

Chapter VII

Support of the Allied Military Government, Return to Combat Across the Rhine, and "VE" Day

April 1945

The activities of the battalion for the month of April can be divided into two periods. The first of these included the first twenty-four days of the month, when the battalion aided the division's support of the Allied Military Government in occupying a part of Germany and also carried on some training and preparation for future offensive operations. The second period consisted of the last week of the month, when the division joined the XXI Corps and participated in the pursuit of the fast-crumbling German Army.

During the occupational period, the batteries were billeted in four small towns, some fifteen miles north of Kaiserslautern. Our mission consisted of supporting the Military Government in this zone. The battalion was assigned a large area, and this, in turn, was broken down to the batteries. The actual work consisted of policing up all explosives and military personnel and enforcing the ordinances and regulations prescribed by the Military Government. The performing of these tasks took the time of considerable men and trucks for the first week because there were quite a few military abandoned in the area. Large stores of equipment that could not be hauled away required guards. This, combined with the guards on the highways to restrict civilian travel, kept a large number of our personnel on continual guard duty. In regard to the handling of civilians, it was found that a battalion civil affairs officer was necessary to coordinate the civilian control. By the middle of the month the policing job had been completed and the guard arranged so that two batteries performed all the duties while the other two were free for training. On 19 April the battalion was examined by inspection teams from the division headquarters. The various teams inspected kitchens, billets, orderly rooms and records, trucks, howitzers and other ordnance equipment. Although there were some minor deficiencies, the battalion made a good showing on the inspection.

On 23 April we received orders for movement east across the Rhine River; and a billeting party was sent forward. This time it was understood that we were to take a hundred-mile motor move and go into an assembly area. At 0745 hours on the 24th the first serial left. At 1600 hours the battalion closed into the town of Goggenbach after a one hun-

dred and sixty-mile move without incident. The entire 142nd Regimental Combat Team was billeted in the nearby towns. Twenty-five of our trucks were dispatched the next morning to help move up the remainder of the division.

On 26 April the 3rd Battalion of the 142nd Infantry Regiment and our battalion received a sudden mission to investigate a by-passed group of two hundred enemy soldiers who were located in the woods, southeast of Aalen. The trucks we had sent out the day before returned in time for the battalion to pull out at 1600 hours, following the 3rd Battalion. At 2300 hours we closed into a town just north of Aalen where the batteries went into firing positions. The suspected enemy never materialized; however, the mission that the division would soon undertake was announced. This was the relief of the 63rd Infantry Division which was to take place as soon as we could move in and take over. At this time the general situation on the XXI Corps front was fluid, and resistance was spotty. The general position of the troops at this time was somewhere immediately south of the Danube River; and rapid progress to the south and southeast was reported by all units in this sector.

On 26 April the actual relief took place, and at this time the line of farthest advance was along the Lech River in the vicinity of Landsberg. Here, although there were no enemy troops in contact, our troops were held up by blown bridges. One railroad bridge was captured intact—the 12th Armored Division, which was working in our sector, was given priority in the crossing. The next day a pontoon bridge was constructed across the river—the 142nd Infantry Regimental Combat Team went across during the late afternoon and night of 29 April. This move was made into territory that had been recently overrun by the 12th Armored Division; and there was danger of sniping from by-passed enemy troops. This move became very unpleasant when it started snowing at about 2200 hours; however it cleared up at 2400 hours, and afterward it was not so bad. After fifty miles of night driving, we arrived in an assembly area in the town of Polling, immediately south of Weilheim, at 0500 hours. Here, we rested for a few hours and fed out a hot breakfast while plans were being made for the march to the south and southeast. At 0800 hours on the 30th the orders were received to continue the motor movement in the same order as the previous night with the mission of moving south to the town of Murnau, where the infantry was to form road blocks or two of the main roads leading to the Alps. At 0920 hours we were on the road again and arrived in Murnau at 1515 hours. While we were en route, six Me-109s flew across the columns, two of which zoomed low to strafe, but they overshot their mark and did no damage. This was the first time we had seen enemy planes during the daytime for many months. The road blocks were set up without incident and our battalion billeted in the town of Murnau with the guns in a position of readiness.

To summarize the month of April, the first three weeks of non-combat duty as occupation troops, although it required much work, were a welcome relief after the many months of combat which we had been through. The latter part of the period found the battalion moving one

hundred and fifty-nine miles in pursuit of an enemy which never materialized. No rounds were fired by our battalion during the month, and no casualties were sustained. Hundreds of enemy prisoners were rounded up in the last few days.

May 1945

During the month of April, the battalion had returned to the line in the vicinity of Landsberg, Germany, where it relieved the 63rd Infantry Division, and had participated in the hasty pursuit of the fast-crumbling German Army. This pursuit carried us to Murnau in Southern Germany, which is near the northern entrance to the Alps and on the edge of what was thought to be the German Army's redoubt. It was in this location that we opened in the month of May. The mission of the 142nd Regimental Combat Team was to block two entrances to the Alps a few miles south of Murnau—our guns were in a position of readiness to support these road blocks. However, there had been no enemy resistance for the past few days and none was encountered here. Many German soldiers were being picked up as they quit their disorganized flight into the mountains.

The battalion received a short rest in the comfortable billets in Murnau while plans for further pursuit of the enemy were being drawn up. Four or five different plans were issued during the next three days. On 4 May these plans crystalized; and the battalion moved out in the morning at 0800 hours and traveled some fifty miles to the east, and then twenty miles to the south, closing in at 2100 hours in Kufstein, Austria. Along the way the convoy passed thousands of enemy soldiers on their way back to our prisoner-of-war cages.

In Kufstein the battalion went into firing position, but no firing was done. The forward infantry elements, however, did run into some scattered resistance from die-hard SS Troops, but these were quickly overcome. On 5 May at 1600 hours we again got march orders; and, with the 1st Battalion, 142nd Infantry Regiment, riding on our trucks, moved thirty miles deeper into the Tyrolean Alps—into the town of Schlitters, some five miles northeast of Innsbruck. At 2030 hours the same day the battalion commander read the following message to the staff and the battery commanders, assembled: "German surrender effective 051200, May, 1945. All units will remain in place." This was a very welcome message to everyone. Even though we had not been doing any fighting lately, it was a great relief to know that the job we had worked on incessantly for so long was at last about to be completed. Realization of the end of "blood, sweat and tears" in Europe did not come upon us suddenly. We had lived a pattern of definite uncertainty for so long that change would only come gradually.

The battalion remained in the vicinity of Schlitters for the next three days while we gave the German Army a chance to transmit the terms of surrender to all of its personnel. On 8 May the battalion moved seventy miles to the southeast into the heart of the Tyrolean Alps, where the regimental combat team was to occupy an area and enforce the terms of

surrender and instructions which had been given to the German Army. The latter included the laying down and collecting of all army personnel at designated assembly points.

It was here in the beautiful setting of the Alps Mountains, that we find the battalion at the close of the European war. A war that had afforded us many strange sights and experiences through Africa, Italy, France, Germany and Austria.

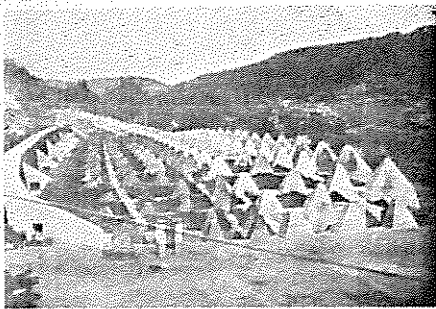
The 132nd Field Artillery Battalion up to and including "VE" Day had spent seven hundred and thirty-eight (738) days overseas; four hundred and twenty (420) days, in combat. The battalion fired well over two hundred forty-nine thousand, two hundred and fourteen (249,214) rounds of artillery. There were one hundred and ninety-two (192) casualties; forty (40) of these were killed, and nineteen (19) more missing or prisoners of war.



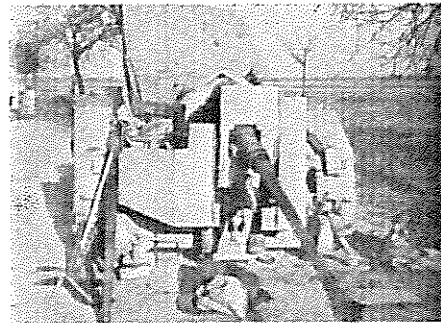
Nebelwerfer lands below CP.
Schweigen, Germany



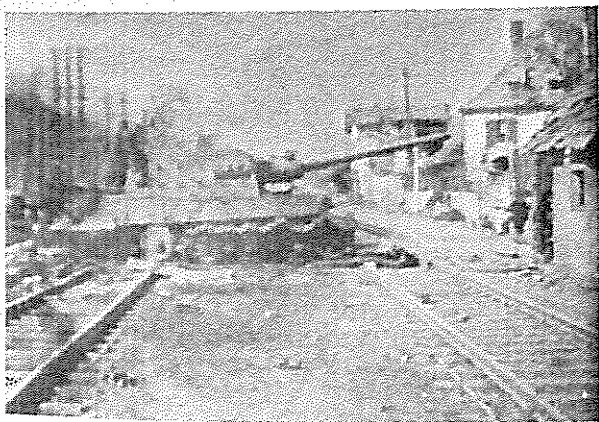
Part of the Dragon's Teeth



Siegfried Line

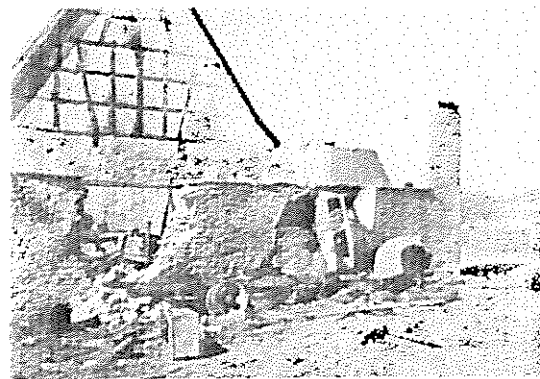


Abandoned German Anti-Aircraft

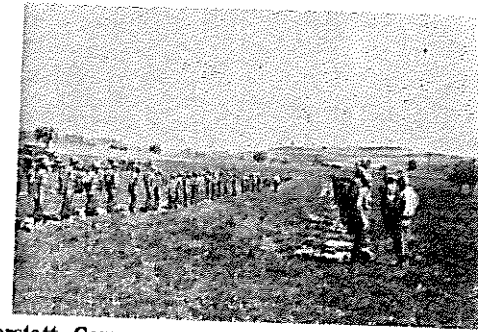
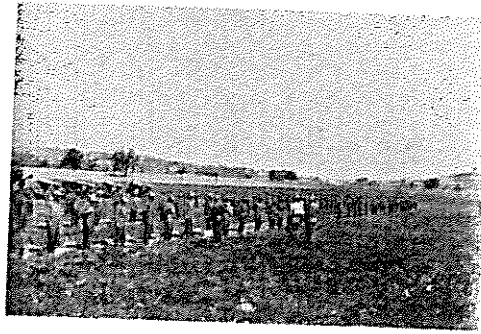


"Kaput"

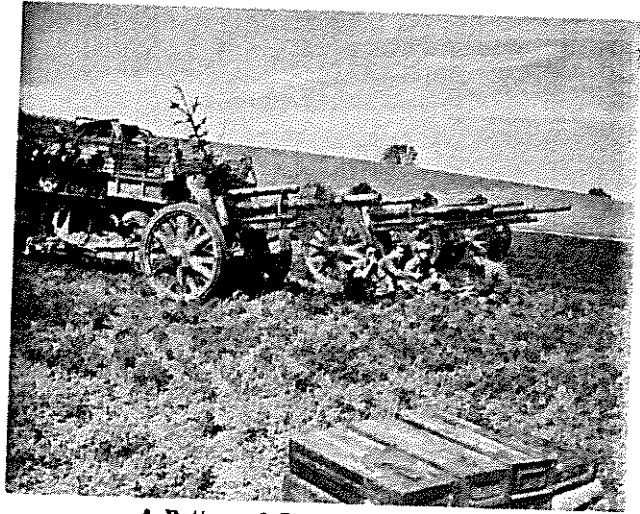
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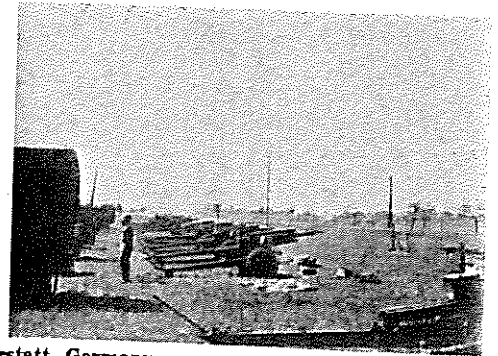
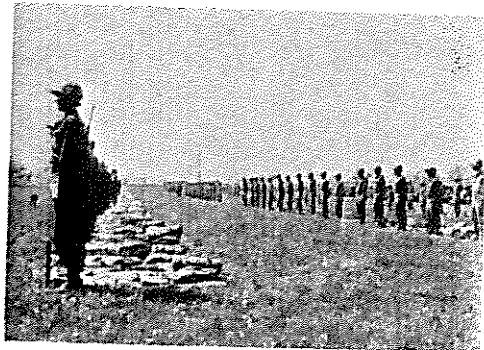
Ditto



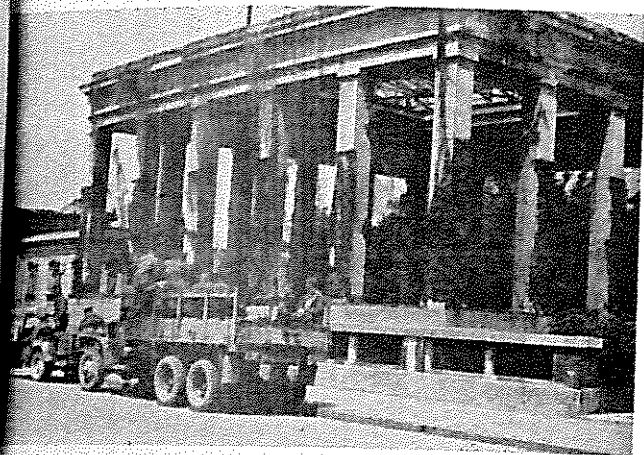
Battalion Inspection at Borstatt, Germany



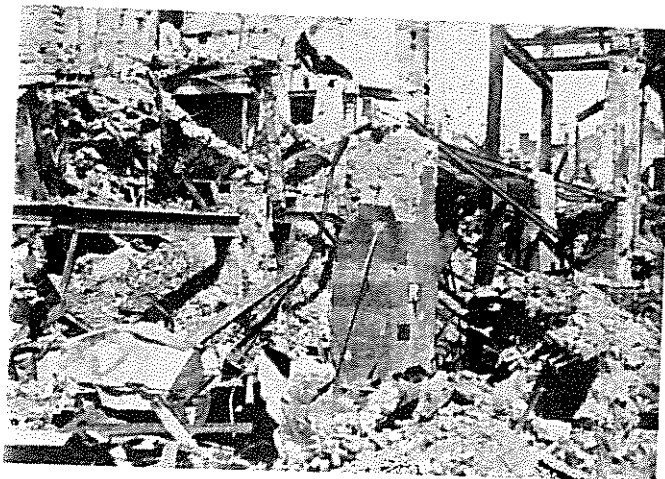
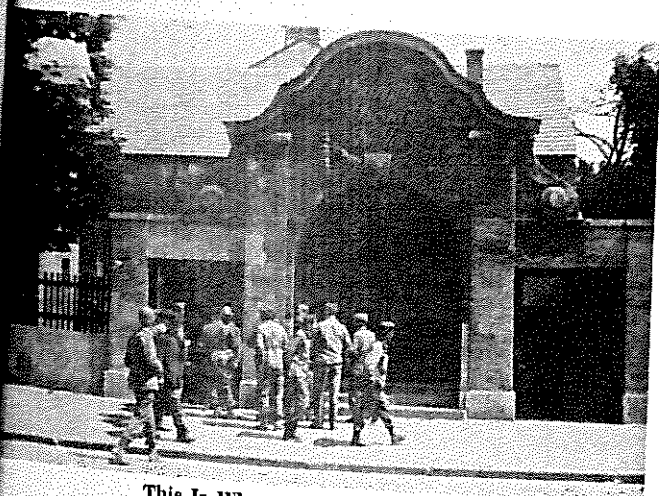
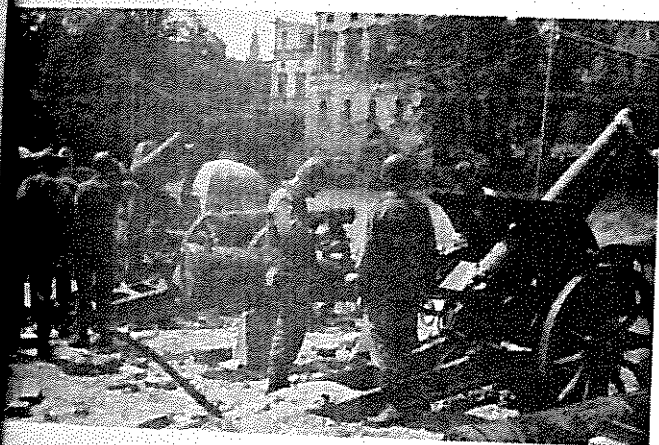
**A Battery of German 105mm Guns
left behind in hasty retreat**



Battalion Inspection at Borstatt, Germany



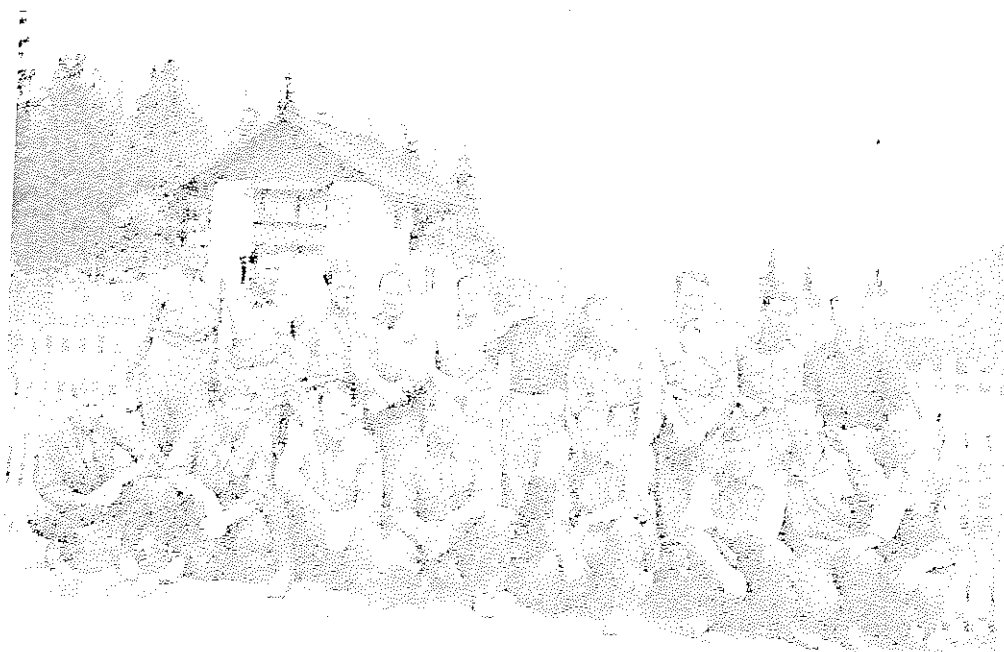
Members of the Battalion Visit Munich, Germany



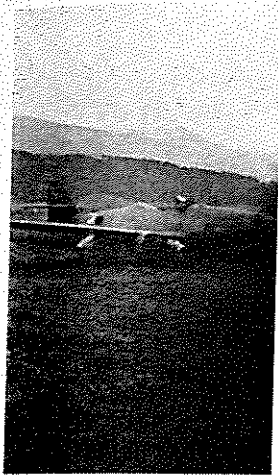
This Is Where Hitler Got His Start



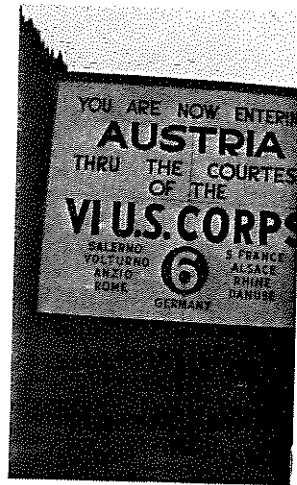
Memorial Day Parade in Memmingen, Germany



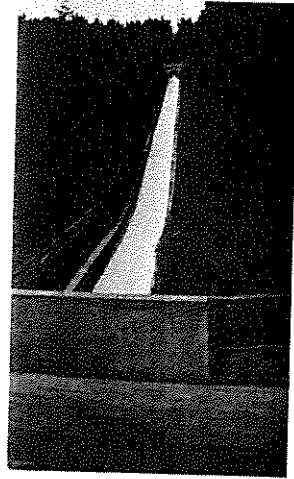
Muhlbach, Germany — You Call Them!



Remains of German Plane



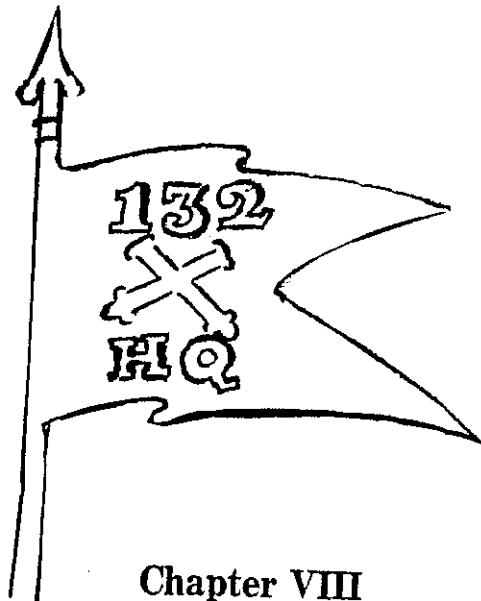
German-Austrian Border



Austria Aqueduct



Final Objective — Brandenburg, Austria. May 8, 1945



Headquarters Battery

By **CPL. ROBERT R. SIMONETTI**

The Texas National Guard was mobilized on 25 November 1940. The 1st Battalion, Headquarters Battery, 132nd Field Artillery Regiment, which then consisted of three officers and fifty-nine enlisted men, was made a part of the 36th Division in December, 1940. The men of the regiment hailed from Bonham and other nearby communities.

New selectees were soon brought into the outfit to bring its strength up to one hundred and twenty enlisted men, while the number of officers remained unchanged. It was shortly after the rough-and-tough campaign—and it has been rehashed and refought a million times, from the beer joints of Fort Worth to the Bavarian Alps of Germany.

The boys came back from these strenuous maneuvers with the ardent hope of obtaining much-needed and well-deserved furloughs. These dreams were smashed by the startling news of Japan's treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor. All furloughs were canceled; and the rumors began to fly fast and furious. Despite all the insinuations and reports that were making the rounds, the division still found itself enjoying the luxuries and privileges of the good old U.S.A. when 1942 rolled around.

The regiment was broken up into two battalions on 10 February 1942, and the 1st Battalion became the 132nd Field Artillery Battalion.

A few days later the battalion moved, along with the rest of the division, to Camp Blanding, Florida. Here, we enjoyed the warm sun-

shine of this winter resort state (attention: California Chamber of Commerce). Four hard months of vigorous training lay in store for us, but the passes issued on weekends somehow made up for the suffering we endured. Perhaps the most remembered feature of our stay at Blanding was the thirty-mile hike some of us went on. Brother, it was puhlenty rough.

When we moved into the Carolinas, we once again embarked on maneuvers, but the general consensus of opinion seemed to be that they were quite tame compared with Louisiana.

Having brought the maneuvers to a successful conclusion, the entire division moved north to Camp Edwards, Massachusetts. Here, we began the amphibious training that was to stand us in such good stead on the beaches of Salerno and Southern France. The rugged climate of the Cape Cod camp wasn't exactly like that of Florida, but the boys quickly acclimated themselves to their new environment. Shore dinners became favorite dishes, and Boston accents sprang up overnight. Cupid's darts struck with devastating effect on the more susceptible members of the battery, and many were the tears that flowed like wine when we left New England.

We moved to Amherst, Virginia, in March and immediately began mountain training. The bitter cold of this isolated and dreary spot in the wilderness will long be remembered by those who were unfortunate enough to be with the battery at the time. Strange to say, however, there was not a single case of anyone freezing to death. This was due more to coincidence than anything else.

The next stop on our itinerary was A. P. Hill, Virginia. It was here that preparations were begun for overseas shipment. Even the over-optimistic, who were continually preaching that the division would never leave the States, began to lose hope.

Final arrangements for our trip overseas were made at Fort Dix, New Jersey. We moved here from A. P. Hill in the cold, grey dawn of a March morning under a curtain of utmost secrecy. To the more imaginative mind, this all lent an air of adventure to the whole proceedings. Eagerness, excitement and wondering anticipation were written on the faces of all the men. The thought of sailing out into the great unknown has always been an undeniable thrill, from the early meanderings of the Norsemen to the more complicated system of convoys in our modern world.

In April, 1943, we boarded the U.S.S. Argentina at Pier 13, Staten Island. The next day found us slowly gliding by a girl whom we were destined not to see for a long, long time—the Statue of Liberty. Many a lump in many a throat was to be seen as that grand lod girl faded slowly into the distance.

The days spent on board ship during the crossing were happy, care-free ones, even though the quarters assigned to us were not of the Copley-Plaza variety. You couldn't turn around in the crowded compartment without kicking three or four of your buddies, but what the heck? We were men and didn't need the luxuries of civilian life. The card and

crap games flourished all over the ship, and small fortunes were won and lost during the thirteen days we were on the ocean.

The sight of land, after a long period at sea, is always a most welcome one, even though the land is an unfamiliar one. For most, it was the first opportunity to view a foreign country; and it was a small sort of thrill (very small) to know that we would be gazing upon peoples and scenes that we had heretofore seen only in magazines and in the movies. It would be superfluous to say that the majority of us had been deluded by the Hollywood version of Africa. The seductive Arabian beauties of the "Road to Morocco" were merely an illusion.

From April to September we trained and drilled for the coming invasion of continental Europe. Magenta, Port Lyautey and Arzew were among the lucky cities to be enhanced by our presence. And it was during this period that we were to become acquainted with the French mademoiselle—ooh la la. Our social life was brought to an abrupt end when we loaded onto ships in Oran Harbor.

The 5 September found us steaming out of a harbor once again, but this was to prove more eventful than our previous journey. On the 7th while we were still at sea and nearing the island of Sicily, the electrifying news of Italy's unconditional surrender to the Allies reached us. Everyone was jubilant and looked forward to a pleasant and comfortable landing on the Italian mainland. How wrong we were has been recorded by history. The bloody landing at Salerno, the struggle for the establishment of a beachhead and the ferocious fight for Altavilla attests to just how wrong we had been. The 36th did itself proud that day and started its way on the road to victory and fame. We were the first American division to hit the Italian mainland and deliver the first crushing blow to Hitler's Festung Europa. We entered the fray green and inexperienced, but emerged battle-scarred and seasoned troops.

The battery was pulled out of the lines on 20 September to be reorganized and given further training for the task that lay ahead of it. More replacements were brought in to fill the gaps; and we realized for the first time that war was not a game.

After a move to the outskirts of Naples, where the boys were afforded the opportunity to visit Naples and Pompeii, we were committed to another task. We went back into the lines 15 November 1943, and didn't emerge until 12 March 1944. From the shadow of Mt. Camino to the monastery at Cassino, we fought continually on without any relief. The liaison officers and forward observers spent miserable days and nights running up and down the mountains, and the wire crews made daily runs across Purple Heart Valley trying to keep the observation post lines in. It was a rough winter for most; but there were the lighter moments, without which it really would have been rough.

We had a front seat for the bombing of Montecassino Abbey—the spectacle of the huge Flying Forts dropping their loads on that pin-point target was a magnificent sight.

When we were relieved, we were pulled back to Maddoloni for a rest and more training. Passes were again the order of the day, and the

Italian vendors reaped small fortunes selling their versions of cognac and champagne. Moving on to Avellino and Aversa, we had more training, but in conjunction with the infantry this time.

The battalion went back into the line at Minturno and helped to breach the Nazi Gothic Line. No sooner had this been done than we were conveyed via water to Anzio. We were committed at Cisterna, and our regimental combat team proceeded to pave the way for the break-through at Velletri and clear the road to Rome. On 6 June the first European capital in Axis hands was liberated, and the tremendous reception given us by the liberated people was something to remember. We sped on past Rome and we were finally relieved on 26 June. We bivouacked in the vicinity of Rome, where all the boys had a chance to see all the attractions, the least of which were the very good-looking women. T'was quite a difference from the Italy we had seen below Rome.

Our next move was down to Paestum, close to the scene of the bloody landing we had made almost a year previously. We embarked upon a rigid amphibious training program for an undisclosed assignment. The rumors ran rampant once again—they had us invading Denmark, Greece, the Balkans and the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

On 12 August 1944, we loaded onto LSTs at Naples Harbor. By this time everyone was quite certain that we were heading for France. The shore line of Southern France met our eyes in the early-morning light of the 15th—D-Day. Hundreds of bombers and fighter-bombers darkened the already dim sky as they roared overhead and dumped their loads on enemy installations. The battery landed shortly after H-hour and began the forced march that was to take us through three countries before the enemy finally succumbed.

The division pushed relentlessly after the hastily-retreating German Nineteenth Army, and finally caught up with it at Montelimar. Here occurred one of the war's worst debacles. It was in the trap at Montelimar that the annihilation took place. It is estimated that over 1,000 enemy vehicles were destroyed in the pocket. The broken remnants of this once-powerful unit of the Wehrmacht fled northward, thoroughly disorganized. We chased them up through France and, though they put up stiff resistance in numerous places, the final result was never in doubt. The battalion fought on through France and Germany until it was relieved at the end of March, 1945. We had spent over two hundred consecutive combat days for a new record.

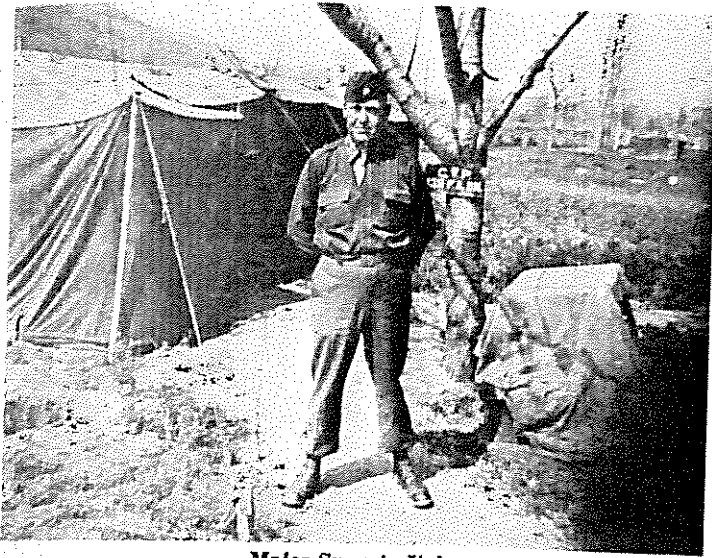
The battalion had seven days of refresher training and then went back into the line at Hagenau. Our combat team proceeded to break the Moder River Line, and then went on to pull the teeth out of the much-vaunted Siegfried Line. The Nazi myth had really been exploded for all time. When we reached Rulzheim, Germany, we were pulled out for a much-needed rest.

We were sent to Borstadt, Germany, to do occupational work in support of the Allied Military Government. The battery was billeted in German barracks and the routine jobs of occupational work took up most of our time.

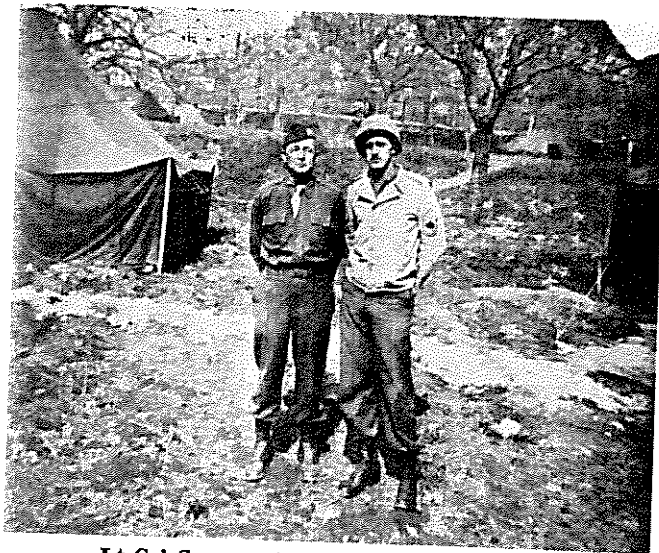
The middle of April found us going into the lines once again. The news was becoming increasingly good, and we all looked forward to an early end of the war. The enemy forces opposing us in Austria surrendered unconditionally on 6 May when we were in position in Kufstein, Austria. Three days later, it was officially announced that the war was definitely over. The long-awaited end had finally come after months of bitter fighting. Celebrating was at an all-time low, because most remembered the price that we had had to pay for victory and the fact that our comrades in the Pacific were still locked in a fight-to-the-death struggle with the fanatical Japs.

Our immediate task was accomplished, but much remained to be done before the world could lift its head and make claim to being a civilized place in which to live.

Some of us would soon be homeward bound, while others would be pondering over the dreary, but vitally necessary, task of occupying Germany. The members of the battery would once again be scattered all over the world, but there is little doubt that a single man wouldn't point with pride to the fact that he had once been a member of Headquarters Battery, 132nd Field Artillery Battalion.



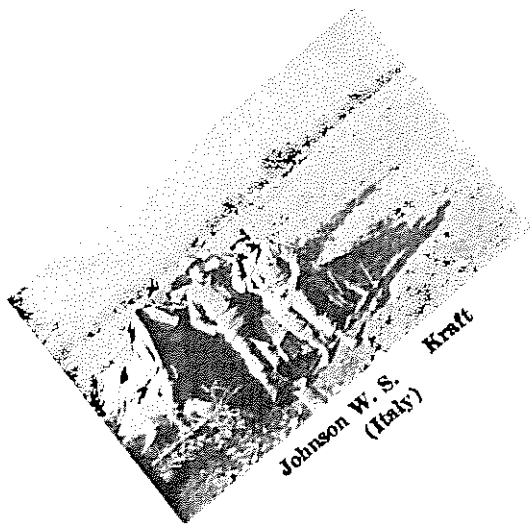
Major Snow in Italy



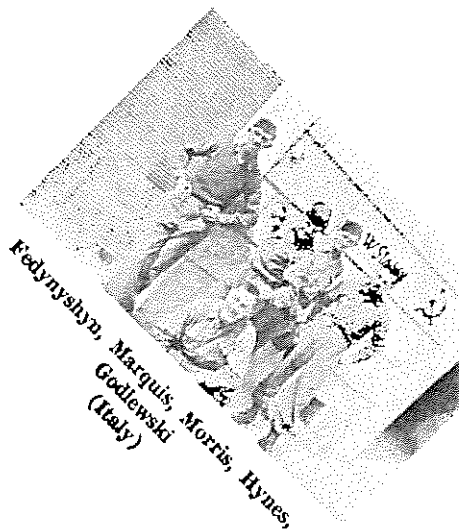
Lt Col Green and M/Sgt Skidmore in Italy



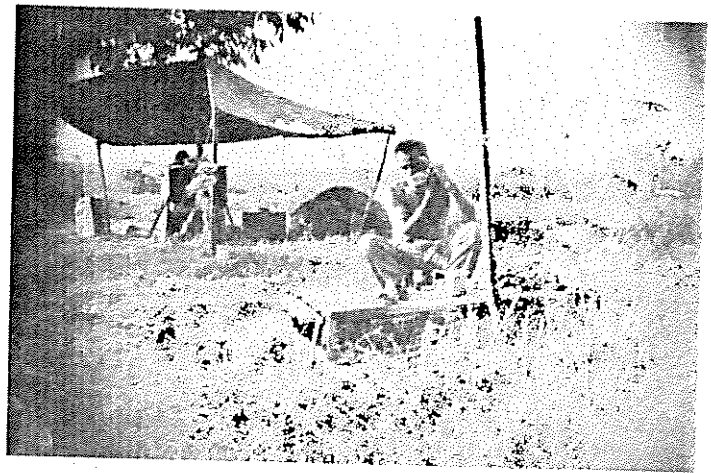
Lt Buckley in Italy



Johnson W. S.
(Italy) Kraft



Fedynyslyn, Marguis, Morris, Hynes,
Godlewski
(Italy)



LISDERO
Battapaglia, Italy



Oltman, Hoffman, Walters, Hennie,
Sacher, Obrycki (Maddaloni, Italy)



VEGLAHN
(Cassino, Italy)



TOWERY JENNINGS DEMING
(Cassino, Italy)

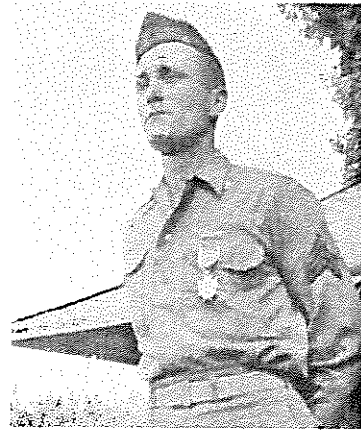
Morale low when the "goat-tees" had to go.



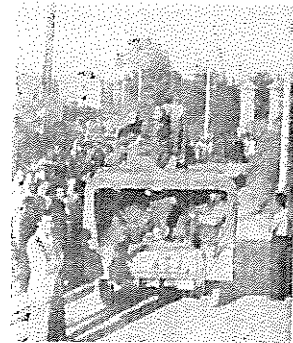
HOFFMAN
Bivouac Area — Rome, Italy



SHIBLEY
(Italy)



ROGERS



The Road to Rome



BORSELLINO
(Italy)



KRAFT FEDYNYSHYN
(Italy)



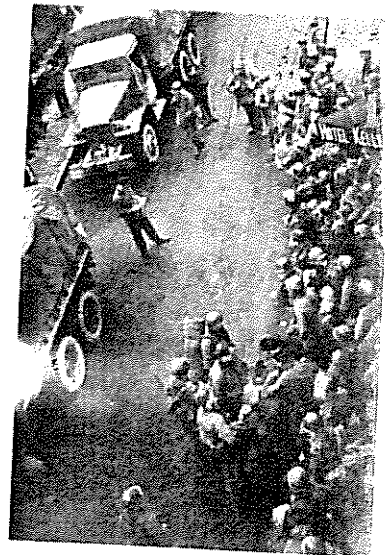
MILLER KINNARD CALDWELL WRIGHT JONES
 "Liberation Days" — Southern France



LT. DARDEN HOWELL REEB
 Southern France



HAURAND JOHNSON DOWELL BROWN
 Southern France



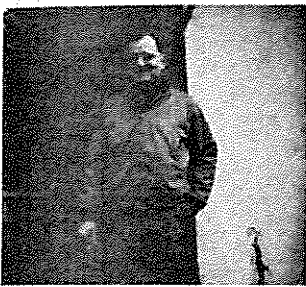
36th DIV. REST CAMP
 Bains Les Bains, France



Gries (Alsace) France



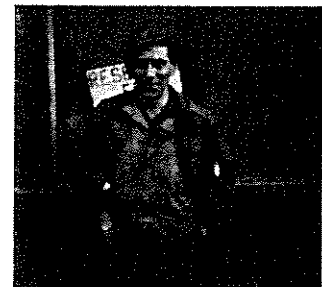
**EMANUEL
Huttendorf, France**



**MAJ. ELLEGOOD
France**



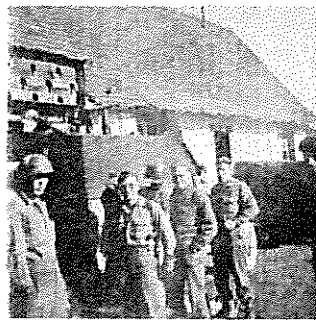
**CALDERAIO
Bitche (Alsace), France**



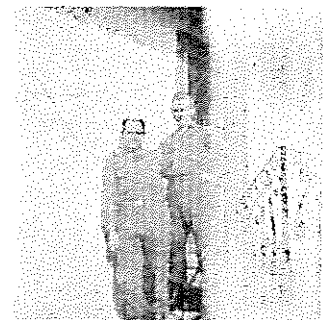
CAPT. LYKE



**SILVER - ADAMS - ST. CLAIR
Huttendorf, France**



**Kinnaird, Maag, Wasik,
Silver, St. Clair, Emanuel
Huttendorf, France**



**G. L. SMITH HARVEY
Huttendorf, France**



Lt. Edwards, Capt. Jones
Elsenburg, Germany



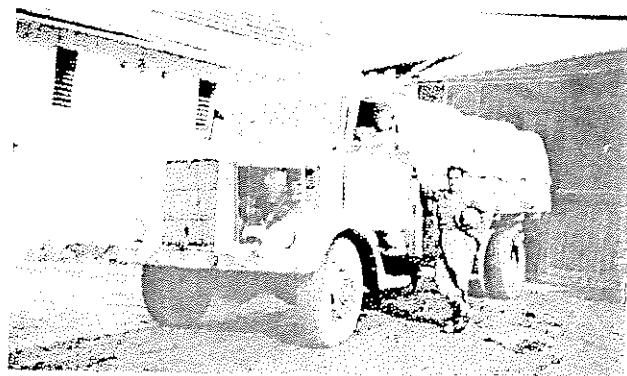
LT. STANLEY
Borrstadt, Germany



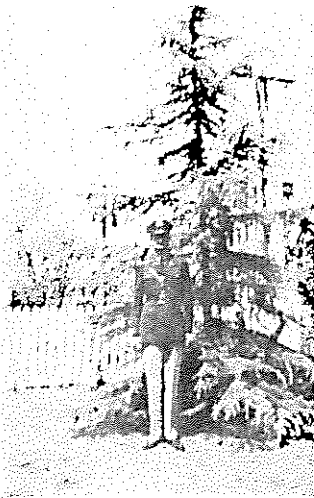
LT. SEWARD
Erolzheim, Germany



GURAL
Velletri, Italy



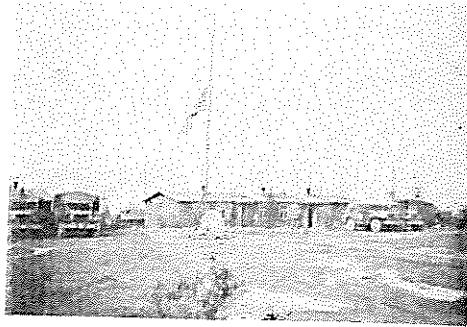
HUGHES BORELLI
Germany



CAPT. BOYLE



**Ridler, Hawkins, Hennie, Skidmore, Jones
Austria**



**FOR THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF
Borrstadt, Germany
April 1945**



**Capt. Gabbert, Capt. Mintzer
Germany**



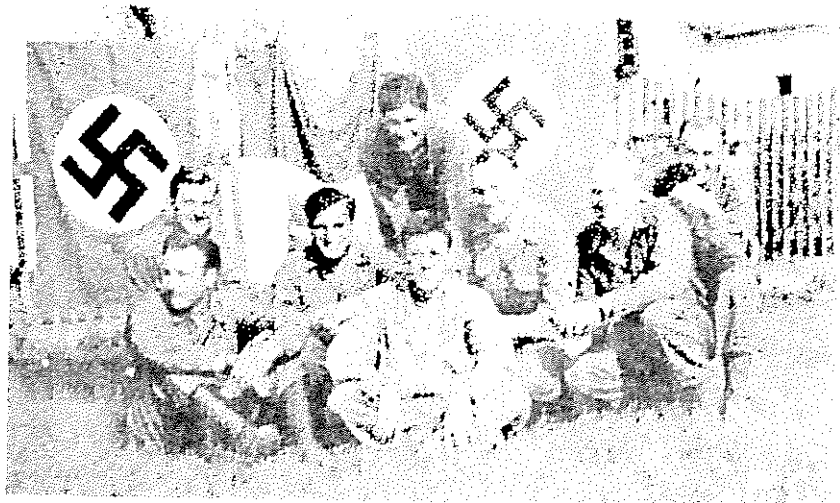
MAJOR LASSETTER



MR. STRICKLAND



SPANGLER



**Left to right, rear: Obrycki, Divies, Carlisle, McClure, Martin
Seated: Sacher, Powell**



**Left to right, rear: Borelli, Payne, Simon, Cotham, Howeth, Frydenlund
Left to right, front: Rombke, Gural, Harris, Deaver**



SIMONETTI



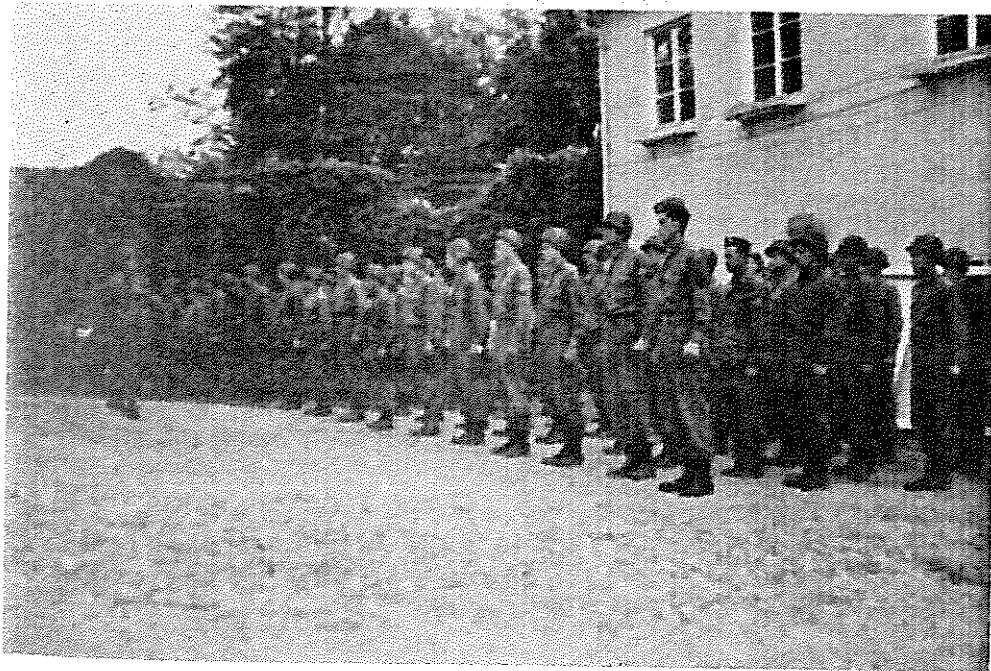
LT. WALSH



HENNIE



HAWKINS



HEADQUARTERS BATTERY FORMATION



Haurand, Horton, Huckabee, Yoxall, Jennings, Spangler
Memmingen, Germany



McKissack, Jennings, Huckabee, Horton, Caldwell



Bivouac Area, Borrstadt, Germany



Lt. Stanley, Coleman, Hanes
Muhlbach, Austria



BOSTROM
Borrstadt, Germany



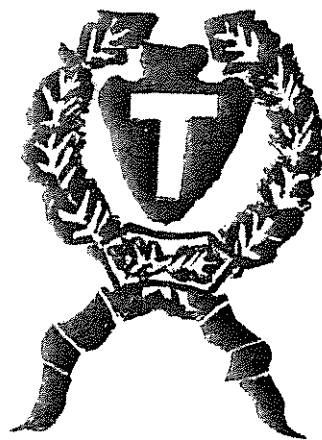
CAPT. BENNETT, CAPT. JONES
Munich, Germany



CAPT. HEARN, LT. COL. GREEN
Siegfried Line, near Wissemburg, German



LT. ROQUE
Germany

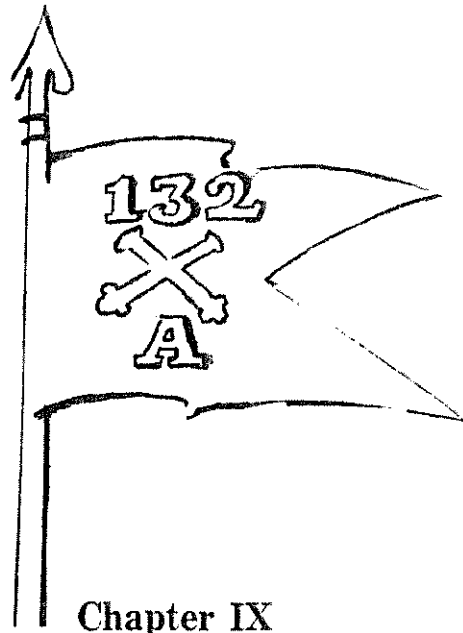


THE MEN OF HEADQUARTERS BATTERY, 132ND FIELD ARTILLERY,
36TH INFANTRY DIVISION, WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER THEIR FALLEN COMRADES:
TURN YOUR THOUGHTS THIS WAY
ALL YOU WHO PASS,
REMEMBER THE COST OF YOUR EVERY FREEDOM.
SOME WERE REQUIRED TO GIVE LIFE ITSELF.
NEVER SAY "I want to forget"
RECORD THEIR SACRIFICE FOREVER—
SHARE THEIR DEDICATION WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

Capt Gaines M. Boyle June 11 1944, Cipalbio, Italy	Pvt John R. Lloyd September 12 1943, Altavilla Italy
2nd Lt Oscar B Colley Jr September 13 1943, Altavilla Italy	Pvt Vincent C. Lopresto June 5 1944, Rome Italy
Pvt Ralph Ferguson October 1944, Le Tholy France	Sgt Thomas C. McCormick December 5 1943, Mignano Italy
Pvt 1st Cl Nils R. Helge December 5, 1943, Mignano Italy	Capt Andrew H. Parks August 2 1943, Slissen Africa
Pvt 1st Cl Arthur Johnson December 5 1943, Mignano Italy	Pvt Lloyd E. Webb April 15 1944, Avellino Italy
Pvt Willie Leever June 5 1944, Rome Italy	Pvt Sydney P. V. Webb September 9 1943, Paestum Italy
Pvt Jack Lindley September 9 1943, Paestum Italy	

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord God."
General Joshua

Presented by World War II Members of Headquarters Battery,
132nd Field Artillery Battalion, 36th Infantry Division



Battery "A"

By Tec-4 Pietro P. Pologruto

The 132nd Field Artillery Regiment was organized in 1922 as a unit of the 36th Infantry Division. One firing battery was assigned to Paris and Lamar County, Texas and this unit was mustered into the Texas National Guard as Battery "A" on 2 May, 1922.

Capt. J. M. Caviness was appointed battery commander; 1st Lt. J. R. Gibbons, battery executive; 2nd Lt. Young B. Mallory, reconnaissance officer; and 2nd Lt. S. S. Heuberger was assistant executive. All officers and enlisted men, with one exception, were ex-service men from World War I.

The battery was equipped with Model 1897 French 75mm guns and other T.B.A. equipment allotted to a horse-drawn unit. It remained under this setup until July, 1932, when it was converted into a truck-drawn battery. The first motor equipment consisted of four 1½-ton Chevrolet trucks as prime movers and one Chevrolet station wagon. In the early summer of 1937, four 2½-ton G.M.C. trucks replaced the Chevrolets as prime movers, and another station wagon was also added. This equipment, consisting of ten vehicles, now made the battery completely motorized and able to transport all personnel and equipment.

Fort Sill, Oklahoma, was the first training camp for the regiment and was used in the summers of 1922 and 1923. Camp Stanley, Texas, was the location assigned for the years 1924 and 1925. In 1926, Camp

Hulen at Palacios, Texas, was opened and was designated as the "Home of the 36th." It remained as such until the division was inducted into the federal service on 25 November 1940.

After induction the battery remained at its armory in Paris, Texas, until 1941, when it was ordered to report to Camp Bowie, Texas, where the division was being assembled. The personnel, consisting of two officers and ninety-six enlisted men, made the trip by motor convoy and reported for duty on 9 January.

After the usual training, which included several maneuvers, the regiment was sent to Fort Sill for the month of November to serve as school troops. Upon completing this assignment, it returned to Camp Bowie and remained there until February 1942, when it was sent to Camp Blanding, Florida. After a short stay there, the Carolina maneuver area was the next scene of operations; and, upon completion, the organization moved to Camp Edwards, Massachusetts. This was "home" until the division sailed for overseas duty on 2 April 1943.

After about five months in North Africa, the battery was to take its part in the battalion's role as one of the first United States artillery battalions to invade continental Europe, at Salerno, Italy, on 9 September 1943.

From Salerno to the Austrian Tyrol, the battery spent 420 days in combat and fired a total of 80,699 rounds. In addition to taking part in two amphibious invasions—the assault on the Gothic Line in Italy and on the Siegfried Line in Germany—with the rest of the battalion, it was the first battery in the division artillery to fire on the enemy from German soil.

There has been a total of fourteen enlisted men from the battery who have received commissions in the Air Corps, Armored Field Artillery, Anti-Aircraft Artillery and Transportation Corps. Its present personnel has received a total of six Silver Stars, eleven Bronze Stars, twenty-one Purple Hearts, three Air Medals and nineteen Division Citations, with a few other awards yet to be received.



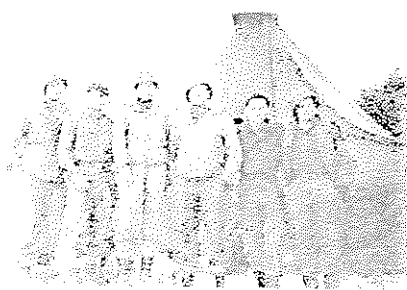
**Captian John R. Gabbert
Battery Commander**



**Battery 'Staff', left to right, Lt. Stein,
Lt. Ruffin, Captain Gabbert, Lt. Smith
Gries, France**



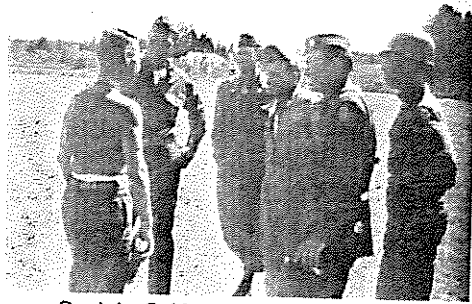
**Lt. Stein and Lt. Smith 'at rest'
Gries, France**



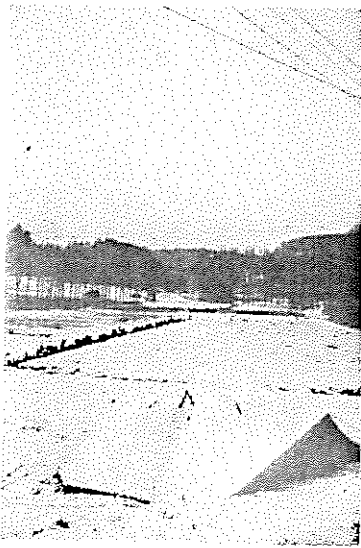
**Second Gun Section, left to right, Pfc. Darliet,
Sgt. Baker, Pfc. Clark, Cpl. Broomfield, Pfc.
Cross, Pfc. Gerhardt.
Metzing, France**



**First Gun Section, left to right, Sgt. Brown,
Cpl. Flier, Pvt. Massago, Pvt. Castro, S/Sgt.
Hazelwood, Pfc. Verkamp.
Metzing, France**



Captain Gabbert Tells a Good One



**Second gun position near St. Louis, France.
Camouflage improved by nature.**



**Guedertheim, France
"Not a streetcar was in sight"**



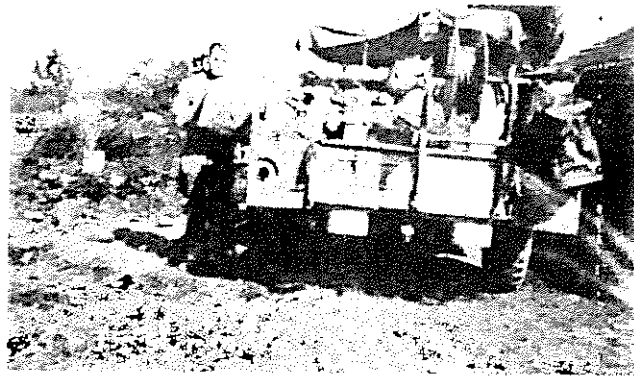
Hoerd, France, after liberation



**First Sgt. Gaston
St. Louis Ritche, France**



**The Boys Bring Home the Bacon
Hoerd, France**



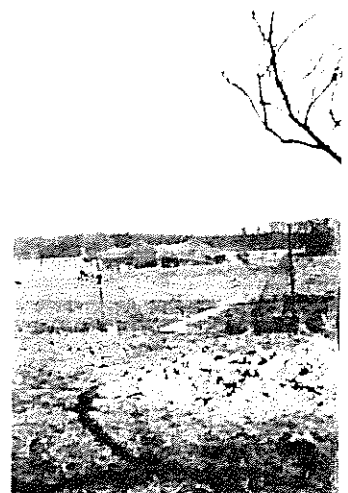
Cpl. Coursey Gassing "Miss Faye" for Another Run



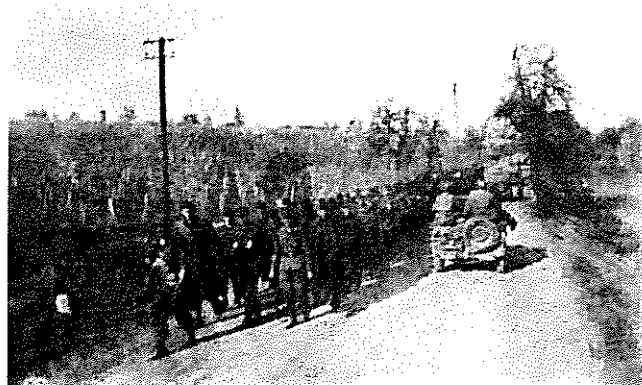
**Captains Gabbert and Curtis
Near Strasbourg, France**



**José Garcia of the F.F.L.
and 'Buddy' McKee**



Gun Position at Gries, France



**"Super Men" Surrendering by the Hundreds,
During the Siegfried Line Battle.**



Cpls. Dickinson and Cothran
on the way to chow (no C-
rations, thank you).



Boys of Paris, Texas at a Battalion Get-Together
Erkheim, Germany



"Batter Up!" Final score: 132nd F.A. 13, 141st Inf. 4



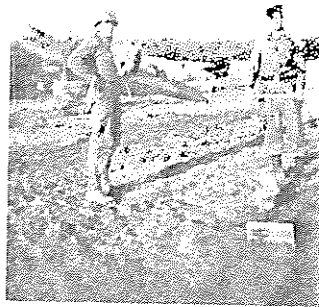
Mess Sgt. (second from right) and Friends



Inn River, Austria. Sgt. Baker and S/Sgt. Fitzgerald. The water pump is German and was being tested.



"No. 1 On the Way" — Cpl. Flier and Pvt. Castro in action at Guedertheim, France.



Pfc. Silvero and Pfc. Stallings preparing for cold weather.



Cpl. Flier and S/Sgt. Dugan (standing) enjoying(?) chow.



Gries, France — First Gun Section after a fire mission was completed.



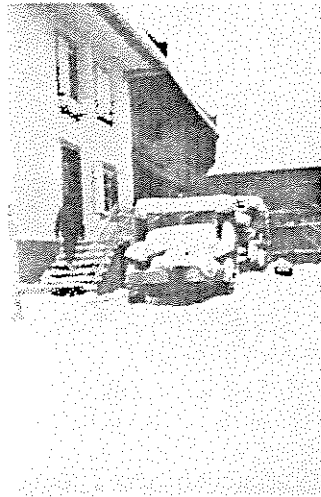
'Greasy Dick' or 'Oily Richard' and Kitchen Crew in between meals.



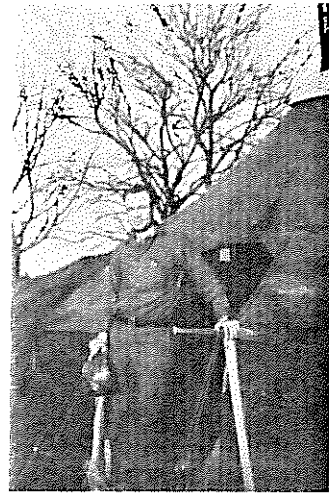
Murnau Germany — Taken on May 2, 1945. Very 'unusual' weather. "Dottie Bowchen" at rest.



Cpl. Thomas on Wash Day



Battery C.P. at Guedertheim, France.



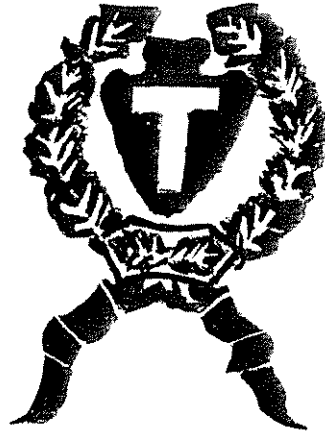
Cpl. Ray Haynes says "Good morning." Keffendorf, France



Metzing France — Fourth Section Blasting a Gun Pit



Keffendorf, France — Mess Sgt. Palmieri, Cpl. Edington, Cpl. Gaston, Cpl. Trapp.



THE MEN OF BATTERY A, 132ND FIELD ARTILLERY, 36TH INFANTRY DIVISION
WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER THOSE FALLEN COMRADES,
TRUE TO THE INSTITUTIONS OF THEIR BIRTH,
FAITHFUL TO THE BELIEFS OF THEIR FATHERS,
CONSTANT IN THEIR DEDICATION,
MOVED FROM THIS EARTHLY PLANE
IN THE PERFORMANCE OF DUTY.

Sgt Horace L. Armstrong
March 15 1944, Cassino, Italy

Pvt 1st Cl Newton E. Beville
November 26 1944, Selestat, France

Cpl Roy H. Boling
August 31 1943, Oran Africa

Pvt Andrew J. Davidovich
September 28 1944, Tendon, France

Pvt Charles J. Douvall
November 24 1943, Mt. La Defensa, Italy

T/5 Argyl Lee Dryden
February 4 1944, Atina, Italy

Pvt 1st Cl Billy F. Horton
November 24 1943, Mt. La Defensa, Italy

T/5 Howard C. Landers
June 23 1944, Gavorrano, Italy

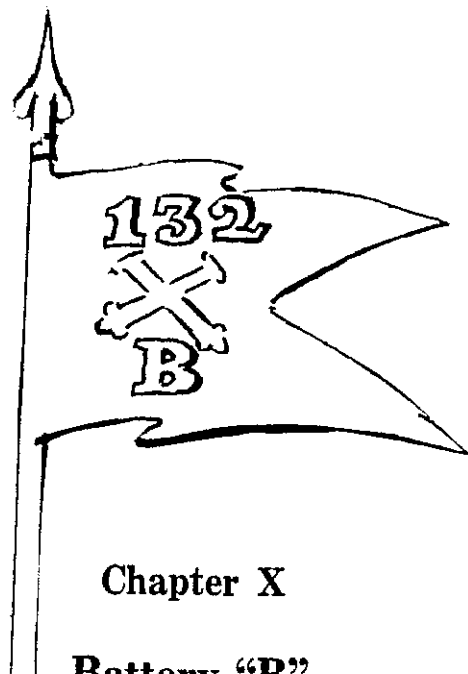
Pvt Walter W. Mague Jr.
March 5 1944, Cassino, Italy

Pvt Vernon B. Paradise
May 8, 1944, Pizza, Italy

Pvt 1st Cl Harry E. Turner
September 25, 1944, Eloyes, France

"Let not your hearts be troubled, neither be afraid."

Presented by World War II Members of Battery "A"
132nd Field Artillery Battalion, 36th Infantry Division



Chapter X

Battery "B"

By "Campbell"

Battery "B" was organized at Cleburne, Texas. On 11 October 1922, it was officially recognized and designated as Battery "B" Field Artillery, a part of the 36th Division, the Texas National Guard. The personnel was made up of men from Cleburne, Texas, and adjoining territory of Johnson County. The battery was equipped with French 75mm guns, Model of 1918, until January 1942, when the 105mm howitzers were issued. It was a horse-drawn outfit until the summer of 1933. Trucks were then issued, making the 132nd Regiment one of the first outfits to be completely motorized. In the summer of 1938 it was changed from State to Federal control, making it a part of the National Guard of the United States.

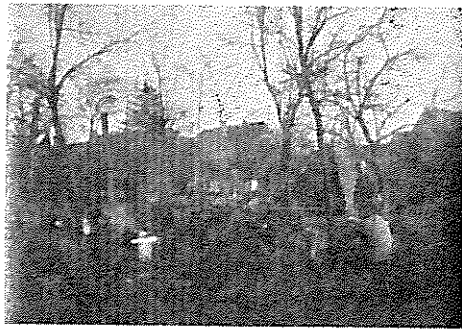
From 1922 until mobilization the battery attended yearly maneuvers. In 1923 and 1924 it went to Fort Sill, Oklahoma; in 1925, to Camp Stanley, Texas; every summer thereafter until 1938, to Camp Hulen, Palacios, Teaxs; in 1938, to Camp Bullis, San Antonio, Texas. In 1930 it went for the last yearly maneuver to Camp Hulen, Texas. In 1940 the battery attended maneuvers in Louisiana, its last maneuver as National Guard.

On 25 November 1940, eighty-five men assembled at the armory in Cleburne, Texas, to be mustered into active service. Training started immediately, the battery remaining in Cleburne, Texas, until 8 January 1941. On that day the battery moved by truck to Camp Bowie, Brown-

wood, Texas, to join the regiment and division. Here, real training, maneuvers and work began. In August and September, 1941, the outfit attended maneuvers in Louisiana, in the vicinity of Mansfield. In November the battery went to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, to fire for the Officer Candidate School's students. The battery left Camp Bowie, Texas, for good in February, 1942, and convoyed to Camp Blanding, Florida. In July, 1942, it went to North Carolina for army maneuvers. Here, orders came to move by train to Camp Edwards, Massachusetts. Arriving there the latter part of August, the outfit stayed until February 1943. On 25 February, the battery left for more specialized training in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. Two weeks later the battery moved to A. P. Hill, Virginia, to make ready for an overseas move. On 17 March 1943, the boys of Battery "B" left Virginia and headed for Fort Dix, New Jersey. For two weeks they packed and were issued new clothing. On 1 April 1943, once more they headed for the unknown. Eleven days later they landed in North Africa. There, they were issued equipment and given more training and maneuvers for the job ahead.

On 9 September 1943, at bloody Salerno, Italy, the men of Battery "B" were helping to make history. It was at Baker Battery's command post, below Altavilla, 13 September 1943, that the battalion commander made the remark, "Fight with the Ramfer Staff." From Salerno to "VE" Day the men of Battery "B" fired approximately 83,000 rounds.

The men in Battery "B", 132nd Field Artillery Battalion, take pride in being a part of "Pete Green's Mortar Battalion" and in having been able to help destroy the German Army.



Chow: Before moving up for the big offensive of March 1945 north of Haguenau, France.



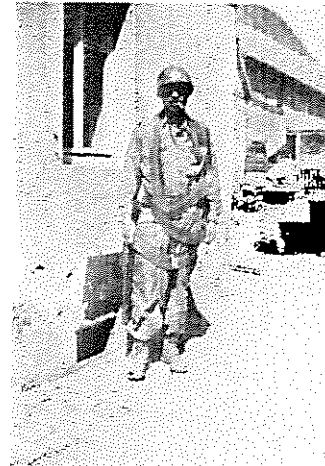
Clean-up Time



**"Texas Turtle"
Dry Land**



**Two "Sad Sacks"
Rulzheim, Germany**



"Brooklyn Tree"

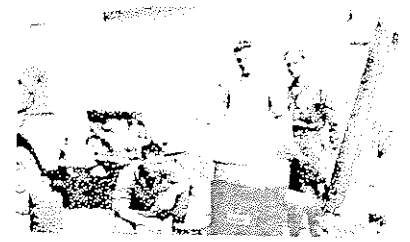


**Five-minute Break
Mertzwiller, France**

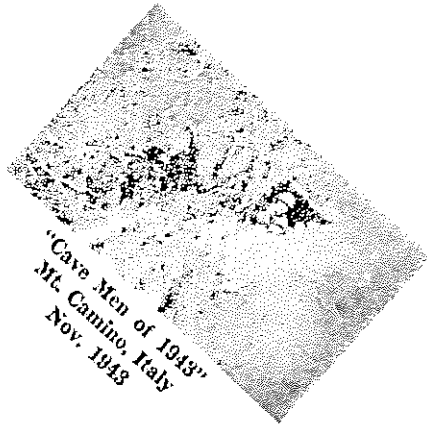


Chow: North of Mertzwiller, France

Going Into Position
Velletri, Italy, May '44



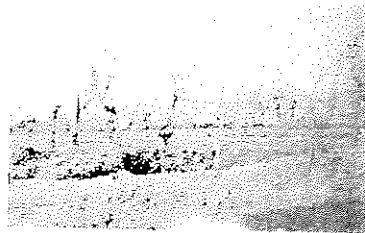
Doing the Family Washing
Rulzheim, Germany, March 1945



"Cave Men of 1943"
Mt. Camino, Italy
Nov. 1943



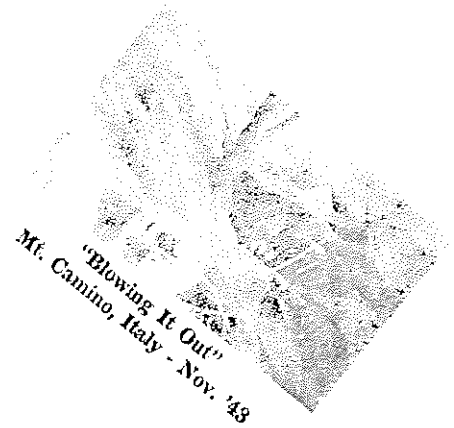
Dragon's Teeth (Stogfried Line)
Ober-Otterbach, Germany
March 21, 1945



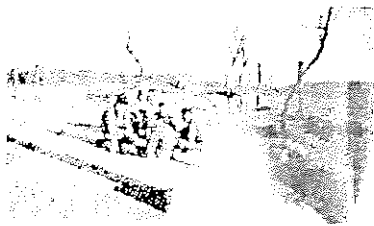
Bombing of Monastery
February 1944



"Men from Mars" - March '45
Rohr, France



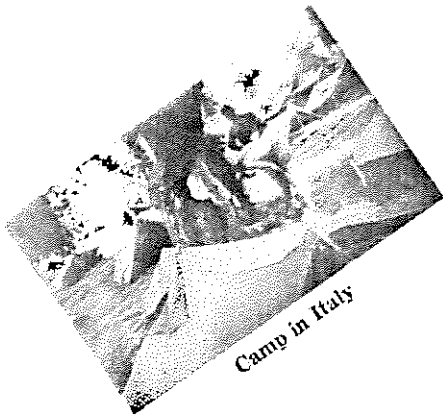
"Blowing It Out"
Mt. Camino, Italy - Nov. '43



Left: A card game between
Fire Missions, Feb. '45
Gries, France



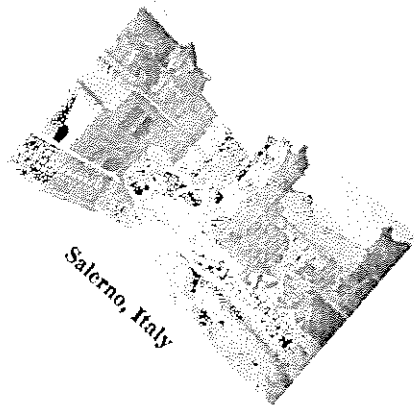
Right: An Indiana "Hoosier"
Strasbourg, France
Dec.-Jan. '45



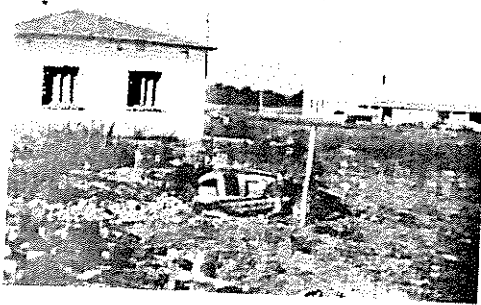
Camp in Italy



Gries, France



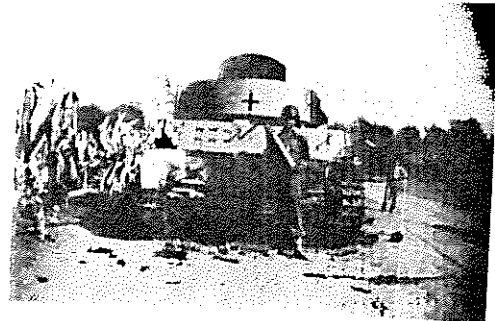
Salerno, Italy



Left: A good Jerry and his ME-109

← SALERNO →

Right: A good tank "1st Kaput" Mk. IV

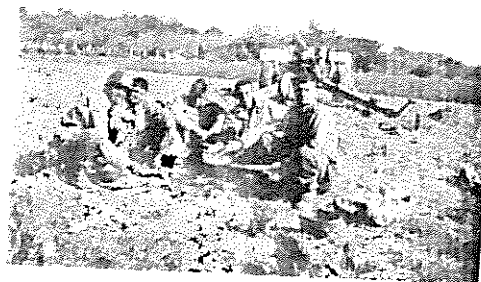


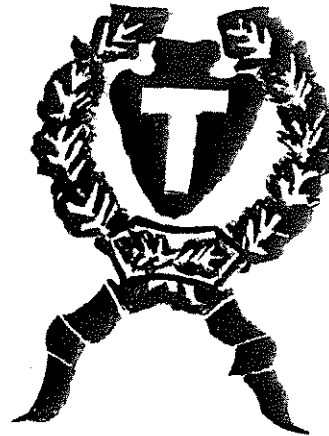
Above: North of Rome, Italy



Left: One of Maginot Line Pillboxes

Right: Big 4th during rat race up Rhone Valley Southern France August 1944





THE MEN OF BATTERY "B", 132ND FIELD ARTILLERY, 36TH INFANTRY DIVISION
WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER THEIR FALLEN COMRADES:
THEY CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO THOSE OF THEIR RANKS,
TRUE TO THE NOBLEST BELIEFS OF ALL GRAND BENEFACTORS
GAVE THEIR UTMOST IN DUTY — THEIR VERY LIVES
WHEN COUNTRY AND NEIGHBORS DEMANDED THEIR SERVICE.

Sgt Stewart Clark
September 13 1943, Altavilla, Italy

Cpl Wilfred S. Clunk
September 9 1943, Paestum, Italy

Sgt William H. Fuller
November 1941, Camp Bowie, Texas

Pvt Thomas W. Horton
March 20 1945, Ober-Otterbach, Germany

Pvt 1st Cl Clemens A. Laugel
February 11 1944, Cassino, Italy

2nd Lt Roland D. McKay
February 2 1944, Atina, Italy

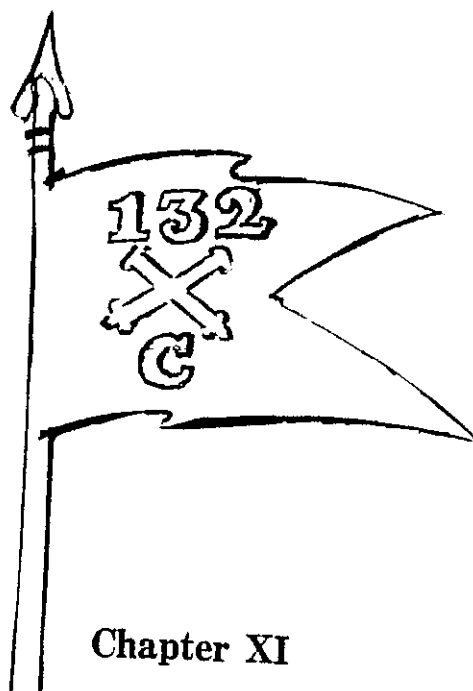
Cpl Charles E. Stell
March 20 1945, Ober-Otterbach, Germany

Pvt Marvin Thedford
November 1941, Camp Bowie, Texas

Pvt 1st Cl Joseph J. Zibura
March 18 1945, Morsbronn-les Baines, France

*"I would be true for there are those who love me,
I would be true for there are those who dare"*

Presented by World War II Members of Battery "B",
132nd Field Artillery Battalion, 36th Infantry Division.



Chapter XI

Battery "C"

By Pfc. William H. Elredge

Battery "C", originally from Weatherford, Texas, was activated on 25 November 1940, and remained in Weatherford until 12 January 1941, when it moved to Camp Bowie, Brownwood, Texas—for a short time the home station of the 36th Division. Battery "C" was organized in May of 1922 as a horse-drawn artillery unit. In the early part of 1932 it became one of the earliest motorized artillery units in the National Guard of the regular army.

In the early days of the National Emergency, Battery "C" took its training on the same type field pieces that were used against the German Army in France in World War I, and it was not until 1942 that the present 105mm field pieces were issued to this unit.

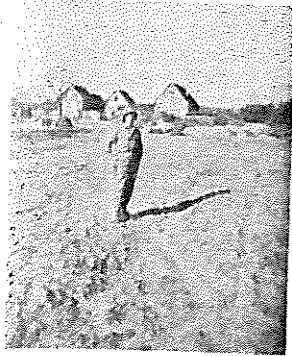
August of 1941 found our division making up a part of the huge army that staged one of the greatest maneuvers ever to be seen in America. Due to the outstanding success of Battery "C" and the rest of our battalion, praise in general was to be heard in quarters of some of the highest-ranking officers in the army. In reward for the same, Battery "C" was selected to put on daily demonstrations at Dallas, Texas, in conjunction with the Texas State Fair. For this work, as in all other assignments, Battery "C" won the admiration and confidence of all who witnessed its part of the show. This, in a small way, added to the building of confidence in Texas which is equaled nowhere in the world.

On 16 February 1942, the 36th Division said farewell to Texas, their friends and families, to move to Camp Blanding, Florida. While in Florida the battalion, with the rest of the division, guarded the northern coast of the state and took more training on the new 105mm field pieces that were issued there. The division moved to North Carolina from Blanding to make the maneuver of 1942. After maneuvers, it entrained for Camp Edwards, Massachusetts, to receive its final training before going overseas.

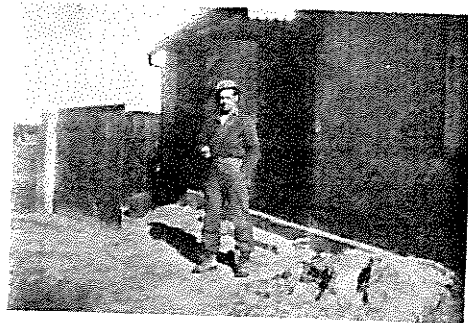
On 2 April 1943, the division sailed upon the voyage that has left written on the pages of history the pride for which an American fights, the cause and the principles he believes in. The 13 April we landed at Oran, North Africa and, after spending one week with the battalion, Battery "C" was detached to help with the training program of the Fifth Army Battle School, an honor looked upon with pride.

Capt. Mark L. Hodges of Paris, Texas, led Battery "C" into its first combat on the shores of Italy—"Bloody Salerno"—only to be among the first wounded. His last words before being evacuated were, "Give 'Em Hell, Boys." Under the leadership of Capt. Wilmotte S. Curtis, then second in command, this order was a standing one until the end of the war in Europe.

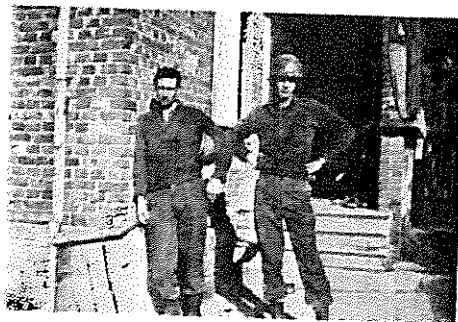
In conclusion, it is only fitting to salute the daily life of those on the gun sections—their endless digging of gun pits, living in rain, sleet and snow, working in knee-deep mud, bitter nights, cold—without protection from the elements or the enemy artillery barrages; of the truck drivers—nights on end without the needed sleep, through dust, rain, pitch-black nights, and over icy mountain roads; of the wire sections—their endless job to keep the vital communications in operation; of the kitchen crew—their ability to have "Hot Chow" and "Almost" on time; of each and every man in Battery "C" who did so much more than his share to make the world a decent place in which to live.



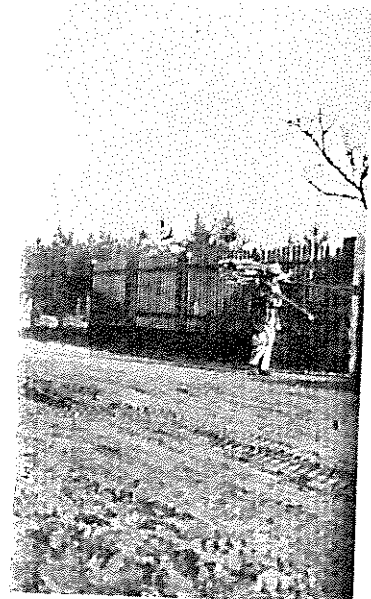
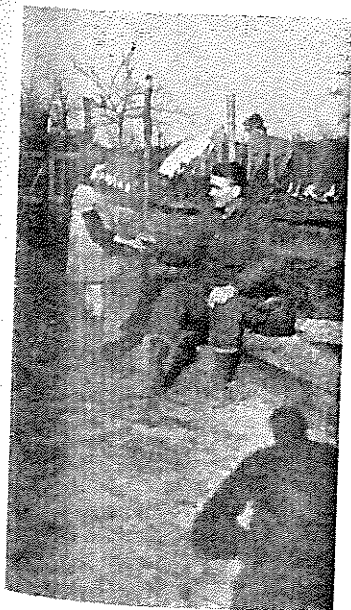
The Daily Life

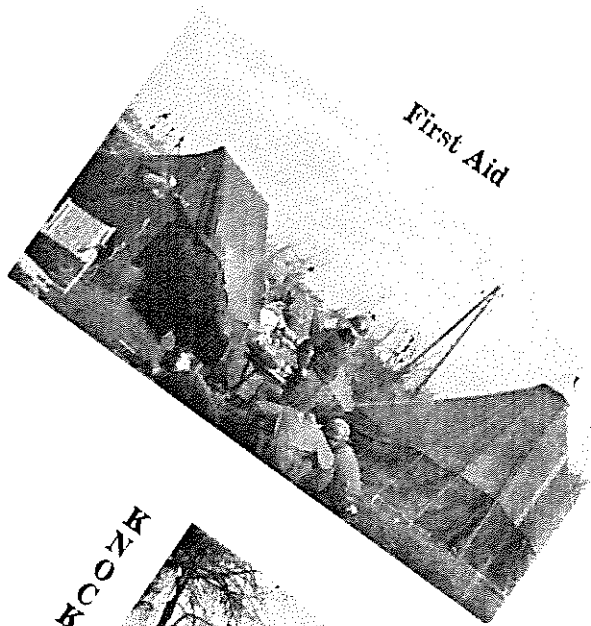


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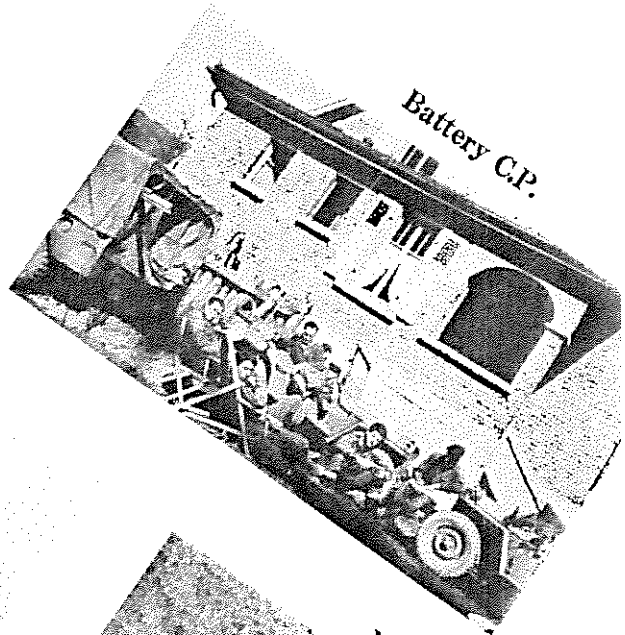


Battery "C"

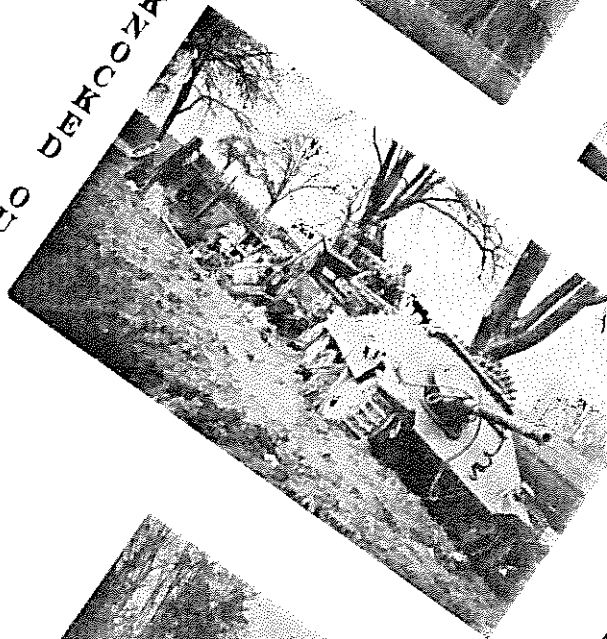




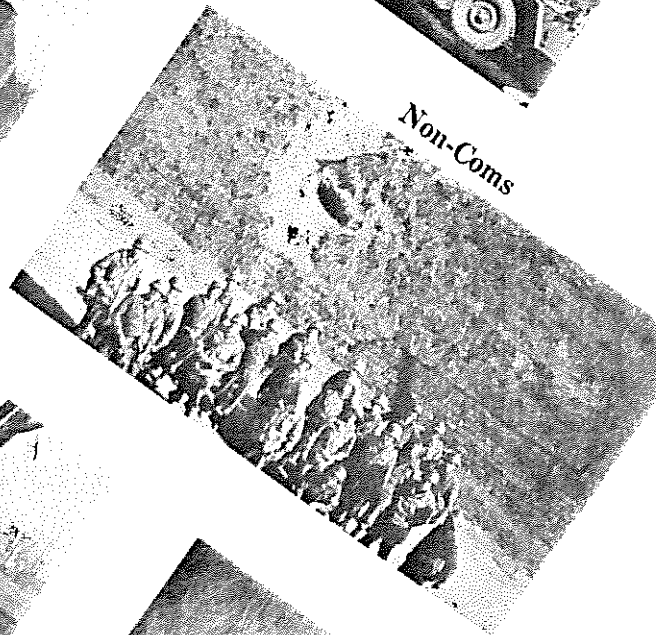
First Aid



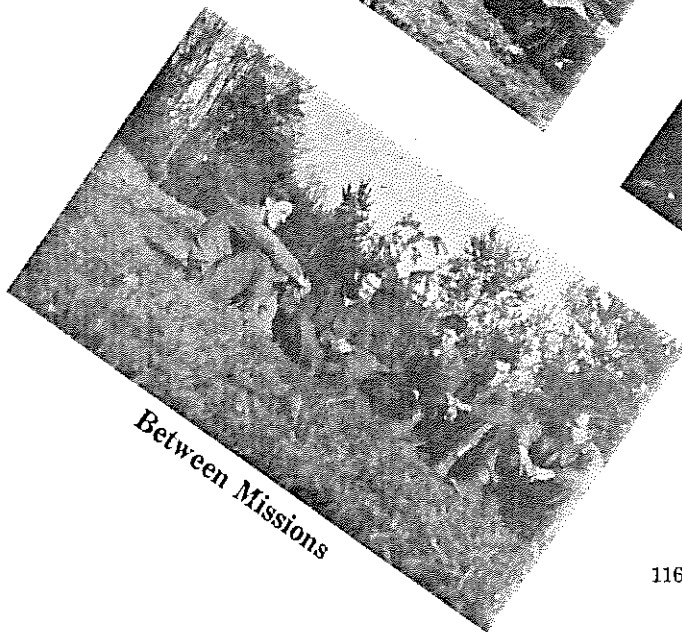
Battery C.P.



HCO DEACOKA



Non-Coms

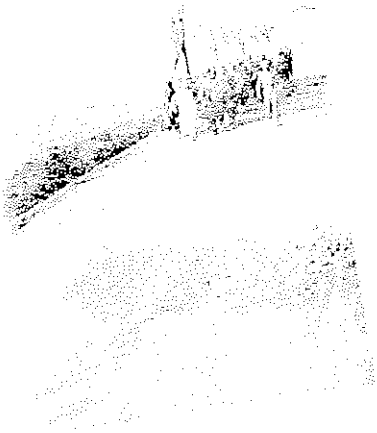


Between Missions

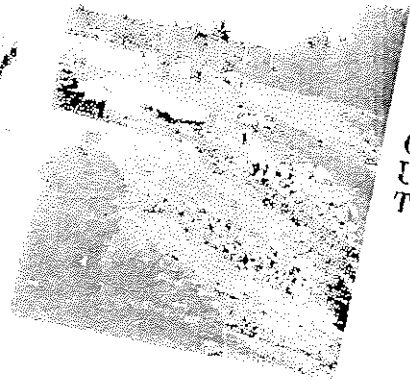


WYZA

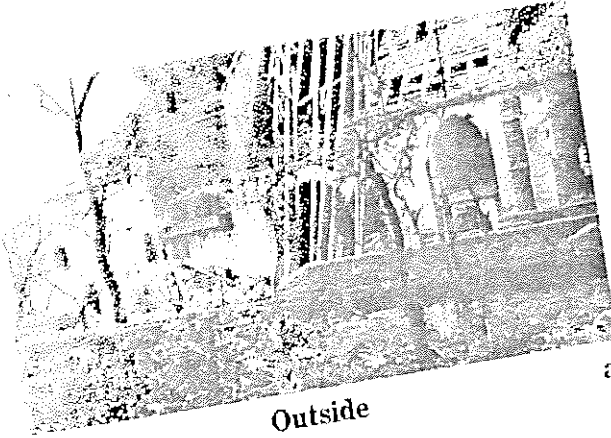
PRISONER



Fox Hole

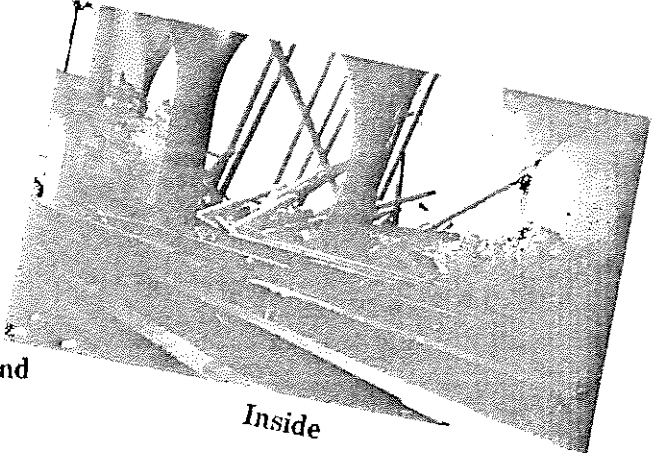


DUGOUT



Outside

and



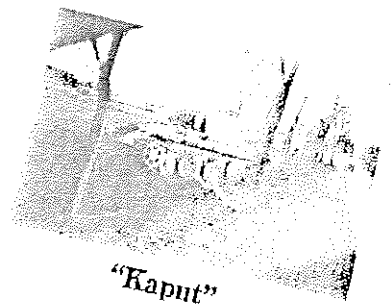
Inside



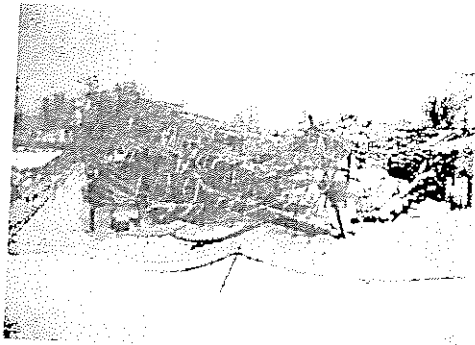
A "Dud"



A Rest



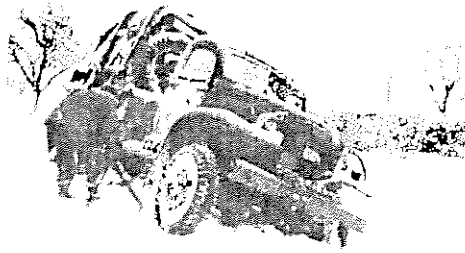
"Kaput"



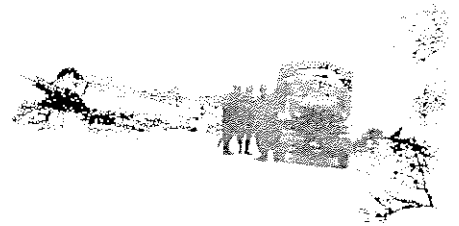
The



German



Break-Through



Found



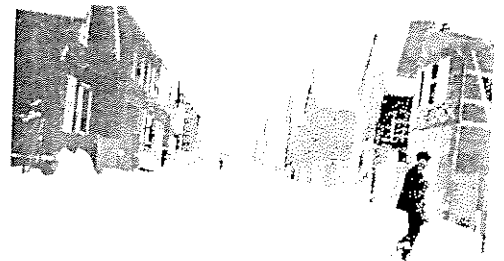
Battery



"C"



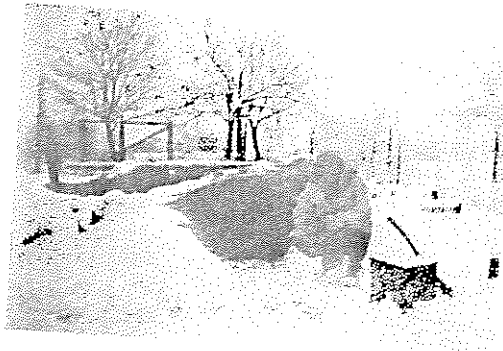
In



Alsace



A Cold Soldier



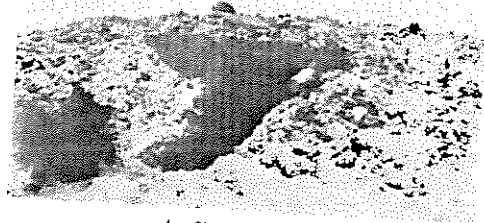
My Home



A G.I. House



Exec. Post



A Safe Place



A Road Block



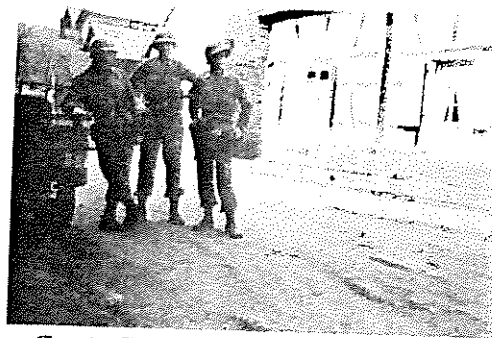
Siegfried Line



Wire Section



The War Moves On



Capt. Curtis, Lts. Conley, Lang



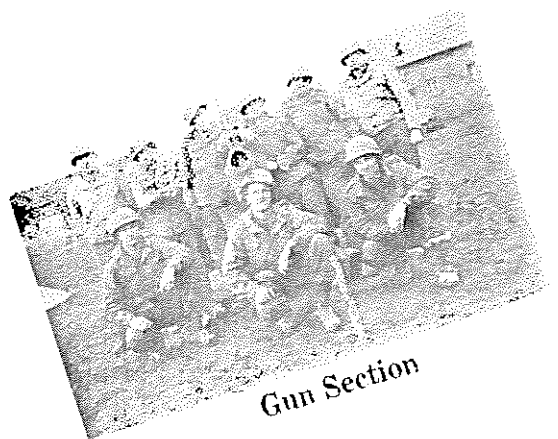
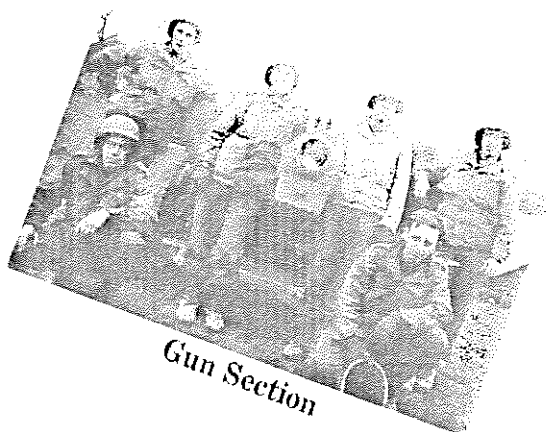
Winter Sport

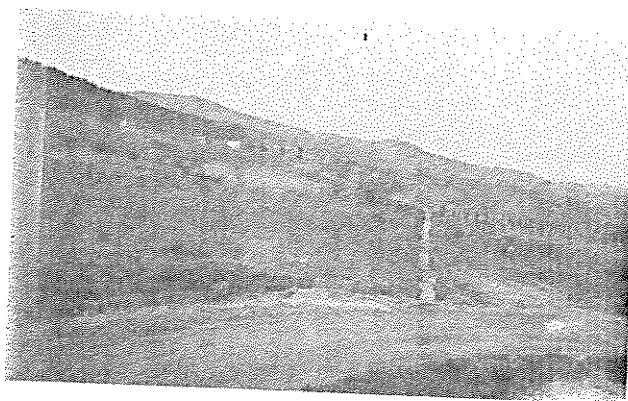


American Nurses

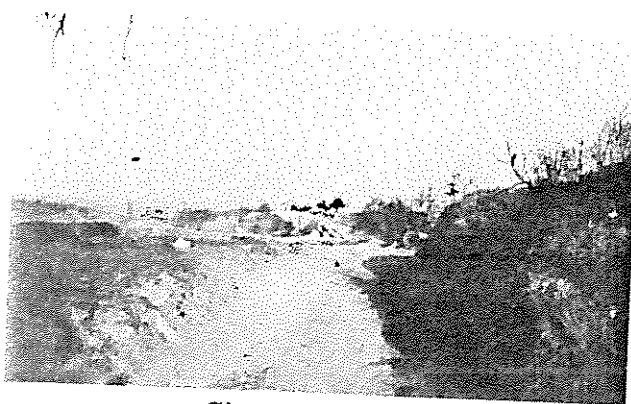


1st Sgt. Tanner

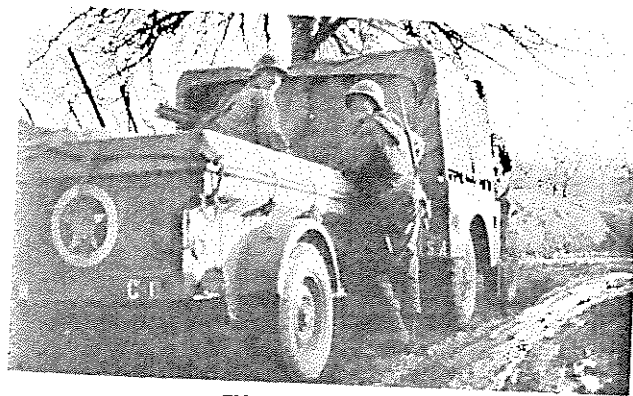




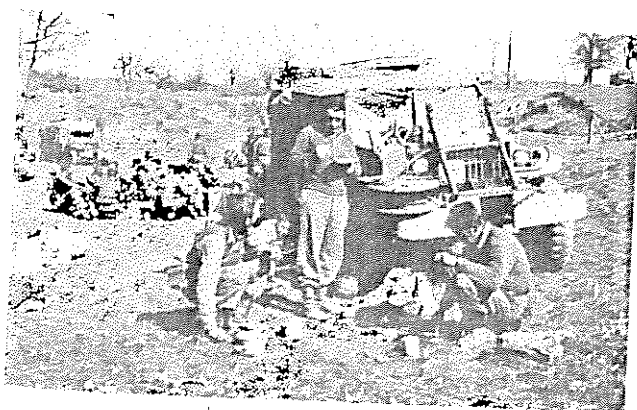
Maginot Line



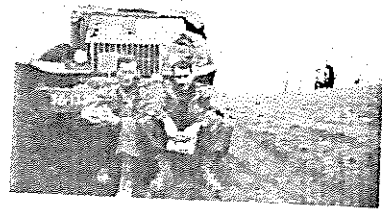
Siegfried Line



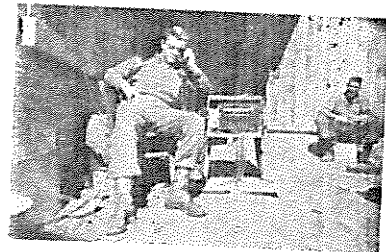
Tired Soldiers



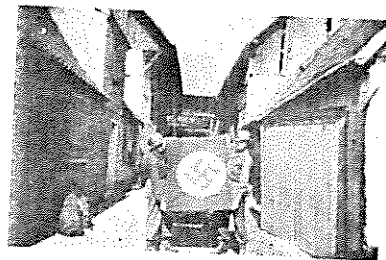
"Chow"



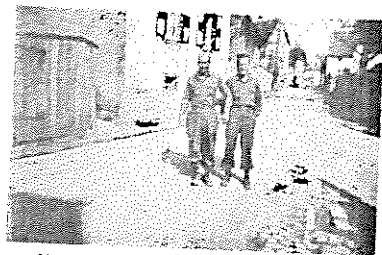
Waiting



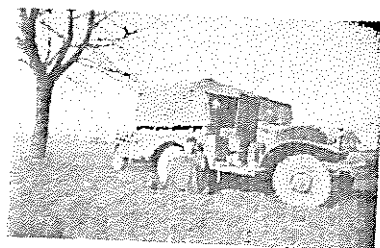
Hello



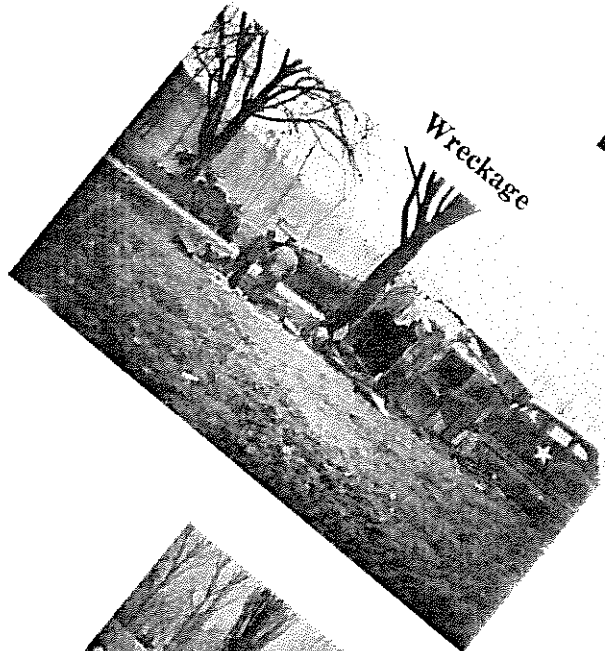
Souvenir



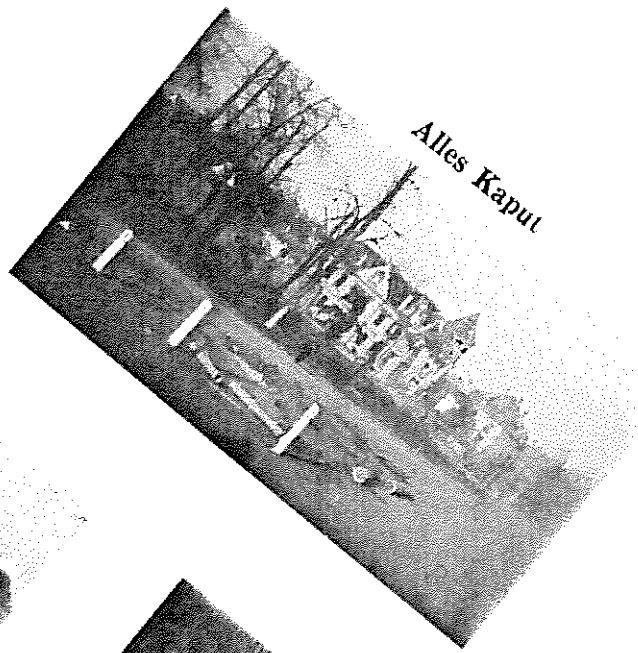
Sgts. Packard & Stack



Well



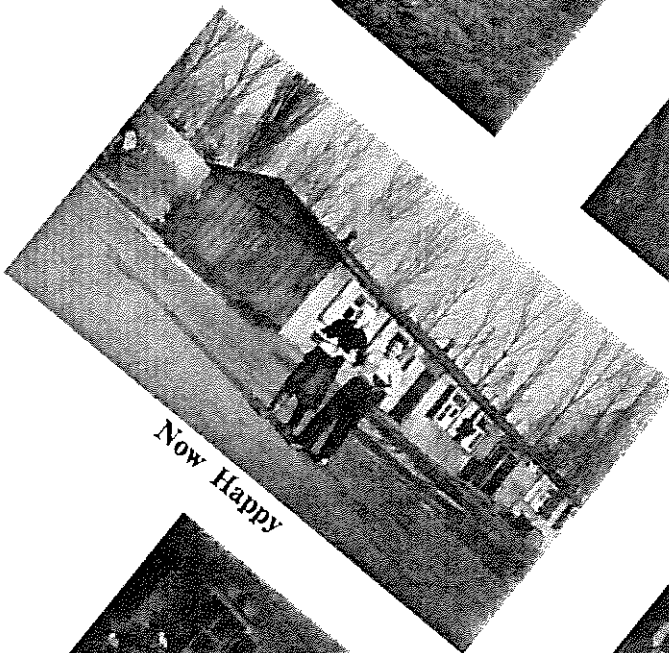
Wreckage



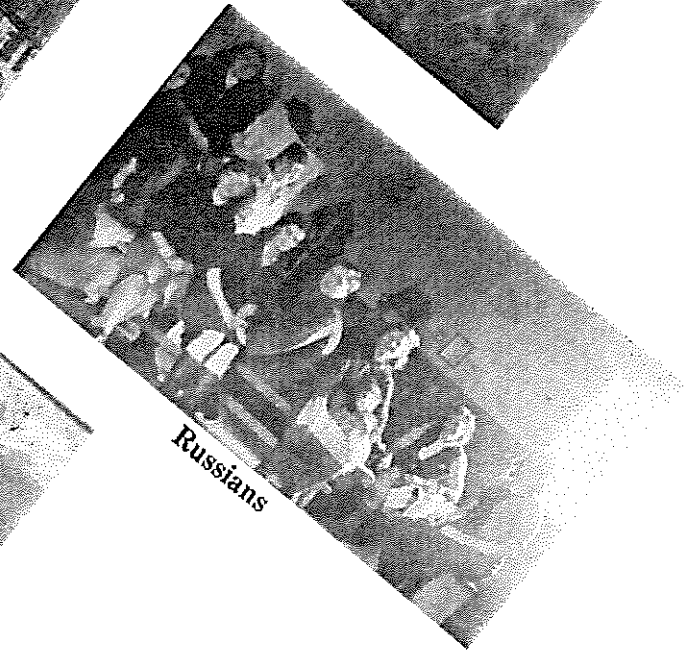
Alles Kaput



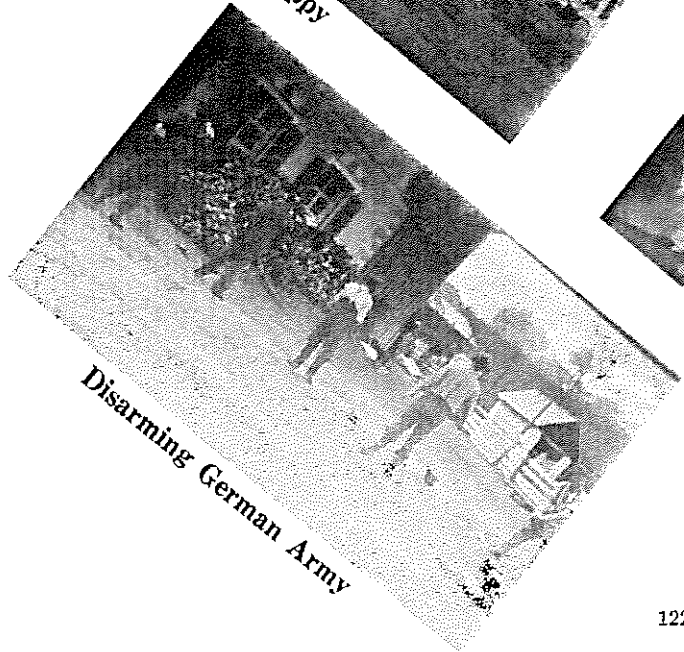
And Dead



Now Happy



Russians



Disarming German Army



Cold Beauty



Happy at Last



Caught



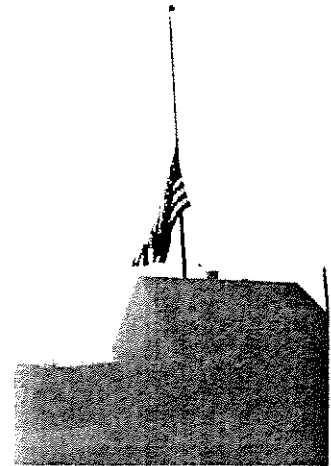
Koenigsburg Castle



Doughnut Girl



No Seconds!



"Old Glory"



A Minute's Rest



Lts. Tournoux, Lang, Walsh



Cpts. Gabbert, Curtis



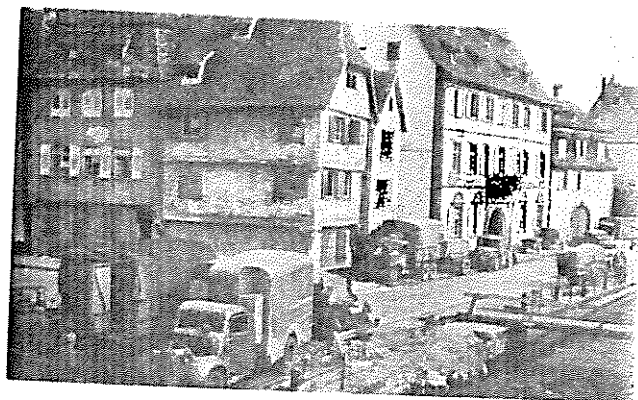
Assembly Area



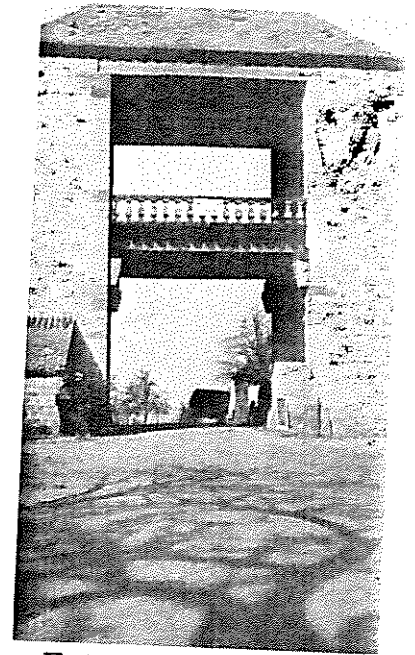
Hitler's Headache



Lt. Col. Green



Wissemburg



Entrance to Germany



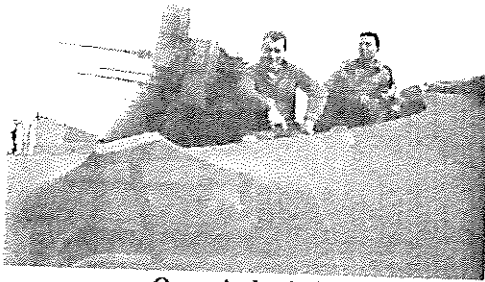
Our



Daily



Scenes



Our Ack Ack



A Splice



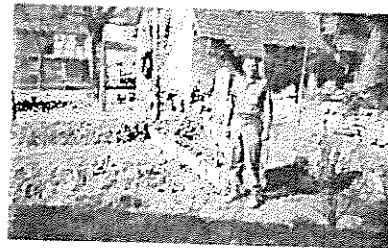
Home



Heintzelman & Ruzsicka



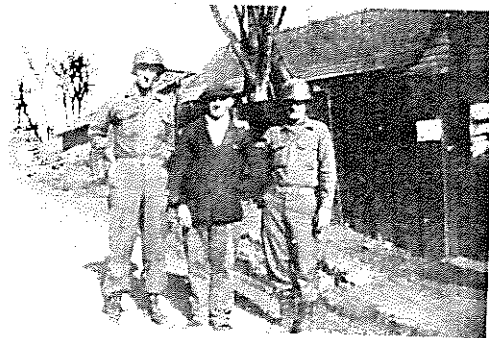
No Rest



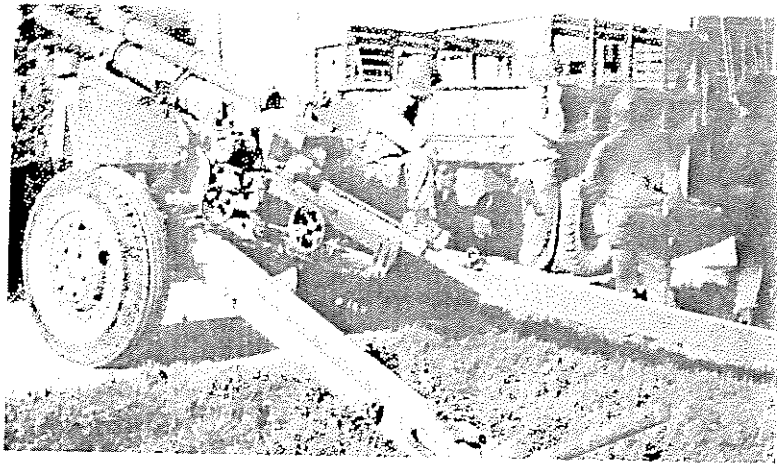
Sgt. Hugo Martin



Schnopps



We Got Him



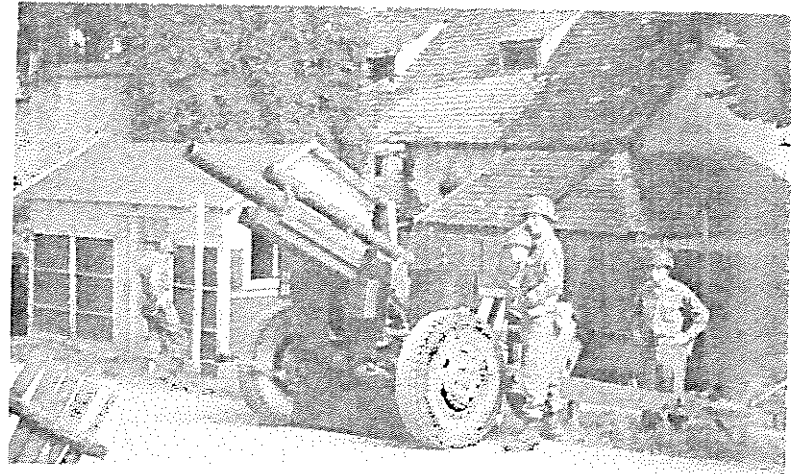
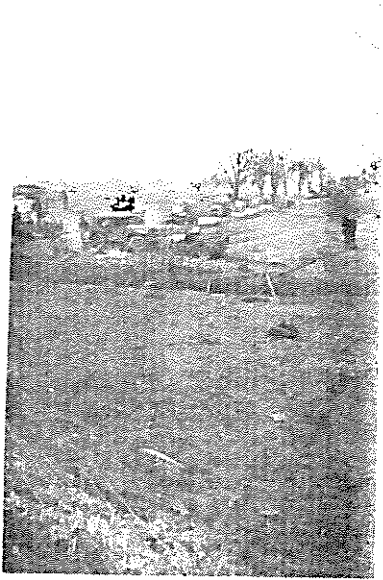
Fire Mission



A Near Miss

T
R
A
F
F
I
C

J
A
M

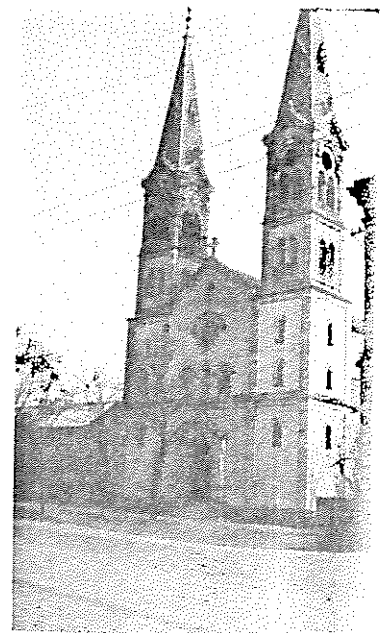


Ready



On the Way

S
T
R
A
S
S
B
U
R
G

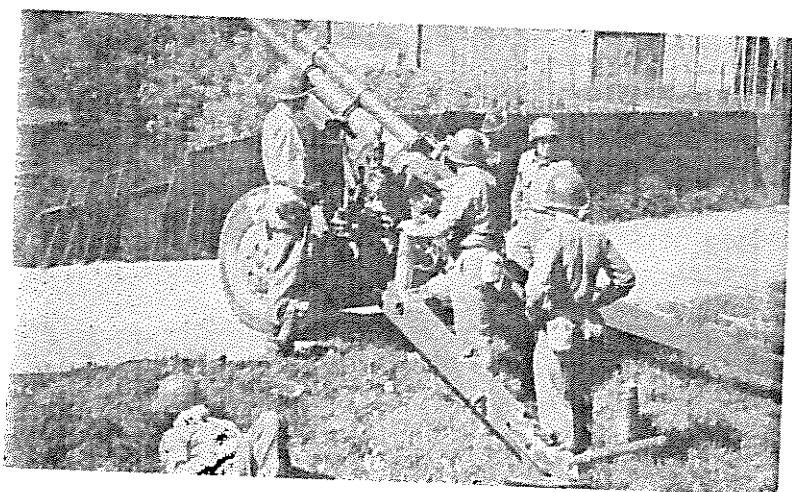




Lt. Conley, Ruzsicka,
and White



36th Division Memorial Service



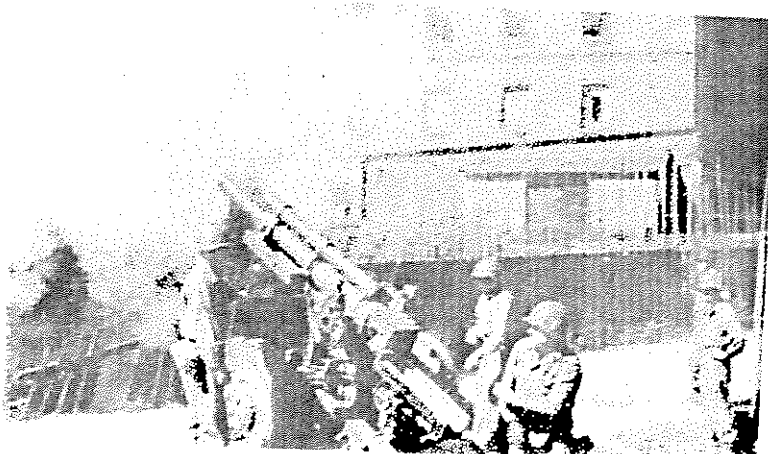
Number 1 Is Ready



Pfc. Gordon Moore



Lt. Conley, Ruzsicka,
and Prnka



Fire



THE MEN OF BATTERY "C", 132ND FIELD ARTILLERY, 36TH INFANTRY DIVISION
WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER THEIR FALLEN COMRADES:
RAISE FOREVER THE BANNERS OF REMEMBRANCE
TO SOLDIER COMRADES
WHO CARRIED THE FUTURE OF THEIR OWN COUNTRY'S
CAUSE AND ALLIES—
THE HOPES OF THOSE BORN AND UNBORN
CALLED FOR THE DEDICATION
THAT REQUIRED LIFE TO PRESERVE THE FUTURE

Pvt Salvatore Alfano
December 9 1943, Paestum, Italy

1st Lt Charles R. Hoffman
September 29 1944, Tendon, France

Sgt Wayne Denham
September 15 1944, Dambenoit, France

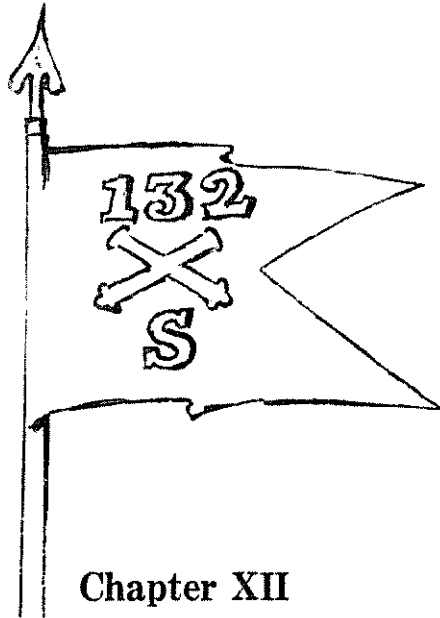
2nd Lt Bernard F. Reed
February 2 1944, Terelle, Italy

Pvt 1st Cl David H. Gordon
November 23 1943, Conca, Italy

Pvt Otho M. Shank
November 23 1943, Conca, Italy

"In my Father's house are many mansions."

Presented by World War II Members of Battery "C",
132nd Field Artillery Battalion, 36th Infantry Division



Chapter XII

Service Battery

By 1st Sgt. Raymond E. Turquette

Service Battery, 132nd Field Artillery Battalion, was reorganized at Waco, Texas in 1921 after the first World War. In 1931 this battery moved its headquarters to Dallas, Texas where it became motorized in 1933.

After the famous Louisiana maneuvers of 1940, the battery was mobilized into Federal service at Dallas, Texas, on 25 November 1940, with a strength of four officers and thirty-six enlisted men. At this time the battery functioned as a part of the 36th Division.

During the year of training that followed the battery's induction into Federal service, it participated in various training maneuvers, going first to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, on 1 November 1941, where it took part in the training that was given to members of the firing batteries to better acquaint them with the methods of active artillery. After completing this phase of training, the battery returned to Camp Bowie, Texas.

Early in 1942, when the division was reorganized from the old square to the new triangular division, Service Battery, with a strength of five officers and fifty-six enlisted men, became part of the 132nd Field Artillery Battalion. In February 1942, the battery left its home at Bowie and moved to Camp Blanding, Florida, where it engaged in extensive amphibious training. In July of the same year, gradually departing from the South, the battery left Florida for general maneuvers in North Carolina, then up to Camp Edwards, Massachusetts, for more amphibious training.

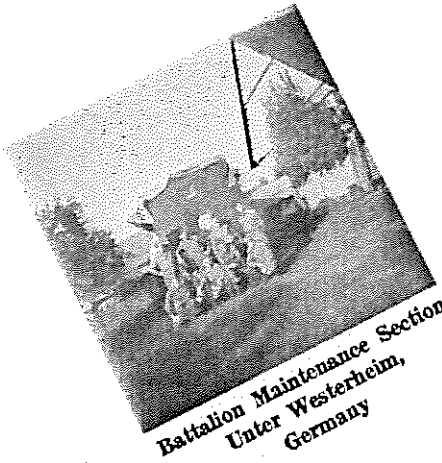
In March, 1943, after experiencing a full season of winter on Cape Cod, the battery took leave of the North to go to the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia for a short period of training in mountain warfare. A few weeks later at the A. P. Hill Military Reservation at Bowling Green, Virginia, it began its task of packing and crating for movement to a port of embarkation. This done, the battery, without equipment or trucks, was moved by train to Fort Dix, New Jersey, for final processing before going overseas.

On Staten Island, 1 April 1943, the battery embarked on the USS *Argentina*—Destination Unknown. Thirteen days later, weary from the uncertainty of the belligerent sea, the battery set foot on foreign soil at Oran, South Africa. After many months of vigorous training in Algeria and Morocco, the battery found its place in the United States Fifth Army destined to take part in the landing of the first American troops on European soil.

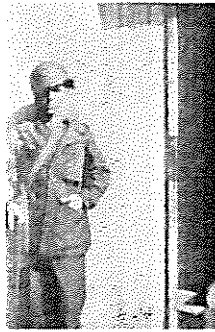
At Salerno on 9 September 1943, the battery along with many others—yet so few—received its baptism of fire and blood. From this time on, Service Battery was part of the war.

The list of towns, villages and cities that the battery toured(?) in Italy, France, Germany and Austria sounds like a travel catalog, but the itinerary was a long, hard, terrible one that was left coated with the red blood of many of our American boys. There are many names that will stand out in the memory of all concerned—Altavilla, Mt. Maggiore, Mt. Trocchio and Cassino were veritable nightmares. The rat race up through Velletri beyond Rome was not formidable, but it had its drawbacks, as did the days and nights spent on the beachhead at Anzio. Then came our second invasion, the beaches of San Raphael, Southern France, the pursuit of the German XIX Army up through the Rhone Valley and through the Vosges Mountains. The battle at Selestat will long remain in our memories, as will the fight at Hagenau. Then came the supposedly unbreakable Siegfried Line, the trek across Germany into the Bavarian Alps and into Austria. Service Battery was always in close support of the firing batteries, not glorying, and yet never faltering in its task of keeping the supplies rolling in.

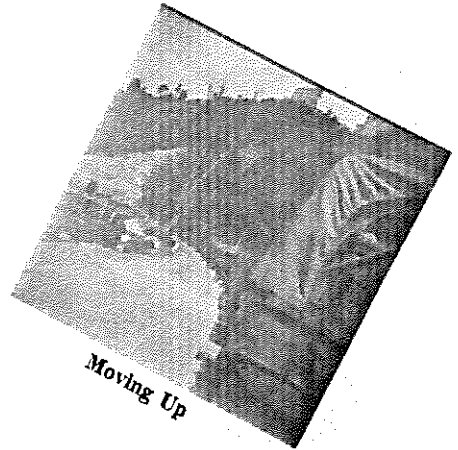
In gratitude and appreciation for its noble efforts, Service Battery, 132nd Field Artillery Battalion, was awarded the Meritorious Service Plaque by Maj. Gen. John E. Dahlquist, commanding general of the 36th (Texas) Division.



**Battalion Maintenance Section
Unter Westerheim,
Germany**



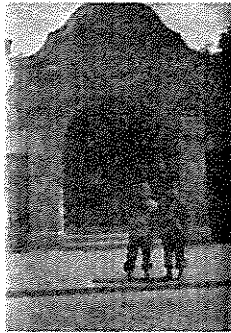
Sgt. Ray W. Smith



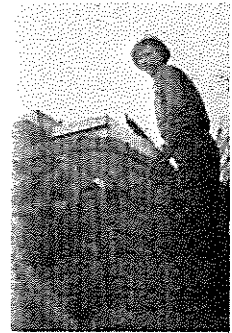
Moving Up



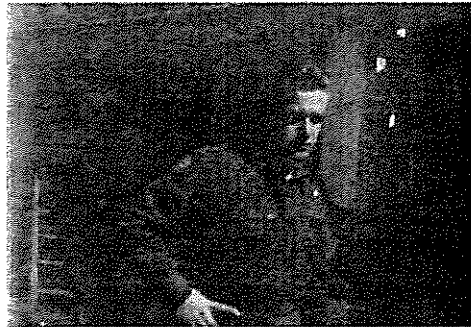
**S/Sgt. Beaton
& Cpl. Price**



**Pfcs. Haley & Puntelli
The Beer Hall at Munich**



Sgt. Clodfelter



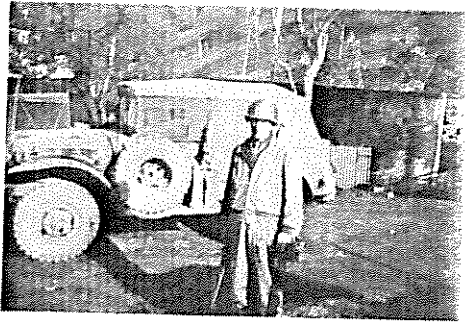
Lt. Leonard T. Pohner



**Capt. Bishop
T/Sgt. Carlson**



John B. Denardo



Capt. Herbert C. Bishop
Libereaux, France



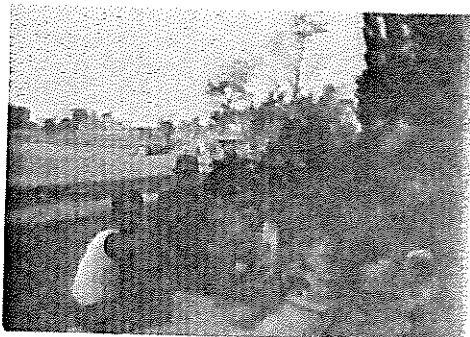
Pfc. Mario E. Sanderson
Libereaux, France



Pfc. Ira C. Johnson
Sarrebourg, France



Oberigling, Germany
Left to right: Cpl. Simon, Mr. Strickland,
Cpl. Simonetti, Pvt. Kadlubowski, Pvt. Gaffney



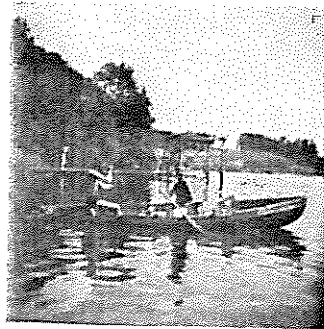
Pfcs. Destefano, Kadlubowski, & Bertinetti
A quick hand of gin rummy.



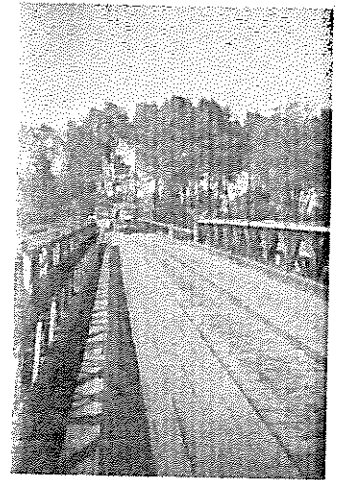
Lobsann, France



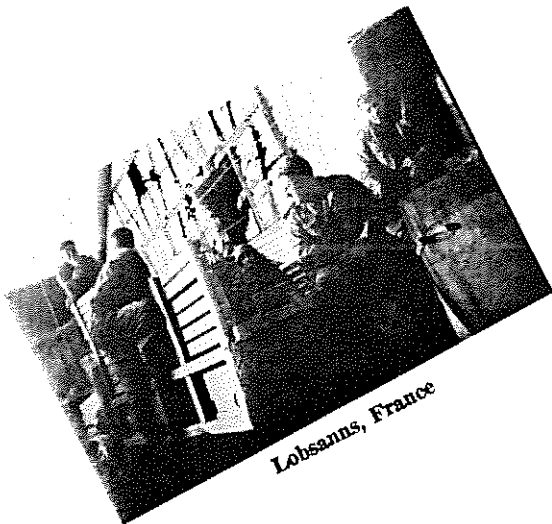
Brumath, France



**Price and Nanney
Buxhelm, Germany**



Across the Rhine



Lobsanns, France



Lobsanns, France



Sgt. Kostelnik



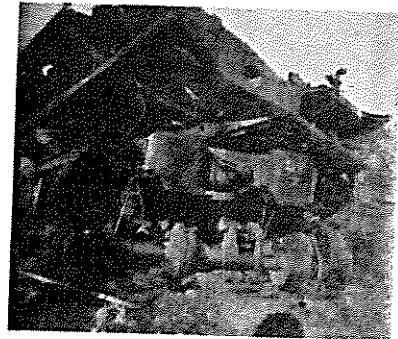
**Corcleux, France
Arch & Webb**



**Music on the Mellow Side
Quingy, France**



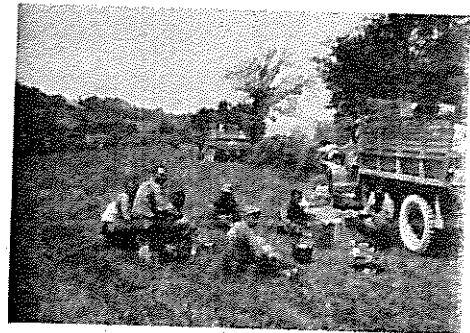
Lt. Cochran
Overlooking the Beaches of Salerno



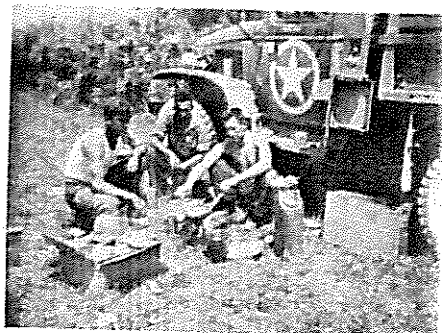
**The wreck of Number 7 after running
over a mine at Cisternia, Italy**



Tec. 4 McGinnis, Pfc. Frascino,
Cpl. Parks — Aversa, Italy



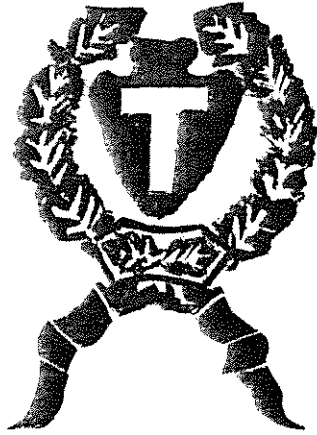
Third Ammo. Section
Taking time out for chow.



Pfcs. Malek, Stoltz & Sprinkle
Chow time in Italy



Second Ammo. Section
Taking time out for chow.



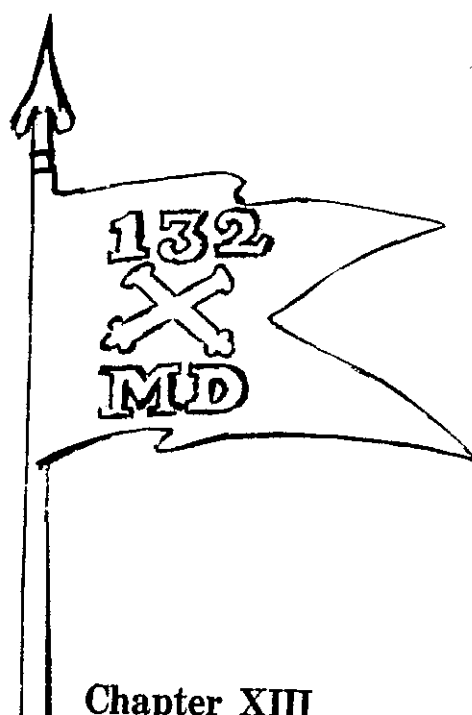
THE MEN OF SERVICE BATTERY, 132ND FIELD ARTILLERY, 36TH INFANTRY DIVISION
REMEMBER THE FALLEN IN BATTLE.

O you who inherit daily the joy
Of freedom to speak, work and to play,
Remember the valiant who made it so,
Remember their names and deeds always.

December 1 1943, Mignano, Italy
Pvt 1st Cl Edgar H. Mueller

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels,"

Presented by World War II Members of Service Battery,
132nd Field Artillery Battalion, 36th Infantry Division.



Chapter XIII

Medical Detachment

By S/Sgt. John A. Grigsby

On 11 October 1922, the Medical Detachment was formed at Cleburne, Texas, and became part of the 132nd Field Artillery Regiment of the 36th Infantry Division. Drill was held one night per week, usually Wednesdays, at the armory in Cleburne, where Battery "B", 132nd Field Artillery Battalion also conducted its drills. When the unit was organized, it was horse-drawn, and remained as such until July of 1933, when it was motorized.

The Medical Detachment (thirty-seven enlisted men and three officers) was mustered into Federal service with the 132nd Field Artillery Regiment on 25 November 1940, at Cleburne, Texas.

Arriving at Camp Bowie, Texas, 10 December 1940, the Medicos set up an Aid Station. Here, for over a year the Aidmen underwent vigorous training and maneuvers with the division. Shortly after 7 December 1941, the 36th Division was triangularized and the personnel of the Medical Detachment was sharply reduced to that of Battalion Aid Station strength—twelve enlisted men and one officer. The 16 February 1942 saw the unit leaving with the division for Camp Blanding, Florida, to receive further training.

Another "dusty" summer—with maneuvers in North Carolina!

At Hoffman, North Carolina, the "Rebels" boarded a train that was to carry them to the heart of "Yankeeland," Camp Edwards, Massachusetts. Here, intensified amphibious training was received.

After many rumors, and rumor of rumors, the Medical Detachment left in February 1943 as part of the 142nd Infantry Regimental Combat Team to participate in combined winter and mountain maneuvers in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, near Amherst. A. P. Hill Military Reservation was the next stop. Here is where the Aidmen learned that it would not be long before they too would become part of the "Big Picture" of World War II. After spending a brief time packing, the men entrained for Fort Dix, New Jersey, Overseas Staging Area.

The Medical Detachment arrived at Oran, Algeria, North Africa, 13 April 1943, and engaged in six months training, guarding and moving, prior to entering into combat in "Sunny Italy."

Through the rain, mud, slush and misery of Italy plodded the Medicos, carrying out their duties with high morale.

The next move by sea was aboard an LST, going to the world-famous Anzio Beachhead. After the rat race through Rome, the unit found itself at the historic beaches it had stormed ten months previously. Here, the Medicos boarded ship again, not to go home as had been hoped, but to take another beachhead—that of Southern France. The winter passed rather slowly for the detachment, but spring found it smashing through the Siegfried Line on to Germany, through Germany, then Austria.

On "VE" Day the Battalion Aid Station was in Austria. After four and one-half years of service, the men were now ready to call it quits and go home.

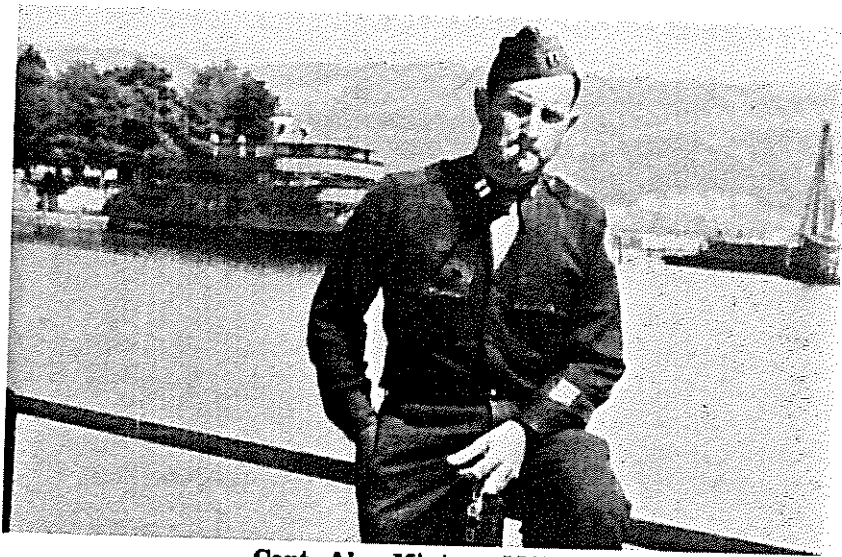
The Medics



Run through shell fire, Wissenbourg, Germany



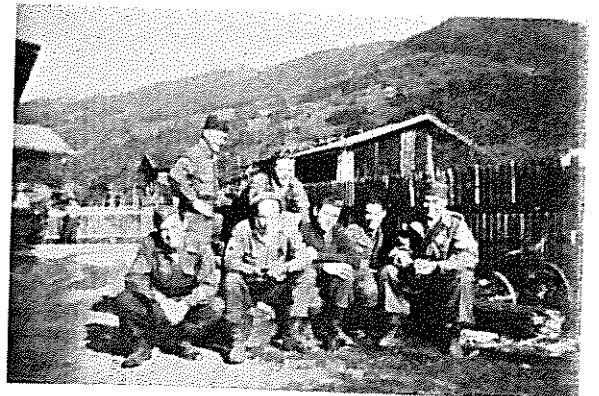
French Visit



Capt. Alex Mintzer, M.D.



Sgt. Chilton and Capt. Mintzer



Men of the Aid Station



Chapter XIV

Air Section

By 1st Lt. Robert C. Adams

The 132nd Field Artillery Battalion Air Section was organized at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts, in the latter part of December 1942, when the weather was "plenty cold." At the time the section was organized, there was only one pilot, S/Sgt. Raymond E. Bibb from Nashville, Tennessee. The mechanic assigned was S/Sgt. Sherrill A. Smith, Jr., who hailed from way-down-South, Columbus, Mississippi. A couple of characters were Raymond E. and his mechanic, "Bo" Smith. Just ask anybody in the 142nd Infantry Regimental Combat Team. Once in Africa when the division moved from Magenta to Port Lyautey, the 142nd with the 132nd Field Artillery Battalion was left behind for several weeks to catch escaping Kraut prisoners. Raymond E. and "Bo" were left behind with "Spare Parts," Bibb's atrocity which we called an airplane that had been assembled out of spare parts from several cracked-up Cubs and issued to us by the Fifth Army Air Section. The experiences of Bibb and "Bo" during hectic weeks here would make a book in itself—like the time Lt. Col. Green had them pull their plane up a hill with a truck; or the time Bibb hitch-hiked to Port Lyautey on bombers, trains and trucks, and had to beat up an Arab before he got there. The ground crew helper in the section and also the driver at Edwards was a quiet boy by the name of "Doc" Wharton. "Doc" was from Chicago. If he ever spoke over two words in an hour, Bibb immediately sent him to the doctor. He was the silent, but efficient, type.

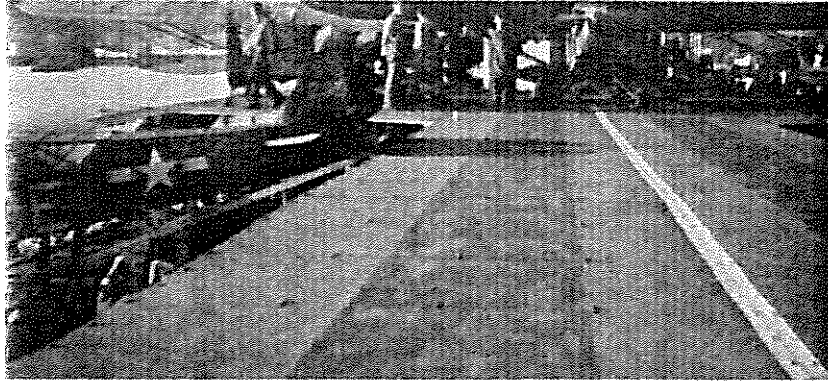
The section, thus organized, shipped out with the division from New York 1 April 1943, and arrived at Oran, North Africa, 13 April 1943. After five months in Africa, the section hit Italy at Paestum and began flying combat missions. During the stay in Africa, an officer pilot was obtained for the section. He was trained by Gen. Mark Clark's Fifth Army School for Cub pilots in Ireland and Africa. He was Dick Weil, from New York City, and was the section leader of the Air Section until he went back to the States in January 1944, to get his pilot's rating from the Air Corps. When Lt. Weil went home, he was replaced by Lt. Max B. Benjamin from Wichita, Kansas. Ben and Bibb then proceeded to run up a record of flying for their battalion that cannot be surpassed. Time after time their ships have gone out over enemy territory and come back with holes in them that were not put there by Bill Piper. Countless

Germans have died, and hundreds of vehicles and guns, ammunition and supply dumps, enemy command posts, bridges and trains have been destroyed by the artillery fire directed by them and their observers. Several people have worked with them as observers. Col. (Pete) Green from Abilene, Texas, for one. The Colonel was practically a legend in the 36th Division and was well-loved by all, especially the 142nd Infantry Regimental Combat Team, for his efficiency in the use of his artillery. The only trouble with the Colonel was that he wanted to go too far toward Berlin in the Cub and stay up too late. Nearly every time he came out to the field late in the afternoon, the ground crew had to light up the field with flashlights so the pilot could land. He dearly loved to fire his battalion from his Cub plane and was extremely welcome at the field. Tec-4 Joseph M. Brooks from Fort Worth, Texas, was an observer for the section for several months in France. First Lt. Norman S. Freedman from Exeter, New Hampshire, and 1st Lt. Norvin F. Raque from Louisville, Kentucky, observed—also Maj. Ellegood and Lt. Findlay. Maj. Ellegood was the executive officer of the 132nd Field Artillery Battalion and came from Dallas, Texas.

Pfc. Homer S. Towery and Pvt. Troy W. Marshall were later recruits to the section out of the battalion. Towery was a driver; and Marshall, a cook. A sad day it was when one of the members of the section, who was a driver, was killed in a flying accident in Italy. He was Pvt. Lloyd E. Webb from Haskell, Texas. Sgt. Crosby, a liaison pilot from the 155th Field Artillery Battalion, was flying the plane. Sgt. Crosby made a steep downwind climbing turn from the take-off and spun in. The ship and occupants burned. Incidentally, these were the only serious casualties suffered in the entire Division Air Section.

A later addition to the Air Section was Lt. Adams from Austin, Texas. He joined the Air Section in France while it was around Schwindratzheim. Lt. Adams replaced Lt. Bibb, who had long since been commissioned, and who was now "Chief" of the section. Lt. Adams was very soon everybody's friend and did some good work during the closing months of the war with Germany.

Lt. Bibb and Lt. Benjamin were among the first to go home in May under the point system. Ditto for Sgt. Brooks, and Pvts. Towery and Marshall. The members of the section at the time of this writing, 27 May 1945, were Lt. Adams, Teec-3 Harold R. Hughes and Pfc. Paul Thomas.



**The Air Section prepares for Southern France
August 1944**



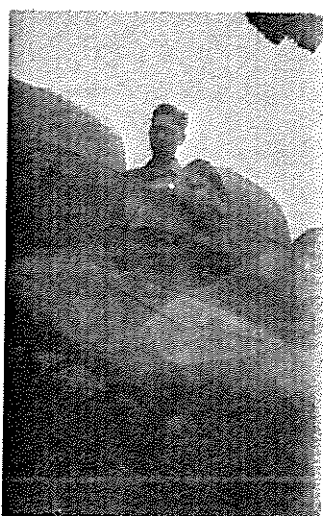
**1st Lt. Raymond E. Bibb (in plane)
1st Lt. Robert C. Adams (standing)**



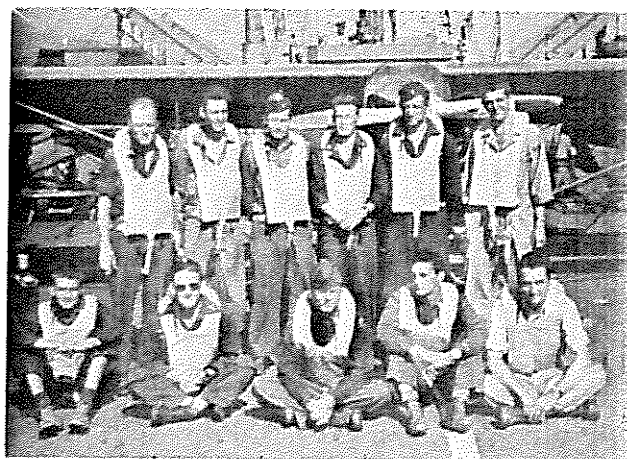
1st Lt. Robert C. Adams



S/Sgt. Sherrill A. "Bo" Smith Jr.



Pfc. William E. (Doc) Wharton



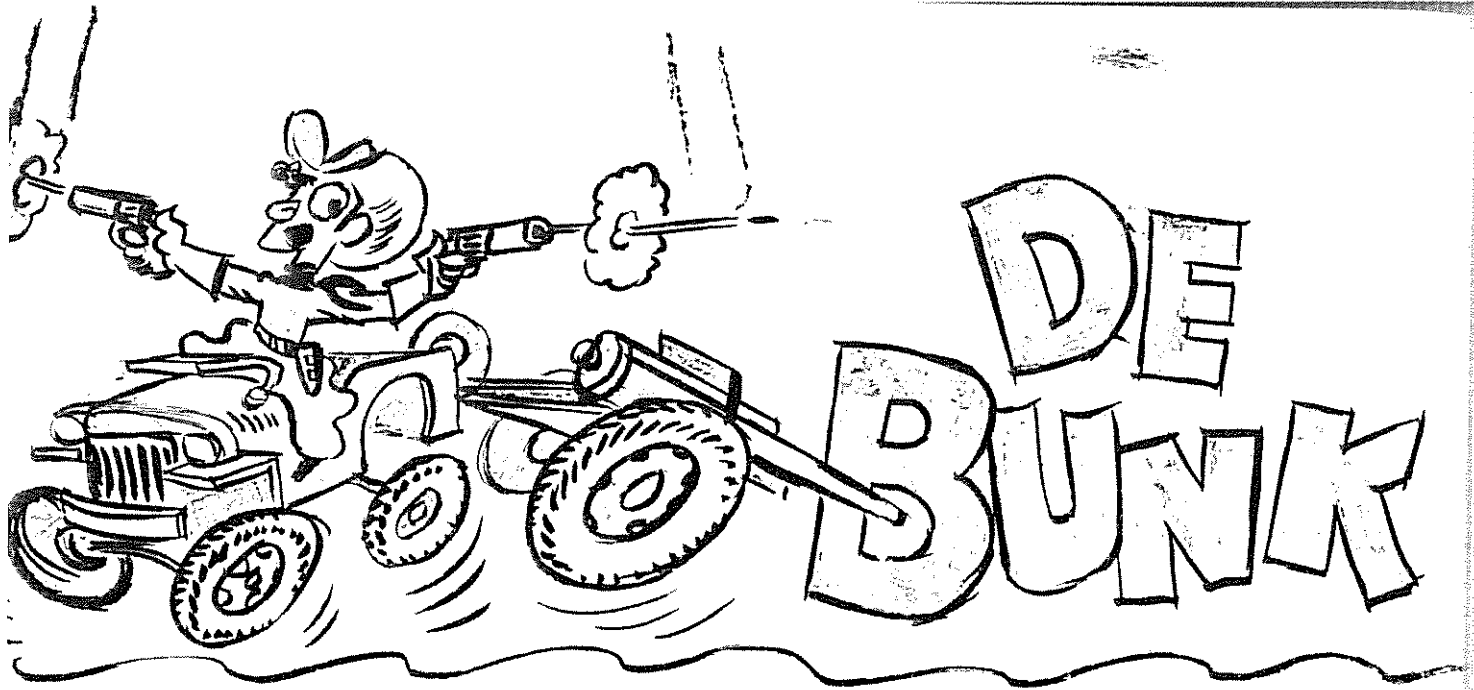
**38th Division Artillery Air O.P.
Aboard LST at Naples, Italy**



Pfc. Paul Thomas



**"Sure messed up this pill box"
Pfc. Homer S. Towery**



Chapter XV

History of "DeBunk"

On a sultry day in June 1942, William R. Morris, Battalion Motor Parts supply corporal, decided that there was a need for a "scandal sheet" in the motor pool. Accordingly, each week there appeared a one-page typewritten sheet, entitled *DeBunk*. Then came the Carolina maneuvers; and Morris was assigned as the Public Relations Correspondent for the battalion. The paper was forgotten. The first of October, the ex-editor started a newspaper for Service Battery. A stylus and stencils were acquired, but no paper was available. Searching around, a number of discarded motor vehicle reports were found. By using the blank side, Morris turned out the first mimeographed copy of *DeBunk* on 7 October 1942. The main story was written about Melton H. Smith, Brownwood, Texas, who had just been appointed warrant officer from technical sergeant. Copies appeared irregularly on the backs of obsolete vehicle and ration reports until 1 January 1943, when *DeBunk*, under the sponsorship of Maj. Clifford M. Snow (now Lt. Col.), Amarillo, Texas, became the official organ of the Battalion Motor Maintenance Section and was devoted mostly to news of drivers and mechanics. A masthead, consisting of a cowboy riding in a jeep, firing two six-shooters, with a 105mm howitzer towed behind, was drawn by Pvt. Jack Burnett, Division Special Service, artists for the division paper and former cartoonist for a Dallas, Texas newspaper. In this issue, M/Sgt. Clifton D. Duggan, Dallas, Texas, Battalion Motor Maintenance sergeant, began writing his column, "Sgt. Dug Says." The column was filled with advice, tips, and answered questions concerning first and second echelon motor maintenance. Duggan later became an associate editor of the paper. The slogan under the name was "The Motorized Cowboy."

DeBunk began immediately campaigning for a three-days' trip, expenses paid, to New York City, to the driver in the battalion who obtained the best record of preventive maintenance for the month of February. Due to the fact that the unit moved to Virginia from Camp Edwards, the contest was never completed.

DeBunk's next appearance was on the Atlantic; then came North Africa. Here a more professional touch was lent to the paper by use of Camp Newspaper Service (*The Wolf, Male Call, etc.*). This is a service established by the army for army editors. In their monthly magazine, *G.I. Galley*, published for editors, they carried a story about the paper's using the backs of reports. More battalion news, including sports, was included in the North Africa editions. *T-Patch*, division mimeo paper, once more appeared on the scene, and it carried items collected from *DeBunk*.

Again the paper was published at sea, this time on the Mediterranean. Stories of both soldiers and sailors were carried. A special combat edition was published while the battalion was fighting before Cassino. Shortly after that, Pfc. Herbert Moede, artist, and Pvt. Allan Dreiband, staff writer, were added to the staff of the paper. *DeBunk* now dropped its motor maintenance status, and became the official newspaper of the 132nd (Fight with the Rammer Staff) Field Artillery. The slogan, "The Motorized Cowboy," was eliminated, and "Fight With the Rammer Staff" was substituted in its place. This was derived from the reply that the battalion commander, Lt. Col. John N. (Pete) Green, gave during the hectic days at the Salerno Beachhead when asked what to do.

By the time *DeBunk* appeared in France, it had increased from one page to four pages. It came out about once a month. In France, *DeBunk* was the backer of a corps meeting of editors and public relations correspondents held at the office of the *Beachhead News*. When the battalion fought its way into Germany, *DeBunk* made its debut there also. News of the month, poetry, jokes, cartoons, news of the men who had left the battalion, editorials, etc., were the main features of the paper.

"DeBunk" in Other Papers

Mediterranean Edition - Stars and Stripes

WHAD'YA READ

Unit Papers Fill Void For 'Readingest' Soldier

By S-Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
(Stars and Stripes Staff Writer)

Mostly Informal

Most of the smaller papers go in for snappy livewire stuff, with the emphasis on the informal and the unsuited. Like that unit paper which calls itself "DeBunk." Editors B. Morris and C. Dugan run a special "definitions" column in every issue. These definitions are definitely not out of the dictionary, and frequently could not be repeated at Sunday school picnics.

T-Patch

Sometimes Pays To Be Fat!

Having a big fanny, saved Pvt. S. W. "Dub" Osborne, a forward observer with 132nd, from certain capture. Osborne was in a town when the Huns counterattacked, and he along with two doggies was forced to withdraw. Racing from house to house in effort to evade capture, Osborne tried to crawl in a window, but had some difficulty due to his enlarged "derriere". When he finally managed to squeeze through, he saw his two buddies being trailed into a house by several Krauts. Osborne slipped in a barn for a couple of days and hid until the town was retaken. 132nd DEBUNK.

T-Patch

De Bunk Oldest Unit Newspaper

One of the light artillery battalions has been publishing a mimeograph news sheet for over a year — "Fight With the Hammer-staff," De Bunk. Masthead displays a wildwest cowboy in a jeep pulling a 105 Howitzer, dubbed "Motorized Cowboy."

When paper was scarce, especially in Africa, Editor Sgt. Bill Morris and artist Herbert Morde published their "De Bunk" on backs of motor maintenance blanks.

The latest issue carried a story of 17 Silver Star awards for the Division.

Dallas (Texas) Morning News

We were asking in the section seen with warmth talking to Major C. M. Snow, Amarillo, Capt. W. S. Curtis, Corsicana, and Capt. R. L. Ellgood, 2016 Milton, Dallas, when Sgt. W. R. Morris, 715 West Permuro, Dallas, came up with stellar proofs of the battalion newspaper DeBunk. It was the second edition since the battalion fought at Salerno.

We have to get the paper out in our spare time. The Dallas sergeant apologized. That was enough evidence to convince me that the publisher has been a busy outfit. Sgt. the masthead with the slogan, "Fight With the Hammer-staff!"

Beachhead News

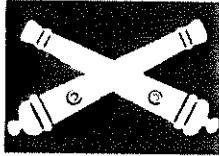
"DeBunk," a Field Artillery newspaper, avers that the original radio bug was Paul Revere who broadcast on one plug . . . that same publication also sets out that the girls claim straw hats are now out of vogue as most of them are getting felt . . . and here's a thought: "It's better to flunk your short-arm than never to have loved at all."

Beachhead News

Sgt. Bill Morris, who edits the 132nd FA's "DeBunk," sagely observes that "No one knows what the short skirt will be up to next." Morris, in the same issue, editorially rips back home journals for continually printing tributes about how much rehabilitation returning Joe's will have to undergo. Says Bill: "We have been physically separated from our loved ones for a long time, but our hearts have never left home for a single minute."

THE 132nd IN THE NEWS

**132nd - 133rd
365th Day**



The 132nd Field Artillery Battalion recently celebrated their 365th day of combat by firing their 240,000 combat round. February 15th marked the completion of six consecutive months of combat, beginning when the 132nd was one of the original artillery units to land during the invasion of southern France.

At Salerno, men of 132nd earned their battle cry, « Fight With The Rammerstaff. » When the Germans threatened to push the beachhead back into the sea, the men of 132nd stood at their guns, firing into the masses of enemy tanks, willing to defend their gun positions with their rammer if necessary.

Since then they have fought their way into Naples and Rome, seen action in the bloody battles around Cassino, San Pietro, and Velletri. They have fought in the strategic battles of the Montelimar, where the German 19th Army was destroyed, and the Vosges Mountains.

In the swift drive north through southern France, the 132nd traveled in close support of the infantry, often pursuing the Germans so closely that the doughboys mounted the trucks and howitzers, and rode to battle with the guns.

The men of 132nd have been awarded eight Silver Stars, twenty-six Bronze Stars, one Legion of Merit, six Air Medals, seventeen Division Citations, and fifty Purple Hearts.

**Fusilage Dented;
Adams Spared**

On his first flight over enemy-held territory in a "cub" plane, Lt. Robert E. Adams, Austin, Texas, 36th Division liaison pilot, watched a German rifle bullet pierce the fusilage of his plane.

For the first journey Lt. Raymond E. Bibb, Nashville, Tennessee, a veteran, took Lt. Adams along as an observer to show him "where" and "where not" to go. At one of the "where-not" to go places a rifle bullet pierced the fusilage of the cub, a few feet to the rear of the new observer.

**Another Calf -
Another Bottle
Of Schnapps**

Radio operator Pfc. Mike Wasik, 132nd, was asleep in a French home when the farmer's daughter alerted him-requesting that he help act as mid-wife at the bedside of their cow who was about to bear a calf at that moment.

Rushing to the barn, Wasik arrived in time to help in the operation, and like other comrades who have completed such missions — he too, was awarded a bottle of Schnapps for his assistance.

**Rodeo Rowdy
Bucking Again**

Craving action, Corporals James M. Snyder and James H. Hilyer, 36th Division artillerymen, serving as liaison personnel with the infantry, ventured forth into "no-man's land" recently and killed two Germans.

The two corporals crashed into a house to surprise a German lieutenant and his orderly. As the Jerries leaped out of the window, the artillerymen fired and dropped the Germans with a few rounds.

Cpl. Snyder is well-known in rodeo circles as "Smokey" Snyder, champion rodeo rider for 1932, 1933 and 1936. Although he won his crown at Salinas, California, Snyder has ridden in exhibitions all over the United States.

The artillery corporal has also become a formidable contender for the \$500 prize offered by the New Mexico Chamber of Commerce for the first New Mexican to land on European soil. Cpl. Snyder invaded Salerno at 0315, September 9, 1943.

**132nd First
To Fire From
German Soil**

By Staff Writer

Close on the heels of the doughs of the 142nd Infantry was the 132nd (Fight With The Rammerstaff) Field Artillery Battalion... the first field artillery battalion of the division to cross the German frontier.

To Battery A's Number 1 Gun section went the honors of firing the first shell from a position on German soil. Enemy guns were the first target, and the mission was fired at 1740.

Battery A's Number 1 gun section comprises the following artillerymen:

S/Sgt. Quincy Hazelwood, Paris, Texas; Cpl. James Cothran, also of Paris, Texas; Cpl. Clarence Witt, Azle, Texas; Cpl. Gunther Pfler, Faison, S.D.; Pfc. James Godbey, Ware, Ky.; Pfc. Manuel Castro, NYC; Pfc. Bob Massago, Utica, N.Y.; Pfc. Alfred Scartozzi, Highland Park, Mich.; Pfc. Clarence Shifflett, Elkton, Va.; Pfc. Victor Verkamp, Ferdinand, Ind.; and Pvt. Francisco Marin of El Paso, Texas.

THEY FIGHT

*That All May Enjoy The Freedom
Which Is Their Heritage*

From the Fifth Army in Italy comes news of Sgt. Billy Skidmore, serving with the 36th "Texas" Division, who is a member of an artillery battalion which recently moved into position on the front. Sergeant Skidmore and his command post group set up their instruments in an old deserted house, and as it was nearly midnight, the men unpacked their bedrolls and went to sleep.

As the men had never seen the position in the light of day, they all slept in a small room on the ground floor, very much aware of the fact that they were close to the German lines.

Shortly after they fell asleep,

they were awakened by a continued hammering on the upper floor, so they grabbed their rifles and crept up the stairway to capture the German they felt sure was hiding there.

Dashing into the huge room, they turned on a flashlight, to find that in the center of the room sitting before a pile of nuts was one of their own sergeants from Wilmington, Del. After the laughter subsided they asked the sergeant what he was doing up there.

"I was hungry and so I got up to see what I could find," he answered, "I found the nuts and the hammer and was having a good time until you guys barged in."

132nd's Battle Cry :

" Fight With The Rammerstaff... "

By Bill Morris

« Fight With The Rammerstaff »... and thus in the heat of combat, another famous battle cry was born. Lt. Col. JOHN N. GREEN, commanding the 132nd F. A. Bn., gave this terse reply when asked what to do on that famous « Black Monday » when the going was nip and tuck to keep the Salerno Beachhead. As General Miles A. Cowles, then division artillery commander, said: « You boys have the « hot spot » here. » The artillerymen came through with flying colors as they were to do, time and time again in the long and dreary months to come.

The battalion took part in the fight for Mt. Maggiore (Millon Dollar Hill), Mt. Lungo, Mt. Eammauro, Mt. Trocchio, and then the big battle for Cassino. During the time that was spent in combat, from November 16, 1943 until March 12, 1944 (118 days) the enemy was fired upon every day, and over 94,000 rounds of ammunition was expended. It was particularly during this period, that the men of the outfit experienced those things which constitute « war and battle, » as related by Major Richard L. Ellegood, S-3: « rain and mud, cold and discomfort, of digging and sleepless nights and tiring days, of being lonely, of being afraid and of being hungry, of repairing roads and building bridges, and of an endless number of things. One of the events that stands out in the minds of the « bunion butts, » when they were firing upon Cassino, is the five volley salute that was fired in honor of the 108th Anniversary of Texas Independence, March 2, 1944, which, incidently, was also the 108th day of continuous combat for the battalion. From Cassino, the next step was Minturno, where the artilleryman gave a good account of themselves. Prisoners of War complained about the new « automatic artillery » that was being used by the Americans. »

Then came Anzio, and the breakthrough where the unit heaped more glory upon itself, by its close support of the infantry, and in addition to carrying its own personnel and equipment, it also carried the infantry, that it supported, with only organic transportation. The battalion has received more than one citation from higher headquarters for meritorious and exemplary display of teamwork, leadership, and performance of duty under fire.

The commendations that mean the most to the men and officers of the 132nd, are those that come from the doughboys. More than one rifleman has come by the howitzers, caressed them and murmured, « Ah, what sweet music

you make. » The close cooperation that exists between the infantry and artillery has been commented upon more than once and has made for the brilliant success of the combat team. Mortar platoons gaze in bewilderment as Col. « Pete » Green arrives at their positions and calmly announces that his battalion is moving in. This habit of his is the target of many jokes within the battalion.

When the boys landed on the beaches of France, Aug. 15, 1944 several trucks had signs on them reading, « Pete Green's Mortar Squad » Incidently, the howitzers were placed in DUKWS in such a manner that they could have been fired while the DUKW was enroute to shore, or after it had landed on the beach, without unloading. France was found to be a continuation of the push through Rome; traveling a 100 mile; a day was not unusual. This feat was accomplished with the infantry and their equipment loaded on the vehicles. In a fast-moving situation, supply lines are long and too much praise cannot be given to the drivers who herded their trucks night and day, so that ammunition, food, and everything necessary to keep an artillery outfit going, was on hand when needed. These are the same men who, night and day, rain, cold, and mud, oftentimes through shell-fire, driving blackout most of the time, going without sleep for days at a time, make sure that the battalion is supplied with the implements necessary to wage a successful and decisive campaign against the enemy and weather. Few names have been mentioned in this article. Space will not permit. It would be necessary to name each and every man in the battalion, for truly all of them are « outstanding men among outstanding men ».



132d Maintenance Shop Commended

The maintenance shop of the 132nd Field Artillery Battalion was recently commended by the Commanding General, Major General John E. Dahlquist.

In the commendation, which was endorsed by Brigadier General Walter W. Hess, Jr., Division Artillery Commander, and Lt. Col. John N. Green, Battalion Commander, General Dahlquist stated, "A recent inspection of your battalion maintenance shop by Division Ordnance inspectors revealed that all 6,000-mile maintenance operations had been performed up to date and that vehicle duty rosters were being maintained in an excellent manner.

This report is most gratifying, and I commend you and the battalion shop personnel for the excellent manner in which second echelon maintenance is being performed in your unit."

The following personnel compose the maintenance shop: 1st Lt. Leonard T. Pohner, motor officer; M/Sgt. Richard J. Mahler, motor sergeant; Sgt. Eugene D. Coffman, welder; Sgt. Harry R. Haase, mechanic; Sgt. Frank E. Mikulski, mechanic; Cpl. John Smith, Jr., mechanic; Pfc. Justin J. Fuss, mechanic; and Pvt. Stanly Kadlubowski, mechanic.

Homefolks Curious, Confirms Sergeant

"When will the war be over?" was the question most frequently asked of Sgt. Curtis C. Rogers, Henderson, Texas, 132nd Field Artilleryman, during his 30-day furlough in the United States.

"Were you afraid?" "What time do you eat and sleep?" "Do you live in barracks?" proved to be the other queries most commonly asked.

On the way home Sgt. Rogers traveled from Southern France to Naples to Oran to the United States. This route retraced the voyage that had brought him to France. The journey to the States took nine days.

Back in New York, the sergeant was immediately sent to Camp Shanks, New York. Traveling on a Pullman, with other Texas-bound boys, Rogers headed for Fort Sam Houston, where he was completely outfitted and paid.

"When I reached my home town, I felt lost," he explained. "The town hadn't changed very much. Food and entertainment were plentiful and the people were wonderful. But all my buddies had gone to war."

Reporting back for duty, Sgt. Rogers was sent to Fort Dupont, Delaware. There another eight-day furlough enabled him to go home four more days.

Returning by way of England, Sgt. Rogers stepped into the orderly room of his battery exactly five months after he had left it.

T-Patch

"Whiskey High but Plentiful," Says Sgt. Back From Furlough

By **BILL MORRIS**

"It's really wonderful," said S/Sgt. Odell McKissack, 132nd, upon his return from a 30-day furlough at his home in Bonham, Texas.

Docking at New York harbor, McKissack was sent to Camp Shanks, where he waited until all Texas-bound GIs were gathered together to be placed aboard troop trains, with Pullman and diner. Arriving at Fort Sam Houston, he was issued all new clothing, chevrons, overseas stripes and ribbons.

Getting his pay plus traveling expenses to his home, McKissack left San Antonio, having spent only four hours in the process.

"Life went on about the same as when we left two years ago," said "Mac." "Whiskey is high, but seemed plentiful. There is still a lot of bootleg stuff around which is also quite high. Food appeared to be in abundance."

At the end of his 30 days, Mac returned to Fort Sam Houston to find he had an eight-day extension.

Now, after four months absence, motor sergeant McKissack is back with the men of 132nd.

When asked which he thought the best—Furlough or Rotation, McKissack expressed the belief that a furlough was the best, as the furlough-men received better treatment than "rotation-men."

Beachhead News

Civilians Saved By Yanks in Fire

"Fire!"

That cry brought the 132nd FA's Pvt Stanley F. Kadlubowski, Dunmore, Pa., tumbling from bed and across the street where a French house burned fiercely.

He grabbed a burning can of gasoline in the building and, in carrying it out, caught his clothes afire. Buddies helped him beat out the flames.

Pfc John Cisarik, Perth Amboy, N. J., smashed a window leading to the second floor when he heard cries for help. Pfc Justin J. Fuss, Madison, Wis., and Pvt John J. Frascino, Jersey City, helped a man and woman down a ladder to safety.

Beachhead News

Ammo Fire on Truck Quelled by 36th GIs

When fragments from an enemy shell set a round of 105mm ammunition afire aboard their truck, Sgt. Randall H. Nanney, Dallas, Texas, and Pfc Gilbert L. Perkins, Brazil, Indiana, grabbed a fire extinguisher and a pail of water and put out the fire before it had a chance to spread to the rest of the ammunition on the vehicle.

Ammunition sergeant Nanney and truck driver, Perkins, members of the ammo train of Service Battery, 132nd Field Artillery Battalion, were enroute to Able Battery when the enemy shell exploded near their truck.

Fragments pierced the tires on their trailer and the hood of the cab, narrowly missing the two men. Leaping out of the cab, both men climbed to the rear of the truck where the ammunition was burning.

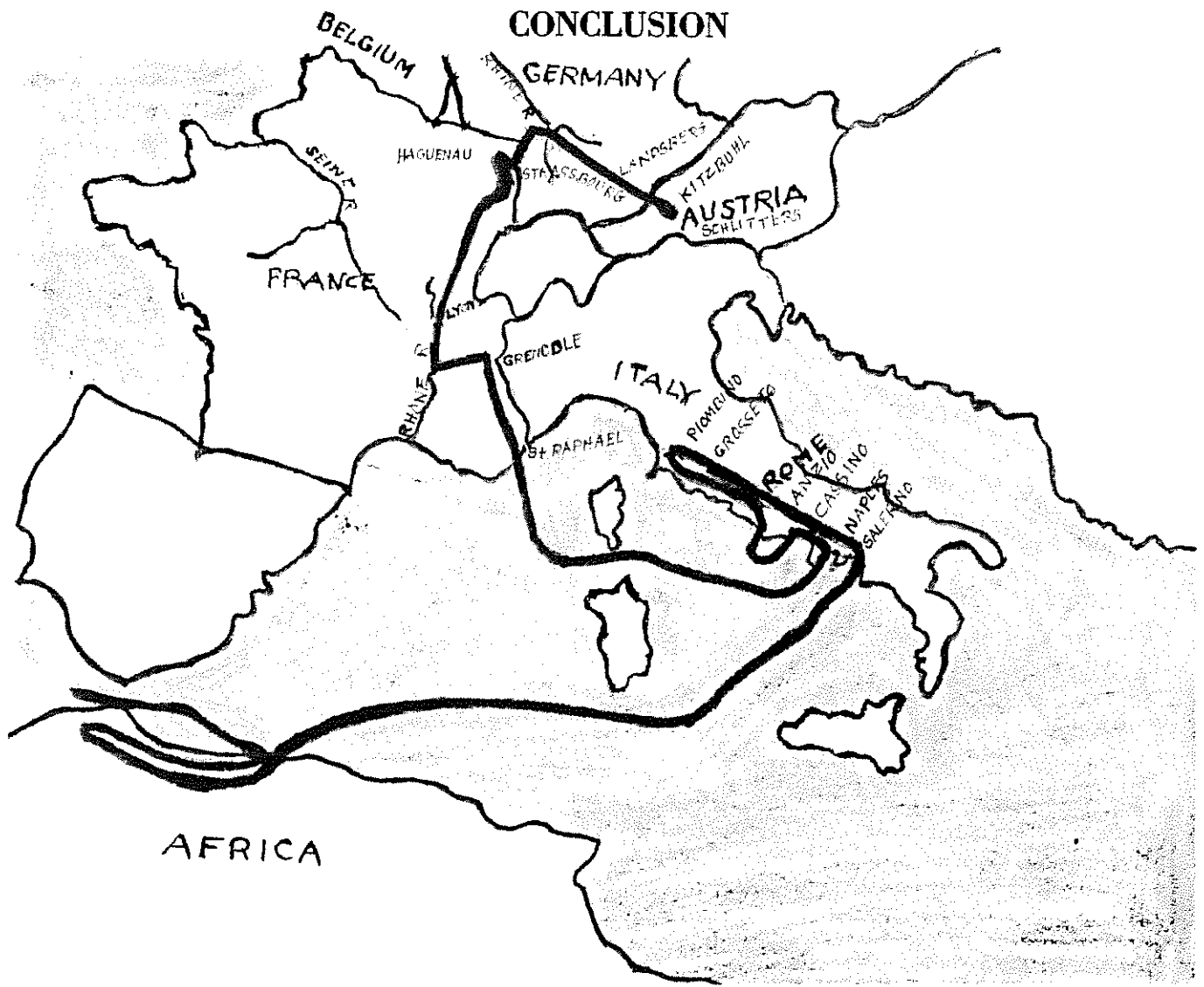
Nanney grabbed the burning shell, and handed it to Perkins, who carried it away. In spite of severe burns on their hands, the sergeant and his assistant extinguished the blaze on a number of ammunition crates. The men resumed their mission.

T-Patch

Nightly Jam-Session For Artillerymen

While shells whine overhead, the sound of singing, accompanied by the strains of soft music drift out into the night. The singing is mostly done by French civilians, while the music is provided by Opl. John Gorenflo, Marion, Ohio, who strums a mandolin, S/Sgt. Joe Fitzgerald of Paris, Texas bears down on the violin, while Sgt. Blake Cummons, also of Paris fingers the guitar.

The artillerymen, all of 132nd, hold their jam-session nearly every night to provide entertainment for their buddies, and countless civilians. The trio are most always given refreshments in form of schnapps, cognac, and cake, as a token of appreciation from the French populace.



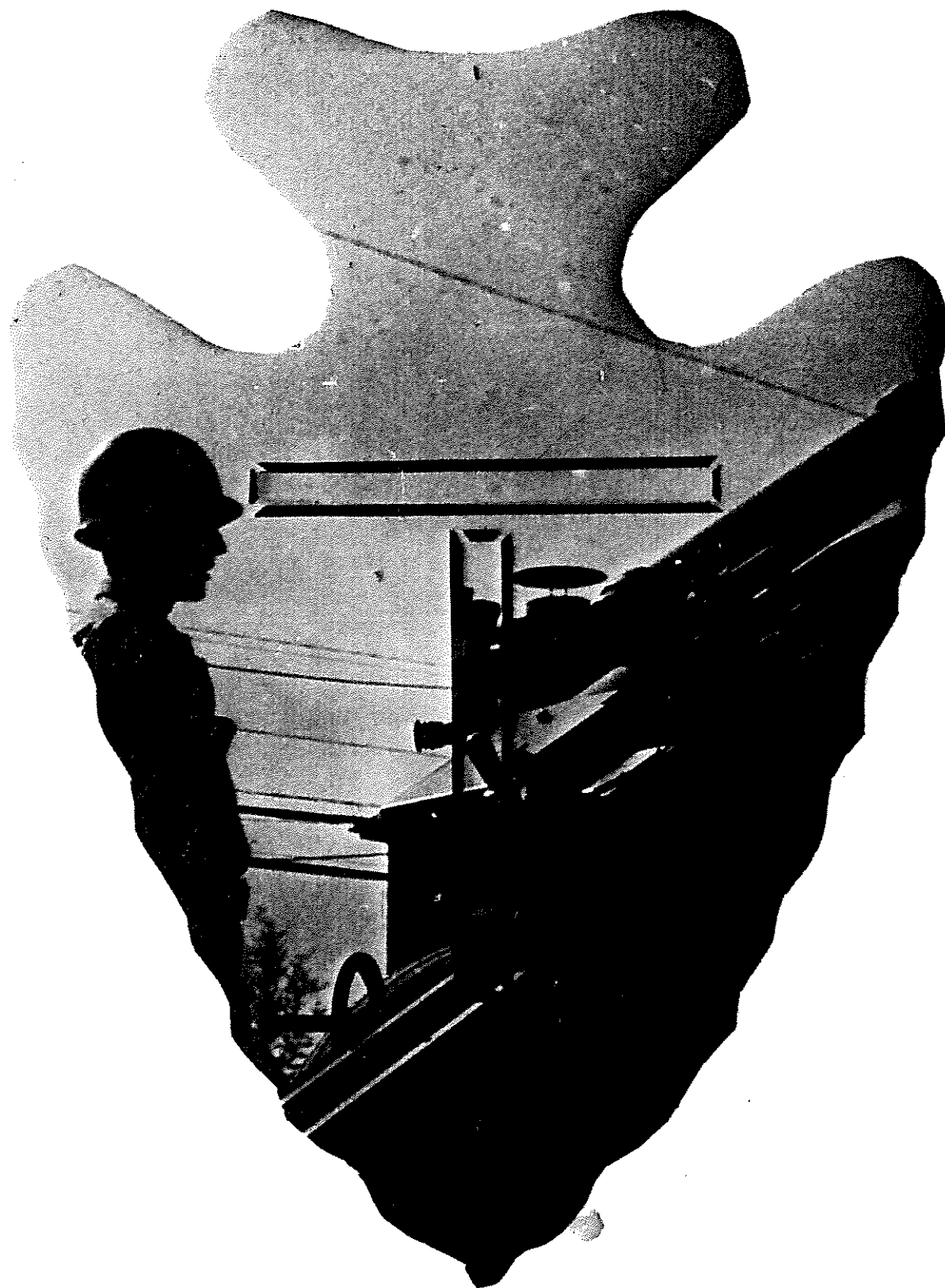
ROUTE OF THE 1-3-2

"Nothing which the future holds for anyone of us should be too difficult."

- ANZIO
- ARDENNES ALSACE
- CENTRAL EUROPE
- NAPLES FOGGIA
- RHINELAND
- ROME ARNO
- SOUTHERN FRANCE



**132nd Field Artillery Battalion
36th INFANTRY DIVISION**



142nd Regimental Combat Team