

Ten Stars



There were smiles and stars to spare during this big four conference at the 83rd CP. Sharing the spotlight, left to right, are Major General Robert C. Macon, Division Commander; Lieutenant General Walter C. Smith, SHAEF Chief of Staff; Lieutenant General William H. Simpson, Ninth Army Commander, and Major General Raymond McLain, commanding the XIX Corps. (Photo by Brouhard)

330th Patrol Found Fireworks In Neuss

Probing Touched Off Charges That Blew Three Main Railway Bridges

Another little piece in the big picture of the 83rd's drive to the Rhine came to light this week with the story of Lt Kitan Agostinelli's 12-man patrol from Co E of the 330th Infantry.

Hitting the outskirts of hostile Neuss at night, the patrol, with Pfc Henri A. Jonte of Chicago and John Maglio of Haverhill, Mass. as lead scouts, quickly captured three Nazis, who provided the information that the suburbs contained about 50 Krauts at strategic spots.

The first strategic spot was a large railroad bridge, where the captives had told them there were three guards. A challenge proved the information correct.

When the scouts failed to answer, the Germans opened fire with rifles and a burp gun. The patrol let go with everything they had, which proved to be too much for the Krauts. One jumped behind a dirt pile and set off a charge, blowing the bridge sky high. The others raced down the road in full retreat.

"Yes, and a hunk of the damn bridge hit me on the head," said Sgt Maria Falciani of Malaga, N. J., who was only 20 yards away.

The remaining Jerry was big and fat and dirty from the explosion. He kammeraded all over the place and was taken prisoner.

The patrol continued on to a second railway span, where the same procedure was repeated. This time a German medic climbed out of the rubble to surrender to Pfc Melvin T. Coffey of Louisville, Ky.

Three Nazis tried to stop the drive but a grenade from S/Sgt (Continued on page 2)

Rhine Drive Earns Praise

Commendations have been given all three infantry regiments, Division Artillery and other units by Major General Robert C. Macon for "the severe blow which was dealt to the industrial heart of the Third Reich" in the all-cut smash of the 83rd to the Rhine river.

The Division was called from reserve to hasten the defeat of the German positions west of the Rhine—and complete the last phase of the XIX Corps drive to the banks opposite Düsseldorf.

The 329th Infantry was commended for its drive through Neuss and its rapid advance to the south bridge.

The 330th was committed in an offensive position from Feb. 26th to March 4th and, after aiding the 29th Division in the establishment of a Corps bridgehead across the Roer, pushed on rapidly. This included a non-stop sweep through Neuss.

The 331st was attached to the 2nd Armored Division during the last two days of February (Continued on page 3)

DIVISION NAME CONTEST OPENS; WINNER TO GET PASS TO PARIS

How about a three-day pass to Paris in the Spring?

You don't have to swim the Rhine or bring Hitler back alive. Just take a few minutes between now and midnight, March 25th, to think up a catchy nickname for the 83rd. If the CG likes yours the best of those submitted by members of the Division, you'll get that Paris pass, or, placing second or third—a couple of days at the Army Rest Camp.

There's nothing difficult about it, and everyone within the Division is eligible to submit a suggestion, except members of the Division Awards Board, who will select the ten best names for General Macon's consideration, the Public Relations staff and SPEARHEAD unit correspondents.

Entries will be judged on the following basis: Is the name short? Does it carry punch? Does it show the viciousness of the Division's fighting? Will it

capture the imagination?

Typical nicknames of other divisions, as a guide, include Hell on Wheels (2nd Armored), Let's Go (29th), Blue Devils (88th), Spearhead (3rd Armored), Thundering Herd (92nd), Buckeyes (37th), Old Hickory (30th), Yankee (26th), Rainbow (42nd), Golden Arrow (8th) and Tough Ombres (90th). These, and all other unit names, are, of course, intelligible for consideration as is the name OHIO, which belongs officially to the 37th Division.

Here are the simple rules:

1. Write your suggestion on a slip of paper and sign your name, rank, serial number, unit and date at the top. Then hand it in to your unit reporter, who will in turn send it to the SPEARHEAD by message center.

2. No individual may submit more than one entry.

3. No entries will be accepted after midnight, March 25th.

4. No duplication of awards will be made. In case of two men submitting the same name, the one received first will be considered.

5. The decision of the judges will be final.

The results of the contest will be announced in the March 31st edition of the SPEARHEAD, and the winning awards will be given out as soon afterwards as militarily possible.

Dime A Dance ...

Advancing down a dark street in Neuss, Pfc Earl Rhodes of Kalamazoo, Mich. was suddenly surprised by five Germans bent on taking him prisoner. Rhodes, a member of Co E, 329th Infantry, is the tallest BAR man in the 83rd—6 feet, 5 inches.

He opened fire on a downward slant. Cries of pain were heard. The Supermen sat in a row on the curb nursing their feet like dance hostess after a busy Saturday night.

First Men Furlough Bound For Britain

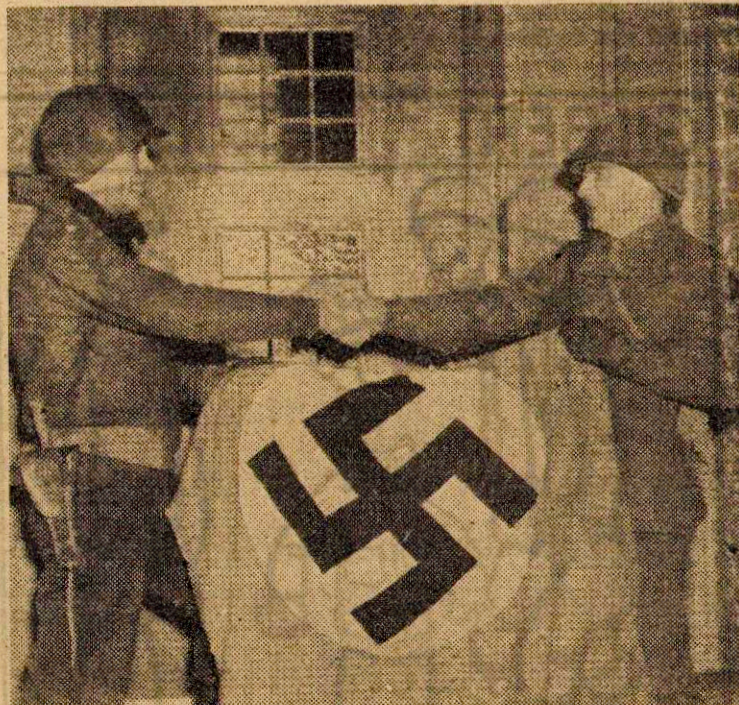
"Hey Joe, take a week off, go to England and look up that girl you used to Lambeth Walk with just about a year ago this time. Tell her all that's happened to you and show her some of those Heinie souvenirs you've been collecting since last June."

That's the kind of a pre-furlough pep talk being given a percentage of men from the 83rd as the Division prepares to send its first group of men to the United Kingdom on furloughs this week.

It was explained at the G-1 office that the furloughs are for seven days and take effect on the day of debarkation in England. All travel expenses are "on the house" and Uncle Sam has even fixed it so a partial payment can be made by the Division Finance Office to assure some spending money during the seven days.

The first group leaving the Division will travel by (Continued on page 3)

Air-Ground Team ...



Captured in Germany by 329th doughs and presented to the XXIX TAC in appreciation of their air support at St Malo, Beaugency and Neuss, this 75-foot Nazi banner was recently returned to Col Edwin B. Crabill, right, 329th Commander, by Maj. Raymond Stephens, 83rd Air-Ground Cooperation Officer, on behalf of the XXIX TAC, in a reciprocal good-will gesture. It now bears the message, "With Best Wishes to the 329th from the Officers of the XXIX TAC" and 102 signatures, headed by Brig Gen Richard E. Nugent, XXIX TAC Commander, and Brig Gen B. M. Hovey, Jr., Chief of Staff. (Photo by Brouhard)

One War Late ...

Of course there wasn't a Nazi to be found in Neuss or a German soldier in Civilian clothes. At least that's what the Nazis were saying.

But when Sgt Joseph E. Wynkoop of AT Co, 330th Infantry met a civilian who closely resembled a photo of a German officer he had seen in one of the houses, he lost no time in turning him over to the MPs.

The payoff came from the CIC. They revealed that Wynkoop was 20 years too late. The man in the photo had been an officer in the First World War.

83rd SPEARHEAD

Official Weekly Newspaper of the
83rd Infantry Division.

The SPEARHEAD is written by and for the men of the 83rd under the supervision of Capt John C. Neff, Information-Education Offices, and Capt Thomas C. Roberts, Public Relations Officer. All material is censored by AC of S, G-2, Member CNS.

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Nancy of Neuss

You've probably met Nancy of Neuss. And you probably took a second look. For her lines are strictly Parisienne. And that smile belongs in Soudan.

But the chances are you've never heard of Nancy's friend Maria from Monschau. The girls have a lot in common; so perhaps you'd like to hear the story of Maria of Monschau, as reported in a recent issue of Time:

"When the Americans marched into Monschau on the German-Belgian frontier last September, pretty Maria, a 17-year-old German, watched them in stony silence. But she confided her feelings to her lover, Peter, an SS man, in letters which she could not mail to unoccupied Germany. The letters were discovered when Maria was arrested last week for talking to a would-be Nazi saboteur.

"I feel it clearly," wrote Maria, "that we, the youth, are a sorely tried, but also a steeled youth and as hard as iron, destined to fight on for the ideal of our indispensable Fuhrer. When everybody deserts the Leader, he will be able to depend on his real youth. They will never betray him...."

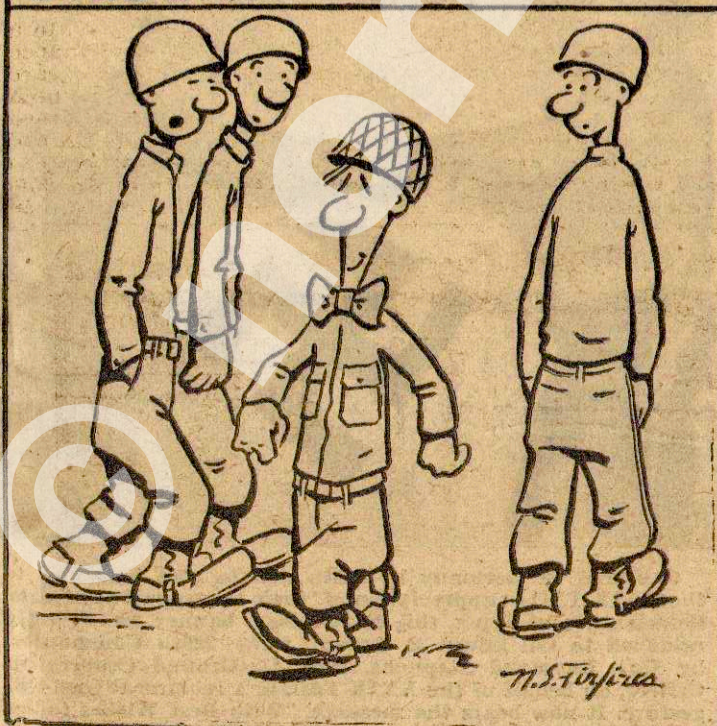
"Besides all our other troubles, we have to have these Americans in the street. These pigs are afraid of us... I hate the Americans. One thing they cannot take away from us. We will start our new life under the old principle that we have been taught: To live means to fight... I wish the new secret weapon would appear. The flames are licking up to the Rhine. My Cologne, Peter! Isn't there any justice any more to make these culprits pay?"

"The American is altogether a comical soldier. He stands guard with an umbrella... The American comes and then he gets no farther... They are not soldiers—jitterbugs and tango lovers—'fight' and 'advance' are foreign words to them...."

"As an afterthought she added: "Today I just about rushed into a buried mine. An American saved my life."

The letters of Nancy of Neuss haven't been uncovered yet, but the other day she spent an evening with a GI—and turned him in the next morning.

GILBERT BY SGT. N.S. FIRFIRES



"He always wears a green tie on St Patrick's Day."

Allied Air Power Hits Dusseldorf

An indication of the full impact of Allied air destruction on the German industrial center of Dusseldorf was revealed last week when the sector west of the Rhine fell to the 83rd Division.

The Oberkassel section of the city, which has a normal population of 33,000, was governed directly by municipal officials at Dusseldorf and was taken by the 83rd Division in its breakthrough to the Rhine.

Industrial plants in the outskirts of the city, engaged in the production of war materials for the Wehrmacht, were severely hit and their production rate seriously affected.

FIRE BOMBS WORST

"The biggest damage caused by your air fleet," one German industrialist told 1st Lt. Vincent A. Burke of Brooklyn, who is a military government officer, "was from incendiaries. The first wave of planes usually managed to knock out our water system and when the second wave came in with the incendiaries we were powerless to do anything except try and fight the fires with sand and dirt. In the winter this was practically impossible and many buildings burned to the ground while their owners stood helplessly by."

"In instances where we were able to make repairs to industrial plants," the civilian continued, "our finished products never got any further than the end of the assembly lines because the constant blows from the air made rail or water transportation impossible. Our entire communication system was thoroughly paralyzed and finished products could not be stored in warehouses because of lack of transportation."

Nazi Officer Outwitted By Nervy Dough

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

Co G 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., German-speaking 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."

SURROUNDED BY YANKS

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.

Yank Hotfoot...



The enemy tried to make it hot for 331st doughs at Hemmerden with a tank-led counter-attack, but the plan backfired badly when P47s zoomed in low to leave the Nazis and their tanks burning.

(Photo by Vaccaro)

330th PATROL SETS OFF RHINE BRIDGE FIREWORKS

(Continued from page 1)

Harry Baublitz of Hanover, Pa. cleared the way.

The men advanced cautiously pinned down the patrol momentarily the wide, moonlit street till they reached another bridge, and it, too, blew up, accounting for all three approaches to Dusseldorf.

By this time, Panzerfaust—one shot German version of the bazooka—shells began coming in, and the patrol decided to send for the company's heavy weapons platoon for support.

After delivering the message and the prisoners on hand, Pfc Howard D. Gilmore, squad leader from North Loup, Neb., started back with several reinforcements.

They ran into nine Germans who were almost too bewildered to surrender.

"They got the idea when we knocked the weapons out of their hands and kicked a bicycle from under one of them," said Pfc Robert J. Coughlin of Chicago. "At first they thought we were Germans—they weren't expecting any Americans in that area."

The reinforced patrol soon picked up more prisoners, including an officer, complete with brand new braid and movie style equipment.

Freedom Of Worship Comes Back To Rhine

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 2nd Bn, 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".

But freedom of worship had come back to the Rhine.

The citizens of Neuss couldn't believe their eyes.

They also caught on to a neat Nazi trick. "The Heinies had four or five Panzerfausts leaning against buildings on every block," explained Agostinelli. "This gave them added fire power while retreating. Next time we'll be looking for them."

It was about this time that Falciani found himself pinned down by sniper fire.

"Why don't you advance?" shouted Agostinelli from across the street.

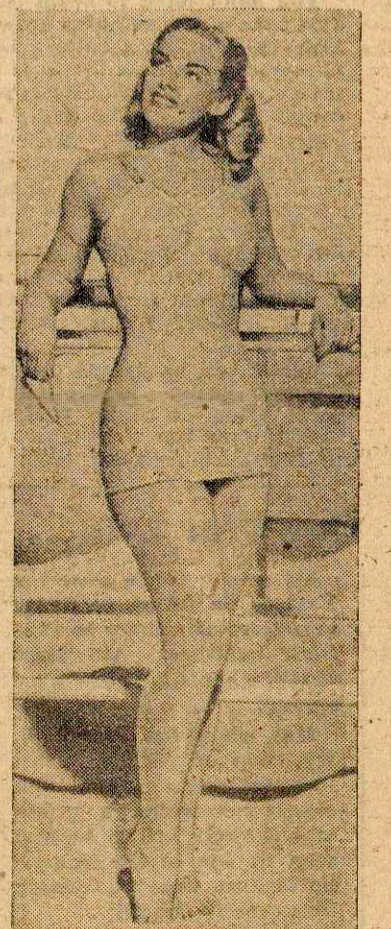
"I can't, boss," replied the squad leader. "A sniper's got me pinned down."

"OK, wait a minute," said the lieutenant, and he let go with a grenade from 30 yards away. There was no more sniper fire.

Soon afterwards, the patrol reached and cleared out their assigned dock areas on a Rhine inlet.

Some of them got an hour's sleep; some didn't. For there was guard duty to pull—on the Rhine.

Angel-a...



Fashion tides may ebb and flow, but white bathing suits will go on forever as long as there are girls like Angela Green to fill 'em for boys like us overseas.

(Photo by Warner)

Neuss Gets New Deal In Postmasters

He was an old man — an old post office man from Neuss. But he knew well the old game of run-around, and, like postal officials everywhere, he was a loyal party man to the end.

When the CIC men, together with M/Sgt Charles A. Rumsey of Athens, Ga. and Sgt Gordon P. Herr of Chambersburg, Pa. telegraph experts from the 83rd Signal Co., arrived at the battered Postal-Telegraph building in Neuss to sever telegraph communications with Dusseldorf, the old man was the only one left.

On learning their mission he immediately to lead them Nazi wild goose chase, pointing out various spots in the basement, each of which in turn he maintained was the central control point. But the signalmen were professionals and the CIC boys became increasingly impatient; so after an hour of evasion the old man finally led them to the right place.

There was no mistake this time. Fresh splices, bits of black tape and solder drippings were all proof that only 48 hours before, efforts had been made to arrange emergency communications with Dusseldorf, though the old man kept insisting that all communication had ceased earlier that day.

But the signalmen had been delayed long enough and lost no time in going to work on the three-inch cables with their axes, at the obvious pain of the old Nazi. Two hours later all cables had been cut, and just to make sure, every fuse was also removed.

The old man sighed as he stumbled up the stairs. He had served his party to the end — and in the end he, too, had failed.

Today there is a new postmaster in Neuss.

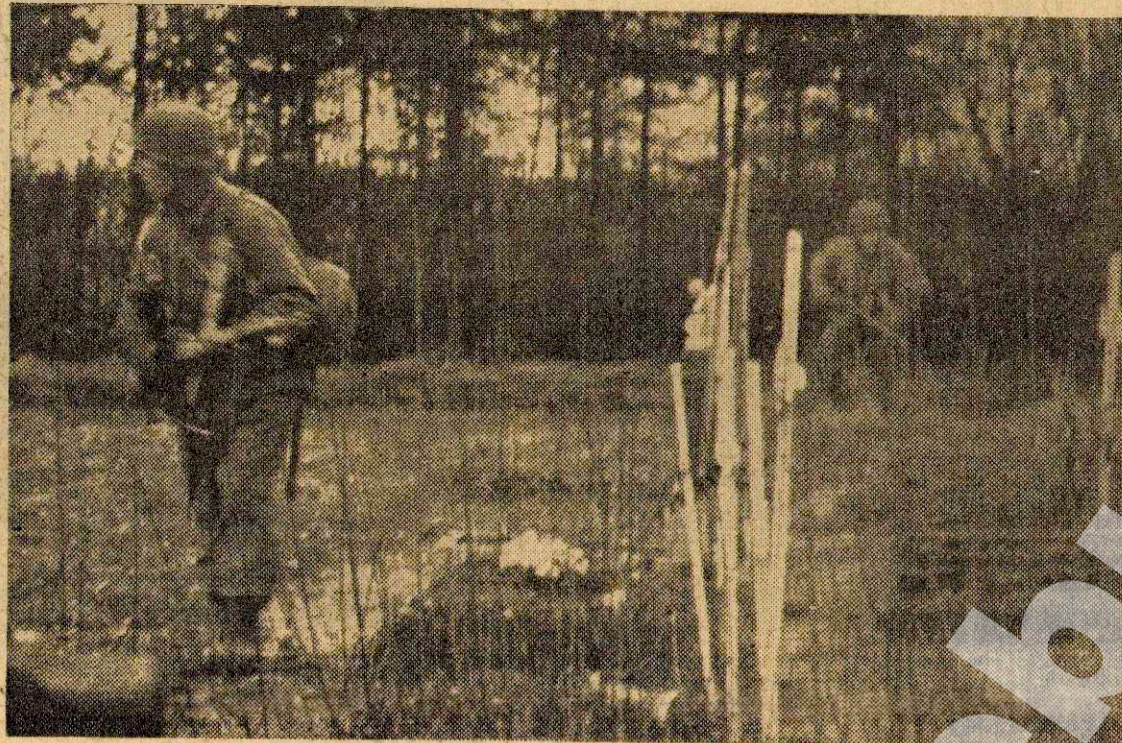
General Commends Units of Division

(Continued from page 1)

and was largely responsible for the successful drive beyond the Roer. When the 331st came back to Division control, it joined in the drive to the Rhine along with the other two regiments. Co E of the 331st was given official credit for being the first company in strength to reach the river and dig in along the banks.

The Division Artillery was committed from the very first and took part in the heavy barrage which preceded the initial crossing of the Roer. The 323rd FA supported the 330th in its drive to consolidate the Roer bridgehead and moved along behind the doughboys in the drive to the Rhine. The other three battalions assisted the Division's drive on the final objective when the 83rd as a whole was committed.

Graveyard Shift...



The quick were only a step ahead of the dead when the Nazis retreated through their own graveyard during the action near Hemmerden. Anxious to dig in some more are Pfc Fred Prailey and Robert Svenson from Co K, 331st Infantry. (Photo by Vaccaro)

Company Clerks Barely Escape Counter-Attack

The tale of how a wobbly front wheel on a G.I. truck saved a bunch of company clerks from getting mixed up in a German counter-attack came out of the drive to the Rhine made by the 330th Infantry.

Early in the morning of March 2nd, the personnel section of the 330th was rolling along the road to Neuss, in the wake of the combat elements of the regiment. One of the trucks developed wheel trouble and stopping to make temporary repairs, the clerks piled out for the time-honored reason.

A couple of GIs lolling in a trench along the road told some of the clerks that mortars were landing along a ridge to the southeast, but the personnel section Joes thought they were kidding.

SHELLS WHISTLE IN

But any humor in the situation vanished when Jerry shells started coming in toward the big two and a half ton trucks parked along the road. There was a scramble as every man tried to get on a truck and get the hell out of there. Pfc Standley R. Cohen of Northeast, Penn. got the wobbly wheel back on in record time. Somehow the big vehicles with their trailers were turned around on the road and, spearheaded by 1st Lt. Irving E. Artes, Personnel Officer from Chicago, headed back toward more friendly territory.

Shrapnel was whizzing around the last trucks pulling out to the tune of air bursts as the enemy apparently got the range on the road. Sgt John F. Braz of Hilo, Hawaii said as he was narrowly missed. The surprise attack did not stop

Tec 4 John B. Krebs of Hannover, Penn. from calmly snapping pictures of German shells digging craters less than 200 yards away. "I'll get down in a minute when I get some pictures that I've been wanting to get for a long time," replied Krebs when the other fellows told him to get down. All Tec 4 H. Grandy Reagan, Asheville, N.C. could recall of the affair was that he sat on one side of the truck yelling at the top of his voice to the rest of the men to "Climb on and let's get out of here."

JUST MISSED NAZIS

Later the boys found they had run smack into a small scale German counter-attack which punched at the flank of the 83rd Division in the drive to the Rhine. The Germans had taken over a section of the very road that the personnel section was traveling, and if they had kept on, they would have been taken in the German counter attack. But thanks to the wobbly wheel, personnel didn't tangle with the German tanks, against which their M-1s would have had little chance.

Paris Style Note

At a mail call in Germany recently Cpl Pete Komarinski of M Co, 330th Infantry received a late Christmas package which made him sigh "Lord, give me strength." The bundle, from his gal in Pennsylvania, contained a note: "You can wear these when in Paris on pass." She had sent him a pair of black and white dress shoes.

Sports

Baseball spring training is getting under way this week in the States following President Roosevelt's statement that he "saw no reason to discontinue baseball as long as the war effort did not suffer by baseball's employment of perfectly healthy players." Listed as potential inductees for the armed forces are Mort Cooper, ace right hander of the St. Louis World Champions, Infielder Johnny Ostrowski of the Cubs and Outfielder Johnny Lindell of the Yanks.

Included among those who have failed to sign 1945 contracts are Pitcher Jack Kramer, 17-game winner for the Browns last season; Bill Jurgess, Charlie Mead and Cliff Melton of the Cubs—and Jeff Heath, Roy Cullenbine, Mickey Rocco and Joe Heving of the Indians.

The National Invitation Basketball tournament opens today at Madison Square Garden in New York City. The defending champion, St. John's of Brooklyn, is expected to repeat unless powerful DePaul University of Chicago should upset their apple cart. Other tournament teams include Bowling Green, Rensselaer, Tennessee, Rhode Island State, Muhlenberg and West Virginia.

Elmer Lach, center of the Montreal Canadiens' hockey team, is now within reach of another National Hockey League record. He has already broken the mark for assists in one season with a total of 51. He now needs six points to tie and seven to beat the overall season's scoring record of 82 set last year by Herb Cain of Boston.

GIs Turn Detectives For A Day

Two doughs turned detectives for a day when the I & R platoon of the 329th Infantry was being billeted in Rockrath during the 83rd's dramatic drive to the Rhine.

Pfc James E. Townsend of Petosky, Mich. and Pfc Arnold J. Marcus of Marlinton, W. Va. were inspecting a battered basement when they noticed a well polished wardrobe cabinet in a dingy corner.

Further investigation revealed a hidden door that led into the living quarters of two recent members of the retreating Wehrmacht. Nazi uniforms were strewn on the floor and the remains of a frugal supper were still on the table. But the real find were two sets of German dog tags.

Townsend and Marcus lost no time in reporting their discovery to their CO. Accompanied by a CIC interpreter, they returned to the house and questioned the only occupant—a nervous young woman in an upstairs room. After meeting with the routine evasions, they led her to the hideway, where she broke down and confessed the AWOLs were a brother and boy friend who had stayed behind to greet their conquerors in the preferred role of civilians.

When informed they might be shot as spies if picked up in mufti, she produced pictures, though still denying she knew their present whereabouts.

Armed with this information, the GI detectives started the traditional search of the village. After several futile hours, only the air raid shelters remained. Townsend took one, Marcus the other. Pushing through a crowd of civilians, Marcus found his men. Confronted by the evidence, they confessed in the best Hollywood tradition and were soon on their way to a PW cage.

The two detectives for a day put away their pipes, slung their M-1s and returned to their basement billet. They had accomplished their mission. They had a bed for the night.

83rd Men Get UK Furloughs

(Continued from page 1)

given all combat awards appearing on their service records. During the furlough period the men may stay either in a private home or be billeted in a Red Cross or similar club. At the end of seven days they will re-embark for the continent and their respective units. government transportation to a port of embarkation in France where a United Kingdom Leave Replacement Center has been set up. The men will be issued a special furlough-railroad ticket made out to any destination of their choice in the United Kingdom. They will also be

Male Call by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates" Grilled Chicken on Three-Decker, Well Browned



To The Last Man...

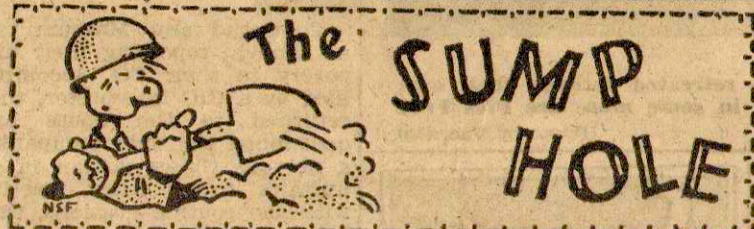


Goebbels & Co. keep shouting about the Nazis' fighting to the last man, woman and child, but German soldiers keep surrendering en masse and German civilians

Woman And Child...



keep lining up for bread despite the clarion call, as these picture taken in Neuss prove. (Signal Corps Photos)



By PFC MIKE RENEK

Besides healthy and shapely pin-up girls the things that most often meet your cornea (the round spot on your eyeball) are the vast amount of material written about your rehabilitation (the process of changing you over from EM Latrines to WPA ditches). We read about rehabilitation camps and we laugh to ourselves, "Ha, imagine training me to be a civilian." I don't want to be an alarmist but, I imagine the Army will have lengthy tests before we get back to our life of subways and succotash (I don't care for either.)

If my wild imagination serves me correctly you'll probably be placed in a room for your first test to determine your fitness for the golden K-rationless life that lays ahead. A pretty American girl will walk by with all the familiar characteristics that show up American women. If you make a dash for her, gouge her eyes out, kiss her so hard her bi-cuspids pay a visit to her asophogus tube and her floating rib loses its buoyancy... you've failed the test. If you would have passed, a blue suit with two pairs of trousers and a tight vest would be on their way. On the next test you'll have to take pot luck. They'll lead you into a modernized bathroom (FM 5-5, Latrines, AR 2-2 2/3: The small cubicle room that lodges a white porcelain commode with a pine wood covering and accompanying bath tub is known in the Army as a latrine. No flush, no brush, just a strong back to dig them in). Getting back to where they were leading you to a bathroom they then let you go just to see your reaction. If you start digging up the aquamarine tile or jump with your feet onto the pine wood commode cover (the wood might also be ash) — you've failed again. Your next obstacle is a nice soft bed. If you jump in it thinking its your bedroll and give yourself a bloody nose trying to pull up your zipper visions of ten hash-marks seems to be the only thing for you. If you buy a set of new flashy clothes and your shoe strings are brown — you're almost hopelessly gone. After this, you can commit no greater civilian sin then going into a Police station thinking the green light over the door makes it a Pro station. When this happens, Sergeant, you better start bucking for a permanent PFC at least.

On the other side of this rehabilitation question is a more serious and pressing force in the shape of civilian alarmists. When future historians look down on this Era of the GI, they will mark these postwar prophets as the greatest tragedians of our

time. It seems they stay up nights, nursing a bottle of opium and dreaming up fantastic scenes of what it is going to be like when we are rehabilitated. Translated into realities their ideas would run something like this: Women will start an anti-sun tan campaign, our fair maidens will go around looking whiter than a bottle of homogenized milk because soldiers will be sick of seeing brown in any form, even when served as a mouth watering background to a two-piece bathing suit.

Then there are a certain clique of alarmists who are particularly viscious towards the paratroopers. They visualize them as sitting on the highest flagpole in town waiting for a shapely Miss to ankle by so they can leap at their prey with sharpened claws and dripping mouth. I hate to bust any dream balloons, but all a GI will need is one hug from his wife and that will make him a civilian quicker than all the theories and plans man can think up. Of course he may have some peculiar habits like helping his wife with the dishes. But, then again, a man has to slip somewhere along the line (and it's usually near the knees.)

Krauts Get Taste of 88s Over Rhine

At last the 88s are pointing the other way.

When the 83rd reached the Rhine opposite Dusseldorf, they found eight of the familiar guns still emplaced with ample ammunition and even a supply of spare parts.

This was what the doughs who had dodged 88s from Carantan to Neuss had been waiting for.

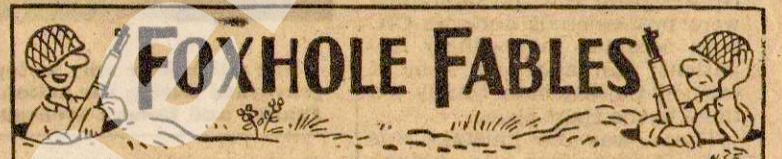
A call went down to the 324th FA, and S/Sgt Arnold E. Cocetti, Btry A, from Scranton, Pa., S/Sgt James J. McGuffie, Btry C, of Warren, Ohio and Sgt Julian L. Flery, Btry B, from Seneca, Pa., soon had three guns in firing order.

By that time cannoneers under Lt Michael V. Bercik of Clarrton, Pa. and Lt George W. Baker, battlefield commission man from Columbus, Ohio were ready to go into action.

Without previous training, the new gun crews made it hot for the old crews somewhere in Dusseldorf to the 88 tune of eight rounds in 32 seconds.

The artillerymen liked the guns. The doughs liked the guns. They hoped the Krauts still liked them.

For at last the 88s were pointing the right way.



When E Company of the 330th Infantry entered Neuss, opposite Dusseldorf on the Rhine, they checked every house.

Entering one, they found a brightly-lighted bar inside. It was large and well equipped, even to gay nudes on the walls. The men drank a beer and went on, after placing their glasses next to the Nazis' unfinished ones on the bar.

Elements of the 330th Infantry were nearing the Rhine in that part of the city lying west of the river when a sniper began to get more than bothersome.

Sgt Otto Roberts Jr., Maceo, Ky., tank commander with Company A, 736th Tank Bn. was asked by the infantry to lend a helping hand. He started by directing his gunner, T/5 Vernon A. Jackson, San Antonio, Texas, to bring machine gun fire to bear from the tank.

When the sniper continued with his firing, Sgt Roberts decided on drastic measures. He called on Jackson to whip in a round of 75 H.E. Jackson obliged, and the sniper was silent.

Infantry moving into the building counted 32 dead Germans, the result of that round, which makes Jackson considerably better than the tailor who managed seven with one blow.

The crossroad was a bad place to load an ambulance, but that's where the patients were, so Tec 5 Leander Mank of Greenup, Ky. and Pfc Adam Allen of Alger, Ohio, both from Co A of the 308th Medics, didn't waste any time.

They were hardly finished and back in the front seat when a shell tore through the rear of the ambulance and exploded inside.

When the pieces stopped falling, Mank and Allen found themselves uninjured and their patients in the same condition with one minor exception.

It was the second ambulance to be blown out from under the two lucky medics in six weeks.

The jeep was badly battered and missing three wheels—and tying up traffic. So 1st Lt William R. Wright of Brooklyn, N.Y., and Co B, 308th Engrs, busy clearing an important supply route, ordered his bulldozer operator, Tec 4 Philip J. Clayton of Burlington, Iowa, to drop the jeep on a nearby haypile.

This mission had hardly been completed when a second lieutenant rushed up looking for his jeep.

Lt Wright took another doubtful glance at the pile of wreckage, but agreed to have it replaced on the road after a somewhat animated plea that there was really nothing vitally wrong with it.

Just to see what would happen, he waited while the lieutenant and his driver want to work on the pieces.

A short time later, they clambered into the wreck and drove merrily off.

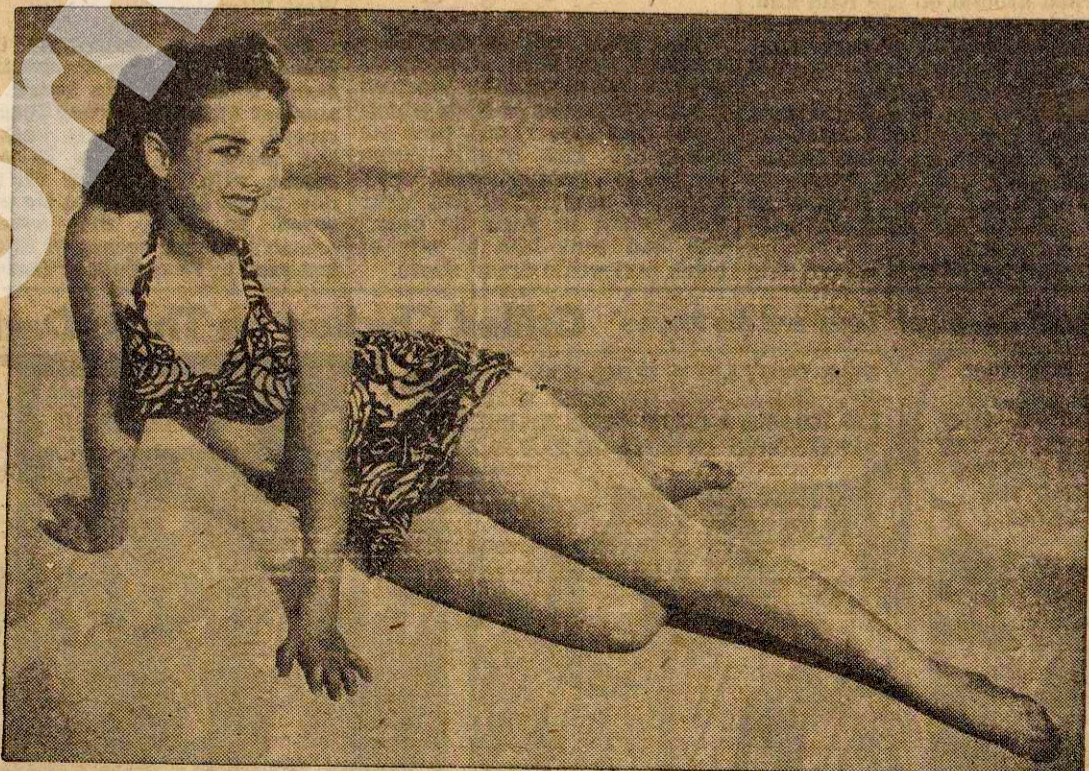
Digging a latrine turned into a scavenger hunt for Pfc. Arland Price, Co. C rifleman from the 331st. He had dug down two feet when his shovel thudded against a hard object. With high hopes, yet a little wary of a booby trap, Price dug rapidly until he had uncovered two boilers and a wooden box five feet long, three feet deep and two feet wide.

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

Sgt Melvin "Piggy" Hogg of A Co, 643rd TD Bn claims he has the highest-paid tank destroyer crew in the ETO. When Piggy calls roll, a 1st Sgt, a Tech, two Staffs, A Buck, two Pics and a Private answer.

Pvt Lester King of Fort Wayne, Ind., the end man, complaining of digging in the big TD all by himself!

Morale Lines...



After the supply lines come the morale lines. And here's curvesome Colleen Townsend of Hollywood doing her best to keep them open to the boys over there. It's the American answer to Nancy of Neuss. (Photo by Warner)