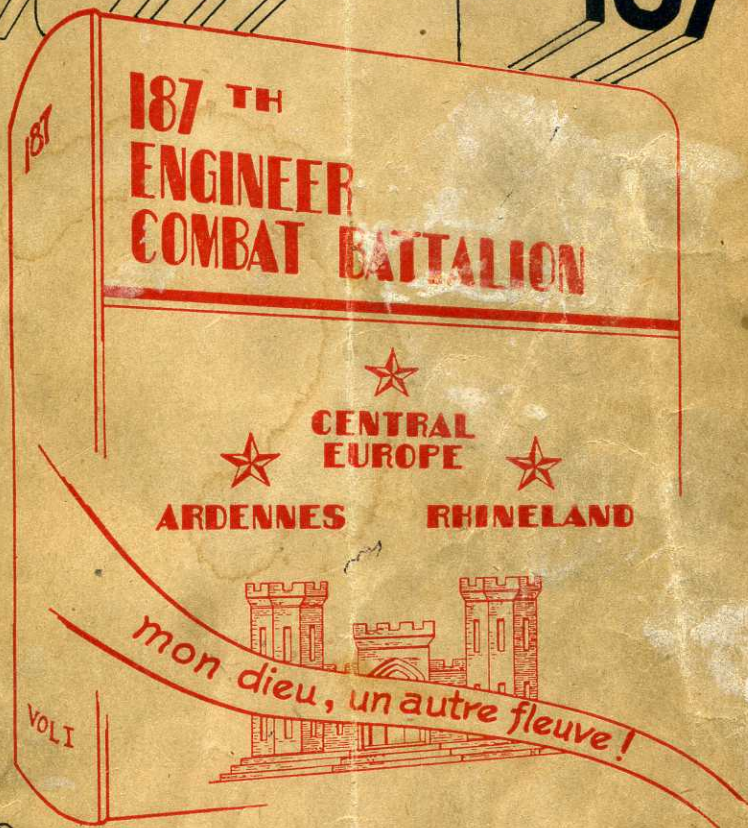


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STORY OF THE 187



AN ENGINEER MEMOIR

*Best wishes, Gus,
M.R. Shuter*

STORY

OF THE

187TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION



CENTRAL EUROPE



ARDENNES



RHINELAND

INDEX

Foreward	Page 7
Story of the 187th	Page 11
Honors and Awards	Page 53
Story of Able Company	Page 65
Story of Baker Company	Page 73
Story of Charlie Company	Page 81
Story of Headquarters and Service Company	Page 93
Story of the Medical Detachment	Page 103
<i>All In Fun</i>	Page 111

Editor's Note: As this book goes to press, the announcement is made that the 187th will not be inactivated in Germany. The Battalion is to be filled with casualties and sent home as a "carrier" unit in February or March, 1946. Inactivation will be accomplished in the United States.



Memorial service May 30, 1945, Bockenem, Germany.
Lts. Abney and Bohnet, Chaplain Wolfe

DEDICATION

This *Story of the 187th* is respectfully dedicated to the memories of those men of the Battalion who died in the service of their country.

ALLEN K. BODTCHER

HARRY H. BOOTH

SIMON H. CHAIRES

LOUIE J. COMBS

HAROLD B. DOTY

KENNETH M. FOLSOM

OWEN J. JONES

JAMES D. McCOMB

DOYLE O. MULLIKAN

NOVIE N. ROSS

FRANK TABOR

ANTONI J. PIETRYKA

NARRATORS OF THE *STORY OF THE 187th*

1st Lt. MELVIN L. EPSTEIN
Tech. Sgt. ROBERT W. WOLFE
Sgt. D. S. YODER
Cpl. ELDON S. ROLLO
Cpl. RICHARD L. SORRELL
Tec. 5 HARRY A. THOMPSON
Tec. 5 LOUIS P. ROSA

NOTE TO THE READER

This book can hardly be called a history. Preparation of a history requires lots of time and an objective perspective on the part of the writer. Unfortunately, we had little time and were so close to our subject at the time of writing that we could have little objectivity.

Consequently, the reader may find heavy emphasis on certain emotions and feelings experienced by the writers which he, as a member of the Battalion, hardly noticed. Undoubtedly there will be phases of the *Story of the 187th* considered important by the reader which we have hardly touched upon. That, too, may be laid to lack of proper perspective on the part of the writers.

We were attempting to wash the windows of the past to enable the reader to see through clearly. Portions of the window that we missed shouldn't distort the over-all picture too greatly. We believe that we have presented as true a picture of the 187th as possible under the circumstances.

This book was paid for by liquidation of the Battalion fund. Since inactivation was expected momentarily, we had to hurry our preparations in order to pay for the *Story* before that time.

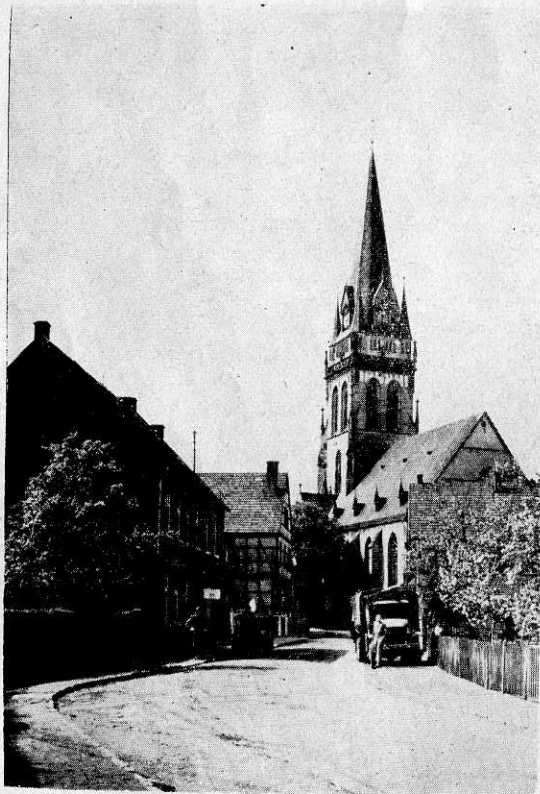
We know that many better pictures of Battalion activities exist somewhere, but there was little time to track them all down. Many of the pictures we did have could not be used because they lacked the clarity necessary for printing.

Our thanks to M/Sgt. Hueland F. Smith for his work in preparing the section on awards and decorations and to M/Sgt. Kenneth F. Fales for drawing the cover design.

The Narrators



"The Rolling Command Post".



Battalion Headquarters, April, 1945, Ascheberg, Germany.

FOREWARD

The *Story of the 187th* actually began long before October 15, 1943, when the unit was activated. Behind the 187th lay 167 years of Army Engineer history and tradition.

During the darkest days of the American Revolution, our French allies sent their most distinguished engineers to General Washington at Valley Forge. One of these men, Major General Louis de Begue Duportail, became the first chief of engineers of the United States Army. The influence of the French in the Corps of Engineers may further be noted in the engineer motto, "*Essayons*," French for, "We Will Try," and in the engineer insignia, which is reputed to be a replica of a gate in the ancient French walled city of Verdun.

The Corps of Engineers remained small during those first years of peace, broken only by the War of 1812. In 1864, army engineers again became prominent when they built a ponton bridge across the James river, 2100 feet long, in seven hours. The role of the Corps again became important in the Spanish-American War.

In World War I, engineer accomplishments in a short time became famous, eliciting this comment from General Pershing: "The scientists said it couldn't be done, but the damned fool Engineer didn't know that so he went ahead and did it!"

The role of the engineer, however, was never as great nor as heavily emphasized as it was during World War II. It could be no other way in a fast moving war of machines and supplies.

Engineers became the assault troops of the Army. On countless landings and invasions throughout the entire war, engineers, carrying high explosives, stormed ashore from small boats, and under withering artillery and small arms fire, blasted gaps through steel obstacles or anti-tank walls and breached mine fields.

Engineer special brigades operated beach-heads to put ashore supplies, across open beaches, without benefit of port facilities. Men and machines cleared the beaches of mines, debris and wrecked vehicles, built roads, then pushed forward to batter roadblocks and fill anti-tank ditches.

Pointing the spearhead of advancing U. S. Armies were engineers who led assault waves of infantry across rivers in storm boats, then threw

tactical bridges across the streams and rivers of Italy and Northern Europe. They kept the highways open, filled in shell craters and demolished enemy pill boxes.

In England, before the Normandy invasion, assault training centers were organized by engineers to teach the infantry engineer tasks: breaching obstacles, assaulting fixed fortifications, use of demolitions, flame-throwers, Bangalore torpedoes, mine-clearing, booby-trap deactivation and camouflage.

Throughout the war, engineers kept the supplies moving too. With incredible speed they laid pipelines from beaches to fighting fronts. Railroad bridges were rebuilt and port construction units cleared and rebuilt wrecked port facilities. Aviation engineers moved forward building air strips and bases to give ground forces closer air support. Topographic units supplied more than 6000 tons of maps and charts, which they had produced themselves, during the first 90 days of the Normandy invasion.

Engineer water supply units kept the thirst of swiftly moving armies quenched with pure drinking water. Fire-fighting platoons kept the menace of fire at air fields and supply installations to a minimum.

The basic engineer unit is the combat battalion. A combat battalion, in a limited manner, can perform any or all of the functions of the other type engineer units in addition to fulfilling its primary mission — combat support. Foreseeing the great need for this type unit, the War Department activated, in the autumn of 1943, a large number of combat battalions whose primary mission was to be close support for the divisions which were soon to take part in the assault on the European and Pacific fortresses.

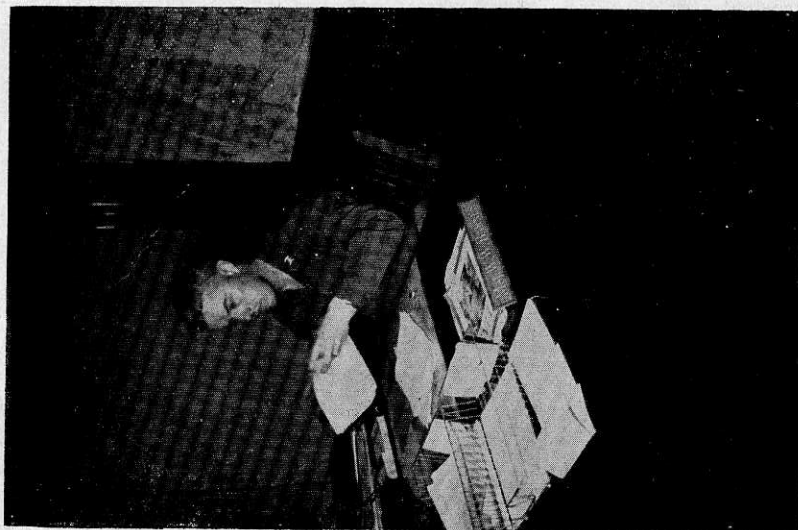
The 187th was one of these battalions. It was not the most famous of them, nor did it have the longest combat record. Its 128 days of combat hardly have earned it a place in War Department annals. But the 187th was "our outfit" to the 1200 men and officers who have, at one time or another, been with it and as such, they were proud of it. They felt certain that they were in the best outfit in the whole army. They worked hard for it and some even died for it. The story of the 187th is not just the story of a battalion; it is, more than that, the story of these 1200 men.

Bensheim, Germany
1 October, 1945

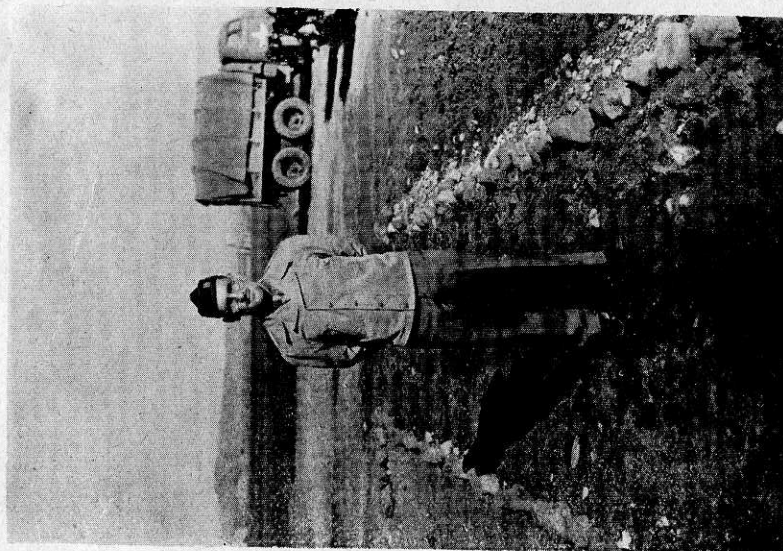
MELVIN L. EPSTEIN
1st Lt., CE



On the bank of the Rhine River



Major Barnes, first Commander



Captain Poch, first S-3

STORY OF THE 187th

They say that paper runs the army. It was a piece of paper, entitled General Order # 85, issued by the IV Corps at Fort Lewis, Washington on October 4, 1943 that activated the 187th. It was also a piece of paper that inactivated the 187th, but that's another story.

That piece of paper began a flurry of more paper that eventually resulted in the appearance on Oct. 11 at Camp White, Oregon, of 43 enlisted men and two officers, the first members of the 187th. These men had all been part of an Alabama National Guard engineer regiment and had just returned to the States from nearly two years of service in Alaska and on the Aleutians. Capt. Richard L. Watkins and 1st Lt. O. Nelson McAnally were the two officers. The men had names like McCutcheon, Root, Moore, Turner, Pace, Baker, Boswell and Young, all good "rebel" Alabama names and all good Alabama men.

Several days later, an officer cadre which had just completed a cadre officer's course at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, arrived. On Oct. 15, Major W.W. Barnes, Jr. took command. His staff consisted of Capt. Lloyd H. Flickinger, executive officer; Capt. Alfred B. Poch, S—3, 1st Lt. Charles L. Barker, S—2; 1st Lt. Austin E. Gilligan, S—4; 2nd Lt. William S. Millenkamp, S—1. The four company commanders were: 1st Lt. James J. Finn, H&S; 1st Lt. Philip E. Comstock, Co A; 1st Lt. Carl R. Holmgren, Co B and 1st Lt. Frank Tabor, Co C. Capt. Watkins was assigned as ADE, or liaison officer, and Lt. McAnally became assistant S—4.

Twenty-two other officers, all second lieutenants, joined the organization before November first. These officers were all graduates of the first Engineer Training Course at Fort Belvoir, where they had been exposed to their first military engineering. All of these officers had originally been commissioned in either Ordnance, Quartermaster or Signal Corps. They had names like Abney, Dahlmann, Knox, Zinkeler, Deyo, Epstein, Tumas, Bohnet, Alexander, Geiger, Beckwith, McNevin, Bayorgeon, Collins, Gaston, Waiksnis, Webendorfer, Bobolia, Weinzettle, Cobb, Jones and Craig. They, too, were all good men, but from the point of view of the Alabama old-timers, most were a little green.

Late in October, 39 men, fresh from Oregon maneuvers, were transferred into the unit from the 555th Eng'r. Heavy Ponton Battalion. Others came early in November, three men from an ASTP course at UCLA and even three military police non-coms from Camp Roberts, California. On



Basic training at Camp White. Anti-aircraft practise fire conducted by Lt. Bobolia.



the 13th of November, 152 men, almost the entire strength of Company D, 25th Armored Eng'r. Battalion, Sixth Armored Division, joined the 187th from Camp Cooke. These men were mostly all from Pennsylvania, New Jersey or New York.

A revision in tables of organization had eliminated one company from each armored engineer battalion and the 187th definitely gained from the 25th's loss. These men were all well-trained and had been through desert maneuvers. They were to prove invaluable in training the raw recruits still to come from reception centers throughout the West.

Limited training was carried on by the Battalion while waiting for its fillers. The first hike was a killer, but nearly all the men made the seven-and-a-half miles in 90 minutes. Recreation was stressed and the town of Medford became a magnet, drawing most of the men after hours.

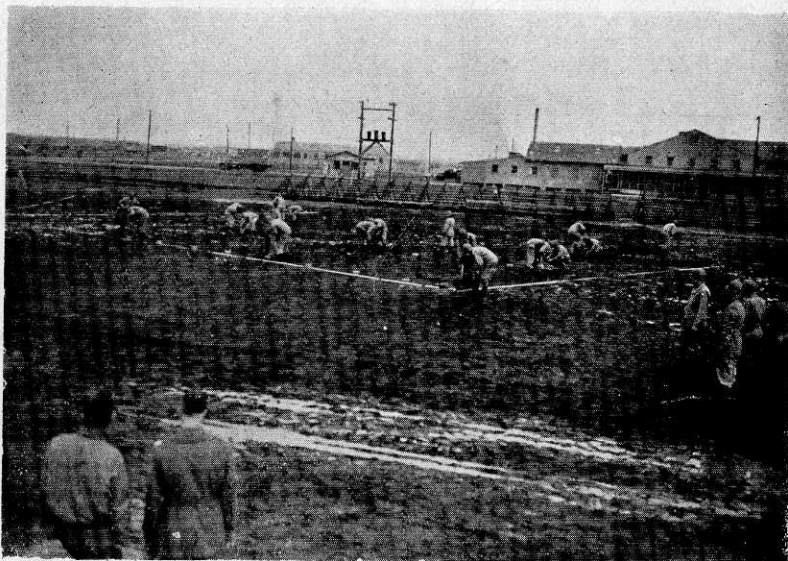
An epochal day came on the 17th of November. The first recruits arrived, 29 of them fresh from the reception center at Fort Mac Arthur, California and 26 from Fort Lewis, Washington. The following day, 33 more came from Fort Lewis and 38 were assigned from the Presidio at Monterey, Calif.

The next few weeks saw men pouring into Camp White for the 187th from reception centers at Camp Roberts, Fort Douglas, Fort Sam Houston, Fort Sill, Fort Bliss, Camp Robinson, Camp Wolters, Camp Beauregard, Fort Mc Arthur, Fort Lewis and the Monterey Presidio. Others came from ASTP courses at the University of Oregon, Stamford and Compton Junior College. Soon the Battalion became overstrength and 81 men were transferred to the 145th Eng'rs., a sister combat battalion in the 1122nd Combat Group.

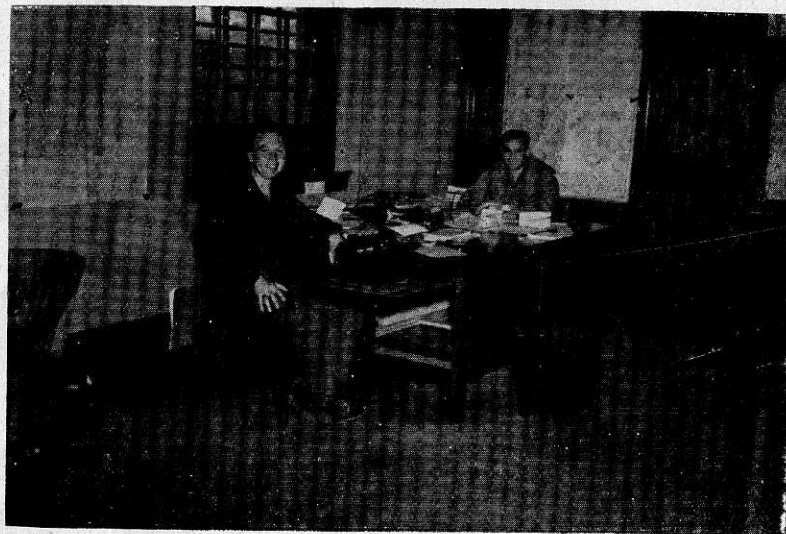
Companies were organized and preliminary training began as soon as the recruits arrived. On November 29, basic training started in earnest. Early in December, rifle marksmanship training was begun and by the end of December the entire Battalion had fired for record.

Christmas weekend came as a welcome respite from seemingly endless days of sighting and aiming and trigger squeeze "dry runs." Each company had a gala Christmas dinner and party.

December 7th, Pearl Harbor's second anniversary, saw the activation of a medical detachment, composed of 15 enlisted medics from the 1st Medical Group at Camp White and Capt. Walter Pendleton, MC. For the next few months, medical and dental officers came and went with astoni-



"Hasty Mine Field" demonstration on the baseball diamond at Camp White.



Battalion supply office, Lts. Finn and Gilligan.

shing regularly, "on loan" from various medical units. It was not until late in February that 1st Lt. Thomas A. "Doc" Witten was assigned to the Battalion. Capt. Chester Olson had been assigned earlier as dental officer.

New Year's Eve was a memorable time at Camp White. Engineer enlisted personnel and cavalrymen living side by side in camp decided that they didn't particularly care for each other and the resulting fight was never to be forgotten. Repercussions were felt even at the Post officer's club where, under the "affluence of incohol," gentlemen, by act of congress, lost all inhibitions. The station hospital next day found cavalry and engineer side by side, all their differences now forgotten. Later, in combat, a mutual respect grew as men of the 187th had occasion to spearhead a drive by a cavalry squadron into the town of Roermond, Holland.

Basic training continued in January. Early in the month, on a freezing cold night, men of the 187th experienced their first overnight bivouac. This was especially rough as it consisted of a fast hike with the bivouac coming as a complete surprise. Everyone soon learned that a full field pack had to be really full to prevent freezing on January nights.

Days of problems, mine fields, barbed wire, compass training, bridge building and assault boat tactics followed. Soft civilians of September were transformed into rugged engineer soldiers by February. The days seemed longer all the time, but the evenings, when there weren't any night problems, were enlivened by trips to Medford, or to post movies, Px's or service clubs. Slowly, but surely, Major "Bill" Barnes and his staff were getting the Battalion rehearsed for the big shows to come.

Early in February, the entire Battalion moved into the wild Oregon countryside for a week's tactical problem. This was a cold, nasty week, and the bearded, haggard-looking men returning to camp at its end didn't then realize that they would have to experience similar conditions some day in actual combat. That week saw the debut of "Key's Kommandoes," a tiny secret band of men organized by M/Sgt. Johnnie Key, to infiltrate into tactical positions at night and cause havoc in bivouac areas, tactics which the Japanese had been successfully using.

This was the period in the *Story of the 187th* when everyone scoffed at the idea that the Battalion would ever go overseas. It remained a constant subject for latrine-talk from then on, but finally one night a year later, it ended. Men of the 187th were assaulting the East bank of the Rhine river under heavy fire when S/Sgt. Yates Lineberger leaned over to Cpl. Gerald



Sullivan and said, "Sully, do you think this outfit will ever go overseas?"

More training and more rumors about an anticipated move followed. The unit journal for Feb. 21st had the comment, "lots of blisters," following an account of a 12 mile tactical march and bivouac. Finally, by March 1, basic training was completed.

The Battalion got orders to pack up and leave Camp White and on March 7, two trains left for Camp Howze, Texas. Many of the men of the 187th were fortunate enough to have private transportation and the ten days that followed proved to be a vacation in disguise for them. The train ride lasted seven days and certainly was no vacation. Each of the two trains followed a different route and between them, they passed through almost every Western State.

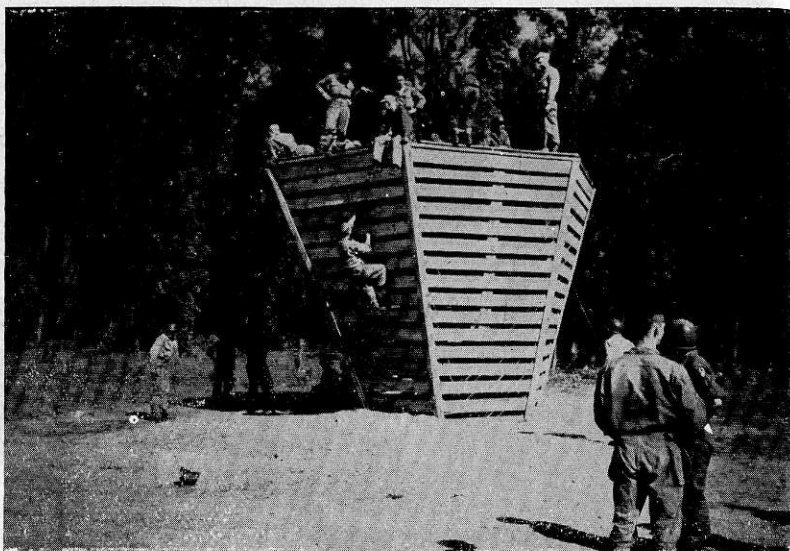
The Battalion had been under IV Corps, Fourth Army and III Corps at Camp White. At Camp Howze, the 187th came under control of XXIII Corps of Fourth Army.

Officer changes had been made during the preceding months, also. Capt. Poch was transferred to the 35th Eng'rs. His job was taken over by Capt. Bolon of that organization. In February, Lts. Abney, Bobolia and Deyo were promoted to first lieutenant. Lts. Holmgren, Barker, Gilligan, McAnally and Tabor all added a second silver bar in December and January. Capt. Flickinger had gained his majority in December, also. Capt. Bolon pinned on his leaves in March.

New Officers had been joining the Battalion to replace others who left during basic training for overseas assignments. WOjg Smith had transferred in from the 96th Division in December; Lt. Stromberg joined in January when Capt. Daniel was also assigned. Three more warrant officers, Jones, Maeder and Potter joined the 187th in January and February. Mr. Potter left later to attend OCS. As the organization was leaving for Camp Howze, Lt. Wright joined. Later, Lts. Coker, Earnheart, Stevens, Bell, Kissack and Schilling were assigned. Lt. Matthias joined as the Battalion left Texas.

At Camp Howze, unit training was carried on among the gently rolling plains of North Texas and the high winds of early Spring. Compass problems, tactical marches, all types of bridging, with emphasis on the Bailey, and drill, with more drill, was the order of the day.

Men of the 187th learned lots about Texas too. They discovered that Texans blamed all their bad weather on Oklahoma and that Texas did not



Mountain-climbing school in West Virginia.



Lt. Stromberg, 1st. Sgt. Boyer at H & S C. P. in the West Virginia Maneuver Area.

join the union; it was the other way around. They learned that Denton, Texas, had a girl's college and that Dallas and Fort Worth were wonderful weekend cities. They also learned to dislike Gainesville, the town nearest Camp Howze. Many learned that across the Red river, Oklahoma had much to offer, too.

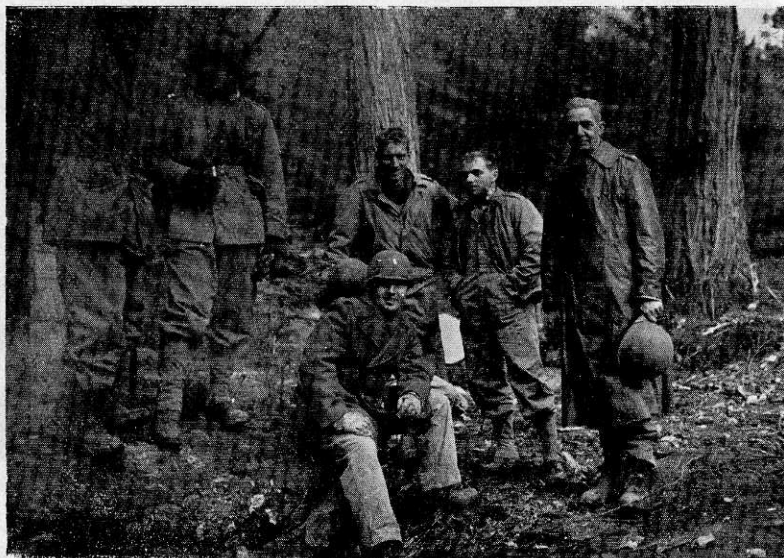
Rumors started to fly about another move in April. They partially subsided in the excitement of gathering a cadre together for the 1272nd Combat Battalion due to be activated at Camp Carson Colorado. On April 13, Capt. Watkins departed with his cadre of 43 men. Later, in England, these men, most of them sporting considerably more stripes than when they left, had a reunion with the men who stayed with the 187th. But the other rumors proved true and the Battalion started packing again.

On April 18, the 187th loaded aboard two trains and departed for the West Virginia maneuver area. The first train carried Baker and Charlie companies with Capt. Holmgren in command. The second train consisted of Able and H&S companies and the medical detachment, Capt. McAnally commanding. The trip lasted four days and was made almost enjoyable by prior planning based on experience gained on the previous move.

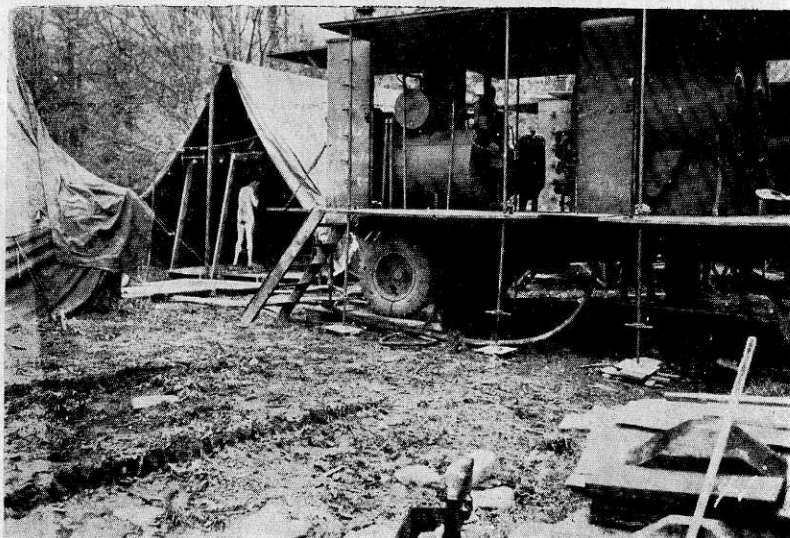
At Elkins, West Virginia, the companies proceeded by motor convoy to their destinations in Monongahela National Forest. Battalion headquarters was set up in Roosevelt Park, high on Shaver mountain, 15 miles from Elkins. Charlie company moved into Bear Heaven, a picnic spot, three miles above headquarters on Shaver mountain. Baker company bivouacked right in Elkins in a large muddy field, adjoining a stadium. Able company was sent off into the wilds, 47 miles from Elkins, at Gladwin on Dry Fork of the Cheat river. The first few weeks there were uncomfortably cold ones; snow fell late in April but cleared immediately.

The Battalion was assigned to XIII Corps and was given the job of maintaining the entire maneuver area. Major Barnes was appointed Area Engineer. Baker company was utilized for jobs around Area Headquarters, constructing first a tennis court in Elkins. Able company worked for six weeks constructing mule corrals and an installation for a mountain school to be opened at Gladwin. Charlie company was assigned primarily to road maintenance, but also began operation of a quarry and rock crusher.

Living conditions became better with the acquisition of pyramidal tents and the coming of warm weather. Post exchanges were set up in each company and recreational convoys were organized to the surrounding



Maneuvers look rough! Cpts. Daniel, Barker, Lts. Finn, Zinkeler, Abney and Major Flickinger in the WVMA.



Cleanliness at any price! A portable shower unit utilized by the 187th in West Virginia.

towns each evening. Elkins, Parsons and Davis, all, became well-known to the 187th. A big dance was sponsored by the Battalion at the Legion hall in Elkins in June. Furloughs began for the fortunate and because of the long travel time involved, they were mostly long furloughs. One man in the medical detachment requested 90 days to Chicago; he planned to walk and estimated it would take 40 days each way. The request was disapproved and the man had to go by train.

Officer personnel was reorganized in May. Major Flickinger left for Camp Butner and Major Bolon became executive officer. Capt. Daniel became S-3 while Capt. Holmgren took over duties as liaison officer. Capt. Gilligan became CO of Able company; Lt. Stromberg assumed command at Baker company while Lt. Comstock was assigned as CO of H&S. Capt. McAnally became S-4. Lts. Coker and Stevens were assigned to the staff as reconnaissance and assistant operations officers, respectively.

Late in May, too, 34 enlisted men joined the unit from Fort Belvoir. At the same time the Battalion was assigned to the XVIII Corps. Later, the 187th was to be attached to this corps again, for the crossing of the Elbe river

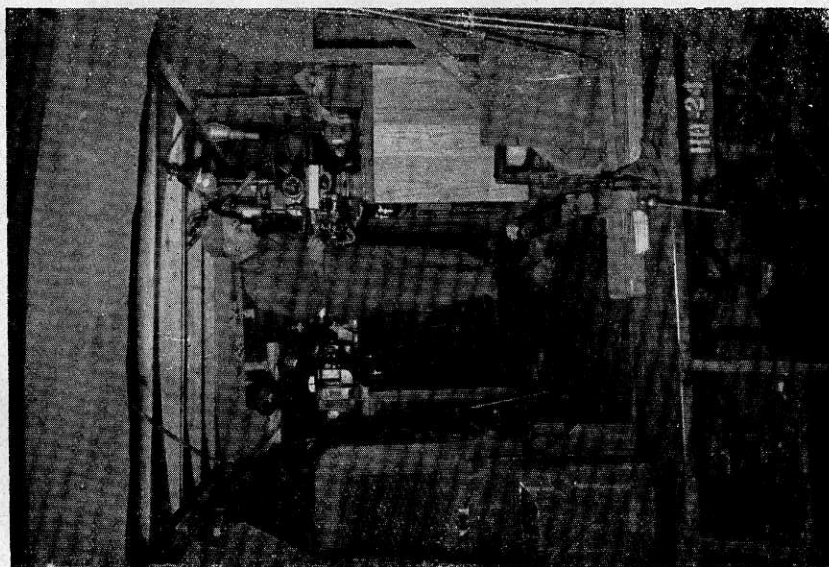
In June, a terrific cyclone hit the maneuver area with its strongest concentration in Able company's area. Luckily, most of the company was bivouacked on Canaan mountain at the time, building a road for artillery of the 95th Infantry Division, then maneuvering there. The cyclone ripped through Able company and caused \$ 10,000 damage. One man was very slightly hurt, but there were no other personnel casualties.

On July 8 the Battalion assembled and left West Virginia by motor convoy for Camp Pickett, Virginia. The overnight stop at Lynchburg proved a pleasant surprise. The USO had provided a dinner dance for the men at the Lynchburg armory; officers were similarly feted at the Lynchburg country club. The following afternoon, Sunday, the convoy arrived at Blackstone and Camp Pickett.

The next three months were the busiest the Battalion had seen. Alert orders had been received and preparations for overseas movement (POM) were in full swing. Equipment had to be checked and inspected dozens of times. Close combat course, mock village, basic medical test, physical fitness test, carbine and sub-machine gun firing, hand grenade throwing, infiltration course by day and night and movies on every conceivable



Capt. Daniel, S-3; WOjg Maeder, ass't motor officer; Capt. Barker, S-2.



Battalion machine shop.

army subject had to be checked off the POM list. Slowly, the training was being carried on at the same time.

The end of July found the Battalion at A. P. Hill Military Reservation for a week of tactical training in the field. Rain and mud and ever-present insects made this a never-to-be-forgotten seven days. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief as he headed back to Camp Pickett for a weekend off in Washington, Richmond or Roanoke, the favorite spots for "rest and recuperation."

A sudden, completely unexpected change in personnel came about on August 10 when Major Barnes was transferred to the 1132nd Combat Group. Lt. Col. John E. Pearce then assumed command. He had been transferred to the 187th from the 1695th Combat Battalion, also stationed at Pickett.

Enlisted personnel had changed some more too. Thirty-three men were assigned to the Battalion from the 284th AAA AW Battalion in mid-August, replacing 33 men who had been transferred to the 1283rd and 1291st Combat Battalions and the 1154th Group. Fifty-two other men joined soon after from the 380th Combat Battalion and from a casual depot at Camp Reynolds, Penn.

Officer changes began again, also. Lt. Cobb transferred to the 1260th Combat Battalion; he was replaced by Lt. Alfred Hodges of that unit. Lt. Kissack left for the 102nd Infantry Division and an overseas assignment. News was received later that Lt. Kissack had been killed in action. Captains Gilligan and Olson went to the 380th Eng'rs. Capt. Warren McKay was sent to the 187th from the 380th as dental officer. WOjg Fred Murphy, from the AAA command at Camp Davis, replaced WOjg Maeder as assistant motor officer. Capt. Comstock and Lt. Weinzettle transferred to the 1695th Eng'rs; Lt. Edward Parrish joined from the 1283rd Battalion. In September, Capt. Jack Witt transferred in from the 380th, completing the roster of both officers and enlisted men who were to go overseas with the 187th.

Inspection after inspection of men, equipment, area and records followed. Men from the Inspector General, the Adjutant General and just plain everyday generals came around to look over the 187th. By the end of September, when everyone in the Battalion began to feel like he were living in a store window, the 187th was declared "ready."

In the midst of it all, the Battalion packed itself off for a week of



Battalion Commander and staff at Camp Howze.



Another party! When the boys get together, the brew flows long and free

training at Staunton river park in Virginia. The weather held out, miraculously, that week and valuable training was accomplished in assault crossings and floating bridges.

On September 4, the advance detachment, consisting of Capt. McAnally, WOjg Jones and Pfc Douglas Hart, left for Fort Hamilton, NY and an overseas destination.

After several delays, the Battalion finally received a definite shipping date and on October 11, a year to the day after the cadre had arrived at Camp White, the 187th mounted a train which was to take it to the port. A band playing at the railroad siding added import to the occasion.

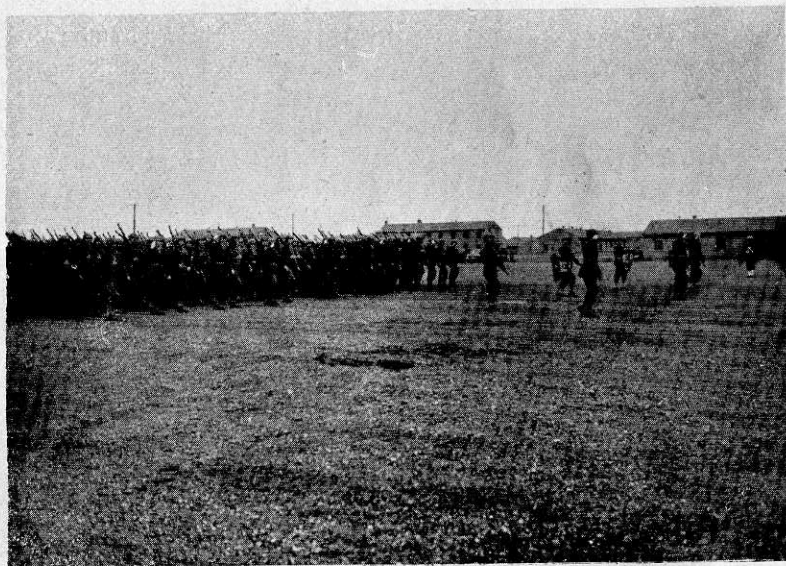
Men on that train did what troops always do on trains, read, play cards, try to sleep or talk. But it was a subdued group. Everyone was busy with thoughts about the future. Many, in their own minds, dwelt on the previous year with the 187th and especially the last three months at Camp Pickett. Everyone had had a furlough or leave recently and weekend passes had been frequent at Pickett. There were pleasant memories of home or of weekends in Richmond, Washington, even Philadelphia and New York, despite the hard-backed seats and uncomfortable ride of the busses from camp.

The next morning the train arrived at New Rochelle, New York. The Battalion hiked from the siding to a wharf from which ferries transported the men to Fort Slocum. Those same ferries were to receive lots of traffic from the 187th in the week that followed.

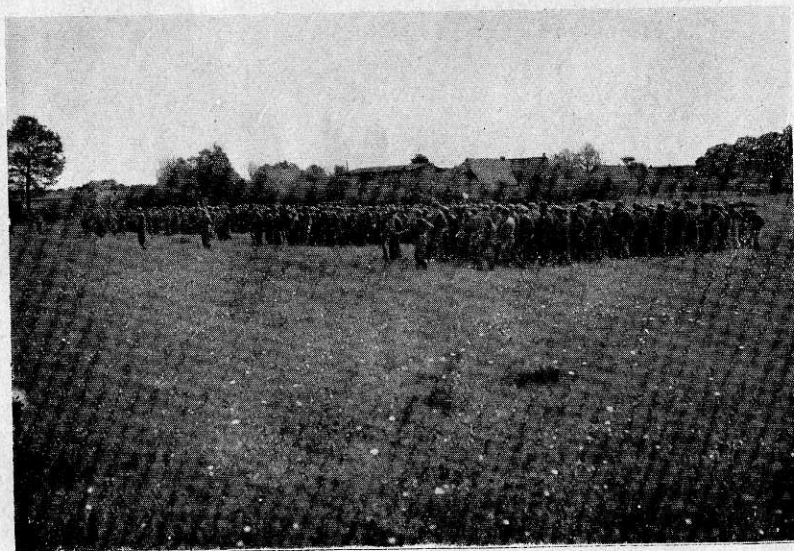
There was lots to do at Slocum that first day. Everyone was issued a gas mask, given a physical inspection and typhus shots, passed through the gas chamber and over the abandon-ship course. A showdown inspection took most of the afternoon.

But for the next six days, life was enjoyable. The food at Fort Slocum was excellent; the WAC's stationed there among the most beautiful in the army and the post had all types of recreational facilities. Then, too, there were passes to New York city! The time passed all too soon, but on the 19th, alert orders arrived.

The following day, after a final inspection, the 187th marched aboard an Army transport, the *General Horton* and was carried down Long Island Sound to the Brooklyn Port of Embarkation. At Pier #4, carrying all their equipment, the men struggled aboard the Italian motor ship, *Saturnia*. The 187th was the first unit aboard and Col. Pearce was appointed troop



Dress parade; passing in review at Camp White.



We do it again! Fifteen months and 7000 miles later in Germany, Spring, 1945

commander. The Battalion was given ship duties, H&S and Baker companies as ship guard and MP's, Charlie company as kitchen details and Able company as auxiliary gun crews.

At noon on the 20th, the Battalion was assembled on deck to watch President Roosevelt pass on his way to campaign rallies in greater New York. The distance was too great to see the Commander-in-Chief clearly, but many men felt that the President had come down especially to see them off.

Other troops started aboard that night and loading went on steadily until Sunday morning, the 22nd. At noon, the *Saturnia* weighed anchor and departed in a huge convoy for points unknown.

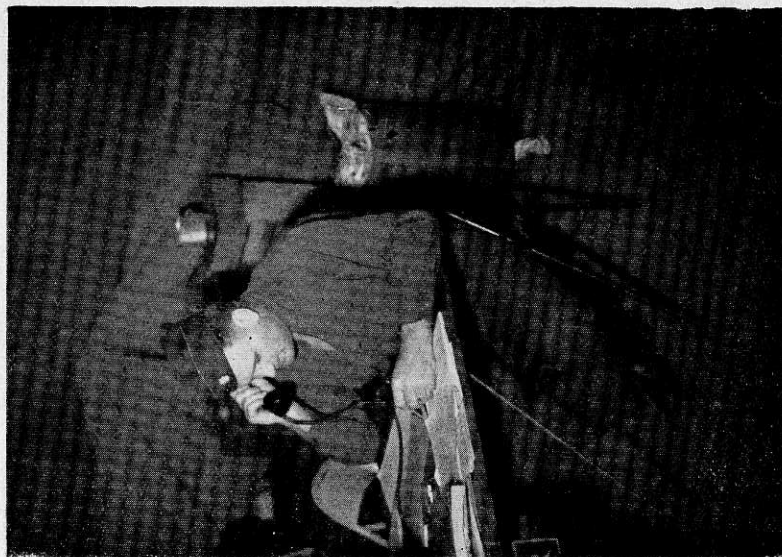
Life aboard ship soon became hum-drum. Movies were run in shifts; PX lines reached the length of the ship, practically, and soldiers with large appetites found it difficult, at first, to respond to two meals a day. But it was an adventure and most looked upon the experience as such. Charlie company men ate continuously since they worked in the galley. Baker men as MP's took delight in ordering around hard-to-get-along-with paratroopers. Able company helped out the other companies in addition to acting as auxiliary gun crews. There were no alerts, although once, everyone was sure that he heard depth charges being dropped by the destroyer escorts that protected the convoy. The fifth day out, the water was rough and many became sea-sick. It was not a violent siege but for some members of the Battalion even two meals a day became too many.

Finally, after the world seemed to have been swallowed up by the sea, Lands End was sighted on November 1st. Early the next morning, the great chalk cliffs of Southern England rose out of the sea to greet the convoy. At noon, the *Saturnia* docked at Southampton.

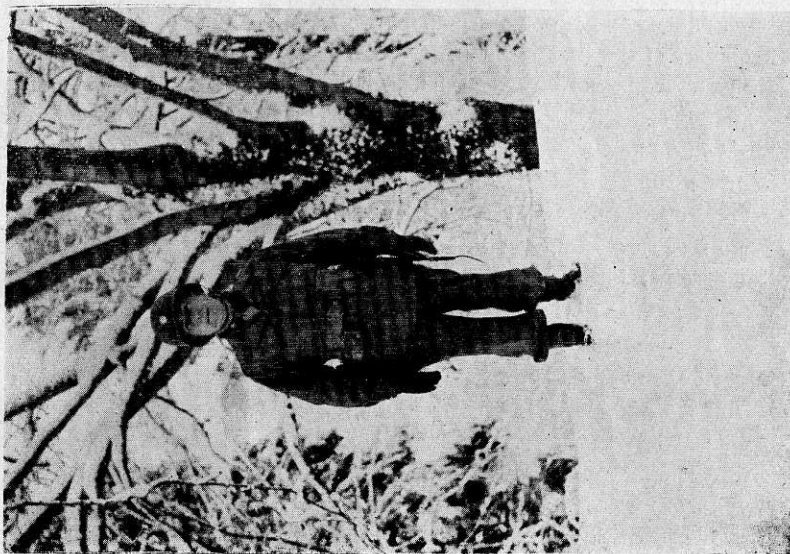
First impressions of England consisted of a glimpse of bombed out warehouses and factories, of an English band arrayed on the dock, murdering American tunes and of an address over the ship's loudspeaker system by a representative of the British War Office. The latter was novel after ten days of: "Attencione, attencione, no fumari a la ponte."

Unloading took several hours, during which doughnuts and coffee were supplied by the Red Cross. By early evening the last train loaded with men of the 187th left Southampton for an eight hour ride to Cuddington, Chester, England.

Baggage was unloaded and tossed onto trucks. The Battalion then hiked the mile (British concepts of a mile never agreed with an American



Major Harry C. Bolon



Lt. Col. John E. Pearce

GI's idea) to Delemere Park camp and arrived to find hot "C" rations and coffee at 0200.

The 187th was the first unit in the camp and had to set up house-keeping from scratch in the long, low, wooden huts that contained wooden doubledeckers and straw mattresses. Col. Pearce became post commander; all other Battalion functions were operated on a post basis. This was to last until the 1124th Group moved in to take over.

Able and Baker companies took off again the next day by truck and train to Dalton-on-Furness to prepare camps for incoming troops. This turned out to be a pleasant interlude in a section of England that had previously seen few American troops. Subsequently, in a week or so, both companies returned to Delemere and immediately left for Stockport, Needwood and Wightwick (pronounced "Wittik") and Preston race course to prepare more camps for expected troops. By Thanksgiving, the entire Battalion was together again at Delemere.

The next month was an enjoyable one, for the most part. There was a limited amount of training in bridging and mines, with lots of time left over for 48 hour passes to London and Manchester. In addition, there were trucks nightly for Chester, only 15 miles away. Many of the men found the pubs of nearby Norley, Cuddington, Weaverham and Northwich excellent places for relaxation. The beer began to taste better and some even aquired a taste for half-and-half. British money became less of a mystery; everyone soon learned that a "thruh-penny-bit" was worth a nickel. English women seemed glad to have the "Yanks" around and many of these "Yanks" from Alabama, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Texas and other States reciprocated.

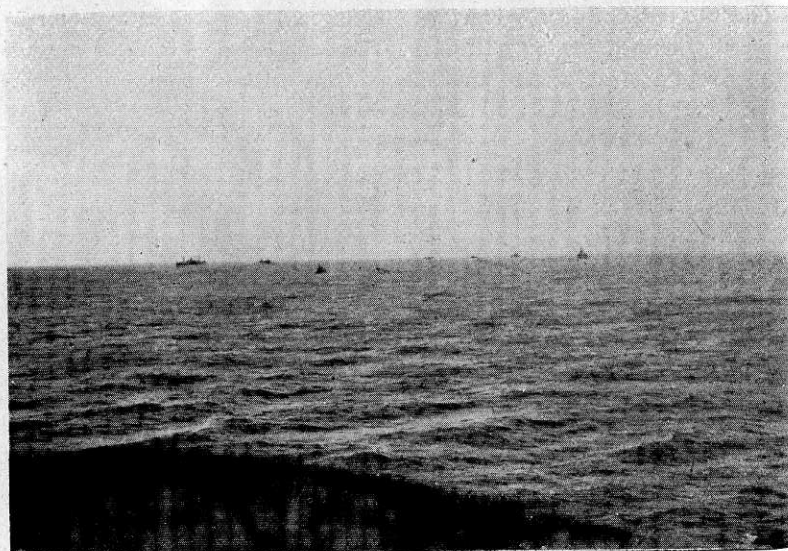
English children thought up all sorts of variations of their familiar war-cry, "Any gum, chum?" to the never-ending amusement of the men from the States. Fish and Chips turned out to be a tasty treat for many who didn't even like fish. English trains continued to remind them of the Toonerville trolley.

Early in December, several non-coms attended a Bailey bridge school in Southern England, while three officers and nine enlisted men left for mine school at Epernay, France; a vague reminder that there was still a war going on across the channel.

Equipment started to pour into the Battalion from depots all over England. Finally, by the middle of December the 187th "was ready."



Roughing it! Major Bolon and Capt. McAnally at a bivouac area near Gotha, Germany.



The English Channel, or, "C" rations at sea.

On the 16th, an advance party of four officers and 20 men left for Southampton and Rouen.

Early morning of the 19th saw the Battalion leaving Delemere Park by motor convoy for Camp C—13, near Southampton. The next five days were spent eating "C" rations and slogging around in the mud of C—13. On the 22nd, H&S company and the headquarters platoons and drivers of the line companies departed C—13 on a "dry run" to the docks at Southampton. All was not ready. On Christmas eve, this same force with the Battalion staff and all the Battalion equipment drove into Southampton and boarded the Liberty ship, *Daniel Hiester*. The diet continued to be "C" rations. Five days later, the *Hiester* docked at Rouen, France.

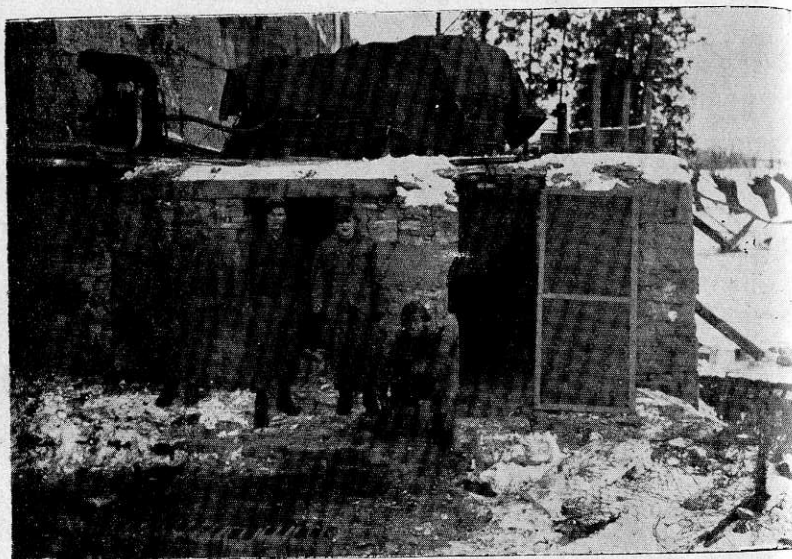
The remainder of the Battalion meanwhile, had crossed the channel in an LST in more sumptuous style and had docked at Le Havre. They were camped at "Block B," outside of Le Havre.

At Rouen, the Battalion was reunited with the advance detachment which had been freezing in the December cold in tents in Area "X," five miles from Rouen, and with the party from mine school. Capt. McAnally. Mr. Jones and Pfc Hart had joined the advance detachment from England a week earlier.

On December 30th, the entire Battalion arrived at the Red Horse assembly area, 40 miles from Rouen. It was freezing cold there nights and just warm enough days for the entire area to become a sea of mud, unlike even the ooze of Oregon's agate desert. It was as unpleasant a New Year's eve as any man in the Battalion had ever spent before.

The 187th had been assigned to VIII Corps, Ninth Army and within a week movement orders were received. A long, bitterly cold motor convoy on January 6th brought the 187th to Longuyon, in Northwestern France, close to the Luxemburg and Belgian borders. Snow was over a foot deep in spots as the convoy made its way through the blackout to a fortress of the Maginot Line, less than 20 miles from the front.

It was comparatively warm, deep below the surface of the earth in the electrically heated fortress. The fort was located on the flank of the Line and was one of the few that had seen any action when France was overrun in 1940. Many of the men made cigarette lighters out of cartridge casings in the huge machine shops there; others operated the miniature railway that connected the widely dispersed gun turrets; still others explored



Water point in Bouzonville.



Headquarters motor maintenance personnel.

tunnels miles from the section where the Battalion was quartered.

On January 8th, an advance party left the Maginot Line and crossed into Southern Belgium to procure billets in the area held by VIII Corps in the Battle of the Ardennes, then still raging. Suddenly orders were changed and the 187th was transferred to control of XX Corps, Third Army. A change in the tactical situation had caused this. Army intelligence had received definite proof that the Wehrmacht was planning another push, South of the "Bulge," in an area near St. Avold, France. Engineers were desperately needed to prepare the area for defense and to open roads, blocked by snow, for tank columns.

By the 11th of January, the Battalion had made another long, cold motor march with its ever-present "C" rations and frostbite and had settled down in Bouzonville, France, just 11 miles from the front and the city of Saarlautern. A command post was set up in the old courthouse and the staff sections immediately went to work on plans for the defense of the area. Able, Baker and Charlie companies billeted in nearby buildings. Battalion supply and the motor pool were located in a warehouse.

The 187th was attached for support to the 95th Division, old friends of the West Virginia maneuver area. The Division was thinly spread over the Saar river line and defense installations were badly needed.

Work was begun immediately on construction of road blocks. Bridges and overpasses were prepared for demolition and gun emplacements were made ready. Men worked like beavers for over three weeks steadily with very little sleep, their meals consisting largely of frozen "C" rations. A strange virus disease struck Charlie company and spread to the rest of the Battalion; men became weak and too ill to work under ordinary conditions, but still, the road patrol 24 hours a day continued and snow removal crews worked steadily. Casualties from frostbite began to mount.

During this time, the enemy was not silent. Men working on roads or guarding road blocks were shelled frequently. Bouzonville, itself, was strafed by enemy aircraft; no one was hurt. Men operating a Battalion water point in Bouzonville were certain that they hit one of the planes with fire from their .50 calibre machine gun.

Beginning on the night of January 20th and continuing for the next few nights, Bouzonville was shelled by an unknown weapon. Shells exploded at regular eight-minute intervals. Windows were broken and Able com-



S-1 and Personnel sections.



S-3, Operations section.

pany's officers' quarters were filled with debris when a shell landed just 30 feet from their billet. Luckily, nobody was hurt.

The weapon was discovered to be a giant 380MM railway gun, hidden in a tunnel by day, to avoid being spotted from the air, and brought out at night to hurl high explosive shells into Bouzonville. After a few days, division artillery located the gun and put it out of commission.

Line companies moved out of Bouzonville the last week of January to smaller towns closer to their work. Able company moved to Holling, Baker to Bettange and Charlie to Gomelange, all within 10 miles of the CP. The work on roads continued and now that the immediate danger of a German attack was over, the roadblocks were dismantled and all the work done with such urgency a few weeks before had to be undone.

A party of men was sent to clear mine fields in the vicinity of Metz. Others were sent back to the banks of the Meuse river to attend a school on floating bridges conducted by a heavy ponton battalion there. Others were sent to storm boat and sea mule schools.

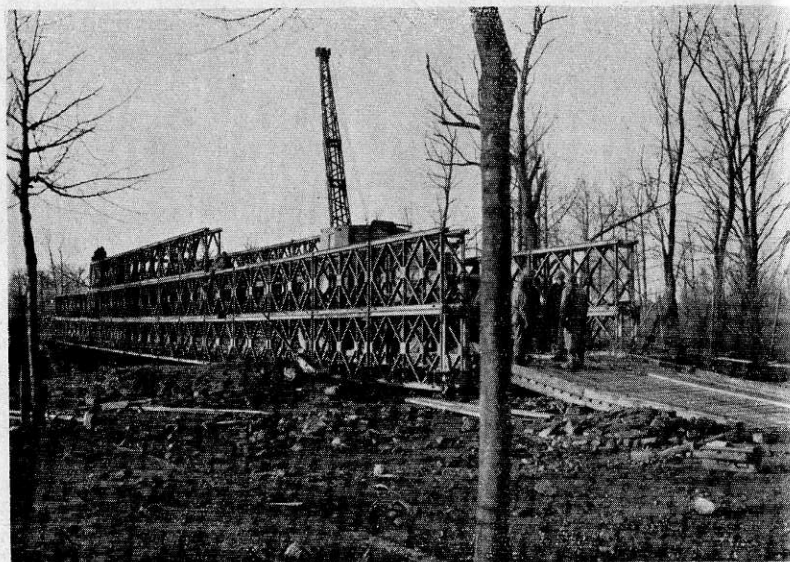
On January 27th, 70 men were transferred to the 44th Eng'rs., a unit which was then operating at less than half-strength. This cut the 187th's strength to 517 men. Over 600 men had crossed the channel with the unit.

A mine explosion at Metz wounded Lt. Knox, Cpl. Launch, Sgt. Van-Demark, Sgt. Oleson and Pfc Thelan, all of Baker company. Launch was the most seriously wounded; the others were returned to duty within a month.

Early in February, the 187th was transferred to XVI Corps of the Ninth Army and alerted for movement to the Corps sector. A 20 hour motor march in freezing weather with "C" rations for nourishment carried the Battalion through Northern France, Luxemburg, Belgium and into Southern Holland to its destination at Echt, a town liberated by the British only 10 days previously.

The Ninth Army had been selected to "kick off" the big Spring offensive against the Germans along the Roer river; the Battalion was to play an important part in the preparations for the campaign. Main supply routes to the front, only 10 miles away, had to be constructed and maintained, while bridges needed strengthening and repair.

Men worked under German guns daily as they commuted between their billets in Holland and their jobs in Germany. On February 22nd a terrific explosion of a store of Riegel mines in Waldfeucht, Germany, instantly



Captain Stromberg bridge, Roermond, Holland.



Rhine crossing rehearsals on the Maas, Belgium-Holland.

killed Lt. Jones, Cpl. Bodtcher, Tec. 5 Combs and Pfc Ross, all of Charlie company. Soon afterward, Sgt. Folsom of Baker company was killed in action in this same town.

On March 1st, Capt. Stromberg, Baker company's commander, was seriously wounded by a German Schu mine while on a reconnaissance of the enemy-held bank of the Roer river. A rubber boat, bringing him back across the river capsized and it was only through the heroic efforts of Lt. Dahlmann, in the swift current, that Capt. Stromberg's life was saved. Later, Lt. Dahlmann was awarded the silver star for this action.

Soon afterwards, Baker company built a Bailey across the Roer which they named the "Captain Stromberg Bridge."

Battalion strength rose for the coming push as 70 reinforcements arrived late in February. Within a month, 37 more were assigned to the Battalion. These men were mostly infantrymen, but all proved their worth to an engineer unit before the next few months had passed.

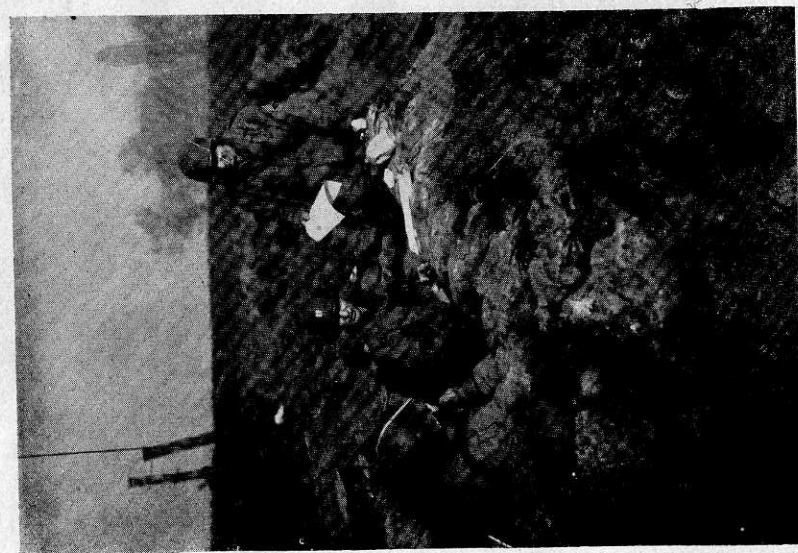
On February 23rd, the big offensive along the Roer began and by the first of March, troops of the Ninth Army were 40 miles inside Germany. The night of February 28th found the second platoon of Charlie company, led by Lt. Tumas, spearheading a drive by the 15th Cavalry Squadron into the town of Roermond, Holland. Although hundreds of mines were removed and deactivated that night, there were no casualties.

On March 3rd, the 187th moved into Germany and set up its command post in Lobberich. Charlie company secured billets just outside the city, in Breyell. Billeting parties arrived in Lobberich while the last enemy resistance was being crushed.

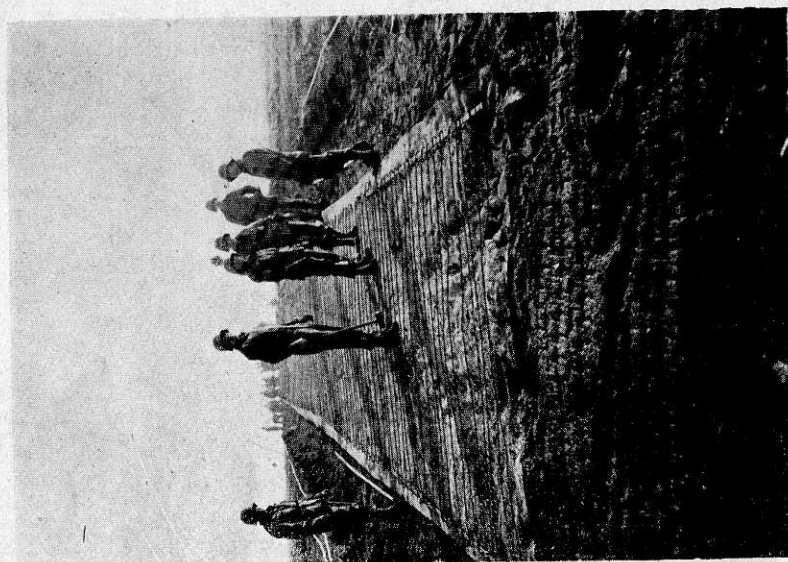
During the next week, the Battalion opened roads for supplies and cleared mines. All sorts of equipment was found to make life more pleasant, and for the first time, men were beginning to enjoy a few of the comforts that exist even during wars.

Suddenly, the 187th was ordered back to the Meuse, or Maas, river on the Belgian-Dutch frontier for 10 days of training for the assault crossing of the Rhine. Able company moved to Roostern, Holland, while the headquarters command post was set up in an old monastery in Sittard, Holland. Baker and Charlie companies and the medics were billeted in Maeseyck, Belgium, in parochial school buildings. Baker company was now commanded by Lt. Parrish.

The next 10 days were busy ones. Both by day and by night, personnel



Coordinating the attack from an advanced
Observation Point.



Constructing a temporary road on the
far shore.

ASSAULT OF THE RHINE RIVER

of the 313th Infantry Regiment, 79th Division, were ferried back and forth across the Maas, simulating the big show to come. Although far from the fighting, troops were harassed some by V—2, "buzz bombs," that roared across the skies noisily. There were no casualties, however.

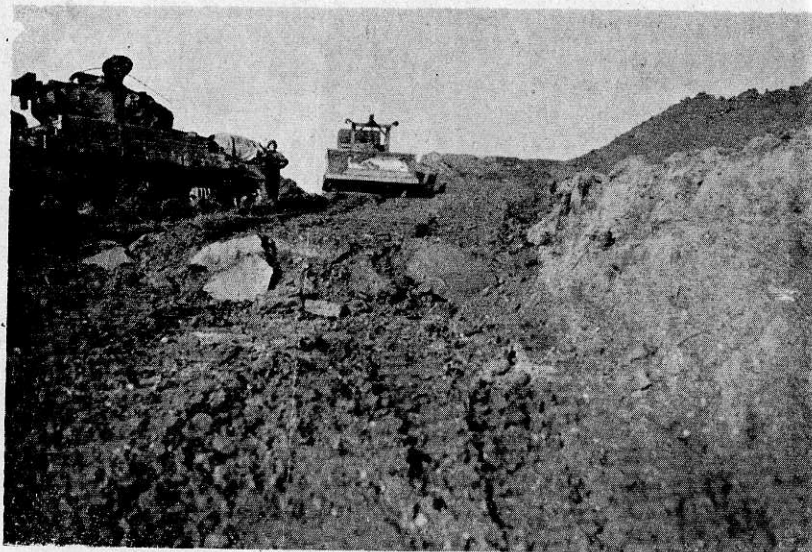
Then, a secret move to Repelen, Germany to await H-hour. The line companies were billeted in Vluyn-Neukirchen, about five miles from the CP. For five days, the Battalion stayed hidden, with equipment camouflaged and nobody allowed out of the billets unless absolutely necessary.

The night of March 23rd, the Battalion moved up to the river. Three provisional companies had been organized, an assault boat company under Capt. Witt, a ferry company commanded by Lt. Parrish and a far shore road construction company led by Capt. Tabor. At 0100 on the 24th, a British artillery barrage in the North opened up. At 0200, the many battalions of artillery supporting the 79th Division's crossing began one of the greatest barrages of the war. The entire West bank of the Rhine became a mass of flame as more than 1500 guns pounded enemy defenses. At 0300, the barrage lifted and the first wave of assault boats started across the treacherous thousand feet of swiftly flowing river.

German mortar and artillery fire opened up, but wave after wave of infantry got through to the opposite banks in the frail assault craft. By noon of the 24th, two regiments of the Division had been ferried across the Rhine and they were striking deep into enemy defenses. The casualties had been very light, comparatively. One man was killed, one officer and three enlisted men were seriously wounded, one officer and 14 enlisted men were lightly wounded and one man was missing. All the casualties were caused by mortar or 88 MM fire.

For the next three days, the Battalion worked the clock around operating floating Bailey and infantry support ferries. Roads and approaches had been built earlier on both banks of the river. By the end of the second day, the entire Division with more than 1600 vehicles had passed the sign of the East bank proclaiming, "You have crossed the Rhine with dry feet; courtesy of the 187th Engineers."

Another engineer unit relieved the 187th on March 27th and the Battalion moved across the Rhine to Hirsfeld, near Dinslaken. Here, Charlie company built a timber trestle bridge across one of the many canals that led to the Rhine. The bridge was named after Lt. Tumas, who had been wounded on the Rhine crossing.



Cutting a road through the dike on the near shore of the Rhine. Tank dozer stalls; bull dozer finishes the job.



Bringing back the first prisoners from the far shore.

The other companies were engaged in road maintenance in the area for the next week. On April 6th, the Battalion moved suddenly to Bottrop, about 15 miles further East for another assault operation in support of the 79th Division, across the Rhine-Herne and Horst canals.

This operation came up so suddenly that there could be no thorough planning or reconnaissance. The infantry stormed the canals with very few casualties, but by-passed pockets of enemy resistance and 88 MM fire from very close range slowed down bridge construction so that it took 30 hours for two bridges to be built across the parallel canals.

Able company built a Bailey bridge, named after Sgt. Mason who was seriously wounded in the operation, while Charlie company built a treadway bridge across the second canal. Baker company suffered the most casualties, working under direct fire from a hidden "88."

Total casualties for the operation were three enlisted men killed, one officer and seven enlisted men wounded.

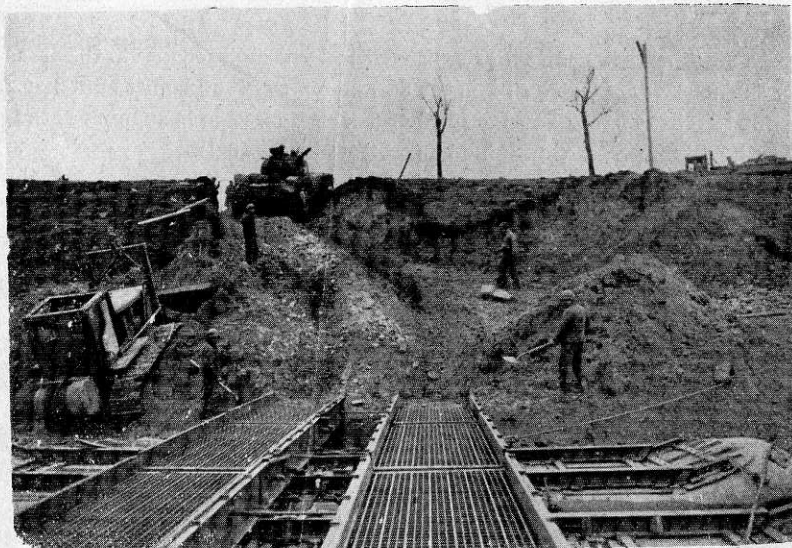
The Battalion maintained the bridges and approaches for the next week, until April 14th, when movement orders were received and the 187th departed for Ascheberg, Germany, a small town South of Münster. Here, the war seemed far away; the town itself was untouched and the fighting had moved East so rapidly that the Battalion found itself about 100 miles from the nearest German troops.

Work was not so strenuous; a few main supply routes were patched and maintained. There was time for athletics and passes to Paris and to England. The first draft of a script for a Battalion show was written at Ascheberg and the first research for this history was done there. Volley ball and softball leagues were formed. But all this lasted for two weeks and on April 28th, the Battalion was assigned to the XVIII Airborne Corps for an assault crossing of the Elbe river.

An all-day motor convoy along one of Germany's famous autobahns brought the Battalion CP to the little town of Hamerstorf. The line companies were located in tiny farming villages nearby.

The crossing of the Elbe proved easier than anybody had expected; the Battalion supplied only 15 operators for storm boats and the crossings were made by the 8th Infantry Division without casualty to any men of the 187th.

On May 2nd, the Battalion moved across the Elbe river and established a CP for one night at Neu Gulze. The 8th Division was pushing ahead so



Completing a treadway bridge built under fire across the Rhine-Herne Canal



Capt. Tabor directing bridge demolition at Gomelange, France.

rapidly that another move was made the following day, to Gammelin, about 40 miles from the Baltic Sea. Charlie company was located here too, with the CP. Able company moved to Hagenow, about six miles away while Baker company moved into a large estate in a tiny town nearby.

Advance parties in those hectic days often started looking for billets in towns before they were actually taken, so demoralized were the Nazis.

For the first five or six days of May, movement of any kind on the highways was at a snail pace as thousands of Germans with their vehicles and supplies moved into American lines to surrender. Thousands more, pushed back by the Russians, less than 50 miles away, chose to surrender to U. S. forces. There weren't enough troops to handle all the surrendering Germans, so they were kept moving to the rear where they finally were collected and placed in large camps.

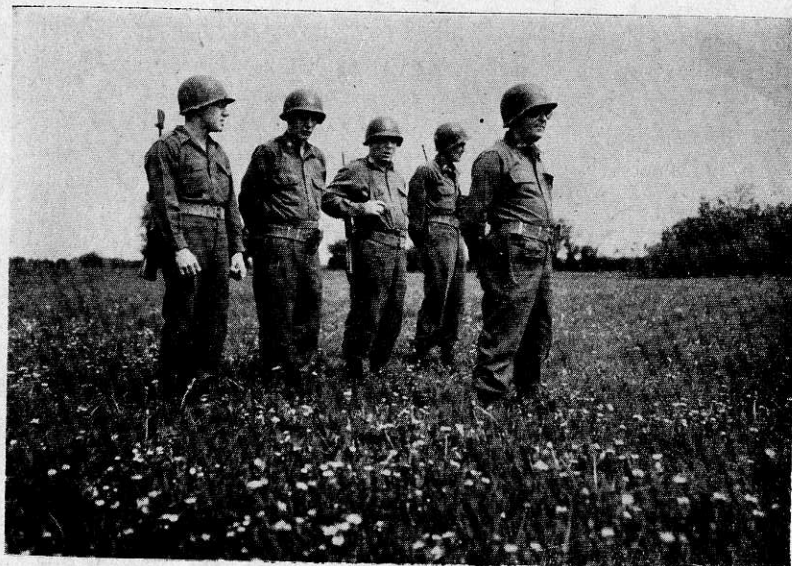
Victory in Europe came to the 187th several days before it was officially proclaimed. The Battalion's mission at this time was road maintenance, which meant pushing German vehicles into ditches when they stalled or ran out of gas.

V-E celebrations were completely sobered on the night of May 7th when Capt. Tabor was shot and instantly killed by a drink-crazed man in Charlie company.

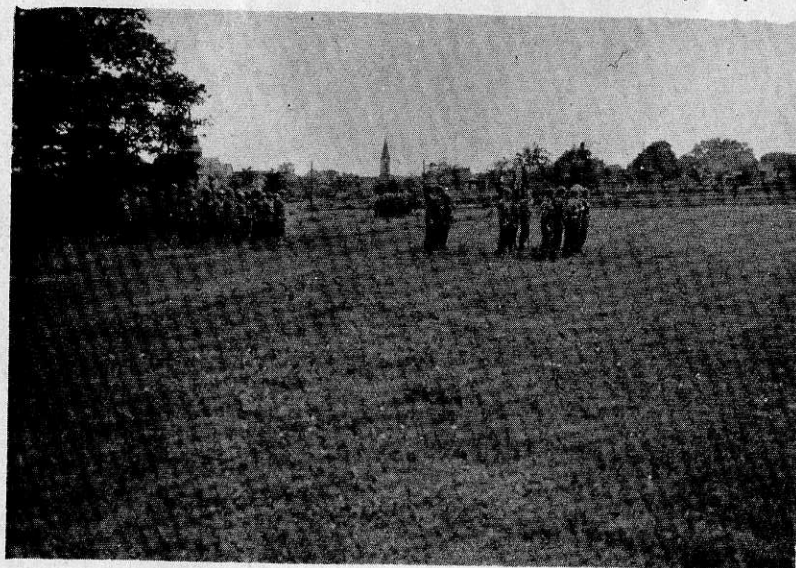
Capt. Deyo was transferred from H&S company, which he had commanded since the preceding September, to Charlie company. Capt. Aliotta, who had just joined the Battalion from the 1130th Group was assigned as H&S company commander. Two other officers, Lts. Chamberlain and Orr had also joined the 187th and were assigned to Able company. Soon afterward, Capt. Daniel transferred to the 368th General Service Regiment. He was replaced by Capt. Beavers, of that organization. Lt. Parrish was made liaison officer while Capt. Beavers assumed command of Baker company. In mid-June, Capt. Berger was assigned to the Battalion staff from the 1130th Group.

On May 13th, the CP was moved to Bockenem, Germany. The line companies were billeted in surrounding towns, Able in Bönningen, Baker in Hary and Charlie in Volkersheim. There, the Battalion was attached to the 2nd Armored Division whose mission was to prepare for the occupation of Berlin.

For the next three weeks, the 187th primed and polished, cleaned up and painted its vehicles, inspected its men, issued them new clothing and



Battalion Commander and staff at parade, Gammelin, Germany, May 1945



Decoration Day parade, Bockenem, Germany, May 1945

brushed up its garrison manners. Close-order drill and more of the same became the order of the day, until the Battalion became a perfect garrison organization.

On Decoration Day, a parade and memorial service was held in Bockenem to honor the memory of the Battalion's dead. Awards were presented to the heroes of the Battalion by the Group commander, Colonel Green.

The next move was to a large airfield outside of Braunschweig, Germany, on June 7th. There, more men were sent on pass to Paris, the Riviera, England and to rest camps in France and Holland. Garrison life, in former Luftwaffe quarters, became easier as more and more time was given over to recreation. Preparations for Berlin occupation continued, however.

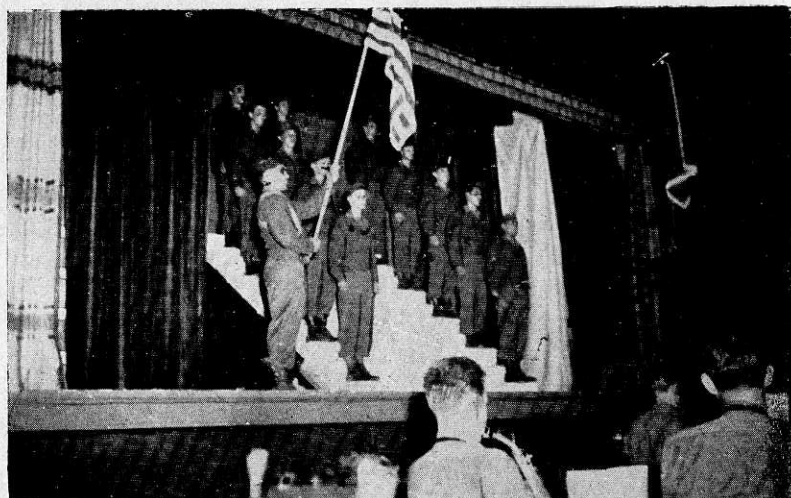
Another long move brought the Battalion to the junction of the Elbe and Mulde rivers, the boundary between Russian and U. S. forces at Dessau. Here, there was no work to do and plenty of good beer to drink. The Battalion was billeted in apartment houses and for the first time, the men experienced most of the comforts of a civilian existence in the army.

The Battalion's assignment to Berlin District suddenly ended and on June 24th, a long motor march down the autobahn brought the 187th to a bivouac area outside of Gotha, on the way to a temporary staging area organized by VI Corps just outside of Bensheim. At Gotha, orders were received to return to Dessau and the 187th settled down again for another week to enjoy the fruits of a vacation.

All other U. S. forces were moving out of Dessau, either into Berlin or to the West, toward U. S. occupied territory. The Russian occupation area extended 100 miles West of Dessau and before that week was ended, Red Army troops had completely enveloped the 187th. Just when it began to appear that the unit was to become another "lost battalion," movement orders arrived. Again the Battalion set off down the long, straight autobahn to Alsbach, just North of Bensheim.

A bivouac area was set up in a grove of trees and the Battalion settled down to camp life in pup tents, waiting anxiously for the orders which were to send it home for a short while before moving to the Pacific war.

Finally, orders did come, but they assigned the Battalion to 1120th Group, XXI Corps of Seventh Army and re-established an operational status for the 187th. On July 14th, the Battalion moved to Viernheim, a small town



Grande Finale, ALL IN FUN, Battalion musical comedy which toured Seventh Army area July, August, 1945.



Lt. Epstein and Capt. Daniel at Vluyn-Neukirchen, Germany, just before the Rhine crossings.

10 miles from Mannheim. Engineer reconnaissance, road and bridge work were begun immediately.

The evenings of July 13 and 14 found the Battalion assembled at the Music Hall in Seckenheim for the opening of the 187th's musical comedy, *All in Fun*. This was the same show that had its beginnings in April in Ascheberg. During all that time, the cast was rehearsing whenever and wherever it could, building sets and making costumes. The show was such a success that Seventh Army special service took it over and put it on tour.

The next two months were to see a lot of personnel changes in the 187th. All of the original cadre from Alabama were transferred out by the middle of August for shipment home and discharge. High point officers, Major Bolon, Capt. McNally. Lts. Coker and Bohnet, left in July.

Cpts. Witt and Beavers and Lt. Parrish were transferred to reinforcement depots for direct shipment to the Pacific. All three had volunteered. Capt. Barker followed them within a week.

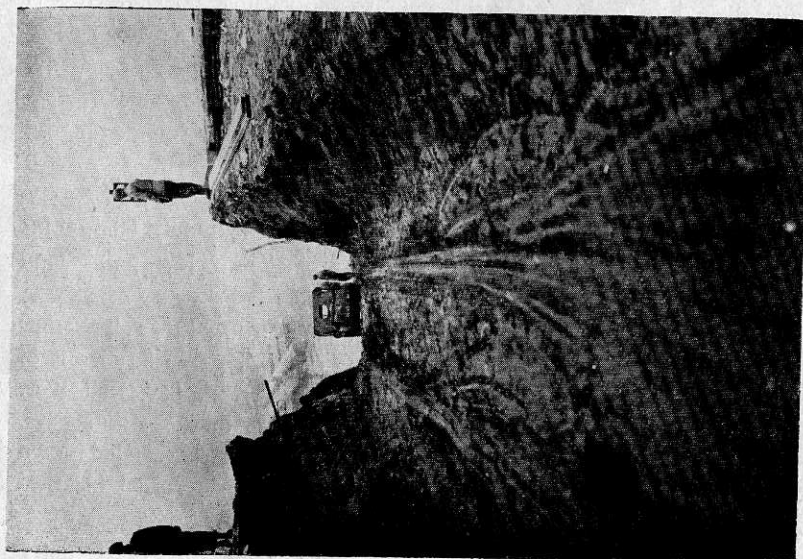
On July 29, Col. Pearce was relieved of command of the Battalion and assigned to a depot for shipment to the Pacific. Lt. Col. Vincent C. Frisby, of the 1257th Eng'rs. then joined as the new commander.

Jobs changed rapidly. Lt. Bobolia assumed command of Able company, Lt. Knox of Baker and Lt. Abney of H&S. Lt. Epstein was made adjutant and Major Holmgren became executive officer. Capt. Matheu, who transferred in with Col. Frisby, became S—3. Capt. Aliotta was transferred to Seventh Army engineer section.

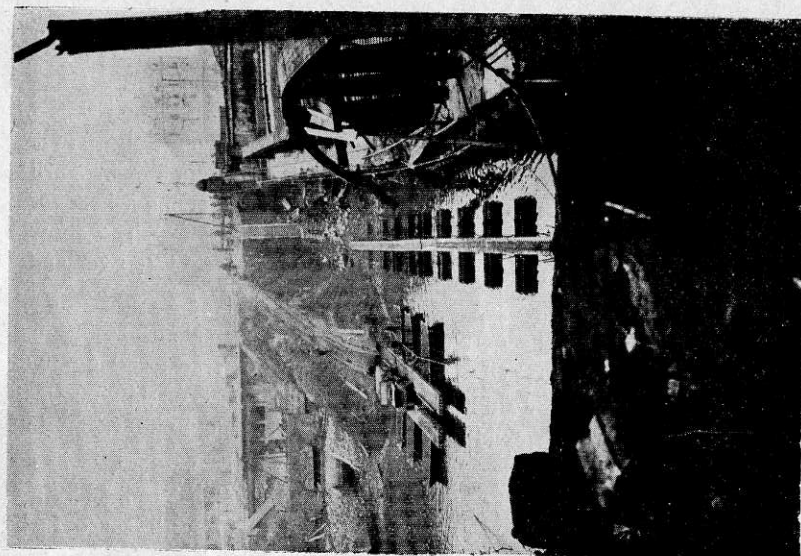
Meanwhile, enlisted personnel was turning over rapidly. High point men continued to leave and their places were taken by low point men from other units.

Finally, the end came. Another piece of paper ordered that all personnel but one officer and the four company clerks, be transferred out of the 187th. This began on September 8th. By the 12th, it was all over. More than 600 men and officers left the Battalion in those four days. The officer, Lt. Zinkeler, and the four company clerks settled down with the records to await the fate of the Battalion, eventual inactivation. This was to come before November 30th.

Men and officers with high point scores were transferred to units



Cut in the dike; approach to ferry.



Infantry footbridge and ferry.

RHINE-HERNE CANAL CROSSING

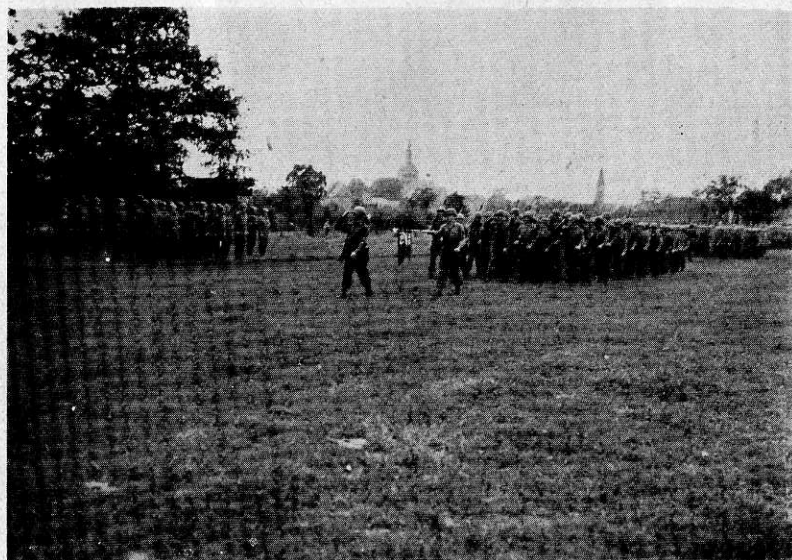
going to the States. Others were sent to occupational units, still others were sent to units whose status was unknown.

Thus was ended the *Story of the 187th*, a story which began in the agate desert of Oregon in October, 1943 and ended in the Rhine valley in conquered Germany in September, 1945.

It's a story which may not join more important or illustrious narratives in War Department annals, but it is a story which will live in the hearts of the men of the 187th for all time.



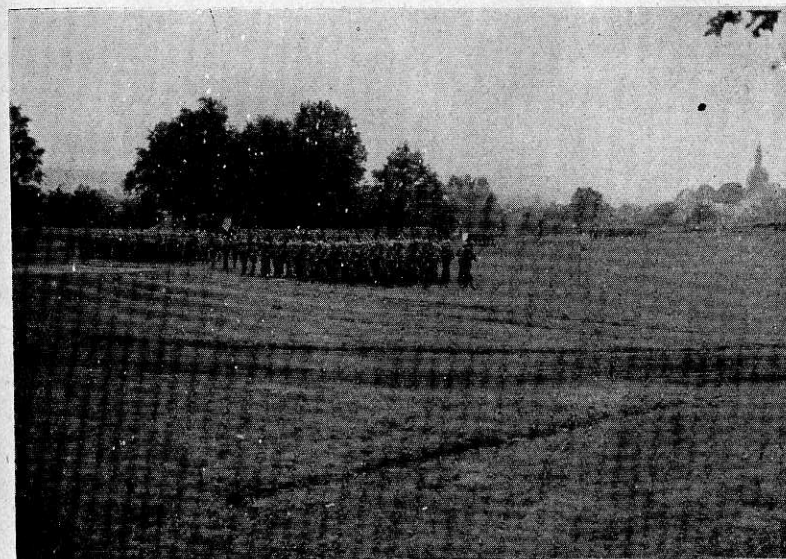
Lts. Matthias, Bohnet, and Stevén in the West Virginia Maneuver Area.



H & S Company passes in review at the Decoration Day parade in Bockenem, Germany.



Gen. Eaton with Bn. staff and men decorated at review in Gammelin, Germany.



The 187th passing in review, Bockenem, Germany.



Honoring the Battalion's heroes, May, 1945.



BATTLE HONORS AND AWARDS TO MEN OF THE 187th

To: The entire Battalion

Bronze Battle Star: The Ardennes Campaign

Bronze Battle Star: The Rhineland Campaign

Bronze Battle Star: The Central Europe Campaign

Commendation: from 15th Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron for operations against the enemy-held city of Roermond, Holland.

Commendation: from 79th Infantry Division for successful completion of Rhine assault crossings

Commendation: from XVI Corps for well-planned, smoothly executed Rhine river crossing.

SILVER STAR MEDAL

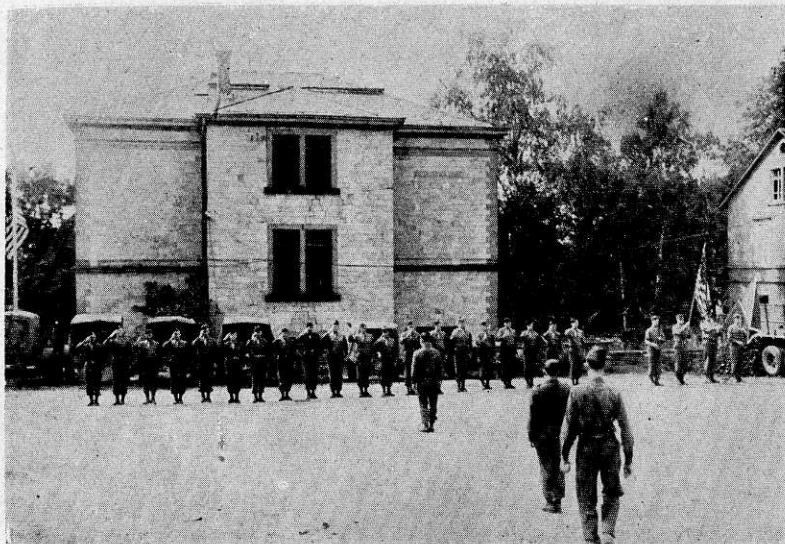
Citation: For gallantry under fire on the Roer river near Roermond, Holland; gave first aid and helped evacuate a wounded officer to safety across the swift-flowing current.

To: 1st Lt. JAMES H. DAHLMANN

Citation: For gallantry under fire during the assault crossing of the Rhine river near Orsay, Germany; saved four infantrymen from drowning when an assault boat overturned.

To: Pfc JESSE F. HORNBACK

Pfc JOSEPH H. VAN HOOGEN



Col. Schermerhorn, 1120th Engr. Combat Group, presents awards at ceremonies at Bensheim, Germany just before the 187th was declared inoperational.



Citation: For gallantry under fire on the Rhine river; volunteered to make a trip upstream in an assault boat to locate a failure in a river boom.

To: Sgt. GLEN J. BELLMEUR

Tec. 5 BERL C. CRIST (who also carried Bellmeur to safety after he was wounded)

Citation: For gallantry under fire on the Rhine-Herne canal; evacuated casualties.

To: Capt. WARREN MCKAY

Pfc CALVIN A. FISHER

Citation: For gallantry under fire on Rhine-Herne canal.

To: Lt. Col. JOHN E. PEARCE

Citation: For gallantry under fire on Rhine-Herne canal; placed smoke pots on canal dike to conceal men who were pinned down by enemy fire.

To: M/Sgt. WILLIAM S. BARRETT

Citation: For gallantry under fire on the Rhine-Herne canal; evacuated casualties.

To: 1st Lt. JOHN WRIGHT

Cpl. CALVIN O. HINTZ

SOLDIER'S MEDAL

Citation: Evacuated a wounded enlisted man from an enemy mine field near Echt, Holland.

To: S/Sgt. GRESHAM L. PACE

Citation: Ran to the assistance of a wounded officer who was being attacked by a drunken soldier.

To: Pfc HENRY G. SCHELLINGER

BRONZE STAR MEDAL

Citation: For heroic service under fire on the Roer river, near Roer-



Major Carl R. Holmgren, S-3 and later,
Executive Officer.



Col. Green, 1130th Engr. Combat Group, decorates
men of the 187th at parade at Bockenem, Germany.

mond, Holland; helped evacuate wounded officer to safety.

To: Sgt. CHARLES R. VAN DEMARK

Pfc HANSFORD V. HOLLEY

Citation: For heroic achievement on the Rhine river; operated a ferry under fire for 72 hours.

To: Sgt. CLYDE MASON

Sgt. ELMER J. PENNINGTON

Cpl. RUSSELL B. EVARTS

Cpl. OMER E. HEARNE

Cpl. MELVIN D. SEELYE

Cpl. JOHN H. SCHEIBLEY

Tec. 5 CHARLES C. WILSON

Pfc CHARLES F. CARR

Pfc WILLIAM D. FRANKLIN

Pvt. EARNEST COTTRELL

Citation: For heroic achievement on the Rhine river during assault crossings; had charge of ferry system, helped evacuate casualties under fire.

To: 1st Lt. ROBERT J. STEVENS

Citation: For heroic achievement under fire on the Rhine-Herne canal; helped evacuate the wounded.

To: Cpl. JAMES R. TRACY

Pfc JOHN H. PIPES

Citation: For meritorious service in planning and supervising the assault crossing of the Rhine.

To: Major CARL R. HOLMGREN

Citation: For meritorious service in training motor boat operators for river crossings; acted as ass't beachmaster during operation on the Rhine.

To: Capt. JACK A. WITT

Citation: Helped train ferry operators for river crossings; meritorious service during Rhine operation.

To: WOjg FRED MURPHY



The 187th on parade in honor of its heroes.



Lt. Parrish prepares to "dress" Baker company at close interval.

Citation: For meritorious service during the Rhine crossings.

To: M/Sgt. JOHNNIE J. KEY

Citation: For heroic achievement in leading his platoon in advance of a tank column into Roermond, Holland; cleared mines and obstacles.

To: 1st Lt. STANLEY L. TUMAS

Citation: For heroic achievement on the Rhine-Herne canal; evacuated wounded under fire.

To: Pfc ANDREW W. SPANGLER

(Bronze Star Cluster)

Citation: For meritorious service on the Rhine operation.

To: 1st Lt. STANLEY L. TUMAS

Citation: For heroic achievement in evacuating wounded men under fire on the Rhine crossing.

To: Tec. 4 HAROLD G. JESSEMY

Cpl. HARRISON C. CHANDLER

Pvt. ROBERT T. PATTERSON

Citation: For meritorious service during the Rhine crossing.

To: S/Sgt. YATES R. LINEBERGER

Citation: For heroic achievement under fire on the Rhine-Herne canal; placed smoke pots on canal dike to conceal bridge construction.

To: Pfc ALBERT H. BERKENSTOCK

Pfc TRACY C. BLEVINS

Pfc CLARENCE H. HALBACH

Pfc WILLIAM E. TEAR

Pvt. GEORGE J. B. HOGENDOBLER

Citation: For meritorious service from 7 Feb 1945 to 13 April 1945.

To: Lt. Col. JOHN E. PEARCE

Citation: For meritorious service in assisting in training of motor boat operators for river crossings.



Medals being presented by 1120th Engr. Combat Group.



Passing in review for Gen. Eaton, XVIII Airborne Corps.

To: 1st Lt. BILLIE G. EARNHEART
 1st Lt. DONALD W. MATTHIAS
 1st Lt. ADOLPH M. H. ZINKELER
 S/Sgt. CHARLIE T. BAKER
 S/Sgt. ALBERT J. STICKNEY
 S/Sgt. GRESHAM L. PACE

Citation: For meritorious service as Bn. Adjutant between 2 Nov 1944 and 8 May 1945.

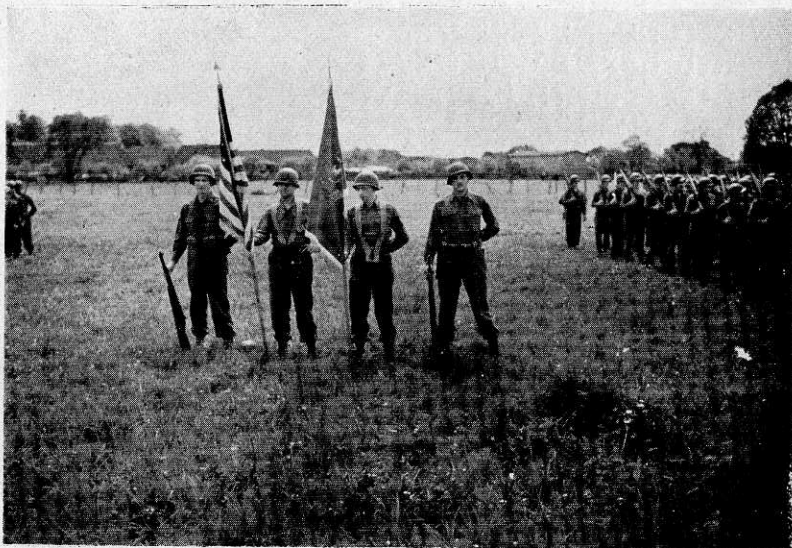
To: 1st Lt. JAMES S. ABNEY

Citation: For meritorious service from 10 March to 8 May 1945.

To: 1st Lt. EDWARD B. PARRISH

Citation: For meritorious service between 2 Nov 1944 and 8 May 1945.

To: Wojg ERIC G. JONES
 1st Sgt. PAUL C. BOYER
 1st Sgt. MODIE McCUTCHEON
 M/Sgt. HUELAND F. SMITH, Jr.
 T/Sgt. RALPH E. HOWITT
 T/Sgt. ROBERT W. WOLFE



Color Guard: Tec 5 Modlin, M/Sgt. Key, M/Sgt. Smith, Tec 5 Sabeswitz



H & S Company "dresses up".

PURPLE HEART MEDAL

For wounds received in action against the enemy

Capt. Donald C. Stromberg

1st Lt. Donald G. Knox

1st Lt. Robert J. Stevens

1st Lt. Stanley L. Tumas

2nd Lt. Leon B. Bell

S/Sgt. Earl Hopper

Sgt. Glenn J. Bellmeur

Sgt. Samuel L. Callecod

Sgt. Thomas J. Guidera, Jr.

Sgt. Clyde Mason

Sgt. Charles R. Van Demark

Tec. 4 Arlo T. Oleson

Cpl. Warren H. Miller, Jr.

Tec. 5 J. C. Claunch

Tec. 5 John Gavel

Tec. 5 James L. Harrison, Jr.

Tec. 5 John C. Linneman

Tec. 5 Fletcher C. Poston

Tec. 5 Roy Stevens

Tec. 5 Murphy J. Stoute

Tec. 5 Charles H. Willoughby

Tec. 5 Frank C. Wright

Pfc Jack L. Cox

Pfc Fred Hopkins

Pfc Cyrus E. Newell

Pfc J. B. Roalkvam

Pfc Walter F. Thelan

Pfc Frank J. Trosky

Pfc Joseph H. Van Hoogen

Pfc Jack L. Walls

Pvt. Leonard F. Burris

Pvt. Paul B. Clayton

Pvt. William J. Houdyshell

Pvt. Conrad M. Miller

Pvt. William L. Owen, Jr.

Pvt. Charles A. Snell

Pvt. Loren E. Stubbs

Pvt. John R. Tierney

Pvt. J. B. Zachary



Carbine cleaning in Germany. Tec 5 Shackelford, Lt. Orr, Lt. Bobolia and Capt. Witt.

THE STORY OF ABLE COMPANY

Let me introduce myself. My name is Able. I represent the spirit of Company A of the 187th Engineer Combat Battalion. On September 8, 1945 my three brothers, Baker, Charlie and H&S and I became nonoperational. We had outlived our usefulness, so the War Department killed us off with a few signatures. What a laugh! We are more alive today than ever, for now we are memories and memories live a long time.

My brothers and I were born at the same time in Camp White, situated in the peaceful Rogue river valley in Oregon. Basic training, which we all took together, was uninteresting and tough. I don't look back on those days with too much fondness now but even then, there were always a few laughs. I still chuckle when I remember how Berl Crist looked when he fell into the river during a bridge-building problem.

The end of basic was the end of my stay in Oregon. We were to be shipped South, so in keeping with the best army logic on how to confuse the enemy, we headed North. This was my first experience with a troop train and it didn't leave a very favorable impression.

After many trying experiences, including a time when the train went AWOL, we arrived at Camp Howze, Texas, for a few more weeks of training. It was really difficult here. They kept us going all hours of the day with bridge-building, night problems and guard, that everpresent guard. Of course, we managed our good times too. I'll never forget the night we went on a compass problem. Two of the fellows, Paxton and Caulfield, took an azimuth on the light of a plane, mistaking it for a star and I guess they had covered half of Texas before they were put on the right track by Eddie Locke and George Vanderhave.

Our unit training finished, we were put to the test, maneuvers in the West Virginia wilderness. All in all, our stay there was not too bad. There was plenty of hard work but there was also some play. Then, for a little variety, Nature cooked up a humdinger of a cyclone which wiped away our camp one night while we were bivouacked atop Caanan mountain. West Virginia had a peculiar type mud with which we never became reconciled. I liked the camp we had set up near the corrals in Gladwin valley best, because it offered fishing and swimming facilities to the fellows in the mountain stream.

With the end of our maneuvers, we were all set for POM, so off we went to Camp Pickett, Virginia. This proved to be another term of basic train-



Able Company "gets em across".



Awaiting the "call" at Gammel, Germany, May 1945.

ing, which certainly exasperated us. But there were plenty of passes and time to enjoy the special services about the camp. Inspections were thicker than the Virginia chiggers. The nicest thing that happened to me at Camp Pickett was the arrival of Captain Jack Witt as my company commander. For all the time he was with us, he held the respect and admiration of all the fellows.

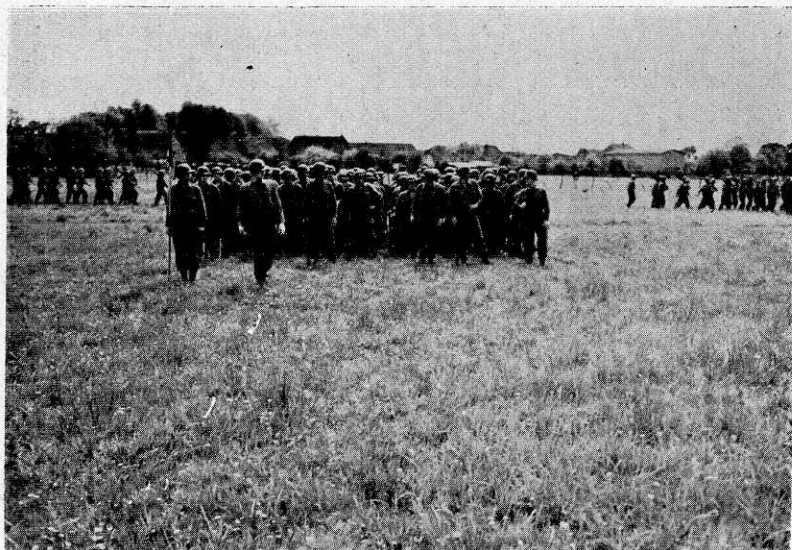
Soon, it was time for my ocean trip, so with my brothers, I set off for Fort Slocum, situated on a lovely island just off New Rochelle, New York. My stay there was very pleasant, but, as pleasant things usually do, it ended all too soon.

Traveling across the big pond was wearisome. We traveled on the *Saturnia*, one of Italy's largest ships. It was monotonous not to have a lot to do and after ten days, the chalk cliffs of England were a welcome sight.

When we landed in England, my brothers and I each went our own way. I went first to the North, to a nice little town named Dalton-on-Furness where the fellows prepared camps for troops that were to follow later. For a month after this job, all I did was run around England doing the same kind of work. I was beginning to think we had been brought over to play chambermaid to the rest of the U. S. Army when our work ended and we settled down in Delemere Park, outside of Cuddington, for a little more training. Here we stayed until it was time for the trip across the English channel.

Just a few days before Christmas, we moved to a camp near Southampton to await our ship. It was a dismal place and to spend Christmas in a place like it definitely lowered the fellows' morale. But Capt. Jack was up to the occasion and he saw to it that the company enjoyed Christmas. He arranged a turkey dinner for Christmas eve which really hit the spot after a week of "C" rations. This, together with the party that followed helped to raise our spirits.

A few days after Christmas, we crossed the channel in what was, perhaps, this body of water's meanest mood, and landed at Le Havre. What we experienced in England was heaven compared to what was in store for us here. Pup tents, inadequate bedding and clothing and a score of other things went to make life miserable. Fortunately this ordeal lasted only a week, until we moved into the shelter of an underground fortress of the Maginot line. The sound of guns in the distance did much to make us jittery and it was quite often that one of the fellows would swear that he



Rest! Able Company always got there first.



And now for some relaxation!

had seen a post move or that a couple of Jerry cans were slowly creeping up on him.

When we left the line, we journeyed into the Lorraine sector of France. Life became more pleasant as we acquired more enemy equipment. Some of the luxuries of a soldier's life became ours. We had our own light plant, among other things. From this time on, all our stays were to be in billets.

The Battle of the Bulge had just turned to our favor but there was still much to be feared from the enemy's might. We worked hard building and guarding road blocks.

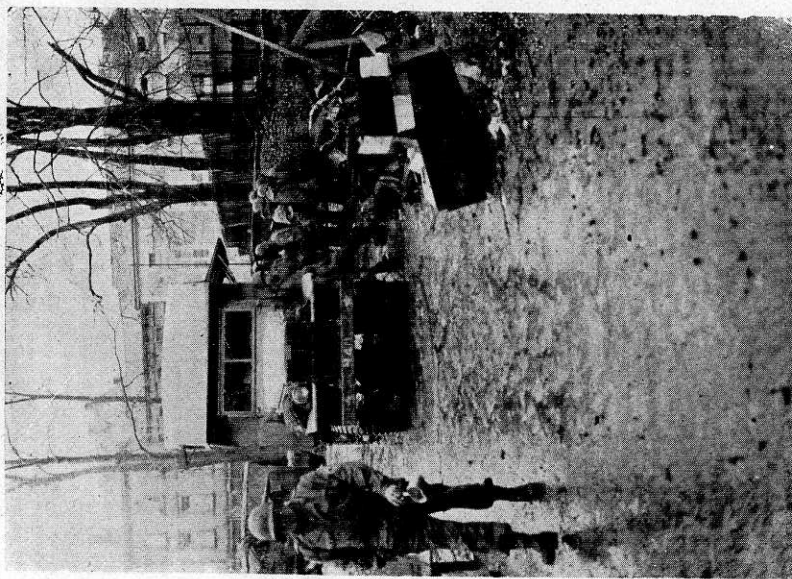
Holland was our next stop. The Dutch people impressed us very favorably. They were so neat and clean and friendly. I remember how many of the fellows used to take pieces of furniture and stoves from wrecked houses in Germany to give to the Dutch, since their homes had been stripped clean by the retreating Huns. It was while we were in Holland that we experienced our first baptism of fire, the crossing of the Roer, but this was merely a prelude of bigger things to come.

It seemed that we were fated to be continually on the go. Though we moved a lot, life was not hard. It was the best of everything for the men as far as Capt. Jack was concerned. We had the best billets and many of the little things which many soldiers never see. Well do we remember all those stray cows that were converted to tasty steaks.

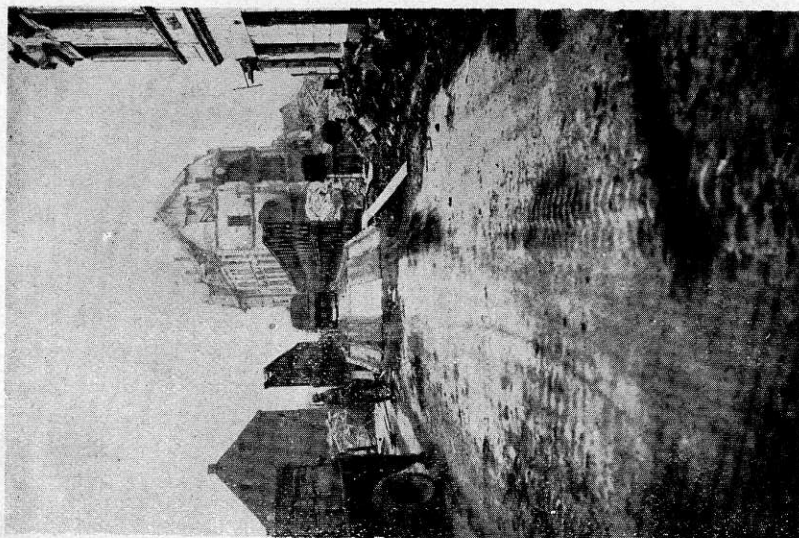
At the beginning of March, 1945, we returned to Holland for some special training. This turned out to be on river crossings for we were slated to make the assault crossing of the Rhine.

On March 24th, the big show came off. It was something we will all remember. The silence when we first approached the site, the shelling of the enemy shore, the signals, the shouting of the men, and the humming of the motors all seemed to be part of a dream. But they were all very real that night. How many times have I heard the fellows talk over the experiences of that night and laugh at the little things which were not amusing then. But now and then a note of sorrow crept in as they remembered Doty, that likeable kid who was always griping. It didn't seem right that he should have been killed that night.

We rested on our laurels after our next big job, the Rhine-Herne canal crossing. But we became combat troops again for the Elbe crossings; some of the fellows helped out. Across the Elbe, we went our merry way. Ger-



"Get your canteen cups; the Red Cross Clubmobile just pulled into the area!"



The Sgt. Clyde Mason bridge over the Rhine-Horst Canal, built under fire.

many's days were numbered and her troops were confused, but they had nothing on us.

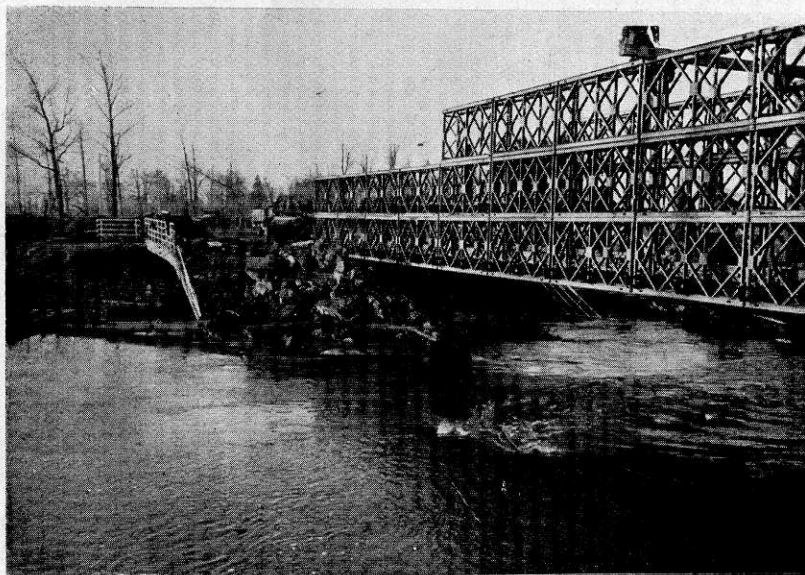
V-E Day found us at Hagenow. Everyone was happy those last few days of the war. There were pistols for everyone who wanted them and souvenirs to be sent home could be found on any street corner. With the war over, we settled down and awaited whatever was in store for us. Then came a series of moves, Bonnien, Braunschweig, Dessau, Alsbach and finally, Viernheim.

At Viernheim, we lost Capt. Jack. He had become impatient at all the delay and had volunteered for the Pacific war. It was a great shock to lose him, but to lose him for no reason (the war with Japan ended two weeks later) was even worse.

It wasn't long before the point system began to break up my company. The older men, who had been with me from the beginning, were leaving and others were taking their places. But with each one who left, a part of me left too. So you see what I mean when I say I can't be wiped out. They can do it on paper, but I am made of sturdier stuff and it will take more than written words to make my fellows forget me, Able, of the 187th Engineer Combat Battalion.



Headquarters platoon, Viernheim, Germany, Sept. 1945.



The Captain Stromberg bridge under construction.

THE STORY OF BAKER COMPANY

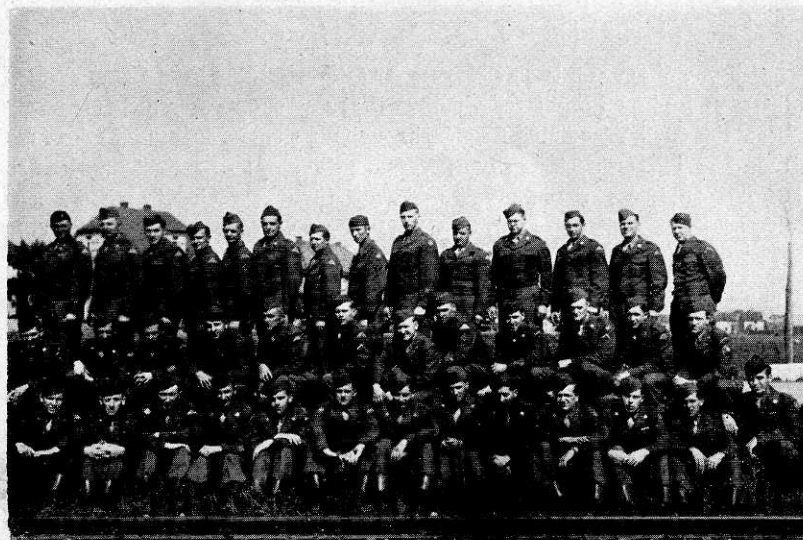
Remember? The last of November 1943, checking in at Camp White; the sour looks on our faces when we first saw the camp and began army life; the Civil War being fought throughout the Company; the first rat race and blisters; classes with Wetzel sleeping; those "Bang, you're dead" problems; that famous one week bivouac with Keyes Commandoes and the Ashland stump blowing incident; the weary hikes up Table Rock; weekly tests with the big "B" on top; bridging the Rogue River; nightly excursions into Medford and the surrounding towns; the ASTP gang that took Dindia for a ride; the AWOLs on those Christmas furloughs; the downcast looks on the west coast boys and the happy faces of the southern guys when we took the train for Camp Howze, Texas.

Camp Howze: Looking for miles and not seeing a thing; standing in mud with dust blowing in your face; the first night's scrap in the beer hall; Robenolt using a line of skirmishers instead of a compass on night problems; wives of the Louisiana bunch joining the company; side trips to Dallas, Denton, and Gainesville; our first crack at the Bailey Bridge; the band playing us out of camp.

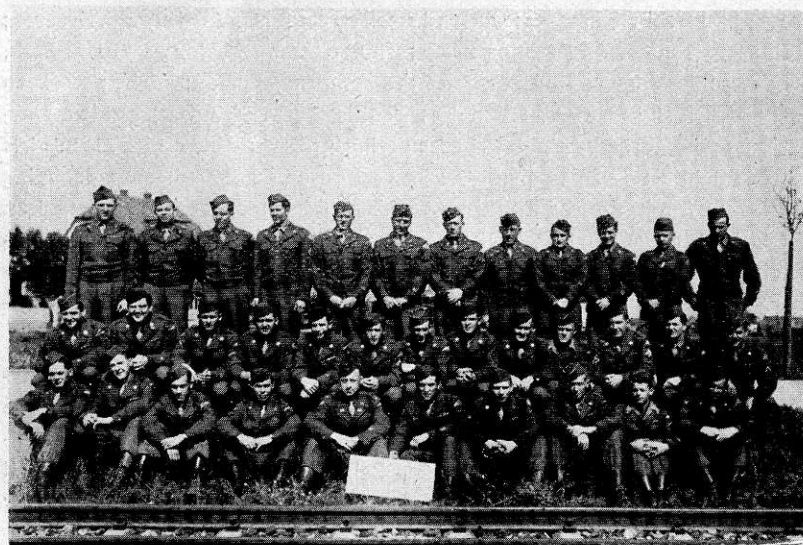
Elkins: Six man tents; mud and small streams running through the area; filling potholes and draining roads; first platoon moving to Stuart Park, eating like kings while the rest of the company starved; night patrols to the Coach and Four and Fossil Inn; Tennis courts with passing side attractions; the tornado and its road clearing project; those nice clean girls from Phillipi; burning shell cartons and unseen ammo; Deane dropping the four ton in the river on that week's problem; dances at the American Legion and the Rhythm Club; steaks and dinners at Phil's; furloughs finally coming into being; Pope and Chandler with their nightly tours to Clarksburg; the filled grandstand on the last night; the party at Lynchburg on our way to Pickett by truck.

Camp Pickett: Gang plank rumors starting; that week at A.P. Hill; physical training tests; cattle cars to Washington D. C. and Richmond; the Staunton Lake bridge school; specialist training; shows at the amphitheater; McGinty sweating out his heir; packing and repacking duffel bags; furloughs on a mass scale; swimming in the lake; battalion party of farewell; the silent trip to Slocum.

Fort Slocum: The island of food, WACS, and passes to New York; shots



First Platoon, Viernheim, Germany, Sept. 1945.



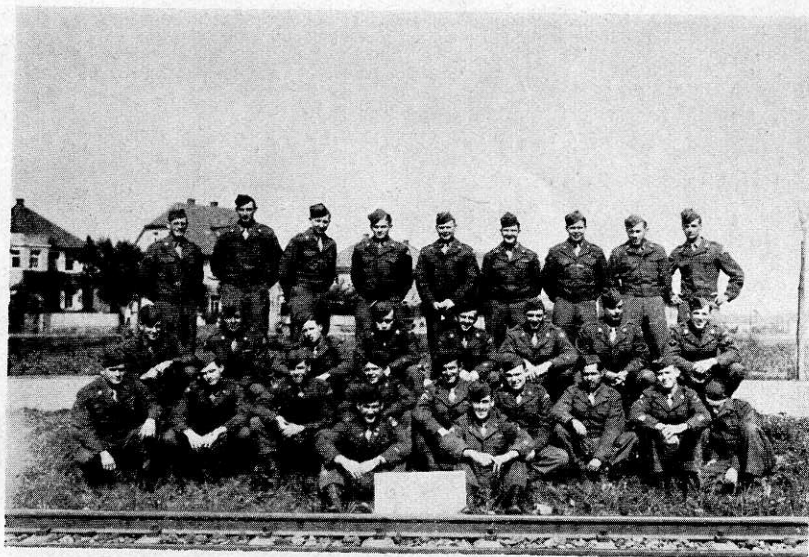
Second Platoon, Viernheim, Germany, Sept. 1945,

in the arm; riding the ferry to New Rochelle; short haircuts and 11 cue balls; that all important physical inspection; the beer consumption record broken at the PX; the boat trip to the S. S. *Saturnia*; two days on board then good bye; M. P. duty, poor food, seasickness and lack of water on the trip across; Mace stealing the bologna; sweating out the PX line; our first look at England after 11 days of nothing but water.

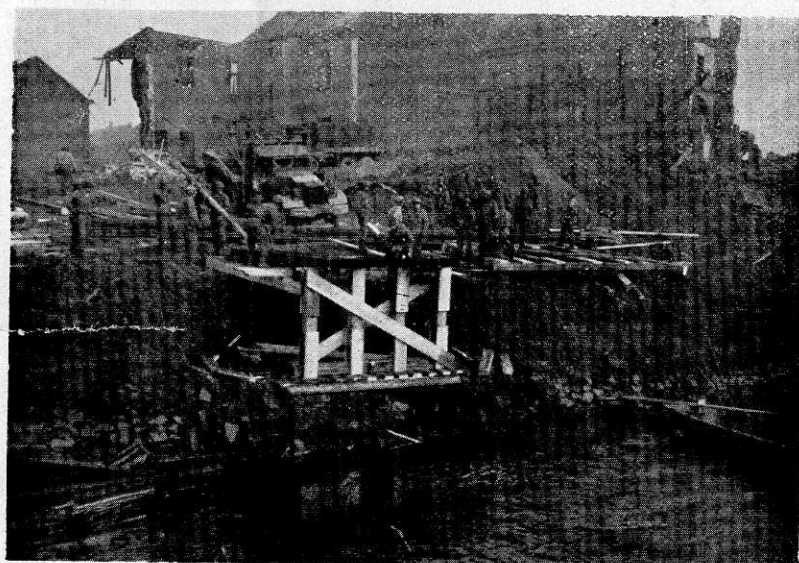
England: Docking at Southampton and the winning of the time lottery; "Any Gum Chum"; ; the train ride to Delemere Park; straw mattresses; long chow waits in turn; Dalton and preparing camps; our first English Pubs and money exchanges; female contacts made over chips; back to Delemere and right on out to Wolverhampton and Burton-on-Trent; passes to town and patrols on the one famous street; good chow at Burton but no cigarettes; Shutt and Wiley blowing up the boiler and the Peterson episode in blood; back to the base with numerous passes to Manchester and Chester; Padgett's renowned "strain;" that dreary ride to C-13; "C" rations morning noon and night; a Christmas never to forget; trucks leave for France; a few miss the boat, Delcambre, McKenna and Garner; Sledge takes a private boat.

France: The long hike up the hills for the second group; bivouac on French soil; our battle with mud and snow at the "Turnip Patch;" a shave each day in cold water; the long freezing ride to the Maginot line; the little railroad in the fort; South and the first shot; the skilled craftsmen in the machine shop; Bouzonville and the long work hours; under fire for the first time with long nights in the cellar; scavengers for awhile with good results; snow plows and cinders for the roads; a one day's move to avoid the big gun; our first casualties Oleson, Thelan, Claunch, Van Demark, and Lt. Knox, from an "S" mine; men going to bridge school; living with the French people in Bettange; good fellows going to the 44th Eng'rs.; the long ride through France, Luxemburg, and Belgium to Echt, Holland, and warmer weather.

Holland: Dutch people and wooden shoes; first good hot showers at Geleen; filling pot holes and building roads; tearing down buildings for bricks; Kenny Folsom our first buddy to meet death; buzz bombs passing over each morning; the Bailey across the Roer and the losing of a swell CO, Capt. Stromberg; a short run up to Lobberich, Germany to clear roads and pull mines; Rachkus blowing out the new windows; numerous motorcycles and cars for a short time; men going to motor boat



Third Platoon, Viernheim, Germany, Sept. 1945.

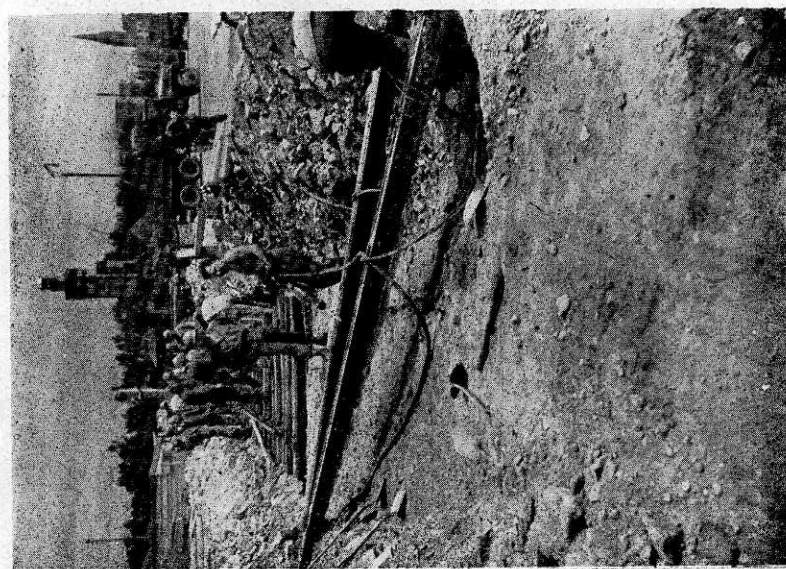
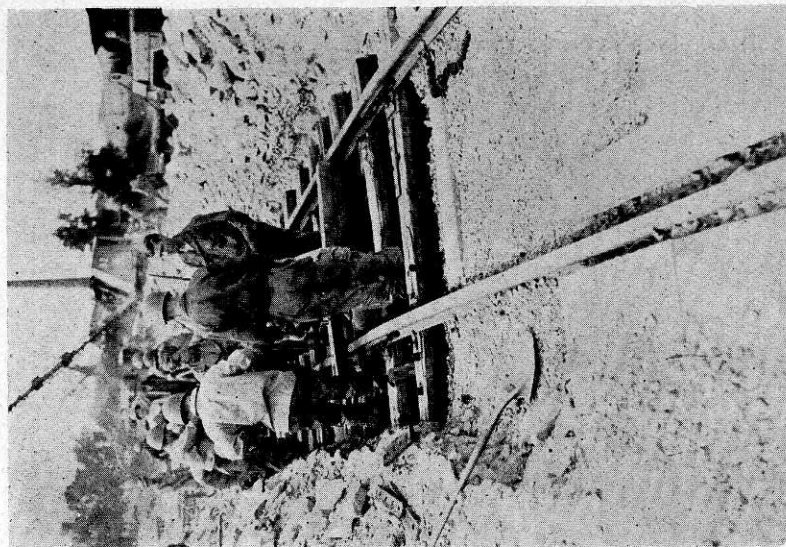


Building a timber trestle bridge to replace the Bailey over the Rhine-Horst Canal.

school; trip back to Maeseyck to train on the Meuse River with the 79th for the main event; Belgium beer, eggs and french fries; new replacements arrive; dry runs for the Rhine crossing night and day; Moers and a rest before "H" hour; a little wine to bolster the spirits.

Germany: The terrific barrage before the assault boats took off for the far shore; 88's and air bursts pay us visits; constructing approaches for traffic; building rafts and getting equipment across; records broken and the Navy getting the credit; citations received for a job well done; road work around Dinslaken and extra meat rations; the deadly Rhine-Herne canal and death to buddies Mullikin, Booth and Chaires; Ascheberg with a good rest, ball games, and a little black top work; the castle and isolation; the Elbe River and another possible crossing; deer season opens with a bang; our country estate after crossing the river; riding horses and target practice; acquiring pistols and watches as the war came to an end; mine sweeping the airport.

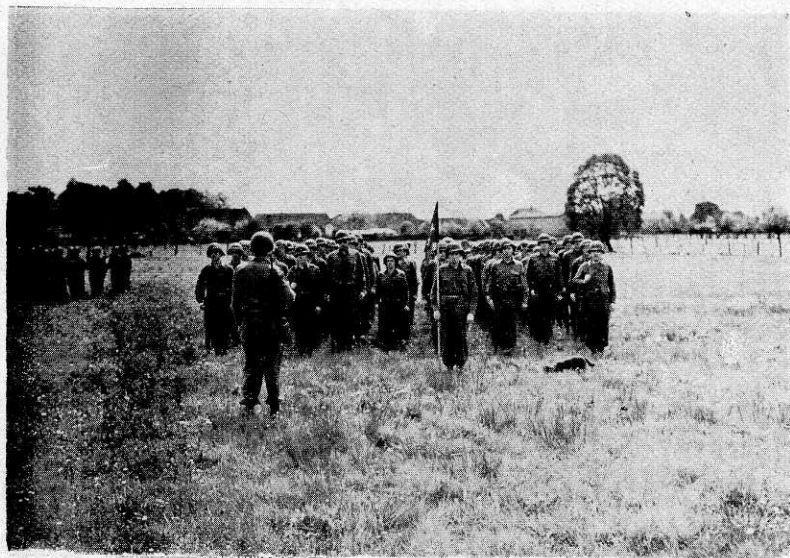
War's Over: Hary and a life of ease except for inspections, a ball league formed; more replacements arrive along with old friends back from hospitals; movies, swimming, and a new bar in the barn; Braunschweig with D. Ps. and buzz bomb juice; nightly trips to Ninth Army headquarters; money-making deals with the Russians at Dessau and that prima beer; the convenient apartments across the alley; the famous dry run to Gotha and back; again in a bivouac area with remodeled pup tents; a few hikes for conditioning and ball games; side trips to the surrounding area; Viernheim and back to work; building the railroad and repairing buildings; a good bar with plenty to drink for all; Japanese surrender and we start thinking only of home; the sad news comes to us that the 187th is to be broken up and now it's "What is your address back in the states because someday - - - - -."



Laying track at the approach to Charlie Company's bridge, Mannheim, Germany, August, 1945.



Just before the Rhine crossings; Lt. Wright, 1st Sgt. H. P. Turner, Lt. Dahlmann, Capt. Daniel.



Captain Deyo: "Parade rest!" - Gammelin, Germany.



"Slim" Williford's All Stars. Charley Company's volleyball team at Ascheberg, Germany, April, 1945.

THE STORY OF CHARLIE COMPANY

Pull up a chair, friend, while I tell you a story about a company of engineers. My name is Charlie and these engineers and I began our career at Camp White. We had our basic there and a tough one it was. Table Rock mountain, fields of gumbo mud, an agate desert and four miles in 45 minutes became stark realities, but the Alabama cadre did a swell job with us as we became initiated to the rain which continued to follow us through six countries.

We finished our basic with a week's problem in the field in freezing rain and cold. Reminiscing now, it all seems like it wasn't such a bad time after all.

Soon afterward, we moved across half of the United States aboard a troop train headed for Camp Howze, Texas. During that trip, we guarded the Battalion's vehicles; actually spending most of the trip on flatcars. We arrived and found more rain.

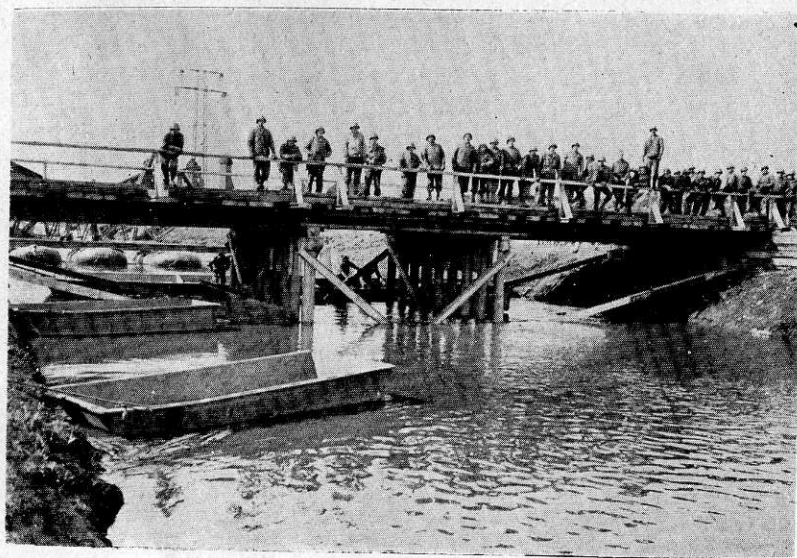
It wasn't so tough for us at Camp Howze; we had been in the Army for a time then and could take it. Besides that, there wasn't quite as much field work there. Of course, there were those enjoyable passes to Dallas and Fort Worth, weekends, too.

From Texas to West Virginia was our next move and we found Bear Heaven, the camp of the four o'clock rain, more enjoyable than we had anticipated. We used the camp as a base while we traipsed all over the West Virginia hills, maneuvering with the 95th Division and performing all sorts of engineer jobs. After operating the rock crusher and feeding it by hand for a while, a two or three day road job was a welcome relief. For a while, we thought we were going to spend the rest of our army career filling fox-holes. Things weren't bad, though, all factors considered. The Gandi Club operated full time, guided by President Wayne Hurt.

Our convoy from West Virginia to Camp Pickett was delayed by a nifty party in Lynchburg. It was a royal introduction to the Southern hospitality we were to enjoy for the next few months. No one need be reminded of the weekend passes to Washington, Richmond and Roanoke, if for no other reason than for the Baker bus line. The second platoon's four-five-six games, continuously, the beer gardens and those never-to-be-forgotten furloughs home were some other happy memories we have of Virginia.



The Stanley L. Tumas bridge, across a canal near Dinslaken, Germany. Built in April, 1945.



Filling our POM requirements and attending specialist schools were interspersed with a week at Staunton river park and one at AP Hill. The latter was one of the wettest weeks we've ever spent. When that shipping order came, we were ready to leave as the orientation and training films were becoming tiresome.

Our trip to the staging area, Fort Slocum, was rather subdued. I suppose everyone was thinking of the future. The processing was over in a few days and we spent the rest of the week doing New York, when New York wasn't doing us! The food in that huge mess hall at Slocum was just about the best army chow we'd ever eaten and those WAC's were certainly sweet dining companions.

On October 20th, 1944, we sailed down the Sound to the Brooklyn docks and boarded the *Saturnia*. We pulled KP the entire trip, but we learned to enjoy it and the steady work kept us from becoming bored and even seasick. We ate continuously and in our spare time gave the paratroopers a bad time.

Then we landed and had our first ride in those tiny English trains to Delemere Camp where we became post engineers. There, the Donut Commandoes went to work at the Red Cross and Farmer and his gang got out of making the few hikes we had. But they also missed out on company formations held at the Ring-of-Bells or some other convenient pub.

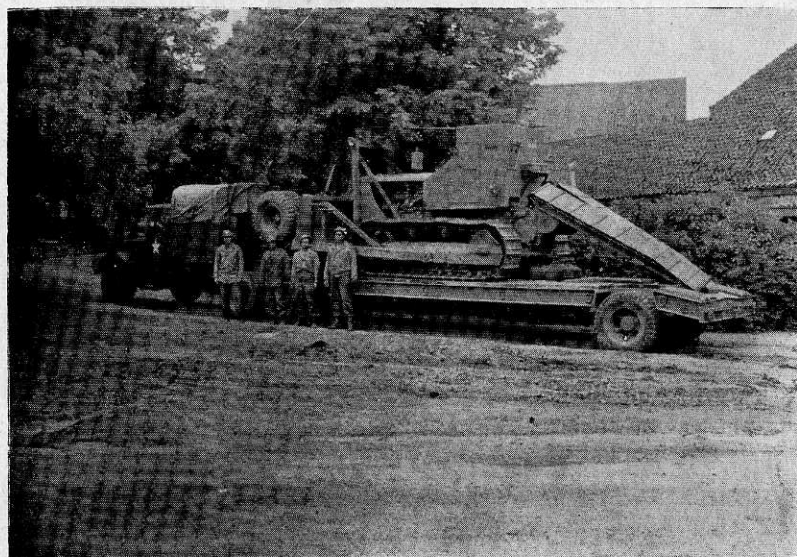
There was always some question in England as to who had the most food, Charlie company or the kitchen. Giles always had a turnip stew on the stove and Nick turned out to be quite a cook. Most of us didn't get to stay in much to sample the food though. We saw lots of England both officially and otherwise. Besides, those fences were meant only to keep women out not to keep us in!

Then we took off for a staging area and a bitterly cold ride across the channel. Even turnip stew would have tasted good as a substitute for those ever-present "C" rations. At Area X, our pyramidal tents didn't keep out much of the cold. The next day, at Area B, we discovered that pup tents in that mud hole had a way of disappearing. It was a good thing that we moved within a week, for most of our tents were beginning to sink below that sticky, slimy mud.

A bitterly cold, all-day, convoy brought us to the Maginot line. We discovered that the battalion was the first US unit to occupy that part of the



Working on the "rock pile" in West Virginia.



"Big Brute", a converted German truck for use as a prime mover for a dozer and trailer, with its builders.

line. The cold kept most of us hibernating in the miles of tunnels. One of the squads was sent into Belgium to act as billet guards for the next move, but they had to be recalled when orders came to move to Bouzonville.

There, a few miles from the German border, we started our engineer operations. Building road blocks and guarding them as well as keeping the roads to the front open proved to be a 24 hour job in the worst weather. Sleepless nights caused by enemy shellfire and a strange sickness which kept most of the fellows running relay races to that big tent in the back of our billets made the stay there far from enjoyable.

Another long motor convoy brought us across Northern France, Belgium, and Luxemburg into Southern Holland, to Echt. There, our work consisted of spreading the remains of Waldfeucht, Germany, into holes on the roads we maintained. An accident with some Riegel mines cost the lives of Bodtcher, Combs, Ross and Lt. Jones, one of the worst tragedies of the entire war to Charlie company.

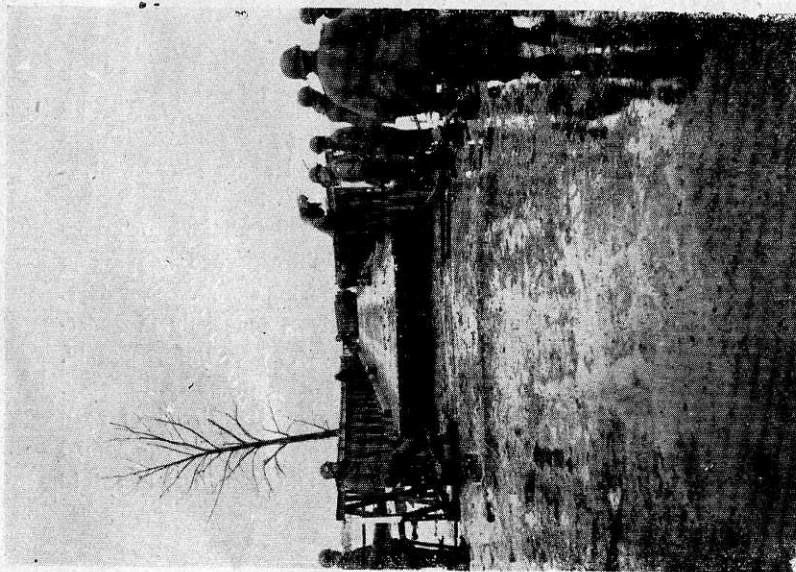
Soon afterward, we made a sudden excursion up to Roermond, ahead of the 15th Cavalry Squadron. That could have turned out a lot worse than it did, but we escaped unscathed. Sure did pull a lot of mines that night, too!

From Echt, we moved into the burgomaster's house in Breyell, Germany, but an easy life of comparative luxury ended when we moved back into Belgium to train for the Rhine crossings. There at Maeseyck, men who had been to motor boat school received a post-graduate course with the 79th Division. The rest of us enjoyed ice cream and apple pie as well as a favorite dish, fried eggs and potatoes, at Belgian cafes.

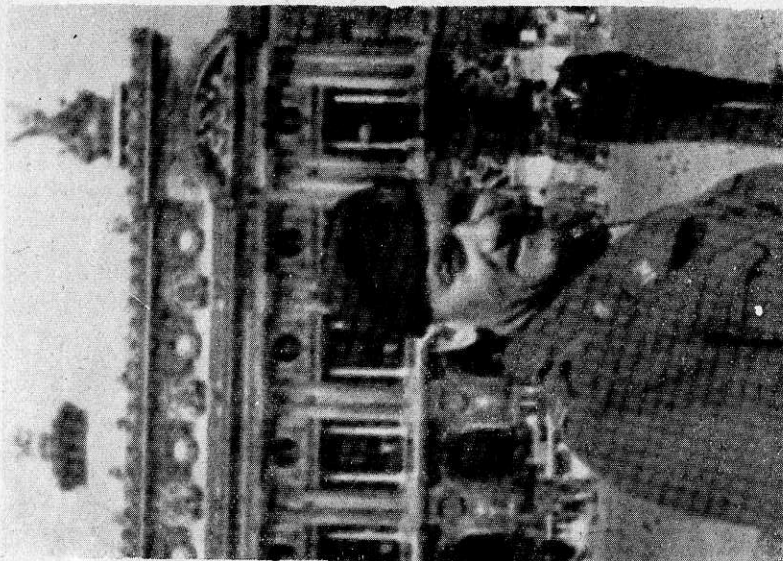
The next move brought us up to the Rhine. The night before the crossing we had a big steak dinner, courtesy of Glancy, who captured the steak on the hoof. We didn't get to see our billet much during the next four days.

Charlie company did a good job on that river, especially in constructing a road on the far shore. We had our losses too, unfortunately. Houdyshell, Stubbs, Tierney and Lt. Tumas were wounded quite badly.

After we moved across the Rhine our work consisted of road maintenance again, although we did get to build a wooden bridge named for Lt. Tumas. Our mess hall, set up outside of Dinsaken, was in an old coffin factory.



Dismantling a Bailey bridge at Gomelange, France.



Capt. Frank Tabor. This picture taken in Paris, April 1945, was found in his camera after his death a month later.

Soon, we were thrust into the toughest job of them all, bridging the Rhine-Herne canal. This made basic training look like a sissy party. After three attempts, at as many sites and each time stopped by heavy fire or mines, we finally succeeded in getting a treadway bridge that stayed across the second canal. After that, the Ruhr pocket was speedily cleaned out and we moved to Ascheberg for a rest.

In this quiet little town, we played softball and enjoyed a liquor ration for the first time. We were told it was made available by General "Ike", himself, for our efforts on the Rhine. We stayed in rear areas after that, possibly because the front was moving ahead faster than we could. We did catch up on the Elbe, but we were only kept in reserve.

As the war drew to a close our job became largely traffic control, keeping the surrendering Jerries moving down the roads in the right directions and pushing stalled German vehicles into the ditches.

With schnapps, vodka and "buzz bomb" juice, we celebrated VE day until the tragedy of Captain Tabor's death sobered us. Then, led by Capt. Deyo we moved to Volkersheim, to that huge mansion that housed the entire company under one roof, where we cleaned up our equipment and started to prepare for occupation of Berlin.

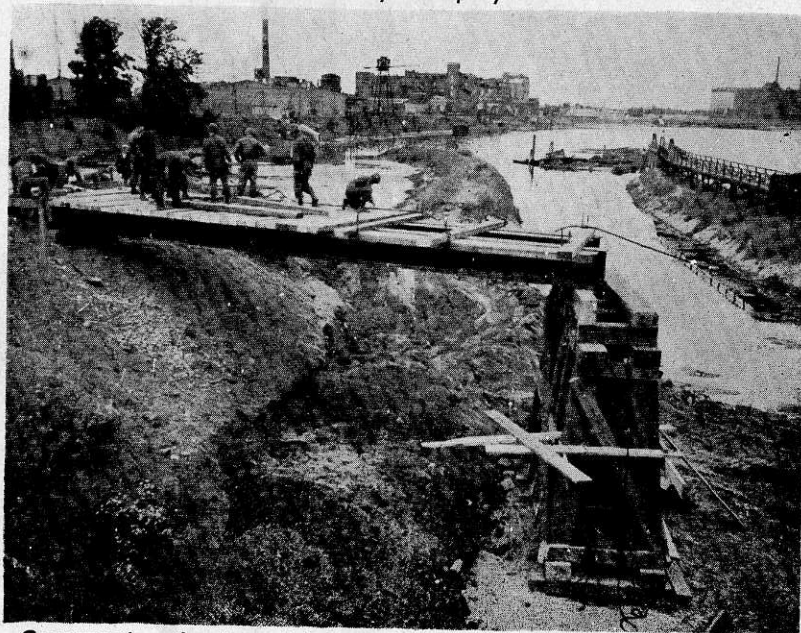
At Braunschweig, we lived in German barracks and did more close order drill for two weeks, until we moved closer to Berlin, to Dessau. In that city, we lived the life of Riley (Riley has probably since been drafted!) in an apartment house only a block from the Elbe river. Beer was plentiful and good; so were other things and dealing with the Russians became very profitable. When we left Dessau there were few men who still had their wrist watches.

With orders changed and the Berlin trip off, the talk shifted to going home. After a "dry run" and back to Dessau, we finally did pull out for an assembly area near Bensheim. Our bivouac area in the woods soon mushroomed into a shack city with wooden huts of all descriptions dotting the forest; some were complete with radio, lights and running water.

A few weeks there and our fate was set. We were to move to Viernheim and go back to work. We built a railroad bridge over a canal in Mannheim which we named after Tony Pietryka, who had been killed in a highway accident. There was work on an ordnance depot and a railroad spur to be built. Road work, supervising prisoners and maintaining a ponton bridge over the Neckar river kept us busy enough.



Approach to treadway bridge across Rhine-Hérné Canal, built by Charley Company.



Constructing the Antoni J. Pietryka bridge at Mannheim, Germany, August, 1945.

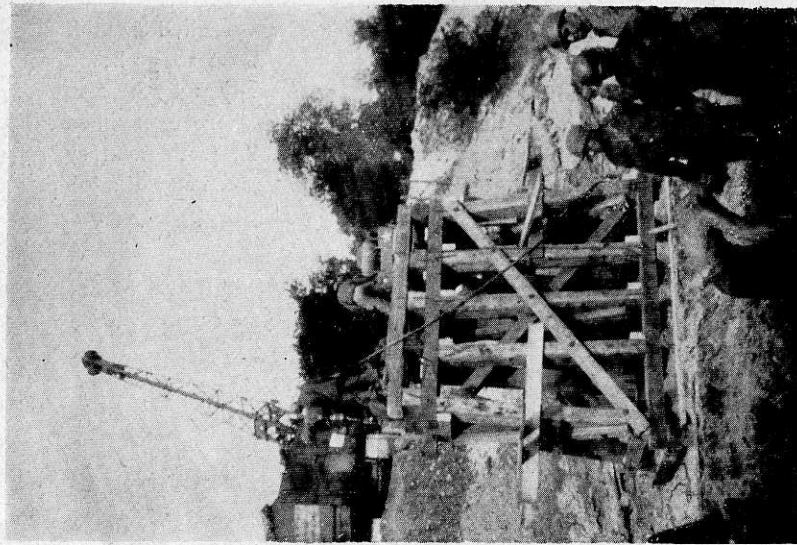
Finally, September 8, 1945 and the end of my story rolled around. That day saw all my men leaving for different units, some to go home immediately, some to sweat it out for a while in Germany and others to stay there for a long time with the occupation forces. Wherever my men and officers did go, they carried part of me with them. I'm just a memory now, but a happy memory of an engineer company, its men and of a job well and honorably done.



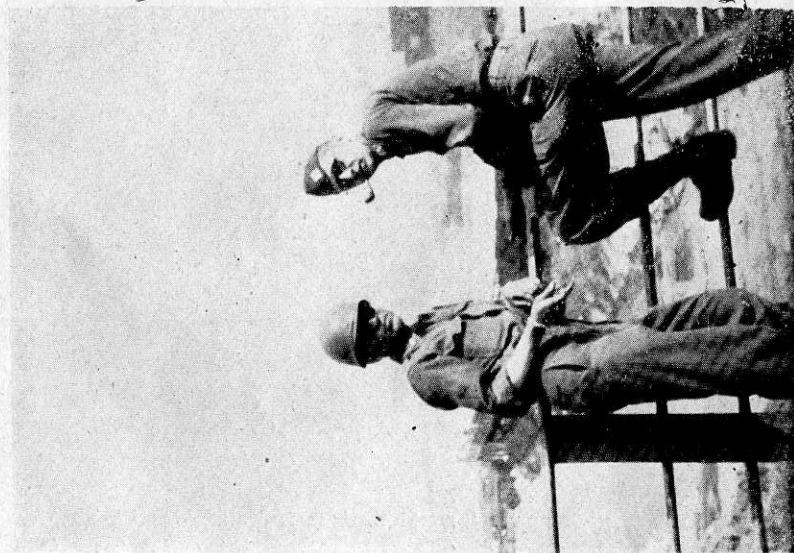
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Preparing the bank for the first trestle.

CONSTRUCTING A 105-TON RAILROAD BRIDGE, MANNHEIM, GERMANY, JULY, 1945.

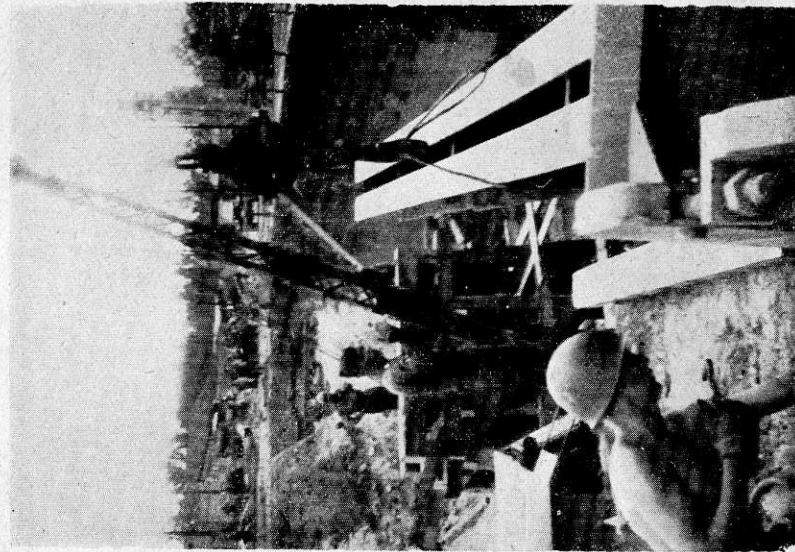


Drilling holes for bolts in the trestle cap.



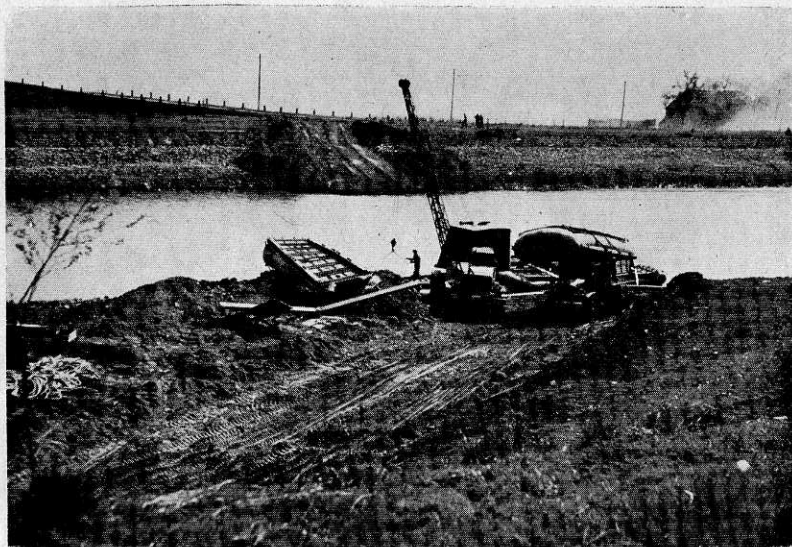
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Ten minute break for sidewalk superintendents,
Lt. Tumas and Capt. Berger.



Capt. Deyo directs the laying of the first stringer,
a 14-ton double I-beam.

ANTONI J. PIETRYKA BRIDGE, MANNHEIM, GERMANY, AUGUST, 1945.



A Canal, somewhere in Germany; using a Quickway crane to unload treadway pontons.



Company formation, dogs and all.

THE STORY OF HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE COMPANY

Unlike men of the line companies whose one loyalty is to their units, men of Headquarters and Service company have always had at least two loyalties, to the staff section to which they were assigned, first, and then to their company. Almost everything about H&S company had to be different because of its mission. Basic training lasted only eight weeks for the men of H&S, for there were vital Battalion functions to carry on.

In November, 1943, H&S under Lt. Finn began its basic training. The company was divided into two platoons under Lts. Bobolia and Bohnet and S/Sgts. Haber and Ledbetter. It was the same training that the other companies received, if anything, a little more concentrated, for there were only eight weeks allotted. Drill, rigging, knot-tying, map-reading, aircraft identification, weapons, bayonet practise, hikes and bivouacs became the daily fare of H&S.

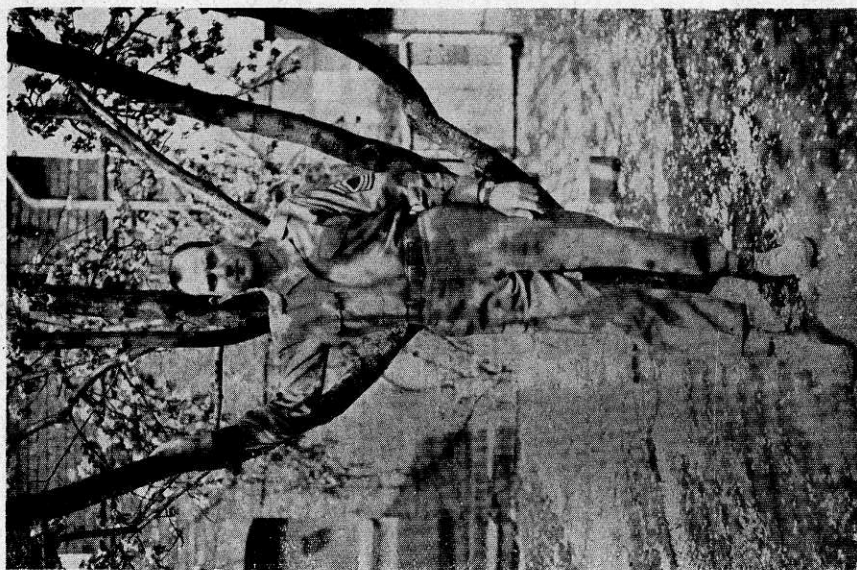
After basic was finished, men were assigned permanently to the four staff sections, the Battalion motor pool and to company headquarters. While the rest of the Battalion completed training, men of H&S set to work to learn their particular jobs in the command post and elsewhere. Personnel turned over quite rapidly in the company those first few months and it wasn't until March, 1944, that things became stabilized.

The trip to Camp Howze was a long, monotonous seven days. The new camp with its primitive facilities was quite a disappointment after living in the modern barracks at Camp White. Despite the wind and the alternating dust and rain we settled down and began operating.

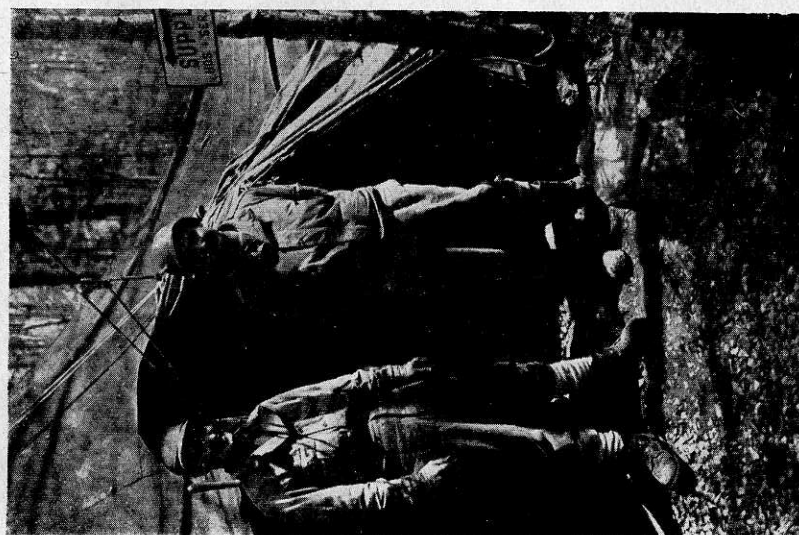
Sending out a cadre to activate the 1272nd Engineers at Camp Carson took many of the old crew of H&S, including the never-to-be-forgotten 1st Sgt. Hovious. Memories of Hovious and his hatred for dogs lingered for a long time thanks to Albert C. Horton III, who was a perfect mimic.

Paul Boyer became 1st Sgt. and "Bill" Baldini was made supply sergeant. This arrangement lasted until the end. Other changes found H. F. "Mopey" Smith the new Battalion sergeant major when Ted Gaudreau left; Eldon Rollo was brought in from Baker company as company clerk.

On April 19th, we found ourselves aboard another troop train enroute to West Virginia. The monotony of the train ride was cut down by the usual hands of rummy and other interesting, often expensive, games. We all asked, "what's it going to be like in the maneuver area?" and, "how are



M/Sgt. Johnie Key, Battalion Construction Foreman.



H & S Supply, Tec 5 Hensley, Sgt. Baldini, in West Virginia.

we gonna live?"; usual questions that run through men's gray matter during a move.

We were famished when we pulled into Roosevelt Park and set up our pup tents. Even emergency rations tasted good that day. It was darned cold those first few days, but soon, pyramidal tents and cots made living conditions acceptable.

Nobody could forget the Bailey, Beauchamp, Baker and Buffington tent, especially with so much good beer available at the post exchange operated by Martin and Horton, incorporated. The time that Joe Cervený put red ink instead of water in his carbide lamp, seeking a red flame, and other amusing incidents, subsequently, will live in our memories for a long time.

Then of course, there was the pup tent, head-ducking episode with Boyer and Moses as chief characters. The motor pool gang and the BSO bunch were always a source of laughs. But the fellows who really had themselves a time were on the water points!

While at Elkins, Capt. McAnally relinquished the company to Lt. Comstock when he became S—4. It was good to have Capt. "Mac" around with his grand disposition and morale-building humor.

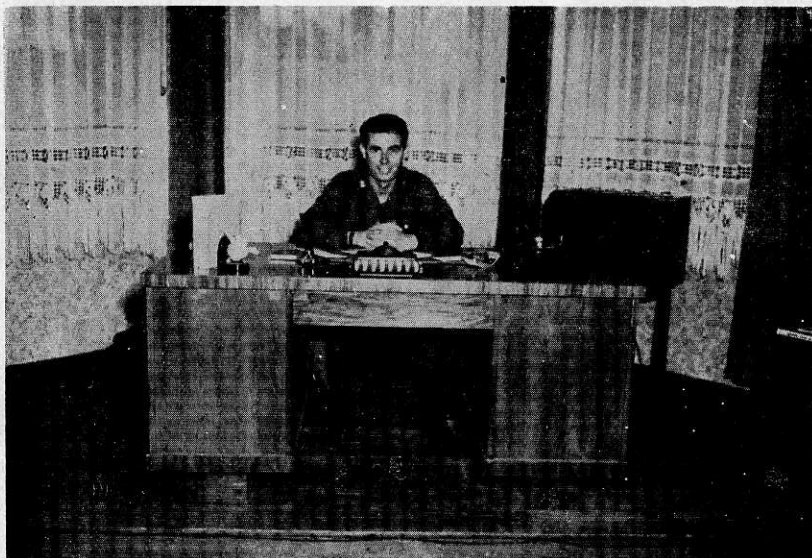
The convoy from Elkins to Camp Pickett stopped overnight at Lynchburg where we were treated to a pleasant surprise. The dance and the lunch were super. We arrived at Pickett to find our barracks just like those at Camp White.

Men of H&S were busier at Pickett than they had ever been before, with intensive training and preparation for overseas movement. Most of us remember tales about POM that would make you wonder how we ever did get the Battalion ready in September. Just before we left for the staging area, Lt. Deyo assumed command.

After passing all our POM inspections with flying colors both at Pickett and at the staging area, Fort Slocum, we spent an enjoyable week in New York. That ferry was packed each morning with bleary-eyed men of H&S.

Early on the morning of October 20th we rode down to the *Saturnia* by army transport. On the 22nd, we pulled anchor and got under way in a convoy that stretched as far as the eye could see in all directions. The S—1 section became the troop office aboard ship while the rest of the company pulled MP duty.

The ride across was smooth although there were a few who will never forget the queer sensation that precedes sea-sickness. We were thrilled



The "CO", Capt. Robert E. Deyo. H & S lost him to Charley Company in May 1945.

to have an English band greet us at the dock. The ride on that quaint English train following donuts and coffee was another experience never to forget.

At Delemere Park, we discovered that H&S would have to function as Post headquarters. Administration was handled by S—1; the communications section operated the post switchboards while the maintenance and supply sections performed their functions on a post-wide basis. There were close to 5000 troops there too.

The traditional games had to be played with pounds, shillings and pence, causing great confusion at first. This was only the beginning, for we were to play, later, with French and Belgian francs, Dutch guilders and pennies and German marks.

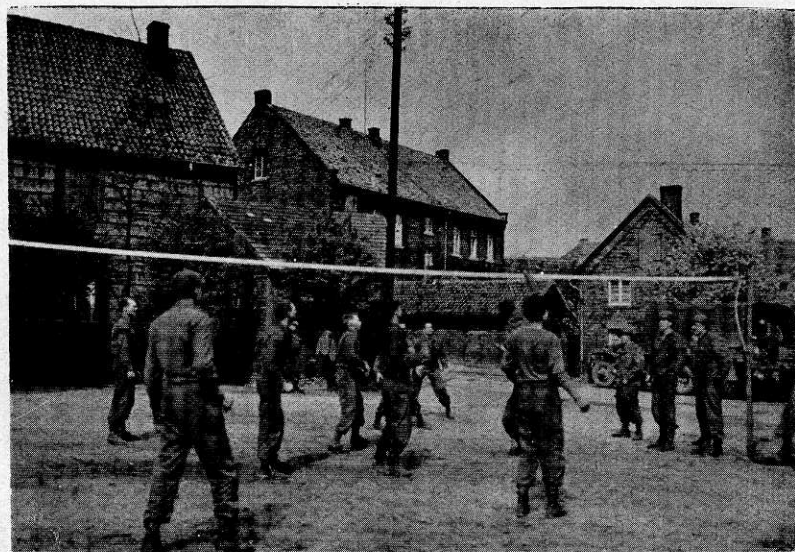
It was cold and the long wools felt good that morning in December when we left Delemere for C—13, a staging area. We waited for our shipment to the continent there in the mud, eating "C" rations and finally, on Christmas eve, found ourselves, aboard a Liberty ship, after one good "dry run," of course.

Those "C" rations were our Christmas dinner and we had more of the same for the next five days until we arrived at Rouen and met up with the advance party. We slept in pyramidal tents, if you could call it sleeping in that freezing weather, that first night at Area "X." The next day, we convoyed to Block "B". Here we set up headquarters and a pup tent city and bogged down in the oozy mud for the next week.

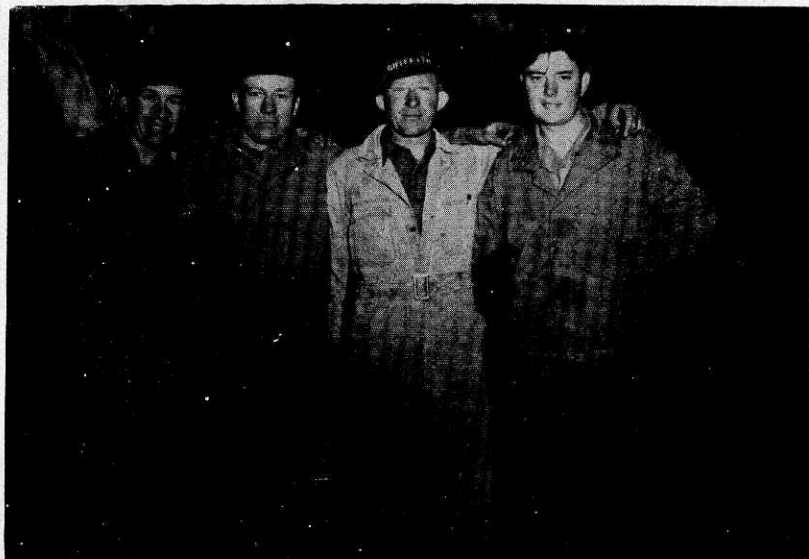
We froze some more on the long convoy that finally brought us to the Maginot line. Living 70 feet below ground in the heated fort was a genuine thrill after the previous few weeks. Sleeping bags and newly issued arctics helped a lot to keep out the cold that constantly gnawed at us.

At Bouzonville we began to operate again from our CP at the old courthouse. It was good to have a warm billet. Of course, we won't ever forget sweating out those 380 MM shells that Jerry lobbed in on us those nights. That was our first air shelter experience. The only bad casualty was Sadocchi who told us he was hit by a piece of falling plaster. There were other versions to that story, though.

The next move brought us to Echt, Holland, and Spring weather. Here, Col. Pearce undertook to "solve the billeting problem" by having the motor pool construct him a deluxe house trailer that became the envy of all who saw it. We always knew that the trailer would serve some useful



H & S relaxes in Ascheberg, Germany, April, 1945.



Motor pool buddies.

purpose and it did, after the Col. left; it became a dispatcher's office in the motor pool.

A week in Germany early in March found us living in a large castle. Lobberich seemed like a ghost town and the men in the motor pool will vouch for that, recalling their guard duty experiences in the big machine shop, where they were billeted.

From Lobberich, we moved to Sittard, where the CP was set up in a monastery. Here we prepared for Operation Flashpoint (Rhine crossing). Then, a secret convoy to Repelen where headquarters were set up in a house at number 187 Adolf Hitler Strasse. Everything was so top secret just before the crossing of the Rhine that it was rumored we'd have to remove the house number from the CP.

There were many things to be done before the big operation and many lectures and briefings, but finally, as in a dream, that terrifying artillery barrage opened up and the big push was on.

From Repelen, we crossed the Rhine to Dinslaken where we were billeted in duplex bungalows. Here we went to church Easter Sunday in a shelltorn German church which was still decorated with wreaths and swastikas. From Dinslaken bungalows to Bottrop apartment houses was next. We stayed here just long enough for Boyer to develop his resounding "Heh!" This was a noise he discovered he could make by breathing deeply, cutting off his wind and jarring his stomach. He used that noise plenty after that, too.

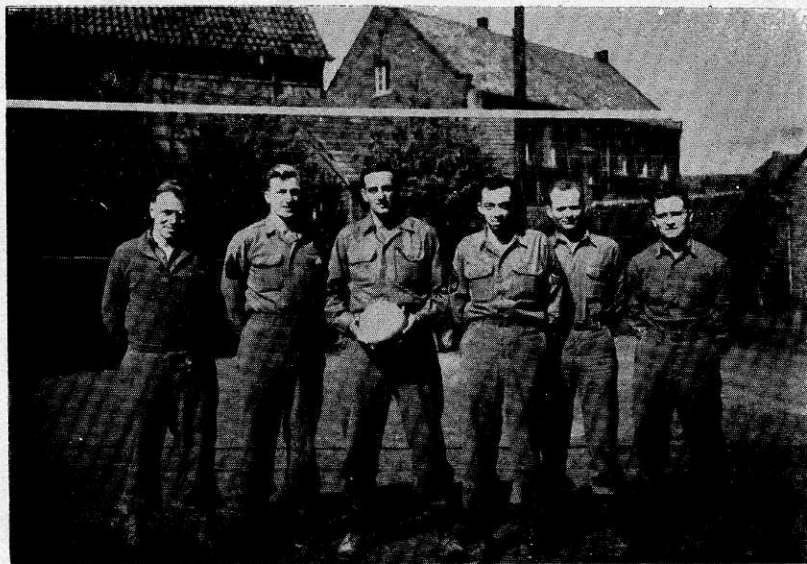
From Bottrop, we moved to a quaint little town, Ascheberg, where we spent lots of time playing volley ball and baseball. We had some good teams and came out well in the Battalion leagues. We rested here for two weeks and then took off down the autobahn for Hamerstorf on April 27th. We crossed the Elbe, stayed overnight at Neu Gulze and proceeded on to Gammelin, where V-E day found us.

Bockenem, our next home, was, by far, the nicest place we had lived in to that time. Quarters were good and the food was fine, especially eating it from real plates with civilians to wait on us. This didn't last very long and by the 7th of June we found ourselves living in quarters formerly occupied by the German army, near Braunschweig.

Then, of course, there was Dessau, but the less said about Dessau, the better. After all, you can never tell who might get to read this story. The Dessau "dry run" was followed by another long trip to Alsbach and then



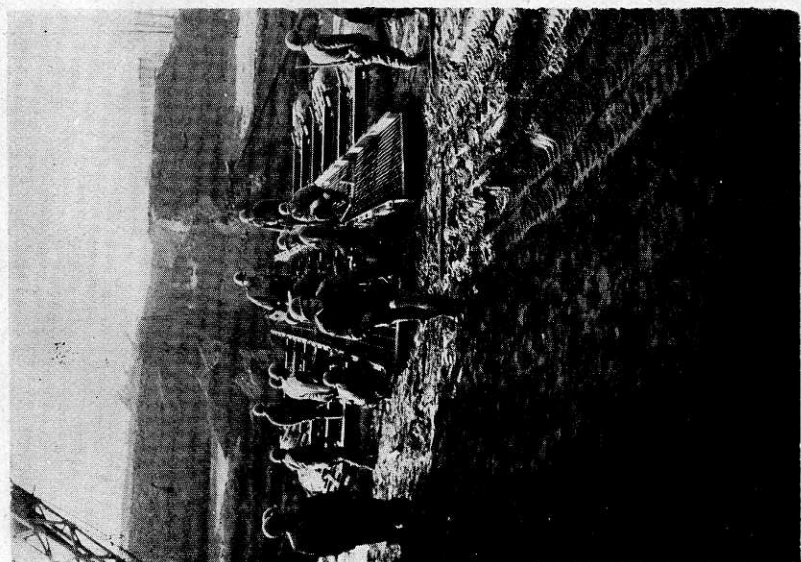
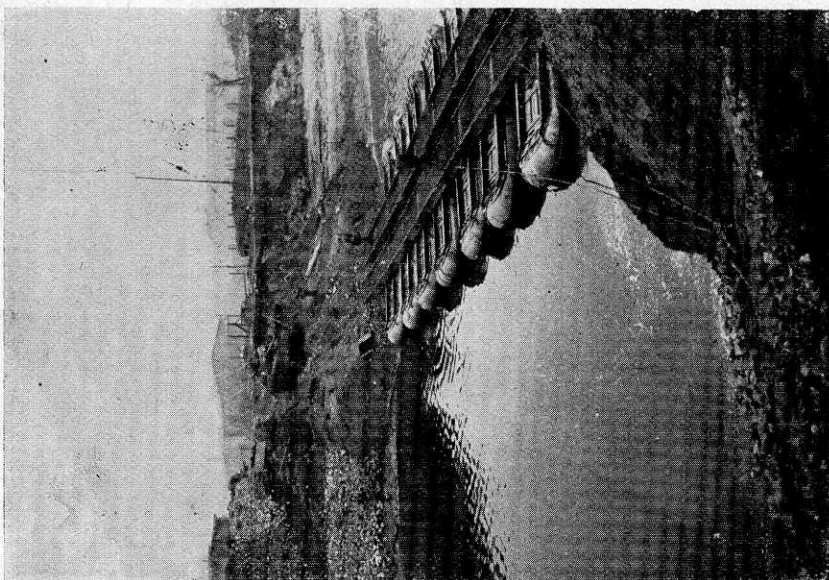
S-4 Section shenanigans during the Rhine operation.



H & S Company's Battalion league volleyball champs.

to Viernheim where the Battalion was finally scattered to the winds.

Now, it's all over and the few of us who are left sit around like old men and rehash all of the incidents that went into making our time spent in H&S a lot of fun, all things considered. We're sorry everything ended as it did, but for many of us, civilians in uniform, our careers in the army ended soon afterward. As civilians, we find that the memories of the old outfit are more valuable now than ever before. But let's hope they need never re-activate the 187th again!



MEDICAL AID MEN SERVED FAITHFULLY AND WELL ON EACH OPERATION.

THE STORY OF THE MEDICAL DETACHMENT

For the first six weeks of the Battalion's existence medical needs were met by medics of the 35th and 145th Engineers, sister battalions in the 1122nd Combat Group.

On December 7, 1943, two years after Pearl Harbor, the 187th's medical detachment was activated by Capt. Walter Pendleton, MC, and 15 enlisted men transferred in from the 1st Medical Group, also stationed at Camp White. So started the "pill rollers."

Personnel turned over rapidly in the detachment those first few months. Capt. Pendleton was followed by Capt. J. A. Van Beber and he turned over his syringes to Lt. Charles Millard soon afterwards. "Doc" Millard became well known in the Battalion as a man who could spot a goldbrick at 100 yards. Sick call suddenly levelled off the mornings of hikes or other arduous training.

The New Year was ushered in with a bang at Camp White when cavalrymen discovered they didn't like engineers; a rough time was had by all. The next day, a dental officer, Capt. Edward Benson, joined the detachment, just in time to do a lot of work on loose teeth.

But he didn't stay very long either and late in January of '44, a new medical officer, Capt. Glen Kent, and a new dental officer, Capt. Chester Olson joined the detachment to carry on with basic training of the medics.

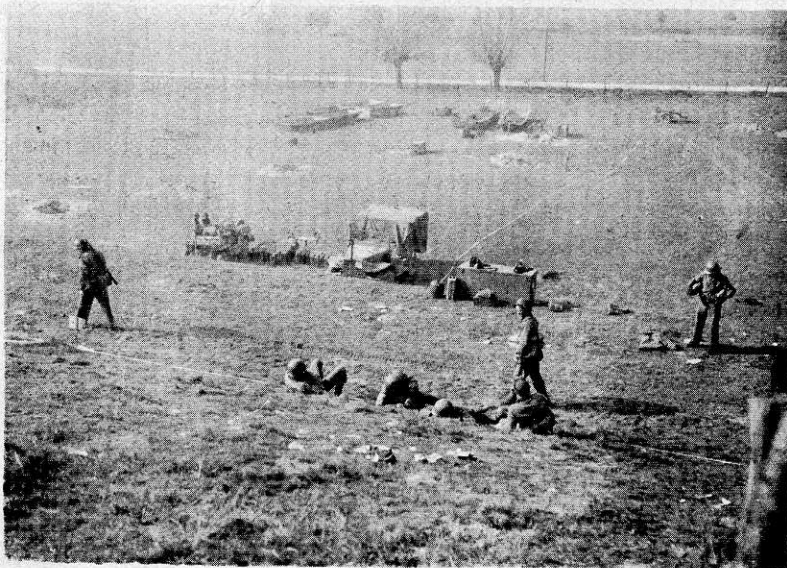
In February, "Doc" Benson left for a cavalry group and 1st Lt. Thomas Witten joined the detachment to take permanent command. While all this adjustment of officers was going on, the enlisted men of the detachment were coming and going with all the regularity of a sick call on the morning of an inspection. But by the end of February, the personnel of the medics became stabilized and medical basic training progressed smoothly afterwards.

Basic training for the medics was nothing like that of their fellow engineers. Instead of firing M1's, men of the detachment became sharpshooters with 10cc syringes. A 19 gauge needle served them for "bayonet" practice, on a very professional level. Medics, too, hiked, pitched tents, dug slit trenches and learned the rudiments of bivouac discipline.

By the time the Battalion moved to Camp Howze, Texas, basic training was finished and nine men of the detachment were declared full fledged aid men to be attached one to each platoon of the line companies. They



"Doc" McKay allegedly waved his medical identification card at this German officer "You can't shoot me; I'm a medic!"



The near shore from the dike of the Rhine river, the morning following the crossings.

accompanied the platoons on barbed wire and mine field problems and trudged aimlessly through the woods on those famous "let's get lost" problems. The other six medics manned the aid station, but all 15 continued their lessons in first aid and medical technique from "Doc" Witten. It was from Camp Howze, that Tec. 4 Koski and Pfc Ritter were sent out as medical cadre for the activation of the 1272nd Eng'r. Combat Bn. at Camp Carson, Colorado.

In the West Virginia maneuver area, the medics got their first taste of field life and found that it was entirely bearable. Social life became the order of the day, or rather, the night. A celebration was held when "Doc" Witten made captain; the medics kept celebrating night after night at the Rhythm Club. Delmar Thompson, Lyle Webb and Dick Sorrell soon became fixtures at the bi-weekly American Legion dances. While at Elkins, two of the medics, Kenneth Swec and John McConnell became ill and were sent to a general hospital.

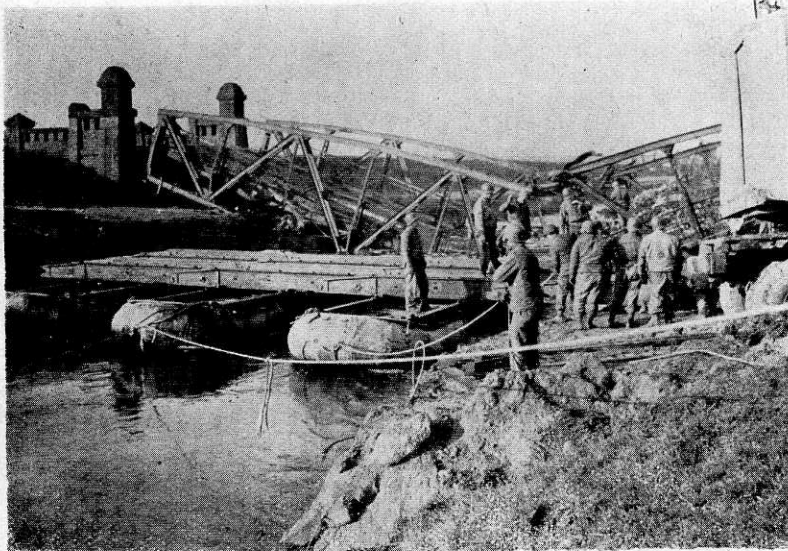
Then came the move to Camp Pickett, and as usual the unit arrived in a down-pour. At Pickett, the detachment lost its "topkick," S/Sgt. Paul Fort who was replaced by S/Sgt. Carl Blomquist. "Pappy" Fort was one of the original members of the detachment, but so was "Bloomie" and all agreed that a better man couldn't have been found for the job.

Medics went along for the ride to AP Hill and Staunton River park, getting their fair share of rain, more rain, heat, dust and insects of all sizes, shapes and varieties. This not being enough, there was the mock village and close combat course to work out on.

Furloughs for the fortunate few became the order of the day, the last before overseas shipment. A paternity sweepstakes also started and Capt. Witten and Sgt. Blomquist raced across the finish line, the fathers of bouncing boys. Sgt. Haasch limped in a poor third, the sire of a pretty little girl. Cigars all around for a week, celebrating, unknowingly, the addition of 36 discharge points.

In September, Capt. Olson traded jobs with Capt. Warren McKay of the 380th Eng'rs. and "Doc" McKay became our dentist from then on. The combination of docs, Witten and McKay, was a perfect one for the detachment. The two of them maintained morale at a high level throughout all that followed.

Time for another move, this time to Fort Slocum, N. Y. All the way up on the train, a voice shouted, "Hey doc, they've got lots of women



"Mon Dieu, un autre fleuve!" - English translation: "My God, another river!"



"Bloomie" entertains guests at Braunschweig, Germany.

there." A more subdued voice answered, "Yeh, and they've got ships there, too, big ones". And so to the staging area.

At Slocum, it was "turn in this - check out that," so the medics turned in Delmar Thompson to the station hospital and checked out for New York city. After taking several blood counts and killing two guinea pigs with his blood, the hospital released Thompson and proclaimed him fit for overseas duty.

With typhus shots still stinging the arms of the medics, proving that they could take it as well as dish it out, the detachment walked the plank — destination unknown, but rumored aplenty.

"Merry Old England" was the next stop and a long train ride through the night brought the detachment to Camp Delemere. Pfc Sorrell celebrated by getting in the way of a draft and ending up in a hospital for a month. Everyone agreed that it was only because Sorrell was in the medics that he stayed as healthy as he did.

Medics found the girls of Weaverham very sociable. The "Hokie Pokie" dance, a current rage, put a dent in liniment stocks at the aid station. London was another attraction. The story goes that Louis Sova visited the Peek-a-Boo in London. When some shapely chorine danced to the front of the stage, Louie hissed, "Any gum chum?"

Next came the transient camps. Medics drifted from one to another and in the process, "drifted" across the English channel to Le Havre. Finally, after what seemed like months of cold, freezing weather and mud, the Battalion got to Bouzonville. Here was experienced the first shell fire, but luckily there were no casualties.

Instead, the detachment worked night and day treating frostbite and a siege of strange virus-borne sickness which started in Charlie company and swept through the Battalion.

At Echt, Holland, the next long stop, the detachment picked up Pfc Erwin Werth and lost "Gramps" Winn and Sgt. Richardson. Pfc. Fisher joined about a month later, about the same time that Sgt. Haasch broke his leg playing volly ball at Maeseyck, Belgium.

The big day of the Rhine crossing found the detachment's aid station set up in a sour kraut factory. The medics proved themselves on this operation. Tec. 5 Maddox was wounded on the river bank; Tec. 5's Delmar Thompson and Webb did outstanding work in evacuation of the wounded from the opposite shore. All worked like mad those first, bloody hours.



Lt. Donald Knox

A PAIR OF "DONS"!



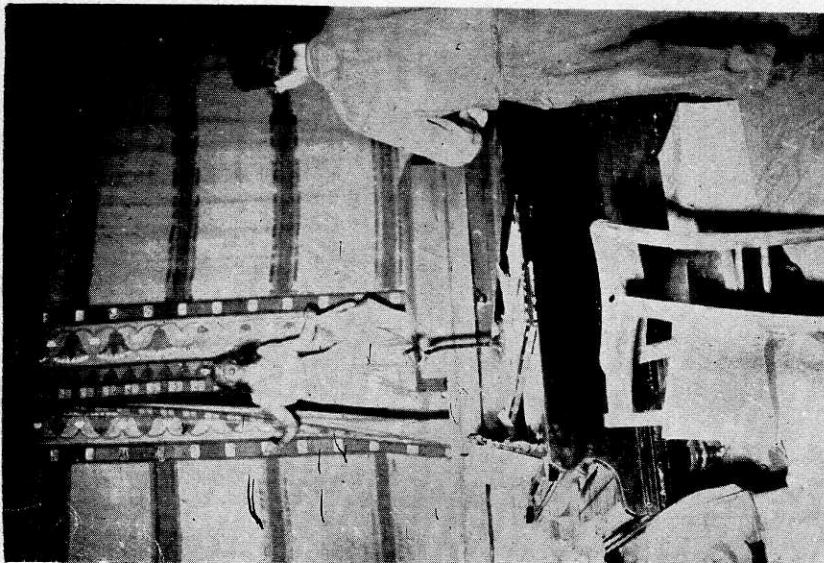
CWO Donald Smith

Depleted aid station supplies were no sooner replenished when the detachment set up in an old store on the Rhine-Herne canal as the Battalion attempted to bridge it in a sudden move with the 79th Division. "Doc" McKay and Pfc Fisher were later awarded the Silver Star medal for their outstanding valor in bringing in the casualties under heavy fire. All of the aid men performed magnificently; several of them went sleepless until the entire job was completed.

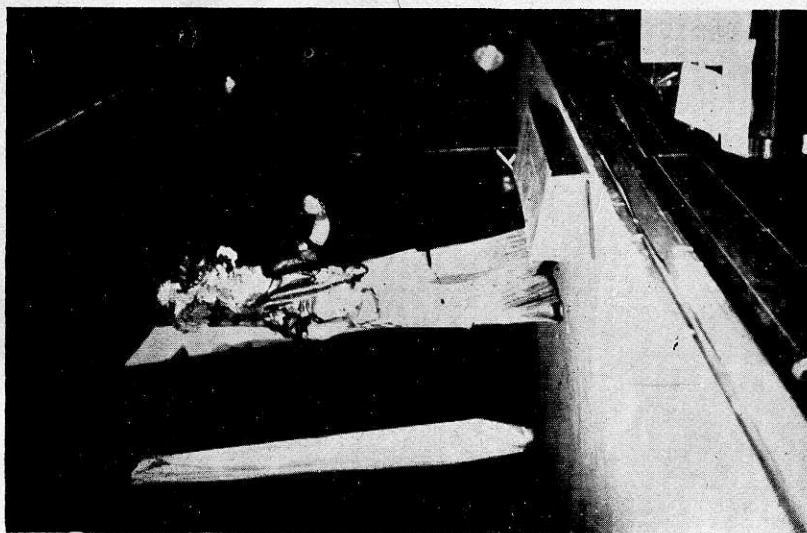
The war speeded on to its conclusion and the medics kept moving at the same rapid pace; Ascheberg, overnight stops on both shores of the Elbe river, the war's end at Gamelin, then Bockenem, Braunschweig and Dessau. Finally, to Alsbach and Viernheim.

In July, 1945, the detachment started to dwindle away as Sgt. Blomquist left for home to be discharged. Pfc Joe Sullivan and Tec. 5 Delmar Thompson transferred to Seventh Army special service with the Battalion show, *All In Fun*. "Sully" led the orchestra while Thompson stole the show with his imitation of Frank Sinatra.

Early in September the end came. "Doc" McKay and the other high-pointers left for the States. "Doc" Witten joined a medical battalion. The other medics were scattered among the detachments of several other engineer battalions. The 187th Engineer Medical Detachment had died, but its mourners were consoled by the fact that soon they would all be part of a bright new endeavor that represented their futures in a world at Peace.



Eldon Rollo occupies bandleader Sullivan's attention 100 per cent as "Sully's Steady".



Bill Pasceler wows 'em as Carmen Miranda!

ALL IN FUN BRINGS DOWN THE HOUSE!

187th ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION

presents

A MUSICAL COMEDY

ALL IN FUN

At the MUSIC HALL, Seckenheim, Germany, July 13, 14, 1945

Produced and Directed by

Tec. 5 Frank Orlando and Cpl. Eldon Rollo

Script by:

Cpl. Eldon S. Rollo

Tec. 5 Frank Orlando

Pfc William T. Pasceler, Jr.

Costumes by:

Pfc William T. Pasceler, Jr.

Pfc Joseph J. Spishock

Tec. 5 Delmar E. Thompson

PROGRAMME

"Home Sweet Home"

Ziegfield Dreams

His Last Song

The Gay Waltze

Lili Marlene

Park-Tree-Bench

Sully's Steady

Opening Chorus

South American Way

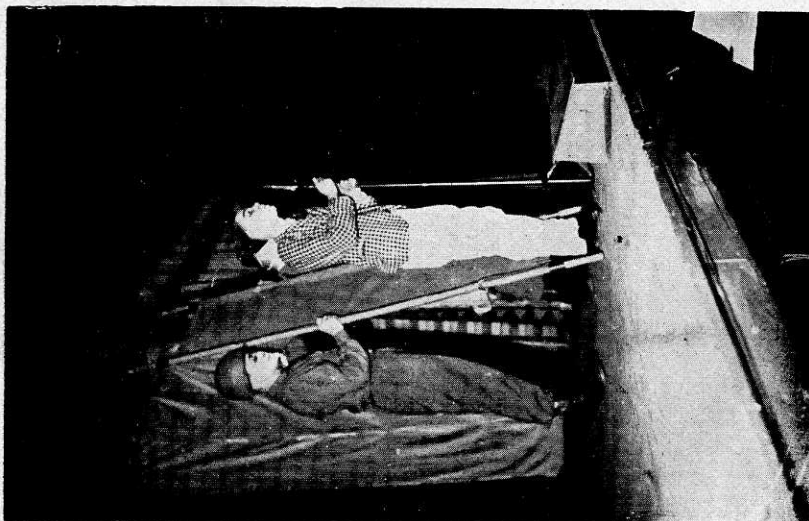
Day at the Races

One More, Please

Harlem Queen

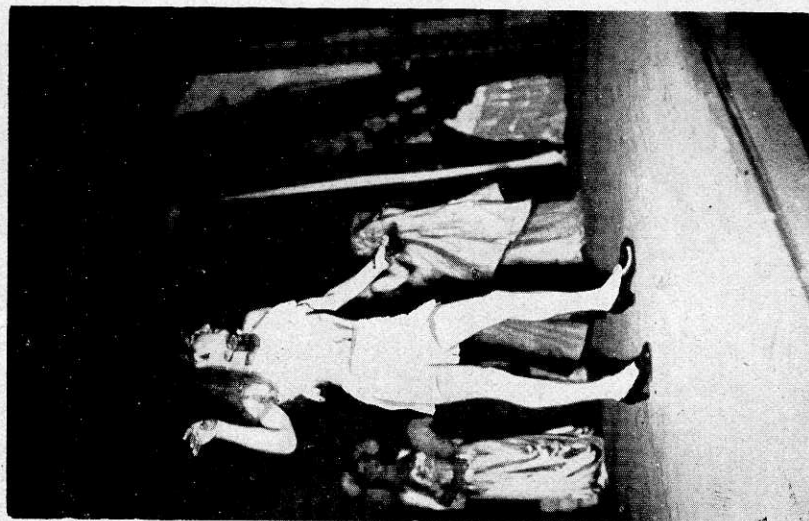
Zee Artiste

Grand Finale



Delmar Thompson does a Frank Sinatra
complete to the vitamin pills!

112



Gypsy Rose had nothing on Bill Nemeth
when it came to stripping!

ALL IN FUN ACCLAIMED AS SUPER SOLDIER SHOW!

ALL IN FUN CAST

Pfc David L. Brown
Cpl. William D. Clark
Pfc Kenneth W. Cummings
Pfc Valentine A. Czech
Pfc William E. DiBias
Pfc Guy W. Greene
Pfc Ralph V. Judd
Pfc Bill Nemeth
Pfc William T. Pasceler, Jr.
Tec. 5 Frank J. Orlando

Tec. 5 Jose J. Rios
Cpl. Eldon S. Rollo
Pfc Carl F. Scheidenberger
Pfc William G. Shumake
Pfc Kenneth Spigarolo
Pfc Joseph Spishock
Cpl. Dale E. Thomas
Tec. 5 Delmar E. Thompson
Pfc Gustave F. Wagner
T/Sgt. Robert W. Wolfe

Master of ceremonies: Lt. MELVIN L. EPSTEIN

Specialties : Lt. DONALD W. MATTHIAS

THE HERDBOOK ORCHESTRA

Pfc Joseph E. Sullivan, conducting

Violin:

Pfc Samuel Perlman

Trombone:

Sgt. Arthur Robitaille

Saxophones:

Pfc Osvaldo Cavazos, Alto
Pfc Frederick Goldyn, Tenor
Pfc Walter Cothary, Alto

Trumpets:

Tec. 5 Richard Krieger
Pfc Frankie Webster
Sgt. Derrel Lee

Rhythm:

T/Sgt. Ralph Howitt, Piano
Pfc Robert Fowler, Guitar
Pfc George Rivera, String Bass
Tec. 5 V. C. Johnson, Drums

113

