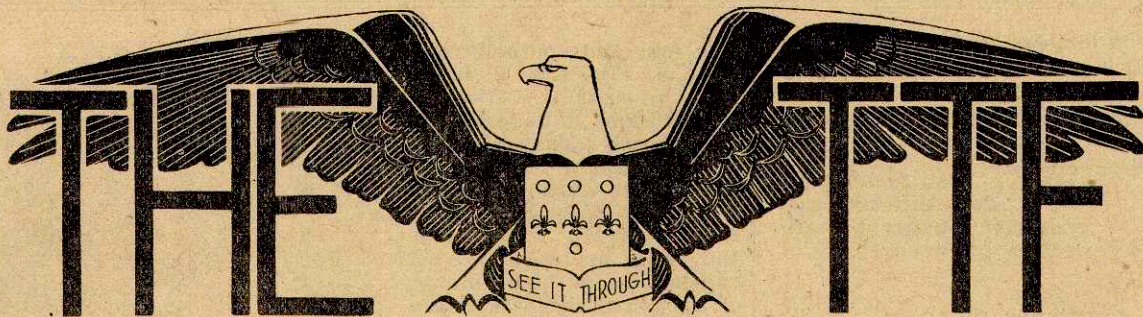


Somewhere
in Luxembourg

MONDAY
Nov. 27, 1944.

Vol. 1, No. 6.



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

Co. A Sergeant Awarded Bars in Battlefield

Holding every enlisted grade in the Army, from private to first sergeant of Co. A, Joseph Stranahan of Brookline, Mass., 34 years, was awarded a battlefield commission last week and became the second man in the regiment to receive this recognition. Stranahan displayed his leadership during the hedgerow battles of the Normandy campaign when he helped lead the company in three successful attacks.

Stranahan joined the regiment at Camp Atterbury in October, 1942. Assigned to the weapons platoon of his company, he rose through the ranks to become platoon sergeant. He was promoted to first sergeant in July of this year.

A former professional ball player and an athletic coach for his hometown sport clubs, Stranahan coached Co. A's basketball, football and softball teams to many battalion championships and led the battalion's teams as well. In battle he still believes in leading his men as a team with "myself as coach and the men as players".

In July, Stranahan was wounded in the leg and side and captured. He was taken to a French hospital in Rennes staffed by Germans and remained there when the enemy pulled out after the American breakthrough from Normandy. He was freed August 6 by the
(Continued on Page 4)

Daring Patrol Makes Record Reich Recon

A daring reconnaissance patrol in Co. B led by S/Sgt. Clarence Lash of Chicago, established the regimental record last week for making the deepest penetration into German territory to date and won the commendation of Col. Robert H. York, 331st Commander.

There were many natural hazards to overcome. A river crossing was made and yard after yard of dense undergrowth had to be passed through. As the patrol proceeded to walk cautiously down a broken uproad in the general direction of their objective, they heard the sound of marching troops. They dove headlong into undergrowth bordering the road's edge and then breathlessly watched a full strength enemy platoon march by within a few yards of the precarious hiding place.

To the amazement of his men, Lash gave the signal for "on your feet" and set out to
(Continued on Page 3)

Making it Hot . . .



Just like legendary dragons spurring flames from their mouths, tanks in today's battles pour huge tongues of fire upon enemy objectives while they keep their cannon poised for the knockout blow.

Doughboy Five Times Decorated

Black curly-haired T/Sgt. Clyde W. Flanary of Norton, Va, has the distinction of being the only man in the 331st today to be awarded the Silver Star, the Bronze Star, the Oak-leaf Cluster, the Purple Heart and the Soldier's Medal. Standing five feet seven inches in his mud-slogged feet, Flanary, a weapons platoon sergeant, has been an inspiration to his

men by his fearlessness displayed in the field under withering fire. His numerous medals stand as mute testimony to his initiative in action as a fighting member of the combat team.

Twice wounded, he was last awarded the Silver Star for capturing an 88 mm. gun position together with the five-man crew. This action took place in the vicinity of St. Malo. He received the Bronze Star for his battle deeds at
(Continued on Page 4)

There's A Word . . .

Place the letter P in front of his name and you'll have another reason why Gen. Dwight Eisenhower is leading the Allied Armies to victory in the ETO. For the word "preisenhower" in Luxembourgish, Chaplain Jean P. Cosette learned, has meant for centuries "hammer the boches down".

Doughboys Blast German Force to Hold Vital Hill

It was only a hill. But it served as an outpost for a company of infantrymen at the front . . . a vital outpost that had to be held. And the price of the hill wasn't paid for in blood as most infantry objectives are.

The story of Lt. Jack Drapkin of Detroit and platoon sergeant Junious Lowder of Winsboro, So. Car., and 15 men from Co. K, is one of rain — that bites your face and sinks through your clothes . . . of mud — heavy and sloppy that oozes through your shoes and falls into your boots, that slips and slides and sloshes . . . of water-filled foxholes in which you crouch because enemy mortar is still more to be feared than stinking dirty water that soaks through your trousers . . . of wind — raw and cold that cuts . . . of chilled bodies and dreary hearts.

These were American doughboys who looked forward to the dawn of each day — for that hot breakfast brought to them from the company CP. Other times they ate cold Ks and Cs and 10-in-1s which they had to carry on their backs as they daily climbed and scrambled for one hour up through winding ravines, dense woods and over rocks to stand guard on the summit.

For days, these men retained a firm grip on the hill . . . fighting weather and fighting Germans. And last week a determined German patrol attacked the outpost encircling the hill. Perhaps they had hoped to catch the Americans off guard. Perhaps they had expected to find these Americans too cold and tired and dispirited to put up any resistance.

The staccato clatter of BARs and the sharp blast of MIs
(Continued on Page 3)

Versatile Linguist KOs Jerries With Tongue and Butt

In a recent night attack on an enemy-held town. Pvt. Benny Malinski, Co. A, showed there was more than one way to kill a Nazi. A versatile linguist, Benny speaks French, German, Polish, Russian, Italian and Spanish fluently. He shouted to two Jerries in perfect German. Believing Benny to be one of them, the Germans headed his way and no sooner had they come within three feet of him, then he let go with a powerful swing, killing them instantly with the butt of his rifle.

The feat split Benny's rifle sling in two but he was very proud. It was his first encounter with the enemy.

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

Editor Cpl. Jack Straus
 Artist Pvt. Anthony Scolo
 Photographer Pfc. Michael Vaccaro

What is Your Standard? . . .

American soldiers are sometimes prone to criticize the British Tommy, the negro soldier, and perhaps cast an occasional disparaging remark against a man in his own company of a different race. The attitude of tolerance and attempt at understanding, to be sought by men and nations meeting a great emergency together, might be expressed in the words of Thomas Moore's poem:

"Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
 Shall I give up the friend I have trusted and tried
 If he kneels not before the same altar with me?
 From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
 Nay, perish the men and the laws that try
 Truth, valor and love by a standard like this."

* * *

Your Newspaper . . .

Questions sometimes are asked as to the purpose of a unit newspaper. The following excerpts from magazines, one from a War Department Journal, the other from The Infantry Journal, explains the reason for your newspaper.

"News of his own battle and achievements, relayed back to the soldier via newspapers, is a tonic to his morale and a public acknowledgement of his services. No other battle fought elsewhere is more important to the soldier than the action in which he himself engages. If he cannot get applause, he at least wants to be able to feel that his people are cognizant of all that he is risking and doing and he is ever prone to measure his acknowledgement in terms of the printed or publicly spoken word. He wants to keep abreast of things but he wants most to see himself as he imagines the world is looking at him.

"A unit newspaper, one that travels with the outfit and prints everywhere the outfit goes, is a familiar thing. It draws the unit together. It's their own. It's staff shares the training of the paddlefoot and in time every man in the unit will know by sight and name at least one member of the staff. The unit newspaper means the most overseas. It's the hometown gazette and a soldier's hometown is his outfit."

The TTF wants every man in the combat team to feel that he is a part of this newspaper. We welcome your contributions whether it's a story, a poem, a cartoon, an anecdote, a message or criticism.

* * *

Soul of Our Fighting Forces . . .

We call on the Infantry soldier to do miracles, and he does them. Truly good infantry must have qualities that only God can give, for the Doughboy is the soul of our fighting forces. — Brig. Gen. William H. Wilbur, in the Infantry Journal, Sept. 1944.

* * *

From Omaha Beach to Berlin . . .

At the war's end, a complete picture-history of the 331st Infantry from Omaha Beach to Berlin, which started with the introduction of the TTF, will be made available in magazine form to all members of the combat team. This will not only include photos with have appeared in the TTF but also many which have not been published due to lack of space or censorship.

If you feel you would be interested in this magazine at the war's end, you may place your application for one now by writing to the Editor, TTF.



On the southern Russian front in the spring of 1944, the Nazis used hundreds of small children as sources of whole blood supply. The children were taken from their homes to hospitals and drained of their blood until they died.

Greetings across the ocean . . .
 18 November, 1944 — 29 December, 1944. Birthday greetings to my sister Betty and brother John with all my love. Pfc. Frank J. Kraus, Co. C, 308 Med Bn.
 10 December, 1944 - Happy Birthday to Miss Evelyn O'Neil from Johnny (Doughboy) Shepherd, 3rd Bn Hq Co.

In four and one-half years, Lt. Col. Frederick J. Bailey, Jr., Commanding Officer of the Third Battalion, rose through the ranks from a second lieutenant receiving his commission when he entered the service from R.O.T.C. He was graduated from Boston University in June, 1939 and enlisted in the 28th Infantry of the 8th Division in February, 1940 where he served until he joined the 331st Infantry in October of this year.

During training in the States, Col. Bailey was a heavy weapons and rifle platoon leader, rifle company commander, regimental S-4, battalion executive officer and regimental executive officer. When the 28th Infantry arrived in Ireland in 1943, he was promoted to the command of a battalion.

In the first days of the invasion, Col. Bailey led his battalion into battle at La Haye Du Puits. Here he was wounded and taken prisoner by the Germans. After recuperating in a Nazi hospital in Rennes, he escaped, hid for three days in the woods and rejoined his unit when they pierced the Normandy defenses and made their dash to the Brittany Peninsula.

Col. Bailey fought again in the Brest campaign where his battalion cleaned out the Crozon Peninsula. Football, hockey and baseball are among his



Lt. Col. Frederick J. Bailey, Jr.

athletic interests.

Col. Bailey is 27 years, married, has one son and is a

native of Dorchester, Mass. He was recently awarded the Bronze Star.

Joe Still Prefers Foxhole And Shells to Dental Drill

Though Pvt. Joe Smith of the 331st Infantry is today a battle veteran, he's still wary of the dentist and prefers the foxhole and flying shells to the dentists chair and his drill. One dental officer can vouch that even the "hard-boiled shavetail has passed out in the dental chair." The four-man dental team of the regiment may be Joe's nemesis but they have made great strides in educating him to take care of his teeth.

Two dental officers and two dental technicians with Capt. Morris Shall of Toledo, Ohio in command, have cared for the teeth of over 1000 men since the invasion, and in the same period have held two dental surveys throughout the regiment. The first dental inspection of Joe's teeth in the battlefield was made just before the Normandy breakthrough when Capt. Shall and his assistant, Lt. Fred Sherman of Jackson, Miss., went to each of the companies poised on the line. With a flashlight, tongue depressors and dental kits slung over their shoulders, they examined each man's teeth. If there were any indications of a tooth kicking up during battle's crucial moments, it was corrected on the spot.

The extracting pliers isn't the only instrument that rests in the hands of an Army dentist for he's just as conscientious in saving a fighting man's tooth as the doctor at home. His work includes everything any civilian dentist may do from cleaning teeth

to major fillings. According to one monthly report, the dental team extracted 34 teeth and filled 182.

The dental team's equipment is complete and compact. They have two chests. Each consists of a collapsible dental chair, a foot engine and drill, all of the necessary dental instruments, medications and filling materials. This is carried in a box approximately two feet by one and one weighing 180 pounds when packed. There are also four dental field kits used when the combat team is continually on the move. When battlefield conditions become static, the dental office may be found in an evacuated house, in a tent or in the field under a tree.

A dental officer's duties aren't restricted to the care of Joe's teeth. On several occasions, Capt. Shall and Lt. Sherman have assisted medical officers in the treatment of wounded at the battalion aid stations. And many civilians have been seen to dash for the Army dental chair with an aching tooth which was given proper attention by "the best dentists in the world, far better than ours", they exclaimed.

Tec 3 John B. Clune of Boston, Mass and Tec 5 Joseph Sileo of Waterbury, Conn. are dental technicians. Clune has been with the regiment since its activation, Sileo joined the unit in August of this year coming from two years duty in Iceland. He was a dental technician prior to entering service.

Chief of Red-legs Wins Commission

Through his outstanding work as a forward observer for the 908th FA Bn, Winslow P. Johnson of Boston, Mass. was commissioned a lieutenant and earned the honor of being the first man in the battalion to receive battlefield bars and the fifth in the combat team.

Johnson served as an observer during the heavy action in Normandy when it was necessary to bring fire upon the enemy in adjacent fields endangering his life dodging shell fragments from his own artillery.

Johnson left college to join the service in October, 1942 and rose from a private to a staff sergeant becoming chief of section in Btry C.

Gay Dance Held For 331st Fighting Men

Non-coms of the second battalion, coming from the battlefield lastweek, wiped the mud from their faces, scrubbed their shoes, straightened out their creased khaki and went into a nearby town where they held their first unit dance on the continent, the beginning of a series of such dances to keep fighting men entertained at every opportunity.

Close to 100 girls accepted invitations to be dancing partners for the doughboys. And though most of the men don't understand French or Luxembourgish, they proved again that music is an international language as the couples kept in step to the rhythm of Sgt. Eddie Lothrop and his band of Riflemen.

Said one of the girls in well-spoken English, "These Americans are wonderful... wonderful dancers, wonderful talkers and wonderful fighters."

Sidelights . . .

Try Lifebuoy

During a night attack, T/Sgt. Ellis Hammock of Richmond, Va., Co. A was forced to seek temporary cover due to heavy enemy fire. He discovered an unoccupied trench and leaped into it remaining there for about a half hour. The following morning he was very much embarrassed to find his men shunning him. He had spent that half hour the previous night in a German straddle trench.

Take Me

Sgt. Ben Farmer and Pvt. Howard Stir, 2nd Bn Hq. Co., were returning to their CP from a mission to the frontlines when they found themselves in enemy territory. They oriented themselves and started to high-ball it back with a Jerry hot on their heels. Finally Stir got tired of being chased and stopped to engage the man in combat. It turned out that his persistent pursuer was a Jerry who wanted to leave Boss Hitler in the worst way and begged to be taken prisoner.

Convincing Messages

The first squad of 2nd Bn Hq. AT platoon was instructed to fire at a basement of a building which was occupied by Jerries. Rounds 1, 2, 3, and 4 hit the basement. Then Pfc. Norman Brody decided to try all the floors. By the time the 57 mm. messages reached the third floor, the gun-crew joyfully witnessed Hitler's secret weapon — the white flag — being shown as a roger to their many messages.

Happy Coincidence

Pfc. Kenneth G. Andres of Belleville, Ill. was relaxing on the ground near Co. L CP day-dreaming of home and other pleasant things when he felt the presence of someone standing over him. He looked up to meet the eyes of his brother, Capt. Eugene R. Andres, MAC, of the 42nd Field Hospital. Astonished at this unexpected visit, Andres rose to his feet and just then, up walked his brother-in-law, Capt. Howard Burgard of the Ninth Air Force — another unexpected guest.

The happy reunion was spent on a visit to town where pictures were taken and conversation flowed freely.

Birthday Twins

Pfc. Frank Rotundo, Providence, R.I. and Pfc. Francis Cole, Jersey City, N.J. in 3rd Bn Hq Co. were fighting at each other's side for some time. But it was only last week that they learned in a casual conversation that they were birthday twins.

Rotundo and Cole were born in the same year, on the same day. And on the same day during the same mail call they each received birthday cards.

They are now writing home to learn the hour of their birth.

More Points

Tec 5 Leslie Adams of the 908th FA Med. Det., bearer of the Silver Star, has something which point conscious buddies are really envious. Adams just received word that he is the proud father of twin daughters.

Ks Good For Something

Shells were falling all around and it was the first time Tec 5 John M. Evans, 2nd Bn Hq Co., looked licked. The reason, his buddies learned, was the loss of his K ration which was strapped on his back. A shell fragment had torn right through it.

That Pooch Again

The oft-AWOL pooch, Calvados, Co. G mascot, went over the hill again. This time he showed up for a visit at Hq. Btry. 908 FA. He's a much wiser and sadder pooch now. For he turned up at the exact moment when the medics were giving all the pets shots for rabies. Visitor or no visitor, Calvados had to take his place in the line.

Small World

The world is small. This was proved again to three officers who were formerly sergeants in the same infantry company in the States. Maj. Lawrence A. Laliberte of North Adams, Mass., 2nd Bn. executive officer, was wending his way through the hedgerows of Normandy in July when he ran into Lt. Shelley Patter of the combat engineers. Later in Nantes, he bumped into Lt. Louis Iacussa. All three officers are from the same town and went through OCS at approximately the same time.

Owoooooo . . .



Capt. Morris Shall of Toledo, Ohio, yanks an aching and decayed tooth from the quivering mouth of Pvt. John Fuller of Wilkesbarre, Pa., member of the mine platoon.

Message Center Is Jive Junction During Battle Lull

Generally the place appears to be an efficient message center. In fact it is rated as one of the best in the division, but to men of Headquarters Co., 1st Bn., it is known as "Jive Junction". For as soon as drill hours are over the Msg. Center Chief, Sgt. Leo Schneider, Memphis, Tenn., hauls out his little portable radio and things begin to hum.

As it stands the center has some of the finest jitterbugs in the Division, one of its former members T/5 Fred Sroka, Chicopee Falls, Mass., was jitterbug king of old Mass. His able successor is one Pfc. Daniel Friend of Knoxville, Tenn. Friend is the holder of several ribbons and cups for his jitterbugging ability in the maneuver beaten hills of Tennessee. At the same time the old Message Center Chief Schneider is no slouch himself.

At the Claridge Hotel back in Memphis he is known as the "King of the Waltz and Rhumba". As soon as the jive starts to well out of the loud speaker, the decoders and message books are pushed aside and Friend and Schneider start to "go to town". In fact the center is the most popular place in the company. G.I.'s are always welcome to witness the two whirling dervishes in action. This incident brings to mind the saying that the American soldier has the most spirit of any soldier fighting on any front. Because of this tendency of the American doughboy to function at top efficiency and still be able to have fun the American G. I. is triumphing over all odds.

Ace Photographer Joins TTF Staff

Another addition to the TTF staff is photographer Pfc. Michael A. Vaccaro of New Rochelle, N. Y., a member of 2nd Bn Hq Co. Men of the combat team will now have two photographers focusing their cameras on them to record the battlefield activities of the 331st in pictures.

Vaccaro entered the service in September, 1943 receiving his training with the 63rd Division. He joined the 331st in January, 1944. Prior to donning khaki, he was a student and amateur photographer. His picture files in the States include thousands of interesting scenes.

He uses a 35 mm. Argus which is always dangling around his neck and a Leica used exclusively for colored photos.

Vaccaro is 21 years and between the ages of 5 and 17 lived in Italy. He was a track star in high school holding the championship record for the two and one-half mile run.

Daring Patrol

(Continued from Page 1)

follow the enemy column right upon their heels as they trudged along. Having plotted the enemy column's destination, the patrol veered off and moved several miles across country toward their original objective. During this entire march, Lash's patrol skillfully maneuvered through enemy outposts observing and plotting positions. They returned in the early morning hours. Lash was accompanied by

BAR Man Lies Wounded 2 Days in No Man's Land

A fighting man's "guts" is revealed again in the story of Pfc. Florencil J. Poso of San Francisco who lay wounded for two days and nights in "no man's land" during which time he was under bombing, strafing, artillery, tank and mortar fire. When he was found by five men of Co. D he was still smiling, his BAR at his side.

In an attack on a town at night, Poso was wounded in the leg by shrapnel and became lost from his company. Following the attack, he was confused as to the direction of friendly troops and crawling by night and hiding by day, he tried to make his way to safety.

On the third day, a jeep traveling across an open field from another company heard Poso calling and brought him back.

His rescuers were S/Sgt. William E. Nagel, Youngstown, Ohio, Sgt. Charles D. Pate, Durant Oklahoma, Pfc. George Weigand, Pittsburg, Pa. Pfc. Harry Copland, Baltimore Md. and Tec 5 Paul Bishop, Cleveland, medical aid man who treated Posos wound.

Hold Vital Hill

(Continued from Page 1)

were their only welcome. The outpost guards were on the alert. They were the first to let loose. Others soon joined in. One squad climbing the gorge in open file, heard the firing and dropped to the ground forming a perfect scrimmage line. Their guns harmonized with the din of battle.

When it was over, there were dead Germans . . . and there were pieces of Germans. A Jerry's head was cut in two . . . his brains dangled across his face . . . his blood formed rivulets in the soil as it mixed with rain drops and flowed downhill.

The rain was dripping down his helmet and his mud-smeared race was grim as Pfc. Otis Rhodes of Cushing, Okla., looked down on the headless Nazi. It was his BAR that had done this. Pfc. Jack Clements Lubbock, Texas, shoved his helmet back slightly and wiped his brow with his dirty glove. Despite the cold, sweat had formed on his forehead. He had fired four MIs in rapid succession, grabbing the rifles of the men in his gun position as they reloaded them.

The men were silent. They breathed heavily . . . sighs of relief that come at the end of every battle. There wasn't any victorious rejoicing. It was just another job for these foot-sloggers . . . a job well-done.

Holes were dug . . . long mud-holes. Supermen who died for their fuhrer were given a decent burial by American doughboys.

The men looked around. What was their cost for this hill? One man was wounded in both legs, his bones shattered. Several men made a litter from a shelter-half and twigs. Carefully they slid down the slope with their burden . . . they had paid in blood too.

Pfc. George F. Kalberloh of Lowry, Miss., Pfc. Stanley Stiles, Indiana, Pa. Pvt. Albert P. Beck, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Digging in . . .



Mud and bullets didn't keep Pfc. William A. Davis of North Adams, Mass., 2nd Bn A and P platoon, from sinking his teeth into deliciously roasted Thanksgiving turkey.

Engineers Kick Ball . . .

Co. C Engineer eleven defeated a civilian team somewhere in Luxembourg, 11-7, in a full length rough and tumble football game last week. Pvt. George Smith, Villas, N. J., and Pvt. Louis Szopo are credited as the high scorers.

Me and Joe . . .

Joe, I says, blow your nose and clean your feet. We're goin' to a dance.

Cut your kiddin', says Joe, ya think you're back in Brooklyn?

It's on the level, I says, the sarge just told me. They's arranged a dance in town for guys like us, wot needs entertainin'.

Joe throws off his blankets and crawls out of the hay stack, blinkin' his eyes and still sorta' disbeliefin'-like.

Hurry up, I says, the trucks leavin' in 10 minutes.

The truck arrives in town, and pulls up in front of the town-hall. Me and Joe are the first ones off and we dashes in.

Holy smoke, says Joe, look-ut the dames. They're real.

Yeh, I says, some class too.

The red-head, says Joe, is for me. And off he goes.

Hya, Red, ya remind me of me 'sister, says Joe.

Je ne compris pas, says the babe.

I could go for a gal like you says Joe.

Je ne compris pas, says the babe.

I been lookin' for you all my life, says Joe, and here

Bronze Star Awards . . .

Other recipients of the Bronze Star not mentioned in last week's issue were:

S/Sgt. Thomas J. Traupman, Tec 4 John J. O'Neill, Cpl. Anderson H. Pickeral, Tec 5 Harold E. Hallien, Tec 5 Lawrence J. Scheller, Tec 5 Frank C. Shipta, Pfc. Garland O'Hlingsworth, Pfc. Denver Detillion, Pfc. Jeremiah Budd, Pfc. Donald J. Schwartz.

we are.

Je ne compris pas, says the babe.

Your eyes are like stars, says Joe, your lips are like rubies, your teeth are like pearls. Sister, you've got it.

Je ne compris pas, says the babe.

Look, says Joe, I think you're wunnerful, you and me is gonna' get along. Don't you understand that?

Je ne compris pas, says the babe.

By this time, I spots a dame tall and willowy with big black eyes and motions her to dance with me.

Gee, I says, you're just like heaven in my arms.

You wouldn't kid me, would you, she says.

Holy smoke, I says, you speak perfect English.

Well, we dance and dance and we're gettin' along grand and I'm havin' a swell time. When the dance ended I says goodbye to the dame and looks for Joe.

And there's Joe standin' in the corner mopin' with a long sad face.

Well, old pal, old sock, old kid, I says slappin' Joe on the back, didja have a swell time?

No compris, says Joe.

331st Gives Thanks, Turkey Feast For All

In spite of all the hell they are experiencing, men of the 331st Infantry bowed their heads for a moment in prayer last week to give thanks for their victories, for their health, and for the blessing of a great and beautiful country, their own United States of America.

From the man in the rear echelon to the man in the frontline outpost, everyone had all that was promised—the whole works. All the turkey they wanted and everything that goes with it. Dinner was brought to the men in the outposts in marmite cans. In some instances, the cans had to be carried on foot through woods, ravines and mud. And one entire company was forced to eat their dinner under cover of darkness.

Everyone agreed that Uncle Sam had come through for them once again in the celebration of this great American holiday.

Soldier Hides 8 Days In Swamps to Elude Enemy

This is the story of a field soldier who hid for eight days in swampland in enemy-held territory before making contact again with his troops.

Pvt. Edward Knight of Brownsville, Pa. Co. M., was cut off from his platoon in a battle engagement and found himself behind German lines. He was unable to orient himself and he wasn't sure of the disposition of friendly troops. To elude the enemy, he slept in tall grass surrounding swamps at night and climbed into trees during the day. On the first day, he ate his emergency chocolate bar and for the next seven days chewed on grass.

On the ninth day he made contact with a friendly patrol that had infiltrated enemy lines.

Co. A Sergeant

(Continued from Page 1)

first American soldiers to enter Rennes, Stranahan said the treatment in the hospital wasn't bad but there was a noticeable lack of food and drugs.

He likes to recall one incident in connection with his rescue. The second Yank to enter the hospital was an old buddy of his with whom he had engaged in competitive athletic teams in high school.

Meet the Boys . . .

These are the men who are the "eyes and ears" of the TTF in your outfit. If the gal back home jilts you . . . if you become a father . . . if you or your buddy have an interesting story, tell the boys about it.

Arty: Sgt. Donald G. Donnell
Eng: Cpl. Joseph A. Pizza
Co. A: Cpl. Oscar Glasberg
Co. B: S/Sgt. Roy Newsome
Co. C: Pfc. George Capes
Co. D: S/Sgt. George F. Odenweller
Co. E: S/Sgt. James Archambault
Co. F: Sgt. Joseph Chaney
Co. G: Pfc. Phillip Graiff
Co. H: Sgt. J. A. Mason
Co. I: Pfc. Edward Dahalke
Co. K: Pfc. William Shulman
Co. L: Pfc. Henry Sohn
Co. M: Pfc. Irving Jacobs
1st Bn Hq: Sgt. John O'Neill
2nd Bn Hq: Sgt. Ray Gagne
3rd Bn Hq: Pfc. Richard Sloan
AT Co.: Pfc. Nicholas Pukatch
Cn Co.: Sgt. E. W. Johnson

. . . A Mouthful



The custard pie was good and you can't blame Tec 5 Francis Laughton of Jacksonville, Fla., I and R platoon, for his determined effort to gulp it down and get ready for seconds.

Co. A Recon Patrol First in Germany

Crossing a river against swift current during the night, a patrol of six men from Co. A, led by T/Sgt. Charles E. Blauvelt of New Rochelle, N.Y., became the first in the 331st to set foot on the soil of „Das Reich“.

Equipped with two rubber boats and paddles, the patrol landed on the shore of Germany on the fourth attempt. The current tossed the light rafts and they had to be lashed together before a successful launching was accomplished.

Leaving Pfc. Charles Jordan of Ohio and Pvt. Charles F. Wendell of West Virginia to guard the boats, the patrol struck out to reconnoitre the area. They returned in the early morning hours.

Members of the patrol were S/Sgt. Alpherie J. Collette of Wooster, Mass., Sgt. Charles Anderson of South Bend, Ind., and Pvt. Cyrus Coon of Detroit.

Feet First . . .

Chests swelled, grins broadened and more men of the combat team took a bow this week as they received news from home.

Pfc. Robert Schlicker, Co. I, 8 1/2 pound boy

Tec 4 Harry Little, Personnel, Flint, Mich., girl

Tec 4 Gerald Shapiro, Personnel, Brooklyn, N. Y., boy

M/Sgt. Marcel Newman, Reg. Hq., Arlington, Va., 9 pound 11 ounce boy

Pfc. Thomas F. Monks, 3rd Bn Hq Co., Fayetteville, Tenn., 6 1/2 pound boy

Doughboy Five

(Continued from Page 1)

St. Eny where he aided in the reorganization of his company after fighting their way through strong fanatical enemy resistance.

Quiet and soft-spoken, Flanary is the perfect epitome of a southern gentleman and has been with Co. G since its activation in the States. While yet in the States he had the honor of being awarded a gold medal for his expert pistol shooting. One of the best shots in the U. S. Army, he was one of only six men who had been awarded this medal at the time.

This 25 year doughboy idol was finally brought down by a ricocheting 40 mm. anti-aircraft projectile which had bounced off a hard surfaced road and broke his leg. Now recuperating in a hospital, the medical staff has all it can do to keep this energetic soldier — as Flanary would put it — „between those old musty white sheets“.

1/Sgt. John P. Kitner, 2nd Bn Hq Co., Penna., 9 pound baby girl

Cpl. Wallace A. Duke, Co. M, Henderson, N. C., 8 pound 13 ounce boy.

Tec 5 Theodore Durfey, C Btry, FA, 9 pound girl.

Pvt. Donald Shaw, C Btry, FA, 8 1/2 pound boy.

Pfc. Clayton Reichenberg, C Btry, FA, 7 1/4 pound boy.

Lt. Charles Sewald, C Btry, FA, 7 1/2 pound girl.

Cpl. Edward Marquard, A Btry, FA, 7 pound girl.

Cpl. Donald Corbin, A Btry, FA, 8 pound girl.

Tec 3 Jesse Walton, Med. Det., FA, 7 1/2 pound boy.