



SPEARHEAD

NORMANDY BRITANNY LOIRE VALLEY LUXEMBOURG GERMANY ARDENNES RHINE RIVER

VOL. 2 NO. 8

SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY

MARCH 24, 1945

Last Call For Name Selections

Black Panther! Thunderbolt!
Marching Fire!

These and hundreds of other entries are pouring in daily to the SPEARHEAD city room this week as men of the 83rd join Gilbert in dreaming of Paris in the Spring and thinking of the new Division name that may be their ticket to three days in the city of light, laughter and 'l'amour.

As the contest goes into the stretch - it'll be all over tomorrow at midnight - every unit in the Division has been accounted for. But there are still thousands of men to be heard from before the judges - Capt Edmund J. McCreary, Lt James J. Kelly and CWO Raymond T. Stovick of the Division Awards Board - settle down to selecting the ten best suggestions for General Macdon's final choice.

So remember Paris and life at an Army rest camp and the March 25th deadline - and send in a new name today for the men of St. Malo and Neuss-on-Rhine.

HERE ARE RULES

Here, once again, are the simple rules:

1. Write your suggestion on a slip of paper and sign your name, rank, serial number, unit and date at the top. Then seal it in an envelope and hand it to your unit reporter, who will in turn send it to the SPEARHEAD by message center.

2. No one may submit more than one entry, and all entries must be in by midnight, March 25th.

3. The winner will receive a three-day pass to Paris and the two runners-up two days at an Army rest camp.

The results of the contest will be announced in next week's SPEARHEAD, and the winning awards will be given out as soon as possible.

Pons Pleases In USO Show

The pause that refreshes came to the boys at the front this time when, possibly the cutest and husband Andre Kossel and his orchestra gave a USO concert before 2,500 dazed Ninth Army doughs somewhere in Germany. Tickets were scarce, but seats for a Billy Rose opening on Broadway; so only 400 men from all units of the 83rd were able to get in, but they brought the good news back to the rest in detail - pink formal, red Juliet cap, silver necklace and the loveliest lyric soprano voice west of the Rhine.

The program opened with Meacham's "American Patrol" went into Cole Porter's "Begin the Beguine", through a Germain melody featuring the "Tribal" in Blue", and on to the semi-classics - Strauss' "Blue Danube" - Grayson's "Fire Dance", Gounod's "Ave Maria" and Miss Pons' favorite aria from

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For The Liberation of France...



For the part played by the 83rd in the liberation of France, Major General Robert C. Macon, Division Commander, receives the Croix de Guerre with Palmes and the Legion of Honor, grade of officer, from General Louis Koeltz, chief of the French liaison mission, somewhere in Germany. As an officer of the Legion of Honor, General Macon holds the highest French military award.

NEUSS NAZIS FEAR TABLES WILL BE TURNED IN SLAVE LABOR RACKET

By EDWARD T. FOLLARD

Washington Post

NEUSS ON RHINE - The one thing that most frightens the Germans is to read that they might be used as "slave labor" in Russia or in one of the other Allied countries devastated by war. They ask you about it and sometimes openly exclaim against the injustice of any such heartless scheme.

These same people appear to be not the least bit penitent about their own record in this respect. Their enslavement of some 11 million foreigners as well as their German workers and their fighting fronts.

When troops of the 83rd Division came into Neuss, they found 2,000 of these foreign workers and were told that these were the remnant of 6,000 others having been carried eastward across the Rhine. These outsiders, a rabble of Russians, Poles, French, Italians, Dutch and Belgians, are still here.

Perhaps the best way to picture the situation of these 20th century slaves is to think of a good-sized American farm, with a neat house in front and a fenced-in area for the live stock in back.

This is not at all far-fetched. In nearby Oberkassel, I visited the plant of Rohde and Dannenberg, which manufactures drums and other tools. This is an important concern and had

2,000 telephone lines leading out to Europe and a teletype machine that was operating right up to March 1st. The offices in the headquarters building in front are very handsome, like those one would expect to find at General Motors in Detroit.

The workers' stockade is in the back of the plant. It is nearly a city block in extent and is surrounded by barbed wire. Within are green-painted barracks, row on row of them, in each of which are double stacked wooden bunkbeds and burlap mattresses, sparsely with straw.

Here, in a foul atmosphere that would repel a well-kept Iowa hog, lived the Russians, the Poles, the Italians and other outsiders, guarded every moment by Germans with tommy guns.

Hang On...

"Remember to hang on - whatever you do, hang on while riding the tanks," cautioned T/Sgt. Harold Wetzel from Co. L, 331st Infantry. "That's the only way I can be sure of having you all when the fireworks start."

The attack opened, and the doughs held on. But when they looked around for Wetzel, he was gone. He had fallen off.

From the standpoint of the manager of the German factory, it was a neat arrangement. Nobody was ever late or absent, nobody ever complained that the trolley broke down or that his wife was sick. The workers were right out in the backyard all the time. Over the years, they marched into the plant and put in their 12-hour working day, then marched back into their barracks to eat and fall on their burlap mattresses and so store up energy for another 12-hour stretch.

Their German masters took reasonably good care of them, not out of compassion, but simply because they were valuable to the war effort. They cared for them in the same way that a farmer would take care of horses that have to pull his plows. They fed them whatever the German calvary experts in Berlin said was necessary to keep them at their lathes. They also provided them with shelters to protect them from Anglo-American air attacks.

There was no conscious cruelty in all this. The German factory managers, it is clear, saw nothing especially brutal about the system, and certainly not in the case of the Russians and the Poles. These they regarded as definitely inferior peoples, fit only for chattel labor.

The French, Belgians and Dutch they saw in a different

(Continued on page 3)

East Side Patrol Gets Big Picture

Crossing the Rhine at night in a rubber boat, swimming around among German sentries and returning with valuable military information and a woman prisoner was simple for an ex-Navy man.

At least so says Sgt Robert A. Viesik 21, of Moriches, L. I. He made the crossing with two other volunteers from Co. 3 of the 330th Infantry, Pfc Clyde L. Hendry, 25, of Fort Myers, Fla. and Felix J. Brucette, 24, from Sawyer, Wis. Lt. Col. Norman A. Campbell, Battalion Commander from Ocean Grove, N. J., accepted volunteers for the daredevil patrol to determine strength and defensive positions.

Viesik, named leader, chose men he knew from his company, long-time buddies, to go with him. He tells this story:

"We were ordered not to fight, but to get information. I was armed with an automatic carbine. Hendry with a 'grease gun' and Brucette carried a sub Thompson.

USED RUBBER BOAT

"Leaving the west bank at midnight in a three-man rubber boat, we paddled out to mid-stream in the dark, where the current was fairly strong, and arrived at the opposite bank in a half hour. A lot of boats were anchored there.

"We avoided a few Tellermine that looked as if they had been dropped hastily. By pure luck I saw a houseboat, which seemed like a good spot to dock. We kept very quiet so as not to arouse sentries walking the stone wall.

"Hiding the boat under the houseboat, that had four stories and was set on barrels in shallow water, we climbed inside. It was pitch dark. The usual German filth lay all around. We

(Continued on page 2)

Foxhole Follies Of '45 Opens

The 83rd's own Foxhole Follies-ETO Edition-opened this week before a distinguished doughboy audience from the 83rd Infantry.

And then all hell broke loose. There was Tec 5 Milt Charleston from Sons of Fun and Helixpoppin' flying higher before anyone had ever flown before. And Pvt Sandy McPherson from Gus Edwards' troupe playing a deaf and dumb man who wasn't so dumb. There was Tec 4 Clement J. Blaha from Service Co, 329th Infantry with the biggest bust west of the Rhine - and Pfc Herbert Schofield from Co. D, 331st Infantry dropping in on the Al Pearce show and Command Performance. And there was rhythm by a 1-piece hot jazz combine under Tec 4 Charley Dean and his trumpet - and the soft Sinatra vocals of

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Democracy At Work

One of the best demonstrations of American democracy at work in Germany has come to light with the recent raid on the rail yards in Neuss. An estimated four to five hundred civilians of all ages and sexes swarmed down on the box cars on the rail sidings to break open the doors and steal soap, grain, oil and other vital products.

Troops were called out to disperse the mob and restore order. Guards were placed on the rail yards to prevent a repetition of the act. A search was made of the city and arrests made. Further investigation is under way to catch all the culprits.

The burgomeister, the police chief and other leaders in the city were called together by the Military Government. In positive terms they were told to get organized, to bring about law and order and to see that it was maintained. If they were incapable of fulfilling their duties, then new civil leaders would be found. And American forces would have to take drastic steps to see that nothing of this sort took place again.

The Germans, of course, agreed, being intelligent enough to recognize a good thing.

How different the Americans handled this situation in comparison to how the Germans have handled similar civil disturbances in occupied countries. When such raids took place in Poland or Russia, or even in France or Belgium, the Germans expected their pound of flesh and with no compunctions at all. Hostages were carried away. People were dispossessed. Homes were destroyed and families sent into slavery. The heavy hand of brutal force and fear predominated.

We feel our system works best. We're fighting to preserve it. One of the finest ways to the show the Germans their false concept of democracy is to prove to them in a practical sense that it does work. We do not have to be whooshy. Intelligent understanding of requirements is a must. If the Germans do not respond when the facts are presented, then toughness must be shown. But in every case, the Germans must be shown who is boss.

Our experience in Germany so far has shown that Germans will respond to orders if orders are given in an intelligent manner. They recognize authority which is backed up with strength. They are used to authority regardless of who holds it. They have been trained to obey. They will obey us if we want them to. We must show them in everything we do that we are the boss, that what we say goes.

GILBERT by Sgt. N.S. FIRFIRE



Only One More Day

Engineers Ride Tanks For A Day

The engineers became doughs for a day when Lt. William R. Wright of Brooklyn and ten men from Co. B, 308th Engineers mounted light tanks of the 738th Tank Bn to open the assault on Pattern.

A company of the 330th was to attack the town from one flank and another was to follow the tanks in, mopping up after them.

Reconnaissance the night before gave the information that there were mine fields about a quarter of a mile from the outskirts of town that would have to be cleared before the tanks could go through.

said Wright. "There were two tank traps about 20 feet wide and 11 feet deep across the open fields lining the road. We planned to use our mission was to sweep for mines 50 yards on either side of the traps and on the portion of the road on a line with the traps. We were supposed to return to our CP after we finished the job."

FIREWORKS START

The tanks moved along without opposition until they came to the mined section. The engineers got off them and began work. The tankers kept their motors running so they would be able to make a quick start once the mines were removed. At that moment, flames, to their rear, opened up with small arms and machine gun fire.

"They must not have had enough stuff to stop the tanks so they let us get through their defenses hoping the tank obstacles and mines would be enough to keep us from reaching Pattern," said Pfc. Bob Worcester, former loader from Cumberland Center, Maine.

Twelve teller mines were pulled out of the path of the tanks while bullets zipped around the engineers and enemy mortars tore up the ground as Heinle's observers tried to "er" in on the temporarily halted tanks.

COULDN'T HEAR SHELLS

"It was hard to hear the bullets and shrapnel above the roar of the motors," commented Pfc. Bill Stimmler of West Brownsville, Pa., former coal miner.

After a half hour's work, the road was cleared for the tanks, but it was not safe to go on for the engineers to have tried to make their way back through the enemy to their CP. So they jumped on the tanks once again and started toward Pattern.

At the outskirts of the town the column was attacked by German guns firing from heavily fortified positions on high ground overlooking the road.

"The tank I was on spotted an 88 in a camouflaged concrete emplacement about 400 yards to our left and was preparing to fire at it when another gun shot one of its boxes. The tank I was on was shaken up pretty bad when one of the tankers, bailing out of the hatch, told me to get moving. I really moved."

DOVE FOR TRENCH

I dove into a German trench about 50 yards away," he continued. "A couple of minutes after I got in it, I heard Heinle at the other end. But I figure it was a lot safer there than out where the 88s were landing."

Most of the squad managed to come through the tank battle without being injured. Only one man was hurt seriously. He had a broken leg and had to wait in a shell hole for eight hours before Stimmler and three other men could come to his aid. Stimmler was in the German trench for two hours before he could make his way into Pattern.

Covers The 83rd...



The first woman reporter on the Rhine with the 83rd was Texan Ann Stringer of the United Press. Beautiful as she is brave and brilliant, Ann came to the ETO from South America in October, to the Ninth Army last month. Biting the Rhine with the 83rd was her greatest thrill, and the dazed, dizzied doughs who found her in the foxholes with them are quick to return the compliment. Still in her twenties, the blue-eyed correspondent with the tumbling brown hair and the trim figure is the Hollywood version of the girl reporter come true.

PATROL CROSSES RHINE, FETCHES FRESH EGGS

(Continued from page 2)
reached the top floor and I looked out the window over the bank.

"About 30 Jerries were walking guard. Four more stood in front of a big building, evidently a CP or OP, smoking and talking. There must have been something important in there. They were 150 yards away. A little ramp led off the houseboat. I sent Bruette and Hendry to the left along the wall for a reconnaissance. That was at 3:30 in the morning."

"I crossed the ramp to the bank, turned right and crawled over a road to the shadow of some buildings. It took me two hours and I spent half of that on my stomach."

SPOTTED POSITIONS

"At the rear of some other houses I discovered three Anti-Tank guns, each with a four-man crew. They were talking and smoking. The guns were covering an open field leading to the river, a gun between each building."

"It was getting late that or rather early, so I returned the way I had come and waited for my buddies. They went 100 yards along the wall and saw a big pillbox containing a 150 or 105, manned by six men, two being on duty all the time. They couldn't pass it for fear of knocking rocks into the water and arousing the guards."

The patrol then returned to the houseboat and hid there all day. Each had three .38 Smith & Wesson caliber bullets. One stood guard while the other two slept, or tried to.

"I had told Maj. Foster (Maj. Bedford F. Foster of Kenmore, N.Y., Regimental Hqs) not to worry about us," continued Vic. "If I thought it better to stay a day for observation, we would do so. But we saw no activity at all during the day."

PRISONER TAKEN

"At 6:30 at night a woman came into the houseboat. We grabbed her. Jez, she was frightened! But after finding we weren't Russians, she quieted down. She had begged us not to shoot her before she found out."

BIG NAME

He isn't a big man, but he has a big name. It's Cpl. William Anthon. Anthon is a mail orderly of Co. M, 330th Infantry. The fellows call him Bill.

we were Americans. She was about 30, and not too pretty. We removed her shoes. She had lived there before our troops reached the Rhine and came there every day for eggs.

"We had to bring her along, as she might give us away. When it got dark, we crawled through a window on the American side, found our boat and shoved off. It was 7:30."

MAKE RETURN TRIP

"With four in the small boat we had to take it easy. It took 45 minutes to get back, paddling upstream—there were a flock of Germans further down."

Upon being questioned, the woman apologized for not being better dressed. She didn't know she was going to cross the Rhine with the Americans, she explained.

Incidentally, the Pfc. brought the eggs along with them. They are being promoted to sergeants. And Vicik the soldier who used to be in the Navy, is getting a new job, too—as Intelligence Sergeant.

Foxhole Follies Opens In ETO

(Continued from page 1)
Pfc. Kaurst and the booming baritone of Pfc. Jimmy Burton from Co. D, 339th Infantry.

From the third straight year—now the third straight year—on a 2.20 tops at the Aurat temple in Indianapolis.

Rec. Halls of the Division were the bailed-out box offices of the Third Reich—the best talent of the Division was doing its stuff for the boys in the next foxhole.

There were fewer, props in the '45 Follies—the governor of Indiana isn't on hand, and the WACs have been left behind—but the fun is just as fast, and the headlines have never been better.

The first nighters reared their approval—whether it was the Abbott and Costello antics of Charleston and McPherson or the classic perfection of the Intermezzo from the gifted violin of Tec 4 John Goltz.

The 90-minute show has something for everyone, and everyone will see it during its tour of the Division.

And so, for the first time to reach the Rhine, the first Follies of '45.

Farmed-Out 330th Earns High Praise

Extra credit for the recognized reputation of the 83rd Division as a top combat unit can be claimed by the 330th Infantry, for on five separate occasions Colonel Foster's doughboys have been "farmed out" to various other organizations, and in each instance the regiment has been lauded by the higher unit commander for its combat ability.

On July 14th in Normandy the regiment was attached to the Ninth Division and made the first stream crossing in the attack on Remilly-sur-Luzon. During this operation the 330th cut the important Perrier-Les cut highway, which the Germans had been using as a supply route.

On August 5th the Third Battalion was attached to Task Force A which drove across the Brittany Peninsula to Brest.

In early December of last year the regiment was attached to the Fourth Division in the Hurtgen Forest. In spite of the snow, mud and intense artillery fire, the 330th seized its objectives and smashed forward toward the banks of the Roer.

In the Bulge Battle all three battalions fought as armored infantry from tanks of the Third Armored Division. The doughboy-tank teams seized the towns of Ouren, Hebronn, Joubert and Bihain.

The most recent attachment was to the 29th Division during the assault across the Roer. Because of the speed which featured this campaign, the 330th was attached for only 48 hours, but during this time the regiment crossed the river, took three German villages and secured the XIX Corps bridgehead.

Slave Labor

(Continued from page 1)

light, not in a class with the German master race perhaps but still several degrees above the Russians and Poles.

In many instances, the French and other Western Europeans were allowed to live in homes and work alongside the Germans. The Russians and Poles, on the other hand, were in all cases kept in barbed wire stockades and were never allowed to fraternize with the supermen of the Fatherland.

Capt. Malcolm Vendig, commanding the spearhead Military Government detachment that came into Neuss with the 83rd Division, noticed that the German industrialists were surprised when he showed any concern for the slave workers. Lt. Vincent Burt and Lt. Lawrence Haynes, other members of the detachment, noticed the same thing. The Germans apparently couldn't understand why anybody should be bothered with such people when so many other things of importance were crying for attention.

Foxhole Follies Of '45...



The ETO premiere of the 83rd's own Foxhole Follies of '45 this week before delighted doughs of the 331st Infantry found those old masters—Tec 5 Milt Charleston of Sons of Fun, right, and Pvt Sandy McPherson of Gus Edwards' troupe—still at each others' throats for the third straight year of Follies fun. New at the emcee mike is Pfc Maury Renek of Jennifer and Sump Hole fame, while once again a jazz combine from the 83rd Band, this time 14 pieces under Tec 4 trumpeter Charles Dean, backs up the 90-minute GI variety show, now touring all Division units. (Photo by Brouhard)

Busy Band Makes Concert Tour, Plays Rest Camp, Backs Follies

It's a long time since anyone has won the old game of beat the band in the 83rd. For when the boys with the horns began to blow, the doughs know they're getting not only the best rhythm in the ETO but also a chance to applaud the men who carried litter to Carpentan and rode the back of QM trucks in the bitter cold of the Bulge. Though the battle has often called the band far away from its music, it's back in swing and away now with something for everyone's listening pleasure. The complete band has just finished a Division-wide tour of 21 concerts; the Riflemen, top dance section, are busy playing at an Army rest camp, and the rest of the boys are backing up the 83rd's Foxhole Follies of '45.

FIELD CONCERT TOUR
The concert tour, under the direction of CWO Zeno P. King of Mexia, Tex., brought the "Star-Spangled Banner" to the Rhine and kept the Joes jumping to the tunes of four shows daily. Pfc Jimmy Burton, musical mortuarman from Co D, 330th Infantry and onetime radio singer in Detroit, handled the vocals, while Pvt Anthony Yardino from Edgewater Beach in Chicago, more recently a

machine gunner in Co F, 331st Infantry, gave out with hot accordion specialties. Accompaniment was provided by Tec 4 Elmo Reed of Paducah, Ky. on the bass fiddle and S/Sgt Charles Stutz of NYC on the guitar. And there was even something for barn dance fans—Tec 5 Bruce Hutchinson of Nashville and his "Tennessee Mountain Boys"—Tec 4 John Golz of Chambersburg, Pa. on the violin

Blackfish Follies Regimental Hit

The 330th Infantry had its own West Front Follies last week when a regimental troupe toured the battalions with band and banter.

Backed by an eight-piece band under Tec 5 Joseph Causla and emceed by Pvt John Causla, both of Regt Hq Co, the 60-minute show was highlighted by the soft shoe dancing of Pfc William Porter of Co M, the female impersonations of Pfc Joe Matishch of Cannon Co, the sleight-of-hand of Pfc Ed Wase of Co D and the singing of Pfc Tommy Taylor.

and Tec 4 Monty Gilmore of Gadsden, Ala. on the washboard and Ford horn. Leading the Riflemen in their week's run at an Army rest camp is T/Sgt Art Lamey, famed tenor sax man from Evansville, Ind. His hot trumpet section is headed by Tec 4 Eddie Lothrop, radio staff man from Portland, Me., and Tec 4 Oscar Guerra, an Ernie Caseres alumnus from Mission, Tex. Lead alto is handled by Tec 5 Nunzi Bucalo of Detroit, assisted by Tec 5 Robert Holstead of Indianapolis. Tony Pastor man and comedian Russ Sonny of NYC slides the first trombone.

MUSIC FOR FOLLIES

Music for the ETO edition of the Foxhole Follies is the current band attraction within the Division and is under the direction of CWO Robert W. Smith of Harrisburg, Pa. Tec 4 Charles Deane and his trumpet leads the aggregation, which features the Three Flashes—Pfc Clarence Kastur on the clarinet, Pvt Al Taylor on the base and Lardino on the accordion. Tec 5 Victor Garcia assists Kastur and Burton on the vocals. And that's the 83rd band at the ETO and play today in the ETO.

Convoy Ran Into Heavy Cross-Fire

Regimental Headquarters Co of the 329th Inf. ntry had moved three times previously that day, but the order came down to move the CP again, and their convoy took off from Bedbury toward Lovling.

Under command of 1st Lt. Robert M. Dunlop of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, the column was proceeding down the road when the scout car group spotted two Jerry tanks with their guns covering the approaches to the town.

About the same time they noticed a battalion front forming as skirmishers to their left. Frantically they waved down the rest of the column as the tanks opened up on them. Then they noticed that this drew fire from the skirmishers which they now knew to be friendly troops.

The signal for a left flank turn was quickly picked up by the vehicles following, and the whole column moved across the road and cut across the open field out of range of the Heinkel fire and behind the comparative safety of the doughs' skirmish line, which was now advancing to wipe out the tanks.

When they finally arrived at their destination by riding cross country, 1/3rd Donald H. Brice of Seattle, Wash. found they had almost ridden through the forward elements of a spearheading Nazi counter-attack aimed at cutting the supply route of the advancing Americans. Fortunately this incident caused no casualties or loss of equipment, for after the initial contact the column had been detoured by radio communication to their destination.

What had been planned as a short journey turned out to be a 60 mile cross-country road march and a seven hour nightmare of outwitting and outflanking a desperate German counter-attacking column—one of the last pockets of resistance west of the Rhine in the vicinity of Neuss.

Fallen Flier Flees From 331st Friends

A cry of paratroopers rent the air and men of the 1st Battalion, 331st Infantry ran to windows and doors.

Piling into a jeep with a few others, Lt. Richard Cranch of Norwalk, Conn., motor officer of the battalion, rushed to an aviator just landing. The flier untangled the chute from his legs and started running, not stopping at Cranch's command to halt.

When Cranch yelled "Stop, goddammit, or I'll shoot!", the aviator came to an abrupt halt. Approaching, he shook the Lieutenant's hand enthusiastically, saying "Those were the sweetest words I ever heard. It's not my B-24 and five of us had to bail out. I thought you fellows were Germans."

Male Call

MOST EVERYTHING ABOUT JET PROPULSION IS STILL SECRET, MISS LACE—BUT YOU MAY HAVE A LOOK AT THE AIRPLANE!



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

DYA THINK HE WILL?
GEEZZZ, I DUNNO
I'M SCARED HE WILL AN' I'M SCARED HE WON'T...

WHEN THE COLONEL GETS GOIN' ABOUT THE SQUIRT JOB HE FORGETS EVERYTHING ELSE...



NO WARM-UP IS NECESSARY—THE PILOT MAY TAKE OFF A MINUTE AFTER HE PRESSES THE STARTER! KICK IT OVER, LIEUTENANT!



OH!



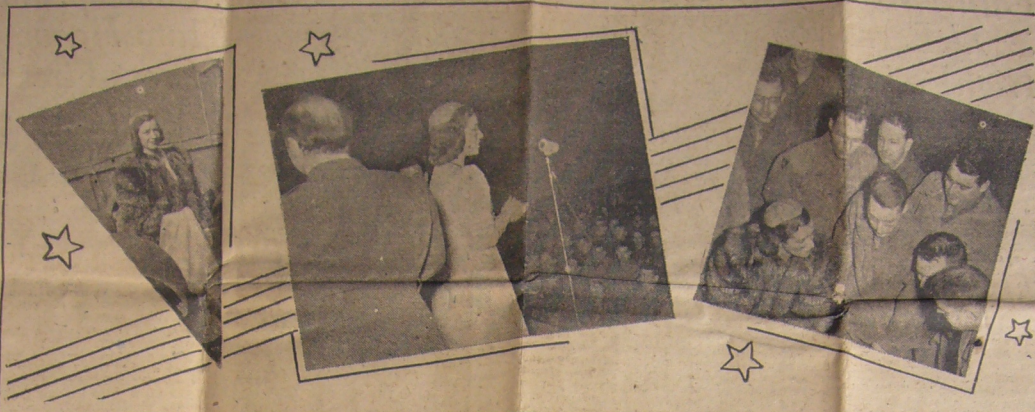
WELL, I GUESS THE COLONEL DOESN'T FORGET SO MUCH!



HMM—REED WOOL SHORTIES—VER-EE PRACTICAL!



The Pause That Refreshes...



Only 400 Division doughs were fortunate enough to get tickets to the Lily Pons-Andre Kostelanetz USO Show given recently for Ninth Army troops; so our staff photographer went along to bring back these highlights

of the event in pictures. From left to right, Miss Pons arrives for the concert, leaves GIs breathless with her Ave Maria, husband Andre conducting, and chats with 83rd music lovers backstage after the performance.

INDUSTRIAL DUSSELDORF FINISHED BY 83RD ARTILLERY POUNDING

The vast industrial production of the German city of Dusseldorf has been brought to a virtual standstill by almost constant fire from 83rd Division artillery units.

From their positions on one west bank of the Rhine all four battalions have been firing counter-battery, harassing, interdiction and opportunity targets with adjustments being made by ground and air OPIs.

Many missions have been fired at night when the Germans attempt rail and troop movements under cover of darkness and unhampered by the Allied air force which has dealt a devastating blow to the German war effort.

The artillery barrage against Dusseldorf is typical of the destruction which has been caused by the four battalions since the commitment of the Division in Normandy on June 27th.

32,000 IN ONE WEEK
During the first week of the attack in France, Division Artillery fired over 32,000 rounds in support of the doughboys, and the devastating fire power leveled many small towns prior to the Allied breakthrough at St. Lo.

In August of last year, during the St. Malo-Dinard operation, the artillery fired almost constant serenades on the Citadel and Isle of Cezembre and was largely responsible for the capitulation of these two Nazi strongholds.

During the operations along the Loire River, the battalions prevented a large number of troops from crossing the river and breaking out of the St. Nazaire sector.

In September, when the 83rd moved to Luxembourg, the artillery fired in support of the doughboys as they drove the Germans across the Moselle. It was here that the heavy 168s of the 324th FA Bn destroyed many German supply trains across the river.

AID IN A FIGHT
All artillery units were in support of the infantry during the smash to the banks of the Roer in December of last year. The combined doughboy-artillery team was responsible for the American lines being extended the closest to Berlin during '44.

In the Bulge Battle, enemy forces in the northern section of the salient were literally cut to bits by the heavy barrages which were fired in support of

the infantry and used to the best advantage in breaking up German counter attacks before they could attain any of their objectives.

RECORDED 25TH

On February 6th, the 83rd Artillery moved to Germany to support the assault across the Roer by the 29th Division. They laid down a 45-minute preparation prior to the crossing at points which would have held up progress of the doughboys.

A few days later the artillery supported troops of the 83rd in their historic dash to the Rhine. After the west bank of the Rhine had been cleared by the doughboys, all battalions set up in strategic positions to subject Dusseldorf to one of the heaviest concentrations of shelling of any German city.

Pons Pleases

(Continued from page 1)

Rigatello. Applause shook the shell-shocked walls and escaped through the gaping roof. It was a triumph equal to any Miss Pons had ever scored at the Met.

But it had not always been so. "At first we were too high-brow", said Miss Pons backstage. "So we tried an all popular program -- and we were too lowbrow. Now we combine something of both, and they seem to like us. Which only goes to prove what I've always believed -- that GIs understand and appreciate good music."

"I agree," added Kostelanetz. "This is our second tour -- we gave 45 concerts in the 'BI theatre before coming to the ETO -- and everywhere soldiers are becoming better acquainted with a higher type of entertainment. When they return home, they may be expected to continue along the same lines. I hope we'll be there to provide it for them."

There wasn't a GI in the house that day who didn't share that hope.



Pfc William Murphy of Co B, 331st Infantry and Harry Shultz, Pa., catches Germans by the spoonful -- four to a spoon. Murphy is a cook in Co B and while following his culinary art recently looked up and saw four Jerries confronting him. Waving his spoon at them and yelling wildly he scared them into throwing down their weapons and "kammerading".

In cleaning out factories in Neuss men of Co C, 329th Infantry, got unexpected help from a few Russians.

They turned out to be captured Soviet soldiers forced to work for Germany. They approached S Sgt Ralph R. Graham of Victoria, Tenn. Pfc John J. Dugay, Aburnt, Maine, and Pfc James M. Wilson, Somerville, Mass. and got their first revenge by leading them to a dugout in which three German soldiers were hiding.

Faced by the combined American-Russian force, the trio surrendered.

Artillery duds are familiar to frontliners but a recent double-header encountered by Co A of the 308th Engrs will be remembered a long time.

Sgt Warren L. Gandy of Morgantown, W. Va. and his squad were shooting the breeze in a rear room of their quarters in Neuss when a wall blew up in their faces. After the dust had cleared and they had picked themselves up they discovered a gaping hole in the back wall and a 105mm AP dud on the stove.

But that wasn't all. Next door other aroused engineers found another hole in the heavy walls. Tracing the path of the projectile through the debris, they found it beside the bunk of Pfc George Mahar of Albany, N.Y., who had been somewhat rudely awakened by a glancing blow from the spent missile at his feet.

Pfc Peter Balde of Brooklyn, a member of the transportation platoon of Bn Hq Co, 843rd TDs, was driving his two and a half ton full of armor-piercing ammunition when an 88 banged into the cargo.

He waited tensely for the explosion, but nothing happened. It was a dud.

A few days later, needing hot water for shaving, Balde lit a gasoline stove. It was no dud. He has since returned to duty.

LT Guy Zuccola of Manhattan, platoon leader in the 83rd Recon Troop, captured two 88 mm gun crews with a single shot from his armored car mounted 37 mm during the recent drive of the 83rd to the Rhine.

One platoon led by Zuccola came over a slight rise in the road and found a friendly half-track and light tank knocked out by German 88 fire. Locating the enemy gun emplacements, Zuccola fired one round from his 37 and then saw a white flag come up and 14 Helms march out to surrender.

Hearing the voice of Katie Hepburn or some other celebrity coming from a foxhole is common for members of Co B, 331st Infantry. Pfc Herbert Schofield of Verona, N. J., sees to that.

He's a messenger now, but he used to be on the stage and in vaudeville. His humor is always ready. Once he returned from a mission and told his CO the platoon had met only light resistance -- light tanks, light machine guns, light mortars and light Panzer troops.



Spring Song

Still good for a shot in the Spring is leg act veteran Dorothy Lamour, longtime siren of the silver screen. Dottie's busy soaking up a little sunshine at Arrowhead Springs before going into another of her South Sea technicolor romances. Her PA says she must be tanned to a turn for the chase--Jon Hyl running as usual.