

Box 11379

SERVICE COMPANY
275th Infantry

30 June 1945

SUBJECT: Unit History.

TO : Commanding Officer, 275th Infantry.

In compliance with Par 6 Adm Memo 94, Hq 275th Inf, the inclosed History of Service Company is submitted.

GEORGE SPARK,
Captain, Inf,
Commanding.

1 Incl:
History of Service Company.

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Matter

COMPANY HISTORY

Service Company, 275th Infantry

IN MEMORIUM

Dedicated to the Memory of Pvt. Densil W. Murphy, who died at Camp Adair, Oregon on Saturday 8 April 1944 as a result of a mine explosion while on Command Post Exercises. May he ever rest in Peace.

It was an odd bunch of rookies and cadre that fell out of Barracks 515 and 516 at good old Camp Adair when the hoarse voice of Cpl Jimmie Shields yelled, "Fall out!" at day break on 21 August 1943. It was the first Reveille formation for Service Company, 275th Infantry.

Since April, Cadre and Instructors had been arriving, and now all the "filler" had arrived and work was ready to be done in earnest under the command of 1st Lt. Robert O. Gardiner. We went into Basic Training with the following line-up.

1st Sgt	Lionel Baker (now deceased)
Supply Sgt	Waldo Goertz
NCO in charge of "rookies"	M/Sgt Raymond Dillard

Company Officers

Commanding Officer	1st Lt. Robert Gardiner
Maint. Officer	2nd Lt. W. J. Montet
Motor Officer	2nd Lt. John Martin
Ammo Officer	2nd Lt. Marvon Glossop (now Capt.)

Camp Adair was having a warm summer in August 1943.

Rookies faces were red as beets from the Sun after close order drill and daily marches. The only thing we looked forward to was the old PX and above all those 12:30 and 5:30 "mail calls" by Sgt Goetz. A lot of us didn't know whether we'd make Basic Training or not. But, though muscles ached and backs strained, we came through in good order during the months of August and September.

On September 14, 1943, Lt. Causey came to Service Company to take charge of we rookies, and to instruct us on rifle marksmanship. Two weeks prior to this, Lt. Gardiner had been sent to the Pacific, and Lt. Newcomer, (now a Captain and serving in the Pacific) took command of the company.

The most important phase of our training had now begun in earnest, in the form of "Rifle Marksmanship". This work paid huge dividends. Lt. Causey and Capt. Newcomer were determined that every man qualify, and we really worked. Our work on the rifle range began on October 17. We marched out and back. It rained every day. Boy, how we cleaned those rifles and carbines every night! Finally the big day had arrived at last. On October 21, we went out for "Official Record Qualification." We came in late that night, soaked and wet, dead tired, but very happy. We had all qualified, with the company qualifying more experts than marksman, and Capt. Newcomer and Lt. Causey were very proud of us. We had all put 50 cents into a jackpot for the high scorers and the results were as follows:

1st place	Henke	192 pts
2nd place	Bale	191 pts
3rd place	E. Johnson	188 pts
	Eubanks	

Added Note: Schachter scored 4th place with 187 pts and

received the consolation prize--a bottle of beer from Johnson and Eubanks.

At this time, Lt. Newcomer was promoted to Captain and took over Regtl S-4, in place of Major Shepherd, who went to Command and General Staff School. A young officer, Lt. Whelin, took command of the company.

The first week in November 1943, Lt. General Simpson, the CG of the 4th Army, of which we were then a part, gave the Division some tests, which kept us right on the ball.

Now that basic training was over, many of the men were put to work on technical jobs and all essential parts of the Regimental Service Company began to function. The motor pool especially began to shape up very well. Lt. Montet began to organize a highly efficient Maintenance Section, and Lt. Major assigned drivers to his trucks.

Among the outstanding men in the Transportation Platoon at the first lineup were Pvt Russell Davidson (now Lt.), formerly Chief Instructor at Motor Transport School, Rock Island, Illinois, "Pappy" Joe Yeargain, mechanic for 15 years for Texaco, and Pappy Williams for 15 years a truck driver for the Sante Fe Lines. All were rookies in the newly formed Transportation Platoon.

On March 1, 1944, Lt. Whelin left to attend Fort Benning together with Capt. (now Major) Lustgarten, who for several weeks had been acting in capacity of Regtl Motor Officer.

On March 4, the company sustained a great shock. 1st Sgt. Baker had died from a heart attack during the night. We were a sad bunch of "sacks" that day. Lt. Glossop named S/Sgt Glenn R. Hill as acting 1st Sgt. Soon after, the 70th Inf. Division

began to send out men as replacements to Ft. Meade and Ft. Ord. Prior to this, some men had gone to the 81st and the 91st Divisions. Some of our best pals and friends left us. Among these were Dick Barnes, Loosbrock, McCoach, Anderson, Bale, and many other really great guys. Soon their places were taken by others like Pulpan and Haas who turned out to be great drivers.

Lt. Glossop took a load of men to Ft. Meade, Maryland and Lt. (now Capt.) Montet took over as Sv. Co. Commander. At this time there was a battling 1st Sgt. in "B" Co. about whom we had all heard rumors. One Monday morning we were awakened an extra 15 minutes early by someone shouting in a foreign tongue, "Hit de deck!". We had met our new first Sgt! After that, things began to happen fast and furious. We all had to buckle down and fly right. The new "Top" with 23 years service knew all the angles, and we could not get by with a thing. It was "Clean that rifle" and "Shine those buttons" from then on out.

We were all beginning to wonder what was going to happen to 70th, when out on a three day problem near McDonald Forest, we heard the rumor from Cpl Harold "The Henke" Henke. "It's Ft. Wood for the 70th"

For those of us who lived in the central U.S.A. this was almost too good to be true, but for the Portland boys such as Yodl, Eubanks and Young, and for the Salem Jackrabbit Frank "Vitamin" Barquist, it was "Murder".

We were still discussing (in the latrine) one fine June evening, the Ft. Wood rumor when in dashed Smoky Frank VerLee and said to Dugas, Kubica, Klemetsmo and Shore, "Sgt. Dimas just authorized me to cut the order for the Ft. Wood trip." Boy, did we hop, skip, and jump then. Most of the guys lived closer to

Ft. Wood. Kyle, Henke, Yeargain, Baha, and Shachter live in St. Louis. You couldn't touch them with a 10 foot pole that night. Soon after, the advance party left for Ft. Wood, and we began to pack up everything. Many of the men went to Ft. Wood by TIA. Among these was the 1st Sgt. S/Sgt McNaughton took over in Sgt. Bellotty's absence. Lt. Montet, our CO, also stayed, but sent his wife and twins on ahead. When we closed the buildings at good old Camp Adair, we thought we would never get them clean enough for Col. Richardson, who replaced Col. Wolf as Regimental Commander. "Slave Driver" Zwolensky, in charge of the clean-up detail said, "Boys, if necessary, we will scrub right through the floor." And we almost did. We left Camp Adair on July 23, 1944.

The train trip from Camp Adair to Ft. Wood was a lot of fun for all. As soon as we hit Ft. Wood, furloughs began to be granted in good order. During the months of July, August, and September, we did routine training at Ft. Wood, and fillers were beginning to come in and fill us up to strength. We knew something was brewing. In October orders were taken for combat boots, and we knew this was it. Our Division had received its orders. We began to pack and crate, checking clothing and equipment like never before. Major Lustgarten and his assistants, Capt. Montet, Capt. Glossop, Lt. Plapp, Mr. Cassell and Mr. Perkins, Sgt. Sashnell, Sgt. Nicosia, and Sgt. Esselis began to burn the midnight oil. Finally everything was ready. Capt. Montet went to the hospital for an operation and 1st Lt. (now Capt) George Spark, a veteran of two and one-half years in the South Pacific took command of the Company. Another officer joined our ranks, too. He was Elwin "Cigar" McManus who took over the job of Regimental Motor Officer.

On November 20, we left Ft. Wood for Boston Port of Embarkation. However we detrained at Camp Miles Standish, and for 13 days we received shots, last minute equipment and orientation. December 6th is the day we'll remember. We sailed from Boston on the U.S.S. West Point (The ex-luxury liner, America). It was a swell trip over. Plenty of rest for all. Rumors flew thick and fast during voyage as to where and when we were going to land. On December 14 we passed the Rock of Gibraltar, and on December 15, we landed at Marseilles. By truck we were taken to Delta Base Staging Area, CP Two, where we put up a Tent City and braved the cold, wind, and heavy rain and mud for a week. And early one morning before day-break on December 22, we took off after the Jerries. We followed other units of the Seventh Army who had gone before us through such towns as Lyon, camping out at night, and on the third night we reached a town called Weyersheim on the Rhine River. We knew Jerry was on the other side. That night things began to hum. We all knew that lives depended on us now. The Ammo Section, Capt. Glossop, WO Perkins, Sgts Clark and Bernauer worked all day and night and so did the rations crew. Our hearts beat fast that night as we knew our own buddies were in the holes up front, and that our own "K" company was out on patrol action across the Rhine River. We were guarding against the Southern prong of the Ardennes breakthrough. Some of our men were sent up to the 81st Div in the 3rd Army sector to help stop the Germans in the Bulge. Then we were moved along the Rhine to Sessenheim, and up to Neiderbronn. Sessenheim will always stand out for it was there we had our first real mail call since we left Boston. At Neiderbronn things really began to pop and we were moved to Halesburg for several days and then in the first week of January 1945, came our first major en-

gagements--Phillipsburg and Barrenthal. In order to render our line companies effective support we moved right up to within four miles of the front line, motor pool and all, into a little town called Reichofen. The enemy threw everything he could muster at us. They were in Division Strength. They had armor, and more S.S. troops than you could count. It was nip and tuck, but our units threw them out of both towns. At Reichofen Service Company received some terrific shelling. On January 14th in particular, we all narrowly escaped death when a direct hit was scored on the building five yards in front of us, knocking down a brick wall and throwing shrapnel and glass into our place, slightly wounding many of us, mostly with glass cuts. Capt. Spark had just moved the Anti-tank kitchen out of the building that was smashed to smithereens.

We left Reichofen and traveled more than 85 miles to a town called Diffenbach, where we nursed our wounds, and trained replacements for seven weeks, and then moved to Gubenhause. At this point the battle for the Saar River began. Our Bns. took Grosbliederstroff and Spicheren, and soon we moved right up to the Saar River in Grosbliederstroff. While here, a few 88's dropped around us, but we were all lucky. A few days later we heard the 3rd Army was coming behind the Germans in Saarbrucken, and our outfit joined in the attack and chased the Germans right out of Saarbrucken, where we were never able to catch up with them again. From Saarbrucken, where we stayed in a very "exclusive" part of town formerly occupied by German doctors, we moved to Bann, and then on to Appenheim, then to Frankfurt.

in Frankfurt, we had our headquarters in a large school building, formerly a Technical Trade School. Our Regimental Shower Unit was located a block away in the Town Bath and Shower House. It was swell! After almost two months in Frankfurt, on May 24, 1945 we moved to Erbach, Germany, forty-three kilometers from Frankfurt. Here we opened our first Company Beer Hall which is an auspicious success.

Anecdotes

Some of the Things We Will Always Remember

Doc Arnold, "It's rou...gh, men, its rough..."

Capt. Spark and Max (his dog) ever chasing after him...

Sgt McNaughton.....Achtung, men, Achtung!

Sgt Palmer and his glamorous "scarfs".

Cpl Schachter and his two extra bandoliers of Ammo.

Pfc Jorgensen (the Brain) keeping everything straight and in good order at Company CP.

Mick (My Cherie) McGuire "But I don't know a girl in this town!"

Britten and his famous pipe...

Burton..."Where in the hell did you guys learn to drive?"

On Major Lustgarten: "Hey, fellows, watch it...here comes the Major."

Capt. McManus and his beaucoup "Cigars"....those old black magics of his...

Avery Olson....."Who's a chow hound, you bas----!"

Sgt Thearl....."Plenty to eat, men, plenty to eat!"

Sgt Williams..."Your vehicle is due for a 6000-mile checkup. On the Ball or on the Boat."

Duane Aye: "Don't forget softball practice today men, 1400."

Our funniest personality, Barney Lipsey, "Our Swimming Coach."

Pulpan: "I've just got to get a letter from Martha tonight!"

Petersen, "Coming to Church Services tonight, fellows?"