

PHOTOGRAPHIC *Cavalcade*

*Pictorial History
of the*

75

INFANTRY
DIVISION

1944 - 1945





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of the*

75

INFANTRY
DIVISION

1944-1945

C A M P A I G N S

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

V O L U M E O N E

EUROPEAN THEATRE

▶ ENGLAND

▶ FRANCE

▶ BELGIUM

▶ HOLLAND

▶ GERMANY

OF OPERATIONS

PHOTOGRAPHIC
Cavalcade

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P R O D U C T I O N

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P R O D U C T I O N M A N A G E R • J O H N S. R O W E

*"Out of the night that covers me
Black as the pit from pole
to pole,*

*I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.*



Preface

It was Christmas, 1944, when we met for the first time on the torn, frozen fields of battle. Gold braid no more. If there were any sharply creased, olive drab uniforms, they were crammed with sweaters, field jackets, and every article of clothing available, issue or otherwise. In place of polished, ox-blood boots, there were outside-in combat shoes, for the green sloping fields of an American army camp. There were rocky, shell torn patches of soil, and always the uneasy, restless noises of things happening. . . . We are fortunate who read this, for we do not have to share the loneliness of those left behind never to forget the suddenness and violence with which they were forced to rest. Call it a dedication if you like, or a hero's epitaph, but let us not forget their sacrifice in order that we might enjoy what they lay down their lives to make possible. The whole world is their tomb, and in far off places, where only history declares it, there is enshrined in every breast, not with words or pictures, but with what is in the heart, a eulogy for them.

Mud-spattered, frozen youngsters in uniform drove their way through portions of France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany, endlessly bogging down in the deep snows of the fateful Ardennes Forest, suffering from extreme cold in the Ruhr Pocket, and nearly dying everywhere they went—all of this and the great American heart and

spirit were indefatigable. The desires and hopes of the GI were common in combat as well as in the peace that was to follow. He thought not of the luxuries alone, but of those basic comforts essential to existing. He wanted to keep clean whenever and wherever it was possible; during the short moments of rest he wanted diversion from the tension of battle, but most of all he wanted that which brought him closest to what he loved and cherished as home—mail. The sacrifice that he was making was to insure the future happiness not only of his family, but of all mankind. These men we shall take as our models, and if we want happiness to be the result of our fight for those already defined freedoms of life, then never shall we be sorry that it was necessary to struggle and suffer for it. It is to those who were lost that we dedicate our time and our energetic thoughts, for losses did not only fall to the enemy, and we did not win a war, we merely won our right to let freedom have an opportunity to be the keynote of our democracy.

Those moral convictions, those ideas of tolerance, and release from oppression of the weak and persecuted are not too high sounding for us all to understand. And now that the sword has been laid away and the dust of our dead blessed, the peace can only survive if we conscientiously live it, and in the face of odds rise to meet them.



Major General Fay B. Prickett



COMMANDING 75TH INFANTRY DIVISION FROM AUGUST 1943 TO JANUARY 1945



Major General Ray E. Porter



COMMANDING 75TH INFANTRY DIVISION FROM JANUARY 1945 TO JUNE 1945



Major General Arthur A. White



COMMANDING 75TH INFANTRY DIVISION



Brigadier General Gerald St. C. Mickle



ASSISTANT DIVISION COMMANDER

REPORT







How will the people of our times recall the events through which they have lived? This is the question which was posed by many editorials in newspapers and periodicals for many weeks and months just preceding the climax of the war and after the victory. Would the memory of the scenes of destruction, pictures of gore and sudden death and destruction, help men formulate a plan by which they can retain a peace, lasting and definite? The individual is all important in making such a decision; it is within his power to decide his own fate. The qualities and ideas of the individual are more than ever today reflected in the mass, and it is up to the soldier who helped to fight this war to make the future secure for his posterity. Peace is no longer the duty of a government, but a duty left to the man in the street. From the adventures he has had in World War II, let him decide whether or not the high cost was warranted and another war to be fought could possibly be justified under righteousness. This is Cologne—where American bombs seemed to show reverence for the great Cathedral, but once wide boulevards which led to the hall of worship were soon narrowed by the crumbling debris.

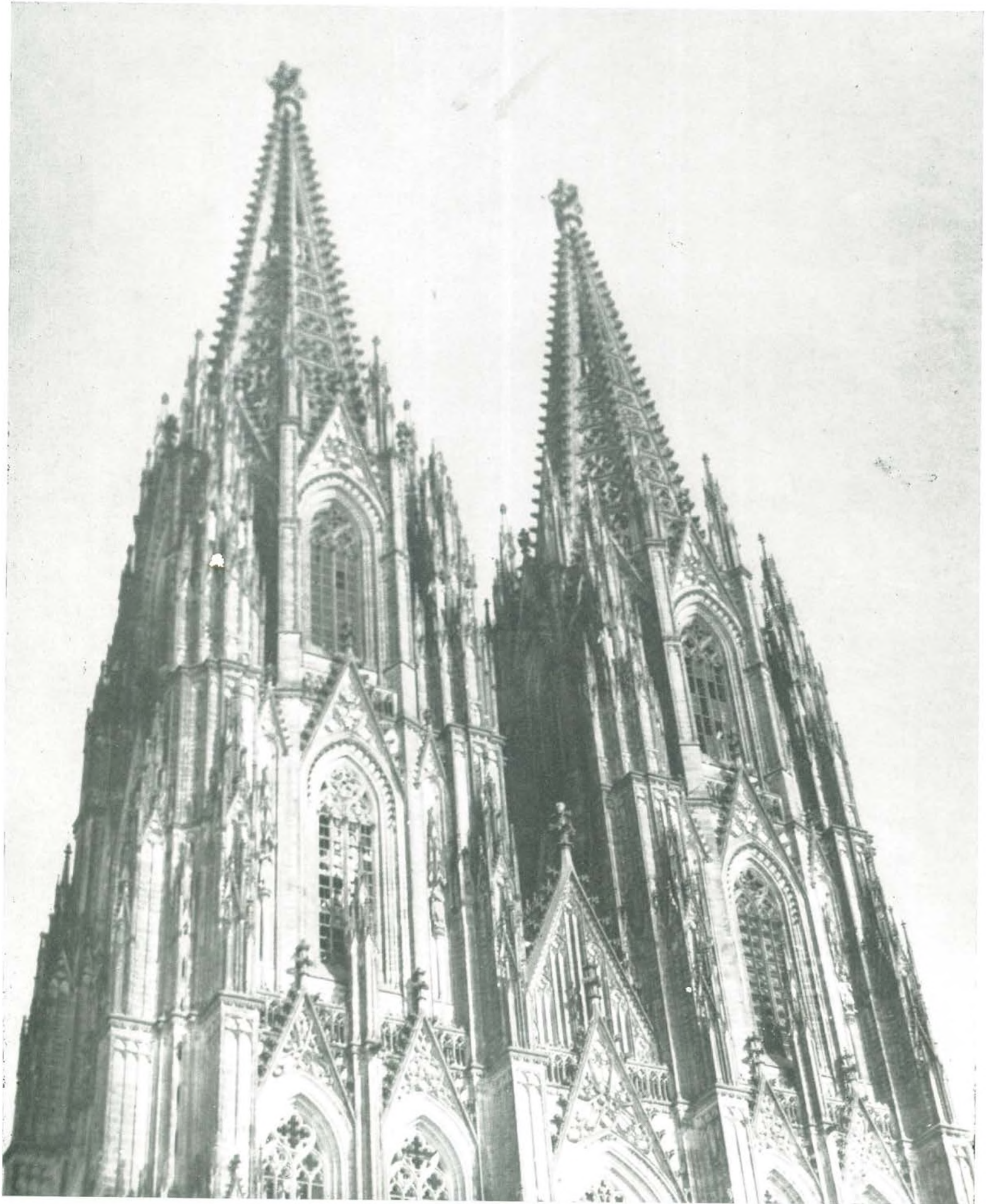


COLOGNE

G E R M A N Y

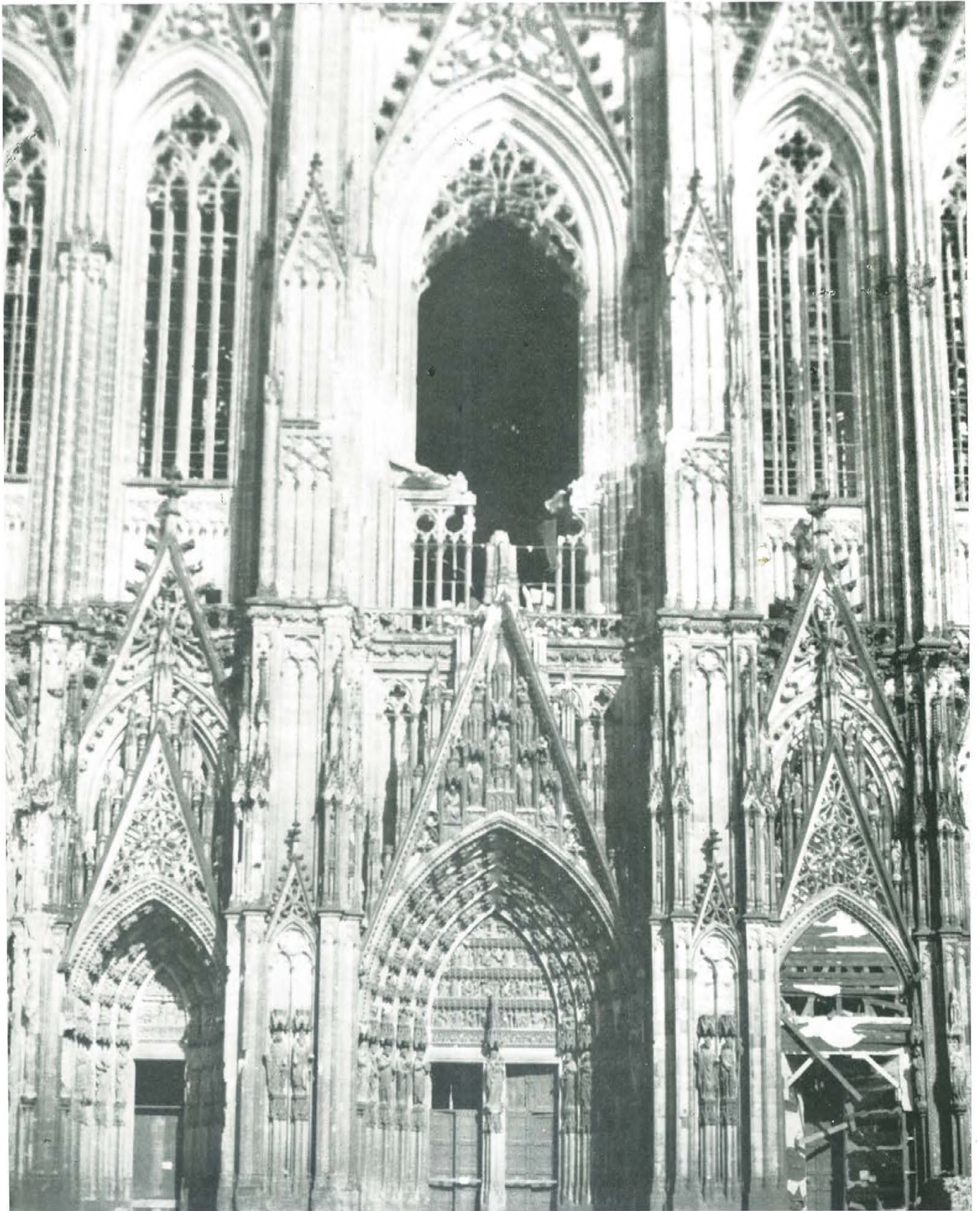


the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



THE POMPOUS CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE WAS ONLY VERY SLIGHTLY DAMAGED AND ITS SKYSCRAPING TOWERS STILL HOLD THE GAZE OF AWE INSPIRED PEOPLE

the seventy-fifth **75** *infantry division*



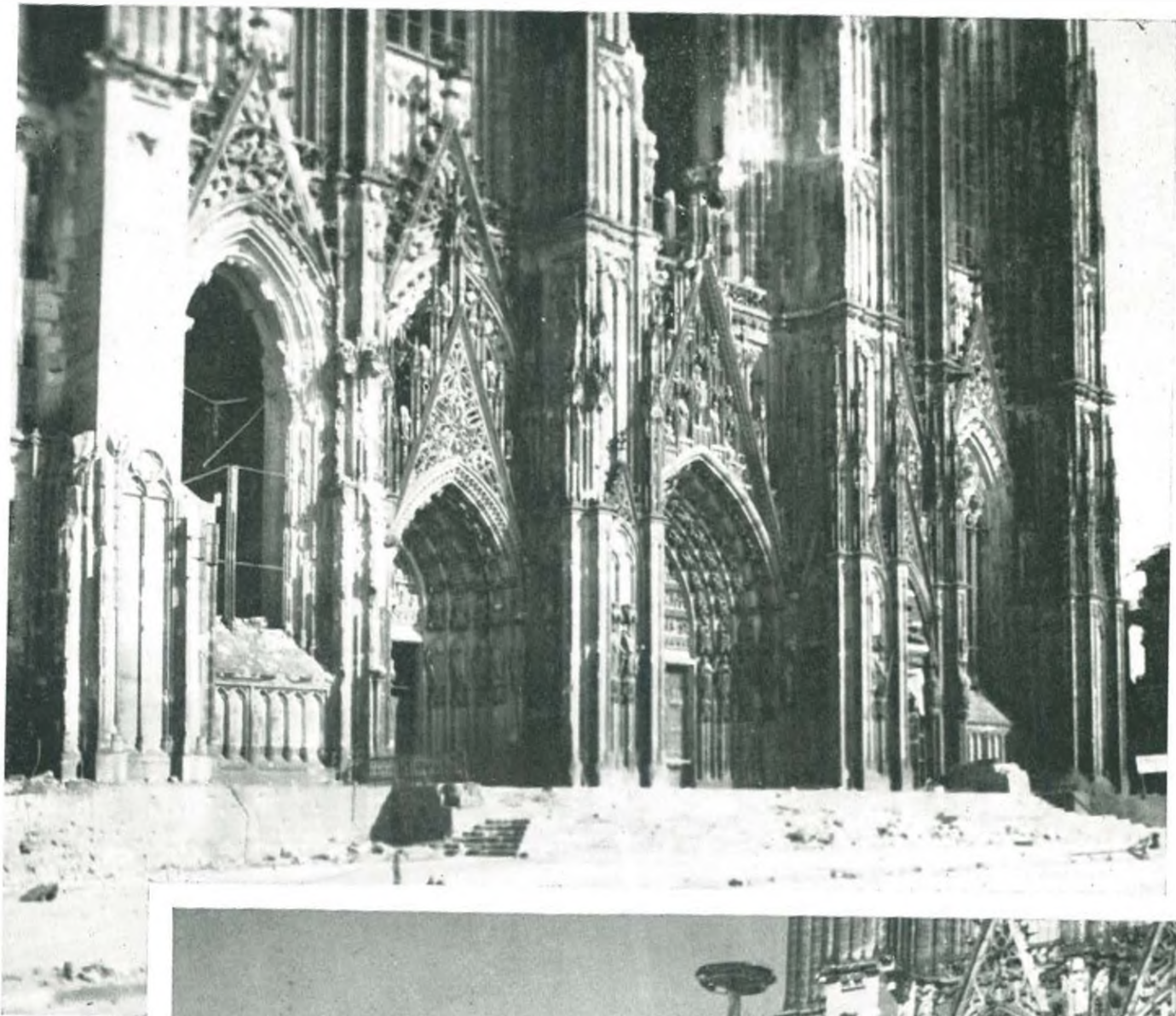
HERE ARE SOME VERY FEW SPOTS WHERE FLYING METAL HAS INJURED THE DELICATELY DONE MASTERPIECE OF FINE ARCHITECTURE

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The tall, architecturally pure spires are unique in every way to the sight-seers who are transfixed by the façade. Well known throughout the world, men came from all parts of Europe to walk through the glorious cathedral. The flamboyant edifice can be seen from a distance of many miles.







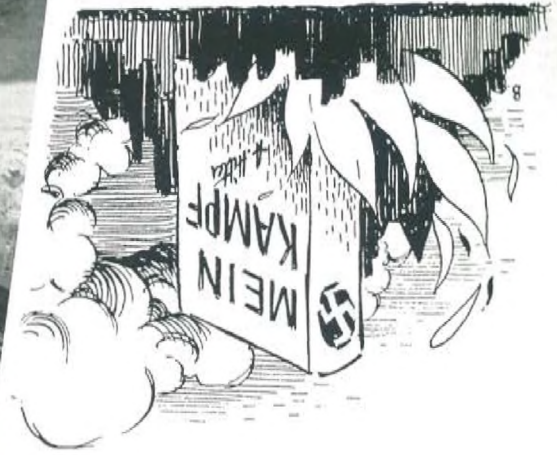
**SIGHT SEERS /
KEEP OUT!**

Beyond this point you
draw fire on our
FIGHTING MEN

HE RISKS HIS LIFE
24 HOURS A DAY
DO YOU??

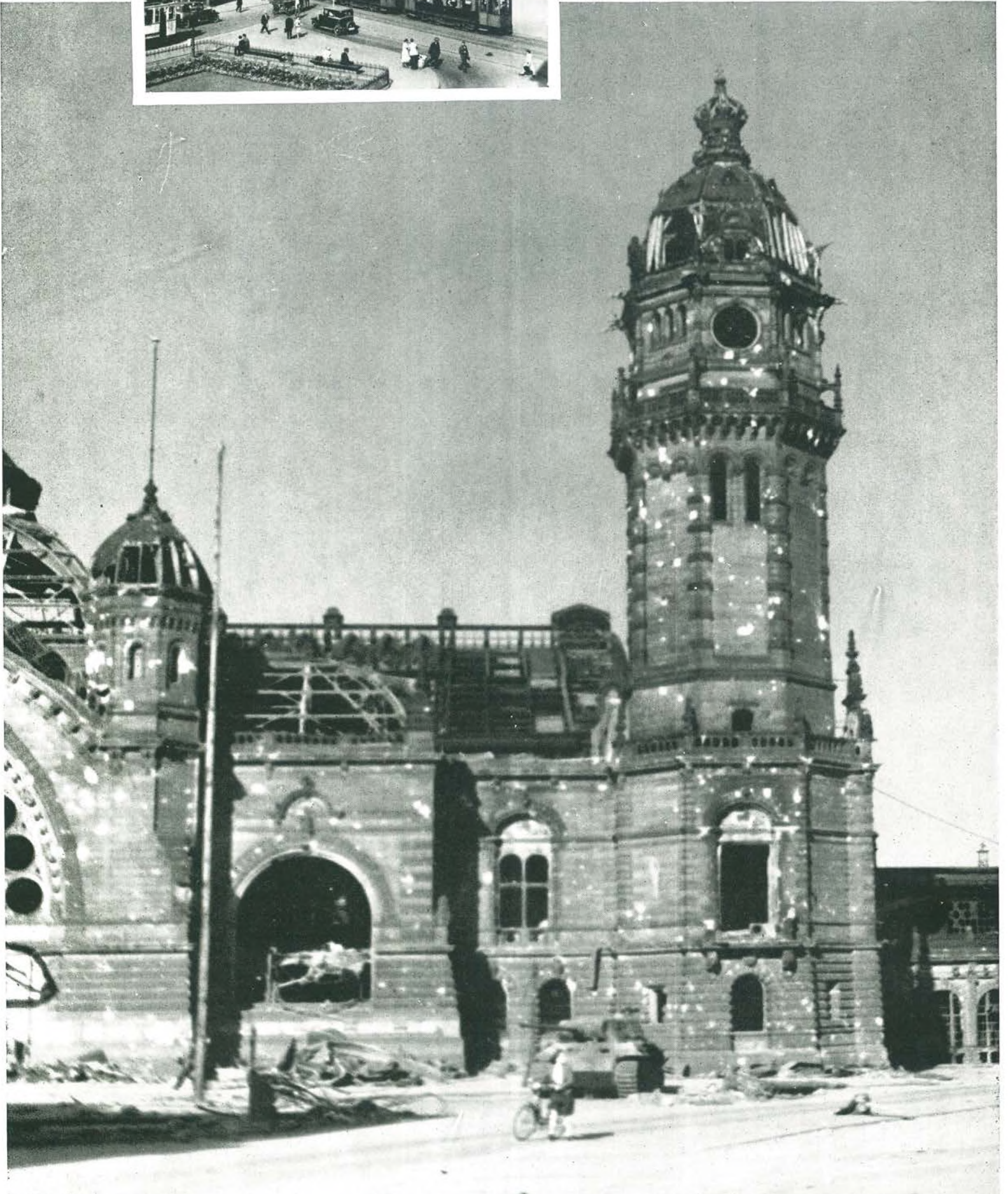


When the Germans were driven into the Ruhr Pocket on the East shores of the Rhine River, the back end of the great cathedral whose altar side looks toward the river could be seen by the enemy very clearly. Civilians and GI sight-seers walking to and fro visiting the hall drew fire not only upon themselves, but on the doughboys holding the near bank of the river. This sign warned those people that sniper fire was present and to stay behind the buildings out of sight of the enemy.





This is the railroad station of Cologne through which passed thousands of travelers daily, vacationing and commuting to every part of the continent.





—and they gave him the time he asked for. He changed not the world, nor did he change his eventual conquerors, but he did change his Germany so that his people could not recognize it. He kept his word, “*. . . und ihr werdet Deutschland nicht wiedererkennen*”—Hitler. Cologne, Germany’s fifth largest city and now a symbol of defeat, lay in utter waste and death.





Scenes like this were found every place in the city where street cars were stopped haphazardly during an air raid and left shattered and torn in the debris around them.

Only the base pillars of the bridge approach remain intact, while the rest of the span of steel and rivets lay crumpled in the water. Huge frames of twisted steel with ragged edges like those of torn pieces of paper foundered to make a sickening sight. The city's people tried not to show their emotions before the allies, but failed.



AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD SEE IN ANY DIRECTION THERE WAS NOT A BUILDING THAT WAS LEFT STANDING WHICH HAD NOT BEEN BOTTED.



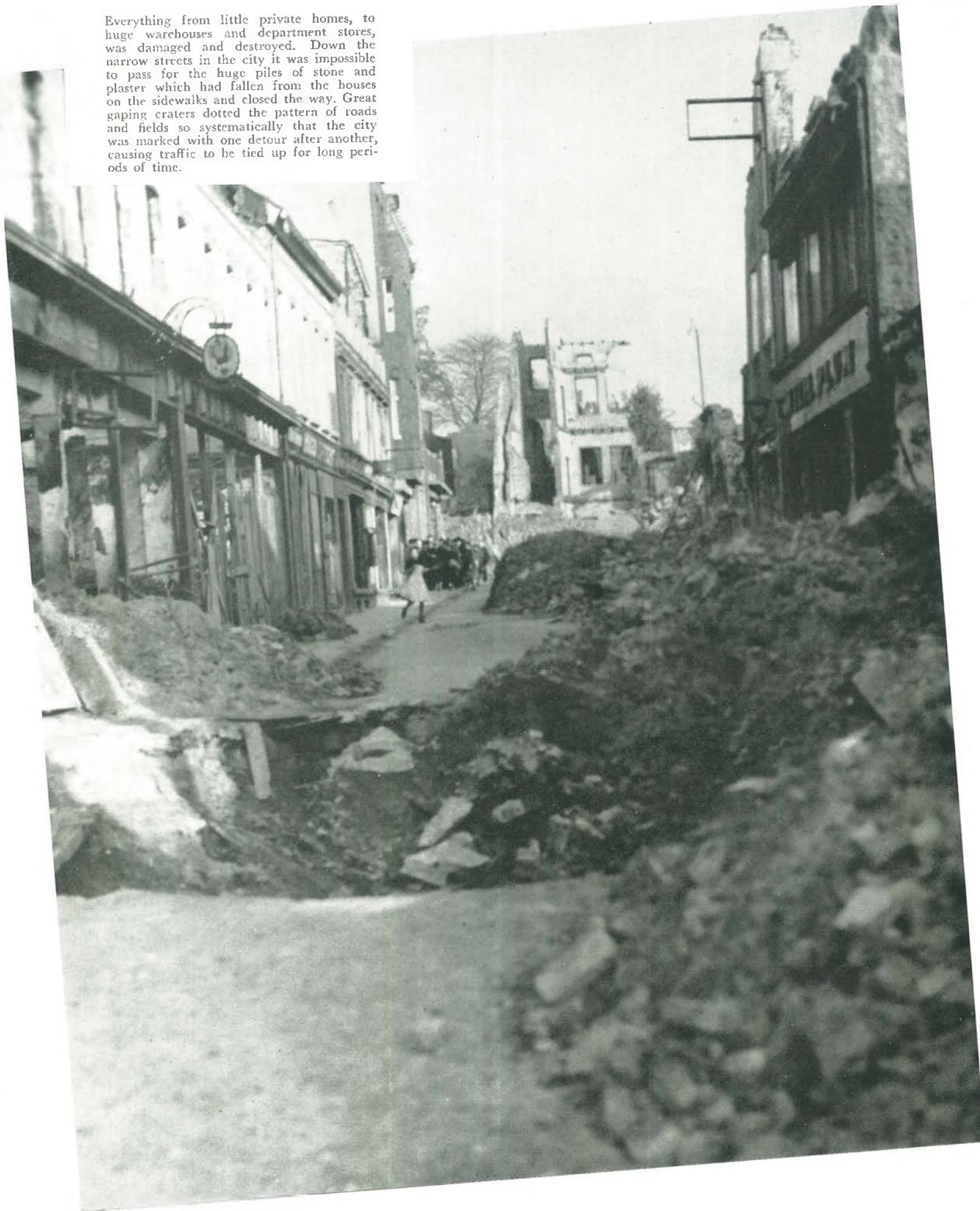
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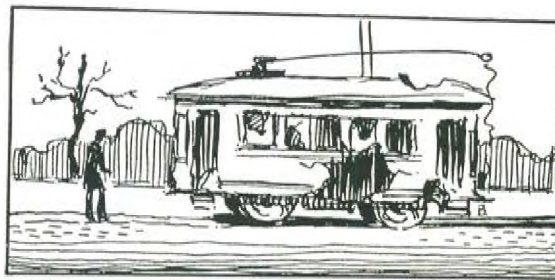
JUST SOUTH OF COLOGNE IS THE CITY OF BONN. THESE TWO TYPICALLY GERMAN SPIRES LOOK OUT OVER A RUINED AND TWISTED CITY

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Everything from little private homes, to huge warehouses and department stores, was damaged and destroyed. Down the narrow streets in the city it was impossible to pass for the huge piles of stone and plaster which had fallen from the houses on the sidewalks and closed the way. Great gaping craters dotted the pattern of roads and fields so systematically that the city was marked with one detour after another, causing traffic to be tied up for long periods of time.



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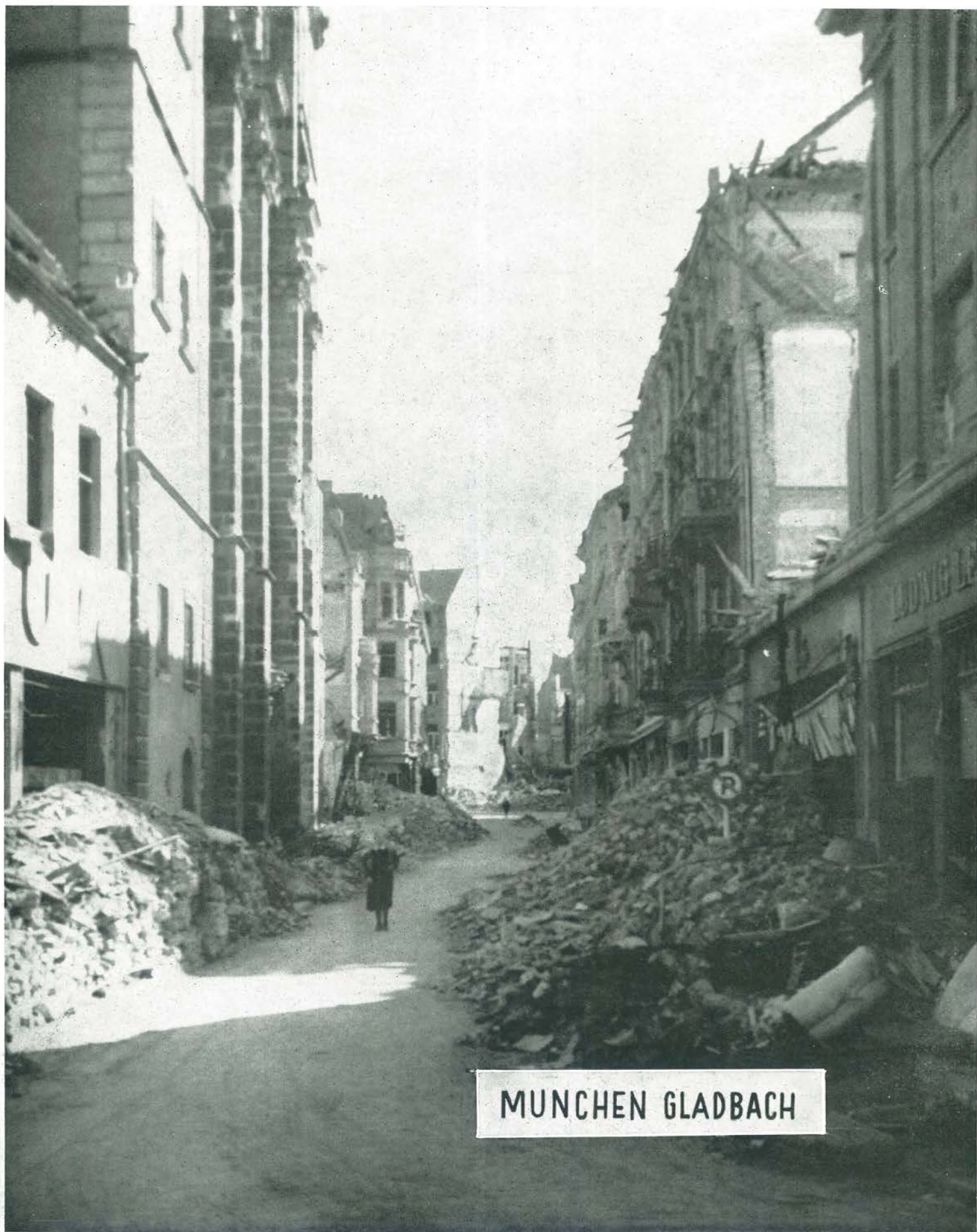


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Only very few buildings remained intact and even those that still stood were marred and chipped where flying shrapnel and debris had been thrown against them. Usually the force with which landing shells would rock the earth caused statues on slim bases like these to crumble.





MUNCHEN GLADBACH

WHERE SHE ONCE WALKED DOWN THE STREET DOING HER SHOPPING AND GREETING NEIGHBORS WITH "HEIL HITLER," THIS OLD WOMAN NOW CONTEMPLATES THE DESTRUCTION

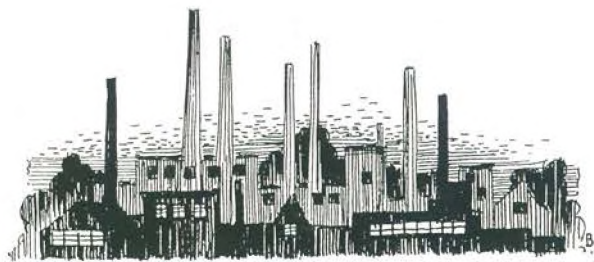


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Modern equipment of war lines the streets in this quaint district, where block after block of houses were razed by the attackers and their missile throwing machines.



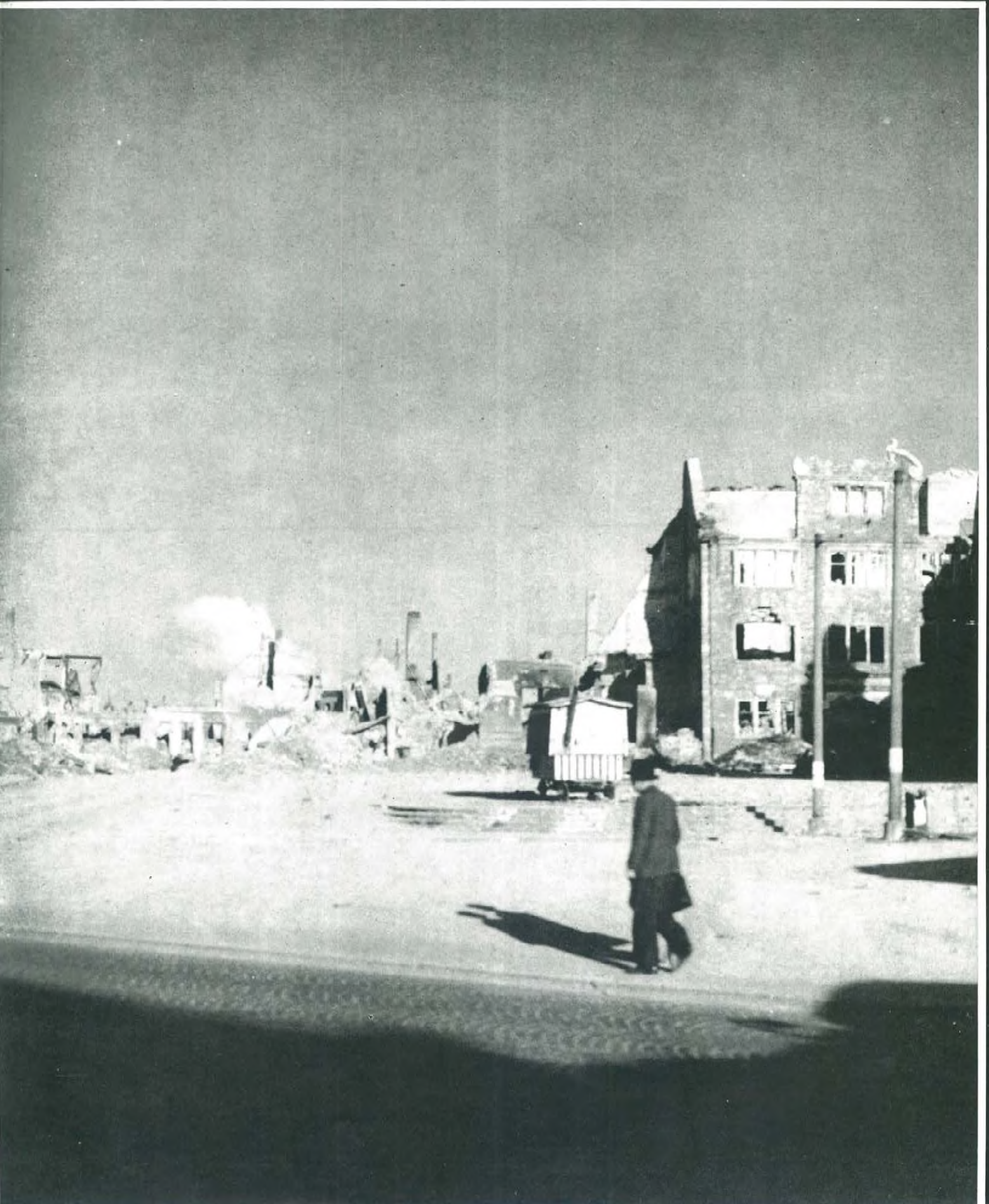


Mere words are inadequate to describe the fearful retribution that has overtaken Hitler's Reich. All over Germany millions of houses are gutted or smashed, hundreds upon hundreds of factories, of all types and sizes, are in ruins and can no longer be expected to reach full productivity for years to come. Public utilities, communications, and transportation are all completely kaput, out of business. Millions of Germans are living like rats in cellars and thousands of human bodies still lie hidden under debris not yet cleared to reveal their presence. The most famous cities of Germany no longer exist as anything but rubble and waste. Back as far as October, 1943, German officials stated that 1,200,000 civilians had been killed or were missing in the spectacular air raids over Germany. The total destruction you will view on the following pages . . . is Dortmund. A city of some 50,000 houses, only 2,500 are now habitable. Our cost was great, but here is Dortmund . . .



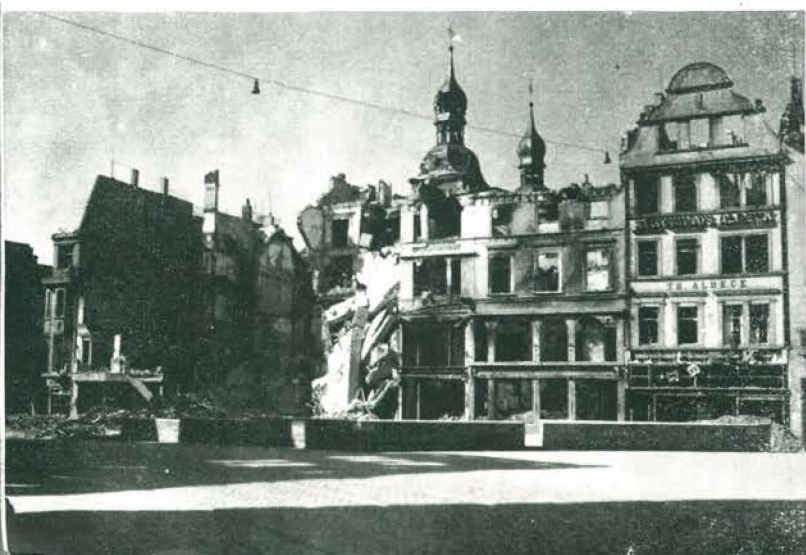
DORTMUND

G E R M A N Y





All methods of transportation at a standstill, buildings in the downtown district crushed beyond recognition, the few people who roam the streets try again to orient themselves.



Department stores, governmental administration buildings, little shops and private dwellings, all fell in similar heaps under the terrific bombardment from the air.





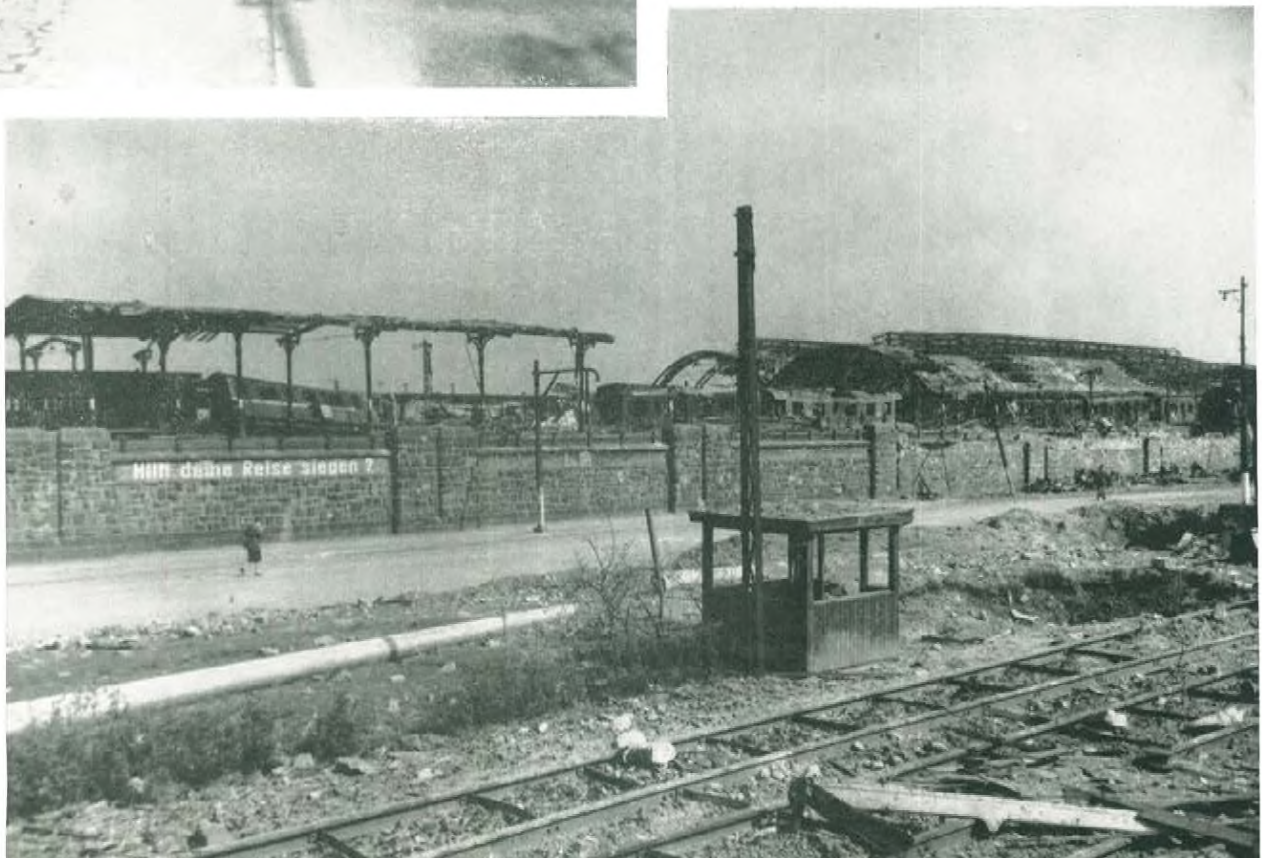
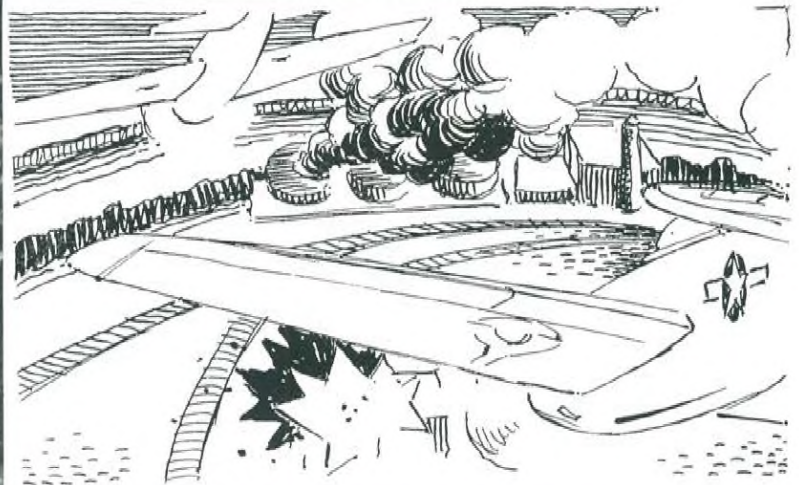
Many thousands of bombs that fell on the city of Dortmund were duds, and the huge tonnage of bombs that was dropped could easily be estimated by their number lining the streets, gutters, and alleys. Destruction in the countries of Belgium, Holland, and France, was minor in comparison to this of Dortmund.



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HANGING PRECARIOUSLY OVER THE STREETS WERE PARTIAL CORNICES OF BUILDINGS, WHICH AT THE SLIGHTEST PROVOCATION WOULD CRUMBLE





In the industrial areas of the city, huge factories were razed and their railroad sidings destroyed. At right a railroad bridge has been neatly blasted by the enemy in an effort to slow Allied traffic on the famous Autobahn. The well known highway was shell pocked everywhere along its modern four lanes and center aisle by Allied bombers which closed escape routes from the retreating Germans. Steel frames and concrete rubble are all that are left of once modern buildings along the main business streets of Dortmund.

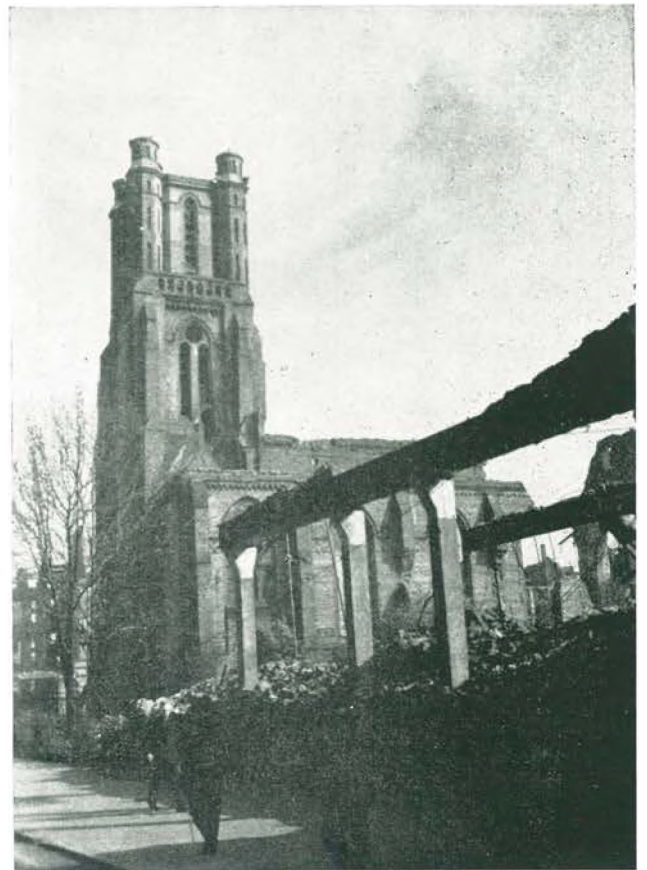




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There were no near misses, for what was not hit directly was destroyed by flying timber and shrapnel, or fire which broke out from the blasts. City illuminating gas was instantly cut off by the piercing shells; electricity, water, and telephone lines were brought to an abrupt ending for the shells dug deep into the earth leaving gushing geysers of water and crushed timbers to be cleared later.



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From their homes which now house American doughboys, these Germans take their belongings to places where they are to stay until the troops move on to new conquests.

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



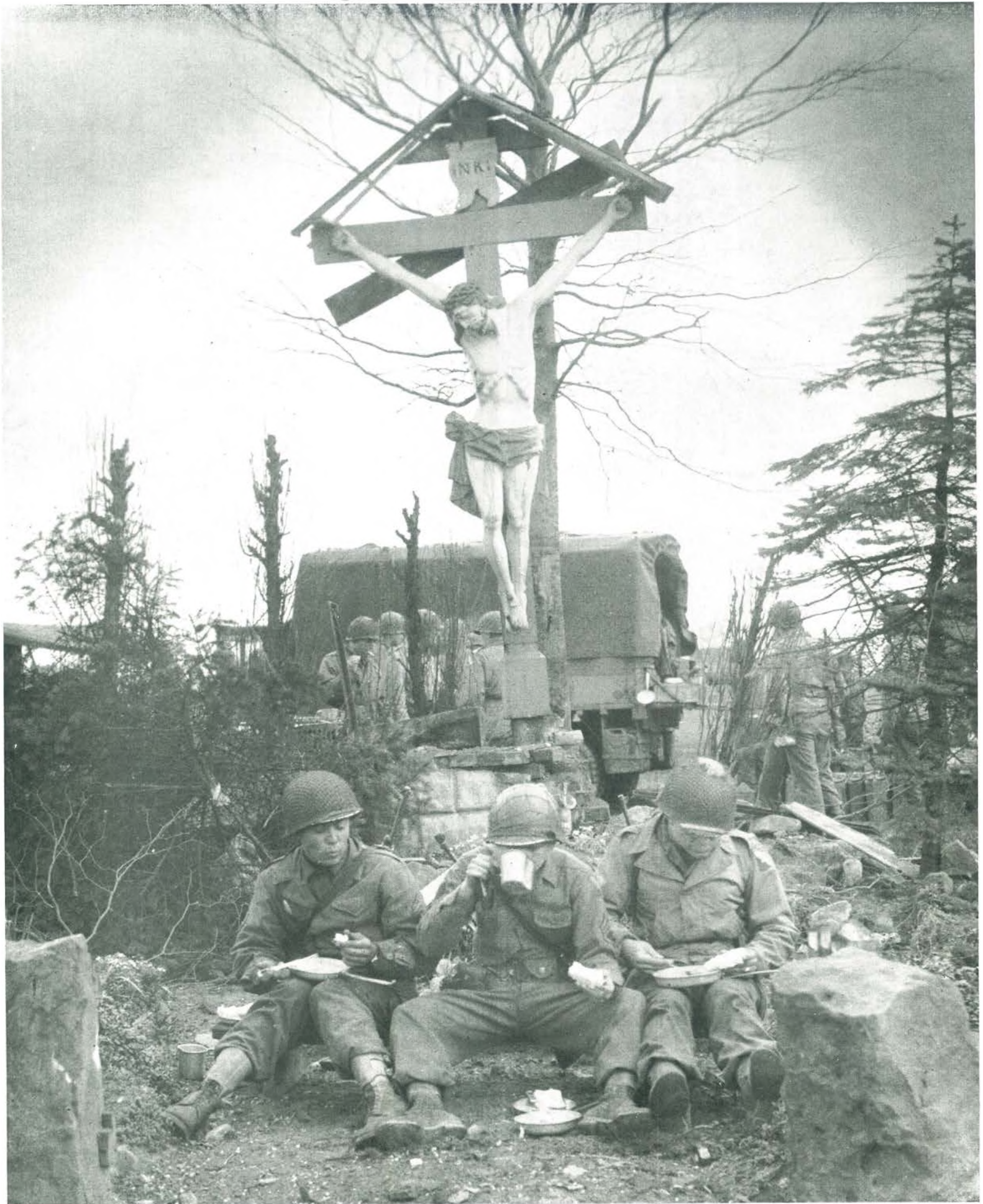
HAPPILY AND HEROICALLY THESE FRENCH INTERNEES
STEP OFF FOR HOME





CAMERA-SHY GERMAN WOMAN AND FAMILY TRUDGE
HOMeward



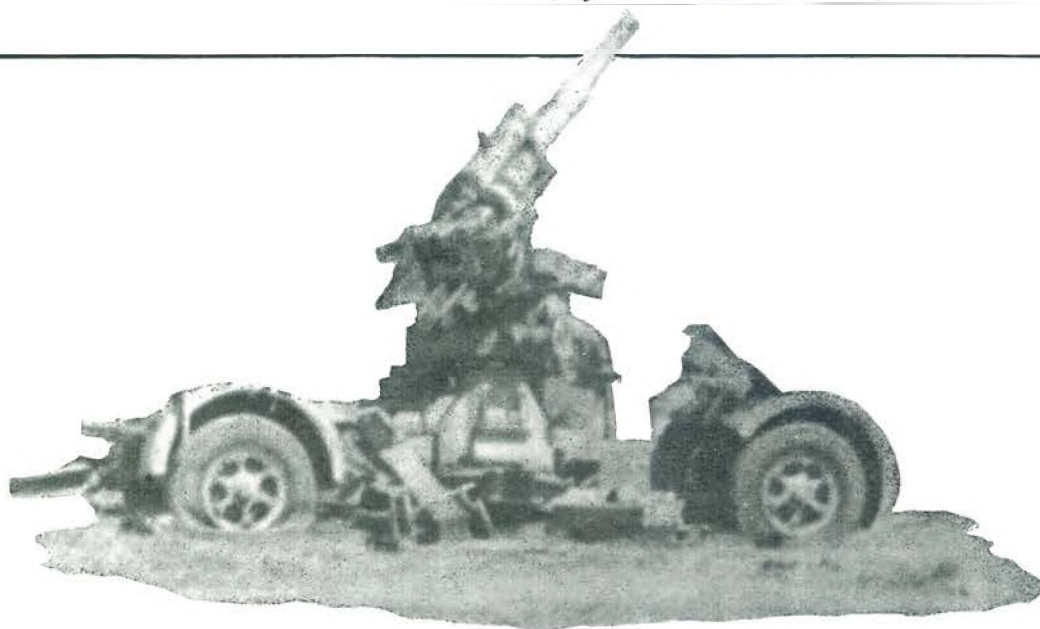


ALTHOUGH OUTWARDLY DISREGARDING THE ATMOSPHERE OF THEIR DINING PLACE, THESE LADS REALIZED AND EXPERIENCED A SIGNIFICANT SPELL.



Wesel...

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Wesel was a railroad center near the spot where the 9th Army put up the famous Roosevelt Bridge across the Rhine River. Being a position of such strategic importance it can be readily seen why the town was so completely reduced. A target for every night, it was not long before the inhabitants as well as the enemy forces were blasted out into the fields and cities in the retreat direction. This moribund church being near the rail targets of the town fell prey to the bombs which were dropped.



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The city is no longer habitable, industry was completely demolished beyond any degree of future operation; the German helmet was buried in the soil as never it had been before. The defeat was not only thorough in writing of surrenders and future non-aggression pacts, but the impossibility of advance in the direction of another aggressive move was made by these destructive results.



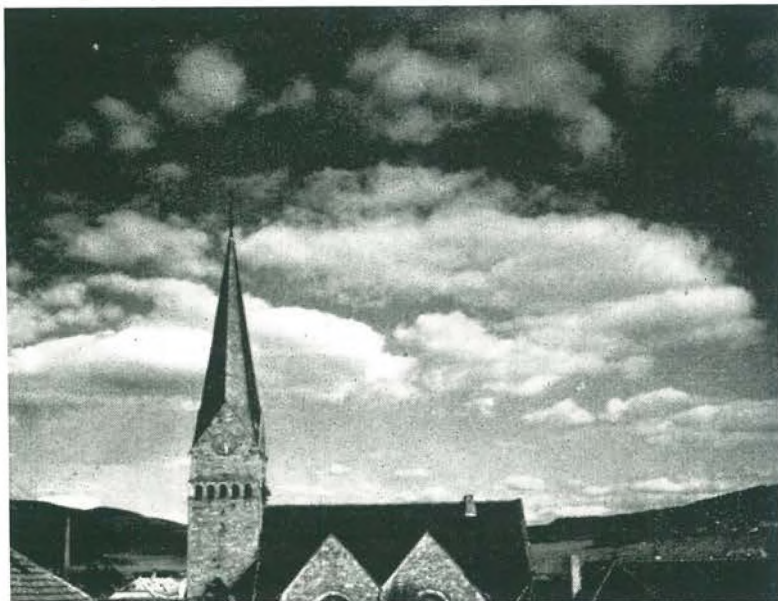


Piettenberg...

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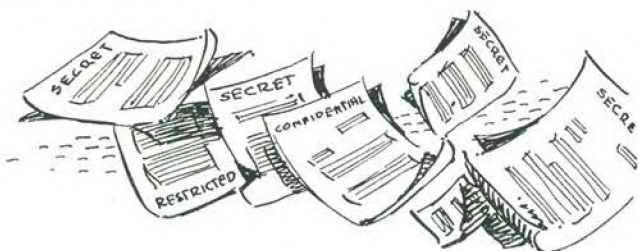
PLETTENBERG, GERMANY, WAS THE 75TH DIVISION'S LAST STAND BEFORE THE END OF THE WAR IN EUROPE WHEN A GREAT RELIEF WAS EXPERIENCED BY ALL



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



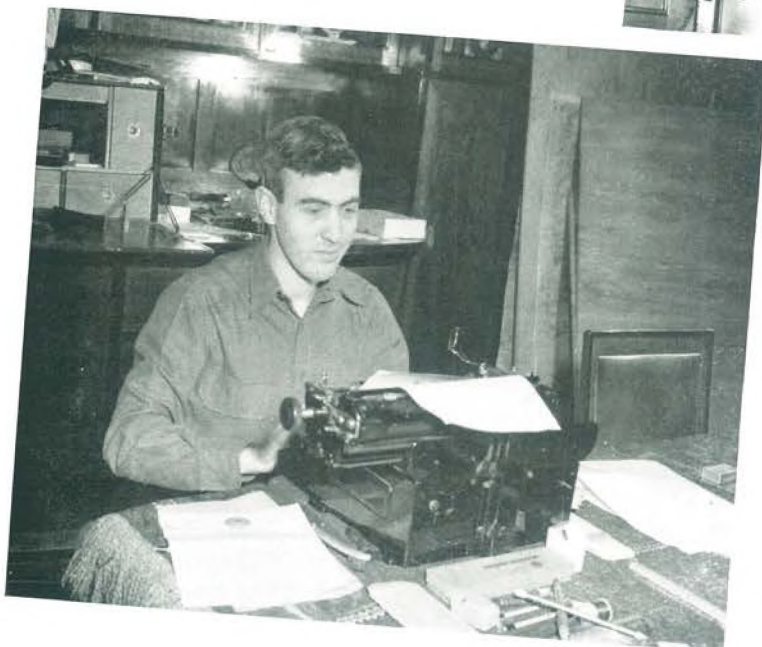
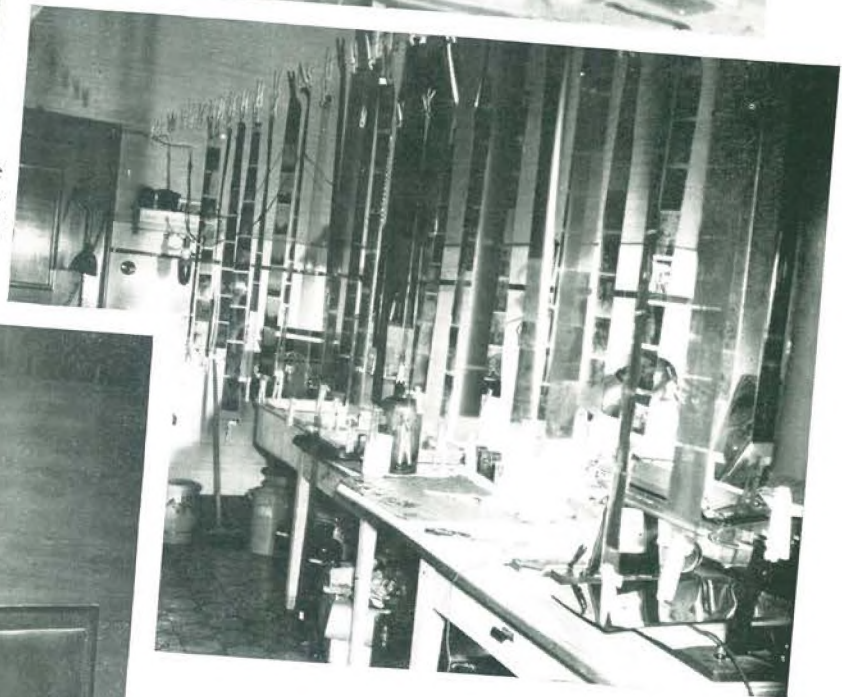
After having had many poor places in which to work, the CPs in and around Plettenberg were far superior and gave rise to more comfort and conveniences. The men appreciated and took advantage of this good living.



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Various rooms of the houses taken over for our use were converted quickly into what ever type of pattern was needed to facilitate our types of operation. This kitchen was suddenly transformed into an army photo-laboratory.



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



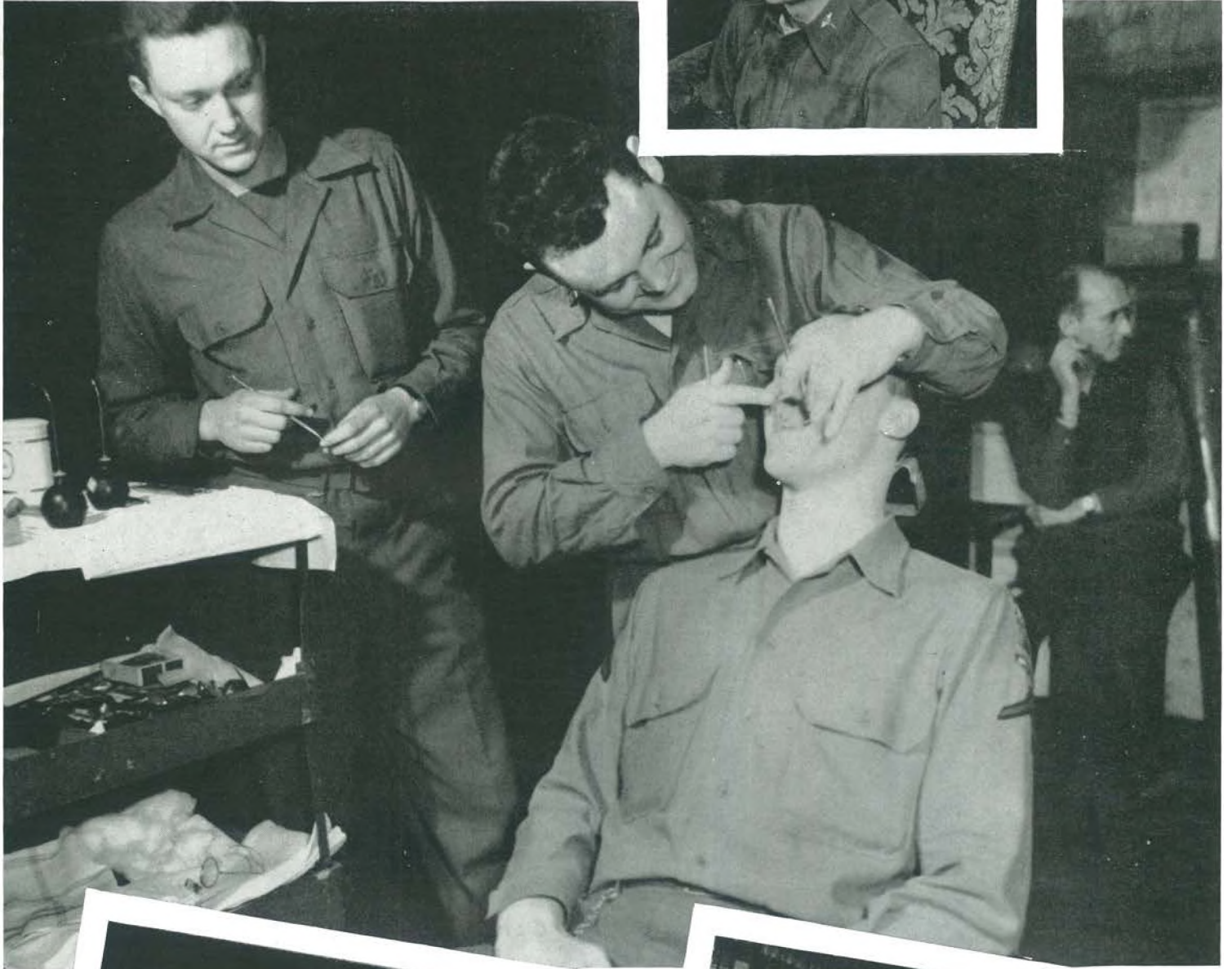
KEEPING DENTAL WORK UP TO DATE WAS IM-
PERATIVE AND MEN WERE GIVEN REGULAR
CHECKS AND REPAIRS



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



THE WELL STAFFED DIVISION DENTAL SECTION
HANDLED HUNDREDS OF MEN REGULARLY





The American Red Cross, whether here in the town of Plettenberg, or in towns during combat, never failed to have hot coffee and donuts for the men.



"COME AND GET IT



WHILE IT'S HOT"

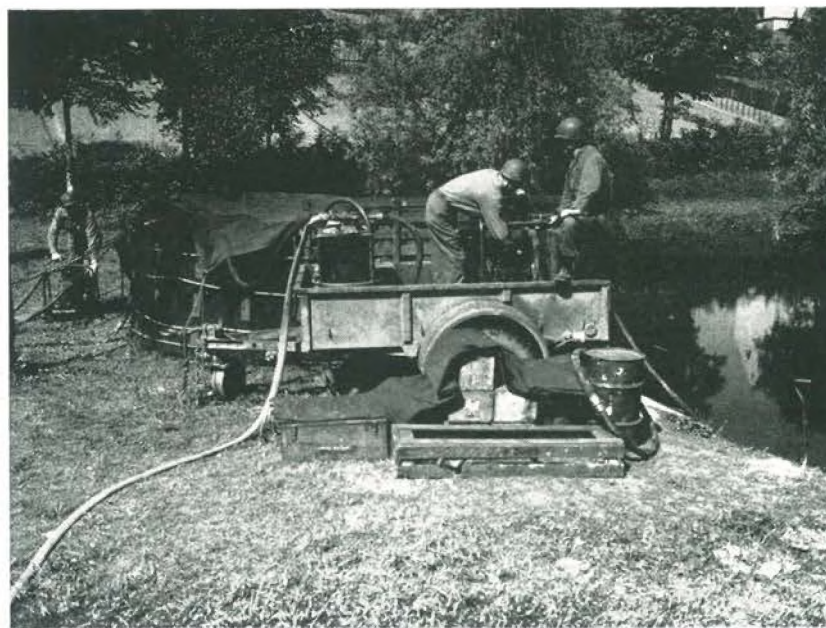
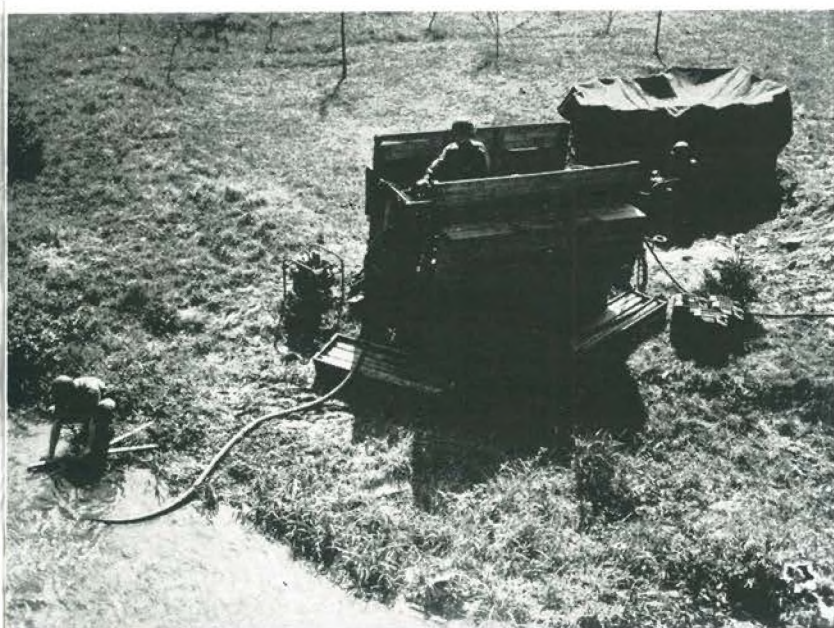




Note the expressions on the faces of these American boys who were grateful for the opportunity to be able to speak with someone of the opposite sex intelligently and with understanding. The men behind the camera shouted, "Ain't ya' ever seen a goil before, fella' . . . ?"



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THERE WAS NO MEDICINE WHICH COULD BE OF ANY VALUE WITHOUT THE PURE WATER WHICH WAS TO BE HAD FROM THE WATER POINTS



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



Not only was the job of purifying water in combat important, but it was equally vital when the Division settled in towns like Plettenberg where it was necessary not only to purify water so as to increase the supply, but also to test the civilian supply which was already in operation. With men living so close to one another the dangers involved in contracting a germ carried by water could result in catastrophe. Therefore to the men of the water points which were set up for us during our time spent overseas, and to their diligence, knowledge, and tireless work, we all wish to express our undying gratitude.

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BY FOLLOWING THE WATER POINT MARKERS ONE COULD USUALLY COME UPON INSTALLATIONS SUCH AS THIS AND BE SURE TO FIND THE PUREST WATER

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



INTELLIGENCE UNITS WERE ARRESTING AND TAKING INTO CUSTODY MANY SOLDIERS WHO WERE ABLE TO DISGUISE THEMSELVES AS CIVILIANS



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*

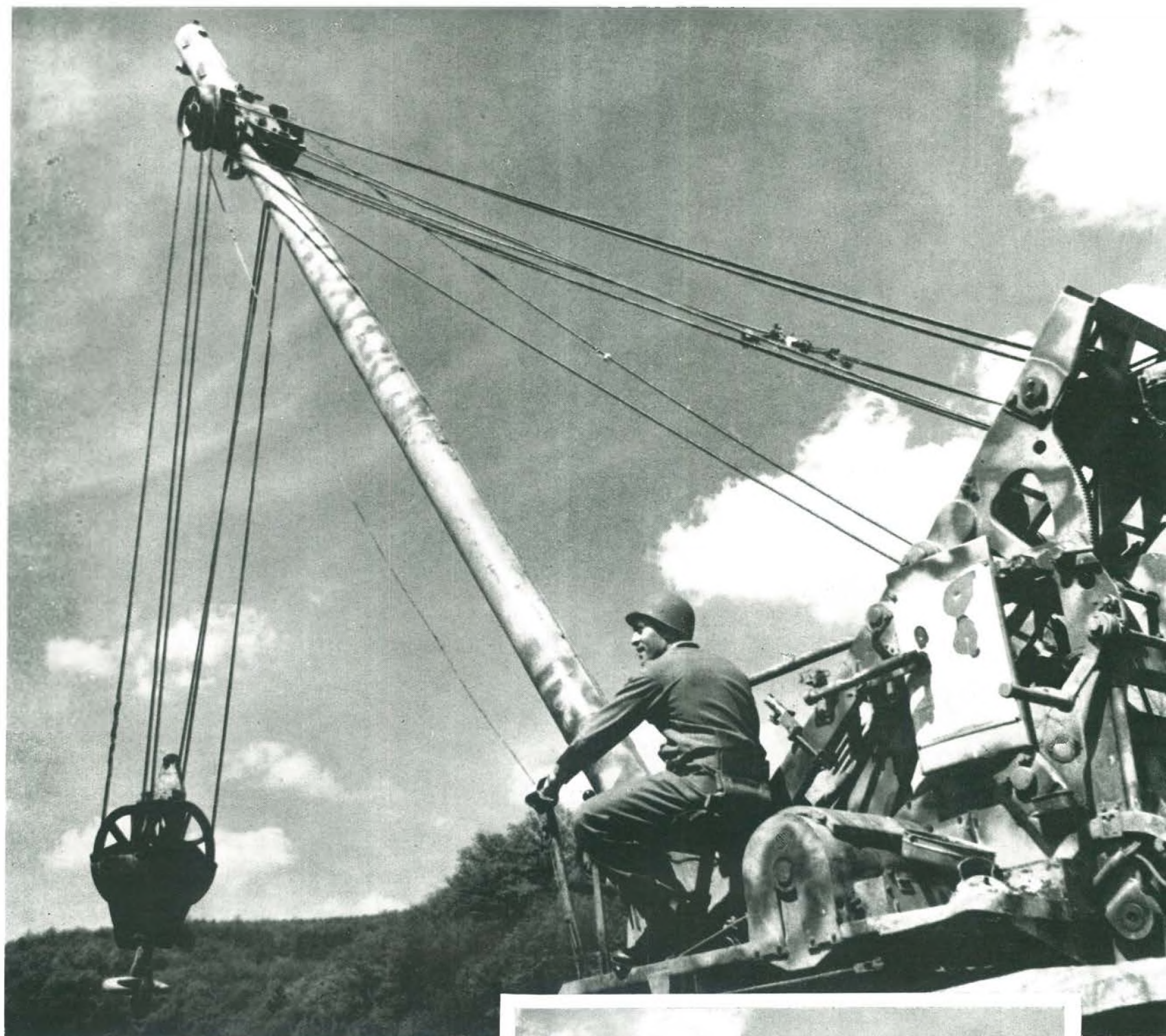


EVERY DAY HUNDREDS OF SUCH MEN WERE APPREHENDED, WHO, REALIZING THAT IT WAS ALL OVER FOR THEM, DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO EVADE ARREST



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*

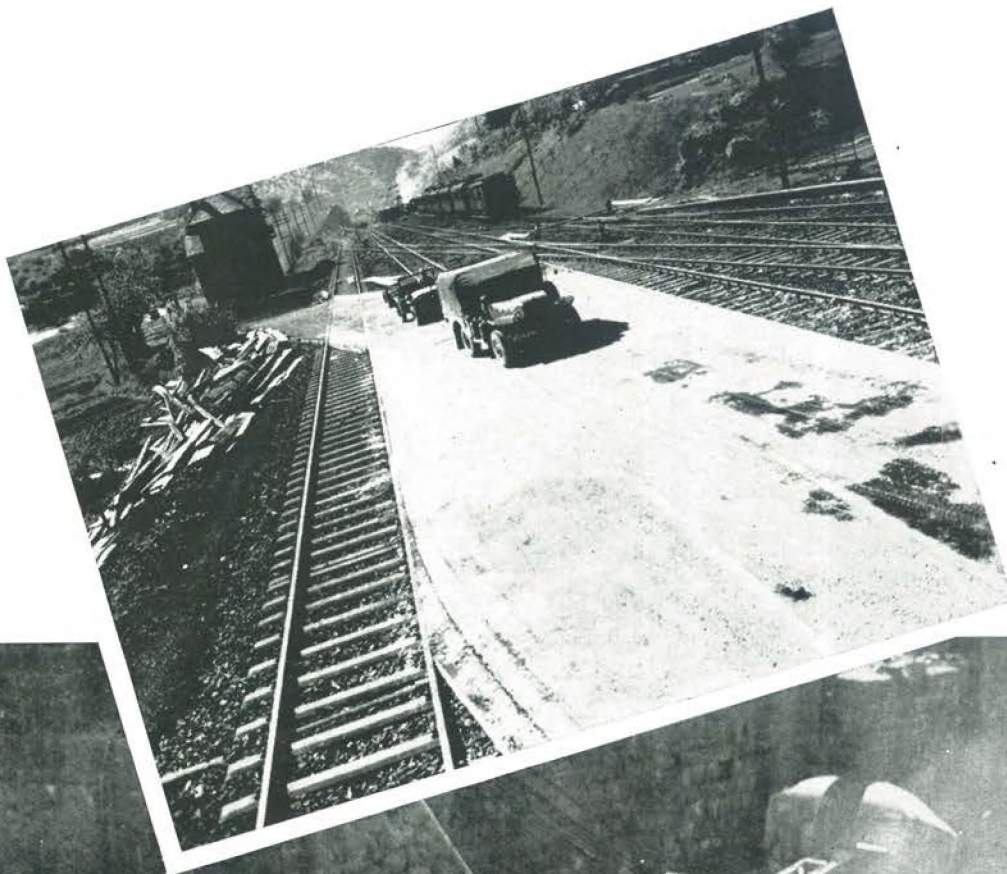




This captured German military derrick was used by the engineers to repair bridges, remove road-blocks and wreckage. It saved time in operations where heavy equipment was at high priority level and impossible to obtain. While the derrick was working on clearing the heavy steel wreckage of a bridge in the town, other machinery was used to construct a by-pass so that convoys which jammed the highways everywhere would not be held up.



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It can be readily understood why this 37-ton derrick was of so much value when you look at the tremendously huge section of riveted steel plates that had to be moved. It was capable of lifting 20 tons at the length of its arm. This was the part of the long network of rails that had to be cleared through Altena and Plettenberg in order to open the roads for hauling supplies.



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



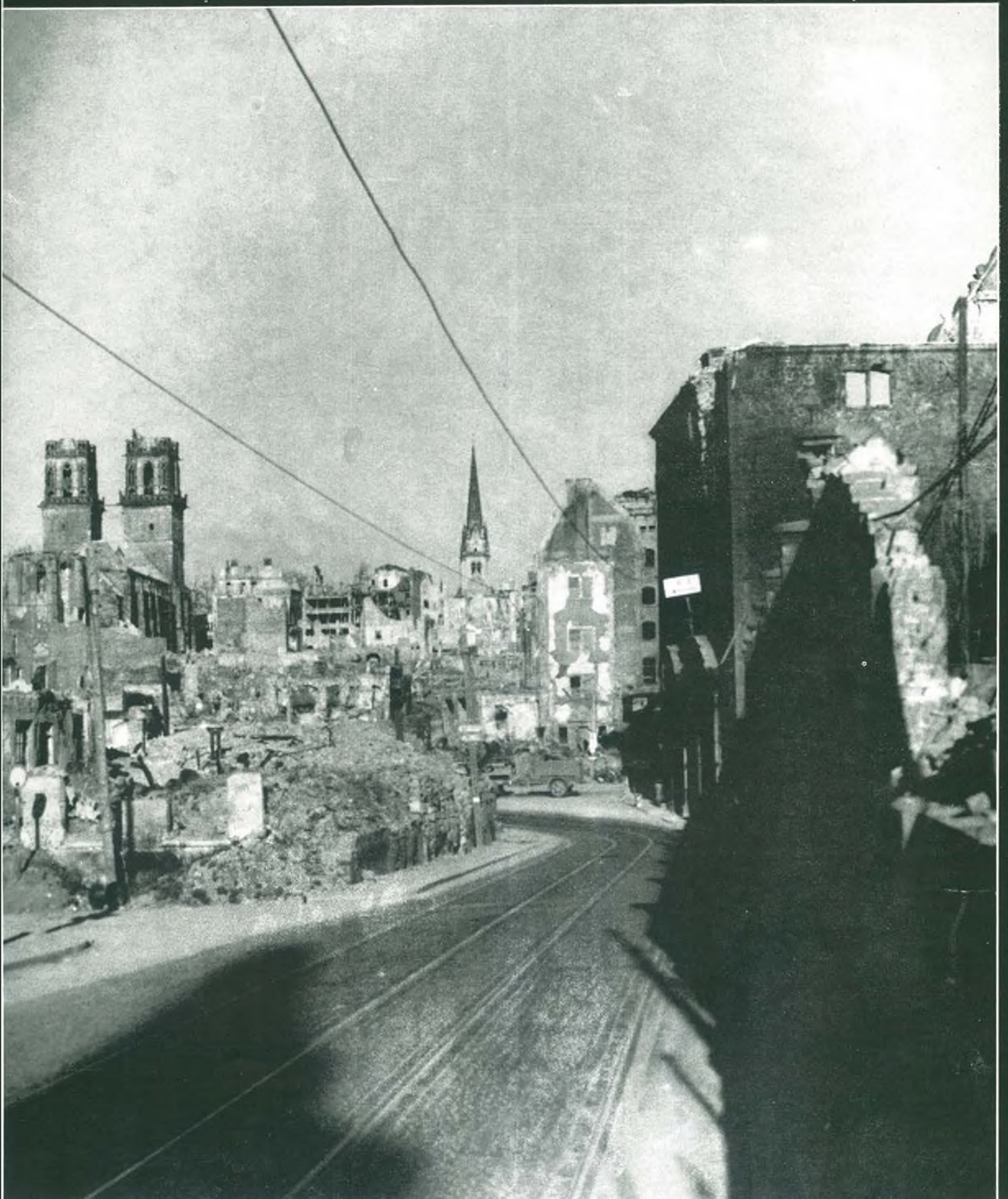


The city of Kassel bridged the Ruhr Pocket and Eastern Germany and completed the border line from Paderborn through to Marburg and Bonn. It, too, was a city which will never in the long years to come forget the frightful havoc which rained from the skies and the surrounding countryside. Kassel's total defeat was reflected in the eyes of every man, woman and child who aimlessly wandered through the streets gathering the few scraps of belongings which still incredibly stayed intact. Although the manner of the American soldier was not that of scorn nor of pity, he retained that air of aloofness which was necessary to control the imagination of the German in his overthrow. What the people were thinking beneath their placid mask was difficult to understand for they smiled and greeted us everywhere with only the satisfaction of a courteous but firm reply. The policy of our army was to present an air of firmness without crudeness, and a display of our military might.



KASSEL

G E R M A N Y





THE EFFECT OF OUR MILITARY MIGHT

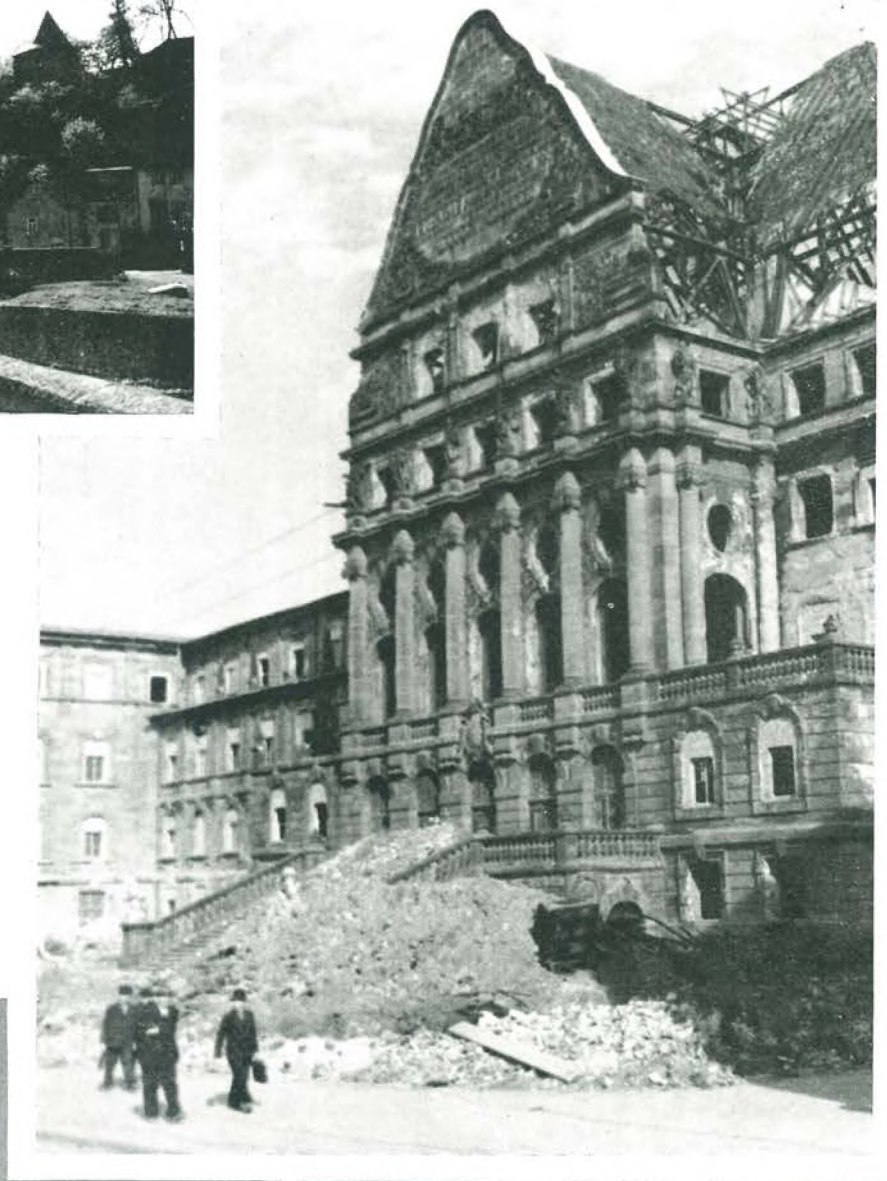


WAS BY NO MEANS LEFT TO THE IMAGINATION



The Germans understood militarism and respected us when they saw our power. From the time of our arrival into their cities until we left to allow occupation forces to take over, the people expressed their appreciation for even the slightest concession to them, such as the permission to allow them to form bread and food lines outside the shops in town. They were forced to observe curfew laws posted by town majors and could do nothing without proper authority and consent. Justice was their only consolation, for never were the military authorities unfair according to the rules of occupation.



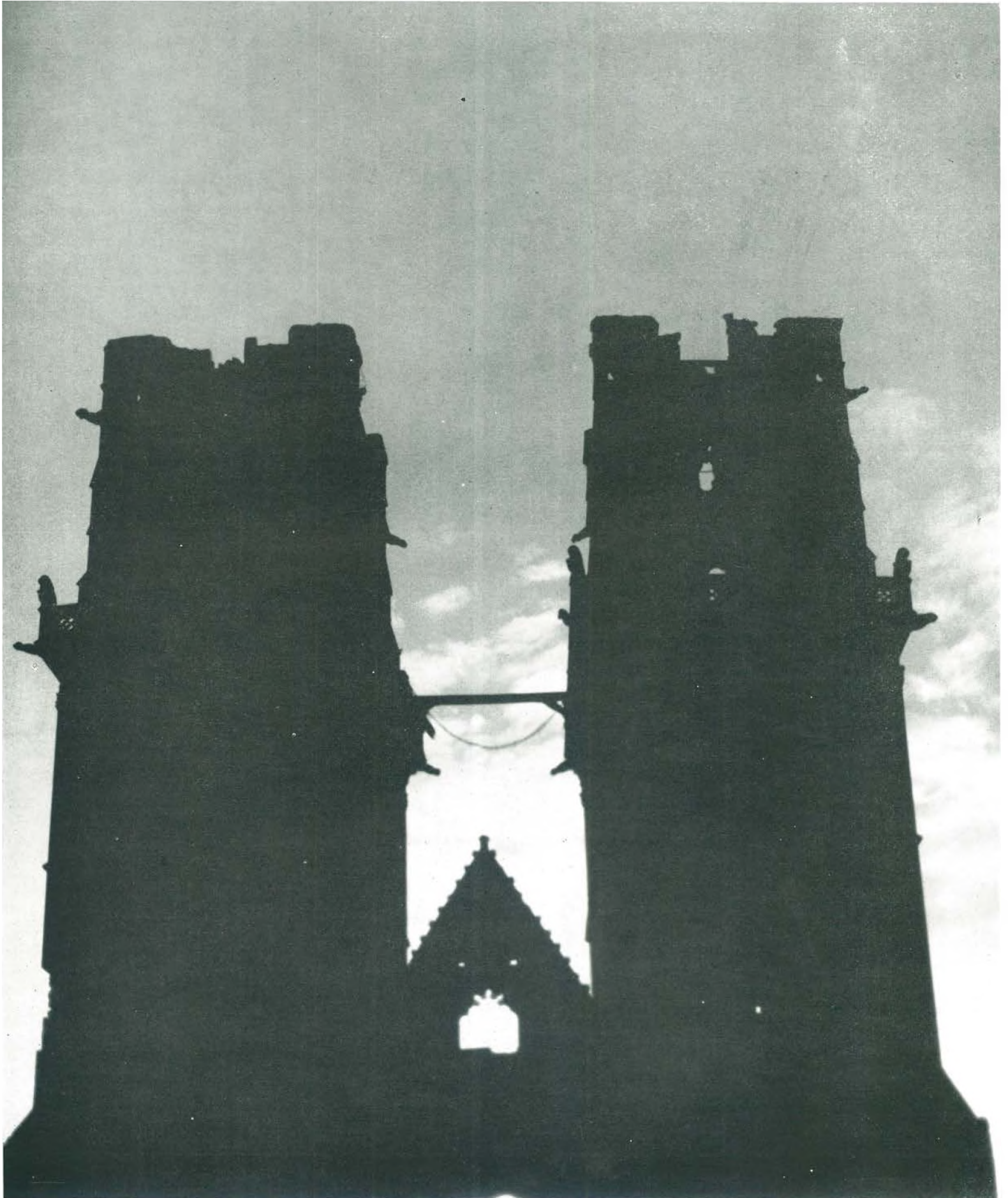


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FROM THESE TOWERS, OF THE VERY FEW STRUCTURES WHICH REMAINED, ONE COULD SEE NOTHING BUT STONE AND STEEL FLATTENED TO THE GROUND

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



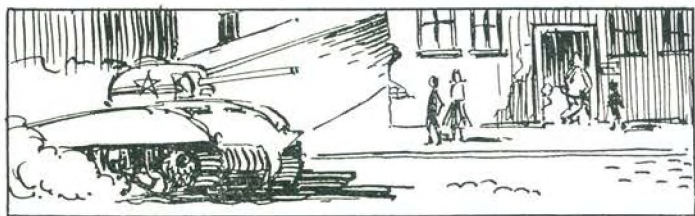
THE SUN COMES UP AND PEERS FROM BETWEEN THE CATHEDRAL TOWERS ONLY TO ILLUMINATE A SCENE OF DEVESTATION



With their horses and oxen pulling little hand made carts or wagons, these people go about cleaning the streets of littered debris. The work was endless, for this condition existed everywhere, and only modern equipment could do the job quickly.



Altena...



CHILDREN AND THE GI MESS HALLS

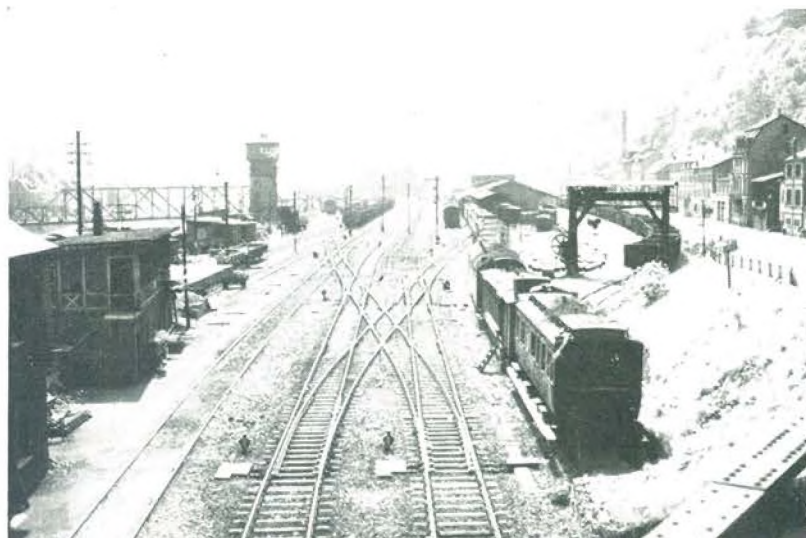
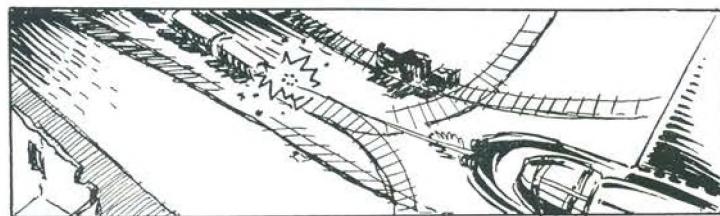
Wherever there was an army kitchen one could find all of the town's youngsters milling about in an effort to scrunch some scrap of food or sweet chocolate as a luxury they had missed for years. At first the non-fraternization policy forbade these gifts, but soon after, fraternization with 8-year-olds and under was permitted.

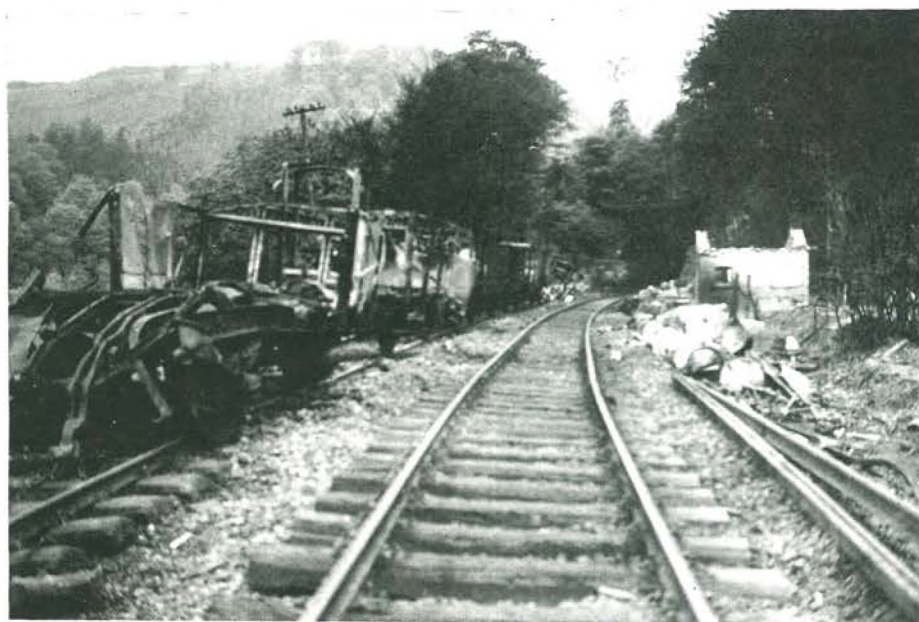
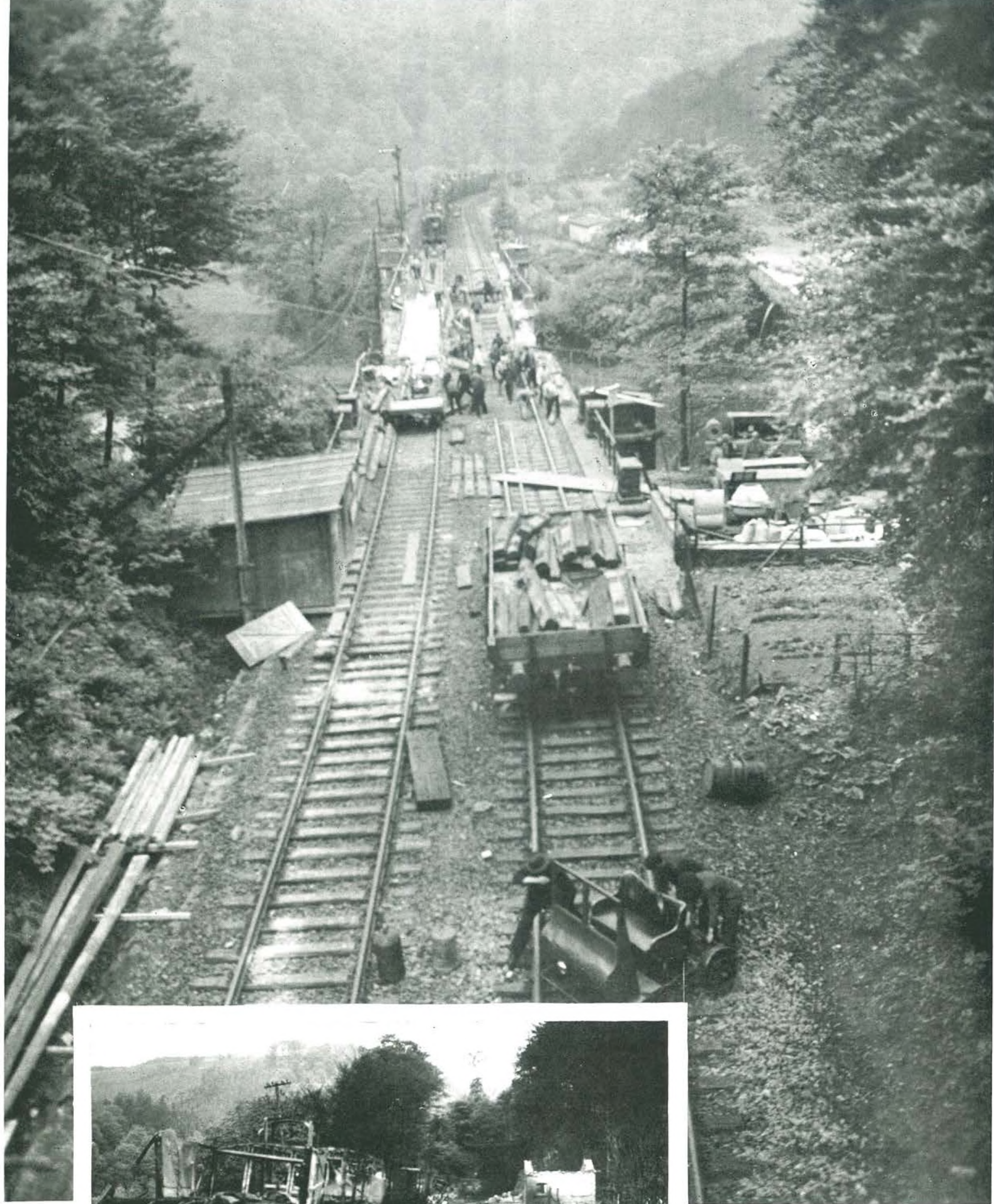




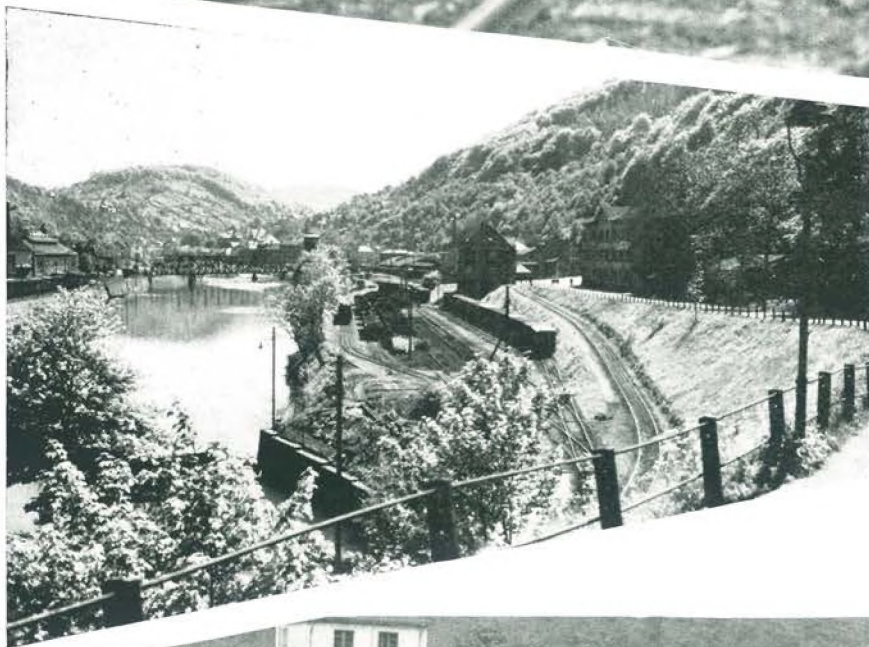
THIS WAS THE RESULT OF THEIR FOLLY

The tremendous network of railroad yards around Altena which was damaged by planes, now was hampering transportation facilities dangerously. Vital equipment, lumber and fuel which had to be expedited were held up because of the inadequate systems of transportation. German labor was immediately conscripted for this task, and railway offices were taken over by Engineers.





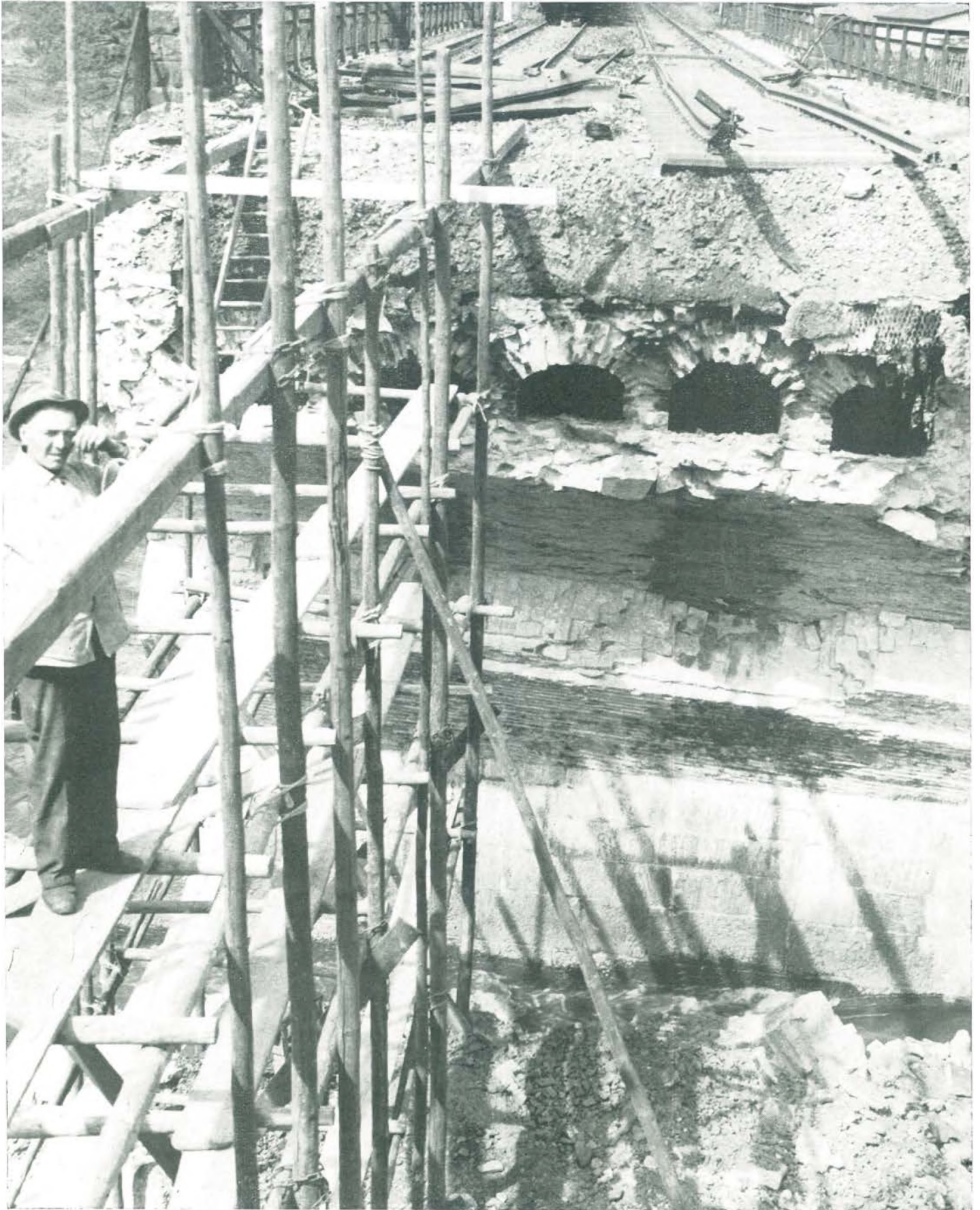
Hard at work with every type of native implement they had, these workers knew that it was to their advantage as well as to the conquerors to rebuild the ways. Lower picture is entrance to tunnel where munitions cars were holed up and caught fire while repairs were getting under way.



The remains of German munitions train which caught fire in tunnel are dragged out onto sidings to allow the passage to be cleared and repaired. Below German laborers lay rail on one of the very many rail bridges which had to be rebuilt to insure the carrying of material for the section reconstruction and rehabilitation of the area.

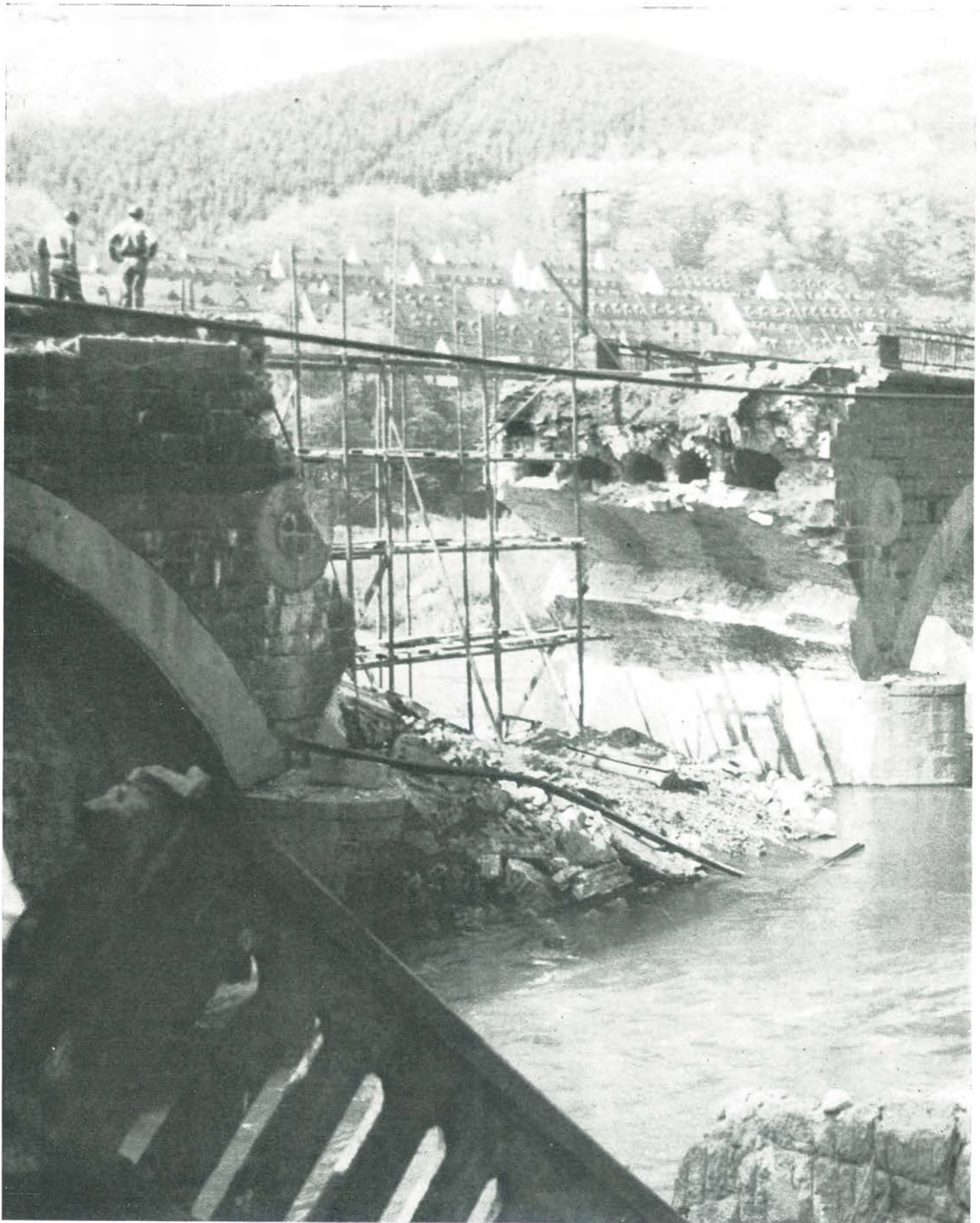


the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



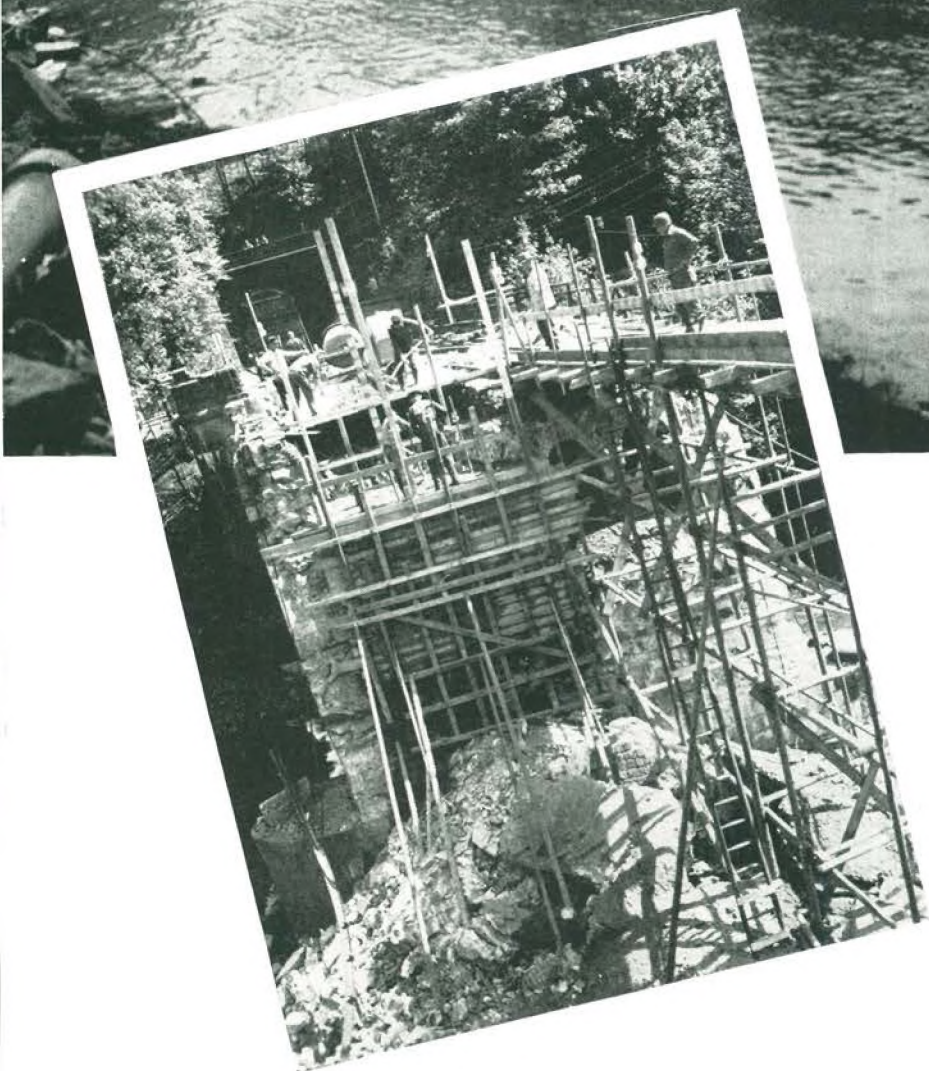
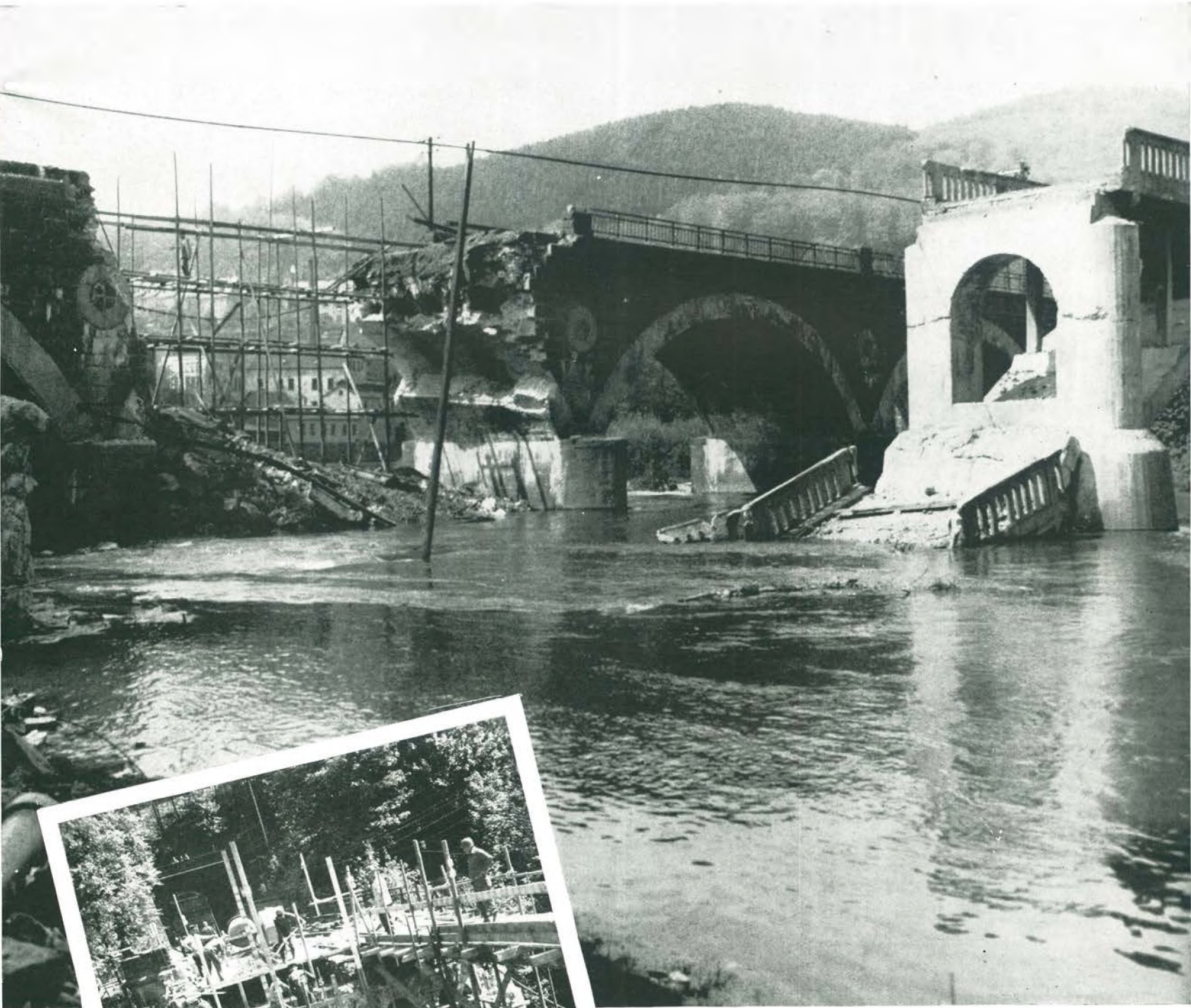
IN FIXING THIS STRUCTURE MEN ARE NOW LACING TOGETHER, ALMOST PRIMITIVELY, A SCAFFOLDING FROM WHICH THEY WILL WORK LATER

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



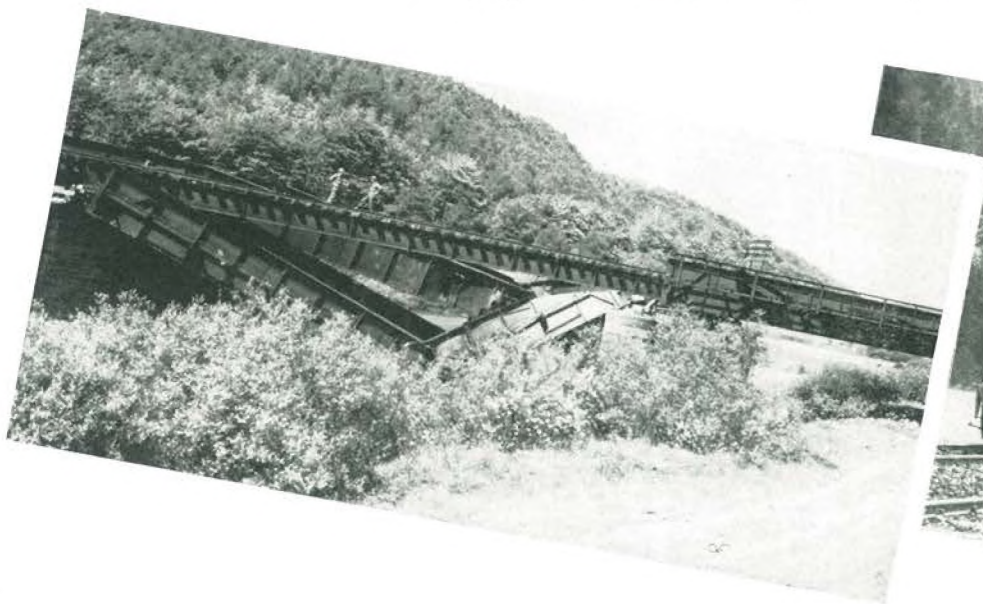
AFTER CLEARING AWAY ONLY THE DEBRIS DIRECTLY IN OUR PATH, A SCAFFOLD IS CONSTRUCTED

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*

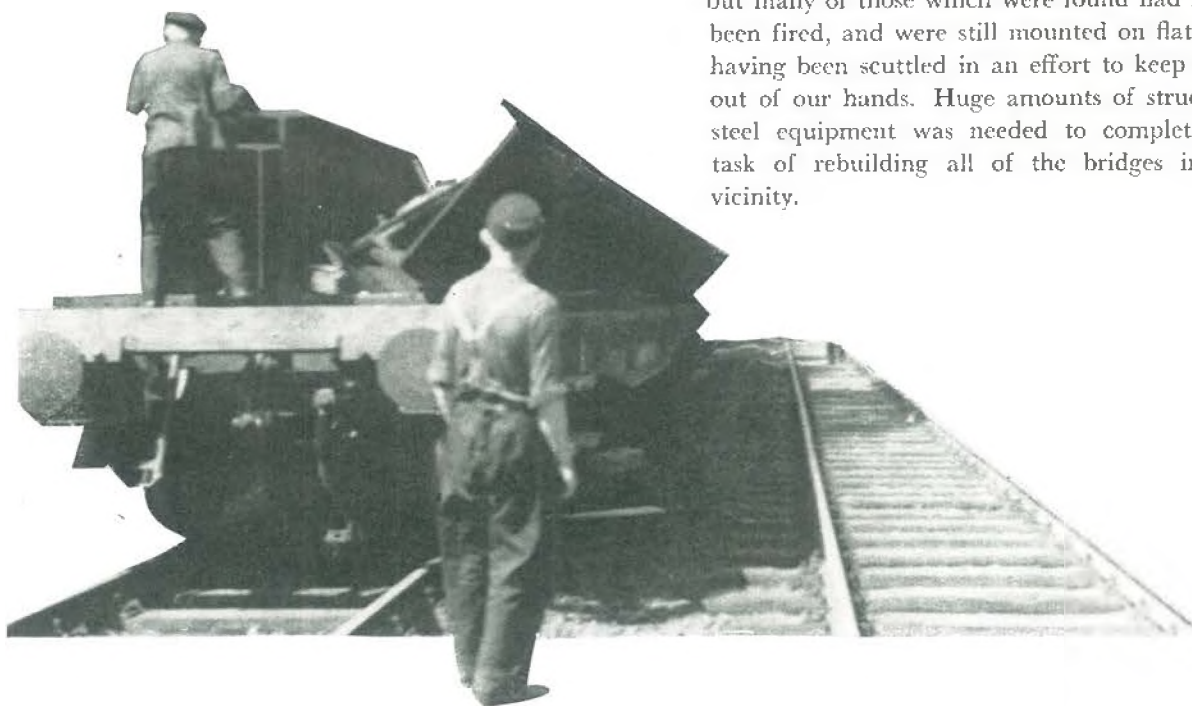


The more essential of the two bridges in the upper photograph is apparently the railway bridge, for the highway span remains untouched as work begins on scaffolding of the other. The lower picture was taken near the completion of frame from which men could begin laying the concrete bed.

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The railway gun above was completely ruined; but many of those which were found had never been fired, and were still mounted on flat cars, having been scuttled in an effort to keep them out of our hands. Huge amounts of structural steel equipment was needed to complete the task of rebuilding all of the bridges in the vicinity.



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



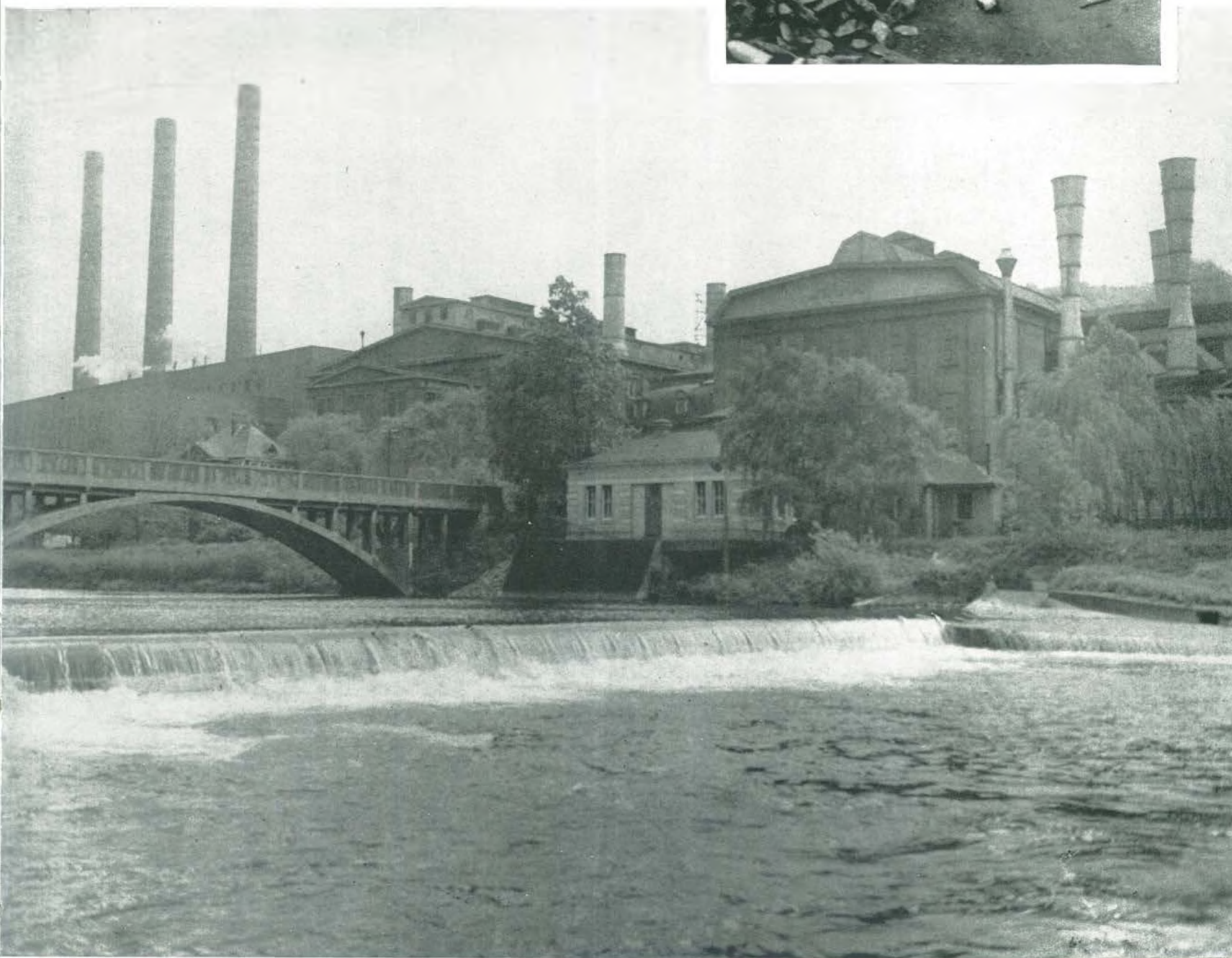
The lack of coal as fuel for the power plant threatened the large area's power supply, and one of the initial reasons for getting the work on railways under way was to relieve this situation. These cars are lined up at the siding by the plant, which is viewed in lower shot.



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Here are scenes of a power house and water washing over the dam in the river. Coal is being unloaded, and chances are that it was not stored long enough to allow the dust in it to settle, for the shortage due to transportation was great





Many of the units of the 75th took over various lake and river resorts where they could swim, fish, and even run speedboats and kayaks in their "after combat" leisure. Diving boards were built, and the environment here in one of the more beautiful spots did the men good.



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*

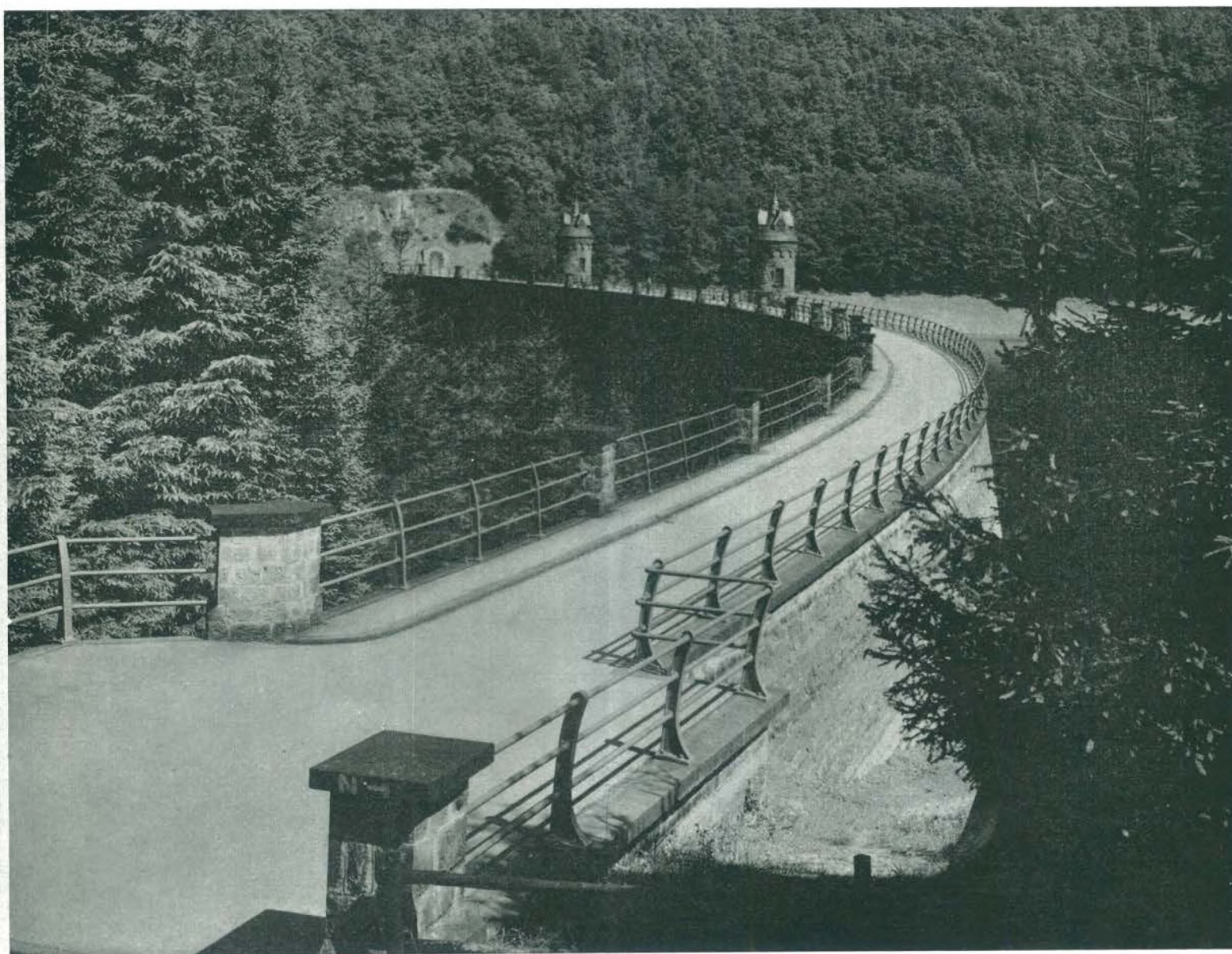


AS LITTLE GERMAN CHILDREN STAND BY AND WATCH, GIs LIE ON THE SPRING-BOARD AND PEACEFULLY BATHE IN THE SUN

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



From the walk around the top of this dam could be seen a decorative scene extending into wooded regions for miles. Camping out here did not in the least resemble bivouacing in pup tents during the war. Men who had said earlier that they would never sleep in a pup tent again unless it was an absolute order, took the first opportunity to set up in one at such places as this. It was secluded and quiet and answered every requirement of the men.

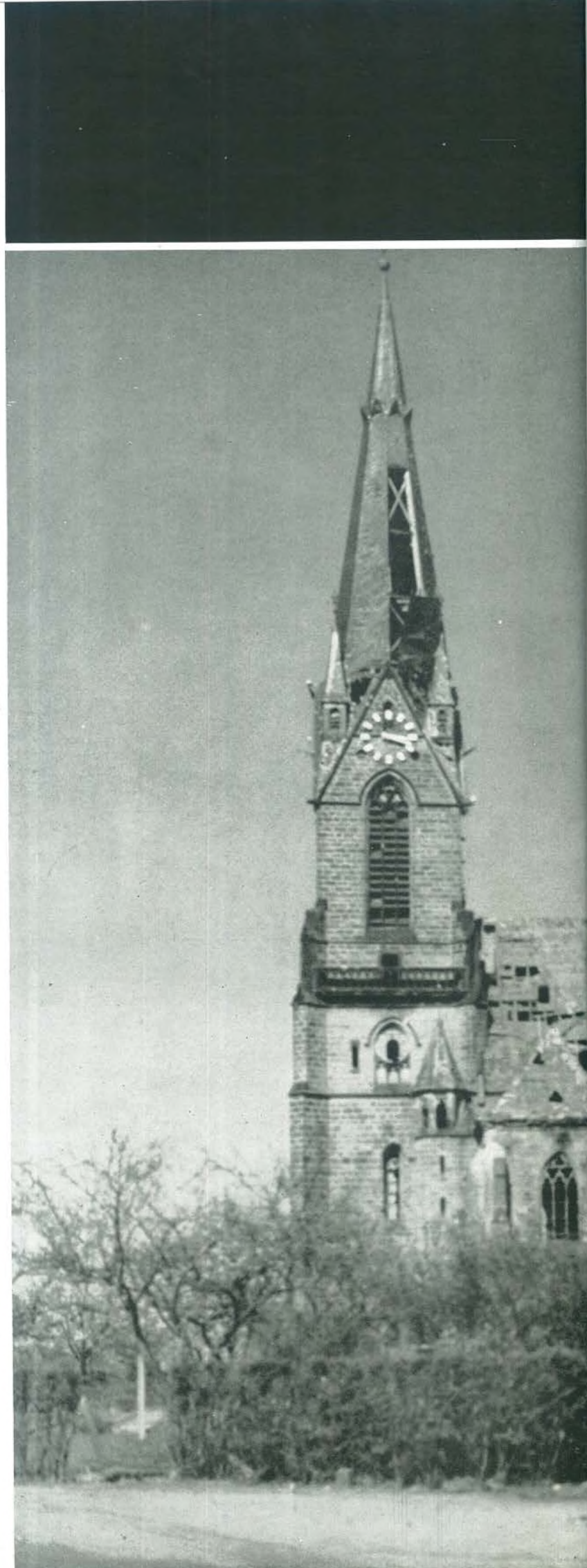


In this typically beautiful mountain resort spot near Altena, soldiers not only enjoyed the lake for boating and fishing, but also for the opportunity it afforded the amateur photographer. In need of such relaxation the men were often permitted to take days at a time here and rotate, so that the vacation from duties came often. It was during our stay here that we celebrated VE Day.





One of the most important single targets for the Army Air Forces as well as the ground forces in this war, was the Ruhr of Germany. It had the most tremendous concentration of industry and coal mines in the world. These huge factories were within easy reach, and could not go underground and still operate efficiently. The entire valley was the scene of hundreds of smoke stacks, one after the other, pouring smoke from their bowels continuously. The Germans, in an effort to stave off attack from the air, devised methods whereby attacking planes would be misled and bomb false targets illuminated for the purpose. Here, too, was the famed Krupp works which turned out Germany's huge guns for the battle; bombed and attacked, she finally could no longer rebuild and repair fast enough to continue operation. When the Americans entered, the area was literally shambles. In the last phase of the war in Germany, the 75th Division met the enemy in the Ruhr Pocket, which generally covered an area east from the Rhine to Dortmund and then south to the Ruhr River, where they battered him to submission.



THE RUHR POCKET

GERMANY





These pictures typify the action that took place in the Ruhr sector, for all was blasted unmercifully in death and destruction. The Germans who remained in this pocket were trapped and with their horse-drawn vehicles, munitions low, and food supply lines gone, their only way out was to fight until the occasion for surrender presented itself.



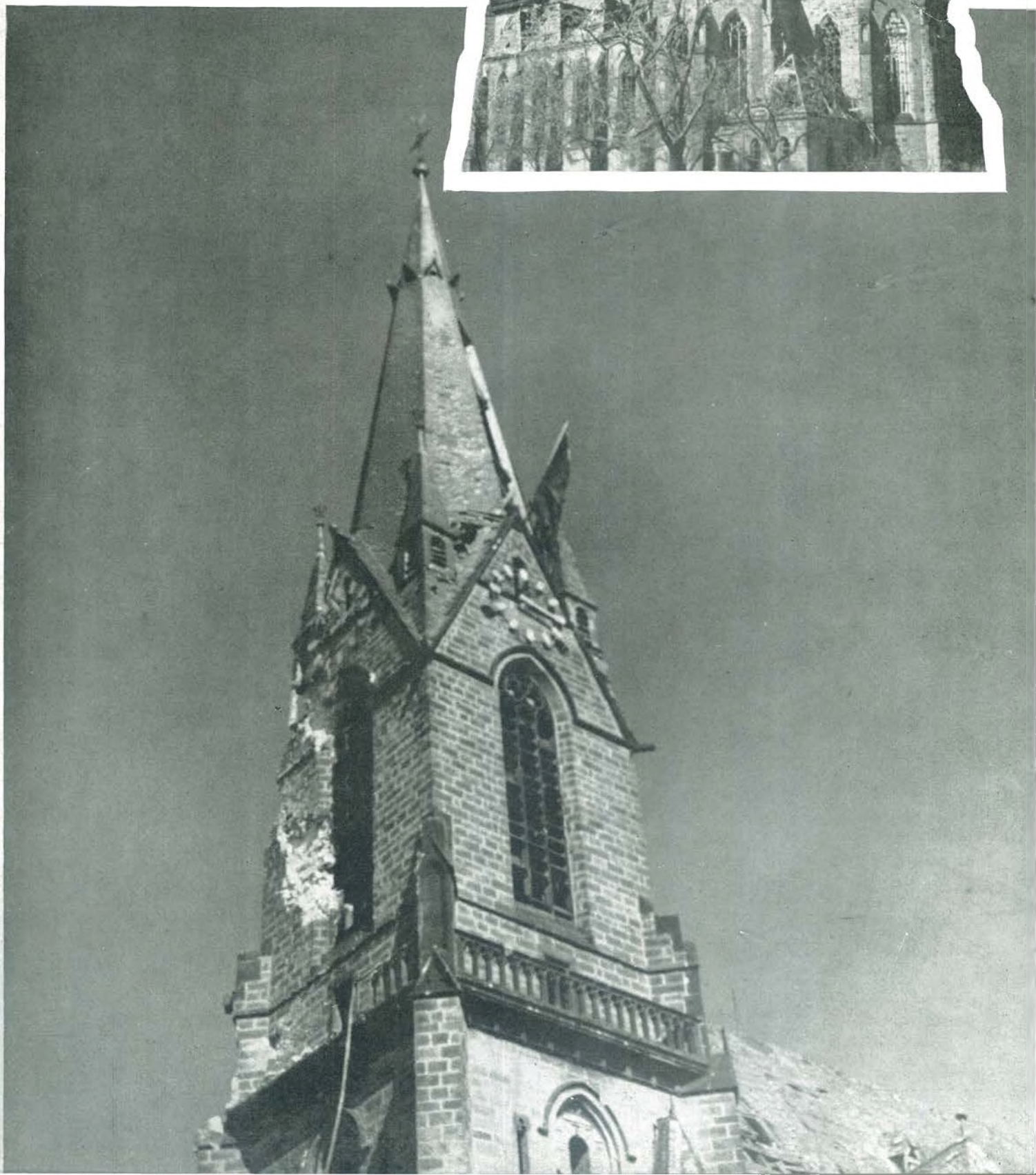


German vehicles such as the ones in this assembly dump came from previous scenes of violence as pictured below. Battered and smashed in the wake of the advancing armies these automobiles and trucks rest where they were smashed from the roads. Bottom, tracks can be seen where bulldozers scraped the pieces aside.



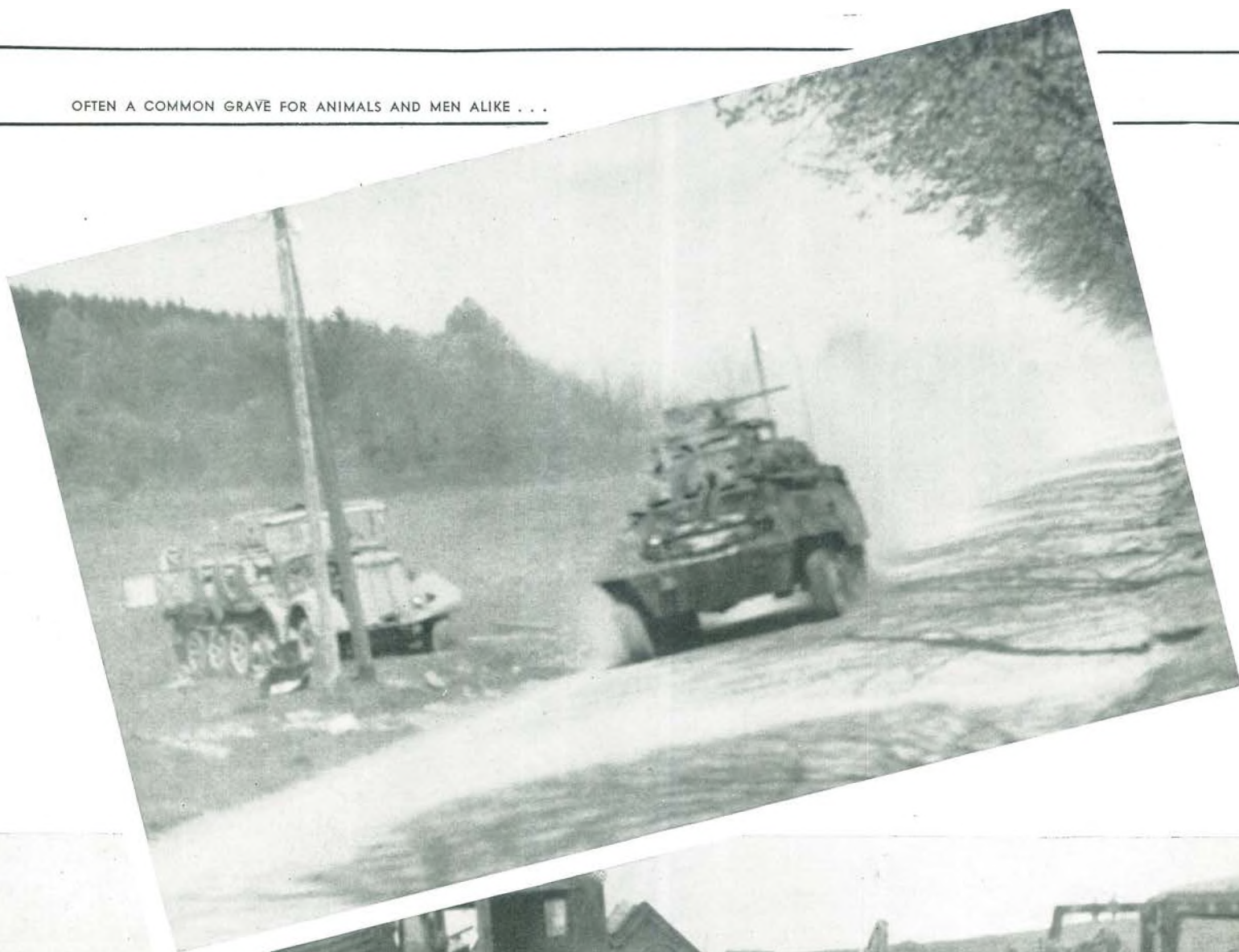


Overturned Germans tanks and anti-aircraft pieces are strewn across the fields in the long shadows of the many churches in the little farming towns and villages scattered about the Ruhr.



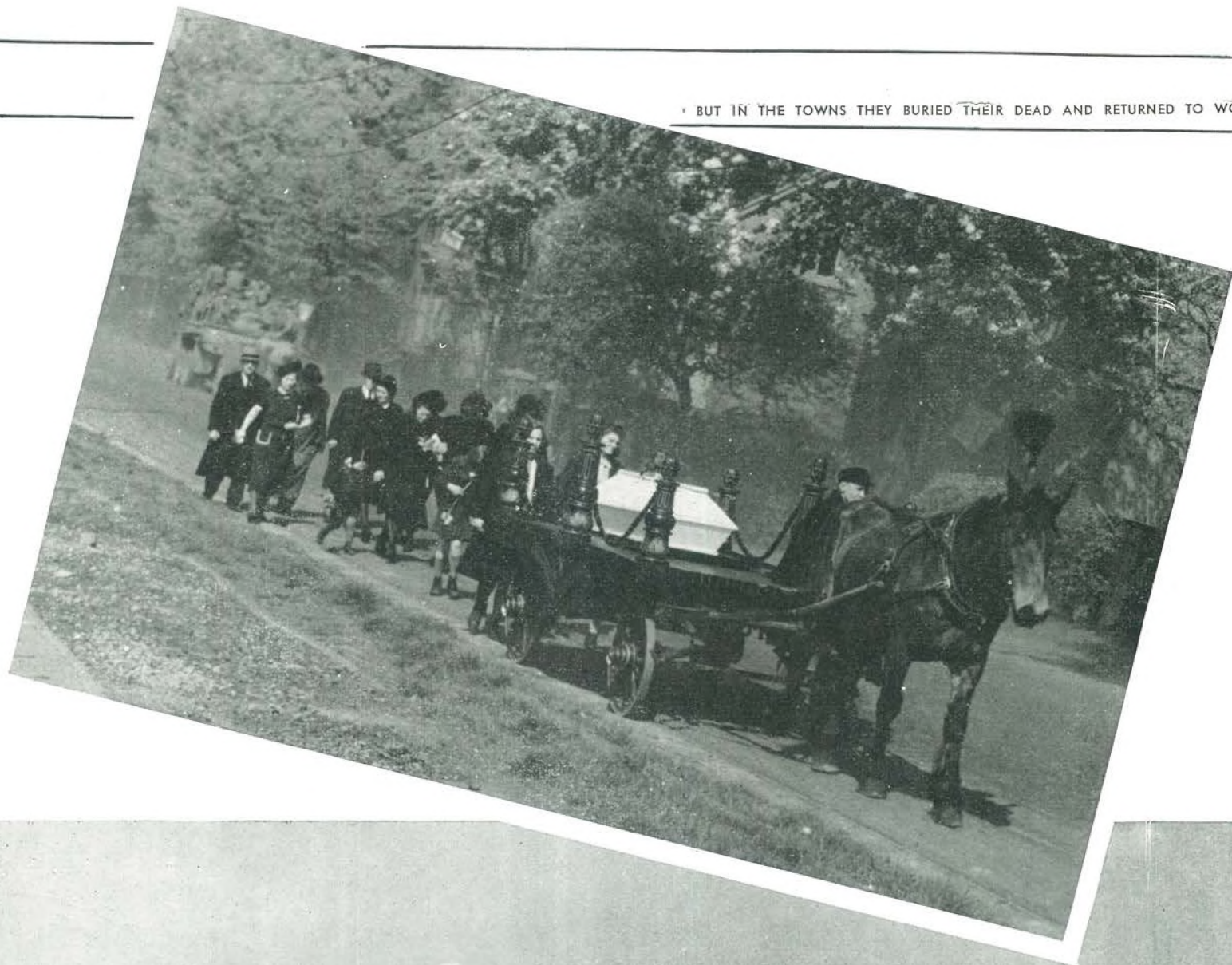
the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*

OFTEN A COMMON GRAVE FOR ANIMALS AND MEN ALIKE . . .



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*

BUT IN THE TOWNS THEY BURIED THEIR DEAD AND RETURNED TO WORK



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the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*

Our own half-tracks and tanks suffered severely and knocked out equipment was salvaged to replace parts in those which were still able to fight. Plates in the tracks were used over and over for they were vital materials difficult to replace quickly. It was about this time that we began to hear about the T-34 multiple rocket launcher mounted on an M-4 tank; new developments all the time. . . .



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The rumbling and roaring of our huge prime mover frightened the civilians and animals everywhere in Europe, for never had they seen such quantities of heavy equipment before. Children lined the streets to watch the haulers carrying tons of shells for heavy artillery up to gun emplacements behind the lines.

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Few of the pretty rows of houses or quaint country scenes were not marked by some modern piece of fighting apparatus either passing through, or covering a road or intersection of importance. As traffic rolled on Displaced Persons waited for transportation.





the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



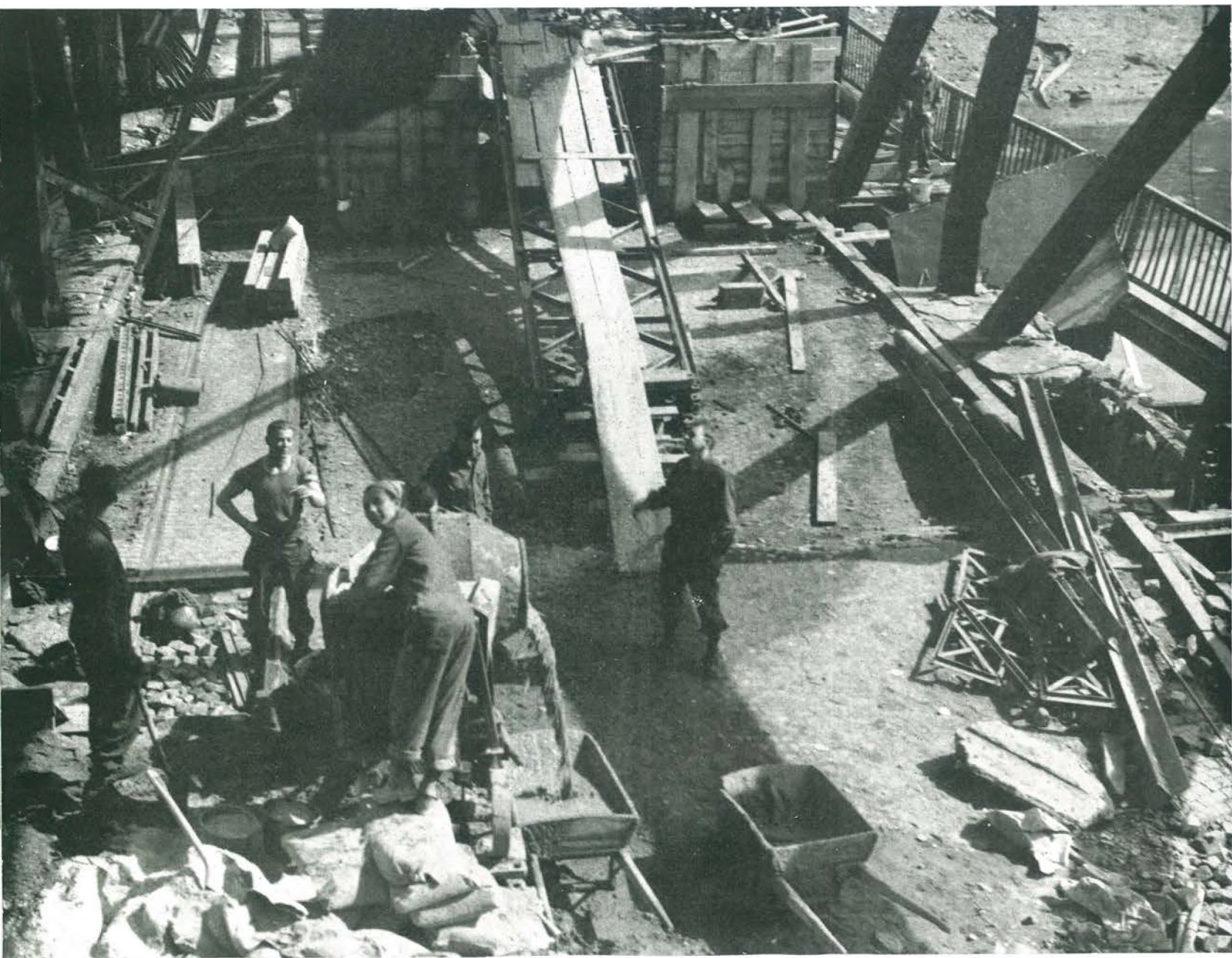
THIS RAIL YARD SCENE WAS TAKEN AT DATLEN WHERE THE ENEMY BLEW THEIR BRIDGES AFTER THEM AND GAINED ONLY VERY LITTLE TIME

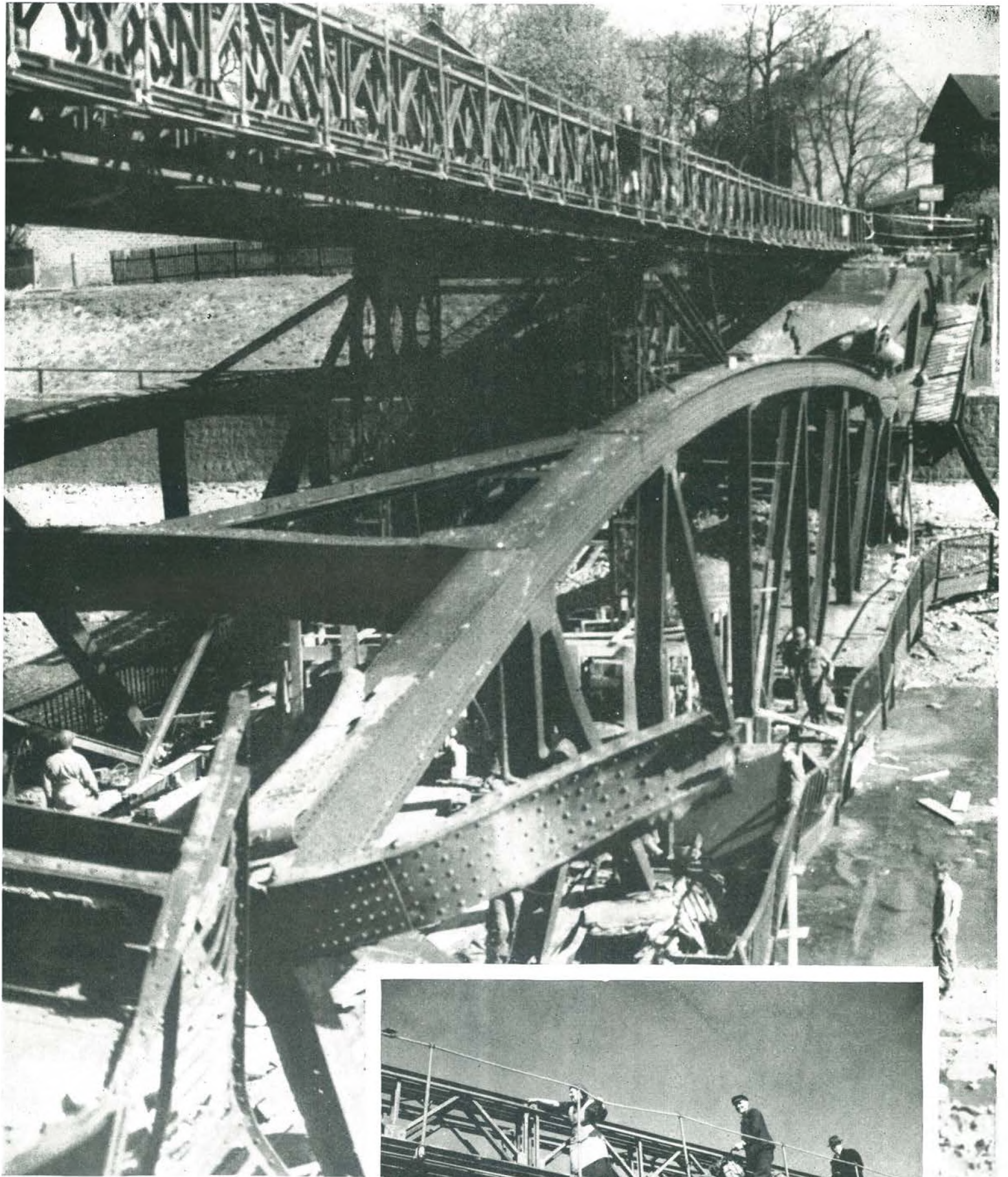
the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*

Although the Germans claimed that the destruction of large railway yards by the allies could have been more effective if the main lines had been cut instead of the damage being done in the yards where there was a more efficient team of workers operating, here is a picture which proves that they were wrong.



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The new bridge was constructed next to the one which was blown out, and the operation was simplified since a great deal of the work was done on the deck of the old bridge below.

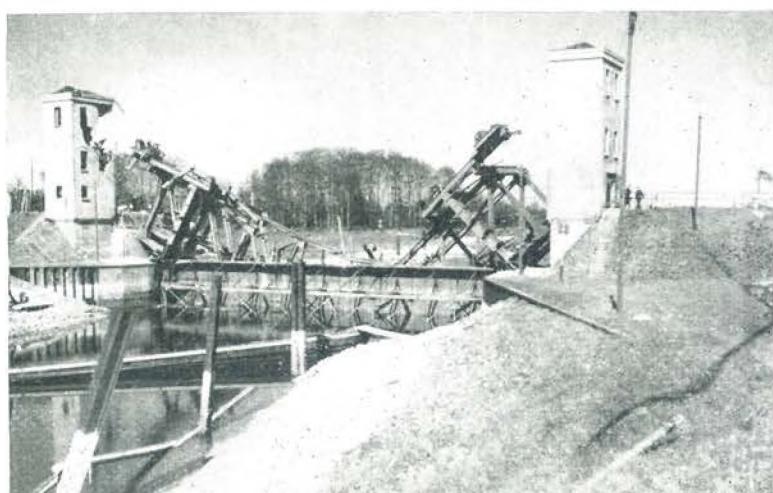




These barges rest on the bottom of this canal near Dattlen, Germany, for the operation of the locks and water inlets had been suddenly curtailed. All types of bridge spans across the numerous canals were destroyed and usually lay limp and torn in the flow of the canal tide. Often for advancing troops these waterways gave considerable trouble and had to be bridged as though they were comparatively large rivers.



This is a unique type of bridge, wherein the canal has been filled across its width with soil and timber, and, in order to permit the canal water to flow normally, a power pump can be seen pumping the water through a three-inch hose.





THESE GIs ENJOY A LITTLE BIT OF DRINKING WITH THEIR THOROUGHLY



ENJOYABLE COMIC PLAY ACTING, STRICTLY AD-LIB AND NO PROMPTING



THESE DISPLACED PERSONS WERE THRILLED AT THE IDEA OF POSING FOR A PICTURE. THE NEARBY POOL WAS ALMOST THEIR ONLY SOURCE OF WATER





Siegen...



The panorama of Siegen was a clean one with little white houses and neatly cultivated fields in the suburbs. This photograph was taken from the veranda of the administration building of a former German garrison which was later converted into a Displaced Persons (DP) camp.





It was in this camp at the time the Division was housed in the area, that hundreds of Russian slave laborers were trying to leave the country in effort to find some means of transportation to take them home. Below is a corner of Siegen where hitch-hikers try vainly to get a ride.



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A NEAR MISS ON A MILITARY OBJECTIVE OFTEN MEANT THAT AERIAL BOMBS WOULD KNOCK OUT DWELLINGS OF NO STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE



THIS TIME—WEARY OLD WOMAN COOKS HER MEAGER DINNER AS BEST SHE CAN WITH THE LITTLE THAT SHE IS ABLE TO PROCURE IN THE VICINITY



Moldy bread is placed on the lid of a discarded oil can cover to dry enough to be safely eaten. The men were starved and showed the evidence of long years of hard,

fruitless work under the heel of their German keepers. Their sincere devotion to the allied armies knew no bounds.





After the fall of the German armies the DPs looted what they deemed essential to living more decently before attempting the long journey homeward. The young girls made it a point to get the best clothes they could while in the process of gathering foodstuffs.





With a strong determination to regain face in the eyes of the world, Russians young and old smile again although their spirits have been trampled.



THE WOMEN DID THEIR WOOD-CHOPPING LIKE VETERAN LUMBERJACKS ALONG WITH THE MEN, AND THOSE WHO WORKED FOR THE ARMY WERE FED ARMY RATIONS





These people utilized anything they could find for cooking utensils and formed little groups throughout the camp. Remnants of fires and former group dining places can be seen, lower left. A grateful child thanks a smiling GI for an orange he was given.



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THESE DP's READ THEIR BULLETIN BOARD REGULARLY IN THE HOPE THAT SOON THERE MAY BE SOME AVAILABLE TRANSPORTATION TO THEIR HOMES



THESE SMILES IMPLIED THAT THE "LAISSEZ-FAIRE"

SYSTEM COULD BE FOLLOWED, BUT ARMY SAID TO GI,
"NO DICE . . ."



In typical costume of the Russian peasant, these women hurry about their simple chores happy in the fact that the winter frosts are gone and they can again discount the worry for warm clothing. Women could be seen wearing the German soldiers' regulation boots and coats, content with the cover they afforded. These men too, cook their own food, and do not expect that it be done for them by the women at a nearby fire. In order to keep clean they had to wash their own few clothes as often as possible and take infrequent baths in nearby streams. Nevertheless the filth was inconceivable to us who visited.





Disease and sickness were rampant in the camp, resulting in a terrific death rate. As soon as the 75th moved into the vicinity of Siegen, they took over the task of reducing it by building sanitary latrines, improving drainage, and testing and purifying water.



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THIS PRETTY AND YOUTHFUL FRENCH WAC SERGEANT WAS IN CHARGE OF AND SUPERVISED THE FEMALE SECTION OF THE CAMP



These buxom girls thought immediately of their beauty treatments, and no sooner had the sun arisen in the morning than out they would be to bask in its rays until work again was necessary. Their bathing attire was flimsy but it served their hardly naive wants very suitably.







On the Western Front soon after the U. S. Ninth Army crossed the Rhine, it became just another European river. It was not the obstacle that the allies had earlier contemplated. Although opposition was comparatively light according to expected figures, much planning and precision execution was necessary. The amphibious assault went off according to schedule, and so smoothly, that it was not long before engineer ponton outfits were laying 500 yard spans across the famed river. Bridges protected by smoke screens and barrage balloons were soon scenes of bustling activity. The bridge approaches were still being worked on after the floating sections had been completed. Not many hours after the first troops in assault hit the Eastern banks of the river, airborne troops under cover of mist and fog landed behind enemy lines to lock the Wehrmacht in vicious fighting behind the lines. Every known means of support was being afforded the troops on the move. Safety measures were instituted to insure the holding up of vital bridges which were to send thousands of troops across their frames.



THE RHINE

GERMANY







On the 75th Infantry Division's front at the Rhine River, this night photograph depicts some of the action which took place. The Army had one of the greatest concentrations of artillery in history for this outstanding operation which proved to be entirely successful.

In these shots can be seen the tracer bullets racing across the sky into enemy areas, shells bursting brightly on the opposite shore, sweeping the beaches and German lines for miles with phosphorus shells and heavy, medium, light artillery and mortars.



To cover the varied types of work necessary in this tremendous operation, the Division had to take over various types of civilian factories and shops, wherein they could turn out vital materials with the greatest possible speed. Carpenter shops, steel and metal work plants, even houses and sheds were utilized for the prefabrication of bridge materials and parts. Men could even be found working out on the sidewalks in the towns.



After strafing several military objectives both plane and pilot were destroyed by accurate fire of the 440th AA Battalion attached to the 75th Division throughout the many campaigns.



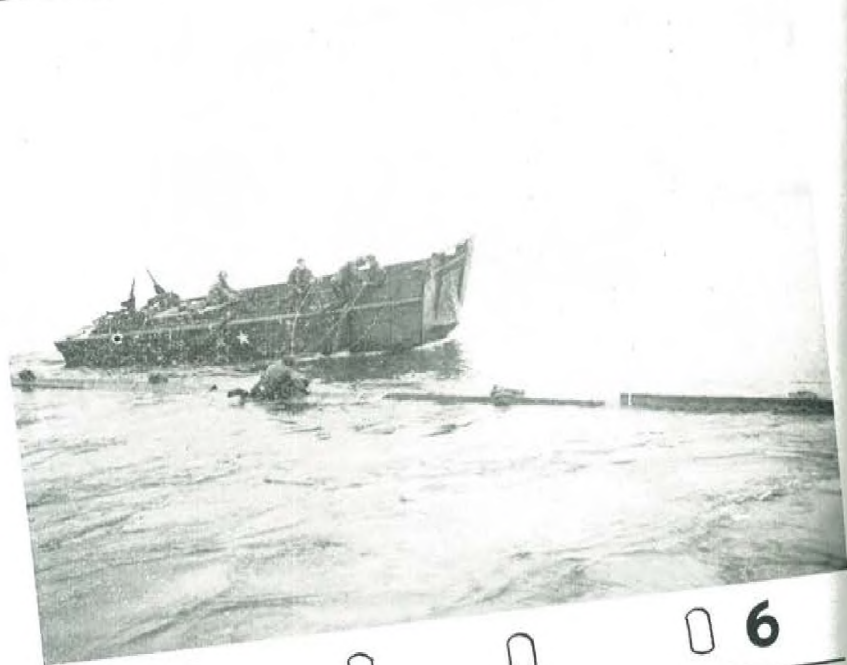
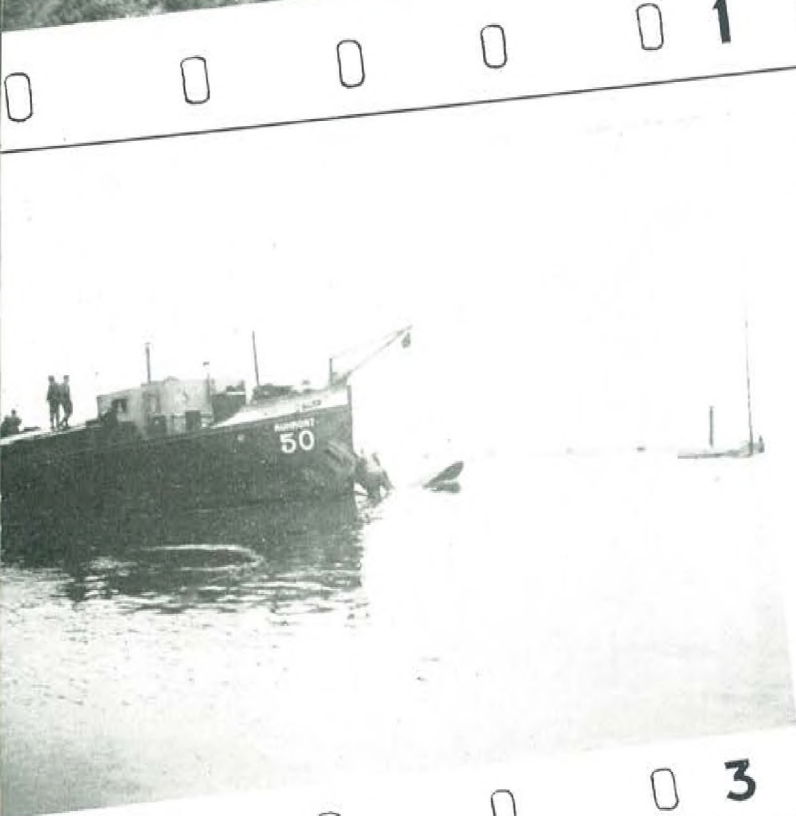
These men have turned this sidewalk and garden into a saw and lumber mill where they are cutting timbers for bridge pilings and superstructure. Lumber was cut very often from the wooded areas nearby and brought to places like this for final shaping to suit immediate needs. The men were quartered generally in the home adjacent to their places of work, and after falling out in the morning, went there directly.

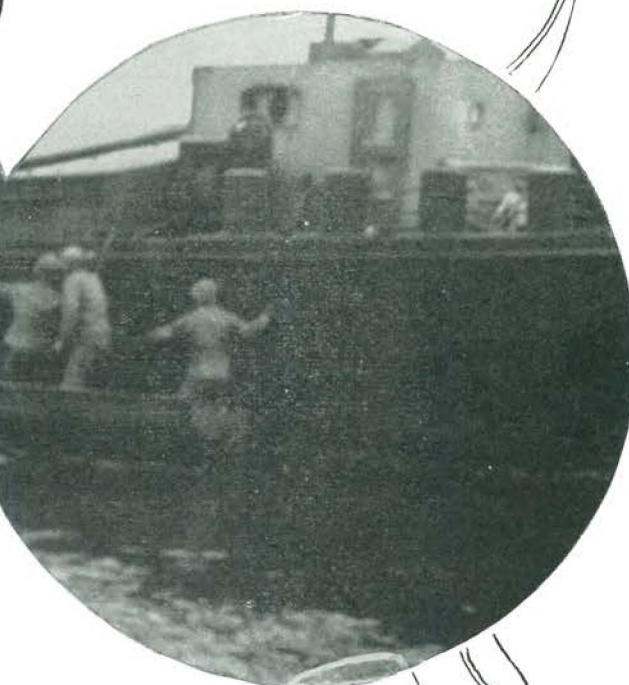


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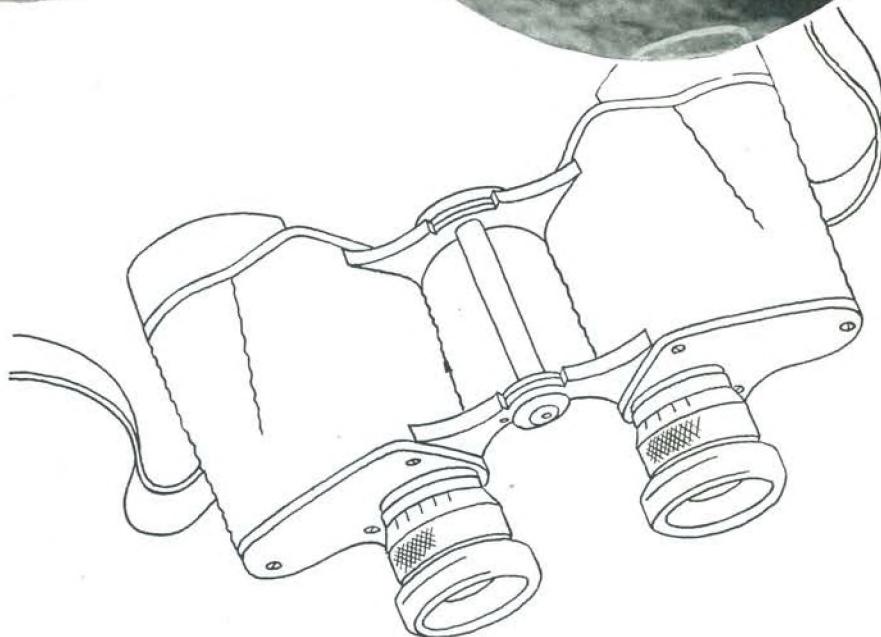
AT THIS POST, AN OBSERVER CHECKS ON THE SUCCESS OF A SMOKE SCREEN LAID DOWN BY ARTILLERY ON THE OPPOSITE BANK

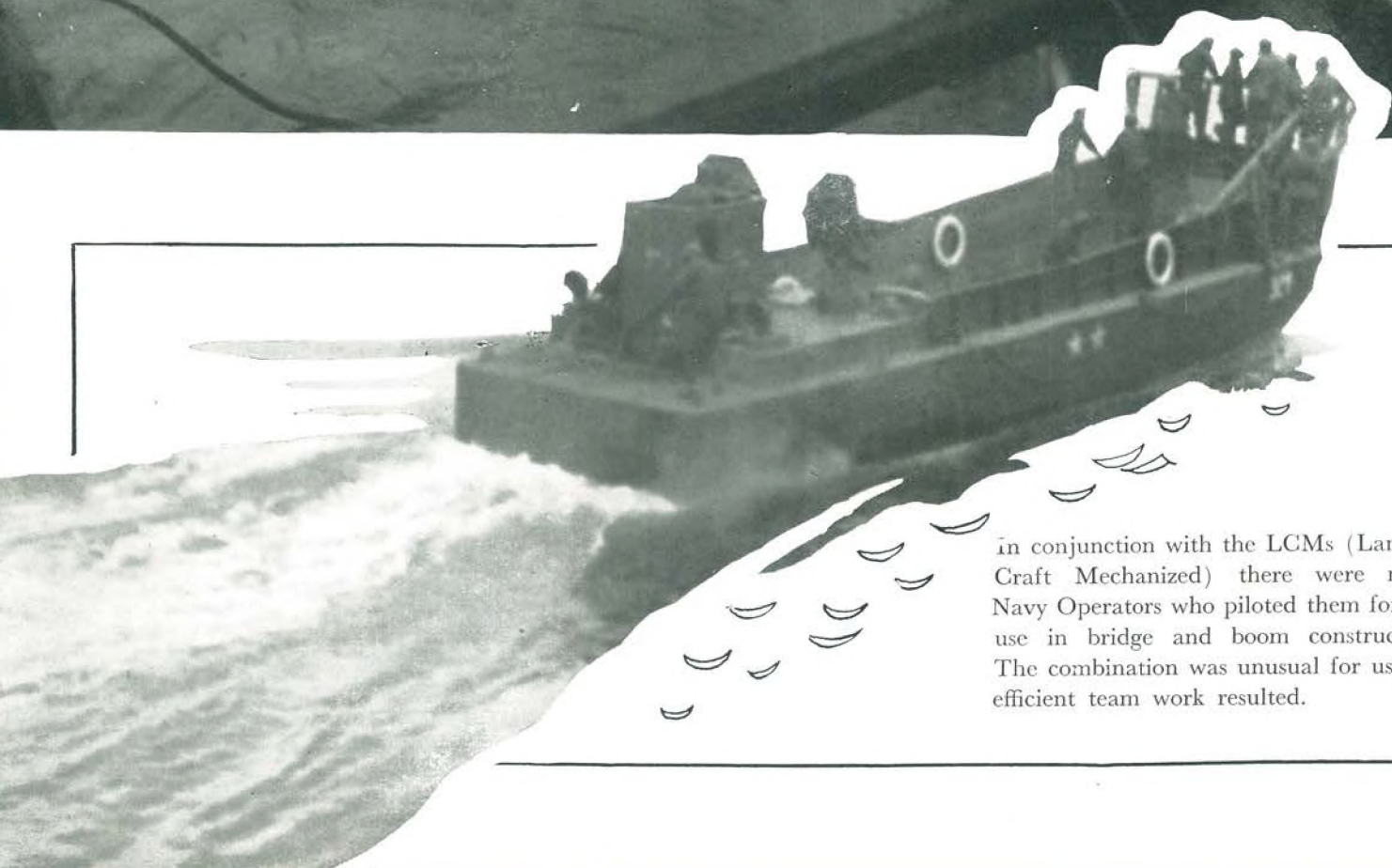
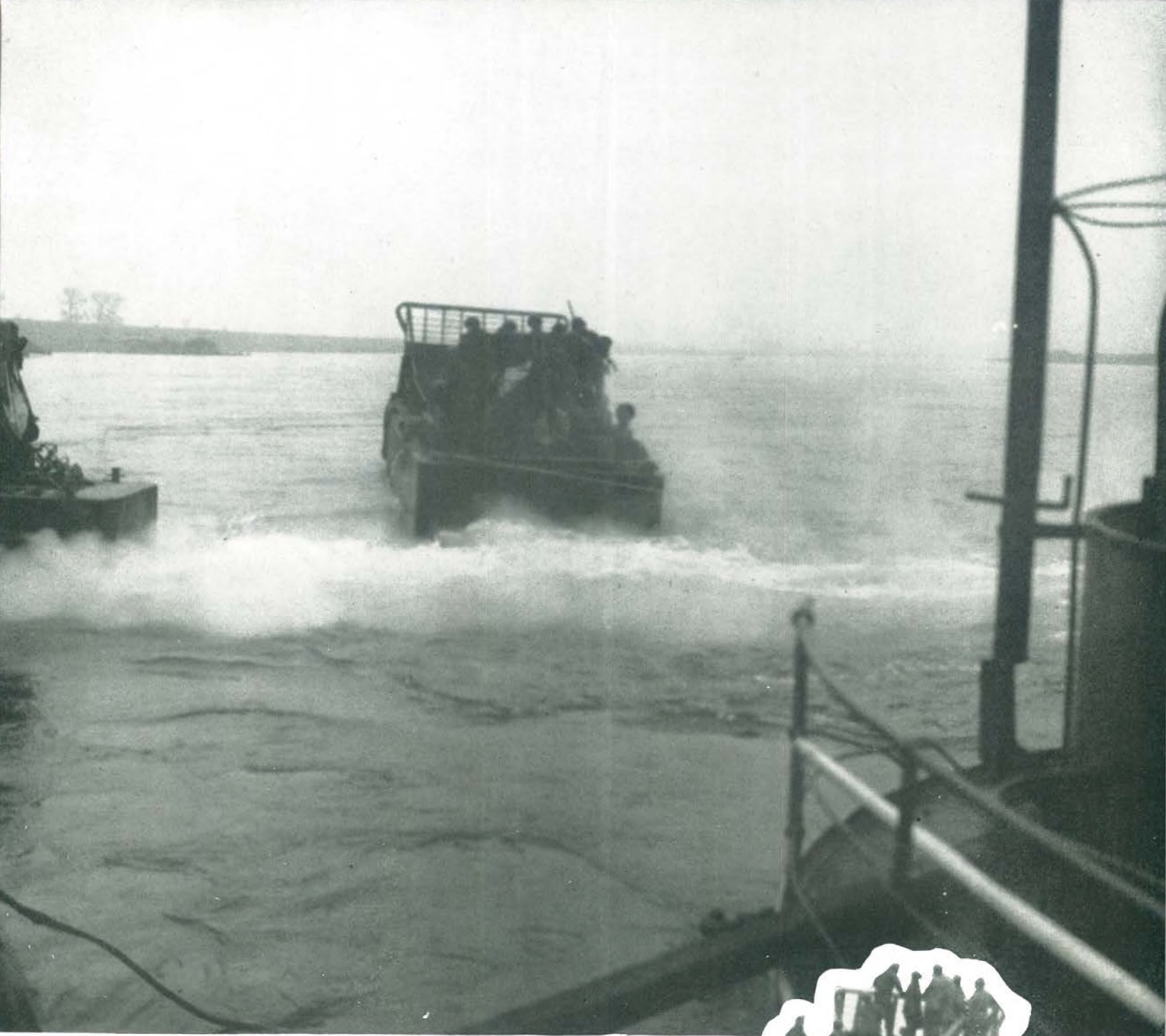




EPISODE ON THE RHINE

1. Preparing Storm Boat for River
2. Boat Upset on Barge Anchor Chain
3. Men Grasp Chain from Swift Current
4. Two Men Cling to Floating Boom
5. LCM Puts Out to Help Men on Boom
6. Floundering Victims Are Rescued
7. All Are Taken Aboard Barge





In conjunction with the LCMs (Landing Craft Mechanized) there were many Navy Operators who piloted them for our use in bridge and boom construction. The combination was unusual for us, but efficient team work resulted.



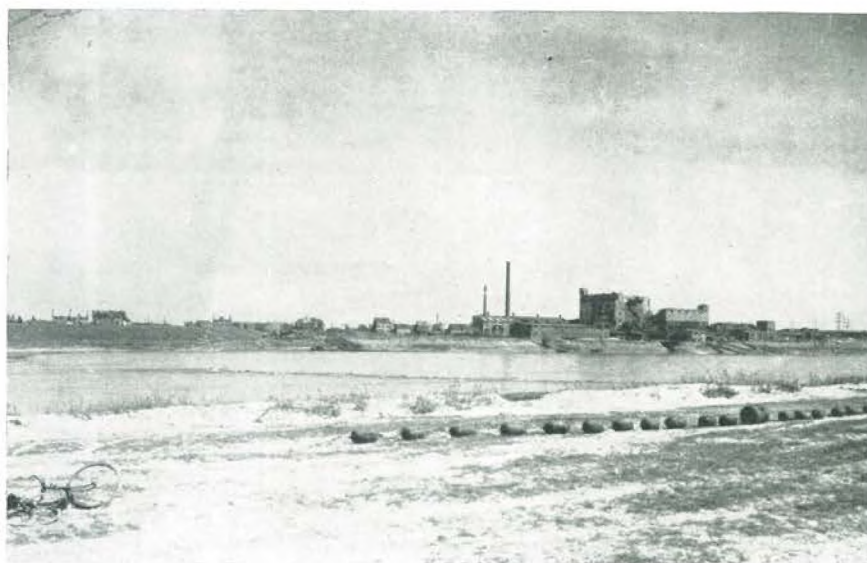
Smoke pots can be seen burning in the distance to cover the bridge. Upstream a boom is under construction which will prevent floating mines from damaging

the span below (upper). Below is a shot of an LCM drawing a boom across the river to be securely anchored on opposite shore.



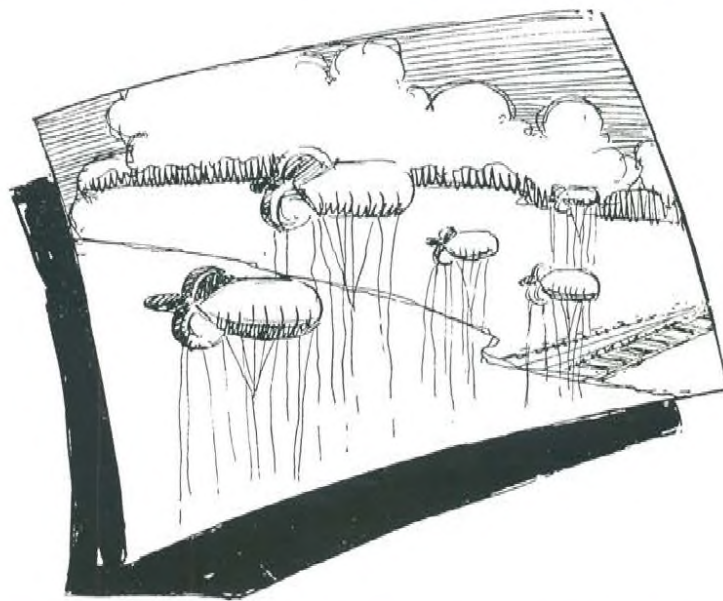
the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*

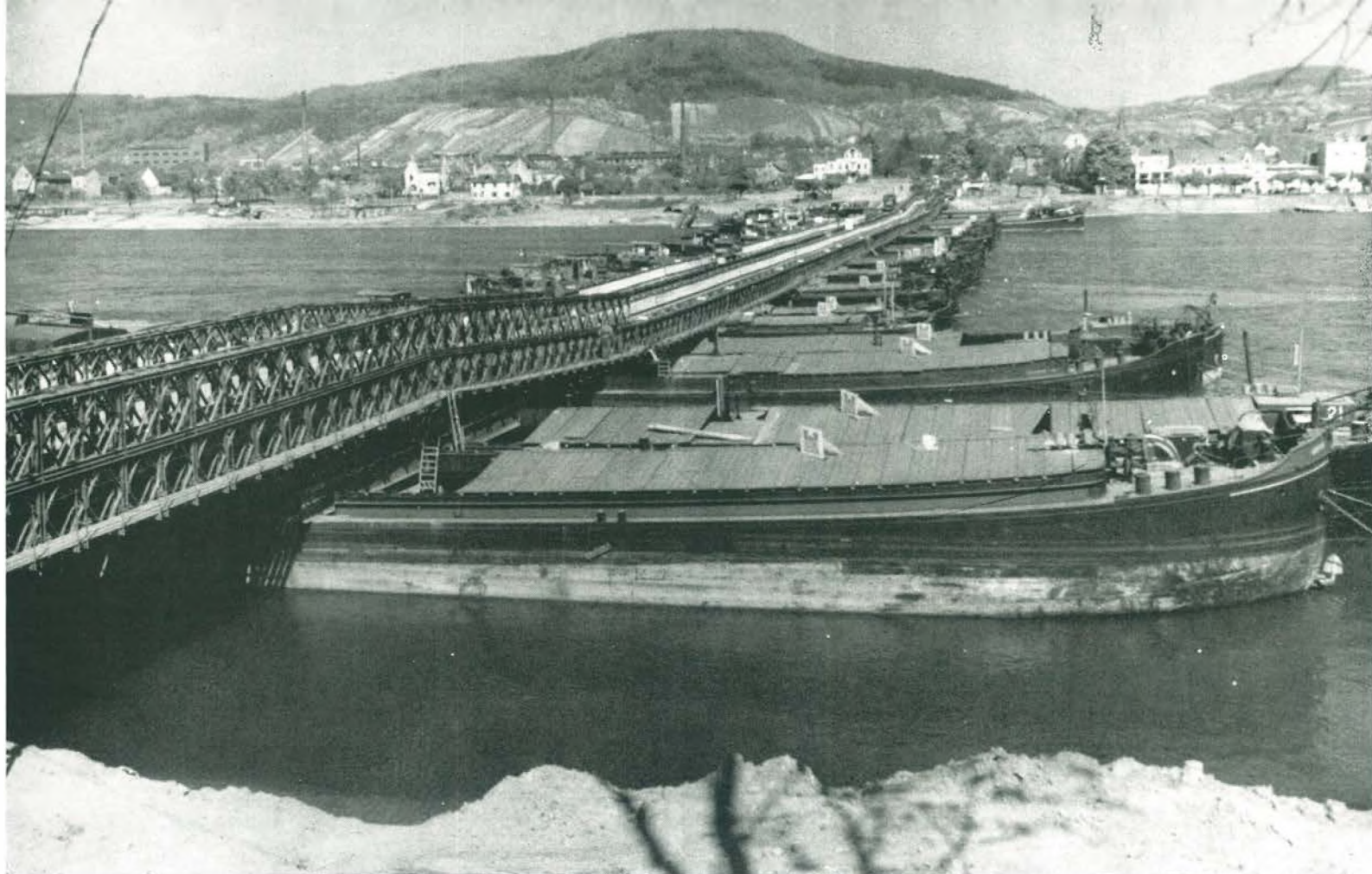




This floating Bailey bridge was one of the many initially put across the Rhine to support troops and equipment pursuing the enemy into Germany. At right is pictured an extra section of a floating mine sweeping boom to be used in case of damage to one in use. The shot below is one of a road barricade which proved to be of little use.





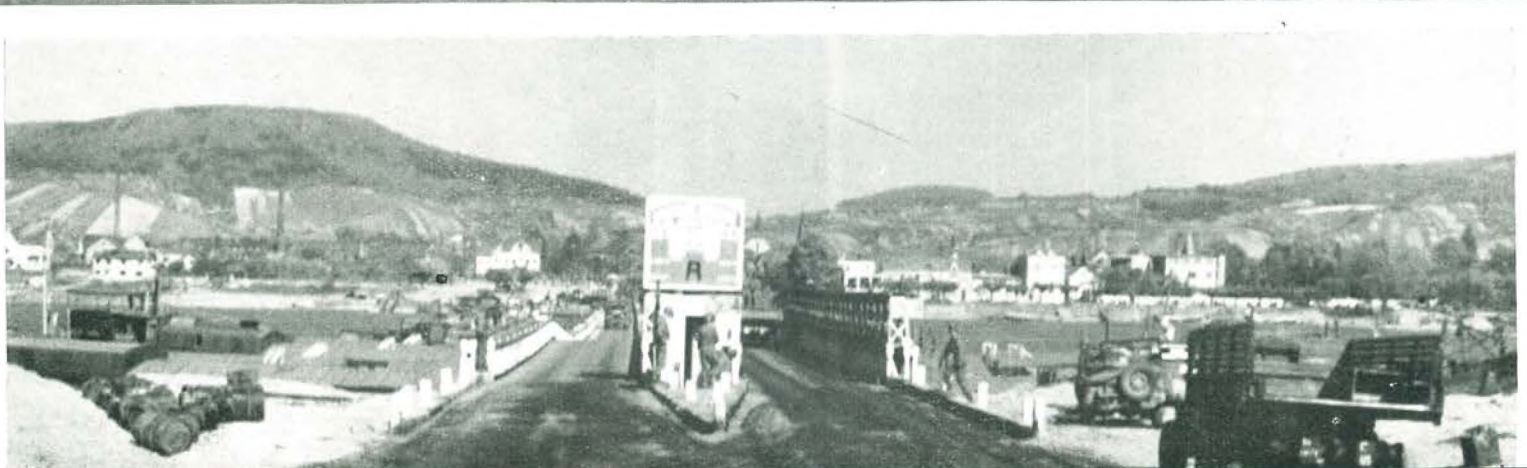
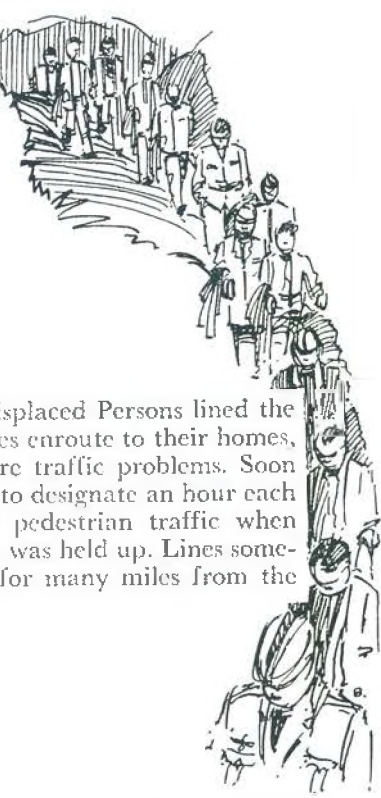


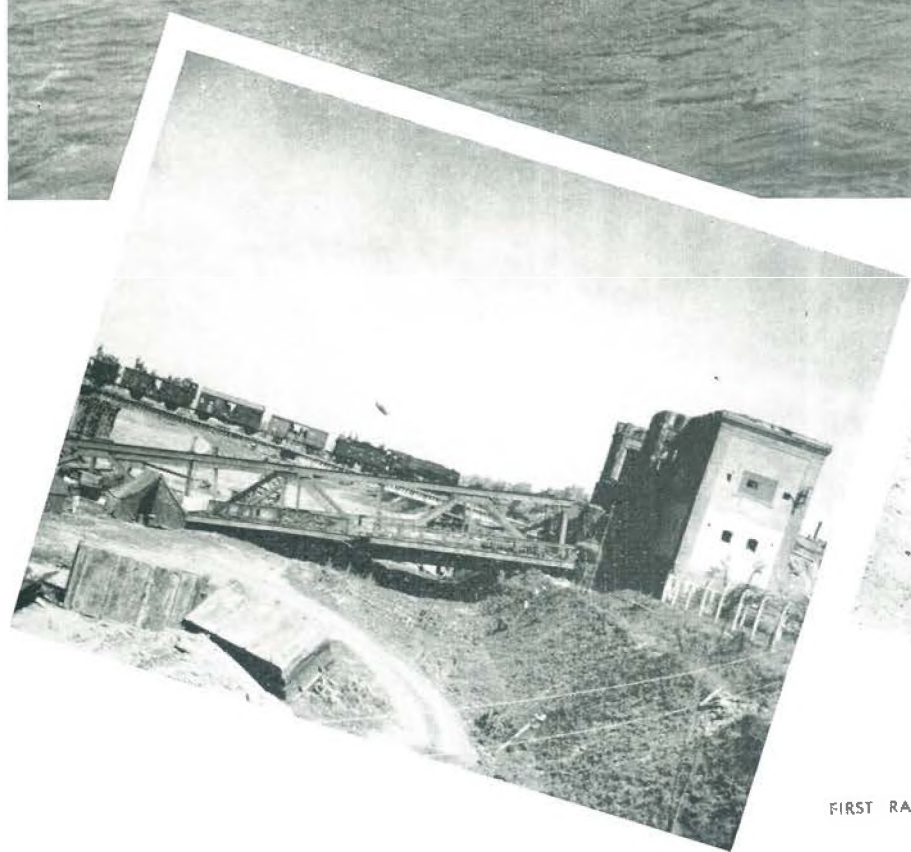
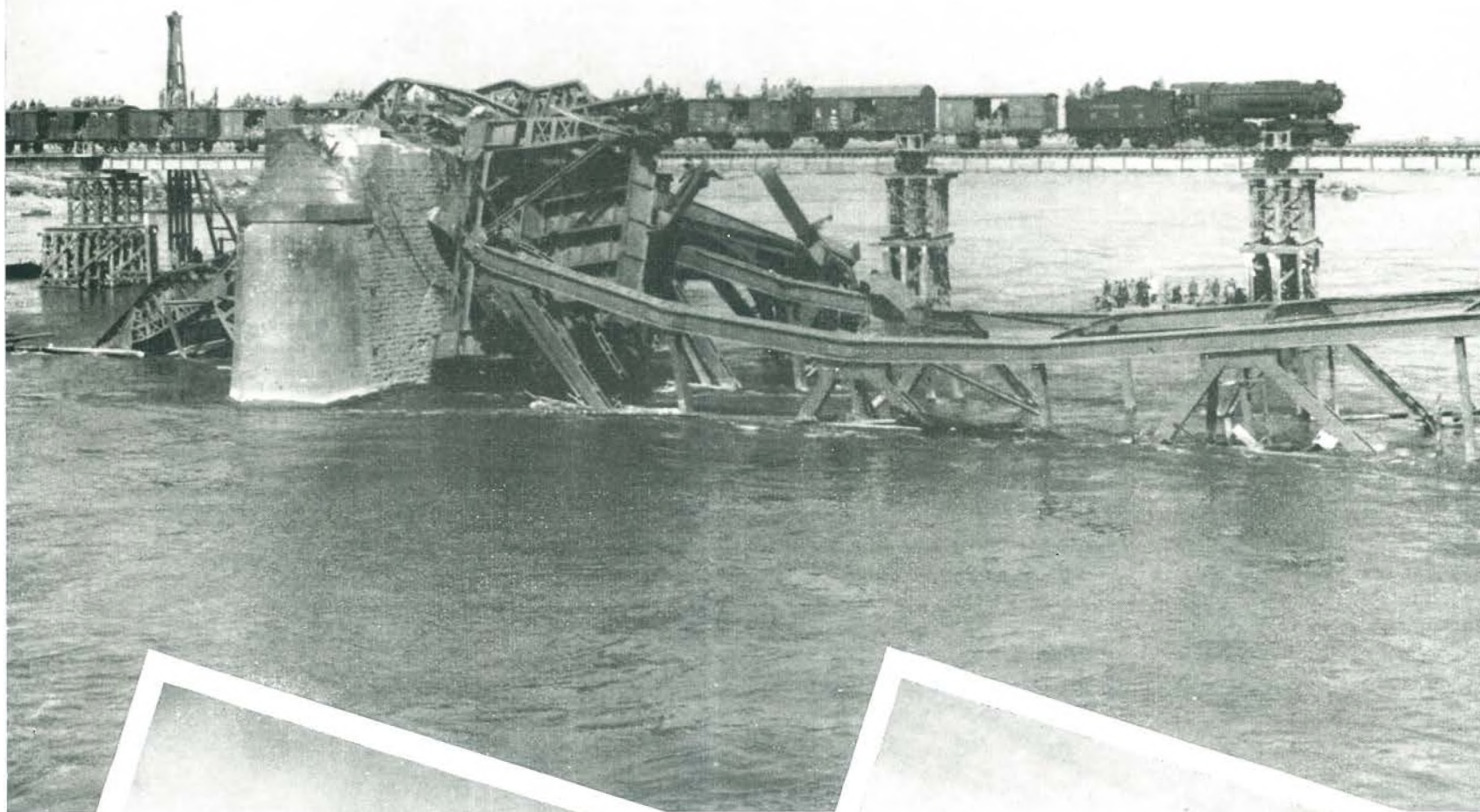
General Hodges' First Army bridge was constructed just South of the city of Cologne in the vicinity of Remagen. In order to facilitate the job, barges were taken off the river and used as floats. The bridge was put up to help relieve the congestion of traffic on the famous Remagen bridge and came into considerable use when the latter collapsed. Barrage balloons were utilized to keep enemy aircraft out of possible range.





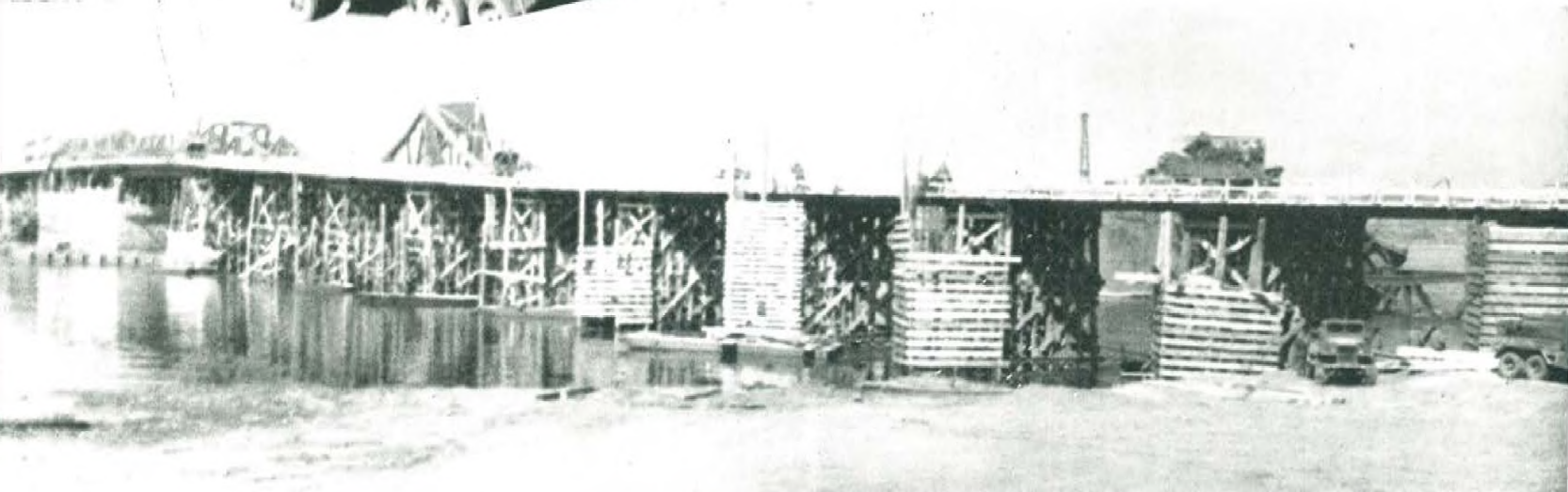
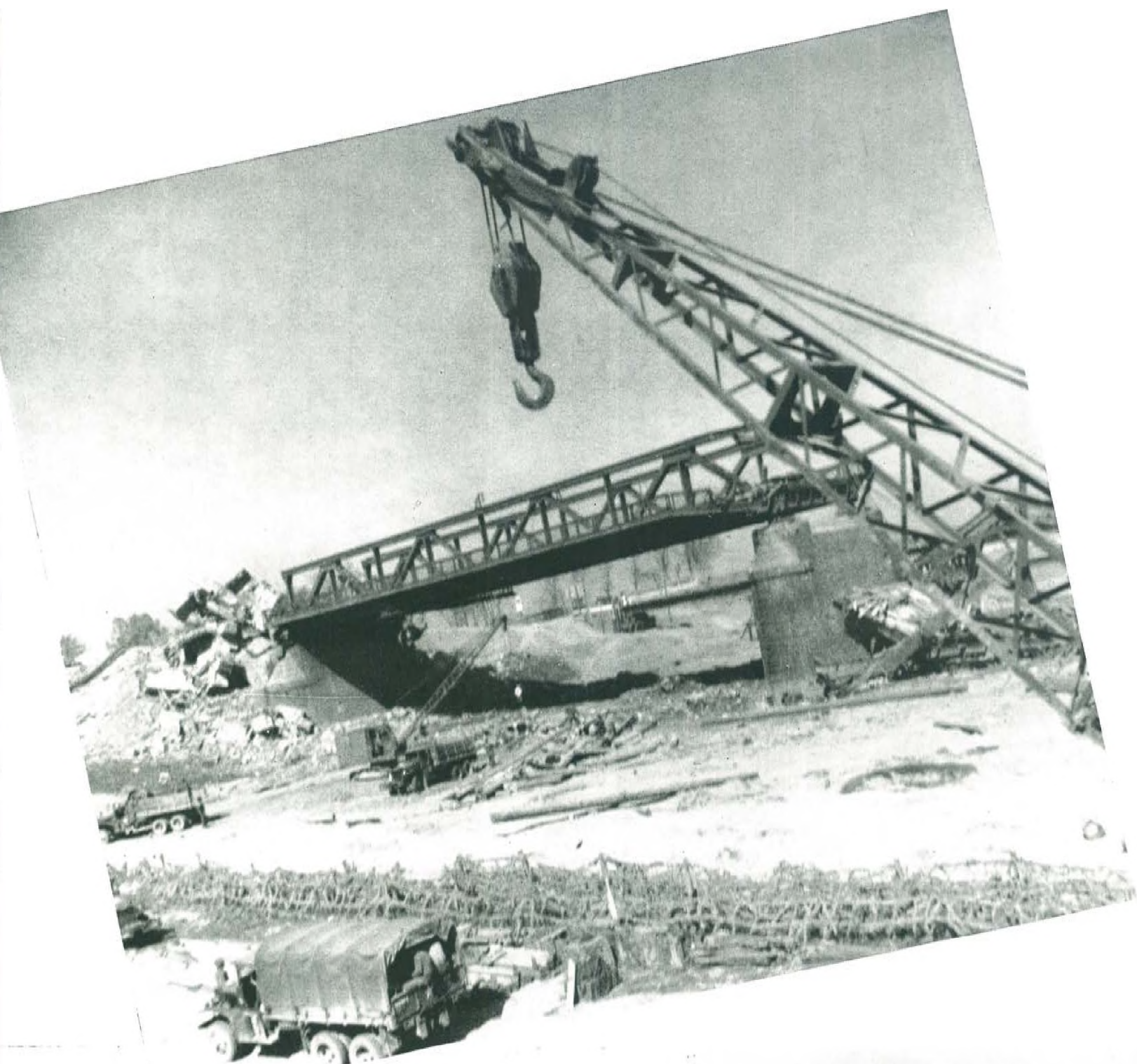
Thousands of Displaced Persons lined the bridge approaches enroute to their homes, and caused severe traffic problems. Soon it was necessary to designate an hour each day for civilian pedestrian traffic when all other passage was held up. Lines sometimes extended for many miles from the bridges.

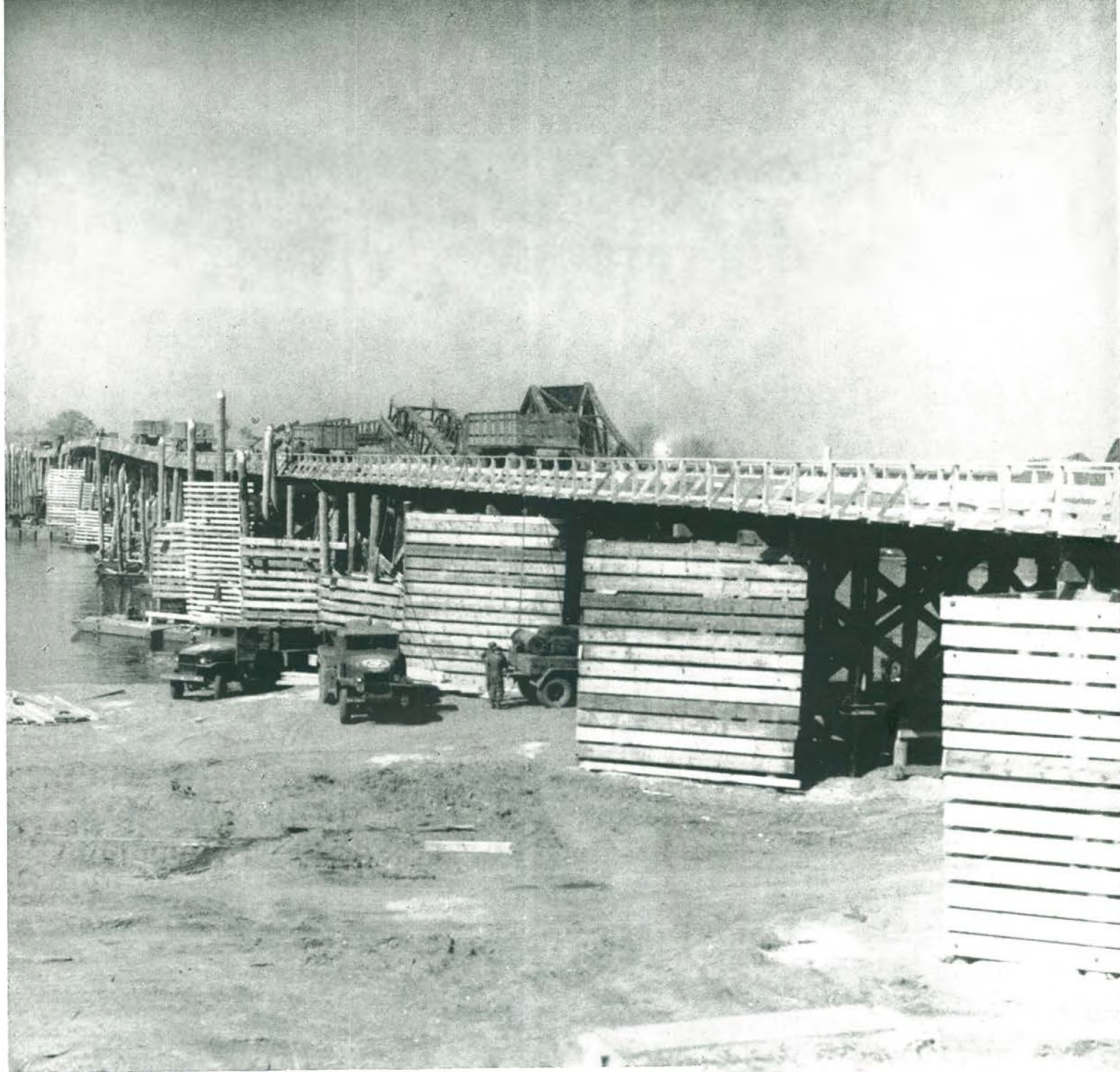




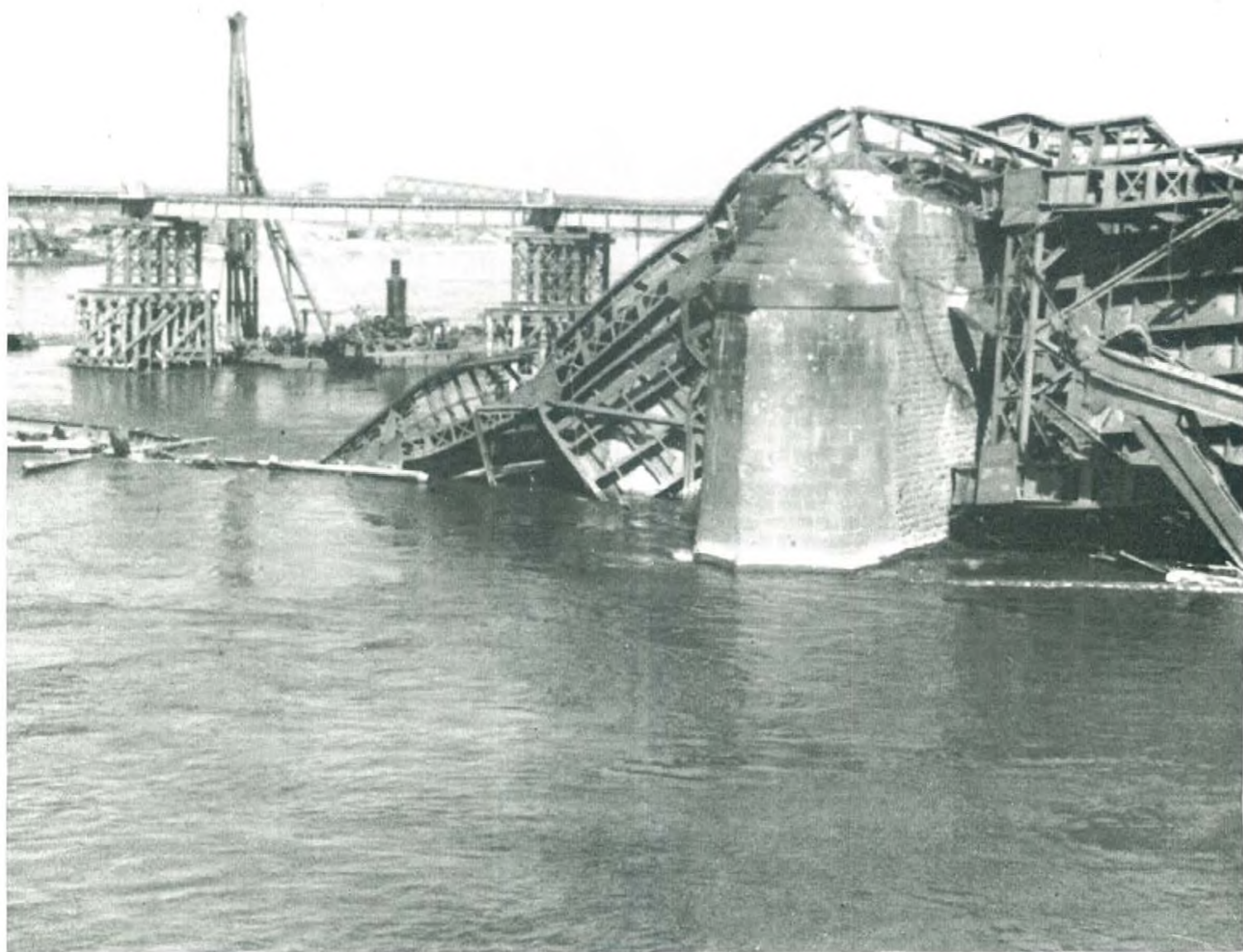
FIRST RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS RHINE AT WESEL

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



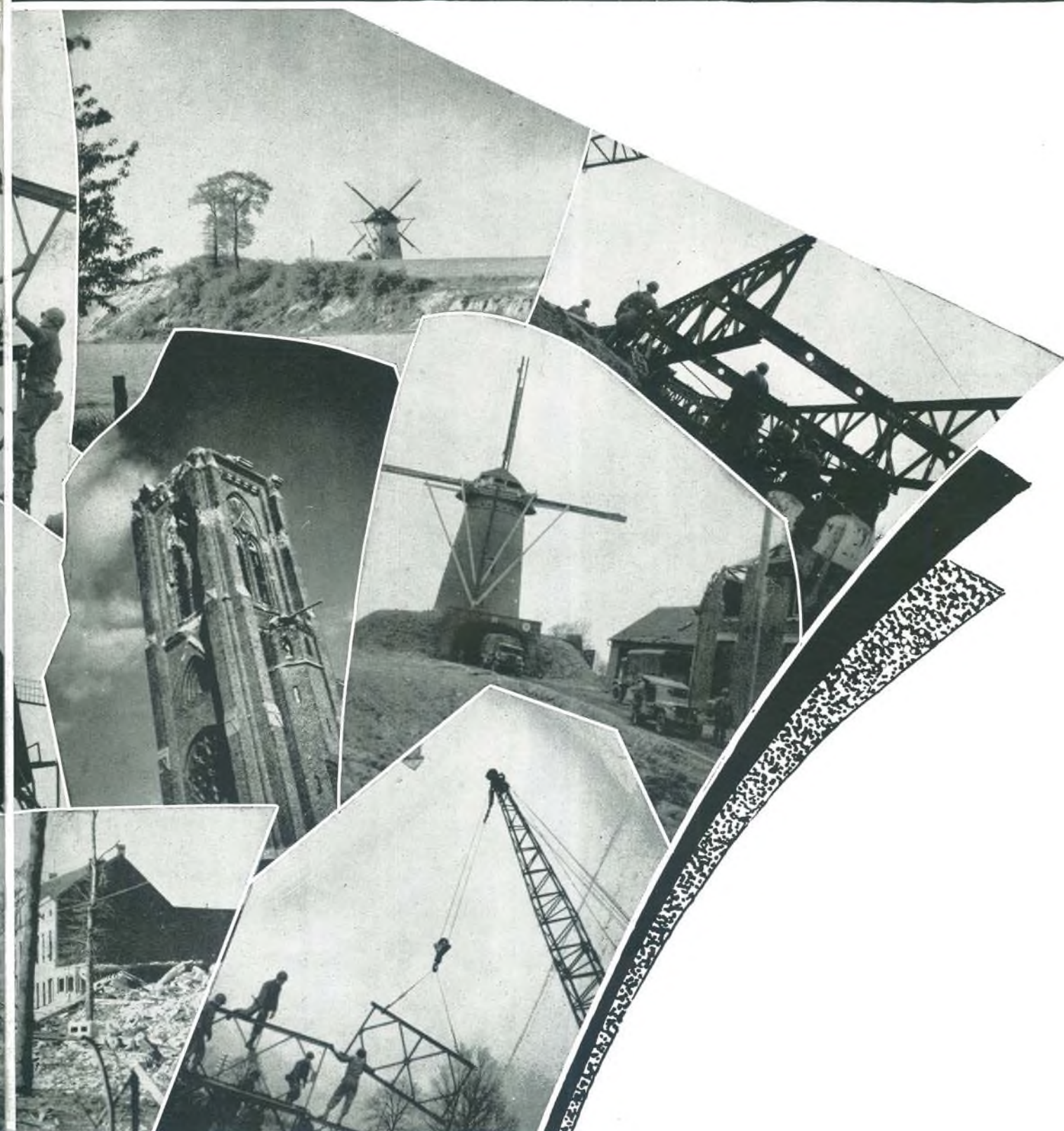


The famous Roosevelt Bridge across the Rhine was a fixed bridge and it is possible to see from these photographs how carefully it was built. Timbers were secured about the base of the pilings to protect them from damaging debris in the swift moving river.





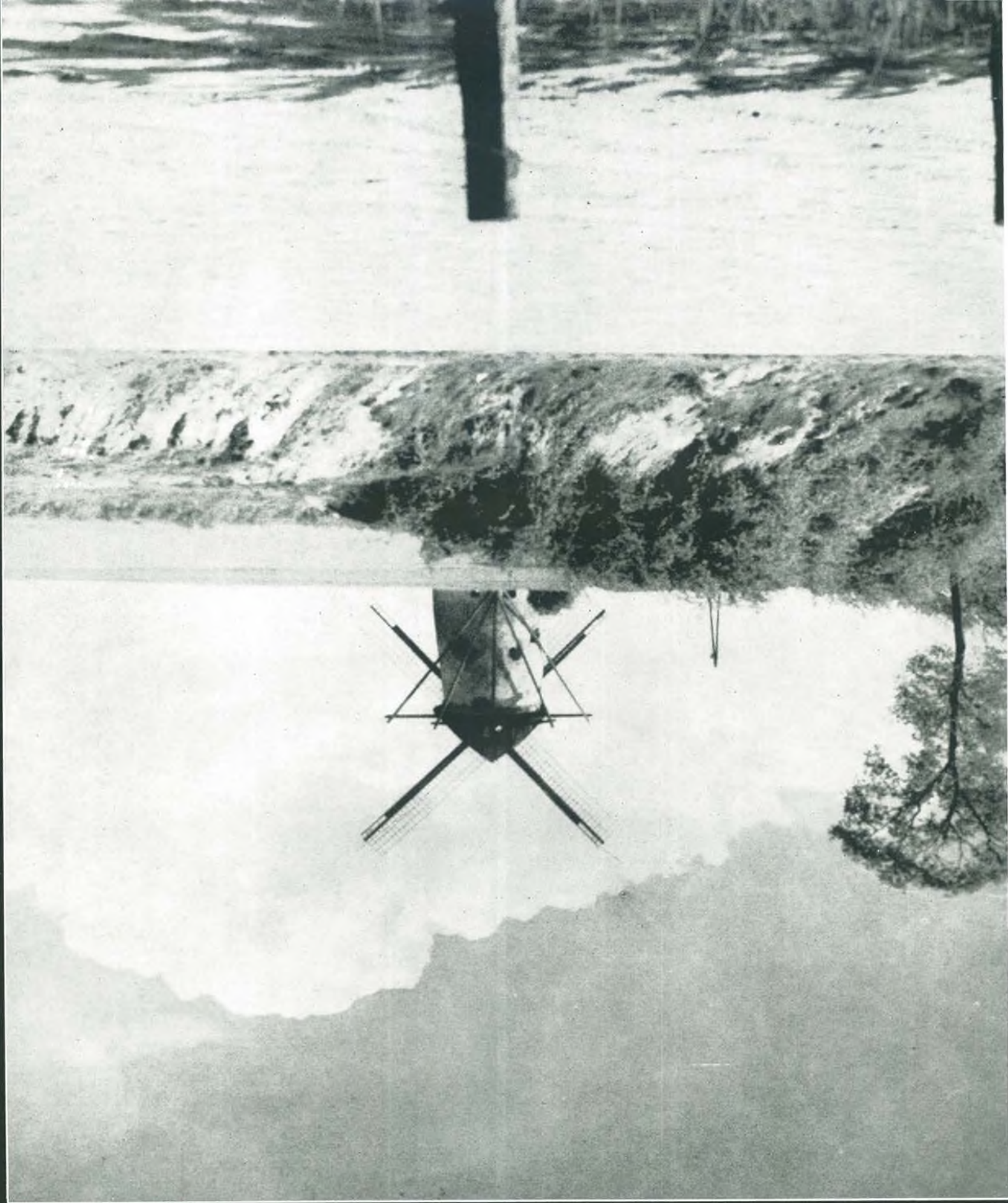






It was here in the land of windmills, dykes, and canals that the 75th Division operated with the British 2nd Army. The largest part of the work for them was to get accurate reconnaissance reports on enemy activities and positions on the opposite banks of the numerous rivers and canals with which they were confronted at the time. River waters were high, and there was the constant threat of dykes and dams being blown, allowing the heavy waters to slow up the progress of the drive. Weather was rainy and bleak for the most part, but often gave cover to patrolling groups. Our close contact with the English soldiers here gave us a good insight into their mannerisms and pluck for the battle. They had their afternoon tea regardless of where they were or what they were doing.





THE MAAS AND CANALS HOLLAND



BARGES AND FREIGHTERS, SHELL-TORN AND SCUTTLED, WERE ALL ALONG THE MANY CANALS. THESE WERE OFTEN THE HOMES FOR THE WORKERS' FAMILIES





THIS WRECKAGE STOPPED THE USE OF THE BARGE, AND BLOCKED THE CANAL FOR FURTHER PASSAGE



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*

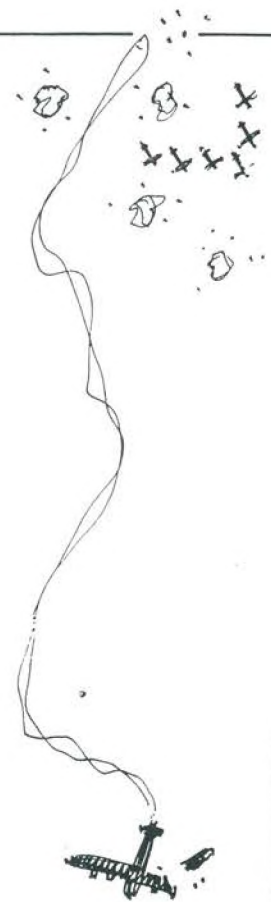
The Division gained high praise from the commanders and men of the British forces with whom they worked during operations on the Maas River, and in the Roer - Maas triangle. British engineers excelled in bridge construction. Their congeniality in combat with the doughboys of the 75th can not be passed off as incidental to the good results we obtained together.



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



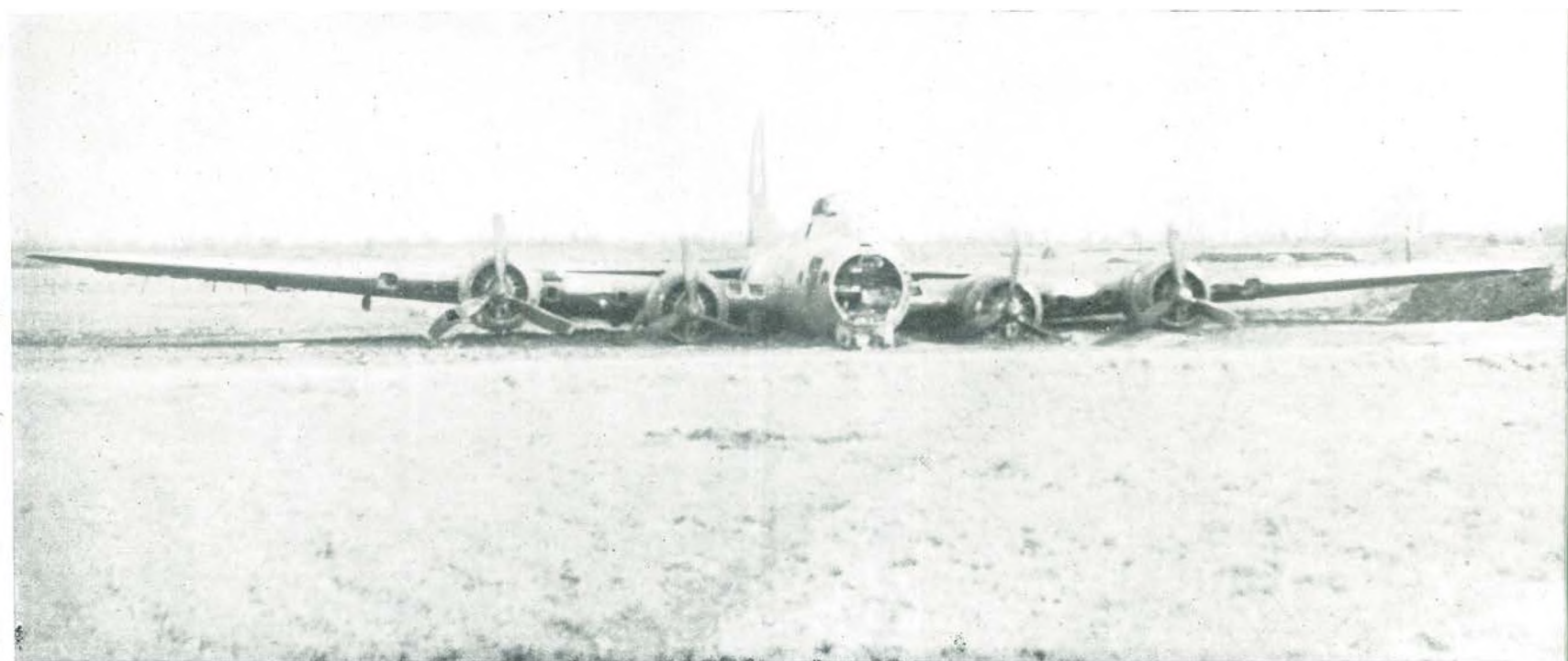
the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



With the huge fleets of heavy bombers and fighter support that were sent into enemy territory, it was inevitable that many of our ships would meet with disaster in the face of German attack. Minnie, the Mermaid, was one of the less fortunate but in unloading her bombs on the enemy, no doubt, avenged destruction.





The English boys were proud indeed to be able to take a part in the bridge work. With their typical cocky attitude, they could be found in small groups at work in a similar session to that of our own GIs. They were generally a plucky bunch of big men.

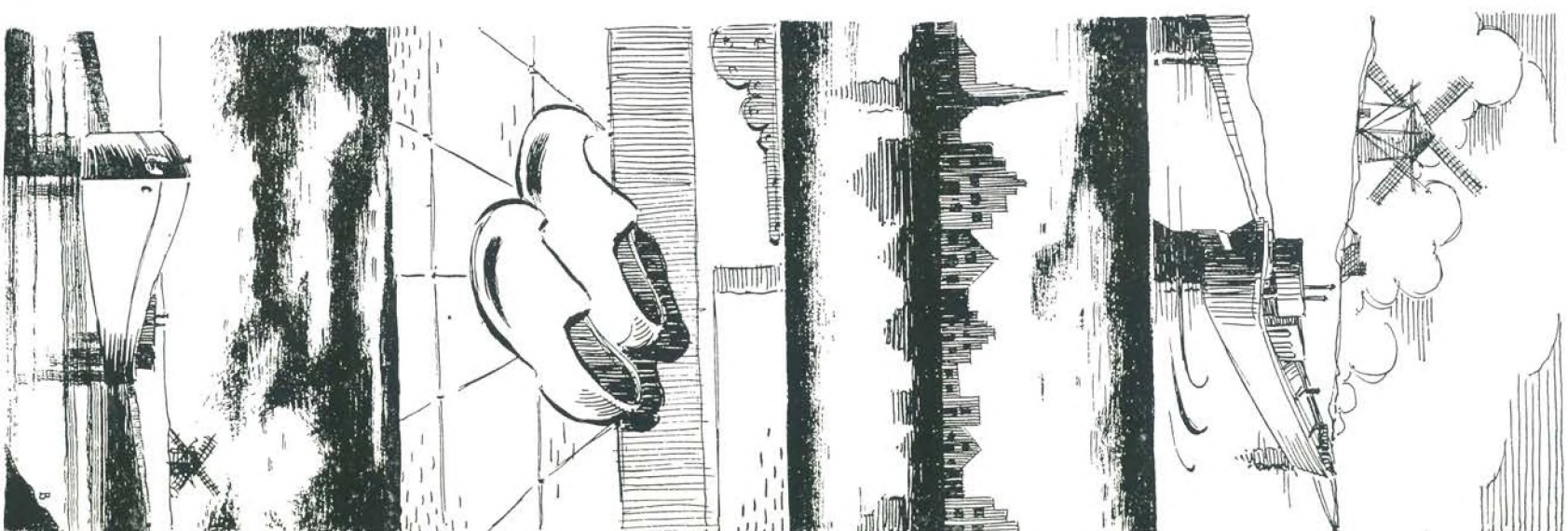
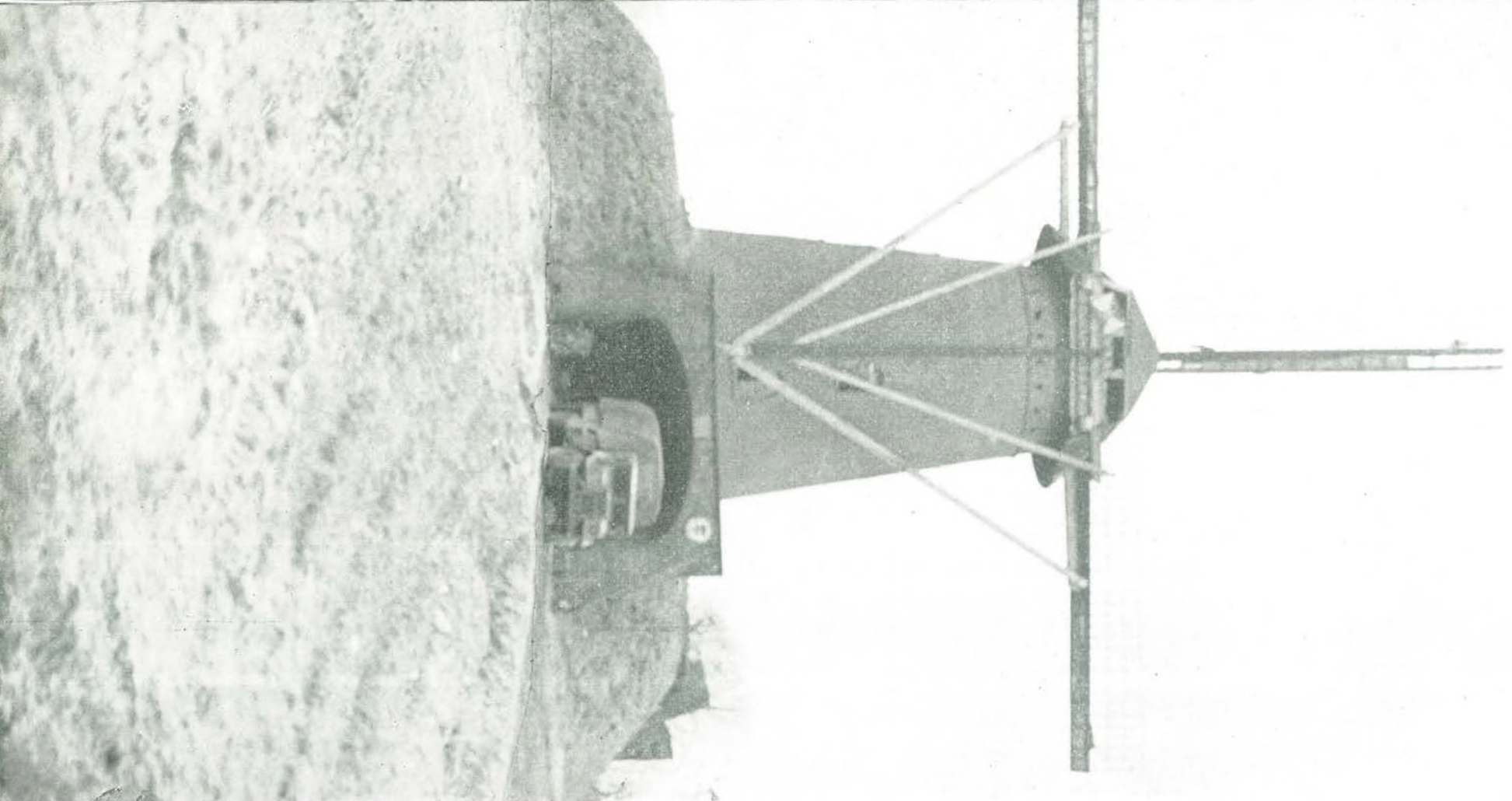


the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



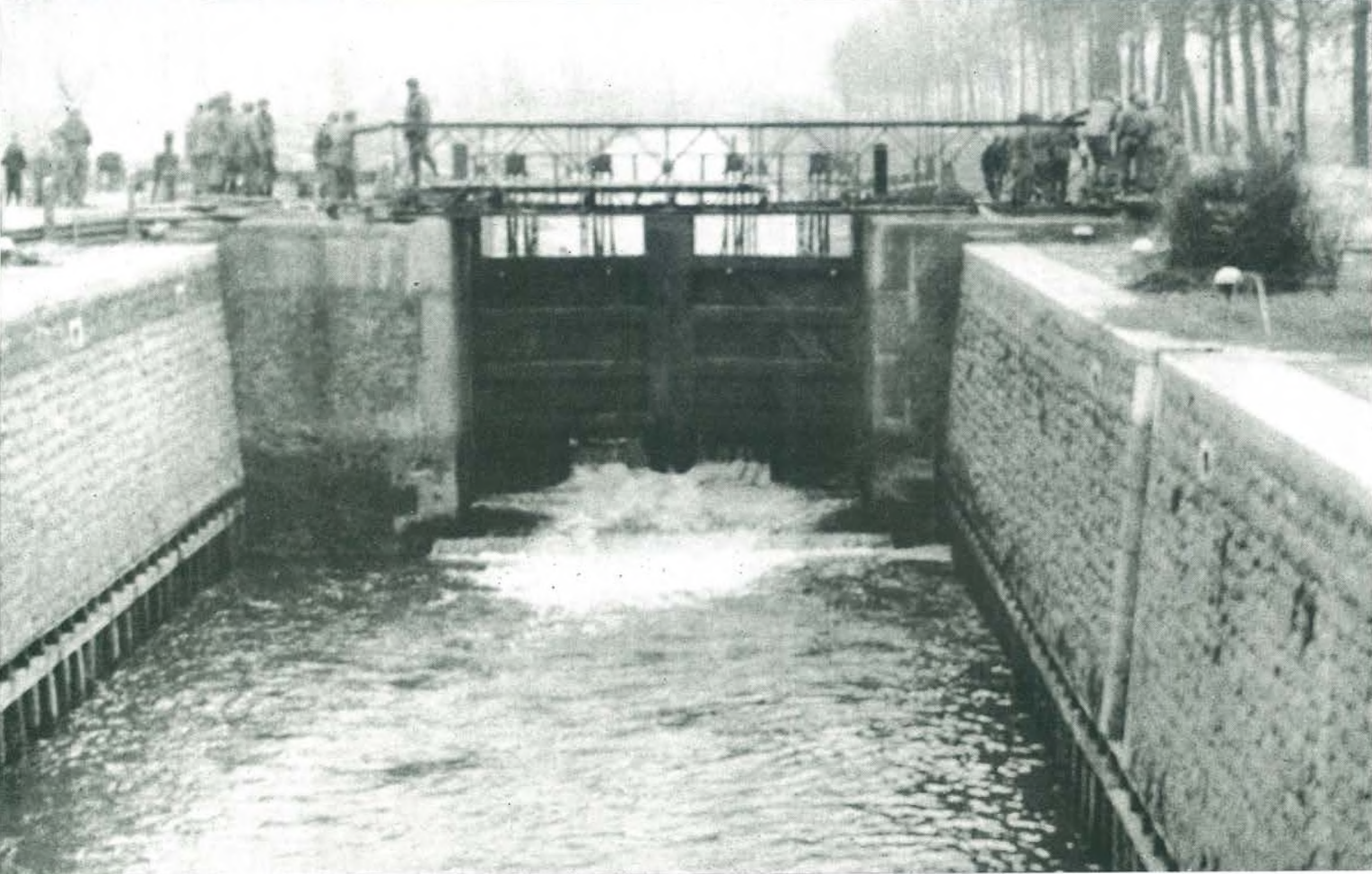
It was seldom, with the vast amount of work at hand, that time could be found to have groups of men pose for the camera; but in this instance the progress of the job on hand warranted the time taken out. The children always received the tenderest treatment from the sympathetic American soldier, and here, elated by the sight of the camera, they pose gleefully.



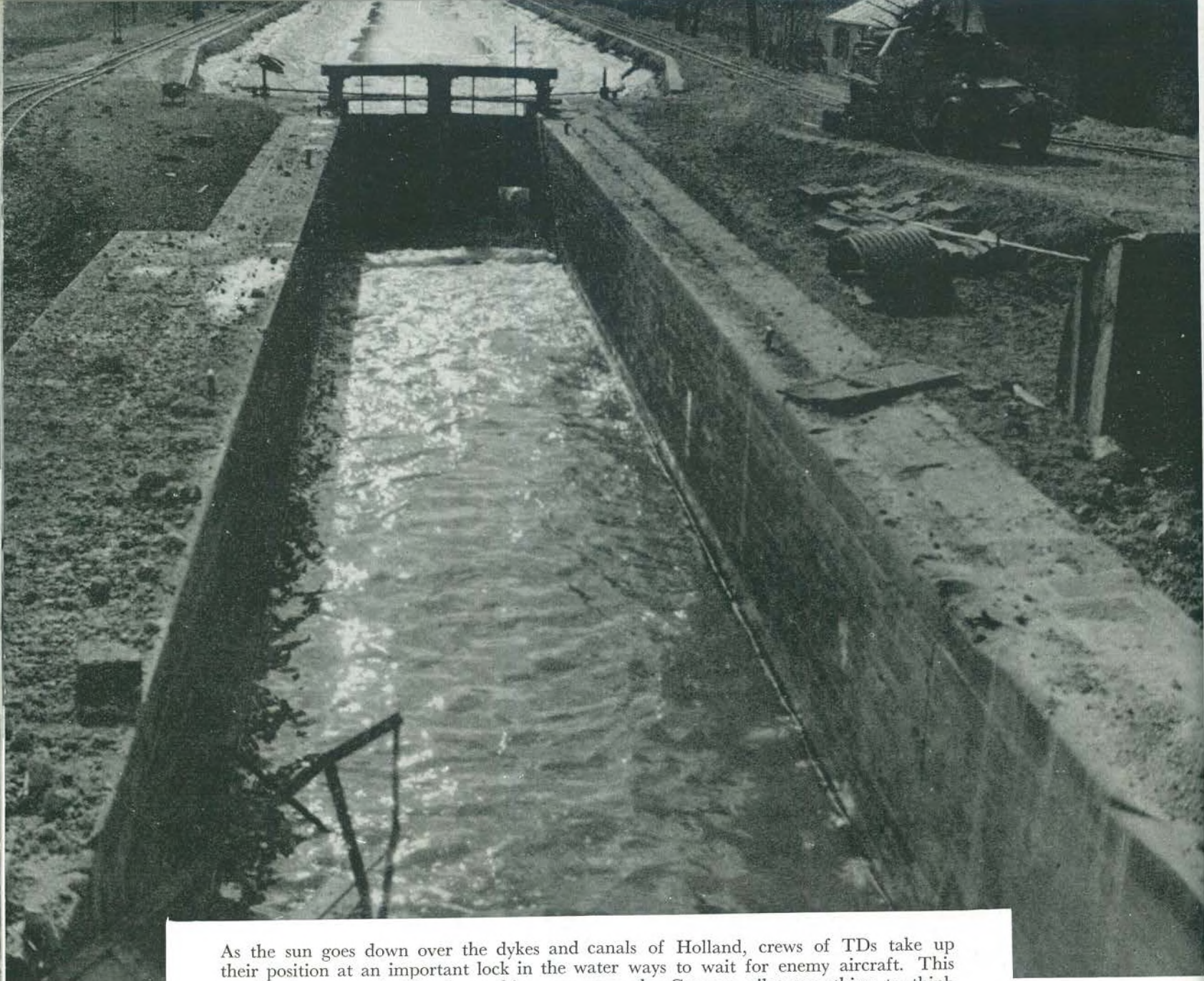


the seventy-fifth **75** *infantry division*



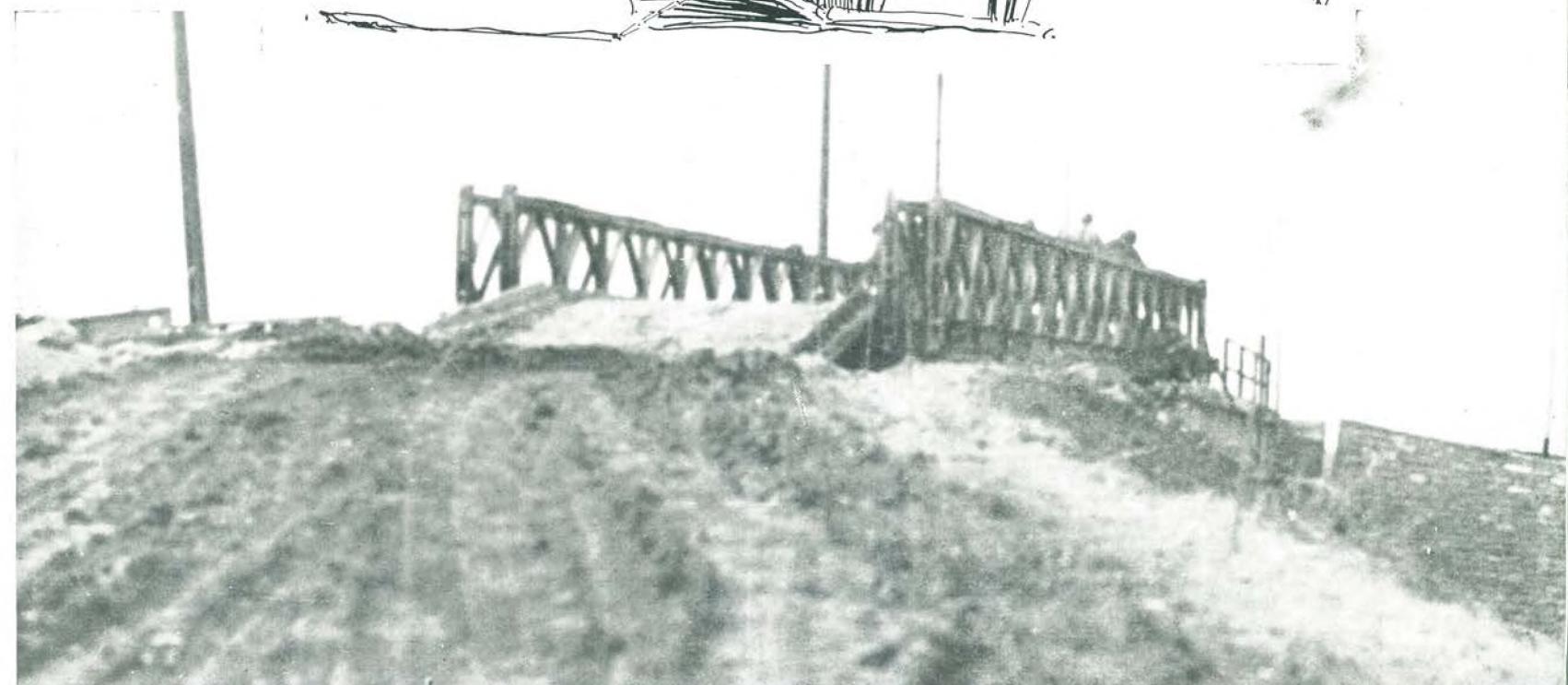






As the sun goes down over the dykes and canals of Holland, crews of TDs take up their position at an important lock in the water ways to wait for enemy aircraft. This quadruple mounted .50 cal. machine gun gave the German pilot something to think about other than his target. Each strategic spot was solidly and completely covered with anti-aircraft weapons so that it was a virtual death trap for the stray, strafing fighter planes. The 75th Division and their attached units were credited with having eliminated many of the enemy's Luftwaffe during their activities in the fray. Artillery positions drew attack from the air, but were carefully protected, and continued their job heroically.







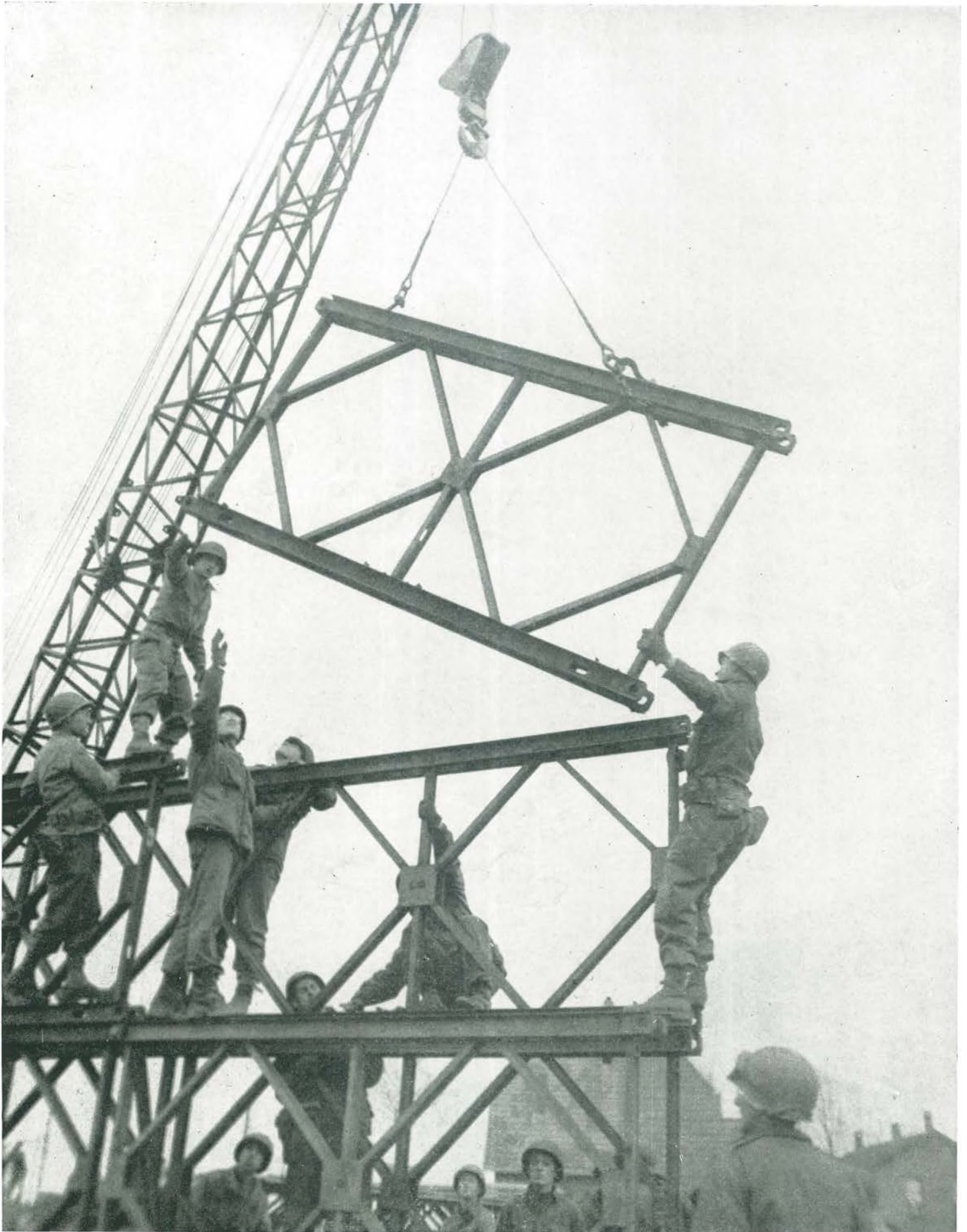
The land of windmills has more than windmills as can readily be seen in the lower shot looking across an open field toward the town.



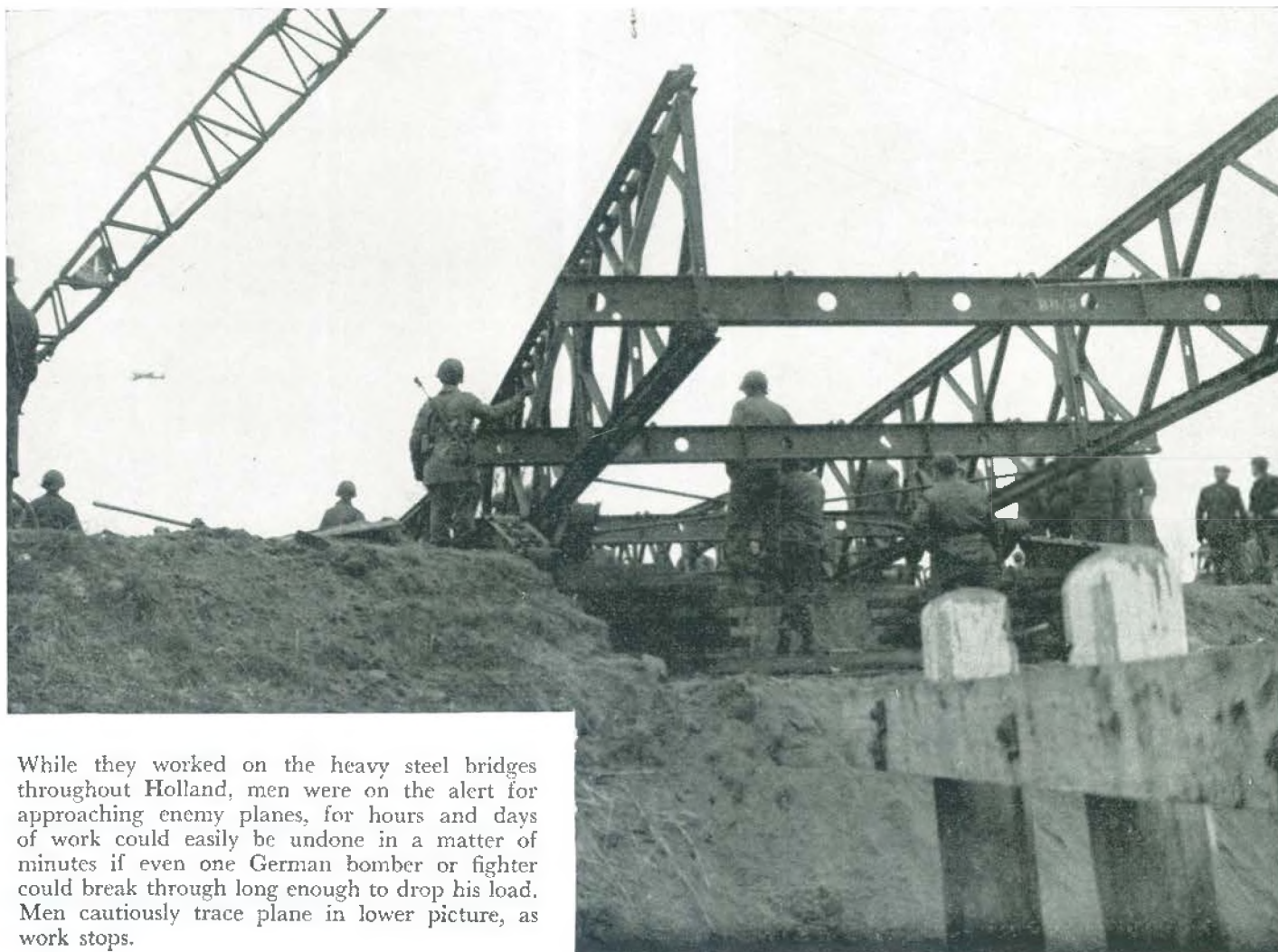


THE ENERGETIC DUTCH ARE KIND AND WILLING PEOPLE

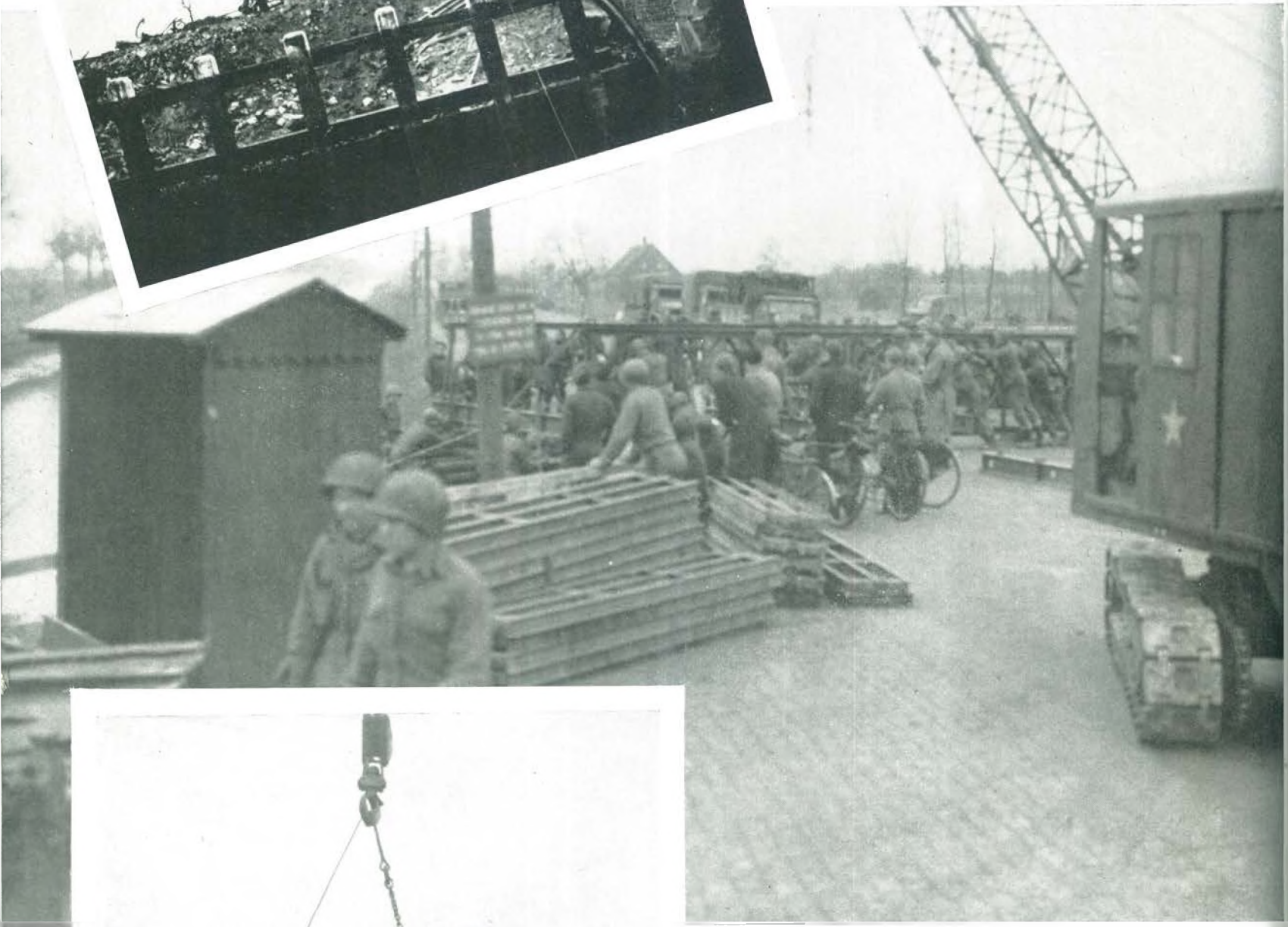




CRANES WERE NOT NORMALLY USED IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF BAILEY BRIDGES, BUT WHEN HANDY THEY HELPED TO SPEED WORK



While they worked on the heavy steel bridges throughout Holland, men were on the alert for approaching enemy planes, for hours and days of work could easily be undone in a matter of minutes if even one German bomber or fighter could break through long enough to drop his load. Men cautiously trace plane in lower picture, as work stops.



Unbelieving people watch the speedy construction of bridges which will soon carry tens of tons of heavy equipment and men across its span. This type of prefabricated steel building was new to them, and their wonder was that of youngsters watching a New York excavation.

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*

IN COMBAT IT WAS NOT ONLY DEFEATING THE ENEMY BY GUN AND MISSILE, BUT WORK LIKE THIS



Man, in his construction of bridges and roads in combat, has added to nature, but at a cost far beyond cash accounting. His sweat and toil and thought should have gone into the erasing of the stigma of poverty. Slums and swamps could have been transformed into mansions and fertile fields.



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WITH THE SPEED OF CONSTRUCTION, CARE HAD TO BE TAKEN AT EVERY TURN, FOR TONS OF IRREPLACEABLE EQUIPMENT WERE AT STAKE



Reinforced steel and concrete pillboxes fell to the tremendous power of the onslaught, as did simple churches of God, built in peace and for peace

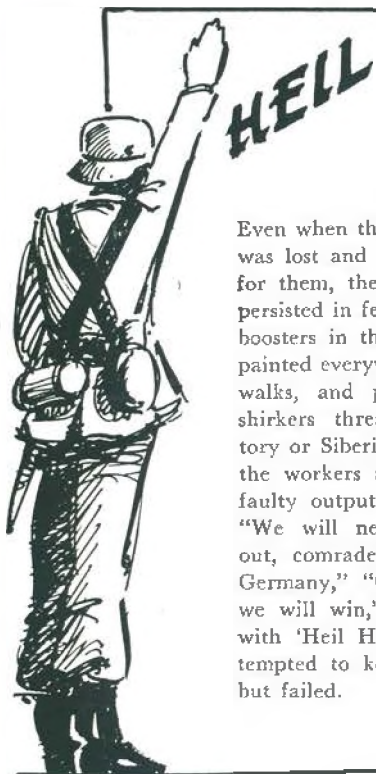
It was ironic, and even in the high interest level of combat, men were able to see the incongruity of the situation which prevailed.



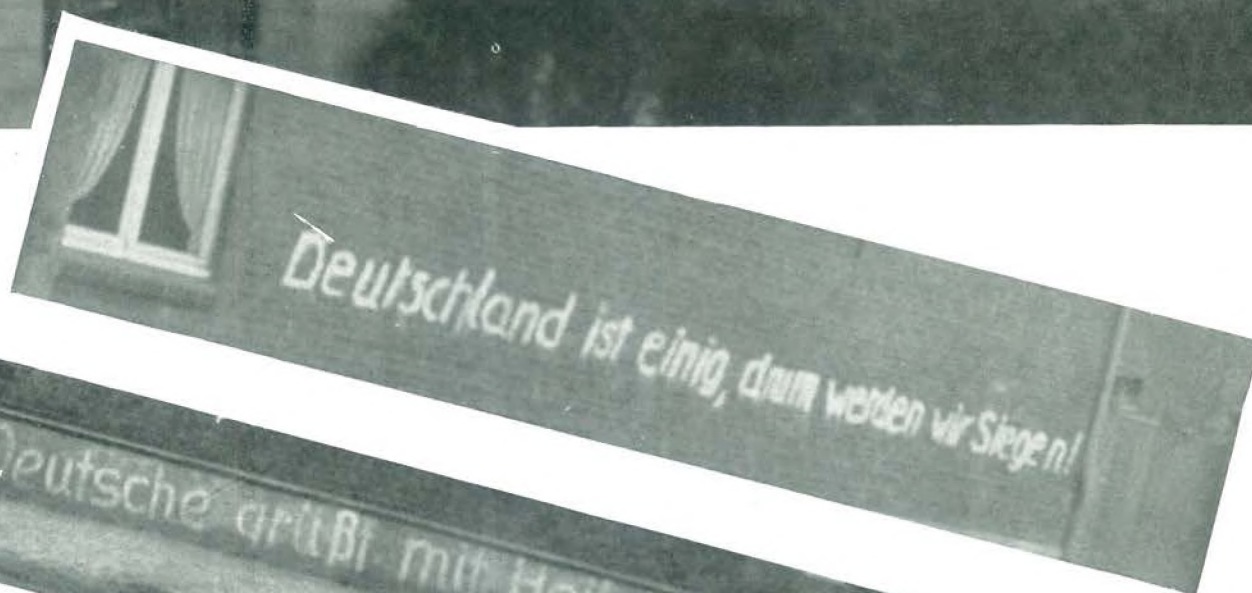


With the many roads destroyed and detours plentiful, it was necessary to have road signs in great quantity in order that convoys as well as messengers could find specific units which were always moving to new areas. In the upper picture men are painting signs for that purpose. German signs were also used and usually were carefully checked as to accuracy before they were left for reference to troops on the march.





Even when they knew that their fight was lost and that nothing could win for them, the German propagandists persisted in feeding the public morale boosters in the form of little sayings painted everywhere on buildings, sidewalks, and posters. For the work shirkers threats appeared as "Victory or Siberia," supposed to frighten the workers against absenteeism and faulty output on the assembly lines. "We will never capitulate," "Hold out, comrades, for all goes well in Germany," "Germany is united and we will win," "The German salutes with 'Heil Hitler,'" all of these attempted to keep German morale up but failed.



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Through the means of these beautiful photographs we are able to catch a glimpse of the Alp Mountain range in Switzerland. On army sponsored tours the boys visited the country and stayed in specially reserved hotels. Sight-seeing trips took them to various towns of interest and to the green sloping valleys. All who went will remember the beauties of the snow covered mountain passes in the Alps.



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All who returned from here can not but praise enthusiastically the wonders of the country. The people were so amiable and kind, many of them had never seen a GI before, or even a jeep. While at sunny lakeside resorts the men enjoyed the company of the lovely girls who spoke many languages, but basically German, French, and Italian. The peaceful serenity of the country gave to the visitors the mental pleasure that they sought.





Photo by Royter



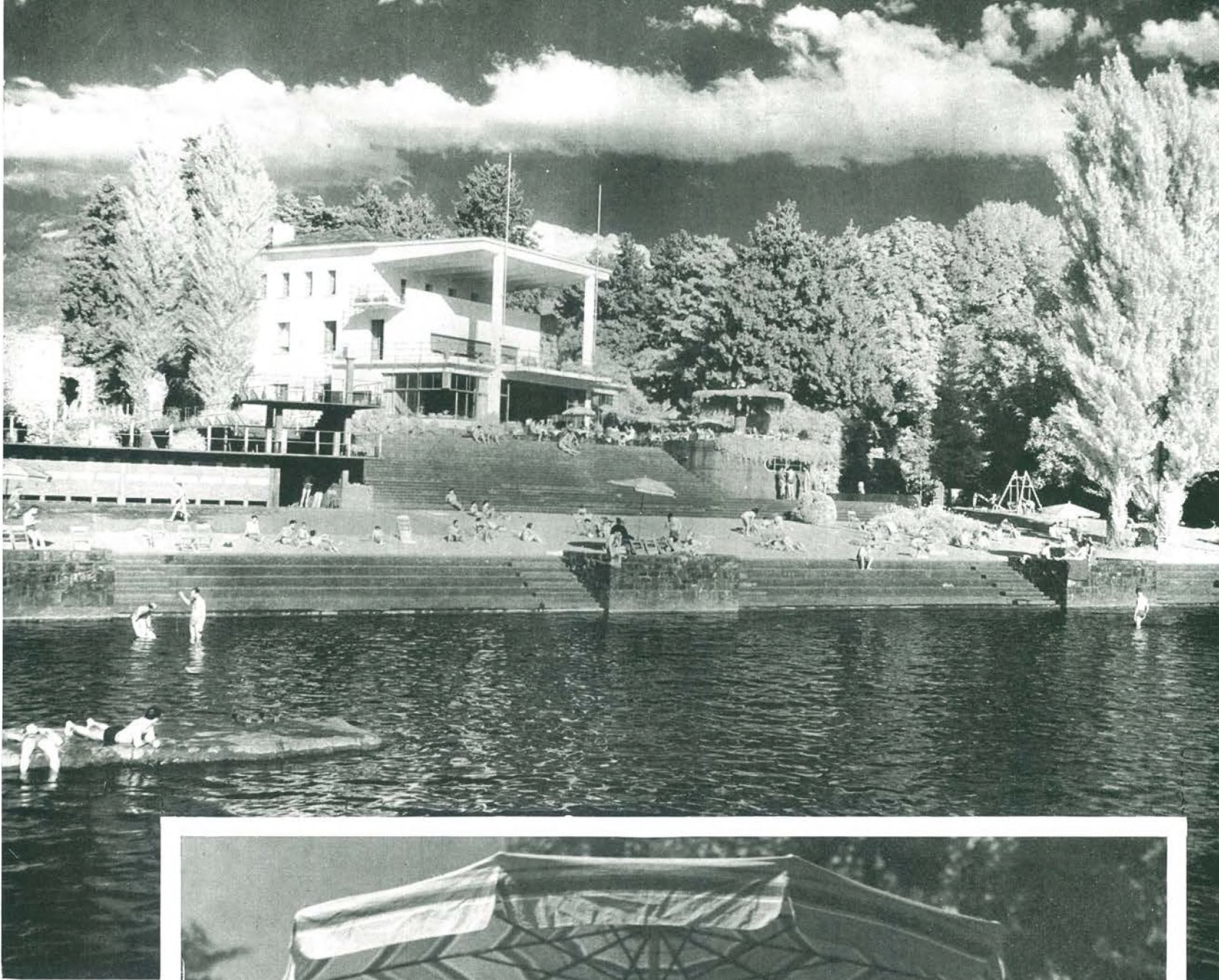
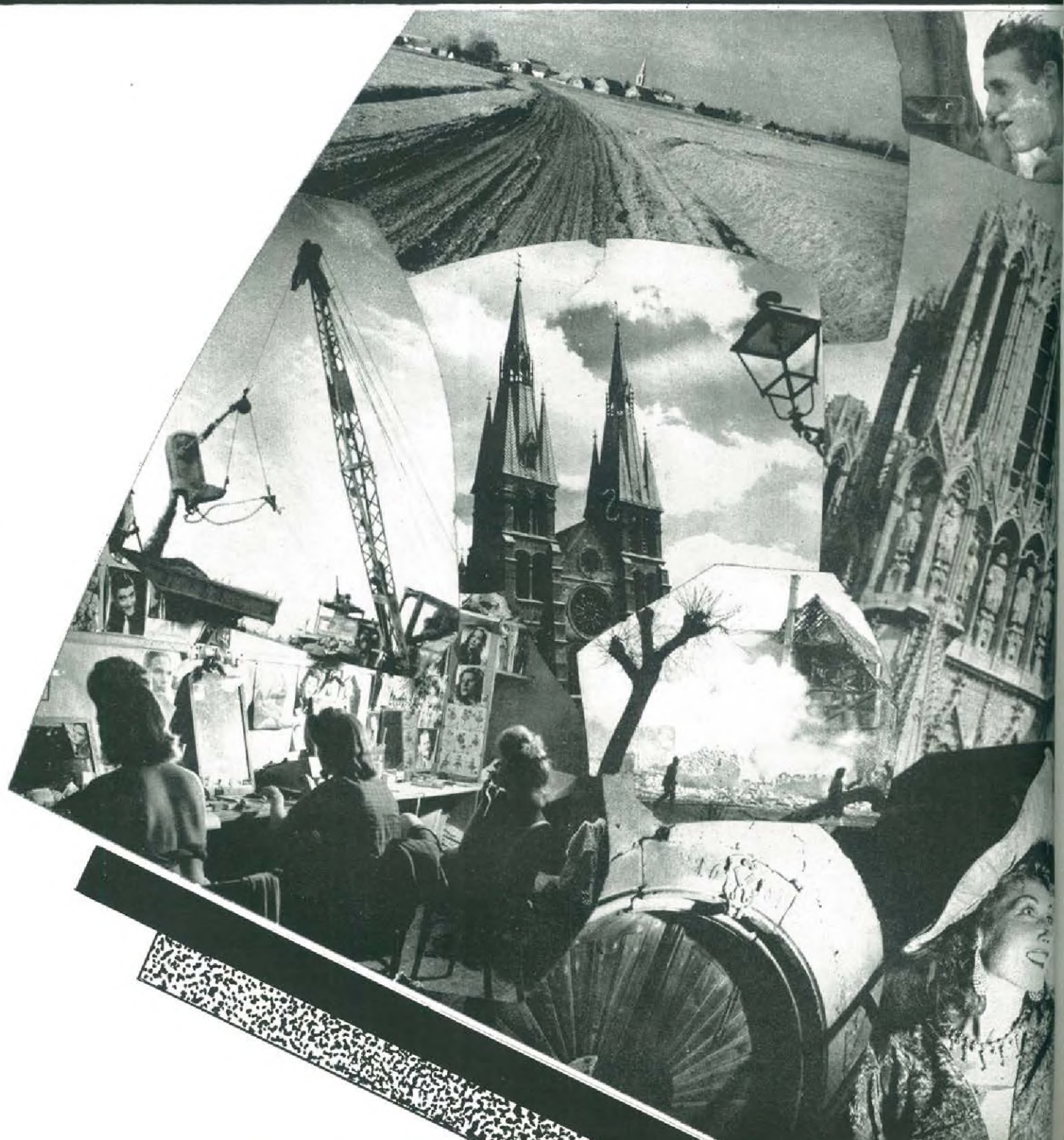


Photo by Royter



STUDIO



WAP

USA





In the hour of danger the honor of Paris was at stake. She took on the bitter fruit of heroic responsibilities to rally the entire nation around her. During the four somber years of German occupation the French concentrated their will to resist in Paris. Because of her sacrifices and eventual rise, the people guarantee the destiny of Paris. Today the American soldiers are welcomed in the city whose streets and monuments they had only been able to glimpse during their brief furloughs. The editors of this book have tried to give you a record in photographs of the thoughts you carried away with you when you left Paris. Some day while thumbing through these pages you may say to your wife, children, and friends: "Here is the Eiffel Tower, in height, comparable to our own modern skyscrapers. It was the first thing we saw upon entering the city and we weren't disappointed. Even the people were gloriously happy at the sight of their tri-color flying atop the symbolic structure of steel. And here's the Arch of Triumph. . . ." The Parisians will be happy to greet us as their friends and allies forever.



PARIS

FRANCE





EIFFEL TOWER
Symbol of Paris



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The Eiffel Tower was one of the most interesting spots for the visiting GI who wanted nothing more than to mount the 984 foot frame and look out over the colorful panorama. It was built in two years (1887-1889) by the engineer Eiffel, and formed part of the Exhibition of 1889. From the third platform, which is reached by lift only, one has a unique view extending for miles in clear weather.



AN ANT HILL VIEW OF THE FIRST LANDING ON THE TOWER, DWARFS THE SIGHTSEERS ABOUT THE INNER RAIL, THE STRUCTURE IS BREATHTAKING

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



PALAIS DE CHAILLOT

Formerly the Trocadéro





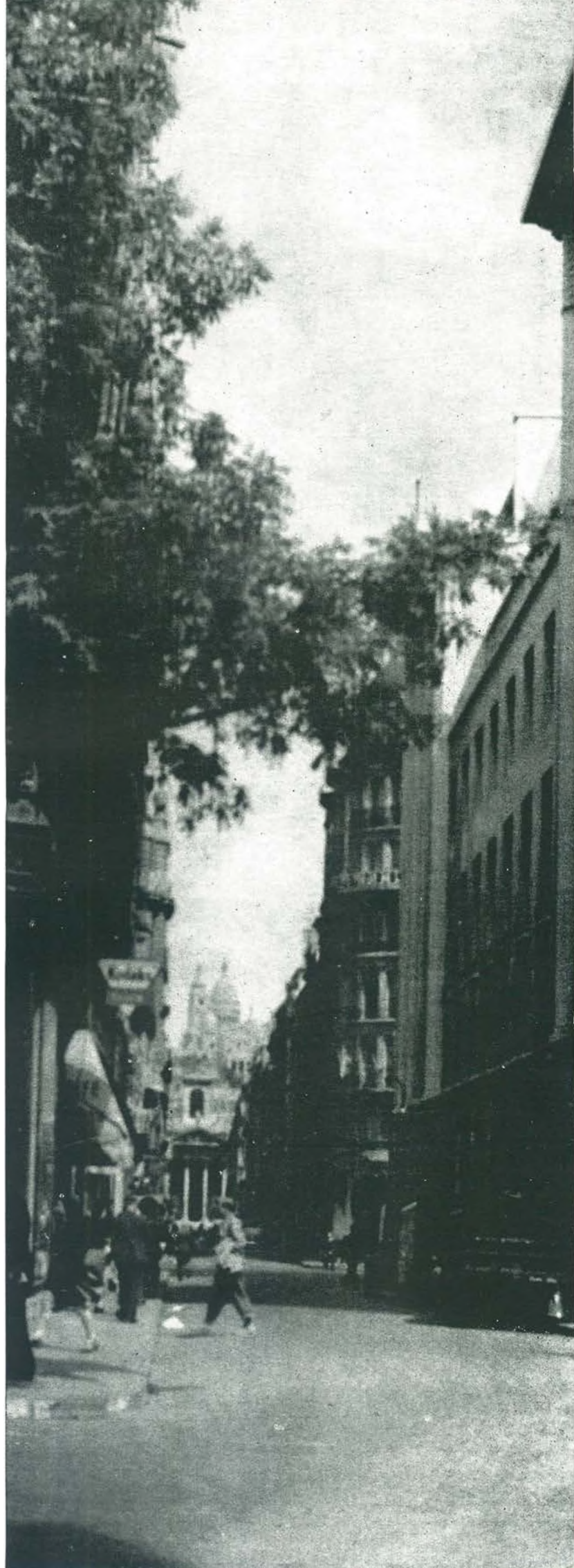
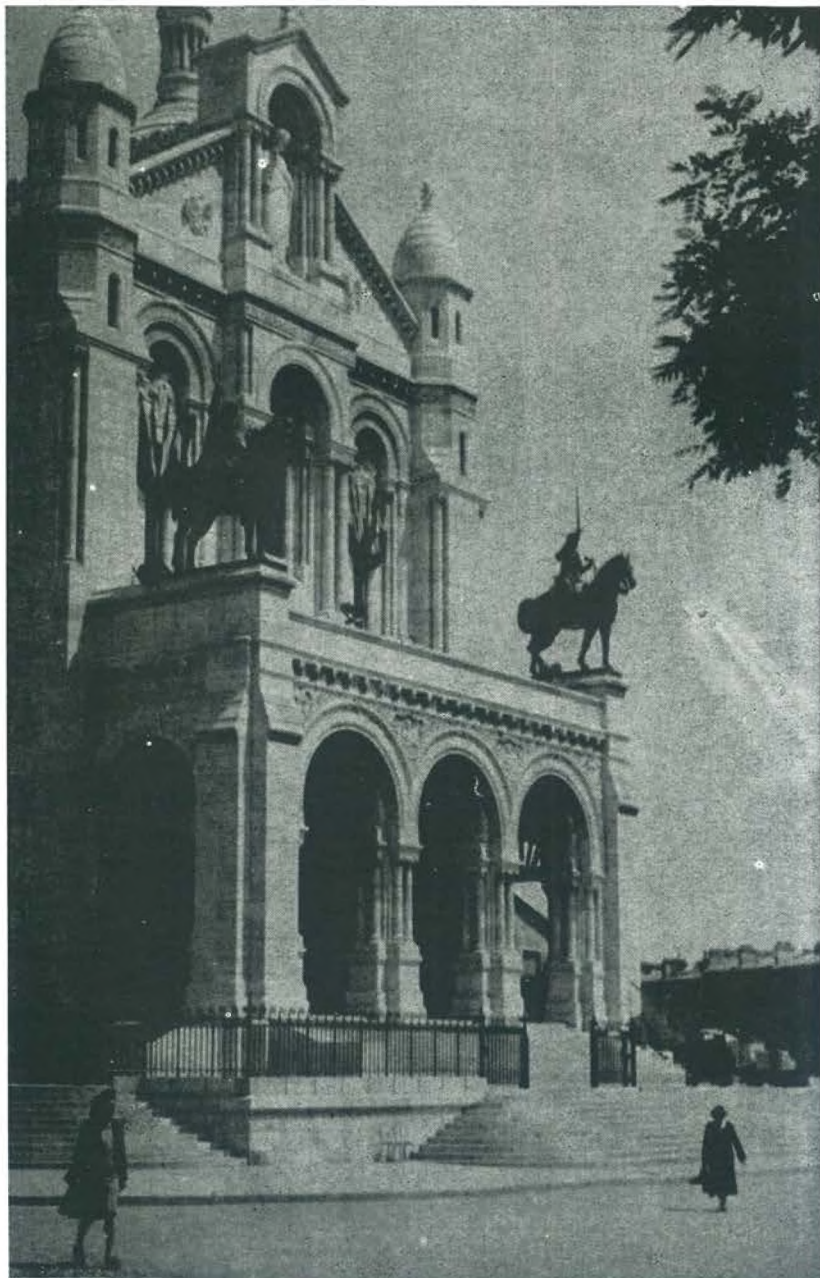
PONT D' IENA
Modern Esthetics



Shrouded in the mist and rain of the season, Paris presents itself from high upon the platform of the Eiffel Tower, as a shimmering beautiful city with many water ways and bridges of note. Paris is a city, more than a city, it is a capitol, which to some, surpasses all others and is imbued with all the grandeur of a nation. She is not the legendary "Gay Paree," but a city whose drawn countenance reflects the four years of oppression and physical privation. Even now she is fine and cultured,



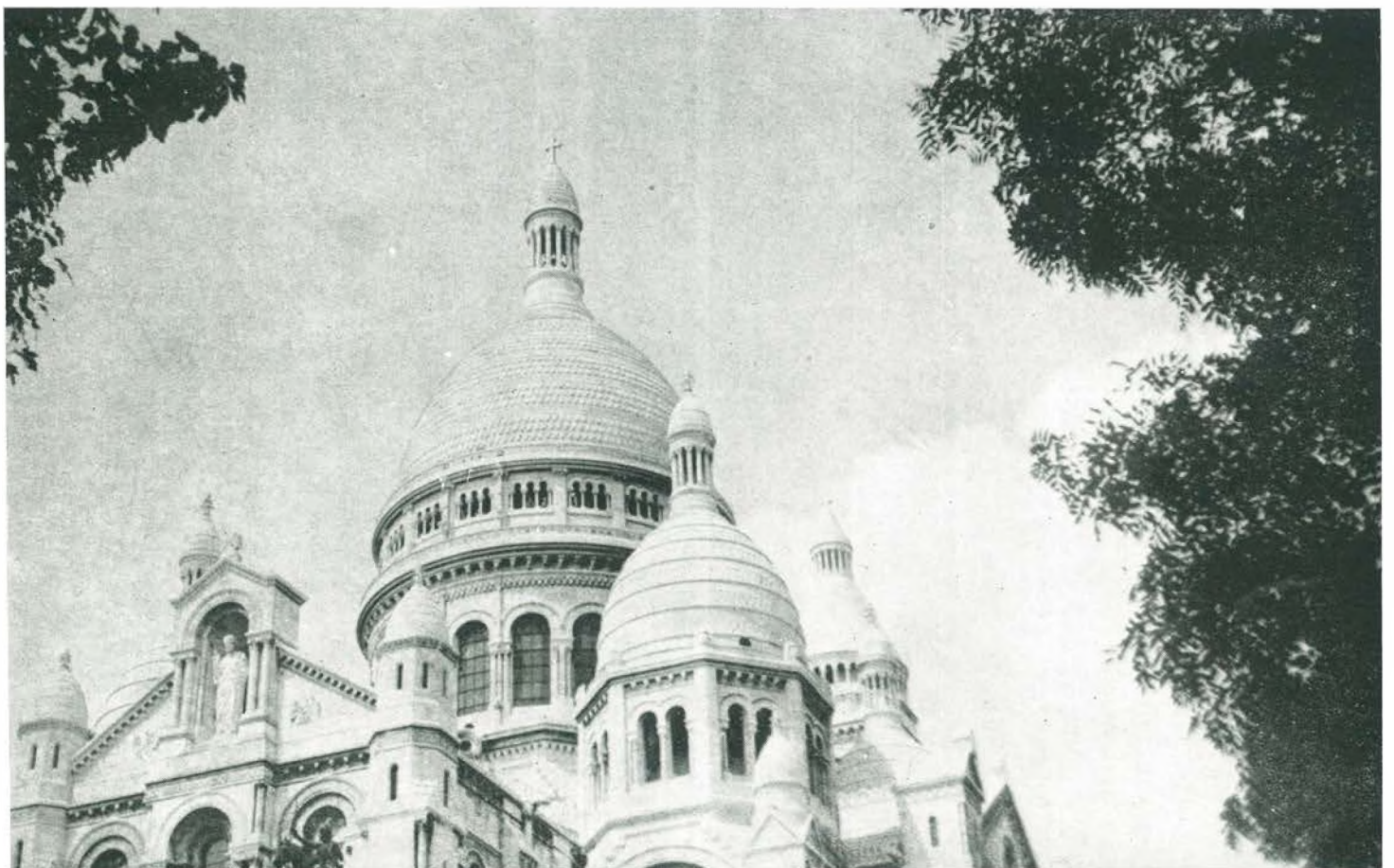
The hill of Montmartre is capped by the magnificent church of Sacre-Coeur Basilica. The lofty dome of the white monument can be seen for miles around Paris. In Byzantine style, the church was completed in 1910.



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THE VIEW FROM THE TERRACE IN FRONT OF THE GORGEOUS CHURCH IS MAGNIFICENT



HUGE DOMES WITH ALL THEIR WHITENESS DOMINATE THE CITY OF PARIS . . . A BYZANTINE SCENE OUT OF THIS WORLD

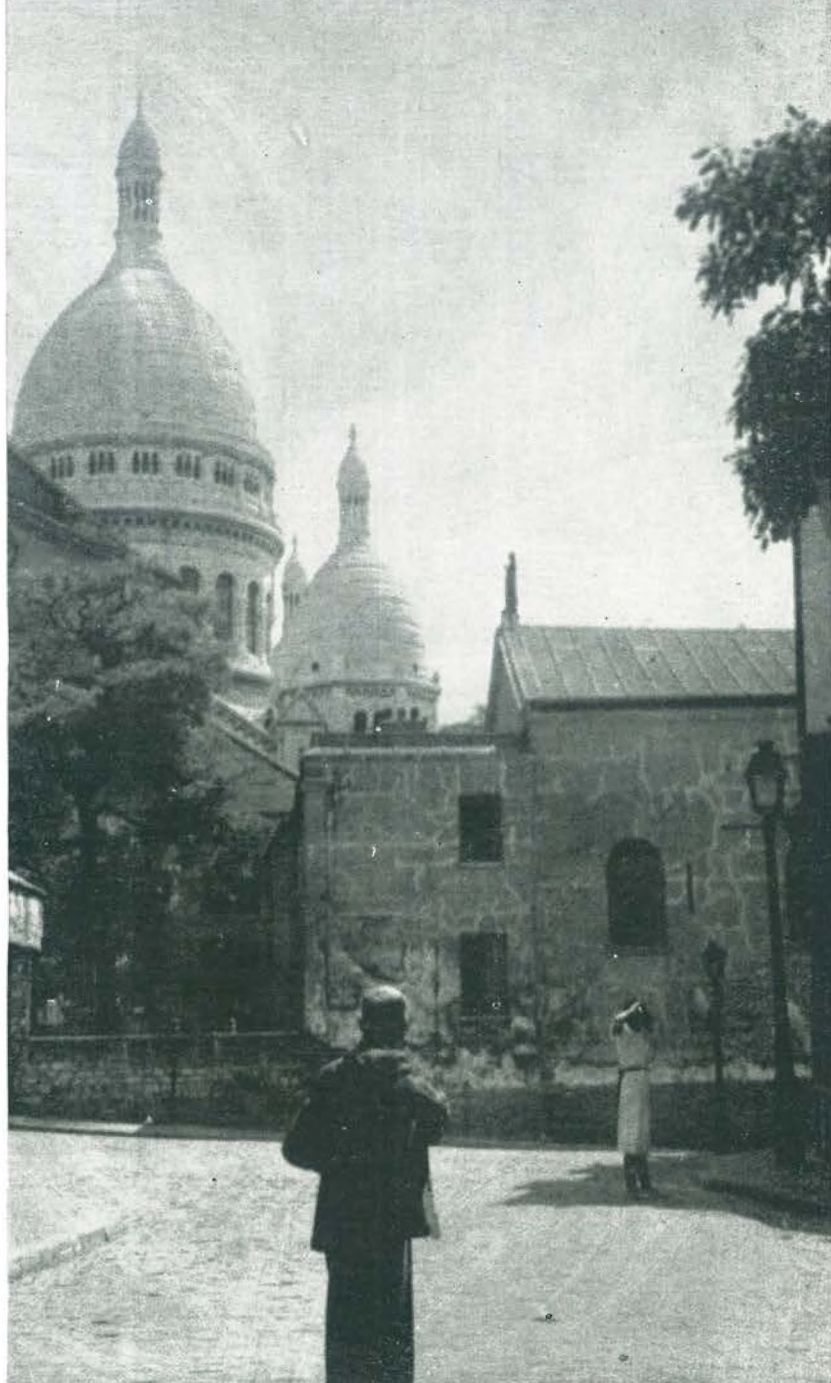
the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



THE FAMOUS STREETS OF PIGALLE AND THE MONTMARTRE ALL LEAD TO THE SHRINE

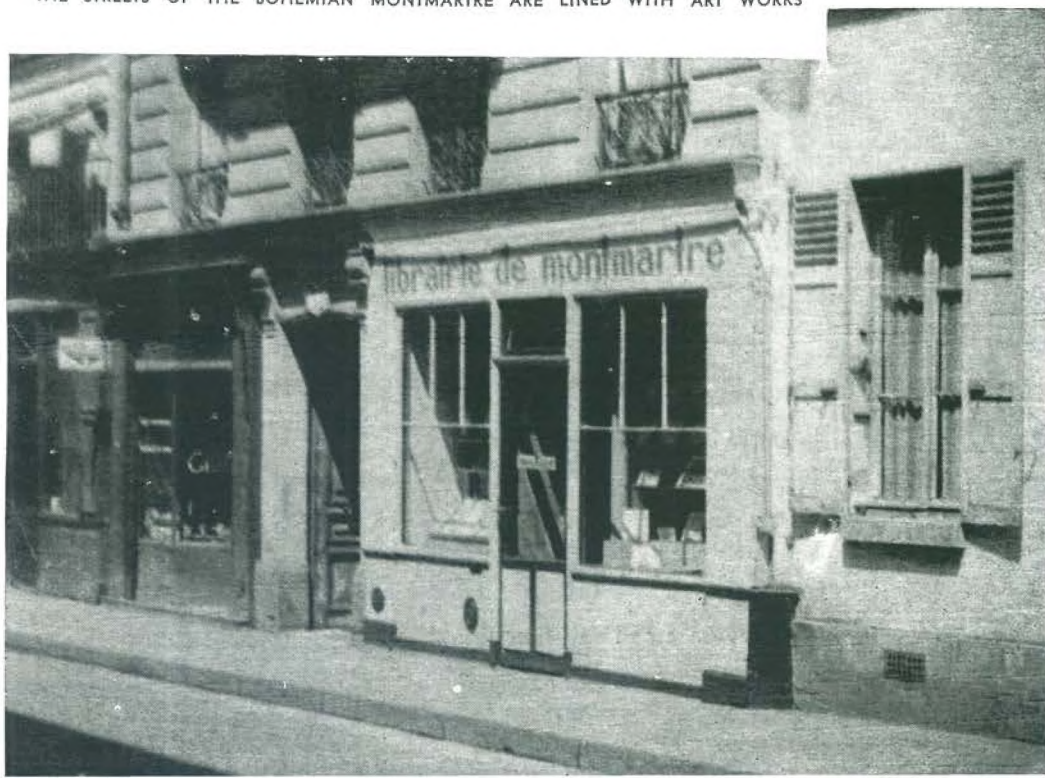


SOLDIERS FROM EVERY VILLAGE AND TOWN IN ALL OF EUROPE CAME ESPECIALLY TO GAZE DUMBFOUNDED AT THIS PICTURE OF BEAUTY

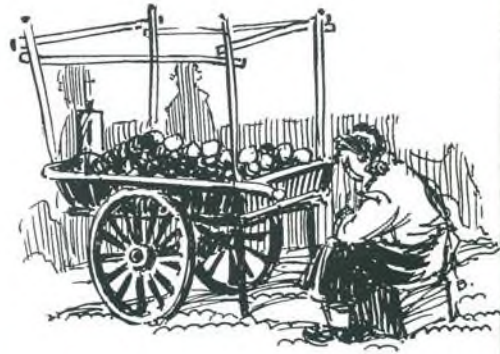




THE STREETS OF THE BOHEMIAN MONTMARTRE ARE LINED WITH ART WORKS



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the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*

Many soldiers will be able to extol the interests of the well known Pigalle section of the city with its bars and cafes tucked neatly away in narrow picturesque streets and alleyways. The soldier fathers of the first war in Europe, too, remember these scenes of Paris.



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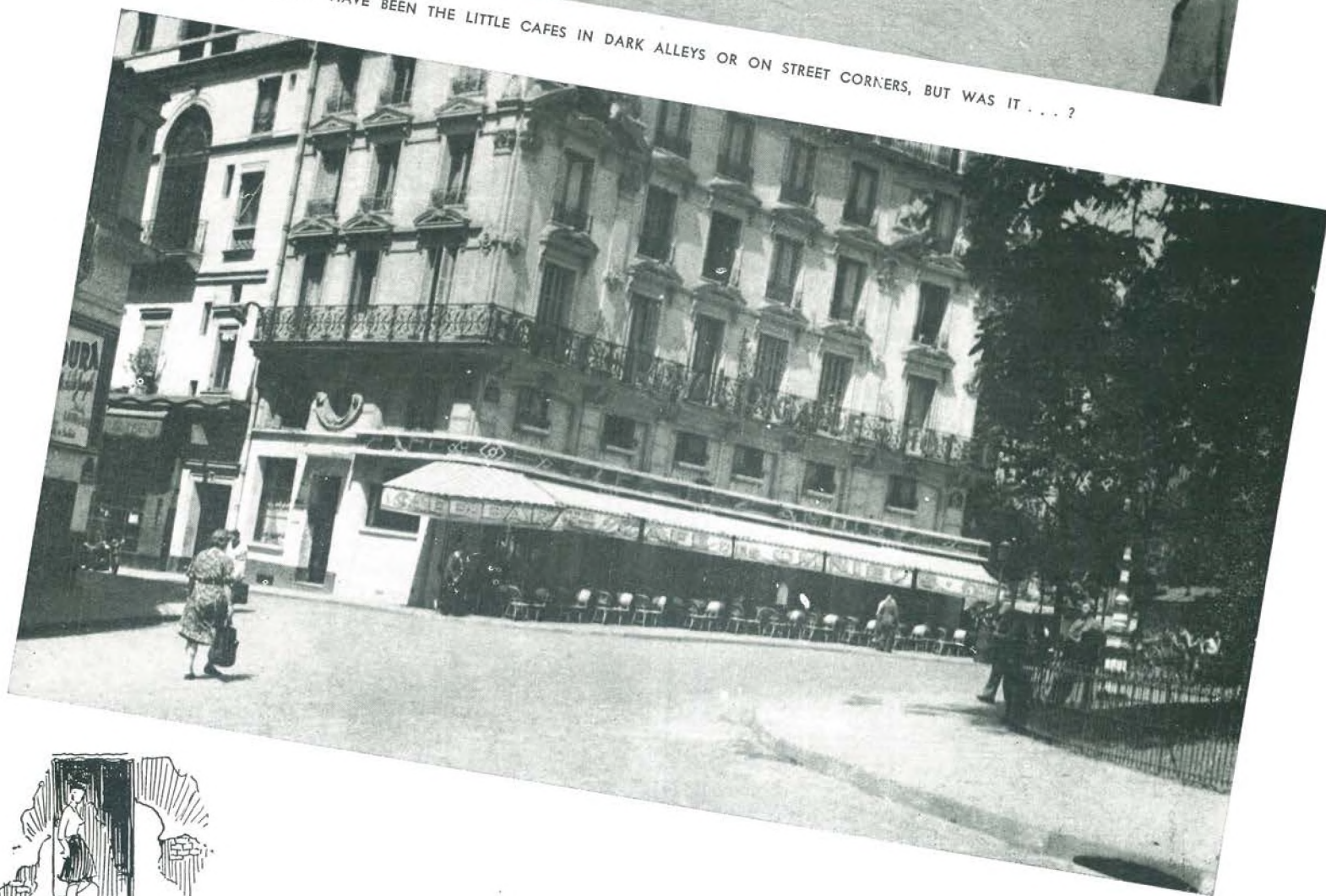
THE CINEMA HOUSES AND CAFES DID A GRAND SOLDIER BUSINESS AT ALL TIMES OF THE DAY



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IT COULD HAVE BEEN THE LITTLE CAFES IN DARK ALLEYS OR ON STREET CORNERS, BUT WAS IT . . . ?



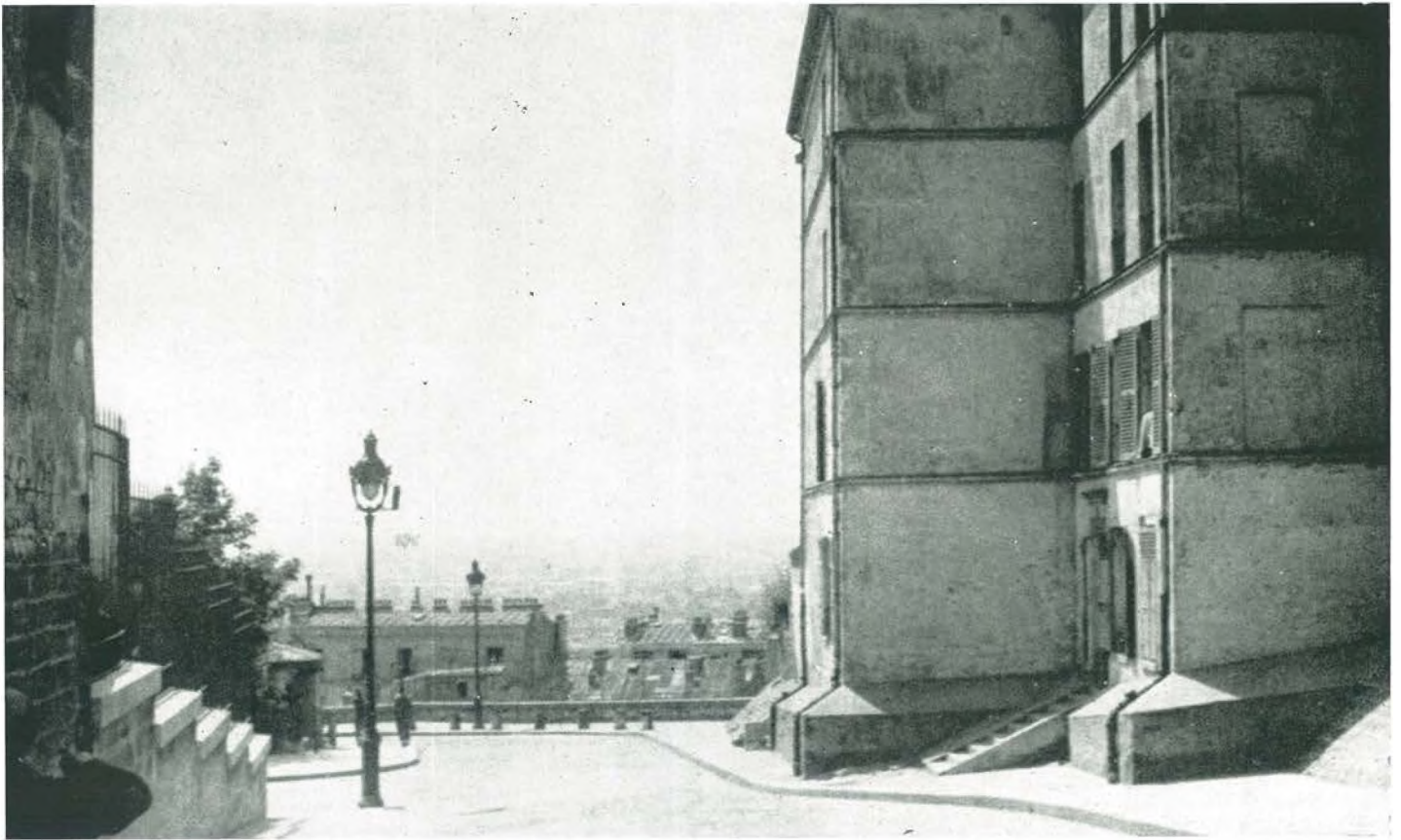
the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



LUNCH HOUR IN PARIS COULD BE COMPARED WITH THAT OF MOST AMERICAN CITIES WHEN PEOPLE RUSHED FROM BUSINESS OFFICES EVERYWHERE



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



LITTLE RESTAURANTS WHICH BEFORE THE WAR CATERED TO WORKING PEOPLE, WERE NOW CLOSED EXCEPT WHEN WINE WAS AVAILABLE

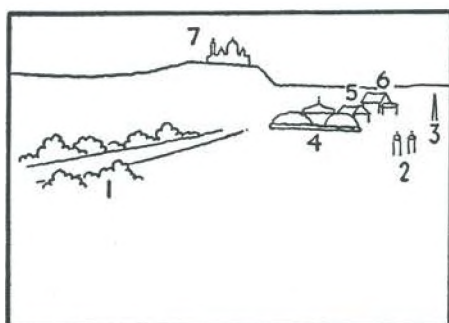




Paris, which is typical of all of France in this respect, has many cathedrals aside from the well known Notre Dame. As can be seen, here at the foot of the hill leading up through Pigalle to Montmartre, is one of the many picturesquely quaint old churches which can be found in Paris.



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LOOKING EAST

From the Eiffel Tower

1. Banks of the Seine
2. Pont Alevandre
3. Obelisk
4. Grand Palais
5. Madeleine
6. Opera
7. Sacre-Coeur, Montmartre



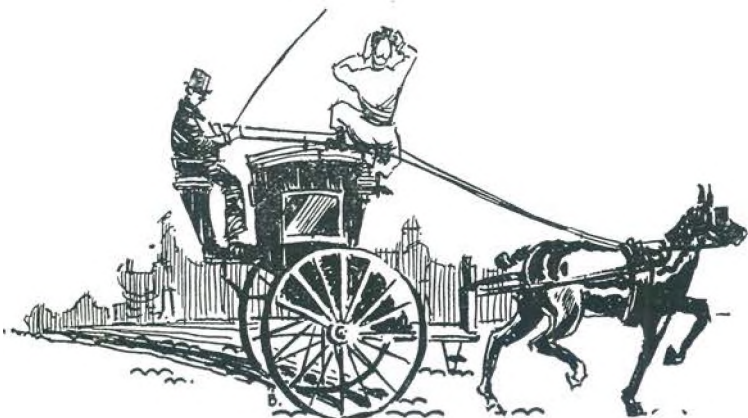
Just off the Champs-Elysees is the Great Palais which was built for the Universal Exhibition of 1900. Adorned overhead by tremendous leaping horses and statues, the ornate building is unforgettable. Its huge size made possible the exhibition of real houses, but now it is used mostly for horse shows and automobile shows.



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GRAND PALAIS
A City of Heroic Statues



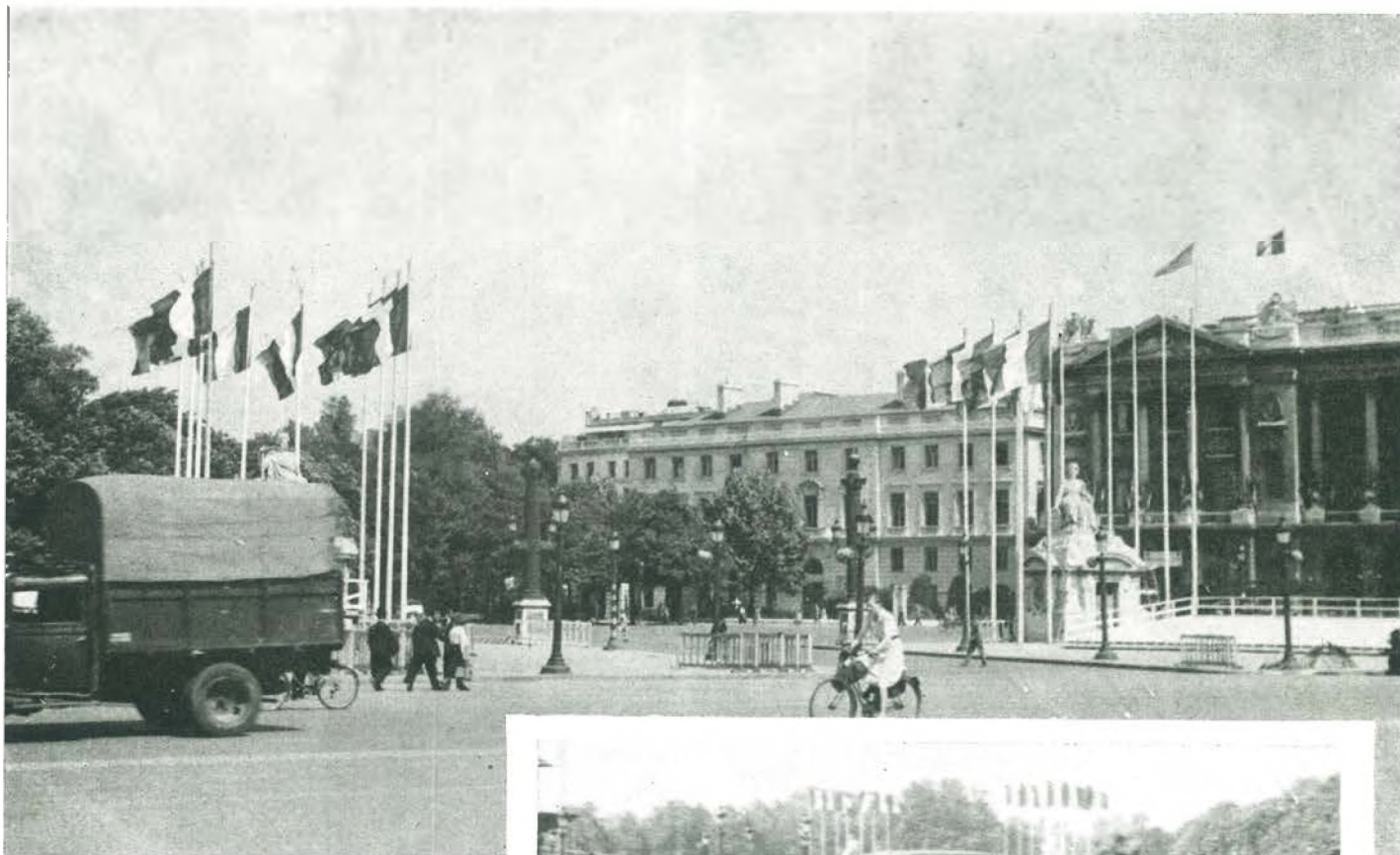
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LOOKING DOWN THE RUE ROYALE TOWARD THE MADELEINE



ON THE RUE DE LA PAIX

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



Place de la Concorde was formerly named Place Louis XV and then later in 1792 became Place de la Revolution. It was on this site that many hundreds of people including Louis XVI were guillotined. Sightseers stop for long periods of time to view the Obelisk in the center of the place erected by Louis-Philippe.



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Paris in the Spring—although many of the private automobiles are gone, the vast numbers of bicycles which travel the streets of Paris now by and far replace them adequately. The anger in crossing crowded streets no longer lay in being wary of the fast moving gas driven car, but rather in the speeding, foot propelled contraptions which race helter-skelter through narrow openings in the traffic. Flying skirts and colorful patterns danced by at every corner and along the green boulevards of the Champs Elysees. Sidewalk cafes, with their polka-dotted awnings, were always jammed.



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BUSINESS . . . ALMOST AS USUAL



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There were girls at every traffic turn, and GIs too . . . the police observed the traffic, the GIs the girls.



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CHEVAL DE MARLY
A Touch of Modernism

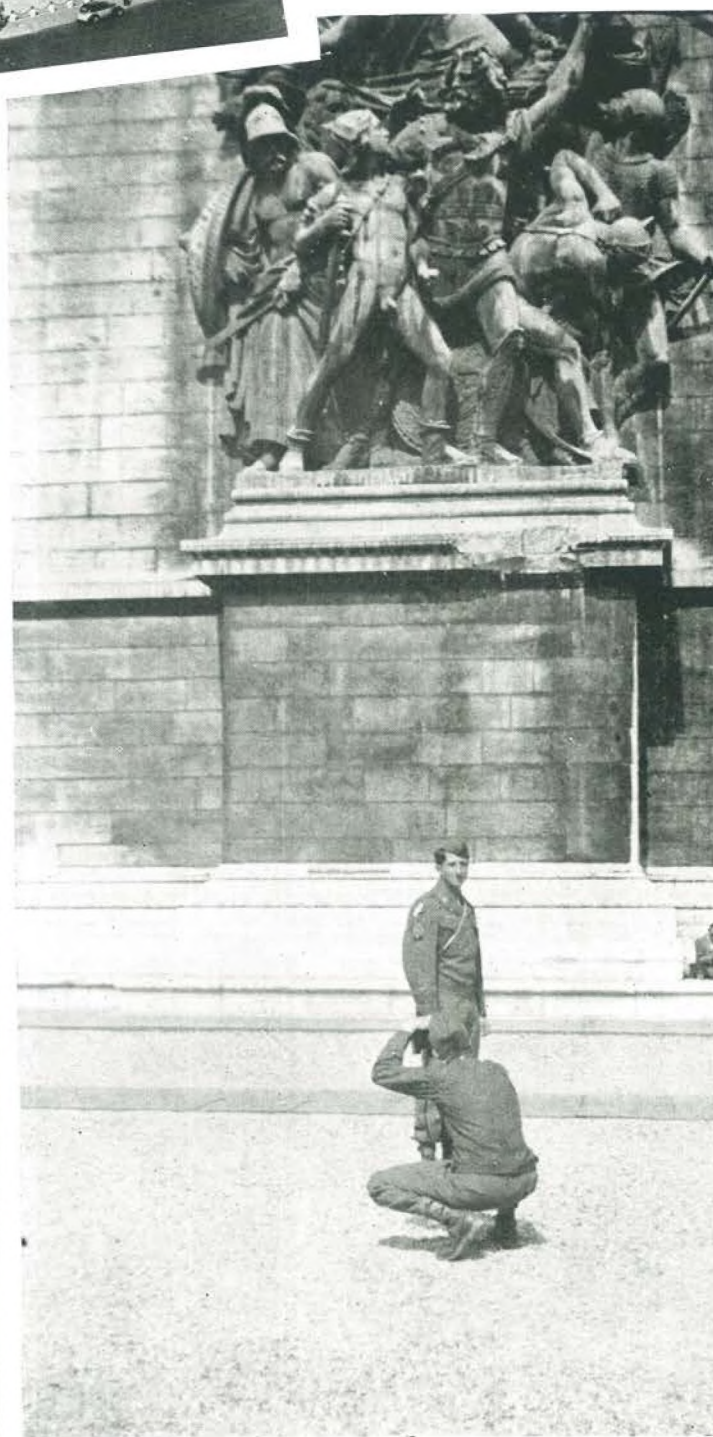
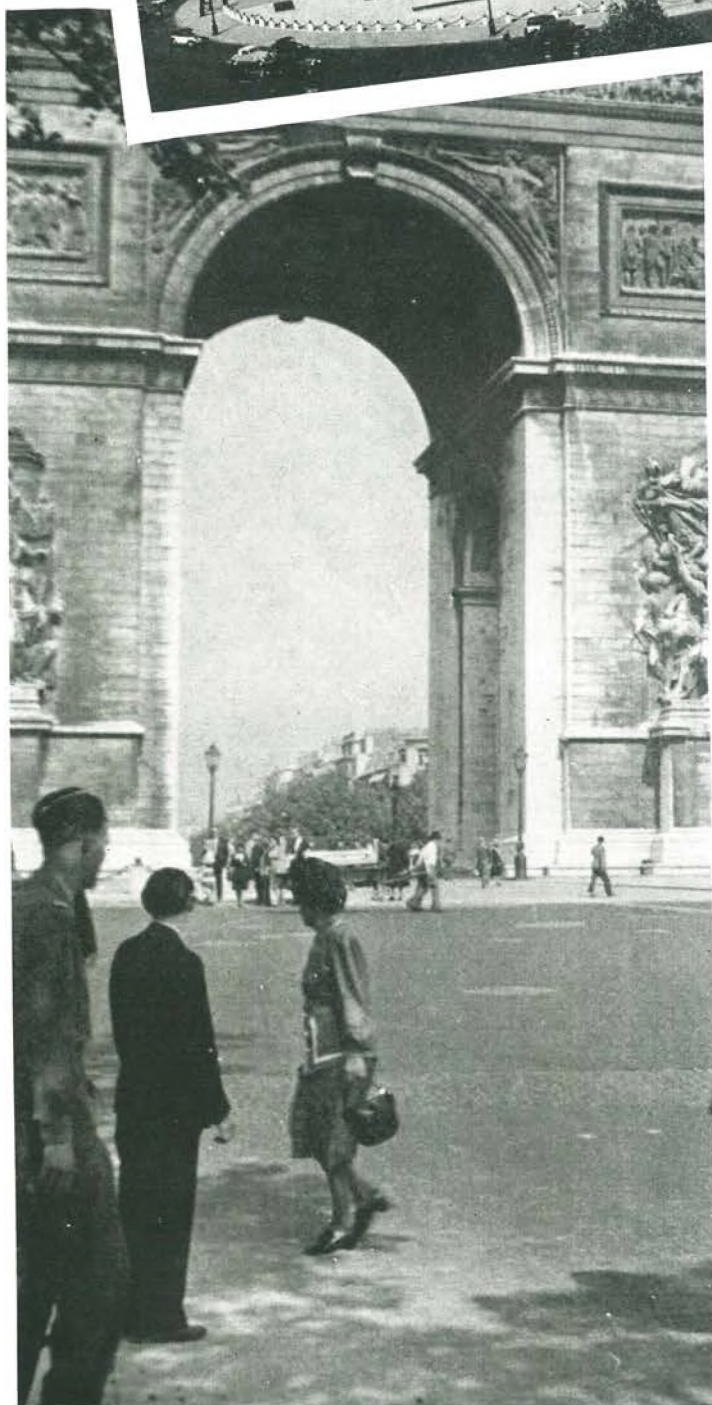


L'ARC DE TRIOMPHE
Napoleon's Glory

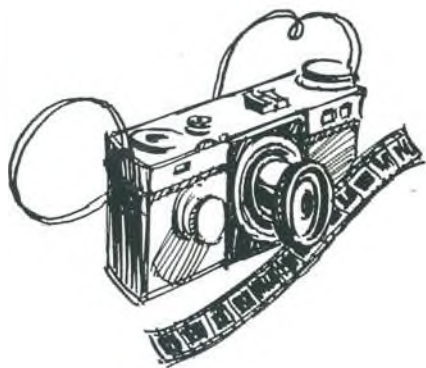
the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



Perhaps the second best known spot in Paris is the famous Arch of Triumph. Visiting American boys came to the "Flame of Remembrance" to pay homage to France's Unknown Soldier, and to take pictures of the tomb to carry home with them as pictorial memoirs. The splendid monument was designed at Napoleon's command by the architect Chalgrin in 1806, and is considered one of the chief architectural glories of the city of Paris.



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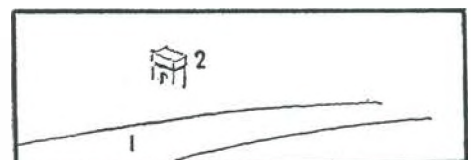
the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



LOOKING SOUTH

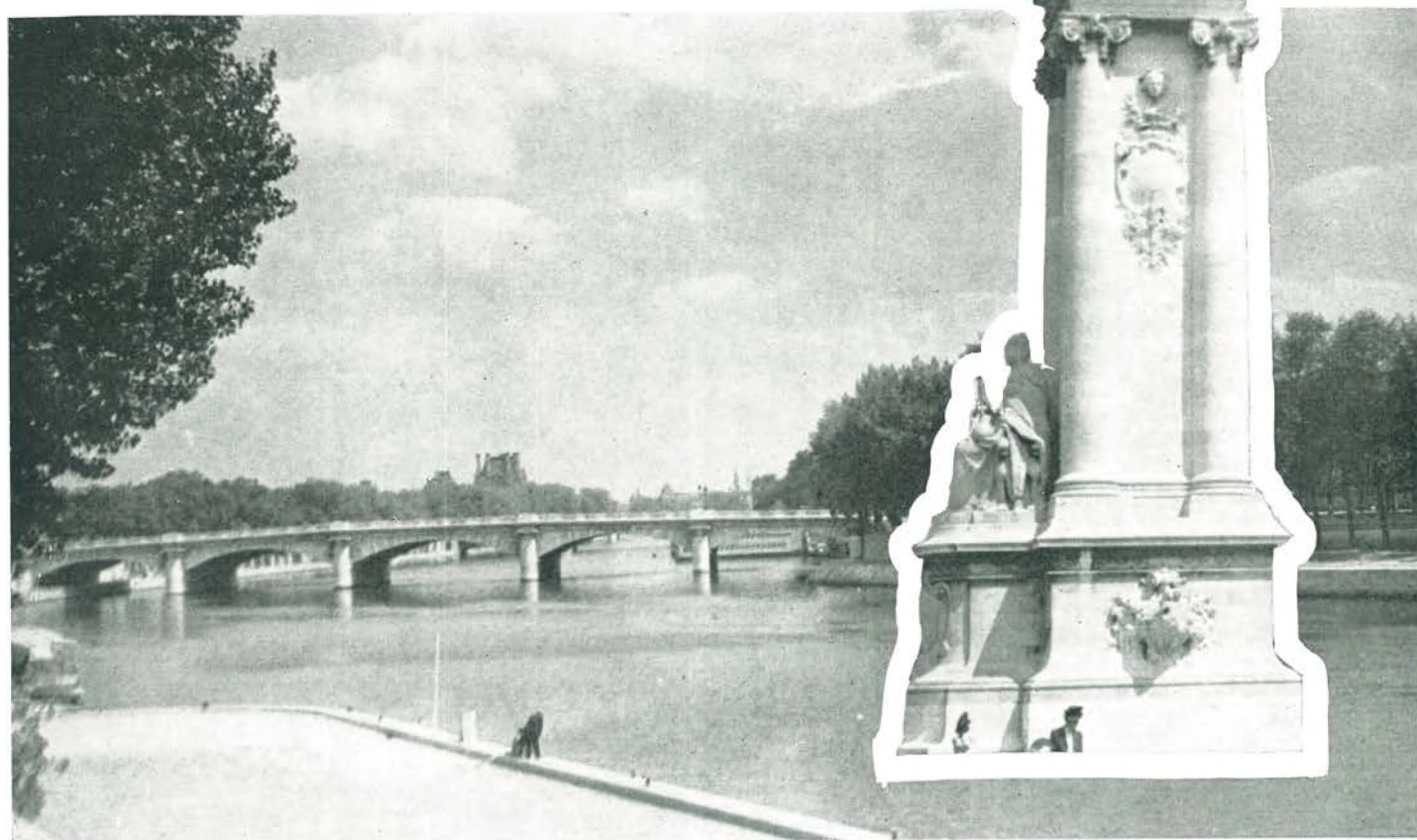
From the Eiffel Tower

1. Seine River
2. L'Arc de Triomphe



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The Seine River, which runs through the city of Paris, is spanned by many famous bridges. The two best known and beautifully constructed are the Pont de la Concorde and Pont Alexandre III. Looking up the river (upper) toward the Concorde bridge one can see the peaceful river leisurely flowing through the arched supports where many boat races and regattas are held.



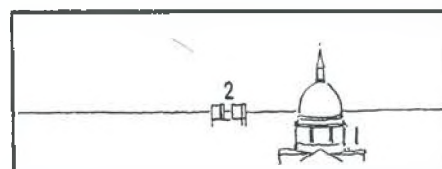
the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



LOOKING NORTH

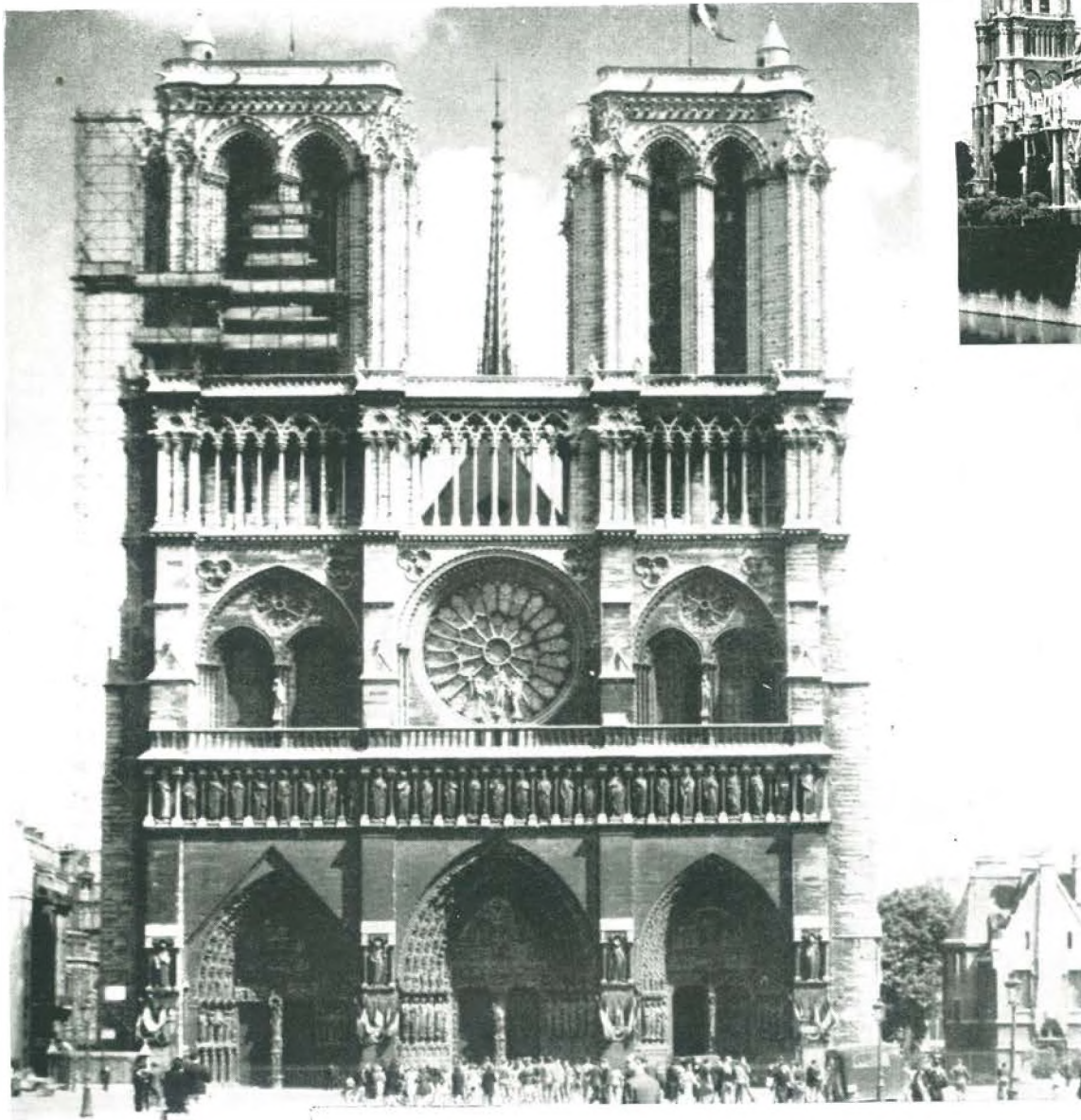
From the Eiffel Tower

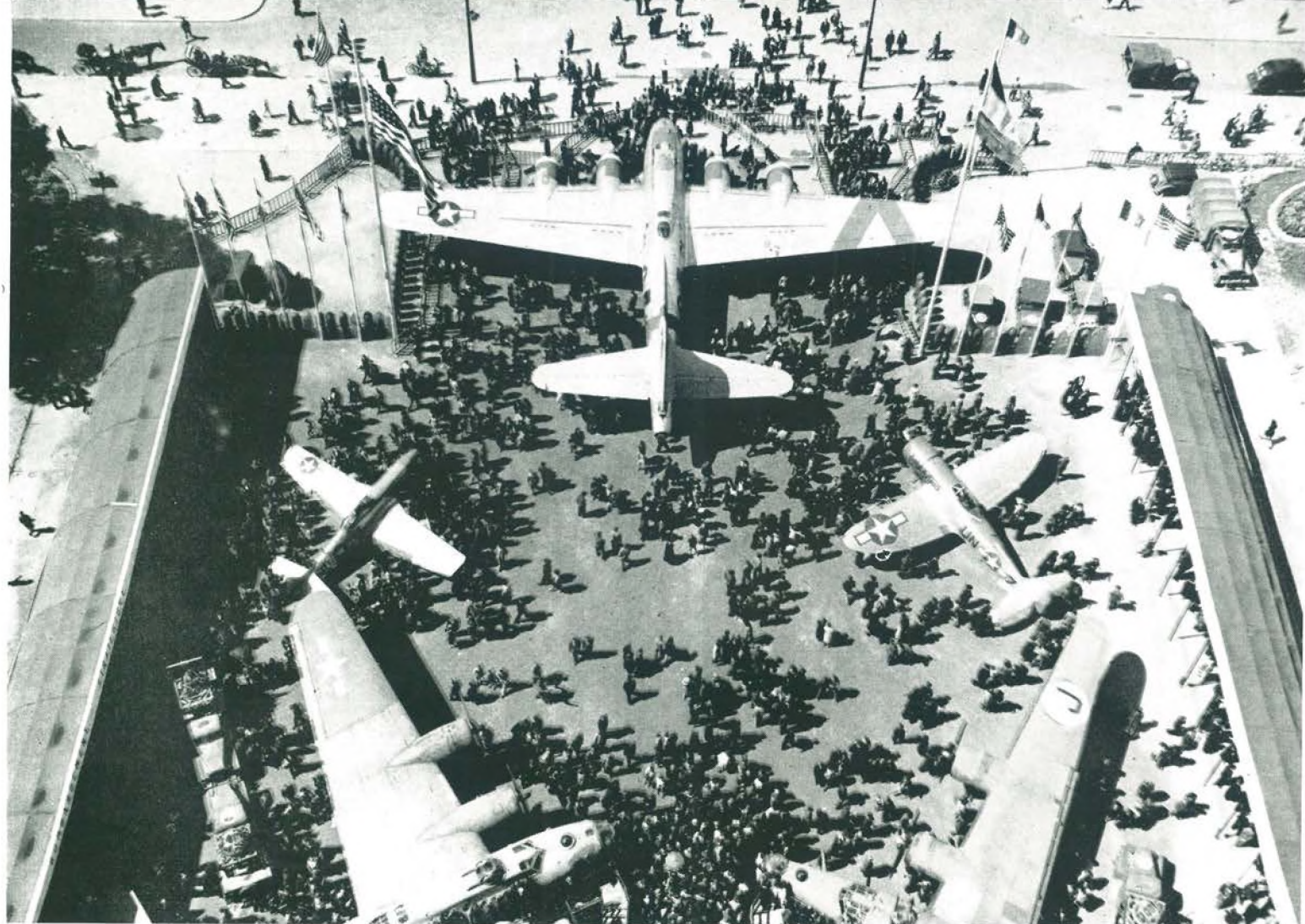
1. Notre Dame Cathedral
2. Des Invalides



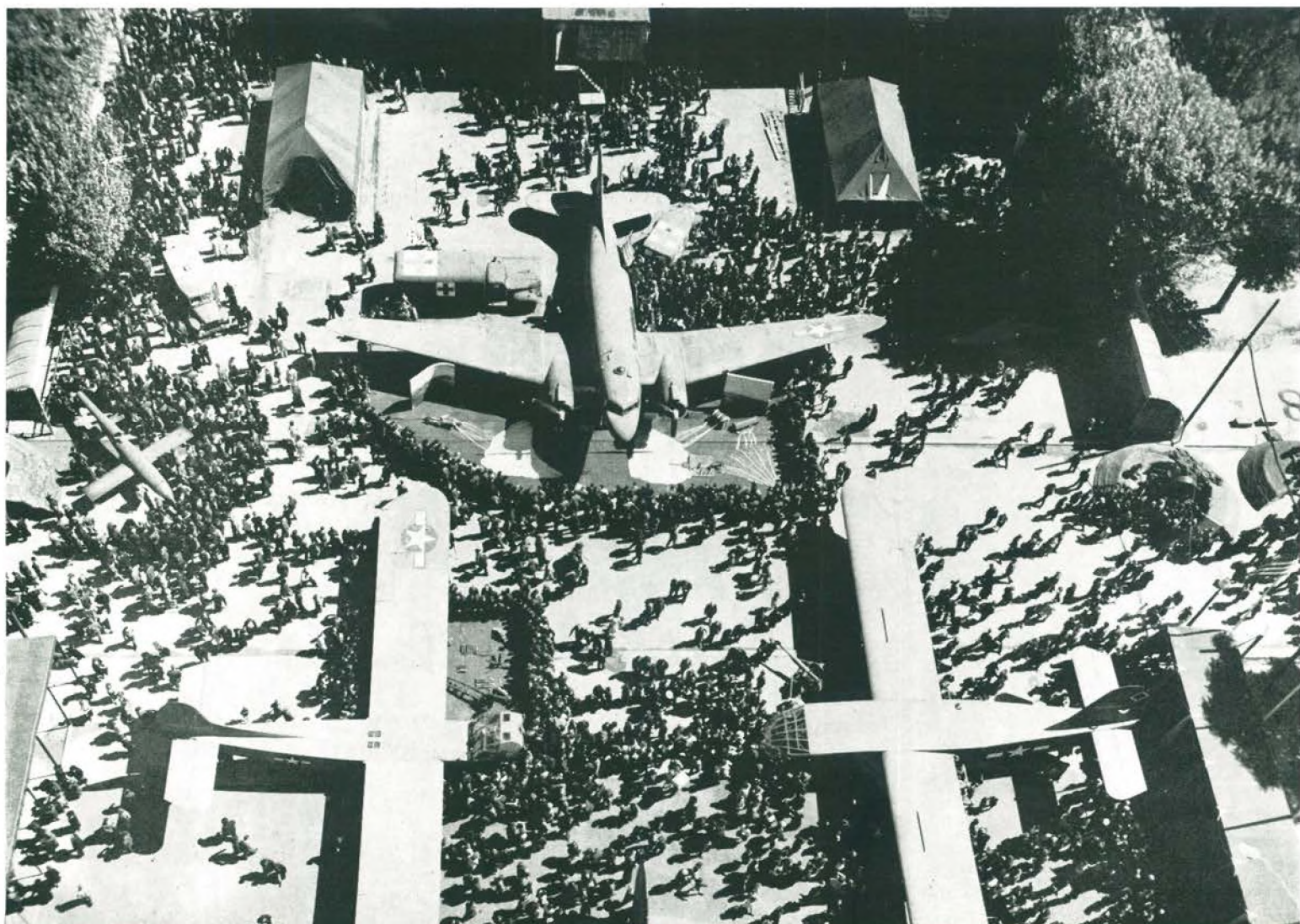
the seventy fifth **73** *infantry division*

There are few people the world over who do not immediately connect the magnificent Cathedral of Notre Dame with the Paris of all ages. King Philipp-Auguste, wishing to perpetuate the memory of his reign, built this important cathedral.





IN AUGUST, 1945, BENEATH THE EIFFEL TOWER COULD BE VIEWED THIS EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN AIRCRAFT OF WORLD WAR II



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*





The Folies Bergere—Not only the soldiers who came to Paris on furlough went immediately to ticket offices to make their reservations early, but also the French themselves came from every small town and village, near and far, making plans to witness the great show. Glamorous, vivacious, colorful, vaudeville, just what the doctor ordered for our entertainment-starved boys in Europe. Some of the stars of the show included (opposite page, upper left) Simone Idy, (right) Lyne de Souza, and the lucky young fellow in kilts, Monsieur Nelson—no relation to the honorable Admiral Lord Nelson. . . . The girls in the stage shot below are Les Parisiennes.



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the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*

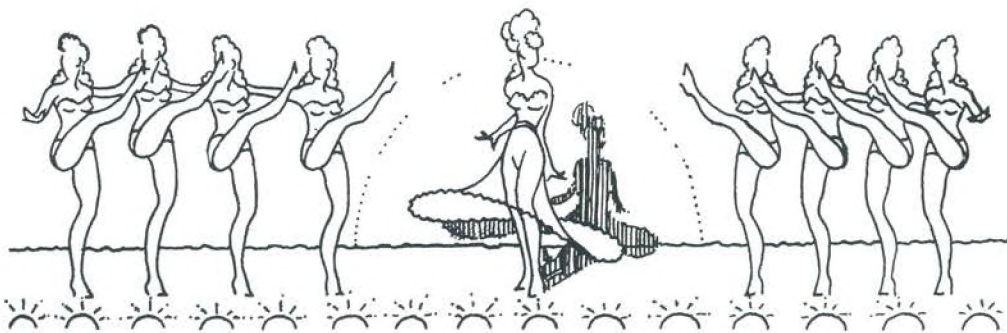


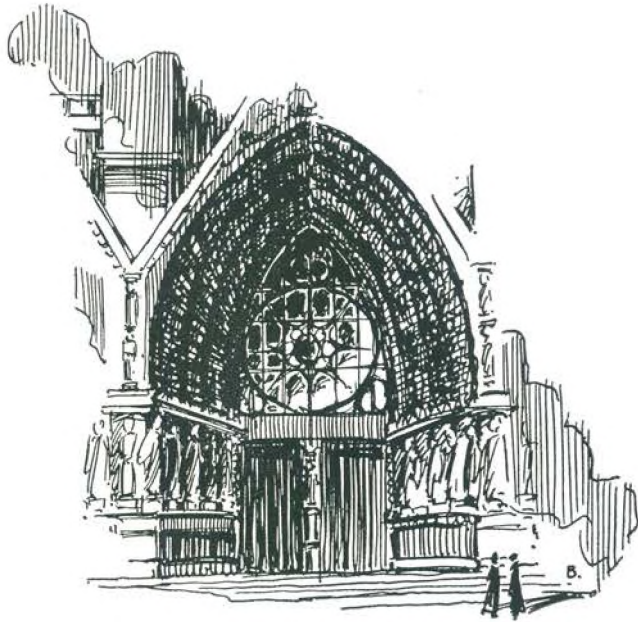
SHOWGIRL

Mlle. Nicole Roy

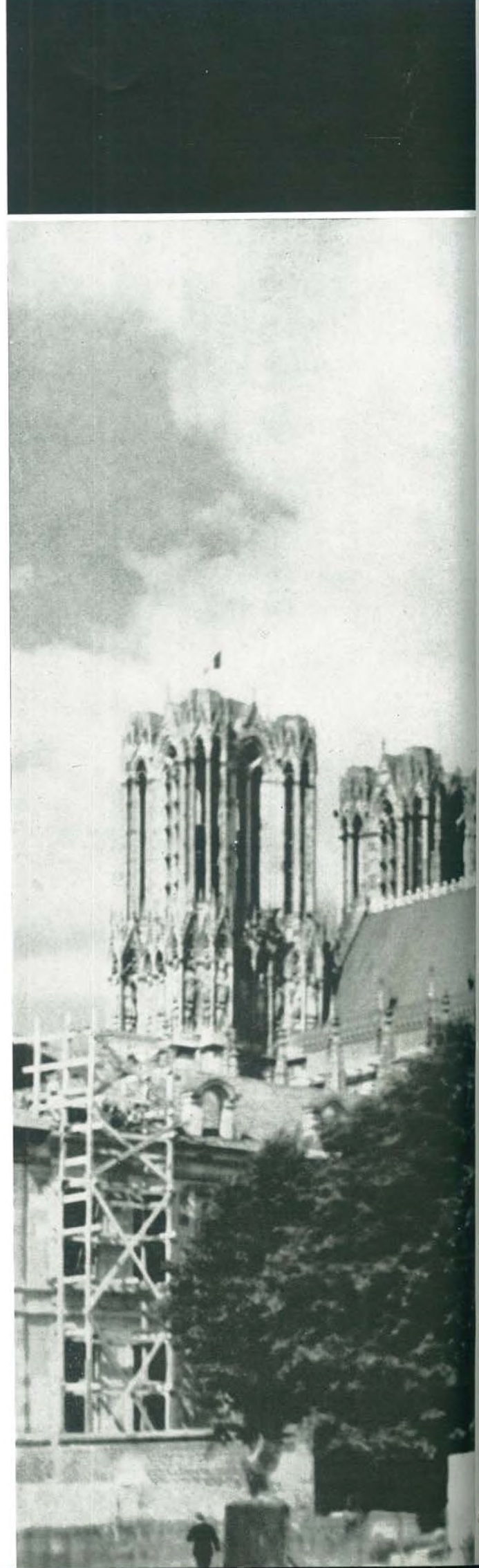


the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



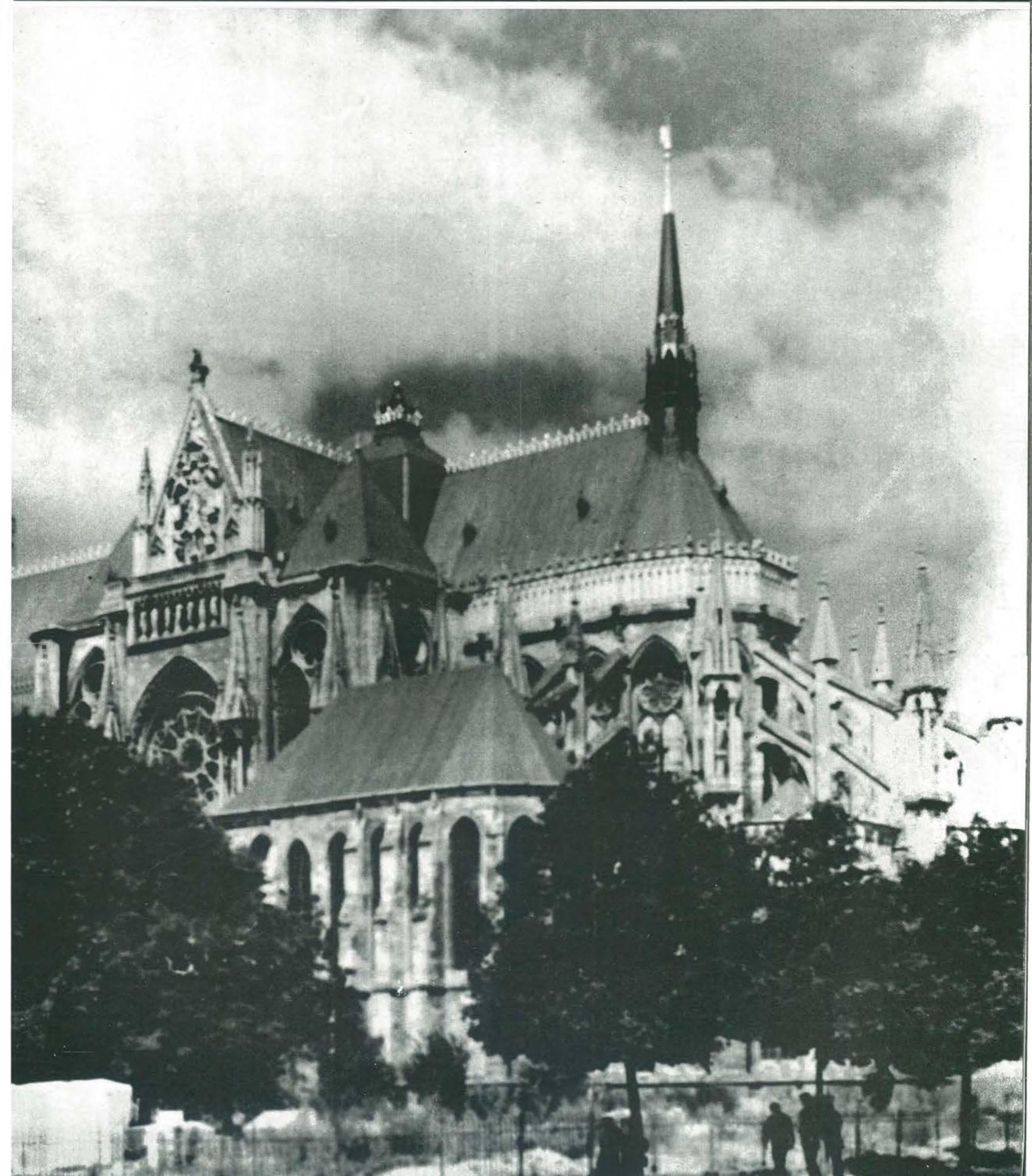


The ancient city of Reims is located about 97 railroad miles from Paris and is a great hub for highways, railroads, and water ways. Dispersed all about the city was the 75th Division administering the redeployment at the 17 camps in the tremendous area. It was not long after their arrival that the men were to learn of the city's fame as the center of the Champagne well of the world. Reims is literally honeycombed with extensive "champagne subways"—subterranean cellars dug into the soil for the storage of champagne at even temperatures. Reims has had a long and troubled history. The city was Christianized in the third century. One of her chief claims to fame lies in the ancient tradition of crowning of kings of France within her folds. The tradition started in 1179 with Philip Augustus, and ended with Charles X. Only three kings in that long series were not crowned in Reims. During the French Revolution, mobs attacked the Cathedral which was the site of the coronations, and in 1830 the ceremony was abolished. Reims Cathedral remains one of the finest specimens of Gothic art in all the world and our troops took every opportunity to view it. A beautiful feature is the west facade, a masterpiece of the Middle Ages.

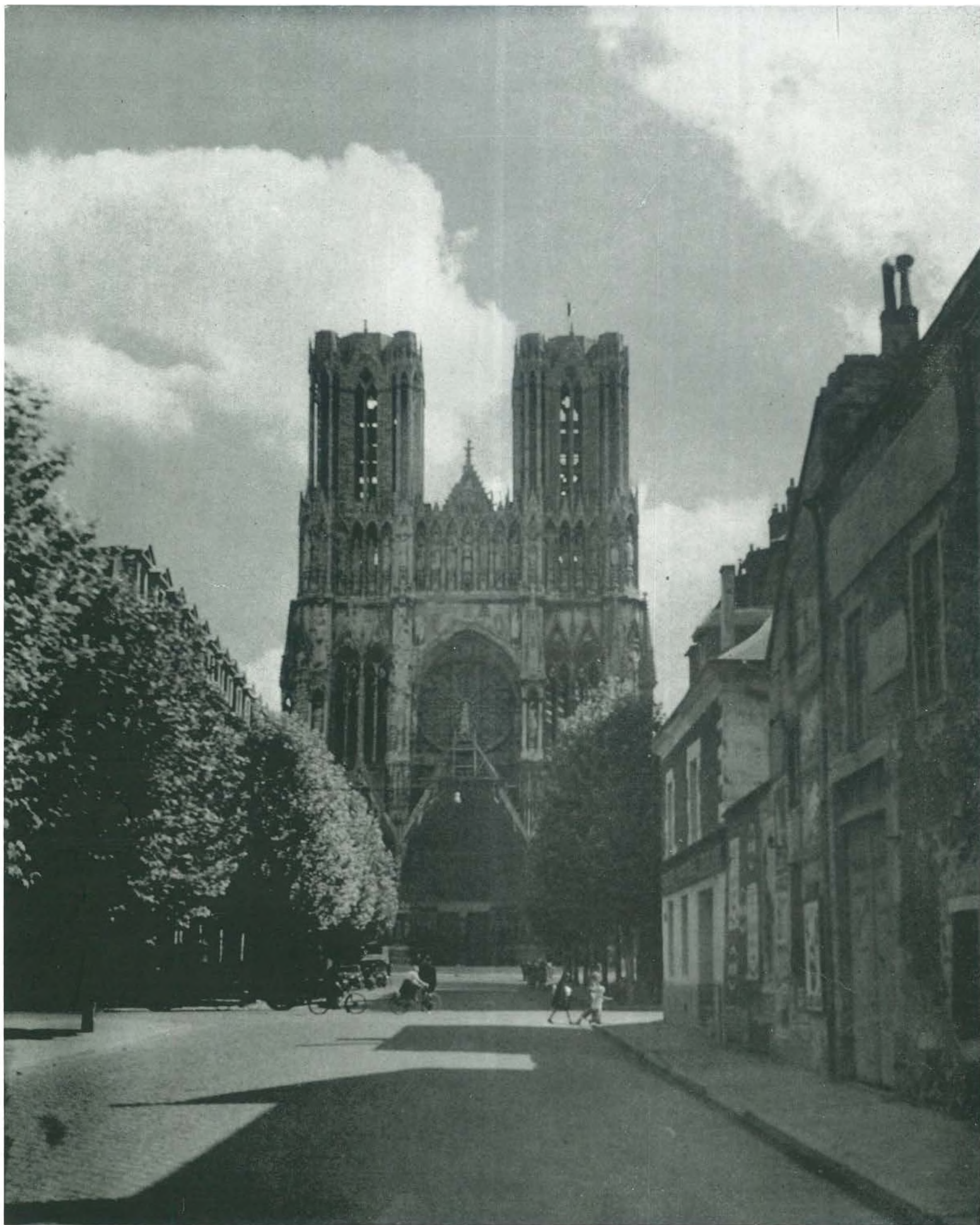


REIMS

F R A N C E

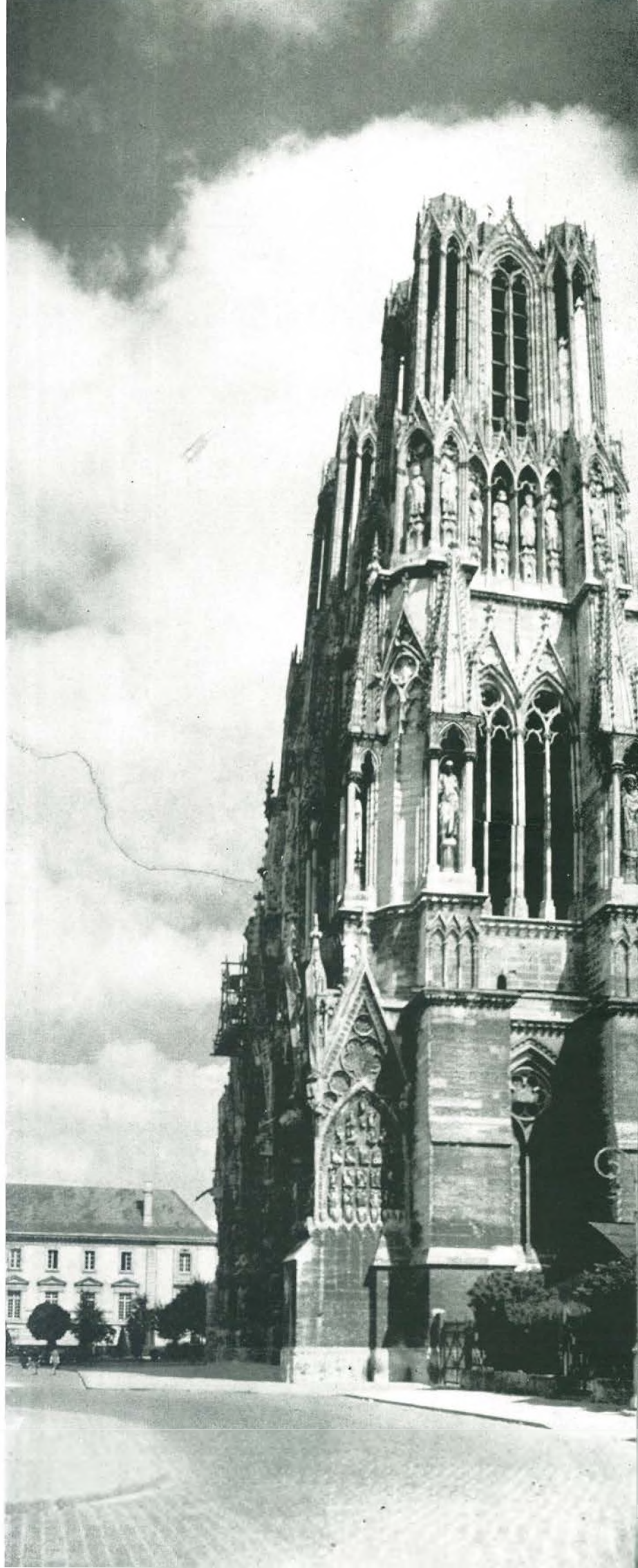
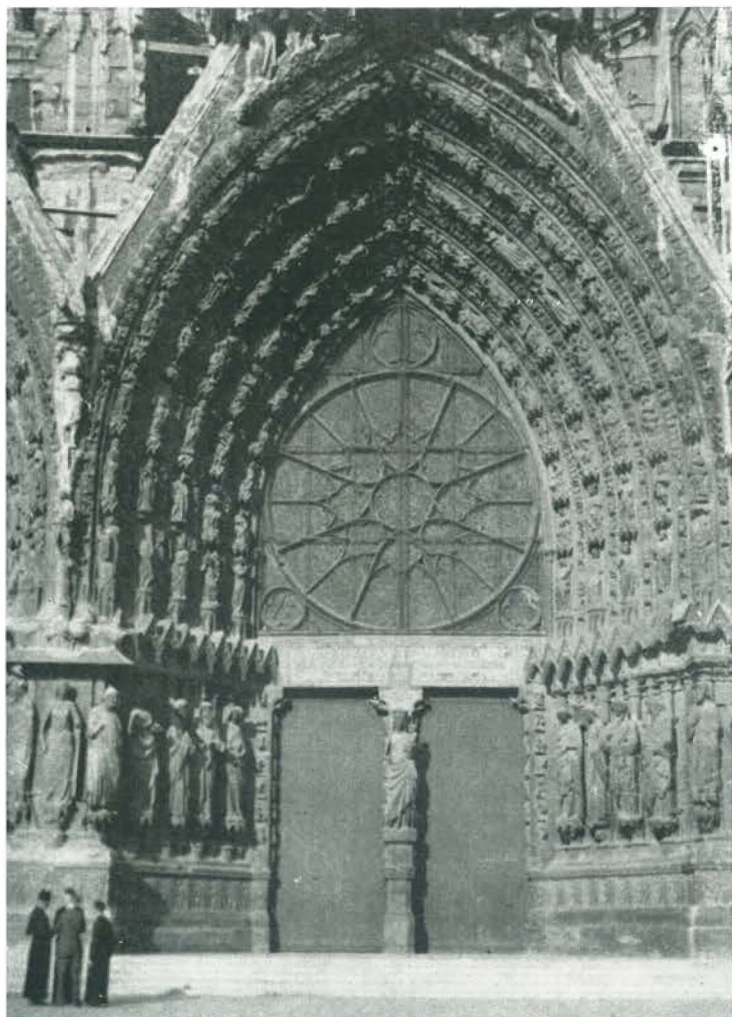


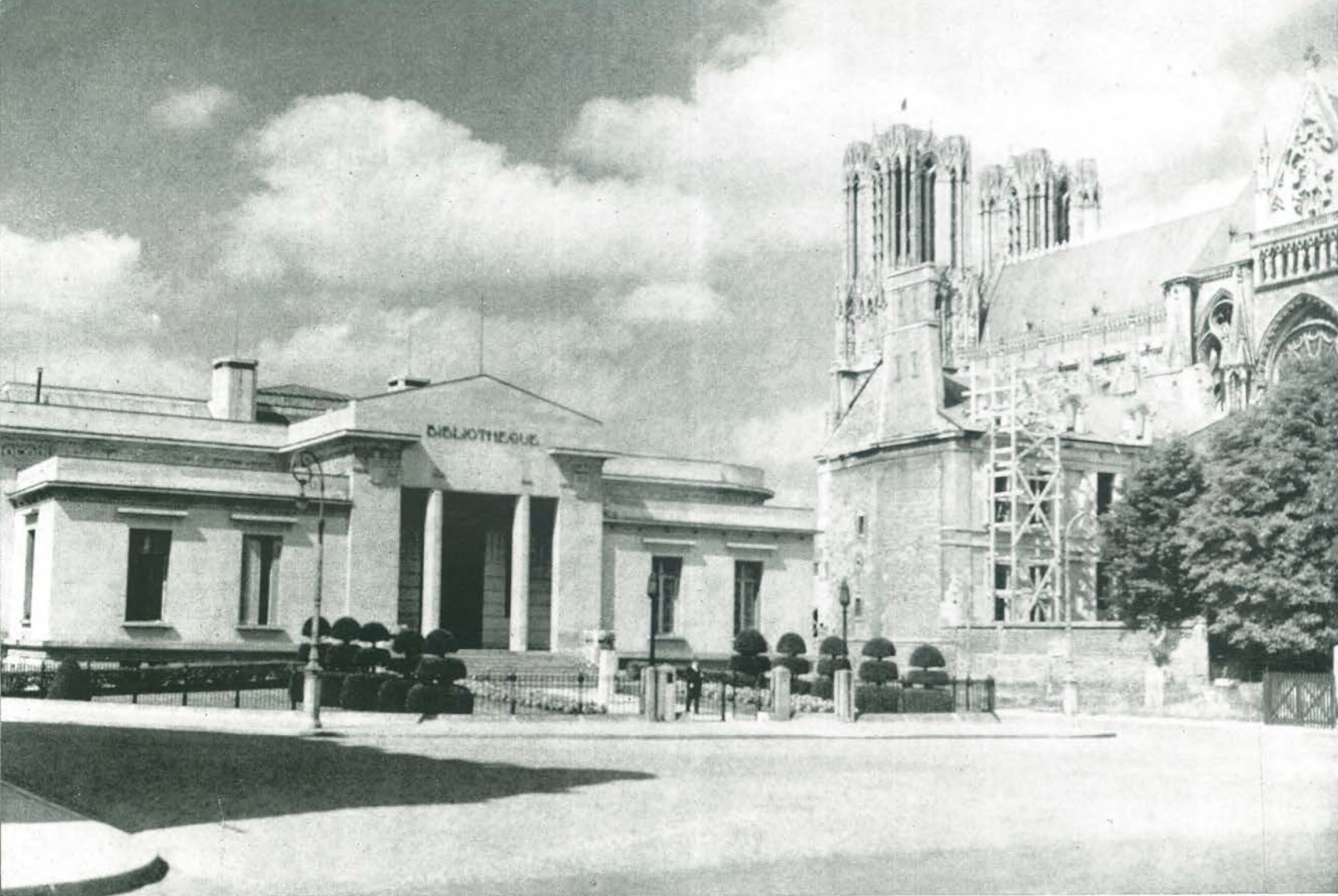
the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



RUE J. D. ROCKEFELLER JR. IS NOT A VERY IMPRESSIVE LOOKING STREET, BUT BASKING IN THE LIGHT OF THE CATHEDRAL IT HAS BECOME FAMOUS

Heavily damaged during the fighting at Reims, the famous Rose Window of the west façade was removed and safeguarded, but replaced in its frame at the end of the war. Little holy medals and relics were sold by street merchants all about the church, and many men purchased such souvenirs to be sent to their homes. The photograph which is commonly seen in America and over the world is the one on the preceding page looking up the Rue J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., to the façade of the Cathedral. Although aged and worn the three portals of the structure are beautiful and awe inspiring for those who see them.





THIS IS THE BEAUTIFULLY MODERN AND UP TO DATE LIBRARY OF REIMS, WHICH DIRECTLY JOINS THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL
THERE ARE ALSO THE BUSINESS DISTRICTS, AND SCENES LIKE THIS

THE CITY HAS LOVELY STATUED SQUARES EVERYWHERE



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*

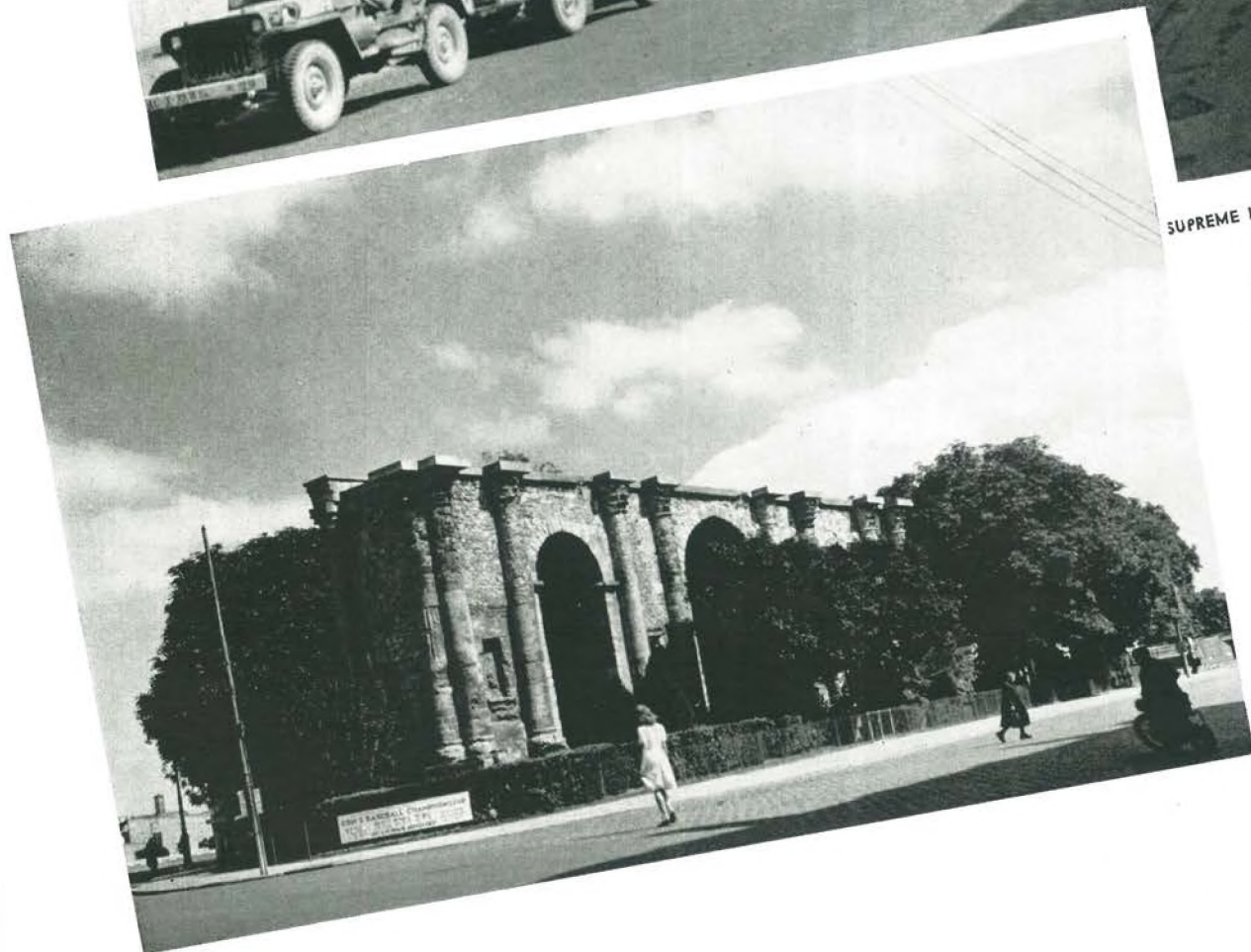


THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF REIMS, AS WELL AS THAT OF ALL OF FRANCE, CAN BE DEPICTED IN THE LOVELY CATHEDRALS

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



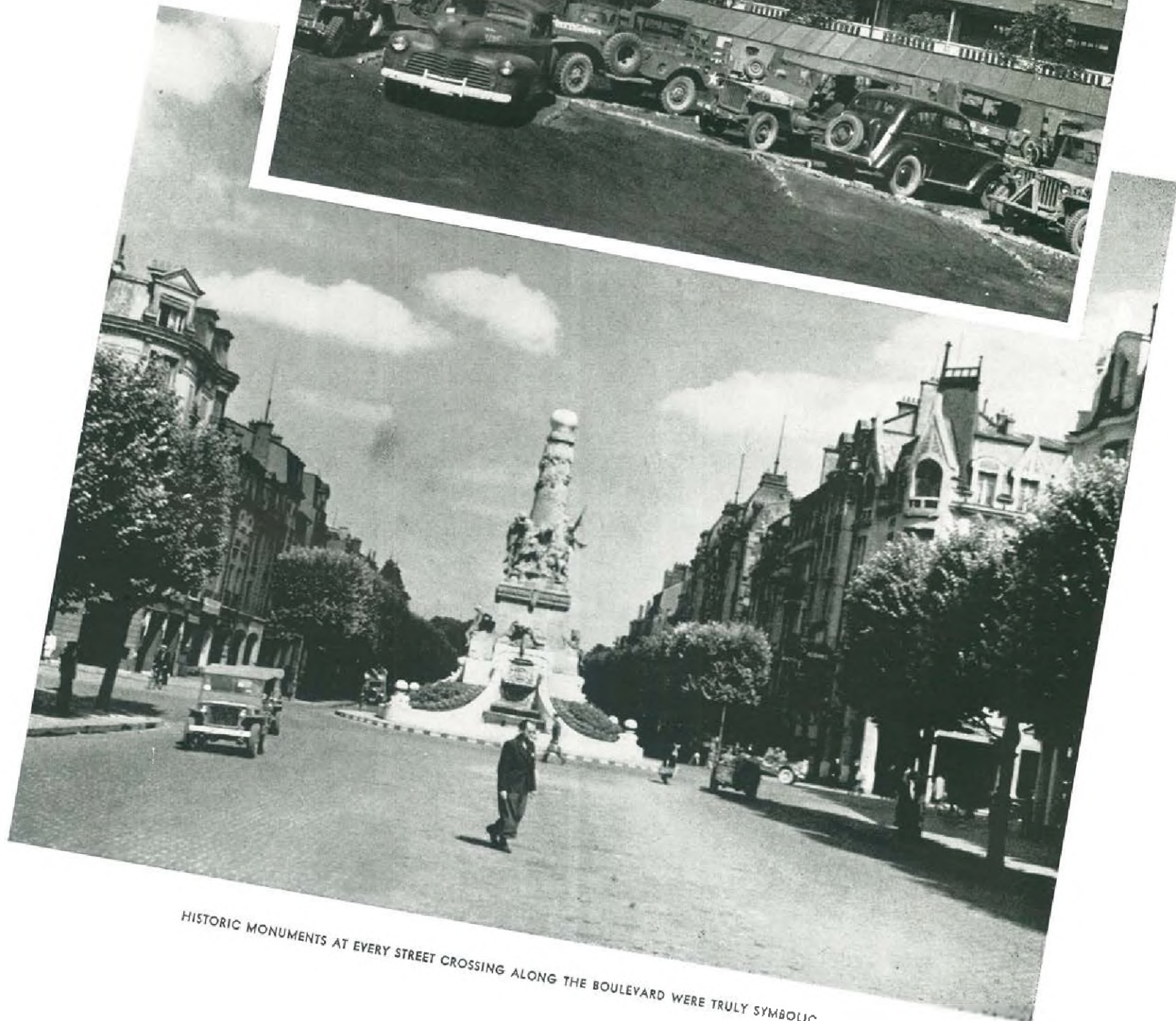
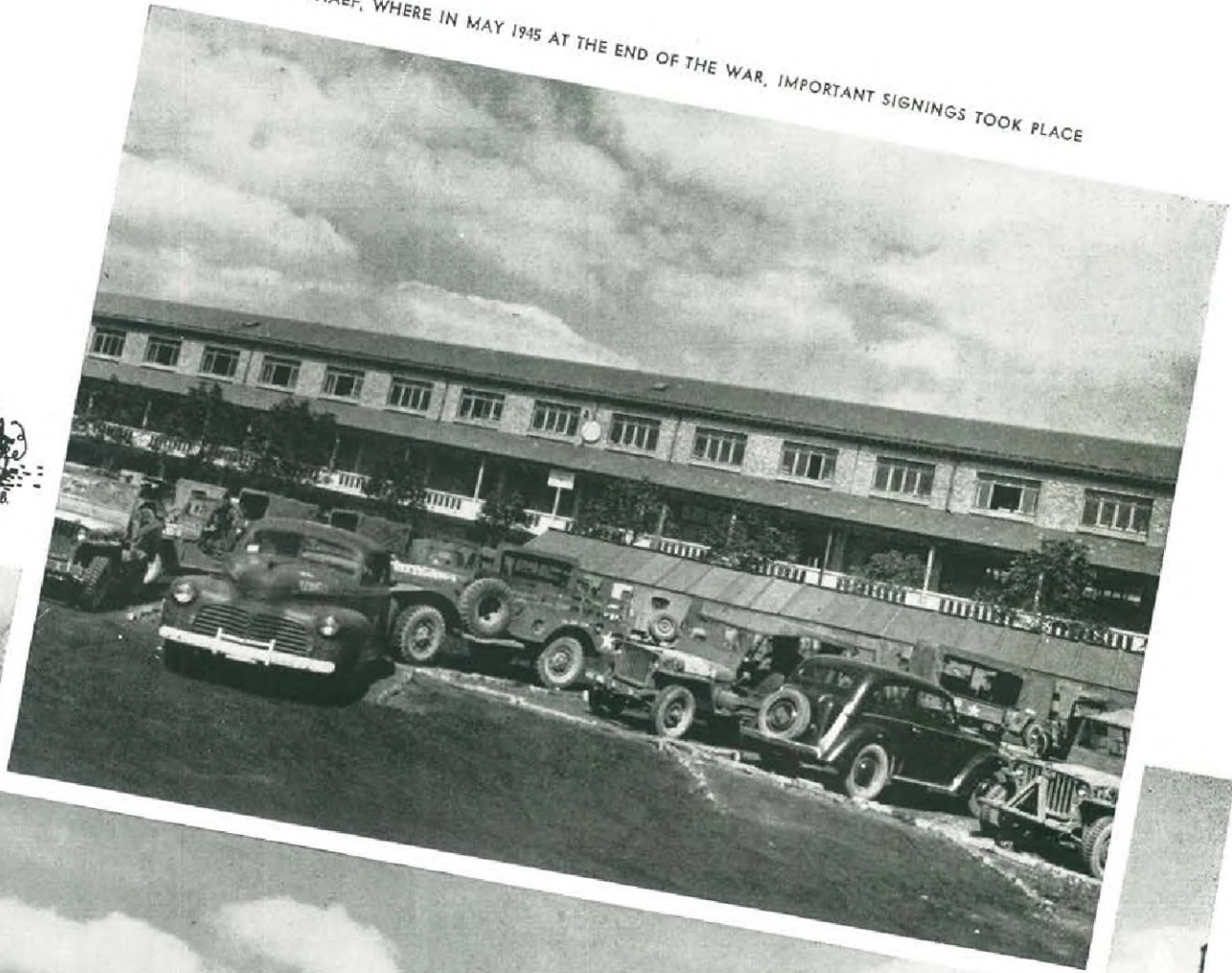
SUPREME HEADQUARTERS, ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCES



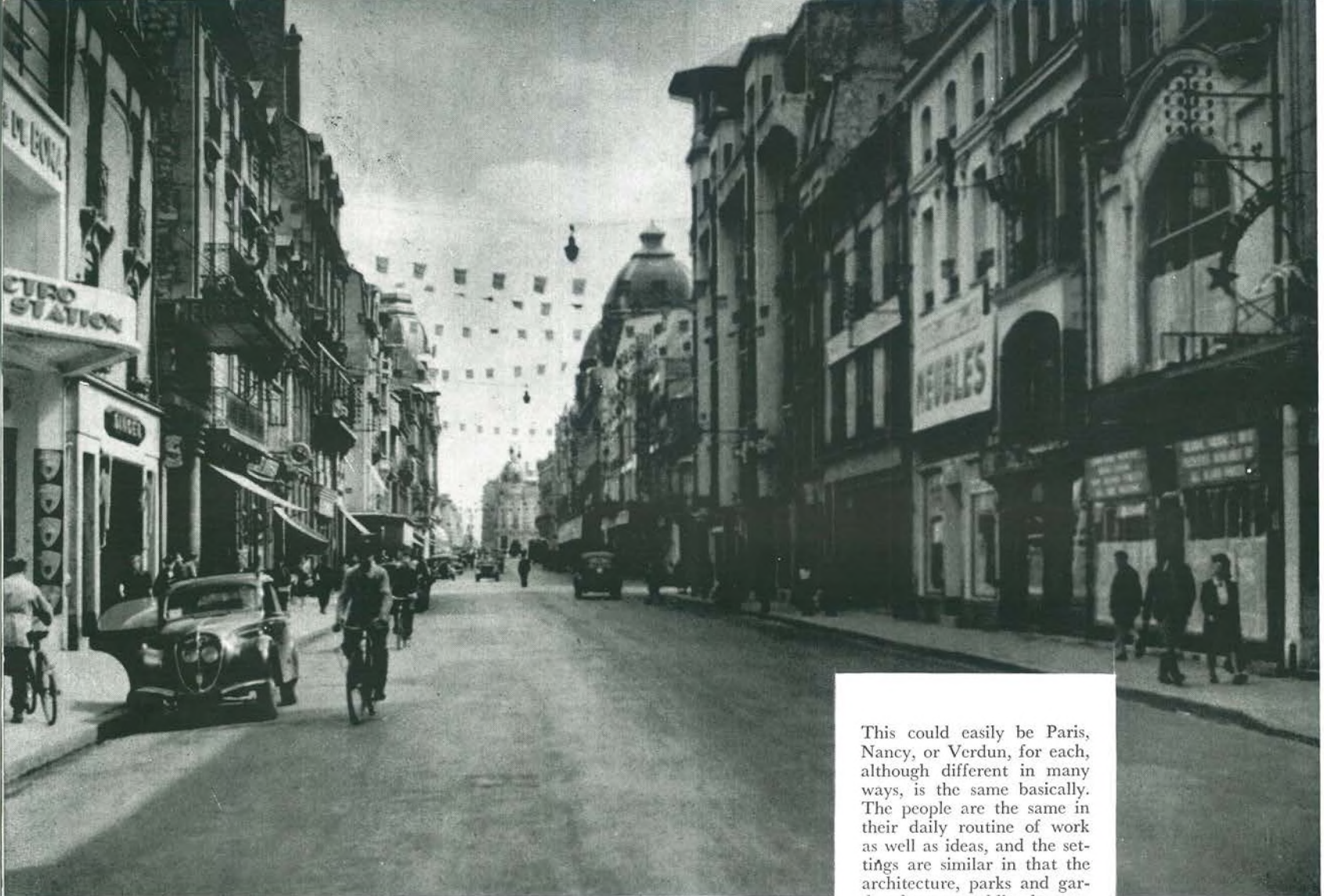
Two places of interest in the city for visiting Americans were the Museum of Fine Arts, containing paintings of the French school, some old masters, and also archaeological collections, and the large Abbey-Church of St. Remy built in the 11th century.

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SHAFF, WHERE IN MAY 1945 AT THE END OF THE WAR, IMPORTANT SIGNINGS TOOK PLACE



HISTORIC MONUMENTS AT EVERY STREET CROSSING ALONG THE BOULEVARD WERE TRULY SYMBOLIC



This could easily be Paris, Nancy, or Verdun, for each, although different in many ways, is the same basically. The people are the same in their daily routine of work as well as ideas, and the settings are similar in that the architecture, parks and gardens have resembling layouts, and squares all have the historic and freedom ringing note — Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite . . .





the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



IN COMMEMORATION OF THEIR EVERY HEROICALLY GLORIOUS DEED IN THE PAST FOR FREEDOM AND PEACE, THERE IS ERECTED A MONUMENT





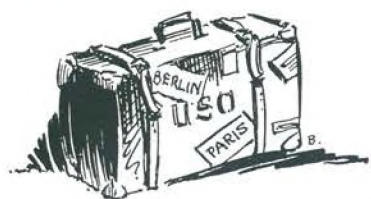
THE BOYS WERE WILD OVER PRETTY LITTLE DIXIE DUNBAR'S DANCING



A BIT OF COMIC BALLET WAS GREAT



USO shows didn't come often, but when they did, look out! The boys wanted nothing better than to see some real American entertainment, and be able to shout at the entertainers good naturedly, knowing that what they said was being understood in the light it was offered. This was the Rockette show and their precision work can be understood by carefully scrutinizing this shot . . .



Vivacious Marion Carter (above) didn't have to use her beautiful singing voice if she didn't want to, for her presence alone was enough for encore whistles from the eager audience. Straighten up and fly right men, it's no dream.

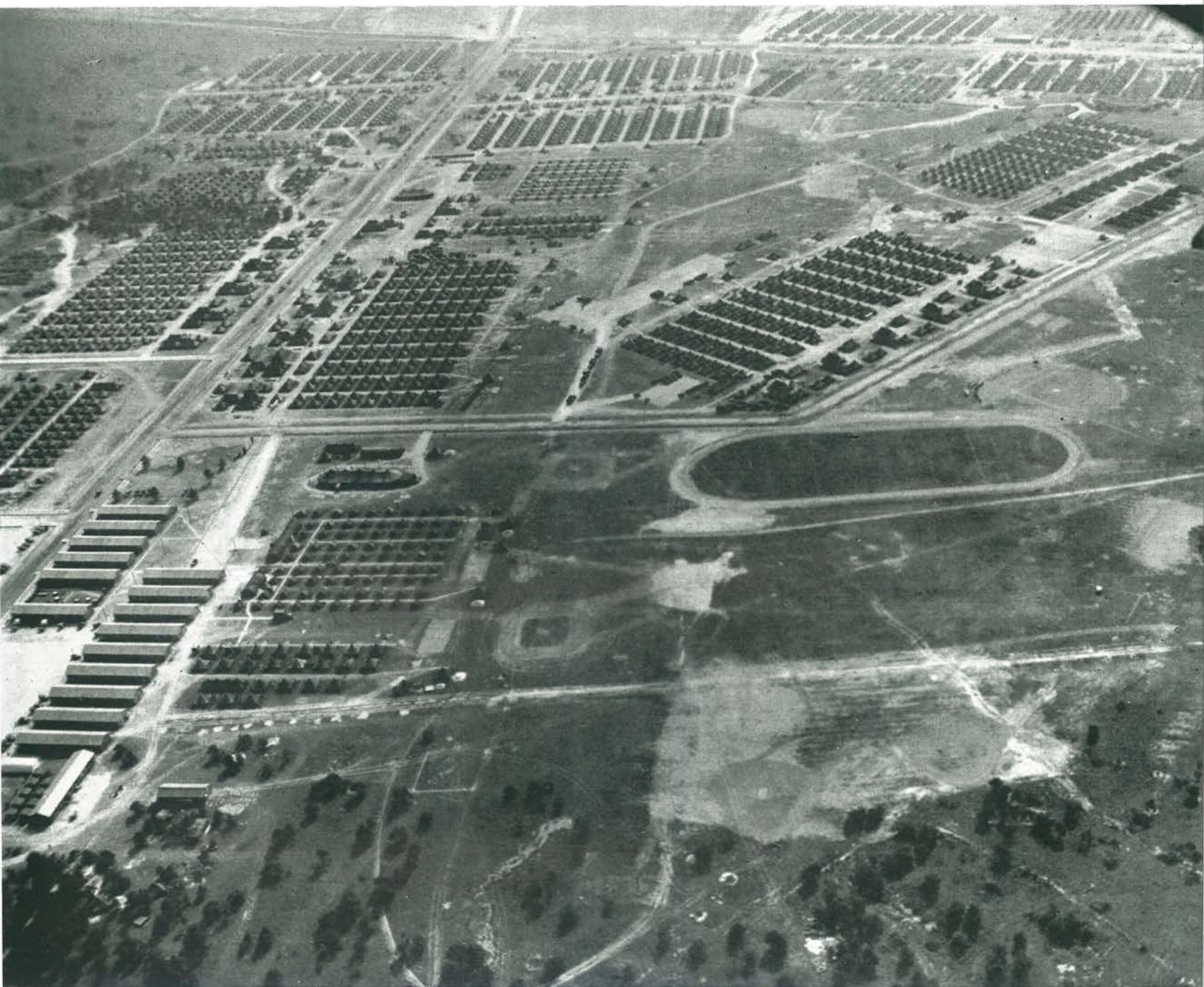


the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



100 Square miles

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



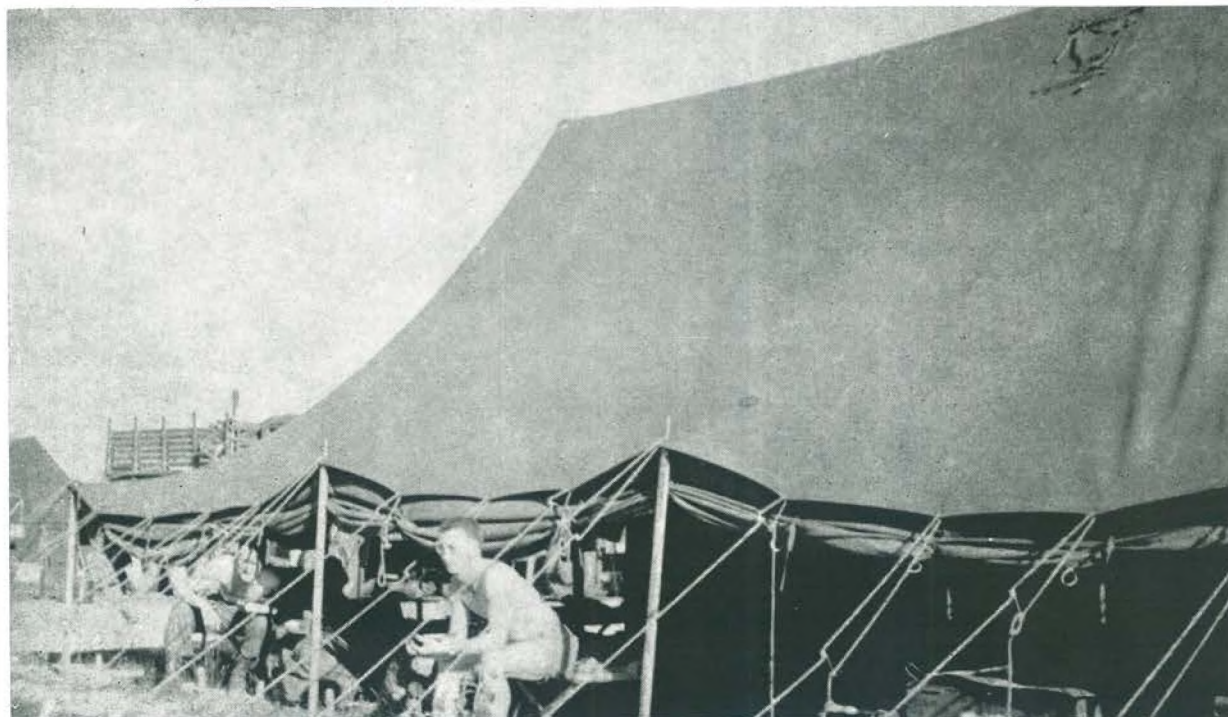


V-E Day, the day when men of the Division began to think of another long trip to either the CBI or South Pacific, and worry as to whether or not they might see the good old United States en route, found them in and around Plettenberg, Germany. Actually, for the time, they were playing an occupation role and were pleased to know, that at least for the present, there was to be considerable rest from the strain of combat. Then there came the news that the 75th was to leave Germany and go directly into France where they were to staff the "100 Square Miles of Camps" under the Assembly Area Command in the province of Champagne, France.





After the long hours of driving in the dust and heat, the units came upon what looked like fields of canvas in huge squared-off sectors. It was good to get out of Germany and into France, and the rumors of the next assignment were apparently true, for here they were in what some of the men called the "Dust Bowl." Into 17 different camps spread over a tremendous area, the units of the division were scattered to handle the redeployment processing of outfits leaving the ETO. Many said that soon after our arrival we would be redeploying ourselves, but everyone hoped beyond hope that he would be home for Christmas, 1945.

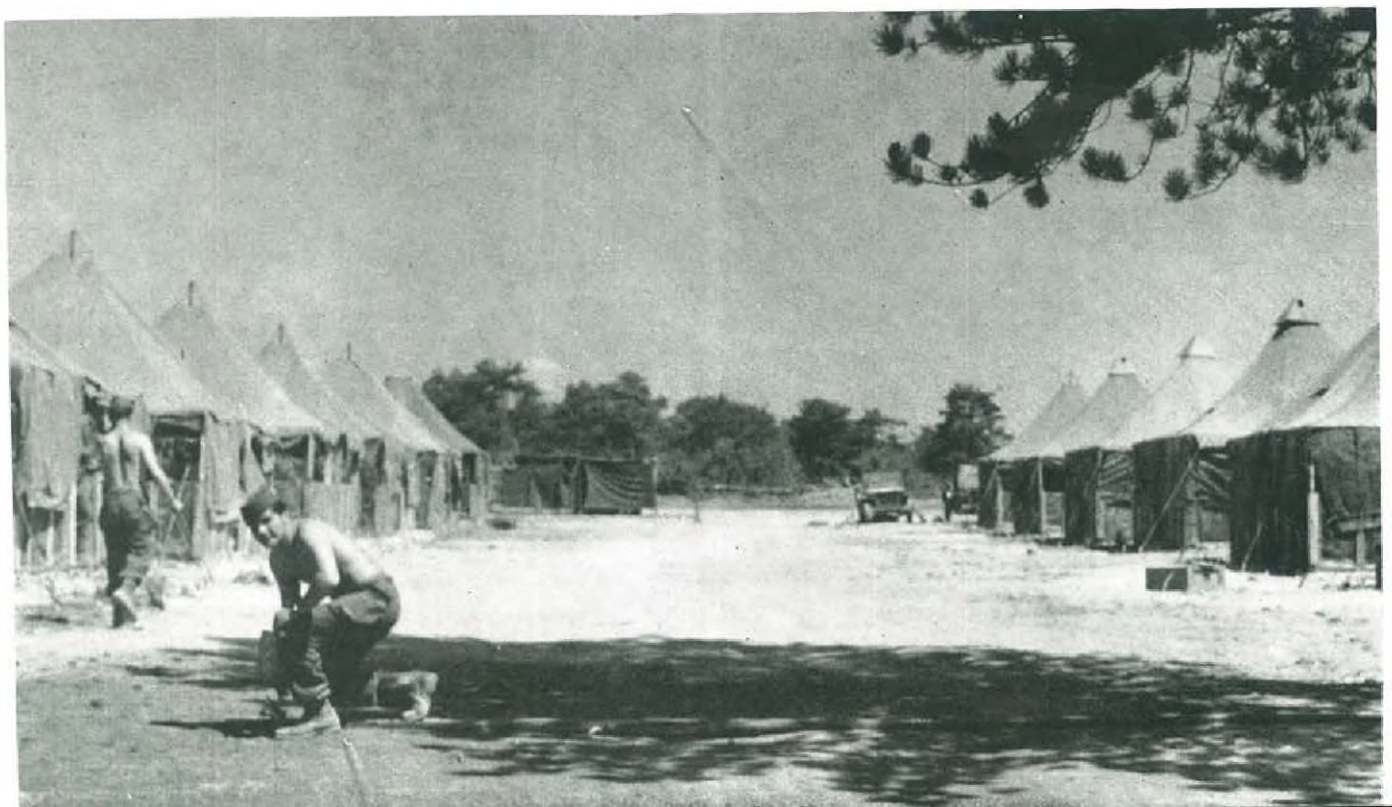




THE CAMPS WERE EACH NAMED FOR
A CITY IN THAT FAR OFF U.S.A.

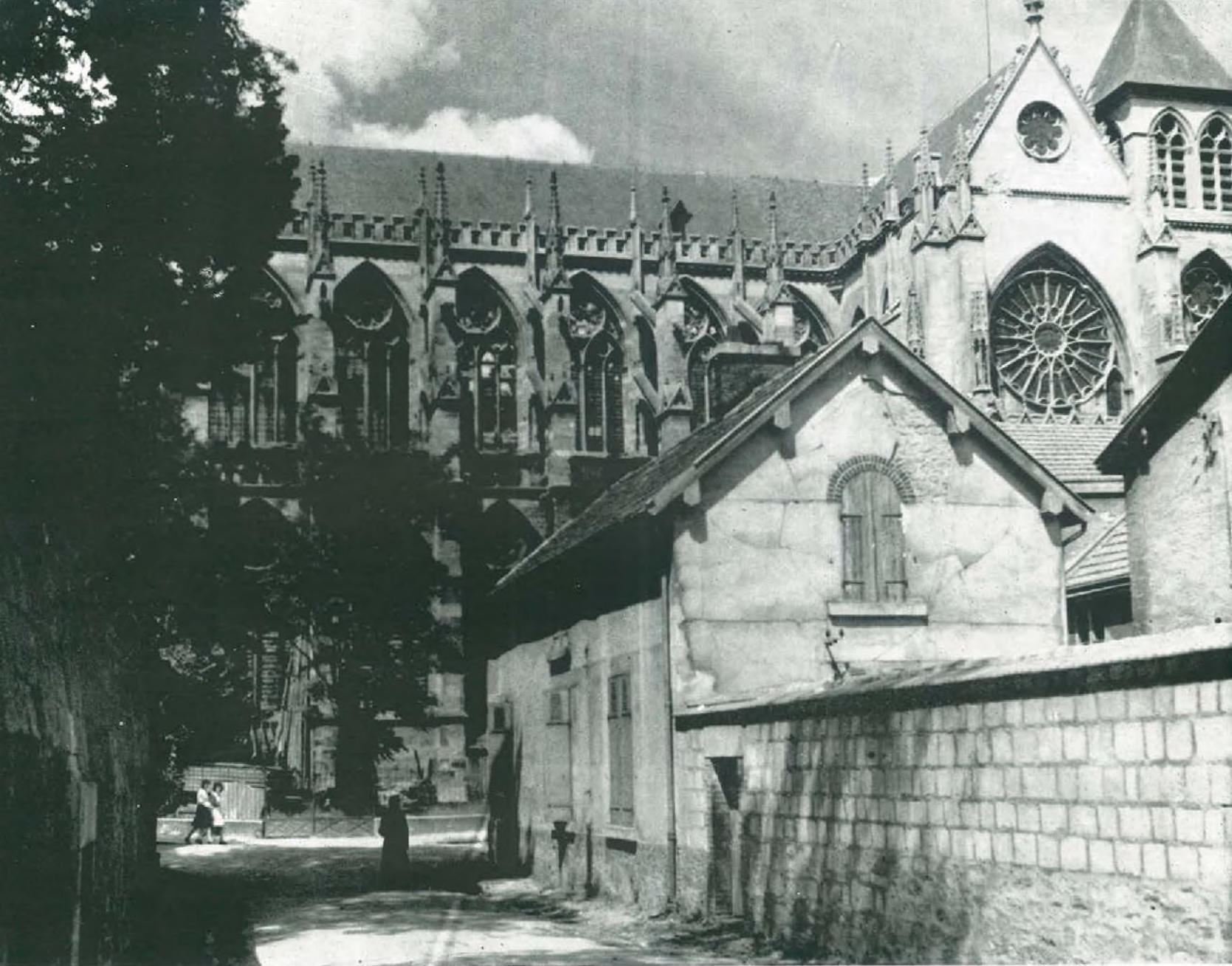








Chalons sur Marne ...



AS IN EVERY SMALL CITY OF FRANCE, CHALONS-SUR-MARNE BOASTS ABOUT THE BEAUTY OF ITS GOTHIC CHURCHES



the seventy-fifth **75** *infantry division*



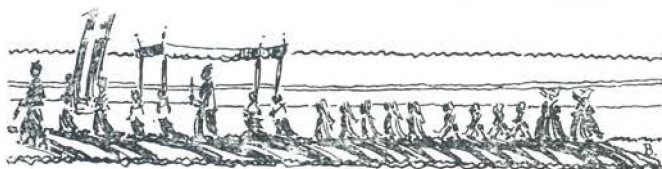


This peaceful scene is characteristic of the relief experienced by the troops of the Division at the news of the surrender of the Japanese on September 2, 1945. With the acceptance of the peace, men took time out to enjoy the serenity of the town.

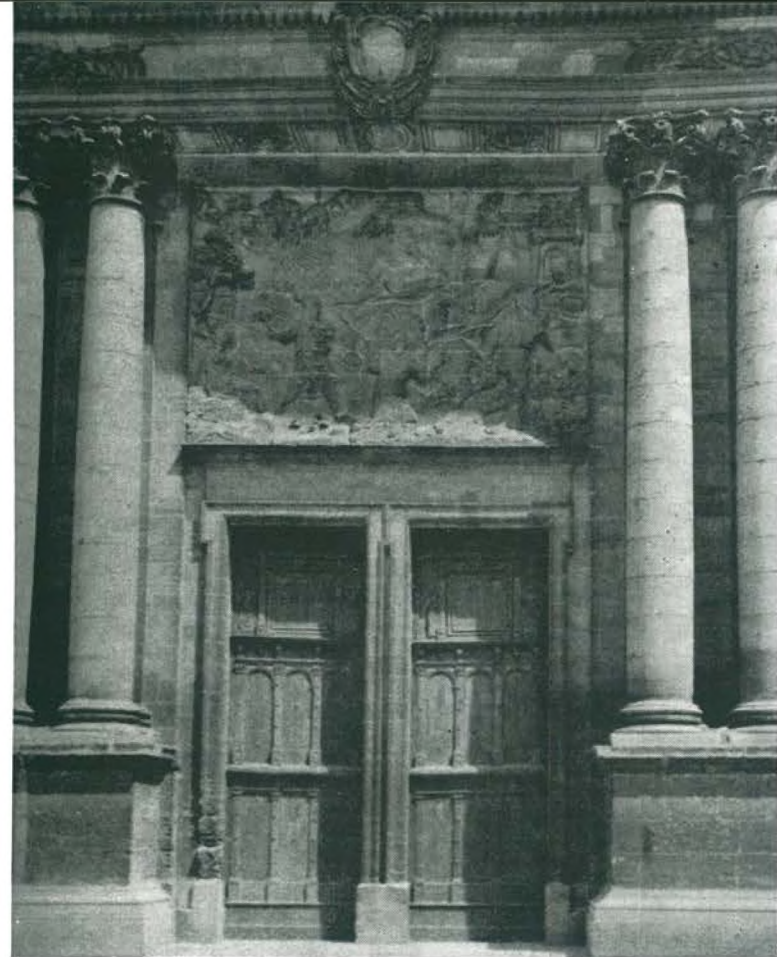




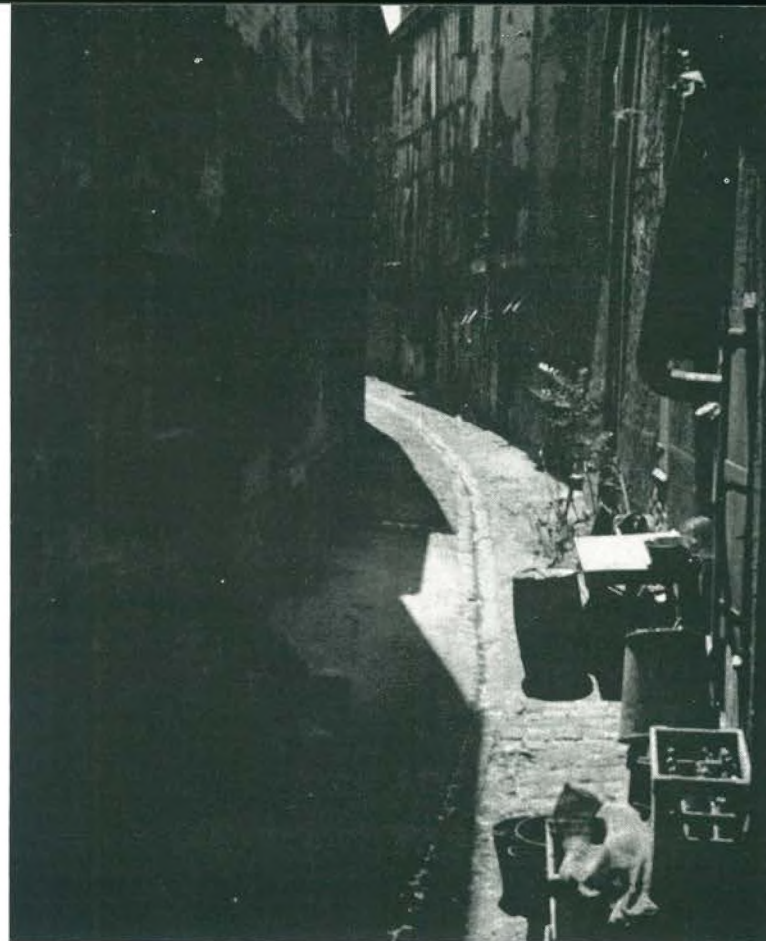
Each Sunday, troops now living under garrison conditions, attended church services for all religions, and were thankful for the opportunity to observe the holy days as they did at home—there was a feeling about it which brought them closer to native environment.







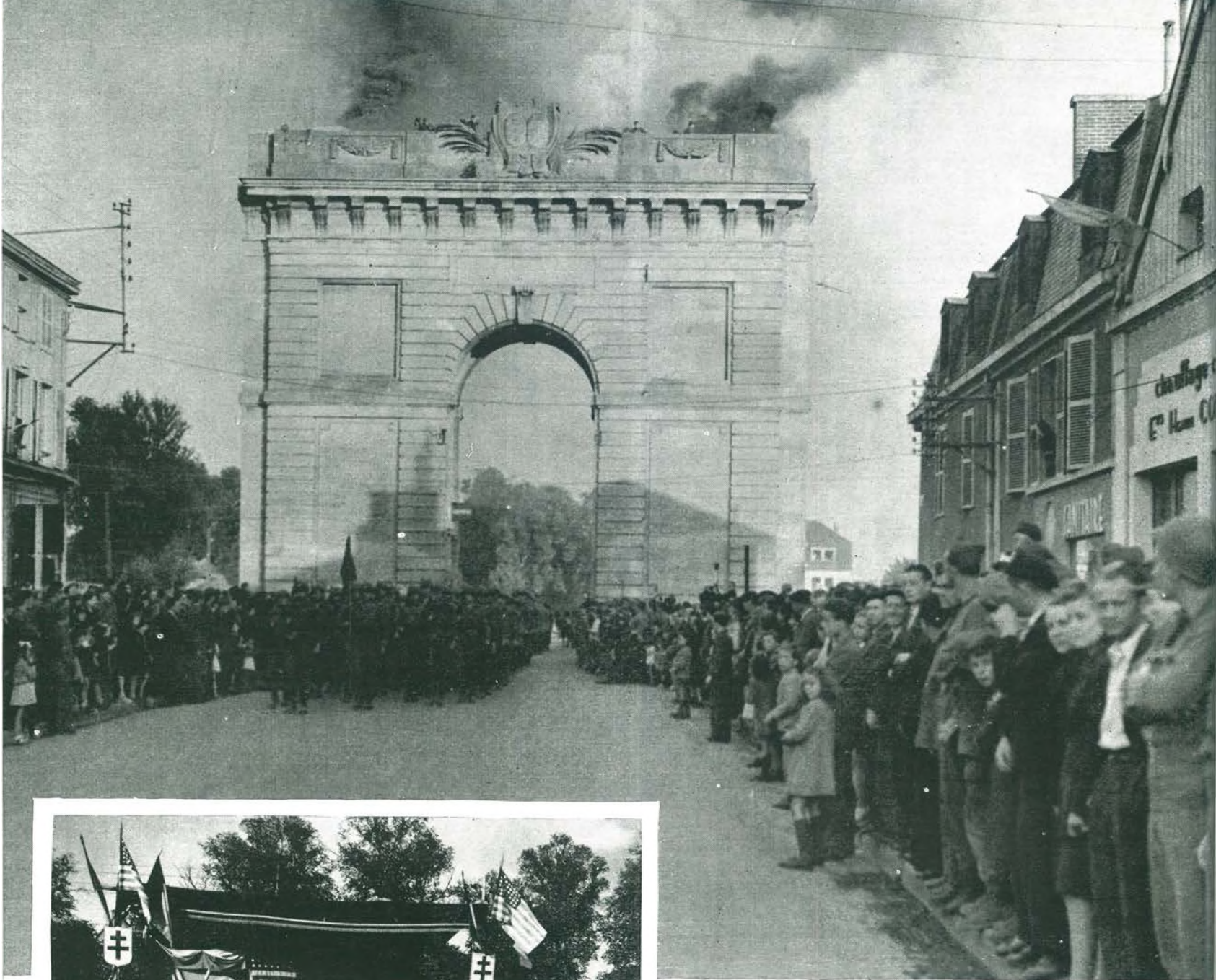
BULLET MARKED, AGE-WORN DOORS STILL STAND IN DIGNITY



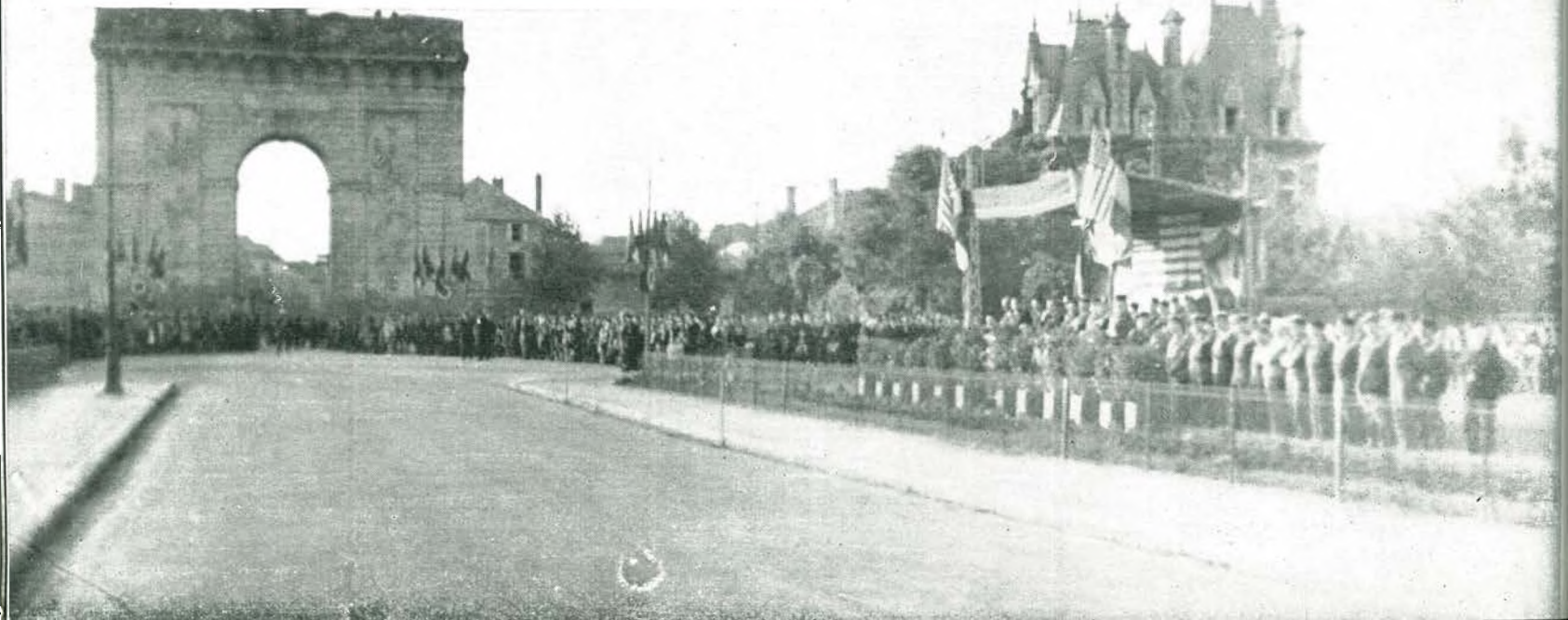
ONE OF THE MANY NARROW, DARK STREETS OF THE ANCIENT CITY



IN THE CENTER OF TOWN IS THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, OR TOWN HALL, WHERE THE OFFICIALS HAVE THEIR ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES



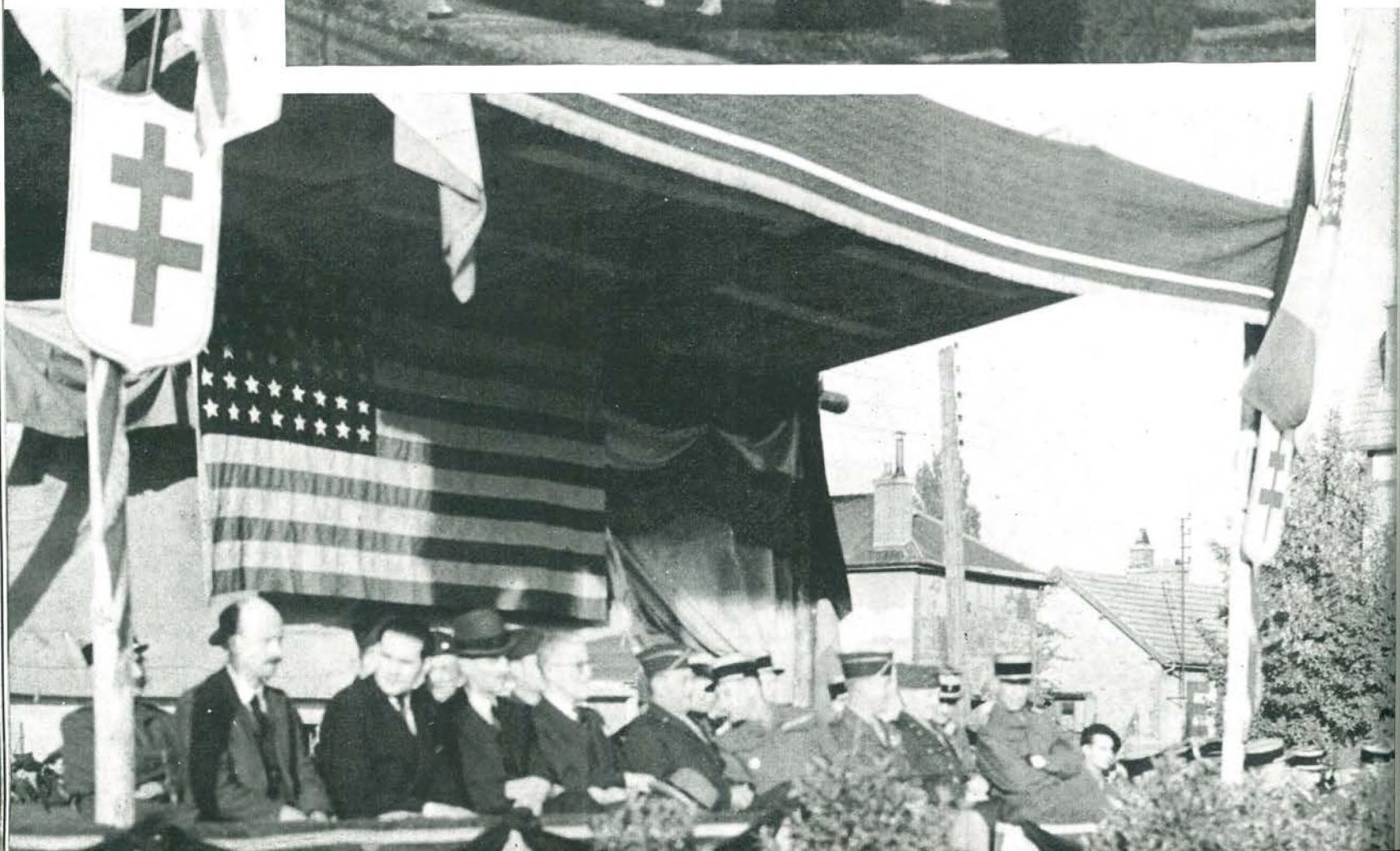
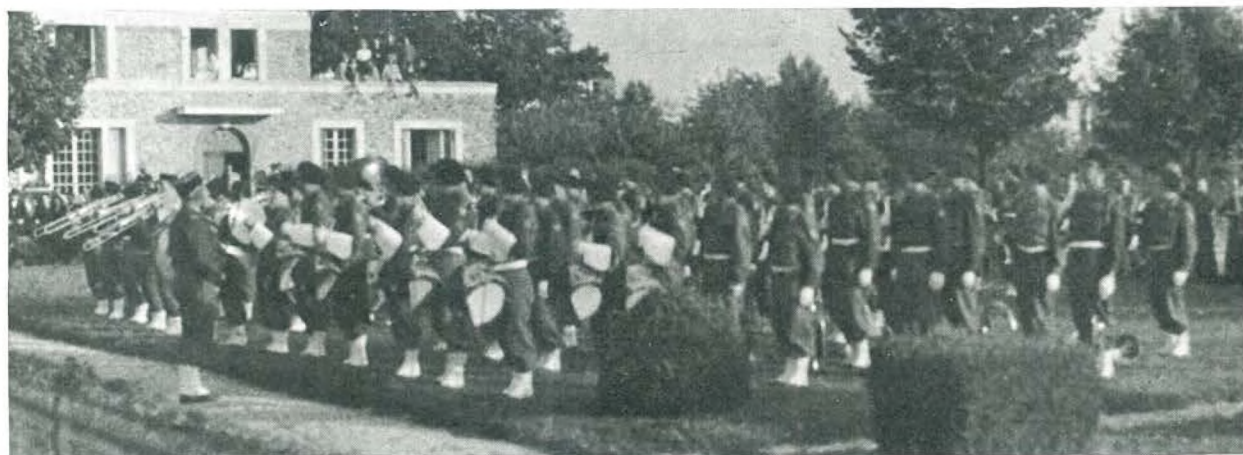
Chalons-sur-Marne has its own Arch of Triumph here pictured as the 275 Engineer Combat Battalion parades smartly for the cheering throngs of people who line the sidewalks. As the colors passed the civilians raised their hats and the





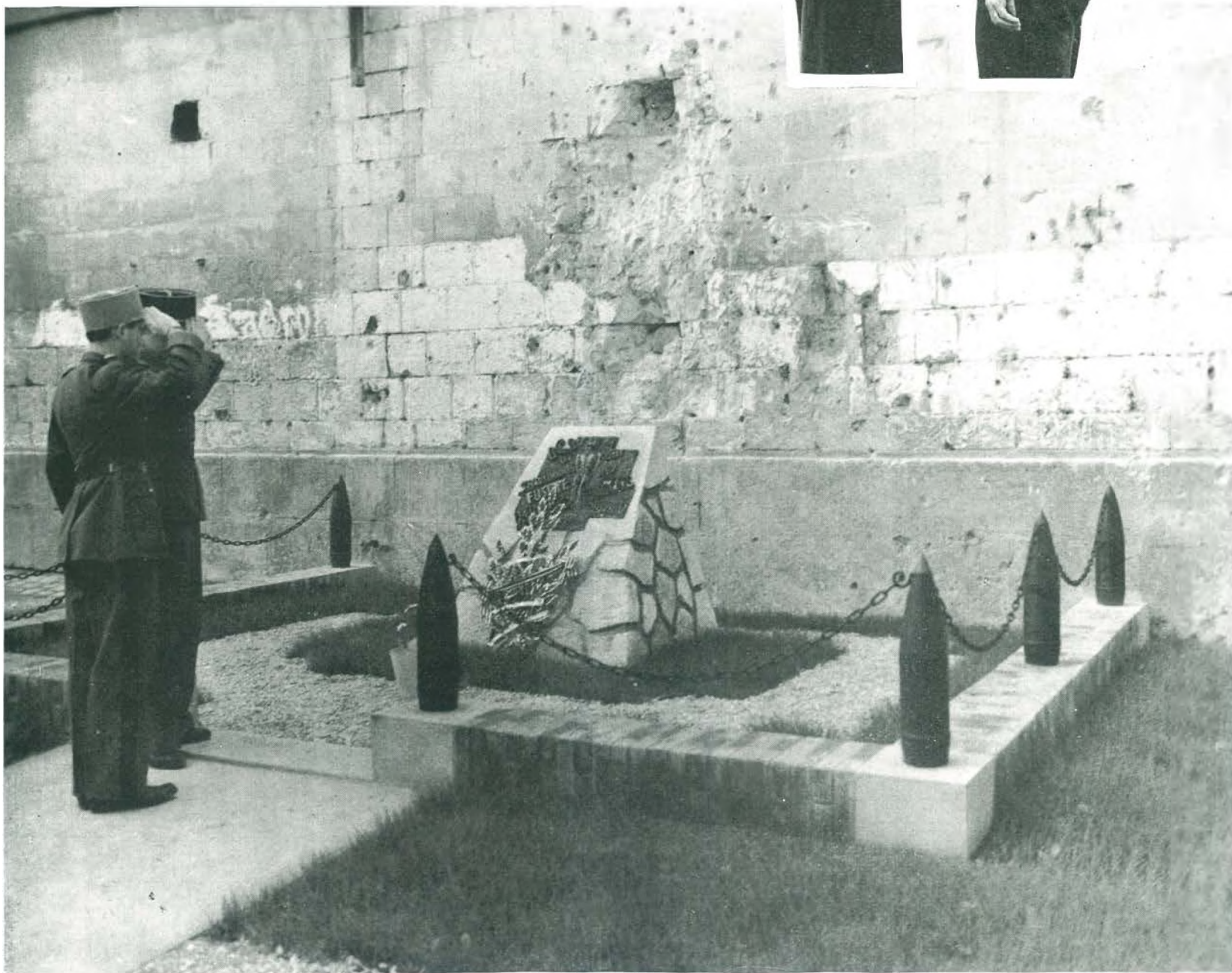
French soldiers snapped to attention and saluted. The sound of marching feet and the music of the band put everyone in the spirit of the occasion. After long years of occupation this was a welcome relief to the townspeople who screamed joyously.





REWARDING THE HEROES AND HONORING THE DEAD

This monument below the bullet marked wall is where 100 Frenchmen were executed by the Germans. Here the French soldier pays his tribute to the dead while the brave deeds of comrades in arms are rewarded.





The Caserne Chanzy, famous as a French garrison during World War I, was used as barracks by the Quartermaster Company and Engineer Battalion of Headquarters of the Division. The ingenuity of the men made a comfortable camp of the enclosure.

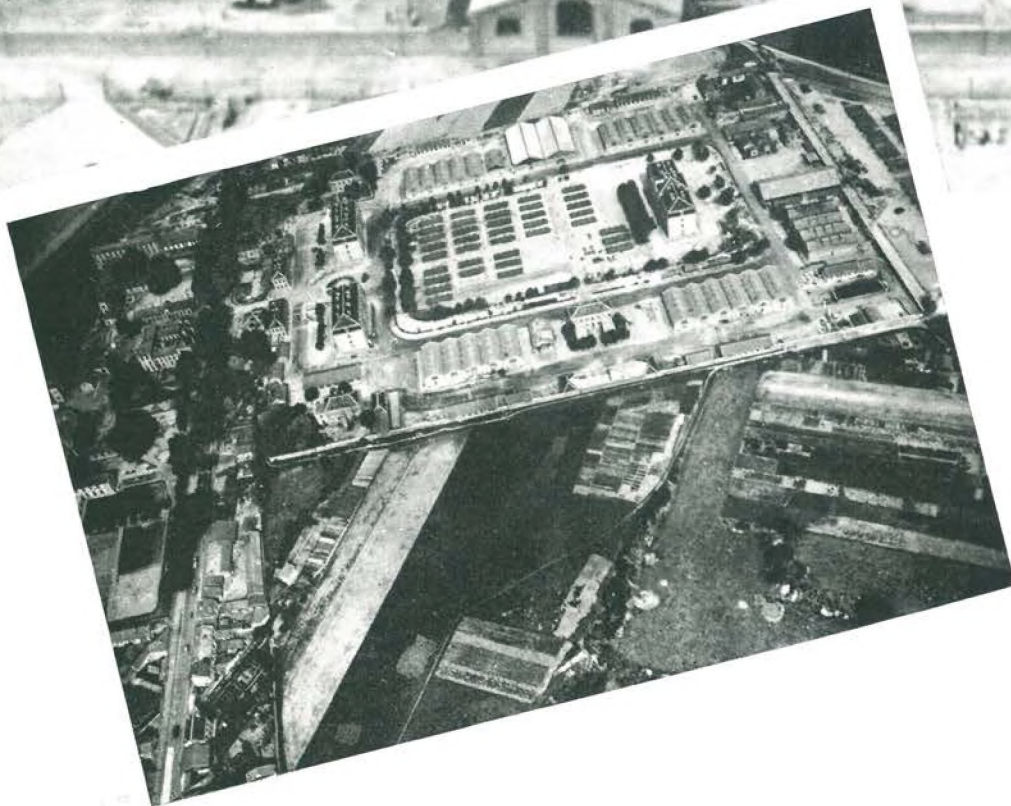




From these aerial shots you can pick your old camping place during your stay at Chalons. The dusty roads and parking lots, the guard at the gate—you drew guard, too, remember; the French WACs across the fence, think hard now . . .



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*

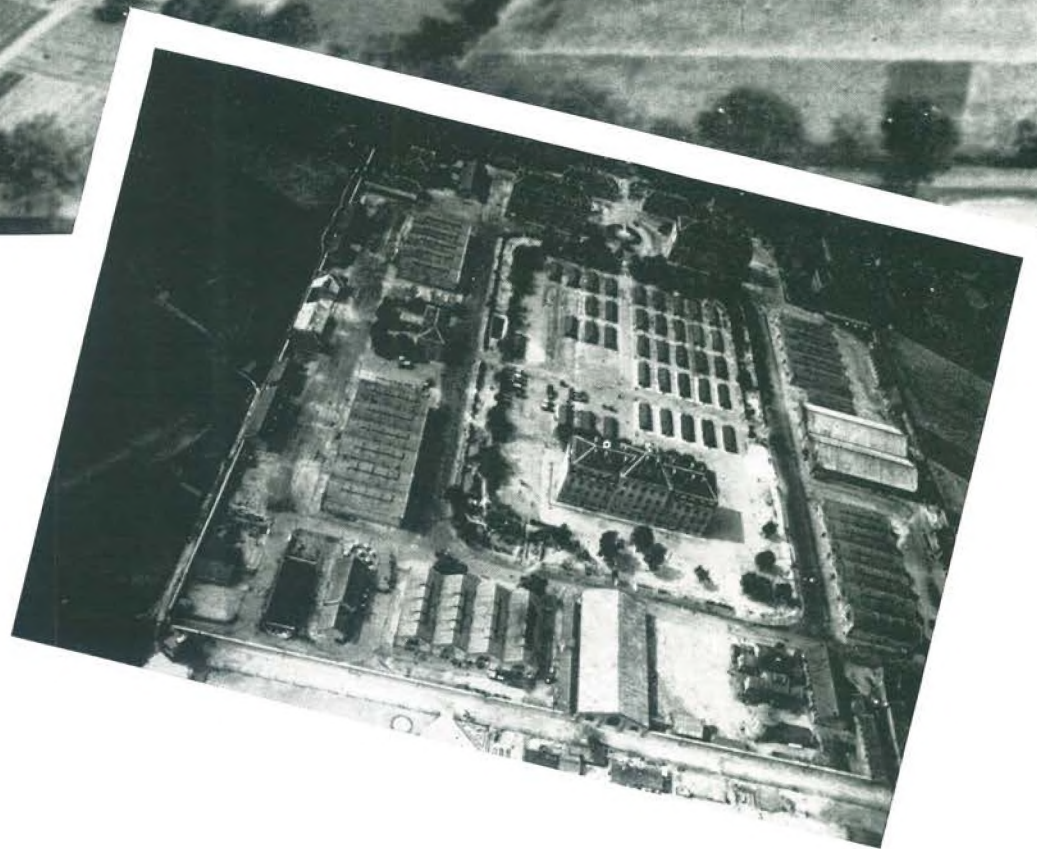


LOOKING DOWN ON THE 16TH GENERAL HOSPITAL

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



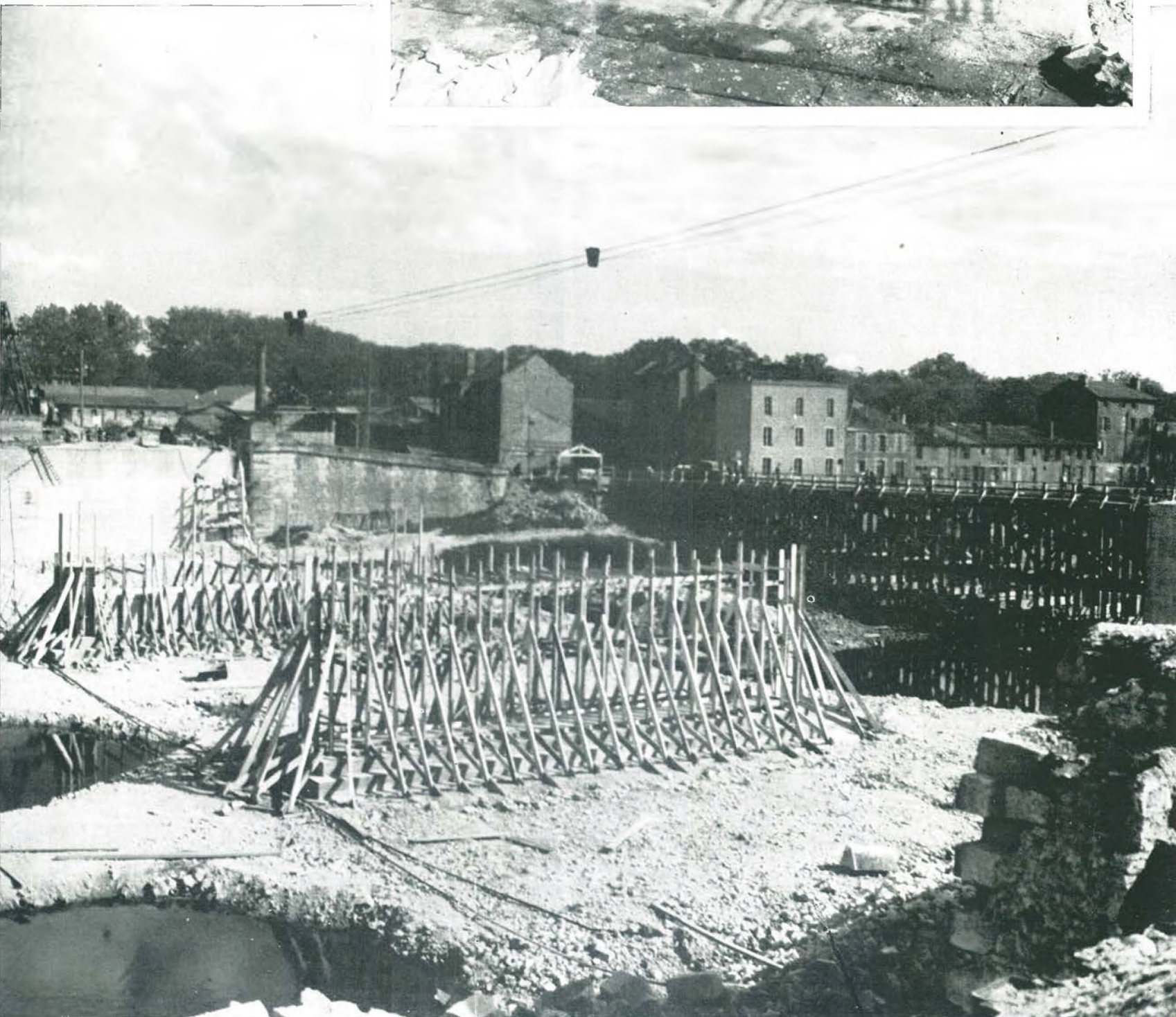
JUST UP THE ROAD FROM CASERNE CHANZY . . .





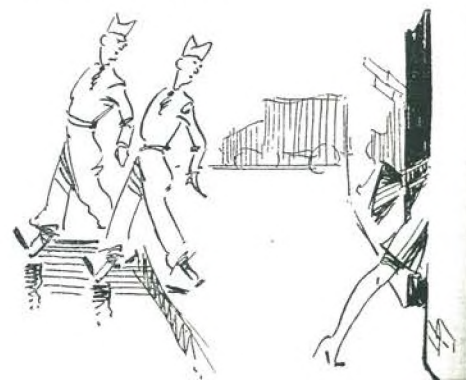
This is the famous old church of Saint-Alphin which was constructed from the 12th to the 14th century and still remains in use in the ancient city of Chalons-sur-Marne. Statues and stone carvings are worn from the rain and wind. Across the street are little modern shops of the town and down the street is the Place de la Republique where many street festivals are held.

In Chalons-sur-Marne there was a highway bridge on the main road through town, which was known to the soldiers as N-77. Blown during the battle, it is now on the way to reconstruction. The temporary bridge in the background was built by army engineers in 16 days, and it was estimated that it would take the German army at least three months, and the French civilians nine months to build.





The American Red Cross building was here in this residential section of the town, and the army sponsored the Casino Theater at left.



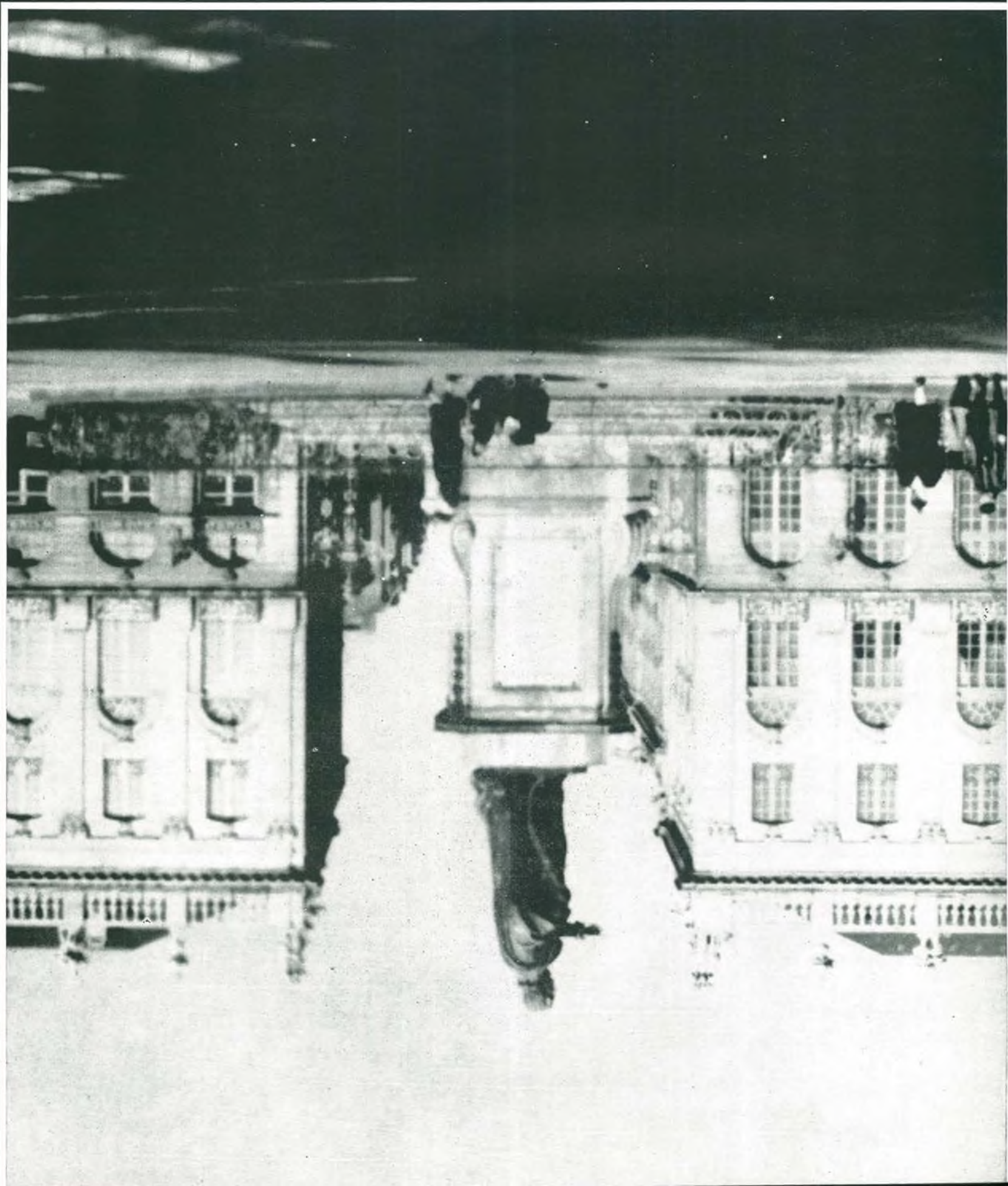
In the Champagne region of Reims and Chalons the farms are huge and very productive. Truck farm products, however, and Champagne grapes, are their basic crop and product, since most of the livestock was considerably depleted during the occupation by the Germans.

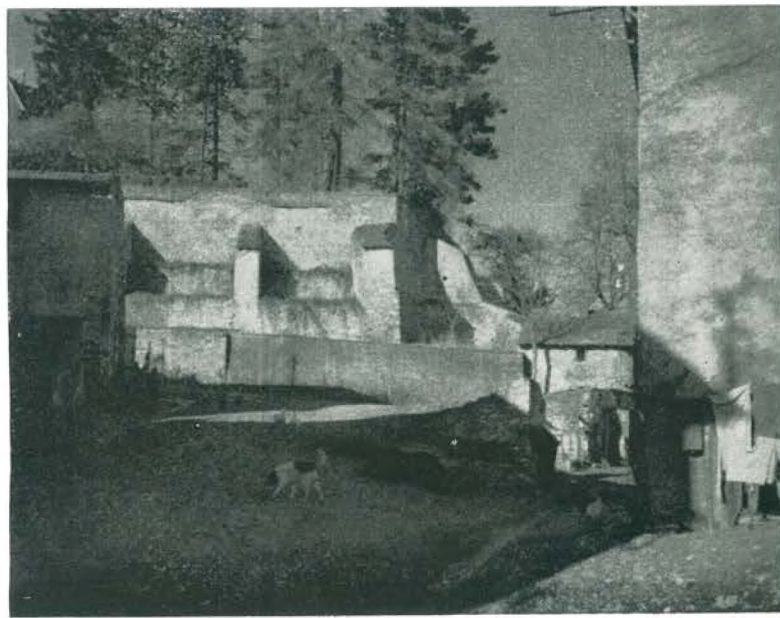


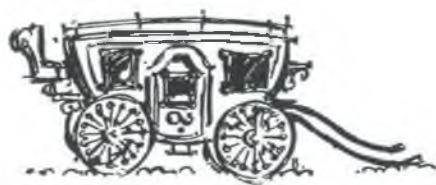


IN THE CENTER OF THE LITTLE TOWN IT SEEMS AS THOUGH THE CITY WAS BUILT AROUND THE CHURCHES WHICH HAVE STOOD FOR CENTURIES

Nancy...

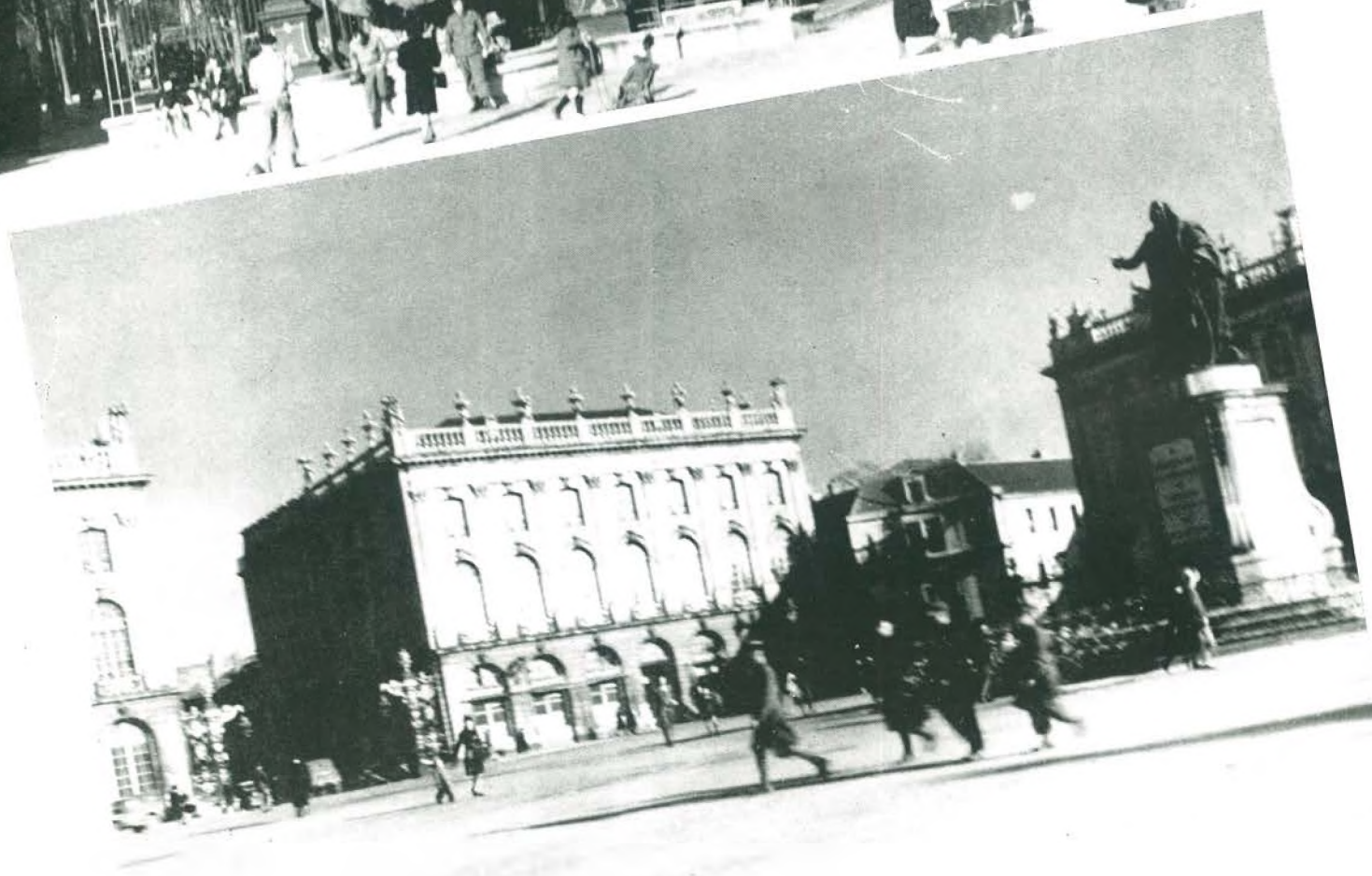






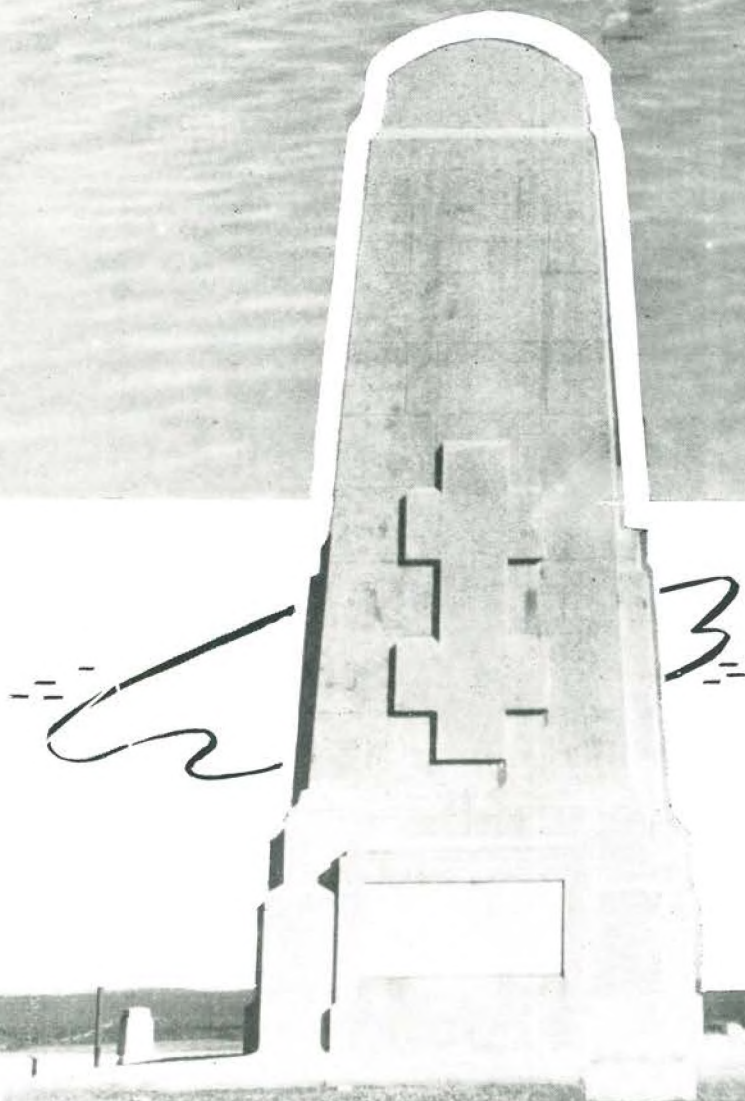
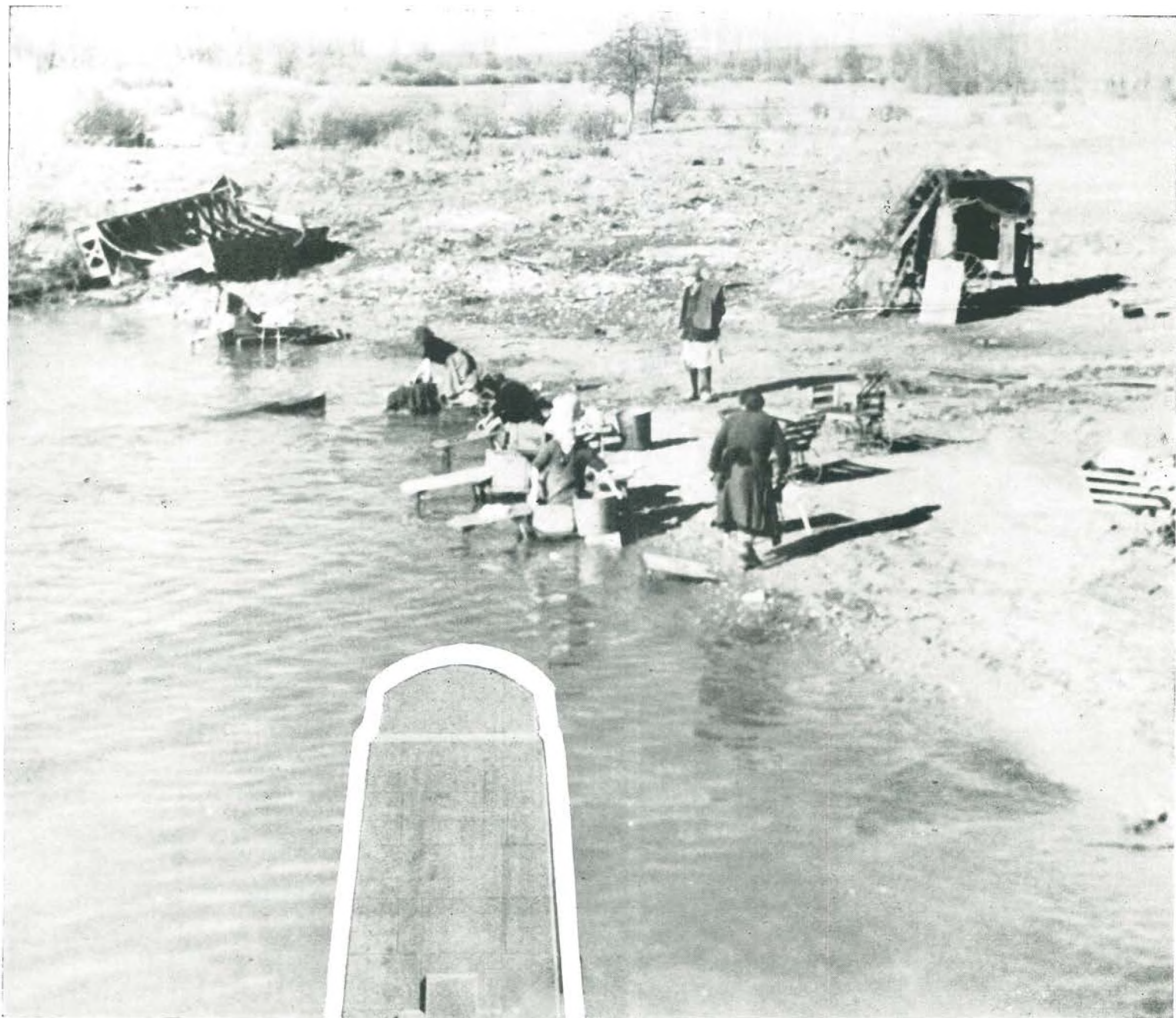
The city of Nancy is known to the French as the "Coquette Flower of France," and is famous as a center of learning, for her Ecole de Medecine and Ecole Forestiere are renowned the world over. To understand the city's fame as an art spot of the world, one has only to wander through the Renaissance streets which are adorned with beauteous sculpture, and colorful gardens and public forums. It is the vibrant provincial capital of Lorraine where the rolling green hills surrounding the town are fruitfully fertile, and yield almost all of the fine wines, meats, and vegetables, consumed by the "Nanciennes."







Charmes...



It was because of stories like these that came out of the little towns like Charmes which made it possible for intelligent American boys to feel no pity, or twinge of regret at the sight of all the German dead strewn about. The stark staring dead were those same criminals who, when quitting the little village of Charmes, burned, gutted and utterly destroyed everything within sight; did they have a reason, was this warfare reasoned to be the means by which they could justify their attack on the world?





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In their distress, the people of the town went out of their way to do what little they could to make the GI comfortable in his hard fight to beat the enemy back and out of the occupied, friendly cities of France. Clean clothing was of course of the highest priority in the eyes of the weary soldier.





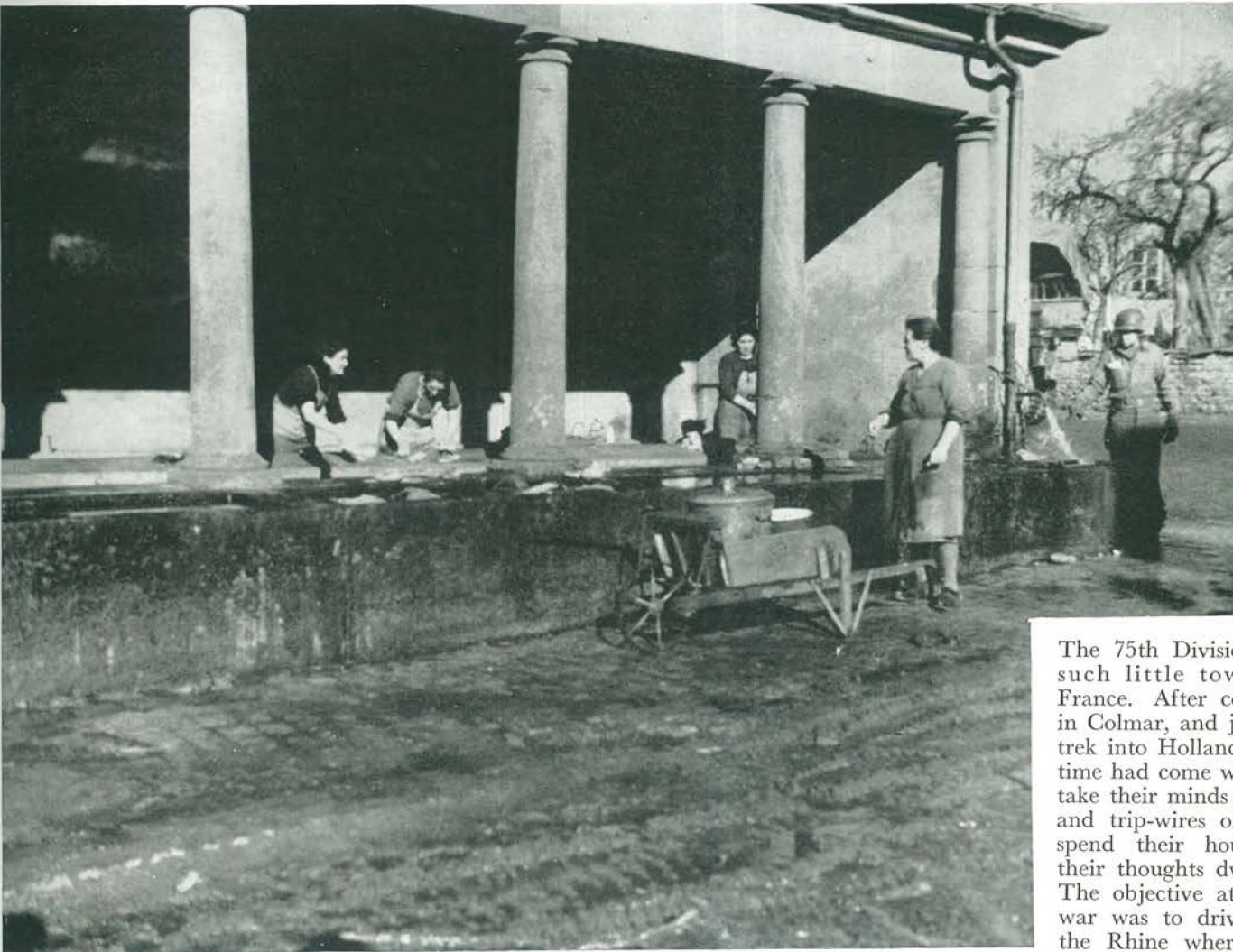
IT WAS DIFFICULT FOR US TO UNDERSTAND THAT THESE PRIMITIVE METHODS WERE STILL BEING USED



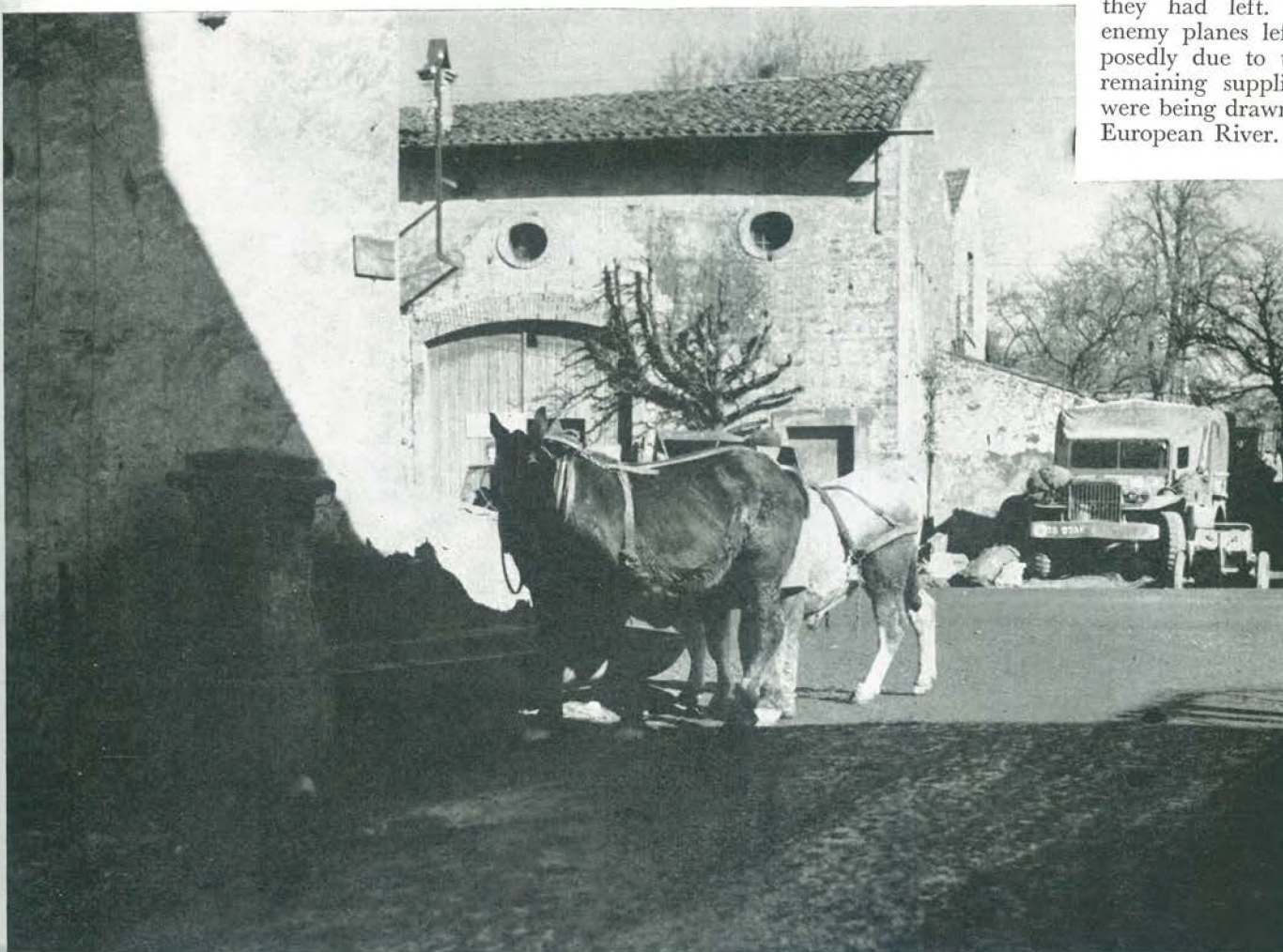


Essegney...





The 75th Division rested at many such little towns as Essegney, France. After coming off the line in Colmar, and just before the long trek into Holland, the long awaited time had come when the men could take their minds off incoming shells and trip-wires of booby-traps, and spend their hours restfully—but their thoughts dwelt on the future. The objective at this phase of the war was to drive the Germans to the Rhine where it was expected that they would put up a last all-out defensive to save what little they had left. There were few enemy planes left in the sky, supposedly due to the fact that their remaining supplies and equipment were being drawn back to the Great European River.



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Essegney had suffered its share of destruction and death in the passing of the Germans, and now had licked its wounds and healed sufficiently to make our stay comfortable and clean. Some men were taken in to sleep in large, soft beds, while the rest made use of their sleeping bags in warm, clean rooms.

Church services were attended by the men at the town's aged temple in the central square of the village.



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The women worked hard and showed the signs of their labor. Very few men were left, and those who did remain were too old to handle the large amount of heavy duty farming and construction which was necessary to carry on their lives.

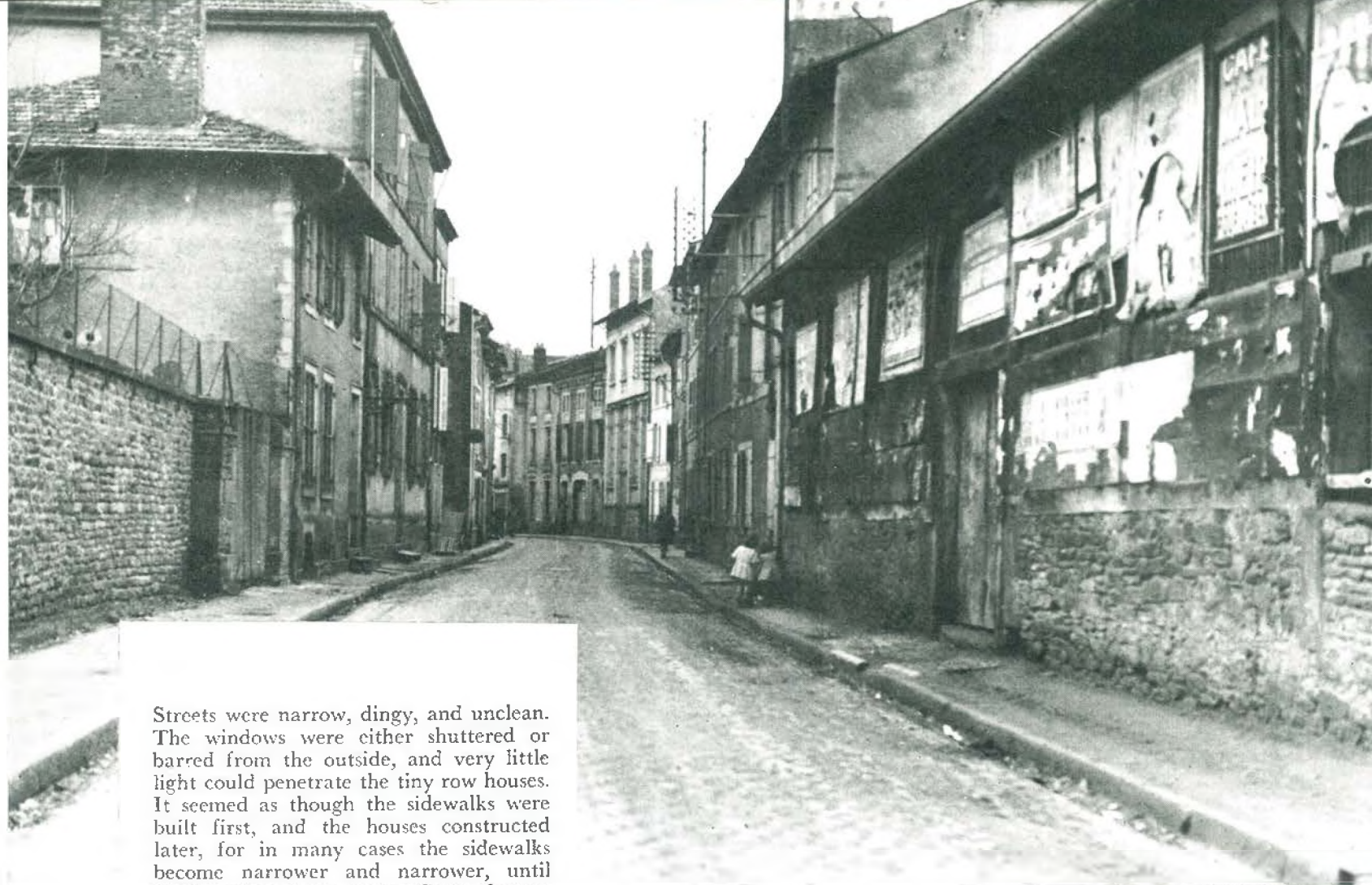




THE TOWN WHICH WAS ONCE PRETTY, SHOWED THE RESULTS OF OCCUPATION AND THE GERMAN DISCRIMINATION AGAINST ITS PEOPLE.



SHAMBLES REMAINED HERE IN THIS PART OF THE VILLAGE, WHERE A CRUCIFIX STANDS IN HOLY SILENCE.



Streets were narrow, dingy, and unclean. The windows were either shuttered or barred from the outside, and very little light could penetrate the tiny row houses. It seemed as though the sidewalks were built first, and the houses constructed later, for in many cases the sidewalks become narrower and narrower, until finally there were none. Cows, horses, sheep, and men alike, used the street, and hardly ever utilized the walks.





There was no mess hall problem here, the kitchen was set in the doorway of a barnyard, and the men ate out in the sun alone, the main road through the village. Some were invited into the little living rooms of the homes where they made themselves at home as much as possible under the circumstances. They found that most of the places were particularly clean inside, despite their outward appearances. Soldiers gave the natives ration cigarettes, and sometimes candy-bars and confection; the children always got the best gifts, and received them gratefully.





Primitive means of transportation were prevalent, and although horses and oxen did much of the heavy hauling, men and women often were to be seen harnessed to a wagon straining and tugging up the long, steep, cobblestone streets. Logs for fire-wood were the principal loads hauled. Everyone assisted in the work at hand.



The terrain was excellently suited to tank and armor warfare, but the heavy rainfall made the movement in the muck and mire slow and arduous. Half tracks and medium tanks, which had been whitewashed for snow camouflage, were now repainted regulation army O.D., for the snows were gone, and night advances continued. In the open fields and across the plains where there were few trees and little wooded growth, it was easy to count the vast number of shell holes and craters left by the barrages of our heavy field pieces. Foxholes were everywhere, for they had afforded the only protection. Not all of the people here in Alsace were in complete accord with the ideals of the Allied armies and for the first time since the men of the 75th Division had come into these lands of strange ideas and languages, they met a people who were not wholeheartedly rooting for them. That "all out for the liberators" feeling which they had encountered in Belgium and other parts of France did not exist here.



THE ALSACE PLAIN

F R A N C E



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



From early dawn until nightfall, paths had to be made for advancing armor, supplies, and men. There was safety from enemy planes in the semi-darkness, and when possible, the work was done during these hours.



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While working roads across the open expanses, heavy equipment was easily spotted by enemy aircraft. Men were constantly on the alert manning the .50 caliber MG to ward off attack while the men behind the shovels worked on. . . .



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In Alsace while the heavy snows were melting, and there was much rain with which to contend, culverts and bridges comprised the greatest part of the work for engineers. Debris of the original crossings had to be cleared before combat Baileys and fills could be started. The men usually had words to describe the conditions which made work difficult.



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IT WOULD BE A DAY'S WORK WELL DONE IF JERRY COULD KNOCK THIS TEAM FROM THE AIR—HE TRIED MANY TIMES BUT FAILED

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



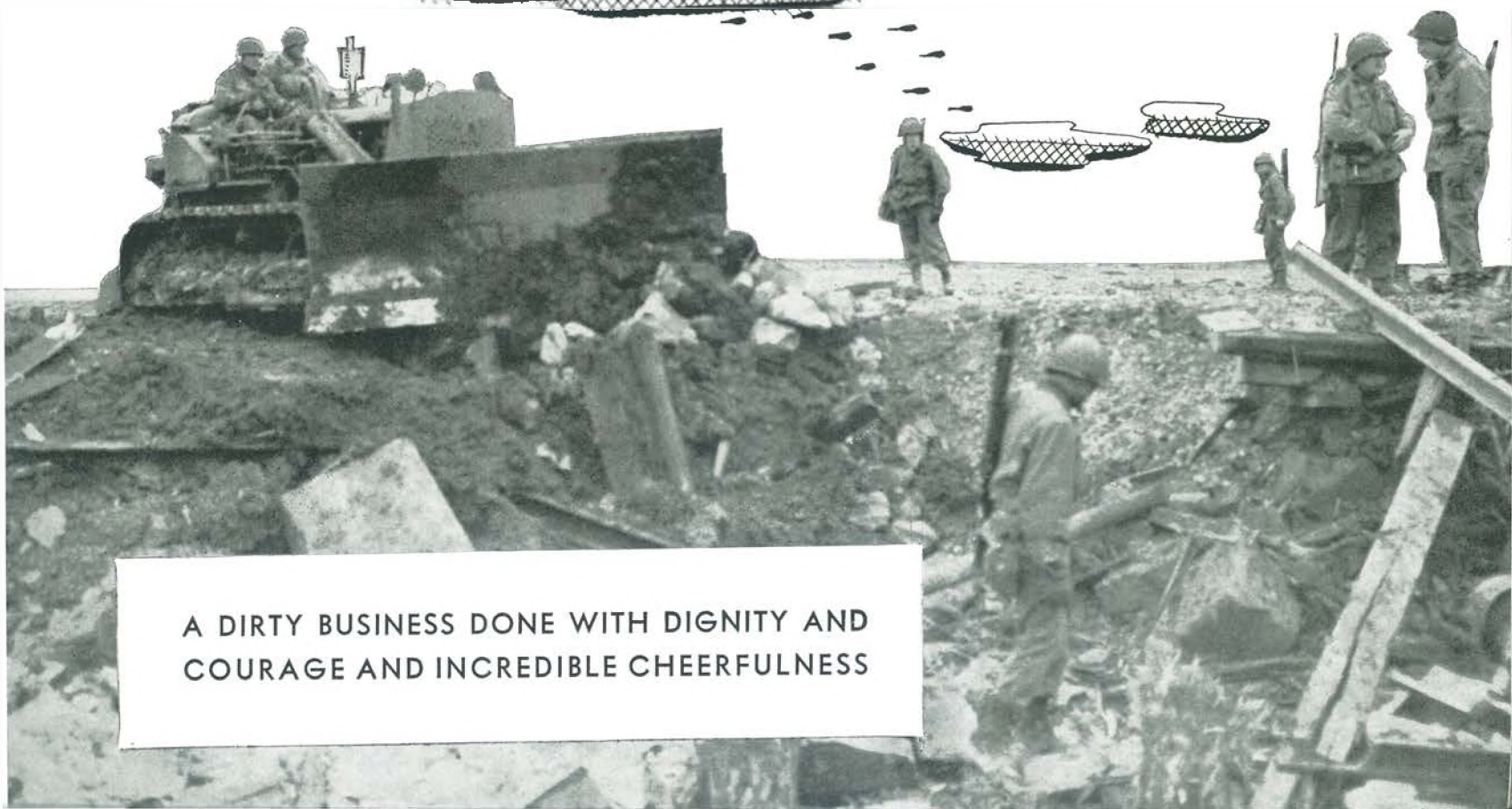
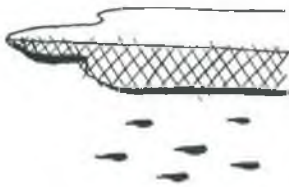
the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



As in everything else, the sight of men in pain falls into the same dull pattern of war which makes youngsters hard, old men. Scenes of dead and injured being removed from the fighting areas was commonplace. The treatment given the wounded was the finest and most sympathetic that could be gotten anywhere under the circumstances.

the seventy fifth 75th infantry division

Often working alone, and with no support available, recon troops stood by to relay information to engineers as to the position of the enemy in relation to the site under operation. Troops in great numbers could not pass until bridges and roads were built and made safe to accommodate them. Bridges carried the front-line troops across streams, rivers, gulches, ravines, or draws, which otherwise would have constituted a serious obstacle to rapid movement. Full advantage was always taken of existing structures.



A DIRTY BUSINESS DONE WITH DIGNITY AND
COURAGE AND INCREDIBLE CHEERFULNESS

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*

Some men left desk jobs to come into the army and work in the mud to get caloused hands and hardened muscles, but they never complained. Others who were accustomed to the rough work were those who became the men in charge, for this was merely repetition for them, and what was to be done next and how to do it was right at their finger tips.



The average GI is an intelligent man, more so than any other soldier in the world. He knows the score and he is a realist; the conditions under which he lives make him one out of necessity. Basically his concerns in action were to get the job done, come out alive not shattered mentally, and finally come home. This existence could not but change him; six months, one year, two, even three and four, could only make him more comfortable as the time went by. The change was not a conscious one; but it is there, and sooner or later he will realize it. Perhaps then he will feel lost again, away from the men with whom he shared so many dangers, with whom he worked and sweated not in the spirit of competition but in the spirit of mutual and righteous gain. These pictures tell a story; study them carefully. . . .

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They knew what their job was, and they did it. It is not necessary for anyone to speak for the sluggers who were in there blocking out for the men who were carrying the ball. We have, undoubtedly, begun to realize even at this late stage of the game, that no matter how a war starts, it will end in mud. It has to be fought out—there are no short cuts or clever angles to make the job easier. When it's over, all the GI wants is an even break, a chance to get started.

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All of the comforts of home . . . except, of course, for a few little incidentals like having to crawl out the door on your hands and knees in the muck of the melting frost; wearing a heavy steel helmet as protection against the elements; carrying a rifle or sidearm in case something that had to be shot appeared; never a dull or idle moment in the life of the dirty faced GI in combat.



Schleifstadt...



Yet here another town which lay open to the ravages of war was crying out for a complete and quick victory over the hated enemy. Like the rest of the abused nations of Europe this little town knew what peace meant, and also, what they would have to go through in waste, destruction, and death to get it.

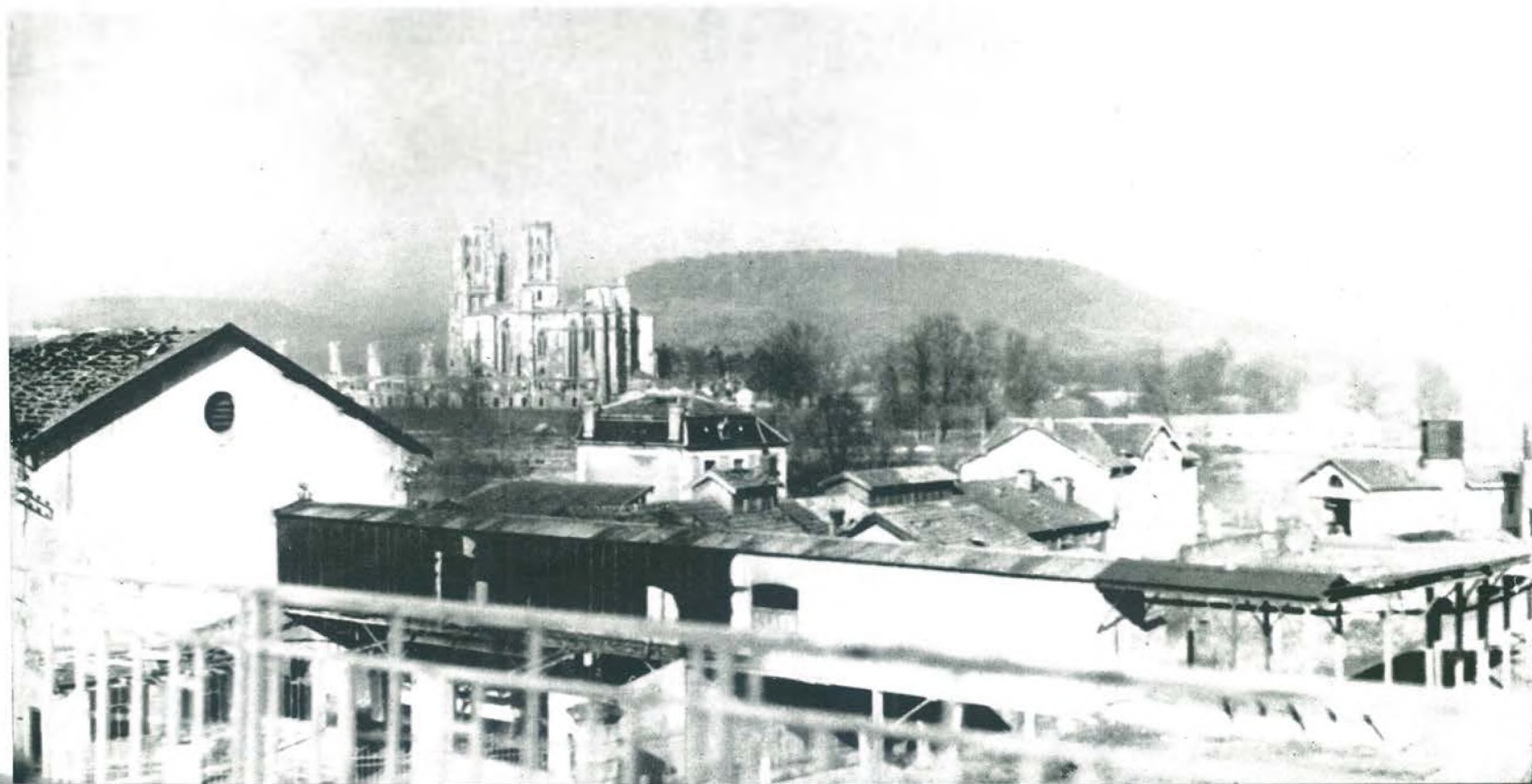




The result of the glorious war for the Germans was no longer the drinking of the finest wines and champagnes of France; the little man under his heel trembled no longer, for he was



now the big man in spite of the condition in which his country and homeland was left to be rebuilt.





THE FARMER'S FIELDS WERE RUINED BY THE SHELLS AND HEAVY EQUIPMENT OF WAR WHICH ROLLED OVER THEM CONSTANTLY





BUT HE KNEW THAT SOON, SOMEDAY, HE WOULD REBUILD, AND REBUILD WITH THE CERTAIN KNOWLEDGE THAT THE GERMAN WAS BEATEN







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And the cost of the war is not being figured in francs, or in centimes, or any other kind of money, but in lives and suffering humanity, in groups who will starve for years before they shall ever be able to enjoy even the necessities. Were it not for the meager scraps of food that they have scraped from army rations, many would be dead now.



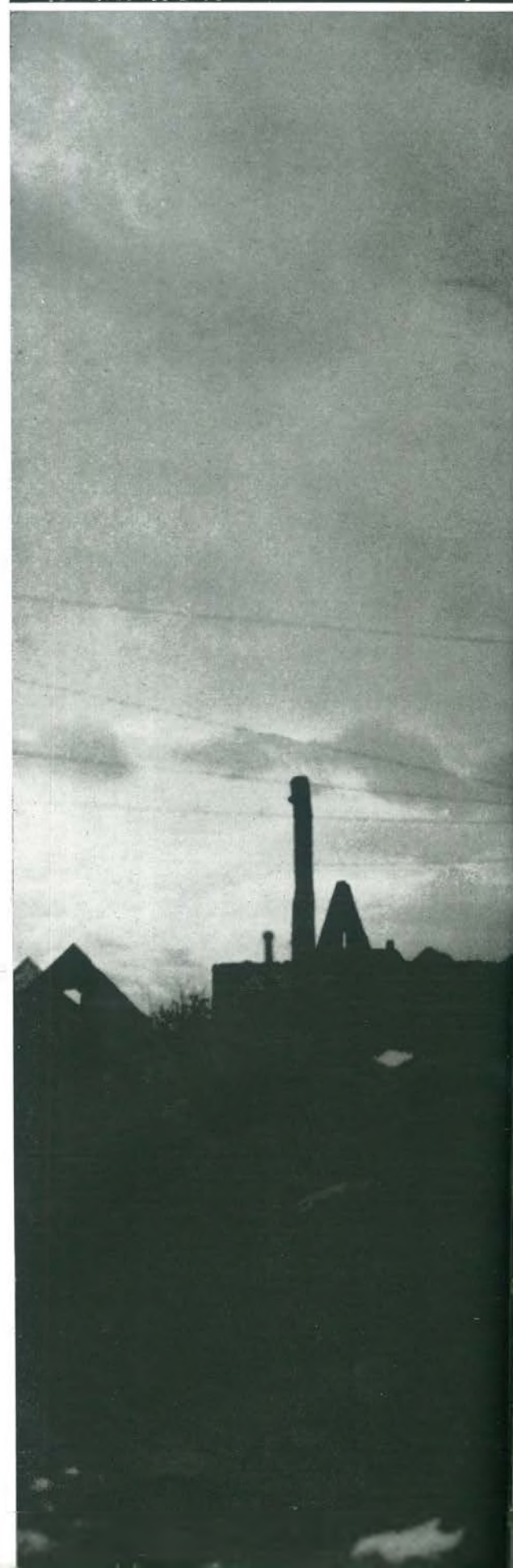


The children must live a life the course the war has left to them in reconstruction, poverty and famine. Theirs will be a task to rebuild the work of centuries which evil men of the world tore down in short years.





Bitter snows and sudden thaws, leaving muddy wet weather, made the Colmar Pocket of Eastern France a place of enduring remembrance for the men who fought there to win high praise from the French legions fighting at their side. Although the fighting men were unable to see the glories of the city of Colmar itself, they can look back on it as the center of the French Alsace. Colmar is claimed by the French to be a truly French city in spite of the fact that the language is predominantly German, and much of the culture is of Teutonic heritage. The city boasts of its famous Unterlinden Museum full of the works of Mathias Grunewald and Martin Schongauer, the most celebrated Alsatian painters of the pre-Renaissance period. Bordering on Germany, and just north of the Swiss border, it carries with it the picturesqueness of both environs. In the place of these characteristics remained the shambles of war as the enemy retreated across the border into Germany, where he was again to take up his stand against annihilation.



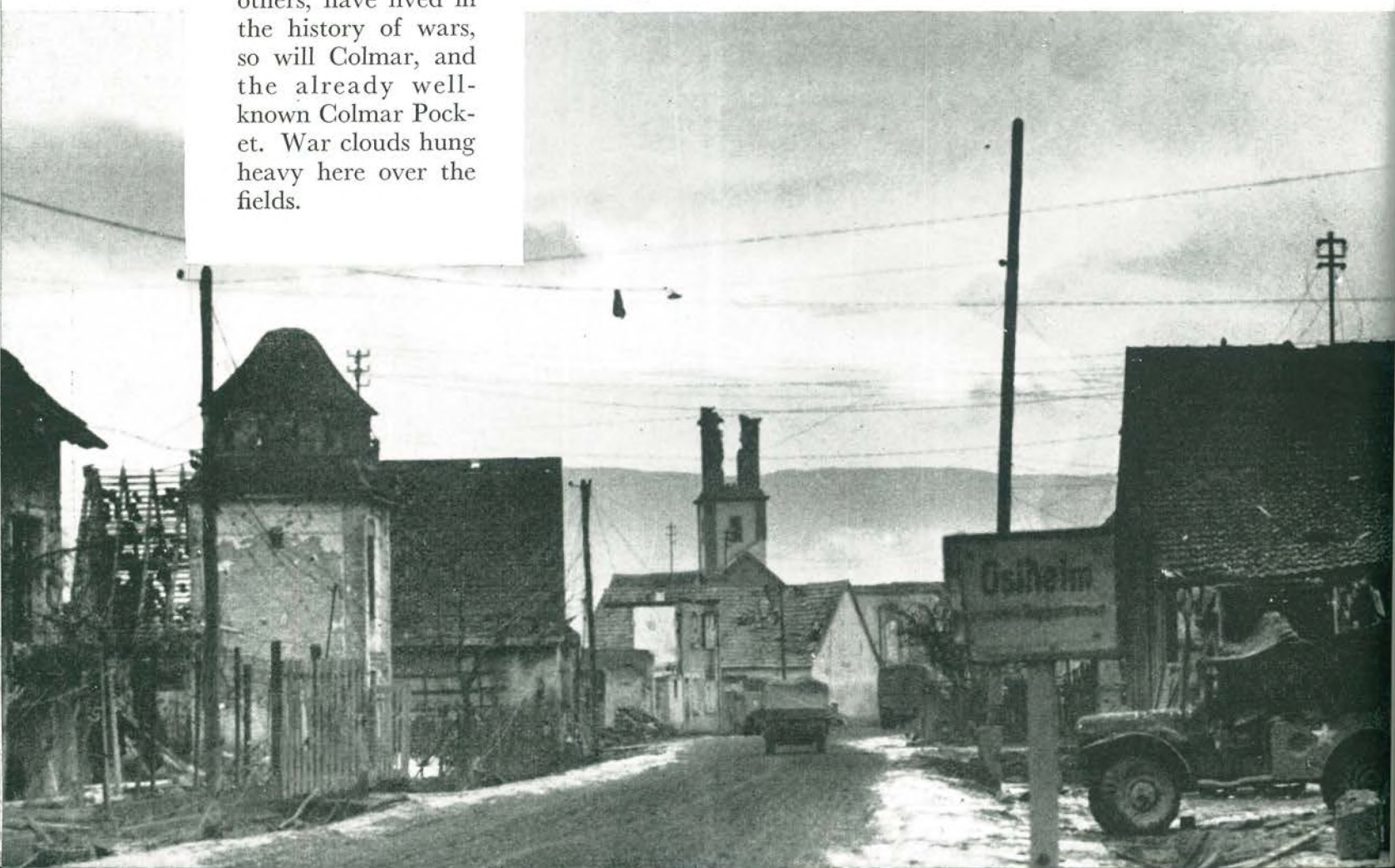
THE COLMAR

P O C K E T
F R A N C E

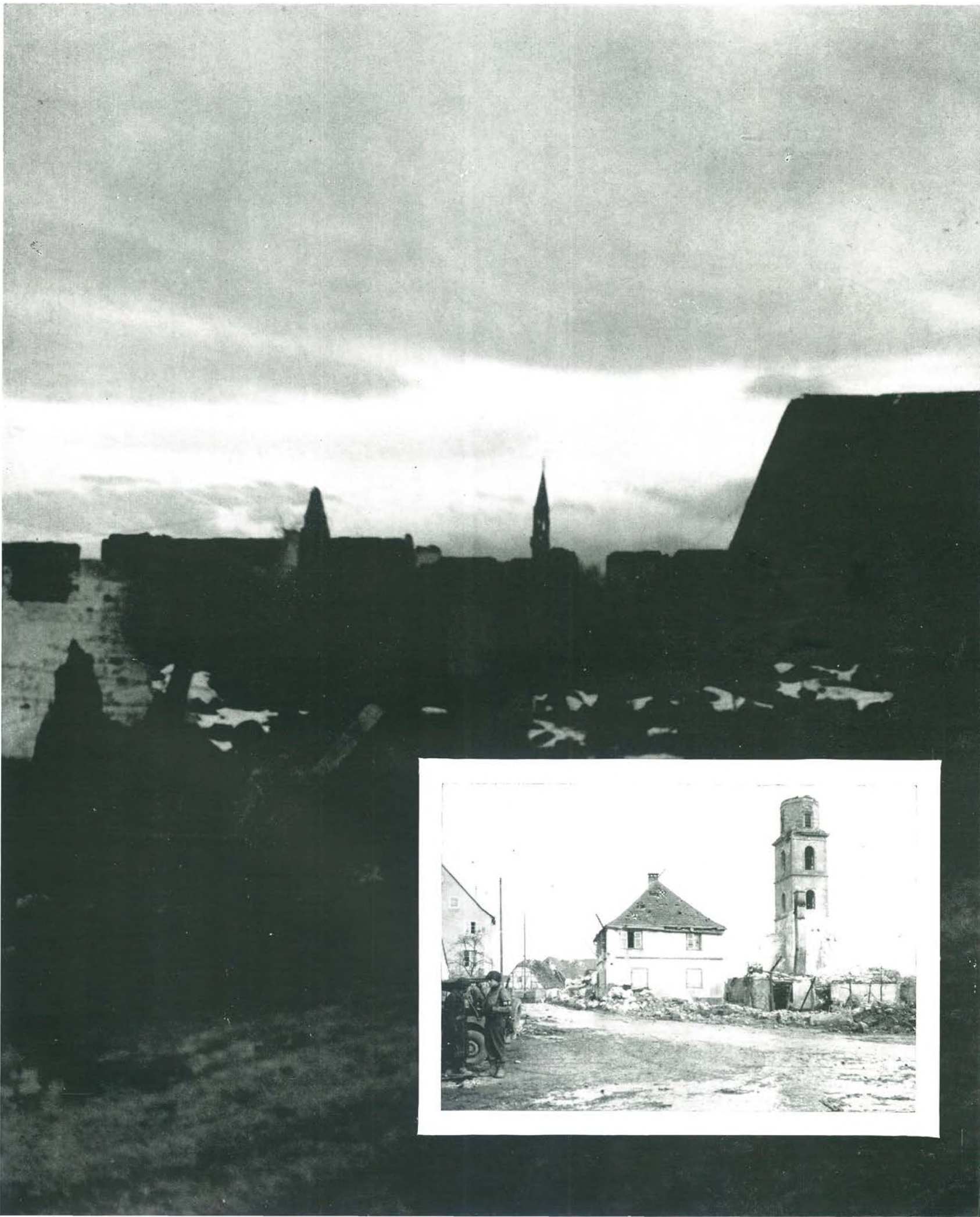




A hold-out point for the Germans, the Colmar sector shows signs of heavy fighting, and scars which even the years shall never be able to erase. As the cities of Nancy, Verdun, and others, have lived in the history of wars, so will Colmar, and the already well-known Colmar Pocket. War clouds hung heavy here over the fields.



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Melting snows and cold rains flooded the fields and battle grounds, leaving only the dead and ancient religious relics to mark the watery, unsacred biers. For the American dead there will be white crosses, where their bodies rest under simple but heroic mounds. But for many of the other brave young men who died, there will be no white signs to mark their timeless graves.



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With the war across France reaching a series of dramatic climaxes, and the advance toward, and into, Germany taking place at a tremendous rate of speed, it is unusual that there could possibly be such a vast amount of complete devastation. There were no long periods of bogging down in the relentless drive as was to be found in the Italian campaign, where important towns and cities did not change hands in a matter of hours.



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There were tank phalanxes which dashed forward many miles in one day, and the air was often filled with huge fleets of attacking planes. This kind of war was being enjoyed by all as spectacular in the realization of a quick victory. There were never any forgotten fronts where troops would dig in and fight for days without advancing, making a World War I type of battleground of the area. With this swiftness of movement the destruction was unimaginable.



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Bivouac areas were changed as often as four and five times in a week as troops crashed ahead. Just enough equipment was broken down at each stop to facilitate a short notice move to keep the lines tightly knit.





As the debris caused by artillery was cleared, troops and armor moved up to offensive positions for repeated strategic attacks. Tactical air support never faltered.



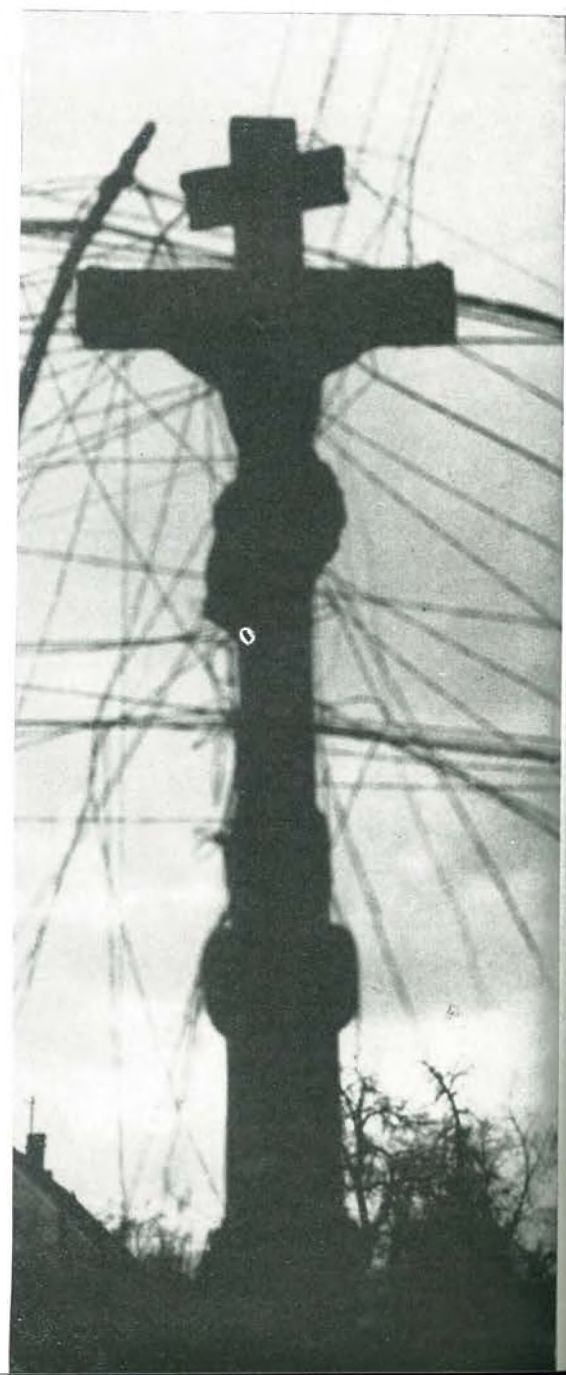


Softening up processes by the air wing in advance of foot troops are evidenced in these photographs where shrapnel pocked arches remain only partially standing.





The ironies of war were common with the utilization of religious statues for the continued communication between units on the march. Everything was used toward the final goal. Razed buildings were looted of their bricks for use in road construction, for often time was conserved in this manner.





G.I. Joe's tender skin could never before withstand the use of cold water shaving in the outdoors, until times became rough all over the ETO. This job was not done fast enough to suit him, for it took many hours to regain the warmth which was his before he exposed himself to the beauty treatment.



Royalty was everywhere in this forest, for the sport of kings went on during every free moment. Deer meat was indeed a tasty change, from the routine of army boxed and canned rations. The task of skinning and preparing the catch for meal time was left to the experts, but the trapping was done by everyone. A tasty deer steak cuisine followed these sporting shots, and it was thoroughly enjoyed by all.





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THE MERE SIGHT OF SMOKE FROM A FIRE GAVE WARMTH



ALL OF THE VARIOUS CHORES AND ABLUTIONS WERE HANDLED DURING THE FREE HOURS



St. Marie aux Mines...



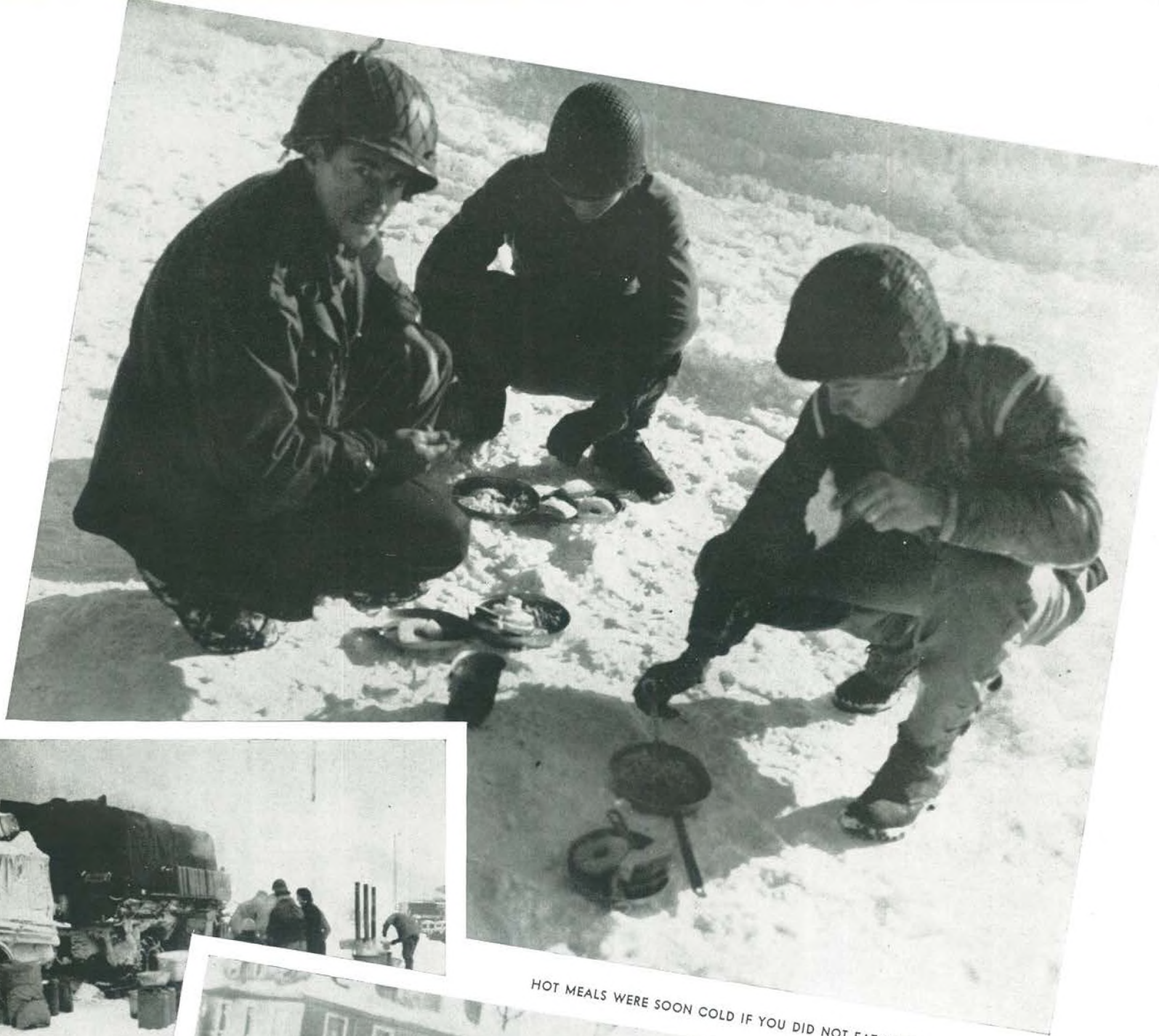
THE MEN WERE COLD, REALLY COLD. THEY BURNED EVERYTHING TO KEEP WARM



Hungry men did not leave much food for the civilians who gathered about the mess truck faithfully after every meal, for heavy clothing alone could not warm frozen bodies and limbs. The conditions indoors were just as cold as out in the snow.

MESS TABLES WERE HOODS OF VEHICLES WHERE THEY COULD HIDE FROM ICY WINDS





HOT MEALS WERE SOON COLD IF YOU DID NOT EAT HURRIEDLY

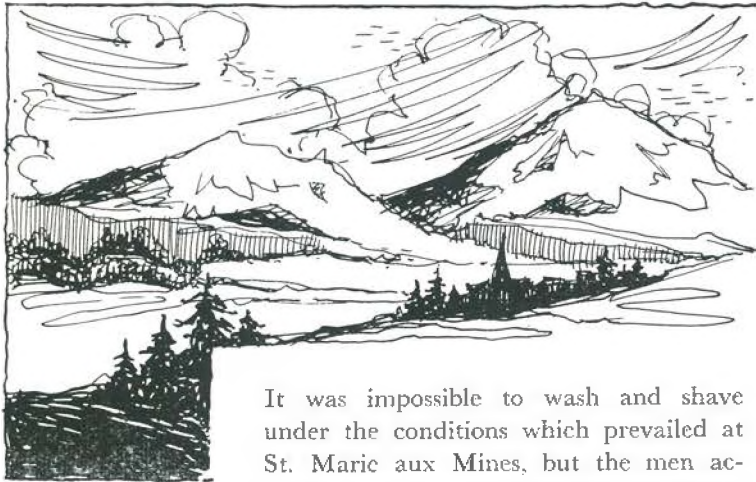
the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



St. Marie au Mines, at the foot of the Vosges Mountains, was our gateway to the fighting in the Colmar Pocket and Alsace-Lorraine. Beautiful chateaux dotted the snow-covered foothills famous for the rolling hills suitable for skiing. The cold was unbearably relentless. Artillery shell cases and boxes were burned for warmth. The people came to get what scraps of food remained after chow.



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It was impossible to wash and shave under the conditions which prevailed at St. Marie aux Mines, but the men accepted their uncleanliness as straightforwardly as they accepted the reasons for their fighting and killing far away from their homes and families.

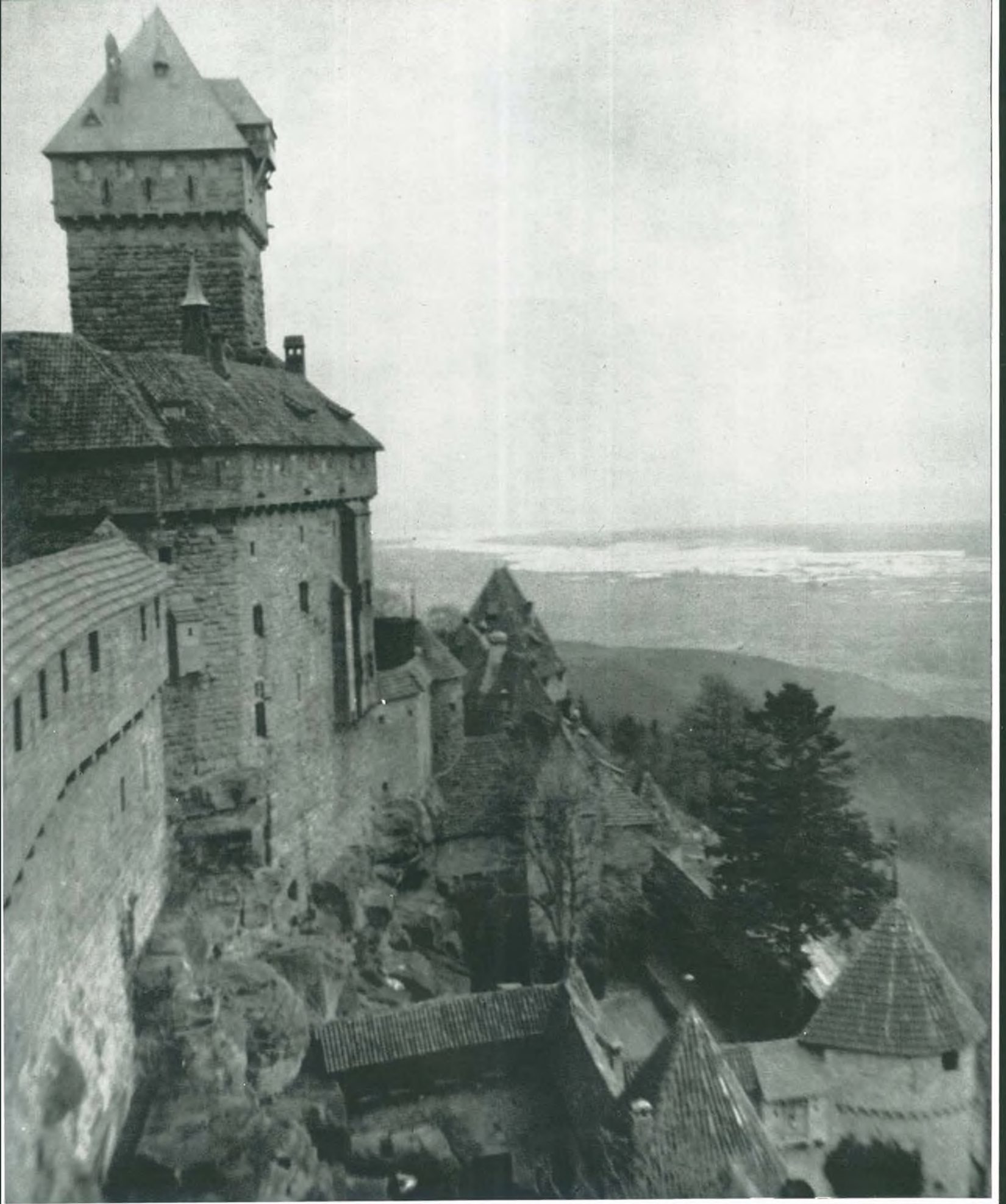


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Frost-bite confined many troops and the inadvisability of allowing one's feet to stay imprisoned by several pairs of socks, shoes, and goulashes, was not inducement enough to warrant the men exposing their bare feet to the elements.





Ribeaupierre...



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*

This garden with vine covered walls take us back to courtship "days of old when Knights were bold..."



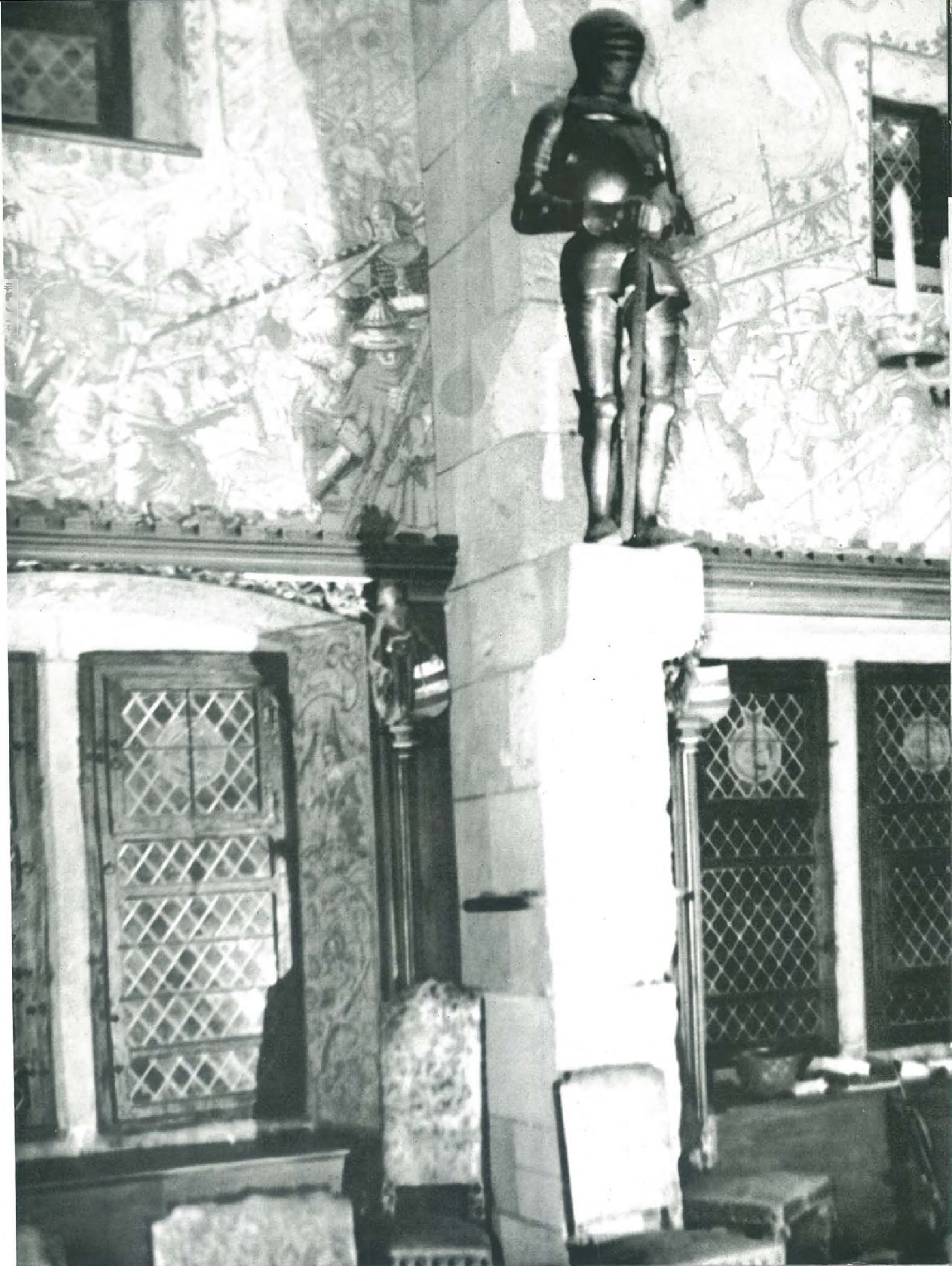
the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



Near the town of Ribeauville on the Alsace Plain, sitting high and majestically upon a mountain top, is an ancient castle, built in the late Fifteenth Century. From the foot of the mountain, the huge fortress appears to be a compact pillar of rock, rising out of the core of the high hill, but viewing the structure from just inside the massive stone wall surrounding it, it seems to ramble over the

entire landscape. Its beauty is awe inspiring. The two upper photographs show the inside of the formidable wall, and the sheer bank of natural, jagged rock which served as protection against attackers. Completely around the wall is a canopied walk with railing of heavy aged wood stock for the castle guard. The lower picture is of the hunt and trophy room, furnished with tapestries and finely carved furniture of the period.



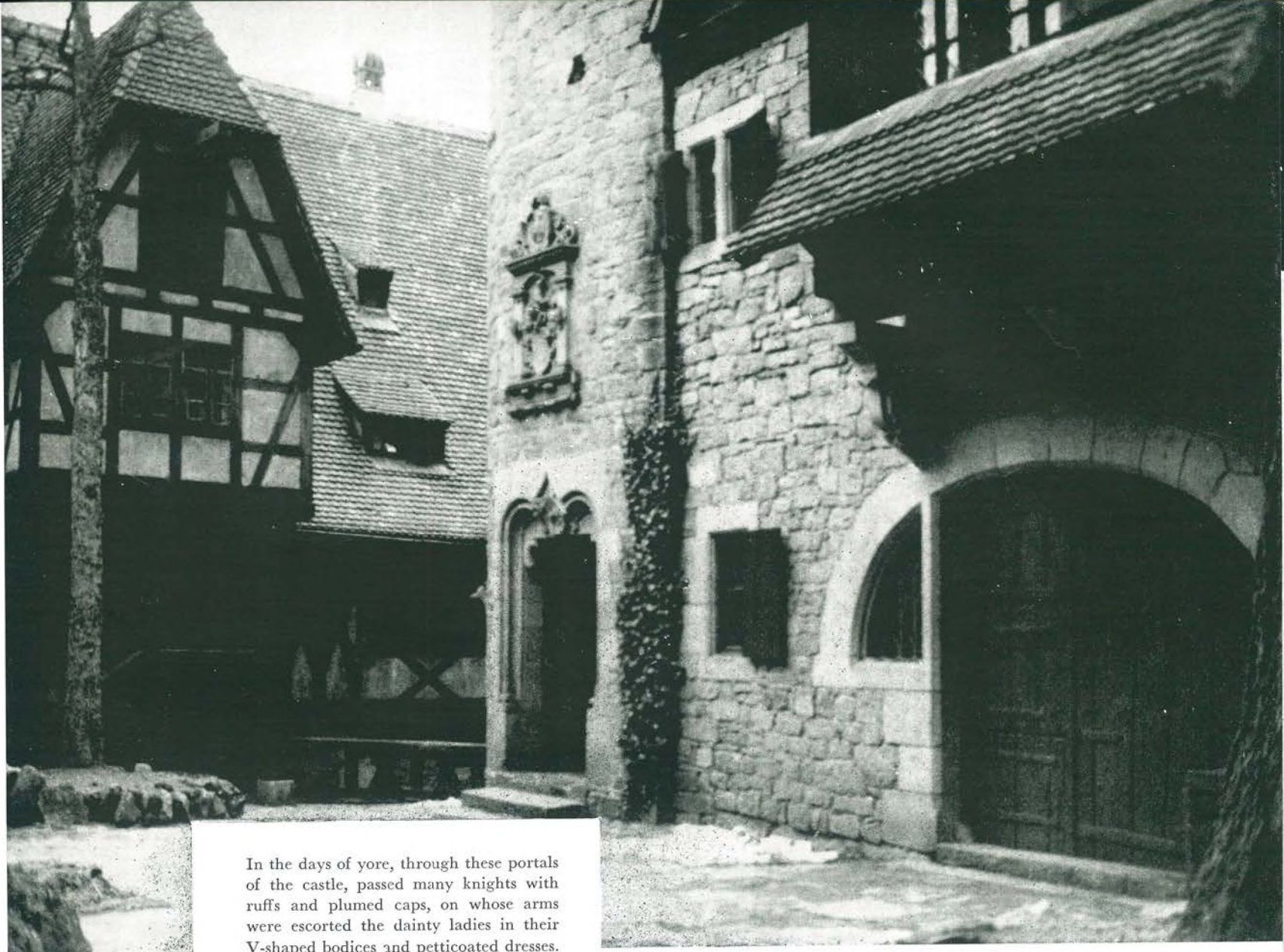




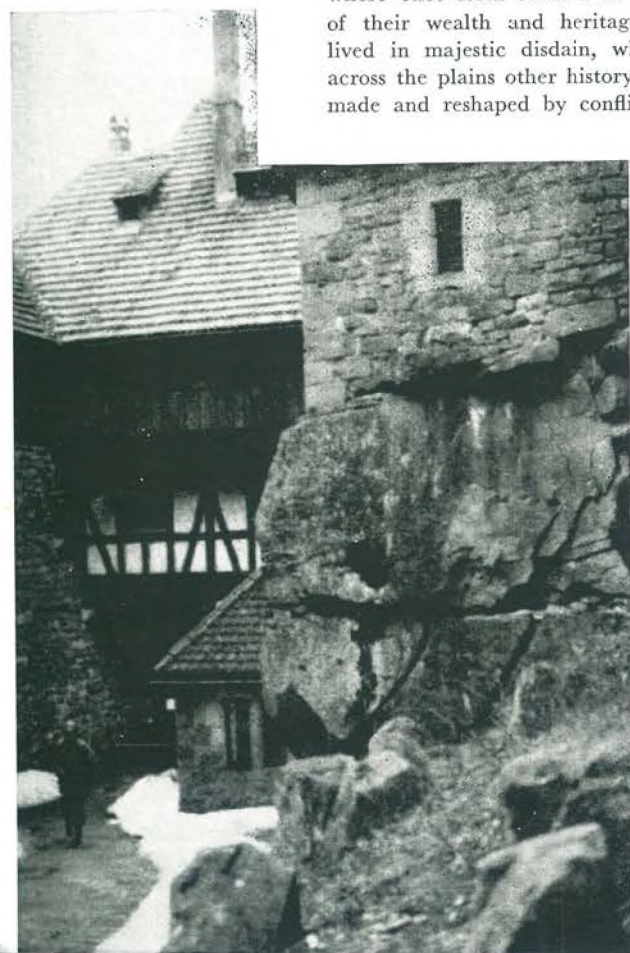
Narrow passageways blocked at each end by heavy wooden doors and draw bridges, canal the entire building. As added protection from enemy warriors, are series of deep pits which are only passable when draw bridges are lowered. The walls and towers are equipped with gun holes and archer's slits, which make the defense of any portion of the castle possible. The modern equipment of World War II did not marr the sanctity of this ancient fortress.

Early in the 1900's the Kaiser remodeled, redecorated, and more modernly furnished the interior of the castle proper to suit his needs at the time, but for the most part the fortress retains its ancient, regal atmosphere.

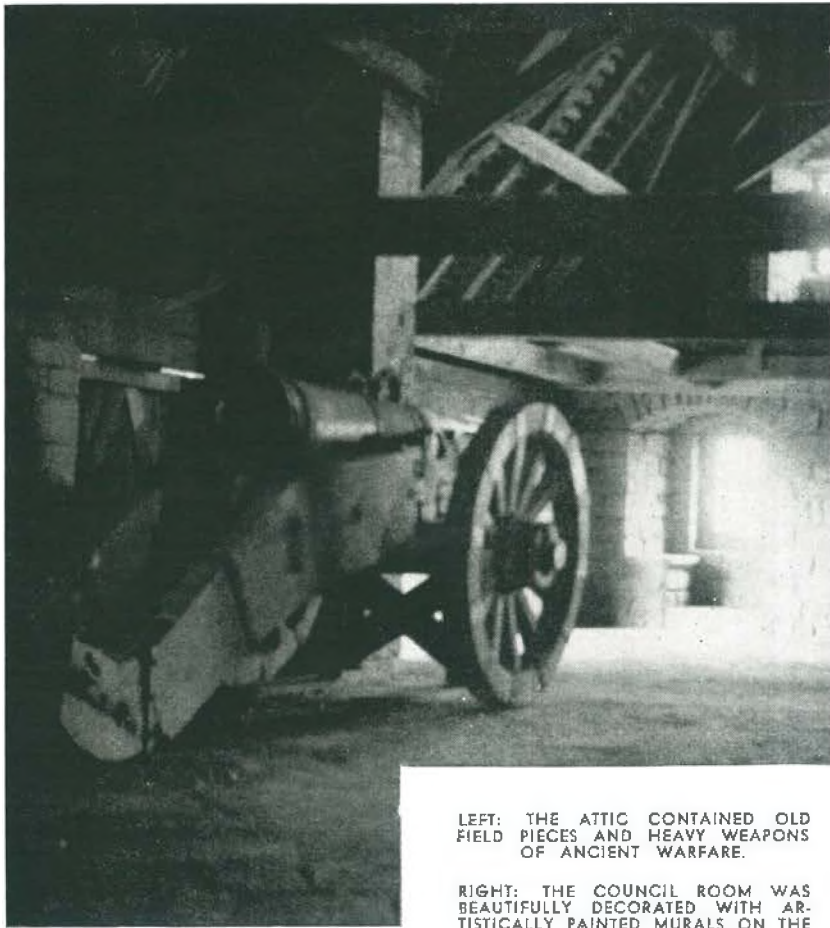




In the days of yore, through these portals of the castle, passed many knights with ruffs and plumed caps, on whose arms were escorted the dainty ladies in their V-shaped bodices and petticoated dresses. But today only the caretaker lives here where once lords reveled in the luxury of their wealth and heritage. History lived in majestic disdain, while below, across the plains other history was being made and reshaped by conflict.





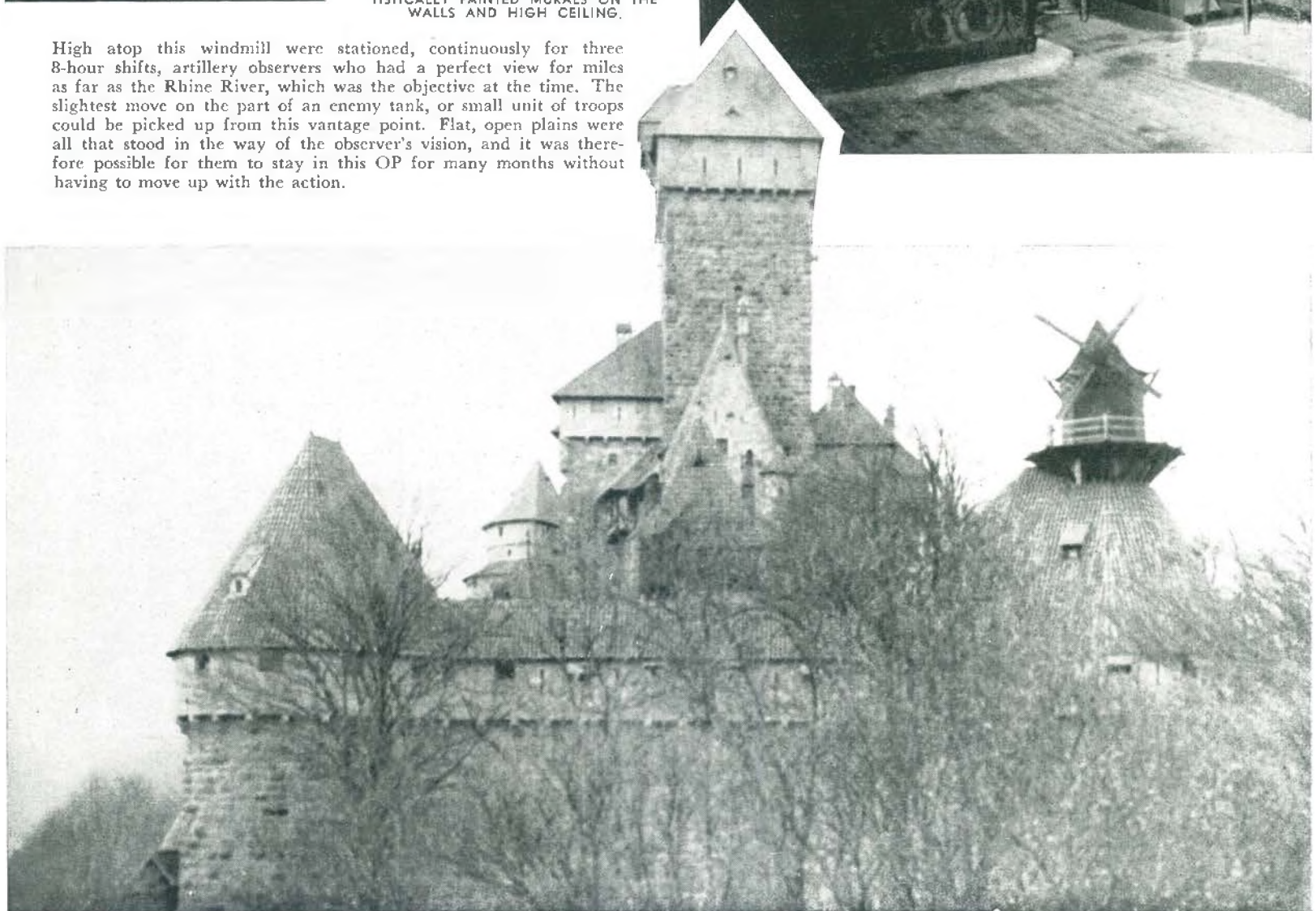


LEFT: THE ATTIC CONTAINED OLD FIELD PIECES AND HEAVY WEAPONS OF ANCIENT WARFARE.



RIGHT: THE COUNCIL ROOM WAS BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED WITH ARTISTICALLY PAINTED MURALS ON THE WALLS AND HIGH CEILING.

High atop this windmill were stationed, continuously for three 8-hour shifts, artillery observers who had a perfect view for miles as far as the Rhine River, which was the objective at the time. The slightest move on the part of an enemy tank, or small unit of troops could be picked up from this vantage point. Flat, open plains were all that stood in the way of the observer's vision, and it was therefore possible for them to stay in this OP for many months without having to move up with the action.



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



Notwithstanding the winter climate and snow, the garden looked as though it had been taken out of a Shakespearean play, serene and palatial. The stone of the surrounding walls and the trees were old and weather beaten; the wrought iron fences rusted from the rains and moist air, yet the beauty of the place was fresh and clean. Little green color remained in the ivy which climbed the high walls and fences and the moss on the trees watched the northern sky faithfully and expectantly. A painter's paradise indeed, for every nook and corner could well be a subject to transpose from palette to canvas.



O Peace! and dost thou with thy presence bless

The dwellings of this war-surrounded Isle;

Soothing with placid brow our late distress,

Making the triple kingdom brightly smile?

Joyful I hail thy presence; and I hail

The sweet companions that await on thee;

Complete my joy—let not my first wish fail,

Let the sweet mountain nymph thy favourite be,

With England's happiness proclaim Europa's Liberty.

O Europe! let not sceptred tyrants see of John Keats

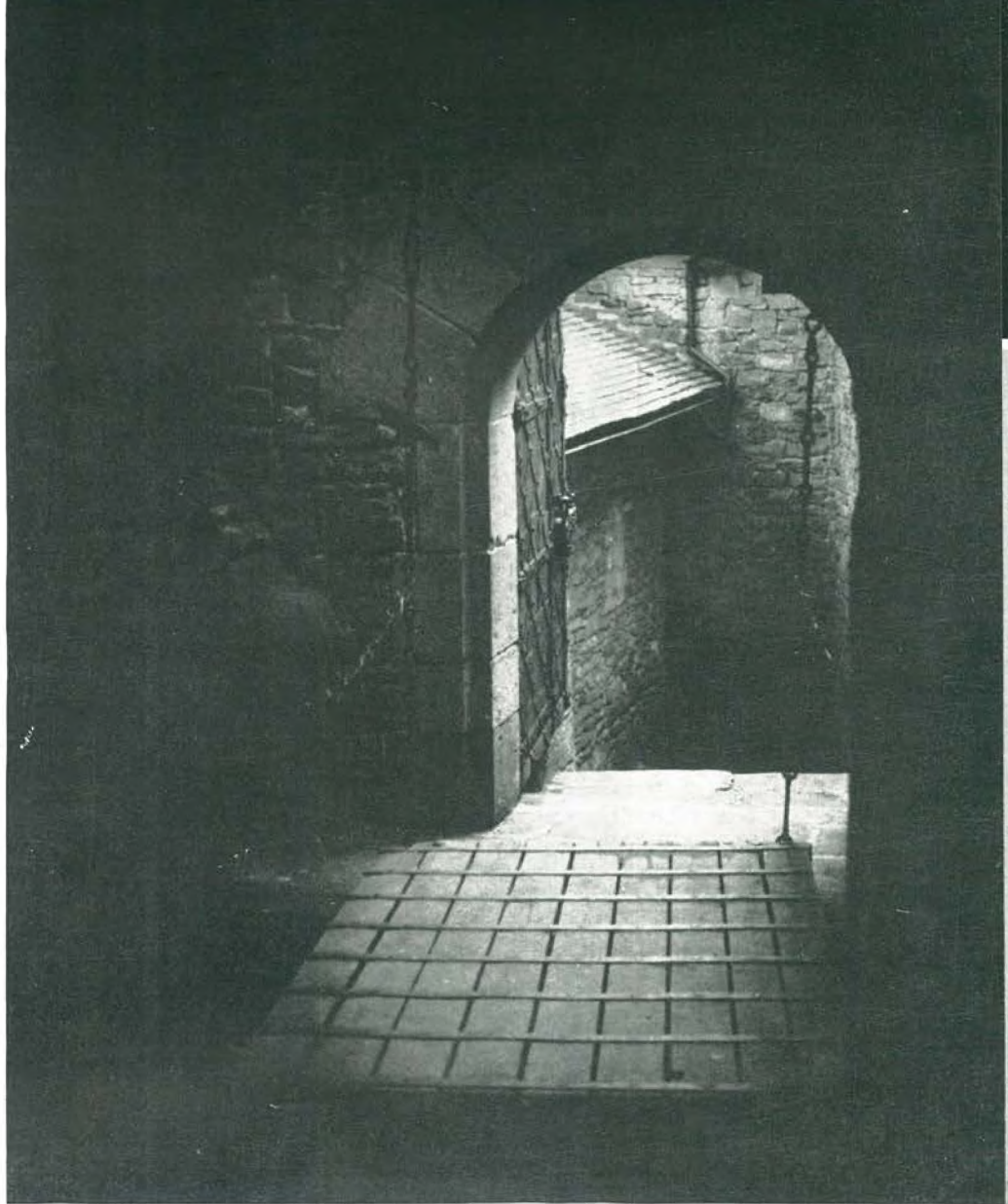
That thou must shelter in thy former state;

Keep thy chains burst, and boldly say thou art free;

Give thy kings law—leave not uncurbed the great;

So with the horrors past thou'lt win thy happier fate!

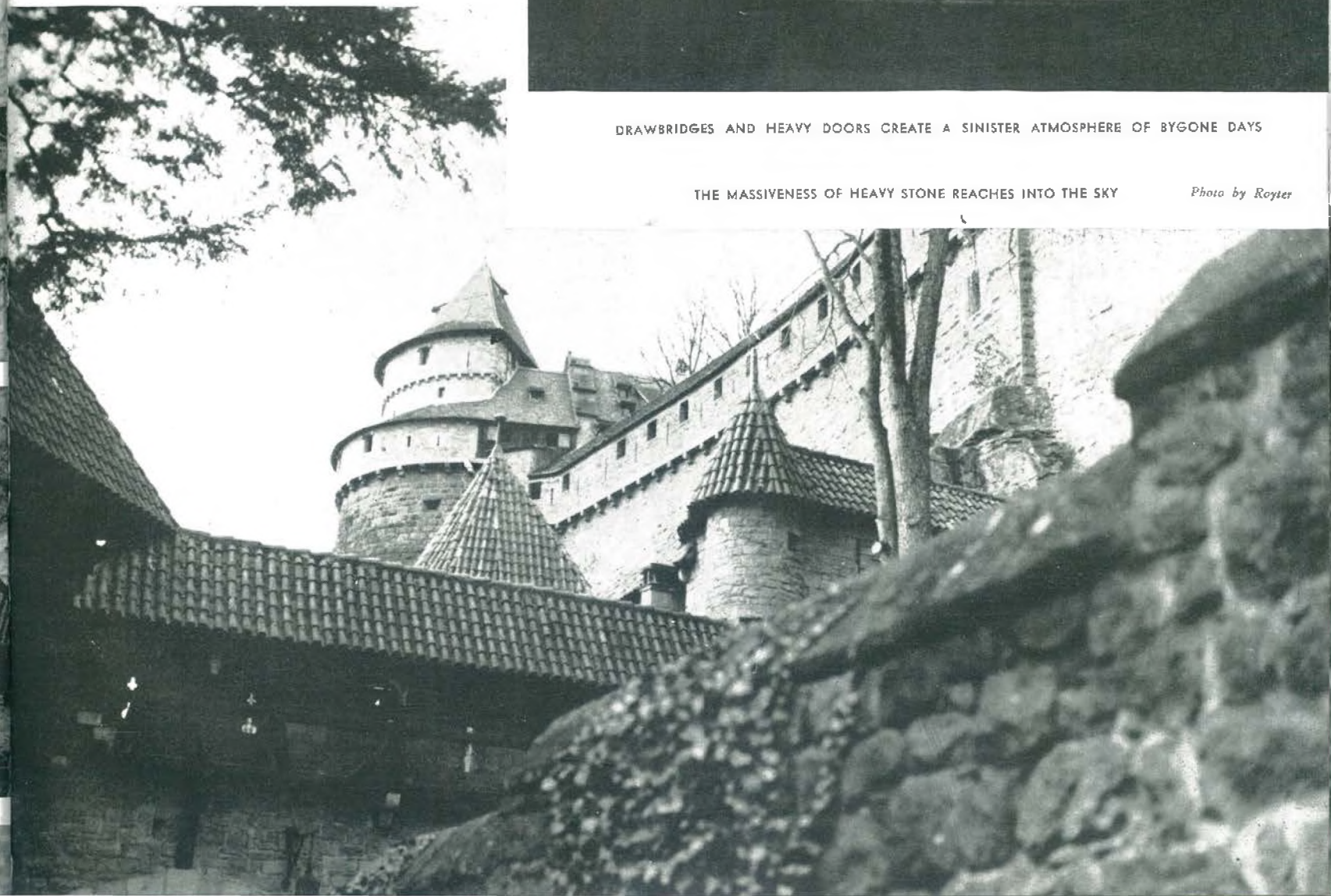
(SONNET ON PEACE—JOHN KEATS)



DRAWBRIDGES AND HEAVY DOORS CREATE A SINISTER ATMOSPHERE OF BYGONE DAYS

THE MASSIVENESS OF HEAVY STONE REACHES INTO THE SKY

Photo by Royter





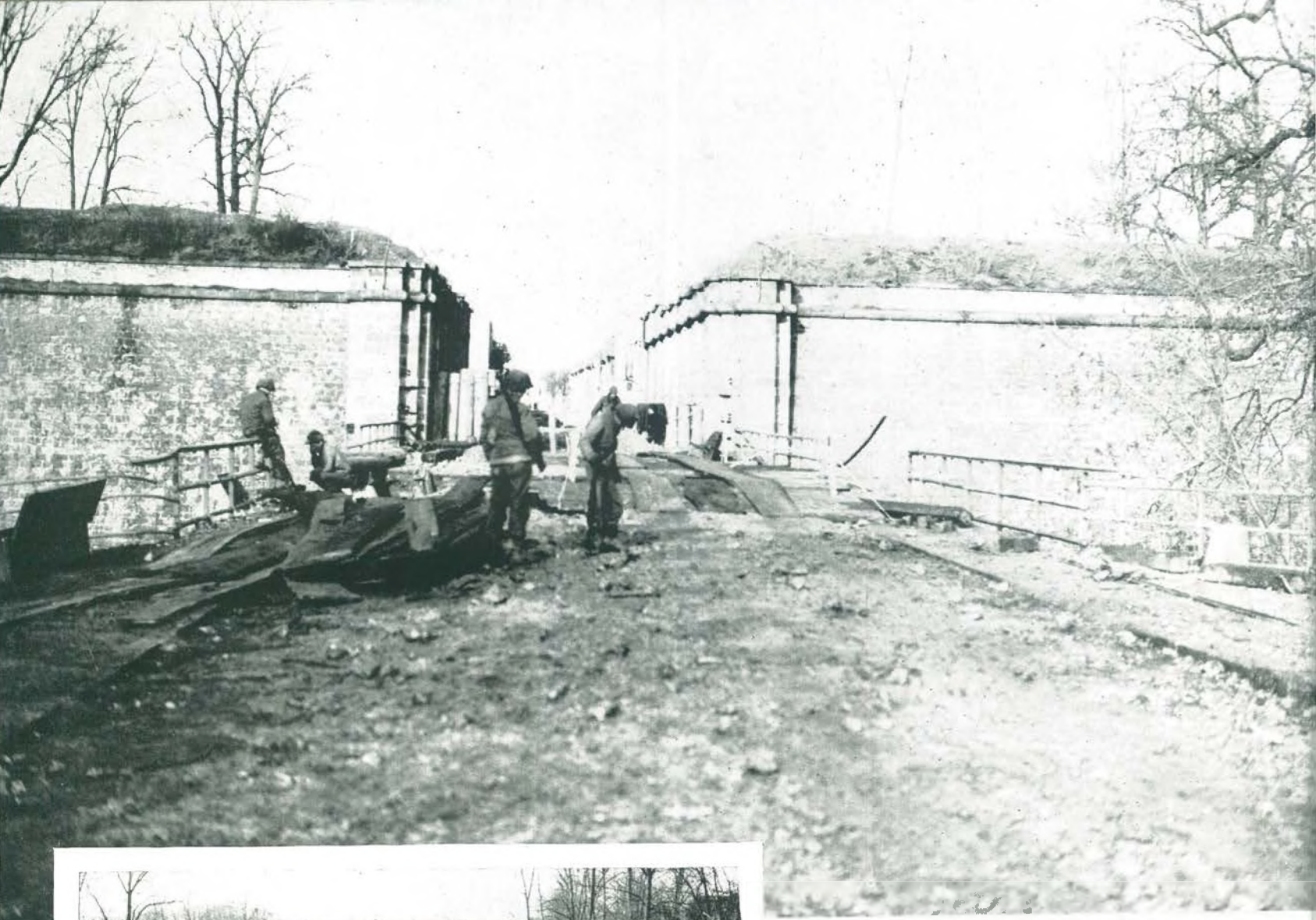
Neuf Brisach is known as the walled city of Europe, and with just cause. The entire city was designed by the private architect of King Louis XIV as a fortress against the enemies of the people of the territory. It is surrounded initially by three symmetrically planned walls of tremendous size, one within the other, and each is also fitted with a deep moat to insure its formidability. With a limited number of entrances, guarded by large heavy gates, the city was only accessible to those who were carefully inspected before entering. The very primitive fortress created no difficulty for the armies which attacked it to drive out the Germans in this war. Artillery and mortars soon drove them from their supposedly safe keep. Few of the civilian residents of the city evacuated during the battle, but remained instead in the underground network of caves where they set up their meager living quarters away from the danger of falling shells.



NEUF BRISACH

F R A N C E





The bridges across the moats were partially destroyed by the heavy concentration of American artillery. The German did not have time to blow them before being driven out of the walled city. The massive construction of the fortifications can readily be pictured by comparing the size of the destroyed vehicle in the lower photograph with the sheer walls of the outer ring.





Debris was strewn everywhere as the Americans entered the city. Evidence of added precautions against sudden attack were to be found in road blocks tactically placed. Heavy carts of timber were prepared with wheels so that they could easily be rolled out onto the roadways to block the advance which never came; instead the enemy was driven out by heavy shelling and aerial bombings. It was not long after the fall of the city that the people emerged from their caves to clean up after the destruction.

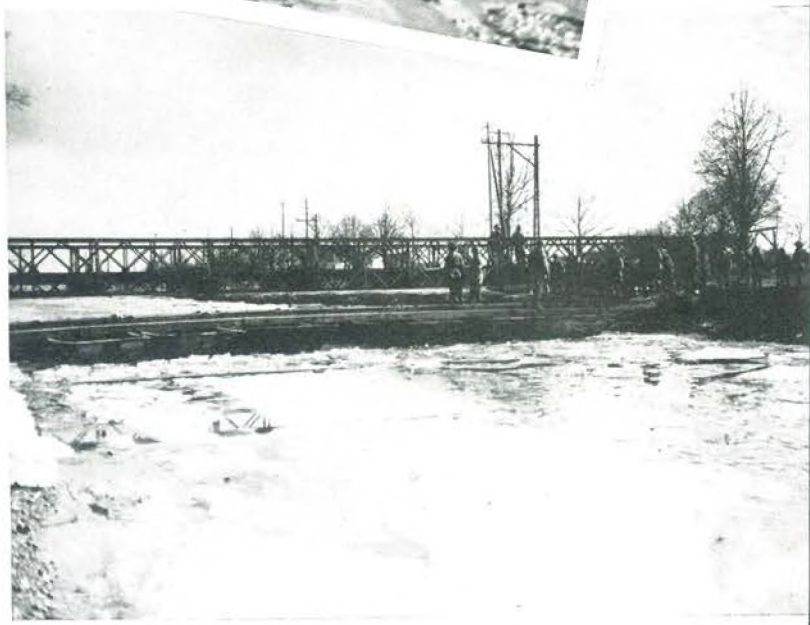


the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



The frightened enemy holed up in every conceivable place which afforded protection. Even this church was not immune to the falling bombs and shells which were to finally defeat the Germans, and drive them from their ancient historic fortress. This stronghold was razed almost completely but for the four walls.

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



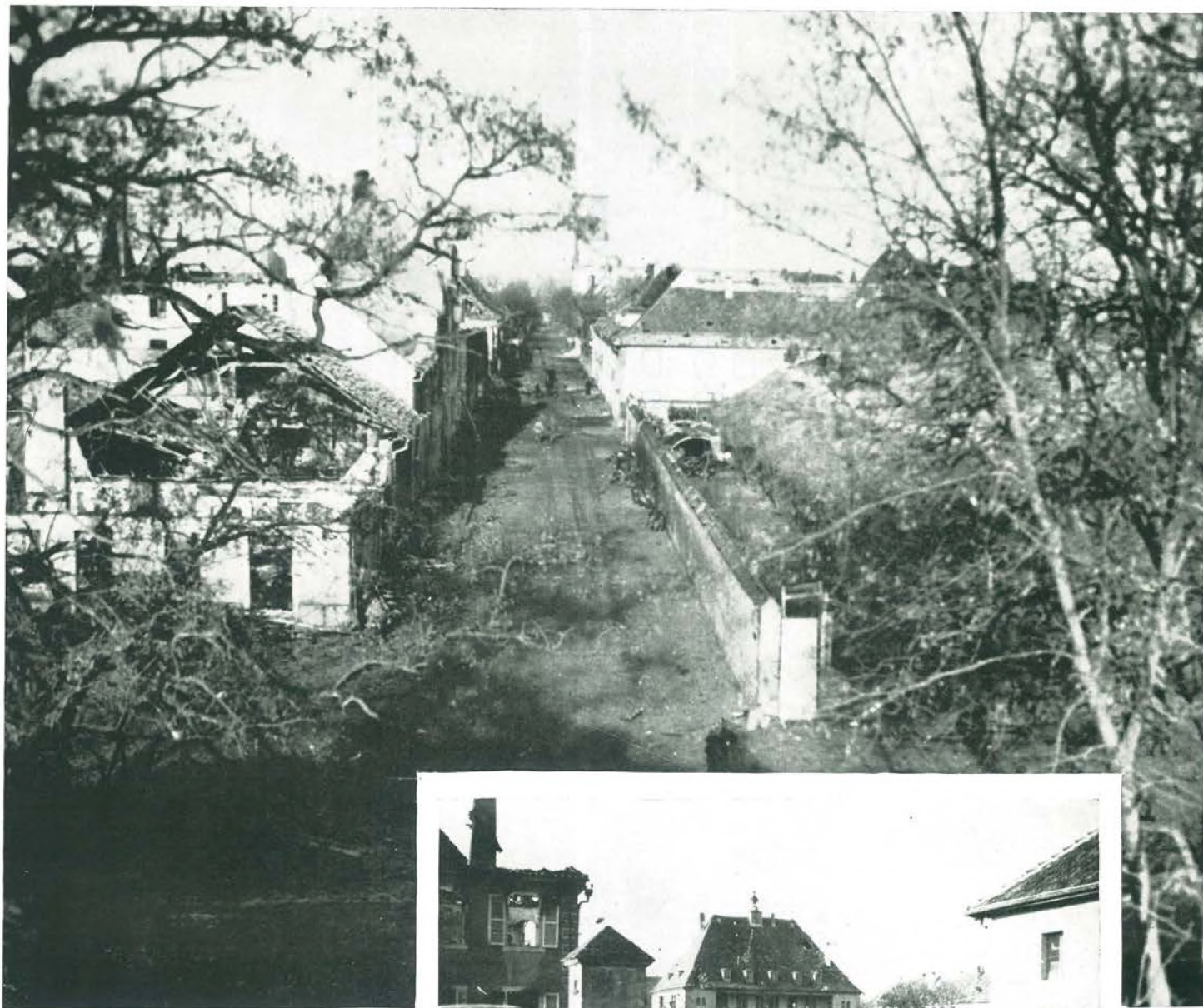
the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



The cleaning-up process was left to the inhabitants of the city, and as soon as the noise of the firing ceased the people were out on the streets fighting fires with their crude hand water pumps, removing the rubble, and neatly assembling what remained in order to begin what reconstruction was possible in the demolished city.



As the roof of destruction fell over the walled city of Neuf Brisach, the needs of the people rose, as did the needs of little folk all over Europe. There was no food, nor pots, nor stoves with which to cook it; no shoes or blankets, nor leather and wool to make them; no window glass, nor even walls in which to place it. Neuf Brisach was ravaged completely by the destruction of war, their needs were greater now than they had been during the enemy's reign of terror, and sadly enough, Neuf Brisach's counterpart was Europe.





IN THIS LITTLE GERMAN CHURCH, SUNDAY MORNING SERVICES ARE BEING HELD. WHEREVER THEY FOUND THEMSELVES GIs WERE ABLE TO ATTEND SERVICES



Wihr-en-Plaine...



DAY'S FIGHTING DONE:
TOWNS LIE HEAVY WITH
PAIN AND DESTRUCTION





Tired, combat-worn, doughboys march along roads in single file to relieve men occupying the foxholes on the line. From shoe-packs to overcoats they have learned to respect and care for those important pieces of equipment which are of most value to them while fighting desperately not only to kill, but to keep from being killed or contracting some illness which might put them out of action. The wet cold climate provided a perfect opening for pneumonia and trenchfoot.

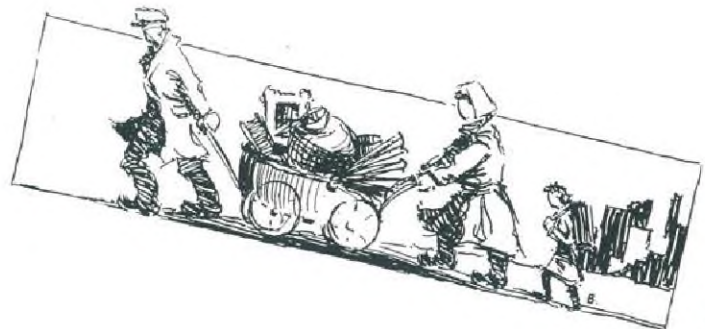


the seventy-fifth **75** *infantry division*



The little farming village of Wihr-en-Plaine heard much of the roar of the tremendous 240 MM guns which were trained on the enemy's routes of escape. Many of the villagers left during the fighting, but the aged remained behind to feed the livestock and care for the farms. The elders had priority on giving their lives to preserve the home.

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



THE GERMAN CIVILIAN DEAD SHARED THEIR RESTING PLACE WITH THEIR SOLDIERS, AND EVEN SOME OF OUR OWN HEROES



All that they have seen and done is no longer etched deeply into their faces, for now they are relaxed and at rest. The German torturers of the weak and captured, found death was the only reward.



Inundated fields, where dams were blown out or destroyed, were watery graves marked by floating timber and rubbish. Crops with which to feed the populace were completely destroyed and wasted. Soldiers will never forget the anxiety of the farmers coming home.





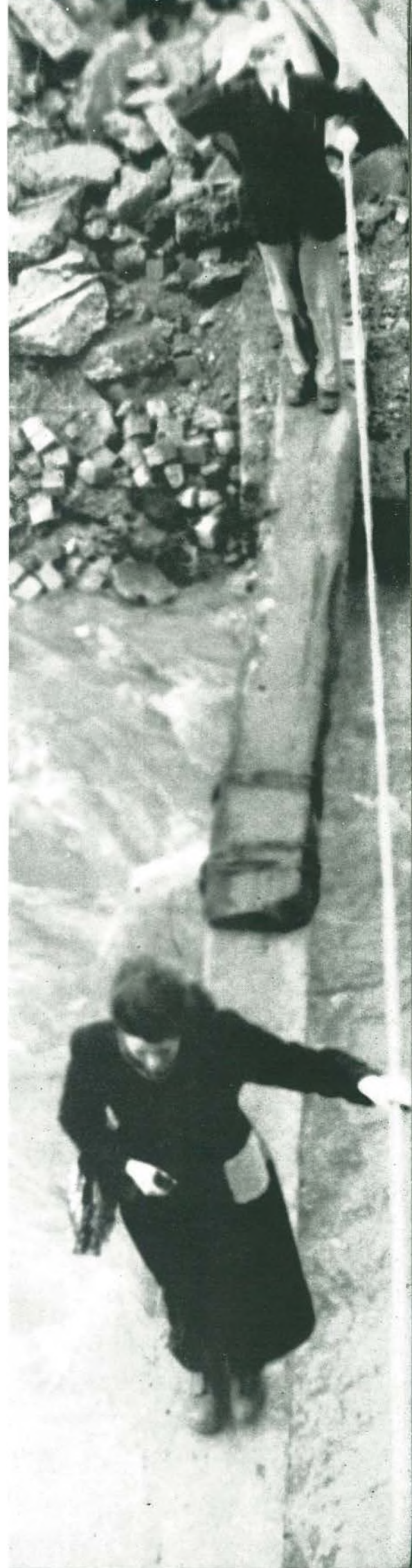


EVERY LAST MINE WAS
BLOWN TO STOP THE DRIVE





Returning people met the destruction they saw with grim determination. With every means of conveyance, horse drawn carts, dog carts, bicycles, wheelbarrows, and on foot, they pressed on from every direction. The going was hard, but it was homeward.



 BETREUUNGSDIENST DES HEERES DG I			
	Wehrmachtkommandantur	Kolmar	
	Verkehrs-Auskunft	Rufacherstraße 6	45km
⊕	Wehrmachtheim	Kolmar	
		Rufacherstraße 6	
⊕	Betreuungs-und Verpflegungsstelle	 Straßburg	67km.
		Hauptbahnhof	
⊕	Wehrmachtheim	 Straßburg	
		Finkmattstr. 7	
⊕	Wehrkreis-Auskunft Nebenstelle	Straßburg	
		Bahnhofplatz 14	
⊕	Betreuungs-und Verpflegungsstelle	 Mülhausen	48km
		Hauptbahnhof	
⊕	Wehrmachtheim	 Mülhausen	
		Kolmarerstr. 1	
⊕	Wehrm. Geldwechselstelle	Mülhausen	
		Hauptbahnhof	
⊕	Wehrkreis-Auskunft Nebenstelle	Mülhausen	
		Wildemannstr. 18	



The directory for the Germans in Harbourg tells the people where to find the Wehrmacht Commander in Colmar, and various placement bureaus of the party in the nearby cities and towns of importance. Pictured below is the main road into the town which was formerly blockaded with the standard type road block of logs deeply emplaced into the ground in two parallel rows with rocks and soil piled in between.





Appenwihr...



Appenwihr was the setting for relentless, crude, violent death and utter destruction beyond all shadow of the imagination. These pictures were taken some short hours after the battle, and strewn everywhere were charred bodies hopelessly tangled and torn by shrapnel and bullets. Mines were planted almost solidly throughout the fields and on the roads which were quickly taped off and cleared. It was the work of the Engineers to clear the roads of mines and debris of blown-out tanks.



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*

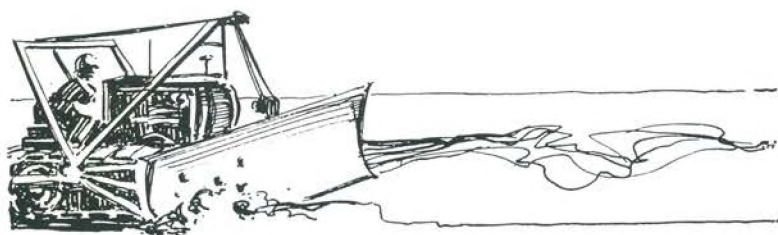


The entire town was leveled to shambles of wood and stone. Villagers smiled and the American youth stared in amazement at their placid attitude toward the holocaust which took their only claim to living. Soil was their only remaining hope.





Close to the scenes of action hot meals were a luxury, and high tension gave rise to hardy appetites. Men smiled and fought on admirably, eating when time and conditions permitted, skipping meals as well as sleep when necessary.



The Alsatians, after many long years of changing rule between the Germans and the French, were befuddled. They could not make up their minds whether or not they should like us. Of course as the victors in battle we were accepted, but only as such and not as liberators. Their lot was an unhappy one and their loyalty knew no shelter.



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*

PRISONERS CONTINUED TO LINE THE ROADS WHERE DEATH STALKED AS A RESULT OF THEIR AGGRESSION



DEATH DID NOT SEGREGATE ENEMIES. IN COMMON SILENCE, SIDE BY SIDE, LAY GERMAN AND AMERICAN. THE LIVING DROVE ON WITH HEARTS FULL FOR THOSE ALONG THE ROADSIDE



the seventy-fifth **75** *infantry division*



ANDELSHEIM, IN THE NEAR VICINITY, SAW HARD FIGHTING INFLICTED BY ARMOR, MEN, AND MINES



BEAL

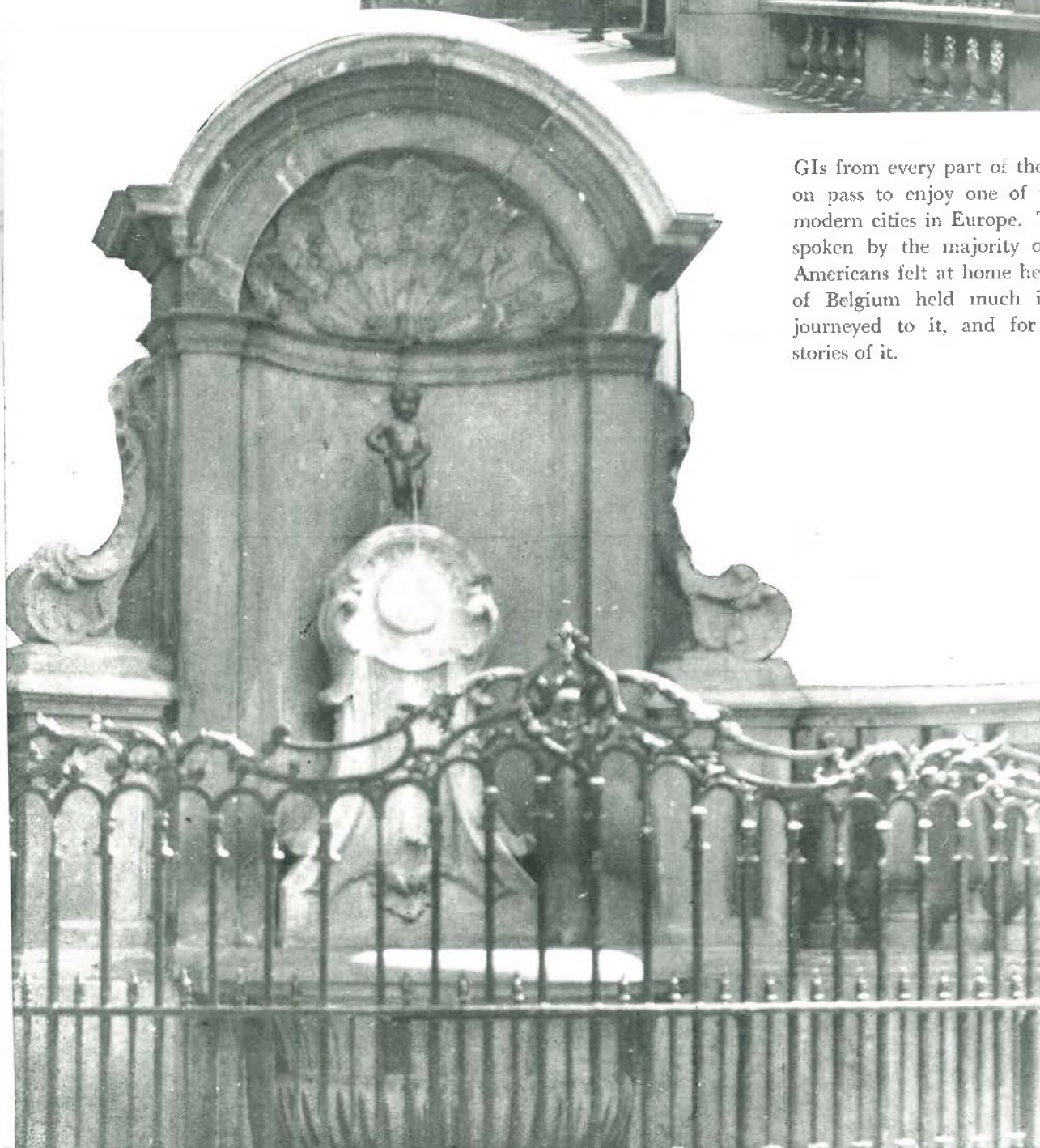




the seventy-fifth **75** *infantry division*



GIs from every part of the ETO came to Brussels on pass to enjoy one of the most beautiful and modern cities in Europe. The English language is spoken by the majority of the natives, and the Americans felt at home here. The famous capital of Belgium held much interest for those who journeyed to it, and for those who heard the stories of it.





Brussels...





Massive architectural beauty impressed the visiting American soldiers on pass in the lively city of Brussels. The dated statuary and design of the buildings surpassed our expectations.





Charleroi is typical of the many large thriving cities of Belgium, and through the medium of the American soldier, stories of the hospitality of its people have been spread to far reaching places in two hemispheres. Never did a convoy stop but to be greeted by smiling friendly folk offering their best "vin blanc" to the heroic young men who gave up the peace of their homes to free a people from the clutches of fanatical Nazi hordes and their evil collaborator, who has since been rooted out and capitally dealt with. To mete out severe treatment was not difficult for the Belgians of Charleroi, for in this war as in the last World War, they have suffered the ravages of a merciless enemy. What was true concerning the cruelty of the Germans elsewhere, was true in Charleroi. A city of tall, unique buildings, glass brick, true modernistic design, and culture, it received its share of destruction. Ideally located, Charleroi was the hub through which passed the many divisions leaving assembly areas before being committed to the line.





CHARLE ROI
B E L G I U M

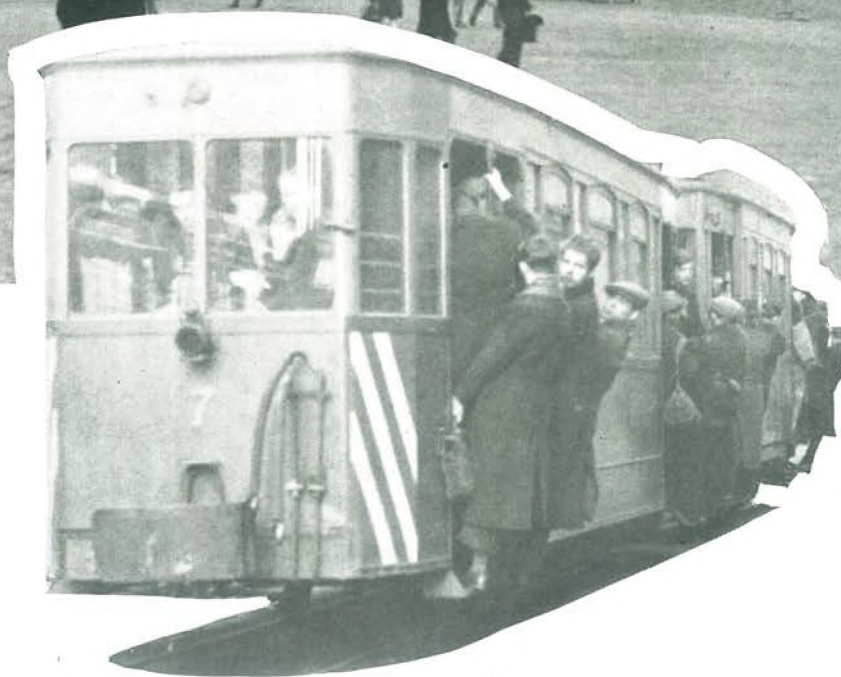


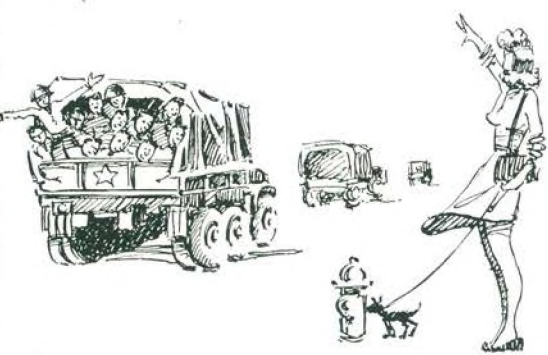
The industrial sections as well as the shopping districts of Charleroi are humming and filled with people hurrying about their individual tasks throughout the day. Men who were stationed here in rear area quarter-master units or general hospitals made use of their favorable positions to utilize service clubs, Red Cross establishments, and similar conveniences.





The buzzing sound of factory and mill operations, the clanging and screeching of trolley cars, the hub-bub of people scurrying about, could easily be mistaken for one of our own prosperous little cities in America. This is Charleroi, with its cobblestone streets and alleyways making interesting patterns over which hundreds of people each day hurry back and forth. Crowded street cars are exciting as men and women going to work hang carelessly out over the side of the little, old, rickety, cars, sometimes hitched double fashion, as they go careening down steep hills, around sharp corners, and up narrow side lanes where children run screaming out of the way on to the sidewalks. Things are very much alive where death once hung heavily







Salmchateau...

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



WE CAN MAKE NO PLANS FOR A FUTURE WHICH DOES NOT REMEMBER HIS PART IN THE STRUGGLE FOR RIGHT . . .

the seventy-fifth **75** *infantry division*

The damage resulting from shellfire and enemy mines was extensive. Blasted bridge work necessitated the carrying of heavy equipment up to the closest point where it could be handled and assembled quickly. Vehicles took the brunt of German mining and shellfire at bridge sites where men worked feverishly to complete jobs at H-hour, thus enabling assault troops to advance effectively. The 2½-ton truck in the upper picture was damaged by shellfire; the jeep below struck a land mine and was almost completely destroyed.



For those men who were fighting in Belgium toward St. Vith, these scenes of Salmchateau will be grim reminders of the struggle through the surrounding woods and forests of the town. However, with this they may remember more pleasant times spent with the returning townspeople who were extremely kind. What little they had, was offered in token of their devotion to the soldier who came to free them from the evil grip of their German subjugators.



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



SALMCHATEAU WAS ENCIRCLED BY HIGH WOODED HILLS IN WHICH WERE FIRMLY ENTRENCHED THE DEFENDING ENEMY TROOPS



At Salmchateau this single-double Bailey bridge was constructed at night under concentrated shell-fire by the enemy. Except for vehicles and equipment, losses were slight and the work was completed according to schedule.



Lineups of German prisoners for interrogation at PW cages were to be found almost everywhere. Soon the catch became so great that it was difficult to find adequate space to house all of the captives during the course of a day.





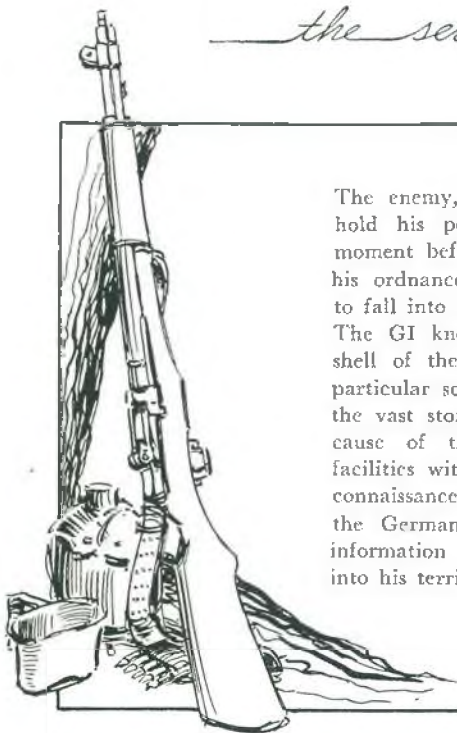
MANGLED HUMAN REMNANTS AND GERMAN CAPTIVES

Dismembered, frozen flesh and bones are piled in evidence of human degradation. Battle-hardened men grimaced at this gripping sight on the highway from Vielsalm to Salmschateau. The memory of scenes like this which we saw and review now, will haunt us for years, and should make clear to us forever what our aim for the future shall be. . . .

"Dead men have indeed died in vain if living men refuse to look at them." Americans can no longer believe that the horror stories of this war were propaganda; the stories of pain and death must, and shall, be brought home by those who stood by it, and were a part of it. Upon what we do in relation to those Germans who propagated the crime of war, depends the possibility of lasting peace.



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



The enemy, in a desperate attempt to hold his position until the very last moment before retreating, left much of his ordnance and artillery ammunition to fall into the hands of the Americans. The GI knew well the famed 88-mm. shell of the Germans, not only by its particular sound in the air, but also by the vast stores of them left behind because of the lack of transportation facilities with which to cart them. Reconnaissance patrols often found that the German was alert and ready for information seeking parties venturing into his territory.





Grand Hallen...



Even in waste, this burning house serves to accommodate painfully-cold, weary GIs near Grand Halleux. It was impossible to keep warm without fire, and in the dark of night the enemy took advantage of the slightest pin-point of light to test the accuracy of his high velocity guns.



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*

Often only charred foundations were to be found, and they hardly as much as changed the direction of the swirling winds. A roof was a luxury; a roof and four walls were elegance. . . .





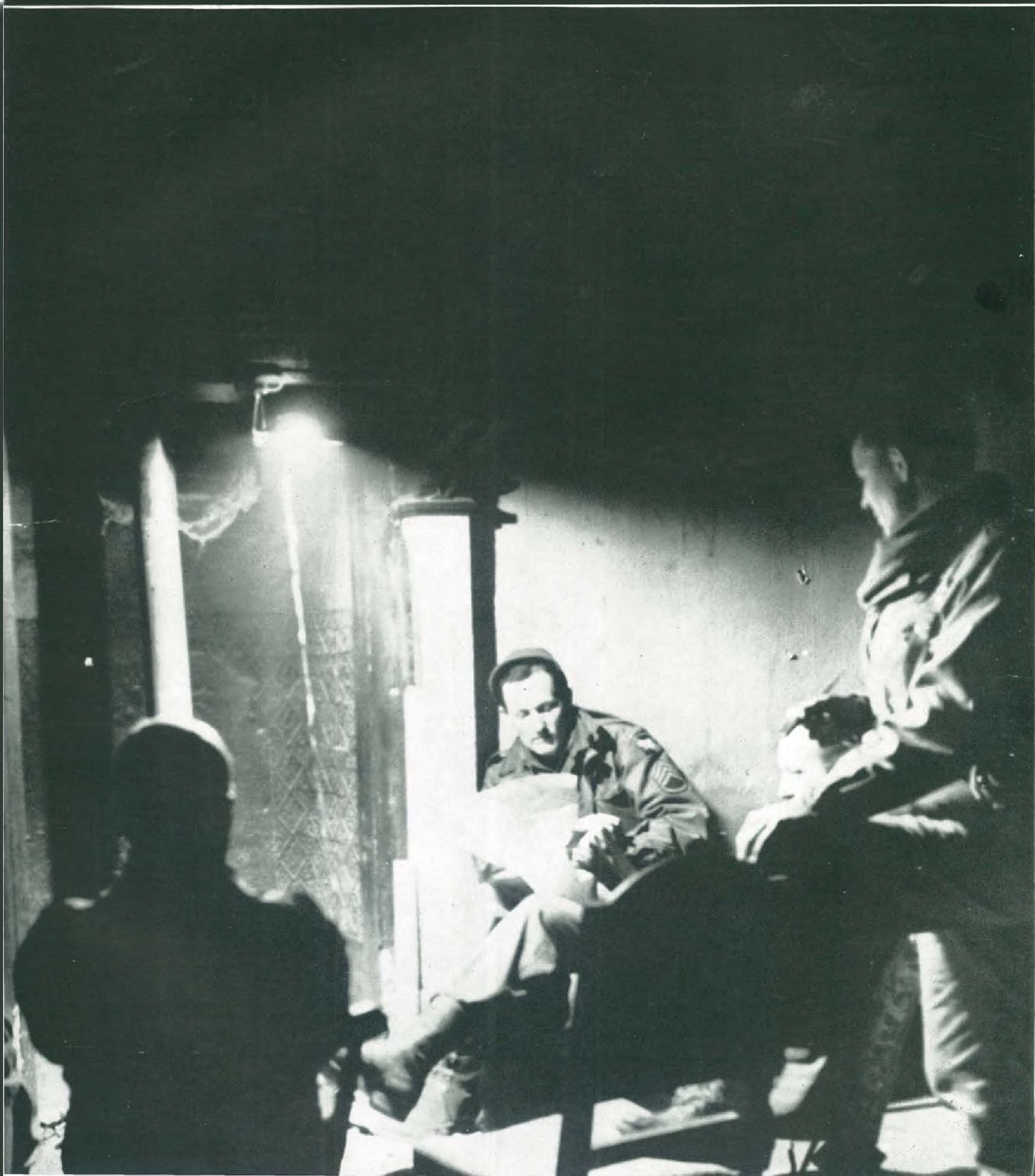
The townspeople fled to the hills and lived in caves until the small arms fire subsided; then they returned to count the damage, which was extensive, and to rebuild. With them came more troops to take up positions under the direct observation of the hard-pressed, but still battling enemy. On ridge tops throughout the densely wooded areas, the German took up the defense of his very life in the face of great odds. Supplies were low, his transportation was hampered for the lack of fuel with which to carry on, and he took recourse in the artifice of deceiving the Americans as to the number of troops which were defending against the speedy onslaught.

The Yanks however, felt the sting of the cornered Jerry, for he had just enough artillery and mortars to retain face and German mines and booby-traps were to be found everywhere. On January 18, the engineer companies were set to the task of deactivating these hazards throughout the town and in the Division sector.



VIELSALM

B E L G I U M



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



At the CP, the staff, and assistants, spend a few quiet moments during a lull in activities. Although the soldier's mind was never relaxed to the point where he could forget completely the role that he was playing here, outside reading material and talk of home helped ease the tension and strain.

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



Letter writing to the wives, families, and sweethearts never stopped—mortar shells and bombs, rain, heat, cold, come what might, soldiers wrote continually. It was often difficult for there were times when concealing anxiety and discomfort, was impossible, but keeping the loved ones at home content was all important.



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



Long after the American soldier has returned to his home and is forgetting the past that he may make the future of his planning a reality, the ravaged countries of Europe will be rebuilding and clearing away the wreckage of a war fought to make man free.



the seventy-fifth **75** *infantry division*



As the Americans drove the enemy back and liberated towns and villages in their wake, the people with little of their original belongings, returned to stand transfixed before the scenes which greeted them. Their expressions were not pleasant to witness—their distress pathetic.

SUPERMEN . . .

These are the men who were to follow their leader to a world victory; to a crushing of minority races and peoples; to the building of a powerful fatherland of supermen. . . .

What have they to say now? Only that they were misled, that they were fed untruths to the extent that they became ruthless savages with cruel weapons of destruction to be used against the bare fists of the helpless people they victimized.



CAPTURED GERMAN PRISONER WITH DETAIL SKETCHES, LEADS ENGINEERS TO ENEMY MINE FIELD FOR REMOVAL



VIELSALM'S NORTHERN VERANDA WAS COVERED WITH HEAVY DRIFTING SNOWS

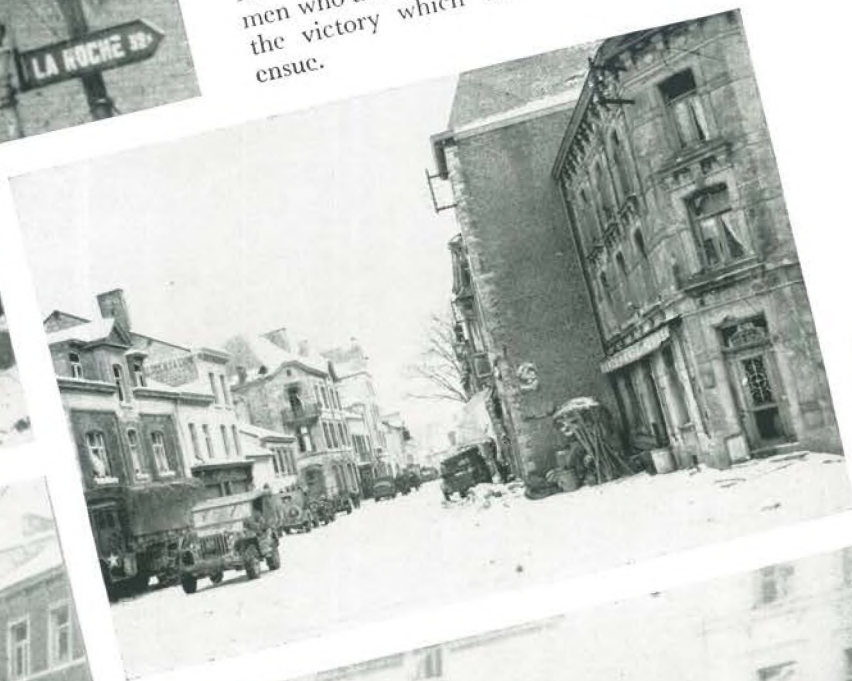
There was no time for ado about trifles, for here there was a job to be done. Men did not have the time to die here . . . there was a genuine need for opening the way for the fast-moving victors. Men and equipment had to be protected through terrain well-known to the enemy.

CARE AND CERTAINTY WHEN CHECKING MINE FIELDS WAS IMPERATIVE





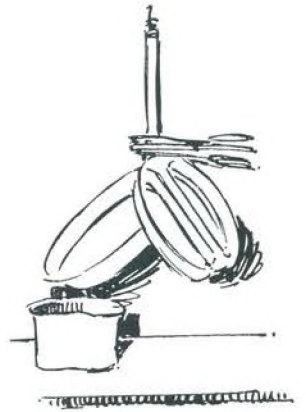
Wrack and ruin were soon taken to be the accepted scenic display by the American GI who, in peacetime, lived in a world, for the most part, of quiet occupation. Men who formerly shuddered at violence and destruction, merely passed off such things as they saw in Vietsalm lightly as though it was their heritage. Those men who cracked under the affects, did not wait until this phase of the game, but found the end of their ability to endure the rigors earlier in the campaign; those men who could withstand the ill effects on the mind and body were those men who accepted calmly, yet joyously, the victory which was ultimately to ensue.



It was in Vielsalm that we first saw German prisoners brought in in such great numbers. Many of the captives who marched this main highway through the town had long since gained a very hearty respect for the red, white and blue of the 75th Division patch. They were not only rooted from the vicinity swiftly with tremendous losses, but even their plan for leaving the town booby-trapped in their wake fell through due to the careful and noteworthy job of the Engineers who deactivated mines and anti-personnel charges to insure the safe advance of our troops. Vielsalm will be remembered as a jump-off landmark for those troops who struck out across open country to take St. Vith to the East.



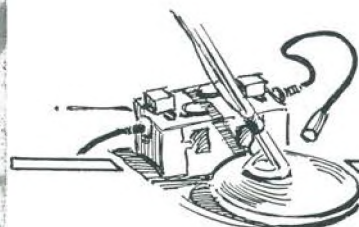
the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*





Arbrefontaine...

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



Although Tellermines and S-mines still predominated in German land-mine warfare, the trend later, was toward weapons which were cheaper to make and more difficult to detect. Glass, wood, plastic, and clay were replacing metal wherever it was possible. It was with the standard electronic type of mine detector however, that most of the work of mine removal was done. Upon the efficiency of the equipment, and accuracy with which adjustments were made, depended the safety of our men. The heavy snows hampered the work and increased the danger factor, but the difficulties were dealt with and the job well done. Dry, white snow crunched under foot as men slowly and cautiously labored to gain ground.

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



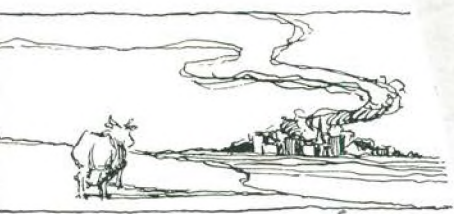
One company of Engineers had their headquarters here for some time before they accidentally discovered a mine field just outside of their home at the corner of the road and the main highway through the sector. Home was certainly never like this. . . . Many of the men simply remarked that they were " . . . just doing some work around the house," however, it was risky business and they felt relieved and free to retire again when the many mines were carefully removed.



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



After having been struck by shrapnel, this cow wandered dazedly across the field and died with its head up and horn hooked carefully through the barbed-wire fence, where she once used to scratch her coat while grazing.



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



THE SNOW FELL ON THE INSIDE OF MUCH OF THIS ONCE SPACIOUS HOME NEAR ARBREFONTAINE WHERE ONE COMPANY OF ENGINEERS WAS BILLETED
 BOARDERS EXHIBIT THEIR FRIENDLY APPRECIATION—EN MASSE

CO-OWNERS OF THE DAMAGED DWELLING ABOVE POSE GRACIOUSLY



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*





Commanster...

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



THIS BULLDOZER WAS IN ITS ELEMENT, FOR THIS KIND OF WORK WAS TO BE FOUND OFTEN. UNDER THE SNOW WAS THE EARTH'S FROZEN CRUST



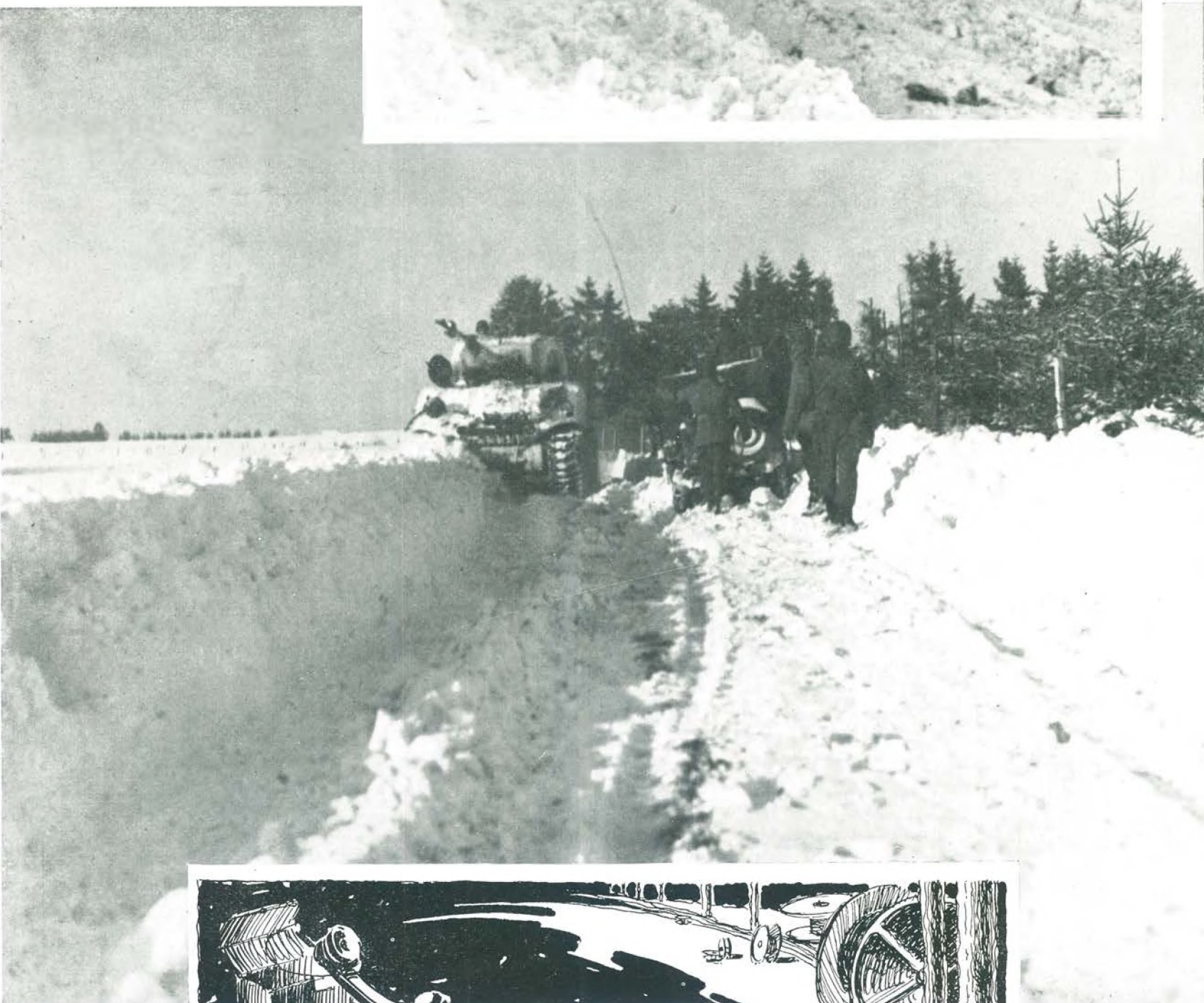
CRYSTAL AIR OVER SILVER, SNOWY DEPTHS

To skiers this kind of snow is called "dry powder," and they know that for the next day or two the skiing will be wonderful. But to the GI it means only that it is necessary to keep his "powder dry," and that for the next week or two he must drive his way through high drifts of snow which will pack soon to icy layers, and finally melt down to slush and mud.



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*

Night and day the unbroken chain of messages by wire and radio made the synchronization of operations possible. Out in the open snow-covered fields, it was difficult to maintain wire which was subjected to steel tank tracks, and skidding, straining jeep wheels.



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



BULLDOZERS HAD THE JOB OF CLEARING THE SNOW SO THAT ROADS COULD BE IMPROVISED

The show began with the opening of roadways by bulldozers and hand shoveling to uncover the advance of armor followed by foot troops into enemy territory. The work was gruelling and time was of the essence, but it had to be done on time for the coordination of the action. Men wore snow camouflage suits for the background was suited to them perfectly in the daylight as well as in the night.



TYPICAL CLEARED ROAD WITH SNOW BANKED HIGH

THE INFANTRY MOVES UP TO TAKE NEW POSITIONS

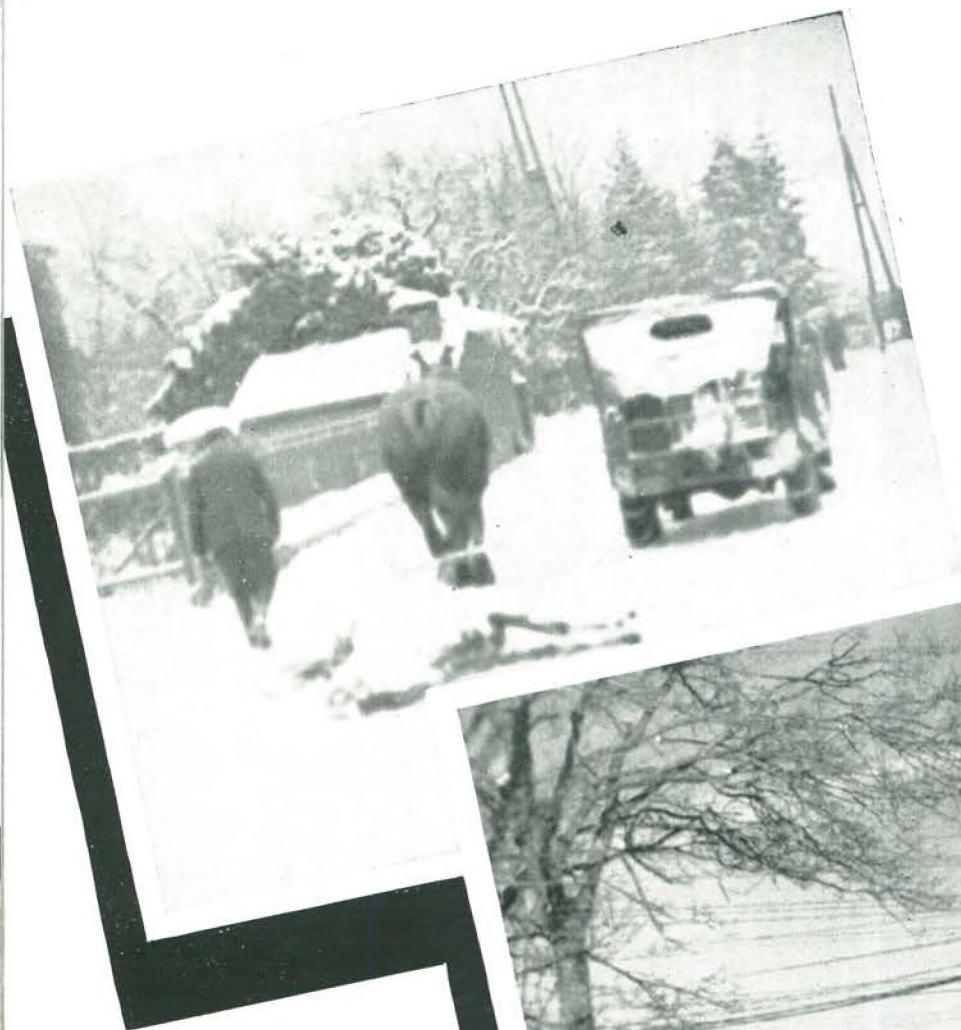


PRISONERS ARE HERDED TO AN ENCLOSURE FOR QUESTIONING





Coronne...



ANIMALS FELL INNOCENT VICTIMS TO
 THE FLYING MISSILES OF DESTRUCTION
 AND DEATH.
 VEHICLES, COMMUNICATION WIRE,
 AND MEN WERE EVERYWHERE ALONG
 THE MAIN ROUTES.



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



Enemy tanks were huge and efficient, but American spirit and equipment were molded into indomitability. Death for German tankers was always quick and untidy. . . .



THE FLASH OF THE ACETYLENE WELDER DREW FIRE, BUT THE MEN TOILED ON



COMMAND POST AT GORONNE



The Ardennes Forest has often been spoken of as a jigsaw puzzle, and although as such it fits together well enough cartographically, tactically each hill and wooded area can be considered a distinct military problem. Pockets of resistance were to be found everywhere, and always the enemy, in his well prepared defensive positions, held command views of our activities as we advanced rooting them out. In their retreat the enemy left many mines, anti-tank and anti-personnel, in an effort to give them time to prepare their defense. Along narrow mountain passes, through densely thicketed areas, the Germans constructed formidable road blocks; but the efficiency of the Engineer teams was undaunted, and our troops ever marched on to engage the enemy for many days and night of hard, continuous fighting. The severity of the cold and snow was difficult to cope with; many tanks slipped off of the narrow roadways cutting communication lines as well as slowing up traffic which was constantly forging ahead. This is not a complete story, but for us the pictures on the following pages might buzz some old memories perhaps not too serious to enjoy.



THE ARDENNES

B E L G I U M





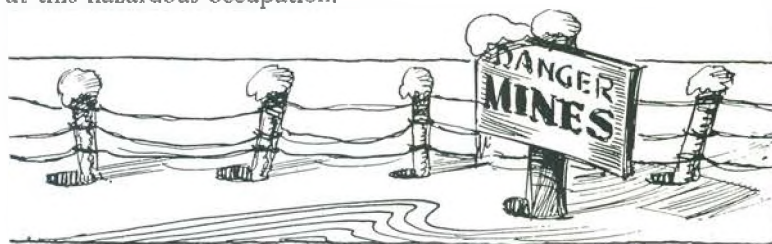
The deep snows drifted over all roads leading to the front lines for many miles, and the supply trucks could only go so far. Wire teams had to work on foot in order to get the nerve center of the operation into immediate action. It was here with a bridge out, that it was necessary for the infantry to send back squads of men to bring up food and munitions. A non-com in charge of one of these squads returning from the front was asked what he wanted to take back as most essential, rations or ammunition. The reply came after a moment of quick deliberation, "Sir, we got a few rounds left but the important thing is that we're hungry. If we run out of lead we'll bayonet 'em, that ain't worryin' us."



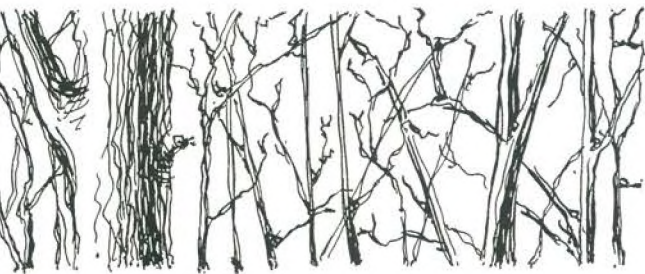
the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



It may seem odd, but regardless of the care taken by the German mine-layer, a sixth sense could almost, if not definitely, give away the probable position of a mine field. Somehow there was a certain cloud which hovered over mined areas; a mysterious, gloomy atmosphere which said, "Danger, Mines." The heavy snow could neither set off the charges nor could it adequately hide the tell-tale haze, conveying much information to the intuition of the mine-sweeper at work. Intuition and experience was not all that was required however, for only highly efficient, technically radio-active detectors, could insure one's safety at this hazardous occupation.



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LIGHT AMERICAN TANK WAITS FOR ASSIGNMENT OUTSIDE ITS HEADQUARTERS NOT VERY FAR FROM THE FRONT

In the snow our dark tanks would show up readily to the waiting enemy, and so, often they were whitewashed to run cover for advancing infantry troops. Few light tanks were to be found since the new heavies with the 90-mm. cannon began to appear in scores. Heretofore the German Tiger class armor was almost invincible, but the new gun soon made the situation look grave to the enemy.



"THIS ROAD WAS UNDER CONSTANT HEAVY SHELL FIRE

As assault troops moved up along the snow-covered roads behind the armor, the German, who often had command views of the advance from surrounding hills, lobbed shells down on them incessantly. However, in spite of many tanks which could not escape the enemy fire, the men of flesh and the men of steel plowed on, for to stop would mean increased opportunity for Jerry to gain accuracy and a resultant higher casualty rate, thus slowing up the drive. There was but one aim; beat the enemy back until he had to fire from holes in the ground, and then slaughter him in his hole.

TOP: NOTHING COULD BE DONE FOR TANKS ALREADY OUT OF ACTION
 CENTER: THE REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS CP WAS ALWAYS A BEE HIVE
 BOTTOM: TANKS CAUTIOUSLY GUARDED MAIN ROADS FROM THE FRONT

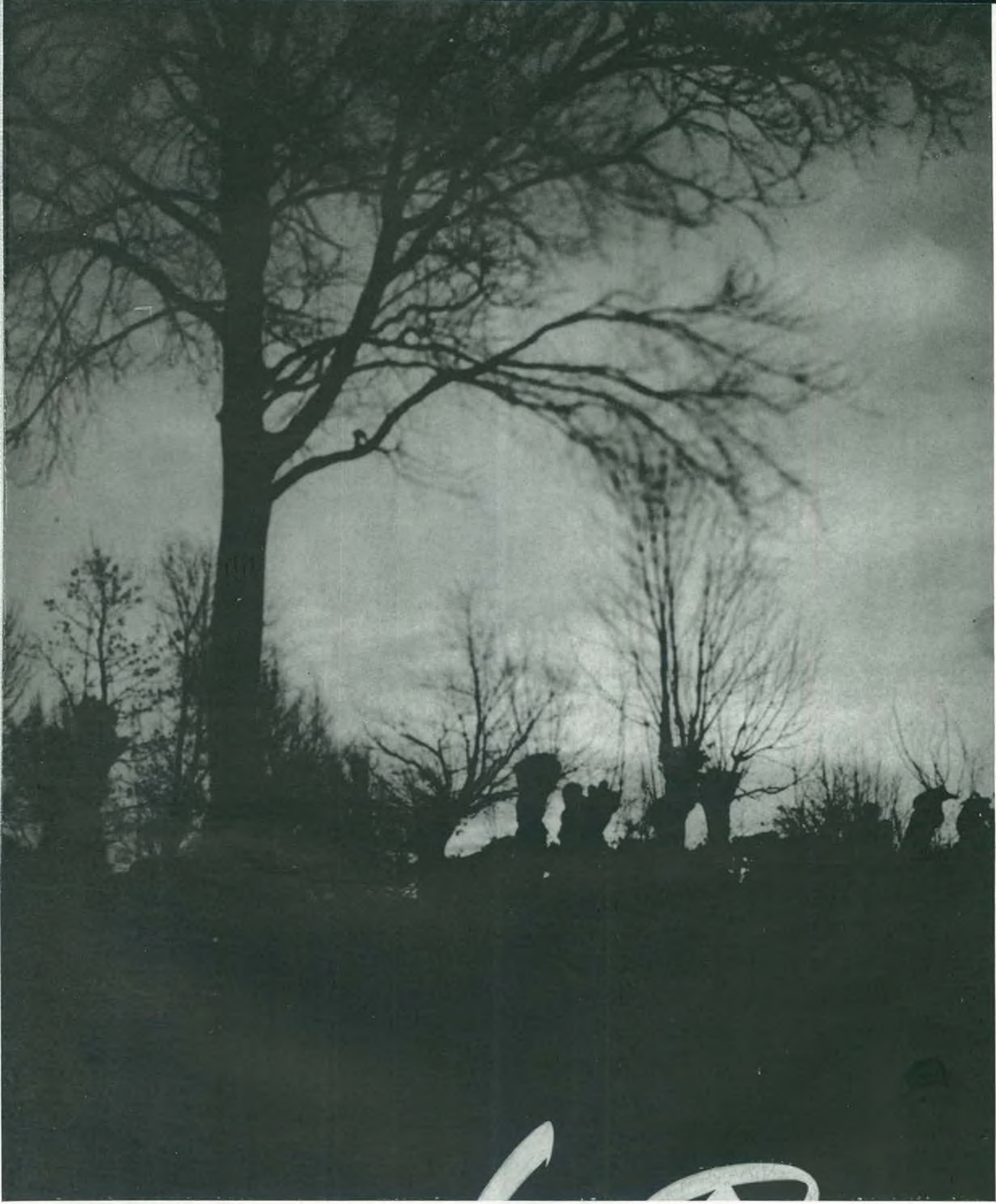


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These men, with what can be considered one of the most essential jobs in supporting the defeat of the enemy, did not have to be reminded of their stake in keeping an entire division supplied with clear, pure, drinking water. They lived almost independently off by themselves wherever they could find a stream or river suitable to the need of the outfits in the sector they were to serve. Day and night the equipment operated, for just as the infantryman fought on, so did the men of the water-points do their part to keep men fighting. Each man took his turn cooking, guarding the post, and purifying water. Ever part of the tremendous team, they will share in the praise which is their due.





La Reia...



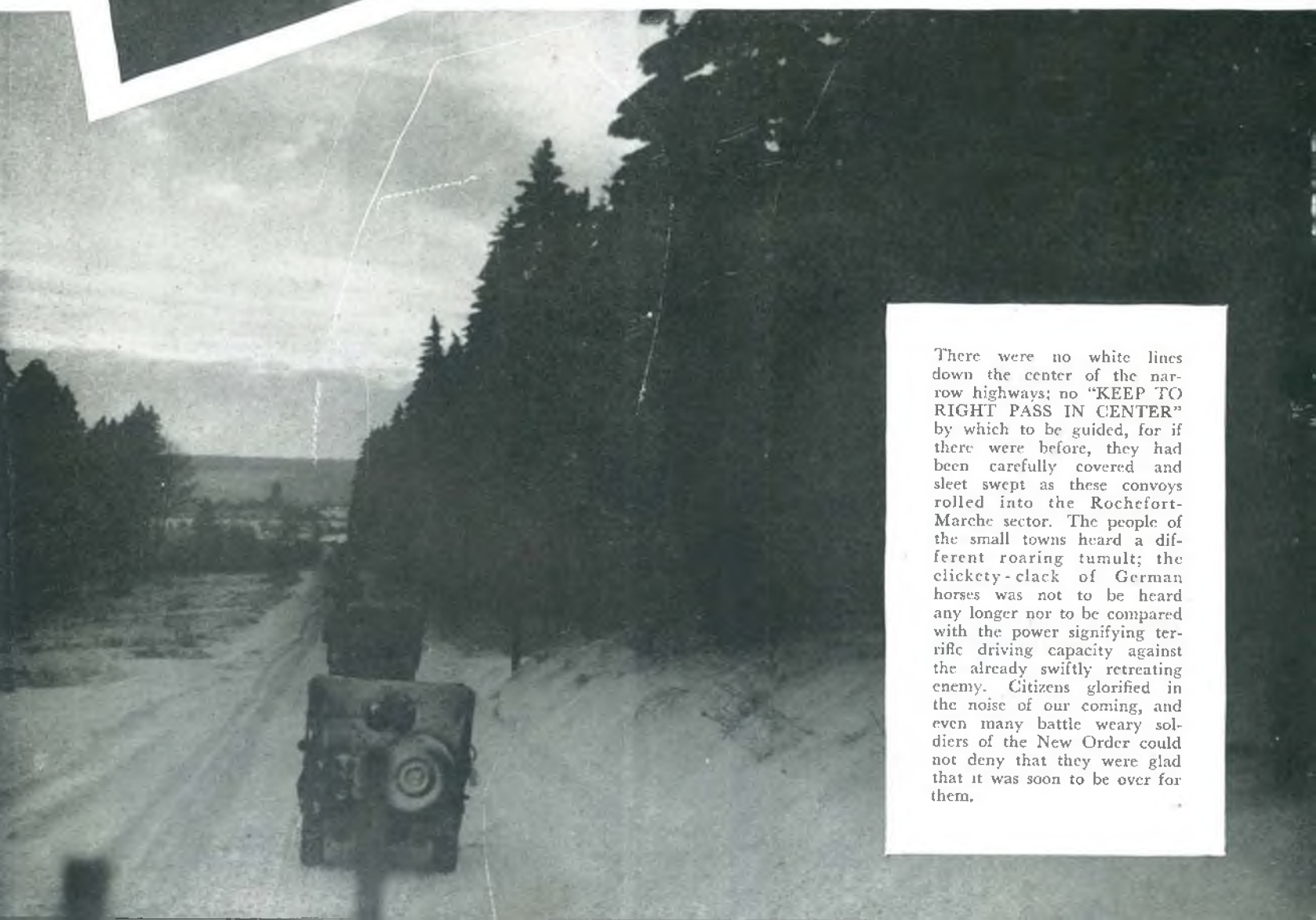
THIS IS NOT A SCENE OF VIOLENCE BUT IT COULD WELL BE . . . IT ALMOST WAS
JUST OUTSIDE THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF LA REID



There were certain basic functions which, despite the extremely low temperatures, had to be carried on during combat. Both necessary personal hygiene, and the maintenance of equipment were equally vital to the great effort and our ultimately victorious goal. Barbers were not always available and so the men took it upon themselves to "shear the sheep," and that is exactly what they did. Besides the fact that social activities were dormant, the weather was such that seldom did one bare his head for any reason and expose himself to the vicious biting winds. The diligent barber above began by wearing woolen gloves, but soon, due to the complaints of the customer, was forced to remove them in the hope of sparing the brave sitter bloodshed.

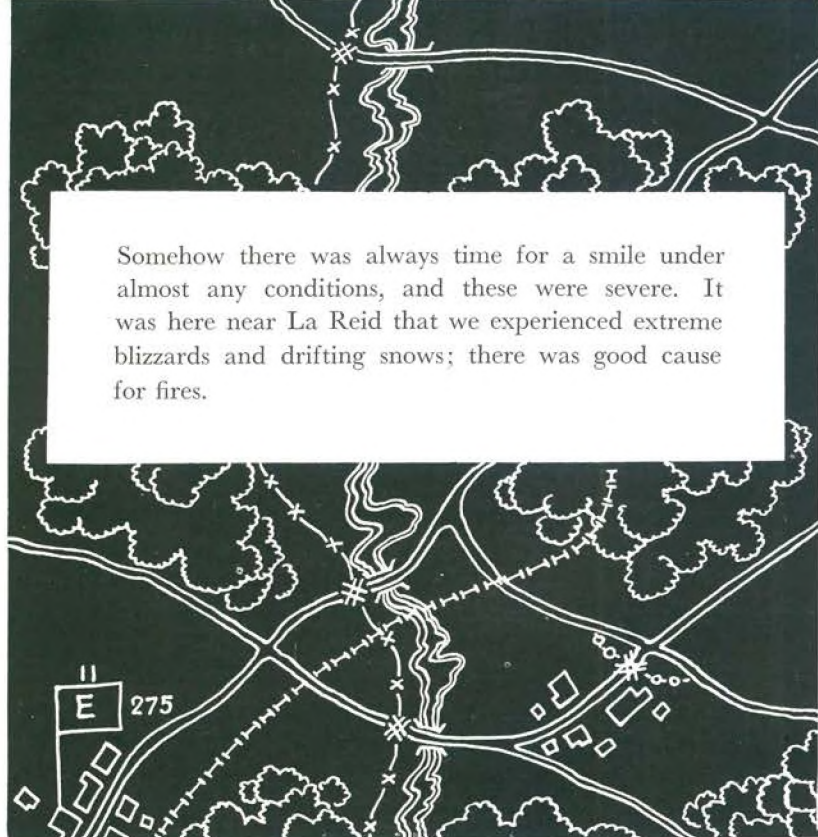


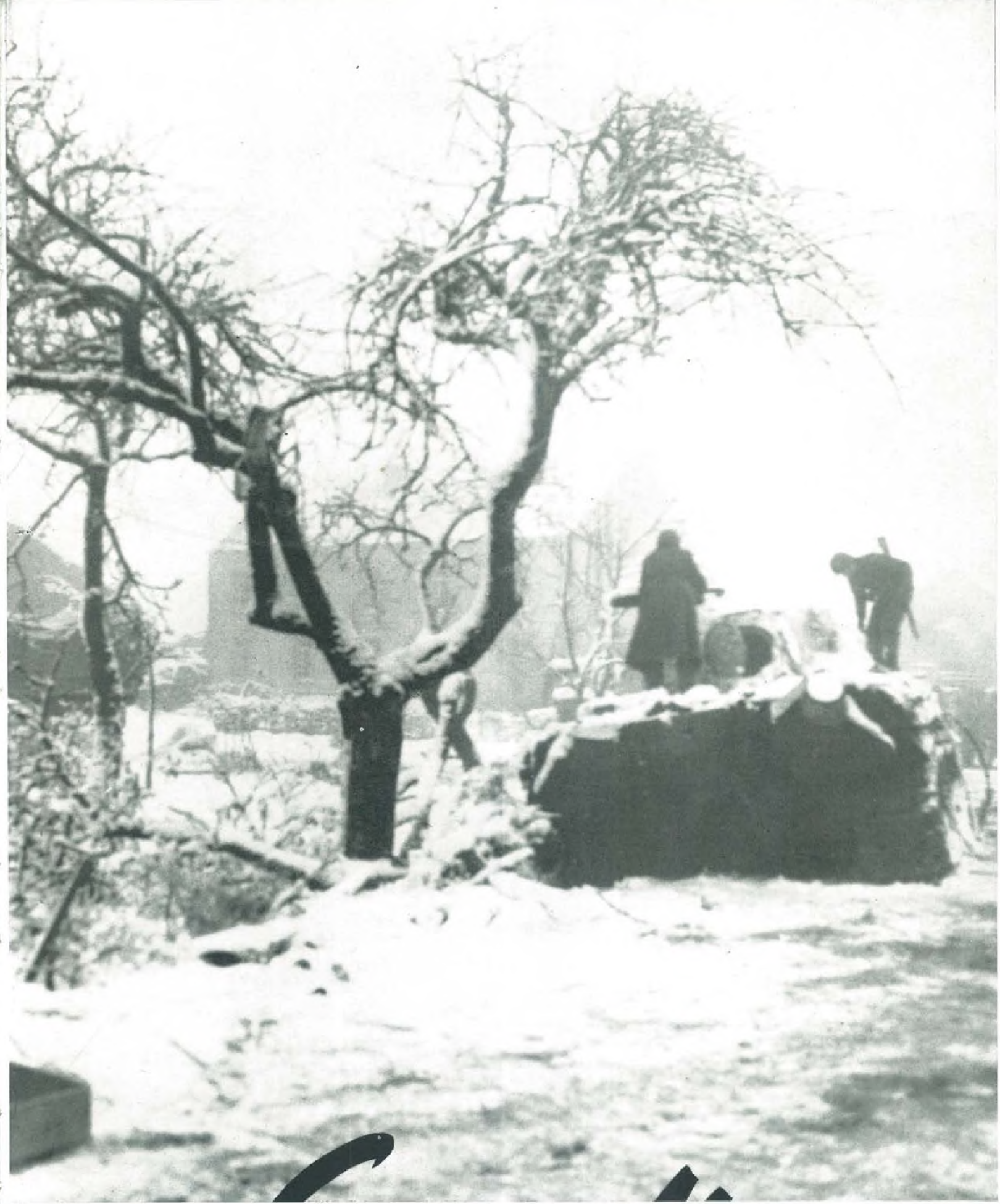
STOVES HELPED TO WARM HANDS
UNDER FROZEN GREASE AND GRIME



There were no white lines down the center of the narrow highways; no "KEEP TO RIGHT PASS IN CENTER" by which to be guided, for if there were before, they had been carefully covered and sleet swept as these convoys rolled into the Rochefort-Marche sector. The people of the small towns heard a different roaring tumult; the clickety-clack of German horses was not to be heard any longer nor to be compared with the power signifying terrific driving capacity against the already swiftly retreating enemy. Citizens glorified in the noise of our coming, and even many battle weary soldiers of the New Order could not deny that they were glad that it was soon to be over for them.

Somehow there was always time for a smile under almost any conditions, and these were severe. It was here near La Reid that we experienced extreme blizzards and drifting snows; there was good cause for fires.





Grand Menil...

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



**THE TEAM HARNESSSED FOR VICTORY
...MAN, MACHINE, AND A PLAN**



THE SACROSANCT VEIL

Beauty was difficult to appreciate with danger lurking behind the shadow of every falling snowflake . . . Grand Menil. Along once lovely tree shaded lanes only rubble and steel blasted into wreckage remain to bear witness to what has gone before.







COLD SILENCE FOLLOWED THE STRUGGLE

Grand Menil will ring a solemn note for many as the first of the fighting began in sub-zero snowy weather, which, under different circumstances, might have imparted the genuine spirit of Christmas. Raw men left Yuletide activities behind to exhibit outstanding combat ability during all night fighting in order, perhaps, to make the next year's season more festive. The snow fell constantly, and at dawn began to settle on what remained of a German tracked vehicle which had not long since cooled from the fire of battle which enveloped it. Mortar blackened spots in the snow and on the scarred highways served to indicate that all roads led to bitter struggles at Grand Menil, Manhay, and Erezee.



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



WE WERE WELCOME TO THE COMFORTS OF SOME LOVELY HOME

Our heavy artillery was so well camouflaged in and about the low hills at Les Aunis that it was difficult, even for us, to locate their position. It was not long however, before they made their presence conspicuous; the quiet was soon transmuted into a truculent pounding which shook and shattered everything for miles with a crisp sharpness never to be forgotten. There were guards everywhere, for it was here that the danger of a breakthrough was contemplated—it never came, but not to be thwarted "Bed-check Charlie" was assigned to a mission here only to return to his base unglorified.



TANKS DETERMINEDLY DROVE THEIR WAY OUT OF ENCIRCLEMENT

THE KITCHEN WAS VITAL; NEATLY NETTED AND TUCKED AWAY

the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



DAY AND NIGHT, PLANNING NEVER CEASED
AND TALK



BLACKED OUT IN THE EVENING FOR A BIT OF RELAXATION



the seventy-fifth **75** *infantry division*



Chardeneaux was a peaceful little village, where the people went quietly about the simple farming tasks disregarding the constant, mid-winter rains and sleet. The sun shone through and the villagers looked up and took notice, for it was then they came . . . heavy ones, medium ones, some with two engines and some with four, but all glistening silver streaks across the crisp, blue sky—a tangible answer to prayers for deliverance.



German snipers remained behind in an effort to avenge this knocked out Tiger Tank, but alert infantrymen with bayonets fixed soon made scenes like this commonplace.

Man's memory is made of an elastic material, for if it were not, pictures like this in the midst of violence and sudden death, might have made the picture of the future seem too far away. The smallest villages in Belgium were haloed by church spires which stood as epitaphs of their once peaceful way of life. Often these edifices were damaged, but never beyond recognition. Even the ruins tolled a hallowed note which caused men to look solemnly back over their shoulders as they passed. What could be more fitting to the American fighting man in answer to his question—"Why am I fighting?"



EXISTING CONDITIONS WERE RARELY FAVORABLE



FAMILIAR LANDMARK AT BARVAUX, BELGIUM



the seventy fifth **75** *infantry division*



THE INCONGRUITY OF THIS PICTURE SERVES ONLY TO TELL OF THE FUTILITY OF WAR AND THE NECESSITY FOR THE AVOIDANCE OF FUTURE WARS

*It matters not how straight the gate
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the Master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul."*

"INVICTUS"—By WILLIAM HENLY

11.8. Infantry. 75th division
T.A.R.

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