

Normandy
Brittany
Loire River

83rd SPEARHEAD

Luxembourg
Germany
Ardennes

VOL. 2 No. 2

SOMEWHERE IN BELGIUM

FEBRUARY 10, 1945

DOUBT

DESPAIR

DEFEAT!



IT'S D-DAY for these Nazi dead-end kids waiting the last ride to the 83rd PW cage to join thousands of other supermen thrown off the road to glory by Division doughs from Carentan to Duren.

Signal Corps photo

HITLER 70 THOUSAND SHORT—COURTESY 83rd

As badly worried Hitler continued to scrape the bottom of his manpower barrel statistis were quoted this week which show that the 83rd has accounted for the equivalent of 7 once invincible Nazi divisions.

An official total of 37,736 prisoners of war have been tucked away in 83rd PW Cages in Normandy, Brittany, the Loire Valley, Luxembourg, Germany and Belgium. An additional 1,449 have been treated and cleared through our medical channels.

BAG 70,000 NAZIS.

It has been estimated that an additional 30,000 Germans have been killed or wounded by 83rd doughs and artillerymen since the commitment of the Division in Normandy on the 26th of June.

These combined figures represent approximately 70,000 men or equivalent to seven German divisions, knocked out of commission by the 83rd.

BEST PRISONER HAUL.

During the Normandy campaign alone the Division's advance was made into a defense zone held by 16,000 crack SS and Paratroops and after the Nazi withdrawal there were left only 3,000 to flee to the Siegfried Line and organize in an attempt to stem the Ameri-

can advance.

The largest single catch of prisoners was taken at Beaucency in France on September 17 when 19,692 officers and men of the Wehrmacht, Luftwaffe and Marines surrendered on the banks of the Loire River. This was not only the largest batch of prisoners to be taken by this Division in a single operation but the largest to be taken by any comparable unit during the entire war.

MAD COLONEL TAKEN.

In the campaign at St. Malo and Dinard, 13,000 Germans were herded into the PW cage including the mad Colonel von Aulock who only two days before had proclaimed: "I am a German soldier and German soldiers do not surrender."

In addition to accounting for approximately 70,000 German soldiers, a task force partially composed of elements of the 83rd assisted in the operations at the peninsular city of Brest where 35,000 heinies were captured after a three week siege of the seaport fortress.

Veterans of 83rd Can Now Wear 3-Star Ribbon.

Members of the 83rd Division who landed at Omaha Beach to subsequently participate in the fighting south of Carentan to the banks of the Roer River in Germany are entitled to wear three bronze battle participation stars. Veterans who first saw action in Normandy, France between D Day and July 24th earned the initial battle participation star by beating back fanatical German SS and paratroop resistance to completely undermine the first organized enemy defense plan on the Continent.

BATTLE STAR GIVEN.

Reinforcements who joined the Division after July 24th are given battle participation credit for the campaign of Northern France and are entitled to wear the bronze battle star for taking part in the fighting between July 25th and Sept. 17.

CREDIT FOR DUREN.

The third battle star has been given for the fighting on the "holy soil" of Germany itself. The date of Sept. 15 marks the start of the campaign within the Reich and no termination date has yet been set by the War Department. Personnel of the Division who took part in the fighting enroute to Duren are already entitled to wear this battle participation star.

All three stars are worn on the European Theater of Operations campaign ribbon.

RANKING CORRESPONDENTS COVER 83rd CAMPAIGNS FOR PRESS AND RADIO

More than a dozen war correspondents representing the press and radio of the United States and Great Britain visited the Division during the Ardennes drive to cut the Houffalize-St. Vith highway.

30 Days for Dozen GIs --At Home

A dozen GIs turned their eyes from the Heine towards the "briny" last week as the third group in the Division finished sweating out furlough papers granting them a 30-day rest period in the states.

With thoughts in mind of trading their M-1s for fishing rods and surrendering to chocolate malts and frosty beers in exchange for the overseas diet of K rations and synthetic lemon juice, the twelve jackpot winners assembled at the office of the Division Adjutant General to start the first leg of their trip to respective Main Streets in the USA.

GOES TO MOTHER'S SIDE.

Via the rotation plan and emergency cases verified by the Red Cross, a T/4 with 41 months overseas credit started homeward. A Pfc. was granted leave to comfort his seriously ill mother, a M/Sgt. medic, because of two and one-half years of constant foreign service, qualified for the joy ride and an engineer private tossed his shovel into the tool box after 32 months of tough combat work.

HE'LL MARRY THE GIRL.

M/Sgt. Chester W. Lloyd, 330th regimental medic from Scranton, Pa., said that when he gets home he's going to marry the girl. She is Mary Louise Smith.

(Continued on page 3)

THANKS TO WO'S A COW IS BORN

Warrant officer Harry Long of Wichita, Kansas recently was the hero of the day and became the pride of his comrades in the 329th Infantry.

There was an awful noise issuing from a barn at 2230, so Mr Long accompanied by Warrant Officer Valentine Wunsch of New Jersey decided to investigate. The pair entered the barn and found a cow in the throes of giving birth.

Mr. Long became a veterinary by necessity while Mr. Wunsch illuminated the scene with a TL-122-B. While the operation was in the initial stages the entire Service Company paced the barnyard, anxiously awaiting a report. After awhile the specialist and his able assistant emerged from the barn and announced that big cow and little cow were doing fine.

The correspondents, many of whom covered the Division in Normandy, Brittany, along the Loire, and in Germany, wrote of the heroic action of the doughboys in doing a tough job in bitter cold and deep snow to smash the German resistance around the two Langlirs and Bihain to blaze a trail through the Bois de Ronce for the Third Armored Division.

RADIO COVERAGE.

Cedric Foster, radio commentator in the States, talking from dispatches sent from Europe by SHAEF and various wire services, paid high tribute on January 14 to the 83rd Division which was then pushing to the south with the 84th Division and the Second and Third Armored Divisions.

Other radio commentators also carried the 83rd and the ARMY HOUR devoted time on its Sunday broadcast of January 14 to the doughboys of the 83rd fighting around Langlir. Associated Press, Upited Press and many newspapers including the New York Times, Boston Herald and many Ohio papers were among those in the States that carried stories of the gallant spirit and fighting qualities of the 83rd doughboys.

GASK STAYS TWO DAYS.

Correspondents that visited the division included Roland O. Gask, Assistant War Editor of NEWSWEEK, who spent two days and a night with the doughboys of the 329th Infantry. His first visit to the Division was west of Duren in Germany. Mr. Gask, who recently came from the CBI, believed in writing exactly what he sees and what actually exists.

ARTICLE IN NEWSWEEK.

His first story appeared in the December 25th issue; a later NEWSWEEK carried the story of the 83rd in the Ardennes.

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY, magazine known for the excellent quality of its contents, was represented by Miss Monica

(Continued on page 3)

MATCH THIS ONE

Shrapnel comes pretty close to soldiers at the front at times but T/Sgt. Osborne Jones of Spartanburg, S. C. believes his encounter has no match. In an attack on an enemy position, this doughboy was caught in a mortar barrage. After one burst struck particularly close he felt a hot pain on his thigh. Investigation disclosed a piece of flying metal had ignited a box of matches in his pocket.

83rd SPEARHEAD

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Kamerad

German civilians are laughing at us — "Americans are too friendly and kindhearted. Americans are stupid, immature, not yet awake to the eternal light and power that is Germany."

Remember this: the German civilian is our enemy. He is as much our enemy as the brave Nordic god who under the protection of bomb-proof pillboxes spends all his shells, all his hand grenades in killing us. And then he raises a white flag, barrels over to us his "liberators."

And remember this: the German civilian respects power. He bows down to strict discipline. He expects firmness in military personnel.

There is only one way he can react when he sees Americans shower apple-cheeked, dagger-toting Hitler Youth with candy, gum, canned rations, cookies, cigarettes. All the world knows these things were made for Americans. Made by Americans. Brought by American effort to the front over a supply line of a mere five to ten thousand miles. There is only one way the German can react. At this soft-hearted, peace-mongering, appalling conglomeration of O'Flahertys Ginsbergs, Crawfords, Bladzinskys, Olsons and Travesanos the German only laughs.

OHIO

Ohioans should feel no resentment that many 83rd men do not feel like Buckeyes. Neither should they feel that we are not proud to wear the old black and gold insignia. We know that the division of World War I was an Ohio outfit, born on the soil of Ohio at Camp Sherman, its ranks filled mainly with Ohioans.

We know that the bulk of the men in the new 83rd of this war came from Ohio and Pennsylvania. We know that many Ohioans in the 83rd have been decorated for bravery and meritorious service. We are proud of the old black patch with the gold letters of OHIO emblazoned on it.

Yet, with all this, we are not an Ohio outfit and we feel that we are not discrediting the many Ohioans who have made the outfit great anstrong when we suggest this.

Headlines at home covering news stories about the 83rd in Germany and in the Ardennes bore the words "Ohio Division." Letters have come, wondering why.

Correspondents have tried to dub us BUCKEYES, too. Again the question, Why?

There is really only one Ohio division. That is the Ohio 37th Division, a National Guard outfit that is doing its job in the Pacific. This is "Ohio's Own", so to speak. To it belongs the name "Ohio Division," and rightfully so. It is an outfit 100 percent Buckeye, its ancestry deeply rooted in the rich soil of Ohio.

To most of us the letters O-H-I-O stand more for this: "One Hot Infantry Outfit." It stands for a reputation we've made in blood on every battlefield in Europe, a reputation which makes us proud to wear the old black patch with the gold letters of OHIO emblazoned on it, so all may see and know what we are.

331st Unit
Cuts SS
To Size

Bitter hand-to-hand combat in which doughboys bested German SS troops with trench knives and bayonets featured a major part of the fighting during the Ardennes operation. One of the best examples of this is the scrap which took place between a crack German SS unit and Company B of the 331st Infantry, under Capt. Daniel M. Moore of MacAlested, Okla.

The mission of the doughboys was to clear a heavily wooded area, and, with two light tanks in support, the company fanned out along a snow covered road running through the forest to rout the Nazis from their positions.

The second platoon, under Lt. Patrick Murphy of Flint, Mich., inched its way forward into a fire-break clearing but immediately drew fire from the well dug-in Nazis. Under cover of a terrific clatter of small arms fire the doughboys continued to advance, forcing the Nazis to remain in their holes until the positions could be over-run.

KILLED IN HOLES.

When objectives were reached, the doughboys quickly took care of the krauts with bayonets and knives.

On the left flank the platoon of Lt. Norman Kruse of Barnes, Kan., achieved equal success flushing the Jerries from their positions and either killing or taking them prisoner.

A platoon under S/Sgt. Edward Harmer of Philadelphia, Pa. surrounded and captured the company CP and witnessed once invincible supermen pleading for their lives on bended knee.

Heroes were numerous in this infantry advance. Pfc. James Teague wiped out an enemy machine gun nest by crawling forward to outflank it and then killed the three man crew with a hand grenade.

Letter from
JENNIFER

Dear Charlie:

A P.F.C.I. Imagine, my Charlie a Pfc! What did you do? You never told me, never breathed a word about it. They don't go around making Pfc's for nothing; how many Germans did you capture? Whoever gave you that stripe, please thank him for me; he must be such a kind hearted man. With your overseas stripe and your wound stripes and your other stripes how will I know which one is your Pfc stripe, huh? I always knew you were a born leader, your making this extra rank means so much to me. With the \$4.80 raise I'll be able to buy a new record album every month. Oh! You're so sweet.

I've been meaning to ask you this for a long time: Your being a very shy boy, I know all the embarrassment you will go through, but could you get me a slinky black negligee? You know the kind that is so daringly thin it will just sneak around my curves. I'll love you more than ever if you get me the darkest and thinnest one you can find. I promise not to put it on until you come home except to show it to friends and tease Willie.

Remember your friend Harold? Well, he came home yesterday after being overseas for three years and now is going to the Pacific for awhile. Charlie, why don't you volunteer for some romantic spot like Burma so they will send you home on a furlough or don't you love your little ookums any more??

love,

JENNIFER.

Mona of Antilles



This luscious young beauty is the sweetheart of U. S. military personnel in the Antilles Department.

Made in
Germany

The following quotations have been taken from official German broadcasts:

We will fight this battle, which we did not want, but which was forced upon us, until fate will visibly bless the weapons of this just war.

Even if only women, children and cripples would emerge victoriously from this struggle, it would still have been worth the sacrifice.

We shall emerge victorious from this struggle just as certain as the laws of nature, because it is the fight of the clean and pure. We will master the situation in the moment of crisis.

We have stopped the enemy in the west and in the same way the Bolsheviks will be stopped in the east. He who does not give up is not lost.

We have Adolf Hitler. He is not the chairman of the party, but a statesman who owes his successes to his faith in the people and the people's faith in him.

We will fight beyond Berlin, in Berlin and behind Berlin.

The present counter measures are only improvisations; we know what depth of resources the core of the Reich has, and from this depth come the potentials and the organization which will build up a new front.

The flood from the east will be broken, even when our enemies in the west are tying our hands, when we are just engaged in stopping the onslaught from the east. Justice will triumph also at the end of the war.

DOCTOR'S OUT

An 83rd soldier came in to the medics. "Is this where I see the doctor?" he asked. With the usual extreme courtesy the attendant replied. "This is where the major practices, yes." The GI about-faced and took off.

Guard: "Halt! What's the password?"
 331st GI: "It beats the hell outta me."

Guard: "Pass, friend"

Merci Beaucoup

Co. A men of the 331st Infantry claim that even the Jerries can be helpful at times. During a recent attack on Langlir the company was moving through the Ronce forest single file when they came across a barbed wire fence. Someone stepped on the wire and held it down while the company passed.

Sgt. Charles Pate of Durant, Okla.; Pvt. Donald Watson of Myersdale, Pa. and Sgt. John

SUMP HOLE

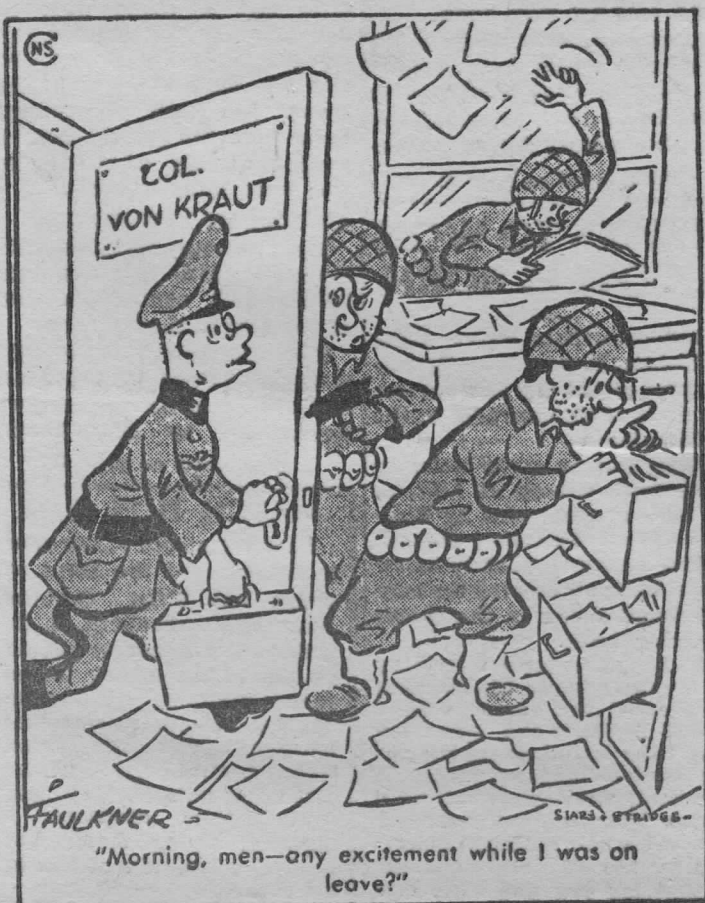
In any kind of profession there are always little symptoms, which the wise man can see, that will show he's nearing his last mile. With a boxer it's his legs, with a painter it's his touch, with a Burlesque Queen it's her susceptibility to pneumonia. In the newspaper game your end is in sight when they start cutting your copy to nothing. When I hit the bottom, I hit it with a thud, for the excuse they gave me for not printing my column last week was "because they had lost it." At the tender age of nineteen I think I'll call it quits and go back to my bobby soxs and unadulterated malted milks.

I want to thank all you readers for the very favorable comments I have received from you on the Jennifer letters. When I first started to write these letters, I wrote them primarily to install the many feminine peculiarities that can be found in women. The biggest mystery to a man as long as he remains to tread the face of this globe with a woman will be these feminine idiosyncracies that will appear as a thorn in his side as sure as the inevitable death and taxes. Your woman may not have all the trademarks, but you must admit, there is a little of Jennifer in every woman.

If its true that cleanliness is next to Godliness, then it is also true that hot water and dirt mix like a teetotaler at an American Legion convention. The other day, with all due respect to my bronzed winter sun tan, I went and took a shower. It was a treat to let the hot water take my dirt, then my soap, then my strength and flow it all down a drain. It was like an ETO valhalla getting clean, turning in your old clothes for new. To tell you the truth I was mighty suspicious as I turned towards the door to walk out. Back in the States I once dropped a bottle of after-shave lotion on the floor and had to scrub the whole floor. The Lord only knows, I thought, what they could make me do for getting all cleaned up like this. My faith in humanity was restored when I walked out unmolested. Then when I saw a jeep driver steer around a mud hole so as not to splash mud on me, well, that was enough to convince me somebody is looking out for me, even if it's only a jeep driver.

When it comes to the latest vogues of women's attire, I am a very liberal minded man (in a year and a month I'll be twenty-one). I didn't mind it at all when they started to wear strapless low-cut evening gowns I didn't kick when they began to wear tight sweaters or V-neck blouses or even short skirts. But it makes an overseas man wonder when he reads about grown-up girls who should know better smoking cigars, pipes and wearing dirty dungarees. It must be an awful sight to see. Won't somebody please tell them tobacco will cut their wind and dungarees don't look nice when they have their knees crossed.

With some of my friends going to rest camps and still complaining, and some going to Paris to spend a few wild moments in the gay Bohemian atmosphere, and still others going home, I can't even get sent to a poor rest camp I'll even take one without accomodations.



Those at Home Get Full Story of Ardennes Attack as Division Makes Battle Headlines

(Continued from page 1)

Stirling who spent several days with the 329th and 331st Infantry Regiments.

A friend of Miss Lee Miller of VOGUE who wrote about the 83rd storming Saint Malo in Brittany and again in Luxembourg, Miss Stirling was induced to visit the 83rd for her first front line experience. While housing conditions were poor such a gracious young lady in a facilities for entertaining dequate, Miss Stirling was greatly impressed with the warm welcome she received and left an enthusiastic devotee of the doughboys.

Ed Cunningham of YANK magazine with Reg Denney, YANK's ace photographer, spent three days and nights with the division gathering material and taking pictures for a winter warfare story based on the fighting around Langir and the Bois de Ronce.

FWL WITH CORKIN.

Cunningham, comparatively new to the ETO, is a small town newspaperman from Burlington, N. J., who has visited 33 foreign countries, flew into Burma with Colonel Flip Corcoran and covered Merrill's Marauders, has many exciting tales to tell. He once crash landed in the upper Amazon regions of Brazil and took eight days to get back to civilization.

Jack Bell, one-armed correspondent for the MIAMI TIMES and the CHICAGO NEWS, sometimes called with reverence, "the poor man's Ernie Pyle" because of his style of writing, dropped in and talked to some of the doughboys of the 1st Battalion of the 330th Infantry. Bell, a veteran of the last war when he lost an arm as a machine gunner with the 42nd Di-

vision, has a great appreciation of what the doughboys are doing, and believes the people back home want to know how they live and fight.

Robert Barr of BBC, has visited us many times. Through him, the 83rd was carried almost constantly on the air during the Ardennes offensive. Barr makes his recordings "on the spot" and he never fails, as he puts it, to get a good story whenever he comes to see us.

ALARM IS SPREAD.

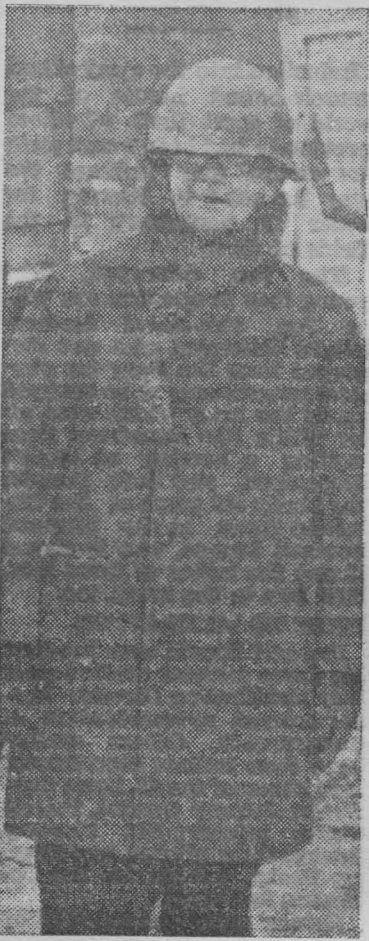
Lt. Jack Hanson of the ARMY HOUR and COMBAT DIARY is an old stand-by. Hanson, a mid-western radio man in civilian life, can usually be recognized from his captured Chevrolet truck which drags its exhaust pipe on the ground and sounds like a buzz bomb coming down the road.

On Hanson's last trip to the 83rd around Langir, he attempted a "blow by blow" description of the fighting from the OP of the 3rd Battalion, 330th Infantry. With Pfc. John Maloney of the Division Public Relations Staff as his guide, Hanson had to cross an open field to reach the OP. Exposed to the enemy, Hanson and Malony were pinned down for 20 minutes by mortar fire which threatened not only them, but the recording apparatus which they were lugging through the snow.

STORY BY THOMPSON.

Other correspondents who have written about the Division during January were Jack Thompson, bearded correspondent of the CHICAGO DAILY TRIBUNE, who jumped with the airborne infantry on D Day, Hal Boyle, columnist with Associated Press, who devoted one of his columns to the 83rd in the

Gask of NEWSWEEK



Ardennes, and Ed Ball, also of AP, who wrote the first dispatch to the States about the 83rd being at Rochefort.

Hal Denny, venerable, top-flight correspondent from the NEW YORK TIMES wrote an excellent story about the doughboys fighting around Langir, and Louis Israel of the Baltimore NEWS POST with Iris Carpenter of the BOSTON HERALD were among many others who wrote about the Division for the U.S. papers. Peter Lawless and Bill Troughton were among those from the British press.

330th SWEDE RIVALS GUNDER

Gunder Hagg may be one of the fastest Swedes on his feet when it comes to breaking records at track meets, but the third battalion of the 330th lays claim to having its own swift moving Swede in the person of Pfc. Arthur Nelson, M. company runner.

During some of the recent fighting Nelson was carrying a message from battalion headquarters to his company CP when he saw what later turned out to be a seven-man patrol starting on night reconnaissance.

In order to check his bearings in the dark, he inquired with his Swedish accent, "Vot company in diss?" The seven GIs immediately becoming security conscious were convinced they were confronted with a German soldier and leveled their rifles at him.

Assuming that he had bumped into a squad of Jerries dressed in American uniforms, Nelson took off down the road at a speed which would force the mighty Hagg to wince in envy.

The patrol fired three shots at the fast moving Swede and their aim was good enough, in spite of the darkness, to zip one through his sleeve.

Bursting into the CP Nelson alerted his company as to the proximity of Germans and the seven man patrol lost no time in reporting the presence of a fleet footed heinie in the battalion area.

The confused situation was finally cleared up when both reports were coordinated at battalion headquarters and the mistake in identity realized.

Shell Makes Hit On GI Mess Kit

One day recently, in Bihain, Belgium Sgt. Mervin Dich, wire chief of Hq. Co. 1st Battalion, 330th of Pioneer, Ohio was looking for a place to eat his chow when a shell hit close and a piece of shrapnel struck the mess gear, knocking food and gear out of his hand, and transferring it all over the door of the CP. Sgt. Dich was untouched and apologized for the mess that adorned the door, then went back for more chow.

So He Wanted To Play Rough

It all began when Sgt. William Gray of Paducah, Kentucky saw a Jerry sitting in a shallow trench. The Jerry spotted Gray too, and with a sweeping gesture thumbed his nose at Gray. Being a gentleman, he returned the compliment by thumbing his nose back at the Jerry. Then a badly placed shot hit the bank of the hole.

The rat wants to play rough thought Gray, so he picked up his M-1 and taking careful aim put the bad Jerry out of further misery. Gray said, "That guy should have known that you can swap about anything but shots with an old squirrel hunter, and he sure can't learn now. He's plumb dead."

SPECIAL DELIVERY

Thanks to Adolf Hitler, men of the 329th get their mail much quicker. T/5 "Berny" Moffa of New York City has acquired a "Volkswagen" and painted it olive drab plus a white star. He is grateful to Schiekleguber for providing him with a new departure in mail trucks.

Frozen Doughfeet Freeze Out Foe in Belgian Valley Forge

Not since Valley Forge when Washington and his small band of patriots survived the worst winter in our war history has an American army been subjected to the force of the element which confronted doughboys of the 83rd during the recent Ardennes offensive.

The attack to sever the all important St. Vith-Houffalize highway was made in the face of blinding blizzards through waist-high snowdrifts; temperature was usually below zero.

WARM UP SYRETTES.

Morphine syrettes froze and it was found impossible to administer the crucial drug on the battlefield until the 83rd medics hit on the scheme of keeping the syrettes warm underneath their armpits. Plasma also became frozen and had to be kept under the hoods of medical jeeps. Frost bite and trench the rapidly advancing doughfoot cases were common, because boys had neither time nor facilities to take care of themselves. When they were not attacking, they were sweating out heavy artillery fire which the Germans threw almost continuously.

Automatic weapons froze over

and it was only after they were worked manually a few times that they began to function automatically. Heavy kraut shelling of the few roads leading to the front through the woods curtailed delivery of hot chow to the men on the line. Several mess personnel were wounded or killed while trying to bring hot food to the doughboys.

It was equally as difficult to bring bedding rolls up to the men at the front, but many GIs solved this problem by cutting holes for their legs in the bottom of their sleeping bags and then wearing them constantly as both bed rolls and combat suits.

MUNCH K RATIONS.

And yet they continued to fight on and to advance. A most without sleep, subsisting only on K rations, unshaved, sweating out the mortars and artillery, wading over snow-covered mine fields, they hoped that the nine-above-zero cold would sufficiently freeze the firing pin of mines to neutralize them.

These were reasons why fighting in the Ardennes was the worst winter an American army has spent since Valley Forge.

QM FINDS MOST WACS 'PERFECT 34'

America may have a new standard of feminine beauty as the result of statistics compiled by the Army's Quartermaster Corps on physical characteristics of women in the army.

Here's how the typical woman soldier "shapes" up: she stands 5 ft. 4 in., weighs 128 pounds, is 26½ around the waist, wears a 22 hat, slips her foot into a 6-B shoe and her hand into a size 7 glove. The collar of her khaki shirt is size 13, and her ankles are incased in size 9½ rayons. Instead of the legendary "perfect 36" she is a size 14, which makes her an approximately "perfect 34".

A separate study conducted by the 1st Air Force among the more than 1,000 women serving with that unit from Maine to Florida indicates that the woman soldier, on an average, is "the best educated woman in America."

ERSATZ GRENADE BAGS A GERMAN

S/Sgt James Favala of Camden N.J. has his own version of a secret weapon. Favala was cleaning his ammunition when a stray Jerry wandered in his direction. Thinking fast, the 83rd doughboy scooped up a handful of snow, made a snowball and placed it in his OD glove. Holding it in the throwing position in the manner of a hand grenade, he called upon the kraut to surrender. The heinie looked at the homemade grenade, threw down his rifle, and surrendered.

More Men Get 30 Days Home

(Continued from page 1)

hurst of Brookline, Mass., and it'll be strictly a service wedding too because she happens to be a SPAR. His buddy, T/4 Alonzo P. Lennox, also a medic attached to Co. I, 329th Infantry, attested to the romance. His soon-to-be-married buddy has consistently written to his sweetheart every day for the two and one-half years which he and Lennox have spent together. Lennox, who hails from Caldwell, N. J., said he's going to take his girl to the wedding, where they both might get some ideas.

Both Sgt. Michael Skovran of the 1st Bn. Hq. Co., 331st Infantry, whose home is in Warren, O., and Pfc. Leon A. Dresher of the 1st Bn. Hq. Co., 330th Infantry and Landsdale, Pa. were very grateful to be on the list. It will come as a happy surprise to both their families.

Pvt. Clarence O. Stickney of the 308th Engineers attached to the 330th has a long haul to reach his home in Seattle, Wash. He commented that after he had reached up the long arm of the Statue of Liberty to kiss the fingers that hold the "Torch of Freedom", he would be content to spend the rest of his time doing bunk fatigue. T/5 Emmett Walker of 331st Reg. Hq. Msg. Cntr. hung his civilian hat in St. Louis, Mo. and it's here that he plans to see "beaucoup" girl friends.

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"



WHAT KIND OF DATE HAS LACE DRAWN FROM THE PALPITATION POOL? THIS JOKER ACTS AS IF I USE MOSQUITO REPELLENT FOR PERFUME!



LATER... THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS... HE SAID HE ISN'T MARRIED. OR ENGAGED—AND WHEN HE SAID WE WERE OUT OF GAS—WE WERE!



YOU MUST BE CHILLED FROM YOUR WALK FOR THE GAS, GENERAL... WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME IN FOR A CUP OF HOT COFFEE?...

OH, NO, MA'AM! GOOD NIGHT!



TROUBLE, MISSY? I'M TRYING TO MAKE UP MY MIND WHETHER TO CALL MY BEAUTICIAN OR THE PROVOST MARSHAL!—EITHER I'M SLIPPING OR THAT GUY'S A SPY!

Eight Joes In Jeeps Show Five a Day For Resting Doughs

Highlighted by a mobile GI vaudeville troupe of eight men and three jeeps, 83rd GIs were treated to a varied entertainment program during the Division's rest period.

The unit which toured the Division is one of six teams of this type which are stumping the ETO under the supervision of the Army special service Branches. The jeeps not only provide transportation for the personnel but carry portable stage and properties, musical instruments, duffle bags and other entertainment equipment which are hung from bumper to bumper. More than a dozen performances were given during the unit's stay with the 83rd.

SHOWERS SET UP.

Another feature of the rest period was hot showers which were kept in operation continuously and operated by a quartermaster unit which provided a complete change of clothes for every shower customer.

A civilian theater located near the shower point was taken over by the Special Service Office and five features a day were shown. It is estimated that as many as 1,500 men a day took advantage of the double-feature opportunity during the rest period.

The best picture of the year, "Going My Way", was shown throughout the Division. The acting of Barry Fitzgerald was of such an exceptional nature that for this first time in the history of the Academy of Motion picture Arts, an award was given to the same actor for playing the best lead and the best supporting role in the same picture. In addition to winning these two Oscars, third Oscar was awarded to the studio for the best production of 1944.

Another top theater feature was the premier showing of the picture, "Rhapsody in Blue", depicting the life story of the late George Gershwin.

PRESENT USO SHOW.

Four performances of the USO show, "What's Cookin'?" were also given. This production was emceed by Rene Sears and supported by a clever cast of comedians, musicians and dancers.

Red Cross Clubmobile crews toured the Division serving coffee and sinkers every day of the rest period. In addition to dishing out the doughnuts the girls found time to bat the breeze in good old American style and supply platter tunes of maestros Dorsey and Goodman.

For those who did their resting more quietly, pocket editions of best sellers, popular fiction and comic booklets were distributed.

329th Company Reverses Nazi Counter-Attack

To make the human body function in this condition seemed impossible in every man's mind. But something inside, deeper than the freezing blood and stagnant heartbeats, gave these men of Company F of the 329th Infantry driving power and stamina to fend off a strong enemy counter-attack and drive the Germans back a distance of 3,000 yards.

When the enemy struck, it was a coordinated attack of armor and infantry. The force consisted of three tiger tanks and a company of infantry.

The men in Company F rallied around Capt. Raymond Greis of Liverpool, N.Y., firing their weapons until they were white hot and stopped the surge of enemy attackers.

CHECK COUNTER-ATTACK.

In the path of the onrushing tanks lay Sgt. Robert McGhee of Fredericksburg, Va., and his platoon. The leading tiger came into range; McGhee opened fire with rifle grenades and made three direct hits. This did not knock out the lumbering tank, but it evidently made the occupants groggy, for they withdrew. The other tanks saw this and withdrew also.

About this time the weapons platoon spotted an American 1 1/2 ton truck loaded with 17 Germans racing madly toward their lines with reinforcements for their battered troops.

The light machine guns opened up. The fire attracted the attention of Company H and they immediately threw in their support with their heavy guns. The fire converged. The truck sloughed off, splattered with lead, coming to a stop off the road, its 17 occupants destroyed.

OVER-RUN POSITIONS.

The men of Company F counter-attacked, forged ahead and overran the German positions to take 3,000 yards of their territory, halted and held.

When the fight ended, there were 60 Germans dead, 20 wounded and 85 prisoners. It took 45 minutes by the clock, a lifetime on the ground. This was one of the little fights that, added to all the others of its kind, makes the major battle.

Sports

Induction into the army of two muscle-bound heroes of the world of sport (both of whom previously had been found unfit for service) may indicate the way the wind is blowing for other 4F performers in the fields of flesh.

The two clear-eyed, lithe young men in question are Willie Pep, dish-nosed featherweight champion who was discharged from the Navy for physical reasons only to be snapped up by the Army which went after Willie like Broadway Rose wolfing a herring at Lindy's Restaurant, and Buff Donelli, the kindly old coach of the Cleveland Rams in the National Football League, who is almost 38 and the father of three kids. Now he's in the army, too.

FIRST TO BE DRAFTED.

Pep and Donelli were the first big name athletes drafted since War Mobilization Director Byrnes ordered re-examination of professionals. Others drafted since then include Stan Musial, hard hitter of the St. Louis Cardinals; Johnny Gorsica, Detroit Tigers pitcher; Bill Fleming, Chicago Cubs pitcher, and Tommy Heath, catcher for the Columbus Red Birds.

Byrnes' order was followed by a significant comment by the Commander-in-Chief. Asked at a press conference whether he thought baseball should continue now, the president replied: If it's possible without hurting the employment of people in the war effort or the building of the army and navy. He said he was all for baseball. Then he added emphatically that he did not think perfectly healthy young men should be playing ball at this time.

HERE AND THERE:

Discharged with a CDD is the Freddie Cochrane, welterweight champ who has but six months to put his title on the line. His logical opponent is Ray Robinson, uncrowned welter king, who also holds a CDD.

Max Gilgoff has suggested that the bout between Tony Galento and Flabby Tamli Mauriello should be billed as the second battle of the bulge. Gil Dodds, holder of the world's indoor mile record of 4:06.4, has run his last race. The quiet, unassuming miler is ending his footracing career to become a preacher with a gospel group in Los Angeles.

AXIS MAX MISSING.

Take your pick of the latest latrine rumors on Max Schmeling: (1) he's a PW in Canada, (2) a lunatic in a Nazi insane asylum, (3) a radio propagandist in Berlin. Sports writers in New York and Philadelphia are at odds on who was the best baseball player last year. The New Yorkers picked Dixie Walker, the people's chaser in Brooklyn. Philly scribes chose Slaty Marion, the Cardinals Mr. Shortstop. Walker and Paul Warner recently returned from China where they played the outfield on Maj. Gen. Claire Chennault's softball team on which the general himself pitches. Several big league Cuban stars again have threatened to play ball in Mexico this year, rather than enter the Army in the U.S.A.

Checked Your Compass Lately?

If you want to check your azimuth, don't depend on T/Sgt. Edward Mundt of Pittsburgh, Pa., because he has lost his compass. Mundt of Co I was leading a night patrol when a heavy Jerry mortar shell let go near him, knocking him off balance. Shaken up somewhat from the concussion, he decided to check his compass, after preceeding about two hundred yards. "Shaken", could hardly describe his feelings when having reached his belt found only a piece of the metal clip dangling from the spot where his compass and case should have been.

GILBERT

by CPL.N.S.FIRFIRE



"He seems to be overdoing this Valentine stuff."

FOXHOLE FABLES

T/Sgt George Hines, of Baltimore, Md., recently perfected a new method of "sniping". While driving two Germans back to the PW cage in his jeep he offered each a cigarette. Before they had taken very many drags there was suddenly a sharp report and one of the heinies slid slowly to the floor.

Upon investigation Hines learned he had received a pack of "loaded weeds" from his practical joking friends back in the States.

A Kentuckian, 1st Sgt. Ralph Bradberry of the 329th Infantry was ordered to be ready to move within an hour. Having quite a load of equipment, Bradberry instructed the driver to bring the truck around to the front door. The driver went him one better and brought the vehicle right into his office.

After parking in the street the ruck was hit by a skidding 240mm howitzer prime mover and knocked smack into the orderly room.

Uninjured in the crash the sergeant picked his way through plaster and debris to load company equipment on the truck and set a new record for being ready to move.

When T/5 Thomas Rose is at work, he often wonders if it will ever happen again Tom is a gunner in the Cannon Company and while sighting his gun, an "88" armor-piercing slug passed through the space between the gun and his chest, just missing him by inches.

S/Sgt John Franklin, Co. D of the 330th Inf., mislaid a silver spoon and almost tore up the mess tent looking for it. One of the men remarked: "He reminds me of a hen who can't find something where she lays it!"

General: "You're a deserter!" 330th soldier: "Sir, you don't know my sergeant... I'm a refugee!"

Seeing one of his men emerge boisterously from a bar, T/5 Henry Kunshek of 330th Infantry Regimental HQ rebuked him: "I'm sorry to see you come out of such a place." The man retorted "Why, would you have me stay all night?"

After a game of galloping dominoes ended disastrously for T/4 James Girty, 330th Infantry Regimental HQ, he made a wry face and snorted: "A fool and his money are soon parted but they were lucky to be together in the first place."

After taking the town of Bi-hain, Belgium, men of the 330th first battalion bagged 150 white-robed Jerries. They were taken in the inevitable counter-attack, in which three of five tanks used were knocked out. Helping themselves to the white outfits, the men were delighted with their camouflage properties.

Pfc Nelson Gray, a jeep driver from De Witt, Ky., literally slid into trouble when on a mission for Co. B of the 329th Infantry. His vehicle skidded to the road shoulder in a thickly mined spot, hitting a Teller mine. When smoke cleared all that remained was the front and driver's seat of the jeep and Gray, badly shaken but unscathed.

Recently during a battle which was particularly hot a 330th Infantry sergeant roared above the sound of guns: "I've changed my mind." A private answered: "Good! Does it work any better?"

A Brooklynite, S/Sgt. Adolph Mascari of the 329th Infantry, is a souvenir collector. One came his way one evening but he just couldn't keep it! Awakened in his snug foxhole covered with heavy timber and dirt, "Dolph" was mildly interested. Being sleepy, by a thud on the roof. Next morning he investigated and found an "88" dud imbedded halfway into the logs.

S/Sgt. Andrew Fidram of Youngstown, O., of Co. A 331st Infantry was wounded twice in the arm while leading a patrol through the Ardennes. This didn't prevent him from killing two Nazis and forcing a third to surrender. The latter wore a snow suit and held a burp gun. When he saw Fidram had the drop on him, he cried out and begged the Yank not to shoot. "Please don't kill me," he pleaded, "I'm a medic."

A GI was laying it on a bit thick in relating to buddies how he once worked on a newspaper. "Why, at one time I got ten dollars a word," he bragged. "For what, talking back to the judge?" one of the men taunted.

Overheard at a 330th CP: "The radio will never replace the newspaper... you can't start a fire with a radio."

"What's on the menu today?" T/4 Frank Bialy of Co. D, 330th regiment was asked, by another GI. "O, lots of things," was the reply. When asked what they were, Bialy quickered: "beans!"

The Wolf

by Sansone



"You would ask for a match!"