

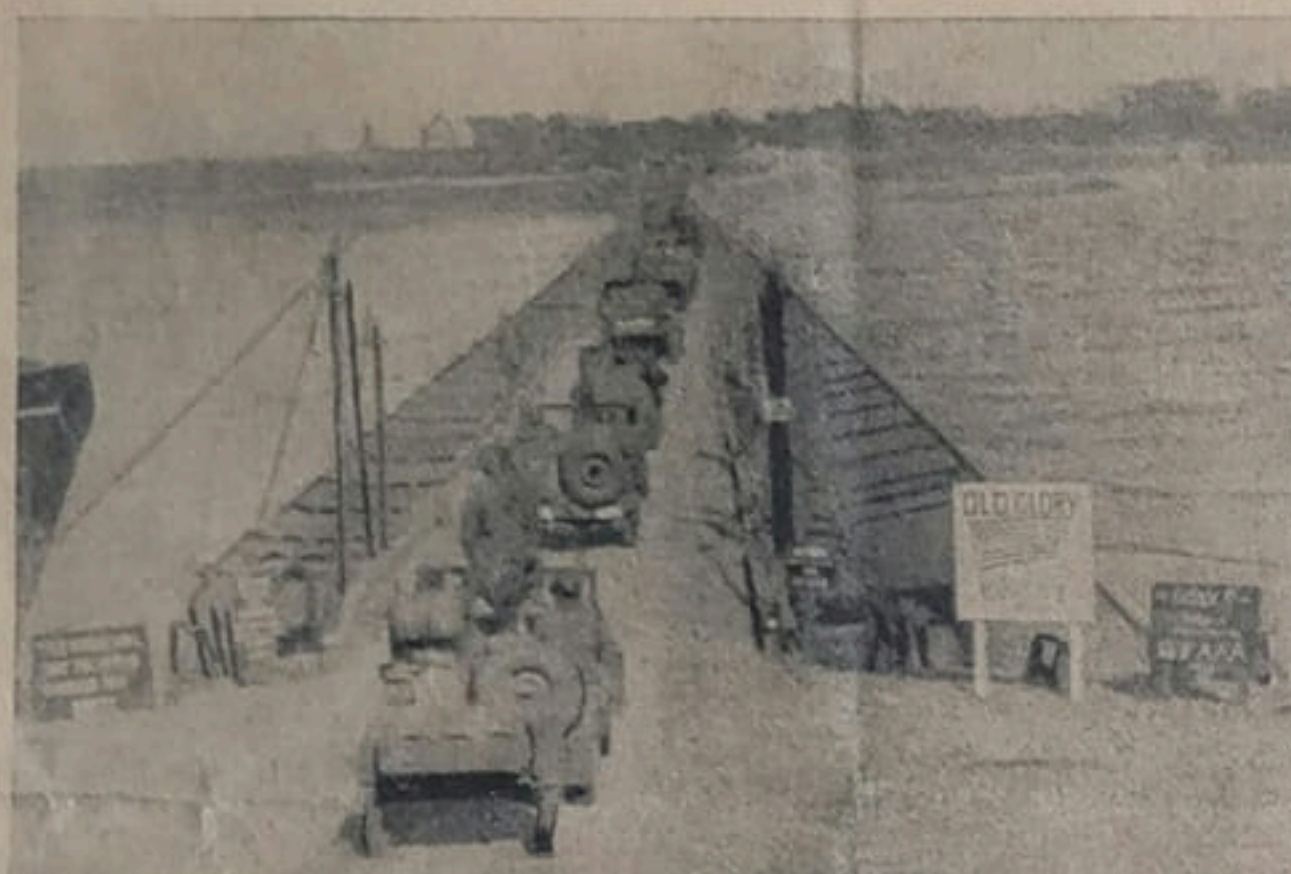
Somewhere in Germany
Sunday, April 29, 1945
Vol. 1, No. 13



Written by and for Men
of an Infantry Combat
Team Fighting with the
American Forces.

Doughs Blitz Beyond Elbe

Crossing Rivers Through the Reich



Elbe Bridgehead Saved in Battle of Steckby Forest

Yanks Free Own Buddies, 15,000 Allied PWs From 500 Mile Hunger March

Approximately 15,000 Allied Prisoners of War, including 40 Yanks, — four of them from the 331st — were freed during the 331st drive to the Elbe when they overran the prisoner column near Stassfurt marching eastward from the fighting zone. The PWs had been marching since January for a total of 500 miles across Germany, their captives taking them from the eastern front to the western and back again in a vain attempt to hold them within the shrinking Reich. The previous night they had lain in woods. By daybreak, the guards noted American columns moving up and took off. Some of the guards, tired of war, remained to surrender.

For weeks they had eaten nothing but grass soup and morsels of bread. One loaf of bread was shared among eight men every two days. A man from the TDs who had been captured in the Siegfried Line in December, told how he traded his 90 dollar ring for two loaves of bread.

But now the free men were delightfully happy. Their hollowed cheeks flushed and their sunken eyes shone with excitement. They shouted and wept as they hugged and kissed their liberators. Their uniforms hung drably over their emaciated frames. What ever suffering they had undergone was forgotten in these ecstatic moments when they could think of nothing more to say than to express their thanks and happiness at being free men once more.

The Yanks wanted to know how "Li Abner was? What's the latest news? Do you have a copy of Stars and Stripes?"

Among them were men who had been prisoners for xive years. Men who had been captured at Dieppe, Dunkirk and in North Africa. Some of the Yanks had been captured as early as February '42 in Africa and in '43 in Tunis.

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A strong German tank and infantry counterattack was smas hed this week in the Steckby Forest by the 1st battalion of the 331st Infantry. Starting in the early morning, the attack was a major attempt to dislodge the men of the 83rd Division from their bridgehead, the only one across the Elbe River. The estimated enemy strength was placed at one battalion of infantry supported by several tanks.

The force of the attack threatened the regimental CP. It was just like Hemmerden. Shells pounded around the command post. Less than 300 yards away, the Jerries were advancing through the woods in marching fire. Headquarters personnel took up positions in their prepared foxholes and 30 cal. machine guns joined in the typani of a real battle. A platoon from Co. F came up and posted themselves in strategic spots in support. A section of Co. D mortars were also on hand popping their shells in the enemy lines.

Men of Co. A led by Lt. Joseph Lynch felt the full brunt of the German punch and were temporarily forced to withdraw. The Heinies were throwing everything they had. And in the midst of the raining 88s and artillery and small arms fire, Lt. Col. Martin Kuhlman of Chicago stood among his men and urged them to hold their ground.

"I never before saw such icy coolness," remarked Pfc. Jack Hurwitz, 1st battalion wireman from New York City. "We had just finished laying wire from the battalion CP to the forward companies and I was in the column when the attack started. You can see for yourself by the trees how many shells were coming in here." He pointed to the treeless tops and shell-pocked ground. All around lay dead Heinies. A rough count totaled close to 50. Fires were still burning in the forest and the powdered smell of battle lingered in the air.

"Shells were bursting and bullets flying all about us," Hurwitz continued, "and the colonel just stood there not even seeking cover. As a couple of men withdrew, he called them back and told them in a calm

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Polle Taken in Bitter 12 Hour Battle Against SS

Doughboys of the 1st battalion fought one of their stiffest battles east of the Rhine River last week when they succeeded in taking the town of Polle on the Weser River. The fighting raged for 12 hours through the night and at dawn of the following day Heinie dead

littered the streets among the debris of broken houses and while some buildings still smoldered and the smoke of guns drifted away against the bright rays of the morning sun, the doughboys mopped up the last resisting enemy.

Two companies of SS troops and four of the Wehrmacht fanatically opposed the doughs who fought house-to-house and against a tiger tank, direct ack-ack fire, panzerfaust and, finally, a plane which hovered over the town all night dropping butterfly bombs.

Over 400 prisoners were taken and an estimated 200 killed plus an unknown number which drowned trying to escape across the Weser River.

For three consecutive days before the Polle battle, 1st battalion doughboys had been pushing forward without rest. Co. A jumped off from Richenau to the well-defended town of Falkenhagen and after an all night fight in the town and surrounding woods, they succeeded in overcoming enemy infantry and dispersed two Tiger tanks. At the same time, Co. B fought all night in Hemmersen stubbornly defended by Jerries and civilian snipers. B doughs went on to take Heinsen on the Weser.

Co. C passed through A's area to launch a coordinated attack and the battle for Polle was on.

The highway into the town was flanked on both sides by steep hills. Co. C Doughs, calm but expectant as they marched along in the morning sun were suddenly halted and scattered by sniper fire from the left hill.

Snipers taken care of, the company took to the hills on either side where

they could command a clear view of the town far below. There they could see the streets of Polle busy with activity as enemy troops attempted to cross the glistening waters of the Weser. All day the Yanks sniped at the town giving the Germans crossing to the other side of the river a rough ride. The 1st Platoon, with rifle fire alone knocked out a Heinie truck on the opposite side of the river.

Rifle fire concentrated on the barge no bridge was available at the town site) making its use difficult until mortar and artillery fire could be directed to destroy it. The Doughs then held fast while artillery pounded Polle.

At seven that evening C Company, under Captain Patrick F. Murphy, Flint Michigan, marshalled its forces to push into its portion of the shell smoking town. The left flank of C Company's sector had already breached the battle with the Third Platoon which had been pinned down by machine gun, rifle and mortar fire since noon.

Meanwhile Co. A's 2nd platoon led by Lt. P. W. Tyner of Stratton, Maine advanced on the left flank. Two squads, one led by S/Sgt. Kemp Stevens from Easton, Md. and the other by T/Sgt. Teddy Wojnar of Lowell, Mass. were pinned down by automatic weapons fire. It was here that Stevens and Pfc. Leonard Ferguson from West Caldwell, N. J. left the cover of the roadside ditch, stormed down the road and eliminated an enemy machine gun nest while covering the advance of their squad.

This enabled the balance of the squad

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331st Repulses Repeated Counterattacks to Hold Bridgehead with 329th

In 13 days, men of the 331st Combat Team swept over 200 miles through the heart of the German Reich to establish a bridgehead with the 329th Combat Team across the Elbe River — the last water barrier before Berlin — and reach positions only 65 miles from the German capital. This drive places the Yanks in direct line with the Russian troops pushing west from the Oder River and the final squeeze on Berlin has begun.

I and R, M8s Break up 331st Convoy Ambush

One of the pockets of resistance left behind in the 331st drive to the Elbe River almost caught the command group of the combat team in an ambush. The 45 minute fire fight resulted in the capture of some 50 odd Nazi teen-age fanatics and the loss of one Yank killed and two wounded.

Following on the heels of the second battalion, the regimental convoy was proceeding to the town of Stassfurt from Halberstadt when its most forward elements ran smack into enemy fire coming from the side of the road. Col. Robert H. York, Regimental Commander, was dashing forward to keep in close contact with his spearheading battalion. The radio jeep attempting to catch up with the colonel, was the first to draw fire. Right behind them came the I and R men who spotted the direction of fire and swerved off the main road and leaped from their vehicle in hot pursuit.

In the face of the Yank's blazing guns, the Jerries lying along the ditch, turned tail and made for a nearby barn, covering their retreat with a machine gun. One of the men who remained on the jeep to man the 50 cal. machine gun received a bullet in his head and another man got one in his stomach. Pfc. John Harvey from Philippi, W. Va. was nicked in the ear as he started back to warn the other vehicles in the convoy coming up. In the meantime, the radio operators had joined in the fight. Tec 5 Andrew Carras of New York City kept his carbine going to hold off the Jerries while Tec 4 Richard Williams went after help.

An artillery cub flying low took in the picture at a glance and dipped low in front of the leading vehicle to caution them. The regimental convoy stopped and headquarters personnel, service men and engineers streamed from their vehicles with pistols,

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The 331st doughs took 5400 prisoners, almost half their total captured since the Normandy landings, and 1500 wounded prisoners in Nazi hospitals. They cleared over 50 places, many of them veritable strongholds, and freed 1500 Allied PWs.

The unprecedented offensive enabled the Ninth and First Armies to meet in a giant pincer movement in the town of Lippstadt and seal the Ruhr pocket which cost Germany well over 300,000 prisoners and the great war production belt without which the Nazi Armies cannot stay in the field.

The Germans captured since the Rhine crossing exceed figures of prisoners taken in the three weeks of the March mop-up west of the Rhine which Gen. Dwight Eisenhower declared one of the greatest victories of this or any other war.

Crossing the Rhine south of Wesel on the 30th of March, in the wake of the Second Armored Division, Col. Robert H. York's veterans, motorized on trucks and riding on top of tanks, followed close on the grinding tracks of the armored columns hammering, smashing and mopping up bypassed pockets of resistance. The momentum of the drive had the outnumbered, outmaneuvered broken Wehrmacht confused. Nazi soldiers went reeling backwards stopping long enough to make a feeble attempt at a line of resistance, only to have their freshly dug mortar emplacements surged over by the onrushing might of the American troops. And it was only where sufficient numbers of the fanatic SS and OCS soldiers could get together to form stubborn knots of resistance, that the eastward push of the 331st was delayed.

Just like the drive to the Rhine, the 331st had an exposed right flank toward the Ruhr valley. Blocking to the right and punching forward, their first

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Alert Sgt. Spots Disguised Jerry

It's very seldom that a Heinie can put anything over on a Yank. And an alert Co. E sergeant upheld the tradition last week.

When Co. E captured Badetz, the civilians were rounded up and questioned. S/Sgt. John Fredericks from Detroit, Mich. had his eye on a young and husky blond chap. The man claimed to be a Polish laborer and he was given the benefit of the doubt.

Two days later, Co. E took Niederlepte. Fredericks spotted a civilian in the street. He looked twice and there was the same man he had questioned in Badetz. This time Fredericks gave himself the benefit of the doubt.

At the battalion CP, the man was searched and papers tucked in his shoes revealed his identity as a German soldier. The Jerry confessed that he had been visiting his wife when overrun by American troops. Then he tried to get back to his company by donning civilian clothes but the American offensive had caught up with him again.

Hitler Heads Crime List

London (CNS) — The name of Adolf Hitler heads one of 5 lists of war criminals prepared by the United Nations War Crimes Commission.

Mortars Keep Popping To Last Yard, Nazi Counterattack Killed

Co. D's 3rd section of the 81 mm. mortar platoon had a rough day during the German counterattack in the Steckby Forest. Supporting A and C companies with devastatingly accurate fire directed by Lt. F. J. Barnes, S/Sgt. Norman Schuster and radio operator, Pfc. Barney Plotnicov, was every day worse for Section Sgt. David Harmon's men. But when the range began dropping from 1500 down to 800, they realized the battle line was drawing uncomfortably close.

The forward observers continued sending back fire orders until the range was down to 300 yards. At that time the radio went out. Small arms fire was beginning to zip around the men as they feverishly dropped round after round into the guns.

Harmon ordered a few men out to form a defense line. The gun crews fired their remaining ammunition at Jerries they could see only 200 yards away. Just as they were taking the guns out of action, three Heinies rushed into the clearing firing burp guns. They were cut down by the "rear echelon" mortarmen.

Finally, they got back to supplementary positions and supported the doughboy attack that recovered all lost ground.

Over four principal rivers, men of the 331st Combat Team shot through Germany to punch a bridgehead across the Elbe. On a pontoon bridge built by the 264th Engrs., 331st crosses the Rhine in the wake of the Second Armored Division. Old Glory greets the men at the bridge's approach, while the 453rd AAA remind the Yanks, they are on the alert for enemy aircraft and advise them to relax.

The 3rd battalion and Co. B of the 1st make a tactical crossing of the Weser under cover of a smoke screen with the assistance of Co. C, 308th Engrs. On the right flank of the 329th Combat Team, the 2nd battalion shoved across the Elbe in assault boats. Here Pfc. Walter Menefee of Co. C, 308th Engrs., from Front Royal, Va., takes Co. E men across.

The 1st and 3rd battalions of the regiment drive over a treadway on the Elbe constructed by the 295th Engr. Bn and dedicated to President Harry S. Truman by the 83rd Division.

The TTF is published in the interests of the officers and men of the 331st Infantry Combat Team. All news material is officially reviewed by military censors. Member CNS.

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Here is Your Doctor . . .

(This editorial is reprinted from the April 14th issue of Stars and Stripes.)

The second platoon of Able company was flushing out some houses in support of an armored attack. Things were going well, when the boys hit a snag. "Enemy machine-gun fire down the street," came back the report.

A moment later the call rang out, "Medic!" Out he came, disregarding any danger to himself. On both arms he wore the bright red cross which was his only weapon. He ran a few feet, then stumbled and fell. Word passed up and down the line. Soon everyone knew that we no longer had a medic in the second platoon.

The boys remembered the many times he had helped them. He was cool, calm and, above all, a friend to everyone. And now he was gone, killed by a shot from a German sniper.

A German civilian, his arm bandaged, approached one of the buddies of the medic. The civilian explained that he had been wounded in an American bombing raid and would like to see a doctor. Without a word, the doughboy led the civilian down a now safe street. When they reached the fallen medic, the dough said, "Here is your doctor." And walked away.

REMEMBER?

Dec 18, 1939—"The German race has higher rights than all others. We have the divine right to rule and we shall assure ourselves of that right."—Robert Ley, Organizational Director of the Nazi Party.

Battlefield Inspirations

I Love You!

Every once in a while
When I am feeling blue
My thoughts forever stray;
And wander back to you.

I think of all those moments
That we spent all alone
Just you and I in heaven
In a world we called our own.

I think of many hours
Of places, times and things
That we have seen together
What happiness it brings!

Remember old San Remo
And Jimmie's hot dog stand
Those walks we took together
In New York's wonderland?

And then there were our favorite tunes
On which we'd both agree
The rhymes of which I'll not forget
They'll always be dear to me.

I never will forget them
If I live a thousand years
Those times so full of laughter
Those times so full of tears.

Remember all those moonlight nites
When we walked through the park
Holding hands and wondering
About the enchantment of the dark.

And how about those week-ends
I've spent down in your home
We'd talk with mom, dad and Bett
And wonder where to roam.

They say true love does not run smooth
But don't quote that to me
Our love, I know, is most sincere
And it will always be.

There's nothing I would rather do
Than be with you once more
To hold you in my arms and say
It's you whom I adore.

These nights are much too long,
I miss you oh so much
I guess I'd better stop,
This rambling on and such.

But please keep on remembering.
I'll never tell a lie
I'll always say I love you
And will until I die.

T/Sgt. Geo. Beach
3rd Platoon, How Co.

The Same House Eight Years Later

Computing fire directions in a house where a number of years ago he had dined with a lady friend, presented a new kind of sensation to Cpl. Eric Rosenbaum from Cannon Co. In front of him, the cannoneers were sending their shells toward the enemy blasting many a German house. This present company CP was one of the few places left untouched from the marks of war.

A former native of Germany, "Herr Baum" as some of his comrades call him, left Germany in 1937 because of his anti-Nazi ideas just one step ahead of the Gestapo. He came to America and settled in New York City.

When Cannon Co. crossed the Rhine and established a CP in the village of Bucholtz, Rosenbaum recognized the house as the residence of a former friend. In the distance, he could see the top of a water tower in the village of Oberhausen, some 7 kilometers away where he was born and raised. He even recognized some people with whom he had been well acquainted. But in strict accordance with the army's non-fraternization policy, he ignored them.

When asked if he intends to live in the new postwar Germany, Rosenbaum replied, "Certainly not. How would anyone want to live in Germany after once being in America?"

The woman called to the stand was handsome but no longer young. The judge gallantly instructed, "Let the witness state her age, after which she may be sworn."

She's Suing



Dale Belmont, New York blues singer known to her friends as "the Sweater," has sued a Broadway publishing firm for using this picture of her to promote sales for a book called "The Complete Guide to Bust Culture."

20 Mile Drive Leaves Dead Heinies in Wake

Teaming up with the 736th Tank Bn, Co. L went on a 20 mile trek last week taking villages, prisoners and shooting up strongpoints. Their biggest encounter was in a patch of woods near Himmenburg.

They spotted a large group of Germans armed with panzerfaust in a depression of the terrain. Capt. Robert Windsor of Carthage, N. Y. ordered two quadruple-mounted 50 cal. machine guns on half tracks backed into position. Tanks everything opened up on the Jerries. The doughs machine guns joined in to take the surprised Krauts. They had no rifles. And they weren't even able to fire a single panzerfaust. The murderous fire decimated them.

Two Heinies crawled up to surrender. A couple of men were about to receive them when a German officer let go with a few rounds from his pistol to the rear. All three were killed as the Yanks considered it a trap.

An estimated 200 German dead littered the woods as the doughboys moved on.

Just before Vorden, the company's objective, the lead tank was hit by a Jerry shell. It's only loss was a sandbag and the column didn't stop. As enemy fire became heavier, Windsor called on the 908th FA Bn for support. "Exactly 15 minutes later, which is a combat record in any man's war," said Windsor, "those guys, who were following us in column, had run off the road, banged open their trails and began shelling the enemy artillery."

"By 2000 we got into town. We'd been on the road more than 12 hours knocking Germany apart."

States Still O.K., Say Battle Vets Returning From US Furlough

"People back in the States were really grand to us and they certainly appreciate what we're going through," said Pfc. Albert Rohrbach of the Regimental MP platoon as he recently returned from a 30 day furlough home. "But," he added, "they still don't know what it's really about. I was frequently asked whether I saw any Germans." Rohrbach had served as a rifleman in Co. C during the Normandy and Brittany campaigns, was wounded twice and transferred to the MP platoon in Luxembourg.

Rohrbach was in the first group from the regiment to receive a US furlough, leaving the latter part of December in 1944. The others were Lt. George Orr, 3rd battalion S-2, from Virginia; Pvt. Joseph Coughlin of Springfield, Ill.; Pvt. Guy Scalzitti of Chicago, both in Co. L. Men are chosen in rotation for these furloughs on the basis of twice-wounded, twice-decorated and length of service.

According to Rohrbach there's nothing like a US furlough even though it's so difficult to leave home again. He told how everyone received the returning men with such enthusiasm and from the beginning of the trip to the end everybody was anxious to do all he could for the battle veterans. When he walked down the gangplank in New York City, photographers, newspapermen and news reel men were all on hand taking pictures and interviewing the soldiers. Rohrbach's photo appeared in almost every newspaper from coast to coast. "I don't know why my picture was taken so many times," he said, "I guess it's because I was so damn glad to be home and I wasn't ashamed to let the world know." The newspapermen asked us what was the first thing we wanted to do. Our immediate response was, to go straight home.

Rohrbach explained how tough it was to purchase cigarettes at home and how everyone had to sweat out their liquor rations. But he got everything he wanted and really made the rounds in his hometown of Reading, Pa. When he asked a liquor dealer for a bottle of Four Roses as a joke, he got it. He got extra rationed chocolates. He met a member of the American Legion who had served in the 331st in War I. He was invited to help in the Red Cross drive.

Rohrbach took on a more sober tone. "Men have the wrong conception of the girls in the States going wild. The young kids we knew are now grown-up young ladies. It's true they are forced to go out on dates with older men but they are very sane. The same is true of wives whose husbands are overseas. They too are sane and obedient about the whole thing and they're keeping the home fires burning."

Birthday Greetings . . .

Dear Adolph: Meet you in Berlin to help celebrate your 63rd anniversary. April 20th is my birthday too. Boy, we'll really shoot things up.

Lt. George Berlet, Jr., Co. G

Mortars Deluge Nazis Pressing Hamm Bridgehead

In two days and a night, Co. M's mortar platoon, under Lt. Edwin Collins of Conway, S. C., lobbed more than 4000 rounds at the enemy to support the 3rd battalion bridgehead at Hamm. Although it caused worry and had more than one individual wondering how long it would last, at no time was the ammo supply completely gone. An amount equivalent to 40 quarter ton trailer loads arrived at various moments in everything from two and one-half ton trucks to wheel barrows, and the firing continued.

Throughout the day, the observers could see the Germans massing for counterattacks, but on each occasion they called down fire, effectively breaking them up. Once, Lt. Rufe M. Lammon, of Potterville, Miss., S/Sgt. Joseph Egan of the Bronx, N. Y., and Pfc. David F. Wheeler, from Daytona Beach, Fla., the O. P. group for the third section, reported having three rounds of H. E. Heavy land directly on a dug-out. The Germans, too, seemed to be doing all they could to make themselves effective targets, by waiting until there were several rounds in the air and then exposing themselves perfectly. There was a tree in one area where they tried several times to regroup. Lt. Lammon put a stop to that by getting tree bursts. The targets were a mortar man's dream.

The other two O. P. groups were; first section, Lt. Maurice G. Ridgley, Cleveland, Ohio, S/Sgt. Paul E. Hergenbahn, N. Y. C., and Pfc. Warren R. White, Clay, W. Va.; second section, Lt. Paul E. Powell of Redbank, N. J., S/Sgt. George Averill, Farmingham, Minn., and Pfc. Frank P. McLaughlin, Philadelphia. Powell stopped several counterattacks of twenty to thirty men coming down the railroad tracks by getting fire directly onto the tracks.

About 1700, a large counterattack started from all directions. At this time radio contact with the O. P.'s was good, the ammo supply was high, and everything all set. The mortars had fourteen concentrations of targets prepared, part of them making a complete horse-shoe around our troops. Collins had planned the firing so that any or all of the six guns could fire any one concentration. It worked out well, because several times guns became so hot they had to cease firing and another gun be substituted. One gun became so hot that it let fire to the increments of six rounds yet close by. Several times all six guns were firing at the same time on different targets.

At the height of the firing during the counterattack, chow arrived for the mortar crews, but shifts were arranged and the firing did not slow down while the men ate. During the night, while shifts were fixed up so firing continued constantly.

Kameritz Stronghold Falls to Co. F in All Night Fight

To men of Co. F, Kameritz was another Gey. It was a town made into a stronghold where every house was fortified and every corner of the streets, a strongpoint defended by fiercely fighting fanatics. But last week Co. F led by Capt. Robert Mitchell from Bristol, Conn., captured the town in an all night battle that left the place in complete ruins.

At 2330 the 15th of April, the attack started. The only avenue of approach was flat and open terrain, which provided good fields of fire for the enemy. Jumping off from the woods bordering the open fields, the 3rd platoon led by Lt. Irving Drucker from Brooklyn, New York hit the enemy's left flank and in marching fire overran their positions before the town.

With 3rd's foothold in the town, the 1st and 2nd platoons began their assault. Vicious crossfire from Heinie machine guns stopped them cold. The platoons withdrew to reorganize. Meanwhile Drucker took advantage of this diversion, and pushed farther into town under the supporting fire of a tank.

Pfc. Darwin Fifield mounted the tank and sprayed the enemy positions with a .50 cal. machine gun. The doughs hit hard and fast. A sniper constantly pecked at Fifield. But this didn't bother him until a couple of bullets hit his cartridge belt and canteen cup and spun him off the tank. Panzerfaust was coming at the men from behind closed doors and cellar windows. In a house to house cleanup their sector was cleared.

By this time, Lt. Caddie Henage had renewed his attack and their momentum carried them into town. S/Sgt. Grant Johnson from Benson, N. C., led his squad through machine gun fire, knocked

out a concealed position and cleared his side of the street. BAR man Merrill Givens from Waltersboro, S. C., his gun spitting a continuous hail of lead, provided covering fire for his squad.

Organized resistance was finally broken. And the weapons platoon under Lt. Paul Nottage swept in to slice the retreating Heinies. Pfc. Harry Blaufield of Philadelphia sprayed a group fleeing into the woods. Another machine gunners arm was rendered helpless with a bullet wound but he kept his gun clattering. Sgt. John Schackett's mortar section sealed the Jerries doom. Pfc. Al Popek of Uniontown, Pa. and Pfc. Herb Swede Naslund of Minnesota, took turns at manning the mortars to keep them going at great speed.

Finally the 3rd platoon aided by the knee-motor crew of Pfc. Earl Beal and Pfc. Alvin Toelkner, mopped up what was left of the Krauts in town.

He's Not All Wet And Jerry Knows it

Pfc. Duke Highland, Co. F Rifleman, Dayton, Ohio, was feeling pretty miserable right after an engagement with the enemy. It was during the attack on Kameritz. And he had been forced to take cover for awhile in a roadside creek with water up to his hips.

He was thinking of this while marching some Jerries back to the PW cage. He suddenly had an idea. He marched the prisoners off the road into the creek. After a few minutes, he motioned them out.

"Now", he smiled in better spiritus, "you've got an idea how I felt".

Regimental Surgeon



Maj. Charles P. Snyder

Enlisting in the army in April, 1941, Maj. Charles P. Snyder, 331st Regimental Surgeon, left his practice in Manor, Pa. to be among the first of the medical doctors to offer his services for fighting men.

Maj. Snyder was assigned to the 104th Medical Regiment of the 29th Division as a first lieutenant and four months later was promoted to a captaincy when he was transferred to the newly formed 629th TD Bn as battalion surgeon. He joined the 331st in February, '43 and received his majority in June.

Maj. Snyder earned his BS degree at the University of Bucknell in 1931 and his MD degree at Jefferson Medical School in Philadelphia. His internship started in 1935 at Western Pa. Hospital in Pittsburgh, Pa. and a year as chief resident in Christian H. Buhl Hospital in Sharon, Pa. followed. Before starting his practice, Maj. Snyder served in West Moreland Hospital, Greensburg, Pa. as an assistant surgeon.

Maj. Snyder is married and has a two year son. His interests, besides keeping fighting men in good health, are golfing and swimming.

Cannon Co. Rolls Along Behind Fast Hitting Doughboys

Even heavy moving Cannon guns kept up with fast moving doughboys across the central plains of Germany. 331st's Cannon Co. led by Capt. Herman Mundt of Ft. Collins, Colorado, were prepared to dismount and set their guns roaring at any time and whatever direction necessary in constant support of advancing units.

In the final 50 mile dash to the Elbe, Cannon Co. attached to 2nd battalion, moved by leaps and bounds. But even this wasn't fast enough. The cannoneers hitched up their guns and rolled right behind the doughboys.

When supporting fire was needed, 105 mm. howitzers were pulled off the road on the spot. A fire direction center was hastily set-up in a house, barn or under a tree by Cpl. Eric Eric Rosenbaum of New York City, Cpl. Albene Allan of Elmira, N. Y. Cpl. Lee Hetrick of Detroit, Mich. and Pfc. Clifford Dopkey, Boston, Mass. This was under the supervision of Lt. Joseph Counihan from Belmoor, N. Y.

Grid coordinate of enemy positions were sent back to the company by forward observer team of Lt. Donald Johnson of Logan, Ohio, Sgt. Okie Gonby of Mountsville, W. Va., Pfc. Joseph Figierce, Pittsburgh, Pa. and Pvt. Charles Simpson of Evansville, Ind. Many times, targets were visible to the cannoneers themselves.

The Cannoneers proved they could adapt themselves to any tactical situation. Said Pfc. Joseph Mondello from Lowell, Mass., cannoneer, "we're always glad to give the closest possible support to the guys up front who are winning the war."

Foxhole Interviews

QUESTION: What was your reaction to the sudden death of President Roosevelt and what affect do you think it will have in postwar peace planning?

Pfc. Felix Gilmartin from New York City, Co. L rifleman.

"There isn't any doubt that the president's death was the saddest news we've heard. He gave his life for our country just like any GI. It's really too bad that he wasn't able to see this thing through to the end. But I guess we're lucky we went this far with that great strain upon him. He's led us to inevitable victory and I'm sure if our leaders follow the ground-work he's laid for postwar peace the U. S. won't come out in the short end. Any program he's planned, is fair to the world. All we've got to do is follow it."

SSgt. Edward Harmer of Philadelphia, Co. B, platoon guide.



"It was hard news to take and at first difficult to believe. But we've nothing to worry about."

Postwar plans have already been set up as a whole. It's just a matter now of working them out. We've had a lot of confidence in President Roosevelt. And if world leaders sincerely believe in him they'll continue to follow his ideas even though he's no longer with us."

QUESTION: It has been suggested that a Veterans Benefit Association, the equivalent of a strong lobby party, be formed among War II vets. Are you in favor of this or do you believe we should join the American Legion?

SSgt. Julius Cannady, Winsboro, So. Cal., Co. E platoon guide.

"I don't know why form another organization. We can do and get the same things with the American Legion. We'll be stepping into an already well going set-up. There's nothing wrong with the American Legion as it now stands. And whatever we want to accomplish for our benefit, it won't be any different with another organization."

Sgt. Joseph Doran of Greenwich, Conn., Co. K squad leader.



"I'm for sticking with the American Legion. There'll be enough War II veterans to have a majority vote in the legion. And after all the organization is well established. It would just be a matter of taking over when we get back. Furthermore a battle veteran of this war isn't any different from one of the last war except in age. Our interests are still the same."

MPs Capture Nazis Threatening PWs

It's not in the books. But anyway three MPs of the 331st engaged a number of Jerries in a brief fire fight and brought in 10 prisoners.

A number of Jerries in a patch of woods were heckling the PW cage near Heddingen. With only some PWs and an IPW team present, the MPs took matters in their own hands. Pvs. James Engleth, James Price and Fletcher Caylor went out to the area where the fire originated.

Creeping up to the patch of woods, they laid down a strong volley with their M1s. Enemy fire ceased and 10 Nazis fled out.

To the MPs this was really old stuff for they are all former members of rifle companies.

Cooks Get in Hot Fight, Fry Jerries With Bullets

In a fight that would make the works of the zaniest Hollywood producer look pale, the "fighting cooks" of the 1st battalion, 331st Infantry, made history. During the surge to the Elbe elbow, the cooks had kept pace with the swift movement of the advancing troops preparing hot meals right on their tail. They would unload their kitchen trucks, used to carry personnel, prepare a hot meal in three hours, load up and start off again. They also carried the meals in squad pans to the frontlines and served the food between shell bursts.

But one night the kitchen train, consisting of five kitchen trucks, supply vehicles and maintenance trucks, was moving up to the forward area. The night was black and the route uncertain. The convoy ran into a town that had been bypassed by the fast moving frontline units. It was well populated by German soldiers. Rifle bullets began thudding into the sides of the trucks, ricocheting off of aluminum pots and pans and cast iron field ranges. Burp guns let loose with their guttural pounding. Cpl. Harvey Foster, Columbus, Ohio, leading the convoy and Pfc. Frederick Montron, East Taunton, Mass., driving the lead truck, stopped the convoy and ordered everyone to dismount. As the flash of machine guns and the roar and pop of panzerfausts lit up the dark night, the motley crew flung out into the roadside ditch returning the enemy's fire.

The mad scramble that had preceded this move was laughable in a way. Pots, Pans, strainers and 10-1 rations were pushed aside in the mad scramble for M-1s buried at the bottom of everything. Pvt. Robert Mabry, Los Angeles, Cal., asst. kitchen truck driver from D Co., manning a .50 cal. MG mounted on his truck. Its hammering song silenced the burp gun serenade. Pfc. Ollie Carnes, Kenville, Texas, well-equipped with two bandoleers of M-1 ammunition and forgetting his job as Hq. Co. cook, fired his M-1 in the best training manual fashion. His accurate firing accounted for two enemy dead.

All was confusion with the air filled with flying bullets, bursting panzerfausts and the hammering machine guns. It sounded as if a major battle were in progress. To the cooks, it was. Feeling the situation acute, S/Sgt. Oscar King, Ellis, Kan., Hq. Co. Mess Sgt. and Tec 4 Edward Davenport, Niagara Falls, N.Y., mechanic, took off in three quarter ton truck, narrowly avoiding one panzerfaust burst, raced to the next town, summoned three tanks and guided them back.

Meanwhile the conglomeration of cooks, mailmen and mechanics had not remained idle. Pvt. William Murphy of New Cumberland, Pa. and Tec 4 Charles Lynch, Boston, Mass. Co. B cooks had started to clean out each house driving the enemy out with their M-1s. A sizeable bunch of the crew led by Tec 4 Wilson Day, Cincinnati, Ohio and Tec 5 Jack Kilpatrick, Chico, Cal., Hq. Co. first cook and mailman respectively, made their way through small arms fire to the other side of town. They killed several Jerries and captured 35 prisoners. Two of the crew were wounded and Day dragged them to safety and gave them first aid.

The tanks arrived and the fire from their 75 mm. guns and .30 cal. MGs added to the rout of the enemy. Pfc. Byron Phillips of Collins, Ohio from Co. D set a haystack on fire with his tracer bullets. The fire spread to a barn which burned to the ground, revealing an abandoned Jerry tank, luckily out of gas.

After the noise had died down, the cooks took a short rest.

First MAC Bars Awarded in 331st

Two more battle-tested EMs were awarded commissions last week. They were Lts. Jack Peters and Virgil Collins, the latter receiving his in the medical administrative corps and believed to be the first MAC commission in the division.

Peters was awarded his bars right after the battle of the Belgian bulge. But he had been wounded and evacuated and was sworn in on his recent return from the hospital. Collins commission came through during the drive across Germany when the rear elements of the division had been left many miles behind. He took his oath from Capt. Karl N. Smith 331st Personnel Adjutant.

Peters entered the service at the activation of the 331st in '42. He has held every enlisted grade. He wears the Silver Star, Purple Heart and Oak Leaf Cluster. A native of Alliance, Ohio, he was formerly a steel mill employee, is 25 years and single.

Collins also entered the service with the 331st in '42 and held every grade to staff sergeant. He wears the Bronze Star and Purple Heart. He was a metalsmith in Goodyear Aircraft in Akron, Ohio. He is 23 years and single.

Marines have placed this sign on Kwajalein Atoll: "HOTEL ATOLL - No Beer Atoll - No Women Atoll - Nuthin' Atoll."

Isolated Co. G Squad Answers Surrender Demand With Bullets

The divisional bridgehead had just been secured. G Company was assigned the task of holding down the right flank of the battalion sector at Wartenburg after making the initial assault landing.

At 2400, like a clap of thunder, the German counterattack began. Three Mark IV tanks came rumbling down the road followed by at least 150 Krauts. The leading tank was stopped by anti-tank weapons just 50 feet short of the G CP.

At this point, the two remaining tanks retreated into the woods, while the attacking force of infantrymen swung off in an attempt to infiltrate the Yank positions from the right flank.

A squad of doughs of the second platoon held down the opposite bank of a canal that bordered the right flank, with a section of light machine guns. The men were dug in just 20 feet from the edge of the water in their isolated forward position. A band of Jerries edged their way forward. Some could evidently speak English fluently. One Jerry parried in English: "Is this George Company?" No one was tricked into answering.

The enemy succeeded in surrounding and cutting off the doughsloggers and demanded an immediate surrender. This met deaf ears among the Yanks. A 60 mm. mortar crew was opposite the squad across the canal. Someone picked up the phone and called for a flare. Its brilliant rays though momentary, revealed the enemy standing all around the isolated doughs.

With automatic fire, their numbers were raked. A number of them fled into the woods.

Throughout the night, the Heinies kept coming back trying to infiltrate the lines, frequently crawling up close to the foxholes with hand grenades.

At sun-up the next morning, a heap of dead Nazis were found draped over the dug-in positions. Pfc. Richard Winslow of Great Barrington, R. I. pushed a cadaverous leg aside, popped his head out of the foxhole and said, "Whose got a K ration, I'm starved."

Doughs Turn Engrs. to Aid Rhine Assault Boat Crossing

The day the Ninth Army crossed the Rhine River, 15 doughboys and two engineers of the 331st Combat Team were on hand - all volunteers - as outboard motorboat operators to carry waves of men across in the initial landings. To ten of the men, piloting a water craft was no new experience, but doing it in the face of enemy fire, in a swift current river, and in the blackness of night, was something else again.

The army needed men with boating experience to pilot motorboats and assault boats, for the Rhine crossing was a task far in excess of the engineers manpower. Preparations were made with the help of the navy in proportions that equaled the D-Day landings in Normandy. A combined air, water and land operation was decided as the practical way to storm this last barrier to the heart of Germany.

The men agreed that the suspense before the attack, while waiting in foxholes at the river's edge as Jerry mortar and 88s splattered the west bank of the Rhine, was the worst part of their experience.

Pfc. Donald Smith, Co. K rifleman from Huntington Beach, Cal. knew how to swim so he volunteered to learn how to pilot a storm boat. At H-hour, Smith and his 50 HP motorboat, after two weeks training at the Meuse River in Holland, was in the first wave to hit the other side of the Rhine. He delivered his passengers under everything the Hun could throw and headed back for more troops. All went well for the first three waves but on the fourth his boat received a direct hit from an 88. With a few choice words, Smith swam for home shores and another boat. This time he grabbed a larger and slower assault boat and in the dual role of pilot and litter bearer spent the remainder of the day ferrying and collecting wounded.

According to Pvt. Joseph Saltzman, an ex-fisherman from Bayan Manshac, Louisiana, Co. G dough, the biggest thrill he had in the amphibious operation was the destruction of his boat by a lucky 88 hit before the craft was even placed in the surf. He had jumped into a Heinie-made foxhole just behind the stern of the ship as the shell landed. He asked for another boat and by daybreak he had made three crossings.

Pfc. Stanislaus Willoughby, Co. C, 308th Engrs., from Ridge, Md. piloted his craft across the Rhine 15 times. Operating a stormboat, he sheared a pin on the east bank in the first wave and had to repair his propeller under fire. He was formerly Captain of the "Shirley Temple" a 40 foot fishing launch in the Chesapeake Bay. Now he claims he will never operate a boat of any description and what's more will give up making a living on the water after the war. "Brother, don't ever go anywhere on the Rhine without a portable foxhole", Willoughby quipped.

Pvt. Stanley Smitley, Co. F dough from Kalamazoo, Mich., said it was no simple crossing. "There were many GI bodies floating around the river before we were through," he said. "I saw an officer in one boat cut in two and a man's leg severed at the knee. At the last wave my boat was a sieve. Full of bullet holes."

"It was my worst experience in battle", added Pfc. Arthur Beccue, Alton, Mont. Ill., from Co. H. "no more river crossings for me"

Other "naval" men from the 331st were Pfc. Roy Peters, Co. H, Durango, Colo.; S/Sgt. Melvin Riser, Co. A, Sgt. James Alexander, Co. A, Big Sandy, Tenn.; Pfc. James Cioffi, Co. B, Williamsport, Pa.; Pfc. John Brady, Co. B, Bronx, New York; Pfc. Herbert Seaman, Co. B, Alabama; Pfc. Harvey Shelley, Co. B, Booneville, Miss. Pfc. Albert Raburn, Co. B, Sanford, Fla.; Pfc. Cordes Miller, Co. C, Karthus, Pa.; Pfc. Harold Wrosch, Co. E, Chicago, Ill.; Pfc. Jackie Wray, Co. E, Inglis, Fla.; Pfc. James Rutter, Co. E, Tucker, N. J.; Pfc. Elbert Spurgeon, Co. E, Reno, Nev.; Tec 4 Elias Blackburn, Co. F, Delaware, Okla.; Pfc. Darwin Bross, Co. H, Danville, Ohio; Pfc. Alfred Hendry, Co. A, Venus, Fla.

Doughboys Saddle Tanks Across Reich



Riding high on tanks are Co. I doughboys just before the battle of Dorenburg in the Harz Mts. Foot soldiers rode tanks and trucks in the drive through Germany, dismounting to engage the enemy in pockets of resistance.

His Only Thought - A Man Was Wounded

The groaning of a wounded man was heard down the road a few yards ahead. It was a black night and hardly anything was distinguishable. Cpl. Raymond Kelly, Co. K Imedie, from Philadelphia, was cautiously moving forward in the direction of the sound. The shadowy outline of a doughboy emerged from the blackness.

"Don't go any farther", he warned the medic. "There's a lot of trip wires down there attached to personnel mines. It's got two of our men already."

Unheeding, Kelly continued on. There were wounded soldiers in that maze of wire and mines. That's all he needed to know. Carefully, he felt his way to their side. One man's leg was blown off. The other was unconscious with cuts on his face.

Kelly fumbled in the dark but he managed to apply a tourniquet on the legless soldier. He revived the other. Then he inched his way back crawling on his stomach and dragging the wounded soldier.

3rd Battalion Punches Into Hamm, Over Canal for 95th

Establishing the bridgehead at Hamm on the Dortmund-Ems Canal was one of the toughest knots of resistance to untie during the Yanks sweep to the Elbe. But Maj. William Sellers battalion undertook the job, punched their way into the north side of the city, dealt a severe blow across the canal and held the bridgehead for two days until the 95th Division pushed through to take the town.

It was 0525 on the morning after Easter when K Co. under Lt. Daniel Halliday from San Juan, Cal. mounted the table-like right of approach to the Hamm R.R. bridge. The men moved out quickly and perilously close behind their own artillery and mortar barrage. Creeping, crawling and short dashes were the only means of making the crossing over the five-span trestle that bridged the twin canals which made a bait-out of the Hamm pocket.

Speed was essential and Lt. Daniel Little of Decatur, Ill. led his platoon across first. Lt. Co. was to cross the foot and vehicle bridge on the left of K but Jerry blew it with prepared charges, almost under the very noses of the leading elements. This action left Co. K high and all alone on the murderous tracks of the marshalling yards. With sniper machine gun fire and panzerfaust rockets pouring down from upper stories of neighboring buildings, the doughs moved forward towards the station. Once inside the cavernous hub of the yard, the short "on objective and preparing to hold" was radioed back to higher command.

With supply lines covered for over a thousand yards by snipers who could see anything that moved, Cpls. Robert Walsh of Jersey City and Frederick Fegley of Allentown, Pa. with their 300 radios were the only communication with the outside. Later a call for ammunition was sent. To this S/Sgt. Harold Merrill of California responded with a carrying party of one platoon from Co. L. They arrived at the bridgehead none too soon. For as they prepared to head back, the first counter-attack let loose. Everyone manned a station and maintained a constant output of fire so terrific that the enemy was forced to withdraw.

Lt. Vernon Fever of Detroit said his weapons platoon fired at the extreme range of 300 yards at one time. But in this action S/Sgt. Robert Trego of Columbus, Ohio brought fire to within 50 yards by firing through an aperture in the roof of the station. Co. L was soon across bringing as much ammunition as they could carry - armloads of bandoleers, rounds of bazookas, and cases of machine gun ammo. For two days, the men repelled a continuous series of counterattacks. Co. M fired 4000 rounds of 81 mm. mortar in support.

Lt. Adolph Sharkey of Roxbury, Mass., Co. L said, "We had Hamm for Easter and it was plenty tough. We cleared out a one-block factory area and took the police station and large railroad station where we made our observation post and CP. The Nazis shot a lot of panzerfausts at the roof but most of them failed to penetrate."

"The Yanks were forced to guard many tunnels, ramps and other exits such as are

found in railroad stations. The Germans were anxious to retake the strategic station and protect the military installations known to be located in Hamm. But the strong concentrations of mortar and artillery into Nazi positions around the smelter American held sector prevented large scale counterattacks and started many fires."

The farthest penetration into the battalion's sector came the second day. It's story of the Arizinovich and Grey combi and one the men will never forget.

The Nazis infiltrated into the station proper and started down the stairs on both sides. A grenade came bouncing toward the tense Co. K doughs waiting just in front of the baggage room. "Watch out, grenade", yelled Sgt. Joseph Doran from Greenwich, Conn. The men ducked as the grenade exploded. But it was the spark that set them off.

"We went after those Jerries like a bunch of ruptured ducks" said T/Sgt. John Arizinovich of Canton, Ohio.

T/Sgt. Henry Grey of the weapons platoon grabbed a machine gun that had been hit but still operating. With this poorly functioning weapon he went after the Krauts. When he could no longer fire without hitting his own men, he picked up an M-1 rifle and joined in a hastily organized marching fire.

Arizinovich, better known as Russian, was leading the gang, shouting and firing. Right behind him came Sgt. John Frizano of Philadelphia and Pfc. Severa Calti, Brooklyn, N. Y. The enemy was soon disorganized and their remaining few made a hasty retreat.

"The way those boys pushed the Jerries back was a spectacular effort I'll never forget", said Sharkey. "Two of our machine guns overlooking buildings across the street and rubble behind which Germans were hiding were keyed with Panzerfaust. I had one squad off to the left and was using that as an OP. They sent word back that a group of Nazis were sneaking up with panzerfaust and we let go with some anti-tank rifle grenades. That took care of them."

"We used loads of ammunition. In fact, that was our own drawback. We couldn't get enough. It had to be carried across the canal by carrying parties and that was dangerous. The Jerries tried like hell to knock those supply parties out."

The Yanks permitted a German ambulance to pull up and pick up their casualties. They were surprised to see the single medic tossing in bodies too.

"One joker was playing possum", said Sharkey. "When the ambulance got a few feet away he ran for it. Our riflemen were watching and he hadn't taken more than a few steps when a couple shots hit him in the posterior. He swung around completely like a dancer and hit the pavement. The boys let him get in the ambulance then," he laughed.

Pfc. Ludwig Tillman, Co. L BAR man from Chicago, described his pinpoint sector in one of the German's rushes. "Three Germans came out of a house about 100 yards away from my place at a big window. I saw them and fired one magazine. Two ran back and one fell. He must have crawled back into the building. That was in the afternoon of the second day. After that attack, which I heard took place on all three flanks at once, the Jerries pulled one every 45 minutes. But not a one of them succeeded."

What's a Luger?

What is a luger? This questioned was asked by a wounded German officer who heard American soldiers speak of this .38 cal. pistol used by the German Army. Anyway, according to the German officer there is no such gun as a luger and the term isn't in the German language. The proper name for that much sought after weapon is para-bellum.

Co. G Joe Taken PW at Moselle Hugs Liberators

"I'm no Heinie, honest I'm not, I'm a real Yank". And Pfc. Stanley Skiba of Bayonne, N.J., wearing a Kraut jacket, hugged and kissed his liberators - men from his own regiment, the 331st Infantry. Skiba had been a prisoner of war since December, '44.

Luxembourg in the vicinity of the Moselle River. He was among the 1500 Allied PWs released during the 331st drive to the Elbe.

"Gee, I'm glad to see you", he wept. And tears unashamedly trickled down his face. "How's Lt. Macaluso?" (now Capt.) he wanted to know. And thus began a stream of inquiries of his old buddies from Co. G.

When the excitement of being a free man again quieted down, he told how he was wounded in the shoulder while on a three-man combat patrol. He had volunteered to destroy a camouflaged anti-tank gun at night. It was spotted during the day. But as the patrol neared the gun's position, they were cut down by enemy machine gun fire. One man was hit in the stomach. Skiba received two bullet wounds in his shoulder. And he didn't know what happened to Pfc. Carlan Hollingsworth, the third man later found as a PW also.

Skiba and his wounded buddy were taken across the Moselle and brought to a company CP. There he was questioned by a German officer who spoke perfect English. At the end of the interrogation, he was informed that his buddy had died. Skiba's wounds were patched and he was sent to a hospital in Trier.

"I was treated fairly decently", Skiba explained, "until this forced march began. That was hell. And one other time when I was transported from one prison camp to another in a box car packed with soldiers. It was a cold winter day. There was no heat and the frost was a foot thick. And all we had to eat was bread and sweetened water. During the march I foraged what I could from the fields. Just before I saw you guys I had some onions and potatoes hidden under my jacket which I had stolen from a farm. I was taking a hell of a chance. For one of the Yanks who had picked up an onion was severely beaten by one of the Heinie guards. I think he later died."

"Gosh, it's good to see you", he repeated. And he ripped off the Kraut jacket and donned an American field jacket which someone threw towards him. He was wearing an Englishman's overseas cap. But on the side was carefully drawn in pencil, the 33rd Division insignia.

331st Welcomes Chaplain Donaghy

Men of the 331st welcomed a new chaplain this week. Capt. William R. S. Donaghy of Germantown, Pa. has been in the service for 25 months, 20 of them spent overseas. He was with the 67th Gen. Hospital in England, came to France in October, '44 and joined the 5th Engr. Special Brigade. He was transferred to the 331st April 4th.

An episcopalian, Chaplain Donaghy's last parish was in Lowell, Mass.

Doughs Blitz Beyond Elbe

(Continued from Page 1)

real battle east of the Rhine came at Hamm. Here the 3rd battalion cleared out the north sector of town and pushed across the Dortmund Ems Canal and Lippe River to establish a fiercely contested bridgehead for the 95th Division; while the 1st battalion siezed ground along the Lippe River east of Hamm and occupied Dolberg, and the 2nd battalion cut the railroad tracks and secured the high ground northeast of Hamm.

Moving up to an assembly area at Paderborn, the 2nd battalion became a part of an armored task force and struck out east from Delbrück. The 1st battalion shot eastward directly toward the Weser, took Falkenhagen after a stiff fight and then fought their toughest engagement at Polle on the Weser. On the morning of the 9th, they had a firm grip on the stronghold and at dusk crossed the river over a treadyway. Hoxter was taken by the 3rd battalion which immediately struck north to Heinsen, made a tactical crossing of the Weser on assault boats, cleared Bevern and Allersheim and on the morning of the 10th Holzminde, the last town on the Weser to offer any resistance.

And this was the first breathing spell the men had. The accelerated pace continued from the Rhine crossing. For 10 days and nights the men had punched their way forward with little rest. They would catch an hours sleep on the trucks or alongside halted tanks and then move on. They munched on K rations and grabbed an occasional cup of hot coffee brought up by the kitchen crew. It was tired men who fought at Hamm, Polle and Hoxter. But their winning spirit didn't falter.

Meanwhile the 2nd battalion attached to the 113th Cavalry, captured Horn and approximately 10 other strong-points, crossed the Leine with the Second Armored at Cl. Freden then moved down to cross the Weser at Polle. They rejoined the regiment at Alfeld. From Halberstadt, the 331st moved out again making a beeline for the Elbe River.

Spearheading the fresh drive, the 2nd battalion cleared 15 places. The actual ground covered amounted to more than 50 miles by the time they zigzagged over the back roads flattening centers of resistance. The 1st battalion secured four objectives and then blocked to the south protecting the regiment's right flank while the 3rd battalion hitched up with an armored cavalry and cleared woods south of Derenburg.

By the 13th, the 2nd battalion had cleared three more objectives. The 329th Combat Team reported the town of Barby clear and the 2nd battalion shot across the Weser in assault boats on the 329th's right flank. The river maneuvers were simple against little re-

sistance but that night the doughboys had to brace themselves to receive the impact of a fierce Nazi counterattack. They held their ground and the following day with the threat of another counterattack against the newly established bridgehead, the 1st and 3rd battalions crossed the Weser.

The bridgehead expanded but with plenty of pressure against it. Nazi OCS fanatics with the ink hardly dry on their diplomas, fought a battle to the death. The 2nd battalion met them at Kamentz in a 12 hour grueling fight and the 1st battalion engaged the same type of Jerry in the Steckby forest.

331st doughs dug in to hold their positions. Joe was ready to shake hands with Ivan.

Yanks Free Buddies

(Continued from Page 1)

The Germans hated for the American soldier was intense. The Jerry blamed the Yanks for the bombing of their cities. They would point to the skies and ask "Vy did you come over". The only nourishment the prisoners had were the packages they received through the Red Cross. And then there were cases of malnutrition. Hundreds of men died in the camps. Many more dropped by the wayside during the forced march. One incident was reported where two Yanks fell out sick from dysentery. They were shot by their guards. One man pulled up his trouser leg and pointed to his thigh. I weighed 193 pounds. I doubt if would tip the scales at 110 now.

The rapid movement of advance prevented the American columns moving eastward to evacuate the freed PWs through proper channels. They were advised to secure billets for themselves in nearby towns in the same manner as the victorious soldiers. Forcing the German civilians out of their homes and taking over. In a like manner, German civilians gave them food and washed their clothes.

Columns of soldiers moving up the roads threw cigarettes out to the PWs and K rations. Several captured trucks were dispatched to secure K rations and distribute them.

In one small village that had been bypassed, we met several Canadian and English soldiers. We were the first Yanks they met. They had sneaked away from the woods at night and hid out in the village. A few captured bottles of cognac and wine in our jeep were opened in celebration of their freedom and autographs were exchanged.

Col. Bailey Returns, Takes Over Bn Reins

Lt. Col. Frederick Bailey from Buffalo, New York, assumed command of his 3rd battalion this week after a brief period in the hospital. He was wounded in the left shoulder by rifle bullets.

During the 331st drive to the Rhine, Col. Bailey went on a reconnaissance over the Eft Canal to check enemy dispositions on the open right flank of his battalion. After his observations were made, he returned to his jeep and just as he pulled away, a sniper opened up and clipped him in the shoulder with two bullets. His body guards and driver were not harmed.

In Col. Bailey's absence, the battalion was commanded by Maj. William E. Sellers from Cumberland, Md.

I-R, M8s Break up Reg. Convoy Ambush

(Continued from Page 1)

carbines and a few M-1s all of them ready for a good fight. By this time the Heinies had retreated into the barn. A few wounded dragged themselves forward to surrender. An M-8 of the 643rd TDs made a beeline for the barn, its .50 cal. machine gun at the turret pouring lead. A Jerry came out of the barn, his hands held high and yelled "kamerad". The determined TD crew, S/Sgt. Ruby Nunzie from Waterbury, Conn., Tec 4 Russell Meyer of Williamsport, Pa. and Pvt. William Benedict from Staten Island, New York, kept their gun blazing into the barn. Finally out tumbled over 50 Heinies who had enough. Most of them were only kids. One seemed to be about eight years. A few claimed the age of sixteen. A half dozen were in their sixties. The bottom of the barrel scraped, draped in uniform and all, except the oldsters, wanted to die for Der Fuehrer.

But they came running down the road as directed, terrified, out of breath. Two of them began crying. They lived but a few miles away, they sobbed, and they wanted to go home.

Elbe Bridgehead Saved in Battle of Steckby Forest

(Continued from Page 1)

voice to hold their ground. In the face of such courage, they willingly obeyed."

Lt. James Stranahan's weapons platoon were the last to withdraw from their original positions. 908th FA Bn started timely serenade into the attacking Krauts. This gave Co. A an opportunity to catch their breaths and they started back, sweeping the enemy from the woods.

Lt. Walter Edwards Co. C on the right flank held their ground. Two mortarmen from Co. D climbed on two tanks that were knocked out and manned the 50 cal. machine guns on the tanks' turrets. They were S/Sgt. Norman Schuster from Perkasee, Pa. and Sgt. Joseph De More of Pittsburgh, Pa. "We easily poured 2400 rounds into those bastards and they still kept coming", Schuster swore, "but we didn't budge an inch."

The First Platoon on the outpost fought a fierce battle for an hour, killing and wounding 20 Heinies with machine gun, rifle and bazooka fire before they withdrew under cover of two smoke grenades to the Company defense strengthening the flanks there.

Here a small number of men with a hurriedly acquired machine gun held off the persistent enemy until mortar fire could be directed in to drive them back.

On the right flank of the Company, defending a vital crossroad firebreak, the First Platoon was stubbornly holding against 30 Germans who were infiltrating with heavy rifle and machine gun fire. So confident were the Jerries of their ability to push through that a Heinie leader shouted from the enemy held side to the First Platoon, "Come off the hill! Come off the hill!" For answer he received a doubled volley of small arms fire newly strengthened by hurriedly brought up and critically needed ammunition. In their area the First Platoon accounted for some 30 of the enemy.

In the meantime, Co. K under the command of Lt. Daniel Halladay, encountered a Jerry patrol attempting to reach the ponto on bridges. But they too were readily smeared.

Arlene Francis, on the Blue network's Blind Date program, asked a service man: "What were you before you joined up?" "Perfectly contented," was his brisk reply.

Engrs. Make River Crossing in Stride

Taking the 3rd battalion across the Weser River via assault boat, building and operating a ferry and assisting the 246th Construction Engineer battalion in building a treadyway bridge is the record 24 hour accomplishment of Co. C combat engineers. Capt. Joseph Swidert's engineers doggedly worked around the clock to keep 331st men and supplies flowing across the Weser in the Ninth Army eastward push.

Through the night before D-Day, Co. C men brought up assault boats on trucks to the river's edge. It was a black night. Many a man's helmet was lost that night", remarked Pfc. Honess. "We kept hitting our heads against the tree branches as we rode the trucks loaded with boats. And in the morning we almost had to fight our way to the river's edge even though the town had been cleared by the infantry. It seems that some Heinies had crossed the river at night on a reconnaissance and infiltrated our lines. There weren't many and we soon cleared them out."

Pfc. Joseph Noce from Hartford, Conn. and Pfc. Tom Horan from Boston captured 15 Jerries hiding in a cellar.

At 0900, preceded by an artillery barrage, the assault began covered with a heavy smoke screen. In two waves, the doughboys were across. A burp gun opened up but it was soon silenced with a .50 cal. MG from 736 Tank.

After the initial crossings, a ferry was constructed by the second platoon under Lt. Harlan Schickel. This operated the entire day transporting vehicles and additional combat units. Each returning trip, it brought back a load of prisoners.

At Polle, men of Co. C were aiding the 246 Engrs. in constructing a treadyway bridge. Just as the convoy preceded across at dusk, the last pontoon broke. The ferry at Heinsen had been dismantled but it was immediately reassembled and in readiness in case repair on the treadyway would delay the convoy indefinitely.

Tec 5 Albert Hampschir from Philadelphia, Pa. recounted an amusing incident at the start of the assault boat crossing.

Tec 5 John Barmonite of Cincinnati, Ohio, Pfc. Ray Pike and Pvt. James Beeler both from Pittsburgh, Pa. showed off in their assault boat ahead of

On the front window of a Louisville, Ky grocery store was written: "Boy wanted". Below was scribbled: "I want one, too. Jeanne."

schedule. As they reached mid-river, they looked around and saw they were alone. "Where the devil are the other boats? We must have started too soon", they wondered. With that, they dropped to the bottom of the boat. The boat continued toward the east side of the river. But all that was visible in the boat were hands and paddles.

No Stuffing



Someone started circulating the rumor that Greer Garson's legs were stuffed with horse hair during the filming of "Random Harvest" in which Miss Garson played a dancer and had to show her gams. Greer says it's a lie, and she sends this picture to prove it.

Polle Taken in Bitter Battle Against SS

(Continued from Page 1)

to advance and secure the first houses in the town. The other half of the platoon in leapfrogging maneuvers secured the second house. From then on it was a continuous battle from house to house.

Lt. Col. Henry Neilson from Seattle, Wash., followed some of the doughboys into town. "The men moved down the street on each side. As they approached a house they would dart in, come out with a few prisoners, send them back, move cautiously on to the next house, clear it. Almost every house was a strongpoint. And the men had to clear each one as they advanced. But it was the tiger tank that gave the men most of their trouble. It kept roaming around the town and you never knew from which direction that 88 was coming. At one point I stepped around the corner of a building and there the tank snared me right in the face. I made an about-face in double quick time."

The 3rd platoon of Co. A, creeping up into town, was stopped by enemy cross-fire until Tyner ordered his men to let loose with their rifle grenades. From that point the two platoons moved together but they were stopped again by a 20 mm ack-ack gun and the tiger tank. The doughs had to sweat it out until daylight when they were relieved by the balance of the company.

While the 2nd platoon advanced, a security guard of three riflemen and part of a machine gun squad left behind had a counterattack. This was quickly checked by Sgt. Munroe and this machine gun despite the fact he had to dust it off when it was blown out of position by a panzerfaust. The enemy patrol continued to pour panzerfaust into the house. No matter where Pfc. Danny Morello moved, a panzerfaust entered the room he had just left. With him were Pfc. Dalton Johnson of Broken Bow, Oklahoma and Pfc. Russell Blickenstaff of Hagertown, Md.

Once Co. C's attack was begun it was impossible for artillery to give any support in fear of hitting their own troops. Enemy machine gun, rifle and 20 mm ack ack rained over the hills and valley to be echoed by the returning fire of the Doughs and tanks.

On the right flank the First Platoon ran into stiff resistance where the hillside was a swiss cheese of dug in rifle-

men supported by a machine gun section. The enemy gun was knocked out by the rapid maneuvering of Sgt. Louis J. Klancer, attached to the First Platoon. The men then moved steadily forward to clean out Heinies from foxholes so well concealed they were often on top of them before they realized it.

Twilight had slipped to darkness and the red embers of tracers sang in the air. In the valley below the tanks were pounding the town and spraying suspected machine gun nest with a splatter of lead. The shattered hull of a barn blazed and silhouetted the scene of battle as men dashed forward, hit the ground, fired and dashed ahead again.

Rifle grenades blasted an enemy machine gun that had the Second Platoon, drawn out of support, advancing through the freezing waters of a stream. 100 yards before reaching its first house in the town the Second Platoon was pinned low by 20 mm ack ack that grazed the ground until two bazooka shells knocked it out and set the barn in which it was located ablaze.

In the meantime the First Platoon in a bloody battle had pushed the enemy off the left hill, captured a colonel, and were entering the right portion of town divided from the main section by a blown bridge, to clean out and secure the houses.

The Third Platoon, with the aid of the tanks firing and the push of the other elements, had been released from the position they had been pinned down in and made a push to get into town. Three times the uncompromising ack ack and machine gun fire hurled them back before they finally succeeded in securing their sector of town. At the same time, the Second Platoon, wet silhouettes of determination had pushed on to secure houses and hold their sector.

A tiger royal tank had been nestled in the middle of the town firing machine gun fire down the two main streets. Well secured, it remained a menace until finally crippled and abandoned by the retreating Heinies.

Having secured an initial hold on the town, and rather than risk firing on or being fired on by A Company coming in from the far left, C company held

until dawn when clearing out the remaining prisoners became a simple task compared to the work of the night before.

Squad Leader Sgt. Teddy R. Guenzberg of New York City, was still shaky as he said: "Those SS boys fought like hell. If anyone back in the states thinks the war's over they should have been here last night. We can't sleep—although we haven't had any sleep for 40 hours—and all we've eaten for three days is K rations."

Along the banks of the Weser was a salvage heap of clothing, personal items and pistols left by the retreating Heinies as they had stripped in the chill of dawn and swam the river. Some 202 prisoners captured on the hillsides and in the town as well as an untold score of dead and wounded Jerries did not make the river.

Nazi Colonel Surrenders Airfield to 2nd Bn Yanks

A two-man quartering party from the 2nd battalion can claim the capture of a German airfield. Capt. James Patterson from Fresno, Cal. and his driver Tec 5 John Burns of Bainbridge, Cal. were returning to the battalion from a reconnaissance, noted what seemed to be planes camouflaged among trees off the road.

Parking their jeep, they started through the trees, and bumped into three Jerries, one of them a Lt. Colonel. Checking further, they counted 62 German planes parked around the edge of a field among the trees. The field proper was cleverly camouflaged - grass growing between small paving blocks.

Further investigation revealed a barn housing a complete repair shop. The gasolineless planes had been rendered completely unserviceable by the retreating enemy.

An Army friend tells me that service men, with characteristic shrewdness, have reduced the maze of Army rules and regulations to three simple formulas: 1. If it moves, salute it. 2. If it doesn't move, pick it up. 3. If it's too big to pick up, paint it.

