

FOR THE 546TH TIME

AN UNOFFICIAL UNIT HISTORY OF
THE 546TH SIGNAL BASE DEPOT CO.



By SAUL SOKOL & MORTON L. HUFF

Nazis Quit in Holland, Denmark, North Reich

Nazi Army Group Quits; Norway's Fall Expected

The Red Flag Replaces the Swastika Over the Reichstag



Only Few Pockets Left in the West

Army Reveals Plan to Release 650,000 in ETO

Total Surrender Near

Germans in the North Surrendering to Montgomery



British Cabinet In Special Session

VICTORY

Nazis Reveal Surrender

To U.S. and Allied Forces

FOREWORD

The 546th Signal Base Depot Company cannot boast of any long service in this past war -- it was activated too late in the game.

Nor can it boast of any combat records, of vanquishing the enemy at a given point, of capturing any German positions. The 546th Signal Base Depot Company was not meant to go into combat -- nor did it.



SAUL SOKOL

The 546th arrived overseas as a rear, rear echelon unit, supplying signal equipment wherever needed. It was to operate a signal depot, possibly as part of a general depot. The men who were assigned to the unit were for the most part limited service, men with slight physical defects that disqualified them from combat duty.

The 546th reached within 70 miles of the fighting front, which is something to be proud of, considering the unit should have been placed some 700 miles behind the front.

And once settled to the task of operating Signal Depot S-859 at Toul, France, the 546th rolled up its sleeves & took immediately to the job of furnishing the American 7th & French 1st Armies with badly needed signal supplies; and no matter the time of day or night, the men displayed unusual industry, quickly and efficiently performing their

duties with unselfish devotion and patriotism.

When the war ended with Germany, the men of the 546th could proudly extend their collective chest and point with pride to the record they had established: The unloading of 137 railway cars in a single 24-hour period.

The story told in these few pages, then, is not a combat story; rather it is a detailed account of the trials and tribulations of the men of the 546th Signal Base Depot Company reviewed & written several years after the conclusion of World War II.

December 1, 1948



MORTON HUFF

*Saul Sokol
Morton L. Huff*



The question on your mind was not whether HELL was located above or below the surface of the earth; but rather whether it was Camp Wood or Camp Edison, both under the jurisdiction of Fort Monmouth, New Jersey.

The men who joined the 546th Signal Base Depot Company at Camp Wood will swear up and down that Camp Wood was it; and the men who joined the 546th at Camp Edison will cuss up and down that Camp Edison was it; but the men who were at both places will utter with harsh profanity that all three places were synonymous, and no question about it!

Camp Edison is where the outfit first saw the early light of day, being activated in accordance with TO & E 11-597, dated 23 November 1943, effective 0545 Hours, per letter file AG 322, subject: Disbandment, Constitution and Activation of Certain Signal Units, War Department, Washington, D.C., dated 21 August 1944, per General Order No. 83, Hq Eastern Signal Corps Unit Training Center, Fort Monmouth, New Jersey.

And there, in one breathe, you have it!

Three men were immediately assigned to the Company and have the distinction of being its charter members: Captain John W. McMillan, Lt. William P. Bulger, and First Sergeant James S. Chambers. On the 19th of September 1944, the 546th actually commenced operations. At Camp Edison, a site was chosen for the 546th's headquarters, consisting of a barrack for administration and three rows of squad tents for living quarters.



In two weeks, as the T/O started to fill, the 546th skeleton began taking a definite shape. Immediately, it commenced its POM (rhymes with TOM) training. POM stood for Preparation for Overseas Movement. Within a week, the outfit was given POM furloughs---meaning one's last before sailing overseas.

Back from furlough, the unit was to commence its:

- (1) POM Training
- (2) Unit Training
- (3) On-the-Job Training
- (4) Advance-On-the-Job Training
- (5) En-training

Beautiful "eyewash" charts were hung on the wall and S Sgt. James F. Taney given the job of keeping it up to date. For instance, when John Futch, Dewey Fawkins, Charles Rimpo, Fred Gile, John Callahan, Richard Dann, and Bob Dreger were given Typhoid shots, it was Taney's job to transpose them to POM cards, thence to the POM chart. Working under Plans & Training Officer, Dale E. Liken, Taney spent many hours performing his duty while the rest of the outfit: Took more immunization shots in their arms, engaged themselves in arduous physical training, viewed for the 20th time training films on the Articles of War, Sex Hygiene, etc., received instructions on field training, participated in informal school room discussions of depot operations, stood rigid inspections, and took part in close order drills.

On the 14th of November, the outfit was accorded a "good deal" when it was sent to Holabird Signal Depot, Baltimore, Md., to receive "On-the-Job Training." Here the men actually worked on jobs expected of them when they reached their overseas destination. Men who were assigned to the Stock Control Section of the 546th, were placed in Stock Control jobs at Holabird; men who were assigned to the Ship-



ping Section, were given like jobs with the Shipping Section at Holabird, and so on down the line with all the various sections of the Company. This way most men picked up badly-needed practical experience. But the nicest thing about the depot was the fact that it was conveniently situated within the confines of Baltimore.

Five weeks were spent at Baltimore and back to Camp Wood went the 546th to: take field training at Allaire; to hope for Xmas leave; to commence its "Advance-on-the-Job Training."

Advance-on-the-job training consisted of reconverting two barracks into "warehouses". Working in conjunction with another depot company, equipment was received through the front door and tallied in; records were sent to the Stock Control Section (also in the same barracks) for posting; then the stock was placed into its appropriate places, awaiting orders to ship out again through the back door by the Shipping Section...to the other depot outfit that had originally sent it. In other words, the stock was going around in circles.

During the last week in January 1944, everyone was given three-day passes. Early part of the following week, the unit moved to Camp Kilmer to await Port Call.

Camp Kilmer is where they give you your final check-up before making that boat ride. Here, they give you new clothing, if you need it; shots in the arm, whether you need it or not; gas mask drill; more dull movies; boat drill; entrainment drill, and various equipment that might later come in handy. Passes were given a few times to visit New York City. Mum was the word----no telephone calls, no letters home telling that you were at Camp Kilmer, no nothin'. It was here that we received our first APO number, which was 11024, c/o PM, N.Y. and it was here that your first mail censorship commenced.



Four-thirty on the afternoon of February 6th, the outfit assembled, dressed in O.D. uniform, wearing steel helmets, full packs, carbines--and marched about a half-mile to the station. The unit entrained and at 5:30 PM started the journey that was not to end until it arrived at Toul, France, almost a month and a half later.

The train took you to Jersey City, New Jersey. There you caught a ferry and arrived at Pier 262 at 8:00 PM. You were greeted with music from a WAC band. Somehow, a thrill shot up your collective spines. The Red Cross was there to greet you with hot coffee, milk and donuts. You lined up in four columns. A man at the dock called your last name: "Mathews!" You answered with your first name: "Daniel!" and up the gangplank you went, excited. You lugged your duffel bag up the plank, down the hall, then down into the hold. Luckily, the 546th was the last outfit to board the S.S. Mt. Vernon. That meant you were to receive the best location aboard, Compartments, B-2 and B-3. It also meant that all the boat's worse details were already assigned to other less fortunate units.

Next day, 7 February 1945, the Mt. Vernon tooted its low resounding horn, lifted its heavy anchors, and began its lonely 8-day journey across the huge, black Atlantic Ocean. This was at 2:00 PM. The Morning Report of that date carried the following remark: "Left the USA via ship 1400 destination unknown--NY 262." That short sentence, containing 10 simple words was the Army's way of telling that the 546th Signal Base Depot Company had completed all of its training and was now heading towards Europe to put to test against an enemy all it had learned.

For the first time, you felt seasick. In a few moments, you passed the Statue of Liberty and that was a thrill to behold! You turned around and gazed with veneration at New York's beautiful skyline, exalted as it appeared on that sunny day. After a few minutes, you began your daily schedule of doing nothing. That is, if you weren't an ardent reader like Karl Witzel or Carl Yurachek, or an ardent card player like Herbie Friedlander or Frank Price. If you were a guy like Ray Dunn or Pete Zasso, or Henry Shapiro, you'd just lay around on your bunk or walk around on the deck. But for the most part, you'd engage yourself in the following routine:



6:30 AM	Chow
7:00	Poker
8:30	Inspection ("Everyone Topside")
9:00	Poker
9:30	Boat Drill
10:00	Poker
11:30	Chow
12:01 PM	Poker
4:30	Chow
5:00	Poker
6:15	Lights Out
8:00	Raid Mess Hall, if lucky, chow; if not, bed.

You were a little frightened, crossing the huge Atlantic Ocean without an escort and the sinking of a troopship the previous month was nothing to sneeze at. The sight of an airplane flying overhead was most welcomed.

Rumor had it that you zig-zagged all the way across, changing your course every seven minutes, because it took longer than that for the enemy to put the bead on your ship is he wanted to torpedo it.

Judging by rumor and atmospheric conditions, your boat pulled out of New York and headed straight South along the eastern seaboard. Near Florida, your vessel turned toward Europe.

When you got close to Europe, your boat must have made a sharp turn Northward because you came through the North Channel, southward past the Firth of Clyde where Northern Ireland almost touches Scotland, down into the Irish Sea and finally on the 16th of February at 6:00 PM, arrived at the port of Liverpool, England.



The outfit debarked, carrying full field packs and led by MP's, began marching to the railway station about eight streets away. Passing an old woman on the street, you could hear her tittering; and an old priest stood on the corner and blessed you as you went marching by.

At the railroad station, you had to wait about a half-hour until your transportation was made ready. In the meantime, dirty little English children began to mingle through the ranks. You heard and enjoyed your first cockney here:

" 'Ave ya any goom?"

" Goom, what's that?"

" Chewin' goom!" And you smiled with the dawn of light.

These children---you couldn't help but feel sorry for them---begged for anything from matches, combs and pennies to books and magazines.

Tired and weary, you finally boarded the train and here, too, you received your first glimpse of "limey" trains, with coaches divided into compartments seating about eight men, four on each side, facing one another.

American Red Cross gals were on the job, passing out donuts and hot coffee. (What, no milk? Not over here, buddy!) At 7:50 PM, your blacked-out train departed Liverpool.

Next morning at 5:15 AM, you arrived at Andover Junction, Hants, in the southern part of England. A motor convoy was there to meet you and you were trucked to Barton-Stacey, Area C, a hole in the ground, if there ever was one. Arriving there at 6:30 AM, the old snafu game of finding an area was played upon you, and after walking around in circles, you finally found shelter. By this time, the sun had yawned, stretched, and risen from his sack of night, so you ate breakfast, then went out to find straw to stuff your mattress cover, and plop! Into bed!



Barton-Stacey was a pre-D-Day camp. You could see the training grounds, the slit trenches here and there where D-Day combat troops had trained months before. And of course, the walls of the barracks contained names of persons, names of outfits, jokes, and dirty jokes.

It was here that you were to patiently wait until your TAT (To Accompany Troops) equipment could catch up with the outfit. During this wait, Lt. Morton Huff was conducting short hikes into the beautiful English countryside, while Lt. Dale Liken was organizing the softball team, while Lt. Irving Shulbank was operating "C" Area Mess Hall (and starving the troops), while Capt. John McMillan was commanding the Company, while Lt. Leo Cohen was Executive-Officering it; while Lt. William Bulger and Lt. Joe Talesnick were worrying about the supplies and while WOJG James Roberts was worrying about how to convert his field bag full of American money into English pounds. Mr. Roberts was the only one to sleep on his worries, going to bed with a .45 automatic and using the money as a pillow.

The critical food shortage caught up with you here, and the amount of food served at meals was nothing more than an appetizer; the men emerging from the mess hall hungrier than when they entered. Never did a slice of bread taste better than a chocolate soda.

In the meantime, men were rationed passes to nearby towns and cities. Andover and Winchester were visited by most of the men and all were given the opportunity to visit London. Those who went to London saw sights never to be forgotten: the section of London that was leveled by bombs; the more fortunate places such as the House of Parliament, Big Ben, 10 Downing Street, Westminster Abbey, Buckingham Palace, St. Peter's Cathedral, etc.



It was at 12:45 AM. Saturday night had telescoped itself into early Sunday morning when First Sergeant Chambers ran into your barracks, excitedly with:

"O.K., boys, outa bed! This is it!"

You growled, rolled around in your bed. "Hells, bells, only got an hour of sleep!"

But Sgt. Chambers continued:

"Fall out in an hour, wearing your full field pack and assemble in front of the orderly room. And carry your duffel bag with you!"

So you rushed like mad, tearing your bed apart, rolling up your blankets, making them fit into your tent roll, making a horse-shoe roll out of it, gearing yourself up---then sweeping out the barracks----and hi-tailing it to the orderly room with your heavy duffel bag. Here, you saw other men rushing supplies upon trucks.

It's 2:30 AM now----you fall into a formation----answer roll call and receive your order:

"Carry your duffel bag to the Motor Pool!"

So you pick up your 75-pound bag, a-swearing & a-cussing; then throw it over your shoulder. Motor Pool is a good mile away----and it almost kills you to carry the duffel bag that far. But the more you cuss, the heavier it gets; so you become disgusted and throw the damned bag upon the ground and rest upon it. But just for a few seconds. Then you get up, grab the bag's belt, and begin dragging it over the stoney ground with a: "T'hell with it, anyway!"



You finally reach the Motor Pool and throw your duffel bag upon the heap--and sit down to rest----for another few seconds: "O.K., fall in over here----on the double!" You kindly oblige, and rush over to where they're falling in.

It's 3:15 AM now---and you begin a road march.

It's enjoyable at first, 'cause you laugh and exchange jokes and 'cause you assume the railroad station must be up ahead, just a wee bit; ha, but you are wrong and you realize this after the first few miles go by and still no railroad station.

The heavy pack on your back causes you to stoop and, brother, you really begin to cuss like mad. Finally, you hear the command to take ten minutes. So the first thing you do is go to the edge of the road, remove the heavy pack, and fall to the ground. And just when your body hits the ground, the agonizing command of "Fall In!" greets your ears. You put on your pack, cuss some more, and again begin the road march.

Few guys try to sing, but who can sing when you're so miserable? You look at a guy like Henry Shapiro, sweating bucketsful of water and wonder how in the heck he's able to hike it; and you look at Karl Titus limping along, silently, and you wonder how in the heck he's able to walk so far----so you quit cussin', just keep marchin'....marchin'.....marchin'.....

And in the midst of all your miseries, in the midst of that black, miserable night came the laughing voice of Austin J. Boyle: "What I can't understand for the life of me is why they AREN'T making us CARRY our duffel bag, too, on this ten mile hike to the station!"

It's 5:00 AM now and the railroad station at Sutton Scotney is in sight. You sigh, thank god! Other troops are here, troops that were fortunate enough to have transportation furnished. Another ten minute break is allowed, after which you are herded onto the waiting train.

On the train, you instantly remove all equipment, sit down, and fall asleep. The train, nevertheless, pulls out at 0600, 4 March 1945, and arrives at Southampton at 0730, same day.



PERRY, DUNN, WAUGH



VALINOTI, FOX, GINSBURG



DE TURRIS



FAULKNER, NODEAN, Mc KELVEY



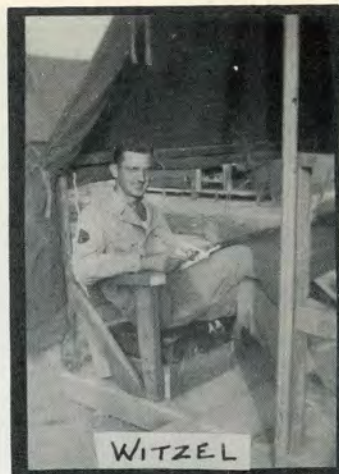
REITZ



MESS HALL .. Toul
SMITH, MANUEL, CASEY



PATTI



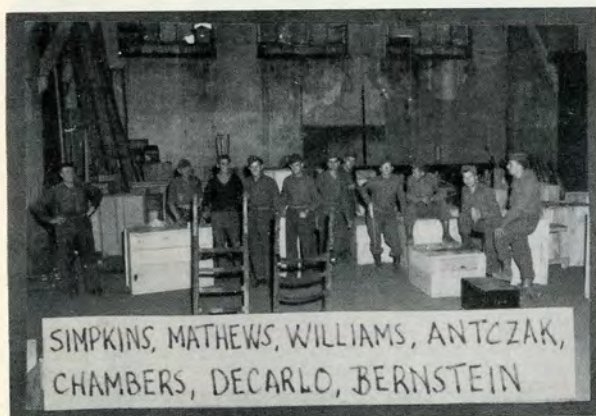
WITZEL



JACQUES PERON



CALLAHAN, ROSEN, MONTAVON,
MIZESKI, COHEN, ROSENBLATT



SIMPKINS, MATHEWS, WILLIAMS, ANTZAK,
CHAMBERS, DECARLO, BERNSTEIN



MIZESKI, SCAGLIONE, McCORMICK



From the train you are dumped into a large warehouse where you line up and are fed hot coffee and donuts. At 12 noon, you are boarded upon a steamship which departs Southampton at 4:30 in the afternoon for an unknown destination.

Unknown destination turns out to be Le Havre and you land in France on D-Day plus 272, March 5th. Looking over the ship's rails you can see the terrific beating "The Harbor" took on Invasion Week.

You are about the last unit to leave ship----this is about 1:30 AM on the 6th day of March, 1945. It is drizzling rain and you are carrying those gawd-awful heavy packs again. They pile you onto trucks, make you stand up for a half hour until all the trucks are loaded. Forty-five minutes later, you arrive in a pouring rain at Transit Area B, Chanor Base Section, APO 228.

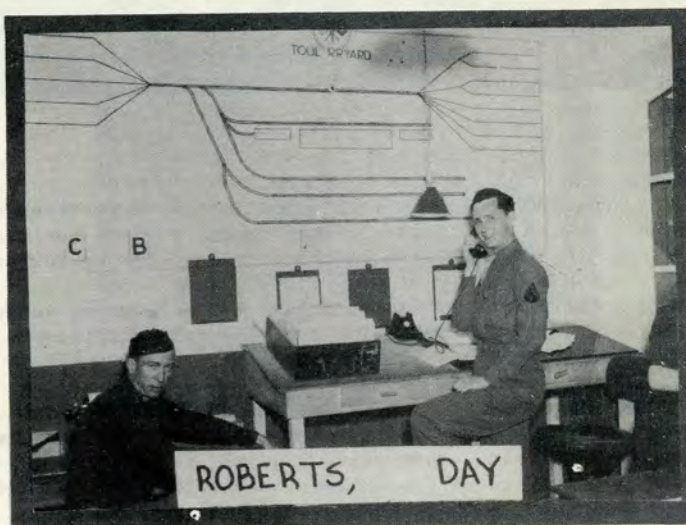
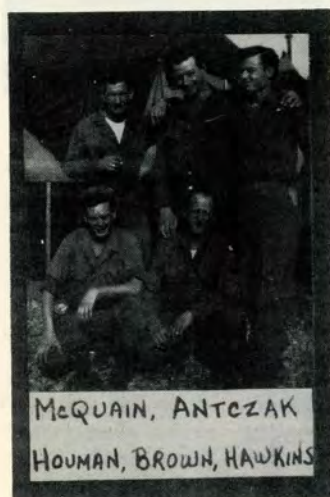
Ha, so you thought Barton Stacey was a hole----hmmmmph----this place had it beat to pieces. You get off the truck, line up, and wait.....in the rain.....and sloppy mud. Your officers go around looking for shelter. Eventually, they find it. You are then led through ankle deep mud to your quarters---a squad tent. Inside, you find a wet cot in the dark, unfold it, throw your raincoat upon it and by 4:00 in the morning, you're dead asleep.

Next morning, you "to-hell" breakfast in favor of sleeping until dinner. The long chow lines are disgusting and the huge mess tent stinks to high heaven.

Here, your schedule was easy: at 10 AM, weapon and tent inspection; an afternoon hike to nearby villages and stuff like that there. But the rigid order of the day was: Shave once every 24 hours whether you need it or not!

On the 11th of March, at an orientation meeting, Captain McMillan announced:

"Well, men, I can't tell you where we're going----but I will say that we're moving forward in a few days, far enough toward the front to earn a Battle Star!"





URYNIAK, KELLY



SPANN, GILE, SIMPKINS,
LOWERY, WISEMAN

On the 13th of March, the 546th received Movement Order No. 3-107, File No. AG 370.5, Hq Northern District, Normandy Base Section, Com Z, ETO, APO 562, dated 9 March 1945. So you packed again, piled into trucks and left at 5:00 PM, arriving at Le Havre's badly-bombed railroad station at 6:00 PM. You then boarded the train and at 7:45, chug-chugged out of the famous Port City.

At 11 AM on the 14th of March, you arrived in Paris at the St. Lizare railroad station. Then you walked about ten streets to another station, Gare de L'Est. Here you remained nine hours within the confines of the station.

Gare de L'Est is a big station, containing many shops and beer joints. You ate at the Red Cross, drank for the first time real French Cognac, and bought French post cards. At 9:00 PM, you departed Paris for your destination.

Friday, March 15th was a nice, warm day. Especially at 12:20 PM, when your train arrived, finally, at TOUL, FRANCE. So this was the place where you've been training for all these months!

You were transported to your quarters at a "Caserne" that was formerly General Giraut's favorite Cavalry School. The Unit took over a dirty brick building, performed wonders in the process of cleaning it up and making it habitable.

The fighting combat zone was some 70 miles away at Saarbrucken, so you were in comparatively safe territory. Several weeks before, the Germans had parachuted several spies, disguised as French civilians; but they had been caught by the alert French, taken to the back of our quarters, stood up against the wall, and shot. You could still see the bullet holes in the wall.

Next door to you was a Navy Detachment with "duck boats" awaiting orders from General Patton's Third Army to move up and cross the Rhine.

The job immediately on hand was to consolidate the freight at Depot S-859 arriving from depots closing down at Auxonne and Thaone. Your depot drew on the 1813th Labor Supervision Company for 350 German POW's. By the end of April, this was increased to some 540.



After cleaning up your barracks so that it shone like a celestial star, you received orders to move. It seemed that your area was to become a Convalescent Center, housing some 3000 hospital beds. A little reluctant, you packed your bags and spent the evening moving.

Your new location was handier---located across the road from the depot. Here also you cleaned up, and in due time had built a little cement dance floor in the back yard; installed a radio-phonograph system; held a few dances----and in general enjoyed the town of TOUL.

When CONAD (Continental Advance Section) moved to Manneheim, Germany, the 546th was released from assignment thereto and reassigned to Oise Intermediate Section, effective 1 April 1945.

During the early part of May 1945, the chief mission of the 546th was the handling of a very heavy flow of Signal equipment arriving chiefly from Miramas, Le Havre, Antwerp, Paris, Cherbourg, and Rouen. Operations reached a peak during the 3rd, 4th, and 5th days of May when the record car unloading was 137 cars in a single 24-hour period.

On the 7th day of May 1945, the surrender of Germany was unofficially announced. The unit marched in a parade of U.S. Army, French Army and liberated members of the Russian Army. This took place at 10 AM, through the main streets of TOUL.

On the 8th of May, you again marched in the official V-Day parade.

Victory over Germany changed the whole picture in Europe; the job of transferring all non-essential troops to the South Pacific area became the immediate job of higher headquarters. In this mad scramble to ship as many troops as possible, was the 546th Signal Base Depot Company caught.



RICE, LOFFREDA, VOSS, FOX



HAWKINS, MANUEL



SPERLING, GILE, DE CARLO, PIPER, HANSEN, VIVIANI



EMIG



RIMPO, FAULKNER, DUNN, McKELVEY



MAIS, LEVASSEUR



GILSTRAP, SIMPKINS, GILE



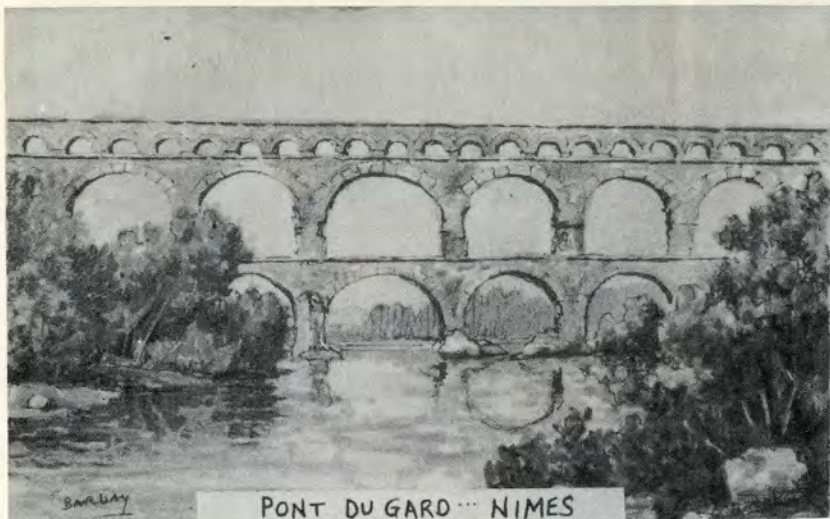
ARENA...ARLES



CASERNE...TOUL



HANSEN, McCORMICK



PONT DU GARD... NIMES



DREGER



SCAGLIONE, MIZESKI



STREET SCENE... NANCY



EIFFEL TOWER



CORSETTO



MIZESKI, FELDMAN



ROSENBLATT, SHAPIRO, GILSTRAP,
FUTCH, DANN, BELZER.



BOWMAN, HUCKABEE, WAUGH

Accordingly, on June 21st, you departed your home away from home, TOUL, and via trucks, arrived at Epinal. There you boarded box cars. The excursion by rail thru Dijon, Lyon to the Marseille Staging Area (No. 3), Arles, France was a most pleasant one. You erected cots, and could lie down on them and watch the scenery go by. Much better than piling into stuffy coaches. On the 23rd of June, you hit Arles.



ARLES STAGING AREA

Or rather and more correctly, Arles hit you! When the Good Lord Above changed the earth from the unformed and void to what it is today, He must have overlooked Arles. This place was big, miles long and wide---dirty, deserted and dusty. On this barren & waste land, the Army had erected tents and called it Arles Staging Area.

Arles wasn't so bad--if you could acclimate yourself to the hot sun and dust. The chow line was long and after you finally received it, you sat down on the ground and as you were sitting there in the dust, eating, along would come the dusty "Mistrel" wind and blanket your meal with a thick coating of red dust.

Here, you were issued more equipment and clothes; here if you walked about three miles to an open air theater, you might be able to see Bob Hope in person and other well-known USO acts. Every other evening you could take a shower in specially constructed army showers.

You were permitted to visit Marseilles as were 50,000 other GI's, but the



RAILROAD STATION .. MARSEILLES

long bumpy trip by truck to that cosmopolitan city wasn't worth the trouble or pleasure --so you remained close to your quarters waiting for the good word to "load up", and hoped the boat would go to the U.S. for a 30-day delay enroute to the South Pacific.

On the 21st of July 1945 you were transferred from Arles to Miramas, France, to help operate Signal Depot S-863 at Miramas General Depot.

Here the main job



was: completing the rewarehousing plan by space factor; improving & enlarging the straight-line production setup for signal equipment maintenance, fungus proofing water-proofing and packaging of all stock for "AOP" shipping; and expanding the Re-deployment Section.

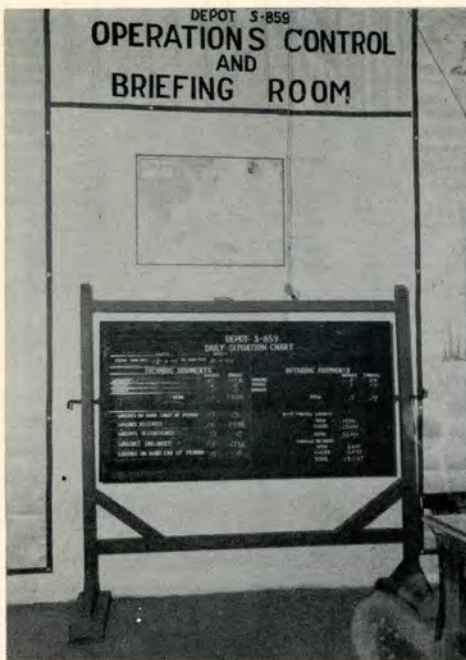
The first week of August 1945 was a memorable one: The United States Army dropped the first Atom Bomb ever created upon Japan. From that day on, events moved at a fast pace. Few days later, Russia entered the Pacific War. Then our government issued an ultimatum and while Japan was pondering it, our Army dropped another atom bomb upon Japan. This time the Japanese government decided to call it quits, providing we would accept its King as Premier. Our government accepted under the condition that the Jap King takes his orders from us. O.K. said the Japs and on August 14th, 1945, Japan officially capitulated.

September was an easy month; some men were permitted to go to school in England and France, others were given furloughs to Nice, Paris, London, Switzerland, and etc. On the 15th of that month, the outfit observed its first anniversary by having a birthday party in Marseille for its membership.

In October, the 546th's ranks swelled to approximately 200 men, the largest in its career. The 546th received low-point men from other outfits; biggest donner was the 36th Infantry Division. Men who were ineligible for discharge were transferred to the 546th.

In the meantime, Depot S-863 began building Surplus Property Buildings. Buyers representing French commercial agencies were invited to inspect & select items for purchase. The Depot began shipping supplies to Army of Occupation depots in Germany and badly-needed supplies back home to the U.S.

December, the outfit concentrated on building more Surplus Property Buildings and rewarehousing and consolidating all of the Signal Equipment.





In January 1946, the 546th received the good news that the official closing date of our Depot would be April 1st; that this date could be advanced if the depot could possibly close sooner. A tentative closing date of March 15th was set.

The depot was in order before March 15th, but a force remained merely as a guard detachment on into the middle of the summer of 1946. It is our understanding that the contents of the depot were turned over to the French in August of 1946 in total, and all U.S. personnel removed from Miramas.

The 546th Signal Base Depot Company was officially disbanded on 15 May 1946. Among the last men in the outfit were: Willard Rice, Wiley Snowden, John Clark, Edward Lurz. It is our understanding that Lt. Irving Shulbank was the last officer of the 546th to leave Europe, starting for home in July of 1946. Captain McMillan returned to the U.S. for Temporary Duty for 45 days in May of 1946, and then came back to Germany for further duty.

And that's the story of the 546th Signal Base Depot Company.





ROSTER OF ENLISTED MEN

Antczak, John
 Balsmeyer, Richard
 Bayer, Joseph I.
 Bear, Ralph J.
 Beatty, Walter B.
 Beck, Fred L. Jr.
 Belzer, Allen H.
 Bernstein, Morris
 Bilbro, Howard C.
 Bowman, Ernest Jr.
 Boyle, Austin J.
 Brown, Harry H.
 Brynes, Murray A.
 Callahan, John J.
 Carnes, Woodrow W.
 Carr, Willie M.
 Casey, Francis E.
 Chambers, James S.
 Chapman, John M.
 Cohen, Rudy
 Corsetto, John M.
 Dann, Richard B.
 Daugherty, Earl W.
 Day, William A.
 De Bow, Gerard J.

1165 Milwaukee Avenue
 2356 Torrey Hill Drive
 628 Tuxedo Place
 103 Hillside Avenue
 Main Street
 313 S. Cincinnati

Box #98
 1233 Munroe Avenue
 2603 S. 12th Street
 1412 S. Austin Blvd.
 60 Parsells Avenue
 620 Vetran
 41 Alicia Road
 1207 Kingsburg
 322 Skidmore Avenue
 56 Parsongage Street
 217 Albert Place
 Bradfordwoods
 3010 Moreland Blvd.
 57 Mill Street
 35 S. 14th Avenue
 505 Grant Street
 4040 Hartford Avenue
 325 W. Indiana Avenue

Chicago 22, Ill.
 Toledo, Ohio
 Linden, New Jersey
 Livingston, N.J.
 Cotuit, Mass.
 Tulsa, Oklahoma
 Browning, Missouri
 Cheyenne, Wyoming
 Columbus, Georgia
 Ironton, Ohio
 Cicero, Illinois
 Rochester 9, N.Y.
 Los Angeles, Calif.
 Dorchester 24, Mass.
 Lawton, Oklahoma
 Cleves, Ohio
 Rhinebeck, N.Y.
 Elberon, N.J.
 Allegheny County, Pa.
 Cleveland, Ohio
 Patterson, N.J.
 Mt. Vernon, N.Y.
 Newell, W. Va.
 St. Louis 16, Mo.
 Philadelphia, Pa.

De Carlo, Anthony A.	54 North 3rd Street	Newark 7, N.J.
De Carlo, Anthony E.	3536 McGuffey Road	Youngstown, Ohio
Dekker, Jacques A.	550 Amherst Street	Palo Alto, Calif.
De Turris, Vincent A.	1747 65th Street	Brooklyn 4, N.Y.
De Vito, Christopher T.	30 Mills Street	Morris, New York
D'Ippolito, John B.	15 N. Myrtle Street	Vineland, New Jersey
Dreger, Robert H.	Rd #1	Grafton, Ohio
Duby, Norris F.	38031 Hixford Place	Wayne, Michigan
Edelstein, Isadore I.	332 Taylor Avenue	Scranton, Pa.
Emerson, Wayne T.		Toledo, Iowa
Enig, John W.	118 N. Monroe Avenue	Margate City, N.J.
Faulkner, John E. Sr.	RR #3	St. Joseph, Mo.
Feathers, Carl A.	Vine St., Box 106	S. Connellsville, Pa.
Feldman, Harry L.	106 Grand Street	Hoboken, N.J.
Fox, Charles A.	1025 E. Tabor Street	Indianapolis, Ind.
Friedlander, Herbert L.	208 Seminary Avenue	Greensburg, Pa.
Futch, John A.	Florida Theater Bldg (PO Box 1290	Jacksonville 1, Fla.
Gile, Fred M.	35 Woodlawn Avenue	Kittery, Maine
Gilstrap, Lewis E.	71 Cumberland Avenue	Easley, South Carolina
Ginsburg, Daniel	1356 42nd Street	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Hansen, Lawrence H.	4822 W. Wolcott	Chicago 40, Illinois
Hawkins, Samuel D.	Box 482	Oxford, Miss.
Henry, Dennis Jr.	339 Camden Street	Newark, N.J.
Herring, Clyde	2623 Virginia Avenue	Allentown, Pa.
Herrmann, Charles B.	3603 Burke Ave	Seattle 3, Wash.
Houman, Cornelius	35 Maryland Avenue	Patterson, N.J.
Howard, Varner E.	501 Railroad Avenue	Kings Mountain, N.C.
Huckabee, Merrit P.	RFD #2, Box 125	Elloree, S.C.
Kelly, James E.	7 Illinois Street	Central Falls, R.I.
Kirk, Emmett T.	Bridge & Division Strs.	Galena, Illinois
Klee, Walter W.	111 Bushwick Avenue	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Koslak, Melvin S.	2336 Altgeld Street	Chicago 47, Illinois
Levasseur, Albert E.	89 West Main Street	Meriden, Conn.
Loffreda, Albert A.	5709 French Road	Detroit 13, Mich.
Love, Ernest G.		North Lima, Ohio
Lowry, James F.	443 Short 7th Avenue	Laurel, Miss.
Lurz, Edward A.	2400 Lauratta Avenue	Baltimore, Md.
Mais, George A.	47 E. 2nd Street	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Manuel, Loren W. Jr.	527 Elm Street	Camden, N.J.
Mathews, Daniel	15 Newburgh Avenue	Buffalo 11, N.Y.
May, James T.	RR #1,	Argenta, Illinois
McCormick, Howard F.	485 Ridgewood Avenue	Brooklyn 8, N.Y.
McKelvey, Earl	1538 N. Van Buren Street	Wilmington, Del.
Meece, Elbert L.	1162 W. King Street	Decatur 27, Ill.
Michalic, Michael J.	460 Marview Avenue	Akron 10, Ohio
Mizeski, Chester J.	32 Jackson Place	Lyndhurst, N.J.
Montavon, Vincent W.	1514 Chillicothe Street	Portsmouth, Ohio
Nodean, William J.	5626 S. 20th Street	Omaha, Nebraska
Patti, Thomas	513 E. 13th Street	New York, N.Y.
Perry, Arthur W.		Barron, Wisconsin
Price, Frank M.	Box #36	Echo, Oregon
Reitz, Paul R.	3608 S. 8th Street	Arlington, Va.
Rice, Willard H.	611 N. Maple Street	Momence, Ill.
Rimpo, Charles H.	409 Union Avenue	Patterson 2, N.J.
Rosen, Howard P.	6801 21st Avenue	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Rosenblatt, Howard P.	21 Badger Street	Concord, N.H.



Ross, William J.
 Scaglione, Joseph L.
 Scott, Roy H.
 Seifried, John
 Shapiro, Henry
 Simpkins, Robert E.
 Smith, Marvin C.
 Smith, Terrill H.
 Snowden, Wiley H.

Sokol, Saul
 Sommerfield, William F.
 Spann, Edwin W.
 Sperling, Warren L.
 Staats, Orville C.
 Stanley, Hix A.
 Stewart, Marvin E.
 Taney, James F.
 Taylor, Joseph W.
 Titus, Karl E.
 Treuhaft, Allen F.
 Troopine, Morton
 Uryniak, Joseph C.
 Valinoti, Michael B.
 Van Cott, Clayton H.
 Viviani, Girard W.
 Voss, Erik

Waldron, Ernest L.
 Walker, James C.
 Waugh, Richard F.
 Weiss, Seymour B.
 Whitman, Louis
 Williams, Thomas L.
 Witzel, Karl
 Wiseman, Julien H.
 Yurachek, Carl F.
 Zasso, Peter
 Teel, Ben
 Trottier, Bourgeois

404 Delta Avenue
 44 Lindsley Place
 4330 Sheridan Road
 24 King Street
 1127 Chester Pike
 1632 Adams Avenue
 719 N. 8th Street
 2 La Verne Street
 c/o Arnold Supply Company
 4900 1st Avenue North
 36 W. Gay Street
 8101 W. Greenfield
 RFD #1
 62 Hilltop Acres

RFD #2
 433 Penn Street
 50 Hoffman Avenue
 125 Bradford Street
 RD #9, Box 608
 2808 Mayfield Road
 536 New Lots Avenue
 1027 Stuyvesant
 2 Grove Street
 92 Lexington Ave
 6009 Elmwood Avenue
 6500 N. Oxford Avenue
 Route #2
 4514 Keswick Road
 Box 75
 152 Goldsmith Avenue
 1658 Crawford Road
 615 North Ind. Street
 711 21st Street

3310 Park Avenue
 1945 McGraw Avenue
 815 South K Street
 93 E. Alexandrine

Gladstone, Mich.
 East Orange, N.J.
 Chicago, Ill.
 Little Falls, N.Y.
 Crumm Lynne, Pa.
 Huntington, W.Va.
 Council Bluffs, Ia.
 Parlin, N.J.

Birmingham, Alabama
 Columbus 15, Ohio
 W. Dallis, Wisconsin
 Hurricane Mills, Tenn.
 Yonkers, N.Y.
 Murraysville, W.Va.
 Fries, Virginia
 Jeffersonville, Ind.
 Geneva, N.Y.
 Dayton, Ohio
 Dayton, Ohio
 Cleveland, Ohio
 Brooklyn, N.Y.
 Irvington, N.J.
 New York, New York
 Oyster Bay, L.I., N.Y.
 Philadelphia, Pa.
 Chicago 31, Ill.
 Burr Oak, Mich.
 Baltimore, Md.
 Clarksville, Ia.
 Newark, N.J.
 Cleveland, Ohio
 Richmond, Ky.
 Beaver Falls, Pa.
 Vadis, W. Va.
 Richmond 21, Va.
 Bronx, N.Y.
 Muskogee, Okla.
 Detroit, Michigan

RUSSIA ENTERS PACIFIC WAR

SOUTHERN FRANCE EDITION
THE STARS AND STRIPES

Daily Messenger of U.S. Armed Forces in the European Theater
Vol. 1—No. 149 Thursday, August 9, 1945 ONE FRANC

**Molotov Cites 1,500,000 REDS
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**Potsdam
Proposal
Accepted**

THE WEATHER
Forecast for the Stars and Stripes area: Partly cloudy, with a chance of rain. High 80, low 60.
(Forecast by Weather Service, Washington, D.C.)

SOUTHERN FRANCE EDITION
THE STARS AND STRIPES

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Saturday, August 11, 1945

ONE YEAR AGO TODAY
August 11, 1944
The Stars and Stripes was first published in Southern France.
It has since become a daily newspaper for the U.S. Armed Forces in the European Theater.

ONE FRANC

World Awaiting Verdict On Jap Offer to Surrender

EXTRA

SOUTHERN FRANCE EDITION
THE STARS AND STRIPES

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Wednesday, August 15, 1945

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EXTRA

Vol. 1—No. 154

Tuesday, August 14, 1945

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JAPAN QUITS

