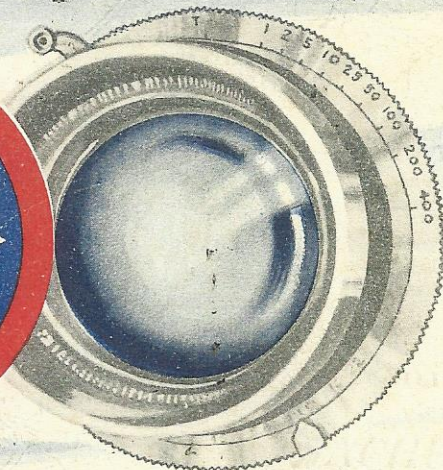


GRAPHIC HISTORY



3060 *Engineer's Topographic Co.*



Corp.

3060th
ENGINEER TOPOGRAPHIC
COMPANY

XVIII CORPS  **AIRBORNE**

Activation: England - 30 August 1944

Battle Participation:

- ★ *Rhineland*
- ★ *Ardennes*
- ★ *Central Europe*

Buddy— this is the history of your company, and it is one in which you can be justly proud. Your company bears the distinction of being the first of its kind to be activated on foreign soil, and it is the only topographical company in the U.S. Army to be assigned to the airborne troops. You and your company have done a good job during the European War, ---one that more than satisfied the higher command, and drew praise upon individuals and commendations upon the unit. You will want to remember these things, but most of all, you will want to cling to the memories of those smaller incidents and events that greatly affected your emotions, ---those little things that made you happy, and others that made you "bitch".

This book is intended to bring back memories of some of those eventful days such as you experienced on the "Belgian Bulge", at the "Ruhr Pocket", and on the "North German Plains". It is dedicated to you, so that you may laugh again at the little things that made life just a little easier during the war. It is also intended to bring something back from the serious side, ---the long hours you worked under many adverse conditions, ---how you completed your missions that helped expedite the plans of the "Brass" toward the preparation of the tactical operations.

So that your civilian life can be made a little richer in memories, this book presents some parts you and your company played in the greatest of wars. It is our humble intention that it will carry with it some of the pride we all have in our company, our officers, and the men with whom we worked. It is the basis of the stories you will tell your friends. It is the story of you and your friends, and a link that may bring them, and their personalities, back to you in the memories of the future. It is for you to show your wife, your mother, or your girl friend, so that they too may know a little more of the world in which you have been living, the work you have been doing, and the men with whom you have lived, worked, played, and laughed.

It is our fervent wish that the book will help keep your buddies a little closer to you; the buddy with whom you worked, and the guy who sat next to you in a "GI" truck on those long trips through all those countries and towns and over those bumpy roads leading toward the end, and total victory in Europe. May the book revive the hazy memory you had of the guy you became inebriated with on the champagne of Epernay, and the liberated liquors of "Superman Land". Somewhere, in the pictures of the book, you will see the guy who took over guard duty after you in the cold and snow of Belgium. You also have the picture of the guy who handed out your chow. In this store house of rich memories, you will recall the little extra duties you did upon the request of the First Sergeant, or the Company Commander.

During our travels through Europe, we made many friends among the natives of liberated countries, ---the fun-loving French, ---the good people of Belgium, and the jubilant liberated refugees wandering over the roads back, ---toward their homes. We saw the blasted cities of France, of Belgium, and finally of Germany. We saw the men who set out to conquer the world as they were herded together at collecting points set up in open fields, and behind the wire enclosures for PW's.

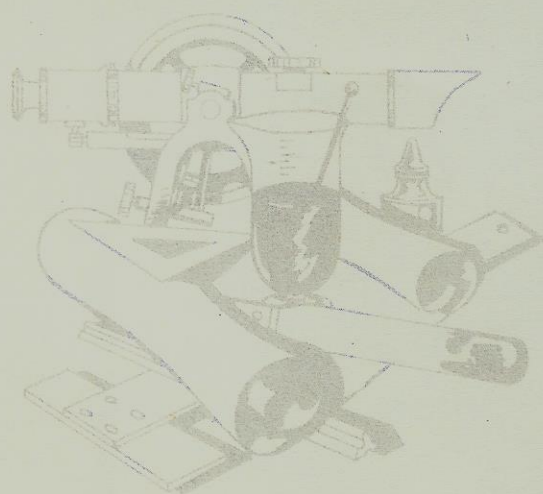
We need no reminder of the horrors we saw at the Nazi concentration camps, but some of the story is retold here. You will see pictures of the same scenes you saw at the Wöbbelin Concentration Camp, and the burial of 144 political prisoners at Hagenow. Along with these things, we will remember General Eisenhower's non-fraternization order.

Remember our "C.O."? He's the guy with those two silver bars - "the boss", who has led the way through many operations, giving us all new experiences, a trip half the way across the Continent, and above all, a share in a great victory. With him, were our other officers, all of them "good joes", who also played their part, and with whom we became closely associated.

It is expected that this history will bring you many happy hours in the future, when you have those "Bull Sessions" in your living room, or at the nearest bar! It is hoped that, some day, it will bring a few of you together to talk over the things you used to do back in those old Army days.



MAJ. GEN. M.B. RIDGWAY
XVIII CORPS (AIRBORNE)



Capt. Robert G. Young hails from Eureka, California where he was in the Lumber Business. He attended Stanford University in California and played on the Varsity Football Team for three years. In February 1941 he entered the Army and was later selected to attend the Officers Candidate School at Fort Belvoir, Va. Two months after receiving his commission in June 1942, he was shipped overseas to England. He received his promotion to 1st Lieutenant in March 1943 and, with that rank, was appointed to take command of this company upon its activation. In Belgium, in February 1945, Lt. Young was promoted to Captain.

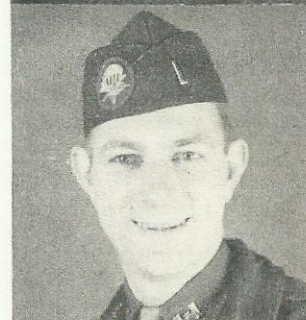
1st Lt. Elmer H. Schulte is a native son of the "Blue Grass" State of Kentucky. He lived in the city of Covington and his civil occupation was Printer. He was educated at the University of Cincinnati. In January 1942 he became a Private in the Army of the United States. After basic training he was sent to OCS at Fort Belvoir, Va. and received his commission in September 1942. In August of 1943, he embarked for England from New York. He was promoted to 1st Lieutenant in September 1943, and was assigned to the company upon its activation.

1st Lt. William Samuels, Jr., civilian Draftsman in his home town, Gillete, Wyoming, attended the Mesa Junior College in Colorado before entering the Army in January 1941. He served in Iceland where he received his appointment to OCS. Enroute to New York, his ship was torpedoed and Lt. Samuels spent 6 hours in the water and 8 hours in a boat before being rescued. After receiving his commission at Fort Belvoir, in September 1942, he was sent to Canada. Again leaving the States, in January 1944, he arrived in England where he was later assigned to the company upon its activation. His promotion to 1st Lieutenant was made in October 1944.

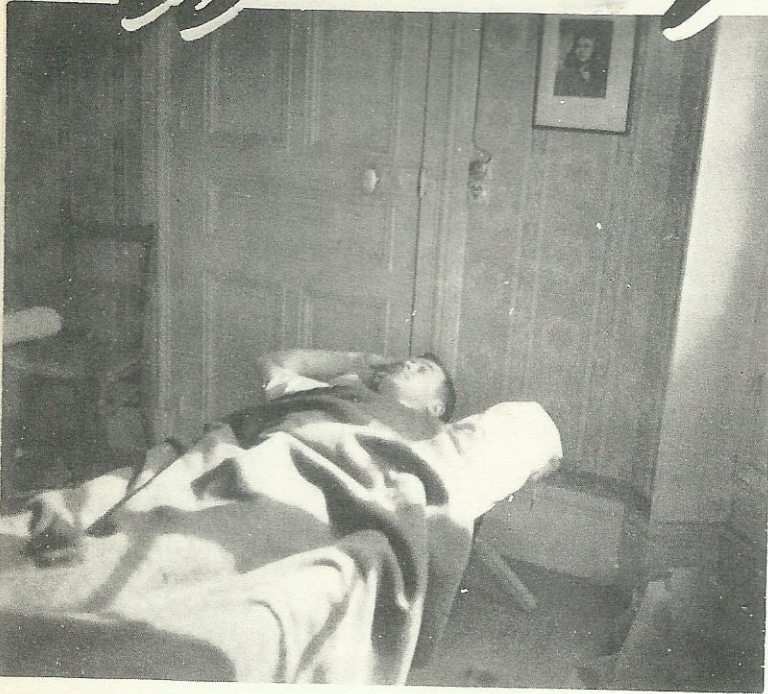
1st Lt. Philip J. Crowe has his home in Springfield, Massachusetts where his civil occupation was Office Manager. He is a graduate of the American International College in Springfield. After entering active duty in the Army in November 1942, he later attended OCS at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, and was commissioned in the Signal Corps in May 1943. He arrived overseas in August 1944, after transfer to the Corps of Engineers, and joined this company from a Replacement Pool. In January 1945 he was promoted to 1st Lieutenant.

1st Lt. Arthur G. King pledges his allegiance to the "Lone Star" State. His home in Texas is Fort Worth, and his civil occupation was Architect and Engineer. He graduated from Rice Institute in Houston, Texas and also studied in Europe prior to the War. He joined the Army in February 1943, and was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant at OCS in Fort Belvoir, Va. in November 1943. He came to a Replacement Pool in England in August 1944, from which he was assigned to this company. He was promoted to 1st Lieutenant in January 1945.

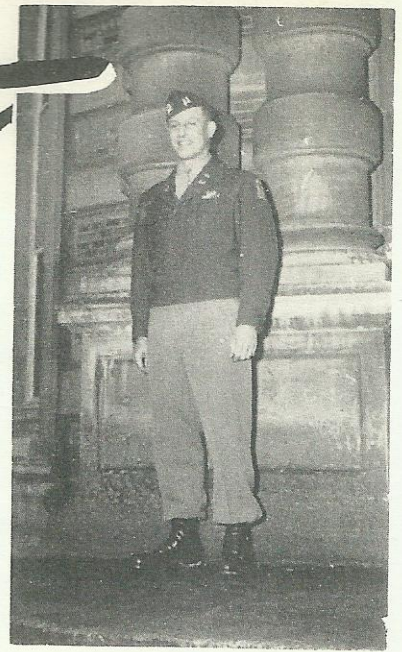
2nd Lt. Charles Sipe, Jr., from Bedford, Pennsylvania, entered the Army in June 1942, upon completion of three and one-half years as a student in Civil Engineering at the University of Alabama. In February 1944, he was commissioned at the Fort Belvoir OCS, and in December 1944, attended the Paratroop School in Fort Benning, Ga. He joined the company in March 1945, after coming directly from the States.



Off Duty



A GI's favorite position is flat on his back in the sack. Lt. Crowe appears to be taking full advantage of the "forty winks" that may be acquired between waking time and chow.



Our CO poses on the steps of the Epernay CP for this snappy shot.



Lieutenants Crowe and King look a little disgusted with the whole world and particularly the lousy weather in Aywaille.



The man with the gun and the smile is Lt. Samuels.



Ogborne St. George

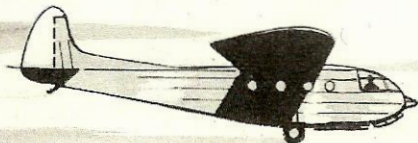
Your company, the 3060 Engineer Topographical Company (Corps), was activated near the small English village of Ogbourne-St. George on the 30th day of August 1944 for assignment to the XVIII Corps (Airborne). The XVIII Corps, which was a new arrival in the European Theater of Operations, was placed under the command of Maj. General Mathew B. Ridgway who previously commanded the hard fighting 82nd Airborne Division. The Corps, a part of the First Allied Airborne Army, had under its command at that time, the two famous airborne divisions, the 101st and 82nd. The 17th Airborne Division, which arrived in England at a later date, also joined the Corps; and later still, the 13th Airborne Division joined the Corps in France.

Your Topo Company was assigned to the Corps so that your talents and skills could be used to help in the planning of big things in airborne operations. The final success of these operations brought well-earned glory and admiration to the fighting men of the Divisions, and praise and commendations upon the Corps for the efficient and speedy execution and administration of the plans. You, as a member of this company, and a member of the Corps serving the Airborne Divisions, can rightfully share in the credit for the successes of airborne operations.

Previous to the activation of the Topo Company, 3 officers and 69 enlisted men from the 660th Engineer Topo Battalion were placed on detached service with the provisional 6893rd Engr. Topo. Co. These men were to be the nucleus of the new company and they were given the responsibilities of organizing the unit immediately upon their arrival at Ogbourne-St. George the third week of August 1944. The officer who drew the assignment as Company Commander was 1st Lt Robert G. Young, from "B" Company of the 660th; with him came 1st Lt Elmer H. Schulte of "C" Company, assigned as Reproduction Officer; and 2nd Lt William Samuels, Jr, assigned as Photomapping Officer, from "B" Company.

The 69 enlisted men from the 660th came from various locations in the ETO. Eighteen surveyors were selected from "A" Company which was then stationed near St. Lo, France; 25 draftsmen and photomappers were selected from "B" Company, then stationed in Kew Gardens, London, England; one technician was chosen from "H&S" Company, also stationed in Kew Gardens; 22 Reproduction and cameramen were selected from "C" Company which was then stationed in Cheltenham, England; and 3 reproduction men from the Iceland Base Command were placed on detached service with the company through assignment to "C" Company.

The first and foremost obstacle faced by the unit was a difficult supply problem. The company was compelled to obtain all supplies and equipment from army depots in the United Kingdom. With priorities given to units alerted for shipment, or already in France, the Supply Officer's job became one of a diplomatic nature. To add to the difficulties, the company was given less recognition on the priority lists because it was then provisional.



Most of the equipment made available to the company was used and returned to the depots by other units. Repairs and replacement of parts and supplies became a problem of our technicians. Despite these difficulties, enough equipment was put into operation quickly enough to satisfy the Corp's urgent need for maps, map overlays, and mosaics in their preparations for the Holland invasion.

Within two weeks after the "Go" signal was given to form a provisional company, the unit was performing operational work for airborne landings. Within three weeks, the unit received its orders from the War Department in Washington, D.C., officially activating the company as a legalized unit and assigning it to the XVIII Corps (Airborne) stationed at Ogbourne-St. George.

It was rough during those first days, for in addition to shortage of equipment and supplies, many men were strangers among strangers and knew little of each others capabilities. The spirit of harmony and cooperation grew spontaneously, however, and the organization was soon functioning with almost the mechanical precision of clockwork. Orders were rapidly pouring in from the Corps Engineer and G-2 Section. ---Yes, it was rough, but the work was finished, ---and on time!

On the 15th of September, production started forward in high gear. New technical supplies had been received and additional equipment added. The photomapping platoon had already produced several large plastic relief models of the Holland terrain, and had released some men to work in liaison with jobs at the offices of the Corps' sections.

During the month of September, the remainder of the required company personnel arrived. Two officers joined the unit to bring the officer complement to 5, the complete allotment. The first was 2nd Lt Philip J. Crowe, our Administration and Supply Officer; then came 2nd Lt Arthur G. King, the Survey Officer. The majority of men came from the 11th Replacement Depot near Chester, England. These additions brought the company up to 109 men, 4 over T/O strength.

The company had quickly overcome its growing pains and was soon welded into a unified outfit capable of performing its mission. That you did this job magnificently is borne out in the letter of commendation from Colonel Jack of the Corps G-2 Section (Reproduced opposite this page).

While overcoming the first obstacle in your path, you were getting acquainted with each other. All of you are friends, while some individuals, are your closest buddies. You know each other's home town and state. You've heard each other boast that you have the sweetest girl friend or wife in the world. Then too, you've often discussed your army career previous to joining the company. Some of you have been in England for over a year, ---some two years. Some



of you returned with new experiences in Normandy, France, while others sweated out the Nazi Buzz-Bombs falling in London. The men from Cheltenham have never lost their persistent desire to visit the beautiful Spa Town. Men from Iceland admired the English coun-

tryside and the trees that never existed back at their bleak base in the North Atlantic. Then there were those of you who were new to it all, seeing for the first time the rolling hills of England and Wales, and tasting of the English hospitality and good fellowship.

You worked hard, but all was not work. You visited the English cities, talked with, and liked the people you met there. They liked your "Yankee" big heartedness and you enjoyed their typical English manner. You saw the quaint homes of their towns and of their country folk, ---those moss covered roofs, and the neat little gardens. Some of you had girl friends, some sought to spend leisure hours in English Pubs, and some encountered the Piccadilly Commandoes. Some of you found a second home among the friendly families. Some of you married nice English girls to cement even further, the cordial relationship you had learned to acquire for these people.

Every night, recreation trucks left the Camp at Ogbourne-St.-George for Swindon, the nearest town large enough to provide interest and entertainment for troops. You usually found the town crowded when you went there; the dance floors were packed; the bars lined 3 and 4 men deep; and it usually took up to an hour to get into a show from your position at the end of the queue. The Red Cross Club in Swindon provided rooms for men with over-night passes, and meals for a nominal price. Many of you ate meals there while on short passes. A Red Cross Club was also set-up on the post and they served you coffee and doughnuts as a late evening snack for a "thrupence" or so.

You probably obtained your greatest pleasure from the 24 hour passes you received during your stay at Ogbourne-St.George. You went to London, Cheltenham, Oxford, Bath and other towns of your choice. You drank the bitter, the mild, the ale, and occasionally some Scotch or Irish whiskey. Most of the passes were for London where you visited old friends, or girls you knew in Richmond, Chiswick, Kew Gardens, or other parts of the great city. You heard, many times, the "You cawn't miss it" of the direction giving Londoner. You stumbled through the blackout, ---and nothing could seem darker than London in blackout. You heard the frequent alerts and the Buzz Bombs overhead, but you still had the times of your life in London.

You men who preferred visiting Cheltenham while on pass, undoubtedly included in your itinary a stroll on the Promenade, a visit to old buddies stationed there, and above all a few happy hours primed with the spirits served over the bar at your favorite hang-out - "Lead Nuts", a pub nicknamed by the G.I.'s. Then too, you'll always remember "Mom" who served you at the bar.



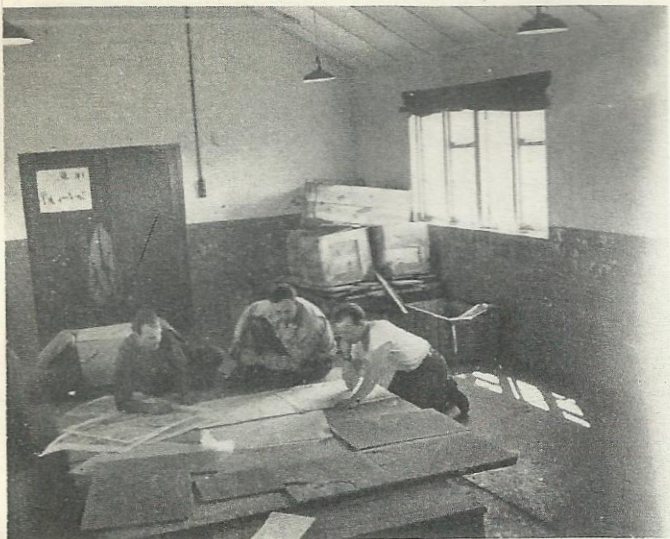
During the latter part of September the company had undertaken a training schedule including glider flights and weapons familiarization. This training was planned and accomplished without an interruption to the technical operations of the unit. The weapons training extended into the month of October.

Remember how you fired the Bazooka at that rusty old tank against the bank near the firing range? Many of us missed it, but came close enough to be confident that we could hit a real target if the time ever came. You fired the 30 caliber, and the heavy 50 caliber machine guns. You took them apart to see what made them "tick". You fired the carbine and the sub machine gun with rain whipping into your face and blotting your sights, and you passed it off as just typical English weather.

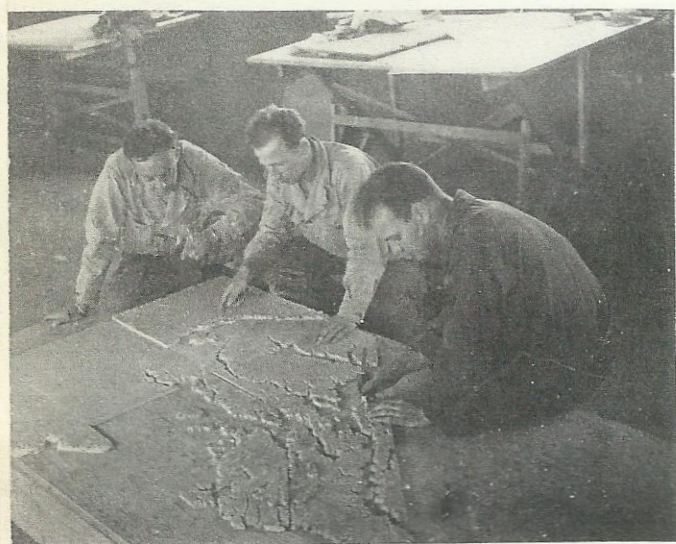
The company was divided into two groups so that one group could keep the wheels of production turning for operational work while the other group undertook the training. Great demands for work were placed upon the Reproduction Platoon and two shifts a day became a necessity. The Photomapping Platoon, also working hard, kept its pace with Reproduction. The Survey Platoon set up a practice traverse and began additional training. The platoon also provided men to help the Map Distribution Section when they became swamped with orders.

The camp at Ogbourne-St. George was located on the fringes of Salisbury Plains and we shall never forget it for its wide open spaces and above all its chalky clay mud. The frequent rains soaked the ground and the path-ways became churned with the stuff. Brave men attempted taking the walk past the Red Cross Club to the orderly room. Remember how you cussed the mud tracked into the barracks, and growled about, "This damn Limey weather" as you scraped and brushed your boots? You drilled in the morning, slipping and sliding in the treacherous mud and slick grass. ---But, throughout this period of training and work combined, you carried on in a manner which drew praise from your officers and comments of good will from higher up.





The planning and construction of a Terrain Relief Model is shown here. This is one of the steps in the preparation for an Airborne Operation. The tedious, all important work falls to the men of the Photo-mapping Platoon.



One of the steps in the construction of the model consists of the building up of a beaverboard base. This board must be cut to exact contour and placed layer upon layer for the final fill-in with plaster of paris.

In the final stage, the model is painted to give the appearance of the actual terrain it represents. This model was a replica of the Holland terrain upon which British and American Airborne Troops descended. Upon completion, the model was rushed to the men who used it in planning the operation, and for briefing the troops.



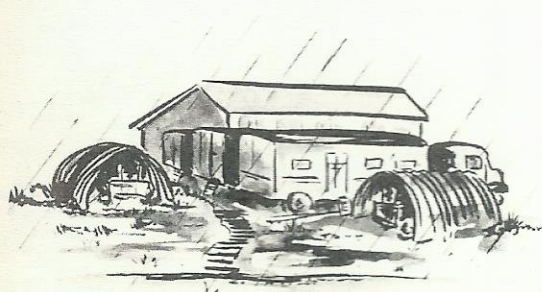


Day or night, these draftsmen and lay-up men had to work under artificial light. Working on Top-Secret material necessitated the masking of windows for security reasons.



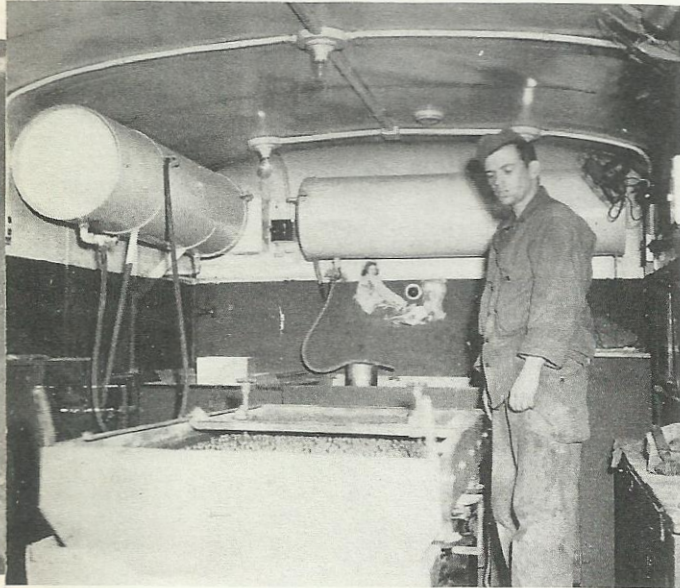
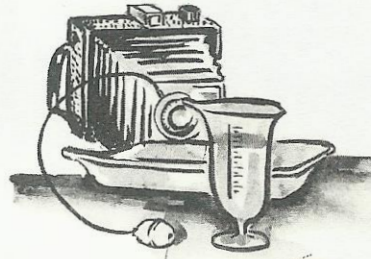
A group of men from the Survey Platoon take refresher training while running a traverse among the rolling hills of the Salisbury Plains. Adjustments are being made on a 20" transit.

Men from the Reproduction Platoon preferred assembling in their supply room for bull-sessions and rest periods. Their work shops were equipment-congested vehicles.

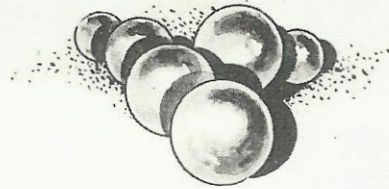




With the rear doors of the camera van thrown open, the dark room can be seen fully with film holder and developing tanks. An adjoining room of this section contains the camera, arc lamps, and copy board. These cameramen are not always as glum as they look.



This plate graining section is used to regrain old plates for re-use. During operations, this is a noisy vibrating van, as the grainer revolves on an eccentric to grind the plates with steel balls and sand.

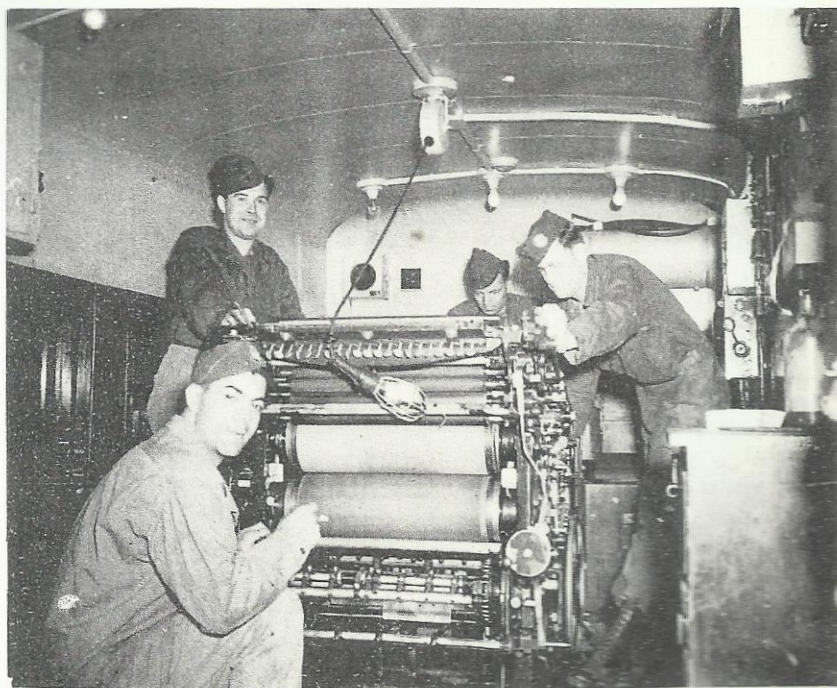


The process men put the image upon the plate before it goes to press. The tricks of their trade deal mainly with chemicals, time, and light.

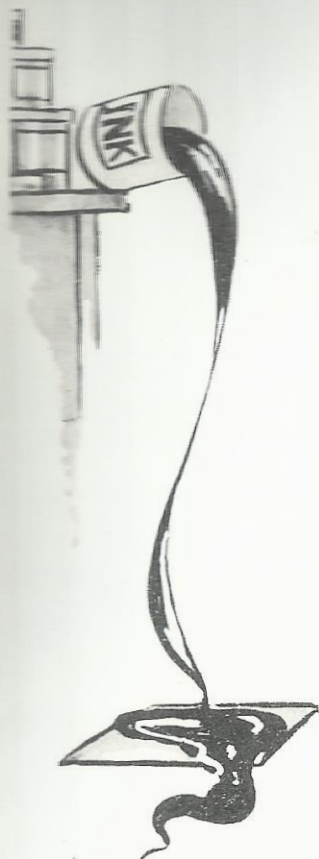




This van, containing a photo-finishing section complete, was acquired by the company in February '45. These men work with contact printing frames, photo-enlarger, developing tanks, and print drying machine.



This Harris Press was especially built for army use, and these men can really make it "roll". The press sections were often in operation 24 hours a day.





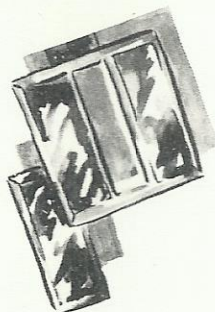
One of those rare sunny days in England prompted these men from the Photomapping Platoon to pose out doors for a picture. They wouldn't smile until the cameraman said, "Think of a dirty joke you know." Apparently some of these photomappers knew funnier jokes than others.



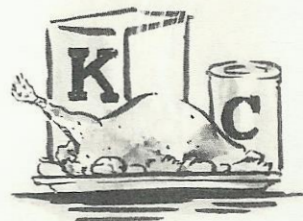
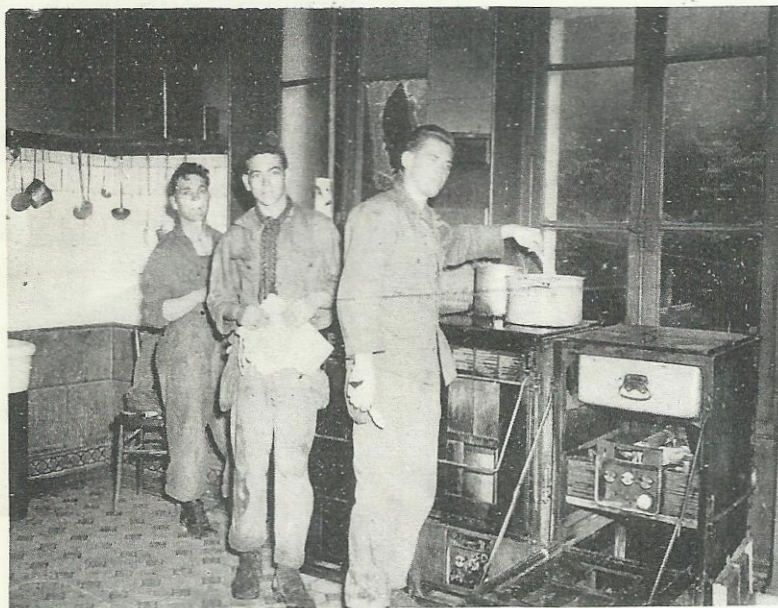
The 10 maps showing in the picture above were reproduced by the Topo Company, but the unit does not take the responsibility for making the originals. The contours resemble some familiar sights we saw about the Reproduction Platoon.



"The Small Fry" worked hard and long in the Orderly Room to keep up with the records, mail, and the million or so other jobs that confront the clerks and First Soldier of any outfit. Thanks to them, the mail reached you on time, and the pay roll reached every man for his signature.



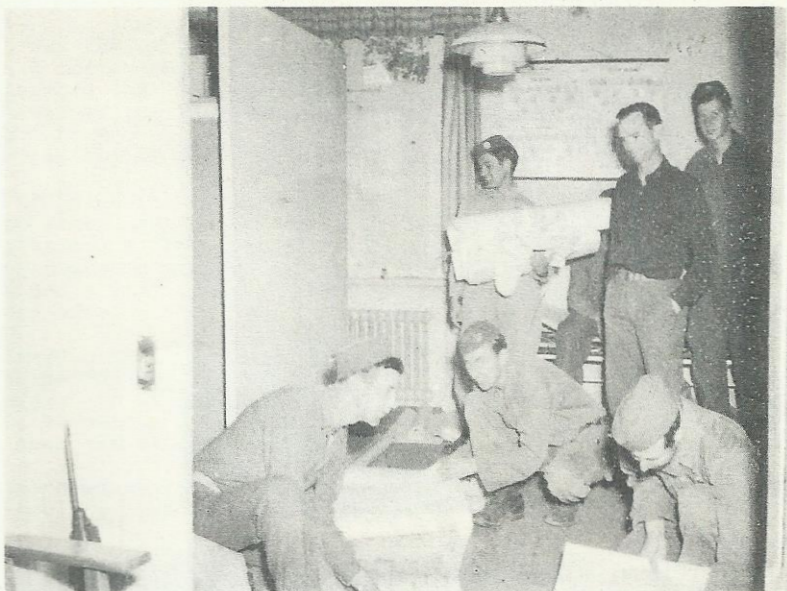
Grouped in the Orderly Room, the "Big Deals" of the Company give up with big smiles for the camera. Under their leadership the Company went through the campaigns in Belgium and Germany, and came back to the base in France with an admirable record to look back upon.



These are the men who arose before dawn to get your breakfast, and hit the hay at night, only after their kitchen was in shape for the next morning's meal. They served meals for night crews; prepared the hot coffee that warmed you enough to carry on during long trips, and handed out those things called "K" and "C" rations, while patiently listening to your gripes and making few complaints themselves.

Carrying their army field ranges with them, they moved into the houses occupied by the unit in France, Belgium, and Germany. They are shown here making themselves at home in a kitchen in Hagenow, Germany, and again in Pocancy, France.

To them goes credit for their unstinted efforts in doing their part in keeping morale on high through the medium of good chow. The KP's did not find it hard to get along with this good natured kitchen crew.



Here the men are shown making a divisional "breakdown" from their main supply of maps in adjoining room in their depot at Hagenow. These men of the Map Depot are proud, and rightfully so, of the work they have done.

From its beginning in Ogbourne St. George, England, until the end of the War at Hagenow, Germany, the Map Depot worked hard and long to keep the supply of maps moving for the XVIII Corps and its attached troops.

When they started work at Ogbourne St. George, the men of the Map Depot stayed open and ready for business 24 hours a day. Through their hands passed the maps destined for the hands of men who were to take part in the Airborne Operations.

The move to the Continent gave an added importance to their work. Through the "Battle of the Bulge", the Map Depot kept its place with the Company.

When this phase of the operations was over, the Depot left the entire stock of maps thus far acquired and moved back to Epernay, France with the Company. When the move to the "Ruhr Pocket" in Germany was made, the Map Depot was detached from the Company and operated with the XVIII Corps Headquarters until the end of the War.

Robert G. Young	2412 B Street, Eureka, California
Elmer H. Schulte	1712 Jefferson Avenue, Covington, Kentucky
William Samuels, Jr.	Gillette, Wyoming
Philip J. Crowe	95 Riverview Avenue, Long Meadow, Mass.
Arthur G. King	1210 Sixth Avenue, Fort Worth, Texas
Charles A. Sipe, Jr.	Bedford, Pennsylvania
Willard R. Bowers	605 N. Main Street, Three Rivers, Michigan
Calvin Young	Delia, Kansas
Maynard R. Jean	1123 Radcliff, Memphis, Tennessee
Joseph Spooner	Bridgewater, New York
Richard K. Swainston	1505 N. 16th Street, Boise, Idaho.
Bernard J. Heigh	1833 45th Street, Camden, New Jersey
Edgar K. Roberson	7 Whipple Place, Greenwich, New York
James F. Roberts	957 Greyton Road, Cleveland, Ohio
Beacher J. Skeens	Route 1, Castlewood, Virginia
Edward L. Smith	Lakeland, Florida
Willis W. Vance	Route 1, Castor, Louisiana
Albert De Querquis	38 E. 36th Street, New York, New York
John J. Zboyan	587 S. 12th Street, Newark, New Jersey
James R. Kelly	Sand Patch, Pennsylvania
Joe D. Mc Collough	Route 5, Elba, Alabama
John T. Barker	Route 4, Florence, Alabama
Emanuel J. Ellinas	120 Sycamore Street, Clairton, Pennsylvania
Hector Macias	2513 E. 53rd Street, Huntington Park, Calif.
Bernard G. Mc Grath	4133 Denman Street, Elmhurst, Queens, N. Y.
Harold G. Mc Kenna	108 Gelston Avenue, Brooklyn, New York
Raymond A. Monsen	5158 N. Leavitt Street, Chicago, Illinois
Clair W. Morgart	Route 4, Bedford, Pennsylvania
John L. Morrison	602 N. Marshall Street, Lancaster, Penna.
Robert Morrison	38 Park Crescent, Harrow Weald, Middlesex, England
Henry J. Morrongiello	1070 St. Marks Avenue, Brooklyn, New York
Hal L. Pridgeon, Jr.	759 Howard Street, Spartanburg, S. Carolina
George S. Yates, Jr.	210 S. Tampania Avenue, Tampa, Florida
Howard Ellis	1165 E. 14th Street, Brooklyn, New York
John M. Hager	643 Columbia Avenue, Cumberland, Maryland
Rene J. Journeau	358 Market Street, Lawrence, Massachusetts
Arnold C. Wagner	603 E. Valley Street, De Sota, Missouri
Ellis Beal	360 Central Park West, New York, New York
Earl E. Cline	136 E. Locust Street, Mechanicsburg, Penna.
Victor A. D'Avanzo	116 Bushwick Avenue, Brooklyn, New York
William F. Depenbrok	16907 Maple Heights Blvd., Bedford, Ohio
Edward Elkins	60 W. 58th Street, New York, New York
Raymond E. Fee	1442 Hudson Street, Columbus, Ohio
John Fejes	51 1/2 Maple Street, Vintondale, Pennsylvania
Walter L. Flerlage	737 Putman Street, Newport, Kentucky
Emmett W. Flynn	4272 Corby Street, Omaha, Nebraska
Joseph Galli	53 Clifton Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts
Albert Gochnauer	351 W. High Street, Elizabethtown, Penna.
Albert R. Heil	2025 Edwin Avenue, Fort Lee, New Jersey
Douglass B. Herring	146-22 Kalmia Avenue, Flushing, Long Island
Henry V. Hiddemen	6931 Chelwynde Avenue, Philadelphia, Penna.
Don R. Kebler	810 Brighton Road, Jackson, Michigan
Robert E. Kellogg	25407 Powers Street, Dearborn, Michigan
Pasquale V. Loffredo	946 46th Street, Brooklyn, New York
Frank L. Pettit	829 Mary Street, Parkersburg, West Virginia
Armento C. Pinto	1362 Kossuth Street, Bridgeport, Connecticut
William E. Seney, Jr.	Justice Street, Newport, Delaware

Robert L. Magness
Arthur F. Mahoney
Blair L. Manning
John Milano
Raymond S. Mitchell
Stephen S. Nadijcka
Edward R. Noga
Benjamin F. Phillips
John Puskarich
Julien Quillin
Harry A. Richman
Richard S. Robsky
Frederick J. Rosemann
Joseph Villiesse
George A. Weitenbeck
Richard C. Williams
Dikran Yazujian
Alexander K. Zaccaro
Walter L. Zink
Ollie Ballard
Eugene Brewer
Thomas F. Clark
Leonard C. Decker
Alfred L. Foust
William D. Galpin
Lawrence W. Gill
Arthur E. Grimm, Jr.
Earl L. Kessler
James F. Malone
Julius Mann
Harold J. Mc Devitt, Jr.
Joseph E. Mc Gurty
George D. Morris
Paul S. Nye
Alfred J. Proffer
Richard C. Smith
Emery F. Thurston
James R. Blacklock
James W. Collins
George J. Francis
Gustave G. Golden
Edward Israel
William L. King
John S. Larkin
John W. Morrison
George W. Northup
Philip Palumbo
Marvin E. Potter
Victor G. Seach
John F. Spann
George R. Tilley
Milton F. Ward
Homer F. Whittington
Austin W. Wilson
Arnold R. Blazar
John N. Cunningham
Louis A. Darocy
Daniel A. Mc Bride, Jr.

215 Lowell Street, Vandergrift, Pennsylvania
177 E. 85th Street, New York, New York
Box 693, Havana, Cuba
95 Pomona Street, Revere, Massachusetts
R. R. 1, Auburn, Illinois
1674 Dounton Street, Philadelphia, Penna.
2144 W. 6th Street, Cleveland, Ohio
732 Elm Street, Dyer, Tennessee
Route 1, Hanlin Station, Pennsylvania
Bloomfield, Indiana
463 Waller Street, San Francisco, California
41 Lincoln Avenue, White Plains, New York
2382 Wendell Avenue, Detroit, Michigan
1363 Cedar Street, Green Bay, Wisconsin
1213 6th Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin
670 Waldo Street, SE, Atlanta, Georgia
562 East State Street, Trenton, New Jersey
36 Murry Avenue, Patterson, New Jersey
1013 Stanton Street, Bay City, Michigan
1709 17th Street, Columbus, Georgia
Epps, Louisiana
135 Exeter Street, Lawrence, Massachusetts
Route 2, Stamford, New York
12942 NE Glisan Street, Portland, Oregon
4704 Hunt Avenue, Chevy Chase, Maryland
Route 6, Box 147, Duluth, Minnesota
725 Broadway, Washington Courthouse, Ohio
Orwin, Pennsylvania
654 E. Vankirk Street, Philadelphia, Penna.
87-75 148th Street, Jamaica, Long Island, N.Y.
17 N. Weymouth Avenue, Ventnor, New Jersey
10-49 49th Avenue, Long Island City, New York
Route 3, Hayse 1, Uniontown, Pennsylvania
333 Med Avenue, Weston, West Virginia
Route 1, East Prairie, Missouri
Black Lick, Pennsylvania
153 E. Broadway Street, Shelbyville, Indiana
Cub Hill, Towson, Maryland
Main Street, Pilot Mountain, North Carolina
105 Waring Place, Yonkers, New York
Belden, Minnesota
506 E. 6th Street, New York, New York
73 Gibson Street, Dorchester, Massachusetts
1728 Willoughby Avenue, Norfolk, Virginia
70-23 65th Place, Glendale, L. I., New York
7 Rice Street, Brookline, Massachusetts
8726 Bay 16th Street, Brooklyn, New York
2706 E. Orman Street, Pueblo, Colorado
95-08 Queens Blvd., Queens, L. I., New York
Route 1, Box 300, Greenville, Alabama
Fieldale, Virginia.
254¹/₂ S. Plum Street, Springfield, Ohio
2627 Galvez Street, Baton Rouge, Louisiana
1406 St. Paul Street, Rochester, New York
689 Hope Street, Providence, Rhode Island
18995 Brail Street, Detroit, Michigan
231 Boyer Street, Johnstown, Pennsylvania
711 Roanoke Avenue, Riverhead, New York

Ogbourne St. George to Le Havre

The month of November came with a decided upswing in work to be done. The Reproduction and Photomapping Platoons were put on two twelve hour shifts to make production meet the demands. The Survey Platoon was hampered in their training program due to weather conditions.

You will remember that month mostly, by the cigarette shortage. With priorities deservingly given to the boys in combat, the post PX cut the ration from 7 packs per week down to 5. Later they were rationed - 3 packs per week, and then for one week, no "fags" were obtainable.

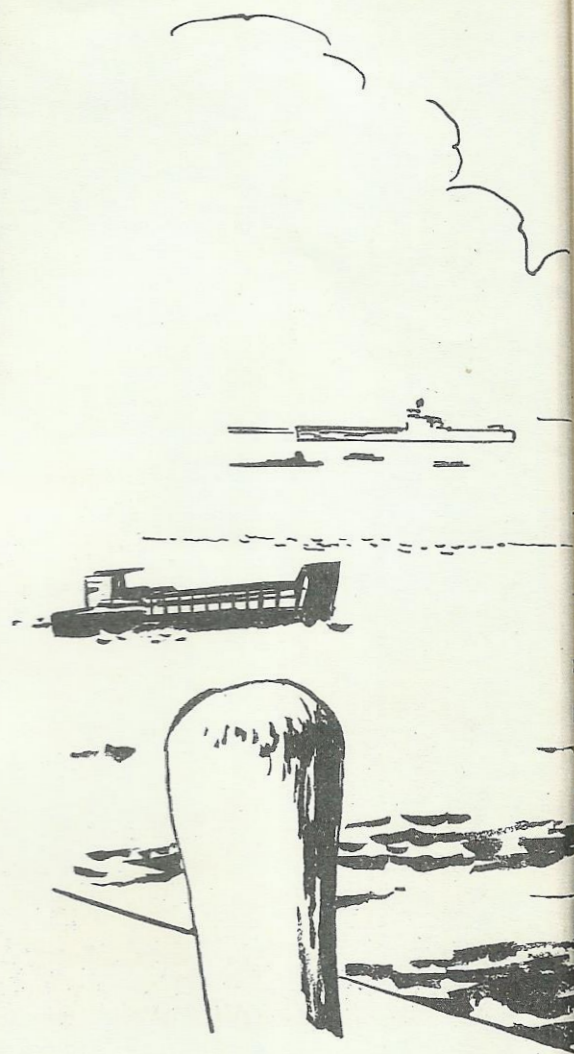
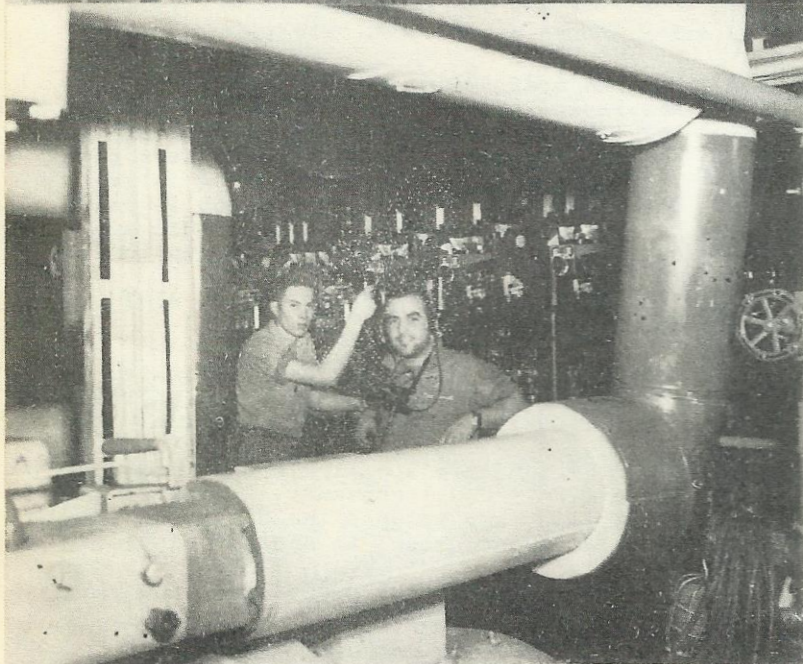
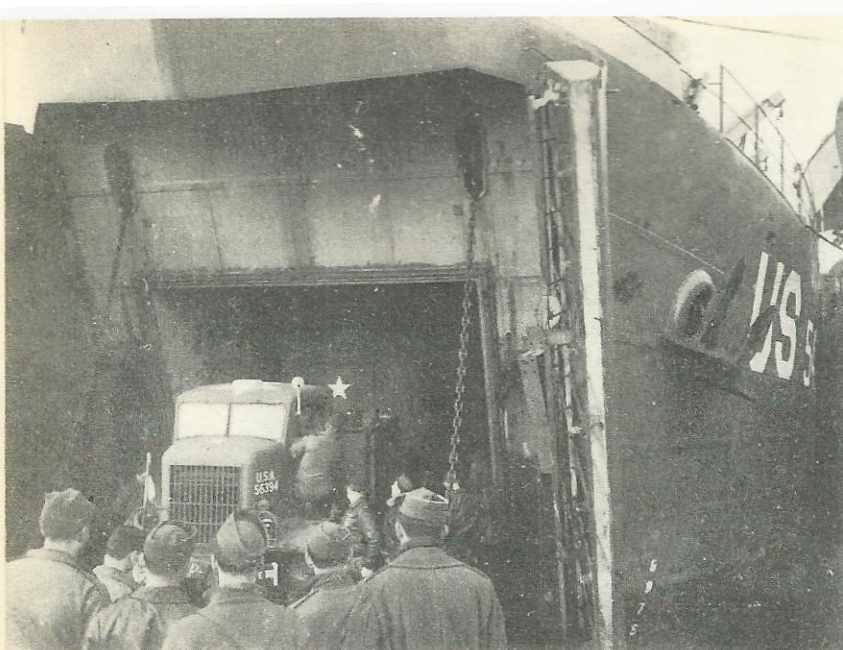
You often wondered when the company would ever move to the continent, and for a time you thought it would be in November. The Corps had secured buildings for a headquarters in Reims and advance parties were on their way. Fifteen men from the Survey Platoon were sent from the company. On the 25th of the month, an additional 10 men joined the first group. "This was it," you thought and everyone redoubled his efforts for the trip. The company had nearly everything packed and ready to go. Expectancy of things to come was high; morale shot upward, and you said, "This is it!"

Then the blow fell---orders were cancelled. There was to be no move in November! "Dammit", you said, "All that work to be undone, ...what an army!" Your gripes could wait however, for work was pouring in again and you set about to unpack and get back to the old grind. Some of the men were recalled from France.

On into the month of December you still thought about that November false alarm. You produced many maps, charts, booklets and posters. One of your biggest jobs was the history book "Operation Market". Photomapping assembled the book as reproduction was completed.

Then, as suddenly as in November, moving orders came again. This one came as a complete surprise, for no hints or rumors preceded the orders. You were awakened near midnight and told of the German

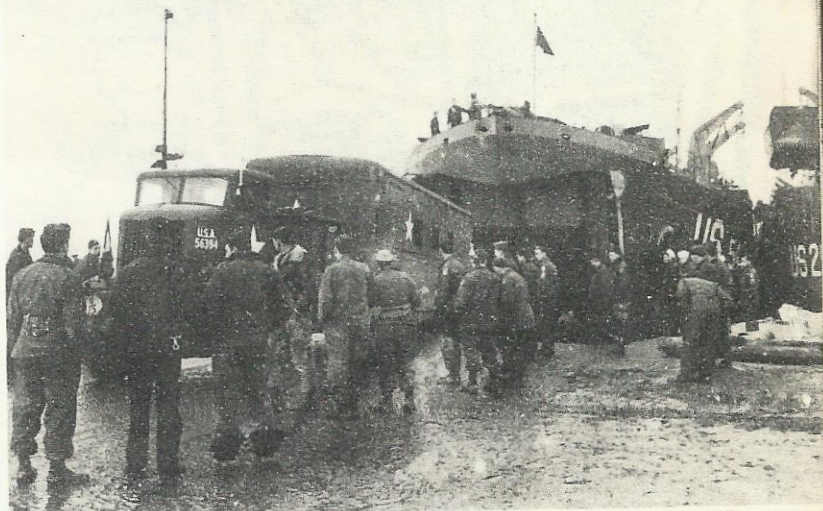
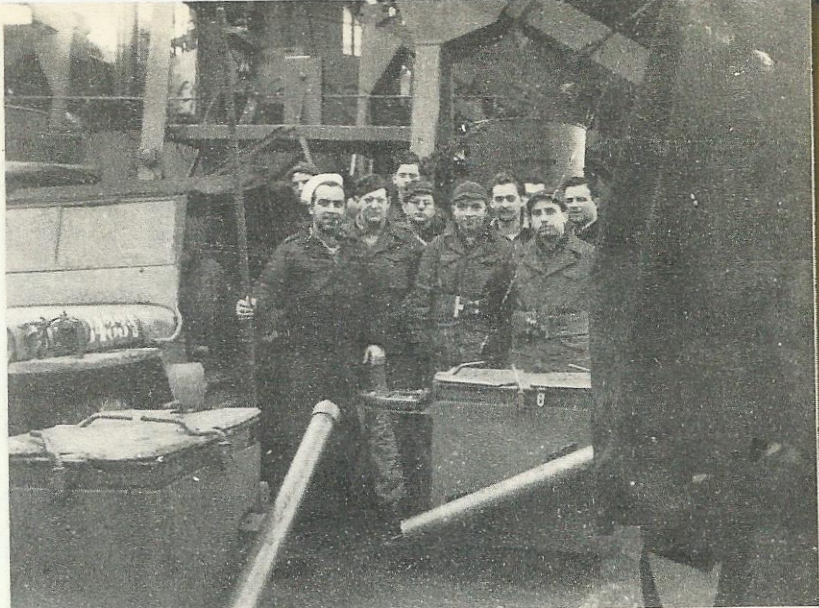
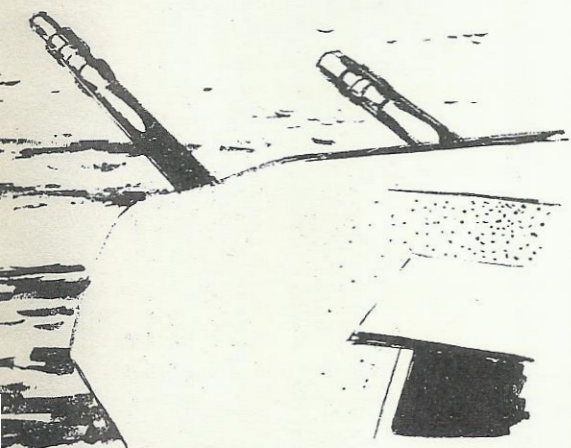
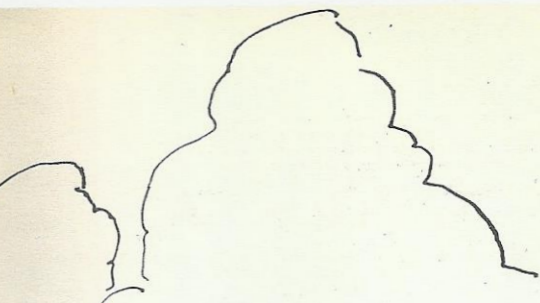




Backing the big vans into the huge yawning mouth of the LST was a tough job. A gallery watches critically as the driver expertly maneuvers his charge into the big hold of the ship.

Down in the engine room of the LST, the crewmen worked to bring the ship, with its cargo of men and equipment, safely to the port of Le Havre. They told of "D" Day channel crossings, and of the many trips they had made afterwards.

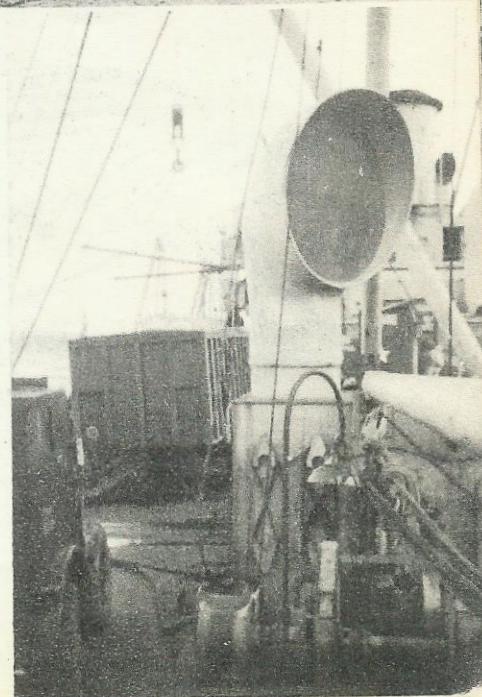
This U.S. ship was one of the many that lined the docks at Weymouth during the embarkation of the company. Some of the ships were loading while others were unloading.



Aboard the LST, during loading procedures, a few early-birds don life belts and pose beside a jeep with one of the ship's crew. The covered gun at the right was soon stripped for action for the Luftwaffe was not yet out of the fight.

Back on the docks, the big van starts its descent into the hold. Men from the company stand around yelling directions, hoping that the top of the van would not scrape against the door.

Aboard one of the other LST's in the fleet, an English trailer is being swung into place on the deck by the cargo boom.

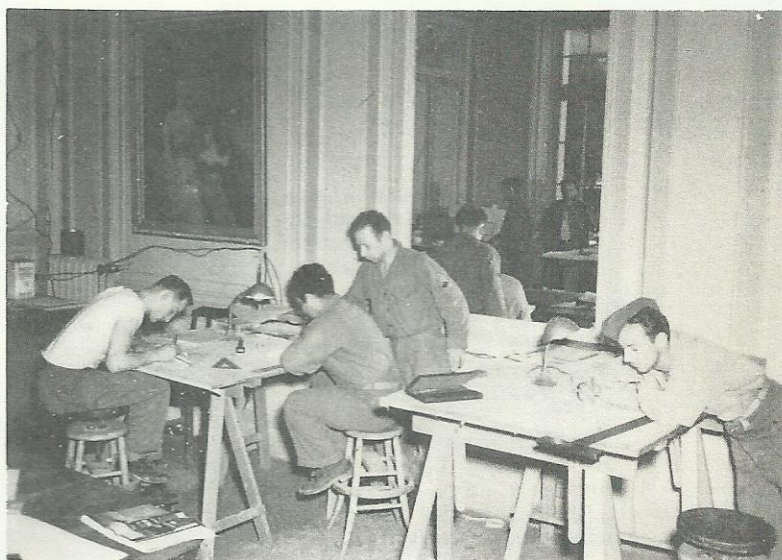




Work tapered off with the end of the war and the company set about making this history book. Above, Artist, historian, and draftsman take their cue from Loffredo in the lay-up and design of the book.

The talented artist and draftsmen of T/Sgt Spooner's platoon tackled every job sent to their department with their heart set on doing a "Bang-up" job, incorporating accuracy and finesse along with the necessary speed.

These lay-up men work on light tables with the light shining upward through frosted glass to their work. A steady hand for stripping negatives, and good judgement for accurate lay-up of a job is their main qualification.



Le Havre to Epernay

After the company vehicles left the LST and climbed the steep gravel beach at Le Havre, the convoy proceeded through the debris that was once a great port city of France. You thought you were on your way to the next base as the convoy wended its way through the cleared roads and streets of the devastated city. When you reached the outskirts however, the convoy was halted along a roadside, and you soon learned that traffic on the continent, as in the U.K., was under strict supervision of the Rail Transportation Office. Roads ahead were jammed with traffic and it was necessary for the convoy to wait until the next morning for clearance from the RTO to continue the journey.

That night in Le Havre was an uncomfortable one for it was cold and there was no place to sleep other than in the vehicles. Some men rolled up into blankets and snatched a few winks at intervals; others walked to-and-fro to help keep warm; and some grouped around fires built along the side of the road. A few men obtained a little cognac or wine, but they said they were colder after its effects wore off.

A few Frenchmen came down the line of vehicles trying to exchange French Francs for English Pounds, or make some sort of swap for cigarettes. Some made an exchange before one of the officers came up and chased the Frenchmen away. "Black Market", he said. The Frenchmen moved on, attempting to resume operations further down the line.

The cooks prepared hot coffee to help make your "K" ration diet more palatable and to stimulate warmth within your body.

The long awaited morning finally came and with the break of day came orders for the convoy to move out. Off inland you went, seeing the first signs of battle left in the wake of the retreating German Armies. The rusty knocked-out tanks and other vehicles were still strewn along the road. Warnings were posted along the roadside giving location of existing mine fields.

When you reached the city of Reims, the convoy was halted and warning was given by MP's to go forward under strick blackout. German planes were active in this vicinity. Reims was the city originally picked for the Corps headquarters, but they had made a recent move to Epernay.

When you arrived in Epernay during the night of 23rd of December, your foremost ambition was to get some sleep. After the trucks were parked, the company bedded down in the college building which formed a portion of Corps Headquarters. Almost immediately after everyone was settled for a good night's rest, a German plane came overhead -- strafing. Some of you made a quick dash for shelter, while others just lay there and said, "To hell with it", and hoped none of the bullets bore their names.

The following day the men moved to a large private home which later became known as the "Map Depot". Reconditioning of our vehicles was begun in preparation for a possible trip into Belgium. The forward echelon of the Corps was already on the "Bulge" while the rear echelon remained in Epernay. The Company was awaiting further orders as to where and when to join the forward element of the Corps.

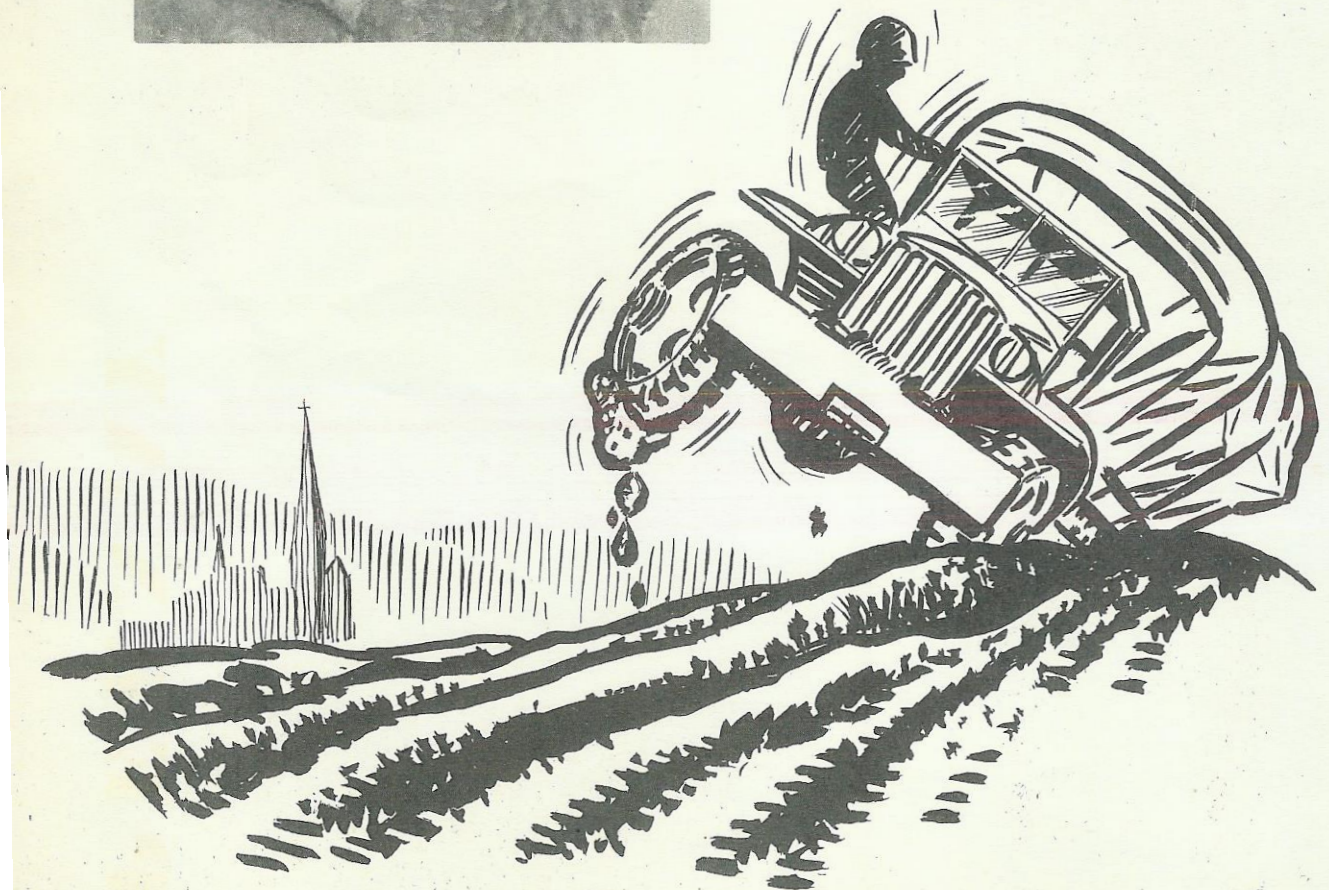
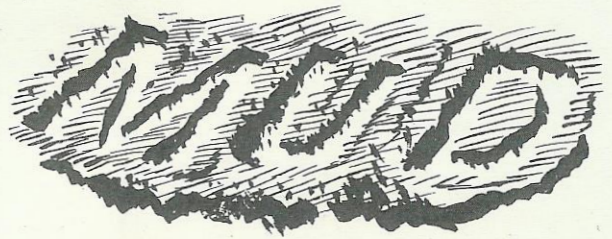
You spent Christmas Eve in Epernay, making the rounds to the cafes and celebrating on champagne. You were warned to keep under arms, and to be alert, for Nazi paratroopers, wearing American uniforms, were being dropped into the area as spies. Some of you saw the gendarmes nab a German spy Christmas morning. You would have sworn he was an American for he dressed just like a GI and spoke English fluently. The gendarmes knew differently however, for they recognized the man as one who was stationed in the city wearing the Nazi uniform during the German occupation.

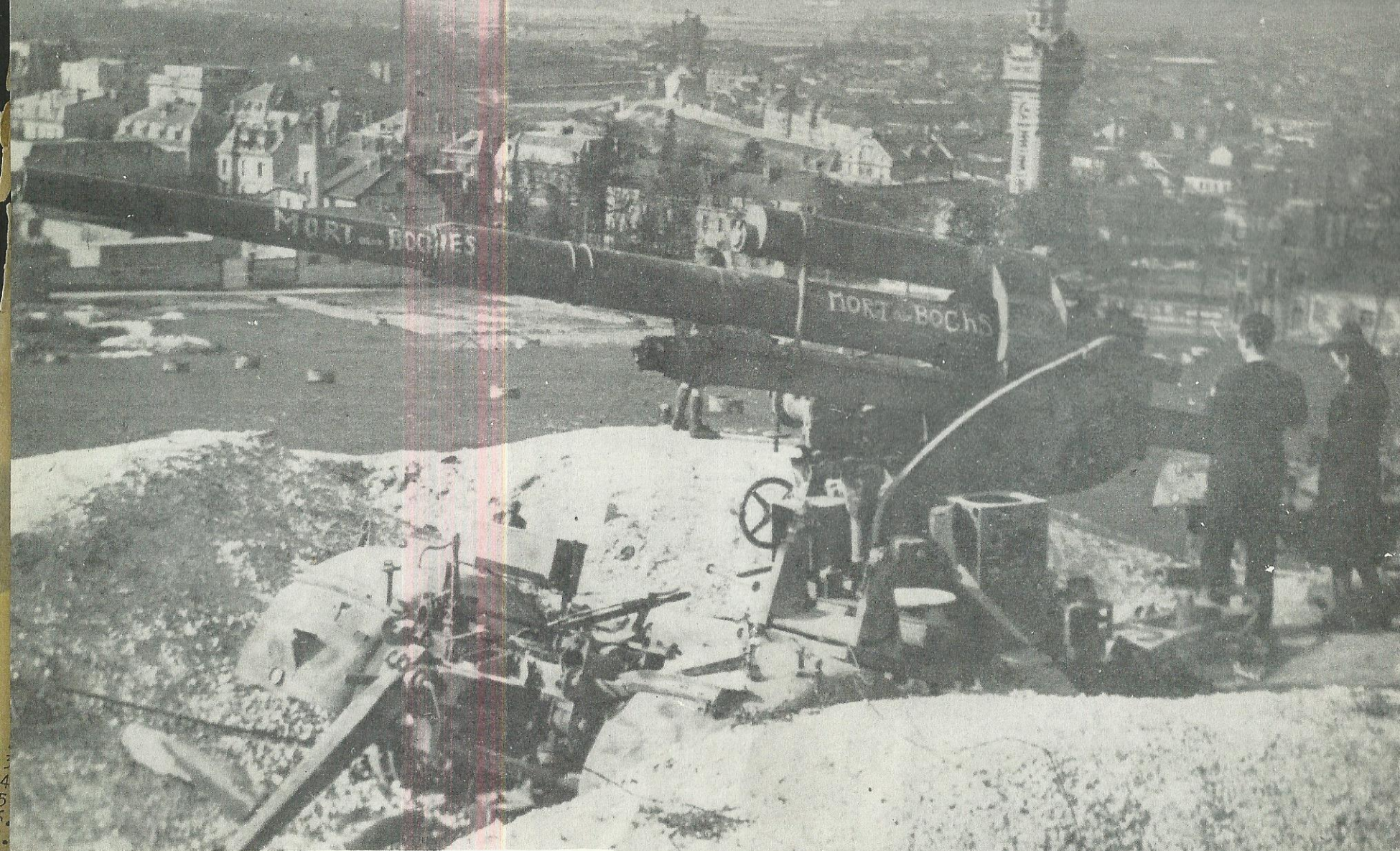
Christmas Day came with fair weather and a warm sun. Many of you were up early and attended church services in town. It seemed strange to some of you to enter church carrying a helmet and your weapons. You passed some of the day strolling about town to gather impressions of this part of France. You looked at that funny looking Merry-go-round in the park just off the circle. You saw that you were living on Rue de Champagne. You entered the cafes and sampled the champagne that made this city and its sister city Reims, famous the world over.

You did your best to make the day a merry one, but the spirit of home was gone. For some of you, this was the second or third Christmas overseas, and many of you had spent others in the same manner back in the States. During the day, many of you promised yourselves - hopefully - that you would be home to celebrate the next Christmas.

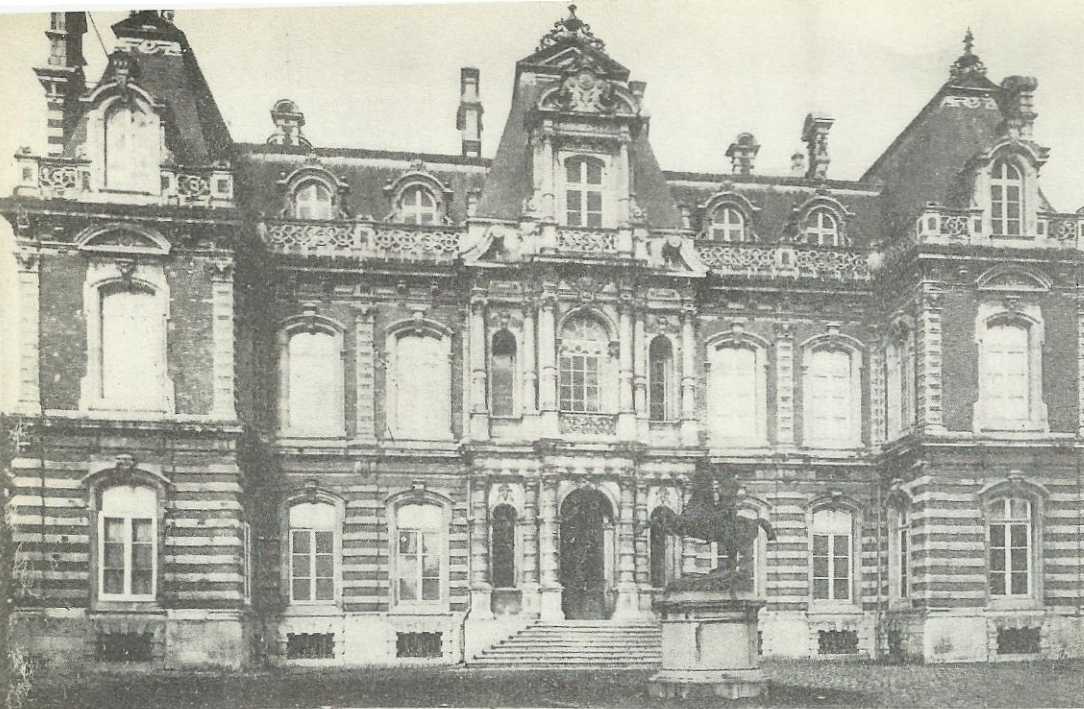


Mud, mud, mud, and more mud. Slimey, sticky, sucking mud. Something to make war even more miserable for the GI. It would cling to his clothes, bog down his trucks - impede his progress - in the chase after the fleeing "Hun".





E P E R N A Y



Back to Epernay, France, the town in which you spent Christmas Day before you had taken off with the XVIII Corps to do your assigned part in the "Battle of the Bulge". You soon found "drinking" evidence that Epernay lay in the heart of the world famous champagne country. The bars were open and roaring with Yank trade. Some of you drank a little, others more, others much more, and some got very drunk indeed, in celebration of the return to France.

Passes to Paris started soon, and if you were among the lucky guys to have your name drawn from the hat, you had two days of grand entertainment awaiting you in the Capital Fun City of Europe. Two men received furloughs to England during this time.

Plans for several airborne operations were under way. Some, as we know, never came off. Much work was done however, in anticipation of the need for airborne landings in Germany. Work went on for two eight hour shifts a day. The generators were put up for a rest and the company operated it's trailers on city power. Necessary repairs were made to the equipment and supplies were replenished for continuation of work. You settled into the routine of base work, spurred on at times by the praise from various sections of the Corps for the excellent work you turned out day by day.

Events slid swiftly into history as the days rolled by in Epernay. News of the War in Germany was watched closely and discussed according to it's possible relationship to you and the company. Every day the newest rumors came in and were discussed and tossed aside or filed away in your mind for future reference.

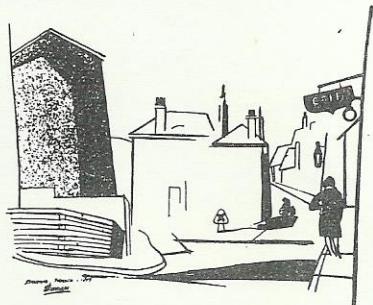
A movie was opened in town for your entertainment with some of the latest from Hollywood. An XVIII Corps Enlisted Mens Club was started - drinks served at the bar. Tickets were given you for some of these drinks on a ration basis. Dances were held with French girls who were not used to what they termed, "The slow way the Americans danced." Just one "jitterbug" quickly changed their minds.

The battle front in Germany was rapidly drawing up to aline itself with the course of the Rhine River. Your interest grew more intense for you knew that pending airborne operations were growing more imminent. The surprise crossing of the Rhine by the First and Third Armies rendered some operational plans useless; however, one airborne landing did come off.

The XVIII Corps moved up to the area of the British 2nd Army where it was given command over the 17th Airborne Division in their first airborne operation, and of the battle experienced 6th British Airborne Division. The operation was brief so the Topo Company remained in Epernay.

This airborne operation was carried out almost to the letter of the plans, and glory and praise was heaped upon the airborne troops for this landing near Wesel.

The Corps returned to Epernay shortly after the operation and brought with them big news and new plans. The Corps and all it's elements were to move back to Germany for another quick blow at the staggering Nazi Army.

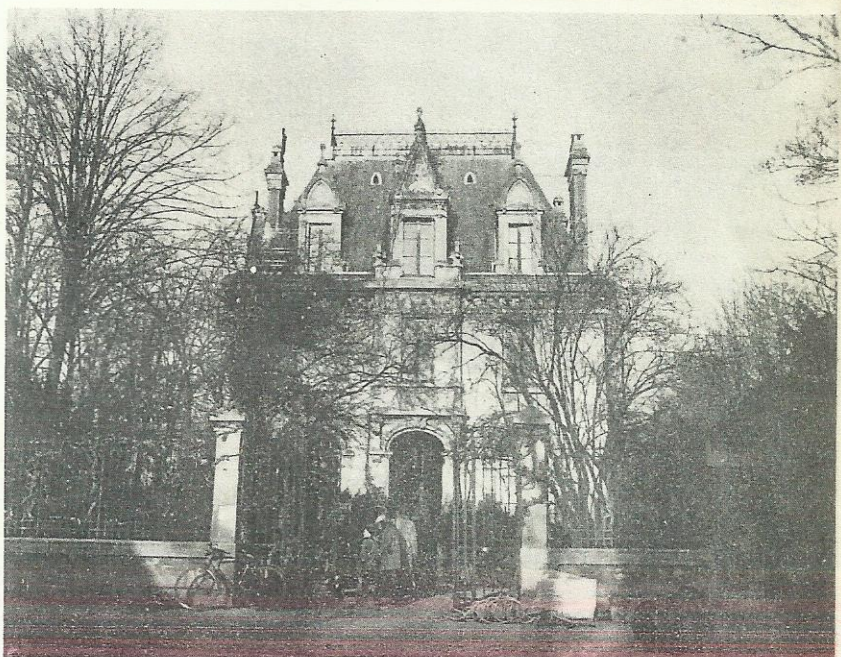


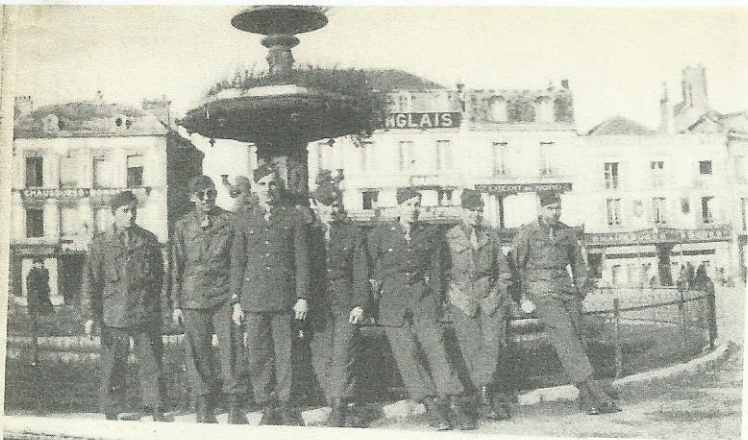
Panorama of the town of Epernay, France taken from a rear window of the Company's CP.

The Map Depot occupied this building's lower half, while the officers lived on the upper floors.

Here is the rear of the CP. This Chateau on Rue de Champagne was used as a base from which trips were made into Germany on operational duty.

Some of the men sitting on the steps of the CP after return from the "Ardennes" Campaign.





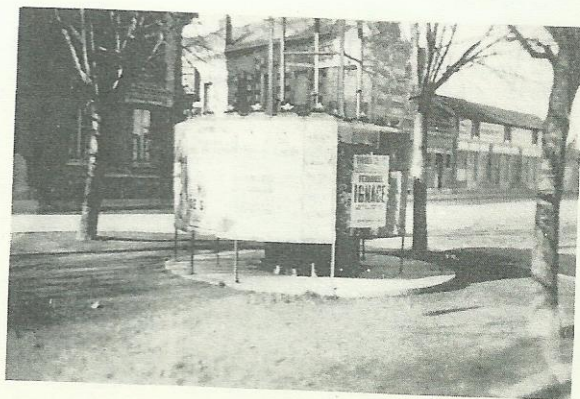
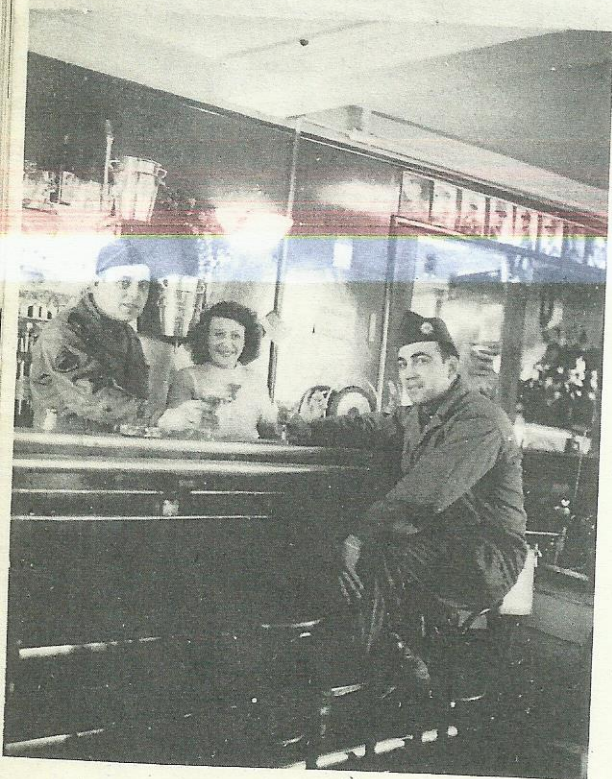
In downtown Epernay, a group from the company loll against the fence to have their pictures taken.

There were "beaucoup" cafes in Epernay, and this one drew a fair share of the Yank trade. The operator and barmaids step out front to have their pictures taken with some of the boys.

Inside the cafe there is plenty of Champagne and Wine. The cute little French Bar Maid samples a little with two GI's from the company.

Looking from an upper window in the CP toward the courtyard and the street in front of the building.

Latrine - French version.



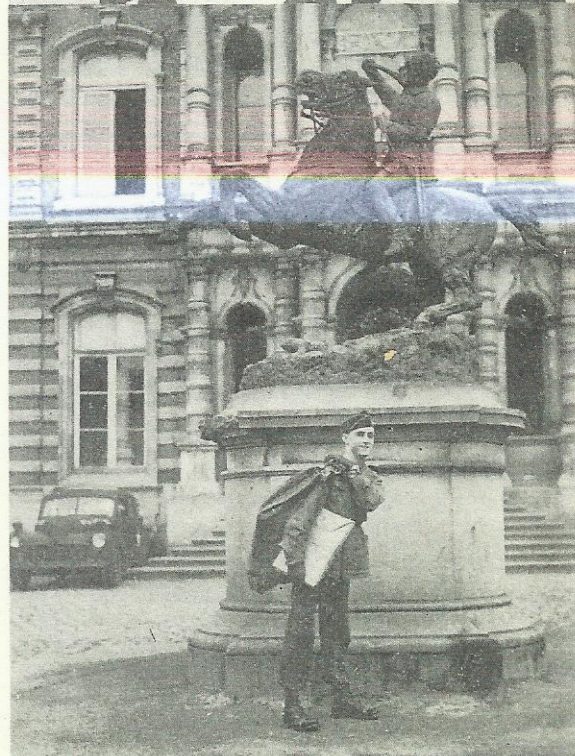
A group from Photomapping pose (very seriously) for this shot at the CP in Epernay, France.

These two Joes do their share in promoting inter-allied good will with the expressive old lady and her grand-daughter. They have just given the baby an orange which makes her very happy - even if she doesn't know what it is.

By air and sea, from the States and England come these morale building missiles from back home. This is one kind of paper to which the Army attaches no red tape, for without mail the GI is without a cause for which to fight.

Some of the Company's vans as seen from one of the top windows in the Epernay chateau.

In an attempt to slow up the allied advance toward "Festung Europa" the Germans blasted nearly every bridge over which the American Army would have to cross. Shown here is an example of their work upon the bridge in Epernay. The only bridge across the Marne in this area.





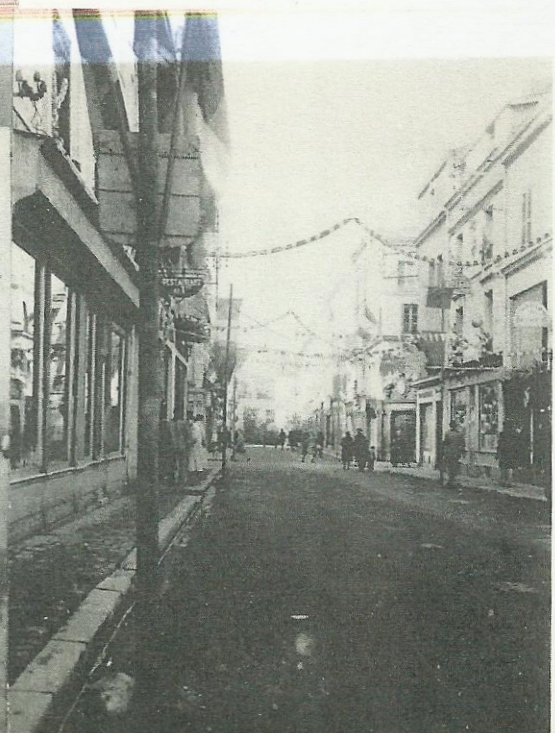
When the Germans conquered France many sacred religious figures were taken to towns in the interior so that they would not be so completely at the mercy of the bombs and shells which ravaged many of the cities near the coast. This figure, called "Our Lady of Boulogne", was taken from Boulogne to the sanctuary town of Lourdes where she was kept safe until the day of liberation.

When liberation came, she was started on the long trek from Lourdes back to her rightful place in Boulogne. The Priests and population of one town would take her to the next town where she would be met by the people there and taken further on. In this manner she was passed from town to town throughout her journey back.

Before she was due to enter each town the people put up flags, ribbons and huge religious signs to honor her passage.

Many of the Priests who accompanied her went barefooted to show their humility in her presence.

In these pictures "Our Lady of Boulogne" is passing through the streets of Epernay.





To the left, is a view of the cobblestone courtyard in front of the CP in Epernay. The Horse and Bugler became a landmark referred to by GI's in describing the location of the company to outsiders.

This GI looks very "ETO Happy" as his buddies admire his Hershey Bars and Battle Participation Stars.



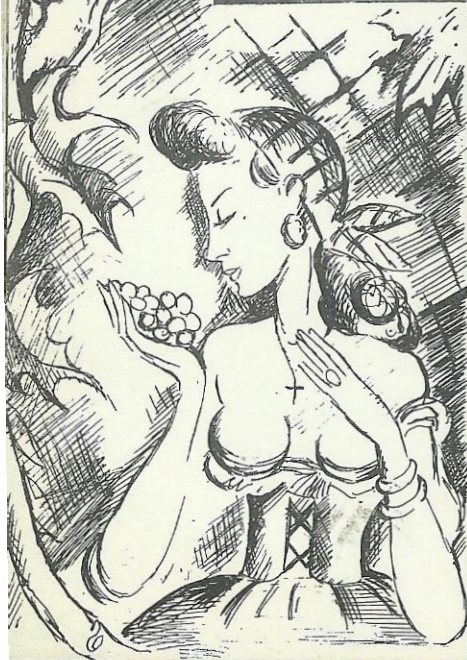
Left: Christmas Eve and sparkling champagne in Epernay, just prior to participation of the company in the Belgian "Bulge".

Below: One man washes a truck - three men tell him how it should be done.



Ooo-la-la! Beaucoup
Champagne! Champagne
to slake the thirst of
GI and Frenchie alike.

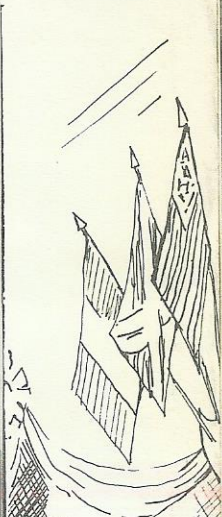
Every day, curious
GI's gather at the Red
Cross to go on a tour
of the "Moët Chandon"
Champagne Factory in
Epernay. Here, they
are shown through the
wine cellars, seeing
the business from start
to finish.

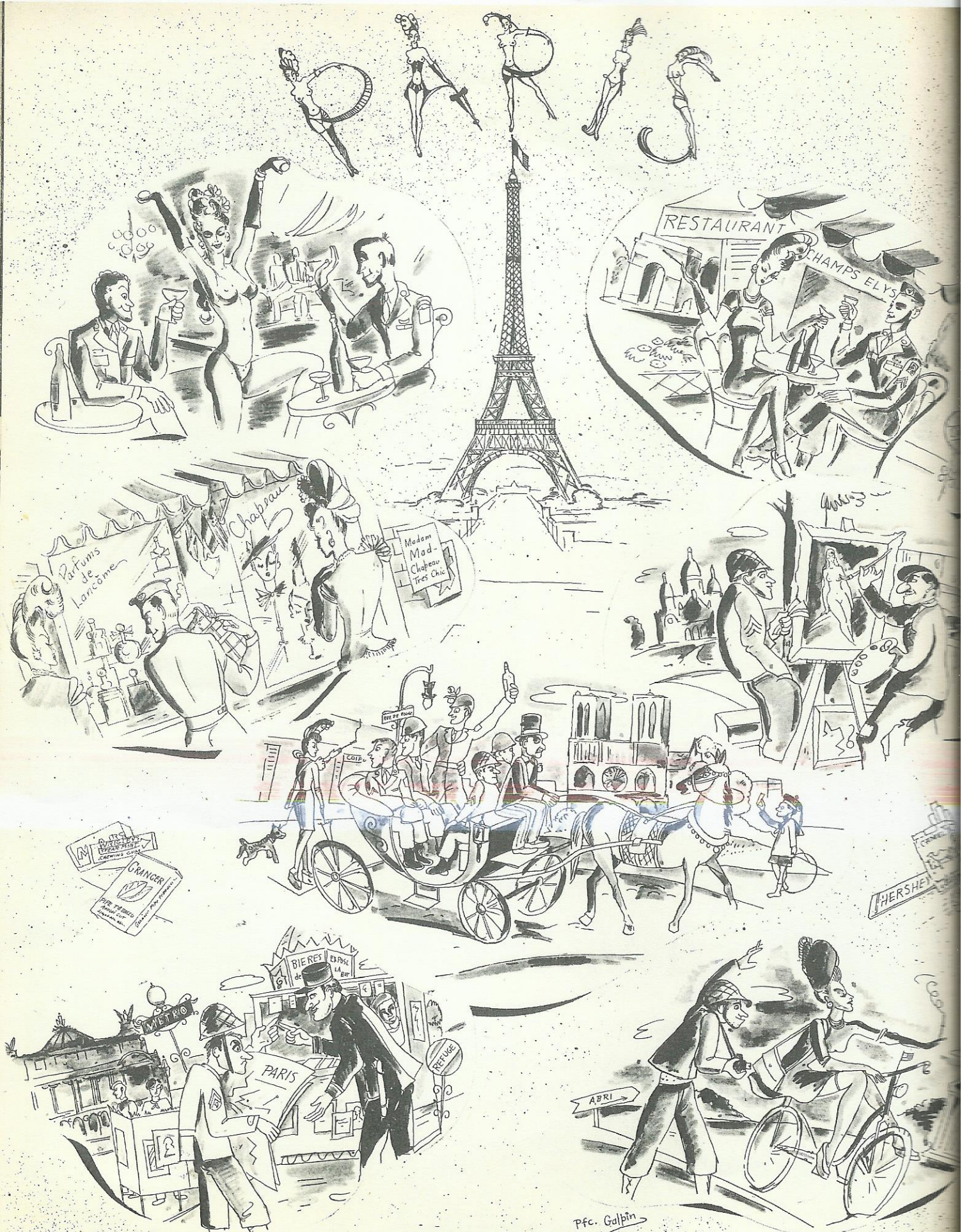


Pictured on these pages are a group of our men on such a tour. In center picture, some of the lucky Joes sample a little of this famous beverage.

Epernay is located in the center of the champagne country and it's bottled wine is world renown.

Below: Posing beneath the statue of the founder of the process which made champagne possible.





RESTAURANT

CHAMPS ELYS

Parfums de Lancôme

Chapreau

Modem Mod. Chapeau Très Chic

GRANGER

HERSHEY

BIERES

METRO

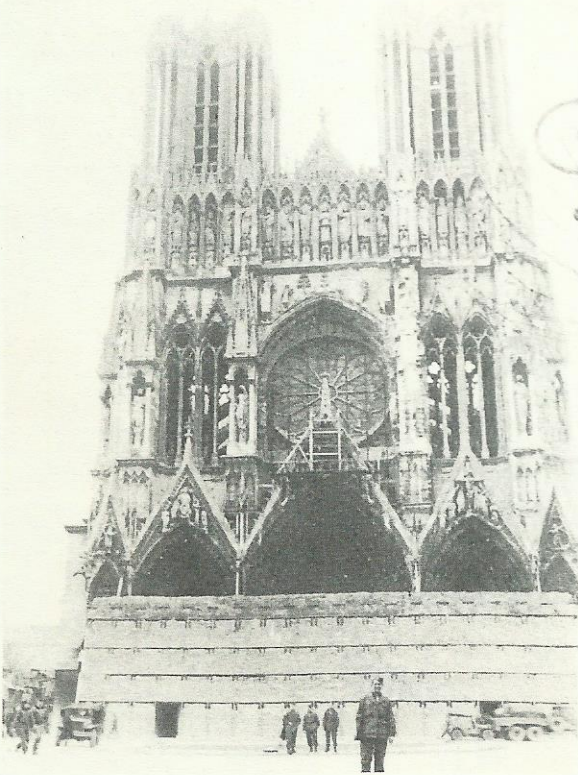
PARIS

REFUSE

ABRI

Pfc. Golpin

Reims



Top: The world famous Reims Cathedral.

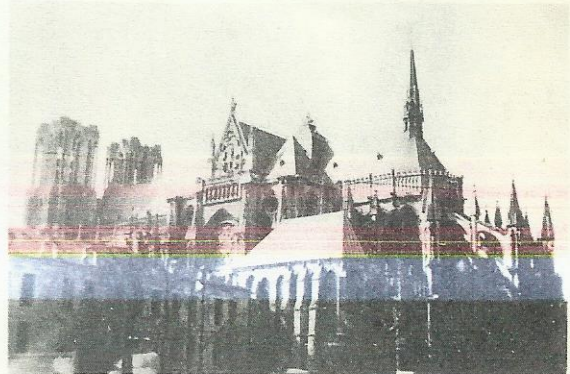
Bottom: It towers majestically above the city.



A view of Reims from one of the Cathedral towers.



The rear of the Cathedral.



Here in Reims, the Germans surrendered "Unconditionally" on May 7, 1945.



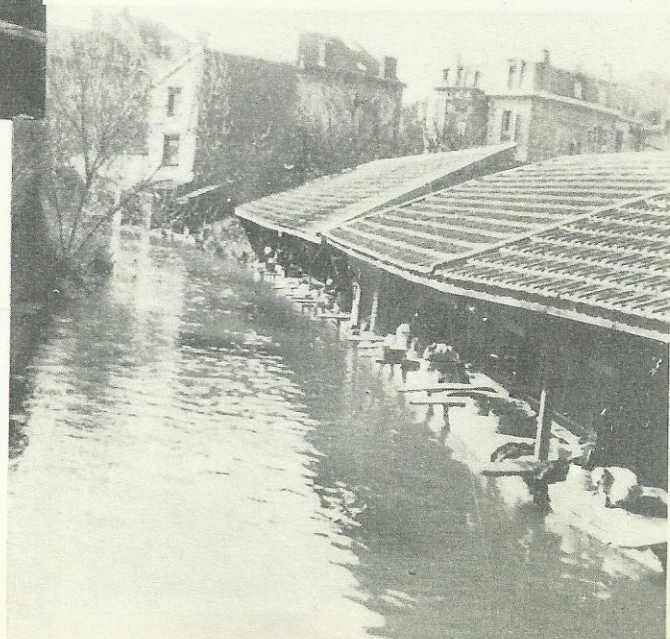
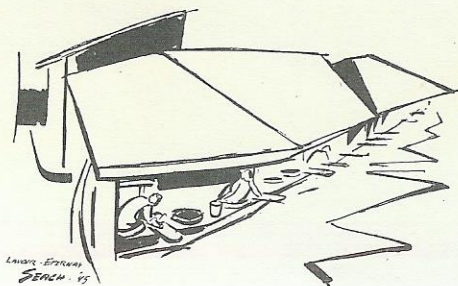
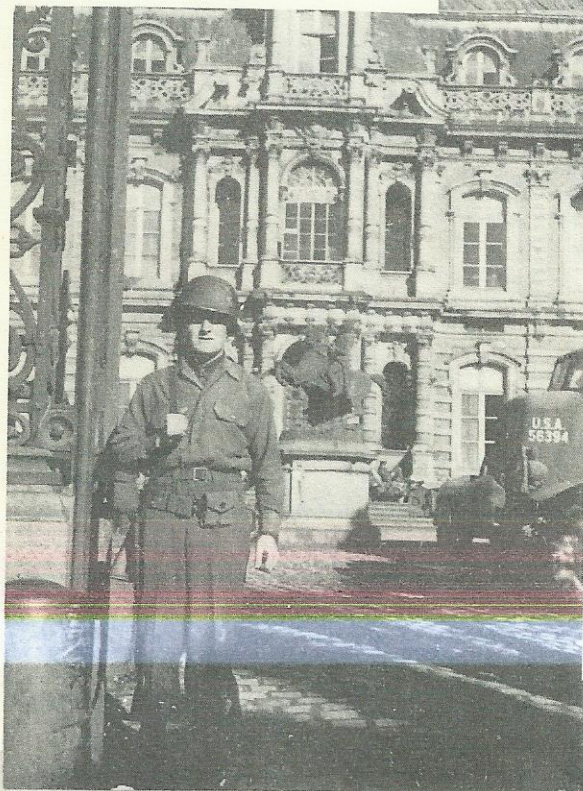
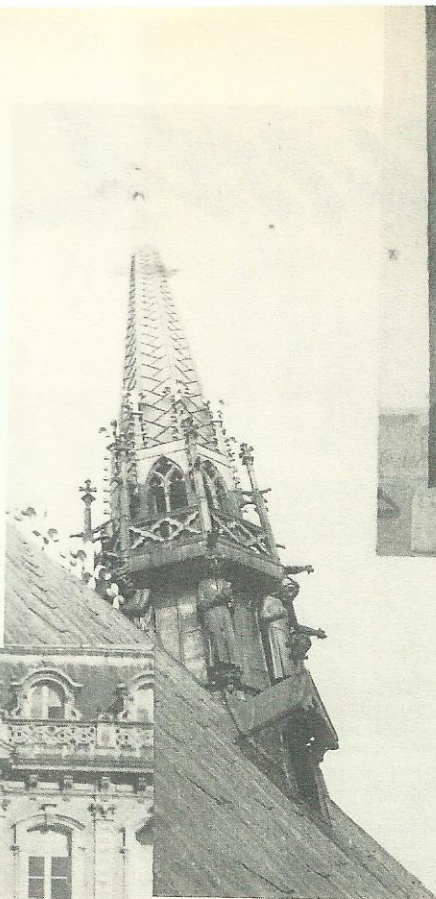
Wine, woman - and a GI, - no song.

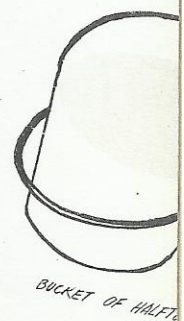
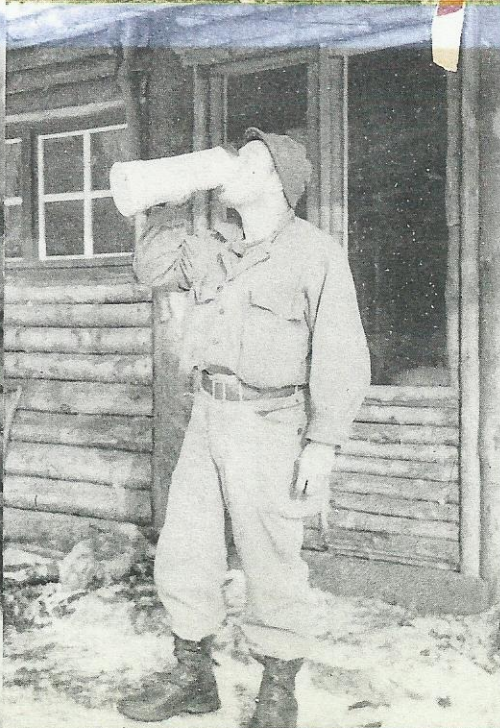
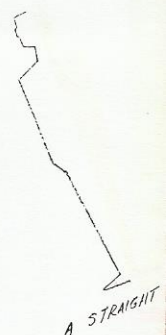
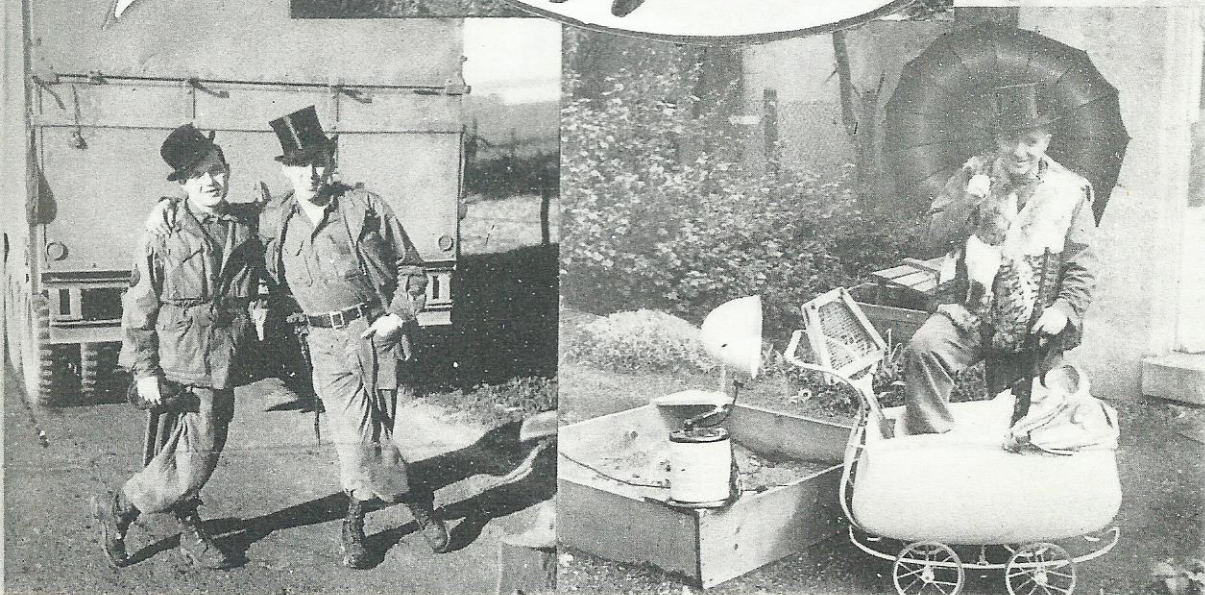
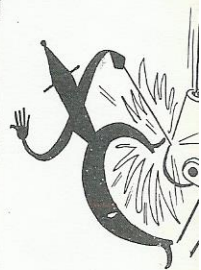
Reims Cathedral Spire.

"Engineer Guard"...The guy who stands out front of the CP in Epernay and wears his arm out saluting officers for four solid hours.

Bobby Breen, who came to town with Mickey Rooney's show, is seen here with a company doggie.

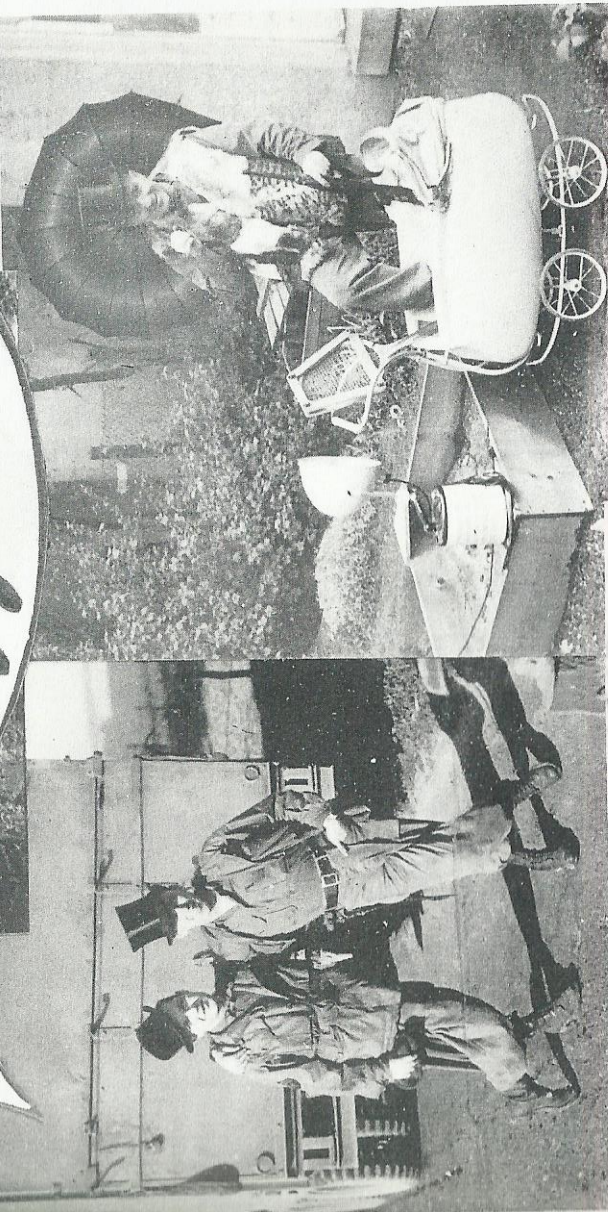
Here's the way the Madames of Epernay do it, Mom. How is the washing machine working these days?





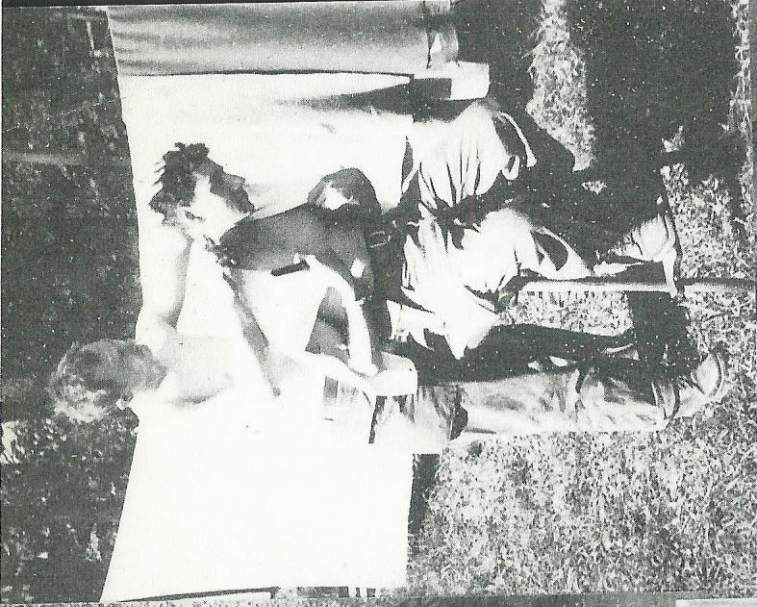
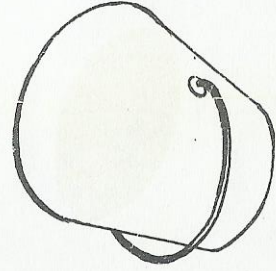
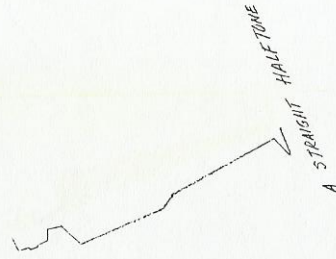
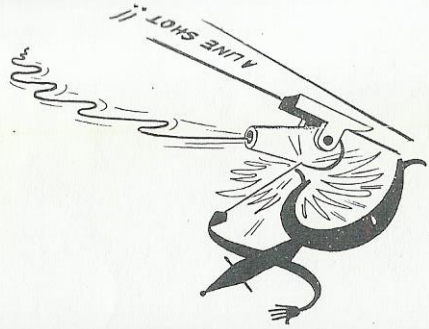


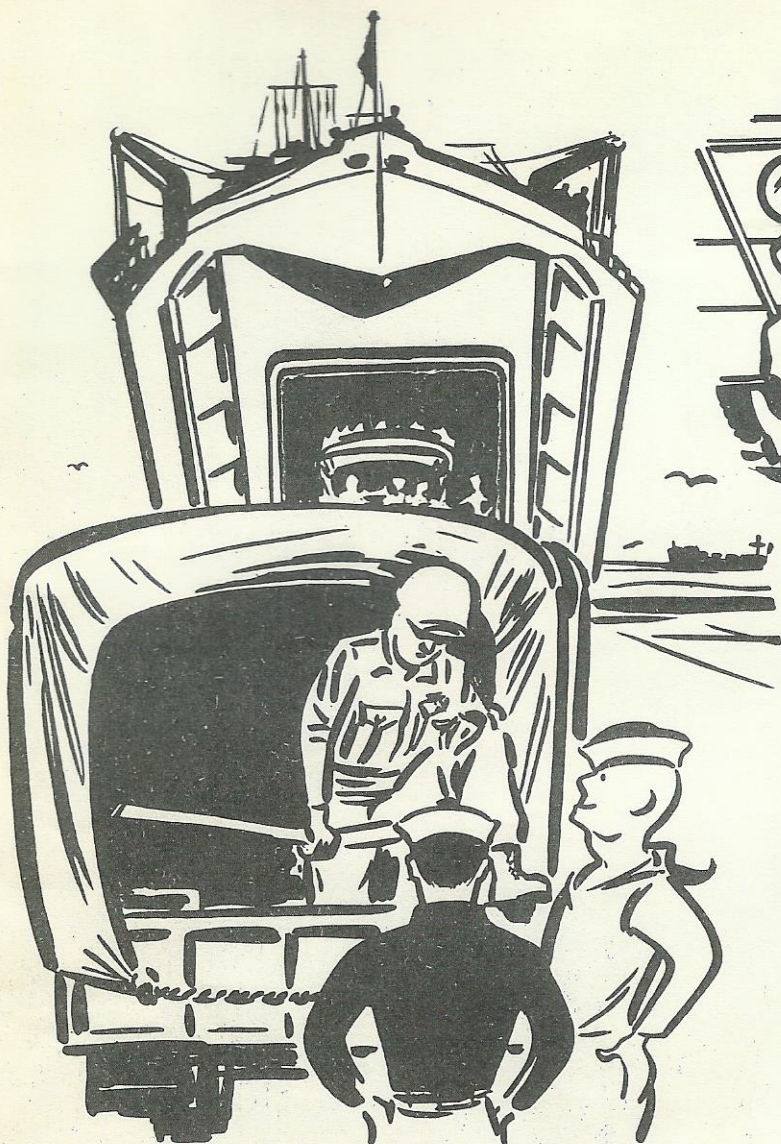
Popo Zoppers



A STRAIGHT

BUCKET OF BULLETHOLE



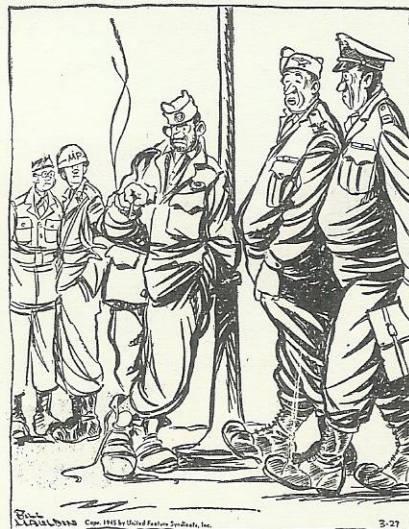


"I THOUGHT THE CAPT SAID YOU GUYS WERE AIRBORNE —"

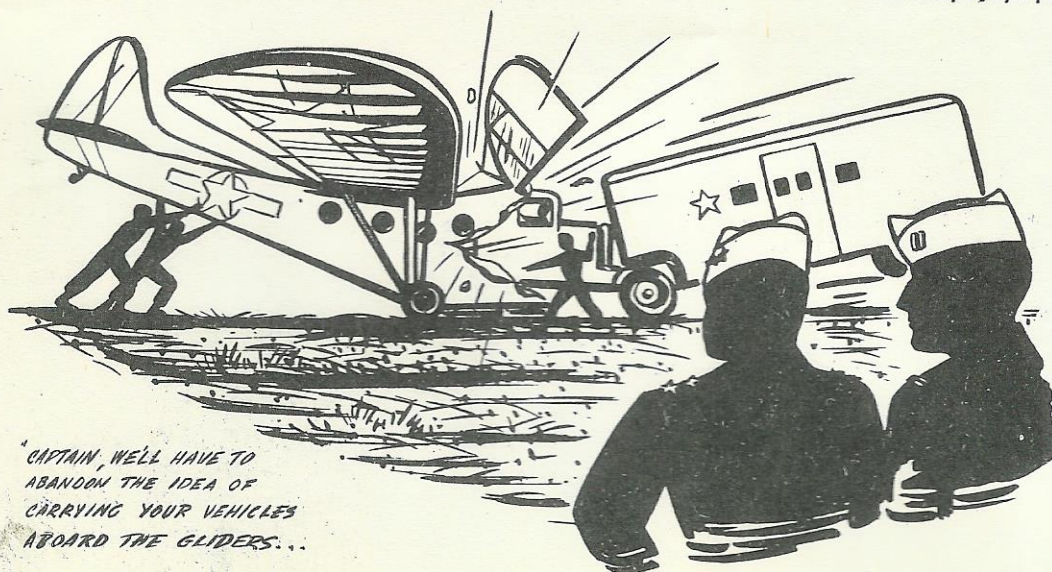


"FEEL AIRSICK, MAT?"

UP FRONT WITH MAULDIN



"It's best not to speak to paratroopers about saluting. They always ask where you got your jump boots."



"CAPTAIN, WE'LL HAVE TO
ABANDON THE IDEA OF
CARRYING YOUR VEHICLES
ABOARD THE GLIDERS..."

Your First Glider Flight

Perhaps one of your most unforgettable experiences was the first ride in those box kites made of pipe, plywood, fabric, and lined with a myriad of control wires. It looked something like a plane; the controls were like a plane's --but, dammit, the thing had no motor! The thing just didn't look safe! But you were placed in the "Airborne" to go up, and up you went. There was no accounting for those butterflies in your stomach, all of them fluttering around that tight little ball somewhere near the bottom, but they were there. After crawling into the thing, you clutched your steel helmet in your lap, just in case---. You strapped on your safety belt, wondering all the while whether you were going to pull a piece off the side of the ship when you tried to tighten it around your waist. Then the pilot came up. You looked him over closely, for you were in his hands from the moment you took off until you touched the ground again.

The towplane roared slowly up the runway for the hookup, and the towline was attached to the glider. All was ready, and you waited in hushed expectancy as the big C-47 started slowly away---now the tow-rope was taut. Starting with a jerk, the glider continued gathering speed--- you were off! It was strange how the glider went into the air just before the tow plane took off. You were flying over and behind the tail of the plane ahead. The speed increased to nearly 120 miles per hour ---you could read the sign on the panel that said 140 was the maximum speed. The wind tore against the struts, whistled along the sides, and batted the glider around in the air. Your nervousness had passed, but you hadn't noticed it. Now you could look around at the scenes below you, the checkered fields sliding along beneath you, the roads, small villages, single houses and the farmers working in the fields. Some wished they were down there working in those fields too.

The glider was ready to cut loose from the towplane and go off on its own for a landing. You watched the pilot reach for the release, felt the suspense in the glider as he held his hand there for an instant --he yanked the release, you felt the jerk of the glider as it went off on its own. The towplane pulled away and out of sight higher up, as your pilot started a downward circle for the landing. The landscape below made a quick shift to one side as the glider banked sharply. You could look down and see the bustling little figures climbing out of gliders; and the ground crews, and the white faces turned aloft, watching your flight. The ground comes up just a little faster than you quite realize. You glide swiftly over parked gliders, planes, and moving figures of the men on the ground. Then you hit the ground and roll quickly to a halt over, what seems to you, rather rough ground. Now everyone is ready to climb out. The pilot knows you are new to this kind of stuff and he asks you how you liked it! You feel relieved and happy now, and thank him for the ride. --and there are more to come.....

Epernay to Aywaille

Orders finally came through for the company to move up to the "Bulge" in the First Army Sector, and the convoy started on the second leg of its journey the morning after Christmas Day. You passed through the city of Dinant, Belgium when the German spearhead was reported to be only about 4 miles east, and their patrols were active within the city. Repeated warnings were given to the convoy concerning enemy air activity.

You reached the city of Namur at nightfall and the convoy was warned against proceeding over the road to Liege because of the repeated strafing by Nazi planes. An overnight bivouac site was then chosen near the city and the main portion of the convoy climbed a winding and twisting road to the top of a high hill overlooking Namur. A portion of the vehicles, which became separated from the main convoy, remained in the city until late that night. A quick reconnaissance of the area revealed a large stadium that offered protection from the cold and wind. Fires were built in a large room where the light was concealed from aerial observation. Most men wrapped themselves in blankets and slept on the floor or on benches placed around the fires.

Through further reconnaissance, you noticed that anti-aircraft emplacements were set up on the playing field. The AAA men lived in tents pitched in the woods and when they saw the first large van of our convoy roll in, they thought they were receiving a second Radar to supplement the one they had in operation.

Suddenly, in the still of the night, you were awakened by a commotion among the AAA men. You heard their orders barked out excitedly; and then the sound of shuffling feet as you saw their silhouettes take positions at their Bofors guns. --- Then you heard that final order, "Fire!", and the blast of the guns took you by surprise. You saw then, that you were in for another sleepless night, so you decided to watch the air battle.

You noticed that Namur was well defended with AAA guns, for the flash and blast could be seen and heard from gun emplacements on nearly every hill top surrounding the city. When the German bombers swooped down over the city, all hell broke loose. Fifty caliber tracers searched the dark heavens, bofors whooped away, and the earth-crunching bombs sent flashes of light upward to illuminate the sky. Meanwhile, the other segment of the convoy was sweating out the bombing in the city. It was necessary for them to use one of the bridges in town -- a probable target of the Nazi bombers. Several bombs dropped in their vicinity but the group finally found their way through the blackout to the top of the hill, and they breathed a sigh of relief over finally finding a comparatively safe zone.

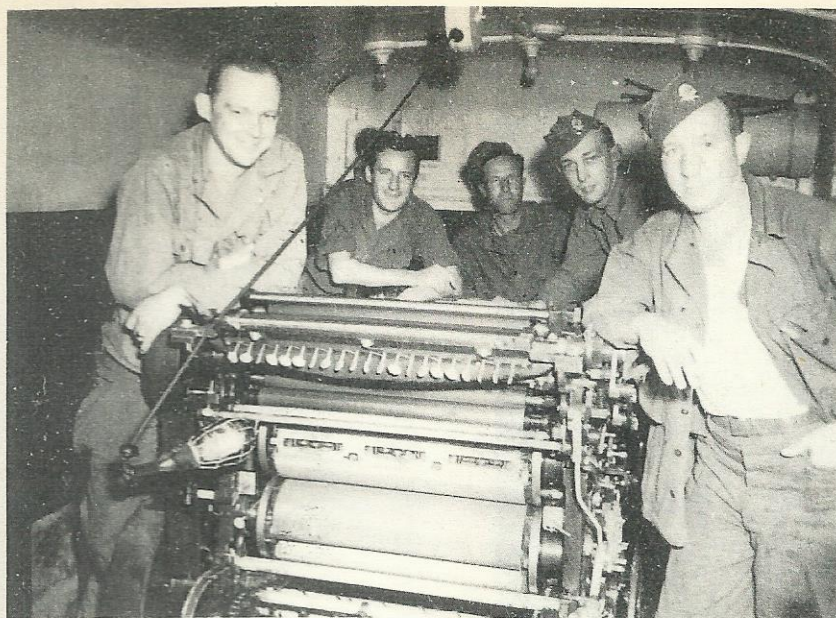
Then there was a lull in the air attack and you thought you were going to sleep. The quiet lasted for only about 45 minutes however, and the Radar again recorded the presence of approaching aircraft. Again you heard the commotion as the AAA men at the guns made ready for the attack. Tracers streaked the sky, flashes from the AAA guns momentarily lit up the immediate landscape and the air vibrations from the blast were terrific.

You saw several direct hits upon Nazi planes that night. You may have been watching the gun as it pointed upward toward what appeared to be nothing but black sky. Then a few seconds after the gun fired, you saw a plane light up in bright red glow and then soar to the earth like a comet. One German plane swooped close over head, another found its target over the city and set fire to a huge warehouse that burned for the remainder of the night.

The air attacks came repeatedly during the night, but with the break of day came a peaceful, calm and sunny morning. The convoy moved through the city slowly, and you observed the results of the night's bombing. Storekeepers and housewives were on the street sweeping the shattered glass into piles. It seemed that the bridges in town were the targets, and not a one was hit.

The convoy passed through the wreckage of Liege and then headed southeast over the winding roads and into the rough hilly country of the Ardennes.

An advance party from the Map Depot had preceded the company to the "Bulge" to organize the map distribution to units under the Corps, and to arrange for billets for the entire unit in the city of Aywaille. They were happy and thrilled over their reunion with the company and related many of their experiences -- particularly of an air raid on Aywaille a few nights previously.



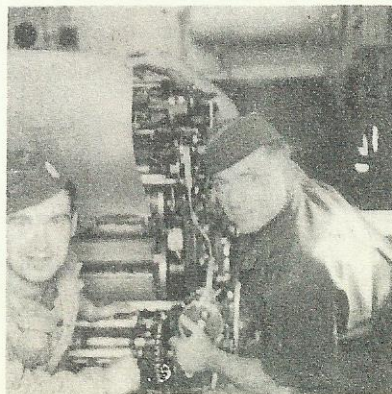
Two men ordinarily operate the Harris Offset Press, but at change-over time for shifts, the compact press section is crowded with pressmen as the oncoming crew gets the "story" from the crew leaving duty. These men were discussing the job in progress but they don't appear too much annoyed over the cameraman's interruption.

"You got only two "Hershey Bars", son! Count mine - willya?"

Muddy shoes propped on a desk, and Roberts looks happy reading his Stars and Stripes, - maybe the "Ruskies" took Berlin.

A halt for nature's call along a muddy road in Belgium - Usual comment:- "Damn! It was about time they stopped the convoy up there: I couldn't have stood it another minute."

One job rolls off the press and a new plate goes on for the next.



breakthrough into Belgium and that the Corps was to move up to that newly formed bulge in the line.

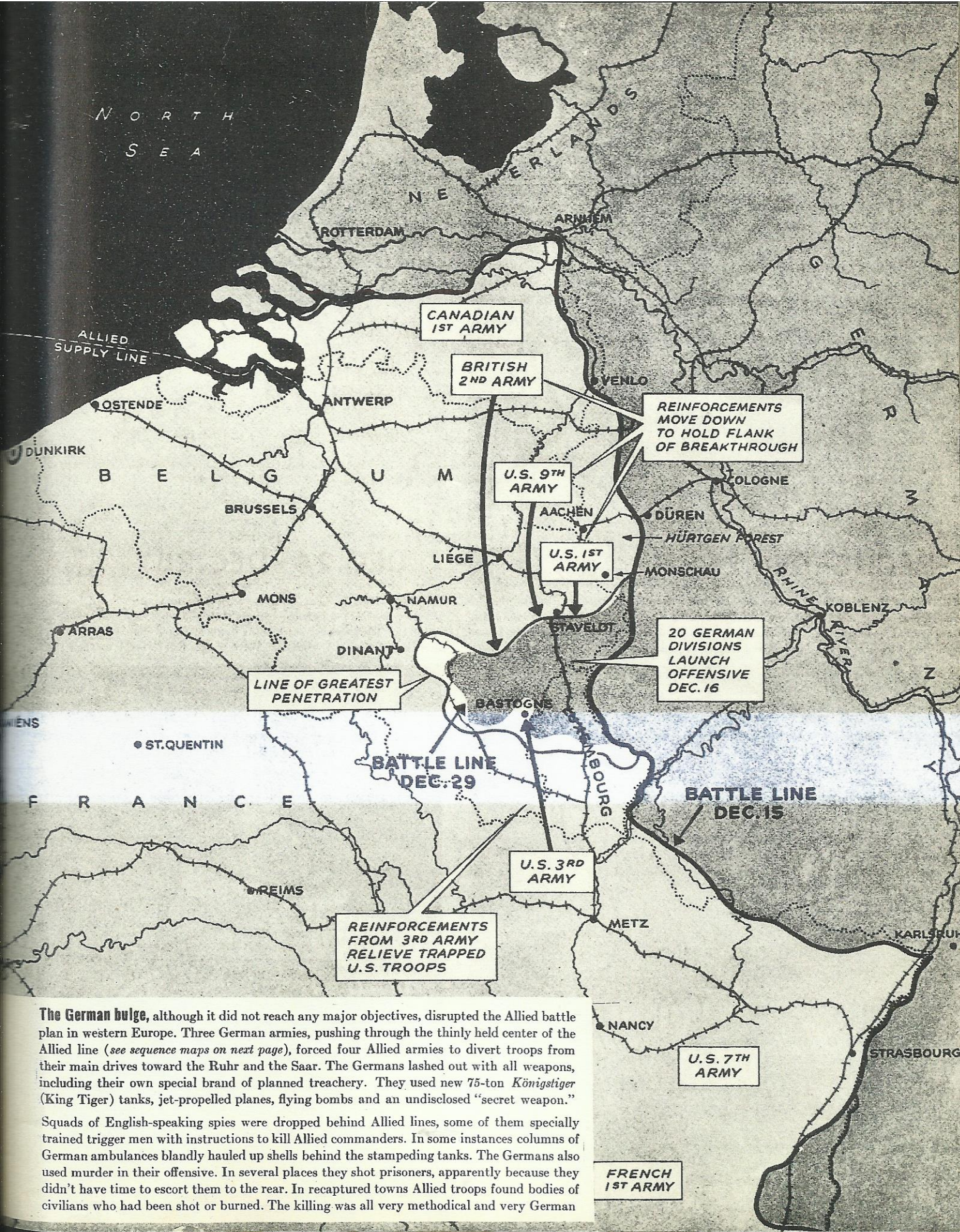
The story sounded too fantastic for some to believe when they were awakened and told, "Get up, we got to pack our equipment tonight, for we're moving out tomorrow." Some of you thought the 1st Sergeant was having a nightmare when he awoke you from your deep slumber and made such difficult demands. Others grunted, "Go away, you're drunk." and then rolled over to continue sleeping. Surprisingly enough though, the entire company was soon wide awake and working like beavers, packing equipment and supplies for the move. In the morning the entire unit was prepared to pull out and was awaiting the clearance of the convoy's itinerary through the RTO. It wasn't until midnight that the convoy left Ogbourne St. George, ---19th December.

You will always remember that ride to the port in Weymouth, England. It was cold, and you were tired from working through the previous night. After eating "K" rations throughout the day, you envisioned a good hot supper upon arrival at Weymouth.

At the transient camp at Weymouth you grabbed your mess gear and scurried to the end of the long chow line, for you knew it would soon grow longer. As the line moved forward you put out your mess kit expectantly ---and in it, they clonked a can of hot "C" rations!

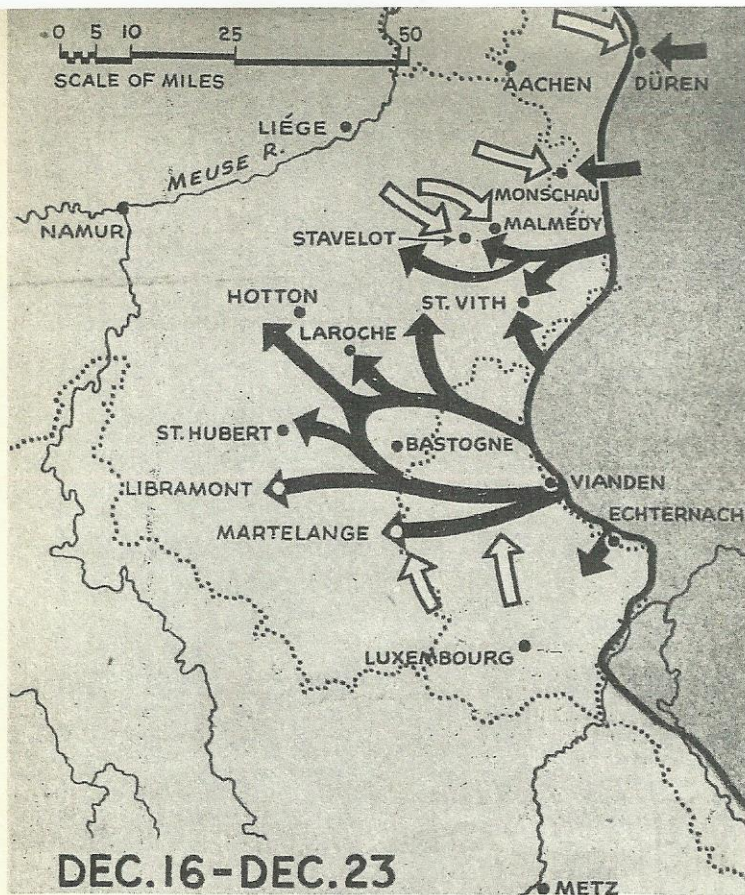
The next day you were loaded onto an LST, for embarkation to Le-Havre, France. You were fed very well aboard that LST; the Navy always feeds well. After the LST was fully loaded, it left the dock almost immediately. The Channel waters were calm that day and the crossing was uneventful. You looked forward to your first sight of the Continent, trying to guess the future and what it held for you. That night you docked outside the blasted harbor of Le Havre; your first sight of the harbor was not to come 'til morning. The LST began to wend its way through the channel marked with buoys. It maneuvered past the shattered harbor walls and on up to the sandy beach. The huge doors opened and the ramp dropped upon the beach with a "Clank". Trucks began to move out onto the soil of France, and into the destroyed port town of Le Havre. For men who had been waiting in England for from one to two years, this was an epic event. You had arrived "over there" at last!



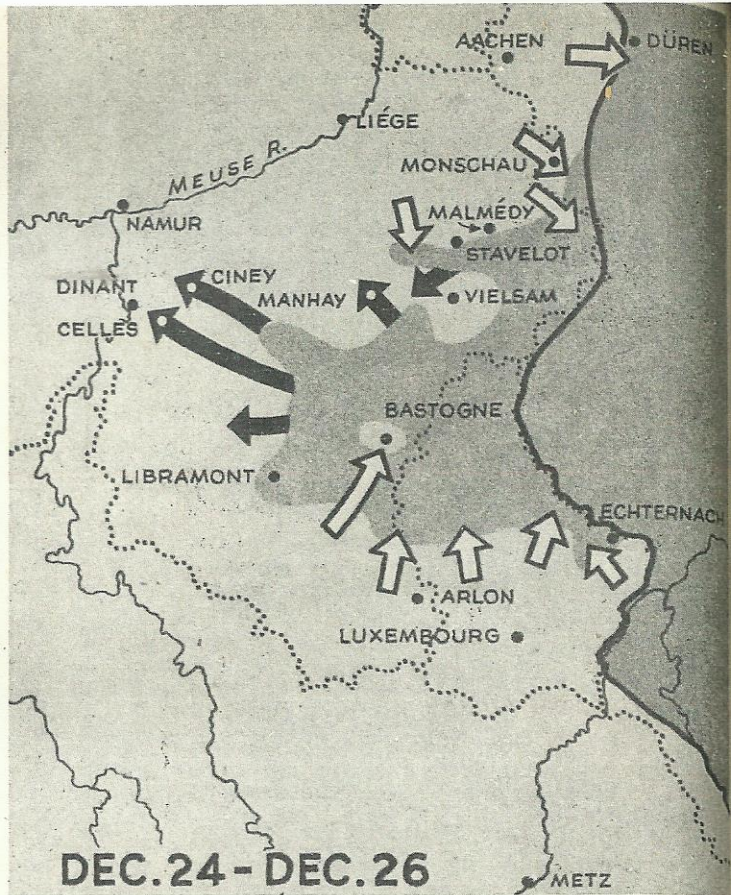


The German bulge, although it did not reach any major objectives, disrupted the Allied battle plan in western Europe. Three German armies, pushing through the thinly held center of the Allied line (see sequence maps on next page), forced four Allied armies to divert troops from their main drives toward the Ruhr and the Saar. The Germans lashed out with all weapons, including their own special brand of planned treachery. They used new 75-ton *Königstiger* (King Tiger) tanks, jet-propelled planes, flying bombs and an undisclosed "secret weapon."

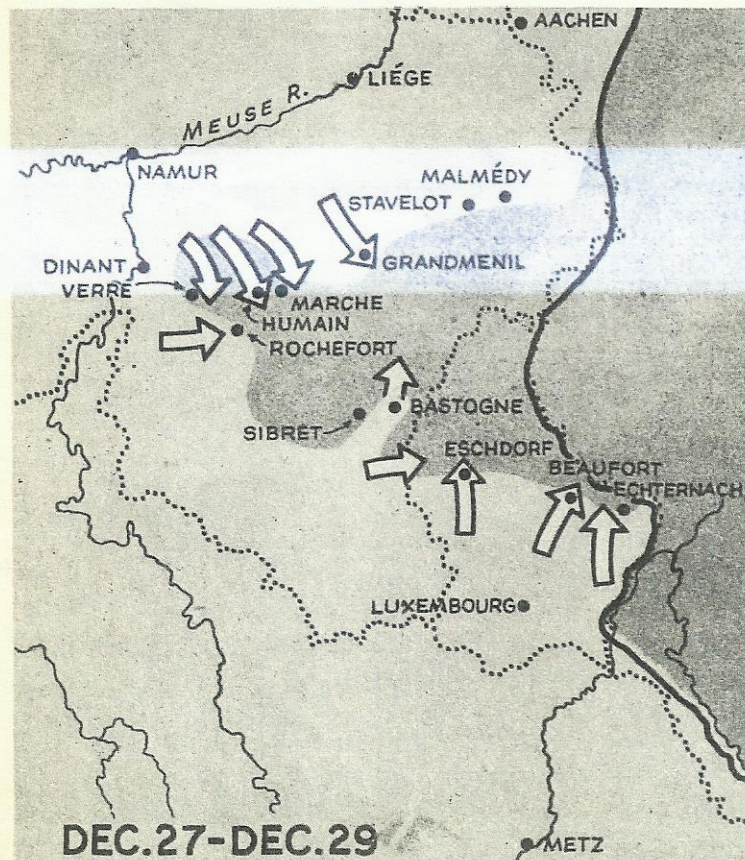
Squads of English-speaking spies were dropped behind Allied lines, some of them specially trained trigger men with instructions to kill Allied commanders. In some instances columns of German ambulances blandly hauled up shells behind the stampeding tanks. The Germans also used murder in their offensive. In several places they shot prisoners, apparently because they didn't have time to escort them to the rear. In recaptured towns Allied troops found bodies of civilians who had been shot or burned. The killing was all very methodical and very German



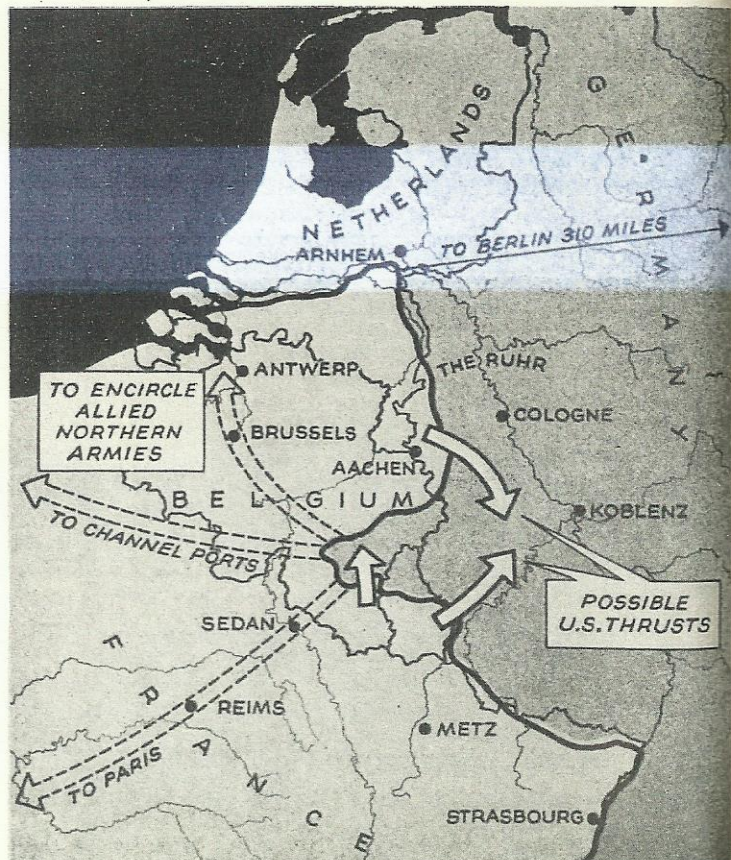
First stage of the drive began on Dec. 16 when tanks advancing out of the Siegfried line fingered through the forests of Belgium and Luxembourg. One spearhead broke through below Monschau but was kept from turning north by the U. S. defense around Malmédyl and Stavelot. Sheltered from planes by low-hanging clouds, the tanks moved in dense, powerful masses.



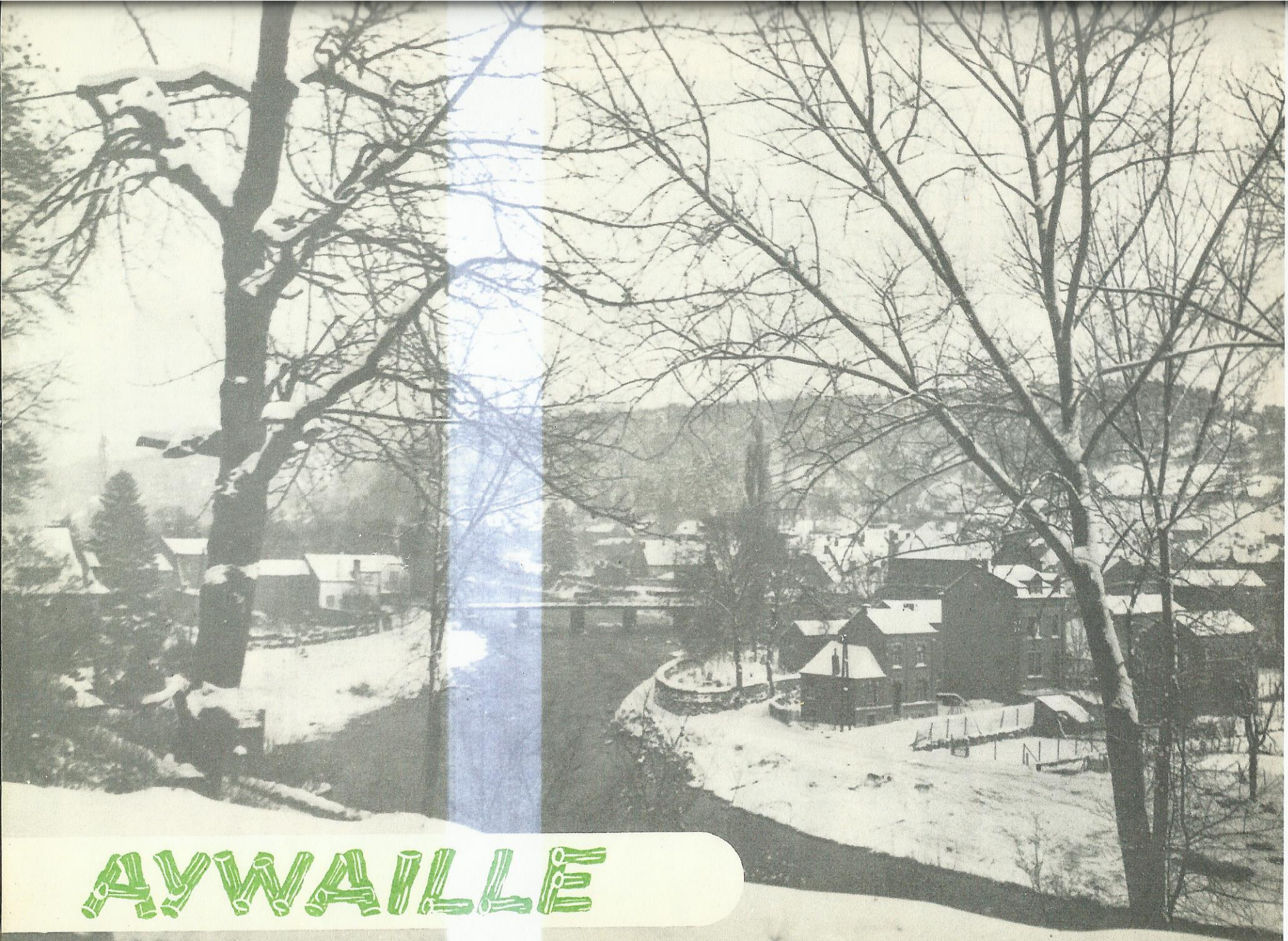
In second stage the Germans drove a great triangle into Allied lines, almost to the Meuse. Reinforced Allied troops began to press at the sides, but they were unable to dull the spearhead at the tip. The break came when the weather cleared. For the first time planes pounded the triangle and the roads behind it. The Germans had to break up their tight tank formations.



In the third stage the German drive lost momentum. Allied troops, including fresh units, were in position around the triangle and were squeezing it hard. General Patton's tank-strong Third Army relieved besieged Bastogne and narrowed the corridor behind the German spearhead to a distance less than medium artillery range. For the moment the Germans had lost the initiative.



The possible objectives of the German drive were Paris, the Channel or Antwerp. At the end of last week the Germans were possibly regrouping for new attacks and had already attained their first objective: the lessening of Allied pressure on other parts of the front. The Allies had also lost a lot of men and equipment, but so had the Germans, who could afford it less.



AYWAILLE



Aywaille was just a small Belgian town located on the Ambleve River which flowed between the steep slopes of the Ardennes Highlands. It was here that you saw the old year out and the new year in; and it was here that you experienced the first heavy snow fall of the Winter. You thought the city wasn't much to look at, but you found its people very hospitable. While stationed here, the company occupied a schoolhouse, a dance and beer hall, and a small hotel.

Some of you could speak French fluently, and others could speak enough to get along on with the aid of sign language. Some of the Belgians spoke English and many of them knew enough to carry on a limited conversation. Through such mediums you were able to speak with the natives. They told you many stories of the war and how it affected them and their village.

You learned that many of the townsmen were members of the Belgian underground and had guided American and British fliers to safety when they crashed in the German occupied area. Others told of friends or members of their family who were lost by death, or to the forced labor gangs in Germany. A photographer in town had lost his nine-year-old daughter by strafing German planes while refugees crowded the roads into France in the year 1940.

You didn't doubt the sincerity of the warm welcome given you for the people wanted nothing in return for their many favors. They brought you food and hot drinks while on guard duty, they invited you into their homes and fed you with their meager food supply, and they offered to wash your clothing free.

Some of you knew the English-speaking Nun who, as a prank, taught one of her sister nuns the words, "I love you, kiss me", and one of the first Yanks who entered the town found this nun running toward him shouting the words, "I love you, kiss me!"

Naturally, there are racketeers in all countries, and as nice as the Belgians were collectively, there were a few who were all-out for the Yanks' money. You will remember the high prices of souvenirs, the poor wine, and the cognac at exorbitant prices.

The Germans employed some of the same tactics in this break-through as they did in the break-through of the Maginot Line in '40. English-speaking Germans donned American uniform and infiltrated our lines, or dropped by parachute in the rear. Their efforts were in vain however, for a tight net was drawn about them and they were captured in attempts at sabotaging our installations, posing as MP's - misdirecting convoys, and propagating rumors to strike panic among civilians and troops.

You will remember the grand scale "Quiz Contest" put on by the MP's to detect the German spies who were active behind our lines. If you could not answer their questions properly, you would be held as a suspect. You may have been stopped along the roads many times and asked such questions as, "What state are you from? - What's the capital of that state? - Who won the world series last year? - Who ran against Roosevelt in the last election?" If you couldn't answer the question, "What does 'SNAFU' mean?" - you definitely were not an American Soldier.

Buzz Bombs were a common sight at Aywaille for they roared over-head toward Liege at regular intervals. You could hear them before you saw them. Sounding like a big truck climbing a hill, they came into sight over the hill at the far end of the valley. You watched the blob of red or white flame trailing the bomb, and you listened to the deep throb that shook the earth as it passed overhead. The roar subsided as the "V-1" passed the crest of the hill in the direction of Liege. Sometimes you heard the motor cut-off, --- then silence. Finally the report from the explosion came rolling over the hills, much louder than that from the artillery fire ahead. You watched these "Buzz Bombs" intently, with hopes that they would not cut-out and start their steep glide downward. Some of them barely made the hill crest beyond the valley, while others exploded in the open fields.

A few days of fair weather brought with them the encouraging sights of great flights of our bombers going overhead to blast the Germans in the "Bulge". They came by the hundreds, and their exhaust fumes laced the clear January sky with fingers of mist.

It was in Aywaille that you first encountered the task of producing Terrain Studies of the enemy occupied area facing our front. With the aid of some constructive criticism on the first issue, you were able to improve the study to satisfy the requirements and demands of the General and his staff.

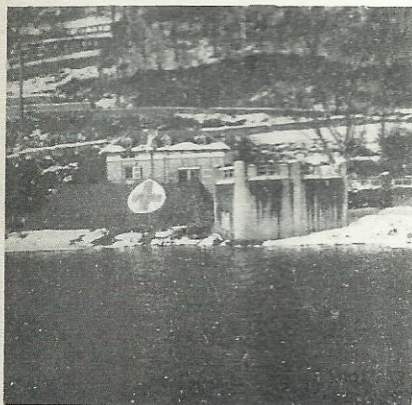
An additional demand for maps was placed upon the unit at this time by the First Army Headquarters in order to replenish their supply which suffered large losses in the German breakthrough.

The L'Ambleve River flows through the valley of the same name, and here at the right, it is shown as it wends its icy way between the snow covered slopes around the village of Aywaille, Belgium...

Down by the river at Aywaille sits the Red Cross Shower Tent, - one of the most welcome sights in the valley....

The man, who befriended many a GI in Aywaille, stands beside the river where he has just drawn some water.

The iron grill fence stretched the length of the park behind the motor pool and along the snow banks of the river. Along its length the lone guard trudged through the cold and snow during his tour of duty at night.



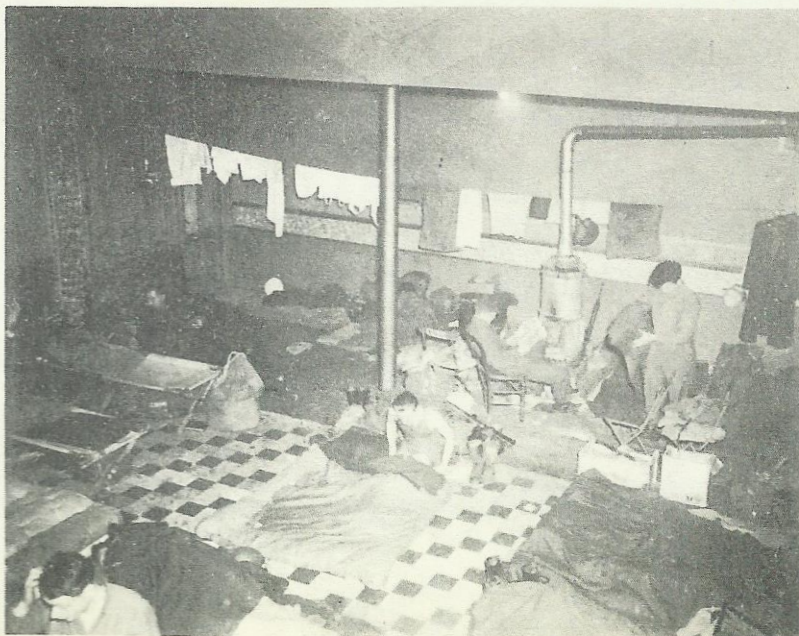


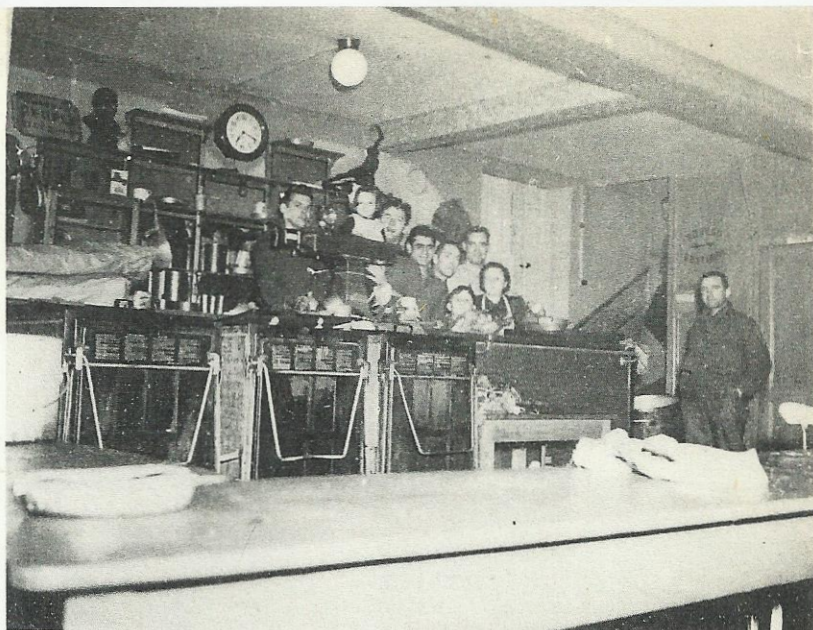
Looking out from the school, which was home to the company in Aywaille, you see the spacious yard, the guard on duty at the gate, and a man returning from chow at the "Maison Du Peuple" across the street....

Three of the Nuns who lived in the rear of the building we occupied. They taught in the school during peace time and attended services in the building's chapel while the company was there. Many of the GI's made friends with them and visited in their home...several of the boys taught them to play poker. One of the Nuns spoke English and told our men that they would pray for us....

From the street looking in on the CP in Aywaille. We lived in the unheated auditorium of the school. The Nuns lived in the rear while another family lived in the rooms behind the company's quarters. Our first CP in liberated territory, this building, and the little village in which it was situated, will be held in memory for many years to come.

Before acquiring the school, the sleeping was done in this room in the "Maison Du Peuple" which later became the mess hall. Here it is near "Sack Time" and everyone is getting ready to hit the hay as early as possible. A bit crowded for sleeping, but a lot better than spending the night in a foxhole in the bitter cold outside. In that light, here were all the comforts of home.

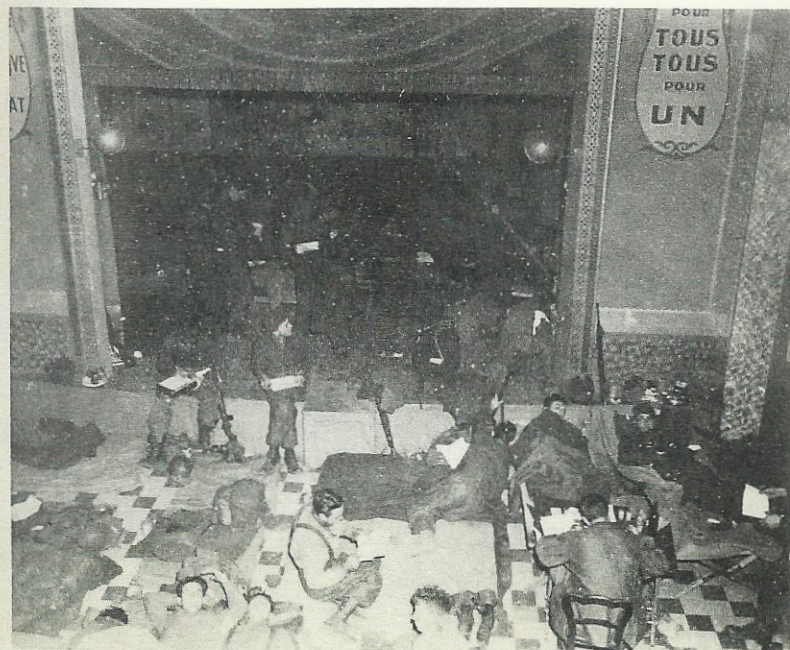




A little horseplay by the GI's in their post in Aywaille. One of the Belgian kids who adopted an American Soldier as virtually "a big brother", kneels in the center.

The kitchen crew set up in front of the bar in the "Maison Du Peuple". The owners of the house lived on the upper floor and became well known to the men in the company through their unselfish interest in them. The mother and her two kids are shown standing behind the bar, and incidentally - behind a chicken to be served for chow the next day.

Outside the kitchen in Aywaille, one of the cooks poses with the two kids while one of the women, who was kind enough to do some of the mens laundry, wrings out a pair of pants.



Sleeping quarters in the "Maison Du Peuple". Of all the things that were done, the most popular was writing letters - mail from home is always a big thing in the GI's life, and here, appreciation was shown by a vast amount of mail destined for the States and home. The sign at upper right reads, "One for all, all for one". A strikingly apt motto at this stage of the "Battle of the Bulge".

Rear view of the "Hotel Du Parc" in Aywaille. The officers slept here and Photo-mapping set up for business in the shack in the rear.

Under dull skies, the frozen Belgian landscape in the Ardennès stretches on into the distant haze behind the lines. You will remember that at this time allied air activity was practically at a standstill, the only flights seemed to have been made by the Nazi Buzz-Bombs roaring overhead.

A scrub covered Belgian rise lies reflected in the still waters of the Ambleve River at Aywaille. The snow, covering the river banks and lying deep among the scrub pines on the hillside, was still-white coverage for the remnants of the battle just passed. Down the river under each side of the bridge built by the engineers, lies two German tanks, the only visible evidence that the Germans had chosen to defend the village against allied advances.





SPA



Leaving Aywaille, your convoy moved out over the snow covered roads toward your new location. The roads were hilly and winding and the ice and snow made traveling difficult. The roads were jammed with traffic of other units also moving up to new positions along the slowly receding "Bulge". A heavy white blanket of snow covered the steep slopes and rolling hills. Jutting patches of dark, dense evergreen woods provided varied scenes.

The placid winter scenes reminded you of peace, but the debris strewn roads and towns told a story of war. Signs of a tough struggle and stiff resistance cropped up here and there through the deceptive peaceful looking landscape. Knocked-out tanks, trucks, and other vehicles, with a blasted and burned appearance, were

left to the mercy of the elements. Small arms and helmets lay in the V-shaped German foxholes by the sides of the road. The destroyed and abandoned equipment made fantastic patterns in the snow covered fields.

The convoy moved through piles of rubble that used to be towns and villages. Amid blasted buildings, with blank lifeless windows and cracked walls, stood a few GI's, resting and awaiting their turn to move up to battle. This pattern of destruction followed on into Spa, Belgium, --your next stop on the road to Germany.

Spa, a peace time health resort, was famous for it's health waters and bath house. The bath house became a welcome relief from the stretches of bathtless days and weeks behind you. It's health giving drinking water was scarce and you still dropped 2 little pills in a canteen before you drank. The world renowned mud baths were not of much interest, for you still preferred a good clean hot shower or bath.

There was no let-up in the snow storms. Fresh snow fell nearly every day until it became hip-deep in woods and to the top of your boots in open fields.

Buzz Bombs continued to zoom overhead, ---closer now than ever! Every day and night they passed with their deep-throated throbbing, shaking the windows - and even the houses. The huge missiles of death and destruction moved faster through the air than anything you had ever seen. By day, you could see their shape flashing briefly, meteorlike overhead. By night, the fiery tail of the bomb inspired awe for the dread missile, and hatred for the men who were launching them. You heard their motors cut-off just before they plunged down-ward upon the luckless cities of Belgium. A few seconds later you heard the report from the explosion.

There was "beaucoup" cognac, wine and beer in Spa. The prices were even higher than they had been in Aywaille. If you bought a bottle of cognac it was 250 to 500 francs (approximately \$5.50 to 11.00), and just as likely to be spiked with gasoline as not.

Here, several of your buddies received their first passes to Paris, and one of the lucky dog-faces among you hit the jackpot with a furlough to the States. Your dreams were getting better all the time.

You found that guard duty was tough here. The cold damp snow penetrated your arctics and combat boots, and no amount of stamping could prevent the cold from numbing your feet. You watched the men and material moving up to take their place in the line, ---ambulances and empty trucks moving back. Then there were the refugee men, women, and children, pulling sleds, carts, riding in wagons, or hauling packs on their backs. They looked cold and hungry as they trudged homeward.

In Spa, the town's OperaHouse was opened to us and every night a truck went into the shows. One momentous night, Marlene Dietrich came to town with her show. It was good, --glamorous Marlene and her famous legs lent an avenue of escape from the nightmare of war, the cold, and of the other million-and-one plagues of Winter Warfare.



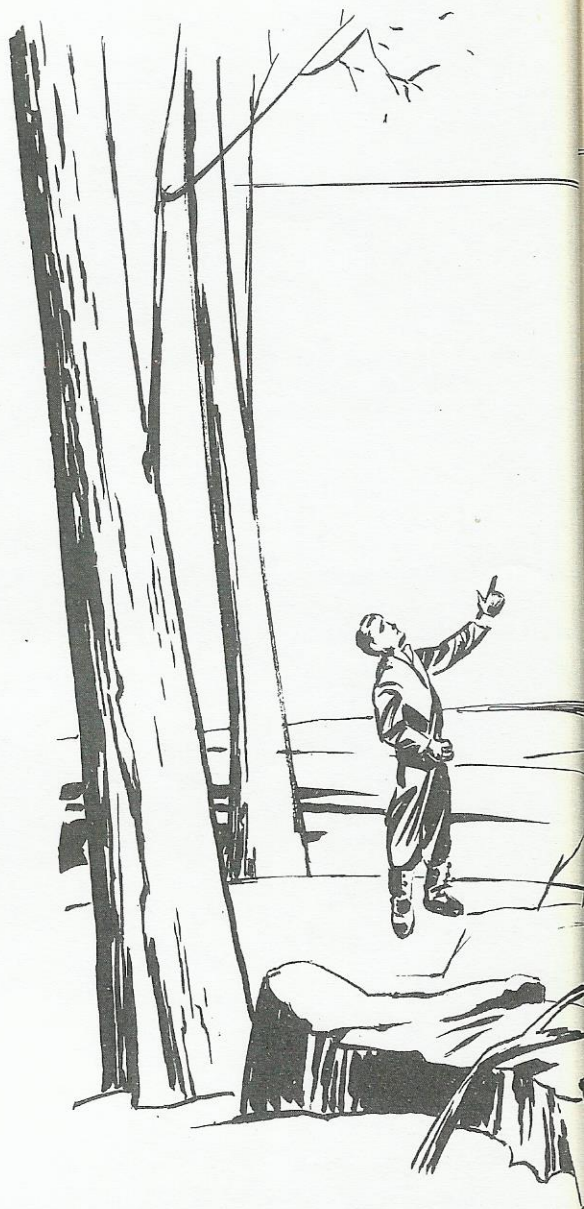
Front view of the CP at Spa. Here a fresh snow has fallen, covering the bushes in the foreground and clinging to the branches of the evergreens throughout the scene. This CP lay perched on the crest of a hill just outside Spa, on the road to Malmedy. It is typical of many Belgian chateaus, with furnishings and decorations providing an insight on the way wealthy Belgian landowners lived. But the halls now rang with the special language reserved for GI's, and the former quiet of its rooms yielded to the clatter of typewriters and the bustle of working men.



Seven Up - Seven men and one bottle pose in marked contrast on this cold winter morning. The snow covered approaches to the cabin and the snow-laden roof itself lend credence to the fact that men did need something to keep their guts warm - and they got it.

Aided greatly by Nature, here is shown a perfect camouflage job. The task of camouflage was not hard to accomplish in Spa with this kind of assistance.

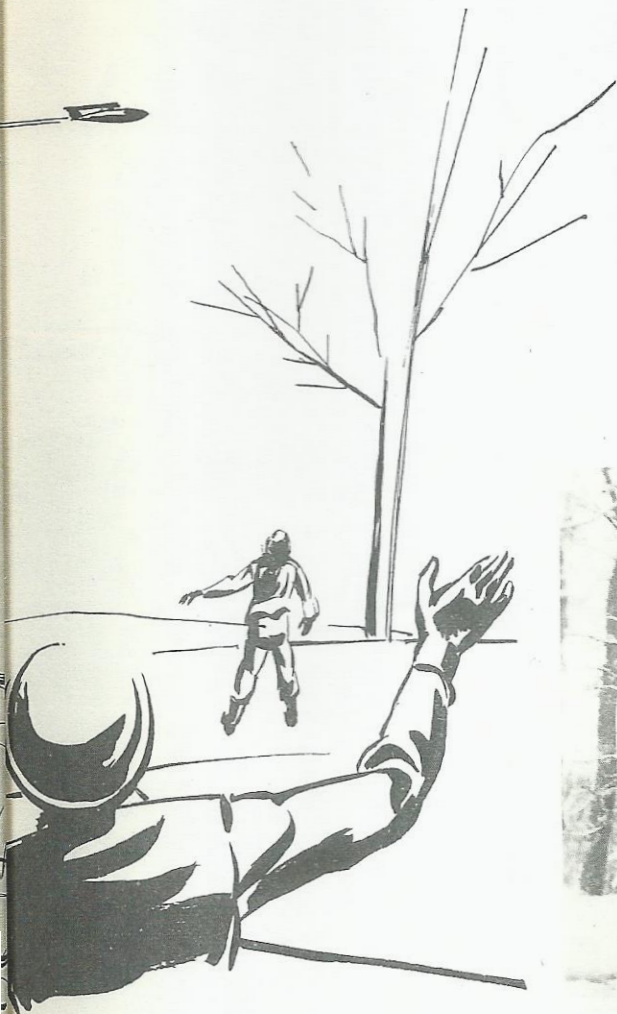




Another group is shot by the cameraman in front of the supply room in Spa. The old log cabin, lying in the rear of the CP, was a picturesque addition to the general scene of snow and pine trees.

Here is shown an oft repeated scene -- hauling water in his helmet from the brook which flowed in front of the CP.

The donkey who lived in the stable just behind the house consented to pose with the men, but not without much tugging and strong GI words of persuasion...



Men from the Survey Platoon pose for photo by their quarters down the hill from the CP in Spa. To them fell the rugged outside jobs, when those jobs came....

Engineers will find a use for anything that has been left lying around. Here they are getting water from a plane's discarded gas tank which they had rigged up for use as a reservoir.

The boys from the kitchen picked a warm day to come out of hiding to sample a period of sunshine. Sunny days brought a rare beauty to the expanses of snow cloaking the landscape.





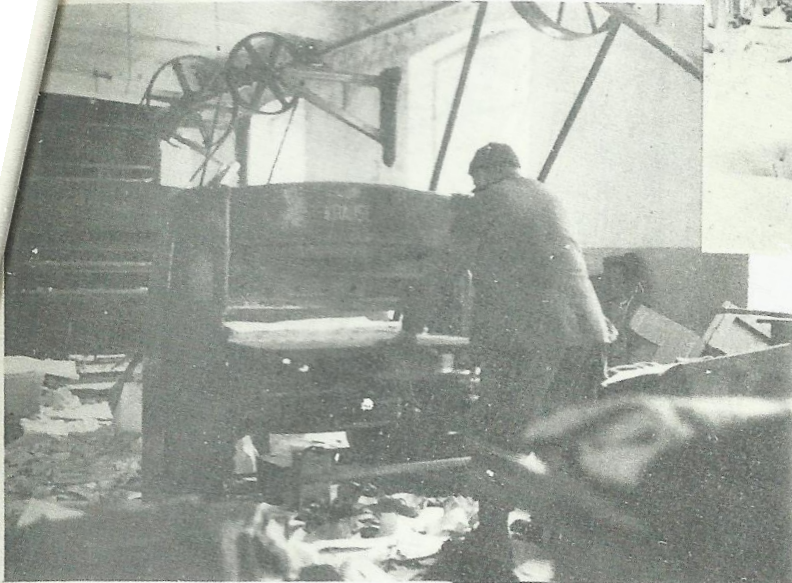
Of the many places in which the Photo-mapping Platoon made use of any quarters available, it was here in Spa that we endured life within a rough beamed, patched roof attic, during the coldest part of the winter blizzard in Belgium. The snow and wind had no mercy, finding every crack and crevice in which to blow it's wintry breath. To you and to all the boys who shared their "K's" -- and blankets, this attic abode soon became known to all as the "Blue Room". These Joes are among the many braves who thoroughly appreciated a good warm "sack", but made the best of things with the help of an old army stove, a canvas covering to help keep out extreme cold, and a gas lantern just to add a little cheer to the frozen situation. The sketch below, though imaginary, represents the true mental prospective of each G.I. as he shivered, at one time or another, in this never to be forgotten "Blue Room".



THEY BROUGHT HIM FROM THE "BLUE ROOM"

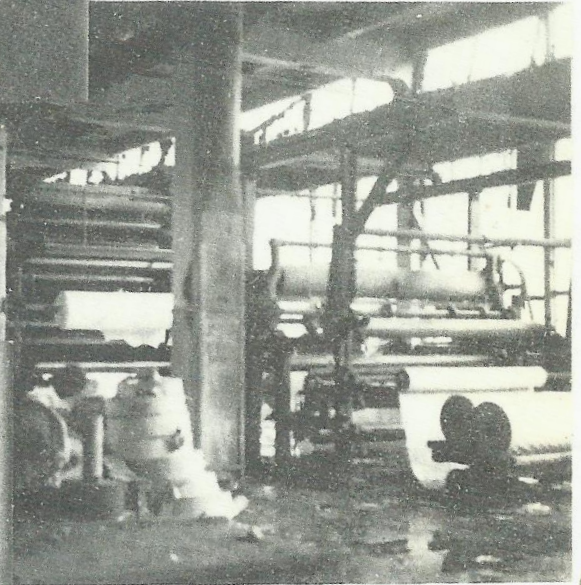
Galmedy

the company took full advantage and use of captured equipment and supplies.



Nazi-operated machine shops became a source for tool replacement.

Paper cutter, formerly operated by Nazis, was put into operation and use by men of Reproduction Platoon.



Heavy equipment of paper mill stands idle and wrecked.

Paper stock was carried from Nazi warehouse for use in printing maps.







Waimes



Leaving Spa, your convoy moved deeper into the area once included in the German breakthrough. The "Bulge" was shrinking. Enroute, you passed through Malmedy, the town made famous by the great stands made by the 82nd Airborne Division, and by the atrocities committed there against American prisoners. You had seen Malmedy before, --- the complete center of the town pounded into piles of brick and dust. People were trying to live there despite the conditions. Some of the citizens returned and stood in the snow looking at their blasted homes and then moved on, perhaps to a neighbor's house, or to the next village.

As in other towns, you saw deserted homes with side walls blown out completely, leaving bedrooms, toilets, and living rooms exposed. The furniture and plumbing stood as though on exhibition. These were the pitiful reminders that the war had rolled over this area twice within a few months, leaving chaotic destruction and hopeless despair to its peoples.

Outside Malmedy, at Trois-Ponts, some of you saw the field where over 100 American Prisoners of War had been murdered by German SS-Men and tankers. You list these murders high in your memories of the German Army, just as they are listed high in the history of infamy written by the Germans.

You drove onward toward the German border, to the small town of Waimes, Belgium. This was to be the location of the company's new Command Post. Waimes had been hit, ---and hit hard time and time again. The people here had also been driven from their home twice. Soon the people began coming back behind us, ---back again to their shattered homes to see what the merciless God of War had left them this time.

The weather became warmer and the roads had become muddy and slippery with the melting of the snow. In the fields, as the snow melted, there came into view the bodies of the dead Germans and bloated bodies of cows and horses, ---legs thrusting stiffly into the air like statues blown over by the wind. Along the road you saw the same old signs with the grim warning, "Mines cleared only between arrows."

Your billets in Waimes were the best houses the town had to offer, but they too were blasted by artillery and scarred by small arms fire. In one of our buildings, the kitchen was the only room remaining undamaged. The Map Depot personnel swept out a room full of black pepper before they could move in. The snows melted completely and the roads became a mass of slippery mud, and the ditches, streams of murky water. Through this, you waded to chow, stood guard, and walked from one job to another.

With this, there came motor and generator troubles. Getting the equipment back for repair was a major problem, and keeping up with the work under these conditions was heartbreaking. The work went on however, meeting deadline after deadline without a halt in production. Terrain Studies became one of the most outstanding achievements of the unit.

You had been in Waimes only four days when the news came that the "Bulge" was completely wiped out and you were off to Germany.

Unpacking and setting up after the trip to Waimes from Spa proved a slippery job in the melting snow and mud.

Keeping the always troublesome generators working right was a full time job in itself. They were the most hard hit of all due to the weather and continuous usage.

Truck troubles played a major part in the miseries of the company as time and use took their toll...in the battle to keep things running and in shape.

The mess hall in Waimes was torn by shell fire on the inside and in rear. Few of the rooms were usable when the company took this place over.





With the melting of snow in Waimes came the mud and water to SNAFU the roads, bare the refuge left in wake of the battle, and to creep into your arctics and boots and freeze the feet of the guards. The guy standing in the water in this picture is doing so for the benefit of the photographer only - not to get his feet wet.

Frequent feasting with "K" rations has caused many a GI to go "ETO Happy", whether this dogface has gotten to that stage yet is left to the judgement of the reader...

Out of the bitching and griping in Waimes a few smiling faces appeared. Here is one - but you notice he is standing on dry ground. A notice appeared on the bulletin board,... "Arctics will be kept buttoned at all times."





VICHT



With the Nazi Army pushed back into Germany, and the "Bulge" completely reduced, the battle front was considerably lessened. The masses of troops in this area were therefore reshuffled and assigned to various other sectors of the front. The XVIII Corps (Abn) was to stay with the First Army but was to move to the sector east of Aachen. Here it was to participate in the drive on Cologne. The Corps moved north to Zweifall and the Topo Company moved to Vicht.

Up through Belgium and into Germany you went. You will never forget the condition of the roads on this trip, for the quick thaw and the heavy traffic churned main routes into avenues of mud within a few hours. Some of you had your vehicles bog-down in the soft earth. Some routes were impassable and detour routes became necessary.

A detour led you through the impotent Siegfried Line near Aachen. The pillboxes had been blown to bits, leaving steel reinforcing rods twisted over and through the piles of masonry. Others were still intact, ---ominous concrete facades protruding from the earth and the hillsides. They were silent and deserted now. Long rows of Dragons Teeth crossed the defiles of the more level terrain, but the extraction of some of these teeth made way for further advances into Germany. The Siegfried Line was "Kaput".

Mile upon mile of war-waste lay in the countries behind you; now you were about to see the destruction in Germany. As you crossed the border, you were greeted with the sign, "You Are Now Entering Germany - Be Alert - Don't Fraternize!" Just ahead of you was the city of Aachen, the first large city of Germany to be captured.

You rolled through the city from outskirt to outskirt and saw the great destruction caused by our airforce and artillery. Conquered Aachen bore the familiar marks of fallen buildings and gutted homes. Only a few streets were cleared for traffic; the others were piled high with rubble. MP's stood at road junctions to give directions, and a few civilians appeared to be wandering aimlessly about. Aachen had few complete livable houses, and into these were crammed the entire population of Germans who had chosen to stay behind, or who couldn't get out.

The convoy moved on toward Vicht. The darkness of night was rapidly overtaking the dusk of evening and the fields and villages seemed quiet and deserted. Upon your arrival in Vicht, you were glad to see that the city wasn't too badly damaged for it made possible the occupation of four large buildings by the Company.

The things you will want most to remember about Vicht was its muddy streets, the surrounding hills fortified with pillboxes, and your first test of the Non-fraternization Law. You went all-out for souvenir hunting here - remember?

The front line was ahead of Vicht, and the fighting was going on near Duren. You often listened to the artillery as it pounded the enemy defense positions in the softening-up-process, prior to the "Jump Off" across the Cologne Plains.

The Company stayed in Vicht for only five days, after which time orders came quickly for return to Epernay, France. The Corps also returned to the base in Epernay to prepare for airborne operations across the Rhine River. Although your stay in Germany was brief, you were to return later for new experiences.

During the 5 days, you helped produce maps of the forward area extending to the Rhine. Terrain, road, bridge, and stream studies were produced for coverage of the entire area. These were eventually distributed to the troops which stayed for the push on to Cologne and Bonn.

Under leden skies, the company moved into Vicht, Germany for a short stay in support of the drive on Cologne. It rained continually and the mud was soon churned into a thick paste by the vehicles. Here a group of men stand in front of one of the houses acquired for billets.



You found the German houses well built and furnished with much loot from many of the invaded countries. Perhaps you were a little surprised too at the number of them who attended the big church in the courtyard in front of the CP.

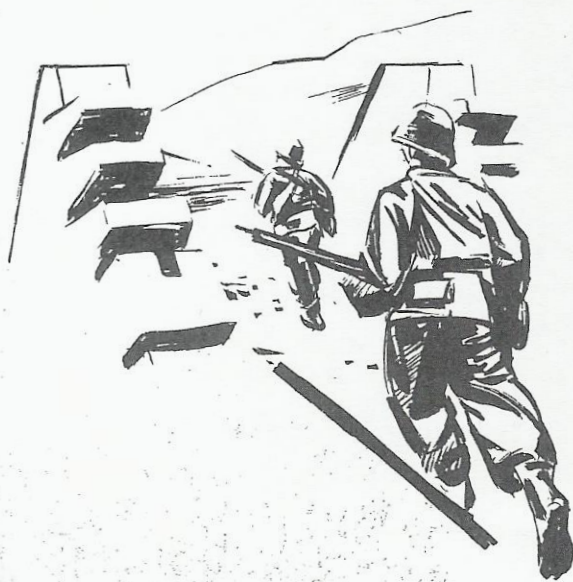
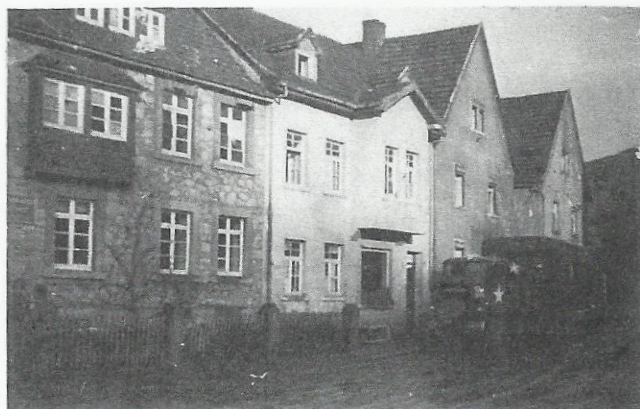
The surroundings weren't what you might have hoped for, the utensils were nothing fancy, but the GI got the best food in the world (it sez here)



The countryside inside the borders of the "Third Reich" was dotted with these concrete houses of war. Here the so called "Supermen" held out in all their fanaticism for "Der Fueher" until the "American Infantrymen" came along to blast them out of their underground retreat.

The watery mud splashed onto your clothes, tracked into your quarters, and generally made things miserable for you during your stay in Vicht.

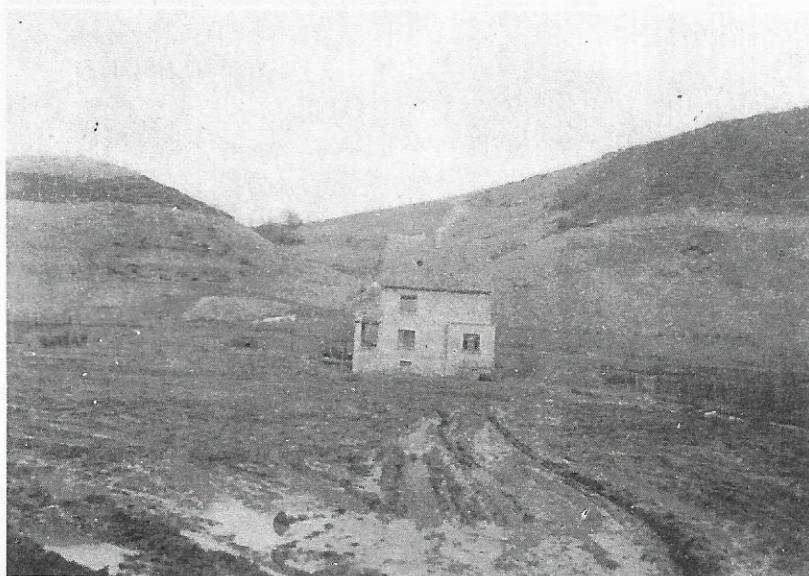
To a GI, the chow line is a thrice-daily occurrence, welcomed and much looked forward to - especially to the chow hounds you find in any outfit. Here the chow line moves in on the kitchen at Vicht.



A common sight inside Germany were pillboxes, blasted as this one is and left a useless mass of concrete, steel reinforcing rods and supports.

Here lies a part of the Siegfried Line, its teeth scarred and broken, the Nazis defending it, beaten and routed, dead or prisoner, its short lived usefulness mocking its builders and their claims for the great part it would play in the defense of the "Father-Land".

This muddy field practically isolated the Photomapping Platoon from the rest of the company in Vicht. It is mud like this that becomes synonymous with the word "War".

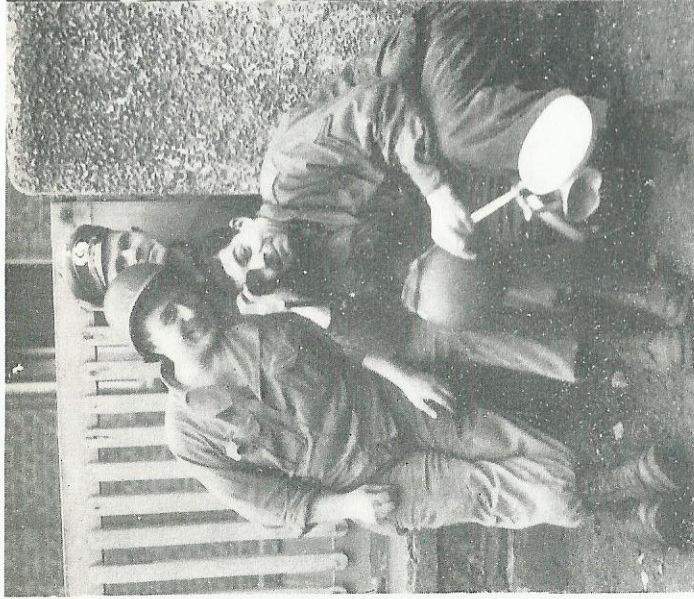


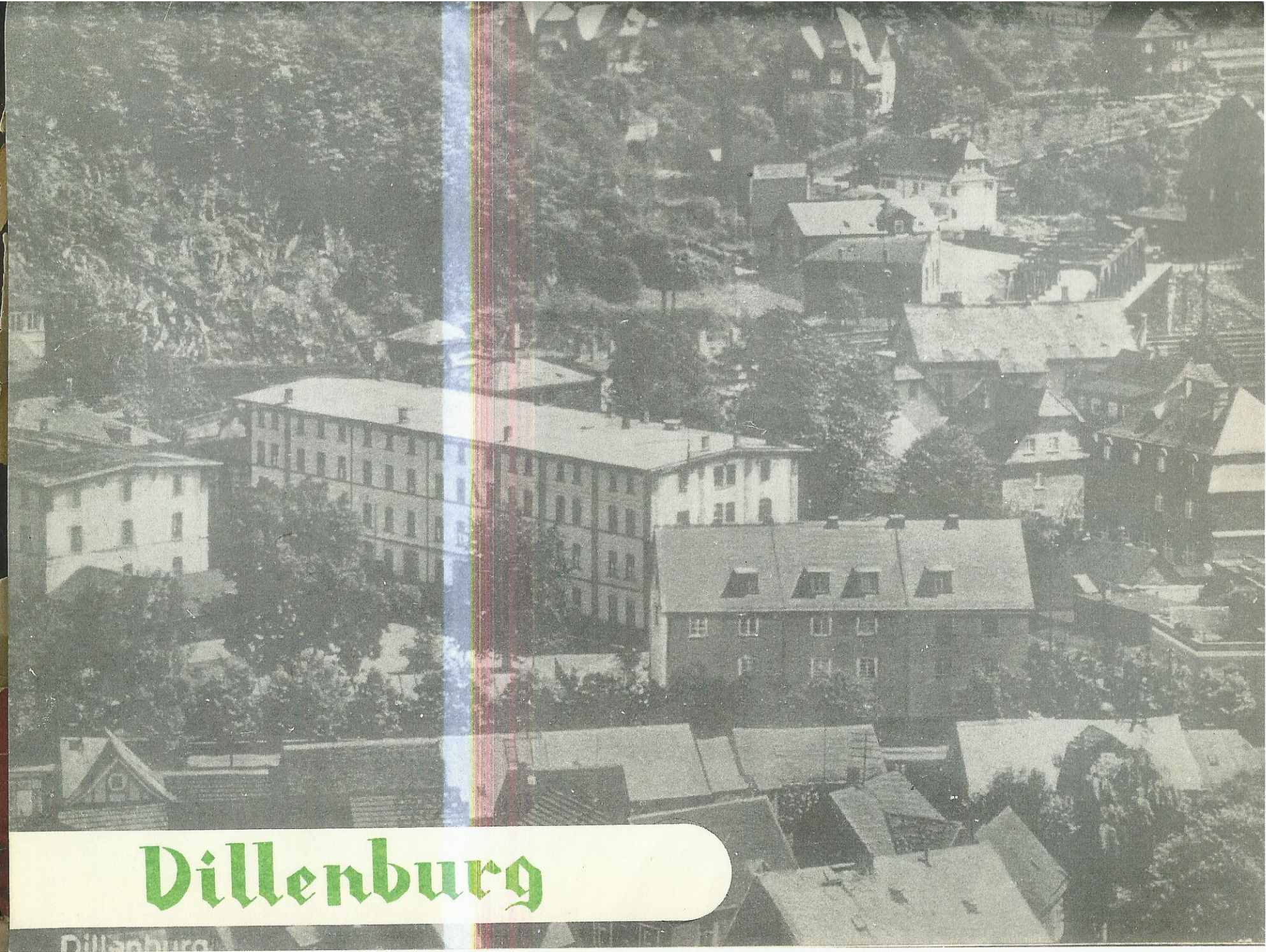
W1
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A LINE SHOT !!

HALF TUNE

ONE DAYS





Dillenburg

Dillenburg

Dillenburg



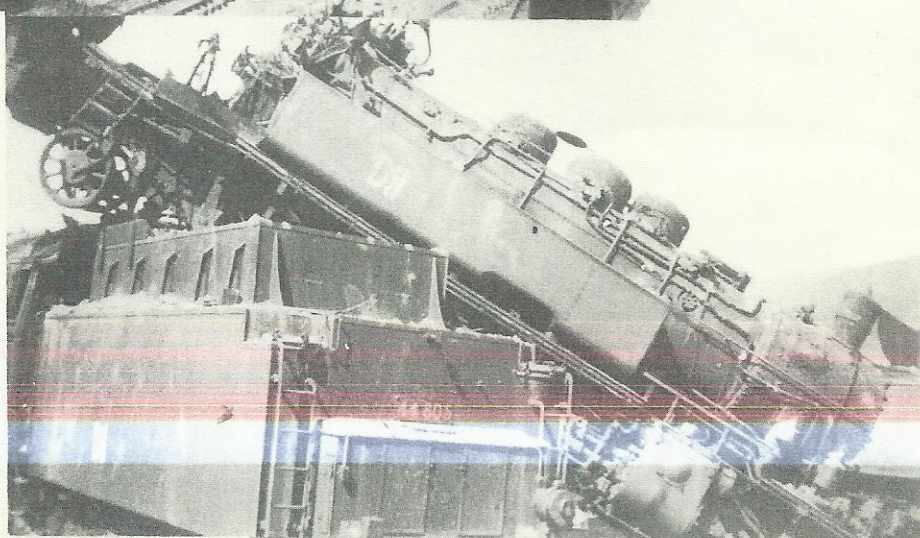
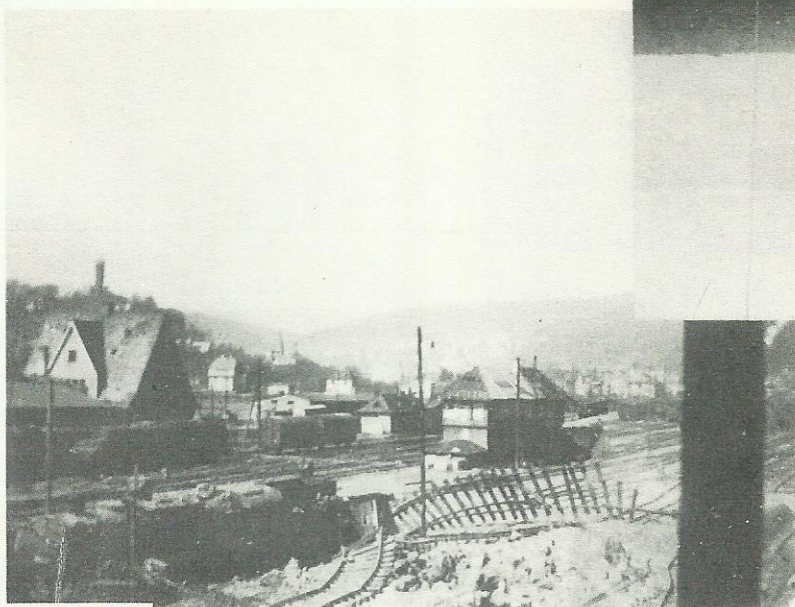
After seven weeks in Epernay, time came to move back into Germany and once again we were going with the First Army. Spring had come, and the trip promised to be a warm one. The convoy moved eastward through the rolling farm-lands of France with wheat fields flanked by green pastures and strips of garden stretching fenceless through the valleys and over the hills. Then, too, there were the same old scenes of war's passage; long abandoned foxholes, some of which were now being filled by the farmer on whose land they had been dug; rusting hulks of knocked out tanks - both German and American; trucks and cars scattered along the ditches, many of them partially stripped of useful items. In the villages most of the rubble had been removed or piled up neatly so that some of it could be used when the time came for rebuilding.

Scenes such as these increased in number as the convoy rolled on toward Germany where the more recent fighting had taken place. There were more knocked out tanks; more German convoys which had been strafed by allied planes, then pushed into the ditches by the advancing armies; more of the towns were destroyed and less of the rubble cleaned up.

Late afternoon found the convoy in Luxemburg, but this beautiful little country was soon left behind and you reached the Rhine River. The convoy was slated to cross the river at Bonn that night and proceed through the city of Siegburg. One section of the convoy was rerouted, from the pontoon bridge at Bonn, to another bridge 10 miles south at Bad Godesberg. The remainder of the unit crossed at Bonn the following day. You learned later that the Germans had entered Siegburg and had active patrols in its vicinity. You also learned later that a Corps' unit that preceded your convoy had been sniped upon with a few casualties resulting. Due to difficulty in obtaining information on the new route, the convoy passed the night on the west bank of the Rhine.

When morning came you crossed the Rhine River for the first time in the War. Once over the river, you again saw the signs warning against fraternization with the Germans. Here too, was the famed Reichs-autobahn, which you crossed, continuing on along south of the Sieg River to your destination. Here you were passing along the lower edge of the "Ruhr Pocket" where the trapped Germans were being sliced to bits by US Army units. You were here to join the attack - on this thorn in the side of the American Armies advancing deeper into Germany. You passed through small towns and big towns, some utterly destroyed, others almost untouched. Late in the afternoon you arrived in Dillenburg, Germany, your first stop in the "Battle of the Ruhr". This town was practically untouched by the armies that had passed through. The Germans were now between you and the Rhine. For the first time in the War we were fighting towards the West instead of the East. Through Dillenburg came the refugees, thousands and thousands of them in never ending streams. They were the same old familiar sights; - Russkies, Polskies, Dutch, French and Belgians, all making their way along the same old trails - migrating homewards. They were called "DP's" for Displaced Persons, in these throngs were the old, the young, the strong and the weak, all of them recently released from slave labor or concentration camps.

Work started pouring into the CP from the units attached to the XVIII Corps (Abn). The Reproduction and Photomapping Platoons worked two twelve hour shifts to complete the work of making terrain studies and town plans of the area into which the Germans had been squeezed. From these plans and studies the allied forces on the pocket gained information which enabled them to rapidly smash the trapped Germans.



Just one bullet hole in the sign at the railroad station in Dillenburg, but the two pictures of the yard testify to the power and accuracy of allied bombers.

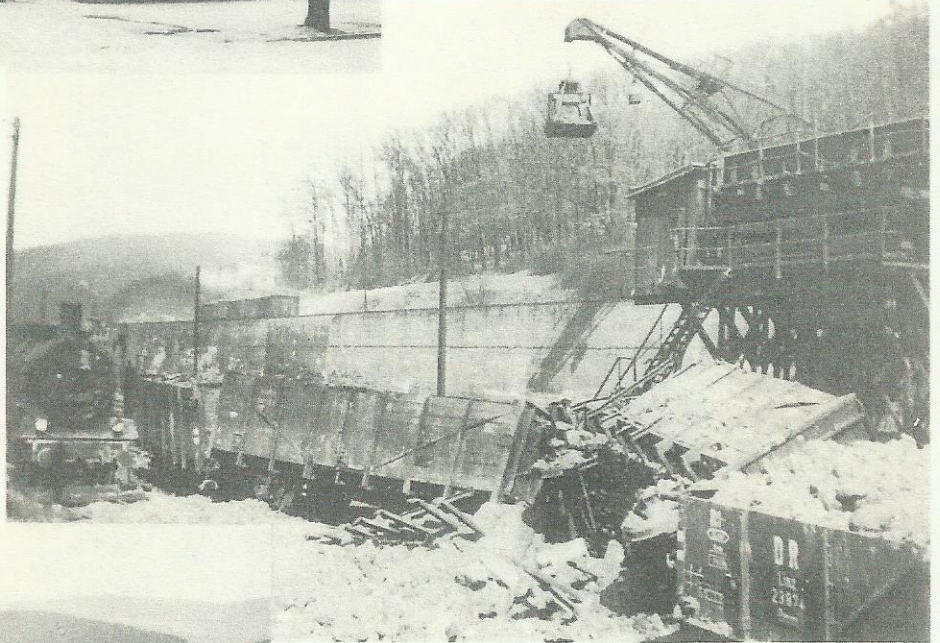
Laundry was a problem during the frequent moves in Germany - two of these dog-faces wrestle with their wash.





One of the buildings acquired for billets in Dillenburg.

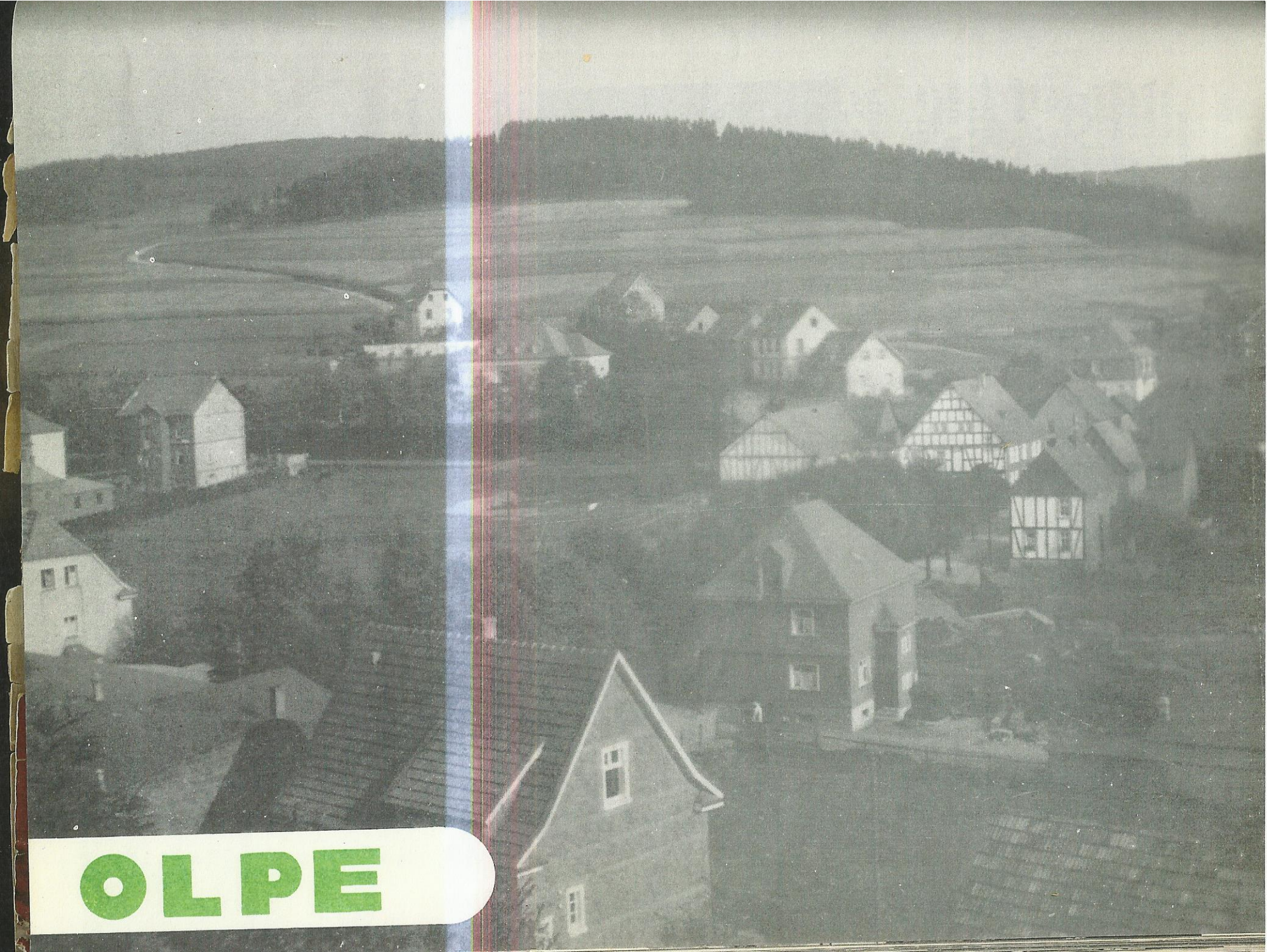
Allied War-birds made a visit to the freight yards and came away with their mission accomplished.



Dillenburg lay along the Seig River on the edge of what GI's then called the "Ruhr Pocket".



Hard at it - several of the men in the motor pool make necessary change.



OLPE



As the encircled Germans were being pushed back toward the Rhine, it became necessary for the company to move again to keep close to our advancing front. This time it was Olpe, Germany. You found that Olpe had not been one of the lucky towns to escape unscathed. Although it had not been hit too badly, the town bore many marks of the bombings and of the close-in fighting. You will remember the CP as a large modern home, situated on the side of a hill on the edge of town. Even the plumbing was still in good shape.

of the field was a huge "Heinie" water tank. they ever moved the thing in there and no one ever suggested moving it out. The vans and trucks were parked around it -- work on the town plans and terrain studies went on.

The main road leading from the front line, passed in front of our CP and billets. You were delightfully amazed, one day, at the sight of about 10 truck loads of PW's being taken to the rear PW cages. "A good day's catch", you thought, but before the day was over you saw another convoy of almost equal size, crammed with PW's.

The following day you saw larger convoys of PW's, and they passed through Olpe so frequently that you quit counting them. One single convoy carried German prisoners in 30 separate GI vehicles. You often wondered if the MP's who loaded the trucks didn't work for a sardine packing firm. You found it difficult counting how many Nazis were packed into one truck so you settled at an estimate of about 70.

You watched the German prisoners as they rode through the town; and you watched the civilians for their reactions. The soldiers appeared dirty, tired, and forlorn. The civilians looked on expressionless and a few of them waved a feeble gesture of encouragement and then turned quickly and cried.

You will recall that the most memorable incident in Olpe was the finding of the huge cache of Rhine Wine in the brewery just around the corner from the CP. A constant stream of "Liberators" streamed in and out of the brewery lugging huge jugs of the wine back to the boys in the company. There was a kind of art in draining one of the huge barrels; by use of a siphon a guy would take a few big sucks on a rubber hose inserted into the wine barrel, then thrust the hose into the jug he wanted filled. After one man had serviced four or five others in this manner he could stagger out and let some one else take over. If the wine consumed in the process had not made him a little happy, the fumes inhaled from the wine spilled on the floor would. The visitors to this cellar were generally GI's, liberated Russians, Polish, French, Belgians, --- and probably a few Germans. This was real liberation material and every GI in town took part in liberating it.

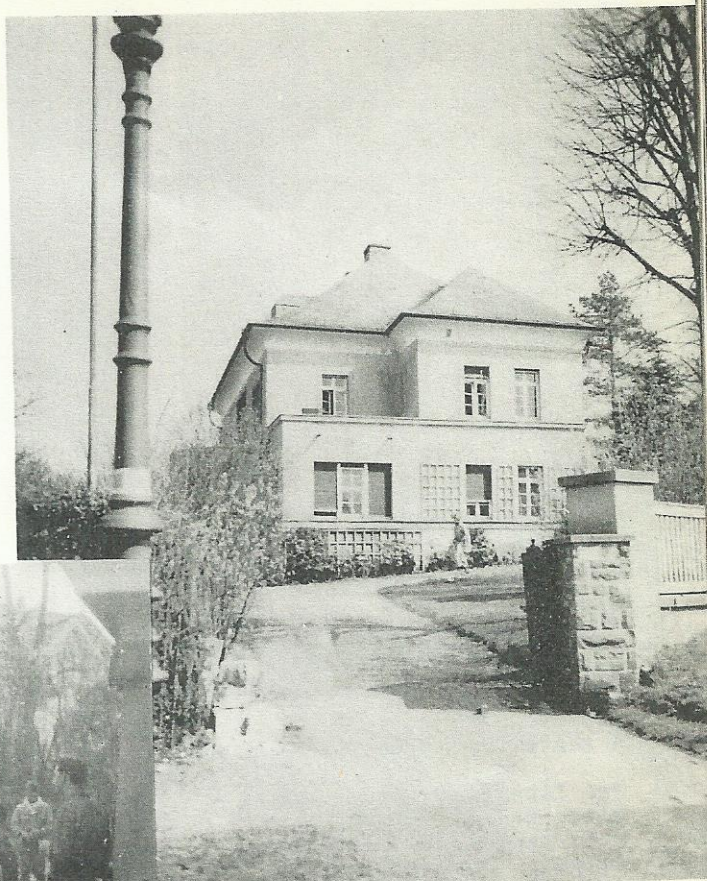
It was here in Olpe, that the sad news of the death of our Commander-in-Chief, President Roosevelt, came to the GI. The news came to some at about 12 midnight on the 12th of April - others heard the news the following morning. The feelings of the average GI, upon the receipt of this news, was perhaps representative of the manner in which the rest of the world received it - for truly our President had died in action just as many another GI had done before his passing - and after--- For thirty days thereafter, all flags of the United States of America flew at half mast in salute to the passing of a good soldier...

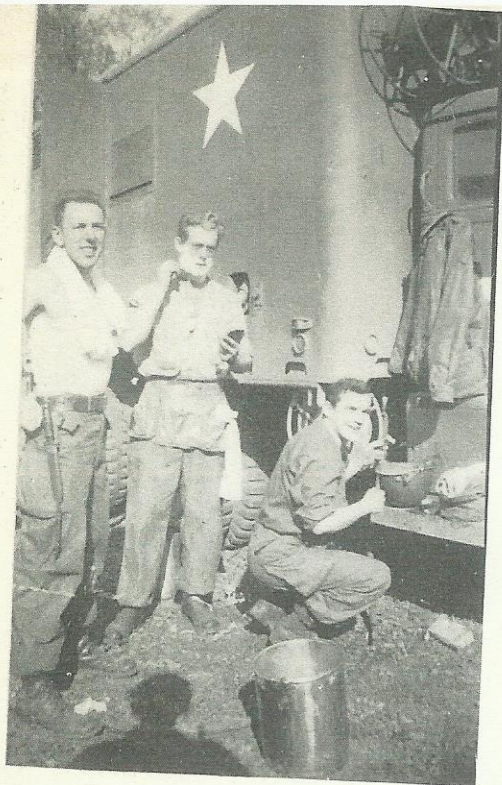
This well kept German home
was our CP in Olpe, Germany.

Hungry men crowd into the
chow line at the open air
cafeteria.

There will be a shortage of
Top Hats for civilian use
in the Third Reich, for sou-
venir hunting GI's consider
them fair game for a little
humor.

Chow is served in rear of
the CP in Olpe.





A shave in a helmet.

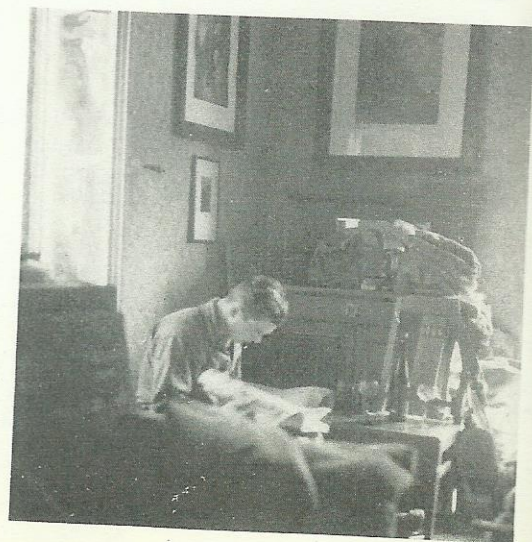
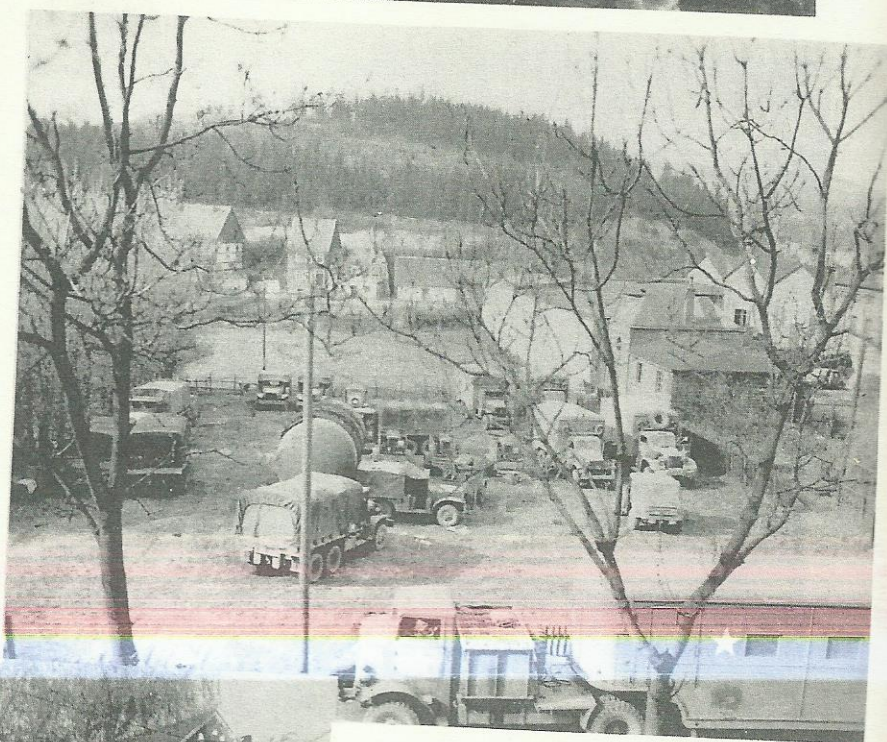


Two liberated Polish women slave workers "Fraternize" with two of the men in the company.

The Motor Pool in Olpe.

The white flag of surrender still flies from this "GI" occupied German home.

Evidently this Joe doesn't drink - those glasses and that bottle aren't there to add to the scenery.





WIPPERFURTH



From Olpe, the company moved northward toward the Ruhr River and set up for operation at Wipperfurth. The trip was brief and uneventful. The town was not destroyed to any great extent. The church in the center of the town had been blasted by shell fire and its steeple lay shattered on the ground. Evidently it had been used for an observation post and American guns had cut off the steeple completely.

Your CP was set up just across the road from an encampment for Polish slave laborers. The house you moved into had been occupied by German overseers of the slave laborers who worked in a factory which stood next to the laborers quarters. The wives of the two

over-seers told of how US guns had killed their husbands in the factory during the fight for the town. The "Polskies" were very glad to see Yanks around, and anyone who spoke their language had a field day. Well built Polish girls roamed the streets, which was something they had not been able to do before, and GI's watched them with that old "fraternization" gleam in their eyes.

In Wipperfurth the stock of previously liberated wine ran out, so beer was procured to take its place. Of course the beer was not as potent as the wine, but it was just as welcome a drink for the evenings "Bull" session on the large front lawn by our CP. You noticed that the town was perhaps the most decorated of any town you had run across so far. The decorations were white flags of surrender. The German people were the same as they had been in all the other towns; some leaned out the windows beside their big white flag; some smiling, others glum and serious; others walked along the sidewalks and down the roads looking over their conquerors, not knowing just how to take them. Pretty frauleins oggled at GI's on the streets, - but - "No Fraternization"!

As usual, the grind of turning out the ever incoming work went on. Bitching, griping, blowing your top, was just a standard order of performance.

By this time nearly everyone in the company had liberated a German pistol for a souvenir; other GI's found and used bicycles, motor bikes and automobiles, but most of these were left behind when the unit moved on. Other, more strictly, souvenir items were picked up, such as Nazi insignia, German officer hats, belts, beer mugs, cameras and anything else that could possibly pass for souvenirs. There were those in the company who became known as "Radar" for the uncanny knack they had for going into a room and walking straight to the best "loot" in the whole building.

You were in Wipperfurth when you felt that the trapped German Army began to manifest its own demoralization and defeat. The resistance in the "Pocket" was collapsing. German soldiers came from over hills and through woods to surrender along the roads. You may have had Germans surrender to you at Wipperfurth, or you may have joined the search parties that combed the nearby woods. Some of you picked up German soldiers in civilian clothes and turned them over to the MP's along with their forged discharge papers, freshly dated.

The surrender of the "Ruhr Pocket" tapered off to a final hunting for escaped high-ranking Nazi Officials. The company was called upon to produce posters bearing the pictures and descriptions of the wanted Nazis. Yes, perhaps you had expected a breather, however, there was still a war to be won, so you knew that there were more plans ahead --- and, it was time for another move.



Nazi General drives into Gummersbach with his own car to surrender to the Yanks.

Chow Time during a halt in convoy. Menu: "K" Rations.

Vehicles jocked-up and leveled for operation of reproduction equipment.

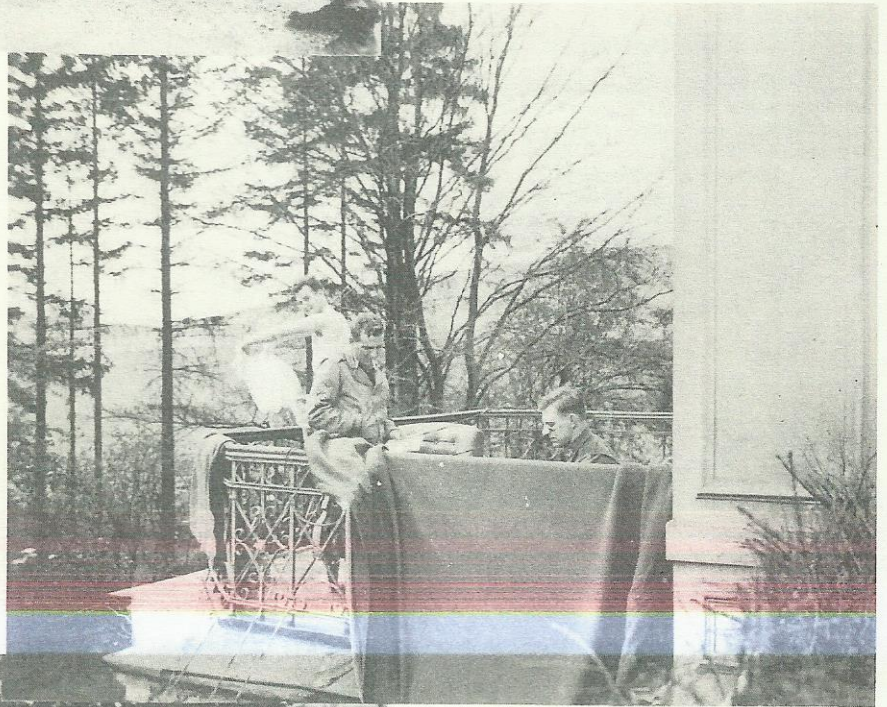


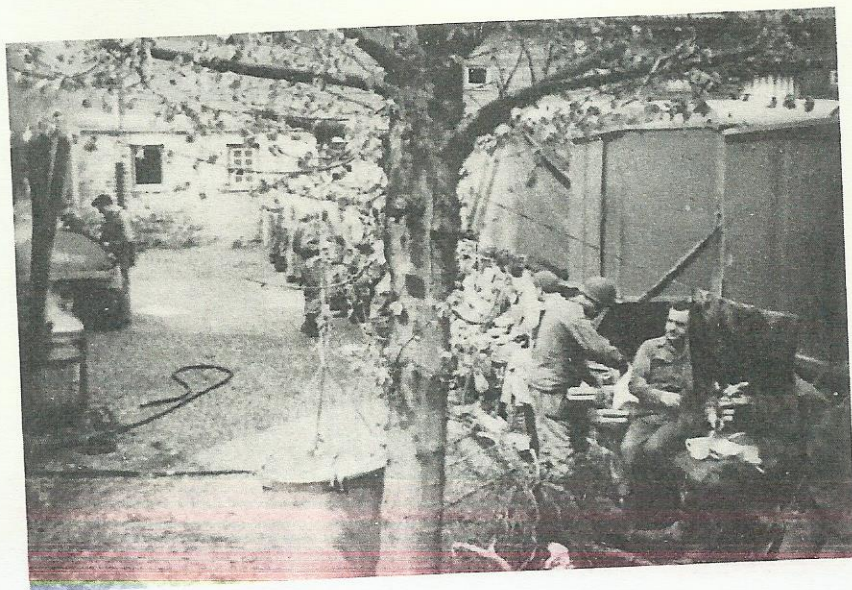


"Liberated" beer is being consumed by the GI's in this photo. It is nothing for the temperance unions to get excited about-Germany hasn't been able to make an intoxicating beer for a long time.

Laundry and official business on the balcony of the CP at Wupperfurth.

The slightly bald doggie in this shot is the official carpenter for the company.

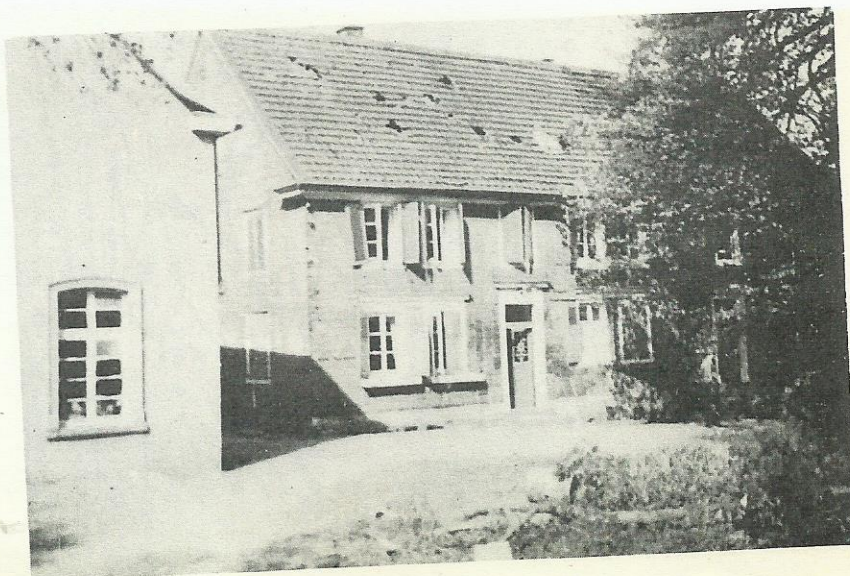


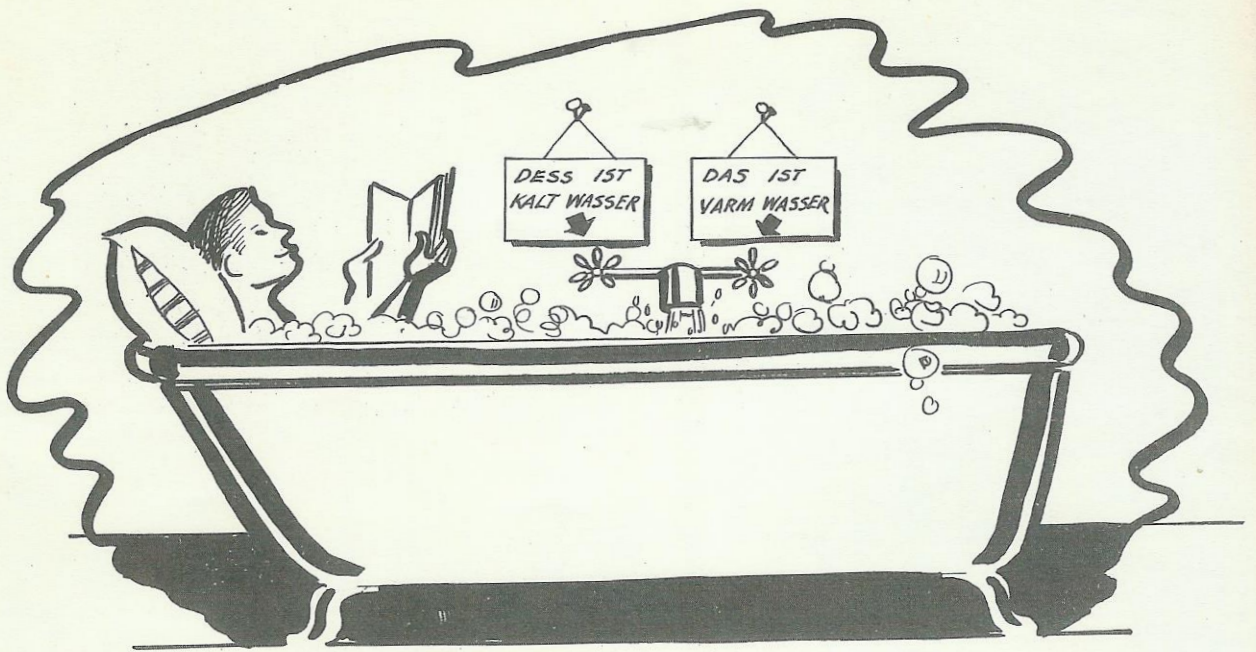


This sort of thing went on for days before the stock of liberated liquor ran out.

The men use a stone wall as seat and table for chow in Wupperfurth.

The mess hall and part of the company were quartered in this house in Wupperfurth. Its roof was torn by shell fire when the town was taken.





"I'VE SEEN THE LIGHT"



Gummerbach



With the completion of the "Battle of the Ruhr Pocket", the Corps moved its headquarters to Gummersbach and the company was soon to follow. The main job on hand for the Corps was to organize law and order in the occupied Ruhr area. The Topo Company was busy reproducing maps and working on history books of the Corps' previous airborne operation (Varsity) at Wesel.

Gummersbach suffered little war damage, and its parks and surrounding country presented some beautiful Spring scenery. The people there appeared well dressed and well fed. Little kids asked for chewing gum in perfect English, and the older men and women spoke with us

only when there was some sort of official business to transact.

The "Radar" boys found souvenirs rather scarce in town. Probably the Russkies and Polskies had gotten to the good spots first.

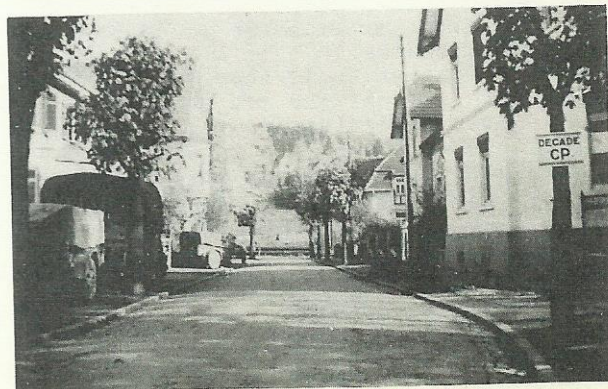
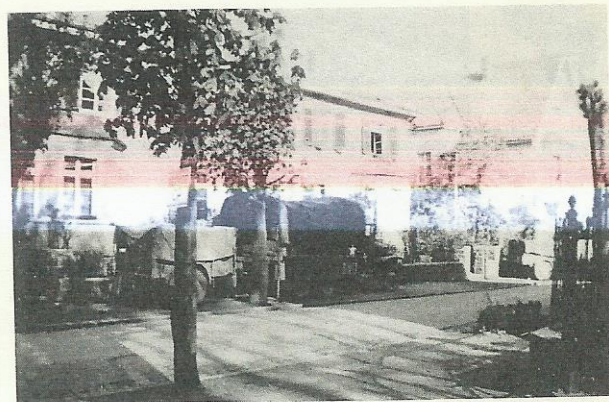
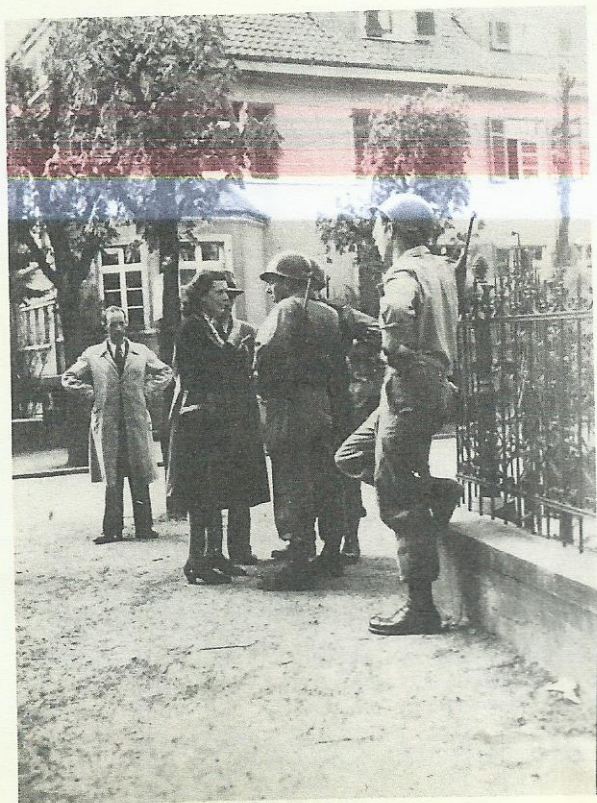
In and around Gummersbach were many large Prisoner of War cages filled with the cream of the Wehrmacht. Some were huddled in open fields awaiting transportation. American troops in the area were rapidly moving out toward the fighting front which was now nearing the Elbe River. It was clear that the company would move with the rest of the troops when the job on hand was completed.

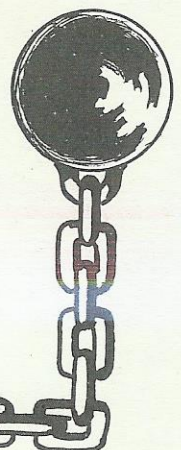
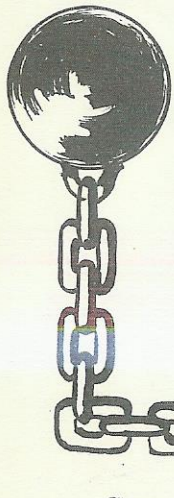
A theater was taken over in town and American movies were shown for the troops. You took the opportunity to see the pictures for they were the first movies you had seen in a long time.

You had beautiful Spring weather while at Gummersbach and it held up for the long move northeast to Uelzen, where the Corps once again joined the 2nd British Army for the crossing of the Elbe River.

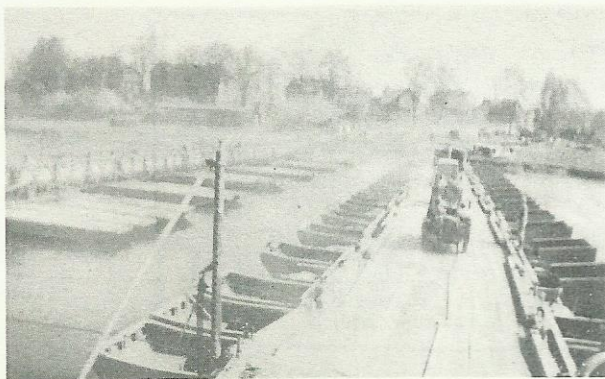
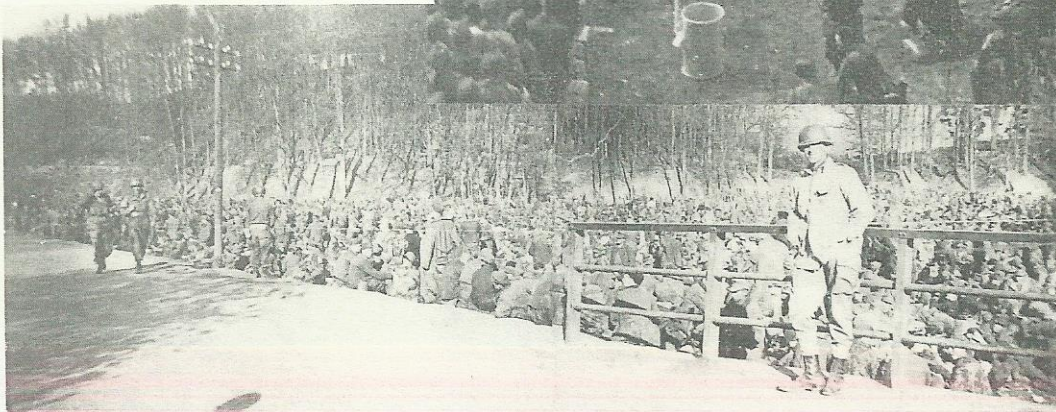
The CP in Gummersbach consisted of four buildings from which the German families were ousted as we drove deeper into the "Ruhr Pocket".

The picture at bottom left is not "Fraternization". This is a German couple who came around to see if they could get into their home, which the company was occupying, to get some personal belongings. This happened many times during the company's travels in Germany.





Here in Gummersbach, are some of the "Supermen" who were just not in the mood to keep on protecting the little paperhanger and his gang. These are the arrogant Prussian would be conquerors of the world, their arrogance gone, beaten in battle by better men, conquered and herded into a field in the "Father Land" they swore to defend with their lives. These are the "Pure Aryans" who subjugated an entire continent and enslaved its peoples. Slaves themselves to the Nazi doctrine, they went forward to conquer, and in turn, became the conquered. To them the Belge, French, Czecks, Poles, Russians, Norwegians and Dutch were slaves for the Third Reich in its fight to complete the enslavement of the peoples of the earth. These are symbolic of the warrior Hun crowded into fields and camps all over Germany, waiting for transport to PW cages. You remember them as tired, dirty, beaten soldiers of the Wehrmacht, trudging by themselves along the highways, hunting for someone to surrender to, riding to captivity in their own vehicles, hounded by hunger, ignored by everyone. It hurt to think that they were to get the same food as a GI - better food than that available to the hungry peoples of the countries they had invaded. But the important thing was that these Nazis would no longer fight, they had lain aside their Mausers, raised their hands behind their heads, and yelled "Kamerad".



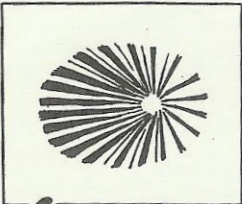
The Germans destroy the bridges,
the Engineers built new ones -
and the chase continues.

Trucks parked in Gummersbach.

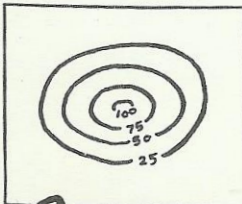


"OK YOU GUYS, ONLY ONE A PIECE!"

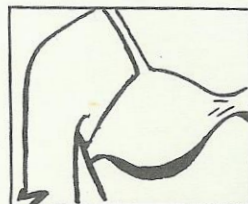
DRAFTING EXERCISE: 3 METHODS IN MAKING MOUNDS..



1 HACHURES



2 CONTOURS



3 DON'T GET BURNED, CHUM



WELZEN



The long trip from Gummersbach to Uelzen gave you a greater conception of the thorough beating Germany was taking. The industrial sections of all large cities, the communication centers, the transportation-roads and railroads were nearly all in shambles. All the important bridges were blown by the Germans themselves, and a more extensive destruction in general resulted wherever their army chose to make a stand.

Intermittently along the route you met with convoy serials which were part of the 8th Division convoy. You remembered that the 8th was with the Corps at the "Pocket" and you knew they were to join the Corps again on the new front in the British 2nd Army area. Their vehicles made the road seem crowded with traffic, but you strung along with them and followed their road markers for you knew they would lead you to your destination.

As you traveled northward toward the Elbe, you knew you were coming into the British sector of the front. British vehicles were more numerous and more and more "Tommys" were seen walking the streets and guarding their installations. On this front the Corps had under its command, the 82nd Airborne Division, the 8th

Infantry Division, the 6th British Airborne Division, and 7th Armored Division.

Upon arrival in Uelzen, you searched for the familiar sign, "DECADE", which pointed the direction to the company's new headquarters. You knew the signs would be there, for an advance party was always sent out from the unit to secure living quarters, set up a CP, and to place road markers to direct you to the new location.

The city had suffered its share of destroyed and damaged buildings, but the homes obtained for the unit were unscathed by bombs or bullets. The advance party always selected the best buildings available, and the occupants, if any, were made to move in with their neighbors. You might remember how some occupants vehemently denounced their loyalty to the Nazi Party and to Hitler. Yet, when you moved into their homes, you would find a Nazi flag in a cupboard and a Hitler plaque upon the wall.

The Command Post was set up in a large home luxuriously decorated and furnished. The man who lived here was obviously a great huntsman for the inner decorations of his home centered around the exhibit of many trophies. The walls were adorned with numerous antlers and stuffed game birds. The large home and expansive lawn provided ample working space for the unit in and around the building.

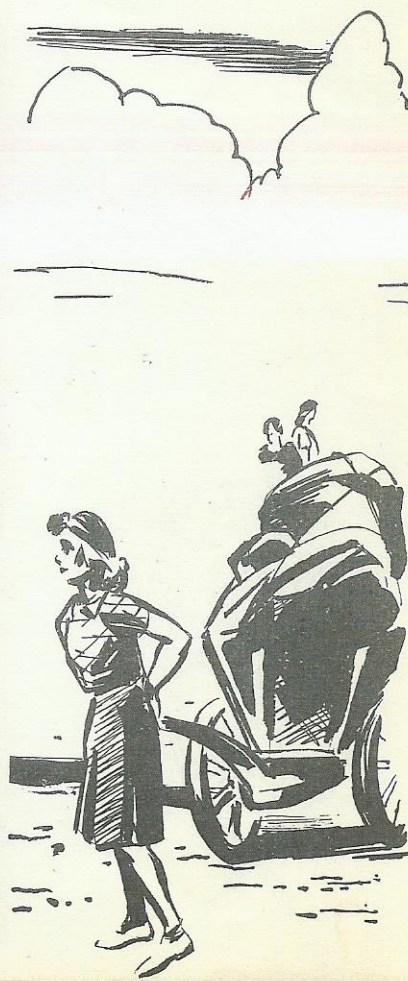
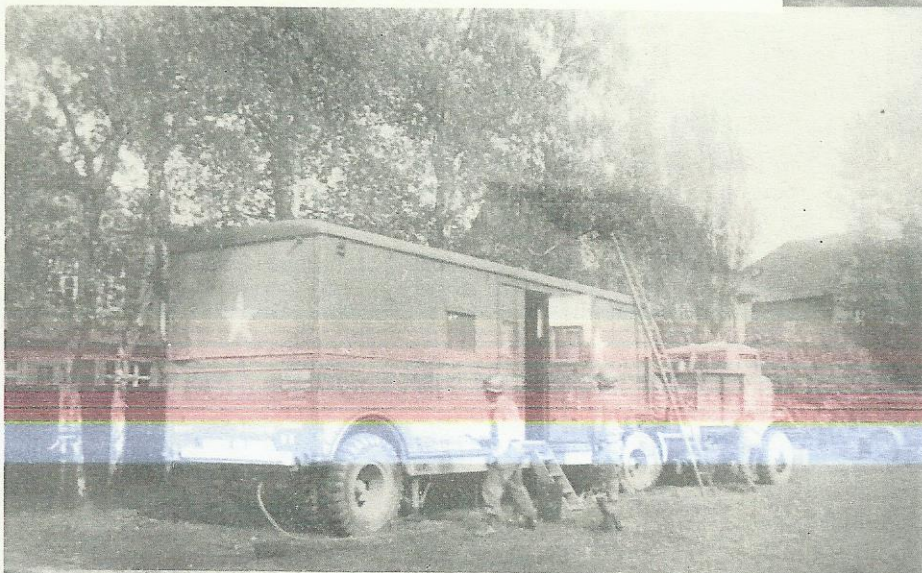
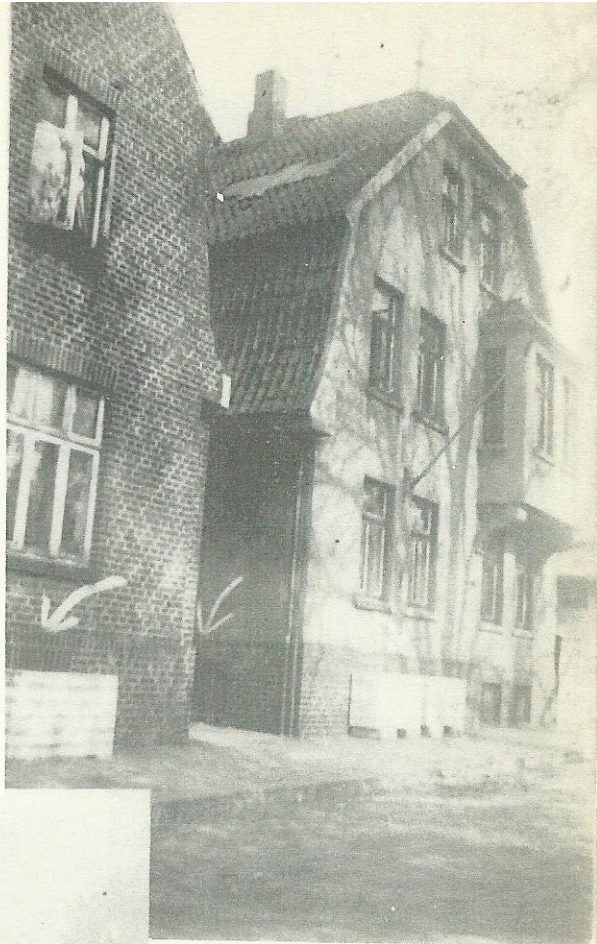
In Uelzen you had completed Terrain, Road, Bridge, and Stream Studies of the area extending north of the Elbe River to the Baltic Sea. You also made Town Plans of all the larger cities of the area. Intermittently you worked on the production of the "History of the Reduction of the Ruhr Pocket".

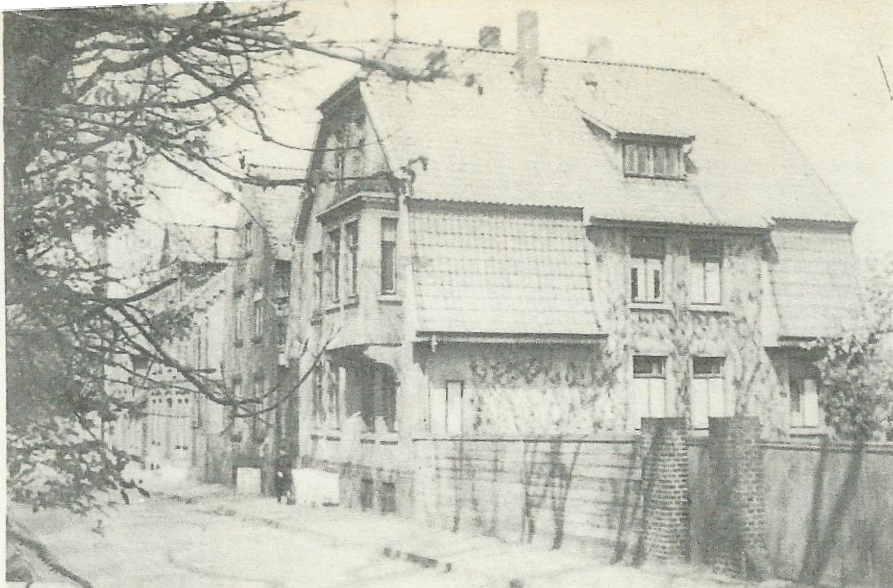
The "Jump-off" across the Elbe came quickly and the front advanced rapidly. It soon became necessary for the unit to move up, so an advance party was sent out once again in order to make preparations for our next move --- this time across the Elbe River.

Part of the quarters provided the company in Uelzen are shown here.

The company's huge combination trailer is in use at its parking place by the CP in Uelzen.

There is much overhauling and repair work to do in this motor pool between trips.

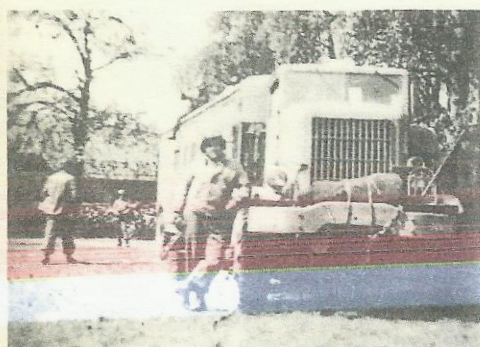




Above, is another view of the building taken over by the company for billets. No doubt the old Heinie was a bit non-plussed at the Americans for taking over his home.

Just arrived in Uelzen, the men at left are taking a break after the long trip from Gummersbach, while buildings are acquired for them to move into.

The big nose of the combination juts into the picture here at its parking place in Uelzen.



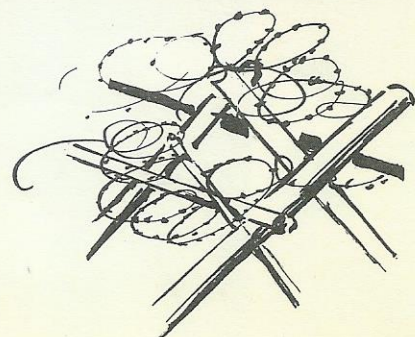
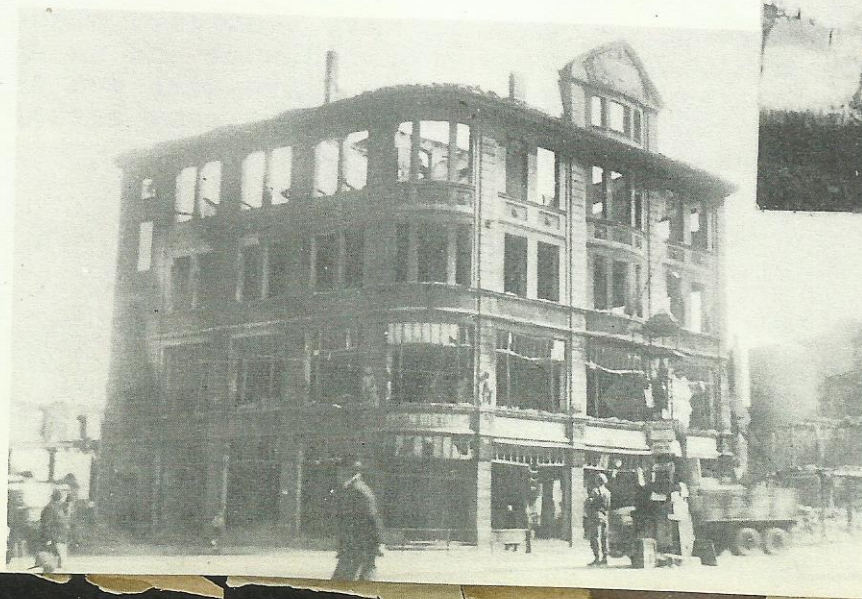
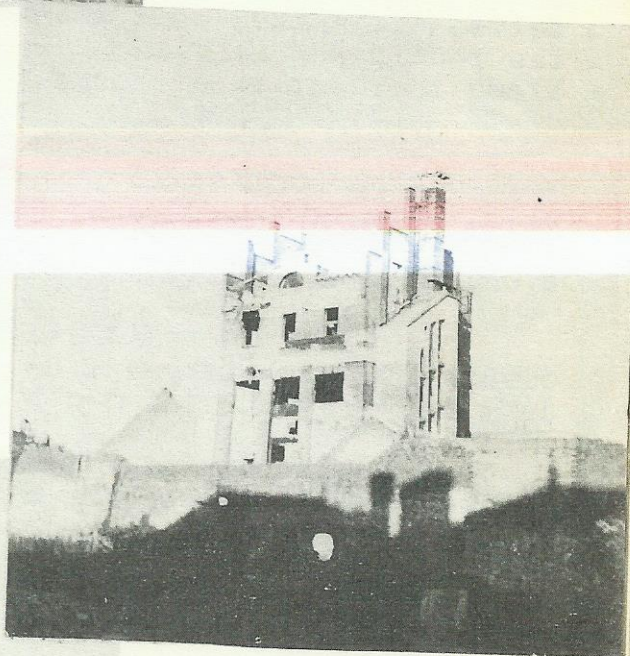
The center of the town of Uelzen had been reduced to a mass of rubble, lone walls, and chimneys, which seem to bear a charmed life amid the destruction. The Germans wandered through the ruins, glumly viewing the results of their leaders promises that they would never see an allied plane in the skies over their cities.



This pile of bricks used to be a store, a home, or a factory - reduced by war to a useless mass of masonry.

Break for a "K" ration along the road in Germany.

What is left of one of the Third Reich's factories. Lower left - The gaunt skeleton of a store that used to grace the corner of the main street in Uelzen.



HEADQUARTERS XVIII CORPS (AIRBORNE)
Office of the Assistant Chief of Staff, G-2

WJ:hah

APO 109, U. S. Army
6 December 1944

SUBJECT: Commendation.

TO : The Officers and Enlisted Men of the 3060th Engr. Topo. Company (Corps). (Through: The Engineer, XVIII Corps (Airborne).)

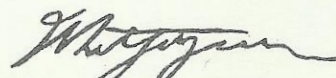
1. On about 15 August 1944 you came into unofficial being as a provisional company to fill the urgent needs of a newly created Airborne Corps. You had no equipment. You had no official status. You were no more than a hundred odd American soldiers thrown hastily together and told to do a job.

2. You did that job in the traditional American fashion - 100 percent performance regardless of the limitations of makeshift and borrowed equipment. Then, your first emergency met and conquered, you set about organizing and training. Overcoming every obstacle, you gathered your full strength and complete equipment, got yourselves "legalized" and within an amazingly short time settled into the routine of handling the varied and intricate topographical problems incident to airborne operations.

3. Each of you individually, and the Company as a unit, have worked long and loyally, meeting every deadline, solving every problem, with efficiency, speed, precision and intelligence. Since the presses first turned, your work has been distinguished by its precision, high integrity and polish.

4. This splendid record has been accomplished by the able leadership of your officers, by the intelligent and untiring devotion to duty of your enlisted men.

5. The duties of the Corps G-2 Section have been very closely allied to your work. For me it has been a keen pleasure and an unusual privilege to be associated with you and to share with you the responsibilities of the planning and processing of the many airborne projects with which we have been mutually associated.


WHITFIELD JACK,
Lt. Col., G.S.C.,
AC of S, G-2.



HAGENOW



On the 3rd of May, you crossed the Elbe River on a pontoon bridge constructed at a former ferry site near Darchau. Your destination was Hagenow, located about 25 miles north of the Elbe. The distance of this move, so shortly after the "Jump-off" across the river, could only indicate to you that the front was moving forward rapidly. You marveled at these gains, and you wondered ---.

It was early morn when you traveled the road, and GI's were far and few between. Civilians watched you with curiosity from their windows and yards. Several dead Germans were still lying near the roadside. The strange quiet

made you feel that your convoy was in hostile territory, --- and you wondered ---. It was a fast move and you didn't know what to expect. This feeling was considerably heightened when the convoy passed men of the 8th Division moving up on foot and you proceeded to move onward and onward toward the Baltic.

Upon arrival at Hagenow, you saw other elements of the XVIII Corps (Abn) setting up their headquarters. German soldiers, unarmed, unguarded, beaten and tired, were filtering through the town along the road to the rear. You learned that there were too many PW's captured the previous day to have them taken to the rear under guard. They were merely disarmed and told to make their own way back to the PW cages.

The company's CP was located along the main road and you were able to observe the increasing numbers of PW's making their way back. They used many of their own vehicles for transportation. Word was soon passed around that the entire area north to the Baltic Sea had surrendered.

During the entire afternoon and evening the main road was jammed with PW traffic. Nearly everything that would roll was put into use for transportation; tractors pulled a chain of 3 or 4 trailers; horses tugged away at wagons made of all conceivable designs; coke and wood burning vehicles chugged along like miniature locomotives; army trucks and track vehicles moped along behind horse drawn wagons; - and each square foot of each vehicle was crammed with men or supplies. Some of the PW's rode bicycles, while many more walked. The numerous covered wagons may have reminded you of scenes from the "California Gold Rush" as the iron rimmed tires rumbled over the bumpy cobblestone road.

Meanwhile, contact was made with the Russians as they met our troops on the right flank. You learned of the fear and hate the Germans had for the Russians, and it was said they gladly surrendered to the Americans to avoid being overrun by the Russians.

You met British war prisoners who were captured at Dunkirk; and Americans who were taken prisoner in Africa or Italy. All of them were thankful for the Red Cross Parcels, from the US, Canada, and Britain, for the Germans fed them little. Innumerable large fields north of Hagenow were used as PW collecting points. Their congested colonies resembled a gigantic hobo camp, with a high ranking German officer acting the part of "King of Hobos". They improvised small shanties and dug caves for shelter at night. Some lived in covered wagons or damaged vehicles. Their weapons lay in heaps along the road where they were made to discard them. When it was assured that all hostilities had ceased in the area, evacuation of PW's had stopped and the German troops spent days living in large colonies along the roads.

Your work at this time consisted chiefly of making books on "Redeployment" and printing administrative charts and forms. You had finished the histories of previous campaigns and were now working on the production of the battle, "From the Elbe to the Baltic". The significance and importance of these "After action Reports", made into history form, were pointed out to you in the letter of appreciation from Major General Mathew B. Ridgway. (Letter reproduced in this book.)

During the previous weeks you had been hearing and reading the news of German atrocities in concentration camps. Some of it sounded so fantastic and horrible that you discounted much of it as propaganda. However, you were ready to believe anything after you saw, with your own eyes, the concentration camp at Wöbbelin, about 25 miles east of Hagenow. You saw the barbed wire enclosure, the unsanitary barracks, and the crude bunks the prisoners slept in. You saw dead skeletonized bodies everywhere about the camp. You saw live victims who were beyond medical aid. You felt that you wanted to help them but you were told that food, water, or any slight disturbance would bring almost instant death. You talked to some of the inmates who were in better health, and they told of how the SS troops had beaten and shot some of the men.

You left the concentration camp with a feeling of sullen bitterness that fell like a wet blanket over any jubilation you developed from the feeling of an imminent "VE" Day.

The official announcement that the 8th of May was to be declared "Victory in Europe Day" did not strike you as melodramatic as you had hoped. You didn't celebrate the day as you had often planned previously. There was no liquor or beer to be had, and if there was, the urge to celebrate was not there. The war had tapered off to an end, and it was over in this area for several days already.

You will remember "VE" Day by the burial ceremony in the morning of the 144 victims of the concentration camp. Americans were there to pay their respects to the men who dared oppose the Nazi policies, and paid with their lives. German civilians and German military officials were there by proclamation of the Military Government. (The address, given in both English and German, as broadcast over the public address system at the ceremony, is reproduced with atrocity pictures in this book.)

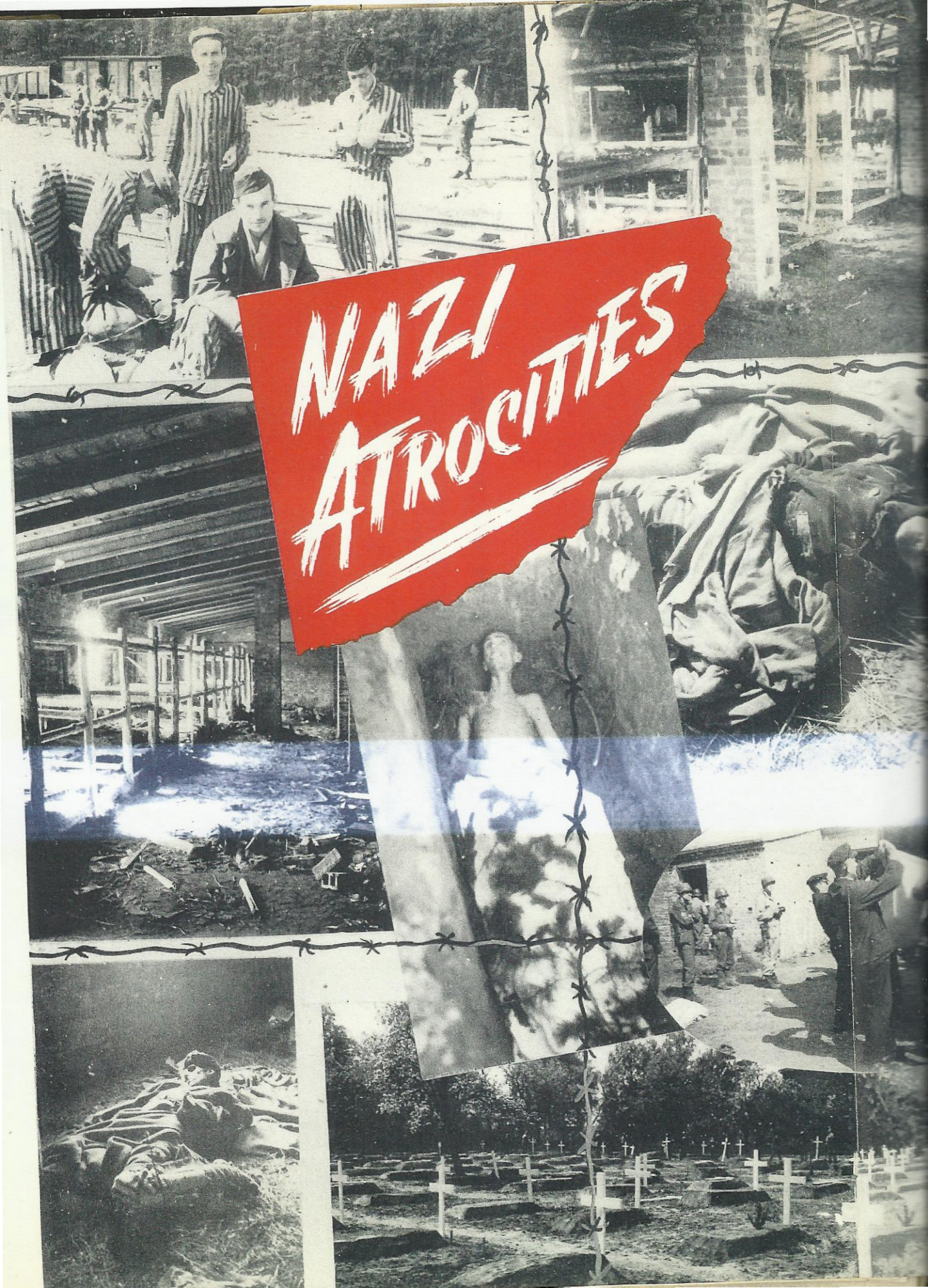
It was among scenes such as these that the end of the war came to your company in Hagenow.

Public burial services were held in Ludwigslust, Hagenow and Schwerin on 8-9 May 1945 for victims of German persecution who died in a concentration camp situated at Wöbbelin. The short address which follows was delivered in English and German at the Hagenow services. It represents the attitude of the Allies toward the conquered. Allied soldiers are not vindictive but they are determined to make impossible the reoccurrence of German practices which lead to the development of concentration camps of which the one at Wöbbelin was a fair example. Let each German consider carefully the wisdom and direction of this address. Let each German understand that regardless of his station in life, he carries a responsibility for helping to create a self-respecting, law-abiding and decent Fatherland.

In these open graves lie the emaciated, brutalized bodies of some 144 citizens of many lands. Before they were dragged away from their homes, their livelihoods, to satisfy the insatiable greed and malice; ambition and savagery of the German nation, they were happy and healthy and contented human beings. They were brought to this German soil from Poland, Russia, Czechoslovakia, Holland, Belgium, France. They were driven and starved and beaten to slake that unholy thirst of the German war machine. When possessed no longer of the will or ability to work or fight back or live, they were either tortured to death or permitted to slowly die. What you witness and are a part of in Hagenow today is but a single small example of what can be seen thruout the length and depth of your German Fatherland. Untold numbers of other Allied soldiers and German citizens shudder before similar burial services as you shudder now. The Allies shudder because they never dreamed or visualized that human leadership supported by the masses could so debase itself as to be responsible for results like those who lie in these open graves. You Germans shudder for reasons of your own. Some of you, having been a party to this degradation of mankind, shudder for fear that your guilt will be determined, as in fact it will. Others among you shudder because you let depravity of this character develop while you stood still. The civilized world shudders on finding that a part of its society has fallen so low. That world isn't content to believe that what we are horrified about was the work of any small group of German gangsters; maniacs and fanatics. That world must, as it does, hold the German people responsible for what has taken place within the confines of this nation. Time will prove to what extent the German people recognize the enormity of their crimes and to what extent they will shoulder a full national responsibility for making amends. That any future conduct can eradicate the knowledge and memories of a service like this is a matter in high dispute. If there be a soul within the German nation, it will rise now to make impossible the doing of such future wrongs. If there be not a soul in this German nation, its future is forlorn and totally lacking in hope.

The bodies in these graves came yesterday from Wöbbelin. They were buried there in a common grave or lying piled high on the open earth. Bodies from Wöbbelin will be buried in Ludwigslust and Schwerin as they are being buried here under the sight of God and true words consecrated by the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish faiths. In death these bodies are receiving from Allied, Christian hands the decent, humanitarian and spiritual treatment they didn't receive in life from German hands. As we listen, Allies and Germans alike, let us ask an understanding which Germany must find in there is to be a future life for her.

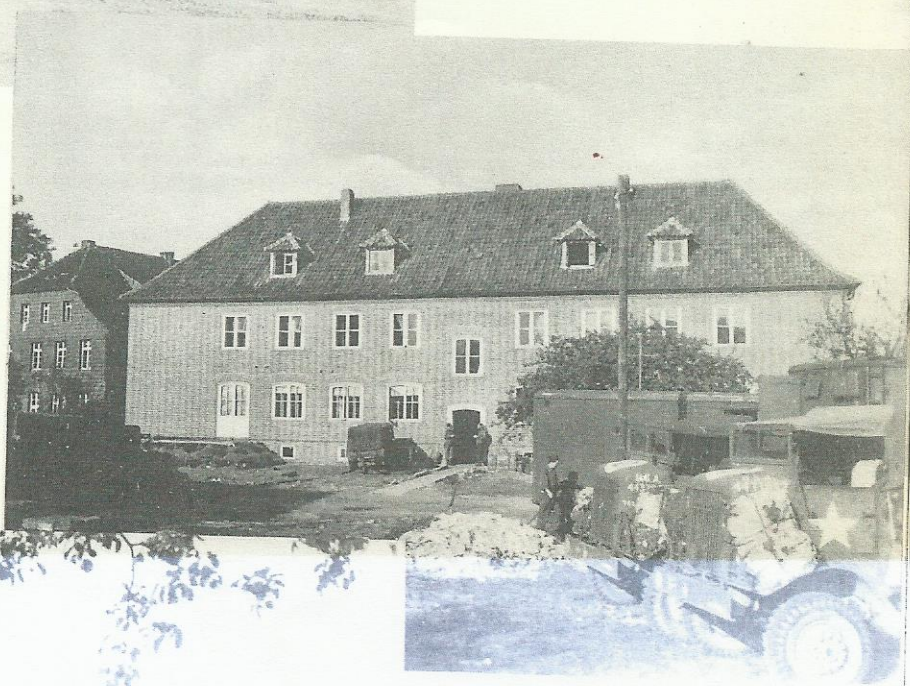
In a service last Sunday, held in the German Cathedral in Wismar two thousand Allied soldiers — the same, who had helped beat down and crush your military machine — spoke a prayer aloud that drifted into your German skies — God's skies. "Pray", they said, "for the German people, that they may be rid of the burden of false teaching and one day take their place again among honorable peoples."





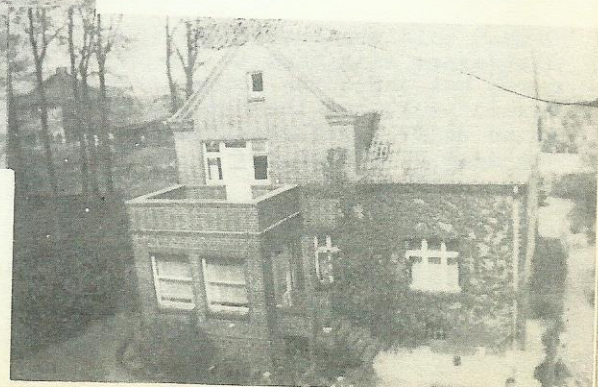
View of the CP in Hagenow, Germany. Here the War came to it's belated end.

Below: Quarters in Hagenow were in this red brick building behind the CP.



Above: The company's trucks and vans parked in front of another building used for billets.

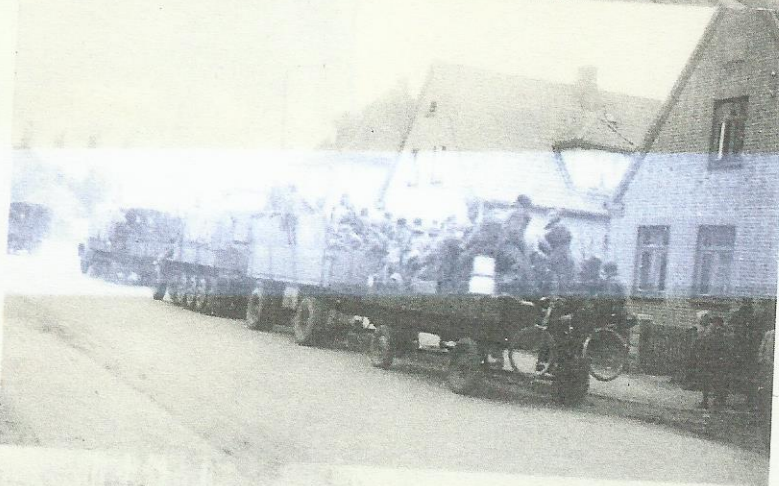
Right: Rear view of the CP.

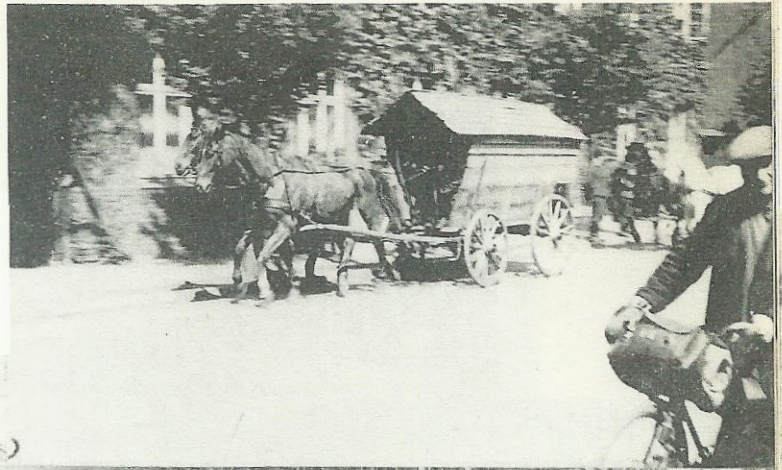




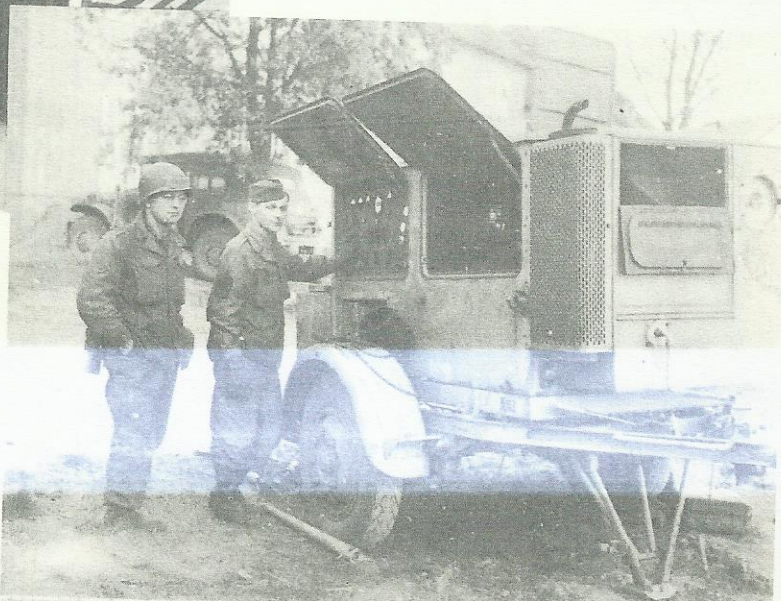
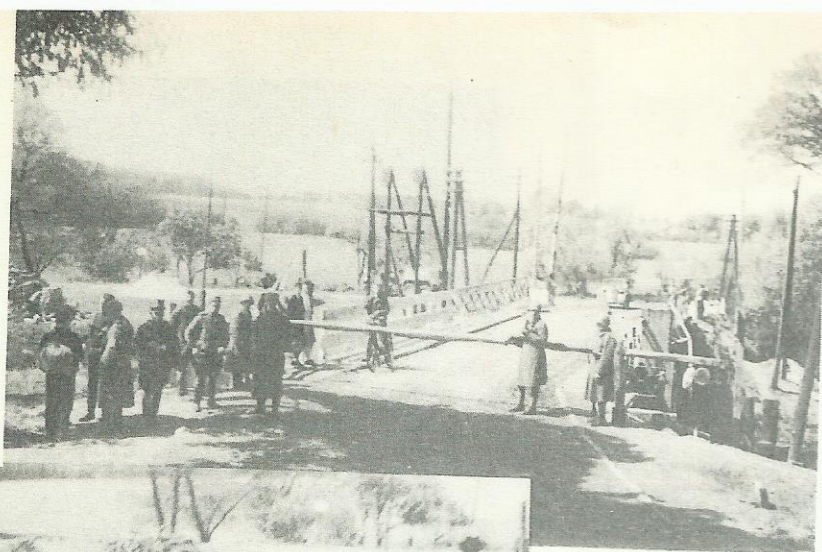
The company entered Hagenow on May 3 1945. From that day on, until the war was declared officially over in Germany, sights like the ones shown on this page were everywhere you looked. Into the town they came, German soldiers, refugees, and families, fleeing into the American lines because they had a great fear of the Russians. They rode carts, bicycles, trucks, buses, and some even walked. Every conceivable kind of German came - glum soldiers - tired women - frightened children - all of them glad it was finally over. Some stayed in town, while others went on - their numbers were inconceivable.

German soldiers carried wives or mistresses with them to the PW cages but there the women were turned back, and the men shoved in to shift for themselves among the mass of prisoners.





The Germans crowded into everything that had wheels and enough power to move during their mass exodus from war to the PW cages. They piled into the funny little carts like the one shown at top. They took every space that looked like it would hold a man, fenders, hoods, tops, bumpers, and running boards. Long lines of them walked along the roads with their packs on their backs - these were the unlucky ones who could not crowd onto some vehicle. There were so many of them that the American Army could not possibly get enough trucks to get all of them out of the way. They were passing in front of our CP at Hagenow when these pictures were taken.



Up the road were the Russians, so our photographer went on one of the trips to see them and took these pictures at one of the bridges they were guarding.

The company liberated this German generator for use in Hagenow. It was a good make and came in handy for relief of the overworked generators belonging to the company.

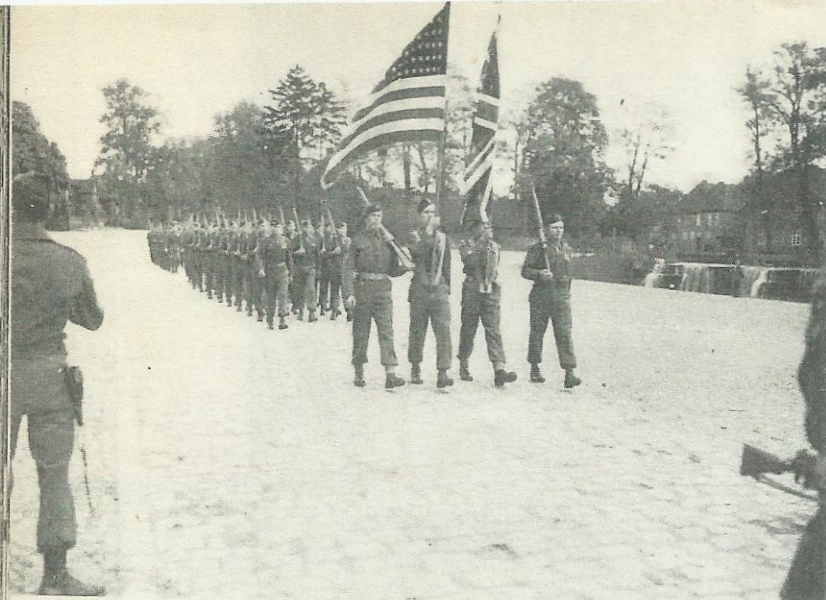
The Motor Pool works on the work horse of the Army - the Jeep.



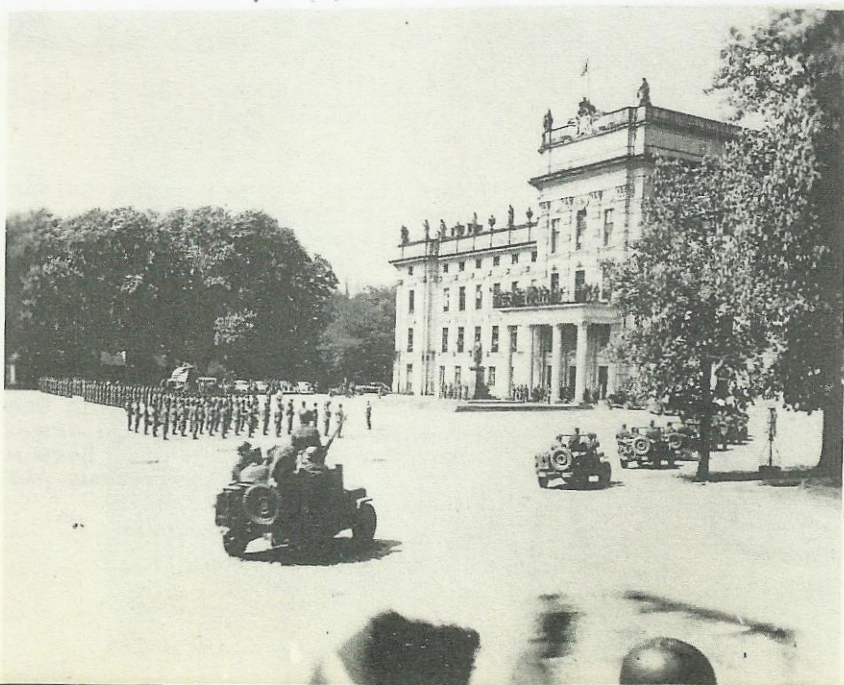


Our Allies - The Russian Soldier! Here are some of the men among the legions of Russ who stopped the Nazi war machine, threw it back - pursued and conquered it on the Eastern Front. They are some of the Russian troops who occupied the sector opposite the British and Americans north of Berlin and along the Baltic Sea coast. Russian Generals came to visit our Generals - our Generals went to visit Russian Generals, and Russian and American Soldiers of the line met and talked it over. Here was the meeting of supremely victorious Allies - and they liked each other.

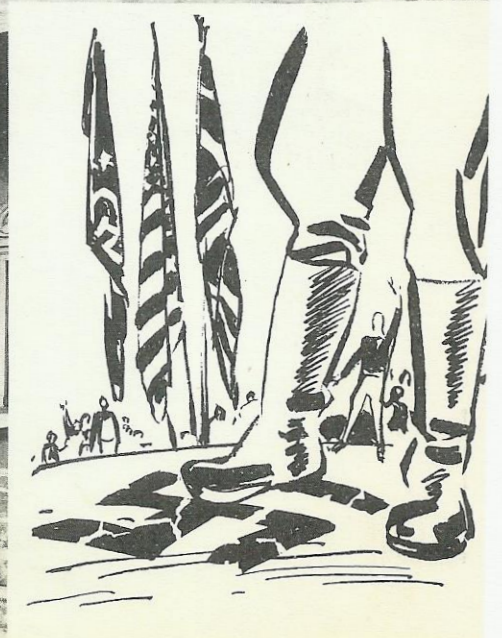




Strictly military are these celebrations at War's end. American and British parades, reviews and much saluting of Old Glory and the Union Jack. Bands blaring, flags flying, amid the speeches in honor of GI Joe and his allies. GI's dressing up and going out on parade the same as they did back in basic training. But there was no bitching about this parade - everyone was proud to be a part of it. The tension of war was gone, for a time at least. Pride in past accomplishments and thankfulness that it was over took its place in the hearts and minds of the men. Privates and Lieutenants, Corporals and Colonels, Sergeants and Generals - they all drank the same toasts, made the same speeches, and wrote the same letters of thankfulness home. It was trails end for GI's who had traveled from homes in the States to fight the invader - and to conquer. They took it silently and with deep reverence when they thought of the ones who hadn't made it and were lying somewhere along the way, under the neat white crosses which was the cost of conquest.



Pictures on these pages depict the meeting between Generals of the three Allied Armies. Shown here, reviewing the troops, they came together at a reception given by the U.S. General Ridgway, commanding the XVIII Corps. (Airborne), for General Dempsey of the British Armies in the North, and Russia's General Smernoff, whose Armies had linked with the British and Americans on the plains between Berlin and the Baltic. The three Generals are shown saluting in the picture below. From left to right: General Smernoff, General Dempsey, and General Ridgway.





The XVIII Corps was host to the Russians and British on this occasion at a banquet given in their honor at Hagenow. In picture above - It's a toast to the Allies, by the Allies, for a cause in which they stand and have come a long way to celebrate. Below: In General Ridgway's Office - These officers talk it over. In foreground and from left to right, stands General Smernoff, General Ridgway, and an unidentified British Staff Officer.

HEADQUARTERS XVIII CORPS (AIRBORNE)
Office of the Corps Commander

APO 109, In the Field
07 May 1945

SUBJECT: Appreciation.

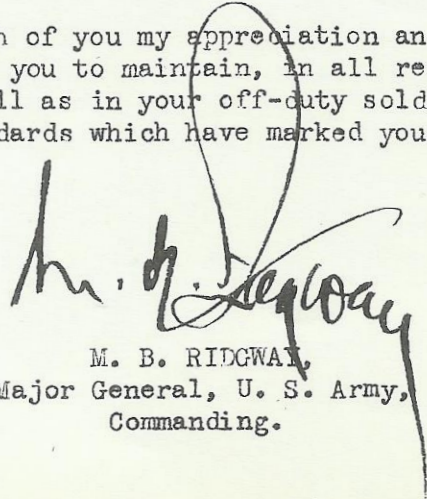
TO : All Members, 3060th Engineer Topographical Company, APO 109.
(Thru: Captain R. G. YOUNG, Commanding)

1. Beginning in 1881, the United States Army launched into a comprehensive officers' school system by which alone the training and the successful leading in battle of our armies in World War I was made possible.

2. At the conclusion of that war, the Army's officers' school system was broadened, extended and modernized. This system, analyzing the historical records of the operations of many armies, not only our own, in many wars, crystallized the principles involved, the manner of their application to concrete situations, and the appraisal of the results achieved. To no single factor is the amazing record of the United States of America in raising, training and committing to battle ground and air forces of seven and a half million men, more due than to our officers' school courses, and to the material used therein. In great part, this material consisted of the official reports of prior battles and campaigns.

3. The work in which you have been engaged with this Corps in this Theater, particularly that large volume connected with the reproduction of after-action reports, has not only made a material contribution to the brilliant battle successes which this Corps has achieved, but perhaps more important, still will for many years to come continue to contribute to our postwar programs of officer-training.

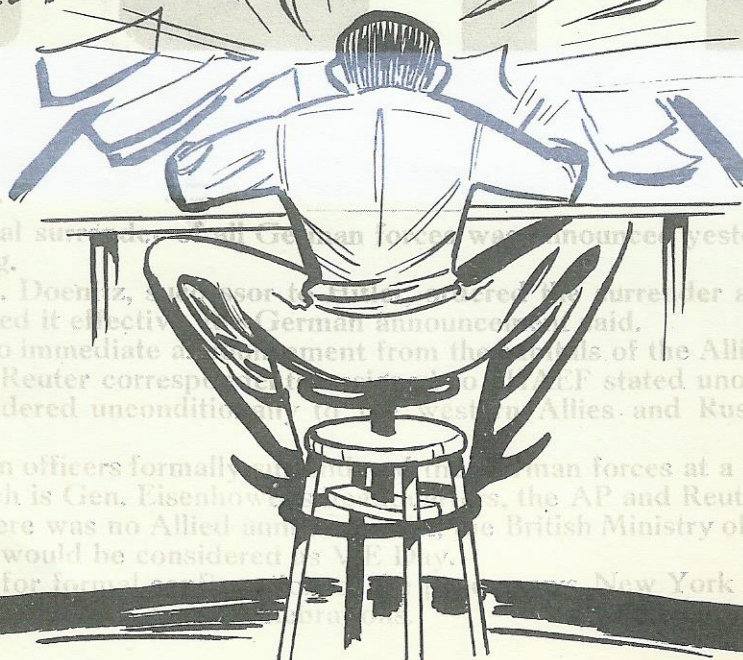
4. I wish to convey to each of you my appreciation and gratitude and that of this Corps. I expect you to maintain, in all respects, in your professional duties as well as in your off-duty soldierly conduct, the conspicuously high standards which have marked your work in campaign.



M. B. RIDGWAY,
Major General, U. S. Army,
Commanding.

NAZIS QUIT!

TIME IN SERVICE + TIME OVERSEAS + DECORATIONS + KIDS = DISCHARGE



Unconditional surrender of German forces was announced yesterday by the German radio at Flensburg.

Grand Adm. Doenitz, successor to Hitler, announced the surrender and the German High Command declared it effective at 12 noon.

There was no immediate announcement from the Allies of the Allied powers, but Associated Press and Reuter correspondents in London said the British High Command stated unofficially that the Germans had surrendered unconditionally to the Allies and Russia at 0241 Monday (ETO time).

High German officers formally surrendered to American forces at a meeting in the big red schoolhouse which is Gen. Eisenhower's headquarters, the AP and Reuter reported.

Although there was no Allied announcement, the British Ministry of Information said that today (Tuesday) would be considered the day of German surrender.

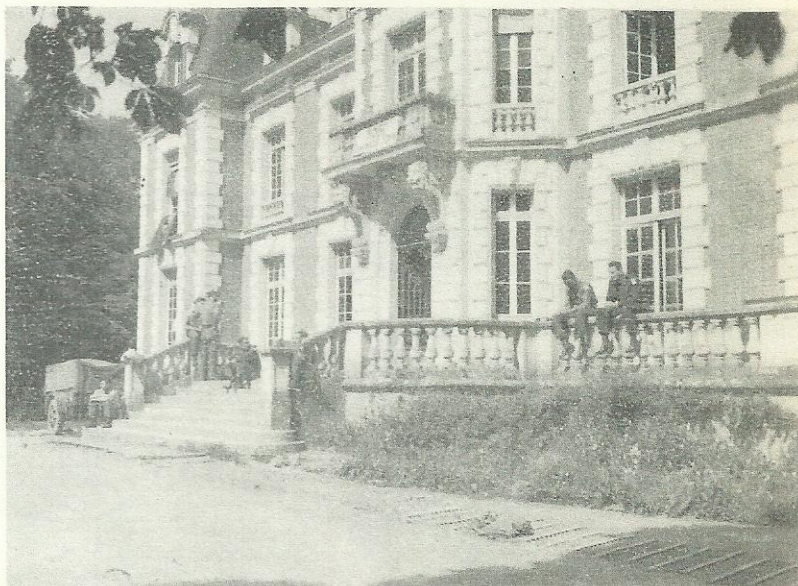
Not waiting for formal announcement, New York and battered London, however, celebrated the end of the war.



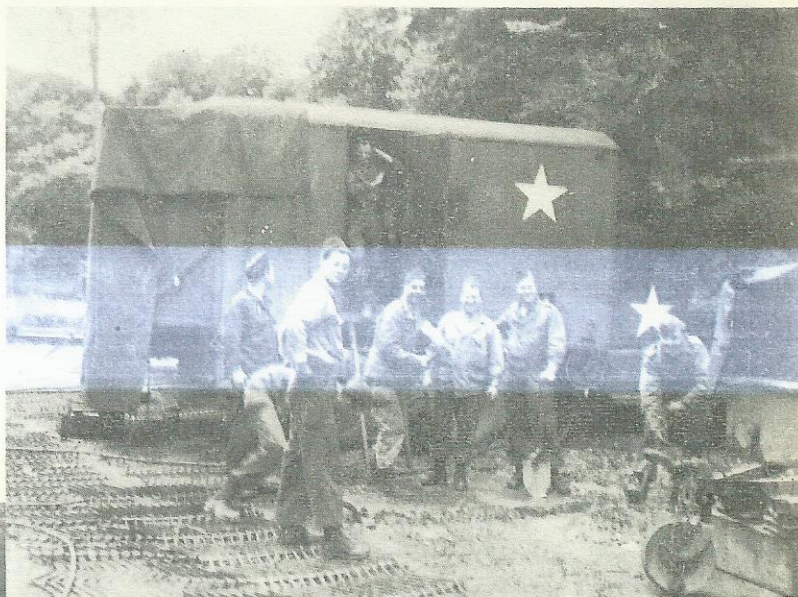
"Company Operation Route"



When the company moved back to France from Germany they stayed in Epernay a short time and then moved into this palatial French Chateau at Pocancy. In this picture men lounge on the spacious front porch. Incidentally, there is a moat which completely surrounds our chateau.



There was a little fixing up to be done when the men moved in, so the Joes shown here are digging a ditch which will allow the excess water to drain off into the moat.



There were "beaucoup" sports too, as is graphically shown in this shot of a volley ball game.



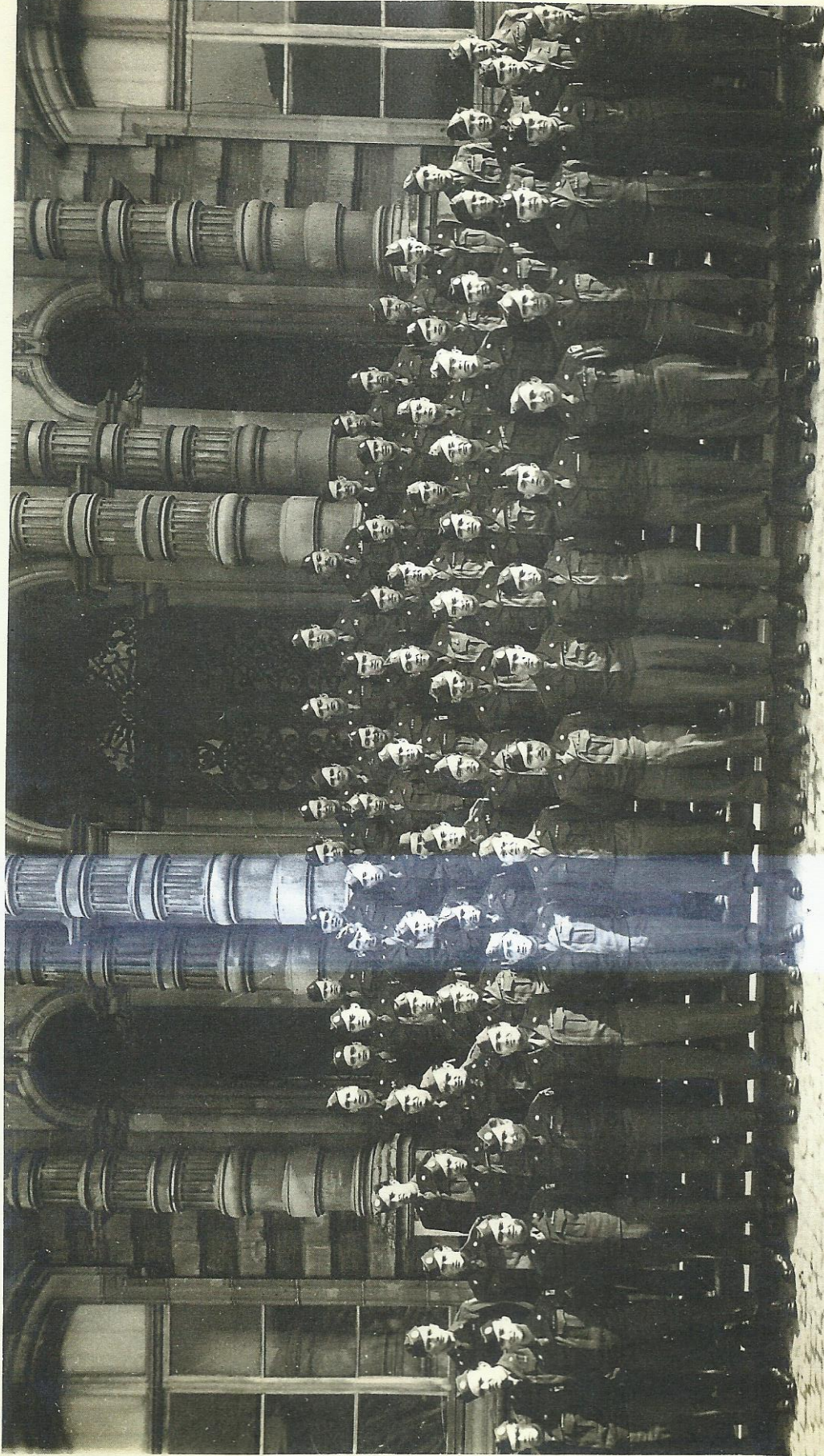


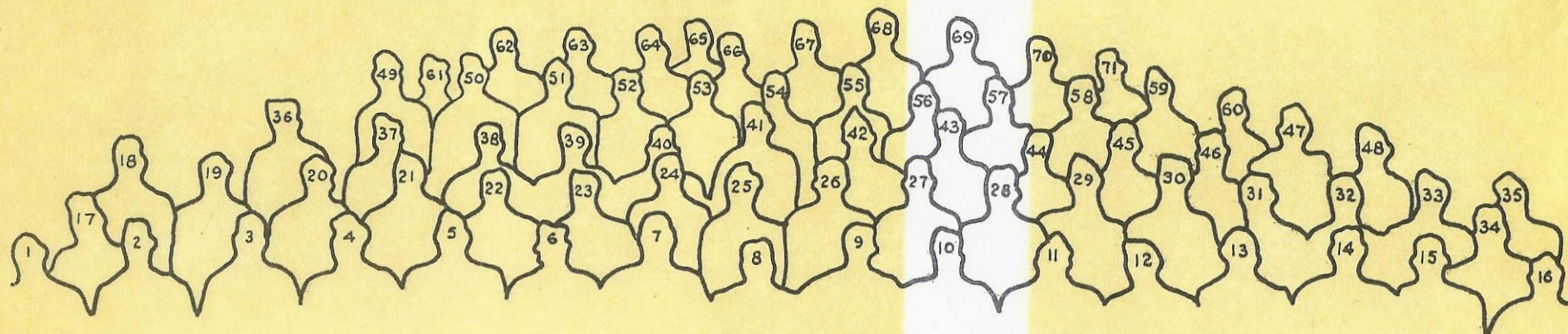
There were some German airplane fuel tanks lying around - so engineer ingenuity being what it is - boats were built and GI's had a good time paddling around in the moat.

Dramatic moment in a volley ball game is shown here during one of the frequent recreation periods.

Lolling on the porch, shooting the bull, and collecting a little of the warm French sunshine, GI's of the company find themselves face to face with a man with a camera - this is the result.







- | | | | | | | | |
|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|----------------|-------------------|-----------------|----------------|
| 1. Rosemann | 10. Elkins | 19. Ellis | 28. Heigh | 37. Smith E.L. | 46. Noga | 55. Mitchell | 64. Phillips |
| 2. Journeau | 11. Roberson | 20. Kessler | 29. Quillan | 38. Clark | 47. Monsen | 56. Morrison R. | 65. Jean |
| 3. Zink | 12. Mann | 21. Morris | 30. Mc Kenna | 39. Puskarich | 48. Morgart | 57. Israel | 66. Weitenbeck |
| 4. Herring | 13. Malone | 22. Swainston | 31. Spooner | 40. Potter | 49. Robsky | 58. Gochnauer | 67. Nadijcka |
| 5. Loffredo | 14. Zboyan | 23. Zaccaro | 32. Francis | 41. Kelly | 50. Pridgeon | 59. Seach | 68. Manning |
| 6. Cunningham | 15. Galli | 24. Richman | 33. Mc Gurty | 42. Palumbo | 51. Morrison J.L. | 60. King | 69. Young |
| 7. Hiddemen | 16. Flerlage | 25. Beal | 34. Collins | 43. Magness | 52. Morrison J.W. | 61. Roberts | 70. Darocy |
| 8. Ellinas | 17. Ward | 26. Villiesse | 35. Blacklock | 44. Blazar | 53. Golden | 62. Williams | 71. Larkin |
| 9. Milano | 18. D'Avanzo | 27. Fejes | 36. Yates | 45. Mc Devitt | 54. Hager | 63. Wagner | |

