

France Decorates 331st Soldiers For Outstanding Services in Liberation

Col. York Awarded Legion D'Honneur, Croix de Guerre

Col. Robert H. York, 331st Commander, and twelve of his men were decorated last week with France's highest awards « for exceptional services in war, rendered in military operations in the liberation of France. » Col. York received both the Legion d'Honneur and Croix de Guerre.

In saluting the officers and men of the United States Army, the French Government hailed their outstanding performances in the battlefield.

The presentations were made by Gen. Koeltz in the traditional military French ceremonies including the tap on each soldier with a sword and a kiss on each cheek.

The Croix de Guerre was awarded to Lt. Col. Leniel McDonald, Jackson, Miss.; Lt. Col. Henry Neilson, Wash., D. C.; Lt. Col. George Shuster; Capt. Daniel Moore, McAllister, Okla.; Capt. Robert Mitchell, Bristol, Conn.; Capt. William Waters, Indianapolis, Ind.; Lt. Frank Douglass, Winthrop, Mass.; Lt. Alexander Kahane, Hartford, Conn.; Lt. Arthur Ungren, Lansing, Mich.; Sgt. Alexander White, Baltimore, Md.

A posthumous award was made to Lt. Col. James F. Faber.

Lily Pons Thrills Soldiers at Rhine in Germany Debut

Lovely Lily Pons, America's beautiful Metropolitan Opera Coloratura, came to the Rhine last week to sing before the men who helped liberate her native France. « The enthusiasm of the men over here is something the public can't give you », Miss Pons exclaimed. « In the States I sing by contract only twice each week here, every day — it's the spirit of these fine soldiers — I shall never become too tired to sing for them ».

Accompanied on her concert tour by her husband, Andre Kostalantetz and her flutist, Frank Versacci, Miss Pons gave six concerts in as many consecutive days for thousands of battle veterans — among them men of the 331st Infantry — who had fought the Nazis from Normandy to the Rhine. Flying here from the China-Burma-India Theatre of Operations, where her last performance was in recently captured Bhamma, Miss Pons thrilled the appreciative soldiers who overflowed the former Nazi gymnasium and auditorium at Krefeld.

This marked Miss Pons 106th concert in her around-the-world singing tour for the benefit of fighting men. She had sung in the Persian Gulf Command last summer and since January 13th of this year, she has given 57 soldier concerts in the CBI and ETO.

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Easter Morn-- '45...



EMs Official Bearing Throat Wound Fools Nazi Officers Keeps Officer Fighting Mad

When the 2nd Platoon, Co. C, found themselves so far in advance of the I. P. W. that it was necessary to question and classify their own prisoners, S/Sgt. Joseph H. Gulasy, Millville, Penn., proved himself not only a master of the German language but of conducting prisoners as well.

According to one of the Yanks guarding the prisoners, Gulasy was a prime example of what the army means by fair but firm handling of our conquered enemy.

Though only a non-com, Gulasy's forceful manner had the prisoners, most of them officers, bewildered as to his rank. Their final decision, gleaned from their private conversation, was that he was a high ranking intelligence official.

Each prisoner, upon approaching the desk where Gulasy was conducting the hearing, snapped to attention and rendered a prompt salute. Their attitude during the entire questioning was strictly respectful.

It was obvious that Gulasy's manner and conduction of the proceedings left a strong impression of discipline, law and order.

Distinctive...

The battle diehards of the Three-Thirty-First, recently took time out from their «Watch on the Rhine» to

Lt. Caddie Henrage from Georgetown, Ky. is the wearer of the Purple Heart and one cluster. But he also carries with him in battle today unmistakable evidence of an encounter with the Nazis — a bullet lodged next to his windpipe. And it will always be there, according to medical authorities.

The shot inaugurated a thrilling interlude in his military career. It was inflicted by a sniper during the hedgerow days. For six weeks Henrage remained a prisoner of the Germans. For 10 days he lay in a Heine field hospital sweating out his evacuation to Germany and hoping

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Machine Gunner Sends Heinie Car Careening

Quiet, bespectacled Pfc. Stanley Dolsky, Co. F machine gunner from Windber, Pa., does not appear to be the rough and ready doughboy one would imagine in a frontline outfit. But his actions during the regiment's drive towards the Rhine prove again that appearances are deceiving.

Doughboys Set-up Model Military Government in Conquered Neuss Suburb

In the broken city of Neuss, the immortal symbol of American humanity was enacted again last week. Men of the 331st Combat Team came into the town as conquerors — but not to destroy, pillage or murder. They had killed or captured the last German who wanted to fight. Approximately 15,000 of the city's inhabitants climbed out of their candle-lighted cellars and began to resume a somewhat normal life amidst these khaki-clad soldiers from the States. And weary footsore doughboys from the battlefield proved their versatility while, in cooperation with the CIC, they scoured the city for civilian clothed German soldiers, searched the homes for weapons and short-wave radio equipment and checked for every possible sign of espionage.

Typical of the manner in which fighting men met their new problems of handling civilians in hostile territory, is the story of the first battalion billeted in the Neuss suburb of Buderich. Their set-up was established before the arrival of the Military Government in Neuss and encouraged by the latter because of its efficient operation.

Tackling the job like civic veterans, Lt. John Clevenger of Perth Amboy, N.J., S/Sgt. Daniel Baran of Savannah, Ga., Pfc. Frank Reichman of Ludlow Asbury, N.J. and Pfc. Walter Kohlmann of Bronx, New York set up their office in a small room of a house taken over as the Neuss office.

« We sent out word », said Clevenger, « that we wanted the people to send us a representative body of two or more men. The following morning six men, comprised of doctors and lawyers came to see us. They told us they had been former council members in this town during pre-Hitler days. And they also related how three of them were about to be executed on the very day that the Yanks arrived.

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AP Mine Sweepers Spearhead Tank Drive

The answer to the 1st battalion's attack on the town of Oberlorick, Germany is « just plain guts ».

The 1st Battalion's A and P platoon was given the mission of riding the tanks with the rest of the rifle companies and then dismounting when mines were encountered. Previous to the attack they had spent the better part of the night in filling a bomb crater in the center of a strategic highway. It was imperative that the crater be filled, so the men were forced to labor for several hours, their only weapons being entrenching tools.

After the tanks had moved along for a good distance and were nearing the objective, the lead tank ran into a mine, bursting into flames. Immediately the men leaped off and started to operate their detectors, clearing the way into Oberlorick. They uncovered many mines, the results of long hours of back-breaking labor in the pitch-blackness, and under an intense enemy mortar fire.

Fighting Men Earn US and UK Furloughs

« Hail, hail the gang's all here » rang throughout the regiment last week as groups of doughboys gathered for trips to Paris, Brussels, the United Kingdom and finally — for the lucky few — to the States. Following the ETOUSA directive, the trips are given to men longest in combat under the most severe conditions. The 30 day homeward bound furloughs and leaves are on the basis of time served overseas giving preference to twice-decorated soldiers or to men twice hospitalized from wounds in combat.

Since the program was inaugurated two officers and 24 men of the 331st have headed home. Pfc. Everett Hansen of Concord, Mass. Pfc. Carl Booker of Natchez, Miss. and Pfc. William Galloway from Cambridge, Mass. were the latest to bid their fellow soldiers goodbye, their pockets stuffed with telephone numbers for wives and folks. Hansen and Booker were overseas 22 months and Galloway 34.

Furloughs to the United Kingdom are seven days with all travel expenses paid by Uncle Sam to any point they choose. The first to renew their newlymade, English acquaintances are Maj. Lawrence LaLiberte, 2nd Bn Exec. Off., S/Sgt. Ermil Richardson, Co. C, Sgt. Clifford Nix, 1st Bn Hq. Co., T/Sgt. John McAbee, Co. G., T/Sgt. Norman Neily, Co. F, S/Sgt. Julius Canady, Co. E, T/Sgt. James Cook, Co. M, Sgt. Kenneth Hayes, Co. L, Pfc. Kurt Metzger, Co. K.

Radio Crew Hold Life-line of Regt.

It looked like the enemy was not only going to knock on the Regt. Hq.'s door, but was coming right through to the back porch.

A message was hurriedly sent by radio to Division. « Request any available armor to ward off counterattack by armor and infantry, to our position. » Within two hours, P-47's overhead, gave a « roger » to the call.

There's more to the sixteen word

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C, 308th Med., Pfc. Malcom Young.

Week of Worship . . .

In this week of holy days for both Gentile and Jew, the army has decreed that every man be given every opportunity to worship. And in this, our Easter issue, we are happy to publish these editorials by our chaplains.

Easter . . .

It is a high privilege to address an Easter message to the members of our Regiment. We are on the threshold of the most significant day in the Christian year. The theme of its song of triumph will be sung by millions again. «Christ, the Lord, is risen today».

What is the meaning and message of Easter for us individually? First, that we are ourselves immortal spirits, created for another world and more akin to that other World than to this one. Secondly, those who die do not leave us. They have been admitted to a much fuller revelation of what life is. Let us not be deceived by our own words. The dead are not dead. They are much more alive than we are. They are still themselves. They understand. They are not gone. Still less are they lost. Surround them with love and hope. Lift up your hearts for them and their hearts shall be lifted with yours. They are so near — if we only knew.

What of the Easter message for such a World as this? Let us never cease to look up and out. We have reason to do this at all times. Wrong, evil and sin will not, and cannot, win. You say, «I don't know about that. It seems as though God's in his Heaven and all is hell in the World». But a man with Easter in his heart and soul knows how to say, «God's in his Heaven and all's well with the World». Not that it ever means that the World God wants is finished. God is not angry with the man who says, «Look at all that's wrong with this World. Why I could make it better.» Rather, God is saying, «Friend, start where you are and with yourself. I cannot finish it without you».

What a World of need we face. May this celebration of Easter make us more equal for it. Let your hearts be filled with God's best gifts — HOPE, FAITH, LOVE.

Chaplain Edward L. Swartout.

Passover . . .

The advent on March 28th of the Holy Days of Passover, commemorating the emancipation of the ancient Hebrews from Egyptian bondage, brings into sharp focus the great drama of World liberation in which we are participating. Perhaps history will judge that ours was the greater epoch of the two. For in its universality, it not only represents the mobilization of the spiritual and material resources of our society joined in a supreme effort to annihilate a fascist tyranny, but it also signifies a common earnest hope and prayer that we may establish a World based upon life-giving freedoms, and which will give to the life-denying forces of hate, bigotry and war no effective sanction.

We are confident of eventual victory. Once this great victory is achieved, however, our emphasis must change. It will then be not so much what we have defeated, as what we have learned. Freedom perils, the privations and the lost years of war. We must also share the responsibilities of the peace. An irresponsible peace, that means when you and I fail, will mean inevitable subjugation and the recurrence of wars. A responsible peace will make man worthy of the divine image and he will harvest the rewards of goodness.

On passover night Jewish doughs will sit at a Seder table (liturgical dinner) and read from the Hagadah, the historical account of the liberation. One passage will begin thus: «In every generation each one must regard himself as though he had gone forth from Egypt.» The thought is crystal-clear. Freedom is communal, but it is also personal. It is not an heirloom, merely to be enjoyed. Freedom must be a living spirit, renewed in each generation, fortified by every act in our living. May God strengthen our hands and hearts in the fulfillment of His teachings.

Chaplain Jacob M. Ott.

REMEMBER?

Dec. 11, 1941 — Germany and Italy declared war on the United States 4 days after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and other bases of this country in the Pacific.

Oct. 3, 1941 — Adolf Hitler told the German people: «This enemy (Soviet Russia) is already broken and will never rise again.»

Hq. Pltn. Braves Enemy Shells to Get Through

By engaging a German force in a running fire fight, three men of 3rd Bn Hq Co. got through with vital information for the CP and saved several vehicles from being ambushed.

Sgt. Major Charles Naakter, of Kalida, Ohio; Cpl. Thomas McCombs, of Moundville, West Va., and Pvt. Pelman Hudson, messenger from Turkey, N. C., volunteered to contact elements of I Co. and

lead the riflemen back to Hemmerden where the latter were to pick up their relief units. Three quarters of the way back, this small force of four or five Yanks encountered some 20 Germans, were forced to engage them in a close-up battle, before being able to infiltrate the Jerry positions and take the information back that the Germans still controlled the main road.

Human Caravan Stops World Show

All firing had ceased, as American and Nazi infantrymen stopped to watch the human caravan cross the open.

Following a guide, Cpl Sidney Schackmeister, of New York; Pfc Lyle Porter of Iwasso, Mich.; and Pvt Donald Salsbury of Logan, Ohio, cautiously made their way to the bottom of the hill under heavy mortar and artillery fire. Members of a 2nd battalion litter-carrying party, they were searching for some casualties that had been reported in the vicinity.

They were arrested by a shout and waving of a white flag, approximately 300 yards to their left. Thinking it might be a wounded dough, they decided to head for the white flag, despite the fact that they were now within range of small arms fire.

When the litter-bearers arrived at the flag, they found only a Jerry soldier, who motioned to be followed, and guided them to a German aid station, some 1500 yards further. The aid-men decided to hand-carry the wounded.

On the first trip, they carried the most serious case back, covering the patient with a blanket that Schackmeister talked the Heinie-medics into lending. On the return-trip, they led fifteen aid men to the enemy aid-station to help carry back the remaining wounded.

Battle-Tried EMs Gain Commissions

Six more battle-trying men of the 331st gained recognition last week and exchanged their stripes for gold bars. The new shavetails are Lts. Kenneth Bergquist, Co. C, Richard Drury, Co. H, George Riley, Co. A, Larry Dalton, Co. F, Robert Clopton, Co. H and Carl Hansen, Co. I.

Bergquist entered the service in March '43 and joined the 331st a year later. He bears the Silver Star and Cluster and the Purple Heart. A native of Minneapolis, Minn. he was in the construction business. He's 22 years and single.

Bearer of the DSC, Silver Star, Purple Heart and Distinguished Unit Badge, Drury has been in uniform since June '42 having fought through the African and Sicilian campaigns. He joined the 331st in December '43. His wife and son reside in Newark, N. J. He's 25.

Riley worked at the Naval Air Base in Trinidad before Uncle Sam called in October '43. After seven months in the IRTC, he joined the 331st. He is 36 years, single and a native of Delray Beach, Fla.

Dalton left his farm in Kidder, Ky. to enlist in October '40. Two years later he was transferred to the 331st. He wears the Purple Heart is 23 years and single.

A native of Ferris, Texas, Clopton enlisted in October '40 and came to the 331st in June '43 as a private. He was awarded the Silver Star and Purple Heart. He is 24 years and single.

Hansen was playing professional baseball when his greetings arrived in February, 1942. After training recruits for two and a half years in an IRTC, he joined the 331st. A native of Englishtown, N. J. he is 25 years and single. He bears the Silver Star.

300 Million Rounds Fired By Yanks in 3 Months

New York (CNS)—In a little more than 3 months, 3 American armies in France fired 300,000,000 rounds of small arms ammunition; 4,426,000 rounds of 105 mm ammunition; 1,248,000 rounds of 150 mm shells and 3,500,000 rounds of mortar shells.

These figures were released by Lt. Gen. Brehon B. Somervell, commanding general of the Army Service Forces in an address before the National Association of Manufacturers, in which he urged greater production immediately to save American lives.

Yank Ingenuity . . .

The revised machine gun and bazooka are more demonstrations of Yank ingenuity. The machine gunner wasn't satisfied killing Nazis with his .30 calibre from his usual prone or sitting position. He wanted to kill more of them-faster. He devised a cartridge clip so one man could fire a machine gun from his hip. The bazookaman was getting burned from the rocket flash. He, too, wanted to make his job easier — destroying enemy tanks.



It's typical Yank ingenuity and you can't beat it. They're the men who improvised new methods to keep warm when nature was against them. They're the same men who piddled around at home with model airplanes — or at school in the wood-work shop.

They've got a job to do over here and they want to get it over with. They're not worried about how they're going to get along — or what the postwar world has in store for them. And they don't want to be placed on a pedestal on a reviewing stand or in a glass cage.

They're going home the same happy-go-lucky carefree men who went into battle. And it will be the same inimitable Yank ingenuity that will build a greater postwar America.



Doughboys Play Ball In Jerry's Back Yard

Co. K. has already started on its spring training athletic schedule — the first of its kind to be initiated on this side of the Rhine. The idea, which was started to keep the men in fighting trim and at the same time offer a bit of diversion, is credited to the C. O., Lt Daniel Halladay of Santa Ana, California. The program consists of two popular American games, volleyball and softball. In the first of a series of inter-platoon clashes, the first platoon beat the second platoon in softball, by a score of 19-8.

Combat Calisthenics Create Confusion

It was quite a surprise to seven GIs of Co. I's first platoon when two Jerries came running out of a nearby trench yelling «Kameraden». The doughs covered the Jerries as they moved closer. Pvt. Olef Dahl of St Paul, Minn., motioned to the Jerries to raise their hands. In broken English, they explained they came to discuss peace terms.

At the same time, small arms fire opened up from several sections of the trench. Pvt. Walter Kirk of Chattanooga, Tennessee, observed that the self-styled emissaries who remained standing, were drawing fire. He motioned for them to hit the ground. As this action didn't improve the situation, Dahl this time, yelled to the krauts to stand up with their hands high. By this time the Heinies were totally bewildered. It seemed they were receiving a calisthenic drill. They stood trembling, with their hands in the air.

«Lets march 'em in front of us down into the trench and see if we can rout the others out», Kirk suggested. All agreed but the two Germans, who were reluctant to lead the way back into the trenches. With a little «coaxing and a lot more calisthenics», they changed their minds.

The seven Yanks moved through the trenches, killed at least twenty of the «super-soldiers», and took 11 prisoners.

Advice For Veterans

New York (CNS)—Cpl Max D. Novack, legal expert for YANK, has written a book designed to give GIs the lowdown on the rights of discharged servicemen and women. Entitled «How To Cash In On Your Discharge Benefits», the book will be published by Wm H. Wise & Co. New York, and will sell for \$1.

Men Pierce Enemy Cordon, Deliver Ammo

A section of 81mm mortars, belonging to Company M was cut off from all other troops as a result of a strong German counterattack, and the section was badly in need of ammunition. A desperate attempt by four M Company men, in two jeeps to get through to the beleaguered troops, was made. Volunteering to go were: Pfc George Alpizer, Pfc Delbert Singler, Pfc Jack Abner and S/Sgt Bobby Ghere.

The party got within approximately 1000 yards of its objective, when the two jeeps were ambushed by six Jerries armed with burguns, and pistols. In the fire fight that ensued, one man was seriously wounded. The others safely made their escape. A few hours later, the badly bleeding dough, was rescued by two aid-men while another company drove through, to the trapped mortar section.

Co. G Takes Town In Lightning Assault

In the 331st drive from the Roer, Company G, unheralded, virtually sneaked into the twin-city of Holzheim, in a pre-dawn attack that caught the enemy completely by surprise.

Led by Captain Joseph A. Macaluso of New Orleans, George company made an approach march of over 5000 yards in a surprise maneuver that was executed with such speed and stealth that one German machine gun nest was captured intact, complete with its occupants. Moving in a column of platoons, with the first platoon under Lt Arthur Spaulding of Vermont, leading off, the doughsloggers smashed into Holzheim in a frontal assault.

Reaching a point in the center of the town, the three platoons branched out. Although resistance was bitter in violent street fighting, Holzheim fell to G Company men by 0800 of the same morning.

Later commenting on the attack into Holzheim, T/Sgt Victor J. Krull, platoon sergeant said: «This is one time that our training served us in good stead. We once had the identical problem of an approach march, followed by an attack of a fortified city, across open terrain. We did alright considering that it was a wet run!»

The fly in the ointment: The fellow who always has a question when the critique is drawing to a close.

3rd Bn Officers



Kneeling left to right are Lt. Mac P. Waller, Capt. Howard Sweet, Capt. Roland Eaton, Lt. Noel Anderson, Lt. Daniel Holladay, Maj. William Sellers, Battalion Commander, Lt. Jack Drapkin, Lt. Vernon Fever, Capt. Robert Windsor, Lt. Alexander Kahapea, Capt. George French, Capt. Maurice Reidy, and Lt. Herbert Brandt.
Standing from left to right are: Lt. Walter Ashmore, Capt. Eno Schraft, Lt. Edward Bishop, Lt. Luther Dunn, Lt. Sampson Young, Capt. Huston Smith, Lt. Edward Kulakowski, Lt. Carl Hanson, Lt. Sylvester Smith, Lt. Richard Wade, Chaplain Edward Swarthout, Lt. Daniel Little, Lt. Ralph Blow, Lt. Frank Brew, Lt. Adolph Sharkey, Lt. Elmer Kelsick, Lt. Byron Smith, Lt. Charles Du Pres, Lt. Mitchell Weznick, Lt. John Donovan, Lt. Rufus Camon, Lt. Alvin Dietz, Lt. Paul Powell, Lt. Edwin Collins, Lt. Maurice Ridgley.

37 Officers and 150 Men in 331st Awarded For Valor

A total of 187 Silver and Bronze Star Medals were awarded 37 Officers and 150 enlisted men of the 331st and 150 enlisted men of the two weeks.

The Silver Star for gallantry in action were awarded to:

Lt. Kingston Mote, Ohio; S/Sgt Joseph Sulli, New York; Lt. Daniel Halladay, Calif.; Sgt. Warren Guttendorf, Pa.; S/Sgt Leslie Haessley, Minn.; Pvt. Modesto Ojeda, Missouri; Pvt. Walter Rzesutek, Pa.; Lt. Richard Drury, New York; T/Sgt August Thompson, Miss.; 1st Sgt Edward Nagel, Pa.; Pfc George Evans, Ohio; T/Sgt James Lusk, Ohio; S/Sgt Albert Meier, Ohio; Lt. Noel Anderson, Calif.; Capt. Wayne Beat, New Jersey; T/Sgt Robert Clouton, Texas; Pfc Delbert Singler, Pa.; Lt. Bernard Baugh, Wash.; Sgt James Hampton, Kentucky; T/Sgt Henry Pierce, Pa.; 1st Sgt George Terhanko, Ohio; Pfc Carl Whitley, Mich.; Col. Robert H. York, Ala.; Sgt. Franz Egger, New Jersey; Sgt. Lecowen Lynch, Ky.; Capt. Harry Granelyn, Mich.; T/Sgt Paul Lewis, Pa.; Lt. Maurice Reidy, Mass.; Pfc Herbert Ray, New York.

Recipients of the Bronze Star were: Sgt Raymond Gross, Ill.; Pfc Sidney Rhendahl, Minn.; Pfc Norman Ness, Ill.; Lt. Joseph Boldjar, New Jersey; Capt. John Caddie, Mass.; Pfc Milton Chaplin, Maine; Lt. Vernon Fever, Ill.; Capt. Marion Cooper, Ind.; Lt. Charles Ebright, Calif.; Pfc Felix Caudill, Ky.; Pfc Augustine Dadacki, Mich.; Pfc Francis Graham, New Jersey; Pfc Gerald King, Ill.; Pfc Otto Reynolds, Wis.; Sgt Glenn Vaughn, Calif.; Tec 5 Charles Stuart, Va.; S/Sgt Charles Bigelow, Calif.; Tec 4 Herman Bledsoe, Ind.; T/Sgt Leroy Titus, Ohio; Pfc Oliver Wilson, W. Va.; T/Sgt James Archambault, Vermont; T/Sgt Earl Bemus, Texas; Pfc James Doerner, Minn.; S/Sgt Normand Malo, R. I.; Tec 3 Victor St. Peter, Wis.; Lt. Samuel Stranahan, Mass.; Lt. Col. Frederick Bailey, Mass.; Pfc William Harned, Ind.; Sgt. Kenneth Hayes, Ill.; S/Sgt Charles Hull, Penn.; Pfc Robert Idzik, New York; Pfc Paul Kirkland, Texas; T/Sgt Victor Krull, Ohio; S/Sgt Vernon Lovely, Okla.; Pfc Robert Norton, Tenn.; Pfc Roy Peters, Ohio; Pfc Walter Sherys, Mass.; Lt. Anthony Steinhauser, N. Y.; S/Sgt James Price, New York; Maj. William Sellers, Md.; Lt. Chester Adreyan, Ohio; Maj. Kenneth Scott, N. Y.; Sgt. Anthony Audakinow, Pa.; Sgt. Robert Baker, Pa.; S/Sgt Andrew Chumpak, Pa.; S/Sgt Donald Crosier, Pa.; Pfc Lonnie Fannin, Ohio; Sgt. Glenn Keyser, Pa.; Pfc Pruitt, Medford, N. Car.; Pfc Daniel Morello, N. Y.; S/Sgt Charles Pate, Okla.; Sgt. Harold Lamick, Ohio; T/Sgt Vernon Nesch, Kan.; Tec 5 Clyde Stapleton, Ind.; Pvt. John Steffens, Ohio; Tec 5 Albert Allen, New York; S/Sgt Blackmore, Tenn.; T/Sgt Lerner Corn, Ky.; Pfc Isaac Garnett, Ohio; S/Sgt Henry Kain, W. Va.; S/Sgt Roy Newcombe, Ohio; S/Sgt Robert Parsons, Ala.; S/Sgt Darwood Root, Mich.; S/Sgt Allison Shrawder, N. J.; Sgt. Donald Watson, Pa.; Lt. Harold Watson, Pa.; Lt. Harold Woodson, Okla.; Lt. Frank Barnes, Mich.; Pfc William Guldberg, Ill.; Sgt. George Gutkunst, Jr., Pa.; Pfc David Logan, Ala.; S/Sgt Harold Merrill, Calif.; Pfc Robert Mitchell, Ill.; Pfc Joseph Saltzman, Da.; Pfc James Teague, Ind.; Pfc Burton Zinsser, Conn.; Tec 5 Achilles Bernard, Pa.; Pfc Archie Kelly, Va.; Tec 4 James Schaeffer, Ohio; S/Sgt Robert Stand-

fast, New Jersey; T/Sgt Frank Bunk, Pa.; Lt. Vernon C. Fever, Ill.; Tec 4 Jack Berry, Nebr.; Capt. Jacob Dabis, Pa.; Lt. Wayne Greene, Nebr.; S/Sgt William Heirule, Pa.; Pfc Russell Lenling, Mass.; Lt. John Piana, Mich.; S/Sgt Walter Salczynski, Lt. Candler Wisclozle, Miss.; S/Sgt R. B. Young, Tenn.; Capt. Joseph Macaluso, La.; Capt. Robert Mitchell, Conn.; S/Sgt John Gregory, Ohio; Pfc Sol Colonios, New York; Pfc George Connin, Ohio; S/Sgt Timothy De Salis, Pa.; Pfc Michael Franco, N. Y.; Lt. Daniel Halladay, Calif.; S/Sgt Nick Hasychak, Pa.; Pvt. Hercules Kontoulas, N. Car.; Sgt. Alfred Rwas, Texas; Pfc Harold Segers, Ga.; S/Sgt Herbert Allen, Ohio; Pfc David Baker, W. Va.; Lt. Fred Cebula, Mass.; Pfc Joe Copeland, Texas; Pfc Robert Bast, Ind.; S/Sgt David Gorman, Wis.; Pfc Vannie Griggs, Ky.; S/Sgt Franklin Kelly, Ohio; Pfc David Kowosinski, Mich.; Lt. Edward W. Kulakowski, Mich.; S/Sgt William Olinec, Ill.; Pfc Edward Patch, Vt.; S/Sgt Arthur Ryan, W. Va.; Lt. Joseph Bates, Calif.; Lt. Werner Buck, Minn.; Pfc Eugene Frizzell, New York; S/Sgt Claudus Johnson, W. Va.; T/Sgt Brown Jones, Va.; Pfc John Karol, Pa.; Pfc Raymond Lougee, Conn.; Sgt. Edward Whitman, Ohio; Sgt. Ivan Helgerson, Wis.; Pfc Willard Cornelious, Sgt. Augie Caggero, Calif.; S/Sgt Joseph Henley, Tenn.; Pfc Frank Houser, Ohio; Lt. Donald Black N. Y.; Sgt. Joseph Friesello, N. Y.; T/Sgt John McAbee, N.

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Photogenic ...

Pfc. Ernesto De Francisco of Philadelphia, Pa., 1st Bn Hq Co., can boast the most photogenic face in the regiment now that he's had his picture in thousands of newspapers in the States from coast to coast. An AP photographer snapped his photo in Gey, Germany as he picked up a salvaged alarm clock.

Japs Prepare To Fight Us in Asia

Washington (CNS)—The Asiatic continent will become the main battlefield for troops of the U. S. and Japan, according to the Tokyo radio.

In a broadcast recorded by the FCC, Tokyo said: «Today, when raids on Japan itself are growing in intensity, the country which will be able to take the place of the (Japanese) mainland and in the industrial field is Manchukuo (Manchuria).

Manchuria's position in the corner of Asia, the broadcast continued, becomes very important when it is possible to forecast that the Chinese continent will become the main battlefield for our troops and the United States.»

'Gung Ho' Prevails Among Commos

Never before has the famous-fighting slogan of Carlson's Raiders, Gung Ho (work together), been of such paramount significance.

In the recent operation to the Rhine, Hq. Co. 2nd Bn., witnessed a good example of teamwork. Members of the wire crew personnel were jeapless as a result of a head on collision with a neatly concealed teller mine. Communications to the most forward element of the battalion then close to the Rhine bank, being of prime importance, S/Sgt John Forshey, of Akron, Ohio, radio section chief, on his own initiative, proceeded to round up a group of volunteer linemen from the company's A and P platoon. The volunteers, Pfc Anthony Berardi, Philadelphia, Pa., Pfc William Phipps, from Alabama, and Pvt. Rex Wittmer, from Oregon, under Forshey's direction and supervision, spent a few hectic hours laying the necessary wire, and then finally policed it until the regular wire personnel were sufficiently recovered to take over.

Cardle light may be romantic but most of us could use something a little more responsive to make love to.

Three Joes and The Light That Failed

« And God said let there be light, and there was light... » But it isn't as easy all that.

Members of Co. G, Tec. 5, Robert Goldstein, of New Jersey, and Pfc. Gene Costanzo, of Pittsburg, Pa., bumped their able noggins together, and decided to build a lighting system, for their company. They planned to install the entire contraption in a jeep-trailer and provide the company with lights wherever they go.

After getting their CO's permission, they proceeded to salvage motors from knocked out German vehicles, and repair an old generator that they had found. By this time, after working for three days and three nights assembling their electrical monster, « the two Wizards of Menlo Park », pressed into service one Pfc. Kermit Ralston of Terre Haute, Ind., as they debated Newtonian principles.

« Naw, I tink your wrong, muttered Goldie, blasphemously. « Baloney, da' wire's all shot ta' hell », retorted Costanzo. « Well I'll be a monkey's unk-le if da' switch aint pulled ! », blared Ralston.

Fumbling in the dark, the three made the final adjustments for their power plant, that had now reached herculean dimensions. At precisely, midnight, while all the company waited in their respective billets, hopefully anticipating a ray of precious illumination to bless their tapped in bulbs, the master switch was thrown. That night Co. G wrote letters by candlelight.

Anyway He Didn't Swallow Them

The howitzers of the 908th FA Bn were adding their voices to the booming of the other big guns in laying down a preparation for the jump-off across the Roer River. No one was getting any rest from the crashing thunder. Cpl. Royce Simmons from San Francisco, Cal. had his mouth stretched open in the best Joe E. Brown fashion. It was a wise procedure to lessen the concussion caused by the guns.

Suddenly during a particularly loud barrage, a strange expression crossed his face. He reached in his mouth and pulled out his upper plate. It had been completely snapped in two by the concussion of the guns.

Greetings Across the Ocean.....
March 25—Birthday greetings to my brother, Rudy. Now watch out for Uncle Sam's Greetings !—Pfc. Philip Graff, Co. G.

More Messages to Victory ...



And another shell went whistling across the Rhine. Cannon Co. together with the 908th artillery batteries are continually pouring shells into the flattened Reich easing the doughboy's job to strike through the Nazi defenses. These cannoners are Cpl. Elmer Gregory, Webster Spring, W. Va., Pfc. Anthony Krukowski, Weirton, W. Va. Pvt. William Lavender, Philadelphia, Pa. and Pfc. Leon Salyer, Nickelville, Va.

Foxhole Interviews

QUESTION: As a frontline fighting soldier, what do you think should be done with Germany after the war?

S/Sgt. Warren Miller of Jacksonville, Fla., rifle platoon gulde in Co. E.

« Germany has got to be policed in postwar days, and there's no question about that. We don't want to come back here and fight this thing over again. How many lessons do we need. Wars aren't inevitable and if we can stop them at its source, let's do it. As for policing this place, there's no greater experience for an 18 year man out of high school. A year of military training, occupation duty over here and then home on a rotation plan would make him more mature quicker.



Pfc. George McDavid of Gainesville, Fla., Co. G rifleman.

« Germany should be allowed to exist as a nation. Breaking it up into small states isn't the answer. But the German people have got to be policed for years after the war. It will be necessary to keep their factories open and

an eye kept on them so they won't be used for military purposes. America should have a representative in each factory to watch their production. It's the only way you can keep Germany from bearing arms again and still exist as a normal country. »

QUESTION: What do you think of all the stories written in newspapers and various publications in the States advising wives and mothers how to treat returning servicemen?

Pfc. Paul Hallum, Co. D mortarman from Wooster, Ark.

« Well, I tell you. I want to go home and live a peaceful life without interference, without taking orders from anyone or any baloney at all. I have learned to appreciate the life of a civilian and boy when I return, I'm making the most of that opportunity. Outside of a strong desire to be on my own, I'm not any different than I was before the war and I don't expect any different treatment from my family. »



Pfc. Arthur Bea of Springfield, 111. Co. B rifleman.

« It will take weeks to readjust ourselves to civilian life because we're so accustomed to regimentation — following orders — strict obedience. To do things ourselves when and as we want to will be a new and strange feeling. Outside of that readjustment period though, I don't believe any of us have changed so much that we're going to act or talk differently



Mortarmen Erase Camouflaged Gun

The third platoon, of Co. H, are claiming the distinction of being the first heavy weapons unit to fire across the Rhine. With their 81mm guns set up southeast of Neuss, the mortar fire was placed on a 20mm anti-aircraft gun, cleverly camouflaged to represent a haystack. With S/Sgt. Richard Dury, as observer, and under the direction of S/St Edward Gortatowski, the gun manned by Sgt Albert Supra, Sgt Beuford Shields, Pfc Coleman, Pfc Aller, Chism, Petetz and Pfc Wolf, placed direct hits on the anti-aircraft position, putting it out of action.

Bullets, Wine Make Foxhole Birthday Gifts

« What a heck of a way to spend my birthday », muttered Pfc. Marie Hicks Co. K rifleman from Punxsatawney, Pa. as he hugged the Rhine river's bank. Machine gun bullets splattered all around him. He edged his way to a trench and rolled into it. As he hit the bottom of the trench something hard and sharp dug into his back. « Damn », he cried. And he reached around to grasp the object — a bottle.

The next minute as dirt was still kicking up, Hicks was taking several swallows of some Heinie wine. By the time the contents had disappeared, a squad had come down the flank and wiped out the Jerry machine gun nest allowing Hicks to continue his birthday celebration in a safer spot.

« Two of the best presents I ever received » he said.

Lily Pons Thrills Soldiers in Germany

(Continued from Page 1)

In her backstage dressing room Miss Pons was applying her make-up as Andre Kostalanetz led his all-soldier band in their opening number. « I always refused to sing in Germany », she said. « This is the first time and I am happy. I was so happy to see Aachen for the first time. » She explained that this was also the first metropolitan season she missed since 1930. « It is so much more necessary to be here, » she said. « These men are not jitterbugs, they want good music, they love it and we must give it to them. »

Miss Pons laid down her powder puff. She listened for a moment. « That silence, that deep silence from the au-



Lily Pons

dience touches me deeply, » she sighed. Their appreciation is fantastic. »

Miss Pons told how she traveled by plane and flew from one plateau in the CBI to another in C47s, flying fortresses, B-25s. She flew in a C-46 transport plane from Marseille to Paris. « I had to sleep on the floor but I didn't mind it a bit. » She said. « My biggest thrill here was going up to within a block of the Rhine. »

Born and raised in Cannes, Miss Pons saw her relatives for the first time since France's liberation. She has six nieces and nephews in Paris and found them all well.

During Theodore Paxton's piano solo, Andre Kostalanetz came back-stage. « These soldier-musicians are wonderful, » he said. « It's amazing how well they are still able to play after being away from their instruments for a long time. »

« When we were in China, » he added, « we flew many times over the mountains. And though the high altitudes overcame many of the boys, they still had the energy to play as soon as they landed. They're doing a magnificent job. Their enthusiasm is inspiring. »

Mr. Kostalanetz said that before he left the States he told the War Department that he wanted to make the soldier an integral part of his show, to use them wherever possible in every performance.

« This morning, » he recounted, « I was walking down the street and saw a division band practicing. I got up on the hood of a jeep and directed them. The way the German civilians looked at us they thought the war had ended. »

« In another moment, » he said « you will hear beautiful playing from the string instruments in Victor Herbert's melodies. »

« Good music is the next best thing to keep America before the men, » Kostalanetz said. « And above all, American music on the Rhine sounds very good. »

Miss Pons sang The Blue Danube, Escalita, Ave Maria, Hear the Gentle Lark, Summertime and a selection from Rigoletta. Among the orchestral numbers were Besame Moucho Holiday for Strings, Rhapsody in Blue.

Battalion Command Group Gets in the Thick of Things Selling Pace for Record Attack

« Now », continued the Major, « let's get the thing moving immediately. You all have the plan and should be able to get to the line of departure without too much difficulty. For final coordination, before we cross the line of departure, we will meet in Hemmerden. I am moving my command group there now. »

At this point the Major produced an envelope of Benzadrine tablets and passed them around. This was the second sleepless night in the 331st battle to the Rhine and there was little hope that the situation would change soon.

The story of the attack as related by Capt. Harry C. Fleming of Punxsatawney, Pa., 908th FA Bn liaison officer with the second battalion produces some interesting observations on the function of a command group.

At 0100 of D-Day, the officers of the battalion met in a cafe at Hemmerden. TDs, Tanks, Communications, Antitank and A and P Platoon leaders, Artillery officers and Engineers were all closely knit into Maj. Laliberte's plan. The time was 0300 when the officers saluted the Major and went out into the darkness.

Tanks were moving along the road from Hemmerden to the line of departure. The sky was filled with tracers to the left where a tank unit was attacking.

Some haystacks were burning and three searchlights were attempting to produce artificial moonlight. Machine gun fire sounded distant and the artil-

lery came back with the crunch of far off shelling. The road to the line of departure was a long column of tanks and half tracks. Infantry moved along the road with a file on each side. Jeeps were weaving in and out of the tank column. All this traffic and activity was accomplished with surprising silence. That had been the Major's order to all concerned, « We're goin' to slip up on the bastards, but slip up with power. »

E Company was now moving along the road sides past the tanks. The sky flared in the near west as the armor continued their attack. The tank column on the highway was halted momentarily by a mine field and a high velocity gun firing from the right.

One of the buildings beside the C. P. was burning and throwing sparks. The tracers, burning haystacks and buildings, signaled the action to the left of the highway, but the Bn's sector to the right was yet dark and silent.

Everything was set and all final coordination had been made.

The Command Group, led by Maj. Laliberte, mounted jeeps and moved through Co. E's column toward the front. There was firing ahead. A tanker reported his tank knocked out by an AT gun or enemy tank firing from the right of the highway. Col. York came walking down the road. He was looking for Maj. Laliberte. He sent for medical personnel to take care of his driver, then calmly mentioned that he

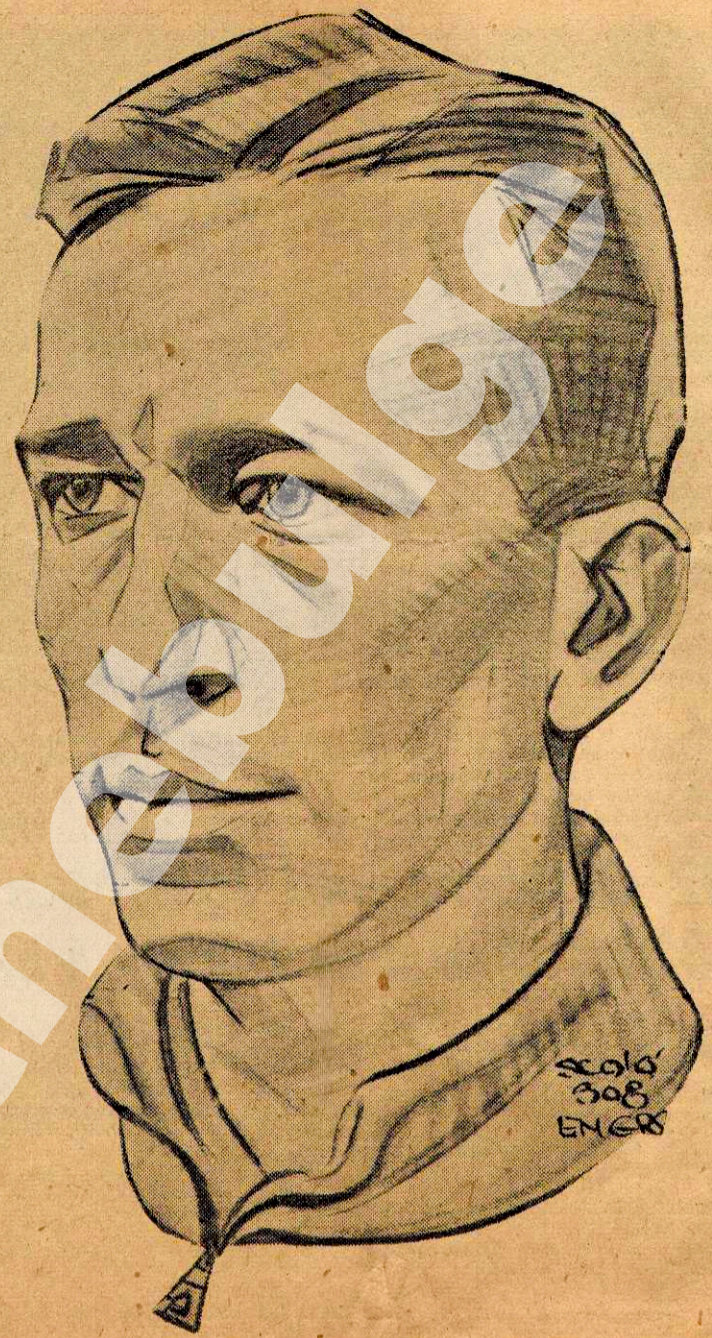
had hit a mine. Blood was running from cuts on his face, but the Colonel insisted he was alright. After a conference with the Major he left for the regimental CP.

The companies moved forward to their objectives. The next halt of the Command Group was near a large white house on the left, several hundred yards past the mine field. Radios were set up as men from Co. E cleared the buildings. Radio contact was good with G and F companies.

Capt. Mitchell to Capt. Macaluso, « See that white flag in the church steeple? » Mac to Mitch: « The hell with them. The bastards are pulling a fast one, let's go in after them. »

As F Company began their assault by fire, Maj. Laliberte, Capt. Fleming, Lt. Wiselogle, and Sgts. Coyne and Gagne started for this sector. This group had worked its way across open fields to a bomb crater to the rear of F Company. A few hundred yards to the front, the tanks were firing into the tops of the buildings. There was excellent observation from this position. Capt. Rogers was holding the rest of the command group at a forward C.P., a large white house along the highway. Maj. Laliberte now sent Sgt. Gagne back to Capt. Roger's location to find out E Company's situation, give Capt. Rogers his present location, and to tell him that he was going into town with G Company.

Arty Bn Executive Officer



Maj. George P. Fosque

In two years, Maj. George P. Fosque rose through the ranks from a second lieutenant to earn his majority as Executive officer of the 908th FA Bn. Maj. Fosque joined the battalion in July, 1942 as a first lieutenant assuming command of Btry C. In October of the same year, he received his captaincy. He took over the duties of Battalion S-3 in February, 1943, two months later, he was wearing his gold leaf and in October was promoted to his present assignment.

Maj. Fosque was graduated from the Virginia Military Institute in 1939 and commissioned a second lieutenant. His first assignment was in a National Guard unit, 6th FA at Ft. Hoyle, Maryland until

1940 when he interrupted his military career to teach high school. In February, 1941, he entered active service with Division Artillery of the 29th Division as aide to the Commanding General and later battery executive officer in the 111th FA Bn.

Maj. Fosque is 26 years married and his home is in Baltimore, Md. A native of Hampton, Va. he lists horseback riding and sailboating at the head of his pastime interests.

Soldiers Bring Back Synagogue to Germany

German civilians walking down Adolph Hitler Strasse in Neuss couldn't believe their eyes.

An abandoned trolley had become a GI Synagogue. Soldiers wearing picturesque purple and white prayer shawls sat comfortably in seats normally occupied by workers commuting to nationalized factories. The altar was set up on the motorman's platform, while the distinctive chaplain's flag with the Star of David mounting the Decalogue hung from the front.

Voices of doughs from the 331st Infantry blended in prayer, led by Capt Jacob M. Ott of Chicago, the 83rd's Jewish chaplain.

The bold white slogan splashed on the side of the trolley-synagogue still proclaimed « Fuhrer und Volk sind eins » — « The Leader and People are one ».

Freedom of worship had come back to the Rhine.

Plaque Awarded 908th FA

Under the provisions of War Department Circular 345, dated 23 August 1944 as amended by War Department Circular 421, dated 26 October 1944, the Meritorious Service Unit Plaque is awarded to Service Battery, 908th Field Artillery Battalion for superior performance of duty in the accomplishment of exceptionally difficult tasks during the period 1 September 1944 to 31 January 1945.

(Continued on page 8)

Personalities in Uniform

A sailor turned doughboy, Pvt. Clayton Loertcher Co I rifleman from Milwaukee, Wis., feels that life in a foxhole is a little more stable than a vessel at sea — especially in the midst of German submarines. Loertcher was Chief cook and baker on the Standard Oil Company's tanker, «Perry».

«At least you get to see the world», he said. His trips included England and two to Murmansk, Russia, and one to the small British island of Aruba in the Pacific. From there, the tank sailed to India and later through the Suez into the Mediterranean Sea.

«Surprisingly enough, one of our most dangerous voyages was along our own coast from New York to Texas,» he said. «German subs camped right on our keel. We managed to get through without incident, though».

Loertcher's most exciting voyage was made from New York to Murmansk. The tanker was trailing the convoy. A thick fog settled down. As the tanker approached the northern coast of Norway in the Bering Sea, the tanker was attacked by a German surface raider. A number of men were killed and the superstructure of the tanker severely damaged. Loertcher received shrapnel wounds in his leg. The tanker succeeded in slipping away through the fog but several hours later they were attacked again.

«It was miraculous that we weren't blown to bits», he said. He was hospitalized in Murmansk for a month and later returned to a Naval hospital in Chicago. When he recuperated his wife persuaded him to resign his job on the tanker. He joined the army in July, '44.

All Hell Breaks Loose With Hq Pltn in Front

«Say» Lt. Riley, «aint Company headquarters supposed to be in the back of the column,» said Sgt. Herald Gerard, of Perry, Ill., as he tried to keep from falling off the mammoth tank he was riding. The rest of the headquarters group were too busy trying to wipe the dust from their eyes, to pay any attention.

Suddenly all hell broke loose, as round after round of the deadly 88's swished by, and detonated 30 to 40 yard away. All of the Headquarters personnel belonging to Co. A, were rudely awakened to the fact that the rest of the company was behind them. So there they were, with only carbines and pistols to fight with, and the tank just rolling on to the objective, unperturbed.

All of this might have been well and good, but the «mobile fort» unfortunately hit an anti-tank mine, sending the equestrian riders sprawling to the ground, in such a manner as to be unbecoming to the general demeanor of their persons. The other platoons guided on past them, taking their rightful place in the assault. «Les Misérables» of the knocked out tank, limped back to the Company CP at Hammerden.

Among those present were: Sgt. Chester Dukeman, of Lancaster, Pa.; Pfc. John Stewart, of Summit, N. J.; Pfc. William Zwickel, of Cudahy, Wisconsin; Pfc. John Alley, of Marion, Va.; Pfc. Alfred Hickman, of Chestertown, Md.; and Pfc. John Pitak, of Mahanoy, Pa.

Roger Wilco . . .



Pfc. Carrol Jones, C. C messenger, hugs the ground as he receives orders from the company CP for his platoon leader. A hundred yards ahead the platoon is edging its way forward.

She Loves Us, Too . . .



America's childhood star has grown up a lovely young lady. She sends her love to the men who decided last year that she should be the movie actress to greet them in Berlin.

Old Arty Top-Kick Coolest Man in ETO

To members of the 908 FA Bn, M/Sgt. Verl R. Blessing, of Michigan, — in the army for twenty-seven and a half years — is the coolest man in the ETO.

One day the old soldier was working at the CP, when Jerry started dropping in a few rounds. When the first round landed he was asked, «Is that incoming or outgoing mail?» After hearing the second round land, he casually replied that it was only Charlie Battery registering. This would have been reassuring had the other men not learned to tell the difference between our rounds and those of the Germans from their experience since Normandy.

Sgt. Blessing must have learned to tell the difference while serving in France during World War I, but it seems that this was his way of saying «damn the torpedoes full steam ahead».

Throat Wound

(Continued from page 1)

a rescue might be effected. His hopes rose when he heard of the breakthrough. He was evacuated, but enroute to the Reich poor transportation facilities forced the convoy to halt in the French town of Chalon.

Here he was treated by French authorities under German supervision. «I'll never forget the artillery duel that raged through the night», he said. «All of us wounded were right in the middle of it.»

In the quiet of the dawn, Hennage glanced out the broken window of his hospital prison and saw an American officer. Several minutes later, the officer and a squad of litter bearers were in the room.

Hennage rejoined his outfit in the Battle of the Bulge. «Nothing pleases me more than to advance into Germany as a conqueror instead of a prisoner,» he smiled.

57s Prove Deadly In All Ways AT Learns

The reconnaissance was made by Lt John O. Maiden, New York, Lt Thomas Gammage, Arizona, Sgt Charles F. Garton, Atlantic City, N. J., and Pfc Edwin Keno, Portland, Ore., along the west bank of the Rhine, in full view of the enemy. That morning, the anti-tank gun squads dug their positions in the open terrain.

The next day, six gun squads under the supervision of Gammage as acting battery commander, took up their respective positions to deliver indirect fire into Dusseldorf, and the immediate vicinity. They scored direct hits on buildings and other targets. With the factory site on the opposite side still in flames, Gammage said: «Well, one thing we learned is that you can lay down a small or a large barrage on a designated area, in a short time. We've gotten some fairly accurate results with indirect fire with our 57 mm gun.»

Postwar Booby-trap

One attractive gal war worker to another: «I've got the postwar world all figured out — when the guy comes back to take my job, I'll marry him.»

Surrender Demands End in Yanks Favor

There seemed to be a little confusion as to who was surrendering to whom.

Co C of the 331st Infantry was returning fire on a large force of Germans who had temporarily halted their advance into Niederkassel when the firing suddenly ceased and a Nazi major stepped into the road.

On orders of Lt Kenneth Bergquest, platoon leader from Minneapolis, Minn., Germans peaking Pfc Harold Ableman laid down his weapon and advanced 50 yards to meet the major.

«I demand your surrender in the name of my commander» said Ableman.

«You demand MY surrender?» scoffed the Nazi, «I'm demanding yours.»

This wasn't exactly the reply Ableman had expected, but he countered with, «We've got you surrounded—you haven't a chance. If you don't surrender at once, I'll return, and the attack will be on.»

«Impossible,» snapped the major. «You're my prisoner. I'll shoot you if you return.»

Ableman took a deep breath, turned and started back to his company. The officer didn't fire. Learning of the refusal to surrender, Lt Patrick Murphy, Co C commander from Flint Mich., ordered marching fire.

Before half a dozen shots had been fired, white flags began to wave, and the Germans swarmed out of their positions to give Co C 207 prisoners and a relieved Ableman.

Sedan Serves Foot Soldiers in Grand Style Rounding PWs

Doughboys of Co. C brought a new kind of law and order to Obercassel and they did it in grand style. Lt. Jack Moriarity of Avon, Conn., and Sgt. Robert Todak from Toledo, Ohio bumped into a limousine in a garage. Entering the adjoining house, they found the police commissioner in the basement who gave them permission to use his car.

With the borrowed car they started on the inspection of their area. When a series of four road barriers halted their vehicle and Todak got out to make a path, Moriarity noticed two German soldiers bearing a white flag advancing. They were a lieutenant and an interpreter sergeant.

They, with 24 others, were willing to surrender if granted a safe guard. Promising this, Moriarity and Todak followed them to a stronghold where they discovered a complete arsenal.

The total lot of prisoners consisted of three German officers, three soldiers and 18 German police officials of Obercassel. This was only a portion of the prisoners they brought in as acting Chiefs of Police.

Doughs Prefer Saddling Tanks to Walking but Find Foxhole Safer

Riding a «steel monster» into battle, isn't a new experience for the battle-scarred doughfeet of the Three-Thirty-First, but here are some firsthand impressions, of several K Co, men.

When T/Sgt Theodore Ritchie, of Paris, Ky., was asked what it feels like to ride a tank, he said: «I'd rather ride a tank in open country than hoof it. The reason being, that its easier to get away from the artillery and mortar fire by speeding through it. The thing I'm most afraid of is small arms fire, because flanking fire could pick us off; then there's the ricochets which are plenty hot.»

Lt Daniel Little of De Kalb, Ill., ventured to add: «After all my experience in actual combat, and handling troops, I find that there should be more emphasis in the training back in the states, on infantry-tank tactics, and coordination. In my opinion small arms fire is the most dangerous thing in riding a tank, to the Infantryman. It is my contention that if the doughboys run into any small stuff, they should immediately jump off, and disperse from about 50 to 75 yards between men. From then on, with the support of the tanks the infantrymen should keep advancing until the danger of small arms fire is passed.»

Lone Mortar Crew Drives Tigers Back

A thrilling account of how the one remaining mortar crew of Co. I, helped to knock out a tank in the violent street fighting, during the battle for the town of Kappellen, was recently told.

When Co. I jumped off on the final assault of Kappellen, they had no tank or artillery support. Radio contact with the 81mm mortars was out. The 60mm mortars, however, had good observation of the terrain, and were guarding the rear flank of the company.

On the morning of the counter-attack, two of the three mortars were knocked out by enemy fire. The mortar observer later spotted three tiger tanks at a range of 300 yards. Knowing that the mortar fire would not damage the tanks, S/Sgt William Johnson, of Johnston, Pa. a mortar section leader, called for fire on the leading tank. This harrassing fire proved to be effective as the tanks were forced to hightail it into the streets of the town, where they became vulnerable to the bazookas and anti-tank grenades of the riflemen, who succeeded in knocking them out.

This same mortar crew, doing the work of three, displaced their mortar back and forth, on three fixed base plates throughout the battle, placing effective fire on the German infantry. Their action helped to keep a road block open from the infiltrating enemy.

Stork Delivers GI Easter Eggs

The stork as well as the rabbit has been concerned with delivering Easter Eggs. Though he might have been less accurate than the bunny, missing his mark a day or so, the old bird didn't do bad in cracking his eggs on the chosen day.

Many happy returns of the day are in order to Pfc. Aubie Connell, Cannon Co.; Pfc. Victor Mentzel, Hq. Co. 1st Bn; Pvt. Grover Litrap, Co. B; S/Sgt. Melvin Riser, Co. A; Pvt. Robert Spears, S/Sgt. Don L. Riek, Co. C; Pfc. Robert Bowers, Co. G; S/Sgt. Mike Pappas, 3rd Bn Hq Co.; Pfc. Edward Knight, Co. M. They celebrate on March 31st.

April 1st celebrants are Pfc. Jerome Kern, Pfc. William Harris, Co. C; Pfc Paul Chambers of AT Co, Pfc Paul Click, Co B, Sgt Harold Gerard, Co A, Sgt Albert Stranslaski, Co A, Pfc Glenn Ross, Hq Co 2nd Bn, Pvt Andrew Hickerson, Co G, Pfc Ralph Burris, Hq Co 3rd Bn, T/5 Pearl Campbell, Hq Co 3rd Bn, Pfc William C. Hanlon, Co L, Pfc Albert Filleff, Co M. Sorry no Easter eggs fellas!!!

Another rifleman, Pvt Marvin Whidden, said: «The thing I feared the most was the 88, the best direct fire anti-tank weapon the Jerrys have. The last time I rode a tank, all I could keep thinking about was what would happen if just one 88 would hit the tank. Phew!!!»

Here's how Pfc Yuban Augustine, of Sleepy Eye, Minnesota, felt: «Riding those land going monsters, often draws fire from the enemy. Sometimes, when we get in close all I feel like doing is getting off and taking cover close to the bosom of mother nature. I know I can't dig a foxhole on a tank while I can use a shovel when I hit that good ole' terra firma which, as a doughslogger, you soon learn to appreciate.»

Radio Crew Life-line

(Continued from page 1)

is to keep radio communication open between regiment and higher echelons. In comparison to the long radio watch which these men have to serve, the number of messages they relay is small. In their hands rests the fate, sometimes, of an entire combat team.

Meet The Missus

By Pfc. Bascom Biggers

The end of life is not in view.
Until you've had a wife or two.
If yet unhitched, there'll come a day
When you yourself may fall a prey!
Showing you how simple this is
We'll tell how he met the Mrs.

The he: Arland Price, Tulsa, Oke, Cpl.,
[Company C.
The she: Ruth Louisa Ross, Oklaho-
[ma's Muskogee.
T'was at a quiet tennis match that he
[met her through a friend.
T'was at quite a tennis match that he
[met his fatal end.
She played the game of tennis and she
[played the game of flirts.
That had him missing passes and soon
[passing Misses skirts.
Her eye was on the ball and on the
[marriage end in view.
His eye was only on her and upon the
[end in view.
She played a game so clever that he
[thought he had no chance
Til suddenly she took his name and
[also wore his pants.

He: Walter Edwards, First Lieutenant
[from Company C.
She: Lucille Elizabeth, Indianapolis
[— same as he.
Upon his porch he watched her moving
[in across the street.
Upon her porch she flirted seeing him
[as ready meat.
With swimming head, that very night
[he phoned to make a date;
She knew she had him fishhooked and
[that hooked fish need no bait.
So 3 months passed e'er that first date
[while she played hard to get.
He didn't know he couldn't have
[escaped her on a bet.
For 8 long years he dangled, then she
[took him to the law.
Where he traded ball and chain for
[that fish hook in the jaw.

Peace Under Diaper

Co. F has a « Task Force » all their own. It began in Gremlinghasenbrucke, Germany, which had been taken and outposted. A jeep driver, coming thru the outpost brought the news that a force of 45 Jerries were digging-in about 700 yards away from the outpost.

That's all the « Task Force », which consisted of T/Sgt Paul Lewis, of Scranton, and S/Sgt Franklin Kelly, of Cleveland, Ohio, needed to hear. Armed with only one carbine and a pistol, plus the support of a diaper which they intended to use as a flag, the two set out to wage war with the enemy.

Under terms of the white diaper, peace terms were discussed. Net result one prisoner.

187 Medals Awarded

(Continued from page 3)

Car; Lt. Howard Hambrook, Ind; Sgt Joseph De More, Mont; S/Sgt Edward Hamner, Pa; Lt Truman Miller, Kans; S/Sgt Don Rick, Missouri; Pfc Francis Soucie, R. I.; Pfc Charles Williams, N. Y.; T/Sgt Charles Zaurites, Pa; Tec 4 Richard Glascock, N. Car; Pfc James Cantwell, Pa; Pfc Fred Baugh, Ind; S/Sgt John Jakacki, Ohio; Pfc Robert Kinnane, Ind; S/Sgt John Krill, Pa.

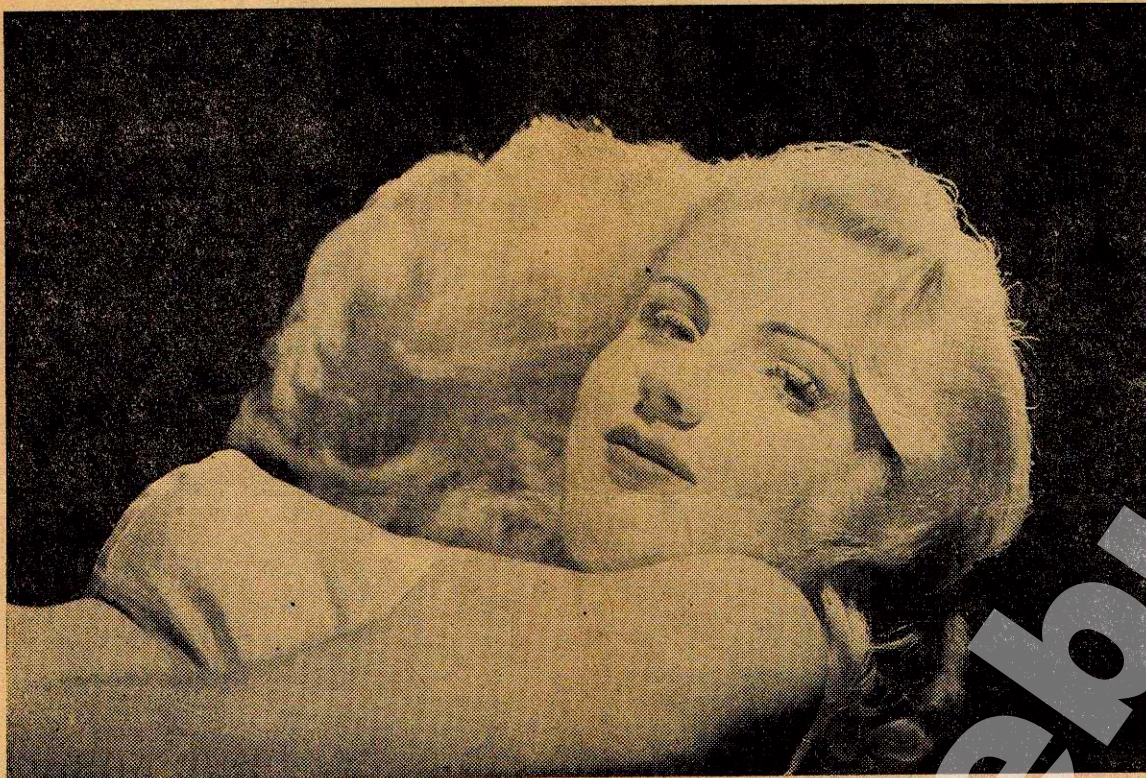
Sleep is such a waste of time — and who wouldn't love to be wasteful these days!

Twin Mortarmen . . .



It's no double exposure nor did you have a bad night. These are the Hall twins in Co. H - Sgts. Kenneth and Donald - who gave up cooking to carry mortar ammo.

Another Objective . . .



We don't know if it's a job for Co. C of the 308th Engineers or not, but it seems like an obstacle that any man would like to tackle. The doughboy's tactics employed on Hill Eight may not be the same here. Anyway it's an ideal objective. The buxom lass is a Walter Thornton model.

Twins Lay Aside Kettles For Ammo

Twin cooks of Co. H laid aside their kettles for ammo cases recently and joined the frontline elements of their company. « We want to get this war over with », they said. When Sgts. Donald J. and Kenneth E. Hall from Beaumont, Texas were assigned to the 331st in '43, men of Co. H played for double or nothing and won. For the cooks have been the source of the doughs' morale with their chocolate cakes and lemon pies.

The brothers, 25 years of age, have been in the army four years, mostly spent cooking in the jungles of Panama and the West Indies. Now they're getting impatient and have decided to bring the war to an end. Leaving their civilian jobs as oil-drillers to enlist, the Hall brothers were sent to Panama. They were among the first American troops to land on Islands of the West Indies. The twins have killed boa constrictors 18 to 20 feet long. But they hastened to explain in all modesty, no one need fear snakes and animals. « Man rules the jungles except for insects and worms », they said.

The twins told how the island families live in shacks made from twigs and leaves and hardened mud. In front of these crude abodes are hung banners which indicate the size of the family and their history, including the number of eligible daughters. When their daughters marry, they beat tom-toms for an entire week. Most welcome wedding present is a stick of chewing gum.

Doughs Set-up Model Government

(Continued from Page 1)

« As representatives of the people », Clevenger continued, « we asked them to appoint a burgomeister for the town. We spot-checked their choice throughout the town and learned that he had the support of the people. One of the first civilians we met was a Belgian slave laborer. He oriented us on the people here so we had a good idea who was who.

« But our headaches were only beginning », said Baran. « As soon as word spread through the town of our office, people flocked to us with their problems — and most of them petty ones. One man walked two miles from his farm to ask if he could kill his pig ».

Lt. Clevenger explained that the German civilians seem cooperative and are anxious to do the right thing. « Whether it comes from fear or a feeling that we're treating them fairly under the circumstances. I don't know » he said. « But they're so used to regimentation and being kicked around that the Yanks' methods surprise them ».

This doughboy tribunal receives on an average of 80 visits per day. Patiently they listen to the complaints and troubles of men and women from all walks of life. Firmly, but politely, they readily give their answers. In every case their clients leave in a good mood. Many of them complain about their homes being damaged by the shells. They are simply reminded of other European countries and leave feeling most humble. Most of their visitors come just to condemn Hitler. They rant and rave and talk. The boys listen quietly, take it with a grain of salt. And their customers depart feeling good.

The court has also looked after the welfare of the slave laborers from Russia, Poland and other countries. They received a complaint that a butcher refused to sell any meat to a Polish woman. The men were soon on his tail, reminded him these people were no longer slaves. They were to be given their fair share of the rations and treated like anyone else.

And the liberated people had to be taken in hand too. Two Russians, thinking they could now reverse the tables, were caught stealing a bicycle. They were impressed with the thought that they were now free men and must act like men until such time as they could be shipped back to their native land.

One of the tribunal's visitors was an astrology professor who said he had fought in Dusseldorf. He said that Hess was also an astrologer, and he took off because he saw in the stars that Hitler had reached his pinnacle. The professor offered to read the Yank's astrology. The offer was politely declined.

« Mr. Anthony has nothing on us », jokingly remarked Kohlmann. And the average day for these men would make Mr. Anthony look like a sucker. One woman wanted the Yanks to send a letter to her husband — in the German Army. Another wanted to get some clothes from her cellar. A man cried about his horse dying and he asked for another. A Russian farmhand complained about unfair treatment from his boss. A farmer wanted to feed

his live stock. A woman sought permission to move her furniture. Another asked permission to sell milk. Still another asked where she could get a carpet for her bedroom floor. A housewife complained about her troubles with her neighbors. A farmer was seeking a veterinarian in the American Army.

Similar problems to these were told by the CIC. They too, listened to family troubles as they screened the civilians. They told of the Frenchmen and Polish girls working and living together in a factory. While awaiting their return home, they wanted to get married. And the Rumanian Consul General who, in a very dignified manner, asked for some work.

Two members of the CIC, accompanied the combat team on its drive through the Reich screening the civilians in the captured towns. Their biggest job came at Hemmerden where at the suggestion of Col. Robert H. York, 331st Commander, they rounded up every male civilian of military age and placed them under guard.

From the screening of civilians at Neuss they uncovered about 700 slave laborers and approximately 70 PWs.

You Shaid it, Buddy...

Starkle, starkle little twink,
Who the hell you are I think,
I'm not a drunk as some think peep
I am,
Besides, I've got all day sober to
Sunday up in,
I fool so feish I don't know who's me
yet,
But the drunker I sit here the longer
I get.

We Did it Again . . .

SUBJECT: Commendation.

TO: Commanding Officer, 331st Infantry Regiment.

With the secrecy surrounding the 83d Division lifted on 2 March 1945, the attention of the Allied World was directed at us. As at St. Malo, Beaungency and in the Ardennes, we were assigned a mission of historic significance. By rapidly accomplishing its mission, this Division has hastened the defeat of the entire German position west of the Rhine River. Spearheading the last phase of the attack of the XIX Corps, the 83d itself has struck a severe blow at the very industrial heart of the Third Reich. The enemy will never recover from this blow.

It is an honor for me to commend you, your officers and men for the performance of the 331st Infantry during the period 27 February to 4 March. During the last two days of February, when your regiment was attached to the 2d Armored Division, your operations in the bridgehead over the Roer River were notable for the speed and smoothness with which they were accomplished. When on the 1st of March the entire Division was committed, your troops continued to operate in a superior manner. Company E had the signal honor of being the first Ninth Army troops to reach the Rhine River. This action in itself not only characterized the success of your mission but brought the Division's operations to the attention of the entire world. The attention to duty by your officers and men during this historic period contributed in large measure to the Division's successful accomplishment of its mission.

Please accept and convey to all your officers and men my congratulations for their superior actions during this period. It is a privilege to command such troops.

ROBERT C. MACON
Major General
Commanding.

TO: All Officers and Enlisted Men, 331st Infantry Regiment.
You did it again! Congratulations and thanks.

ROBERT H. YORK,
Colonel, Infantry,
Commanding.

It's Not Everyday That a Man Gets a Furlough —

By Pfc. Philip Graiff

A well-proportioned, lithe figure, stepped up to the Commanding Officer's desk. « Technical Sergeant John F. McAbee, reporting, sir! », he snapped in a typical southern-drawl that was unmistakably North Carolinian « Si' down », cried Captain Macaluso, George Company C.O. with his consistent amicability. «... Make yourself at home. »

« Johnnie, my boy, I've a surprise for you », the Captain said, almost bubbling over with joy.

« Uh huh! » came the reply, the only two audible words, followed by a more audible: « What's the object-ive now? »

« Nah, you've got me all wrong, here's the deal, » posed the C.O. as he stretched his legs.

« Okay, shoot—, » came the rejoinder.

« —Howja' like to go on a fifteen day furlough! » whispered the Captain almost disconsolately, as if wishing he were able to go himself.

The drawl, now took on a more agitated tenor. « A f-i-l-t-e-e-n d-a-y f-u-r-l-o-u-g-h, sir? What, are you kiddin' m-e? »

« McAbee, you've been a platoon sarge in this company, too long to know better to ask questions, especially at a time like this! Well, whadya say? Yes or no? queried the company commander, almost afraid that the former might not want to go.

« When do I leave, Capt. Mac? »

« —Oh, you've got to be up at Battalion by four o'clock in the mornin'.

« FOUR O'CLOCK, in the mornin', sir? Why so early? »

« McAbee, thought I tole' you not to ask so many questions. Damn it!! »

« Yes sir! »

« Got a'nuff money for a fifteen day spree, ...er, I mean furlough? »

« No sir? »

« Well, guess we can getcha' a partial pay fer this month. Don't forget to pick up some clean O.D.'s at the supply room. »

« Yes, sir, thank you, sir. »

« Any other suggestions, Cap'n? »

« —Yeh you could, use a shave, sergeant. »

« By the way sir, where am I going? »

« —To the U. K. »

« You mean to England, sir? »

« U-huh, and I don't want you hangin' around Picadilly Square. »

« Yessir, I get what you mean. »

Ex-GIs to Get Break, Labor Leaders Promise

London (CNS) — Two of America's top labor leaders, here to begin preparations for the World Trade Union Conference, issued statements of interest to servicemen. Said Sidney Hillman, representing the Congress of Industrial Organizations: There will be no post-war job wrangling between returning servicemen and civilians.

Said R. J. Thomas, of the United Automobile Workers, CIO: « In all our contracts there are certain guarantees that service men will return to their original jobs. And any returned soldier will go to the head of the seniority list ».

Yanks Take Over German City of Neuss — Civilians Passively Accept Fall of Naziism And Start of New Life —



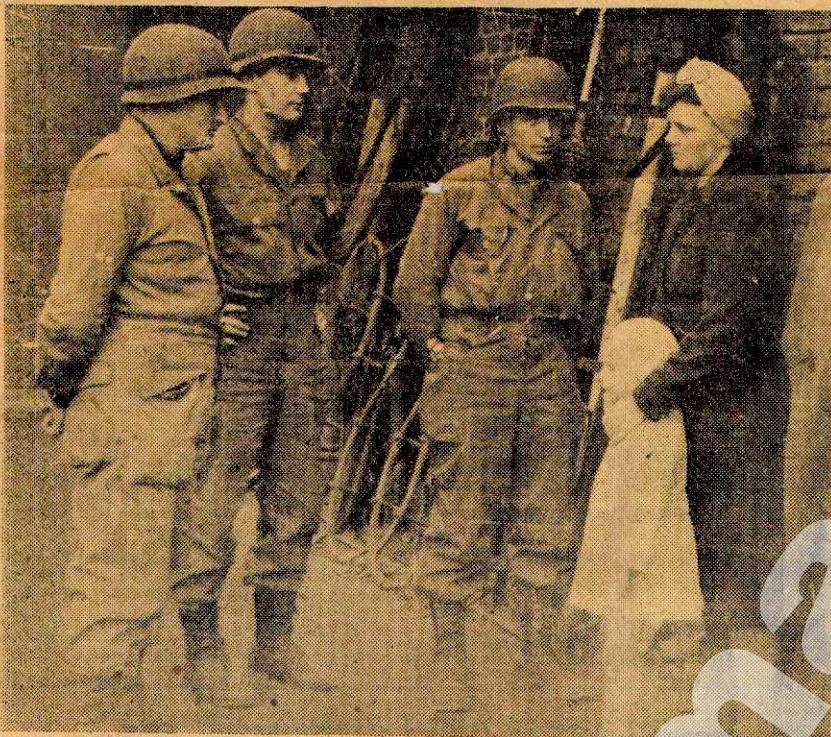
Photo by Pfc. Michael Vaccaro

In the house to house search for hidden weapons and radio equipment, Lt. Conard Van Kirk and Pfc. Oliver Anderson from Co. E question civilians in a firm but polite manner to establish proper identity.

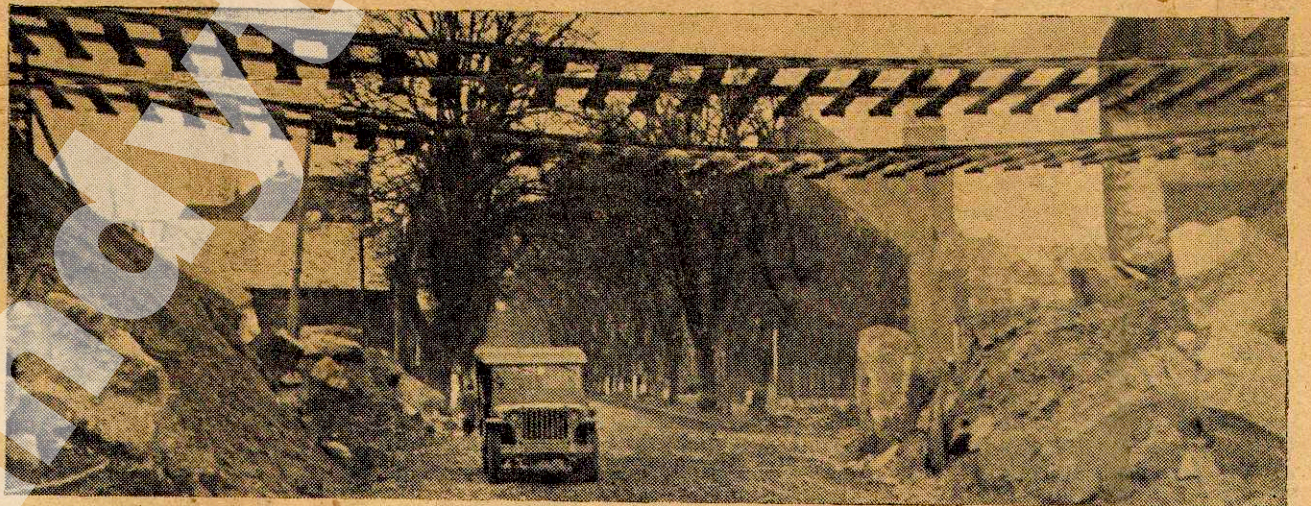
A squad of Co. L riflemen march in the streets of Neuss in the direction of a roadblock where their company is outpostting. T/Sgt. Erwin Wetzel of Barto, Pa. is leading. Squad leader on the right is S/Sgt. Cornelius Lackey from Kirk, W. Va.



These civilians in Neuss of apparently military age don't seem unhappy about being under guard by doughboys of Co. K as they await questioning by the CIC. The BAR man is Pvt. Harry Lister of Queenstown, Md. and the rifleman is Pvt. George Oliver from Greensboro, N. C.



A woman tells her troubles to doughboys of the first battalion who set up an office in Buderich to handle the problems of civilians created by the military occupation. Left to right, listening patiently are Pfc. Walter Kohlmann, Bronx, New York; S/Sgt. Daniel Baran, Savannah, Ga.; Pfc. Frank Reichman, Ludlow Ashbury, N. J.



Battle produces many an odd sight and here's one in Neuss. The foundation of a railroad bridge was blown away by shell and the rubble cleared by army engineers to produce the effect of a trestle bridge.



Civilians of Neuss realize the day of Naziism and Hitler's gang is finished as they read Gen. Dwight Eisenhower's proclamation and the new ordinances set up by the MG written both in English and German.



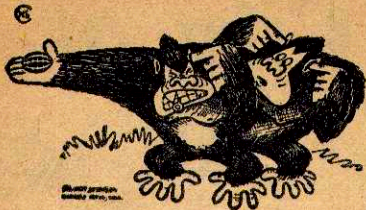
Photo by Pfc. Michael Vaccaro

At an important crossroads in Germany, Pvt. Marvin Whidden of Sarasota, Fla. and Pvt. John Hutchinson of Kenova, W. Va., Co K riflemen stand guard.



Pvt. David Benick from Brooklyn, New York Co. A rifleman, checks...

Sidelights



Buried Treasure

Digging a personal latrine, turned into a scavenger hunt for Pfc. Arland Price, Tulsa, Oklahoma, Co. C rifleman. He had dug down two feet when his shovel thudded against a hard object. With high hopes, yet a little wary of a booby-trap, Price dug until he had uncovered a wooden box five feet long, three feet deep, two feet wide and two big boilers.

Excitedly he pried them open — only to be bitterly disappointed. Inside, he found bundle after bundle of new clothes which the German people said they had buried to protect from the «bad» Jerry soldiers and bombings.

« Shucks », said Price, « I thought I had me some treasure, schnapps at least ».

Well-Known Weapon

One of Hitler's secret weapons for ending this war was demonstrated recently, in K Company's latest operation.

Sgt Will Guthries of Asheville, N. C.; Sgt Arnold Gibson, of Hebardville, Ky; and Cpl Dorman Miller of Cosby, Mo, were standing on the corner of a newly-liberated town, when they encountered six Heinies. Before any action could take place, one Heinnie acting as spokesman for all six, said in almost perfect english, « will you please accept our surrender ».

Firsthand Info

Just to prove to the fighting men of his unit, George Co. that he had intestinal fortitude, S/Sgt Tommie Traupman who hails from Pittsburg Pa. recently accompanied them on their seventy-two hour long march to the Rhine river to accurately determine for himself what the G.I. actually needs in the way of clothing and equipment. Besides getting the information first hand, he displayed plenty of courage in helping to take several prisoners at the point of a gun. He also proved to be an invaluable aid as an interpreter for his C. O.

ETO Housemaid

Anti-Tank platoon, 2nd Bn, was quartered in the home of a well to do doctor, and to keep the place looking in tip-top shape, a housemaid was needed. Help being as scarce as it is, Pfc Henry «scotty» Davidson, Pittsburgh, Pa., was selected. Every morning after chow, Davidson began his morning chores with almost all the necessary utensils. He was last seen looking for an electric appliance salesman, being badly in need of a vacuum cleaner.

Still Lively

He's over 37 years but S/Sgt. Philip Wigenhouser of Pittsfield, Mass. Co. G como can still wield a wicked carbine.

During the company's consolidation of Nixhutte, Germany, «papa» Wigenhouser noted a lone bicyclist coming down the main street. His first glance only caught a German civilian nonchalantly peddling down the road. A closer inspection — at closer range — and a German underoffizier came into view. Wigenhouser flashed across the road — there was life in the old boy yet — smashed the heinie non-com to the ground with his carbine and had the latter's pistol in his hands before the kraut even hit the dust.

Real Tub

Cpl. Anderson Pickeral, Washington, D. C., and Pfc. Norman Brody, of Chicago, Ill., recently had a taste of home-life, even though it was short-lived. The 2nd battalionmen, enjoyed the comforts of a bath (long A). Not a shower, but a real hot water bath in a porcelain tub, and a tile bathroom too.

Mortarmen Outpost

No longer can the machine gunners of Company «D» refer to the motarmen of the third platoon as those members of the company who inhabit the rear echelon; for during the advance to the Rhine it was the third platoon jeeps who led the company all the way. And on 2 March while the machine gunners were sitting several hundred yards behind the lines, the «rear echelon» mortarmen were sitting on an outpost, along the the Erfk Canal knocking out German artillery emplacements in preparation for the night's attack.

Return Jerry Ammo

Retreating German mortarmen left the west banks of the Rhine in such haste that they forgot over 1000 rounds of their ammunition. It was up to Co. D's GIs led by Lt. Harvey Clements of River Forest, Ill. and S/Sgt William McKee of Three Rivers, Mass to deliver these much needed supplies to the «Master Racers». So they just dropped the rounds in their own guns and sent them over to the eastern side of the river.

According to S/Sgt. Arthur Ryan of Plattsburg, W. Va., and S/Sgt. Bynum Hancock of Winston-Salem, N. Car., forward observers, and Pfc. Clofton Cowan of Huntsville, Ala., radio operator, there were at least two enemy tanks waiting to catch the accurate delivery.

First Serves First . . .



There's nothing bashful about Pfc. William Velapoldi, Co. C rifleman, accepting some clinkers from a pretty ARC Miss. The girls who were the first to serve the 331st winners at the Rhine, are Miss Jane Hibbard from Grand Rapids, Mich. and Miss Mary Coleman from Loveland, Ohio.

Battalion Command Group

(Continued from page 4)

In both towns, Loveling and Holzheim, a memorable scene was being enacted. The civilians were terrified. Hundreds jammed the streets with hands high above their heads. All ages were represented. Women cringed at the appearance of American troops. They had been told to assemble in the south of the town. As they hurried to obey, they ran wild-eyed, terror stricken past the Americans, as though they expected to be lashed if they hesitated. Women with children only three or four, made their offspring follow the « hands up » procedure. An old woman and a couple well over 80, each had a small suitcase in one hand, put their free hand up. Every house flew a white flag. One flew high from the church, and one from each air raid shelter. Prisoners were taken on both objectives.

The remainder of the Bn. command group reached Holzheim at 0930. Capt. Rogers had been unable to contact the rear C. P. as the road was still cut to the rear. However, no accurate or complete story had come through. Lt. Wiselogle brought the first information at about 0830 after his trip to the rear C. P. by light tank. He had found out that the enemy had cut the main road to our rear and was attacking with tanks and infantry. The size or seriousness of the attack was yet unknown. Maj. Laliberte's decision was, « By God, Regiment gave us these objectives and we're expected to get them. We will continue the attack as planned and seize all objectives, then worry about our rear ».

By his remarks, all around him knew that he was going to « blitz » ahead despite hell. If the counterattack went beyond the efforts of the rear to control it, and cut him off, he planned to « dig in » on the final objective and dare any part of the enemy's force to dislodge him. He reminded everyone that with 21 tanks and artillery support, his Bn. of infantry could hold out indefinitely. This spirit caught like wild fire, and to a man the maximum effort was made.

The counterattack began to clear itself. Wire was finally put through to Regiment when the enemy roadblock was eliminated at approximately 1700. Ammunition arrived with Lt. Lancasters A. and P. platoon Lt Story was reported on his way with food for all companies. Capt. Waters moved the rear C. P. into Holzheim at 1730. This last group, which had fought a separate battle of its own, had been cut off from the Bn. for 12 hours. Capt. Waters brought word from Co. York,

Bellowing Cook Snares Jerrtes With Only a Spoon

Pfc. William Murphy of Harrisburg, Pa., B Co. cook, was humming to himself and unaware of his surroundings until a noise caused him to look around. Before him were four German soldiers. And he had only a spoon.

Too late to grab a weapon, Murphy waved his arms wildly and bellowed loudly. To his surprise, the Germans threw their arms above

that the battalion would swing east and drive straight to the Rhine during the night.

Maj. Laliberte ordered Capt. Oliver to send a patrol from E Company to reconnoiter the bridge over the Erfk Canal.

Chow was served at approximately 1800. The troops had their first hot food in 24 hours. Planning was continuous from 1800 on. Engineers were instructed to provide the companies with « toggle ropes » in case the bridge over the canal could not be utilized, or it became too hot while crossing. They were ready also to construct a bridge. Capt. Swider C. O., Co. C, 308 Engineer Bn., had arrived to direct this operation.

Capt. Mitchell, Capt. Oliver and Capt. Macaluso arrived to discuss and plan the night attack, with Maj. Laliberte. The time was set tentatively as shortly after midnight.

It was the last drive of the battle.

Letters to the Editor

Pvt. Carl Koch
331st Infantry

Your regimental edition The TTF sent from Belgium was most interesting and was passed around the boys here in the office who enjoy following the 331st. We're looking forward to the next issue.

Harry Burchival
Pa. R.R.
Columbus, Ohio.

Girl to boy friend: « I didn't say it was a small diamond. I just said it looked like it was all paid for! »

Editor TTF:

I would appreciate it very much if you would relay birthday greetings through The TTF to my brother Ted A. W. Raymond Freshwater, Hq. Co., 1st Battalion, whose birthday is March 13th. I've received several copies of The TTF and enjoy every article so much. All those who have read The TTF admit you are all doing a fine job and wish you continued success in everything you do in the future. Thank you and I hope you receive this on time.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Violet Reese
Follansbee, W. Va.

Battlefield Inspirations

We Still May Pray

For this Easter day
May we forget
Our blood and our tears,
Our toil and sweat.

May we remember
That birds still sing,
That flowers still bloom,
For there's still Spring.

That people still laugh,
That homes will be
Still havens of love
Beyond the sea.

That skies are still blue,
The sun still shines,
That God's always nigh,
His tie still binds.

May we remember
This Easter day
That through all our trials
We still may pray.
Bascom Biggers III
Co. C.

Down Your Hat

Did you ever hear a Heinnie plane
Fly over in the night,

Song and Fighting Spirit Give 331st Stout Hearted Men

Men of the 331st Combat Team are singing today more than ever before. There's victory in their deeds, their hearts and hopes. They are singing folk songs of America, love songs and fighting songs at rest, at play and on the march. Among them is a song that typifies so well their performances and their feelings, that they have adopted it as their own — Stout Hearted Men. The words to this fighting song are reprinted here with an original second verse composed by Capt. Karl N. Smith, Personnel Adjutant.

Give us some men
Who are stout hearted men
Who will fight for the right they adore.

Start us with ten
Who are stout hearted men
And we'll soon give you ten thousand more.

Shoulder to shoulder
And bolder and bolder
We'll grow as we go to the fore.

Then there's nothing in this world
To halt tomorrow's plan
When, stout hearted men
Will fight together man to man.

We are the men,
Who are stout hearted men,
And we fight for the rights we adore.

We started then,
When it took hardy men,
And we soon moved out into the fore.

Swamplands and highlands,
From hedgerows to Ardennes,
We've fought from the beach to the Rhine.

And there's nothing in this war,
Can stop our Berlin march,
As, our Combat Team
Fights on for freedom from the Boogie.

Big Day For Him

Lt. Delbert Williams, Marietta, Ohio, Co. G, smiles ironically at the mention of Easter. It is almost the date of his shipping overseas and his wedding anniversary, both of which are April 6.

The Wolf

by Sansone

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