

**1139 ENGINEERS**



**UNIT HISTORY**  
**1139th ENGINEER COMBAT GROUP**  
**1 JULY 1944 to 8 MAY 1945**









To the Officers and Men of the Hardway Construction Company:

The name of the 1139th Engineer Combat Group will probably not be recorded on the pages of history, but you and I have the deep satisfaction of knowing that, individually and collectively, we have contributed a measurable share toward the future security and freedom of many people. Without the sincere efforts and willing cooperation of each and every Officer and Enlisted Man in the Group, our job could not have been accomplished.

It has been my privilege to serve with you, and it is my desire now to congratulate you upon the successful completion of our mission.

May the memory of the hard-won bridgeheads, ruined cities and ravaged country-sides, and the long rows of wooden crosses, temper our judgement when in the future we are called to vote upon issues involving another war. Yet may the thoughts of our occasional pleasant hours together, and of the friendship made and tested under fire, comfort and warm us in the years to come.

*John S. Niles*

JOHN S. NILES  
COLONEL, CE, COMMANDING



# WHAT IS A GROUP?

THE nearest equivalent to a Group is a Regiment, the unit from which the Group was evolved. Generally, a Regiment is comprised of a fixed number of Battalions whose personnel and equipment are likewise fixed. The Battalions have only the minimum administrative personnel, with the result that administrative details are handled by the Regimental Headquarters.

In warfare as mobile and on as vast a scale as the European campaign has been, it was felt that the Regiment was not sufficiently flexible for achieving maximum effectiveness; hence, the Group was inaugurated. In the specific case of the Engineer Combat Group, all units are separate entities; that is, the Group consists of an unspecified number of separate companies and battalions, which may be attached to and detached from the Group Headquarters as the situation demands. Thus, in the instance of the 1139th, there have been as many as five battalions and three separate companies under our command at one time, and at other times we have functioned with as little as a single company. Our job is twofold. Primarily, we are responsible for the administration of the units under our command; secondarily, we act in a supervisory capacity for all work assigned to the Group.

The Jobs performed by the Combat Engineers are many. Their prime mission is to facilitate the forward movement of all troops in the area assigned to them. This means clearing routes of travel of mine fields, obstacles and obstructions; building bridges as small as footbridges for the Infantry, and as large as the bridges which support the mammoth tank retrievers; manning the boats in assault crossings; maintaining ferries to carry supplies to troops after the initial assault and before the bridges have been constructed, and ferrying back the wounded. They may be called upon to act as Infantry, to fight their way into the site selected for operations. As soon as the most urgent missions have been accomplished, extensive reconnaissance is made of the area to ascertain the best traffic routes, the condition of the roads and an eye is kept open for any material which may be of value in future or current Engineer operations.

The best way of illustrating in words is by example. We arrived in France as a separate Headquarters, assigned to the Third Army and attached for operations to the XX Corps. (When a unit is "assigned", it becomes a permanent part of the headquarters to which it is assigned. When the unit is "attached", it comes under the administrative and operational control of that unit to which it is attached.) To the Group were attached initially three combat battalions. The Group was placed by the Corps Engineer in support of two divisions, the 7th Armored and later the 5th Infantry. This meant that the units under control of Group Headquarters were to be used in support of the Division's engineer operations, providing special equipment which the division engineers did not carry, and augmenting the personnel strength of the division Engineer Battalions.

The distinction of the group is that units may be attached or detached as the situation warrants. In addition to the combat engineer battalions, to the group may be attached separate battalions and companies which specialize in and carry equipment for constructing specific types of bridge such as heavy and light ponton, treadway and Bailey Bridges. In short, the group may be defined as a flexible organization set up to efficiently meet rapidly changing tactical requirements.



# THIS IS OUR GROUP

## OFFICERS

COLONEL JOHN S. NILES  
525 E. Armour Blvd., Kansas City, Missouri

LT. COL. ROBERT S. EININGER  
1413 Magee Ave., Fox Chase, Pennsylvania

MAJOR FRANK A. KULAS  
1235 37th Ave., Rock Island, Illinois

MAJOR PETER S. KRUPOCKI  
Box 2338, Carmel, California

MAJOR EVAN L. OWEN  
11 North 3d West, Brigham City, Utah.

MAJOR MAURICE RAPKIN  
74 Floyd St., Dorchester 24, Massachusetts

CAPT. DOUGLAS E. ARNOLD  
825 Porter St., Easton, Pennsylvania.

CAPT. EMIL C. DEUTSCHLE  
1366 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, New York

CAPT. LUTHER D. FLETCHER  
215 W. Caroline Ave., Crewe, Virginia

CAPT. FREDERICK HERRMANN  
608 W. 192d St., New York, New York

CAPT. NEWTON E. HOWE  
325 Macon Ave., Canon City, Colorado

CAPT. ZOLTAN S. KISH  
108 Monroe St., Bridgeport, Connecticut

CAPT. JOHN R. LYNCH  
3143 N. Capitol, Indianapolis, Indiana

CAPT. GEORGE E. NICHOLS III  
439 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, Connecticut

CAPT. ROBERT E. L. PARKER  
4408 Vine St., Riverside, California

1ST LT. LELAND G. BUTLER  
1021 N. Cedar St., Lewiston, Illinois

2D LT. ROY G. HOLDRIDGE  
Rfd. 1, Charlotte, Michigan

2D LT. GILBERT A. KENYON  
54 Jefferson St., Lynn, Massachusetts.

## ENLISTED MEN

M. L. Ahring  
Caseyville, Illinois, R. R. 1

Motor Sergeant—"Boss-Man" of the Motor Pool  
—Never walked more than a block since he  
hit the ETO.

Alfred C. Badgero  
Midland, Michigan, Route 2

Mechanic—Only man in the ETO who would  
rather ride a beat-up kraut motorcycle than a  
Buick "8".

G. W. Baker  
Pontiac, Michigan, 155 N. Johnson Ave

"Old Man Baker" drove a C & R like a Detroit  
Bus—always a thrill to ride with him.

Robert W. Bau  
Dundee, Illinois, 88 Browning Ave

President of the "Pfc. Club", also the driver for  
Purty Bessie, the C & R used by Major Owen;  
he was considered a Fat Boy, too.

George E. Best

Camden, New Jersey, 215 Erie St.

Jeep Man—Better known as "Popeye"—Like ole man river—he keeps on rollin' along.

Peter J. Birrittella

Yonkers, 2, New York, 11 Oak Place

The only fellow in the Medics who thinks Gas is necessary to start stove fires with and it's better to go swimming with OD clothes on.

John M. Blair

Hollywood, California, 2044 Holly Drive

"Meathead", Our S-3 Chief, who had every thing in its place—the waste basket usually. Nothing ever disturbed his composure—least of all work.

Harry Blevins

Stafford, Kansas, 301 Green St.

"Shortest" C. & R. driver in the ETO.

J. F. Boyle

Royal Oak, Michigan, 1207 Mayfield Dr.

"Code Clerk"—ask him about the baby—and then draw up a chair.

Henry Chor

Baltimore, Maryland, 2133 Linden Avenue

Put him on guard duty and he claims he can't see his hand in front of his face. Yet when not on duty, he can sight a pretty ankle anywhere within a mile.

Raymond Clarke

Metchen, New Jersey, 26 E Walnut St.

Cook—dispenser of the main course—"What, Ray!"—seconds??—Goll—ee—!

Allen G. Clements

Talishek, Louisiana

Jeep Driver—"Cat-Eye" Kid—Colonel John's "aide"—Al's an authority on all military matters—many a m'amzell has sighed: "Un grand general—Quel tactics!"

Edward A. Colton

Los Angeles, California, 2952 Moss Ave

The best demolition man in the ETO, and a particular expert in the finer art of looting. Al-

though he was never around when the Colonel needed him most, he did a swell job teaching the French all about mines and booby traps and how to swipe lugers off kaput krauts.

Edgar D. Conrad

Detroit, Michigan, 19351 Exeter

"Wire Man"—learned to drive a truck in the ETO—the hard way.

Charles D. Cox

Millville, New Jersey, 415 Race Street

Truck Driver—"Chub" can drive his 2½ ton truck where angels fear to tread.

Robert R. Crankshaw

Audubon, New Jersey

219 Virginia Avenue

Hairline Operator—One of the lads that stayed at the switchboard during the hours of the night plugging calls through.

J. F. Crockett

Madison, Wisconsin, 1014 Colby Street

Hubert was the only GI in Group, who through his actions and deeds, and ability to handle a map case, got so snafued he became a Shave-tail.

John B. Dorian

Memphis, 7, Tenn, 246-F Market Mall

How a guy with only 18 points can laugh as easily as Johnny is a miracle. Came into the outfit quiet as a lamb but he must have been vaccinated with a victrola needle since.

Adam G. Dzienis

Jersey City, 2, New Jersey

297 Barrow Street

The Commando—another wire man.

Norman Eckel

Jersey City, New Jersey

404½ New York Ave

The guy that mailed the loot and letters. A good guy when he brought the mail, and a S.O.B. when he didn't.



William H. Emmons

Burlington, New Jersey, 216 Stacy Street

The Fat Boy. Assistant to Black Sam, worked in S-4, truck driver, and the man to see to find out what was for chow.

Arthur Ettlinger

Bronx, New York, New York

1503 Teller Ave

One who went through France and Germany with the idea that "He had to have it"—usually got it—so if you want to buy anything, see Artie.

William M. Farrell

Chicago, 16 Illinois

2958 S. Wallace Street

Bill "Speedy" Farrel noted for his immaculate toilette—Say, Bill—tell us all about Louie—the—Lug—or—Chaplain's Ass't and walking reference library on every underworld character from out Chicago way.

Donald F. Field

Jersey City, New Jersey, 489 Palisade Ave

Joisey's gift to the 1139th—.

Michael W. Gabriel

Chicago, Illinois, 137 West 46 Place

You could always find Gabe at the opposite end of the map case from Hubert. Mapth—mapth—mapth, thorry we wan aw out of 'em in our watht thtop.

Bruce Gray

Baytown, Texas, 312 Cypress Street

Message Center Chief—holds the ETO record for dashes to the basement.

Henry F. Gearns Jr.

Ridgewood L. I., New York

6907—65th St.

Henry better known to S-1 as the Old Man, a perpetual griper but sincere in every respect.

J. Fred Hildner

Arlington, New Jersey, 401 Hickory St.

Top kick—If you're due for a 3 day pass or a day of KP Fred's the man who sees you'll get it.

George E. Hinesley

Indianapolis, Indiana, 3910 Byram St.

"Bottleneck" our Communication Chief—sometimes known as Field Marshall Hinesley.

Isidore Horowitz

Brooklyn, New York, 1781 East 16 St.

Better known as "Izzy" and the operator of that wonderful machine "The Odograph"—always insisting riding in the ditches after dark.

Carl E. Jacobson

Jersey City, New Jersey, 20 Emory St.

The Movie Operator to beat all movie operators. Always threatened to throw a tantrum unless relieved, but so far all shows have been complete.

Stanley L. Johnston

Onaway, Michigan

We figure he used more films than any other GI in the ETO—and has the best scrap book to prove it. He dug more latrines than Mauldin.

Clarence King

Dittsburg, Texas, Route 2

Casanova of the cuisine—and a darn hard worker.

Paul J. Kolthoff

New Hampton, Iowa

The Kunnel's man Friday. What's the latest dope—huh Paul?

Peter J. Lally

Brooklyn, 5, New York, 2 St. James Place

Speaks excellent French—so he was a natural interpreter and did he have fun—Oo La La!

Raymond A. Linzer

Chicago, 25, Illinois, 2153 Balmoral Ave

Radio operator and Scout Car driver—keep you helmet on Ray!

Maurice L. Marcus

Chicago, Illinois, 5242 Hyde Park Blvd

"Maurice", the spark plug and key man of the S-1 Section was always on hand to relate a "juicy" divorce case, a discussion on good food, and "that good box of cigars on the way". "Ben, check that 38 year old clause".

Gaston J. Marois

Detroit, 14, Michigan, 3475 Holcomb

Radio operator and assistant coffe maker for Spokes.



John J. McGregor  
West New York, New Jersey  
111—63rd St.

Jeep messenger, better known as the Mad  
Scotchman from Jersey.

Edward J. Mehler  
Brooklyn, 6, New York, 462 Lorimer St.

The boy who was gifted with ten magic fingers  
and a right foot that earned him a T/5.

James J. Mooney  
Highland Park, Illinois  
155 N. Ridge Road

Our construction man known for his airport  
"Mooney's Folley". Also, a friend of Olivers.

Joseph F. Nolte  
Jersey City, New Jersey  
211 Monticello Ave

Wire Chief—he and his crew laid the tele-  
phone lines, never saw him without a pipe in  
his mouth.

Karl R. Olson  
Jackson Heights, New York  
3406 82nd St.

The first cook, only one in the ETO that could  
hit a mess kit at ten paces.

Jerome G. Oliver  
Ridgefield Park, New Jersey, 84 Laurel St.

Our hard working surveyor, especially on the  
golf course. Also, a friend of Mooneys.

Bernard E. Pagel, Jr.  
Greendale, Wisconsin,  
c/o Greendale P. O.

Bernard and his accordion were inseparable  
even in combat. "Get the chisel Ben, we're goin'  
to services."

Golda Pettyjohn, Jr.  
Harbeson, Delaware, R. F. D. 2

Jeep messenger par excellence, and known by  
the boys as the Delaware Kid.

Simon Richmond  
Boston, Mass, 722 Comm. Ave

Ned Sparks of the "1139"—a quiet calm guy—  
cigar and all.

Fred M. Rieger, Jr.  
Forrest, Illinois

Jeep messenger—poker player—another rea-  
son why the French gals want to go to the  
States.

Walter W. Rohleder  
Clifton, New Jersey, RFD. 1, Broad St.

Better known as "Wally" a Pfc. until we reach-  
ed Aboncourt, since then has risen to T/Sgt.,  
hates to go to bed, hates to get up even worse  
—but never shirks a duty and has co-operated  
in S-1 morning, noon, and night.

Everett Schultheis  
Flushing, New York, 3380 162nd Street

The Kunnel's office boy who always has "some  
real dope" or usually answered a choice bit of  
rumor with, "That's—for the birds". What  
changed your mind about being a 30 year  
man, Ev?

Benjamin W. Shaw  
El Centro, California, 535 Len Rey Ave

Ben did not join us until we reached Amnéville,  
France, but with his swell co-operation he soon  
gained the title of "Willing Wilbur" and has  
been an asset to S-1.

Robert H. Shinn  
Burlington, New Jersey  
235 West Broad Street

Hairline operator. The other lad who stayed at  
the switchboard during the hours of the night  
sweating out Hairline.

Howard L. Southworth  
Centralia, Washington, 1203 G. St.

Our favorite Draftsman whose favorite expres-  
sion is, "Sometimes I get so damned mad". But  
he always got the work out.

Robert Spokes  
Bensenville, Illinois, RFD. 1

The Chief Radio Operator—Carried everything  
in his pockets, from a can opener to a SS black-  
jack and pistol. A coffeemaker deluxe—couldn't  
operate without a blow torch.



Russell L. Stanley  
Hobart, Indiana, 105 E. 13th St.

The T/O said Water Sgt. but he hauled bridge with a fleet of 4 ton trucks and 2½ tons attached.

Sam Taylor  
New Haven, Conn., 642 Elm St.

Our Supply Man; you can get anything from him providing you leave your right arm as a deposit.

Harry L. Tepe  
Chevrot, Ohio, 3859 Trevor Ave

Driver—sign painter extraordinaire—joined us at Malling.

J. S. Van Soestberg  
Grand Rapids, 4, Michigan  
2225 Alpine Ave N.W.

Just "J", a hard worker who accepts instructions and advice—in the spirit in which it is given.

Arnold J. Vileta  
Tama, Iowa, 611 Grant St.

Justly called "Smiley". The jet prepulsion of the ration run. One of the most conscientious of workers and letter writers.

Paul A. Voegele  
Highland, Illinois, 1901 Olive St.

Mechanic—if it's busted—see Paul—he'll fix it

F. O. Wellnitz  
Elwood, Indiana, 1518 South K Street

Always kept the load light—didn't figure the Poop would be of any use; anyway threw it away in last bivouac area.

Harold F. Whitmeyer  
Newark, New Jersey, 3 Alexander St.

A hammer, some nails and he can make anything—well almost. Wonder where he got all the Cognac?

William D. Wooten  
Princeton, West Virginia, 609 Mercer St.

Mess Sgt.—Soft spoken man that kept all of us fat and contented even between meals.

## GOOD FRIENDS WHO HAVE LEFT US

### OFFICERS

GEORGE H. WALKER  
c/o War Department, Washington, D. C.

JOHN H. JACKSON  
59 Park Place, Lonaconing, Maryland

OVAL H. ROBINSON  
c/o War Department, Washington, D. C.

FREEMAN C. STEELE  
c/o War Department, Washington, D. C.

JAMES BADGETT  
Dennison, Texas

CECIL M. DAVIS  
339 Pope Street, Memphis, Tennessee

RICHARD L. NELSON  
221 South Conant Street, Burley, Idaho,

### ENLISTED MEN

MILTON AMOS  
6642 S. Lowe Ave; Chicago, Illinois

CLARENCE EHLKE  
202 W. Seymour St., Appleton, Wisconsin

GERARD C. JOHNSON,  
36 Sherman Place, Jersey City

ANGELO PALMISANO  
Box 73, Crystal Falls, Michigan

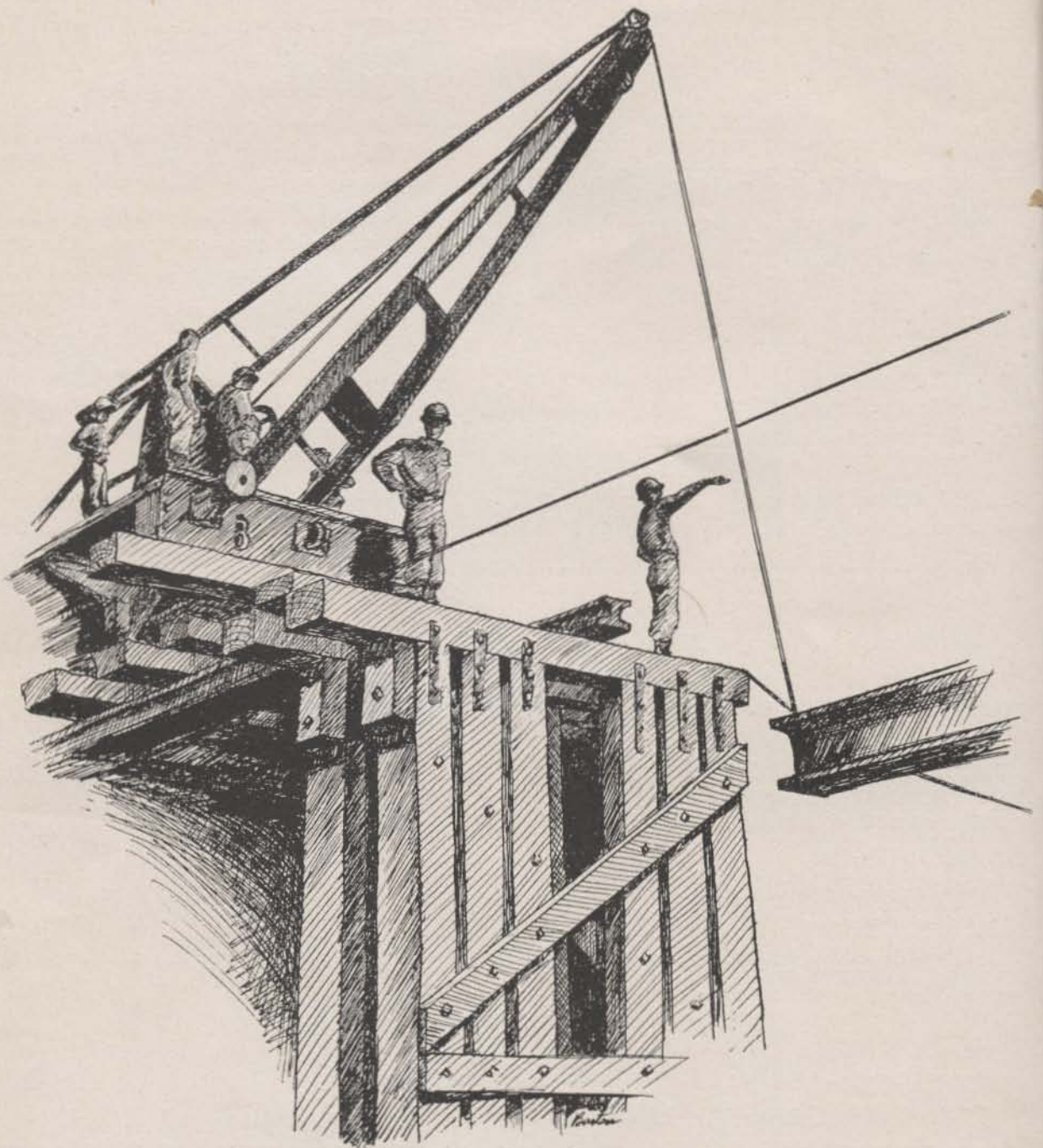
AARON MASUR  
1522 Vyse Ave., Bronx, New York

FRANCIS CARBONE  
241 Bower St., Jersey City, N. J.

ROBERT W. WRIGHT  
5 Township Dundalk, Maryland

SAM WOOD  
Route 1, Hinton, Kentucky







# THIS IS OUR STORY:

## POE TO UTAH BEACH



CAMP Shanks will be long remembered by all of the men in the unit for various reasons. For some, it afforded an opportunity to see their loved ones; to crowd into the few precious hours of our passes, memories that are recalled and cherished to this day. For others, a hurried glimpse of New York's night life. Most of the boys were unimpressed—one midwesterner summed it up by saying, "It's just like my home town, only the buildings are taller. That's all."

Long will be remembered our overseas physical when, with spoon in hand we faced the imposing array of doctors. Fortunately they were interested in only the barest essentials, and the outfit was not lacking in these. Yes, indeed! Not a single WAC was discovered among us—worse luck!

Our supply section knocked itself out for us. Black Sam could be found at any hour of the day or night buried in a heap of clothing and equipment. It was necessary only to hint that your pants didn't quite come up to your expectations, and Sam eagerly exerted every effort to make ends meet. Yes, Sam was strictly *our ideal supply sergeant*. Those were the days when all too few of us knew the profound significance behind two innocent words: "It bleeds."

Our days at Shanks were limited by the unexpected announcement that we were on the alert. It came as a special shock to one of our non-coms who had had just one too many in each of all the bars he had visited. Returning from his spree, he covered the last 300 yards to the barracks on all fours only to be confronted by one of the guards who gently imparted to him the news of the alert. The shock proved too much for him; he collapsed on the threshold and every effort to revive him failed until the following noon.

The next couple of days were filled with feverish preparation. Impregnated clothing, gas chambers, orientation talks, last minute purchases, hoarding on Dunhill lighters, cold cokes, hot woolens, new clothes on, old clothes off, shakedown inspections, roll calls, disembarking into boats, disembarking into water, censorship, no phone calls, no letters, "Put your hand on your bag, Now keep it there!"—we were ready to take off. The Death March of Bataan couldn't have been much worse than *our march to the train and onto the boat*. Full field packs, gas masks, impregnated clothing, duffle bags and overcoats—the final insult—made up what might be understated as a rather heavy load. The strains of "Over There"—or was it "March, Slave, March"?—we did our own straining as we staggered up the gangplank into the black holds of the *Thomas H. Barry*.

The ocean trip was like what we had heard of all ocean trips in wartime. Rumors of submarines, doubt as to where we were headed, movies which were too crowded to attend, seasickness in the calmest weather, shots for typhus—were they worth it?—and crowded living space. The quarters—well, the less said about them the better. On the best authority, we hear that they were installed on the recommendation of a big-wig who claimed that the men would shrink consider-



ably as a result of the dehydrated food diet they received. Equally reliable authority claimed that the job of converting the ships to troop carriers had been turned over to an *ex-sardine* packing plant. Whatever the case, one can say for them that there was a minimum amount of space for everyone. In keeping with the American way of life, everything on board was done on a production-line basis, including eating and the use of latrine facilities. As a matter of fact, one chowline ran thru a latrine-veddy tasty!

After seeing Ireland from forty miles out, we pulled into the Firth of Clyde and dropped anchor early the morning of 12 July 1944. The beauty of the Scottish countryside made an impression on everyone. The brilliant, fresh greens of the fields, the orderly layout of the hedges, the cleanliness of the houses. England and Scotland had these things in common, and we observed, too, that every available plot of land was utilized for crops.

We were put on a train, southward bound for Nantwich, or more specifically to Doddington Camp. To the cheerful greeting of "Wotchaknow, Jo", distinctly Scottish in accent, we boarded, carrying coffee and doughnuts given to us by the British Y.M.C.A. All day long we rode until finally we arrived and were put into relatively comfortable quarters. That day was the last time we saw sunshine on England, although we were told that we must realize this was most unusual weather—a familiar cry from back in the states. Those two or three weeks in Doddington will be best remembered for Nantwich and Newcastle. These towns gave us our first glimpse of the English people, and our last, we hope, taste of English bitters.

After drawing vehicles, trailers and the other items of T/E equipment which we were short, came again the alert. We were off, first to Bournemouth for an all too brief sojourn and then to the marshalling area where we parked in the fields waiting for the call to embark. It came, alright. It came at two-thirty in the morning. By three o'clock we were on the road and by six we were parked on the pier at Southampton, waiting to board the Liberty Ship which would bring us to France. We waited all day, and finally in the evening we were permitted to embark and find ourselves a spot in the hold to sleep. The less said about that trip the better. We skip it to the morning of 5 August 1944 when we first saw the shores of Utah Beach, France.

## FRANCE



It took us two days to disembark, and we took up residence in a field fully expecting and prepared for bombing and strafing attacks. Happily they did not come, and we took off to become a small

part of history's longest march in the shortest time—600 miles in thirty days. We moved to Briquebec which might be called the starting line for us, for it was there that we first became tactical. It was there that Colonel Walker disclosed our mission to us. He pulled no punches in explaining the con-



ditions which were to confront us. We were to be attached to XX Corps, the "Ghost Corps", under the command of Major General Walton H. Walker and were to be placed in direct support of the 7th Armored Division. The XX Corps spear-headed General Patton's sensational dash across France, a feat unprecedented in military history for speed and boldness. There was to be no front line, but instead, a series of "fingers" headed by the armor. Patton's tactics were similar to those of Nazi blitzkrieg in which large groups of the enemy were surrounded, divided and conquered. In other words, the armor was thrust deep into a main body of enemy resistance, splitting it into pockets which were then mopped up by the Infantry following closely behind. Our mission placed us directly behind the armor where we were called upon to remove mines, build bridges and perform any other jobs for which engineers were suited. There were many times when our engineers had to fight as Infantry, and there were no occasions to which we could not rise when necessary.

Starting across France, we came upon our first sight of ruined cities, our first sniff of that grim odor of death. We were greeted by cheering civilians, we were pelted with brilliant flowers, we were pestered with children who demanded "Cigarettes pour papa" and "Avez-vous des bonbons?" We liked most of all those thoughtful people who brought us bottles of "cidre", wine and even occasionally some cognac to wet our parched palates. It was at our next halt that we were joined by our first battalions, the 206th, the 135th and the 179th Engineer Combat Battalions. At this time we were in the vicinity of St. Jean Sur Evre which is notable as being our first bathing spot in France. Lest we overlook those brave souls who brought up the rear of the convoy into St. Jean, three trucks went winging by the turn-in and were almost into enemy lines before they discovered their error.

Our first bath in France. Long will we remember the deep millstream, the pool and the waterfall. Being able to wash completely was a luxury that all of us enjoyed, and the pleasure was prolonged by a leisurely siesta on the green banks of the stream. Our little nudist colony was thrown into a near panic when several mademoiselles strolled toward us, greeting us with a friendly, "Bon jour". The more modest of us quickly reached for the nearest fig-leaf, but Spokes remained calm, in complete control of the situation; and, encased only in the bright rays of the summer sun, he returned the greeting with the same nonchalance as that in which it had been extended. This incident was our initiation to one of many "quaint" customs of La Belle France (pronounced frahns).

Our first accident also occurred here when two of our cooks, Olson and King, were burned by a pot of temperamental potatoes which blew up in their faces. This gave our medics their first opportunity to put into practice the knowledge imparted to them by Doc Krupocki. No effort—or bandages—were spared, and our cooks recovered rapidly although they resembled a couple of mummies during their recuperation.

In the days that followed, there were short stops at St. Suzanne and La Ferte Bernard. It was not until we got near Chartres, however, that the 1139th first came into direct contact with the enemy. The latter had cagily side-stepped the armor passing thru the city, and had reoccupied the town as soon as the tanks had moved on. Therefore, when we tried to enter the city ourselves, we were met with stiff resistance from the enemy, who had fortified the town in the hope of cutting



off the armor from its supporting units. It was there that we were suddenly converted to doughfeet, and first proved our versatility by discarding our tools temporarily, and meeting the enemy as Infantry. All was confusion the first night. Rumors ran rampant thru camp, spread largely by the well-meaning radio crew. We were alerted for a paratrooper attack which fortunately did not materialize. Snipers were reported in the vicinity and a patrol, led by Captain Deutschle, combed the orchard and haystacks by way of being sure. The following day we experienced our first taste of enemy artillery fire. As the first shell landed in the area, Maurie Marcus sped for the safety of his fox-hole over which he had slaved for hours on end. Great was his dismay to find when he got there that our boy Blair had already occupied the hole. In his next letter home, Maurie requested a pair of track shoes. Later that day, three of the boys, Sgts. Colton, Ahring and Badgero tried their luck at getting into Chartres to retrieve a slightly damaged jeep. The krauts, however, seemed to have had the same idea and kept our boys pinned down with machine gun fire. It was at this critical moment that Sgt. Colton gave with the solemn pronouncement, "Dig in, men, we're surrounded!"

After the city was clear, several of our members visited the Hotel de Ville which had been the Nazi Headquarters. They came back to us laden down with some very choice souvenirs which included champagne, some very cherce wines and a bottle of pure alcohol which was passed off as Calvados.

We moved on stopping briefly at Drieux where preparations were begun for the drive to the Seine. No one will forget the moves in this stage of the battle. Convoys from the divisions supplemented by special units like our own lined the roads for miles. Vehicles of every type from the heaviest tanks to the small jeeps lumbered along the highways ignoring the fact that we were a perfect target for any jerry planes in the vicinity. Our ever-present airforce, however, protected us from above and proved too formidable a foe for the fast-dwindling Luftwaffe.

The Seine was reached on 23 August and we bivouaced in an open field not too far from Melun. This site gave us no natural cover, but we were surrounded on all sides by heavy artillery units which were softening up the city of Melun for our next operation. The afternoon was spent digging in and concealing our vehicles as best we might under the camouflage nets. That day, the Corps G-2 learned of a probable attack in our sector which, if executed, would endanger the success of our proposed operation. Therefore, we were ordered to move immediately. This order came at exactly 2305. At precisely 2307 the rains came accompanied by a howling wind which scattered pup tents and camouflage nets to every part of the field. Trying to collect equipment and pack resulted in everyone's being thoroughly drenched in no time flat. Nothing daunted, however, we were ready to move at 2333. The drivers were warming the vehicles, the men were trying to squeeze themselves into some of the little empty space which was left, the convoy commander raised his hand to take off when—yeah, you guessed it—"You will remain in your present location until further orders". This was not the first nor was it to be the last order we received which caused the same performance to be repeated. Everyone wrung out his blankets, bailed the water out of his foxhole and settled down uncomfortably for the night. By unanimous consent it was decided that things were in general strictly SNAFU. The next day the Seine river was crossed in four different



places by the 991st and 994th Engineer Treadway Bridge Companies, the 537th Engineer Light Ponton Company and the 135th, 179th and 206th Engineer Combat Battalions. It was a difficult crossing, and, despite success, a price was exacted in human lives.

Our motor pool was augmented at this stop by the addition of a five-ton German diesel kitchen truck. Much larger and more practical than the truck our kitchen had been using, this truck stayed by us thru thick and thin until after VE Day. Other German vehicles which we had acquired from time to time went kaput periodically, but the kitchen job remained faithful, and was retired with an honorable discharge.

Our next stop was a few miles south on the Seine and brought us to the very famed resort center of Fontainebleau—shades of Napoleon and Josephine. The town had not been severely damaged, and we passed bigger crowds of wildly excited people than we'd hitherto encountered. We were showered with flowers and—the real treat, the pièce de résistance—beaucoup champagne. Probably our entry into the town was not the only cause for excitement. The liberation of Paris was almost complete, and to the French people, it seemed that with the capture of Paris, the war was practically finished. For them perhaps, but it was to be a long time before it ended for us.

We spent a few leisurely days there and our favorite pastime was to sprawl on the bank at the edge of the road, and watch the lovely ma'mzelles pedal by. They wore some very eyefilling attires, and their gaiety and friendliness was in sharp contrast to the events of war which were going on about them.

At Fontainebleau we crossed the Seine again. It was not as costly an operation as that at Melun had been, but under the aegis of Colonel Tandy, the crossing was as hectic as any we'd made. It was to the bridge at this site that Colonel Niles came and to his horror and dismay, he found Colonel Tandy there, but not a single officer from Group. In quiet but firm tones, the officers were informed that every one of them would be at the bridge that morning at 1000. It was a rare sight, but at 1000 that morning, one could have found every officer from the Group, including medics and chaplains, at the bridge site contributing at least moral support to the proceedings.

The next move took us to Montmiral. It was here that we were first subjected to what threatened to be an enemy strafing attack. Happily, the enemy did not know we were there, or had run out of ammunition. At any rate, no shots were fired. At Montmiral, Lieutenant Colonel Walker, our executive officer, left us to become the commanding officer of the 1103d Engineer Combat Group. With his departure, we all felt a personal loss, for he had rated high with all of us. Fearless in the face of danger, thoughtful and considerate of his men, Colonel Walker was truly a soldier's soldier. Major Eininger who had been holding down the position of S-3 was designated to replace him.

On the East of the famous cathedral town of Rheims, we found ourselves in the center of the wasteland of World War I's battlefields. We bivouaced in the Argonne Forest surrounded by caved-in trenches, barren land and rusted equipment; reminders that "the war to end wars" had not accomplished its purpose. Our location was only about a mile from where the famed "Lost Battalion" of the 77th Division had lost itself in the war of '18.



The next major objective was Verdun, the second most fortified city in the world. To our fast-moving army, the city fell in a matter of mere hours. The 509th Engineer Light Ponton Company built across the Meuse River a bridge which seemed to rate special attention from the Luftwaffe. While unsuccessfully attempting to bomb the ponton bridge and the bridge captured intact in the city, a part of Verdun itself was laid in ruins. For three consecutive nights, we anxiously awaited the return of Colonel Niles, for we were able to tell by his manner and appearance whether the bridge was still standing. It was in Verdun that a large enemy warehouse was captured from which the entire XX Corps was provided with fur jackets—a prize of war which proved its value in the winter ahead.

It was while we were outside of Verdun that something occurred which gave rise to considerable controversy and will never be settled. Gas for the vehicles gave out. Up to this time, we had been moving faster than anyone had anticipated. General Eisenhower had made every effort to keep the Army, particularly Third Army, well supplied with gasoline. The Redball Express sped loads of gasoline to the front. The C 47's were called upon to deliver gas in addition to maps. A pipeline was being put across France as rapidly as possible. So far ahead of schedule were we, however, that supply simply could not keep up with demand. Who was to blame? Probably no one, for no one could have foreseen the fantastic rout to which we put the enemy. There will be many of us saying to our children, "I remember when we ran out of gas. Now if we had had enough, we could have finished the war right then and there". Perhaps so; probably not. But that incident, and our failure shortly thereafter to hold Metz after entering it, will be remembered as two of the great "If only's" of this war.

Our next stop was Boncourt where we relaxed and prepared for the first Moselle crossing. This crossing was directed from Thiacourt. While there, all of us visited St. Mihiel Cemetery, the resting place for 7000 American men of the 2d and 89th Divisions who died taking the small town of Thiacourt—population about 1000—in the last war. Our Catholic Chaplain, Father Kish, was photographed saying mass there, and the photograph was published in a number of papers back home. Local boy makes good!

Our Commanding Officer, Col. Niles, had visited Thiacourt after the last war and was familiar with the bridge sites along the river running thru the town. It was old stamping ground for the Colonel when he directed the construction of the Bailey and Heavy Ponton Bridges across the same river.

Under very heavy mortar and artillery fire, screened by smoke from hundreds of generators and pots, the Moselle was crossed in three places, Pagny, Pont à Mousson and Vandières. The cost was high, but it helped pave the way toward taking the most fortified city in the world, Metz. It was at Pagny that the Special Hardway Construction Engineer Bridge Platoon was first assembled from the ranks of the Group Headquarters and thrown into action at the river. Remembrances of a sleepless night, a deserted village and a bridge on the Moselle recall the first of two assays at bridge-building made by this distinguished collection of Engineers.



## INTERLUDE



OUR first indoor billets were at Angevillers, a small town about twelve miles west of Thionville. Our initial impression of Angevillers was anything but favorable. Of all the "typical" French villages we'd seen, this seemed to be the most "typical". Our location was in a large garrison which had formerly been used by both the Germans and the French. It was only a few hundred yards from one of the entrances to the Maginot Line, and before we departed, there were few of us who had not been guided thru the maze of underground passages which made up the labyrinth of fortifications. We arrived after a few weeks of cold, wet and miserable weather—almost anything indoors would have looked good. But we were hardly prepared for the luxury of heat, electric light, running hot and cold water, commodes, showers and spring beds. Oh war, where was thy sting? There was a laundry on the post, and a theatre where a new movie was shown every other night. It seemed that never were so few so glad for so much. After a few days of cleaning up, we settled down to the life to which we wished to be accustomed.

Among other acquisitions were two permanent KP's in the persons of two refugees from Poland, those characters, Felix and Alex. Tho their arrival did not at once put an end to the KP problem of the Pvt's and the PFC's, it decidedly relieved a dismal situation. Now that we had two non-English speaking stooges, (*dobra! dobra!*) the practice of passing the buck in the case of the pots and pans became a flourishing business. The remembrance of these willing laborers will long be cherished by the Corps of KP's.

Other advantages were soon discovered which aided in soothing many of the more restless spirits. There were Algrange, Hayange, Nilvange, Fluorange, Fontoy (Fahn TWAH) and the rest within walking distance for those more unfortunate soles caught without vehicles. There were two USO shows with a few girls to liven up the atmosphere. The Red Cross Clubmobiles were well patronized on their several visits to Angevillers. And then there was the occasion of the discovery in the vicinity of a cache of varied kinds of alcoholic beverages. Wally Rohleder performed a feat hitherto believed impossible by consuming in the short space of one and one-half hours the following: One and one-half quarts of bilious-green Crème de Menthe (ugh!), chased by a goodly share of varnish-like cognac (groan!), and topped by generous portions of an indescribable wine (sob!). No, it would not be fair to say that life was altogether dull and uneventful in Angevillers.

During the month of October, the 1139th Engineer Combat Group was built up into one of the largest tactical engineer groups in the United States Army. At one time there were over 5000 troops under our command and what seemed to be all the engineer equipment in the European Theater of Operations. The latter included a number of new devices which were referred to by such interest-



ing names as the Conga, the Weasel, the Snake, the Alligator and Sheepsfoot rollers. Not content with these, we experimented with a few devices of our own most notable of which was a bridge launching device on a tank. Unhappily this device was left behind, and was so heavy that it is not likely ever to be removed from its present location. We have often speculated on the reaction of archeologist hundreds of years hence who will view this monstrosity with awe and wonderment, speculating on its possible uses by the civilization of the 20th century.

This concentration of troops and equipment was in preparation for what proved to be one of the most difficult and costly of all our crossings, the Moselle River. The fact that we had to get three divisions, the 10th Armored and the 90th and 95th Infantry, across the river was the least of our troubles. The weather, in keeping with the usual war weather, had been so severe that the river was flooded to a degree greater than it had been for thirty years previous. To be nearer the scene of operations, the Group headquarters had moved to a pillbox in the vicinity of Soetrich. In the cold of unheated concrete and the darkness caused by a temperamental generator, the advance CP carried on for almost ten days. The operation was highly successful in the face of the most adverse possible weather, and a determined and stubborn enemy on the other side.

Thanksgiving found us in Thionville, comfortably ensconced in a chateau and a small house nearby. On the bottom floor of the chateau was an office belonging to a French concern. What concerned us, however, were the four secretaries who worked there. It was a race between the officers and the men to see who would take first place in the affections of the fairer sex. In the end it seemed to be a draw. Thionville was only a short stop en route to Bouzonville and thence to Niedaltdorf, our first stop in Germany, Sleepless nights were spent in Niedaltdorf, not because of the enemy, but the Army's largest guns were only a few miles behind us, and it seemed their crews waited until they were certain that everyone was asleep before firing the guns. It was always the same; first came the concussion of air which invariably knocked out windowpanes, if there were any, or paper nailed over the already broken panes. This was followed by a blast which, if you were asleep, woke you up so suddenly that you sat bolt upright in bed wondering when the house was going to fall in.

From Niedaltdorf, operations for crossing the Saar were directed. Every crossing seemed like the hardest, and it is difficult to compare them, for the situation differed with every one. At the Saar, however, we came face to face with the pillboxes of the Westwall. Seeing the territory months after we first entered it, it is understandable why it was so easy for the Germans to keep us at bay. The east bank of the river is thick with a variety of fortifications, all deliberately built some years ago with the intent to prevent anyone's crossing the river at any point. The 206th Engineer Combat Battalion was bivouaced at Wallerfangen in a hunting lodge belonging to Von Papen. The objective was the town of Dillingen.

The true success of this crossing cannot be gaged, for even as we were seeing the end of it, the 17th of December came, and with it the Bulge. Activity in our area was stopped, and orders to withdraw were issued. An elaborate roadblock system was instituted in the Saar-Moselle triangle,



security restrictions became very rigid and blackout on the news prevailed. The company moved to Aboncourt where business was set up in a sort of chateau, and the men were billeted wherever space could be found. From Aboncourt, the security measures were checked and enforced. In the relative lull, schools for power-boat operators and bridge-construction schools were begun for all troops from our own units and those in units which we were supporting. December brought a new Table of Organization and Equipment which pared the Medic's to three enlisted men, and expanded some of the other sections. Christmas Day and New Year's Day were spent here, and there was not one of us who did not have at least one package to celebrate the season. Mickey Rooney came to us in his Jeep Show, and we spent a brief hour or two visiting with him, snapping his picture and watching his show.

On New Year's Day we had a combined thrill and scare. We were used to having airplanes fly around us, but imagine our surprise that day to look out the window and see several unfamiliar planes flying so close to the CP that we could have reached out and shaken hands with the pilots. Looking closer, we discerned the unwelcome sight of the German cross painted on the body and the wings. A few shots were fired at the planes, of which there were about twenty-seven—the most this outfit had ever seen at one time—but apparently we weren't of sufficient importance to be noticed. We should kick!

The new year saw a few changes in the officer personnel. Captain Parker of the 179th was brought in as Company Commander; Major (then Captain) Rapkin was put in as S-3; Lt. Kenyon had become our Special Service Officer; Lt. Butler the Communications Officer; Captain Arnold was the Assistant S-2; and Captain Herrmann was the Assistant S-4.

On what seems to us to have been the coldest night in our history, we were ejected from our comfortable billets in Aboncourt and headed back to the west side of the Moselle, to Amnéville. The convoy left Aboncourt at midnight, and brought 82 frozen men to Rhombas about two in the







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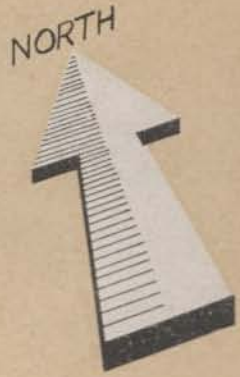
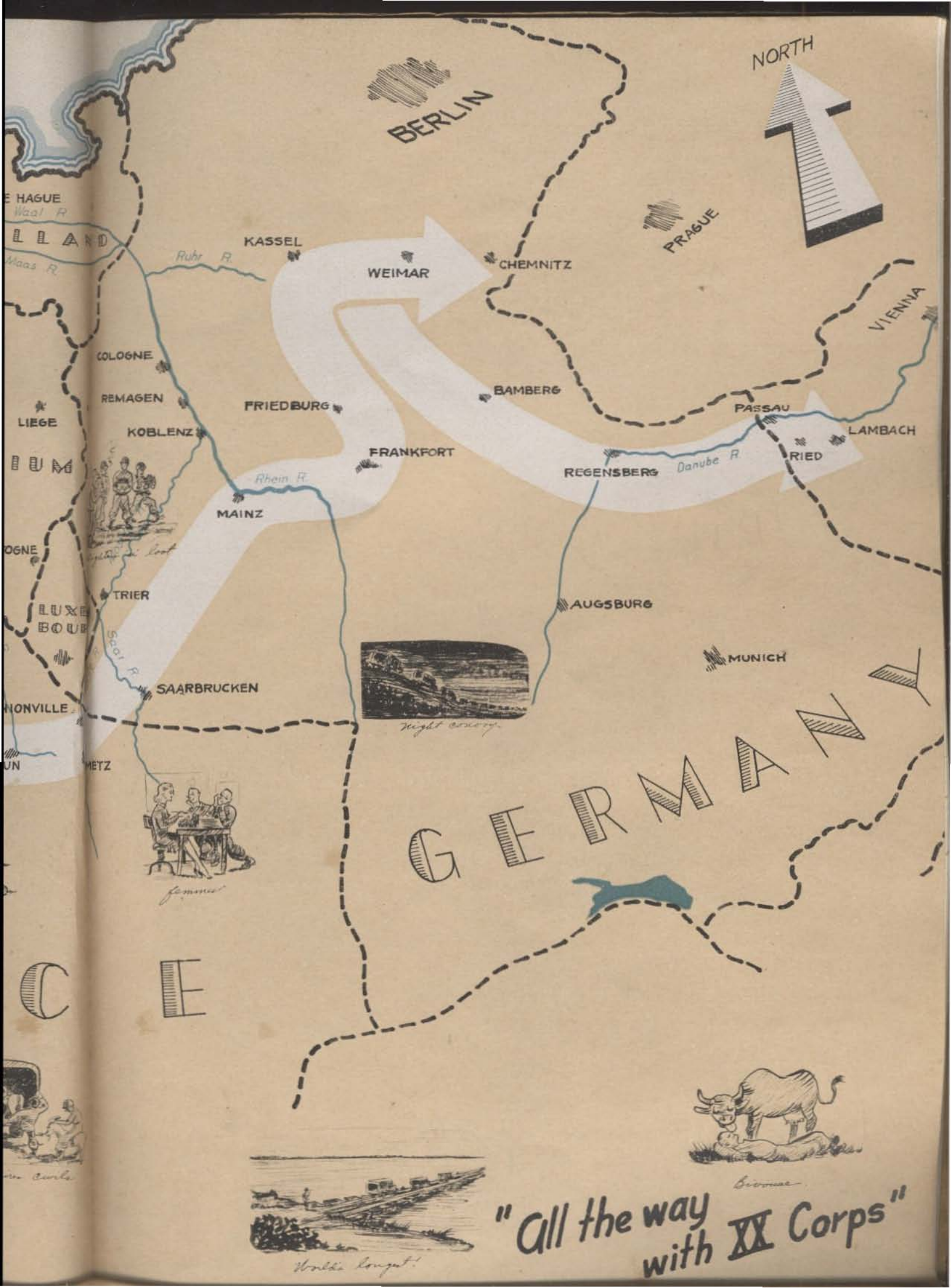


No gas!



Officer's car





BERLIN

PRAGUE

WEIMAR

CHEMNITZ

KASSEL

Ruhr R.

BAMBERG

FRIEDBURG

PASSAU

VIENNA

COLOGNE

RETAGEN

LIEGE

KOBLENZ

FRANKFORT

REGENSBURG

LAMBACH

MAINZ

Rhein R.

Danube R.

RIED



LUXEMBOURG

TRIER

AUGSBURG

MUNICH

SAARBRUCKEN



Night crossing

GERMAN



Business



Business



World's longest!

"All the way with XX Corps"



morning. We stayed there for a night before going on to Amnéville. This little town will best be recalled for the women—God bless 'em! Beaucoup femmes, and all eager to be friendly. We were just getting acquainted when—yes, move again.

Malling is a small town a little north of Thionville. When we moved in there, we took over the entire town, and by the end of a six-week stay, we were like part of the population. The men were billeted in private homes, and became just one of the family to the people with whom they were living. Felix and Alex had gone to join the Polish Army, so two of the local characters were engaged to replace them. At the instigation of Colonel Niles, a local Civil Affairs office was set up in S-3, and day and night the good folk of Malling flocked to the office in search of transportation to move their furniture back from neighboring villages, to return their aging mothers to their homes, to go to Thionville "on business". The Civil Affairs eventually became more of a travel bureau than anything else. Probably the climax, the affair of affairs, was when Fields was called upon to drive two goats to the next town to be bred. The look on his face as the goats were hoisted into the back of his truck was one of perplexed amazement.

Henry returned to us in Malling after suffering the agonies of the Replacement (beg your pardon, it should have been reinforcement) Centers. Under Lt. Kenyon's supervision, the ETOdlers were formed, and many of our meals were enlivened by their presence. The Communications Section, having given up in the field of conquest of their own age, turned their affections to a young lady all of twelve years, Nicko. Major Eininger was well-attended as guest of Madame Vargny to whom he taught practical expressions such as "Very, very nice" and "Terrible". All in all, Malling was for us a sort of home, and we were a large, pretty happy family.





# GERMANY



MID-March. Spring weather had come suddenly, remained for several days, but had departed just as rapidly leaving rain, mud and cold in its wake. Rumors started that there was to be another crossing, that the vacation was over, and that the big-wigs had decided to push ahead. For the thousandth

time, "This was it"! This was the battle for the West bank of the Rhine where General Ike had said we could wipe out once and for all the major might of the German Wehrmacht. It was known that in the East, the Russians had rolled forward and were now consolidating along the banks of the Oder River preparing for the final blow.

When the Group left Malling, it was almost like leaving home. Well, as nearly home as we could find four thousand miles away. The entire town turned out to bid us "bonne chance" as we moved along to Ayl. The CP there was a large building which had once been a hospital. Bombs had been dropped around the town and a few of the homes had been hit, but most of them still stood, and everyone managed to find a place to sleep. The "non-fraternization policy" was now put into effect, and for our first few days in Germany, everyone—almost everyone—became suddenly cold and aloof.

The first crossings of the Saar in this operation, made by the 135th Engineer Combat Battalion at Taben and Saarburg and the 993rd Engineers Treadway Bridge Company at Serrig, had been directed from Malling. In the face of heavy enemy fire from the East bank of the Saar, which was well-reinforced by hundreds of strategically placed pill-boxes, the troops finally managed to put across enough bridges to permit both Infantry and Armor to cross to the other side. This done, the enemy was gradually reduced to a point where more bridges could be put in at Konz-Karthaus by the 206th and the 179th.

In Ayl all seemed peaceful, but there was one night when our slumbers were rudely interrupted by two or three shells which sounded as though they were landing right next door. Not many of us are soon going to forget that fast descending whistle which was followed by what sounded like the end of the world. Nothing daunted, however, we pulled up our covers, turned over and went back to sleep. What else could we do?

Life at Ayl was not without its lighter moments. Henry and his ETodlers gave us a couple of hot jam sessions before movies, and Captain Nichols (brand new bars) tried to orient us on "What Are You Fighting For?". He gave up after discovering that he couldn't get those "Going-Home Blues" out of our minds. Some of the boys went to Paris, and the Rest Camp in Thionville, now in its last throes, gave others of us a final fling at legal fraternization.

And then things started to happen. Out of the blackout security leaked the rumors that the 4th Armored Division had cut loose, that there were thousands more Germans west of the Rhine than



anyone had guessed, that confusion reigned supreme. Ayl had become Com Z, so the Group packed once again and took off, this time to Oberthal. It was en route that we found our first batch of "feelthy propaganda" scattered in a field, so the entire convoy came to a halt while we scavenged among the "Two Ways of Fighting the War—Fighting—AND?", trying to put together a complete series of cards. It was a labor of love, but no one ever did find more than four different cards. Wonder what happened in the last one of the bunch?

Oberthal, land of joy, for do you remember those supershowers we found in the school-house? A street was blocked off for the exclusive use of the Group, but blocking a street and keeping the civilians away were two different matters. S-3 tried to be firm with the three hags who came in daily to clean the mess from midnight snacks, but no amount of cold shouldering could keep them out. It was from Oberthal that the very special Hardway Construction Platoon was sent into action again to construct a bridge across a railroad gap at Schwartzbach in order that the General might not have to traverse the rugged by-pass.

Events came in such quick succession that no one could keep up with them; events which have subsequently made history were taking place in the Rhine-Moselle triangle. The enemy had been thrown into a panic-stricken horde. The 4th Armored Division from the North, the 10th and 6th Armored Divisions in the South, the 3rd and 7th armies everywhere were cutting to tiny pieces the remnants of what had once been great German divisions. Those of us who were fortunate enough to do a little travelling in the area will not soon forget the traffic jams around Kaiserlautern which put to shame any tie-up we'd seen back home. Talk about sweating it out—you should have seen the MP's trying to manage things! And those two and three mile long columns of thousands of prisoners, guarded by a few cocky GI's, being marched to the already bulging cages. The roads were clogged not alone by military traffic, but by the huge exodus of men, women and children who had been freed from their bondage in Germany. It was almost more exciting than it had been in France to be greeted by those worn-out haggard people, some walking, dragging their little wooden wagons, others riding on ox-carts or in brokendown carriages and wagons drawn by any animal which could be commandeered. A few rode motorcycles and other few chugged down the roads in charcoal-burning automobiles or in gas vehicles using fuel that smelled like White Lightning the day after. It was a colorful parade with some walking barefooted, others carrying shoes in addition to those on their feet; with many dressed in full uniform of their native country, others decked in illfitting clothes looted from warehouses, natives and even stripped from dead men. It was a big parade which we don't want to see again, but which we won't forget in a hurry. The whole picture is best recalled as a never-ending stream of humanity: The refugees headed West, ourselves headed East and the enemy frantically wandering in any direction which seemed to promise safety. The most popular direction seemed to be toward our POW cages.

Destination: The Rhine! Having given up the idea of crossing the Rhine, this news came as a surprise to everyone. Squeezed into a ramshackle school house, the braintrust undertook the frantic planning which invariably preceded the major river crossings. The Colonel had dour looks for



everyone, the other officers growled at their personnel, strained expressions appeared on the faces of the enlisted men. The Corps Engineer arrived, and behind closed doors, all-night conferences were held. And as quickly as the news had come that we were to cross the Rhine, that quickly had we crossed it. At Mainz, to which we moved, the 160th had constructed 1896 feet of Treadway Bridge: "The Longest Tactical Bridge in the World", lest we forget!

Somehow it wasn't until we crossed the Rhine that we began to feel we were really in Germany. We had seen our share of ruined towns, but seeing Mainz which was almost totally destroyed, we knew definitely that we had arrived. On up thru the ruined outskirts of Frankfurt and across the famous Eininger short-cut to spend a night in Friedberg. How peacefully we slept there, little dreaming that within five miles of us an SS Division was having a merry old time ambushing the Autobahn, taking a number of American prisoners. We contributed our share when our liaison officer from Corps was captured. Happily he returned a few days later to tell us of his escape, but from that time, we thought twice before letting ourselves be caught out after the hours of darkness.

Alsfeld was the first of the picturesque villages we saw. The cobblestone-paved, narrow, crooked streets were no novelty; but the half-timber houses which we saw seemed to be leaning, ready to fall into the streets, and the ancient town-hall with its leaded bay windows, slate roof and twin spires looked like something we'd seen hitherto only in the movies. Nor can we soon erase from our memory the incredulous looks of utter astonishment which the open-mouthed civilians wore as they gaped at the passing parade of American might. These were good days. These were days when we first began to see for ourselves that Germany was finally getting more than just a taste of its own medicine. We had come, we were seeing, now all that remained was to conquer—but completely.

Berge was a little town built on a hill. For the first time all sections were moved into a single large office, and the noise of S-1's typewriters, the rustle of S-2's maps, the crunch of S-3's fingernails, the decisions loudly proclaimed by S-4, the breathlessness and hush-hush of the Colonel's conferences combined to give the impression that the 1139th was outdoing itself. But nothing really momentous occurred in Berge; business continued as usual. Reichensachsen was next, and is memorable chiefly for offices located in a school for children where the furniture was designed for five and six year olds with little anticipation of its ever being a CP for the Americans. We had been warned about Langensalza. It had been bombed and strafed all the day before our arrival, and it was with slight misgiving that we took up residence there. Jerry came over alright, but Jerry was shot down, and for many of us, it was the first German plane we'd seen shot down right overhead. We rushed for all available binoculars to watch the pilot bail out and make his slow descent to earth.

The way events were moving proved only one thing to us. The Germans knew beyond a doubt that they were beaten, and that it was now only a matter of weeks before final capitulation would come. For months we knew that Germany had everything to lose and nothing to gain by its continued resistance. In February and March no one of us would ever have dreamed that we would be allowed to bring war this deep into Germany. Even now we wonder how the enemy withstood our terrific air, man and material superiority as long as he did. The prisoners we saw were as old as



65 and as young as 15. There was no doubt about it: Germany had called upon everyone who could conceivably shoulder a gun to give their all for the Fatherland. Occasionally we saw some of the blue-clad German girls who corresponded to our WAC's. 16 and 17 years old their only wish was to go home. The organized fight and the will to continue seemed to have gone from these people. They were now fighting in units hastily reorganized from units which had been cut to pieces by our rapid advance. So swiftly did the enemy fall back that when we moved to what had yesterday been the front, we found that today it was the rear.

In Weimar we were housed luxuriously in barracks which had formerly been used by Anti-aircraft troops. We were located high on a hill overlooking the city. It was probably the best location we'd had in Germany, but here we saw the most horrible of all the sights we'd seen—Buchenwald. Some of us had the good fortune to visit Buchenwald personally. All of us saw the inmates of the camp walking along the road to town, some of them outside the confines of the camp for the first time in as many as ten years. Those of us who did not visit the camp were able to hear firsthand about its horror from a former Captain of the Dutch army, whom we took from the camp to act as interpreter for us. The name Buchenwald has become as infamous now as the name Quisling, and for those of us who saw the camp, the mention of its name is sufficient to call to mind stacks of withered, shrunken corpses, living corpses which looked like walking skeletons, the stench of human waste, filth, incompletely burned bodies, a bloody mallet and all the revulsion which accompanied the sight of a race sunk so low.

We attached a couple of Czechoslovakian refugees from Buchenwald to our kitchen, and put them under the wing of "Smiley" Vileta who was able to speak the lingo. Third Army Headquarters decided to move into Weimar, so we moved out to Gera. Rumor warned us of an impending counterattack, so we put up a great security guard around the area. Comfortably housed in private residences with attractive yards in which to sun-bathe, we were only slightly apprehensive about the possibility of attack. To nobody's surprise, the attack failed to materialize, and the only excitement that night came from a couple of trigger-happy guards—in another organization, they say.

Hitherto, most of the convoys made in Germany had been in daylight. With air superiority, there was relatively little danger from enemy air attack, and the losses sustained thru enemy action were far less serious than those brought on by night-driving. But this move was to be different. The Third Army had been moving East until it had arrived just outside Chemnitz. With the threat of the much touted "National Redoubt" centering in the South around Salzburg, the Third Army undertook a rapid redeployment to the South in the direction of Bamberg. The 1139th had what was probably its longest convoy, a 13-hour trip to Lichtenfels. Except for the hazards of night-driving with hundreds of vehicles on the road and our German trailers with no lights, except for Major Kulas' critique of Izzy's driving his Lizzy, except for one slight case of strafing and beaucoup lightning in the North, except for elements of the convoy going astray and arriving far ahead of Major Eininger's well-planned schedule, the trip was routine. We arrived at ten in the morning, and most of us managed to hit the sack for a short snooze to compensate for much sleep lost the night before.



Life was uneventful, no loot, no liquor, no nuttin'. But we hardly settled down when we got up again to move. Ugly rumors had it that Captain Parker's direst threat, the threat he'd been holding over our heads since he joined us, was about to be realized. Sure enough! Miles from anywhere, in a spot so remote that no one could conceivably find us if they had wanted to, we pitched our tents and went native. Shades of France! Hohenmirsberg, long may thy name be remembered for thy cool, wet grass, for thy sloping hillside down which most of us rolled during the night, for thy lack of any modern conveniences, for thy fragrant aroma of horse manure piled on high in thy front yards! The country-side was beautiful—there were green, gentle-rolling hills with forbidding outcroppings of rocks and caves. Patches of thick forest dotted the landscapes and clear streams ran thru gorges and along the winding roads. But the 1139th was so far removed from the existence bucolic that after a single night "au naturel", we picked up and hastened on to Pegnitz.

And just in time we arrived there, too, for the skies let loose, and a deluge descended. Everyone, even the Special Service Officer, had an office in Pegnitz. Yes, they had an office, but how little time to enjoy it. The enemy continued falling back so rapidly that we were scarcely able to keep up with him. In line with the general policy, we followed in hot pursuit, and landed next in very elegant billets in Rosenberg. Beautiful homes, large yards, comfortable quarters and baths were the order of the stay. But that stay was brief like the rest and we were next crowded into Burglengenfeld.

This little town was dominated by a high hill on the crest of which was an enormous castle, now used for a hospital. It gave the town quite the feudal atmosphere. But the atmosphere was slightly more on the futile side one evening as we sat about gassing and seriously contemplating the prospect of bed. All of a sudden, all hell seemed to have let loose. In true American fashion, we didn't look for cover, but, driven by our indigenous curiosity, we dashed outside to see what had happened. It was an air attack; we had not only been strafed, but apparently bombed by an unidentified type of bomb. We watched the Ack-Ack's put on a marvelous display and suddenly again, whosh, the plane swept over us. This time we made a gesture toward seeking cover, but it was all over before we'd moved ten feet. Total damage? Three of our men had earned the Purple Heart from shrapnel neatly lodged in their posterior parts. Well, we were thankful that the attack had been more funny than fatal. That was our last air attack of the war.

At Burglengenfeld, the Danube crossing was planned. From Reinhausen just across the river from Regensburg, the crossing was directed. The most notable feature of the crossing was the five mile, double-parked traffic, waiting to cross the bridge. How many unfortunate messengers were sent over the bridge to Corps, we'll never know. They passed across easily enough, but some of them were eight and ten hours coming back.

The "big picture" was utter confusion. The only information higher headquarters could give us was that one bunch and another had surrendered. Victory in Europe was a matter of days; no one understood why it hadn't come already. There was sporadic resistance here and there, but nothing organized. In quick succession we moved thru Straubing, Landau, and Ortenburg. In the latter town, prisoners came in by droves, giving themselves into our custody while Fred Hildner rushed



around, his hands full of hair torn from his head in fits of desperation after trying to find a place to lock up our too-willing captives.

Lambach, the fifth of May. It is hard to revive that last hectic week. The armies in Italy surrendered. The armies in Austria and parts of Czechoslovakia were ordered to lay down their arms. Armies in the North were still fighting—or were they? Reports were so numerous and conflicting, one didn't know what to think. May seventh, and the radio constantly blared that the final announcement of unconditional surrender would be made any time now; that the first signing of unconditional surrender in the red schoolhouse in Rheims was an accomplished fact; that the end of the war in Europe would be official one minute after midnight 8 May 1945. And at 1500 the afternoon of 8 May came Churchill's pronouncement that we had finally won the war in Europe.



FOR us, Victory in Europe meant only that half the war had been won. We celebrated, but not with the hysterical enthusiasm that greeted the Armistice of 1918. Someone has said of this generation of soldiers that we are too serious. How can we help being serious when we are fighting to decide the future course of the world? How can we help being serious when we are faced with a choice between freedom and slavery? How can we help being serious when we have families of our own whose safety depends upon the outcome of this struggle? We believe in a world in which every individual has certain rights of which he must not be deprived. There is no slavery, there is no superior race in our world. All we ask is the opportunity to live in a world at peace, and we are willing to buy this privilege at the price of fighting and bloodshed.

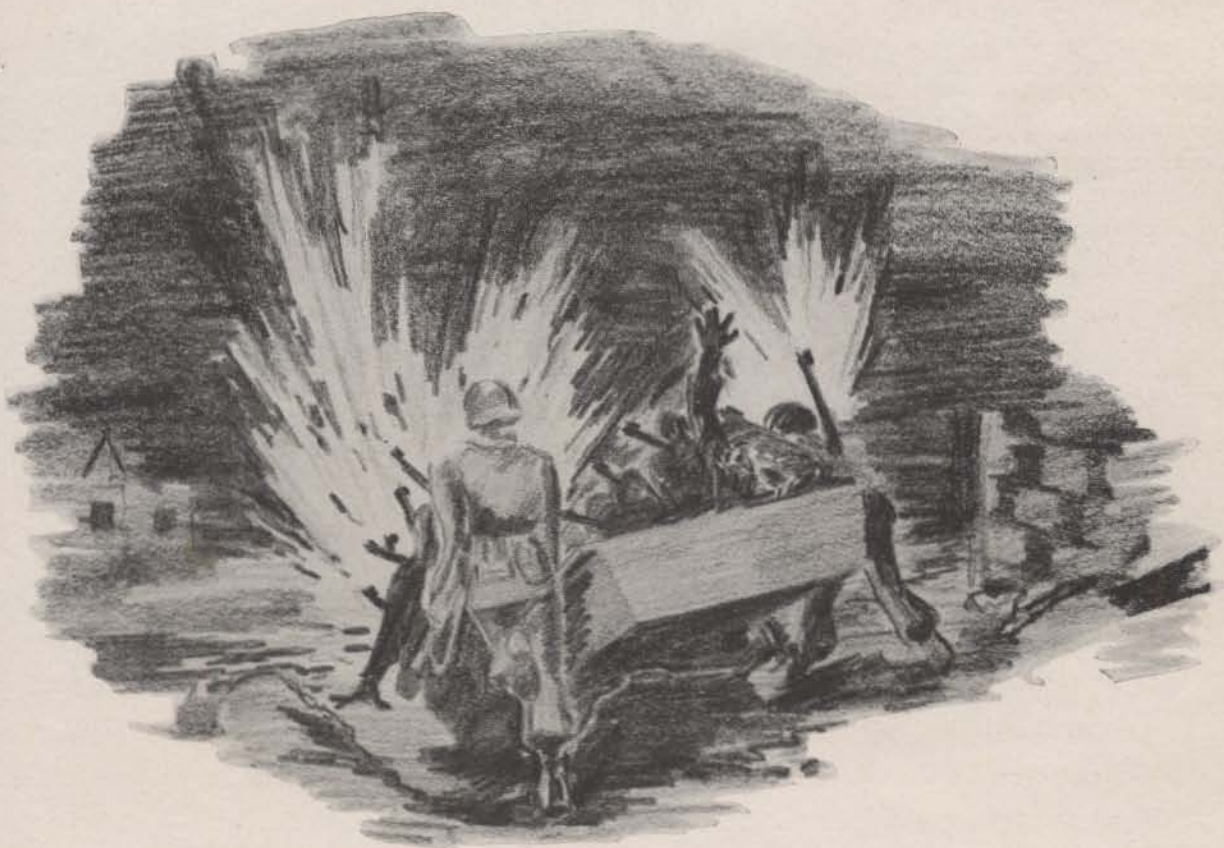
The fighting is over in Europe, and with it ends the tangible means of subduing a people. Now we are faced with the intangible problems of peace. We have been encouraged by the sincere efforts made in San Francisco by the United Nations to find a solution for peace; but more than mere leagues and conferences can achieve, it devolves upon us as individuals to prove that the written word can be translated into positive action. We have seen that men and women can overlook the differences among themselves when they are united behind a cause as momentous as war. Does it not behoove us, therefore, that we should work even harder to forget our differences and join together to promote the finer cause of peace? For peace is the infinitely desirable; peace is the sum total of all our nobler aspirations. Let us not put aside the lessons we have learned in the army when we return to civilian life. Let us show by example that men can get along with one another, that agreement can arise from dissension; that we have waged this war, not with an eye toward future isolation, but with a mind opened toward a dynamic peace.



# 1139 ENGINEERS SONG

by  
T/5 HENRY CHOR

ONE - ONE - THREE - NINE, ONE - ONE - THREE - NINE, EN - GIN - EERS ARE WE;  
FIGHT - ING FOR OUR UN - CLE SAM, FOR OUR BE - LOVED LAND, LAND OF LIBERTY,  
ONE - ONE - THREE - NINE, ONE - ONE - THREE - NINE, COUR - AGE WE NEVER LACK,  
WE'LL DE - FEAT THE EN - E - MY, FAR . FAR A - CROSS THE SEA, AND WE'RE COMING BACK.







## THESE ARE THE SECTIONS

### S-1

THE duties of the Personnel Section of the 1139th Engineer Combat Group are not, contrary to the belief of many in this command, merely to enlarge

the contour of their posteriors. Their duties are so numerous and varied that to enlarge upon each and every responsibility would not be in keeping with the finest tradition of the—Oops! We have been writing so many awards lately that we naturally fell into the old routine—would not be fair to the other sections whom I'm sure have their own boasting to do.

The section, composed of Capt. Lynch, M/Sgt. Marcus, T/Sgt. Rohleder, T/4 Van Soestberg, T/4 Gearns, and Pfc. Shaw, is in charge of all the administrative work that is done within the Group and among the various organizations assigned to us. During the many months of operating under combat conditions the Personnel Section won the reputation of being able to complete any assignment, administrative or otherwise, in the shortest time and with the highest degree of accuracy. Wherever we went, whatever we did, we were always lauded as the "Poop from Group" boys.

THE S-2 Section under Major Kulas, did a variety of work. Supervised by T/Sgt. Crockett and S/Sgt. Gabriel, maps were procured, filed, dispensed and other-

wise disposed of. (They made peachy window repair and sign material.) Reconnaissance and the "big picture" were handled by Captain Arnold who, thru his talent for dramatization, made even the dullest report the most important and exciting news of the day. Generally, one could expect information on the enemy situation, the condition of roads and bridges, recommendations for the best routes to travel and all the latest rumors regarding our own operations. The S-2 Office was akin to the Information Booth in Grand Central Station. In addition to its official functions, it even kept us posted on such choice bits of intelligence as where the most likely places were for looting.

### S-2



### S-3

THE operations section or S-3 section was charged with the planning of the tactical operations undertaken by Group. During the few short periods when there were no major operations, the S-3 ran schools to train the attached troops in the operation and maintainance



of outboard motors, tank dozers and other engineer equipment. Schools were also conducted for the infantry and the use of assault boats. The main jobs were the assignment of work to attached units, the planning for river crossings and tactical bridges, and to check work and bridge sites to see that work was progressing.

It was the job of the S-4 Section, while the Group was operational, to get by legal or other means any equipment or materials

**S-4**



needed for a river crossing or any other mission planned by Corps. This was to include everything from Tank Dozers, TIEI Tanks and Portable Rock Crushers to angle iron and plywood for a trailer for the Corps Engineer. The S-4 Section also had the responsibility of checking water points operated by our battalions. A telephone, a loud voice, a lot of trucks and a river crossing were the familiar and favorite settings for the activities of the S-4 activities. *Steal? Never—never got caught.*



## COMPANY HEADQUARTERS

THIS department might be called the nucleus of the "1139", for here functions that directly concerned the men are handled. As well as all

administration work, Hq Co supervises the Mess, Special Service, Supply and Motor Pool. When 1st Sgt. Ehlke went home, his post was taken over by J. Fred Hildner who has done a bang-up job in wielding the iron hand in the velvet glove.

Co Hq proper handles pay-rolls, duty rosters (KP-Guard-Latrines) and whatever other details that may pop-up.

The task of keeping our morale high fell on the Special Service team composed of Cpls Jacobson and Chor. They have plied us with clubmobiles, live shows, movies and PX rations which helped us to forget—well almost forget, that we were a helluva long way from home.

Co Supply headed by S/Sgt. Taylor has seen to it that all of us have been clothed properly and dressed in the latest fashions of the GI demi-monde, and fed in the manner to which we are accustomed.

The Motor Pool headed by Sgt. Ahring and assisted by Sgts. Badgero and Voegele, and Pfc. Tepe, have kept "em rollin". *Beaucoup* German vehicles and motors were dragged into the motor pool and most of them left purring like a kitten.

Turning out three meals everyday, regardless of tactical conditions, was the job of our kitchen crew composed of S/Sgt. Wooten, T/4 Olsen, T/5 King, and Pfc. Clarke & Richmond. Whenever possible we were served a hot meal in spite of sudden moves or enemy interference.





## COMMUNICATIONS

THE Group Communications Section consists of four teams acting together to accomplish the signal missions of the Group. The Radio and Wire Crew has the responsibility of establishing initial contact with all separate companies and Battalions of the Group by Wire and Radio. Message Center and Switchboard Operators might be classed together as part of the same team as they work in conjunction with each other. The Message Center handles all Message traffic except telephone calls which are facilitated by the Switchboard Operators. The teams working together as a single unit, perform the mission of expediting the speedy delivery and handling of all signal communications of the Group.

## MEDICS



ON 2 April 1944, the 1139th Engr (C) Gp Medical Detachment was formed from men of the original 1139th Engineers. We were on maneuvers at the time of activation and since have followed the Hq Co where ever they went. Our main functions were to give medical attention to the Hq Co and all companies attached to Group plus supervising the medical detachments of the Battalions attached to Group. By way of diversion, we checked water points established by organizations under our command. "Be Prepared" and prepared we were at all times to meet any emergencies.



## CHAPLAINS

THE Chaplains and their assistants helped men from Utah Beach to Austria to fulfil their spiritual obligations. Captains Fletcher and Kish and T/5's Pagel and Farrell comprised the Chaplains' section. During the many months of the war, services were conducted, sometimes under the most adverse conditions, almost daily at the units attached to the Group. Seldom was the place of worship a church, but more often any place large enough to accomodate the men such as forest clearings, dilapidated buildings, barrooms, cafes and even a pillbox. The attendances at these services were most gratifying, and it is hoped that much consolation and spiritual fortitude was acquired by the men during these many months of hard living.



## UNITS WHICH HAVE BEEN SUPPORTED BY THE GROUP:

### INFANTRY DIVISIONS:

5th: 11—13, 28—29 August; 20 October—  
3 November 1944.      80th: 11—13 August 1944; 13 March—  
18 April 1945.  
26th: 8—16 March 1945.      83rd: 25 September—12 October 1944.  
65th: 27 March—2 April; 18—22 April 1945.      90th: 27 August—22 December 1944.  
71st: 18 April—7 May 1945.      94th: 11 January—29 March 1945.  
76th: 3—18 April 1945      95th: 13—14 October; 3—22 Nov. 1944.

### ARMORED DIVISIONS:

7th: 12 August—24 September 1944.      11th: 25—26 March 1945.  
10th: 11 November—17 December 1944;      12th: 19—24 March 1945.  
11—12 January; 20 February—  
22 March 1945.

### CAVALRY GROUPS:

3rd: 30 August—19 September 1944;      16th: 18—26 March 1945.  
24 January—6 February;      43rd: 23 August 1944.  
20—25 February;  
21 March—18 April 1945.

## UNITS WHICH HAVE BEEN ATTACHED TO THE GROUP:

### ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALIONS:

135th: 10 August—19 September; 4—15 No-      179th: 12 August 1944—6 February 1945;  
vember; 22 November 1944—      5—30 March 1945.  
8 May 1945.      187th: 10—11 January 1945.  
150th: 12 August 1944.      188th: 21—23 March 1945.  
160th: 17—19 August; 3—22 November 1944;      206th: 12 August—1 December; 5 December  
22 February—11 March; 15 March—      1944—10 January 1945; 24 February  
8 May 1945.      —23 April 1945.  
178th: 14—23 March 1945.      245th: 16 January—10 March; 17—26 March  
1945.

### ENGINEER HEAVY PONTON BATTALIONS:

86th: 8 May 1945.      551st: 2—8 May 1945.  
87th: 23 February—2 March 1945.      553rd: 7—8 May 1945.  
88th: 14—28 November, 21—22 Dec. 1944.  
180th: 15 September—22 November, 28 No-  
vember 1944—6 February 1945.







# BRIDGES CONSTRUCTED BY 1139th ENGR C GP

LOCATION	TYPE	LENGTH	CONST BY	COMPLETED
1. ST. MARS	Bailey DS C1 40	60	135	13 Aug 44
2. ST. GEORGE	Bailey DS C1 40	60	206	13 Aug 44
3. LA FERTE BERNARD (HUISNE RIVER)	Treadway M2 C1 40	48	994	15 Aug 44
4. NOGENT LE ROTROU (HUISNE RIVER)	Treadway M2 C1 40	36	994	15 Aug 44
5. LUCE (near CHARTRES))	Treadway M1 C1 40	1-15, 1-30	989	16 Aug 44
6. COURVILLE (EURE RIVER)	Bailey TS C1 40	1-100, 1-60	537	16 Aug 44
7. MAINTENON (EURE RIVER)	Treadway M2 C1 40	24	994	21 Aug 44
8. MELUN (SEINE RIVER)	Foot Bridge	204	135	24 Aug 44
9. TILLY (SEINE RIVER)	Treadway M2 C1 40	504	179;994	24 Aug 44
10. VULLAINES (SEINE RIVER)	Bailey TS C1 40	210	179;537	26 Aug 44
11. CHAMPAGNE (SEINE RIVER)	Bailey DD C1 40	420	206;509	27 Aug 44
12. CHATILLON (MARNE RIVER)	Treadway M1 C1 40	225	135;971	29 Aug 44
13. DAMERY (MARNE RIVER)	Treadway M1 C1 40	255	135;991	29 Aug 44
14. VERDUN (MEUSE RIVER)	Bailey DD C1 40	200	179	4 Sept 44
15. CONFLANS (ORNE RIVER)	Fixed RR	280	135	14 Sept 44
16. EIX	Fixed RR	18	135	9 Sept 44
17. ABOUE	Bailey DS C1 40	1-60, 1-80	179;509	16 Sept 44
18. PAGNY (MOSELLE RIVER)	Hv Pon C1 40	260	180;135;1139	16 Sept 44
19. PAGNY (MOSELLE CANAL)	Bailey DS C1 40	80	135;509	16 Sept 44
20. VANDIERES (MOSELLE CANAL)	Bailey DS C1 40	80	135;509	16 Sept 44
21. THIAUCOURT	Bailey DS C1 40	80	180	20 Sept 44
22. ABOUE	Fixed C1 40	1-60, 1-40	180	5 Oct 44
23. MALLING (MOSELLE RIVER)	Treadway M2 C1 40	360	206;991	10 Nov 44
24. MALLING (MOSELLE RIVER)	Treadway M2 C1 40	396	160;991	14 Nov 44
25. CATTENOM (MOSELLE RIVER)	Treadway M1 C1 40	630	179;996	13 Nov 44
26. THIONVILLE (MOSELLE RIVER)	Floating Bailey C1 40	533	135;206;180	15 Nov 44
27. CATTENOM (MOSELLE RIVER)	Floating Bailey C1 40	440	179;180	17 Nov 44
28. UCKANGE (MOSELLE RIVER)	Hv Pon C1 40	730	88	17 Nov 44
29. EVENDORF	Bailey DS C1 40	60	206	19 Nov 44
30. METZ (MOSELLE RIVER)	Hv Pon C1 40	675	160;180	21 Nov 44
31. METZ (MOSELLE CANAL)	Bailey DS C1 40	60	160;509	20 Nov 44
32. HAUTE YUTZ	Bailey SS C1 40	30	160;509	20 Nov 44
33. METZERVISSE	Bailey TS C1 40	100	160;509	21 Nov 44
34. KEDANGE	Bailey DD C1 40	120	135;509	23 Nov 44
35. HALSTROFF	Fixed C1 40	1-24, 1-18	206	22 Nov 44
36. KEDANGE	Bailey TS C1 40	90	135;509	24 Nov 44
37. VECKRING	Treadway M1 C1 40	45	179	24 Nov 44
38. MONNEREN	Treadway M1 C1 40	45	179	24 Nov 44
39. BUDING	Bailey DS C1 40	60	179;509	24 Nov 44
40. APACH	Fixed C1 40	18	135	25 Nov 44
41. MONNEREN	Fixed C1 40	40	179	25 Nov 44
42. MONTENACH	Fixed C1 40	27	206	25 Nov 44
43. WALDWISSE	Bailey DS C1 40	80	206	26 Nov 44
44. COLMEN	Bailey DS C1 40	60	179	27 Nov 44
45. MANDEREN	Fixed C1 40	50	206	26 Nov 44
46. Q073747	Fixed C1 40	50	135	28 Nov 44
47. BOUZONVILLE (NIED R)	Bailey DS C1 40	70	206	28 Nov 44
48. BOUZONVILLE (NIED R)	Bailey DD C1 40	130	206	29 Nov 44
49. NIEDALTDORF (NIED R)	Bailey DT C1 40	180	179	2 Dec 44
50. FILSTROFF	Bailey DS C1 40	60	179	2 Dec 44
51. NIEDALTDORF	Bailey DS C1 40	80	179	3 Dec 44
52. COLMEN	Bailey DS C1 40	80	179	4 Dec 44
53. HEMMERSDORF	Bailey SS C1 40	2-20	135	11 Dec 44
54. BUREN	Treadway M1 C1 40	2-45	135	11 Dec 44
55. WALDWISSE	Fixed C1 30	40	135	11 Dec 44
56. BAMBIEDERSDORF	Fixed C1 20	25	206	30 Dec 44
57. EBLANGE	Fixed C1 40	80	206	1 Jan 45
58. FILSTROFF	Fixed C1 40	40	179	11 Jan 45



LOCATION	TYPE	LENGTH	CONST BY	COMPLETED
59. UCKANGE (MOSELLE R)	Floating Bailey C1 40	540	180	15 Jan 45
60. COLMEN	Fixed C1 40	70	179	20 Jan 45
61. COLMEN	Fixed C1 40	70	179	23 Jan 45
62. UCKANGE (MOSELLE R)	Floating Bailey	580	548	11 Feb 45
63. CATTENOM (MOSELLE R)	Floating Bailey C1 40	440	993	11 Feb 45
64. REMICH (MOSELLE R)	Treadway M2 C1 40	458	179;993	21 Feb 45
65. REMICH	Bailey DS C1 40	60	179;548	21 Feb 45
66. PALZEM	Bailey DS C1 40	60	160	23 Feb 45
67. TABEN (SAAR RIVER)	Treadway M2 C1 40	240	135;993	24 Feb 45
68. SERRIG (SAAR RIVER)	Treadway M2 C1 40	320	993;319	26 Feb 45
69. SAARBURG (SAAR RIVER)	Hv Pon C1 40	286	135;87	27 Feb 45
70. NIEDERLEUKEN (SAAR R)	Hv Pon C1 40	286	135;87	28 Feb 45
71. MAIMUHLE (MOSELLE R)	Floating Bailey C1 40	312	135;160;993;87	2 Mar 45
72. SCHODEN (SAAR RIVER)	Treadway M2 C1 40	336	135;160;993	2 Mar 45
73. OBEREMMEL	Treadway M2 C1 40	36	245	2 Mar 45
74. LAMPADEN	Bailey DS C1 40	80	135	14 Mar 45
75. SCHONDORF	Bailey TS C1 40	100	135	15 Mar 45
76. BAUSENDORF	Bailey DS C1 40	80	160	12 Mar 45
77. EHRANGE (KYL RIVER)	Treadway M2 C1 40	120	245;993	9 Mar 45
78. KONZ KARTHAUS	Bailey DS C1 40	80	179	6 Mar 45
79. KONZ KARTHAUS (SAAR R)	Treadway M2 C1 40	336	206; 993	6 Mar 45
80. KEUCHINGEN (SAAR R)	Treadway M2 C1 40	276	206;993	17 Mar 45
81. HINZENBURG	Bailey DS C1 40	70	135	16 Mar 45
82. WALDRACH	Bailey DS C1 40	80	245	19 Mar 45
83. WALDRACH	Fixed C1 40	60	245	19 Mar 45
84. LIMBACH (PRIMS RIVER)	Bailey TD C1 40	140	179	18 Mar 45
85. FROMM	Bailey DS C1 40	80	179	19 Mar 45
86. WERSCHWEILER	Bailey DS C1 40	70	160;513	19 Mar 45
87. ZUSCH	Treadway M2 C1 40	36	135	18 Mar 45
88. SCHWARZENBACH	Bailey TS C1 40	180	513;1139	24 Mar 45
89. SAND	Bailey DS C1 40	80	135;513	25 Mar 45
90. BISCHOF SHEIM (MAIN RIVER)	Treadway M2 C1 40	612	206;993	28 Mar 45
91. MAINZ (RHINE RIVER)	Treadway M2 C1 40	1896	160;997	29 Mar 45
92. BRIEDENBACH (FULDA RIVER)	Bailey DD C1 40	130	135	3 Apr 45
93. GUXHAGEN (FULDA RIVER)	Treadway M2 C1 40	312	160	4 Apr 45
94. ALLENDORF (WERRA RIVER)	Treadway M2 C1 40	168	160;993	9 Apr 45
95. JESTADT (WERRA RIVER)	Treadway M2 C1 40	144	135;997	7 Apr 45
96. GEBESSEE (HELME RIVER)	Bailey DS C1 40	80	135	11 Apr 54
97. On the Autobahn (J271605)	Bailey DS C1 40	80	206	12 Apr 45
98. On the Autobahn (J380638)	Bailey DS C1 40	50	206	12 Apr 45
99. On the Autobahn (J494662)	Bailey DS C1 40	60	206	13 Apr 45
100. On the Autobahn (J439669)	Bailey DS C1 40	50	206	12 Apr 45
101. On the Autobahn (J462671)	Bailey DS C1 40	60	206	12 Apr 45
102. ZEITZ (WEISSE RIVER)	Treadway M2 C1 40	120	135	14 Apr 45
103. SAALE RIVER	Bailey TS C1 40	190	206	15 Apr 45
104. ZEITZ (WEISSE RIVER)	Bailey DS C1 40	180	135	16 Apr 45
105. BAUNACH (MAIN RIVER)	Treadway M2 C1 40	132	993;265	18 Apr 45
106. AUERBACH	Treadway M2 C1 40	2—36	160;993	20 Apr 45
107. ALTNEUHAUS	Treadway M2 C1 40	2—36	160;993	21 Apr 45
108. On the Autobahn (0—603142)	Bailey DS C1 40	40	135;513	22 Apr 45
109. AMBERG	Bailey DS C1 40	70	135;513	24 Apr 45
110. SCHWANDORF (NAAB RIVER)	Treadway M2 C1 40	240	160;993	24 Apr 45
111. REGENSTAUF	Bailey TS C1 40	110	160;513	24 Apr 45
112. SULZBACH (DANUBE RIVER)	Treadway M2 C1 40	516	160;993	26 Apr 45
113. REGENSBURG (REGEN RIVER)	Bailey DS C1 40	160	135;513	28 Apr 45
114. NIEDER (DANUBE RIVER)	Treadway M2 C1 40	516	993;513	28 Apr 45
115. LANDAU (ISAR RIVER)	Treadway M2 C1 40	288	160;993;995	1 May 45
116. PASSAU (INN RIVER)	Hv Pon C1 17	560	135;551	4 May 45
117. PASSAU (INN RIVER)	Bailey TS C1 24	730	135;513	7 May 45
118. SCHARDING (INN RIVER)	Hv Pon C1 17	755	135;86	9 May 45
119. PLATTLING (ISAR) RIVER)	Treadway M2 C1 40	516	135;993	8 May 45







Sumpin' bleeds! Cooshay awei! Lie down, I want to speak to you! Alles kaput! Peachy!

☆ Haben sie Schwester? My achin' back! Greenass! Chung! Partie! ☆

☆ Gotta have it! **AUTOGRAPHS** Twisted my arm! ☆

Yank man, mastic' again! Comment? Take off character! So ay le Boche? Vaddy tatty!



## VICTORY IN EUROPE MAY 1945

WE have come a long way since that first day of basic training at Camp Beale, California, to this, the first day of peace which finds us billeted at Starnberg, Germany. With the announcement that the war is over has come the fulfillment of a cherished hope, that all of you who left the States with me would return home "safe and sound". Many a time the road ahead was rough, our task difficult, but you asked no quarter. Instead, with a determined will, often suffering cold, hunger, and exhaustion, you faithfully carried out your assignment. Many times our efforts appeared to be nullified by enemy action and elements beyond our control, such as the withering fire on the bridgeheads at Ayl, Dillingen and Uckange, and the floods at Malling and Cattenom. Our cause seemed hopeless, but you returned to finish your task willing, determined, with a spirit of sincerity and devotion of duty that refused to crack regardless of the pressure. Your personal hardships were mine; I knew your sacrifices, but words then, as now seemed too hollow to express my heartfelt appreciation. It was your sincerity, which focused your mind and will to a single objective, that made me proud beyond words; proud that I was one of you, and that you were my men. Your achievements merit the highest praise. I think the greatest compliment paid to you was given by the battalions and separate companies attached to us in combat, who expressed the desire, without exception, to remain continuously under our supervision. I want to personally thank you, men and officers alike, for a job well done, for your willing cooperation, and for your untiring efforts that so often went above and beyond the call of duty. May the friendships forged in battle long continue during the peaceful days to come.

Sincerely,

*John S. Niles*

JOHN S. NILES  
COLONEL, CE COMMANDING

## VICTORY IN THE PACIFIC AUGUST 1945



# NEW FRIENDS WHO HAVE JOINED US

## OFFICERS

Collins, Lewis R.	Leslie, Shirley	Cummings, Wilmer E.	Burgess, Walter C.	Olson, Clifford A.
Romig, Woodfred E.	Seiberling, Theodore O.	Gammache, Frank J.	Chilson, Howard F.	Ralston, Lorain D.
Huffman, Mervin C.	Shepherd, Glenn L.	Slack, Charles S.	Coyne, Thomas P.	Riley, Edward P.
Campbell, Charles T.	Woolsey, Carl P.	McKee, James, Jr.	DiMascio, Charles J.	Rosseau, William J.
Cockle, Robert S.	Case, Roger D.	Morrison, Jesse D.	Distler, William B.	
Duke, Bruce E.	Cummings, Clarence S.	Barton, William M.	Greene, Woodrow W.	

## ENLISTED MEN

Mitman, John W.	Burns, Lawrence W.	Babcock, Floyd H.	Beard, Louis M.	Raymond, Russell T.
Dunkelberger, A. G.	Harrison, Lelus L.	Mariano, Robert J.	Beller, Robert	Rauer, Elmer E.
Meeker, Leslie D.	Jensen, Harold J.	McGrath, Robert T.	Brunner, Clarence	Reuther, John B.
Turik, Nick	Judge, Martin B.	Muller, Carl S.	Brunn, Herman L.	Russell, Lonnie L.
Walsh, William P.	Koch, Charles L.	Penrod, Lee F.	Conerly, Monroe W.	Schoenike, Clarence D.
Wilkinson, Anthony E.	La Brecque, Alfred	Pitta, Carmine	Cordova, Roy M.	Schonman, Herbert
Bohnett, Joseph	Millette, Arthur J.	Wright, Edward J.	Cress, Henry R.	Shedd, William E.
Britt, Dunford C.	Murphy, Edward H.	Bartling, Edward H.	Drabik, Frank S.	Steigerwalt, Clavin J.
Easterly, James E.	Nadiak, Frank T.	Waugh, Fred W.	Ehrenberg, Arthur G.	Tessendorf, Harold W.
Kanzenbach, Herman	Sanders, Charles A.	Weeks, Melvin	Foster, Earlgene	Tibbetts, Barney D., Jr.
Loos, Alex	Singleton, Daniel J., Jr.	Zent, Frank J.	Brabarczyk, Stanley F.	Vahl, August J.
Paunack, Robert R.	Tresnak, Robert F.	Albrecht, Emil J.	Hecht, Raymond M.	Warmuth, Oscar C.
Specht, Leo T.	Wolf, Stanton H.	Cobb, Norman D.	Huffman, Orrin J.	Angelini, Pasquale
Brick, Alexander P.	Zinni, Albert J.	Gayle, Charles T.	Hudgeons, John B.	Cahn, Eric
		Heidelberger, Arthur	Kane, Robert J.	Cluts, Robert E.
		Hillderbrand, Forrest	Keseley, Matt	Dilliard, Allen E.
		Mayer, Charles L.	Knoll, Stanley J.	Doolittle, Everett O.
		Marti, Werner D.	Kravitz, Bernard B.	Fruhvirth, Alfred M.
		Perry, Layton W.	Laber, Charles P.	Hale, Otto
		Pisarski, Benny P.	Miller, John	Mayer, Charles
		Reath, Robert W.	Nied, Otto P.	Pavelish, John
		Riverburgh, Kenneth	Oelberg, Chris	Polhemus, Charles S.
		Shewmaker, Bert E.	Onnela, Richard O.	Politzer, Walter
		Wise, Francis W.	Pate, J. D.	Starkel, William F.
		Anthony, Albert L.	Paulauski, Anthony J.	Vecchio, Anthony
		Badgley, Douglas T.	Peach, Lorin A.	



SEEBURG



**CITATION**

Bronze Star Medal

Technician Fifth Grade ALLEN G. CLEMENTS, 38379707, CE, 1139th Engineer Combat Group, for meritorious service in connection with military operations against the enemy in France between 8 November 1944 and 15 November 1944. Technician Fifth Grade CLEMENTS, while serving as a Vehicle Driver for the Group Commander, displayed courage, diligence and technical skill. Often required to drive through hazardous territory under the adverse conditions of darkness, inclement weather and enemy artillery fire, he performed every mission assigned him with willingness and efficiency. Technician Fifth Grade CLEMENTS' mechanical proficiency and loyalty to duty reflect credit upon himself and the Army of the United States. Entered Military Service from Louisiana.

