

Somewhere in Germany

Saturday, March 10, 1945

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I believe that the rendering of useful service is the common duty of mankind and that only in the purifying fire of sacrifice is the dross of selfishness consumed and the greatness of the human soul set free.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

331st First at Rhine in Drive to Berlin

Doughs, P47s Destroy Nazi Tigers Threatening MSR

Two of the strongest German counterattacks launched east of the Roer in a last desperate attempt to stem the Ninth Army's drive towards the Rhine, were smashed last week approximately nine miles from Neuss in the vicinity of Kappellan on the Erft Canal. Infantrymen, artillery, tank destroyers and P47s dealt repeated blows upon the Nazi tanks trying to cut the main supply route to the forward elements of American troops pushing towards Neuss. Four Tigers were knocked out in the two days battles by bazookamen, one by TDs, while the Air Corps claimed the destruction of five and estimated the total enemy strength as 15.

The first Tiger attack came on Thursday at Hemmerden where the Regimental and third battalion CPs were located. 88s pounded the town. The building of the regimental CP shook slightly. Inside Col. Robert H. York, 331st Commander, and his staff, calmly prepared to meet the counter-blows. Co. K was outposting the town. Headquarters personnel were alerted and took up positions around the CP.

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Bridge is Blasted In Yanks' Faces By Fleeing Nazis

Having one of the highway bridges explode right in their faces was the experience of Capt. Wilfred Barber's men as they pushed through the northern sector of Neuss to the Rhine's banks last week. The first battalion had battled through the entire night covering a distance of 10 miles on foot in a strong attempt to seize the north bridge, cross the Rhine and punch into Dusseldorf.

By 0930 the entire company was moving in column formation towards the bridge's runway with Lt. Thomas Dodd's platoon leading. A German civilian ran up yelling "Nix, nix". The men hesitated momentarily and Barber ordered them forward. As the men filed by, Barber questioned the civilian through an interpreter and learned that the fleeing Nazis had told the people the bridge would be blown in 30 minutes. Barber glanced at his watch. "That must have been over 30 minutes ago", he remarked. Just then, the bridge exploded.

(Continued on page 3)

Scares Heinies at Point of Empty Gun

Knocking the enemy out with a steady stream of fire in the vicinity of Eigen, Lt. Ralph C. Blow of Payallup, Washington, Co. K, suddenly found himself minus ammunition with a score of Germans still entrenched in a strong position before him. With no possibility of getting ammunition, Blow knew he must act fast.

Rushing forward quickly, as though fully armed, he bluffed the Germans into coming out of their hole and surrendering at the point of an empty carbine.

Watch on the Rhine...



Using the same trenches from which they had flushed Nazis defending the Rhine's banks, doughboys of Co. G gaze over the river towards Dusseldorf, looking forward to a speedy trip to Berlin — and home. Left to right are Pvt. Bob Kahn, New York City, Pvt. Claude Wegley, New Lebanon, Ohio, Pfc. Earl Ganible, Detroit, Mich.

3 NCOs Take Officer's Oath In Battlefield

Three more non-coms of the 331st were recognized for their leadership in the battlefield and awarded second lieutenant's commissions last week.

It was the same day of the German counterattack on Hemmerden that Lts. Edward A. Kulakowski and Earl A. Bemus of Co. A and Lt. Fred J. Cebula, Co. E entered the Regimental CP and received the congratulations of Col. Robert H. York, 331st Commander. And enemy shells were still falling when these battle vets rejoined their outfits in their new roles.

Entering the service as privates, the men rose through the enlisted grades and held the rank of technical sergeant prior to their appointment.

Kulakowski donned khaki in August, '43 and joined the regiment in February, '44. A native of Detroit, he was employed in a brewery, is 32 years married and has one son. Bemus joined the regiment in July, '44. He was majoring in business administration at Texas A and M when Uncle Sam called in August, '42. He is 24 years and his wife resides in Houston, Texas.

Cebula was a foreman on the railroad when he left Methuen, Mass. to join the regiment at activation in October, '42. He is 29 years.

Berlin Most Bombed City

Washington (CNS) — The most heavily bombed target in Europe, according to the War Department, is Berlin. The AAF alone has dropped 15,116 tons of bombs on the German capital while the RAF has added another 10,000 tons.

Weapons Platoon Wins Battle Sans Weapons

The mere fact they didn't have their machine guns and mortar weapons when Co. C was suddenly attacked from the front and right flank on its approach to Niederkassel, did not daunt the weapons platoon under Lt. Delbert Williams of Marietta, Ohio.

The company was advancing down an open road, when the Jerries, over a company in number, opened up with heavy machine gun and small-arms fire. The order to skirmish and proceed with marching fire was given. Due to a mine-field across the road, the weapons carrier had not yet brought the machine guns and mortar up making the usual support possible. But Williams commanded his men to take up the fire order anyway.

With only their secondary arms, pistols and carbines and more courage than firepower, they maneuvered around to the right flank. Their bold action enabled them to knock out a machine gun and capture 35 prisoners.

Co. F Crashes Loveling Strongpoint

The combination of infantry and tanks in Co. F's attack on Loveling just before dawn of March 1 again proved the winning team. The enemy countered with artillery and automatic weapons, but Co. F, under Capt. Robert A. Mitchell, Bristol, Conn., continued to advance with Lt. Irving Drucker, Brooklyn, leading the spearhead platoon on the right flank. Lt. Caddie Henagel, Georgetown, Ky., the platoon on the left flank, and the 3rd platoon under Lt. Robert Mann, Chicago, pushing through the center.

Though the counter-attack of two Nazi tanks on Hammerden cut off their supplies for six hours, Co. F pushed on through Loveling to the outer edges. Here they captured several self-propelled 88s and recaptured a number of vehicles that had been taken from the 106th Inf.

908th Shells First Message Across Rhine

The 908th Field Artillery Battalion claims to be the first to send its personal shell-bourne message across the Rhine to Hitler. At 8:15, 1 March, the 908th pulled into Epsdorf and immediately sent observers forward. A short time later an enemy OP was located on the east bank of the Rhine. With a high angle of fire the entire battalion fired one volley of greeting to the East Bank Heinies.

6-Man Squad KO's Nazi Ack-Ack, 88s

Knocking out two anti-aircraft and two self-propelled 88 mm guns, capturing 36 prisoners and five trucks loaded with GI rolls and equipment, by Lt. James Ritchie of Virginia and a squad of six men under Pfc. Bertie Whitley of Rocky Mt., No. Car., climaxed Co. C's action in Greifath.

Riding a column of light tanks, Ritchie and his 3rd squad were halted just before Greifath by bombing and strafing of friendly planes as they softened up the town for clearing. The men detanked. With only a best pile for protection from the nearby strafing, Ritchie and his men waited for the moment they could enter the town. When the planes finished their job, Ritchie and his squad went forward but again were stopped, this time by a barrage from artillery. The shelling ceased and he proceeded to advance only to be greeted by another barrage.

The town was finally entered and the squad was mopping it up when sniper's bullets gave them trouble. Pfc. James Hampton of Hammond, La., took off, spotted two snipers in a house and a series of well aimed shots finished them. Once again shells rained about the men. This time, the strongpoint was determined.

Whitley maneuvered his squad around to the rear and close enough to throw hand grenades. Then four men rushed the position and captured the gun crew of two anti-aircraft and two 88 mm. guns, together with their trucks and equipment.

Foxhole Interviews

QUESTION: How do you feel about the Army's non-fraternization policy with German civilians?

Pfc. Vannie Griggs of Richmond, Ky., Co. C radio operator.



"I don't need any regulation to keep me away from German civilians. There are too many unpleasant thoughts in my mind. I blame them for my being in uniform. I blame them for my being here. And a lot of my buddies would still be alive today. I don't even like to talk to them in the performance of duties. As for their girls, I don't give it a thought. Let's get this war over with so I can get home to my wife."

S/Sgt. Theodore Fyala, Co. A machine gun section sergeant.

"A 65 dollar fine doesn't keep me away from any Germans. I just don't have any feeling of friendship at all. There's always a tendency for a man coming from the line to seek friendship with civilians."

But there's absolutely no such desire with me. In the States, I didn't feel any animosity toward the German nation. But as soon as I hit Normandy that's all I needed. The hatred that's developed will be a long time in leaving."

Pfc. Francis Soucie of Providence, R. I., Co. F rifleman.



"You can't relax as long as you're in Germany. Fraternization with civilians may be tempting because it's relaxing for men after a battle. But as long as you're on German soil, you can't relax. Nobody outside of an American uniform is your friend. You can't trust a German. They may appear friendly to you and maybe some of them are sincere but we are not the ones to judge who's who. Those that are happy to see us here are in the small minority. And you can't determine who they are. I'm on the alert every time I leave the CP."

S/Sgt. Paul Painter of Troutville, Va., Co. I squad leader.

"I'm all for that regulation. But even if it didn't exist I couldn't be friendly with Germans. That feeling of sincerity isn't there. You can't help liking the people in France, Luxembourg and Belgium because they always tried to do so much for you. But even if these German people gave us a hearty welcome I wouldn't trust them. There's spies among them without question. The war isn't won and we must be security minded more than ever. Look at all the civilian snipers we had to wipe out. Hell, I've seen too much of these Jerries. And no one need tell me to stay away. I'd do it anyway."



Nazis Own Disguise Trick Smacks Back

While a task force under Capt. Daniel Moore, MacAlester, Okla., was headed for Niederkassel Co. 4, under Capt. Wilfred Barber, Okla. City, flanked a large German sheet metal factory.

The large outfit of Nazis defending this point were armed to the teeth even to the point that each man had a bazooka. Waiting as they were for a column of tanks. (Task Force Moore) they point blank refused to believe that Capt. Barber and his men were the enemy. They laughed, so sure were they of their strongpoint, thinking the A Company men were their comrades masquerading in American uniforms.

Not until Lt. Edward Kulakowski, Detroit, Mich., knocked one of them over the head with his pistol butt were the German soldiers convinced. The doubting Thomases totaled about 80, among them members of the people's army.

Buckshot in Rear End Makes Jerry Jitterbug

Kentucky's own Pfc. Willard Cornelius, Co. I bazookaman, felt right at home last week during the melee of a German counterattack. Spotting a tank from the window of a house, Cornelius with the aid of Tec 5 Curtis Kimball, Saugus, Mass., prepared to shoot. The Bazooka wouldn't fire. Throwing down the weapon, Cornelius picked up a double-barreled shot gun which had been lying in the room. Hurrying to the window he stuck his head out. The tank was gone but a Jerry



infantryman was coming around the corner of the building.

Cornelius let go a volley from both barrels that had the surprised Heine dancing down the road. Said he, "There's nothing more reliable than a shot-gun."

Ivan Helps Joe Dig Up Hiding SS

The Anglo-Russian alliance was brought closer home in the taking of Neuss when three Russians, held prisoners by the Jerries, aided men of Co. L in rounding up the enemy. Pointing out a house hiding an SS man, one of the Russians accompanied Pfc. Alfred Levy, Chicago, Ill., Pfc. Clarence Hochberger, Fargo, N. Dakota, and Pfc. Darlan Jones, Marshall, Texas, to investigate.

While taking an SS trooper, a shot was fired at them from the haystack in a vacant field. They went to the haystack to discover an observation tower.

The Russian made the SS trooper climb up the tower to draw any possible fire. The trooper returned immediately with one of his comrades who had changed to civilian clothes. From here the Russian with the aid of his companions pointed out other suspicious areas.

Thanks Boys, Have A Cig - Said the Nazi

T/5 Edward Horrox, Manville, R. I., Service Battery 908 FA Bn, and Cpl. James R. Prentice, Hartford, Conn., Battery B, 908 FA Bn, were riding in their jeep when they saw a German soldier come out of a dugout. Horrox put on the brakes. Prentice leveled his carbine. The German waved his handkerchief.

With a look of relief on his face, the Jerry reached into his pocket and pulled out a package of cigarettes which he offered to the men as he expressed his thanks for being captured. A civilian in the states may have broken the German's arm reaching for this treasure. Horrox and Prentice refused. To them nothing is more fraternal than smoking.

Yank Profanity is Sweet Music to Falling Aviator

The sudden cry, "Paratroopers" sent men of the 1st Bn. rushing to the windows and doors of houses where they had stopped for a brief rest on their push to the Rhine. The droning airplane motor and ack-ack fire preceding the cry were explanation enough.

Immediately defensive precautions were taken. Piling into a jeep with a small group of men, Lt. Richard Cranch, Bn. Motor Officer rushed to the area where a parachutist was just landing. He had disposed of his chute and was dashing in the opposite direction when Cranch shouted. The figure continued to run.

When "Hey come over here Joe" brought no results, Cranch bellowed, "Stop you sonofabitch or I'll shoot!" The parachutist came to a sudden halt, twisted around and shot straight back to Cranch.

"Those", said the panting figure "were the sweetest words I have ever heard." The speaker was a lieutenant in the Air Corp. He with his four companions had bailed out of his battered B-24 when ack-ack had scored a hit. "My only regret", said the aviator, "is I had a pass to London coming and now I'll lose it."

Co D Men on Recon Take Village Alone

Without firing a shot, a Co. D reconnaissance party in a lone jeep captured a German village at 0200. Attempting to make contact with the spearhead, they took what they thought was the alternate route — one which took them to a small village.

Driving up and down the empty streets and inspecting the vacated, newly dug German trenches they realized they had taken the wrong turn in the road.

Hastily they claimed the town for the U. S. Army and hurried back to Battalion C. P. to report there was no longer any resistance in the village on their right.

Members of the party were: Lt. Robert J. Deck, Jr., Wayne, Penn., Sgt. William G. Allen, Peoria, Ill., Pfc. John J. Kovak, McDonaldton, Penn. and Pfc. Marvin T. Davis, Abbeville, S. C.

Co. K Swingband Now Playing on the Sunny Side of the Rhine

K Co. now offers "the sweetest and hottest music this side of the Rhine" and they are not keeping it to themselves. Circumstances providing, they would like to present their services to all the Yankee Heppcats of the 331st.

Members of the band are: Pvt. J. S. Longstreet, trumpet, Pvt. Robert H. Phillips, piano and steel guitar, T/4 Orle A. Valdez, accordion and harp, Pvt. Flovi J. Gallucci, bass fiddle, Pvt. John C. Rivers, guitar, Pvt. Joseph A. Doran, piano, and Pfc. William Shulman, saxophone and clarinet.

Bridge is Blasted

(Continued from Page 1)

A short time before, Co. B had sent out a patrol of three men Lt. Sherwin Kuttis, Rockford, Mich., S/Sgt. John Bernard, Swansea, Mass. and Pfc. Bernie Meles, N. Y. C. to check the bridge. Finding it intact, they were returning to report when the terrific explosion carried their message.

The lead scouts, Pfc. Dale Hunter of Centerline, Mich. and Pvt. Mervin Blume of Rockford, Ill. were within 30 yards of the runway when the debris flew over their heads.

"I was relieved to find myself on terra firma", said Hunter. Kuttis added, "I'm glad I was viewing the Rhine from the banks instead of the bridge."

His offensive unquestionably checked, Barber set up his CP in a "five room beautiful apartment" formerly Volksturm Headquarters, and awaited further orders.

Nazis Burn ...



Rushing by a burning Mark IV that had just been hit by a P47 bomb and a bazooka rocket, Pfc. Fred Prailey of Boston, Pa. and Pfc. Bob Svenson of Excelsior, Minn., Co. K doughboys, head for a wooded area to wipe up Jerry infantry during a counterattack on Hemmerden. Below is a closeup of a burning Nazi who had struggled out of his fiery caldron.

Last Ditch Battle at Rhine Death Knell for Nazi Regime

How men of the second battalion delivered a final blow to the Nazis west of the Rhine to take and hold their last objective on the river's edge was the most colorful incident of the operation. Confronted by well dug-in gun emplacements, 10 foot double-aproned barbed wire entanglements and fortified factory buildings, doughboys of E and G companies closely supported by machine gun fire, and mortarmen of Co. H smashed through in marching fire, smearing all resistance and taking close to 300 prisoners.

Co. E under the command of Capt. Francis Oliver of New York City jumped off from a tributary of the Erft canal about 1000 yards east of the Rhine at 0400 on Friday. Leading — he attacked the second platoon under Lt. Conrad Van Kirk of Independence, Mo. was pinned down by heavy machine gun cross fire. Silhouetted against a bright moon, the men were momentarily stopped as heavy enemy fire continued to rake the open plain.

According to Sgt. Louis Cherol, "If it wasn't for the bright moon, we could have flushed the Jerries at the point of our bayonets."

Capt. Oliver and Lt. Charles Welch of Columbus, Ohio immediately struck out with the first platoon on the right flank and in the face of all the fire the Jerries could pour their way, they unhesitatingly pushed forward through the barbed wire, over Jerry trenches, between and around the factory buildings reaching the river's banks at 0500.

But the battle had only begun. Artillery began to fall around the open plain and men of the second platoon were forced to hug the ground, their advance still checked. T/Sgt. Michael Shiko, S/Sgt. George Kahler, Pvt. Clayton Warner, Pfc. Andy Loy, Pfc. Robert Weir, Pfc. Harold Wrosch and Pfc. Harris Bartlett, with Van Kirk crowded into one shell hole. "It was one of the tightest spots we were ever in," said Shiko.

As dawn broke, the barrage lifted.

No Maggies Drawers For Rookie in Battle

Green-horn, 19 year old Pvt. Verlin H. Twedt, Worthing, S. D., F Co, in his first battle engagement proved his IRTC training had not been for naught. When his squad's advance was halted and the men forced to take cover, Pvt. Twedt ignored the small-arms fire. Stealing to the flank he directed accurate fire with his M1, killed four Germans and forced the nine remaining to hoist the white flag.

T/Sgt. Robert Clifton directed his Co. H machine gunners to spray devastating fire over the heads of the pinned down platoon. This respite gave the second platoon the opportunity to advance again.

With the fight still raging by mid-day, Co. G led by Capt. Joseph Macaluso of New Orleans, struck out in a final assault on E's left flank from the village of Brucke and crossed over 1500 yards of open terrain in the midst of raining 20 mm. direct ack ack fire coming from across the Rhine. In open waves, the sun glistening on their bayonets, the doughboys charged forward. By initially laying down a base of machine gun fire and then employing terrorizing marching fire, the first platoon led by Lt. Arthur Spalding of Vermont and the third platoon under Lt. Harvey Volmer of Joliet, Ill. converged on the factory buildings from two sides. In the meantime, the accurate fire from mortar played havoc with the enemy in the trenches, forcing 150 to surrender. The second platoon moved in on the factory site cleaning out the last pockets of resistance and at 1500 the last shot was fired.

In the confusion of battle, no man could claim being the first at the Rhine. But Pfc. Douglas King, Co. F lead scout was one of them. All he could say, "Just another river, another stumbling block to Berlin but I'm glad to be this far."

Said Macaluso lying prone on the river's bank as he gazed pensively over the mound, "It's just like the Mississippi — just like the Mississippi."

Good For a Laugh Even in a Foxhole

Men of Co. B are not surprised to hear Katherine Hepburn or some other celebrity in a nearby foxhole. It is simply the disguised voice of Pfc. Herbert Schofield, Verona, Pa., Co. B messenger. A former stage and vaudeville actor Schofield's ability as an entertainer and humorist is a constant morale booster.

Once when the going was rough, he returned from a mission and reported to his amazed C. O. that his platoon was meeting light resistance only — light tanks, light machine guns, light artillery and light Panzer troops.

Sidelights...

Good Advice

"No matter what else you do, remember to hang-on when riding tanks." T/Sgt. Harold "Dutch" Wetzel, Barto, Penn., of Co. L coached his men just before their tank transported attack. "That's the only way you can be certain every man will be present when the fireworks start. Hang-on!" Came the attack. Each man clutched the tank and looked to Wetzel for guidance. No Wetzel. He had fallen off.

Wasted Ammo

Sgt. Joseph Fresiello of Bronx, New-York, Co. G mortarman, demonstrated the value of the 60 mm. mortar as an assault weapon, when from an OP "Auf der Rhein", he knocked out two Nazi anti-aircraft guns situated on the eastern bank of the Rhine river in the vicinity of Neuss with only seven rounds.

Commenting on his feat, he said, "Gee whiz, I wasted two rounds."

Burned Rear

T/5 John L. Frizano, Phila., Penn., Co. K, literally had his pants ripped in two by whistling bullets when four Jerry machine guns had his platoon pinned down. Frizano wonders if this makes him a "shave-tail".

Scared of Mice

The question "Confidentially, what is your worst scare?" would surprise you with its answer if you asked S/Sgt. Stanley J. Sherry, Fairfield, Conn., and Pfc. George W. Nelson, Tidionte, Pa. AT Co. Though their experiences through Normandy to the present date have been harrowing one is supreme. That is the time, not long ago, they were forced to evacuate their nice warm bed for a hard cement floor because of two wee field mice.

Mon Cheri

Seeking the aid of a Belgian Miss in determining the proper gender, ma chérie or mon chéri (My darling) for writing his one and only back home, Lt. Keith Davidson, of St. James, Minn., Co. C, got a more complete lesson in French grammar than he had anticipated. He discovered the Belgian lass, in saying "Mon chéri" was as interested in the tense as the gender — but the present, not the future tense, and the present masculine gender.

Letters to the Editor

Editor TTF:

I have recuperated from wounds received during the battle of Gey and am doing different work now. Would like to hear from you and news of our regiment. Maybe I'm not up there with you fellows but my heart is. I'm sure pulling for all of you boys. I feel like an SOS man back here but I did my best while I was up with the others. Please send me copies of The TTF. Our paper, our outfit, I'm proud to have been one of the 331st boys.

Yours truly,

Sgt. Joe Chaney (Co. F)

"It is better to light one small candle than to curse the darkness." Confucius.

Editor TTF:

I would appreciate your placing me on the mailing list for the post-war picture history of the 331st. I think it would really be a treasured thing to have back home after this mess. I hope I'm not too late in getting my name in.

Sgt. Joe De More
Co. D

Lt. David E. Kribs
331st Inf.

We appreciate the copies of The TTF you are sending me. We want you to know our ball club is following the 331st with great interest. Here's our wishes that you're first in Berlin and a speedy and safe return.

Steve O'Neill
Detroit Baseball Co.

Meet Your Company Correspondent

Here again we present the "eyes and ears" of The TTF in your outfit. These men are your company reporters. Make their acquaintance. It's through them that your story is recognized in print.

A — Sgt. John C. Kreamer.
B — S/Sgt. Roy E. Newsome.
C — Pfc. Bascom Biggers.
D — Sgt. William Allen.
E — Sgt. Louis Cherol.
F — Pfc. David Rosenberg.
G — Pfc. Phillip Graiff.
H — Pfc. Joseph Snyder.
I — Pvt. Arnold Krell.

K — Pfc. William Shulman.
L — Pvt. Robert Moore.
M — Pfc. Irving Jacobson.

1st Bn Hq — T/4 John O'Neill.
2nd Bn Hq — T/Sgt. James Douthitt.
3rd Bn Hq — Cpl. Richard Sloan.
Reg. Hq. — Tec 4 Arthur Cavanaugh.
AT Co. — S/Sgt. Frank Turchan.
Co. Cn. — Sgt. Austin Cline.

908th FA Bn — Tec 4 Oliver Weidner.

Co. C, 308th Eng. — Pfc. Anthony Scolo

Co. C, 308th Med. — Pfc. Malcolm Young.

AT Crew Commended For Sticking it Out

The anti-tank platoon crew, Hq. Co., 3rd Bn., received the verbal commendation of their Bn. Commander when in the face of overpowering fire they doggedly held their ground during the German counterattack at Kappellan.

Spotting their anti-tank gun 500 yds. off two German tanks opened fire. Realizing their dangerous position the anti-tank crew nevertheless held their fire until the tanks were only 200 yds. away. Then the crew threw round after round at the vehicles forcing the tanks to take shelter behind some buildings. Here they held the tigers until larger weapons and the Air Corp could destroy them.

Members of the crew are: Cpl. Harold H. Eisenhower, Buffalo Center, Iowa, Cpl. James D. Stone, Bonner Ferry, Idaho, Pfc. Don Nicholson, Columbus, Ohio, Pfc. Raymond Buckley, Yonkers, N. Y. and Pvt. Dave Wallach, Minneapolis, Minn.

A busy man in the 908th FA Bn is Pfc. Walter Orchard who has been spending his time drawing valentines on V-mail for the men of Btry C.

Anything Can Happen in The Life of a Jeep Driver

Joe Schiada was snuggling into his sleeping bag. "I've been pretty lucky lately getting a full night's sleep. I hope it keeps up," he said. The jeep drivers were all preparing to bed down. They were drivers for the staff and from their conversation one learned that theirs was no routine job.

"No," said Stoebel. "We can't bitch. Some of us have had some close calls, as most everyone else in a front-line unit, but I'm not complaining."

"Talk about close calls," remarked Endsley. "I'll never forget the night I had lain down in my foxhole for a nap when I heard an officer calling me. He wanted me to drive over to Co. E with some mine detectors. We were a short ways down the road when shells started coming in. When things became quiet, we continued and then got lost. Just by luck we ran into a GI who told us that whatever we did, not to go any farther for about 100 yards in front of us, in the middle of the road, lay a 500 pound bomb. I don't know that soldier's name but I'll always remember him."

"I don't know what could be worse than having someone shoot right at you," Stoebel added as he laid his glasses aside and spread out his blankets on the floor. "I was driving for a

liaison officer one day and we were hunting for a CP. Going down a sunken road we seemed to be right in the middle of a shooting gallery. Snipers opened up on us from all sides. Much to our relief, our only casualty was two flat tires."

"That's just it," piped up Schiada. "You never know what kind of a road you'll be on. And to make matters worse we've gone over strange territory in complete blackout on roads where you had to follow the ruts and then pray that you didn't run off."

Bright was puffing a cigar. His muddy face seemed to glow from the lamp light that was connected with a generator outside. Both he and Blair were silent. Blair smiled modestly when asked what his thrilling moments were driving the colonel.

"Well," said Blair rather reluctantly. "I was driving the colonel on a reconnaissance in the Hurtgen Forest when we were strafed by several Messerschmitts. We dove into a ditch. And after a few anxious moments anti-aircraft guns drove them away. Other than muddy faces and hands we were none the worse for our experience."

"Yeah," said Schiada. "It was back in the Hurtgen Forest when I was awakened from a nice warm foxhole to drive the assistant S-3 to a company outpost. All communications were out and we had to drive there for information. When I got there mortar was landing all around the place. I jumped in a hole and boy was it wet. It was raining, snowing and bitter cold. Never felt so miserable."

"My close call dates way back to Normandy," said Bright. "I was at a battalion OP during a counterattack and was stuck there for hours under direct tank fire and sniper fire." Bright pulled the blankets over him. Stoebel was snoring. And Schiada didn't seem to have anything more to say.

Just then, a messenger entered.

"Hey, Schiada, get up, you've got to go on a trip with the Major."

Fires Through Tree To Kill Lurking Kraut

T/Sgt. Vernon Bobo of Trezavant, Tenn., Co. I, believes in doing things the hard way.

At Gey, Germany, Bobo led his platoon on a mission to pin down the Jerries. One Jerry lay behind a tree evidently feeling that was as safe a place as any. Bobo noticed the Kraut and opened fire. The bullet splintered through the tree and through the barrel of the Heines rifle splitting it in two. A second shot met its mark in the Jerry's head.

Battlefield Inspirations

Battling American

If he can smile about the comforts he [does lack,
And pass it off with "Oh my aching [back".
If he steps up to the C.O. and calls him [Mitch".
And finds a ready ear for complaint [or bitch.
If in battle he pushes and pushes to [reach his goal.
He's a company Fox man, deep in his [soul.
He's proud of his outfit, first to upho'd [her name.
He'll rant and cuss, if you'll deny her [fame.
He sweated out those hellish Normandy [days and fogged
No better friend is there, then a piece of [sunken ground.
In Brittainy, Luxembourg, Germany as [well,
He's given old Jerry plenty of hell.
He's willing to stay in the ETO and [fight,
Especially harder now with victory in [sight.
But oh, how he moans when hometown [papers he reads
And finds headlines screaming of vices [and greeds.
They tell of strikes and makes his blood [boil.
Is all this, worth his "blood, sweat and [toil?"
But he'll think of home and remember [the score,
The dear ones he left, to help end this [war.
He'll go out and fight and give all he's [got
Although sometimes he can't figure out [what's what.
He'll bear his pain, share his buddy's [hard knocks
Because he's battling American — he's [from Company Fox.
Pfc. David ROSENBERG,
Co. F, 331st Inf.

The Time Is Here

With boots and clothes all covered with [muck
A weary G. I. climbed on the truck.
His back was bent like a shapeless trace
But a smile was on his dirty face.
"For thirty days I have played the [game."
He said in a voice most tired and lame.
"I have fought on hills and plains [alike,
Creeping by day and crawling by night.
"I've charged up mountains to meet [the foe
In proving myself a daring Joe.
I've stormed the portals of hell and [fire
To win goals of the colonel's desire.

"I have not slept by day or by night.
Regarding sleep as a weaklings blight.
I've given my all and then some more
And I am most beaten tired and sore.

"But now at long last the time is here
When I'll get the rest that is so dear.
Ah, what joy, 'tis the end of my hunt,
I leave today for the fighting front!"

Bascom H. Biggers III
Co. C.

A Votre Santé

Among the latest entries for the regimental drinking song contest is one from Pfc. Bascom Biggers, Co. C, written to the tune of Shine On Harvest Moon and another to the music of It's a Grand Old Flag written by Cpl. Archie Lee, Cannon Co.

Feel First

"It's one of the most pleasurable moments I sweated out," remarked Pfc. William F. McConaughy of Oklahoma City, Co. F rifleman. It's a girl.



331st On Honor Roll

The 331st Infantry is now on the Honor Roll of the Infantry Association. Every officer and unit within the organization has completed at least a year of membership in the Association according to the January issue of the Infantry Journal.