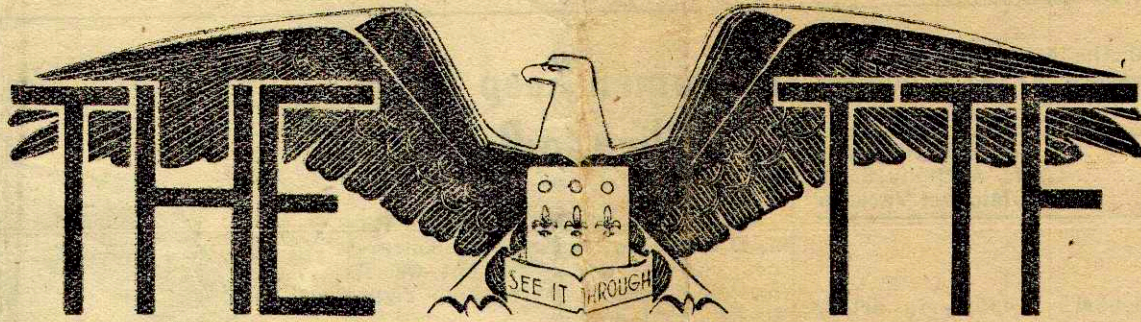


Somewhere in Germany

Saturday, March 10, 1945

Vol. 1, No. 11.



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

John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

331st First at Rhine in Drive to Berlin

Doughs, P47s Destroy Nazi Tigers Threatening MSR

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

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

(Continued on Page 4)

Bridge is Blasted In Yanks' Faces By Fleeing Nazis

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

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

(Continued on page 3)

Scares Heinies at Point of Empty Gun

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

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

Watch on the Rhine...



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

3 NCOs Take Officer's Oath In Battlefield

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

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

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

Kulakowski donned khaki in August, '43 and joined the regiment in February, '44. A native of Detroit, he was employed in a brewery, is 32 years married and has one son.

Bemus joined the regiment in July, '44. He was majoring in business administration at Texas A and M when Uncle Sam called in August, '42. He is 24 years and his wife resides in Houston, Texas.

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

Berlin Most Bombed City

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

Weapons Platoon Wins Battle Sans Weapons

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

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

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

Co. F Crashes Loveling Strongpoint

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

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

908th Shells First Message Across Rhine

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

6-Man Squad KOs Nazi Ack-Ack, 88s

Knocking out two anti-aircraft and two self-propelled 88 mm guns, capturing 39 prisoners and five trucks loaded with GI rolls and equipment, by Lt. James Ritchie of Virginia and a squad of six men under Pfc. Bertie Whitley of Rocky Mt., No. Car., climaxed Co. C's action in Grefrath.

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

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

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

this last barrier confronting the American Armies from the heart of Hitler's Hinterland and Berlin.

Determined to « destroy every German » impeding their advance, the 331st Infantry and elements of the Second Armored Division struck out together in a northeasterly direction forging forward in record time. While one company cleared a town, another jumped ahead to capture another place. Across the long level plains, the sprawling columns of armor with its protecting cover of doughs riding its sides and rear cut into the Nazi defenses, their stiffest resistance coming from 88 mm. self-propelled guns which sent huge geysers of dirt flying into the faces of the doughs.

But it was no mad race for these battle veterans who met Nazi resistance and counterattacks in the same steady stride which characterized their previous battles. These men who had smeared fanatic Nazis before became engaged again in fierce local fights for a number of places.

All along the drive, the doughboys knocked out entrenched defenses, destroyed a number of enemy tanks, captured approximately 15 artillery pieces and took well over 800 Nazi prisoners plus large numbers of the Volksturm.

Their biggest resistance came in two vicious German counterattacks

(Continued on page 2)

TTF is published in the interests of the officers and men of the 331st Infantry Combat Team. All news material is officially reviewed by military censors. Member CNS.

Editor Sgt. Jack Straus
 Artist Pfc. Anthony Scolo
 Photographer Pfc. Michael Vaccaro

Common Sense . . .

Ever since the Normandy invasion, Goebbel's propaganda artists have constantly been telling the German people what vandals the American soldiers are. Every conceivable seed has been planted in the minds of the Germans to increase in them a desire to resist. Their propaganda slogan against us has been « The American soldier destroys for the sake of destruction ».

It is only natural for a man to fight harder for his home if he thinks that when it is lost, everything is lost. He will do all in his power to resist as long as he can. True, when you are at his front door with your bayonet, he will throw out his white flag and cry « Kamerad ». The damage, however, has been done in the 1000 yards you had to go to get there. Additional lives have been lost simply because of a stronger desire to hold his last few remaining possessions — a desire strengthened by Mr. Goebbel's propaganda.

Now that we are in Germany, each man has the opportunity as well as the moral obligation to decrease the German will to resist by his conduct — thus to save lives as we go forth toward Berlin. Our reputation will precede us, you can be sure of that. If the conduct of a few individuals upholds the propaganda spread by Mr. Goebbel, you can rest assured that they will take advantage of it to add fuel to their propaganda fire — to tell the rest of Germany « I told you so » — and thus brand the entire American Army as vandals.

Any individual, therefore, by acts of looting, pillaging, or other forms of misconduct is unconsciously working for Hitler and not for the cause for which we fight. He is automatically making our future tasks more difficult and consequently more expensive in human lives.

You have done a magnificent job on the battlefield. Let's not have a few individuals spoil that good work to any degree by committing any undisciplined acts of misconduct off the battlefield. Let's not be guilty of the same crimes the Germans committed when they over-ran Europe. Let's do all in our power to end this war as quickly and as cheaply as possible.

« It's common sense » !

THE OLD MAN.

The Last Lap . . .

« One good strong heave all together will end the war in Europe ». These are Prime Minister Churchill's words. We're on the last lap. American Armies are on the Rhine. Marshal Zhukov's Red Army is reported many miles past the Oder in Russia's new offensive.

But we can't relax yet. The same will, the same spirit to win must prevail in the fighting days ahead. More than ever must we remain alert in this hostile country among its hostile people. We mustn't forget how the German Army, with the support of the German people, overran every nation in Europe, plundering, pillaging, torturing and slaying.

We mustn't forget that the little boy to whom we gave our chewing gum and candy in the countries we helped liberate, is not the same little boy we see on the streets today. The people whom we meet now may act friendly — only because of fear for themselves — not for any love for us. « But she's a very charming woman », a GI said, « she means well ». As long as we're not sure of the records of crime that lie behind such charm, let's give ourselves the benefit of doubt.

For our own sake, the sake of our friends who are no longer with us and for the sake of our loved ones at home, obey the non-fraternization policy.

Let's not relax, so this last lap, may be a short one.



June 10, 1942. — In retaliation for the assassination of Reinhard (The Hangman) Heydrich, Gestapo chief in Czechoslovakia, the German High Command ordered the annihilation of the population of the Czech village of Lidice. The village was burned to the ground.

Nov. 14, 1940. — The Nazi Luftwaffe, sweeping in wave after wave over the English countryside, dumped over 400 tons of bombs on the British city of Coventry, wrecking shops, homes, hospitals, and cathedrals and causing hundreds of civilian casualties.

MGunner Saves Tanks From Nazi Bazookas

The fierce counter-attack of the German tanks during the Yanks drive to the Rhine remind Pfc. Charles Cheshire, Co. M machine gunner of the time he saved an American tank and two tank destroyers from destruction during the battle of the bulge.

Waiting at his gun emplacement, Cheshire spotted an infiltrating Jerry patrol including a machine gun squad and two bazooka teams whose mission he knew was the destruction of the tank and TDs behind him. Cheshire opened up with his machine gun until it jammed and then grabbed his carbine emptying a clip. Seeing three Jerries turn tail he went forward to count seven bodies.

« But, » he said, « I was burned up because the three bastards got away. It'll never happen again! »

First Day at Front Too Hot for Engr.

Headed for the front in a jeep with seven men and mine sweeping equipment to clear a road block that had halted the armored advance just outside Hemmerden, Lt. Harlan J. Schickendanz, Co. C, 308 Engr. Bn., in his first combat assignment, learned what it was to « sweat out » shells.

Running into five Mark Vs just out of town, Schickendanz said, « To hell with this, let's get out of here! » The jeep driver, T/5 Henry Doll, spun the vehicle around and stepped on the gas when the advance tank opened up. Doll brought the jeep to a violent halt. The men piled out and took cover just in time to miss the direct hit that sent the jeep spinning.

As P-47s were called in, Schickendanz quipped, « Do you think it is necessary for the war to get so close so soon to my unmentionables? »

Motormen Keep Jeeps Rolling to Berlin

« You can tell Adolf that as far as D Company's vehicles are concerned, he can wreck 'em but we'll fix 'em and still deliver 'em right to his front door. »

These were the words of S/Sgt. Anthony J. Kennett Madonna, Square, Penn. motor sergeant for D Company when commended on his work in keeping the vehicles racing toward the Rhine. Often working under shell fire, Madonna and his crew repaired five seriously battle scarred vehicles, fixed 16 flats and got all jeeps back in action in time to be among the first to the Rhine.

Other members of the crew were Sgt. Joseph Pollock, Nuremberg, Penn., Pfc. Fred Tucker, Friendsville, Tenn., and Pvt. Forrest S. Moss, Branchville, Md.

Surrendering Nazis Give Medic a Big Headache

It's time to go for help when 40 Germans want to surrender and you're a medic with no knowledge of such procedure. Thus thought I/3 Hilmer A. Anderson, Co. C, 308 Med. Bn., when 40 Jerries greeted him with « Kamerad » as he stepped out the Collecting Station door in Hemmerden, Germany.

Herding the « Kamerad » criers into the hall, Anderson told them to wait while he went to an officer for information. The administrative officers were out on other missions. A medical officer, busy on the operating table suggested that he ask the duty officer.

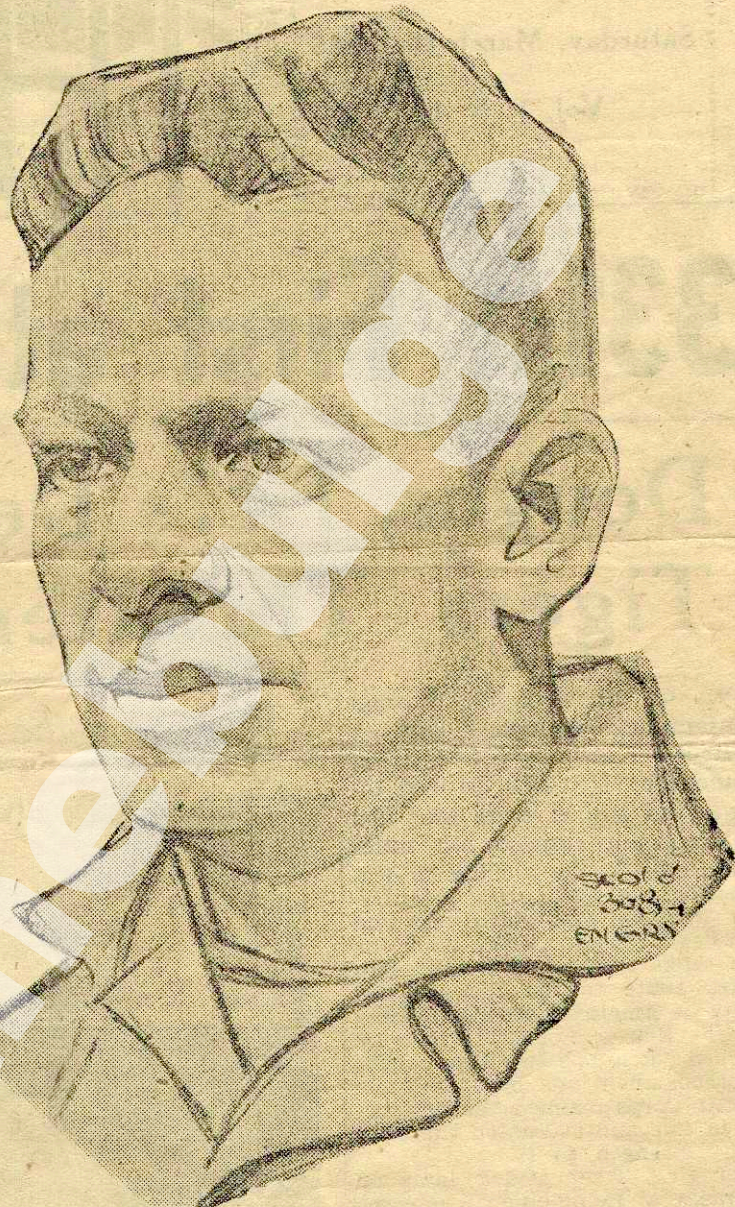
When Anderson located the duty officer, who raised up on one elbow to listen to the bursting shells as well as the story, he still had no help. « Wait 'til it cools down a bit and then run up the street to Regt. Hq. Get some one there to take them off your hands. »

Disheartened, Anderson returned to his unwelcome captives and waited. When the shelling finally stopped, he hailed a lone foot-soldier and explained the situation. The soldier agreed to take the Germans off his hands. Anderson sighed relief, then broke into a run as he remembered a previous mission, for gotten in the excitement.

He Couldn't Wait

Ft Meade, Md (CNS) — A GI who recently arrived at the Separation Center here, went AWOL while awaiting his discharge from the Army.

3rd Bn Executive Officer



Maj. William W. Sellers

In the Army 14 years, Maj. William W. Sellers, Executive Officer of the third battalion, has held every enlisted grade and served in every assignment except as a mess sergeant or supply sergeant. Enlisting in the National Guard in September, 1929 with the 115th Infantry of the 29th Division, he rose through the grades and became a reserve officer in 1936. He assumed his active status in February, 1941, and earned his promotions with the 331st Infantry, receiving his majority in May, 1943.

Maj. Sellers joined the 331st Infantry at its activation in 1942 and entered Co. I as a first lieutenant. In three months, he was transferred to the first battalion, took temporary command and soon was awarded his double bars. After ear-

ning his gold leaf, he became executive officer of the third battalion and three months later in September, battalion commander. In February, 1944, he took over the office of Regimental S-2 and returned to his present assignment in October of the same year.

Known as « Butch » in Army circles, Maj. Sellers has gained the popularity of his men, with his ever-present smile and good-natured disposition. A native of Cumberland, Md., he was employed in the chemistry laboratory of the Celanese Corp. of America during the five years he held a commission as a reserve officer.

Maj. Sellers is 32 years, married and has a four year son. Athletics head his pastime activities at home.

331st First at Rhine

(Continued from Page 1)

which hit the regiment's right flank in two successive days with tanks and infantry, but were successfully smashed with the aid of the Air Corps. This had threatened the XIX Corps' main supply route to its forward elements as well as the possible annihilation of the regimental CP.

When the last of the battle's smoke drifted across the Rhine by Saturday and the last scattered pockets of resistance wiped out, 331st men were holding the southern, western and northern sectors of Neuss in a firm grip. And the 329th and 330th Combat Teams, jumping off from a line generally around Buttgen to Grefrath on Thursday afternoon had secured the central sectors of this Dusseldorf suburb. Driving into the city from three directions the three combat teams pressed to the river in the face of 20 mm. ack ack and artillery from across the Rhine, in an attempt to gain at least one of the three bridges spanning the river. Just as the first battalion of the 331st reached the northern bridge, a tower of smoke and debris shot skyward. An estimated three tons of enemy planted dynamite blasted all three bridges in the faces of the doughs.

Doughboys of the third battalion were the first to jump off across the plains

from Garzweiler riding tanks with the Second Armored Division, and together with the tanks cleaned out the towns of Effen and Elsen. At Grevenbroich, the doughs detanked, secured the town and blocked the right flank for the XIX Corps as the armored units stemmed directly north making a beeline for the Uerdingen bridge. Following closely on the heels of the third, first battalion men moved through their positions in Grevenbroich and mounting tanks at Hemmerden, started their trek northward. Meanwhile the second battalion swung east from Hemmerden in the face of enemy fire from direct high velocity weapons. In bitter battles through Loveling, Holzheim, Nixhutte to the southern tip of Neuss and the banks of the Rhine, they overran 1388 mm. guns.

Leaving Co. I to hold Grevenbroich, the third moved up the Erit Canal to Hemmerden and Co. I punched into Kapellan, securing the town to continue the protection of the Corps' right flank; while the first was mopping up the towns of Rockrath, Grefrath, Buttgen. At Hinterfeld, doughs of the first battalion cut away from the armored units and turned their efforts eastward into northern Neuss on the left flank 3rd battalion from the 330th Combat Team. Shooting out with two infantry companies and a task force composed of tanks, TDs, AT guns and infantry platoons, the battalion cleaned out the northern sector of Neuss in the river's horseshoe including the large Oberloerick Steelworks which had been turned into a strongpoint, containing large supplies of ammunition and equipment.

GI Convinces Captor to Become Captive

A Jerry captor becoming the captive of an American captor who had previously been the American captive of the Jerry captor is the story of S/Sgt. John Ruch of Philadelphia second battalion aid man.

Driving up to a crossroads that was zeroed in by direct fire from Nazi tanks, Ruch took cover in a building where several other soldiers and a German prisoner had taken shelter. During a lull, the riflemen took off and left the Jerry prisoner with the aid man. But, before Ruch could return with his prisoner, Jerries entered the house and took Ruch prisoner, turning him over to the German who had formerly been an American prisoner, for evacuation to the rear. Shortly after leaving for Jerry lines, Ruch, who speaks German, persuaded the former American prisoner to revert to his former status and the two successfully made their way back to the battalion CP.

Home Looks Good

Chicago (CNS) — A War Department survey indicates that 8 of every 10 enlisted men expect to return not only to the same region, but also to the same state in which they lived before the war. Only one in 10 anticipates moving to another state; the remainder said they still are undecided.

Foxhole Interviews

QUESTION: How do you feel about the Army's non-fraternization policy with German civilians?
Pfc. Vannie Griggs of Richmond, Ky., Co. C radio operator.



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

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



But there's absolutely no such desire with me. In the States, I didn't feel any animosity toward the German nation. But as soon as I hit Normandy, that's all I needed. The hatred that's developed will be a long time in leaving.»
Pfc. Francis Soucie of Providence, R. I., Co. F rifleman.

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

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



Nazis Own Disguise Trick Smacks Back

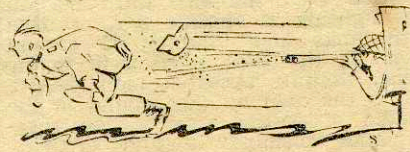
While a task force under Capt. Daniel Moore, MacAleester, Okla., was headed for Niederkassel Co. A, under Capt. Wilfred Barber, Okla. City, flanked a large German sheet metal factory.

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

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

Buckshot in Rear End Makes Jerry Litterbug

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



infantryman was coming around the corner of the building.

Cornelius let go a volley from both barrels that had the surprised Heine dancing down the road.

Said he, « There's nothing more reliable than a shot-gun ».

Ivan Helps Joe Dig Up Hiding SS

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

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

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

Thanks Boys, Have A Cig - Said the Nazi

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

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

Yank Profanity is Sweet Music to Falling Aviator

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

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

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

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

Co D Men on Recon Take Village Alone

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bridge is Blasted

(Continued from Page 1)

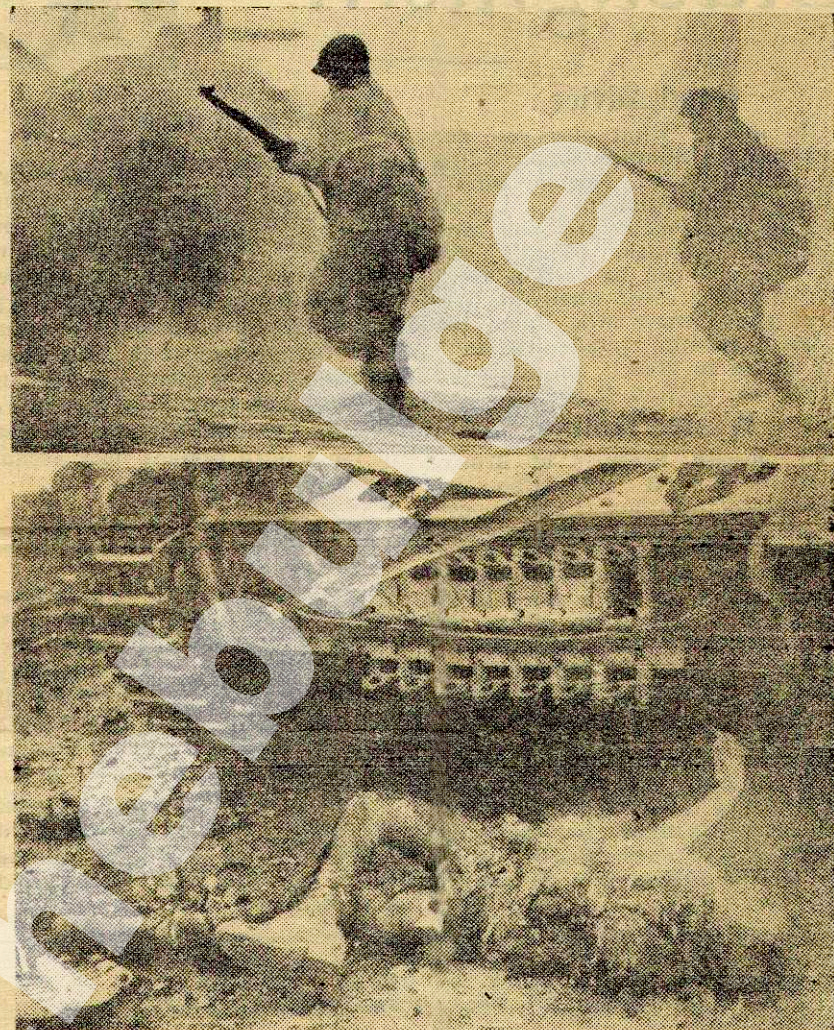
A short time before, Co. B had sent out a patrol of three men Lt. Sherwin Kutts, Rockford, Mich., S/Sgt. John Bernard, Swansae, Mass. and Pfc. Bernie Meles, N. Y. C. to check the bridge. Finding it intact, they were returning to report when the terrific explosion carried their message.

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

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

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

Nazis Burn . . .



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

Last Ditch Battle at Rhine Death Knell for Nazi Regime

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

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

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

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

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

As dawn broke, the barrage lifted.

No Maggies Drawers For Rookie in Battle

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

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

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

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

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

Good For a Laugh Even in a Foxhole

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

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

Sidelights...



Good Advice

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

Wasted Ammo

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

Burned Rear

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

Scared of Mice

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

Mon Cheri

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

AT Crew Commended For Sticking it Out

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

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

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

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

Anything Can Happen in The Life of a Jeep Driver

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Just then, a messenger entered. «Hey, Schiada, get up, you've got to go on a trip with the Major.»

Fires Through Tree To Kill Lurking Kraut

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

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

Doughs, P47s Destroy Tigers

(Continued from page 1)

Capt. James Shonak, AT C.O. from Springfield, Mass. ordered his mine platoon leader to set up daisy chain roadblocks on the numerous roads through town. Lt. John Maiden, Farnham, N. Y. and Lt. Thomas Gammage of Cosa-Grande, Ariz., gathered all available men with rifle grenades and bazookas and positioned them in cellars, second story windows, lumber piles manure piles and any advantageous spot for antitank defenses. A partially disabled 57 mm. AT gun was salvaged for this action and manned into position with a makeshift gun crew of cooks, mechanics and radio operators under S/Sgt. Frank Turchan, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Nazi armor overran the outpost defenses and the leading tank was making its way into town when the timely arrival of the P47s and accurate firing of Co. K bazookamen knocked it out. Hit simultaneously from the air and the ground, it burst into flames. The bazooka teams were Cpl. John Dumford of Lawton, Okla., Tec 5 Jose Argue of Pleasanton, Texas and Tec 5 Harry Du Val of Monroe, Mich. and Pvt. Willie Trammel.

On Friday at 0500, intensive shell fire poured into Kappellan. Co. I commanded by Capt. Roland Eaton of Lancaster, Ohio had cleaned out this town on the Erit Canal the previous day and were blocking the right flank for the armored columns advance north.

The company was completely surrounded by Jerry tanks and infantry. Tanks were even seen on the open field that the company had crossed the morning before. All avenues of communications and supplies to the trapped infantrymen were covered. The doughs got ready.

Lt. Donaldson Robbins, 908th FO from Salt Lake City began his dash from one post to another directing artillery fire. TDs were called from Hemmerden.

Several tanks were dug in across the road from the first platoon led by Lt. Sylvester Smith of Medina, N. Y. The platoon CP was shelled. Some of the men took cover in nearby ack ack pits. Pvt. Roman Perez of Galveston, Texas knocked the track off of one tank with a rifle grenade while Pvt. Robert Richardson of Dillon, SC. and Pvt. Modesto Ojeda of Kansas City, Mo. blew up another with bazooka rockets. Again Ojeda waited for one of the attacking tanks to roll fairly close. With three well-aimed bazooka rounds, he knocked it out. The platoon then withdrew for more favorable positions. They ran into Jerry infantry, killed 20 and took 13 prisoners.

At the western end of town, the second platoon under Lt. Val Winters of St. Louis were faced with Jerry infantry to their rear and left flank. The GIs opened up. The Nazis scattered and began to work their way around the building. A tank coming down the road was directed to their location by a civilian. A few rounds from the tank knocked out a machine gun nest. Believing the Yanks dead from the tank's fire, the Jerries rushed the bul-

ding and were mowed down by the riflemen who held their ground. The platoon was soon cut off from the rest of the company. Sgt. Kenneth Hill of Canton, Ohio, Sgt. Frank Sarris of McKeesport, Pa. and Pfc. Henry Willemson of Oscaloosa, Iowa infiltrated the enemy cordon and made their way to the regimental CP in Hemmerden. This town was also receiving a barrage of 88s and men of regimental headquarters were prepared again to stave off any possible attack directly on the CP.

T/Sgt. Carl Hansen's third platoon was fighting in another part of town with tanks and infantry all around them. By this time, P-47s were on the scene. Nothing appeared more beautiful to the men on the ground in the middle of enemy armor than these airplanes zooming in and dropping their eggs on Nazi tanks and then re-turning in another dive to strafe the fleeing supermen scrambling from their burning tanks. If ever the infantrymen had any doubts about the close support of the Air Corps, they were forever eliminated.

The tanks destroyed, the doughs gave their full attention to Jerry infantry. Thirty-four were found in the woods directing mortar fire on American vehicles going up the MSR to forward elements approaching Neuss. Their location was radioed in and artillery wiped out the last of the Nazi counterattack.

Battlefield Inspirations

Battling American

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

The Time Is Here

With boots and clothes all covered with [muck]
A weary G. I. climbed on the truck.
His back was bent like a shapeless trace
But a smile was on his dirty face.
« For thirty days I have played the [game]. »
He said in a voice most tired and lame.
« I have fought on hills and plains [alike]. »
Creeping by day and crawling by night.
« I've charged up mountains to meet [the foe]
In proving myself a daring Joe.
I've stormed the portals of hell and [fite]
To win goals of the colonel's desire.
« I have not slept by day or by night.
Regarding sleep as a weaklings blight.
I've given my all and then some more
And I am most beaten tired and sore.
« But now at long last the time is here
When I'll get the rest that is so dear.
Ah, what joy, 'tis the end of my hunt,
I leave today for the fighting front! »
Bascom H. Biggers III
Co. C.

A Votre Santé

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

Feel First

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

Letters to the Editor

Editor TTF

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

Yours truly,
Sgt. Joe Chaney (Co. F)

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

Editor TTF

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

Sgt. Joe De More
Co. D

Lt. David E. Kribs
331st Inf.

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

Meet Your Company Correspondent

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

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

- K — Pfc. William Shulman.
- L — Pvt. Robert Moore.
- M — Pfc. Irving Jacobson.
- 1st Bn Hq — T/4 John O'Neill.
- 2nd Bn Hq — T/Sgt. James Douthitt.
- 3rd Bn Hq — Cpl. Richard Sloan.
- Reg. Hq. — Tec 4 Arthur Cavanaugh.
- AT Co. — S/Sgt. Frank Turchan.
- Cn Co. — Sgt. Austin Cline.
- 908th FA Bn — Tec 4 Oliver Weismuller.
- Co. C, 308th Eng. — Pfc. Anthony Scolo
- Co. C, 308th Med. — Pfc. Malcolm Young.



331st On Honor Roll

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