



Most company CPs don't fly American flags but that's not the case with Co K of the 330th Infantry. During the smash through Neuss to the Rhine the doughboys found an American flag in the rooms of a deserted German home. Thinking that it might draw fire if flown, Lt Don H. Horton's platoon was hesitant about flying it, but Company Commander Capt Jack L. Smith of New York City said, "To hell with the fire, let 'er fly." Now the doughboys are intent on keeping Old Glory flying all the way to Berlin.

Lt Howard Downey, Bellefonte, Pa., Exec Officer of D Btry, 453rd AAA Bn, had christened one of his flak half-tracks with a bottle of Calvados (remember?) He named it Baby Anne, for his one-year-old daughter, and sent a picture home with the name on the turret.

Downey's wife wrote back that the picture was fine, but why were there no pretty swastikas painted on the half-track to indicate planes shot down? The complaint was bucked down to T-5 Charles Welch, commander of the Baby Anne, who said he was sorry, but he just hadn't got in a decent shot at the Luftwaffe and didn't rate any swastikas. But he'd see what he could do.

Three days later the battery sign painter put 11 little hooked crosses on the vehicle. That didn't include two probables. And Lt Downey? . . . After the shock had worn off he grabbed his camera. Soon Baby Anne back in Bellefonte will have proof that her half-track has won its spurs.

During the Division's breakthrough to the Rhine, company kitchens moved up so fast that anything could happen. The experience of Hq Co, 3rd Bn of the 330th Infantry was no exception.

The truck of Mess Sergeant Arthur B. Kennedy of Gastonia, N.C. was halted by a barbed wire entanglement after being separated from the rest of the convoy. As Kennedy and S/Sgt Arthur Tate of Altoona, Pa., hopped from the truck to survey the situation, a Mark IV lumbered from behind the bushes at the side of the road and pointed the muzzle of its 88 directly at the kitchen truck.

The driver, Pfc John Greene of Troy, N.C., and the other occupant, Pfc Bernard Hantz of Brooklyn, lost no time in joining Kennedy and Tate in the ditch.

When nothing happened, they cautiously investigated and found the occupants of the tank to be three grinning GIs who had just captured the vehicle intact from the Krauts.

A sharpshooting staff sergeant of the 331st Infantry is Phil Wiggerhouser who in spite of his 37 years is as agile as anyone in his company. During the fight for Nixhutte, Germany, Wiggerhouser saw a German cyclist coming down the road. As he pedaled closer, Wiggerhouser saw he was a German noncom. One round from the staff sergeant's carbine sent the Jerry reeling from his seat and into the road.

Prisoners are being taken so fast these days that doughboys of the 329th Infantry have de-