

83rd SPEARHEAD

Vol. 1 / No 14

Somewhere in Luxemburg

November, 29, 1944

O's Pound Beat While GIs Eat Holiday Meat

GIs of the 783rd Ornance Company sat down to Thanksgiving dinner last week thoroughly unperturbed about the fact that not a single one of them was at his proper place of duty, not even walking post or standing by their 50 calibre machine guns on air alert. The sergeant pulling CQ that day blissfully gnawed away at a turkey leg with nary a thought in his head except, perhaps, another turkey leg.

The reason for all this lack of concern was due to just one thing, the officers of the 783rd had taken over the company lock, stock and barrel. The officers had decided, as a mark of appreciation and tribute to their men, that every man in the company should sit down with his buddies and enjoy the best turkey dinner possible. This could be done only if the officers themselves relieved the GIs walking post and manning the AA guns. And this they did much to the surprise and pleasure of all the men in the company.

Disclose 774th Tankers Fighting Along With 83rd

Disclosure that the 774th Tank Battalion is now fighting along with the 83rd Infantry Division "somewhere in Luxemburg" was made this week.

The tankers of the 774th have assisted the 83rd in the capture of Grevenmacher, Echternach, Wormeldange and other towns in Luxemburg, especially along the Moselle River sector. This same tank battalion, commanded by Lt Col N. K. Markle, Jr., has assisted the 83rd's Field Artillery by furnishing indirect fire on targets of opportunity, pillboxes, enemy observation posts, railroads and other similar targets.

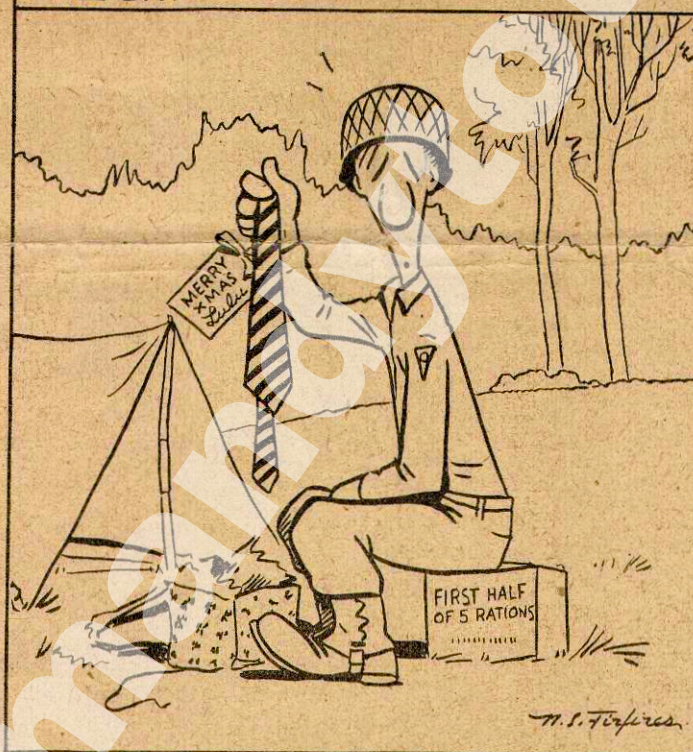
The outfit was attached to the 83rd in August and joined the infantry in patrolling the Loire River. During this operation, the tankers assisted the 83rd in the capture of Brigadier General Botho Hemming Elster and 20,000 Nazis at Beaugency, France.

(Cont. on page 2)

83rd OPENS NEW REST CENTER COMPLETE WITH SHOWERS, COTS, BEER, BAND, AND WOMEN

GILBERT

BY CPL. N. S. FIRFIRES



Movies, Dances, Red Cross Girls Also Featured

Last week's opening of the 83rd Division's own rest center, complete with plenty of beer, women and song, offered heartening news to the combat GIs of this Division.

Ticket of admission is the Combat Infantry Badge and 83rd patch and other features of the Rest Center are rooms with cots, 50 hot showers, a day room and excellent food prepared by civilian chefs.

Located in a little town in Luxemburg, the Rest Center handles 200 men for a 48 hour stay and already men from all three Infantry Regiments have spent their two day pass at the Rest Center, some resting, some having the time of their Luxemburg lives.

Chow is served in the "Balinese Room" or dining room, and plates, silverware and twenty pretty waitresses help make eating enjoyable. Beer is always available at the bar, known as "Charley's Pump Room", and for ordinary writing, reading and listening to the radio, the "Flame Room", or day-room, is available. The mail censors report, incidentally, a terrific volume of letters.

Three attractive Red Cross girls, Hazel "Pete" Goff and Mildred Cox of Vicksburg, Miss., and Gertrude Bunce of Berlin, Conn., are in continuous presence during the evenings and give out coffee, doughnuts and "stardust" to the men. A four piece band, consisting of Pfc Robert Holmes of Detroit, Mich., pianist, Pfc Cianne Kastur of Houston, Texas, on the clarinet, Pvt Anthony Lardino, of Chicago, Ill., who handles an accordion, and S Sgt Charles Stutz, of New York City, a guitarist, provide continuous music during meal hours and for afternoon and evening dances. Two

(Cont. on page 3)

THE WAR IN BRIEF

Hitler's legions were shaking in their ersatz pants this week as the inevitable doom of Germany came closer with the spectacular drive of the French First Army and elements of the American Seventh Army which joined with the French.

This drive, despite very bad weather, steam-rolled through the Belfort Gap, reached the banks of the Rhine River in Southern Germany and the Yanks and French liberated many important towns and communication centers, including Belfort, Mulhouse and Strasbourg.

Further north, the men of General Patton's Third Army had liberated the almost impregnable fortress of Metz and had pushed on even farther to the upper reaches of the Saar River in Germany. Patton's men were now battling on the Siegfried Line and the approaches to the industrially important Saar Basin.

On the extreme Northern sector of the Western Front, the British Second Army and the American First and Ninth Armies continued to grind out slow gains in Holland

(Cont. on page 2)

A New Partner... 774th Fights Along With 83rd

There he goes — the most important guy in the Army. Who is he? Eisenhower? Bradley? A silver chicken? A second looney? a sergeant maybe?

No. He's a replacement. He's a guy maybe just off the boat. A GI they trained for the quartermasters and overnight turned into a dough. An orphan who's never had a home in the Army — who's taken more chicken spit from more brass and stripes than any Joe we know.

He's swallowed it. He's stuck it out day after day — never knowing the score for tomorrow. He's done what he's been told to do — without friends, without favors — with nothing but his own pride and sense of duty to stop him. And finally, like every doggie, he's having his day.

He's on his way to join his outfit. He's marching toward Germany.

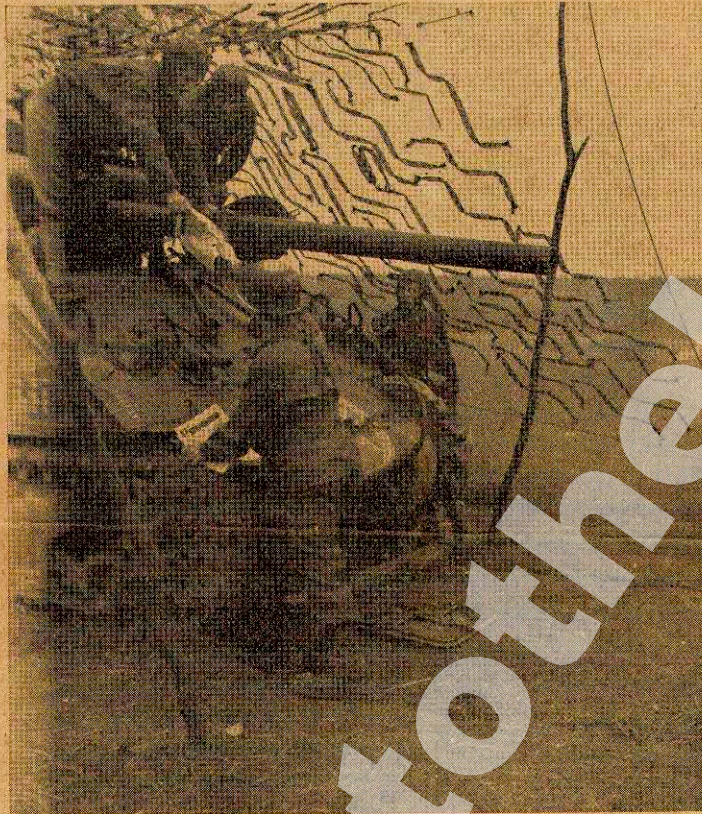
There isn't much you say to guys like him. We'll leave that to the ad writers.

Instead, we'd like to throw out a word or two to the veterans whose ranks they've come to fill.

Take care of these new boys, Joe. Tell them your name and offer them a butt and give them everything you know. Remember what some sergeant said about a replacement:

„He's an extra round in your clip. He's plasma in your blood stream. He's an earlier dating on your ticket home.“

(Reprinted From Stars And Stripes.)



Signal Corps Photo

(Cont. from page 1) The 774th Tank Battalion was organized from personnel of the 7th Armored Division in September, 1943, at Fort Benning, Ga., and has been commanded by Lt. Col. Markle

since its activation. After intensive training in the States, including participation in maneuvers in Louisiana, the California Desert and Tennessee, the outfit came overseas in July, 1944.

KNOW YOUR LEADERS

The commanding officer of the 324th Field Artillery Battalion is Lt Col George W. Irvine who has been with the 83rd since its activation at Camp Atterbury, Ind.

Born in 1912 in Washington, D. C., Col Irvine received his early education in San Francisco and later Bremerton, Washington. In 1933 he graduated from Stanford University with an A. B. degree and a reserve officer's commission in the field artillery.

Leads 324th . . .



Signal Corps Photo . . . Lt Col Irvine

Col Irvine served as a first lieutenant with the New York National Guard in 1940 and in 1941 entered active duty with the 186th Field Artillery. He served as firing battery executive, firing battery commander and battalion S-2 before being transferred to the 83rd Division as a cadre member. Prior to being appointed commander of the 324th, Col Irvine was Divarty S-3. In 1941, he completed a Battery Officer's Course at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma.

His father is a Captain in the U. S. Navy, his mother, wife and child reside in San Francisco. The Colonel was recently awarded the Bronze Star.

The war in brief

(Cont. from page 1)

and Germany. In fighting reminiscent of the Normandy hedgerows, these Armies made steady gains through the forests toward Cologne and the banks of the Rhine. As on all sectors of the front, the weather was miserable and the drives were often bogged down by mud and swollen streams and rivers.

The great aerial offensive against

Germany's oil reserves continued with night and day bomber attacks by both the RAF and the AAF. And SHAEF announced that over 40,000 prisoners had been taken since the beginning of the November offensive.

The Russians continued their drives on Budapest and also broke through the German defenses in eastern Czechoslovakia. The Reds announced that all of Estonia was now liberated and that the campaigns in Yugoslavia and Albania were meeting with great success.

83rd Spearhead

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Male Call by Milton Caniff, Creator of "Terry and the Pirates" How Vargan One Go With These Things?



"The Sump Hole"

BY Pvt. MAURICE RENEK.

Out of the great migrating mass that is swallowed into the Army machine to be transformed into a walking advertisement for manual labor there is a certain select clique that somehow are never really processed. Like the cheese of the same name they are gobbled up and digested but nothing really comes out of them. I first realized in the Reception Center that this Army wasn't meant for me when they handed me a towel and some soap. Then after being in a few muddy Army camps for awhile I found that the towel and soap was just a front. With the theory that "it don't pay to be clean" firmly imbedded in my mind I lived a happy isolated life. Then, one day a Lieutenant I know decided it would be for the best if we took a promenade through town. A strange new sensation hypnotized me and I cleaned my shoes, put on OD's with two fine creases and even combed my hair. I thought I'd surprise him (the ulterior motive, of course, was that I heard the M/Sgt was going to leave. I was so happy I didn't know whether to cry or celebrate.) After knocking the officer dead with my spiffy attire I was seeing those "three up and three down" stripes hovering over my head. No sooner did I walk out the door when the shine on my shoe must have scared the sun into the clouds. A few minutes later the usual rains came which gave way to hail and then the first real snow of the season. There I was standing in the middle of the street, my shoes as dull as a Bette Davis picture, the zooty crease in my trousers gone forever and the Lieutenant haunting me with his "even the good Lord don't want to see you dressed up".

A nice lady invited me to her home for Thanksgiving. Everything was swell, the meal was excellent, I liked eating off a tablecloth and from a plate for a change, but every once in a while my GI table manners would want to get the best of me. Half way through the soup I was ready to belch into someone's ear and say, "Take that". For a long time I've been using my spoon for everything from stirring the battleship grey coffee I get, to cutting meat that I rarely get. It was quite a thrill using a knife and fork again and my gut took quite a beating holding in all those burps, not to mention the gum I had lodged against my cheek for the entire meal. I didn't mind the gum with the soup but when it got mixed up with the meat... When I washed the few dishes she had after the meal she thought I was the creme de creme of garcons not knowing that I've washed more pots and pans in one week than the Waldorf kitchen does in a month.

83rd Opens New Rest Center

(Cont. from page 1)

movies are shown to the GIs each day, one at 1400 hours and one at 2000 hours. Thus, four different movies are shown to the men during their two day rest period.

Meals are served at 0800, 1300 and 1800 and attendance is not compulsory since no formations are compulsory at the rest center. The men are allowed to visit the nearby town and in the evening, girls from neighboring towns are permitted to visit the center for the evening's movies and dancing. But officers in charge of the center maintain that they are running a Rest Center, not the Folies Bergeres.

A PX is maintained on the Second Floor and a barber shop is planned for the center. As GI shows and USO entertainers become available to the Division, they will

make appearances at the Center. Commandant of the Center is Captain James R Garaghan, Special Services Officer for the Division.

Comments by men of the 331st who were visiting the Center last week are indicative of the men's appreciation of the place. "Best deal I've seen in the Army", said Pfc James Dunkin of Clarksburg, W. Va., a rifleman in I Co, while Pvt Milton Friedman of Los Angeles, Calif., a company aid man in the same outfit added, "It's swell to get back here for a change."

Jerries Like GI Chow Or Mail

The mail clerks and the mess sergeant of Co K, 330th Inf are still arguing whether the Jerry mail system is worse than Jerry food.

Tec 5 Walter J Hughes of Chicago, Ill and Tec 5 Paul K Warner of Reading, Pa., the mail clerks in K Company, were casually sorting mail the other day when they realized that they were being watched. Without looking up, Hughes muttered the stock mail-clerk phrase: "Look, bud, the mail hasn't come in yet."

Just then, however, both clerks looked up and saw that their visitors were Jerries and not GIs. Hughes grabbed for the reliable M-1 and with Warner's assistance the Jerries were marched off to the CP. But the mess sergeant maintains that the surrendering Germans had merely thought that the mail tent was the chow line.

FOXHOLE POETS

— "HERE GOES" —

As I sit here in my foxhole
On a battlefield in France,
Waiting for the order
Which means we must advance.

My thoughts go back to the good
[old days

And people I have known
Today I wish that I were back
At Johnson's Bayonne.

The roar of guns is all around
They jingle in your ear
The airplanes are above you
They fill the atmosphere.

We met the foe at St. Malo
The battle has begun
And many a foe lay dying there
Before the setting sun.

We fought the fight with all our
[might,

And beat the Jerries down
The 83rd Advanced again
To take another town.

By Sgt. Henry Lynog
Co. G — 330th.

Secret Weapons?

France (CNS) "What's the latest German secret weapon?" the PW interrogator asked a 45-year-old German prisoner.

"That's us," the prisoner replied, "All men over 40."

Sugar Report From Jennifer

Dear Charlie:

Here it is December and you still aren't home for Christmas. The newspapers say the war should be over by then. The radio commentators say Germany is defeated now except for a little fighting to be done. What are you doing in Luxembourg that's holding you up so long? What's the matter, haven't you put in your request to go home? Tommy asked his chaplain for a leave during Xmas and he is coming in from Louisiana. Can't you ask your chaplain?

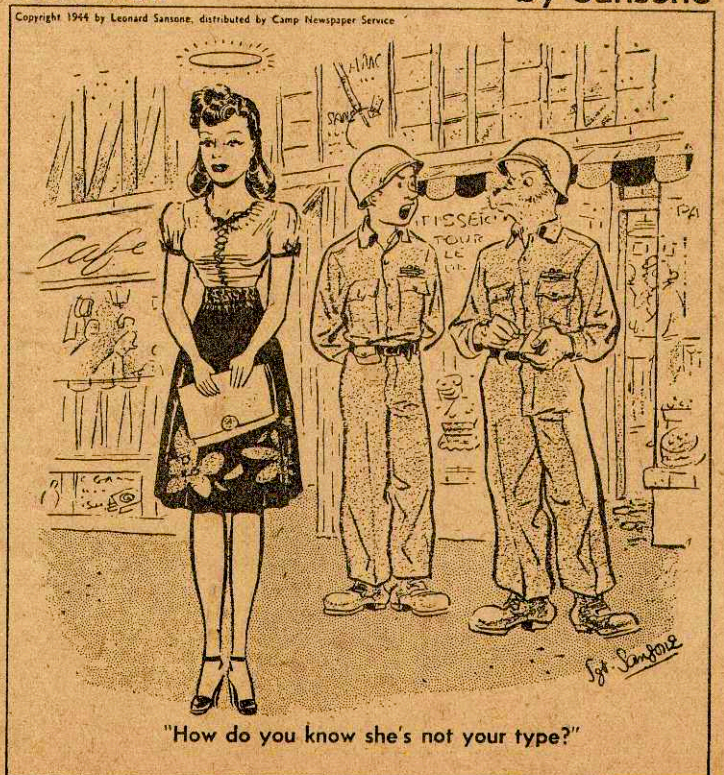
Your bosom friend, Willie, had the time of his life buying all the war bonds he could to help you boys across the sea. Last week in Times Square all the pretty chorus girls, movie stars and oh, there were so many shapely and beautiful ones you'd get sick looking trying to look at them all, gave away a kiss for each bond. He spent all his extra money and then asked me if I would make it a Dutch treat that night so that he could buy another bond. He gave me such a nice speech I couldn't refuse him. He said that with you over there sacrificing everything the least that I could do was give up a few things so he could buy more ammunition for you. You should have seen Willie after it was all over. It looked as if he was bleeding all over his face.

I read in a magazine a great big advertisement saying that a shoe company converted all its leather to make combat shoes for you boys at the front. The shoes look so nice in the magazine. You never told me you had them given to you. Charlie, dear, what's an EM? Alice says that it means Everybody's Maid. Is she right?

Love, Jennifer.

The Wolf

by Sansone



"How do you know she's not your type?"

THE GRAND STAND

Ohio State Wins Big Ten Crown; Army, Navy Idle

Irish Whip Ga. Tech; Indiana Tops Purdue

While the Army and Navy football teams remained idle over the week-end in preparation for their tilt next Saturday, Ohio State climaxed an undefeated season by coming from behind in the last three minutes of play to defeat Michigan 18 to 14, and annex the Big Ten title.



The Buckeyes scored early in the second quarter to earn a 6 to 0 lead but, with 22 seconds of play remaining in the first half, the Wolverines capitalized on an intercepted pass and three off tackle thrusts to tie the score and moments later take the lead when the conversion attempt sailed right between the goal posts.

In other top games of the day Notre Dame defeated a favored Georgia Tech team 21 to 0, and Indiana scored a 14 to 6 decision over Purdue.

The scores for Saturday, November 25 were as follows:

East

- Dartmouth 18, Columbia 0.
- Swarthmore 13, Ursinus 0.
- Pittsburgh 14, Penn State 0.
- Rutgers 15, Lehigh 6.
- Bucknell 6, Franklin and Marshall 0.
- Brown 32, Colgate 20.
- Penn 20, Cornell 0.

Mid West

- Ohio State 18, Michigan 14.
- Illinois 25, Northwestern 6.
- Indiana 14, Purdue 6.
- Minnesota 28, Wisconsin 26.
- Nebraska 35, Kansas State 0.
- Iowa Pre Flight 30, Iowa 6.

South

- Notre Dame 21, Georgia Tech 0.
- Duke 33, N. Car. 0.
- Virginia 6, Yale 6.
- Tennessee 21, Kentucky 7.
- Oklahoma A & M 28, Oklahoma 6.

South West

- Tulsa 35, Arkansas 2.
- S. M. U. 7, Texas Tech 6.
- T. C. U. 9, Rice 6.

Far West

- USC 30, UCLA 13.
- St. Mary's Pre Flight 37, California 6.

HERE... AND THERE

(Camp Newspaper Service)

The rumor persists that medical discharges loom for both S/Sgt Joe DiMaggio and Pvt Spud Chandler, of the New York Yankees. Jolting Joseph is drydocked in San Francisco with stomach ulcers and Chandler is on limited duty... Pistol Pete Reiser, Brooklyn Dodger star, also is reported awaiting a CDD. He suffers from migraine headaches incurred when he ran into the centerfield wall at St Louis several seasons ago... GIs at home and overseas will get a cut in the St Louis Cardinals World Series winners' stakes. The entire receipts of the 6th series game, along with \$100,000 paid for the radio broadcasts and a portion of the profits from the 3rd and 4th games were turned over to the War Relief and Service Fund... The Washington Redskins have trained 2 men to replace Slingshot Sammy Baugh when Sammy ain't playing for them. Frank Filchok, an ex-GI, does the passing, and Bob Seymour, tailback, the kicking. Neither can match Baugh on the defense, however... When Ty Cobb fell into a batting slump, he used to start bunting with a fungo bat and work his way up to where he was swinging with all his old drive... Lt Frank Leahy, the Notre Dame coach, is stationed in the Pacific where he supervises recreational activities at a bunch of submarine bases... They have a whale of a football team at Camp Peary, Va, this year, coached by L/Cdr Red Strader, formerly of St Mary's. Among Strader's victims were the Washington Redskins, who fell, 33 to 27, to the Camp Peary 11 in an exhibition game.

When Wilbert Robinson was manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, the bewildering Bums were the funniest team in the circuit—not the saddest as is the case today.

It was during the colorful Robbie's regime that the Dodgers first earned their reputation for egregious bonehead plays. Indeed, their play became so grotesque that Robbie finally put his foot down.

"The next guy who pulls a boner," he announced one day, "will be fined ten bucks. In fact we'll form a Boners Club with a \$10 membership fee and at the end of the season we'll split up the dough."

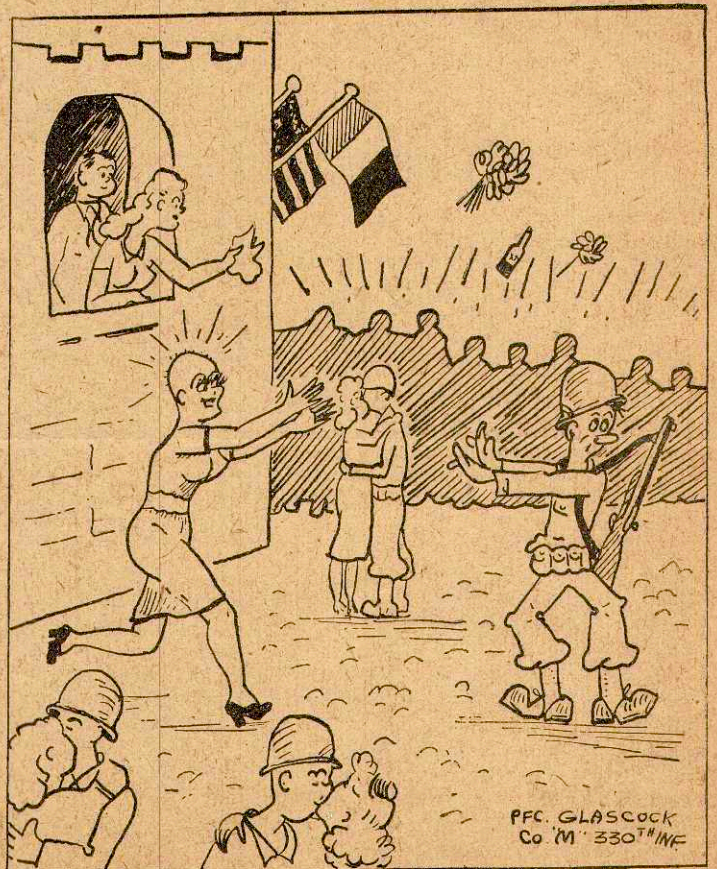
He glared around the clubhouse. The players were straight-faced, serious, subdued. Then the portly Robbie stalked majestically from the dugout and handed the umpire his laundry slip—instead of the lineup.

CLASSY CHASSIS Jerry Shell Zips Thru Clothing Of Combat Sgt.



The old phrase, "He'd give you the shirt off his back", did not apply to T/Sgt. William Rice of Indiana. While on a patrol with "E" Company, 329, he was forced to crawl along a stone wall to cover his advance from enemy fire and observation. While in the progress of advancing, he felt a slight tug at his back. He looked about, saw nothing, and discounted it entirely. Later, when the patrol returned to the Company Area, he decided to wash and try to get some sleep. Removing his pack, he noticed that it was neatly cut across the inside. This must have been the tug he felt, so heaving a sigh of relief, he began to undress further. Next, he removed his combat jacket and saw that it too, was cleanly cut in the same manner. Now full of curiosity and doubt, he peeled off and examined his shirt and undershirt and found them to be cut as was the pack and combat jacket. One of his buddies then noticed a red mark across Rice's back, resembling a lash mark. Rice just pulled out his old rabbit's foot and caressed it very gently, for as he said, that damned thing, whatever it was, was too blasted close for comfort, and not quite close enough for the Purple Heart, "Which I sure as hell don't want."

Shown above is the face and form of Jean Parker, Universal Star.



PFC. GLASCOCK Co 'M' 330th INF