

Doughboys Land on Omaha Beach, March in Reich One Year Later



These pictures of 331st doughboys present a vivid contrast to their life a year ago and of today. Leaving the shores of England on D-Day plus 12, they bounced around the rough waters of the channel for two days during a fierce rain storm. Then from the shallow waters of Omaha Beach, came jeeps streaming out of LSTs. Men poured out of LCIs and scrambled onto the shores in waisthigh water while others landed on ramps jutting into the channel and marched ashore. At top left, is a typical scene of beachhead activity — the wounded carried to outgoing ships and still more men coming in. At right top, doughboys walk down the ramp to the beachhead to start right off on an all day march to their first assembly area on the continent. In bottom scenes, 331st doughboys, one year later stand in full review and march through the streets of conquered German soil where once the mighty Wehrmacht goosestepped. German civilians and displaced nationals standing in the rear of the parade grounds watch the Yankee ceremonies with mingled expressions of sorrow and joy. (Top Photos by Signal Corps)

Every Battle is a Big One

By Monica Stirling

(Editor's note: Miss Stirling visited the 331st Infantry during the battle of the Belgian bulge. She is the only woman war correspondent to have come within 500 yards of the frontline fighting lines. The following is only a part of her story written for the Atlantic Monthly magazine.)

When I read "War and Peace" for the first time I was puzzled by the battle scenes. The scattered groups of soldiers gathered round fires in woods and fields; the juxtaposing of fighting and repose — soldiers firing at the bottom of a slope and others resting a few hundred yards away; the people wandering through the battle with messages and even, in the case of Pierre, for purposes of observation.

All this seemed unreal because it was completely unlike my civilian view of war as big fights between armies neatly drawn up in front of each other, each a solid row of soldiers trying to crash through their opponents to the citadel. Now, as Corporal Straus and I made our way to the Regimental Command Post, I saw my mistake. The officers directing the battle from ruined farmhouses, the derelict churches with hymn numbers on the wall by the pulpit, and the schools with the words of the last lesson chalked on the blackboard; the windows whose icy surfaces were more numerous than Germans to the truckloads of soldiers that now and again passed; the alien, military signposts stuck in the hedgerows, the guns in the middle of fields; the little groups of men crouching on their helmets around a glimmering fire; the G. I. s standing, mess kits in hand, in a show line outside what was once a stable; the unchanging background of terrible cold and loud noise. All this was, thanks to Tolstoy and Stendhal, familiar.

We turned down a lane from whose right hand ditch two G. I. s were exiting the frozen body of black horse. Its back legs were sticking out across the path of a bulldozer; so were those of the dead dog next to it. The line was

(Continued on page 3)

TTF Wins Honorable Mention in World-Wide Publication Contest

In a world-wide contest among service publications held by Camp Newspaper Service in New York City, The TTF, 331st Combat Team newspaper, won honorable mention along with four other publications in the overseas letterpress category. The four other newspapers to receive this distinction are The Stars and Stripes, Front Line (3rd Infantry Division), The 45th Division News, The Dispatch (APO 523, New York, NY).

Grand Prize winner of both the overseas and domestic publications is the China Command Post serving the entire theatre. It is published in Kunming. First Prize of the overseas newspapers went to YD Grapevine, published by the 26th Division.

N. Y. 'Book' on Hitler

New York (CNS)—The Broadway "Book" on Adolf Hitler is laying odds on the prospect of his reappearance. For 1 dollar you can get 100 dollars if Der Fuehrer turns up riding a burro in the Bronx.

Co A's Original Show Holds Gala Premier Weekly

"Show Down", A Company's sensational new theatrical production, had its premier opening on June 2nd before a large audience of officers and enlisted men of the first battalion and part of the staff of the 115th Evacuation Hospital. Their V-E show was received with such enthusiasm among the men that it was adopted as a weekly affair.

The show opened with a few selections by the great little band combination of Cpl. Walter Carl and Pfc. Walter Waite on the sax, Pfc. Walter Kester and Pfc. William Zwicke on the piano and T/5 Richard Bilbano on the drums. A chorus of beautiful girls, Pfc. Lorell Sorensen, Pfc. Charles Parise, Pfc. Larry Dixon and Sgt. Lehmar Hall did a rather unique dance.

The comedy team of Pfc. William "Pop" Rajotte and Pfc. George "Rocky" Rakosi put the crowd in good humor for Pfc. Rakosi's accordion solo. Pfc. Larry Dixon sang a few songs followed with a duet by Pfc. Charles Bleifarnicht and Pfc. Charles Hill, A. Company's Ink Spots, Pfc. Dick Bauhs, Walter Waite, Walter Kester and Sgt. James Mc Clug were called back for three encores.

The highlight of the show was black-faced, Pfc. Dominic Publicano, and Pfc. Lewis Spoto. In their jiffy act, Spoto lost his rights leaving him bare as the day he was born. Although it was not

(Continued on page 2)

331st Will Observe First Anniversary on Continent

Leaving the rocky shores of England on D-Day plus 12, men of the 331st Combat Team will mark one year on the continent of Europe this week. The team, which was activated in the 83rd Division at Camp Atterbury in August, 1942, left the States April 6th, 1944 to bring its might across the sea. Three months later, they had their first baptism of fire in the hedgerows of Normandy.

In 10 months of fighting, the 331st participated in five campaigns in the ETO — Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes, Rhineland and Central Europe. They are credited with capturing well over 15,000 prisoners and large supplies of enemy ordnance equipment.

Their hard punching drives highlighted every major battle engagement. They fought from Carentan to Periers, succeeded in piercing one of the strongest German lines of resistance and played a major part in the big infantry breakthrough from Normandy which started tank columns rolling for Brittany and central France. At St. Malo, they bottled up a large Nazi force and smashed through enemy fortifications and lines of connected entrenchments to help take this vital European port which led to the downfall of the Citadel — a German stronghold which fanatically held out for weeks against artillery and bombing attacks. Dinard, sister city to St. Malo, was taken in stride. It was here where they fought one of their toughest battles for the strategic Hill 48. With their second wind, they went down to the Loire River where they protected the right flank of the 3rd Army dashing across France, shot up to Luxembourg and cleared the west bank of the Moselle before going into Germany.

Relieving elements of the 4th Division in the mud-holes of the Hurtgen Forest, they crushed one of the most formidable Nazi strongholds on the outskirts of the forest and drove the stubbornly resisting enemy to the banks of the Roer River just south of Duren.

When Von Rundstedt's counteroffensive occurred, the 331st drove through Holland and Belgium to punch into the Northern flank of the Nazi salient at Otrre. They fought unrelentlessly for 10 days and nights in bitter cold and made a five mile penetration into the bulge driving the German tanks and infantry from the towns of Petite-Langlir and to the edges of the St. Pierre-Haz Forest at the foothills of the Ardennes. The speed with which this bridgehead was established enabled elements of an armored division to advance through the Ardennes and take the Houffalize-St. Vith highway, vital and last German supply route reaching out to the western end of the salient.

Crossing the Roer at Julich in the Ninth Army's great offensive towards Berlin, the 331st struck out across the Reich, capturing one German town after another in a series of hedgehopping maneuvers. In less than 48 hours they were on the Rhine

(Continued on page 2)

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A Year Ago Today . . .

A year ago June 18th, we shoved off into the rough waters of the English channel for the shores of France. And today, we march in the country we helped conquer. To veterans of the combat team, it's a far cry from the shell-pocked beach and the desolate battle marked roads over which we marched to our first assembly area in Normandy.

We can reminisce of our campaigns and deeds. We can be proud. Let us show that pride. Let everyone about us see in everything we do that we're typical examples of great Americans.

No finer expression of an American soldier's pride has ever been written than this message by Col. Robert H. York, which appeared in the Nov. 1st issue of The TTF.

You come from the greatest country in the World, a country that is envied by the people of practically every other country. Envied not only because it is the richest nation in the World but because it is a land where people live as they want to, where freedom and liberty reign, where opportunity is open to everyone, where class distinction does not prevail, where one person does not transgress on the rights of others.

You are admired by people in every land, even by your enemies, because you fight not to gain territory or to rule other people or to tell other people how they should live, but only because you want these people to live as they want to live and you will not permit anyone else to dictate how either you or they shall live.

You are admired by all people, again, even your enemies, because of your inherent sense of fair play your desire to make people happy, and to prevent one person from lording over another.

Be proud. You are members of the greatest army in the World. There is no other army so well equipped, none so well-fed or clothed and in which so much is done to entertain the soldier or which represents so much freedom.

Be proud. You are members of a regiment which has distinguished itself in the toughest kind of battle against an enemy which was well dug in, well-trained, an enemy which had prepared for your arrival for four long years, who boasted you would never succeed and that you would be thrown back into the sea. You completely defeated this enemy and the part you played was no small part in the success attained by the allied forces.

Be proud. Show this pride in everything you do, the way you dress, the way you salute and the way you conduct yourself toward those you so bravely fought to liberate. Convince them that you're proud of your country, your army, your regiment, and of your training and breeding.

If you do this then, when this war is over and you have returned to your loved ones at home, you can be proud not only for the way you have fought but, also, for the good you have done your country by the example you have made of the typical American; for the good impression you have made upon the other people of the World and the increased respect and admiration they will have for America. Be proud!

Fathers' Day . . .

Happy Father's Day, my Dad,
Or Father, Pop or Pa.
No matter what I call you
The thing is, MINE you are.

Happy Father's Day, it seems,
Does not say all it should,
Yet behind those few brief words
Is sent and understood —

Thanks for all the many things
That I alone may know;
For courage you've given me,
For friendship that you show.

Thanks to you for all the joy
Your love has given me;
For pride in being your son
That all the world may see.

Thanks to you for everything
That makes me want to say,
For you now more than ever
A happy Father's Day.

Pfc. Bascom H. Biggers III
Co. C.

Clerks Hold Lifeline of Soldiers Career Keeping Vital Service Records

With the advent of the disclosed point system for discharging men, and the Adjusted Service Rating Card, the fighting doughfeet of the 331st have suddenly been awakened to the import and existence of the Personnel Section. Previously many GIs had the idea that a personnel clerk was either a goldbrick, a rear echelon commando, or a chairborne Infantryman.

Throughout the numerous campaigns in which the Combat Team participated, the company clerks were right behind the forward echelons performing their duties often under difficult combat conditions, inclement weather, and heavy enemy artillery fire.

The Personnel Section were among the first 83rd troops to land on Omaha beach in Normandy, then a part of the Administration Center, which was a combination of all the clerical branches throughout the 83rd Division. This divisional relationship lasted well into the Luxembourg campaign when the personnel unit returned to regimental control.

When his head isn't buried in a sheaf of papers, the clerk is pounding a typewriter. He's behind the desk most of the time — and behind the eight ball the other times. He's the only man in the company who knows more about every other man and about whom everyone knows the least.

Under Capt. Karl N. Smith, Personnel Officer, the 30 or so odd clerks are well educated men and skilled typists who know the answers. Among their many duties are keeping each soldier's service record up to date, handling insurance, pay, bonds, allotments, furloughs, and the many other things that are connect-

ed with the individual and his records while in the military service. To put it in the words of Sgt. Peter Matricardi, E Co. clerk, from Hawthorne, N. J., "Your troubles are mine also." Commenting on the subject, Lt. Joseph Mack, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and assistant personnel officer said: "Most clerks enjoy their tasks for it takes only a man who is deeply interested and rooted in such work to be able to bear the strain and indefatigable effort that is necessary in undergoing the long periods of tedious, often boring, but important and essential work. Many of the company clerks are former college students, hotel managers, end clerks, and by pure luck fell into their natural acumen in army life. All the clerks are at least high school grads, and average rather highly in educational qualifications."

Lt. Mack continued: "This will probably knock your eyes out, but its true anyway. A lot of GIs who have seen a great deal more action than these boys have, often wish that they had the opportunity to do clerical work. Unfortunately, when given this chance the individual invariably fails, due to the fact that he hasn't natural aptitude to sift through the laybriath of GI correspondence and red tape paperwork. As I said before, it takes an unusual person to sit down at a desk and push a typewriter carriage around for 24 hours."

To sum it all up in the words of Sgt. "Chuck" Priorschi, Co. G clerk, of Pittsburg, Pa., "There's no getting away from it; a clerk is the first to see you when you enter the army, and is the last to see you when you leave."

George Co Sheds Tear for Parting Cook

It marked a sad day in the history of George Company. Apparently would have been just the opposite in other outfits when the mess sergeant is en route to the states or a discharge, but with George Company it's different.

Mike M. Mizrock is not just an ordinary mess sergeant, or even an institution. He is what they call the mother of Co. G, with OD pants.

If one was to talk to Mike they would never guess he was the man who dished out those beautiful meals for Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Years. There's even a myth built around his culinary powers.

His cooks and KP's swear that he can prepare a meal out of practically nothing that is fit for a King. One bite of Mike's pie special, from any of his dough-boy following produces such appreciative exclamations as: "It tastes just like mom's."

The fellows know what Mike is made of. In Normandy, the Hurtgen Forest, and the Ardennes, where the going was tough, Mike was always up there dishing it out, and cracking jokes to the fellows to cheer them up. Mike was always open to suggestions from the fellows to make the meals please each, and every one of them.

It's easy to understand why the loss of Mike M. Mizrock is felt by all the fellows who knew him from way back when.

216 Pounder Biggest Man in Co. He Says

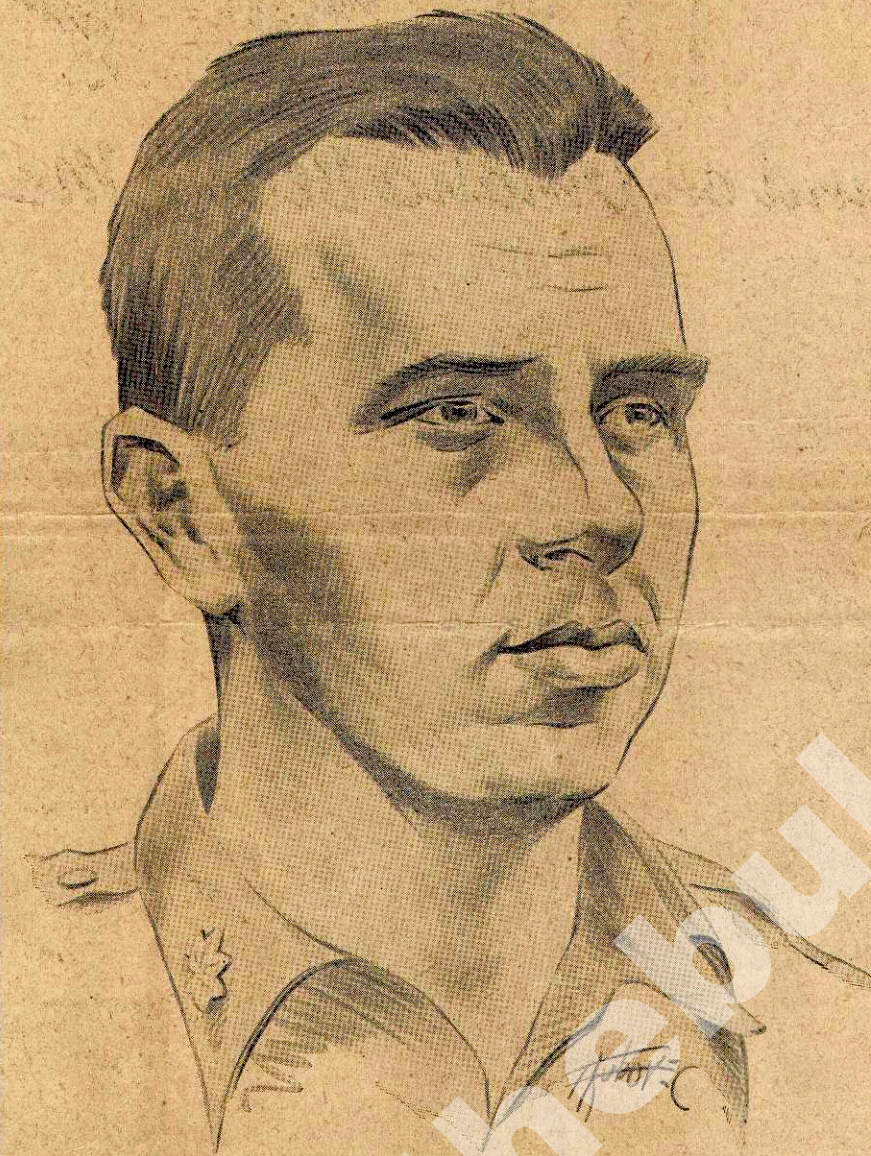
"Yeh, I am the biggest man in Co. I, and I'm proud of it too", Pfc Robert B. Mullins, clerk, from Mendehall, Miss., boastfully remarked.

Standing every bit of six feet and weighing 215 pounds, Mullins is often compared to a six by six truck when he walks down a street. As an explanation for his huge stature, Mullins offers the reason that he comes from big folks. His dad and three brothers are all over six feet tall. "I also attribute this large physique of mine partly to my voracious appetite. I eat like a bird, by the peck", he punned.

Not only is Mullins the biggest man in the company but he is also the most contrary. "The water flows through my veins" he remarked. "Perhaps, the fact that I worked as a credit manager in a manufacturing concern in the deep south, can explain the reason for this", he suggested.

As far as being fat is concerned, Mullins disagrees with the popular consensus of opinion, and says that he is only pleasin'ly plump.

Regimental S-3



Maj. John F. Staples

Drawn by Sgt. George Khubovec

Maj. John F. Staples, Regimental S-3, is one of those operations officers who are least heard about. Quiet and unassuming, he has served in this post since joining the regiment in January, 1944.

In the Reserve Officer Corps for six years, he entered active service in May, 1941 as a first lieutenant with the 367th Infantry. He led a rifle platoon until December, 1941 when he went to Ft. Benning Communications School. Upon graduation from this school in March, 1942, he was assigned to the 325th Infantry of the 82nd Division as Regimental Communications Officer.

In July of the same year he left in the cadre for the 98th Division where he was promoted to a captaincy and took command of Regimental Hq. Co. of the 389th Infantry. One year later, he earned his majority and became S-3 of the 13th Det. Special Troops in the 2nd Army. He served in this capacity until transferred to the 331st.

During the period of his reserve officership, Maj. Staples was engaged in the finance business. A native of Lexington, Ky., he holds a degree in business administration from the University of Kentucky.

Maj. Staples is married and has two children. Golfing and swimming are his pastime pleasures.

Doughs Turn Cyclists To Hold 3 Lap Race

All of Co. I turned out to the races on Sunday, June 3rd. The stakes were high and the enthusiasm was at its peak. Under the direction and sponsorship of Lt. Lester Anderson, of Portland, Ore, the doughloggers and motor enthusiasts had the opportunity to display their skills on the motor bike, as well as contribute something new to the already varied forms of GI entertainment.

At two o'clock, four motor bikes and their riders were lined up at the starting line. Each platoon was represented. At 2:40, the starting signal was given and the race was on.

The course consisted of three laps, each to be ridden by a different individual. The approximate distance of each lap was two miles of the roughest, dirtiest, and hilly terrain that could be found.

T/5 Curtis Kimball, radioman from Saugus, Mass., riding in the second lap, took several spills. One handle bar on his bike was broken loose and he was forced to guide the vehicle with one hand. Rounding a sharp turn, Kimball momen-

tarily lost control of his bike and fell off. This happened several times. He was left in the dust by the other riders. As he alone passed the posts along the way he was cheered on by fellow GIs who believed he was the lead man in the third lap instead of the last in the second.

On one turn he bruised himself. But even with these handicaps, he succeeded in winning his lap.

The three winners at the end of the race were: Cpl. Mark Hay, jeep driver, from Austell, Ga., representing Co. Hqs., who rode like a professional, Pfc Modesta Ojeda, bazookaman from Kansas City, Mo., of the 1st Plat., S/Sgt. Leigh Earnshaw, squad leader from Coatsville, Pa., and the 2nd platoon.

To determine the champ, each of the three rode the track for speed. Hay came out on top, making the run of approximately 2 miles, in 7 minutes 40 seconds. Ojeda took second place and Earnshaw third. The prizes, first, second, and third, respectively, were: 10 dollars, eight and five.

Co. A's Original Show

(Continued from page 1)

planned it got the biggest laugh of the show.

The final act of the show was a color guard setting, while the cast sang, "It's A Grand Old Flag". Pfc. Alphonse Kriancuinas carried the flag, while T/5 Walter Kmeich and Pfc. Carl Van Oner presented arms.

The show was directed and produced by T/Sgt. Charles Blauvelt and Sgt. Harold Gerard. Staging was handled by Pfc. John Campbell, Leo Wagatha, Henry Meyers, with lighting by Pfc. Marvin Rashid.

Quote of the Week

By Camp Newspaper Service

"I've had hand grenades thrown in my foxhole, men killed all about me, and I've looked the enemy dead in the eye. I'm afraid that a little matter of returning to civilian life doesn't worry me," Pvt James D. Sheldon, 37, infantry rifleman who fought at Guam and Leyte, discussing civilian concern about the "re-adjustment" of the returning serviceman.

331st Observes First Anniversary

(Continued from page 2)

River's banks at the southern tip of Neuss. The first Yanks in the Ninth and First Armies to punch their way to this last barrier confronting the American Armies from the heart of Hitler's Hinterland and the Rhine.

In 13 days, the 331st Combat Team penetrated over 200 miles into the German Reich to establish the only bridgehead across the Elbe River with the 329th Combat Team. This unprecedented drive was made with flanks exposed and at one time reaching over 80 miles in depth, while by-passing on their right flank a pocket of 65,000 enemy troops.

Two days before V-E day the Russians took over the Elbe bridgehead and the 331st returned to the west bank of the Elbe River to assume the role of occupation troops.

Horse and Buggy Days Return for Doughboys

This should go a long way to prove again that necessity is the mother of invention:

"All German vehicles will be turned in immediately". This was how the order ran. Rowerer this bit of unexpected news did not discourage T/Sgt James F. Gildea, of Waterstown, Mass., and his platoon, who had a German Ford.

Living up to the reputation the outfit acquired on the race across Germany, Gildea and his men resorted to a means of transportation. This time turned out to be a horse and buggy. Doughboys can now be seen riding through the streets with reins in their hands instead of a customary steering wheel.

17 Days Too Late

Although it doesn't help his discharge points, Pfc. Merrill Givens, Wallerboro, S. C., Co. F, 331st, announced the new addition to his family of a 7 1/2 pound boy — Benjamin Alexander. The kid made his debut on 29th of May on Givens' birthday but just a few days too late to swell his dad's weak total.

Foxhole Interviews

Question: Are you interested in furthering your academic education or vocational training, during the period of Occupation? What courses do you intend to pursue?

Pfc. Anthony Bartkowicz of Detroit, Mich., 3rd Bn. Hq. Co. cook:



"I used to spend my time mixing concentrated sulphuric and nitric acid solutions. Now about all I get to do is mix pancake batter. Twenty-one months of Army life has made me forget quite a bit of my civilian life.

I was employed in the good old days as a supervisor over fifty men in an electro-plating war plant. I'd like to take several refresher courses in mathematics, and especially a practical course in electricity. I'm also especially interested in metallurgy as that would definitely add to my technical skill.

Pfc. Norman Metzler, Nappanee, Ind., Co. C, rifleman:



"Well I guess you just asked me the jack-pot question. Yes, I would like to take whatever the Army offers me in the way of mathematics, and business courses. These, I'm sure, would aid me in the business world, which I intend to go back to. I've been seriously thinking of opening up a business of my own and I feel certain that a sound education in the fundamentals of business science wouldn't hurt anybody. I'd sure welcome a few algebra problems now after having ten months of blood curdling tactical problems — army style!"

T/Sgt. Walter Bernheimer, of Philadelphia, Pa., Personnel Sgt. Major:



"Naturally, I intend to go back to what I was doing in civilian life. I need two more years of practical experience before I can fulfill the requirements necessary for becoming an accredited Certified Public Accountant. Perhaps, an army refresher course in accounting and basic business law will help me in my postwar plans. At any rate, if the teacher is interested, and has had previous experience in the field, the courses might be of some value to me."

Sgt. Chauncey Hunt, from Elkview, West Va., Cn. Co., motor sergeant:



"I've had quite a bit of experience as a farmer in civilian life. The strange part of it all is that I've picked up quite a bit of mechanical knowledge in my present military occupation, and have become deeply interested in motors and motor maintenance. I intend to pursue that field when this is over. I'd like to take any practical courses on automobile and aeronautical motors. I'm especially interested in a technical physics course, and some basic mathematics as a refresher. If the army is willing to help me, I'm at least going to meet it half way!"

Oldham Wins First 331st Shooting Match

Cpl. Oscar Oldham won the first competitive shooting match held in 2nd Bn Hq Co. with the M-1, carbine and pistol. Representing the A and P platoon, Oldham shot a score of 97 out of a possible 100. Sharing honors with Oldham was Pfc. Charles Dooks.

The A platoon won both the carbine and M-1 events. They won by four points over the Communications platoon with their carbines and took a one point majority, in the M-1 event over the A and P platoon.

Welcome, Old Buddy

What would you do if you suddenly had a call from your brother? Furthermore what would you do if he told you he had been assigned to your company? That is what happened to Lt. James Pearson, 322 Sp. Co. St., Houtzdale, Penna., Anti-tank Co. when his brother Pvt. Joseph Pearson called from Personnel. They hadn't seen each other in two and a half years. It was a double red letter day for Lt. Pearson who had just received his silver bar.

Every Battle is A Big One

(Continued from page 1)

widened and was joined by two other roads converging on a stream across which was a trestle bridge (steel in sections). This was inadequate for the present traffic, and a score of G.I.s were busy building a two-way wooden bridge further along. (When we returned at the end of the afternoon this bridge was completed). As we crossed the stream there was a particularly loud crash. My ears, being untrained, could not distinguish between the sound of our shells going out and those of the Germans coming in. But Corporal Straus could and "that", he remarked, "was incoming mail."

The C. P. was at the top of the slope, in half a white washed church. The other half had been wrecked by a shell that came in by the altar. Here we found a slight, dark young man with a noticeably quiet voice — Colonel Robert H. York of Hartselle, Alabama, who has been in three D day landings — North Africa, Sicily, and France — and is at thirty two one of the youngest regimental commanders in the army.

Having paid our respects we went on up to a battalion outpost. The Ardennes' woods are very lovely at any time and looked particularly so decorated by glittering snow and under a sky tinged with pastel colors at the rim. The closely packed white fir trees were a child's dream of Christmas, and so was the shadowed track along which we made our way; but, again, it was impossible to derive the appropriate visual pleasure from a scene that meant frozen feet. Presently the lane opened into a small clearing where we had fought and won a battle on the previous night. It was untidy as if a party of lunatics had been allowed to go hiking and take a picnic lunch. A German tank (one of the Giant Tigers) was lolling on its side in the snow; the foxholes were rimmed with German belts, jackets, caps, canteens, bazooka's (these are about four foot long and of fawn metal) and hand grenades; branches had been torn from the trees and here and there the trampled snow was strawberries-and-cream coloured by blood. The German bodies had already been cleared to a field below the wood, where they lay in neat rows, looking like dummies in their one piece snow suits.

The C. O. of the 1st battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Neilson, a West Pointer who was born in Norway, raised in Alaska, and has his home in Seattle, Wash., showed us how the battle had been. The Germans had dug themselves into exceptionally deep foxholes and from this position were trying to check the easterly advance of Captain Daniel Moore's company. Being anxious to see "how the company was making out" Colonel Neilson and Lieutenant Harold E. Woodson of Enid, Oklahoma, C. O. of the 1st battalion's heavy weapons company, and several enlisted men, came and joined in the forty-five minute struggle in which the Germans were smoked out. Lieutenant Woodson, an intelligent and unbloodthirsty man, showed me the lopped off branches that indicated the place where he had shot down a German sniper, and Colonel Neilson described how he had seen a young S. S. man fighting like a wild cat one moment and on his knees yelling "don't shoot me" next. They said that this typical small arms infantry battle was part of a larger engagement the 331st had been fighting for the last six days and nights, and as such was "only a little battle" But as Corporal Straus said afterwards "when you get down to it, every battle is a big one."

Further on we saw Captain Daniel Moore, who had led the battle, a cheerful, composed boy from MacAlester, Oklahoma, who has been with the regiment since its activation and is one of the few original company commanders left. Everyone in the regiment seemed very proud and fond of him; and also agreeably amused by him. He is known as the Two Totin' Captain because in addition to a forty-five calibre pistol on his hip he always carries a tommy gun. Like most of the young officers in the 83rd he carried his toughness with tranquillity and elegance — the Gary Cooper rather than the Humphrey Bogart school. With him were two of his best men, Corporal Walter Nichols of Glasgow, Kentucky, and Tech. Sergeant Vernon Decker of Leachfield, Arkansas. While we were talking a message came over the service telephone, attached to a nearby tree, that the company was being counterattacked by mortar and schmeizer gun fire. As they took off the Captain observed cheerfully that the great thing in a battle was never to stop. Ever since D day the 83rd has acted on this principle.

Most people here felt bitterly about the Germans. With reason. On the day we were there they had been existing nine days and nights — It would be verbally incorrect to call it living — in snowbound foxholes: unable to light the smallest fire lest the Germans see the smoke. Many had gone down with frozen feet. Frozen feet can be cured, but can also result in amputation. Before the supply lines were fixed they had had only cold rations, and the wounded

Rifle Ranges Dedicated in Memory of Fallen

Two recently constructed rifle ranges in the combat team were dedicated to men who gave their lives for victory and freedom.

Anti-tank's range was named White Range in honor of A. G. White, the first man killed in the company during the early fighting in Normandy. The dedication was conducted by Capt. James D. Shonak, C. O. after which he repeated the names of the company's fallen men. The ceremony ended with a minute of silent prayer followed by taps by Pfc. Gerard Langlois, bugler.

Co. A's ceremony opened with a speech by Lt. Joseph Lynch, C. O. in which he paid homage to the men who are no longer with them. A squad fired a salute and taps were sounded while the range flag was raised unveiling the plaque bearing the name, Riley Range, in memory of Lt. George Riley.

Following is the text of Lt. Lynch's address:

We are gathered here to pay homage, on this Memorial Day, to all our honored dead, and in particular to those comrades of this company, who have made the supreme sacrifice for God and Country. Today, we dedicate this rifle range as a symbol of our deep respect and admiration for our fallen brothers. Therefore, let us resolve to prove by exemplary words and deeds, that they shall not have made these sacrifices in vain. While it shall bear the name of only one of our late friends of battle, it shall serve as a living memorial to each and every one of them. A small token indeed, when compared to their heroic deeds, and yet, what greater homage can we pay them, than to dedicate in their honor a place where we as soldiers, can further our training to assure the fulfillment of peace unto the world. In revered silence let us bow our heads, and promise them, that the principles of freedom and equality of nations for which they fought and died, shall prosper and endure throughout the ages. So that once again when we meet beyond the Great Divide, they will welcome us with words of praise, which today are upon them.

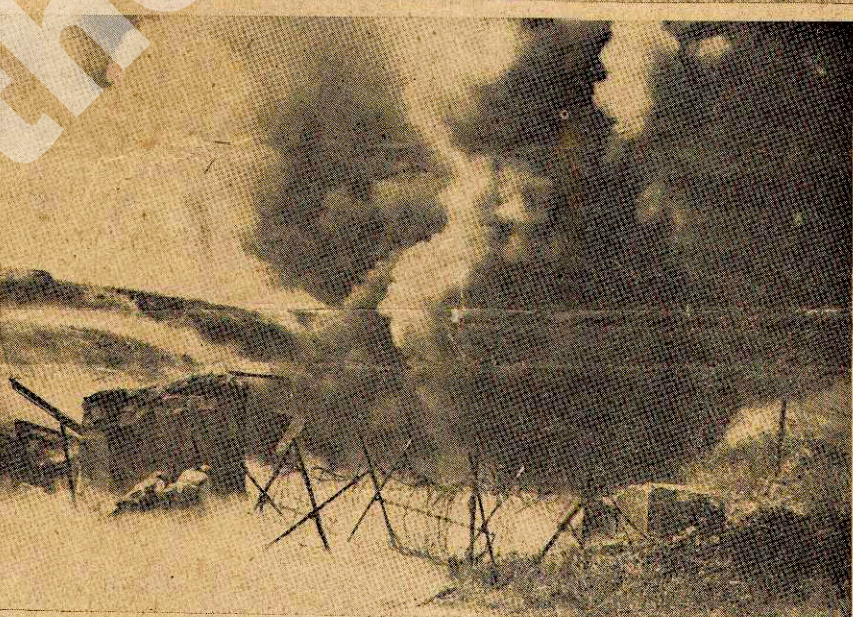
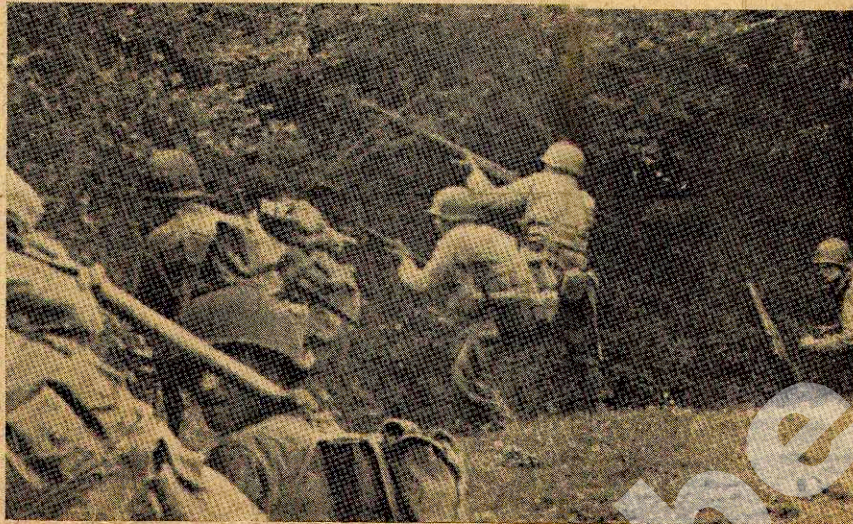
had to be carried back three thousand yards in the deep, tumble-inducing snow.

Regimental C. K. have been known to be in castles; but the one where we spent the evening was not of this type. The room in which Lieutenant Colonel William E. Long of Memphis, Tennessee, was working was small and grubby. There were the usual blankets over the window and G. I. stove in the corner, and on the peeling wallpaper the usual family photographs, varied in this case by two tinted daguerotypes, one of a holy picture, the other a French regimental group. The floor was bare but the two wooden tables were covered by some particularly repellent salmon-and-fawn coloured oilcloth. There was a large wardrobe and some small rickety chairs. Stacked beside the Coleman lantern in a pathetic still life were a packet of camels, an Omnibook magazine, a back number of Yank, a roll of toilet paper, a box of candy, and a large and beautiful bottle of hand lotion which Captain Rosenbaum had just extracted, with many imprecations, from a Christmas package. The Building — everyone here gave to the word building the intonation young children give to Fairy Palace — in which Colonel Long and Captain Rosenbaum siept was a hundred yards down the road. Several dazed civilians still lived in the cellars; and the front room, which smelled as if several not noticeably fastidious cows were billeted there, was littered with a war-time accumulation of soiled dishes, pots and pans. We went up a small boxed-in wooden staircase and into what the Colonel called the Guest Room. It contained a large wooden bed piled with old clothes under a threadbare patchwork quilt. Next to this room was an even shabbier one in which the Colonel and the Captain had put their cots and a service telephone. Having taken off my boots and got into my bedroll I lay watching the gleams of light from our artillery fire that occasionally flashed through the edges of the blanketed windows, and trying to distinguish between the many different noises that composed the background music: 240, 155, and 105 mm. guns; 81 and 60 mm. mortar the harsh cork-out-of-the-bottle and the low whine, followed by a sharp blast and cracking sounds of incoming ones; the occasional rat-tat-tat of machine gun fire, and the shrill hysteria of screaming mims.

Next morning I went along to the 2nd and 3rd battalions' combined Aid Station, which was just above the little river that now had two bridges. It was in another of these luxurious buildings. The electricity had failed the blankets had had to be taken down from the window, and the snow-bright daylight was not flattering to the classic decor of peeling wallpaper, yellowing photographs, and broken chairs. Piled beside the G. I. kitchen stove to prevent their freezing were cases of plasma. The little room was crowded with exhausted, unshaven men

(Continued on page 4)

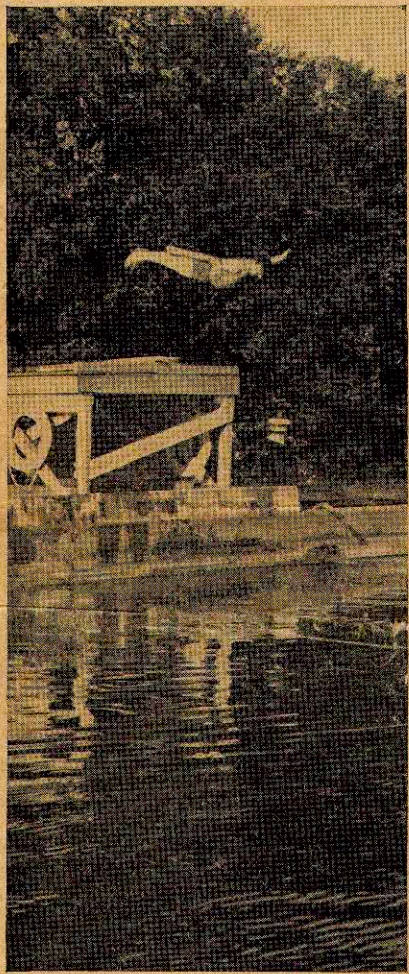
Highlights of Toughest Battles



Photos: Signal Corps-top three, Vaccaro-bottom.

This pictorial review shows 331st doughboys in their toughest campaigns. In the picture on top, doughboys are fighting from hedgerow to hedgerow in Normandy. The breakthrough came and the drive to the Brittany peninsula and St. Malo was on. High walls, which they scaled were no obstacle in their forward push. Pillboxes before St. Malo were smashed with bazookas and dynamite. In the Ardennes campaign, the men fought in bitter cold through deep snows to check and crush the Nazi counter-offensive. The last picture is a typical scene of a mud-smeared doughboy bringing in Jerries captured in the Hurtgen Forest.

A Fancy Diver and Sturdy Swimmers



There is no better weather-cock than healthy young men taking their first season dip into the cool waters of a pool. It's summer in the ETO and men of the 331st are swimming as part of the army's athletic and recreation program. The diver is Pic. Donald Smith of Co. K and having their first swimming race of the season are men of the same company.

Victorious Kingmen Blank Opponents 7-0

Although Co. M's softball team dropped a game to King Co., on May 21st, it certainly wasn't the fault of their pitcher, S/Sgt. Jack Wilkinson. The errors that were made, would probably be blamed on the fact the men were preoccupied with thoughts of the number of points they didn't have towards getting a discharge. Apparently K. company's men weren't worried. They turned in a smooth 7-0 victory over their opponents.

Going into the fourth inning, Wilkinson the moundsman, was walked and then advanced by stealing second and third respectively. His efforts to win his own game never did get any farther, however, as his team mates were retired in easy fashion. In the fifth it looked like a rally was starting when Wilburn Lilly initiated the inning with a clean single. Gerald Perry, the next batter, caught the other side napping with a well-placed bunt down the first-base line. As one spectator remarked: "It couldn't have been better, if he had laid it there."

In the sixth stanza, Ant. Kennedy clouted a double, but never got any farther than the grind of what looks to be a tough final inning and the game ended with the King men victorious and maintaining their league lead.

Powerhouse Overcomes Co M in Close Game

In what was probably their toughest game of the season thus far, K Co. emerged victorious after a thrilling duel with Co. M, to remain undefeated in nine consecutive games.

Pitcher Raymond Reynolds marked up his third win against no losses, by holding the Heavy Weapons crew to only two hits, while his team mates touched Jack Wilkenson, the opposing pitcher, for six safeties, although he was able to keep them scattered.

K Co.'s only score came in the fifth frame, without a hit, when Norman Malo, short center fielder, reached first on an error. John Gintowt then hit one thru short stop which advanced Malo to third. This brought up Bob Baier, who slammed a fly ball deep into left field. Malo scoring after the catch. Gintowt was called out while going into third on a very close play. Marc Haggerly popped out to end the inning. Reynolds was in trouble only once in the fourth with men on third and second and none out. He lightened up however, and retired the next three batters but couldn't get the ball out of the infield. The men bagging the hits for K Co. were Baier, Haggerly, Kenneth John, Malo, Ruben Franlyn, and Gintowt.

Aidmen Get Taste of Own Medicine

Co. B painted the throats of the 1st Bn. Medical Detachment with a coat of whitewash, blanking them by the score of 10-0.

S/Sgt. Edward Nafh pitched masterful ball all the way, limiting the Medics to five hits and no runs, while his own mates were rapping the old apple for thirteen hits and ten runs, scoring in every inning but the sixth. The Medics made their big mistake by saying Martin Vardara for the latter

part of the game. After all the damage had been done against starting pitcher Bob Gray, Vardara was inserted on the mound and stopped the Co. B onslaught cold, only after the game was on ice. Clarence Lossin, of Co. B, once again sparkled on both the offensive and defensive, hitting two robust doubles in four trips to the plate, and coming up with some beautiful fielding gems at the "Hot Corner".

I Co. Diamond men Rip Hg. Group 9-3

For a second time, 3rd Bn. Hdqs. team suffered a smashing defeat at the hands of Co. I.

Co. I nine started a rally early in the game. In their half of the first they scored four runs. John Totaro, If, let go a smashing home run with two men, Theodore Weselyk, cf and Paul Archumbault, lb, on base.

Again in the third, I Co. strengthened their hold on the game by batting out four more runs. Totaro, this time doubled with two men on.

Theodore Weselyk, along with Totaro, received two for two. An excellent game of fielding was displayed by both. Bill Scott, ss, assisted in several of the important putouts.

Pfc. Arthur Richardson, Co. I radioman, and former battalion runner led the cheering for the company

Wanted: An Artist

Anyone in the regiment having commercial art, painting or cartooning talent who may be interested in joining The TTF staff, drop a note to the editor through message center.

Every Battle is a Big One

(Continued from page 3)

mostly waiting to have their feet examined. In the middle of them were Captain John E. Cryst of Buffa'o, New York, the 2nd battalion surgeon, and Captain Charles S. Quinn of Louisville, Kentucky, 3rd battalion surgeon. Both doctors had managed to keep themselves so neat and fresh looking that to watch them at work was to see in their weary, dazed-eyed, scummy, horribly touching men, as in a palimpsest, the well dressed and rested civilians in a New York waiting room. But both doctors looked worried as they would not have done in New York. Worried because they knew that every man in the room was so overtired as to need to be taken out of the line even if uninjured, and that the depleted companies could not spare one uninjured man. It is not pleasant to be confronted, as service doctors are continually, with the problem of what happens when an irresistible projectile meets an immovable object. Captain Cryst was trying to relieve his feelings by half humorous, half exasperated remarks about the elderly civilian who twice while I was there dived in and placed an earthenware dish of soup over the flame that was supposed to be heating the room. She looked at him blankly, but when someone said "Hi, doc, why don't you tell her not to in French?" he answered "Hell, no she'd understand then."

From there we went on to the cannon company which was on a slope overlooking one of the woods where the fighting was going on. Germany was eight to ten miles away, across the ridge. There was a stove in the tent where Captain Herman A. Mundt of Fort Collins, Colorado invited us to lunch, and we stood very close to it while eating hot stew, apricots and cream, white bread and butter, and a great deal of delicious hot coffee. There was a strong element of fantasy about this meal. Deafened by the noise of artillery, up to our ankles in

snow, we stood in a field near the Belgian frontier and ate good hot food that came, by processes incomprehensible as sorcery to most of us, four thousand miles. Even persons who grumble for pleasure have little to say against American army food.

From here we went to a huddle of buildings where the Anti-tank company had its headquarters — in a little house distinguished, appropriately, by having a wrecked German tank just outside its front door. Lieutenant A. Heinemann of Chicago took us into a dim room in which another lieutenant, grey faced with exhaustion, was sleeping undisturbed by the noise of two guns that, being just outside, kept the whole house vibrating. The room also contained a G. I. stove, a service telephone, and a case of frozen eggs. Lieutenant Heineman was eager to praise the work of his Mine Platoon, which is led by Lieutenant Jack Dempsey of Oklahoma, who got the Silver Star in Normandy. This platoon consisting of the lieutenant and thirty two G. I. s, goes with the forward rifle elements, to clear the ground for the armour. When the ground is cleared and the battalion reaches the objective, — and how much pain and fear and longing to see loved persons again are hermetically sealed in that "when" — then the platoon sets up defensive opposition.

The 3rd battalion was up in the woods, and in a C. P. just captured from the Germans — an oblong trench walled and roofed with logs — we found the operations officer, Captain Frank D. Tyrrell, with Captain Marion B., Cooper of Hillsboro Indiana, and Captain Eugene Jackson of Detroit, Michigan. There was straw on the ground and the trench was slightly warmed by a stove, slightly lit by the headlight from a jeep. There was an ammo. can full of snow on the top of the stove — their water supply. Owing

to the weather as much as to the Germans this campaign was proving the cruellest the division had fought since Normandy, and Captain Tyrrell spoke very appreciatively of the work of the heavy weapons' — Captain Jackson's — company, which with its heavy machine guns and six 81 mortars is the only support weapon that is an organic part of an infantry battalion. There was coffee heating on the stove and as we drank it and took off our gloves and warmed our hands on the canteen cups the others shook their heads and said this was rear echelon luxury. And in comparison with life in the foxholes a hundred yards ahead it was.

Another person who felt himself to be luxuriously situated was Lieutenant Heineman, who had invited us to see his quarters on our way back. With the air of a majordomo he led us into a strikingly lopsided and dirty little house, across a damaged room, and up a rickety stairway to a loft in which there were two cots, a G. I. stove, and a wooden table laden with papers and a German lamp. It was unlike comparable quarters in having khaki blankets fastened not only over the windows but across the further corner of the wall. It was not long before we saw the reason for this. E verytime a shell was fired from a nearby gun, and this was every few minutes, the entire place shook; and every other time a brick in the by no means eternal looking wall was loosened. Whenever this made a noticeable gap the lieutenant stuffed it with straw; and the blanket meant the wall behind it was more straw than brick. When we said, inane, that we didn't think this was a very safe house for them, Lieutenant Heineman said without irony that it felt pretty good to be in a building and look at this — producing a box of crackers from home and a Christmas bottle of champagne which he began carefully pouring into canteen cups.



Sportlites

If a poll were taken among the innumerable teams, Co. F has the man whom we believe would get the unanimous vote as doing the most to harass the opposing team. Robert "Whata Heckler" Sartor is the official Fox Co. heckler. His ability to rattle the opposing teams marks him as an expert in harassment. During a game with the 2nd Bn. Medics, the spectators were treated to a foot race, as dignified Capt. John Cryst chased the former around the field in an earnest endeavor to silence the mouthpiece forever. Their colors unfurled, Co. I softball nine flaunted their newly acquired confidence and morale that had suddenly beset them after three straight losses. They finally defeated the L Co. aggregation who were leading the league. Exactly five days later they met another League Champ, K Co. Playing in extra innings the King Co. sandlotfers eaked out an 8-7 triumph.

There's a fellow in the 3rd Bn. Hdqs. by the name of Joe Tosi, who thinks that all you have to do is put your foot on third base and the man coming from third is out.

A sensational denouement was lent to the final dramatic chapters of a game that was played on June 1st, when George Co. brought their victory string up to four straight wins, by humbling the 2nd Bn. Hdq. nine, 7 to 3. The highlight of the game was a devastating shoe string snare by Rudolph Kannenwisher, which if unsuccessful, would have changed the Hdq. Co. defeat into a win. The bases were loaded and there were two outs. The score was tied three all, when a line drive that was apparently good for a single in any league, was smacked over shortstop. Suddenly out of nowhere, Kannenwisher reached out and snagged the ball. He was thrown off balance and did a perfect summersault, but came up with the ball in hand.

Bombshells Smash Through To Top D

Baker Co. came back, strong to redeem itself for its first three defeats, by winning their second game in a row over D Co. The Baker Bombshells won in easy style, thumping the ball all over the diamond while collecting a total of fourteen runs on eight hits. Pitcher Roy Dennis limited the Heavy weapons Co. to only five hits and five runs.

In the very first inning, B. Co., countered three times. Kraft, first man up worked the pitcher for a walk, and went to third on a double by Bob Hail to center. Two more walks forced a run in, and with the bases bulging Carmi Lockhart singled to drive in the second and third runs.

Co. D looked as if they were going to make a game of it in the early innings, scoring once in the second and twice in the third to tie the score, but Co. B dented the plate in each of the 5th, 6th, and 7th for runs, making an aggregate total of 14 to clinch the game.

In the fifth inning, Edgar Agnew beat out a bunt, then Clarence Lossing walked, putting two men on base. A passed ball advanced the runners to 2nd and 3rd base and both came home on a timely single by Barney Marshall. Bruce Jones, then walked, advancing Marshall to 2nd, and Lockhardt came thru for the second time with a slashing double to score runs no. 6 and 7.

In the sixth stanza, B Co. took to the warpath, tallying four more runs, and then climaxed their scoring spree with three more tallys in the final inning to wind up with a 14 to 5 victory. Leading batter of the day was Hail, Co. B left fielder, who hit safely in three out of four times at bat.

Parise Wins 10th Mates Trim Co K

Pitcher Charles Parise took his tenth straight game when A Co. defeated K Co. by the score of 3 to 1. Parise allowed only two hits to the hard hitting "Powerhouse" team who are leading the 3rd Bn. league.

The Co. K team initiated the first inning by getting three men on base with no outs, but Parise pulled himself together and out of the hole, by forcing a man out at home, and striking the next two batters out.

Breaking the ice in the second stanza, Co. A's Tommy Moore walked and advanced to second on Crain's single. Crain stole second and attracted so much attention that Moore was able to score. The next three batters went down in one-two-three fashion. The Co. A. aggregation scored two more runs in the third inning when Dick Bauhs hit a single scoring Harry Evans and Bill Wilson, that was enough to sew the ball-game up.

Co. A remains undefeated in ten starts

Out in the Fox Co. pastures, there roams a group of flyhawks who seemingly carry magnets in their hands and wings on their feet. Each can whip the ball into the batter's field with speed, and many a batter has regretted trying to stretch a base hit. Pfc. Victor Facilla, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is not to be confused with the Brooklyn Bums. He has a style all of his own. The other teams in the 2nd Bn. League, have been thinking of drawing up a petition to have Vic thrown out of the ball park, and labeled as a thief! It seems that in every game he robs the opposing batsman of hits.

Possibly the answer to Anti-Tank's Enlisted Mens' competitive spirit and determination is the frequent attempts made by the officers to better the EM's thus far unbeatable technique. On numerous occasions, games between officers and enlisted men have developed into everything expected of a major league exhibition. Occasionally, an extra incentive exists in the form of a prize for the winning team. Recently the "booty" was a case of whiskey. For that the E. M. really went to town. After a furious game which went 11 innings, the E. M. emerged victorious, the score being 8-5.

The 3rd Bn. boasts a murderous boxing team. Presently under the instruction of coach Red Wise of King Co. The pugilistic aspirants can be seen working out daily at the town Gymnasium. Wearing the colors of the Blue Bn. are: Robert Toledo, Norman Panagos, Richard Byrd, S. Marshall, and Whitey Lennon.

Easy, though not playing any recent games, still held "Easy-first place" in the battalion softball league although their nearest rival, George, picked up two wins out of two in the past week. Of the ten leading batsmen of the league, no less than four are on the Easy team.

The rejuvenated Headquarters, finding themselves at last, bowled over Fox 9-4 in a game that featured the stellar pitching of Bill Goldberg, who brought his team from the bottom of the list.

How Co Boasts Mighty Combo

How Company boasts an oll-out and all-American softball club.

Included in the aggregation is Robert Norton, who played minor-league ball in the States, and who is performing well behind the plate. His continual chatter and words of encouragement serves to keep the spirit of the players on a high level.

Joe Russo, who plays shortstop, is an ideal player for that spot. He handles himself well on the field and is a mainstay with the bat. Russo also has had some professional experience in baseball in the States and expects to pursue that vocation when returning to civilian life.

Roy Bullard, H Co, left fielder, has had some professional experience which gives him all the class that marks him as a fleet-footed dynamite hitter.

Jim Harris, new to the Heavy Weapons Co., is stationed at the hot spot, and has initiated several double plays.

Another newcomer to the company and one of How Co.'s best pitchers is Ernie Pinola, with two straight wins, and endeavoring to keep the slate clean. The remaining members of the team include Bruce Service, 2nd baseman, Harold Hann, at 1st, Bill Coker, r. f., John Hollingsworth, s. f., Dave Dietz, c. f., and Darrell Chism, pitcher, all of whom are doing an excellent job in their respective positions.

League Standings

First Battalion				
TEAM	WON	LOST	PCT.	
Co. A	11	0	1000	
Hq. Co.	5	5	500	
Co. B	5	5	500	
Co. C	5	5	500	
Co. D	3	7	300	
Medics	0	7	00	
Second Battalion				
TEAM	WON	LOST	PCT.	
Co. E	9	1	900	
Co. G	11	0	1000	
Co. F	6	6	500	
Co. H	6	6	500	
Hq. Co.	3	3	300	
Medics	0	7	00	
Third Battalion				
TEAM	WON	LOST	PCT.	
Co. K	10	2	833	
Co. L	7	5	583	
Co. M	4	6	400	
Hq. Co.	4	8	333	
Co. I	4	8	333	
Special Units				
TEAM	WON	LOST	PCT.	
Serv. Co.	5	1	833	
Regt. Co.	3	2	600	
Anti-Tank Co.	2	3	400	
Carpon Co.	1	5	167	
Officers				
TEAM	WON	LOST	PCT.	
Special Units	3	2	600	
Third Battalion	3	2	600	
Second Battalion	3	2	600	
First Battalion	1	4	200	