

Roy P. Fissel

Box #294 R D #1

GIRARD, Ohio.

C-260

Ed Ackerman (Ack-Ack)

911 W. Monroe ST.

Sandusky, Ohio

THE HOT LOOP

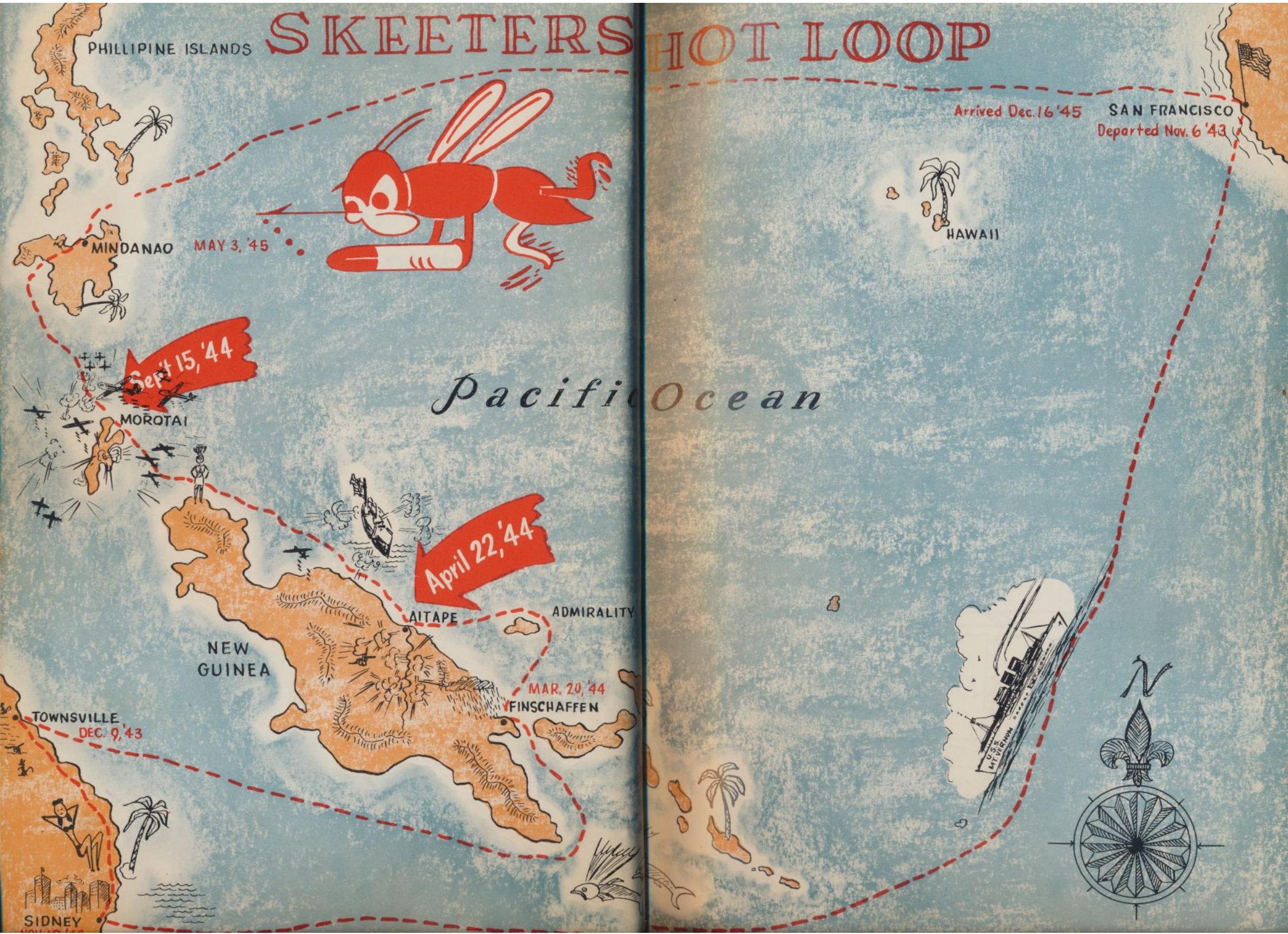
A history of the 383rd
Anti-Aircraft Artillery Battalion

United States—January 1943—November 1943
Overseas —November 1943—December 1945

We wish to note here our sincere appreciation to the various members of the 383rd who donated the pictures for our picture section, also to Ed Anderson for the fine drawings which we have reproduced. A special note of thanks goes to LIFE magazine and LIFE writer Noel F. Busch for permission to use the article, "D Plus Four."

*To anyone who was, at any time,
a member of the 383rd — and, more
particularly, to those who did not
return.*

SKEETERS HOT LOOP



PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MINDANAO MAY 3, '45

Sept 15, '44

MOROTAI

April 22, '44

AITAPE ADMIRALTY

MAR. 20, '44
FINSCHAFFEN

NEW GUINEA

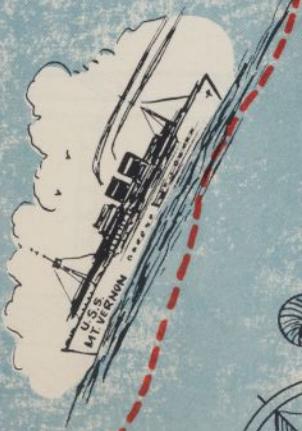
TOWNSVILLE
DEC. 9, '43

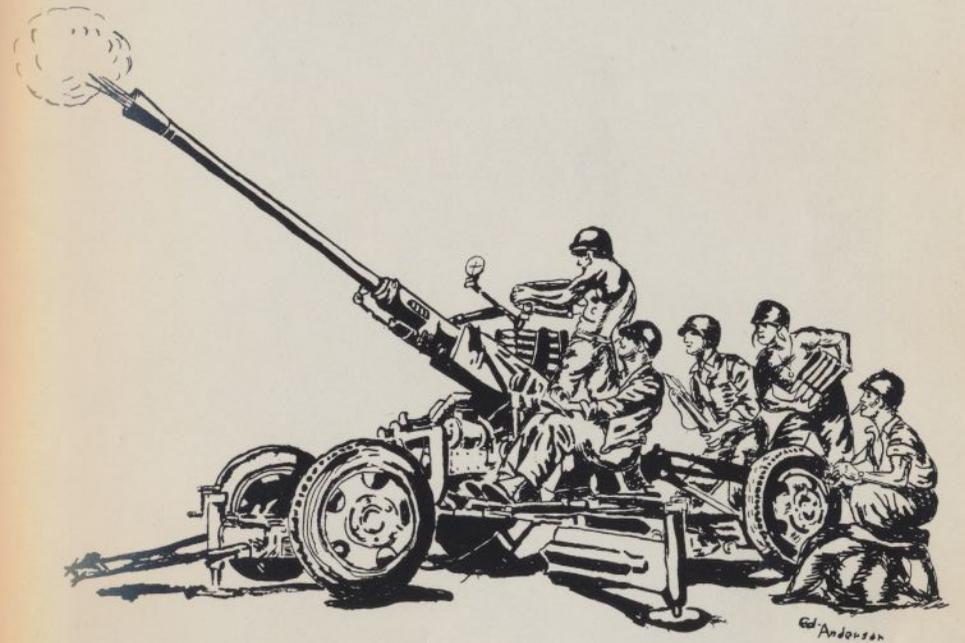
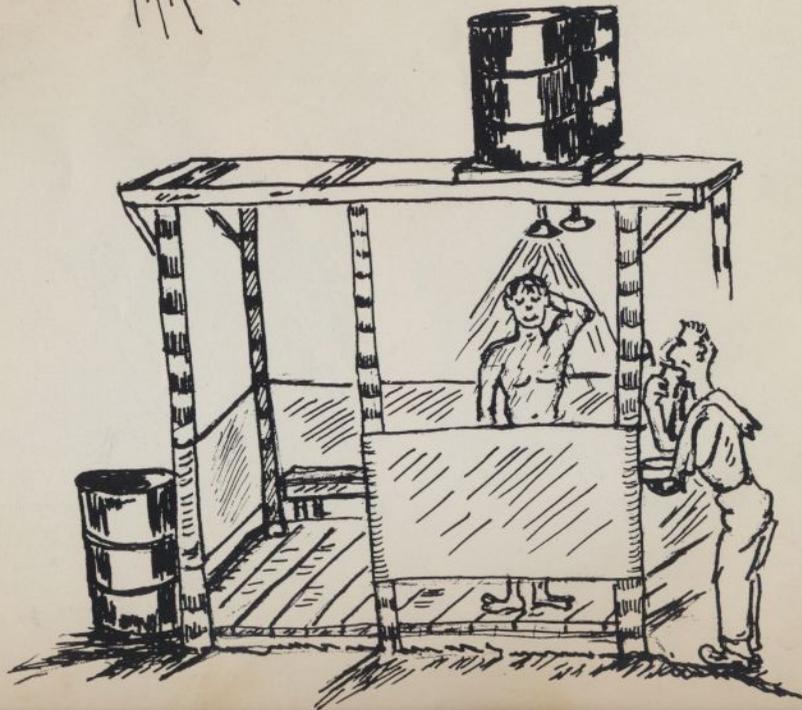
SIDNEY

Arrived Dec. 16 '45
SAN FRANCISCO
Departed Nov. 6 '43

HAWAII

Pacific Ocean







CLOSSON'S STUDIO, LAMONI, IOWA

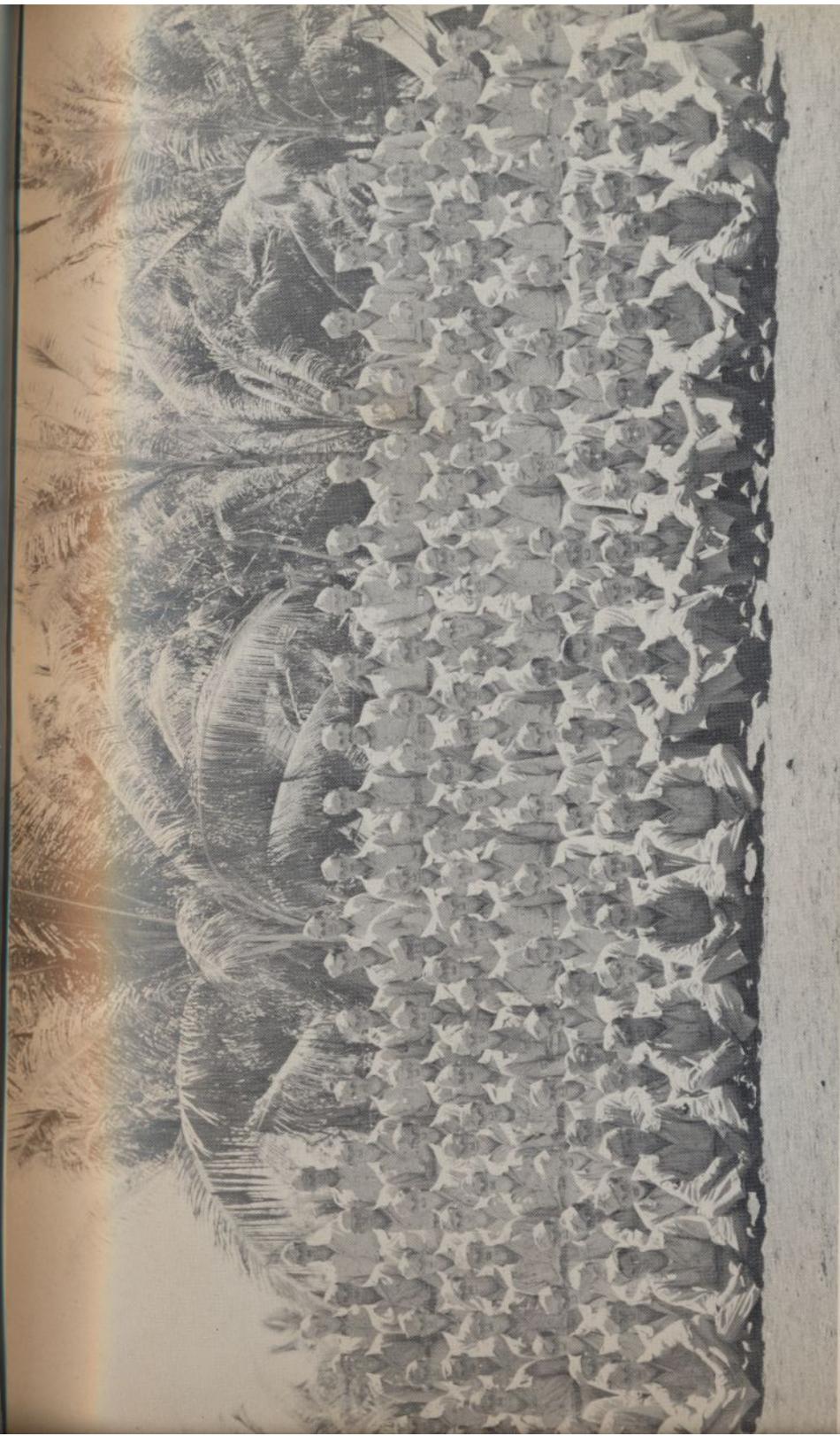
COL. ALFRED W. KAHL



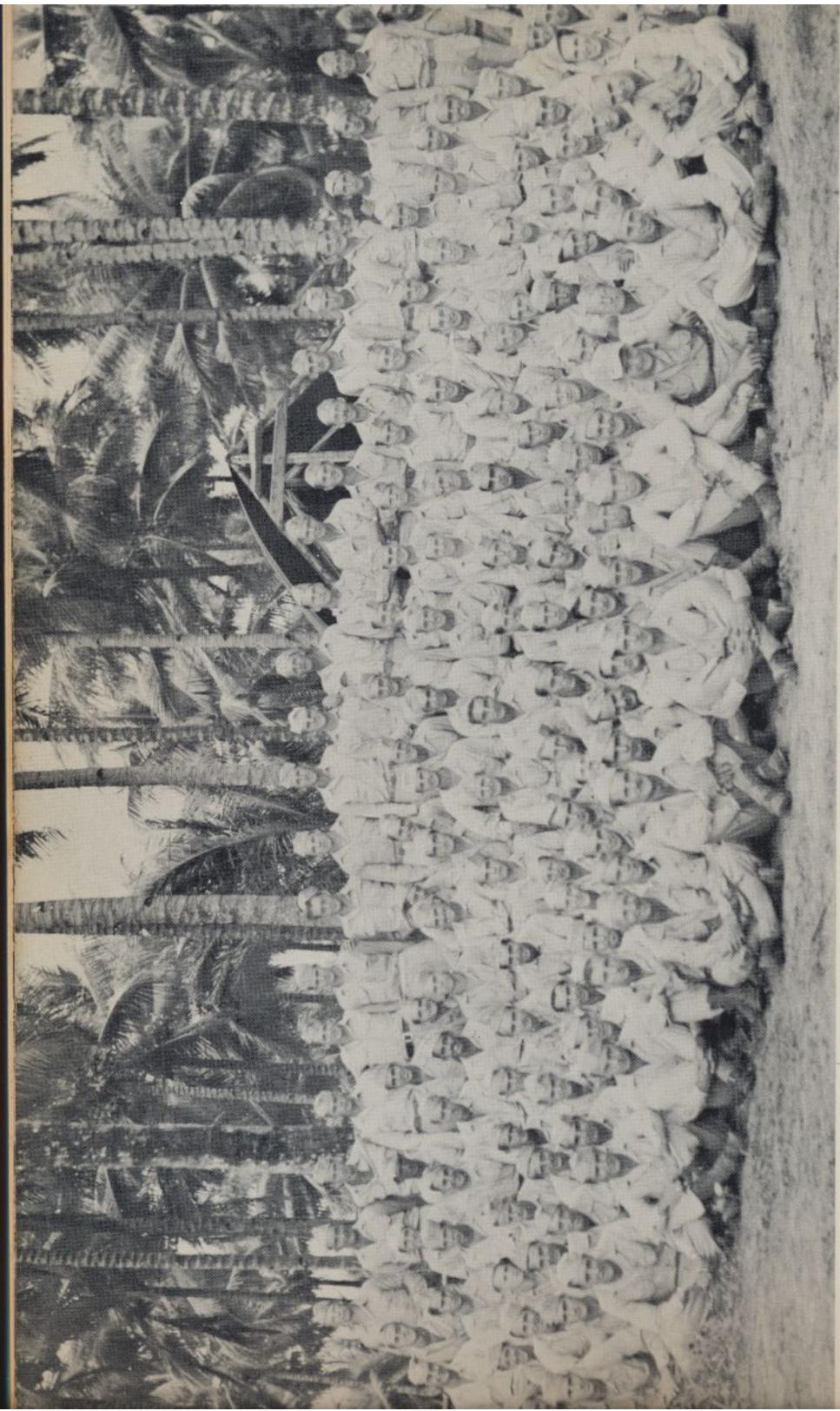
THE BRASS



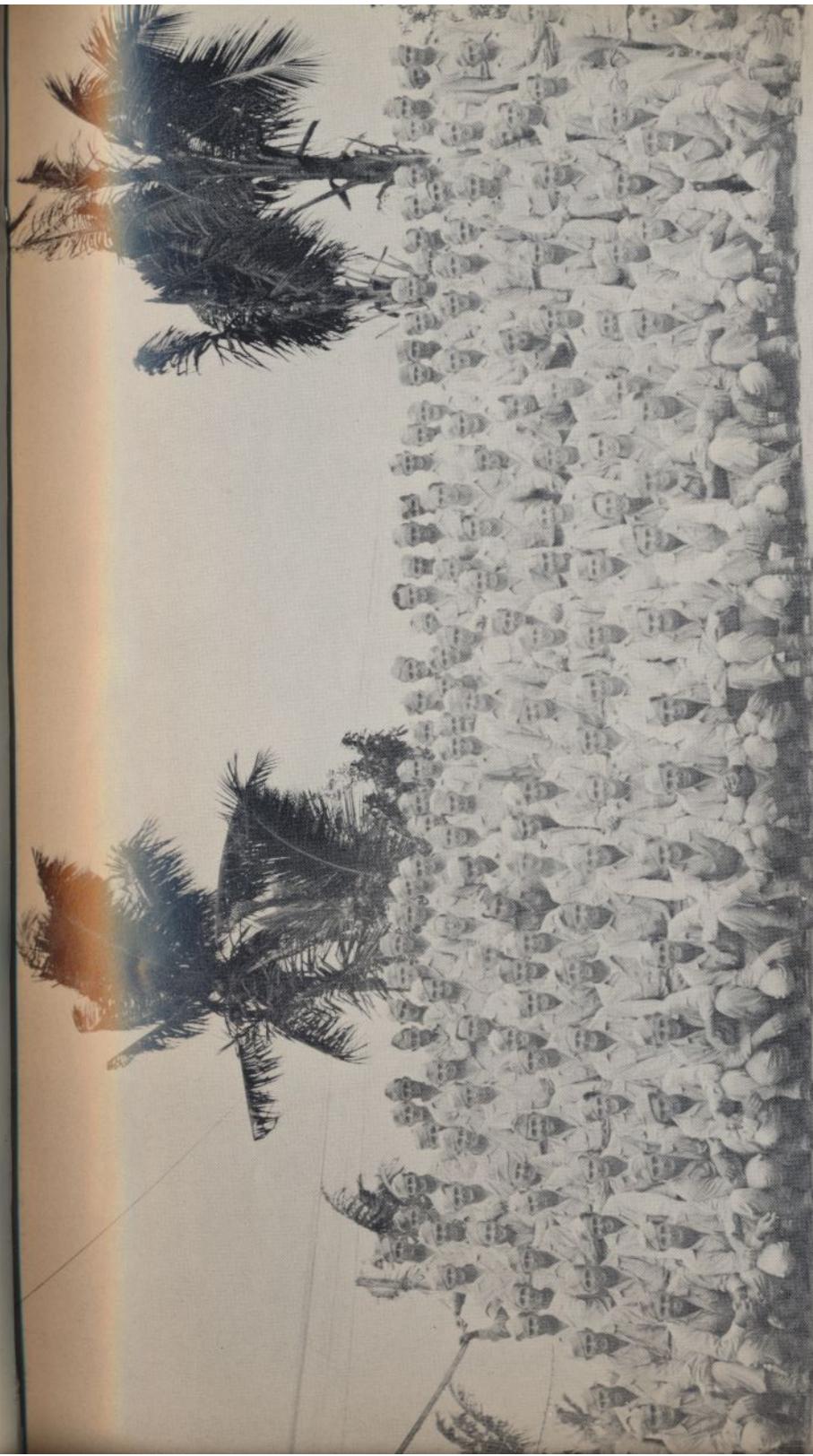
HEADQUARTERS BATTERY



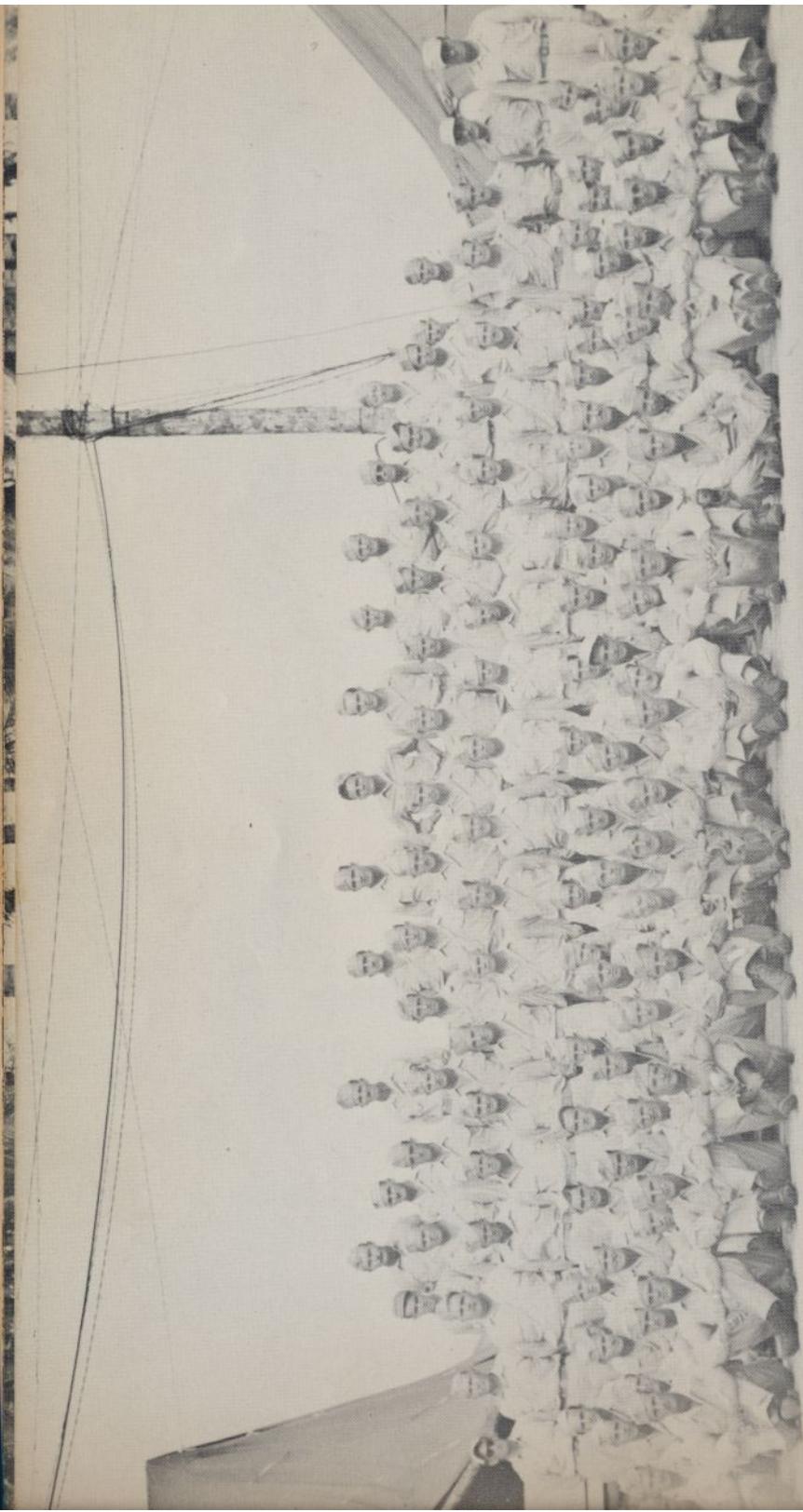
"A" BATTERY



"B" BATTERY



"C" BATTERY



"D" BATTERY

INTRODUCTION

In attempting to compile an accurate, and at the same time personal, history of the battalion we ran into numerous difficulties. Despite the fact that we were all at approximately the same place at approximately the same time, there were any number and variety of experiences, some peculiar to the battalion as a whole, some relating to one battery or one section or one individual.

Since it is obviously impossible to set down a detailed history of each individual, we called in our old friend Skeeter and asked him to do the job for us.

Skeeter was each one of us, individually and collectively, sharing all our experiences and emotions. We told him that he'd have to make it a condensed history, due to our space limitations and we know that as a result of this he had to leave out a great many things which he would have liked to mention and which we would have enjoyed reading. However, we are equally certain that he has picked out the highlights that will be of general interest to all in his version of the Hot Loop.



WE'LL NEVER GO ANYWHERE

THE 383rd began, for me and some five hundred others, one night when we stepped off a train at Fort Bliss, Texas, and discovered that although the stars at night may be big and bright you can't see them through a sandstorm.

Not being accustomed to the Army we wondered why it took so long for the trucks to arrive, why they were so uncomfortable and why we had to stand in line so long before we could get in the mess hall for those sandwiches and hot coffee they told us were ready.

By that time we were convinced that this was a night of truly unusual exceptions. It was not possible, we thought, in warm sunny Texas by the Rio Grande, for the temperature to normally hover at 35 degrees. Here we'd spent four and a half days on the train, had perfected the ability to walk through eleven swaying train cars with a mess kit full of food and a canteen cup full of coffee, and better things were assuredly ahead.

I stood in line trying to get into the Battery "C" mess hall that night. It was my first real experience in a line, but one that was to repeat itself often. I found out that it didn't matter what the line was for—I was always at the end of it.

Inside things were better. The coffee was hot, the sandwiches were good and we were beginning to forget those taunting "You'll be sorree" remarks that were a hangover from the reception center. Then a man from Cincinnati named Boyle, who was sitting at my right, crooked a finger at a recently created second lieutenant named O'Connell and yelled, "Hey, buddy, how about another cup of coffee?"

The answer he got was the most anguished scream on record. "AT EASE! AND WHEN YOU SPEAK TO AN OFFICER ADDRESS HIM AS 'SIR!'"

That was the beginning of the 383rd as far as I am concerned.

Poking around in the record, though, I see that it really started way back in October of 1942, or just about three months before that night of January 28th at Fort Bliss.

It all began when the War Department assembled a group of Coast Artillery Officers at Camp Davis, North Carolina, to attend the "Fifth Automatic Weapons Cadre Course." The names of all these officers are familiar, so I'll repeat them here:

Lieutenant Colonel	James B. Carroll	Commanding
Major	Robert J. Martin	Executive
First Lieutenant	Stanley A. Newlin	Adjutant
Second Lieutenant	George E. Jones, Jr.	S-2
First Lieutenant	Howard C. Beede	S-3
First Lieutenant	Charles F. Zumr	S-4
Captain	Chester A. Townsend	Hq. Battery
Captain	Robert F. Gibbs	"A" Battery
Captain	Walter W. Housley	"B" Battery
Captain	William A. Krause	"C" Battery
First Lieutenant	Elliott O. Stephensen	"D" Battery

The following month this group of officers were assigned to Fort Bliss, Texas, and to a unit designed as the 383rd CA Bn. (AA). While awaiting activation they indulged in the usual pre-unit activation training. This included hikes in the desert and mountains and refresher and instruction on all phases of AA problems. On the 23rd of December, Lt. Beede departed to attend a one week Staff Officers' Course of Instruction on the "Fighter Searchlight" team at Orlando, Florida.

The 383rd really started on January 10th, 1943, when activation orders were received and an enlisted cadre of 24 non-coms reported for training. General Order No. 1 was published on which Lt. Col. Carroll assumed command.

There were eighteen days between the activation and the arrival of the shivering recruits, myself included, from Ft. Hayes, Ft. Thomas and Camp Grant. In that time the entire cadre fired and qualified on M-1 rifles, received thirteen one and one-half ton trucks, received an additional officer—Lt. Hunter, who was assigned S-2, with Lt. Jones reassigned S-4 and Lt. Zumr assigned Motor Transportation Officer—took a sixteen mile hike, selected a battalion area and promptly tried to burn it down when an enlisted man (name not available) went to sleep while smoking a cigarette and started a fire in his hut.

While all this was going on, the Army was busy scooping up some 758 men (and boys who were soon to become men) from in and around the three following cities: Chicago, Cincinnati and Cleveland. Their

arrival at Ft. Bliss completely filled the Battalion to its T/O strength, with some over-strength to cover losses. It was probably the first and only time that this ever happened!

They quarantined us for two weeks, with a quarantine so strict that we couldn't even get into the PX to buy a beer or break that "No Letter Today" record that played on the juke box all the time. They lined us up methodically every day for that notorious inspection; and it was during one of those inspections, undoubtedly, that some character made up the little ditty about "Oh, the sand from old El Paso—" which was passed around and sung with considerable gusto to the tune of "Take Me Back to New York."

We spent two weeks being interviewed by battery commanders, learning the fine art of close order drill, how to pick up cigarette butts from the battalion area each morning, how to wash a pot and pan and how to climb Sugar Loaf Mountain.

This latter eventually proved to be not so much of a task, but the first time up—oh, brother!

I remember a guy named Anderson who was assigned to KP duty one day and he had the temerity to ask the Mess Sergeant what time of day his duties would end.

"About eight tonight," growled the Sergeant.

"You can't do this to me," bleated Anderson.

Add that to your collection of famous last words. Incidentally, there will be no further mention of KP in this book. Only civilians think it's funny.

The Mobilization Training Program got started during those first two weeks of quarantine. It seems as if it got started almost every day, in fact. That thing was changed so many times that even the CO couldn't keep up with it. The way it worked was like this: You were out doing a little close order drill when you had instructions to tear back to the battery area. There you were promptly put to work policing up while a clerk in Headquarters pounded out copies of the new training program and passed it around to the Battery Commanders. By the time he got this done, they were ready for him to start typing up another one. So you went back to close order drill!

That, we learned, was the "Army system" and it wasn't long until we were acclimated to it. By "acclimated" I mean it quit being funny and started making us mad.

By the 27th of February everyone had qualified on the M-1 rifle at Castner rifle range, and we were ready for the first twenty-five mile hike. We went sixteen miles the first day, stopped for the night; and completed the remaining nine miles to Camp Hueco, the AA target range, the next morning.

The hike was led by Major Martin. He had apparently prepared for it many years before by taking lessons from a Tennessee walking horse or a Texas jackrabbit. It got so bad that every once in awhile Col. Carroll was diplomatically call a halt; and during those halts, both the Major and the Colonel walked back and forth, checking everyone's feet and trying to encourage us. That was when I decided a Medic should make a good shoe salesman some day.

Then the break would end, Major Martin would lengthen his stride an additional foot and we would walk, run and trot in our efforts to keep up with him.

The saddest part of that hike though, was for the boys from Baker Battery. They "volunteered" for the job of Air Guards—so, while everyone else walked on the road they walked the entire twenty-five miles through that soft sand, some forty yards out on either flank. The pill rollers didn't even bother with them—they didn't have enough adhesive tape left.

We existed at Hueco for three weeks and managed to complete the preliminary and basic firing on our primary weapons. We also found out that Texas wasn't always warm and sunny as we had imagined it would be. Every night the water in the fire barrels froze; and "who invented those damn stoves, anyway?" I swore, as in my nightly ritual I put on my gas mask, crawled under all the blankets I could find—plus my overcoat—shivered awhile and finally got to sleep, dreaming that this was all a nightmare.

The food wasn't any good, either. It was bad enough when we got it and by the time a few pints of New Mexico sand had blown into our mess kits it was terrible—but even sand and S. O. S. can be good if you have your choice between that and nothing.

We adopted that Army attitude, though—you can't do anything about it, but bitch your head off anyway.

On the 4th of March came some big changes. Major William P. Wood, Jr., reported and was assigned Executive Officer, replacing Major Martin who was transferred to command the 480th, our area

neighbors at Bliss. Captain Gibbs of "A" Battery also transferred to the 480th as Executive Officer and Lt. Richard Cech was assigned to command "A" Battery. Captain Townsend cadried to an AA Officers' Cadre Course and Lt. Zumr was assigned to command Headquarters Battery. Lt. Russell L. Fogle was assigned Battalion Motor Officer.

On the 11th of March Col. Lawrence, 111th AAA Group Commander, inspected the Battalion area at Hueco and was highly pleased with its appearance. Yes, read it again—I said "Highly pleased." Col. Lawrence expressing pleasure was a most unusual event and we couldn't help but feel there was something significant in the honor—something like three day passes?

He recommended a physical training program and on the 13th of March a team of one officer and three men was selected from each battery for this program, under the supervision of the Training Center physical education officer, Lt. Frank Menacker. At the conclusion of this program the battalion team made a grade of 93.6, which was the highest grade to that date.

On the 17th of March we returned to Bliss, again on foot. This time we hiked it in six hours and twenty-three minutes, with an additional hour for lunch. Some overnight passes were handed out as a result and we had our first real chance to get acquainted with El Paso and Juarez. It wasn't long until "Hotel Hilton", "Paso Del Norte" and "Lobby No. 2" became a part of the normal conversation.

On the 28th of March we were off for Hueco again. This time we were supposed to learn how to live in the field. There was going to be a "simulated" water shortage, we lived in pup tents, there was no entertainment, and we had to hike two miles to the firing point for tracking practice only. Then the water tank at Hueco ran dry and the simulated water shortage became a real one.

It was during this period that H. B. Cassidy, later to be Headquarters Supply Sgt., was told all about rattlesnakes. He was told about them in great detail one night and then, when all was still, some enterprising character crept up behind the pup tent with a pair of castanets which had been purchased in Juarez. The number of tents that were destroyed by Cassidy's mad dash has been enlarged upon considerably. I know for a fact it was only two.

We got back to Bliss on the 14th of April and ten days later we were back at Hueco. On the 28th of April Lt. Col. Carroll transferred to the 117th AAA Group and Major Wood assumed command.

Captain Housley was appointed Battalion Executive Officer and 1st Lt. Frank Kingdon assigned "B" Battery Commander.

I was sorry to see Col. Carroll leave. I think all of us admired and respected him, and considering the rigorous training which we had undergone and the difficult conditions under which we had been living, winning our respect and admiration was something of an accomplishment.

On the first of May we finally quit being Coast Artillery and were redesignated the 383rd AAA Automatic Weapons Battalion (Sem.). On the second of May we moved from Hueco to participate in a desert maneuver in the vicinity of Donna Anna Range and Camp Beasley, where firing was conducted from tactical positions at a surprise towed sleeve target. It was a surprise, all right. That plane came over about twice a day and then so high up we couldn't see it.

There was another water shortage, too. This time it was bad. We drank water out of the machine gun water chests and sneaked past the guards to get to that tank of polluted water. As I remember it, the tank finally ran dry, too.

Lt. Menacker and his raiders prowled around the desert at night and a couple of times I went along to see how they were doing. What I found out was that the boys were getting smart. The following item will reveal what I mean.

Captain Cech of "A" Battery started to raise Cain with one of his gun sections one morning when he found them relaxing while the tow plane was directly overhead. His question, "Why aren't you guys tracking?" received the classic retort, "Tracking, hell, we're prisoners!"

Camp Beasley had formerly been a camp similar to Hueco and when the water supply became polluted it had been torn down. A few hard working soldiers discovered that there were a quantity of small coins half buried in the sand and started scrounging up some bar money. Some of them got as high as a couple of bucks.

On the sixth of May we got back to Hueco. A system of twenty-four hour passes was initiated, permitting one battery at a time to go into the Training Center proper with a pass to El Paso. Lt. Zumr was assigned to command the Battalion overnight camp and the sight of "the Hilton" and Juarez was enough to raise morale considerably.

Furloughs got started, too, and by the time we left Fort Bliss about two-thirds of us had received one.

On the 15th of May the 383rd returned to Bliss. Lt. Zumr was sent to Officers' Cadre Course at Camp Davis, North Carolina, and Captain Krause assigned to command Headquarters Battery. 1st Lt. Daniel O'Connell was assigned to command Battery "C". On the 20th of May an enlisted cadre was furnished to activate the 383rd AAA (AW) Bn. at Camp Haan, California.

On the 6th of June we went to Orogrande to participate in the 54th AAA Brigade field problem and on the 10th came back to Bliss. Two batteries were sent to Hueco to fire a demonstration for Lt. Gen. Ben Lear and succeeded in knocking down the OQ plane, to the great delight of Major Wood.

This was probably the most spectacular display ever put on at Bliss and it is quite certain that if we had ever had the chance to throw that much lead into the sky while we were overseas the Japanese Air Force would have been finished much sooner that it was.

Orders were received for the movement to Louisiana Maneuver Area and some hasty plans were made for an intensive training program on Technical Training Bulletin No. 26, a standardized gun drill for the 40mm. gun.

By this time, too, "ovah" and "shoat" were working their way into our vocabulary and could be heard continually from the firing line.

That's the end of the Fort Bliss period. The official end of it as far as the 383rd is concerned, but it was the beginning of the Army for us and all you have to do is mention "the Hilton" or Juarez or Hueco or any number of such places and you're in for an all night bull session.

When we got to Bliss we were a ragged, motley and somewhat rebellious crew of recruits and when we left we were beginning to at least resemble soldiers.

There is one notable event I find that I've neglected to mention. Remember those "recruits" that arrived after we'd been there about two months? Big plans were laid for those boys, and all of the beautifully planned practical jokes and tall stories were ruined when they turned out to be three and four year veterans.

We were still pretty close to home, though. I don't mean close to it in miles, but in our minds. Later on it became kind of an unreal dream, like the Army is now when you look back at it.

There we were, five months in the Army and calling ourselves veterans. We still had a long way to go, and the second stop on the route that had just begun was on a hillside near Slagle, Louisiana, on the 3rd and 4th of July, where the 383rd bivouacked prior to joining the second phase of maneuvers.

WE'LL NEVER GO OVERSEAS

THE things I remember best about that train ride from Ft. Bliss to Louisiana are the stretch of wild country southeast of El Paso, the watermelons in San Antonio, the oil fields in eastern Texas and the fact that every time we met a troop train which was headed west and told its occupants that we were on our way to Louisiana they gave way to maniacal laughter and promptly handed out the longest, saddest stories about woodticks, snakes and spiders that it was ever my misfortune to listen to.

By the time I got to Leesville it was the Fourth of July. Hot! Man, it was twenty degrees cooler than Ft. Bliss but it seemed twenty times as hot. I mean it. This was the kind of heat that stuck to you. In Bliss you could find a shady place and it was cool. Here there was all the shade we wanted, but it was just as hot there as it was in the sun.

We moved to a hill near Slagle and if that wasn't the damndest, saddest mess I ever saw! Morale was so low that the snakes were crawling over it and we were all happy to get away from there and on to the current phase of maneuvers.

Unfortunately, maneuvers didn't help. Everybody seemed to be as confused as I was, including the officer who ran around telling everyone to camouflage and then had his two orderlies spread his white bedsheets out to dry.

Whoever ran a higher headquarters than the 383rd decided that a little intensive review training was necessary and we went into a bivouac area near Camp Polk. We took hikes and had all kinds of classes. Then they came around to give us a test to see if we were fit to again take part in maneuvers. One of the questions was, "How do you locate the North Star?", to which the Dog Battery Clerk replied, "I wouldn't know, Sir, I'm in Personnel."

It must have been the right answer, because we went back on the next phase.

An interesting thing happened while we were in that bivouac area, though. One night Leesville was combed from end to end and the

next morning the man who didn't have a cigarette holder was a social outcast. A solemn ritual, consisting of tapping the cigarette holder several times with the forefinger and crying "Ovah", was enacted. Discreet warnings were issued, the holders gradually disappeared, but the brief day of triumph helped somewhat.

It was about this time that the "We'll never go overseas" clique began to grow in numbers until it included practically the entire battalion. From this sprouted the "We're going to be transferred to the infantry," and "They're going to send us to Washington to guard the White House with wooden guns" theories. It didn't make any difference which group you belonged to, because on one point there was a sad and solemn agreement. The 383rd had gone to hell.

Off we went to the vicinity of Flatbush to join the fourth phase of maneuvers and in the rest period following this there were passes to Alexandria. So low was morale and so lax was discipline that I know of two or three guys who spent four days on a twenty-four hour pass without anyone discovering it and the few who were caught got no more than a week of extra duty.

Those "rest" periods, incidentally, were quite the thing. We'd get loaded onto the trucks and take off for some supposedly pre-determined area, barge into it and discover that it was the Headquarters area of the 88th Infantry, or the 31st Infantry, or some such thing. Always some outfit that was commanded by a general.

Then, when we did get into our own area we'd all work like the devil digging trenches around the pup tents so we wouldn't drown at night, digging latrines, setting up kitchens and cleaning guns. Just when we got all worn out and were ready for a twenty-four hour sleep another phase would start.

On the 28th of July the battalion moved, via motor convoy, to Converse, Louisiana, for the fifth phase. This time we were required to ride on the guns. It was a ninety mile ride. Fifty miles of dust, twenty miles of mud and then twenty more of dust—and at the end a dressing down because our uniforms and guns were dirty!

The sixth phase was conducted near Jasper, Texas, and the seventh phase, starting August eleventh, was also in Texas, some twenty miles west of the Sabine River.

It was on this final phase that Joe Malak of Baker Battery was assigned to help man a radio outpost. The outpost got dug in and

camouflaged so well that the jeep driver couldn't see it and apparently couldn't remember where it was, because when the phase was over and he came to take the outpost members back they let him cruise up and down the road for a good ten minutes before they emerged and flagged him down.

The real story about the outpost, however, does not concern the jeep driver, but Joe Malak. Joe operated on the theory that "C" rations were fit only for hogs. By the end of the phase approximately sixty hogs would wander out of the woods every evening just before dusk and partake of a hearty "C" ration meal. The first night Joe called the hogs to chow there were only three, the next night about a dozen and from then on it was all the hogs within a mile radius. The last two nights they stayed all night. Believe me there are more pleasant ways to wake up.

I see here that the record says that the battalion undoubtedly gained some knowledge during maneuvers, that working with a higher echelon was undoubtedly beneficial, that we became acquainted with infantry tactics and added to our self-reliance by our semi-independent life during the maneuver phases. I'll let all that pass without comment.

It was on the 18th of August, the final day of the seventh phase of maneuvers, that Lt. Col. Alfred W. Kahl arrived and assumed command and on the 20th day of August we moved into a new bivouac, which was promptly dubbed "Camp Stump".

It was the second night here that the Colonel called us all out, climbed up on a stump and recited our sins to us.

"How do I find the 383rd?" he had asked upon his arrival to Louisiana, and the answer had been, "Look for an overloaded truck with twenty soldiers riding on top of the load, holding a piece of watermelon in one hand and waving at the girls with the other."

"Dammit, men," the Colonel roared, "This is going to stop!"

It did. That and a lot of other things as well.

At Camp Stump, Captain Beede took charge of a dynamite crew and went to work on the stumps. They sailed into the air, amid cries of "Take Cover," and crashed into aircraft recognition classes, kitchens, close order drill formations — but we got a space cleared big enough for a parade ground and started holding retreat parades.

We fired the village combat course on the hottest day in Louisiana history, or so it seemed; we completed transition firing and on the seventh of September we moved into permanent barracks at Camp Polk, with no interruption in training.

We felt like humans again, and it took us a while to get over the absence of "C" rations and the presence of plates.

Pause here for the entrance of Captain Neuberger, with mustache, pogo stick and a bushel of sanguine "experiences" from the North African campaign.

The training at Polk was rugged and highly specialized. Drill sergeants were recruited from the infantry and it was "Take that rifle butt and hit that yellow so and so in the face," and "Growl like a mad dog."

There was a lot of competition between sections, culminating in a field day when the best gun section from each battery competed on the various phases of their training to determine the champion battalion section. Section 14, Baker Battery, won the event, and all members were given a three-day pass.

Also, while we were at Camp Stump and Camp Polk the members of the battalion who hadn't received a furlough in the last six months were given one.

One of the big events at Camp Polk was the "Bofors Ball." Girls were transported from surrounding towns for the dance, and speaking of competition, you should have seen it between the guys bucking for that escort detail! And a lot of credit here for Joe DiCello and everyone else who had a hand in the preparations.

By the middle of October the "We'll never go overseas" chant was reduced to a murmur and it ended forever with the arrival of 0686-D.

This number was dutifully labeled on barracks bags, both "A" and "B" and on all boxes containing equipment. It was supposed to be a big secret where we were going, but everyone knew it was San Francisco and then overseas.

They loaded us on the train on the 28th of October. Sgt. Jim VEDI of the Message Center took one look at the staterooms on the train and yelled, "Fattening us up for the kill."

They gave us a physical at Camp Stoneman. There are a lot of jokes about physicals but this one had all the jokes beat.

1st Sgt. Bill Rhodes of Headquarters, who thought they might reject him, eluded all the Medics by simply walking behind them instead of in front of them. And here, too, the last hopes of the faint-hearted who were "sure" they had something wrong with them, were forever smashed.

Yet, in that amazing way that things happen in the Army one man who wanted very much to remain with the 383rd and go overseas with us was detained and transferred to another outfit because he needed a new set of false teeth!

There's the story I heard, too, about Frankie Costa of "C" Battery, who was at first rejected and who later came panting down the battery street, screaming to the Old Man, "Colonel, I made it, I made it! They passed me!" The higher echelon of the outfit was reportedly not overcome with joy at the news, but it didn't matter. Frankie belonged to the 383rd.

"A" Battery, assigned as ship guard, loaded on the 4th of November, telling everyone about the luxurious compartments they were going to get as a reward, but they must have loaded the first ones on lowest, because it was the last ones on that got the promenade deck.

It was at exactly 0830 hours, 6 November, 1943, that the U. S. S. Mt. Vernon headed for the Golden Gate Bridge, bound for Sydney, Australia.

WE'LL NEVER GO INTO COMBAT

THE Mt. Vernon had formerly been the S. S. Washington, one of the better luxury liners of the American line. She was far too fast for a convoy, so the 383rd and other units aboard her got a quick trip to Sydney.

As far as the trip goes, there was the usual amount of seasickness, but even this had its humorous side, as it was the first voyage for several members of the crew and it seems that seasickness doesn't care what branch of the service you're in. How we haw-hawed every time we saw a green looking sailor!

I'll admit it took a while to get accustomed to beans for breakfast, and it required breakneck speed and a firm grip on the mess kit to get safely through the chow line. Also that baths were infrequent, but all in all, I'd have to say the trip was a comparative pleasure. Particularly for those who were lucky in getting the sevens and eights or in drawing to an inside straight. For a man like Joe DeSico, of Baker Battery, the trip must have been downright enchanting.

Of course, they waited too long to let us switch from OD to khaki, but that was a minor discomfort. And every once in a while they would interrupt our peaceful contemplation and insist we do a few push-ups but, after all, that's the way the Army does things.

We all knew we were heading for Australia even before they passed the handbooks around or started explaining the difference between a pound and a sixpence to us, but we speculated mightily on which city in Australia and cheered lustily when we learned it was Sydney.

It was on the morning of November 21st that the dark mass ahead was definitely classed as land and we jammed the rails as the shore line became clearly visible. We went past the Head and the red roofs of Sydney brought a pleased hum from all quarters.

Let me say this about Sydney. We were one of the last shiploads of American troops to dock there and I still wonder what reception the first ones must have received.

There were some disillusionments for us, to be sure. After we debarked from the Mt. Vernon, took the ferry across the bay and were riding the train to Warwick Farms we found the way lined with chanting urchins and were quite overcome by our welcome. Overwhelmed, that is, until someone rolled down a window and we could understand them. They wanted cigarettes.

Warwick Farms was a short walk to the town of Liverpool and conveniently near Sydney. During our stay there we had our first real "vacation" (even if it was complicated by occasional MP duty, some hikes and other little reminders). There were generous passes to Sydney and how many times have I watched you guys stumble wearily around the tent rows and sprint down the battery street just in time for reveille and then promptly try to get another pass!

Luna Park, Manly Beach and Kings Cross. These are but a few of the magic names to evoke memories. And remember the man who sold "hot puppies" at the Warwick station? And how about the trams and lorries? The beautiful blonde in that travel agency at Manly Beach, the dance halls and the milk bars, "stike and aigs" and "'ow about a cigarette, mitey?"

We saw our first Spitfires, veterans of the Battle of Britain, also the Aussie Beauforts and Beaufighters. For a cigarette you could get a full description of the war "up north" or of the midget Jap sub that popped up in Sydney harbor one day.

Not to be forgotten was that detail which was sent into Sydney and returned in hilarious spirits due to a very friendly Aussie truck driver who was willing to stop and have a round at every pub they passed. Lt. "G. I." Jones made up a drill squad out of this detail, but still their spirits soared.

It was at Warwick Farms, too, that the 383rd met what was later described as its deadliest enemy, bully beef. But a carton of cigarettes was good for a lot of entertainment in Sydney, so on to Kings Cross!

On the sixth of December we departed for Townsville. This was our first attempt to catch up with all the good food that was "going north."

We rode from Sydney to Brisbane in style. Then they put us on a sheep train, with more men to a compartment than they usually allowed sheep, and we were off on the most tiring trip in the history

of the 383rd. I lost count of the number of times the train broke down. I do remember that we'd made excursions into the immediate country side every time it did and nobody worried about being left behind, figuring it was an easy matter to outrun the train in case it started up again.

Remember the painful results the first time you kicked an ant hill? They tell me that the ants are the best architects in the world and they had perfected a material better than concrete. Wallabys capered in the fields along the way, but we were taking them for granted by now, too tired and discouraged to pay much attention to anything.

On the ninth of December we arrived at Townsville and Armstrong Paddock. Right away we got into the swing of things. Physical training, aircraft recognition and the first moonlight requisitions. With the glorious memory of Sydney still in our minds, our spirits sank even lower.

On the afternoon of December 24th two notable events occurred. We moved to Camp Cluden West and the first mail arrived.

I didn't hear any carols the next day. The sun was hot, we were all tired and even though the cooks made a valiant effort it was a far cry from the kind of Christmases we'd known before.

Right away it was decided that Camp Cluden West would be the garden spot of dear old Queensland. We couldn't figure out why the tent floors had to be a certain number of inches off the ground, but discovered the reasons when the rains came. Joe DeSico and Baker Battery outdid everyone this time. Although even I wasn't able to discover all the details, somehow the Baker Battery tents had floors of tongue and groove lumber.

Then, with Camp Cluden West properly beautified, we started to train again. We reviewed all the basic training, ran the sniper course (where Roger Seib was slightly wounded), learned how to load multiple caliber .50 machine guns into C-47's, and, it says here, the cooks learned how to prepare dehydrated foods. They went to a cooking school at Brisbane and—let's give them a break. They hadn't seen a dehydrated egg before, either.

It was at Townsville that the 383rd finally got around to acknowledging me. They even named the newspaper after me until someone decided, later, that having my picture plastered on all the guns and

vehicles was honor enough, and switched the paper's name to the "Hot Loop."

Malaria control was a serious thing and we'd all heard enough about malaria to believe, for once, what the Medics said.

On the tenth of January we celebrated Activation Day. The 383rd was officially one year old. Major General Marquart helped us celebrate it. We had a big parade and the rest of day was devoted to competitive athletics, with Dog Battery the winner.

Out in the Townsville harbor there lies a hunk of land known as Magnetic Island. This island became a "D-Day" for us every week-end. We were anti-aircraft troops without anti-aircraft guns, so we had training in infantry tactics. Surprisingly enough, this didn't start any rumors of consequence. We learned a lot from those "raids" on Magnetic Island, though. Among other things, that listening posts should never be established near a waterfall, and that if you were "killed" in the first part of the problem you got a couple of hours extra rest.

There were also hikes through the mosquito-infested hills, scouting classes, for which three men were chosen from each gun section, and classes on the progress of the war in the Southwest Pacific. Since at that time the war wasn't progressing very rapidly in that particular theatre it is no wonder that we adopted rather a dismal outlook.

The country surrounding Townsville, with its collection of strange birds, beasts and reptiles, was further depressing, so we sought our own little diversions.

Included in this category were the Saturday night beer parties, the race track across the road, various potent mixtures of Australian liquids and, occasionally, just wandering around Townsville.

Speaking of beer, remember the time it was stolen? And how about the Battery Commander who turned back his moonlight requisitions for even more beer? And, of course, the two maids from Townsville who lived, however briefly, near the railroad station?

There was also that goat somebody named Elmer, who went wandering around the area with "383" in red paint on both sides. We passed the true test of sophistication, too, by waving merrily to the early morning train passengers as we sat on our high, holed seats or wandered toward the shower clad in a loose towel and GI shoes.

I'll never forget the way those mosquitoes came out of the hills every night just before dark, and when some ingenious character discovered that a burning shoe string helped, however little, to repel them, he started a run on the market that resulted in a serious shortage of that commodity. It was a neat trick to be able to slip into your cot and get the net tucked in without having three or four hungry insects there to gnaw at you. And the mosquito nets had to be tucked in because the officers inspected every night.

The scouting classes had fun at Townsville, too. Especially the day they followed Joe Gans compass course and found that it led right to the door of the nearest pub.

It was at Townsville that we suffered our first casualty, when Pvt. Paul F. Dost, Battery B, was killed instantly on the 10th of February when he was struck by a freight train as he was alighting from a passenger train near the camp area.

On the 22nd of February we were alerted for movement to the New Guinea Combat Zone. By that time we had started to become re-acquainted with our weapons and acquainted with some new ones, namely the M-51's. We'd spent some time at a firing point with these quad .50's and were considered so proficient that we sent training teams on the guns ahead of us into New Guinea.

Things were looking up by that time. The Admiralty Islands were invaded and the battle for New Britain was on. We tried on our jungle boots, beamed in anticipation of all that good food that was waiting for us up north in New Guinea, and on the 10th of March, having completely destroyed the Camp Cluden West bivouac area, the 383rd, with probably the greatest number of moonlight requisitions ever accumulated by an organization of its size, was on the move again.

WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF NEW GUINEA

I GUESS everybody, even people who weren't there, has heard about New Guinea, but there's one surprising thing I'll bet not many of them know—when you're passing through the China Straits you half-way believe some of that "beautiful tropical isle" gush you used to read about.

Of course, our passage was somewhat complicated by one of the worst attacks of dysentery that we had suffered through. The officers had it pretty bad while a milder form of it invaded the ranks, but when you're on a crowded Liberty ship a mild case in bad enough.

We laid over at Milne Bay for a week. The only ones who got ashore were on supply details and they informed us when they returned that this was really the New Guinea we'd read about. In other words, not much.

From Milne Bay we headed north for Finschaffien and it was on one of those dark, foggy nights that the career of the 383rd was nearly ended. If you thought the William S. Ladd was a slow ship ask Col. Kahl about it. He thought it was slow, too, until he peered out and saw that other Liberty speeding by in the opposite direction, so close that he was almost certain it was a reflection. I doubt if very many of us ever realized how near we were to a dip in the deep. And it's too bad, in a way, that this occurred after we left Milne Bay. Otherwise we could blame the dysentery on that near miss.

Right outside Finschaffien we had a false air raid alarm. So they shoved us all below decks. Pack the hold of a Liberty full of troops on a nice warm day off the New Guinea coast and then try to convince them that it's not safe on deck. Who cared about bombs or bullets? Back on deck we went before we suffocated.

It was the 20th of March when we unloaded and moved into an area several miles from the dock. I've lost track of which area it was because we kept moving a little farther north all the time. I do remember one horrible place on a hillside. I think this was our third area. We were supposed to burn off the grass. We'd soak a

patch of ground with gasoline and start it with a match. It would burn like fury for a few minutes and then, when the fire went out, there was the grass the same as it had been before. Not even scorched. Then we were going to hack it out with our machetes. You might as well try to hack your way through communications wire.

That area, incidentally, was where we saw our first Japs—and they'd been dead too long!

Finally we gave up and settled for a beach location at Gusika. This was on the 24th of March. I said it was a "beach location" and by that I mean it was on the ocean. As far as the beach was concerned it was coral and there were a lot of feet cut on it.

Our troubles started almost immediately. First we got some archaic equipment—guns with serial numbers lower than on the ones we'd fired at Bliss, M-51's without hanger pins and with defective power charges (the Fire Control Electricians dismantled one of the oil gear units and saw the word "junk" written on one of the inner parts) — and then it seems that everybody started getting dengue fever. Better than two-thirds of the outfit was hospitalized at one time or another while we were at Finschaffien.

During all this we were loading fourteen of the guns on LST's in preparation for a dry run to Lae. Also, the CO, the S-3, S-4 and several others were assigned to the Sixth Army Task Force AA Section. This Headquarters was 30 miles away. The rainy season, which seemed to occur any time we wanted to go any place, was also upon us and there we were, just about ready to take off for Aitape on our first combat operation, and no communications with our own command other than by truck or jeep and the roads in such a mess that it was a "you push me and I'll pull you" deal between the truck drivers.

The Aitape-Hollandia operation was a big thing. The biggest yet in the Southwest Pacific. There weren't many of us then who were able to realize the extent of it or to comprehend the difficulty in planning this kind of a landing. Digging around in some of the information that was available before the operation began I see that most of the maps and pictures were pre-war. There had been some recent aerial photos, and they helped, but get this description of Tumleo Island, right off the coast of Aitape.

"A sandy beach surrounds the island, with a fringing reef on the NW corner. The NW corner is most inaccessible. Solyaliu Hill (262 feet) is the dominating feature. It can be recognised at least 10 mls east or west of Aitape. Its summit can be reached by way of the south side; the north side would be difficult to scale. Trees are growing on the hill, but not thickly."

It would have been a bit difficult to scale the north side of Solyaliu Hill because it was an overhanging cliff, and the easiest way to get up the south side was by pulling yourself from one of those trees to another and I know some people who were thankful that the trees were close enough together to do just that.

We finally hauled ourselves through the mud and on the 8th of April all the D-Day personnel and equipment loaded on LST's and the first convoy was on its way. Then the D-plus-1 equipment started to load. Right here we ran into trouble. Seems there'd been a slight misunderstanding. The Royal Australian Air Force Engineers had loaded on at Lae and they were supposed to have left room for our equipment. They didn't. The result was a 40mm. gun here, an M-51 there—LST's, Liberty's, any place there was room.

D-DAY, H-HOUR, 220645 APRIL, 1944

Maybe the military parlance will bring it all back to you. The Navy cut loose with a bombardment before it was even daylight and as soon as the planes could see where they were going they were in the air, bombing and strafing. This went on for more than an hour before we hit the beach.

As it happened the entire landing took place a mile east of where it had been planned, but in spite of this the first guns were in position in 45 minutes.

Enemy opposition was comparatively light. The Japs had a big welcome party planned for us and the only trouble was in the fact that the welcoming committee was at Wewak. There were a few Nips around, however, and there were dozens of Javanese slaves, most of them either already dead or dying of starvation.

The rice in some of the bowls was still warm, so you could tell they weren't expecting visitors. Most of the Nips had headed for the hills but a few of them stayed around.

Sgt. Ed Polefko spied a Nip with a rope over his shoulder, climbing a tree, and promptly shot him. The rest of the war he was kidded by Joe Gans about shooting a Jap who was trying to hang himself.

Peewee Baur of the Medics cornered one in a fox hole, threw hand grenades into it until his arm got tired, and then went down to drag him out. Imagine Peewee's consternation when the Jap reached down from a little shelf just inside the entrance and tapped him on the shoulder!

Two days after the CP had been set up Cpl. Yates decided to see if there were any souvenirs left in a fox hole in the area and turned up the Jap officer and his crew of six men who had operated the radio station which we had captured on D-Day.

The radio station, incidentally, was the real prize of the entire operation, and in capturing both the station and the crew we were able to turn over to higher headquarters the most valuable information at that time and also prevented the Japanese at Aitape from contacting their troops elsewhere and informing them of what had happened there.

One other amusing incident before we go back to the beach and fight the war. On D-Day the men from Battalion Supply discovered a beer dump. It was fine Javanese beer and the S-4 men, being of a naturally suspicious nature, were loading it on a truck as fast as they could, not even bothering to tip a bottle and reveal their find, when the Australians came along with their "Property of the Australian Government" signs and claimed what was left of the beer.

The landing had gone off nicely. We moved quickly into position and the following day were joined by the D-plus-1 crews. Some of these latter crews stayed on the ships, however.

General MacArthur came down from Hollandia to visit the Task Force, and Col. Kahl almost ended his career prematurely by starting to drive his jeep forward while looking backward. The General was just a few feet ahead of him at the time.

It was on the night of the 27-28th of April that we had our first air raid. The attack was made in a driving rainstorm and I, along with everyone else, thought it was one of our own planes off course. One of "A" Battery's guns tracked it all the way but couldn't get clearance to fire, and by the time clearance was granted the bomb

was already in the hold of the Liberty ship, the plane was out of range and we had suffered our first combat casualties.

The following article, which appeared in the May 22nd, 1944 issue of *LIFE* magazine, gives an interesting account of the events at Aitape in the first few days of the operation.

D PLUS FOUR

A LIFE EDITOR AT AITAPE REPORTS ON, AMONG OTHER THINGS,
A JAP PRISONER "FISHED" FROM DUGOUT

by Noel F. Busch

Owing to the absence of the enemy, the recent landings at Aitape and Hollandia in New Guinea were considerably less spectacular than had been expected. Aside from the superb naval and air bombardment which was delivered on schedule to the second and drove what few Japs there were back into the jungle behind the beaches, very little actual firepower was expended. However, all the more for this reason the landings were good examples of the special idiom of warfare in the South Pacific. In this area war is primarily a sort of gigantic experimental combination of engineering, exploration, scientific research and modern transportation, which would be unique in itself even if there were no enemy at all to be considered. This does not mean, of course, that the Japs are a negligible factor, but it does make the operation in question, where this factor was reduced to a minimum, an especially good illustration of the difference between the paradoxical Pacific war and all other wars in history.

Aitape, on D-plus-4, or Wednesday, April 26 according to the non-military calendar, was as good a place and time as any to serve as a case in point. I arrived there after an agreeable two-day journey in a landing ship, dock. This ship had been present at the original landing and was now making its second visit to Aitape. By the time it anchored at Aitape it was about 7 a. m. By 7:45 the barge in which Colonel Benoit had invited me to accompany him to shore slid onto the beach. The Colonel's jeep pitched down the bow ramp and promptly stalled in the surf. Equally promptly a huge bulldozer, engaged in scooping a roadway above high-water mark, detoured to throw a hook over the jeep's bumper and yank it onto dry land with the comically superfluous power of an elephant picking up a peanut.

On the beach I extracted my jungle-camouflaged knapsack from the back of the jeep and set out to hitchhike to task force headquar-

ters, while Colonel Benoit stayed on to organize his party. Before I had taken a dozen steps along the dusty road, which ran parallel to the beach a few steps behind it, another jeep stopped to pick me up. The occupants of this turned out to be a Colonel Di Pasquale, the chief surgeon of the force, and his driver. As we lurched along the road the Colonel explained that he was on his way to look in at a field dressing station.

Construction in the Jungle

The drive of about four miles to the command post took us first along the beach and then, where the shore line curved out in a little cape, through thick jungle. In spots where the road was narrow, tractors were engaged in mowing down this jungle as though it were a wheat field. Elsewhere along the road signal-corps workmen were stringing wires, road machines were scooping sand into soft spots and miscellaneous hundreds of soldiers were pitching tents or hacking out clearings. The air was filled with thick dust, shots and the heavy roar of motors, all punctuated occasionally by the forlorn and lonely cries of some invisible birds. The scene and its sounds somehow suggested a vast, improbable real-estate development mushrooming along the shore, and this impression was reinforced by Di Pasquale's remarks, which he shouted back to me from the front seat of the jeep, concerning his efforts to pick out a good permanent site for his surgical unit.

Headquarters, which we reached after a brief visit to the field station, produced another impression, which was that of a village carnival pitching its shooting galleries and shell-game tepees. It consisted of 20 or so large tents, their bottom flaps raised to let the breeze in and each with a sign in front designating its business function. I entered the tent marked G-2, where I found the task force intelligence officer.

At lunch I re-encountered Colonel Di Pasquale, who offered to drive me to another hospital unit with him. Since I wanted to have a look at as much of the area as possible and since the road he was taking led through Tadji airdrome, which has been the chief tactical target of the landing, I accepted. The airdrome, when we reached it after another arduous five miles along a jungle track cleared in the past 24 hours, was a marked contrast to the conquered airdromes I had seen in Tripoli and Tunis. There, one distinctive feature of such establishments had been the mournful chime of torn, tin hangar

walls clanging against each other in the Mediterranean wind. Here, under an oddly similar hot blue sky, the clearing in the jungle had an ominous stillness. The abandoned Zeros around the field's edges, their propellers bent or melted at the tips by the heat of the fires started by our previous bombing, stood in grass grown waist-high in the few days since the Japs had stopped using the field. The woods around the field, of course, were still infested by snipers left behind by the main Jap forces which had taken to the hills, of whom about 200 had been killed and 25 captured in the previous three days. Guards with rifles in their hands walked slow patrols along the track as we drove along the runway and into the jungle on the other side. Colonel Di Pasquale found his unit, had a long professional chat with its chief and then drove me back to camp along a shorter beach road. As we neared headquarters about 5 o'clock the sun was almost setting. Along the curve of beach hundreds of naked soldiers could be seen enjoying a swim in the late afternoon sun in the warm, shallow surf, while jeeps and trucks drove smoothly past along the water's edge on sand packed by the ebbing tide.

Supper conversation at the headquarters officers' mess gave me a fairly clear picture of the Aitape operations. During its first few days Jap resistance to the landing, except for one pocket of 50 or so soldiers who were killed in the first hour on the beach, had consisted of isolated stragglers who kept turning up inside the perimeter. Some who announced their appearance by taking pot shots from the underbrush had to be put out of the way; others were put into the prisoners' stockade. One, whose presence was detected by low, mewing sounds that issued from a concealed dugout near the beach, refused to come out in response either to cajolery or threats. A sergeant was preparing to exterminate him with a hand grenade, when a private who happened to be passing by with a fish he had just caught in a nearby lagoon thought of a better notion. The private tied the fish to a string and tossed it down into the dugout. When he pulled on the string a minute later it proved to be taut. He pulled harder and the Jap came out, clinging to the fish, which he had already eaten halfway down to the tail.

The incident of the fish occurred on the afternoon of my arrival at Aitape. Elsewhere, however, at the same time other developments had taken a less comical turn. After supper I was introduced by Lieut. Colonel H. C. Brookhart, chief of staff to General Jens A. Doe in command of the whole task force. From Colonel Brookhart

I gathered that the resistance might presently become more formidable. The first patrols sent out eastward from the Aitape perimeter had encountered small knots of Japs straggling westward, totally unaware that this section of the coast was no longer in their hands. These stragglers had begun to travel in bigger parties and to circumvent the Aitape task force by using jungle trails which by-passed it through the interior. On the afternoon of D-plus-4 one of these groups, numbering about 200, had surprised and surrounded an American patrol of about 70 men 15 miles inland. After killing 50 Japs for the loss of one American, the patrol's ammunition began to run short. More had been flown out to them and dropped. At the same time reinforcement of a full company had set out to reach them by means of a full day's march. The situation of the surrounded platoon, which expected Jap bayonet assaults during the night, was by no means an agreeable one, but it was not, Colonel Brookhart assured me, nearly so alarming as it sounded. He confirmed this impression by calling the platoon's commanding officer by field telephone. From Colonel Brookhart's end of the conversation I gathered that the platoon commander felt that with machine guns of his own, backed up by telephone-directed artillery, his force could take complete care of itself till the reinforcements had time to reach it the next morning.

A Visit to the General's Tent

After his telephone conversation Colonel Brookhart, who had suggested that I might want to talk to General Doe himself, escorted me to the General's tent a few yards away from his own. As it was by now about 9 o'clock and I supposed that the day had been a fairly active one for the General, I cut my visit short, but managed nonetheless to pick up several points of interest. One of these was that General Doe had no particular respect for amateur military experts who hold that jungle fighting against the Japs resembled the eccentric pattern of our earlier Indian wars. Quite aside from the amphibious preparations required, General Doe pointed out that on the contrary the greatest advantage Americans have in jungle warfare is not an atavistic ability to cope with the wilds so much as an acquired ability to cope with the intricacies of modern machinery. By the apparently impossible procedure of taking our bulldozers and diesels into the heart of the jungles we have attained eventual superiority in firepower which must be quite unimaginable to the Japs habituated to mowing down the comparatively defenceless Chinese with rifle bullets.

It was, General Doe suggested, the Japs' inability to appreciate the ultimate implications of the very devices which they had adopted so assiduously that was now causing their downfall. They copied us in everything except common sense, the General remarked.

I wanted to see how enlisted men fared at Aitape, and consequently arranged to billet myself in a tent where the other occupants were a warrant officer, a first lieutenant named Carter and a buck private who, to judge by the spot on his sleeve from which three stripes had been removed, had been recently demoted from the rank of sergeant. After my chat with the General I retired to their tent and found them engaged in a conversation about the incident that had led to the sergeant's demotion. The conversation was still going on in the dim aperture at the front of the tent when I crawled under the mosquito net that Brent had rigged up above my cot. The last words I heard before falling asleep were spoken by Carter. He was somewhat amazingly touching the kind of topic upon which propagandists like to believe that soldiers devote a good many of their waking thoughts. That is the difference between Americans and all these other people. He was saying: "It's like I always say. You can't drive an American to do something and I don't care what it is. You got to lead him."

When I fell asleep a cool breeze had started to blow in from the Bismarck Sea. When I woke suddenly two hours later, it was to the sound of rain falling in such a roaring flood on the roof of the tent that it took me several moments to realize that there were other unpleasant sounds in the night as well. One was the sound of gunfire, the other was that of airplane motors which suddenly seemed to come from no distance at all, directly overhead. Aware from the gunfire that the planes must be Japanese, though I had apparently slept through the alert, I nonetheless rejected in the instant of awakening the prospect of taking a bath in a fox hole. A few seconds later the sound of a muffled explosion somewhere about half a mile away convinced me that this would be unnecessary and as the gunfire dwindled again I went back to sleep.

Results of the Japanese Raid

We were awakened by two more alerts later in the night, the last one just before dawn when the rain had stopped. At breakfast the next morning news of the consequences spread quickly through the camp. The raid, so far the only sign of really efficient opposition

at Aitape, had been conducted by three bombers. One of these had circled the harbor, dropped a flare above a Liberty ship, and then circling again dropped a bomb by the light of the flare which drove a hole in the ship's side. Since such ships are built in water-tight compartments the damage was minor, but it was generally agreed that to fly a plane through rain as heavy as that which had been falling at the time, let alone to score a hit with a bomb in it, argued considerable competence on the part of the Jap pilot. He had, however, been shot down by another ship as he flew out to sea.

Shortly after breakfast, at the invitation of Colonel Brookhart, I attended his staff conference. Here I learned, first of all, that the platoon in the jungle had indeed weathered the night in good style, killing another 30 Japs when they staged their bayonet charge and wounding an undetermined number. The rest of the conference concerned matters of administration. At the end of the conference the chief of staff expressed his satisfaction at the way things were going generally and made two small admonishments. One was not to park cars in the roadways, a procedure which impeded the widening of the roads necessary before engineering equipment could utilize them to put the air strip in top-speed operation. The other was that all motor transport in need of maintenance service or repairs be reported promptly to avoid a possible bottleneck in transport later on.

After the conference I went to Mr. Brent's tent to gather my gear and then walked over to lunch. The mess tent was pitched near the only real building, as distinguished from Army tents, thatched native huts and Jap dugouts with log roofs that I had seen in Aitape. It was, I learned, an old mission which, since the Japs had used it as a headquarters had been strafed before our occupation and I resolved to inspect it before going out to board my ship.

During lunch an ambulance arrived at the mission house and the bearers carried a stretcher through the door. When I followed them a few minutes later I met Colonel Di Pasquale and a chaplain whose name was O. K. Davidson, on the porch steps. We entered the bare interior, of which the thin, unpainted wall boards were perforated by bullet holes. The chaplain bent on one knee beside the stretcher and lifted the white cloth which had covered the face of the figure on it. He then reached gently beneath the uniform collar and lifted the dogtag to read it. "Maloney," said the chaplain, slowly turning the tag to the light so that the punched-in printing would

be legible, and then added: "That's Irish but it says here he was a Protestant." Maloney had been an ack-ack gunner, one of the men killed in the bombing of the Liberty ship.

(The records of the 383rd show this man to be Pfc. Francis E. McCarty, Battery C. Also killed in this raid was Pfc. Norman E. Mansfield. Pfc. Thomas F. Flanagan and Tech 5 James V. Markesano were wounded. All of these men were from Battery C.)

After that things quieted down. There weren't any more air raids while we were at Aitape. We picked up coconuts and burned out kunai grass, built racks over our cots, scraped roads through the mud and built catwalks across the swamp.

Capt. Stephenson and 1st Sgt. King of Dog Battery decided to build a bridge across one of those many rivers. The engineers came along and said it couldn't be done and there wasn't any reason to build it, anyway, but Dog Battery wanted their gun section on the other side of the river, so the men worked like hell building this bridge and got their guns across it and dug in.

Shortly after this the 40,000 Japs who had been waiting for us at Wewak got mad and decided if we couldn't come to their party they'd come to ours. We threw up a line of defense at the Druinimor River and waited for them, and in the meantime we went on picking up coconuts, moving guns—they tell me one gun section on the air-strip moved seven different times, and another one got all dug in only to find out that the control tower was in the line of fire. If they'd waited a couple of days they wouldn't have had to move again because an Aussie flew a P-40 into the tower and demolished it.

About this time the Japs got mad and decided they'd come across the Druinimor River whether we wanted them to or not. The Navy went down and shelled them from the ocean at night and the Air Force bombed them all day long, but they were still making it tough for the infantry.

Some field artillery support was needed and it just so happened that the only way to get the field artillery guns in the proper position was to take them across this bridge that couldn't be built—but it was awfully damned convenient that Dog Battery had sweated and groaned and worked half the nights building it, even if there wasn't

any sense to it, because the field artillery went across it and got into position and helped the destroyers and the bombers work on the Jap positions across the Druinimor.

We went on picking up coconuts, waiting for another raid as we cussed and discussed that first one, and then it was decided to put the M-51's and their crews on the PT boats and take nightly runs to Wewak. The purpose was to strafe the shore line and louse up the supply details that were trying to get supplies up to the Druinimor battle.

If anybody thinks this was a joy ride they'd better ask the boys who went on the missions. In particular, ask three of the boys from Section 7—Carl Fuchs, Joe Bennett and Bernie Lager.

They got in close to shore one night and a Jap shell knocked the tail out of the PT. The steering apparatus was all shot away and the Japs were laying it on for all they had, so Fuchs, Bennett and Lager went to work and laid down a barrage of fire while another PT slipped in and towed them out. They burnt up that M-51 but they silenced quite a bit of the shore firing while they did it. All three of the men were later awarded the Silver Star for their action that night.

The Battle of the Druinimor, although not so highly publicized as others, was, in numbers of participating troops and in number of casualties, one of the major battles in the Pacific. It wasn't as spectacular as charging on to an atoll, and the leap-frogging Sixth Army was already racing farther ahead up the New Guinea Coast, which probably explains why many other engagements were in the headlines at home. I suppose its kind of difficult to make good copy of a situation where soldiers sit on one side of a wide and shallow river, getting shot at and shooting back in return. After all, it was a war of movement and the troops at Aitape weren't going anyplace. Yet, after that one big surge there were only 31,000 Japs between Wewak and Aitape, because 9,000 of them died there in the mud. The total casualties for the entire operation, which continued for months, will probably never be known.

By the time August came we were getting restless again. Things were reasonably quiet and we began to look around for entertaining things to do.

I was over in the Old Man's tent one day when I walked Lt. Danny Reed, resplendent in an Australian Leftenants uniform. Ow

the blighter! 'E looked a sight, 'e did! 'E looked a sight, too, when the Colonel finished voicing his opinion.

It seems to me that nearly every gun section in "A" Battery had a jeep. I could never understand that. Neither could other people, particularly those who were supposed to have jeeps and didn't. There was a very curious case about this time, as Sgt. Wagner was demoted. Seems some careless character had left a jeep parked near his gun. Strangely enough, as soon as the fuss about the jeep died down, Pvt. Wagner became Sgt. Wagner again.

I've heard Aitape dubbed as "Operation Jungle Juice." Brewers of this so-called beverage blossomed into abundance and it got so that any tent whose inhabitants did not boast a reeking wooden barrel was considered anti-social.

I've heard two different schools of thought on jungle juice. One school says that chlorinated water is no good and that only swamp water will work properly, to which the chlorine addicts reply that the swamp water is impure. The answer to that, of course, is that jungle juice will kill anything, an answer which I believe to be true.

It was at Aitape, too, that the order came out to the effect that shooting of any of the few cows in the vicinity was prohibited, so an amateur cowboy roped the cow and a hammer and knife brought about the desired results without a shot being fired.

The stock phrase at Aitape was "Golden Gate in '48," but before we got around to leaving and heading north again (still trying to catch up with that good food) Europe had been invaded and the B-29's had made their first raid on Japan.

By the 18th of August we were planning our next operation. Lt. Gen. Krueger, then commander of the Sixth Army, came around to inspect us and said we'd get more than one air raid where we were going. He never spoke truer words.

On the ninth of September we loaded on LST's and LCI's, left New Guinea at last, bound for Morotai, Netherlands East Indies.

WE'LL NEVER GET TO THE PHILIPPINES

THE entire Morotai operation was in direct contrast to our recent experience at Aitape. Original opposition, which at Aitape had been described as "light", was practically non-existent at Morotai. The initial landing took place some two hours later in the day and the pre-landing bombardment was not nearly as heavy or as spectacular. Yet Morotai developed, in a matter of days, into one of the hot spots of the Pacific as far as enemy air activity was concerned.

The landing was on the 15th of September and there were many complications. To begin with, there was supposed to have been two landing parties, one at Red Beach and one at White Beach. However, the gun sections scheduled to land at Red Beach were unable to get off there and had to be brought back to the White Beach side of the peninsula.

In addition to this, all of the landing craft at White Beach got hung up on a coral reef some 100 yards off-shore and we waded through water that was at times neck deep. One of our jeeps rolled merrily down the ramp and disappeared into the sea, with the sputtering driver coming up moments later, standing on the seat.

After we got ashore and looked around we discovered one of the most elaborate tunnel systems you'd ever want to see. Fortunately, the guns, which had at one time been spotted about every twenty-five yards along the beach, had been removed. It appeared that practically the entire force on Morotai had been pulled back to Halmahera in anticipation of a landing there.

We established our initial anti-aircraft defense of White Beach at H hour plus 20 minutes and all but two of the gun sections were in position by nightfall. The remaining two had been scheduled for the Red Beach landing and were not able to get off the LST until just before dark.

Our ground observers, using SCR 300 sets, supplied the initial warning service and for some time the information they supplied was the only reliable source we had.

It was on D night that one of these ground observer crews, traveling with the infantry, found that the only place they could get radio reception was from a spot on the beach. They informed the lieutenant in command of the infantry where they would be and then settled down for the night.

The tides at Morotai are usually heavy and at that particular time of the year they seemed to be heavier than normal, and the waves crashing in to the shore forced the observer crew farther and farther up the beach.

They crawled as far as they dared up the slight embankment separating the beach from the jungle, and when the ocean began to lap at their feet Bob Hurst and Henry "Yogi" Hausman stuck their heads up over this embankment.

The infantry, apparently a bit nervous because of the lack of opposition, took one look at those beautiful silhouettes and cut loose. All night bullets sailed over the heads of the hapless crew, while the ocean climbed up to their shoulders before it mercifully receded.

Enemy air activity started the next morning at 3:45 when a single Japanese plane dropped three bombs near the south end of the airstrip with no damage. On the morning of the 18th an Oscar came over and became a target. The Oscar immediately disappeared into a cloud bank and a moment later a Navy Vengeance flew out of the same cloud area. He was greeted with a burst of AA fire which was fortunately stopped before the plane was damaged.

Meantime, it had been necessary for somebody to make an inspection of the small islands immediately off Morotai. One such inspecting party included Sgt. Irv Pentler, "A" Battery, and I'll let him describe it in his own words.

"On D-plus-1, four of us from "A" Battery, Marty Abrams, Andy Devine, Red Leigh and myself, went out to some adjoining islands. We didn't know what to expect and were prepared for about anything. When our LVT's beached it looked like a deserted village, but when the ramp went down natives rushed us from all sides. We had an interpreter with us and these Javanese told him we were the first white men to set foot on the island in four years. They kissed our feet as we went ashore, and they treated us like kings.

Then we went to another nearby island for reconnaissance. We had to wade in about hundred yards through shallow water. This

place looked as deserted as the first, but as we neared the shore natives popped out from everywhere. We hadn't seen a one of them through the binoculars. If they had been Japs they could have had a field day.

After we got ashore they all grouped around us. We walked about three hundred yards along the beach and stopped in a palm grove. Devine and I stayed here while the rest of the patrol went on, leaving us in distress with about thirty-five women. We sat on a log and the women gathered around us and started to feel our clothes. We didn't understand them too well but after going through our morning exercises in motions we got along fine—we were speaking different languages together.

They told us how the Japs had whipped them to make them work and had taken their clothes. They did have sand bags around them, so we weren't in a nudist camp—not quite.

After about an hour the patrol returned and our visit was over. We went back to Morotai and dug our M-3's in a little further for Charlie the next morning."

On the 19th of September there were three separate raids, one in the morning and two in the evening. We didn't get a chance to fire, however, because the planes were well out of range. We got our first plane on the 28th, the date which marked the beginning of a series of heavy raids which continued until late in December.

Meanwhile we were having another little difficulty. It seems the rear echelon, which was supposed to have arrived on D-plus-4, got mixed up some place along the line. Anyway, they didn't get there until D-plus-30. As a result we went 30 days without any spare parts and replacement parts.

Morotai was one place where the Army really worked miracles. Those engineers bulldozed their way through the jungle in double time.

Of course it rained. An invasion without rain just wasn't possible, apparently, and for a while Morotai was the muddiest place on the face of the earth. I still remember Joe DiCello sitting unhappily in a jeep that was hub deep in mud, bitterly regretting his absence from a state which was famous for its Turnpike.

But it wasn't long before we had a super-highway of our own, the coral hills were shaved down to a level and the 13th Air Force,

with more planes than we knew were in the entire Pacific, came in to use Morotai as their base.

Some time later a C-47 went out from the Morotai base and led in some fifty-odd fighter planes from a carrier which had been sunk in the battle of the Philippine Sea.

Meanwhile, our friends, the Nips weren't forgetting us. They were over almost every night, some times two or three times in one night, and they rapidly gained a very healthy respect for .50 caliber and 40mm. guns. In the first fifteen raids we got eight out of the seventeen planes that came within range of our guns.

After several one and two plane raids, which were apparently more reconnaissance than they were actual raids, the Japs cut loose on the morning of the 30th of September. Four fighters came in first, apparently as decoys for a bomber, which followed them by about a minute. We got one of the fighters and Section 13 got the bomber before he could get rid of his bombs.

This prompted one of the most humorous experiences of the entire war, as far as we were concerned. It seems that the fighters were out of range of Section 13, but the bomber came right towards them so they cut him down. The bomber, out of control, crashed into the ocean and disappeared. Everyone else was so busy firing at the fighters that they didn't see the bomber, and Section 13's claim was greeted with skepticism and in some quarters outright derision. Proof of the bomber's destruction eventually proved the claim, however.

Meanwhile, Lt. Steinmuller was having his troubles with his observer crews. He had decided that one of them, stationed on the beach with an advance infantry outfit, should set up shop in an outrigger canoe, as the radio reception from that particular point was very good. Lt. Steinmuller went back to the CP, the outpost crew promptly raced back to closer proximity with the infantry, which had threatened to open fire on anything which moved on the surface of the ocean at night, the tide came in and the next morning the outrigger was out of sight, probably nestling on the shore of Halmahera.

Which reminds me of the many different "expeditions" in the later days, after things had calmed down a bit. One in particular which landed some four miles down the beach from where they had

embarked, and told hair-raising tales about being able to see the Japanese welcoming committee on the shores of Halmahera.

The most spectacular raid we had was about 6 o'clock on the morning of the 31st of October. It wasn't the heaviest one by far, but at that time of day we could see what was going on.

The attack was carried out by five planes, which came in from different directions. A few minutes before the five came in, a single plane made a strafing run over the strip. One of the five that followed him tried the same thing and a 40mm. shell pierced his gas tank. It was strictly phfft! and he disappeared. All in all, we got four of the five.

Another one of the planes, a Zeke, flew around the strip, out of range, cut back and dropped down to where he was just a few feet over the ocean. He then went tearing down the beach, strafing the gun positions, which were busy firing in the opposite direction at the other planes. We got him, though. In fact, he crash-landed directly in front of the guns, wounding Pfc. James R. Snead and Pfc. Richard W. Wine, of "A" Battery.

This was the first plane which we had managed to recover, almost intact, and there was a thriving souvenir business for some time.

The raids continued through Christmas Eve, and then slacked off until the night of January 7th, when two planes made a sneak raid. One of the planes dropped a string of bombs near the tip of the peninsula, causing no damage. The other laid a string of anti-personnel bombs that led up to the gun parapet of Section 28, "D" Battery. Some of the men were already in position on the gun and the remainder were running for it; when the bombs struck. The following nine men were killed:

Sgt. Israel E. Abernathy
 Cpl. Steward V. Wiersema
 Pfc. Michael Giordano
 Pfc. John E. Moser, Jr.
 Pfc. Orville W. Nicholson
 Pvt. William H. Delms
 Pvt. Earl E. Krueger
 Pvt. Robert D. Lucas
 Tech 5 John J. Slater

The wounded were:

Cpl. Jack Kaplan
 Pfc. Jack L. Hoesel
 Pfc. Stephen D. Setlock
 Pfc. Louis Velkoverh
 Pvt. William N. Woodford

Of the wounded, all except Velkoverh were later returned to active duty. He was evacuated and did not rejoin the battalion.

There was very little warning of this attack. Planes were occasionally able to slip through the warning net, not because of negligence on the part of this system, but because of the ever-increasing air activity, both night and day, of the 13th Air Force planes as they struck out at the Philippines and Borneo.

The men of Section 28 certainly deserve the highest credit and praise, because the primary duty of anti-aircraft troops is the protection of other troops and installations, and they were killed or wounded as they attempted to carry out this duty.

Sneak raids, when the enemy was over his target before detected, were always the most damaging. A single plane dropped bombs on the airstrip one night and caught the B-24's lined up, wing to wing, ready to take off for Borneo. The B-24's caught on fire and exploded, one by one. This went on for nearly an hour, destroying some sixty planes in all.

With the exception of the two or three sneak raids, the Japs preferred to stay out of range of the 40mm. and .50 caliber guns. There were few targets for us after the first two months as the Nips displayed a very high admiration for the fire of these two weapons and took their chances at very high altitude, out of our range.

Morotai was the object of bitter verbal targets from the Japanese radio. We could pick up stations in Singapore, Shanghai, and Hong Kong clearly. The best program on the air from these places was "Command Performance," which featured the music which was popular just before we left home. It also featured the usual sugary-voiced girl who kept urging us to return to our homes before the "drug store cowboys" and the "4-F's" got our girls at home. It was a very entertaining program.

Every night during "Command Performance" this character, "Singapore Sally," "Shanghai Sue," or whatever her name was, would give us the "latest news," and every night the latest news was that the American troops on Morotai were practically wiped out. We were continually being besieged by land, by sea and by air, according to this newscast.

Actually, the activity on the ground was very light. However, "C" Battery's Section 16 had an experience with it on the night of the 12th of November, when they returned to their tents following a raid and a fragmentation grenade exploded. This was followed by a rattle of small arms fire to the south, with bullets passing over and through Sections 19 and 21.

Pvt. Frank Costa was seriously wounded by the grenade and evacuated to a hospital from where he was later returned to the States. This was the same Frankie Costa who had managed to talk the Medics at Camp Stoneman into pronouncing him fit for overseas duty, and in the hospital at Biak he encountered Col. Kahl, who was at that time undergoing an operation.

"Colonel," Frankie said mournfully, "I fouled up again!"

Actually, the warning that he gave to the other members of the section undoubtedly saved them from serious injury or even death.

Besides the casualties which I have already mentioned, there were two additional—Sgt. William F. Fish, who was accidentally electrocuted while repairing an electrical circuit in his battery area and Pvt. James F. Fish, who died instantly of an accidental gunshot wound in the head. Both men were from Battery "C".

In addition to this T/Sgt. Thomas L. Jeffrey and Pfc. Edward P. Kippie, both of Hq. Battery, suffered leg wounds by the accidental discharge of a rifle. Sgt. Jeffrey eventually lost his leg and was evacuated to the United States. Pvt. James A. Martin, Battery "C", was seriously wounded when a .50 caliber machine gun accidentally fired a few rounds. Pfc. Kenneth M. Beers, "A" Battery, was seriously wounded in the same manner.

Sgt. William Rhodes, Hq. Battery, was wounded while leading a patrol into the heavily wooded area near Headquarters. Reports that one or more Japanese, part of the demolition crews which periodically attempted to slip through the lines, were in this area

prompted the patrol. Sgt. Rhodes suffered a gunshot wound in the leg.

Others wounded due to enemy action on Morotai were: Pfc. Raymond A. Bowers, "A" Btry.; Pfc. Herbert F. Ruby, "B" Btry. and Pfc. Joseph G. Besece, "D" Btry.

After that disastrous raid on the 7th of January air activity virtually ceased. Col. Kahl came back to us on the 15th of March, having been absent since the 20th of November. He replaced Major James R. Graves, who had been in command while he was gone.

We later established a firing point, with firing at a towed sleeve target and also at rockets. We also practiced ground firing with both the 40mm. and M-51's, and displayed the deadly effectiveness of these weapons against pill-boxes and other ground targets.

In many ways Morotai was the high spot of the war for the 383rd. Enemy activity kept us so busy we didn't have time to let our morale droop. The stories concerning our experiences on this island are already legend, so I will not attempt to repeat more than a few.

Remember the gunner, dozing on the gun as he listened to the chatter on the hot loop, who heard only two words of an idle question which went like this—"Think we'll have a red alert tonight?"—and promptly fired the three warning shots? And how about the Morotai tides, mentioned previously, which washed away some of the beach sections gun pits every night? And the Seabees who took that good road with them when they left? They built it and they took it by dragging their wooden runnered carts from area to beach for a week until the ruts were two feet deep. The road was never again really fit to be treveled. Or the two men on the tower the morning it was strafed? The radio operator saw it coming and muttered, "The is the end."—but the man on the hot loop didn't even know about it until he was back on solid ground and when somebody told him about it, and pointed to the holes in the tower, he fainted dead away!

For the men who worked in the Operations Center it is the memory of that strange melody, "Black aye, Blue aye, Green aye, Red aye, White aye," every half hour when the net was checked—and everyone surely remembers the marvelous mail service, and those black gallon cans and blow torches which were basic materials in

making some of the strongest coffee on record—and the big fish fries made possible by dynamiting off the reef—and sometimes just walking out to the edge of the reef when the tide was out, looking the few short miles to Halmahera and thanking God that we were where we were instead of there.

And the final story about “Yogi” Hausman, who “celebrated” his twenty-first birthday on Morotai. He was stationed with an infantry outpost, where it wasn’t safe to stand erect at night, and on his 21st birthday he suffered from a terrific attack on dysentery. The memory of “Yogi” crawling off into the night with his little shovel still haunts those who were with him.

I could go on for pages, because I know that every one of you has at least one, and probably a dozen, vivid memories of Morotai fixed forever in your mind.

But the good food was still someplace north of us, so we decided we’d try again. This time the destination was Parang, Mindanao, Philippine Islands, and it marked the beginning of our return to civilization after fourteen months in the jungle.

WE’LL NEVER GO HOME

WE landed at Parang, on the southern coast of Mindanao, on the third of May. The Filipinos planted an American flag on the beach and came out in their canoes to greet us. We were quite pleased with our reception, but we were in for another disillusionment. They had their boats filled with bananas and chickens and they were very enterprising business men.

We moved to another bivouac area, getting there just as it got dark. Needless to say, it rained all night. The next morning we went to work on the area.

Things happened pretty fast after that. The phrase, “bastard battalion,” was really explained to me now. Up until this time we’d always been together, even though we had been attached to various Infantry divisions, Air Corps, Groups, etc. Now it got so that each battery, and sometimes a single platoon, was attached to a different outfit.

“C” Battery pulled out first, going to the Pulangi River pontoon and LCM ferry crossings at Pikit and Kabacan. On the 5th of May Major Beede went to Talomo, in charge of a reconnaissance party with the mission of establishing a coordinated defense of the planned PT base at Malalog. Four days later it was decided there wouldn’t be a base there, after all.

Next, Headquarters, part of Dog Battery and one platoon of “A” Battery went to Kabacan. The rest of the outfit, except for Charlie Battery came up the following day, and in the next week we were attached, reassigned and reattached so many times that I won’t even attempt to relate it all here.

What happened, finally, was that we were to take care of the Sayre Highway. This included bridge guards, road patrols and a network of radio stations. Some 40 guerillas were assigned to work with us. We had charge of traffic priority control and our radio network proved to be a quick and reliable means of communications.

Sayre Highway sounds fancy, but it was just a country road. It was also the best, and in most cases the only, road in that part of the country, and as such it was a regular lifeline. Keeping the traffic rolling over it without confusion and at the same time keeping the Nips far enough away from it to do any damage was our job. Up until the time we met with an enemy we couldn't cope with, namely, the rains, we did such a good job that we soon found that most of the battalion had become rear echelon.

So we moved up again—or rather, up, around and over. It was one of those deals where everybody seemed to be going in different directions to get to the same place.

By the time we'd been on Mindanao for three weeks I could get a dozen different descriptions of it by taking to a dozen different members of the 383rd.

The war in Europe had ended while all this was going on and the Army lingo changed. You were now "bucking for five points" instead for a "Section 8" or the next rank up the line.

Part of the outfit, including Col. Kahl, Capt. Krause, and Lt. Steinmuller, went on up to Malabalay. It was here that S/Sgt. Carl Gemmill of Communications, together with several other men from the 383rd and an Infantry Lieutenant and Sergeant, went into the hills in an armored car to rescue some forty stranded Filipinos. They came back feeling like heroes and were promptly given the dressing down of their lives by an Infantry Colonel, who was of the opinion that they shouldn't go around taking chances. Somebody should have told them!

We were all headed for Del Monte. That is, we were all supposed to be. We'd done such a good job on the Sayre Highway that we'd managed to get everybody over it except ourselves. By the time we were relieved of that responsibility the rains had come in abundance and gun sections were strung out along the highway from Kabacan to Malabalay.

Dog Battery was stuck in the mud for a long time and it got so bad that supplies had to be parachuted in to them. It was during this period that Pvt. David "Divey" Corter, of Dog Battery, had one of his most unhappy experiences. He captured a Jap. "Divey" didn't go much for the idea of prisoners, but the orders were to take them if you could, and there he was, all set to pull the trigger and

the Nip was determined to surrender. So "Divey" marched the Nip down the road ahead of him and followed, muttering, in the rain.

It was also during this period that Pfc. Armando S. Cioe of Dog Battery was drowned at the Mulita Crossing on Sayre Highway and Tech 5 Walter Skorski of Battery C was wounded when he stepped on an enemy booby trap at Kabacan.

An epidemic of dysentery hit Battery B, stationed at Degos. This was the first of a series of such epidemics which eventually amounted to more than 200 cases within the battalion while we were on Mindanao.

In the meantime a truck convoy took off for Del Monte over the Sayre Highway. Somewhere up in that mountainous jungle they were stopped by a seemingly bottomless pit which was in the middle of the road. Since the mountains went up at about a 60 degree angle on each side, there was nothing else to do except chop down trees in an effort to fill the hole.

They spent eight days tossing logs into muck and watching them sink out of sight—and they tell me that the funniest incident of the Mindanao campaign was when the "Green Hornet," (Capt. Wrightson) climbed up on a cliff overlooking the road, chopped industriously away on a tree for some twenty minutes, yelled "Timber!"—and then stood by in dismay as the tree fell backwards instead of forwards and gracefully disappeared into a mountainside gully some seventy-five yards from the road.

By the twentieth of June everyone except Dog Battery had managed to get to Del Monte. It was the first time that many of us had been together since the first two days at Parang.

And incidentally, the few who got to Del Monte early, mostly communications men, performed the most incredible feat of the entire Pacific war. They caught up with all the good food that was forever going north!

Since all the roads to Del Monte were blocked at that time, the C-47's flew in the food and apparently the C-47's were attached to a steak depot, because that's what they brought in.

There were complications, of course. Before the steaks had arrived the tree-ripened pineapples on the Del Monte plantation had already commenced to work and the majority of the troops there were suffering from dysentery. It is a sad, sad sight to

watch a man, who hasn't even seen a steak for two years, attempt to eat it, and after only a couple of bites shove it aside and run for the latrine, then stagger to the nearest cot and lay there, uttering all the curses he has ever heard and making up a few new ones for good measure.

Dog Battery finally got itself dug out of the mud and was placed under operational control of the X Corps for traffic control in the Valencia-Kibawe sector of the Sayre Highway and a 543 radio net was placed in operation between Del Monte and Valencia. They were soon relieved of this mission and assigned to assist the 31st Infantry Division MP and Beachmaster on the beach at Bugo. They arrived there on the 10th of July.

We didn't know it yet, but the war was over for us. We were worn out from wading through the mud, chopping down trees, sitting up all night on the radio, patrolling the highway—incidentally, one of the patrols, working with the guerillas, spotted one of the largest concentration of Nip troops near Kabacan, and by a fast relay of the information succeeded in having the entire force either killed or captured.

They gave us some kind of a break now. We were in one of the nicest spots in the Pacific—on a high plateau with cool breezes all day long, and cold enough to crawl under a blanket at night.

We built that area up until the pilots used it as a landmark to find the airstrip and the Commanding General, X Corps, made a personal inspection of the area and called upon all units to visit it and use it as a model.

And Dog Battery was making up for some of their hard luck. Every once in a while they were assigned to guard the beer dump!

The Bomb ended the war, and we celebrated it in the appropriate manner. The following order of the day will give a better description than I can.

V-J CELEBRATED ON MINDANAO

MONDAY, 3 SEPTEMBER 1945 BY 383 AAA BN.

It is the wish of the Commanding Officer that an event unprecedented in the world should be celebrated unprecedented in the

Army. It is therefore ordered:

1. Breakfast will be served any time between 0300 and 2100. Who cares?
2. Uniform for breakfast will be shorts or towel (bath M1). (Shoes are recommended but not prescribed.)
3. 0930—The Commanding Officer will speak to the Battalion for the purpose of indicating to all personnel certain probabilities as to the future of the unit. Uniform GI (Khaki and overseas cap—no leggins—no ties).
4. Following the Battalion meeting, anyone caught engaging in any physical activity of any kind (elbow exercises excepted) will be arrested on the spot and, along with your Battery Commander, be tried as a "War Criminal" and sent to New Guinea.
- 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. Any member of the Sleep Disturbing Bugle Corps who permits the tootle of any brass within 15 miles will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
- 4 $\frac{3}{4}$. 1030—Beer Call—Plenty of beer call.
5. Noon will come at 1200.
6. A continuous inspection of all batteries will be carried out by CWO Gans in an effort to reduce the number of full beer bottles in the area.
7. 1300—Sack Time. Uniform: What God gave you.
8. Work of any sort will not be tolerated. (The guard and ration detail can have their TS cards punched between the hours of 0600-0610 at the Administration Building by the Sgt. Major.)
9. Movie in the evening preceded at 1830 by the Greatest Little Amateur Hour Mindanao has ever seen. Anyone attending—if anyone attends—will be frisked for old tomatoes and aged papayas. The cast of this great show will leave immediately after the performance for Pottsville, Pa., where a gigantic reception and beer bust will be held.
10. Power plants will fail at 20 minute intervals throughout the

night. We want you to feel at home. Suitable remarks will be addressed to power plant operators.

11. 0615, Tuesday, 4 September —Oh, oh.

BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE:

Herbert J. Gans	Norman A. Gonder
CWO USA	1st Lt. CAC

James H. Voyles	Daniel O'Connell
1st Lt. CAC	Captain CAC

(Today is different — the least come first)

The entire battalion was assembled at the Del Monte area in late September. An athletic program was started, with night basketball games and boxing cards. There were also shows at the Del Monte theatre every night.

After two years in the Southwest Pacific and the knowledge that the war was over, it was rather difficult to interest us in anything else. We had enough points to go home, but with the ever-present pessimism of the American soldier, we were convinced that we would never leave.

Time out here for just a few recollections—the sight of Parang, the first “city” we’d seen in 15 months—the rubber trees at Kabacan—also the chicken fries, the fresh vegetables, and the big black cigars there—the beauty of the Sayre Highway between Malabalay and Kabacan, truly one of the most scenic routes in the world—and the hordes of monkeys in the trees along the stretch between Kabacan and Malabalay—the wild rush of those mountain streams—the swift, sharp drop from the plateau to the Bugo Beach—that hill (or mountain) near the Del Monte area that we climbed daily as we waited for the ship to arrive and take us home—the sight of the Filipino women pounding clothes between two flat rocks all up and down the river (and who says any automatic washer will get them cleaner?)—and, of course, the pet phrase of the Philippine Islands, which inspired the following poem—

*I met her by a little stream,
I fancied she was lonely;
But alas, she saw my eyes agleam
And whispered, “Laundry Only.”*

It was while we were waiting for the ship, that S/Sgt. Arden Borton died of a heart attack and Pfc. Elmer H. Fischesser was killed when his weapons carrier went off the road and crashed into a ravine. Both men were from Battery “A”.

The ship came, finally, after a series of frustrating delays, and we left Mindanao shortly after Thanksgiving Day. Our troubles weren’t over yet, however. First, we developed a water shortage and then we spent several hours waiting to see if we had to retrace a hundred miles to go to the aid of a wounded ship. However, on the 15th day of December we came within sight of the coast of California and early the next morning we sailed under the Golden Gate.

The next morning we sat and waited, watching as ship after ship sailed in under the Gate and right up to the dock. We still wondered if we’d ever get home.

The “Welcome Boat” came around, girls lining the rail and waving to us as we sat around glumly with our chins in our hands and speculated on the latest rumor—we weren’t going to get ashore until after Christmas because there were too many troops on the West Coast already and not enough trains to take them east.

In all that crowd aboard the ship only Frank Bosh displayed any enthusiasm—“Wave at the girls,” he said, “They’re out here to welcome us. Do want to hurt their feelings? Go on, wave at the girls!”

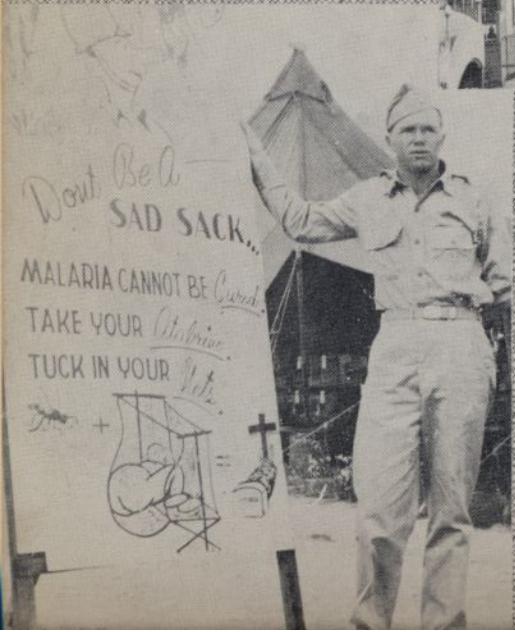
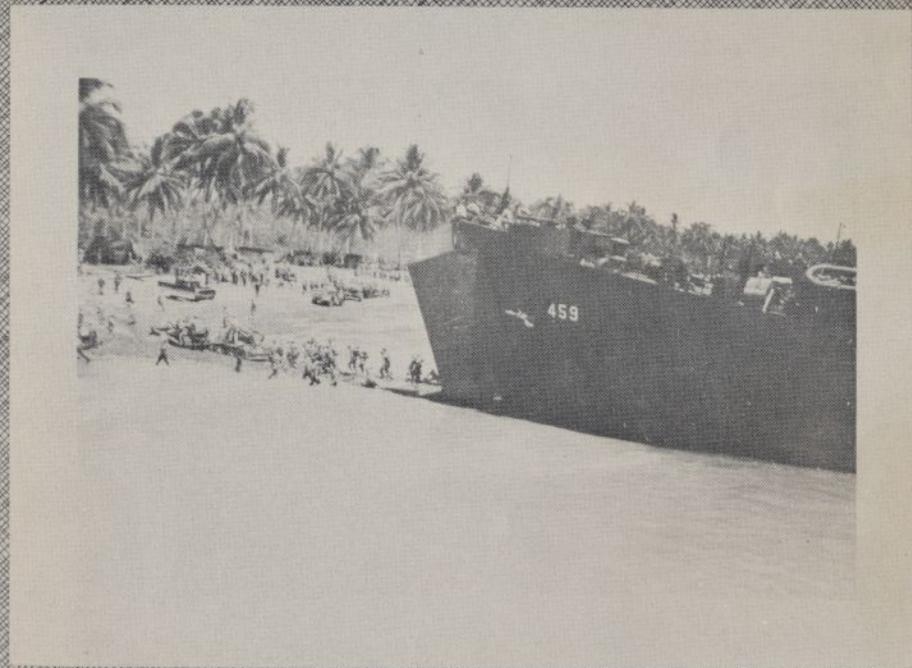
We went ashore that afternoon, and the 383rd dissolved right then. Officially it survived for some weeks after that, but for me and for all the rest of you it ended the minute our feet touched shore.

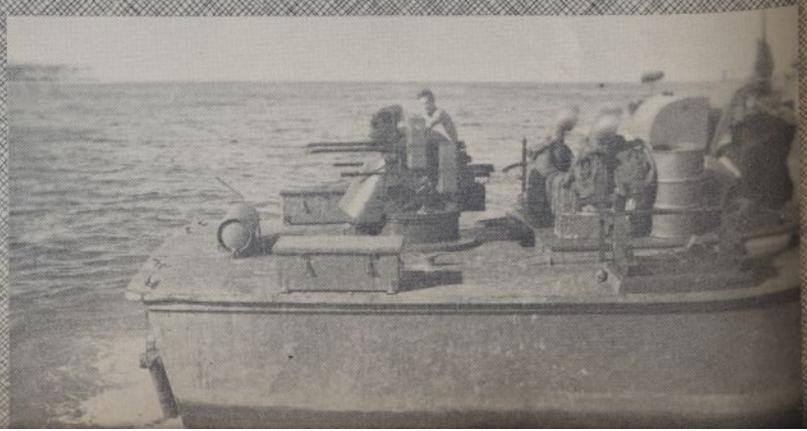
Ahead of us there would be more delays and more disappointments before we were out of the Army, but it was going to be on more of an individual basis, with the outfit breaking into different groups and going different ways—but in that minute we didn’t stop to think about it. Behind us were 772 days of the Southwest Pacific—Australia, New Guinea, the Netherlands East Indies and the Philippines, and one of the finest combat records compiled in that theatre of operations. Ahead of us there was home, and that was enough.

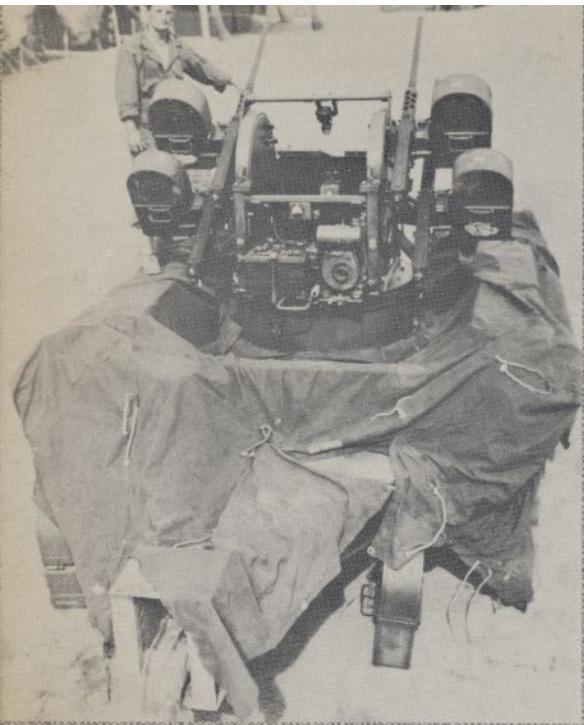
The Hot Loop had been completed.



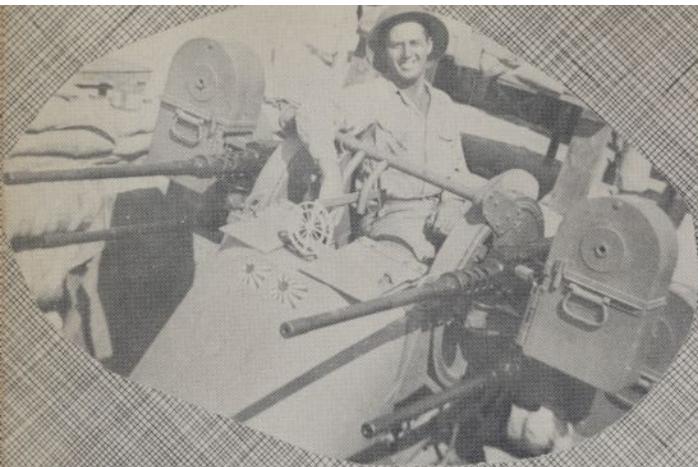


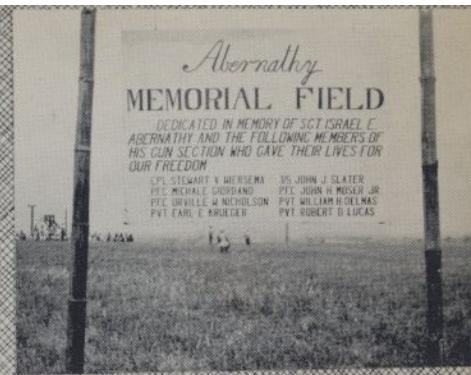
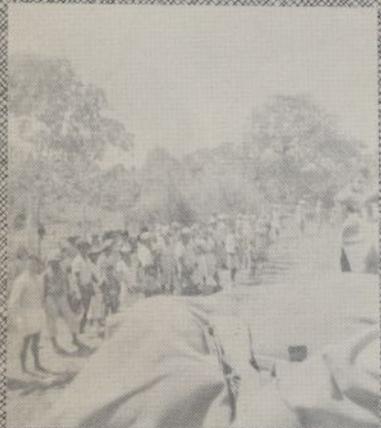


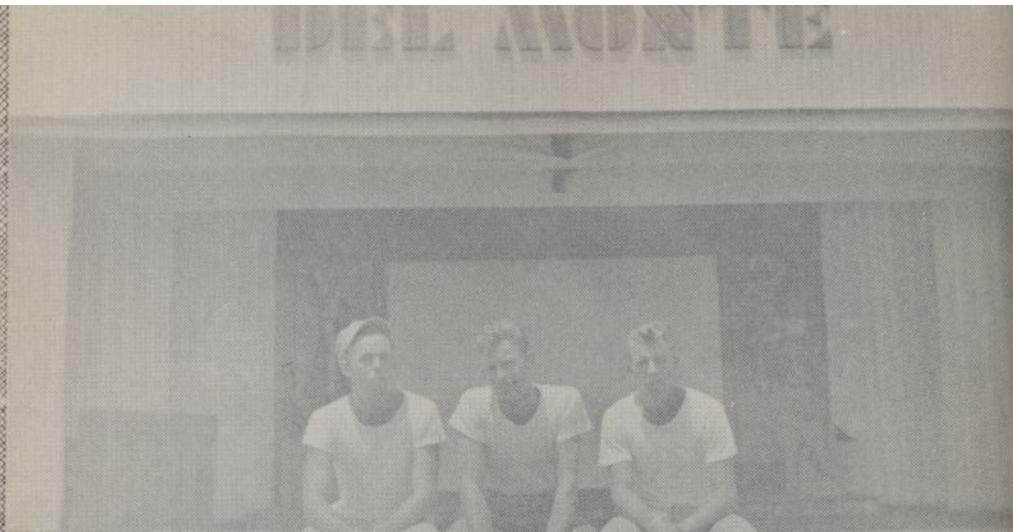












COMMENDATIONS

10 May 1944

Subject: Antiaircraft Operations of the
PERSECUTION TASK FORCE.

To: CG, 14th AAA Command,
APO 501 (Thru Channels)

1. The tactical employment of the 383rd AAA Bn with attached units enroute and during the initial phases of landing of the PERSECUTION Task Force was commendable. Although the primary weapons for the unit were not received until D-4 and prime movers were stripped from the unit because of lack of loading space, all of the guns were landed, dispersed into excellent tactical positions, dug in and reported ready for operation by 1700 on D-Day. This included all Bofors, quadruple 50 cal. machine guns, one 90mm. gun battery and four searchlight sections. The gun radar and searchlight radars that landed on D-Day were operating by 2000. Air Warning was in full operation during night of D-Day. Several Bofors were in position on the air strips within 30 minutes after the strips were taken. Auto Weapons covered the landings continuously from H-45, the time of their landing.

2. * * * * *

3. I was pleased with the Antiaircraft operations of the Task Force.

JENS A. DOE
Brigadier General U. S. Army
Commanding

AG 370.2 (10 May 44) AAGC 1st Ind.

HEADQUARTERS, 14th ANTI-AIRCRAFT COMMAND,
A. P. O. 501, 29 May 1944.

To: Commanding Officer, 383rd Automatic Weapons Battalion,
APO 705. (Thru: Commanding General, Sixth Army, APO 422).

1. It is with great pleasure that I note the spirit and skill with which the Antiaircraft Artillery Units attached to the Persecution Task Force performed their mission.

2. This commendation has been made a matter of record in the official files of the following units:

383rd AW Bn
Btries "B" and "C", 743rd CA (AA) Bn Gun
Btry "C" less 1 platoon 227th S/L Bn

W. A. MIXTACKI
Major, A.G.O.
Asst. Adj. Gen.

AG 370.2 - E (10 May 44) 2nd Ind.

HEADQUARTERS SIXTH ARMY, APO 422, 2 June 1944.

Thru: Commanding General, 32d Infantry Division, APO 32.

To: Commanding Officer, 383rd Automatic Weapons Battalion,
APO 705.

The commanding General is pleased to note and forward this letter of commendation.

By command of Lieutenant General Krueger:

W. A. MIXTACKI
Major, A.G.O.
Asst. Adj. Gen.

370.2 (10 May 44) 3rd Ind.

HQ 32d INF DIV. APO 32, 14 June 1944.

To: Commanding Officer, 383rd Automatic Weapons Battalion, APO
705.

1. It is my desire to add my personal commendation to that of Brigadier General Doe and the Commanding General, 14th Antiaircraft Command.

2. Such excellent performance of duty reflects great credit on the personnel of the 383rd Automatic Weapons Battalion and is worthy of high praise.

W. H. GILL
Major General, U. S. Army
Commanding

HEADQUARTERS XI CORPS
APO 471

8 November 1944

AG 201.2 C

Subject: Commendation.

To: Commanding Officer, 214th AAA Group, APO 926.

1. I desire to commend you, your officers and men for superior performance of duty during the operation against the enemy at APO 926.

2. It has seldom been my pleasure to have a unit under my command which displayed such enthusiasm in the accomplishment of its assigned missions or one which exhibited a finer spirit of cooperation. The efficiency and devotion to duty displayed by personnel of the Anti-Aircraft Artillery units engaged in this operation was outstanding and the results attained contributed materially to the success of our mission.

3. The high standard of Morale, discipline and the superior military courtesy displayed by all ranks in an indication of a well trained organization and reflects great credit upon all concerned.

C. P. HALL
Major General, U. S. Army
Commanding

HEADQUARTERS XI CORPS
APO 471

AG 201.2 C

17 October 1944

Subject: Commendation.

To: Commanding Officer, 383rd AAA Automatic Weapons Battalion,
APO 926.

Thru: Commanding Officer, 214th AAA Group, APO 926.

1. I desire to commend you, your officers and enlisted men for the superior manner in which your unit performed on D-Day in the current operation against the Japanese at APO 926.

2. The prompt and efficient manner in which the assault elements established early beach defenses; the rapidity with which succeeding elements occupied and established positions vital to the security of the force as a whole and the effective deployment of your troops in tactical positions are indicative of careful planning, co-ordination and thorough indoctrination and awareness on the part of all ranks in the importance of their assigned missions.

3. This demonstration of outstanding performance of duty reflects credit upon all concerned, and is in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service.

C. P. HALL

Major General, U. S. Army
Commanding

AG 201.22 (4 Nov 44) AAAG 1st Ind.

ADVANCE ECHELON, HEADQUARTERS, 14th ANTIAIRCRAFT
COMMAND, APO 322, 27 November 1944.

To: Commanding Officer, 383rd Antiaircraft Artillery AW Battalion,
APO 926.

1. The outstanding performance of duty justifying the praise of the Commanding General, XI Corps reflects most favorably upon the organization and the military service.

2. I am pleased to add my commendation to you personally and to members of your command for the high standard of military proficiency demonstrated during the period of combat employment covered by the basic reference.

3. A copy of the subject letter has been placed with the official records of your organization.

W. F. MARQUAT

Major General, U. S. Army
Commanding

UNIT ROSTER

On the following pages appear the battery rosters and also the list of awards. Unfortunately, neither of these are complete as of the day the 383rd disbanded. However, no later records are available to us at this time, and, rather than attempt to make any changes even though we know some of those that occurred, we are printing them as they appeared in the UNIT HISTORY. The most glaring omission, in our eyes, is not listing the three men who received the Silver Star for their action in the vicinity of Wewak. To compensate for this we have mentioned it in the story of the 383rd.

If you received an award and your name is not included in the list, or if you notice some error in the battery rosters, we do apologize — but at the same time we hasten to explain that the publishing of this book has already been delayed too long, and any attempt on our part to dig up a completely accurate record means another, and indefinite postponement.

HEADQUARTERS AND HEADQUARTERS BATTERY

Kahl, Alfred W., Lieutenant Colonel

Beede, Howard C., Major

Graves, James R., Major, transferred 31 Mar 45

Housley, Walter W. Jr., Major

Krause, William A., Captain, transferred 23 July 45

McElligott, Joseph P., Captain

Neuburger, Burton A., Captain, transferred 7 Jun 44

O'Connell, Daniel F., Captain

Rataczak, Robert L., Captain, transferred 15 Oct 44

Warner, Ross H., Captain, assigned 13 May 44

Wrightson, Walter Jr., Captain, assigned 15 Feb 45

Bottoni, Dominic J., 1st Lieutenant, transferred 25 Feb 44

Gonder, Norman A., 1st Lieutenant

Reid, Daniel G., 1st Lieutenant

Salter, George A., 1st Lieutenant, assigned 11 Apr 45

Steinmuller, John M. II, 1st Lieutenant
 Toll, William H., 1st Lieutenant, assigned 17 Apr 45
 Wheeler, Bernard M., 1st Lieutenant, transferred 21 Aug 45
 Gans, Herbert J., C.W.O.
 Scarbrough, Earl C., C. W. O.
 Duggan, James L., M. Sgt., transferred 23 Oct 44
 Martin, Gordon P., M. Sgt., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Hutchinson, Vincent F., 1st Sgt., transferred 29 Dec 44
 McGill, Carl R., 1st Sgt.
 Rhodes, William W., 1st Sgt., transferred 18 Dec 44
 Boeh, Alfred F., T/Sgt.
 Cashman, Robert M., T/Sgt.
 Farr, Gerald, T/Sgt.
 Fladung, Albert L., T/Sgt., transferred 6 Dec 43
 Garner, Earnest A., T/Sgt., transferred 3 Feb 45
 Gros, Louis J., T/Sgt.
 Guggenbiller, Carl G., T/Sgt.
 Hail, John M., T/Sgt.
 Jeffrey, Thomas L., T/Sgt., transferred 5 Nov 44
 Polefko, Edward F., T/Sgt.
 Sisson, George N., T/Sgt., transferred 31 Aug 44
 Wagner, Donald A., T/Sgt.
 Astore, August F., S/Sgt.
 Cassidy, Harold B., S/Sgt.
 Gemmill, Carl F., S/Sgt.
 Heckel, William P., S/Sgt.
 Dicello, Joseph, Sgt., transferred 12 Sep 45
 Grossman, Sidney, Sgt.
 Vedi, James B., Sgt.
 Breen, Patrick J., Tec 4
 Goble, Raymond, Tec 4
 Marino, Eugene F., Tec 4
 Marsala, Moreno A., Tec 4
 McCormick, Loren H., Tec 4
 Sheldon, Myrick V., Tec 4
 Stine, Ernest M., Tec 4
 Taylor, Orville E., Tec 4, assigned 3 Aug 44
 Thornburg, Lawrence F., Tec 4
 Barna, Elmer S., Cpl.
 Bosh, Frank A., Cpl.
 Bullard, Oral C., Cpl.

Burkett, Edward E., Cpl.
 Cloninger, James S., Cpl., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Dorbandt, Billy H., Cpl., assigned 5 May 44
 Everett, James T., Cpl.
 Fissel, Roy P., Cpl.
 Kovacs, Joe Jr., Cpl.
 McCracken, Elmer L., Cpl.
 Nelson, Franklyn S., Cpl., assigned 5 May 44
 Sok, Henry, Cpl.
 Wade, Elwin P. Cpl., assigned 31 Mar 45
 Yates, Vaughn D., Cpl.
 Zenz, Walter J., Cpl.
 Anderson, Carl E. G., Tec 5
 Barbieri Farbizio A., Tec 5
 Becker, Stanley E., Tec 5, transferred 12 Sep 45
 Bryant, Sylvester L., Tec 5, transferred 12 Sep 45
 Bens, Richard H., Tec 5
 Butler, John W., Tec 5
 Clark, Edward A., Tec 5, transferred 29 Jan 45
 Cordero, Augustine A., Tec 5, transferred 22 Jul 44
 Foraker, William D., Tec 5
 Gerichten, Herbert W., Tec 5
 Hughes, Charles, Tec 5
 Hunt, Robert J., Tec 5
 Katzman, Samuel, Tec 5
 Keary, Earl E., Tec 5
 Kerzic, Henry E., Tec 5
 Lembke, Norman C., Tec 5
 Mueller, Rudolph G., Tec 5
 Otto, Fred E., Tec 5
 Palcisko, Andrew R., Tec 5, transferred 26 May 44
 Pedersen, Randolph E., Tec 5, assigned 31 Mar 45
 Reed, Arlis E., Tec 5, assigned 20 Aug 44
 Rosboril, Robert J., Tec 5
 Silverman, Herman, Tec 5, assigned 3 Aug 44
 Smead, William H., Tec 5
 Szidik, Julius T., Tec 5
 Walter, William N., Tec 5
 Bombara, Gaetano, Pfc., transferred 18 Jul 45
 Borda, Frank, Pfc.
 Burklow, Urah M., Pfc., assigned 17 Mar 45

Carlew, Lowell E., Pfc., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Carlsten, Donald E., Pfc., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Cirigliano, Joseph A., Pfc., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Cox, Rayburn B., Pfc. transferred 2 Jul 45
 Czar, John, Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 David, Cleatus, Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Dever, Bernard J., Pfc., transferred 11 Sep 45
 Diefenbach, William J., Pfc.
 Feldman, Joseph L., Pfc.
 Folkmar, Walter H., Pfc.
 Gillespie, John A., Pfc.
 Haller, Ralph J., Pfc.
 Harnist, Leonard J., Pfc.
 Hausman, Henry R., Pfc.
 Hebert, Kirby W., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Heil, John P., Pfc.
 Herbe, Edward T. Jr., Pfc.
 Hurst, Robert C., Pfc.
 Johnson, Harold E., Pfc.
 Kaufman, Charles W., Pfc.
 Leba, Peter, Pfc., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Matthey, Donald W., Pfc.
 Pargeon, Ralph T., Pfc.
 Profenna, Joseph, Pfc.
 Ranalli, Biagio A., Pfc.
 Rothman, Jack, Pfc., transferred 27 May 44
 Sands, Raymond R., Pfc.
 Shirkey, Stanley L., Pfc.
 Shull, Frederick H., Pfc.
 Simas, Vernon L., Pfc., assigned 31 Mar 45
 Skirdland, Frank J., Pfc.
 Springan, Odin S., Pfc., assigned 16 Aug 44
 Sprouse, Leslie J., Pfc.
 Stewart, Merrill V., Pfc.
 Vittori, Frank G., Pfc.
 Wilson, Paul L., Pfc.
 Yurko, John R., Pfc.
 Cuprich, William, Pvt., transferred 4 Apr 45
 Hayes, Ottie N., Pvt., transferred 23 Jun 45
 Karpiak, Alexander W., Pvt., transferred 26 Jul 44
 Toth, Richard W., Pvt., transferred 29 Oct 44

MEDICAL DETACHMENT

Fuchs, Irving I., Captain, transferred 23 Jul 44
 Lareau, Henry R., Captain, assigned 11 Dec 44
 Nichols, Jack, Captain, transferred 11 Dec 44
 Schurter, Joseph G., Captain, assigned 15 Feb 45
 Sibille, Howard E., Captain, transferred 28 Aug 44
 Hebb, Henry S., 1st Lieutenant, transferred 17 Jan 44
 Kope, Edward, 1st Lieutenant, transferred 2 Jun 44
 Lipman, Daniel G., 1st Lieutenant, transferred 24 Oct 44
 Hoffman, Harold M., 2nd Lieutenant, assigned 7 May 45
 Metcalf, William E., 2nd Lieutenant, transferred 9 Sep 45
 Herbert, Robert J., S/Sgt.
 Lietz, Raymond R., Tec 3
 Uggan, Willis E., Tec 3, assigned 3 Aug 44
 Baur, James F., Tec 4
 Bens, Robert G., Tec 4, transferred 31 Aug 44
 Duran, Eluid T., Tec 4, transferred 12 Feb 45
 Wallace, Austin D., Tec 4, transferred 9 Jun 44
 Wiggins, Lowell M., Tec 4
 Emard, Alfred W., Cpl.
 Bicanic, John, Tec 5
 Caisse, George A., Tec 5
 Ford, Joseph L., Tec 5
 Manion, Joseph A., Tec 5
 Seib, Roger W., Tec 5
 Cavannah, James F., Pfc., transferred 18 May 45
 Molinari, Henry J., Pfc., assigned 17 Apr 45
 Nelson, Harris E., Pfc.
 Schuster, Bernard A., Pfc.
 Stewart, David H., Pfc., transferred 17 Apr 45

BATTERY "A"

Cech, Richard J., Captain
 Duckworth, Phillip B., 1st Lieutenant
 Ferrell, Russell W. Jr., 1st Lieutenant, transferred 27 Dec 44
 Fogle, Russell L., 1st Lieutenant
 Fraser, Joseph P., Jr., 1st Lieutenant
 Kingdon, Frank O., 1st Lieutenant, transferred 27 Nov 44
 Wagener, Albert H., 1st Lieutenant, transferred 29 May 45
 DeGiralomo, Orlando V., 2nd Lieutenant

Cannell, William G., 1st Sgt.
 Hudson, Edward E., 1st Sgt., transferred 3 Aug 45
 Borton, Arden Jr., S/Sgt.
 Dooley, Raymond J., S/Sgt.
 Hays, Frank D., S/Sgt.
 Kumpan, Louis, S/Sgt.
 McCracken, George D., Tec 3, transferred 6 Jun 45
 Monday, Frank E., Tec 3
 Cone, Marvin, Sgt.
 Heney, Lewis L., Sgt.
 Hoffman, Vance C., Sgt.
 Jordan, Kenneth, Sgt.
 Kathman, Howard C., Sgt., transferred 21 Sep 44
 Nelms, Estil D., Sgt., transferred 31 Dec 43
 Owens, Davis S., Sgt.
 Pentler, Irving E., Sgt.
 Petzke, Arthur W., Sgt.
 Schmidt, John T., Sgt.
 Teriaca, Lucas S., Sgt.
 Edwards, Willie, Tec 4, transferred 5 Apr 45
 Lamb, Stanley R., Tec 4
 Patrick, William A., Tec 4
 Silverman, David, Tec 4, assigned 7 Dec 44
 Adkins, Leo, Cpl.
 Beeching, Edwin S., Cpl.
 Benwitz, Louis E., Cpl., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Brewer, George W., Cpl.
 Caudill, Burley, Cpl.
 Daignault, Charles E., Cpl., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Doyle, Robert F., Cpl.
 Dziegeleski, Charles S., Cpl.
 Gaudio, Frank A., Cpl.
 Hamrick, Harold R., Cpl.
 Helms, Kenneth A., Cpl., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Hodgeman, Robert E., Cpl.
 Marmarellis, Nicholas, Cpl.
 McLaughlin, Walter J., Cpl.
 Mullins, Thomas E., Cpl.
 Pawlicki, Floyd J., Cpl.
 Sattler, Gregory J., Cpl., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Sies, George W., Cpl., transferred 22 Aug 45

Stein, Arthur M., Cpl.
 Turchan, Steve, Cpl.
 Weidner, Bernard J., Cpl.
 Blake, Harry W., Tec 5, assigned 3 Aug 44
 Bollong, Leslie G., Tec 5
 Brown, George E. Jr., Tec 5, transferred 22 Aug 45
 Buchheim, William C., Tec 5, transferred 12 Sep 45
 Cameron, John J., Tec 5
 Dawson, Harry S., Tec 5
 DiVincenzo, Fred A., Tec 5
 Fuchs, Carl W., Tec 5, transferred 30 Jul 45
 Goldberg, Harry E., Tec 5
 Greimes, Robert L., Tec 5, transferred 22 Aug 45
 Hager, Robert L., Tec 5
 Hale, Paul D., Tec 5, transferred 22 Aug 45
 Herman, Arthur W. Jr., Tec 5, transferred 22 Aug 45
 Hydler, Edward C., Tec 5
 Lager, Bernard L., Tec 5
 Mannion, Thomas J., Tec 5
 McCoy, Bob G., Tec 5
 Piotrowski, Bernard J., Tec 5
 Sain, Virgil L., Tec 5
 Slater, Roger J., Tec 5, transferred 22 Aug 45
 Smith, Earl J., Tec 5
 Zeiser, John A., Tec 5
 Abrams, Martin R., Pfc.
 Aldrich, Lucius W., Pfc.
 Alley, Edward A. Jr., Pfc.
 Altman, Marvin, Pfc.
 Anderson, Edward B., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Bailey, Albert Jr., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Barnhart, Robert L., Pfc.
 Basham, Fred, Pfc., transferred 6 Jun 45
 Beers, Kenneth M., Pfc., transferred 12 Nov 44
 Bennett, Joseph F., Pfc.
 Bollinger, William A., Pfc., transferred 12 Sep 45
 Bowers, Raymond B., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Calma, Charles P., Pfc.
 Cavalier, Joe, Pfc.
 Chambers, Raymond J., Pfc., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Chaney, John A., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45

Cherek, Eugene L., Pfc. assigned 3 Aug 44
 Ciszewski, Harry T., Pfc.
 Cleaton, Lewis E., Pfc., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Copenhaver, Robert J., Pfc.
 Dees, Charles F. Jr., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Devine, Robert H., Pfc.
 Ducker, Andrew E., Pfc.
 Dudley, Walter R., Pfc.
 Engelbretsen, Robert A., Pfc.
 Evans, Glenn B., Pfc.
 Fischesser, Elmer H., Pfc.
 Flesher, Carl E., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Grossklas, William O., Pfc.
 Harris, Clearence L., Pfc.
 Honican, Kenneth, Pfc.
 House, Myron L., Pfc.
 Jilka, Edward J., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Johnson, Earl, Pfc.
 Jones, Harry C., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Keleman, Louis, Pfc.
 Kirk, Elwood M., Pfc.
 Koch, Robert M., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Lachvayder, George P., Pfc.
 Leigh, Rodney L., Pfc.
 Lugannani, Donald R., Pfc., transferred 21 Jul 45
 McConnell, Richard L., Pfc.
 McCutcheon, Bernie R., Pfc.
 Moermond, Harold C., Pfc.
 Monday, Ray B., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Nanneman, Clyde E., Pfc.
 Neff, William T., Pfc.
 Nesbitt, Asher G., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Parish, Cleveland, Pfc.
 Preece, Rudolph G., Pfc.
 Ramsey, Owen M., Pfc.
 Rodeheaver, David J., Pfc.
 Rozum, John J., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Schuler, Warren J., Pfc.
 Sencindiver, Henry B., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Shumaker, Merle E., Pfc.
 Sinnott, William H., Pfc.

Smith, Allison, Pfc.
 Smith, James H., Pfc.
 Snead, James R., Pfc.
 Snider, Louis H., Pfc.
 Somerville, Kenneth A., Pfc.
 Spano, Frank A., Pfc., transferred 11 Aug 45
 Stearns, Charles, Pfc.
 Susi, Nestor D., Pfc.
 Tamas, Albert A., Pfc., transferred 12 Sep 45
 Theiss, John W., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Thornton, Charlie E., Pfc.
 Tincher, James E., Pfc.
 Toma, Joseph, Pfc.
 Trainer, Robert A., Pfc.
 Valle, John E., Pfc.
 Vavrus, Joseph C., Pfc.
 Vernon, Robert D., Pfc.
 Voigt, Keneth A., Pfc.
 Walters, Gerald D., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Welsh, Robert J., Pfc.
 Wine, Richard W., Pfc.
 Brugh, Henry C., Pvt.
 Conroy, Frank W., Pvt., transferred 5 Jul 44
 Crapple, Guy O., Jr., Pvt., transferred 22 Mar 44
 DiPiazza, James H., Pvt., transferred 24 Oct 44
 Donnelly, James F., Pvt.
 Duckworth, Roy E., Pvt., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Gawryl, Raymond A., Pvt., transferred 22 Aug 44
 Goldberg, Jerome, Pvt.
 Hartzell, Eugene L., Pvt.
 Petranovich, George, Pvt., transferred 22 Mar 44
 Swan, John E., Pvt., transferred 19 Aug 44
 Trevino, Hugo, Pvt., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Troncale, Pellegino, Pvt., transferred 26 Dec 44
 VanDeWall, Roelof M., Pvt., transferred 23 Sep 44
 Womack, Watts P., Pvt., assigned 8 Mar 44

BATTERY "B"

Shelton, Frank W., Captain
 Jones, George E. Jr., 1st Lieutenant
 McCabe, Richard W., 1st Lieutenant

Voyles, James H., 1st Lieutenant
 Hinchliffe, Thomas W., 2nd Lieutenant, trans. 25 Mar 45
 Broussard, John T., 1st Sgt.
 Taylor, Maynard L., 1st Sgt., transferred 18 Jul 45
 Airato, Carmen J., S/Sgt.
 Bella, Gaza F., S/Sgt., transferred 9 Aug 45
 Brotherton, George C., S/Sgt.
 Hicks, Franz L., S/Sgt.
 Montenaro, Joseph P., S/Sgt.
 McNally, John W., Tec 3, assigned 13 Dec 44
 Bralick, Joseph M., Sgt.
 Byrnes, Joseph P., Sgt.
 Robards, David S., Sgt.
 Rubenstein, Julius, Sgt.
 Ruckman, Fredrick D., Sgt.
 Smith, Thomas G., Sgt.
 Vaclavik, Alfred, Sgt.
 Vannatter, Herman R., Sgt.
 Hensley, Hence C. Jr., Tec 4
 Malak, Joseph M., Tec 4
 Winesett, Frank J., Tec 4
 Zavasky, Julius W., Tec 4
 Block Norman, Cpl.
 Bowen, Walter D., Cpl.
 Calderon, Belen L., Cpl., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Forro, Rudolph, Cpl.
 Harcher, Richard T., Cpl., transferred 6 Apr 44
 Henry, Dillard G., Cpl., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Hunt, Lloyd C., Cpl., transferred 23 Jun 45
 Katenbrink, Walter E., Cpl.
 Keeton, Floyd M., Cpl., assigned 8 Mar 44
 Klenke, Marvin J., Cpl.
 Koenig, Victor H., Cpl.
 Kuster, Martin L., Cpl., assigned 3 Aug 44
 LaBerto, Joe J., Cpl.
 Loa, Fidel C., Cpl., assigned 8 Mar 44
 Marotta, Michael A., Cpl.
 Mitchell, John E., Cpl.
 Mizda, Ernest W., Cpl.
 Smith, James E., Cpl.
 Strekel, Stanley, Cpl.

Walsh, Robert E. Jr., Cpl.
 Wiese, Robert G., Cpl., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Cakora, John A., Tec 5
 Duñgan, Melvin M., Tec 5
 Gonda, John W., Tec 5
 Harvey, Neil F., Tec 5, transferred 22 Aug 45
 Heldman, Donald G., Tec 5
 Howells, Jonah Jr., Tec 5
 Kondas, Richard C., Tec 5
 Maggard, Charles Jr., Tec 5
 McGuire, Charles E., Tec 5
 Miller, Paul E., Tec 5
 Panteleakis, Louis, Tec 5, assigned 8 Mar 44
 Riley, Bernard D., Tec 5
 Rach, Marvin E., Tec 5
 Sieliet, Robert S., Tec 5
 Sumner, George W., Tec 5
 Watson, Alvin D., Tec 5, transferred 22 Aug 45
 Woods, William H., Tec 5, transferred 22 Aug 45
 Abel, Robert C., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Aho, Harold J., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Aultman, Cecil, Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Baumgart, William F., Pfc.
 Berrier, Paul E., Pfc.
 Bozeman, Owen C., Pfc.
 Bradley, Dempsey W., Pfc.
 Brumfield, Elder W., Pfc.
 Buxton, James L., Pfc., transferred 12 Sep 45
 Carle, Ralph C., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Carlson, Russell C., Pfc., assigned 16 Jul 44
 Chitty, George R., Pfc.
 Ciasnoha, Ted J., Pfc.
 Coker, Ralph, Pfc.
 Conover, Max E., Pfc.
 Coomer, Arthur J., Pfc.
 Coyne, William J., Pfc., transferred 23 Jun 45
 Damrel, Charles E., Pfc.
 Ellis, Raymond L., Pfc.
 Emanuele, Victor M., Pfc., transferred 18 Jul 44
 Engel, Robert, Pfc.
 Engle, Sargent, Pfc.

Fabry, Edward T., Pfc., transferred 26 Dec 44
 Farley, Floyd, Pfc., assigned 16 Jul 44
 Ferguson, George G., Pfc.
 Fisher, Max M., Pfc., transferred 28 Sep 44
 Folden, Alfred B., Pfc.
 Forray, Alex Jr., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Gabarik, Joseph M., Pfc.
 Grimes, Gerald R., Pfc.
 Hacker, Richard C., Pfc.
 Hall, Ellis P., Pfc.
 Harsh, John R., Pfc.
 Hedmark, Floyd C., Pfc.
 Herberth, John M., Pfc.
 Hoffman, Richard, Pfc.
 Holyfield, Wilson H., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Homan, Norbert G., Pfc.
 Horning, Raymond C., Pfc.
 Jones, Ralph E., Pfc.
 Jones, Tilman E., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Jordan, Raymond F., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Kaprelian, Matthew, Pfc., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Kearney, Edward J., Pfc., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Kren, Wilhelm W., Pfc.
 Lasko, Elmer E., Pfc.
 Livengood, James H., Pfc.
 Machcinski, Bronislaus R., Pfc.
 Marshall, Raymond E., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Martinek, George M., Pfc.
 Maszor, Roy A., Pfc.
 Matula, Valentine E. Jr., Pfc.
 Meyers, Frederick E., Pfc.
 McCaleb, Aubrey C., Pfc., transferred 11 Sep 45
 McElfresh, Fred G., Pfc.
 McFadden, Laurel E., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Mills, Marvin R., Pfc.
 Miller, Rexford, Pfc.
 Mogyorody, Theodore, Pfc.
 Mowery, Clell, Pfc.
 Mucciarone, Carmen A., Pfc.
 Nelson, Charles R., Pfc.
 Nugent, James E., Pfc.

Oliver, Miles C., Pfc.
 Oşborn, Stanley D., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Palko, John, Pfc.
 Pickerl, Logan C., Pfc.
 Pinnow, Kenneth W., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Rice, Albert, Pfc.
 Robinson, James L., Pfc.
 Ruby, Herbert F., Pfc.
 Rucker, Paul F., Pfc.
 Sarver, Ervin L., Pfc.
 Savana, Eugene M., Pfc.
 Sheerin, Joseph T., Pfc.
 Skinner, Edward Jr., Pfc.
 Strom, John V., Pfc.
 Sucher, Donald L., Pfc.
 Walker, Carl R., Pfc.
 Wells, Clay R., Pfc.
 White, Shade C., Pfc.
 Whitley, Roy, Pfc.
 Whittlinger, Rufus J., Pfc.
 Younger, Alvin D., Pfc.
 Alley, David C. Jr., Pvt., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Besser, Carl D., Pvt.
 Chobanian, Albert, Pvt., transferred 11 May 44
 Cook, Bernard D., Pvt.
 DeSico, Frank W., Pvt., transferred 8 Feb 44
 Dost, Paul F. III, Pvt., deceased 10 Feb 44
 Ircink, Edward F., Pvt., transferred 22 Oct. 44
 Jablonowski, Stanley C., Pvt., transferred 31 Mar 44
 Laipply, Howard S., Pvt.
 Larkin, Lemuel E., Pvt., transferred 5 Jan 44
 McGranahan, Edgar, Pvt.
 Metzger, Frederick F., Pvt., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Rumczikas, Izidore Jr., Pvt., transferred 23 Mar 45
 Sanders, George T., Pvt.
 Thacker, Marvin, Pvt.

BATTERY "C"

Klingensmith, Robert H., 1st Lieutenant
 Morden, Carroll V., 1st Lieutenant, transferred 30 Dec 44
 Pond, William E., 1st Lieutenant

Printz, James F., 1st Lieutenant
 McCorkell, Frank T., 1st Sgt.
 Davis, Howard A., S/Sgt.
 Highhouse, George E., S/Sgt.
 Jeffrey, Edsel J., S/Sgt.
 Lacher, Gerald J., S/Sgt.
 Freeman, John G., Tec 3, transferred 15 May 45
 Hoshowsky, Phillip, Tec 3, assigned 5 Apr 45
 Borgman, Raymond E., Sgt.
 Burget, Gail O., Sgt.
 Fish, William F., Sgt., deceased 25 Sep 44
 Gatto, Lou A., Sgt.
 Gecik, Michael J., Sgt.
 Gibbs, Ernest S., Sgt.
 Kark, Emil H., Sgt.
 Massie, Paul C., Sgt.
 Swinford, Norman A., Sgt.
 Wollard, Kenneth W., Sgt.
 Kramer, John B., Tec 4, transferred 6 Oct 44
 McKibban, Everett R., Tec 4
 Sprincz, Steve, Tec 4
 Tillman, Charles J., Tec 4, assigned 8 Mar 44
 Ward, Arthur E., Tec 4
 Bostater, Robert E., Cpl.
 Dickman, Daniel V., Cpl.
 Fominko, Tony J. Jr., Cpl.
 Furbay, Donald K., Cpl., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Godfrey, Forrest L., Cpl.
 Grothaus, Stanley R., Cpl.
 Holcomb, James E., Cpl.
 Kamenos, Marinos B., Cpl.
 Kendall, Paul H., Cpl.
 Kleer, John, Cpl., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Little, John W., Cpl.
 Myers, Richard S., Cpl., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Miels, John E., Cpl.
 Pafford, John P., Cpl., transferred 23 Jun 44
 Parry, John, Cpl.
 Peterson, Westley H., Cpl.
 Posgai, Steve, Cpl.
 Snuffer, Charles R., Cpl.

Talbott, William L., Cpl., transferred 30 Nov 44
 Urich, Paul E., Cpl.
 Villani, Emanuel J., Cpl., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Walp, Douglas W., Cpl.
 Williams, Charles J., Cpl.
 Arcaria, Anthony, Tec 5
 Bates, William K., Tec 5
 Bode, Harold J., Tec 5, transferred 12 Sep 45
 Bosse, Elmer P., Tec 5
 Bradley, Enoch D., Tec 5, assigned 16 Nov 44
 Chambers, Joseph W., Tec 5
 Harris, Harry W., Tec 5
 Dickson, Loyal O., Tec 5, transferred 13 Sep 45
 Flanagan, Thomas F., Tec 5
 Grantham, George, Tec 5
 Heuberger, Gilbert F. Sr., Tec 5, transferred 22 Aug 45
 Jones, Thomas A., Tec 5, transferred 22 Aug 45
 Lafferty, Harry C., Tec 5, transferred 22 Aug 45
 Marchesano, James V., Tec 5, transferred 22 Aug 44
 Lorenzen, Dale W., Tec 5
 Menkes, Gilbert C., Tec 5
 Moy, Calvin L., Tec 5
 Stoffko, Richard C., Tec 5
 Skorski, Walter, Tec 5
 Tarter, William M., Tec 5
 Varner, Mack H., Tec 5, transferred 31 Aug 44
 Ackerman, Edwin E., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Armet, William J., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Aschauer, Leopold, Pfc.
 Anderson, Edward A., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Belcher, Glen H., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Bellottie, Herman E., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Beuhler, Franklin A., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Bowie, Thurman P., Pfc., transferred 4 Sep 44
 Brown, George L., Pfc.
 Bryant, Samuel H., Pfc.
 Buntrock, James G., Pfc.
 Burke, Charles E., Pfc.
 Burke, Rodger E., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Cedars, Aswell R., Pfc., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Celantano, Anthony S., Pfc.

Chapel, Cecil G. Jr., Pfc.
 Clark, Aubrey E., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Clark, David E., Pfc.
 Collins, Stazel C., Pfc., transferred 10 Jul 45
 DeFalco, James A., Pfc., assigned 20 Aug 44
 DelGreco, Lawrance J., Pfc.
 DeZeeuw, Cornelius W., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Diamond, Morris M., Pfc.
 Dixon, James R., Pfc., transferred 28 Aug 45
 Doores, Conrad W., Pfc.
 Ezersky, Alex P., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Fike, Robert E., Pfc.
 Flanagan, Harold J., Pfc.
 Floeder, Robert J., Pfc., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Foreman, Winston A., Pfc., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Fratzke, Norman R., Pfc.
 Fuller, Ralph S., Pfc.
 Genest, Gerald G., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Gergovich, Henry W., Pfc.
 Goldback, Russell A., Pfc.
 Golden, Edgar G., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Grazioso, Lawrence M., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Gross, Adrian D., Pfc., transferred 12 Jun 44
 Hale, Cecil C., Pfc.
 Henderson, Lloyd J., Pfc.
 Heuyard, Sylvester M., Pfc.
 Hellstegge, Robert W., Pfc.
 Jackson, Walter A. Jr., Pfc.
 Jensen, Donald C., Pfc.
 Koenig, George H., Pfc.
 Hagedorn, Henry D., Pfc.
 Kozlowski, Joseph L., Pfc., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Leclair, Harry R., Pfc.
 Lee, James E., Pfc.
 Lombardi, Nicholas J., Pfc.
 McCarty, Francis E., Pfc., killed in action 27 Apr 44
 McCumbers, Staley G., Pfc.
 McKenna, Joseph F., Pfc.
 Mahoney, John T. Jr., Pfc.
 Mansfield, Norman E., killed in action 27 Apr 44
 Mareno, Paul L., Pfc.

Meinhart, Clayton W., Pfc., transferred 28 Jul 45
 Millikan, Paul O., Pfc.
 Mizik, John J., Pfc.
 Montgomery, Elmer, Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Moore, William H. Jr., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Mundel, George A., Pfc.
 Murphy, Edward F., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 O'Neil, Elmer H. Jr., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Paules, Charles J., Pfc.
 Raby, Ivan H., Pfc., transferred 12 Sep 45
 Riley, James E., Pfc.
 Ritonia, Andrew B., Pfc.
 Rogers, Billy D., Pfc.
 Sabo, Frank J. Jr., Pfc.
 Shope, Robert E., Pfc.
 Simon, Raymond M., Pfc.
 Skaggs, Buell, Pfc.
 Snodgrass, Richard E., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Tartaglia, Tom, Pfc.
 Tatzel, Samuel F., Pfc.
 Tempesta, Sam M., Pfc.
 Thibodeaux, Willard E., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Vail, William F., Pfc.
 Vedder, William J., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Vernell, George E., Pfc., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Walker, Vernon W., Pfc.
 Wallace, Charles R., Pfc.
 Warnken, Earl E., Pfc., transferred 15 Nov 44
 Weislak, Frank A., Pfc.
 Wiesen, Robert J., Pfc.
 Altman, Herbert M., Pvt., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Costa, Frank R., Pvt., transferred 12 Nov 44
 Culton, Albert A., Pvt., transferred 15 Feb 45
 Davison, Joseph C., Pvt.
 Greer, Elmer M., Pvt., transferred 21 Feb 44
 Kippie, Edward P., Pvt., assigned 9 Aug 44
 Lindberg, William H., Pvt., transferred 13 Nov 44
 Lynch, James E., Pvt., assigned 3 Aug 44
 McLaughlin, Russell K., Pvt., transferred 4 Mar 44
 Martin, James A., Pvt., transferred 12 Nov 44
 Miller, Eugene E., Pvt., transferred 6 Oct 44

Nesbitt, Delmar L., Pvt., transferred 14 Nov 44
 Outland, Hilman H., Pvt., transferred 23 Mar 45
 Roach, Lawrence H., Pvt.
 Richards, William S. Jr., Pvt., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Roggow, Donald W., Pvt., transferred 16 May 45
 Smith, Leroy E., Pvt., transferred 16 Jul 44
 Smith, Lewis P., Pvt.
 Summerlott, Conrad O., Pvt.
 Whiteman, Hubert E., Pvt., transferred 15 Mar 45

BATTERY "D"

Kraushaar, Jack G., Captain
 Stephenson, Elliott O., Captain, transferred 5 Jun 44
 Ballard, Willard R. Jr, 1st Lieutenant, transferred 3 Sep 45
 Berkus, Benjamin C., 1st Lieutenant, assigned 1 Apr 45
 Hosa, Steve J. Jr., 1st Lieutenant, transferred 5 Sep 45
 James, James W., 1st Lieutenant, assigned 3 Aug 44
 Leedy, Wayne B., 1st Lieutenant, assigned 13 Jul 44
 Profita, Vincent A., 1st Lieutenant, transferred 8 Feb 44
 Sullivan, Timothy F., 1st Lieutenant
 King, Dalton L. Jr., 2nd Lieutenant, transferred 14 Aug 45
 Tkach, Joseph M., 1st Sgt.
 Compton, David W., S/Sgt., transferred 31 Dec 43
 Cruze, Andrew J., S/Sgt.
 Gray, William J., S/Sgt.
 Lontchar, Stephen, S/Sgt.
 Prusinowski, Anthony P., S/Sgt., transferred 18 Jul 45
 Reeves, Harold H. Jr., S/Sgt.
 Shaw, Herman E., S/Sgt., transferred 13 Aug 45
 Bliss, Donald E., Tec 3, transferred 25 Feb 44
 Greene, Esquage W., Tec 3, transferred 16 Feb 45
 Muehling, Clayton F., Tec 3, transferred 17 Jun 45
 Schultheis, Morris A., Tec 3
 Abernathy, Israel E., Sgt., killed in action 8 Jan 45
 Anders, Albert L., Sgt.
 Carlander, William D., Sgt.
 Duncan, Marion R., Sgt., transferred 25 Oct 44
 Ferraresi, Joseph A., Sgt.
 Gesualdo, Abel A., Sgt., transferred 25 Jun 45
 Hurst, John D., Sgt.
 Kroeger, George H. Jr., Sgt.

Scheffler, Richard A., Sgt.
 O'Ryan, Earl V., Sgt.
 Sobieszczyk, Sylvester M., Sgt.
 Wireman, Earl W., Sgt.
 Lackowski, John A. Jr., Tec 4
 Orlando, John F., Tec 4
 Spinozzi, Joe L., Tec 4
 White, Eugene R., Tec 4
 Adams, James B., Cpl.
 Bahnsen, Milton W., Cpl.
 Brown, Harry J., Cpl., transferred 2 Apr 45
 Cannava, William T., Cpl., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Cramer, Richard H., Cpl.
 Curdes, Elias G. Jr., Cpl.
 Endres, Leroy J., Cpl., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Farel, Gordon M., Cpl., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Ferrando, John W., Cpl.
 Fitzgerald, Dick P., Cpl.
 Flanagan, William E., Cpl.
 Futrell, Aubrey L., Cpl.
 Harmon, Raymond B., Cpl.
 Jack, George H., Cpl.
 Kaplan, Jack, Cpl.
 Land, Robert M., Cpl., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Lewis, William R., Cpl., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Luniewicz, Eugene J., Cpl.
 Lynch, Clarence H., Cpl., transferred 22 Aug 45
 Maves, Theodore J., Cpl., transferred 30 Nov 43
 McConocha, Daniel R., Cpl.
 Monaghan, James C., Cpl., transferred 20 Jul 45
 Opsal, Stanley O., Cpl.
 Szykowny, Eugene B., Cpl.
 Wiersema, Stewart V., Cpl., killed in action 8 Jan 45
 Wilson, Lawrence E., Cpl., assigned 19 Aug 44
 Zahurak, Elmer A., Cpl.
 Cooper, Charles S., Tec 5, transferred 1 Sep 44
 DeCola, Anthony T., Tec 5
 Flesch, Charles A., Tec 5
 Flynn, Edward F., Tec 5
 Gish, Lester C., Tec 5, transferred 10 Dec 44
 Green, Fred S. Jr., Tec 5

Gulbrandsen, Herbert, Tec 5
 Hoesel, Jack L., Tec 5
 Holzhauser, Carl O., Tec 5
 Kupper, Robert E., Tec 5
 Marshall LeRoy H., Tec 5
 Murphy, Phillip G., Tec 5
 Parelius, Leonard O., Tec 5
 Purnell, Edward E., Tec 5
 Slater, John J., Tec 5, died of wounds 8 Jan 45
 Taylor, Estil R., Tec 5
 Thomas, Edward J., Tec 5
 Zakrzewski, Joseph, Tec 5
 Ziemer, Charles D., Tec 5
 Auguilar, Augustin B., Pfc., transferred 31 Aug 45
 Batchelor, Marvin N., Pfc. transferred 31 May 44
 Baumer, Francis J., Pfc.
 Behnke, Orlando L., Pfc., transferred 1 Apr 44
 Berge, Irving I., Pfc.
 Besece, Joseph G., Pfc.
 Bethea, Charles A., Pfc.
 Binder, John J. Jr., Pfc.
 Burdue, Robert J., Pfc.
 Cavinder, James L., Pfc., transferred 5 May 45
 Cioe, Armando S., Pfc. drowned 31 May 45
 Collins, Robert O., Pfc., transferred 24 Aug 45
 Corbitt, Elbert B., Pfc. assigned 20 Aug 44
 Day, Jimmie J., Pfc., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Eglund, Charles L., Pfc., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Filidoro, Albert, Pfc., transferred 4 May 44
 Fink, Lawrence G., Pfc., transferred 9 Dec 44
 Frank, Elmer E., Pfc.
 Gaude, Hayward M., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Giordano, Michael, Pfc., killed in action 8 Jan 45
 Goltry, Dee L., Pfc.
 Gordon, Richard E., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Grabow, Glenn E., Pfc.
 Green, Delbert R., Pfc.
 Greene, Winfield P., Pfc.
 Greenlee, Howard A., Pfc.
 Gricus, Joseph J., Pfc.
 Grigsby, Zora E., Pfc. assigned 3 Aug 44

Gronke, Henry J., Pfc.
 Guerrero, Toribio C., Pfc., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Gumbiner, Harold, Pfc.
 Gyevat, Edward A., Pfc.
 Habursky, George, Pfc.
 Haisch, Eugene R. Sr., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Hammond, Lloyd T., Pfc.
 Hammonds, Otto, Pfc.
 Hoover, Luther G., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Humes, Mahlon T., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Jones, Percy, Pfc., transferred 12 Sep 45
 Josefek, Albert J., Pfc.
 Kelley, Orval L., Pfc.
 Keresturi, Thomas, Pfc.
 Koch, Paul B., Pfc. transferred 22 Aug 45
 Kovach, Steve Jr., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Krocicka, Stanley F., Pfc.
 Lawrence, Vaughn B., Pfc.
 Leen, Raymond A., Pfc.
 Lenoach, Paul C., Pfc., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Link, Curtis L., Pfc.
 Liston, Robert T., Pfc.
 May, Eugene, Pfc.
 Merz, John A., Pfc., transferred 25 Mar 45
 Miller, Kenneth L., Pfc.
 Mitchell, Thomas H., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Moser, John H. Jr., Pfc., killed in action 8 Jan 45
 Nagy, Alexander J., Pfc.
 Naylor, Harry W., Pfc.
 Nicholson, Orville W., Pfc., killed in action 8 Jan 45
 Olsen, Arthur O., Pfc., transferred 19 Jun 44
 Ozimec, Louis, Pfc., transferred 21 Oct 44
 Powell, Marvin W., Pfc.
 Randall, William H., Pfc.
 Riche, George R., Pfc., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Riley, Richard D., Pfc.
 Romero, Hamilton P., Pfc., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Rowland, Charles R., Pfc.
 Rushing, Lester W., Pfc.
 Ryan, Walter E. Jr., Pfc., transferred 15 Aug 45
 Schweitzer, Wendel J., Pfc.

Sellers, Floyd W., Pfc.
 Setlock, Stephen D., Pfc.
 Slawek, Joseph, Pfc.
 Smigielski, Matthew J., Pfc.
 Smith, Henry B., Pfc., assigned 29 Mar 45
 Todd, William J., Pfc., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Troupe, Lincoln, Pfc.
 Velkoverh, Louis, Pfc., transferred 8 Jan 45
 Walker, Maxie M., Pfc., transferred 12 Dec 44
 Warnement, Eugene C., Pfc.
 White, Ray W., Pfc.
 Williams, Harold D., Pfc.
 Wilms, Robert F., Pfc.
 Breaux, Simon, Pvt., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Brossard, Walter J., Pvt., transferred 23 Jun 44
 Corter, David, Pvt.
 Costa, Cezar, Pvt., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Couser, David L., Pvt., transferred 7 Sep 45
 Davis, Donald M., Pvt., assigned 3 Aug 44
 Deimas, William H., Pvt., killed in action 8 Jan 45
 Green, Junior O., Pvt., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Hampton, Claude B., Pvt., assigned 20 Aug 44
 Hoffman, James, Pvt.
 Inman, Charles J., Pvt., transferred 2 Apr 45
 Kelso, Frank H. Jr., transferred 27 May 44
 Kivland, Wilber P., Pvt.
 Krueger, Earl E., Pvt., killed in action 8 Jan 45
 Lucas, Robert D., Pvt., killed in action 8 Jan 45
 Mallinak, Edward J., Pvt.
 Marks, Allen E., Pvt., transferred 11 Jun 45
 Millsbaugh, Robert G., Pvt.
 Nelson, Arthur H., Pvt.
 Scheib, Benjamin M., Pvt.
 Tregellis, John S., Pvt.
 Weir, Robert Jr., Pvt.
 Wilson, Harry D., Pvt., transferred 26 Jul 44
 Woodford, William N., Pvt.
 Zink, Edward E., Pvt., transferred 25 Aug 44

Incomplete List: (Self Reported circa 1949)

AWARDS AND DECORATIONS

LEGION OF MERIT

2nd Lt. Dalton L. King, Jr. (then 1st Sgt., Btry D) for period 22 April 1944 to 1 October 1944 at Aitape, New Guinea, per GO No. 122, USAFFE, dated 20 May 1945.

BRONZE STAR MEDAL

Major Walter W. Housley, Jr., Hq. for period 22 April 1945 to 1 July 1945, per GO No. 120, Hq X Corps, dated 8 September 1945.

Tec 5 Carl G. Holzhauer, Btry D, for period 13 May 1945 to 15 June 1945, per GO No. 120, Hq X Corps, dated 8 September 1945.

Sgt. Earl V. O'Ryan, Btry D, for period 13 May 1945 to 15 June 1945, per GO No. 120, Hq X Corps, dated 8 September 1945.

T/Sgt. Gerald Farr, Hq Btry, for period 5 May 1945 to 10 July 1945, per GO No. 120, Hq X Corps, dated 8 September 1945.

Sgt. George H. Kroeger, Jr., Btry D, for period 14 May 1945 to 15 June 1945, per GO No. 115, Hq X Corps, dated 22 August 1945.

S/Sgt. William P. Heckel, Hq Btry, for period 5 May 1945 to 25 June 1945, per GO No. 111, Hq X Corps, dated 18 August 1945.

1st Lt. Willard R. Ballard, Btry D, for period 13 May 1945 to 20 June 1945, per GO No. 113, Hq X Corps, dated 22 August 1945.

Sgt. Kenneth B. Jordan, Btry A, for period 13 May 1945 to 13 June 1945, per GO No. 111, Hq X Corps, dated 18 August 1945.

Tec 5 Earl E. Keary, Hq Btry, for period 13 May 1945 to 13 June 1945, per GO No. 111, Hq X Corps, dated 18 August 1945.

Tec 5 Richard C. Kondas, Btry B, for period 15 May 1945 to 8 June 1945, per GO No. 111, Hq X Corps, dated 18 August 1945.

Pfc. Leroy H. Marshall, Btry D, for period 8 May 1945 to 10 June 1945, per GO No. 111, Hq X Corps, dated 18 August 1945.

Pfc. Harris E. Nelson, Med Det, for period 15 May 1945 to 13 June 1945, per GO No. 111, Hq X Corps, dated 18 August 1945.

Sgt. Alfred Vaclavik, Btry B, for period 13 May 1945 to 15 June 1945, per GO No. 111, Hq X Corps, dated 18 August 1945.

Tec 5 Willam N. Walter, Hq Btry, for period 12 May 1945 to 15 June 1945, per GO No. 111, Hq X Corps, dated 18 August 1945.

Capt. Jack G. Kraushaar, Btry D, for period 14 May 1945 to 15 June 1945, per GO No. 113, Hq X Corps, dated 22 August 1945.

Cpl. Elmer S. Barna, Hq Btry, for period 5 May 1945 to 15 June 1945, per GO No. 111, Hq X Corps, dated 18 August 1945.

S/Sgt. Carl F. Gemmill, Hq Btry, for period 13 May 1945 to 13 June 1945, per GO No. 113, Hq X Corps, dated 22 August 1945.

Capt. Daniel F. O'Connell, Btry C, for period 5 May 1945 to 15 June 1945, per GO No. 113, Hq X Corps, dated 22 August 1945.

Lt. Col. Alfred W. Kahl, Hq, for period 3 May 1945 to 1 July 1945, per GO No. 104, Hq X Corps, dated 8 August 1945.

S/Sgt. Howard A. Davis, Btry C, for period 22 April 1944 to 31 March 1945, per GO No. 57, Hq 14th AAC, dated 18 August 1945.

1st Lt. Russell L. Fogle, Btry B, for period 22 April 1944 to 4 February 1945, per GO No. 57, Hq 14th AAC, dated 18 August 1945.

1st Lt. William E. Pond, Btry C, for period 22 April 1944 to 30 November 1944, per GO No. 57, Hq 14th AAC, dated 18 August 1945.

Sgt. Frederick D. Ruckman, Btry B, for period 1 September 1944 to 30 April 1945, per GO No. 57, Hq 14th AAC, dated 18 August 1945.

1st Lt. John M. Steinmuller, II, Hq, for period 15 June 1944 to 31 March 1945, per GO No. 57, Hq 14th AAC, dated 18 August 1945.

Cpl. Joe J. LaBerto, Btry B, for period 13 May 1945 to 30 June 1945, per GO No. 80, Hq X Corps, dated 10 July 1945.

T/Sgt. Thomas L. Jeffrey, Hq Btry, for period 22 April 1944 to 6 November 1944, per GO No. 77, 31st Infantry Division, dated 10 November 1944.

Sgt. Joseph Dicello, Hq Btry, for period 5 May 1945 to 1 August 1945, per GO No. 123, Hq X Corps, dated 12 September 1945.

Cpl. James B. Adams, Btry D, for period 10 May 1945 to 20 June 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

Major Howard C. Beede, Hq, for period 1 April 1945 to 1 July 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

T/Sgt. Alfred F. Boeh, Hq Btry, for period 22 April 1945 to 1 August 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

1st Sgt. John T. Broussard, Btry B, for period 10 May 1945 to 12 June 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

S/Sgt. Harold B. Cassidy, Hq Btry, for period 3 May 1945 to 30 June 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

Captain Richard J. Cech, Btry A, for period 5 May 1945 to 10 June 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

Cpl. Billy H. Dorbandt, Hq Btry, for period 4 May 1945 to 15 June 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

Cpl. Forrest L. Godfrey, Btry C, for period 5 May 1945 to 30 June 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

Tec 5 Fred S. Green, Jr., Btry D, for period 5 May 1945 to 15 June 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

S/Sgt. Robert J. Herbert, Med Det, for period 9 May 1945 to 9 June 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

S/Sgt. Stephen Lontchar, Btry D, for period 5 May 1945 to 1 August 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

Pfc. Clarence H. Lynch, Btry D, for period 10 May 1945 to 1 July 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

Tec 4 Moreno A. Marsala, Hq Btry, for period 5 May 1945 to 19 June 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

1st Sgt. Frank T. McCorkell, Btry C, for period 5 May 1945 to 19 June 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

Captain Joseph P. McElligott, Hq, for period 22 April 1945 to 1 August 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

1st Sgt. Carl R. McGill, Hq Btry, for period 3 May 1945 to 30 June 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

Tec 3 John W. McNally, Btry B, for period 10 May 1945 to 16 July 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

Tec 3 Frank E. Monday, Btry A, for period 3 May 1945 to 10 July 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

Sgt. Davis S. Owens, Btry A, for period 13 May 1945 to 15 June 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

Tec 3 Morris E. Schultheis, Btry D, for period 11 May 1945 to 1 August 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

Captain Frank W. Shelton, Btry B, for period 5 May 1945 to 30 June 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

1st Lt. Timothy F. Sullivan, Btry A, for period 10 May 1945 to 10 June 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

Tec 4 Orville E. Taylor, Hq Btry, for period 3 May 1945 to 30 June 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

1st Lt. James H. Voyles, Btry B, for period 5 May 1945 to 10 June 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

Sgt. Kenneth W. Wollard, Btry C, for period 5 May 1945 to 13 June 1945, per GO No. 124, Hq X Corps, dated 15 September 1945.

BRONZE STAR MEDAL (OAK LEAF CLUSTER)

Lt. Col. Alfred W. Kahl, Hq, for period 1 April 1944 to 1 December 1944, per GO No. 57, 14th AAC, dated 8 August 1945.

S/Sgt. Howard A. Davis, Btry C, for period 5 May 1945 to 1 July 1945, per GO No. 121, X Corps, dated 11 September 1945.

PURPLE HEART

Cpl. Walter E. Bowen, Btry B, for wounds received at Morotai Island, N. E. I. on 10 December 1944. Awarded 28 December 1944.

Pfc. Herbert F. Ruby, Btry B, for wounds received at Morotai Island, N. E. I. on 22 November 1944. Awarded 28 November 1944.

Tec 5 James V. Marckesano, Btry C, for wounds received at Aitape, N. G. on 27 April 1944. Awarded 11 June 1944.

Pfc. Thomas F. Flanagan, Btry C, for wounds received at Aitape, N. G. on 27 April 1944. Awarded 11 June 1944.

Tec 5 Walter Skorski, Btry C, for wounds received at Kabacan, Mindanao on 11 May 1945. Awarded 12 May 1945.

Pvt. Frank R. Costa, Btry C, for wounds received at Morotai Island, N. E. I. on 12 November 1944. Awarded 13 November 1944.

Cpl. Jack Kaplan, Btry D, for wounds received at Morotai Island, N. E. I. on 8 January 1945. Awarded 11 January 1945.

Tec 5 Jack L. Hoesel, Btry D, for wounds received at Morotai Island, N. E. I. on 8 January 1945. Awarded 17 January 1945.

Pfc. Joseph G. Besece, Btry D, for wounds received at Morotai Island, N. E. I. on 24 December 1944. Awarded 4 April 1945.

Pfc. Stephen D. Setlock, Btry D, for wounds received at Morotai Island, N. E. I. on 8 January 1945. Awarded 11 January 1945.

Pvt. William N. Woodford, Btry D, for wounds received at Morotai Island, N. E. I. on 8 January 1945. Awarded 22 January 1945.

Pfc. Louis Velkoverh, Btry D, for wounds received at Morotai Island, N. E. I. on 8 January 1945. Awarded 11 January 1945.

Pfc. Raymond B. Bowers, Btry A, for wounds received at Morotai Island, N. E. I. on 31 October 1944. Awarded 9 November 1944.

Pfc. James R. Snead, Btry A, for wounds received at Morotai Island, N. E. I. on 31 October 1944. Awarded 9 November 1944.

Pfc. Richard W. Wine, Btry A, for wounds received at Morotai Island, N. E. I. on 31 October 1944. Awarded 9 November 1944.

ORAL Bulhard.
1002½ Riehl St.
Waterloo, Iowa.