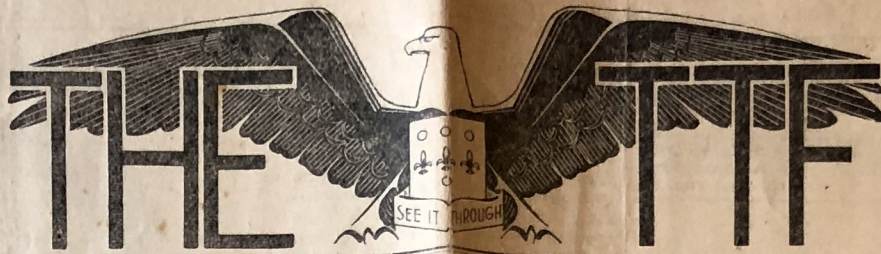


Somewhere in Belgium

Saturday, Feb. 10, 1945

Vol. 1, N° 9.



Dear God, give us strength to accept with serenity the things that cannot be changed. Give us courage to change the things that can and should be changed. And give us wisdom to distinguish one from the other.

Attributed to Admiral Hart.

331st Chooses Valentine of '45 In Photo Contest

Over 200 photographs of 331st wives and sweethearts were sent to the editor of The TTF in response to the St. Valentine's Day contest to choose the combat team's valentine. Three of the prettiest photos were chosen by six judges representing every unit in the combat team. Miss Geneva Fowler of Warren, Ohio was number one choice, and she will receive an eight by ten portrait and sketch of her fiancée, S/Sgt. Roy E. Newsome, Co. B communications sergeant. Number two and three were Miss Phyllis Ann Watkins of Louisville, Ky., fiancée of Tec 4 Donald G. Donnell Hq. Btry 908th FA Bn; and Miss Dorothy Yount of Butler, Pa., fiancée of Pvt. Donald MacMurdo, AT Co.

The judges had a difficult task to reach a decision. « Never before did we see so many beautiful photos in one group, » they declared. « Many of these pictures are far prettier than our favorite movie actresses. »

Representing the first battalion was T/Sgt. William A. Gulliano of Altoona, Pa.; the second battalion judge was Capt. De Witt T. Rogers of Emporia, Va.; third battalion, Pvt. Aldo Pariani of Phillipsburg, N. J. Lt. William Poulter of Los Angeles, Cal., AT Co. and 1/Sgt. Joseph Armhold of Nashville, Tenn., Cn Co. represented the special units. 908th FA Bn judge was Tec 4 Oliver Weismuller of Philadelphia, Hq. Btry.

Hot Showers, Movies... Paradise After Hell

Hot showers, clean clothing, a couple of good nights rest and what fighting man of the 331st wouldn't feel like another crack at the Jerries. Coming from the frontlines, the men received the benefits of rest and relaxation recently. Their first most enjoyable sensation was hot showers followed by SSO movies, visits from the ARC doughnut girls and finally passes to town.

A percentage of men from each unit were sent to the Corps Rest Center where they got plenty of sleep, a diversified program of entertainment and a beer, if they so desired, in town. The rest center also provided GI dances with local charm as partners, and USO vaudeville shows.

For men with other thoughts of relaxation, there were rooms with comfortable chairs, magazines, writing stationery, radio and a piano.

Pfc. Vernon Oelrichs of Mora, Mo., Co. 1 said he didn't know too much about the rest center for he spent most of his time guzzling beer in town. And Pfc. Walter Asula of Minneapolis, Minn. thought the rest center was « swell. I really enjoyed myself. » But Pfc. Charles Dragwa of Simpson, Pa. had a sad story. His feet started to burn, the after-effects of frost-bite and he just lay in bed.

Fearless SS Cringe Before Doughs

S/Sgt. Andrew Fidram of Youngstown, Ohio, Co. A, was wounded twice in the arm while leading a patrol through the Ardennes. But it didn't prevent him from killing two Nazis and making a third cry « Uncle. » The latter wore a white camouflaged uniform and carried a burp gun. When he saw his number was up, he cried out and begged Fidram not to shoot.

« Please don't shoot, » he cried. « I'm a medic. »

141 Medals Awarded Combat Team for Gallantry in Action



Miss Dorothy Yount

Miss Geneva Fowler

Miss Phyllis Ann Watkins

Bloody Battle of the Crossroads Marked Decisive Victory for Yanks

They call it the « bloody battle of the crossroads ». And the large number of Nazi SS bodies grotesquely lying throughout the woods confirm the doughboys' statements. It was just like the battle charge of the knights of old when men of Co. B led by Capt. Daniel M. Moore of MacAlester, Okla., swept down upon the SS troops in the St. Pierre-Hes forest and in a 45 minute small-arms hand-to-hand encounter killed over 50 Nazis, took 30 prisoners and sent a large number hell-bent for the Reichland.

Closely supported by two light tanks, the doughboys fanned out on either side of the road through the dense woods and started their physical wrecking drive down a snow-covered fire break. Never knowing at what moment the enemy would be contacted, the men kept up a continual dogged pace. Smattering fire indicated an occasional enemy patrol was sighted but quickly exterminated.

The second platoon under Lt. Patrick Murphy of Flint, Mich. swept into the first clearing and the battle was underway. The dining fire

of rifles machine guns, burp guns and BARs resounded throughout the forest. Bullets readily met their marks in the close-up fray. Blood flowed freely on the white snow where the powerful thrusts of American bayonets sunk into Nazi flesh.

Platoon leaders, sergeants and squad leaders were going from man to man rallying and shouting orders. On the left flank, Lt. Norman Kruse of Barnes, Kansas, like a raging bull, drove forward with his platoon and overran the enemy, trapped in their holes. From a tank's turret, Pvt. William Davis laid down a withering burst of machine gun fire that pinned even the most fiercely fighting SS man in his hole. At this point, S/Sgt. Edward Harmer of Philadelphia, with his squad, surrounded and captured company CP. And again Nazi supermen showed their colors. The surprised officers fell to their knees and begged for mercy.

On the right flank, a machine gun pill-box was giving the doughboys a little trouble. Pfc. James Teague of Indiana crouched forward until he outflanked the position, tossed

For Song Writers...

Here's a swell opportunity for you prose and lyric writers to display your talents and compose a drinking song for the 331st. When a bunch of hardy good fellows get together during a rest period in a cafe, there's nothing more enjoyable than song. So let's sing to fight men on their way to Berlin and victory.

It's suggested that lyrics be written to a popular tune such as, « I was drunk last night — » but please not the same words. If you can compose an original tune, that's okay, too.

The writer of the winning song will have his picture published in the TTF and his photo sent to his hometown newspaper.

Contest ends March 1st.

a hand grenade and then fired a rifle volley into the nest leaving three stiff figures as testimony to his straight shooting.

To the rear of the battle, Lt. Col. Henry Neilson, Bn Cmdr., became impatient and with Capt. Wayne Bart, Bn S-3 and Lt. Harold Woodson of Enid, Okla., mortar platoon leader in Co. D, ran forward to join in the fight. Woodson grabbed

(Continued on page 3)

In four official ceremonies last week, 25 officers and 112 men of the 331st Combat Team were awarded the Bronze Star and Silver Star medals for meritorious achievement and gallantry in action. Maj. Gen. Robert C. Macon, 83rd Commander, and Brig. Gen. Claude B. Ferenbaugh, Asst. Div. Cmdr. of the 83rd, made the presentations to the doughboys and engineers. The redlegs received their medals for valor from Brig. Gen. Robert M. Montague, Div. Arty. Commander. Four Air Medals were also awarded in the Grasshopper Artillery and a Soldiers medal in the artillery battalion.

Through every battle engagement since the Normandy landings, men of the combat team have been recognized for their deeds of heroism, with many of the veterans bearing the Oak Leaf Cluster as evidence of their repeated achievements.

The Air Medals were awarded to Lts. Clarence E. Stillman, Massachusetts, James B. Thomas, Indiana, Charles I. Hicks New York and Carol E. Raether, Wisconsin. The Soldiers Medal went to Pfc. Julius P. Desgain, Pennsylvania.

(Continued on page 3)

Cook Becomes Bored, Enjoys Role of MGunner

After being a cook in the States for a year and a half and in combat for four months, Charles D. Kelly of Landisburg, Pa. Co M, suddenly became quite bored with it and wanted to see some front line duty. He took a bust from Tec 4 to Pvt and entered a machine gun platoon.

Kelly saw plenty of action in Germany and in Belgium and has proved his worth innumerable times. He once again has reached the rank of sergeant but this time as squad leader in the platoon he started with. One of his funniest experiences took place in the last engagement when he blistered the posterior of a Jerry with a tracer bullet, and saw the Jerry take off like a P38.

Joe Can Go to School After He Licks Nazis

Soldiers serving in the Army of Occupation or awaiting shipment home after the defeat of Germany will have an opportunity to further their education or receive practical training to prepare for civilian jobs under an extensive program provided by the Army. It was recently learned, Capt. Robert Rosenbaum of Chicago and Lt. Joseph Mack of Wilkesbarre, Pa. attended a brief orientation course on the program in Paris. They are expected to head the administration of the educational program for the 331st.

« The program will be especially useful during the anticipated period between the defeat of Germany and the fall of Japan when large numbers of troops will remain in Europe for a considerable length of time, » Capt. Rosenbaum and Lt. Mack announced.

« Academic curricula will include courses in the liberal arts and in the scientific and pre-professional fields, » they said. « Many of the courses are designed to aid soldiers

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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.

Editor Sgt. Jack Straus
Artist Pfc. Anthony Scola
Photographer Pfc. Michael Vaccaro

To Our Reinforcements. . .

Welcome, to a grand outfit. We don't talk much about ourselves. For we have a real battle record behind us. If there's any blowing to be done, we leave it to others. It's the same old story. The man who talks the loudest does the least. Look around at your new buddies. You can sense that they know the score. They're an easy going lot. Steady and sure of themselves. You'll notice they like to sit around, wisecrack and exchange stories like any guy in uniform. But you're also going to find that they're a tough bunch of fighters when the shooting begins.

We don't glory in war. We're the kind of outfit that wants to get it over with. We want to go on back and live like we want to live.

It might be a good idea to do a lot of listening now. Take all the tips you can get. Think about them. Remember, this savvy is coming from men who've been through it. Not classroom instructors. Our C.O. has led troops in three D-Day landings. And every officer down the chain of command is a tried leader of men.

Have confidence in them and the men around you. You, like us, will soon be proud as hell. Happy hunting.

The Immortal Foot Soldier . . .

There is the infantry soldier up in front. He is still there, G. I. Joe, taking the rain and the cold in a foxhole, keeping down his hunger with cold C rations. There is no glamor his life. He is provided with weapons that give him great firepower, weapons that he loves; but we should not overlook the fact the German firepower is great, too, and it is aimed directly at him. The casualty figures tell the risks he runs. Ninety per cent of the casualties in the ground forces fall on the infantry. When you know there is a man a hundred yards ahead who is determined to kill you if he can there is no chance that you will get absent-minded. That infantry soldier has the courage that carries him forward, always forward; and he has a trained and toughened skill that gives him firm confidence. He is too self-reliant to ask for sympathy. But he does not want to be forgotten. — The Honorable Robert P. Patterson, Under Secretary of War.

Valentine Greetings. . .

Choosing a unit Valentine is just another way of saluting all the girl friends and wives of the men in the combat team. For we know that the true Valentine of every man is the photograph in his shirt pocket or wallet of the sweetest creature in the world — whether she's his wife, fiancée, daughter, mother or sister.

This is noted again by the letter enclosed with one of the photographs. « I'm all for participating in your Valentine's Day contest. I'm submitting the enclosed picture of my sweetheart who, in my estimation, is the prettiest creature in the world ». And in another letter, « I read of your Valentine's Day contest and am enclosing a picture of my wife — some real competition ».

One of our men sums it up with, « my wife may not be the most beautiful girl in the world but she's the finest, sweetest and loveliest thing I know ».

We may not need a special day to remember those faces of smooth skin in a frame of soft hair, those adoring eyes and those lips that say I'm yours. But it's only fitting on Valentine's Day to write again the immortal words that remain in the heart of every man in the combat team and remind his wife and sweetheart. « I love you ».

REMEMBER?

« We are obliged to depopulate as part of our mission of preserving the German population. We shall have to develop a technique of depopulation. I mean the removal of entire racial units. And that is what I intend to carry out — that, roughly, is my task. Nature is cruel, therefore, we too may be cruel. » Adolf Hitler, before the war, as quoted by Hermann Rauschning, former president of the Danzig Senate.

Right Uppercut Clips SS

Lt. Vernon Fever of Gridley, Ill. Co. K, used a good old-fashioned American right upper-cut to the jaw to make a Nazi behave in recent battle operations.

Fever got the draw on two Nazis, in close-up fighting in Petite-Langlir, who immediately surrendered. A few seconds later, one must have changed his mind for he took a swing at Fever and the latter laid him low. The other Jerry took a bead on the lieutenant but an American doughboy's bullet clipped him in the nick of time.

HE'S ALWAYS PREPARED

France (CNS) — Pfc. Walter Siluk, of Minneapolis, swings a lot of weight around when he's in battle. He always wears 5 rings and a bracelet, 2 pocket watches, a wrist watch and 2 sets of dog tags. And he still carries the key to his front door back home.

Co M Platoon Bags 61 Sleeping Jerries

The 2nd platoon of Co. M were instructed to set-up their heavy machine guns in a defensive position to guard against an enemy counters attack after the town had been cleared and prisoners sent to the rear.

Going to the rear of a house to guard a flank, they were halted by a German coming in from an outpost and fired at several times. Sgt. Gene Hopkins led his machine gun squad in a barn to take advantage of any cover possible. Hearing slight noises inside, they discovered more Germans sleeping, so they beat a very hasty and undignified retreat around the barn. After organizing a squad to clear the barn sixty one prisoners were counted with a variety of guns, pistols and machine guns.

331st Executive Officer

Lt. Col. William E. Long, Executive Officer of the 331st Infantry, has a wide and varied military record, having served in China, the Philippine Islands and Hawaii besides many Army camps in the States from coast to coast. Through 19 years of army life, his duties have taken him throughout the world in the true spirit of the soldier of fortune holding commands in 13 different Army units. And today at 42, he still has the driving energy of an adventurer, as he keeps pace with the combat team punching its way since the Normandy landings into Germany.

Col. Long was graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y. in 1925 and commissioned in the infantry. His first assignment was with the 6th Infantry. His overseas career started with the 15th Infantry in China followed with the 31st and 45th Infantry in the Philippines. While on the Islands he earned his silver bar in 1931 and took command of a rifle company in the 31st Infantry. A transfer to the 10th Infantry brought him back to the States where he again took command of a company in the 17th Infantry.

In August, 1935, a promotion gave him the double bars and a trip to Hawaii as a company commander in the 27th Infantry, and later command of a battalion in the same unit. After serving on the staff of Department Headquarters in Hawaii, it was back to the States again. In January, 1941 he was awarded his majority, and joined the 23rd where he was both a battalion commander and regimental S-3.

At the activation of the 331st in '42, Col. Long molded a battalion as its commander and executive officer. In the first part of '43, he left the 331st to become Asst. G-3 of the 11th Corps and finally Asst. G-3 of 2nd Army. But in August of the same year his gold leaf turned to silver and he once more joined the 331st, in his present assignment.

A native of Chicago, Col. Long is married has a 13 year daughter and his family now resides in Memphis.



Lt. Col. William E. Long

Tenn. Noted for his quick temper and curt manner but equally unassuming, infectious smile and keen sense of humor, Col. Long readily reminds one of a regular army's soldier's soldier. When asked his hobbies, he brusquely but good-naturedly replied, « It beats the hell out of me ».

New Deal Clothing Exchange Keeps Frontline Men From Shivering

Frontline men who have been slogging through snow and rain, will now be able to withstand the chameleon elements of nature more comfortably through a new system of clothing supply inaugurated the regiment by Capt. Leonard T. Riskey, S-4. The new system is designed to give men a change of clean clothing once each week and at more frequent intervals if an emergency need arises. The man at the front won't have to fight any longer in sopping wet and dirty clothes while he waits for a clothing issue or a rest period.

According to S/Sgt. Archie Davies of Taylor, Pa., who is supervising the clothing exchange, « the present method of clothing distribution will eliminate the necessity of company supply sergeants hauling a bulky supply of clothes in battle and will give the men better service. »

The clothing issued weekly will include socks, underwear, ODs and fatigues. The dirty clothes turned in are then sent to the laundry. A reserve supply is always kept on hand for emergencies. If a rain or snow storm deluges the men in their foxholes in the midst of battle, dry and clean sets of clothing are sent to them immediately.

Davies explained the disadvantages of the old arrangement. « In the past, the men stuffed their duplicate set of clothing in their duffle bags with their personal items. When the men moved to the line, duffle bags were stored in a nearby town. The movement of battle at times found the outfit many miles from their duffle bags and the wait for a battle-breathing spell and a long trip proved inconvenient. In our present set-up », he added, « we don't have any personal duffle bags. Personal belongings are placed in a box and stored for the men. Each duffle bag is filled with clothing for six men and divided into three classes, small, medium and large. Each

week the bags are sent to the front and returned with dirty clothes. »

The supply sergeants are enthusiastic about the new system. S/Sgt. Glenn L. Easton of Pittsburgh, Pa., Cn Co. said, « This new deal is tops. I don't have to haul large cumbersome clothing supplies and then at that I never had enough clean clothes for such frequent changes. All I carry now are extra supplies of socks. »

S/Sgt. Robert Berstler of Cleveland, Ohio, Co. L, mentioned some disadvantages. « The men can't always get their right size when clothing is broken down in only three classes, small, medium and large. And a 36 touser usually comes back from the laundry a 32 in reality, but it's still placed in the medium bag. But shucks, » he added, « a correct fit for frontline men is a minor matter. They're not worried about appearance. »

Uses Initiative, Objective Reached

Getting ahead with a head is the story of Sgt. George Naylor of Spring Hope, N.C. The mission of the first platoon of Co. F during the Ardennes battles was to secure a certain point and establish contact with the flanks. The rifle platoon sergeant became ill and though Naylor led a weapons platoon, he took the initiative, and stepped in the former's place. With the help of Pfc. John Phillips of Shamokin, Pa., company runner, the mission was successfully accomplished.

Top Priority

Outraged young girl to employ in the telephone company office: « Certainly it's essential! I want a telephone to make dates and get married and have children with! »

Red-Legs Awarded Battlefield Bars

Two staff sergeants of the 908th FA Bn were awarded battlefield commissions last week and they became the second and third red-legs in the battalion to win this recognition.

They are Lts. Richard Pemberton of Niles, Ohio, Btry C and Maurice Nelson of Galesburg, Ill., Btry B. Pemberton is 25 years, married and has been with the unit since its activation. He was a civil engineer before entering the service. Nelson is 33 years, married, has a daughter. He entered the service in December, 1940 and joined the 908 th in October, 1944. Sanitary engineering was his civilian occupation.

Wiremen Pinch-Hit For Combat Engrs

The versatility of the first battalion's wire section was revealed again last week when they turned combat engineers and helped a battalion cross a deep stream in their attack on Langhir.

Lt. Wayne Green of Omaha, Neb., Bn Commo., Sgt. Munroe Nix of Norfolk, Va. and Pfc. Lloyd Honts of Tulsa, Okla. were laying wire to the assault units when they came across a deep stream. Enemy artillery had destroyed the bridge and the motorized elements of the battalion were held up. In the pitch darkness it was difficult to move in the area which was continually plastered by enemy artillery.

Green, Nix and Honts waded into the icy stream, picked up rocks and timber from the stream's bed and built a temporary causeway. The rest of the battalion then followed the wire jeep across.

Foxhole Interviews

Questions of general interest to ask men of the combat team are welcome. Please address them to the Ed. TTF.

QUESTION: What do you think of soldiers overseas marrying European girls?

Pfc. James Logue of Philadelphia, Service Co. jeep driver. « There's nothing wrong in it. Marriages like that can be successful. After all, many girls from Europe have gone to the States in the past and while there got married to an American. What's the difference if a soldier gets married here. Don't get me wrong, mate. I'm all for the American girl. But it's love that decides. »

QUESTION: Should women remain in postwar industry?

Cpl. Stanley A. Stachura of Pittsburgh, Pa., AT gunner. « If a woman must support herself, obviously I would say yes. If not, she hasn't got time to work and take care of a home properly. I'm not married — just a bachelor — but my wife-to-be isn't going to work even if there are enough jobs to go around. I'll support the family. »

QUESTION: What occupies most of your thoughts while waiting?

Pfc. John Hereta of Bayonne, N. J., Co. L messenger. « I don't have much time to dream about anything. During battle engagements and battle lulls my messengers are pretty much on the go. When there are moments for day-dreaming I'm planning my postwar career. »

QUESTION: Has army life changed your ideas about a civilian career?

Pfc. Robert Elsenhart, Harrisburg, Pa., Co. I rifleman. « I was a bartender before the war. I'll be a bartender after the war. I'll be happy. »

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Killing Jerries is All in a Day's Work

Just how a battle-veteran acts is well typified in this scene. The first platoon of Co. M had set up three machine guns covering the Main street of a captured town. A Tiger tank came up the street firing its machine guns with the tank commander sitting in the turret shouting orders.

Lt. Alvin R. Dietz of Canton, North Carolina called to his squad leader Sgt. Henry Lowe of Ottumwa, Iowa, « Shoot the son of a bitch ». Lowe, who was munching on a D bar calmly answered, « Okay, I will ». Carefully laying aside his chocolate bar, he picked up his M-1 took aim and fired. The tank commander slumped in the tank and the tank withdrew.

Lowe calmly laid down his rifle and resumed eating his D-bar.

A and P Men Mopup Jerries Left Behind by Rifleman

Small pockets of resistance left behind by swiftly advancing doughboys prove to be a nuisance to the men following them up with supplies. And it was such a nuisance that men of the 3rd Bn A and P platoon had to contend with.

Lt. Luther Durr of Alexandria, Ind., Pfc. George Alvarez of Akron, Ohio, Pfc. John Good of Waverly, Ohio and Pfc. Frank Miles of Topeka, Kansas brought up water, rations and ammo to men of I and K companies who had just swept the enemy from the woods south of Langlir. On their return, they were ambushed by 15 or 20 Germans lying concealed beside the road.

The A and P men leaped from their vehicle as the Jerries opened up with their burp guns. They took cover behind some trees and returned the fire. When the shooting frayed ended, several Jerries were dead, four surrendered and the others escaped.

Artillery Labor Team Delivers Baby Girl

Wednesday 31 January 1945 was a great day for Capt. George G. Bruzza and his men of the 908 F. A. Bn Med Det. In the Belgian village of Mormont where his outfit was cantoned, a young woman, Madame Marguerite David-Carême was awaiting her delivery. There was no doctor in the area, and Capt Bruzza decided to take the operation in hand. He formed a « labor room » team composed as follows: T/3 Jesse W. Walton (sterile nurse), S/Sgt. Leonard F. Pleban (circulating nurse), Cpl. Bud Buncher (Anesthetist), Pfc. Loren Walls and, Pfc. Victor Mario D'Amelio (Assistants).

Several days before the delivery, Capt Bruzza and his men gave the patient the necessary pre-natal care. Company D of the 308 Medical Battalion assured the sterilization of the equipment the operation required.

At 0400, the phone rang. « This is it » Capt Bruzza exclaimed, and the whole Detachment hurried to Mr Carême's home. The room and the patient were immediately prepared for the much-awaited event, and the rest of the day, until the « supreme moment » some guys were very busy by taking bets on the outcome — male or female. At 1207, the result was officially known: the baby was a girl. On the balance, her weight was 6 lbs; 6 Oz. Mother and child are doing well, and the Detachment will continue post-natal care as long as possible.

Bloody Battle of Crossroads

(Continued from Page 1)

a rifle and dodged behind one of the tanks moving up next to Pfc. Frank Sabine of Perth Amboy, N. J. From this covered position they began picking off Jerries. Bart was also able to claim a Jerry. Col. Neilson didn't know what he accomplished with his pistol but he exclaimed, « Boy, that was a real fight. »

Waist-High Snowdrifts No Obstacles to Litter-Bearers

The telephone rang in the third battalion aid station. « We need litter bearers and need them in a hurry », said the urgent voice. « And oh yes », he added just as he was about to hang up, « don't expect to get out here by jeep. You'll have to walk. »

This was the beginning of one of the gruelest weeks the aid men spent in bringing in the wounded. Through the day and night they shoved through the woods carrying the wounded back on litters over thousands of yards of waist-high snowdrifts.

Members of this crew were Tec 5 James Clark of Columbus, Ohio, Pfc. Charles Andrews of Des Moines, Iowa, Pfc. Ernesto Snider of Cincinnati, Ohio, Pfc. Albert De Castro, of Creekside, Pa., Pvt. Milton Lieberman of Chicago, Ill., Pvt. Bernard Partlow of Alexandria, Va., Pfc. Paul Romero of Globe, Arizona. And Tec 5 Lester Plume of Pa., chaplain's assistant volunteered to help the men.

Cooks Dodge Nazis and Shells to Feed Men on Line

Anyone who thinks cooks lead a sheltered life in the ETO should listen to the tale of Tec 5 Edward Gray of Cincinnati, Ohio 2nd Bn Hq Co. as he dishes out chow. Gray along with Pfc. William Stafford of Barrington, R. I. and Pfc. Earl Taylor of Lafayette, Ind. were delivering breakfast to a forward OP when shells began to fall thick and fast around the jeep. The cooks jumped from the jeep and ran into a house at the side of the road.

The barrage lifted and as the cooks walked from the house, a sniper opened up. They hit the ground. But after several minutes decided to make a break for it. Running low, they reached the jeep and took off full speed ahead.

And S/Sgt. Joseph L. Orange, Co. L mess sergeant, had a similar experience. He ran into a 20-man German patrol while delivering chow to companies L and K. The Jerries didn't put up a fight and neither did he. He returned to the battalion CP and reported what he saw to Lt. Col. Frederick Bailey, Bn C. O. Said Bailey, « A little matter like krauts shouldn't stop you from delivering chow to the companies. Try again. » Wherewith Orange headed for the company again, this time without incident. In the morning, he delivered breakfast and found Col. Bailey there as a company guest.

MLs Defeat 88s

This is the story of the lion and the mouse with the latter once more the victor. Two camouflaged 88 mm. artillery guns were spotted by 1st Scout Sylvester Wilburn of Georgia and 2nd Scout Charles S. Myers of Lafayette, Tenn. during Co. B's advance upon a hill. With this timely warning relayed back, their platoon moved into position and laid down withering small arms fire.

Surprised by the sudden small arms attack and equally alarmed by the accurate shooting, the two gun crews threw up a white flag and advanced into the opening.

Joe Can Go to School

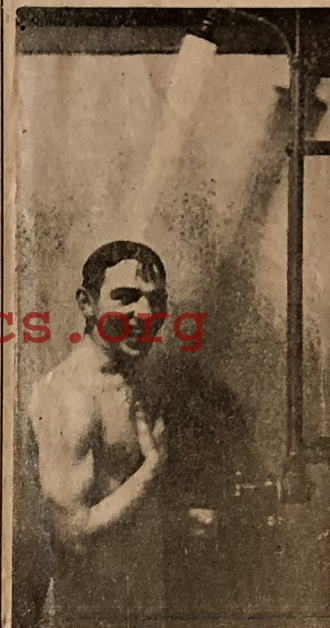
(Continued from Page 1)

who plan to continue their education after leaving the Army. Facilities of inactive educational institutions may be used for study centers and opportunities may be given to attend courses at foreign colleges or universities.

Officers and enlisted men who meet the qualifications will be designated — without regard to rank — to teach the courses. Instructors' outlines and textbooks have been prepared by leading educators and all teachers will undergo a brief training period.

« No one will be delayed in returning to the United States by participation in the program », Lt. Mack added. « When a soldier receives shipping orders, he will pack up and leave immediately. »

Feels Good...



There's nothing like a hot shower after a battle and here Pfc. Johnny Eager of Edgewater, N.J., Co. M machine gunner enjoys one at the rest center.

Engr. Captures Krauts With Empty Gun

Pfc. Lester Combs, Co. C. 308th Eng. Bn, recently captured four Nazis and he didn't even have a shell in his gun. « The engineers aren't supposed to take care of such things », he complained.

While guarding trucks, Combs felt his hair rise and his eyes push out as four Krauts calmly walked out on the road past the trucks completely unaware of his presence. Calling out in a strained and nearly inaudible voice demanding their surrender, he jumped on his truck to cover them with a 30 cal. machine gun. Then discovering the machine gun unloaded, he hopped off the truck and reached for his rifle. Just then his buddies arrived.

Combs opened his rifle chamber and found it empty. His words were unrecorded.

Long Distance Conversation...

Said Stalin to Roosevelt: « Your tanks are no darn good. »

« What's wrong with them », the President asked. « They have no brakes, we can't stop. »

One Cannon Round - One Nazi MG Less

When cannoneers slam a shell into the chamber of their gun, they're never sure of the results. But how one of their shells scored a direct hit on an enemy machine gun nest during the battle of the Belgian bulge was told this week.

Lt. Donald F. Black of Mexico, N. Y. and Cpl. William Schultz of Franklin, Ind. radio operator were at the third battalion OP when they spotted a Nazi machine gun nest at 600 yards. Black called for his cannoneers and their first round scored a direct hit, knocking out the machine gun and killing the entire crew.

Additional fire on the houses in the vicinity of the strongpoint forced enemy tanks to retire to Petite-Langlir. About 30 Nazis were killed under the barrage.

Glib Linguist Convinces Supermen It's No Use

Pfc. Frank Reichman of Ludlow-Asbury, N. J., German speaking member of the 1st Battalion S-2, was well aware of the fanatic German SS troops the men were fighting. So when Lt. Col. Henry Nielson, Bn Commander, asked Reichman to demand the surrender of Germans holding up the battalion's advance in the St. Pierre-Hes Forest south of Langlir, Reichman shook his head in doubt.

Nevertheless, Reichman moved out in front of the line troops into a covered position and called to the Germans who were supposedly in a patch of woods directly to the front. His demand was greeted by a few stray shots. « I thought so », muttered Reichman. The next minute he heard some cursing in good GI language. The men of an adjoining unit had mistaken Reichman for a Jerry when he bellowed out in German.

Knowing there must be Germans around, Reichman called out again. His voice rang clearly in the cold night. Then there was complete silence. Several minutes later six Germans fully equipped and clad in snow suits emerged from the woods, their hands behind their heads.

Said Reichman, « Evidently these six SS men decided they didn't want to die for der fuehrer. »

Hands Off!

New York (CNS)—Some New York girls, with husbands and sweethearts in the armed services, have appeared on Gotham's streets wearing a lapel decoration designed let home front wolves know they are out of circulation. A little silver figure of a sailor (or soldier) points to a heart on which is inscribed the word « TAKEN ».



Leader Sticks With Men Despite Wounds

The story of the piece of shrapnel that lies embedded in the arm of Lt. Jack Moriarity of Avon Conn., Co. C, was told this week. The incident took place in Schneidhausen, Germany where the second platoon held outposts. Enemy fire was frequent and devastating. The shell which killed one man and wounded the lieutenant landed practically in the doorway of the CP. Moriarity refused to leave his men and return to the aid station.

Sidelights...



Mistaken Identity

Sgt. Glenwood Gigrich of Wellman, Iowa, Co. E squad leader, was informed by his C.O. that supporting tanks would meet his squad at a certain crossroads. At night, Gigrich took off with his men through the woods and fought their way to the designated place. The sight of the tanks at the crossroads looked good to Gigrich and he approached them and patted the side with "Good work, boys". As he turned to leave, the reflection of the dim moonlight revealed a Nazi swastika on the tank's turret. Gigrich had no bazooka nor rifle grenade so he just gulped and kept going.

Can't be Bothered

Sgt. Charles D. Pate of Oklahoma, Co. D machine gunner, was industriously engaged digging a foxhole when he was tapped on the shoulder by a sad looking Nazi who, wanting to surrender, asked him what he should do. Pate paused long enough to look around and then said, "I don't know and I don't care but get the hell away from me. I'm busy."

Another Pop

Pfc. Leroy Wimberly of Memo, Ark. 2nd Bn Hq Co., recently received word that he's got a daughter.

It's the Irish in Him

Pfc. John Walsh of Galway, Ireland, is the recognized Don Juan of 2nd Bn Hq Co. It may be only a rumor that Walsh has left broken hearts in his wake all through France and Luxembourg but visible proof was given the other day when two Belgium lasses trudged five miles through the snow to see John, bearing gifts of pies and cakes.

Fighter's Pass

Pfc. Dencil Hoover, 3rd Bn messenger, got the boys all excited when he told them of the passes they were going to get. "Yes," he said when they didn't believe him, "a pass to Germany."

Medals Awarded

(Continued from Page 1)

Those receiving the Silver Star in the infantry are:

S/Sgt Thomas E. Rothschild, Indiana; T/Sgt Leroy Titus, Ohio; Pvt John L. Pierce, Mississippi; Pfc Harold Scott, Minnesota; S/Sgt Alvaro Garza, Texas; Sgt Paul G. Lancaster, Virginia; Pfc, Cosmo C. Capuzzo, Pfc Kenneth E. Ritten, T/Sgt Kenneth R. Requist, Capt. Daniel M. Moore.

The Bronze Star was awarded to:

Capt Frank D. Tyrrell, Washington; I/Sgt William H. Hoff, Pennsylvania; S/Sgt Vernon A. Rignay, Kentucky; S/Sgt Willard H. Boyle, Connecticut; Sgt Thomas N. Brigstock, Virginia; Tec 5 Lawrence J. Scheller; Tec 4 William S. Cary, Missouri; Cpl Thomas S. McCombs, West Virginia; Tec 5 Arthur E. Moran, Massachusetts; Pfc J. B. King; Pfc Ralph E. Burris; Pfc Granville P. Storey; Pfc Lloyd H. Ernst, Jr.; Pfc Damon S. Minnich; Tec 5 Donald S. Hume, New York; Tec 4 Benedetto Vecchiene; S/Sgt Allen J. Seagle, South Carolina; S/Sgt Zenford F. Shields, South Carolina; S/Sgt Lester M. Konz, Ohio; Cpl Edward B. Chmielewski, Ohio; Cpl Robert C. Hepler, North Carolina; Pfc Julian W. Vick, South Carolina; Pfc Bernard A. Hirtle, Minnesota; T/Sgt Bernard J. Bereski, Pennsylvania; Tec 4 William J. Clark, West Virginia; Tec 5 William F. Brobeck, Indiana; Cpl Martin Keves, Pennsylvania; Ist Lt Harold M. F. May, West Virginia; Ist Lt Arthur J. Comiskey, New York; T/Sgt Walter D. Carpenter, Kansas; S/Sgt Donald C. Hygema, Indiana; S/Sgt Peter M. Strifler, Ohio; Sgt Charles F. Garton, New York; Cpl Donald R. Porter, Ohio; Tec 4 Jav T. Heffner, Pennsylvania; Cpl Archie L. Lee, Kentucky; Pfc Leon R. Archeson, Colorado; Pfc William A. Schultz, Columbia DC; Pfc Joseph A. Figura, Pennsylvania; Lt Col Henry Neilson, Alaska; T/Sgt William A. Guiliano, Pennsylvania; S/Sgt Clarence R. Withey, Maryland; S/Sgt Daniel A. Baran, Georgia; S/Sgt Thaduesz (NMI) Wojnar, Massachusetts; Sgt James C. Kenum; Tec 5 John R. Alsbaugh, Pennsylvania; S/Sgt Albert P. Bartos, Ohio; Tec 5 Walter W. Nichols, Illinois.

Ist. Jack C. Moriarity; Lt. Patrick J. Murphy; Lt. Norman L. Kruse; Lt. Lester Schwadron; Lt. Marshall Wright; Pfc. Neal McLain; Tec 5 Richard Gates; S/Sgt Joseph Gulasy; Pfc. Narvin Newberry; Lt. Howard Hambrick; Lt. Nathan Sprintzin; Lt. Ar-

Mad Man

You've heard of 'the Mad Man of Saint-Malo, well... he hasn't got a thing on Pfc Denver Detillion, George Company's "mad artist". Almost constantly he can be seen with a brush in one hand and a palette in the other. His foxhole is thoroughly lined and profusely littered with drawings executed on the backs of letters, mortar range cards, and scraps of message book paper.

In His Own Yard

One day last week, Arthur Comiskey of Flushing L.I., AT Co. set out to look for Lt. George Jackson of Eagle River, Wis. He traveled five miles, stopped in six places, couldn't find him and returned. He contacted him by radio and learned that he was by an adjoining wall in the next building to his.

Not a Dream Either

By all the laws of war, six men of Co. A who are very much alive, should be dead. For they had the happy experience of being in the same house where two 88s landed. One 88 hit a pile of bazooka ammo which exploded. Another 88 went through the wall into the barn and killed a cow. The six men from Co. A walked out unharmed. "Must have been armor piercing," said they.

When a Buddy's a Buddy

S/Sgt Julie Wetter of New York City, Co. G, was crouching in his foxhole when he noticed a shadowy figure standing over him. "Oh, George, is that you?" he called out to his friend. A rasping German voice greeted him with a solitary "Raus". Stunned for a minute by this unexpected turn of events, Wetter grabbed his M-1 and instead of a shot ringing out in the middle of the night, only an insignificant click was heard. Luckily Pfc. George Tapp was in the area and spotting the Heinie, quickly put a round between his eyes.

thur Haight; Lt. Willie L. Medford; Lt. James Ritchie, Jr.; Lt. Delbert Williams; T/Sgt Robert Bittner; T/Sgt Stanley Rummel; S/Sgt Virgil Collins; S/Sgt Clarence Gerling; S/Sgt David Harman; S/Sgt Norman Schuster; Sgt. William Allen; Sgt. Ivan Helgeson; Sgt. Clifford Nix; Sgt. Lloyd Palmer; Sgt. Joseph McNicholas; Cpl Robert Gray; Tec 5 Norman Earls; Tec 5 Russell Hughes; Tec 5 J.C. Judkins; Pfc. Edwin Dalton; Pfc. Samuel Ferruccio; Pfc. Phillip Graiff; Pfc. David La Fontaine; Pfc. John Polley; Pfc. George Stengle; Pfc. Martin Vardaro.

In Co. C of the 308th Eng. the Silver Star was presented to:

Sgt Alfred E. Casagrande, Benicia Calif; S/Sgt Edward Locke, Concord New Hampshire; S/Sgt Morris Phillips Jr, Mishawka, Indiana; Tec 5 Charles E. Krause, Union City, New Jersey; Pfc William L. Johnson, Bakersfield, Calif; Pfc Richard Senger, Erie, Pa.; Pfc William E. Everly - Middletown Va.

Recipients of the Silver Star in the 908th FA Bn are:

Capt. Harry C. Fleming, Pennsylvania; Sgt. Lester Bastien, Rhode Island; Tec 5 Andrew McKennon, Texas.

The Bronze Star was presented to:

Capt Harry C. Fleming, Jr., Pennsylvania; Capt Joel L. Oliver, Indiana; Capt Charles B. Squiers, Michigan; Ist Lt Howard O. Sweet, Maine; Ist Lt Joseph F. Bender, New York; Ist Lt Clarence W. Forsythe, Michigan; Ist Lt Manlius R. Goodridge, Kentucky; 2nd Lt Theodore Roesse, Ohio; Ist Lt William M. Schroder, New York; 2nd Lt Winslow P. Johnson, Massachusetts; 2nd Lt Donaldson B. Robbins, Utah; T/Sgt George E. Sites, Kentucky; Tec 5 Don R. Corbin, Ohio; Cpl Richard N. Kelly, Ohio; S/Sgt Louis E. Mingrone, West Virginia; S/Sgt Frank Werner, Ohio; S/Sgt Daniel T. Whitt, Texas; S/Sgt Nick Bertovitch, Pennsylvania; Sgt John H. Clevenger, Pennsylvania; Sgt Edison B. Curtright, West Virginia; Pfc Raymond Hawkins, Ohio; Sgt Otis H. Hodge, North Carolina; Tec 4 Nelson V. Hetrick, Ohio; Cpl George Fedarko Jr, Pennsylvania; Cpl Walter J. Kozak, Pennsylvania; Pvt Martin Butler Jr, Georgia; Tec 5 Leonard L. Daignault, Massachusetts; Pfc Dominique L. Hamel, Rhode Island; Tec 5 Francis R. Rood, Massachusetts; Tec 5 Paul H. Sturtevant, Maine; Pfc Arthur Waples, Massachusetts; Pvt Wilburn Crain, Tennessee; Pvt Virgil V. Parker, Tennessee.

Flushing Out the Enemy...



Men of Co. K advance cautiously through enemy-held woods of the Ardennes south of Langir during the battle of the Belgian bulge. They are S/Sgt. August Thompson of Kansas City, Mo., Sgt. Otis Rhodes of Stillwater, Okla., Sgt. Francis Gouliart of Taunton, Mass., Pfc. Starling Reed of Northeast, Maryland.

Wounded Men, Bursting Shells, Sick Babies - Life in Aid Station

Standing in the dimly lighted room of second battalion aid station, a mother held a baby in her arms. Capt. John Cryst, battalion surgeon, was explaining to the lady how to give the infant some pills.

"No, no," Cryst cautioned his interpreter, Sgt. Phillips. "It's only a baby, tell her to cut them in half."

The whine and crack of an incoming shell was heard. The two rooms that served as the aid station were crowded with sick men and a number of doughboys with frozen feet waiting evacuation. There might have been a tense feeling created by the uncomfortable sound of incoming mail but the men casually went about their work.

Wham! The building shook and my ear drums seemed to have burst. I took a deep breath. That must have been a close one. The woman clutched the baby and started to scream. She was ushered into the small cellar.

"A jeep's on fire," yelled someone. We hurried to the door-way. The shell had scored a direct hit on the jeep directly in front of the aid station. "That's my jeep," moaned Sgt. Stayman. "And stay away," he yelled. "It's loaded with ammo."

I followed Capt. Cryst and Lt. Saylor, MAC, into a concrete barn adjacent to the house. Capt. Mitchell was sitting on the floor, relaxing against the wall. He was extremely ill and just sat quietly. Cryst and Saylor dropped to their knees and started to roll the dice.

"Hey, Cap'n, our blanket's ripped." Reference was made to a blanket covering the window. "Isn't it ashame," commented Cryst, "a brand new blanket! What shells won't do."

"The ammo on the jeep started to go off. 'There goes a grenade.' 'Wow, that must have been a dozen at once.' 'What kind of ammo you got on your jeep Stayman?'"

"Rifle grenades, phosphorus, 50 cal. and several cases of 30."

Stayman walked out and returned a few minutes later. "Hey, Cap'n, here's your scotch," he said holding up several pieces of glass before Mitchell.

"Those Heinies are really going to make me mad," groaned Cryst. "Breaking a bottle of scotch."

The phone rang and we walked back into the aid station room. Saylor answered the phone and turned to Cryst. "They need some litter bearers up forward in the woods. We've got to get those wounded out."

Several aid men jump to their feet. "You better go out the back door," cautioned Saylor. "You'll have to carry the men back, don't take a chance on your jeep." The medics jeep was only two yards from the burning arsenal.

"Hell! I'm not gonna walk," said Sgt. Stapleton. He ran out, jumped in the jeep and pulled away. Some more ammo went off.

"Too damn nerry, kid," remarked Saylor. No one spoke while more ammo in the jeep exploded. "There's no better time than now for some scotch," said Cryst. "I've got a little left from my rations." He passed the bottle around. Mitchell asked for a cigar and Saylor passed a box.

Cryst seemed a little restless. "Damn it all, when those wounded Heinies come in, I'll swear everytime I feel like killing them. But I treat them with same care as our own men. I suppose it's that medical code knocked in my mind while at school." Cryst had entered the service after serving his one-year internship.

"That was some brain wound you had on your hands, yesterday," one of the men remarked. "The man's scalp was split open but he was still very much alive," said Cryst.

The litter bearers returned with two casualties. We learned they had been lying in the woods since 2000 of the previous night in no man's land in the heart of the woods. One of the men's legs was sticking grotesquely sideways. He had some shrapnel in his left leg and a machine gun bullet in his right.

"This might hurt a little," said Cryst as took a firm grip on the man's leg. Sgt. Ruck helped the man brace his body. The wounded doughboy clenched his fists and made a slight grimace but he didn't utter a sound. Carefully Cryst pulled the leg into shape and placed it in a steel brace.

One of the walking wounded, Cpl. Raymond Melick was brought in the room. His eyeglasses were shattered by a small piece of shell fragment. He had a nasty cut below the eye.

"That was sort of close," I remarked. "Yes, I foolishly wore my civilian glasses," he admitted. He said he had been in the service for some time but just recently came overseas. He was from Cleveland, Ohio and a senior at Western Reserve when Uncle Sam called. He had been training men at a replacement center and this was his first taste of battle.

"After this experience, I'd like to retetch all the men I trained," he said.

Unwittingly Helps Yanks, Loses Neck

Co. A men claim the Jerries can be helpful at times. One was very cooperative during a night attack on Langir. The company was leaving the Ronce forest in column. file and they came across a barbed wire fence. Someone stepped on the wire and held it down while the company filed through.

Sgt. Charles Pate of Durant, Oklahoma, Co. D mortarman, Pvt. Donald Watson of Myersdale, Pa. and Sgt. John Young of Kimberly, W. Va., bringing up the rear, heard some guttural German. It seemed to come from the man who so graciously held the wire down for the company.

As they approached him, the shadowy outline revealed a Nazi who had apparently thought it was own outfit he was helping. They grabbed him by the throat and his muttering stopped.

Whisky Cures Frostbite, Yanks at Front Find

Belgium (CNS)—Army hospital units near the Front have one staple cure for frostbite—whisky. Alcohol expands the blood vessels and increases circulation in frozen limbs.

So successful and so popular has this whisky treatment been that, as one doctor said, "it's gotten so that every ambulance driver coming in around here claims he is a frostbite case."

Best a Man Can Give Battlefield Inspirations

THE BEST A MAN CAN GIVE
Your comrades beside whom you fought
[and died,
Hold your memory sacred, and with
[pride
Recount your brave deeds, where e'er
[they meet,
It shall inspire them until the enemy
[is beat.
That your death shant be in vain, we
[continue the fight,
With your courageous actions always
[in sight.
You have made tradition that shall live,
And to all, fresh inspiration always
[give,
For the American way, for which you
[gallantly fought,
We'll fight so it may never go for
[nought
And we wont say quits until all is done,
And a victorious peace is won.
So rest you easy in your hero's grave,
The best a man can give you freely
[gave.
Pfc. David Rosenberg,
Co. F.

DREAMING OF YOU
This night I can't feel
sad or blue,
I have the love of you, dear
so sweet so true.
For a finer gift
I could not ask,
It gives me courage
to do my task.
True, this night with you,
I cannot be,
But two guardians I have
in you and He.
When things are darkest
you help me to see.
The right thing to do so worthy
of you I may be.

Needing and missing you
that you know well,
My thoughts of you, dear
constantly dwell,
My love for you darling,
shall ever endure
Of that my dear, you may
always be sure.
Pfc. Kenneth G. Andres
Co. L, Belleville, Ill.