

# The **A**CK- COUNT



633 AAA AWBN



Victory Edition No. 17

9 May 1945

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## BOCHE KAPUT 633 IN AUSTRIA VE-DAY



### EDITORIAL

That long envisaged day.... its phantastic minute and all-encompassing second, which once seemed to lie behind an iron wall of German guns, men, and determination, has finally broken through. The war in Europe is at an end. The night of the enemy has been crushed completely and so effectively, that no organized resistance can be expected by him from this moment hence. His fangs have been expertly drawn and now only the soft cancerous gums remain. No sound of beligerency comes from his trembling lips. No stamping of curly boots is echoed in any former German-conquered city or township. No Nazi banner hangs anywhere within sight of a member of the Allies armies. No dramatic orations are being delivered to a gullible people, asking them to rise and fight the "oppressors" of sweet German liberty... to throw from holy German soil the perpetrators of crimes too sadistic and vicious to name. No... none of these things are evident... nor will they ever be again.

National Socialism is dead. Born out of poverty, misery, and a desire for revenge, it spawned a breed of super-criminals. Lust for power and gold, self-styled "Deliverers", ranted before the German populace, painting maudlin pictures of a world without the Reich as sacrifice, and physical support. They spoke of Lebensraum, Aryanism, and race superiority, all in the same breath, making certain first, that no one knew exactly what they meant. They asked for, and were given, men for their armies, whole cities of their war industries, and cooperation in the enforcement of the Nazi ideology on minority groups and "uncooperative" country-men. What they could not take by cajoling or threat, they took by force of arms. Until.... they took too much.... Can anyone name the day or event when Germany took this too large a step? Can you say: "Here (pointing with a finger to a place on the map), Germany marched too far East...or West." I doubt if anyone can do this, for there was no single error. It was simply a matter of a rubber band attempting to circumscribe too large a packet within its elastic bounds... a point was reached when the strain was too great...the line was too thin and broke beneath the weight of the inner mass exerting pressure outward.

The unleashed power of Russia in the East, the steady throttling grip of the heterogeneous armies in the South, and the mechanized might of General Eisenhower's forces in the West, punched and lunged and fenced with the tiring Wehrmacht...waiting for that single instant when the foil would dip in an exhausted parry. The moment came. The infantry and armored divisions moved in under a cloud of death-laden aircraft. They sought out the enemy who were retching with fear at sight of the advancing line of steel. With the finesse of the boxer, the armor dived and jabbed, cutting in through the enemies' defenses so that the ponderous weight of the infantry could land the final blow...the blow from which the opponent would not rise. To aid them was this inner mass, the once-free people of Europe. Even in the agony of oppression and subjugation, they were able to tear at the Germans' inner, vital organs. Like a bull-dog at the throat,

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## THE ACK-COUNT

is published weekly by the Intelligence Section of Battalion Headquarters, 633d Anti-Aircraft Artillery, Automatic Weapons Battalion, Mobile.

No information contained herein has any restrictive classification, preventing its being sent thru the mails to non military persons.

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## Time Marches On

It seems a long time since we basked in the English sun of Essex, doing nothing but clean guns, take hikes, visit London, and date WAAPS and AFS from nearby camps. Actually, it's less than a year, but during that period, this battalion saw much of war...its terrors, its discomforts, its pains...both physical and mental, and its ridiculous aspects. You may laugh, but unconsciously we've hardened. With little apparent change in the physical, the constant grind of movement, digging in, sweating our artillery barrages, and pursuing the enemy, has changed us from the bickering garrison soldier to the bitching field soldier. To better see this, let's go over the events since leaving the Marshall yards at Southampton up to the present time.

The first troops from this battalion set foot on the soil of France on the 17th of June to the grand accompaniment of ack-ack fire, from the beaches and ships moored off the shore, firing at the desperate German fighters which strafed continuously. Yes, the reception was warm, but our spirits were high and refused to be dampened by our first glimpse of war.

Our first assignment! Our battalion was chosen to protect one of the first fighter fields to be built in France...that was A10 3. We deployed about the field with our freshly-painted Bofors and still new quads, and lived in our fox holes, and said, "this war ain't so bad." Oh sure, "flee, those guys are lucky going back to England," but it also reminded us that men were dying not too far away. We saw the American nurses on the planes and we were filled with self-pity because we had no English-speaking girls to talk to. So we waited until we were off duty on the gun, and went looking for wine and "les femmes".

Then came T-4, up in the Cotentin Peninsula. We were here even before the field was completed, and saw the first G-4 land on the untamed mesh. We saw the wounded come up in ambulances and disarmed in the deep bellies of the planes and said, "these guys are lucky going back to England," but it also reminded us that men were dying not too far away. We saw the American nurses on the planes and we were filled with self-pity because we had no English-speaking girls to talk to. So we waited until we were off duty on the gun, and went looking for wine and "les femmes".

We knew something big was up when we were shifted from T-4 down to the Avranches area to defend defiles along the MSR, the famous Red Ball Highway. Here, the truck convoys, filled with gas, rations, parts, and replacements, went speeding towards the front, coming back empty for another load. Day and night, the roads were filled with traffic, and so was a constant target for the already disappearing German Airforce.

On August 6th, we were attached to the 80th Infantry Division, a brand new addition to Gen. Patton's 3rd Army. The Blue Ridge met their first real test at Argentan, when the division was assigned this town as an objective. Here, too, was our first entrance into the big time. Our batteries were divided and sub-divided so as to furnish a complete coverage for the division and its numerous attached units. We learned the smell of dying cities and the stench of dead men and animals...and not important of all, we learned that we were right smack in the middle of a war! ... A war in which death was the usual rather than the unusual occurrence. We heard the sound of incoming artillery, and quickly learned the difference between that and our own artillery. We attempted nonchalance when the first 210mm howitzer belched in the adjacent field and damn near knocked us on our backs. We were amazed...and perhaps just a little proud when we learned we had suffered our first casualties. How caloused to use the word proud...but the wounds were slight and they were our first.

## THE COLONEL SPEAKS

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At long last, the day for which we have been working, has arrived. Once, this day seemed far off...the end was never in sight. Thru Iceland, England, and even after landing in France, we felt this day would never come. You have done a magnificent job. Your devotion to duty, your courage, and your will to win, have carried this battalion thru the tough and perilous period of the campaigns in France, Luxembourg, Germany, and Austria. Your efforts have made this battalion stand out as one of the best AA outfits in the E.T.O. Your record, yourself...and for you. Not only did you pile up a big score of Luftwaffe shot down, but you proved your versatility and adaptability in your many ground roles in support of the Infantry.

It is my regret that many of our comrades are no longer among us to realize this day. They, nevertheless, will live forever in our memories and you and I know that they have not died in vain. To the many who have gone back for wounds, our prayers are for their recovery and that no ill effects remain.

So you can rest now on your laurels, hard won. You can say, as St. Paul said to Timothy, "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith."

My hope...and more, my aim is to bring you all home for a well-earned rest. After that, we go where our country calls, with the same spirit that has made us what we are.

JOHN G. MAZZEI

The drive across France.... The excitement of constant movement...the real pleasure at the gay antics of the French civilians we passed on the roads. The towns and cities, once more free and open to us. The wine and fresh fruits and vegetables. The hysteria when one of the boys received a lush tomato square in the head. Vitre, Sens, Orleans, Chalons-sur-Marne, Commercy. The Yonne, the Seine, the Meuse and the Marne, and finally the Moselle...the quiet, harmless, clean-flowing Moselle. The blood that was spilled on its banks...the American blood that should forever darken its color. The attack...again and again.... The terrible German artillery and mortarfire which took such a ghastly toll from the ranks of our division and our battalion. The crossings...the unbelievable German resistance...our ground mission against Mt. Toulon and Mt. St. Jean. The deadly quads when they opened fire on the carefully plotted enemy positions, cutting, like an avenging reaper, into the German defenses.

Once more we rolled...we were nearing the German frontier. Fallgummet fell, and near the end of November, we entered St. Avold. Here we suffered our greatest tragedy, for on the night of December 14th, the building in which battalion Headquarters was located, blew up. The Germans lost the town, but behind them they left their mark. Approximately 3500 pounds of TNT cost us 18 dead and 22 wounded. Needless to say, St. Avold is not one of our favorite towns.

We went into a rest and rehabilitation period, but this was short-lived. The 7th Army needed help so the 80th was shifted south to lend their weight. The fraction of indecision...then the breakthrough in Luxembourg. "Send the 80th North", came the voice of fate, and so we traveled 150 miles in less than a day. In fact, it was the 310th Infantry Regiment who ripped through on tanks to rescue the surrounded 101st Airborne at Bastogne.

The Luxembourg campaign. A giant war in a child's playground. Tanks and guns maneuvered in the tight, little hills and along the treacherous ice roads of this tiny nation. We felt the camaraderie of the civilians, even when we destroyed their towns in order to route out the enemy. Despite the tension of pressure mass against pressure mass, and the terrible cold, we found a small outlet for our emotions in infrequent passes to Luxembourg city and to the rest areas behind the lines.

The Germans once said that we could never cross their border, but we proved them wrong. We broke through their massed guns, and pillboxes, and river defense line, and entered Germany. We pushed all the way to Pittsburg, before

## EDITORIAL continued

they clung, stubbornly, fiercely, while their victim tried to shake them loose. But they would not, for to release their grip, would be to drop into nothingness, an abyss of extinction...as complete as death itself. They chewed and waited...praying in every fibre of their being for deliverance...which eventually came. Thus was our enemy subdued...thus was he molded into the fawning subservient matter he is today. And thus must he be forced to remain for many years, always remembering those scars on his throat, those pin points of blood that dotted his buttocks, those slashes in his belly, the putrid vomit of fear that stained his blouse, and that last exhausted parry from which he failed to recover.

So our victory is not an empty one. Yes...it is written in the blood of our comrades and the heart-aches of countless millions. It is inscribed with the ruin of buildings, and of churches, and as so many things of beauty that we love. It is endorsed in a lapse of civilization and is signed by the skeletal fingers of the myriads of German slaves. But it is not empty. For with an undefeated, swaggering Germany, nothing in our lives could be wholesome and unblemished. No man could sit at his table and enjoy his repast with the thoughts of starving women and children filling his brain. Nor could he laugh from deep inside him, without the sound catching at his lips while his eyes dimmed with remembrance. Could we have continued with our own petty lives reading through our free press what had been reported as going on in Europe, and then lay aside the newspaper to light a cigarette, we're muttering, "So what?" Could we do this? No...and thank God for our hearts and feelings and sympathetic brains, so that we can pity the down-trodden and bellow with rage at cruelty. Thank God that we are free men, and that our sense of righteousness outweighs our feeling of self-preservation...so that we did go into the field and waged war against our enemy...and defeated him. For then we could lift the oppressed by the hand, so that the winds of freedom could blow through their hair, and the rains of fertility could mix with their tears, and creation could once again be conceived in a peaceful world.



we were detached from XII Corps and attached to the XX. So, we moved again, this time South to Saarburg. The order read to move with all rapidity...and we did. Mardingen, St. Wendel, Kaiserslautern, Bad Dürkheim. We cut through secondary and tertiary lines, finally pulling up just short of the Rhine River. It was during this period, that the Luftwaffe made a last ungalant effort. And it was then that our outfit showed the stuff it was made of, for four or five planes to be shot down in a single day, was not unusual.

We crossed the Rhine at Mainz, and with extra gas loaded on each vehicle, we pursued the enemy anticipating his every svelte and counter-measure. He held up in Kassel, but a little determined infantry action brought him out of cellars and factories, with their hands reaching towards heaven. Kassel was ours. Then East...East...Gotha, Erfurt, Weimar, Gera, and to the very outskirts of Chemnitz. We were deep in the heart of Germany, so we then moved down towards the core of the heart...Bavaria.

We rested in Nuremberg, but not for long. The enemy was tiring. We had to press into his flanks and stomach. We could take him as we wanted him. It was the rivers which offered the greatest obstacles. But we crossed the Danube, noting how very green the river was, and continued South-East into Austria. We moved fast, but not too fast to prevent the news from reaching us that the German armies in Austria had surrendered. We thought: "Is this it...the end?" We were afraid to think it was. Afraid that we would have to hide another disappointment. Afraid of what the unknown future held in store for us. So we waited until we were informed by our own leaders, that the forces opposing us had laid down their arms. The war was over!

The future? This will take care of itself. Nothing you or I may say, shall alter, one iota, the decisions which must be made by our leaders. They have not led us wrong thus far. They have lead us towards a victorious conclusion of the present struggle. We have not failed them in their faith in our abilities...nor shall we fail them.





It is difficult to mention the men who were killed in action without growing viscerously sentimental, because these men, who lived with us closer than brothers, were no abstract part of our lives. They were real...they laughed with us...they argued...they reminisced...they were warm and human and American. They were our comrades. In naming them, we form some definite association with each...a winsome smile...a roughish sense of humor...some intimate characteristics which they displayed.

I know that in their hearts was a tribute to their comrades who would continue the fight. "Salturi te Salutamus...We who are about to die, Salute you."

## IN MEMORIAM

ADAMO, S. LINDBER, R.  
ARSENIAUT, R. MULLIGAN, T.  
BACON, R. NEWMAN, D.  
BAKER, B. NESHIT, J.  
BANTA, J. PARROTT, M.  
CACESSE, J. RUSSO, M.  
CHONOPILIS, N. SANTOSUOSSO, J.  
DEGENNARO, C. SKOLNICK, L.  
DOMUTZ, G. WALLEN, H.  
GOLDBERG, D. WALKER, H.  
HARRISMAN, R. WATTS, H.  
HAMLIN, H. WATTS, J.  
LAING, W. WHITE, L.  
LAFLACA, J. WIKSTROM, H.  
LEVINE, S. WORTMAN, S.  
WRIGHT, H.

## What's New

Since this issue of the ACK-Count is something special in the way of newspapers, we have a couple of special stories for this week's WHAT'S NEW column.

**OUR BRYE COMMANDER**  
The first involves Captain Martellor of Dog Battery who was riding around the back hills of Austria in search of the unusual. There being nothing unusual going on in the vicinity, he was forced to settle for a Major General. It seems this General was in search of an American of equal rank so he could surrender. Captain M. told him that he wasn't a general, but he'd oblige by taking him to a PW cage. The General was very much put out at this. He pouted his lip, and told the Captain that he just wouldn't surrender then. So there. The Captain snickered in his moustache, patted his pea-shooter in a loving manner, and said very quietly, "Oh yeah." This mild form of persuasion seemed to change the General's mind; for he raised his hands over his head so fast, the breeze moved Bruce over two feet. So the General whistled, causing his entire staff to come crawling out of the underbrush, and they followed behind the Captain like good little puppies.

Not to be outdone by one of his Battery Commanders, Colonel Kassel, got himself a Lieutenant General, none other than General Stumply, C.G. of Wehr Kreis XVII of the Austrian Army. It all came about when Chaplain Hayes visited a local monastery to make arrangements for Sunday services. The priest of the monastery confided in Father Hayes, telling him all his troubles, chief among them being his harboring of the General, who wanted to be taken prisoner in the worst way. The Chaplain, deciding that the job at hand was a military rather than a clerical task, informed our C.G. who single-handedly took the General. Chalk up another on the board.

Cooperation is one thing, but when it is given by an active enemy, then it's one for the books. Just the other day, 1st Sgt Marty Myhre while traveling in a jeep on a little-used road, slipped off the muddy shoulder onto an even muddier patch of ground. To be completely

## PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

Our Father Who art in Heaven, from the deepest recesses of our hearts, we humbly thank Thee for the victory of our Armed Forces over the evil designs of our enemy. We shall praise Thee with unceasing gratitude, for guiding the minds of our leaders and directing their footsteps towards the path of righteousness. You have led, by Thy Grace, O Lord, our brave armies of men, to stamp out the threat of paganism and slavery that hung over the world.

Your Providence, indeed, has spared our country the appalling experiences of bombed cities, blazing homes, flame-sweet streets, mass murders and starvation. For this dear Lord, we are deeply grateful.

We mourn, of course, the loss of our valiant brothers, who have given their lives for the defense of their native-land and in behalf of all liberty-loving peoples throughout the world. In our mourning, however, we are not without hope and consolation, for the blood they have shed, is the seed of a peace-loving world to come.

Finally, we call upon Thee, O Father of Might, to give us complete victory over those adversaries who still persist in waging War against Justice, Tolerance, and Thy Law. May our victory be quick and complete, so that returning again to our homes and loved ones, we may praise Thee, love Thee and serve Thee all the days of our life.

AMEN.

CHAPLAIN HAYES

comy, Myhre mired down. And not even his superb knowledge of the inner mechanisms of a jeep or his mighty physical frame could budge the bug. Stopping his arduous labors to mop the perspiration from his brow, he noticed about twenty Germans, late of the Wehrmacht, coming out of the woods, and making in his direction. The perspiration disappeared, as did his rusty...that is...rusty carbine. The Jerries, however, made it quite clear that they wanted only a chance to give up. Marty, a glint of an idea lighting his eye, told the soldiers that he couldn't take them prisoners unless they could get his bug unstuck. The Jerries, with full cooperative spirit, tugged and grunted, but evidently they hadn't been getting full rations for a long time, because they couldn't budge the jeep. "Wait vun minoot", one of the Jerries said in flawless English, "I will go unt get horses mit wagen." And true to his word, he was back in five minutes with a couple of horses and a wagon. We still don't know what the wagon was for, but the horses did get the jeep back on the road. But now, another problem presented itself. Myhre had promised the Germans he would take them prisoner if they got him out of the mud, but now it looked like he would have to break his word, since he didn't think he could get twenty Krauts in the bug. The problem was quickly solved, when the leader of the Jerries told him that they had a truck, so Marty led them down the road to the PW cages, passing thousands of other German soldiers who literally begged to be taken prisoner also. Myhre told them that they would have to hood it in. When he reached the W cage, Marty told the Jerries to drive right in, but he didn't stick around to find out what happened. As he drove off, he saw an officer come running out towards him, yelling, "What the hell is coming off here."

This week, winds up the Claims Section of the ACK-COUNT, since open season on Jerry planes is over. This last week, though, showed an addition of four planes to the Category I column. The first one was a Bu 161 (that's a new one), which Battery B knocked down. Battery A also got a first...a Ju 52, which was leading in the wrong direction. It didn't go anywhere from how on. Dog Battery got a FW 190 just before the final whistle blew, and A and D have a split claim for a He 111. Right it out, boys,



As mentioned previously in this issue, the men of this battalion have built up quite an enviable record, both as individuals and teams. Not all have been decorated, and though the below-listed awards and decorations were made to specific individuals and teams, you can rest assured that these same men realize that their accomplishments would have been impossible without the cooperation of their comrades-in-arms.

## INDIVIDUAL AWARDS

## Soldiers' Medals

MULLIGAN, T., 7/5 PAGE, G., 2nd Lt  
PATSON, F., Sgt

## Silver Stars

HUTMAN, R., Pfc POLLARD, W., Pfc

## Bronze Star Medal for Heroic Achievement

BROWN, H., 7/5 KESZYINCI, R., 7/5  
CAMPBELL, E., Cpl LEACH, W., Cpl  
CANDLER, W., Capt MASTELLAR, B., Capt  
CURLLEY, H., Cpl MESSER, W., Pfc  
DRUSH, M., S/Sgt MOUSEL, G., Pvt  
HAYES, W., Capt SWITZKY, M., Sgt  
HESLIN, J., 2nd Lt SPERAW, J., Sgt  
HOLLIFIELD, R., Pfc STREET, J., Pvt  
HUGHES, J., Pvt TILPSON, A., S/Sgt  
JAFEE, J., 7/4 WESEMEYER, J., Pvt  
KESTER, G., Pvt WORTMAN, S., Capt

## Bronze Star Medal for Meritorious Service

CARLSON, G., 1/Sgt MAZZEI, J., Lt Col  
DOWD, F., Capt MILLER, G., Maj  
GERHART, C., Capt NOON, M., S/Sgt  
GUILD, W., 1st Lt PAGE, G., 2nd Lt  
HELMKON, E., M/Sgt PARLISSE, E., 7/Sgt  
JONES, C., Capt RELLIN, K., 1/Sgt  
KUTZ, M., Pvt RIOS, D., S/Sgt  
LUNARIC, A., S/Sgt SEBES, J., Maj  
MANDERINO, S., Cpl SEGAL, B., Capt  
MATOLA, J., Pfc STEWARD, J., M/Sgt

## Certificates of Merit

SEBES, J., Maj. WORTMAN, S., Capt

## Croix de Guerre

BAKER, B., Cpl \* HESLIN, J., 2nd Lt  
CURLLEY, H., Cpl SANITSKY, M., Sgt

## \* Posthumously Awarded

## Purple Hearts

ACOSTA, P., Pvt KNORR, R., 7/4  
ANTONIAZZI, L., Pvt KNOTT, J., Pvt  
ARSENIAUT, R., Pvt KUTZ, M., Pvt  
ATHAY, R., Capt KYAK, G., 7/5  
AUSTIN, L., Pvt LEACH, E., Cpl  
BISCHOFF, E., Pvt LENZ, E., Pfc  
BISHOP, M., Pfc LEVINE, A., 7/5  
BISHOP, R., 1st Lt MAHNS, A., Pfc  
BOLDO, N., Pvt MARKOWITZ, S., S/Sgt  
BOZKE, E., Pfc MARTIN, C., Cpl  
BRETHOLTZ, J., Pfc MAZZEI, J., Lt Col  
BYDOLSKI, S., 7/5 \* MILLER, G., Pvt  
CARR, W., Pfc MOUTON, E., Cpl  
CHACHO, P., Pvt MUELLER, W., Pfc  
CHAPLIN, J., Pfc MURPHY, J., Pvt  
CIPRO, H., 7/4 MUSICK, G., Pfc  
CLARK, E., Pvt NELLIS, A., Sgt  
COMBS, R., Pvt NEWMAN, A., Pfc  
COWARD, L., Pfc PELKEY, A., Pfc  
DAVIS, C., 7/5 RALEY, R., 7/5  
DEGENNARO, G., Pfc RIGGS, D., Pvt  
DEGUTIS, E., 7/Sgt RIVERA, R., Pvt  
DRUSH, M., S/Sgt ROSENSTEIN, R., 7/5  
EDWARDS, T., Pvt ROSKOS, L., 7/5  
SCHMEISER, A., Pvt

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## AWARDS AND DECORATIONS continued

## Purple Hearts

|                      |                        |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| EMIA, F., Pfc        | SILIPO, E., 1st Lt     |
| ENGLAND, W., Pvt     | SEELHORST, L., Pfc     |
| ENNIS, R., Cpl       | SILORA, J., Pfc        |
| EVANITSKY, J., Pvt   | SHELSON, K., Cpl       |
| FEDONICK, E., T/5    | SATO, M., Pvt          |
| FERRANTE, R., Cpl    | SERAW, J., Sgt         |
| FERRI, A., Pvt       | THOMAS, A., Cpl        |
| FETTI, L., Pfc       | THOMPSON, N., Pvt      |
| FISSELL, M., Pvt     | TROUTMAN, J., T/5      |
| FLEISCHMAN, F., Pfc  | TUCKER, G., Pvt *      |
| FLOREY, J., Pvt      | TURKES, J., T/4        |
| FORGACH, D., Pfc     | VAHEY, J., Sgt         |
| FRITZ, W., Pvt       | VOSS, G., Pvt *        |
| GACH, F., Pfc        | UNDERWOOD, A., Sgt     |
| GATTS, F., Pfc       | WASHER, F., Pvt        |
| GENOVESE, J., Pvt    | WATSON, K., Pfc        |
| GLICKMAN, J., Capt   | WEINFLASH, F., 1st Lt  |
| GROSELEY, M., Pfc    | WESMEYER, R., Pfc      |
| GUTTSCHIN, F., S/Sgt | WEATHERINGTON, J., Pvt |
| HANSEN, L., S/Sgt    | WIKSTROM, H., Capt     |
| HART, W., 1st Lt     | WILSON, E., T/5 *      |
| HARVEY, M., T/5      | WORTHMAN, S., Capt     |
| HESLIN, J., 2nd Lt   | WOYCHUK, W., 2nd Lt    |
| HOLLIS, D., Pvt      | WRIGHT, H., T/5        |
| HYSLER, C., Pvt      | YELVERTON, K., Capt    |
| KERNER, M., Cpl      | YOUNKIN, R., T/5       |
| KLINAR, H., Pvt      | ZIDERSMAN, J., T/5     |
| KNIGHT, N., Pvt      | MOCHIBET, J., Cpl      |

\* Cluster

## BATTERY AWARDS

## Luftwaffe vs 633d AA

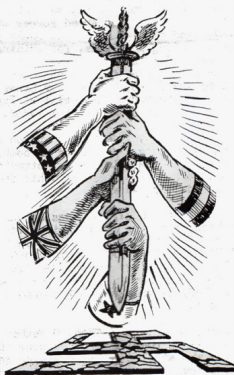
| Btry | E/a engaged | Destroyed | Prob. Destroyed | Damaged |
|------|-------------|-----------|-----------------|---------|
| A    | 42          | 8         | 3               | 0       |
| B    | 60          | 9         | 2               | 0       |
| C    | 19          | 5         | 2               | 1       |
| D    | 34          | 4         | 1               | 0       |

## Prisoners of War

Hq: 33 A: 240 B: 308 C: 50 D: 137

## TOMORROW'S WORLD

They are sitting in San Francisco...the men who are to decide the fate of tomorrow's world. The hands that wielded the sword, now grip the pen. The fingers that drove the blade into the heart of the Nazi myth, now shape that blade into a scythe. The eyes that looked through the blue shadows of despair, can now face into the sun of a new day.



To date, three battle participation stars have been awarded this battalion, with two anticipated.

1. Normandy Campaign
2. Northern France Campaign
3. German Campaign

## ODYSSEY

\* \* \* \*

We've done a lot of kidding, about the old 24th. They froze their ears in Iceland, for its cold way up north. Then they trotted down to England; some guys did get home. But the new AA battalion drowned its tears in Brown Ale foam.

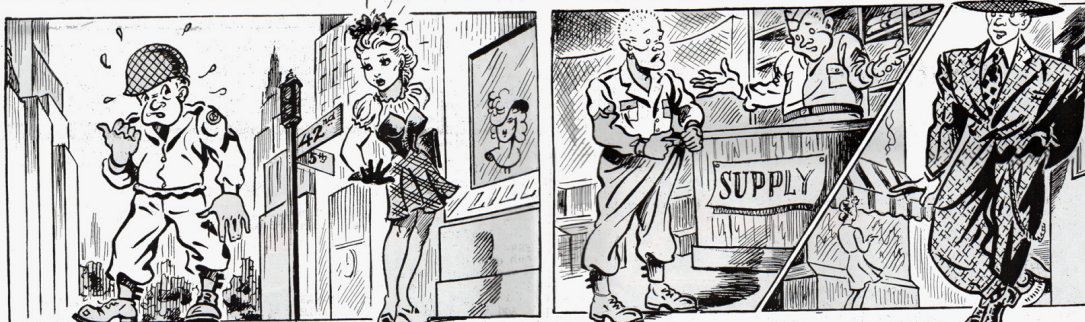
Then along came mighty recruits, a rugged lot they were. For they'd finished basic training with a zeal beyond compare. Soon the King got mighty tired of this noisy bunch of Yanks. And declared a D Day, pronto, and the lineys murmured "Thanks".

The French made quite a welcome for these troops so fresh and strong. Their wine, their song, their women, made us feel like "we belong". There were many nasty battles, the quads and before know. That it costs a lot of anguish to be part of this great show.

The Moselle, the Siegfried slowed us, but the Rhine gave all the ground. And when we crossed the German border, not a Nazi could be found. After lots of speculation, the Rhine was crossed with ease. And we walked through Jerry rubble with the people on their knees.

Now in Austria, On VE Day, our hearts are light and gay. The war is really over, its the Heineins judgement day. Now the old Joes and the new ones will make a lot of talk. But the CSI may need us. Now go ahead and squawk.

Cpl "Ed" Moulton



"VOULEZ-VOUS COUGH...ER, I MEAN -- HELLO...."

THE GUY WHO GAVE THE SUPPLY SOT. SO MUCH TROUBLE: EVERYTHING WAS ALWAYS TOO LARGE!

## ODD ITEMS

...this battalion has sent home fourteen men and three officers.  
 ...we have expended the following ammunition: 40mm M-51 425209  
 Ground roles: 167 139196  
 Against a/c :6021  
 ...we have 386 days of combat service.  
 ...two NCOs and one WO were given battlefield promotions to 2nd Lt.  
 ...at one time or another, some men of the battalion were in Iceland, Scotland, England, Wales, France, Belgium, Germany, Luxembourg, and Austria.  
 ...the battalion participated in six major ground roles. They were: Mt. Toulon-Mt. St. Jean, Seille River crossing, St. Avoil, Maseclat, Siegfried Line, and Saarburg.  
 ...we have manned at one time or another the 15mm, the 90mm, the 40mm, the 37mm, the .50 caliber M-51 and half track, the single .50 caliber, searchlights, and controlled a submarine minefield.



... AND THIS ONE IS FOR THE CAMPAIGN AT MONTGOMERY ...

## ACK-COUNT CONTINUES

Just because the war has ended, doesn't mean that the ACK-COUNT will go out of business. On the contrary the post-war editions will be even more interesting than those published in the past. You will no longer have to sweat over plane silhouettes and the latest dope on mines and booty traps. Instead, there will be social items of varied type, including everything that is going on in the batteries. You will be given the latest info on rehabilitation and the Education program offered by the Army. You will get the latest notes on battalion activity, and the best artistic efforts of Austin.

We cannot possibly do all this by ourselves. We must have your help and cooperation. Send us anything you think the rest of the boys would be interested in reading...even poetry will be printed. Send us gag lines, cartoons, jokes (not too be-smugged)...just about anything.