

R.P.O.
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48th TK. BN.

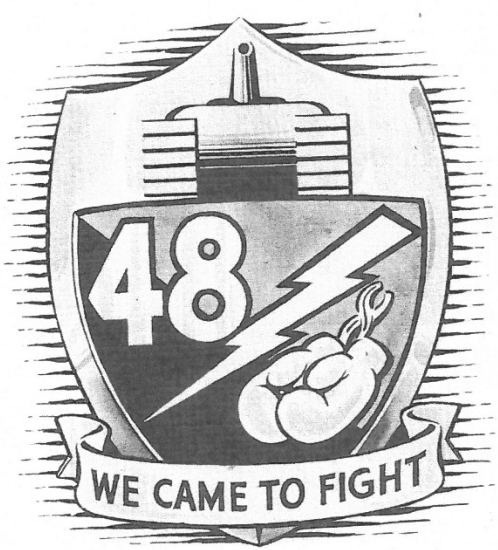
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In order to —
Keep alive the things
we learned on maneuvers —
make us realize daily the
size of the job before us —
foster and cherish the
friendships we made —
help us fight a better fight
as a team — we humbly
offer these pages to the 48th
The Committee

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CORPORAL NICHOLAS VELTRI

10/45

Maneuvers 1943-44 . . .



EDWIN H. FERRIS
Lt. Col., Commanding

Acknowledgment

The officers and men of the 48th owe a debt of gratitude to the following of its members whose work in compiling and editing this pamphlet has been singularly outstanding:

CAPT. J. A. HOLLMEYER..... Editor
CAPT. W. T. MAY Assistant Editor
CPL. NICHOLAS VELTRI..... Staff Artist
PVT. GENE WEIRBACH..... Headquarters Company
CPL. FRAN WEBER Company "A"
SGT. SAMUEL BOYDEN..... Company "B"
CPL. JOHN TIERNEY..... Company "C"
CPL. JOHN K. CHATLAIN.....
CPL. JAMES ARALT..... Company "D"
CPL. GEORGE BYRNE..... Service Company
CPL. WALTER KICINSKI..... Medical Detachment
The C.O.



Here's How It Was . . .

After many weeks of expectation and two weeks of feverish activity the 48th was ready to take part in the far-famed Tennessee maneuvers. The first contingent, consisting of Headquarters and Headquarters Company Companies "A," "B," and "C," left Camp Chaffee early in the A.M. of the 14th of November. They arrived in the stronghold of "old man mud" on November 15th about 1800 and in spite of the tooting of the Division band, rain and mud were all they could see. After a short trip to the bivouac area, during which we could hear the beat of the rain and the slup of mud, companies were formed, tents pitched and some food prepared. However, in the process the "A" uniform, prescribed for traveling, took an awful beating. Morning found us a rather bedraggled lot but with the help of "old sol" and a move to a new, drier bivouac area, spirits were restored. "D" and Service Company arrived early on the morning of the 17th and were much more fortunate. They didn't have the band out but the sun was shining brightly and no mud in sight.

The next week was spent in taking over the vehicular equipment of the 12th Division and medium tank companies went to Camp Forrest to draw their tanks—new ones at that, complete with "skirts" and a couple of hundred grousers per tank. After the return trip from Forrest their time was well occupied in cleaning off the cosmolene from various and sundry items, trying to figure out the "how and why" of several new gadgets, tuning up the engines and figuring out where in the h— they would stow all their personal and vehicular equipment. In the meantime, Company "D" was hustling around trying to find a misplaced M5, signed, sealed and not delivered. Service Company was busy on a similar quest only for a truck, two and one-half ton, and Headquarters were busy as the proverbial bees getting ready for the first problem and seeing that everything went smoothly.

The first problem caught us a little bit off base and not quite ready. All of the vehicles were ready to roll but not all of the equipment was stowed, so when the order came to move out, it was quite a scramble. However, by midnight the entire battalion, vehicles and men, were bivouacked in the assembly area just west



of Martha. After spending all of Monday and part of Tuesday in this area while the 35th Infantry Division, which the 14th was supporting, established contact with the enemy, we moved into an attack position north of Stones River. The attack was made early Wednesday morning and the problem was terminated as the battalion was preparing to overrun the Red Infantry positions. One of the new experiences encountered on this problem was a strafing attack by Red fighter planes. At first we thought they were only fooling but when they dove on us and clipped the tank radio antennas w'ith their propellers—or so it seemed—we took for our guns and cover.

We spent that night on the battlefield and early the next morning we moved to our "rest bivouac" area a few miles south of Murfreesboro. We soon learned that the term "rest bivouac" was a sad error. We went to town in shifts but those that stayed behind really worked. Most of the time was spent in removing sand-skirts, shipping grousers to McMinnville with the "B" equipment, and rebuilding a bridge, under Major Lucas' supervision.

Sunday night, instead of moving into an assembly area in preparation for the start of problem 2, the battalion simply spread out into adjoining fields. Monday was again a day of inaction but Tuesday night we marched "blackout" to the vicinity of Milton. Early Wednesday morning we took off again to the vicinity of Doaks Crossroad. From here we attacked the enemy positions and really found out how much one hill in Tennessee looks like another and how important map reading can be. After fighting the maps, terrain and the enemy all afternoon, we stopped at Holloway for the night and continued the attack at dawn the next day. At noon, the umpires concluded that the Reds were ready to fold, so the problem was called off. Once again we stayed on the battlefield overnight, then moved at noon Friday to our "rest bivouac" in the vicinity of Silver Springs. Here we first had to chase hogs and goats out of the bivouac area, pitch our tents, but then occurred that which every soldier looks forward to—the scream of the eagle. And the PX had a goodly supply of beer on hand.



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And now comes the problem that will go down in the annals of the 48th as one of its most ill-fated periods. The affair started off slowly—the usual dispersion around our "rest bivouac" area—but gathered momentum as time flew by. Monday and Tuesday were days of inactivity, but Tuesday night we moved to Lebanon and from there to a night assembly position at Alexandria and here the fates struck their first blow. The C.O., on an inspection of

the outposts, was set upon and captured by the Red infantry. Company "C," defending the east flank of our bivouac perimeter, woke early Thursday A.M. to find Red T.D.'s drawing a "bead" on them at point blank range. They fought bravely, enabling the rest of the battalion to withdraw from this precarious position and advance toward Brush Creek with Company "C" fighting a rear guard action at an expensive cost to themselves. The route from Alexandria to Brush Creek was a T.D.'s "dream"—a narrow road bounded on both sides by steep hills, impassible to tanks. To make matters worse it was raining, but hard, so what little cover we could have taken advantage of was denied us due to the mud, and the T.D.'s took full advantage of the situation. However, the steep and muddy banks of the objectives were finally attained by the remnants of the battalion. After several hours, due to the number of vehicles knocked out by enemy action, out of gas, and similar reasons, the entire battalion was gathered together and moved to a "one-nite" stand at New Middleton.

After spending our "rest bivouac" in the vicinity of Halls Hill, we started out on a river-crossing problem. Everything materialized except the crossing itself. After moving from Halls Hill to an assembly area in the vicinity of Doaks Crossroads the problem was called off just as we were preparing to move out for the attack. This problem was notable for two things—we had our first brush with King Winter and our assembly position was located on top of a hill honey-combed with small caves. The cold wave was our first and the night was long and chill, especially without fires. No one fell into any of the caves but several were explored by some of the more





adventurous of the command, among them the Maintenance crew of Company "C."

And so, on to our next "rest" in the vicinity of Norene. By now we were ready for whatever the maneuver directors or the fates could think of. Operation 5 was another river-crossing problem and this one "took." We left the bivouac area on Monday night, moving to position near Flat Rock, ready to cross the river as soon as the infantry had secured control of the banks and adjacent territory of the Cumberland. After the combat engineers had constructed the treadway bridge, we moved across and overran the disorganized Red infantry.

We spent the night at Dixon Springs and then moved to the vicinity of Mount Juliet, where one and all started to prepare for Christmas in a big way. Under the direction of the battalion Commander and the Special Service Officer plans



had been made for a pig barbecue, complete with buns and sauce, and all the beer you could drink. Although the directors underestimated the capacity of the battalion the party was a huge success. The barbecued pig was delicious and the beer—oh boy! Even the rain that started to fall about midnight failed to dampen the spirit. The USO came out and showed a picture, some of the men were presented with gifts and everyone had a swell time. Christmas day was gray, dreary, and wet but the turkey and stuffing, mashed potatoes, etc., that the cooks had stayed up all night to prepare took everyone's mind off the weather.

With our first Christmas in the field behind us the usual Sunday dispersion was accomplished without incident. As a matter of fact the whole of problem 6 was one of inactivity. We completed the longest road march of the entire maneuvers early Wednesday morning after leaving our bivouac area shortly before dark Tuesday evening. We got into our attack position in the vicinity of Tuckers Crossroad, spent the balance of the night there and early Wednesday morning moved about three miles to a new position. When the problem was called off we were still there and immediately made an

administrative march to the vicinity of Westmoreland, where we established our "rest bivouac" and celebrated the New Year.

It had been raining steadily since Wednesday, so when New Year's Day dawned bright and clear, all took it as an omen. However, the skies clouded up and about 1500 it started to snow. The snow covered up all the mud and made the area a much cheerier looking place, but it did little to add to the comfort.

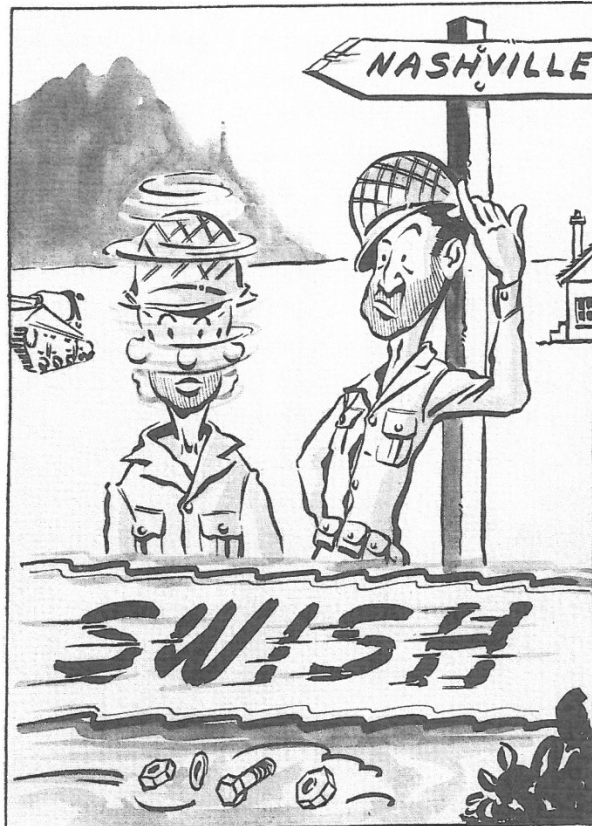
The next to the last problem started off in the usual way—dispersion to adjoining areas and that is all the moving we did. The problem's end found us in exactly the same position and the only thing that had moved was the "cabbage" that changed hands while passing away the hours. During this period we had our first experience with malaria control and it certainly seemed ridiculous to be wearing head nets and using mosquito bars with snow on the ground and the temperature around zero, or so it seemed. Or maybe Tennessee mosquitoes just work in reverse.

And so we reached the last operation of our maneuvers. Problem 8 developed slowly but after two long road marches contact was made with the enemy on Wednesday afternoon. When the fighting for that day had ceased and we had stopped for the night, the rumor was started that the problem and maneuvers were over. This immediately called for a regular Fourth of July celebration, using all the pyrotechnics and blank ammunition available. However, this was proven to be just idle gossip and the battle got under way again at dawn with the enemy in full flight. The problem was terminated at 1700 and thus ended our active part in the Tennessee maneuvers. We established our bivouac area in the western edge of the maneuver area about ten miles from Nashville and prepared to move to our new home, Camp Campbell, Kentucky. What most of us looked forward to most keenly was the opportunity to get warm on all sides at once and the luscious softness of those GI bunks.

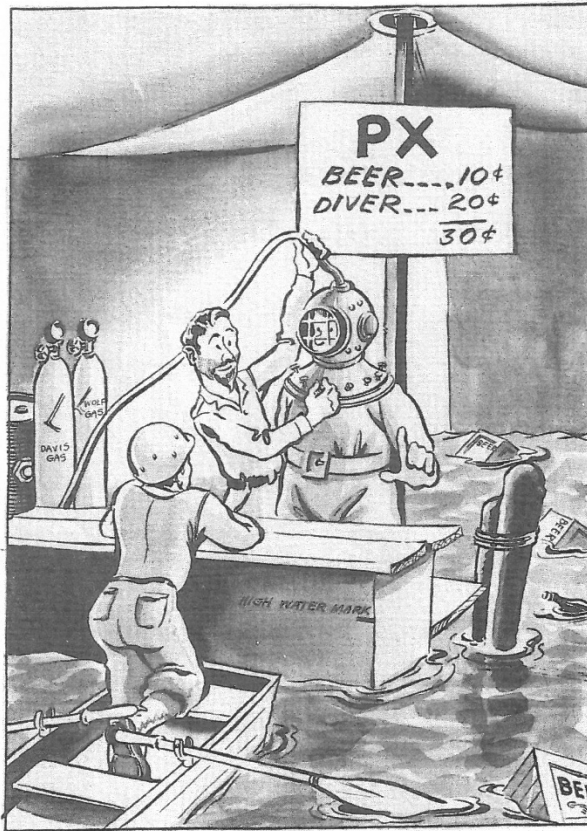




Merry Christmas . . . Remember?



I Guess the Problem Is Over—That Was a Couple of Umpires



I'm Only Making One More Dive for Beer Tonight

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Headquarters Company . . .

WHO CAN FORGET: The "wash race" between Sgt. Dayspring and Pvt. Okkelberg and Dayspring's comment after winning by ten minutes, "I always use Lux as it removes all travel stains and leaves my 'Long Johns' so soft and fluffy." . . . Sgt. Waughop constantly asking for the latest war news and swearing that the last thing he heard was the fall of Sicily. . . . Sgt. Ginsburg asking for reading material of a more serious nature than that supplied by Special Service. . . . Pfc. Schell snatching a can of gasoline that was standing too close to the fire and toting it to safety, thus averting what easily could have been a serious accident. . . . When it took the Red Cross four days to catch up with Cpl. Bowman and inform him that he was now a proud papa. . . . The time Pvt. Kiegly milked a cow so that he could have milk for his coffee. . . . Pfc. Groushar's constant desire for a rubber stamp with his full address and thus save him from a bad attack of writer's cramp. . . . Writing letters by candlelight and using the same candle to warm your tent. . . . Pfc. Ciresi setting up his tonsorial parlor as soon as we pulled into a rest bivouac area and doing a land office business until the next problem started. . . . Gerew losing his partial plate after biting into a frozen apple. . . . And Pvt. Welling having to "gum" his food for a couple of days after losing his "choppers" in a scuffle and then finding them in the ashes of a fire as the battalion prepared to move. . . . Lt. Sciaraffa being chased out of the latrine by an irate "billy goat." . . . Wierbach and Farber, remembering their pioneer ancestors by using their mess kits as bed warmers, being awakened by the smell of burning wool. . . . Lt. Reichle, trying to explain away the article of feminine "unmentionables" found in his laundry bag. . . . The way certain officers used the message center tent as a dressing room. Sgt. Hambleton could have turned a pretty penny by charging for the use of the tent. . . . Our first trip to Murfreesboro for showers. After a week in the field, a shower felt mighty fine. . . . The willingness of the mess crew to furnish number ten cans for washing but try to get any water! . . . The "big shot" noncoms from headquarters pitching in to get the C.P. tents up in record time—twenty minutes was the best time made after ten weeks of practice. . . . The "small, concealed fires" that dotted the bivouac areas during tactical phases. . . . The two hardest worked peep drivers in the battalion—Pfc. Morton and T/5 Holloway. . . . The influx at message center when that sergeant

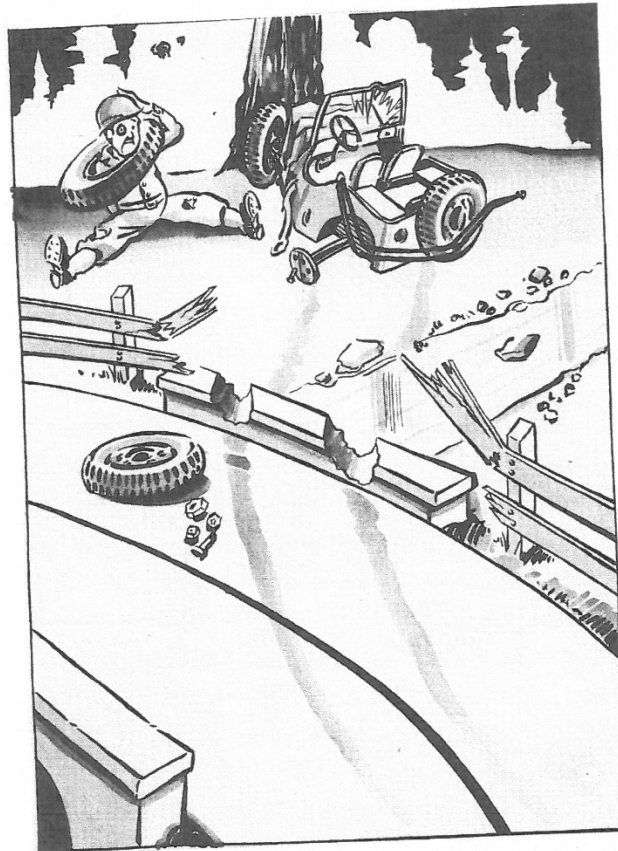
received a package from home. . . . Lt. Kaufman, after checking the radio in the message center half-track, stepping out of the vehicle and right into headquarters company garbage pit. . . . The premature celebration of the end of maneuvers and how it almost resulted in a fatal accident. . . . The staff officer who always wore his full field regalia, complete with suspenders, at all times. Wonder if he slept in them? . . . Lt. Alford and his R.A. when he was declared a casualty. . . . Lt. Epes and his reconnaissance platoon out all night gathering information about enemy positions. . . . Lt. Blom's "Have bivouac party report immediately." . . . Lt. DeWitt's admonition to Pvt. Van Horne: "Always have a number ten can available." . . . Major Lucas cutting the wire fence around a chicken yard and then having to chase the fowl back in again.

Medical Detachment . . .

On the whole the detachment did fairly well. None of its members were captured and none of its vehicles knocked out. So what if the umpire rules forbid it? At first they didn't eat so well, but then the "manna" from home started to arrive and Dale Harness really staggered under it, and the wells under the seats of the half-tracks looking like a grocery store. And, too, there was always Jennings and the chance that he would corner a squirrel or a rabbit. And eggs were always available from the farmers in the vicinity. . . . One question we would like to have answered: How could the Reds shoot every man in the area who didn't have his helmet on? And when they were approximately fifteen miles away? And what baffled Lt. Wyatt about the whole thing was "how the hell could they all get broken legs from going without those helmets?" Ah, those Red snipers were sure fierce. . . . Camouflage—the Reds never found them and most of the time the patients couldn't either. In this respect the Medics gave ground only to the boys who did the job on the mess truck. No one ever found them and no one looked harder than the boys of the Medical Detachment. . . . Knowledge—Sgt. "Smiley" Creed learned how to brew his customary Service Club coffee in nothing flat. And while "Baron Kieckhefer" didn't learn much, what he did know he told in plenty loud terms. But then, he had to in order to be heard in that bunch. Probably the only man who did not learn anything was Warren Abbey. He admits

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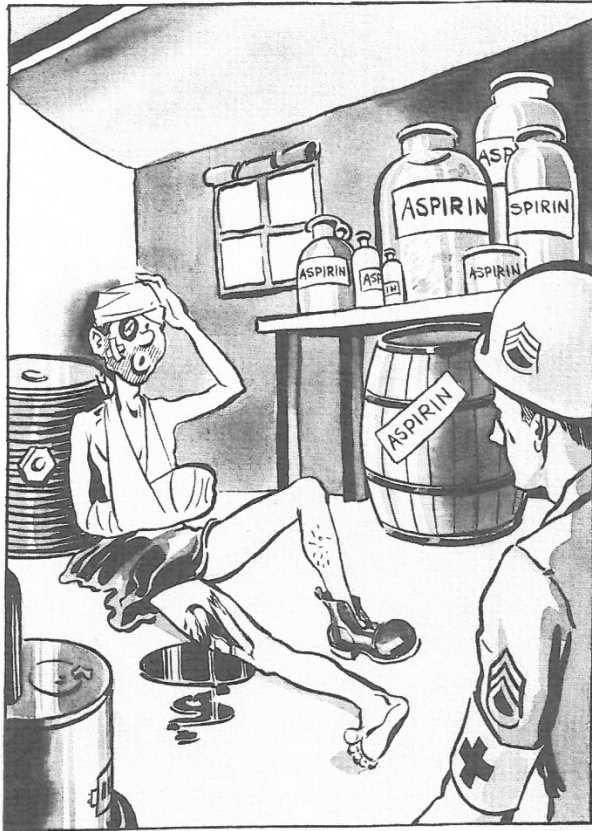


Oh, Well, I Was Gonna Be a Thirty-Year-Man Anyway.

he knows it all. . . . And how did Emershy and Drayer always manage to keep their appearance immaculate? It was amazing the way the outfit could use so much water when everyone insisted they hadn't even washed and had the dirt to prove it. "Waterman" Kieckhefer used to talk in his sleep about that. . . . "Sailor" Avery may not have learned how to back a half-track with trailer attached but he certainly had plenty of advice. As he often moaned, "Everyone in this outfit knows how to do it—they say—but me." . . . And Sgt. D'Amico finally accomplished his life's ambition—he used a morphine syrette. . . . Then there was Wilbert Meyers and his "Buffalo Shuffle," a combination of dance and judo that would guarantee anyone, regardless of size or weight, a choice spot by the fire. To this day Sgt. Feigenson is trying to figure out why "The Shuffle" could never get him into the Aid tent. He swears that it was harder to get into than the "Y" shower room on a Saturday afternoon. He tried it once disguised as a patient and almost ended up as one. Nearly had his leg broken. It is believed that Stringfellow caught cold when he was edged out of the tent and couldn't work his way back in for forty-eight hours. . . . Memories—"Gundar," the runner, "Tiny" Hill, puffing up the hill under the weight of his bedroll which was almost as big as him, with the news that we would move in an hour; and everyone ignoring him, because officially we had moved an hour ago. . . . And there was Zoeller cussing the 12th A.D. for the lack of maintenance on his half-track. "It's got no guts" he would complain and then all would shiver, hoping it had brakes, as he tried to catch those M-4's. And there was Kubel who went to Medical Technicians School and promptly got the job of cutting wood for the C.P. stove. . . . And Lehman, who never went to school, but got stuck as the dean of the latrine anyway. . . . And last, but not least, Pfc. Hughey—unlike March he went into maneuvers a lamb and came out a lion. His customers in the A. & P. will never recognize him now.

"A" Company . . .

PERSONALITIES: Captain Ory, our able-bodied CO, who always managed to keep his men "on the ball," come rain or shine, and Sergeant Ferdinand, our "Army Father," who likewise was always doing his best for the men. Our well-liked Platoon Officers—Lt. Pratt, Lt. Blackstone, Lt. Webben, Lt. Lehew, Lt. Woodard, and Lt. Adler (Maint. Off.)—shared the pleasures and hardships, alike, with



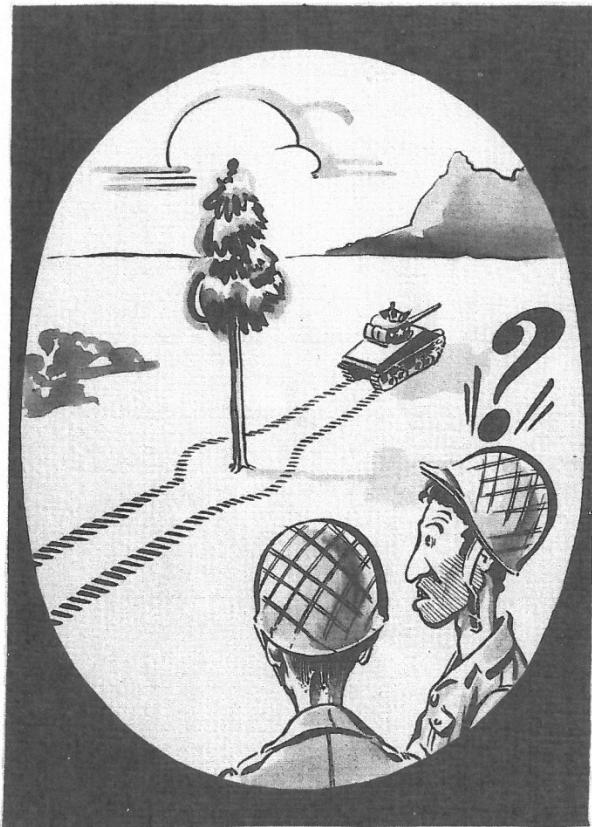
All You Need Is Some Aspirin and a Little Rest

the men and did a fine job. We missed Lt. Burcin and Lt. Denison, who were umpiring with another organization. The Maintenance Crew, including Sgts. Hahn, Stevens, Wolfe, Dowodzenka, and Cpls. Cepuran and Kuhnhausen, always managed to be the first in the chow line. Maybe their appetites were due to their exhausting labor. All due credit goes to the Mess Staff, which include Sgts. Carter and Lavella and Cpls. Webb, Panozzo, Linder, and last, but not least, Pfc. Win. These men suffered the distasteful weather along with the rest of us and st'ill kept the chow line arollin'. Of course we won't forget to mention Cpl. McKenzie, who kept the Mess Truck rolling. The Supply Section, an all-important branch of any army, did a splendid job with Sgt. Fogleman and his assistant, Pvt. Craig, in command. His newly acquired "rocker" was well earned, and Sgt. Fogleman, whom I'm talking about, had an able supply clerk, namely, Cpl. Krachman. And not to overlook the one thing most liked in the army, which, of course, is the mail, we have Mail Clerk Pvt. Bahr, who hiked many a mile to bring those joyous "tidbits" to their happy owners. The Platoon Sergeants, Sgts. Costa, Brooks, and Davis, are to be commended for their splendid attention to their platoons. Special mention goes to: Tank Commanders, Sgts. Detharidge, Gable, Cornell, Zingsheim, Hamilton, McCauley, Newness, Small, LeGrand, and McElhaney, each of whom played an intricate part in keeping the tanks rolling.

Of course if it weren't for the drivers, who had a hazardous and responsible position, there would have been a little "difugalty" in Operations one to eight. These rugged GI's are: Sgts. Hutt, Solomon, Seiler, Schiebe, Nadratoski, Ratachowski, Long, Haseltine, and Cpls. Zollo, Sansone, Benincasa, Zack, Whisnant, Salvan, Miller, Malloy, Fox, Nosal, and Pvt. Larson, Cpl. Aughe, Pfc. Pacheco. To the martyrs of the gunner's seat, the coldest spot in the "house," and who alway kept their guns in excellent condition in case of an attack by the Red "enemy" forces, we give special mention. They are: Cpls. Stackowiak, Dippold, Gunn, Hamman, Lewis, Grijalva, Good, Belstadt, Argus, Smock, O'Mara, Belanger, Pelkey, Cervini, Skowron, Collins. The remainder of the company who were comprised of bog gunners and radio tenders and who were also ready and willing when any details came their way and deserve credit, were: Pvts. Baker, Schreiber, Souder, Lester, Jones, Nibert, Newman, Wesolowski, Smith, Priest, Ivanowski, Wagner, Eisenback, Maurer (Cpl.), Bell, Paredez, Montgomery, Cortines, Pritchard, DeCapo, Parraz, Deren,

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"It Ain't Easy!" Those 48th Tank Drivers Are Really Good

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Legend

CARTHAGE JCT. TO
FIRST BIVOUAC AREA

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Bruckerhoff, Pearson, Szacska, Kuntzsch, Kramer, Schrader, Robinson. Pvt. Seabolt and Pvt. Craig who were the "bouncing grasshopper" drivers. The radio men who were always flying around with sparks coming from their heels: Sgt. Arp and Pfc. Whatford. The armorers, Sgt. Lamond and Cpl. Gerkey, "passed the ammunition" while we praised the Lord.

The Fence Repair Detail sent out from this company should be commended for their fine work. Sgt. McElhanev (in charge).

"B" Company . . .

Wonder how they expect us to stay clean on a summer maneuver? With water as scarce as a three-day pass, during the "wet" months, it couldn't be any better during the hot, dry months. . . . And if you are wondering how the Red infantry feels about tanks maybe this will answer any questions—When asked how it felt to see a platoon of tanks come crashing through the woods, a Red "dogface" replied, "It looks and sounds like the end of the world." . . . And **Sgt. Prochaska** wants to know when they are going to start issuing "jack-hammers" and dynamite for those latrine and sump details. . . . **Sgt. Kirby** suggests that the 75-mm. gun be removed and pot-bellied stoves installed in its place. What's the matter, Sgt., cold feet? . . . But it is believed that **Sgt. Haine** and **Sgt. Battaglia** had the toughest time on maneuvers—dodging the WACS at Camp Forrest while they were there as members of the "Hobo" battalion. . . . And a vote of thanks to the country folk of the maneuver area for their kindness and hospitality. Frankly, after the way the tanks chewed up their fields we expected to be greeted by shotguns rather than open arms. . . . Overheard in a country store: "If these xz!?!?*** tanks are tearing around Italy the way they are ripping up my fields, the war will be over in a couple of months." . . . And how did the maintenance crew, headed by Lt. Bates and Sgt. McNair, always manage to be so far ahead on rations? They always seemed to be eating and yet when one started to look for food in their "tracks," there was never any in sight. . . . Wonder how **Cpl. Villa** felt after crawling out of his bedroll one morning and watching a field mouse follow him out. But then again "war makes strange bedfellows." . . . The height of something or other: Why in the hell did we get up at 3 A.M. for a quick move and at 10 A.M. still find



Malaria Control . . . I Don't Get It!

ourselves in the same place? . . . Brush Creek: The least said the better. . . . And we still wonder who the GI was who, after being A.W.O.L. for a week, wired for a five-day extension? . . . And was it really an accident when **Sgt. Hackensmith's** tank broke down by that redhead's house. . . . When bigger and better rumors are made, Co. "B" will be the maker. . . . And why did we have to eat breakfast on Christmas morning with a neighboring company? Where was our kitchen crew?

"C" Company . . .

A recent poll held by the men of Company "C" while on maneuvers revealed the following interesting conclusions:

The Saddest Sack—Pvt. Nels Hanson—after his Nashville nights. . . . **The Best Officer**—S/Sgt. Coy Diets—acting as platoon leader for the first four operations he did a damn good job. . . . **The One-Man Gang**—Dudley, all over the battalion area as liaison corporal. . . . **The Best Peep Driver**—Carl (Paul Revere) McCustion. He didn't drive over the pontoon bridge—he drove under it. . . . **The Worst Peep Driver**—1st Sgt. Franklin (I hope he takes it as a joke). . . . Extra detail is a joke too. . . . **The Luckiest Crew**—C-15, spending the entire maneuver period in ordnance. . . . **The Wildest Crew**—C-10, Sgt. Wittka had the envious job of making Kucharski, Fornelli, Slaxton, Monoco, and Burlingham WORK. . . . **The Sleepiest Crew**—C-8-Four Men—Dauer, Tierney, Browne, and Orton. A five-man crew is needed—Jr. Foley was nominated to fill in and put it in the championship class. . . . **The Meekest Man in the Outfit**—Alton Porter—Casper Milquetoast in uniform. . . . **The Funniest Remark Made**—S/Sgt. Coyle—"If these damn radios don't start giving out, I'm going to salvage them for a flock of carrier pigeons." . . . **The Most Valiant**—Casey Kucharski making reveille by a second. . . . **Most Popular Around the Bonfire**—Singing "Tex" Mancini—when he sings troubles fly away. . . . **Most Popular at Mail Call**—Edward Hills. . . . **Orchids to**—The kitchen crew—a good job well done, Sgt. Henke and staff. . . . **Scallions to**—Parties responsible for the price of White Lightning. . . . **The Coldest Man**—Captain John D. Wilson. . . . **The Warmest Man**—Wild Bill (Playboy) Holloman. . . . **The Funniest Incident**—Dangerous Dan Fornelli chased from the latrine by a ram "wit' teet'." . . . **The Man with the Toughest Job**—

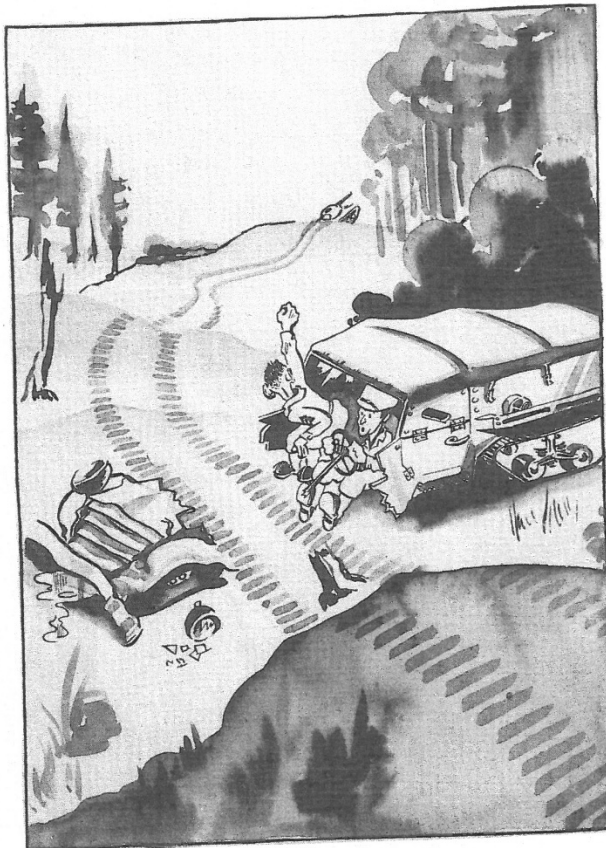
S/Sgt. Guinn—trying to find William (I want to learn how to write love letters) Pollock—you know why? . . . **Blessings On**—Those Christmas packages everyone received and the generosity with which they were passed around. . . . **Curses To**—The everlasting mud, rain, and cold.

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS GOLD . . .

The brass took a lot during maneuvers—and took it well. There was one incident when a noncom from our company went up to find our liaison agent. Seeing a body coiled up in solid comfort, a position which was a great deal similar to that of the man he was looking for, so—giving the body a kick—"Hey, Dudley—get up." Just a little stir—fighting for more sleep—another kick, "Come on, the Captain wants you." "Hum—what the hell gives?" came a muffled voice—not Dudley's! The noncom's light flashed down—and he saw the face. "Good God—it's the Major!" His retreat—in this instance a hasty one, not a retrograde action—was successfully accomplished.

Again the Major was responsible—Walking in the battalion area he heard a tank engine warming up. So—wondering why—he proceeded to find out. Finding the tank he shouted over the roar of the engine, "What's this tank warming up for?" T/4 DeCarr looked out and saw a figure dressed warm and not in a tank. He was cold and mad about something—"What the hell do you care?"

The crew of number nine is still bragging about going through maneuvers without flying the black flag. Wonder where they were during Brush Creek? . . . We have often wondered if the crew of number four ever decided who won the Civil War? Every time the tank stopped, if even only for a couple of minutes, they started on the battles of Bull Run, Gettysburg, etc. . . . Proxy—Andy Vacantis' surprise when he learned via mail that he had been his brother's best man—by proxy. And a couple of days later finding out that he had been a godfather, also by proxy. Shortly after that he became engaged by proxy. When asked if he was going to be married by proxy, he replied, "What? And have someone else enjoy my honeymoon?" . . . Radio Procedure—Overheard during one of the problems—"I-1 this is 6. Join me." "6 this is I-1. Where are you?" "I-1—6. I'm a quarter of a mile downstream on the creek to your immediate front." "6—I-1. I'm at the creek. It's dark. I can't see the water and I can't tell which is downstream."



"C" Company Tank . . . Tchl Tchl

our runaway tank.

"D" Company . . .

Captain Thrush had gone to town, leaving Lt. Carroll in charge. Orders had been explicit for the following day, up at 0700, chow at 0730, motor park at 0800. In order to be at his best for the next day Lt. Carroll retired early, arrangements having been made for the cooks to waken the company.

Wakening from a sound sleep Lt. Carroll glanced at his watch—it was 0715. Cursing hysterically he struggled into his shoes, dashed madly through a hundred yards of knee-deep mud and with mighty righteous wrath awakened the slumbering cooks. From there another wild dash to the company and amid a shower of mud and curses he slid to a stop and excitedly jerking down tents he managed to get all the men awake (except the 1st Sgt.).

With a feeling of a job well done the little man finally sat down to collect his breath and to bemoan the fate that had thrown him in with such a lazy, shiftless outfit.

His eyes finally focused on the Mess Sgt. who with a worried look had been asking him for the correct time. The lieutenant wearily withdrew his watch, looked, looked again, a horrified expression appeared, the time was 0320.

Lt. Carroll was led gently back to his tent.

It seems that Sgt. Meme Price "D" Company's Supply man is the subject of this one. One morning Sgt. Price was engaged in doing his duty at the company "bathroom" when he looked up and beheld a Red infantryman pointing a rifle in his face and informing him that he was captured. Now this was a very embarrassing position for a man of Sgt. Price's caliber. Our Meme was not daunted however, and immediately taking command of the situation convinced the chap that the operation was ended, and that there would be no percentage in his being captured. At this the doughboy was relieved, you may be sure, and immediately proceeded to relax upon the ground. By this time Sgt. Price had recovered his composure completely and casually asked the fellow where his outfit was. Well, at this, the fellow said his outfit was right over the hill, and volunteered further that it was an infantry battalion and other pertinent information that any Blue soldier would have welcomed with open ears. This little gem was transferred to the company commander's ears in no time, much to the later consternation of the Inf. Bn. commander!

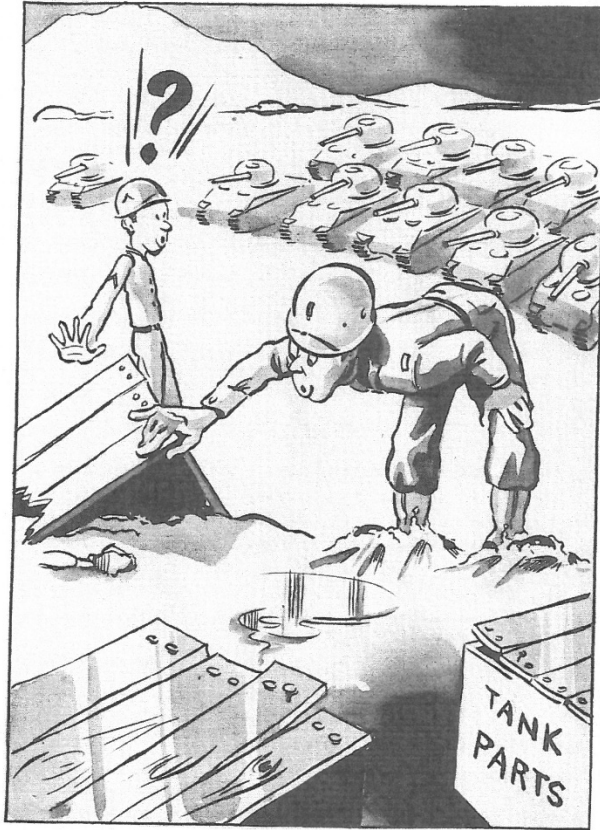
For this heroic exploit Sgt. Price was awarded the Royal Order of Form 32, with palm and clasp and was commended by the Mayor and Chamber of Commerce of Doaks Crossroads, Tennessee. Which goes to show you what can happen to you in Tennessee.

Sgt. "Hoot" Gibson is still looking for that crew that drained the crankcase of their tank and then "forgot" to fill in the pit. If he does encounter them, by "chance," it will cost them one legging and one shoe. . . . And Sgts. McWherter and Holly are still trying to figure out how three peeps can knock out two tanks. "Tain't possible" they claim.

Service Company . . .

FAMOUS PHRASES

Capt. Hollmeyer—"Has anyone seen the gas trucks?" . . . Lt. Davis—"Where the hell is the 25th?" . . . Lt. Dover—"Sorry, boys, no Camels." . . . Lt. Darr—"Let's dig a slit trench." . . . Lt. Hesse—"Sure, we can fix it." . . . Mr. Culpepper—"How about a truck for the mail?" . . . Mr. Conley—"Let's winch him out." . . . Mr. Levitt—"My butt hurts." . . . 1st Sgt. Young—"Come on, youse guys, roll out." . . . S/Sgt. Dean—"Goebel, let's move these trucks out." . . . T/Sgt. Roche—"Has anyone seen DeGrandis?" . . . S/Sgt. Woods—"Have you drawn your gun yet?" . . . The Kitchen Crew—"Aw, come on, fellows, get up and eat these eggs." . . . "Junior" Welz—"This is the last one I'm gonna dig, so help me." . . . Pvt. Lewis—"Captain, sir, I've got a complaint." . . . Jimmy Teel—"W/hat, in that cold peep with Kirby?" . . . "Mule" Guest—"I wish I was back in Arkansas." . . . Jo-Jo Cenecaro—"I wonder what my girl is doing tonight?" . . . "Chow Hound" Reed—"Peanut butter, Mmmm!" . . . Cpl. Leippe—"Who's got a cigarette and a match?" . . . Durand and Bridge—"Where the hell is the water point?" . . . Wolfe and Davis—"Aw, give us a hand with this PX tent." . . . "Shepherd" Martin and "Wine" Roderick—"No, there's only a little bit left." . . . "Whitey" Kickert and DuBois—"We wanna see the Chaplain." . . . Stephens and Allen—"Let's go to the Pink Elephant." . . . Peeso—"I'll tell you, fellows." . . . English—"Out of the way, here comes a draft." . . . Presta, Jurczak, Petriska, and Leonardo (disgustedly opening mail)—"What, no cabbage?" . . . Lange—"Have some of my coffee, sir." . . . "Double Clutch"—"That's all of the 90 I've got." . . . Carlot and Dudek—"I was runner last week." . . . C. E. White—"KP—Ugh!" . . . Estridge—"Where's the nearest phone?" . . . Infante and Dettmers—"Gee,



Has Anyone Seen an M5 Around?

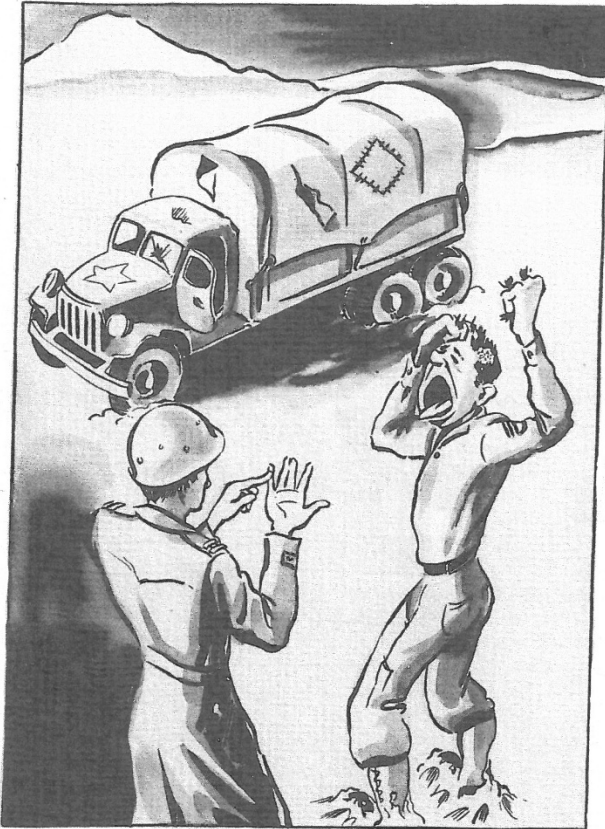
it was tough at Knox." . . . **Company Maintenance**—"Hey, Leece, how about making some coffee?" . . . **Sleep**—"I'll prove it." . . . **Mantz and Fajen**—"McMinnville, here we come." . . . **Leader and Burdick**—"Sure, we know where the gas dump is." . . . **Plunkett**—"Did I ask you what you had for breakfast?" . . . **Rupalo**—"Gee, these tanks eat a lot of gas." . . . **Garnett**—"The General is a swell guy, did you see my letter?" . . . **F. Morrison**—"I'll chop this one down." . . . **"Doc" Shannon**—"How's my mustache coming?" . . . **Barth**—"Bet a half I make it." . . . **"Hercules" Clark**—"Gee, I miss my wife." . . . **"Slim" Hultman**—"Which way did they go?" . . . **C. W. White**—"Where is it, Junior?" . . . **Workman**—"You poor soldiers." . . . **Tomaszkiewicz**—"Did I ever have a goldbrickin' job?" . . . **Whittington**—"Where's the CP?" . . . **Masters**—"What's the odds today?" . . . **Alkire**—"Got a match, Stub?" . . . **Frank and Szarka**—"Let's go get a beer." . . . **Mabes**—"I wonder where I left my magazine?" . . . **Andre**—"Where's the hot water?" . . . **Johnson**—"How about the morning report?" . . . **R. Smith**—"Let's see your compass, Pasquale." . . . **Campbell to Franko**—"OK, do it your way." . . . **"Da Chief" Posivak**—"Who's got a cigar?" . . . **"Moose" Horth**—"I can't see it." . . . **"Legs" Lynch**—"Wet feet again." . . . **"Weasel" Beal**—"Yes, and it's sharp, too." . . . **"Red" Murphy**—"Where are the Medics?" . . . **"Hawk-Eye" Horakh**—"Gimme a hammer." . . . **"Gimp" Pucillo**—"Who's got a jug?" . . . **"Oklahoma" Gourd**—"I wonder if I can get a pass with Olson?" . . . **"Eel" Day**—"Boy, a furlough, how quaint." . . . **"Honest Jake" Monroe**—"Who's got a couple of nickels?" . . . **"Piccorelli" Salzetti**—"Look at those new stripes." . . . **"River Rat" Reagon**—"I think I'll give him a T.I." . . . **"Knuckles" Manwaring and "Ape" Thurston**—"Let's go to Nashville." . . . **"Deacon" Morrison**—"I ain't a bad guy at heart." . . . **"Killer Burke" Henney**—"I wonder if I can make it in ten days?" . . . **"Torpedo" Ross**—"I didn't want them anyway." . . . **"Fox" Bidgood**—"If my brother was here, things would be different." . . . **"Frisco" McFerson**—"How about a case, Stub?" . . . **"Bugs" Moran**—"If it rains much more, it will spoil my hair." . . . **"Spotter" Waddle**—"I wonder what I'm doing in this army?" . . . **"Baby Face" Whitaker**—"Do I need a shave?" . . . **"Gimpy" Hand**—"I wish I had a pair of shoes." . . . **"Slug" Snyder**—"Gee, that farmer serves good chow." . . . **"Stinger" Coughlin**—"Chaffee was never like this." . . . **"Mouth Piece" McCracken**—"I've got a date with a second loo'e tonight." . . . **"Owl" Berry**—"Did you ever see the Boys from Syracuse?" . . . **Lt. Bobbitt**—"That's not the way

they do it in CCA." . . . Lt. Deinstbach—"Let's get going." . . . Lt. Winters—"I'd like to see Darr in a tank." . . . "Tex" Patton—"Come on, Joe, it's time to go to bed."

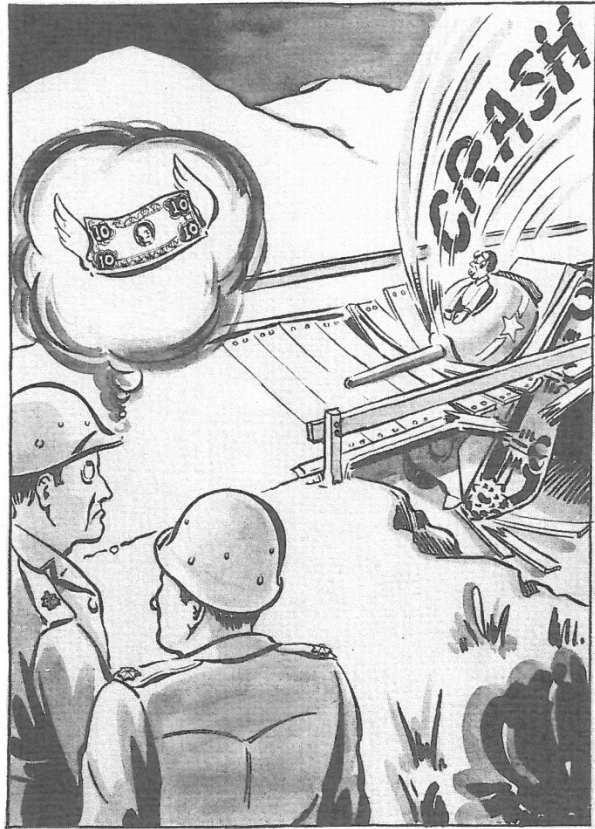
Maneuvers—a soldier's nightmare. And we certainly had our share of it. While "rest period" was supposed to mean a little sleep and relaxation, to us it meant work refueling vehicles, hauling wood, water and gas, setting up the P.X., convoys to Nashville, etc. But it was all part of our job and these trips to Nashville and the various supply points afforded us many a good laugh. Who can forget Sgt. Young coming up with the remark, "Take 'em down, we're in the wrong area" after we had spent valuable time getting our tents lined up—our first payday in the field—"Windy" English dumping his trailer and then claiming he didn't know he had done it. . . . The shock when "Sugar" Stephens was hurt. . . . The Junior and his latrines (he would cuss them out, but plenty, but in the same breath claim they were the best in the division. And he wasn't wrong). . . . The transportation and maintenance section, "Give us a couple of wheels and some bolts and we'll make 'em a couple of more trucks." . . . Then take the cooks—those boys worked day and night. Sure they bellyached but they never failed to get up and feed us. . . . Then there was the Sgt. Roche's gang—"Meatless" Masters, "De Pasquale" and the rest of the boys who made it possible day after day for us to have a hot meal. Also don't let us forget those boys who "sweated out" many a cold night on those fuel and lubrication trucks. Driving under blackout conditions all night long and part of the next day over roads that should have been used for cowpaths and probably were before we got there.

All of these little things went to make up the character and morale of Service Company men. Sure we cussed each other out all of the time but let one of us get in a tough spot and hell and high water couldn't stop his buddies from doing everything humanly possible for him. That was our code.

During the maneuver period the battalion gave birth to a new captain. He was happy and so were the men. We used to laugh on the road marches when one of us would say, "Well, boys, I wonder how long it will be before they start telling us to wash the mud off our trucks." Before we forget it, let's give Lt. Hesse and his gang of bunglers a shot of the spotlight. They kept 'em rolling. So as a parting shot in this little diary we would like to say, "WHEN BIGGER AND TOUGHER MANEUVERS ARE MADE, SERVICE COMPANY CAN TAKE THEM."

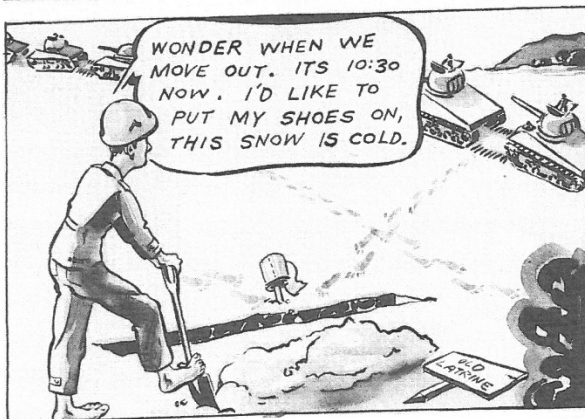


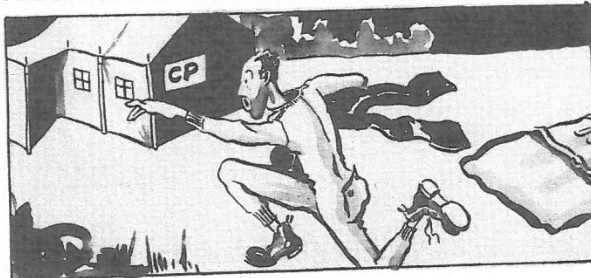
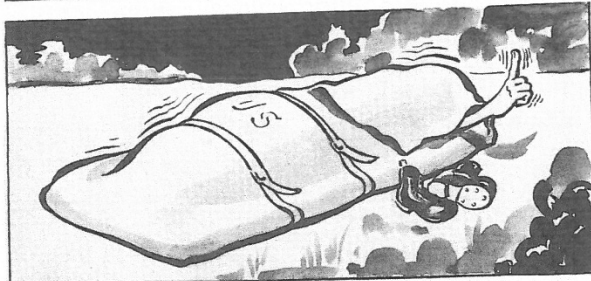
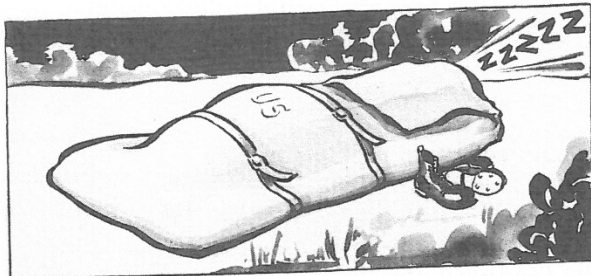
Seven Trucks to Nashville, Five Trucks Gas, Etc. . . .





All the Comforts of Home





Oh, This Rugged Life (a Certain Staff Officer)




Head Your Tanks This Way. I'm On a Hill, There Are Two Houses
Near Me, One with a Green Roof. Can You See Me Now?




Sign Here C. Company
(Your Co.)


 Wilson

 Hatson

 Lehman

 Moffet

 Winters

 Franklin

How About The Rest of You

Fall Out . . . Dismissed!

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