

army says such things are necessary to maintain proper discipline; so we do it and say nothing.

October 2 rolled around. It was a find day. I felt in my bones that the time had come, and it had.

The saturation bombing that we had hoped would do so much good was rather a disappointment to us. The First Battalion was leading this parade. They were not doing so well. In fact, they were pinned down only about three hundred yards from where I had been on the patrol. They were withdrawing to swing further north, and we were to be committed just south of where they had their trouble. It was late afternoon by this time. Col. Brown told Capt. Stanford where we were to go. (Stan had received his promotion to Capt. while we were in Waubauch)

We started out. Down the road we went across a field. Everyone was well spread out. The duck boards which Lt. Hager had previously brought down to the edge of the creek were now thrown across. That is, one of them was used. The rest fell in the creek. We crossed over the Wurm River, and we were now in Germany.

The second platoon, under Johnny, was leading and Hager's men were on the right. They were just about all across a railroad track, when one of the men hit a mine. This was the signal; the Germans threw in plenty. The company dug in here for the night. The second platoon had taken the first pill-box of the Siegfried Line. The CP was in a small house that night. Capt. Hopcraft contacted Stan, and arranged to tie in with us.

The next morning we were going to try to "take off" again. A large number of the CP group and some of the rest of the men gathered behind the two small houses. The Germans started to throw "stuff" in. A piece of shrapnel hit Dick Linehan. He let out a little cry and hit the ground. He was standing only about ten yards from me so I immediately ran to his side. Tkach was there with me. We hurriedly cut the equipment off his back and called for the medic. The

The medic arrived and knelt down beside him. I knew by his face and reactions that nothing could be done. Tkach pulled Linehan's raincoat over his head and shook his own head. Tkach had lost his best buddy and the company had lost a mighty fine man. He had always been an outstanding inspiration to all of us. It was hard to take. We couldn't stay here. I reached down and took the maps from Dick's side and the medic took his shovel.

The company had lost the man that I first picked out as being the "live-wire" in the organization on the 25th of August. That finding had become more and more a proven fact as time went on. Now he wouldn't be with us. It was hard to realize. As Capt. Stanford said about Dick, "I'll bet he could have handled this company under any situation himself," and he could have.

The company could not move. Artillery and mortar fire came in fast and heavy all day long. The whole CP group gathered together in a small store house that was only slightly below ground level. We threw out the items and kept finding room for one more person. It just wasn't safe to move around. The "Jerries" had plenty of stuff and could observe us, that was certain.

After dark the CP group moved up into the pill box. These pill boxes had about an 18 inch concrete wall with plenty of reinforcements and steel girders. They were plenty safe if we didn't all get inside and let the Germans surround us. We kept two guards outside all the time. The one we were in had thirty-six bunks in it, phone communications and an underground trench system which we never had time to figure out. We were too worried about booby traps to do much looking.

That night no one was on our right or left. It was a bad situation. The company consolidated its position and dug deeper. This was the night of the 3rd of October. The artillery and mortar fire was really rough.

The next morning I went back to the battalion CP with Tkach to get the situation. All previous plans had been changed. The first battalion was to work



down from the north and make contact with us. The map was all marked up with phase lines. While I was at battalion I heard them frantically calling for Company "I". I later learned that they had been counter-attacked and really broken up. One officer, Capt. Palmer was left and the company had been practically all captured or killed. They later found Lt. Carrico's body, the officer that had joined the battalion with me.

By this time, battalion was convinced that our company could not move, and had finally convinced regiment of the same thing. They did begin to bother us about making contact with the first battalion. They were continually telling Stan to send out patrols to see if they were not near us.

We remained in this general position until the morning of the 7th. The company pushed forward a little, and the CF group moved to a pill box across the railroad tracks, but no big change was made.

It was either the evening of the 5th or 6th when a "Heinie" plane flew over, took some pictures and dropped a bunch of anti-personnel bombs. Sgt. Hendricks was wounded in the leg and five other men were wounded. They had done a lot of damage with one plane. I think it was the second day in these positions that Lt. Hager was wounded in the shoulder. The company was suffering many casualties. In the day time it was suicide to walk around. Any moving that was necessary was done on the run from one covered spot to the next covered spot.

The morning of the 7th the situation began to look better. The first battalion was moving and we were to establish contact. The first platoon sent a patrol and contact was made. Captain Stanford took the company to the first battalion. Our company was to be attached to them and to attack with them. As they pulled off in a big hurry, Woodie, a squad leader in the third platoon, was left behind "pinned-down" with his squad. He brought his troubles to me. He had been able to withdraw his men. He pointed out the exact position of some Germans.

I told Col. Brown the situation. He explained to me that our company was

again under his control. I would get Woodie's squad ready to jump off once more. A platoon of Company "I" would attack on our right. Capt. DelBene would stay with us to get things coordinated. Woodie got a machine gun from Company "M" placed in the proper place to give us some support and I talked to the TD commander about covering us. Everything was ready, so the famous combat team jumped off. We took twelve prisoners, and checked four pill boxes. Everything was going along fine except for the brief delay while Woodie searched the prisoners. We started out again, and then Stan showed up with the rest of the company. Stan had guessed what had happened and came back to help us. Things really began to break loose after that. My friend Del Bene received the Silver Star for this action.

Before night fall the company had helped clear about twenty pill boxes, and took over a hundred prisoners. The officers and SS men had all left. Those that were left were not interested in fighting. They told how they had been locked in the pill boxes by the SS troopers. It was a great haul, the most that this company ever gathered up in one day. Everyone got a pistol, a new map case, a watch, a new knife or whatever he wanted.

We set up that night in a pill box that had once been an aid station. Prisoners continued to come in all night. It was this night that Woodie made the deal with a German First Sergeant to give him some cigarettes for some additional prisoners. It worked. It was later publicized in the Stars and Stripes.

The morning of the 8th the battalion moved out. In the afternoon they jumped off in an attack with the first battalion on the left. Companies "I" and "L" were attacking on line. At first everything was going fine and then the Germans really threw in the artillery. All the troops took cover in what buildings they could find. At one time there were the larger parts of three companies in one barn.

Toward the end of the day our communications with battalion went out. We finally reached them by changing the channel on "B" Company's radio. All



companies converged in one small area and it took the first part of the night to get a proper defense set up.

This was the first German home that we had ever entered except the small place just across the Wurm River. The lady in the house was truly scared. She was certain that we would kill her. It took 15 minutes of explanation and actions before she felt otherwise. This was the evening that the first battalion set their machine guns up in the second floor of a house.

About midnight, Black came downstairs from guard saying we were being counter-attacked. Stan and Frenchy investigated the situation. They were both a little nervous about it. Everything was in good shape so they settled down for the night. This was in the town called Nr. Bardenberg.

The next morning, the 9th of October, we withdrew to attack the town of Bardenberg from a different direction. It was at this time that one of the runners, Lances, found himself taking care of two babies because the battalion would not release two civilians that he had turned in. "Someone has to do it", he said. He ended up by getting them milk and feeding them from a bottle.

Things started out fine but we soon found ourselves under the roughest artillery barrages that we had yet experienced. They started to come in while we were going through a woods. We passed through Bardenberg as a reserve company. Everything was falling in that town. We moved on thru however, behind "K" company into the northern part of Wurselen. We called it "The Mine" and so it will always be remembered by everyone.

I went down a shaft here to see what was going on and to determine if I could find a suitable CP. The people were all packed in it for safety. We finally set up in part of the main office of the mine. Battalion was in a different part.

Just after dark we received news that there was pretty much of a concerted counter-attack being tried by the Germans. I went out with Sgt. Norlie Williams

to establish contact between our men and "K" Company. It was on this trip that the man behind me was shot in the arm. It was after dark so we were never able to take care of the offender. Lt. Drake of "K" Company was badly wounded that night. It was our ration driver Bosofsky that got him out of there the next morning.

We were kept alerted all of that night. The next day Company "K" was sent back to Bardenberg to help relieve the First Battalion. It was only a short while after they had left that the Germans launched a counter-attack in the sector that "K" Company had been holding. The men of the second platoon were holding this area under very extended conditions. It was while directing his men in this defense that Johnny was wounded with shrapnel. He insisted he should keep fighting but we finally got him to go back. That was the day that I ran into a squad of "Jerries" when I crossed the street. I thought they were GI's. I got in a building in a hurry. So did they. About that time "K" Company returned and took proper care of the whole situation. Capt. Hopcraft loaded his men down with hand grenades. His company took care of the situation in the usual style.

It was about this time that we realized that we were cut off. Yes, we would get no supplies or rations. Langlois, the man who had always preached to us about the line of supplies and maintaining a reserve, came through with one half a K unit for each man. He had them on the jeep someplace. Battalion began to investigate the situation. There were enough sardines in the building to keep us going for four days. What did we have to worry about?! We had food, all we had to do was keep on the alert in case of another counter-attack. I don't know to this day where we could have gone if they could have driven us out.

The battalion surgeon had not come up. There was no way to get him and no way to get the wounded men out. Lt. Parks, the medical administrative officer, took over and did a superior job in taking care of the cases, some of which were

very serious. The aid station was set up in the basement of the mine. One of our own planes knocked out one of our tanks and badly burned the men in it. Johnny was also one of those wounded waiting for a way to get out.

To add to the complex problems the battalion had taken a number of prisoners. Of course they could not be sent to the rear either. Lt. Barker, the Battalion S-2, had them packed in a room with standing room only. They got their issue of sardines also.

The artillery continued to be mighty rough. It wasn't safe even to walk outside. Two of our men were killed going up the road. Communication wires were always out. As soon as we would get them fixed, out they would go again. This situation kept the runners and myself busy. There was a water tower outside our CP that was practically destroyed by the artillery.

Then we had the civilian problem. The population of the whole area was in the mine shafts. After about the third day babies were being born, people were getting sick, there was a big shortage of food and we didn't dare let them wander around because they would probably have tried to get information out. Finally we let the woman population out a couple hours each morning. Of course the military government authorities arrived on about the fifth day insisting that the situation must be solved, but they didn't stay long to solve it!

So it went. Everyone was kept on the alert practically all the time until the 14th. About midnight of the 12th Bosofsky got thru with the rations by coming around through the 120th Area. The same afternoon they took the wounded out.

This helped our spirits some, but we were still anxious to see some more troops or have someone pass through us. Finally on the morning of the 14th, the elements of the 29th Division started thru us. The artillery was really rough. One company lost its company commander and the battalion commander of that unit was wounded. They fought all day and only gained about 400 yards. Anyway, someone else was in this spot with us.



Things were still not safe. On the morning of the 15th while McWilliams, our jeep driver, was standing guard they threw in a delayed action round that went through about 15 inches of walls and exploded inside a cellar killing seven civilians and wounding about the same number. The round had just cleared over McWilliams' head about six inches. I wish the Germans could have seen this damage they did to their own people.

On the afternoon of the 15th, Lt. Snow reported in. He had just returned from the hospital. He had been wounded before I arrived with the outfit. Everyone said he was a real officer. He took the third platoon which he had had before.

So ended our stay at "The Mine". It had been a rough seven days, but not quite as bad as our first days in the Siegfried Line. On the morning of the 16th we moved out. Our company was in reserve that day. Company "I" had crossed back across the Wurm River that previous night. Company "K" followed them early in the morning and we stayed behind them. Company "I" lost a few men early in the morning including one officer who was captured. They met some initial resistance but were soon walking through Kolsheid, the town that was to become fixed in the minds of us all.

We followed through, checking the houses and keeping our eyes open. That afternoon "K" and "L" Companies ended up on a small hill above the little town of Sors. It was a clear afternoon and we could see to our front the town of Aachen which had been much publicized for the last couple of weeks. That is where the First Division was fighting.

It was here again that we realized the type of propaganda the German civilians must have been given. There were two old women in the cellar of the house we chose for a CP! When I first went down in that cellar they were trembling and begged and pleaded that I not hurt them. I had a hard time convincing them that I would not harm them. The first night neither of them would sleep until one dropped to sleep sitting up. We gave them some food.



They were two of the many people that had left Aachen to escape the bombings.

It was that night that Lt. Kelly tossed and lost. He was to take a patrol out to contact the First Division. It rained that night. Kelly was halted by German voices before he found the First Division. He lost his carbine and had to crawl about 50 yards to safety. Later we found that he was practically on top of a pill box when he was halted.

All the next day we continued to send out patrols. Sgt. Norlie Williams took one to get contact with the second battalion after two others had failed. We were not receiving so much stuff now, although a few men were wounded here with shrapnel. Sgt. Church got nicked. First Sergeant Kirby and some other replacements joined us now. Quite a number had joined us at the mine but we were needing more badly.

On the morning of the 18th, our company with the help of Lt. Hansen and his tanks, took the small town of Sors. We took a number of prisoners, none of whom wanted to fight very badly. Included in the catch were some MP officers. While here we liberated a flyer who had been hiding in one of the German homes. He was really glad to see us.

Company "I" led out the next morning, the 19th of October, to tie in with the First Division. We followed and set up on the left, making contact with the first battalion. That was the morning that we captured a pill box full of "Jerries". The officer in charge of them looked like an old officer from the last war. He was glad to quit. He had an iron cross and was anxious to surrender his men in an honorable manner.

Our CP was set up in a small pill box. The engineers kept bothering us, asking when we were going to move out. They wanted to blow the thing up. That was being done with all of them.

Every night while we were in this spot our men would pick up stragglers trying to escape from Aachen. Although we did get a number of them, it could not

make up for the loss of Sergeant Busslebarger from the third platoon. One bunch of them had shot him.

The commander of Aachen surrendered about this time. We could see the town plainly, but we were still outside of it. Our division had helped to bring about the final surrender by cutting off the escape route and tying in with the First Division. At this time we heard that the Phillipines had been invaded.

While in Aachen the company commander of Company "I" persisted in telling Col. Brown that Stan had not tied-in his company properly. Actually the company had its area covered properly and Stan's actions were upheld by the colonel.

Our first men given passes, went from here to Paris. Norlie Williams, Pete Swingle, Carlo Chislighi, and Thomas Porch were the lucky four. Lt. Kane was the officer that went.

On the afternoon of the 23rd we relieved Company "A" of our regiment on the outskirts of Wurselen. It was a hot spot, that was sure! We had heard plenty of shooting in this area from our previous location. The relief was made after dark. The third and first platoons were on line and the second platoon was set up in depth. We remained in this defensive position until November 2.

The company lost its first men by capture here. They were sent out to make contact with the enemy. We knew we had it. They were in the houses next to us at night. Yet regiment, our division, wanted to check - so we did. This was another spot where the American short rounds, as Langlois called them, did plenty of damage to our communication lines. We were kept busy keeping them repaired.

We ate ten in one rations part of the time here. The company lived in cellars except for maintaining guard. It was the safe place to stay. We couldn't figure out what was wrong with the German civilians. They would sit up on their houses doing repair work to the roofs and putter around outside. We, of course, put a stop to it if we thought they could give any information to the enemy.

One morning one of the squads reported that they had shot a civilian trying