

Somewhere in Belgium
Saturday, Feb. 24, 1945
Vol. 1, N° 10.



There is nothing final
about a mistake, except its
being taken as final.

Phyllis BOTTOME.

Doughboys Blaze Trail of Action Smashing Nazis



In mud, rain and snow, over hills, railroads and through shell plastered towns, American doughboys push the Nazis back into the Reich. Following from left to right at top, a pictorial review shows—men of the second battalion slogging in mud toward the L.D. supported by tanks. Co. G machine gunners, Pfc. John Scott of Dalton, Ga., Pvt. James Young, Hartselle, Ala. hit the ground and prepare to spray lead in support of advancing riflemen. Pvt. William Arant of China Grove, N. Car., Co. F BAR man is on the lookout for enemy snipers as he tensely edges himself around a building. Co. G doughboys attack through a ravine over a railroad toward an enemy-held town. In the foreground are S/Sgt. Rosario Paradis, Winslow, Maine and Pfc. Linwood Hamm, Orange, Va.

At the bottom left, Sgt. Leopold Pachero of Raswell, New Mexico, Co. C, briskly leads his men up a ravine. First battalion doughboys take advantage of shell blasted buildings for cover as they push enemy from a town. Pfc. Ivan Parott of Deckerville, Mich. advances under the protection of a smoke screen. A Co. C doughboy flinches slightly at the sound of an exploding shell. Pvt. Max L. Warren of Atlante, Ga., Co. K rifleman leaps across a muddy stream in the attack. First battalion men push through snow, keeping well apart as they approach the L.D; Pfc. Geo Capes is in the foreground. Chad in white snow capes, third battalion men leave a town prepared to deliver a blow into the Nazi salient in the Ardennes.

Ardennes Battlefield Real Proving Ground for Winter Equipment

During the battle of the Belgian bulge, American doughboys had to face nature's worst in the coldest winter period on the continent as they smashed into the salient and drove the Germans back from the Ardennes. How the men partially overcame the discomforts of winter warfare as they met and repulsed this fierce Nazi attack was told last week in a story by Sgt. Ed. Cunningham, staff correspondent of Yank magazine.

Cunningham interviewed men of the 331st Infantry as they came off the line. He wrote: «We learned a lot about winter warfare in the Ardennes. Some of it was learned the hard way by frostbitten hands, feet, pneumonia and bronchial ailments. But out of it all came the GI's usual improvising of home-made remedies.»

«Some of the men took off their overshoes and warmed their feet by holding them near burning GI heat rations,» T/Sgt. Wilburn McQuinn of Helechawa, Ky. said. «Others used waxed K-ration boxes which burn with very little smoke but a good flame. I also used straw inside my overshoes to keep my feet warm while we were marching. Some of the other men used newspapers or wrapped their feet with strips of blankets or old cloth.»

«We found our feet stayed warmer if we didn't wear leggings,» Capt. Robert Windsor of Carthage, N. Y. explained. «When they get wet from the snow and then freeze, the leggings tighten up on your legs and stop the flow of blood to

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Play Ball Will be ETO Keynote at War's End

«Play ball» will be the spirit that prevails among GIs at the cessation of hostilities in the ETO when fighting men will turn interest and energies to athletics and education. In keeping with a comprehensive athletic program endorsed by the Army, men of the 331st will engage in a series of championship tournaments including baseball, football, basketball, boxing and track. As outlined by Lt. David E. Kribs of Kalamazoo, Mich., regimental SSO, tournaments will be inter-company, regimental, division and perhaps continue with higher echelons to become inter-division meets. Competitive games will begin among platoons companies regiments and on up.

Within the division, eyes of sports-minded men will be focused on the 331st. For men of the regiment hold nearly every athletic championship

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Medic Steals Nazi Vehicle, Talks Way Out of Capture

Pfc. Sol Resnick of Plainfield, N. J., Co. M medical aid man, claims it to be one of the toughest days he's had in combat but a story he'll delight in telling his grandchildren.

Resnick finished dressing the wounds of an officer after a heavy battle, when a strong enemy patrol came up from behind and cut him off from his company. It was impossible to get word back for a jeep or even litter bearers. The officer's life depended on immediate evacuation.

Taking a desperate chance, Resnick stole a German Volkswagen, pulled the wounded officer inside and headed for the aid station. He hadn't gone far though when he was halted by some Germans and taken prisoner. After an hour's bickering, they permitted him to walk back to his aid station for litter bearers. On his return, he was taken prisoner again by another Jerry patrol. Again he went into a tirade and reluctantly released to return to the aid station with his wounded officer.

C'est la Guerre

Belgium (CNS) — GIs here are wearing snowsuits consisting of long john underwear with woman's white unmentionables over their helmets.

Messengers Get Through Despite Battle's Hell or High Water

Messengers of the 331st Combat Team have overcome nearly every conceivable battlefield obstacle to follow a code that has made communications personnel famous throughout the armies of the World.

Dough Saves Crazy Woman from Death

Somewhere in Belgium, a middle-aged woman is safe and happy with her family today because an American doughboy hadn't forgotten the riches and happiness of life despite his bloodthirsty ventures in the battlefield.

In a deep mood of despondency a woman attempted to hang herself. She had tied a rope over one of the kitchen rafters and had placed her neck in the noose. As she was about to kick away the kitchen chair, there was a loud shattering sound and through the panel of the locked door came the burly shoulder of Tec 4 Edward Davenport of Knoxville, Pa.

Billeted in the same house, Davenport had a hunch something was wrong when he found the kitchen door locked. He broke the door open and forced the temporarily crazed woman to regain her senses.

«Get the message through» has become a commonplace practice with these men whose record reveals their accomplishments in every major engagement of the regiment. From the message center chief to the platoon runner on the line, the work of message center has functioned smoothly and efficiently in the speedy transmission of vital messages upon which the success of battles depend.

Trained to handle the M-1 and bayonet as any doughboy, messengers have added qualifications necessary to their job. Many times they are forced to memorize messages at a moment's glance. They are able to read maps and have a keen sense of direction to avoid getting lost from their units while on a mission. They must know by name every battalion and company commander in the regiment. Above all, they have the courage and recklessness to reach a company or platoon under fire.

Difficulties encountered by messengers are varied and many. In fluid frontlines, battalion and company CPs change frequently and it's left to the initiative of the

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To Our Fellow Soldiers...

It's the team that wins a game... of a battle. Every American youth knows this. Every battle veteran of this or any war knows this. Whether the team is composed of a three-man patrol or an entire regiment, it's only through the coordination of each of its members that makes for success and victory.

At this time, we would like to greet our fellow soldiers in the 83rd Division, grasp each and everyone of their hands in a hearty handshake and say, "together we make the best damned fighting outfit in the ETO."

The 329th and 330th Combat Teams of the 83rd Division have carried their share — and at times more — in the hard punching drives against the Nazis. And today the deeds of the 83rd are hailed throughout the States in newspapers, magazines and over the radio. That is why the 83rd veterans of War I wrote to Maj. Gen. Robert C. Macon, "Congratulations on the splendid and meritorious achievement of the 83rd Infantry Division. We glory in your success and are proud of your magnificent record."

No one man — no one unit can carry the ball alone. The 83rd as part of an even greater team will smash on to an inevitable victory.

Lent - Soldier's Cross...

Lent is the time dedicated to the preparedness of ourselves to Easter. During six weeks, we are alerted to the Redemption of the Risen Christ. This year, Lent opened on Valentine's Day. It will end on the eve April Fool's Day Easter Sunday. This is a coincidence and one filled with significance and reality.

A Valentine carries an expression of love to a dear one. Lent carries in one's heart, an expression of love in the sacrifice of oneself to someone — to a sublime cause. Easter is the mystery of Love Himself, in the greatest expression of love, in the most sublime sacrifice of all times in the Redemption of mankind. This followed the crucifixion of a Man-God called Christ. His mission was "foolishness in the eyes of men but wisdom in the eyes of God."

Never before had Lent such a deep meaning and never can any lives be modeled on His more perfectly. Your life may seem foolish, your efforts useless, your part in the immense struggle, negligible.

War brought to the World a continual Lenten season. Our love is deepened and strengthened through it and our sacrifice to a sublime cause — the heroic act of self-denial for the salvation of mankind.

Every soldier carries on his shoulders a very heavy cross, the cross of his daily duties, the suffering of weather conditions, of rain, mud, cold and snow; privations of all kinds and particularly of his loved ones. And all this long chapter of his life is written with his blood, sweat and tears.

Remember this happened many years ago to the God-Man and today he is a Risen Christ. You carry in your hearts the love that will make of you a Risen Soldier. Your love of God and country will transform his trodden World into a risen World. Through your duties, your self-denial, your courage, millions of enslaved and saddened hearts will blossom in an eternal expression of gratitude and freedom.

You understand now how your job, no matter how obscure it may appear to you, is one comparable to the Redemption of Mankind by Christ.

The cloud of Good Friday was broken by the glorious sun of His Resurrection. The Easter Sunday of the World will be won through each man's individual Good Friday. The glorious victory and peace is being fought by each and everyone of you and will shine on the World of tomorrow from the height of your valor, courage, determination, self-sacrifice, love for God and country.

Chaplain Jean P. Cosette.

REMEMBER?

"The German Reich, as a State, should include all Germans, not only with the task of collecting from the people the most valuable stocks of racially primal elements and preserving them, but also to lead them, gradually and safely, to a dominating position." — Adolf Hitler in Mein Kampf.

11 Men and a Jeep Who Weren't There

Men of Co. C, 308th Eng. call this little incident 11 men and a jeep. A medical aid man entitles it, my little jeep that wasn't there.

It all happened when the medics jeep got stuck in the ditch. An enemy artillery barrage came in and the men dove under and around the jeep. The shells continued to fall so they shoved the jeep out of the ditch and crawled in the hole. The men grew tired of the barrage and exclaimed, "to hell with this." Wherewith they hopped in the jeep and drove off only to encounter a terrific explosion directly in front of them that almost blew them off the jeep. Said Sgt. Richardson to Pvt. Cogger, "drive the... in the hole. Which they did. This completely concealed the vehicle and the 11 man crew. And that's where the medic found his jeep.

Co. A Dough's Action Conspicuous in Bulge

During the 331st drive into the Nazi salient, men of Co. A were conspicuous in action successfully reaching their objectives.

A strong combat patrol under S/Sgt. Ted Wojnar was responsible for the quick fight of the enemy. S/Sgt. Luvern P. Erdahl, S/Sgt. Alphonse Collette led their squads in a well-timed attack against Lang to secure the key crossroads to build up and a row of houses men of the second platoon under T/Sgt. Edward Kulakowski who pushed out the remaining Jerries Charron and Pfc. Delton Johnson guided armor up to a commanding point forcing German tanks to retreat in a night attack. Lt. Joseph Lynch led the company to secure some high ground. A combat patrol under Sgt. Kemp Stevens spearheaded the drive.

Cooks Cook up Hot Music as Added Dish

Not only can the kitchen personnel of Fox Co. dish up hot tasty meals, they can also muster a hot aggregation to appease all lovers of music, both the live and classical variety. Nightly when their tasks of the day are done, they are besieged by GIs to offer one of their popular concerts.

Swinging the baton is S/Sgt. Tony Klim of Stoughton, Mass. He has been successful as an arranger and his scores are winning the applause of all. Tec 4 Parker Cooper of Whitmer, W. Va. is the violin maestro of the outfit. Pfc. Ovid Seville of Narberth, Pa. guitarist supplies the latin influence and has a repertoire of his own. The sweetest mandolin player this side of the Rhine is the reputation of Pfc. William Thompson, Waynesboro, Tenn. Whenever a piano or organ is available, Tec 4 Jesse Cullen, New Cumberland, W. Va., can be counted on and his style is reminiscent of the late "Fats" Waller. Each band must have a vocalist and Tec 5 Richard House, Cleveland, Ohio makes his appearance. His voice can skillfully handle a Crosby, Sinatra or hillbilly tune. Rounding out this musical combination is a song and dance team, Tec 5 Kenneth Ramsay, Middleboro, Ky. and Pfc. Joseph Rosticil, Cleveland, Ohio.

Vets of the Pacific Prefer Life in ETO

"I'll just as soon sweat out the war in the ETO," said Cpl. Bernard Jovans of New York City, Co. F, and veteran of the South Pacific campaign. "We'll fight in the ETO in preference to life in the Aleutians," added veterans of the Alaskan theatre. And from these men, battle-veterans of the 331st are learning that the other man's grass isn't always so green.

Jovans was a member of an ack ack outfit serving in the Hawaiians and at Port Moresby, New Guinea. His most thrilling moments he recalls happened the day his battery shot down seven Jap zeroes. "The Japs are not to be thought of too lightly as fighters," Jovans said. "They are fanatics and care little for their lives. It is not too uncommon for them to counterattack against our superior forces and throw their lives away for their emperor."

Adap and Amchitka are the names of two barren wind-swept islands in the Aleutian chain. For 26 months they were the homes of these new Co. F men. Cpl. Fred Baron, St. Claire's Shores, Mich., Sgt. Raymond Gross, Skokie, Ill., Pfc. Ralph Horner, Bucyrus, Ohio, Sgt. Ted Hackenburg, Adisson, Mich., Pfc. Merrill Givens, Waterbury, So. Cal., Pfc. Charles Janca, Holka, Minn., Cpl. Paul Smith, Cpl. Slater, Los Angeles, Cal., Cpl. Don Stahl, Lamar, Mo., and Cpl. J. Stevens, Cartersville, Mo. All are former ack ack men and now are developing into real doughboys.

"There's surely more action here than there was in the Aleutians. But I was happy to leave those desolate islands," Cpl. Edd, R. Clark of Big Falls, Minnesota, Co. I runner, remarked as he wiped the mud from his shoes. A recent arrival in the ETO, Clark was also stationed in the Aleutians for 26 months.

"Manning AA guns wasn't our only job," he said, "we also did the work of an engineering outfit. We laid out airfields, constructed roads and erected buildings."

During his entire stay in the islands, Clark didn't see more than a dozen days of clear weather. It was always foggy, damp and cold. The island are made up of treeless mountains andundra. It was a dreary place and social life was nil. Clark's off duty hours were spent mostly in baseball and football but he also enjoyed trout fishing in underground streams through holes in the earth.

Sgt. Edward Swedenjelm of Kane, Pa. who had served in Panama and Smith from the Aleutians both now in Co. K heartily exclaim, they "love the ETO."

2nd Bn Executive Officer



Maj. Lawrence A. Laliberte

Maj. Lawrence A. Laliberte, Executive Officer of the Second Battalion, has been "through the mill" with 331st from its training days at activation through every battle engagement since the Normandy landings. He earned his promotions and combat badge with the men he trained, is today the bearer of the Silver Star and one of the few executive officers who came up through the ranks from a private.

Upon graduation from Ft. Benning OCS in July, 1942, Maj. Laliberte joined the combat team and rose through the ranks to his present assignment. He has also held every enlisted grade in the army.

Maj. Laliberte entered the service in January, 1940 when he enlisted in the National Guard with the 104th Infantry of the 26th Division. After his sixth stripe in April, 1942,

he was on his way to OCS.

Training recruits was his first assignment as a shavetail. He led a platoon in Co. F through Tennessee maneuvers where he earned his silver bar and in December of 1943 he received his double bars and command of the company. In March, 1944, he took command of Co. H and was awarded his majority in July of the same year.

Maj. Laliberte was an electrical engineer prior to entering the service. He is a native of North Adams, Mass. is 30 years, married and has one son. News of his son's birth reached him on July 4th, the first day he tasted fire.

Fly fishing is a favorite pastime he intends to resume when he once more returns to the quiet and peace of his New England home.

Doughs Go Beserk to Put on Fantasy in Theatrical Contest

The weapons platoon of Co. L won an intercompany theatrical contest held last week in a local school-house.

Rivalry between the platoons of Co. L was always high and last week it reached its crescendo when conversation turned to stage talent. Argument was long and bitter and it seemed endless until Lt. Alexander Kahapea, Exec. Officer suggested a tournament to end all dispute.

Headquarters platoon led off with two skits, two songs, one monologue and a guitar player. The second platoon encountered with what buying routine that was had in Italian. The first platoon entered the free for all with an Irish monologue and an accordionist who accompanied a strip tease act by a chubby medic. The steaming third rushed in with a fast attack that resolved itself into a barber shop quartet that gave with Paper Doll, Carolina Moon.

When the weapons platoon came on the stage was packed with actors. They had a one-act play named, "Off Limits but No Compro's."

Heres to You in Drinking Song Contest

A number of entries have already been submitted in the Regimental drinking song contest. Tec 4 Arthur Cavanaugh, Reg. Hq. Co., turned in three. One is written to the tune of "How Dry I Am", another to "Beer Barrel Polka" and the third to "Queenie Queen of Them All."

When fighting men get together in a cafe, it calls for a toast in song to their combat team. And the man who submits the best song in the opinion of the judges will have his picture published in The TTF and his photo sent to his hometown newspaper.

Cognac bottles, a bartender, candles, a "woman", a lieutenant and plenty of song and beer lent realism to their scene.

Platoons one, two and three were disqualified for hitting below the belt with their risqué songs and stories and the competition quickly resolved into a bitter struggle between headquarters and weapons Headquarters then performed a skit with St. Peter in costume trying a soldier who wanted admittance to the pearly gates. A political speech from weapons and a pantomime from headquarters of a business woman taking a bath and the show was over.

Foxhole

(Each week me team are asked a tion of general

QUESTION: L powder to bou lions and do you improving these

Pfc. Ralph Burro W. Va., 3rd Bn H server.

"Coffee has always been my favorite drink. I prefer to have this beverage to any other. That lemon powder might be good for you but I don't like it and that bouillio soup only makes you thirsty. It's too seasoned. I'll take corn pon any day to these thing you do can't

S/Sgt. Edward Cleveland, Ohio, C tion.



you're hungry. I packaged noodles, beef loaf. The tu also much better biscuit.

QUESTION: W sent would you il of '45?

Pfc. Norris Sun son, Wis., Co. M j

"That's easy. I'd like a blue pin-striped suit, a red tie, a white stiff collared shirt, a comfortable lounging chair, a pair of house slippers. Nuts. I'll be happy to have honorable discharge papers in my pocket."

S/Sgt. James M Mar. Pa., Co. K sergeant.



Mental Slips...

Capt. Robert Rosenb "Hello, this is Rosie Voice at other end moment please." Several minutes lat ports: "Sorry, I can name listed."

GI to another naissance noted the sh entered a town. "Hell", he said, on the map."

Foxhole Interviews

(Each week men of the combat team are asked at random a question of general interest. Ed.)

QUESTION: Do you prefer coffee powder to bouillon in your K rations and do you have any ideas on improving these rations?

Pfc. Ralph Burres of Ft. Pleasant, W. Va., 3rd Bn Hq. scout and observer.

«Coffee has always been my favorite drink. I prefer to have this beverage to any other. That lemon powder might be good for you but I don't like it and that bouillon soup only makes you thirsty. It's too seasoned.



I'll take corn pone and buttermilk any day to these K rations. Anything you do can't improve them.»

Sgt. Edward Gortatowski of Cleveland, Ohio, Co. M mortar section.

I believe the drinks are very well distributed in K rations. Coffee in the morning, lemonade in lunches and bouillon for supper hits the spot with me. It makes for better balanced meals. K rations are okay when

you're hungry. I might suggest that packaged noodles replace the corned beef loaf. The full size cracker is also much better than the K-ration biscuit.

QUESTION: What kind of present would you like for Christmas of '45?

Pfc. Norris Sundbakker of Madison, Wis., Co. M jeep driver.

«That's easy. I'd like a blue pin-striped suit, a red tie, a white stiff collared shirt, a comfortable lounging chair, a pair of house slippers. Nuts. I'll be happy to have honorable discharge papers in my pocket.»



Sgt. James McNabb, of Bryn Mar, Pa., Co. K communications sergeant.

«A wife. Nothing more than that. I want to be married and a bride would be the best gift for me whether I'm still in uniform or not.



Mental Slips...

Capt. Robert Rosenbaum on 'phone: «Hello, this is Rosie.»

Voice at other end of line: «One moment please.»

Several minutes later the voice reports: «Sorry, I can't find that code name listed.»

GI to another while on reconnaissance noted the sign «Tram» as he entered a town.

«Hell», he said, «this village isn't on the map.»

Rooney Entertains Doughs in Jeep Show Tours

Mickey Rooney entertained men of the 331st last week as part of the Jeep Shows of GI performers that are touring the ETO. With Rooney as MC, the half-hour show included Pvt. Bob Priester, Mario Elroni, accordionist, vocalist of Xavier Cugat and Pvt. Mario Pieroni, formerly Horace Heidt's accordionist.

When asked how he liked K rations, Andy Hardy of the movies said: «Look, I'm just another GI. I'm not any different. They're okay and I like them as well as the next guy in uniform does.»

Rooney was surprised and elated when he was handed a Stars and Stripes displaying his photo chatting with 331st men. The picture was taken when Mickey was visiting a field hospital. He said it was his first GI publicity in the ETO.

Play Ball in ETO

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title in the division in the tournaments of 1943 and '44. 331st array of trophies include the softball title in spring of '43, football in fall of '43, boxing in winter of '43 and basketball in the winter of '43 and first part of '44.

Of the championship boxing team, three men are still members of the regiment. They are S/Sgt. Louis Dankovich, AT Co., who captained the team, S/Sgt. Joseph Fabrizio, Co. E, and Cpl. Patrick Dempsey, Co. C.

Past winners of the regimental tournaments were Reg. Hq. Co., football; Co. C, basketball; Co. G, softball.

«From the battle performances of the men in our combat team, there is no doubt in my mind that we have the makings of more champion athletes», Kribs said. And Kribs is prepared to mold more title teams.

Kribs has an MS degree in physical education and is a former high school athletic director. He also coached freshman football in college and played professional baseball. Kribs entered the service in February, 1942 and was graduated from OCS at Ft. Benning in February, 1943 at which time he joined the 331st. He is married and has a son. Pfc. Russell Hughes, Tyngsboro, Mass. assists SSO.

Ardennes Real Proving Ground

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your feet. That's true also of cloth overshoes which are tight fits. It looks to me like overshoes should be issued two or three sizes larger than the shoes.»

Sgt. Estelle Jacoby, Canton, Ohio, set up a stove in his foxhole to protect himself from the frigid temperatures. First he stretched his shelter-half over the foxhole for a roof leaving a few inches uncovered at one end. Then he rigged up an empty ammunition box as a stove burning tree branches for fuel. Another 331st man modified Jacoby's plan by stretching a blanket over his hole and using GI heating rations for a stove.

The men used branches of trees as matting for their foxholes. Logs and more branches were used as roofs to protect them from tree bursts and two or three men slept in each hole close enough so they could pool their blankets. Blankets and overcoats got wet with snow and froze. And the more frigid nights the men abandoned all hope of sleep, walking around and exercising all night to keep from freezing.

«When we waded through streams, our pants got wet clear up to knees», S/Sgt. Leslie C. Haessley, squad leader from St. Paul, Minn., said. «For awhile our legs would be almost numb. Then the pants would freeze solid and they'd be a sort of windbreaker for us. But when it warmed up the pants would thaw out and then we'd get numb all over again. Another thing that always bothered us we couldn't take off our wet shoes at night. If we

Wiremen «Step Lightly» on Mines - Unharmed

Pvt. Lonnie Fannin of Ashland, Ky., Pfc. Archie Kelly of Fredericksburg, Va., Tec 5 Raymond Harmon of Louisville, Ky. and Sgt. Austin Cline of Binghamton, N. Y. were laying wire up to a radio relay station from the company CP. Halfway up a lane which led to a main road, they came across a tape running parallel with the main road bearing a sign: mines cleared up to here.

«Well», said Cline, «we came this far let's go on.»

«We can step around the mines or at least step lightly if we can't see them», the others wise-cracked.

Two days later the line was blown to pieces in the same lane. The engineers had detonated 20 mines containing 12 pounds of TNT each and set to explode with a five pound pressure.

44 More in 331st Awarded for Valor

Nine officers and 35 men of the 331st Combat Team were presented with the Silver Star and Bronze Star medals last week by Maj. Gen. Robert C. Macon, 83rd Commander. This brings the total of awards received in the combat team for valor to 155 in the last three weeks.

Recipients of the Silver Star were: Captain Wilfred E. Barber, San Jose, California; 1st Lt. Donald W. Duncan, Cushing, Oklahoma; 1st Lt. Joseph W. Sloan, Birmingham, Alabama; 1st Sgt. Frederick W. Helmers, Washington, D. C.; S/Sgt. Norman P. Neely, West Canaan, N. H.; Tec 4 Henry M. Martin, Jr., Lewisburg, Tennessee; Pfc. Ernest B. Kaminsky, New York City, New York.

The Bronze Star was awarded: Major Charles P. Snyder, Glenside, Pennsylvania; Captain Robert C. Walker, Columbia, S. C.; 1st Lt. Alton E. Lancaster, Skowhegan, Maine; Sgt. Vernon E. Bickley, Seattle, Washington; S/Sgt. Lucien A. Charron, Providence, Rhode Island; Sgt. George F. Kohler, Jr., Johnstown, Pennsylvania; Pfc. Verdelle Q. Mallet, Ashcroft, N. C.; S/Sgt. James M. McNabb, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania; Major John F. Staples, Lexington, Kentucky; 1st Lt. Robert L. Deck, Wayne, Pennsylvania; 1st Lt. William A. Payne, New Liberty, Kentucky; S/Sgt. Julius L. Cannady, Wimsboro, S. C.; Pfc. Richard Hayden, St. Louis, Mo.; Sgt. William K. Leibel, Springfield, Fleetwood, Pennsylvania; Pfc. Claude H. Ward, Union, S. C.; T/Sgt. Wilbur McQuinn, Helechawa, Kentucky.

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Making Friends...



Establishing goodwill between nations is Pfc. Frank Koniszewski of Albany, N. Y., Co. I rifleman, as he chats with Freddy, a Belgian boy. Freddy's grandmother is also interested in this «strange» soldier from across the ocean.

Messengers Get Through

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messenger to find them. When the attack is in full swing and regimental and battalion CPs split and operate a forward CP for smoother battle direction, message centers divide their personnel and work understaffed. The messenger is in call throughout the day and night. And driving in blackout is just another inconvenience to the motor messenger.

As the regimental message center chief, S/Sgt. George Cooper of Clemmons, No. Car., determine the means of transmitting all messages into and from the regiment. Depending upon the means available the size and type of message, Cooper decides whether it could be sent via foot or motor messenger, telephone, radio, telegraph or courier. In battle engagements to date, messengers have proven the most reliable.

Serving under Cooper are three code clerks, Tec 5 Edward Smith of Bloomfield, N. J., Pfc. Fred Gilmore of Christianburg, Va., Pfc. Ruel Kahler of Detroit, two foot messengers, Pfc. James Smith of Cromwell, Ky. and Tec 5 Ernest Walker of St. Louis, Mo. handle delivery in the headquarters area, and Pfc. Otto Phillips of South Bend, Ind. and Pfc. Salvino DeMichael of Detroit are motor messengers to higher echelons.

Each battalion message center is organized in a similar manner with their two motor messengers working from the regiment. Battalion message center chiefs are Sgts. Leo Schneider of Memphis, Tenn., 1st, Richard Howells, Warren, O., 2nd; John Leonard of Cranesville, Pa., 3rd. From each company a runner maintains contact with the battalion at its message center and another at the OP.

Though largely an administrative function, message centers have been operating in anything but comfortably heated offices. Their list of former addresses include: gouts, stables, barns, log cabins and cellars.

The battlefield experiences of these men could build a log of historical deeds typifying initiative and resourcefulness. These are but a few gleaned from among them.

As Pfc. Edward Jackson left 3rd Bn Message Center for Co. L, he was planned down by a barrage of 88s. His only protection from flying fragments were dead cattle strewn about the field. The barrage lifted and he continued on only to be

harassed by snipers. The location of Co. L was unknown at the time and he moved forward cautiously, guided by his sixth sense. He heard some Jerry voices and he hit the ground. Quickly he swallowed the message as he listened for their approaching footsteps. He lay quietly and played possum. The Germans turned him over and removed his belt and ammunition. The next minute he heard the blasts of M-1s. He looked up and found three dead Jerries. His rescuers were from Co. E. With the message embedded in his memory, he proceeded to look for Co. L. Again he was forced to hit the ground caught between the crossfire of two machine guns. He crept through this gauntlet of fire, oriented himself again and finally stumbled on Co. L's outpost.

Two F Co. messengers popularly known among the men as fleet-footed mercurys form an inseparable team in battle. Pfc. Joseph Nicholas of Quakertown, Pa. and Pfc. Albert Jeffries of Akron, Ohio delivered a 300 radio and spare batteries over 1000 yards of openly exposed terrain to the company OP.

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Personalities in Uniform

Tec 5 Kenneth Hillmer of Miami, Fla., has been handling an anti-tank prime mover for 3rd Bn Hq. Co. since the spring of '43. But said Hillmer, «it's a lot easier than handling some of the racket boys who swarmed our city.» Hillmer was a private detective before entering the service. And his 200 pounds or more testify to his ability to take care of himself when necessary.

Hillmer worked primarily for the Columbus Hotel in Miami where his main job was to protect hotel guests from the numerous card sharks and confidence men who infiltrated the elite hotels during the resort season. He seldom used his physical prowess for his job required getting rid of lobby loungers and undesirables without raising a rumpus.

Prominent night clubs were also on his list of clientele. «The only trouble I had there», he said, «were the over-exuberant sailors on liberty.

Sidelights...



Versatile Lad

There seems to be no limit to the ability of Tec 4 Leonard Mills of Milford, Iowa, a medic with Co. D. Besides doing the work of three medics when other aid men in the company became casualties and winning the Bronze Star, he has gained a reputation with the natives of Belgium as a reliable veterinarian. On two occasions he has been hastily summoned to barns in the community to perform obstetrical operations upon expectant cows. «Doc», reared in the traditions of an Iowa farmer, takes his talents as a matter of course.

What's in a Name

Men of Co. K are asking «what's in a name». And they point to S/Sgt. John B. Avizmovich who bears the nickname «Russian» but can't speak one word of the language. Then they have Pvt. Alexander G. Waters who speaks Russian fluently. The latter has been officially designated as the man to greet our Allies when we link up with them.

Sad Sack Squad

The 3rd Squad, 2nd Platoon of Co. C can't decide whether they are jinxed or just expert in picking good battlefield locations. During the last operation after aiding in taking Langfir, they prepared to bunk for the night in the remains of a shed. Hauling hay for beds, gathering wood, and fashioning a stove, they were just beginning to warm up when an officer decided it was a likely spot for a battalion CP. The 3rd Squad wasn't asked to leave but it got rather crowded. At the next location, as a holding party where they had just dug in and reinforced their foxholes, a crew arrived to dig a dugout for another CP in their exact area. Digging in at night the next time with the enemy 300 yards to their front, they picked what they thought was a good spot for the BAR team. It was - but with the gray of dawn a supporting tank groaned in to park on the back edge of their dugout with its gun protruding over. The tank also thought it a good spot. No one remained in the hole to see what the repercussion of the gun would do. The 3rd Squad has decided in the future to duck the jinx by picking the most unlikely spots available. Of course they realize they may be ducking worse things.

For a Gentleman

During the battle of the Belgian bulge, the AT platoon 2nd Bn Hq. had a good laugh when Pfc. Norman Brody received a package containing hair tonic, after-shaving lotions and talcum powder.

He's Charmed

Tec 5 Louis L. Donnelly of Letonia, Ohio, jeep driver for Company G, feels that though for many people the third time is a charm, for him it is certainly more an alarm. During a recent operation in Gey, Germany, Donnelly found it necessary to take his jeep across a supposedly cleared mine field to reach his company with chow and supplies. In the blackness of 0500 he crossed the mine field with cautious doubt - and made it. The return trip was safely accomplished and his confidence grew. A second trip he crossed with supplies and returned this time with complete confidence.

But on the fateful third Donnelly's confidence was blown sky high along with himself and his jeep. Hitting simultaneously not one but two mines, Donnelly found himself flying 25 feet through the air with only a scratched leg in a pool of mud. His jeep landed in a salvage pool.

«You know though», concludes Donnelly, «Maybe the third time was a charm - I might have gotten hurt!»

Fighting Olivers Meet

Three Olivers from New York City, all in combat units, recently had a get-together somewhere in Belgium. Capt. Francis E. Oliver, C. O. of Co. E wasn't sure which one spun the bigger tales but they had plenty in common. His brothers are Thomas, a sergeant in the 9th Division, and Michael, a private in the 82nd Airborne. Michael was in the D-Day landings at Anzio and had also made jumps in Italy, Germany and Holland.

Batter Didn't Rise

Tec 5 Charlie Arnold of Bristol, Va., had just finished preparing three batlers of dough carefully mixed with the ingredients for a delicious cake. He placed them in a dark corner of his kitchen and turned his attentions to other things while he proudly thought of the smiles on the faces of Co. G men when they saw his culinary efforts. But his dreams were short-lived.

S/Sgt. Philip Wiggenhouser of Pittsfield, Mass. Entered the room with his mess kit heaped with chow and looked for a place to eat. As Wiggenhouser sank into the same dark corner where reposed the nucleus of GI pastry, Arnold literally leaped from the floor shouting, «my cake, my cake». But Wiggenhouser wasn't easily misled. He thought, He nonchalantly sat on the batter and refused to believe Arnold's pleas that he was ruining his cake.

The boys now dub the incident, «A batter that didn't rise».

Letters to the Editor Hail Deeds of 331st

Editor, TTF:

My brother sent me the Christmas issue of The TTF. I was very glad to receive it. I would appreciate it if you would put me on the mailing list for The TTF's booklet, «Picture History of 331st from Omaha Beach to Berlin».

My brother is Pfc. James Daniel O'Connell, Co. G. I haven't seen him in over a year. Would his picture be in any of the pictures you have taken for the paper? If so, would it be possible to send me a copy? The 331st has proven itself a wonderful regiment.

Wishing you much success in future publications.

Sincerely yours,
Jeanne Bain.

Col. Robert H. York,
C.O. 331st Inf.

My dear Sir: May I, as an old soldier, congratulate you on the magnificent performance of your regiment. I have just received the New Year's copy of The TTF which impels me to hand out cigars.

My stepson, Edward L. Fisher, Service Co., sends copies of The TTF to me and most of them come through.

Again, sir, my compliments and best wishes for your continued success and safe return.

Sincerely,
F. E. Slack
C.O. 53rd Regt. Engrs. (War 1)

Editor, TTF:

I sent your last issue and this month's home to my wife. Last month I had the honor of having my name appear in the TTF. I'm in the second platoon of Co. F which also has received recognition in this paper.

One more thing. Would you please put my name on your list of the fellows that want the booklet you intend to make of all the issues of The TTF. Thanking you in advance for all you have done and are going to do, I remain
Sgt. Joseph H. Martin.

Editor, TTF:

Hope you can read this as I lost my only good eye January 9th, shrapnel, and am blind now and will be leaving for a hospital for the blind in the States in a day or two.

Will you please send my sister, Miss Hazel Lewellyn, 635 So. Park Ave., Oshkosh, Wis. copies of the TTF?

Pfc. Aldor Dahlke.

Editor, TTF:

My husband, T/Sgt. Isadore Rider, Co. A, 331st Inf., was killed in action in Germany on Dec. 12th, according to word I received from the War Department. In the last issue of your paper he sent me, one printed Nov. 27th, there is an item that you will publish at the end of the war a complete picture-history of the 331st Inf. Would you be kind enough to keep my application on file and send me this booklet as I will treasure it as a history of my husband's activities as a member of your combat team. I would also like to have any other such publications about the 331st that may be formulated.

Would it be possible to send me the issues that followed the Nov. 27th one of the TTF? Assuring you of my appreciation,

Very truly yours,
Mrs Isadore M. Rider.

Red-leg Supply Show They're on the Ball

The supply section of Service Btry, 908th FA Bn. certainly made sure that no red-leg would go hungry. One time when a firing battery pulled out on a move, Tec 5 Thomas Reynolds Service Btry truck driver, overtook the battery on the road. He pulled abreast and while the trucks continued the ration crew led by S/Sgt. Dan Whitt passed out the rations. Other men assisting him were Pfc. Frank Krivak, Pfc. Stanley Beckish and Pfc. Paul Kressley.

Editor, TTF:

We certainly enjoy your papers tremendously. An old World War I veteran gets a big kick out of the stories of the way things are going on with you fellows today. I wish very much that we had had similar publications in the last war because they would mean so very much to us today.

We have been very proud of the performance of the 83rd Division as reports have continued to come through and that goes for the folks generally in Evansville.

The German counterattack and the amount of strength they were able to throw into it came as a surprise to everyone over here, even as it must have been over there. The way the American boys met the situation, fought the Germans off their feet and have now retaken the territory, has brought a feeling of great pride to the hearts of the folks over here.

Norman Shane
President, Evansville USO

Messengers Get Through

(Continued from page 3)

Co. B points to their faithful messengers. At 32 years, Pfc. Domenico Delle Fave of Providence, R. I. is noted for his speed in racing over terrain. Pfc. Wilfred La Marine of Braintree, Mass. dropped a sniper from his roost at 200 yards with one shot to get his message through. And Pfc. Lewis Eaton of Paducah, Texas was hit in the foot by shrapnel and not until his mission was completed and he had reported back to his C. O. did he ask for aid.

Pfc. J. E. Borroughs of Cerro Gordo, Tenn., 1st Bn motor messenger, is hailed for his uncanny sense of direction. He drives a jeep wherever it will go and wherever it won't go. He has found his destination in pitch blackness and has reconnoitered routes for the battalion when an area was known to be heavily mined and filled with road blocks.

Pfc. Edward Alkeri of PawPaw, W. Va., Co. A Runner, led his battalion S-2 sergeant through no-man's land when communications were out and no one was sure of the company's location.

Informed Co. C was in a certain town, Pfc. Arthur Hall of Richmond, W. Va., arrived there at night to find the place deserted. He didn't know if there were Jerries about. But he followed what appeared to be the trail of battle. Several hundred yards from town he heard some moaning. They were wounded men from the company's mortar section. He returned the same night to the battalion CP and was able to point out the exact location of his company on a photo map. Pfc. Daniel Friend of Knoxville, Tenn. was at the 1st Bn OP when it was being heavily shelled.

Everyone took cover behind a stone wall. But Friend had a message to deliver and his jeep was behind some foliage with an open ground between the wall and that point. Friend crawled up to his jeep, and lying on the ground pressed the starter with his hand. He leaped in and sped away.

Medals Awarded

(Continued from page 3)

Pfc. John N. Monroe, Hickory, Miss.; T/Sgt. Charles V. Nartker, Kalida, Ohio; Pfc. Samuel Orsich, Akron, Ohio; Pfc. Joe J. Pirog, New York City, New York; Pfc. Myron G. Sellar, Cleveland, Ohio; T/Sgt. Alfred F. Smith, Evansville, Indiana; Sgt. James J. Sullivan, Cincinnati, Ohio; Sgt. Robert A. Todak, Toledo, Ohio; Tec 3 Albert P. Weinberg, Cincinnati, Ohio; S/Sgt. Aubrey Vance, Salem, Kentucky; Sgt. John Young, Jr., Kimbly, West Virginia; Tec 5 Robert C. Morris, Daisytown, Pennsylvania; S. Sgt. Robert D. Nygaard, Minneapolis, Minn.; S/Sgt. Robert J. Pietto, Athol, Massachusetts; Pfc. Sol Resnick, East Orange, N. J.; T/Sgt. Michael E. Shiko, Shamokin, Pennsylvania; Pfc. Victor Smith, Glomawr, Kentucky; Pvt. Otto F. Stager, Pine Grove, Pennsylvania; S/Sgt. William M. Tourgee, West Springfield, Mass.; S/Sgt. Edwin G. Wetzel, Barto, Pennsylvania; Pfc. Frank A. Vasquez, Watertown, Mass.

Rookie Learns Things Are Really Different In a Fighting Unit

Reinforcements coming overseas are happy to join an outfit which they can call their own. Pvt. Robert Moore of Detroit, Mich. recently arriving from the States found a «home» in Co. L and learned that «things were different» in a combat unit. Here is a description of his experiences written in a letter to the TTF.

«We first heard the statement at our embarkation point. Everyone from colonels to privates were glad to assure us that, things will be different when you reach your new home. Because we were all excited about the embarkation, the full meaning didn't penetrate us as it should have. All too soon however we began to long for any place at all that we could attach ourselves to and feel that we belonged.

«The boat deck was forbidden, troops weren't permitted in staterooms except for certain hours, musters were held once a day, smoking was allowed only in specified places at designated times, thousands of cases of mal de mer to avoid.

«Then came the docking complicated by much shouting and hurrying to be followed by a crowded train ride through polished Britain. But every now and then, some shepherd of our last bunch would calm us with a few well chosen words, your new home will be much different.

«Once more another boat and Troops of nearly every service swarmed over a war-littered beach. No one knew where to assemble, no one knew where he was going.

«After a lengthy walk and another assembly, we were herded together again and were loaded into some 40 and 8s. We were counted and bade good-night by a pfc who was sure that things would be much better in our new home when we got there. This stage of our trip ended at a small village. We were met by a transportation sergeant who filled out our locator cards, fed us, then locked us up in a barn filled with wet hay, after he had made the observation that things would be different in our new home!

«Two nights in the stable were followed by more travel on truck. The first day we rode through small villages and arrived at a once magnificent country estate. There at last was our new home - we thought. But once more we had a brief session with the locator file, a hurried search through a K ration box, chance to remove our packs and then to bed. Our beds weren't in that big chateau though, they were in a wet pyramidal tent. We were told before we retired by the corporal in charge of billeting rather apologetically that things would soon be different.

The next day found us travel-tired and cold sitting on an open truck clutching a box of K rations. Our hopes were high that the day's end would find us home. It did.

We unloaded and reported to Mac, the platoon sergeant. His first words were, «Are you guys hungry?» We were sure we were and were fed by mess sergeant Joe who gave us honest-to-goodness American coffee and big steak sandwiches. What a welcome after that long trip from the States. What a welcome from men who fed us, built fires to warm us and then told us they were glad to see us. What a letdown when we learned they were back just a day from 47 days of snow and lead in the front lines. And we thought we were tired and cold and miserable.

Before hitting the sacks, several reinforcements were heard wondering aloud what they could do to help a unit like Co. L end the war. Instructions by non-coms answered the queries. Informal orientation talks have given us facts we wanted to know. The difference between officers and EM is a welcome change from that of the States. Here we have learned to look on the officers as chosen leaders and as individuals instead of just brass that had to be tolerated. Welcome, too, is the general attitude of concern that is shown each man. He is looked on in many instances for the first time in his army career, as a man with individual likes and dislikes. And not as the fellow in the second rank of the first platoon.

Living with the battle-scarred veterans, we know that war has a warm side because of its friendships. And that the ETO isn't too formidable. This is a damn good place to be and I company seems like home.

Feet First

May this colum continue indefinitely as long as it brings such pleasant news from home.

Pfc. Jerry Mirelli, Brooklyn, N. Y., Co. B, 6 pound, 4 ounce baby boy.
M/Sgt. Thomas Kelley, Shreveport, La., 2nd Bn Hq, 7 1/2 pound boy.
Pvt. Gene Costanza, Pittsburgh, Pa., Co. G, girl.



HIS BODY FELL TO THE FLOOR -
THE MONSTER'S WORK WAS DONE