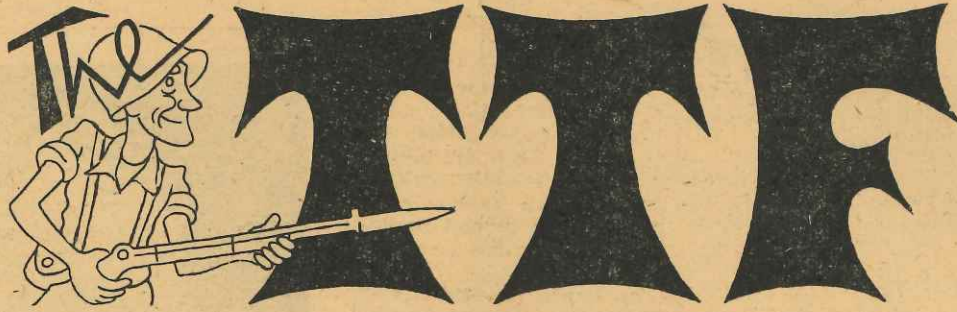


Somewhere
in Luxembourg

WEDNESDAY
Nov. 1, 1944.

Vol. 1, No. 4.



Written for and by
men of an infantry
combat team fighting
with the American
forces.

For Fighting Men . . .



Here is the story of supply in pictures. 1. Ammunition is broken down ready to be sent to the frontlines. From left to right these men are Pvt. Isaac Martin, Birmingham, Ala., Pfc. Sol Rosen, New York City, Pvt. Earl Geiger, Pottsville, Pa. 2. Food rations have just been brought to Service Company and are being unloaded for distribution to the companies. Tec 5 Clarence H. Foreman, Richmond, Va. is lifting a box while Tec 5 Leslie Stempson, Rugby, No. Dakota is handing him a can of peanut butter. In the background is Pvt. Paul Savage, Columbus, Ohio. 3. Dirty clothes are sent to the laundry and returned immaculate. Pvt. Pelmon Hudson, Turkey, No. Carolina, and Pfc. Dominick Pellucane, Brooklyn, N. Y. have just finished unloading this supply. 4. This display showing practically every item of clothing and equipment issued by Service Company was arranged by S/Sgt. John L. Miller, Osterburg, Pa. 5. Tec 4 George Tysiak, Lake Ariel, Pa. is checking the oil in a jeep that has just come in for maintenance inspection.

Service Soldiers Support Frontline GIs With Steady Stream of Supplies

In keeping with the traditions of the Army Services of Supply "to procure and furnish troops with supplies they need at the required time and place", the Regimental Supply Office last week distributed thousands of overcoats wool underclothing, wool shirts, trousers, socks and shoes and many other items to aid the comfort of fighting men in the coming winter months.

"Whether a man wears an overcoat in battle will depend of course on the weather and himself," said Maj. Thomas W. Bloomfield of Farmville, Va., RSO, "but it's the desire of the commanding officer that a man be clothed warm enough without the cumbersome overcoat."

And the present effort of supply is toward that end. A recent innovation for GI Joe's comfort is the new sleeping bag. Made in

two parts, the outer part is waterproof cloth which buttons up to the neck while the inner portion is made of the same wool as a blanket and has a zipper to the neck. This completely enclosed bag plus two blankets on the inside should keep Joe comparatively warm in a cold winter night.

Another boon to Joe who always had a heavy pack to lug around is a service instituted by the supply office. At night his blankets are brought to him and picked up at break of dawn. His messkit is also brought to him with chow and cleaned at the company kitchen. In this manner, Joe moves quickly and freely in the battlefield with only his weapon and ammunition to carry and unhindered with unnecessary supplies.

The rifle in the hand of the frontline man, the am-

munition he carries, the jacket on his back and the thousand and one other items with which he is equipped down to the emergency D ration bar of chocolate, are just so many things taken for granted. But that's exactly the way the man of supply wants the man with the gun to feel. For the ultimate purpose of both men is to knock out Jerry with a 10 count punch and bring the war to a speedy and victorious end.

So GI Joe of supply digs in daily to keep that food, that ammunition, that gasoline rolling to the front. It's an important job in a war effort that must be done — speedily and efficiently. If necessary, he works around the clock. Every hour of every day is a working day just as every day can mean a fight

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Four-gun Doughboy Routs Nazi Patrol

In using four infantry weapons within a 30 minute period during a recent skirmish with the enemy, Pfc. William H. Cornett of Rome, Ga. Co. C proved himself a versatile gunner.

Cornett was standing guard in the early morning hours on the lookout for a friendly patrol when he halted a number of dim figures a few feet away. The patrol hit the ground and it was just then that Cornett recognized their German helmets and he opened fire with his .45 cal. pistol. The Nazis returned the fire with automatic weapons and as he emptied his clip of .45 ammunition, he grabbed a carbine and firing this weapon worked his way several feet to a light machine gun.

As the carbine clip emptied and with fire coming from both his flanks, Cornett opened up with the

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Night Attack KOs Germans By Surprise

A smashing cleverly-arranged night attack launched against an enemy-held town by Co. B hurled the Germans from this stronghold, despite their superior observation and well-placed dug-in defenses, and brought another objective in American hands after several previous attempts had been repulsed.

The night of the attack was a black one, limiting observation to a matter of yards. The artillery kept the Nazis mind on a deeper hole while men of Co. B led by Capt. Daniel M. Moore of McAllister, Okla., maneuvered into position. A flare from a high ridge overlooking the town indicated the base platoon was in position. One platoon led by Lt. Norman Kruse of Barnes, Kansas in the meantime had crept up to the outer edge of the village. The chess-board was neatly arranged and from the Nazis smattering fire, the men could tell the enemy was getting upset.

At 0130 hell broke loose. The Germans were thrown completely off-guard and by 0300 another town had fallen into the hands of B company's footsloggers.

In the men's determination to wipe out every Nazi in the village, not one casualty occurred.

Ambushed Men Answer Surrender Command With Guns and Guts

A bullet-decorated jeep in K company can stand as a symbol of American bravery. For it tells the story of four doughboys who refused to surrender to the enemy though completely surrounded by five times their number.

Pfc. Carl E. LaRoache of Lawton, Okla., Sgt. Everett E. Rogers of Brown, W. Va., Pfc. Homer Mentz of Ft. Wayne, Ind and Pvt. William E. Ettinger of Norwalk, Ky. were preparing to leave a recently captured town in control of their platoon, when they saw a large German patrol at close range of approximately 15 feet with a bead on them.

Surrender isn't in the doughboy's vocabulary and

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The TTF is published in the interests of the officers and men of the 331st Infantry Combat Team and is not to be distributed in the European Theatre of Operations outside of the American Forces. All news material is officially reviewed by army censors.

Editor Cpl. Jack Straus
Artist Pvt. Anthony Scolo

Are You Strangers?

It seems that Dorothy Parker, American author, was very much misunderstood when she wrote that the American soldier fighting overseas will return home a stranger to his family and friends. Surely Miss Parker didn't mean that this man would reach a state of apathy becoming a mentally dull creature with a warped mind. She merely indicated he would become more mature.

During a lull in battle after a fierce engagement, a soldier neither broods nor brags though, by golly, he may curse and bellyache. But through this, one can readily see the man — who has fought with a deep hatred against a ruthless enemy — turn once more into a happy-go-lucky guy full of wisecracks and ready to seek a good time in whatever manner he may find it.

His face may bear the signs of struggle . . . his body may show the marks of war . . . his eyes may reveal the weariness of battle . . . but his heart hasn't changed . . . and his mind is as strong as ever.

Battle has taught this man to appreciate life and its beauty. And in this appreciation, he leaves behind life's pettiness . . . greed, conceit and intolerance.

Be Proud . . .

You come from the greatest country in the World, a country that is envied by the people of practically every other country. Envied not only because it is the richest nation in the World but because it is a land where people live as they want to, where freedom and liberty reign, where opportunity is open to every one, where class distinction does not prevail, where one person does not transgress on the rights of others.

You are admired by people in every land, even by your enemies, because you fight not to gain territory or to rule other people or to tell other people how they should live, but only because you want these people to live as they want to live and you will not permit anyone else to dictate how either you or they shall live.

You are admired by all people, again, even your enemies, because of your inherent sense of fair play, your desire to make people happy, and to prevent one person from lording it over another.

Be proud. You are members of the greatest army in the World. There is no other army so well equipped, none so well-fed or clothed and in which so much is done to entertain the soldier or which represents so much freedom.

Be proud. You are members of a regiment which has distinguished itself in the toughest kind of battle against an enemy which was well dug-in, well-trained, an enemy which had prepared for your arrival for four long years, who boasted you would never succeed and that you would be thrown back into the sea. You completely defeated this enemy and the part you played was no small part in the success attained by the allied forces.

Be proud. Show this pride in everything you do, the way you dress, the way you salute and the way you conduct yourself toward those you so bravely fought to liberate. Convince them that you're proud of your country, your army, your regiment, and of your training and breeding.

If you do this then, when this war is over and you have returned to your loved ones at home, you can be proud not only for the way you have fought but, also, for the good you have done your country by the example you have made of the typical American; for the good impression you have made upon the other people of the World and the increased respect and admiration they will have for America. Be proud!

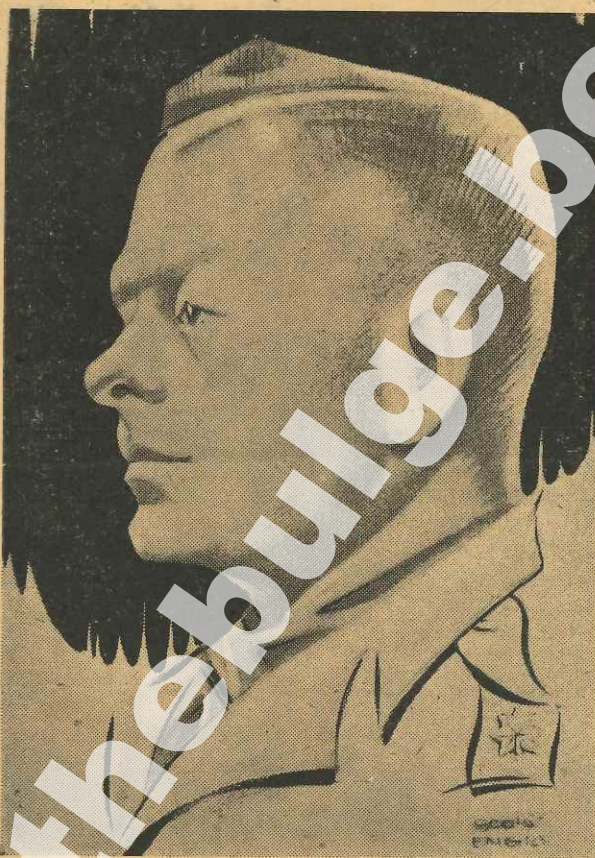
The Old Man

Lt. Col. Leniel E. McDonald, Commanding Officer of the Second Battalion, has been an army officer for 11 years. Upon graduation from Mississippi State College in 1933, he was commissioned a second lieutenant and became a reserve officer.

In February, 1940, Col. McDonald entered active service with the 155th Infantry of the 31st Division, a National Guard unit, advancing to the rank of commanding officer of a rifle company. In November of the same year his unit was federalized. He was assigned to the 331st Infantry in June, 1943 as executive officer of the First Battalion and became executive officer of the Second Battalion in November. Seven months later he received his present command.

Prior to joining the 331st, Col. McDonald was a member of a select group of officers and men who trained as a rugged Ranger Battalion at Camp Forrest, Tenn. He is a graduate of both the Infantry School at Ft. Benning, Ga. and the Engineer School at Ft. Belvoir, Va.

Col. McDonald is 34 years, married and his home is in Jackson, Miss. Photography is his most enjoyable hobby which he has pursued since his early



Lt. Col. Leniel E. McDonald

Fraternity Members Distinguish Selves

A fraternity of 26 men which started from high school days still remains intact though its entire membership now represents every branch of the armed services. Sgt. Donald G. Donnell of Lancaster, Pa. in the Artillery Battalion Headquarters, is one of the proud members of this organization which presents a composite picture of youth in today's war.

The military rank of the men range from sergeant to major and their average age is 24. Fighting in all theatres of operations, the members have seen action in Sicily, France, Italy, Air War of Europe, Saipan, Guadalcanal, Eniwetok as well as innumerable small south Pacific Isles and sea battles.

The members have won a total of 49 citations, decorations and campaign ribbons. The fraternity's service flag displays 13 Gold Stars. Three men have been discharged because of wounds and two are prisoners of war, one in Germany, the other in Japan.

Named Phalanx, the fraternity was organized by men who grew up together from childhood and wished to remain united. Much of their time was spent in charitable enterprises and public benefits in their home town. As each man joined a branch of the service, he chose another man to carry on the traditions of the fraternity.

Nazi Paratroop Myth Disappoints Soldiers

Men of K company aren't sure whether the much-vaunted German paratrooper is invisible or he knew the rugged boys of K company were coming and turned tail. The fact remains that when a story got around that Nazi paratroopers had landed behind American lines, the men

led by Capt. Marion Cooper of Hillsboro, Ind., scoured every bush and lane in the vicinity of the supposed landing . . . there wasn't a Nazi in sight.

On a nice day, this would have been an interesting excursion for fighting men, but what with continual rain and paratrooperless towns devoid of what had been promised action, the men returned disappointed.

TTF Choice . . .

For his continually cheerful disposition, his friendly nature and his willingness to work long hours without complaint, T/Sgt. George E. Payne of 2nd Bn. Hq. becomes another TTF choice.

A man who came through the ranks step by step since entering the service, Payne has always won the respect of those who have worked with and under him. He pursues his work with a keen interest, is ready to lend a helping hand to others, and is known to always have a good word for the other man.

Payne entered the combat unit at its activation. Assigned to the message center of regimental headquarters, he worked there as a code clerk and from that advanced to the duties of assistant message center chief. He reached his present rank when he was



T/Sgt. George E. Payne

transferred to the 2nd Battalion as sergeant-major.

A former account salesman, Payne "likes to meet people". He is 32 years, married and has a boy of seven. Born and raised in Monroe, Michigan, Payne's home is now in Anderson Ind.

Side Lights . . .

Brothers in Arms

Guard duty is a drab detail for any GI but Pfc. Michael J. Kanuch of Newark, N. J., Co. K rifleman, now thinks very highly of this assignment.

The other day, Kanuch, standing guard, called to a jeep-driver to slow down and then waved him on. However, the jeep driver recognized something that Kanuch didn't, for he stopped completely and there face to face stood two brothers who hadn't seen each other for four years.

Kanuch's brother Steve is a corporal in the engineers.

What's in a Name

There's many a man in the same unit with the same name but when they land in the same office that's where trouble begins. It all started when Pvt. Karl Koch of Columbus, Ohio, member of the RSO, was transferred to the staff office where Pvt. Henry Koch of Portland, Oregon, is working under S-1. Now when the name Koch resounds through the office it's two pair of feet leaping to the floor.

And to climax it all, Karl and Henry confabbed one day and learned that Karl's grandfather was related to Henry's great-grandfather . . . or some such thing or other.

Not Superstitious

After a battle engagement, Pvt. Milton Friedman of New York City, Co. I medical aid man, opened his musette bag in search of some writing paper, and found it somewhat mutilated. A bullet had gone through the bag, the paper and lodged in a mirror. Said Friedman, "I'm not superstitious".

Lax and Lucky

Pfc. Donald G. Maples of Detroit is a faithful jeep driver who always jeeps with his vehicle. But his laxity on three occasions proved fortunate for him. His jeep was machine gunned twice and the last time completely demolished by an artillery shell.

Praise the Lord

So intent and intrepid was S/Sgt Thomas J. Traupman, a supply sergeant, who says he comes from the "Coal State", in his endeavors to maintain the continuous flow of ammunition to the advanced echelons of his troops that he crossed a marked-mine field in his jeep, stopping just 300 yards short of the front lines, and then with 40 or 50 bandoleers strapped around his neck, and a box of ammunition under each arm, jumped over several hedgerows laden with booby-traps to deliver the ammo personally. His theme song is — — — "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition".

Too Tiny

Just to prove that "good things come in small packages", Pfc. Elmer Mace of Vermont took up his commanding officers dare to crawl through 20 feet of the most thickly-woven barbed wire entanglements around a recently captured pill-box. In a talk on the impregnability of fortified positions, the company commander ventured to speculate that it would take at least two hours for a man, under ideal battle conditions, to crawl through the barrier. As a special inducement, he offered a master sergeant's rating to anyone who would care to burrow through the mud in the stipulated amount of time. Seriously Mace challenged him and just as quickly the C. O. backed out. Mace is only five feet in height.

Drunkard

We've heard of having mice, kittens, rabbits and even ducks for mascots. But George Company has a little pup that they have kept since Normandy days and which they've nick-named CALVADOS. This may not be strange in itself, but this particular inebriant actually drinks the stuff.

A Citadel Is Bombed . . .



The impregnability of a German fortified stronghold is softened with bombs prior to an infantry attack.

Khaki Postmen Boost Field Soldiers Morale

Every evening about six o'clock, Mrs. Rose Cancasci who lives at 3666 E. 144th Street, Cleveland, Ohio, sends her young daughter with four letters to the postal box at 144th St. and Kinsman Rd. and approximately 10 days later each letter is delivered to her son, Cpl. Frank M. Cancasci, a doughboy in Co. D, and to each of his brothers — Morris, an MP somewhere in Belgium, George in the quartermaster corps in Saipan and Charles in the air corps in England.

Frank usually gets his letters just before supper. The company mail clerk drops his sack at the head of the chow line and distributes packages and letters as the men file by. When the company is engaged in frontline action, and the men are eating rations in foxholes, the clerk jeeps his sack up close to the action and crawls from man to man with letters from home.

Army mail gets through to the troops on time wherever they are. Mail went ashore with the first reinforcements on the Normandy beachhead. Letters from home were delivered under fire to frontline units. When runners couldn't get through, mail sacks were dropped from bombers and fighter planes.

It's a staggering job getting that mail through. Cancasci and every other man in the combat team receives an average of two letters per day according to Sgt. Joseph Flood, of Pottstown, Pa. regimental postmaster. The 331st combat team receives two to four times the amount of mail distributed to civilians in a town of equal population — and this flood of army mail multiplies five times at Christmas.

Behind the swift worldwide distribution of army mail is a system adapted for battlefield conditions. Postoffice troops, the majority of them former postal employees with years of government experience, are

Doughboys Rock Cradle After Killing Germans

No greater picture of life's contrast can ever be presented than the birth of a child amidst death and destruction of battle in no-man's land. This was the experience of four doughboys from Co. E, who battled their way into a German-held village and after killing and routing this Nazi force, found a pregnant woman lying in pain. They got hold of one of the few remaining villagers who claimed to be a midwife and assisted her in the birth of an eight pound boy.

The good samaritans were Pfc. Robert Bergholz, of Cleveland, Ohio medical aid man, Pfc. Joseph Cansessa of Jersey City, N. J., Lt. Wilbert Achenbaum of Bronx, N. Y. and S/Sgt. James Archambault of New York City.

I & R Men Save OP From Capture

Four men of an I and R platoon saved the regimental outpost from capture in a skirmish with an enemy patrol. Eight Nazis attempted to attack the outpost which was approximately 150 yards from the enemy lines, when they were sighted by Pvt. Andy Dimodeo, a lookout. Pfc. Howard Ensley, Pfc. Sol Burg and Pvt. John Chavez successfully fought off the attack.

trained soldiers who have been taught many of the same lessons of battle as the infantryman.

These husky postal troops who play catch with bulk mail sacks daily and break down incoming and outgoing letters and packages for proper distribution, carry the greatest morale builder in the army . . . that letter from home.

Members of the regimental postal staff are Tec 5 Sam Burkholder, Canvas W. Va., Tec 5 Joseph Lacy, Philadelphia, Tec 5 Robert Hoffman, Harrisburg, Pa., Tec 5 Edward Fisher, Philadelphia.

Battle-veteran Tops With Men He Leads

Former railroad foreman Fred Cebula of Methuen, Mass. cursed a "blue streak" when he was assigned to Co. E of the 331st Inf. at induction. He was known to sit on his bunk every night during garrison days and pick the infantry apart as he complained of his misfortune.

Today, Cebula is a platoon sergeant in the same company he received his training, a tried veteran of some of the heaviest fighting in France, respected by the men he led into battle and was one of the first men in the Regiment to be awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action. Now he's convinced that the infantry is the "Queen of Battle".

Entering the service in October, 1942, Cebula advanced through the ranks step by step and in July, 1943 was made tech sergeant in a rifle platoon. In July of this year he was placed in command of a weapons platoon and has led his men, with few casualties, through every battle engagement participated in by the regiment.

Cebula credits his good health to a lot of luck, keeping his eyes and ears open and a steady nerve. The toughest experience he has had in the battlefield was the time his platoon was pinned down and cut off for three days by heavy machine gun fire coming from three sides. He has the highest praise for the men under him whom he regards as "damned cool soldiers".

Cebula is 29 years, single and has two brothers who are infantry officers.

The interest in the TTF of those in the States has reached the point where many articles are written not only for the benefit of the men in the combat team but with the thought in mind that they will be read by families at home.

Since you are now included among our readers, we'll welcome your suggestions.



Supply

(Continued from Page 1)

ting day for the man in the front. He has nothing but the highest praise for that soldier "up there" and though he may gripe and complain as his back and muscles ache from tossing boxes and toiling in grease, he seldom lets down on the job.

GI Joe's supply service begins with the supply sergeant of his company. At the front at all times, a line company supply sergeant keeps constant tab on the needs of his men. When Joe runs out of ammunition, loses his weapon or wears out his shoes, they are immediately replaced and a requisition is sent to the supply office.

Known as a Service Company, the supply unit of a combat team, performs in a lesser degree, the same functions of the entire Army Services of the Army Ground Forces. It is simply an SOS on a smaller scale.

Under the direction of Maj. Bloomfield, receipt and distribution of all supplies are carried out through the Service Company under the command of Capt. Theodore Davenport of Nectong, New Jersey. Broken down in five classes, Service Company handles food, clothing and equipment, gas, oil and lubricants, engineer supplies and demolitions and ammunition.

Besides this, Service Company has the responsibility of second echelon maintenance of vehicles and weapons and their inspection at regular intervals, transportation for the movement of supplies and troops, laundry and complete postal service for the regiment. The Special Service Office under Lt. David E. Krubs and all of the personnel engaged in paper work and administrative details in the regiment are a part of this company.

Food is classed number one on the list of supply. Food rationing affecting a small family usually perplexes the average housewife yet the regimental supply office must think in terms of thousands of hungry men daily. Considering an average army lunch consisting of beef, spuds, peas, apple sauce bread and butter and coffee, it's difficult to realize how the supply office is beset by rationing and transportation woes. Yet the above-mentioned lunch can be a combination of B rations, 10-in-1 and Ks.

Supply has every type of ration on hand ready to send to the front depending on the tactical disposition of troops. Hot meals are cooked in the Service Company area and brought to Joe via jeep in marmite cans. If it's physically impossible to send Joe hot chow, he's given the familiar largely assorted box of K rations. Finally Joe has a chocolate bar D ration to munch on while on pa-

Fighting Men Don Leather Gloves in Ring For Diversion

Boxing got underway in all its precision speed last week as gladiators of the field laid aside their guns and bayonets and facing each other with leather gloves proved that, in spite of their battlefield experiences, they haven't forgotten how to throw the good old American right and left to the jaw.

Intestinal fortitude, brute strength and raucous shouting ran rampant as the men of G Company put on a bangup slugfest before 300 cheering fans who crowded into a converted German gymnasium.

Each match went the full limit of three rounds with a 30 second interval. Winners were chosen by popular acclaim. Among those who took part in the evenings contests were Sgt. Frankie Mattera, middleweight from Illinois, Pvt. Linwood "Wind-mill" Hamm of Virginia. Pvt. William Poldenetz company cook, who usually ladles out coffee every morning, proved his mettle by dishing out a couple of hefty haymakers that soundly drubbed his opponent while Pfc. Charles P. Nelson, a burley fellow from Wisconsin, made an impressive showing in the heavy-weight class.

The lone knockout of the evening was scored by Pfc. Donald Schwartz of Rochester, N. Y. as he brought Pfc. Joseph A. Kuzma to his knees with a left smash to his head. Pvt. William "Alabama" Sears easily dominated the light-weight fields, challenging all comers. Tec 5 Ollie Hawkins, a medic, took care of the "mousers" as they appeared.

Control or between meals during a lull in battle. The primary object is to keep Joe well-fed with as good food as possible.

Joe wears the most envied uniform in all the armies. Not because of its elaborate display but due to its practical wear and its comfort. He has double of practically all clothing issued. Two sets of wool trousers, shirts, underclothing, socks and shoes. Change of weather means a change in clothing and supply is keeping pace with the barometer.

Pol (petrol, oil and lubricants) is number three on the list of supplies and a steady flow is poured out to keep the jeeps and cannon going forward. Engineering supplies, demolitions and ammunition are the last two items on the list but obviously far from the least important.

Weapons are the least problem for supply. In this combat team it has been proven that Joe is taking care of his gun. In a recent ordnance inspection, only one-half of one per cent

Morale-Boosters . . .



Only 55 shopping days until Christmas and a volume of packages from home are already coming through the regimental postoffice. Assorting the mail are Tec 5 Joseph Lacy of Philadelphia in the foreground, Sgt. Joseph Flood, Pottstown, Pa. and Tec 5 Sam Burkholder, Canvas, W. Va.

Four-gun Doughboy

(Continued from Page 1)

machine gun. By this time, Jerry was pulling back reorganizing and taking care of their wounded in a vineyard several hundred yards down the slope.

Cornett then placed his 60 mm. mortar in position and receiving fire orders from his squad leader, dropped a number of rounds on the retreating patrol.

defects were found and this was due to wear and tear and not negligence of the man who operates it, for he knows well the importance of having a fire-arm that can shoot at a moment's notice.

Right-hand men to Capt. Davenport in Service Company are M/Sgt. John M. Moran of New York City, in food and clothing; Capt. William B. Von Berg, Jeffersonville, N. Y., Lt. Eniar C. Di Jernes, Valley Falls, N. Y., and M/Sgt. Thomas Tench, Penhook, Va., transportation; Warrant Officer Harmon Elliott, Montevalle, Ala., vehicle maintenance; M/Sgt. Benjamin Paschal of Missouri, weapon maintenance; Capt. Leonard Risley, Wooster, Mass., and Sgt. Warren Fisher, Philadelphia, ammunition. Warrant Officer Joseph Duddy, Burlington, Vt., assists Maj. Bloomfield in the regimental supply office.

Due to the specialized nature of their work, two-thirds of the men in Service Company are non-coms. For their own security, the men are armed with M-1's, carbines and .50 cal. machine guns. Their fire-power as a complete unit is almost equivalent to a line company.

All is not drab in the life of a supply man. This is evidenced by the experience of DiJernes who captured seven Nazis while on a reconnaissance for a battalion de-trucking point. Another time a number of truck drivers were ambushed by Nazis while delivering supplies and they shot their way out.

Champagne Flows As Men Celebrate

Not all is hell in war, men of Co. F proved last week when they got together between the lull of battles for a good old American hell-raising party. Everyone pitching in to do his share either to cook, sing, dance, play a guitar or even crack some jokes made the affair a howling success.

With a plentiful supply of captured Nazi wine and champagne as a forerunner, the party got off to a good start. As the corks popped, music was furnished by Pvt. Anthony Lardino of Chicago, accordionist and Pfc. William Thompson, guitar and mandolin player who also exercised his vocal cords with renditions of hill-billy ditties. Comedy and tragedy were supplied by T/Sgt. Daniel Purcell of Washington, Ind. who, laden with four bottles of champagne, tripped and in falling broke the bottles. Singing was the good old variety as only a group of happy fellows in good (and full of) spirits could evoke.

Instigators of the affair were Pfc. Joseph Rule of Oneida, N. Y. and Sgt. Joseph Chaney, Philadelphia.

Feet First . . .

Proud messages winged from home have been sent to the following men of our combat team.

S/Sgt. Luvern Erdahl, Co. A, Milbank, So. Dakota, 7 pound 4 ounce girl.
Pfc. Donald W. Atkinson, Co. A, Curryville, Ga., 8 pound 1 ounce boy.
Pfc. Domenico Achhe Fave, Co. B, Providence, R. I., boy.
S/Sgt. Jim E. May, Co. B, Pensacola, Fla., boy.
T/Sgt. Vernon Decker, Co. B, Leackville, Ark., girl.
Pfc. John Ridgeway, Co. B, Sequim, Wash., boy.
Pfc. Harold J. Stone, Co. B, Bloomfield, N. J., boy.
Pvt. Hubert Woodhey, Co. B, Evansville, Ind., boy.
Sgt. Frank G. Sharp, Co. D, 6 pound, 10 1/2 ounce girl.
S/Sgt. Anthony M. Klim, Co. F, 6 1/2 pound boy.
Sgt. Clarence E. Morris, Co. F,

Anti-tank Claims Real Movie Actor

No matter how much one may try to forget, his past will always catch up with him — even across the ocean. And that's exactly what happened to Lt. William I. Poulter of Van Nuys, Cal. who the men of Anti-tank Co. have learned, is a real honest-to-goodness true-to-life former movie actor.

On a recent trip to a liberated city, Poulter, in the company of Lt. Jack Dempsey of Colgate, Okla., and Lt. Arthur J. Comiskey of New York City, attended a civilian theatre. Midway through the film, Poulter realized the picture titled, "Magic in Music" was actually the "Hardboiled Canary" in which he played a bit part four years ago.

Poulter then enthusiastically proceeded to point out his abilities to Dempsey and Comiskey. Returning to the bivouac area, Poulter thought the better of his actions and now in a cloak of modesty refuses to elaborate.

Able supporting Poulter on the screen were Allan Jones, Suzanne Foster and Margaret Lindsay.

Engineer Awarded Battlefield Bars

From private to officer, Lt. Alphier J. Silvero of Bryn Mar, Pa. a platoon leader in Co. C of the engineers, is among the few to receive a battlefield commission.

Silvero joined the 308th Eng. in 1942 at induction. After his basic training he proudly displayed his one-stripe as a private first class. He proved his leadership on Tennessee maneuvers where he rapidly advanced to the grade of platoon sergeant. Coming to France, Silvero was recommended for a commission.

Ambushed Men

(Continued from Page 1)

all hell broke loose . . . with machine guns, pistols, M-1s and grenades. When the battle subsided, three Nazis were dead and the others had taken off.

9 pound 5 ounce girl.
Pfc. Thomas F. Krak, Co. F, 9 pound boy.
S/Sgt. Timothy Desalis, Co. G, Philadelphia, 8 pound boy.
Pfc. James Jewel, Co. G (message from home wasn't specific).
Pfc. Dewey Potts, Co. I, Garland, Ark., 6 1/2 pound girl.
Pfc. Frank Konzewski, Co. I, Albany, N. Y., 7 pound boy.
Pvt. Howard McKee, Co. I, Huntington, W. Va., 7 1/2 pound girl.
S/Sgt. Willard Graham, Co. I, Clearford, W. Va., 8 pound girl.
Tec 4 M. E. Powell, 3rd Bn Hq. Co., 8 pound 9 ounce girl.
T/Sgt. Charles Zamites, 3rd Bn Hq. Co., 6 1/2 pound girl.
Lt. Harold May, 3rd Bn Hq. Co., 7 pound, 5 ounce girl.
Lt. Arthur A. Heineman, AT Co., 6 pound boy.
Tec 5 James H. McBride, AT Co., 8 pound girl.
Tec 5 Daniel L. Granger, AT Co., 6 pound 13 ounce girl.
(Continued in next issue)