

War Era Story Project 2012

Submitted by: Joan Jones

Current home town: Apple Valley, Ohio

Age: Not given

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Written by George N. Sims and transcribed by Joan Jones and Joe Sims

Growing up:

Father- Harley Sims



Mother Ruth (Mercer) Sims



I, George Nathan Sims, was born on January 30, 1921 to William Harley Sims and Ruth Mercer Sims. They were farming on what is now Blanchard Road, Howard, Ohio, when I was born. The house I was born in is still standing as of this date, July 20, 1999. At that time, the road was, "mud and deep ruts," as a man told me who lived in the house near the railroad crossing, which is now Kokosing Gap Trail. My father came to this home to get them to call a doctor as I was about to be delivered. I believe it was Doctor Harmer from Danville that they called. When I was a little over a year old, we moved to Howard. Dad's brother, Walter, took over the farming on a share agreement.



George Sims

This picture was taken at the farm house.

I remember starting school at Howard. My teacher was Catherine Frick. I still have some of my grade cards. My childhood was playing games, fishing, and exploring the countryside. My friends were Paul Hull, Bob Boling, Tony Boling, Chick DeWitt, Bob and Donald Drake, Clarence Berry and other town kids. We got in trouble spreading toilet paper all over town once!

I graduated at 18 years old in 1939 with the last class that graduated from the old Howard High School building. During the high school years, I worked on a farm for Royal Mills and for John Estabrook on a threshing machine and a corn shredder. I worked at Kenyon's Pierce Hall kitchen for the '39-'40 school year.

I married Dorothy Helen Stanley who lived up the street from me and with whom I had gone to school in the spring of 1940 and we went to farming on Dad's farm. I went to work for Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. in Mt. Vernon in 1940 and continued farming (unenthusiastically) until I was drafted into the Army in February 13, 1943 at 22 years old. I served until November 2, 1945.

The picture below is a group departing Mount Vernon for WAR! I am the one with the white X on my hat.



WW II

Our daughter Joan was six weeks old when I left for Fort Hayes in Columbus, Ohio. After several days of shots, issuance of clothing and instructions, I was put on a troop train consisting of Pullman cars. No one knew where we were heading. When we arrived in Cincinnati, we all thought, "south!" But, we headed west and, at St. Louis, we went west again. When we arrived in Denver, we all thought, "California," but we went Northwest. We ended up at Ft. Lewis, Washington. We may have been on this train for a week. It was snowing in Denver.



From this Northwest area, we saw the effects of the "Dustbowl." Fences and farms were buried in piles of dust. At Ft. Lewis, I was assigned to Battery A, 157th Field Artillery, 44th Infantry Division. February is the rainy season in Washington. We saw periods of steady light rain of 14 continuous days' time. I had two furloughs before January 1944. Around the 4th of July and at Christmas time, I went home to my family.



Part of the time, Dorothy stayed in Olympia or Tacoma. My Mother took care of Joan back in Ohio. Dorothy worked at several dry cleaning plants. She found enough unused bus tickets in army pants to enable me to ride the buses from base to town for free. After the Christmas furlough was over, the Divisions moved to Louisiana for maneuvers. We were there until late spring and then moved to Camp Phillips at Salina, Kansas. Dorothy and Joan came out there and I remember Joan toddling down the street and holding her arms up to me. I had a two-week furlough at Camp Phillips. When we left there in August, I saw Dorothy holding Joan in her arms standing by the railroad tracks. On our way to Boston, Mass., we stopped for about an hour in Mansfield, OH, which is only 40 minutes from home.

We left Boston in the Liberty ship *General Gordon* on Labor Day, September 1, 1944. Fifteen days later, we landed at Cherbourg, France. The ocean crossing in a very large convoy was rather quiet. My bunk was at the water line just forward of the middle of the ship. We had certain times that we could be on deck. The only time I got seasick was while I was on latrine duty in the bow of the ship. The urinal troughs were along the side of the ship. The water would run forward and back as the ship rocked. I went in the pot and puked into a gallon can at the same time. We had two meals a day – I only missed two meals while I was sick. The ships in the convoy moved in a zigzag pattern to avoid torpedoes from German Submarines. We had airplane cover near shore, but only within the range the planes could fly.

Cherbourg France harbor was a mess. Many ships had been sunk and the bombers had destroyed most of the buildings on shore. Our ship anchored offshore and we went in on barges pushed by tugs. A very large train station and tracks had been repaired enough to get some trains out. We rode to the outskirts of the city where we pitched our tents in an apple orchard. While there, we received our howitzers and trucks and other equipment we needed to go into combat. We had to clean our equipment to get the Cosmoline (a sticky, heavy, grease) off the howitzer. We spent a lot of our free time playing volleyball.

We left there in early October in a convoy. On one downhill stretch of highway, one of our service battery, full track vehicles with equipment trailer behind, threw the right hand track and went over a hill on the right side of the road. About 14 men were in the canvas cab. When the vehicle landed upside down, it killed nine people. I did not know any of them personally. One night we stayed at the LeMans racetrack. We went through the outskirts of Paris to Nancy, France where we would enter combat.

At a small village where you could hear gunfire at the front-line, the French villagers were along the road welcoming the U.S. Army. A young couple was holding a very young baby and we stopped there because the traffic was stopped. The couple kept holding up the baby and saying something in French. They wanted me to hold the baby. I took the baby in my arms and kissed it and gave it back to the Mother. Big cheer from the people!

Another time on the trip, we were stopped and a young man invited four of us into his home. They gave us a very thick coffee in demitasse cups. Good! Several times on the frequent stops, we purchased black bread. We would poke our arms through the round rolls and carry it that way. Another time, during a stop, we could see ahead for a mile. The road was solid soldiers, vehicles, and traffic. Four of us jumped off our tractor and went into a bar to get some French beer. When we returned, our outfit had moved on. A captain in a jeep stopped and asked if we were in trouble. When we told him what had happened, he said we were A.W.O.L. and would be court-martialed. He put us in his jeep and caught up with our outfit. We never heard anything about this!

We ate mostly C Rations on this trip. We would make a hole in top of the tin can and wire it to an exhaust manifold. Those C Rations made a fine explosion if the hole was not made in the top!

We went into battle near Nancy, France on October 17, 1944, at Marysville. We relieved the 63rd Division. We fired our first shells from this position. I made a partial list of the towns near our gun position, which I will write on a separate page, because at this time I cannot recall at which place the things I will write about happened.

Combat from Nancy, France, to Imst, Austria:

At Nancy, we were part of the 7th Army commanded by General Patch. From Nancy, we pushed through the Vosage Mountains towards the Rhine at Strousburg. Our 44th Infantry were the first American soldiers on the Rhine River. Shortly we were sent to the Northeast towards the Saar area. I think the Free French army to the South of us took over our area.

On November 11th, the Germans dropped about 140 six-inch shells on our four gun positions. Our Battery was lucky. Only one guy had a scratch on the back of his hand. There were several shells that were duds and did not explode. One man was killed in an anti-aircraft battery that was connected to us. We had one man on a single-mount, 50-caliber machine gun near the guy that got killed. He was scared and came running to our gun. When he got near us, a German shell was whistling in and we all shouted "Hit the ditch, Lesiko!" He did, and went into about two foot of mud. Although were all scared, we had a

good laugh over this. Another shell hit about fifty yards away and threw a chunk of mud into the air. It was the size of two fists. It lit on Bratton's helmet. We were sure he had been hit. Another laugh! On another gun, Loudermilk was laying in his pup tent writing a letter with a candle ahead of him. Everyone was calling for him to get into a hole. A piece of shrapnel came through the side of the tent and he was quick, quick, into his hole. Two other guys had dug a hole and put a pup tent over it. They were in the tent when a shell came down the side of the hole digging a six-inch groove. It was a dud and did not explode. They did not think it was funny.

During this shelling my gun crew was in a trench between the front of our gun and the parapet wall. Our gun was in a pit, dug on a side hill. The entry to this gun pit was in the right side rear. A German shell exploded about twenty yards behind us just as I leaned back. A chunk of shrapnel crossed in front of my face and embedded about eight inches into the dirt wall. This piece of steel was about the size of my thumb. The man in front of me in this trench was crying for the twenty minutes the shelling lasted. The reason the Germans knew our position was this: Our kitchen truck was behind us over a hill in the valley. After we ate our meals there, we would wash our aluminum mess kit lids, knife, forks and spoons and then swing them beside us as we returned to our gun positions. The German observers could see us as we crossed over the hill!

On Thanksgiving, the Germans dropped several rounds on us. Early morning we were shooting towards the front lines and about 10 A.M. We got orders to shoot to the rear. The Germans had got into our rear area. All this shooting and shifting around resulted in no turkey that day. We got it later. The mud was above our knees in this position. Before dark, the German in the rear were killed or captured and we had to turn our guns around again. Really, the mud was the worst thing to cope with.

We crossed the Saar River at Witting, France during the night. We put our gun in position by digging pits to put our recoil spades in. About that time the Germans started a strong attack against our 7th Army. This attack was made to draw people from the Ardennes where the big German push came the next day. Before daylight, we were ordered back across the Saar. We went into position on the Northwest side of the village of Witting France. It was dark when we started to dig a hole to put our gun in. Twenty foot wide and six foot deep! It was Christmas Eve and snowing so hard you could see only about thirty feet away. There were around 18 of us digging. By daylight we were dug in and covered over with a camouflage net. We did not see Santa Claus that night!

We stayed here until Feb. 15. The Germans shelled the area several times but we never got any shells in our position. We pitched a pyramidal tent about forty yards away from our gun. We dug out individual foxholes against the outside of the wall. When we heard a shell coming in, you raised the edge of the tent and rolled into your hole. We scouted around and found boards to get our beds off the ground. A layer of straw over the boards made it a little softer. (There was abandoned material left by retreating German troops that we had a use for.) I had a mummy shaped sleeping bag. I had one U.S. Army blanket and two German Army blankets, which I wrapped around the inside of the bedroll and a waterproof outer cover over all of it. I wore a complete set of long johns, two wool army shirts, two pair of wool army pants and socks, an Eisenhower jacket and an army overcoat plus special insulated boots. I also wore a wool head cover with only my face exposed along with a helmet. On my hands I wore leather,

woodchopper, mittens with wool inserts that Dorothy, Dad and Mom sent me. They sent me chocolate fudge in a tin can with sealing wax sealing the lid on. Of 16 cans they sent, I got all but 2 cans. Snow covered the ground all the time and below zero most of the time.

A slit trench for a toilet made for quick movement. The gunpowder for the cannon was about the size of macaroni. When you threw one or two pieces on a small fire it flared up in a quick hot fire. A small handful of gunpowder and a very small fire heated up water in my helmet to wash and shave. My pup tent buddy, Donald Rose and I, would stand two or three-hour shifts on the gun at night depending on how cold it was. We would prepare the shells and powder in daytime. A few radar fuses in the shells and powder in different charges in different piles. There were seven different sizes of powder in each can, 27 pounds in all. They were tied together with silk ribbon. We would shoot interdiction fire at night; that is individual shells at different times and places, such as crossroads to catch supply trucks or troops moving.

The man on the gun sight wore throat and ear mikes to receive the information from fire direction. He moved the gun barrel to the settings given to him. The other man carried up the shell and placed it into the breech. The #1 man picked up the ramming rod and placed against the base of the shell. Both men rammed it into the start of the rifling. The #2 man picked up the proper powder charge and placed it in the breech behind the shell. #1 man closes the breech, checks his sight settings and informs fire direction, "#2 gun, ready to fire!" Fire Direction says, "Fire when ready." #1 man pulls the lanyard which sends the shell on the way. #1 man opens the breech as the barrel returns from recoil. He removes the primer block from the breech block and discards the used primer and then places a new one and screws the block into the breech.

When we had the ear mikes on they were always alive from fire direction. When we were not on "Fire Missions" we could hear the radio playing music from Armed Forces Radio. They played all the popular music. My favorite was "Star Dust."

One very cold night, after ramming the shell - when I stepped back to get the powder, there was a loud thud nearby. It was pitch black because we could have no lights, which would show our position to the enemy. We felt around on the ground - the shell had fallen out of the gun!! Ice on the shell!

Across the Saar River, there was an underground factory that made war material using slave labor. There were at least two large barracks for the slave laborers. These people were from several countries. We did some fishing in the Saar River. We used hand grenades and quarter pound blocks of TNT.

In back of our gun position there was a large barn. Inside the barn, there were about a hundred chickens. Boiled chicken sure is tasty! Within a weeks' time, our battery Captain had a meeting with us. He stated that when anyone was caught stealing these chickens, they would be court-martialed. This was a challenge! Another week went by and - all the chickens were gone!

We shot many rounds from this position. We dug trenches behind the recoil plates of our gun and put logs behind them. When the recoil pushed the muzzle of the gun inside our pit we got the muzzle blast when we shot. My ear drum was ruptured. Howard Hobbs bled from his nose and ears. We had dug the

floor of our pit about one foot deeper than normal and put down a foot of gravel to get out of the mud. When the gun was fired, the muzzle blast would kick up the water and mud six foot high. When we pulled out of this position the mud was knee deep!

We left this position on Feb. 19 and moved northeast to the "Saar Pocket" where the U.S. Army had surrounded the Saar industrial area. We were through Saargamines and Saarbrucken, from there to the West Bank of the Rhine River. Worms, Germany is on the East Bank. Four of us on a scouting trip 'liberated' a small brewery

A jeep load of ten gallon kegs of beer, brown and good! We were on the South side of the Third Army, 10th Armored Division, General Patton. Our Howitzer got orders to fire out ahead of Patton's tanks. We had help from the other three guns. They carried the shells and powder to us. Also, the ordnance supply trucks brought more ammunition. With our range of thirteen miles, we could not fire ahead of the advancing tanks. About two P.M., we quit firing after firing around 300 shells. The liberated beer was enjoyed by all, especially by the officers watching us fire.

The barrel of the gun got hot enough that we had to swab it out with wet rags between shots. The next day, just to the North of us, we could see a steady parade of "C 130" airplanes landing and taking off on the German side of the Rhine. They were hauling in gasoline for the tanks, just gas supplies.

While in this position I noticed that the 432 Field Artillery was in position back of us. I knew that Dwight Hull and Ralph Corcoran from Howard Ohio (My hometown) were in this outfit. They had eight inch Howitzers. I found them and had a good visit. They knew of a soft drink factory nearby. Several of the battery A 157th went to this factory. One liter bottles of orange drink were liberated. A warehouse of sugar was there also.

The allied armies were advancing faster than the supply trucks could get to us. The movement of combat troops, tanks, artillery, support vehicles, and anti-aircraft, kept the roads full. When a vehicle broke down, it was shoved off the road and left. This became much worse after crossing the Rine.

We crossed the Rhine on a pontoon bridge at Worms, Germany. We moved to a position in a graveyard in Northern Manhiem. We moved from there eastward. From a position near Wurzburg, we sent a truck into that city and loaded the truck with champagne. From there we moved south. Sometimes we set up positions twice a day.

The road we were on went through a walled town. There was no road around this town. A three road intersection went through a gate in the wall. It was only wide enough to let one vehicle through. At the intersection there was a little French car with four German soldiers inside. The U.S. tanks had run over this car and mashed it into the roadbed. The soldiers were still in the car and all the traffic was running over it.

There were pockets of resistance that we fired on. One forest we came across was made up of pine trees from 15 to 20" inches across. There wasn't anything over waist high still standing. Artillery had cut it down to this size. As we passed through this area there were dead German soldiers lying on

stretchers. One of them had been shot in the leg. It was bandaged. Someone had shot him in the temple. There were a large number of German and American soldiers dead in the debris. Since crossing the Rhine and to the end of the war, the dead soldiers both German and American were everywhere. Normally 155 MM artillery was not positioned within three miles from the front lines. The mortar range is about three miles. On a few occasions we were under mortar fire but no injuries. The sides of the road were jammed with surrendered German soldiers, (some still carrying their rifles), displaced people and homeless people; a very pitiful sight. At times we were not in contact with any other army units except one company of anti-aircraft. We went through Stuttgart then on to Ulm, Germany. All that was left standing in this city was the cathedral. One bomb had come through the roof but did not explode. The stench was awful – dead people and animals buried in the ruins. All the cities and big towns were this way. From Stuttgart on South we were in direct support of the 10th armored battalion. The 324th infantry battalion of the 44th Division was riding on these tanks. When the tanks drove into a town or village, the house or building that did not have a white flag on it was fired on by a tank with white phosphorus shells, which set the house on fire. Anyone that came out of the house was machine gunned down including children. We were the next one in town. There were only about 100 men in our convoy and we were never sure of the reception we would get.

Near the Austrian border, we pulled off the road to wait for traffic to clear. Our Captain ordered us to stay on the alert and be prepared for anything as there were no other army units in contact. We watched the refugees on the road for a while when two men decided to hunt for souvenirs. They walked into the woods where they saw three German S.S. officers sneaking through the trees. Lieber knew how to speak German. He ordered them to surrender and lay down at gunpoint. He ordered the Germans to lay down their pistols and crawl away. At that time, Jerry and Lieber were fired on by three other S.S. they had not seen. Jerry Bernhardt was killed instantly by a shot in the head. Red Leiber was shot along the side of his head. The bullet went through his ear. He escaped by running away. Jerry was the only man in our gun crew that we lost in the war.

As we approached the Austrian Alps, we anticipated the Germans had built extensive fortifications in the mountains and that we were in for a long bitter fight. Actually, there were only pockets of a few S.S. men. They blasted the highway off the mountainside at Fern Pass. We had to sit three or four days for the army engineers to re-build the road. At Ruetz, Austria, we fired over a mountain range of the Alps into a column of the German 19th Army. We killed many people and horses. I do not think this was necessary, but it was war. Our last position was at Karres, Austria on 5-5-45. The war ended for us at 6:45 PM May 5, 1945. This was East of Imst. Some of our 44th infantry men met U.S. Army men at the Italian border.

About two days later, we were moved to Neuners Gasthaus in East Imst. While there, I went on a two week pass to Lyons, France. Stayed and ate at a hotel called "Place Carnot." On Memorial Day, we had a service for Jerry Behrnhardt.

We left Imst, Austria in early June. The morning we left, Howard Hobbs asked me if I would like a drink of good wine. Of course I said yes. He led me to the wine cellar of the Neuner Gasthaus where we were staying. I said "Hobbs, we have drunk all the decent wine in this cellar." Hobbs said "Watch me!" He

walked to the end of the room that had shelving built along the entire room. He pulled out one end of the shelving and there was another wine cellar there. In a basket there was a twenty gallon glass bottle of the best red wine I had ever tasted. Hobbs and I had to be carried out and loaded into our tractor. We did not share our secret with anyone. I hope that wine cellar is still there. We rode in trucks through Southern Germany. The road was lined with Cherry trees; big black bing cherries. When the truck stopped, we tore entire limbs off the trees and threw them into the truck to eat while moving.

Somewhere beyond Hiedelberg, we were placed on French trains and got off at Camp Pittsburgh near Reims, France. I went to Reims on pass. I was in Riem cathedral. From there, I went to LeHarve and across the channel by boat to England. And then we went on an English train. At a train stop, the Red Cross girls asked if I wanted cream in my cup. At the first swallow I found out it was tea! We went to Tidworth barracks. I went on a one-week pass to Bourmethe Beach. We left there about the 3rd of July and went to Glasgow, Scotland where we boarded the ship, *Queen Elizabeth*.

Before the ship left, it was announced on the intercom that Sergeant Harry Truman was to report to the bridge. He is a nephew of President Harry Truman. He was with us in Lyon. One day he and Short were standing on a corner to cross the street. A French mini car came around the corner, hit Harry and put him up on the hood. He was not hurt. Harry left the ship and we never knew how he got home!

We left Glasgow on July 5th, 1945. Five days later, we were in New York. We docked at the 49th Street Pier. Coming into the harbor, we saw the Statue of Liberty. We were the first entire division to come back from Europe. The harbor was full of small boats full of people, fire boats squirting water and people standing everywhere it was possible. On a small cruiser next to our ship was a wife of a soldier aboard our ship. She and all the people were hollering "jump honey, jump!" The soldier kept replying that he would see her shortly!

Marlene Dietrich was on the pier greeting us. We had last seen here at a U.S.O. show in Europe near the front lines. After docking, we were transported to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. Very shortly we were put on a Pennsylvania train to Fort Harrison, in Indianapolis and passed through Columbus, Ohio on the way. Again, an hour from home!

On this trip on the troop train, all the way from New York, at every stop, the crowd of people would always ask us, "What do you want?" Our answer was "Beer!" We had more than we could drink. The high fences were no problem as the bottles were thrown over the fence. We caught them!!

I was sent home on a 30-day leave about July 12th. Then I was ordered to Camp Chaffee, Arkansas. When I arrived there, we were equipped to go on the beach in the invasion of Japan. About 10 days after I arrived, I was given another 30-day leave. During this time, the atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and Japan surrendered.

After I returned to Camp Chaffee, we could get 3-day leave. I would ask for two 3 day leaves, one after the other. The army said I could not go over 100 miles from Camp. I came home anyway on these 3-day leaves. When I informed the First Sergeant my home was within 100 miles, he would smile and say, "O.K!" I came home the last time on a 30-day leave about Oct. 10th. I went to the P.P.G. Company and

went to work. The last of October I was called back to Camp Chaffee and was discharged from the Army with an Honorable Discharge on November 2, 1945.

Gun positions from Oct 17, 1944 to May 7, 1945

Marysville France Oct 17	Weisveiller Germany Feb 19	15 Ger. Captured in front of us
Croixmare Oct 18	Obrigakback Mar 18	Gruebingen Apr 22
Marianviller Nov 11	Seyweiler Mar 19	Blue Danube Apr 23
Laneneaux Nov 11	Sweibrucken Mar 20	Vohringen Apr 24
Embermemil Nov 13	Bobbenheim Mar 23	20 Mile trip from Ulm
Arivcourt Nov 15	Roxhiem Mar 24	Jerry Behrenodt killed
Reichcourt Nov 16	Rine River	Stinheim Germany
Heminine Nov 17	Mannheim Mar 25	Memmingen Austria
Gravel Pit Nov 18	Stradheim Mar 26	A mountain resort Apr 28
East of Sarre Bourge Berling Nov 19	Bobbenhausen Mar 28	Revttte Austria Apr 30
Plahisweisler Nov 20	Asehaffenburg Apr 1	Stayed in house Apr 30
Bust Nov 28	Somborn Apr 5	Fern Pass road gone Apr 30
Drulingen Nov 29	Kassel, Geinhousem Apr 5	Lermoose May 1 3 day stay
Adamswieler Dec 3	Lived in house arm reserve Apr 8	Unknown May 4
Butten Dec 6	Wattswaicller Apr 17	Karres Austria May 5
N. Butten Dec 7	Kirkenkirchen Apr 19	War ends 6 PM May 5
Enchenburg Dec 12	Eherhardisweiller Apr 19	Eastimst Austria May 7
Saareinsming Dec 22	Gopping Apr 20	Neuners Casthof May 7
Wittring Dec 24	South of Stuttgart Apr 21	

AFTERTHOUGHTS

On the trip to Europe, we had two meals per day. The meals were served cafeteria style. The rule was take all you want, but eat it all! The tables were steel, five inches deep and thirty inches wide and ten feet long. As the ship rocked, the food trays would slide back and forth, also spilled food, also vomit from seasick soldiers, which made more people sick.

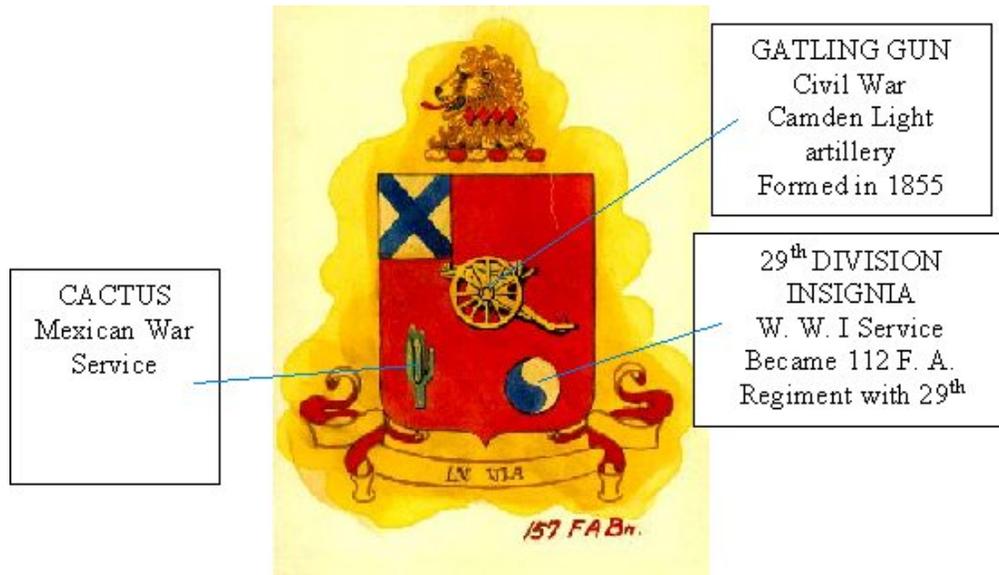
In Cherburg harbor there were hundreds of army "Ducks" (4 wheeled boat that runs on the highway and has a propeller on the back), carrying supplies from ships to shore. Ships could not get to the docks because of sunken ships.

One thing about combat: we could have fire to cook with and heat water. On the Louisiana maneuvers, we were not allowed to make fires and no lights of any kind at night. Many nights, we laid twenty foot square tarps on the ground. Our bed rolls in the center. Pulled up the bottom to our chins and folded the top over us. On the very many cold and rainy nights we were snug and dry. On occasion, the water in our canteens was frozen solid. Actually, combat was more comfortable than maneuvers, outside of enemy soldiers trying to kill us.

George at the 1999 44th reunion in Dayton, Ohio



**Insignia of 44th Division
157th Field Artillery Battalion**

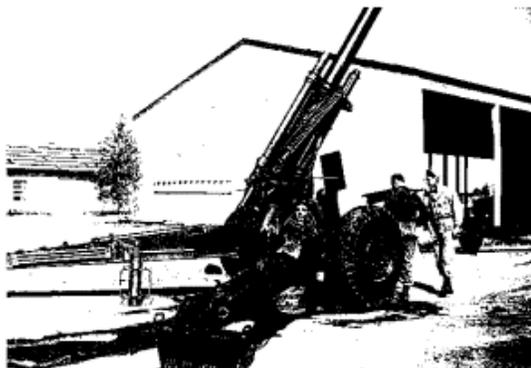


Between 7 Oct. 1944 and 5 May 1945 the 157th (12 Howitzers) fired over 44,700 rounds and spent 191 days in combat. Average rounds per gun is 3725.

June 1944 Imst Austria
M-4 tractor used to pull our gun in combat from Paris to Imst Austria



A- BATTERY 157TH



September 1945 Camp Chaffe Arkansas
155 MM Howitzer used in combat.
7 ½ months from Paris to Imst Austria.
Fired 3860 90 lb. Shells.
Range of 13 miles.

Map of the path that the 44th took during WW II



44th INFANTRY

Division

BATTLE STARS

- ★ CENTRAL EUROPE
- ★ RHINELAND



HIGHLIGHTS

LANDED CHERBOURG FRANCE 3-15-44

Capture of Fort Simserhof DEC. 44

DEFENSE OF SARREGUEMINES AREA AGAINST 3 DIVISIONS OF GERMANS 11-45

Contact with 5th Army Near Brenner Pass

FIRST AMERICAN UNIT TO REACH RHINE RIVER

First Americans to fire into Germany

CAPTURE OF FIRST GERMAN DIVISION COMMANDER ON WESTERN FRONT

Presidential Citation to 2nd Bn 114th Inf for Repulsing German Attack at Schalbach 11-25-44

PRESIDENTIAL CITATION TO 2nd Bn 71st Inf FOR REPULSING ATTACK IN SARREGUEMINES AREA DEC. 2, 1944

Presidential Citation to Co. I & 1st Plat Co. M for Repulsing 6 Day Attack at Freudenberg Ferme DEC. 10/12, 44

1

EMBERMENIL		
LEINTREY Captured	11-13-44	
AVRICOURT	11-13-44	
AUTREPIERRE	11-13-44	
GOUDREXON	11-15-44	
REPAIX	11-17-44	
AMENONCOURT	11-17-44	
IGNEY	11-19-44	

2

PETERSBACH Captured	11-18-44
STRUTH	11-20-44
HOTTWEILER	
ENCHENBERG	
SIMSERHOF FORTRESS	12/12/1944

3

LA SCHLOSSBERG Captured	2-15-45
MORONVILLE FARM	2-16-45
RIMLING	2-19-45

4

SECHENHEIM Captured	3-29-45
FREUDENHEIM	3-28-45
KAFERTAL	3-28-45
SCHRIESHEIM Entered	3-28-45
REIDBACH	
STAIERBACH	
ZAISENHAUSEN	
ADDLZHAUSEN	
CLEARED 4-9-45	

5

GRUNSBERG Captured	4-28-45
THAL HOFEN	4-28-45
HEGGEN	4-28-45
SEEG	4-29-45
REUTTE	4-29-45
LERMOOS	4-30-45
UNTERDORF Cleared	4-30-45
FERN	5-2-45
DOLLINGER Captured	5-3-45



Enlarged map of the path the 44th took

