

TOO YOUNG TO DIE

MY LIFE IN THE ARMY
(WORLD WAR II)

PART I

BY
CLIFFORD C. JAPS

INTRODUCTION

This book was written and assembled in 1991, forty five years after my discharge from the service. I had realized that my family had never really heard of my experiences during these trying years and through this means could compile the entire story in an accurate and meaningful manner.

Whereas I clearly recall all the incidents and events related in this book, the sequence of events, specific dates etc. have been verified by reference to the many letters which I wrote home and were saved by my parents, the military history books which were made available to us after the war and other documents which I had collected and saved.

Photos reproduced herein included the few which I had the opportunity to personally take and those reproduced from our 11th Armoured History book.

Scott,
From your grandfather -
Cliff Jago -

The Early War Years

I remember Dec. 7, 1941 well. It was a dark winter Sunday afternoon and we were just finishing dinner when we heard the radio announcement of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. Little did I realize then the adventures to which I would be exposed in a few short years.

War was officially declared within a day or two and it was amazing how everyone rallied behind the war effort that was to follow. The older fellows either enlisted or were soon drafted - it seemed no one tried to avoid the service, in fact it was quite the opposite as several in my high school class enlisted prior to graduation. I was determined to finish high school and get as much education as possible as soon as possible.

The next 1 1/2 years I viewed the war as a civilian on the homefront. Life suddenly became somewhat changed in that many things were rationed and were generally in short supply. I particularly remember the rationing of sugar, meats, tires and gasoline. I personally relate to the meat and gas rationing through the following events.

On Saturdays during my Junior and Senior years, I had a job delivering groceries for my Uncle Nels Swenson in St Louis Park, Mn. When we delivered the meat we had to be sure to pick up the meat stamps required of the customer. Imagine my great concern, when upon returning to the delivery truck one day, I found a big dog in the rear chomping away on a package of steaks! He took off with the steaks with me in hot pursuit - unfortunately he ran faster than I. But fortunately, my uncle was very understanding and said he had some extra stamps which would cover the loss. I could write a full chapter on my experiences on the delivery route - it was an interesting job.



Gas rationing to the rate of about 3 gals./wk really put a crimp on everyone's style. Not many high school students had cars in those days and those that did had many friends. I managed to talk my Dad out of an occasional gas stamp which I'd give to a friend with a car so I could tag along or go on an occasional date. My good friends Don Hage and Bob Larson both were recipients of my stamps. Don drove a small truck which we'd use to play tennis in Glen Lake and Bob had an old jalopy with a rumble seat in the rear. We never knew whether or not we'd make it in Bob's car since he burned stove gas part of the time and that was really low performance! Also mechanically, it had much to be desired. I particularly recall the night we dropped my date off at her home in the country south of Hopkins, and the battery fell through the floorboards and was dragging on the ground. Being the good friend that I was, I laid on the floor and held up the battery while Bob navigated his way home.

Victory gardens were the rage as it seemed everyone had a garden someplace. Gardening was routine for our family however, since we owned the vacant lot next to our home at 209 11 Ave. No. and my father had had a large garden for as long as I can recall. Gardening meant canning and my mother canned many types of vegetables. My dad loved flowers and a good sized portion was always devoted to glads and dahlias, his favorites. What we didn't raise ourselves we got from my Uncle Henry Japs and his truck farm, located in Peaceful Valley south of the old Minneapolis Moline plant in Hopkins. As a youngster (10 -13 years old) I worked several summers on this farm. I weeded vegetables, picked beans and tomatoes, bunched radishes, washed celery, cut cabbage etc. For twelve hours/day, six days per week I was paid \$1/day plus all I could eat. I was a big eater, even then, and had three large meals a day so I figured I made out pretty well.

As my high school graduation approached my immediate future was very much in doubt. I applied for a scholarship at Harvard University and luckily received one in my chosen field at that time - Physics. Unfortunately, Uncle Sam had other plans for me and sent me my draft notice a couple months before graduation.

My good friends Don Hage and Bob Teply and I at this point started to explore the possibility of getting an education as part of our military duty. As it turned out Bob and I chose A.S.T.P. (Army Specialized Training Program) while Don decided on the Navy V-12 program. As events eventually turned out Don made by far the better choice.

Prepare in Duplicate

LOCAL BOARD NO. 23	74
HENNEPIN COUNTY	053
JUN 15 1943	023
HOPKINS, MINNESOTA	

(LOCAL BOARD DATE STAMP WITH CODE)



June 15, 1943

(Date of mailing)

ORDER TO REPORT FOR INDUCTION

The President of the United States,

To Clifford Clarence Japs
 (First name) (Middle name) (Last name)

Order No. 13474**GREETING:**

Having submitted yourself to a local board composed of your neighbors for the purpose of determining your availability for training and service in the land or naval forces of the United States, you are hereby notified that you have now been selected for training and service therein.

You will, therefore, report to the local board named above at Village Hall, Hopkins, Minn.
 (Place of reporting)

at 2:00 p. m., on the 29th day of June, 1943
 (Hour of reporting)

This local board will furnish transportation to an induction station. You will there be examined, and, if accepted for training and service, you will then be inducted into the land or naval forces.

Persons reporting to the induction station in some instances may be rejected for physical or other reasons. It is well to keep this in mind in arranging your affairs, to prevent any undue hardship if you are rejected at the induction station. If you are employed, you should advise your employer of this notice and of the possibility that you may not be accepted at the induction station. Your employer can then be prepared to replace you if you are accepted, or to continue your employment if you are rejected.

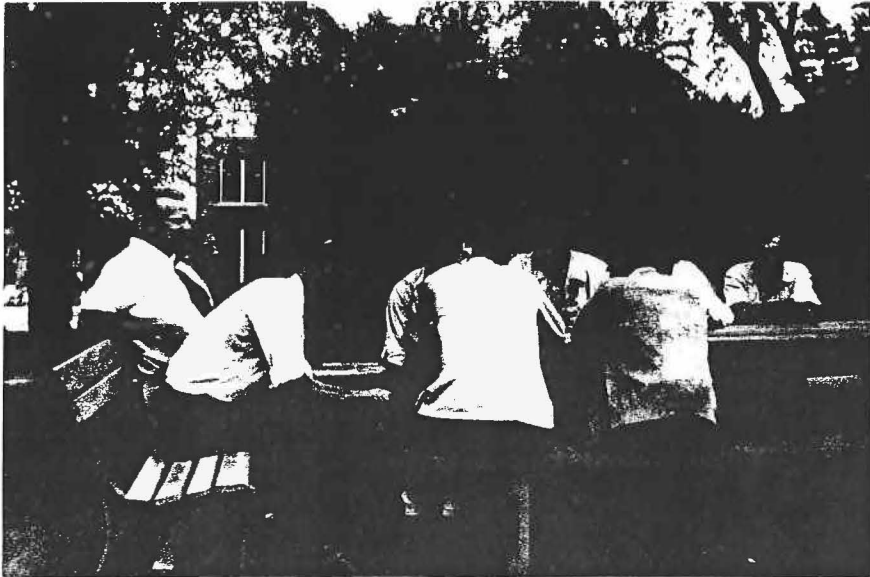
Willful failure to report promptly to this local board at the hour and on the day named in this notice is a violation of the Selective Training and Service Act of 1940, as amended, and subjects the violator to fine and imprisonment.

If you are so far removed from your own local board that reporting in compliance with this order will be a serious hardship and you desire to report to a local board in the area of which you are now located, go immediately to that local board and make written request for transfer of your delivery for induction, taking this order with you.

M. E. Slade

Member or clerk of the local board.

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE 16-18271-5



ROY CARLSON, JOE LLOYD, CLIFF,
BOB TEPLY, BOB LARSON



CLIFF, BOB TEPLY AND OTHERS

Wins A Harvard Scholarship But Uncle Says "No"

Clifford Japs, valedictorian of the 1943 High School class, was given an even higher honor this week, when he was notified that he had been awarded a scholarship at Harvard University—a proposition which would give him \$200 in cash and a job worth \$150 per quarter for two quarters—and a continuous deal of the same sort if his record were good enough at the end of that time—IF HE COULD TAKE IT.

But alas. Clifford Japs soon will be known as Private Japs of the United States Army. He expects to be called by his local draft board within the next month. And it is now or never, on the Harvard scholarship.

So Clifford is going to do just what you would do—forget it.

The Hopkins young man took the examinations offered by the eastern university to a limited number of High School seniors last April, coming through with colors flying. The Japs have a way of making great records in school. Clifford in coming out as valedictorian of his class was merely maintaining some family tradition. His older brother Archie, now importantly employed by one of the large rubber companies in Akron, Ohio, was the valedictorian of his class, and his sister Berniece was salutatorian of her class.

Off To Service

Late in June, 1943, we all met in Dow Park in Hopkins for a bus ride to Fort Snelling (Pg. 6). As I recall about 15 of my graduating class were in that group. Our parents and families were all there to see us off - none of us Enlisties, as we were called, appeared overly concerned about our future - perhaps it was just as well as several from that group would never return.

Our stay at Fort Snelling was a brief three or four days. During that short stay we were rapidly indoctrinated to army life. First, of course, was the army physical - it was said that if the Dr. shined a flashlight into one ear and could see the light out of the other ear you passed. To my knowledge all in our group passed. Next came the shots and needles of all sizes. Our arms and butts were sore for days.

After this the swearing in to active duty - I was assigned the A.S.N. (Army Serial No.) 37571222. Hereafter it essentially became my name and I'll never forget it.

Next, the issuing of G.I. clothing and the duffle bag to store and carry it in. We were given a wardrobe consisting of fatigues (our work uniform) and khakies for dress along with the other essentials and a pair of boots. Size and fit were of little importance, so it seemed. We did our best to trade around so as to end up with something reasonably acceptable.

Of course, the first duty was K.P. (kitchen police). It was a duty that all of us would see many times in the next several years. It consisted of peeling potatoes, serving the meal to the chow line and finally cleanup and scrubbing the pots and pans (usually in greasy water), floors, walls, ceilings or anything the mess sargent had a hankering to do that day.

It was here that we heard our first Rumors. Rumors, you understand, were the fuel that kept the enlisted army going. There were rumors on every possible subject - where are we shipping to, who is



Bob Teply & Cliff

shipping out, what's happening on the war front, new programs available to enlistees, sharing our next camp with the W.A.C.S. etc, etc, etc. Rarely did any rumor ever come true.

After three days we were given a three week leave at home - I suppose to tidy up our personal affairs etc. On July 23 we again reported to our local draft board for transportation to Fort Snelling and our assignments.

On the second day of our return our orders were received - a group of us were heading for Camp Roberts in California. This camp, we were told, was an infantry training and replacement center and we were being assigned to an all A.S.T.P. unit, which meant that, after 13 weeks of training, we would be assigned to a college engineering program at some university. "Don't worry about the infantry training bit - all A.S.T.P. applicants go through it" we were told. My good friend throughout my school life, Bob Teply, had the same orders so we were shipping out together.

The Sooty Ride

On our departure morning, we were aroused early. (We soon learned that you always get up early in the Army, the only question was by what means would you be awakened.) They lined us up outside our barracks - all of us dressed in our spotless new uniforms and barracks bag full of the G.I. (Government Issue) items which we had received. The olive drab 2 1/2 T. canvas covered Army trucks soon rolled up and we climbed in for our first ride in the army. These trucks had slab wooden seats on both sides of the open back and could comfortably handle perhaps 16 people. We soon learned, however, that 25 - 30 was a better number if half of the fellows sat on the floor.

Next came my first train ride and it wasn't on the "Hiawatha", the streamliner which we had often seen parked in the Mpls. station preparing for its highspeed run to Chicago. Instead we boarded an old coal driven steam locomotive troop train. It consisted mainly of old Pullman cars in which upper and lower berths were opened along the length of the car. We did not complain since at least we could lie down when we slept.

The trip took something over a week as I recall. We did not travel fast and yielded the right of way frequently to other trains, stopping on a sidetrack as they flew by. The weather was hot and since airconditioning was non-existent, we opened all the windows for fresh air. The problem with this plan, however, was the fact

that the coal burning locomotive spewed out gobs of black coal cinders which soon covered everything. They constantly got into our eyes and it was impossible to stay clean.

It was on this trip that I was introduced to the fact that fellows in the Army liked to play cards. Poker was the most common but many other games were also played. For the most part I chose to watch or kibbitz, as I did not care to lose the little money I had and I did not have the confidence that I could win.

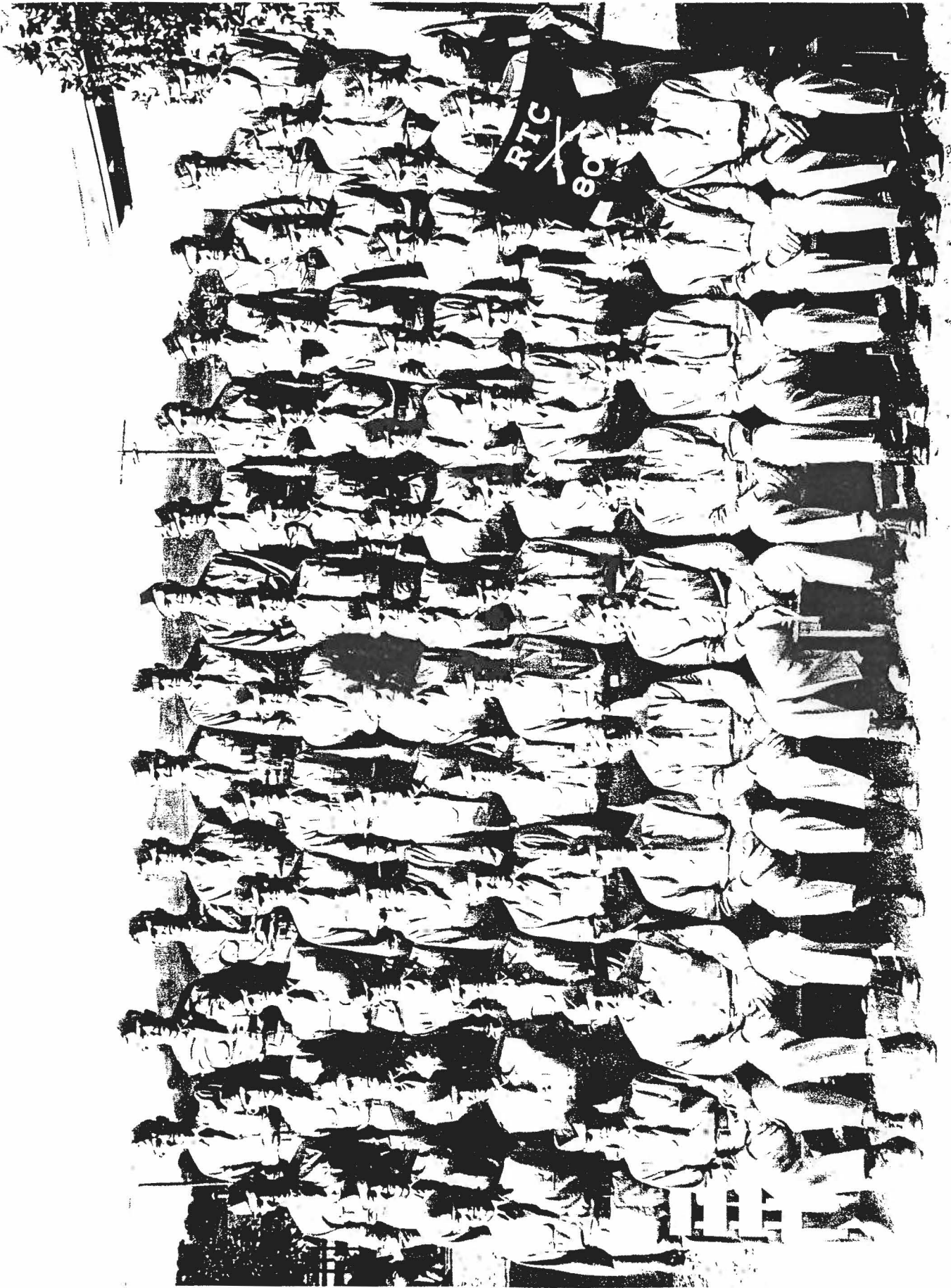
Camp Roberts - Our New Home in the Desert

Camp Roberts was a new Infantry Training camp completed in June of 1941. It was located on U.S. Highway 101 near San Miguel and Paso Robles about midway between San Francisco and Los Angeles. It was soon obvious why this was the chosen location. The camp was located in the center of about a twenty mile stretch of desert and sand dunes where vegetation was nil and the summer temperatures were 10 - 15 degrees above the surrounding areas. To say the least, it was mighty hot!

We were assigned to an all A.S.T.P. candidate battalion (1000 men), the first of its kind at the camp. Life in basic training for the Rookie is normally pretty tough, but for us it promised to be something special. Since we were all hand-picked for a possible college program (smart asses as our platoon sargent first referred to us), they were determined to make the 13 weeks an experience we'd never forget. I was assigned to the 2nd. Platoon, Co. B, 80th Infantry Training Battalion. Bob Teply, my boyhood pal through high school, was also assigned to the same platoon.

At this point I must introduce my platoon sargent and his corporal. Sargent Flickinger was a little guy with a huge ego and a terrible temper and mean streak. He was a career army man so took great delight in breaking in rookies. Corporal Burns, next in command, was twice the Sargent's size, generally quite timid and totally intimidated by Flick. The two of them were to shape our lives and turn us into "fighting men".

Each platoon (60 men) was assigned to a typical two story wooden barracks. Fifteen cots side by side lined each wall with our footlockers at the foot of the cot. The latrines and showers plus a private room for each of our leaders were at the end of the bldg. Barracks of this type were built around the edge of the largest black top parade ground in the world - 4200 ft x 1500 ft. Before we departed, we would have marched on every square inch of it.



OUR ASTP PLATOON
CAMP ROBERTS, CAL.

THE

THE "BLOODY" 2 PLATOON

CAMP ROBERTS, CALIF.

AUG. 10 - NOV. 20, 1943

Left to Right

Row	1	2	3	4	5
Willy Kenway -	Joe Breiner	Frank Grantzell	Frank Gullagher	Ken. D. Olson "ole"	
Cpl. Burns	W. Hyman	Bert Carhart	Dave Mullins	Jim Carlson	
Cpl. Prescott	Cramer	King Smith	Tom Turner	Ed. M. Frank	
Sgt. Flickinger	Charles McElhann	Carl Bruce		Ray Collins	
Lt. Ruble R.O.	Leon F. Stephen	Robert M. Prombery	Bill Lofgren	"mick" Rutherford	
Lt. Fosse Plt Id.	Charles W. Simon	George F. Ilse	"Gee" Dongoske	Al Blocker	
Lt. McCormick L.S.O.	R. Henderson	Pave Braun	Boyd Hastings	Dick Dufour	
1st Sgt. Southerland	Hal Taulman	Wario Perceley	"Bugsy" Brugliera	Frank L. Hoffmann	
Bob J. Jardy ce	Ralph Goldslager	Edward Weitz	R. J. Cipriani	James B. Simpson	
	Phil Ortina	Harold Brandt	J. Clark	Little Joe	
	Chacham	Bill Pizh	Horick	Bob Coulter	
	Westman	Lawrence	Kremholtz-Kumony	Tom Gray	
		Alf Jope		Paul Ncher	

Not on Picture

- Oliver Cook
- Cpl. Dahlin
- Tom Caine
- Phil Corboy

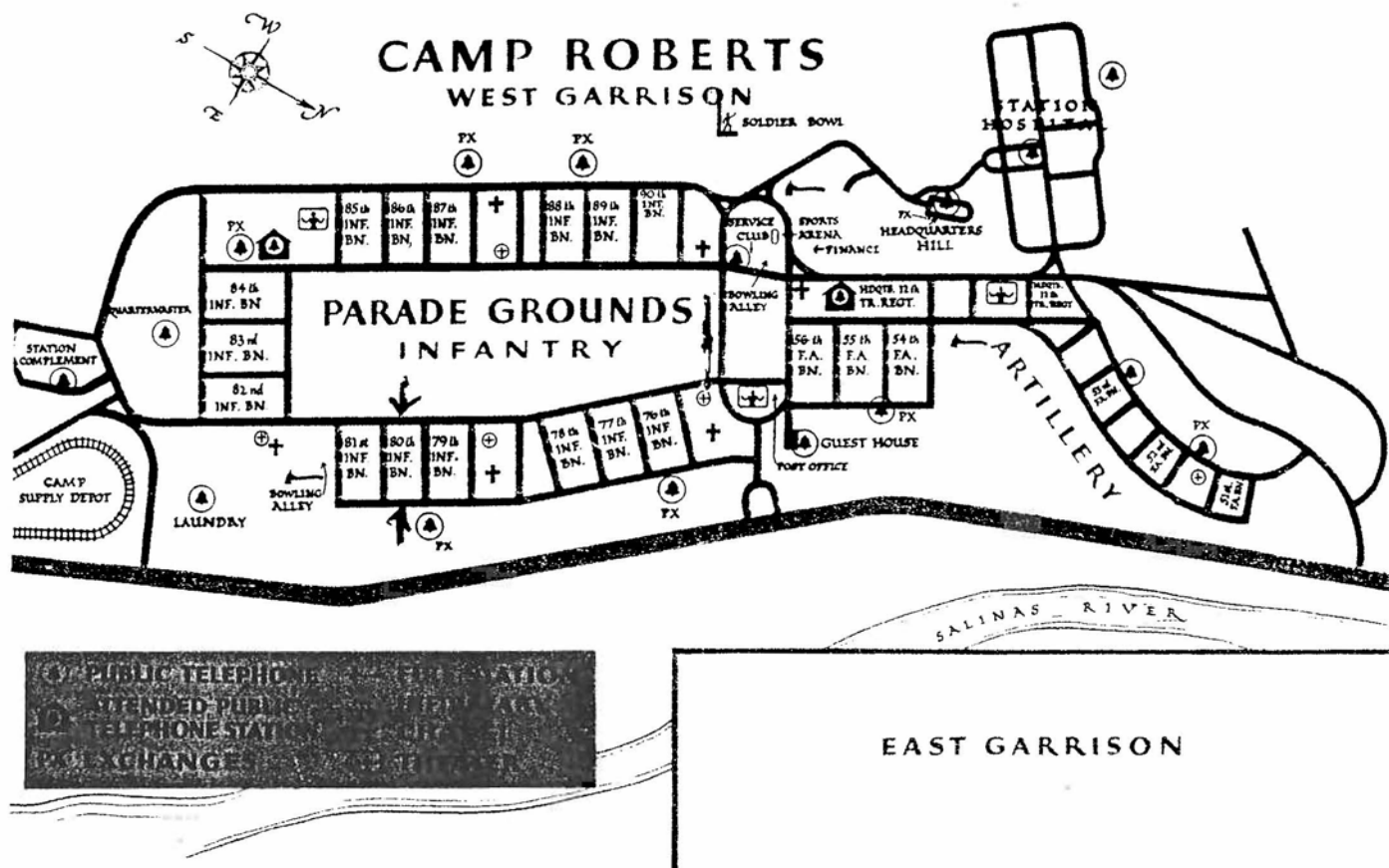
Our typical day started with a 5 A.M. reveille (bugle call). We normally had 3-5 min. to fall out (of the barracks) and fall in (into formation) for the morning head count. Flick never failed to issue a few sarcastic remarks and generally give us a bad time before dismissing us for breakfast. We rapidly came to hate the guy!

Our meals were served in a nearby mess hall. We couldn't enter until the mess sargent blew a whistle at the door and then everyone would rush in for a strategic seat. This was necessary since we had discovered a lot of the guys were "chow hounds" - That's the guy who grabs for all he can get without regard for the guy at the end of the table. (We were served family style with the bowls passed down from the center isle.) The fact that I entered Camp Roberts at 149 pounds and left 13 weeks later at a mighty 190 pounds in no way was the result of my being a chow hound. I primarily attributed it to the fact that I faithfully ate a full quart of ice cream every night (purchased at the P.X.) before I turned in.

Overall food in camp wasn't too bad but it got so you could tell the day of the week by the food we were served. Reconstituted dry eggs or pancakes with sausage were the standard breakfast fare. Saturday nights we always had chipped beef on toast, better known as S.O.S. (Sh-- on a shingle). We were also served a lot of Spam, so to this day I do not care for the stuff. We always had the choice of eating trash food at the P.X. in the evening if we chose to spend the money. Our noon lunches frequently were "picnics" out in the training field someplace. We would then eat from our mess kits served from a chow line.

Speaking of lines, the entire pace of military life seemed to be "hurry up and wait". Things never seemed to go smoothly but proceeded by fits and starts. We could never be late for anything so it was always required that we hurry up and get there early. An inordinate amount of time was spent just waiting for something to begin or to happen.

A typical training day included at least an hour of tough calisthenics, an hour or two of close order drill, a training film or two and hours out on the range practicing the arts and skills of an infantryman. At night, lights were out in the barracks at 9 P.M. We did not have to turn in at that time but could wander about camp to the Recreation Room, PX (Post Exchange), or attend a movie. Bed check was at 11 P.M. - occasionally we would try to cover for a missing buddy by bunching up pillows and blankets in his bed to simulate his presence. Rarely did this ploy succeed.



MINNESOTA FRIENDS
ROG WESTMAN, BOB TEPLY, MERT DRESSER, CLIFF

Close order drill deserves a special mention. This is the routine of a platoon marching in step and responding to a series of unintelligible commands from our half-wit sergeant. It went like this - Atteeeenshun! FOowaaaard Maaach - Hut To Tree Fo - Hut To Tree Fo - To Da Reer Maach - To Da Reer Maach - Rot Turn Mach - Lef Turn Maach etc. etc etc. Super perfection was the objective - everyone was to be in perfect step and alignment. Any misstep resulted in harrassment. "Get with it Japs - Snap Sh--!" No one escaped criticism. Actually a pathetic bunch of recruits became as good a marching platoon as the army ever had at the end of 13 weeks. We had become perfection personified.

Field and classroom training was led by officers who specialized in different areas. The training routine overall was tough and we soon were in great physical shape. Training included use and maintenance of our M-1 rifles which we fired at ranges up to 500 yards. I learned to hit a 18" bullseye 7 of 10 times at 500 yds. We also had to learn how to tear down and assemble our rifles in a matter of seconds in the dark. A variation of the rifle practice was bayonet drill where we learned to use the rifle butt and bayonet as physical weapons. We were also trained in the use of the Carbines, machine guns, mortars, and hand grenades. Dirty fighting was also taught. These basics were repeated throughout the entire training period. I earned the top "expert" classification in every exercise in which I participated, an achievement of which I was proud.

Standard equipment which we always carried on our marches were our gas mask, entrenching shovel, ammunition belt, and full field pack. The latter consisted of a shelter-half, (two made a pup tent), blanket, mess kit, spare clothes and a variety of other things one could conceivably need. Total weight of all the items we carried including rifle and ammunition exceeded 50 pounds. We averaged at least two hours a day marching under this load and the HOT California sun - usually 110 - 120 Degrees F. at mid day.

To make matters worse, we were on water rationing the first 4-6 weeks of our training. (Concurrent with the war in the N. African desert). We were allowed one canteen (1 Qt) of water from the time we left for the field in the morning until we were dismissed for dinner in the evening. As we "fell in" ready to go out to the field in the morning, we had to take off the top to our canteen and our Corporal would drop several salt tablets into each one, our daily supply now being one quart of salt water. Surprisingly, we learned to condone the routine, although by mid day, the inside of our mouths were just as dry as the outside.

As our training progressed we were exposed to increasingly tough and dangerous situations - several minutes in a poison gas chamber with our gas masks on, running the obstacle course against the clock (including traversing a 10' sheer wall with the full field pack on), crawling through a 100 yd. obstacle course at night through barbed wire entanglements with live tracer machine gun bullets 6-12" above our head, a situation reaction course, where individually we walked along a trail and encountered tactical enemy situations which called for a specific reaction i.e. a live bullet was fired at our feet in front of us and we were to instinctively hit the dirt behind a near-by rock and fire back at a mansized target which appeared.

Our physical training culmination was our "graduation march". It was a 30 mile night forced march complete with full field packs and gas masks which were worn for over an hour during the march. We were given approximately 5 min. per hour rest. Of the 1000 men in the battalion, only one failed to complete the march in an 8 Hr. period.

Passes from the camp were almost non-existent. I got to the small neighborhood town two or three times but there was always more to do in camp so I chose to stay there. For recreation we played a lot of volley ball, soft ball and table tennis. I became especially fond of table tennis and often played hours at a time. About once a month some movie stars or road show would come to camp and put on a performance which was always much appreciated. Judy Garland, Red Skelton, Dinah Shore, Grace McDonald, and George Raft all appeared in Camp Roberts Bowl, a natural amphitheater which could hold all personnel of the entire camp. Movies were also popular - 15 cents at the large camp theater.

Mail call was without question the highlight of any army day. Everyone would gather round as the names were read off and letters handed out. I generally wrote home about five times a week and answered every letter I received. It soon came to the point that I would spend an hour or two a day writing letters.

We learned early never to volunteer for anything in the army since there were no rewards for doing so. I'll never forget the Sat. afternoon when I heard our Sargent come in and ask for some volunteers for a task. I hid under my bed so I wouldn't be considered. Unfortunately he spied me and nailed me for two days of K.P. duty as a penalty. In spite of this incident I still never volunteered for anything in my army life.

Many methods were used to develop discipline and train the recruit. We were taught there was a CORRECT way to make an army bed. It began with proper assembly and tightening of the sheets. Properly done, a taut sheet would permit a dime dropped from 2 feet to rebound 6". This was one of the tests used one weekend for conditions for a pass. Polishing of one's boots was also of the highest priority. Nothing short of a mirror finish was acceptable. Inspections were both announced and unannounced. For barracks inspection we all stood at attention in front of our footlockers as the Sargent and Lieutenant came through with white gloves. I'll never forget the time I was asked "when was the last time you shaved, soldier?" "I've NEVER shaved, Sir", I replied. It was the last day that I could make that statement.

One Saturday night the Sargent came in about 2 A.M. drunker than a skunk. He turned on all the lights and shouted "everyone up! We're going to clean the barracks!" He made us get our toothbrushes and clean the window screens with them. We did not get to bed the rest of the night. Absolutely, the barracks had never been so clean.

The camp had a hospital and health dispensary. If a person had a health problem, real or perceived, he would go on "sick call". This involved heading down to the dispensary after breakfast with the sargent's permission. The dispensary doctor would then prescribe treatment and determine when one was to report back to duty. In the majority of the cases it was by mid-morning of the same day. Those fellows with frequent trips to the dispensary and with other creative talents for avoiding duty were know as "gold-bricks". They were quite common in the army, particularly in basic training and consequently received more than their share of the sargent's wrath.

We were offered laundry service at a nominal cost but most of us washed our own clothes. The procedure was simple - we'd strip down, lay our clothes on the floor under a shower and proceed to scrub them on the floor with a heavy brush and GI soap. They would dry very rapidly in the hot dry California air and actually turned out surprisingly clean.

It was here at Camp Roberts that I first tried my hand at cutting hair. It was essential that our hair always be neatly trimmed and the barber at the PX was something of a rip off. (\$1 for a 2 minute haircut). Initially, Bob and I trimmed each other with a regular sissors until I obtained a hand operated clippers. I then proceeded to cut the hair of others doing perhaps a half dozen fellows at a sitting. I continued to develop my barber skills off and on during my army career. I improved my equipment later overseas when our "barber" became a casualty and I inherited his equipment. These barbering skills served me well in latter years as I was the sole barber for my sons Russ and Steve through their high school years and for my six grandsons through the present time.

As our training came to an end, our thoughts turned to our next army assignment - hopefully a total change and on to college life. The one thing we had learned was that we didn't want any part of the infantry after what we had been through. We felt very fortunate that we had been selected for the Specialized Training Program.

Our orders came and about 250 of us were to ship to the College of Puget Sound at Tacoma, Wash. It sounded great and to top it off we were to get a week furlough at home first.

College of Puget Sound - A Change of Pace

What a change - what a contrast to Camp Roberts. The College of Puget Sound was a small college located in the residential area of Tacoma, Wash. Large red brick buildings for dorms and class rooms, mature trees and lots of green space, and tennis courts only a few feet away - all of this was quite unbelievable. To top it off we were outnumbered by the girls on campus plus there were only 17 civilian boys! This actually was somewhat academic - at least as far as I was concerned. I was aware of the fact that the girls were there but I had several other priorities which were higher in my life even under the circumstances.

Life on campus was somewhat regimented but nothing like at Roberts. We lived as an army unit, got up about 6 A.M. and had full days including calisthenics, close order drill plus a heavy load of academic courses. These were a pre-engineering curriculum including, math, English, Chemistry and another subject or two. It amounted to a lot of work and most of our free time was spent studying.

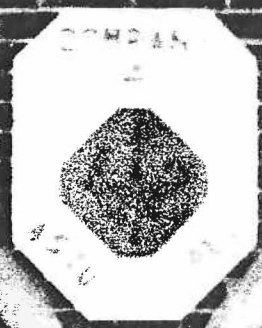


CAPT. H. F. SMITH



Major Darlington

JOHN M. KILPATRICK



A S T U

The period we were at Tacoma was the period early Dec. '43 to early March '44. These were the winter months and the weather was often damp and foggy. I don't recall any snow but we did have an occasional nice sunny day when we managed to play some outdoor tennis and could see beautiful Mt Ranier in the distance. Most of the time it was lost in the clouds and one wouldn't know it was there.

The other main recreational activities were the weekly free movies and a lot of table tennis. Actually I got pretty good at the game during my army tenure and must have spent many hundreds of hours playing overall.

My routine was interrupted with an ear infection and I ended spending about ten days in the military hospital at Fort Lewis nearby. During this period my left ear went completely deaf. It was still deaf when I left the hospital - they said it would clear of it's own accord. Sure enough, it did. One evening when I was furiously playing table tennis, it popped, wax ran out and I could hear as good as ever.

The time in the hospital put me behind in my studies but I managed to catch up okay and, in fact, made the honor roll at the end of the semester. Bob Teply who was also at C.P.U. also made the honor roll.

About the time we were really settling into this new life army style we started to hear disturbing rumors that the program was going to be washed up. Since most rumors never come true we weren't too concerned until it actually happened. The orders came that A.S.T.P. as a program was being terminated (see Pg. 20) except for those fortunates with several years of training already under their belts. It seems the army was short on recruits and needed infantry replacements so A.S.T.P. was being tapped.

What a blast - you can't imagine the devastating impact on the morale of this group. We'd been in the infantry and knew what to expect - it was really the last thing we wanted to do but had no choice. We were informed that we, as a unit, were being reassigned to an armored outfit in Calif. It wasn't long before we packed our bags and bid farewell to good old College of Puget Sound.

WAR DEPARTMENT
ARMY SERVICE FORCES
ARMY SPECIALIZED TRAINING DIVISION

TRANSCRIPT OF ACADEMIC RECORD
ARMY SPECIALIZED TRAINING PROGRAM

TRAINER'S LAST NAME (FIRST)		(MIDDLE)		ARMY SERIAL NUMBER			
Jans		Clifford		Clarence		37571222	
HOME ADDRESS				DATE OF BIRTH		AGCT	
209 - 11th Avenue N., Hopkins, Minnesota				9 March 1925		148	
INSTITUTION				ADDRESS			
College of Puget Sound				Tacoma 6, Washington			
DATE				DATE			
TRAINEE'S INSTRUCTION STARTED AT THE ABOVE INSTITUTION ON				13 December 1943		AND CONTINUED THROUGH	
						4 March 1944	
CURRICULUM	TERM	TERM ENDING DATE	COURSE TITLE AND NUMBER	COURSE GRADE*		CONTACT HOURS	
				ASTP	LOCAL	CLASS	LAB.
B - 1	1	4 March 1944	Chemistry 205	WP	A	36	0
			English 111	WP	B	36	0
			Geography 163	WP	B	24	0
			History 133	WP	C	36	0
			Mathematics 406	WP	A	72	0
			Physics 304	WP	A	48	36
			Designated for scholastic excellence during term 1				
Separated from program for convenience of the government							
REVERSE SIDE MAY BE USED IF THE ABOVE SPACE IS INSUFFICIENT				REGISTRAR'S SIGNATURE		DATE	
				<i>Christian Miller</i>		8 March 1944	
*Course Grades.—In order to secure uniformity, all institutions will record grades in the column entitled "Course grade, ASTP" in terms of the following symbols: A—very good; B—good; C—fair; D—poor, but passed; F—failed; Inc.—incomplete. (If separated prior to the end of the term: WP—withdrawn, passing; WF—withdrawn, failing.) Institutions having a grading system different from the foregoing will also record grades in terms of their own symbols in the column entitled "Course grade, local" and will interpret such symbols in the following space:				Preparation and Disposition.—The institution will prepare in triplicate a transcript for each trainee upon his separation, for any reason, from the training unit at that institution. The original will be given to the trainee upon his separation from the AST Program. If the trainee is transferred to another AST unit for continuation in the AST Program, the original will be furnished to the unit to which he is transferred; upon his separation from the last unit, the transcript will be given to the trainee. The second copy will be forwarded, within 10 days after the trainee has been separated from the unit, to the Director, Army Specialized Training Division, The Pentagon, Washington 25, D. C. The third copy will be retained by the institution.			

WAR DEPARTMENT
ARMY SERVICE FORCES
ARMY SPECIALIZED TRAINING DIVISION

TRANSCRIPT OF ACADEMIC RECORD
ARMY SPECIALIZED TRAINING PROGRAM

TRAINEE'S LAST NAME (FIRST) Japs (MIDDLE) Clifford (MIDDLE) Clarence		ARMY SERIAL NUMBER 37571222					
HOME ADDRESS 209 - 11th Avenue N., Hopkins, Minnesota		DATE OF BIRTH 9 March 1925	AGCT 148				
INSTITUTION College of Puget Sound		ADDRESS Tacoma 6, Washington					
TRAINEE'S INSTRUCTION STARTED AT THE ABOVE INSTITUTION ON 13 December 1943		AND CONTINUED THROUGH 4 March 1944					
CURRICULUM	TERM	TERM ENDING DATE	COURSE TITLE AND NUMBER	COURSE GRADE*		CONTACT HOURS	
				ASTP	LOCAL	CLASS	LAB.
B - 1	1	4 March 1944	Chemistry 205	WP	A	36	0
			English 111	WP	B	36	0
			Geography 163	WP	B	24	0
			History 133	WP	C	36	0
			Mathematics 406	WP	A	72	0
			Physics 304	WP	A	48	36
			Designated for scholastic excellence during term 1				
Separated from program for convenience of the government							
REVERSE SIDE MAY BE USED IF THE ABOVE SPACE IS INSUFFICIENT			REGISTRAR'S SIGNATURE <i>Christian Miller</i>		DATE 8 March 1944		
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HEADQUARTERS
 ASTU 3966, College of Puget Sound
 Tacoma 6, Washington

20 February 1944

MEMORANDUM: To Each Trainee

1. The following telegram was received from Headquarters Ninth Service Command. In compliance therewith the following is published for your information:

"TO : EACH ASTP TRAINEE
 SUBJECT: REDUCTION IN ASTP

YOU WERE ASSIGNED TO THE ARMY SPECIALIZED TRAINING PROGRAM BECAUSE IT WAS FELT THAT THE COURSES OF INSTRUCTION SCHEDULED WOULD MATERIALLY INCREASE YOUR VALUE TO THE MILITARY SERVICE. YOU HAVE BEEN WORKING UNDER HIGH PRESSURE TO MASTER AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE THOSE ESSENTIALS OF COLLEGE TRAINING OF GREATEST IMPORTANCE TO YOUR DEVELOPMENT AS A SOLDIER. THE TIME HAS NOW COME FOR THE MAJORITY OF YOU TO BE ASSIGNED TO OTHER ACTIVE DUTY. TO BREAK THE ENEMIES DEFENSES AND FORCE THEIR UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER IT IS NECESSARY TO HIT THEM WITH THE FULL WEIGHT OF AMERICA'S MANPOWER. BECAUSE OF THIS IMPERATIVE MILITARY NECESSITY MOST OF YOU WILL SOON BE ORDERED TO FIELD SERVICE BEFORE THE COMPLETION OF YOUR NORMAL COURSE. THE ARMY SPECIALIZED TRAINING PROGRAM WILL BE REDUCED PRIOR TO 1 APRIL 1944 TO THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND TRAINEES WHICH WILL INCLUDE FIVE THOUSAND PREINDUCTION STUDENTS AND ADVANCED MEDICAL, DENTAL, AND ENGINEERING GROUPS, THE USMA PREPARATORY COURSE, AND CERTAIN LANGUAGE GROUPS. MOST OF YOU RELEASED FROM THE ASTP WILL BE ASSIGNED TO THE ARMY GROUND FORCES FOR DUTY WITH DIVISIONS AND OTHER UNITS. YOUR INTELLIGENCE, TRAINING, AND HIGH QUALITIES OF LEADERSHIP ARE EXPECTED TO RAISE THE COMBAT EFFICIENCY OF THOSE UNITS. THE THOUSANDS OF ASTP TRAINEES WHO HAVE ALREADY BEEN ASSIGNED TO FIELD SERVICE HAVE SET HIGH STANDARDS FOR YOU TO FOLLOW.

BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR:"

SPRTA FT DOUGLAS UTAH, 19 FEB 44

JONES DIR ASTD NSC.

2. No instructions have been received concerning disposition of this Unit. If and when, and until such instructions are received, I expect every member of ASTU 3966 to perform his duty as a soldier in the U.S. Army by continuing the high scholastic attainments.

3. There will be no change in the regular program of class work and study hours, and all will conduct themselves in the normal manner.

L. E. Darlington
 L E DARLINGTON
 Major Ord Dept
 Commandant

Camp Cook - and the Eleventh Armored Div

Another sooty train ride down the coast and we arrived at Camp Cook, on the Calif. Coast near Santa Maria, 150 miles north of L.A. Here we were introduced to our new combat outfit, the 11th Armored Div. This division, the word had it, was too screwed up to ever go into combat and therefore not to worry. (This was the sentiment of the fellows we were joining). Actually for awhile we sort of believed them for they had more than their share of odd balls and illiterates. I can now see that from the Army's perspective a large infusion of A.S.T.P. candidates was exactly what the division needed. At any rate about seventeen hundred students from the College of Puget Sound, Washington U. and U. of Oregon were assigned throughout the division. Many had previously given up their ranks in other army fields in order that they might go into the college training program. However, we were now all infantrymen and not one, of which I'm aware, managed to escape the infantry although many tried to pull all possible strings. Make the most of it, we were told, whether you like it or not.

We were assimilated into the ranks without difficulty, primarily into the three armored infantry battalions. I was assigned to Co. C 21st Armored Infantry Battalion and Bob Teply to the 55th Battalion. We were now separated for the first time in our lives but yet saw one another frequently.

Again we lived in barracks much the same as at Roberts. Overall the terrain and surroundings were a great deal like our first camp although the weather was somewhat cooler. Daily calisthenics, physical training, close order drill and advanced combat techniques were the general order of the day. As a rule we'd have our evenings free unless we were on overnight maneuvers.

I soon discovered what an armored division was. Overall it was designed as a hard hitting fast moving attack unit. It had three battalions each of infantry, tanks, artillery plus support units such as reconnaissance, medics, engineering (for construction of bridges etc.) plus other units. In combat we were alligned into combat command units in which one of each type were grouped together so in effect we were then three small battle groups.

The total division consisted of 693 officers and 13,634 enlisted men. There were three armoured infantry battalions each consisting of three infantry companies (251 men each) plus a headquarters company (152 men) and a Service Company (132 men).

Each infantry squad consisted of 12 men including squad leader, assist. squad leader, half track driver and the balance were riflemen (M.O.S. # 745). The half track was an open armored vehicle with two large wheels in front, track drives in the rear and weighed 9 1/2 tons (Pg. 23). As such it was a more or less all-terrain vehicle although so far as possible we would stick to the roads. The squad leader rode in front with the driver and generally stood in the open machine gun turret and as such was also the heavy machine gunner. A lighter duty machine gun was usually also mounted on the rear and operated by one of the squad.

These vehicles had a top speed of perhaps fifty miles/hr. on a smooth roadway. In open terrain the ride was extremely rough as the suspension system was minimal and we sat on a steel seat. As it turned out, we did not generally fight from within but were transported rapidly to the scene of action at which point we very rapidly dismounted and became plain infantrymen. More about this vehicle later.

While at Camp Cook we were schooled and practiced in enemy aircraft identification, hand to hand combat, street fighting in mock villages, use of mortars, flame throwers, bazookas, grenade launchers, Browning Automatic Rifle (B.A.R.), antitank grenades, land mines etc. etc. We became quite proficient in the use of all of them. We learned to dismount, by tumbling, from our vehicles moving at speed of 15-20 miles/Hr. We again went through live (bullets, barbed wire and the works) obstacle courses tougher than the ones earlier described.

Maneuvers took us into the hills for several days at a time. We would be assigned outpost duty at night and really froze our A--. The days were as hot as the nights were cold. We were also assigned beach patrol at night and would walk up and down a lonely stretch of beach on alert for Japanese submarines or invaders. I have no idea what a single soldier out there would have done had we encountered anything.

I must say that my name "Japs" was more than a bit of curiosity throughout my service life. It was standard to have our name imprinted on the front of our fatigue uniform which we always wore in camp. People could not believe my name was Japs and I always took a lot of ribbing for it.



Befitting the universally shared anticipation of the culminating battle tests rapidly approaching was the growing emphasis which its Camp Cooke training period saw placed upon Eleventh combat practice. Each type of Division unit daily saw more realistic the training schedules planned for them, until a predominant amount of the Thunderbolt's time was hoarded for rifle ranges, tank testing areas, and artillery firing sectors. Attention now centered on perfecting the precision of each soldier.



ARMORED HALFTRACK



Complete villages, containing all the obstacles encountered by troops who fight through civilian-abandoned towns and cities, contributed their invaluable share of knowledge to the mounting store of experience being hoarded against the day of attack by Eleventh doughboys. Booby-trap-sewn streets and houses concealing enemy snipers and gun emplacements taught by trial the many-sided dangers of street fighting as round after round of live ammunition thudded into the substantial structures. Repeated trips were made by the infantry, through the replica of danger-surrounded villages one day to be encountered. Heavily armed, with every offensive and defensive item of small arms provided, the Eleventh men slugged their way with sham-questioning reality.



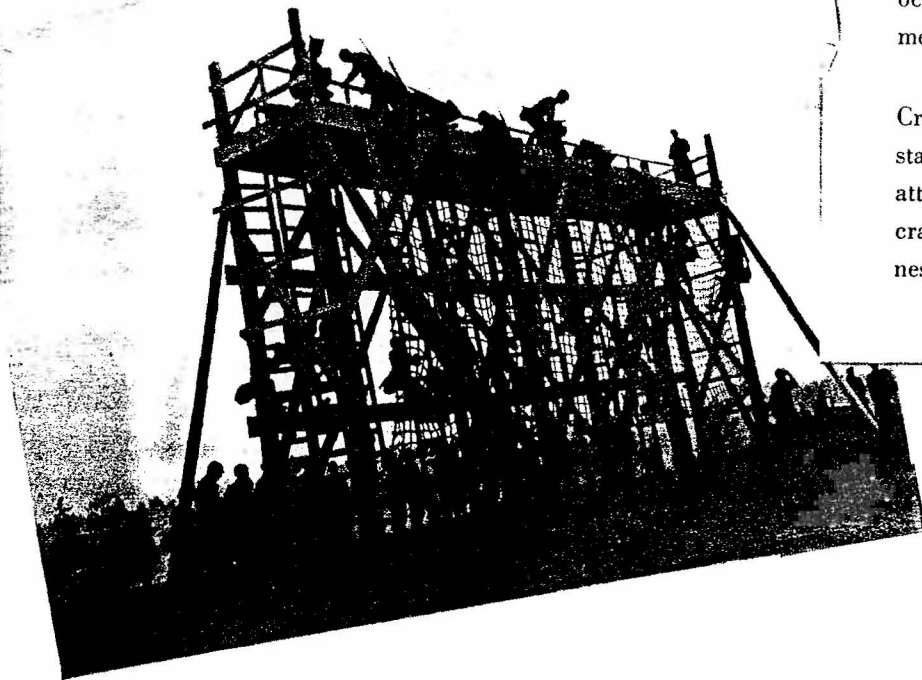
Awe-inspiring sheets of flame tossed from backslung flame throwers took high billing in the battle-readying preparation of the Thunderbolt at Cooke. Duplicates of the terror spreading weapons which forced Japs from Gibraltar-like fortresses on South Pacific isles, the flame throwers were studied, mastered and studied again by the men who will carry them into battle and the men who will sometimes rely on their effectiveness to quell stubborn enemy opposition. Field tests against blockhouses built to simulate battle objectives followed days of lectures on the battle-dubbed blow torches and hours of their dissection and part-by-part study.

CAMP COOK TRAINING



Wedging through strung, rolled and hooped many-thorned feet of low barbed wire on an infiltration course provided an experience without comparison in civilian life. Confronted with an intricate apron of wire, men whose minds are occupied with "getting through" learn to act methodically, almost mechanically.

Crawlers are granted no respite from the constant overhead cross-fire of machine guns as they attack an entanglement, or encounter a mine crater, and the lesson of concentration and calmness is one without substitute.



News-reel studded scenes of long, grinding yards of obstacle courses, replete with ropes and scaffolds, became daily homes of Eleventh Armored men.



Poised for Preview...



... at Camp Cooke, on the eve of weeks-long series of Army Ground Force tests and inspections destined to determine definitely the efficiency of the months of training which had elapsed since August of 1942, the Eleventh surveyed its history as drastic changes were made. General Brooks, commanding general of the Thunderbolt from its inception, and Colonel Palmer, original chief of staff, left to join battle-tested troops awaiting the invasion. To the post of Division commander came General Kilburn, upon General Brooks' departure, and a short while later he assumed permanent command. Col. Willard A. Holbrook, original Division Trains commander, took over General Kilburn's Combat Command A, and Col. W. W. Yale, former Eighth Armored combat commander, became chief of staff. Lt. Col. Robert G. Lowe, former G-2, became commanding officer of Division Trains.

Weekend passes were easily obtainable so I made up for the time I lost while at Camp Roberts. I made numerous trips to Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. Transportation choices were varied - a round trip bus ride cost \$3.80 but one frequently had to stand all the way. A couple times I was able to hitch a ride on a military vehicle at no cost. The preferred method, however, was to hitch hike a ride on highway 101. I particularly recall the day I was picked up in the chauffeured car of Mrs. Donald Douglas. She not only gave me a ride, but invited my buddy and I to visit her home for a couple hours. Her chauffeur then drove us into town.

There was much to do in the L.A. area and expenses were minimal. I became acquainted with numerous relatives on my Dad's side of the family and spent considerable time with them. Other activities included time spent at the Hollywood Canteen, USO clubs where I played a lot of table tennis, Griffith Park where golf with clubs were free to servicemen, and the Palladium dance pavillion (once with the Tommy Dorsey band - no I didn't dance - I didn't know how). Generally we stayed at the USO Clubs or at Hollywood High School. The high school had 800 mattresses on the floor of the gym and charged 25 cents per night for a bed.

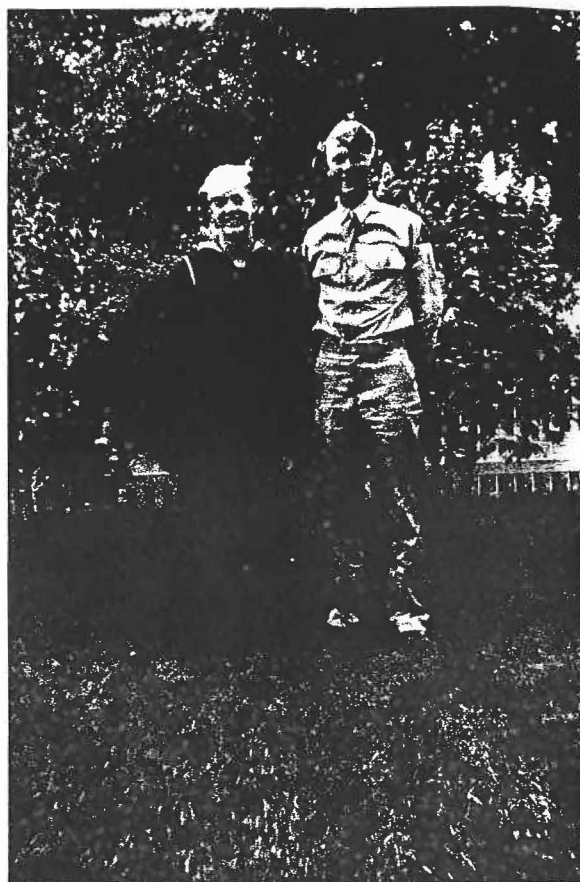
One time while in L.A., I managed to get a ticket to "Breakfast at Sardi's", a national radio program where they introduced the servicepeople over the air. My folks did not hear me, but any number of others told them that they had. Weekends were also spent at Santa Monica and Santa Barbara.

I received my first army furlough in early June 1944, after almost a year away from home. I traveled round trip by train in a coach seat. Round trip fare was \$50. I had roughly a week at home and had an opportunity to see many relatives and friends. My buddies were not there, however, as they were in the military scattered around the country and the world. It was particularly good to see my family. My father had not been feeling well and was no longer working. It was later determined that he had Parkinson's Disease. Returning to camp at this point was particularly hard as we all knew that I'd soon be heading overseas.

The summer in California wore on with the program previously described. As autumn approached the days grew cooler and the nights colder. We had numerous days of high wind with occasional rain - nothing compared to what we were to encounter late in the year in Europe, however. Rumors were now rampant as to when we were leaving and where we were heading. We turned in all our vehicles and heavy equipment in early Aug.



MOM, DAD, CLIFF



DON HAGE AND CLIFF



BERNICE, CLIFF, DAD, MOM



CLIFF AND DAD

They were meticulously cleaned and shipped to a destination unknown. During this period we were given booster shots and had our dental work all upgraded.

Finally in Mid-Sept. we started to board troop trains. (The same trains which were bringing members of the 86th Div. to Camp Cook). We all had to remove our identification patches from our uniforms and started out for a destination unknown. The trip

was again slow with many stops on sidings along the way. We frequently would dismount for a period of calisthenics.



Off to Europe

As we headed East it became apparent that we were heading for the European Theater of Operations. I'll never forget the day we went through a little town in the hills of West Virginia, the home of Charlie Hoffman, a good friend of mine. As we slowly crept into town, Charlie tossed a note out the window to a person standing beside the track, requesting that they immediately contact his family and have them come to the train. Fortunately for Charlie the train stopped at the depot, his family was there within ten minutes and he had a nice short visit with them. I'm sure he was the only one in the division who was able to contact his parents during this move.

After one hundred hours we arrived at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. Here our final processing was accomplished. Training was minimal and we were given the opportunity to visit New York City. I got in twice, saw Times Square and other tourist attractions as well as the U.S.O. clubs again.

On Sept 28, 1944 the division boarded trains at Camp Kilmer and headed for the ferries on the West bank of the Hudson River from where we ended up on the piers of two ocean liners, HMS Samaria and USS Hermitage. Each man had to carry all of his full field gear, rifle and other possessions. As usual the Red Cross were there with coffee and doughnuts to see us off.

As expected, our quarters on the ship were very cramped and well below decks. The ships departed during the night and upon awakening in the morning we discovered we were part of one of the largest convoys of the war - 48 ships in all. It was reassuring to see the navy destroyers on our flanks and the larger ships beyond.

We now encountered our first "black-out conditions". No lights were permitted after dark. The first four days out were uneventful aside from rumors of German subs tailing us etc. However, on the fifth day the convoy made a sharp change in course. We were later informed that the submarine warning system had disclosed a submarine wolf pack concentrating along our original charted course.

The days enroute passed slowly. Most of the time was spent in our bunks but we were permitted to go to the upper deck each day during which time we did our daily calisthenics. We were thoroughly schooled in emergency evacuation procedures which we felt were impossible if we were ever torpedoed. Much time was spent in playing cards, reading, watching movies, eating and writing letters home. Overall the weather was not too bad and the seas not too rough so I don't recall many fellows getting sea sick.

England

The dim and misty shores of England were first spotted late in the afternoon of Oct. 10. We finally disembarked at Southampton a day or two later. The usual coffee and doughnuts again greeted us from members of the British Red Cross. Incidentally, I still had not learned to drink coffee up to this point in my life so my menu was always a dry doughnut.

Our temporary station in England was located about 30 miles north of Southampton. Our camp consisted of many Quonset Huts, metal covered semi-circular (end view) buildings. As I recall, each building held about 30 men.

We were informed that our equipment was shipped to some other destination so our training was limited to lectures, calisthenics and hikes. Our heavy equipment finally caught up with us late in Nov., just shortly before our departure.

For recreation outside of camp we frequently visited the local pub in a nearby small village. I vividly recall the dart board and the fact that the pub was overrun with servicemen. The countryside was typically British as I had envisioned it to be.

We had the opportunity to visit London on a three day pass which was an interesting experience. Since this was during war time, the city was blacked out at night. It was something else to wander the relatively crowded streets in the black of the night. It was also the period when the first German rockets were being launched into England - we did hear a loud explosion some distance away on one occasion and presumed it to be a rocket impacting.

In London we saw most of the historic sights, including such places as Picadilly Circus where many enterprising English girls were plying their trade. I also had the opportunity to see a couple stage shows during my brief visit there.

Some of the fellows found themselves girl friends - usually meeting at Red Cross sponsored dances. I particularly recall a friend, Marvin Krumholtz, going out often with a gal that he really began to seriously like. One night he came back to the hut after a date, totally deflated. When kissing her goodnight, she had suggested that he might spend the entire night with her for a mere ten pounds!

I made two major purchases in England. A buddy and I together purchased a used bicycle for 20 pounds, something many others had also done. It greatly facilitated our ability to roam the countryside. Upon leaving we sold to another G.I. for the price we had paid. My other purchase was a used radio which permitted our hut to stay in touch with the outside world.

On Dec. 12, 1944, we again boarded boats for the channel crossing landing this time in Cherbourg, France. Our military destination was Chateau Briand and our assignment was to assume the containment responsibility against the German forces holed up and isolated at St. Nazaire and Lorient on the French coast. This, we felt, was a very appropriate assignment for our screwed up division since it would be basically a non-combat role and no one would apt to be hurt.

The Battle of the Bulge

We briefly bivouaced near Rennes, France. There, on Dec. 16, we heard fairly reliable rumors of a Big German counter offensive and breakthru in Belgium. Impossible, we thought, the Germans were being routed and the war was about to end. On Dec. 18, we learned it was indeed true, as our orders had changed and we were about to pack up and head out.

Early on Dec. 20, we moved out, heading across France, right through Paris on to a place near Reims. Our division traveled by three separate routes, traveling also at night since the days were short. At night blackout conditions prevailed and travel was very slow. A very small light on the underside of each vehicle was the target point to follow for the vehicle behind. Occasionally when visibility was particularly poor, it was necessary for the squad leader to sit on the hood of each halftrack to relay steering directions back to the driver.

The mild weather of the French coast gave way to increasingly winterlike conditions as we approached northeast France. Temperatures below freezing, overcast skies, occasional snow flurries, and windy days gave us a forewarning of the days to come. The weather was a major concern since we were now spending 24 hrs. per day out of doors.

After a couple days waiting near Reims, on Dec. 28 we moved up to an assembly area S.W. of a unknown small town called Bastogne. It had been under seige, completely surrounded by German Panzer divisions until Dec. 26 when a road into town was secured. This small opening came under tremendous counter pressure and it would be the 11th Armored div.'s responsibility to counter the enemy at this point.

The weather had now turned to full winter. The ground was frozen to a depth of close to a foot, making the digging of a foxhole extremely difficult. Where possible we would dig our holes in a recently blown out shell crater. Every time we stopped we would start digging a hole for protection from artillery barrage which could always be expected at any time.

We were now in gently rolling hilly country side, mostly covered with beautiful pine forests. It was here that we found recently built German underground bunkers. They were built by erecting a log frame wall (Approx 15 ft on a side) in a hole about 5 feet deep. A log roof was then topped with about three feet of the

excavated soil. Each bunker could comfortably accommodate about ten men. The floors were covered with pine boughs. It was here that we spent a night or two in unusual comfort. We secured these bunkers without firing a shot, but we knew they were recently abandoned since coals from their camp fires were still burning.

The weather was a major concern in that it seriously affected the air support our troops were given. On the first clear day of the preceding week, one of the most beautiful sights I have ever witnessed was the coming of the planes (B-17's) in endless formations. At one point we estimated over one thousand in a period of a couple hours. Most of these planes flew on, attacking the supply lines and depots of the enemy.

I distinctly remember the night before our first major combat. We were dug in on a high open hillside in a typical defensive alignment. That is, the infantry foxhole outposts were a 1/4 to 1/2 mile in front of the dug in infantry companies. Not far behind the infantry, the tanks were positioned in a long line facing the enemy. A mile to the rear of the tanks, the artillery had taken up their positions.

The night was a beautifully clear but cold. Outpost duty was rotated, two hours at a shift. It was the duty of the outposts to give an early warning in the event of an attack or intrusion. It was the most lonely situation in the world but not uneventful. I could hear the German heavy equipment moving in the valley below, perhaps 3/4 mile distant. There was an occasional exchange of shell fire but nothing of any importance. The most disturbing situation was the occasional fly over of several German planes. They drew small arms and machine gun fire and one was hit and crashed not far from our lines. We each knew where the others were but chose to defer any major clash until the opportune time.

Our first real combat occurred in the afternoon of Dec. 30. Our company with support was to attack a small village, nestled at the base of a long forward sloping hill. It was near or may in fact have been Chenogne. Prior to the infantry attack, our tanks exchanged fire for the first time and came out heavy losers. The majority of, I'd estimate to be 15 tanks, were lost. They were picked off, one by one German 88's or Tiger tanks. This was a devastating loss since a tanker literally has little chance when his tank is hit.

Additionally, we heard rumored afterwards, that our combat command exchanged artillery fire with another of our units. All this preceded the infantry attack in which I was to participate

The village, which was the target of our attack, had been well shelled by artillery and most of the buildings were destroyed or burning. No fire was being returned and all we could hear were the sounds of the burning buildings and the smell of smoke. Our infantry was then given the word to move forward, about three o'clock in the afternoon. This was always accomplished in a long skirmish line in which the infantry men start out at least 20 feet apart.

As we came over the hill our company leader, Capt Dalton was in the lead. All was quiet as one hundred or more of us passed over the crest of the hill and started on down toward the burning village.

Suddenly all hell broke loose as we found ourselves in a trap. Capt. Dalton was the first to fall with a bullet in his head. (He later died of wounds received). We were ambushed with crossing machine gun fire combined with a mortar barrage! Fortunately there were depressions in the hillside where one could "hit the dirt" for protection. Everyone scrambled for cover. Myself and a buddy found an extended depression in the hillside which gave us excellent protection. We told ourselves we were not about to stick our necks out until things quieted down a bit.

After perhaps 45 minutes to an hour, all was again quiet except for the burning stench from the village ahead. It was now getting dark and we felt we should try to rejoin what was left of our outfit. We assumed the village was now in American hands since part of our unit was also attacking from the flank side.

We moved cautiously down the hill toward the village ahead. We reached the tree lined (all battered) road in about a quarter mile and started to head into the village when we received the surprise of our life. Suddenly, a few feet from us a German soldier jumped up in a fox hole beside the road waving a white handkerchief calling "comrade! comrade!". Immediately others also stood up waving white surrender flags. They all thought we were the advance scouts for the next attack and decided they had had enough of this war! It then suddenly dawned on us that our outfit had not taken the village but instead had pulled back in the face of the resistance we had encountered.

So what should we do now? We had eight to ten German prisoners who chose to give up rather than continue the battle in the custody of two green lost and scared American G.I's. Obviously, we chose to turn around and head in the direction from which we came. After checking to be sure they were disarmed, we lined them up and slowly and cautiously marched them back over the hill. Still no sign of our outfit! There was nothing else to do but to continue on in the same general direction.

Suddenly we were challenged by an American outpost position. Fortunately we remembered the password of the day and were allowed to proceed to the rear accompanied now by a couple other G.I.s. to assist us. These were not our division personnel but we were mighty glad they were Americans.

We shortly reached the command area where we were relieved of our prisoners. The officer in charge informed us that we were not to take prisoners, why did we do it and were we prepared to shoot them? Absolutely not, we said - we couldn't believe what we were hearing. He then asked for volunteers to do the job and no one stepped forward. Finally, a couple fellows said they would do the dirty deed. Sadly to say, a few minutes later they were dead, gunned down by a machine gun. We couldn't believe it. It was a nightmare I shall never forget.

I later heard of similar atrocities that the Germans had committed at Malmady just a few days earlier where over 50 American prisoners had been gunned down. I can only assume that the American officer who gave the order was suffering battle fatigue and did not realize what he was doing.

My buddy and I were given directions to the nearby location where my company was dug in. Few believed the tale of our adventure of the past few hours. I did not sleep that night.

The days that followed were like a daze. The weather grew colder and the snow deeper. Sleep was hard to come by. If not on guard duty at night, we huddled deep in our foxhole with a buddy to try to stay warm. Sleep was intermittent and often disturbed. Each person had but one army blanket. If we were lucky we had pine branches for the bottom of the hole. We pulled one blanket over our heads and the other around us as best possible. On several occasions we would find several inches of snow on our blanket as we unlimbered our cramped and stiff bodies in the early morning.



Tank of the 2nd US Armoured Division progressing on the icy road toward Samre, an important objective in the Ardenne battle.



American troops of the 26th Division being transferred from Habscheid in Germany to the front of the Ardenne offensive.

THE WINTER WAS COLD AND SNOWY



In the hope of avoiding that Bastogne should be completely surrounded by the Germans, parachute troops of the US 101st Division make a sortie from Bastogne in direction of Houffalize, 19th December 1944.



Troops of the 101st Airborne Division making a sortie from Bastogne to harass German troops that have been besieging the town for 10 days. This shows the road from Wiltz to Bastogne, December 1944.

MORE WINTER SCENES



View of the Grand'Place at Bastogne after the siege. Until the offensive it was called Place du Carré — at the price of its ruins it changed its name to Place MacAuliffe.



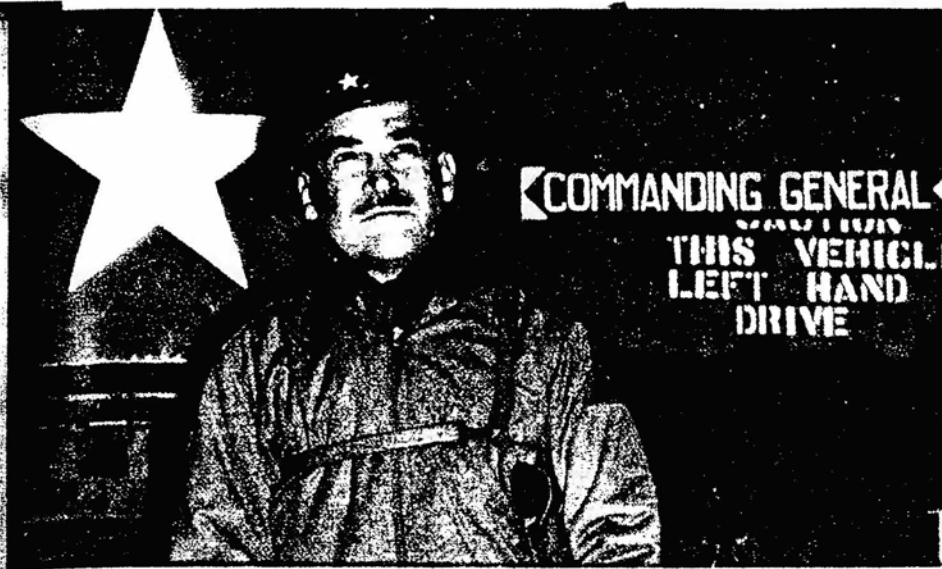
BASTOGNE, BELGIUM
DEC. 1944



Troops of the 30 th US Division advancing on a road towards St-Vith. On their way they are passing German dead lying by the roadside and Nazi tanks out of action.



Tanks, armoured cars, lorries and infantry of the US Army moving up to the front line on the 9th January 1945. The Photo shows them going through the town of Lierneux.



Division commander, Brigadier General Charles S. Kilburn.



The artillery in the bulge

German soldiers double-time to surrender themselves to 11th Armored Division troops.



Contact with the Germans was intermittent. We had fire fights with them in the forests, fought through several very small villages and farms. Death had become a way of life. As our buddies fell, we realized that it would probably be only a matter of time until our number would come up. Yet the nightmare continued. Patrols and outpost duty became routine. We gained ground and we lost ground. Yet we were generally moving forward and accomplishing our objectives, we were told. Finally, after about four days we were pulled back to reorganize, clean up our equipment and get some much needed rest. As I recall, at this time we had a heavenly place to stay - a barn with lots of hay.

Gen. Patton's notes as written in "The Battle of the Bulge" state the following relative to the these first days of combat for the 11th Armored Div.

"Dec. 31, 1944 - We have suffered 17 enemy attacks all of which were beaten back, inflicting heavy losses on the enemy. Naturally we also suffered great losses, especially in the ranks of the 11th armoured Div which is not very used to active warfare."

"January 3, 1945 - The 87th Infantry Div. progresses on the left. The 11th Armoured Div. beats back a heavy counter-attack in the center of the front but is consequently so badly disorganized that it has to be withdrawn from the front line for a few days. The roads are so slippery that the 17th Div. cannot attack through the ranks of the 11th Div as had been originally planned".

Our 11th Armoured History Book states "In five freezing days the Thunderbolt Div. had tackled two ace German divisions, punching them back six miles, clearing 30 square miles of rugged terrain, liberated more than a dozen towns, and ended the threat to the supply route. The division had suffered heavy casualties in its baptism of fire, but had earned its spurs with honors".

After several days of rest, we returned to combat working with the 87th Infantry Div., the 17th airborne Div. and 101st Airborne Div. in our mission to further blunt the German counter offensive and totally relieve Bastogne. Winter continued to prevail, but somehow we managed to endure it.

We now encountered an increasing number of civilians who had not fled. They were the misfortunates who were losing their homes if not their lives. They willingly shared with us as they could and welcomed us. Often we would trade candy and cigarettes (our weekly ration) for wine and bread. Frequently we found the people huddled in their basement dugouts, a dangerous place to be since these areas were also favorite hiding places for the Germans and we had found that a well placed grenade could take them out of the war.

It was during this period that we were first exposed to the German "Screaming Meemies". This was a small short range rocket whereby six were fired in rapid succession. One could hear them being launched, whine thru the air and hit in succession with a total impact pattern about the size of a football field. If one were in that area, we would count them off, never knowing where the next would land. Their impact was comparable to a mortar shell. They were primarily used at night and were quite a psychological as well as lethal weapon.

Also during this period we were frequently visited by "bed-check Charlie", a low flying German reconnaissance plane who flew very low over our positions at night. We were totally blacked out, camouflaged as best possible and never fired upon him. We were never sure if he realized precisely where we were.

Combat also had its lighter moments. I recall several times while in actual combat situations in going through a farm yard that we would come upon a chicken coop. We took off our steel helmets, and loaded them with eggs, a real delicacy to supplement our normal dry rations.

I also recall the day Sgt. Johnson, our platoon sargent, was heating an unopened can of beans over a small fire in his foxhole. The can exploded spraying hot beans over him. Thinking a mortar shell had landed, he jumped out of his hole screaming for a medic. Actually he was not injured but took a lot of ribbing for his actions.

Sgt. Johnson was also a ghoulish character as he collected gold off the dead German bodies including gold out of their teeth! We could not believe he could do this.

Speaking of food, I will describe our field rations which sustained us while out. We had the choice of "K" or "C" type. "K" rations were contained in a wax covered waterproof box about the size of a box of crackerjacks. They contained dry food such as crackers, cheese and chocolate. The "C" type rations came in small tin cans with a choice of baked beans, beef stew or spaghetti. Occasionally we had hot coffee. Yes, I willingly drank the stuff in an effort to regain body heat. The only time in my life I have drunk coffee was during the winter combat months in Europe. I had not drunk it before or following this period.

For a couple weeks we were generally engaged but occasionally would be pulled back a mile or so in reserve to regroup and get a brief rest.

During these brief rest periods we would be rejoined by our halftracks which contained our meager personal supplies. It was an opportunity to clean up a bit - a sponge bath in cold water in our helmet. A field kitchen was generally set up and we were served warm food from a chow line and again good strong hot army brew coffee.

If we were lucky, we would have mail call, a most cherished event. Fortunately, I almost always received mail since almost everyone I knew was writing to me. It was also essential that we drop a note home since we knew the folks at home were most anxious to hear from us. Unfortunately, it generally took about two weeks for mail to be delivered. At this point all of our mail was censored so we could not give any details as to our whereabouts or any details of our actions. We generally wrote "V" mail letters (Pg 45, 69). This was a single sheet which was reduced to microfilm for transmission and then printed in reduced form for delivery. Postage for servicemen was always "free" unless we wanted to send it airmail which cost 6 cents, a questionable expenditure since I never felt any time was gained.

Ecumenical church services were always held when possible with good participation. The saying "You don't find atheists in fox holes" appeared to be true.

The battle to secure Bastogne officially ended on Jan. 16, according to the notes of Gen Patton. The campaign to defend and secure Bastogne later became known as the "Battle of the Bulge" referring to the large breakthrough in the American lines. For our participation, we earned our first battle star.

Luxembourg
Feb. 23, 1915

Dear Mom & Dad,

The weather has been pretty nice lately and I surely hope it keeps up. I don't know if this is considered spring or hot but I surely hope it is. We've been getting some rain occasionally but most of the days have been nice.

Our division finally got a writing in the Stars & Stripes newspaper. I tried to get one to send home but couldn't but I can at least copy it word for word & send that. We only got two papers for our squad and we drew for them & I lost.

Feb 22 - Force of the 11th Armd. Div. of the secret list, today seized the town of Reiff, southwest of Punt on the third Army Front, completing a five-mile penetration of the Siegfried Line main defense. They took 200 prisoners.

The 11th, commanded by Brig Gen. Charles S. Kilburn, has captured 718 prisoners and five towns, and cleared out more than 150 pillboxes and bunkers so far in an offensive which started Feb. 18. Towns taken in addition to Reiff include

Siedeborn, Sengerich, Roscheid, and Etzelt. The division landed on the continent late in December and was rushed into the battle of the Belgium bulge.

That's what it said & it may sound a bit rougher than it really is. We've been having it pretty to say lately in fact, so don't worry.

I did enclose a couple German postage stamps & a coin that I picked up. You can save them for me somewhere if you want & after you look at them.

We've been giving a lot of haircuts lately and am getting pretty good at it. I've even cut me & I was a barber in civilian life. I did charge for them all & get rich.

They've surely got queer houses over here. They're almost all built alike will the barn always in the same building. They're all pretty big and real long and often they have dove landing diverts from the kitchen to the barn. They're all kept

real clean though except those would
by the war & they're deserted. We
often live in the same house with
civilians using a couple of their
rooms. I don't know how they
like it but after all, they can't
be much to stop me if they thought
wanted to. They're all friendly though
except in Germany & there we
don't see many. I hate & don't trust
it's getting late & don't have
so all end for now. I hope
you're all well and don't fine
so there's no need to worry about
me.

Love,

Chick

Please use complete address in plain block letters on the front of letters, and your return address on the back.
Provide the appropriate ZIP code on postal "zip" indicia. They speed delivery.

From
Sgt. Chick [unclear] 37571222
Co. C 21 Arm'd. Inf. [unclear]
APO 261 & PM New York
April 17, 1945

To
Mr. & Mrs. Albert Japs
209 11 Ave. E.
Hopkins,
Minnesota

Germany

Dear Mom and Dad,
Our mail hasn't come yet this evening but I'll start my
letter writing anyway as there is always plenty to write. I
haven't been getting as much mail lately as I did before but
I guess it's still on the way I hope. I mailed a couple
packages home tonight so you should get them at the same time
whenever they finally come. One was the one I was going to
mail about a month ago and that I mentioned in a previous
letter. It has a couple knives, a flag, some coins and other
things. The other has a brand new German parachute that I
found and is made of silk and rayon. It's worth quite a bit
I guess because a U.S. chute costs over two hundred dollars.
You can do what you want with it but put it where it won't
be ruined by the weather. I'm also enclosing part of a
camouflaged parachute that you can cut up and make something out
of if you care to. Let Bernice make one for herself and for
whomever else wants one. I also am enclosing a small ad-
vance tray that is a nice souvenir. I'm sending more stamps than
you can save for me for my collection.

So Bob is on his way to the states. I was sort of
surprised to hear it. I suppose he'll be coming home before
long too. I surely envy him but I've a hunch it won't be too
long now before we'll all get home.

I just got the mail and all there was was a letter from
Byron and one from Clayton but I really enjoyed them both. I
really look forward to the mailover here, believe me. I've been
getting as much as anyone and a lot more than most of the
fellows. I'll try to write more tomorrow so long until
then.

Love,
Chick

Our Division casualties had been heavy, including a reported 184 killed and 411 wounded in the first five days alone. This does not include the increasing numbers lost to frozen feet and frost bite.

Into Germany

We were now considered battle tested veterans. Green replacements joined our unit from time to time and occasionally personnel would return from a stay in the hospital following minor injuries or frost bite. Most of the fellows that left, however, were never seen or heard from again. Either they didn't recover in time or were assigned other duty upon recovery.

For all this we were well rewarded financially - \$46/Mo. plus \$10/Mo. each for overseas pay and combat infantry pay. From this I purchased a war bond monthly and sent the extra cash home. We really had no need for money.

As the days and weeks wore on, we more or less lived in a daze or a bad nightmare. We would go for long periods without real sleep, but yet find ourselves dozing off under the most unlikely conditions. We lived under the constant threat of death or serious injury and eventually accepted the fact that we would not survive the ordeal. How fortunate were those airmen who after flying their 50 missions could look forward to a leave to say nothing of the fact that they returned to warm and civilized quarters after each mission. Or how about those lucky so and so's who had the soft state side or rear eschelon jobs?

The best we could hope for was a minor wound which would send us back to the warmth of a safe hospital, perhaps until the war was over. Or maybe we could break our leg as we jumped the six feet or so over the side of our halftrack as we dismounted. I'm sure even the thought of a self inflicted wound occurred to many although I was not aware of any such incident.

Why were we the ones selected for this horrible mission of killing or being killed, of living in the filth, the cold and the mud? The life of the infantryman had to be the lowest form of life on the planet, we concluded.

But yet we continued on, faithfully following orders to secure that hill, take the village, clear out the roadblock ahead, clean out the snipers, participate in a night patrol, establish a lonely outpost, wipe out the machine gun nest etc.

We never really knew where we were or what our role was in the overall picture. Our assignments were always short range objectives and ours was but a worm's eye view of things at very best. A couple times a month we were fortunate enough to get copies of the Stars and Stripes newspaper which gave us an overall view of things and particularly how the war was going.

The weeks which followed Bastogne were largely spent removed from our vehicles because of the weather and terrain. Winter wore on with the temperatures usually in the 20's and 30's. By early March the snow gave way to rain and mud which in many ways was worse than the snow and cold.

It was about this time that we were notified of the availability of three day passes to Paris. Two or three/week to members of our original company to be drawn by lot. Unfortunately, I was not one of the early ones to be so rewarded.

From Bastogne we headed generally East, the terrain being gently rolling and quite wooded with pine forests. There were small villages and occasionally we had the luxury of a night spent in a barn!

I must tell of one of my loneliest and longest nights. A buddy and I were set up on outpost duty at the intersection of two small country roads in the middle of a forest a half mile or so ahead of our main company. We sat together in a foxhole well back from the road armed with our rifles and grenades. The night was pitch black, a light rain was falling and the roads were a sea of mud. The hours wore on, the rain continued and we were most miserable, not knowing what to expect.

Suddenly, we heard a branch break off in the woods. Soon another and another - without question someone was approaching us. We dared not make any noise as the intruder or intruders advanced toward us. When they were perhaps 75 yards away, I yelled "halt!" - All was suddenly again deathly quiet. Several minutes later the footsteps again could be heard and I shouted "password!" and again all was silent. We then tossed a couple grenades at the target and opened fire with our rifles. This was followed by some thrashing around on the edge of the forest and then once again only deadly silence.



Cliff in the Vicinity
of the Siegfried Line
(Germany)

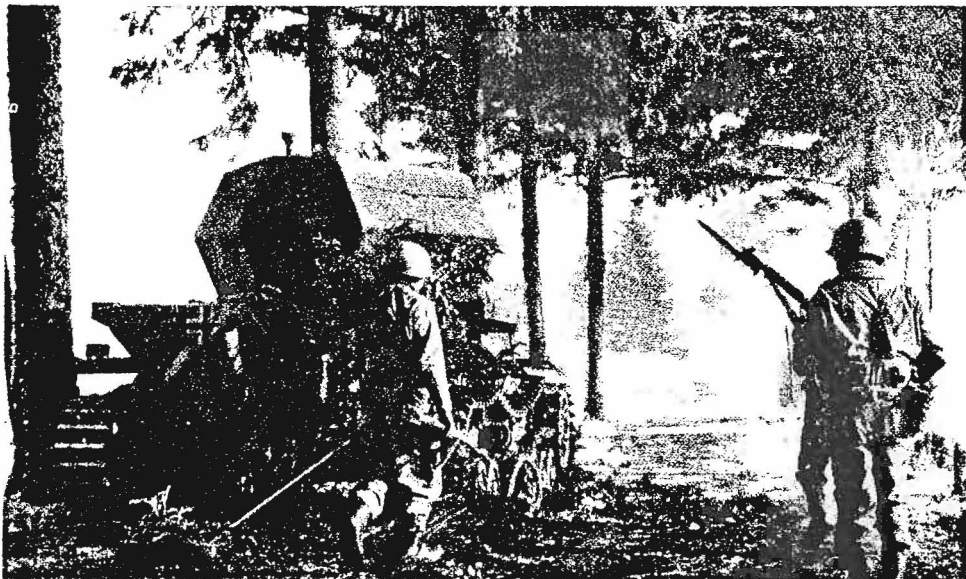
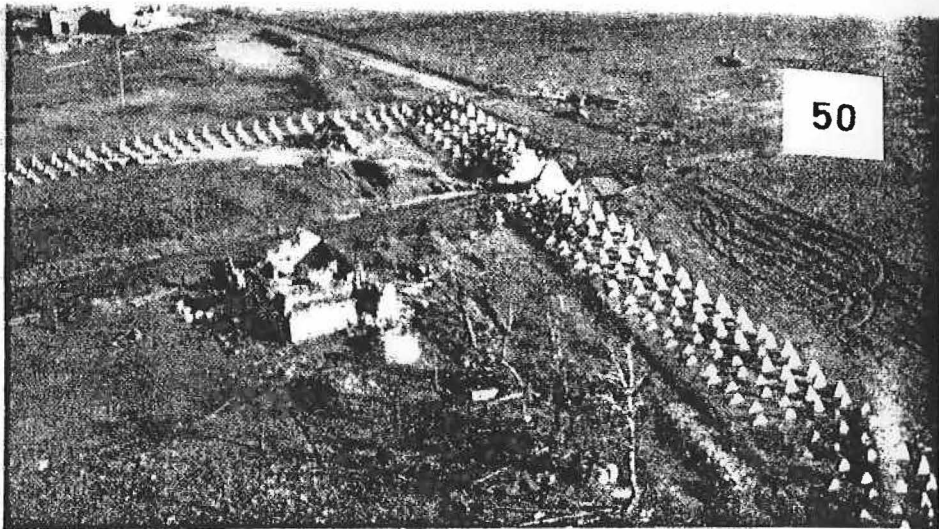


Cliff on his Halftrack
(Siegfried Line)



Cliff and Sgt Frank Brower
(Later killed at Oberhof)

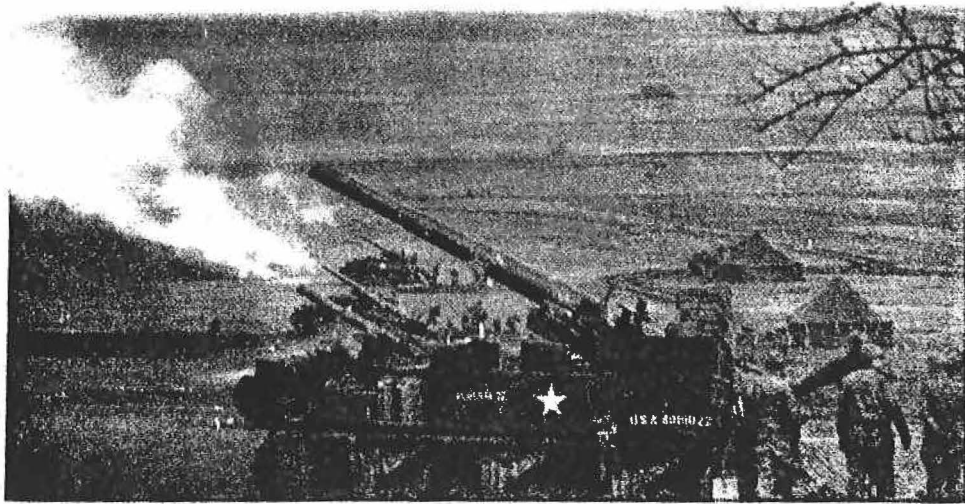
CC A vehicles dispersed near Leidenborn on Siegfried Line.



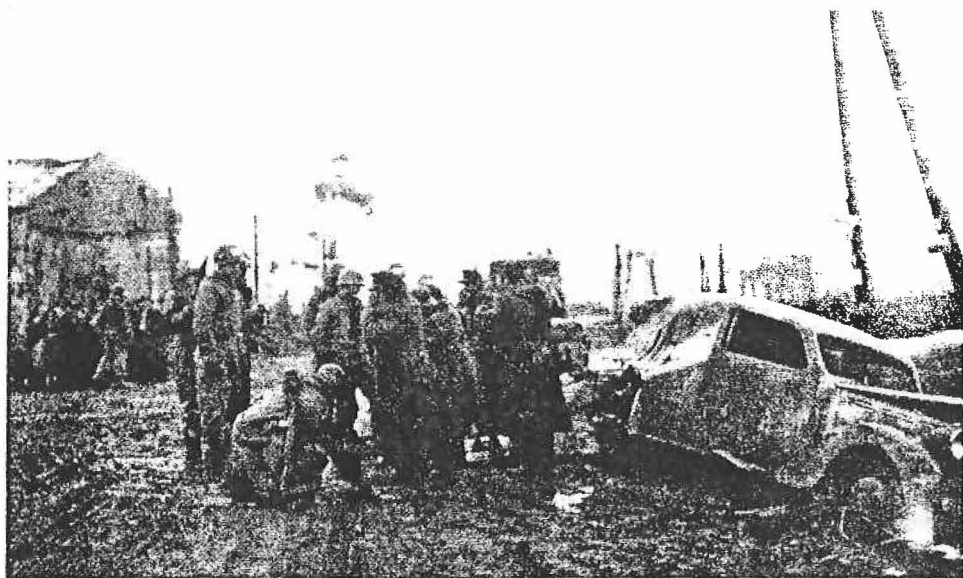
We over-ran this German tank.

Packages from home!





Our attached artillery.



Troops of Division searching German prisoners of war.

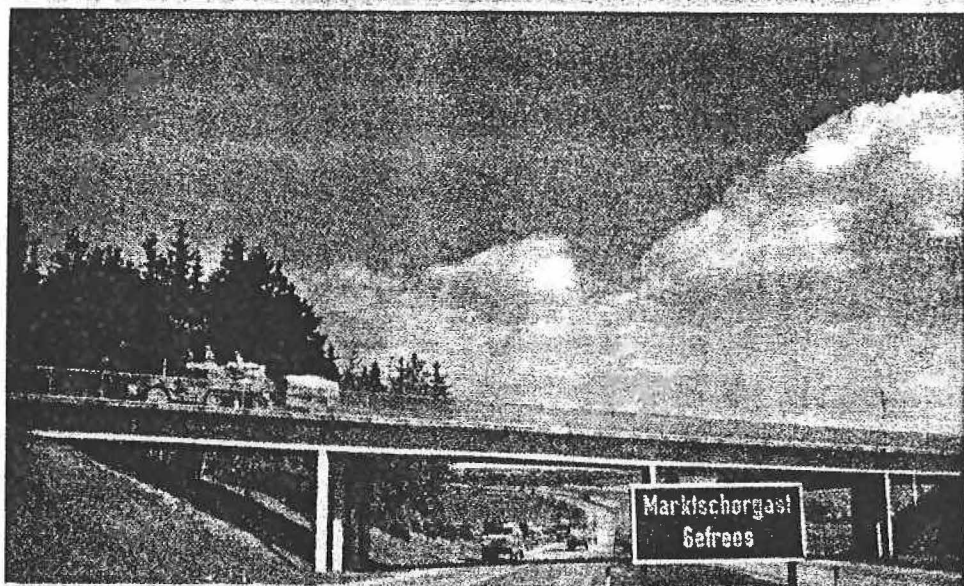
Machine gun outpost.



The smash to the Rhine

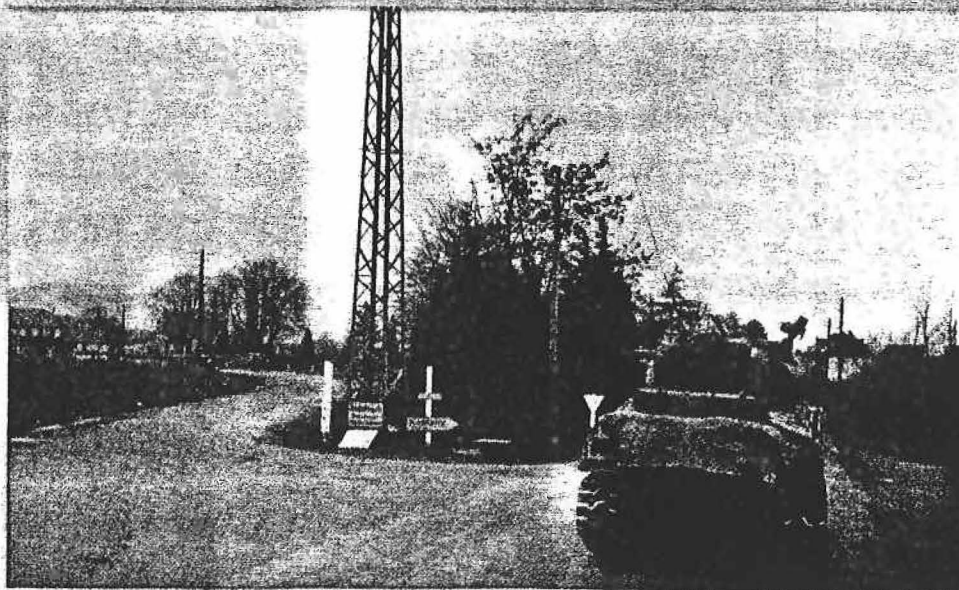


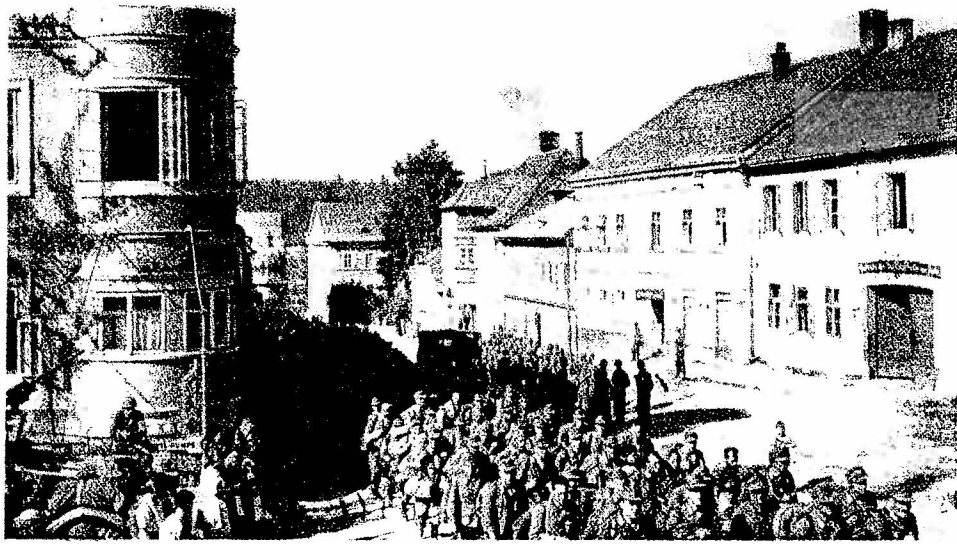
These prisoners couldn't believe that we were on German soil.



On the Autobahn.

Blocking a junction.





German prisoners of war marching along road near the Division turnover point.

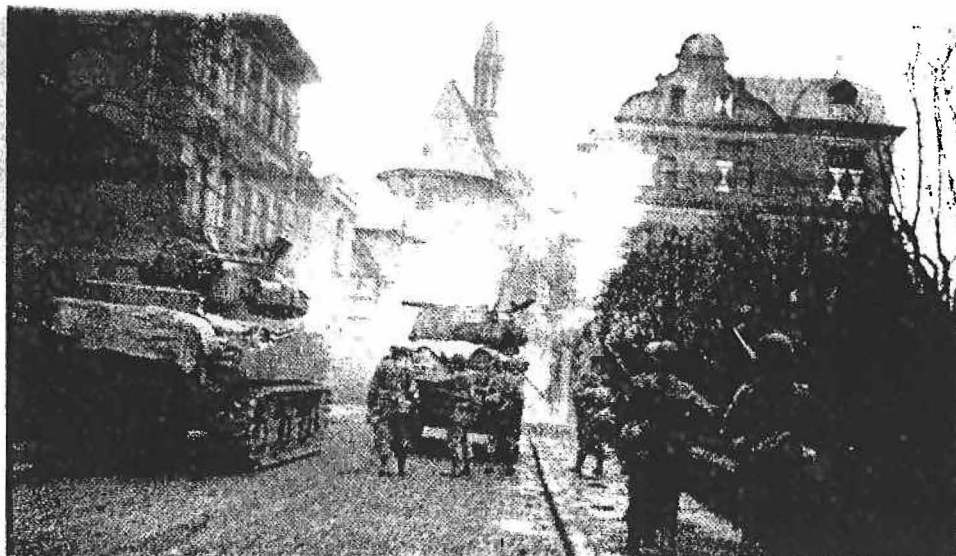


The medics at work.



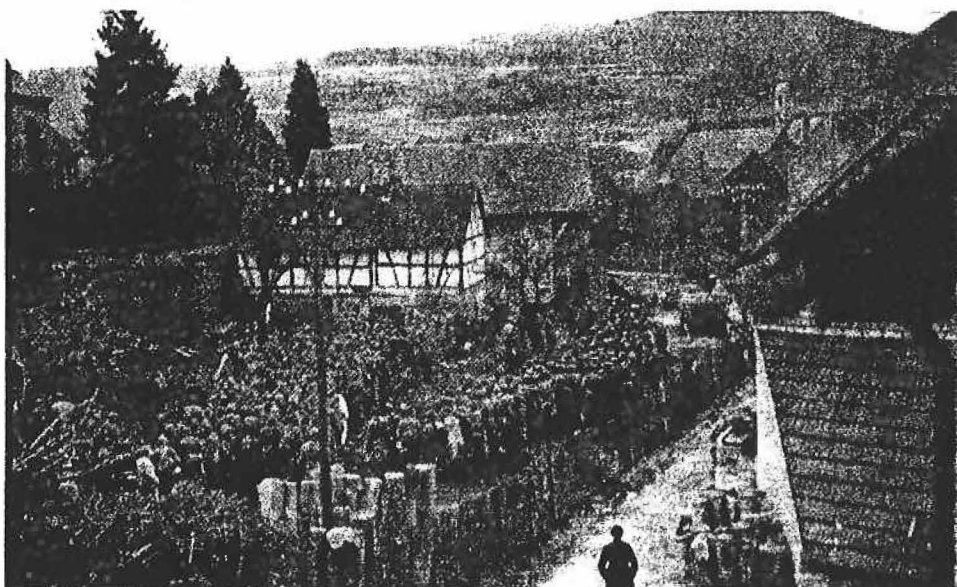
Civilians stand in awe at the passing parade.

Infantrymen follow tanks into Andernach, Germany. The soldiers behind the tank at the right are gazing toward building where a sniper has been located.



The railroad station in Andernach.

The MPs were overrun with PWs.



The rain continued, the night wore slowly on and nothing further was heard or seen. At dawn we were relieved by others from our platoon and together we cautiously went to investigate our felled intruders. Would you believe that we found a dead cow? We were too embarrassed to relate the story to others.

The war obviously was going quite well as we generally were moving forward and achieving our objectives. Our casualties varied with the situation but lessened as the war wore on. We had lost considerable numbers of men to frost bite and trench foot. Trench foot resulted from prolonged exposure to cold and water when the skin would actually start to rot. Generally this was preceded by frost bite. Proper care of the feet was essential but difficult.

Events of the war are still clear in my mind although I generally cannot place their location since for the most part I was not located at the time. We were given After Action Battle Maps which are reproduced in the appendix of this book.

Across the Rhine

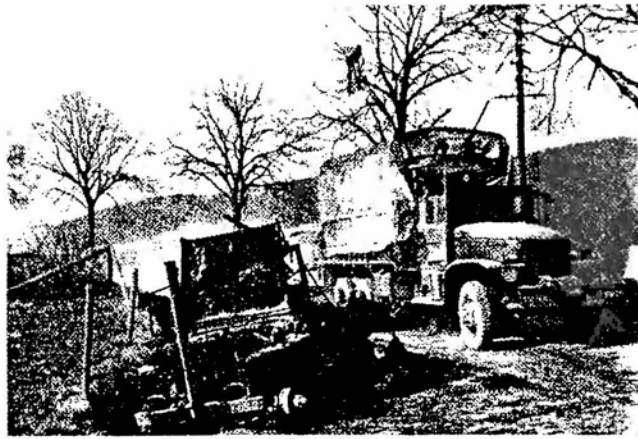
By March 9 (my birthday) we reached the Rhine River just south of Remagen, then headed southeast arriving at Worms by March 21. We were now spending considerably more time riding in our halftracks moving down the roads and sometimes highways. From here we continued northeastward through Darmstadt, Hanau and on to Fulda by the end of the month.

We were now part of Patten's Third Army operating as an armored division is designed to operate - that is, high mobility with great fire power while exploiting breakthroughs to maximum advantage. I never saw Patten while under his command but heard many tales of his escapades.

It was about this time we got a replacement Lieutenant Platoon leader. He had been trained in the Antiaircraft area and the infantry was relatively new to him. We soon came to hate him with a passion since he volunteered us for all the unwanted assignments such as night patrols, extra outpost duty etc. We were willing to do our share of this sort of thing but why do more? The Lieutenant did not last until the end of the war. No one ever seemed to know what happened to him.



This mine will never cause any damage



Mines take their toll in the 21st Infantry



Entering Leimreith

Beyond the Rhine



*An MP directing traffic on a Rhine River bridge
near Oppenheim*

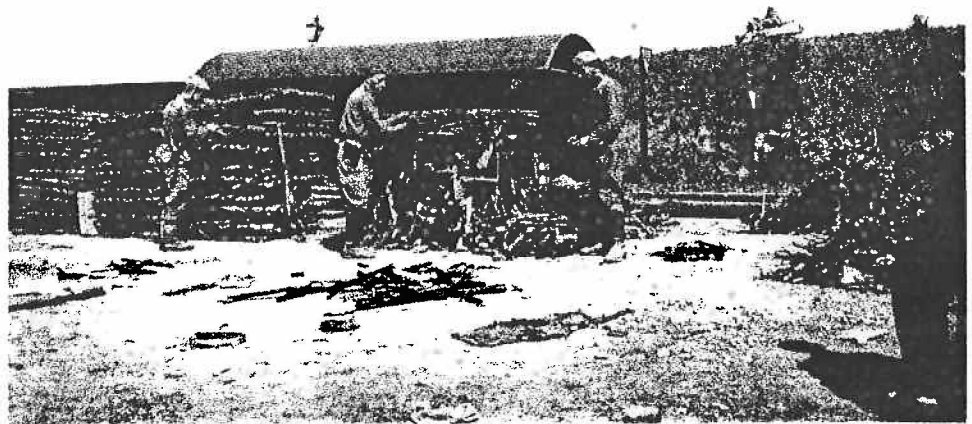
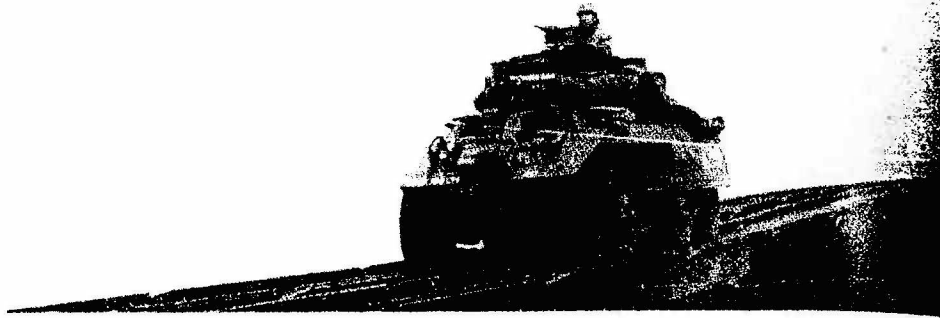


Division columns race through Darmstadt towards Hanau.



*Division MP's keep traffic
moving through burning
village near Hanau.*

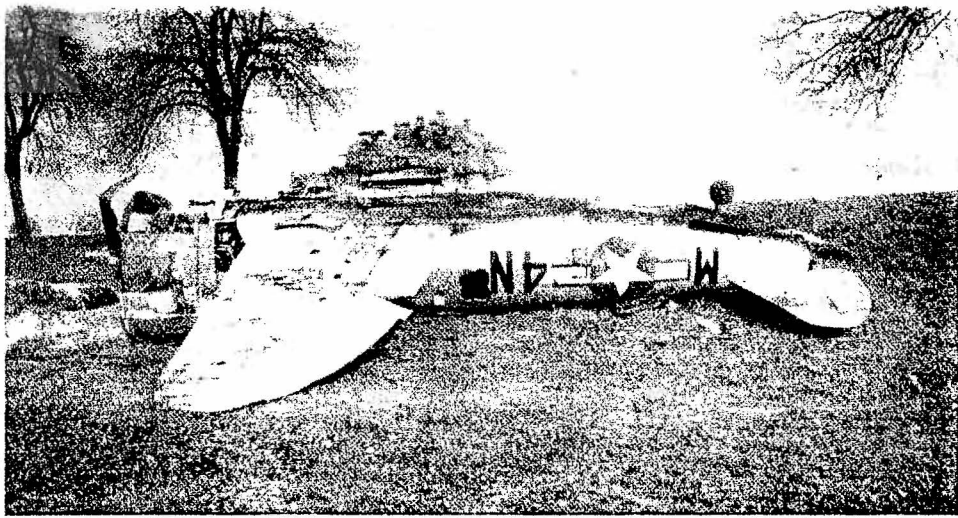
*AN M-8 of Troop A of
the 41st Cavalry
Reconnaissance Squadron
crosses the Rhine River*



Prisoners stacking German weapons.

Thru the cities and towns.





Our losses were high.



Part of the "Super Race".

These boys took lots of convincing.



I recall a situation, I believe at Wasungen, where we encountered a blown bridge. Our platoon was called forward to establish a bridgehead on the other side of the river. We crawled across the girders of the blown bridge, half immersed in water while under fire from the Germans. I'll never know how we made it across but we were able to establish a bridgehead following which our engineers built a pontoon bridge for our tanks to get across.

A week later we had another experience which I'll never forget. We started to get into countryside which was forested and almost mountainous. As our armored column wended its way up the narrow mountainous road it suddenly encountered a road block consisting of felled trees. Trapped with no retreat, the tanks became the target of a German "88" across the valley.

At the time of contact our platoon was well back in the column in our halftracks. Soon after we stopped and heard the shooting ahead, we were given the orders to dismount and move forward. We were to clear the road block of the snipers situated in the adjoining forest. The day was dark and overcast and by now it was midafternoon. As we approached the roadblock we spread out into a long "skirmish line", while moving cautiously through the forest on the steep hillside.

We soon encountered rifle fire but it was very difficult to determine its source. My squad leader, Francis Brower, stood up and shouted at the Germans to surrender. He was met by a bullet through his chest - his last words were a call for help for a medic. He apparently died immediately.

We continued cautiously up the hill exchanging fire as we went forward. We had several more casualties before it was over. By darkness all was quiet and we proceeded into the small village of Oberhof. We spent the night in a home and ended up spending two additional days in the same location for rest. We were to be relieved by an infantry division since this was obviously no place for an armored division.

Volunteers were requested to go back and retrieve our dead. I'm sorry to say I did not volunteer. Frank had been my best friend and was a handsome fellow who really enjoyed life and had a real sense of humor. We would really miss him and his leadership. He was from Redbank, N.J. and had a wife and small child. It was on this sad note that I was promoted to Sargent and squad leader the next day.

I revisited Oberhof, Germany in the fall of 1990. It was very much as I had remembered it with its mountain roads, forests and old homes. It really had not grown a great deal except for the fact it had become the East German Winter Olympic training area. New were several large hotels, ski jumps, bobsled runs etc.

During the last three weeks of April we were moving in a south west direction toward Austria usually many miles per day. The German resistance was minimal, usually consisting of unexpected roads blocks, snipers in villages, or dug-in bazookas beside the roadway.

Our armored column would stretch for miles down the roadway, usually led by a couple reconnaissance vehicles, followed by tanks, infantry halftracks, mobile artillery and finally the support groups such as the field engineers. Once moving we would continue until resistance was encountered, often traveling 20-30 miles per day.

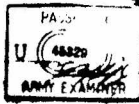
Initially, our lead tanks were devastated by German bazookas fired by infantrymen from foxholes along side the road which the tankers could not see. This problem was answered by placing three infantrymen atop each tank with the mission of scanning the roadside for dugins and to get them before they had a chance to fire their bazookas.

Riding atop the lead tanks was not a desired role to say the least. These were the most vulnerable positions and casualties were very high as resistance was invariably encountered sometime during the course of a long day. This assignment was rotated between infantry companies, platoons and squads so as it turned out we each drew the assignment but once or twice.

Thanks to the grace of God, on the day I rode the point, we did not encounter a German! To my knowledge it was the only day of the war while in combat that this could be said. Perhaps I might make it through after all. By now most of our original group had been casualties but I was still one of the lucky ones so far unscathed! But still not fortunate enough to be drawn for the trip to Paris.

On the 12th of April we heard the news of President Franklin Roosevelt's death and the swearing in of President Harry S. Truman and the war continued on.

Print the complete address in plain black letters in the panel below and your return address in the space provided on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Pencil or small writing is not suitable for photographing.



Miss Bernice Japs
204 W. 7th
Winona
Minnesota

From
Sgt. Cliff Japs 3751122
C. O. 21 Armd. Inf. Bn.
A.P.S. 261 9th P.M. New York
April 15, 1945

Dear Bernice,
I guess its time I write you a
letter here again. Its been quite awhile now
since I last wrote but we really been busy
... then everything going well and
we are on the go as you no
doubt have been reading. We getting pretty
optimistic about the war and we
hoping it wont be long now. We encounter
very little resistance nowdays. we can go
pretty much where we please. Most of
the German soldiers seem to be taking
off in civilian clothes & there are a few
survivors pretty much about all in all in
white flags when we enter cities. We find
thousands of slave laborers and some prisoners
and they surely are happy to see us come
to see the best. We got word about folks
that I had sent in your collection when I find this.
Write soon.
Love,
Cliff



Print the complete address in plain letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Pencil or small writing is not suitable for photographing.



TO: Mr. & Mrs. Albert Japs
209 11th Ave. N.
Hopkins,
Minnesota

FROM
Sgt. Cliff Japs 3751122
C. O. 21 Armd. Inf. Bn.
A.P.S. 261 9th P.M. New York

Dear Mom & Dad,
I didn't receive any mail today
but we still get pretty to answer. I
got a letter from Sylvia not right.
We had another haircut today its
surely been keeping my mail. We passed guard
duty at the concentration camp again not
right. We still keeping all the people there
until they get cleaned up & get healthy again
most of them can speak English and all
were once the highest society of Europe - students,
doctors, lawyers, newspapermen or anyone who could
have interferred with the Nazis. I talked with
several from America this morning. A lot of
people surely come to see the camp business
general & even Sam Patton today. Its pretty well
cleaned up by now. We got a radio in our house
here now & its surely small. We long for our Dad, Cliff
Love,
Cliff

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?



HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

It was during this period that we came upon our first German autobahn highway in the general vicinity south of Munich. Never had we seen such well engineered or wide double roads. While traveling down this road we discovered a camouflaged German airfield. They had used the autobahn for a landing strip and parked the planes in the forest along side the roadway. It was here that I picked up a German parachute which I sent home and from which my sister, Bernice, made her wedding dress.

We were now traveling in relatively open countryside with small villages of a few hundred people located every couple miles along the roadway. When resistance was encountered, it generally was in the form of rearguard snipers located in the villages.

To protect ourselves we developed a very definite approach to the situation. A small aircraft would precede the column down the roadway dropping leaflets on the villages and civilians telling them to surrender and to see to it that all German soldiers laid down their arms. If any resistance were encountered, they were told, we would level their village with our artillery.

As it turned out, about 80% of the villages complied. Our mechanized column rumbled through the narrow cobblestone main street, white sheets were hanging from all the windows and the people were waving white towels and staring very quietly at us. It had to be an impressive sight to them as this endless column of armor proceeded onward. The tank treads tore up the cobblestones unmercifully, particularly as they turned at corners. Since these streets were narrow, the corners of the houses were also frequently ripped out as the tanks maneuvered around tight corners. Yet this was far better to the consequences of not surrendering.

We encountered resistance in about every fifth village, at which time the column would stop, our lead vehicles fall back, and the artillery would open with a fearful barrage which would effectively level the village. We would then proceed through as before, but now the sight was something else. Buildings were flattened and burning, people were crying and screaming and overall it was a very unpleasant sight. The next few villages could hear what was going on, and if they had any thought of resisting I'm sure they rapidly changed their minds.

April 28, 1948
Germany

Mom & Dad,

I just wrote a V-mail and

now for an air-mail letter

one. I received your two air-

mail letters yesterday. Dad, of April

1 & the 10th and your V-mail

mom, of Mar. 25th, 29th, April. 22 & 6.

all I got. 24 letters so they
are pretty nice to read but will
hard to answer.

It's another swell day today and

took advantage of it by washing

few clothes this morning. It

is very often that we get to

it but we love the
ilities here & I needed clean

the so I did it. I'll have to

out pretty soon and get them

in. Before I forget, Mom, I want

wish you a happy Mother's Day.

I read in the paper where it
is May the 13th and this
should just about get home
by then. I wish I could be

the team but maybe by next

year I can.

Wait surely been going place

again and his really seen a lot.

Wait seen snow covered mountains -

lately but they aren't very rugged.

In between them are broad green

valleys with some woods. Things

are pretty much the same or

all across Germany in regard to

the people attitudes and everything

most of them are very glad to see

me come but once in awhile

we're forced to visit a village and

then they all stand around and

cry but they started the war so the

Love it coming most towns get of 64

way too easily if you ask me.

Just long out white flags & then we
right thank it. Pretty soon will

be getting into another country
and they'll seem sort of nice.
This week one day we freed
thousands of slave laborers and they
never seen a more justified sight.
They were just skin & bones &
when we came they just begged
me for food. Some were so weak
from hunger, they couldn't stand
on their feet and others were
dead in the fields. Whenever a
captured Siman would come along
they'd try to get him & we'd have
to protect him. Things are sure
a mess & when we free a
lot of people like that we feel
we're doing some good for once.

I still haven't heard from Bob
and he was hurt. I surely
worry him being back in the
field but not under those circumstances
we'd see him home yet? I'll try
to write to him soon again.

skin including 18 stamps and
this letter but I want you
to save for me. These here are
a pretty good set I think so I
don't want to lose them. I'm
also making more stamps - in
another letter I sent a set
more last week so save them
all for my collection.

You mentioned something about
Mint Julia sending me a letter
with money in it. We get I
haven't gotten it but it'll probably
come soon.

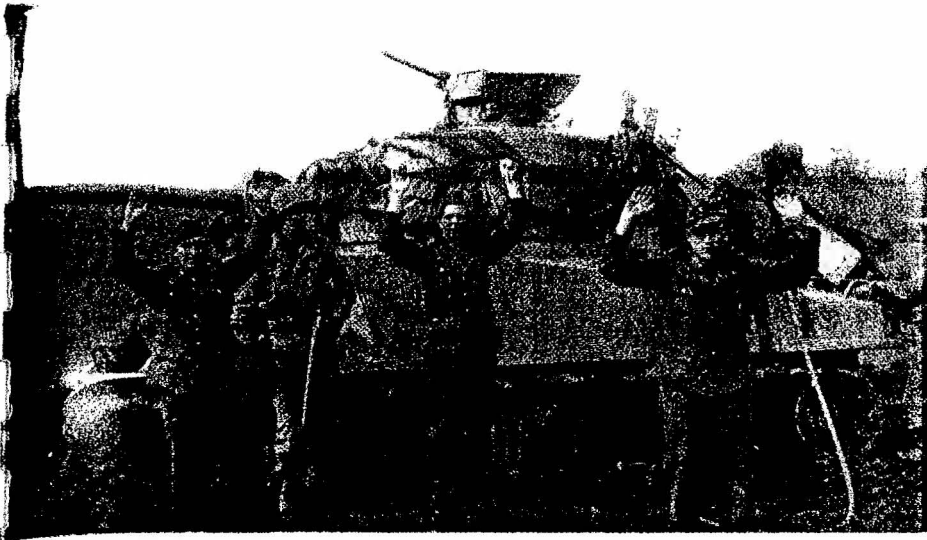
See it more letters to
write so I'll end on now and
try to write more soon.

Love,

Bob

P.S. I

just got even more
letters including your 6 mails
of girl and wife & photos to I



These Krauts stopped running long enough to pose for the photographer.



The road from Hanau with advancing columns of the 11th Armored Division



One way to overcome resistance.

It was during this period that we frequently had a comfortable night's lodging. At nightfall we would stop in a village and secure it by ringing it with tanks, beyond which infantry were dug in about a half mile beyond. The remaining infantry squads would each take over a home for the night, while requesting the owners to spend the night in the barn. This they generally did willingly since we first gave them a nice gift, such as a set of silverware or an antique item which they readily accepted. What they didn't realize was that they would contribute an equally nice item of their possessions so we might have a gift to offer for our next night's lodging. I'll never forget the morning we tied a large console radio set to the back of our halftrack and the man of the house stood shaking his fist at us as we rumbled off. Overall, we left their homes in good order and they were, in our opinion, the fortunate ones.

During this fast sweep we were capturing more and more prisoners. For the most part they had lost their will to fight and we were encountering more young boys and the like. I guess this caused us all to relax a bit which almost cost a fellow squad member his life.

Late one afternoon we took a couple Germans without resistance while sweeping through a village. One of my squad members volunteered to escort them to the rear as was the practice, but was jumped by the Germans after he left the building we were checking out. His cries for help were heard by another squad member as they wrestled for control of his rifle. Two well aimed shots by our second member dropped the Germans from a range of about 75 feet - a remarkable piece of gunnery considering their close proximity to the overcome guard.

A somewhat similar incident occurred one afternoon as we moved slowly down a road in armored column. For practice we'd frequently shoot the insulators off the power line posts along the road. While doing this, some of our fellows noticed several dozen German "casualties" lying on the near hillside. Assuming they were dead, they started to shoot at the corpses. Suddenly, several jumped up and waved white flags of surrender! Apparently they were hoping we would pass so they could then get up and go free.

Probably the closest I came to being a casualty occurred during one of the last days of the war. As we were clearing a road block and I was lying in a ditch alongside a road, an artillery shell came right past my head and detonated a few feet from me. Fortunately the shrapnel sprayed away from me but I was knocked out from the concussion. It was many minutes before I recovered consciousness, I had not yet been missed by my outfit so I rejoined them with nothing but a bad headache from the incident.

On Into Austria

The Eleventh Armored Div. became the first American unit into Austria on April 26. The countryside was beautiful and would have been greatly enjoyed had it not been for the war we were involved in.

We continued our armored thrust never straying very far from the main road. It was quite apparent that the war was rapidly drawing to a close and there were rumors that we'd soon meet the Russians.

We were now taking prisoners in great numbers. None of the Germans wanted to fall into the hands of the Russians so they retreated back through our lines bringing their heavy mechanized equipment all flying white flags. At this point we all acted as military police and directed the traffic as we directed them into large fields which served as large parking lots. It was an unbelievable sight - they were all as relieved as we were that the war was about to be over.

During this last week of the war I was also involved in a 50 man mechanized patrol which ventured, as the first Americans, into Czechoslovakia. It was an uneventful experience and we returned after several hours without casualties.

Mauthausen - the Nazis Death Camp

In the final few days of the war we came upon a sight none of us were prepared to see - the concentration camp Mauthausen. Battlehardened as we were, nothing we had seen previously compared to the horrors of this camp. We smelled it before we saw it - the stench had killed all vegetation within the camp and for hundreds of yards around. The sight was unbelievable - thousands of living skeleton human beings plus hundreds of dead piled like cordwood within the confines.

The S.S. keepers took off shortly before our arrival permitting some of the inmates to wander out. This turned out to be their death sentence, as they invariably ate food which their bodies could not tolerate. Dozens of dead were found along the roadway within a few hours.

This camp became our assignment for the next several weeks beyond the formal end of the war which occurred on May 8, 1945. The Red Cross came into the camp within hours of our arrival and we stayed on in the area to pull guard duty at the camp and to assist in its orderly liberation.

During the first week of this program over a thousand people of the 50,000 or so present died while under the care of the Red Cross. These and others were buried in a mass grave carved out with a bulldozer. Others were slowly nursed back to health and released as their conditions permitted.

We had the opportunity to talk with many of these people as they eagerly came up to us as we manned the gates to the camp. We heard of the conditions in the camp and of the atrocities committed. They were all the highly educated people of Europe - doctors, lawyers, teachers, clergy, professionals of all types - anyone who disagreed with the Nazis program. Many nationalities were represented, including many Czecks, Frenchmen, Austrians, Russians, Poles and even four Americans.

The camp was first established in 1938, shortly after the occupation of Austria by German troops at a location adjoining a rock quarry. Prisoners were brought to this location to help build the camp and later to work the rock quarry. Weakened and hungry, men had been forced to break rocks and load vehicles with boulders weighing up to four hundred pounds. Those who faltered were given no sympathy, but instead received cruel beatings and in many cases were shot or bayoneted. It was by these means that the SS were able to deliver their daily quota of dead at the evening retreat formation.

Many told of the Mauthausen "shower rooms". Often unsuspecting newly arrived pisoners would be given soap and towels and herded in groups to this clean and inviting room.. After they had begun to bathe, deadly gas was suddenly turned in, resulting in an agonizing death to all. The bodies were then burned in the adjoining crematorium.

A favorite sport of the SS caretakers was the "water treatment" in which a hose was rammed down the victim's throat and his body pumped full of water. Another torture often administered was to tie the victim's hands behind his back and then suspend his body above the ground by the same rope. Many other hideous methods of torture were also described to us, all of which lead to the eventual death of the inmates. To avoid this fate, inmates frequently took their own lives by leaping into the quarry or throwing themselves unto the electrical fences which surrounded the camp. (See pages 92-94)

It was said that several hundred thousand people died at this camp, one of many which the Nazis operated.

During our several weeks at this location we stayed in a nice private home in the nearby village of Mauthausen. We could not accept the fact that the people of the village claimed they knew nothing of the camp's operation or its purpose.

Perhaps the most stirring moments of this experience occurred the day when about 500 Russians were released for their long walk home. Walking in a long column about six abreast they were singing their national anthem. They continued to sing as they wound their way through the valley and finally no longer could be heard after about 45 minutes as they disappeared in the distance. The experience brought tears to our eyes.

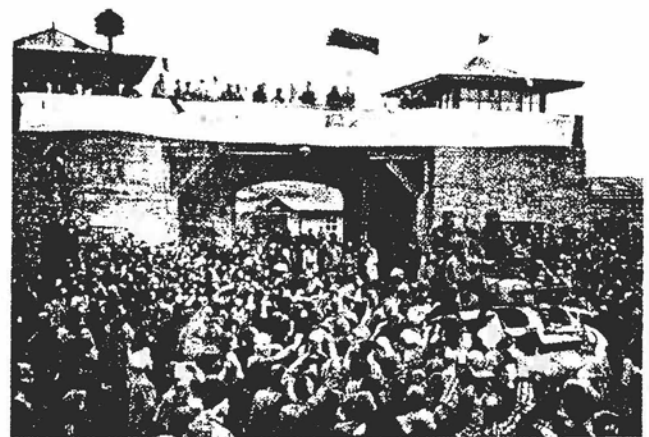
Likewise other groups were released when their health permitted their travel, all walking as did the Russians. They obviously would do anything to return to their homelands.

Mauthausen remains today as a memorial to all who died there. The massive stone buildings, the wall and fence enclosures, the shower rooms and crematorium all remain. Many monuments, dedicated to the people of the many nations, have been erected. Flowers are daily and continuously placed in a chapel and at the base of the memorials. Most of the wooden barracks have been removed but one or two remain as evidence of the conditions which prevailed.

Many people honestly believe to this day that the "Holocaust" never occurred. After participating in the above experience, I was very proud for having had the opportunity to play my small part in the liberation of Europe and of this hideous camp. In the year 1970, I returned to Mauthausen with my family so that they



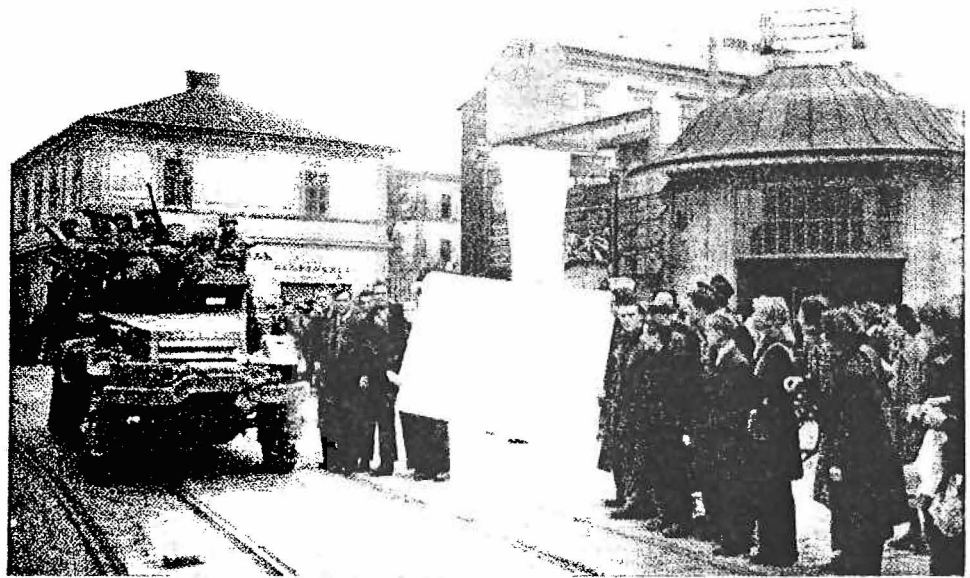
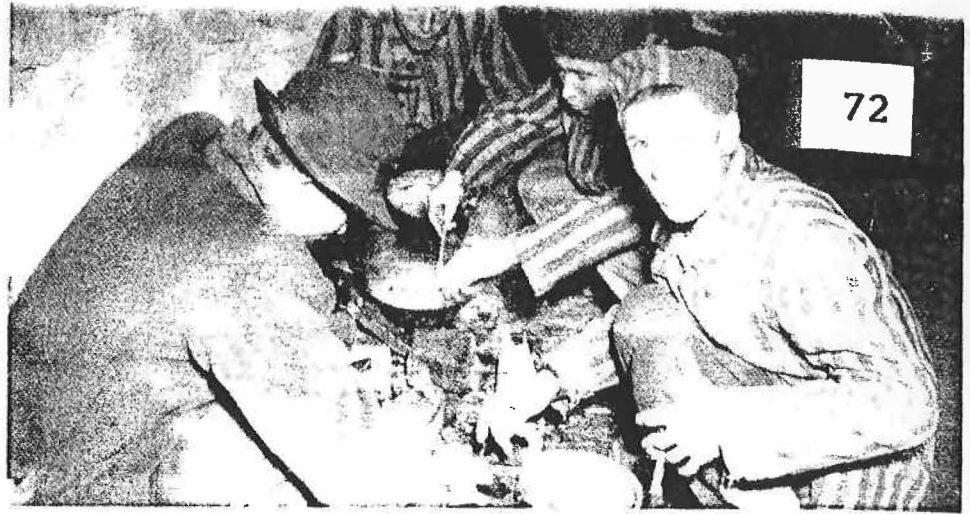
MAUTHAUSEN CONCENTRATION CAMP. Crippled Russian and Polish prisoners stand in front of armored Car of the Division, near Linz, Austria



MAUTHAUSEN CONCENTRATION CAMP. Liberated prisoners in the Mauthausen concentration camp near Linz, Austria, give rousing welcome to Cavalrymen of the Division. The banner across the wall was made by Spanish Loyalist prisoners who fought against Fascism since 1936

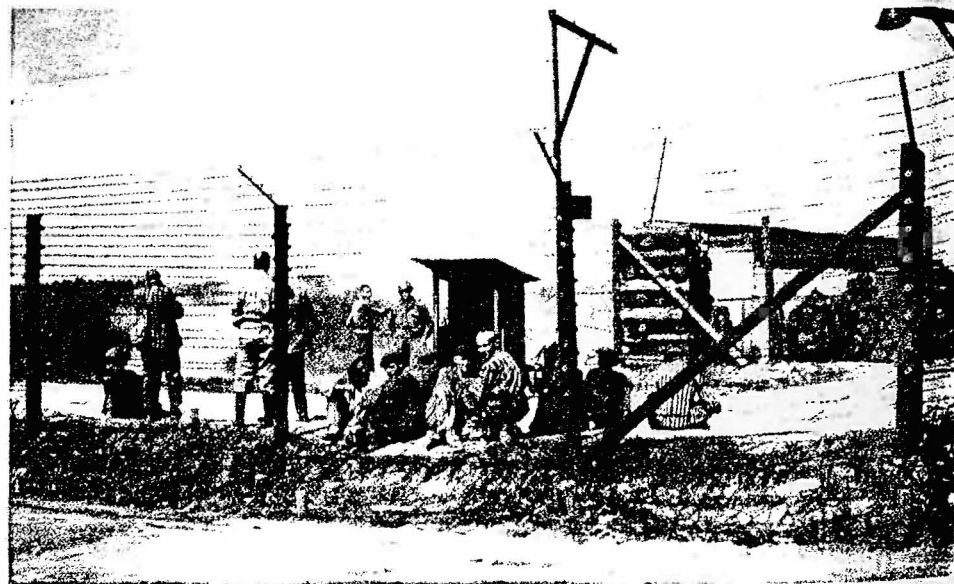
**MAUTHAUSEN CONCENTRATION CAMP
AUSTRIA**

Concentration camp inmates.



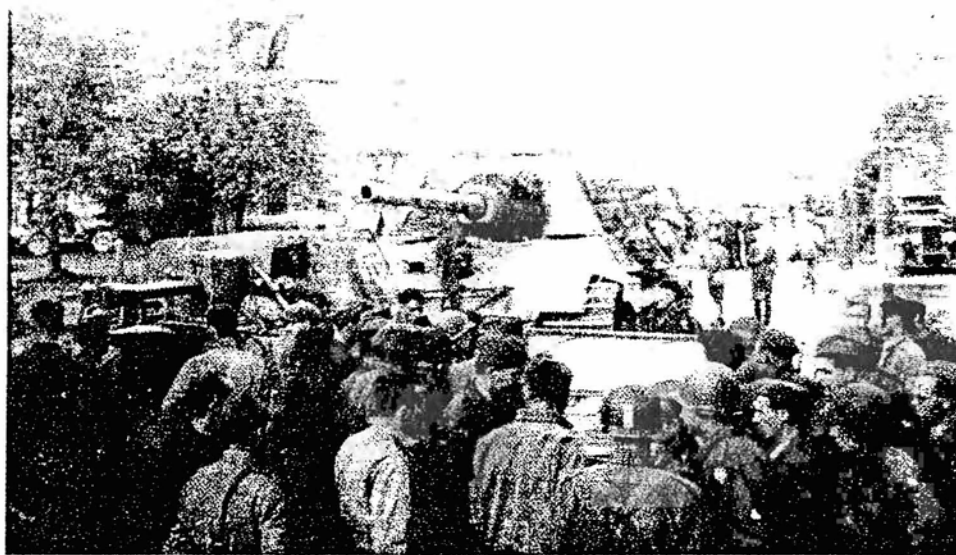
Yugoslavs, holding a banner marked "Tito" cheer the entrance of soldiers into Linz, Austria

Mauthausen





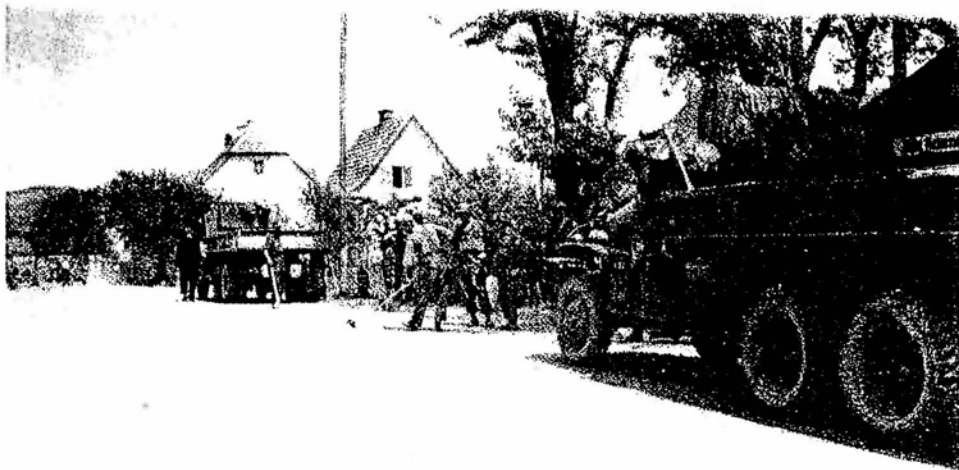
American and Russians at Amstettin, Austria.



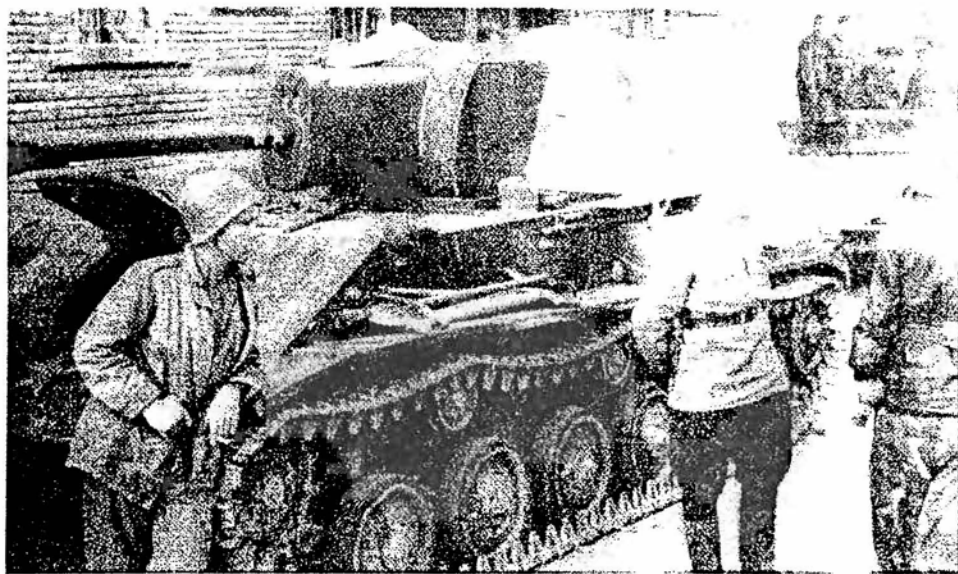
A troop of the 41st Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron meeting the Russians at Amstettin, Austria.



Hail to the liberators.



Soldiers of the 56th Armored Engineers employ German prisoners to repair roads near Linz, Austria. This road is used by the Army supply route.



Russians meeting Americans at Kirchslag, Austria

An American and Russian soldier pose together for the photographer atop a tank.





PARIS - JUNE 6, 1945

might see first hand and understand what had occurred. Anyone traveling in Europe and Austria should make an effort to also make a visit to this camp which is located in the vicinity of Linz.

Post War Occupation

The war was now over and many of us were survivors. My company was said to have had over 100% casualties including the dead, wounded, and those evacuated for frost bite, trench foot etc. I was one of a small number of our original company who had made it through the entire war without incident. Our total division had suffered approximately 15% killed in action with considerably more wounded.

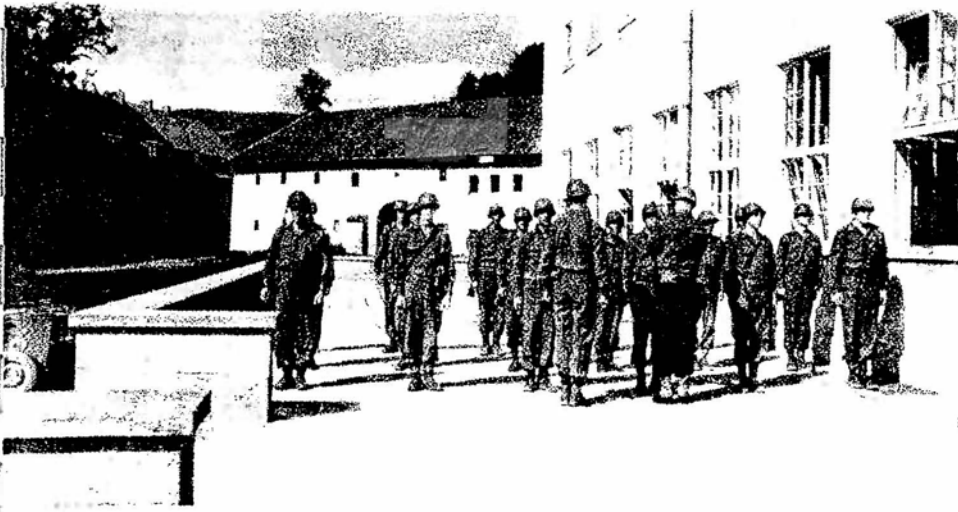
During our four months and ten days of combat our division was officially credited with capturing almost 80,000 prisoners. Additionally we had destroyed the combat ability of many German divisions. Our "screwed up" division apparently didn't do too badly after all.

After several weeks at Mauthausen, we moved some distance to a small beautiful mountain village called Spital. We were billeted in an old monestary and spent several additional weeks through about the end of June at this location. This became a waiting period during which we had plenty of free time to loaf and relax and speculate as to what our next move would be.

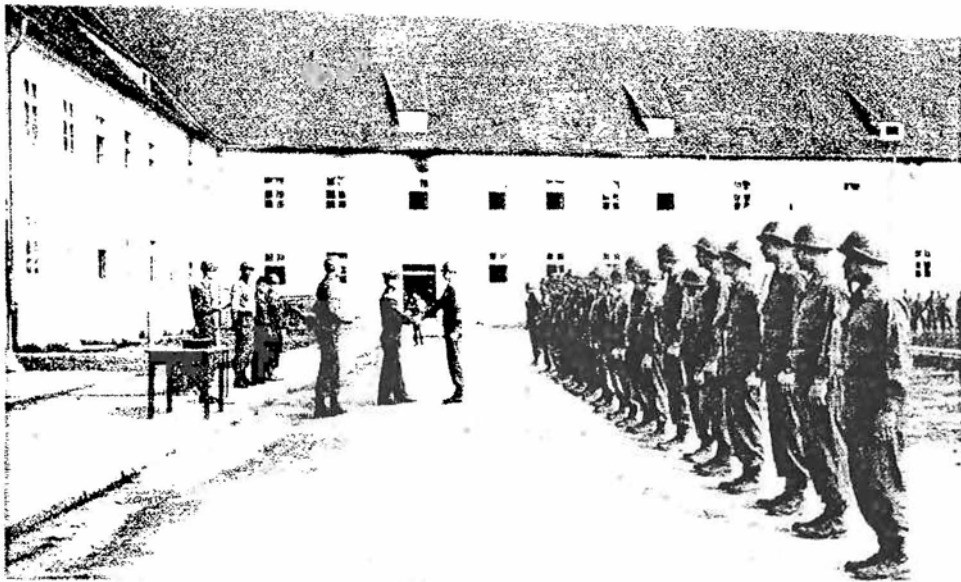
We had been told that rotation back to the states was to be based upon a point system which factored in one's length of service, overseas duty, battle stars etc. I had about 50 points which didn't promise to do much for me. The possibility of being shipped off to the Pacific to join in the war against Japan was a real possibility for many of us - not a very pleasant thought.

While in Spital our duty consisted of occasional guard duty, daily exercises and inspections. On one occasions our company joined a Russian company in a field in the adjoining town and stood inspection by the combined command. That was our only contact with the Russians who were very close at hand.

We set up softball and volleygall teams and had competition with other US outfits in the near vicinity. One of our fellows from Idaho made a sport of climbing up into the mountain and shooting mountain goats which he would carry back on his shoulders.



Back to garrison.



An award ceremony.



American and Russian officers meet.



Spital a. P. mit Sensengebirge

Mom, Dad, & Bernice,
 I found this card
 of the town we were
 in so I thought you
 might like to see it.
 We're living in the
 large building on the
 right below the arrow
 etc a pretty little
 town but this card
 doesn't show all the
 mountains around it.
 Love
 Cliff

Spital a. P.
 57571212
 21 April 1907
 R.M. New York

Mr. & Mrs. Albert Japa & Bernice
 207 1/2 ave. N.
 Hopkins,
 Minnesota

Fotograf, Kleinmünchen (Ob.-Ost.) — Ges. ges.
 Kons.-Spar-Gen. Linz, Filiale XXIII.

The people in the area did not seem to be too well off as they would frequently wait at the end of our chow line asking for handouts as we emptied our mess kits into the trash. The men would also run to pick up the cigarette butts that were discarded by our G.I.s. It was easy to have our laundry done by one of the local townswomen in exchange for candy, soap, or cigarettes, all of which were part of our ration.

Finally, at long last my pass to Paris came through! I'm sure I was the last in our company to get one along with a fellow squad member by the name of VanDuser. We left early one morning with several other fellows from a nearby outfit riding in the back of an army 2 1/2 T. truck! The overall trip was about 500 miles and took a couple days each way. Enroute we spent a day in Luxemburg City.

Paris was a beautiful city essentially untouched by the war. We saw all the famous sights, checked out all the U.S.O. clubs, and even strolled down Pigalle! Everything was in total contrast to our recent past.

The Return Home

Finally we received orders to move out - on to the states we were told, for a 30 day leave and then off to the Pacific to fight the Japs. This was obviously a good news/bad news scenerio which we received with mixed emotion.

This time we were loaded into the old small European boxcars covered with straw on the floor. I guess there were about 20 of us in each car. The train moved in fits and starts across Europe taking well over a week for the trip to Cherbourg. During this time we'd frequently dismount and occasionally have to catch up with the train in the next town.

Our destination turned out to be Camp Lucky Strike, a large de-embarkion location near Le Harve, France. We were housed in large tents and spent about three weeks at this location waiting for a boat. During this period about all there was to do was play table tennis, eat or work on a sun tan.

Finally about 750 of us were placed aboard a small Liberty ship and started for home. The weather was nice, the seas generally calm and we all further developed our sun tans.

After a couple days at sea we heard the report of some huge new U.S. bomb having been dropped on Japan. Shortly after another similar report was received and this time they called it an "atomic bomb", something none of us had ever heard of before.

We landed in Newport News, Virginia on August 8, 1945 after almost two weeks at sea. Coincidentally, this turned out to be V.J. Day - the war with Japan was over!! Incredible, we said, and rejoiced with everyone on this tremendous occasion. We were now in the States ahead of those other guys in Europe who had more points than we had - this is probably the only good break I received while in the service.

I had hoped to be home in time for my sister Bernice's wedding to Charles Skocpol on Aug. 5, but unfortunately that didn't work out. I was given a 30 day leave which was a most enjoyable experience to say the least. Most of my buddies were not as yet home so I spent the time visiting relative and friends and just generally relaxing.

It was during this time that I started to get unusual headaches and a general feeling of depression. Consequently, at the end of the 30 days when I returned to duty at Camp McCoy, Wis. I was admitted to the camp hospital. After a few weeks, they transferred me to Vaughn General Hospital in Illinois where I remained a couple months. Nothing specific was ever found and I gather I had some type of battle fatigue. At any rate I gradually started to feel better and my headaches diminished.

While at the hospital in Illinois, I had the opportunity to visit with Bernice and Charles who were now living in Champaign, Ill. where Charles was teaching.

I was transferred back to Camp McCoy in early Dec. and after some waiting around, was given my discharge from the service. I arrived home Dec. 24, the greatest Christmas present ever.

My plans were now to resume my education. This I did by enrolling at the U. of Minn. in Chemical Engineering for the Winter Quarter which began in mid. Jan., 1946.

The military phase of my life was now behind me. It was an experience which I shall never forget nor would ever care to repeat. I thank the good Lord for seeing me through the long ordeal and consider myself very fortunate to be one of those who returned to resume a normal life.



Honorable Discharge

This is to certify that

CLIFFORD C JAPS 37 571 222 SERGEANT

HEADQUARTERS & SERVICE COMPANY, 1610TH SERVICE COMMAND UNIT, CP MCCOY, WIS

Army of the United States

is hereby Honorably Discharged from the military service of the United States of America.

This certificate is awarded as a testimonial of Honest and Faithful Service to this country.

Given at SEPARATION CENTER
CAMP MC COY WISCONSIN

Date 23 DECEMBER 1945

Thomas B. Hammond

THOMAS B. HAMMOND
MAJOR AGD

HONORABLE DISCHARGE

1. LAST NAME - FIRST NAME - MIDDLE INITIAL JAPS CLIFFORD C		2. ARMY SERIAL NO. 37 571 222	3. GRADE SGT	4. ARM OR SERVICE INF	5. COMP AUS 82
6. ORGANIZATION CP MC COY WIS HQ & SV CO 1610 SV COMMAND U		7. DATE OF SEPARATION 23 DEC 45	8. PLACE OF SEPARATION SEPARATION CENTER CAMP MC COY WIS		
9. PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES 209 11 AVE N HOPKINS MINN			10. DATE OF BIRTH 9 MAR 25	11. PLACE OF BIRTH MPLS MINN	
12. ADDRESS FROM WHICH EMPLOYMENT WILL BE SOUGHT SEE 9			13. COLOR EYES BLUE	14. COLOR HAIR BLOND	15. HEIGHT 6-1/2
16. WEIGHT 149 lbs.			17. NO DEPEND.		2
18. RACE X WHITE	19. MARITAL STATUS X SINGLE	20. U.S. CITIZEN X YES	21. CIVILIAN OCCUPATION AND NO. STUDENT X-02		

MILITARY HISTORY


22. DATE OF INDOCTION 2 JUL 43	23. DATE OF ENLISTMENT 23 JUL 43	24. DATE OF ENTRY INTO ACTIVE SERVICE	25. PLACE OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE FT SNELLING MINN
26. REGISTERED X YES	27. LOCAL S.R. BOARD NO. 23	28. COUNTY AND STATE HENNEPIN MINN	29. HOME ADDRESS AT TIME OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE SEE 9
30. MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY AND NO. RIFLEMAN 745		31. MILITARY QUALIFICATION AND DATE (i.e. infantry, aviation and marksmanship badges, etc.) COMBAT INFANTRY BADGE	
32. BATTLES AND CAMPAIGNS ARDENNES RHINELAND CENTRAL EUROPE			
33. DECORATIONS AND CITATIONS AMERICAN THEATER SERVICE MEDAL EUROPEAN-AFRICAN-MIDDLE EASTERN THEATER SERVICE MEDAL GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL			
34. WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION NONE			
35. LATEST IMMUNIZATION DATES		36. SERVICE OUTSIDE CONTINENTAL U.S. AND RETURN	
SMALLPOX JUN 44	TYPHOID DEC 44	TETANUS DEC 44	OTHER (specify) OCT 44 TYP
DATE OF DEPARTURE 29 SEP 44 UNK		DESTINATION ETO USA	DATE OF ARRIVAL 10 OCT 44 13 AUG 45
37. TOTAL LENGTH OF SERVICE		38. HIGHEST GRADE HELD	
CONTINENTAL SERVICE YEARS MONTHS DAYS 1 6 16	FOREIGN SERVICE YEARS MONTHS DAYS 0 10 15	SGT	
39. PRIOR SERVICE NONE			
40. REASON AND AUTHORITY FOR SEPARATION AR 615-365 TWX CONVENIENCE OF THE GOVT AGF 0116272 GNACR 11-799			
41. SERVICE SCHOOLS ATTENDED NONE			42. EDUCATION (Years) 8 4

PAY DATA

2 MONTHS	22	TOTAL	300	THIS PAYMENT	NONE	DATE OF DEPARTURE	9.10	TOTAL AMOUNT	1114.95	NAME OF DISBURSING OFFICER	H L OLDENBURG MAJ FD
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INSURANCE NOTICE

44. KIND OF INSURANCE X	45. HOW PAID X	50. Effective Date of Allotment Discontinuance 31 NOV 45	51. Date of Next Premium Due 31 DEC 45	52. PREMIUM DUE EACH MONTH 6.40	53. INTENTION OF VETERAN TO X Continue Only
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	54. REMARKS (This space for completion of above items or entry of other items omitted in W-2. Direct to...) LAPEL BUTTON ISSUED ASR SCORE (2 SEP 45) 52 ONE (1) OVERSEAS SERVICE BAR ERC FR 2 JUL 43 TO 22 JUL 43
	56. SIGNATURE OF PERSON BEING SEPARATED <i>Clifford C Japs</i>
57. PERSONNEL OFFICER (Type name, grade and command. Signature) WINIFRED M HEALY 1ST LT WAC ASSISTANT ADJUTANT <i>Winifred M Healy</i>	



Clifford C Japs

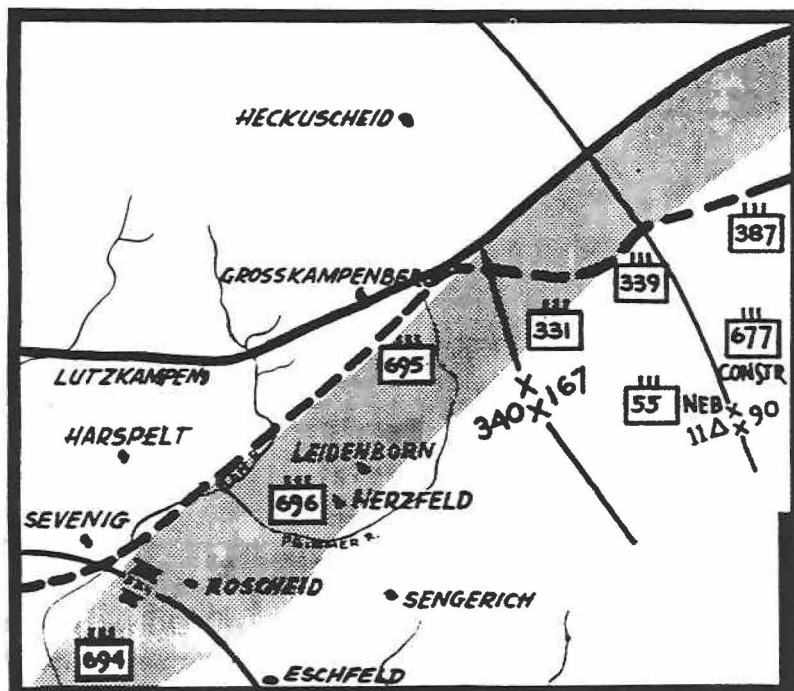
To you who answered the call of your country and served in its Armed Forces to bring about the total defeat of the enemy, I extend the heartfelt thanks of a grateful Nation. As one of the Nation's finest, you undertook the most severe task one can be called upon to perform. Because you demonstrated the fortitude, resourcefulness and calm judgment necessary to carry out that task, we now look to you for leadership and example in further exalting our country in peace.

Harry Truman

THE WHITE HOUSE

ARMD DIV.

AFTER ACTION REPORT



PENETRATION OF THE MAIN SIEGFRIED LINE

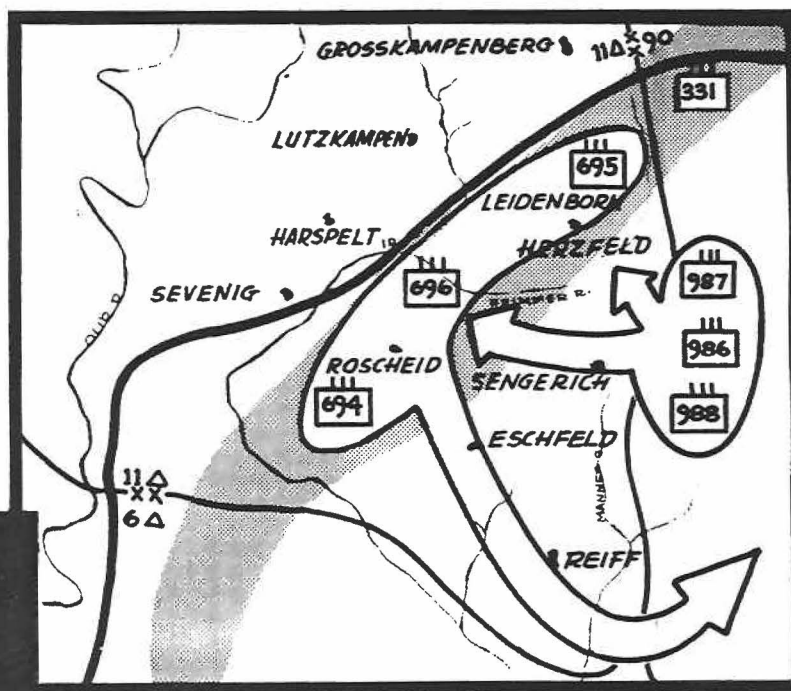
Enemy ORDER OF BATTLE GUIDE
DIV. REGT.

167	331 339 387
276	986 987 988
340	694 695 696

SUMMARY

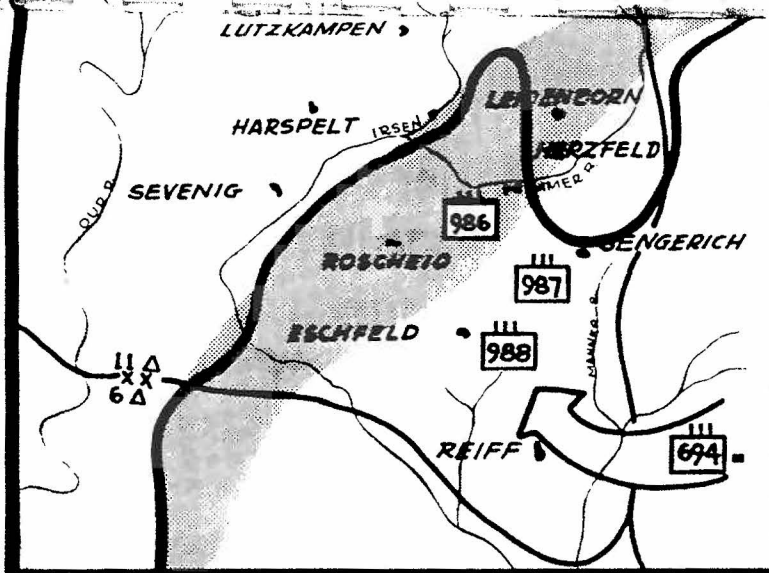
The German was hopelessly outclassed. He was confused, befuddled and was fighting (by his own admission) better trained and better fighting troops. The vaunted German Intelligence was lacking. The arrival of our tanks was the top surprise in a series of surprises which he had to contend with. His troops were frustrated at every turn, and were ripe for psychological warfare which was used with good effect against him.

Either by contrast with the enemy's lack of knowledge of his own Siegfried Line, or standing alone as a simple record of facts disseminated, the accurate and detailed information collected and disseminated by the 11th Armored Division is truly impressive.



1. ENEMY DISPOSITIONS on 5 Feb are pictured above with the solid line showing his front. Total estimated strength 1800 men, 7 battalions of artillery and an unknown number of tanks and assault guns. His defensive organization within the Siegfried Line is illustrated in detail on a captured enemy map which was reproduced and used by our troops during the operation. This organization was supported by numerous AT guns and with minefields to a degree so intense that the enemy himself suffered from them. The 167 Volk Grenadier Division was defending the sector where the 11th Armored Division made its attack on Feb 6. As the Siegfried Line was penetrated by our slashing attack, enemy casualties mounted and his morale began to crack. On 6 Feb the 11th Armored Division took 120 PWs from 331 and 339 VG Regts, 167 Division, alone. In addition, as combat strength began to ebb and the enemy's regimental organization broke down, remnants were organized into combat teams. It was at this point that a psychological warfare campaign stimulated latent desires in his ranks and assisted in bringing the PW total to 261 by 10 Feb. These PWs gave information which indicated that a switch of forces on our front was about to take place.

2. THE BIG ENEMY SWITCH started on 10 Feb with an intensification of enemy artillery and nebelwerfer fire, and the appearance of a holding force consisting of Fortress Battalions, Alarm Companies, Fusilier Companies, Construction Companies and one Nebelwerfer Battalion. The stage was set, and 340 VG Div began its movement north with its ultimate destination of a sector in vicinity of PRUM. Meanwhile, in the vicinity of LICHTENBORN, 276 VG Div, designated to replace 340 VG Div, was moving westward to an unhappy rendezvous. On 17 Feb this switch had been almost completed.

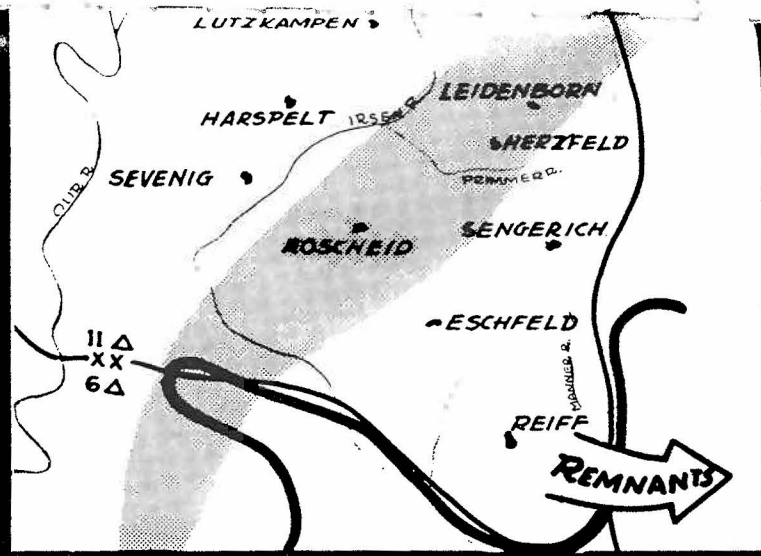


- 3 INTERCEPTION of this switch was accomplished during the early morning darkness of 18 Feb by the 11th Armored Division's vigorous infantry-tank assault powerfully supported by the artillery. The 987 Regt of the 276 VG Div arrived but a few hours previously and was in the process of organizing its positions when it was split assunder by the crushing blow. PWs described a picture of complete surprise, confusion, rapid disintegration, and ultimate collapse. Some few remnants of 987 Regt managed to get back and were assigned to 988 Regt. The 987 Regt was no more. On the night of 18 Feb the CG of the 340 VGD (Major General "Tot und Tüfel" TOLLSDORF) visited the front in a frantic effort to get control of the ruptured ranks. Dawn of the 19th, however, brought with it more pressure from the 11th Armored Division with 986 Regt on the receiving end. At day's end all that was left of 986 Regt was KAMPFGRUPPE BEHNKE (approx 54 men) which was still holding pill boxes approx 700 metres north of HERZFELD. On 20 Feb, in a mopping up operation, K. BEHNKE was slashed to 25 men by this Division. Two 88ms were captured intact with sights, and the location of another in the zone of 90th Infantry Division was reported to that Division. These guns belonged to the 47-X Fortress Battalion. The seriousness of the situation forced Major General TOLLSDORF to rush his 694 VGD back from vic PRUM to bolster the sagging defense.

use of over 400 copies of a captured German map blown up (1:12,500) and showing that section of the Siegfried Line in our zone. This was followed by special defense overprints, original mosaics for commanders and artillery and prints for troops all giving late intelligence on the enemy terrain and defenses.

In addition to pin pointing the location of pill-boxes, a complete description was given of each and every box including its category, fields of fire, calibre of weapons, heating system, emergency exits, entrances, thickness of walls, location of switch boards, communications, CPs and CPAs, and supplementary information concerning recent entrenchments, protective mine belts etc. Information on the enemy as to his dispositions, movements, strength, food, medical supplies, transportation, equipment and morale were presented daily through PW interrogation reports.

There is no hocus-pocus or crystal-ball gazing with this type of intelligence. It is just sound news gathering and reporting, not by one section, but by an enthusiastic division team. S-3's, Executive officers, privates and commanders, faithful signal and service troops, special staffs, hairy-eared engineers, slugging tankers, powerhouse artillery, indomitable infantry, and slashing cavalry all have reason to be proud of their share in exposing the enemy.



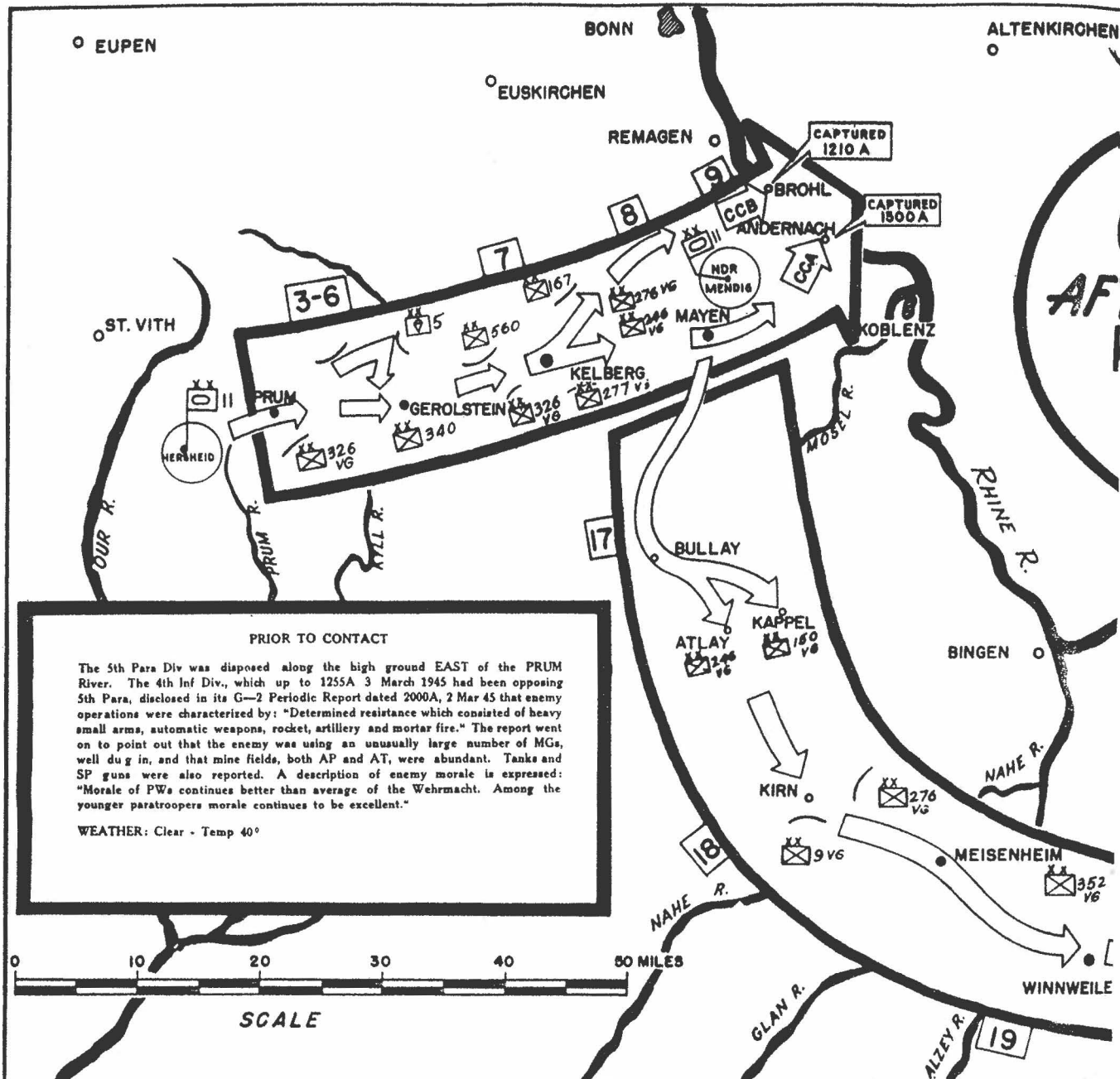
4. "OBJECTIVE TAKEN", was reported to VIII Corps 0848A, 22 Feb by 11th Armored Division. The action which preceded this announcement was featured by a clash with 988 Regt (the only remaining Regt of 276 VGD). It was completely destroyed. Major General TOLLSDORF threw in his 694 Gren Regt (160 strong) to stem the tide, but 124 PWs were taken, all heavy weapons captured, and only remnants were now available to General TOLLSDORF for future operations. The total PWs for the final day of the drive was 202. Total for the operation, 6 Feb to 22 Feb, 716. Concrete pill boxes captured, 155.

BY COMMAND OF BRIGADIER GENERAL KILBURN:

OFFICIAL:

Douglas
for SLAYDEN Major
G-2

J. J. B. WILLIAMS
COL GSC
C OF S



PRIOR TO CONTACT

The 5th Para Div was disposed along the high ground EAST of the PRUM River. The 4th Inf Div, which up to 1255A 3 March 1945 had been opposing 5th Para, disclosed in its G-2 Periodic Report dated 2000A, 2 Mar 45 that enemy operations were characterized by: "Determined resistance which consisted of heavy small arms, automatic weapons, rocket, artillery and mortar fire." The report went on to point out that the enemy was using an unusually large number of MGs, well dug in, and that mine fields, both AP and AT, were abundant. Tanks and SP guns were also reported. A description of enemy morale is expressed: "Morale of PWs continues better than average of the Wehrmacht. Among the younger paratroopers morale continues to be excellent."

WEATHER: Clear - Temp 40°

3 March:
The enemy, set with his defenses on key terrain features and in towns, met the 11th Armd Div's attack with light to moderate resistance. This attack, launched at 1255A, forced the enemy to relinquish the terrain dominating the PRUM River as well as the town of FLERINGEN by 1720A. The 14th and 15th Para Regt and Kampf Gruppe Kegel, all of 5 Para Div, felt the force of this action and lost a total of 56 PWs to the 11th Armd Div. AT guns, mortars, and tanks were used to augment a defense based on well chosen terrain features. The 36th Armd Engr Bn removed more mines than were encountered in any previous operation.

WEATHER: Clear throughout the day - Temp 40°

4 March:
Front Lines - MULLENBORN (L1983) - LISSENGEN (L2180) thence S along E bank of KYLL River to L219781.
Enemy resistance to our advance was moderate in the S sector and moderate to heavy in our N sector. WALLERSHEIM (L1478) and BUDESHEIM (L1680) were cleared of enemy by 1200A and 1400A respectively. AT, S/A, mortar, and some artillery fire were received from high ground and towns in the path of our advance.

WEATHER: Snow flurries throughout the day - Temp 35°

5 March:
Resistance: heavy S/A, A/W and mortar fire; arty and nebelwerfer were reported as very light. No tanks were reported. Numerous mines were encountered.

WEATHER: Clear throughout the day - Temp 60°

6 March:
Enemy Front Lines - High ground HILDESHEIMER WALD (L2370) - HILDESHEIM (L2488) - RUCKESKYL (L2684).
Summary: The enemy used typical withdrawal tactics. SCHEWERN (L1885), KALENBURN (L 1985), ROTH (L2048), NDR BETTINGEN (L2088) and DOHM (L2388) were resistance centers which had to be smashed. Craters, road blocks, minefields and blown bridges featured the enemy's defense. Following the book to the letter he covered his obstacles with fire. No artillery or tanks were reported.

WEATHER: Cloudy and cold with drizzle and rain.

This was one of our hardest days.
7 March:
General Summary: The enemy continued to determinedly resist our activity at the river crossings with mortar and S/A fire and at 0500A he launched a small counterattack: E of the river vic OBR BETTINGEN which was repulsed. CCA, swinging S and E into the 90th Inf Div zone, caught the enemy by surprise after crossing the KYLL River and plunged to the outskirts of KELBERG at 1745A where the enemy reacted with S/A, mortar, nebelwerfer, and high velocity fire. He employed his tanks and lost 6 including one Tiger Royal. By 2000A KELBERG (L4188) was captured.

8 March:
General Summary: Organized enemy resistance was vanishing rapidly. Previously prepared enemy defenses were crushed with lightning speed. AT and S/A fire were received from our flanks initially but the increasing and determined eastward surge of our armor exposed the futility of further resistance. Voluntarily, thousands of the enemy gathered along the muddy route and awaited evacuation.

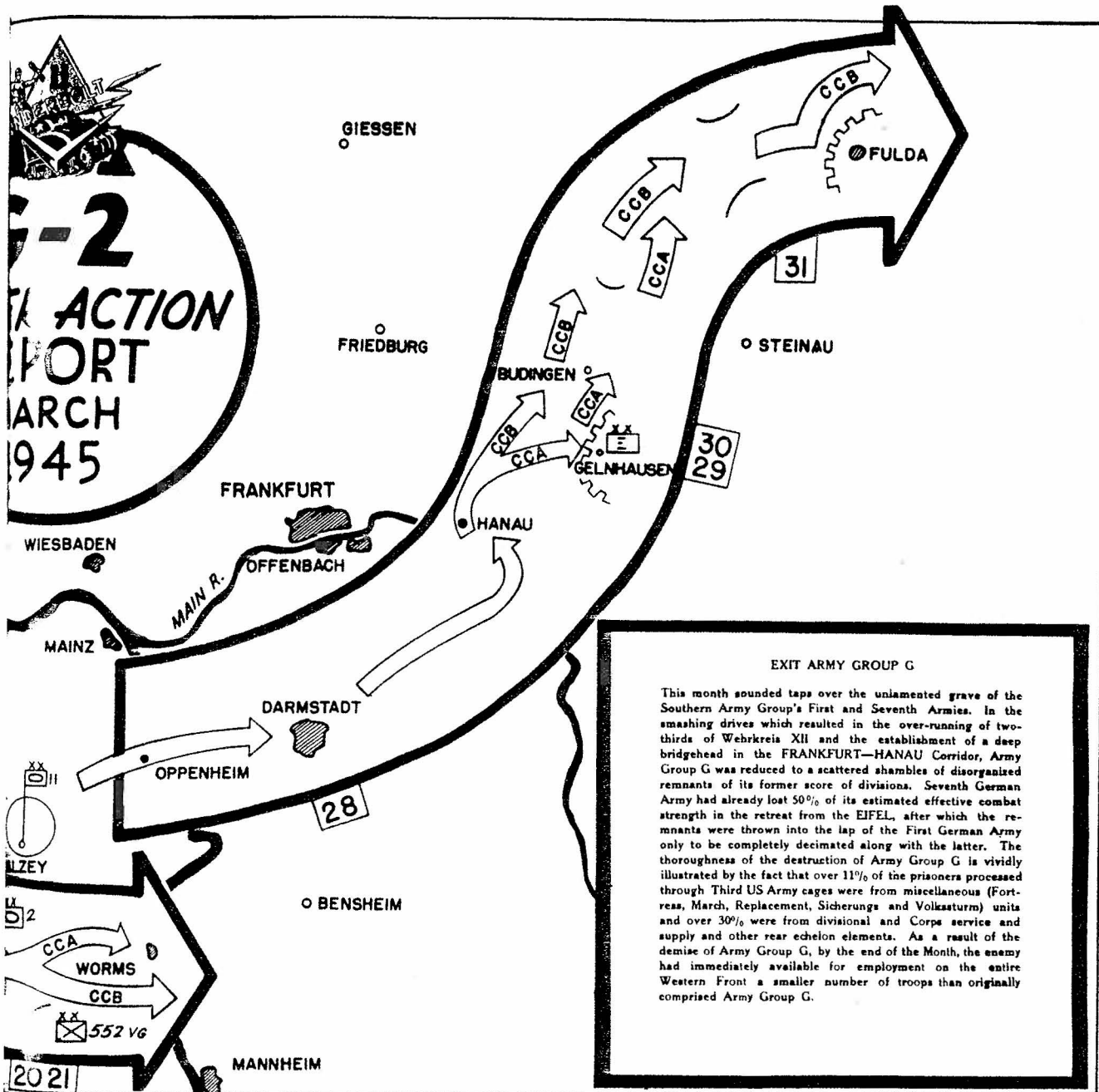
WEATHER: Cloudy, cold, intermittent rain.

9 March:
Enemy Front Lines - E b
General Summary: Organi completely. He was complet swift advance. The figures
This operati
PWs: 10,506
172 officers
In addition to PWs, 4,552
Hospitals captured: 7; 1 Q

9-11 March:
Enemy resistance: sniper fir our troops.
11-16 March:
Was devoted to maintain SEE. No enemy contact.

17 March:
PWs from 246 VG Div and Road blocks not covered b fensive organization. No o Some sniper activity was r

18 March:
Road blocks covered by fir terrain were encountered. Div. 9 VG Div, 179 VG Div 559 VG Div, 246 VG Div mentioned units displayed



EXIT ARMY GROUP G

This month sounded taps over the unadorned grave of the Southern Army Group's First and Seventh Armies. In the smashing drives which resulted in the over-running of two-thirds of Wehrkreis XII and the establishment of a deep bridgehead in the FRANKFURT—HANAU Corridor, Army Group G was reduced to a scattered shambles of disorganized remnants of its former score of divisions. Seventh German Army had already lost 50% of its estimated effective combat strength in the retreat from the EIFEL, after which the remnants were thrown into the lap of the First German Army only to be completely decimated along with the latter. The thoroughness of the destruction of Army Group G is vividly illustrated by the fact that over 11% of the prisoners processed through Third US Army cages were from miscellaneous (Fortress, March, Replacement, Sicherungs and Volksturm) units and over 30% were from divisional and Corps service and supply and other rear echelon elements. As a result of the demise of Army Group G, by the end of the Month, the enemy had immediately available for employment on the entire Western Front a smaller number of troops than originally comprised Army Group G.

RHINE River.
 by resistance was broken
 realized and confused by our
 story.
 82 Mar incl.)
 Grand total: 12,555
 221 officers
 Personnel were taken.
 1100 arty pieces; 1 General.

Small areas not occupied by
 General area of LAACHER

1 Div were taken.
 constituted the enemy's de-
 resistance was encountered.

Div from favorable defensive
 contact consisted of 159 VG
 Lehr Div, 6 Flk Bn (SS),
 etc. Not one of the above
 resistance in strength.

19 March:
 The enemy buckled down in excellent defensive terrain for a stand. Demolitions, AT guns, bazookas, 4.7 rocket weapons, nebelwerfer and S/A fire were employed. PWs for the day came from: 13 assorted GHQ units and

2 Pa Div	9 VG Div	167 VG Div
5 Para Div	79 VG Div	181 VG Div
6 "Nord" SS Div	159 VG Div	212 VG Div
276 VG Div	352 VG Div	359 VG Div
560 VG Div	340 VG Div	

20 March:
 The RHINE River again marked the enemy front line for this Division. The smashing of the enemy defenses, encountered on the 19th, coupled with rapid exploitation of the rear, completely crushed enemy organized resistance W of the RHINE. More PWs were taken from units contacted on the 19th.

21 March:
 Remaining enemy infantry mopped up around airfield S of WORMS. Enemy resistance lasted one hour. Airfield objective taken 0900A.

Period 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27 — No enemy units in contact.

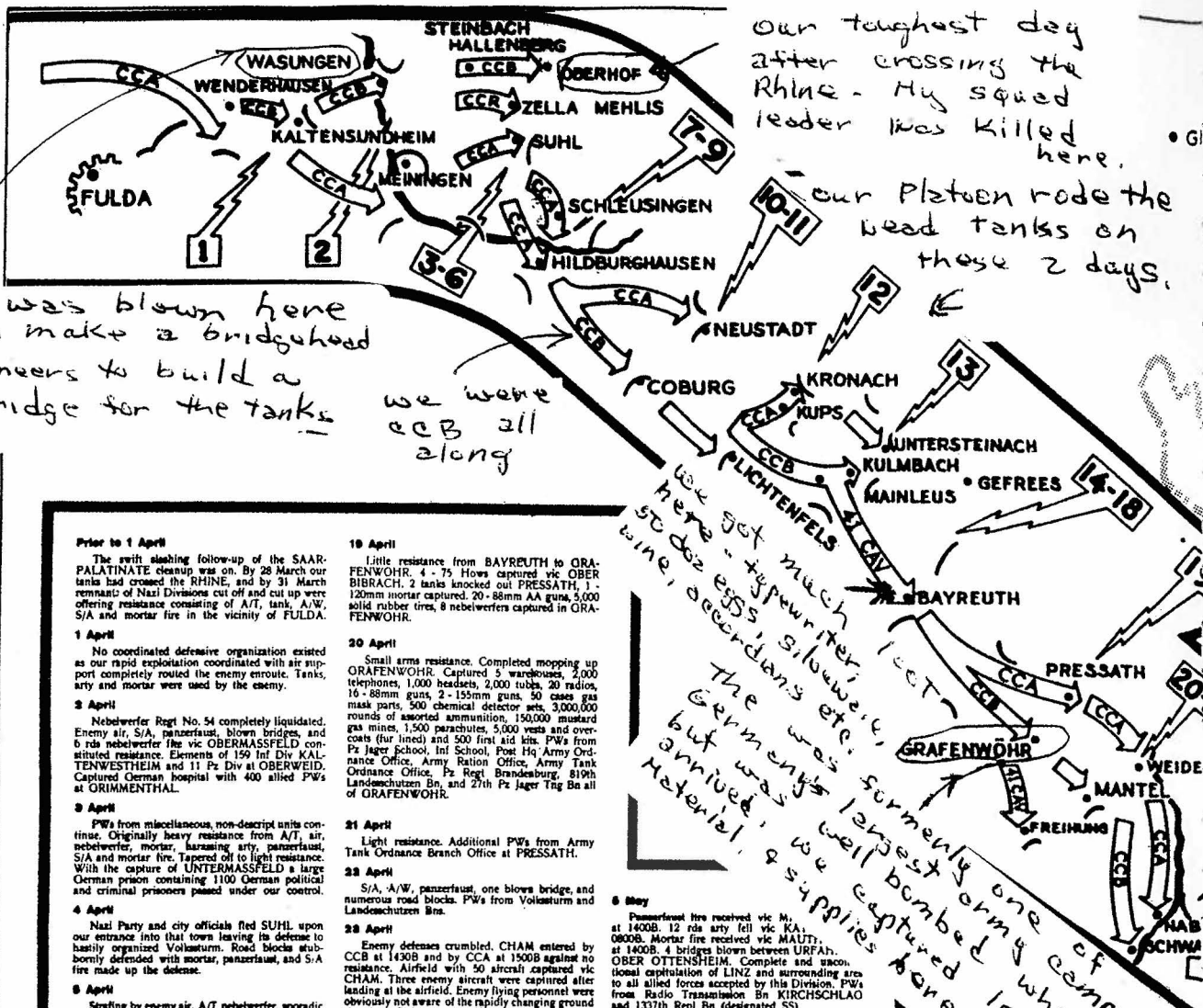
29 March:
 Enemy Front Lines — DUEDELSHEIM, BUEDINGEN, LIEBLOS, GELNHAUSEN.
 Defensive Organisation — Enemy blown bridges, mines, and road blocks were encountered by advancing elements. AT and mortar fire were received from well defended positions. The defense was stubborn and included regrouped troops from 367 Repl Bn, 26 Engr Bn, 116 Repl Bn, 3rd Railway Engr Repl Bn, 251 AT Bn and Luftwaffe personnel, 15th Transportation Repl Bn police from HANAU. 300 PWs from various units were turned over to 26 Inf Div and no credit for evacuation to Corps has been taken by this Div.

30 March:
 No enemy front line exists. However, excellent road blocks, booby trapped and covered by fire, were employed along CCB's route while CCA was engaged in overcoming the well organized defense of GELNHAUSEN which consisted of an estimated 5 tanks plus 600 infantry employing S/A, bazookas, mortar and AT fire. The condition of enemy Order of Battle in this area reflects the utter chaos existing in the German command.

31 March:
 Again there is no enemy front line. The enemy holds towns along highway from ELJEDEN then NE to PULDA thence NW to VELLERSHAUSEN.
 Defensive Organisation: In CCA zone enemy stubbornly defended towns in the proximity of the SCHLUECHTERN—FULDA highway with tanks and AT weapons. CCB met light resistance until approaching FULDA where heavy AT fire was received. Identification of units continues to offer a crazy quilt Order of Battle. Today, to Pvt Hermann Sauermann, went the distinction of being the 25,000th PW captured by the 11th Armd Div.

BY COMMAND OF BRIGADIER GENERAL DAGER
 E. T. CONLEY
 Colonel GSC

OFFICIAL:
Douglas
 for SLAYDEN Wajja
 Lt Col
 G - 2



Prior to 1 April

The swift slashing follow-up of the SAAR-PALATINATE cleanup was on. By 28 March our tanks had crossed the RHINE, and by 31 March remnants of Nazi Divisions cut off and cut up were offering resistance consisting of A/T, tanks, A/W, S/A and mortar fire in the vicinity of FULDA.

1 April

No coordinated defensive organization existed as our rapid exploitation coordinated with air support completely routed the enemy entree. Tanks, arty and mortar were used by the enemy.

2 April

Nebelwerfer Regt No. 54 completely liquidated. Enemy air, S/A, panzerfaust, blown bridges, and 6 rds nebelwerfer fire vic OBERMASSFELD constituted resistance. Elements of 159 Inf Div KALTENWESTHEIM and 11 Pz Div at OBERWEID. Captured German hospital with 400 allied PWs at GRIMMENTHAL.

3 April

PWs from miscellaneous, non-descript units continue. Originally heavy resistance from A/T, air, nebelwerfer, mortar, harassing arty, panzerfaust, S/A and mortar fire. Tapered off to light resistance. With the capture of UNTERMASSFELD a large German prison containing 1100 German political and criminal prisoners passed under our control.

4 April

Nazi Party and city officials fled SUHL upon our entrance into that town leaving its defense to hastily organized Volksturm. Road blocks stubbornly defended with mortar, panzerfaust, and S/A fire made up the defense.

5 April

Strafing by enemy air, A/T nebelwerfer, sporadic mortar and arty fire, panzerfaust and S/A fire. Captured material included 3 arms factories plus 700 Volksturm weapons and 1,000,000 rds of ammunition, one AA factory which put out 7,000 AA guns last year, 500 carbines, 2,500 machine pistols, 45,000 pistols, 5,000 parts for machine pistols. PWs were taken from fifty-three miscellaneous units.

6 April

Little enemy activity reported by CCA and CCB as they defended their positions. Our air destroyed 1 ME 110, 8 PW 100's, 3 ME 109's; damaged 15 FW 100's, 5 ME 109's, 5 unidentified. PWs from 4th and 6th Hungarian A/T Bns plus a complete Hungarian regimental staff.

7 April

Tanks, arty, blown bridges, road blocks, S/A and mortar fire. Twenty-five miscellaneous units were represented in the Division cage.

8 April

15 rds 150mm arty, 4 rds 150mm rocket fire, 8 rds 105mm, also some 210mm nebelwerfer and heavy mortar fire. 407 Tng and Repl Bn liquidated. PWs from 5th Pz Div and 5th A/T Bn (Hungarian).

9 April

Enemy patrols either captured or dispersed by our troops.

10 April

Resistance increased on NEUSTADT-COBURG axis. Splendid air support materially aided in overcoming the enemy's most recent display of resistance. PWs from 17th SS Pz Gren Tng and Repl Bn, and seventeen miscellaneous units.

11 April

Negotiated the capitulation of COBURG at 10:08. PWs from 12th Pz Gren Repl Bn, 14th Werfer Regt (GHQ) and 12 miscellaneous units.

12 April

Resistance light. No enemy aircraft or indirect fire reported. PWs continue from 12th Pz Gren Repl Bn.

13 April

S/A, panzerfaust, sniper fire, 2-240mm railway gun captured intact at UNTER STEINACH. The past two days produced PWs from 12th Pz Gren Repl Bn, and 21 miscellaneous units.

14 April

Resistance light, disorganized. Strafing and bombing by 5 FW 190's. Our AAA shot down 1, damaged 2. PWs from 3rd Engr Constr Bn and 16 miscellaneous units.

15 April to 19 April

No contact.

19 April

Little resistance from BAYREUTH to GRAFENWOHR. 4-75 Hows captured vic OBERBIBRACH. 2 tanks knocked out PRESSATH, 1-120mm mortar captured. 20-88mm AA guns, 5,000 solid rubber tires, 8 nebelwerfers captured in GRAFENWOHR.

20 April

Small arms resistance. Completed mopping up GRAFENWOHR. Captured 5 warehouses, 2,000 telephones, 1,000 headsets, 2,000 tubes, 20 radios, 10-88mm guns, 2-153mm guns, 50 cases gas mask parts, 500 chemical detector sets, 3,000,000 rounds of assorted ammunition, 150,000 mustard gas mines, 1,500 parachutes, 5,000 vests and overcoats (fur lined) and 500 first aid kits. PWs from Pz Jager School, Inf School, Post Hq Army Ordnance Office, Army Ration Office, Army Tank Ordnance Office, Pz Regt Brandesburg, 819th Landeschutzen Bn, and 21st Pz Jager Tng Bn all of GRAFENWOHR.

21 April

Light resistance. Additional PWs from Army Tank Ordnance Branch Office at PRESSATH.

22 April

S/A, A/W, panzerfaust, one blown bridge, and numerous road blocks. PWs from Volksturm and Landeschutzen Bn.

23 April

Enemy defenses crumbled. CHAM entered by CCB at 14:08 and by CCA at 15:08 against no resistance. Airfield with 50 aircraft captured vic CHAM. Three enemy aircraft were captured after landing at the airfield. Enemy living personnel were obviously not aware of the rapidly changing ground situation. Field Marshal KESSELRING's private train captured in CHAM. PWs from 398th Landeschutzen Bn, 2,000 PWs from KOSSUTH Div (Hungarian) at NEUNBERG.

24 April

Approximately 400 troops vic REGEN stubbornly resisted with S/A and panzerfaust. 3,000 allied PWs liberated vic CHAM.

25 April

Light resistance. Japanese Legation, consisting of 11 men, 8 women and 13 children captured. PWs from 3rd Bn 630th Transport Regt and five miscellaneous units.

26 April

8 FW 190's, 8 ME 109's, 1 ME 262, 1 ME 210 and 1 JU 88 reported in area. An estimated 35 sorties were flown by the enemy. Our 575 AAA Bn has claims for destroying 5 planes during the period. PWs from 20th Cavalry Regt Bn. In addition to being the easternmost Division on the western front, the 11th Arm'd Div to-day earned the honor of being the first western ally to enter AUSTRIA.

27 April to 30 April

During this mopping up period the following units were contacted. SS Pz Div DAS REICH, Luftwaffe School and Repl Div, 17th A/T Repl Bn and twenty-two miscellaneous units.

1 May

Enemy defensive measures consisted of numerous road blocks and blown bridges plus some panzerfaust fire. PWs from 17th A/T Repl Bn and 47th Mob Div.

2 May

Enemy forced E of MUEHL R from HASLACH S to DANUBE R. Little enemy resistance. 41 Cav encountered no resistance in its road and river reconnaissance along the DANUBE R. Two enemy Heinkel planes were shot down vic HOPKIRCHEN. PWs from 28th Assault A.A. Regt, KG JAHRES, 890th Landeschutzen Bn, 38th AA Repl Bn.

3 May

Sporadic S/A fire, road blocks and blown bridges constituted enemy activity during the period. PWs from 86 Engr Repl Bn.

4 May

An organized defensive area was encountered on the high ground from a semi-circle just N of URFABR. A/T, arty, S/A and A/W fire received from this vicinity. House to house fighting in GRAMSTETTEN at the start of the period. Surrender of LINZ to American forces only effected by this Division. PWs from 800th Landeschutzen Bn, 80th and 86th Armd Engr Bns.

5 May

Enemy mortar fire received vic MAUTHAUSEN. 12 rds arty fell vic KAUFHOF. Mortar fire received vic MAUTHAUSEN. 4 bridges blown between URFABR and OBER OTTENSHEIM. Complete and tactical local capitulation of LINZ and surrounding area to all allied forces accepted by this Division. PWs from Radio Transmission Bn KIRCHSCHLAU and 1337th Repl Bn (designated SS).

6 May

Our patrols encountered little enemy resistance. Concentration Camp MAUTHAUSEN liberated. Our troops reached KONIGSWIESEN, KLAM and WIRTHHAAG. Orders prevented further parading to the East. PWs from 133rd Repl Bn, 800th Landeschutzen Bn, 587th Mortar Brigade, KG OBER DONAU, 130th Tng Bn, DONAU Security Bn, and 18 miscellaneous units.

7 May

Our patrols encountered no enemy resistance at any point. The town of FREISTADT surrendered at 14:08 to one patrol. Other patrols confine their activities to local security. PWs from KC OBER DONAU, SS Guard Bn, 920th AA Bn and 14 miscellaneous units. Noted with interest in the division cage were 225 men and 17 officers from the VIENNA Fire Dept.

8 May

"A" Troop, 41 Cav contacted General Drichkin's 7th Parachute Guards Div at AMSTETTEN at 15:08 to make Third US Army's first contact with the Russians. Division mission accomplished. PWs from SS Guard Bn, organization TODT and the ever present Volksturm. The following units offered to surrender unconditionally to this division: 2nd SS Panzer Corps, strength 30,000; Russian Forces of Liberation, strength 100,000; and 8th German Army, strength 100,000. They were instructed to remain in place.

9 May - 00018 V-E DAY.

US Army European Mission Accomplished.

By Command of Major General DAGER

EDGAR T. CONLEY
Col GSC
Chief of Staff

OFFICIAL:
Douglas
for BLAYDEN Major
Lt. Col
G-2

Official PW report from G-1:
In 4 months and 10 days of combat, the 11 Armored Division averaged almost 20,000 PW per month. The following figures are official and do not include PWs turned over to Infant Divisions in rear for evacuation.
Total PWs to 090018: 75,605 Enlisted
624 Officers
Total: 76,229

After the cessation of hostilities, our Division processed 11,834 PWs for purposes of discharge and turned over to the RUSSIAN Army a total of 34,125 PWs.

AFTER ACTION

G-2 REPORT

APRIL 1945



HEADQUARTERS ELEVENTH ARMORED DIVISION

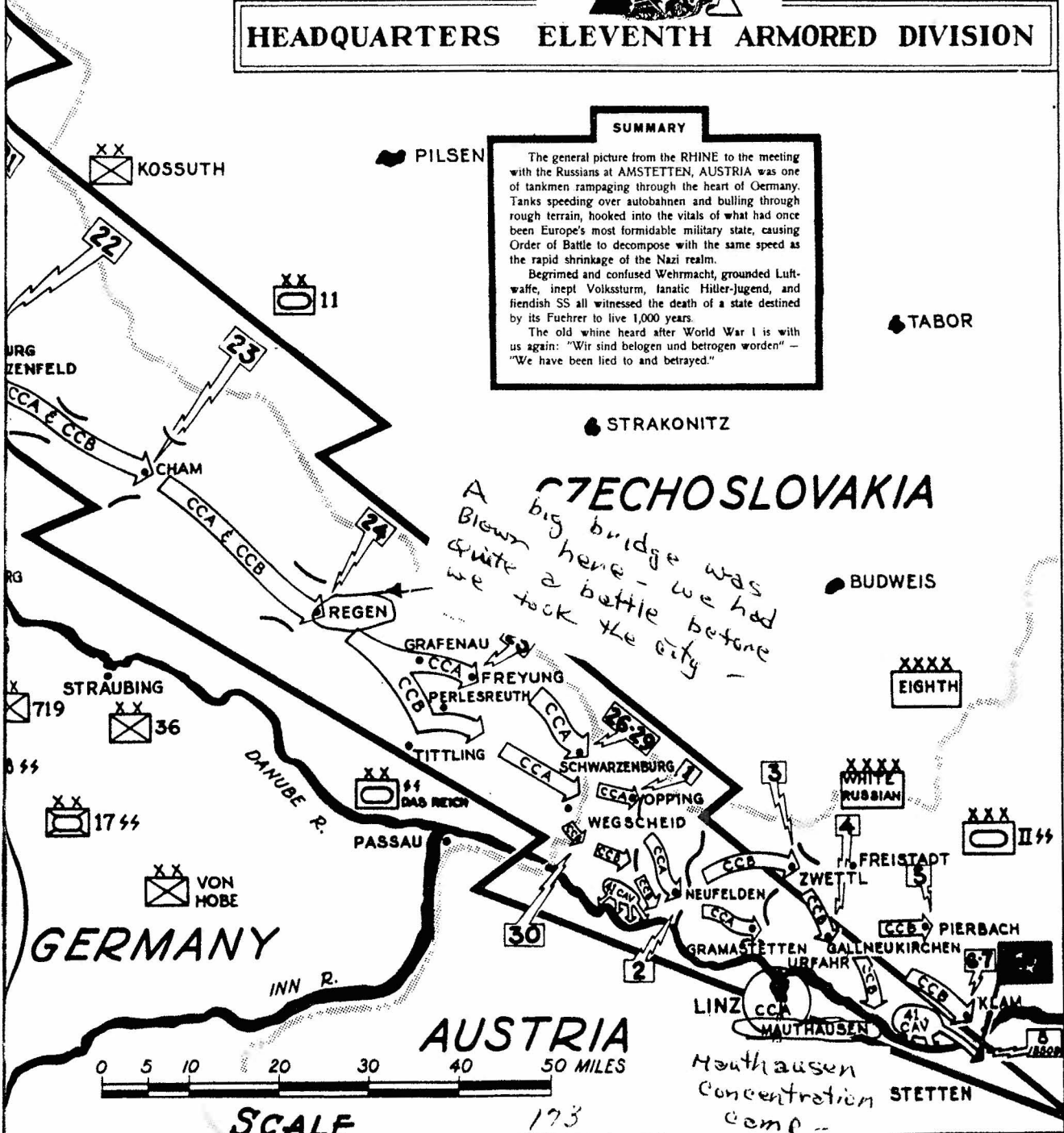
SUMMARY

The general picture from the RHINE to the meeting with the Russians at AMSTETTEN, AUSTRIA was one of tankmen rampaging through the heart of Germany. Tanks speeding over autobahnen and bulling through rough terrain, hooked into the vitals of what had once been Europe's most formidable military state, causing Order of Battle to decompose with the same speed as the rapid shrinkage of the Nazi realm.

Begrimed and confused Wehrmacht, grounded Luftwaffe, inept Volksturm, fanatic Hitler-Jugend, and fiendish SS all witnessed the death of a state destined by its Fuehrer to live 1,000 years.

The old whine heard after World War I is with us again: "Wir sind belogen und betrogen worden" - "We have been lied to and betrayed."

• ZWICKAU
• GRASLITZ
• EGER



• PILSEN

• TABOR

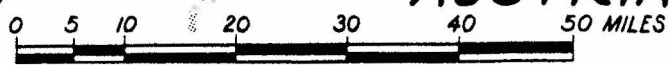
• STRAKONITZ

CZECHOSLOVAKIA
A big bridge was blown quite a while before we took the city -

• BUDWEIS

GERMANY

AUSTRIA



SCALE

173

Mauthausen
concentration
camp -

Misc Extracts as Contained in the 11th
Armored Div. After Action G-2 Report, Published
Shortly after War's End

87

Periodic Report Number 94 3 April 1945
"That is Why We Need Room"

Notebook found in STEINBACH HALLENBERG school house to-day reveals an interesting history lesson. The following translation, from a school child's notebook dated November 20, 1944, is typical of others found on the same subject. From the size of the furniture it is believed the child was in the Second Grade.

"The world knows no empty space. When the Glaciers retreated the people of the North followed the Glaciers. Tribes began to form and after that countries. The countries became large and rich. They also had wars between them. When the World War ended Poland was formed. It became larger and larger. The families had 6-10 children and they wanted to get more and more into Germany. The Germans however had at the most 1-2 children, and most of the time one of these died. The Germans said to themselves. 'Why should we have children? When they get out of school, they'll be out of work anyway.' So the German people grew smaller and smaller. But when our Fuhrer, Adolf Hitler, came into Power the population became larger and larger, so large in fact that there is no room for them in Germany. That is why we need room."

Periodic Report Number 97 6 April 1945
ZELLA>MEHLIS War Plants:

1) KARL WALTHER WAFFEN FABRIK:

There are five plants in all. Plant A is located at No. 4 Goethe St. Plant B is at No. 15 Kleinbahnhofstrasse Plant D is at No. 61 Strasse der SA. and Plant E on Suhlestrasse. Plant C is in another town, namely WASUNGEN GERMANY. In all about 2400 persons were employed of whom half were foreigners. Production ~~was about 45,000 pistols and~~

2) I. G. ANSCHUETZ: Approximately 600 workers (of whom half are foreigners). Approximately 20,000 parts for Schmeissers produced monthly.

3) MERCEDES: There are three plants in all. Approximately 2500 workers are employed, of whom only about 250 are foreigners. They manufacture parts for machine guns.

- 4) FRITZ LANGENHAHN: Approximately 350 workers are employed, of whom half are foreign. They manufacture parts for the Schmeisser.
- 5) MORITZ UND GASSENBERGER: There are about 200 workers of whom half are foreigners. They manufacture parts for the machine guns.
- 6) FRANZ SCHMIDT: This man has a factory for repairing guns for the Wehrmacht. It is small, but there is a substantial stock of guns on hand.
- 7) FOSS AND CO (VENUS WAFFENWERK): There are approximately 300 workers, and parts for the Schmeisser are manufactured.
- 8) WEIHRAUCH: There are about 750 employees and the items of manufacture are igniters, and sights for guns (telescopic sights used by snipers).

Periodic Report Number 102 11 April 1945
COLLAPSE IN COBURG

After the fall of HILDBURGHAUSEN, COBURG became the focal point of German attempts to slow our advance. The manpower available consisted chiefly of the 12 Pz Gren Repl Bn which was housed in the HINDENBURG, VON ZELLA and BERG barracks and conducted field training in the vicinity of the city. For several days units of this large Bn of approximately 1000 men plus convalescent troops, men newly arrived from S GERMANY and stragglers from many units had been sent forward from COBURG to defend the approaches to the city. It is believed that approximately 400 men remained within COBURG until the night of 10 April when all officers of this Bn quit their posts leaving the men to shift for themselves.

The outlying defense of the city disintegrated, chiefly, because of the low morale of the troops. The reasons are many. There were no heavy weapons available; even supplies of infantry weapons were inadequate. In some instances troops were committed without weapons of any kind, and

AT squads were sent out armed with one rifle and one Panzerfaust for ten men. Within the past two weeks a Kriegsgericht (roving military court) moved into COBURG and, after trial, executed thirteen soldiers, including an unknown number of officers, for robbery of other soldiers and desertion from their former units. On 10 April three of these men were hanged in the vicinity of the barracks before the assembled Bn and in full view of civilians. On the morning of 10 April Hauptintendantur (Inspector General) HOFFMANN ordered that the PX Warehouse in COBURG be burned. Twenty million cigarettes were destroyed, presumably to prevent them from falling into our hands, but the soldiers felt that at least some of them should have been issued to the men.

Meanwhile, that same afternoon, drama was in the making on COBURG's Western fringe where the defenders of COBURG CASTLE glumly watched the gathering forces of CCA to their North. Captain SOTTE, with a special task force, was in charge of the castle's defense and decided to send 1st Lt MULLER and 2nd Lt Dr. MAUER as emissaries to propose a truce for the purpose of evacuating the civilians from the strongpoint. At 2030B these representatives from COBURG CASTLE arrived at the CP of the 42nd Tank Bn and were dispatched to CCA Hq where it was learned that the castle and the town of COBURG were under distinct and separate commands neither of which was subordinate to the other. It was also learned that the officer emissaries did not have the authority to negotiate for the surrender of either the castle or the city. At 0730B 11 April the officer representatives of the castle forces were told by CCA that they had two hours after their arrival at the castle to evacuate the civilians and were escorted to the OPLR ~~and sent on their mission.~~ At 0830B the two officers returned to the CP of the 42nd Tank Bn and stated that the commanders of both the castle and the city defenses had departed with their troops during the night. Arrangements were then made to occupy the city. Capt MARLAND of CCA entered COBURG at 1000B, and reported no Wehrmacht, no incidents, and that the civilians were already busy removing road blocks. He then located the Burgermeister and worked out plans for the occupation of the Nazis stronghold. Conditions within the city were stabilized by 1100B, and COBURG CASTLE was just another tourist site by 1300B.

Periodic Report Number 103 12 April 1945

BBC News Broadcast:

President FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT died at Warm Springs, Georgia this afternoon of a cerebral hemorrhage. Vice President HARRY S. TRUMAN has been sworn in as President of the United States.

Periodic Report Number 104 13 April 1945

Captured Equipment:

An experimental laboratory of communications equipment in STADT STEINACH consisting of 4 buildings with complete electronic laboratory, machine shop apparatus for work on VHG radio carrier wire systems, television, etc; considerable equipment steel crated. Estimated value \$ 1,000,000.00. 2 240 mm guns captured intact at UNTER STEINACH.

Captured Equipment:

The following establishments and supplies were captured in KULMBACH:

13 Breweries	1 Stocking Factory
5 Saw Mills	2 Navy Warehouses
3 Dye Factories	4 Food Warehouses
1 Spinning Factory	1 Electr. Appliance Plant

Found in the Navy warehouse were: 5000 pair rubber gloves and mittens, 800 pair doe skin mittens, 4000 pair imitation leather mittens, 25000 suits overalls (German), 1500 brown jackets (wool), 800 rubber rainsuits, 450 pair rubber boots, 2450 yellow rain hats, 750 fire extinguishers, 85 canvas water buckets, 250 tire pumps, 175 grease guns, 75 slide rules, 70 acetelyne torches (large and small), 190 blocks and tackles, 65 measuring tape rolls, 800 emery stones, 10000 sand bags (small), 850 burlap bags, 500 cases vermouth, 1000 cartons cigars, 1000 pair goggles grinding, 1000 pair

goggles dust, 50 deep sea divers' helmets, rope, tools, vises, bits and braces, sledge hammers, anvils, wrenches.

In the Muesdorffen Warehouse were 7500 sacks wheat, 2000 sacks beans, 10000 cases cheese, 70000 cases meat, 20000 cases sausage, 25 wall clocks, 5000000 signal flags, 10000 nazi flags, 750 kerosene lanterns (small), 250 kerosene lanterns (large), 325 Nautical marking lanterns, 500 goggles, 12000 ft rope, 2000 paddles (canoe), 22000 burlap bags, 50 arc-welding masks, 1250 lifepreservers (round).

Also found: approximately 10000 lbs. of beef, 45000 lbs. of butter.

Periodic Report Number 106 15 April 1945

TACTICAL INTERROGATION REPORT

The Pied Piper of KRONACH:

On 8 April all boys age 14-16 in the District of KRONACH (about 180 in all) were assembled by order of the Kreisleiter. KARL HEINZ WINGENFELDER, the Banfuhrer, told them that they were going to march into BOHEMIA and MORAVIA where they would be safe from the oncoming Americans. Those who refused, he said, would be shot. In SONNEFELD they were issued uniforms (much too large) from the Quartermaster warehouse. Then the journey began.

Whenever the group slept in the woods at night, many homesick boys would sneak away, hoping to find the way back. By 12 April the Banfuhrer had only 40 boys left. That night they watched their opportunity and while their leader slept they all crept softly away. They have been picked up and sent home to Mutter.

Periodic Report Number 108 17 April 1945

Captured Enemy Supplies:

1 factory with a complete FW190, 25 airplane motors and 200-300 bombs in WIRSBERG. Also, a clothing factory, apparently for HITLER JUGEND, in same town. Approximately 20 carloads of ammunition (half 88mm and half 37mm) found in STADT STEINACH. Ammo was loaded 30 March in POSEN.

Periodic Report Number 109 18 April 1945

For Your Information:

It should be a matter of personal satisfaction to members of the 11th Armored Division to learn that one of the generals captured in the RUHR pocket is Gen WALTER DENKERT, Commander of the 3 PG Div. When the 11th Armored Division first went into action, 3 PG Div was one of the major units it encountered in its drive to relieve pressure on the Bastogne pocket.

Periodic Report Number 114 23 April 1945

TACTICAL INTERROGATION REPORT

The March of Death:

The thrusts of this Div have brought liberation and inadvertently, death to several thousand prisoners of a German concentration camp, and bring to light one of the most brutal of the German atrocities yet uncovered. Further investigation will uncover cruelties as yet only hinted at, and stories of which only the surface has been scratched. Some of the chief facts, as reported by reliable witnesses are as follows:

The concentration camp at FLOSSENBURG (vic WEIDEN) contained approximately 16,000 prisoners of all European nationalities. The camp was managed by SS officers and guards, with work details for the crematorium chosen from the prisoners. According to several estimates at least 300,000 people were killed in this Nazi murder factory.

On 14 April the 1600 Jewish Prisoners in the camp were loaded onto a train for transfer to DACHAU concentration camp. On the way this train was strafed, the prisoners were scattered, but they returned to FLOSSENBURG because there was no refuge among the people. On 16 April they were again sent out, and again the train was attacked. This time it was decided that they should march to DACHAU, and they set out. On 17 and 18 April the rest of the camp was evacuated, columns of 1000 being sent out at intervals. There was no food, no water, no rest, and many of these people

faltered and fell out. In every such case they were immediately shot by the SS guards. Bodies line the roads traveled during this march of death. In one kilometer leading up a mountain may be seen 100 bodies — one every ten meters. Of the 1600 Jewish people approximately 800 are believed still living; of 5000 Poles, 3000 survive; other columns were similarly decimated.

Only the strongest of Germany's victims are living today. Neither they nor we will forget.

Periodic Report Number 115 24 April 1945

SS ATROCITIES

1. On the 13th April 1945 approximately 6,000 male Konzentration Lager prisoners were forced to march by foot from the BUCHENWALD (near WEIMAR) Concentration Camp to the FLOSSENBURG Concentration Camp near WEIDEN. On the 19th April 1945 a general exodus was started from FLOSSENBURG, this time including KL prisoners from both BUCHENWALD and FLOSSENBURG. Approximately 16,000 prisoners in all started the march. They went in five convoys, one leaving each day. The first convoy contained the Jews, and the second all the BUCHENWALD prisoners. The 3rd, 4th, and 5th contained the FLOSSENBURG prisoners.

2. A general breakdown of the prisoners runs as follows: 1,600 Jews, of whom over half were boys seventeen years old and younger, 1,200 Czechs, 1,600 French, 900 Germans, 20 English or Australian, 5,000 Polish, and the remainder Russians.

3. Accompanying the convoys were 1300 SS, of whom 700 were old, long time, regular SS. The others had been compelled to enter the ranks of the SS from the air force and navy recently. The policing system of the convoys was as follows: For every 100 prisoners there were 4 SS under a SS Unterscharfuehrer. Each 1000 prisoners was in charge of an Oberscharfuehrer. His assistants were a Zugfuehrer who led the 1,000, and two so-called "Henkersknechte" (fiendish servants), whose work was to kill stragglers and any prisoner whose actions or attitude annoyed them. Also under the Oberscharfuehrer was a Begleitmannschaft of 40-50 SS, who marched to the right and left of the 1000 prisoners. Each convoy was headed by an Unter- or Obersturmfuehrer.

4. The five convoys made their trip to the forest one kilometer from STAMSRIED in four days and three nights. The first two nights a total of 350 prisoners were murdered by the SS, and the last night over 300. This is in addition to the prisoners murdered while enroute. The inhumane treatment of the KL prisoners by the SS is a story that would consume volumes, and only a few examples will serve to show the calibre of SS.

5. a) The SS officer in charge of the whole BUCHENWALD Konzentration Lager made a collection of tattoos in the following way. When a prisoner with a well tattooed skin arrived at the camp, he was killed on small pretext. His skin was then removed and prepared for tanning. It was later used by the chief of the camp to make lampshades, table spreads, and book bindings. b) Asked how the food was in BUCHENWALD, one of the prisoners told that a frequent punishment for any slight offense committed by only one was to make the whole camp do without food for eight days. And during this fast, the prisoners had to work their customary 14-16 hours daily. c) sometimes the prisoners were so hungry and their degree of starvation so acute that they went at night to the bodies of their freshly executed companions. They cut out the hearts and livers and ate them. It had to be at night, otherwise the guards would have shot them for illegally procuring food. d) At six o'clock in the morning on a very cold winter day, the prisoners in BUCHENWALD were ordered to come naked into the open yard, and stand at attention. At ten AM, seven hundred frozen bodies lay on the ground. e) During the forced march from BUCHENWALD to FLOSSENBURG to STAMSRIED, the SS used dogs (which had previously been used to guard prisoners in camps) to hold the prisoners in line. These dogs were half starved and trained, when released, to bite at the throat of the prisoner. f) During the march, prisoners were killed because

they were tired, because they walked too slowly, because they paused to adjust their baggage. One man was killed because he fell out of line to urinate. The SS played harmonicas as the prisoners were shot through the head. Several prisoners were murdered as they kneeled and raised their hands in prayer.

6. Many of the SS guards were killed by our troops, and some by the prisoners, when freed. Many have escaped. The SS guards apprehended by the 11th Armored Division on 24 April 1945 are:

Paul KOENIG	Wilhelm HARTMAN
Kurt LANGER	Alfred STINGLE
Friedrich SCHAREIN	Erwin TROMMER
Max PLATT	Johann HUMMEL
Joseph VANZO	Alfred GERTZ
Ferdinand WILHEIM	Peter THURO
Franz LOESCH	Theophile DIETRICH
Joseph SCHLAPP	Hubert BUSSE RATH
Bodo SCHRADER	Emil DRAHTHAHN
Gunther EICKHOFF	

7. Names of the witnesses to the individual brutalities and murders of these SS men are:

Ottakar ZICHA	Edmond POLAK
Paul LANSKY	Joseph SVOBADA
Anton KRICHKA	Paul VOGEL
Joséph KYSILKA	

8. The above witnesses report that SCHUSCHNIGG, Chancellor of Austria, and his wife and four year old child are presently located in a castle in Fuessen. Also located in the same place are: Czech General Zak Russian Col. Max von Stein, French Generals Oleris, Groussard, and Viglot, Russian General Pawlow, five Greek generals, two Italian generals, and other important personages. All these people were removed to Fuessen from Flossen burg.

9. One witness reports that in Flossen burg Concentration Camp American and ~~British officers (including at least one general)~~ were executed on the orders of HIMMLER, at 6 PM on the 15 April 1945. A week previous, American paratroopers, captured in France, were executed, including thirteen colonels.

Periodic Report Number 117 26 April 1945

Contact with Tokio:

When our troops overran the town of GRAFENAU, 37 men, women, and children connected with the Japanese legation to Germany became a US Army problem. After some unfriendly foreign workers had looted their rail road car which was in transit to VIENNA. The Sons of Heaven welcomed the establishment of American law and order. In spite of some irate troops who threatened to avenge PEARL HARBOR in Germany, the officials were permitted to collect their personal effects undisturbed. They attested their appreciation of our courteous treatment with a typically broad, toothy grin, a warm farewell, and an oft-repeated, "Thank you vely much". And as they were evacuated to Corps, you could detect on the expressionless faces of the troops who saw them off that they weren't thinking, "Goodbye, you SONS OF HEAVEN."

Periodic Report Number 122 1 May 1945

They Got Drunk Like Hell:

In the little town of MISTBERG, just across the Austrian frontier, 40 officers and 200 EM of the Hungarian Army, under the leadership of Brig Gen JOHANN SOLYMOSSU, met our troops with a white flag. After being disarmed by the SS, the General received the mission of reinforcing the beleaguered town of WEGSCHEID. "Thus disgraced I had no choice as a soldier but to save my men from further humiliation at the hands of the Germans by surrendering to the Americans", the General explained. Asked how his men received the news of the surrender, the General said: "They were happy naturally. They got drunk like hell".

Periodic Report Number 129 8 May 1945

ORDER OF BATTLE NOTES

Finally the time has come for the OB man to see if his predictions were right, if his estimates were correct, and if the disposition of enemy troops as he saw them corresponded to reality. Today the representatives of three once proud units in the German Wehrmacht came to offer the 11th US Armored Division unconditional surrender.

And as they sat there asking for detailed instructions on the surrender, they nostalgically must have thought of the days, when it was they who gave orders, asked questions, and refused requests.

1. Army for the Liberation of the Russian People: This "Army" organized by the Committee for the Liberation of the Russian People is one of five such Armies organized under German auspices late in 1941 and early in 1942. Its personnel is composed principally of White Russian exiles (the Paris Taxi Driver category) and of Red Army PWs who were cajoled into treason against their country by propaganda, coercion, or fear of starvation in a German PW Camp. Headed by Gen VLASSOV, the Russian Army of Liberation suffered from German distrust and suspicion on the one hand and lack of enthusiasm on the part of its soldiers on the other. No wonder that Brig Gen ASSBERG and Col POZDNIAKOFF, VLASSOV's peace envoys, asked for surrender to the Americans as an alternative to falling into the hands of the Red Army. They tried to negotiate, but finally had to accept the terms of unconditional surrender which includes surrender to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics who will no doubt bring these traitors to justice.

2. Second SS Panzer Corps: This Panzer Corps, headed by SS Gen BITTRICH, was represented at the 11th Armored Division's CP by its Chief of Staff, Maj DIRCKS, who arrived at O210B on 8 May 1945 to ask for unconditional surrender. It seems ironic that so infamous a supporter of the Hitler system as Gen BITTRICH would desert his Fuehrer one day before the Armistice actually went into effect.

The 2 SS Panzer Corps has covered a glorious page in the annals of German military history. Formed in France in the summer of 1942, the Corps traditionally controlled the 1 SS Panzer Div "ADOLF HITLER", the 2 SS Panzer Div "DAS REICH", and the 3 SS Panzer Div "TOTENKOPF". It fought brilliantly in Russia and North Italy. It took part in the ill-fated Battle of the Bulge, but steadily declined thereafter due to constant pressure by the Russians. Part

of the Sixth German Army, the 2 SS Panzer Corps suffered its final defeat in the VIENNA area. Its last positions were N of the DANUBE and E of LINZ. And when Gen BITTRICH finally offered to capitulate, his command extended over only 50,000 men which included rear echelon personnel and the members of the 3 SS Panzer Div "TOTENKOPF", the 37 SS Cavalry Div, the 232 Inf Div, and the notorious "FUEHRER GRENADIER" Div.

3. Eighth Army: This component of Army Group South was represented by Maj Gen OFFENBACHER and Brig Gen DERICHS-WEILER, sent by Gen KREYSING, CG Eighth Army, to ask for safe conduct through the American lines back to W Germany. In preparation for that maneuver, the Army had begun disengaging itself from the Red Army on 8 May in order to gradually withdraw westward. It moved approx 15 miles a day, but was saved the trouble of moving again by the announcement of the general surrender. At the time of the Armistice, the Eighth Army held a sector running roughly from N of VIENNA to a line TREBIC-TABOR in Czechoslovakia. It was flanked on the S by the Sixth Army and on the N by the First Panzer Army, a component of Army Group Center. Controlling approx 100,000 men, the Army last comprised two Corps: The XLIII Corps and the IV Panzer Corps "FELDHERRNHALLE".

Periodic Report Number 130 9 May 1945

Tankers' Baedeker:

The beautiful Blue Danube is not blue. This, however, is the least astonishing fact about the river of romance. The cold majestic spires of the distant Alps dominate the southern panorama, and from the north, the green fir-fringed hills unfold gracefully southward to where the Enns flows into the River of Song. At this point the change from beauty to stark horror is convulsively abrupt and brutal. Here lies the cancer of tinged ghastly nakedness, human degradation and bestiality. Signs lettered in ominous Germanic script proclaim KL MAUTHAUSEN, the citadel of mass murder.

Battle hardened soldiers of this division have been numbed by the sight of SS savagery. 500 human beings with souls and lives and destinies and thoughts, were reduced by starvation to bony monstrosities of death. Their bodies were stacked like cordwood in an open area between the sleeping quarters of the living dead.

The hospital of MAUTHAUSEN was the most hideous jest of all time. Its inmates agonized and writhed in their excrement stained bunks in a stench that withered grass and fouled the air for hundreds of yards around. The barracks were all lousy and some were typhus infected. A Pole, a Czech, and a Belgian Jew were the appointed doctors. They were given no instruments, no drugs, no medicines. Their patients were given no food. The Polish doctor has already buried his entire barracks six times.

The men of this division who have visited KL MAUTHAUSEN now realize the meaning behind the words of Winston Churchill: "We are now entering the dire sink of iniquity".

Periodic Report Number 130 9 May 1945
It's the Bogey-man Again:

Today Gen LEBER, Vet Off of Eighth Army, and Brig Gen WINDISCH, Fortress Construction Staff of Army Group South, reported to our Hq to plead for the evacuation of as many German soldiers and civilians from the Russian zone of occupation as possible. Gen LEBER had an accurate map showing the demarcation between the Americans and Russians, and claimed that he and his Staff had started out on 7 May to march into the American lines—ostensibly on verbal orders of G-4, Eighth Army. "If you don't want to save the German soldiers from the clutches of those Russians, at least save the innocent women and children from these barbarians" the General pleaded. "But General, hasn't the Fuehrer declared this to be a total war—a war that includes women and children?" "Yes, that's true, but I always thought Americans were kind", Gen WINDISCH countered. "Sorry: All these things should have been considered by you before war was declared. As the situation stands now, you have surrendered unconditionally to the Russians as well as to the British and Americans. And unconditional surrender means unconditional surrender."

Periodic Report Number 132 11 May 1945
Go West Young Man:

When the German High Command surrendered unconditionally it had agreed not to move any troops from the areas which were, at that time, still unoccupied by Allied troops. At 1500B 10 May every road, trail, and highway leading South and West of KAPLICE, Czechoslovakia was sardined with the last legions of the once mighty Wehrmacht. Gone is the fire and precision, the blood and thunder of 1939. The once haughty and terrifying symbols of the SS mingled meekly in a column of Hungarian horse carts as they joggled grotesquely southward along dust choked roads. Wehrmacht, Hungarians, horse drawn carts, motor vehicles, women, children, field guns, civilians, and SS agonized together on a journey of distrust and fear. Unarmed German soldiers complained that the Hungarians had taken their weapons and rapidly followed through with a long whine that now their conscripted allies were stealing their horses. Wehrmacht and SS both armed (round in chamber, off safety) needed only an incident to set them at each other's throats. The magnitude of their joint fear, however, was sufficient to bridge the gap of distrust and the wild push continued.

Periodic Report Number 133 12 May 1945
Gory Gusen:

PETER PASSET, a political prisoner in the GUSEN Concentration Camp since 1939, relates the following personal experiences:

He was seized without explanation and, with 80 other prisoners, brought by train to the vicinity of the GUSEN-MAUTHAUSEN camps. Thirty of these men were immediately segregated and sent to the MAUTHAUSEN camp. Twenty-seven of these were beaten to death. Perhaps it was to explain the cruel treatment or to provoke incidents that the SS guards purposely circulated the

rumor among the prisoners that one man of the group had tried to escape, therefore they all must be punished.

The remaining fifty, including PASSET, were forced to run, double-time, from the detraining point to the GUSEN camp. Surrounded by electrically charged barbed wire, this was known as the "annihilation camp". Men who came here seldom came out. The electrified fence later became a means of suicide; when beatings became unbearable, men threw themselves against it.

During the entire first day the group stood at attention in the courtyard. Finally, hungry and exhausted, they were thrown into barracks — but not for long. Routed out at 0600 the next morning, they performed military drill for twelve hours as the guards walked at the side, kicking and cuffing men who faltered. One 30-minute rest period was permitted during the day. This routing of drill, double-time, and exercises continued for four weeks.

After this period of Nazi "physical culture", the men were sent to break rocks in the quarry. Weakened and hungry as they were, the fifty men were required to load 150 vehicles per day with rocks weighing as much as 400 pounds. Within two months, half of the group of Polish, Spanish, and German political prisoners were dead.

The "annihilation camp" earned its reputation in many ways. Prisoners too sick to work were placed together in one barrack. Every three months a day was designated on which the worst cases would be taken to a recuperation center and spa at "IPS". Such a place does not exist. But the unsuspecting prisoners clambered in groups of fifty into the large box-like trucks. Before the trucks reached MAUTHAUSEN the occupants were dead — gassed. Four weeks ago 1500 Hungarian Jews were killed in this manner. ~~Some of the prisoners, including~~ ~~all~~ suspected of having infectious diseases which might cause an epidemic, received poisonous injections. Within the past few years, thousands have been murdered in this way by the SS. Other thousands met death in the crematorium and the adjoining shower room. For example, soon after HEYDRICH was killed in CZECHOSLOVAKIA

200 Czech women were brought in, given towels and soap, and told to bathe and clean up. The large shower room looked clean and inviting, and they began to wash. Suddenly the gas was turned on. Within 10 minutes all were dead. A witness who watched through a small window, later told PASSET that the victims died in terrific agony, pulling their hair and scratching their bodies in panic and suffering.

PASSET states that in four years 45,000 bodies were burned in the GUSEN crematorium. The men who worked at the crematorium were themselves killed shortly before the Americans arrived, in order that no witnesses would live to describe its horrors. In June 1944 four Americans were shot by SS as they parachuted from their crippled plane. Their bodies were destroyed in the crematorium. Last summer 4,000 Jews arrived from a Polish concentration camp. Within two months, 80 percent were dead. Nine hundred Spaniards of 8,000 survive. Of 450 Belgians, 35 are still alive.

Prof. WEBKOWSKI of the University of Warsaw spent seven months in the Penal Battalion as punishment for smoking a cigarette while at work. Of the 600 men in this unit, one in four survives. The SS guards had orders to deliver a quota of dead each day at the evening "retreat" formation. To comply with these orders they beat prisoners to death as they worked.

Other favorite pastimes of the SS consisted of the notorious water-treatment, in which a hose was jammed down the throat of the victim and his body pumped full of water until he died a painful death. At other times the victim's hands would be tied behind his back and his body suspended off the ground with this rope for one hour. In the event that a prisoner failed to appear at formations, all prisoners were made to stand at attention for four day and nights without food or water.

Today Prof. WEBKOWSKI appears very thin and sickly, with roughly healed scars on the head and body and a disease of the gums, presumably Trench Mouth. He is one of the 274 survivors of the 12,000 originally present in 1940.

BATTLE DEATHS OF THE 11TH ARMORED DIVISION BY ORGANIZATION

11TH ARMORED MILITARY POLICE PLATOON

	GRADE	TYPE OF DEATH
Lane, Willie	Private First Class	KIA

133RD ORDNANCE MAINTENANCE BATTALION

Gaworski, Adolph	Technician Fifth Grade	DOW
Maurer, Herman A.	Technician Fourth Grade	KIA
Nelson, Obert A.	Technical Sergeant	DOW
Pfuehler, Wilbert C.	Technician Fifth Grade	KIA

151ST ARMORED SIGNAL COMPANY

Packer, Robert G.	Private	KIA
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21ST ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION

Adkins, Wallace G., Jr.	Private First Class	KIA
Allen, John C.	Private First Class	KIA
Allinson, Eli	Private	KIA
Amirault, Edwin F.	Private First Class	KIA
Bailey, Ansel D.	Private	KIA
Baker, Herbert	Private First Class	DOW
Baker, Louis A.	Private First Class	KIA
Band, Frank J., Jr.	Private First Class	DOW
Barnett, Virgil I.	Private	KIA
Bauder, Karl W., Jr.	Staff Sergeant	KIA
Beless, Harold E.	Private First Class	KIA
Bishop, James M.	Private First Class	DOW
Blake, Harry M.	Technician Fifth Grade	DOW
Bole, Frank H.	Private First Class	KIA
Brennan, John T.	Staff Sergeant	KIA
→ Brouwer, Francis J.	Staff Sergeant	KIA
Brown, Lewis	Sergeant	DOW
Bruce, Carl M.	Private First Class	KIA
Brust, Kenneth R.	Private First Class	DOW
Burris, Russell L.	Staff Sergeant	KIA
Butler, John H.	Private First Class	DOW
Carter, Ira E., Jr.	Private First Class	KIA
Cauble, Lester F.	Private	KIA
Chernansky, Michael	Sergeant	KIA
Christian, Lemuel E.	Technician Fifth Grade	KIA
Clark, John O.	Technical Sergeant	KIA
Cocks, Edwin A.	Private First Class	KIA
Contreras, Ventura P.	Private	KIA
Copenhaver, Paul C.	Private First Class	KIA
Cozad, George O.	Private	DOW
Crider, Thomas P.	Private First Class	DOW
Cust, James O.	Private First Class	KIA
↙ Dalton, Warren G. H.	Captain	DOW

	GRADE	TYPE OF DEATH
Daniel, Stephen F.	Private First Class	KIA
Davidson, James H.	Private	KIA
De Modena, Ralph	Sergeant	KIA
Dee, William C., Jr.	First Lieutenant	KIA
Dees, Wilburn E.	Private First Class	KIA
Dieringer, Thomas G.	Technician Third Grade	DOW
Dobson, Amos R., Jr.	Sergeant	KIA
Duke, Lyman B.	Private First Class	DOW
East, Wayne H.	Private First Class	KIA
Elliott, Jack R.	Private First Class	KIA
Emmerling, Albert F.	Private First Class	KIA
Fishmeister, Roy W.	Private	DOW
→ Fordyce, Robert A.	Private First Class	KIA
Fralcy, Edwin J.	Sergeant	KIA
Freyling, Harvey A. W.	Private First Class	DOW
Gardner, Lawrence E.	Technician Fifth Grade	KIA
Gentile, Paul L.	Private First Class	KIA
Crossen, Louis A.	Private First Class	KIA
Harris, Frank W.	Private	KIA
Hewitt, Benjamin H.	Private First Class	DOW
Holcomb, Raymond	Private First Class	DOW
Hora, Robert A.	Private First Class	KIA
Huddlesun, F. J.	Private First Class	KIA
Jones, Wilbur F.	First Lieutenant	KIA
Jones, Willis A.	Private First Class	DOW
Karkula, Adolph V.	First Lieutenant	KIA
Kerkstra, Benjamin	Private First Class	DOW
Kershaw, Louis A.	Private First Class	KIA
Kidney, William D., Jr.	Private First Class	KIA
Kucer, John	Private First Class	DOW
La Rosa, Julius	Private First Class	KIA
Lang, James M.	Private First Class	KIA
Lantz, David	Private	KIA
Lujan, Felix O.	Private First Class	KIA
Lym, Rudolph	Private First Class	KIA
Manning, Albert R.	Private First Class	KIA
Mattozzi, Anthony	Private	KIA
Mazzarella, Nicholas	Private First Class	KIA
McDaniel, Robert	Sergeant	KIA
McDonald, Fred	Private	KIA
McGriff, James C.	Sergeant	KIA
Merves, Joshua	Private First Class	KIA
Moore, Werner W., Jr.	Corporal	KIA
Mowinkel, Harold W.	Private First Class	DOW
Mulvaney, Vincent J.	Second Lieutenant	KIA
Nicklas, Richard G.	Private First Class	DOW
Norman, George W.	Sergeant	KIA
Novy, Albert C.	Private First Class	KIA

Okert, Paul D.	Private First Class	KIA
Olcavage, Edward J.	Private	KIA
Palko, John M., Jr.	Private First Class	KIA
Pardue, Mack C., Jr.	Private First Class	KIA
Peigowski, Steve	Private	KIA
Petersen, Carl E.	Staff Sergeant	KIA
Phillips, Arthur C.	Private First Class	KIA
Presgraves, Frank	Private First Class	KIA
Ramsey, Otha	Private	KIA
Raphael, Vincent R.	Private First Class	KIA
Ravicher, Dave	Private	KIA
Reed, Hubert D.	Sergeant	KIA
Rignola, Thomas	Sergeant	KIA
Riley, Everett J.	Private First Class	KIA
Rosinsky, Raymond J.	Technical Sergeant	KIA
Rusch, George E.	Staff Sergeant	KIA
Schneiweiss, Murry	Private	KIA
Schultz, Vernon W.	Staff Sergeant	KIA
Setchell, Lewis R.	Corporal	KIA
Shirey, Bryant T.	Second Lieutenant	KIA
Simmers, Oliver A.	Private First Class	KIA
Smith, Carroll L.	First Sergeant	KIA
Smith, Henry	Staff Sergeant	KIA
Smolak, Stanley	Private	DOW
Stanchina, Arthur L.	Staff Sergeant	KIA
Stasczyk, Henry C.	Private First Class	KIA
Steidtman, Ernest F.	Technician Fifth Grade	DOW
Steiger, Carl H.	Private First Class	KIA
Stephens, Harold P.	Private	DOW
Stout, Roy E.	Private First Class	KIA
Strange, Roy T.	Private First Class	KIA
Strickland, Grady N.	Private First Class	KIA
Strong, Harold	Private First Class	DOW
Swenson, Ralph	Staff Sergeant	KIA
Thomas, Robert C.	Private First Class	KIA
Tremblay, Leonard	Private First Class	KIA
Ulrich, Monroe D.	Private	DOW
Veal, Harold M.	Private First Class	KIA
Waller, George R.	Private First Class	KIA
Walsh, James J., Jr.	Staff Sergeant	KIA
Welling, Leo W.	Technician Fifth Grade	KIA
White, Earl J.	Private	KIA
Wilke, Edmund P., Jr.	Private First Class	KIA
Willard, Hoyt T.	Private First Class	KIA
Woodward, Donald S.	Staff Sergeant	KIA
Wright, Arthur L., Jr.	Private First Class	KIA
Yates, Leslie L.	Private First Class	KIA
Yost, Robert G.	Private First Class	KIA
Yusin, Irving	Private	KIA
Zimmer, William H.	Corporal	KIA



DAM
MEERLANDS

HAMBURG

GERMANY

BERLIN

COLOGNE

WASUNGEN

ZELLA MEHLES

OGNE

BROHL

THEMAR

MAYEN
GEROLSTEIN

HANAU

COBURG

KULMBACH

OPPENHEIM

BAYREUTH

ALZEY

GRAFENWOHR

CHAM

LEMBACH

ROHRBACH

GALLNEUKERCHEN

LINZ

SCHWANENSTADT

AUSTRIA

