

BATTLE BARS...



For outstanding leadership as a platoon sergeant in Co I of the 3rd Bn, 329th Infantry during the battle of France and Belgium, Lt Joseph A. Golonka of Burgettstown, Pa. receives his gold bars from Maj Gen Robert C. Macon, 83rd Division commander. Golonka is one of more than 60 EM to win battlefield commissions since Carentan.

Over 60 Commissions Given 83rd Combat Veterans

From the OCS of battle have come more than 60 Division line officers whose courage and leadership as EM have won them coveted combat commissions.

At various times and places along the war-torn route of the 83rd from Carentan to Duren, they have risen to the many occasions that marked each one as a potential leader. They have won citations for heroism, they have been wounded in action, but they have come back fighting to head the units in which they once served.

Typical of the selected 60 are men like Lt Francis J. Madden of Sayre, Pa. Before coming overseas with Co D of the 330th Infantry as a staff sergeant, he had seen service in Dutch and French Guiana, Trinidad and Hawaii. Promoted to tech sergeant, he was wounded by sniper fire in Normandy, later rejoined his outfit at the Loire River. When the Germans attempted to counter-attack on Stromberg Hill in Luxembourg, he was instrumental in deploying his unit so they might lend enough support to Co B of the 1st Bn to break the attack.

ALWAYS ON THE JOB

During operations in Germany, Madden's men were always there when needed. In the fight for Bihain, Belgium he consistently brought in his heavy weapons platoon to support and hold ground won by the rifle and tank combination. Following his commission, he went on to win promotion to first lieutenant for his part in the battle of the Belgian Bulge.

There's quite a story behind gold bar and Bronze Star winner Joseph A. Golonka of Co I, 329th Infantry. While his company was attacking the town of Birgel, Germany, they were pinned down on the bank of a stream by two machinegun

nests some 50 yards apart on the opposite side. Sizing up the situation, Golonka forded the stream under enemy observation and by careful infiltration knocked out both guns and killed the crews. Penetrating further, he discovered another nest, killed two of the crew and brought the third back alive.

For courage and leadership on many occasions such as this Golonka was made first sergeant at Petite Langlir and then second lieutenant.

Down in Co A of the 331st Infantry, Lt Joseph Stranahan

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Ho Hum! Four More Brothers Meet

This sort of thing is getting boxesome, but we gotta print the news.

Cpl Floyd Garman of M Co, 330th Infantry was going about his work in Belgium when he glanced up and saw his brother, Pfc Warren Garman of a quartermaster unit stationed nearby. They hadn't seen each other in two years. AND...

Pfc Howard Angstadt of Warren, Ohio, the 329th Infantry regimental adjutant's driver, had picked up a flock of reinforcements. Their names were being called for assignment to regiments and Angstadt was paying scant attention. Then he heard the sergeant major call his name and turned to glimpse... you guessed it... his kid brother was in the contingent of new men. Ho, hum. That's all, brother, until next week.

83rd DOUGHS HOLD RECORD; CLOSEST YANKS TO BERLIN IN HURTGEN-DUREN PUSH

Artillery Support Superior

More than a quarter of a million rounds of artillery have been fired on German positions from Normandy to the Ardennes by the four field artillery battalions of the 83rd Division Artillery.

They have been fired for the most part in close support of attacking doughboys, forcing the enemy to remain in his hole until the infantrymen can advance to within small arms range or bayonet the Krauts in their crouched positions.

Considerable credit for the smashing of repeated German counter-attacks can be claimed by the artillery units. "Time on target" concentrations have completely knocked out advancing enemy tanks and paralyzed assaulting Nazi infantry units.

Artillery forward observers attached to each infantry battalion are responsible for the "outgoing mail" and through their radios are able to orient the fire direction point on the nature of the target and the effect of the fire.

"Enemy infantry in the open"; Jerry tanks approaching

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BATTALION COMMANDER SHARPE IS 25!

The 83rd boasts the youngest battalion commander in the ETO. Granville A. Sharpe, recently promoted to Lieutenant Colonel at the age of 25, commands the 2nd Battalion, 329th Infantry. He has been in command since early August of last year when he took over at the age of 24 while still a captain.

Colonel Sharpe, a graduate of Davidson College, North Carolina, where he received honorable mention on numerous All-American football teams in 1940 and 1941, commanded a company in the 2nd Battalion during the hedgerow fighting in Normandy last July. He was wounded twice as a company commander and, on his return to duty in August, took command of the battalion to lead it on a successful assault on Chateaufort.

Sharpe, whose wife Alice and two year old daughter live in Burlington, North Carolina, stands five feet ten inches in his stocking feet and weighs 175 pounds stripped. Considered a "giant" among leaders for his coolness and daring, he has the knack of getting things done and the keen admiration of all who know him.

Sharpe's battalion first gained

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329th Patrols Enter Duren after All Three Regiments Smashed from Hurtgen to Roer

The deepest American penetration of German soil in the direction of Berlin was made by doughboys of A Company, 329th Infantry during the 83rd's assault in the Reich in December.

Engineers Smooth way to Victory

Building the bridges, removing the obstacles, keeping the roads open, purifying the water, digging big gun emplacements and disposing of a Kraut or two in their spare time—that's the job of the 308th Engineer Battalion. They've been at it since the 4th of July in France, Luxembourg, Germany and Belgium and the proof of their skill is the smooth way our vehicles have been rolling forward, with a minimum of casualties from anti-tank mines and the swift transportation of fighting material to the men who know how to make it tell a story in Helmsie dead.

One of the most important of the 308th's tasks is building bridges. They've constructed 31 vehicular bridges and 23 assault footbridges since entering combat. Possibly the most spectacular of these bridges is the one over the Ronce River at Dinan. The structure, which is 180 feet long and 270 feet above the river, was started late one night and ready for traffic early next morning.

But bridges are of no use unless they lead to roads and unless these roads are kept free of obstructions placed there by the Germans. In this department the 308th at one time maintained 188 miles of roads

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After the Division's sweep from the Hurtgen Forest through seven heavily defended villages to the banks of the Roer River, only the city of Duren remained as the last fortified obstacle guarding the plain to Cologne.

With passes to Paris promised as a reward by Battalion Commander Lt Colonel Tim O. Cook of Snyder, Texas, a five-man patrol, led by S/Sgt Charles J. Palmer of Oxford, Mass., was given the mission of probing enemy defenses of the city.

Crossing the Roer on a bridge that later proved to be heavily mined, the patrol advanced under a heavy protection of intense small arms fire, directed by Capt Wentworth Comes, former state legislator from Hancock, Vt. The men gained the opposite bank and took cover inside the shell-torn buildings of the city itself.

SLAYS THREE OF ENEMY

"I ducked inside the first door I saw," said Pfc Garvy Bolin of Jamestown, Ky., one of the patrol members, "and before I could catch my breath three Krauts came running down the street with their rifles at high port, I had a pretty good idea they were headed for the building I was in, so I picked all three of them off with my M-1."

Two other men of the first group to enter the city, Sgt Marvin Schroeder of Brenham, Texas and Pfc John R. Good of Springfield, Ill., scrambled down the cellar steps of the first house they came to and together with a radio operator directed artillery fire on German troops and vehicles.

"After our artillery laid in a

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FURLOUGH FUN...



A Brushing us on the ways and wiles of life and ladies in the good old USA are, left to right: Pvt Philip Rosenbloom of Washington, D. C., Sgt Michael Skovran of Warren, Ohio and Pvt John Bresnahan of Waterbury, Conn.—all homeward-bound for 30 days as part of the Division's rotation plan.

83rd SPEARHEAD
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 331st Infantry; Sgt William Schuman, Divarty. The 83rd SPEARHEAD
 is published weekly by the officers and men of the 83rd Infantry
 Division, APO-83, U. S. Army (c/o Postmaster, New York). News, fea-
 tures, art and photographic material accepted from members of the
 division. No payment made. Member of Camp Newspaper Service, 295
 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Republication of credited matter
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 VOL. 2 - No. 3 February 17, 1945

SIGNIFICANT BIRTHDAYS

This month we remember the birthdays of two great Americans, two men who represent the opposite in birth and social advantages. These two men were strong, firm and just, and they fought in their own way for the things that have made our country great and strong.

To them we owe much for the freedoms we enjoy, for the benefits of our way of life, for all the things we are fighting throughout the world to preserve.

George Washington, Father of the Republic, a Virginian, a man born to riches, cultured, well-bred, a gentleman in every sense of the word, led the Revolutionary Armies to victory. He fought for unity as much as he did for liberty.

Washington had much in worldly goods, yet he believed there were things in life bigger than this, and he fought for the common man with all his might.

He believed our country should be a haven for all men who wanted to carve out their lives in their own fashion. He said they must be free to worship, free to express their thoughts, free to follow their own pursuits unfettered by the fickle, selfish whims of tyrants.

He believed our country should keep strong to protect these golden advantages, for he knew there would be nations and peoples who would want to take them away from us.

At the other end of the social level was Abraham Lincoln, champion of individual rights and the freedom of all men. Here was a man who in his gaunt, homespun manner fought quietly with pen and the spoken word, and by example, for the rights of the individual. He gave re-birth to the ideals of Washington and a new meaning to liberty.

Lincoln came from humble beginnings, a back-woodsman from the frontiers of Illinois. He was self-educated. He was simple in his way of living, simple in speech, a religious man, yet not sanctimonious.

He rose against all obstacles to hold the highest and most honored office in the land, a privilege only America can offer. He carried our country through four terrible years of civil strife where brothers and fathers fought each other. In the end we remained unified and a new era for the rights of the individual began.

We who are thousands of miles from home, fighting in many foreign lands may wonder at times why we fight at all when, to all appearances, our country was never physically threatened by forces who would rob us of our birthright.

The distorted thoughts of evil men with poisoned minds have spread across the world sucking in the unthinking and unwary. Men like Hitler and the Mikado believe that man is nothing but a tool for their own benefit and a way to grandiose power. They and their followers would shackle us and our families and loot our rich land to satisfy their gluttonous lust.

Today we fight to restore the security of our land and the sanctity of our homes and firesides, for the right to continue to express ourselves as we wish, to worship as we may, to return in the end to work out for ourselves our own manner of living and find our happiness where and how we may, living and working in peace and harmony as Washington and Lincoln dreamed and we believed we should . . . and would . . . and will.

TCR

ENGINEER JOES AID 83rd DOUGHS AGAINST HEINIES

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often under the hail of enemy mortar and artillery fire. They've swept roads leading into the Reich clear of more than 1,025 anti-tank and anti-personnel mines. They've removed 50 tanks and half-tracks obstructing the smooth flow of traffic. They've filled in numerous craters that would have bogged down our trucks and tanks had they not been dealt with promptly.

The battalion has aided the artillery by digging 78 deep gun emplacements for the big guns and four airfields for the "83rd Division Bombers". The water



point men have purified over three million gallons of water for drinking purposes and have operated showers for the Division during rest periods.

The intelligence section has been busy to the extent of distributing 524,500 maps and charts showing 3,000 miles of highway and bridge reconnaissance covering the main roads and the cow paths with equal thoroughness. And the artists have been making signs for those roads, over 3,000 by actual count, to keep the boys from going astray.

This may sound like too full a schedule for any extra-curricular activity, but the 308th boasts of having captured 257 prisoners along the way. These facts and figures attest to the vital contribution the Engineers are making to the Division's combat record.

SPOUSE NO DOPE SO PLEASE BRING SOAP

A Belgian printer last week handed Pfc Lee Geldhof several pieces of paper upon which were written the following bits of stuff and such. It was the printer's desire to have some ready-made notes prepared to expedite the possible transaction of a little private laundering business for his wife:

- Will you wat my woman your dirty line everying week?
 - Know you still other fellow Who wilt wal dirty line wasch?
 - No forget soap for wash your line For my woman no have.
 - Write your name if you please sour.
 - Bit paeper among your dirty line.
 - So soon wasch I your bring.
- Of course, you know what the old guy wanted. . . or don't you?

FOXHOLE FABLES

Shells were screaming in and 330th Anti-Tankers were scurrying for shelter. Sgt Richard Peebles called to a laggard: "Hurry up! let's go!" The GI cried he couldn't find his false teeth. Blurted Peebles, exasperatedly: "False teeth! Whatta you think they're throwing at the sandwiches?"

The Army is always ready to help civilians—in some cases to help them get revenge. In their travels the I & R Platoon of the 329th Infantry picked up a few Frenchmen, adding them to the roster sans pay. The Frenchies were valuable on numerous occasions. Consequently, a couple of Polish forced labor battalion men were taken from the PW cage and given a break. They have been issued GI equipment, given patrol work, guard duty and even KP. They learn English readily, too, and are good soldiers, which is evidenced by the fact that they frequently gripe.

In the 83rd PW cage an especially sad looking character claimed to be a German officer. He didn't look like a soldier at all, so his pay book was checked and false entries were found. He was too sweet busted. without benefit of courts martial.

Pfc Allan Kamm of Philadelphia, member of Anti-Tank Platoon, 2nd Bn, 331st Infantry, opened a package from home last week. To the dismay of the small army of kibitzers assembled for the occasion it contained a baby doll, women's silk hosiery and Ivory soap. It was intended for a family in Luxembourg with whom he had become acquainted.

Sgt Charles Pate, Co D, 331st Infantry machinegunner, was hurriedly excavating a foxhole when a sad-sack Nazi tapped him timidly on the shoulder and jargoned that he wanted to surrender, asking what he should do. Said Pate: "I don't know and don't care, but get-tha-hell away from me. . . I'm busy!"

After five year's service with but five days' furlough, Uncle Sam finally broke down and gave Pvt William C. Settle of the 308th Engineers a 30-day furlough home. So unsettled was Settle at the prospect of leaving that he was packed in an hour. But it took him 15 minutes to remove the clip from his M-1. He was THAT nervous.

Pfc Vito Lascari, or "P-33" as he is known to buddies in 330th Infantry Reg HQ Co tells of a visit with his current girl-friend the other night: "She laughed when I sat down at the piano—but when I came over on the davenport she got scared as hell!"

After having been overseas six months Pfc Richard Porter of 2nd Bn, Anti-Tank Platoon, 331st Infantry, received what he thought was a battlefield commission. . . he even inquired as to when he'd get the other shoulder bar. His face fell when they told him the gold bar was an overseas stripe.

During fighting around a small Belgian town Anti-Tank Co, 330th Infantry was able to find but one building intact, and stayed there several days. A copy of Hitler's latest speech was found in the building, which turned out to be the local insane asylum.

Pfc Earnest Foraker of Co C, 308th Engineers, was minesweeping in Gey, Germany, for an OP location. He went down into the cellar to check for booby traps, unarmed, flashing his flashlight hither and thither. Sighting a pile of shoes, he found, upon looking closer, that they were German, and contained live Krauts who were in no time at all goose-stepping to the PW enclosure.

Pfc Arch Kelly, a native son of Gay, W. Va. and a member of the 308th Engineers, wears the Bronze Star for heroic mine-sweeping activities near heavily-mined Duren. He also was instrumental in clearing Gey, Germany. When he jumped for a muddy road shoulder during a barrage in that town he was heard to mutter "home was never like this!"

Early one misty morning in a little Belgian town near the front S/Sgt Bert Remy was preparing breakfast for Hq Co, 2nd Bn, 330th Infantry. As mess sergeant he was accustomed to having natives sidle up and longingly stare at tempting food. He paid no attention when two figures paused, inhaled the aroma, then passed on.

But he found out after breakfast that the figures in the dark had walked a few feet further and surrendered to a sentry. He'd missed an opportunity few cooks have had. Remy was browned off!

S/Sgt Julie Wetter of N.Y.C., Co G of the 331st Infantry, crouching in his foxhole, noticed a shadowy figure standing over him. "O, George, is that you?" he called. A rasping "Raus mit!" greeted him. Wetter grabbed his M-1 in the dark, pulled the trigger and it only clicked. Meanwhile Pfc George Tapp had heard the goings-on and put a round between the Kraut's eyes.

S/Sgt Paul E. Smith of Co D, 330th Infantry gave the girl of the house in which he was quartered a package of cigarets. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him lingeringly. Jumping up and grabbing his helmet, he was stopped at the door: "where are you going? Please don't be offended," the girl begged. Sgt. Smith: "O, I'm not offended—I'm going for some more cigarets."

Vivid Vivian . . .



Vivian Austin already is a wealthy husband, but she's not content to rest on her riches. She feels she has other assets that should find a home in Hollywood.

GILBERT by Cpl. N.S. Firfires

Closest Yanks to Berlin Have Been From 83rd

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few salvos, the Krauts weren't too anxious to find out where we were," said Good, "because every time they'd advance toward us we'd call back for artillery fire, and our shrapnel made mincemeat out of them."

FULFILLS MISSION

Meanwhile, a second group of seven Yanks crossed the river and entered the buildings on the opposite side of the street. The squad leader of this patrol attempted to establish contact with the original squad, but he was wounded while crossing the street. In spite of his injury, however, he managed to reach the first squad and fulfill his mission.

After obtaining the necessary information, both patrols were ordered by radio to withdraw under cover of artillery smoke shells. All members of the first patrol, except Schroeder, who remained behind to take charge of the second group when the squad leader was hit, made their way back across the river without a scratch. But the second patrol was caught in a barrage of enemy shell fire and forced to return to the city and take cover in the buildings.

SWIMS ROER RIVER

Hampered by the lack of a radio to direct artillery fire, the original operator volunteered to re-cross the bridge and establish communication for the patrol. Stripping himself of all excess weight and equipment, he started his dash across the bridge. Halfway across, he was hit with rifle fire and knocked into the swift current of the river 20 feet below. Swimming as best he could, despite his injury, he reached the German-held side of the river. Still intent on fulfilling his mission, he made his way halfway up the bank and then collapsed. Unable to move any further, he shouted for the men to come and get the radio. But his yell brought a German medic, instead, who proceeded to dress his wounds and then carried him up the bank and out of sight.

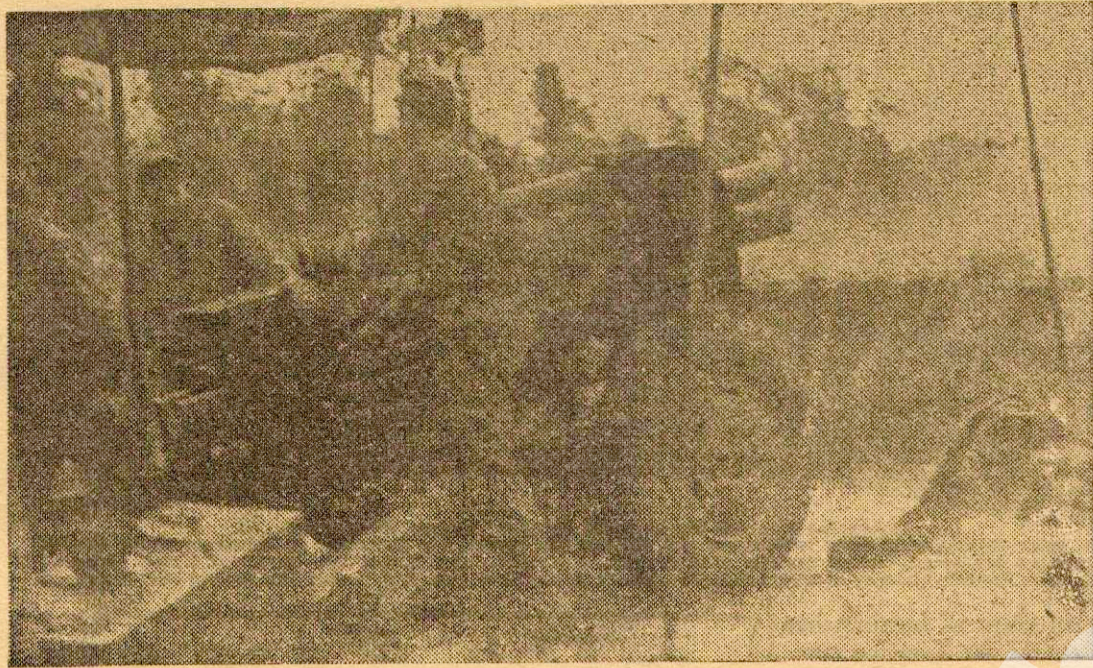
ATTACKED BY TANKS

Shortly before dusk the isolated patrol was attacked from two sides by a large number of infantry, supported by tanks. In order to gain better observation, the besieged group moved upstairs in the building they were occupying. They had hardly gained their new positions when a heavy German tank rumbled up to the building and fired two rounds of 88s in the cellar window.

German grenadiers who had meanwhile gained entrance to the building across the street opened up with rifle grenades. The Nazi tank commander, mistaking them for American troops, demolished the house with shells from the 88. The crumbling structure, together with American artillery smoke, made a perfect screen for a retreat and the entire group was able to re-cross the bridge and return to their lines.

P.S.: The next day the boys collected their Paris passes from Colonel Cook.

BARRAGE BABY...



Caught by the camera at the moment of recoil, one of the big guns of the 324th FA thunders home another message to Hitler as the doughs somewhere out front close in under its protective cover. The 83rd Artillery has delivered over a quarter of a million of these messages so far, and more are on their way.

ARTILLERY SUPPORT SUPERIOR

(Continued from page 1)

from the following coordinates": "German anti-tank guns spotted moving near the road junction." These and similar messages move the men and guns into action, and the largest share of the rounds expended have been directed at targets of this type.

BIG GUNS AID GIS

One battalion of doughboys was able to hold out for four days against repeated German counter-attacks made by tanks supported by infantry. The big guns' crashing shells slapped down every enemy attempt to pierce the doughboy defenses.

On another occasion a concentration of heavy shells resulted in the leveling of six enemy pillboxes enabling the doughs to get on their objective.

The men at the heavy guns cannot see the effect of their shooting, but there is a certain amount of satisfaction realized by each member of the crew when the radio of the forward observer crackles, "Mission accomplished, good results."



IT WAS a big week for the Man from Mars. Mrs. Welles, Rita Hayworth of flicker fame, came through with an eight pound daughter and Orson launched a newspaper column. He expressed more than a passing interest in both projects, vowed to keep them at the top of his crowded calendar.

DOG DAYS were eight months ahead of schedule for the President's famous Fala. Thwarted in love in the country by a spirited Scottie who failed to fall for his "I can get you into the White House line," he returned to Washington only to find his place in the headlines usurped by Elliott's mastiff Blaze, who had somehow managed a priority place on a plane usually reserved for generals. By week's end, Blaze had been cleared, Elliott had received his star, and Fala was left to lick his wounds in blessed bachelorhood.

HAVING FOUGHT the good fight and lost the fourth time against Roosevelt and internationalism, Bertie McCormick of the "World's Greatest Newspaper" retired from front page editorials to take a bride. It was the second time around for both the colonel and his lady, the recently divorced socialite, Mrs. Maryland Hooper.

THE GREAT Cecil B. De Mille is no union man. And he was willing to sacrifice \$ 5,000 a week to prove it. Rather than pay a one-dollar union assessment, the familiar voice of Lux Radio Theater went off the air. But no listeners were lost—his place was filled by the beloved Barrymore brother-Lionel.

A FAMOUS name came back to the music world this week when Enrico Caruso Jr. started a serious singing career amid the curvaceous chorus of a Buffalo (N. Y.) nightspot. Critics noted his range—from Carmen's Flower Song to 'What a Difference a Day Made—but failed to find his father's voice.

ANOTHER VICTIM of family fame was quietly rehearsing backstage for her Broadway debut. Determined to stand on her own less shapely legs, Maria Manton, 20, flame-haired daughter of Marlene Dietrich, had felt haunted in Hollywood, hoped the theater would forget her mother. The odds were better, for Mama Marlene was busy with the boys at the front 3,000 miles away.

Informed by his CO that tanks would meet him at a crossroad, Sgt Glenwood Gigrich of Wellman, Iowa, took his men of Co E through enemy territory to the spot designated. He approached the tanks and patted one tenderly on the side with a feeling of grateful security. Then the moon came from under a cloud and Gigrich saw a swastika on the turret. Having no bazooka or rifle grenades, they made what the Nazis call a strategic retreat.

Inspecting some buildings for his 81mm mortar platoon of Co H, 331st Infantry, Lt Joseph Boldizar of Roebing, N. J., noticed bokoo rabbits hopping about. He wise-cracked to one of his men that rabbit eggs would be nice for breakfast. A half hour later a GI approached the lieutenant with: "Sir, I've looked all over, inside and out, and can't find a single one!"

MORE THAN 60 COMMISSIONS ARE GIVEN IN DIVISION

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of Brookline, Mass. is something of a legend. One of the original Atterbury doughboys, he's held every enlisted rank on his way to a commission. During the hedgerow fighting in Normandy, where his work was outstanding, he was wounded and captured by the Nazis. But he was left behind in a hospital in Rennes when the Germans cleared out and came back to resume his place and receive his bars with the 83rd.

Others who have received commissions include:

- From the 329th Infantry—Leonard K. Meyer of Edgerton Ohio; Robert C. McGhee of Fredericksburg, Va.; David E. Springer of Pettisville, Ohio; Nelson G. Flacus of Macoupin, Ill.; Clifford C. Melton of Burning Springs, Ky.; Isaac L. Williams of Candor, N. C.; Bernard R. Darr of Fairmont City, Pa. and Harry E. Bartley of Worcester, Mass.
- From the 330th Infantry—Walter S. Pillion of Troy, Ohio; Needham V. Alford of Waco, Texas; Robert L. Harrell of Warren, Ohio; Arthur A. Del Padre of Cranston, R. I.; Russell E. Schrader of North Liberty, Ind.; Donald W. Eidenour of Lansing, Mich.; Ernest Hamlin of Warren, Ark.; Raymond H. Houston, Jr. of Cornish Me.; Benjamin F. Patrick of Montgomery, Ala. and Carl F. Steundel of Detroit, Mich.
- From the 331st Infantry—Fred H. Barns of Elkins Park, Pa.; James E. Pearson of Brookings, S. D.; James L. Monroe of Hot Springs, Ark.; Arthur H. Haught of Middlebourne, W. Va.; Byron P. Smith of Shelocta, Pa. and Sampson Young of Cross Hill S. C.
- From the 324th FA—Carroll E. Raether of Alma Center, Wis.; Richard W. Pemberton of St. Niles, Ohio and Winslow P. Johnson of Boston, Mass.
- From the 324th FA—George W. Baber of Columbus, Ohio, and George T. Boscoff of Canton, Ohio.
- From the 323rd FA—Forrest E. Norris of Chicago, Ill. and Edward M. Nowak of Chicopee, Mass.

After casual inspection, a replacement 105mm howitzer seemed familiar to men of the 323rd FA Bn. Upon looking closer, it was found to be the same gun they had evacuated during fighting in the swamps south of Carentan.



Dear Charlie:

Although it was very sweet of you to send me a picture of yourself after all these months, why did you have to send me such a horrible picture? I'm sure you had time to take a better one. Why did you have to send me a picture of you coming out of the Hurtgen forest in Germany? You look so awful. You're dirty, you need a shave and your hair is so long and your clothes must smell with filth. Charlie, if you come home this way I'll never speak to you again. How can I place such a dirty picture of you on my dresser. Why couldn't you have the suave taste of Phil? He sent Minnie a picture of himself stepping out of the big USO in Chicago, and he looks so cute, all dressed up. What do I get from you, a dirty, unnatural picture.

Remember Elly? Well, she finally did marry that big smiling galoot. She has a baby now and I'm helping her mind it to get some experience. It's so much work, dirty diapers, safety pins, formulars, bassinets, powder. I hope you men appreciate all the work we go through Charlie, you'll have to promise me now that when we get our first baby you'll stay home at night and help me. If you don't want to have a baby and you don't want to stay home—I know someone who will. (Willie, quit looking at my knees like that.)

Love, JENNIFER.

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

Message Center For The Main Body





Here's the 83rd QM Co at work keeping supply lines open. At left, 330th Infantrymen draw rations for the day. In the center, Pfc Lawrence J. Morris of Upper Darby, Pa. touches up his truck before making another run. At right, Cpl Elmer W. Massa of Staten Island, N. Y. left, and Cpl Francis Manner of Sykesville, Md. check a machine gun that guards the trucks and their vital cargo.

There was a time back in the early days of battle when the boys in the foxholes used to call the QM the K-ration commandos. But eight months of getting the goods under fire has changed all that, and few frontliners with hot chow, warm clothes and gas to go places will fail to applaud the award of the Meritorious Service Plaque to the 83rd QM Co for superior performance of difficult duties under all combat conditions.

It's a big job and a big story. The trucks that carry the load have averaged 18,000 miles across five countries to run up a grand total of 900,000. They're shrapnel-scarred from trips to the front with reinforcements and ammunition, but the drivers have been lucky—only Pfc William F. Bowers of Canton, Ohio, wears the Purple Heart as a souvenir of the dud he ran over while hauling PWs in Germany.

GETS BRONZE STAR

No run is routine, and many are memorable. Singing Sgt Pat R. Monroe of Huntington, Ind., whose "Methusalem" is the QM campaign song, remembers best the 800-mile supply run he made in 48 hours—it brought him the Bronze Star. To T/5 Miquel Guajardo of Brownsville, Tex., it's the time he was pinned down by machine gun fire for half an hour while bringing up infantrymen at St. Malo. Finally, a German medic, who wanted to evacuate some American and Nazi wounded, stopped the show and the detail moved on.

GIs FOWLED-UP

In this way the goods have been delivered—45 tons of food, 10,000 gallons of gas and truckloads of clothing and equipment daily.

Contrary to front line belief the rations handled by Sgt Albert Wallace of Philadelphia are not mostly K, or even C—but the overseas best—B, including turkey and all the trimmings at holiday time. The flow of gas, under Sgt William Sneed of Richmond, Va., another Bronze Star man, has never failed, and a supply record was set when his section completed an extra 300-mile round-trip transfer of 60,000 gallons in less than a week.

Clothing and equipment is a million dollar-a-year business, and in the words of T/4 Abe Shadid, former department store owner and manager from Mangum, Okla., requisitions are the nearest thing to perpetual motion his section has ever seen. "If I could do one month's business like this at home, I could retire for life at the end of a year."

ABE HAS TROUBLES!

In addition to clothing Class II handles organizational equipment, salvage, personal effects, shoe repair and a laundry service for socks. While Shadid's chief headache is keeping the shelves full, there was a time when the system went into reserve, and he was stuck with 8,000 cots ordered for an un-receptive infantry.

This, then, is the battle-scarred story of Division supply, the story behind the best-fed, best-clothed, best-equipped Army in the world, as 83rd men at the front know it and know it will be continued at any risk by the men who man the trucks on the road to Berlin.

Hawks Holds Out from Nazis in Barn

During a German tank-infantry counter-attack in Belgium late one night Sgt Arnett Hawks, Anti-Tank Co, 330th Infantry, saw he was outnumbered and climbed to a hayloft prepared to sell his life dearly. The enemy had the area surrounded and he knew they weren't taking any prisoners. He had killed an enemy scout a few minutes earlier at the door of the house.

Crouching in the hay with a tommy-gun full of ammunition and a few extra rounds spread in front of him for action, he anxiously guarded each of two doors leading to other parts of the building. Shortly afterward a group of Heinle infantrymen gave the barn a perfunctory search but missed the haymow. They gathered underneath Hawks' concealed position and even milked some cows during their stay.

Propping up the ladder which the sergeant had ascended and kicked down again, they started upstairs but changed their minds when two shells screamed through the roof and exploded near them. Leaving hurriedly, they were met by shots from 83rd riflemen, who were supported by machine guns on a TD which opened up when the Germans left the barn.

The sergeant unnerved by his long vigil in the dark, gathered up his small store of ammo and departed for a belated breakfast. He was heard to grumble "If those damn Germans can drink fresh cow's milk why can't we?"



The following quotations have been taken from official German broadcasts:

The plans formulated at the "Big Three" conference are the greatest political murder conspiracy of all time.

The chief war mongers are again in conference to complete their plans for the annihilation of the German nation. Churchill and Roosevelt had to agree to accept the wishes of the Soviet Jew and come to Bolshevik territory.

The soil of the fatherland is not lost if one has to leave it, only if one gives it up.

We know from most recent history into what a horrible abyss those nations were thrown whose leaders gave in to the enemy and thus delivered their countries to hunger, misery and slavery.



By PFC MAURICE RENEK

I have little doubt in my mind that some of you upon glancing past this column wonder why all this waste of manpower? Down in the deep inner sanctum of your cerebral you must be amazed at the apparent little effort it must take to write this column. Before you go a thought further, let me stop you and poison your mind to the contrary. Every week I have to turn out an entirely fresh column that has to vibrate with vitality. If they can't print this newspaper and the column lapses over to next week my prestige is dragged through every EM latrine in the ETO for writing stale copy. If everything does come out alright and they do print my copy on time some body is always taking advantage of my rank. For example I said a few well chosen words against a certain unsung fellow who works on this paper. His girl friend writes back to the effect that my writing is as dirty as Monday morning's wash. (Tut, tut, young lady hasn't your Momma don't you yet.) While I'm getting my TS card punched in this column, I may as well go all the way. Months ago they hinted they may put my picture atop this column. Do they want to show you dear readers what I look like? The answer is obviously no. The war they tell me is bringing enough suffering. After months of pleading on blistered hands and sore knees they still don't put my by-line over the Jennifer letters. The Fates must be agin me because I try (Lord knows I try) and to no avail. Do I get a gentle pat on the back? If I use up the ribbon on the Captain's typewriter I get the firm hint and harsh words of: "no columnist is essential to a newspaper." This after I give him the best years of my life and my last box of matches.

After sixteen months in the Army I finally made Pfc. It was a long hard road but I made it. If the manpower I spent doing details could be harnessed into making ships and the ships were layed end to end I'd be able to walk across the Atlantic and see what the USO boys are doing these days. I think I hit a low

in details the day I had to scrub a grease pit with cold water on a hot day in my sweating ODS (In those days I has creases in my pants that didn't come from excessive sitting). You always read in advertisements and windy epilogues that everything is given to the poor Private, the things that were given to me I wouldn't advertise. To be a successful Private you have to be a combination Mata Hari, Dick Tracy and Houdini. You have to constantly spy for the best details. Then conjure a vision on the easiest way to do them and if you can (and a good private can) always be able to find a way to get out of them. When you've mastered the timing, the Army will come easy. Of course, if this happens to fall blue isn't such a bad color.

The truest words I ever heard spoken about the Army were: "Its not the Army you hate to leave but, the friends you make while in the Army." Truer words were ne'r spoken as I look down on my big eared, sad eyed, big pawed Spaniel. The result of seventeen laborous months in my "how to win friends influence people campaign." At last I have gained the fruits of a friendly smile and bubbling personality, man's best friend—(besides a discharge that is).

83RD HAS AIR ACE

Air ace of the 83rd's fleet of artillery observation planes is 1st Lt William Law who is the most decorated man in the 324th FA Battalion, holding the Air Medal and four Oak Leaf Clusters.

Lt Law has flown his tiny Cub plane under combat conditions in Normandy, Brittany, the Loire Valley, Luxembourg, Germany and the Ardennes. When ground observation of artillery fire was virtually impossible, he flew as many as five hours a day in all weather.

Her name is Grace MacDonald and the Marines have already landed and named her their Marine Mama. In appreciation, the young starlet struck this motherly pose.

BN COMMANDER IN 329th ONLY 25 YEARS OLD

(Continued from page 1) some fame in the Division's assault on Saint Malo last August when Sharpe made novel use of a public address system to harangue the Germans, then used it as a means of instruction for his attacking doughboys. When the Citadel fell and its "mad" commander, Colonel von Aulock was in the bag, Sharpe played the "Stars and Stripes Forever."

FIGHT AT GURZENICH

In Germany, it was Sharpe's battalion that knifed its way into the city of Gurzenich on the outskirts of Duren and repelled a major counter-attack by fanatical Germans who desired to hold a bridgehead west of the Roer River disregarding costs. In that battle, a company of Krauts was annihilated and five tanks knocked out or driven off to smash the last resistance of any real strength west of the river.

ATTACK AT LANGLIR

Again in the Ardennes when 83rd doughboys were blazing a trail south for the Third Armored Division to cut the strategic Houffalize-St. Vith highway, Sharpe's battalion played a major part in launching a coordinated night attack on the town of Langlir with the 1st Battalion of the 331st Infantry, helping to break the back of German resistance in this area.

An expert shot with all infantry firearms, Sharpe's hobby is, naturally, firearms. However, in more peaceful moments he enjoys a good round of golf and is not adverse to a little fun and night life.

For ambitions Sharpe would like nothing better than to lead his battalion through the streets of his old alma mater, Davidson College on V-Day plus 10.

