



# THE BAVARIAN

PUBLISHED BY THE THIRD MILITARY GOVERNMENT REGIMENT



Volume 1 - Number 13

AUGSBURG (GERMANY)

Thursday, 29 Nov. 1945

## Available Officers With 75 Points Are Scheduled To Leave

ENLISTED MEN WITH 64 POINTS ON DOWN AWAIT NEXT QUOTA

Several weeks have slipped by since the last contingent of high-pointers passed through Regimental Headquarters on the first leg of the journey back to civilian life, and tension is mounting steadily among the rank and file of enlisted men and officers who are on deck for redeployment when the next quota comes through.

Third Regiment has, up to this writing, received no new EM quotas, but everything is set and in readiness for the next "go signal" which is expected any moment.

According to the latest information received from the Regiment Personnel Office, clearance is now being effected for all officers with 75 points or above. All available officers in this category will be processed and sent to the 80th Division between the 1st and 15th of December. At present the Regiment still has 138 field grade officers, 503 company grade officers and 20 warrant officers who have totals of 75 points or higher.

Four hundred and twenty-one EMs between 55 and 65 points (including 16 holdovers with higher scores) are slated for the Stateside trip. It will not be definite until the quotas come in, but there is a possibility that the next call will be for men from 55 to 65. If the quotas are split, the 60-65 men will fill the first, and the 55 to 60 pointers the second.

If you are among the group of men sweating out the next shipment, it will be to your advantage to have service record and other personal records up to date in order to avoid confusion and delay in processing upon reporting to R & T Co. at Augsburg.

### U. S. WAR BONDS

## Building Caretaker At E-203 Prevents Serious Fire Loss

The prompt action of Hans Mauer-mayr, building superintendent, was credited for minimizing the damage caused by a fire which broke out on the top floor of Detachment E-203's office building at Ansbach early last Saturday morning.

Several women who were cleaning up the building discovered the fire in the message center room at 0630 Saturday. They awakened Capt. Frank W. Swanson, duty officer, who immediately called the Ansbach fire department and the hook-and-ladder boys from the nearby R-45 airfield.

Mauer-mayr had already organized a bucket brigade and had the fire under control by the time the fire departments arrived. Armed with an axe, he chopped away the blazing ceiling while his bucket brigade doused the flames.

Investigation to determine the cause of the blaze disclosed that one of the roof beams built into the furnace chimney became overheated and caught fire.

Cpl. Jonas Clifton, detachment mail clerk, announced happily that only a few pieces of mail were destroyed.

### 8TH VICTORY LOAN DRIVE

# Replacements From States Arrive At Regimental Hqrs.

## We Don't Know Who's Responsible — But Somebody's Been 'Snowing' Heinie

It was bound to happen sooner or later — some unsuspecting member of the local citizenry being taken in by a GI "snow job".

Business was being carried on as usual Monday afternoon in the "Little Pentagon", 3d Regiment headquarters, when along about 2 p.m. the routine was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a terribly excited Augsburg "bauer" at the main entrance of the building. His eyes were fixed with uncontrollable glee upon the half-dozen or more jeeps lined up in the nearby parking lot. It took a hastily summoned interpreter several minutes to calm Herr

Heinie sufficiently and determine what it was he wanted.

You guessed it. He wanted to "kaufen" a jeep.

Some GI, he said, had confidently informed him that there would be several MG jeeps sold to German civilians here that afternoon, and he had wasted no time in coming over to buy one for use on his farm.

Come, come fellas! It's O.K. to acquaint the local frauleins' poppas with the advantages of modern farm machinery — but please keep the jeeps out of it. Plow-jockeys in the Vaterland. Even jeeps got feelings, you know.

## Point Scores Of Majority In New Contingent Range From 3 To 5

Hundreds of replacements, fresh from the States, arrived Tuesday at Regimental Headquarters, assigned to 3d MGR in fulfillment of a requisition submitted in early November requesting specific MOS replacements to bring all units in the regiment up to strength according to the new T/Os of reorganization.

Of the 571 new arrivals, 425 men reported here from the 41st Reinforcement Battalion at Vilseck. The remaining 146 came from the 48th Battalion at Rosenheim. They were requisitioned to fill the gaps left by the large number of MG vets who have been redeployed, and also as replacements for the men who are waiting to go home on the next quota.

Most of the replacements just received are just beginning to get the "feel" of army life, having been inducted less than 3 or 4 months ago. ASR scores run about 3, 4 or 5. If nothing else, these figures should be a startling consolation to those men in the regiment who once thought their 50 points would never get them home.

A hearty welcome is extended to all of the newcomers by everyone here at Regiment and in the companies and detachments to which they will find themselves assigned. We know they will find Military Government interesting, and are confident that they will meet the responsibilities of their respective assignments with the added incentive of the importance of our tasks here in Bavaria.

## Service Company Begins Move to Munich Friday

Service Company is scheduled to move from the Flak Kaserne in Augsburg Friday, Nov. 30, to the new Regiment Hqrs. installations at Munich which were formerly occupied by Third Army Rear. The tentative date for the main Regimental Headquarters contingent move to Munich has been set for Dec. 3. Service Co. will be in their new quarters and in operation by Monday.

## Press Spotlight Focused On MG

Now that the occupation has already become a fact referred to in terms of months, now that many well-known combat units have relinquished their glamour to the pages of unit war histories, and many of our greatest army leaders have left the scene, the scrutiny of the press is turned upon the men left to do the job. Among these, Military Government occupies a relatively important position. It also becomes a primary target for anyone who has ideas on what to do with Germany. And they were legion even before Pearl Harbor.

Because of the nature of the occupation military government criticism inevitably goes beyond military boundaries into the political. Practically every important newspaper and magazine in the States has featured one aspect or another of M. G. Here is a selection of press comments taken from the Military Government Weekly Information Bulletin published by USFET.

Edgar Mowrer, *The New York Post* . . . "Officers not only do not hesitate themselves to fraternize with former enemies, but do nothing to counteract the political susceptibility of enlisted men to German propaganda. That American soldiers should be eager to frequent nazi molls and murderer's sweethearts is not good. That they should in the process acquire venereal disease is bad. But that in the process they should acquire and bring home political syphilis is intolerable."

Saul K. Padover in *"How the Nazis Stay In" in The Nation*. After bringing up the opinion that Military Government failed to keep the nazis out of office he goes on, "Were Military Government officers consciously pro-nazi? I think not. I am convinced that it was a case of political ignorance and moral indifference. They not only knew nothing about German problems or the German language, but, with one or two exceptions, they had no understanding or interest in the causes and problems of the war and hence no feelings about nazism, for or against."

A *Manchester Guardian* reporter from Munich: (seems like Manchester will stick it with M. G. through thick and thin) the re-

porter agreed that the American Press was doing M. G. a service by its frank criticism, but said, "It is equally important that the constructive achievements of American Military Government in Germany should also be kept in mind. There are faults in the American Zone as in all the other zones of occupation, but there is also sincere effort to rebuild Germany for democracy. General Eisenhower gives constant encouragement to this effort, and he has shown that he is ready to act quickly when improvement seems needed."

*The Atlantic Monthly* October Report. "The success achieved by the American Commander's staff is explained by a steady improvement in the competence of the Military Government officials themselves. They have justified expectations in their ability to learn quickly. A high proportion were capable administrators and executives back home, and many have substantial political experience. As the role of the Army in the American Zone diminishes and that of the Military Government (manned mostly by commissioned civilian experts) expands, order is emerging from chaos."

## Low Points? Join The Army And See The United States

That's right. You get to go home for from thirty days to ninety days when you re-enlist for three years. Thus far the regiment has sent fifty-eight men on furlough through enlistment. This is a good way for some of you "low-pointers" to get a furlough, either over here or home to your loved ones.

If you enlist for three years you automatically get a furlough to the states. If you want to spend part of your furlough over here and the remainder in the states, it is possible. The length of your furlough is based on the number of years that you have served in the army. Six months to eighteen months gives you thirty days; eighteen months to thirty months gives you sixty days; and thirty months and up give

you ninety days or three whole months. Overseas months are counted double.

When you enlist in the regiment you are sent immediately to the 6903 Reinforcement Battalion located at Camp Herbert Tareyton in France. You are processed within forty-eight hours and then are on your way home. After arriving in the states you are then sent to the reception center nearest your home. Your furlough then becomes effective and you are paid five cents a mile to and from the camp.

You receive your mustering out pay of three hundred dollars along with fifty dollars a year bonus for each year of service. Overseas time does not count double. That means you'll be going home with a pocket full of that nice green stuff.



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## EDITORIAL

"I believe that we must base our policy not on the imaginary fear of Communist expansion westward, but upon the need of strengthening European democracy against the real peril of anarchy."

Walter Lippman.

Mr. Lippman has often managed to say the significant thing which many people know. It could be so again in Bavaria. We are thinking of not one landkreis, but several in which M. G. officers have noted a reluctance among the people to form political parties or debate about government. It is, one would gather, a burden they do not wish to help carry. There is too much responsibility in offices and governments. It is so much easier simply to live on the villages and farms and let someone else lead them and tell them what to do.

Such an attitude is not active anarchy. It is more like backing into anarchy. It seems almost as if there were a void of indifference to government in some areas. That is as serious as the passion for dictatorship. Only it seems so harmless. If people don't want to govern it seems so easy to leave them alone, assign them to the control of some stadt or more ambitious landkreis and let it go at that. But that would not be education for democracy.

The people can not afford to be lazy in a democracy, or indifferent, or afraid of responsibility. They must care what happens in the rathaus! To make them care? Sure, and it is not easy. But one of the best ways is to keep the people informed about their local governments, and their Bezirk and land governments. This is partially supplied in the schools. It is partially supplied with the re-formation of political parties. The German Radio is doing it in part. But perhaps the most effective weapon to make the Germans, individually, care about who is in office and what he does is the series of German newspapers being newly published throughout Bavaria.

The Frankfurter Rundschau newspaper says, "for over twelve years no meeting took place in all Germany at which German men and women were able to consider public problems with such freedom, and to make important decisions. . . . The press can tell in its columns, to all concerned, what path must be followed, what limitations must disappear, what liberties are to be granted, and what oppositional forces must be banned, in order to clear the way for Democracy. . . . All Germans must realize what that means. When they, too, are willing to follow these rules — be they cabinet ministers, mayors, Regierungs-presidents, Landrate, or party leaders — then we shall be on the right road. And if German men and women, wherever they gather to work in common, to hold consultation, to make decisions, are imbued with the same spirit, then we shall have democracy. . . . We men of the new press realize that in spite of the unity of purpose we are divided by many contradictory opinions, that our political ideologies are different. But we know, too, that the essence of Democracy lies in finding the right solution to all these Differences of opinion and attitude by free discussion, by mental searching, by directing and bringing to effectiveness the forces and masses which hold to these ideas."

To relinquish controls to the Germans themselves, to arouse them to a great interest in their own government and its functions is like natural law in Military Government. The more tedious, and equally necessary, part of the deal is to stay around and watch and guide the free governments we are here to insure.



## BOOKS

All books reviewed in this column are published in the Armed Services Editions

### REBECCA by Daphne du Maurier

This is the story of a gentle love-struck girl who lived at the huge and lonely mansion of Manderley on the coast of England. She was in love with Maxim de Winter, lord of the mansion and the former husband of her gay and glamorous predecessor—Rebecca. Though never a living character in the story, Rebecca attained a very prominent role as a result of her past equivocal career of "the perfect wife." Few people ever knew the real Rebecca as she had actually been. No one would guess meeting her that she was not the kindest, most generous, most gifted person in the

world. And so it was with Manderley. Everything about it spoke of Rebecca to this girl who lived under her haunts night and day. Only after months of mental torture did she finally learn of the true Rebecca. It was her constant fear that Maxim was still in love with her until Rebecca's body was discovered. He then told her of the farce that their marriage had been from the start; that he, in fact, had hated her and felt no remorse for having murdered her. The hotly contested court trial followed and Maxim emerged as, not guilty.

REBECCA, the novel, appeared in the fall of 1938 and became an immediate best seller. It was chosen as a Literary Guild Book Club selection and then issued in a whole series of reprints, some of which are still going strong six years after publication. At the same time the very successful motion picture was made of it.

Among Daphne du Maurier's works are JAMAICA INN and FRENCHMAN'S CREEK, both of which became equally popular.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

Statement in Nov. 15 issue of The Bavarian regarding redeployment ("This quota provided for the return of all available officers in 3d MGR with point totals of 85 and higher") is not correct, as field grade officers with higher scores are still being held, presumably because 3d MGR has been unable to obtain necessary redeployment quotas for them from Hq. Third U. S. Army.

Lt. Col. (92 points)

ED NOTE: You're right, that was wrong. Except in occasional instances in which the War Dept. had approved redeployment, no field grade officers in Military Government with 100 points or less were eligible for redeployment as of that date.

Dear Editor:

After reading the "Letters To The Editor" column last week, I could not help putting in my two cents worth in answer to T/4 Wray's letter. To me, Wray talks like a man with a paper aspect. If T/4 Wray did a little plain thinking, he could answer those questions he put by himself.

On American foreign policy, in regards to Germany, it might be well to say that Wray may as well go home and come back to Germany ten years from now if he contemplates using his brain in a foreign policy capacity, for it's pretty well evident that American might will be present in Germany beyond Wray's hoped for six years.

On American attitude towards German people, that is a matter that is prescribed by higher authorities and what their disposition is on the subject becomes an issue of authority. If Wray has a little fraulein on the side, I would advise him not to worry too much about American attitude, as it is still O.K. to do a little fraternizing.

In regards to shipping food to Germany, I might ask Wray if he would like to be present while millions of starving people are on the loose. Has Wray ever seen starving people fight for a loaf of bread? As for shipping food to England, let me ask Wray who will feed the German people in the English Zone—the cream of Germany? It is quite apparent that in such an area rich in industry and raw materials, the people there are not capable of feeding themselves through a winter without aid from their governors. England, a mighty Queen of the Sea, is still quite capable of sailing to her vast Empire of colonies which she still holds to obtain the necessary food-stuffs for herself. Also, if you would consult the Bureau of Marine Shipping, you would discover that a substantial part of the food exports from the U.S. are going to our great Ally.

As for destroying Germany's industrial capacity, does not Wray realize that American business will still look to Germany for future intercourse in peaceful relations as a market for American goods? Why should we continue to do business with a criminal nation? You cannot exterminate a nation of people, neither can you afford to ignore a market for an outlet for manufactured goods and yields of crops. Do this, my good fellow, and other nations will not hesitate to step in where you stepped out. If Wray does not know the answer as to why every foreign market is essential to the prolongation of a high standard of American living, then I suggest that he be sure to go to college when he returns home. Let us not be swayed by appeals for sympathy from the German people yet at this time. Let us not overlook the primary issue of establishing a lasting and just peace. The damage has been done. England has experienced the wrath of war upon her land and has as much, if not more, justification in squeezing the life from Germany. Yet you will find her looking to the future when Germany becomes another colony by proxy to help her reinforce her majestic strength as Queen of an Empire. Material wealth alone could never repay us for the loss of our fine young men. But at the same time we should not be so utterly gullable as to refrain from putting our "fingers in the pot". No, we do not want the land, but we can use the market in peaceful intercourse.

Cpl. Wes Smith, Hq. Co.

## Now You Tell One . . .

Passenger: "Have I time to say goodbye to my wife?"

Conductor: "I don't know. How long have you been married?"

Then there's the one about the fellow who had to go to a masquerade ball and didn't know what to wear. . . . He finally put on one of Lana Turner's sweaters and went as a camel.

A fire engine was racing down the street, siren shrieking, when a drunk staggered out of a doorway. For two blocks he chased the engine, shouting, "Stop, Stop!" Finally, out of breath, he dropped to the pavement and shook his fist. "All right for you—you can keep your no-good peanuts!"

"Is it true that you gave the barber a dollar tip?"

"Yeah!"

"He cut you four or five times and put pieces of paper over the cuts. Why give him a dollar tip?"

"Any time a man can be a barber, a butcher and a paper hanger all at the same time, he is worth a dollar."

A beautiful mermaid suddenly popped up alongside a destroyer engaged in convoy duty in the Caribbean. More surprising still, she had a little baby in her arms. "I just want to know," she said to the stupefied sailor at the rail, "if you have a diver on this boat named Geisel."

There is the short story of the couple who brought the back seat of their automobile into the police station and reported the automobile stolen.

Did you hear about the dog that dragged his master over the Brooklyn Bridge because he heard that A Tree Grows In Brooklyn?

The Kaiser was worried at the news of Chateau Thierry. He rushed into General Ludendorff's headquarters and asked him in a worried voice, "Have you any real dope on the Western Front?"

"Only your son, the Crown Prince," answered the General.

A colored girl was being delivered of a child. Downstairs waited her Sam. Mandy suffered a great deal of pain, and, altogether, had a hard time of it. Finally when it was all over, she sighed and said, "Ef dis 'ere is what married life is like, yo'all go down and tell Sam our engagement is off."

Speeches are like the horns on a steer—a point here, a point there, with a lot of bull in between.

I'm tired and sick of Army barracks, and I'm sick of Army ways,

I'm tired of GI buses and of shining silver trays

I want to be a "civvie" and to visit all the joints,

But woe unto my hopes and dreams, I've only 30 points!

I'm weary from inspections and from shining buckles of brass—

I'm tired of saying Sir—Yes, Sir!—to guys I ought to sass;

I'd like to wear a drape suit, and drive a roadster sporty,

I'd like—Oh, so many things! But, gosh, I'm not yet forty!

I'm broken down from PT and I'm sore from daily shaving,

My hunger for a juicy steak is like a mad-man's craving,

I'm sick of snoring soldiers and I yearn for home and wife,

I'm tired of getting letters that are all we have of life.

From this you can plainly see, I'm full of woes and gripes.

Yet until the need is over—I'm proud to wear my stripes.



## Basement Fire Threatens Regiment Dispatch Office



A cigarette butt carelessly thrown aside in the basement of the building where the Regimental Hqrs. dispatch office is located caused this fire. Quick service from the nearby firefighting crew brought the blaze under control before serious damage was done.

## News From 'The Governor'

2d MGR has lost 322 officers and 1723 enlisted men to redeployment in the four-month period from July 1 to October 1... Gregor Rahmel, highranking Luftwaffe ace, was rearrested in the Koblenz area after a four month search by MG investigators... Seventh Army headquarters announced that more than 80,000 Germans have been screened for Nazi Party affiliation in the Province of Greater Hessen by the Military Government office, with more than 26,000 Nazis removed from office... Since Nov. 12, 500 German refugees from the American Occupation Zone have been arriving at Karlsruhe by rail each day, and are being exchanged for an equal number of refugees from the French Zone... Meritorious unit service plaques were awarded to Headquarters company and Service company by Col. H. Pendleton, former commander of the European Civil Affairs Division... Approximately 600 Jewish refugees from Stuttgart staged a mass demonstration in front of the Regional MG Ministries building in that city recently in protest to British Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin's stand on the Palestine problem... Filming of the Military Government motion picture is completed and the editing and printing is expected to be completed by Dec. 25.

## Comments on Going Home

Pfc Lee M. Rhone, Detachment I-369, Il-lertissen, Company G, was with the latest group of EM to leave regimental headquarters homeward bound. He got back to the regiment on October 19th from the American University at Biarritz where he studied livestock production and chemistry.

Rhone is going back to Bowie, Texas, where his father has a cattle ranch and a good herd of black-jacks. There he expects to work until the fall of 1946 when he will enroll at Texas A & M at College Springs.

Noah E. McDanel, Hq, Company G, ASR 67, left for the 47th Ordnance to begin his journey home to Centerville, Iowa. He expects to "go back there and stay there," the part in quotes being said with accent on the "stay."

Next month McDanel will be twenty-two years old. He has been in the Army three years. He may go back to school if his job is not open for him. For the immediate activities upon return he will probably loaf two or three weeks, might go to Missouri to visit an old Army pal, then return to Centerville to marry a girl he has known for nineteen years and dreamed about for three more.

## G I Roundtable

Conducted by Isadore Moskowitz & Al Pantel

THIS WEEK'S QUESTION: DO YOU THINK THE GERMAN PEOPLE HAVE BECOME RECONCILED TO THEIR DEFEAT?

No, the German people have not yet decided to take this defeat as final. Give them half a chance, and they will rise to fight again. They still believe in their teutonic fairy tales and myths of superiority. So far we have done nothing to change this belief.

If they don't know they are beaten now, they never will. All a German has to do is to take a good look around him, and he can see how absolute his defeat really is.

To answer this question, all you have to do is to look at the results of the recent searches of German homes. Does that look like the Germans have become reconciled to defeat? They certainly aren't saving all those guns and explosives for a Fourth of July celebration. Personally, I don't think they know that they have been defeated.

I don't think the Germans have become reconciled to anything. They are getting more arrogant each day. If they want to get a favor from you, they make a very obvious effort to be patronizing and subservient — all the while laughing behind your back. A lot of GIs are falling for that, too. It makes them feel like they are supermen and they like it. All the while the German who not so long ago was shooting at us is getting all the little favors his heart desires. All this at the expense of the American people.

Some of the German people have become reconciled to their defeat. Many Germans with whom I have talked have assured me that they realize how wrong they were. They tell me that they did not know what was going on, or they could have stopped it. However, most of them do say that they think Germany should rule the world because she is better fitted for it than any other country.

I think that as far as the Germans are concerned, this is just a temporary defeat. They do not think their position is so hopeless, else, why would they be hiding weapons and explosives. I think it is only a matter of time until there will be more obvious manifestations of their activities. There are too many avid Nazis out loose who are only waiting for a chance to get back in power. They would like nothing better than to arouse the people to further conflict.

## There's One In Every Outfit

By Cpl. Jonas Clifton

Recently a WAC gave us the definition of a character. She said a character was a jerk with a personality. According to my universal pocket dictionary, a jerk is a sudden thrust, or twitch, or spring. But according to the Army, a character is a pretty welcome entity without whom KP or guard duty would be a very sordid affair.

There was the talking parrot, for instance. We know that some parrots don't talk as much as this soldier. He was a Pfc. in supply. And whenever we came in with salvage he let us know his army background from the day he was inducted. Not being able to shake him off, we found it was easier to take our stuff to a tailor for repairs or to some fraulein a la hershey bar unless it was convenient to catch the supply sergeant when he was around.

He being so busy, though, referred us to the parrot who began where he left off telling us about his life some more. We cocked an ear as though we were listening, threw the salvage on the counter and ran to the nearest latrine. We knew then the expediency of having such a character working in supply. The supply sergeant wasn't such a dumb bloke. There wasn't too much salvage being brought in to the supply room.

Sometimes the parrot waxed sentimental. Taking a walk after supper we would feel a hearty backslapping and a familiar chatter, but loud. It was embarrassing, even for Germany. A bunch of kids would soon gather around, asking for butts, gum and stuff. He attracted attention, too, when he threw questions and answers at the kids, like a street corner info-quiz program, only he didn't give any prizes.

He would say, "Isn't it so," and when you agreed with him he got down on hands and knees and helped the kids look for some old lastweek butts. He was audacious enough to stop GIs on the street and ask for a stick of gum, breaking it up in small pieces, passing them out to kids. Once he asked a kid if he had a sister and how old. It looked like then he had a grain of intelligence. After all, we might have misjudged him. The kid said he had a five year old sister, so the parrot said he had a four year old niece that looked like the kid, comparing color of hair, eyes and ailments. It was positively frustrating.

Then there was Junior, the young GI who asks the most asinine questions. If you didn't hear it you wouldn't believe it, but the thing that makes Junior get away with it is that he's so good-natured. We can't get mad at him. A long time ago he wanted to know why he couldn't learn how to drive a vehicle, not to mention such queries as

"How long will I stay in Germany, "is it proper to salute when you're outside on the beach on a hot day and out of uniform and in your bathing suit," or "can I ask you a question, sergeant?" etc.

The soldier whose pants is always falling out of his combat shoes is really a card. Especially when his belt is always slipping out of the buckle because the belt is worn and he can't get a new issue, which makes him tuck in his pants at the most inopportune time, like when a freshly-arrived-from-the-States officer is passing him the first time.

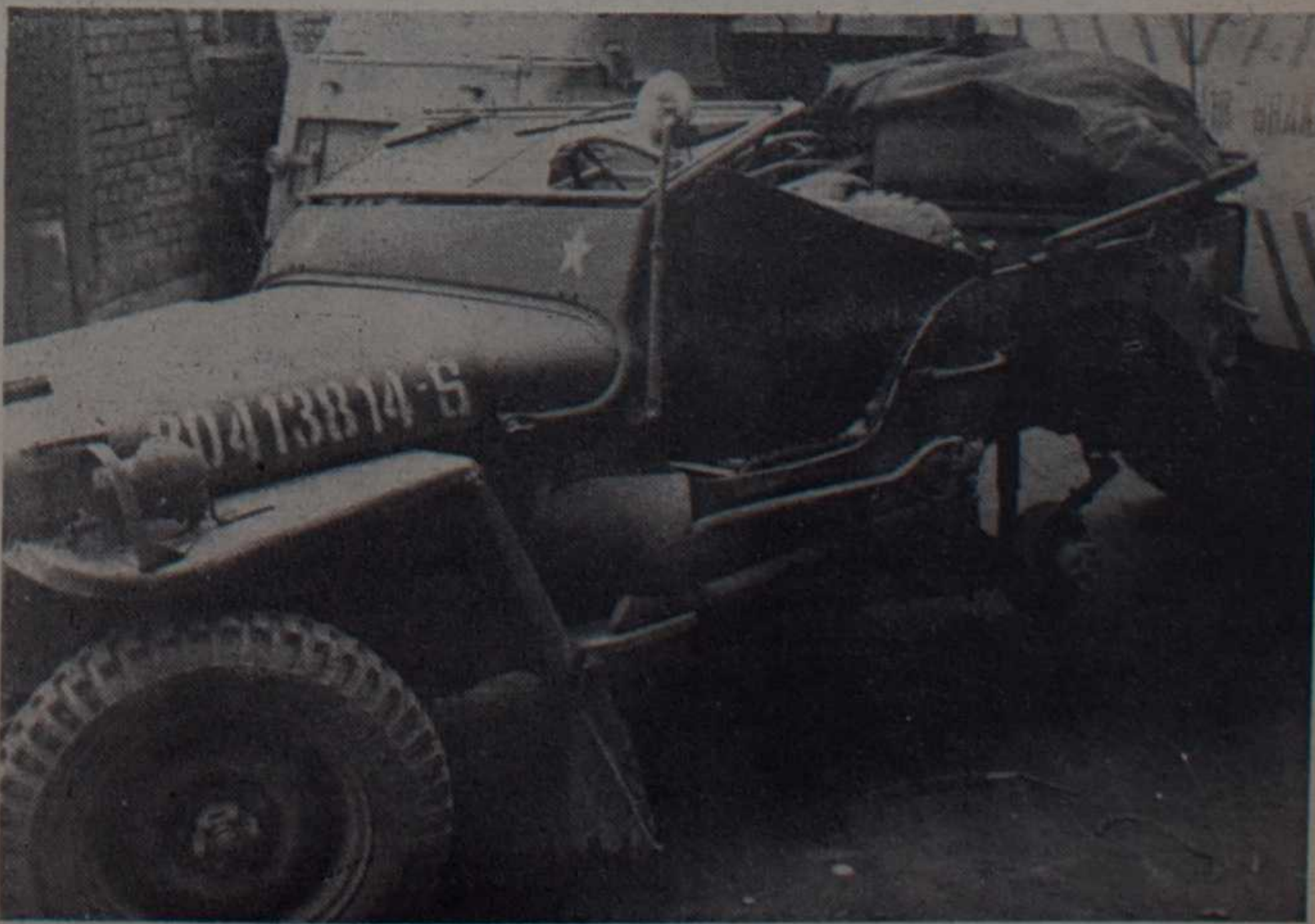
This soldier, he sacrifices not only his pants, but the corp d'espirit of every soldier in the army who wants to be a civilian in his own pants again. Truly symbolic of our spirit of revolt at being in the army, the silent martyr for us all. When he gets a chewing, it has a staccato effect. It reverberates through all of us like an electrical current, massaging us one and all with the woes that beset one of our number when we forget to salute, shine our shoes, walk erect, etc. . . . He is the forgotten hero, the embryonic saviour who takes it on the chin for all of us, getting demoted, being refused a pass privilege and hearing disciplinary lectures. All this and no new belt too.

He's the one who forgot to shave one morning, missed sick call and asked for an excuse to go to his room, didn't wear his combat jacket with the right headgear, had his hands in his pocket when a lieutenant addressed him. You diligently find him in every outfit, for he is the outlet for the gripes without which every GI would never look forward to being a civilian again—with or without falling pants.

And how can we forget the character, always the first one at chow, the one whose right hand is smearing with butter the bread held between the thumb and index finger of his left hand because he is talking with the other three fingers asking for water, coffee, milk, sugar, more bread, making a sour face after asking for seconds because, he says, "the chow ain't so hot, but what can you do."

What would the army be without these lovable? Who would take away the drabness of the hour, the routine details of the working day, and the spasmodic sighs in the inner sanctum of the heart of every soldier who himself is such an individual character that he can laugh at himself every time he hears a story about one of his number who did it again without or with a pair of falling pants, because there might or might not be an issue of GI belts?

## Service Co. Men Injured In Jeep Collision



Two men suffered serious injuries and three others received minor cuts and bruises last week when this jeep driven by T/4 Raymond L. Daly of Service Co. collided with a 71st Div. vehicle at an intersection near the Red Cross Center in Augsburg. Passengers with Daly were Pfc. J. Goldman, Pfc. A. Zima, Pfc. Don Naseef, and S/Sgt. H. Laracy, all 3d Regiment men. Naseef received internal injuries, and Laracy has a possible hip fracture.



## Liaison Officers At E-206 Have Colorful Experiences

This will introduce to you readers the new Liaison Officers now attached to Det. E-206 of the 3d Military Government Regiment. They range from a 2nd Lieutenant, Lt. Stanislaus Jaworski, of Poland, to a Commander in the Italian Navy, Comdr. S. Brengola. Their length of service varies from one year to twenty-seven.

The new Belgian officer, Lt. H. Meurrens,



Lt. Meurrens, Belgian Liaison Officer

was formerly on the stock exchange in his home town of Antwerp. He entered service in 1944 and served with the 28th Belgian Infantry Regiment in a mortar platoon. Back in Antwerp the lieutenant has a wife and child waiting for his return and they hope it's soon. At present his duties are the locating of missing Belgians who were forced to enter Germany.

Lt. Stanislaus Jaworski is now working as one of the three Polish liaison officers.

Lt. Jaworski went through quite a trying experience for five and one half years as a prisoner of war at Oflag 7A, in Murnau,

Germany. The lieutenant is a graduate of the Commercial College in Warsaw. He speaks Polish, Russian, German, Ukrainian, Czechoslovakian, and English fluently, and understands French. His home is in Stumacz, near Warsaw, and his duties are with U.N.R.R.A. at the present time.

The likable Italian officer is Comdr. S. Brengola, who has made a career of the Navy. The Commander comes from Rome where his wife and child are now living. Brengola has served twenty-seven years with the Italian Navy. During that time he spent three years in Peiping, China, as Commander of the Italian fleet located there.



Comdr. Brengola, Italian Liaison Officer

He also served three months with the U. S. Fleet in the Mediterranean. The Commander wears a decoration for gallantry in Africa, along with one theater ribbon. He says he doesn't have enough points to go home.

We are very happy to welcome them to the Regiment and hope their stay here is a pleasant and memorable one.



Lt. Stanislaus Jaworski, Polish Liaison Officer at Det. E-206, being interviewed by Cpl. Jim Hayden, Bavarian reporter.

## It Started With Mog

By T/4 James Wray

I think the argument as to the respective merits of the shower and the bathtub must have started way back in the old days when Og peered out of his cave one day and saw Mog standing in the rain scrubbing himself with a boar hide brush. When Og asked him what he thought he was doing, and didn't he have sense enough to get in out of the rain, Mog probably told him to go back to painting his murals if he didn't mind.

Og immediately called the rest of the tribe to observe what Mog was doing, and the legislature was called into special session to decide if taking a bath in the rain instead of the creek was lawful. As Mog went on with his shower — or rain-bath — and as there was no law saying he could, the legislature broke up in a friendly riot, with only three cracked skulls

and two wives being swapped. Og got everybody back into a friendly mood (he was one of these timid guys that don't like to cause too much trouble anyway, and hadn't foreseen that things were going to get out of hand so) by breaking out a couple of bottles and serving cocktails in his sabre tooth tiger shot tusks that he ordinarily didn't use except when his mother-in-law was visiting.

Personally, I agree with Mog. But for the benefit of those people who are still unenlightened, or are just too drunk to stand up to take a shower, I offer the following instructions on how to take a bath in a tub. I learned these things from sad experience (three displaced vertebrae and a huge yearly bill for soap lost in the tub).

The first thing to learn in taking a bath in a tub is to get the water right. I admit

frankly that I don't know how to do this. I've tried every method I could ever think of or read about. (It will amaze you to learn that literature on this subject is remarkably scarce. Even such prolific fellows as Aristotle and Shakespeare left the subject untouched. I am firmly convinced that they were confirmed protagonists of the shower).

The next important problem is how to get into the tub safely. Without much apparent effort, the manufacturers of the modern bathtub have achieved a bottom that is as slippery as a school of eels wearing banana peelings. To step into a tub with firm faith in its not betraying you, you should wear tennis shoes with a non-skid rubber sole, and cling firmly to the handrail. (If your tub hasn't a handrail, the City Health Inspector should condemn it as unsafe for public or private use, and order it destroyed by blasting at once). But even tennis shoes and a handrail are not enough. The only safe way my family ever discovered (and we experimented widely after Granddad, who went through the charge up San Juan Hill without a scratch, fell and broke his jaw against the hot water faucet, which inconvenienced the old man greatly, as he was in the habit of telling us how Col. Roosevelt yelled "Charge" at least once every meal) was to rig up a block and tackle over the tub and lower ourselves into it with breeches buoy. This method, while safe, requires a great deal of initial outlay for equipment, and I recommend that a shower be installed, as it is much less expensive.

After you're in the tub, and assuming that you are one of the lucky people that do not fall by the thousands every year and break all sorts of things, your problems are only beginning. The most frequently recurring problem is to find the soap. For this I recommend anti-submarine training. It will not be a surprise at all to me, in fact I shall be greatly surprised if the opposite is true, when some future Fortune poll discloses that men who were trained by the U.S. Navy to guard our convoys across the wide watery expanses of the Atlantic and Pacific are the most successful bathtub bathers, because they have less trouble keeping up with their soap than we ordinary citizens. However, since anti-submarine training is not available to the majority of us, I recommend that you obtain a small fish net. An even better device within reach of the average consumer is a false bottom for the tub made of ordinary window screen. But as most people find this very uncomfortable to sit on, practice with your fish net and you will be delighted at how quickly your average time for retrieving the elusive cake will improve.

That word "retrieving" may suggest a method to you that you think I have over-

looked. But we tried everything from German shepherd to spaniel, and none of them will pick up a cake of soap unless it is first coated with molasses. The disadvantages of this system are obvious. And some people will view the idea of taking a bath with a dog with extreme disfavor.

For the sake of brevity (for complete instructions with profuse illustrations merely send 50 cents or its equivalent in francs, marks, guilders, or shillings in care of my publishers) I shall skip minor problems, such as manueuvring in the tub so that you can scap all over, and proceed to the last great obstacle of the successful bath-in-a-bathtub-taker. This is called "the ring around the tub" by the timid and polite, and "The Bather's Curse" by the highly imaginative copy writers who praise Blotz's Steel Wool ("guaranteed to remove the ring from any tub with a minimum effort in a maximum of 47 minutes actual working time"). But I warn you against them. The only certain method is to use an electric sanding machine, retailing at your local hardware dealer for only \$33.17, plus sales tax.

And a word of warning here, too. Be sure that the man who operates the sanding machine on your tub is a member in good standing of the Amalgamated Ring Removers of the World. The union sets high proficiency standards for entrance, and its members may be depended upon to do a solid, craftsmanlike job of ring removing. But do not try to use the sanding machine yourself, or hire an amateur. He (or you) may remove not only the ring, but the whole side of the tub. A sanding machine in inexperienced hands is as dangerous to your bathtub as a loaded revolver is to your life if your seven year old son is playing with it.

With this advice, which has not been offered lightly, and which grows out of knowledge that was not won easily, I hope that your next bath is relatively safe. But why not simplify everything? The next time you feel dirty, why not just take a shower?

### U. S. WAR BONDS

## Facts About MG In Bavaria

The largest Art Collecting Point in the U. S. Zone is located in Munich. An Arts Documents Center has also been set up there. The center has processed invaluable art treasures and has assembled pertinent information on subjects such as the activities of Goering's art agents throughout Europe who aided the former Nazi leader to build up his loot. Holland, Belgium, and France have sent art representatives to Munich. France has already assembled a 21-car train full of art treasures, formerly stolen from France, for return to Paris.

## Main Streets Of Bavaria



The main street of the town of Gunzburg pictured above is the first in a series of "Main Streets of Bavaria" which this newspaper will continue to feature each week. Detachments are invited to send in photos of the "main drags" in their towns and cities.

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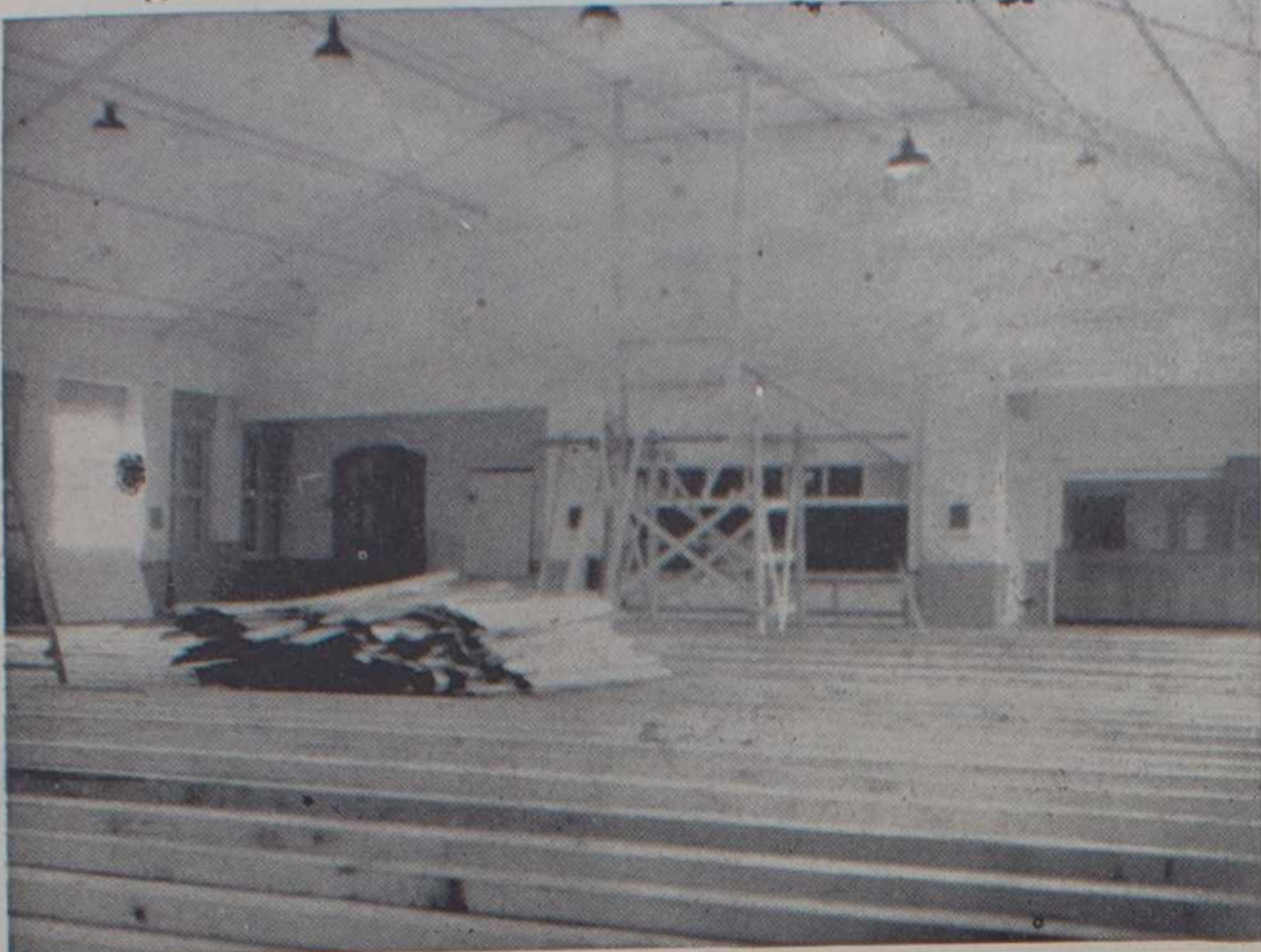


A good s



# SPORTS

## Regimental Basketball Gym Nears Completion



This is the new basketball gymnasium of the Third M. G. Regiment in Augsburg. It is located above the shops of the 1st Maintenance Platoon of Service Company. The 271st Engineers, who will share the gym with M. G., are laying the floor with the aid of a group of Heinies. With heat, good light, dressing rooms, a regulation floor, plus room for two to three hundred spectators, this should prove a real aid to the winter basketball season for M. G. units in and around Augsburg.

ON THE

## Sidelines

With Maurice Barz

It won't be long until the two most visible characteristics of winter will be here to stay for awhile in Bavaria—meaning snow and ice. People who know say that the snow comes shortly after 1 December and that good ice isn't long in following. Back in the States, winter sports mean big events, especially in the Northern States, and they will undoubtedly play a big part in providing recreation for troops stationed here during the long winter months. Bavaria is known throughout the world for its excellent skiing and skating facilities, as it was here that the Winter Olympic Games were held in 1936. There will probably be skating facilities available in practically every locality where troops are located and, providing you have heeded former advice and obtained your own skates, you shouldn't have any trouble finding enough good ice to satisfy your desires in that respect. As for skiing, it looks like Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Berchtesgaden, Bad Reichenhall, and possibly a few others are best bets. If you're strictly an amateur,



A good slalom in the Olympic championships.



Sonja Henie combined skill and charm to become one of the leading attractions in the figure skating events at the 1936 Olympics.

there are usually small slopes to be found almost everywhere you go, and if you have a pair of skies at your disposal, it will give you a chance to get the feel of them before braving some of the better ski slides.

If everything goes according to plans, those who are interested should be able to try out their skill at playing basketball once again around the first of next week. From the number of inquiries we've received concerning basketball, it is apparently going to be a much more popular sport here within Headquarters and Service Companies than football was—or maybe it's just because of the fact that it is an indoor sport! At any rate, we don't believe we will have the tough time trying to find enough men interested to make up a fairly formidable quintet as we did when we first tried to field eleven men on the gridiron. We don't know at the present time what kind of a schedule we will play, but without a doubt we will enter some sort of league competition if it is at all possible. If you've never played the game, now is a good time to learn something about one of America's most popular sports—maybe you won't make the "first string", but you will at least get some good wholesome exercise and that's one of the main objectives of a good sports' program. Keep an eye on the Special Service bulletin board and when the first call goes out for practice, let's have a good turn-out!

CLASS "A" BASKETBALL TEAMS AND LOCATION OF HOME COURTS		
XV Corps	at	Bamberg
XX Corps	at	Munich
1st Div.	at	Kitzingen
4th Armd.	at	Regensburg
9th Div.	at	Ingolstadt
71st Div.	at	Augsburg
102nd Div.	at	Bayreuth
38th AAA Brig.	at	Munich
Lucky Hqtrs.	at	Bad Tolz
17th Repl. Depot	at	Bamberg
QM Troops	at	Nurnberg
Ord. Troops	at	Munich
61st FA Brig.	at	Bad Tolz

## Winter Olympics - 1936 - Bavaria

In 1936 the winter Olympics were held in Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Bavaria. There the most famous skiers, skaters, and ski-jumpers assembled in the Bavarian Alps for one of the great sport shows of the world. M. G. personnel visiting the area are familiar with the several stadiums and locations where the competitions were held. Already, in the upper reaches of the mountains surrounding the town many of them have been practicing their old ski habits or have been learning from scratch. At Garmisch will become the leading G. I. center of winter sports in the world this winter. The Bavarian presents these shots from a German publication on the Olympics.



This ski jump, constructed for the Olympics, is being repaired for use this winter.



Just for the record, Jap journalists at the winter Olympics of 1936. The same smile wasn't quite as friendly a few years later.



A view of the pageantry of the 1936 Olympics is shown in this picture taken at the Garmisch ski jump stadium, which boasts one of the largest ski jumps in the world.

### CLASS "A" BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

SATURDAY DEC. 45				THURSDAY, 6 DEC. 45			
9th Div.	at	38th AAA Brig.	94th Div.	at	Quartermaster		
80th Div.	at	102nd Div.	Ordnance	at	17th Repl. Depot		
XX Corps	at	17th Repl. Depot	61st FA Brig.	at	38th AAA Brig.		
61st FA Brig.	at	3rd Army Hqtrs.					
Ordnance	at	Quartermaster					
TUESDAY, 4 DEC. 45							
XX Corps	at	1st Div.	61st FA Brig.	at	1st Div.		
4th Armd. Div.	at	3rd Army Hqtrs.	4th Armd. Div.	at	XX Corps		
71st Div.	at	102nd Div.	9th Div.	at	Quartermaster		
80th Div.	at	XV Corps	71st Div.	at	XV Corps		
			80th Div.	at	17th Repl. Depot		
			94th Div.	at	38th AAA Brig.		
			Ordnance	at	102nd Div.		



## Jake And Schnitzel Succeed In Giving Sergeant A Bad Time

T/Sgt. Sam C. Ostreicher

This is a story, a true story, of one of those rare animals in the canine world, that can make emotions run amuck, both with human beings and with other dogs. "Jake" had the inherent ability to make you hate him and make you love him. Like a water faucet, he turned his "appeal" on and off. At times you didn't know whether to thrash the living daylights out of him or take him in your arms and love him to death. He was that kind of a dog.

"Jake" is a semi long haired dachshund. He has chestnut brown eyes, yellowish brown hair with a white streak running down his breast and well beyond his forelegs. Actually he's a very homely dog, but when you get to know him, he isn't so homely and in fact you fancy that he is quite good-looking considering the type of dog he is. (You probably are fooled by his appeal, which at the moment he has turned on, because he wants a free hand-out from you.)

When I first acquired Schnitzel, she was a very beautiful Dachshund. She was lovable in every respect and had a sense of modesty and appeal that one so seldom ever finds in a woman. Her wistful brown eyes tore at your heart strings and her soft exquisite skin felt very pleasant under the stroke of your hand. And above all she was a lady in every respect. Until Jake the Grew came along.

That "Jake", oh that "Jake". I tried very hard to break the affair up, but it was no use. That "Jake" was too smart for me and far too smart for poor unsophisticated Schnitzel. Jake was like the Scarlet Pimpernel—he was everywhere. At night I would find him at the Red Cross for his

hand-out of doughnuts and coffee. He'd get in my hair at the DP camp, he'd be in my room under my bed, he was everywhere. And everytime Schnitzel was gone, I knew she was out with Jake somewhere in the woods having a tryst with him.

One day, I caught Jake making love to Schnitzel, and went after him with a big stick. Around the house I chased him. He practically flew through a small aperture right smack into the coal cellar. I sneaked around the house, walked on tip-toe into the cellar and there he was hiding in the corner, his eye covering the aperture, as if to think I would go through there and get him. When he spied me, he took off like a streak under my legs, and after him I went. I found him in the attic this time, hiding in a small wooden box. Again he was off like a flash and I trailed him down into the living room under the sofa. I had him cornered and he knew it. My temper was up, and I meant to give him the beating of his life. He looked up at me with his sad brown eyes and I didn't have the heart. I chased him out of the house, down the road. When I stopped chasing him he turned around and it seemed to me that he stuck his tongue out at me.

I have a few gray hairs to account for in my experiences with Jake. He comes around now every day and he has complete reign of house and Schnitzel. I don't chase him anymore because he has done his worst and he couldn't possibly do any more damage. Schnitzel is to become a mother. I hope Jake will realize that his wanderlust is over because he will have a family to take care of. But it, being Jake, I wouldn't know.

## Time On My Hands

— by Tiwoksom —

I have now discarded my crystal ball, my ouiji board, and my deck of cards, fortune telling, M-4. Henceforth, I shall leave all predicting and foretelling to Nostradamus and Ole Man Mose of the Li'l Abner comic strip. It seems that a week has gone by and the move to Munich which I predicted in last week's "column" has still not materialized.

The big news around Headquarters of late is the new replacements for Military Government which are reporting here daily fresh from a salt water APO. The simplest way to spot them is by the lack of fruit salad on their brand new ETO jackets and that bewildered look which is standard equipment on all new arrivals in the ET. Many of these stateside products are now rapidly filtering down to the detachments. Give them a bit of welcome and introduce them around. Remember how you felt when you came over here?

While you are remembering how you felt on arriving in what was then the ETO, I'll brief you on the latest rumors on redeployment. Some of the EMs in Headquarters are on the verge of nervous collapse, constantly expecting quotas which at this writing have not yet arrived. Every hour or so some one will dash into my office with a hot tip, only to return a few minutes later to pour cold water on the hot rumor. My only advice is if you are an EM with 60 points or an officer with 75 points or more, don't count your American currency until you receive definite news that a quota has arrived. Many officers and EMs have considered themselves alerted when they hear that they are being cleared for redeployment. Inasmuch as this clearing is being done in anticipation of a quota which has not yet arrived, it should not be considered as an alert. It is a good indication, however, of what is to come.

Here is an interesting suggestion I heard made this week by a PFC which should make more men sign up for the Regular

Army if it were carried out throughout the Army. This perfectly practical PFC, whose name will probably never appear on the stately pages of history, suggested that every Army unit, regardless of size, operate a small, combination snack bar and day room. I am sure that this PFC did not look upon his suggestion from the morale or Logistics standpoint. I doubt whether he seriously thought such a plan could be carried out. I think it can, at least in MG. It is not too hard to find a vacant room somewhere which can be fitted out into a company or detachment den. A little maneuvering and fast talking should produce some coffee or other raw materials for snacks from the Mess Sgt. Donations from packages sent from home could also be used for material for snacks. (Sure, Sgt., you can get rid of that ten gallon jar of peanut butter the folks back home sent you). Almost any man has spent some time in an Infantry rifle company can be relied on to take out a patrol to obtain the necessary utensils. I want to emphasize, however, that this patrol should be instructed not to use "Lootwaffe" tactics in obtaining anything, but should confine their activities to the straight and narrow. Once a detachment den is started, all kinds of ways to obtain necessary equipment and furniture will present themselves. In fact, it will probably become necessary for the CO to put a damping device on the project to keep it from getting too large. Such a project will give you something interesting to do during the winter months and will help to absorb some of your excess energy. If you do start one of these dens, whether it be on Regimental, Company or Detachment level, be sure to consult with your CO first. He may be able to give you valuable advice and suggestions, and he might also know somebody, who knows somebody, who can get something for the den. If any of you start one of these dens, I would be very interested in hearing about it. Just write to me c/o THE BAVARIAN.

## Oldtimers of Oberviechtach Det. I-351



The members of this 3d MGR "I" team pictured above have come a long ways together. They were originally formed as a provisional MG team at Jena in April and worked under the First Army, and were reassigned to Gera, remaining there until June 9th. After several weeks in Halle and Darmstadt, the team set up operations in Oberviechtach. The detachment headquarters there is shown at the right. Directing the team is Capt. Roy A. Berry. Other members are Lt. Hyman Gilberg, Lt. Gilmer H. Warner, T/3 Robert E. Scott, T/3 Harry Richter, Sgt. Paul Darling, T/5 Wilbur Stopfel, and Pfc. Louis J. Fugo. Lt. Gilberg joined the detachment at Halle.

The building which the Detachment now occupies was formerly used as a hospital for German soldiers.



After seeing the great statue-covered boulevards and plazas and platzen of Europe, after seeing the Valhalla and the Louvre, the triumphal arches and the ancient art monuments to religion and mythology, many a G. I. has wished for the simplicity and directness that is America. And while he sees something unusual in the statues to heroes and gods he may wonder just what takes their place in his life. Mark Van Doren has an answer we like:

### America's Mythology

America's great gods live down the lane;  
Or up the next block blend their bulk with stone;  
Or stand upon the ploughed hills in the rain;  
Or watch a mountain cabin left alone.

Gigantic on the path, they never speak.  
Unwitnessed, they are walked through every hour.  
They have an older errand; or they seek  
New sweets beyond the bound of mortal sour;

Or love the living instant, and so minded,  
Bestride the lesser lookers - who can say?  
There is no man has seen them but was blinded;  
And none has ever found them far away.

With fathers at the heads of merry tables;  
And sleep on beds for change, and sit with talkers.  
Whence all their lore; for man's least deeds are fables  
To these old-natured gods, these ancient walkers.

from POETRY

They are the first of all. Before the grey,  
Before the copper-colored, they were moving  
Green-brown among the deep trees: deep as they,  
As curious of the wind, as tempest-loving;

As shaggy dressed, as head-proud; and in summer,  
As lazy. So they lived. And so they still  
Live everywhere, unknown to the newcomer,  
Whom genially they watch. And so they will

To earth's end, feeding on their ancient grain,  
Wild wheat tips, and barbed rice tops, and the meat  
of mast wherever richest leaves have lain;  
Although they pick the tame fields too, and eat