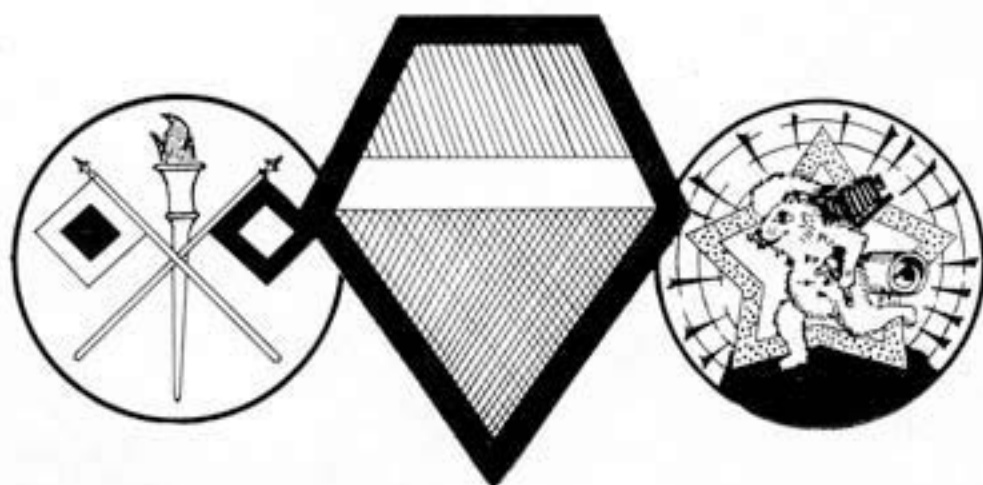


*Company History
of the*

*167th
Signal
Photographic
Company*



Dedication

TO THE MAN:

Whose pride in the company made us proud of it too . . .

Who treated each man in the outfit, not as a serial number, but as an individual . . .

Who went to bat for his boys no matter what the odds . . .

Who, in every situation, could put himself "in the other fellow's place" . . .

Whose sense of humor and smooth diplomacy helped us over the rough spots . . .

Who in every way lives up to the phrase: "Officer and Gentleman" . . .

TO CAPTAIN MERLE H. CHAMBERLIN — a swell guy — this book is affectionately dedicated.



Captain Merle H. Chamberlin

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Personnel

A collection of characters . . . photogs
and farmers . . . shutter-bugs and salesmen
. . . newshawks, studio boys, dreamers, real
ists, mugs, "artistes" . . . the works! . . . laugh-
ing, griping, taking pictures like beavers . . .
from many places . . . with different outlooks
. . . but all part of our team . . . and a great
gang . . .





O f f i



Merle H. Chamberlin, Captain
"The Brain"



Kenneth E. Adams, 1st Lt.
"How deep are stillwaters?"



Howard S. Babbitt, Jr., 1st Lt.
"Wabbits is the cwaziest people"



Frederic S. Blau, 2nd Lt.
"How ya doin'?"



Edward L. Blodgett, WOJG
"Hey, Myrtle—"



James S. Bowns, 1st Lt.
"Hupt, toop, tree,—"



Paul H. Brillmann, 1st Lt.
"Beaver with Bars"



Kenneth Butterfield, 1st Lt.
"B.T.O. in the E.T.O."



Howard L. Hanson, 1st Lt.
"Scarred Veteran"

c e r s

Herbert E. King, 1st Lt.
"What're we drinkin', boy?"



Arnold E. Samuelson, 1st Lt.
"The CORN is green"

William R. Simmons, 2nd Lt.
"Draw up the papers—"



Richard K. Sunderbruch, 1st Lt.
"Tall and Lovely"

Eugene W. Von Oder, 2nd Lt.
"What, no coffee?"



Gordon C. Wallace, 1st Lt.
"Teddy Bear"

Seymour Winston, 1st Lt.
"No applesauce, fellas"



LaVerne C. Woods, 2nd Lt.
"The Chin"

Kenneth L. Young, 1st Lt.
"School begins promptly at eight"



Enlist

First Sergeants



Gene B. Coogan
"Cracker—"



Martin T. Fuhrman
"Zeke"



Harry C. Linger
"Police the area"

ed Men

Harold O. Anderson, T-4
"Andy"

Ray Archer, T-5
"And this gal sez to me—"

Charles W. Arrington, Jr., T-5
"Y'all got any seasick pills?"

Stanley E. Baker, T-3
"How's the weather up there?"

Johannes Barthol, T-4
"Chili today—hot tomale"

Paul Berg, T-4
"I have an idea for a story—"

Lawrence W. Blaker, T-Sgt.
"Now, back in Kansas—"

Frank W. Bonus, Jr., T-5
"I'll lower the boom on ya—"

Charles C. Bundschu, Jr., T-5
"Beachhead"

Donald B. Calamar, T-3
"That should be very interesting"





Victor G. Calvano, T-3
"Little man with the big voice"

Gilbert M. Charles, T-5
"Watch dat, fella—"



Alexander O. Christie, S-Sgt.
"Old songs, old wine, old friends"

Phil Ciarniello, T-4
"Pass the bread, fella"



Carmen A. Corrado, T-4
"I have a little picture that I think
should go in this book—"

John P. Cosgrove, T-5
"Ping Pong"



Nathan Cutler, T-3
"Bradley and I—"

Raymond W. Daum, T-4
"It stinks!"



Delbert Davidson, T-5
"Hotel room sketches"

Marvin E. DeWitt, Pfc.
"Sometimes in the Springtime, and sometimes
in the Fall—"

Martin H. Doan, T-5
"Marty"

Alphonse Doiron, T-3
"What, no captions?"

Ernest D. Dowling, T-4
"Ernie"

Aubrey J. Drummond, Jr., T-4
"Bulldog"

Gideon F. Ebers, Jr., T-4
"Shure 'tis a great day for the Irish"

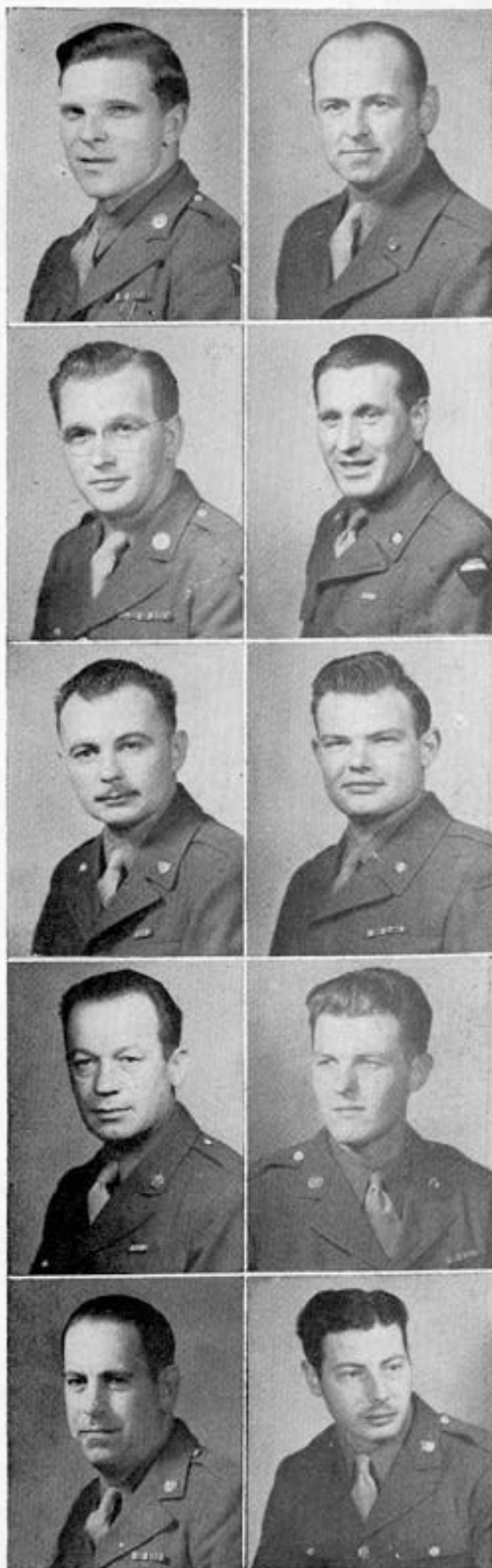
Garland Ellis, Pfc.
"Didja ever hear me make a noise like a McCormack Harvester?"

George Eyerman, Sgt.
"Never did believe in exercise"

Peter F. Farr, T-5
"So near and yet so Farr"

Earnest C. Fillmore, T-5
"Ambassador from Lever Brothers"

Eliot S. Finkels, Sgt.
"Eight to fourteen days"





Roger P. Forseth, T-5
"Say, Doc—what's cookin'?"

Martin D. Gardner, T-5
"Get out that chili bowl"



Stafford E. Garrett, Sgt.
"Now back at the Jonathan Club—"

Robert Gilmore, T-4
"I shot a story on a rock-crusher—"



Joe N. Gray, Sgt.
"Don't look now, but your vertebrae
is slipping"

Armond R. Guinn, T-4
"It won't cost you much"



Lawrence D. Gwin, T-4
"Like a big billed bird—"

William B. Harrison, T-4
"Nails"



Bruce D. Hawkins, S-Sgt.
"The sergeant with the fringe on top"

Lester L. Hedgecock, T-3
"She's only a bird in a gilded ca-aa-age"

J. M. Heslop, T-4
 "When I get back to West Weber—"

Alfred H. Higgins, T-3
 "I gotta get some sleep!"

William High, Sgt.
 "In the Oakland School System—"

Frank J. Hiltz, T-4
 "Junior"

Robert J. Hofer, T-5
 "Put a head on it"

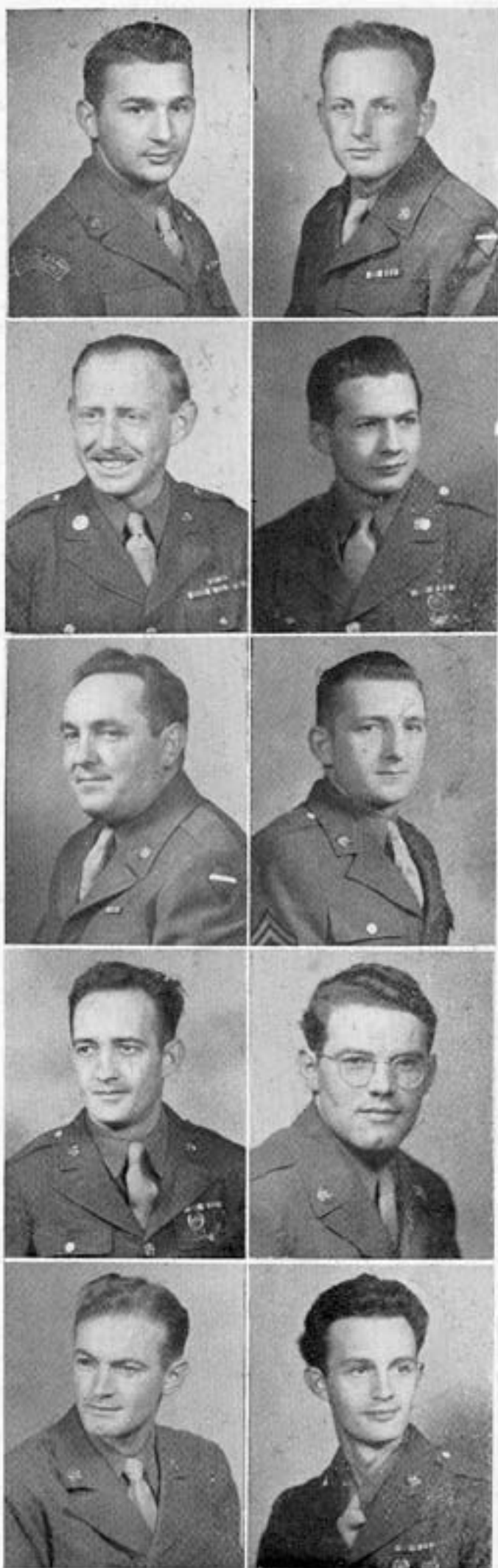
Maynard C. Hogsett, T-4
 "One half—"

Warren W. Hogsett, T-4
 "—the other half"

Jones J. Holloway, Jr., T-5
 "Along came Jones"

Charles A. Hopkins, Jr., T-4
 "Hello, Duffy?—this is Ahh-chie"

Donald E. Hunt, S-Sgt.
 "Buchenwald pin-up boy"





Adolph Jofe, T-5
"Duffy"

Donald F. Johnson, T-5
"Hell's afire"



Fenton E. Jones, T-4
"Grandma's in St. Louis"

Richard O. Kageff, T-5
"Where's my cigar"



Joseph D. Karr, T-5
"Kiddie Karr"

Albert J. Kasluga, T-4
"Hook up!"



Albert E. Katzer, T-5
"Me 'n' Sherm—"

Mitchell S. Kelly, T-5
"Oh, oh, I miscounted the trump!"



Harold W. King, T-4
"Ethel . . . Jeanine . . . Yvette"

Richard D. King, S-Sgt.
"Scrub that pot, tote that pail—"

Richard A. Klopinski, T-5
"I'll stomp you"

Edmund M. Kramer, T-3
"I've got a shob for you"

Russell Larsen, T-3
"The Great Dane"

Gaylord M. LaMond, T-4
"Satchel—"

Wallace A. Leuthier, Pfc.
"Should I or shouldn't I go to OCS?"

Charles A. Lightcap, T-5
"Charley from 'Philly'"

Herbert A. Lightman, T-3
"Then we zoom in for a close-up—"

George E. Ligler, T-5
"Sparks"

Robert J. Lindgren, T-5
"Gootch"

Ralph C. Livoni, T-4
"Have a good time"





William F. Lohmiller, T-4
"No, we don't have any"

Charles E. Love, T-3
"Shar-lee Lieber"



Bart Macaspac, T-4
"Mac"

Walter D. MacDonald, S-Sgt.
"Bay-bee"



Arley McCue, S-Sgt.
"Don't cut any more wood, Mother—
I'm bringing home a load."

Glen F. McColley, Pfc.
"Silent as the night"



Richard M. McMillan, T-5
"I'm flying today"

Bernard E. Michals, T-5
"Barney from Greeley"



Ralph J. Miller, T-5
"Coal City kid"

Samuel C. Minnis, T-5
"Why dontcha come to the right part of
Tennessee?"

Joseph C. Morgan, Pfc.
"Hello, buddy"

James A. Mulhaney, T-5
"Shamrock"

George Miehle, T-4
"You should have bid spades"

John Nesom, T-4
"The Voice"

Robert J. Nichols, T-5
"Ya know what I mean, fella—"

Merle E. Nicholson, T-5
"What are you doing after the war?"

Alexander Nottelman, T-5
"Notty"

John J. O'Brien, T-5
"Obie" from Upper Darby

Harland J. Olson, T-5
"Swanee"

Louis Ouzer, T-4
"G-2"





Donald Perrine, T-5
"Ah don't wanna evah be cold again"

John C. Perry, T-5
"Bitter John"



Roy Peters, T-5
"Run a patch through that barrel"

Norbert J. Pieczynski, Pfc.
"Dotty and I—"



Walter J. Pryzbyla, T-4
"Man with a cigar"

LeRoy Raddatz, T-5
"Radar"—He finds 'em in the dark



Boleslaw J. Rakowski, S-Sgt.
"Ya got nothin' to worry about"

Thomas J. Reed, T-5
"Chicago Alderman"



Phil Richardson, Sgt.
"It says here in the book—"

James Rohrer, T-5
"No letter today"

William C. Sanderson, T-5
"Well, do ya or dontcha?"

Stewart F. Sawyer, T-4
"Whataya want—an even break?"

Charles M. Schaufelberger, T-5
"Schauf"

William R. Shapiro, T-4
"Come outa there, Black Rufe"

Victor V. Sherman, T-4
"I'm schnerped!"

Bernard H. Simmonds, Pfc.
"What do we have for breakfast?"

Stanley Slevin, T-5
"The Highwayman—by Alfred Noyes"

Charles R. Smith, T-5
"Smitty"

David W. Stange, T-5
"Get that trip ticket signed"

Delmar J. Starr, Pfc.
"Oh, my achin' back!"





William F. Stickle, T-4
"Yappity, yappity, yap"



Ernest B. Strader, T-4
"Well, I'll be dipped—"



Robert B. Stuart, M-Sgt.
"You think you have troubles—I have
Livoni!"



Frank E. Sydlosky, Pfc.
"Tall in the Saddle"



Carl J. Tarallo, T-5
"Toota la munda"



Charles Tesser, T-3
"Jersey was never like this"



Harold R. Thompson, Sgt.
"The Sphinx"



Louis B. Thaxton, T-5
"Louie, the bone roller"



Charles J. Torrez, T-5
"Chico"



Cecil C. Turner, T-4
"Well, Johnie, it's this way—"

Andrew C. Tullis, T-5
"Hi, neighbor!"

Edward L. Urban, T-4
"Whatcha know there, laddie?"

Clarence W. Van Liere, T-5
"The Body Beautiful"

Carroll F. Wescott, T-4
"Up in Minnesota—"

William E. Williams, T-4
"Wild Willie"

Robert J. Willis, T-4
"When are we going home?"

Harold O. Wisman, T-5
"Mairzy Doats—"

John N. Wither, S-Sgt.
"Coca Cola King"

Ellis Yarnell, S-Sgt.
"Now, when I used to shoot pictures for the
Playground Department—"

Roger H. Zachary, 1st-Sgt.
"Sad Zack"



Battle Field Commissions



S-SGT. ANTHONY SIPKO, JR. is congratulated by Capt. Merle Chamberlin on being commissioned a second lieutenant. Lt. Sipko received his commission on March 25, 1945 and was transferred to become motor officer for a signal battalion.

S-SGT. LAVERNE WOODS has the gold bars of a second lieutenant pinned on by General Omar Bradley. He was commissioned on April 26, 1945. Lt. Woods was the General's personal motion picture cameraman.



M-SGT. EUGENE VON ODER has his bars pinned on by Colonel H. H. Harris, Executive Officer of Special Troops, 12th Army Group. Lt. Von Oder received the first battlefield commission in the 167th. He was commissioned a second lieutenant on February 23, 1945.



Alumni

Capt. Richard N. Farrell
Transferred to Fifteenth Army Headquarters as Photographic Officer.



Lt. Paul W. Calvert
Returned to United States for release from active duty.



Lt. Thomas N. Daniel
Transferred to Fifteenth Army Headquarters as Assistant Photographic Officer.



Capt. John A. Herod
Transferred to 3264th Signal Service Co.
Photo as Commanding Officer.



T-4 Sam DiBenedetto
Home in a flash with the rash.



Lt. Anthony Sipko, Jr.
(Transferred to a signal battalion as Motor Officer.

T-4 Martin L. Koop
Transferred to Photographic Section Fifteenth Army Headquarters.



History

Many months and many miles together . . .
from Crowder to Wiesbaden . . . and back . . .
a long jaunt . . . lots of laughs, gripes, memories . . .
the work we like . . . a box-seat on the
front line . . . towns and rivers that once were
lifeless names on a map . . . now all too real
. . . the things we liked: Mobberley and Paris
. . . the things we didn't like: Mud and Panzer-
fausts . . . the light and the shade . . . but that
was for us . . .





Many Months and Miles Together

I caught most of the story one night at a camp down south when I was drinking beer at the PX. I was on my third bottle and the most you could say for the stuff was that it was cold. The place was crowded as usual. I was standing against the counter, engaging in my limited evening pastime of watching the buxom soda babe bend over to scoop ice cream, when two guys shoved up against the bar and ordered a couple of beers. Their patches, which they wore on their right shoulder, caught my eye. They were curved black patches and the gold letters read "Official U. S. War Photographer." I had seen those patches overseas and I wondered how those guys operated, so I asked the taller one if he took pictures, which is always good for a laugh, I figured.

Without turning around, he answered me, "Yeah, we take pictures."

That didn't stop me, because I then asked him what an outfit like his did to help win the war. He smiled at that one and said, "If you're killing time like we are, come on over and sit down."

I went over to the bench with them, because I was interested in the stuff, having knocked around in photography myself. We gabbed a bit about the usual things. I didn't want to pump them too much about photography, but the taller guy, whose name was Richardson, seemed willing to talk about the company. And brother, he could talk. Three hours later I felt I could write their company history myself. The smaller guy, whose name I later found out was Perry, acted a little PO'd, I thought. He was more hepped on the subject of discharges than beating the drum for his outfit.

They had four battle stars on their ETO ribbons and it looked like they had sweated out at least a two year stretch overseas. But they had a concentrated dose, having packed all their excitement into one year. I asked them where they had been and what army they had been with.

"We were all over," said Richardson. "We were in England, France, Belgium, Germany, Holland, and when VE-Day finally came our units were peppered all over the map: in Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Austria, and hell, we even had one guy in Paris. We had units with all the armies. We were the chosen few... assigned to 12th Army Group under General Bradley."

Machine gun bullets whizzed over our heads... infiltration course, basic training,
Camp Crowder, Missouri





Cumberland River . . . scene of many problems on Tennessee maneuvers.

I wondered if all the men in their company were photographers and if they had been the only photo outfit overseas.

"No, there were other photo companies," he said, and he went into a detailed explanation. "You see, it's like this—if everything goes according to the book, each army should have a Signal Photographic Company. Our outfit is divided into three platoons; headquarters platoon, which consists of things like personnel, supply, motor pool, mess and camera repair; the lab platoon, made up of the base lab and a couple of mobile field labs which could operate in the field if necessary; and several ID units—their job is to photograph prisoners and officers for proper identification purposes. Then there are us guys, the combat assignment platoon, really the only legal reason a photo company exists. When it comes right down to it, we're really the back bone of the whole company."

Up to now this Perry guy had silently been drinking his beer, but he suddenly came to life, interrupting with:

"Oh now, Uncle Phil, let's not go overboard. After all, we all did a fair job. Don't forget that it was the lab that made all the pictures of the generals that really clinched our Meritorious Service Plaque; and what with our while-you-wait photo-finishing, there wasn't a favor we couldn't get out of the brass."

"Maybe you're right, Bitter John," Phil admitted.

I could see that Perry was no guy to put flowers in his hair. His frankness amused me; for instance, I was finding how the units were made up of two still men and two movie men and one officer, when I asked just what the officer did.

"That's what I'd like to know," snapped Perry.

"Oh, you're wrong, Perry. The officers see that you get food and billets and they take care of all the unit administration," Richardson came back.

We were having our second round of beers and I was beginning to feel more at ease with them. It wasn't long before Phil was telling me how their pictures were used.



Hot coffee and warm feet . . . Tennessee maneuvers

"Our stuff, according to the book, is used for reconnaissance, tactical purposes, combat intelligence, technical manuals, training films, staff reports, publicity for the army, morale for the . . ."

"In short," Perry broke in, "the stuff you saw in the newsreels and in the newspapers were the pictures we took. Of course, there's nothing like a good grease picture of a captain in ordnance to get you a new jeep tire, and about the only way some of us could get a combat jacket was to shoot a picture of a supply sergeant."

I commented on what a much better deal photogs must have had than the average GI overseas. I remembered some of the things I did to get a picture to send home.

"I guess we did have a break," Perry said. "Certainly, photogs had more freedom than a lot of the other guys and we sure got around a lot easier and a lot faster. We had to, if we were to get the pictures we were supposed to. Our work got us into some pretty tight places now and then but we also got into some fairly loose places. You know what I mean, like Paris and Brussels."

Basic training finished . . . marched to the train, band and all . . . Destination: ?





By troop train . . . to Port of Embarkation, Camp Shanks, N. Y.

I asked them what they did with their film in the tight spots, whether they held onto it until they got back to the company lab.

"Our news stuff," explained Phil, "went directly to Army Pictorial Service by plane. Most of our recon, tactical, and enemy intelligence photos were handled by our base lab in Verdun. The combat units in the field, you see, operated independently of the company, working directly with the division to which they were assigned. Some of the hot divisions, like the 29th, 30th, 84th, 2nd Armored, et cetera, owed a lot of their publicity to the pixs our guys took. In the 9th Army alone, we had six units and a complete lab at Maastricht. Units with a division lived and fought with the division . . ."

"Well, at least they lived with them," broke in Perry.

I noticed his Bronze Star, and thought to myself, he must have done more than just live with his division and take pictures of the supply sergeant. When he went to buy another round of beers, Phil told me about it.

"Perry's kind of modest. He got his Bronze Star for doing a story on a recon patrol into the German lines. Most of the Bronze Star awards were for similar things. Two of our guys pulled their unit officer out of rough spots. Another man got the Silver Star for saving two doughs—they were wounded and he carried them back to our lines. A number of the guys got Purple Hearts. We only had a couple of serious casualties. Guess we were lucky."

Perry came back from the counter with the beer and we sat around not saying much. I kinda liked these guys, especially the way Perry ribbed Richardson when he started blowing off too much—the same sort of rivalry which existed between one or two fellows in my own outfit. Anyway, shooting the breeze was a break from watching the babe behind the counter. She was wearing a sweater that night, so I wasn't missing much. One thing I still get a laugh over when I remember that night, is the guy who came into the PX while the three of us were talking. He was wearing a photog's shoulder



Mobberley, England... Nissen huts were surprisingly comfortable.



An English WAAF, a short hike...



...and an 'ahf 'n' ahf' at one of those quaint "pubs".

Mail call... and the first



patch, just like the others, and he had a beautiful Rollei slung around his neck. He wandered over to Phil and asked him if there were any more rumors about inactivation. My mouth watered when I saw that Rollei and I asked him if it had the F-3-5 lens. He said, "I wouldn't know, fella. I'm just a cook." I don't know why, but that struck me damn funny. I was surprised to find out how a lot of the guys got into the company. When I asked Richardson about it, his eyes lit up and he said:

"I'd be glad to tell you something of the organization of the company. I was in it from the start, from the very beginning. I heard about it from a camera store manager where I used to trade. Some of the other guys who went to Art Center heard about it there, and a few of the men picked up the info from friends and relatives in the studios on the West Coast. All of us who heard about it this way went down to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Science office and if they passed on our qualifications we went down and enlisted at our local recruiting station. Guess we all figured we'd be getting into the army sooner or later and we might as well pick out the thing we liked best. When our applications had been accepted, we were given more interviews and some of us got to attend schools that were sponsored by the major motion picture studios in Hollywood. The fellows who went to school were given ratings if their work was unusually good. It sure was a break coming into the army with a rating."

Perry piped up, "The rest of us got ours the hard way."

"Guess you can figure out why we call him 'Bitter John'," countered Phil. "Anyway, late in April of '43 we were all summoned, shall I say, into active service. From then on we were known as the cadre of the 167 Signal Photographic Company and we wound up at Camp Crowder for a month's basic."

This Richardson's line was so glib, I thought he sounded more like a salesman than a photographer. But at least he was a hell of a lot more interesting than the dopes I had run into down at the casual outfit.

"After a month of gas drill and spareribs," went on Phil, "we got a break and went to Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio. What a camp that was—really all right. Passes every night and little or no chicken. The physical training was rugged, I'll admit, but most of us cadre men feel like that was the best post we were ever on. Down at Fort Sam we picked up our officers . . . and both the officers and cadre went back to Crowder where the company was activated in September. For awhile there, it seemed as though we weren't getting anywhere fast. We got a new commanding officer from the 164th Signal Photographic Company and finally in November the fillers came in and we were off on our tenth or eleventh basic training

letters from home.

Laundry was a problem

"Tupence" for the Journal

"Little D-Day" was ahead.



schedule. The company began shaping up . . . the Tennessee maneuvers . . . the shakedown in personnel of those guys who didn't pan-out . . . and the invasion of a batch of ASTP orphans . . ."

"That's when I came in," said Perry. "Remember, Phil, that beer bust the night before we left—starting at PX 14 and winding up in the mess-hall? Some of us worked like hell sobering up a few of the boys the next morning, but we all made it. We synchronized watches, the band swung in ahead of us, and off we went . . . what'a morning!"

They followed pretty much the same pattern our company did . . . the troop train to Camp Shanks, the last-night spree in New York City, learning how to abandon ship, and the million shake-down inspections . . . even to throwing out our brand new white towels.

"But that march at Crowder," reminded Phil, "was child's play compared with that . . . that Duffel Bag Death March to the ship."

I don't know if they were lucky or not—we spent 21 days crossing in convoy, but had good food; they crossed on the Mauretania in seven days, but ate British food.

"If not for the sugar wafers and cookies we bought at the ship's canteen," said Perry, "we'd have debarked looking like something from Buchenwald. We ate only twice a day and everything was boiled. We were so crowded in the hold below that the guys slept in hammocks on the tables, on the benches, and finally on the floor. There were the usual rumors about the German sub tailing us, but I guess the British chow they threw over made 'em keep their distance. Frankly, the most exciting part of the trip for me was dropping anchor at Liverpool and watching the English babes wave to us from the ferries."

"I guess we all felt a little proud," continued Phil, "as we marched thru the streets of Liverpool, even though we were the eleventh million group to hit England. We took one of those funny little English trains and wound up at Mobberley—a small country village seventeen miles south of Manches-

Southampton, England . . . slept on the street two nights . . . then embarked for France.





Crossing the channel . . . eight days of nice, hot, tasty, C-rations

ter. Our company took over a picturesque old English manor house—started by a group of monks in the twelfth century. Our company headquarters and the officers' quarters were in the manor house, but the EMs slept in Nissen huts, which were surprisingly comfortable."

Hearing those guys describe their part of England brought back memories of "any gum chum" and I asked them if they remembered the expression.

"Sure," Phil said smiling, "I guess I've heard that 'any gum chum' a million times or more. I even remember trying to out talk the mess sergeant for some oranges for my girl friend. Cooks had a swell deal in Europe. I'll always remember those moonlight bike rides over to Wilmslow too . . . the town was just like a movie set. The shops . . . the fish and the chips . . . the cobblestone streets . . . the pubs . . ."

That word pub struck a resounding chord with me and before I knew it I was telling them of my favorite inn. I remember those pubs with the unforgettable names . . . George and the Dragon . . . Red Cow . . . Bird-in-Hand . . . they certainly weren't all glass and stainless steel. I liked the homelike atmosphere where one could sit and drink a black-and-tan without having some waiter hover over you. They were quiet and comfortable with no blating juke box. The walls were usually covered with antiques . . . pewter mugs, cricket bats, shields . . . none of them less than a few hundred years old. A swell setting for a rendezvous with your English girl friend. I wondered about their social life.

"The first week we were there," said Richardson, "the WAAFs at Wilmslow threw a dance for us and we reciprocated by inviting them down to Moberly the following week. Before the dance we put on a baseball game for them . . . it was the first time most of those WAAFs had seen the game. I found they had a tremendous interest in anything American. They showed a good deal more respect for our customs than we did for theirs. It was easy to pick up an acquaintance with an English girl. I don't know how it would have worked out if there were more Englishmen around. A few fellows still write to girls they met over there."



Verdun, France . . . just a shrine to World War I.

"*Roll me over in the clover,*" Perry burst out in song, "Remember singing that, Phil, coming back from the dances at Victory Hall? What'a song!"

"Sure do," said Phil. "Too bad we couldn't have stayed longer in England. We were only there a month."

"Then came what we laughingly called Little D-Day," broke in Perry. "Again we synchronized our watches, drove at sixty yard intervals—we always were a great company for making like an assault force. You won't believe this, but we spent seven days crossing the ocean and eight days crossing the channel. Of course we weren't moving all the time but were waiting

Christmas at Verdun . . . on the surface, a gay party . . . actually, a reaction to the tension.



for the convoy to form off Southampton. We had American food on that trip. It was put up in cans and called C-rations. We ate nothing but C-rations for eight days."

It must have been the beer, because Richardson now leaned forward and in a confidential voice, said to me:

"We hit Omaha Beach on September tenth and let me tell you, it was really a messed up deal . . ."

I knew what he meant. I told him what it was like when we landed on D-Day.

He suddenly jumped up and said:

"Guess I'll buy another round of beers before the line gets too long."

While Phil was at the counter, Perry told me:

"That ride across Normandy is something most of us will never forget. You know what I mean . . . your first look at a burned out vehicle and the spiked German guns . . . some of them with silhouettes of Flying Forts on their barrels . . . occasionally a grave or two. And your first sign saying **Mines Swept to Hedges Only.**"

Phil came back with the beer and Perry continued talking about Versailles, the first French city they stayed in.

"Versailles was a good proving ground for some theories hatched during World War I. For a lot of men it was their first taste of champagne, and their first drink at a sidewalk cafe. Many of the men managed to see the famous Versailles Palaces."

"I didn't get to see much of Versailles because my unit pulled right out—fact is, most of the combat platoon pulled out for their assignments from Versailles. The rest of the company left soon after for Verdun and set up what proved to be our company headquarters for seven months. The rest of our assignment platoon left from Verdun."

Verdun was one of the cities I missed. I asked them about it.

"Verdun for my money," replied Phil, "was just a shrine to the last war—a dirty, grey, dismal town full of souvenir shops, tourist hotels and all sorts of monuments. Not much of a town for a GI and we never looked forward to getting into Verdun."

"I only got back to the company twice while it was in Verdun," Perry said. "I'll take Brussels, Liege or Luxembourg over Verdun anytime. Luxembourg was a swell deal—we had some guys with Eagle Tac up there and when the units were on the road they always managed to find some route through

Volleyball game . . . noontime recreation.



Time out . . . a session with the company barber.



there. You know, Phil, the one I mean—when we went to Holland or Germany we'd take N-17 through Etain, Longwy, Arlon, Luxembourg, then up through Bastogne, Liege, and finally Maastricht. It was a swell town to hit at night for a lay-over... hot baths... clean sheets on the beds... chow on china plates."

The names of those Belgian cities had a nostalgic sound. I'll always have a soft spot for Brussels. Perry told me he liked Brussels before the Limeys and GIs took over, but after that it was just another dog-face town. Richardson really got excited when he described his Paris to me. Paris was a favorite of mine too, but this chap Richardson described it like a native.

"Nearly everyone got into Paris for a couple of days," he said, "some times even a week. It was quite a deal our present CO cooked up to allow the moviemen to see the film which they had shot. As a non-com of that school, I spent a month in Paris—one of the most pleasant I had overseas. Of course, it wasn't all cognac and *Folies*. . . it was a miserable cold winter for Paris without any coal or fuel. The best way to get warm was to ride the Metro. It was practically impossible to get any of those wonderful French meals we had heard about; it was so bad that many Parisiennes thought our ten-in-one rations a delicacy—and they were the way the French fixed them. The men used to arrive in Paris from the field—cold, hungry, dog-tired and dirty, sometimes after a two or three hundred mile jeep ride from Holland or Germany; but Paris was like a shot in the arm to them. In a half-hour they'd have shaved, showered and changed clothes and were asking directions to the perfume shops, the art galleries, the Eiffel Tower, where to get tickets to the *Folies*, how to get to the Latin Quarter, the Montmartre, Pigalle. . ."

"Pig-alley," sighed Perry, "where you couldn't walk a hundred feet without hearing that whisper 'Avez vous chocolate pour bay-bee?' It's a shame that so many GIs had a wrong impression of France, especially Paris—I guess a great deal of this was due to the black market. Most of us sold some of our soap, chocolate, and cigarettes—hell, we had to—after all we were taking a beating on the franc and cigarettes were worth \$20.00 a carton."

A snapshot by the Arc de Triomphe . . .
or a Paris visit wasn't complete.

Parisian carriages were picturesque . . . but the Metro more popular





A pass to Paris . . . like a shot in the arm.

"So this is Notre Dame!"



" . . an' zat way, ze Champs Elysees."



"No, Monsieur, thees ees not ze Montmartre."



I thought to myself that it is so much easier talking to GIs who had been over than trying to describe it to civilians back home. Sometimes I wonder if they could ever fully appreciate just what it was like overseas—it wasn't only the big things like combat; but a lot of little things like when this fellow Richardson mentioned the perfume shops. I remember how difficult it was to get a bottle of perfume to send home. Guys with only two or three days in Paris would spend half a day waiting in line at shops like Guerlains, Chanel, and Renoir to open. Once you had the bottle, you had to carry it half way across the continent, usually wrapped in one of your wool undershirts—hounding some mess sergeant for a cardboard box in which to mail it home.

"France is a one-city country," Phil said, "and that's *Paris*. Whatever the Parisian women wear, they wear well . . . Paris is really the city of women, even the architecture is fragile and feminine. Paris will always be Paris. The Germans couldn't kill her spirit and a million or so pass-happy, noisy, friendly GIs will leave no lasting damage."

"Say, Uncle Phil, you really went for that city," said Perry. "How about a bottle of Schlitz calvados, Monsieur? It's my turn to buy."

That calvados—you could drink it or use it in your cigar lighter—it was the only thing that kept me warm through that long miserable cold winter. I'll never forget it.

"Here's your calvados, monsieur," said Perry returning with the beer. "Calvados and cognac always remind me of last winter, especially during the Bulge. Speaking of the Bulge, Phil, did you happen to read Drew Pearson today where he says that the Battle of the Bulge should be investigated along with Pearl Harbor? Don't imagine anything much will come of it, but that Bulge deal really gave us a hard time for a couple of weeks. I'll never forget it. We had a few units directly in the Bulge and some were sent in later. Our unit was right in it . . . remember the guy that tells the story of how his unit was so late in pulling out of Bastogne that for five days they spearheaded the German advance across Belgium?"

"Oh, I know who you mean," Phil replied. "The guys laugh about it now, but you should've seen some of them when they came back to the company on Christmas day . . . they were too close to it then to hide their feelings. You didn't get in for the Christmas party, did you, Perry? The cooks out-

Wiesbaden was a swell deal . . . we relaxed and fattened up.



Wiesbaden, Germany company formation.



Orderly room everything but a butler.



After V-E Day . . . relaxing at Opelbad pool.



German frauleins . . . the \$65 question.





It was hard to believe . . . we were actually going home!

did themselves—turkey, chicken, cranberries, stuffing—the chow spilled over our messkits. We ate like gluttons. And then from out of musette bags, jeeps, sleeping sacks, gas masks, came the bottles of champagne, cognac, and cointreau. You can get awfully pickled, but fast, drinking that stuff out of canteen cups. It was a gay party only on the surface. Actually it was a reaction to the tension, fears and hardships of the past week. The celebration ended abruptly when the barracks non-com fell off a top bunk and cold-cocked himself."

"You know, Phil, the farther you got from the front during the Bulge," Perry reflected, "the more worried people were . . . hell, I remember months later I saw some papers from the states and they must have been plenty worried at home."

I remembered well the weeks of the Bulge and I thought of Houffalize, St. Vith, Malmedy, and Bastogne . . . towns which had been by-passed by the war and were almost intact—now they were shelled, bombed and gutted. Perry and Phil continued their story of how units, attached to many of the forward elements of the armies, swept along with the armies across the Roer and the Rhine.

"Sweating it out". . . . Camp Lucky Strike, France.

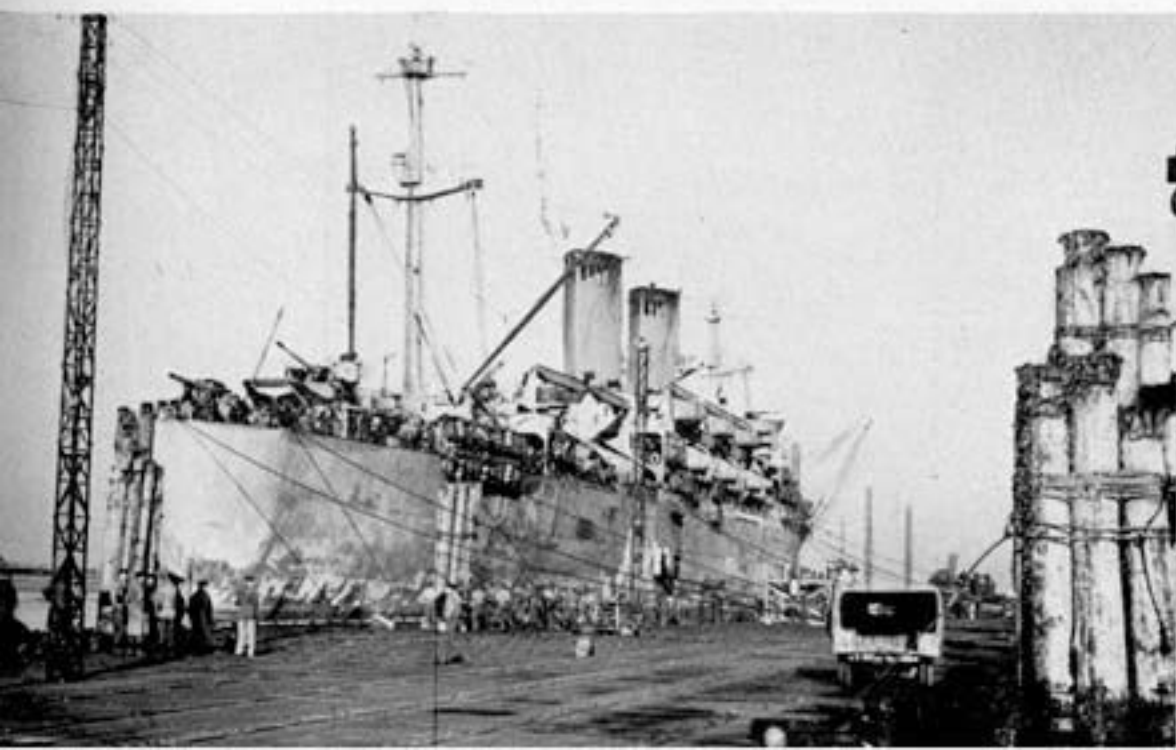


"We knew that getting into Germany was the only way to beat the krauts and get back home," said Perry. "It sure turned out differently than we anticipated. During those long cold winter nights we'd sit around and talk about what we thought Germany would be like. We figured the place would be full of snipers, kids shooting us in the back and every building booby-trapped to the hilt. But it turned out that we lived better in Germany than anywhere else overseas. At least there was plenty of coal and there was food in the cellars and stores. All we had to do was pick ourselves a house and throw the people out. The Germans called us *Schwartzenherzen Amerikaner*—blackhearted Americans—my nose certainly bled for them.

While Phil was talking, I thought to myself how much the same GIs are—even to the silly customs of dressing, like wearing a piece of German parachute silk for a scarf—everybody had to have one. They not only do the same things but they think and say the same things. In France and Belgium they would greet each other with *comment allez vous?* and *no compre*. In Holland and Germany it was the fashion to call out *guten morgen*, *nichts ver-
steh*, and *alles kaput*.

"The German city which our company set up shop in," continued Perry, "was Wiesbaden—*kleine Paris*. It was a beautiful resort town, messed up a bit, but still a welcome relief from Verdun. We had a sweet set-up—four big mansions, complete with furniture, well-stocked wine cellars, gardens full of lilac and rose bushes. Across the street lived two "Dutch" girls, who surprisingly enough spoke fluent German. They tried to break up our formations . . . and sometimes did. We only stayed in Wiesbaden a month and a half, where we rested and fattened up. There was swimming at the ritzy Opalbad—a mineral swimming pool, horseback riding, golf, and some sixty-five dollar sports. We thought we might have to sweat out part of the occupation but it wasn't long before the rumors started flying about going home. Soon we were making boxes and mailing out change of address cards. We

This is it! . . . Boarding U.S.S. General Gordon, Le Havre, France . . . Next stop: U.S.A.



mailed so much stuff home that AMG officials are still looking for the Zeiss photo works."

"The trip back," said Phil, "had an unreal quality about it. It was hard to believe we were actually going home. There was a wild ride in trucks back to Verdun, a three day trip on a French hospital train. We were lucky not to get 40 and 8's. It was a hurry-up-and-wait deal—we hurried across the continent and then we waited at Camp Lucky Strike. We left from Le Havre on a victory ship, the General Gordon. It wasn't a bad trip because we were coming home and nothing could stop us, not even the hurricane we ran into. We hit the states at Norfolk, Virginia—a little farther south than we expected. Boy, that Camp Patrick Henry was a smooth running outfit. Fresh milk and steak the first meal. New clothes. Painless orientation. And then the train for our separation centers and our thirty day furloughs. Most of us were out of there in less than twenty-four hours.

"I wish Fort Benning would give us our discharges with that speed," cracked Perry. "I wish the whole army worked that way—it can be done."

These guys reminded me of men in my own outfit—the way they remembered some things and the way they forgot others. The PX had suddenly crowded with guys from the show. We took our beers outside because the air was stale and smoky. I stood for awhile, looking at the monotonous rows of barracks in the distance. From the juke box near the PX door I could hear, "*I'll Be Seeing You*." I heard that song a thousand times in Europe—it'll always bring back memories.

"Well," sighed Richardson, "we started from Second Army and we're finishing in Second Army."

"Yeah, from dust to dust," said Perry.

"I guess you know, fella," I said.



We were going home

Calendar

167th Signal Photographic Company activated at Camp Crowder, Missouri
... 3 September 1943

Arrived at Lebanon, Tennessee for maneuvers ... 26 February 1944

Returned to Camp Crowder, Missouri ... 6 April 1944

Left Camp Crowder, Missouri ... 13 July 1944

Arrived at Camp Shanks, New York ... 15 July 1944

Boarded troopship NY-23 (Mauretania) ... 23 July 1944

Embarked from New York harbor ... 24 July 1944

Debarked at Liverpool, England and trained to Mobberley ... 1 August 1944

Left Mobberley for Southampton ... 1 September 1944

Embarked from Southampton ... 4 September 1944

Marching party debarked at Omaha Beach ... 5 September 1944

Motor convoy debarked at Omaha Beach ... 10 September 1944

Marching party arrived at Versailles, France ... 7 September 1944

Motor convoy arrived at Versailles, France ... 11 September 1944

Arrived at Verdun, France ... 18 September 1944

Arrived at Wiesbaden, Germany ... 23 April 1945

Left Wiesbaden, Germany, to return to United States ... 11 June 1945

Arrived at Camp Lucky Strike, St. Valery, France ... 13 June 1945

Embarked from Le Havre, France aboard U. S. S. General Gordon ... 20 June 1945

Debarked at Newport News, Virginia, U. S. A. ... 27 June 1945

Arrived at Camp Patrick Henry, Virginia ... 28 June 1945

Left Camp Patrick Henry, Virginia, for 30 day furlough ... 29 June 1945

Reassembled at Fort Benning, Georgia ... 16 August 1945

Awards

What makes a hero? . . . A guy stands in the rain with his rifle . . . or his camera . . . he's cold, he's wet, he's scared—he wants to go home . . . the war shrieks around him . . . he does his job—and then some . . . a whirling chunk of metal chews at his flesh . . . his blood stains the mud . . . they draw up a paper: "for outstanding service—" . . . they take his picture . . . and he had another bit of ribbon to wear . . . but it didn't come easy . . .





Award of the Meritorious Service Unit Plaque



HEADQUARTERS 12TH ARMY GROUP

GENERAL ORDERS)
NUMBER 37)

30 June 1945

AWARD OF MERITORIOUS SERVICE UNIT PLAQUE

Under the provision of War Department Circular 345, section 1, 23 August 1944, as amended, the Meritorious Service Unit Plaque is awarded for superior performance of duty in the accomplishment of exceptionally difficult tasks and for the achievement and maintenance of a high standard of discipline during the period 1 October 1944 to 1 May 1945 to the 167th Signal Photographic Company:

The 167th Signal Photographic Company was assigned the mission of recording the war pictorially in still and motion pictures. The pictures taken have given information on combat and field conditions, supplied commanders with valuable tactical and strategic information, provided a historical record of the war and have furnished material for public release as well as other projects. Throughout the period the members of the unit displayed outstanding devotion to duty and consistently procured pictures in spite of the most difficult conditions. During this entire period the appearance of the personnel has been commendable and the equipment has been maintained in excellent condition. The outstanding devotion to duty by members of this unit is exemplified by the record of no disciplinary action under the 104th Article of War, no unauthorized loss of time for any reason whatsoever, no courts-martial and no venereal cases of any type.

BY COMMAND OF GENERAL BRADLEY:

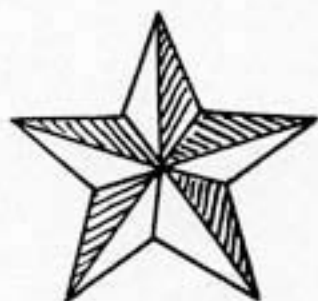
Leven C. Allen

Major General, GSC, Chief of Staff

OFFICIAL:

C. R. Landon
Colonel, AGD
Adjutant General

Battle Partic

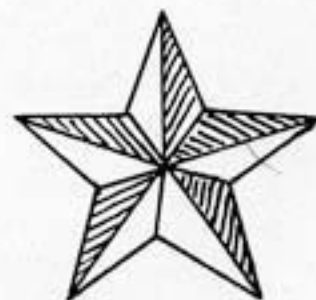


Northern France Campaign

25 July 1944 to 14 September 1944

Rhineland Campaign

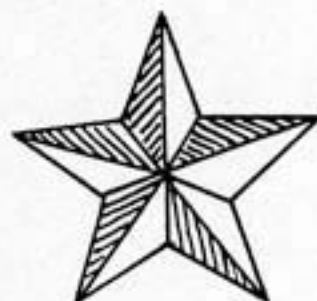
15 September 1944 to 21 March 1945



Participation Awards

Ardennes Campaign

16 December 1944 to 25 January 1945



Central Europe Campaign

22 March 1945 to 12 May 1945



SIGNAL SECTION
HQ 12TH ARMY GROUP
APO 655

330.13

5 June 1945

SUBJECT: Commendation.

TO : Commanding Officer, 167th Signal Photographic
Company, APO 655.

1. For approximately nine (9) months beginning 6 September 1944, the 167th Signal Photographic Company has been stationed at Headquarters 12th Army Group. To present date your company has made photographic coverage of activities of this headquarters and furnished many combat assignment units to First, Third, Ninth and Fifteenth US Armies to assist each army in its photographic operations. Portrait teams and identification teams have also assisted the First and Ninth US Armies.

2. From September through February, your company furnished most of the combat assignment units for Ninth US Army and most of the personnel for the photographic laboratory at that headquarters. As the tactical situation changed, units of your company were placed with armies requiring additional assignment units in order to maintain adequate photographic coverage.

3. Your company has performed its technical mission in an outstanding manner. The photographs made indicate that the cameramen have performed in a skillful manner and have photographed the war without regard to their personal safety. The work done by your headquarters laboratory personnel, camera repairmen and others has been of the same high quality.

4. I commend you, your officers and men for the successful completion of your work with this headquarters, and for the fine spirit and morale which has been maintained.

GARLAND W. BLACK,
Brigadier General, USA,
Signal Officer

HEADQUARTERS NINTH U. S. ARMY
Office of the Commanding General
APO 339

200 GNMSI

10 May 1945

SUBJECT: Commendation.

THRU: Commanding General,
Headquarters Twelfth Army Group,
APO 655, U. S. Army.

TO: Commanding Officer,
167th Signal Photographic Company,
APO 655, U. S. Army.

1. The detachments of the 167th Signal Photographic Company that were attached to this headquarters during the period 15 September to date are commended for the superior performance of duty and the excellence of their photography.

2. The efforts of the officers and men of the detachments produced an outstanding pictorial history of the Ninth U. S. Army in action, for the information of the peoples of the world and the historical archives of the War Department.

3. Many extraordinary difficulties were overcome by the officers and men in a manner that demonstrated their professional skill, leadership and a complete disregard for their comfort and personal safety.



H. SIMPSON,
Commanding General, U. S. Army,
Commanding.

330.13 (AG-P)
Hq 12th Army Group, APO 655, 23 May 1945.

THRU: Commanding General, Special Troops, 12th Army Group, APO 655.

TO: Commanding Officer, 167th Signal Photo Company, APO 655.

The Army Group Commander is pleased to note and forward this indication of service well performed.



C. R. LANDON,
Colonel, AGD,
Adjutant General.



Award of the Legion of Merit

M-SGT. ROBERT B. STUART

"... for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services as camera repair technician... voluntarily directed an operation to procure valuable enemy machinery and tools from an enemy munitions plant. Working under fire, he performed precision machine work in the field, making parts which kept photographic equipment of the Twelfth Army Group in operation."

By Command of General Eisenhower



Award of the Silver Star

TEC. 3 DONALD B. CALAMAR

"On 16 November 1944, shortly after he had completed his mission, he saw a seriously wounded infantryman lying in an open field. Leaving his camera and equipment behind, while fully exposed to enemy observation and fire, crawled to the wounded man and carried him to the battalion command post. Later the same day, with complete disregard for his own safety, assisted in the evacuation of another wounded soldier to a place of safety."

By Command of Major General Gerhardt



Award of the Soldier's Medal

TEC. 4 WILLIAM F. STICKLE

"On 17 February 1945, when an ammunition truck had caught fire, the above enlisted man proceeded to the scene without hesitation in an attempt to save government property. Although constantly exposed to great danger from shells which exploded because of the heat, he removed a quarter ton vehicle which had become ignited and extinguished the flames."

By Command of the Division Commander





Award of the Bronze Star

TEC. 5 CHARLES C. BUNDSCHU, JR.

"While constantly exposed to hostile fire in forward positions . . . photographed leading elements in assault river crossings and continued combat activities as the task force moved through successive towns toward its objective . . . during the period 23 February 1945 and 5 March 1945."

By Command of Major General Gillem



1ST LT. KENNETH J. BUTTERFIELD

" . . . for meritorious service in military operations against the enemy from 19 October 1944 to 14 March 1945 in Germany."

By Command of Major General Gerhardt



TEC. 3 DONALD B. CALAMAR

" . . . for meritorious achievement in military operations against the enemy from 19 October 1944 to 20 January 1945 in Germany."

By Command of Major General Gerhardt



1ST LT. PAUL W. CALVERT

" . . . for distinguishing himself by meritorious service in connection with military operations against the enemy in Holland and Germany from 15 November 1944 to 5 March 1945."

By Command of Major General Gillem





TEC. 4 CARMEN A. CORRADO

"... for heroic achievement in Germany, from 23 February to 7 January 1945 in Belgium. Accompanying a dismounted patrol to photograph their action... constantly exposed himself in order to successfully complete his mission. He was exposed to heavy enemy machine gun and mortar fire, but succeeded in accomplishing his mission."

By Command of Major General Collins



TEC. 3 NATHAN CUTLER

"... from 14 September 1944 to 9 May 1945... in spite of inclement weather and hazardous conditions, he produced an outstanding still camera photographic record of the activities of the 12th Army Group."

By Command of General Bradley



TEC. 4 RAYMOND W. DAUM

"... for heroic achievement in action against the enemy 1944... while under heavy enemy artillery and mortar fire... proceeded to take motion pictures of a combined armored-infantry attack... even after being wounded by shrapnel in the head and forearm... proceeded to complete his mission."

By Command of Brig. General Frank A. Keating



TEC. 5 DELBERT E. DAVIDSON

"... for heroic achievement in Germany on 16 November 1944 to 24 February 1945, in connection with military operations against the enemy."

By Command of Major General McLain



TEC. 4 E. D. DOWLING

"... and another enlisted man, on 8 October 1944, near Aachen, Germany... although under constant enemy fire and observation, with utter disregard for their own safety, successfully evacuated their wounded officer to medical aid."

By Command of General Bradley

TEC. 4

A. J. DRUMMOND, JR.

"... for meritorious service in connection with military operation from 15 October 1944 to 1 April 1945."

By Command of Lieut. Gen. Simpson



SGT. WILLIAM A. HIGH

"On 23 February 1945, while constantly exposed to hostile fire in forward positions, he photographed leading elements in assault river crossings and continued combat activities as the task force moved through successive towns toward its objective."

By Command of Major General Gillem



TEC. 5 JOSEPH D. KARR

"... for heroic achievement in Germany on 16 November 1944 ... while under heavy enemy artillery and mortar fire ... proceeded to take still pictures of a combined armored-infantry attack ... advanced with the infantry and tanks and procured an accurate pictorial account of the attack and manner of resistance offered by the enemy."

By Command of Brigadier General Frank A. Keating



TEC. 4 BART T. MACASPAC

"... for meritorious service in connection with military operations from 15 October 1944 to 1 April 1945."

By Command of Lieutenant General Simpson



TEC. 5 MERLE A. NICHOLSON

"In Germany, on 13 January 1945 ... rendered outstanding services in photographing enemy position on the *** River from a vantage point less than forty yards from the nearest enemy outpost. Fully cognizant of the hazards involved, he occupied his position during the early morning hours of darkness, remained there throughout the day after photographing the terrain, withdrawing after night had fallen ... provided valuable photographs of vital enemy positions."

By Command of Major General Gerhardt



1ST LT. H. L. HANSON

"... for distinguishing himself by meritorious service in connection with military operation against the enemy in Germany from 23 February 1945 to 5 March 1945."

By Command of Maj. Gen. Gillem



TEC. 5 JOHN C. PERRY

"... for heroic achievement in action against the enemy on 7 January 1945 in Belgium. Accompanying a dismounted patrol to photograph their action ... constantly exposed to heavy enemy machine gun and mortar fire."

By Command of Maj. Gen. Collins





TEC. 5 LEROY W. RADDATZ

"... from 23 February 1945 to 24 February 1945 photographed the crossing of a river and the building of bridges... and the ensuing battle... under enemy observation and small arms, mortar and artillery fire."

By Command of Major General McLain



TEC. 5 WILLIAM C. SANDERSON

"... against the enemy in Germany during the period 23 February 1945 and 5 March 1945... while constantly exposed to hostile fire in forward positions... photographed leading elements in assault river crossings and continued combat activities as the task force moved through successive towns toward its objective."

By Command of Major General Gillem



TEC. 4 WILLIAM F. STICKLE

"... against the enemy in Germany during the period 23 February 1945 and 5 March 1945... while constantly exposed to hostile fire in forward positions... photographed leading elements in assault river crossings and continued combat activities as the task force moved through successive towns toward its objective."

By Command of Major General Gillem



2D LT. LAVERNE C. WOODS

"... from 21 November 1944 to 9 May 1945... notwithstanding rain, fog, snow, and hazardous conditions, he recorded with exceptional skill, installations and activities of the 12th Army Group."

By Command of General Bradley



1ST-SGT. ROGER H. ZACHARY

"... and another enlisted man, on 8 October 1944, near Aachen, Germany... although under constant enemy fire and observation, with utter disregard for their own safety, successfully evacuated their wounded officer to medical aid."

By Command of General Bradley

T-4 V. V. SHERMAN

"For his excellent photographic coverage of combat activities... 22 December to 26 May 1945."

By command of
General W. H. Simpson



1ST LT. RICHARD K. SUNDERBRUCH

"For his superior supervision and personal direction of the activities of his photographers... 22 December 1944 to 26 May 1945."

By Command of
General W. H. Simpson



Certificate of Merit

TEC. 4 GIDEON F. EBERS

"For displaying courage and skill in performing his duty as Combat Photographer during assault operations against the enemy in Germany during the period 23 February 1945 to 5 March 1945."

Major General A. C. Gillem, Jr.



TEC. 5 MITCHELL S. KELLY

"For displaying courage and skill in performing his duty as Combat Photographer during assault operation against the enemy in Germany during the period 23 February 1945 to 5 March 1945."

Major General A. C. Gillem, Jr.



TEC. 4 HAROLD W. KING

"For displaying courage and skill in performing his duty as Combat Photographer during the assault operations against the enemy in Germany during the period 23 February 1945 to 5 March 1945."

Major General A. C. Gillem, Jr.



TEC. 3 CHARLES E. LOVE

"For displaying courage and skill in performing his duty as Combat Photographer during the assault operations against the enemy in Germany during the period 23 February 1945 to 5 March 1945."

Major General A. C. Gillem, Jr.



Award of the



2ND LT. KENNETH J. BUTTERFIELD

Wounded 17 November 1944 while with the 29th Infantry Division in Germany. He returned to duty.



1ST LT. THOMAS N. DANIEL

Wounded by shrapnel near Wurselen, Germany, on 20 October 1944. He returned to duty after medical aid.
Oak Leaf Cluster—Wounded while photographing combat activities near Euchen, Germany, on 16 November 1944. He returned to duty.



TEC. 4 RAYMOND W. DAUM

Wounded as a result of enemy action in Germany on 16 November 1944, while photographing activities of the 102nd Infantry Division. He returned to duty after medical attention.



TEC. 4 AUBREY J. DRUMMOND

Wounded in action on 16 November 1944 near Euchen, Germany.
Oak Leaf Cluster—He continued to photograph his assignment and was wounded a second time on the same day. After hospitalization and evacuation to England, he rejoined the company.

Purple Heart

SGT. WILLIAM A. HIGH

Wounded in Holland on 2 November 1944. He returned to duty.



TEC. 3 CHARLES E. LOVE

Wounded in Germany on 24 February 1945. He returned to duty.



TEC. 5 LEROY W. RADDATZ

Wounded in Germany on 23 February 1945. He returned to duty.



TEC. 5 STANLEY SLEVIN

Wounded in the Hertz Mountain Area, Germany, on 13 April 1945. He was photographing mounted patrol activities with the 4th Cavalry Group when he was struck in the left side by small arms and panzerfaust fire. He was evacuated to England and later to the United States.



1ST LT. RICHARD K. SUNDERBRUCH

Wounded in the neck by a sniper's bullet near Aachen, Germany on 8 October 1944. After hospitalization he rejoined the company on 30 October 1944.



Photogs

We're ready, the five of us who live and work together . . . cameras loaded and locked . . . coffee brewed on a Coleman stove at the side of a road near God-knows-where . . . then we move up . . . the clank of tank treads . . . the pulse of battle . . . we take pictures . . . sand in the shutter . . . bad light . . . rain on our lens . . . we curse . . . men die . . . we move on . . .

The story of the Combat Units . . . their movements, exploits, adventures . . . told by the men of the units in their own words . . .



...the last day for candidates to qualify for the offices. Of the two terms expiring, that of W. G. (Doc) Bridges and W. I. Wittingham has already qualified

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grapher Films Aachen Battle



Merch Discipl

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by the ex- ca will be there still t-war short- doctors and denied essential security in terms of national health," McNutt said. The situation is so severe that some medical schools will not fill any substantial part of

tal schools, WMC, with the co operation of the Army, Navy, the Veterans Administration and the medical and dental professions, will sions will supply lecturers for the counsellors in separation centers so that professional students re- turning from service with the arm- led former can be promptly advised



Brillman, Sawyer, Berg, Michals, Higgins

Combat Unit 121

Unit 121, consisting of Al "Pinky" Higgins and Bernard "Mike" Michals, moviemen; Stewart "Stew" Sawyer and Paul Berg, stillmen, left Verdun, France, Sept. 25th, '44, on its first assignment. Lt. John Herod, now a Captain, was OIC.

The unit was to film a documentary motion picture on the complete activities of medics in the field. The story took 121 to Toul, Etain, and Nancy in France and then up to Maastricht and Heerlen in Holland. Near the medieval fortress city of Toul, they pitched their tents next to an air evac hospital. It was early October, still warmish, and the happy photogs knew for certain the war would be over by Christmas. Sloshing around in mud and sleeping in litters beside amputees were probably the most memorable experience at Toul. Higgins, bent on maintaining production standards come hell or high water, sometimes cajoled Mike into carrying tripod, Eyemo and battery cases through knee-deep mud for a more dramatic shot.

The script called for a complete pictorial story of the rearward evacuation of a wounded soldier, from the time he was picked up by the litter bearers, back through battalion aid, collecting and clearing stations, evac and field hospitals and finally the general hospital. At Etain Al and Mike shot some fine interiors which earned them a letter of praise from Army Pictorial Service in London. Sawyer and Berg, itching to sink their teeth into a juicy still assignment, contented themselves with production when the spirit moved them. Their uninspiring pictorial diet was frequently washed down with cognac. They did catch a few on-the-spot breaks, however, which they hastily packed up and sent to London. Their day was yet to come.

The medic story was finished by November 5th. The unit went to Verdun and for almost a month the men went out on individual assignments. Stew did a couple of hospital stories and a pole line series. Berg entered Metz on the day it fell, to do a propaganda story for Psychological Warfare. He also worked with the author Stefan Heym on a coal mine story at Baesweiler, Germany.

In November, Lt. Herod left the 167th to take over his own company, and Lt. Paul H. Brillman became OIC of 121. Then, on December 5th, after impressive briefing on the secrecy and dangers of their new mission, the unit left to join T-Force at Remouchamps, Belgium. T-Force was a strange, never-publicized band of intelligence specialists and combat troops, known in official army communiques as Advanced Staff Section, Twelfth Army Group. Its mission was to enter key cities with the assault wave, seize and hold pre-

determined targets and immediately to exploit the targets for intelligence purposes. A mission like that can sober the most intrepid band of photogs.

December passed in the normal manner until Sunday, the 17th. Rumors of German paratroopers landing all around the town were substantiated that night when the unit was ordered to pull out and join the 101st Airborne in Bastogne. For three days all five lived in that electrically-tensed area which reluctantly but surely gave way before the German counter-offensive. On the 18th they were forced to retreat. Sleeping places ran a range from stables, cow barns, school gymnasiums and the front of the truck to beds with sheets in a Dinant hotel. No sooner had the men bedded down in one place than they were alerted to move because the Krauts were closing in. Berg was convinced they were after the German bayonet he had picked up.

On Wednesday, Lt. Brillman decided to make a run into Bastogne. Two kilometers out of the besieged city, on the only road still open, the unit ran into two armored divisions turning around. If the tanks couldn't make it, it was reasonable to believe that neither could the photographers. After a hurried consultation, the unit decided to head west with the tanks. While Stew and Mike were grimly trying to turn the vehicles around on the crowded road and Lt. Brillman was valiantly attempting to drive an abandoned prime mover out of the mud, Higgins and Berg were getting pictures of the 969th Field Artillery digging in to give supporting fire to the paratroopers in Bastogne. These pictures turned out to be the only coverage of that eventful Wednesday afternoon outside of Bastogne. That night the circle around the city had closed.

The unit later rejoined T-Force at Veux-Waleffe, Belgium, and on March 2, T-Force moved to Eschweiler, Germany. The unit split. Sawyer and Michals went with a sub-T-Force to 3rd Army. Brillman, Higgins and Berg remained with the main body to enter Cologne on the 6th. The 3rd Armored was still fighting in that city when Al and Paul started shooting pictures of synthetic oil plants, Nazi bigwigs, robot bomb factories, Gestapo Headquarters, and all the nerve centers of the hastily retreating Wehrmacht. Sawyer and Michals had an equally adventuresome time when they entered Bonn on foot in squad formation.

Two weeks later the unit crossed the Rhine, to cover the Ruhr pocket. At the Wesseling Hydrogenation Plant, Al and Paul "liberated" 26 Russian slave laborers. Farther south, at Frankfurt-am-Main, Stew got a "first" on a shot of Kaiser Wilhelm's youngest son. Life was easier now and more time could be spent in collecting pistols and cameras.

On May 6th the unit, with no casualties, returned to the company at Wiesbaden. The unit, with Bill Shapiro replacing Berg, went down to Ider Oberstein, and took over a comfortable mansion. Berg went to Bad Wildungen to cover the meeting of Gen. Bradley and Gen. Koniev.

Lt. Brillman and his band of photographers packed up their deadly Brownies and returned to the Company Headquarters on June 6th to prepare for the return to the States.

Brillman, Higgins. Above: Berg. Below: Sawyer. Right: Michals.





Ebers, Harrison

Combat Unit 122

ORIGINATED—November 1943 as special all-purpose advance unit for Tennessee maneuvers.

TRAINED—Tennessee maneuvers; 14th Armored Division, Camp Campbell, Ky.; Camp Crowder.

PERSONNEL (at POE)—Unit officer, Lt. Paul "Mother" Calvert; MP men: Tec 4 Robert "Gil" Gilmore, Tec 4 Gideon "P. O." Ebers; Still men: Tec 4 William "Nails" Harrison, T-5 Mitchell "Grossmutter" Kelly.

FIRST ETO ASSIGNMENT—16 SEP 44 to 7 OCT 44—with 94th INFANTRY DIVISION, then containing 200,000-odd Nazis in St. Nazaire-Lorinet pocket.

VIA Ninth U. S. Army (then secret) at Rennes.

BIVOUACED—Apple orchard (ripe) at Chateaubiant.

PHOTOGRAPHED—"Hedgerow" patrols, foot and motorized; FFI outposts, high command, prisoners of war, liaison; OSS teams, joint operations, communications, espionage; the Colonel's dog.

WILL REMEMBER—Brittany's fertility, quaintness, puzzling speech (so unlike high school French)—first French lessons including origin and meaning of terms, "Calvados", "cidre", "Cognac" and "Eau de Vie"—introduction to that great institution, the French Cafe—Ebers' classic remark to Harrison (who, in tight spot on patrol, had requested his ten-inch lens) "Ten-inch lense Hell! Here's a hand grenade!"

INTERIM—7 OCT to 6 NOV 1944—Returned to Ninth Army Control.

MUCH TRAVELING—to Rennes, to Versailles, to new Company HQ at Verdun via Paris; two weeks at Arlon, Belgium, exploring Luxembourg and "bulge" country; to Maastricht, Holland, for new assignment.

WILL REMEMBER—"La Belle France" in autumn finery, beautiful through scars of war—delighted glance at Paris, with vow to return—solemn incredulous awe at extent of Verdun battle scars—first view of the fabled fortress city of Luxembourg; first "hit" on Arlon-Maastricht convoy, scored by unit jeep, "Oh Kay!", on 2½ ton 6x6 later hits scored by "Oh Kay!" II, III, IV and W-C I and II included: 1 British convoy, 2 mortar bursts, miscellaneous poles, trees, livestock, cyclists.

SECOND ASSIGNMENT—6 NOV 44 to 15 MAR 45—with GEN. GILLEM'S XIII CORPS

VIA—XIX Corps at Heerlen, for brief orientation on new Corps job.

BIVOUACS—Dutch family (bucher) in Wijensrade, Dutch family (professor) in Waubach, schoolroom (adjoining doughnut factory in Hoensbroek, coal mine (oldest in Europe) in Kerkrade, Holland; blasted German house in Marienberg, ditto in Eakelenz, Nazi barracks in Bunchen-Gladbach, Kaiser warehouse (complete with contents) in Viersen.

WINTER, 1944, ON ROER RIVER FRONT (Linnich-Julich sector)

PHOTOGRAPHED—Bitter local battles blasting Nazis from Siegfried positions, from Beek, Wurn, Gereonweiler, Linnich, last village strongholds west of Roer; routine PRO and technical shots at Corps interspersed with missions on division fronts showing GI living, working, fighting, using his head, clowning, dying. With little digging, men of 102nd, 84th and 29th Infantry Divisions, 7th Armored Division and associated units provided much grist for newsreels and press back home, and for Army record. For G-2, G-3, tried long-focus panoramas from forward OPs for combined study with low aerial obliques of Roer front.

LOST—temporarily, services of Harrison and Ebers, unsuccessful in tilt with British convoy; permanently, Harrison and Gilmore, to Company, replaced by Tec 3 Charles Love (MP) and Tec 4 Harold King (still). Lost, also, instrument panel of $\frac{3}{4}$ -ton, to party unknown; our hearts, to Dutch kiddies; considerable chocolate, etc., to Dutch of various ages.

WILL REMEMBER—The sound of that first 88—first contact with a Grave Registration detail—the mud—the everlasting winter mists—long hours driving blackout or by "artificial moonlight" (officially or otherwise)—that good feeling of getting back "home" after a day at the front—"Mother" Calvert's worrying over his charges—the helpfulness, hospitality of our doughty Dutch "families" and friends—Dutch language lessons (painless method)—Harrison's nocturnal scrapes with Dutch police—the daily doughnuts for our snack bar—epic trip through Winter's worst blizzard to Paris for three days "school" (educational, indeed!)—long evenings spent evolving the "Kerkrade" system of Contract Bridge.

SPRING JUMP-OFF AND ROER-RHINE EXPLOITATION—

PHOTOGRAPHED—Pre-H-Hour night barrage, early morning assault and bridge crossing, at Linnich; infantry and armor pushing to Dusseldorf and Duisburg; mopping up; release of "slave labor" from Ruhr factories; DP's on march; Rhine bridges and installations.

UNIT REPLACED BY 168th, 15 March 1945, RETURNED TO VERDUN.

Lt. Calvert to California; Kelly and Love to work out of company; Ebers with Unit 128 to Austria; King with T-force to Ruhr pocket. All to meet finally in Wiesbaden, and compare notes and tall tales.

Harrison, Calvert, Gilmore, Kelly.





O'Brien, Urban, MacDonald, Heslop, Samuelson

Combat Unit 123

Born from weeks of rumor, Photo Unit 123 was the first unit to be activated and sent into the field under the newly appointed Commanding Officer, Captain Merle H. Chamberlin. Destined to be a successful unit under Lt. Arnold E. Samuelson, of Tacoma, Washington, and his assigned photogs, the unit left for the field 19 March 1945.

S-Sgt. Walter D. MacDonald of Los Angeles, California, was unit non-com, still cameraman, and souvenir collector deluxe. The team of Tec 4 Eddie Urban and Tec 5 John O'Brien from the Ardennes Bulge, handled the movie cameras and ground off miles of hot combat film. O'Brien missed his Upper Darby newspaper and Urban from Detroit, rewired every house with electricity that we moved into. Straight from the hills of Ogden, Utah, came the "Shepherd" Tec 4 J. M. Heslop, still cameraman.

Leaving Verdun Headquarters for First Army we drove like mad, as only photographers can do, until we reached Spa, Belgium. The bad roads offered further obstacles but soon we were in the heart of Germany and had our assignment to 9th Armored Division, V Corps. We stayed one night with the 165 Photo Co. and Sgt. Smoody took care of us. We slept in the pigeon loft of an old castle and the sound of artillery could be heard as we talked of the pictures we would soon be taking.

We joined the 9th Armored Division west of the Rhine River at Bad Nienburg, Germany; while their initial crossing on the Ludendorff Bridge, which they captured intact at Remagen, was still in its infancy. We photographed the leading elements during their advance east of the Rhine deep into the heart of Germany. Some days as many as 90 stills and 1,200 feet of movie film were sent to Army Pictorial Service. In two days we had advanced to the city of Neuwied. The streets were littered with rubble and full of nails (we had six flats that day). Buildings burned, tanks moved through, and the white flags began to appear from every window. We moved rapidly from place to place to get pictures of the battle, prisoners, and other activities. We discovered a wounded doughboy hit by a sniper's bullet, and rushed him to a hospital that we found to our surprise to be in the hands of the Germans. Medics, nurses and doctors rushed about us. In the confusion MacDonald asked, "Hm Err; Have you been captured yet?" We shot a few pictures as they operated on the wounded man, and the film was rushed back.

The drive moved down the Rhine as we shot pictures of the battle in Engers, Baderf, and on the Vallendar, where 9th Armored turned east along the Reichautobahn that spreads like a web into Germany. The armor really rolled on this super highway, hesitating only for the destroyed bridges, blown by the retreating Krauts. One such bridge near Monto Baur proved of interest to us for as we stopped to photograph it we found Germans hiding in the wreckage. Although we were amazed and frightened, we captured them. Next was Limburg where many American prisoners were freed after a terrific battle for the town. We couldn't stop long in one place as the drive was moving so rapidly. We captured an entire town with a Psychological Warfare unit, their loud speaker doing the job. We moved forward, passed long convoys, through town after town and on to Wetzlar, Gießen, Marburg and Fritzlar. Fritzlar was miserable, artillery and snipers were numerous. Then to Warburg and Kassel.

April 10th we left for Naumburg and the drive to Leipzig. The war seemed to be going well and each day brought us closer to the end. We lived in everything from river boats, factories, hotels, to the finest homes and castles in Germany. We found "Raus from der Haus" the best method of getting five good beds, a stove, pots, pans, and so on! We had all had learned to cook by this time; 10-in-1 corn beef—15 different ways. We had a small German generator to provide us with lights so we had all the comforts of home—except home. We got early pictures of Leipzig, both from the air and ground. The city was destroyed, and the Burgomeister and his staff had committed suicide. There really wasn't much left and soon the Russians would meet us. We all rejoiced over our scoop possibilities and ZOWNS—Orders came transferring us to Third Army.

We were assigned to the 80th Infantry Division and joined them in Nurnberg. We proceeded into Austria and soon found ourselves among the Alps in the most beautiful country that we had seen thus far in Europe. We shot pictures of Hitler's birthplace in Braunau, Giant German prisons and liberated Americans. We moved deeper into Austria and at Ebensee covered the horrors of the concentration camp there. The Germans had all drawn back into the high Alps and were being sought out by men of the 80th Infantry Division. On V-E Day we photographed the giant surrender convoy of the 6th German Panzer Army moving into American territory. The next day we met with the Russians. Everything was changing now, the war had ended and our jobs became fewer and fewer.

Our last days in Austria were spent enjoying the country. We had a mountain home on the Traunsee, at Gmunden where we fished, boated, swam, hiked, slept and ate. (Still 10-in-1 beef). We had a wonderful rest, then returned to the Company headquarters at Wiesbaden, Germany, to prepare for shipment to the United States.

Left: Urban, Samuelson. Center: Urban, Samuelson, O'Brien, Heslop, MacDonald. Right: MacDonald, Heslop.





Slevin, MacDonald, Coogan, Lightman, Winston

Combat Unit 124

On Sept. 19, 1944, Combat Unit 124, laden down with cameras, film, K rations and pin-up girls, set out from company headquarters at Verdun to cover its first assignment.

The unit at this time consisted of 1st Lt. Seymour "Button Nose" Winston, S-Sgt. Gene B. "Choppers" Coogan, T-3 Herb "Butter Ball" Lightman, S-Sgt. Walter "Baby" MacDonald, and T-5 Stanley "Shakespeare" Slevin. Their mission was to film for the War Department a documentary feature on the activities of a Civil Affairs team entering a city as it falls to American troops. The resulting film, "G-5 in Action" was probably the first production story to be shot by a combat unit, using only field camera equipment.

In planning the screenplay, the unit had decided to accompany Civil Affairs Det. B1C2 into the fortress city of Metz, then under furious assault by General Patton's Third Army troops. Leaving headquarters, they joined Det. B1C2 at Thionville, France, an important industrial center divided in half by the Moselle River.

The unit arrived to find half of the city held by American troops, while German forces strongly entrenched in the other half kept up a barrage of "88" and mortar fire. The first night the unit spent in this town, is a night the photos still shudder to remember.

Here, CU 124 shot movie sequences of the Civil Affairs team preparing for its entrance into Metz, also shooting for the combat engineers a series of bridge reconnaissance photos which proved to be of high tactical importance in the river crossings that followed. These shots were made by Slevin and Coogan. MacDonald photographed a TD unit nearby, and Lightman shot movie footage of our troops attacking enemy pill-boxes and block-houses.

As the fall of Metz seemed imminent, the unit moved up to the town of Vionville on the main road a short distance from Metz. However, it became evident that fierce resistance within the fortress city would prevent its fall for several weeks, so the unit set off for Paris to film montage sequences for the beginning of the film.

Having shot additional footage in Nancy and Jarny, the unit rejoined the Civil Affairs team at Nilvange. It was there that Sgt. Coogan left the unit to become First Sergeant of the company. His place in CU 124 was filled by T-5 Donald "Pappy" Perrine.

When the steel ring of forts around Metz was pierced by Third Army troops, CU 124 entered the city with Civil Affairs. Lightman and Perrine ground away at the kind of dynamic scenes that can only be filmed when a mighty fortress falls. Approximately 20,000 feet of film was shot on the story. Since there was no electricity in the city, the unit used its own generators to run the floodlights for filming of the many interior sequences. Dolly shots, mood-lighting and montage helped to give the picture production quality. The last scene of the picture was filmed the day before Christmas, 1944, and the unit returned to company headquarters in time for a rousing yuletide celebration.

The unit's rest was cut short, however, by being assigned to the 11th Armored Division to photograph activities during the "Battle of the Bulge". Later, T-3 Lightman flew to London to cut the G-5 film at Army Pictorial Service. T-3 Lester Hedgecock took his place in the unit. After a week of motion picture school in Paris, the unit joined the 5th Armored Division, Ninth Army, near Hoensbrack, Holland and moved with the division into Bach, Germany for the Roer River crossing. Slevin shot aerial news photographs of the action from an L-5 reconnaissance plane and had many of his shots radioed to the States.

Relieved at Ninth Army by the 168th Signal Photo Co., CU 124 returned to headquarters to reorganize both equipment and personnel. Sgt. Robert Gilmore, T-5 Stanley Slevin, Pfc. Donald Johnson, and Pfc. Robert Lingren, forming the new unit, left to join the 4th Cavalry Group. During a reconnaissance patrol T-5 Slevin was seriously wounded when he was struck by a "Panzerfaust" shell and small arms fire.

S-Sgt. MacDonald joined another unit, while T-3 Lightman and T-5 Perrine took a unit out to shoot two more documentaries: "Trier Episode" and "Bridgehead on the Rhine."

Left: Lindgren, Gilmore, Winston, Slevin, Johnson. Right: Johnson, Lindgren





Calamar, Hopkins, Raddatz

Combat Unit 125

The morning of 15 September 1944, Unit 125 left the company headquarters in Versailles, France and proceeded to Rennes, Ninth Army HQ. The unit consisted of Tec 3 Donald Calamar, Tec 5 Merle Nicholson, Tec 4 Charles Hopkins and Tec 5 LeRoy Raddatz with Lt. Kenneth J. Butterfield in charge. These men had trained, worked and been on the Tennessee maneuvers together and were now to be tested for their worth at the real thing.

On September 18th the unit proceeded to Brest and joined the 2nd Division. The city had fallen the day before. After a week of helping the victors celebrate the capture of Brest, the 2nd was ordered to St. Vith, Belgium. The Division's sector bulged into the Siegfried Line. The men of the unit recorded the living conditions at this front with its blasted and blackened blockhouses and pillboxes. There, one day Hopkins and Raddatz were driving over a hill when they noticed that all the men in the truck in front of them were scattering in all directions. Soon they also heard and saw 88's splattering around the cold German landscape. That was a rough time for awhile, one of many to come. Raddatz came through with our first combat motion picture, an artillery story with shells bouncing off the tops of pillboxes. Lee had a wild time that day, ask him the story.

Since the 2nd was soon transferred to First Army we were transferred to the 29th Infantry Division, still Ninth Army. The 29th was just East of Gilrath on the German-Dutch border. Though the fighting was light during this time, the unit was getting valuable experience in the daily assignments with the infantrymen.

The morning of the 16th of November the Blue and Gray Division jumped off on its push to the Roer River. Calamar, LaMond Hopkins and Raddatz moved out with the Infantry troops and recorded much of the action. LaMond replaced Nicholson for 6 weeks. Nick went to the hospital with trench foot and spent four weeks trying to get back to the unit. In this push to the Roer, Hopkins had a wild day when the Tank Destroyer on which he was riding got shot up and Hoppy had his camera smashed.

From Thanksgiving Day until the 27th of December the unit lived in a stone cellar of a bombed house in Aldenhoven, Germany. 35 days of shelling within 1500 yards of the enemy kept us on our toes and jittery at times. During this period Lt. Butterfield found a wonderful liquid with which to clean the aperture plates of the M.P. cameras. He can tell you all about that. This front gave great opportunities for good pictures and the men sent in a stream of film to London for historical record, newspaper and newsreel release. During this period rest tours were made to Maas-tricht, Brussels and one trip to Paris for a review photographic school. Of course the Follies Bergere, Opera, and Montmartre shared the interest of the men with school.

When the great push across the Roer took place on 23 February, the unit was with the first elements across the river, into Julich and on the Cologne plain. The 29th moved into Munchen-Gladbach where it went into a rest period before the Rhine crossing. Tec 5 Richard Kageff and Tec 4 Gaylord M. LaMond joined the unit when Raddatz and Hopkins returned to the Company at Verdun for a well earned rest. During the last moving drive across the Rhine the unit photographed liberated slave labor and Allied P.W.'s as well as picturing the division's part in the mop-up of the German Army. After the Division settled down to a rear area police job, Calamar and Nicholson took off in the jeep looking for stories. Loaded with 10 in 1's and K rations, film, bed rolls, pistols and a mounted 30 cal. MG, they toured forward through Hanover, Stendal, Magdeburg, along the Elbe River, back across the Roer—a trip of 850 miles. Much of the trip was made on the Reich's Autobahn and some of it through territory that had not as yet seen Allied troops. This definitely gave them the nervous stomach feeling and Nicholson rode with his finger on the trigger of the MG. He's still nervous when he thinks about it.

Shortly after the end of the war the 29th moved to Bremen where command was assumed of the enclave extending from the North Sea to Bremen on both sides of the Weser River. Unit 125 made record stories, still and movie, of the city, docks, naval installation and submarine assembly yards with 30 unfinished subs. At this location, LaMond and Kageff made a few contacts and LaMond earned the name "Beaucoup". Dick Kageff can tell anything you want to know about LaMond. These two men and Nicholson made a trip to Denmark to visit the country. Lt. Butterfield and Calamar went afterwards but they didn't do so well.

At the end of May, 1945, the unit was recalled to the company at Wiesbaden to prepare to return to the States. During the months spent in the field the unit worked hard and turned in its share of work to help make the 167 a good outfit.

Left: LaMond, Kageff, Nicholson. Right: Butterfield





Hunt, Guinn, Karr, Daum, Babbitt

Combat Unit 126

Unit 126, composed of Lt Howard Babbitt, S-Sgt Donald Hunt, T-4 Raymond Daum, T-5 Armand Guinn, and T-5 Joseph Karr began activities in the ETO on Normandy Beach with the 95th Division, Ninth US Army, after traveling to Versailles with the Company and back again. In order to get away from the daily inspections that the 95th was going through at that time, Lt Battitt, Daum and Karr took a trip up the "Red Ball" to Brussels on the pretext of photographing its operation for the Division History, while Hunt and Guinn spent the time remodeling the 3-4 ton into a combination hotel, office and coffee shop. It was on the way back from this trip that Ray upset the jeep in an unsuccessful attempt to drive a "Limey" black-out convoy from the road. No one was injured and the jeep soon learned to expect such treatment.

The next assignment was to XIX Corps and Lt Hope at Heerlen, Holland. The five-day trip from Normandy was made with a minimum of trouble, only three days being spent in untangling themselves from the Eiffel Tower and the city of sidewalk cafes. It was here that the unit was divided by Ray and Joe going to the 29th Division, while Don and Armand spent a couple of weeks with the 30th. Babbitt spent his time commuting between the two "detachments" and consoling his proteges who were undergoing their first taste of combat and "screaming meanies". After this brief indoctrination period at XIX Corps the unit was reassembled again and assigned to the 102nd "Ozark" Division which was just moving into winter quarters at Ubach, Germany by way of Roebroek, Holland.

It was on the occasion of the 102nd's first engagement with the enemy at Beggendorf, Germany, that Joe and Ray earned a Bronze Star apiece by photographing the jump off for the Roer River; Daum collecting an additional five points and Purple Heart due to his inability to find a suitable fox hole for his Eyemo.

It was only a couple of weeks later, on the drive to take Linnich, that Don got tangled up with an engineer squad and strayed beyond the point where he could safely get back to the boys. After a night and day of frantically phoning the medics, Babbitt was about resigned to the fact that the Unit was a Sergeant short, when in came Hunt with his pockets full of exposed film and a story of being pinned down by snipers. He had also pinpointed several likely spots for loot which he and Joe "liberated" several days later when things had quieted down.

The Unit will always hold a warm spot in its heart for the Ubach dwelling. A deserted flat on the outskirts of town, it became a storehouse for souvenirs, stoves, radios and power plants. Then shortly after the "Bulge" had straightened out, the Unit lost its NCO through "target practice" in the front parlor. "Bones" was in England before he could say "DuPont 2," however, the little band struggled on through winter's fury, threats of a Jerry attack, and Armand's "Home Magician" course. The Unit left in January for the Paris school and a rest, only to be immediately recalled for the Roer Crossing. Picking up Dick Kageff on the way, they reported to the 35th Inf Div at Gangelt, Germany. Having lost their expert packer, Hunt, they found a worthy successor in Joe who darn near got everything in the 3-4 ton despite Bunny's heckling. The payoff came when they were forced to call upon Unit 1212 to shuttle them to new destinations.

During the chase after the Roer crossing, the Nazis had taken to their heels again, and there were plenty of assignments and thrills. There was the time when "Mauldin" Guinn discovered a Zeiss factory in Venlo, Holland, only to find that they only made prisms for sights. Here also, "friendly" Dick got involved with the townspeople who very nearly adopted him!

It was like "Old Home Week" when at XVI Corps several 167th units were called in to cover the all-important Rhine crossing and to boost their morale, passes were given to Brussels—ah yes, Brussels. The crossing of "ol man river" was pictured from every angle and 126 was well represented in pictures used. Just as the Allies gained momentum in their chase to the Elbe, the Unit was ordered back for re-assignment, losing Kageff to Unit 125, cigars and all. Don rejoined the Unit via the "Repel Depel" system just in time to return with them for another five days at the Paris "school." The 3-4 ton, which had outlived two jeeps already, finally gave up the ghost and overturned pulling into Verdun. By the time the equipment and men had been reconditioned and rounded up, the war had turned into a rat race. The Unit traveled over 1000 miles through Germany trying to catch up with the fast dwindling front, finally pinning down Ninth Army at Gutersloh long enough to get an assignment with the 75th, which had stopped at Plettenburg. The following month was spent in the comparative luxury of a seven-room house, the only assignments being documentary or PRO. One occasion was the photographing of Stalag 6 by Joe, Armand, and Don. It was also during this period that Daum disappeared to Siegen in Westphalia and was only heard from at infrequent intervals when he would send up a message for several more thousand feet of film. Armand worked hard and almost broke Bunny's perfect record by having everything from shutters and motorcycles to ear-phones and grenades in various stages of disrepair at the same time.

Soon the war ended, the Unit was transferred to the 3rd Armored at Darmstadt, but remained here only long enough to acquire and send home more souvenirs before assembling a Wiesbaden for the trip home.

Left: Karr. Above left: Guinn, Daum, Hunt, Babbitt, Karr. Above right: Guinn. Right: Daum. Below left: Hunt. Below right: Babbitt, Hunt, Karr, Guinn.





Ellis, Hawkins, Katzer, Williams

Combat Unit 128

Combat Unit 128, composed of Lt. Herbert E. King, S-Sgt. Ellis Yarnell, S-Sgt. Bruce Hawkins, T-4 William Williams, and Pfc. Garland Ellis, left the Company at Versailles, France and was assigned to the 26th Inf. Div., Ninth Army.

The first Unit work overseas was a report on the removal of German mines. On the day the 26th went into combat, the Unit was recalled to the Ninth Army and assigned to the Second Armored Division. This famous hard-hitting division had cracked the Siegfried line near Geilenkirchen, Germany.

On November 16, 1945, the division jumped off on the drive to the Roer. It was a difficult and bloody fight and involved the loss of many tanks and men. The unit worked hard and had their share of near-misses. Sgt. Yarnell, Unit NCO, became ill and was forced to return to the company for a rest. T-5 Albert Katzer joined the unit on December 5th in Baesweiler, Germany and Sgt. Hawkins became Unit NCO.

Word of the Ardennes break-through came to us on 16 December. Christmas Eve was spent drinking beer outside of Huy, Belgium accompanied by the carolling of buzz bombs, one of which nearly obliterated the unit by blowing a window, complete with frame into the party and spilling Hawkins' beer and upsetting Williams. Since the Division had changed Armies, the Unit was reassigned to the 84th Inf. Div. near Marche, Belgium. New Year's was spent on a crossroad which the enemy was peppering with 88's.

The 84th division was to drive south into the heart of the bulge and make contact with General Patton's Third Army. Unit 128 stayed with the division from the day they started until the day a thirty-three man patrol from one of the regiments contacted a patrol from the 11th Armored Division, Third Army, near Houffalize, Belgium. Unit 128 was represented on the patrol by Sgt. Hawkins.

At Samree, Belgium, having been informed by an officer that the best pictures could be taken from a near-by gun position, Hawkins and Katzer started off in the general direction. While climbing the hill to reach the gun, a salvo of "screaming meemies" announced their approach. During the explosions Hawkins remembers hearing Katzer's camera pointed in the general direction of the action, grinding away. During a lull in action the two photogs ran toward the gun position and dove into one of the foxholes. After

finding out the gun crew had no flank support, it prepared to retire to a new position to run for the town. Katzer's classic words to Hawkins were, "You start, and if you are still on your feet at fifty yards I'll follow." The jaunt was made without a mishap.

At the finish of the bulge the unit was called to the company for a rest which included a few days in Paris, where further "photographic accomplishments" were achieved. After Paris the unit was reassigned to the 2nd Armored Division, Ninth Army, for the Roer to Rhine push. The climax of that exposition was the capture of a Cognac factory intact by the unit. A unit of the 168th Sig. Photo Co., which was taking over Ninth Army, relieved Unit 128 from the 2nd Armored.

Once more a trip to Paris, then to Third Army with a new member, T-4 Fred Ebers who was dubbed "PO" Ebers. Ellis was left at company for a needed rest. The next assignment was the 65th Inf. Div. which was spearheading one of Patton's drives across Germany. The principal strategy of this division seemed to be attack with Headquarters Company; if they couldn't handle it, call the Signal Company; if it was too tough for them and if you could find one, bring up a regiment.

An episode always to be remembered by the unit was a sniper hunt in Neumarkt, Germany. Unit 128 decided the picture possibilities were ideal and started off with a rifle squad in search of snipers. After a short hunt, what was thought to be one sniper was located in a house standing in the middle of the block at the far end of town. First a couple of riflemen exchanged shots then a mortar was brought into play, after that all hell broke loose in our own backyard. It seems, a Jerry self-propelled gun hiding somewhere down the block, had opened fire. "PO" Ebers, on an excursion to a nearby barn in search of a little soul-warmer, was hurried away by a rifle bullet which cut the door frame. Orders arrived for the squad to withdraw and let the artillery do the job. The withdrawal was made with only the loss of Williams' Graphic, which was recovered the next day.

The famous blue waters of the Danube was crossed by the Unit during Third Army's drive on the Redoubt territory. The Unit moved on with the 65th Inf. Div., taking the important city of Regensburg. For three days we stayed in Regensburg, which had hardly been touched by war, then moved out on our drive to the city of Linz, Austria. There, with end of the war growing near, Williams and Lt. King met the Russians in Erlauf after an all night drive bringing us to within 12 miles of Vienna.

The last days of war were spent drinking Austrian beer and lounging around in our seven room apartment until we were recalled to Wiesbaden for return to the states.

Left: Ebers. Center: Yarnell, Hawkins, Ellis, King, Williams. Right: Hawkins, Williams.





Shapiro, Woods, Perry, Samuelson, Corrado

Combat Unit 129

This is Halberstadt, Germany, on May 1st. The war is ended for our 8th Armored Division. So that means our photo unit moves out again to more action—or maybe a rest. Every night when we drink our quota of Doppelkorn, we work our "suggestion campaign" on Lt. Gordon Wallace to get us off on our long-promised school term in Paris. Our non-com, Sgt. Charlie Tesser, needs a rest after taking those eight SS prisoners; Sgt. Eliot Finkels wants to see his stuff on the Roer River crossing; Bitter John Perry has some important footage to see too, on Churchill and Eisenhower's visit to the Rhine crossing—but also wants to get Shirley that bottle of Schiaperelli; and "Lard-Butt" Carmen Corrado insists he wants to visit the museums!

And we deserve that rest. Our unit's been continually on the go since Tennessee maneuvers, where our first unit officer, Lt. Arnold Samuelson, coached "Black-Roof" William Shapiro and Corrado on shooting night crossings of the Cumberland with infra-red bulbs, Staff Sergeant LaVerne C. "Bud" Woods flew around in liaison planes, and Arrowhead Johannes Barthol had us laughing at his corn. We learned a lot on D.S. with the 65th Infantry Division at Camp Shelby, too.

Just four months later we were the first unit of the company sent out into combat, from Versailles near Paris on September 13th. Jack Perry was in it then, replacing Joe Barthol. When we started work with the Fourth Cavalry, Bud and Carmen teamed up to shoot movies and stills of three-jeeped reconnaissance patrols, while Jack and Bill did some fancy shooting of medics removing dead and wounded from a tank under fire while on one of their patrols. We learned how to stay alive from those experienced cavalry boys and learned how to trade K-ration biscuits for eggs from Skip Duhl, our driver from the 165th. Sammy proved quite a cook while we were supplied with beef from cows who "didn't know the pass-word". It was while living in that nursery in the Kraut general's home, too, that we found out we had a bridge foursome in the unit.

We next took up house-keeping in the little German valley-town of Monschau where you see us above drinking the medic's liquor—before Perry found his cache of Moselle wine. Willie shot his Yank cover on the hill-top trenches there, while Sgt. Woods and Jack shot their widely used story of bofor direct fire on pill-boxes of the Sigfried line.

In those days of October and November, the cavalry didn't know the meaning of the word "hold". So we had plenty of patrols to cover, on foot and in jeeps into Death Forest.

Then, just before we went to Aachen for Thanksgiving, "Blackroof" was called back to Verdun to shoot brass, while Bud was sent to Eagle Tac as movieman to Gen. Bradley, where he later earned his field commission. So it was that Charlie and Eliot joined us for the battles in the Hurtgen Forests, where Charlie's first combat shots were made "radio". We spent the days in mud, and the nights in our high room, rocking from the 240s and Kraut counter-battery there as Schevenhutte. Then, right in the midst of that mud and mortar exchange and dead-line roads, we received our orders to go to photo school. Ah, Paris!

We returned to Vicht and the 4th Cavalry Reconnaissance Group in time to get glass-splattered by our first enemy aerial bombs and to join the look-out for Kraut parachutists in those first nights of the big counter-attack. Then the sudden dash to join the British in stopping the Germans at Ciney. That was a bitter Christmas, living in the cold arctic hallway of the Chateau, with no mail for four weeks. Then an 88 peppered our parked jeep as we rode atop tanks into Humaine. Relief came in the form of another driver, Larry Hoffman, with his fiddle and guitar and energy to keep our "portable" stove going during those sub-zero nights at Oppagne, Marcouray, and La Roche. It was just about that time we came closest to death when a bazooka-man was killed just fifteen feet from Perry while we were on that sniper hunt at Beffe, Belgium, where Jack and Carmen won their bronze stars. And both Eliot and Charlie should have gotten the same when they pulled those wounded from under 88-hit tanks at Berismenel.

We had a chance to rest at Villars Ste. Gertrud when the Krauts abandoned their wrecked tanks—and ours—to high-tail it back to the Roer River. That's where we met Mickey Rooney touring the field hospitals with a Jeep Show.

Lt. Wallace replaced Sammy just before we went up to Ninth Army and the 8th Armored Division. We felt like old veterans at Linne, Holland, the first day of battle with these green maneuver-soldiers. They did later become battle-wise the hard way before we filmed their exploits in the Ruhr pocket and in the dash to the Elbe.

So we were attached to only two outfits—the 4th Cavalry and the 8th Armored. But we dragged through mud with the 1st Infantry in the Hurtgen Forests, laid in ditches with the 83rd at Gey, took the Autobahn up to Duren with the 104th, sniper-hunted with the 75th, and captured Krauts from the top of 2nd Armored Shermans. We became like boyhood buddies with dough from other outfits, too, in just one afternoon of action. —

This is it! Wallace got our orders from Army at Brunswick to take a fifteen day rest, meaning a trip to Paris some 800 miles, back from which we started out ten months ago. We came along way together—many miles, and many memories.

Left: Tesser, Corrado, Rooney, Samuelson, Finkels, Perry. Above: Tesser, Wallace, Finkels. Below: Perry, Finkels, Tesser, Corrado.





Bundschu, Sanderson, Hanson, Stickle, High.

Combat Unit 1210

With a farewell lesson on how to operate a Coleman Stove from Lt. Winston, Sgt. William High, T-4 William Stickle, T-5 William Sanderson, and T-5 Charles Bundschu, with Lt. Howard Hanson in charge, left the "City of Alleys of Intrigue," Versailles, on 16 Sept. 1945 for a wild ride across France's tattered and scarred lands and arriving at their destination near Cherbourg, a town called Barneville. The assignment was with the 104th "Timberwolf" division commanded by Maj. Gen. Terry Allen, a crack outfit.

About the 18th of Oct. the "Wolves" were off to chase the Krauts out of Belgium and Holland, moving in with the Canadian One near Malines, Belgium, conveniently near enough to occasionally commute to Brussels, whose newly liberated people offered the hospitality that only liberated people can extend to people that have helped them.

Combat—the word was full of meaning—came as the cameramen moved in with untried infantry, and on the first day everyone learned more and felt better because from then on it was "pay load". The unit piled thousands of feet of movies and plenty of film packs back to Ninth Army. The best story of Holland came the hectic night at Moerdijke, where Bundschu got "lost". The infantry was fighting out on a point sheltered by a dyke and taking a pounding. The light grew dim and High, Stickle, and Sanderson were ready to go back with the film, but everytime a search was started for Bundschu the Krauts drove the seekers into holes. After three attempts it was decided to go back. Full of glum thoughts, the three photogs coaxed "Ole Mud and Nuts" over the two-foot thick mud road back to the division CP. About the time Lt. Hanson was calling the division surgeon, in poked Bundschu like a mud-ball, with film and a big appetite.

About 15 November the 104th pulled out for Aachen, Germany. It was a wierd trip through the ghost city and the unit will remember that first impression of a huge city reduced to rubble. A short time later the unit was sent to Egelshoven, Holland, to join the 84th "Railsplitter" division. The unit photographed the taking of such towns as Geilenkirchen, Prummern,

Beeck, all small towns on the Roer River. During an infantry attack, Sanderson wound up with four seedy looking "PW's" to bring back. A familiar sound instinctively dropped him to the ground, but it was too late for the Krauts; a barrage of mortars settled Sanderson's escorting problem.

The unit spent a few days around Christmas, including Christmas dinner, with the Company at Verdun, but soon joined their first comrades, "The Timberwolves" in Eschweiler, Germany. During the stay with the 104th, one of the most tragic things the unit ever photographed came up. An accidental bombing of the Division CP by U. S. planes presented the opportunity for wide and complete coverage; the unit was at the scene covering a bomber crash when the bombs came raining down on the CP.

On 31 Jan. 1945 the unit went to Paris to the school. After a few days there, the unit returned to join the 102nd "Ozark" division, at Uback, Germany. The Division was just about ready to jump the Roer River. On the day of the crossing the unit piled up one of the best records of coverage yet done. Sgt. High was photographing the Engineers putting in a bridge, which the Jerries resented, but the Engineers were insistent on getting the bridge in and Sgt. High was insistent on photographing the putting in, so the result was some of the finest films of combat engineers working under fire ever made.

With the 102nd the unit went all the way to Urdingen on the banks of the Rhine. For the Rhine crossing, the unit was assigned to the 79th Infantry Division. Though it was nothing like the Roer crossing, towns like Dinslochen will be remembered as places of tough combat. It was near there that Stickle got caught between U.S. tank fire and a Jerry machine gun with a rifle patrol skirting the ruins of a bombed out synthetic gasoline plant. That night, Stickle was more than glad to get back to the unit.

After another visit to Brussels and Paris, the unit joined the 84th Division in the race to the Elbe. There the unit acquired the 12 cylinder Horst custom built auto. There too, the unit witnessed the wholesale surrender of almost 20,000 German troops, met the Russians and saw the end of the war celebrated by a wild, exuberant gang of soldiers.

High, Stickle, Sanderson, Bundschu, Hanson.





Calvano, Simmons, Macaspac, Drummond, PRO, Thompson.

Combat Unit 1211

Unit 1211 began its combat operation in the ETO with the Ninth Army, at that time in Rennes, France. After reporting to the Ninth Army Hq., the unit was sent to cover the activities of the 44th Infantry Division which was at Cherbourg. Lt. Thomas Daniel, T-3 Victor Calvano, T-3 Harold Thompson, T-4 Bart Macaspac, and T-4 Aubrey Drummond, Jr. formed the unit.

The 44th Division was preparing for combat, but since there were so many units already engaged and moving, the unit was reassigned to the 30th Infantry Division which was at that time in Herzogenrath, Germany, along the Siegfried Line. The first day of action with the 30th, Lt. Daniel, Calvano, and Macaspac went with the 1st Platoon, I Co., 3rd Bn., of the 119th Inf. Reg., to take the town of Kolschied. Going through the town they ended up at Wurselen. Here the action slowed down for several days and the division was engaged in clearing the area of scattered pockets of resistance. In this clearing action, Lt. Daniel was hit in the leg by mortar fragments.

Later the division shoved off for the Rohr River. Lt. Daniel and Drummond went with the 120th Infantry for the town of Euchen. During the attack and a terrific mortar barrage, both men were wounded. Lt. Daniel was hit in the wrist and Drummond was hit in the upper arm. Both men disregarded their wounds and went on taking pictures. Later in the day, however, Drummond was hit again in the wrist, and was evacuated to the 125th General Hospital in England.

On the same day Calvano and Thompson shoved off with the 117th Infantry. It took the Division ten days to reach the Rohr River and then they pulled back and were replaced by a cavalry outfit.

During the German counterattack, the division pulled out to enter the "Battle of the Bulge". The unit went into Malmedy with the division, where

they were relieved and reported back to Ninth Army Hq. and stayed there for about a month as headquarters photogs. T-4 Gaylord LaMond joined the unit to replace Drummond who was still in the hospital.

From there the unit went to the XVIII Corps to relieve Lt. Calvert's unit, then to the 29th Division to relieve Lt. Butterfield's unit, then to the 102nd Division to relieve Lt. Babbitt's unit so all the units could have a week of rest and refitting. This was accomplished and the unit joined the XVI Corps in Sittard, Holland, where preparations were being made for the crossing of the Ruhr. Calvano, Thompson and Macaspac covered the crossing with the 35th Division. The unit was more or less split up for a time, Macaspac and Drummond covering XVI Corps and the rest of the unit covering the 35th Division and vice-versa.

After crossing the Rhine, Calvano and Thompson joined the 30th Division and followed them across the Rhineland. Macaspac and Drummond stayed with Corps and moved to Dinslaken and covered the drive northward. Corps then moved to Recklinghausen, and helped clean out the Ruhr pocket from the north. After the Ruhr pocket collapsed, the unit returned for a much needed rest in Paris. Lt. Daniel left the unit and the company at that time and became assistant photographic officer for the Fifteenth US Army.

After the Paris trip, Lt. William R. Simmons joined the unit as officer in charge. The unit went to Ninth Army where it was assigned to the 8th Infantry Division. At that time the 8th was in a small town just west of Uelzen. From there the 8th pushed across the Elbe River with the British Second Army, with whom they were attached at the time. The drive across the Elbe was quick and the division was in the city of Schwerin two days later. There the unit covered the mass surrender of the German Army and the huge migration of German civilians into the American lines. While in Schwerin, Germany surrendered and the unit returned to company headquarters a short time later to prepare for the coming boat trip to the United States.

Left: Calvano, Daniel. Center: LaMond. Right: Macaspac, Thompson.





Sunderbruch, Dowling, Sherman, Zachary, Davidson.

Combat Unit 1212

Unit 1212 was one of the first two units to leave the Company and on 14 September '44, left from Versailles, France, on orders putting them with the First US Army. The unit consisted of 1st Lt Richard K. Sunderbruch, T-3 Roger H. Zachary, T-4 Victor V. Sherman, T-5 Ernest D. Dowling, and T-5 Delbert E. Davidson. Upon arriving at First Army Headquarters the unit was assigned to 1st Infantry Division, and on 16 September 1944, after first reporting to VII Corps, the unit joined 1st Division in the town of Hauset, Belgium. The major portion of work was photographing the piercing of the Siegfried Line and air and OP views of the city of Aachen which was being surrounded and subjected to heavy artillery and aerial bombardment.

On the 8th of October, Lt Sunderbruch, T-3 Zachary, and T-5 Dowling, who were working with "L" Co, 26th Regiment, on the reduction of a strong point, came under enemy observation and drew mortar and small arms fire. Lt Sunderbruch was wounded, a sniper's bullet going through his neck. Zachary gave first aid and assisted Lt Sunderbruch while Dowling gathered up the equipment and protected the other two as they made the trip of about 1000 yards to the vehicle, and then to the Battalion Aid Station. For this achievement, Zachary and Dowling received the Bronze Star Medal.

Lt. Kenneth L. Young came in at this time to take over the unit while the 1st Division finished the job of taking Aachen. After the fall of Aachen, the unit was relieved from the 1st Division and on the 23rd of October, joined the 8th Infantry Division at Wiltz, Luxembourg. At this time, Sherman and Davidson left the unit to cover the 83rd Division. They lived in Luxembourg City and covered this area by themselves for about two weeks before returning to the unit. On the 12th of November Lt Sunderbruch returned after the usual tour of hospitals.

On the 19th of November, 1212 moved with the 8th Infantry Division to a new CP at Rott, Germany, to relieve the 28th Infantry Division in the Hurtgen Area. The 8th immediately launched attacks upon the well defended German positions in the Hurtgen Forest. These attacks resulted in some of the bitterest fighting in the war. Ten days later, the town of Hurtgen was taken and the Zachary-Dowling team with Lt Sunderbruch entered with the infantry and tanks. After four hours in the town only three pictures had been made because of the intensity of enemy fire.

About this time, orders came through relieving the unit for a rest in Paris. The six days in Paris had the desired effect on the unit which was becoming a bit "nervous in the service," and they again joined the 8th Division in the Hurtgen Area. The German breakthrough occurred before another attack could be launched and the 8th moved back to the town of Zweifall, Germany, to hold the north shoulder of the bulge.

After the Battle of the Bulge, the unit was sent back to Paris for another school session. The day school started, the unit was hurriedly recalled to Ninth Army to be attached to the 30th Inf Div which was at Inden, Germany, poised for an attack across the Roer River. The unit joined the division on 9 February, 1945, and the attack was to take place in two days, but the Germans opened the sluice gates on the Roer River dams and the rise in water level caused a two-week delay in the crossing. The attack was launched at 0330 on the 23rd of February after a 45-minute artillery preparation. Zachary and Dowling covered the crossing with Sherman and Davidson crossing with the troops. Excellent coverage was obtained. Davidson received the Bronze Star for his coverage and the photo work for the whole operation was rated superior in a telegram from SHAEF.

With the pressure kept on, at the end of five days the division reached its objective and was sent back to Echt, Holland, to start training for the Rhine crossing. The assault crossing of the Rhine was made near Mesel, at 0230 on the 24th of March 45, after 90 minutes artillery preparation. This was the largest river crossing ever made and ranked with some of the major beach landings. During the operation, Zachary and Dowling evacuated an Infantry platoon leader who had been badly wounded in a counter-attack.

On the fifth day of the operation the unit was relieved and returned to the Company Headquarters for a two-week period of refitting and rest. The unit was then attached to the 29th Infantry Division which was cleaning up after the armor had dashed to the Elbe River near Dallenberg, Germany. After a rapid advance and clean up to the Elbe, the unit was pulled away from the 29th and sent with the XVIII Corps (A-B) for an operation with the British Second Army near Luneberg.

The Corps crossed the Elbe on 1 May 45, pushing north to the Baltic Sea. Sherman and Davidson worked with other units in the division while Zachary and Dowling joined the British 6th A-B Division which pushed to Wismar on the Baltic where the meeting of the Russians and of Field Marshals Montgomery and Rossokovsky was photographed. A few days later came the official announcement of VE Day. The unit stayed with the XVIII Corps (A-B) until on 22 of May 45 the Corps moved out and the unit left to return to Company Headquarters where they were alerted and began to pack equipment in preparation for the trip back to the States. T-4 Sherman and Lt Sunderbruch were later awarded Bronze Stars for their consistently good coverage during the "Battle of the Bulge."

Left: Brig. Gen. Doran, Farrell, Sunderbruch, Zachary, Dowling. Inset: Sherman. Center: Zachary, Dowling, Sunderbruch. Right: Davidson.





Kasluga, Mulhaney, Bowns, Meihle, Gray.

Combat Unit 1214

On 6 October 45 CU 1214 composed of Lt James S. Bowns, Sgt Joseph N. Gray, Sgt Edward Ellis of the 3264 Signal Service Bn, T-4 Albert J. Kasluga, and T-4 James A. Mulhaney were escorted by Capt. Farrell and Pfc Koop to the Brittany province of France, where this unit was attached to the 94th Infantry Division.

The French Atlantic ports of St. Nazaire and Lorient with their modern submarine pens were protected by the best anti-aircraft, heavy shore defenses and personnel that the German high command could furnish and was still in enemy hands. Their estimated strength was between sixty and one hundred thousand troops. The quick thrusts toward Germany left these ports of no strategic value to the Allies but they were well fortified and further loss of our troops and materiel was unwarranted. It was therefore decided to hold the enemy to this restricted area.

The front lines of this sector extended for approximately 350 airline miles, this entire area being held by one American Division, the 94th. There were no big advances of our armies in this sector, in fact, the whole situation was committed to patrols which were always active with clashes that were frequent and sharp. Battery and counter-battery fire was also curtailed due to the shortage of "ammo" on the advancing fronts. The Jerry did most of the shelling. The distances covered going to and from assignments were necessarily great. 100 miles per vehicle per day being the average, thus making this one of the most traveled units in the 167th. We almost wore a rut between Chateaubriant, Division Headquarters, Paris, and Verdun.

In November of '44 Sgt Ellis was transferred to an assignment in Paris and was replaced by T-4 George Miehle, making it an all 167 Unit.

Memories that will linger with us longest . . .

Lt Bowns with his "Thesaurus" at his side batting out an 8 or 10 page letter to the Missus, keeping Mulhaney awake with the typewriter's clatter. Then, in lighter moments, his deadly accuracy with the knife.

Edward Ellis, after keeping the other occupants of the room awake until the "wee" hours, would wake up in the morning to say, "I didn't sleep a wink last night."

Joe Gray's panorama shots with his trusty 35mm, and the frequent discussions as to the merit of the "apple polishing" he did with same. He was also our unit doctor, straightening out kinks in our backs and ridding us of headaches.

George Miehle, the happy boy of the unit, could take a lot of ribbing and dish it out too. We will always remember his first night in Chateaubriant when he got himself good and stinko. We have never seen him that way since.

Al Kasluga, a product of Chicago, took particular delight in visiting rural areas. He was also a nodding acquaintance of many French organists whom he visited frequently. Many a congregation was delighted by the appearance of a guest organist in the uniform of the American Army.

Jimmy Mulhaney's Irish tenor cheerfully piercing the quiet night air of this little French village with "I Need Lovin'." His ability for dressing a deer and the venison steaks he prepared for us afterwards will always remain in the realm of the superlative.

On April 6th, we were recalled to the Company at Verdun. There was a quick assignment with the Sound Unit to Luxembourg for the return of the Duchess, and then a quicker trip back to St Nazaire sector again. To recover from this work, we spent a few days in Paris.

LeRoy Raddatz was then put in the unit in place of Sgt Gray. On this assignment we went to the Ninth Army's 18th Airborne Corps from which we were attached to the 7th Armored Division in their drive across the Elbe. We were working in close operations with the British Second Army. It was during this time that the 7th Armored made their contact with the Russians north of Berlin.

The team of Raddatz and Mulhaney was an unbeatable combination in both work and play. There wasn't a thing you wanted that these two couldn't find.

VE Day found us in the town of Klutz just four miles from the Baltic. Those few happy days that followed will also be remembered with vividness. Our first swimming party in the Baltic, some of the fine deer hunts we had in the nearby forests, and more of Mulhaney's artistry with venison steaks.

We made one more move on the 10th of May with 7th Armored to Delitzsch in the vicinity of Leipzig, and from there we went on our last trek in the ETO as a unit to Wiesbaden, where we renewed old acquaintances and made new ones.

Joe Gray in action.





Richardson, Eyerman.

Newsreel Unit 1

In addition to our twelve combat units, there were two Newsreel units in the company that were equipped with heavy studio-type cameras and equipment which fitted them for the filming of production stories.

One of these, Newsreel Unit No. 1, was the first unit in the company to be given an assignment when we hit the E. T. O. The unit was ordered to make a complete motion picture of the activities of the Army's G-2 Section, and its specialist teams in the field.

After loading up their Mitchell, Eyemo Graphics, Leicas, floodlights and comic books, Lt. Paul "Eager Beaver" Brillman, T-3 Lester Hedgecock, Sgt. Phil Richardson, T-4 Eddie Urban, and T-4 J. M. Heslop left Versailles, France, on 17 September, 1944.

The shooting of this documentary film took the unit all the way across France and into the Alsace-Lorraine sector. The script was written to include such G-2 specialist teams as: Military Intelligence Interpreters, whose job it was to investigate civilians in newly captured towns; Interrogators of Prisoners of War (known as IPW teams), whose duty was to screen all prisoners; and Photo Intelligence, a group that supplied advance information to the Armies. The work of these and other specialist teams were filmed to show the steps leading up to the defeat of the fortress Metz.

The motion picture cameramen used both the Mitchell and Eyemo cameras, depending upon the conditions under which they were working. Heslop, the still man, made production shots for the film as well as snatching "scoop" stories that happened in the vicinity where the unit was shooting.

After more than two months of steady "grinding" the film was completed with 12,500 feet of film "in the can", and over 300 still negatives on file. The film completed, the cameramen folded their equipment and returned to company headquarters at Verdun, France on November 21, 1944.

The Newsreel units were originally to have been equipped with Wall Sound Cameras, but it wasn't until the G-2 story had been completed that the camera finally arrived from Paris. It was in very bad condition—full of sand, and with the intermittent so badly snafued that it presented quite a challenge to Camera Repair.

After weeks of repair work had been completed, the camera was ready for its first practical test. The unit was assigned to shoot sound coverage of the awarding of the French Legion of Honor medal to Generals Bradley, Patton, Simpson, Doolittle and Gerow. The place was Namur, Belgium, and the operating crew included "Uncle George" Eyerman as cameraman, "Uncle Phil" Richardson recording the sound, and several other boys filling in with auxiliary cameras.

The crew sweated and prayed, but the critique came back marked: "excellent" for both sound and coverage. "Uncle Les" Hedgecock rejoined the unit for the assignments that followed. From that time on, the three "Uncles" formed the nucleus of the Wall unit, adding Eyemo and still men as the jobs demanded.

The next assignment was to shoot the return of the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg to her tiny country. On this story, T-4 Kasluga was soundman, while Phil operated the camera. Eyerman shot an Eyemo, assisted by Pfc. Garland Ellis. "Nails" Harrison was the still man, and Lt. "Out of" Bowns was the unit officer.

A humorous incident occurred which neither the unit nor the citizens of Luxembourg will soon forget. The anxious populace crowded the streets waiting for the appearance of its beloved ruler. The guard of honor was in position—the band had arrived—the crowd was tense. Nervous officials conferred, glanced at their watches, glanced at the sky, conferred.

Suddenly, there was the shrill sound of a siren approaching. This was it! A jeep careened into view, the band started the national anthem, the guard snapped to present arms, the crowd let out a roar. There was a flash of a red head, and a Speed Graphic held high. Lt. Bowns and "Nails" had roared in a good twenty minutes before the Duchess. The 167th had "scooped" again!

Another important story covered was the raising of the American flag at Ehrenbreitstien on the Rhine river. General Bradley was the speaker that day, as he was later on for V-E Day. It was always a pleasure to work with "The Old Man."

Thus, Newsreel Unit No. 1 completed its assigned mission in the E. T. O. and returned with the rest of the company to the welcoming shores of the U. S. A.

Left: Hedgecock. Right: Eyerman, Richardson, Hedgecock, Gen. Bradley.





Left: Barthol. Center: Perrine. Right: Eyerman.

Newsreel Unit 2

Newsreel Unit No. 2 was the second of two units that had been set up specifically to shoot production using heavy camera equipment.

It was a short time after the company arrived at Verdun, that Lt. Young, Sgt. George Eyerman, T-4's George Miehle and Joe Barthol, and T-5's Don Perrine and Jack O'Brien, set off for Luxembourg to shoot a detailed story of pole-line construction.

This story proved to be a very pleasant one to work on. The personnel who took part were very co-operative and soon became quite proficient actors in front of the camera. The unit lived at a chateau which was owned by a Baron who was quite a character. They visited nearby villages and cities, making the acquaintance of some very interesting people, with the aid of Joe Barthol as interpreter.

When the pole-line story was completed, the unit returned to headquarters to await a new assignment. It was later learned that the footage they shot was used by the War Department as a training film on pole-line construction. It was rumored that release of the film was held up until the training manual could be changed to conform to it.

The next assignment turned out to be a story on a group of WACs living in the field. The old battlefields around Verdun were chosen as the locale, and each morning the crew would jaunt out there and set up pup tents for "Dale", "Jane", "Frances", and the other photogenic WACs who had been selected to work in the picture.

Joe Barthol set up the large Mitchell camera. Perrine and Eyerman went round and round before filming each scene. Staff Garrett took the stills; and a generally good time was had by all. When noontime rolled around, the crew would break for lunch and share "K Ration Filet Mignon" with the WAC's. These short spells of social get-together helped to make the assignment enjoyable.

When the story was finished, it was sent back to London for cutting, and ended up as an orientation film to be shown to fledgling WACs at Fort Des Moines. The unit was dissolved shortly afterward due to the need for replacements in other units.

Garrett went to Eagle Rear; Barthol did some important work at headquarters. Perrine replaced Sgt. Coogan in Unit 124 and Eyerman joined Newsreel Unit No. 1.

Headquarters Unit

Back at Verdun, at the rear echelon of 12th Army Group, the war went on. The 167th was fighting off the brass hats, the brass hats were fighting off each other, a hew and cry arose over the subject of "to dub or not to dub" one's shoes. It was rough.

In the midst of all this chaos there was at least one unruffled soul: Stafford E. Garrett, known to his intimates as "Dinner Jacket". Garrett was the busiest man at 12th Army Group. Now you saw him, now you didn't. He was everywhere at once. He was a veritable dynamo of activity: a busy bee.

Garrett's job was headquarters photographer, a job which called for a maximum of what is known in more refined circles as "diplomacy". He was the boy who soothed the colic of choleric colonels. He was the lad who coyly said, "General, I think your pinks are youthful."

We owe a lot to Garrett. If it had not been for him, we would have been combing brass hats out of our hair night and day, but in his own winning way he cajoled them with his camera, lured them with his lights, soothed them with snapshots, and kept them the hell out of the way.

And in addition to this, he was the best "house mother" the cameramen ever had. It was Garrett who made their room a little home away from home. Photogs writhing in the field thought, not of home and mother, but of Garrett's little nest of hospitality back at headquarters.

Garrett was joined by "Willie" Shapiro, who had come in from the field to see if he could stop vibrating. Between the two of them they photographed all the awards at Eagle Rear. Anyone winning a Bronze Star, Silver Star, Legion of Merit, or what-have-you, got the Garrett-Shapiro glamour treatment to boot. Shapiro was, in addition, our little spy in the photo office. Each day he would give us a resume of all the jokes Capt. Jack Warner had cracked the day before.

During the course of these labors, Garrett took time off to shoot stills on a WAC story which the newsreel unit was filming. His heart, he said, was definitely in his work. Meanwhile, Shapiro shuttled back and forth on a number of assignments, the most exciting of which was an order to shoot a "secret" Nazi prison for political prisoners. It was hidden away in a series of catacombs honeycombing the ancient city wall around Verdun.

Later, Garrett and Shapiro took off for two weeks of intensified color training in Paris. Shapiro then joined a production unit, while Garrett went on to Luxembourg City to do color shots of General Bradley, one of which proudly graced the cover of Collier's Weekly.

Left: Garrett. Right: Shapiro.





Nate, Omar, Bud

C-G Unit

The assignment to make publicity and War Dept. record pictures of a man who shunned publicity and in his quiet unassuming manner could not understand why an army photographer had been assigned to him fell to T-3 "Nate" Cutler, when he was given the job of photographing the activities of General Omar N. Bradley. When the need for newsreel coverage became evident, S-Sgt. "Bud" Woods was called in from Unit 129. After three months of combat duty he was very happy to join "Nate" in the "more quiet" life of photographing the travels of the 12th Army Group boss.

The team of Woods and Cutler accompanied General Bradley on nearly all of his trips, traveling either in the general's private plane, the "Mary Q", by limousine, or bouncing jeep. During their numerous trips to various headquarters, they were to see thru their view finders practically every man who will go down in history books as famous military leaders of the war against Germany.

When the German Ardennes "Bulge" cut communications with Bradley's Third Army and his Fifth and Ninth Armies, he moved his headquarters from Luxembourg City to Namur, and there Woods and Cutler lived up on the hill in the "Chateau" in a manner they would like to become accustomed to. A thrilling trip made by the two photogs came when General Bradley met with General Eisenhower, Patton and Hodges at an airfield beside the Rhine. It was there that "Ike" gave the go-ahead to Bradley's strategy for the general Rhine crossing assault. Later, Ike and Bradley crossed over into the Remagen bridgehead area for an 11 day tour.

When the armies began to race east of the Rhine, Bradley moved his headquarters back thru Luxembourg over to Wiesbaden, Germany. Here, Woods, receiving a direct commission as 2d. Lieutenant had the honor of having General Bradley pin on the gold bars. In addition Bradley signed Wood's honorable discharge as an enlisted man.

One of the highlights of their entire job was the trip with Bradley to meet the Russians at Torgau. Marshall Koniev threw a party that will be long remembered. General Bradley reciprocated when Marshall Koniev returned the visit to Bradley's Bad Wildungen headquarters shortly after V-E day.

Both photogs consider it a great honor to have been able to work with such a fine man and a great general as Bradley.

P and PW Unit

One of the first special units to leave the company was the two-man combo made up of T-3 Charley Love and T-4 Warren King. They reported to Captain Jack Warner at 12th Army Group Main Headquarters at Verdun, France, and their assignment was to work closely with the Publicity and Psychological Warfare section, whose picture chief was Lt. Col. Bertram Kalisch.

Previously, the boys had gained wide release for their pictures showing the surrender of 20,000 Nazis near Beaugency, France. It was one of the first mass surrenders, and an important event.

Their job at Eagle Main was to cover visiting celebrities like Bing Crosby and Marlene Dietrich. They traveled with the U. S. Army band when it arrived on the continent to entertain troops. They also shot pictures of visiting generals and dignitaries, or record pictures of displaced persons and newly liberated people.

Their biggest assignment was a complete picture story, movie and still, on the Propaganda and Psychological Warfare section. King shot stills of all the various departments and heads of departments, while Love did stories on propaganda leaflets, psychological warfare, and Radio Luxembourg (the most powerful transmitter in Europe) which had been taken over by American forces.

After the Luxembourg story, King was sent back to Verdun, where he was assigned to travel with a congressional party that included Congressmen Sheridan Downey and Clare Booth Luce.

During the "Battle of the Bulge," the boys were sent out with counter-intelligence teams, going into towns with the Infantry and covering the interrogation of German civilians and prisoners.

This unit probably photographed more celebrities than any other unit in the field. Besides those already mentioned they snapped: Generals Marshall, Bradley, Patton, Eisenhower, Hodges, and Simpson; Field Marshal Montgomery; the Commander in Chief of the Norwegian Army; and entertainers Bert Wheeler and Lou Costello.

The unit was dissolved in February, 1945, and became part of Combat Unit 122 under Lt. Paul Calvert.

Love, King





Fillmore, Cosgrove, Sydlosky, Wescott

Identification Unit 1

Identification Unit No. 1 was originally formed while the company was on maneuvers deep in the mud of Tennessee, lo these many years ago. Its prime mission was to photograph large groups of people for identification purposes.

Drawing its personnel from the staff of the Base Laboratory, the unit made use of portable, tho highly efficient, camera equipment especially designed for the job. Both camera and lighting apparatus folded up compactly into a couple of cases.

With a routine carefully worked out to correspond to this type of equipment, a crew of four men could photograph hundreds of men per hour.

Transfers and assignment changes during the training period caused quite a few shifts in the personnel of the unit, but by the time the company was ready to go overseas, ID Unit No. 1, consisted of T-4 Wescott, T-5 Cosgrove, T-5 Fillmore, and Pfc. Sydlosky.

Overseas the unit was assigned a number of varied jobs having to do with the identification of large units. They "mugged" most of the high brass of 12th Army Group from General Bradley on down. These photographs were printed on officers' AGO cards.

Of a slightly different character, but equally important, was the photographing of thousands of German political prisoners in different areas just behind the lines. A further service was the photographing of civilian personnel hired by the allied forces.

The unit received its "Baptism of Fire" during the furious Ardennes counter-offensive. It was their first trip away from the company and they bravely sallied forth toward the front only to be chased out of Belgium by the rampaging Germans. The unit saved its pride by going back like MacArthur, to finish the job at a later date. Of the many assignments the unit had, perhaps the most exciting were the days it spent with the 8th Division.

The work of the unit took its members to all sectors of the 12th Army Group area. When not actively engaged in identification work the boys pitched in back at company headquarters and lent a hand where needed. Wescott and Fillmore helped out the Lab., while Cosgrove, a more adventurous type, expressed his carefree spirit by barreling a 2½ ton truck all over France. Sydlosky, the one indispensable man, was all over the place at once doing a man-size job and becoming a kind of legend.

When, during rush periods, the unit needed extra help, this was drawn from the Lab crew. After V-E day, ID Unit No. 1 set up a complete 35mm lab and processed all the miniature film that came into the company.

Left: Identification Unit No. 1 at work. Right: Sydlosky, Cosgrove.





Pieczynski, Nesom, Gwin, Wisman.

Identification Unit 2

Identification unit No. 2, consisting of L. D. Gwin, John Nesom, Norb Pieczynski, and Harold Wisman, was organized at Camp Crowder, Missouri, in May 1944.

After specialist training in the States, the unit, along with the entire 167th shipped overseas on the British liner *Mauretania*. Equipment and supplies were checked upon arrival in England, but no identification work was done.

When the company left England for France, the unit was split up for the first time. Larry Gwin and Hal Wisman went with the motor convoy, while Johnny Nesom and Norb Pieczynski traveled by train to Southampton.

In Versailles, France, the unit was reunited, and moved on to 12th Army Group Headquarters at Verdun. There the unit unpacked its equipment and started operations. The boys set up a private lab to do their finishing where quite a number of officers' AGO cards and our own company's photo passes were made.

A short time later the unit received its first traveling assignment and was sent to Luxembourg City, Luxembourg to make photo passes for civilians who were working for the army. While still in Luxembourg, an urgent call was received from the company to return immediately. Another assignment was waiting.

This one proved to be permanent. The unit was assigned to Ninth Army. They joined Combat Lab "B" at that headquarters in Maastricht, Holland, late in October.

Here in Maastricht the unit worked in conjunction with the combat lab, supplementing the lab personnel as well as doing their identification work. They worked out of Ninth Army, going wherever they were called on assignment. Many trips were made to the 104th, 102nd, and 78th Divisions as well as to many medical collection points. In addition, at least one and sometimes two days a week were set aside for identification work at Conquer headquarters.

Norb Pieczynski did the bulk of the actual shooting as well as the processing of the negatives. He was assisted by Martin Doan and Bernard Simonds, members of the Conquer lab.

Close to two thousand pictures were shot, and each required at least two prints.

During the time that the Ninth Army was under the command of Field Marshal Bernard L. Montgomery, the unit also worked with the British 2nd Army. Identification pictures were made of many British officers, including General Montgomery himself. Power failures and generally low current made much of the identification work extremely difficult.

In March, 1945, the 168th Signal Photo Co. arrived to take over the 167th's job with Ninth Army. Late in that same month Identification Unit No. 2 returned to Verdun to rejoin the company at 12th Army Group headquarters. Its field job was finished. From there on in its work was with the company.

Left: Pieczynski. Inset: Gwin. Center: Wisman. Right: Nesom.

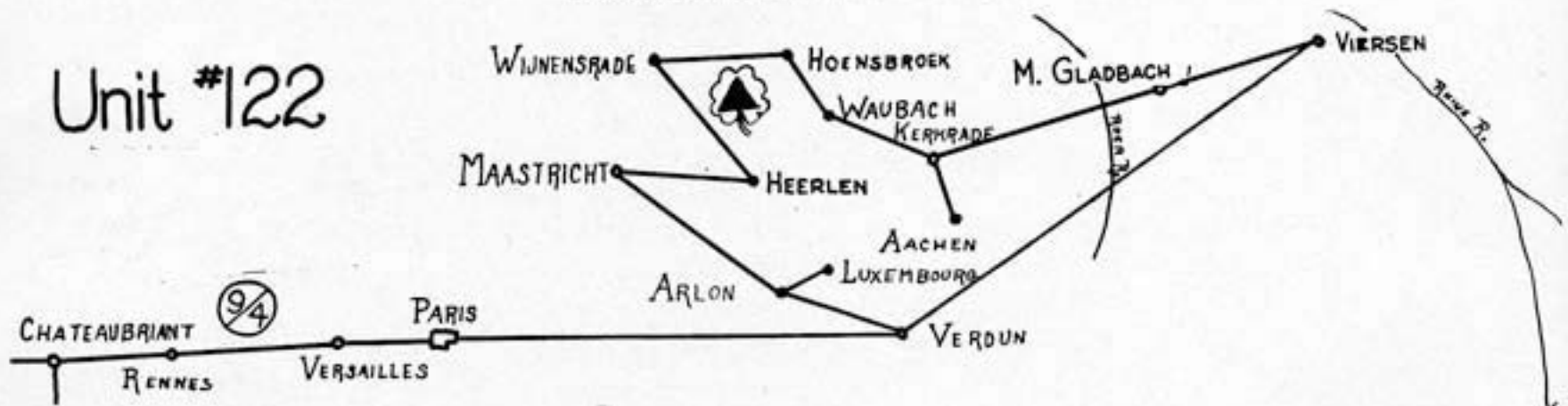


Who Went Where

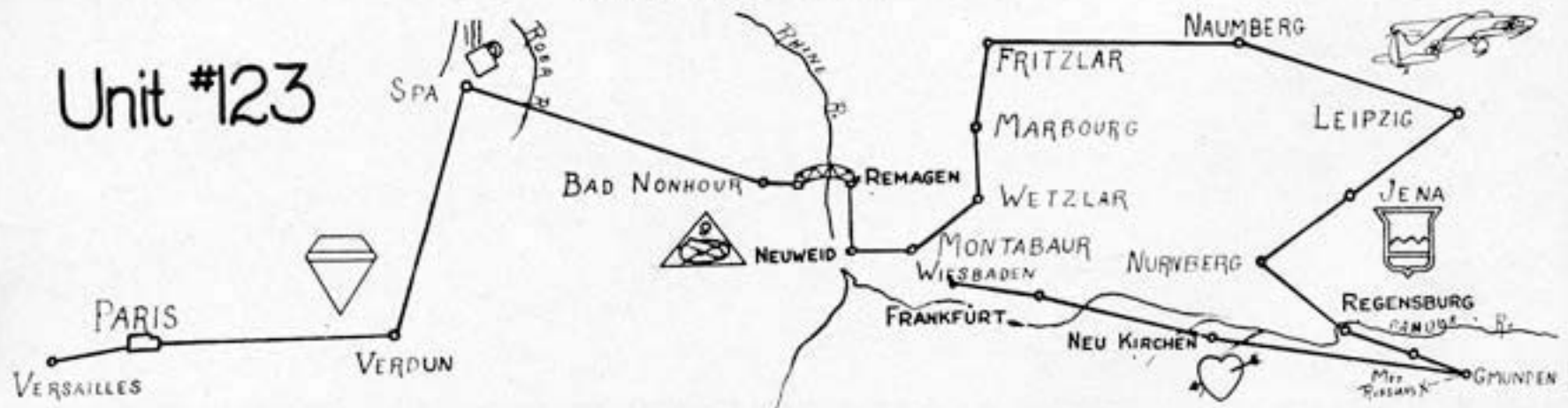
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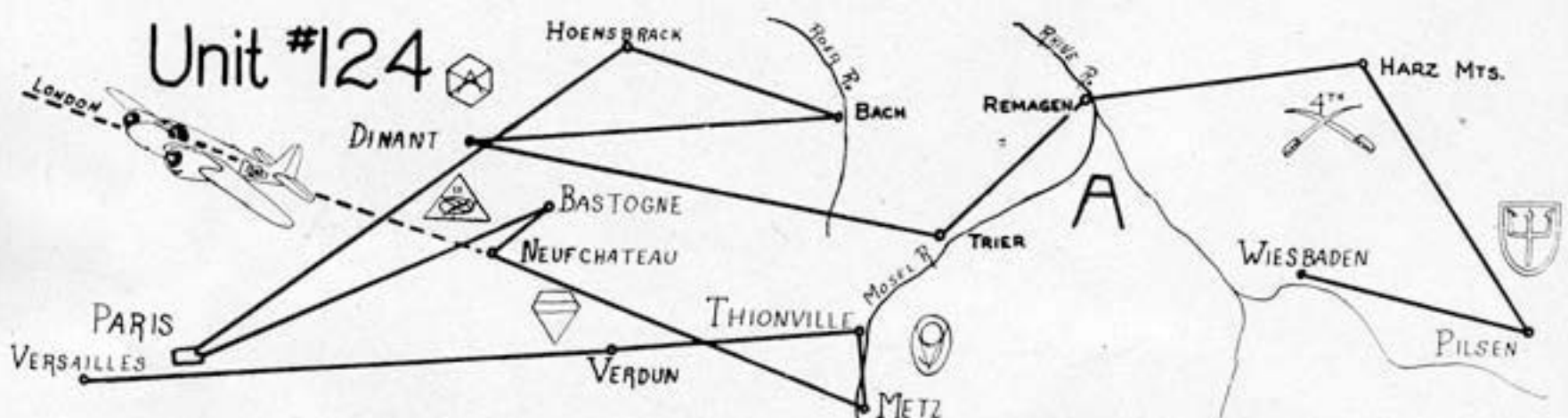
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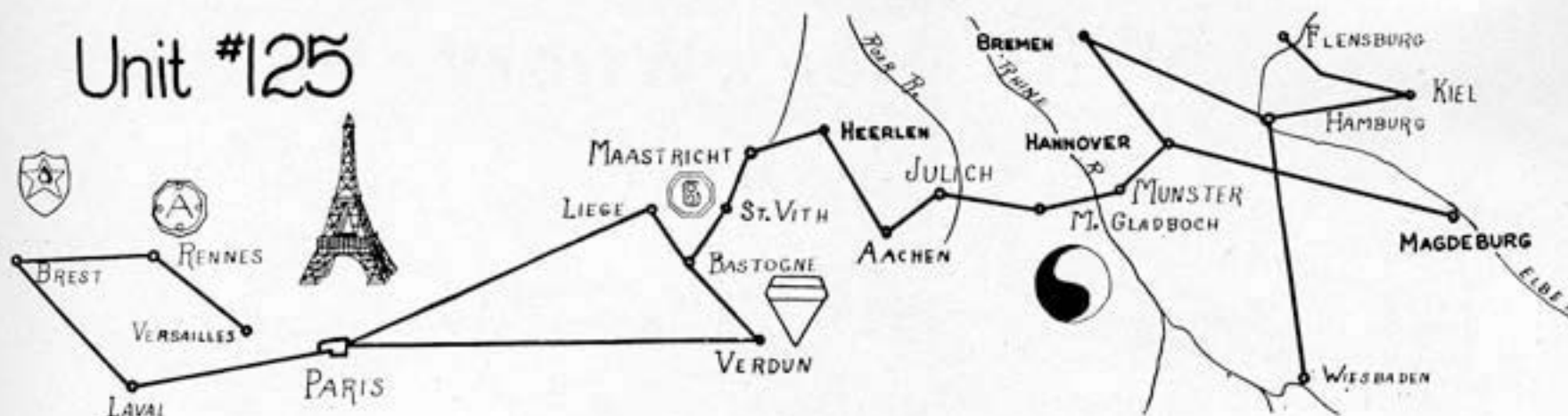
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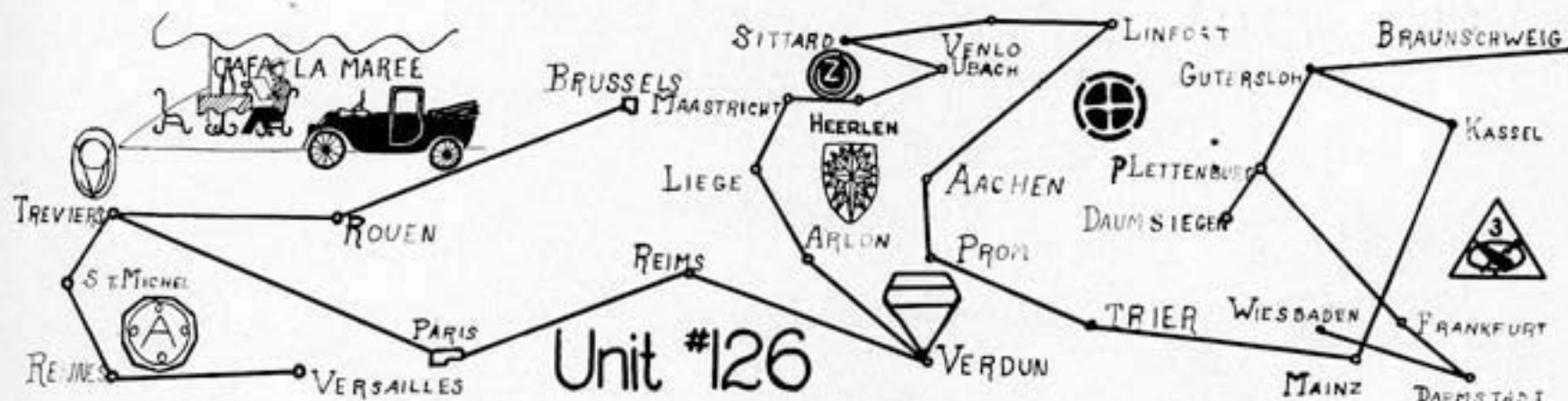


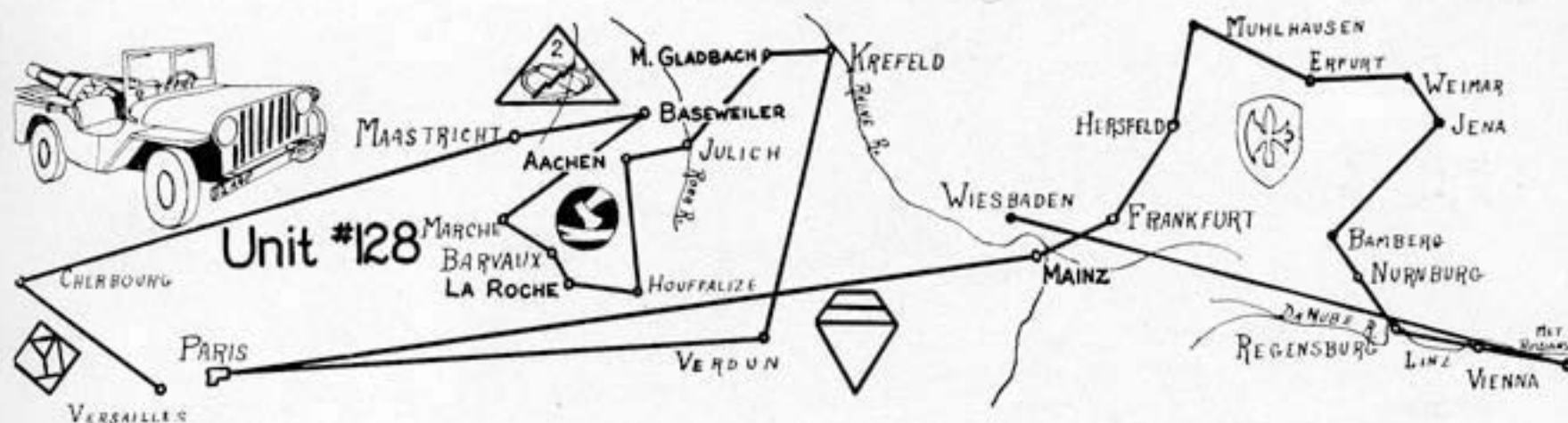
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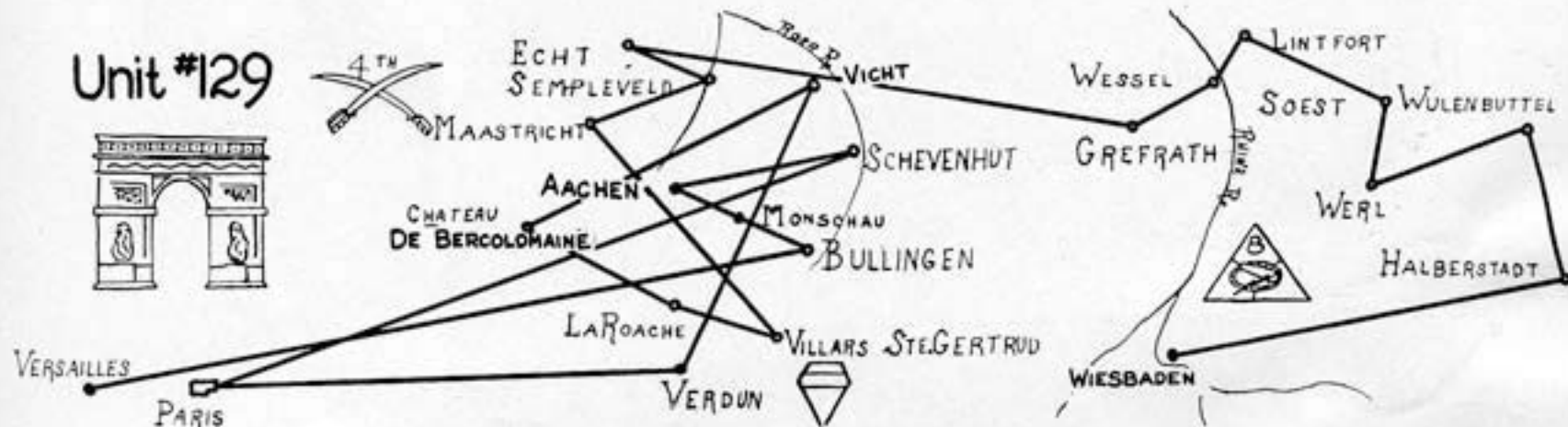
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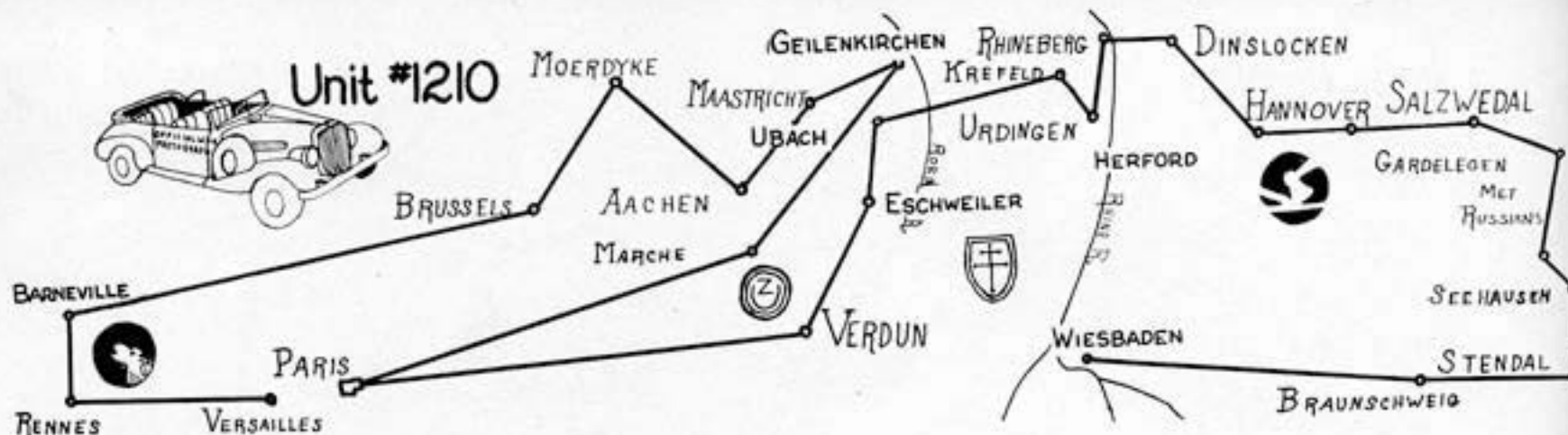


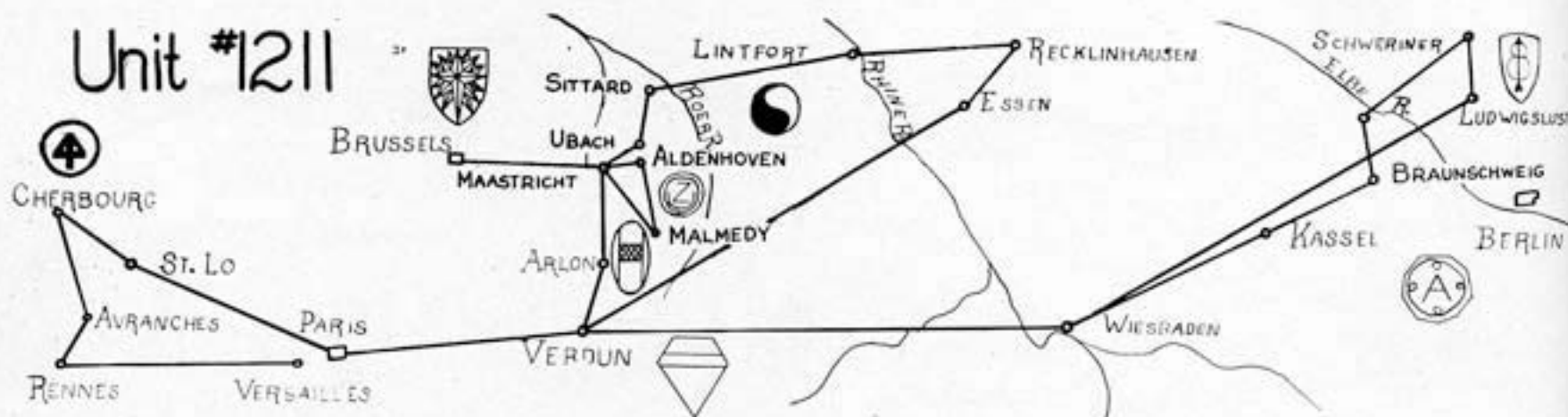


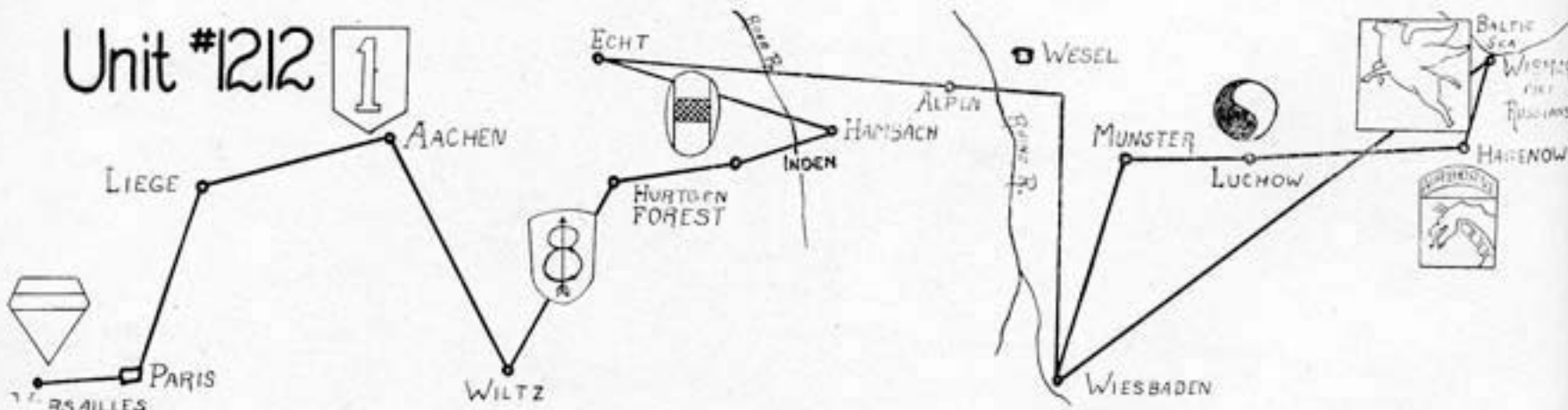


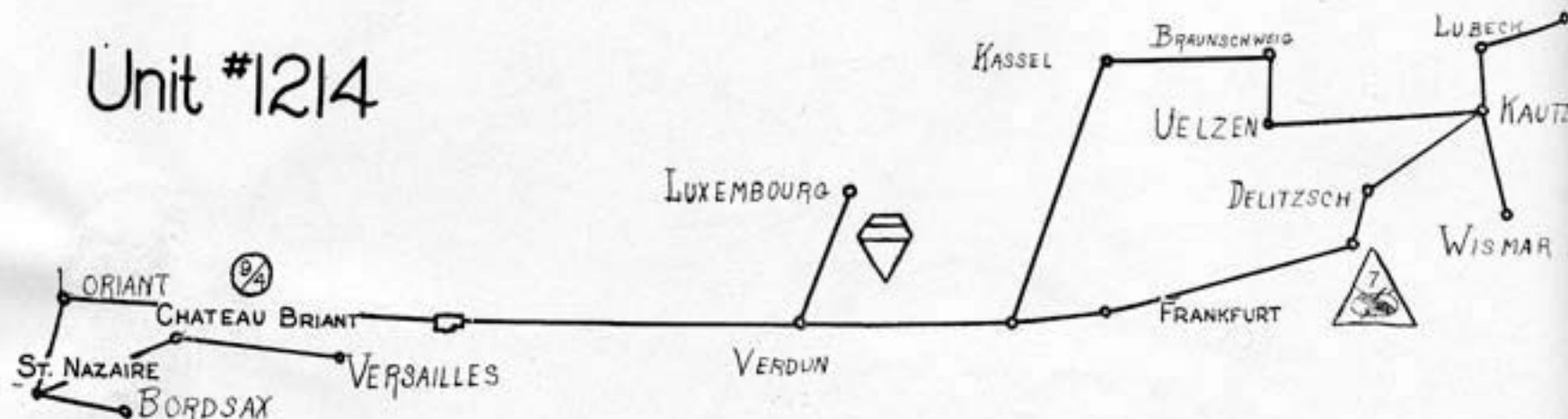
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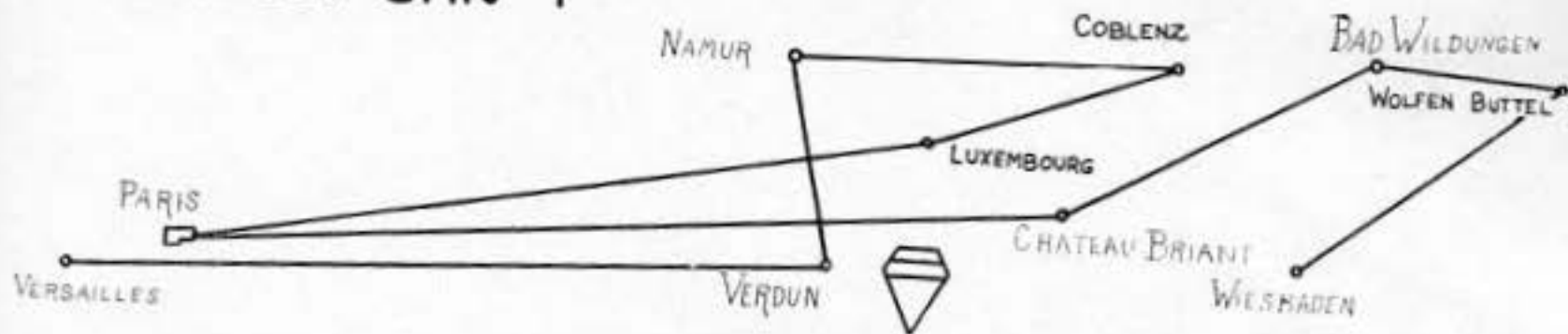


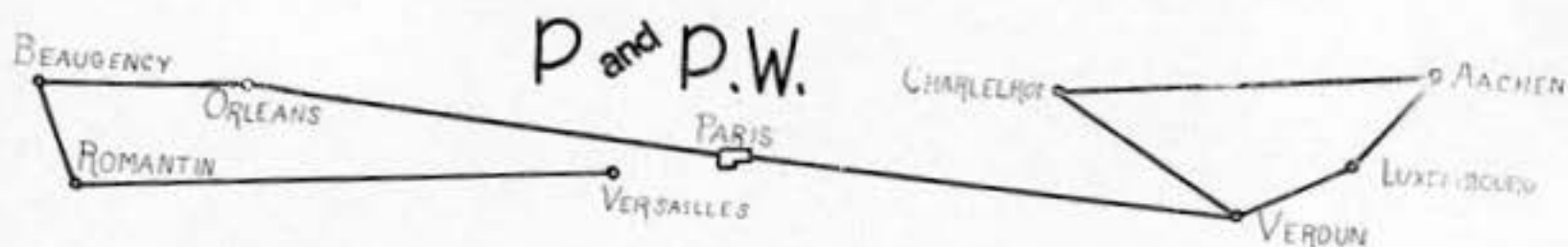


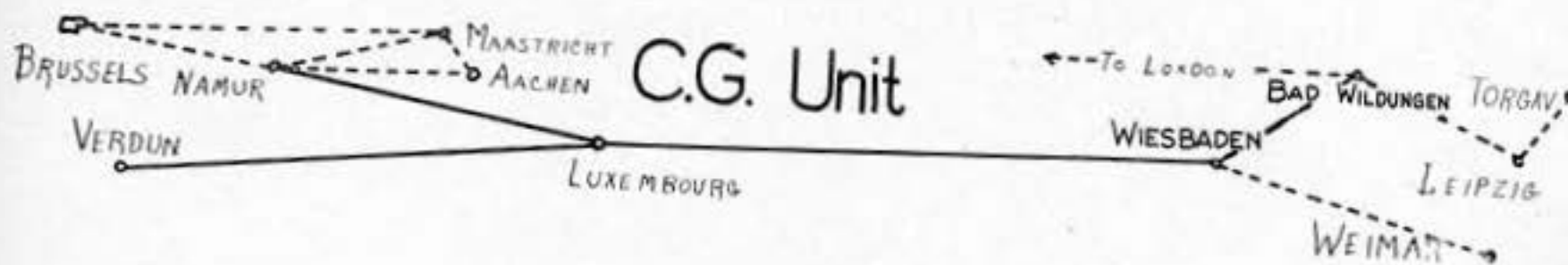




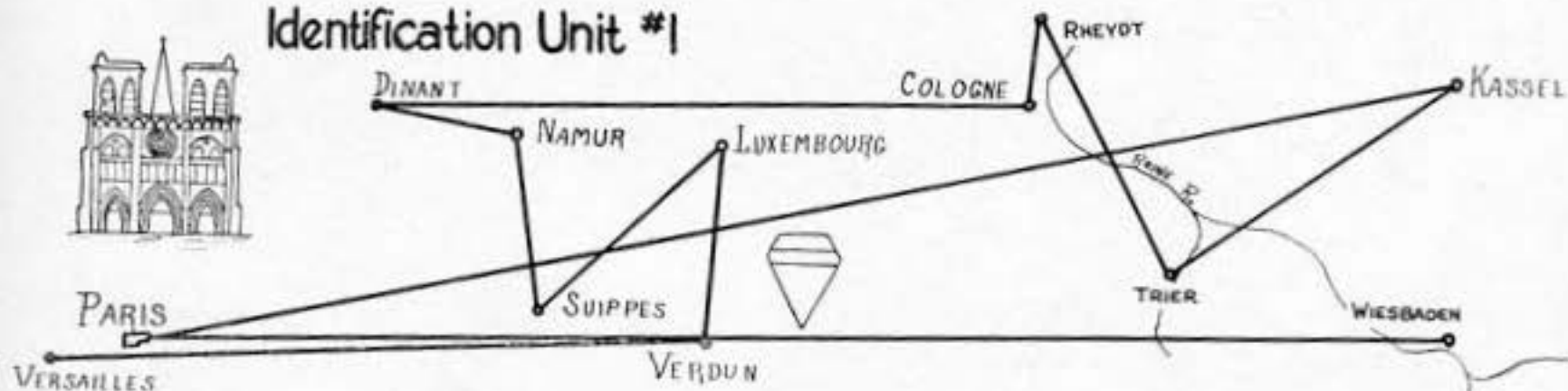
Newsreel Unit #1

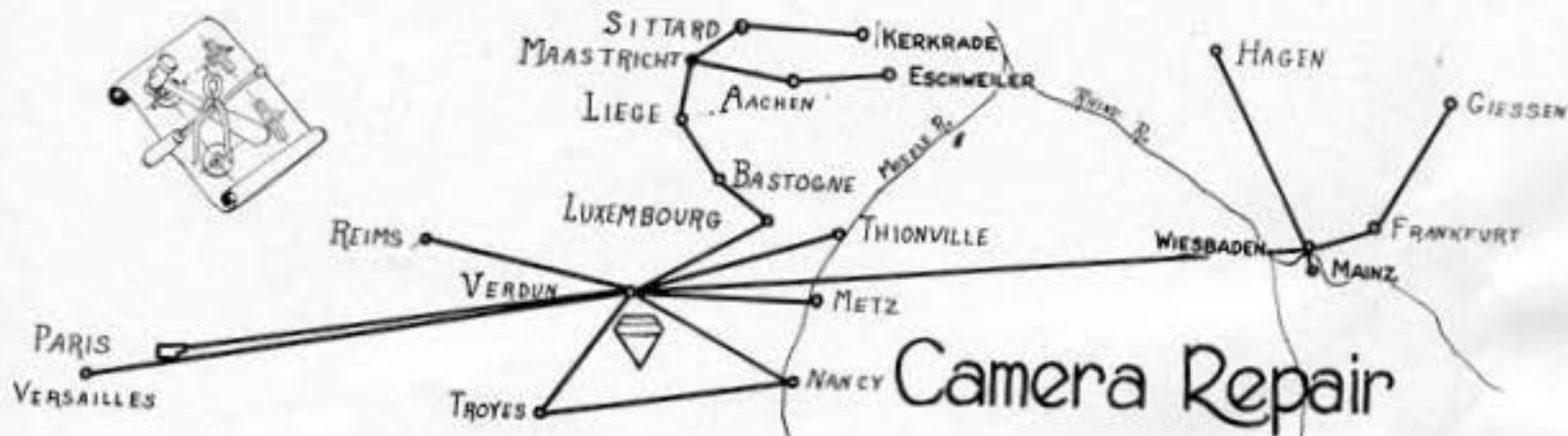






Identification Unit #1



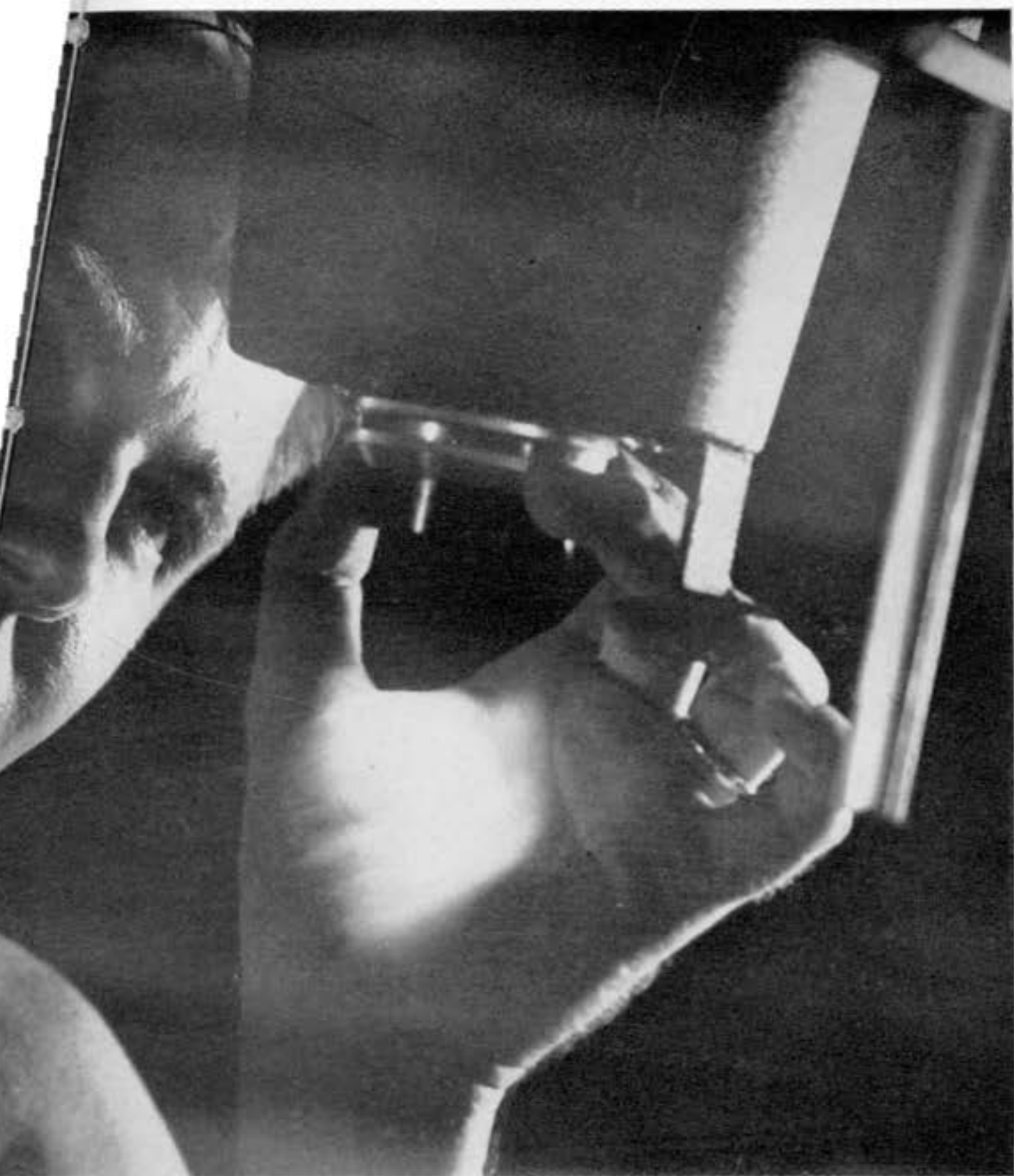


Camera Repair

Labs

Men breathe frost into the air . . . it's cold . . . and the "Soup" works slow . . . "time and temperature" goes all to hell . . . an enlarger spits its shadowy image on the board . . . focus hair-sharp . . . the timer-bell burps . . . a slice of paper—Brovira, glossy, medium—submerged by icy fingers in the tray . . . solutions swirl . . . and a picture grows where once there was blank whiteness . . .







Doiron, Adams, Hiltz, Reed, Blaker.

Base Laboratory

In a photographic outfit, the proof of the picture is in the "soup". It is in the laboratory that a photographer's dream comes alive on film. It's a mysterious sort of place, a world of paper and chemicals, time and temperature, negative and prints.

Our base laboratory performed its first company mission in the Tennessee maneuver area between February 26th and April 4th, 1944. Taking over from Combat Unit No. 1 which had preceded the company to the area, the boys set up a complete lab in the cramped basement rooms of Maneuver Director Headquarters. Working three shifts around the clock, the boys turned out a huge volume of work and kept pace with our photogs in the field.

Back at Crowder, the boys set up a company lab which operated efficiently under the leadership of Lt. Kenneth E. Adams and M-Sgt. Eugene Von Oder. The ranks of lab personnel were boosted by the arrival of the fillers and later the boys from ASTP. Under the direction of crew chiefs Blaker, Doiron, Kramer, Ouzer and Larsen, these men soon became capable lab technicians.

The next step was preparation for overseas movement. Equipment was packed. The lab boys pitched in with the packing detail to make sure that all the machinery was safely packed for the long voyage.

Our departure from Crowder was, of course, "top secret", notwithstanding the fact that the Second Army band, and practically the whole camp was on hand to give us a blaring send-off. At Camp Shanks, New York, the boys had a couple of nights off to do the "big town" and bid a rousing farewell to the U. S. A.

The trip across was uneventful, except for "Sick Bay" Arrington who felt every ripple of the ocean—and showed it.

At the time of embarkation, the lab's personnel included: Lt. Adams, M-Sgt. Von Oder, T-3's Blaker, Doiron, Kramer Larson, and Baker; T-4's Hiltz, Nottleman, Ouzer, Jones and Turner; T-5's Farr, Ligler, Reed, Torrez, Hofer, Jofe, Lindgren, Miller, Schaufelberger, Lightcap, Doan and McColley. Slated for the Combat Lab were: Pryzbyla, Nichols, Simonds, Hogsett (M. C.), Hogsett (W. W.), Arrington, Charles, and Tarallo.

There followed a brief, lazy, and quietly wonderful interlude at Mobberley, England. There in the green restfulness of the Cheshire countryside, the lab boys developed quite a fondness for "arf 'n' arf". It was there, too, that they got to know the R. A. F. girls in the nearby town of Wilmslow.

At last, orders came through to cross the channel. The Lab Platoon formed the bulk of the "marching party", while the rest of the country traveled to France with the vehicles, equipment, supplies and baggage.

Not many of the Lab boys will forget the "forced march" from the marshalling area to the Southampton docks, the uphill climb at Omaha Beach to Transit Area No. 2, or the long ride in open trucks through the rain to Versailles, France. Here the Combat Lab left the company to provide processing facilities for the Ninth (then "Secret") Army.

The remainder of the platoon, comprising the Base Lab, continued on to Verdun, France, where an efficient lab was set up in a former German mess kitchen. Soon, this photo factory was turning out a huge volume of work. Official figures show that the Base lab averaged 2,000 films and 20,000 prints processed per month.

At times, the lab boys took up cameras and filled in with the field units. In January Blaker and Baker jaunted to the headquarters of the First and Ninth Armies to make official War Department portraits of all general officers in those commands. Ouzer was entrusted the job of shooting the top-secret tactical war maps of 12th Army Group during its participation in four major European campaigns.

Later, when the company moved to Wiesbaden, the Lab took over a palatial villa and set up a swank establishment complete with processing rooms, portrait studio, living quarters, and a refrigerator to keep the champagne cool.

Finally, the long voyage home, and again during the course of a hurricane-tossed voyage, "Sick-bay" Arrington kept the medics more than busy to Fort Benning, Georgia. Here another lab was set up, and as this book went to press the ever-faithful Lab crew was busily at work turning out the pictures that grace its pages.

Baker, Ligler, Hofer



Combat Laboratory "B"

On September 17, 1944, a small group of enlisted men left Versailles, France, to form a laboratory for the then secret Ninth Army. M-Sgt. Eugene Von Oder was in charge of the crew that included Maynard Hogsett, Warren Hogsett, Charles Lightcap, Walter Pryzbyla, Martin Doan, Glen McColley and Bernard Simonds.

They joined Ninth Army at Rennes a few days later and a make-shift lab was soon put into operation. Regardless of difficulties, production was heavy and the quality of the work was highly commended.

After conclusion of the Brest Campaign, the Lab moved with Ninth Army to Arlon, Belgium, where they were to remain for but a few days. The new headquarters was established in newly liberated Maastricht, Holland. The crew was kept increasingly busy, the work being tactical to a great extent. Soon they were joined by Identification Unit No. 2 comprised of T-4 Larry Gwin, Cpl. John Nesom, Pfc. Norb Pieczynski, and T-5 Harold Wisman. These men acted as supplement to the Lab personnel as well as doing Identification work for Conquer. At this time many photographs were being taken daily of the static Roer River front and all of these were finished by the Lab and rushed back to Division Headquarters for detailed study. The photos proved invaluable for the planning of the Roer crossing. In addition to these G-2, G-3, and Situation maps, Air liaison maps were also being taken and finished daily. These sections received hourly service.

During the Battle of the Bulge, all of Ninth Army went under the command of Field Marshal Montgomery. At that time the Lab did work for the British as well as the American armies.

Left: Standing; Lightcap, Wither, Hogsett, M. C., Wisman, Simmonds, Pryzbylo, McColley, Doan. Kneeling; Hogsett, W. W., Nesom, Gwin, Pieczynski, Lohmiller, Linger. Right: Von Oder





Left: Pryzbyla. Above: Doan, Simmonds. Below: Gwin, Wisman. Right: Hogsett, M. C., Hogsett, W. W.

Towards the latter part of November, John Wither and Harry Linger arrived as reinforcements. It was about this time that Maastricht underwent German "buzz bomb" and frequent air attacks. More than once work had to be halted as the war came a little too close for comfort. The closest call was the afternoon a "flicker-a-boom" (as the Dutch called them) landed in the next block, but fortunately it was a "dud."

The few leisure hours the fellows had were spent enjoying the Dutch hospitality. Every Dutchman opened his heart and home to the American GI and no matter how little he had there was a willingness to share it with the Americans.

In January, Bill Lohmiller joined the Lab to act as supply man. The supply problem in Holland was none too good and Bill had his headaches. It wasn't long after this that "Oley" Olson joined the Conquer crowd and Sgt. Von Oder was handed a field commission for his excellent management as Lab chief.

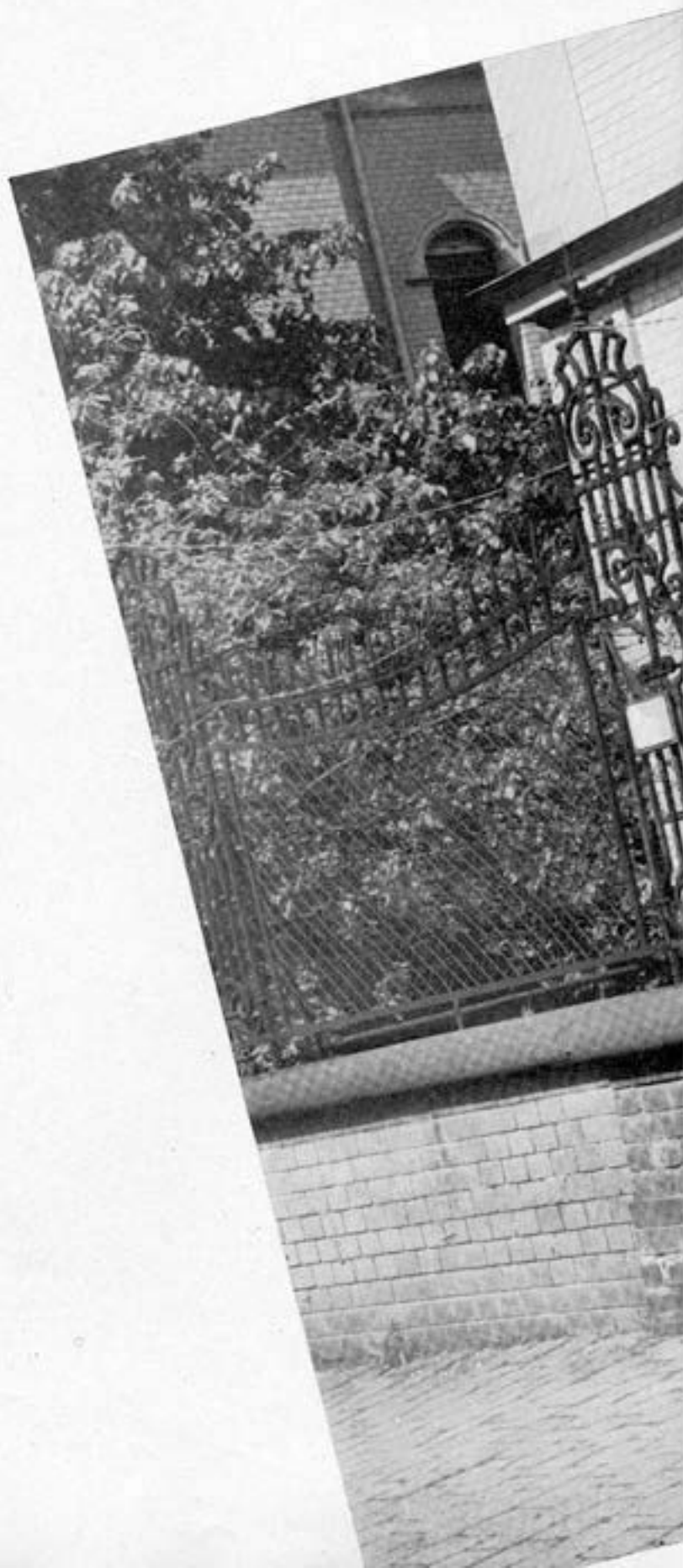
After the armies crossed the Roer and dashed for the Rhine, Ninth Army again prepared to move. Preparations were also being made by Combat Lab "B" to move with them. Then relief came in the form of the 168 Sig. Photo Co. The two companies worked in unison for a week or so before the 167 Lab headed back to join Headquarters, Twelfth Army Group at Verdun. Three men, Gwin, Linger, and Lightcap were left behind to accompany the 168 to Munchen-Gladbach, Germany, to offer advice and assistance to the newly arrived company. Then days later, they too, returned to Company headquarters and Combat Lab "B" was broken up and the men given furloughs to Paris, France.





Headquarters

Behind the scenes . . . a buzz of activity
 . . . Personnel and paperwork . . . Supply: a
bizarre of cameras and film, paper and pins
 . . . the characters in Camera Repair making
Rube Goldberg envious . . . mouth-watering
smells in the kitchen . . . down at the Motor
Pool: "man against the machine" . . . we
come in from the field . . . they meet us . . .
glad to see us . . . they ask: "Shoot any pic-
tures, win any medals, get any Lugers? . . .
we shake hands . . . we smile . . . because we
know they keep us going . . .





Administration

We called it the "front office". It's the place where the "brains" used to roost; the fellow with the railroad tracks; the lad with three up, three down, and a diamond in the middle.

The orderly room with its administrative staff was the nerve center of the company. It was there that important decisions were made that affected all of us; it was there that we went to squawk when there was any squawking to be done; it was there that the thousand and one details of company administration were taken care of.

When the company was activated in September, 1943, Capt. Richard N. Farrell, of the 164th Signal Photo Co. became commanding officer. S-Sgt. Harry Linger of the 165th became First Sergeant.

Overseas, while the company was at Verdun, S-Sgt. Gene Coogan was called in from the field to become First Sergeant. Shortly afterward Capt.

Farrell left the company to become photographic officer for the Fifteenth Army, and Capt. Merle H. "The Brain" Chamberlin took over the swivel chair in the front office. Chamberlin and Coogan were a smooth combination. Between bouts they did a fine job of running the company.

Like the harness on the horses that pulled the load, the Personnel section of the 167th also played an important role in the successful functioning of our gang of shutter-bugs.

They were the boys who did the paperwork that got us paid. They spent tedious hours over our service records seeing that all entries were carefully made—because those five extra points became very important. They handled all the company correspondence, got us off on furloughs, and got those *\$?&"@%!! morning reports in every morning.

Not very glamorous or exciting, perhaps, but that office was an indispensable cog in our company machinery.

The 167th had as its first personnel sergeant, Don Thomas, who came to us from the 165th and stayed until maneuvers were finished in Tennessee, when he transferred to the 195th as First Sergeant. Clair Selby followed as head man in Personnel, but he left just before we went overseas, preferring the peace and quiet of 2nd Army Detachment headquarters to a boat ride. Then along came "Zeke", the gangling bean-pole who came in with the "fillers". The full name: Martin Fuhrman. He took over when Selby left. He held

Above: Chamberlin, Reed. Below: Farrell.



the job overseas, and he did so well that he kept it, even after making First Sergeant. Which brings us to the moral: "The way to the top is through the front office." Two First Sergeants out of three Personnel Sergeants—not bad, not bad at all.

There have been others who labored diligently in the office, amongst them Johnson, Koop and Jacobsen. As the work of the company draws to a close, we find "Dapper Dick" McMillan, the kid with hep—a jive artist from way back who strictly beats a mean rhythm on the typewriter, especially after having done the payroll over for the umpteenth time because some befuddled WAC at detachment headquarters thought he should have put in a semi-colon instead of a comma. Also, there's Jack (Jones, Jr.) Holloway, who files 'em away like it's all a big dark mystery, and if he himself can ever find 'em he figures he's a top-notch detective. Roger, the "Zack" Zachary, was up front overseas, but now does a mean job on the duty roster. Tom Reed, the comedian with the Hitler dialogue and the cackle in every egg he laid, was a stalwart member of Personnel overseas, and stuck at it until he was dragged away for a discharge. "Bradley" Cutler came in toward the last for a few hot licks on the typewriter.

The company's gratitude goes to Personnel for a big job well-done. We know we'd have twice as much trouble getting out if our records weren't as straight and up-to-date as they are. But one question we'd like to ask: Why in hell couldn't they have dished us out ninety-day furloughs on the Riviera, with beaucoup francs, acres of beautiful French girls, and stuff like "that there"?

Or is that asking too much?



Above: Fuhrman, Johnson. Center: Yarnell, Rohrer, LaMond. Below: Holloway, McMillan.

Camera Repair

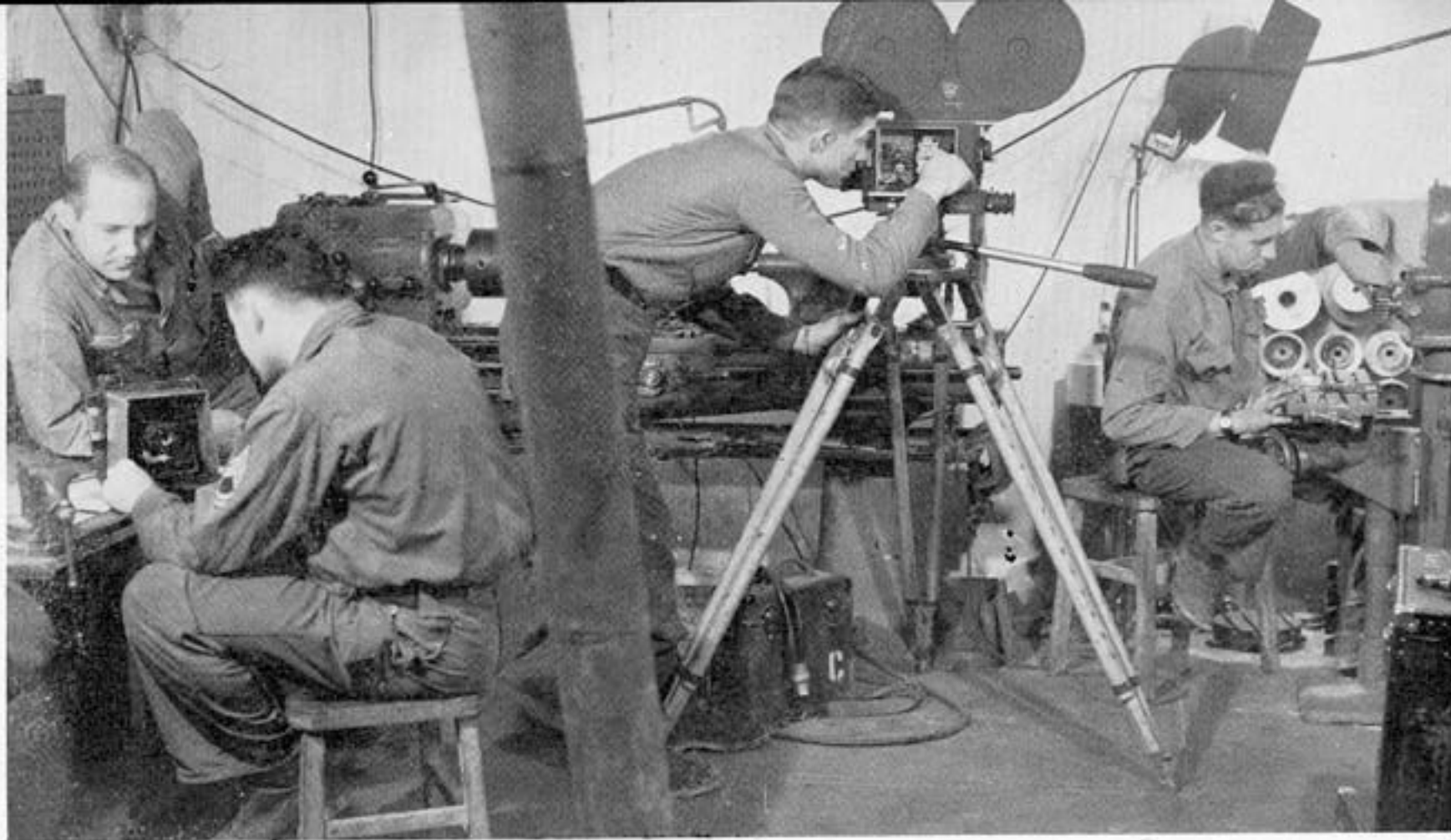
Cameras take a beating at the front. You love your camera like a little brother—but you toss it into the back of a weapons carrier, drop it (by mistake) in a foxhole, pour water out of its bellows during a rain storm. That's just the way things go when you're on a flying assignment, or you're trying to beat an 88 to the slit trench.

We needed a good camera repair crew. We were lucky—we got one. They were a highly individualistic gang of characters: M-Sgt. Robert Stuart, T-4 Ernest "Buck" Strader, T-4 Ralph Livoni, and T-5 Andy Tullis. Buried away in their little sanctum, they created some very wierd Rube Goldberg contraptions (an automatic back-scratcher that whistles the "Star Spangled Banner", a pearl-handled bunion-adjuster that brews coffee). But when it came to cameras they could tear one down and slap it back together in nothing flat.

Back in the States, whenever we'd run into mechanical trouble during a training assignment, we'd go careening into Camera Repair with the offending picture-box and a little while later it would work as good as new. In-between these assignments, the repair crew would put in their spare time repairing the Colonel's electric shaver, or the company washing machine or anything else with cogs and gears that went on the fritz. They were just itching to get their hands on that University of California atom-smasher. When we got overseas, and the cameras really started to take a beating, Camera Repair came into its own.

Livoni, Tullis, Barthol, Strader, Stuart.





Tullis, Stuart, Strader, Livoni.

Collecting all sorts of tools (including a German power lathe) from all over the E. T. O., Camera Repair soon became the best equipped shop of its type in the area. Every so often Sgt. Stuart would take off on a little scavenger tour to supplement the supply of tools. Often these little excursions were punctuated with excitement; like the time in Thionville when, after exploring a German munitions plant on the Moselle River, he suddenly found himself racing a pattern of mortar shells down the road.

Not all of this maintenance work was done in the peace and quiet of headquarters. On several occasions Strader, Livoni and Tullis took off into the field and did repairs for camera units operating on the various army fronts. This policy saved a great deal of time in the servicing of equipment.

One of the most important developments made by Camera Repair was a greatly facilitated method of recessing the aperture plates on Eyemo cameras, an operation that did much to ease the movie-men's woes. Other inventions and modifications included: a focus micrometer for testing Eyemo lenses, weather shields for the Graphics, adapters to mount the 20" lens on the Leica, battery extension tubes made from flare cartridges, test magazines for the Filmo 141 and electric power control units for the Lab. Joe Barthol came in from the camera platoon to do the drafting necessary for making the many parts.

For these developments, as well as repair work in the field, and service to the hundreds of cameramen in the European theatre of war, Sgt. Stuart was awarded the Legion of Merit medal, but he wants it clearly understood that this was no one-man accomplishment. "The credit goes to all the guvs in Camera Repair," says Sgt. Stuart. "They're the lads that really did the work. They were a fine crew to work with, and I think they all deserved a medal—I just happened to be the lucky one."

In the tradition of the 167th, the Camera Repair section was just another part of our "team", but it was a crew without who's efforts our cameramen could not have functioned in the field. They had a job to do—they **did** it.

Mess Hall

They say that an army marches on its stomach—and the 167th was no exception. By that, we don't mean to imply that we got down on our bellies and crawled about like reptiles. But we loved to eat, and the mess hall was the first place we headed for when we came in from an assignment.

Way back when we were in basic training at Camp Crowder, going to chow was like running the obstacle course. The food (for want of a better word) was served "family" style, which meant that by the time the dishes got down to the guys at the end of the table, they were empty. Those boys in "starvation corner" soon began to look like atrocity cases.

If you dared to reach for anything, you were apt to get your arms carved off. Not that there was much to reach for—just spareribs, spareribs, and **more** spareribs. It was all very depressing.

But when the company was activated, all this was changed. We put a good bunch of boys in the kitchen and soon the 167th cuisine became famous wherever the company went.

Above: Left; Mulhaney. Center; Duffy, LaMond, Mulhaney, Nichols. Right; Klopinski, Anderson. Below: Left; King. Center; DiBenedetto, McCue. Right; King.





McCue, Archer, DiBenedetto, King, Klopinski.

Overseas the mess crew consisted of S-Sgt. Arley McCue, mess sergeant; and his cooks: T-4 Sam Di Benedetto, T-4 Richard King, T-5 Richard Klopinski, and T-4 Ray Archer. They were a hard-working bunch.

One of the things the company will always remember was the "Snack Bar" set up at Mobberley. It was great, when you came back on the late truck after a date with a WAAF in Wilmslow, to be able to hit the kitchen and find fresh hamburgers with all the trimmings just waiting to be consumed. Everyone from the C. O. on down used to dive in for a "Dagwood" or a late cup of coffee.

When we hit the continent and set up quarters at Verdun, the mess crew again became famous for its grub. We used to have all sorts of visitors eating with us, generals and others who had a taste for good food.

On holidays like Thanksgiving and Christmas, the boys in the kitchen really outdid themselves. Great heaping plates of turkey, mashed potatoes, and that wonderful dressing just like the kind Mother used to **try** to make.

The boys had a genius for taking whatever was issued and making it taste like something one of the better New York restaurants would turn out.

When we hit the states again, the kitchen had a shift in personnel due to discharges and transfers. Dick King became mess sergeant, assisted by Mulhaney, Nichols, Duffy, and "Toots" LaMond, who showed a hitherto unsuspected gift for swinging a skillet.



Bonus, Minnis, Ciarniello, Sipko, Stange, Rakowski.

Motor Pool

"Okay!—so I busted the front Axle. How was I to know there was a rock under that mud in the middle of the road?" "I'm shoving out right away, old boy. Can you take this jeep, give it a complete overhaul, change the rings, grind the valves, and have it ready for me—let's say, in fifteen minutes?"

These are some of the remarks you'd be likely to hear if you hung around our Motor Pool for a little while. Running a service station for a bunch of hairbrained photogs is no cinch—it's more like something Barnum & Bailey should have charge of: a three piston-ring circus.

We had to have vehicles. "Whatsamatter with walkin'—the Infantry does it." Sure, but we've got 500 lbs. of equipment—so: we had to have vehicles. And when you have vehicles you've got to have someone to keep them running. So we got a Motor Pool.

Back in the States, these boys had done a job maintaining our vehicles and showing the cameramen which of the holes to put the gas in. But it wasn't until we got overseas that their work really started. It was in England that we inherited some rolling stock, mostly shell-shocked veterans of the African campaign. They were in gruesome condition, so S-Sgt. Anthony Sipko, T-4's Phil Ciarniello, Frank Bonus, Boleslaw Rakowski, and Sam Minnis set to work rebuilding them for the job ahead.

When we hit France, the Motor Pool took charge of unloading our equipment. For two days and nights, the boys loaded huge flat landing barges used to float our equipment in toward Omaha Beach. There was some overhauling to be done there, too, and with a little fast talk and some 35 mm. film, the boys managed to scrounge some parts for the job.

From the beach the long motor convoy proceeded to Versailles, where they did routine maintenance work in preparation for the next move to Verdun. There was a large stable in an old French garrison at Verdun, and it was there that the 167th garage was set-up. The former equine residents of the stable had left their usual mementoes, so the gang had a little clean-

up job to do first. At this headquarters, by means of trading, scrounging, and a little run that Radowski and Bonus made into Thionville with Stuart, the Motor Pool was able to obtain enough equipment to repair anything with four wheels, motor or not.

Our able 2½ drivers: Pfc's Charles, Cosgrove, Nichols, Tarallo, and Wisman took over the job of hauling prisoners back from the front, and driving the Red Ball run, as well as for the Signal Depot. In addition to the usual cargo, various other items were brought back, such as: the laundry, mirrors, canned goods, and a few "liquid assets". Charles, Nichols and Tarallo, for some reason or other, always had trouble deciding who **wouldn't** have to make the trips to Paris.

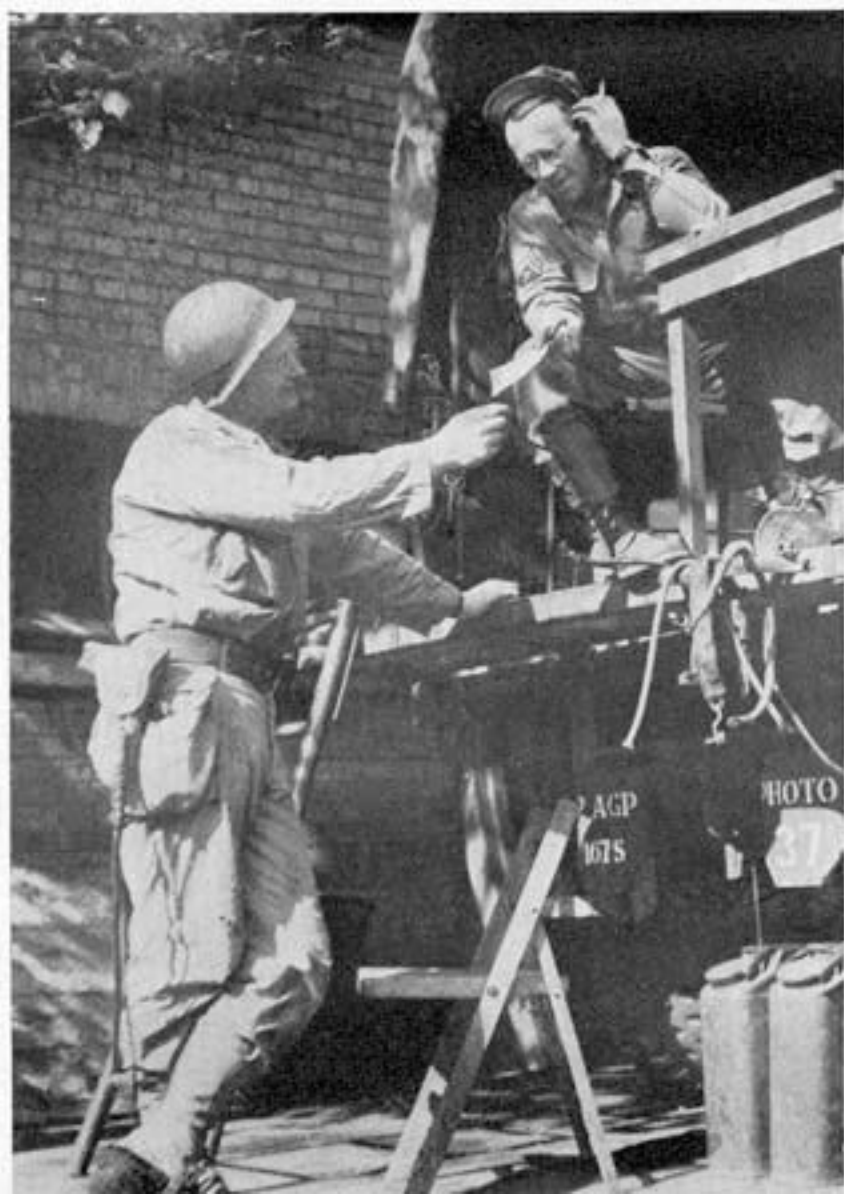
The garage, finding it impossible to operate on a basis of doing only 2nd echelon work, had to replace their own motors and do other higher echelon work. Because of the large amount of this they did for our company and other units, people soon began coming around to ask for the "167th Ordnance Co."

Because he was on the ball and knew all the right answers at the right time, Sgt. Sipko was awarded a direct commission and left the company to become Motor Officer for the 42nd Sig. Construction Bn. S-Sgt. Withers took over the job and carried on as before.

At Wiesbaden, the Motor Pool was set up in an old school yard, where a small garage was improvised from poles and old tarpaulins. Then came the long voyage home.

Returning to Fort Benning, Georgia, the Motor Pool was organized once more. S-Sgt. Withers received his discharge and S-Sgt. Rakowski took over as Motor Sergeant to continue the job of "Keeping 'em rolling."

Left: Wither, Stange. Above: Ciarniello, Minnis, Stange. Below: Minnis, Stange.



Supply

When we were kids we used to like to browse around the local "5 & 10", nickle-to-spend grasped in a grimy hand, while we eyed the shelves bulging with assorted gaudy treasures.

Nowadays, the same sort of thrill comes back whenever we step into our own supply room; for if ever a place was crammed with a variety of fascinating objects, the supply room of a photographic company is that place.

It takes some 2,500 items of expendable photographic supplies to keep a photo company going, everything from lens tissue to Wall Sound Cameras. That is in addition to the hundred or so other items that are regular standard issue.

The shelves groan beneath the weight of everything that is needed to take any kind of picture, still or movie. There are enough supplies and gadgets to set up several strictly professional photo laboratories. \$150,000.00 worth of cameras wait in their boxes for our cameramen to start putting things on film.

It's a job to keep track of all these items—a big, unexciting, strictly vital job. But we had a good crew in the supply room, headed by W. O. J. G. Edward Blodgett, who came to our supply section from the 165th Signal Photo Co. back in the days when the outfit was first activated. "Mr. B.", as we like to call him, joined the outfit as a Pfc and went all the way up the ladder, from Supply Sergeant to Supply Officer without losing any of his genial good humor.

Lohmiller, Christie, Willis, Blodgett





Left: Peters, Smith. Above: Blodgett, Willis. Below: Smith, Peters, Starr, Forseth. Right: Forseth

Working closely with Mr. Blodgett is S-Sgt. Alexander O. Christie, who has done a swell job of dishing out supplies for cameramen. His staff consists of T-4's Robert Willis, Bill Lohmiller, Roger "The Lodger" Forseth, Roy Peters, Charles R. Smith, and Pfc Delmar Starr.

The boys in supply had most of their headaches overseas. They had to haul out the crystal ball and tea leaves in order to anticipate the operational requirements in film, photographic chemicals, replacement equipment, etc.; for demand is based on the changing tactical situation, and shortage during a major campaign might have resulted in failure of the company mission.

When precision camera parts were needed and could not be obtained through normal supply channels, our Camera Repair section worked with Supply and fabricated the delicate parts.

A photographer is a complicated character. Whereas the Infantryman goes into combat with somewhere around \$150. worth of equipment and clothing, it takes in the neighborhood of \$700. to equip the still photographer, and \$2,250. to keep the motion picture cameraman in the field.

Often it was necessary to maintain supply lines of 300 miles to keep our photogs supplied with expendables. Several times Supply had the job of moving operational equipment totaling 60,000 pounds to new forward installations.

For a fine job in the field, our hats are off to Supply: another strong link in the chain that forms our team.

Action

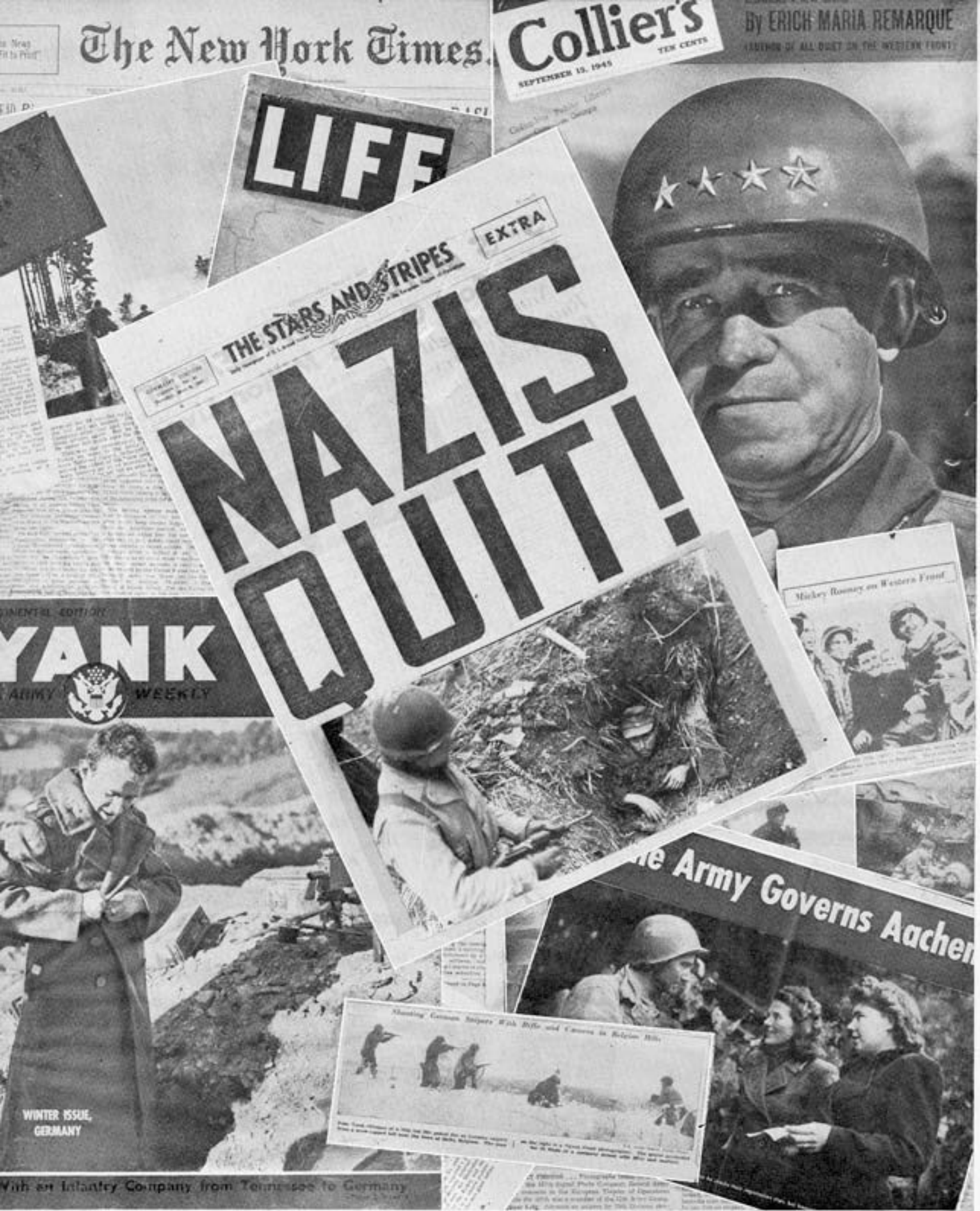
It all rushes by at a surging pace . . . the men, the guns, the roar . . . that's Action . . . you capture one split second of it on a sheet of film, 4 x 5 . . . you record a moment of the sound and the fury on a strip of celluloid . . . edged with sprocket holes . . . so that somewhere . . . near a warm fireplace . . . they may study your picture in the Evening News . . . or watch it on the screen from a soft loge seat . . . and know what War is . . . that's Action . . .



RIALTO

**NAL CORPS FILMS
KS MEET RUSSIANS**





AT TIMES IT SEEMS SO FUTILE . . . you battle the enemy, the elements . . . you wonder: "What's the use?" . . . then, in a dog-eared copy of YANK, TIME, maybe LIFE, you see your picture . . . the shot you made at Metz, Bastogne, on the Rhine . . . suddenly you know a secret thrill . . . and, for awhile, it all seems worthwhile again . . . like when the 167th photogs saw the above cover shots . . .



DIGGING IN... Bastogne



CAVALRY PATROL... Hurtgen Forest



DEATH... 100 feet away



BLOOD AND GUTS... Etain, France



MONTY, IKE, OMAR... Germany



RETREAT FROM BASTOGNE... 20 December 1944



MARCHING FIRE... Beffe, Belgium

ON THE PRINT IT DOESN'T LOOK REAL . . . you know they have you zeroed in . . . those shells are for you and the doughs next to you . . . you click the shutter . . . just a bunch of guys crouching in the snow . . . a tank lumbering down a road . . . the crack and sting of the sniper's bullet will never be heard on the 8x10 glossy. . . . How can you tell them the way it really was? Ask our guys who shot the above pix . . . maybe they can . . .

IT'S just a lifeless strip of film
silver bromide on an acetate
around like something alive
snow-covered hill . . . you grin
motor is like a sound from home
film...in cute little pictures all
. . . Destruction . . . and War. And
. . . where the sky is clear and
theater, chew gum and watch . . .
moves a storm of Death...Destiny
. . . that YOU have caught . . . on
film . . .

se...but it writhes
en you thread the Eyemo on a
away...the soft purr of the
e...and on that lifeless strip of
just a shade different are Death
ross the sea...across the world
the air is still...they sit in a
before their eyes
ction...and War
lifeless strip of



Snapshots

When we aren't taking pictures—we take pictures . . . snapshots . . . a postman's holiday . . . our buddies, the clowning, the places we've been, the pranks, the beer busts . . . it's all there . . . we paste them up in albums . . . and bury them away . . . so that in years to come . . . when we are bald and fat . . . with yachts and ulcers . . . we may take them out again . . . and chuckle to remember . . . the 167th . . .













You Wish You Were Home . . .

It's basic training . . . your eyes are heavy when your name is called . . . hands by your side . . . you left face . . . right face . . . about face . . . you halt. Dishes . . . pots . . . mops . . . soap and water . . . or a shower after a hike. You stand erect . . . lockers erect . . . men neat . . . lockers neat . . . a bottle sweats in its hideout, and **you** sweat because you know its whereabouts . . . dust hides beneath a pair of shoes . . . it's rough, like an infiltration course . . .

You Wish You Were Home . . .

Marched to the train, band and all . . . noisy boat . . . quiet water . . . mess hall for bunks . . . mess hall for food . . . it smells . . . you're packed in . . . it's war . . . you're sad . . . you're lonely . . . but you laugh . . . then England. Moberley is warm . . . hills and trees . . . soft grass . . . winding roads with hedges holding them together . . . bikes . . . slow hikes . . . dates and dances . . . a girl . . . a date . . . yeah, that was it, but . . .

You Wish You Were Home . . .

Crossing the channel . . . liberty ship . . . C rations . . . Omaha Beach . . . a hill . . . a grave . . . France wrecked . . . people hungry . . . weary . . . but brave. Trucks with rain, and the road . . . Versailles, the peace of the past . . . units pack . . . men leave . . . to Armies . . . Divisions . . . and Corps . . . the Front . . . men leave for Verdun . . . your C. P. . . your lab . . .

You Wish You Were Home . . .

Camera by your side . . . you follow the front . . . recording history with a lens . . . you move on . . . the cold and snow move with you . . . the snow melts . . . the ground becomes a fantasy of earth and water . . . it rains . . . the mud under your feet becomes a slippery floor . . . you cover your camera with your raincoat . . . you hear a shell overhead . . . it falls . . . where? . . . where? . . . rifle fire cuts the rain in half . . . the sun comes out . . . only to go beneath a cloud . . . and in the shadows lie the injured . . . you take a picture . . . but the dead are out of focus . . . the ground absorbs their emotions. Along the path of war a G. I. stops you . . . "Say, Bud, you take pictures?" . . . yeah, you're a combat cameraman . . . another shell hits the ground . . . you hit the ground . . . and wish it were a bed instead . . .

You Wish You Were Home . . .

Like raindrops on a window sill . . . you keep saying: it's over . . . it's over . . . you're in Germany . . . but you think of home. By truck . . . by train . . . by boat . . . and it has a sprint all its own . . . time is coming to a point . . . this is it . . . soon you will say so-long . . . you look around . . . for all about you are your friends . . . you've been together a long time . . . tiny thoughts of friends you've made . . . you'll always remember. And then comes a voice from the bridge . . . "Do you see that land ahead? . . . that's Virginia Beach, U. S. A. . . ."

You Are Home.