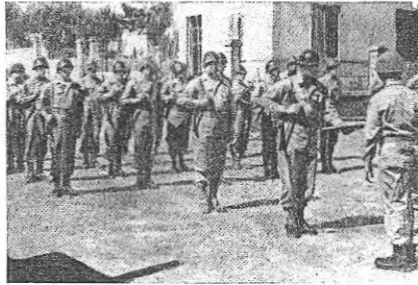


FURLOUGHS: Piper with a three foot ticket to seven days of freedom; before the parade.

The officers proudly marched past the reviewing stand smartly in step to George's drumming. The first rank kept in step with the officers, while the other six thousand of us concentrated our efforts on dodging the rabbit holes, picking up dropped helmets, dice, knives, and rifle parts. The day had been a scorcher and we were well aware that even an undershirt was too much to be wearing in that sunshine, much less overcoats and probably overshoes, we're still trying to forget.

The furloughs were seven days according to the papers, but it seemed like seven hours until we were confronted by the MPs at the gate and were given that longing look that one sees each time he displays his furlough papers. Tuttle stayed back to pace the floor over the coming of a daughter, Shirley Ann, on the 11th April 1944. All too soon we were back in the old grind and the outlook wasn't too good. The spirit was definitely improved, and the company began to show some character. POE became a subject of conversation and rumors, and we began to wonder if we could work that ache from the calisthenics into gangplank fever or salt water itch.

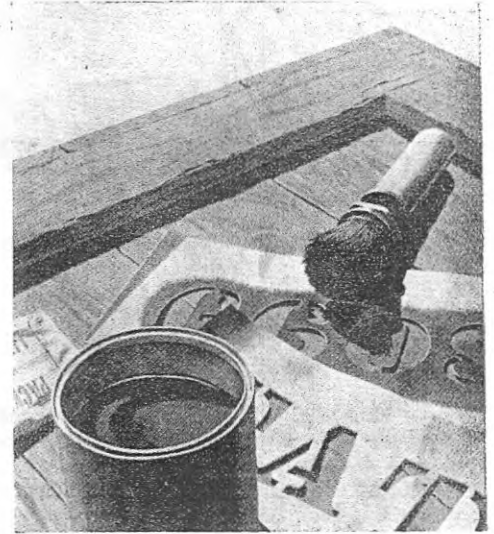
We found ourselves with considerable time on our hands, and apparently caught the army with nothing for us to do, so we mustered as much military bearing as we could and took off for the school building where we „listened“ to classes. There were frequent examinations, the holders of the lowest scores designating themselves to volunteer for the details that came over from the orderly room. Some of the ones to flunk out were the loudest snorers, or other disturbers. There were many training films that started in the morning and ran until someone woke up to the fact that it was lunch time. Of course, the calisthenics and drill went on as usual, or perhaps a little unusual as we taught the Texans that halt meant whoa, all over again.



DRILL: "... and we had to teach the men from Texas that halt meant 'whoa!'."

As we sang the blues to Mike in the hopes of promoting another set of shoelaces, it became apparent that there had been some changes. Things became hard to get, with the excuse that they had been packed away or turned in becoming more common. Interesting cases marked "T.A.T." came to the supply room daily, and the rumors kept growing bigger and better with time and experience. "Little words on Censorship" became more plentiful and boring, and the day room became a clearing house for the rumors that came back from the guys stenciling boxes or someone who had seen some secret orders. They felt under our arms, gave us some shots and pronounced us fit for overseas travel.

There was a last day of counting everything from knives to mattresses and much figuring in fudge factors as we tried to balance the number of pillows the guys had put away in the anticipation of a long train ride.



P. O. E. FEVER: Every day, new rumors from the guys stenciling addresses and "T. A. T." on boxes.

As was to become all too habitual, we started off for the train in a downpour, and said goodbye to Rex, who was outnumbered by the Articles of War that said "No" to masco and pets. The last acts at Fort Warren were to throw Sergeant Williams' car keys to the chaplain, and wave goodbye to Mrs. Garthwaite who had a place in our hearts for the hospitality she had shown with hot coffee for a dozen from a six cup percolator after a cold morning's surveying.

P.O.E.

or: „Well, at least I'll never go overseas!“ anon.

The porters on our troop train were as „close-mouthed“ as clams with lockjaw when it came to getting information on our destination. The first maneuver all of us tried was to get one porter off in a corner, slip him a quarter, and hopefully wait for a fountain of information to burst forth. After having this repeated some thirty times, they got their heads together and made up a porter's eye view of a Cook's Tour for us. The most concrete information we could get was that we were headed for Denver, so the geographical wizards got to conferring with the maps, and all was as undecided as before. By this time we were entertaining ourselves with rumors, which increased hourly in accuracy as we narrowed down the possible turn offs. It looked like we were headed for the east coast, but even those holding bets on it weren't too sure from what they had heard of the route some troop trains take.

We all sat back with our minds relieved of one thing . . . upon leaving Fort Warren, we left all the inspections and such behind, and could relax back into our civilian habits doing as little soldiering as was necessary.

The bubble silently burst, as Sgt. Garthwaite came through wanting all the letterheads and anything we might have with us, referring to Fort Warren. We were just as happy to get rid of all references to the place, but then Sgt. Williams came through picking KPs and guards. We weren't heroes being sent out in glory from the homeland, we were on guard and KP and were slipping out unnoticed.

One thing that helped revive our spirits was the appearance of Rex making a tour of the aisles looking for his berth, closely followed by the Captain, scrutinizing our faces for the first sign of the culprit. Rex was with us, big as life, and there was little that could be done about it now.

The cars resembled a safe from the outside, but the inside exceeded our expectations by quite a bit. The windows were large, there was foot room aplenty, and the bunks were far more comfortable than those we left behind. They were built in a very businesslike manner, with no space wasted, even to the triple deck bunks. On front was a box car in which we had our kitchen equipment. It was equipped with two of those ingenious gas stoves to do the cooking, and all the necessary rations for some good eating.

One man was elected from each car to help serve the food, bringing it on paper plates to our places in the cars. There were volunteers for KP, and we began to notice that they appeared particularly well fed. It seems they had an angle to eat both before, and after serving, so were getting at the rations twice.

The biggest problem was the fact that the army didn't realize that a midnight snack was a necessity, as much as guard and inspections. The mounting quantities of food purloined from the kitchen and increasing surveillance by the guards and cooks found us in Buffalo about midnight with hunger enough for a big meal, and nothing in sight to eat. One sandwich man ventured forth, and was bought out so fast that he was still counting slugs, buttons and Cheyenne

bus tokens long after the train pulled out. The porters again proved their mettle by rounding up replacements on the sandwiches and even some candy bars and coffee.

We were given a big reception at Erie, Pennsylvania, with people lining the tracks and waving from windows. We opened our windows and waved back, then slumped back into our gloom to scrutinize the countryside for familiar faces and bits of scenery. Card games, rumors and small talk provided the only diversion from the panorama of passing scenery.

The train paused in the middle of Buzzard's Bay, and then proceeded across cranberry bogs to stop in the middle of a large field with no sign of a reception committee or civilization of any sort. We picked up our packs, coats, helmets, rifles, and lined up for what was to be the longest walk; one that we'll never forget. We walked five miles to the new barracks at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts, with the weight of our packs increasing with each step. We got off the train about four in the afternoon and walked some three hours to the barracks, so it was about nine in the evening, after cold showers and some house cleaning, before we managed to scrape up enough cans of salmon, and coffee, and for the first time in the army were told to take all we wanted.

There were more and better shots, and the POE fever became somewhat of an epidemic. They felt under our arms to see if we were still warm, and we were set for the Port assured of our physical well being.



P. O. E. EXAMS:

Medic: „How do you feel?“

Us: „Well, er, ah; not so hot, sir.“

Medic: „Next!“

Life at Camp Edwards was no different from Fort Warren, with more classes, inspections and drill. There were more „little words on censorship“, and the Articles of War on desertion were emphasized. We were given priority on clothes and equipment such as steel helmets, gas masks, and much new equipment made its appearance.

The evenings were left to us and our wishes, with a big variety of entertainment. There were theatres, post exchanges, and about three square miles of sand to explore for treasure or some easy way to break a leg in a hurry.

Company spirit began to show up again as we put on a big beer party in the mess hall. The PX sold the brew in pitchers, and we had to start a regular bucket brigade to maintain the supply. The boys who were spearheading the attack on the bar aroused considerable curiosity from the others who wondered how they were emptying five pitchers every minute or two.

With the last quart of vaccine shot into our veins and a word on censorship, we set off one foggy morning for the

train. Rex hopefully paced us, and seemed to understand that each was wondering how to put wheels under the packs we were carrying. If it was five miles into that camp, the hike back to the train was twice that under the added weight of all our new equipment and shoes.

Rex tried not to see the scowls from the officers, and was carefully ignored from the roll call as we boarded the train, but seemed to understand that he couldn't come any farther as we turned him over to the Colonels' secretary, obviously the second best fate that any mascot could hope for. The movie aspect was added as a brass band made its appearance, but somehow it was a little lost in the fog, rain, and our miseries.

We stood around the docks in Boston wondering who we could talk into holding up all that pack we had on our back. The Red Cross paid off for the years' membership Lt. Clack hooked us with, by serving some hot coffee and doughnuts. We carefully remembered to answer with our first name and middle initial as the Quartermaster called the roll as we boarded the boat.

OCEAN TRIP

or: „Alright, you guys, outta here! We've gotta get ready for an inspection!”

We were herded below decks to the fifth stage, where we could hear the waves lapping against the thin sides of the boat. Berths were assigned, and the use of the life preserver explained. One look over the side of the gang-plank was all it took for Fixler. He climbed up among the pipes in the ceiling, hooked his pack within easy reach, put on his life preserver, and that was all we heard from him. The rest of us parked our packs and headed for the deck to see what there was to be seen of Boston Harbor.

One side of the boat gave a beautiful and inspiring view of the top half of some warehouses lining the docks. The other side, if one could find enough railing, netted the view of some water with a few buildings too far away for anyone to recognize with the possible exception of Bill Virchow, whose home town was our host.

After somewhat of a tiring and busy day, we went below and tried to find some graceful way to climb into a fourth tier hammock and sleep. There was considerable tossing and turning, mostly because the bunks were made with a piece of pipe where most beds have padding; partly because it was Friday the thirteenth, and we were expecting to see a German torpedo stick its head through the sides and yell „boo”. Most of us were rain on the roof lovers, but water lapping against the sides over our heads was a trifle disturbing and not conducive to restfulness.

There were no bands or waving girls when we pulled out, as it was sometime in the middle of the night, and all were preoccupied in a fitful slumber.

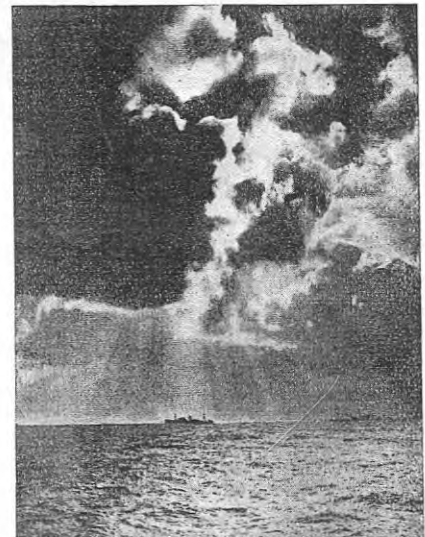
Those of us who are inclined to be claustrophobiacs found the five flights of steps to fresh air slightly disturbing, but we settled ourselves to complaining about such little things as no room to turn over and the poker games that started on the bunks above ours.

The following morning, we climbed the five flights of steps to the deck, walked the length of the boat, back down four floors to a waiting group who began the incessant punching of our meal tickets. The reason for meal tickets wasn't quite clear as they weren't expecting any strangers to walk in and swipe a meal way out in the middle of nowhere, but it gave us something to worry about and a good souvenir. The meals were good, which we ate standing up to counters, navy style, with such delicacies as ice cream and oranges.

Navy style ended with the way we ate our meals. From that point we were strictly land lubbers by nature and choice, and were definitely out of our medium. We turned green like the leaves with the coming of spring, and meal tickets began to go unpunched. Whoever bought them must have made a fortune, because the attendance dropped off as the miles and waves increased.



BELOW DECK: "... and tried to find some graceful way to climb into the fourth tier bunk."



„The Columbus type spent many hours looking ahead at the horizon . . .”

Time on our hands became the order of the day, and incessant life and death bridge games filled the periods between meals and sleep. There were poker, cheker, most any type of game, and even quizz contests. Others walked the decks and came back with reports of friends and relatives they had discovered hanging over the rail. The Columbus type spent many hours looking ahead at the horizon and the pessimists surveyed the wake for signs of attacking submarines.



"... while the pessimists just surveyed the wake for signs of attacking submarines."

The ship's store of candy, cigarettes, and other PX supplies were made available to us at carton quantities with Sgt. Garthwaite and George Pens opening the company store business, rather they were the first of a long line to try their hand at it. It was a losing game from the first as the books just wouldn't balance with the ship rocking. They managed to get back with cartons of candy bars, soap, razor blades and even some fountain pens that were physically unfit for oceanic travel. Taking a tip from the "Guide Book on England", Pens silently bought up a supply of razor blades and hand soap. It was at the time when items of this nature were hard to get. It wouldn't do international relations any good to say that Pens had any idea of catching

the English undersupplied, but that barracks bag was not full of good will tokens for the Hottentots.

We were well aware of the danger of fire at sea, and were somewhat receptive to the first fire drill, but that cooled down also as it became more of a tour of the boat at breakneck speed trying to locate our proper station. More than once, we were relieved to find that the drill was over and things were once more back to normal after fruitlessly seeking raft 13 on B deck, which was our appointed station. The lounge was not busy at this time so we appointed it our fire station and spent the time reading.

Each morning at ten, the brass on board took it upon themselves not to let us get away from the army, by having an inspection. Every one was put out of the quarters, and they were straightened, swept, mopped, and the last footprint was carefully removed in anticipation of the visit by "the Colonel". The ship's crew had similiar orders, and they started chasing everybody from the decks with fire hoses so that they could wash them off. We found ourselves on the stairways or straddling some crossbeam hoping they didn't have to wash that too, or we would have to hang by ropes over the sides to keep out of the way for the inspection.

We began to make some progress across the miles of ocean, but it was unrecognizable, except for the voice that came over the loudspeaker each evening, saying in that characterless drone that soon had us all repeating, "Attention . . . Blackout is now in effect . . . there will be no smoking on deck, and all outside portholes will be blacked out . . . all ships' clocks will be advanced one hour effective two fifteen AM". None of us stayed up to advance our clocks but some of the souls with stronger stomachs received laughs for breakfast when they came down at nine instead of eight. The days began to lengthen, and blackout didn't go into effect until later and later in the evening. We were able to read on the decks at midnight when we were approaching Liverpool.

Another touch of army life was given us in the form of some more vaccination shots. They marched the whole boat load through the sick bay and shot everybody. There were two Medics on the door shooting each man that passed through, and two feeding the needles. Natchke paused a second too long in putting his shirt on, and got a double dose of shots before he could get away. Another humorist carried his duffle bag past, and got it inoculated for typhus.

We got our first taste of the English and the gum chum racket as we pulled into the docks at Liverpool. They were very receptive to our cigarettes and gum, and we enjoyed the two day stay in the harbor while the sailors waited for it to rain so they could let us off.

ENGLAND

or: Q; „Got any gum, chum?“ Ans: „Got a sister, mister?“

The combination of rainy England and the fact that 612th had acquired the habit of moving on days the weather man gave odds for rain found us debarking from the John Ericsson in a drizzle that we grew to think of simultaneously with the mention of the name England. Breakfast at midnight, we hit the gangplank at three, only to stand around under our full packs in the rain with no sign of a shelter for miles. Any hatred we had had pent up for the Germans came out as it became apparent that they had bombed out every square inch of possible shelter in our immediate area. Those with enough energy left laughed at the pitiful sight of Pens, silently carrying his field pack and dragging a sack full of goodies for the English black market. Our train was ready about six, and our spirits were given a material boost by the Red Cross who were there with coffee, doughnuts, gum and candy.

English trains looked like a bunch of Toonerville Trolleys tied together, pulled by a tired looking engine, disguised by a blob of smoke, occasionally shooting off puffs of steam in order to inform us that it had an occupant and that it was ready to go when the word was said. The English equivalent of a high-ball was given about eight, and we took off at breakneck speed for a full fifteen miles of uninterrupted travel. That did it, though, because twenty minutes later we came to a smooth and respectful stop as the train crew exchanged greetings over a cup of tea with the Brotherhood members at a signal house. We silently took off for another five or ten miles where we slid to a halt and did an Alphonse and Gaston with another train on the same track as ours. The misunderstanding was settled without coming to blows, and we relaxed for some more stop & go traveling via lend lease. From an overall view, we made our way jerkily past such places as Manchester and Oxford unannounced; proceeded to a little whistle stop called Westbury, in the very heart of Wilts county. From the window of the train, Westbury was no different from the other quaint little villages we passed, so we sat on the train, not knowing that we had shot our wad with this particular railroad, and that we must get back under those four hundred pound loads and walk them to our next home.

Enough playing leap frog with the English block system combined with the hunger whetted by a day on K rations practically drove us up the five miles of hills to Hill Camp.

Hill Camp is an understatement, as anyone will readily assure you. It seemed to be on the veritable top of the world, and after a half hour's wandering the discovery that we were climbing the wrong hill left us slightly dismayed, to say the least, and that's the least we can print on the subject.

We found Hill Camp with a little less than three hours steady climbing and stood around under our share of the world's burdens while someone found out where the Morning Report was to be submitted, how many men we needed to donate to guarding the first night at camp; where to pitch our pup tents, or if, perchance, they might have a leaky old tent set aside in anticipation of our coming. They not only



„De next guy asks me how many miles I get to the gallon gets a sock in the puss!“

had anticipated our coming, and had set the necessary tentage aside, but would even let us have two buildings as soon as we could get rid of the occupants who were due to leave that night for some far and distant port, also an option on two more in a few days. Using the utmost in diplomacy, it was decided that Headquarters, the First and part of the Second Platoons would occupy the buildings; the remainder would make themselves „comfy“ in pyramidal tents, four men to a tent. Our hosts had accomplished another logistical gem in having set aside a mattress cover per man, with several bales of straw for us to make air-foam innerspring mattresses. Most of us quickly went to sleep from our weariness, waking in the morning with the impression we hadn't unballed the straw, while others with an eye to orientation set about to locate such necessities of life as bars. Pens came back with five pounds three shillings and the information that the locals weren't familiar with that old American pastime, galloping dominoes.

Sunderland came through with mail the first day, and our opinion of the place was improved, however only until lunch time, when we were confronted with some five hundred other souls all intent on going through the same chow line. Fortunately, someone had tipped the cook off, so more water was added to the soup without our having to witness the operation, as that was about all it would have taken to create another Company J.

As is necessary in the army, all new troops are given a period of „orientation“ in which they are wised up to the ground rules and tipped off as to when the Colonel makes his surprise inspections. We were marched into the middle of a field, one rare and sunny morning, and put to our ease

by a very nice looking Major. We all grew to like and admire Major Ely from the first; this admiration was due to the fact that he said that he had a sure fire method to



ENGLAND: The imported pastime of galloping dominoes.

beat us all home, and by the way he presented the facts of the life in England. The most disheartening news of the morning was the statement that we were still living according to garrison rules, and that beds would be made, reveille stood, and shoes kept shined. This was so contrary to what we had heard of life overseas that it awoke Pens from a daydream with cries of persecution. Basic training classes were instituted, partly to bring us up to date with the latest the war had to offer and partly to keep us out of trouble. Having passed the infant stage, for the most part, we were sure that hikes and calisthenics weren't necessary to keep us out of trouble, but we had all the mischief hiked out of us anyway. We were initiated to the Hancock system of hiking. A suitable spot was found, all were tucked safely into the forests and undergrowth, and a class on „camouflage and concealment“ given.

The nocturnal serenade by the air raid sirens combined with an air raid about five miles away and the fact that we were sleeping above one of the general depots, was all it took to arouse our whole hearted cooperation in the digging of an air raid shelter in front of the building. Our efforts went to naught as our engineering masterpiece filled with water the next day.

We were assigned to the Advance Section, Communications Zone (abbreviated to Ad Sec Com Z, and further to rhyme with „sad sack“) and given a priority on operational equipment. The drivers were first to leave one morning for Taunton to pick up five jeeps, twelve weapons carriers, and

one six-by-six truck. After a considerable period of training, in which they learned to drive all over again on the left side of the road, many hours of stenciling numbers and code colors, breaking in the motors, learning the minor repairs the drivers must do, they were ready to tackle the job of rounding up our equipment.

At this time, England was a maze of general depots, each of which had a certain item we needed to complete our T/O & E. As is usual in the army there were a few inconsistencies, we laughed a good many times at finding the hammer heads at one depot and the handles having to be requisitioned on another some fifty miles away. It was the golden opportunity to see England, and we made the best of it.

In the meanwhile, the clerks had found work in the depot behind typewriters, and all others were helping to bale Signal Corps wire spools. As D-day approached, operations went on a 24 hour a day schedule, and we lost track of some of the men for awhile.

Changes on some home front Morning Reports weren't received until an average of two weeks had been sweated out, but the arrival of news cured an epidemic of the „big eye“ for Dowling, whose daughter, Maureen Ann, on the eighteenth; Donaldson's son Gerald, the nineteenth; and O'Donnel's daughter, Sharron Elizabeth, on the twenty-ninth of June. On July 1944 the gangling bird gave the nod to Tyler on the ninth with a daughter, Barbara; Meagher on the tenth with a son, Pat; and Pearlman's son, Punch, completing his team of Punch and Judy, on the nineteenth.

D-day came and went, with Sgt. Garthwaite playing the only important role, having been selected from all the personnel of G-47 to stand before the garbage pails and see that we didn't throw away any of the edible pieces of tin can and sugar sacks found in the dehydrated asparagus, in accordance with the food conservation program some chairborne brass had dreamt up as his excuse for getting a letter of commendation.

Sgt. Williams and some of the other front office politicians made a trip to London, only to come back looking years older bearing tales of a buzz bomb that had eliminated the positive features of one city block and the bus they missed, probably from lack of experience; it being some two months since they had run for a bus under such city conditions.

We were alerted on the fourth of July with the accompanying bit of joyfulness in that we were to move into pup-tents, as all units do before leaving for the continent. This idea, it was assumed, was to sift out those who were unable to exist under a roof the size of an oversized raincoat. We took to it like ducks, and some of us even learned to quack after the rain turned to rivulets under the sides of the tents.

Waterproofing the trucks in anticipation of an amphibious landing became the order of the day as the drivers studied the books, and put little gobs of plastic waterproofing all over every moving part of the vehicles. The orders changed every week so they were kept busy taking it off and putting it on, as the vehicles couldn't be driven very far while waterproofed.

We rechecked the watertight seals on the rear view mirrors, wrote the Morning Report a day in advance, and headed for the marshalling area the morning of the twenty fourth of July.

CHANNEL

or: „Hey! I can't go over there, they're using real bullets!"

Our arrival at the marshalling area followed the same procedure as was customary in the other places; the guard was set up, a depository for the Morning Report found, and lastly, somewhere for us to throw our packs and flop for some rest after another day's steady travel. By this time, we were aware that to see the country from the back of one of those weapons carriers combined the effects of a reducing machine, wind tunnel, and a runaway buckboard. It was tiring to say the least, and we had little trouble going to sleep in the pyramidal tents that were waiting for us.

The chow lines weren't as long, as someone had scattered mess halls all through the wooded area that sheltered in natural camouflage the thousands of men that flowed in and out in a steady stream. After eating, we were confronted with a row of cans containing hot soapy water, rinse water, and a last can containing a deep green solution. The rumor was started that someone had put a pair of fatigues in that last can the first night to soak. They were not there the next day, and we had a new respect for the „mess kit laundry“.

We had some two days in which to loaf around waiting for the loudspeaker to call our number saying that we could leave for the boat. During these two days, we were issued emergency rations for the landing, francs in French currency, and two clips of ammunition. We began to believe that they were really going through with this and we faintly pleaded that we weren't meant to be soldiers.

It was raining, as usual, at the time of our departure and we could see that someone was having a good laugh at our expense as we left in a half hearted mood.

The elation at seeing a large town like Southampton was quickly subdued when we saw the barrage balloons and ack ack guns; and heard tales of the buzz bombs that used it for a bulls eye. The docks sheltered us from a pelting rain as we watched the cranes load the vehicles and fit them into the holds of the ship in jig saw puzzle fashion. To eliminate some of the risk, we waited until sailing time to board the boat, so we found ourselves with seven or eight hours of time to kill and rain coming down full force.

Services were held by a chaplain waiting for the same boat. While waiting we made little excursions around the docks. The west coast boys recognized the boat as being one of the liberty ships on which they worked before coming into the army, and the rumors they had didn't do the lagging morale any good.

We heard rumors that Hitler had been assassinated and had last minute hopes of the trip being cancelled. Around eight, we reluctantly answered to the roll with our first name and middle initial and counted the thirteen steps up the gangplank. They were really going through with it, and we could not keep from thinking that the MPs patrolling the docks were just as big an enemy as we could meet on the other side.

Those of us that had gotten over our fears of being



OMAHA BEACH: Showing barrage balloons, troop transports, landing craft, gun emplacements and pillboxes.

cooped up in the bottom of the John Ericsson, had them aroused again, but worse, at the sight of our new lodgings.

One steel ladder, a shoe and a half wide, dropped from the hatch cover to the bottom of the hold, some fifty feet straight down. We spread our overcoats on the rusty plates, tried to forget the mines that were loosed by explosions, or possible air raids; and dropped into fitful slumber. Somewhere in his wanderings around the depot, Joe Rodewald had promoted a folding cot, and proceeded to exercise his forethought by bringing it out at this time. That cot was all the comforts of home compared to a steel floor, which just isn't made for sleeping.

Sometime in the middle of the night, we moved down into the channel to wait for the rest of the convoy. The anchor chain locker shared a corner of our hold. The noise those two foot links made as they followed the anchor over the side was the most violent any of us had ever heard. It was like the noise of a clap of thunder in the hollow steel hold, lasting some five seconds. Most of us were too frightened to even draw a breath or tremble, but Sgt. Williams and Robust Hartsell made the obstacle course of fifty feet of sleeping forms on the floor and a dozen rungs on the ladder, consummating all the action that took place. We combed out our now curly hair and tried to keep one eye open for more lethal sounds, and possibly excel Robust's mark by the other sixty rungs.

The first morning, Lt. Steegmuller, as mess officer, opened a mid channel branch of Dan's Diner by finding a place to steam heat the cans of C rations. The menu became somewhat dull with canned meat and vegetable stew for breakfast, hash for dinner, meat & beans for supper. Each evening the sun would set amid a glistening trail of floating cans, and they're probably still coming in with the tide. Some of the more energetic hit the navy for both room and board by helping with the KP, and came back with a satisfied look on their faces and tales of steaks. This became somewhat of an unpopular subject after a few days on a diet of meat and vegetable stew.

With time on our hands the card games received renewed attention, and one could get a complete forecast of the final outcome of the war from Assistant Strategist Steegmuller without even dropping the proverbial hat.

Hartsell and Webb talked Robinson into becoming impatient with his place as 35th man in line for one of Jackson's hair cuts, and after an hours' steady talking, convinced Meade that they could do as well. Meade was led behind a bulkhead, and given a tonsorial treatment that even the beginners, class at Barber College could improve. There hasn't been a civil word spoken between them since, and it is rumored that Meade even swore.

With a little more consideration for our ears, the anchor

was eased down off Utah beach, and we began the more colorful, or sitting duck, phase of the voyage.

From our position, the anti-aircraft fire at the nightly attackers was like a fourth of July celebration across the entire horizon. We were enjoying the show, and some of the younger at heart took advantage of the balmy weather by sleeping on the hatch cover. Each time the fireworks started, they would stomp on the cover, and the rest of the men below would come up to see the show.

The navy sensed our enjoyment of the spectacle, and decided to move in for a better view.

They dropped anchor in the afternoon about a half mile off Utah beach, and our name was entered in the Harbor-master's list of applicants for some terra firma and real rations.

That evening found us still sitting in the dark when the searchlights started their silent prodding for the first of the nightly visitors. Our mouths dropped open as the boats around us opened fire with their tracers, and we found ourselves under a virtual umbrella of meteors shooting silently skyward. The deck sleepers rolled over on their backs for a box seat view, and the more fearful tried to buck the line coming up from the hold to view the spectacle, by going down to get their steel helmets, which were definitely a necessity.

The gunners began in earnest when a plane was actually sighted and let go with a larger cannon that shot a shell in the air where it exploded, scattering flak. The concentration of lights, tracers, and cannon fire got one plane directly overhead. It exploded in a blinding white flash and as the fragments began to shower the deck there was a unanimous rush for the ladder.

The next morning a Harbormaster's boat came alongside with the happy news that we were at the wrong beach, and must proceed some fifteen miles east to another, named Omaha.

After another night of blinker signals and shelling on the shore it was decided that we might land in the morning; concluding our channel crossing after seven days at sea. Some civilian woman swam it in as many hours, but civilians can't be expected to accomplish such things as channel crossings with as much efficiency as the army.

We were unloaded to a smaller boat known as a LCT. This shift necessitated climbing down a rope net thrown over the side of the ship, with a full pack on our shoulders. One boat would rise while the other would sink into the water from the pressure and waves; we began to wonder if we could ever get a toe hold on the lower boat.

The landing craft took us to shore where we took the vehicles for our first ride on the right side of the road. The convoy took us near the town of Isigny, where we made our first bivouac on the continent.



OMAHA BEACH: As we came ashore near St. Laurent, France.

OPERATIONS

or: „The Air Corps is giving 10 to 1 that it won't last after Aug 10th.“
(Aug 1, 1944)

Our first home on the continent was a field near the little town of Isigny, France. We arrived about noon and unpacked our equipment under the shelter of trees and underbrush, which we grew to know as hedgerows. The kitchen



... and as I sit here with shells cracking all around me ... !"

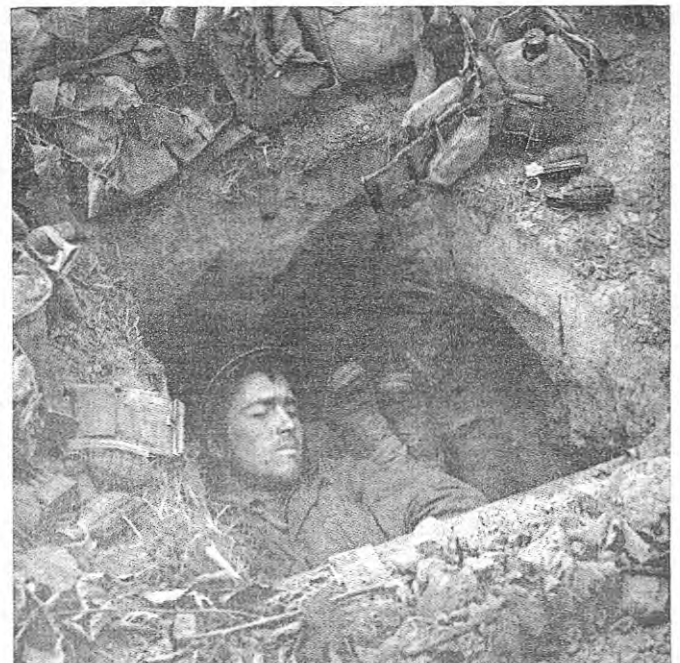
was soon set up in the hopes of getting a real meal, for a change. All the trucks were parked with an eye for camouflage. We didn't dare light a cigarette during darkness for fear the Germans, whose observers, we were made to believe, were omnipresent, would read the label on the package, and would bomb us out of existence. Paths over which we were to walk when going to any specified area, were laid out so the bent grasses wouldn't reveal that a mortal soul had displaced nature's precedents and the German observation planes wouldn't see the foot prints from 10,000 feet. We didn't have to be told to look for a spot of safety when the planes came back that night, as we were still within four or five miles of the beach and several depots. The hedgerows have a natural ditch on either side, which made a very nice facsimile of a foxhole, in comparison to that very flat steel deck we had just relinquished. Pup-tents were put up, camouflage nets placed over them, and we were ready for the first night.

Early in the evening, we had our first taste of what it was like to look at a person and not be able to communicate with him. A Frenchman came to milk his cows, at which time we gathered around to see if there were any difference in operations on this side of the world. The milk was white,

but we were disappointed to notice that the name wasn't milk. After smiling at the Frenchman and his wife, who were just as embarrassed as we, it came out that Eddie Melancon understood this gibberish; so a yell was put up for him to come over and rescue the situation. After a few warm ups, he started in and soon had all the information that an hour of rapid fire conversation in French can reveal.

As dusk approached, some began to look for their helmets, some got an early start on their sleeping, while others carried on the gab fests as usual.

Everyone crawled out when the first anti-aircraft cannon let go. It wasn't quite dark enough to see the tracers, but the puffs of smoke that the shells made when they went off kept us interested for many minutes. The coming of the evening dew dampened our curiosity, so we retired to sweat out the cannon emplacement in the next field, and the idea of falling shrapnel didn't make the ground any more comfortable. We recalled hearing that the strafers worked over the gun emplacements and areas near them.



NORMANDY: Sleeping in a fox hole was something to be learned, especially with anti-aircraft guns liberally distributing shrapnell over the area.

With darkness came another round or two from the guns, with many scrambling to get a different view. We were on a hilltop that circled a valley full of ack-ack, plus a depot lighted up for night operations. As the sirens sent forth their deafening sounds, the lights would go off and the tracers would flow out of the darkened valley probing for some unseen enemy. Off in the distance, searchlights revealed other sources of these fiery embers. Someone came around warning us that if the planes did appear, not to fire our rifles at them. We had been taught to do this in training, but reports said that if we fired on observers, they would come back and drop a bomb on us for spite.

As the last light of the sun was dying from the sky, the low drone of a motor was heard and the searchlights began to dissect the sky. The tracers all focused in one direction as a plane approached the depot.

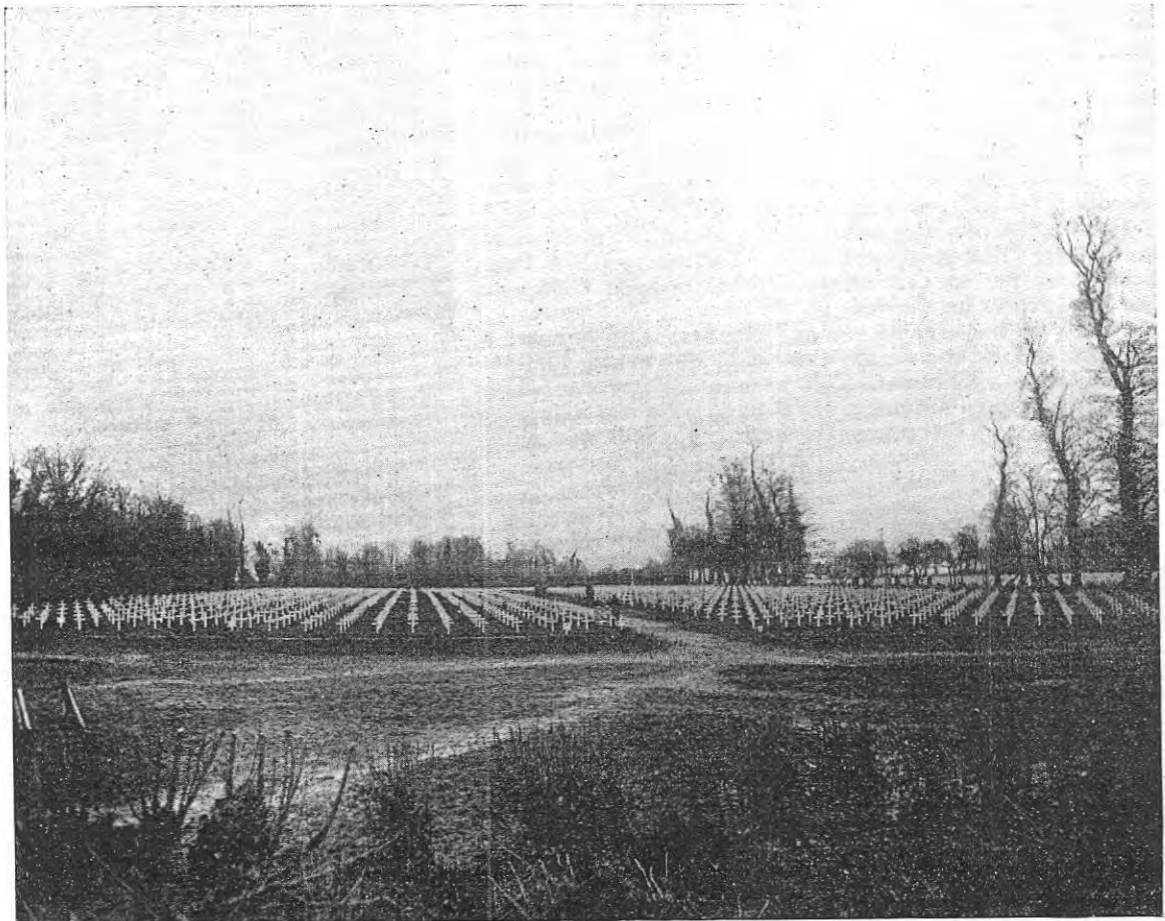
On his first pass, the attacker dropped some flares to orient himself and locate possible targets, and it seemed that they were shooting everything from howitzers to slinghots at him, but still he got through to bank and make his turn over our heads. Those who were still standing, taking it all in say that they could see the pilot in the plane; but there weren't enough remaining outside to confirm the story, for many had headed for the relative safety of the ditches, previously dug fox-holes, or blankets. Our visitor's second pass at the valley brought forth twice as much light and noise, but apparently

pictures were all he was after, as he then became so sufficiently aware of his unwelcome that he headed for home. Many of the men stayed in the ditches and foxholes and the night passed without another warning about blackout.

The following morning, a group was called out to begin our first work as Graves Registration personnel. We were sent to a nearby field, where some colored soldiers had made the mistake of firing at our visitors of the previous night and had been the recipients of two delayed action bombs. The identifications were made, the bodies removed to La Cambe Cemetery, and we now felt firmly established in our new occupation.

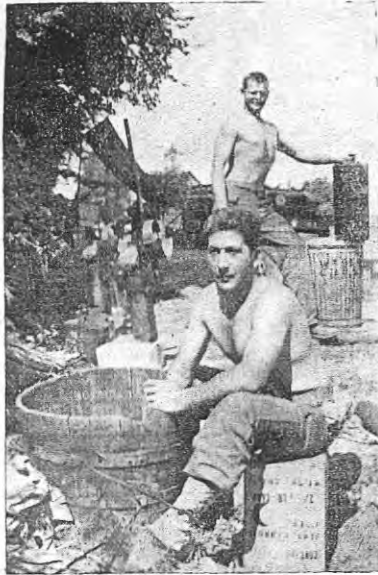
After policing all the local fields for paper and shell fragments, and listening to a class on how to recognize land mines and booby traps, with emphasis on unexploded bombs, we were ready for bed. What little sleep that could be gleaned between the hundreds of bombers passing overhead, the constant sweating out of the „boom“ in the air from the anti-aircraft cannon, did little to relieve the fatigue of the day. Living next to a gun emplacement just isn't conducive to sleep.

The order to pack up and move to our first cemetery was received with unanimous acceptance the next day. We packed our pup-tents, towels, and toothbrushes and set off for Ste Mere Eglise; arriving to take over from the First Army on the 31st of July.



U. S. Military Cemetery Ste Mere Eglise

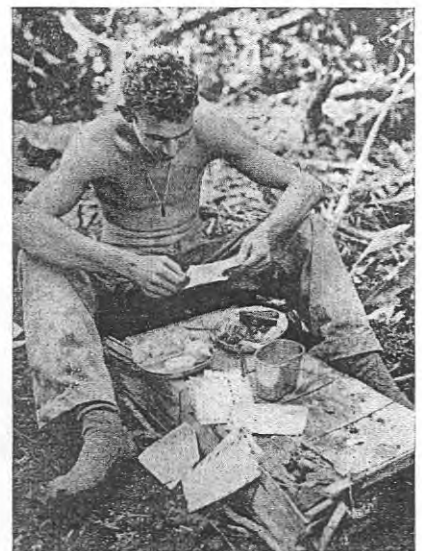
With an eye for economy, we sought out the foxholes the previous occupants had left and put our pup-tents right over the holes, combining the tent with the foxhole in a most interesting fashion. More paths were laid out to deceive the observers, who must have been watching over our every move to detect footprints across an open field. However, after the bomb incident, we were willing to try anything to give them the idea we weren't there nor interested in them, in the hopes they would go away even if they noticed us.



ST MERE EGLISE: Mikich (foreground) and Knight (background) wash out a pail (foreground) and an immersion heater (background) while on KP.



ST MERE EGLISE: DeNardo evaluates life in the ETO with life back in Chi.



ST. MERE EGLISE: Mail call is more interesting than battling bees for chow.

Booby traps were the big worry. We were told to make no unnecessary trips through the adjoining fields, as they hadn't been cleared. Later in the evening we heard a loud explosion in the next field; we stood around holding our breath while Knight and Mikich came forth with sheepish grins on their faces. They had been experimenting on some explosives in an old foxhole.

The evening poker game presented a problem, as the days were getting shorter and exposed lights were outlawed. Two franc notes were passing for twenty, and any handful of cards went for straights or flushes, with the best liar winning. The medium of exchange was changed to a bottle of watered cider the French called „cidre“, and we learned a new respect for the stuff called „Calvados“. Calvados was said to be near 80 or 90 octane, and would burn in a cigarette lighter as well as regular fluid. The bees and bugs were thriving on the mashed apples on the ground and the jelly that we had for dinner. It got so that one couldn't lay a piece of bread and jelly down without the bees taking

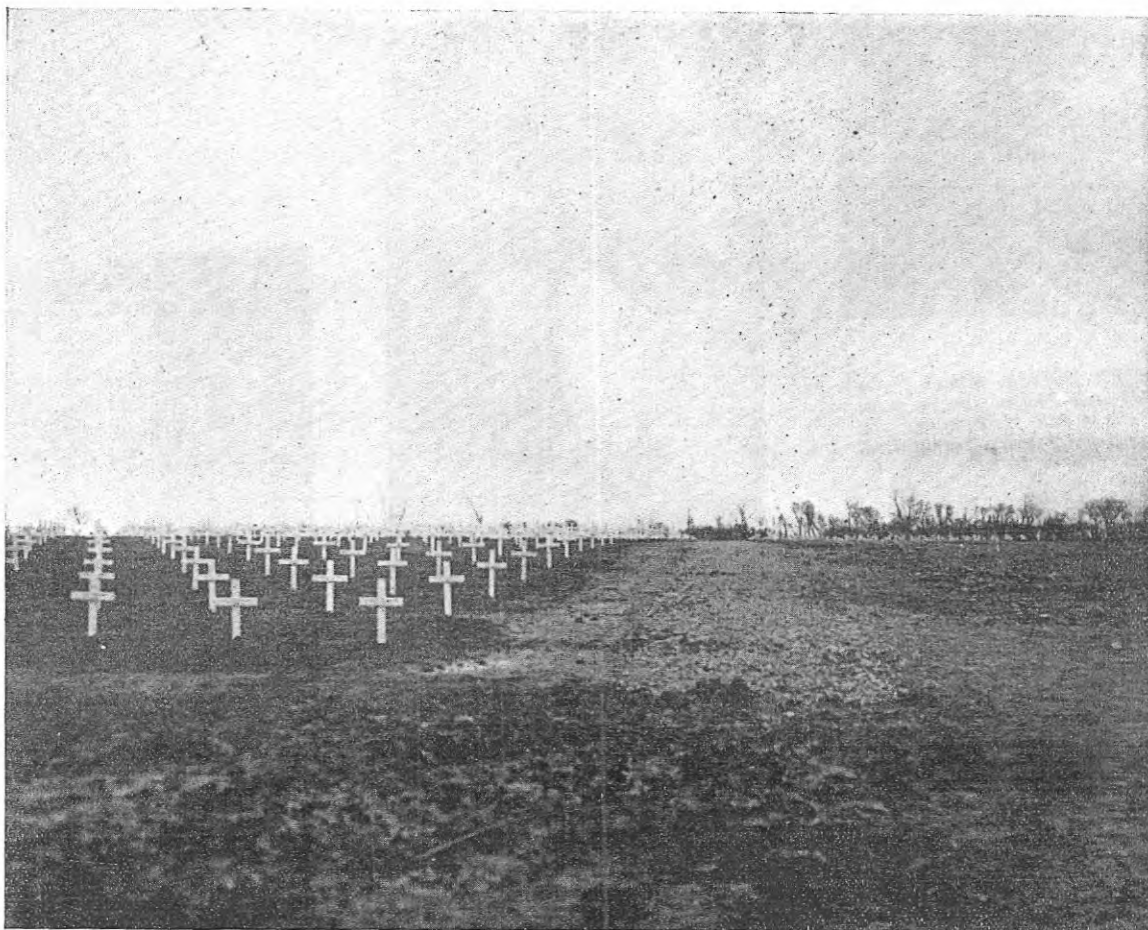
The break-through at St Lo was going on at the time and the evening sky was full of heavies and fighters on their way to pave a road for the advancing tanks. Much to our dismay, the tranquility of the evening was shattered by an even larger gun than we were near previously. That was what was so interesting about those hedgerows, they were impenetrable and you never knew what was on the other side. However, we soon found out. At about five in the morning, we were all awakened by the drone of airplane engines, and at about six, by a squadron taking off over our heads from neighboring fields. All day they were shuttling away between the front lines and the airstrip.

About noon our first day, a tank outfit started through, making a deafening noise all afternoon and night. We were all for them and were especially glad that they were on our side.

Rumors that the war couldn't last many more days were spiked by the order to put our mess kits under our shirts when crossing the open fields between the pup-tents and the mess tent. We were ready to shoot the first one that reminded us of the sayings we had heard back at Fort Warren about life „in the field“, when we continued our daily police up of the area.

it over. The only way was to get two pieces of bread and jelly and set one aside for the bees, while trying to eat the other without being discovered. The jelly and jam cans were full of bees inside of a half hour, and it is asserted that they make poor bedfellows.

One warm, sunny day, a likeable looking fellow drove up in a command car. He was Captain Gibbs, who has been in Europe since the last war, looking after the cemeteries. He looked over the situation and pronounced the verdict that things weren't going so well. Many new lines of endeavor were instituted that weren't mentioned in training at Fort Warren.



U. S. Military Cemetery St Laurent

Firstly, he'd like to see the crosses painted with a fresh coat of paint and the names stenciled on them. That had us stopped for awhile, but the combined efforts of the supply office produced the stencil paper and ink, so we started the process of learning to stencil crosses. Everybody had his hand at it, from the Captain on down. When technicalities were settled, and the Captain wasn't looking, all lost interest and it was relegated to Block, Bristow and Harris.

Aligning the crosses was another matter the Technical Manuals didn't touch upon. Since no one else wanted to do it, it was made the responsibility of the Surveyors and Draftsmen. Armed with transits, tapes, wires, sledge hammers and other tools as they were needed; Daugherty, Garthwaite, Pens, Piper and Quinn set out to learn what it was all about, the hard way. The ground was full of clods of turf, so the crosses wouldn't have gone in right if we had known how to do it. By noon we had a deep appreciation for the way the crosses were aligned in the cemetery at Arlington, and were receptive to the most wild suggestions. Rube Goldberg's patents were infringed upon many times, with no satisfactory system evolving. The final method was the use of four men; one on the hammer, one holding the cross, the other two giving directions to the man holding the cross, from vantage points at either end of the vertical and horizontal rows.

Disinterments were started, with Lt. Staub taking the first crew to Montebourg to look for some GIs buried in the

fields by the hastily advancing armies. Bryant, Dudiak, Natchke, Richter and Wallinder were the first to explore the potentialities of taking the day off to see the country for an hour's unpleasant work. Despite their efforts to describe the miseries, it got out that disinterments are a gravy train,



NORMANDY: „Now that ya mention it, Bill, it does sound like th' patter of rain on a tin roof.“

so there were volunteers for the next one, and we cultivated the First Sergeant for the chance to do a little sightseeing.

When it became apparent that we weren't a big enough group to handle the work that was planned for us, Lt. Barry requisitioned some prisoners. For the first week or so, the work they accomplished was practically negligible. Those who could manage a little German were exchanging everything from ideas to cigarettes, and a German with a few words of English became an oracle from the High Chancellery. A cigarette or chocolate bar would bring forth an extensive review of the life on the Russian front, opinions on our tanks, predictions on the outcome of the war and an eyewitness account of the Tokyo raid. In the middle of the harrowing account of the front lines, a fighter plane would take off over our heads, leaving all the prisoners on the ground or in the nearest open grave.

The Fourth Platoon got orders on the seventh of August to take over the cemetery at St. Laurent, overlooking the beach where we had come ashore.

Arriving in the late afternoon, they put up their pup-tents in a temporary fashion with an eye on the ready-made foxholes the other company would leave when they moved out on the following day. There was considerable real estate exchanged as foxholes and houses were bought and sold, but it all went to naught as the rainy season set in making foxholes bath tubs, and not bed rooms. They were forced to make their shacks on higher ground with accessible foxholes. With the break through at St Lo, activities

at the cemetery gradually slowed down. The principal activity was disinterments from the nearby fields.

One day, Armenta, Burton and Pruitt were sent to see a Major about some bodies he had reported. The Major took them to the mine field with a little path taped down the middle. Burton asked the Major if it was alright for them to go through the field if they stayed on the path. He thought it was, so Burton asked him why his Medics hadn't brought the bodies out. „I didn't want to send my Medics in, it's too dangerous", was the encouraging reply. With visions of the Purple Heart, Burton just replied „Oh fine!", very enthusiastically, and took off for the bodies.

Meade Robinson was sent down to make a map of the cemetery and surrounding area and had it all finished except for the landmark. A tree out in the center of a field was suggested. With his tongue in his cheek, Meade took off through the field, pacing the exact distance to the designated tree. When he got back, his hair was shades whiter, but the tree was zeroed in and we were then reasonably sure that there were no land mines in the area.

It took a five man crew to take the personal effects to Cherbourg; so Brusuelas, Burton, Fullerton, Rejman and Spinks were elected, or at least voted in. Burton started a collection of dishes. The men would go in a place, eat, and then put the plates and cups inside their shirts. After a few meals, they had enough dishes as souvenirs for the entire platoon.

There was little left to be desired in the line of recrea-



U. S. Military
Cemetery
La Cambre



U. S. Military Cemetery Marigny

tion as there were movies and a Red Cross club for the Engineer, Dock and Depot personnel from the beachhead.

The Third Platoon left the company at Ste Mere Eglise for La Cambe, on the ninth of August, where they built their shacks of wood from jeeps and truck crates an Ordnance Company donated, under the impression that it was for crosses. They were still singing the camouflage blues when someone noticed that the Ordnance Company had all the white crates laying out in the open, so the men felt a trifle reticent about constructing a camouflaged garage for their three trucks.

In the line of operations, the Third Army kept them busy with burials and disinterments. They worked on even though underfed on C rations.

Perry and Wilkinson started out to look for the 608th Graves Registration Company to get some information on a grave, and wound up in Paris on the heels of the tanks. After two days, they broke away, coming back without cigarettes, money, chocolate or informatoin from the 608th.

Never a dull moment with Perry and Wilk. One evening they decided to get some conditioning for battle, so they began experimenting with hand grenades. From the relative safety of one foxhole, they threw a very live grenade into what they thought was another. When things settled, each looked at the other as if to say, „Where were you when the stuff hit the fan?“

The poker games went on as usual, with Ruscigno making life a trifle dull by taking the men through the mill,

for their „dough“. He had all the liquid assets for the month, so Lt. Clack was a very welcome man when he made his next monthly appearance with the pay.

The Third was relieved by a Composite Company consisting of one officer and a few men that were to maintain the cemetery and manage the civilian labor. That was really the life; a small group of men could get away with anything, and they had it made.

Headquarters, the First and Second Platoons moved from Ste Mere Eglise to the cemetery near recently liberated Marigny, via convoy, on the dustiest back roads that any of us can remember. Some of the drivers had to make two and three trips, and grew to have a bit of resentment for the „short cut“ nickname Lt. Clack had made for himself. We moved into another orchard, with more apples and the accompanying bees. Pup-tents were put up, and provisions for foxholes made. The war had advanced through nearby St Lo to the extent that Bedcheck Charlie, the nocturnal visitor that the Germans sent over on reconnaissance, made his last appearance.

Operations at the cemetery were confined to beautification and disinterments, with a few burials coming from the hospitals.

The German cemetery was turned over to the First Platoon, with the Second taking the American on the other side of the dividing road. There were quite a few disinterments in the St Lo area, so that took most of the time and men. The remainder guarded prisoners, aligned crosses,

and laid out roads around the plots. The rainy season set in and operations were all but halted in favor of keeping warm and dry.

DeNardo's Chicago heredity manifested itself when he came back from an evening stroll with a .30 cal. machine gun which he set up in front of his tent to defend himself from the attackers that raided with long range apples.



„Hey, Moe- leave th' teeth, they got stew again!“

Each evening apple wars were held, with sides chosen and battle lines drawn. Sgt. Williams was usually the first one to throw them and the one to holler loudest when the condition of the area was noted by the Captain. Considerable accuracy was developed and by calculating the velocity, weight of the missile, windage, etc.; Esgate got so that he could raise a holler from an unseen target in the shower behind the hedges, from a safe range.

That shower was an engineering masterpiece, made by Lt. Clack and Ole Hanson, from airplane parts, an oil drum and an immersion heater. Unwanted drafts we could get used to, but our vanity was a trifle strained when the farmerettes came after the cows. We decided that they needed to display a little more respect for our modesty, or more experience was needed on our part. We got the experience.

Chief Goes Ahead built a king size pup-tent from several seltzer halves and some lumber and even installed lights. He charged 10 % cut on the poker winnings for the players to use it after the blackout went into effect. Honest Jake let a German prisoner talk him out of a D ration chocolate bar for some thirty dollars, just before trading with the prisoners was discouraged by a directive from higher headquarters. Knight and Mikich began exploiting the areas around the billets, and more explosions were heard until Sgt. Vary restricted them to the area for their own safety. They didn't need a restriction when a little boy and a cow were killed by a mine in the next field one evening.

DeNardo and Miedzwiecki picked the night that the First Platoon was packing, to take off on an „unauthorized“ trip in a jeep. They were found and herded back before they had closed a deal to sell the jeep for a few hundred francs and a bottle of cidre. The Captain took a negative attitude towards the whole affair, and told them to dig a grave a day for a week as punishment. The following morning, August 28th, the First Platoon took off for St Corneille, France, near Le Mans; DeNardo going with them.

Lt. Myers flunked his Merit Badge exam in map reading

by getting the convoy lost at every opportunity on the way down. A fork in the road was his Waterloo . . . he'd invariably thurn the wrong way, and it's rumored that he resorted to tossing a coin towards the end of the trip. It was a good day, for a change, so no one minded the trip.

DeNardo's first grave developed into a garbage pit behind the kitchen, and that's as far as he got his punishment, as there were enough open graves. After finishing well camouflaged shacks under the trees and bushes, a Colonel visited and decided that there should be a company street with the tents neatly lined up on either side, wash stands and all the trimmings. As is usual in the army, it was done, and the Germans were good natured enough not to notice and bomb them out of line.

Big Joe Sadoris took over the American cemetery, and Little Joe Rodewald took the German. Beautification began on a competitive basis; while Huggins and Freese made themselves as scarce as possible by locating the office tent off in a clump of trees.

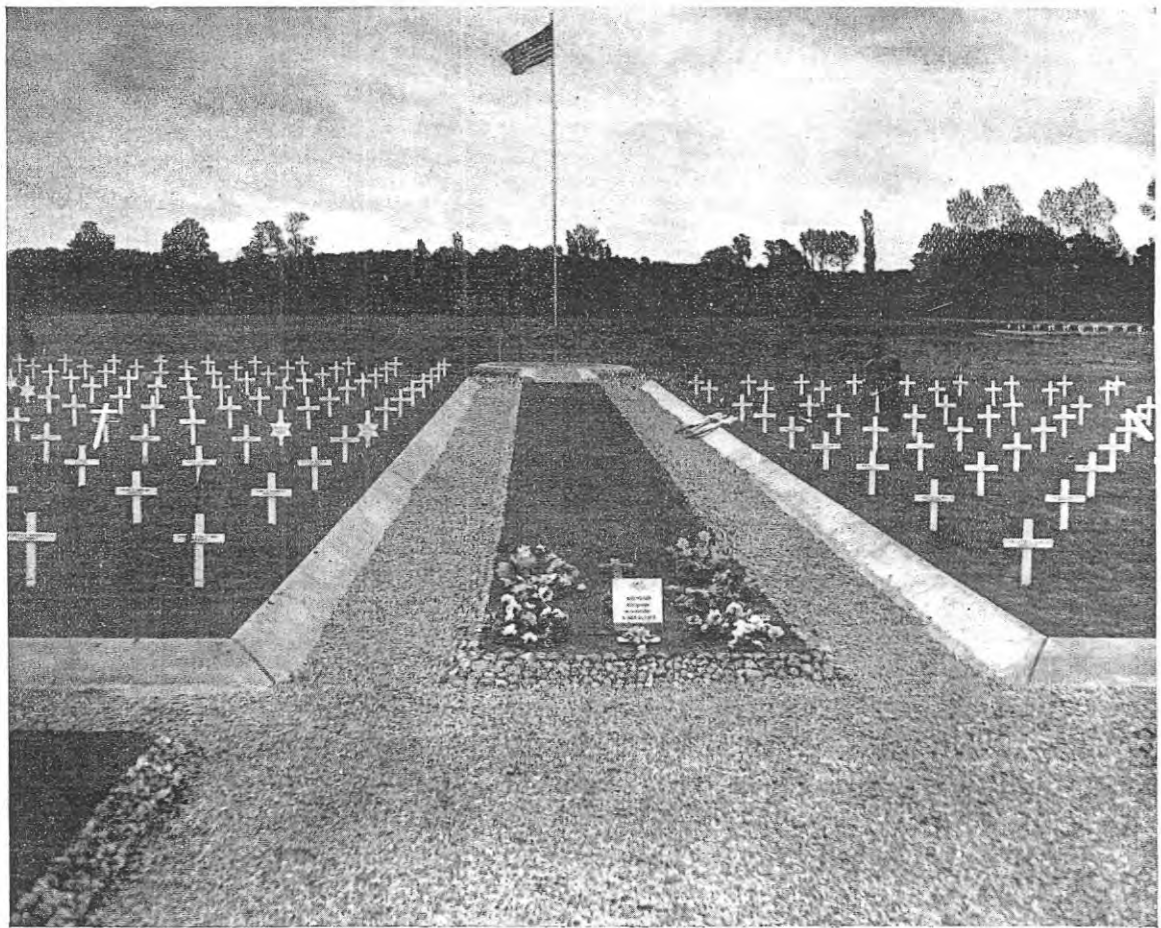
Civilian labor was brought in to help with the beautification, bringing about a big change inside of a few weeks with roads, walks, and well aligned crosses. A flag pole was selected and chopping started by Hancock, Piper and Schmitt, while Virchow was sent off to get permission from the land owner. The Frenchman was only too glad to accept the offer that we make a flag pole of his tree, and agreed that we had picked a good one. He even finished chopping it down, and helped to trim it. Lo! and behold! When it was stripped of branches and bark, it was as crooked as the original dog's hind leg, but painting and trimming went on full blast, and moving orders saved us from making first class pole sitters of ourselves.

Lowe and Tyson did the cooking with DeNardo and Ortega as chief assistants. Lowe marked all the ration boxes in Chinese to keep us out or at least keep us in indecision on our midnight snack raids. Some of the things Tyson had for breakfast on his mornings to cook were really interesting . . . Chinese wasn't spoken in Indio.



ST CORNEILLE: „It can't help how it tastes, Lowe marked all the rations in Chinese!“

Warm Summer days and evenings found the First Platoon enjoying it's rest camp, and Lt. Myers very cooperative. There were steak dinners in the nearby town of Montfort and swimming in the mill pond below the paper mill.



U. S. Military Cemetery St Corneille

Champagne was practically free by American standards (\$ 2.00) and Lt. Myers even came out with a sniff of his ration of booze for all, on the occasion of Yogi Okarma's birthday; which, incidentally, called for a week and a half of celebrating.



„He asks, do we have anybuddy from Chi!“

Bedcheck Charlie had left us and in exchange we had the bees, which threatened to take over, as they were everywhere. It had been rainy and very little sunshine, just what they needed to survive the rigors of life. They had enough to eat from our mess kits and hides to keep an average bee well fed for all his natural life, so they should have been happy.

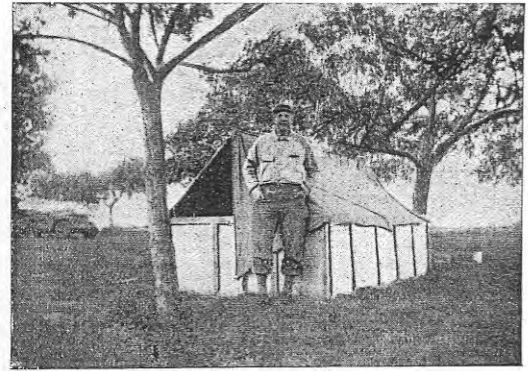
Moving out of St Corneille for Solers was a sight. Tuttle and his 6 × 6 came down to help with the proceedings. So we took advantage of his presence to move everything not fastened down, and some things that we had to unfasten.

The 6 × 6 was loaded with the lumber that was formerly our houses, or rather our built up tents. Two of the one-ton trailers were loaded with Lt. Myers' luggage, including a box three feet square which he protested was little, as it only held nine cubic feet; leaving one trailer and the back of one of the trucks for the kitchen and all the rations that Molinari had policed up, plus our personal loot. Fortunately we hadn't had much time to accumulate much stuff in the line of boxes and foot lockers or we would never have been able to move.

On the seventh of September, Headquarters and the Second Platoon made the move across the continent to Villeneuve, near Etampes, France. The new bivouac area was in the middle of a deep forest, near a stone quarry and, as usual, an apple orchard. The apples were practically



VILLENEUVE: *Le chateau „Villa vieue sur Quarrie”, or Garthwaite and Robinson's glamourized pup-tent overlooking a stone quarry.*



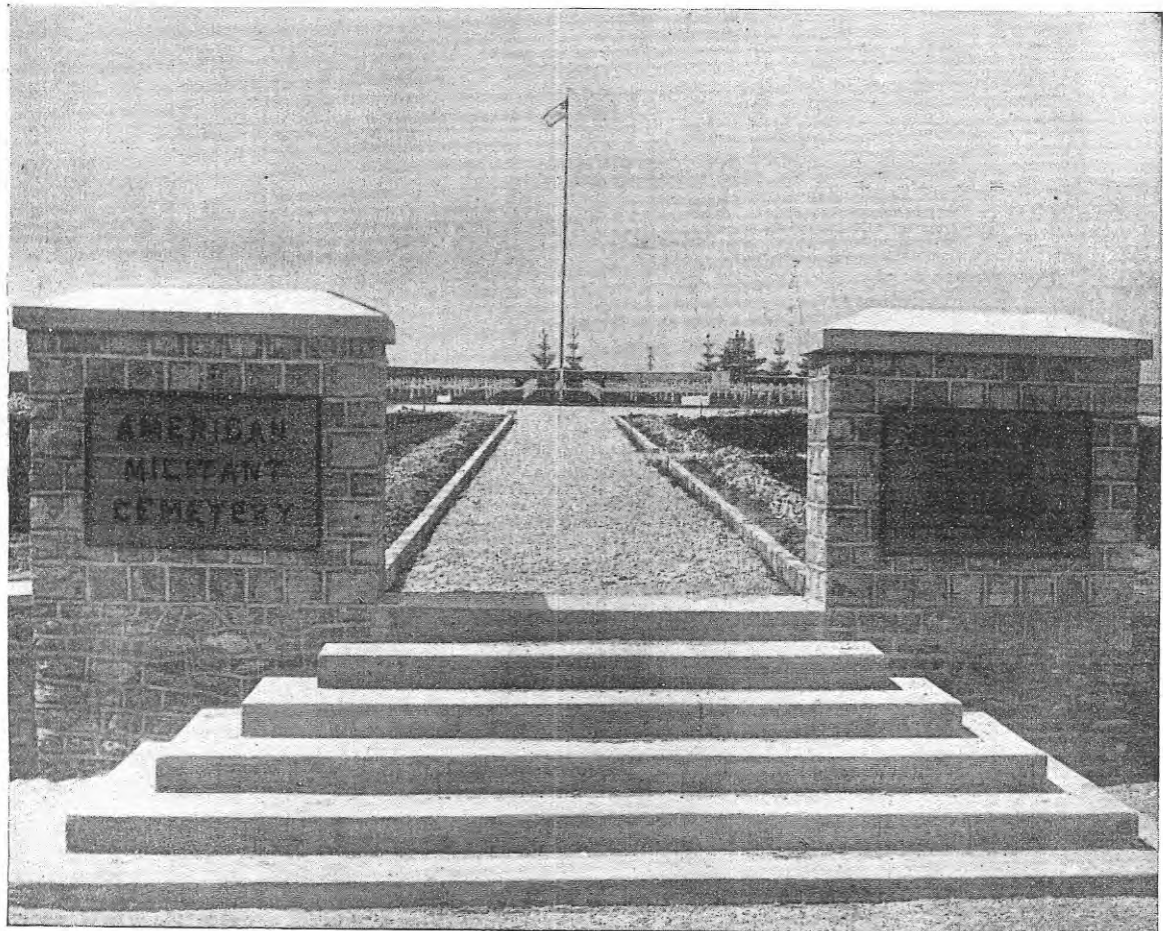
VILLENEUVE: *Anderson in front of his winterized pup-tent.*

ripe, and it looked as if all the time spent chasing the bees might eventually pay off. The construction of houses was started, and we began to wonder if we could stay settled in one place long enough to make a house worth the trouble. One or two cold mornings justified the effort, and more, so

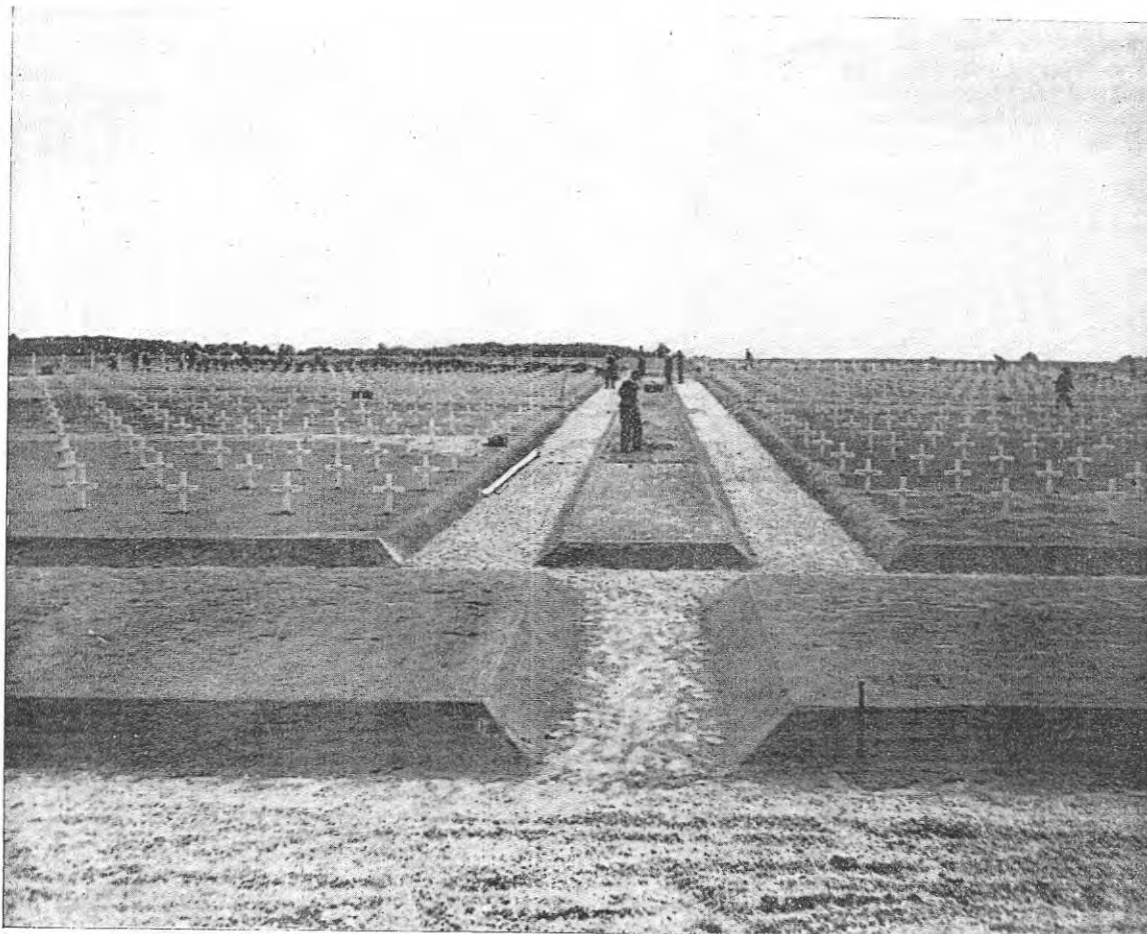
we set about to make them air tight.

The cemetery was small and the efforts were confined to occasional burials and disinterments. The latter were soon abandoned in favor of disintering parts of Paris.

The town down the hill on the other side of the quarry



U. S. Military Cemetery Villeneuve



U. S. Military Cemetery St Andre



VILLENEUVE: Mikich, F. Garcia, Knight, Pearlman, Bristow, Quinn and Lt. Barry before going swimming.

was very receptive to the Americans, and before long, practically all had a home and family to visit, with many dinners and evenings of pleasant conversation.

Pens acquired a duck as a pet, which he took to all social events on a string. One evening it violated some rule set up by an Emily Post in duckdom, so Pens wrung its neck and tearfully ate it.

All the other platoons stopped in on overnight visits. The Fourth, on their way to St Andre, were invited in for dinner and a social police up of the area. The Third, on its way to Champigneul, stayed for three or four days with a rifle inspection and many other infractions of their good will. The First, on their way to Solers, arrived anticipating a bad time, but apparently caught the beast in good humor, as they escaped with an evening in the hospitality of the friends of the men in Boissy le Cutte, and sharing pup-tents with the Headquarters and Second Platoon.

The Fourth Platoon moved from St Laurent across France to the cemetery at St Andre, with many little detours for bridges out and mistakes in windage when the map was discovered to be upside down. It was dark when they arrived, and the pup-tents were put up on the first spot of ground that was level enough to make a tired GI comfortable. There were some moves in the early hours of morn when it was discovered that they had pitched them over an old morgue site.

Cemetery operations consisted of putting up and taking down the flag, so the Fourth Platoon got their rest. All efforts were concentrated on seeing Paris, and there were many volunteers for such details as taking in the mail and personal effects; in fact, the trucks were usually full of sightseers on those trips.

On the sixteenth of September the Third Platoon made the trip across France, and the entire company was in the same region. The trip itself presented some problems as Wilkinson became detached from the convoy.

This poses a problem for the Lexicographers. Wilk says he was detached from the platoon, and the platoon says he stopped and they went on, not knowing he was gone, since he drove the last vehicle of the convoy.

The fact stands that they were fifty miles down the road before he was missed. Perry and Webb were dispatched to look for Wilkinson and his passengers, Dowling, Dudiak, Fisher, Frediani, Garcia, and Lindt. Perry and Webb found them, telling them to meet the platoon at Chateau Thierry, before taking off again. Wilk waited and then took off on his own, arriving at Champigneul just after the platoon, and before Perry and Webb.

There was a slight matter of the password and counter-sign that the service troops had that were guarding the cemetery. No one knew that to enter the area unmolested, one just had to answer the guard's „Orange" with a self

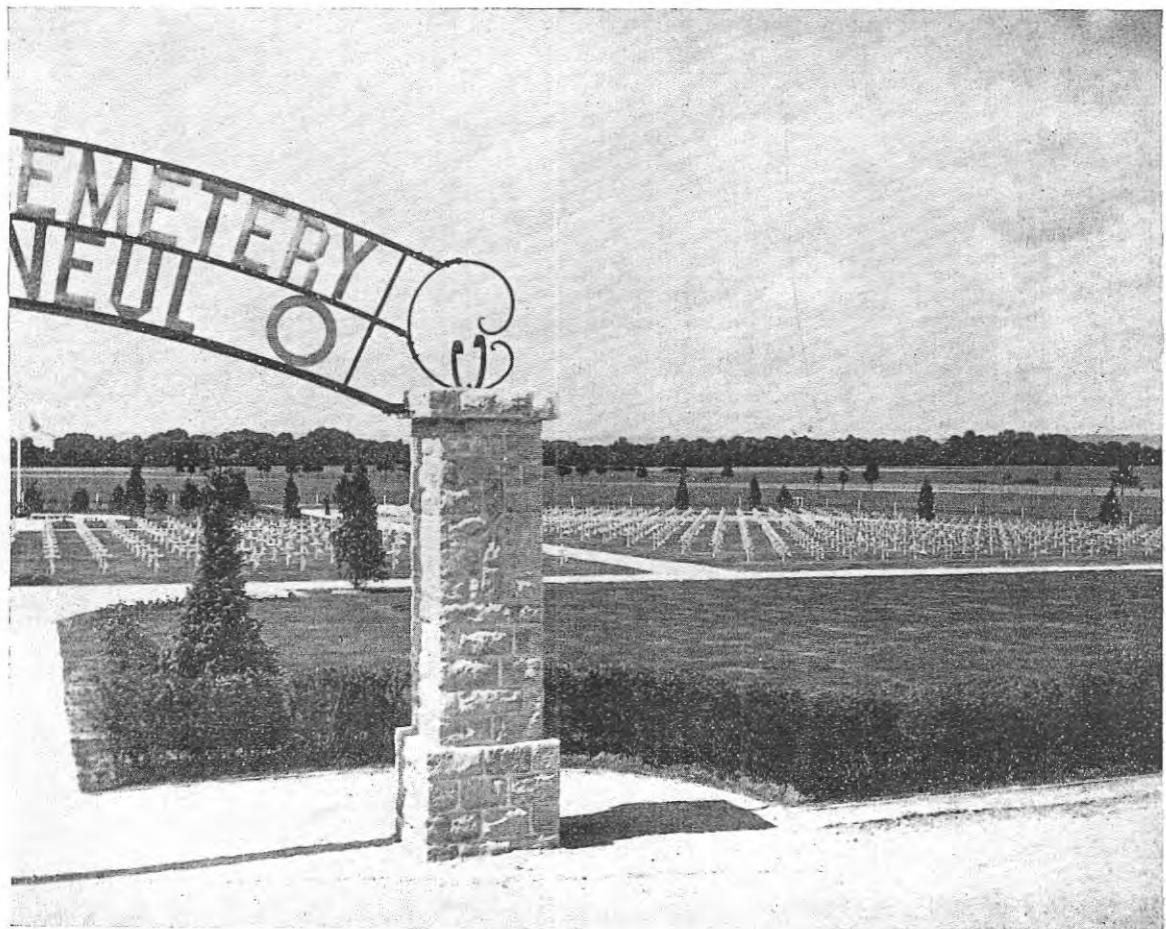
confident „Bow! ". None of the three sections of the platoon knew about this, and there were many little moments of fast talking while they convinced them that the 612th was on the American side. As if we haven't wondered that ourselves, after some of the inspections and examinations.

The bivouac was in the heart of a pine forest near some foxholes our fathers dug on their visit during World War I. The nights were cold and damp and a fire was a necessity. Some of the houses started to burn, but the occupants just turned over and slept on, being warm for the first time. Wilkinson and Lindt's was the first, followed by Toevs and Harr's.

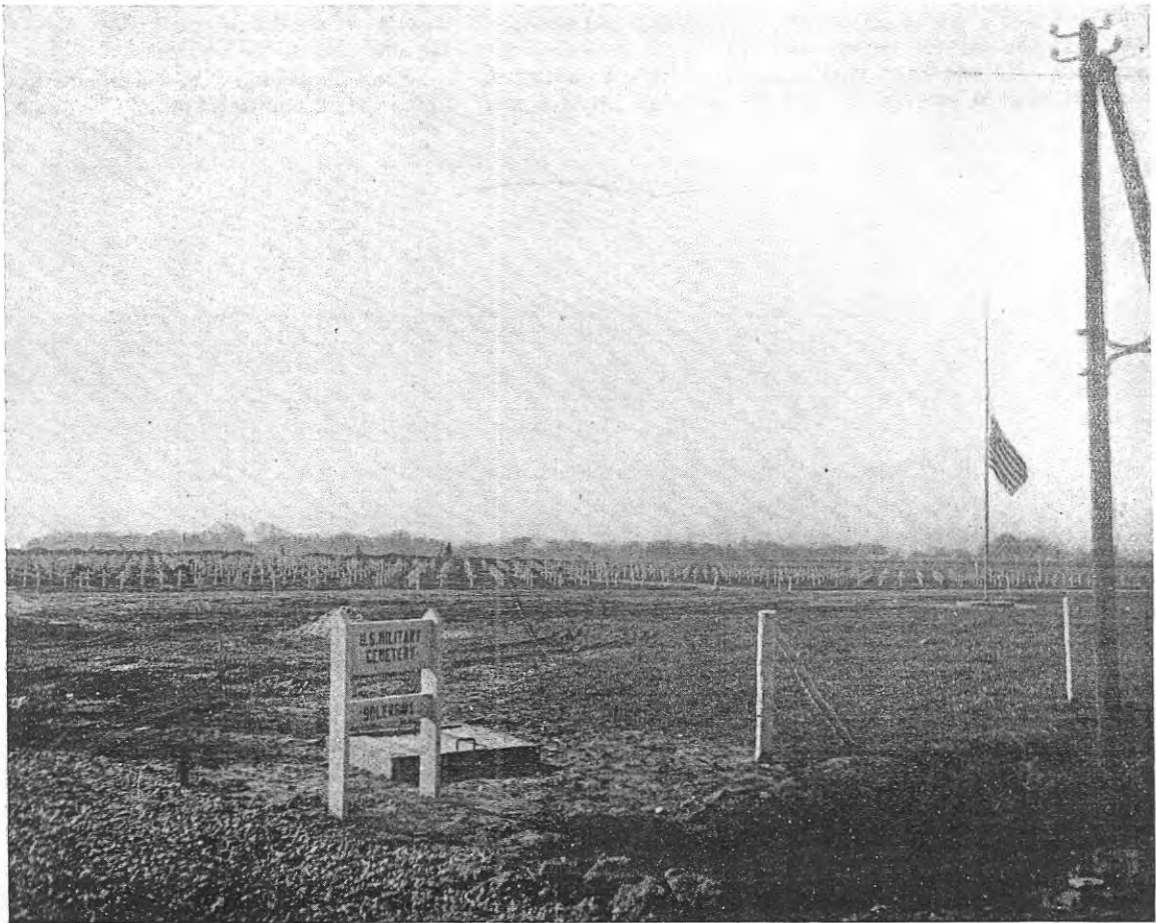
Operations consisted mostly of disinterments with Headquarters arriving on the twenty-fifth to help along with their inspections, restrictions and such. Domestic strife reared its ugly head as Headquarters set up its mess in a separate part of the forest, and tried to live a separate life. Reconciliation and some manner of cooperation was achieved, as there was no labor supply and there were graves to be dug in the rocky earth.

Champagne was to be had by all, with the services of a „bootlegging" Priest to deliver it to our doors. There were empties everywhere, and Fisher did a smashing business in the disposal of the bottles.

Pens acquired a rabbit, but soon gave it away. He soon found that it couldn't possibly pay as most of his spare time



U. S. Military Cemetery Champigneul



U. S. Military Cemetery Solers

was required to pick dandelion leaves, the only thing it would eat. George explained to the rabbit that it would have to start multiplying by squares and cubes to pay off, but the rabbit became too far in the negative, so he gave it up as another failure to make his first million, even if it was only in rabbits.

The First Platoon, laden with enough lumber to build a good sized barracks, moved into an orchard near Solers, France on the twenty first, the last platoon to get their chance to see Paris. The cemetery was closed and life became divided between two interests; Paris in the daytime, and Solers in the evening. Paris will come later, but Solers was something in itself.

„Pappy“ Hancock liberated a cafe and opened it to the men, changed in everything but name. He was bar keeper, with the prices depending on the condition of the party; and floor show, with piano music varying from the blues while sober to varying stages of jive and boogie as the party got going.

Paris was the first big city we visited that hadn't been bombed beyond recognition. However, it had had many „unauthorized“ visitors. When news got around of Wilkinson and Perry's trip, there was a veritable stream of 612th trucks and jeeps on „official business“. While in St Corneille, Huggins, Freese, Rodewald, and Saddoris had found it on their way to Etampes in their search of supplies.

When they got back, the map was all marked up with detours, and Lt. Myers was sure that all roads must lead to Paris instead of Rome. They had more flats in that two day jaunt than we had had since we acquired the vehicles. Paris was on every road and an hour off for a flat in front of the Arc de Triomphe was a „must“ on everybody's list.

Most of us found ourselves located at a closed cemetery within easy reach of the city, so it was taken as the go ahead from Headquarters to see it while we had the chance, as they „weren't looking“. There were eight men on a weapons carrier just to take in the mail in the morning; and drawing rations was an operation that usually had the whole platoon lined up to get on the trucks. Some passes were given, but most of us got past the MPs by virtue of the vehicle's trip ticket and some fast talking.

We stayed with the trucks to see such places as Notre Dame, Eiffel Tower, Champs de Elysses, Napoleon's Tomb, Arc de Triomphe, and Place de la Opera. The Tower was closed, but no one was able to find a lock on the Sphinx Club.

Some of us missed some of these lesser spectacles, as we were somewhat taken by the carelessness with which the average citizen rides her bike. The trucks were abandoned at a designated spot, and we set off to get some of the local color.

There were many extra-curricular activities that are



PARIS: Garthwaite, Anderson, and Sunderland admire the beauty of the Eiffel tower. (See text.)

somewhat frowned upon, but as Jack Benny summed it up the other day, "Only a novice *smokes* his cigarettes in Paris". At a hundred francs a pack, we couldn't afford the habit. Fixler took the last bottle of cognac from a counter that was lined with anxious Colonels by bringing forth seven cigars.

Things got so expensive we couldn't afford then, but some of the more fortunate were able to get some of the famous perfumes and other souvenirs. Soon all the items were too scarce and high priced for the average GI to sweat out the lines that formed early in the morning.

The Fourth Platoon moved into Fosses, Belgium, immediately behind the liberating armies, finding the people really hospitable for the first time. They took over a barn for living quarters, as the last of the strafing planes left nearby Namur.

In those days, a building of any sort was a castle, compared to the pup-tents and shacks we had inhabited all the way across France. The addition of double deck beds that Daugherty and Cikel found made it "homey" indeed. Mattress covers were filled with straw, and the installation of electric lights gave it the finishing touch. Grayson and Shaff made their bed in a hay-filled farm wagon.

On the eighth of October, the First Platoon came to Fosses from Solers, France. The barn wasn't big enough for fifty men, so they unloaded their stock of lumber and set up tents in the adjoining field. The following day, a chateau was located, and they moved in on the second floor.

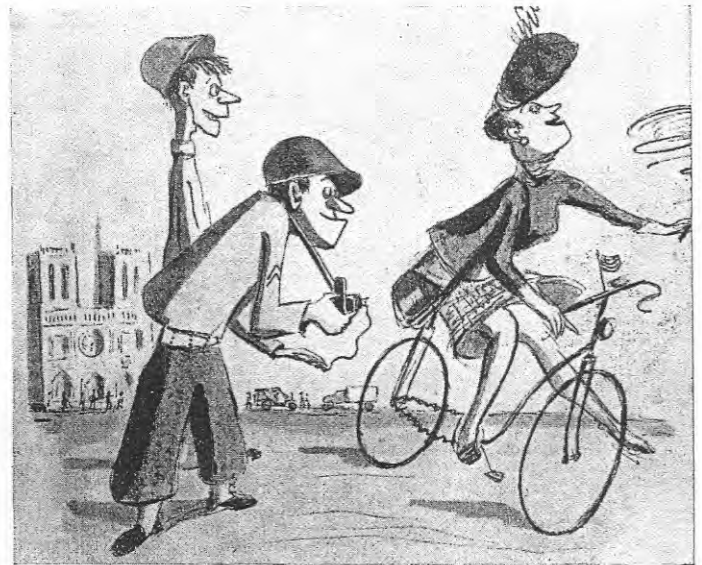


FOSSES: Titus, Schlossberg, Stoll, Zinkevz, Hancock, Freese, and Ruiter in front of the chateau.

The hostess, who lived on the first floor, was slightly demented, thinking alternately that we were trying to drive her out, and that she had been too mean. The only method of finding out which humor she was in was to call for Bill Virchow and his knowledge of French. We dispensed of his services when we learned that she was good for several thousand dollars in real estate and tried to get in her good graces so that we could get included in her will.

Rodewald and Saddoris liberated a bar and dance hall in a little town called Rosalie. It became a veritable USO as they organized dances on Saturdays, like we were accustomed to having in the Old Country.

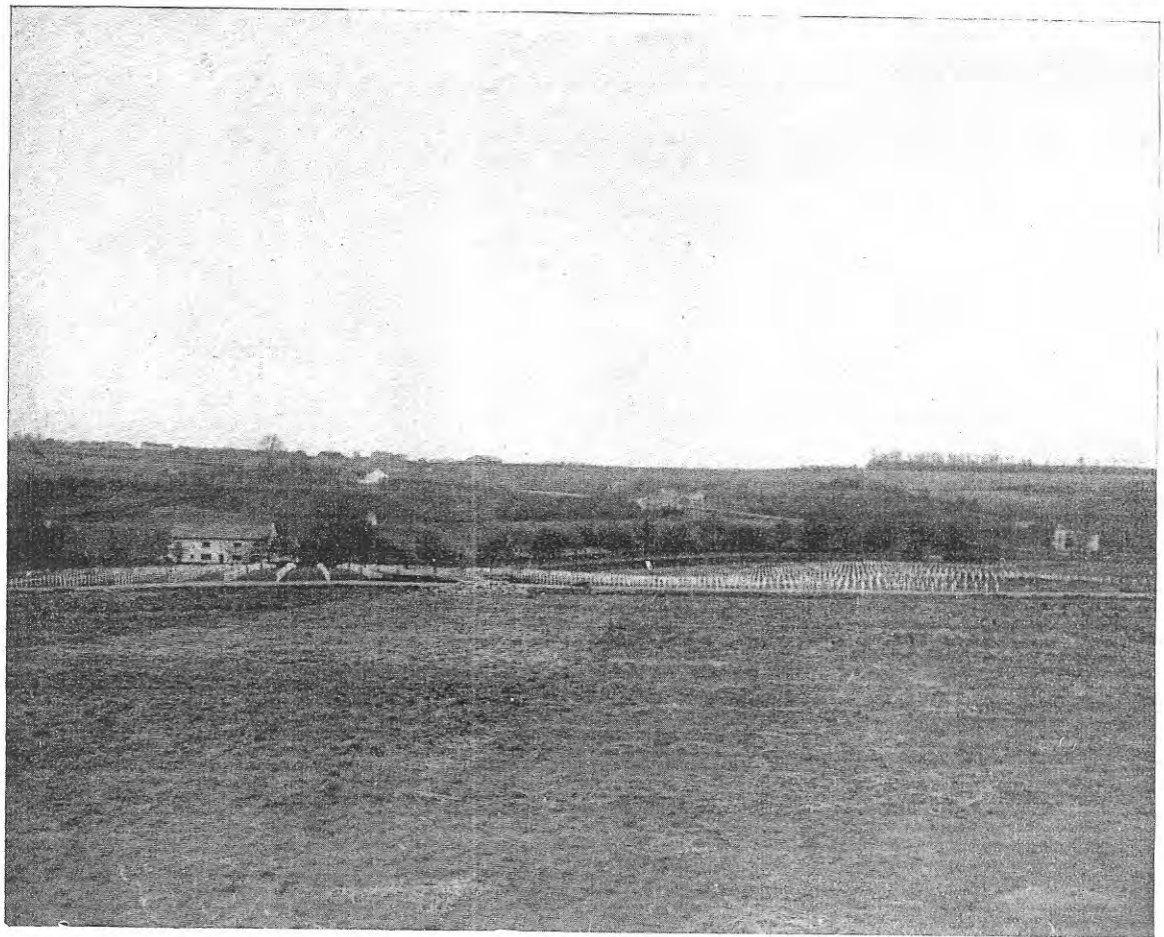
Headquarters and the Second Platoon moved into a school building in the town of Aisemont, on a hill overlooking Fosses. They were the first Americans to come into the town, and were given a hearty greeting. Within a week, anyone interested could easily get an invitation to dinner with a local family, and spend an enjoyable evening trying to make the little books on French and English work. Usually, the children in the family had studied a little English in school, so that obstacle was hurdled quickly. The village fathers got together and put on the first dance since the occupation, and we learned to dance all over again.



PARIS: "... the carelessness with which the average citizen rides her bike."

Operations at the cemetery consisted of beautification, burials and getting the records up to date. There were crosses to be aligned and plot corners to be set in cement blocks, a department which Sgt. Garthwaite took care of very well. On the crosses, "The Eye" Schaff, "Chief" Goes Ahead, Mock and Armenta had it down to a system of stringing guide wires and punching them down. The available trucks were sent to the air field at Florennes, where we alternately watched the planes and half heartedly shoveled gravel. We made four loads of gravel a day, and didn't hurt ourselves shoveling, but one or two days of that is all it takes for some aches and pains. The gravel was unloaded on the road through the cemetery, where it sunk like lead weight in quicksand. By Thanksgiving, the trucks couldn't go into the cemetery, as the mud was knee deep, and even the four wheel drive on the weapons carriers wouldn't pull them out.

The Second Platoon made daily trips to Overeppen, Belgium, where they tried to get some beautification done on a cemetery. There were many elements that didn't make for such accomplishments; the trip was 90 miles one way, over



U. S. Military Cemetery Fosses

some pretty well bombed out roads; and once there, it was two or three hours work until lunch and time to start back. The people were somewhat hostile and the buzz bombs were enough to convince them that it was too much effort to travel that far to work. The flying bombs came over on a fifteen minute schedule, and were very disconcerting.

Disinterments were the chief source of employment for



FOSES: The Fourth Platoon enjoy ice cream through the generosity of a civilian.



FOSES: Dwyer, Schlossberg, Calloway and Freese loading rock for the roads at the cemetery.

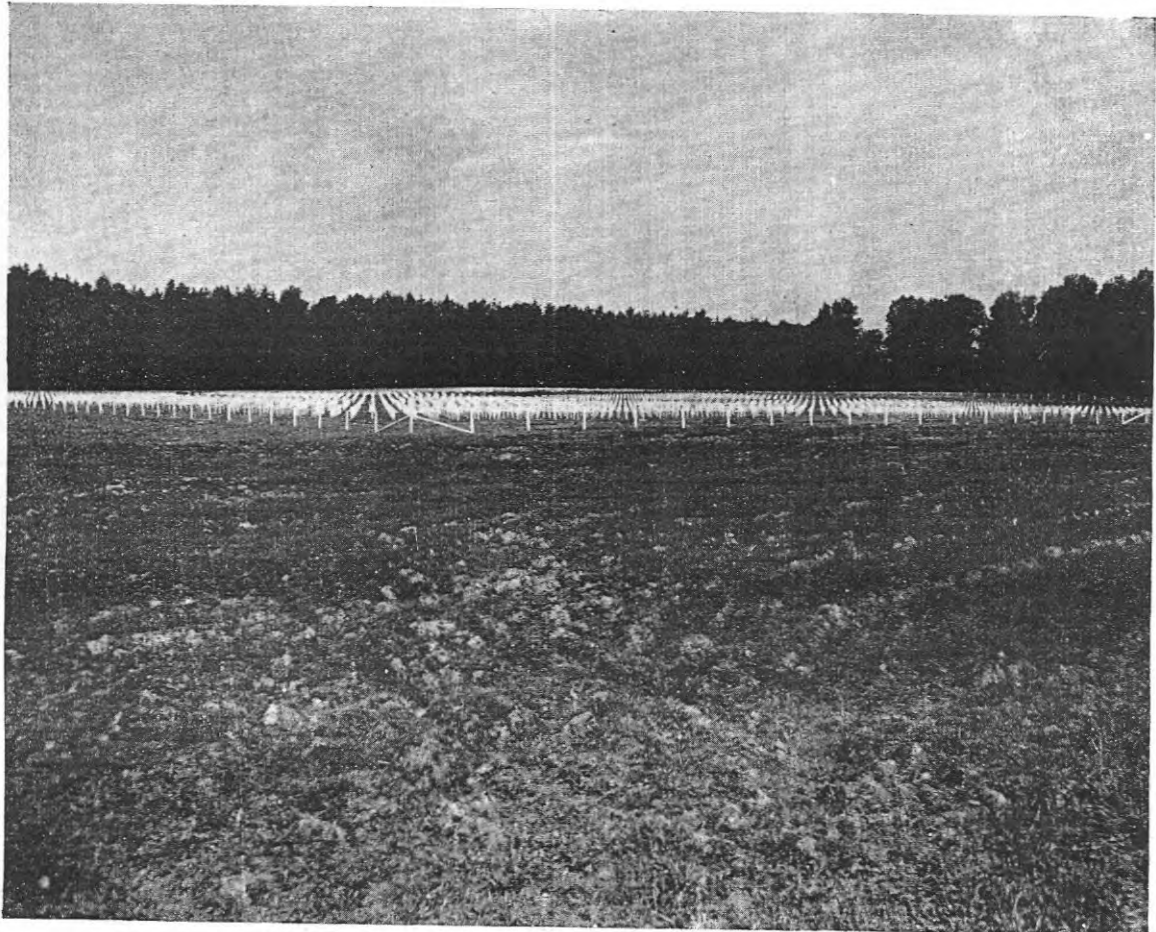


*METTET: Torres gives a GI pan
it's daily facial.*

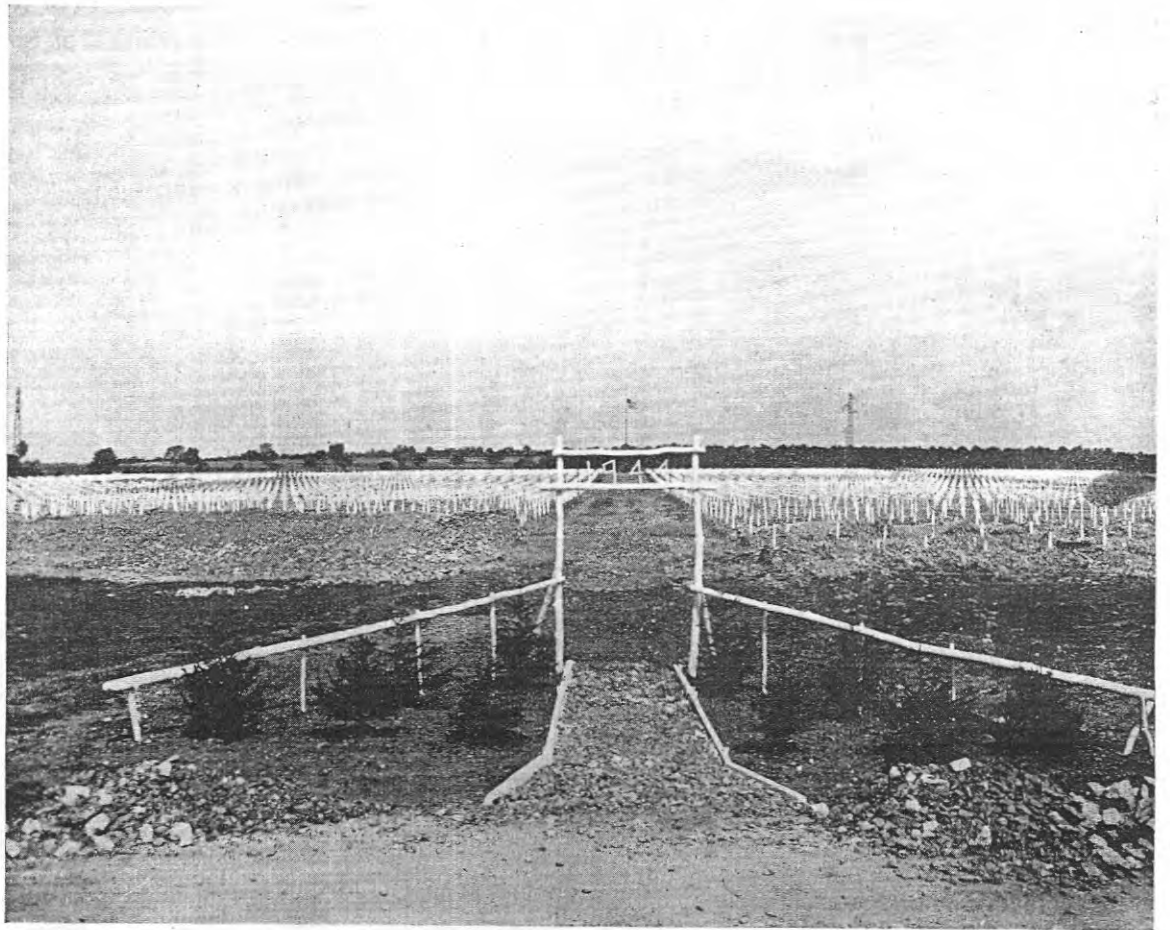
the men during the fall season at Fosses. A truck would leave in the morning with about five fellows as an average crew. Usually, the isolated grave could be located and the body removed by noon, and the unpleasant part of the day was finished. The drivers always took the long way back in order to make the most of the view of the Meuse Valley, and take in as many scenic towns as possible. Aside from the half hour's unpleasant work, the chance for a day out in the country and the satisfaction of knowing that another GI would be identified and given a better burial made the trips quite popular.

The thing most outstanding in the line of recreation was the swimming pool at Jemeppe. Lt. Barry made the connections with the Solvay Company's branch in Belgium for permission to use the indoor pool of their recreation building. It was most modern with heated floors and water, also a bar where refreshments were served. Knight, Mikich, and Goes Ahead outdid themselves trying to think of new ways of falling into the water from the diving board. Piper amused himself by pushing our „rank-shorn” Captain into the pool, a practice he aptly termed „Apple polishing in reverse”.

Westfall got the projector in the town theatre operating and made a daily trip for the latest films from Special Service for us. His shows were well attended by the men and the civilians.



U. S. Military Cemetery Andilly



U. S. Military Cemetery Limey

In the hopes of getting the entire company together under one roof, we moved from Fosses to Mettet, some six miles away, on the first snowy day of winter. We were joined by the Third Platoon on the fifteenth of November.

Our new home was the offices of a manufacturing drug-gist, and proved ideal for our purposes. There were plenty of little rooms, so by mixing the occupants among the platoons, company friendships were once more regained. The main office was converted into a dining and day room by the addition of benches, tables, and a radio. Sunderland posted his map and kept us informed as the front lines progressed.

Mike took over a little house for the supply room. His stove was a warm spot all winter, probably through the efforts of the Draftsmen who took over its care and maintenance in exchange for rent of a corner for sign making. The basement housed a carpenters' shop where Block, Bristow, Harrison, and Ruiter could be found most any day, either smoking each other out or turning out cabinets, foot lockers, signs, and most anything in wood. Kam-mauff had an indoor garage in which he spent his days keeping the trucks in operating shape. The formal gardens in the back were converted into a parking lot by the addition of a few loads of gravel.

The rain and mud increased proportionally with the advancing season. By the first of December, it was practically

impossible to get off a hard surface road without becoming stuck or finding floods with roads and bridges washed out.

On December fourth, the Third Platoon left the mud-bound cemetery at Fosses for Memil-la-Tour with the hopes of getting away from washing vehicles daily, shoes every-time they came into the building, and wading around cemeteries that were practically flooded.

General Lear didn't endear himself to us any more by coming overseas with the express desire of upsetting our gravy train. The physical examinations brought out a number of unused pairs of glasses and aching knees began to give some of the men a bad time.

The two cemeteries at Andilly and Limey left Lt. Staub's men with the idea that the entire world was about to wash away. The roads to the cemeteries were all but impassible and all the open graves were like wells. Shoveling the mud was practically impossible. Later, when it got really cold and the ground frozen, a pick would bounce off the piles of dirt as if they were stone.

The Third Platoon's billet in Memil-la-Tour was a chateau with an adjoining barn and servants' quarters. The chateau was used as sleeping quarters, while Frediani set up shop with his records and typewriters in the barn. One room was set aside as a kitchen and dining room.

General Lear called Dowling, Fisher, Fred Garcia, Harris, Richter and Wallinder from the Third Platoon to start

sweating out the „repple depples“ and reassignment; leaving them without some of their best men to operate the two cemeteries and perform the necessary guard, KP and room orderly duties.

It isn't every day that the clerks get out to the cemetery. Once, Frediani took some Medics in an ambulance to locate the next open grave. The water in the grave had a crust of ice frozen an inch thick, so the snow from the night before had completely camouflaged the hidden pit. „It should be this one“, said Frediani as he counted the graves off on his fingers. It was. They pulled him out of icy water up to his elbows.

Back at Mettet with Headquarters, First, Second and Fourth Platoons, „Gabby“ Calloway was coming in with a suspicious bump in his back pocket. The steps were icy, Gabby slid and fell. Upon getting up, he felt something trickling down his leg. „Gawsh, I hope that's blood“, he said in his drawl.

Fullerton and Fixler were interrupted in their office by an inspecting Colonel. Fullerton was caught red handed with the coffee pot in his hand, so took the offensive by offering, „Would you join us in a cup sir?“

The Colonel sputtered and fumed, ended up by bawling Fixler out for not shaving, and complaining about the lack of coffee for lunch back at the billet.

Inspections had caught up with us at this time to a most nauseating extent. There were almost daily visits by Majors and Colonels who would stop in for an inspection around lunch time . . . on the same principle as the Deacon's visit on a Sunday afternoon. Things got so bad that Huggins was getting up and having his bed made by ten or eleven o'clock. When things get like that, take our word for it, they were strictly on rock bottom. We were spending more time washing off our shoes and overshoes than we were working in the cemetery.

Capt. Rowntree had to do a lot of searching to find cigars to pass out to the men of the company when he received official notification of the arrival of the daughter, Rita Ann on the sixth of November.

Winter had come to the European Theatre of Operations. Winter in the ETO was something we, and apparently the army, hadn't counted upon.



WATERLOO: Virchow makes like the lion on Napoleon's monument.

Around Thanksgiving, the sun went under a blanket of gray, to be seen only rarely until Spring. Rain, once a day or every other day, didn't have a chance to dry up or soak in, as the country was very hilly with rock strata near the surface. The result was mud.

This change in season found us with little in the line of overshoes or rubbers and General Mud became an enemy of our feet as well as our vehicles. Muddy feet became wet feet, and wet feet became receptive to trench foot all too easily.

From the inside looking out, winter in Belgium was a beautiful sight. The wind blew the snow against the trees and hillsides in various designs. For the camera bugs there were pictures aplenty of snow-bound country scenes and vapor trails left by the bombers as they flew over in for-



ANTWERP: Zinkevz, Schlossberg, Stoll, Schmitt, Virchow, Huggins, Lt. Myers, Climer, and Hancock, . . . like birds in the wilderness, waiting for the bombs to fall."

mation. If there are any snow lovers left in this company, they must be clerks.

The knee deep mud in the cemetery got a treacherous crust on it and later froze into an unchipable rock. Overshoes „weren't authorized“ until practically too late, the possession of a pair from outside sources being a criminal offense. The overcoats we had managed to keep from turning in to storage in England saved a lot of cold moments. Another chill preventer was the cabins built around the driver's seat of the trucks. Doors and a roof kept out the cold winds and snow, while the heat of the motor made them very comfortable. The road from Mettet to Fosses was a sheet of ice all winter; the front wheel drive on the trucks had to pull us out of the ditch many times.

On the foggy afternoon of December nineteenth, the First Platoon augmented by Westfall's section of the Second Platoon (Meagher, Quinn, White, and Alexander) left for a mysterious assignment in Antwerp. The rain stopped around Charleroi, but the fog got progressively worse until the birds wouldn't even get out and walk, much less try to go to Antwerp. The „bulge“ was starting and some of the men had the idea that it might be artificial fog to hide the operations.

The buzz bombs with their sound muffled by the cloud layer, came down the road to Charleroi, making us feel like ants looking down a rifle barrel.

Hancock, Jackson, and Piper were out in front of the convoy running ahead of the jeep with a handkerchief and a flashlight. A brief rest was called at the Red Cross Club in Brussels while we sought someone who could lead the way out of town. People would rush up to us and ask if we knew where the Germans were at the moment. The rumor

had it that they had the road cut between Charleroi and Brussels, leaving the civilians noticeably perturbed.

Three hours were spent in Antwerp trying to locate Lt. Clack and Brandt who had preceded us by a day to find out what the deal was and locate a billet. The search was unfruitful, so we unrolled our bed rolls on a cement floor in the Belgian Barracks outside of town, and tried to get some sleep between buzz bombs.

The following morning a billet in the form of an abandoned Domestic Science School was located by Lt. Myers, so we made the move. The Belgian Barracks received a buzz bomb that afternoon.

We were to supervise the clearing of a bombed theatre, and take the GIs back to the cemetery at Fosses in our trucks. Two men were maintained on the scene of operations 24 hours a day, while the others tried to sleep and maintain a guard at the billet.

There was little to do at the scene of the bombing, except gaze at the fog and try to convince one's self that the next

rabbit's foot if it didn't lift you off the floor at least two inches.

There was a little or nothing in the line of recreation as an order had closed all shows and public meetings of 25 or more people. There were one or two little bars in the neighborhood where you could try to drown the noise of a buzzer with some poor beer or cognac and listen to some of the latest records from America. The cats were knocking themselves out to the „Dipsy Doodle“ and such other recent releases, so that rapidly became dull and we got to the point where all our waking hours were spent trying to get some sleep.

After a week, we didn't get up to look at the buzzers any more, but would just lay on the floor talking, sleeping or listening to Pappy play „Here We Sit, Like Birds in the Wilderness“ on a piano that had borne more than its share of the war, but had responded to some doctoring by Schmitt.

Christmas night was one of the highlights of the stay in Antwerp. Lt. Myers had talked the Mess Sergeant of the



ANTWERP: The church intercepts
a buzz bomb.
... now you see it ...



... now you don't ...

buzzer wouldn't blow that addage about lighting sky high.

A parade of GIs back and forth from the entrance to an adjoining restaurant that was bombed out aroused our curiosity. Investigation yielded the source of interest . . . a cellar full of wine. We got in line, and brought out our coats full once or twice and passed the good word on to the relief. By morning, we had a supply for a Christmas and New Year's celebration with some left over.

The street on which the school was located pointed directly at the source of the buzz bombs. The fellows on guard could see the little red speck long before the buzz of the motor could be heard, so they would give the alarm and all of us would come out to watch it. The usual run was directly over our heads and on over town for four or five seconds. Then the motor would cut out and it would glide into the target. The explosion, three to fifteen seconds later, would light the entire sky, followed by a deafening roar. Jake got them timed and had a schedule worked out by which he could foretell to the second when the guard would come in and announce another buzzer on tap.

Jake was probably the most composed of the group. „composed“ meant that he didn't find himself lying beside the curb or under a truck after the bomb had passed over.

The ones that really made the lines under our eyes were the rockets, or V-2s. They would sneak in at some 3,000 miles per hour, completely unannounced, letting off their little pressure as a total surprise. One wasn't considered close enough to warrant another stroking of the well worn

outfit with whom we were eating into giving us a separate room for our turkey dinner. We brought in our wine and had a real celebration. It was there that Freese gave his immortal recitation of „Casey at the Bat“ using a foot long drum stick from the turkey as a bat; for an encore, he recited his celebrated version of „Dangerous Dan McGrew“.

Most of us were asleep the following morning when a buzz bomb was intercepted by the church steeple. We were rudely awakened by foot square chunks of plaster hitting us in the face and the tinkling of the flying glass. A quick survey showed us minus many windows, doors, walls, and a church a half block away. Jake woke up, drowsily asked, „Anybuddy hurt“, rolled over and went back to sleep without waiting for an answer.

The rest of us were more noticeably disturbed. Pressure was organized and Lt. Myers coaxed into approaching the powers that be to see if we could go home. We shined his brass and shoes, shook the plaster out of his Air Corps jacket and sent him off. It wasn't that we were yellow, but we couldn't find the rabbit's foot in the rubble.

On New Year's Eve, we packed our wash cloths and tooth brushes and got into the trucks to go to dinner and back to Mettet; and, we hoped, the company. The news on the radio had left us wondering if we would find the men there or not.

We ate with one eye on the dinner, and the other on the ceiling. A bomb hitting somewhere near with no warning whatsoever convinced DeNardo that he could do more good

by hitting the road for Mettet, running. He jumped from the table with his feet fanning the ground. His pants got caught on the back of the chair on the way down, and he just hung there running forty miles an hour but getting nowhere.

Mettet wasn't much better. The company was still there when the First got back, but the bulge had advanced to within fifteen miles, and it wouldn't have taken many more strafings or paratrooper attacks to convince them that it was no place for a Graves Registration Company armed with .30 caliber heavy artillery carbines and high velocity shovels.

Tyler's favorite shelter from the buzz bombs was under his bed. Lt. Steegmuller verified this by saying that he could see him from his spot under the couch.

Plans had been made for the coming attack if it should be made. The trucks were always gassed and headed out towards the gate. We slept in our clothes and shoes with our rifles loaded and gas masks handy. The guard was trebbled with „shoot first then interrogate“ orders. All equipment was marked to separate the equipment we must abandon from the Morning Report forms and other necessities.

By Christmas, the Infantry had called men from the company to such an extent that even Posey was called from his spot by the supply room stove to pull a shift of guard. He was standing at his post when a 6 × 6 drove up, and

was challenged by Trigger-Happy. Little realizing his life was in the hands of a Texan armed with a carbine, the driver asked, „Where do you want this load of men?“

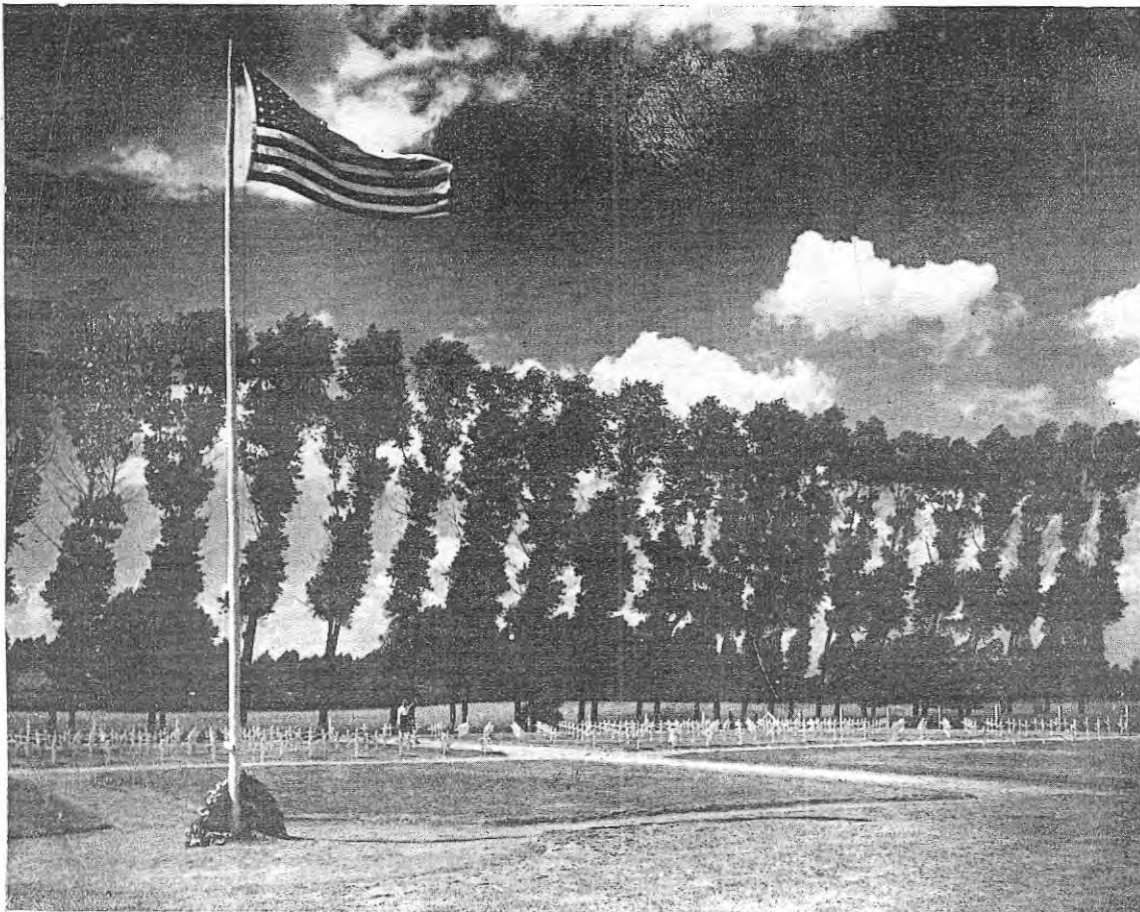
„Oh just set them off at the cemetery“, was Posey's reply.

One heck of a yelp came from the back of the truck, and Posey discovered that the men the driver had referred to were ex-Infantrymen and transferees arriving to bring our company up to strength during the bulge.

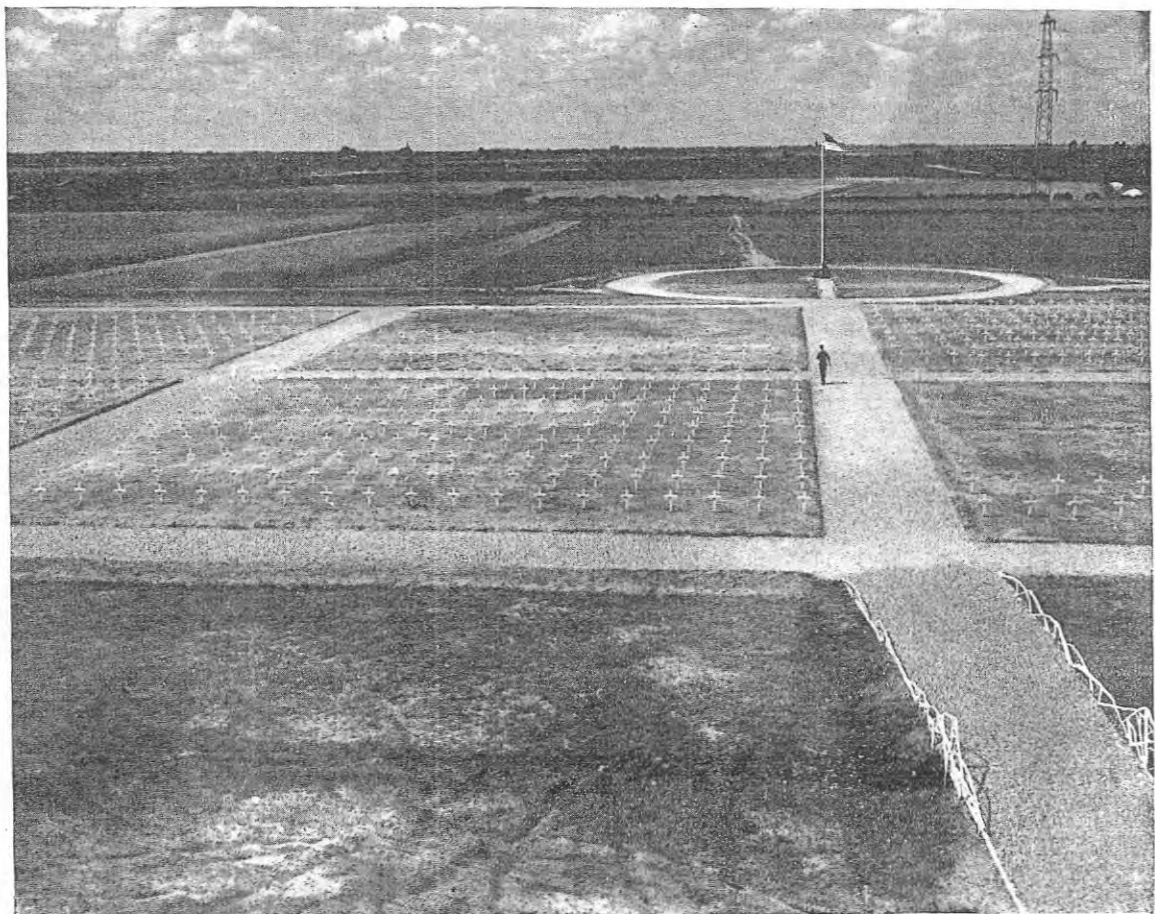
Practically frozen to death, but very much alive were; Benet, Cook, Driscoll, Flory, Frazier, Galaz, Garofoli, Garza, Jefferies and Kuglioski. Also sharing the overstuffed seats and enjoying the air conditioning that made the back of a 6 × 6 so popular were; Labrecque, Leonetti, Lowenstein, Matsuo, McCarthy, Mooney, Nall, Newbold, Proctor, Santora and Savoy.

Sunderland's map of the front lines was completely out of date, but was a source of courage as the advances weren't posted until the rumors had increased proportionally.

The airfield at Florennes was raided by paratroopers, bringing MPs continuously running up and down the roads herding them in. They were dressed in army clothes, but didn't come back with the right answers when asked how many double chocolate malteds six bits would buy at Sloppy Joe's greasy spoon. The MPs were stopping everybody on the road asking such questions.



U. S. Military Cemetery Son



U. S. Military Cemetery Molenhoek

The English had set up a General Command Post in Mettet, with radio communications with the front at all times, giving us the latest news.

Dinant was strafed New Year's Eve, which was all too close for our comfort. We used to stop in there for a brief rest on the way back from disinterments.

The following day, a Major made it down from some Headquarters to give us an inspection of our quarters. Many thirty year men were made when he discovered the nails in the rooms for the mess kits weren't of uniform height.

Inspections were the chief plague for the following month. An orange peel on the driveway set up a bigger explosion than any buzz bomb, leaving us muttering many unprintables, consumated by, „They'll never believe this at home!" After all these inspections, policing the area and GI'ing the barracks, morale hit an all time low. A company meeting was called with the officers trying to straighten it out. Dwyer expressed all our opinions by coming out with an oratorical gem, to wit: „Lieutenant, the morale of this outfit adds up to zero point — — —!"

The Fourth Platoon lost Armenta, Calloway, Carr, Grandel, Ortiz, Roberson and Spinks around the first of the year.

Trippel's Morning Report for the twenty first of January caused him more delay than the usual „No change". Fixler, Ruiter and Virchow had slipped out for detached service in Holland. They were in charge of two cemeteries, one at

Molenhoek, the other at Son, Holland. They tried to make us think that they were really working, but all the evidence leads to the conclusion that they busied themselves at putting up and taking down the flag. However, Sgt. Virchow did receive a gratifying letter of commendation as a result of their work there, proving first impressions are not necessarily just. After four or five months, they rejoined the company looking like changed men. Life couldn't have been too bad, as they have been the first to volunteer for trips in that section ever since.

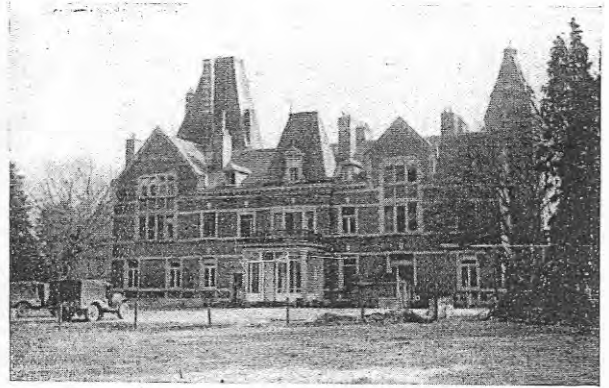
Life wasn't a paid vacation for all of us, though. Back in Mettet, Lt. Barry got orders to open a cemetery near Liege to take care of the bulge casualties. Around the twentieth of January, he took Harrison and Hartsell up to a depot in Liege, from which they would choose a site. The following day, Hartsell came back to Mettet, and was replaced by the Surveyors: Garthwaite, Quinn and Pens. After much wading around in the knee deep snow, a site was selected near the town of Neuville, and a billet, near the town of Rotheux.

On the twenty-second of January, the Second Platoon moved up to the school building-billet in Rotheux; bringing Hanson, Piper, Robinson and Tyson with them.

The surveying was done in two or three days. Inside of a week, the laborers were finishing the first row of graves when it happened . . . in the night a buzz bomb landed in the geographical center of the new cemetery making a hole



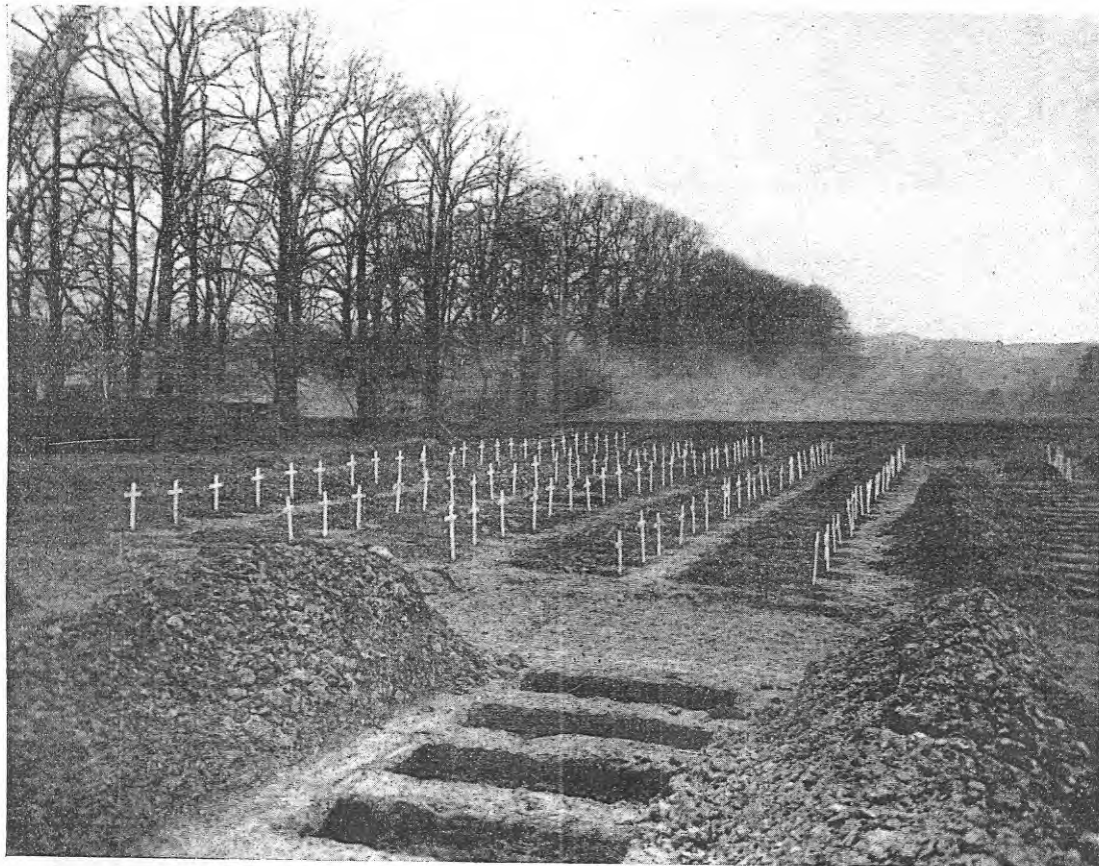
METTET: Lt. Barry questions Sunderland on the front line situation.



NEUVILLE: Our country home with buzz bomb air conditioning.

some thirty feet in diameter; revealing a network of tile pipes. The laborers knew all the time that the field was the water supply of the town, but the information had to be blasted out of them.

A new site was located in the same vicinity and the process repeated. The test holes revealed the water supply angle with a new light. The water was gushing out of some of the holes from springs underneath the melting snow.



U. S. Military Cemetery Neuville



NEUVILLE: Sans Barber School diploma, Pens cuts Tripple's hair. Smile must mean Trip won the toss.



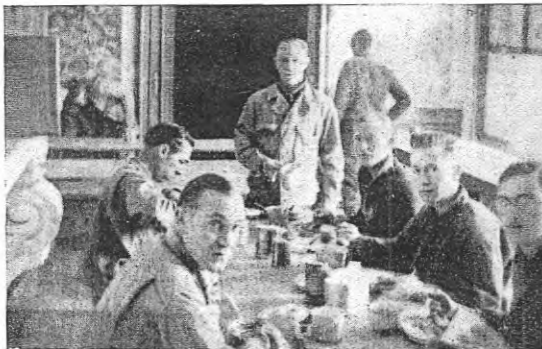
NEUVILLE: Matsuo and Proctor enjoy the rarely seen sun on the front steps.



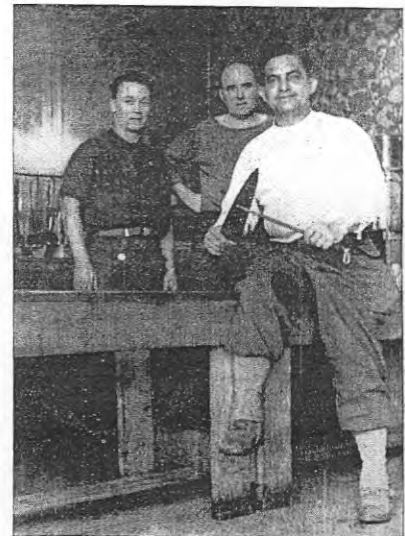
NEUVILLE: Outside the chateau, Driscoll, Grayson, and Simpson smile for the birdie.



NEUVILLE: Piper, Meagher, Mock, Quinn, Cikel and Gehringer listen to the famous guitar that landed on D-Day.



NEUVILLE: Around the table, Westfall, Starns, Pearlman, Engle, Tyson and Harrison enjoy dinner in the mirrored ball-room.



NEUVILLE: Tyson and Driscoll look on as Cabrera shows how it's done the old army.

Surveying was continued, though, as it made such a good site for the cemetery.

The German cemetery location had to be cleared of ammunition and mines by Bomb Disposal Squads. After a morning's work, the road in front of the plot was piled high with explosives, shells and bullets. A charge and fuse was attached and ignited by a Captain of the B. D. S., and he and Lt. Barry got in the jeep to repair to a safe distance. After fifty feet of escape, a glance in the rear view mirror revealed a Belgian civilian coming out of the woods on a bicycle directly towards the burning fuse and explosives. The more the yelling increased, the faster the Belgian cycled towards certain obliteration. In desperation, the Captain fired several shots over the bewildered Belgian's head, sending him off to the woods in amazement at his „Liberateurs“. The jeep's tarpaulin was somewhat ventilated, but Lt. Barry and the Captain escaped physically unscathed.

All this bomb disposing was started by a horse setting off a rifle grenade with his hind foot, making a pile of red points of himself. He had the honor of having the first burial in the cemetery.



NEUVILLE: Westfall and Engle (background) slip into the „portrait of a chair“ by one of our eminent amateurs.

Lt. Barry earned for himself many new nicknames and coined some new expressions at his cemetery. Just after the cemetery was laid out, there was all sorts of brass out to see how things were coming. Most of the Majors and Colonels came up from the depot thinking that they might as well see a cemetery now that they had been appointed heads of Graves Registration for the depots. In hopes of starting out on the right foot, Lt. Barry got as many men as he could out in the new cemetery, and told them to look as busy as possible when „The Colonel“ showed up, so he'd think things were going in high gear. We sat around in three feet of snow, jumping for our shovels and picks every time a vehicle would come near. When the Colonel did come (the first time in our army careers one did show up when expected) we jumped to the shovels and picks, trying to look interested in shoveling the snow back that someone had just put there when the Colonel booms out for all to hear, „Get these men in out of the cold, Lieutenant!“

Quinn and Pens were put to the Draftsman's task of measuring out and staking off the corners of the graves for the civilian diggers. „It's good eyewash“, said the Lieutenant, as the pegs started to grow. The pegs began to make a regular checker-board pattern towards Seraing, and the quantity of the output began to let up. „Eyewash“ Barry

called them in for a consultation as to why they weren't putting down more pegs, seeing that they had taken two days to make a new measuring line that was supposed to expedite matters.

All Quinn could get out in his defense was the beginnings of the usual „Well, er, ah; Lieutenant, it's like this . . .“, when Pens gave him the high sign and took over the



NEUVILLE: Markowitz, Pens, Garza, and Alexander outside Bristow and Hanson's chateau.

offensive. „Don't 'con' me, Pens“, spake the Lieutenant, putting a stop to whatever Pens might have thought up in their defense.

One sunny day, a storm burst forth when Lt. Barry discovered a corner of an orange peeling on the gravel road leading to the cemetery. The offending peel lay some one quarter mile from the cemetery on „Barry's Boulevard“. After threatening courts-martial, restrictions, and all other hardships except two years in Siberia; he came out with another gem in reference to the inspectors; „Paint all the posts and trees, fill all the holes, fix up the entrance, and erect the signs; they don't look at the cemetery, anyhow!“



DRAFTSMEN: Daugherty, Piper and Robinson take a break to enjoy their first Coke in a year.

In all fairness, it should be said that Lt. Barry saw that every man got a pass into Liege with a morning or afternoon off, and made sure there were trucks available to take the men into the shows in the evenings.

Tyson and his protege, Labrecque set up a kitchen, and with cooperation from the men getting the rations, put out some of the best meals we have seen in the ETO. He endeared himself to the men by having hot coffee and cake

or cookies set out in the evenings. There was always something for a sandwich after the trip back from the show.

Pens and Quinn had their fortunes made, pooling Quinn's liquid assets and the Hamilton business connections to buy a bicycle. „We'll rent it for one hundred francs a night and have it paid off in five hundred rentings, without paying the times we use it“, was the Pens reasoning. Quinn got cold feet and sold it at a slight loss.

The First Platoon left the Headquarters and the Fourth Platoon at Mettet on the second of February, going to Grand Faily, France. The best description of Grand Faily is that it would be called, „A sleepy little town“ in the States, except that it had been sleeping since Columbus set sail, and rigor mortis had long since set in. There just wasn't anything doing.

The only activity to be seen in Grand Faily during their entire stay was a man walking down the street ringing a bell announcing that a hog was to be slaughtered. No one paid any attention to him, but he rang his little bell as though he was announcing V—E day, went home, slaughtered his hog and retired to sleep it off. Things weren't exactly dead in Grand Faily, but a cigarette butt lay on the street for a full five minutes before being sniped. To a civilian, that means little, but it beat the ETO record by some four minutes fifty five seconds flat.

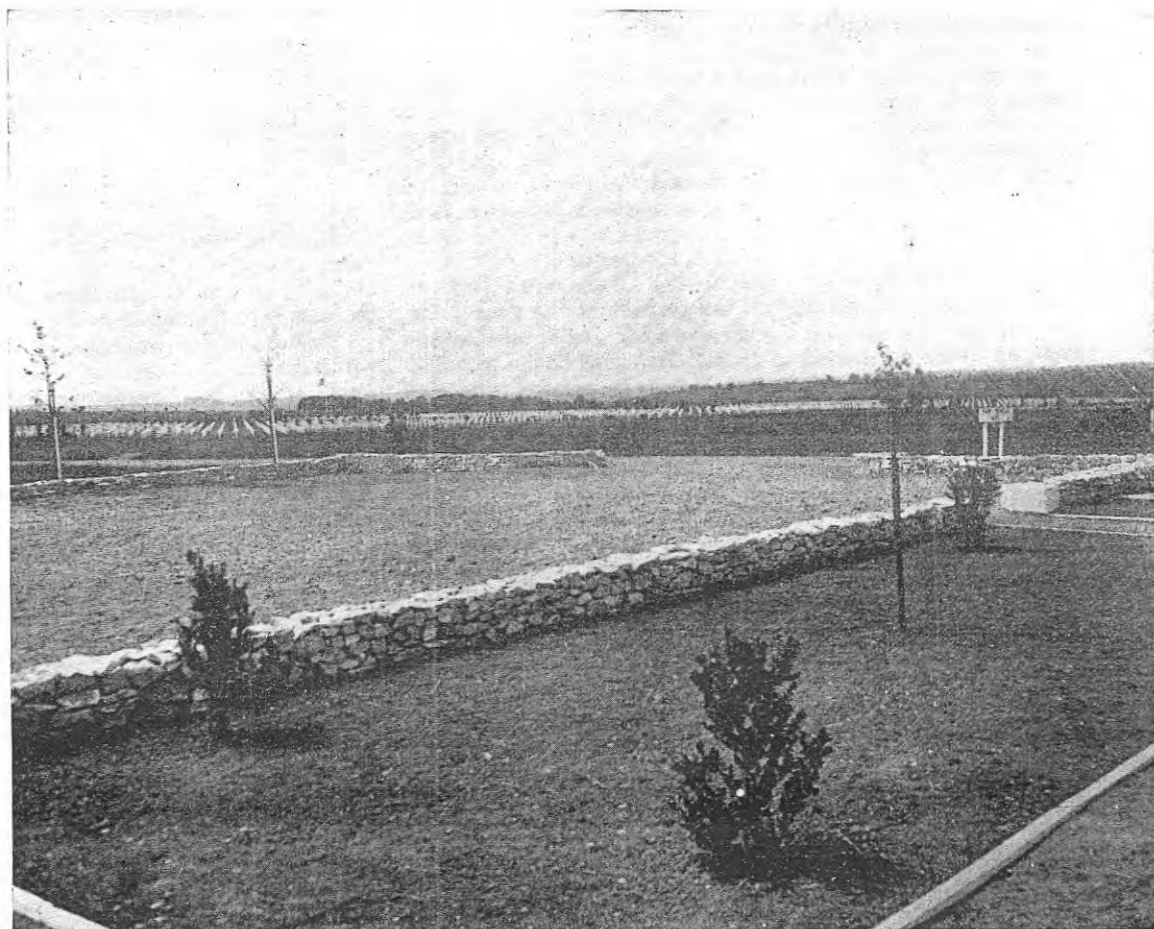
The cemetery location had been picked while a Lieutenant and his driver were lost. They couldn't find their way back to their base, so they asked a civilian the way to the main route. The road indicated led over hills, cow paths and backwoods roads to the highway some five miles away. On the way over the detour they got stuck in the mud and noticed what a level spot it was. Upon reaching the highway they marked the spot on the map and came back to it later to make the cemetery. The town in which they interrogated the civilian was Grand Faily and they got stuck on top of the highest hill in the locality.

Beautification operations were started when the Third Platoon relieved the First, the First returning to Headquarters at Mettet.

Lt. Staub imported three hundred prisoners, having them build their own stockade near the cemetery. They would have guarded themselves, too, had not a Service Company been called to do the guarding.

After a wet rainy winter there was much to be done for the cemetery. First, the road was widened and graveled; next, gravel paths were made around the plots and to other spots in the cemetery; the graves were levelled and the crosses aligned.

The prisoners were put to some other tasks by the ingenious Third. One, a baker, came in each evening, spent



U. S. Military Cemetery Grand Faily

ing some five hours baking cakes, cookies and fancy pastries for the men and the guards. When he finished, he locked the pastries away for safe keeping and went to look for the guard to take him back to the stockade. Others were used in giving the building its daily scrubbing, cleaning, dusting, washing dishes, laundry and in general, anything the men had grown to resent having to do while in the army.

This surplus of valets left the Third with time on its hands to take care of some ends it had been forced to let fall behind while working harder at other places. Rogers took to building airplanes, spending his few waking hours on a giant with a wingspread of some nine feet. It never got out if he had planned to ride it back to the states, but the plans and the plane suffered somewhat on the premier flight, because the plane obliterated itself and his hopes against a tree.

Lt. Staub broke out a bottle of real American made watered scotch on the occasion of a party some of the boys were throwing. It lasted only for one little nip per man by virtue of the fact that they held Baxley's nose.

O'Donnel and Toevs left after many heartfelt goodbyes to sweat out the depots as General Lear really bore down on his manpower shortage problem.

Bryant, Burman, Leonetti, Nall, Renteria, Ruscigno and Santora were the first of the 612th men to get to Germany. They were sent to Niederbreisig, Germany to take care of the Graves Registration work for the 56th QM Base Depot.

The First platoon, now "Detachment C" left Headquarters and the Fourth Platoons at Mettet once more, for Marche, Belgium, where they set up housekeeping in the Hotel de la Cloche. Lowe and Mooney opened their mess hall on the twentieth of February.



MARCHE: Brusuelas, Fullerton and Huggins discuss company politics as Driscoll looks on.

Operations at Marche consisted of following Engineers with mine detectors for miles through the Ardennes Forest, bringing bodies out. More than once, a glance stopped the foot from tripping the wire on a booby trap. The more "Gun happy" souls got their fill by opening up with a machine gun or automatic rifle that lay against a tree since the bulge. The Engineers entertained themselves with bigger things like shells and mines, so a noisy time was had by all. Mac gave a demonstration on the operation of an 88. "It's m'old road game", he said as he pulled the rope. The shell landed on a hillside and Mac landed on his south side.

The noise wasn't all in the forest, either. Huggins and Lt. Myers had a rather forcibly expressed difference of opinion resulting in Huggins returning for a brief stay with Headquarters.

With all the welcome of the traditional mother-in-law, Headquarters left the Fourth Platoon with its original in-

vestment in Fosses and proceeded to Neuville to join the Second. A larger home was found in a hunting lodge. The mirrored ball room was made into the dining room, with the deer head studded den becoming the composing room for the Morning Reports and the Captain's office.

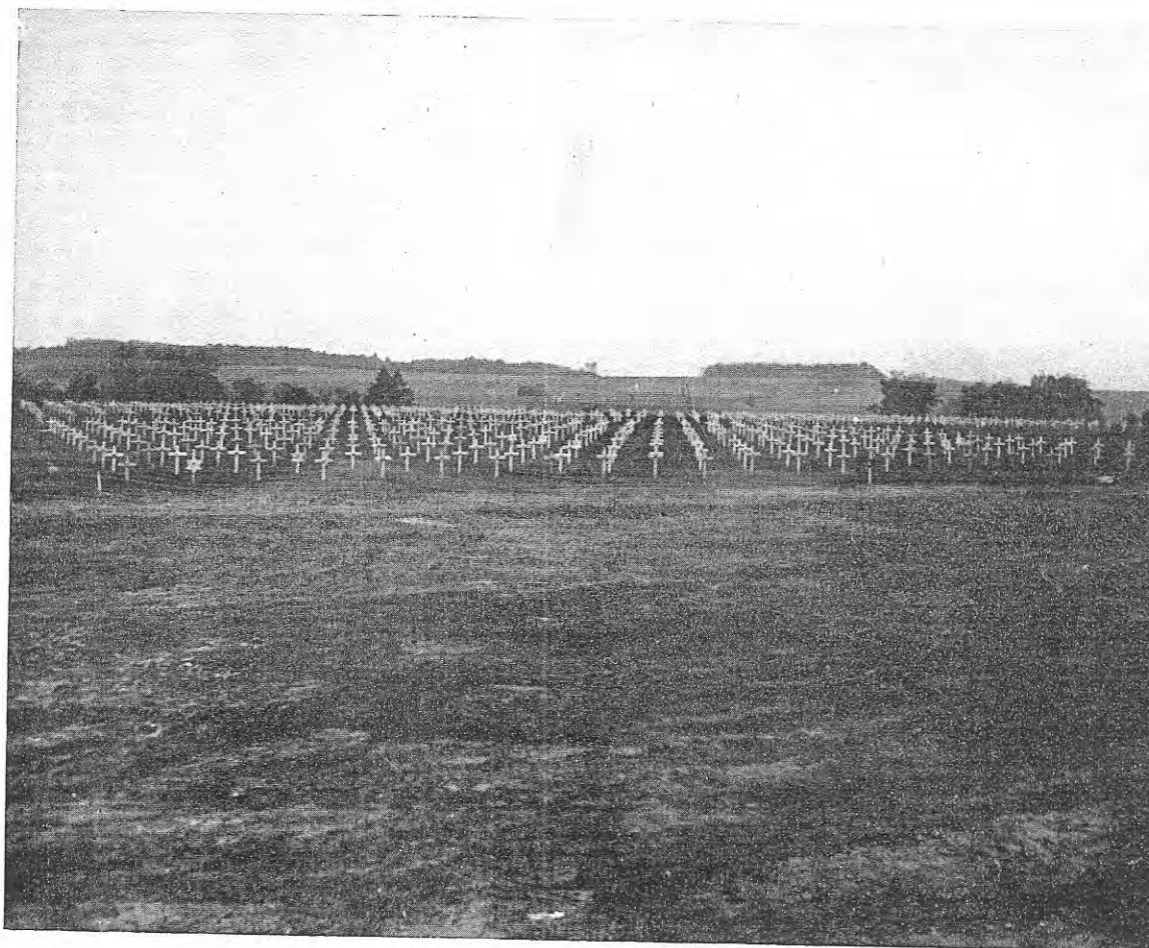
Buzz bombs were still a plague as they would fall short or be intercepted by the saucer shaped hills forming a natural barricade for Liege. Its food and Engineer depots were considered a rich target by the buzz bomb navigators. The nearby village of Rotheux suffered thirty five hits during the siege.



SURVEYORS: Garthwaite levels up before zeroing in some crosses.



CLERKS: Okarma gets the personal effects written up before making an embossed plate.



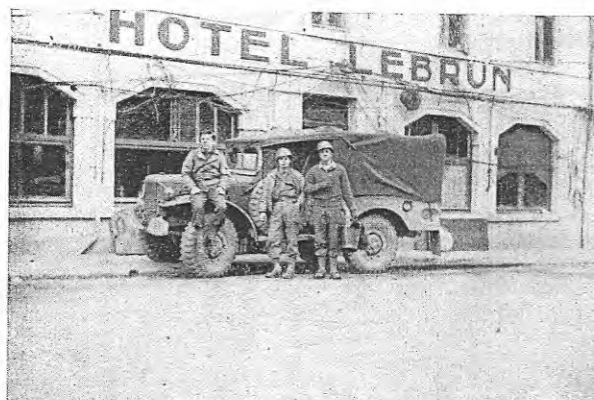
U. S. Military Cemetery Foy

Accompanied by the drone of buzz bombs, Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanitz gave a very inspiring concert in Liege, which was attended by all music lovers in the Second Platoon and Headquarters. Side bets were paid off as she sang, „Blue Danube“ and „Lo Hear the Gentle Lark“ as Pearlman had predicted.

After a month, the Fourth Platoon came to Marche to relieve the First. Collecting operations were continued, with the bodies being taken to Neuville for the Second to take care of. Schaff and Melancon were left to raise and lower the flag at Fosses.

From Marche, the First proceeded to Bastogne and another hotel. This one was rather run down, the last occupants having left some holes in the walls in their haste to leave. The roof leaked with the slightest rain and the drain to the sink in the room occupied by Titus opened right over Freese's desk on the floor below.

We shared the building with some Twenty eighth Infantry and Signal Corps men. It took a map of the building to find the guards and KPs with all four floors occupied by so many different companies. The main lobby was converted into the dining room and day room. A piano was found and willed to us by the parting Infantry, a keepsake we kept with us for many months. Pappy Hancock gave out with an after dinner jam session almost every evening, attracting crowds from all over town.



BASTOGNE: Piper, Rodewald and Lowenstein sweatin' it out.

At the Foy cemetery, which is approximately eight miles north of Bastogne, Piper, Rodewald and Zinkevz built a shack and moved in to act as guards. The shack had a sink without plumbing and a stove for heating and cooking an occasional breakfast or midnight snack.



U. S. Military Cemetery Henri Chappelle

Operations consisted mostly of getting battlefield casualties from the forests, and burying them at the cemetery.

The woods were thick with abandoned rifles, machine guns and ammunition. Jake set up a rifle range outside the front door, to while away the hours. A German machine gun would shoot a coffee can full of ammunition at a sitting and „policing the brass“ in anticipation of a possible inspection was one of the morning rituals.

The Fourth Platoon, collecting Melancon and Schaff from their vacation at Fosses, left Marche for Henri Chappelle on the twenty third of March.

The casualties of the bulge were handled at Henri Chappelle to a large extent. It grew to be the largest cemetery in the ETO, with operations being plagued and harassed by visiting Generals and other assorted and interested brass.

The Fourth Platoon billet was a monastery, no less. The Nuns were more than hospitable to the men. They insisted on doing such favors as laundry and mending and their feelings were hurt if they offered to pay them for the fine work they did.

There were movies for recreation, supplied by another company that was helping them out.

Packing its newly acquired piano into one of the trailers, the First Platoon rolled on for Luxembourg and the cemetery at Hamm. On the second of April Lt. Clack found them for pay and rations in a school building at Hamm.



HAMM: Okarma, Martin and Zinkevz look over the cemetery.

Okarma, Rodewald, and Zinkevz lived at the American cemetery and Climer and Piper at the German.

Tyson rejoined us, sharing the culinary department with Mooney; Lowe having left for the Third platoon at Grand Faily.

Block busied himself with carpentry work with his able



BASTOGNE: Rodewald fills the tank of his truck („Josephine“) from five gallon Jerricans.



BASTOGNE: After Lt. Myers pulled the cover off, Hancock decided the little pistol was better than freezing with his boots off.



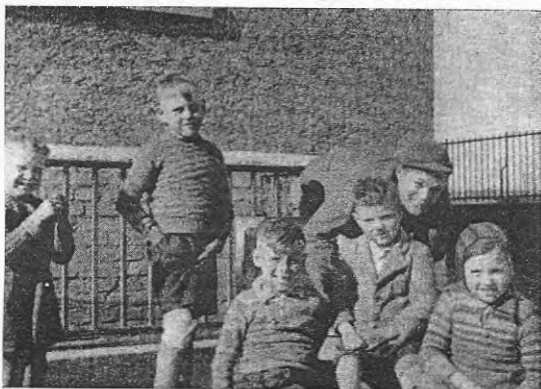
FOY: Stoll and Okarma get the feel of a hand grenade before settling a bet as to who can throw one farther.



HENRI CHAPPELLE: Markowitz in front of the office at the cemetery.



HENRI-CHAPPELLE: Huggins holds one of his pedigreed St. Bernards while Burton pretends he doesn't know him.



LUXEMBOURG: Block behind his crony, „Herman the German“, does some carpentry work.

assistant, „Herman the German“. „Herm the Heinie“ was a little boy about ten years old that came with a group of his compatriots to play in the school-yard while school was closed. He and Block became fast friends and, needless to

say, Block had him helping with the other end of the saw and many little boy sized task.

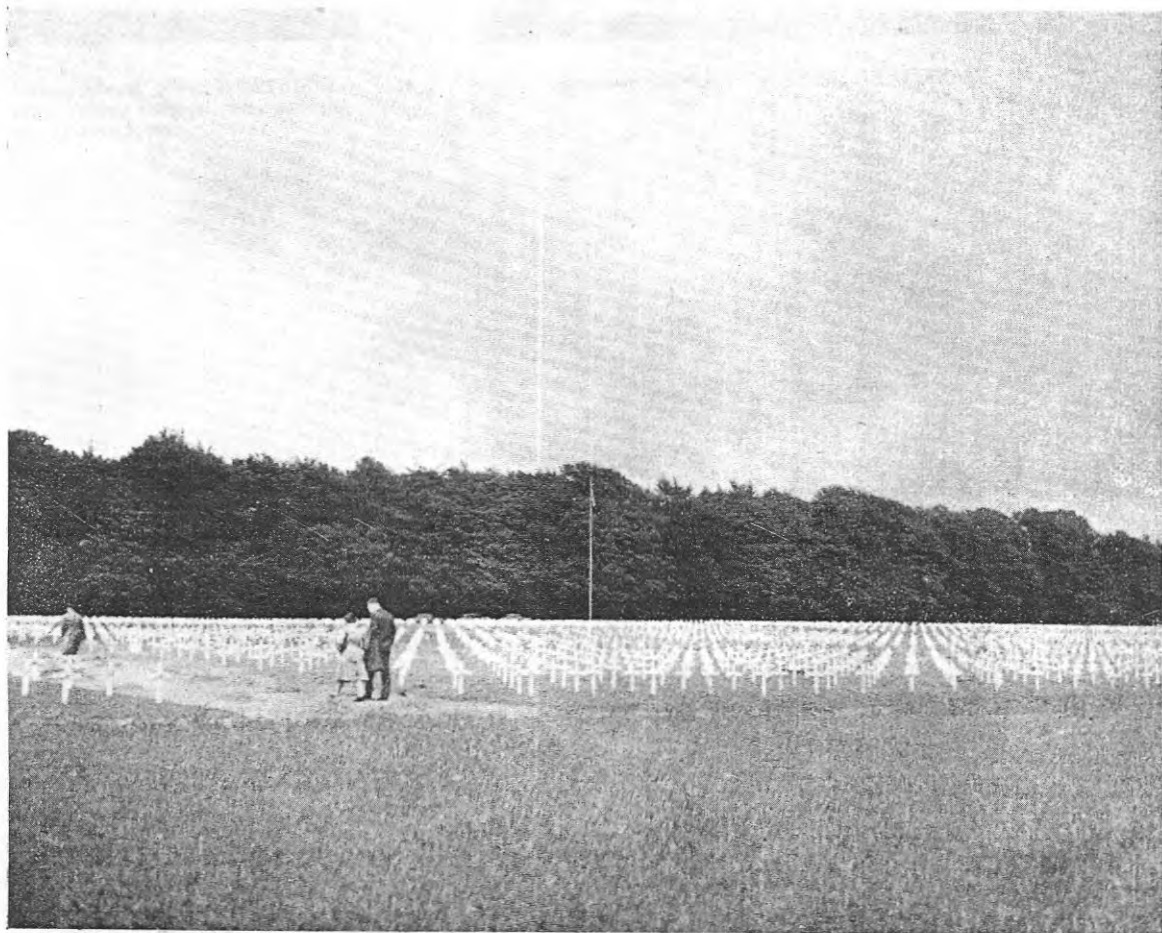
„The Loot“ lived up to his name by acquiring a whole armful of swords to lug around. By this time his nine cubic foot box (3 × 3 × 3) was pretty well filled with odds and ends of that nature.

Piper was ordered to make a sign reading: „612th QM Gr. Reg. Co., Detachment ‚C‘, Gerald H. Myers, Commander.“ A placard for his desk would have taken up the whole table top: „Detachment Commander, Post Commander, Provost Marshal, Supply Officer, Morale Officer, Graves Registration Officer“ and many others he thought up in his idle moments.

Pappy found a tired old radio that would pull in one station, Radio Luxembourg, ten miles away. The broadcast was all in French and German, so it soon became a piece of furniture. The company that came in to relieve them was very new on the continent and had no radio, so after snowing them with a blizzard of sales talk he sold it to them for some thirty five dollars, probably the biggest swindle since Manhattan brought twenty four dollars, retail.

Operations consisted mostly of disinterments. Every Saturday night, there would be an all night session getting the forms ready to meet the deadline early Sunday.

One rainy afternoon, a Major General came in, startling all and sundry to the extent that no one even said „boo“ be-



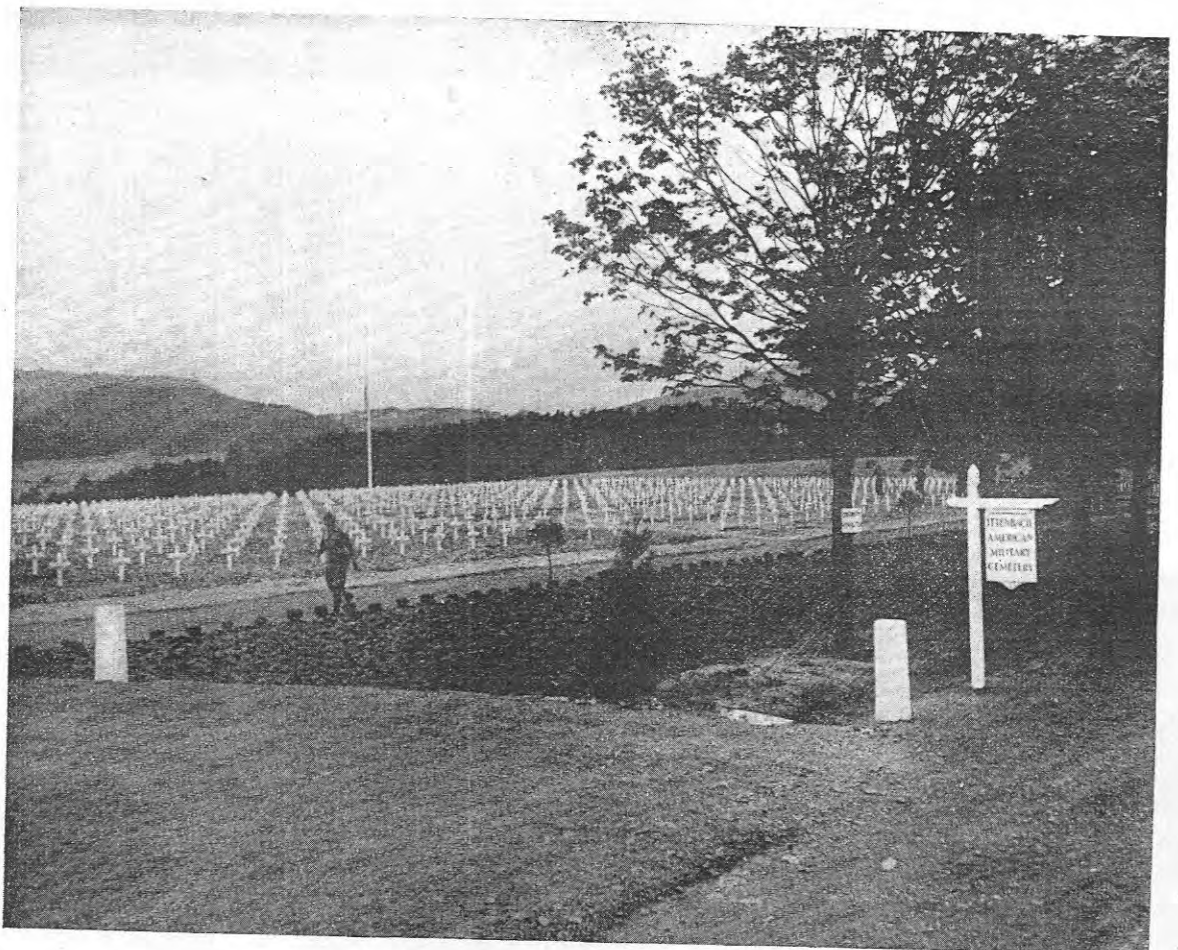
U. S. Military Cemetery Hamm



GERMANY: „No fratrin“ didn't last too well.



DISINTERMENTS: Martin and Jackson check the reports against some isolated burials before bringing them back to an American cemetery.



U. S. Military Cemetery Ittenbach



U. S. Military Cemetery Butzbach



DISINTERMENTS: Harrison and Knight straighten out some motor trouble. Knight says the headlights were pumping oil, while Harrison insists the gear ratios were wrong.



ITTENBACH: Tyler talks it over with Hart, on guard, at the gate.

fore he was in the room. He wanted information on the location of a grave in the cemetery. Piper offered to search the card file for the name, coming back with the verdict that it wasn't there.

"Don't tell me it isn't there!" boomed the General. Sure enough, there was the missing card several letters out of alphabetical order. After the General had gone, Lt. Myers came out from his place of safety under a bed to bawl the still blushing Piper out for calling the General a liar. "It isn't done!" he said.

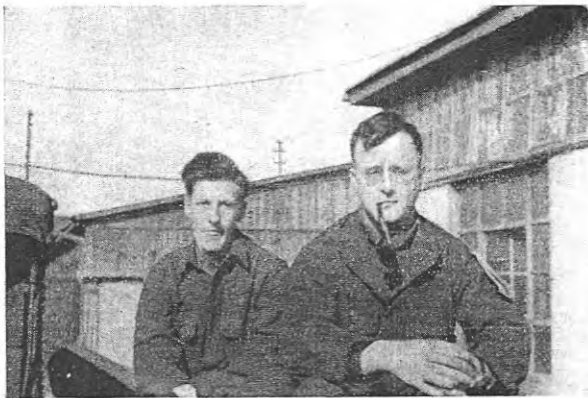
Jackson's section, consisting of Block, Lowenstein, Newbold, Piper, Schmitt, Stein and himself, set off to do Graves Registration work for the 53rd. QM Base Depot at Ingelheim. The 53rd. wasn't expecting them, and had nothing for them to do, so they took advantage of the situation by writing letters by the dozens, seeing "Meet Me in St Louis" three times a day, and trying to convince Lowenstein he couldn't sing the title song like Judy Garland.

Operations consisted mostly of battlefield recoveries with a few disinterments.

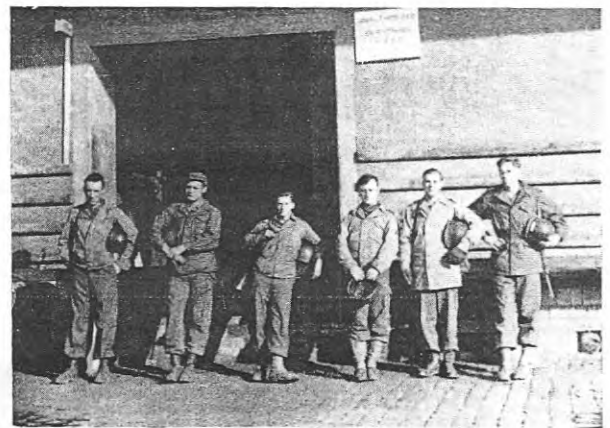
Information got around that the bridge on the Autobahn was under danger of attack so a two man guard was set up. Before long, the guard roster read like the sign out sheet and not an enemy contested the occupation although many came to lay down their arms.

The First Platoon moved into two neighboring duplex houses in Butzbach, Germany on the last day of April. The homes were complete with kitchenettes, inter-room telephones, and a supply of building blocks which employed the Lieutenant's attention for the duration of the stay. The piano was left outside in the trailer, with the evening jam session being held on one of the residential streets of Butzbach. By the time Pappy had worked into "Green Eyes" for Titus, heads were sticking out all the windows.

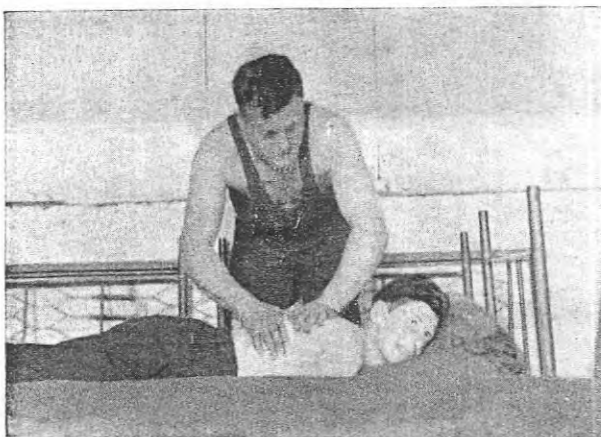
There were dishes enough to go around so family style meals were instituted. "Deacon" Tyson said grace before



INGELHEIM: Newbold and Schmitt bubble enthusiasm as Lowenstein sings, "Meet Me in St. Lousy", lousily.



INGELHEIM: Jackson, Block, Newbold, Schmitt, Stein, and Piper find the 53rd has nothing for them to do.

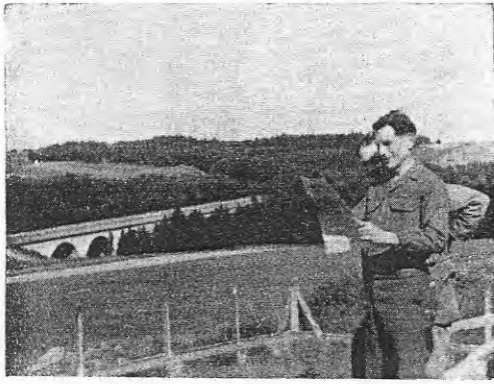


INGELHEIM: "Dr." Schmitt all but kills Newbold with a rubdown.

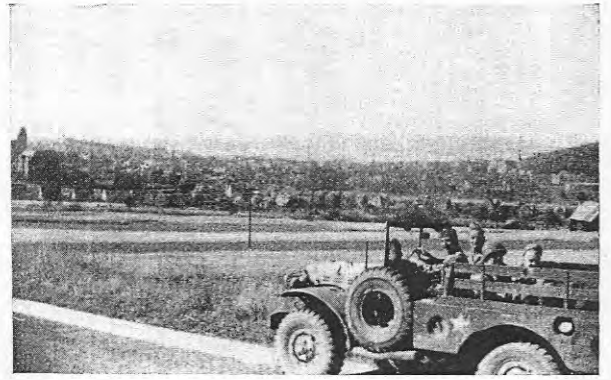
The Fourth Platoon left Henri Chappelle, April twenty third for Ittenbach, Germany. They found a large home that was left in somewhat of a haggard condition. The last occupants had inventoried all the furniture, pushing such impedimenta as a concert grand piano off a second story ledge, just to hear it crash. There was two days of house-cleaning work for the platoon.



MEDICS: Zinkevz writes up an EMT.



ITTENBACH: Overlooking the Autobahn, Posey and Jefferies read what S & S says about overlooking Texas on points.



INVESTIGATIONS: Pearlman, Quinn, Cook and Lindt pause a moment overlooking Limburg.



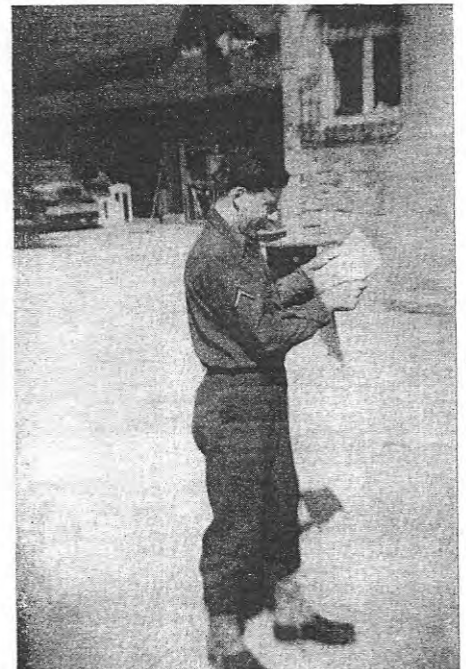
P. X. RATIONS: Anderson and Lt. Clack (background) sell rations from the jeep trailer to Okarma and Piper.



GERMANY: „Doctor“ Engle makes a delivery.



PETS: Fluff (above) died of heart break, Fosses (not pictured) died the soldier's ideal death.



ITTENBACH: Fixler reads V-E Day news in the „Stars and Stripes“.

meals, and Lt. Myers demanded our attendance at breakfast; a habit most of us had gotten out of.

Jake and Rodewald moved into a pyramidal tent at the cemetery, acting as guards and raising the flag in the morning. In their spare time, they rebuilt a motor cycle from parts to be found in the junk yards. After many miles on GI gasoline, it failed in a concussion test with a telephone pole. Flory carried the tired and broken machine home and reported, „Hey Lootenunt, here's your motor cycle". There was a little explosion when the Lieutenant stepped out the door and discovered the mangled condition of his Kiddy Kart.

Everybody remembers the First of May as the day Headquarters and the Second Platoon moved to Ittenbach with the Fourth. To the men of the Second, it meant the end of an easy life with prisoners and civilians doing all the heavy work.



KREUZNACH: Yogi looks away as the man in bed No.4 takes the pills marked „Okarma“.

Pens bought a washing machine and set out to make his fortune in the laundry business, using prisoner labor. He was making money hand over foot with his Polish laborers until his interpreter, Kuligoski, was sent home on points. Pens tried to carry on using the sign language, but the imitation was just as easy as wringing the clothes, so the prisoners were fired. Italians were just as fine so long as Santora was there to call the shots, but Sinzig and the POW cemetery called him away, so operations stopped. „Every minute I'm sitting here, I'm losing money", Pens would moan as he anticipated washing his hands of the whole affair.

Cleaning and rehabilitation operations were emphasized, and Langhauf was soon rid of rubbish by the tried and true method of pushing it off the second story into a pit below the window. The roof was overlooked, and Rejman and Brusuelas were spending most of their time emptying buckets of rain water and chasing mice.

Beautification efforts were emphasized with the men painting and stenciling names on the crosses, installing gravel walks, and landscaping with the shrubs Hildreth had „requisitioned" from a local nursery.

Activities were shifted into second gear in anticipation of the coming of Memorial Day. „The Mole" was made chief engineer in charge of landscaping, and had things looking very well for the Memorial Day Ceremonies.

Cook, Harrison, Pearlman, Pens and Quinn left with Capt. Gates to lay out cemeteries near Rheinberg, Budrich, and Wickrathsburg to handle the deaths in the Prisoner of War Enclosures.

The one Lt. Clack, Brandt and Garthwaite had laid out proved to be in too hostile territory to be usable. While surveying operations were going on, a sniper lobbed an exploratory shot at Brandt's feet to get the range. Lt. Clack scared the unseen assailant away with vile threats of what he would do to the woods and their occupants if they ever dared fire a shot at his favorite jeep driver again. Several rounds from his cal. .45 convincer probably had more material effect on the German speaking rifleman.

Life at Rheinberg wasn't too appealing for the men. They frequently found their night's rest interrupted by volleys from the machine guns below their window in the stockade.



BINGEN: Titus tells the Major what it's all about in GRS.

Their meals came from one big stew pot with five hundred other men griping about it with them.

Admitting that nothing could be done about the weather, but that anything would be better than living inside a rifle range, Harrison and Pearlman went to one of the Hospitals to see if they could lodge a complaint upon a receptive ear. The following night, they were in a single room, resting serenely after a dinner of steak topped of by ice cream and cake.

Harrison trained a crew of depot personnel to operate the cemetery at Budrich. It was no easy task instilling in a novice all the knowledge gained in a year's intensive experience, especially when it came to writing the Emergency Medical Tags of some bullet riddled escapee to read „Heartburn, cal. .30".

V-E day, May eighth, found Headquarters, parts of the Second, and Fourth Platoons enjoying life at Ittenbach. The Third on their way to Lintfort, the First oiling their tonsils on some of the „Lieut's loot" in Butzbach, with Jackson's section counting their points in Bingen.

One the ninth of May, Lt. Staub made himself the nickname „Short Cut Bill" by locating a sure-fire short cut that extended the trip from their rest camp at Grand Faily to Lintfort by some five hours. After searching around the town of Butzbach for some sign of the First Platoon, the men of the Third decided to give it up, and were busily engaged in playing a game of football in the village square to the delight of the civilians. Captain Rowntree swallowed his amazement, broke through the crowd of people watching



HEIDESHEIM: Life wasn't all sleep, but Jackson did a lot of it at his cemetery.



BINGEN: Mooney displays the newly-arrived watch, „My grandmother sent me“.



BINGEN: Hancock tries to talk Lt. Myers into taking another ten marks for a bottle of champagne. Lt. Myers was pretty well fixed that day, so Pappy didn't get the bottle.



BINGEN: Mooney doesn't share Hancock's enthusiasm for the last steak and champagne.



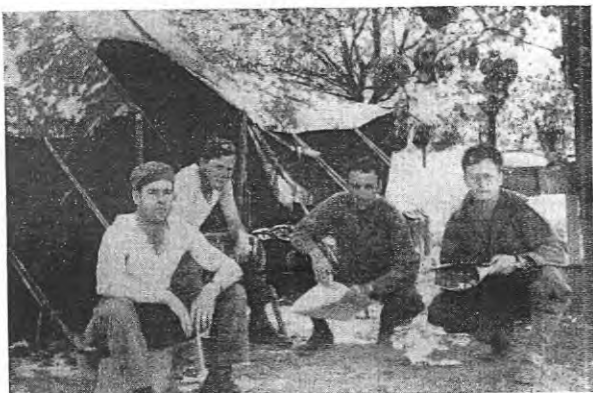
HEIDESHEIM: Schmitt holds a cigarette to pay the juggler, a prisoner-laborer.

the game and led the players to the First Platoon's billet. They stayed overnight at Butzbach with the First Platoon, enjoying some of Freddy's home cooking, and helped roll back the cover for a jam session from the piano on the trailer; Lts. Staub and Myers spent an enjoyable evening throwing their rank at each other.

With the platoon headquarters set up in Lintfort, Wilkinson took his section to the cemetery at Rheinberg, Harr and his section went to Budrich to relieve the depot crew, and Bryant's section relieved Schaff and Huggins at the cemetery at Wickrathsberg.

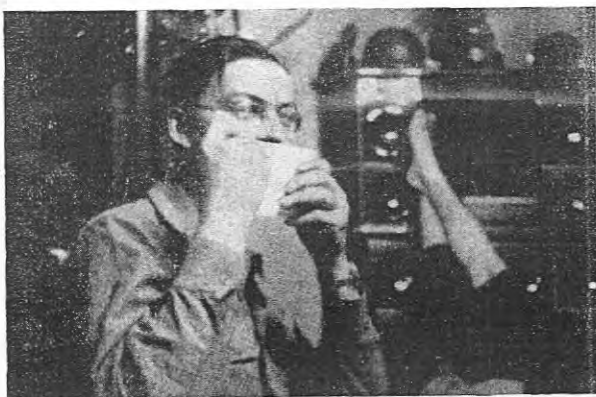
The First Platoon moved from Butzbach to Bingen to help Jackson's section with the paper work at his two cemeteries at Heidesheim and Bad Kreuznach. August Bicker played host at his suburban mansion.

Block, Jackson, Schmitt and Stein moved into the cemetery at Heidesheim with Climer, Okarma, Rodewald, Tyson and Zinkevz living at the Bad Kreuznach POW cemetery. None of them suffered from exhaustion nor overwork, because the willing prisoners were doing all of the burying, field paper work, serving meals in bed, laundry and valeting.



HEIDESHEIM: Stein, Block, Jackson, and Schmitt after one of Mrs. Stein's meals.

Things in Bingen were quite behind on the paper work, as there are some ten forms that had to be submitted for each burial. While Jackson's crew had been operating the cemeteries, there had been no officer to sign the forms, so Lt. Myers had a back-log of some eight or nine hundred burials to get written up, checked, signed and submitted.



BINGEN: Hard at work in the third week of a three day stay, Harrison seals his first letter after the lifting of censorship. Huggins cools his heels on the fireplace.

Harrison and Huggins came down with their typewriters to give them a start, and were to remain only two or three days, or less if they got caught up. Kammauff came down for a two day stay on to check up on some of the vehicles. When he left two weeks later, Harrison and Huggins were still waiting for the spirit to move Lieutenant Myers so that they could submit the approved and signed forms.

The thought of signing and checking some ten thousand forms appealed to Lt. Myers much less than throwing his rank at the civilians. His daily trips to Mainz netted quantities of wine, cognac and champagne which he let go at cost. Champagne brought some thirty or forty cents.



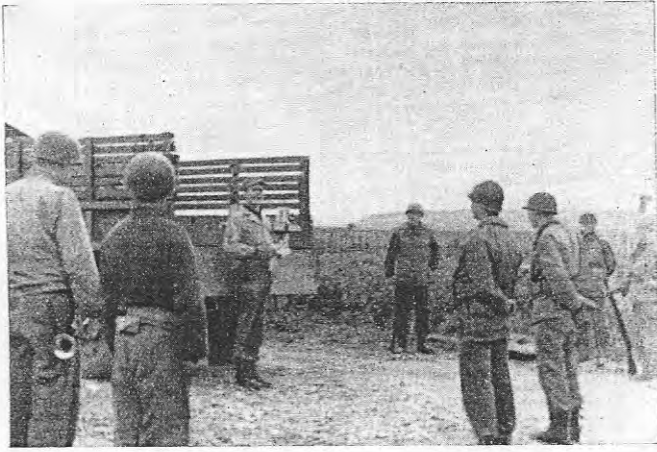
BINGEN: Sipping champagne, Lowenstein, Titus, Huggins, Newbold, and Harrison, "Wait for Junior to get these forms signed."



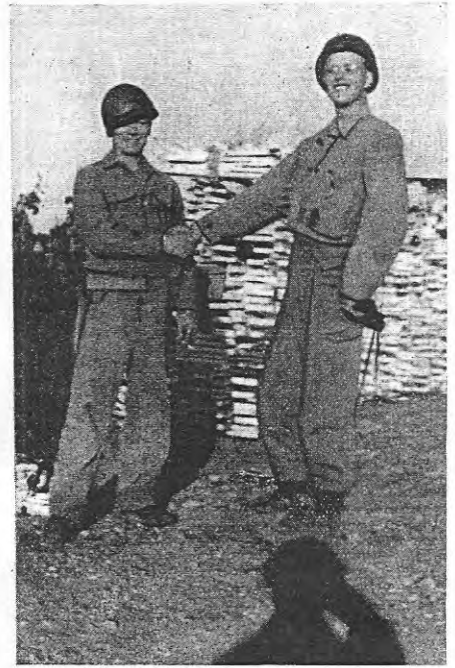
BINGEN: Mooney writes a letter as Lt. Myers wonders how he'll ever check and sign all these tissue copies.

Lt. Myers applied for a transfer to a company issuing silver, leaving us officerless in Bingen. He took a whole load of stuff with him, and the First Platoon took advantage of the situation to get rid of the piano, a dozen worn out storage batteries, building blocks, countless telephones and switchboards, swords and miscellaneous junk.

Huggins acquired a puppy with promises of papers proving its nobility. He got four hundred dollars worth of pedigree and fifty cents worth of dog.



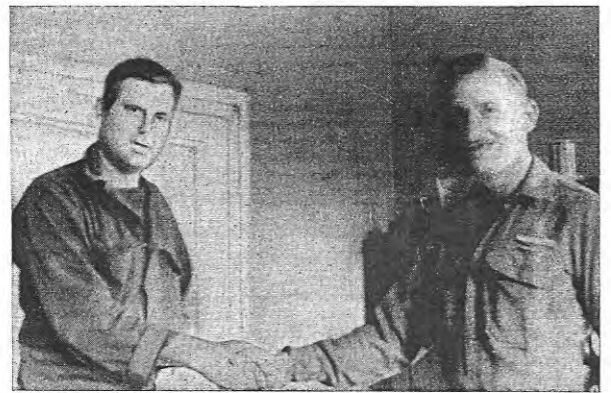
Sgt. Williams reads the citation from the form 32s . . .



Tyson receives Okarma's congratulations.



awarding Tyson with The Order of the Good Conduct Medal as the laborers and guards . . .



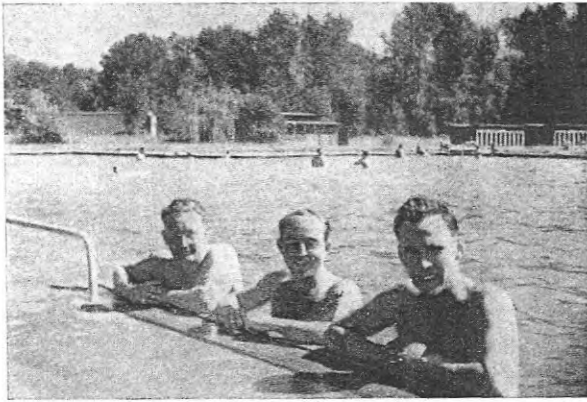
BINGEN: Prior to leaving for home on points the following morning, Zinkevcz and Flory shake hands and say good-bye to each other.



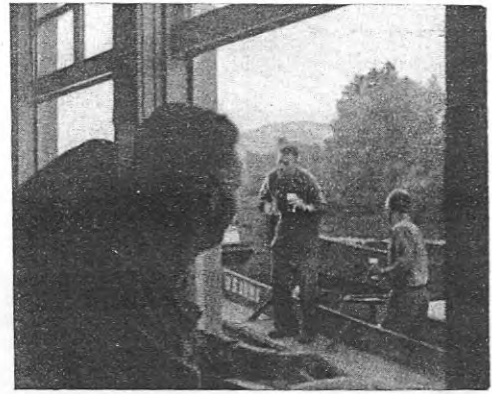
come to attention to Okarma's bugle and fire a seven gun (one M-1 clip) salute.



BINGEN: Newbold drools while Titus displays an imported bottle of Seagram's. The only W.C.T.U.'s member present hides her blushing face.



ITTENBACH: Quinn, Pearlman and Garthwaite enjoy the pool on a picnic by the Rhine.



ITTENBACH: Quinn looks on as a couple of GIs on a passing boat enjoy a glass of beer he has handed out the window.

About the first of July the Third Platoon relinquished its hold on Lintfort, coming back into the fold at Ittenbach, Germany. The First followed on the eleventh, bringing the entire company together for the first time since Thanksgiving.

Life in Ittenbach was in complete contrast to what we had experienced at Fort Warren and on the Continent. There were no inspections, reveille, and even breakfast was optional.

The pets and mascot's came and went, with Queenie leaving us for her new boy friend „Cognac“ in an Ack Ack outfit, and finally leaving with them when they pulled out. Fosses died the soldier's ideal death, being succeeded by several near kin. Pups were being given out by the dozens to anyone who even looked at them the first time, but the

fellows would bring in more dogs than we could give away.

Horseshoe and Ping Pong tournaments were organized by Lt. Staub as recreational director. Picnics, with swimming at the pool beside the Rhein, baseball, and a keg of beer were a Sunday function.

A boat was chartered for an evening trip up the Rhein past historic Drachenfels and the Remagen bridge.

As the cemetery was closed, bodies were taken to Margareten, Holland, with an overnight stop at Liege. Passes and furloughs were taken to Paris, Liege, and other places.

„Let me see the hands of those that will take a seven day furlough to Switzerland“, asked Garthwaite, setting himself back to be mobbed. No one stirred, The Acting Top Kick fell over in a dead faint. After three years, he'd seen everything.

V-DAY

The candid camera caught the celebrants.



Pearlman found some boxes to send some of his stuff home.



Fullerton talked Lt. Steegmuller into shining his shoes for him.



Virchow blew everything from „Bugle Call Rag“ to Tatoo.



Lt. Clack and Garthwaite swept the Morning Report carbons from behind the desks.