

ENGLAND

FRANCE

HISTORY
OF
902
ORDNANCE
H.A.M. Co.

BELGIUM

GERMANY

LUXENBOURG

HISTORY
of
902nd ORDNANCE
HEAVY AUTOMOTIVE MAINTENANCE COMPANY

1942 • 1943 • 1944 • 1945

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HISTORY
of
902nd ORDNANCE
HEAVY AUTOMOTIVE MAINTENANCE COMPANY

Edited by Sgt Floyd K. Smith
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Edited and printed in Germany

ARMY
PUBLICATION
YARAFELL
3M 200000

The number of automotive units, small arms and vehicles completed from July of 1944 to July of 1945; while in France, Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany.

Vehicles completed	3,255
Automotive units completed	11,715
Small arms completed	5,296

Largest number of small arms for one day . . .	110
Largest number of vehicles per one day	31

KILLED IN ACTION

*1st Lt Victor K. Vail	0-1550285
S/Sgt Eugene V. Weizenecker	35335444
T/3 William C. McCants	38177162
T/5 Clifford L. Bryant	37427988
Pvt John W. Marsh	35335541
T/4 Stanley Gorzelanczyk	35314038

* Awarded Silver Star Medal

WOUNDED IN ACTION

T/5 Emil Samol

35391380

T/5 William M. Reed

35260456

T/5 Russell W. O'Flinn

32406254

MEN TRANSFERRED TO INFANTRY

Eldon J. Barker	Wounded
Henry Braun Jr.	
Richard H. Brister	Wounded
Joseph Colucci	Wounded
John F. Haberkost	
James H Helms	Wounded
Hartley W. Johnson	
William R. Kozel	
Frank Kuzma	Killed
Venice V. Midland	Wounded
Robert E. Noah	Wounded
Lester T. Oldfield	Wounded
Levi Ross	Wounded
Howard Schreck	Killed
Ezekial Shank	Killed
Alferd B. Smith	Wounded
Hylton Sutton	Wounded
Louis Teno	Wounded
Daniel P. Walczak	Wounded
John J. Yankulunas	Killed

Wounded in effort to remove explosive while
in England

ROBERT E. DENTON

DIED IN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS

Albert Corzin Akron, Ohio

Was killed while still in Camp Livingston, La.

To the enlisted men of the 902nd Ordnance H.A.M. Co.

From the Commanding Officer

As you go forward into your homes and your own way of living; you can look back on a job well done; difficulties superbly overcome and I extend my thanks to all for your great work.

I pray, in thanks, to our Heavenly Father, for giving us strength in our efforts to destroy the forces of injustice and wantonness- to restore Peace on Earth and Good Will to men.

May God bless and protect each of you and your loved ones; our country.

ORREN L. PUGH JR.
1st Lt, Commanding

To those men whose lives were given in the fulfillment of the task set forth for this group of men; this book is humbly dedicated.

It is not enough to merely dedicate this book; so it is further resolved, that the intelligence and resources of each shall be used in time of peace; that their lives shall not have been given in vain.

INTRODUCTION

This is the story, the history, of a group of men; organized out of all walks of life; from the hills and the mountains; the valleys and the plains; from the farms and the cities; from the rich and the poor-organized for war. This is a tale that lives deep in the hearts of these men; their wives, their mothers, sisters and brothers; their children. Written out of toil and sweat; oils and grease; nuts and bolts - engines, wheels and axles; the things that made modern war possible and hastened its end.

These men were modest and expected none of the glory so justly bestowed on infantry and armored troops; but their efforts shall be written in the annals of history books and their children shall read of the accomplishments of Ordnance men, in this most brutal of all wars. Unlike most stories, this one has no ending, for it is human and shall be carried back into civilian life and into every State of the Union; there to be written again and again in the minds of friends and neighbors and the accomplishments of these men.

Many the things that shall be left unsaid, for to enumerate the experiences of each of these men; would take a volume many times this thick.

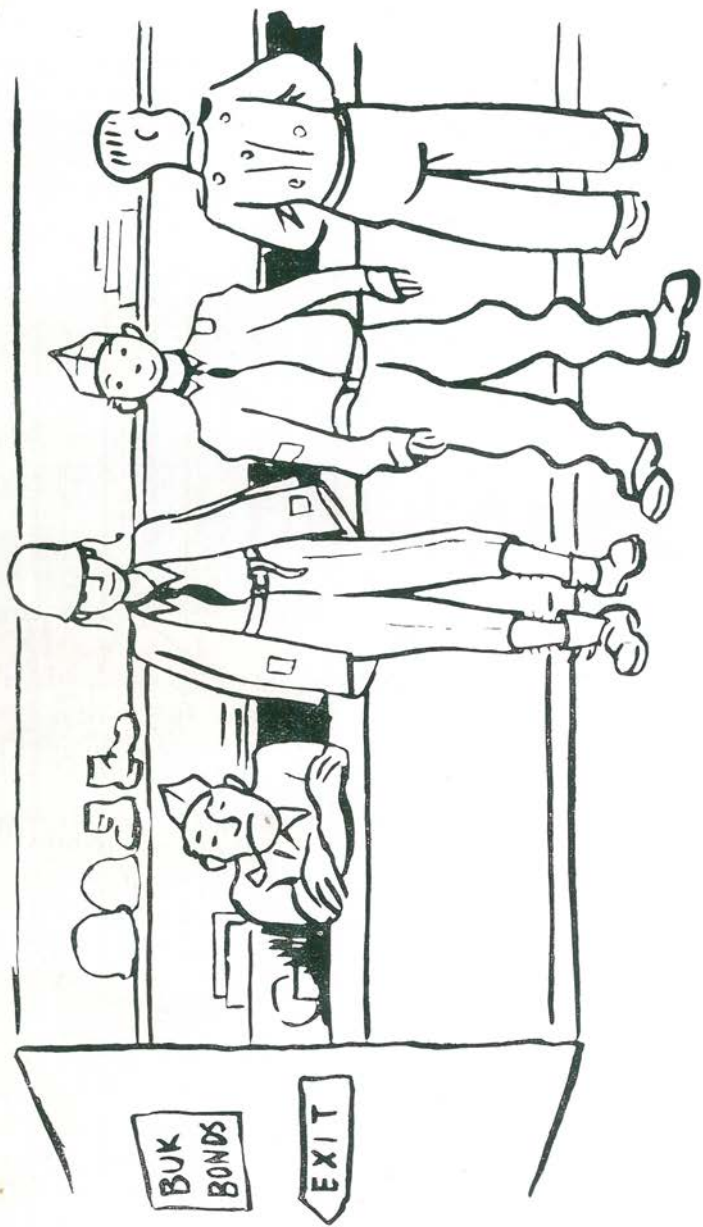
Our story begins on 18th of October, 1927, when what is now known as the 902 Ord H.A.M. Co. was still in a state of pregnancy; at that time it was known as the 9th Motor Repair Battalion, which was constituted on the inactive list of the regular army. On the 10th of February 1936, this Battalion was redesignated as the 3rd Battalion, 57th Quartermaster Regiment, of which Company K was activated on 25th of May 1942 at Camp Livingston, Louisiana.

One Officer and twelve enlisted men came from Camp Blanding, Florida, from Company H, 57th Quartermaster Regiment (HM), to form this Company. On 1st of August 1942, the Quartermaster Corps gave to the Ordnance Department, the maintenance of general purpose vehicles; this brought about the transfer from Quartermaster to the Ordnance. After several redesignations, Company K, 57th Quartermaster Regiment (HM) became the 902 Ordnance Heavy Automotive Company.

On the 11th and 12th of August 1942, 171 men from Ohio, West Virginia and Indiana traveled to various cities to receive their final examination and take oaths of allegiance into the Army of the United States of America. After 14 days furlough, these men once more left their homes for the induction center, Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio, (the most dreaded place in the world).

Here many papers were signed without the knowledge of their contents; I. Q. and other examinations were taken to determine best qualifications for army work. Many friends and neighbors were separated here; but new friends were made, perhaps to last a life time, over night.

On the morning of 27th August 1942, 171 men once more boarded train, destination unknown; traveling west through Ohio into Indiana and Illinois, Missouri and then turning south; destination was the question on the minds of each man, where are we going, as they scanned the highways for different license plates and questioned strangers when the train came to halts. They traveled two days and two nights, turning south into Arkansas along the Mississippi River into Louisiana; finally stopping at Camp Livingston near Alexandria, Louisiana, their destination late a night. What a time to arrive in a strange world to each; tired, disgusted and homesick, they were hauled from the train to the company in trucks and dropped into a ball



INDUCTION CENTER

HERTZOG

field where a mad scramble was made to find a barracks with some guy, a close friend.

Morning came with the blast of a whistle by some unhappy man with five stripes and a diamond in the middle; that wasn't so bad, until he started to yell at the top of his voice, "come on, get your a . . . out here, you're in the army now- as if they didn't know it. Days went by and they finally started a period of basic training with the knowledge that they were to receive a furlough at the end of it; those were the longest two months any had ever experienced. A complete change of living routine took place the following two months as the men passed through their daily training schedule; learning to shoot, finding which foot was right and which one left; retreat, drilling under an extremely hot Louisiana sun until their clothes were soaked with sweat and nostrils filled with the dust from stomping feet. To the left flank, to the right flank, to the rear- march; what possible good could all this be to Ordnance men; but it did have its importance, in learning to work together, obedience, subordination; there's something about marching that thrills you, the rhythm of two hundred left and right heels meeting the earth simultaneously, beating out a monotonous rhythm.

Yes, these are the days they all remember, the days when a PFC stripe was as big as a Captains bars and the first sergeant full of chicken; K.P., sore fingers, policing up, aching backs and burning feet. How well I remember their 25 mile hike at the end of their basic training; it was raining that evening when they started and rained all night while they were gone; the route led them over country roads, in mud and water ankle deep; the night was black except for an occasional flash of lightning to guide them on their way. Bumping trees, sliding over embankments, slipping, falling, packs doubly heavy from the down pour of rain; setting in the mud and water at breaks; the last lap home; the next morning when feet were too large for shoes, the blisters.

Then came the day they had all waited so many years in two months for; the big party, time to go home; 10 days in heaven with that best gal; their wives, mothers, friends, brothers and sisters. Yea, but all things good must end and they returned, once more to resume their role in a world at war.



25 MILE HIKE

HERTZOG

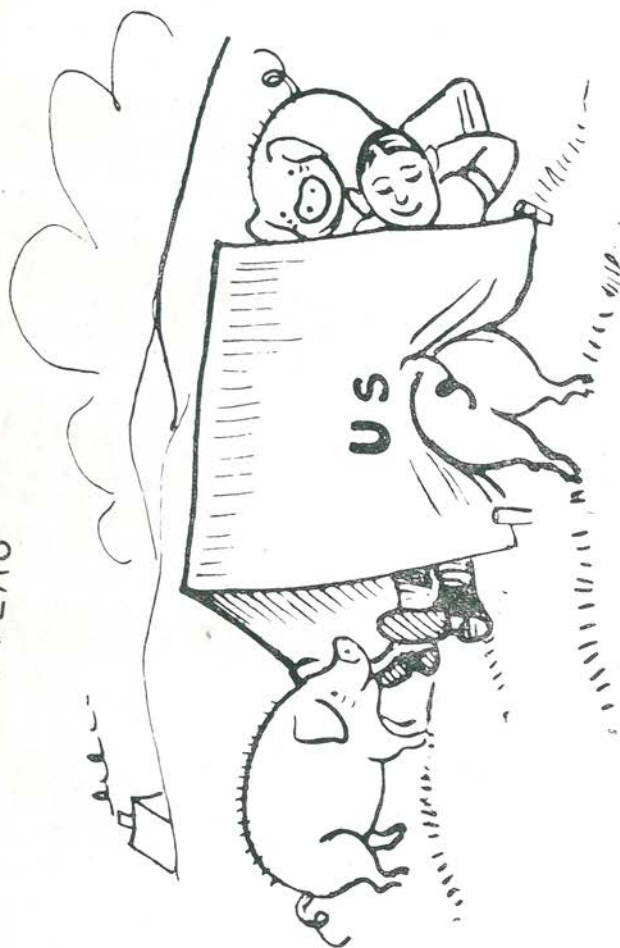
Many brought their wives to Alexandria with them, to live there in that crowded and congested city, in a stuffy one room apartment; but having someone to go home to at night meant a great deal and made army life a little more bearable. Months passed and each learned to one thing well; many became skilled and expert at their job; a large number were sent out to the various army specialist schools and colleges to better equip themselves for the gigantic task they were to eventually undertake.

The early part of September, 1943, the men traveled to the Louisiana maneuver area, where they spent two and one-half months of simulated warfare; learning to do their job under conditions that might prevail when shipped overseas. Here they were greeted by the thousand and one different insects to be found in the Louisiana wilds; the coral snakes, lizards, scorpions and the hogs that wandered in and out of their tents taking what they wanted, leaving the remains in a very erupted state of affairs. The men became strong and healthy here living in the open, working in the fields; receiving excellent food; sleeping on the ground in pup tents. The latter part of November 1943, the men returned to their barracks in Camp Livingston; there to receive their last furlough and undergo a period of intensive training.

The alert for overseas movement came in early December, at which time their intensive training period began. Repeating over and over again the things they had passed through in basic training and more, all jammed into a few short weeks. Much work was to be done in packing their equipment; clothing inspections; physical examinations to weed out those not qualified for overseas duty. The infiltration courses are best remembered of their new training; advancing under machine gun fire, 100 yards through mud and water and wire entanglements, both by day and night; the baths taken afterwards with their mud soaked clothes on.

December and January passed quickly and rumors spread like a dreaded disease among the men, as to their destination. Would it be to Japan or would it be to Africa, England, Iceland or a part of some invasion force on Hitler's conquered Europe. Wives and mothers traveled hundreds of miles to say good-by, not knowing that this would be the last for some; others sensing this would be the last for a long time to come. On the evening of 18th February, 1943, they

MANEUVERS



HERTZOG

boarded troop train at Camp Livingston and started on their long journey. They traveled east acrossed Louisiana into Mississippi; turning north into Tennessee; again turning south into Georgia. No one knew exactly where the train was headed except those in command; but the secrecy only added to the thrill of the adventure. The train turned once more to the north passing through South and North Carolina into Virginia, Washington, D.C., Maryland; across Delaware into Jersey and on to New York; where many received their first glimpse of the Statue of Liberty and the New York skyline.

The journey came to a halt here at Camp Shanks, the staging area for vast overseas movements. Arriving in Camp Shanks, on the 21st of February, life here was four days long. The unforgettable experience of their last and final physical examination before embarkation has been the source of many jokes and laughs ever since; the fact that one could see the ceiling of the room and had strength enough left to walk or run pass the doctor examining, was qualification enough for overseas shipment. Last minute allotments for bonds and insurance filled, the men were now ready to sail.

The morning of 25th February, they moved by train to the 45th Street pier, there to board the U. S. Army Transport, Frederick Lykes; a small ship that no one wants to remember and better still- cannot forget. The morning of 27th February, the ship hoisted anchor and headed towards open sea. Forced to remain below deck until several miles off shore, the men raced for the deck when the signal was given to get a last glimpse of the land they loved so well; and watched it fade and disappear beyond the horizon, carrying with them memories and hopes for a quick return.

The first day at sea, the waters were smooth and the men lined the deck in hopes of a glimpse of a whale or some sea monster they'd read about in story books when a child. The second day the sea became a little rougher, as the stingey little craft rolled and tossed with the ever growing wrath of these mighty waters. They were now many miles out to sea; some were beginning to get seasick and cussing the ship and sea for all it was worth. Much to their surprise, mail call was held this day in midocean; the importance of a letter from home on the morale of these men at this time, cannot be stressed strongly enough; those in command must have forseen this, in holding it at this time.

CAMP SHANKS

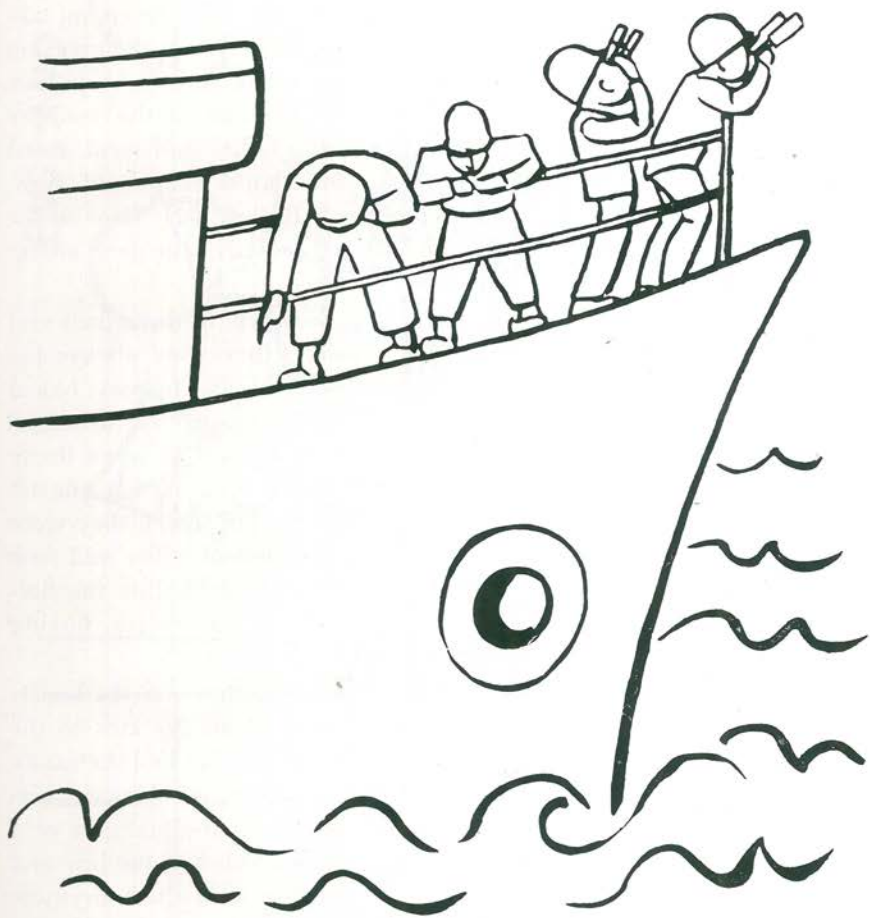


HERTZOG

The food was excellent and meals were served twice daily, if you were able to eat them in the sickening odor that lingered constantly in the mess hall. Many became accustomed to this and the familiar sight of the guy across the table turn white, run for the deck or drop his food where he ate it; others lived in the hospital or remained on their beds until they became very sick, ignoring advice: that the deck and fresh air was the best place to endure.

The third day proved exciting, when to top their homesickness and heaving stomachs, the ship broke down and fell far behind the large convoy, unable to navigate further without immediate repairs. For an hour the ship drifted alone without the protection of cruisers and destroyers, which had escorted the convoy this far. All men reached the deck and a thousand submarines appeared with each sight of a small whale or other fish; it was like waiting for the hangman to spring the trap or the electrocutioner to pull the switch; to those sick, a torpedo in the middle of the ship would have been a welcomed source of relief. A light cruiser returned to this lone ship; cruising about it in a wide circle for hours until the crew made their repairs.

It was not enough for the men to nurse their weary stomachs and bear the hardships of the others, so they were selected to pull guard duty twenty-four hours a day, from the upper most deck of the ship to the bottom of the hole. Eight days more of sailing lay ahead and the sea grew more and more angry; as it swelled and burst into swirling masses of foam, as if to frighten and toss the ship from its domain. The eve of the tenth day, the ship reached calm waters and land was sighted and even the most dishearted and sick of the group came up on deck for the first time. It was smooth sailing from here on in and the appetites grew to desperation, as the men stole food from wherever it was to be found; even the raw potatoes setting loose were quickly devoured as if they were large pieces of steak. They were awoken on the morning of the 9th of March to find themselves anchored safely in the Firth of Clyde. That morning they sailed up the River, Clyde, as cheering Scotlanders gave them their first taste of British hospitality and humorist jesters from the banks of the river. Hundreds of ships lined the river for miles as they neared the largest ship building center in the world, Glasgow, Scotland. I imagine the Scotch are still talking of the American landings there and how crazily they threw



COWLEY

American coins to the kids on the dock; fresh oranges, chewing gum, cigarettes and all the things they'd been doing so many years without.

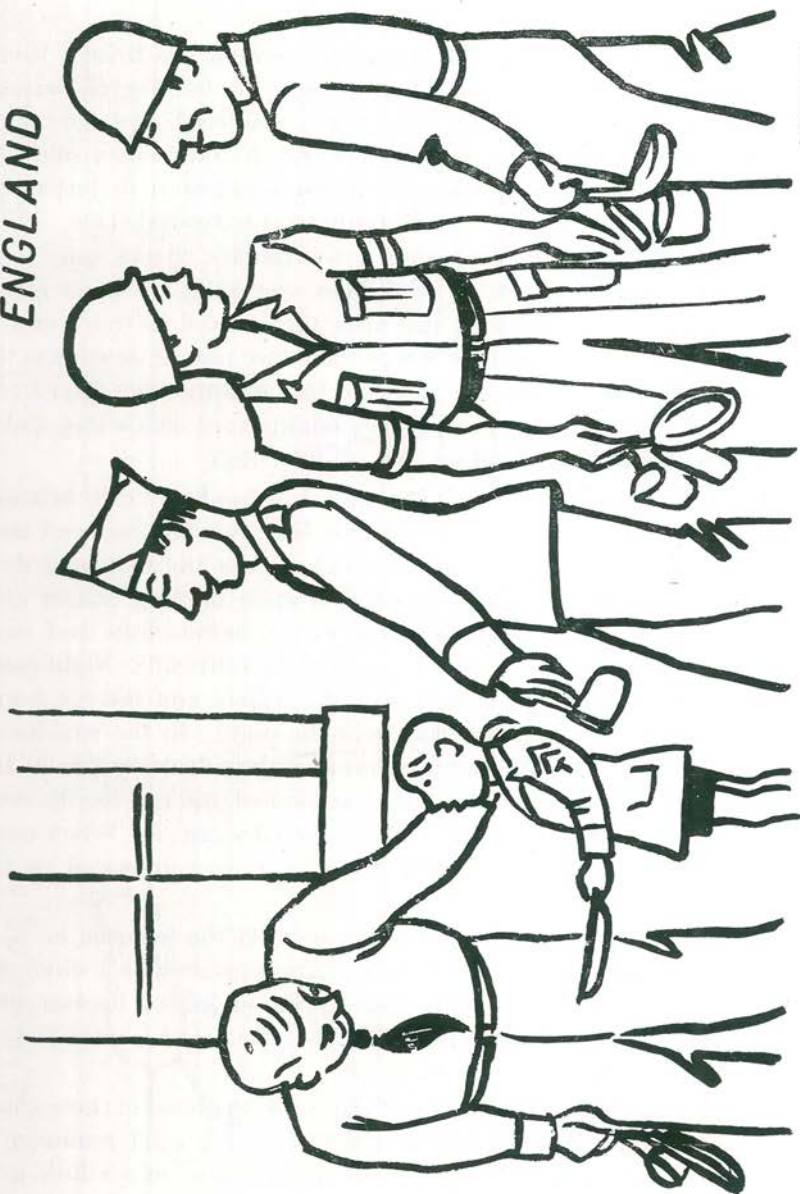
The evening of the tenth of March, they boarded train in Glasgow and headed south, 200 miles to Sandbach, a small city, where they lived in an old silk mill for the following four months; receiving additional training and making preparations for their role in the invasion and liberation of France. Sandbach proved to be a very hospitable community to these men. Many friends were made as the younger fellows sought companionship with the young ladies and went about the Pubs drinking the English bitters, stout, mild beers and rum; usually winding the evening up at the Town Hall dance. Some of the men became engaged here and later returned to marry the gals; others planned to return after the war to live there.

The people of Sandbach opened up their hearts to these men and though their foods were rationed very closely, they were always too willing to share it. They opened up a canteen for the fellows; baked the cookies and cakes; made good tea and horrible coffee; arranged games and amusements and sacrificed their evenings to serve them. The fellows in return put on a show for them; organized a quartet and a small orchestra and a bit of American humor, which they were slow to respond to; paraded when the new Mayor took office and took a very active part in the raising of funds for their "Salute the Soldiers' Weeks"; by playing a number of ball games, soccer, boxing matches and paraded in their annual bond drive parade.

A little fellow by the name of Vincent McCarthy won the hearts of the whole company and was soon the envy of all the kids in the neighborhood, for he had the freedom of the barracks and all the candy and good things that kids are forever looking for to eat. Vincent was only seven or eight, sharp as a tack and possessed the manners of a grown up. He ate in the mess hall with the men; bucked the line and went back for seconds. Vince didn't play with the kids much anymore and sometimes even slept in the barracks, where his mother always knew to find him.

Yes, England was quite a place; with the most beautiful landscape and gardens you'll find anywhere; castles, London, St. Pauls Cathedral, Westminster Abbey; the old Cathedral in Chester; Manchester, Liverpool, potato chips and where Lhota started to blow the bugle.

ENGLAND



COWLEY

Maintenance was light in England, although a waterproofing school was conducted by a group of these men and their work was commended highly.

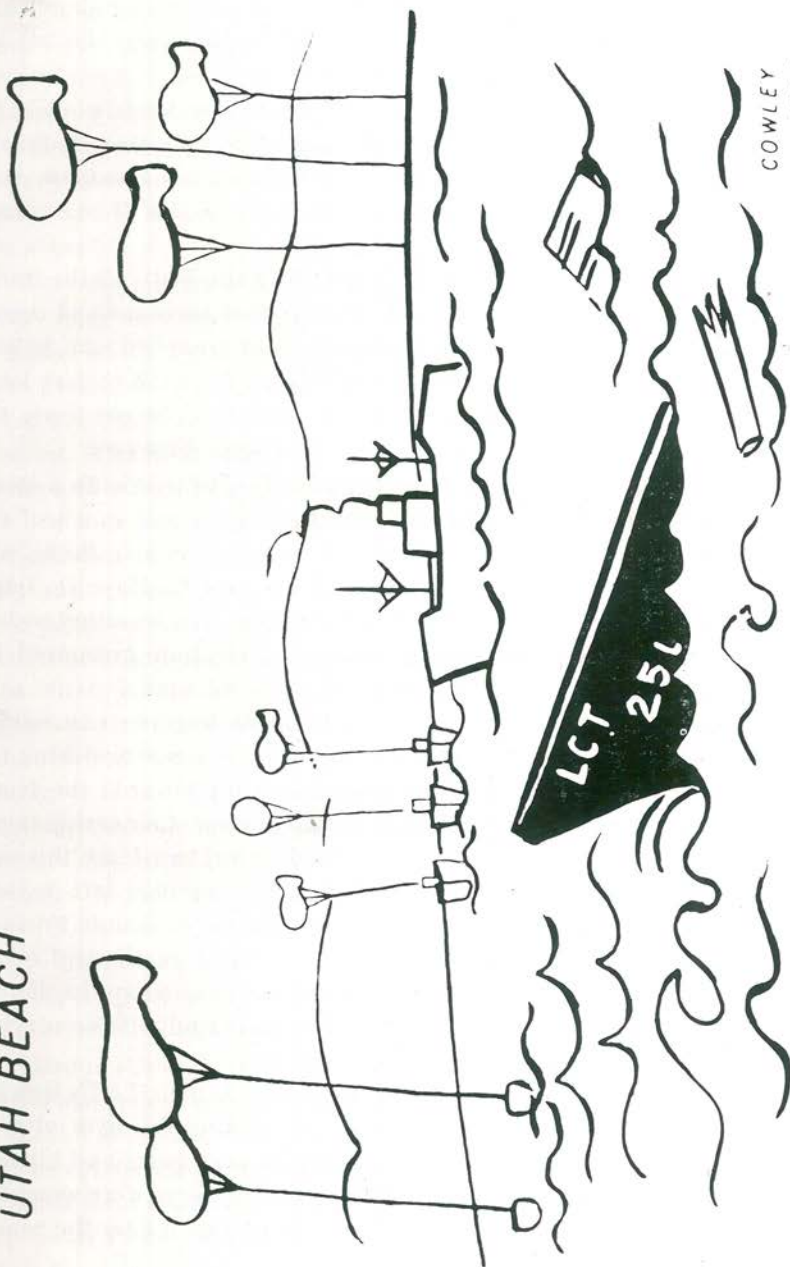
On the day of the invasion, the men assisted the British Home Guard in guarding vital installations, when the landing of German parachutists to impede the invasion was considered probable. July came and on the eighth the men left Sandbach and headed south by train, passing through London and turning south west to just north of Salisbury, where they lived in the fields for several days. Their favorite pastime there was chasing down rabbits; armed only with clubs, they caught large numbers of them, increasing the meat ration for the following day. Leaving this area, they moved further south to Dorchester, where thousands of troops had since passed onward to the beaches of France. Arriving here on the 16th of July, they stayed two days and moved out to the Port of Weymouth, from which they sailed for the Normandy beachhead on 18th of July, 1944.

Two landing craft tank (LCT) and one landing craft infantry (LCI) set out on the afternoon of the 18th July; two landing craft tank (LCT) remained to complete loading and set out the following day; all fully equipped for immediate operation upon landing. Eager eyes scanned these treacherous waters for mines, submarines and each gazed into the sky for the much feared German Luftwaffe. Night came and all was well as a fog settled over the waters and the fog horns sounded their mournful cry throughout the night. In the wee hours of the morning, the small craft was rammed broadside by one of the LCT's in the convoy; some of the men awakened and ran for the deck expecting the worst, others slept on as only GI's can do. When morning came, the evidence was there, as a large dent appeared on the starboard side of the ship.

As the small ship pushed onward towards the horizon, as if to climb a hill to look down into the valley; land appeared as a silhouette against the horizon. The sights that appeared before them as they strained their eyes up and down the beach, remains as a vivid picture in the minds of all.

The hundreds of ships that lined the coast; the mast of those sunk; the battered and obstacle covered beach, served a good reminder of the untold misery and suffering that took place here only a little over

UTAH BEACH



COWLEY
HERTZOG

a month before their arrival. Like so many bees swarming about their hive, men worked unloading troops, foods, ammunition and all the essentials to supply this vast army of invasion.

The tide was in when they reached the beach, so they waited a few hours for the tide to go out before stepping foot on these hallowed shores. Barrage balloons hovered over the ships and covered the coast as far as the eye could see, for protection against low flying enemy planes.

The tide out, the men descended from the ship. With all the things possible to pack on each mans back, they started their inward march to the transit area, three hours away. As they marched, the telltale evidence of the fierce fighting lay before them; the shell craters large enough to set a large house in; the waste lands and barren trees; the battered fortifications, mine fields, clothes, empty Krations.

The rumble of distant cannons reminded them that only a small portion of Normandy had been taken; Cherbourg and much of the Normandy peninsula still remained in German hands; there was fighting at Caen, St. Lo and west of Coutances near La Haye De Puits. Three hours later they arrived at the assembly area awaiting orders for movemant into an operational position. Here they bivouaced for two days, cussing everyone for making them pitch their tents in a large open field after all the time they'd spent learning camouflage fundamentals. The chief source of amusement here was watching the endless train of supplies and equipment flowing towards the front, sensing that something big would surely happn soon. Censorship regulations popped up again; can I say I'm in France; can I say this and that and why write at all, there isn't anything else left to say. It was hard to write a letter, when the only things you' could think of were those immediate things about you. Yes- they thought about home; but many felt a sense of responsibility for keeping up the morale on the home front and didn't want their mothers and wives worrying about them.

While in this area, the news came that one of their LCT's had hit a mine and sank within sight of the beach; taking the lives of four men and an officer; not to mention the loss of tools, parts and kitchen equipment, as well as six of their vehicles; eleven others were wounded and returned to England on the hospital ship anchored near the beach.

The loss of these men and one officer was felt very deeply by all, for these were their friends and buddies they'd lived and worked with for two years- friendships growing ever stronger in each passing day. The Officer, 1st Lt. Victor K. Vail, lost his life in his unselfish efforts to save the men on the ship. Three others that survived the sinking were decorated for their bravery; technicians 5th grade James Bickell and Robert L. Eliassen were awarded the bronze star and Ray L. Allen was awarded the Croix de Guerre medal by the French Government.

Two days passed and they moved forward to St. Saveur Le Vi-comte, their first operational area; taking shelter in an apple orchard as a part of the First United States Army. Situated only eight to ten miles behind the front lines; these men received a considerable amount of work, slightly handicapped by the loss of their tools in the channel crossing. The monotonous rumble of cannon and rifle fire continued day in and out and on into the night; then Jerry came over as regular as a clock at eleven, as many crawled from their tents in hopes of a first glimpse of a German plane. Thousands of planes passed over daily and it was always a source of consolation in knowing that they were yours and not those of the ruthless Germans. First lessons in French and first taste of calvados and apple cider were experienced here. On the 31th of July, 1944, they moved to La Ronde Haye in support of the Third Army breakthrough. The second of August they were relieved from attachment to the First U. S. Army and returned once more to the Third U. S. Army, which was now in full operation; breaking through in wath history shall call the "Avranches Break-through", in one of the greatest military operations of the war against Germany. In their move to La Ronde Haye, their eyes were opened once more to the destruction wrought in war, in seeing the cattle and horses lying dead and swollen along the road; the crumbling ruins; the stinken odor of dead removed; the homeless drifting wearily to the rear with what few belongings they were able to save.

Here in the dellar of a deserted farm house, some of the men found a sufficient quantity of calvadoes to render a large number intoxicated as they'd never been before; the effects of this powerful drink can only be compared with that of the recently disclosed atomic bomb, as it turned the men to all colors of the rainbow and rendered others as helpless as a fly pushing a ten ton wrecker up a hill. Time was fleeting

and the swift moving breakthrough brought about their move to just north of La Lucerne d'Outremer in support of the turning movement at Avranches.

What a hell- of-a- place this was to put anyone. In the woods just outside the little village, they pitched their tents on a German ammunition dump, with enough mines and shells to wipe out many times this small number of men. Fear prevailed in the minds of all as they went about setting up shop. Life here was ten years, lived in less than two days. Arriving in the afternoon, too tired after their ninety mile journey and setting up; few if any dug their foxholes. Evening came, shadows fell and darkness engulfed the day everywhere. Letters hurriedly written, usual chatter now yawns, the men crawled into their tents for a well earned rest. The accustomed sound of Jerries about worried some; humming others to sleep. Jerry proved to be more of a worry than something to fear, for up to now all his trips had been that of reconnaissance only; but this night he wanted to be different.

Jerry circled and the drone of his engines could be heard as he wended off into the darkness. Jerry wasn't going home so early this night, for he returned shortly afterwards to drop those red lights of hell that lit the place like a thousand Roman candles scattered throughout the area. No sooner had he dropped them, when down from the sky came others to drop hell itself on an American ammunition dump just up the road a ways. The explosions shook the earth and t'was not long before all were awakened out of a sound sleep, in a fear which none have ever forgotten. The bombing seemed hours long even though it was only a matter of minutes; as many ran about almost hysterical seeking shelter in gutters and the garbage pit, piling one on top the other; others lay still, clat on the earth cussing the damn fools acrossed the road for striking matches and smoking cigarettes at a time like this, threatening to shoot them. I believe I'm safe in saying that even those that may never have prayed before, prayed this night.

The thoughts that enter ones mind at a time like this are of home and the many things he wished he'd done or not done; the mean things he'd said in that last letter and thanking God this was not happening to the folks back home. You just knew that Jerry could

see you and each time he came down in a dive, you sensed he was aiming for you as you strain your ears and breathed a sigh of relief when he came out of it and nothing happened to you. They hit their objective and all night and the next day the dump continued exploding. Jerry finally went away; but the memory of his visit still lingers. Many stayed awake that night while others fell asleep waiting his return. The next morning, the first thing done was to dig foxholes, although some tried digging them in a bed of rock the night before. There was little if any work done in this area, for their stay was short. Night came and Jerry paid his usual visit; this time hitting a town a short distance north of them. Swinging in a wide circle over their area, Jerry led them to believe it was their turn next, as the experiences of the night before became more and more impressed in their memory.

The following day they moved forward again sixty miles to a point southwest of Poilley, a short distance beyond Laval. They had now crossed the narrow bottleneck at Avranches. The terrain here was not but open fields separated by hedgerows and trees; so camouflage nets had to be used for concealment as they spread out along the hedges in preparation for work. That evening the Jerries bombed and strafed the bridge near Laval; the flares partially lighting their area as well. The anti-aircraft spread a beautiful pattern of tracers across the sky and the burst of the ninety millimeter shells were now familiar and comforting. It was little known until the following morning that a number of these men and an Officer had witnessed this bombing, while returning from the last area with equipment left behind. Some of their trucks were strafed as they left them for the gutters along the road; some spoke of the closeness of the bombs dropped, in as much that their explosion threw dirt on and about them.

With the swiftness of a deer and the slyness of a fox, Patton's armor and infantry drove the Germans from one settlement to another. This group of men hardly finished unpacking, were now reloaded and moved the following day ninety miles; settling about three miles northwest of Vaiges to support operations swinging north for turning at LeMans. It was always a pleasure to move forward, knowing though each move was further away, it brought home a little closer. Mail call here, as it was everywhere, the most prominent factor in maintaining

the morale of these men; for they had no amusement other than their own jokes and jesters about each other. This was war, exciting, fast, fearing and monotonous work, eat and sleep. There wasn't much bitching, for they were too busy and excited to think about much of anything.

The closeness of the front was emphasized by the fact that they were set up along side of artillery units and snipers and stragglers were still to be found here and in a nearby town. Two German prisoners were taken here by a scouting party that made regular patrols each night. The prisoners were not so important as were the pistols they carried, for they were the envy of all; that was their main purpose in scouting. On the 15th of August, these men moved northward ninety miles to a point four miles north of Alençon in support of the flanking movement on a German army trapped, at Argentain and Falaise; which resulted in what is known as the "Battle of the Falaise Gap", in which the German Seventh Army was annihilated. No work was done here as they remained packed, bivouacing on a captured German air field, exploring the wreckage of several German planes and patrolling the areas about for stragling Germans. On the third day, orders came for movement forward eighty miles east, two miles south of La Loupe, supporting operations eastward towards Chartres. The men little realized their position here, as they were at the head of the bottle neck stretching almost back to Avranches, when the German armor came within twenty miles of cutting off the Normandy peninsula. This may have brought about another Dunkirk; their annihilation or imprisonment. They were a part of the spearhead towards Paris while fighting was still going on at St. Lo and Caen; the fact that they were here is evidence enough, that their part in the liberation of Paris and France was important, in as much that this fast moving army could not progress without the aid of Ordnance to maintain the vehicles that haul the life giving essentials to the front.

The experiences crossing France shall probably be best remembered of all; as they passed through towns and cities, remembering the destruction; the homeless wondering; the poorly clothed and fed children; the cheering crowds that lined the streets, happy though hungry in their new found freedom; the wine, cider, cognac, champagne; bartering with their rations for these and for eggs from the

farmers; the beautiful women with hair to be resembled nowhere in the world. The French are a hospitable people, sincere and seem to possess happiness even in time of sorry; they are very good business men and women alike; they love to dance and laugh, be merry and think that the Americans spend too much time making a living; getting married and divorced. The 25th of August they moved one hundred-fifty miles forward, four miles east of Fontainebleau, thirty miles south of Paris, to support movements cutting off Paris from the south, by cutting the Seine at Fontainebleau and Melun and pushing eastward to Nancy and Metz. Fontainebleau had just been taken and Paris fell the same day. The sky was their ceiling, the trees their shelter and the ground their bed, as they set up here in this evergreen forest, which at one time was the hunting grounds of Napoleon Bonnaparte. After the capture of Paris, the front seemed to move even faster as these men fell behind for a period of three weeks and became attached to a rear echelon group. Work went on as usual, seven days a week and some resentment prevailed because of their transfer, since the excitement of this horrible war lured these men into the strange desire to be close to the fighting; they wanted to be where the noise was and feel that their efforts was doing the most good to those men on the front lines.

A few days later, a great boost to their morale came, when it was disclosed that everyone would get to see Paris for a day. Each man waited anxiously for his turn to come; the time when he could feast his eyes on the beautiful and gay city of Parea. The majority of the men visited the city within five to ten days after its capture and the enthusiasum with which they were received, they alone can tell.

In Paris they met a people of a highly populated city, with a hunger for cigarettes, chocolate and anything that was eatable; for they were hungry and willing to pay most anything to get it. Paris was not the only place of interest here, for Fontainebleau, lay only a few minutes away and the beautiful Chateau Fontainebleau, the home of Napoleon and Marie Antoinette; untouched by the war. The thrill of walking through these court yards where so many famous people had tread and the enchantment of the beautiful works of art contained in this structure; are the things one likes to remember of this war. Bidding farewell to the many friends made here; Paris with

FOUNETAINBLEAU



HERTZOG



Fountainebleau, France

its Eiffel Tower. Napoleons' Tomb, Arc de Triumphe and the Tomb of the Unknow Soldiers; they advanced one hundred and eighty miles, (twenty miles southeast of Verdun), halting on mile west of the small town of Fresnes- to support operations along the Moselle River.

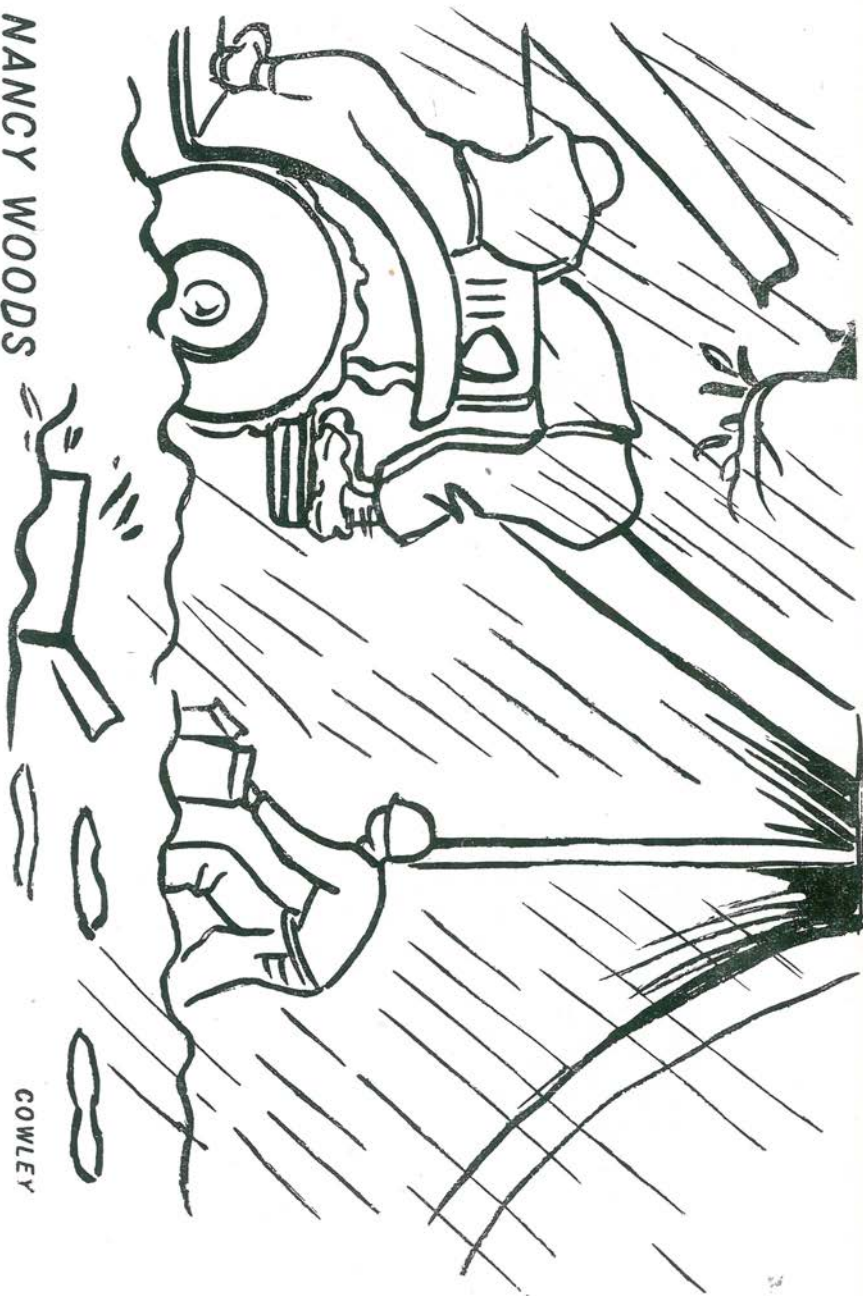
The Fathers of several of these man had passed through these historic fields of battle during the first world war; but to these men it was nothing more than a days stop, for on the 22nd of September, they moved forward southeast to within four miles west of Nancy to give close support to the XII Corps. All the devils in hell must have known these men were coming, for they gathered all the mud from



Paris, France

NANCY WOODS

COWLEY



the hills about and spreadit over this area until it was shoe top deep everywhere.

Several hundred mines were removed from the areas surrounding theirs' and eighteen were removed from the entrance to these woods by the advanced party. Jerry came over here as he had in all previous areas and strafed the main highway nearby. The familiar burst of artillery fire shook the earth far into the night and Jerry lingered around into the wee hours of the morning. The front was only a short distance across the river and fighting was still hard as Patton neared Metz, a city and hills never before taken by storm in the history of warfare. The misery of working in mud and water for twelve consectutive days, did little to build the morale of these men and only told them that fall and winter were approaching. October came and the front lines became stagnant with the never ceasing rain and determined resistance as the armies approached Hitler's sacred German soil. It was from this area they moved southward forty miles to secure shelter and better working conditions in Neufchateau, France. Accommodations were not too good, although they were now in out of the rain and slept in a large barn as cold as it was outside. A few days later they moved a little ways up town to a still better accommodation, in what was at one time housing for French Cavalry units; using their barns as shops. Champagne here was good and could be bought for a little over a dollar in American money. A source of entertainment was had in seeing motion pictures in one of the barns. The



Commercy, France

excitement of previous months had now died off as the front moved slowly and the moves of these men were only up and down the rear of the lines, servicing the endless flow of wrecked and beaten trucks. On October 24st they arrived in a small town of Commercy, forty miles north of Neufchateau; moving to the center of Third Army rear lines.

From here on everything was work and more work as the optimism for a quick end to the war passed with the night and they settled their minds to the long winter that lay ahead. It was with great enthusiasm that the word came of their moving forward, as they headed for Luxemburg, eighty miles northeast to support the 83rd Infantry Division. Here at last was a new country, new adventure, excitement, as they settled in Esch to be alone in the city save for a small medical detachment. This was a city barely touched by the war, with a high German population; a refuge for international criminals before the war. It was surprising to find here a people that could speak English as well as French, German, Spanish and a tongue of their own; it appeared to be a melting pot for countries in Europe. The city was filled with schnapps, wine, women and song as well as theaters with American films; the people were well dressed and the homes well built and could have passed for any American city of similar size, were it not for the difference in tongue.

Fighting was still going on at Metz; to the north and east on the Luxemburg border; as the army sought to swing a pincher movement around the stronghold of Metz. Time passed too quickly here, as the men moved disgustedly backward to St. Mihiel, to finish the work started by another company, on 18th of November. The job finished here shortly after Thanksgiving Day, they moved forward ninety-five miles to Jarville, a suburb of Nancy; there to remain for a little over two months. The working space here was the best of any they'd ever had and the quantity of vehicles requiring major repairs turned out daily, with half of the men on details and hauling ammunition, reached the figure of thirty-one. The working space was good only in as much that it was hard surface and sheltered from the rain and snow; although it was extremely cold and made working miserable and dangerous, since fires were built throughout the shop in large oil drums in effort to heat the well ventilated building. The maintenance of vehicles was

only a part of their job, for thousands of small arms and automotive units were rebuilt as well by this small group of men.

The coldness of this shop is stressed in the fact that twenty man tents were pitched inside of the building; and with stoves in each tent, the nights were still spent gathered around the fires when not working. Due o the large number of casualties and men captured during the German breakthrough in Belgium and Luxenburg; and losses suffered at Metz and through the long winter campaign; thousands of men were transfered from service forces to Infantry units; twenty of which were drawn from this already understrength group of men. During the German breakthrough, many of these men were in Belgium and Luxenburg hauling ammunition and supplies; while the remainder gave direct support in the maintenance of the many vehicles damaged and wrecked. Nowhere was secure from this German push, as her Luftwaffe spread out in all dierections; coming to Nancy as much as six times in one evening, bombing the airport and strafing the city. Work at Nancy was hard and extended into the night, risking the use of ligths to fulfill the plead made by General Eisenhower; to turn the German push into their defeat.

Two months later, as the battle pushed northward into Germany, they moved to Rodange, Luxemburg, to give closer support to the Third Army and get out of the Seventh Army's territory moving northward as well. This was an unusual sei up, for the men worked in Belgium and billeted in Luxenburg; going to and from by truck. It was too much to expect, to stay in this schoolhouse with its excellent bathing facilities and steam heated rooms, so they moved onward eight miles into Belgium occupying an unfinished schoolhouse and old theater with no heat, lights or water. The shop was set up in a foundry and tents; foundry offices and on the outside.

Here as in all towns and cities that they stopped in, the men, women and children gathered outside their mess hall picking food from the garbage cans and begging for the food remaining in their mess kits when they'd finished eating. The people of America have little conception of the hardships of war and the hunger that prevails throughout Europe. I sometimes wish it were possible for all the people of the States to see the destruction wrought in Europe with their ow n eyes; the ragged children eating this garbage an to see the

BELGIUM



HERTZOG

stinken and unrecognizable bodies of the dead; their twisted and torched faces with words still left unsaid. Their stay here extended into the month of March, at which time they moved south sixty miles to Metz; which had since fallen to the Third Army.

It was men of this group that occupied the famous Fort Driant immediately after its capture; as the dead still lay about the Fort in the mine fields and wire entanglements. A few days before their departure from Musson, Belgium; two men of this group set out to visit the grave of ones' brother. They traveled as far as Metz when the vehicle struck a mine in the road, killing one before he saw his brother's grave and seriously wounding the other. Metz was French territory; but its name is German, the inhabitants are partially German and it was once a German city. Much of Metz was destroyed although considering the hard fought battles there, it was in very good condition compared with others throughout France.

Save for a few broken windows, one of the most beautiful Cathedrals in Europe still stood looking majestic and reverently down over the city from its highest point. When evening came, many found relaxation at the movies provided; while others stole hand grenades to explode in the Moselle River, some for the excitement, others for the fish the explosion brought to the surface. All was not pleasure for these men, for they were still working seven days a week and some evenings; but to speak of their works; that so many carburetors, generators, starters, transmissions, axles, etc. were repaired; and that hundreds of vehicles were nursed, doctored and mended back to movable condition, would be dull and uninteresting; so the things they have experienced, their emotions and changes of attitude as they travel from one place to another have been given preference.

The tide of battle now saw a once powerful Germany dwindling under the staggering blows of the Allied Forces; now driving deeper and deeper into the heart of the stolen German empire. The German Luftwaffe was rarely seen anymore and the excitement of previous months drifted on into history and clinged to the memories of all. On the 25th of March, the long awaited entry into Germany came as they moved forward on Palm Sunday, sixty miles to St. Wendel, Germany. The thousand and one things that occurred on this sacred soil of Hitlers' during the past six years; now stood as a vivid picture



in their minds. What are these people like? Are they human, fanatical or do they possess the mind of the savage beast? These were their thoughts, for it is hard for an American to understand how human beings can be so misled by this fanatic with religious and radical hatred. Their route of travel led them through the supposedly impregnable Siegfried line, with its dragontoothed obstacles, mines fields, tank ditches, pill boxes and enormous fortifications stretching mile after mile. Towns and villages still flew their white flags of surrender as they hang from every window and door of the settlements; and a sober face people stared as if the American's presence there was impossible, for Hitler had told them: no one shall step foot on German soil.

Little pity was shown on the civilian population of St. Wendel by these men as they roamed about the streets gathering men, regardless of dress, to clean out a prison pen and long row of garages to be used for their shops. Strange people, these Germans, with six years of war, they were still filled with hate for anyone and anything not German. The destruction wrought here in Germany was far greater than that wrought on French territory; for the towns and cities lay shattered, a heap of smoldering debris, that shall take the German fifty years to rebuild . . .

GERMANY



HERTZOG

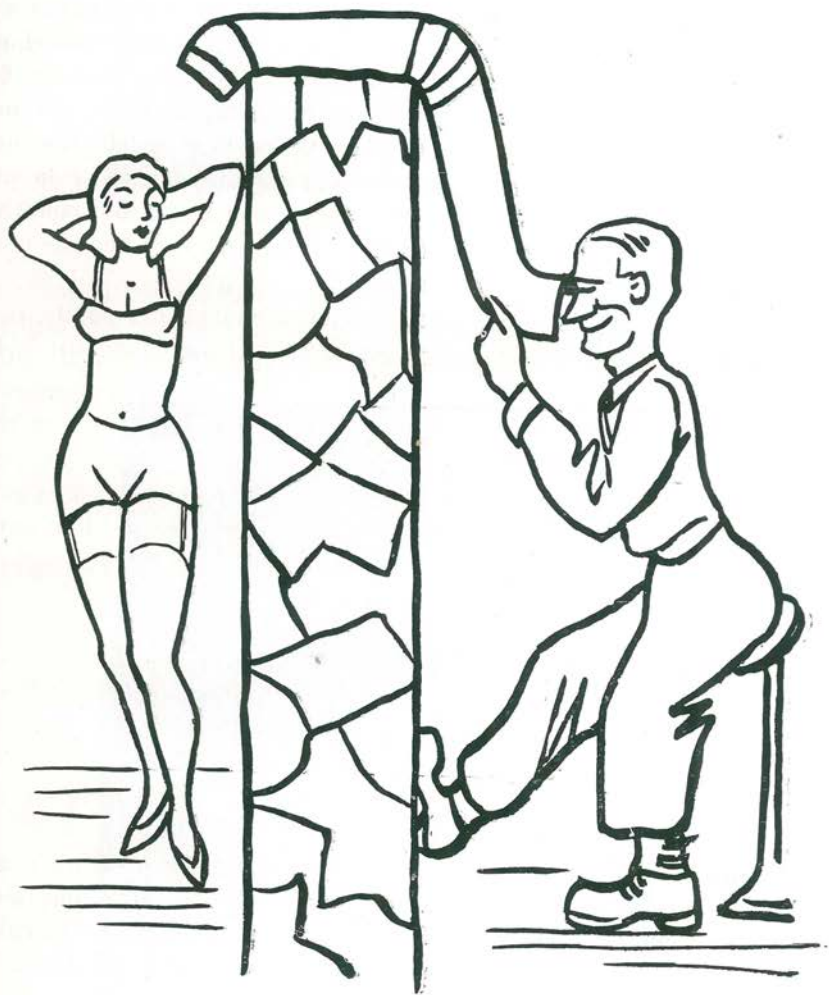
The front lines were now moving so fast that the Generals, themselves didn't know the whereabouts of their troops; and the capture of the Remagen bridge in tact, opened wide the gates over Germany's last natural line of defense; paving the way for her defeat. Germany is a beautiful country; little of her land is wasted and the conservation of her soil and forest is excellent. The world knows only too well of their genius for invention and their aggressiveness; and the soldier found here a very intelligent people save for their fanaticism in Nazi teachings. Freedom of speech and social relations with German soldiers and civilians was forbidden except in the line of duty; for the Allied Forces had adopted a nonfraternization policy, which eventually became the most broken of any law ever passed; even with the severe punishment involved for violation.

Nonfraternization probably had its good points; but was looked down on by American soldiers; was laughed at and became better known as the "sixty-five dollar question. The American soldier sometimes wondered who were the prisoners here; they or the Germans who had the freedom of the land while they stood gazing out guarded gates and lived behind walls.

The extent of Nazi teachings was reflected in the German youth, who paraded up and down the streets playing homemade instruments and singing German marches in perfect rhythm, periodically during the day; however it soon wore off when they found that the American soldiers loved the more peaceful kids and gave them their candies and other sweets. It was here in St. Wendel that these men had the pleasure of servicing the famous American 5th Ranger Battalion, since awarded the Presidential Citation several times. Eleven days passed and they were now ready to move onward one hundred miles, twelve miles north of Frankfurt-am-Main; setting up shop in an abandon factory building in Weiskirchen.

Men and women of every nationality in Europe were now in the employ of this company; doing washing and working in the shop; but many proved to be more trouble than they were worth. The Russian employes gathered knives and other weapons from a nearby collection point and would steal out into the night stabbing and shooting the civilians of the community. Frankfurt lay in ruins nearby and the famous health resort, Bad Nauheim, where so many Americans came

NONFRATERNIZATION



HERTZOG

in time of peace, stood untouched save for one bomb. Little they knew, that in another month the war in Europe would come to its end; and the toil and sweat of their labor, would stand shining brightly on the threshold of a once more peaceful Europe.

This day of victory came on May 8th, 1945, as many drowned their sorrow and joy with champagne and cognac. Peace meant everything in the world to these men, as it did to millions of other throughout the world; but peace meant nothing as far as work was concern, for these men still worked seven days a week and some evenings; yes they worked but not with the same enthusiasm as they had in the long months crossing France, Belgium, Luxemburg and Germany to this point. The question as to when they were going home and counting points were the only things of interest now, other then when the non-fraternization law was going to be lifted.

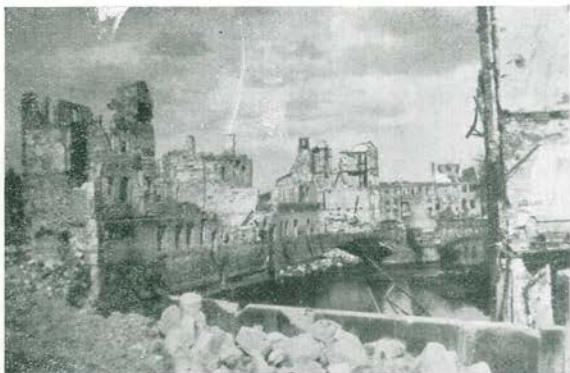
While waiting the army's decision on discharge and points, they moved deeper into Germany, one hundred and fifty miles to Furth,



Nurnberg, Germany

a suburb of Nuremberg. Once a magnificent city of culture and Olympic sports; Hitlers' favorite city and where he had long since made his many speeches from Nuremberg stadium; all lay in ruins. Nuremberg seemed to have been systematically destroyed, block for block, for little of this large, medieval city remained standing.

With the nonfraternization law lifted, the men drifted out into the streets to mingle with the civilian population. The Germans were still



Nurnberg, Germany

not a beaten people; they love a uniform and would not hesitate to tell you that the German soldier is the best in the world. They meekly blame Hitler for the war; but one sensed that they were lying and only sought to gain the friendship of the American soldier to obtain his cigarettes, chocolate and other luxuries they were now doing without. Many the German who chose to look into the future of Germany, which didn't look too bright and all lay in ruins as well, played the American soldier and hoped he take her to America with him.

The end of a long, long trail was reached on 25th of July, 1945, when these men made their last move, as occupation troops, to a small



Nurnberg, Germany

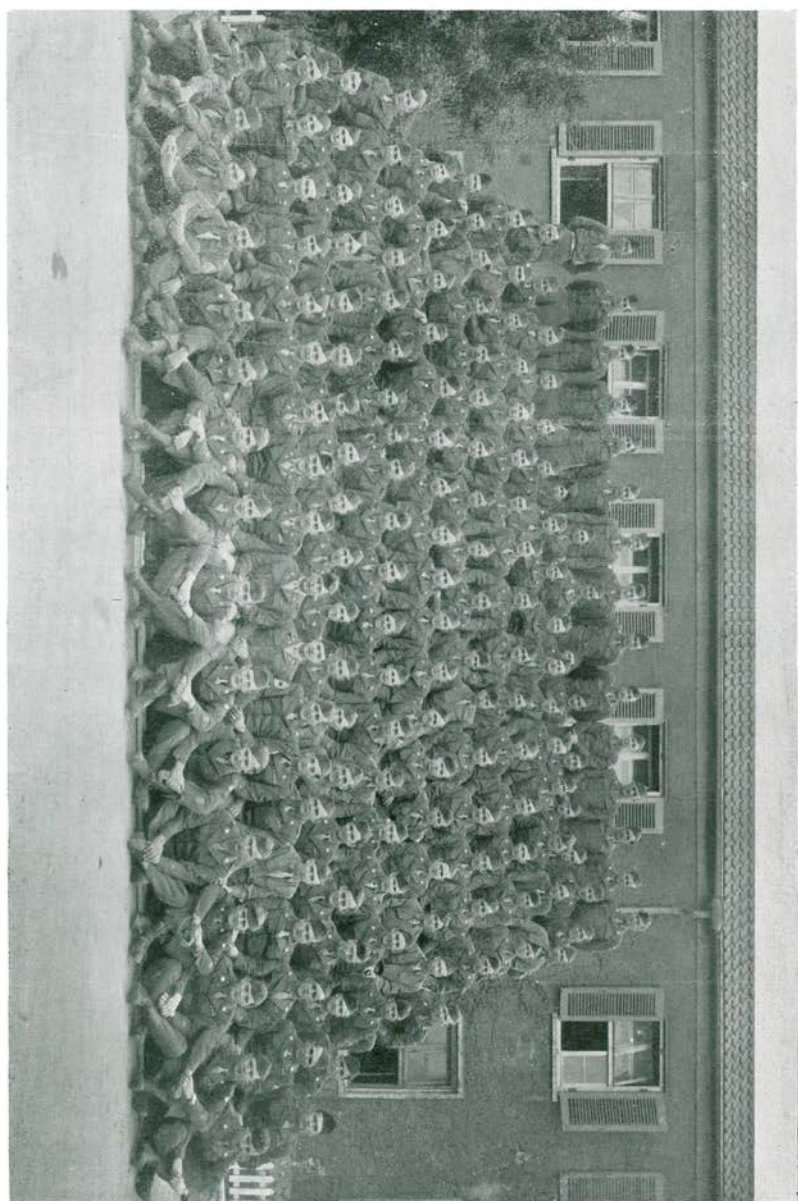
town of Kitzingen, near Wurzburg, Germany. Unlike Infantry troops, there is no lull in work as in battle and these men worked on until the notice for their shipment home came. Here in Kitzingen they did the work which was previous done by a battalion of men; as they maintained, received and issued a pool of over eight thousand vehicles belonging to the Third Army.

August came and passed and the fall of Japan came on September 2nd; making practically every man eligible for discharge as a five atar unit.

The chronological review of their movements, the factual statements of jobs done, to not picture the individual efforts of these men; the ennui, the fatigue, the weariness of constant work; work which was great in quality and in quantity. One does not and cannot appreciate the efforts put forth unless he can work with and see the men who have done this work. There is no glamor; but lots of toil and fatigue, and the only gratification is in the inner feeling of having done their best and to see before the world a new era of peace. These men played a part in every major battle in Europe.

What fate holds in store for them as they return home to their loved ones, shall be the concern of all; as they go forward building ever stronger the principles and land they love so well.





SPORTS

When the "Fighting Nine O'Duece" entered the world of sports, they made a name for themselves that shall live in the memories of their opponents forever. When this rugged band of men marched onto the field, their opponent usually sensed the rivalry that generally existed, and to go throughout a game without an argument was unheard of. Their umpire was usually one, Thomas McGinn, (Mr. Five by Five), who never became angered except when called Jesse James. Several of the men had played hard and soft ball in civilian life and carrying their knowledge with them into army life, spelt defeat for many would-be champs.

In their sports as well as their work; these men always stood at the top of the list in their battalion, whichever one it might have been, throughout their three years of army life. Their first laurels came when they became champs of the 195th Ordnance Battalion and advance to the finals of the camp tournament before being defeated; the team defeating them went on to become State champs of Louisiana. While in Sandbach, England, they met an undefeated Royal Canadian team in a two game series before a large crowd of Yank and British spectators. The first game of the series proved to be very hard and bitterly fought from the beginning to the end. With Moran coaching third and Ed. Jenkins on second; the game took a decided turn when Moran called to the Canadian pitcher to let him see the ball; the pitcher unconsciously threw the ball to Moran, Moran stepping aside, allowed the ball to roll into the sidelines while Jenkins rounded third and scored the wining run.

The Limies learned a lot from the Yanks and this is probably one of the things they's like to forget. The first game ended two to one; but the cecond game was easily won from the Canadians.

With the war ended in Europe, the army atheletic program was enlarged to provide more recreation for American troops stationed there. While stationed in Furth, Germany, these men entered the 66th Ordnance Battalion softball and volleyball tournaments and after a bad start in both sports, the word got around that the winners of the tournaments would spend a weeks leave in Luxembourg, at the Battalion Rest Center; it was at this time that the team seemed to come

to life and went on to win both tournaments. There were two leagues in the Battalion and while both winners were at the Rest Center, a rivalry arose as to which team was the better of the Battalion; so upon return to Furth, a series of games were played and this rugged lot of men gained the undisputed championship of the Battalion.

There was some football and basketball played while in the States between the various platoons of the company; and the only evidence of a foul in these friendly rivalries, was a few battered bodies after each game. The men of this company, who would have made good infantry troops as well as Ordnance men, were always ready to try anything and so they tried to beat the Limies at their own game of football, which we call soccer. The Limies gathered enthusiastically to watch this spectacle and the fellows didn't look too impressive as they came out on the field in their over and under sized uniforms. The Limies were very skillful at their own game and although they won, the fellows showed excellent sportsmanship and drew many rounds of applause from the crowd.

A boxing match was put on in Fodens' Field, Sandbach, for the benefit of the "Salute the Soldiers Week"; all bouts were won and the Limies got a lot of enjoyment out of watching these crazy Yanks take on all comers. With the fall of Japan, sports drifted into the background as thoughts turned ever stronger to the anticipation and excitement of an early voyage home.

SOFTBALL TEAM

Clarence Luster	- Catcher	Kelly Earles	- Outfield
Jack Crain	- Catcher	Emil Hrina	- Outfield
Bob Mayes	- 1st Base	Clyde Sweeney	- Outfield
Willie Finch	- 2nd Base	Joe Shopper	- Outfield
Louis Rosner	- Short Stop	Ed. Adameczyk	- Pitcher
Frank Moran	- 3rd Base	John Arnold	- Pitcher
Ed. Jenkins	- Short center field	Jack Chadwick	- Pitcher
Elmer Fach	- Outfield		

Emil Samol - Thomas McGinn- Umpire

VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Ruble Clevenger
 Frank Moran
 Paul Viney
 Edward Adameczyk
 Clyde Sweeney
 Louis Rosner
 Bob Mayes
 Thomas McGinn
 Elmer Fach

SOCCER TEAM

Thomas McGinn	Joseph Newton
Edward Adameczyk	Eldon Barker
Stanley Gorzelanczyk	Clarence Luster
Edward Jenkins	Frank Moran
Ruble Clevenger	

PING PONG CHAMP

John R. Chadwick

CHARACTERISTICS

First platoon- First in everything.

Stephenson- I don't have a worry in the world.

Ziegler- To the reverse ... march. (Yip ... Peeeee .. that's mellow.)

Jacobs- Here comes the Reverend

Lhota- "Sorry old chap" (He gets worse every day).

Coleman- What ya all want? We ain't got it. Nooooo Sir.

Wassenburg- I'll be there on time- (Remember the 4th of July).

Crain- Come on Floor-board, lets have a race.

Hrina- Just another dry run (Ask Hoghead).

Rosner- Just give me my ball glove and I'll be happy.

Bricker- The Night Hawk rides again. Let me see how much you have in there now Bill.

Allen- Always first in everything; (souveniers too.)

Petros- Oh my leg! (Where's my Purple heart) Captain I'll go first.

Richter- The best driver in the E.T.O.

Robertson- Just call me speedy. (Better late than never.)

Burnworth- Watch that hay wagon.

Shields- That street car got in my way.

Arnold- I check I only got 4 aces.

Gosdin- How I love you Frenchy.

Critchlow- Just sent me back to Pittsburg.

Finch- Our own Joe Gordon.

Kannick- My 4 ton is better than any ten ton. (Floorboard) Flying low.

Shuman- How about a song for us.

Sparks- Yeah, I know Ned, he's my brother.

Longwill- What! The M-P's again, I had a trip ticket when I left.

Bickett- One more ticket and they'll bust me to a civilian.

Santucci- Who put that truck on the ready line? Whose writing is this?

Samol- Doc Sunshine

Earle- I want a pass

Day- Who wants some gas

Rogers- I can't type, honest!!!!

Scalia- Headache, backache, bruised finger or corn- same remedy- an aspirin. (God bless Brooklyn, Amen).

Hartley- Daddy Raymond- Just fifty points.

Andrews- This time we'll do it by the numbers. (The five o'clock kid).

Haught- Sure I'll lend you a hand.

Jenkins- Shoe, shoe baby, Our clean up man.

Lee- Losing weight Lee, working too hard?

Bengraff- That's me - (Sharp Eye).

Lewis- What! No details today!!!

Pringle- Watch out for that little guy Pep.

Hammel- Beat it out fellows.

Shorter- Good ole southern style chicken, (Fresh out of the can).

Mayo- I thows 'em out. (Look out, we're gon-a get scraped). For dinner we're gon-a have smashed matotes, wingless beans and pore snops.

Smith, F.- Honorable, Gentleman Smith- That's me. (Gestapo)

Chadwick- Me and my Mandolin. (Those G... damn oil seals)

Roush- Zip means speed and that's me!! (You know what I mean.)

What da ya say Joe.

Goodman- You know I'm too old for the army.

Moran- If Frank don't know it, it has'nt happened yet. Rumor Monger.

Gregory- They can't make me go home.

Galloway- Trip ticket! What for????

Abercrombie- What!! Another flat tire?

Viney- Yeah, I'll be home for Christmas. (Too essential to the army, 30 year man.)

Heller- If I don't get out soon, I quiver like jello. (We mean 4 roses.)

Tuzzeo- Youthink this is tough- you ought to have been in Camp Blanding. Why we....

Ankney- Boy, did I work hard!!! (Has'nt done a thing all day but supervise Hitler, Goering and Mussolini).

Oswald- Don't tell me your troubles, I'm not the Chaplain- just the 1st Sgt.

Lidderdale- What! French toast again.

Ficarra- Too late, the line has been shut off.

Fulk- Wish our wives could bake like him.

Masters- Lets have some Hungarian Gouloosh for a change.

Tyree- What! That vehicle is still here!!

Brasch- Baby, are'nt the stoves lite yet?

Fach- Fatty with the twelve pound rascal.

Smith J.- Clark Gable.

Sparling- California here I come.

Shank- Wait until I comb my hair. (What hair)

Shultz- Don't that look sharp kid.

McGinn- Why don't they come down and fight like a man.

Wadsworth- Dat's da way da old man wants it en dat's da way it's a
gon-a be. (I don't care what Mr. Nemeth said.)

Andreason- The Utah Indian. Crain!!! Where in the H..l are ya.

Second Platoon:

Dimick- "4 Star" (Was the wine good Joubert?)

Dotson- There I got it again.

Barber- Will make his home in Paris after his discharge.

Bobby- Esch is kaput. My gal kicked the bucket.

Baxley- Good old Fountainbleau. Halt!! Stop or I'll shoot.

Sokoloski- It sure was a shame when they fired my gal.

McNally- Lets get in the groove baby.

Crowl- I'm only Arts' helper.

Rodgers- Still has trouble in Nurnberg.

Girard- I'm young and I'm handsome.

Renard- This is one day I can truth Fully say, "I haven't been worth
a damn to the army.

Mack- Boy my toe is sore.

Miller- Here Turner have this bottle of whiskey.

Thoman- Why work, Dotson got my rating.

Cummins- Five star commando.

Sweeney- Last Bettie to a 4F.

Jennings- Is in love with Czajka.

Czajka- 1st Sgt of the Pollacks.

Mayes- Wish I could sing like Acuff.

McLain- No I'm not a parrot.

Smith, W.- Really Sgt- My mule broke down.

McKinley- Wride the bull.

Behrends- I like this prison.

Rowland- I've quit- ratings are froze-

Shopper- And she bought a piano.

Clark- Yeah - "Gravel", it's eggs.

Epps- I'm proud of Col. Gibson.

Disatnik- One more injection of red ink.

Eubanks- Let the T/4's do it.

Tomesko- Crystolized Kid.

Caldwell- Yeah Jack, sure Jack, I'll do it.

Stampfl- Look Flat Top, I love you.

Noe- I'm marrying a Limy.

Summers- Wa-wa-wa-was it true?

Nicholson- I love smokes, I'm from West Virginia.
Henson- Yeah--- the south lost the Civil War.
Robinson- I'm a five star Commando of the service and supply.
Luster- "God save the King"
Zezyus- One bushel of snails, fried.
York- Yes Nurse, more milk.
Soverns- I always got the platoon Sgt a gal.
Taylor- Yeah Turner, I'll fix goin . . . brakes.
Edwins- Better known as, "Wheat Field Kid"
Milby- How long have you played soldier?
Kincaid- Wish I had another kid.
Clevenger- Burn't house is only a postoffice.
Monore- Big stupe still has pockets in his underwear.
Turner- "Grow more cucumbers".
Overturf- It does'nt pay to work on company vehicles.
Preston- Drive it hard- war's over.
Huber- Ha . . Ha . . Ha haaaa . . . I forgot to turn you in for a pass.
Turner, J.- That's the way the army does things, sssso there ain't
nnnnno use bbbbitching about it.

Third platoon:

Guenin- Little but loud- (Pride of Brooklyn)

Lammie- Woo Da!!

Hoverson- Easy Now

Stickdorn- Mama

Hertzog- Firebug

Griffith- Jeeps and trees don't mix.

Roudebush- Has'nt it come in yet?

Hastings- Somewhere around the orderly room.

Biedenbach- Herman, the German.

Owens- Peter, the painter.

Brown- T/5 forever.

Ford- What time is it? - Tell me all about it.

Gasper- I've got my duffle bag packed.

Maxson- Whistle.

Scott- No more beer.

Amerman- Big muscles. Bucking for T/5.

Pisarz- Throw me out the window.

Minko- Draw two.

Bottlemy- Call me Sgt.

Hribko- I swear they were shooting at me.

Britz- Slowly I turn.

Strobel- The Casanova kid.

Cowley- Homeguard.

Aikens- On guard again.

Campbell- What you speak?

Cygan- Jam! Jam!

Munka- Hiene First Sgt.

Barrow- Give me a wrench!

Devores- Inspection again!

Rankin- Any boxes today.

Adameczyk- I'll make you stutter.

Monfelt- Nebraska trapper.

Thompson- I'm quitting again-

Spagnola- Going back on section 8.

Liska- Mortimer Snurd.

Klinke- Do you think I'll make it.

Fourth platoon:

Lt Cooper- It happened at 1 AM in the hall and the other one was a Captain in the Medics.

Mr. Neweth- A striking resemblance to Ceasar Romero and Errol Flynn.

Weerts- They want it this way, So

Testa- Tall and handsome- Drugstore cowboy- (Casanova too)

Bernth- What's the latest on the points?

Fawkes- Why didn't I get it? (Mr. Nemeth, how should I know?) He was just a Liny at heart.

Plummer- Orator from Bay State and Tokyo.

Sanders- The fearless Idabell Horseman.

Ollander- Your papers weren't accepted.

Biondo- There's a nickel open. (Must be, a buffalo)

O'Flinn- Qui l'ure Monsuir, Finis travailier.

Priester- I ain't feelin no pain. From the fightin State.

Young, W.S.- Always agreeable. Now you tell one, Honest Bill.

Newton- She had an odorous pile in front of her door.

Young, W.B.- And there was a gum shortage all the time.

Draper- Great Day! I took off thru the wheat field.

Frale- I took off after Homer; but I dropped the chocolate. I might have been slumbering.

Earles- Looky heah Doc, I don't belong in Ward 57.

Slankard- And there was'nt any cigarettes in those K's. Wait for me Herbie.

Meinen- You are my sunshine, ole Black Sock. (Ask Hoghead)

Gluchacoff- What a Russian Casanova.

Ryba- Fish, Sophie, Adam, Stanislaus, Roman or what have you. Have you used that new comb yet Fish?

Layfield- They fit and fit and then they shuck hands.

Triemstra- The sheepherder from Manhattan Montana, Ba! Ba!

Meyer- Now theoretically the Dunbarton Oakes

Langston- Do what?

Napier- He wrote about it in Nancy; but never got it until in Kitzingen. (Hey Nose- Lay off Homer.)

Connors- It happened in Paree.

Kelly- I've got that damn second relief again. (What happened in Differdange Kelly?)

Haas- Rembrandt, (Professor of foreign languages.)

Dominick- I told the Military Government I'd take the place.

Booth- He never made O.C.S.

De Rose- You should have went to O.C.S. Fourth Platoon has beens.

Lt McGowan- He went bear hunting with a pistol. A boa constrictor slapped him in the face.

Lt Galewska- "What's the matter soldier, is your arm broke?"

Lt Lang- Where's Biondo?

Lt Danielson- It never happened to me before Captain.

Hanko- Now look here Van Hock, you can't tell me anything about anything.

Schaber- Yoo Hoo Birdie (Remember that Christmas dinner in Nancy)

Ethridge- Have you opened that salvage yard yet?

Teno- Too light for heavy work and too heavy for light work.

Midland- Yes Sir, Yes Sir, Yes Sir.

Barker- Where did that billboard come from? Remember that boxing match in Crewe?

Hennessy- Did you do that to Ethridges' bed?

Pappin- The right place at the wrong time and vice versa.

Friedman- I think it was Captain Heidkys' fault.

Deuell- I didn't mind a bit Sir; but

Boblitt- That's not the way to do it Deuell.

Stanley A. Gorzelanczyk- He stands high in all our hearts.

302nd ORDNANCE HEAVY AUTOMOTIVE MAINTENANCE COMP.
OFFICERS ROSTER

Orren L. Pugh Jr.	1st Lt, Comm.	Rt. 1 Fairview Ranch Baton Rouge, La.
Francis R. Stephenson	1st Lt	* 1601 Church St. Flint, Michigan
Ellis S. Joubert Jr.	1st Lt	2932 Gen. Pershing St. New Orleans, La.
Frank D. Schnitger		715 South Concord St. Davenport, Iowa
Charles B. Cooper	2nd Lt	Strathmont West Road Elmire, N. Y.
Andrew W. Nemeth	WO (JG)	117 Maple St. Lansing, Michigan

OFFICERS PREVIOUSLY WITH COMPANY

Stuart Schwarzschild	Capt, Comm.	3218 Monument Ave. Richmond, Va.
Frederick L. Aiken	1st Lt	1152 Greentree Rd. Pittsburgh, 20, Penna.
Brigham A. Morgan	1st Lt	Dover, Tenn.
Duane A. Clayton	2nd Lt	207 Austin Ave. Royal Oak, Michigan

Changes and attachments of Organization

- (1) Unit changed on 18 August pursuant to WD circular 274, 1942 from control of Quartermaster to Ordnance Department.
- (2) Designation changed to Company K- 57th Ordnance Regt. (HM) (Q), 18 August 1942 pursuant to WD Circular 274, 1942.
- (3) Desingnation changed to 902nd Ordnance Heavy Maintenance Company (Q) per letter WD, AG320.2 (24 Sept. 42), OB-I-GN-M, dated 30 September 1942.
- (4) Designation changed to 902nd Ordnance Heavy Automotive Maintenance Company per letter WD, AG322 (15 Mai 1943), OB-I-GNGCT-M, dated 21 May 1943.
- (5) T/O changed from 10/47, 1 April, 1942 to 9/197, 2 April, 1943.
- (6) Attached 2nd Battalion, 57th Quartermaster Regiment (HM)- 25 May 1942.

Attached to 195th Ordnance Battalion.

Relieved from 195th Ordnance Battalion- 5 Sept. 1943.

Attached to 178th Ordnance Battalion- 5th Sept. 1943.

Relieved from 178th Ordnance Battalion 16th Nov. 1943.

Attached to 331th Ordnance Battalion- 20 November 1943.

Relieved from 331st Ordnance Battalion- 29 Januar 1944.

Relieved from 3rd Headquarters Special Troops- Fourth U.S. Army, 18 February 1944.

Assigned to European Theater of Operations, United States Army, 10 March 1944.

Attached to VIII Corps- 10 March 1944.

Assigned to Third United States Army, 13 March 1944.

Assigned to VIII Corps- 26 March 1944.

Attached to 24th Ordnance Battalion- 29 March 1944 (Troop Asgmt. No. 31, VIII Corps).

Relieved from assignment to VIII Corps- 28 April 1944, (Troop Asgmt. No. 29, Third U. S. Army).

Relieved from attachment to 24th Ordnance Battalion- 30 April 1944 (Troop Asgmt. No. 15, VIII Corps).

Attached to 66th Ordnance Battalion- 3rd May 1944, (Troop Asgmt. No. 31, Third U. S. Army).

Relieved from attachment to 66th Ordnance Battalion- 16 June 1944, (Troop Asgmt. No. 55, Third U. S. Army).

Attached to 312th Ordnance Battalion- 16 June 1944, (Troop Asgmt. No. 55, Third U. S. Army).

Relieved from attachment to 312th Ordnance Battalion, 20th July 1944.

Attached to First U. S. Army, 20th July 1944.

Attached to 150th Ordnance Battalion- 20 July 1944.

Relieved from attachment to First U. S. Army- 2 August 1944.

Relieved from attachment to 150th Ordnance Battalion- 2 August 1944.

Attached to 10th Ordnance Battalion- 2 August 1944.

Relieved from attachment to 10th Ordnance Battalion- 3 Sept. 1944.

Relieved from attachment to 69th Ordnance Group- 3 Sept. 1944.

Attached to 70th Ordnance Group- 3 Sept. 1944.

Attached to 79th Ordnance Battalion- 6 Sept. 1944.

Relieved from attachment to 79th Ordnance Battalion- March 1945.

Attached to 66th Ordnance Battalion- March 1945.

Relieved from attachment to 66th Ordnance Battalion- March 1945.

Attached to 164th Ordnance Battalion- March 1945.

Relieved from attachment to 164th Ordnance Battalion- April 1945.

Attached to 66th Ordnance Battalion- April 1945.

Relieved from attachment to 66th Ordnance Battalion- July 1945.

Attached to 177th Ordnance Battalion- July 1945.

Relieved to 177th Ordnance Battalion- July 1945.

Attached to 26th Ordnance Battalion- September 1945.

902nd ORDNANCE HEAVY AUTOMOTIVE
MAINTENANCE COMPANY
APO 403, U.S. ARMY

ROSTER OF ENLISTED MEN

NAME AND GRADE	HOME ADDRESS
<i>Master Sergeant</i> TYREE, Owen W.	Rt No. 4 Whiteville, North Carolina
<i>First Sergeant</i> OSWALD, Rowland	Fishers Island New York
<i>Technical Sergeant</i> HUBER, Jesse E.	Rt No. 2 Gary, Texas
TURNER, Jackson A.	Fairfield, Florida
TUZZEO, Joseph G.	210 De Mott Ave. Baldwin, New York
WEERTS, John B.	Mowequa, Illionis
<i>Staff Sergeant</i> HOVERSON, Arthur M.	Rt No. 1 Morrisonville, Wisconsin
LUSTER, Clarence E.	327 Whitehouse St. Crooksville, Ohio
MACK, Rob	Box 164 Smithville, Texas
SANTUCCI, Carl	272 Valley St. Youngstown, Ohio
TESTA, Benny J.	Maple Ave Ext. Fairmont, West Virginia
WADSWORTH, Walter B.	Rt No. 1 Princeton, North Carolina
WASSENBERG, Raphael C.	Rt No. 2 Marysville, Kansas

NAME AND GRADE

HOME ADDRESS

Technician third grade

ADAMCZYK, Edmond	3216 West St. Hollidays Cove, West Virginia
DIMICK, Arthur E.	Rt No. 1 Oimsteadville, New York
DOTSON, Charles V.	Rt No. 1 Arlington, Tennessee
ETHRIDGE, Herbert B.	722½ South St. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
MACKLIN, Carl C.	Forest Hill Ave. Poland, Ohio
MILLER, Sylvester A.	2141 West Lee St. Louisville, Kentucky
SCHABER, Clarence E.	Rt No. 1 Mount Pleasant, Oregon
SHOPPER, Joseph L.	710 Westerley Road Apt. F. Akron, Ohio
STICKDORN, Andrew A.	Rt No. 1 Corning, Ohio
VINEY, Paul D.	110 West Ottawa St. Logansport, Indiana

Sergeant

ANKNEY, Walter E.	Box 41 Rector, Pennsylvania
-------------------	--------------------------------

Technician fourth grade

ALLEN, Ray L.	211 East Sumter St. Shelby, North Carolina
ANDREWS, Walter M.	Rt No. 1 Sparta, North Carolina
BARBER, Lester L.	Albany, Kentucky
BARROW, Estil C.	General Delivery Bowling, Green Kentucky
BAXLEY, Whysal L.	Weogufka, Alabama
BOBBY, Robert	243 Chestnut St Struthers, Ohio

NAME AND GRADE	HOME ADDRESS
BOTTLEMY, Charles K.	Alden, Illinois
BRICKER, William H.	515 Thompson Ave. East Liverpool, Ohio
CLARK, Frank	1407 10th St NE Canton, Ohio
CONNORS, Frank J.	425 S. Huntington Ave. Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts
CYGAN, Chester J.	1518 Walnut St. Olean, New York
DESATNIK, Charles A.	Rt No. 4 Uniontown, Pennsylvania
DEVORES, Shirley M.	Rt No. 1 Fairmont, West Virginia
DRAPER, Homer E.	Rt No. 3 Martinsville, Virginia
EARLES, Kelly E.	Chatham, Virginia
EDWINS, Chris D.	Rt No. 1 Ridgeville, South Carolina
EPPS, Harold G.	Conover, North Carolina
EUBANKS, George E.	314 S. 7th St. Byesville, Ohio
FAWKES, Thomas	6047 S. Green KSt. Chicago, Illinois
FRALEY, John M.	Box 62 Faith, North Carolina
FRIEDMAN, John M.	122 Adele St. Lilly, Pennsylvania
GOODMAN, Albert	406 Lora Ave. Youngstown, Ohio
GOSDIN, Buford A.	Rt No. 1 Graham, Alabama
GREGORY, Paul C.	General Delivery Draper, Virginia
HASTINGS, William H.	109 S. York St. Wheeling, West Virginia

NAME AND GRADE	HOME ADDRESS
HELLER, Paul L.	51 N. 18th St. Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
HRIBKO, Frank	137 Tod Lane Youngstown, Ohio
KIRKPATRICK, Harry	520 Heights Boulevard Huston, Texas
LANGSTON, Gerald R.	Castle Hayne, North Carolina
LIDDERDALE, George J.	1011 Sherlock Pl. N. E. Canton, Ohio
MEINEN, Leon W.	223 Eastward Ave. Huston, Texas
MINKO, Russel D.	897 Frederick Blvd. Akron, Ohio
PLUMMER, Roger M.	277 Front St. Winchendon, Massachusetts
RADON, Arnold C.	RFD No. 1 Brunswick, Ohio
RANKIN, Edgar W.	598 E. 1st St. Uhrichsville, Ohio
ROSNER, Louis W.	Rt No. 4 Brenham, Texas
ROUDEBUSH, Warren F.	620 Dueber Ave. SW Canton, Ohio
SANDERS, Russel D.	RFD No. 1 Idabel, Oklahoma
SCOTT, Charles	4034 Washington St. Hollidays Cove, West Virginia
SHORTER, Wesley W.	508 E. Sprague St. Winston-Salem, N. C.
SMITH, Floyd K.	3137 Jacob St. Wheeling, West Virginia
SPAGNOLA, Joseph	RD No. 1 Box 187 Newton Falls, Ohio
TAYLOR, Harry E.	828 W. Cermak Rd. Chicago, Illinois

NAME AND GRADE	HOME ADDRESS
THOMAN, Oscar P.	2204 Richland Ave. Wheeling, West Virginia
YORK, John W.	Cartwright, Kentucky
YOUNG, William S.	408 E. Bridge St. Redwood Falls, Minnesota
ZEZYUS, Louis	Box 385 Redblocks Export, Pennsylvania
ZIEGLER, Richard L.	233 E. Liberty St. Medina, Ohio
<i>Technician fifth grade</i>	
ABERCROMBIE, Thomas M.	RFD No. 1 Tridelfphia, West Virginia
ANDREASEN, Howard D.	6 N. 1st East St. Brigham City, Utah
ARNOLD, John F.	462 Orchard Grove East Liverpool, Ohio
BIEDENBACH, Elmer F.	1310 Maryland Ave. SW Canton, Ohio
BROWN, John H.	Granite Quarry, N. C.
BURNWORTH, James L.	512 E. Park Ave. Fairmont, West Virginia
CALDWELL, James N.	RFD No. 1 Bethany, West Virginia
CAMPBELL, Earnest G.	1375 Miller Reed Ave. SE Atlanta, Georgia
CHADWICK, John R.	1013 St. Clair Ave. East Liverpool, Ohio
CLEVENGER, Ruble B.	Burnt House, West Virginia
COLEMAN, Arthur W.	Rt No. 1 Greenwood, South Carolina
CRAIN, Jack W.	General Delivery Hominy, Oklahoma
CRITCHLOW, John A.	95 Ingram Ave. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
CROWL, Emet W.	325 4th St. NE Canton, Ohio

NAME AND GRADE	HOME ADDRESS
CROWLEY, Paul V.	30 Green St. Charlestown, Massachusetts
CZAJKA, Stanley J.	5116 W. 31 Pl. Cicero, Illinois
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FINCH, Willie R.	320 S. Atlantic St. Tullahoma, Tennessee
FULK, Clifford H. B.	Rt No. 1 Walkertown, North Carolina
GALLOWAY, Rex	RFD No. 4 Coffeyville, Kansas
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GRIFFITH, James E.	2224 Charles St. Wellsburg, West Virginia
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KELLY, Owen J.	9 Berkely St. Providence, R. I.
KINCAID, Buria E.	R. No. 1 Washington, West Virginia

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TRIAMSTRA, Henry	Rt No. 1 Manhattan, Mont.
YOUNG, Walter B.	PO Box 184 Bowling Green, Ky.

NAME AND GRADE

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Private first Class

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AMERMAN, Thomas E.	3535 SE Yamhill Portland, Oregon
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BENGRAFF, Andrew J.	201 - 24 120th Ave. St Albans, New York
BILDER, Frank J.	1392 Stewart St. Northampton, Penna.
BIONDO, Joseph J.	410 Fargo Ave. Buffalo, New York
BOOTH, Gerald H.	134 Cedar St. Mt Union, Penna.
BRASCH, Robert W.	105 S. 16th St. Marshalltown, Iowa
BRITZ, John E.	610 S. 24th Ave. Bollwood, Illinois
CONCANNON, James I.	142 Benham St. Torrington, Conn.
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CUMMINS, Paul H.	Rt No. 3 Wapakoneta, Ohio
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SHIELDS, Rondal R.	Pennsboro, West Virginia
SMITH, Wallace C.	Rt No. 2 Bowling Green, Ky.
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<i>Private</i>	
DEPEW, Arthur F.	611 E 178th St. Bronx, New York
LEWIS, Keith W.	San Benito, Texas
McGinn, Thomas P.	Pittsburgh St. Burgettstown, Penna.

U.S. Army 902nd ordnance heavy auto motors
" maintenance company
Waco

