



Album
359

Album

359TH INFANTRY • 90TH DIVISION

BANGOR
PUBLIC
LIBRARY
BANGOR, ME

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY
INFORMATION-EDUCATION OFFICE
359TH INFANTRY

Photographs and information contained within this
album are the contributions of many members of
the regiment.

The staff consists of every man of the unit who by
his valorous action and participation in the field
of battle has created events worthy of record.

ADONIS
OLBUD
YFACELL
IM BOERNE

Photo Engraving and printed by Zerreiss & Co., Nurnberg, Germany.

Because History and the "Big Picture"
probably will overlook him, this book is
dedicated to the man who won the war

THE DOUGHBOY

A SPEARHEAD REGIMENT

When the blood, sweat, and dirt of war become memories, who will remember the "little things" that GI Joe did, to make war just "a memory"? We will, of course. The 90th Division through its battles and conquests will go down in the annals of history as one of the finest and bravest Division of World War II.

After our return to civilian life it will give us great satisfaction to look back at ourselves as were in combat, and to see ourselves as the heroes of the 359th, one of the great regimental combat teams of the war. We have collected many pictures; all but a few taken by GI Joe himself on the battlefield. Insofar as photography is concerned, some photos could be better, but that doesn't really matter. They show us things as they were, and as they actually happened with no dressing and special poses. They show us as we were at the time we helped make history.

We have no pictures of D-Day. Men are not in the mood to take pictures while all Hell is breaking loose around them. Storming the "Heinies" well fortified positions was work enough for that day. Landing on Utah Beach amidst the heavy fire of the enemy was a remarkable achievement. There were a few pictures taken by those few men who can do their job plus under any conditions; but the pictures were unable to be located. However, those men who were on the landing need no pictures to remind them of it. Nor will those men of the 2nd Battalion who were on the transport, "Susan B. Anthony", when it struck a mine and sank on June 7th ever forget. The transport stayed afloat just long enough to enable rescue of all the men. These men were loaded swiftly into small boats amidst gun and shell fire. By the night of D plus 1, the bulk of the regiment was assembled on the beach. The supporting units were ashore D plus 4. Those of you who remember this incident have a picture that is printed indelibly in your memory.

Do you remember Hill 122, which was so fanatically defended by SS men and enemy paratroopers? On the 6th of July fighting heat, dust, and grime as well as the withering enemy fire, the First and Third Battalions rushed enemy positions and took the hill . . . only to find themselves almost entirely surrounded by the enemy who demanded their surrender. They evidently did not realize the calibre and spirit of our men, and our answer was a series of grim and furious attacks, which held off the enemy until a task force of the 358th Regiment came to our assistance and helped to completely defeat the enemy defending the hill.

Then came the Seves River. You, who remember, don't you ever wonder why it was called a river when it was actually little more than a creek? Remember the continuous overcast skies? The mud, rain, the hedgerows, and the soggy, freshly plowed

ground between the hedgerows? The hedgerows had to be taken one by one while they were literally plastered by artillery and mortar fire until your ears rang and your nerves were nearly shot?

Remember the breakthrough? The enemy was crushed at St. Lo and his flank turned. He withdrew rapidly along the entire line to avoid being encircled. Then, as you remember, began the drive across France. Remember when we were harassed by enemy planes bombing and strafing along the roads through Avranches? Remember the mines laid by the "Heinies" to slow our advance? Our rapid and smooth maneuvering at the Falaise Gap which succeeded in cutting off and destroying the greater part of the Seventh Army? The Division captured 12,335 prisoners and killed 8,000 enemy troops from 16-22 August. We also destroyed a staggering amount of equipment and large numbers of vehicles and guns.

When the enemy realized that he was being trapped, he repeatedly attempted to counter-attack, but to no avail. The First Battalion took and held the town of Le Bourg St. Leonard and turned back the counter-attacks with great success, assisted by tanks and tank destroyers.

Remember Chambois? This town at the end of the "Balcony of Death" was taken by the Second Battalion and held despite stiff resistance by enemy armor and infantry. Remember the streams of prisoners in this town? They were flowing to the PW cage day and night.

We will never forget the historical dash across France, as we struck out across the highways toward Germany. "Attack" and "Move Forward" was the only thought of GI Joe. Remember the cheering throngs of Frenchmen, women, and children, as they gave us green apples, wine, and cognac and we gave them cigarettes, chocolate, etc. . . ? Such things as liberating a whole nation are not easily forgotten. Every man had a certain amount of pride in himself and in his buddies, and many weren't ashamed to shed a few tears to see other people made hysterically happy.

Few will forget the dust of the unpaved roads, the mud and the sweat, the aching feet and the swollen eyes, the lack of rest. Few want to forget those things. As miserable as they were at the time, each man has pride in himself for doing a good job under trying conditions. We were all concentrating on keeping the Heinies on the move — backwards! As long as we kept them on the run they couldn't fight back very effectively, and we kept pushing, until that day in September when we ran into strongly fortified positions just outside Metz. Metz was a fortress that in all history had never been taken. We showed the Germans that there was no impenetrable fortress as far as we were concerned. Although we had to dig in outside of Metz and wait for our thin supply lines to build up, we struck through the enemy's main defense line and on to the Moselle River, the crossing of which was considered one of the finest and most efficient military operations in history.

Crossing the Moselle on November 9, 1944 was a complete surprise to the Germans, and the initial assault by the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the 359th was followed by stiff the situation became extremely difficult for bringing men and supplies across. By smooth and brave maneuvering the enemy was held off until our reinforcements arrived, and the beachhead across the Moselle was securely and definitely won.

Remember the Siegfried Line? The 90th Division had to fight for every foot of ground to the Saar River at Dillingen. Fighting through one of the thickest belts of pillboxes in the Siegfried Line was probably the most difficult battle the 359th Infantry went through. Enemy weapons of all kinds were zeroed in on the entire area. Cold, sleet, snow, frostbite, frozen feet and hands, as well as terrific enemy small arms and artillery fire, made this campaign one of the bitterest ever fought. Remember how the companies, battalions, and regiments, fought desperately for their strategic positions? Enemy troops would infiltrate and recapture pillboxes we had once fought for and won. It took the combined efforts of our biggest and best guns, including the 240, to neutralize the pillboxes. Then came the "Bulge", and the 90th was ordered to shorten its lines and draw back to protect its flanks. Remember?

Moving to the southern side of the "Bulge" on the 7th of January 1945 the 90th went to the assistance of our beleaguered troops, who were disorganized by the sudden fury of the "Bulge". On the morning of the 9th the 359th Infantry went into the attack. Hampered by snow and cold, as well as by seasoned enemy troops the forward progress of our regiment was somewhat impended. The fanatical hopes of the enemy to reach the sea, had to be beaten out of him slowly but surely. In spite of heavy losses, the regiment drove ahead through the rolling, forest matted Ardennes. The towns that fell behind one by one were: Berle, Longvilly, Troisvierges, etc. . . . Finally after three weeks of sweating, freezing, and fighting under the most difficult conditions and terrain, the "Bulge" was gone. The final effort of the German Army had been stopped, and bleeding and dying, Germany knew she would never rise again. She knew now that she was fighting against a superior army, and her resistance had slowed down considerably after the "Bulge".

Remember when we went back to the Siegfried Line again on the 6th of February? The difference in enemy resistance? In most instances it was lighter and weaker, but we caught heavy artillery and tank fire. Will you ever forget the sloshy mud over the tops of your boots as was trudged across the fields turned into swampland by the melting snow? The enemy was pretty low in manpower by now, and a good number of pillboxes were not even manned. Those that were manned had only skeleton crews. We ran into some stubborn cases occasionally, but on the whole, the Siegfried Line was overrun fairly easily, and in a little more than two weeks it lay behind us to become one more of our unforgettable memories. We now continued the task of pursuing the retreating Germans.

Remember dashing across Germany as fast as possible and following the famous 4th Armored Division? We had to use all available vehicles and ride all day and night at times in order to keep up with the fleeing enemy.

Our task was to clear out all pockets of resistance left behind in the rush. Remember when the 90th headed for Mainz, and the Rhine? On the 22nd March 1945 the attack on Mainz was begun. It was thoroughly bombed from the air previously, and even while we were on the march to the city, our artillery was pounding the edge of Mainz to a pulp. Fanatical resistance was met in the rubble of bombed buildings, but large numbers of Germans surrendered when they saw it was hopeless to continue the fight. Our losses in Mainz were light although sniping by enemy troops was frequent

throughout the city. Moving from pocket to pocket, the regiment cleared the city and a path to the Rhine.

On the morning of the 24th, we crossed the Rhine on a pontoon bridge at Nierstein. Remember when the "Heinie" planes attempted to strafe us on the bridge? They were chased away by very effective anti-aircraft fire, and several were shot down.

After the crossing of the Rhine, the whole backbone of the German Army seemed to be broken. We went through town after town, meeting only very slight resistance, and on some days we would take as many as 5 towns without a shot being fired. On approaching the Czechoslovakian border, however, the enemy resistance stiffened. We encountered some of the so-called "Hitler's Brats". Remember the 15 and 16 year old kids that were put up against us?

On May 4th, the 2nd Battalion was near the Czech border when representatives of the German 11th Panzer Division, once one of the best in Germany, came in to offer unconditional surrender. This once proud and mighty division had been reduced to a strength of 9,050 troops, and its armor to one Mark V and six Mark IV tanks. Remember when the troops came in to surrender? They came in an unbelievable variety of vehicles, some of which were being towed by others. Some had broken down on the roads, snarling traffic. Remember the rifles, automatic weapons, ammo, panzerfausts, and grenades. Remember the rain all that night? It made operations more difficult, and it took days to straighten out the lost and broken-down vehicles.

On May 7th the 1st and 2nd Battalions jumped off into Czechoslovakia on tanks, tank destroyers, and trucks. At 1140 hours word reached the regiment that the German High Command had signed an unconditional surrender. At that time, the regimental CP was in Cachrov; the 1st Bn. CP in Klatovy; the 2nd Bn. CP in Kolinec; and the 3rd Bn. in Radinovy, Czechoslovakia. Remember how you felt when the "cease fire" order was given to all troops? We then occupied the nearest towns to await the formal cessation of hostilities which occurred just 11 months and 2 days after the landing on Utah Beach.

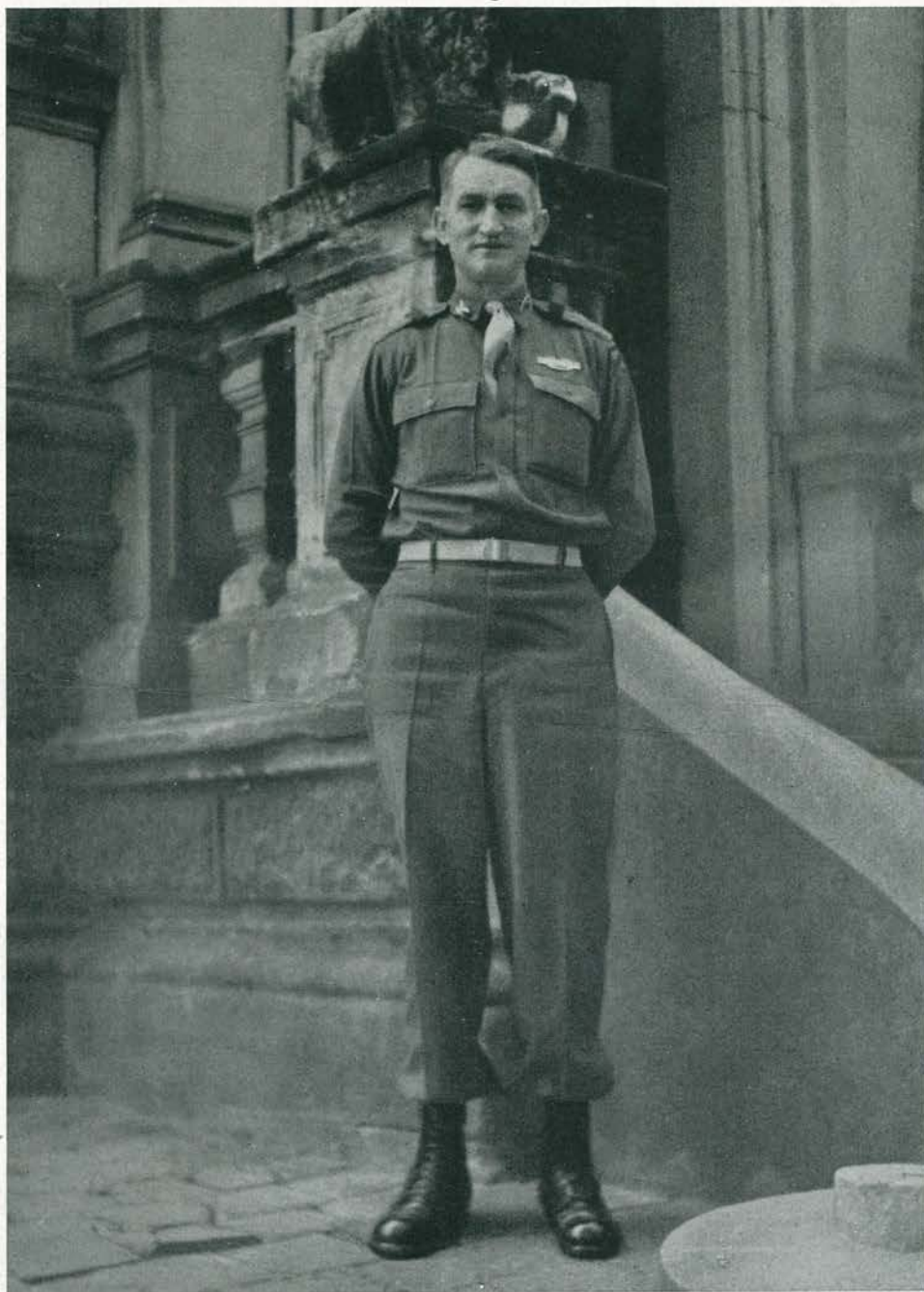
Remember?



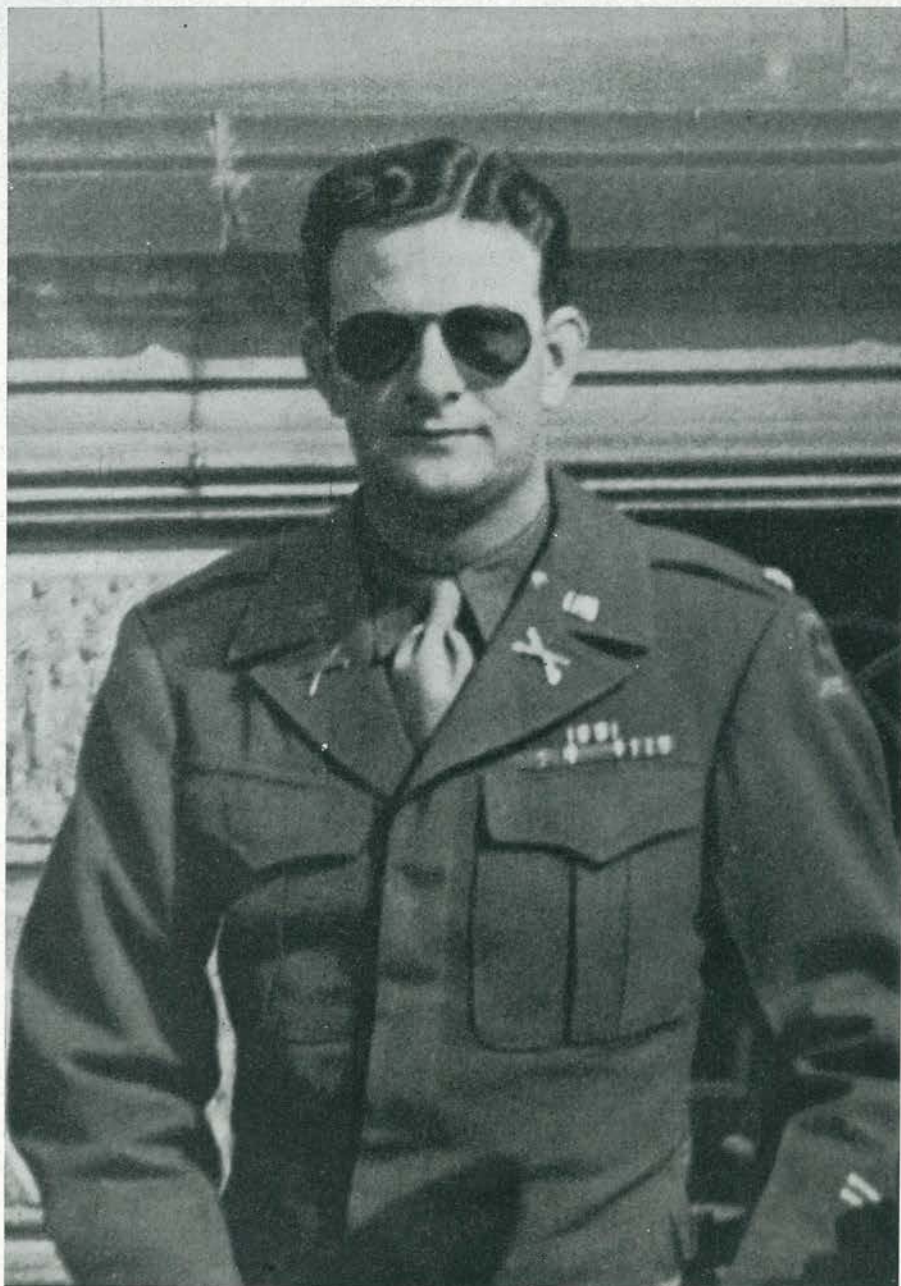
MAJOR GENERAL HERBERT L. EARNEST



BRIGADIER GENERAL JOSEPH M. TULLY



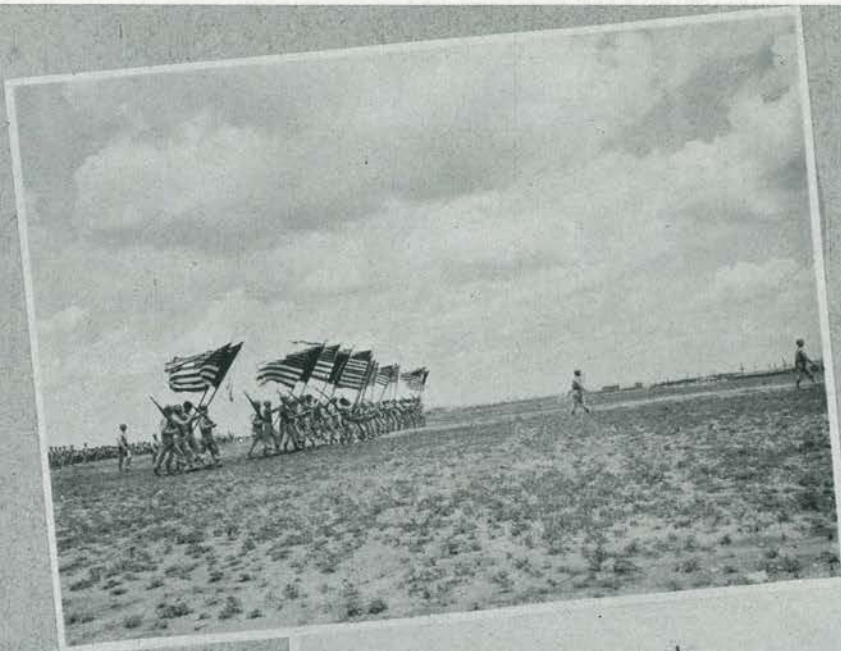
COLONEL RAYMOND E. BELL



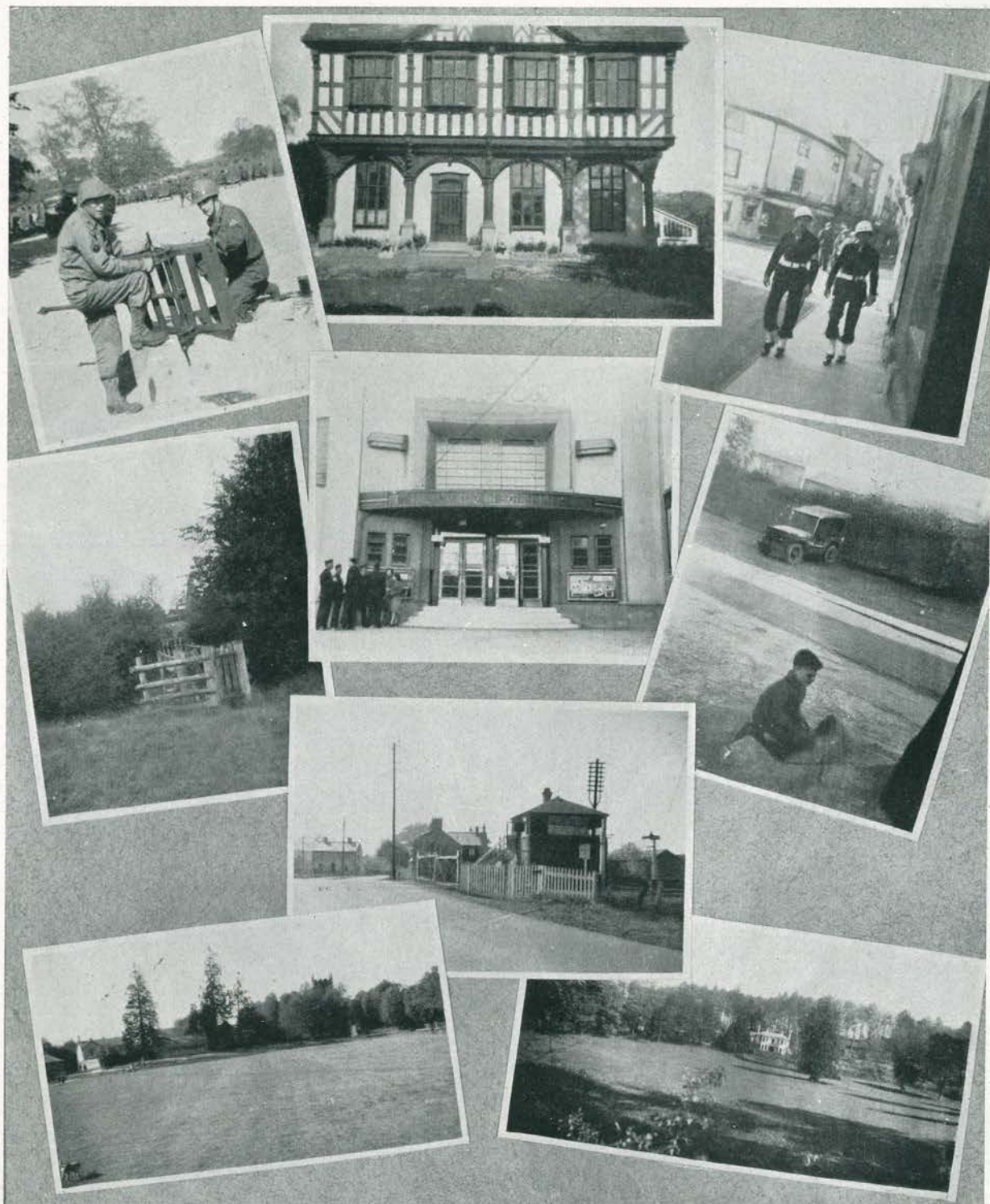
LIEUTENANT COLONEL JAMES S. SPIVEY



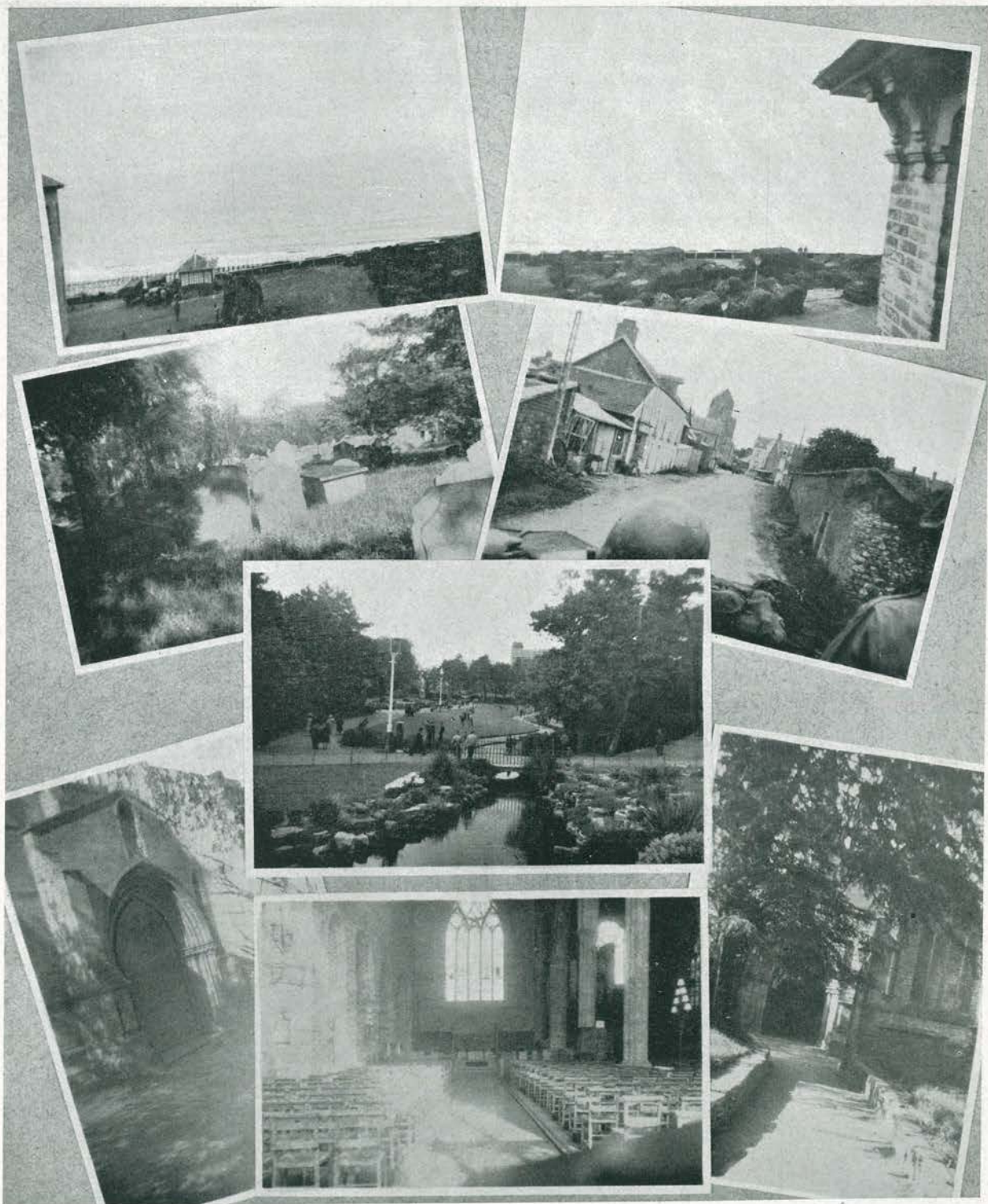
Col. Robert L. Bacon; Lt. Col. Leroy R. Pond, (dec.); Lt. Col. James F. Smith; Lt. Col. Donald R. Gorton; Major Leonard C. Dull, (dec.)



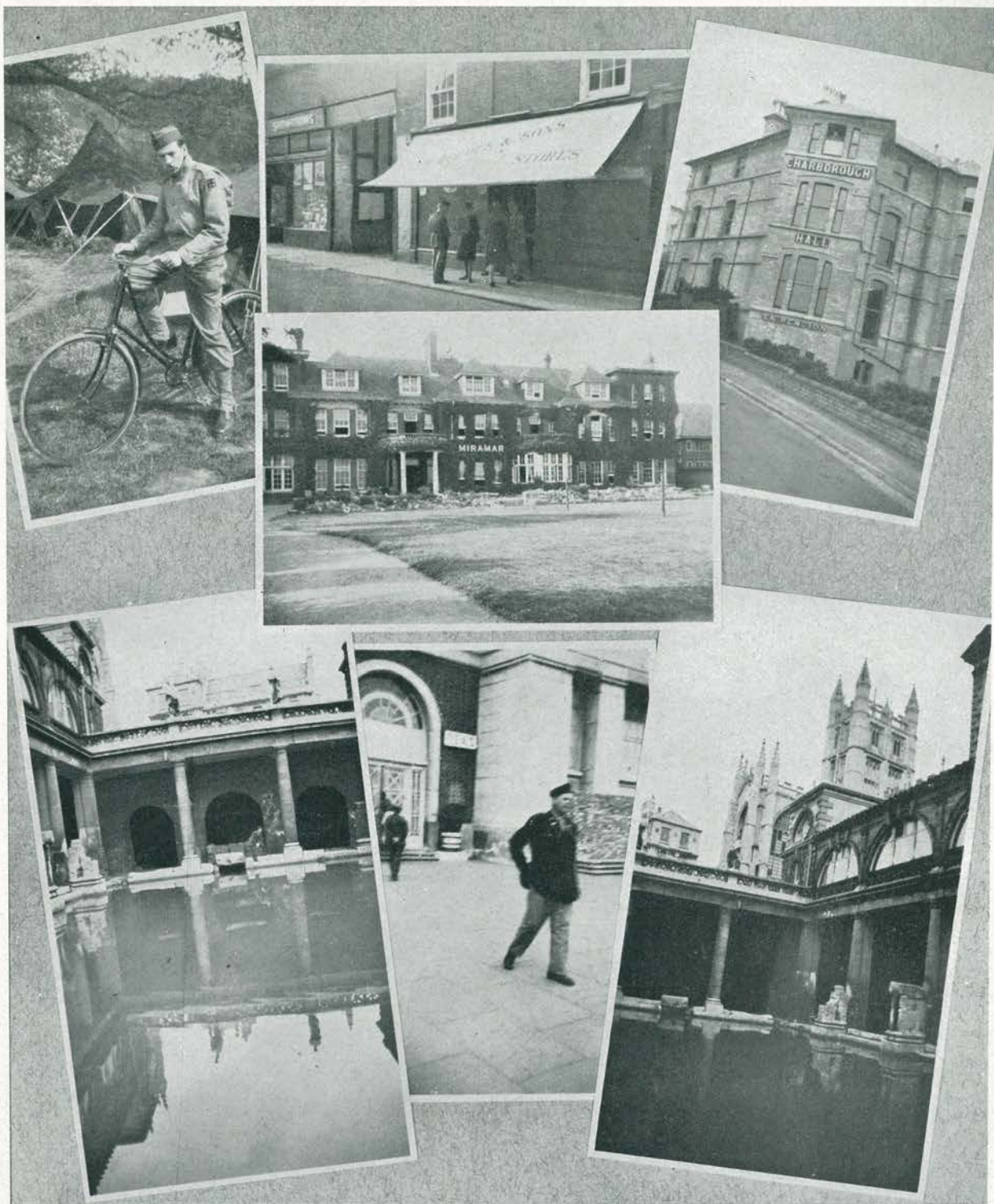
Pride in our organization, precision in drill, and the will to attack comprise the training at Camp Barkeley, Texas.



English architecture, picturesque landscapes, and rustic fences intrigue us. The cinema occupies many recreational hours.

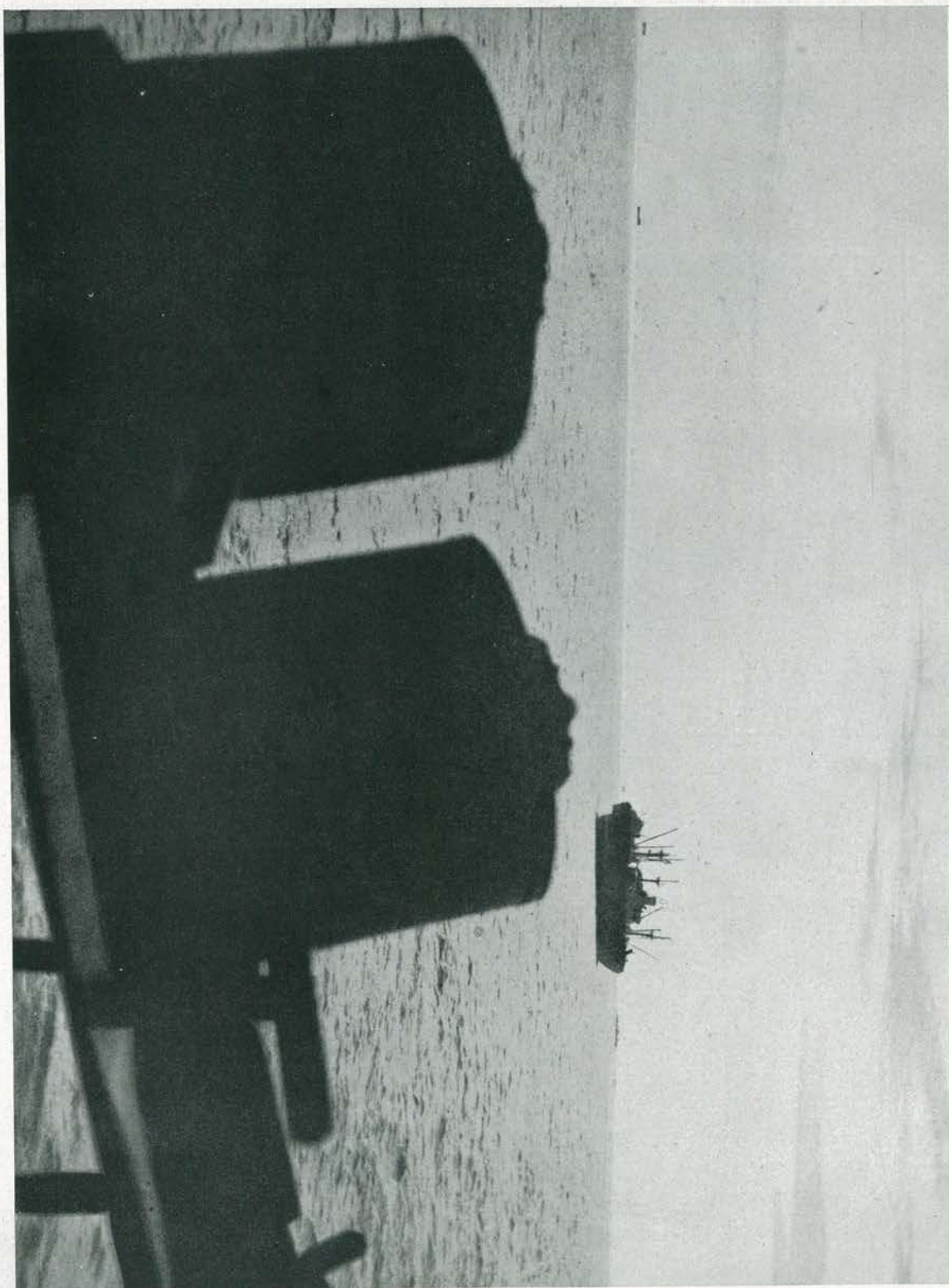


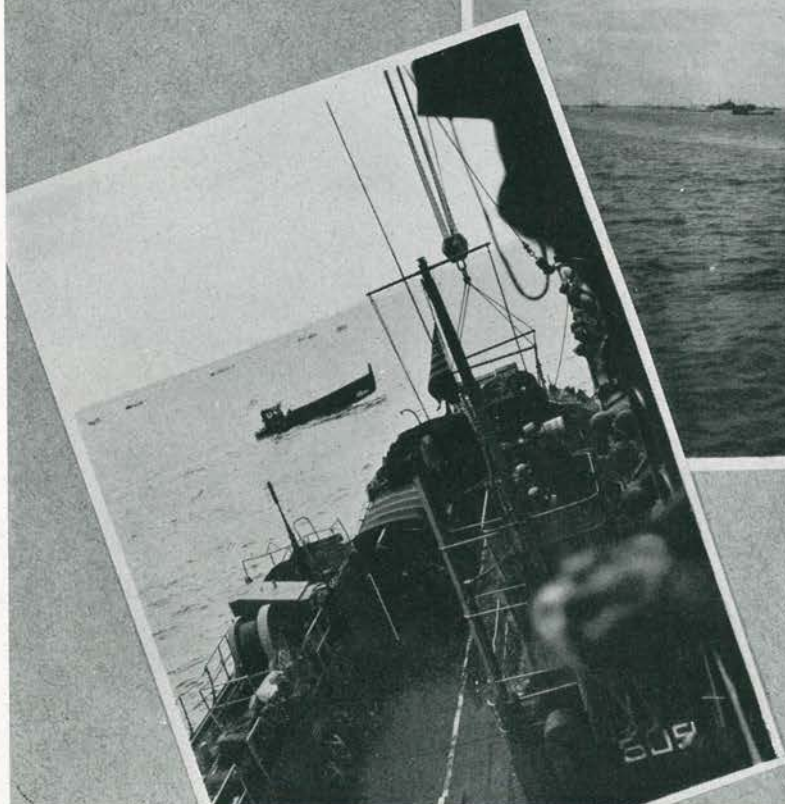
The seashore, botanical gardens, and ecclesiastical edifices prompt constant interest.



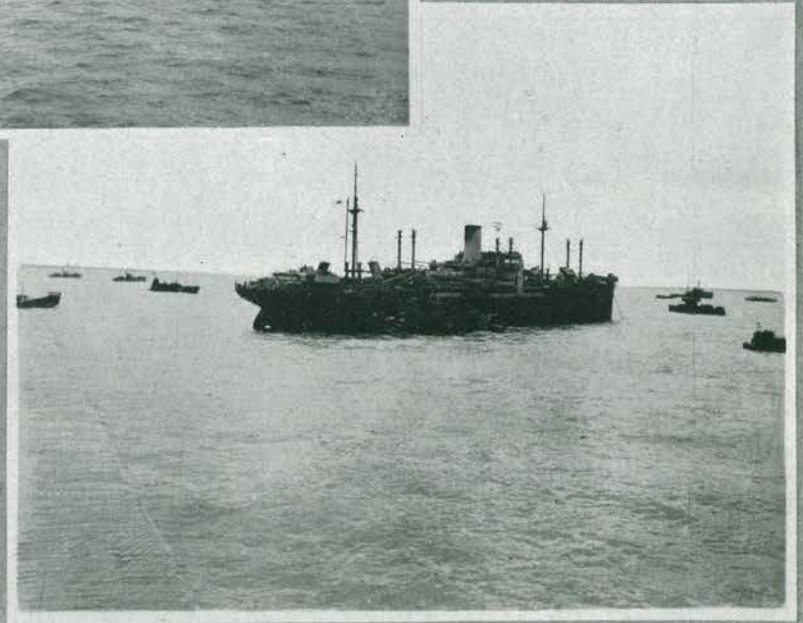
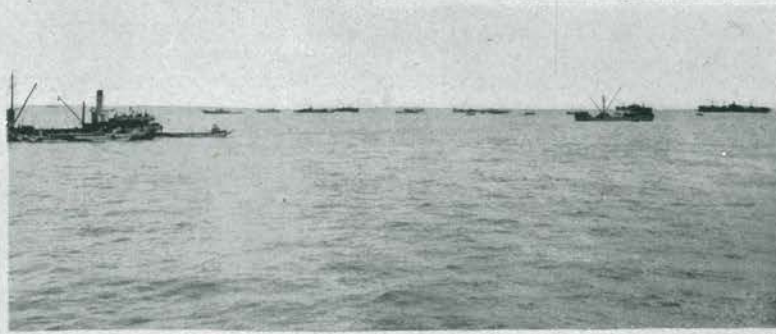
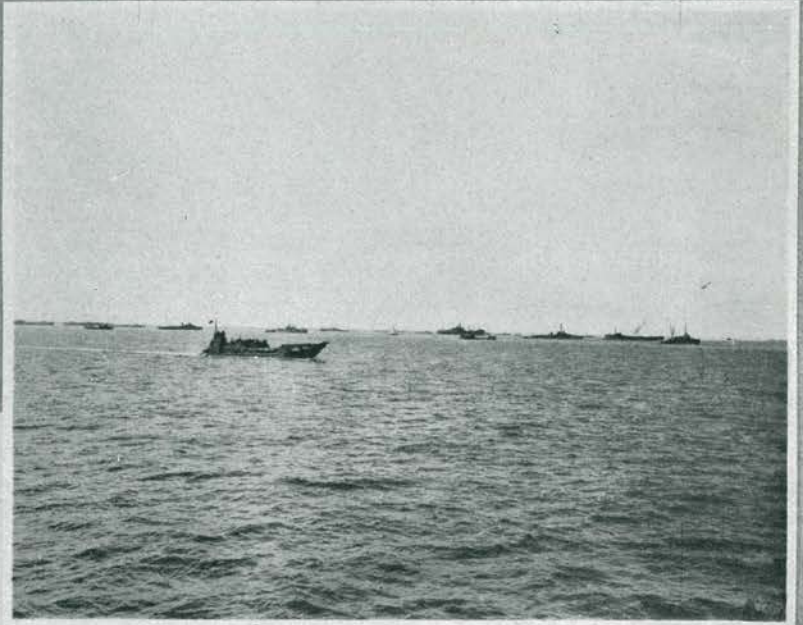
Bicycles are the mode of travel. The "Miramar" Red Cross Club and the Pavilion are often frequented in Bournemouth.

Lying in readiness.





Couriers ply the choppy waters as anxiety stirs the convoy.

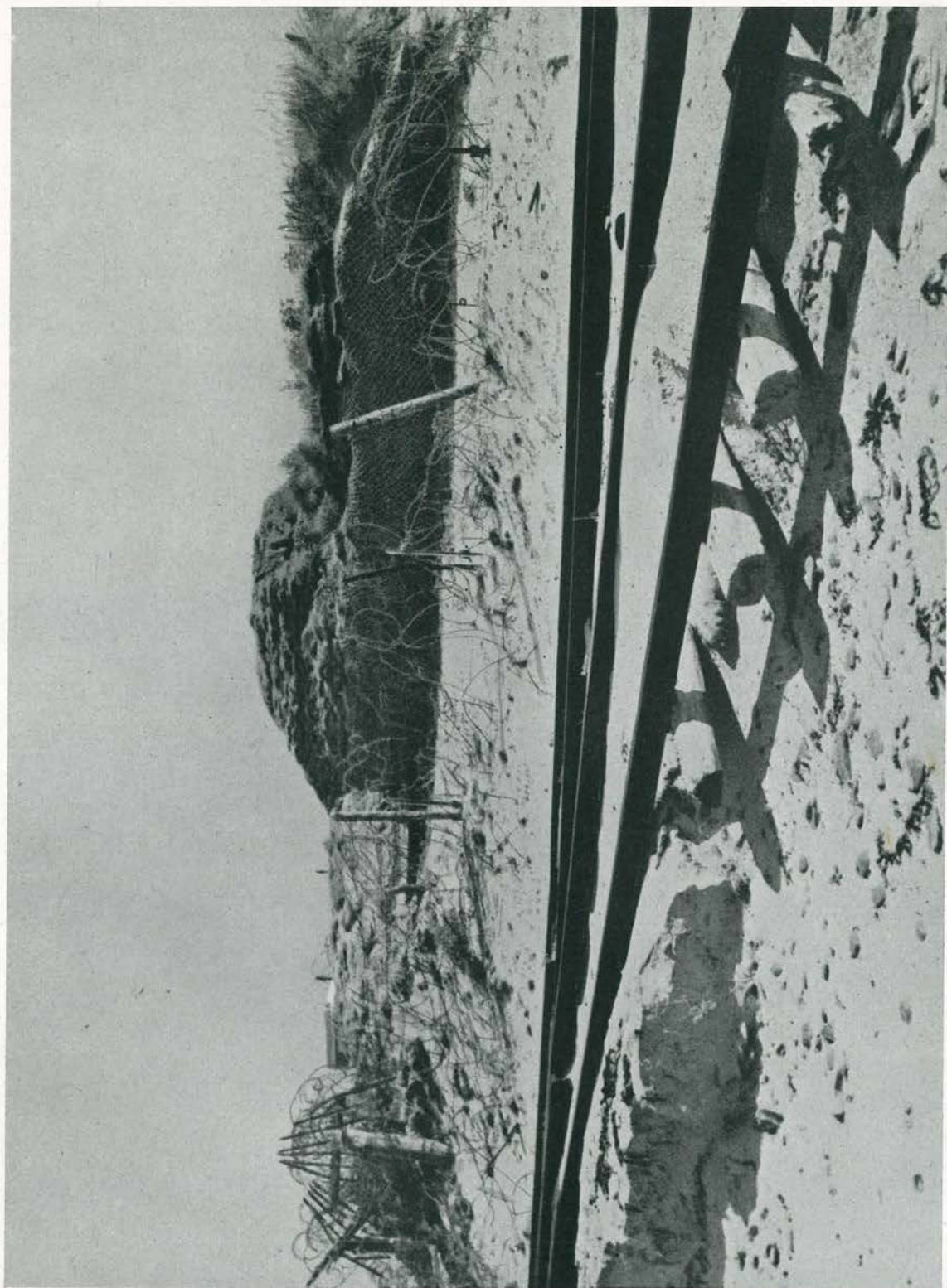


The brood of assault boats leave their mother ships.

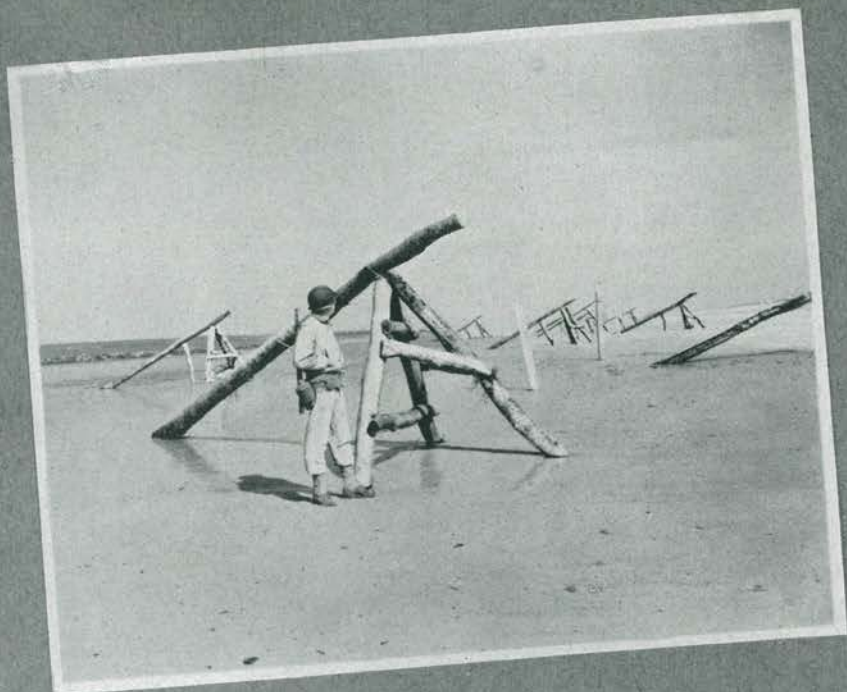
NORMANDY

Chaotic beaches and shattered villages offer
first impressions, but very soon the hedgerows
not only alter our impressions but our lives.

We fight for hedgerows;
we live in hedgerows;
we sleep in hedgerows.



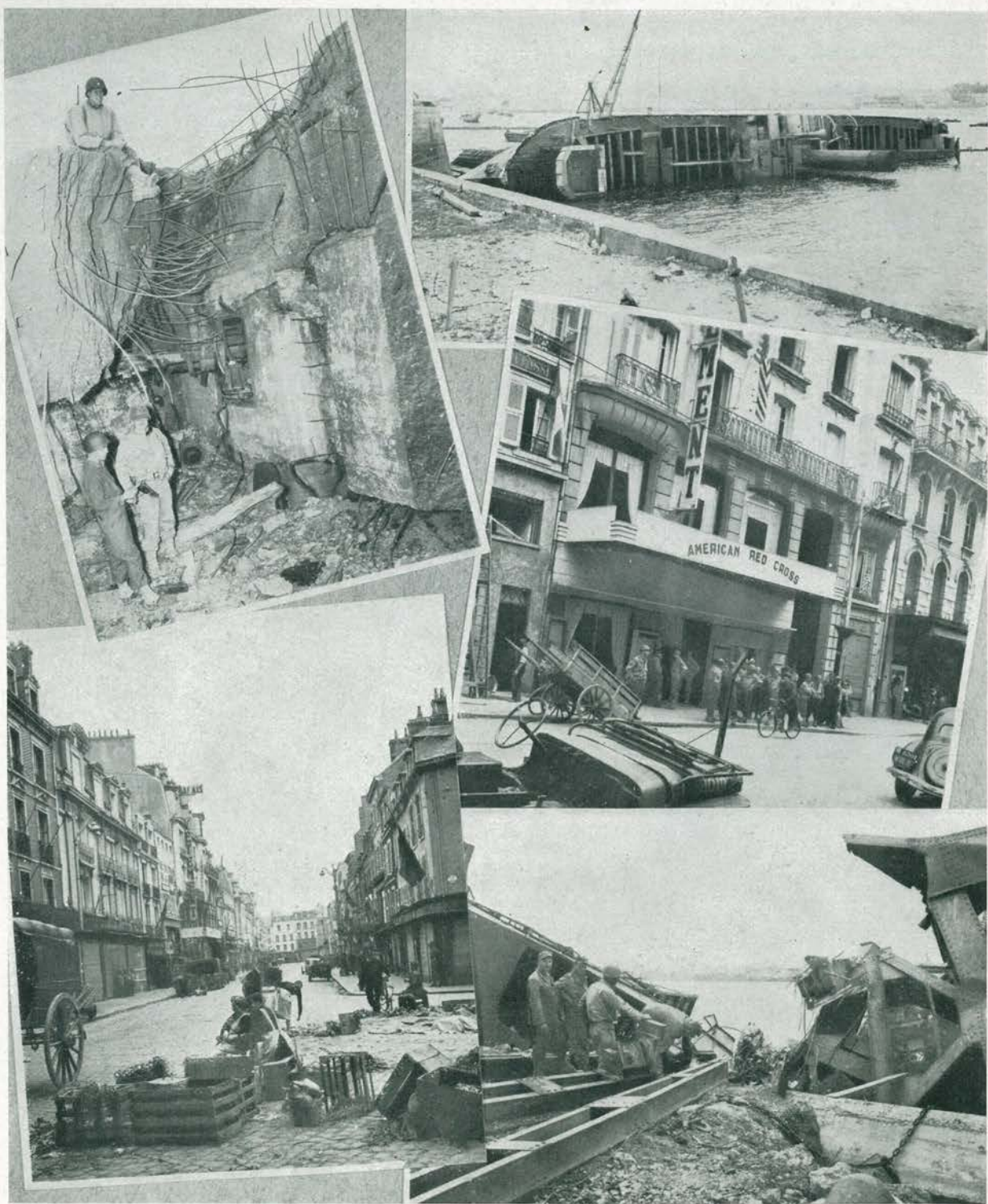
Shifting sands and clutching wire retard the progress of the foot soldier.



Receding waters bare menaces on the beach. Upon the sands are imprinted the footprints of plodding columns and tracks of churning vehicles.



Probing the former bulwarks of Cherbourg harbor.



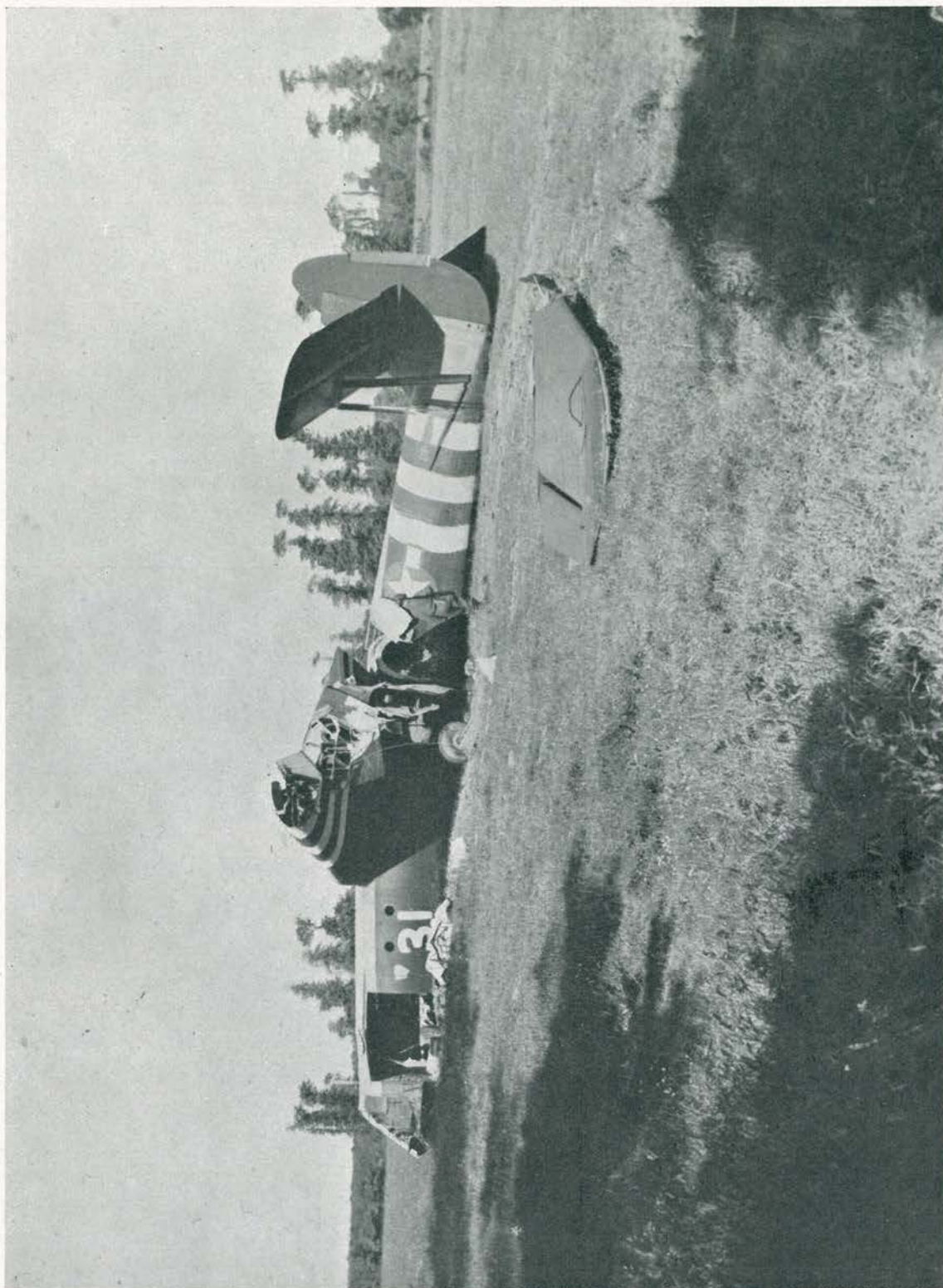
Air power and engineer explosives prove their worth. Soldiers and civilians strive to retain normalcy.



Engineers bridge a stream as the countryfolk return from their place of refuge.



Liberation of French villages are accompanied with cheers, "Vive L'Amerique", "Vive La France".



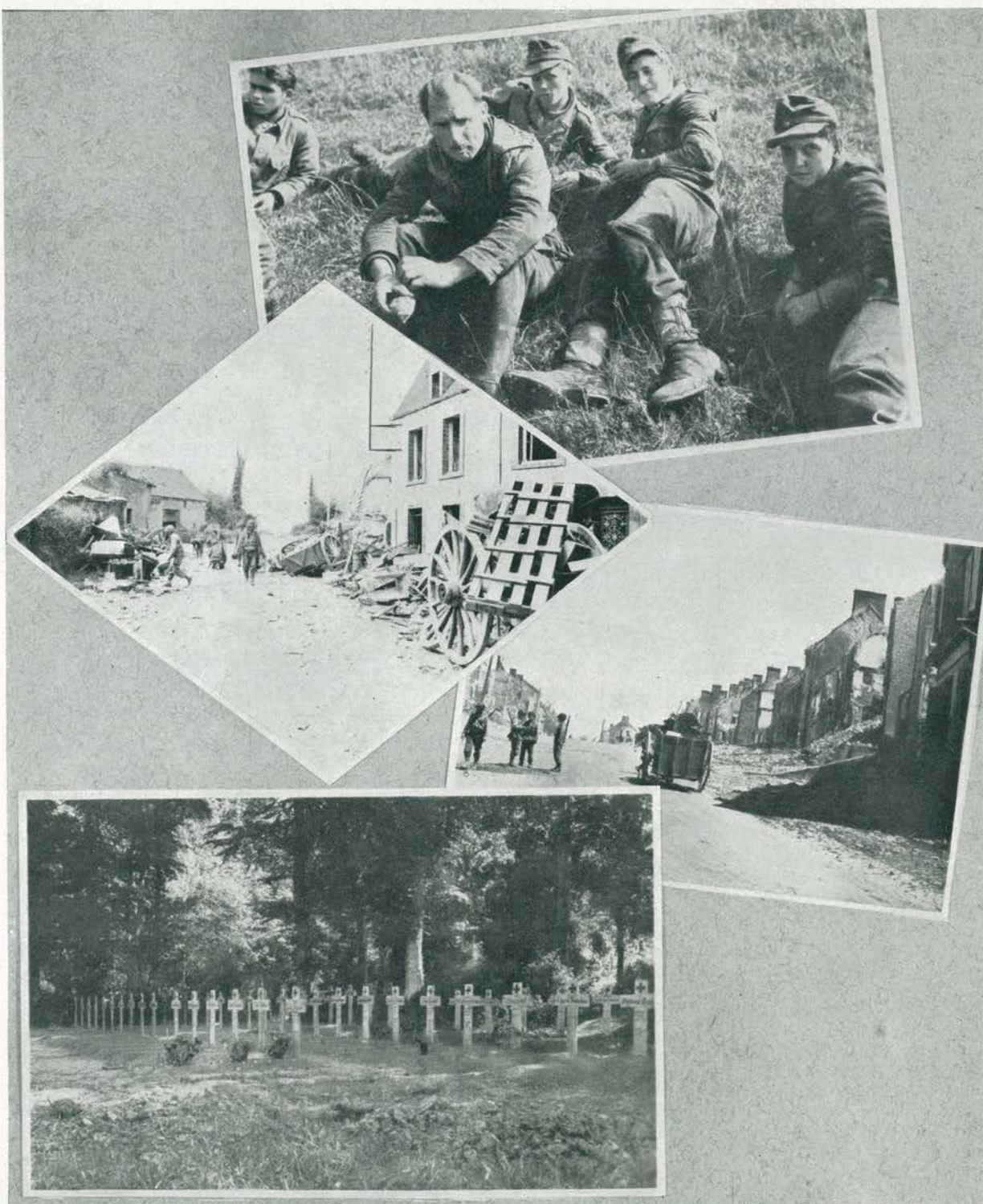
Glider strewn over the fields evidence the might of the airborne assault.



In the aftermath of battle the wounded are tended; the fallen are reclaimed; the supply routes repaired.



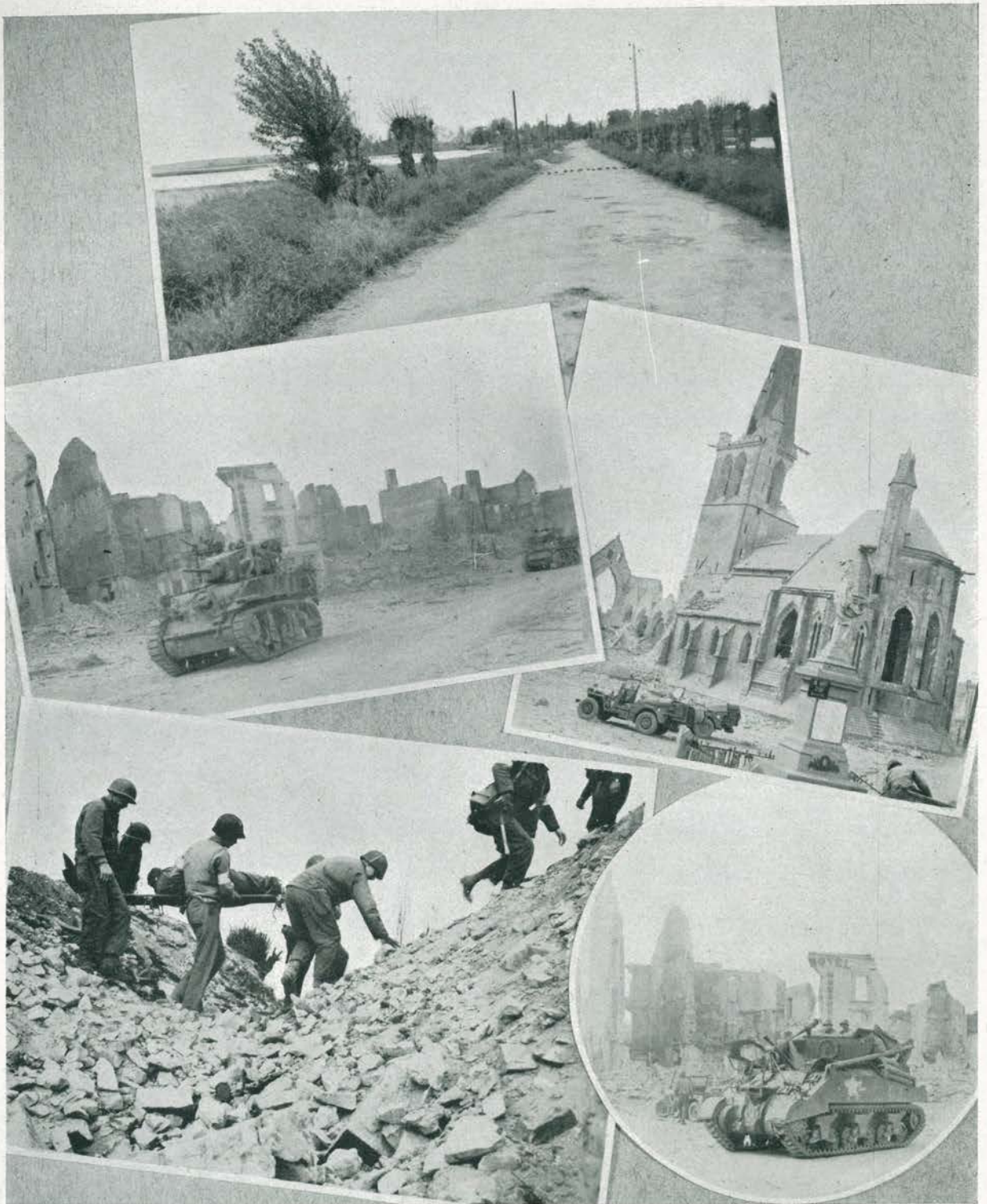
Engineers prepare bridge to carry burden of supply as the infantry prepares rolls for forward movement.



Bewilderment and scorn are expressed as prisoners await their journey to the rear. Graves of their comrades bespeak the futility of their aims.



Grotesque death is found in a slit trench.



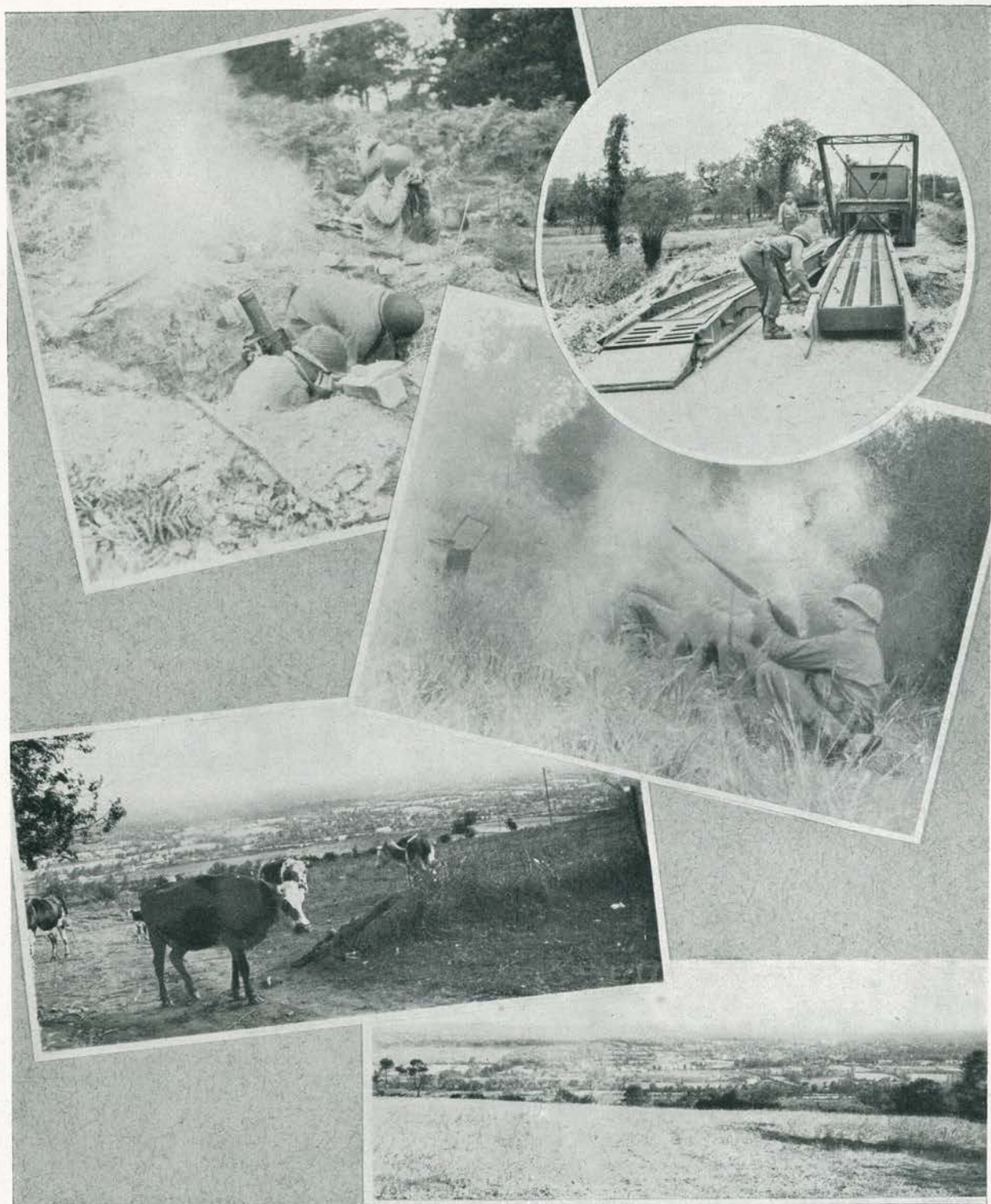
Crumbling buildings and mounds of rubble are remnants of villages plagued with war.



Supply depots and their proximity to the front lines are important factors in pressing the attack.



An occasional bivouac is located within the shadows of routine rural life.



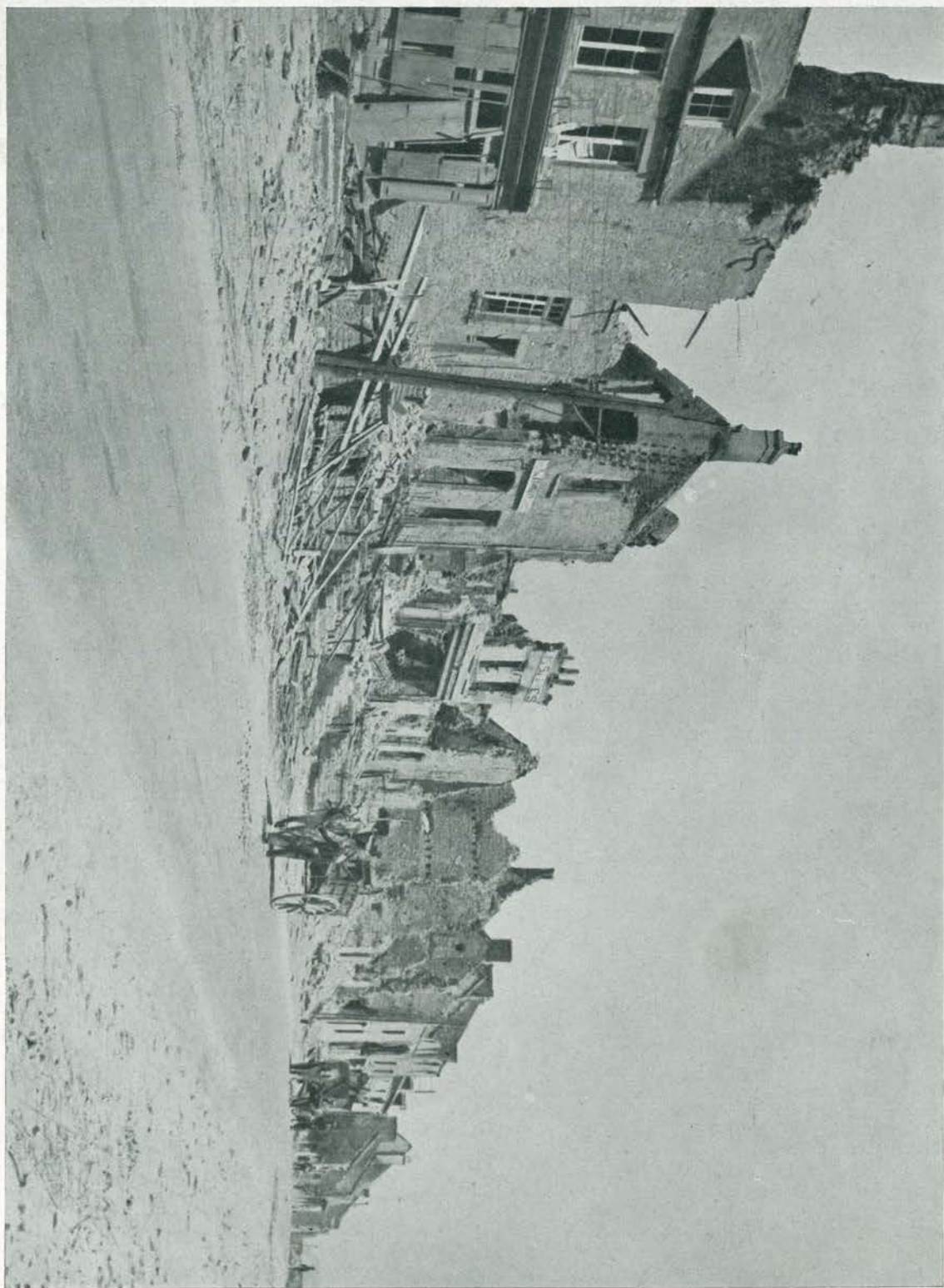
Mortars and rifle grenades are found to be particularly effective in the repulsing the counter attack.



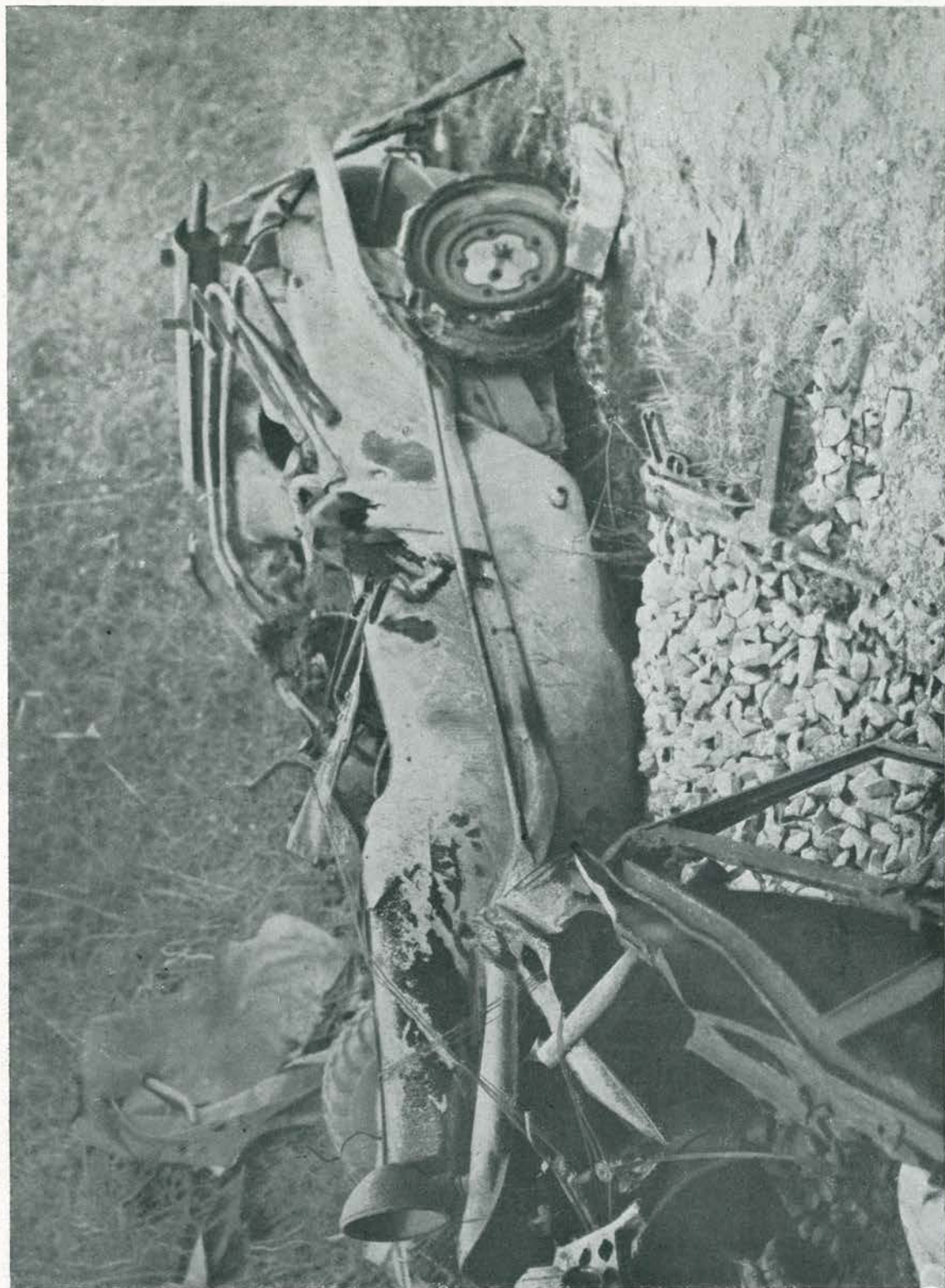
Periodic visits of the Red Cross Mobile Unit bring coffee and doughnuts to the most forward elements.



Letters are written, food is prepared, and washing, is accomplished during a brief respite.
Many are found in pensive moods.



Midst desolation the peasants endeavor to rehabilitate themselves with salvage.



Enemy vehicles, fallen prey to our armor, clutter the wayside.

Enemy demolitions fail to impede our progress as engineers work with precision and skill.

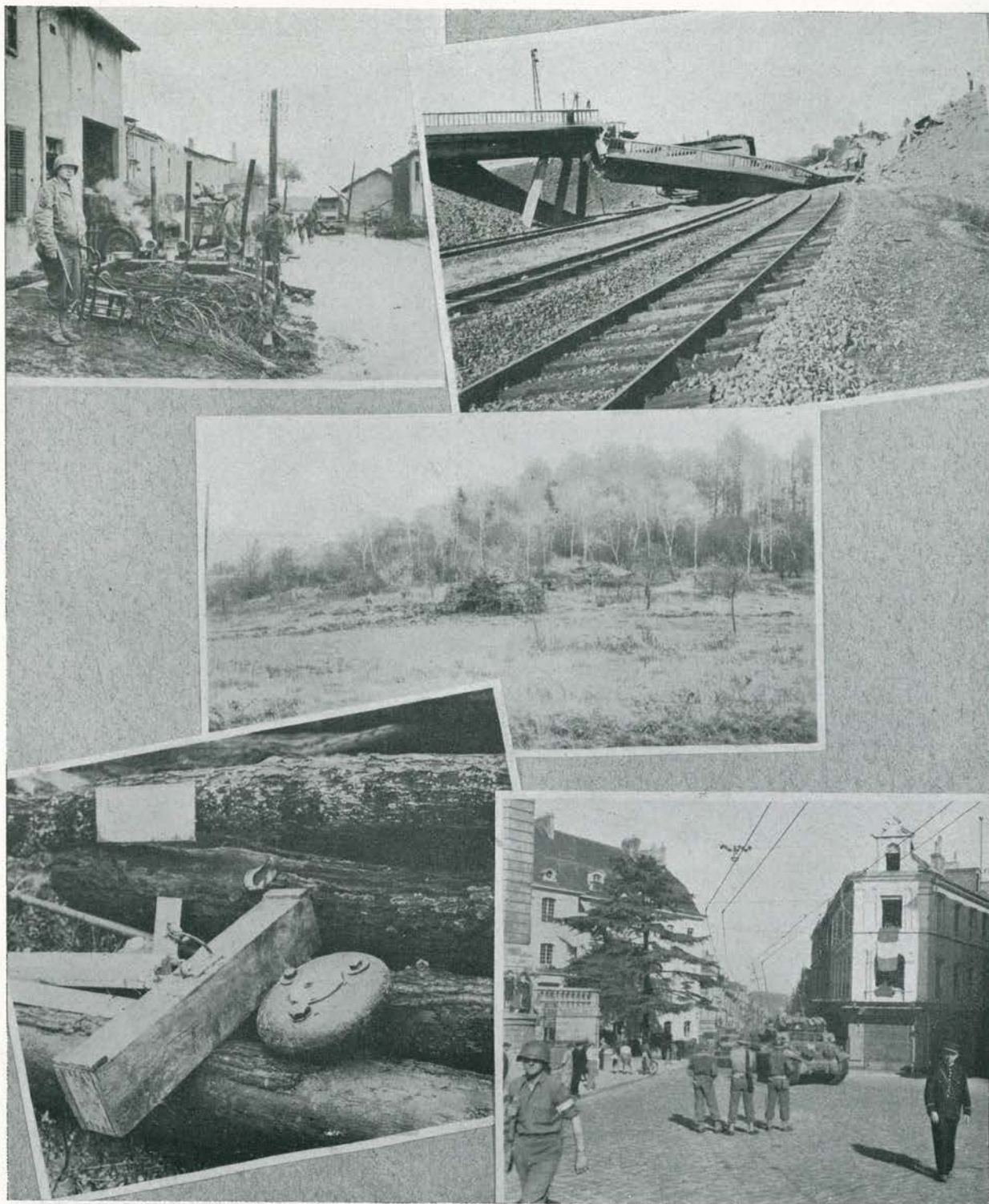


NORTHERN FRANCE

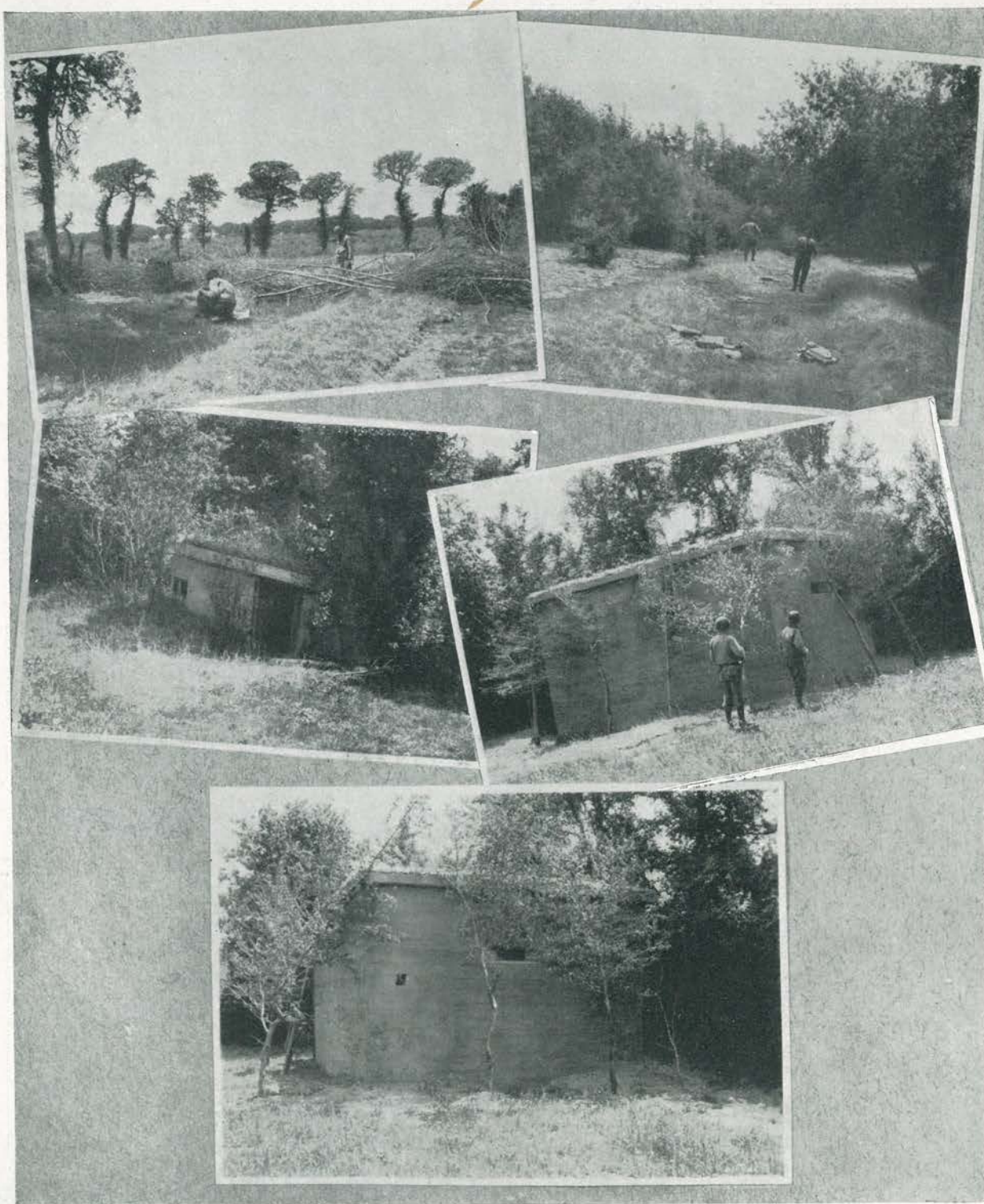
This campaign ushers out the era of the hedgerow and introduces the footsloggers' secret weapon, the vehicle. Covering thirty-five miles a day makes Berlin seem much closer. The optimists see the end of the war by Christmas and even the confirmed pessimists are beginning to waver.



In bitter armored warfare Shermans and tank destroyers maneuver to destroy enemy tanks.



Demolitions, booby traps and mine fields are utilized in the retreat of the enemy.



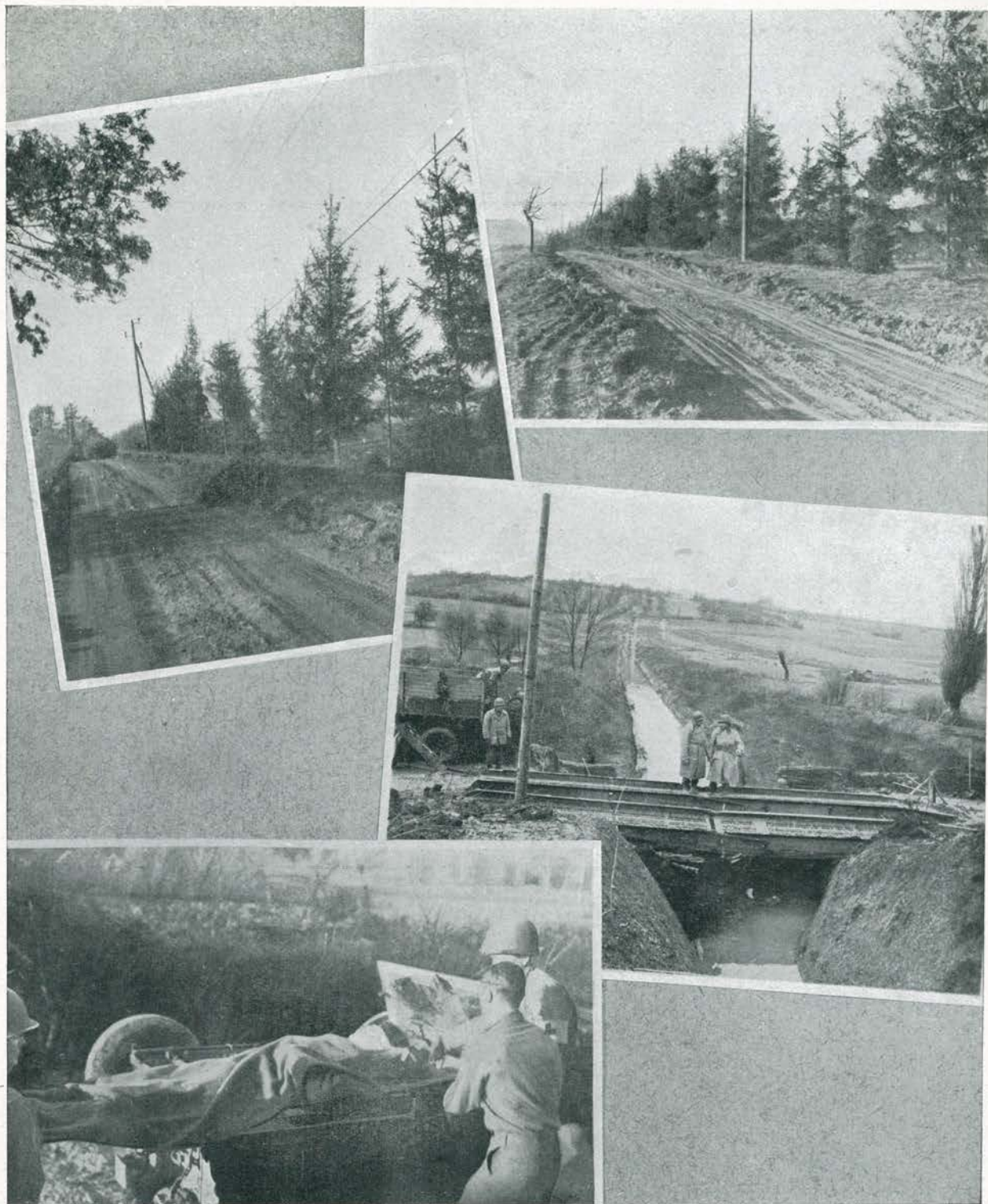
Our encircling movements nullify defensive potentialities of enemy pillboxes.



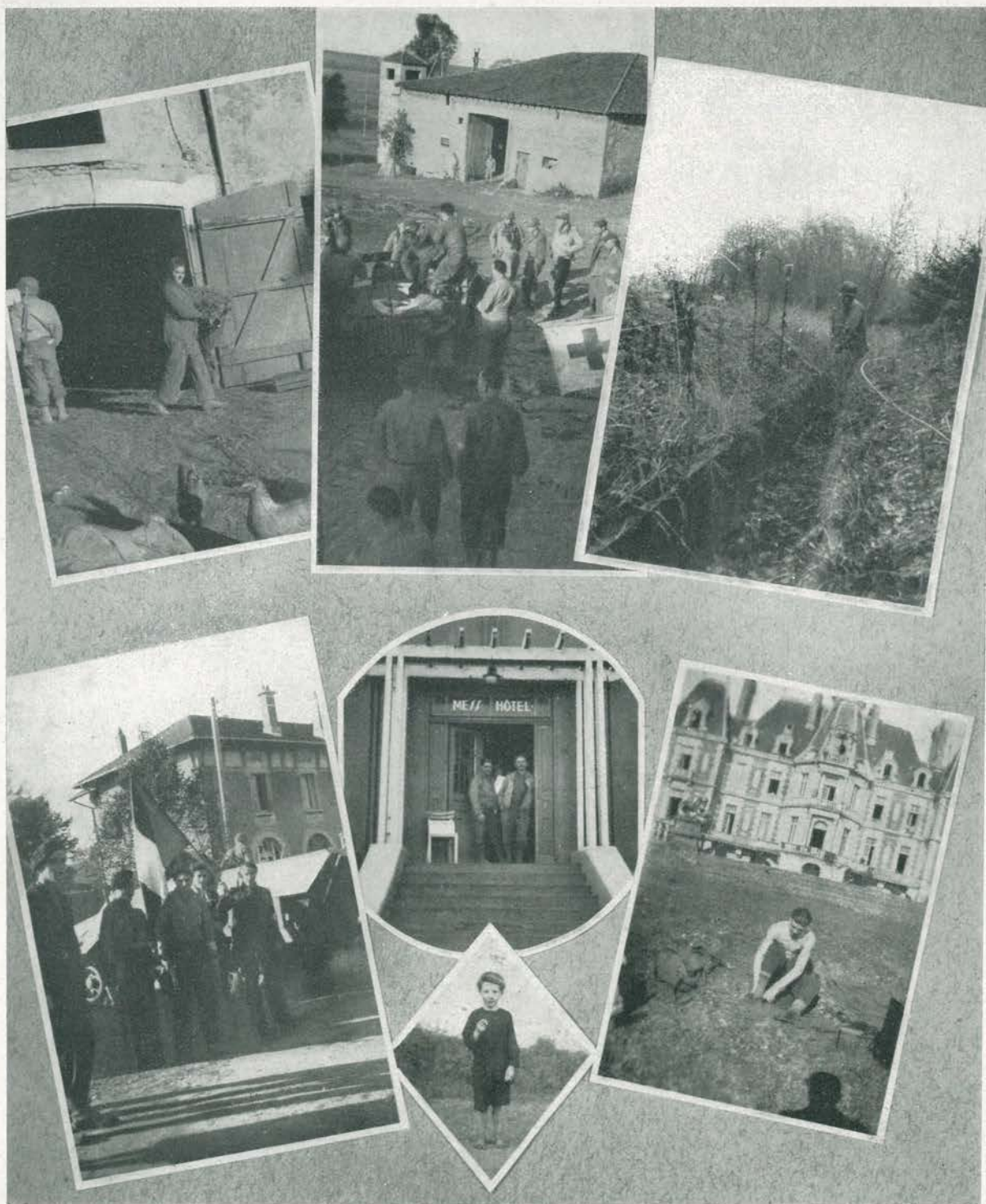
With the breakthrough in Normandy our advance on Le Mans becomes a speedy motor movement.



Artillerymen and tankmen often aid us with indirect fire.



Country lanes, soddened by frequent rain and disturbed by incessant columns of supply vehicles, become treacherous to vehicles and men.



With the temporary halt come hay for beds, elaborate trenches, and conversation with members of the F. F. I.



Motor columns advance flanked and proceeded by marching riflemen.



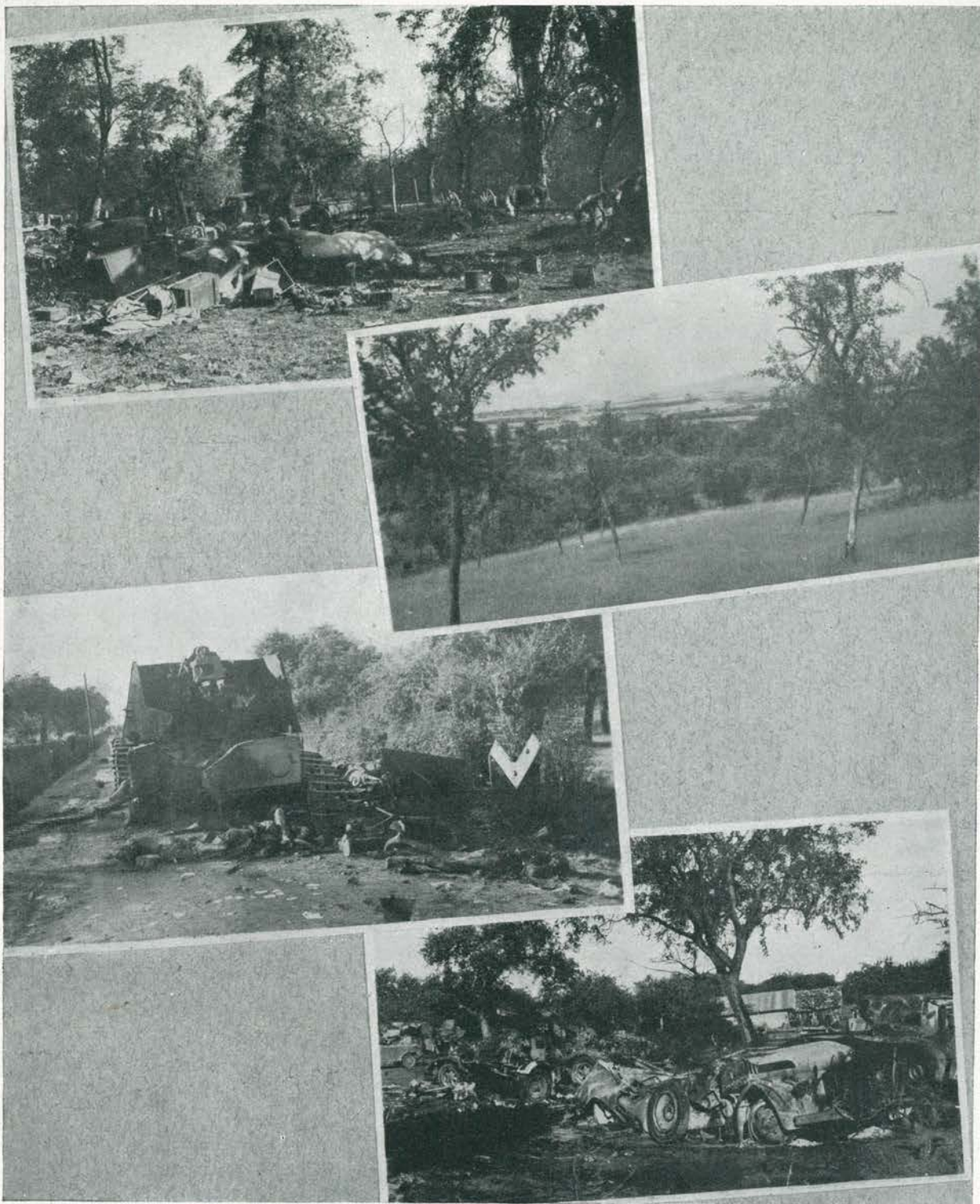
Blown bridges are encountered at Abouè in our advance toward Metz.



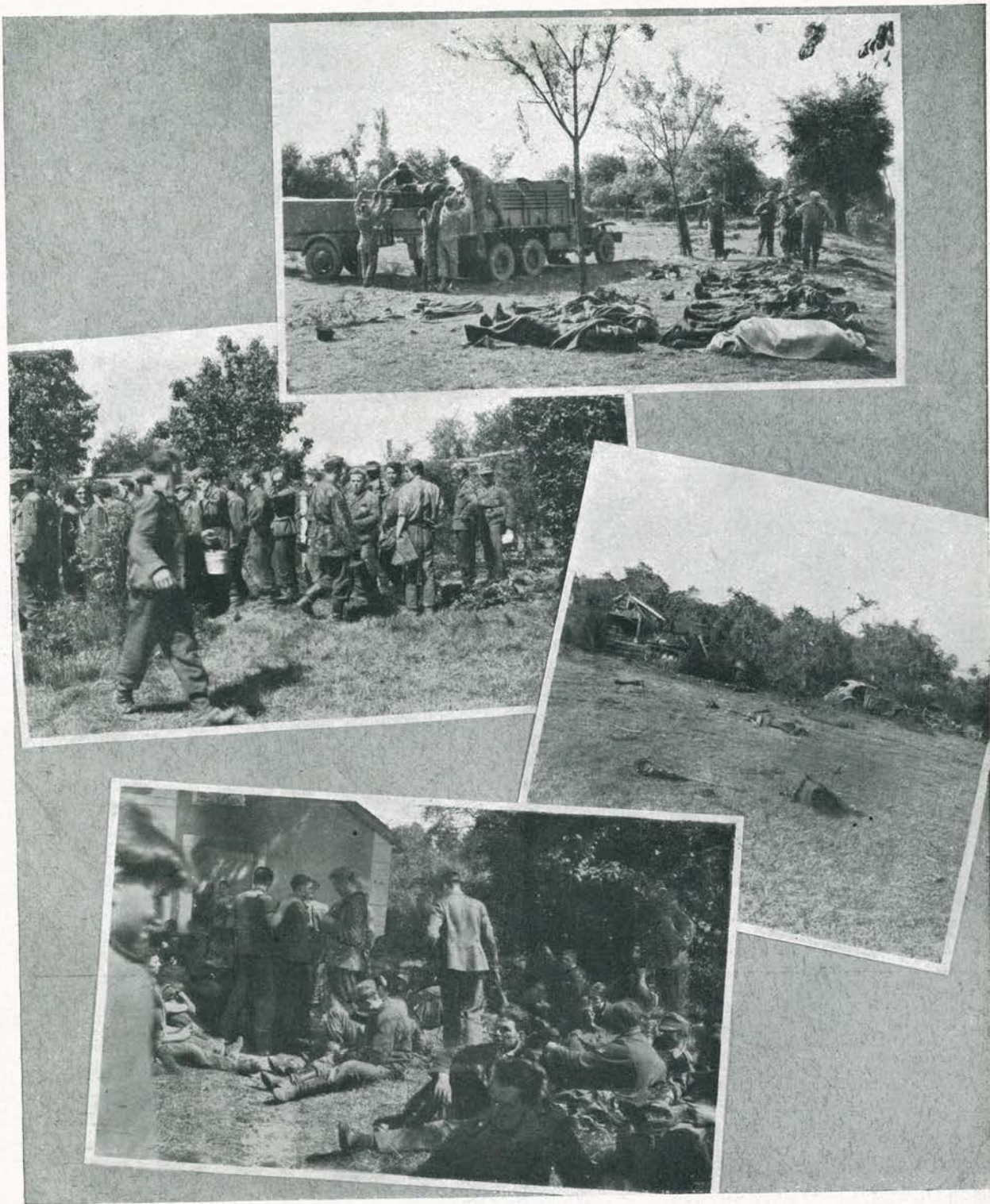
Enemy breakthrough attempt at Le Bourg St. Leonard is routed by Colonel "Fire Ball" Pond's First Battalion.



Members of Hitler's Seventh Army hasten to surrender as their less fortunate comrades lie on the roadside.
Thanksgiving Mass is celebrated in woods.



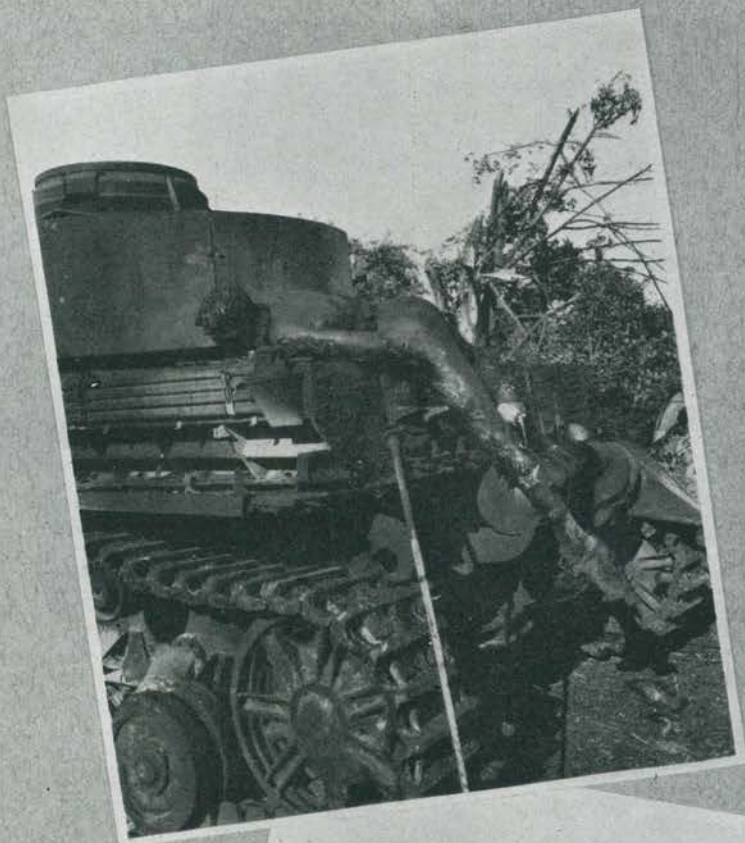
Disembowled animals and twisted armor are commonplace in the Chambois sector of the Falaise Gap.



German dead are carried to graves; the hungry are fed the wounded are given medical aid.



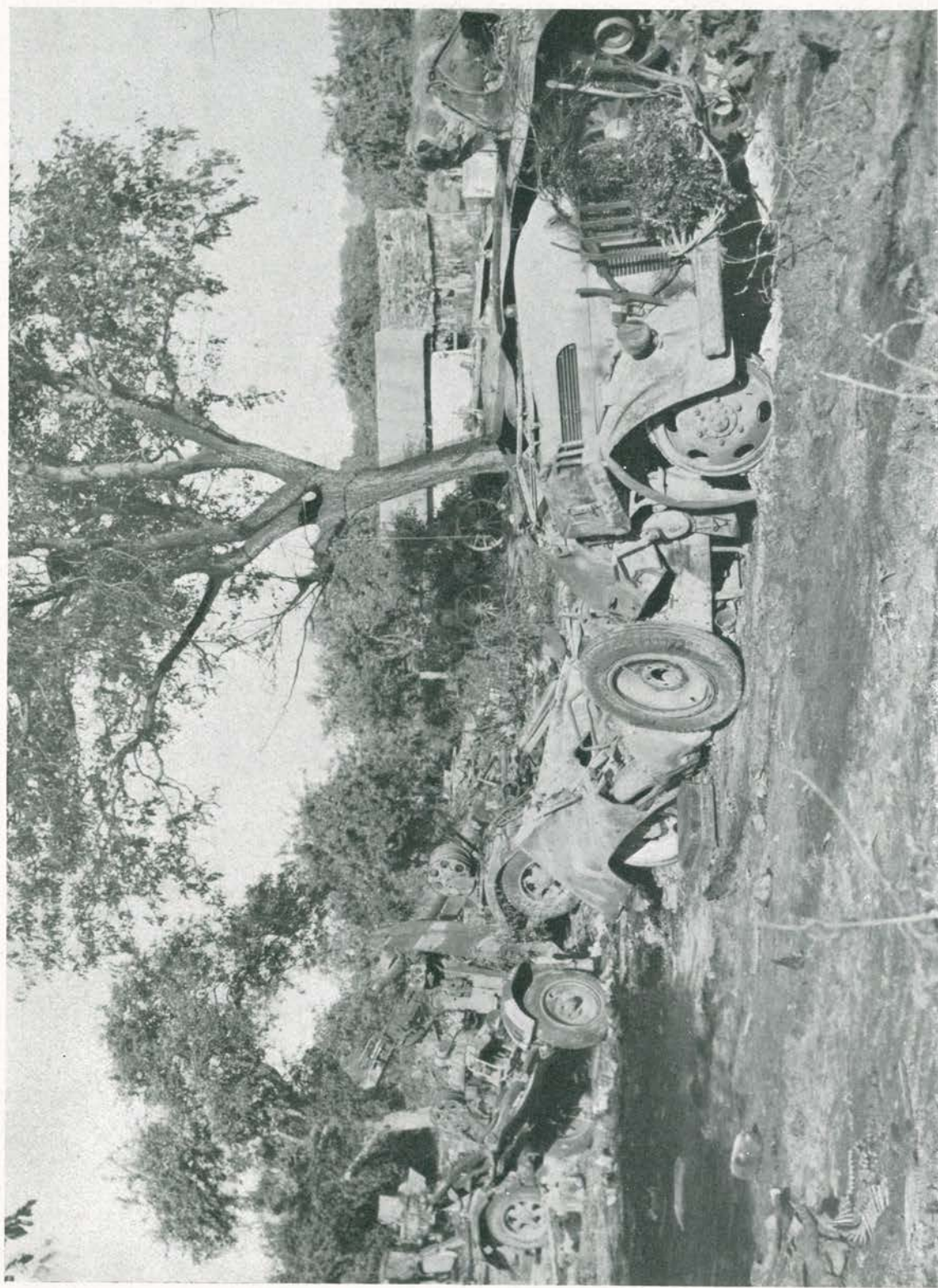
Man, animal, and vehicle are intermingled in the chaos created by our artillery concentrations.



Flaming Panzers, struck by our anti-tank guns, claim their crews in death.



Panther tank is prey for tank destroyer and anti-tank weapons.



Explosive power of our shells leave vehicles in an almost unrecognizable mass.



Heads are bowed in defeat; lips are parted in smiles of relief from fear the surrendering enemy.



Much needed humor is often found in casual acquaintances in shattered towns.



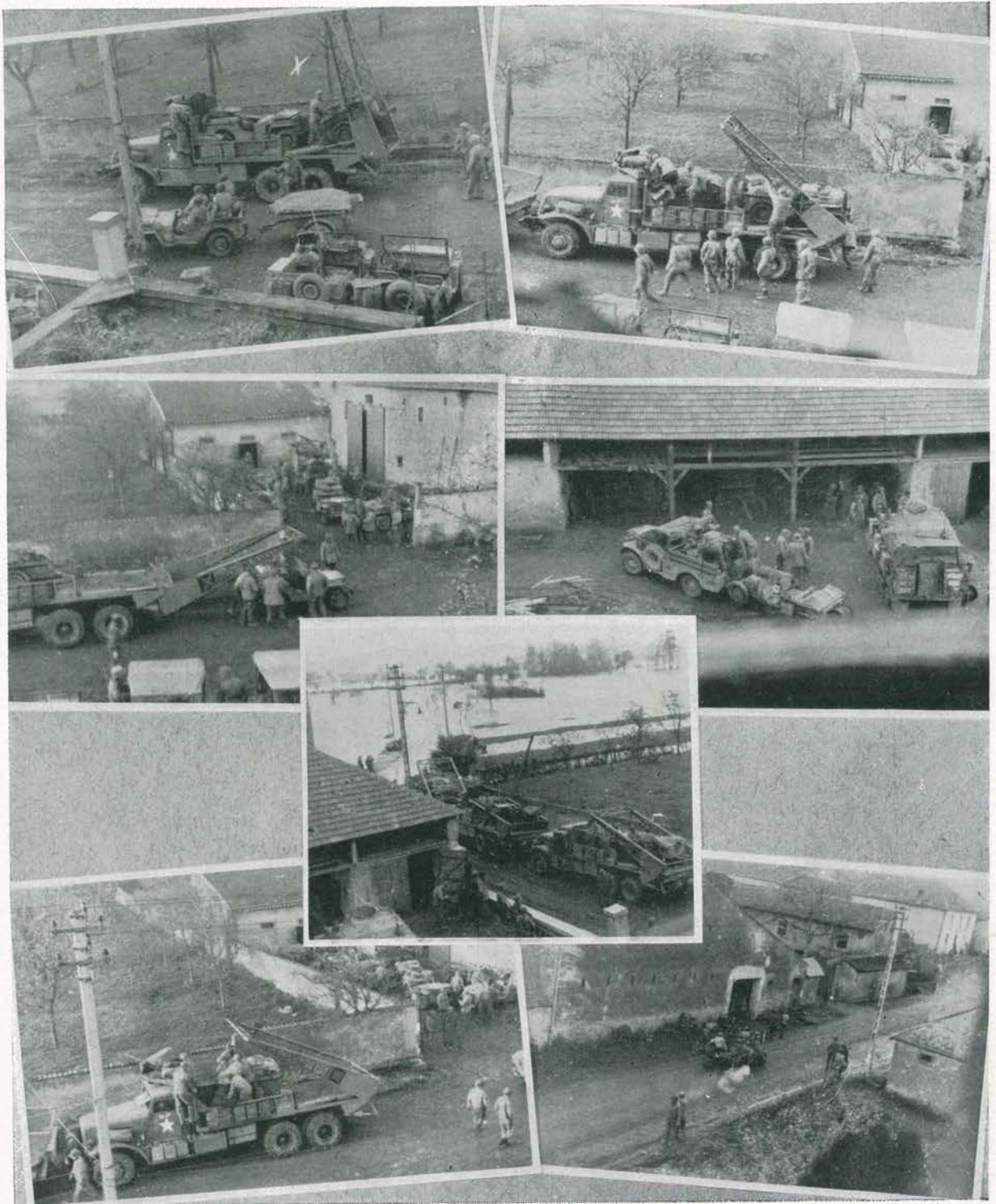
Artificial fog screens supply movements across river.



The Moselle waters swell until they reach the doorsteps of the villages.
 White handkerchiefs, tied around the left shoulder, are identification for night operations.



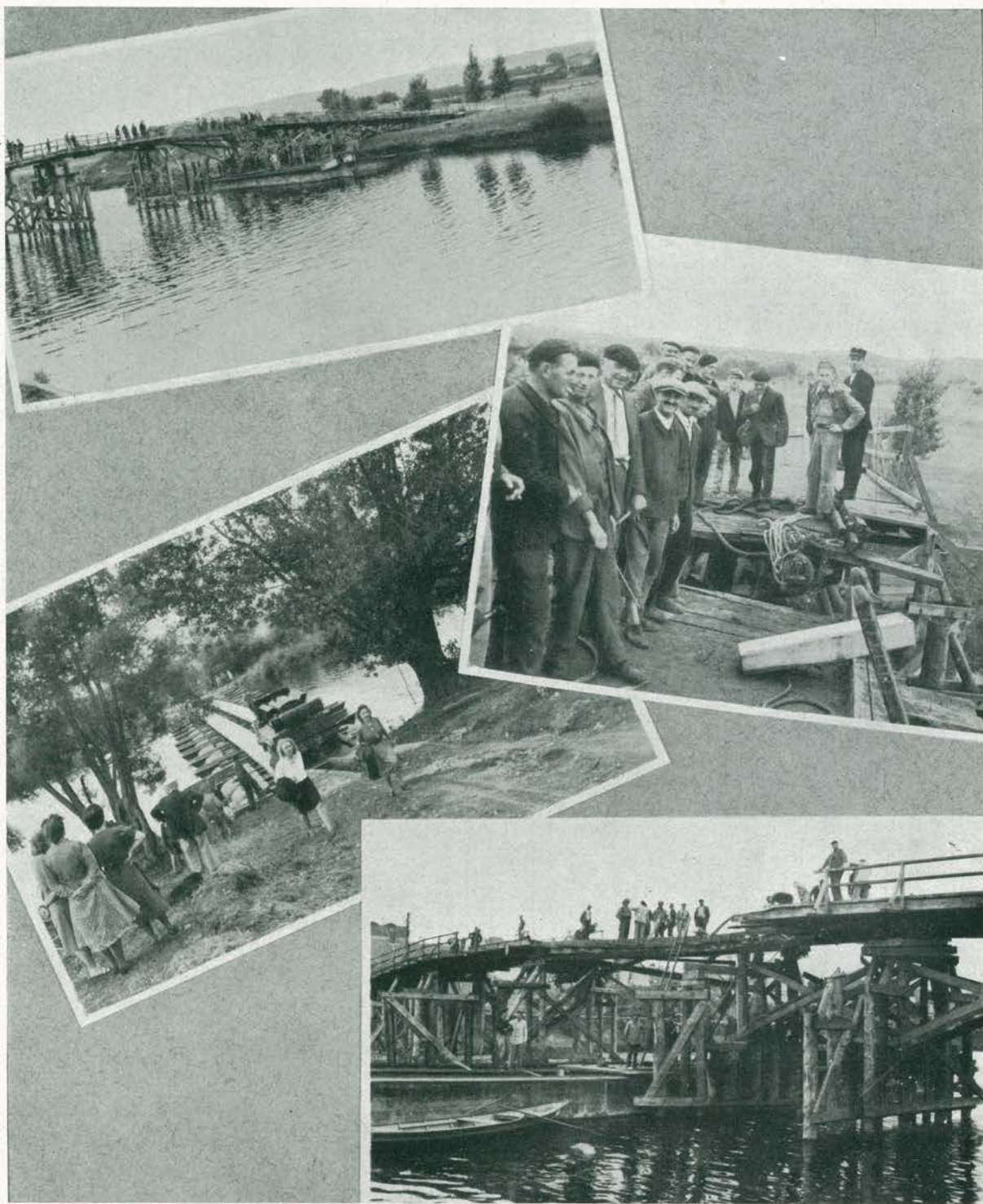
War sweeps ahead leaving contradictory scenes of destruction and rural beauty.



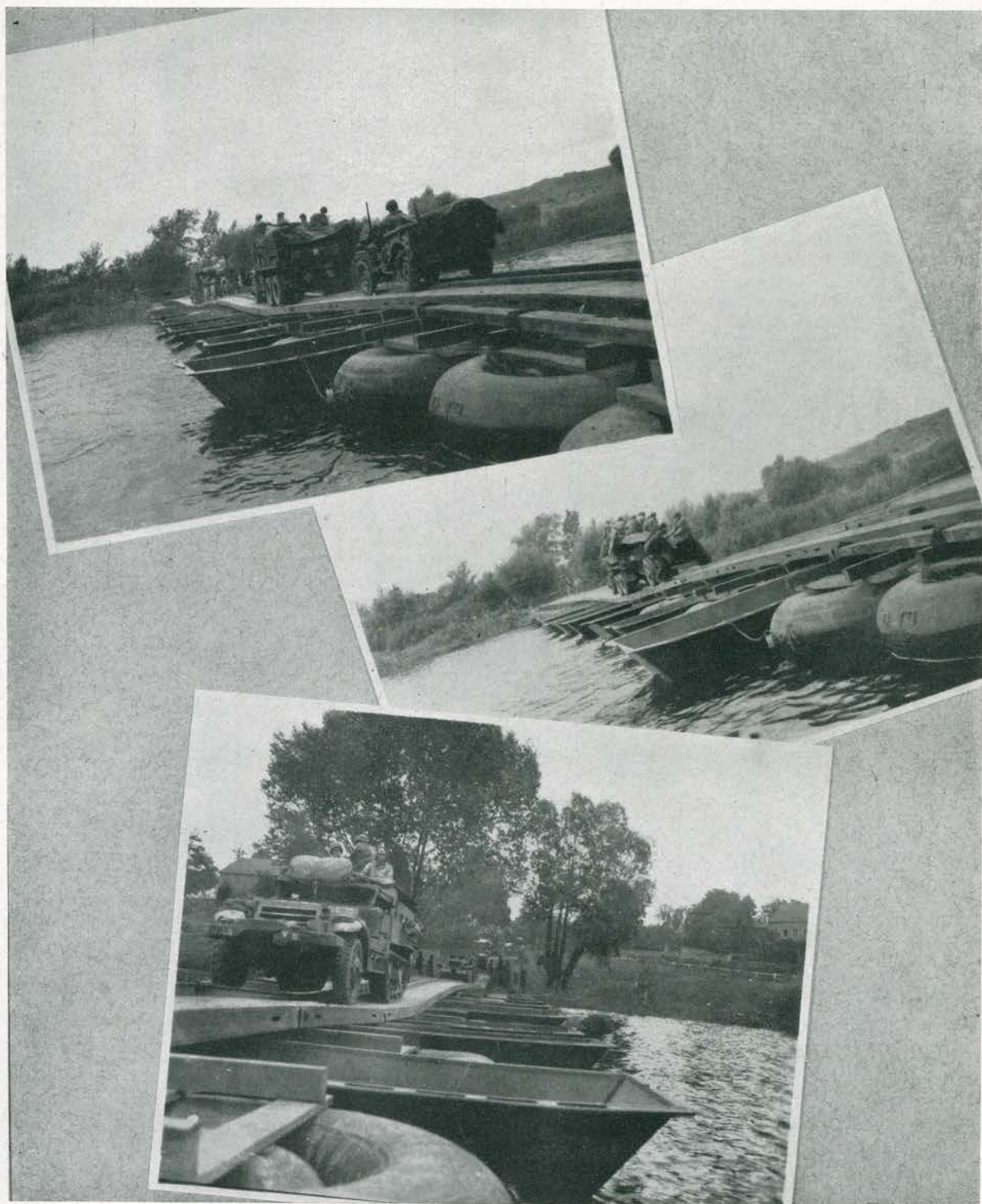
Modern crane-truck combinations facilitate the removal of disabled vehicles.



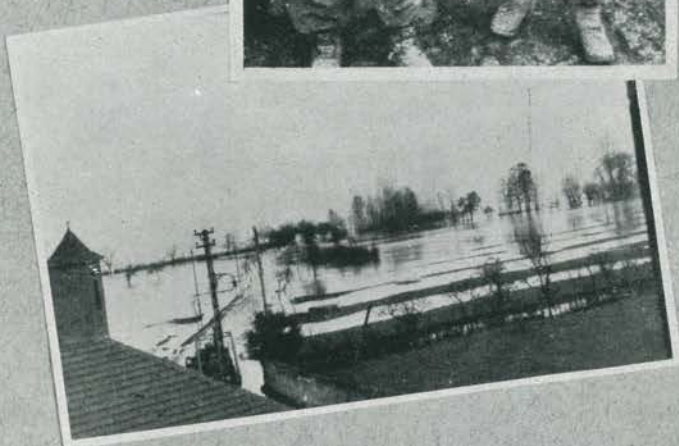
A few villages appear oblivious of the surging conflict.



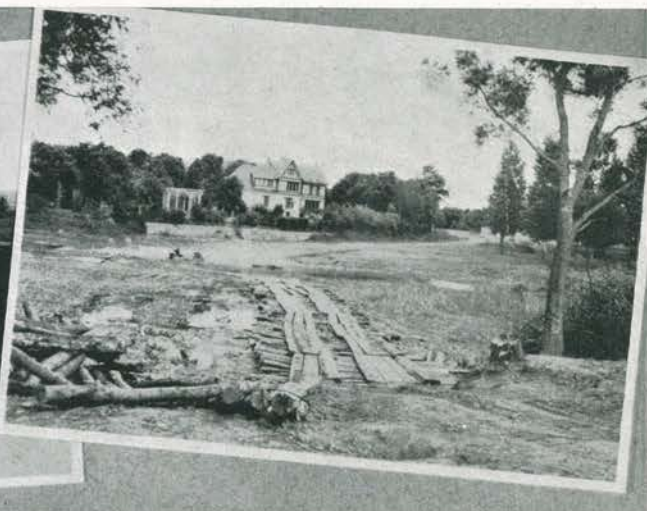
Civilians admire achievements of bridge construction and repair.



Undefended Marne River proves to be only a problem for the bridge builders.



In temporary defensive positions the foxhole is the center of life.



Encirclement of Rheims enables the capture of surrounding airfields.



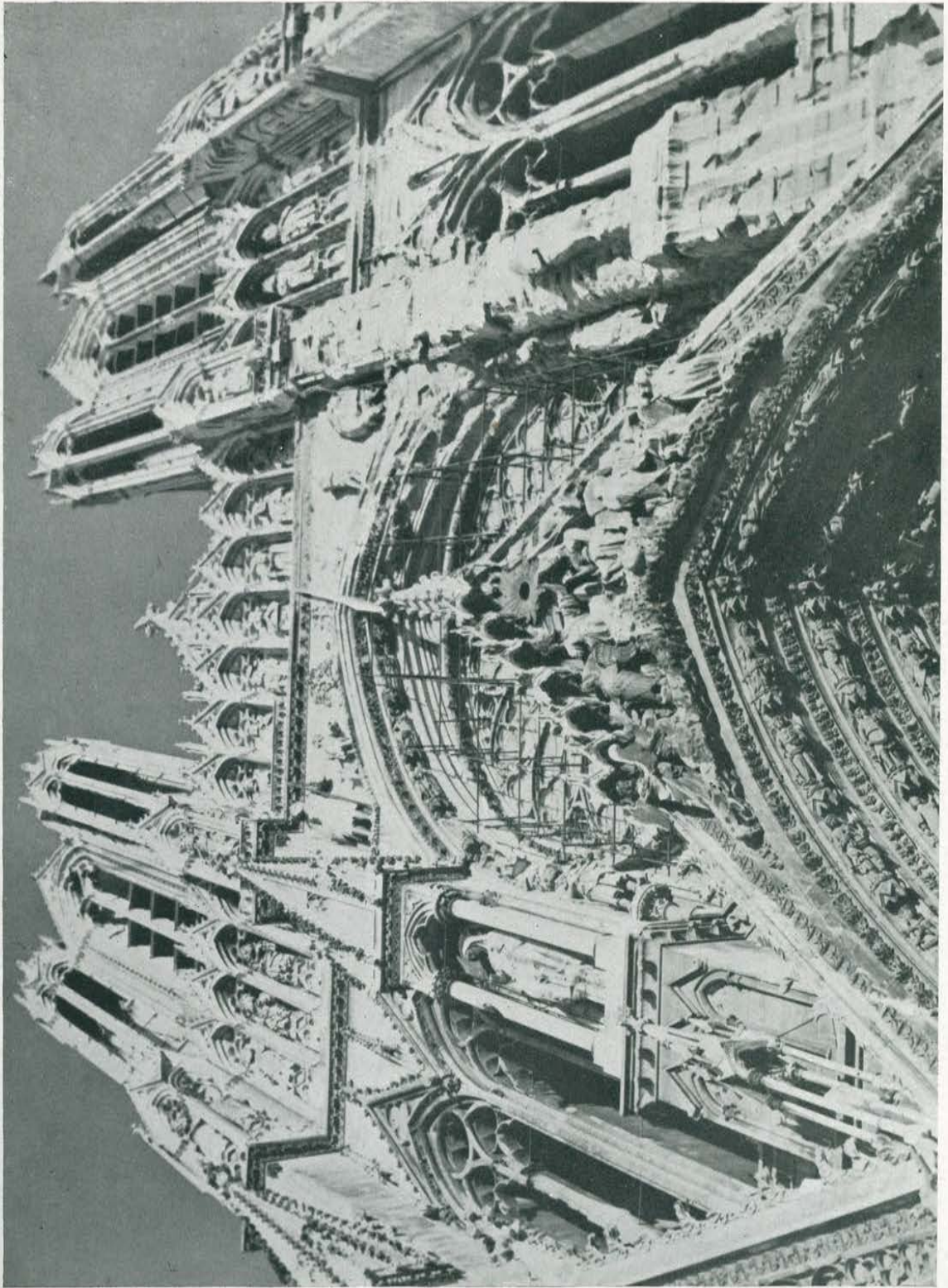
With the increasing cold the wool knit cap becomes a most popular headgear.



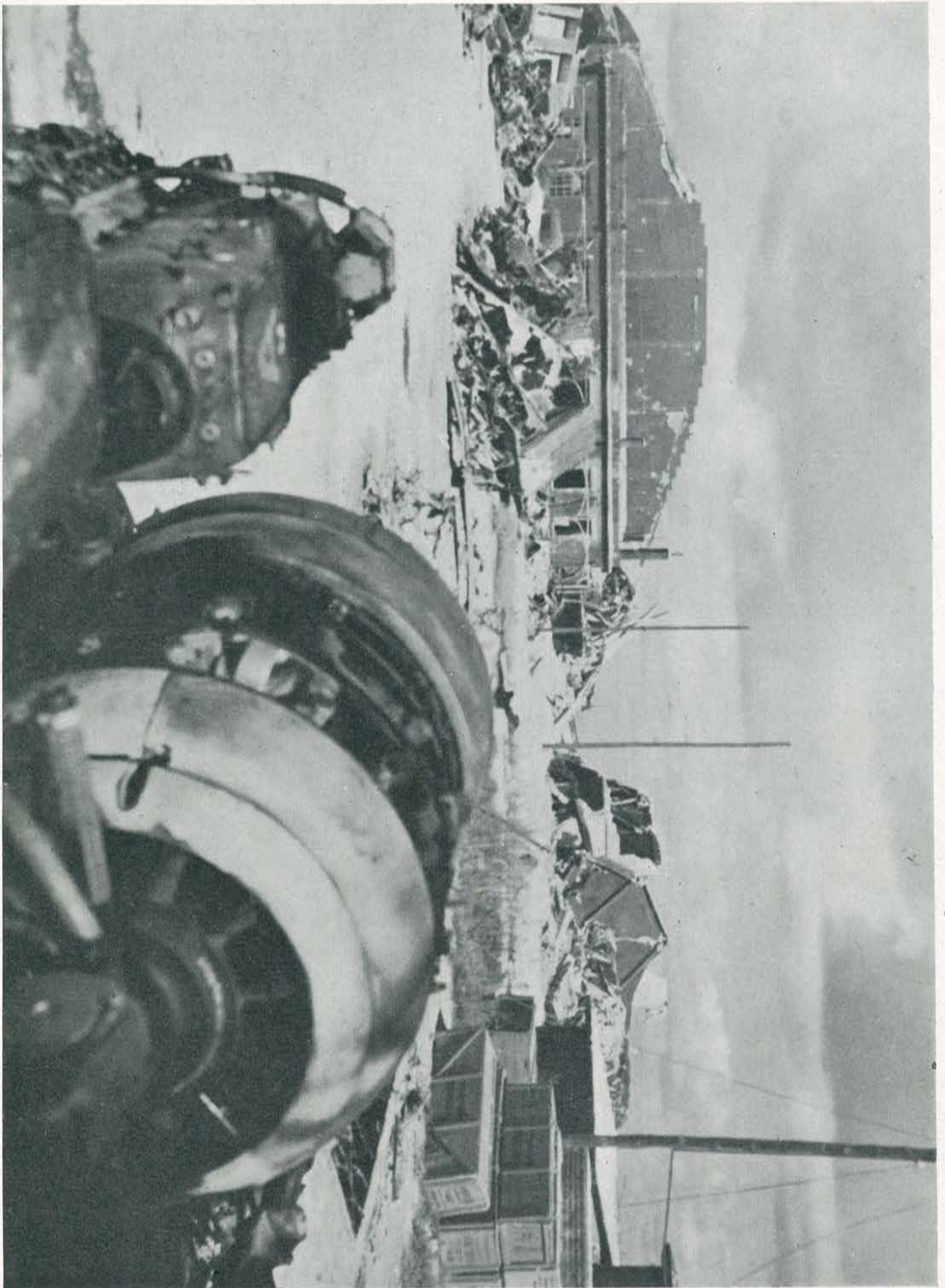
The sign is deceptive. The engineer battalion is located to the rear of the rubble.



Discomfitures increase with piercing winds, drifting, snow, and icy roads.



Portals of Rheims Cathedral are a pleasant diverting interest in our passage through the city.



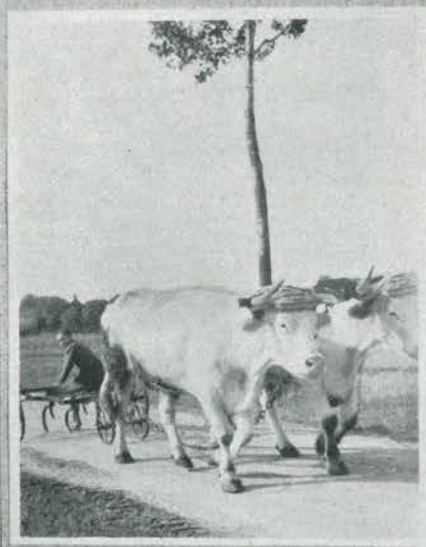
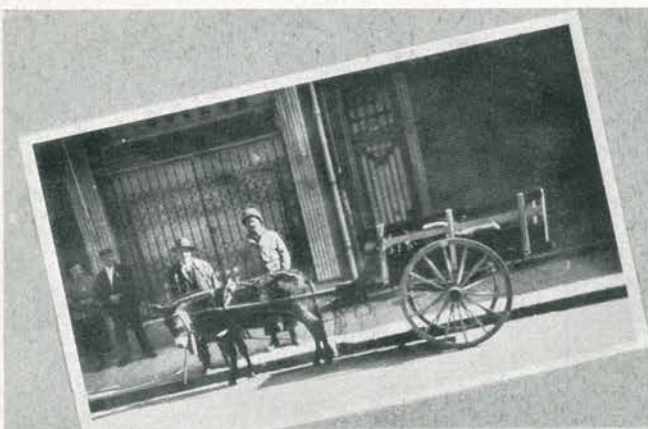
Airports become fields spotted with shattered buildings and remnants of the Luftwaffe.



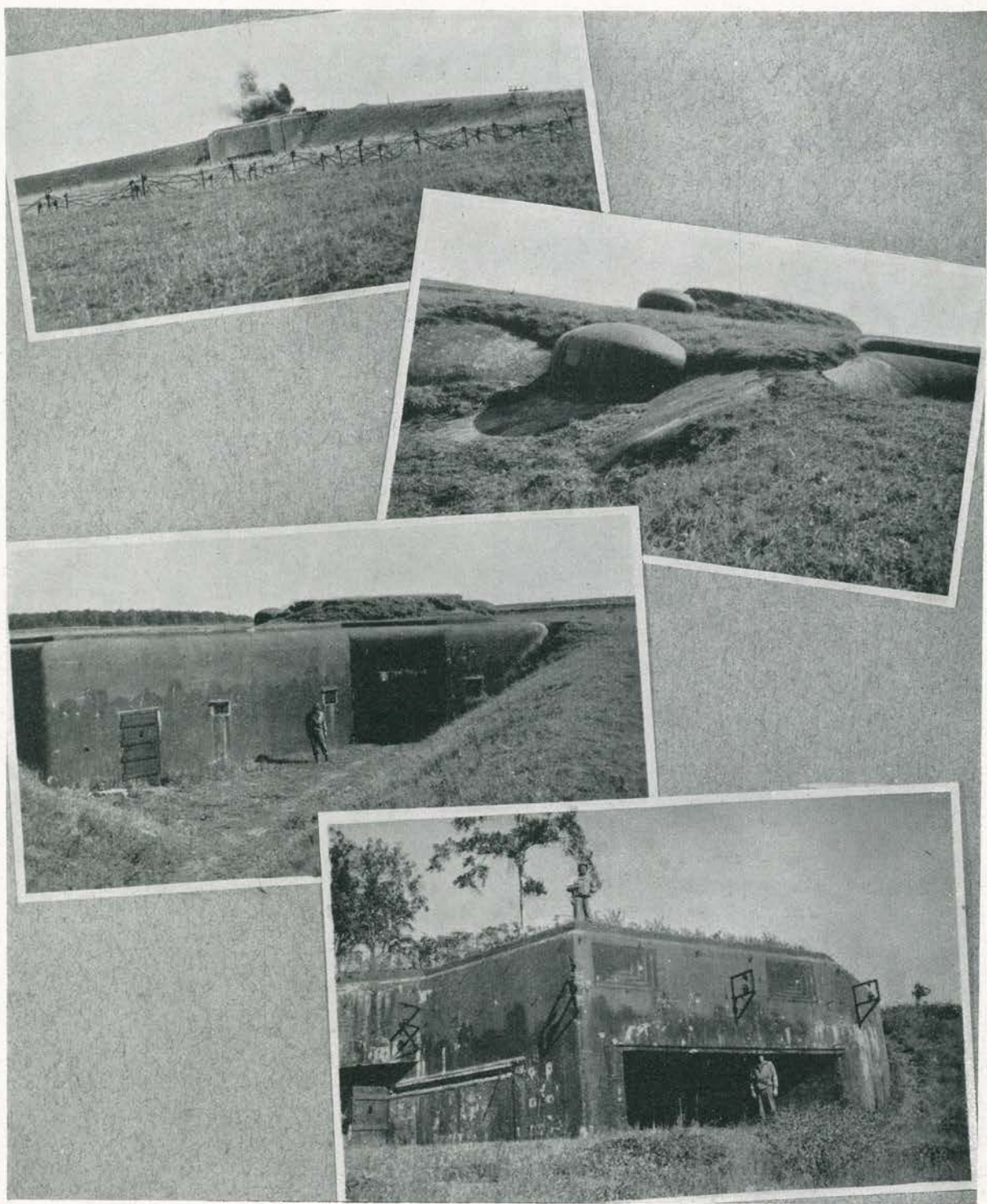
A river crossing in assault boats. Not too risky at this time since the opposite bank is in the hands of our troops.



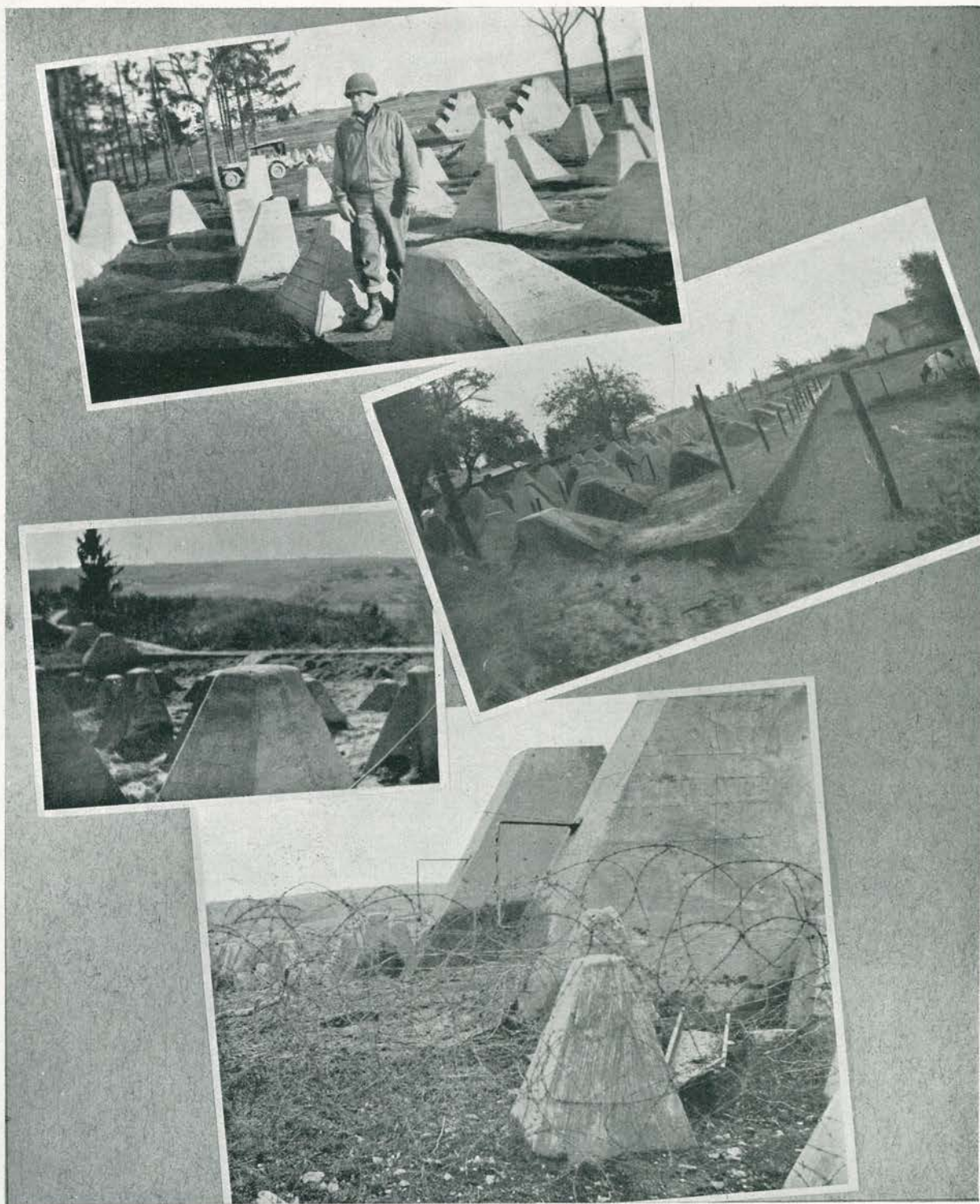
Villages celebrate liberation with civic parades and religious processions.



Rheims is a beautiful city scarcely scarred by war.
The populace tend us a gracious reception.



Reinforced block houses and pillboxes of the Maginot Line are foreboding but harmless.



Elaborate defenses present an appeal to the artistic sense.



Elaborate passage ways, water facilities, and practical furniture is found in the Maginot fortifications.



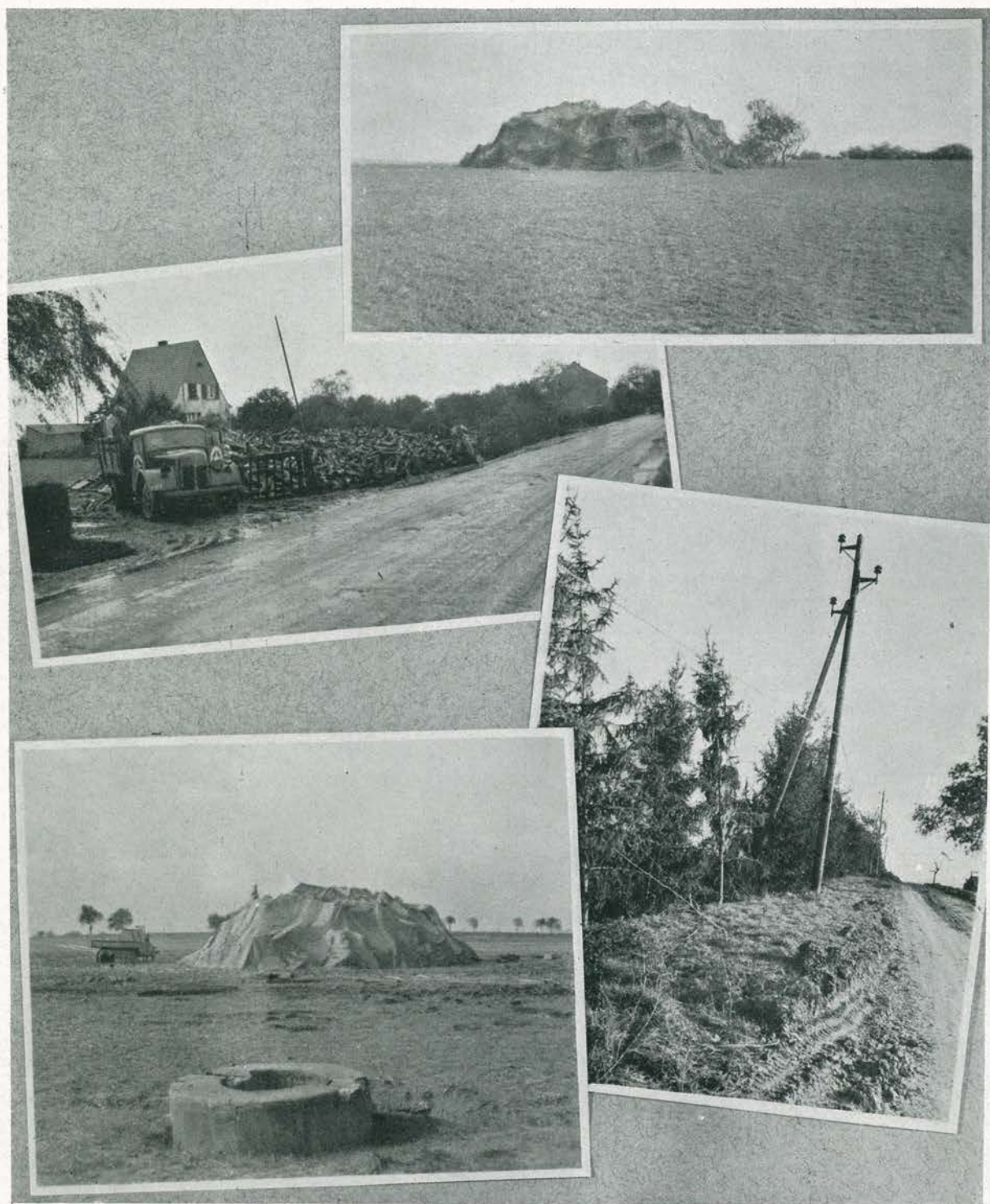
French borders are sown with concrete and steel.



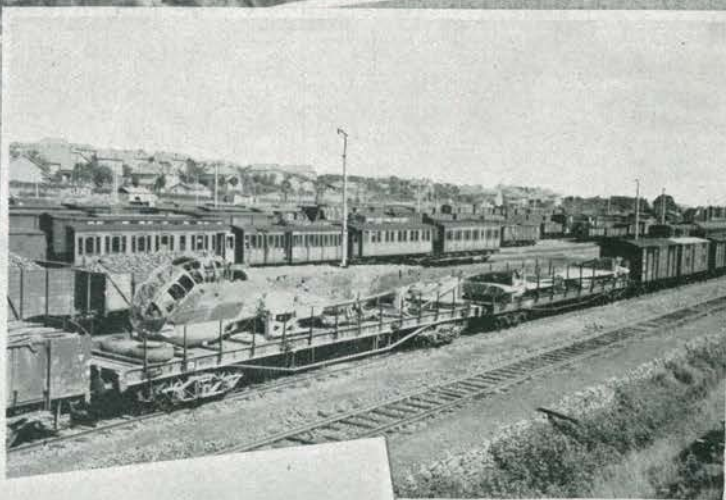
A power plant in the Maginot Line. Systems like this kept living conditions in the fortifications pleasant, with air conditioning, electric kitchens and moving pictures.



French tank traps are flanked by formidable pillboxes.



Supply dumps, when not located in the protected wooded areas, are effectively camouflaged by nets.



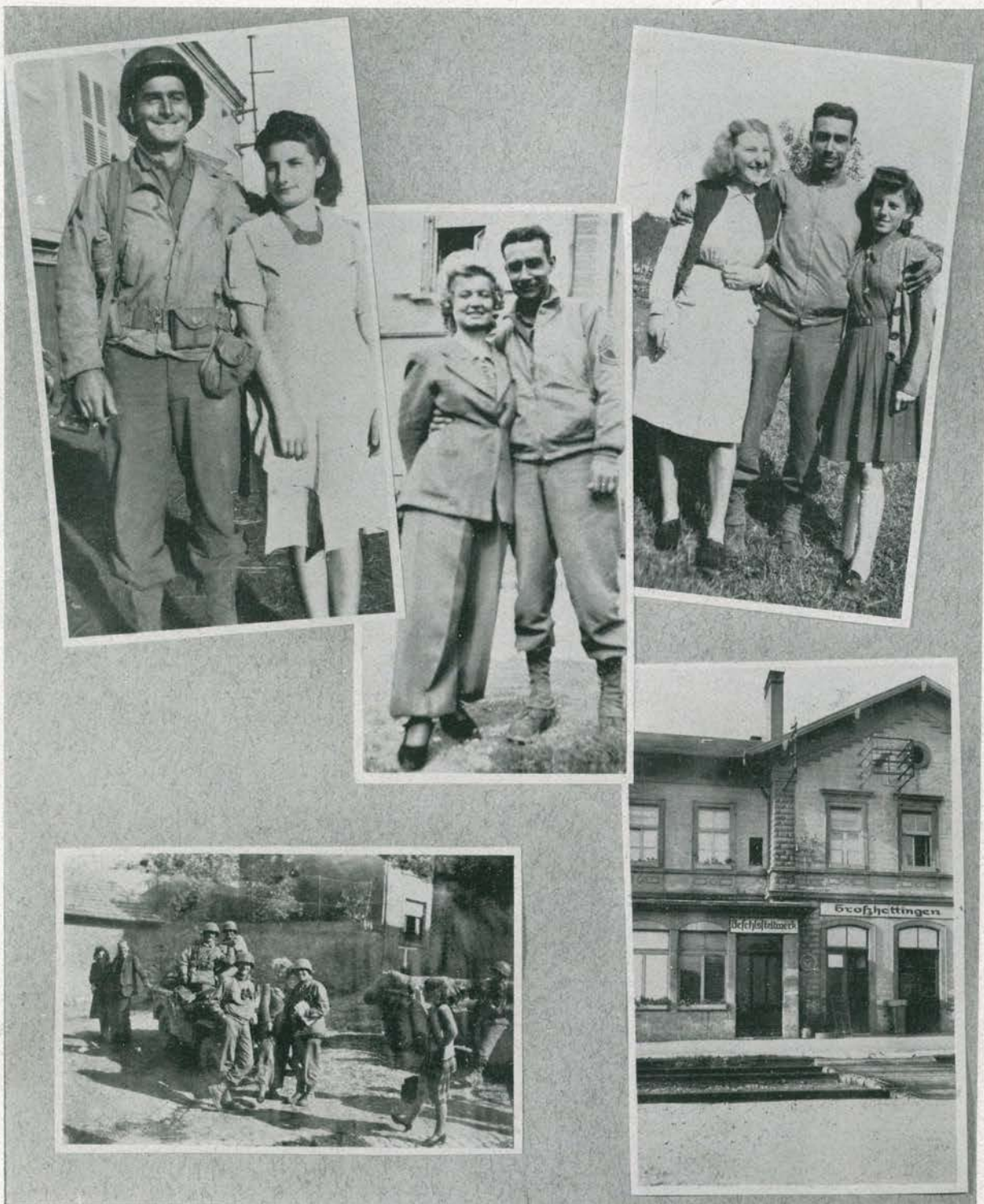
Bomb craters of this size pock earth near abandoned rail yard. Flat cars laden with aircraft assemblies are found intact.



Acquaintances of every age are made with even the shortest halt in a village.



First Battalion's Lt. Colonel Pond and staff pose during a brief respite from war. Low silhouette, bogey wheels, and a long gun are the distinguishable characteristics of enemy armor.



"Casanovas" apply their techniques at every opportunity.



Carts and wagons of many varieties carry refugees to rear areas.



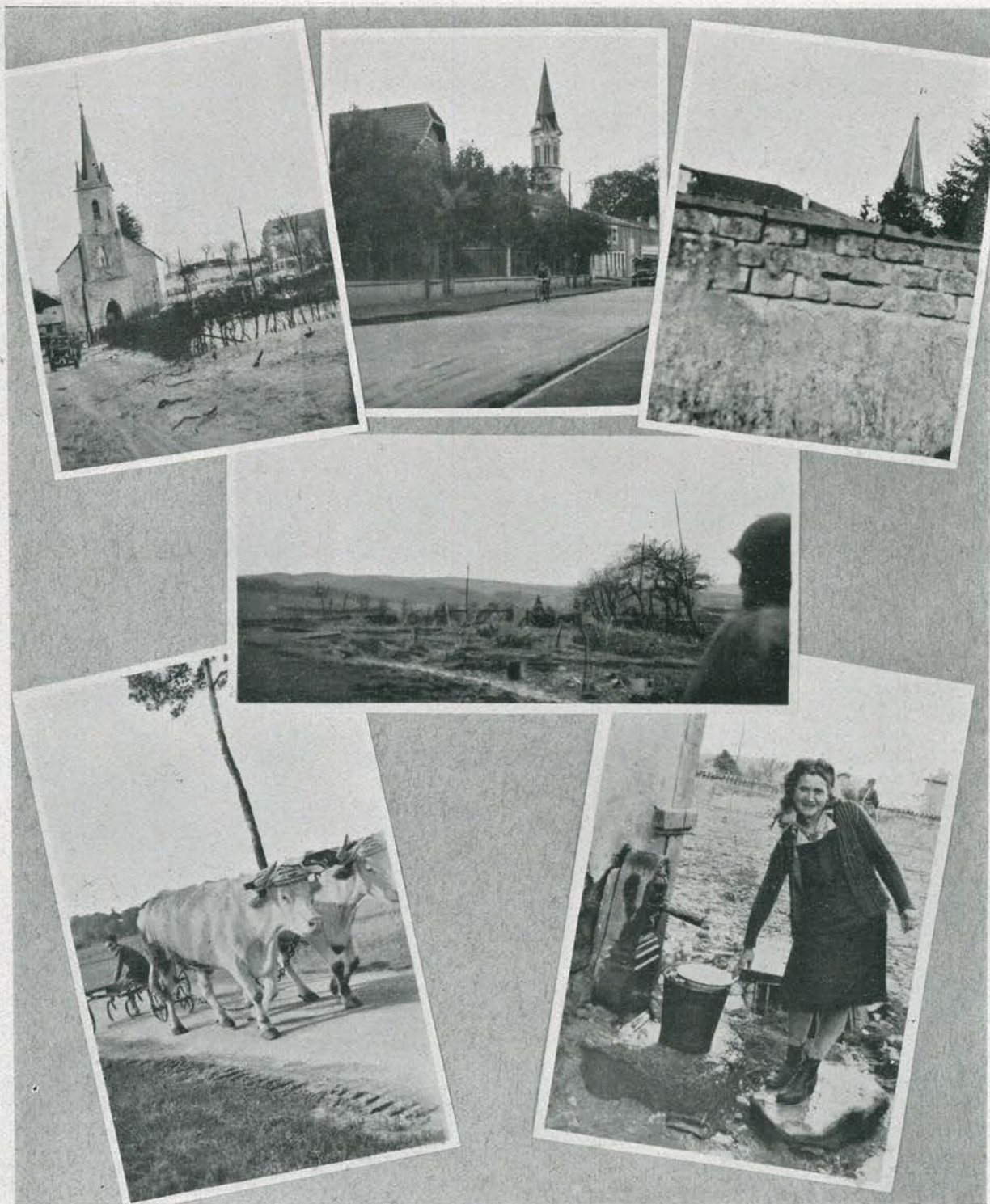
Evacuation hospitals, tent cities, are located in prominent exposed areas while supply depots seek the camouflage of densely wooded sections.



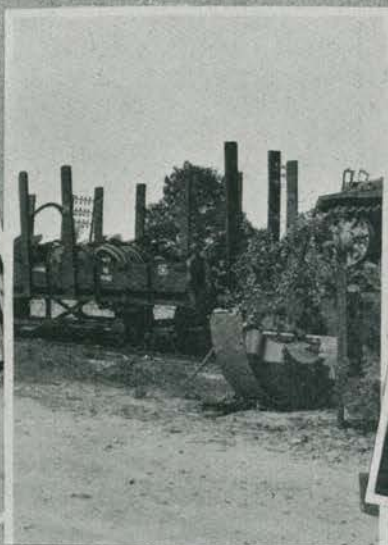
Our clothing and equipment prove to be more practical and durable when compared to the clothing of German prisoners.



Pretentious monuments and smiling children always receive our attention.



Church steeples stand majestically in every village like an overseer of the simple rural life.



Panoramic beauty lies before our lines to be scarred by the marks of battle.



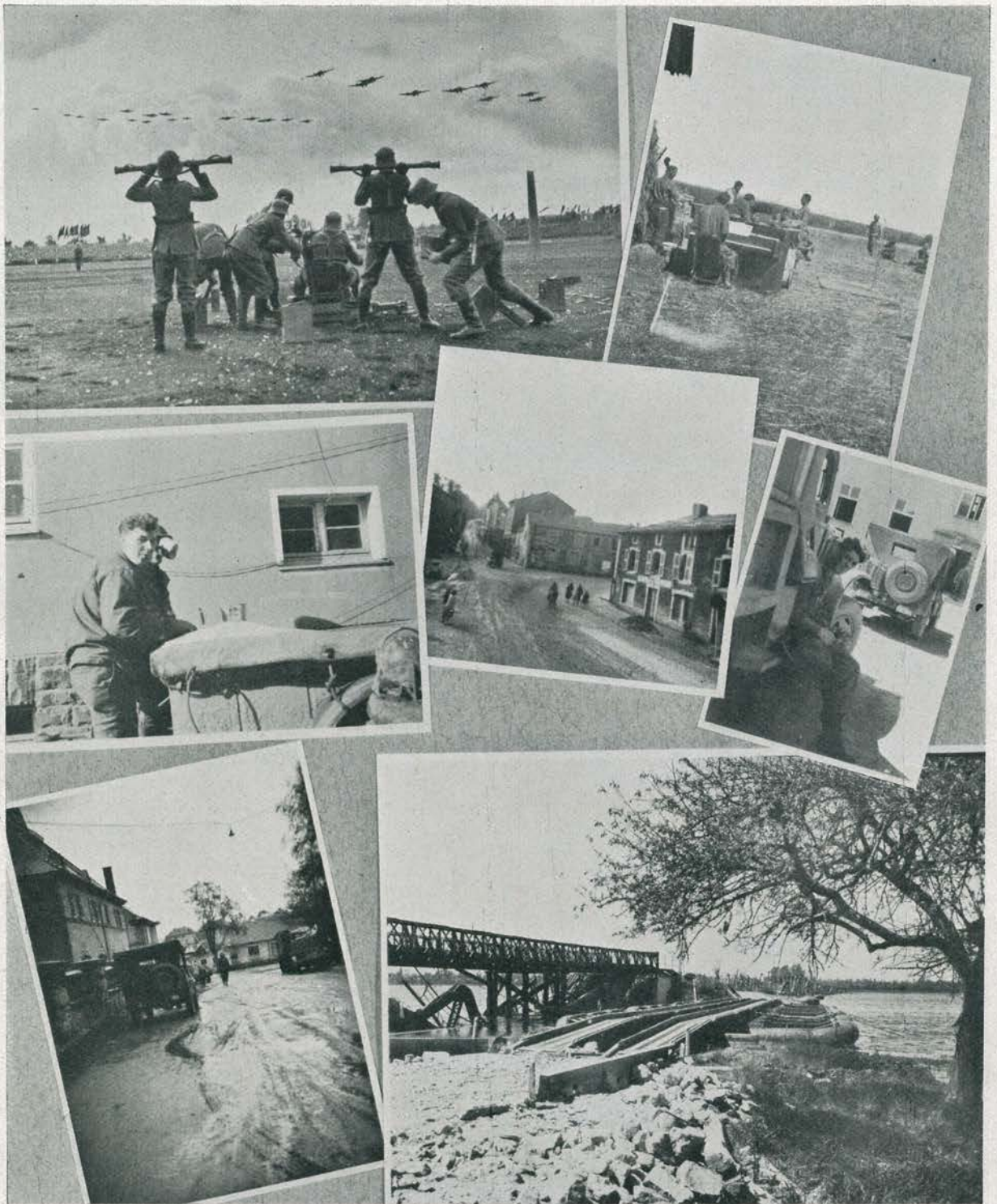
Masterpieces of architecture and beautifully landscaped flower gardens more than justify the fame of Paris.



Refugees, young and old, continually pass us on the roads and highways.



Crippled bomber crash lands within the safety of our lines.



Captured enemy film depicts aircraft rangefinder in use.
In small villages drivers halt to eat rations and stretch limbs.



Abandoned German armor and crumpled aircraft provide diversionary interests.
Flaxened-haired children delight in our attention offered to their dolls.



Relaxation, religious devotions, and warm meals are sought with every "break".



The guerilla soldier is valuable as a guide who offers information concerning enemy positions.



Once imposing ranks of Hitler's army are now staggering columns of surrendering troops.



Command posts are frequently surrounded by conflicting scenes of destruction and undisturbed beauty.



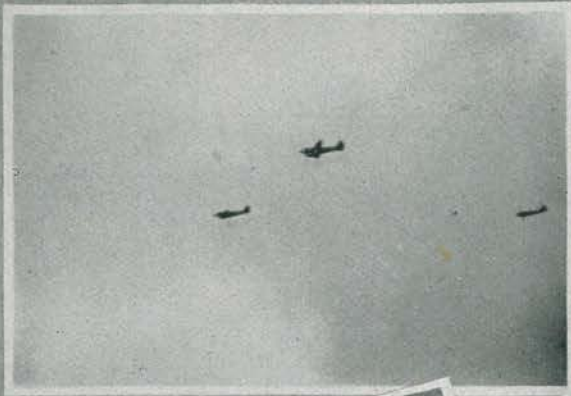
Some few are granted visit to Paris while we resort to the Red Cross Clubmobile.



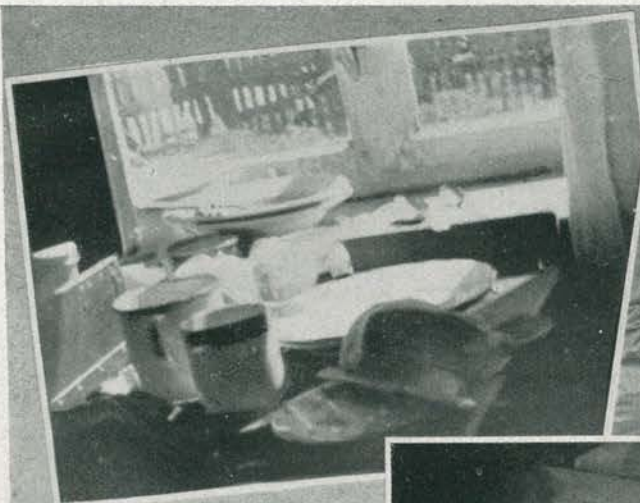
The Crucifix and religious pictures found in the humblest abode symbolize the faith and hope of the French villager.



The old France was a land of statues and memorials to the dead of the last war.



Reconnaissance patrols in the air and on the ground are the guarding eye of an advancing army.



Bringing in and interrogating prisoners. S-2 looks over the situation from an observation post.



Pontoon bridge constructed by combat engineers. The bulldozer is invaluable for such operations as this and figures prominently in our march across Europe.

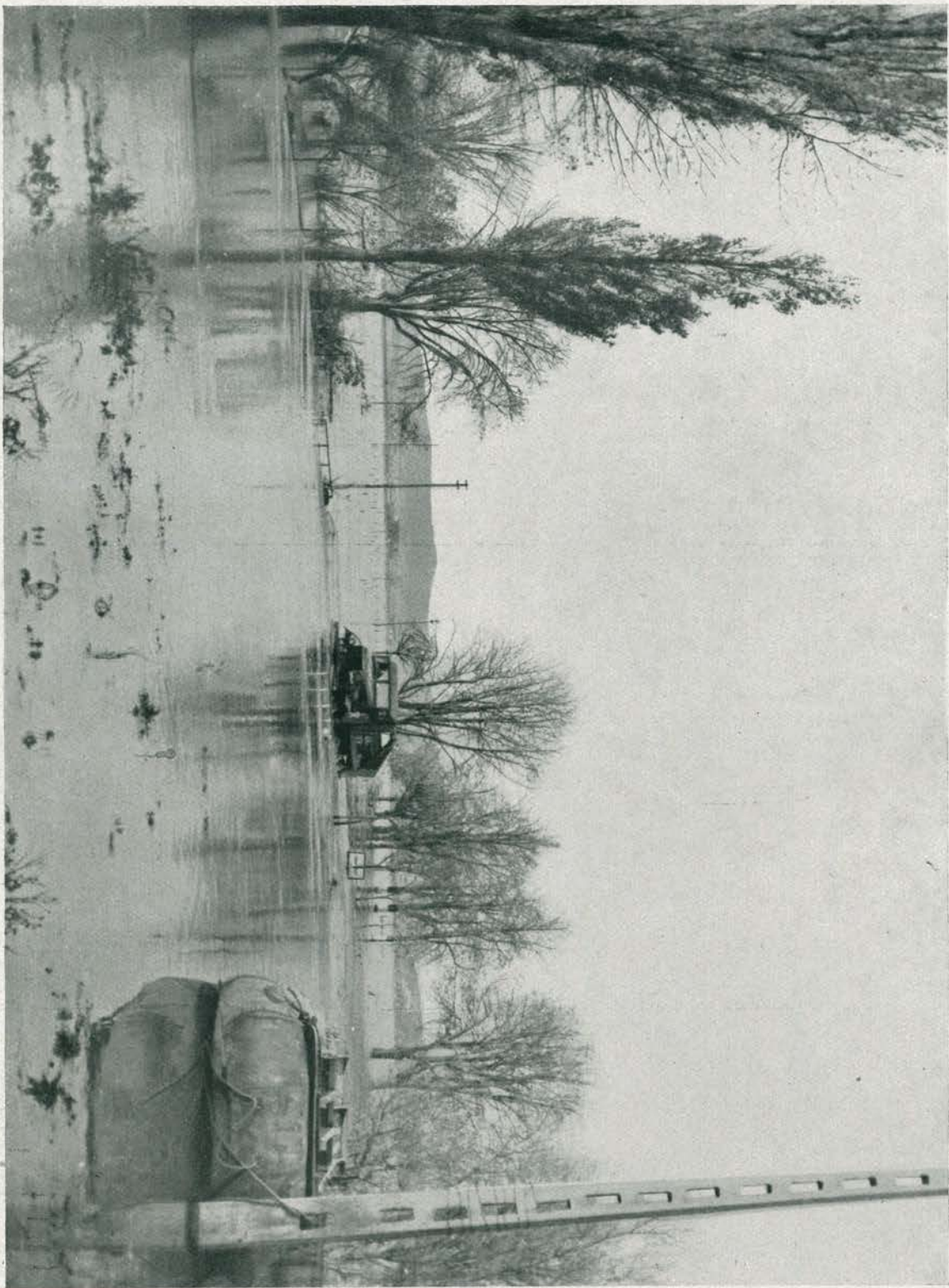


A completed pontoon bridge in operation. The vehicles maintain distance to prevent undue strain on any one section of the bridge.



Anti-aircraft weapons, mounted on a half track protect the Rhine crossing.

Flood waters of Moselle inundate the surrounding countryside.

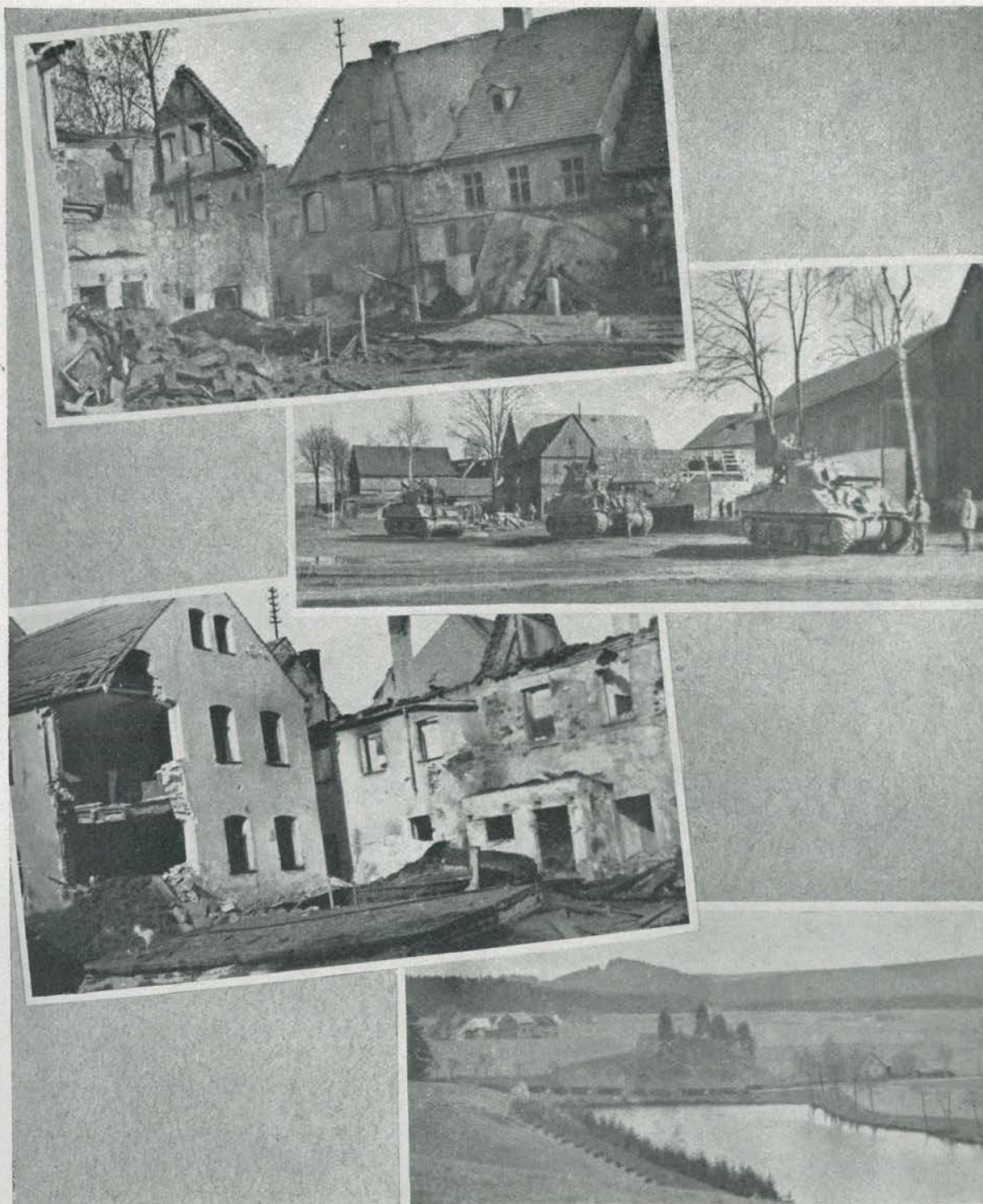




Flood waters add to the unpleasantness of life on the line.



Water is an obstacle easily overcome by the modernized pontoon bridge.



Gutted buildings remain in enemy defended villages attacked by our fighter planes and armor.



Surrender of the 11th Panzer Division.
 The German officers in the upper left corner are receiving instructions for the disposition of vehicles.



Anti-tank mines, booby traps, and wire entanglements are enemies that must be conquered by alertness and dexterity.

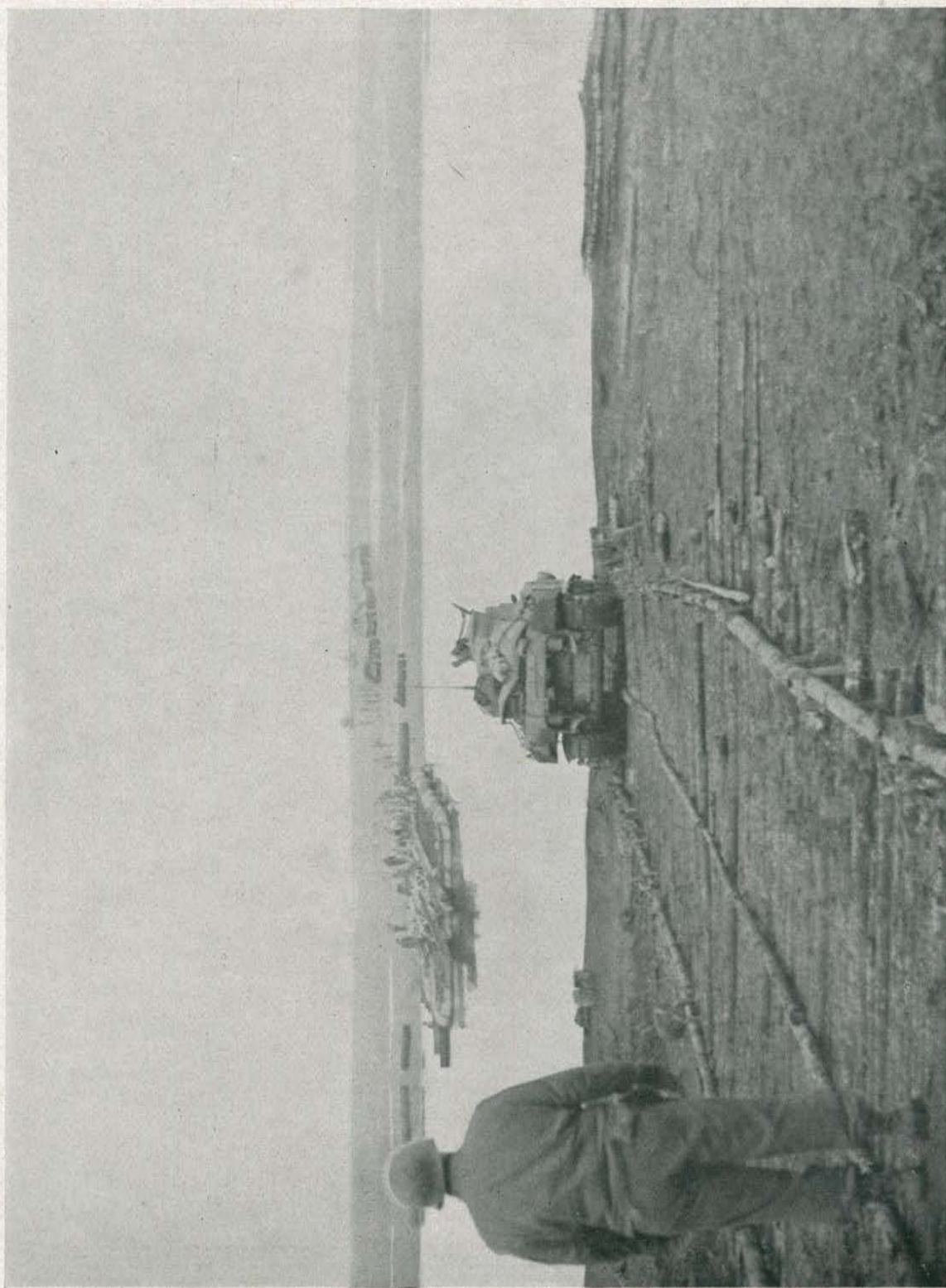


Scenes of destruction, such as the one pictured above were common sights in France, Belgium and Germany.

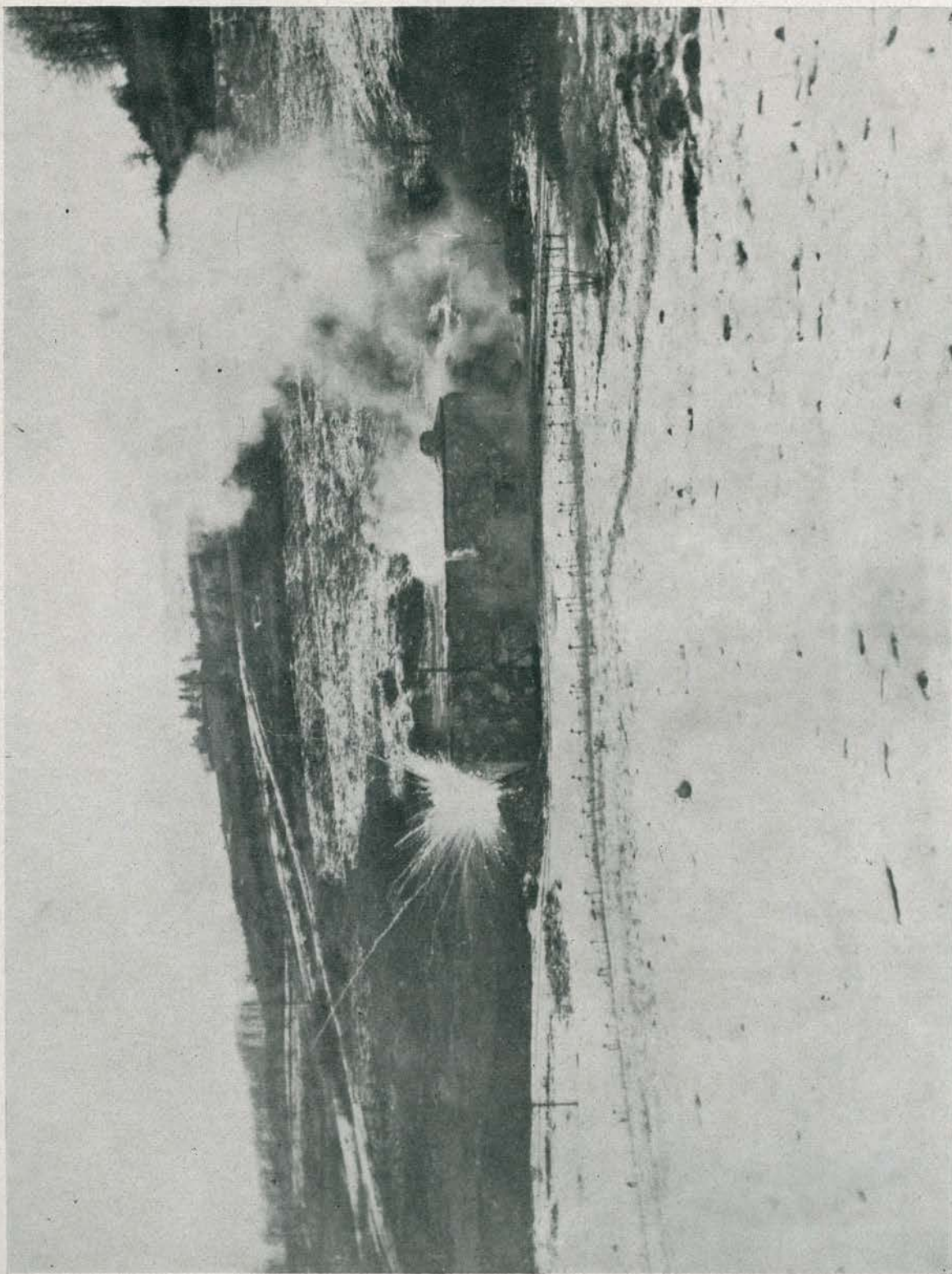
ARDENNES

With the enemy counter-offensive pressing a "Bulge" in the Allied lines, we are withdrawn from our holdings to help stem the tide.

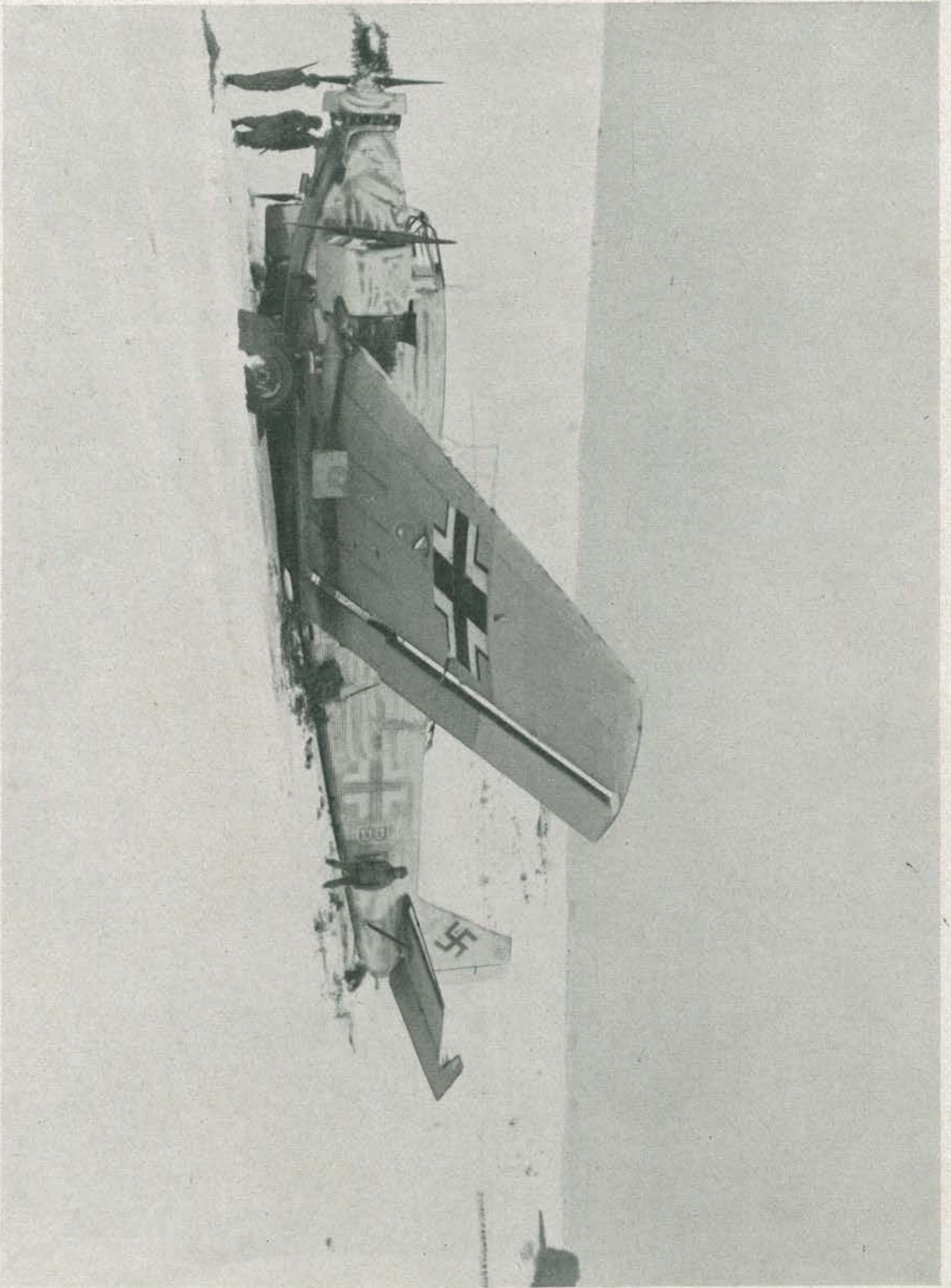
Removing organizational identification from clothing and vehicles we hurl our power and combat experience against the southern sector of the "Bulge".



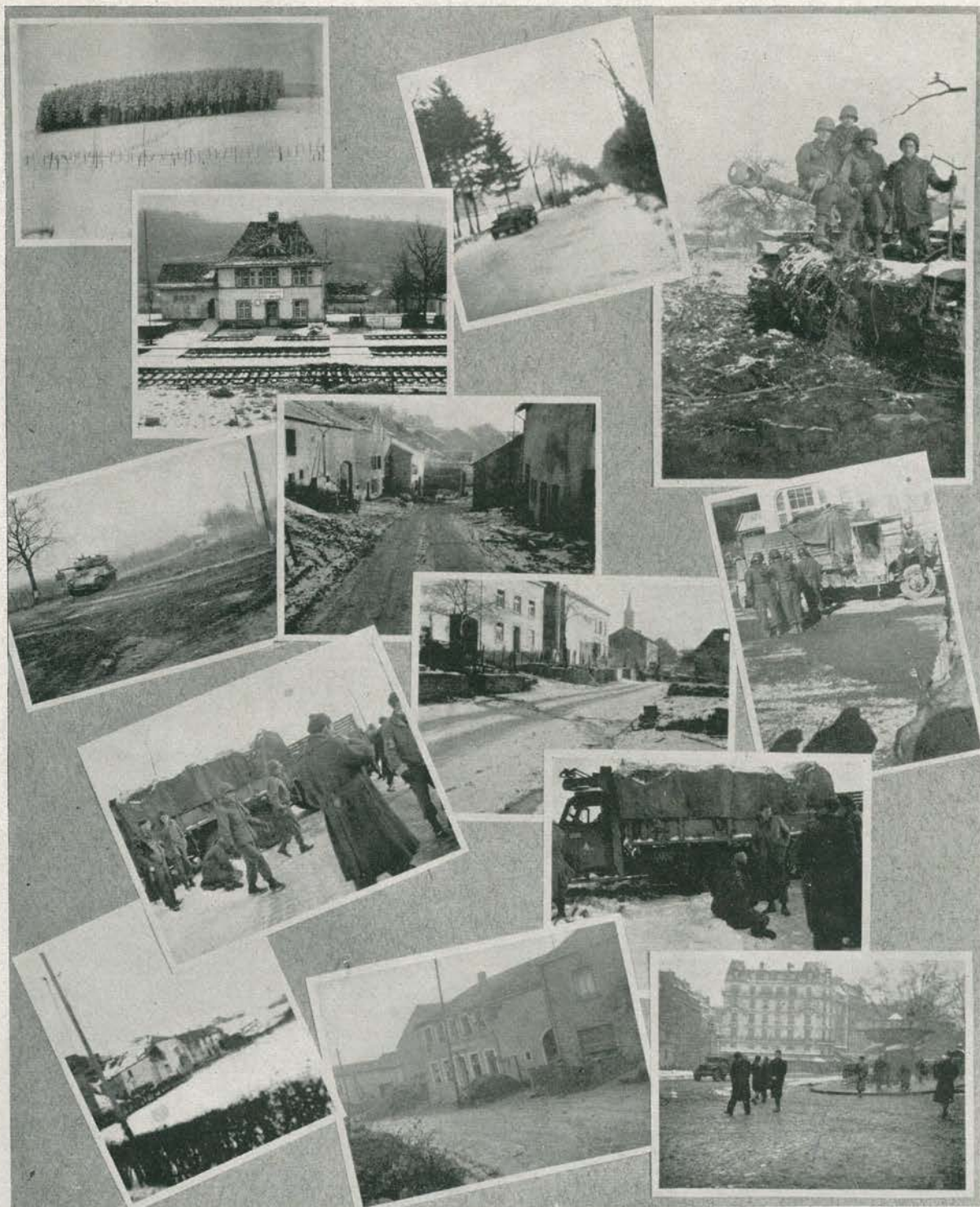
A tank prepares to make a river crossing, always a ticklish proposition. Notice vehicles already on the other bank.



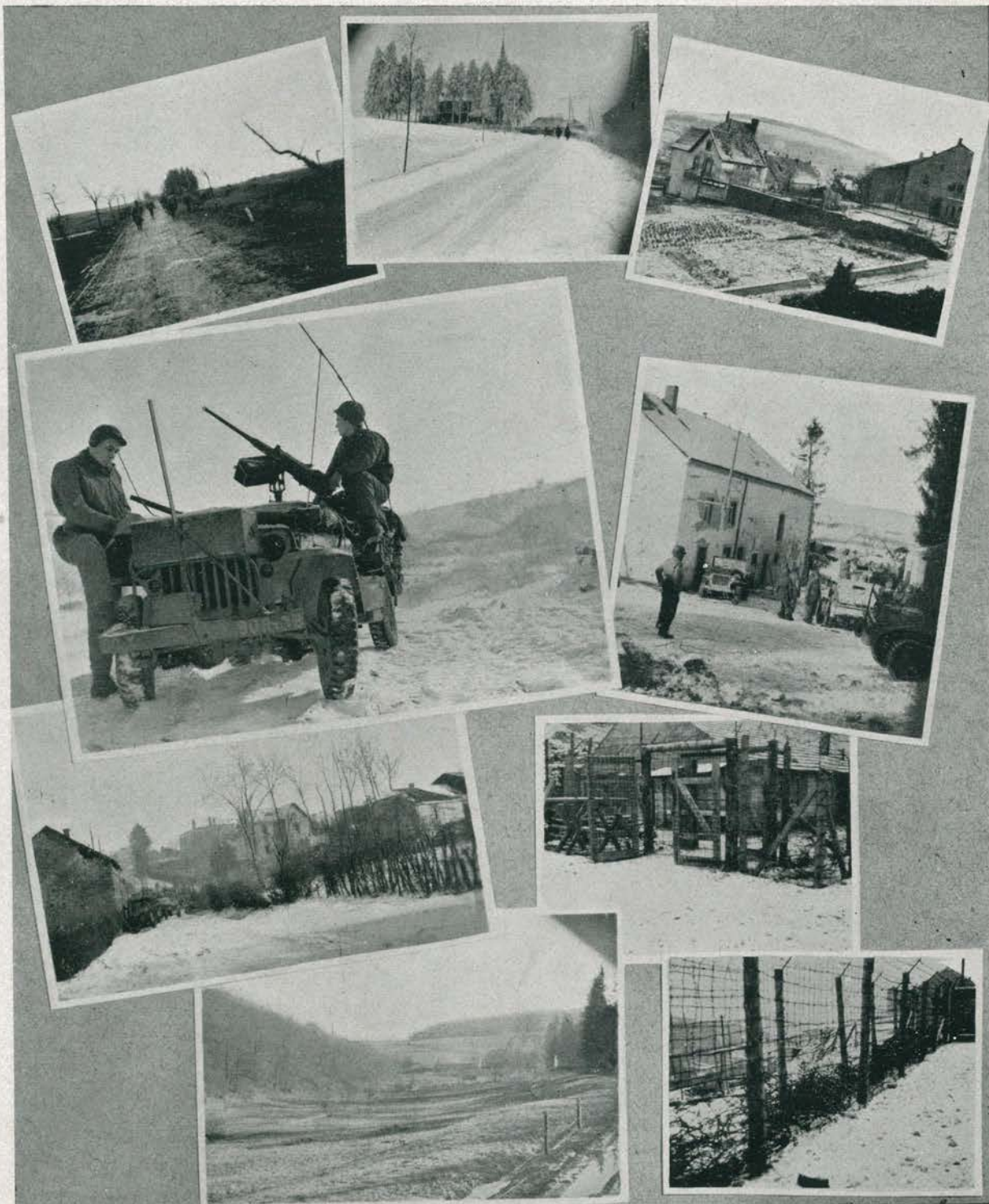
Concrete fortification is subjected to high explosive and phosphorous artillery shells.



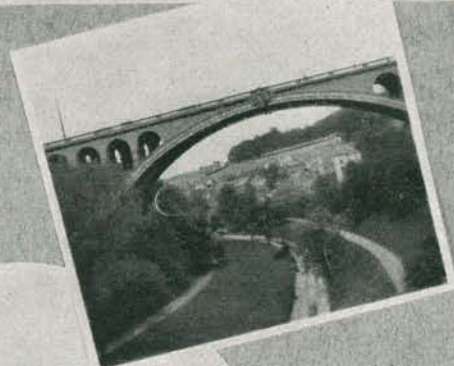
A Luftwaffe transport shot down in the Ardennes.



Scenes from the Bulge. Someone had to go up there and get that situation under control, and they couldn't have picked a better outfit.



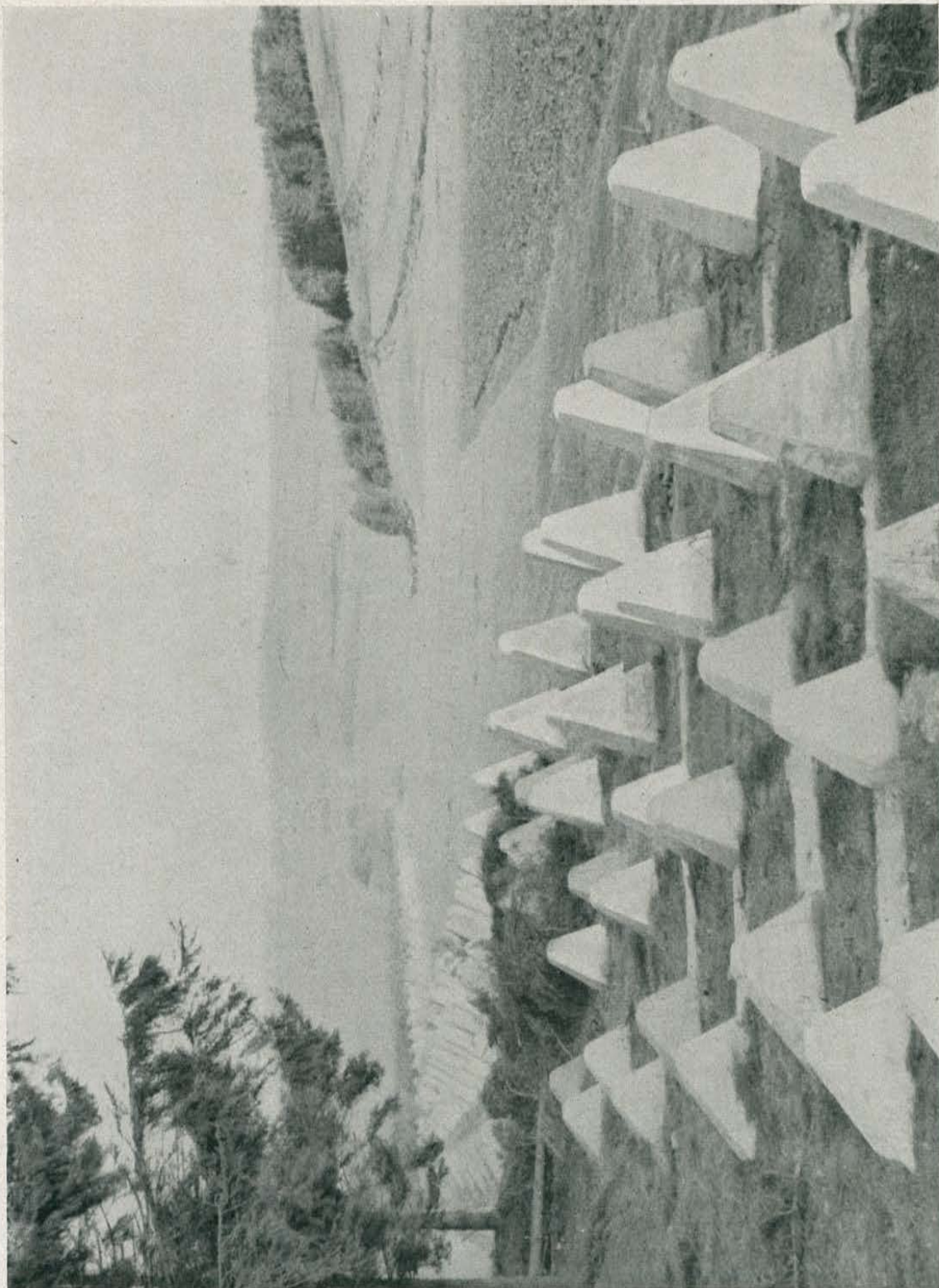
We find that Belgium has it's share of concentration camps, barren country, and snow.



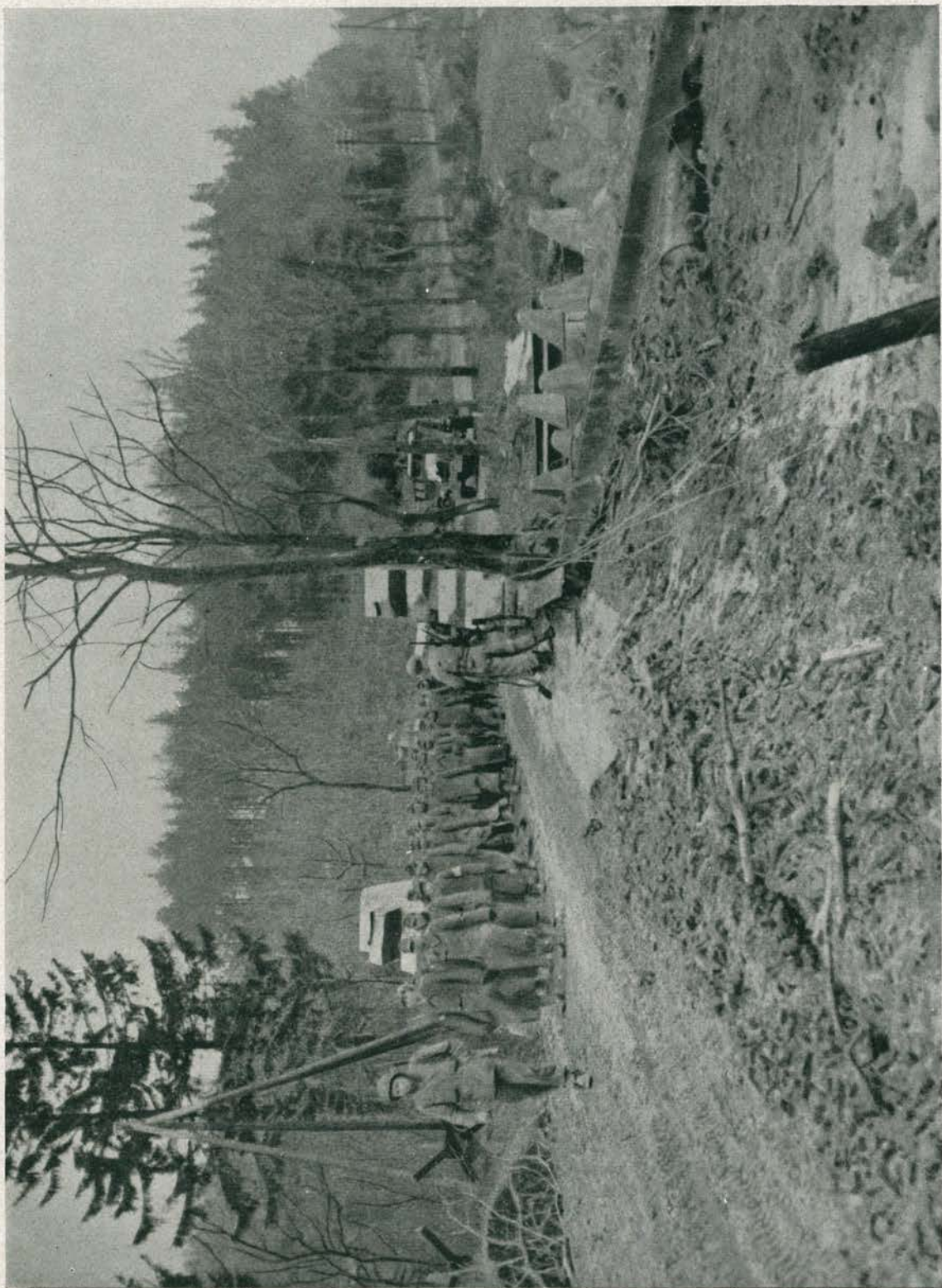
Snow all over the place. If it ever gets warm again you won't hear any complaints from us about the mosquitos.



Very few organizations extend this courtesy.



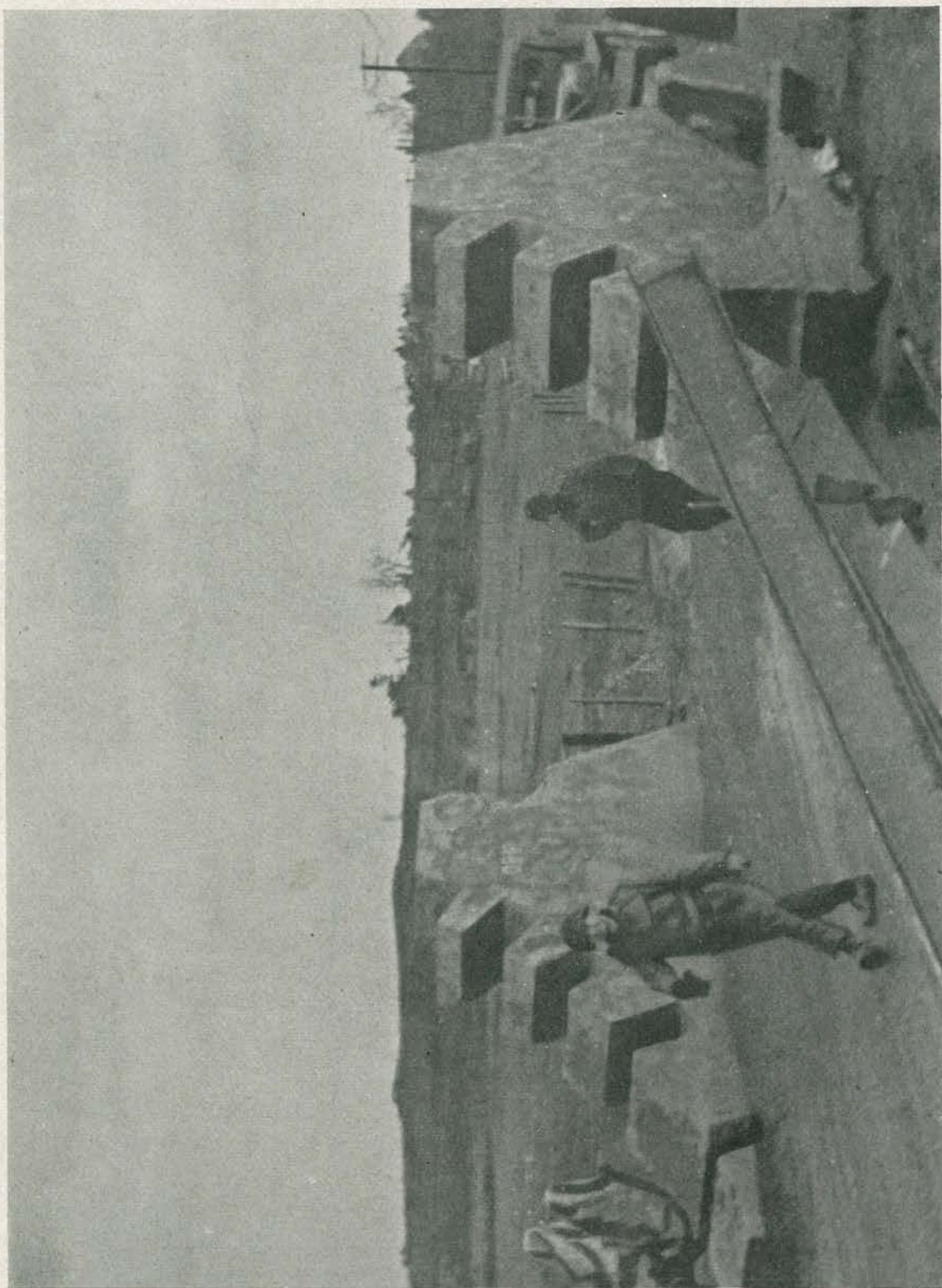
Dragons' teeth through the countryside prevent wide deployment of tank columns.



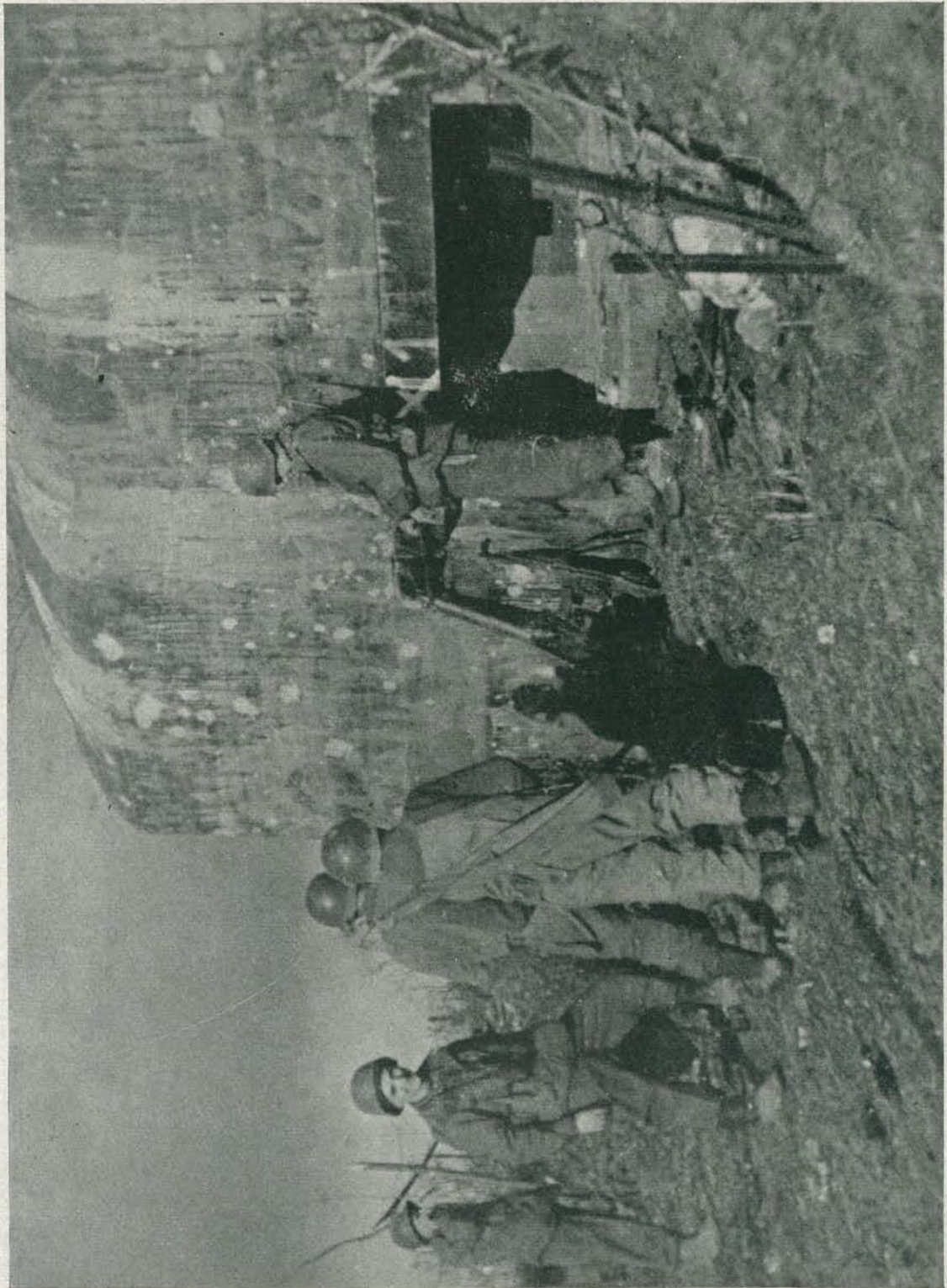
Prisoners are marched passed bulwarks that failed them.



Although these surrealistic teeth did not serve the enemy well they offer a fine subject for the photographer.

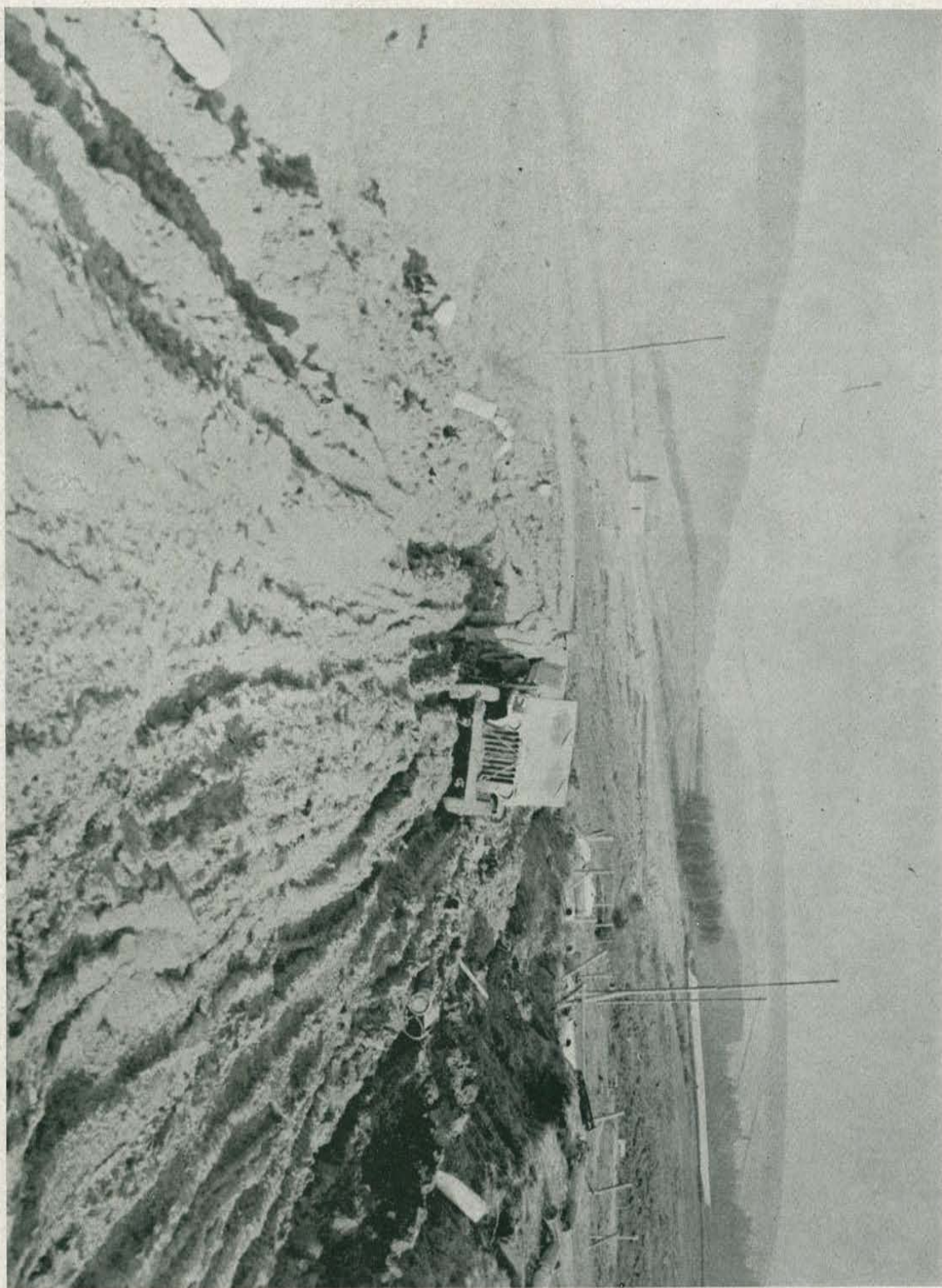


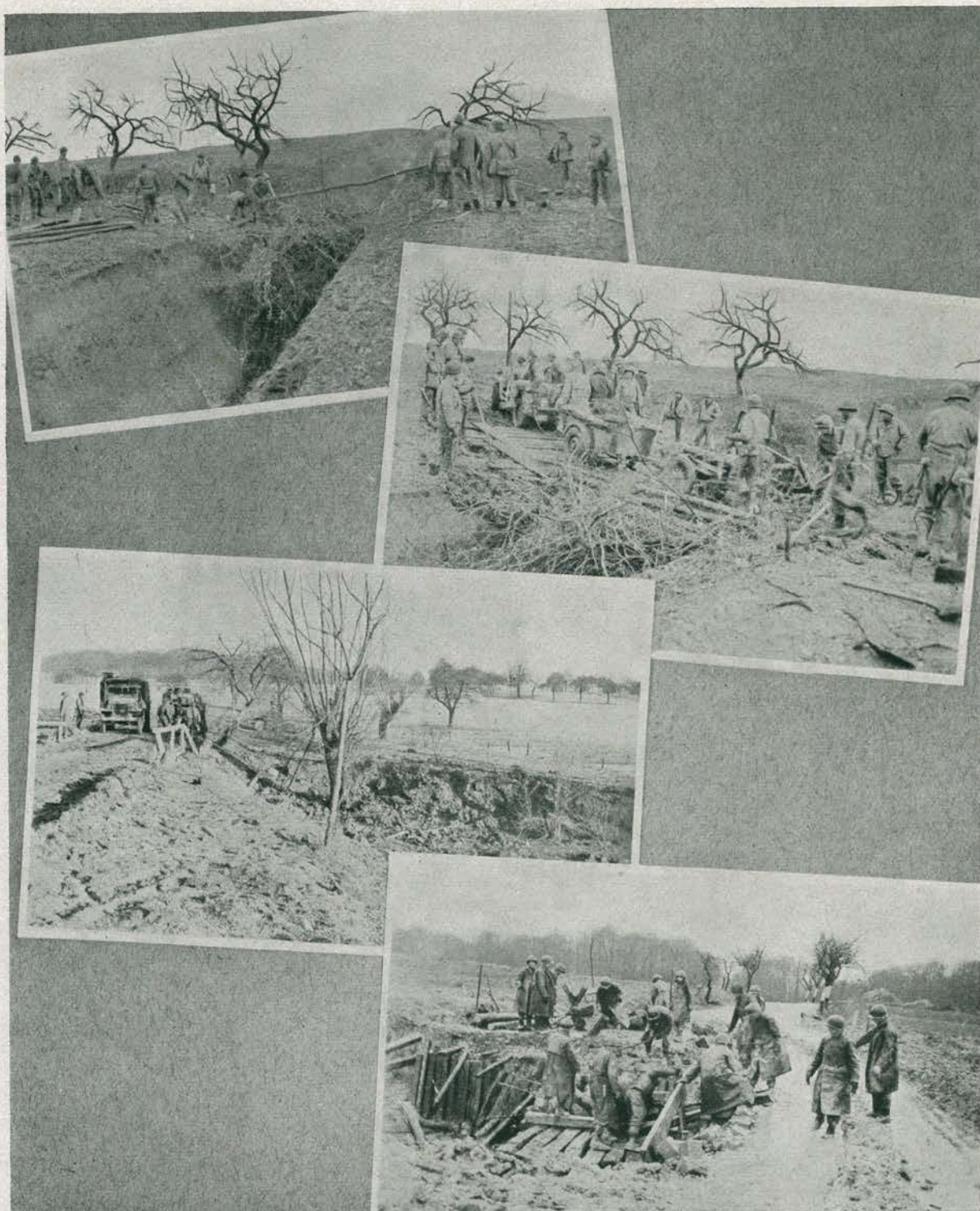
Another gateway into the heart of the Reich.



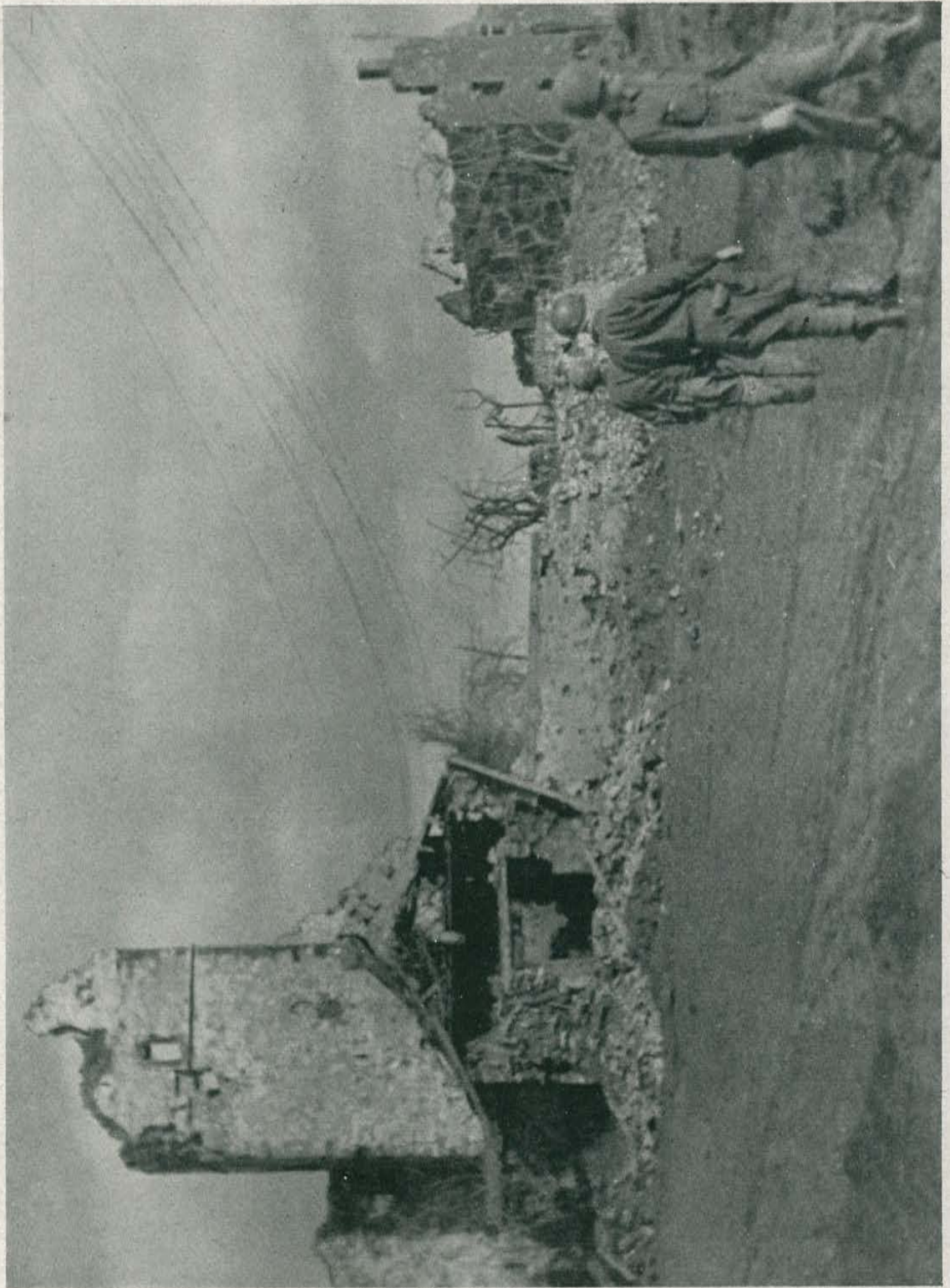
Pillbox pocked by shrapnel and bullets is examined by assault group.

The greatest enemy ally is the thick mire which bogs transportation.

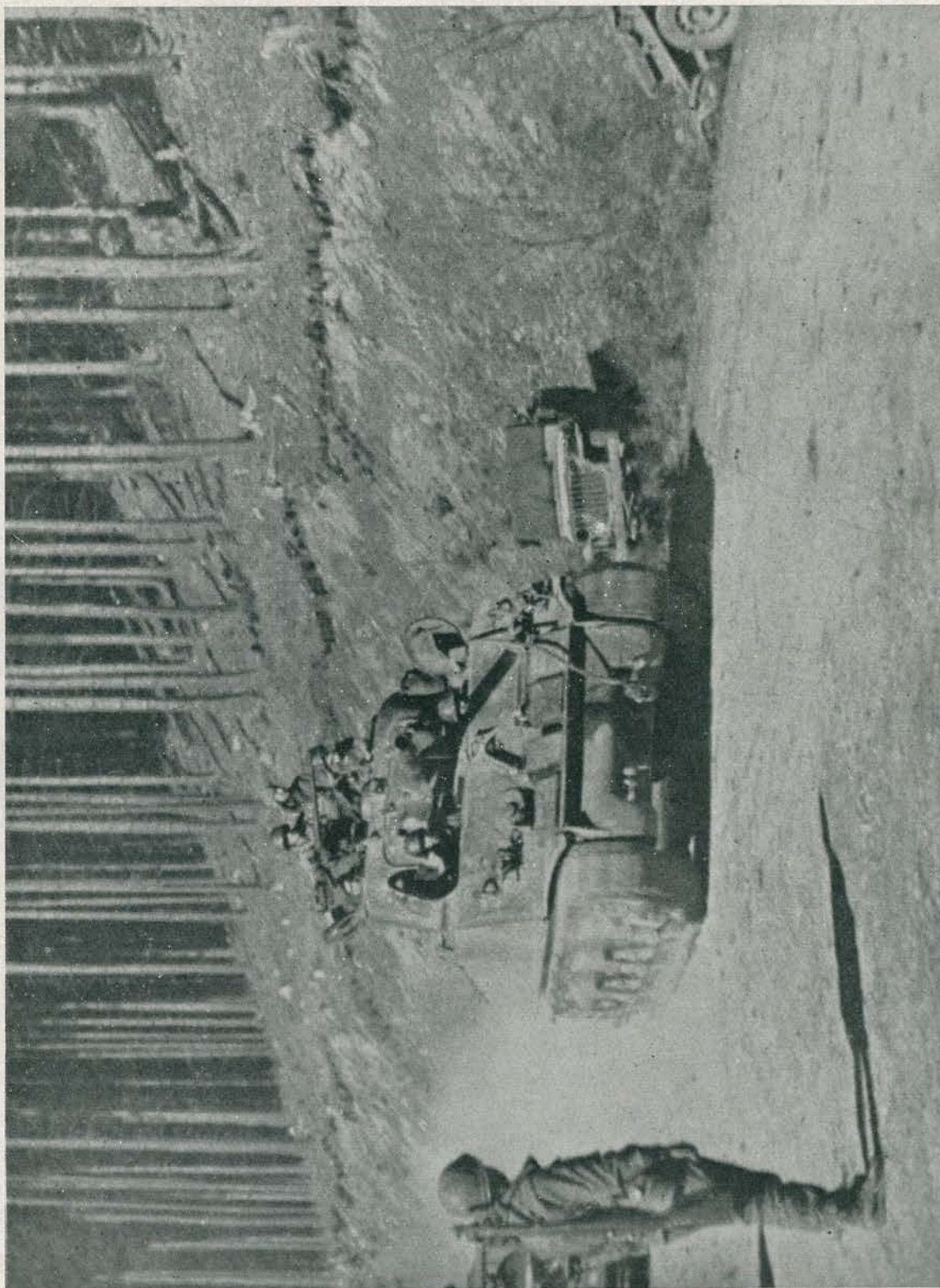




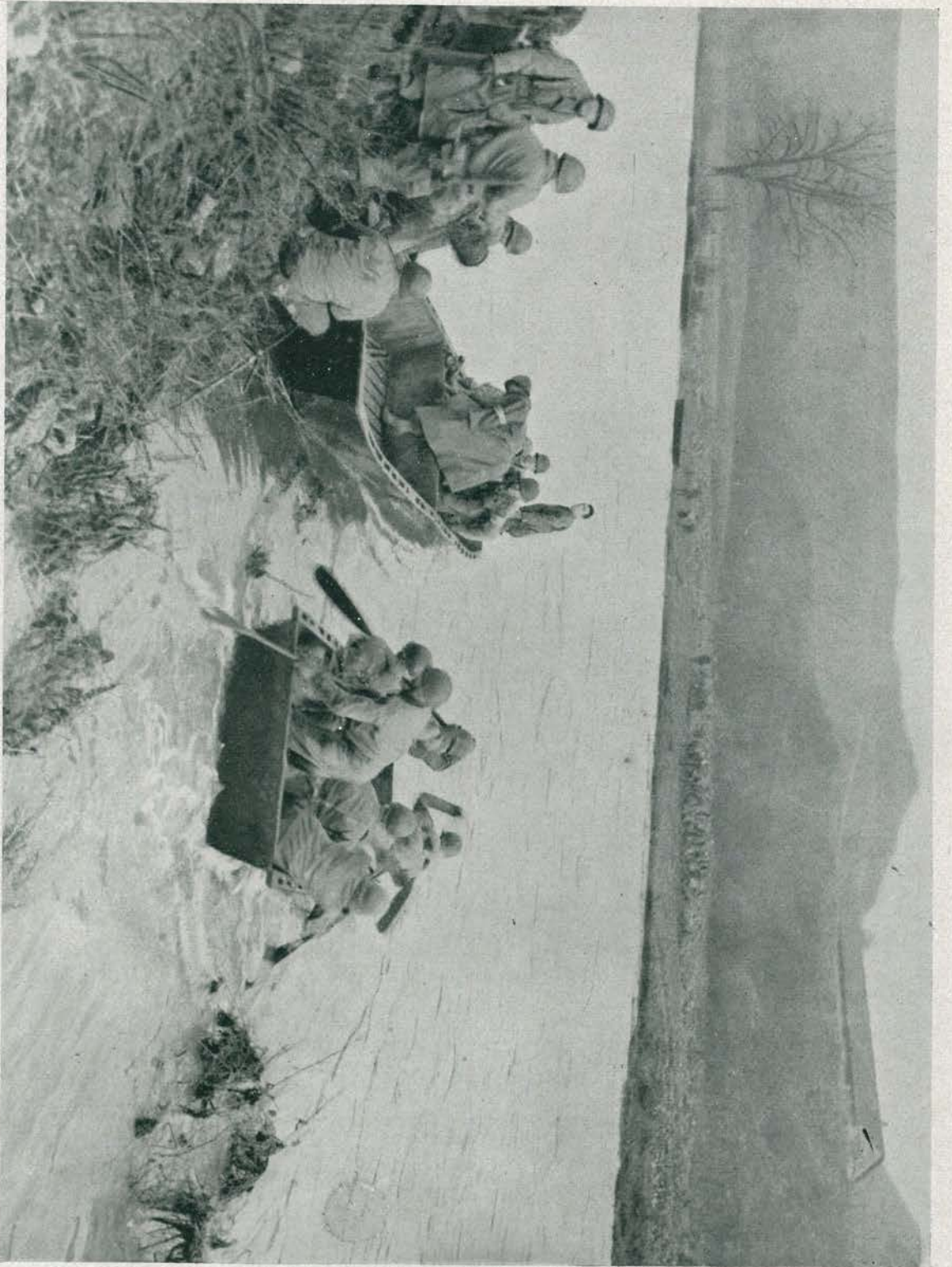
Frequent rains, causing erosion and washouts on the roads, present more problems to the engineers.



Former sites of German headquarters are found demolished by aircraft 'pin-point' bombing.



"Hitching" a ride on a medium tank rolling forward to press the attack.



The 315th Engineers man assault boats to ferry us across the Neid River.



Before our withdrawal to the "Bulge" sector road blocks are erected and fields are mined.



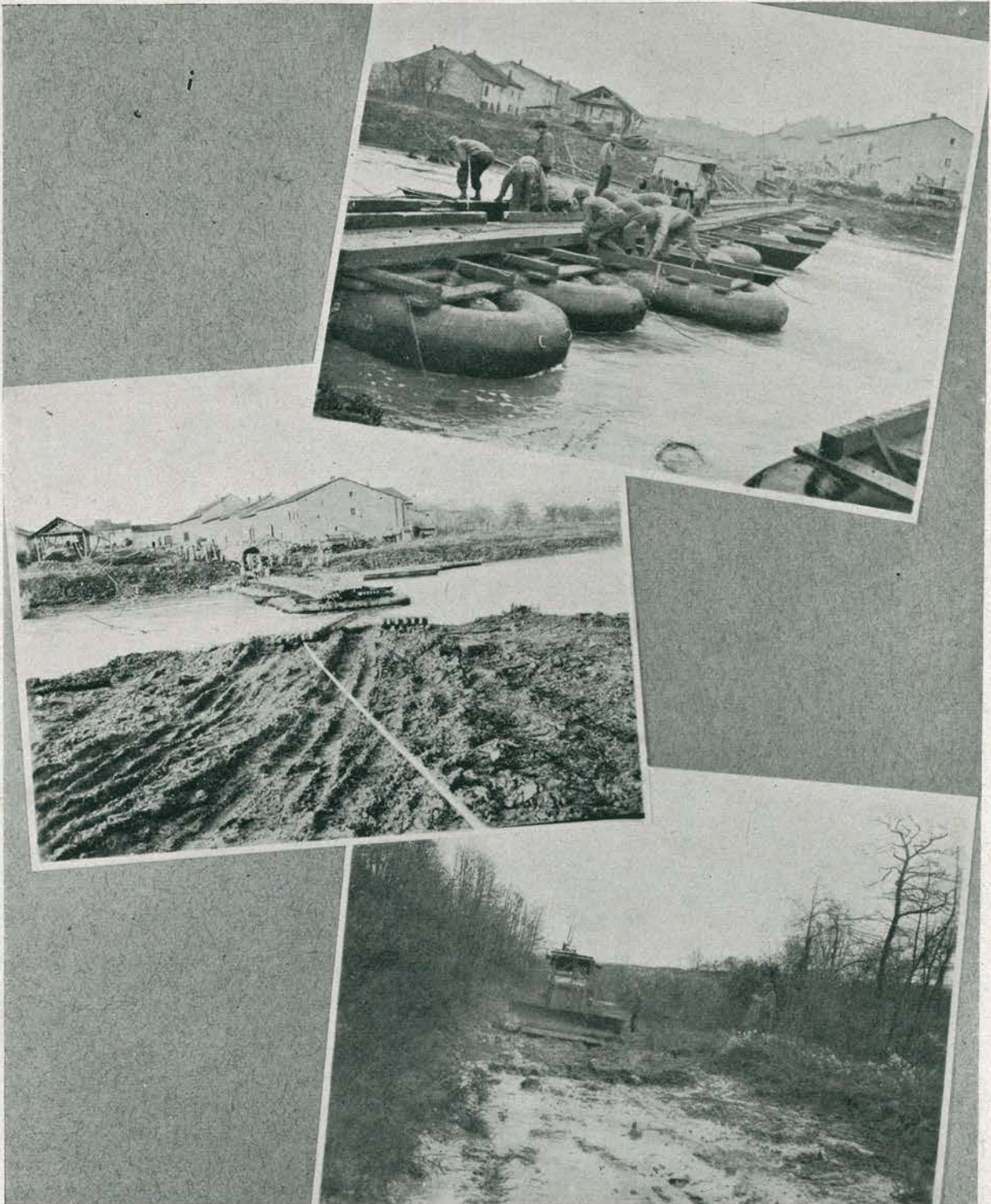
Twisted bridges and hasty enemy road blocks occupy the engineer's time.

THE BATTLE FOR THE RHINE

Three (campaigns) down and two to go. The last great natural barrier has been reached and we are poised and ready to go. It looks as though the waters of the Rhine may take on a reddish hue before we find ourselves on the other side. Let's turn the pages and see what happens.



Replacing a bridge destroyed by the retreating enemy.



The Banks of Neid River are connected by engineer's bridge.



Tanks follow us closely in our flushing expeditions near Oberhof.



A bridge is mined as a defensive measure against possible enemy counterattack.



Enemy artillery pieces and half-tracks have little value when subjected to our shells.



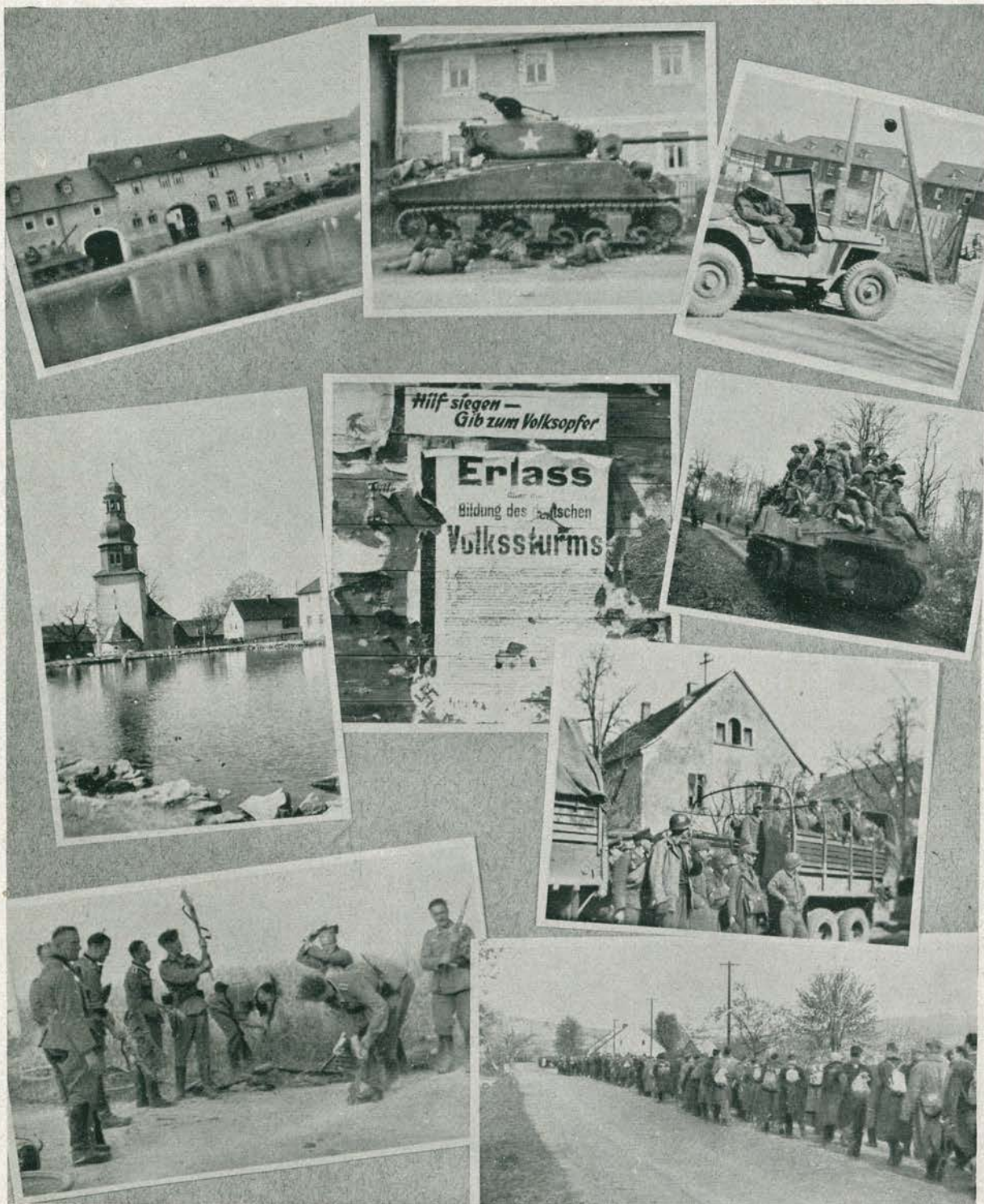
Troops relaxing after a weary day.



Tank destroyers accompanying us and 155 guns behind us add to convincing power.



Fighter planes sweep the countryside seeking and destroying point targets.



Prisoners marching back and destroying their arms. The sign in the center urges the Volkssturm on to greater efforts.

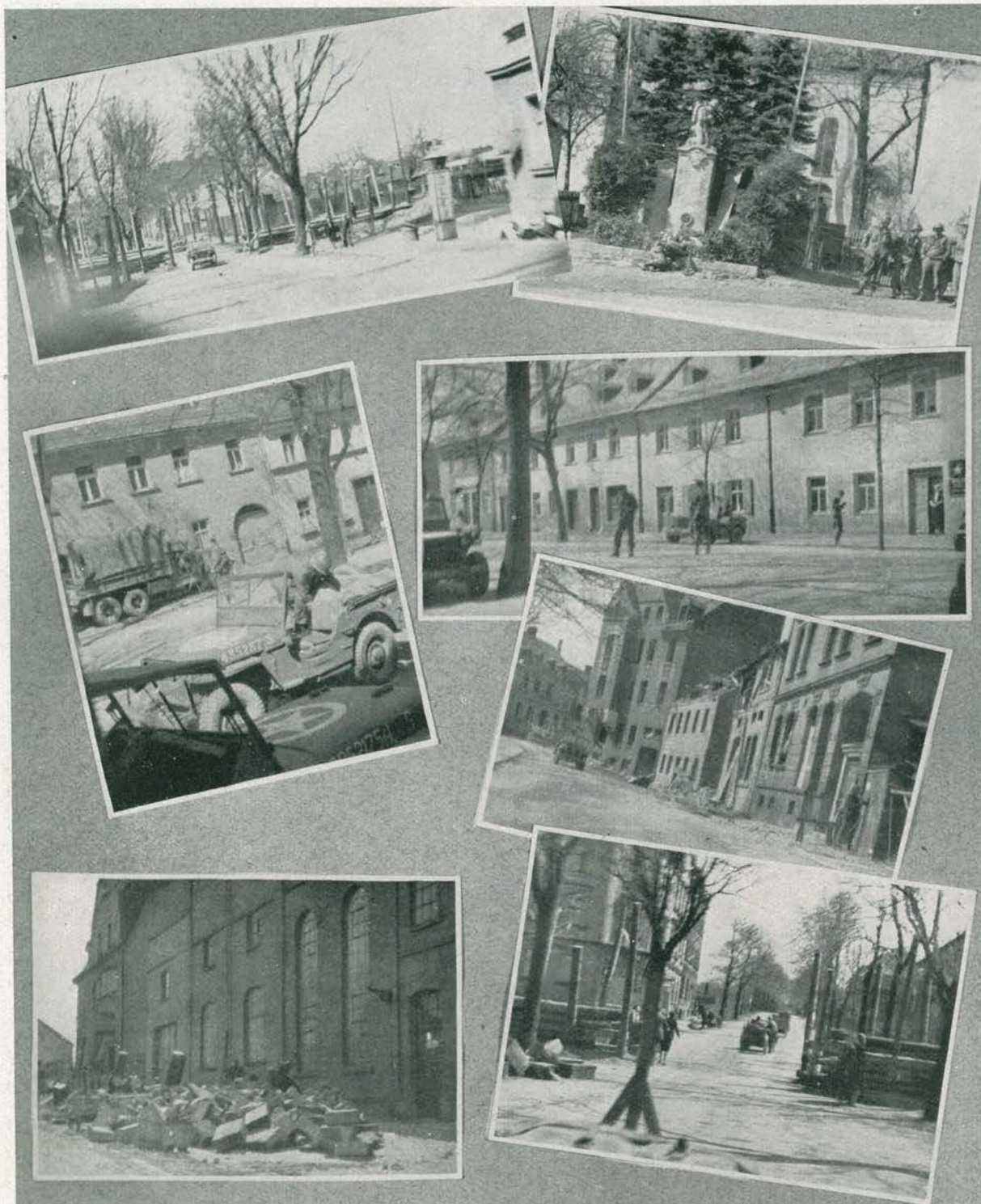




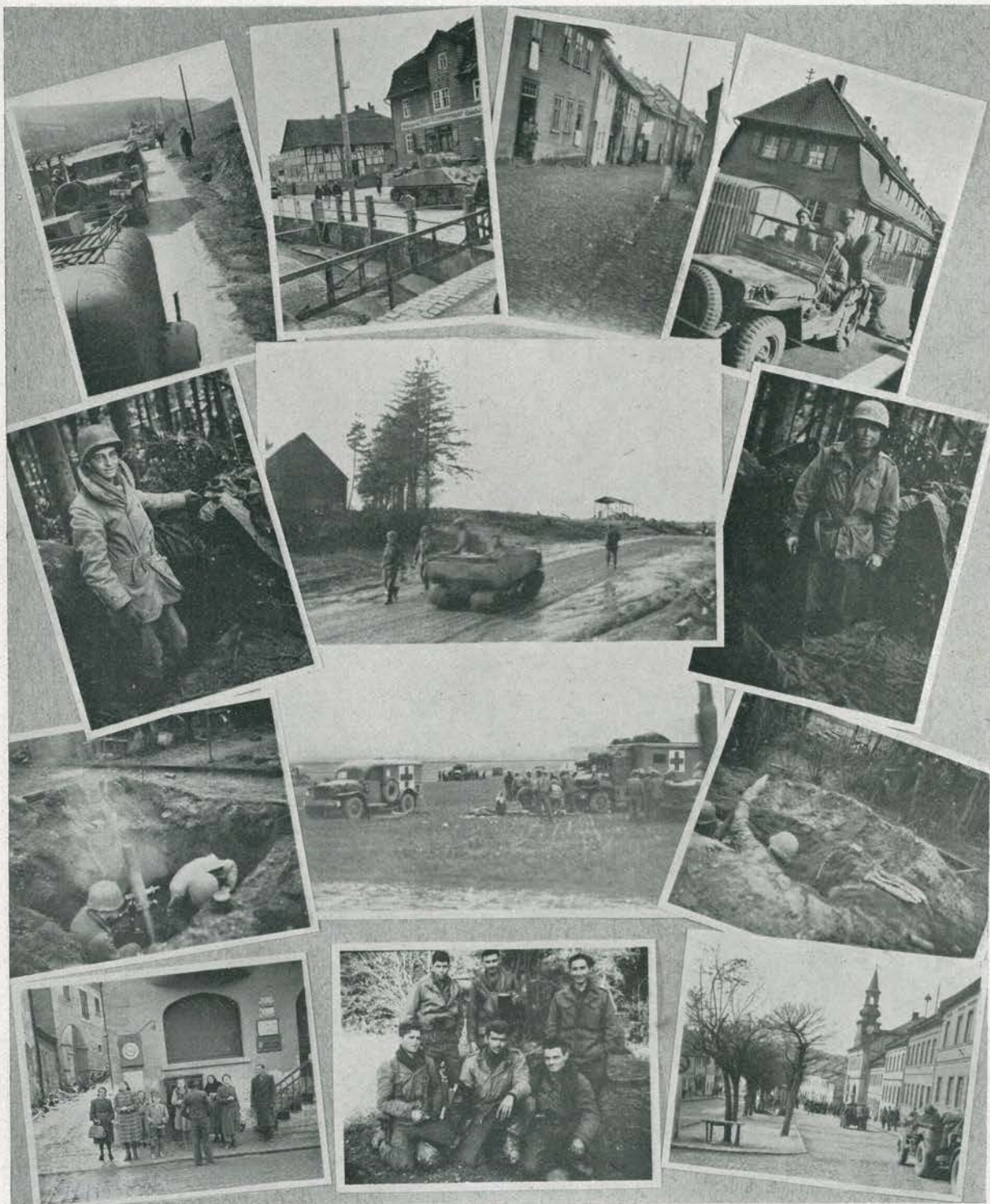
Touring through Czechoslovakia. The D. P.'s are beginning to get numerous as evidenced by the photo in the lower right corner.



Our mortar sections constantly harrass the enemy to prevent their counter-active measures.



American troops and equipment bringing home the realization of defeat to the Germans.



Mortar fire to keep Jerry heads down. Ambulances to evacuate those who were wounded. Street scenes in the Reich.



Taking ten. The Red Cross girls are looking rugged.



Signs of the times in the Reich. Long lines of prisoners indicate the approaching end of the war.



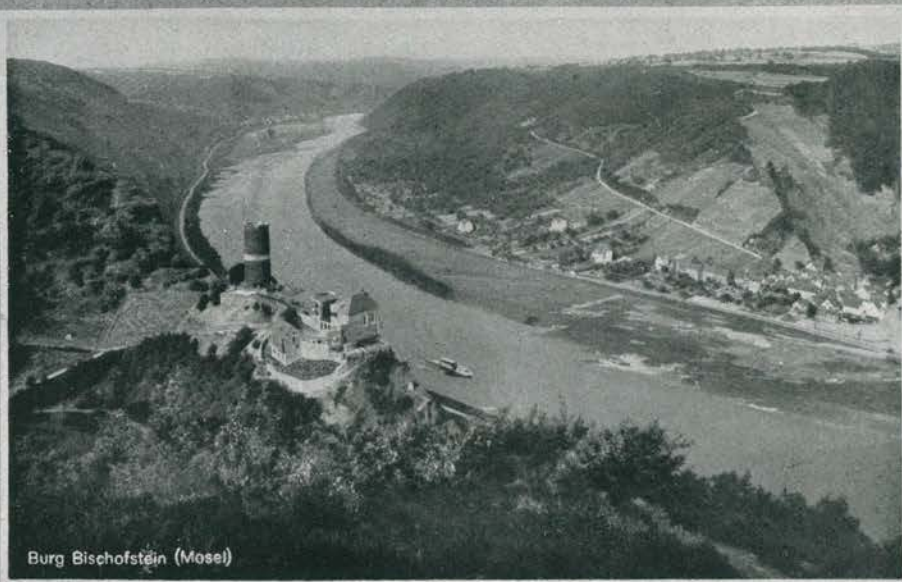
Half-track anti-aircraft units efficiently destroy "Heinie" planes attacking our motor columns.



Rolling through the Reich. The Autobahn proves to be a tankers dream.

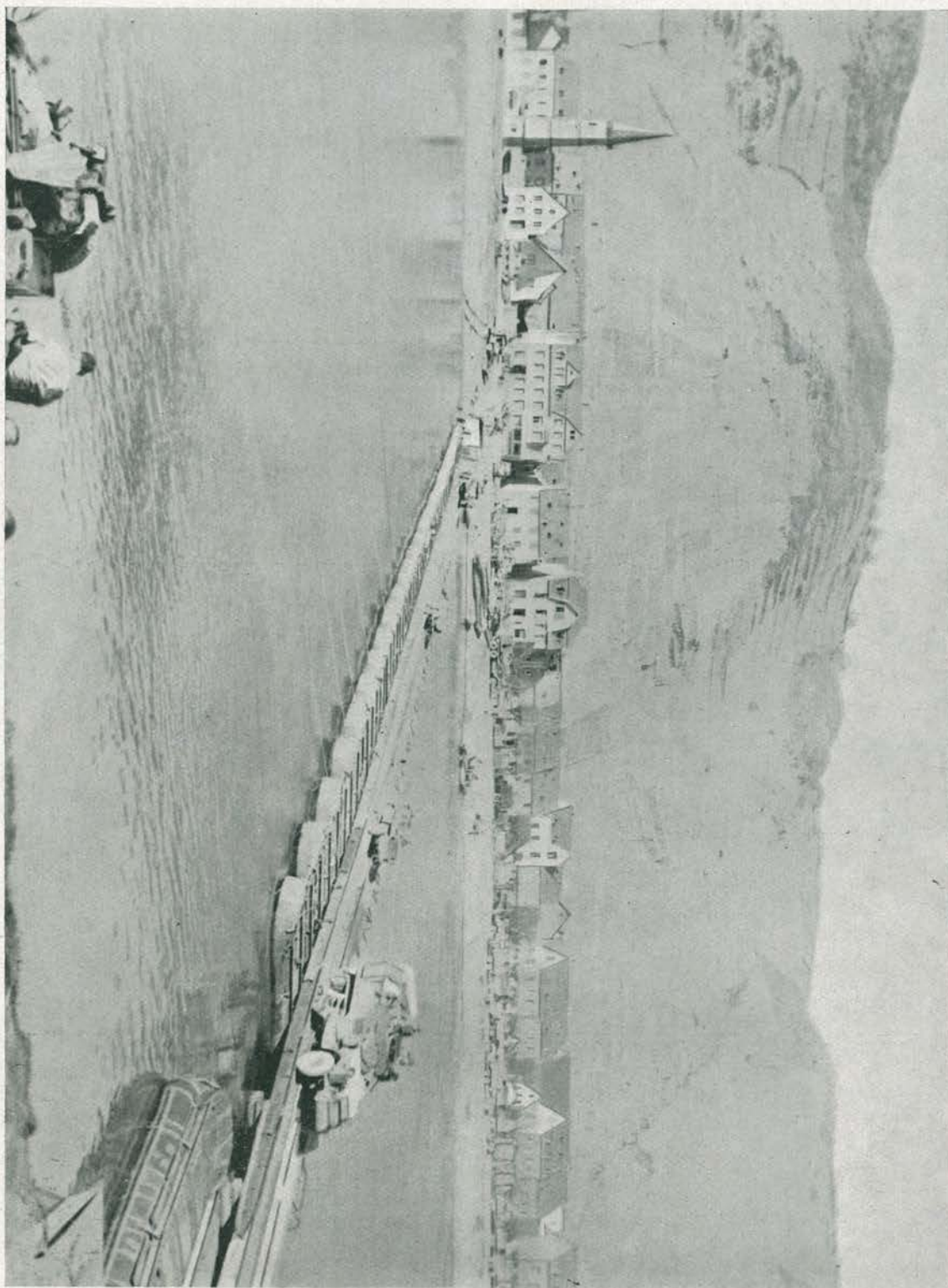


While armor presses the advance on the highways our aircraft attack railroad installations.



Burg Bischofsstein (Mosel)

Our second crossing of the Moselle is marked by the abrupt and steep banks of the river.



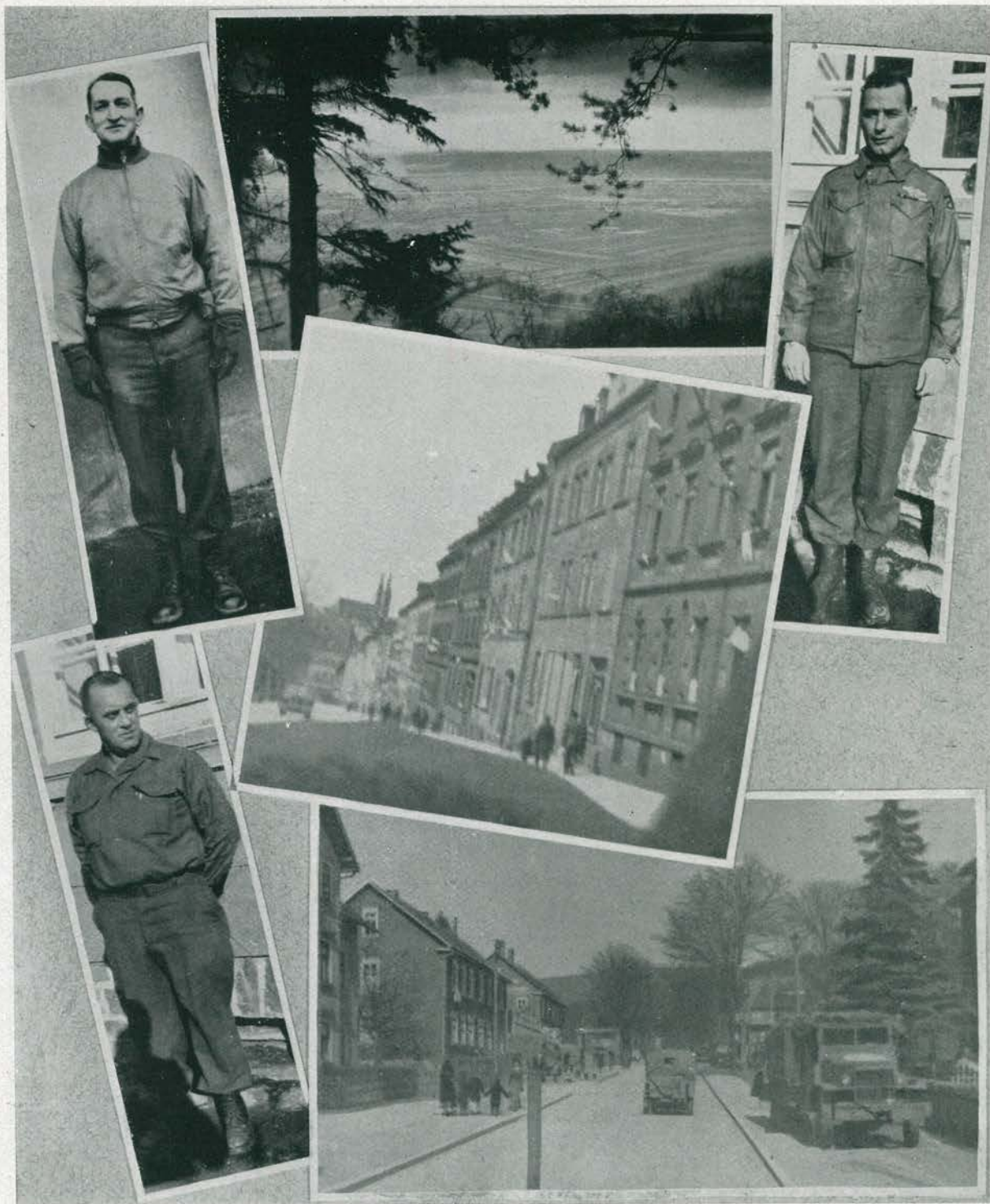
The Moselle waters are bridged by our pontoons for the second occasion at Hatztenport.



The prisoners move back and we move forward.



Shots taken at random while rolling through the Reich.





The Commanding General of the Tenth Armored Division looks the situation over.



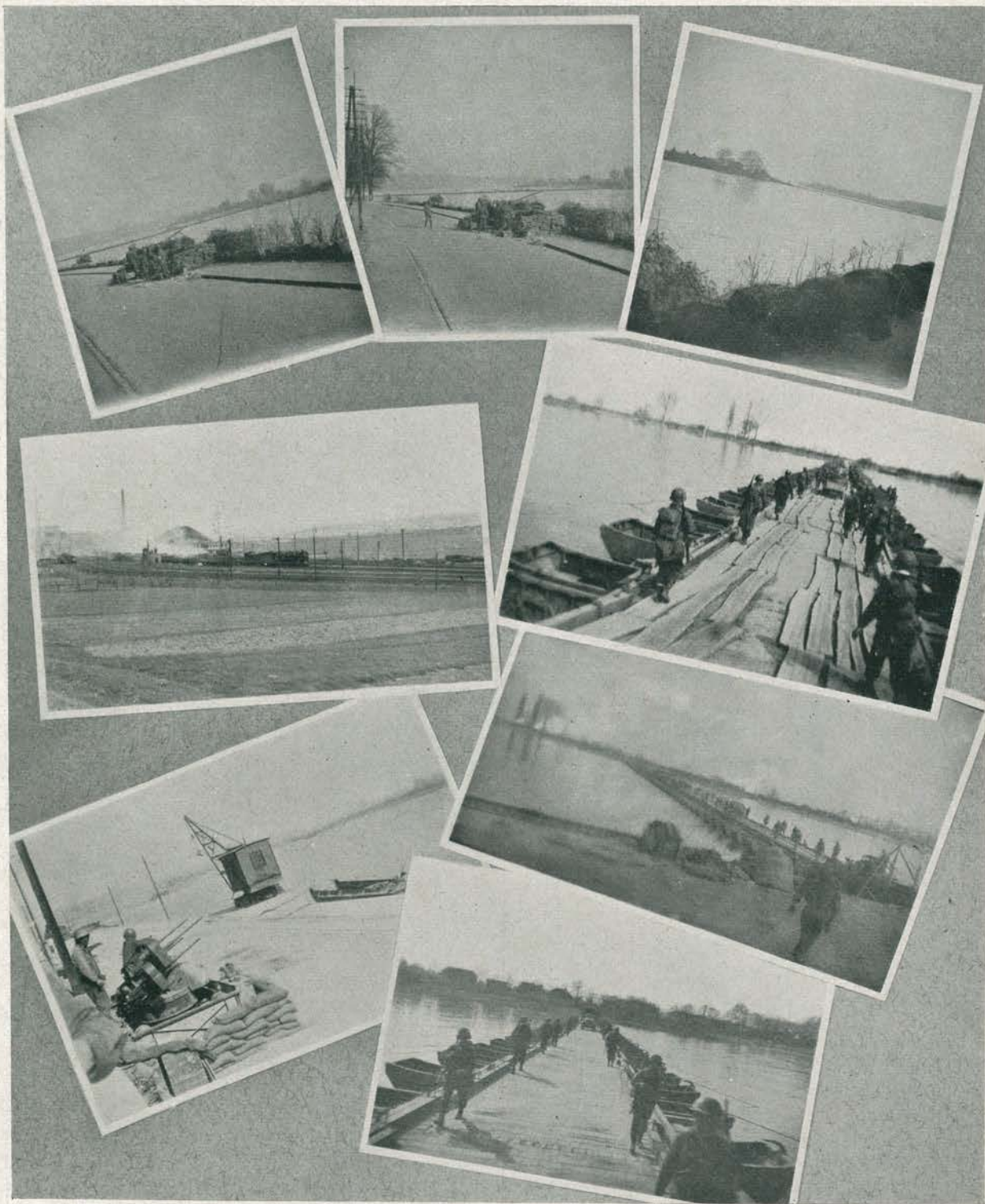
The Red Cross Clubmobile, always a welcome sight, arrives with coffee and doughnuts.



Liberation of allied troops always occasions raucous cheers and celebration.



Our advance did not destroy all towns in its path.



Sort of brings back the whine of shells while we were crossing the Rhine, doesn't it?



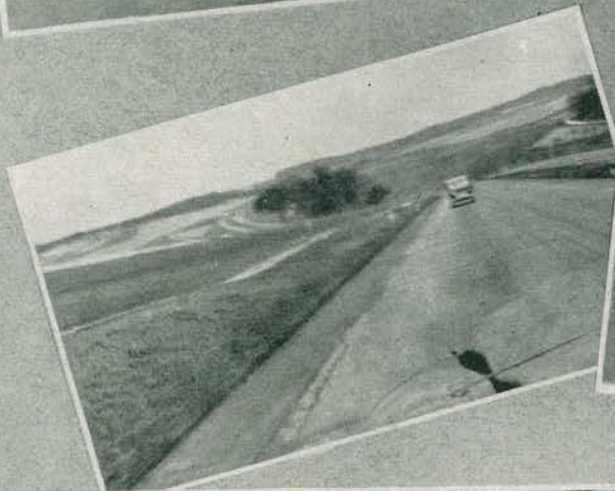
Engineering activities in Deutschland. At lower right more Krauts come into the fold.

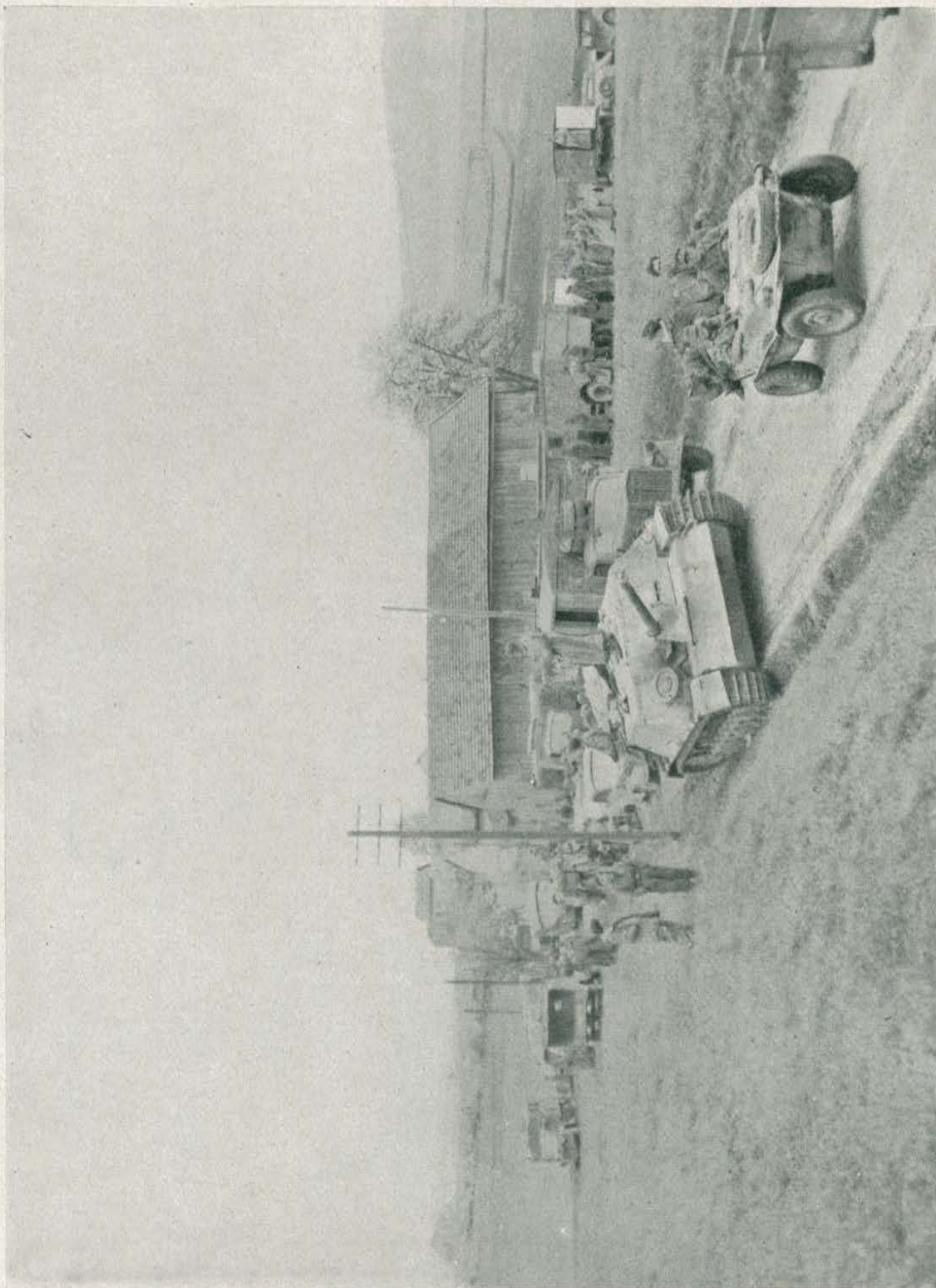


Some of the few buildings still to be seen intact in Nurnberg.

CENTRAL EUROPE

The last round is coming up, and May 8, 1945 is approaching. We are about to accept the surrender of the 11th Panzer Division, our prize accomplishment. Let's don't get ahead of the times, though, there's still some fighting to be done.

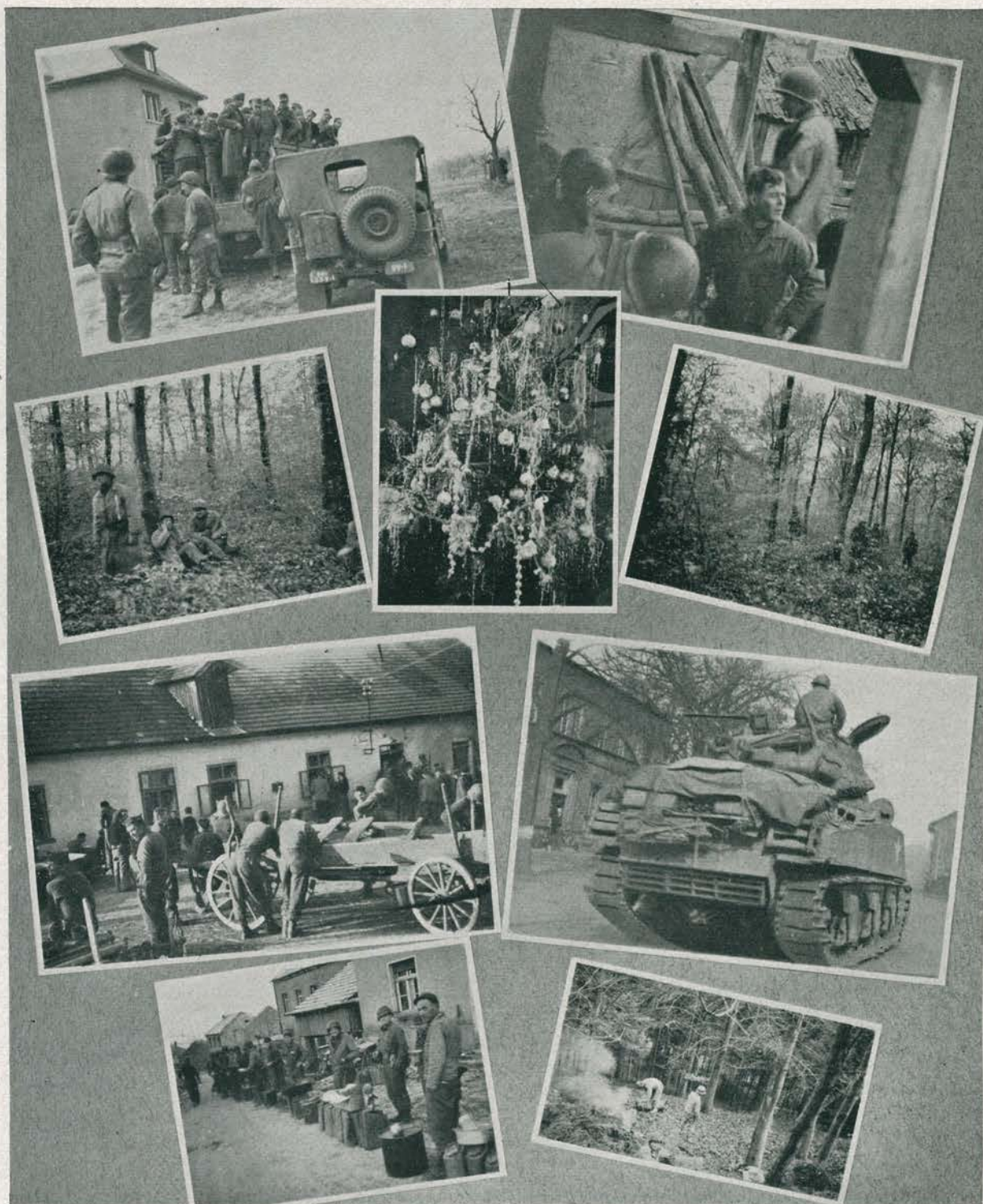




Another scene from the surrender of the 11th Panzer Division, the kaputting of the vaunted supermen.



American activities on "Holy German Soil".



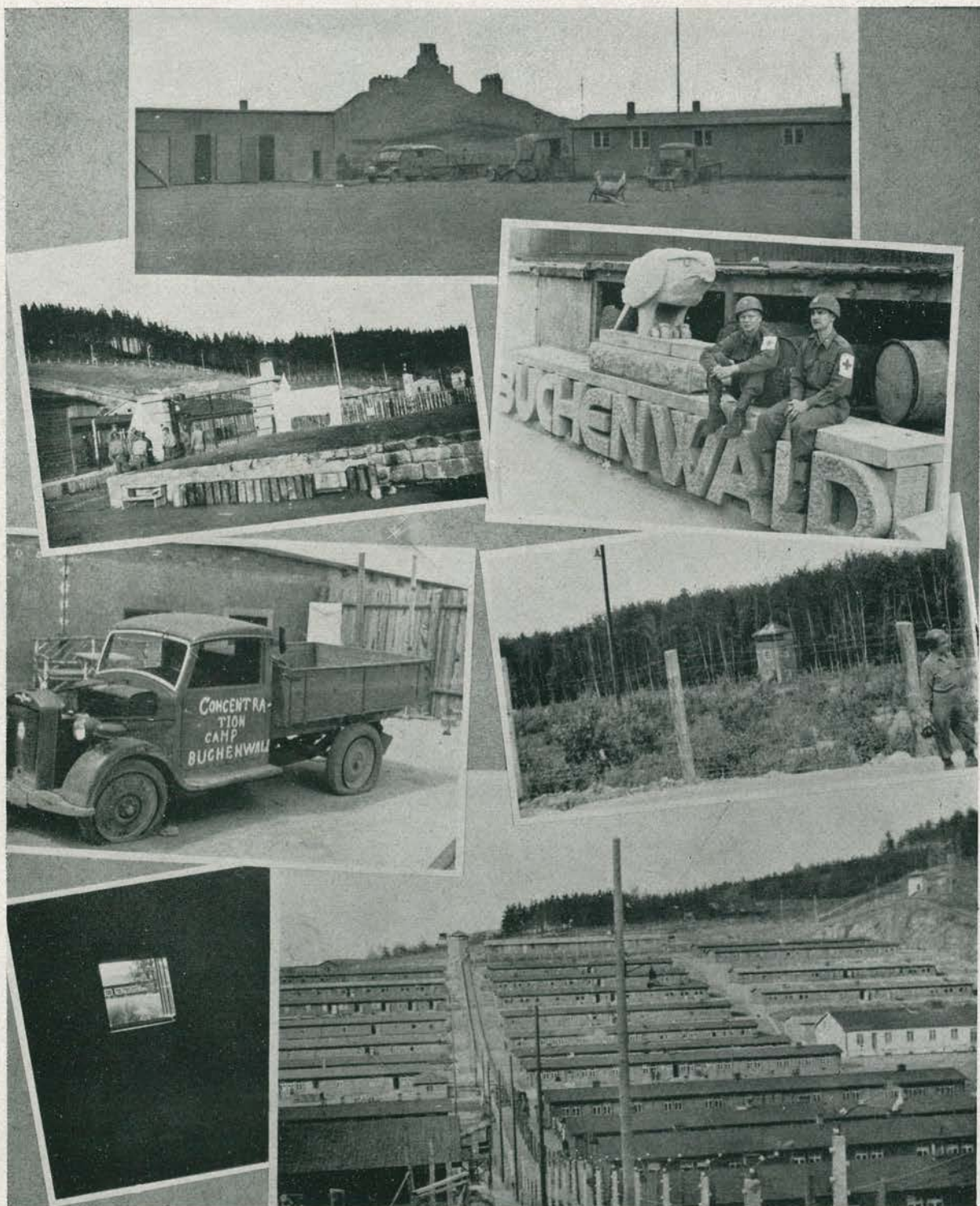
A Christmas tree brings back memories of a far off land.



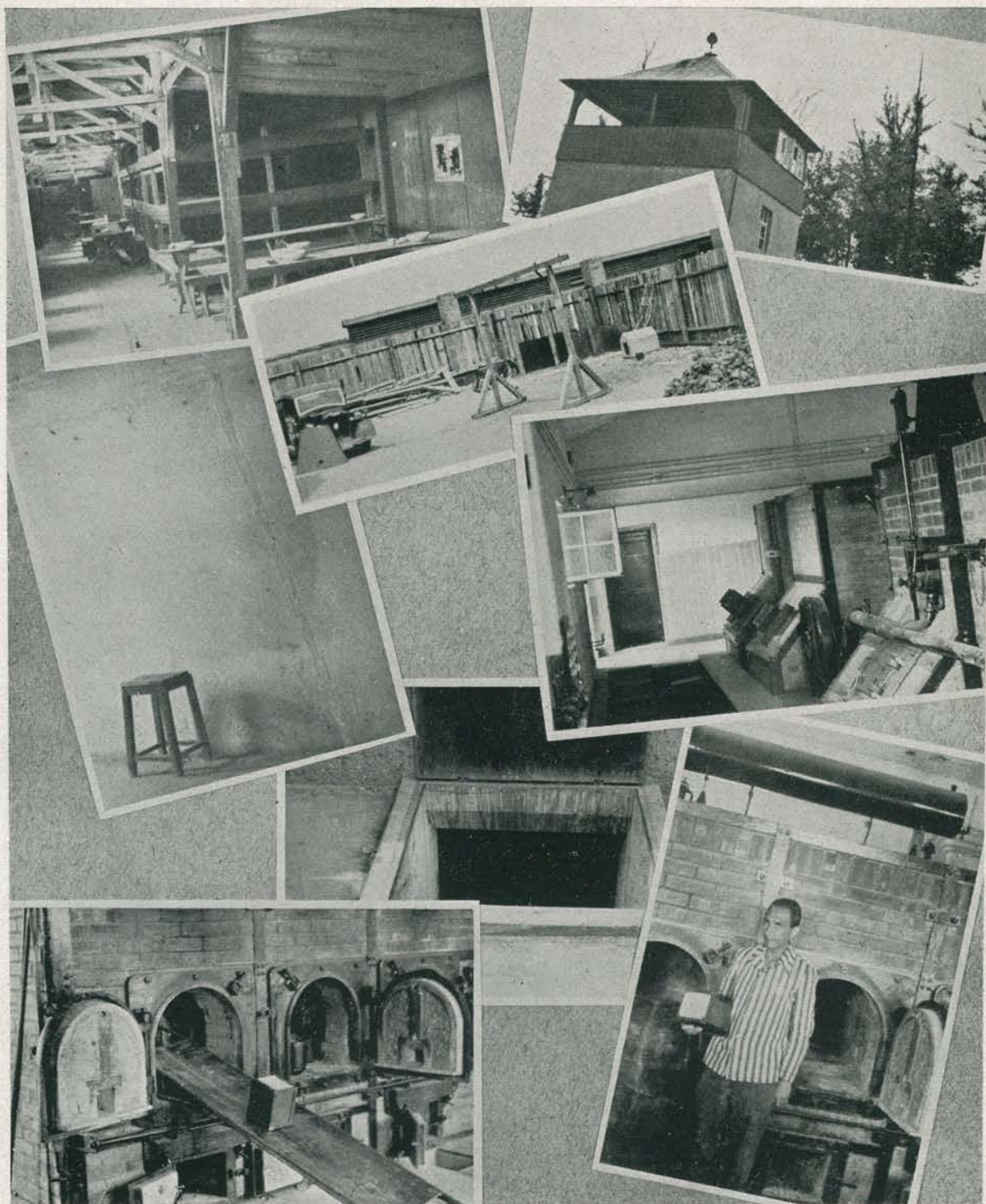
Enemy vehicles and equipment are abandoned and scattered in the wake of their retreat.



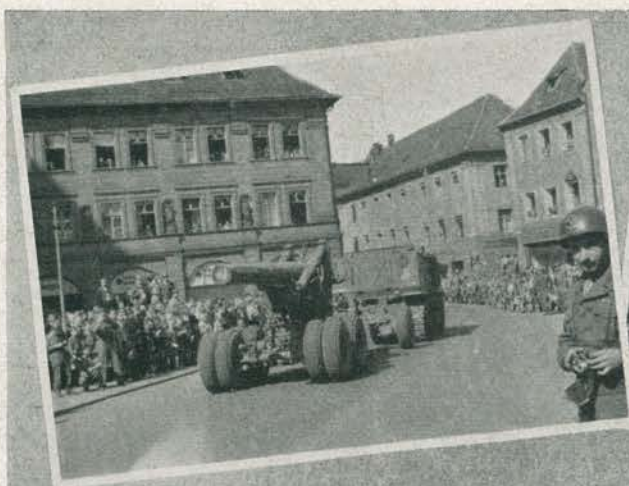
Surrender of the Eleventh Panzer is accompanied by more ceremony than ever witnessed by us on line.



Within this camp were committed crimes and atrocities which shocked the world.



The crematory, living quarters, and guard tower at a concentration camp encountered during the advance.



Amberg has seen many parades, but now G.I.'s have replaced the Wehrmacht, and goose-stepping is obsolete.



Mustangs, P-38's, and Sherman tanks combine to give a demonstration of American military might.



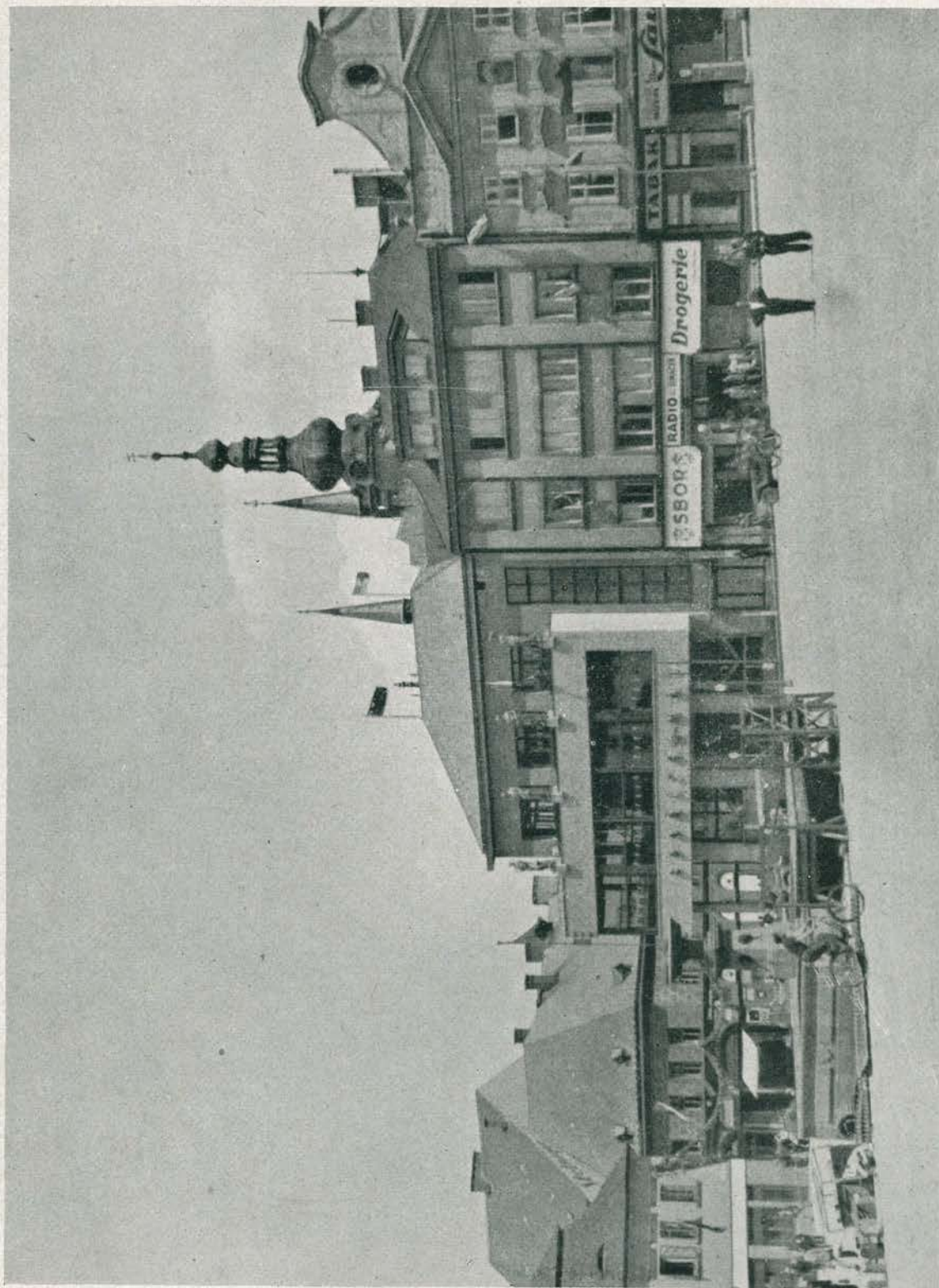
Curious throngs gathered to greet (and inspect) the conquerer.



Major General Earnest and Colonel Bell reviewing troops in a parade through Amberg.



Veterans of five campaigns prove that they haven't forgotten how to do close order drill.



This quiet city street no longer rings from the thud of goosestepping heels.



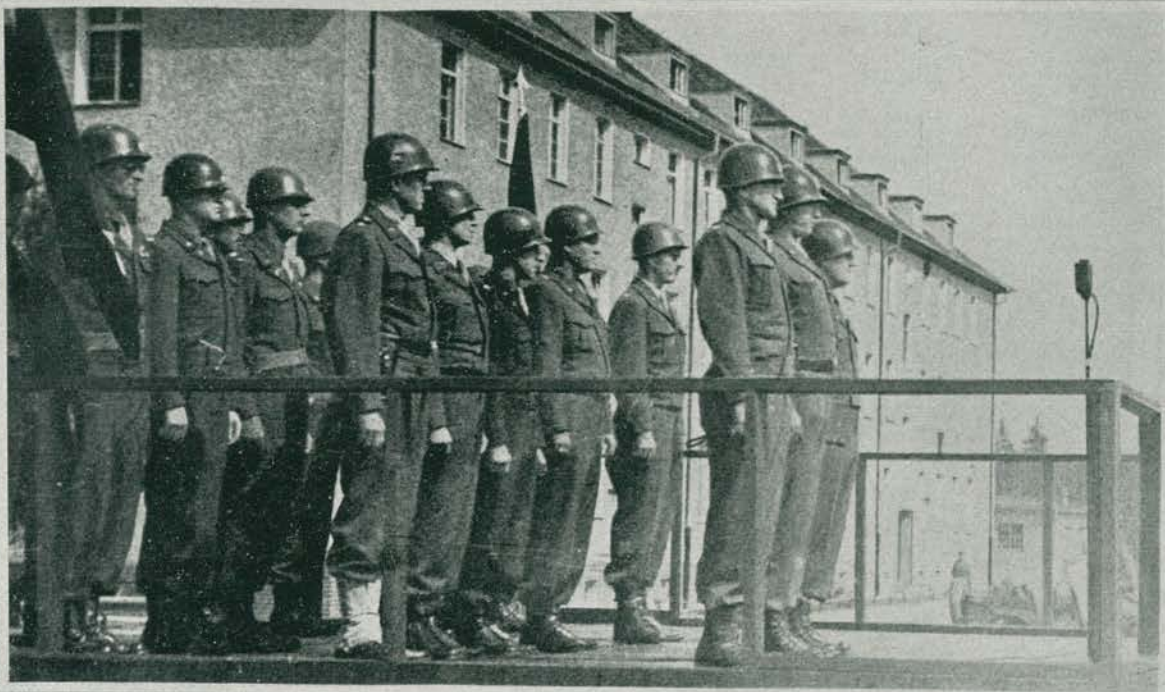
Civilians and the reviewing officers await the start of the parade.



Enthusiastic Czechs welcoming us in their own way.



Some of our boys grab a break before moving on. The Russians at the top of the page have been repatriated and are heading back.



A memorable occasion; General Patton's inspection. He declared that he had never witnessed a finer review.



Old Glory waves in Czechoslovakia. Czech girls in peasant dress talk over the situation with our boys.



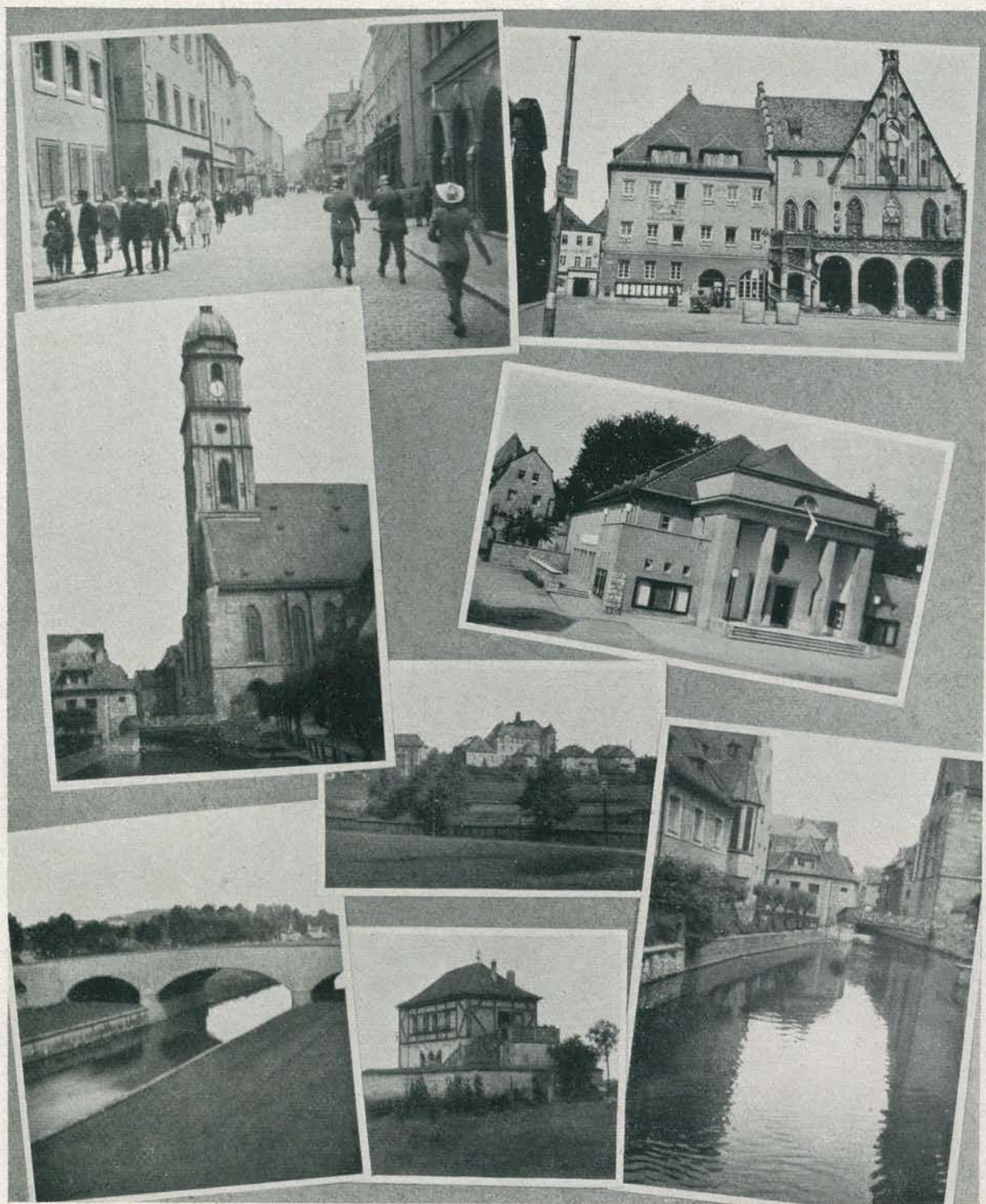
The parade grounds, Enlisted Mens Club, Mess Hall and entrance to Pond Barracks.



Relaxing at the pool in Sulzbach, surrounded by quaint old-world street scenes.



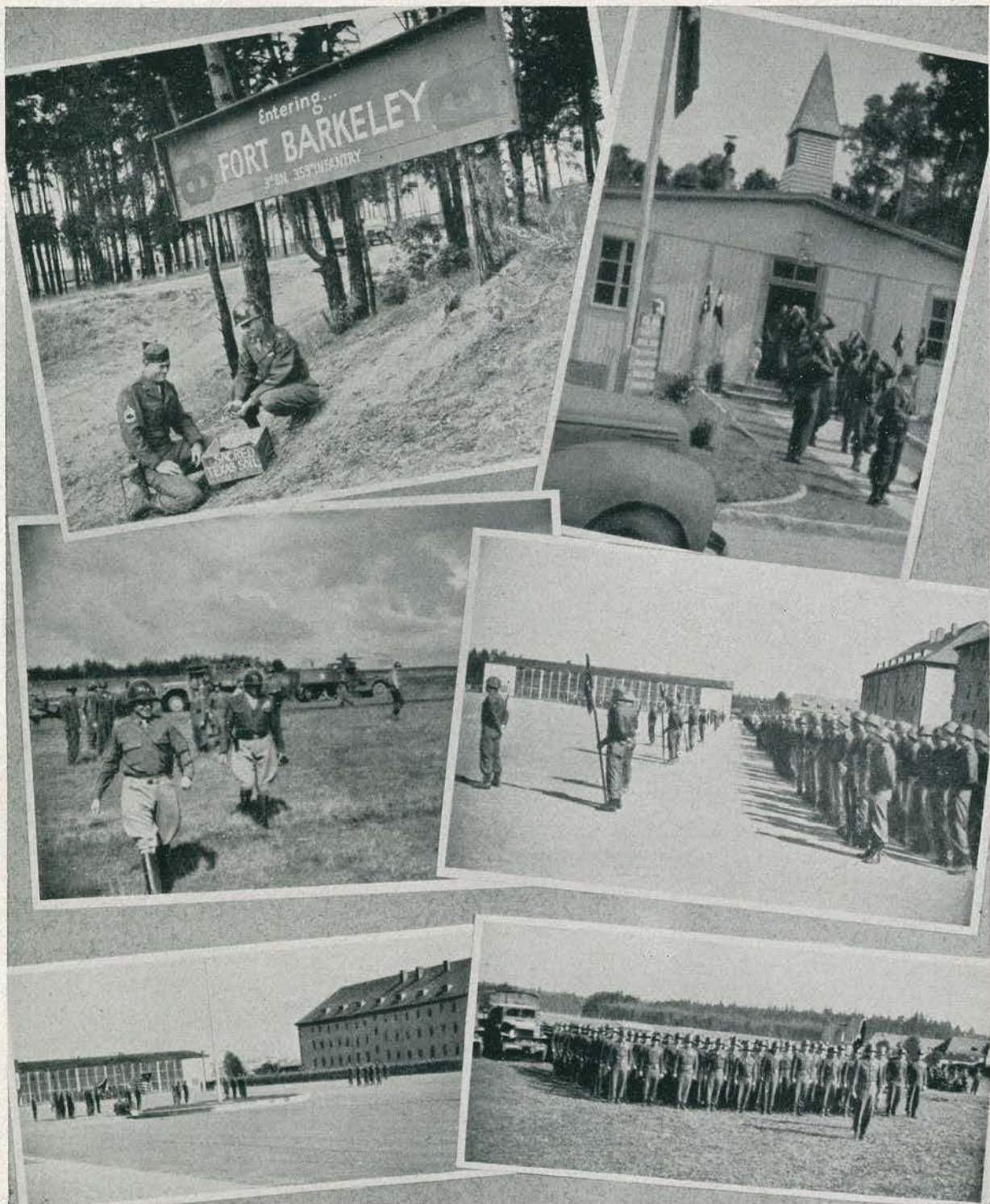
Standing buildings provide a sight for sore eyes to the weary doughs.



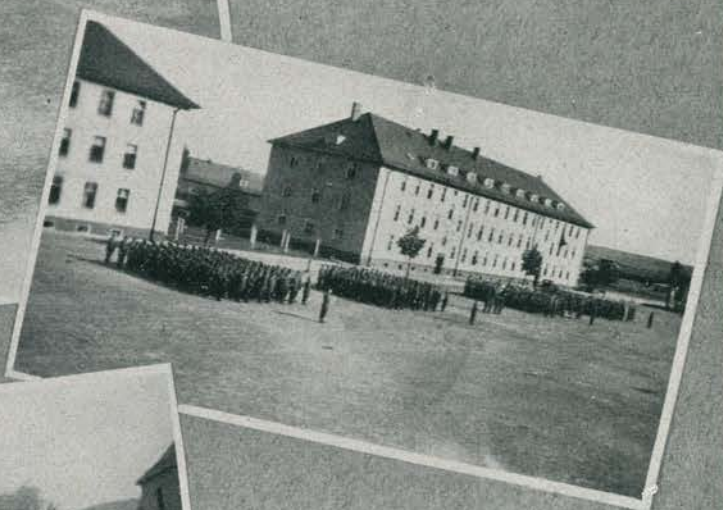
Street scenes in and around Amberg.



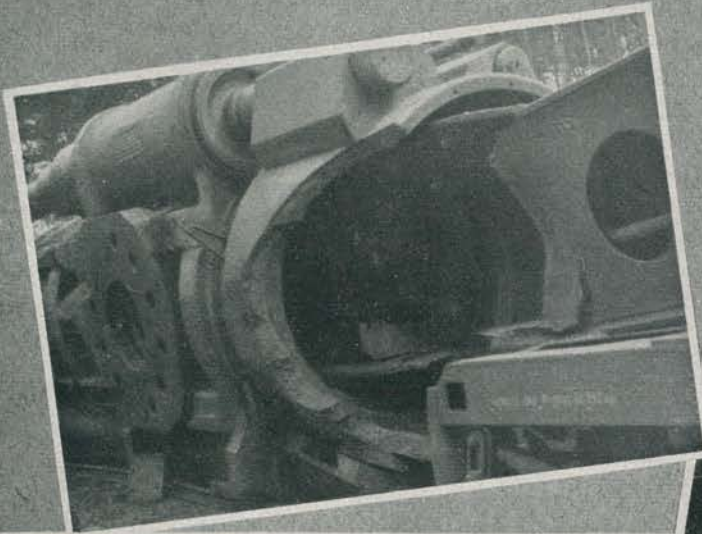
Well, here are the Russians, looking a little crummy, but who isn't, these days. We've been waiting for this day for a long time.



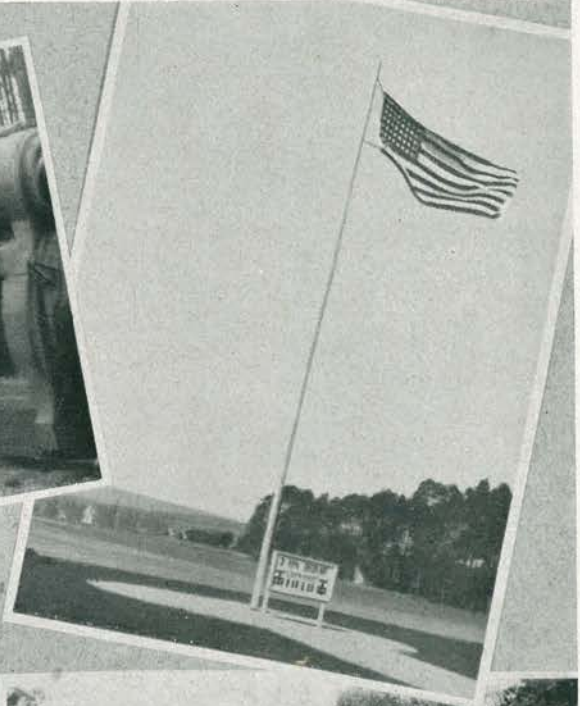
The caption on the box of Sacred Soil is self-explanatory. Parades and reviews are very fashionable about this time.



The War is over so we take time out for a little pomp, and ceremony.



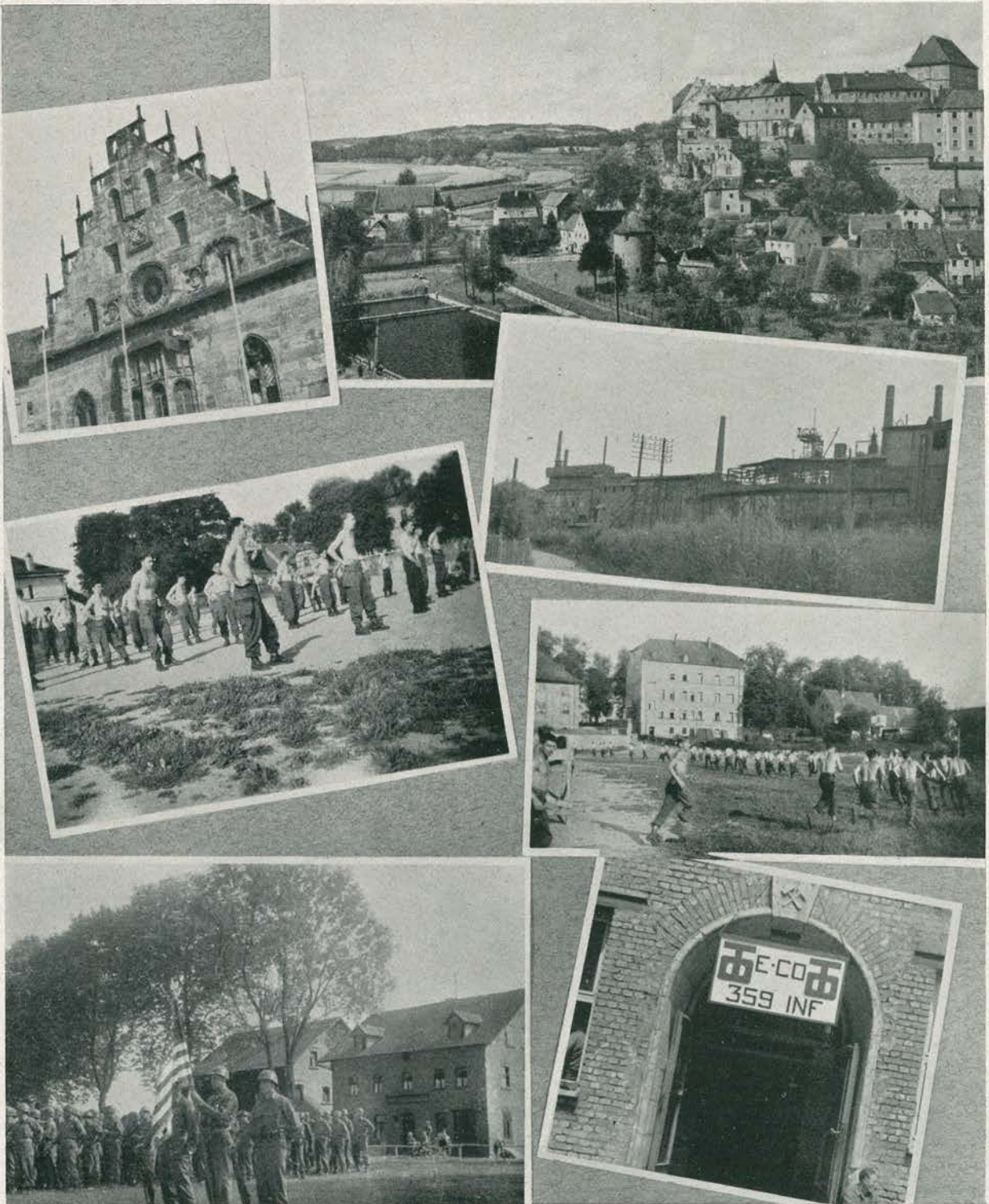
This is supposedly the largest artillery piece in the world, discovered in our occupation area.



More pictures of the largest railway gun, which never got into action.



The Czechs on the road back to normalcy.



Scenes from Sulzbach and Rosenberg. The men are from the Second Battalion.



Awards being presented for outstanding achievement and meritorious service.



Putting the accent on information and education at Pond Barracks, Amberg.



PERSONALITIES

On the following pages are shown some of the men who passed through the 359th. Each made his own contribution toward producing an efficient fighting unit. We regret that the limited size of the book and lack of photographs make it impossible to enumerate the names of all those who are pictured here.





























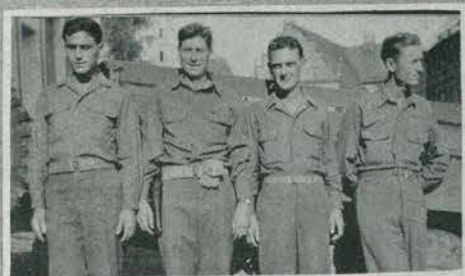












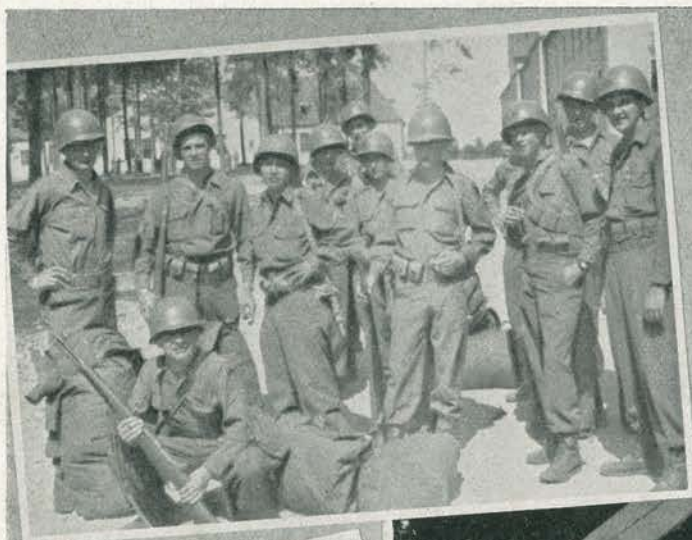












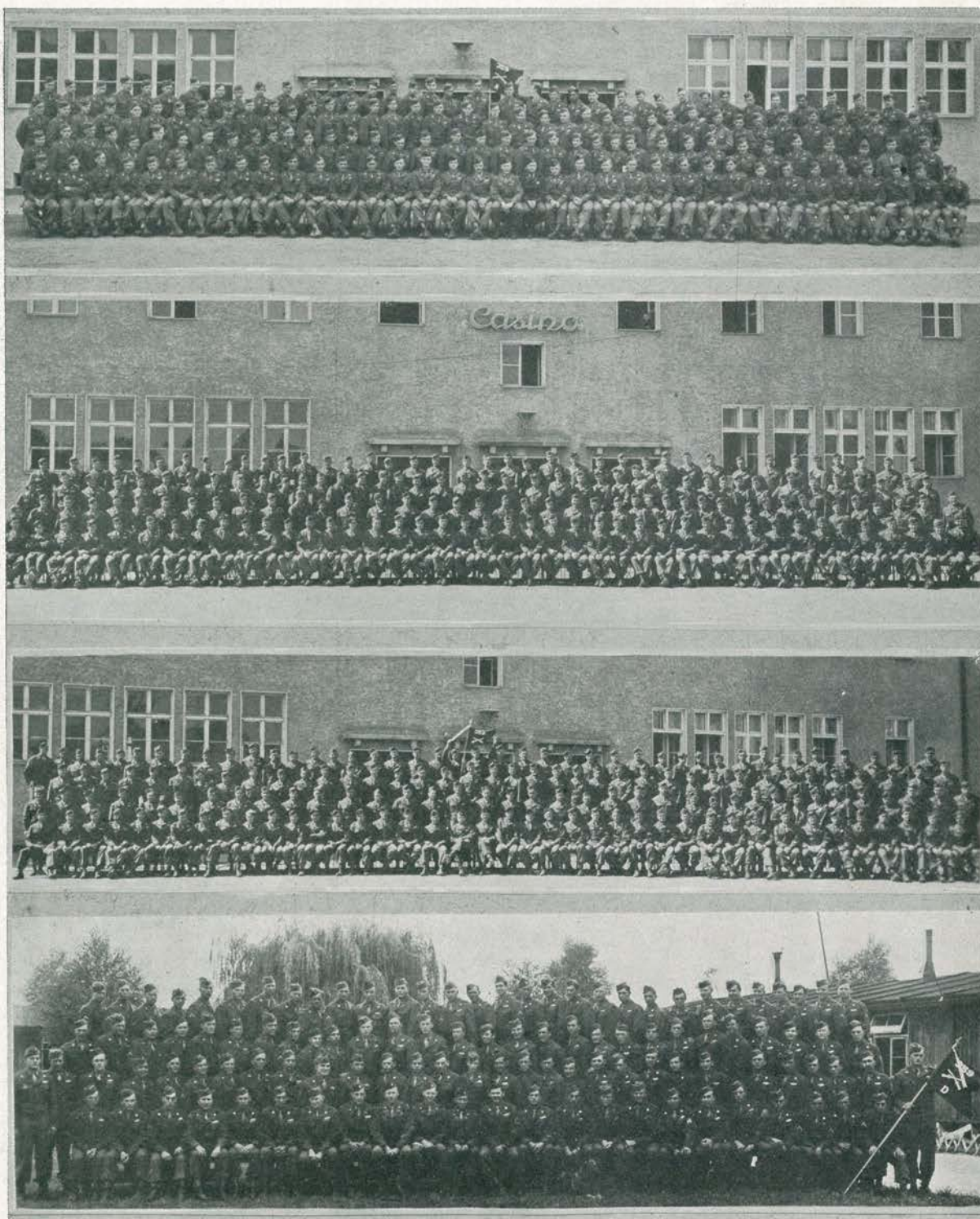




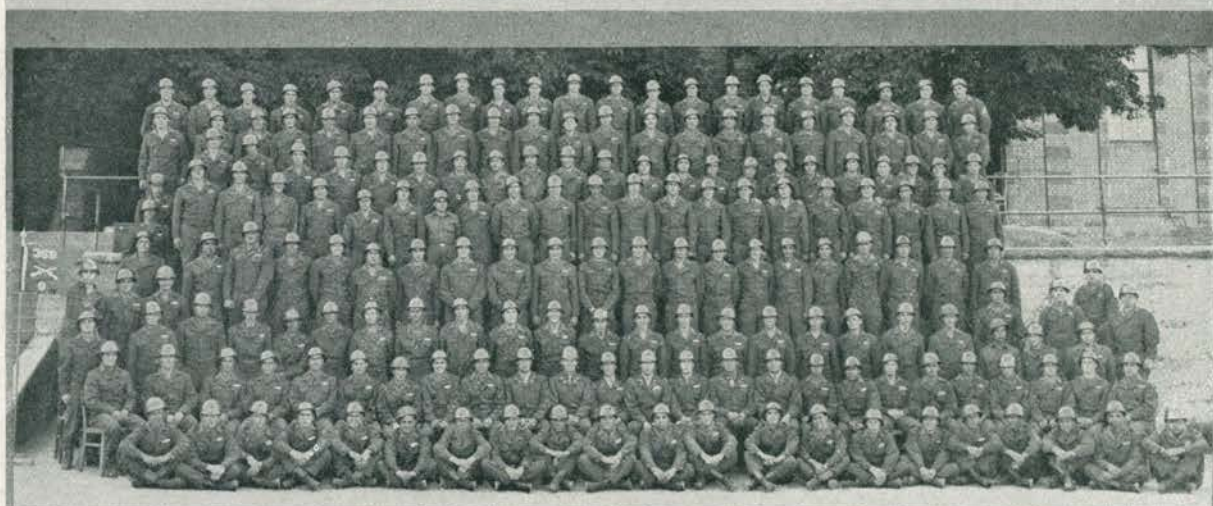
This proves that there's always time to have a picture taken.



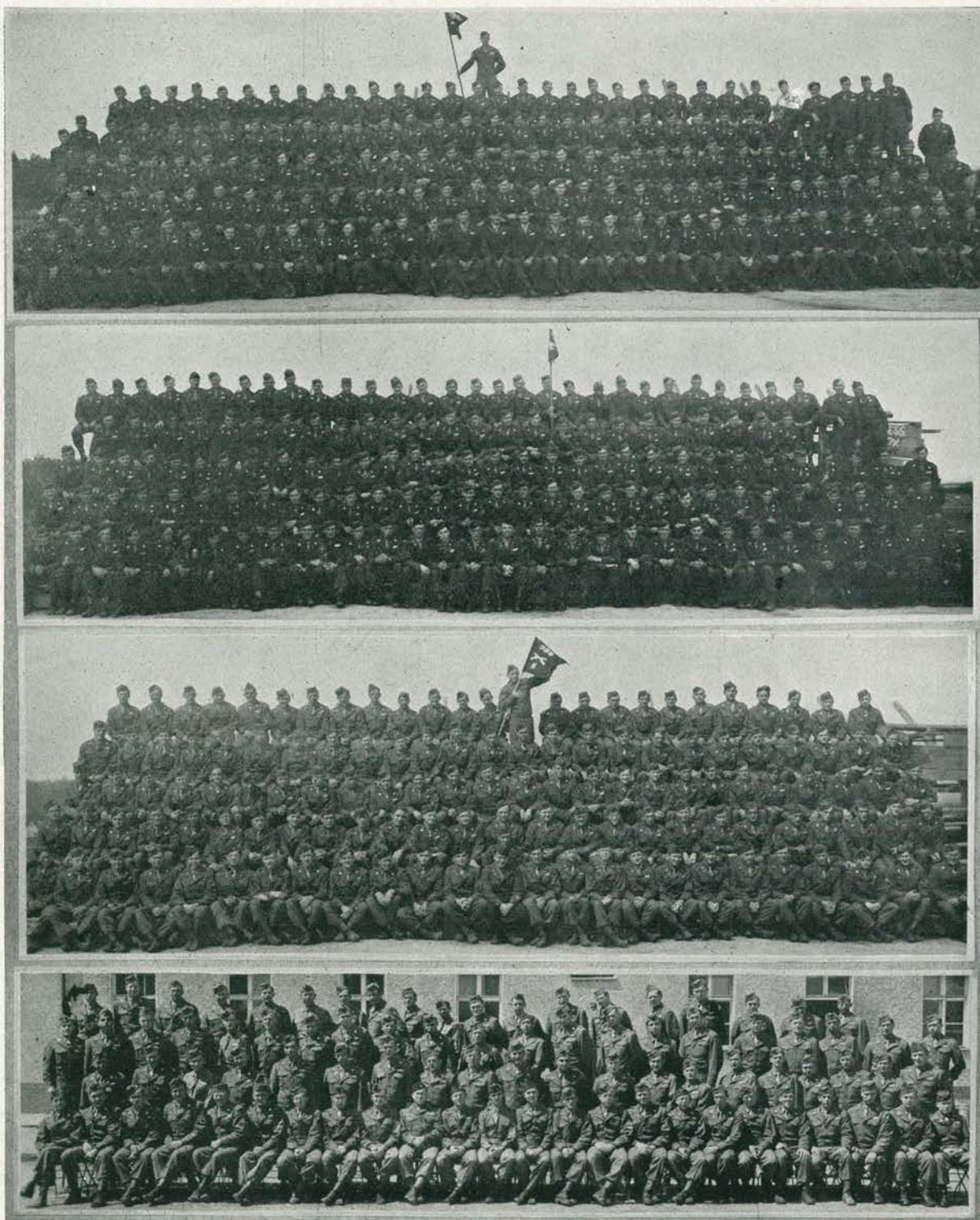
A proud moment in the life of a soldier; receiving an award.



From top to bottom: The officers and men of Companies A, B, C, and D, respectively. August 1945.



From top to bottom: The officers and men of F, G, and H Companies. August 1945.



From top to bottom: The officers and men of K, L, M, and Regimental Headquarters Companies. August 1945.



Officers of the 2nd Battalion, officers and men of Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion, and officers and men of E Company. August 1945.



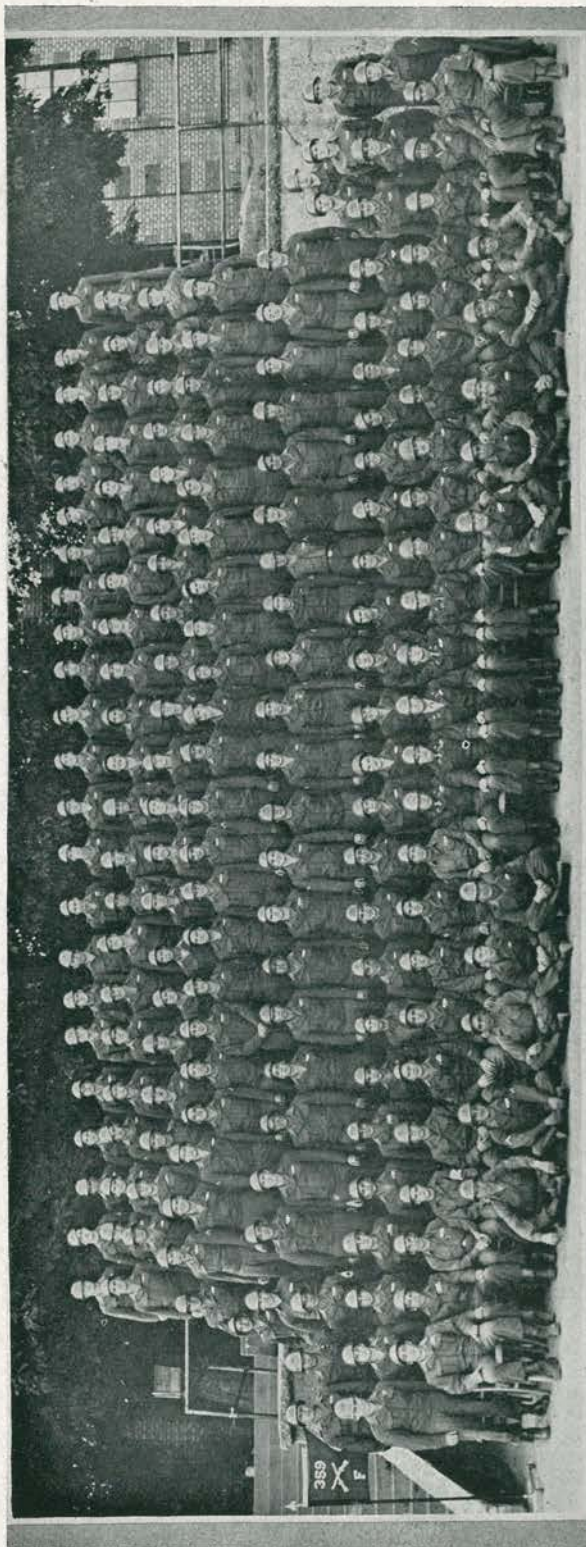
Medical Detachment, 315th Medics and Medics of the 2nd Battalion. August 1945.



Headquarters Company, 1st Battalion, Headquarters Company, 3rd Battalion and Anti-tank Company. August 1945.



Company I, Cannon Company and Regimental Service Company, in August 1945.



F Company and Regimental Headquarters taken in August 1945.



Important figure in the history of the unit.



The handy little Leica records places visited during our stay in Europe.



Architectural sights which have won renown for the German countryside.



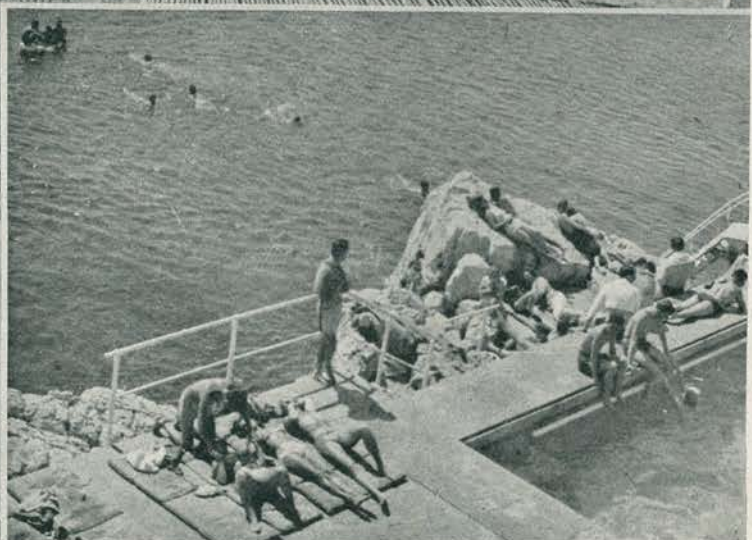
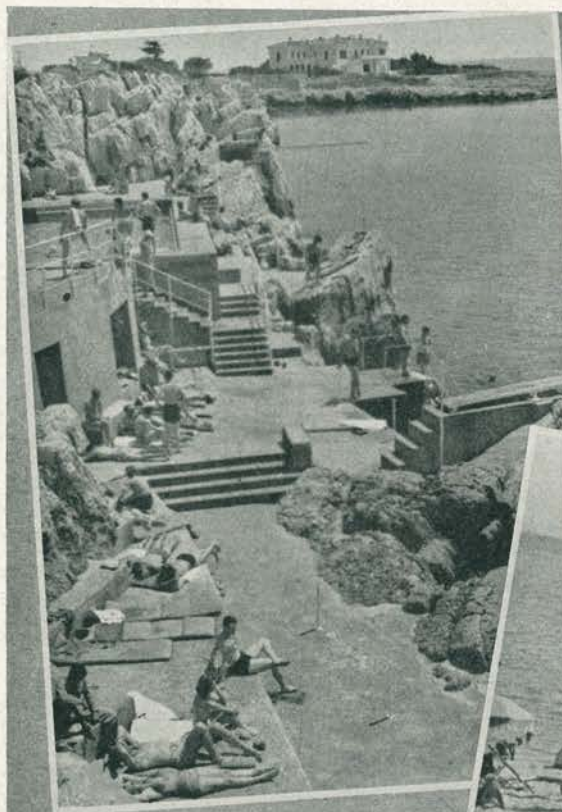
Enthusiastic Czechs and Yanks look each other over.



European art, sculpture, and architecture prove highly interesting to the men from the new world.



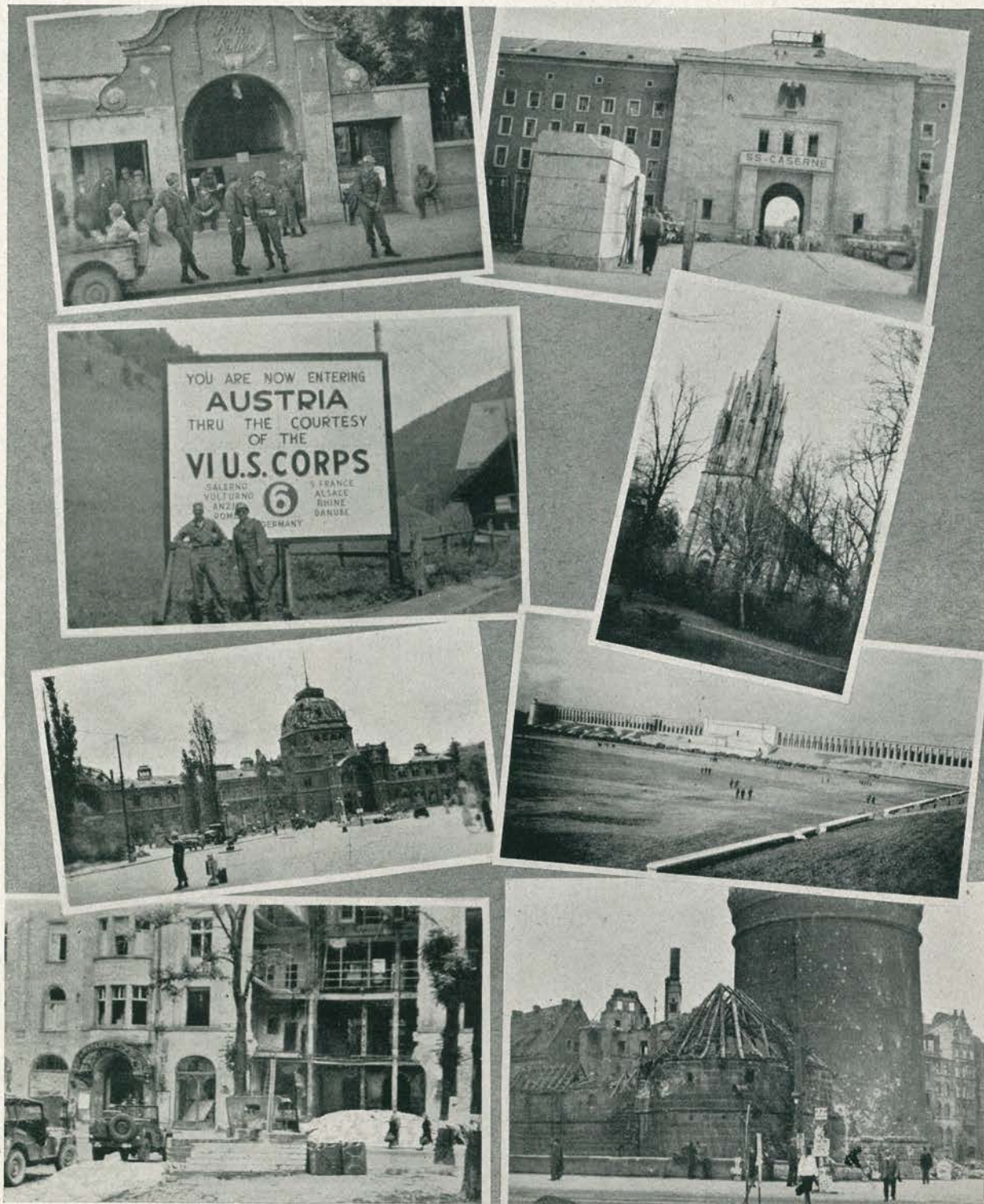
The Folies Bergere comes in for its share of attention from our men in Paris.



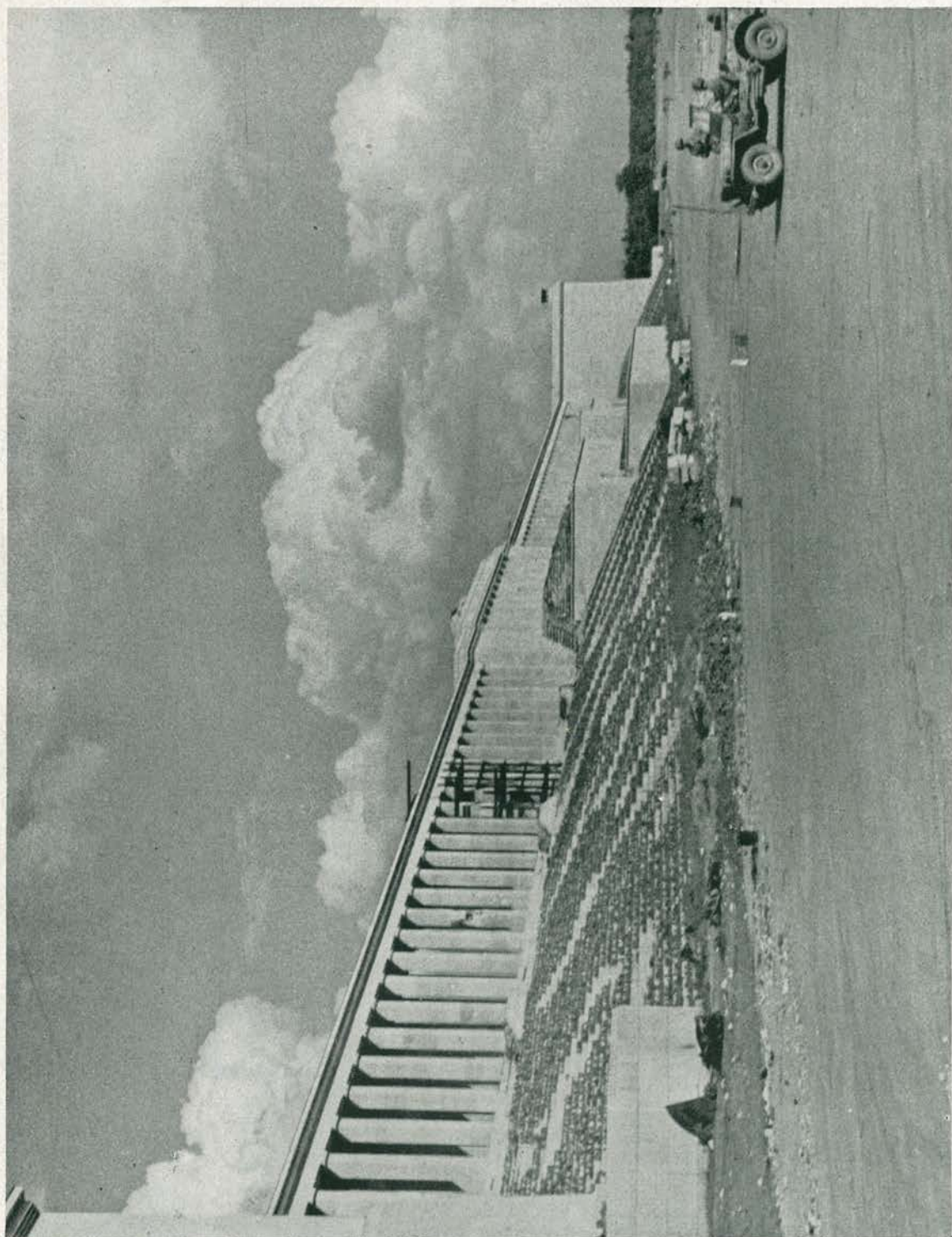
The Riviera turns out to be all that we expected and more.



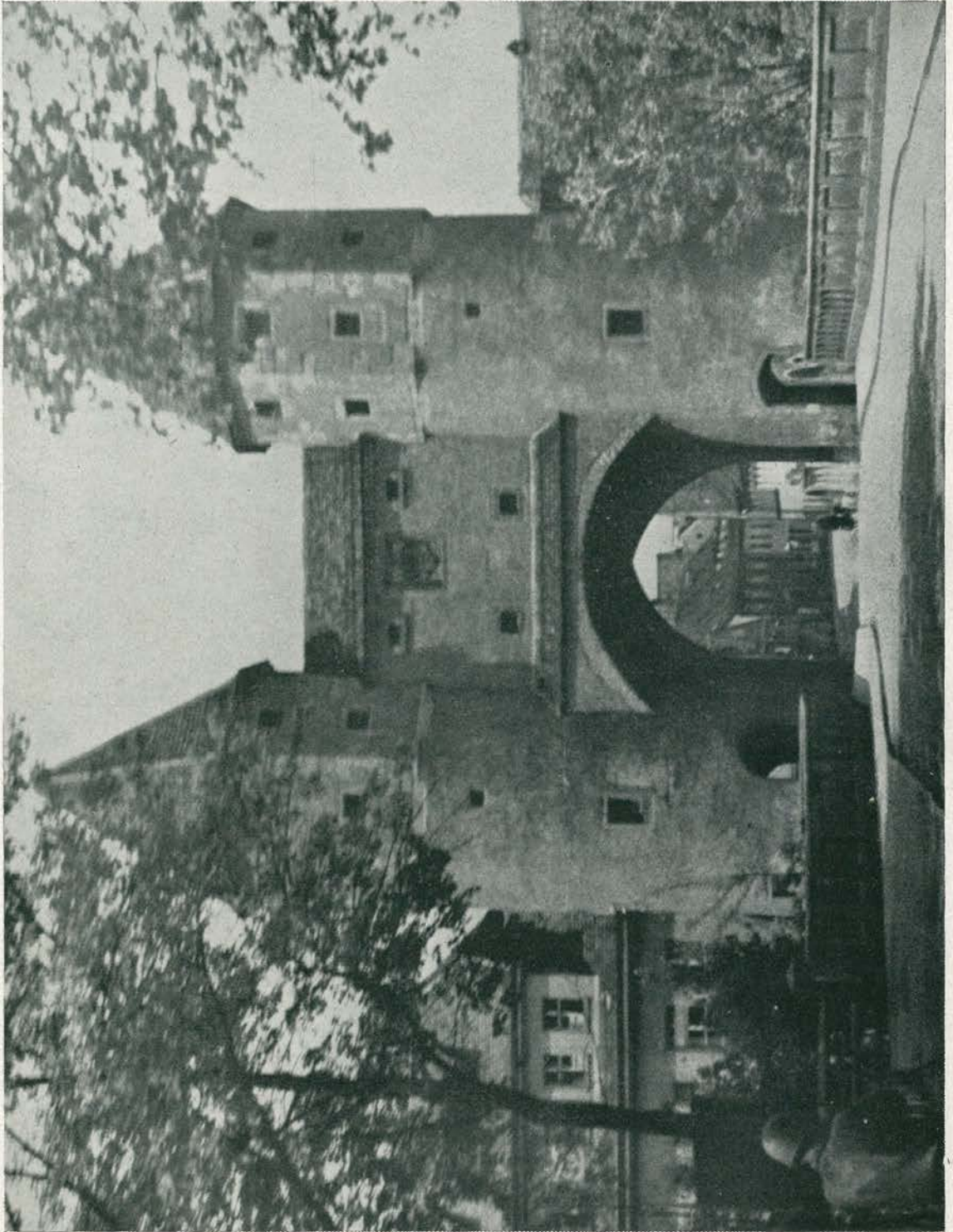
The German countryside as seen through the camera's eye.



The Austrian border, Nurnberg Stadium, and a portion of the famous old Walled City.



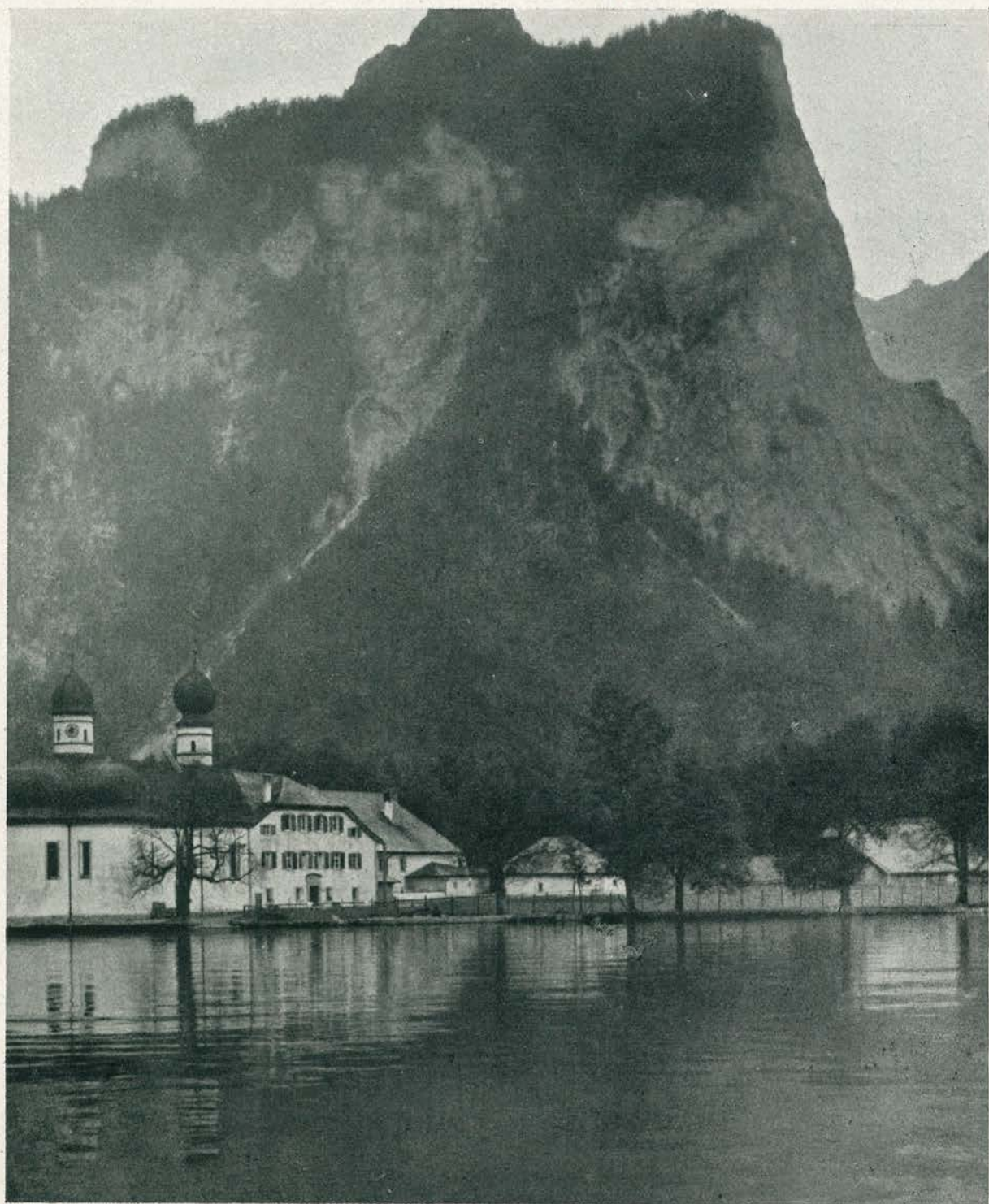
A shot of a still incomplete portion of the Nurnberg Stadium.



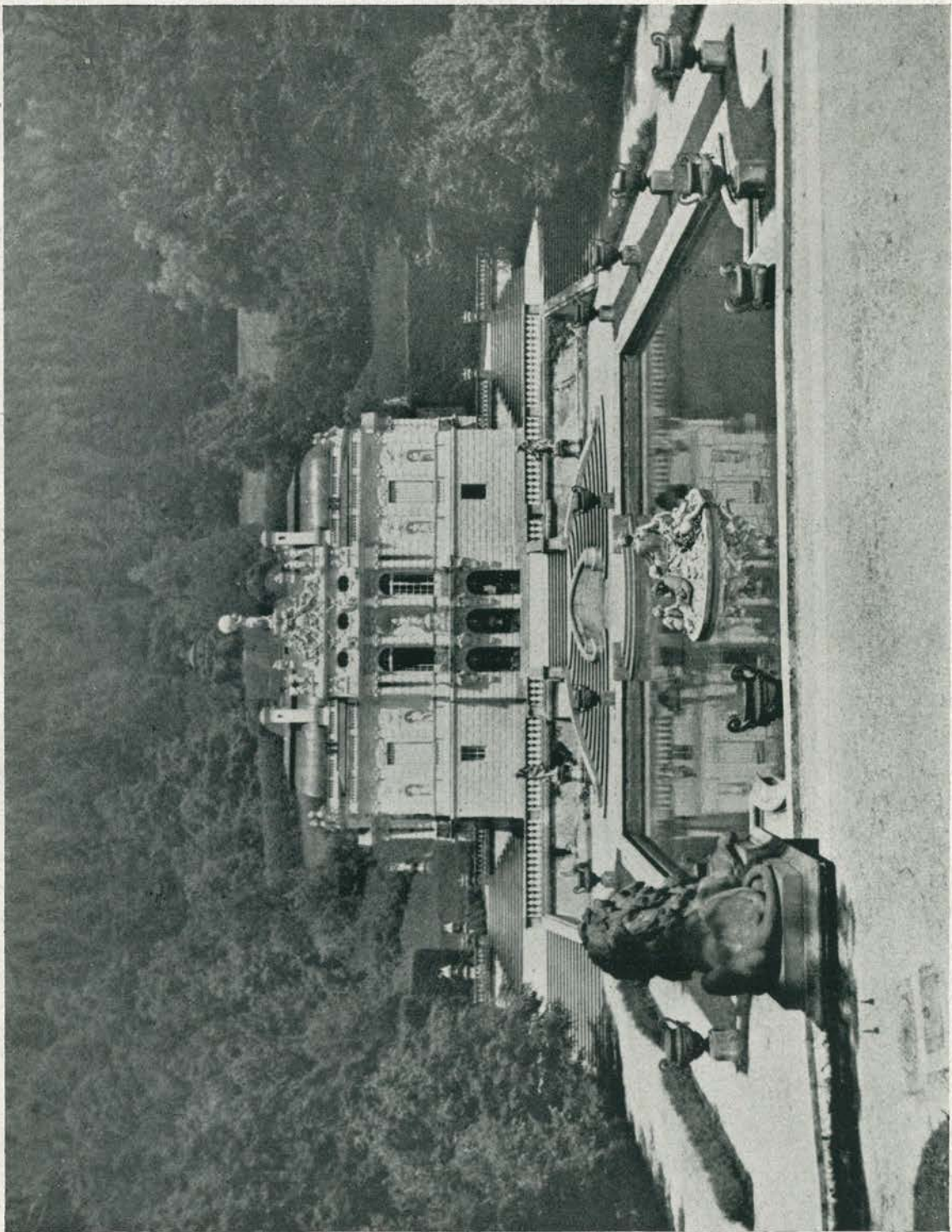
The ancient entrance to the city of Amberg.



Sulzbach-Rosenberg, Germany; the home of the 2nd Battalion.



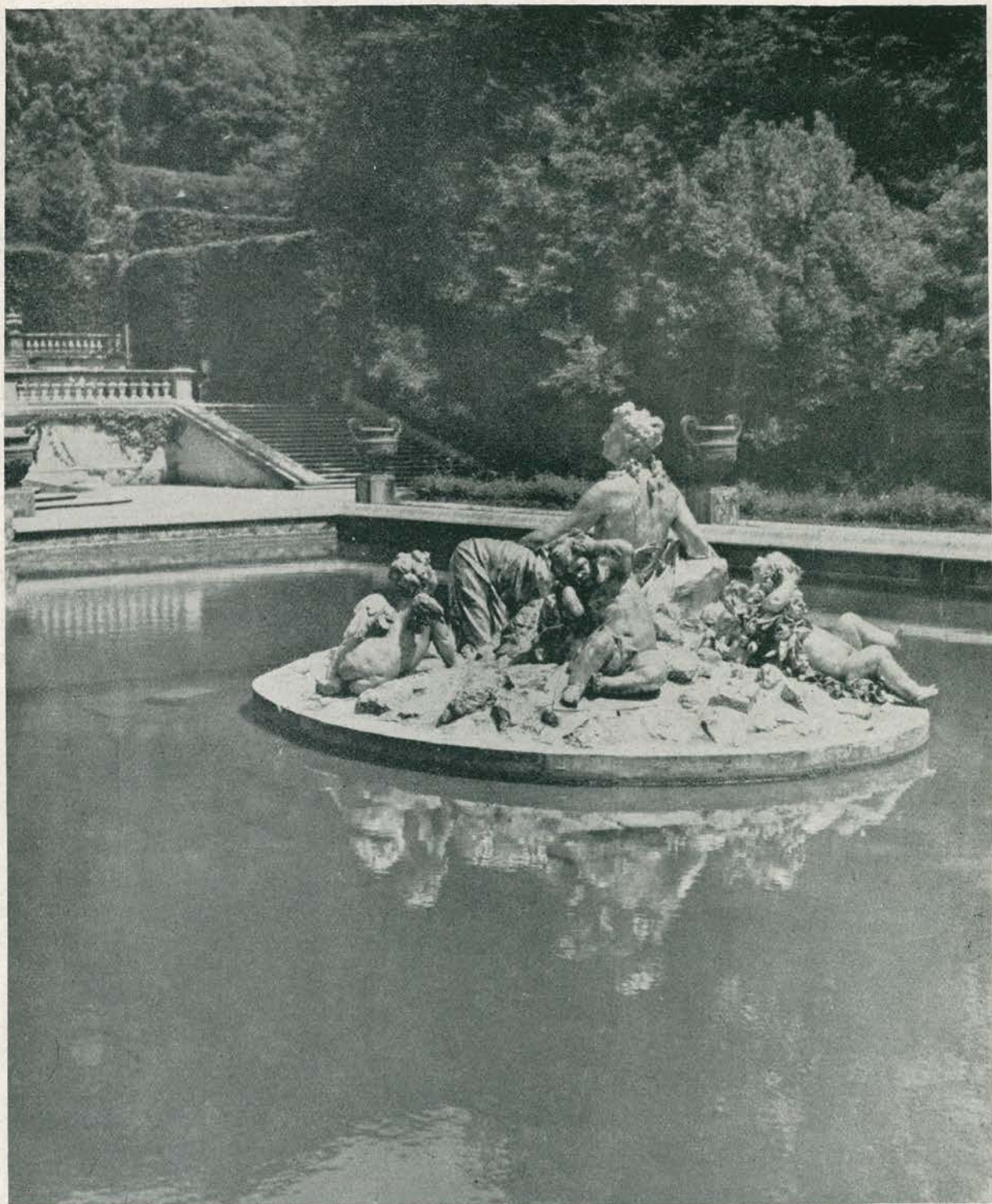
St. Bartholomew's Monastery on the Königsee near Berchtesgaden.



Schloß Linderhof. The castle of Mad King Ludwig in Bavaria.



Lavish monuments and landscaping mark the grounds at Schloss Linderhof.



Tourists the world over have acclaimed such works as this in Bavaria.



The Brenner Pass.



The Town Hall in Munich.



A monument in Munich.

面