

Normandy
Brittany
Loire River

83rd INFANTRY DIVISION SPEARHEAD

Luxembourg
Germany
Ardennes

VOL. 2 No. 1.

SOMEWHERE IN BELGIUM

FEBRUARY 3, 1945

83RD HITS NAZIS IN BULGE

Seven Villages Fall as River Roer is Reached

Seven key villages, which the Germans chose to defend fanatically because of their importance in checking the American advance to the Roer River and the city of Duren, fell to doughboys of the 83rd in the first offensive to be launched by the Division on « holy German soil »

Moving from its defensive positions along the Moselle River in Luxembourg, the 330th regiment was the first to be committed and on the morning of Dec. 8 launched an attack which was so successful that the Germans were driven from the regimental sector of the Hurtgen Forest with heavy enemy casualties.

JOES TAKE GURZENICH.

On Dec. 10 and 11 the other regiments took their places on line and in spite of heavy mortar and artillery fire overcame the last ditch Nazi resistance to smash into Gurzenich, last town on the main road to Duren on the morning of Dec. 14.

The entire fighting in Germany was some of the bitterest the Division has experienced since Normandy as the enemy chose to defend his homeland dearly. In Strass a battalion was cut off for two days during which time the Germans counterattacked almost continuously to drive the Americans from their positions but in each instance the offensives were beaten back with heavy enemy losses. The besieged battalion had more than a hundred prisoners to its credit when another unit broke through to relieve the beleaguered doughboys after their two day stand.

FIGHT HOUSE BY HOUSE.

In the town of Gey, German dead littered both sides of the main street as the enemy chose to defend it to the last man. The doughboys worked their way through the town, street by street and house by house wiping out final remnants of German resistance.

Even after the towns were secured the Germans continued to plaster the places with artillery forcing the doughboys to take to cellars and remaining on the alert for an enemy counter attack.

With the fall of Gurzenich, the doughboys took a position directly in front of Duren and only this city and 18 miles of open plain remained to the big German industrial city of Cologne.

Help Wanted!!

Have you got a good name for the division? If you have, give it to your Unit Reporter or send it direct to us.

Although we wear the OHIO shoulder patch insignia, we don't feel like a BUCKEYE. You don't either. However, we're all proud of the old Black Patch and we wouldn't want to change the basic design. Yet we think we ought to get a name for the outfit which would tell all who hear it and see it what we really are.

Rifle Company Plays "Jingle Bells" For Benefit of Germans

Renowned German strategy was outwitted in Belgium during the 83rd's recent offensive.

Co. A of the 329th Infantry was pinned down by fire from a hidden machine gun and forced to grind to a stop and dig in for the night. Lt. Thomas R. Scales of Birmingham, Ala., platoon leader, wanted to locate and silence the gun in order that his unit might continue the advance.

STRIKE AN OBSTACLE.

Organizing a six-man patrol, he moved up a short distance only to be stopped by a maze of tightly-strung barbed wire upon which were attached bells, empty cans and other noisemaking devices. The patrol was compelled to halt.

Then Scales thought of a plan. The gun was evidently covering the wire entanglement, so why not use a bit of counter-strategy? A long rope was cautiously tied to the barbed wire and stretched back to the American lines. Instructing the platoon guide to tug lustily on the rope in five minutes, he set out in the direction of the concealed weapon with the platoon sergeant.

YANK TRICK WORKS.

When a tremendous clanking broke the stillness of the night the machine gun opened up as expected strafing the wired-up area. Spotting the gun position, Scales lobbed a grenade into the emplacement and cries of agony filled the air. The rest of the platoon and company were then able to advance and later found three dead krauts at their demolished gun.

Advance 20,000 Yards Through Ardennes; Doughboys Buck Bitter Cold and Waist- High Snowdrifts to KO Panzer Thrust

Division is Commended for Ardennes Operations

« As the 83rd Infantry Division comes out of the line after three weeks of continuous offensive operations in the Ardennes, I wish to express to you and to the Officers and men of your division my appreciation of the job the 83rd Division has accomplished during this period.

Fighting under most severe conditions yet encountered on the Western Front, with little or no shelter from driving snow and freezing cold, the division advanced almost 20,000 yards in the First United States Army's drive against the north shoulder of the German salient. In the critical stage of the attack to break across the Langlir-Ronce River and through the heavy woods to the south, the 83rd Division made two consecutive night

attacks and fought continuously without let-up for three days in order to open the way for the final drive of the 3rd Armored Division to cut the vital Houffalize-St. Vith road which spelled disaster for the entire German position north of the Ourthe River. The officers and men bore the fury of the vicious fire of the enemy's defense and overcame both.

The 83rd Division can well be proud of its record in the Ardennes counter-offensive which may prove to be the decisive battle on the Western Front. Please convey to your officers and men my hearty congratulations and best wishes for your future success. »

J. LAWTON COLLINS
Major General, US Army.

Whee! A Wheeling GI "Wheels" A Wehrmacht

Pfc. Pete Syrlo of Wheeling, W. Va., has quite a story to write home — how his jeep captured an SS prisoner.

Fighting all day for Mont-le-Ban, his battalion had pushed the krauts down the road. Co. D was rushing up mortar positions and over-running a number of Germans. Syrlo brought up a jeep load of ammunition and backed into some bushes to turn around. He heard a cry and found a Jerry pinned in the hole in which he had been hiding awaiting an opportunity for sniping. Syrlo took his weapon away with little trouble and shipped him off to the PW cage.

83RD GI Makes Cover of YANK

When Pfc. Robert Liegh of Company « B », 329th Infantry was told he was in the news, he called every-one about all the old book contained. Proof was very quickly established however, when a « Yank » magazine of January 14, was produced.

There, loaded with German weapons of any and all categories, stood Liegh covered with holy German soil, and grinning as though at a church picnic.

He immediately grabbed the magazine and with opened mouth awe, repeated over and over to himself, « Well I'll be damned. I'll bet the old lady will get a big kick out of this. »

With a 20,000-yard advance and almost 1,000 prisoners and nine towns to its credit along with 30 assorted tanks and vehicles knocked out during the Ardennes counter-offensive, the 83rd Infantry Division under Major General Robert C. Macon, threw its mighty weight at the German salient on December 28 to make its mark in history and carry a major portion of the fight in cutting the strategic Houffalize-St.-Vith road.

Fresh from spearheading the First Army drive to the Roer River west of Duren in Germany, the 83rd struck hard at the point of the German penetration at Rochefort following a truck ride through the moonlit countryside of Germany, Holland and Belgium.

In a wild two-day fight, the doughboys swung down the snowy slopes and cut their way into Rochefort and finally forced the Germans out of the town early on the morning of December 30.

PUSH TO WEST HALTED.

With the westward advance of the enemy stopped, the 83rd men entrucked again to move east along the north shoulder of the salient to launch a terrific assault which was to break the back of the German resistance centered about the towns of Bihain, Petite-Langlir and Langlir and secure the thick forest just north of the vital supply and communication road for the 3rd Armored Division.

Jumping off on the morning of January 9, there followed an almost round-the-clock attack which barely stopped with the seizure of its objective until the southern edge of the Bois de Ronce was reached at dawn January 13. Fighting the worst winter weather in fifty years, through deep drifted snows and bitter cold with little sleep and cold rations most of the time, the doughboys faced the best SS and Panzer troops that Hitler threw into his « all-out » try.

ATTACHED TO 3RD ARMORED.

The 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the 330th Infantry were attached to the 3rd Armored Division and fought initially with the tankers in taking Ottre, Hebronval and Jouveval.

(Continued on page 4)

83rd SPEARHEAD

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February 3, 1945

This issue of the SPEARHEAD is the first for 1945. From now on it will be published weekly, bringing you the latest news of the division and its members.

In Luxembourg we had the best printing facilities possible plus ample paper stocks. It would have been easy to continue putting out the SPEARHEAD had we remained there.

During the operation in Germany west of Duren, the odds were against us. Printing facilities had to be found outside the country. We found them, but there was no paper and electric power was closely rationed.

Before we had reached the Roer River, we had « liberated » sufficient paper to keep us in business for some time but, by then, we all took off like a Blue Goose to meet the Germans in the Ardennes.

All this time our printer was miles away and the staff busy handling the many correspondents who visited the division. Now we're having a breathing spell and we hope to get the ball rolling again.

□ □ □

It is with pride and a certain close kinship that we look upon the 774th Tank Battalion. This outfit is as tough as any. It has given plenty to support the doughboys of the division and it has done a great job with little or no public credit.

We feel that the tankers of the 774 are just as much a part of the 83rd as any unit. They've been with us since our days on the Loire River. They helped clean up Luxembourg with us and they certainly carried the ball in Germany west of Duren. Now, along with the 83rd doughboys, they fought their toughest battle in the Ardennes, and they did a damn good job.

□ □ □

from West Chester State's Quad Angles
 Penn State Teachers College

When he was leaving for overseas action, the paratrooper confided in me, « You know, the jumping end of it won't be so tough. The hard part comes when we hit the ground and become infantry, for the only difference between us and infantry is that we get into action the easy way, by flying instead of marching. »

With the advent of this war, the infantry has somewhat emerged from its undeserved obscurity, partly due to the efforts of front line correspondents such as Ernie Pyle, who realize that the infantry participates in action more continually, suffers more casualties, receives less credit, and faces more hardships than any other branch of the service. To the infantry is given the task of stabilizing both the offense and defense; the black line on war maps denoting front lines really represents an irregular system of infantry foxholes, territory not being considered secure until the foot soldiers move in. Were it possible to create a hypothetical situation for the purpose of evaluating the worth of the different branches of service, I am sure that the infantry would hold first rank.

Throughout history, the infantryman has been classed as the lowest strata of military society, mere « cannon fodder », the man unfit for anything but carrying a rifle. Now, all has changed. An infantryman is the most versatile soldier in the army, an expert on ten or twelve weapons such as the mortar, hand grenade, bazooka and machine gun, as well as his beloved M-1 rifle. He is respected by all, as the paratrooper illustrates. And he is proud. When I asked one how he liked being in the army, his eyes flashed and he informed me, « I'm not in the army; I'm in the infantry. »

But perhaps I'm prejudiced, for my brother marches with the infantry in France.

by JOSEPH DORAN.

Doughs Repel Night Attack

Out of the entire Nazi company which attempted the assault not a man escaped. Twenty who survived the devastating fire surrendered.

The attack occurred in Germany after Co. B of the 330th Regt. had received a heavy barrage of mortar, artillery and small arms fire. Orders were given that not a single Yank was to fire a shot in return.

The Germans, believing that the Americans had pulled out under cover of darkness, moved boldly forward. Tense doughs peered out of their foxholes and nervously watched the Nazis move to within 50 yards of their positions. Then the cry « commence firing » was given, and all hell broke loose.

Machine guns, BARS, carbines, M-1s and everything that could throw lead broke the pre-dawn stillness. The first wave was mowed down like stalks in an Iowa cornfield and those who tried to escape across the open terrain were pounded with prearranged concentrations of artillery and mortar fire.

GI BAGS HIS TORMENTOR

Pfc. Walter P. Reardon of Co. B, 330th Infantry, has a tiny swastika painted on the fender of his jeep. This represents the downing of an ME-109 with a burst of his 50 calibre machine gun. The German plane had been strafing front line troops when Reardon opened up on him. Seeking to destroy his tormentor, the Nazi swung his plane to fire when a burst from Reardon's gun sent the plane into a flaming crash a few hundred yards away.

100-lb. Bundle



Lois Collier, beauty of Universal's « Jungle Woman, » returned from a three-week camp tour ten pounds lighter. Which means there was about 100 pounds of Lois when she returned—but that's enough.

Nazi Officer Caught In Bed When Night Assault Is Made

When nominations are made for the «most surprised German officer of the war » GIs of the 1st Bn. of the 330th Infantry would like to enter the name of their candidate.

Shortly after the arrival of the 83rd Division in Germany the 1st Bn. was given the job of taking a strategic hill.

Under cover of darkness, the battalion started up the hill and was in the enemy bivouac area before the Germans could crawl into their pants. The CO of the Nazi company proved to be the soundest sleeper and it took several prods with an M-1 before he awoke and realized the situation.

Meanwhile, another group of GIs was awakening a slumbering German outpost line. Even after being fully awakened they thought men from their own company, dressed in American uniforms, were playing a joke on them. When they filed into the main bivouac area, however, and saw their CO doing his best to preserve his official dignity after being caught with his pants down, they realized this was no dry run.

Jerries Surrender To Unarmed GI

A jeep driver who should rate something or other is Pfc. Howard Angstadt of Warren, Ohio. He brings back prisoners as mere routine.

While delivering an overlay to his 329th Infantry battalion command post on a winding Belgian road he almost ran down two Heinies. Slamming on his brakes he fumbled for his rifle, disgusted when it stuck in the metal rack. Tugging energetically did no good, but then noticing the Germans were unarmed, he shouted at them to surrender. They approached meekly with upraised hands and he made them sit on the hood of the vehicle enroute to the PW cage. If you happen to look into Angstadt's jeep today you'll find the rifle rack in a more handy spot!

Jerry Shells Make Reading Elusive

Sgt. Stanley Bieda was reading a letter in his foxhole when a page blew out of his hand. As he climbed from his hole to pick it up, a shell hit nearby and the concussion knocked him back into his hole. Bieda tried again, but once more the same thing happened. Angry now, he made one more try and, upon reaching the spot where the paper had been, found that one of the shell blasts had blown the paper... where?... of course, right back into his foxhole.

Bieda says that he has heard of some funny ones, but this incident will be really something to tell the folks back home in Shamokin, Penn.

Doughboys and Tankers Fight as Combat Team

Much was done to cement friendship and mutual understanding between the Tankers and Infantry during a recent action near Strass, Germany, when elements of the 330th and 331st Infantry and C Company of the 774th Tank Battalion teamed up to take some 3000 yards of the Fatherland and hold it against everything the self-described Super-race could throw at them.

Fighting side by side, the Infantry and tankers repelled two major and three minor counter attacks that were as vicious as the Nazi could muster. In spite of the fact that Germans used armor, air direct fire weapons and constant artillery barrages, these men held the sector for four days until the pressure was eased by units bringing up the right and left flanks.

The light tanks that carried in the badly needed supplies played an important part in the fighting near Strass. Company D of the 774th furnished these tanks and crews who, under cover of darkness, pulled in trailer loads of ammo, food and medical supplies.

NAZIS SERVE HOT CHOW TO GI'S IN RECENT FIGHT

Not many GIs have occasion to thank Jerry for anything, but the doughs of Company G, 329th Infantry Regiment will remember the generosity of a German mess sergeant for some time.

During the recent drive to cut off Rundstedt's forces, men of Company G, slipping into Honvelez, Belgium, in a surprise night attack, cut communications and took the occupying Germans by surprise. The hard driving Americans had completely outstripped their supply route and the men, although exulting at the capture of another town, were glumly looking forward to were glumly expecting K rations.

At this opportune moment, a Jerry Volkswagen drove blissfully up the street. Halting, the two occupants hopped out, ran up the steps of their former CP and stopped, staring in disbelief into the muzzle of an M1. After checking the contents of the vehicle the GIs « requested » the Germans to drive up the street to the American CP, where the cold, hungry doughs ate a hearty, if slightly Teutonic meal.

Can Go Home But He Doesn't Wanna!

Speedway, W. Va., can well boast of Pvt. Robert C. Thomas, at present a cook for Service Co., 329th Infantry.

Entering the army at 15 years he went through the campaigns of St. Malo, Loire Valley, Luxembourg and Germany in a heavy weapons platoon. When it was discovered recently that he is only 17 army authorities decided to give him a transfer to the kitchen pending his discharge.

Sugar Report from Jennifer

Dear Charlie:

I finally got a letter from you. I was so happy, I cried for hours. Then to read that you got the «Good Conduct» medal... why, you great big hero of mine.

I received your package with the perfume in it dear, don't think I don't appreciate it but, being a man, I didn't expect you to understand that we women have a different odor for every occasion. I wanted a strong seductive perfume with an enchanting aroma like «Man Bait» or «Garcon-Grab-Me». Enclosed is a clipping of the new Persian paw fur coat I'm going to buy. Don't worry about the money dear, you said yourself that this will be a long war. Those nice woolen socks I'm knitting for you won't be ready until March. When I mail them in a package I'll put in a nice pair of warm mittens. The gift, like Spring, may come a little late but its the thought that counts, isn't it?

You fellows sure are lucky to have all those Hollywood stars come over and entertain you. How come you never tell me about the actors and actresses that you see? The newspapers say they go straight to the front line troops. You being a rifleman should be considered front line. Don't keep it a secret please tell me what stars you see.

Lately, you sure are travelling a lot and I read and heard all about your Divisions splendid showing in Belgium. Its men like you who are doing the dirty work for this world and the least we girls at home can do, is stay faithful. Darling, you can count on me. (Willie, quit snapping it, your hurting my back.)

love,
JENNIFER.

One-Man Blitz Made on Nazis by Fighting GI

How a doughboy by the name of Skinner scared, scalped and smashed a bunch of krauts still has the 774 light-tankers talking in whispers.

Skinner, a Pfc with the first name of Vester, belongs to Company B of the 331st Infantry. This particular day near Bovigny, he found himself riding atop a white-painted tank from Company D, moving forward in an attack. Whatever struck his nervous system, not even Tank Commander S/Sgt. Nels K. Jensen could say.

«We were moving along slowly in the woods,» said Jensen, «when all of a sudden he spots some krauts not very far ahead. And what did he do? Well, he grabs the AA machine gun on the turret and lets go. First one belt, then another, and another. How many, I don't know. But soon he runs out of ammo and he yells down for my tommy gun. And so I give it to him, and he goes right on shooting, one clip, then another and another.»

All this time my tank is moving along firing our fixed machine guns and our 37 mm gun. It was a hell of a racket. So Skinner finally resorted to firing his M-1, banging away with that until he ran out of clips. We're still moving forward with doughboys ducking in and out of holes and around trees in the snow right with us. Finally, Skinner yells at me to pass him up all the hand grenades. So I do, and he starts throwing grenades around like the devil himself was after him.»

How the story ends is slightly confusing. But all around admit freely that Skinner had a hell of a lot to do with the attack and that there were plenty of dead krauts lying around the next day. And Skinner, Oh, he's from Kentucky.

330th Mine Platoon Plays Big Part In Push Through Forest

Under fire, they removed 77 mines — and without a casualty.

This was the report made by 1st Lt. Arthur C. Fried of the 330th infantry whose regimental mine platoon paved the path for the advancing tanks and doughboys during the recent drive through the Ardennes to cut the St. Vith-Houffalize highway.

In an attempt to stem the advance of the American armor and infantry the Germans erected a road block and then planted 77 Riegel mines in front of it.

Working under observed fire from 88's and captured American 57's the mine platoon doughs hacked their way through the snow covered frozen ground to remove the mines in the record time of 45 minutes and enable the infantry mounted tanks to ramble forward.

The platoon also cleared mines on the approaches to the villages of Bihain and Mont-le-Ban which fell to doughboys of the 83rd Division during the Ardennes offensive.

During operations along the Moselle River this same platoon took out 3,000 «S» mines — totaling 24,000 pounds in a single operation.

774 Tank Crew Saves on Rubber

One tank recovery crew of the 774th Tank Bn. is conscious of the army's rubber conservation program. It has clocked off 1,760 rugged miles on one set of rubber treads. «The average set of chevron treads lasts 1,000 miles,» says Capt. John J. Rolak, battalion maintenance officer. «Through careful handling this set is good for another 200 miles, or roughly the distance to Berlin,» he says.

Associated Press Carries First News Release of Division's Belgium Fight

BY EDWARD D. BALL (AP)

Troops of the 83rd Infantry Division helped to blunt the tip of the German break-through thrust into Belgium and now are biting back into the enemy bulge on the First Army front.

Major General Robert C. Maccon's doughboys played their part in the hill-rimmed town of Rochefort, not according to plan, as the communiques would put it, but out of a confused situation in which the Germans were more confused than the Americans. The situation was resolved with a happy ending for our side.

The 83rd went straight into action around Rochefort the night of Dec. 28 after a truck-borne dash from the Roer River front through the snow-whitened, moonlit German, Netherlands and Belgium countryside.

During the night, Company B, 329th Infantry, commanded by Lt. Maurice L. Hill of Booneville, Miss., managed to knife into the town, while other units of the division crowded to the river outside Rochefort. For the next two days the Germans laid down massive artillery, tank and infantry fire from their part of the town. Company B took to the cellars.

The division lost radio contact with the company and sent a six man patrol to investigate. The patrol did not return. (It got in, made contact with the company but could not withdraw, so remained.) An attempt to send in reinforcements would have been plain suicide.

The division, which had just

about decided that Company B was captured and could be written off, laid down a white phosphorous screen, anyway, to cover the company's withdrawal on the off-chance that it existed. And not only did the company come out, it had sustained only three casualties (and brought along 6 prisoners including 3 officers).

In the meantime the Germans, who did not know Company B was still alive and kicking, took the white phosphorous to mean a major attack was coming. They, too, withdrew during the night. (The next day the British relieved the 83rd, entered battered Rochefort).

«When we were out of contact, the krauts did their best to blast us to pieces, but we played tag with them and sniped them at every turn,» said Lt. Hill.

«My squad killed a bunch of Jerries and managed to capture three prisoners, including officers,» said Sgt. Perly Price, West Liberty, Ky. «When we withdrew the prisoners withdrew with us.»

Pvt. Henry J. Reday of Cleveland, Ohio, cut down six Germans, and Sgt. Robert Trevillien of Ashland, Ky., knocked out two German tanks with a bazooka.

Pfc. Wilbert Janke of Sheboygan, Wis., who speaks a smattering of German, answered a German's shouted demand for surrender with a burst from his BAR. «There was plenty of shooting and killing,» said Janke. «But the Germans, not us, were on the receiving end.»

A Combat Short Enroute to Duren

The cellar was murky and thick. Forms danced in the light of a single candle. There were about a dozen GIs present...messengers, radio- and wiremen, and the company commander, Capt. Robert Mitchell of Bristol, Conn. Mitchell, bearded and worried, urged the wireman to hurry up and get the phone connected back to battalion. «Probably the tanks,»

he muttered. «They probably tore out the wire. They always do.»

«Goddam it, you guys quit moving around out there. You'll draw fire. Get in or get out.» Silence.

«Here,» he said to one of his platoon leaders who was wounded in the leg, «Take a drink from my canteen.» He unscrewed the top and handed it to him.

The Lieutenant in the shadows said nothing, just twisted his face and lifted up the Jerry blanket covering his leg to have a look. No one spoke, although they all were looking at him.

Outside there was the sound of artillery falling in the town a few hundred yards down the hill. A machine gun rattled off on the flank.

«Goddam it, you guys quit moving out there. You stand out like a fly on a billiard table. Get inside. «Damn, I guess I'll have to move the CP. I don't want to, but I didn't want this place first off. It was the only thing handy and we crawled in to get out of the mortars.»

Someone asked about the tanks. «Yah, we got two of them in town, but the other two are stuck up the hill in the forest. Both hit

mines; blew off a tread after the first two had got by okay. Jeez, I hope they get tanks into town before night. The Jerries will probably counter-attack. They say they're sending another platoon around through Strass, but God only knows when they'll get there.»

«Say,» said the wounded lieutenant, «anybody around here got more of those pills.»

«Who's got a first aid kit. Mine's used up.» Someone fished around and found one and the Lieutenant took what seemed to be a fist full and threw them into his mouth.

«How about that goddam phone?»

«Well, I'm doing my best, captain. I don't know what the hell is the matter with it.»

«Well, you work on it. I suppose they'll shell the hell out of this place. We'd better move out of here.»

«How's your platoon sergeant?» turning to the Lieutenant.

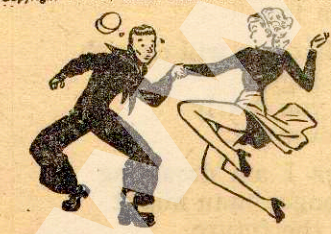
«Oh. Better put him in command. Sounds like tanks going down the road.»

«Yah, guess I'll go down into town. You stick here. I'll send guides back...and for godssake, get that phone working.»

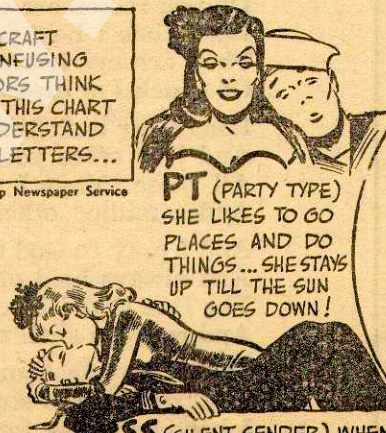
Male Call

THE NAVY'S SHIP AND AIRCRAFT NOMENCLATURE IS OFTEN CONFUSING TO LANDESMEN... SINCE SAILORS THINK OF THEIR SHIPS AS FEMALES, THIS CHART WILL MAKE IT SIMPLER TO UNDERSTAND SOME OF THOSE GROUPS OF LETTERS...

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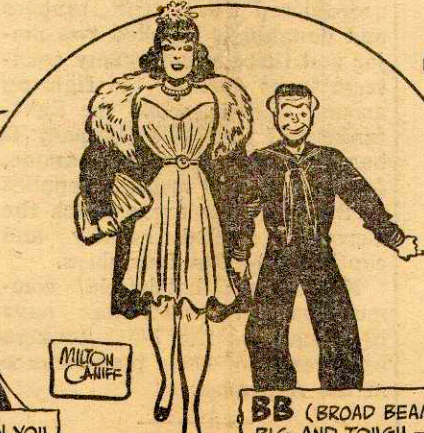
DD (DANCING DEVIL) A FAST OPERATOR... SHE'LL ROLL YOU IF YOU DON'T LOOK LIVELY



PT (PARTY TYPE) SHE LIKES TO GO PLACES AND DO THINGS... SHE STAYS UP TILL THE SUN GOES DOWN!

SS (SILENT SENDER) WHEN YOU GO OUT WITH HER SHE HOLDS YOU SO CLOSE YOU SELDOM EVEN COME UP FOR AIR!

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



BB (BROAD BEAM) SHE'S BIG AND TOUGH — AND A GOOD GAL TO BE WITH IN BANDIT COUNTRY...



AO (ALL OUT) SHE'LL GET DIRTY WITH YOU IF YOU DON'T FEND HER OFF



CV (CHARMING VIXEN) SHE LIKES TO TOSS OFF A FEW NOW AND THEN... NO MATTER HOW OFTEN YOU RUN OUT ON HER, SHE'S ALWAYS WILLING TO TAKE YOU BACK...

Leg Log

AR (ALWAYS RELIABLE) SHE'S THE MOTHERLY SORT — NOT GLAMOROUS, BUT NICE TO TURN TO WHEN YOU NEED SYMPATHY



FOR LUBBERS ONLY

- DD - DESTROYER
- PT - PATROL TORPEDO BOAT
- SS - SUBMARINE
- BB - BATTLESHIP
- AO - OILER
- CV - AIRCRAFT CARRIER
- AR - REPAIR SHIP

20,000-Yard Advance Made Through Ardennes as Doughs Buck SS

(Continued from page 1)

while the division followed in their wake.

The strong points of Bihain and the two Langlirs presented a difficult problem, for they blocked the armor's path in getting through to cut the Houffalize-St-Vith road which was a « must. » It became apparent that it was the infantry's job to eliminate these strong points and secure the forest to the south so the armor could advance.

Progress at the start was slow and bitter. The Germans, knowing the terrain well, skillfully placed their tanks and infantry. The snow made them easily camouflaged, hard to reach. They covered all the open approaches with deadly fire. They counter-attacked viciously to regain lost ground. And they paid every inch of the way for their stubborn defense.

DOUGHS ENTER BIHAIN.

On the 10th the 1st Battalion of the 330th Infantry, with the 774 tankers, battled their way into Bihain in the western part of the division's zone and routed out the Germans in heavy house-to-house fighting, while in the central and eastern sections, the 331st and 329th Infantry forged slowly ahead, finally getting within assaulting distance of the two Langlirs late in the evening of January 11.

With the 329th Infantry coming in from the east and the 331st Infantry from the west, the division launched a coordinated night attack in pitch dark and a heavy snowstorm to seize the two towns. The attack followed a terrific « time on target » artillery preparation. What the artillery failed to eliminate, the doughboys did with bayonets and trench knives. Within an hour and a-half, Petite-Langlir was over-run while the Germans around Langlir put up a stubborn tank and infantry battle before giving way late the next morning.

Turning to the south, the division struck off through the forest without doing more than taking a deep breath. At 4:30 the morning of the 13th, Company B of the 331st reached the southern edge of the Bois de Ronce, with other elements following closely behind.

That day armor, with doughboys of the 330th's second and third battalions astride the tanks, passed through the infantry, passed on to Mont-le-Ban and the Houffalize-St. Vith highway while the doughboys fought to keep the road through the forest open.

The major mission accomplished, the division then turned to the task of pushing to the east through 4,000 yards of forest between it and Bovigny and Courtil. Hampered by the undergrowth, the terrain and the snow, the tankers struggled to keep up with the infantry as they wiped out islands of resistance. Late in the afternoon the 329th reached the edge of the woods overlooking Bovigny. At 9:30 Company B entered Honvelez.

NAZIS COUNTER-ATTACK

Further attacks to seize Bovigny were met with stubborn resistance and counter-attacks, and with heavy fire from tanks skillfully placed along the ridge around Bovigny and Courtil. The 331st plowed south into the St.-Pierre-Hez to the division's boundary.

Finally on the 19th, the 329th occupied Bovigny, later Courtil, and went east to take Cierreux while the 331st finished off and held the St.-Pierre-Hez.

No history, no story, nor any description can portray the fight put up by the infantry in blasting the Germans out of the Langlir section of the Ardennes. This was the 83rd's greatest task. Upon it depended the cutting of the Germans' last remaining major link with the east and the homeland. By sheer guts and tenacity, the doughboys made it possible in the shortest possible time.

ALL AIDED IN TOUGH JOB.

Credit, also, the tankers and TD-men for their support; the artillery for breaking up the vicious counter-attacks that threatened; and the medics who labored in deep snow and bitter cold; and credit the supply men who jockeyed their trucks over fire-swept spaces and roads normally considered impassable. No one man, no one unit can take credit. Each had a tough job. Each was important. Each performed at the best.

774TH Tankers Aided Assault in the Ardennes

The 774th Tank Battalion which supported the 83rd doughboys in their Ardennes counter-drive, claim to have knocked out 17 Mark IV and V tanks and 8 machine gun nests in their 3,000 yard advance.

Participating in the entire action from 27 December to 21 January, the 774th tankers went through all the bitter fighting around Bihain, Langlir, Bovigny and the thick forest of the Bois de Ronce. Plastered with German artillery and hampered by self-propelled gunfire, the tankers had as much as they could handle in maneuvering their tanks over snowdrifted fields and icy roads to lend close support to attacking doughboys.

KNOCK OUT SIX TANKS.

January 13 was the tankers' big day. Company C working with the 330th Infantry knocked out five Mark V tanks and the doughboys chalked up one. That day, too, the Germans tried a ruse which failed. Two krauts came forward with hands raised in a gesture of surrender. Tank commander Lawrence smelled a fish and spotted a bazooka team creeping up behind the «surrendering» Germans. He let go with a round of HE which landed in the center of the team, two krauts were victims of their own artillery a few seconds later.

Another time, on January 9, when Company C helped the 330th doughboys in taking Bihain, the infantry rode into town on white painted tanks, then proceeded to rout the krauts in bitter house-to-house fighting while the tankers backed up the infantry with machine gun and HE fire.

WOODS CLEARED OUT

The first platoon of Company A, working with the 329th Infantry around Petite Langlir the next day, helped clean out thick woods near the town and forced two enemy tanks to withdraw. The tankriding doughboys of the 329th took 37 prisoners in that one spot. Later in the day tankers of Company B attacked with the 331st Infantry south of Otte and bagged a Mark IV tank.

Fighting together as a well-coordinated team, the tankers and doughboys repelled two major and three minor enemy counter-attacks during the fighting around Langlir, while the light-tankers of the 774's Company D hauled trailers filled with ammo, food, water and medical supplies to the front line areas which the Germans shelled heavily and continuously for four days.

Numerous battlefield commissions and promotions have been made to the 774th tankers as a result of their performance in the Ardennes.

He who fears being conquered is sure of defeat... Napoleon.

FOXHOLE FABLES

Capt. Allan B. Gillis, commanding Co. B, 308th Engineers, was visiting his work parties who were clearing roads and removing anti-tank mine. Capt. Gillis and the vehicle flew through the air. On his daily report the captain included a PS: « Jeep removed one mine; and vice-versa.

A couple of fellows in Co. I of the 329th Infantry have had closer escapes from shrapnel than they like to recall.

Pvt. Clyde D. Lanham was crawling across a Belgian field under enemy artillery fire when a nearby burst lifted him from the ground. Unhurt but shaken, he found that a big chunk of metal had ripped the pack off his back and riddled it like a sieve.

Caught on his feet by enemy artillery, Pfc Jose Cavazos was blown five feet into the air by the concussion of an exploding shell. A bandolier of ammo was neatly cut from his chest.

More than 35 war correspondents have visited the 83rd Division during December and January to cover the Roer River and Ardennes offensives. Reports from a number of sources show the division has been getting its full share of credit in the fighting over here.

Tankers do many strange things but the 774 tankers are still cackling about how one crew in Company C kept themselves well-supplied with fresh eggs during the 83rd's recent drive in the Ardennes.

Near Jenneffe, Belgium, S/Sgt. Henry J. Moore, tank commander from Roscoe, N. Y., « liberated » two laying hens and gave them a home in his tank. The fowl subsequently saw action in Bihain, Petite Langlir and other points south and east. From all indications, the hens were contented in their new home for they kept the crew supplied with the finest of select eggs. However, since the last engagement, the hens have disappeared and the crew is determined to find a couple of « replacements ».

Pfc Lawrence Ploof of Hancock, Mich., had an easy time capturing three Heinies, and didn't even need a rifle to do it. His company, D. Co of the 329th Infantry, was stationed in a little town in Belgium near the « bulge ». He strolled from his CP and noticed three Germans leaning against a building. Supposing them already prisoners, he paid scant attention. Five minutes later, returning, he was confronted by the three, two of whom were medics. One medic surprised Ploof by asking, in broken English, if he and his companions might be taken prisoner. Ploof obliged him, but suddenly realized he had left his trusty M-1 in the CP.

Supply sergeants have many headaches, and an example is one suffered by S/Sgt Paul Keat, a 329th Infantry asperinbound from Long Island, N. Y. Keat was bringing some new fatigue clothes up to his men via jeep when an artillery barrage forced him to take cover in a ditch. After it lifted he continued on his way. When issuing the clothing he was appalled to receive numerous complaints as to the lack of serviceability of the trousers which had been provided at the risk of his jeep—and his neck. He learned that during his sojourn in the ditch shrapnel had perforated a whole bundle of trousers.

Sgt. Kenneth May of New Haven, Conn., had the experience recently of getting his wardrobe thoroughly shredded by shrapnel although he was unhurt himself.

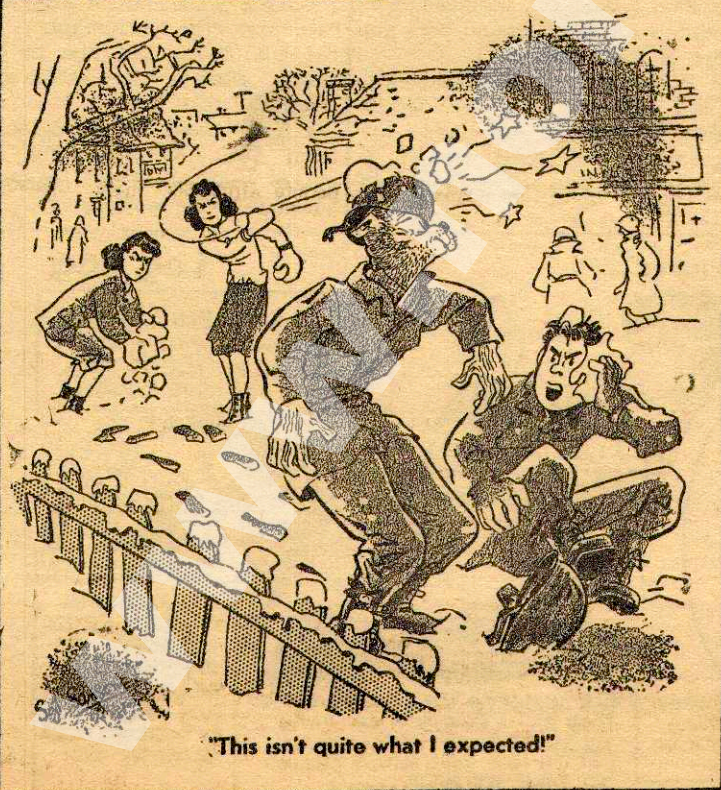
His outfit, H Co., 330th Infantry, had time out during the Battle of the Bulge and Sgt. May stripped to the buff for an impromptu bath and washed his clothes. Hanging his clothes on a fence to dry, he put on a blanket and pair of shoes. Then in came a salvo of Jerry mortar shells and one lit within a foot of the clothes line.

Annoyed no end after having labored under combat difficulties to do his washing, only to have his clothes perforated, the sarge had to run around all afternoon in his blanket to find replacements.

The Wolf

by Sansone

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Just for You...

Thinking and dreaming tonight
Looking out over the sea
The stars are shining brightly
And it's always you that I see.

I remember when times were different
When I did not have to dream
When ever I came to see you
You were always there it seemed.

Do you remember each time I kissed you?
Each time I held you tight
They are my heavenly memories
Of which I'm dreaming tonight.

Remember each time that I loved you?
And how often you said « I'll be true »
All these things I remember
And a million others too.

And I pray to God that you will cherish
And always hold on high
The fact that I love you dearly
And my love shall never die.

These are the things I am dreaming
That our love is stronger than might
I hope and pray for the future
Dreaming of you tonight.

UNKNOWN.