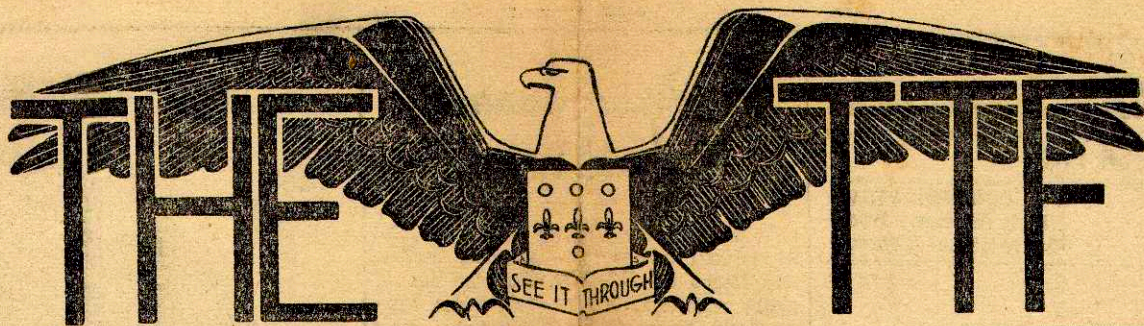


Somewhere in Belgium
Saturday, Jan. 27, 1945
Vol. 1, N° 8.



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

GERMAN COUNTEROFFENSIVE FAILS

In the Attack...



Doughboys of the first battalion shove off from the line of departure to secure enemy-held woods southeast of Bihain. There was no covered approach and they sweated out artillery shells as they attacked over the open slopes.

Doughboys Fight in Night of Hell to Ambush Nazi Convoy

Cutting the Houffalize-Courtil highway and the last German escape route from Halconreux to Courtil, ambushing a Nazi convoy, knocking out three truck-loads of Krauts are incidental to the story of an infantry battalion who braved nature's worst elements for 10 days and nights without rest and then fought with undimmed courage through a raging snowstorm to secure these vital objectives. Their actions in the battle of the Belgian bulge can parallel the deeds of the battered bastards of Bastogne among war's most thrilling epics.

After the 331st infantry had fought through the Ardennes to the edges of the St. Pierre-Hez forest overlooking Bovigny and Courtil, the first battalion pushed farther south to a road which bypassed Houffalize-St. Vith highway. This maneuver cut off Germans retreating from the western sector of the salient who were moving out in a northeasterly direction toward Courtil.

On the morning of the following day the first battalion struck out again to the east and in two hours had pushed to a road leading from Halconreux, the last German escape route to Courtil and St. Vith. During this drive D company's machine gunners under Lt. Donald De-nahue of Minneapolis, Minn. gave close support to A company's riflemen. T/Sgt. Earl Bemus of Houston Texas led Co. A's third platoon through the last of a series of German defenses and by means of a strong road block secured the northern flank of the highway.

The companies lined themselves abreast in the dense woods facing the road 75 yards away. Tanks and tank

destroyers and vehicles of any kind were unable to move through the heavily dense and trail-less woods. To smear the Jerries coming over this road was a job for foot soldiers. They dug into the frozen earth and waited for their prey. The wind lashed through the trees and tore through their clothes. Water seeped into their foxholes. Most of the men stood knee-deep in the bitter cold muddy water. Machine gunner Pfc. Isaac English sat on his ammo box in the foxhole. A few minutes later water covered the box. He placed his helmet on top of the box and perched on it. The helmet, too filled with water.

Tense nerves and continual action kept the men from freezing. Through the day Jerries marched down the road unaware of the American doughboy's presence in the woods. Riflemen and machine gunners had a field day picking them off. In the late afternoon three trucks grunted up the road from the direction of Halconreux, jammed with Jerries standing up. Sgt. Rolland Despres and Pfc. English of Co. B. let go with their machine guns while Pfc. Joseph Sikora and Sgt. Miguel Gonzalez of Co. B set their BARS clattering. And farther up the road, Co. D's machine gun section led by Lt. Arthur Haught of Milburne, W. Va. joined in.

As the Jerries scrambled out of the trucks, the doughboys continued to spray them with lead. While Jerry bodies fell in heaps, other supermen managed to drop to the ground and crawl on their stomachs down the road. An hour later, three tiger tank rumbled up the road. Two of them

(Continued on Page 3)

Eight Battle-Vet EMs Awarded Bars

For their outstanding leadership in the battlefield, eight men of the 331st Combat Team were awarded commissions in ceremonies last week. Joining the regiment at its activation in Camp Atterbury, Indiana, these men rose through the enlisted grades and are today leading in battle many of the same men with whom they had trained. All of them have fought in every major battle engagement of the 331st. The new officers are Lts. Arthur H. Haught of Middlebourne, W. Va., Delbert Williams of Lowell, Ohio, Donald Helm of Baltimore, Md., Robert E. Hammock of Blackstone, Va., James E. Pearson of Houtzdale, Pa., James A. Monroe of St. Louis, Mo., Sampson Young of Troy, So. Carolina and Byron F. Smith of Indiana, Pa.

Lt. Arthur Haught is 29 years and was a student at Potomac State College and is a graduate of the West Virginia University where he received a BS degree in electrical engineering. Prior to entering the service he was a designer and draftsman in the engineering department for the Celanese Corp. of America. His men insist that he has carried his talents over into his battle career in that the covers on his foxhole are always the most artistic in the platoon. He had also gained a reputation within his company as a stove builder. With a few pieces of tin he is always able to construct a heating unit which works under all conditions. Haught leads a machine gun platoon.

(Continued on Page 4)

Last Vital Supply Route Cut, SS Troops Smeared by 331st

Smashing into the northern flank of the Nazi salient in Belgium from the vicinity of Ottre, men of the 331st Combat Team fought unrelentingly through the Ardennes forest for 10 days and nights and made a five mile penetration into the bulge driving the German tanks and infantry from the towns of Petite Langlir, Langlir, across the Langlir River and to the edges of the St. Pierre-Hez forest at the foothills of the Ardennes. The speed with which this bridgehead was established, enabled elements of an armored division to advance through the Ardennes and take the Houffalize-St. Vith highway, vital and last German supply route reaching out to the western end of their salient.

Dough Takes Beating To Witness Massacre Of Wounded by SS

When T/Sgt. Harry Shoemaker of Cranston, Ill. stumbled into the second battalion CP at 0200 following the day of the 331st attack on the Nazi salient, another of the many atrocity stories of Nazi SS troops was revealed. Shoemaker's feet were frostbitten and his weary bloodshot eyes showed the strain of his experiences. His body ached at every breath as he reported to the battalion commander.

Shoemaker was leading two assault squads from Co. F in a dawn attack into the Ardennes. They had gone 100 yards when they were pinned down by heavy enemy machine gun crossfire. The entire slope was raked with fire that continued steadily for several minutes. The men hugged the ground. When the fire lifted, Shoemaker raised his head and looked around. A number of his men were dead. The others were apparently wounded. He saw two Jerries coming down the slope from the ridge. He dropped his head and watched them from the corner of his eye. They began searching the clothing of the dead soldiers. A man groaned. A rifle shot rang out. Blood trickled from the man's temple. Another groan was heard and more shots. Everyone of the wounded was riddled and their clothes searched. The SS men approached Shoemaker. He held his breath as they prodded and kicked him. He felt his wrist watch being removed and his wallet pulled from his pocket. They kicked him in the ribs. He clenched his teeth.

(Continued on Page 3)

Good Work, Sir...

It was 0700 and the field telephone in the cellar of a house which served as the first battalion CP rang lightly. Sgt. Clarence Withey, Bn Operations Sergeant, who was on duty the entire night was dozing and sleepily lifted the receiver.

"This is Gen. Ferenbaugh," thundered the voice, "were you sleeping?"

"N-n-n-y-y-s-sir," mumbled Withey.

"Sergeant," said the General who was also up all night but in good spirits. "What would you say if I told you we were on our objective?"

"V-very good, good work, sir," muttered the sergeant.

"Well get over to the second bat-

thousand again, and give them the message. They seem to be sleeping just as you were."

The tide of the German counter-offensive was definitely turned as the Nazis went reeling back to the Reichland and the battle of the Belgian Bulge set down in history to become a classic error in the strategy of warfare. According to Lt. Gen. Omar Bradley, Commander of the 12th Army Group, the German's great breakthrough may be one of the most serious blunders in the history of this war. The General said, "Events may prove that the losses in men and material and the loss of morale when the salient is eventually reduced may affect the German's ability to resist on the Western front."

While Gen. Patton's troops were pushing into the southern flank of the salient around Bastogne, battle-weary doughboys of the 331st, who had victoriously punched their way from the Hurtgen forest in Germany to the Roer River, were called on to help check the Belgium crisis. With orders to destroy the enemy who had boldly pierced the weak point of the American lines at the Luxembourg-Belgium border and murderously slashed out killing civilians and captured American soldiers, these battle veterans of the Normandy, Brittany and Luxembourg campaigns aided materially in turning, what had been a temporary German victory, to defeat.

(Continued on Page 4)

Yank Makes Tigers Dance to Tiger Rag

Men of Co. K haven't got a nickname for Pfc. William P. Cooper of Butte, Montana, but if they ever pick one, it will undoubtedly include the term bazooka. For Cooper has proven to be a mighty handy man with his gun. In one 90 minute battle, he knocked out two Tiger tanks, an American M-8 Armored car that had been captured by the Jerries, a half-trac and a chow wagon.

Co. K had jumped off from Ottre for a high point in the Ronces forest. Their advance was checked by two dug-in enemy tanks. It was difficult terrain for a tank destroyer so the job fell to the doughboy. Cooper picked up his bazooka and working his way through the snow and around the trees he managed to get within 25 yards of the tanks, unnoticed. Two well-aimed shots in succession and the steel monsters were silenced.

Farther forward an M-8 armored car gave the doughboys more trouble and Cooper's bazooka was brought into action. A half-trac tried to check the infantryman's advance but by this time Cooper was enjoying his role as a tank destroyer and his rocket gun blazed again. It was only by chance that Cooper

(Continued on Page 3)

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

Our Hearts Are Burning . . .

Before and just as we entered battle, we were told what to expect of the Nazi soldier. We had read of his crimes throughout Europe and were reminded of them. Since the Normandy landings we continued to hear of his murderous deeds. But now we have experienced them and their meaning has struck home.

We have seen our fellow soldiers lying wounded in the battlefield and then murdered by Nazi criminals. We have seen the bruised bodies of our buddies who were kicked, mauled and prodded with bayonets - their muscles and bones wracked with pain - but alive today only because they had the guts to keep from flinching while they played possum. We have seen a wounded comrade carried into the battalion aid station - wounded by the Nazi who lay beside him, a Nazi who had leaped from his foxhole and yelled « Kamerad » and while surrendering threw a hand grenade at his captor. We have seen our medics deliberately fired upon though their red cross brassards were conspicuously displayed.

And added to this are the 50 doughboys from another outfit lying in a field where as prisoners they had been shot down; a pregnant woman whose stomach had been slit; two more bodies of old women shot through the head and the body of a dead baby of seven months, also shot through the head; the stripped body of an invalid woman of 30; the bodies of two raped girls whose throats had been cut. SS. men said they had orders to eliminate anybody who got in their way. « The baby had been crying ».

We are convinced. We need no more orientation - no more pictures - no more stories - no more lectures. We KNOW our enemy.

The papers of the Geneva Convention are burning by the Nazi match set to them..... our hearts are burning, too.

Old - Fashioned . . .

But, let's face it, the infantry is really getting old-fashioned. There's practically nothing left for them to do. After the planes get through their job, and the tanks get through their job, and the artillery has done its job, about the only thing left for the infantry is to step in and do all the fighting. — Bob Hope in « I Never Left Home ».

Valentine's Day . . .

Valentine's Day is just around the corner and a « young man's thoughts lightly turn..... » Shucks, you know what we mean. Anyway we're inspired to launch a contest to find the prettiest sweetheart among the girl friends and wives of the men in the 331st Combat Team.

If you believe your girl friend or wife is the prettiest creature in the world, send her picture to the Editor, TTF. The winning picture will be published in the TTF and an eight by ten portrait and sketch of the boy friend or husband sent to her, free of charge.

Names of the judges will be announced in a later issue. Contest ends on Valentine's Day. All photos submitted will be returned.

REMEMBER?

April 14, 1939 — President Roosevelt wrote Hitler and Mussolini asking assurance that their armed forces would not attack or invade the territories of 30 named states. Hitler and Mussolini answered the appeal with the assertion that Axis policy was « inspired by the criteria of peace and collaboration ».

Gives 1945 Version of David and Goliath

It's difficult to imagine a doughboy loaded with grenades running after a retreating Tiger tank in an attempt to destroy it. But that's exactly what Pfc. Kenneth E. Ruttan, Co. D machine gunner, did last week and succeeded in crippling the steel monster.

Ruttan was protecting the flank of advancing riflemen through the woods when they were pinned down by direct fire from a Nazi tank. Ruttan left his machine gun, picked up the only available bazooka and went to the head of the rifle column. The only ammunition he could find were two rounds of white phosphorus. As bullets sprayed around him from the tanks machine guns, he advanced ahead of the troops until he was within 40 yards of the tank.

His first round hit the turret and forced the tank to button up. Ruttan went up another 20 yards, hit the tank again and the tank pulled out. This was too valuable a prize to get away, so Ruttan rushed back, grabbed a rifle grenade launcher and two grenades and ran after the tank.

He fired his two grenades, inflicted some damage on the tank and it limped away.

3rd Bn Men Embarrass SS Looking for Outposts

It must be awfully embarrassing to walk up to your own outpost to relieve a fellow soldier — only to be greeted by enemy fire. Anyway that's what happened to four three-man Nazi reliefs who approached what, they thought, were their outposts. And if they did blush it was from blood — for they won't be around anymore according to 3rd Bn men.

After taking the town of Petite-Longir, K and I rifle companies supported by two machine gun platoons of Co. M, advanced two miles to set up a defense for a line of departure for an armored outfit. While advancing they captured numerous German outposts. Promptly every hour and a half, three Germans came up to relieve the men at the Nazi outposts. Four such reliefs were killed by the riflemen and the machine gunners during the night.

Editor's Note...

Space did not permit the publishing of all the stories of 331st's battle deeds in the Belgian bulge. Many more stories are anxiously awaiting publication in the next issue.

Machine Gunners Beat Back Supermen

It seems the greater the odds the American doughboy faces in battle, the more he likes it. For in nearly every incident where he's been confronted with superior forces, he's trounced the enemy. That's exactly what a platoon from Co. M did last week.

Their advance checked by a 20 mm. direct weapon, a section of machine guns, led by Lt. Alvin Dietz of Canton, No. Carolina, supporting the riflemen, were attacked on their flank by a Tiger tank and German infantry. The unexpected strength of the attack forced the men to withdraw slightly — but only momentarily.

With enemy to the front and to the right, Dietz organized his section and laid down a base of fire including machine guns, carbines, pistols and M-1s. The Nazis pressed forward but the line of Yanks held. The counterattack was repulsed and the strongpoint ahead of them later knocked out by artillery.

The gallant men in the section were S/Sgt. James Cook of Erie, Pa., Sgt. George Moody, Oakland, Cal., Sgt. J. D. Kilrain, Morden, No. Car., Cpl. Joseph Medas, Newport, R. I., Pfc. Abraham Phea, Altamont, Tenn., Pvt. Charles Kelly, Landisburg, Pa.

Col. York Back in Driver's Seat, Leaves Hospital Ahead of Schedule

Col. Robert H. York, 331st Commander assumed command of his combat team again last week after a brief period in the hospital. He was wounded by mortar while on a reconnaissance near the Roer River immediately after the 331st victories in Germany.

Col. York was hit in the back, hip legs and foot. His foot-wound caused him the most trouble and though not fully healed, he left the hospital before being officially released by the medical officers to get back into action.

In Col. York's absence, the 331st was commanded by Brig. Gen. Claude B. Ferenbaugh Asst. Div. Cmdr. of the 83 rd, and Col. Russell F. Walthour.

Counterattack on Bihain Smashed at Crucial Moment

The devastating blow dealt a vicious German counterattack on Bihain can stand as one of the time-honored coincidences among today's battle. For the battle of Bihain is another of those turning points in war's operations where the courage of fighting American soldiers and a series of timely incidents turned possible defeat into victory.

In the northern drive into the German salient, American doughboys had driven the Nazis from Bihain. Informed that the town was in American hands, Lt. Col. Leniel MacDonald led his battalion through the town at night in their attack into the Ardennes Forest and established a battalion CP in the cellar of a house. The following morning, Col. MacDonald and the battalion headquarters personnel, heard the whine and blast of shells in the town. Their experienced ears told them that these shells weren't enemy artillery but direct fire weapons. When one shell tore through the roof of their house, they knew it was time to investigate. Col. MacDonald climbed to the first floor and peered out of the window. Less than three blocks from his CP was an enemy Mark V. Other members of battalion headquarters dashed outside and saw two more enemy tanks approaching the edges of the town. At the same time enemy machine guns, burp guns and other small arms fire were heard. They were readily convinced that this was a German counterattack and the situation was, what one might term, critical.

It didn't take headquarters personnel long to get into action. Clerks, wiremen, radiomen became riflemen and posted themselves at the windows and doorways and blazed away. In another house near the CP, A mortar section of Co. H, led by S/Sgt. Isaac Leidy of Mechanicsburg, Pa. had slept for the night. When the shooting awakened them, they picked up rifles and joined in the fray. In another part of town a Co. H machine gun section under S/Sgt. Victor Zebrowski of Philadelphia set their machine gun in the window of the house and sprayed the streets as the Jerries rushed in.

A block from the CP, the Anti-tank platoon under S/Sgt. R. B. Young spotted enemy fire coming from a house 100 yards from the battalion CP. Cpl. Carl LoPresti, Tec 5 Chesley Duncan and Pfc. Leo Mukjian moved the 57 mm. gun into position and blasted the house setting it on fire. As the Jerries ran from the burning building, other members of the AT platoon picked them off with M-1s. Pfc. Allen Kamm accounted for at least five.

But the timely presence of second battalion headquarters men wasn't the only incident that saved the town from recapture. That same morning Lt. Col. Henry Neilson, 1st Battalion Commander, Capt. Wilfred Barber C. O. of Co. A and Lt. Chester Adryan, Battalion S-3, had also been informed that Bihain was in friendly hands. They entered the northeastern edges of the town on a reconnaissance, ran smack into the

(Continued on Page 3)

Arty Bn Commander. . .



Lt. Col. Arthur M. Burghduff

A soldier and a businessman, Lt. Col. Arthur M. Burghduff, Commanding Officer of the 908th FA Bn. was graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., in the class of '27 and commissioned in the infantry. In 1929, he left the army for a business career, and assumed a soldier's role again when he joined the field ar-

tillery of the Wisconsin State National Guard in 1935. He was inducted into the regular army in October, 1940 at Camp Livingston, La.

In February, 1942, Col. Burghduff became Battery Commander in the 173rd FA and in June of the same year was assigned to the 322nd FA Bn. Here he served as Battery Commander, Battalion S-3 advancing through the grades and received his majority when he became Executive Officer. In August, 1944, he assumed his present command.

Col. Burghduff is 41 years, married and has a daughter and son. His family resides in Indianapolis, Ind. Hunting and fishing are among his favorite pastime interests.

Nazis Provide Shooting Gallery

A Nazi strongpoint had been captured so swiftly last week, that its captors weren't too surprised when they saw several Jerries nonchalantly approaching the place. Among the men present were Lt. Edgar Hebbits of New Kensington, Pa., TD Bn, Capt. H. Dixon Smith of Columbus, Ga., Co. I C. O. S/Sgt. Larry Loeffler of Wilkesbarre, Pa. Lt. Rufe Lamont of Jackson, Miss., S/Sgt. Saturnio and Pfc. Anthony Sanzone of Co. M. They cocked their pistols and rifles. And then they waited. Over 15 Jerries were killed and as evidence of the proximity of the shooting, two Jerries were shot between the eyes by Hebbits' pistol.

Rescues Buddy Under Fire

S/Sgt. Harry L. Keller of WilliamSPORT, Pa., Co. L squad leader, was watching a wounded man lying in an open field and making vain attempts to crawl through machine gun crossfire back to his lines. A few minutes of this agonizing scene was all Keller could stand.

He climbed out of his trench followed by Pvt. James F. Gildea of Massachusetts and together they crawled through spraying machine gun fire to the side of their wounded comrade. They tried to drag him back but it was difficult. Keller cursed, jumped to his feet and carried the wounded man back. The firing stopped.

Said Keller, « Just lucky the gun jammed. »

Foxhole Interviews...

(Each week several men of the combat team will be asked at random a question of general interest. We will gratefully consider all questions submitted. Ed.)

QUESTION: What are your plans for a civilian career when the war ends and do you believe you will be interested in the government post-war business loan?

S/Sgt. Joseph Gulasz of Pittsburgh, Pa., Co. C squad leader.



« I was a welder before I got into Uncle Sam's Service and I made pretty good dough. When I get home, I'm going to try to launch my own business as a construction steel works contractor. That government loan sounds pretty good and I've got a strong hunch it'll come in handy ».

Sgt. Walter T. Mott, of Utica, New-York, Co. E asst. squad leader.

« I'm a father of two sets of twins so you see what I'm up against. I'm mighty proud of this family even though I haven't seen the last set yet and I'm not going to be satisfied with an ordinary living. I intend to make big money. I was a sign painter for the Outdoor Advertising Company. When I get back I expect to start my own sign business with that government loan. »

T/Sgt. Max H. Miller of Philadelphia, Co. I platoon sergeant.



« The government loan doesn't interest me. I'm a graduate of the University of Montana. I majored in agriculture and forestry. Before coming overseas, I had been offered several jobs and was told they'd be waiting for me when I got back. Among the offers was an insurance representative and I may even accept that. Most likely though I'll be engaged in forestry or farming. »

Pfc. Ira Rion of Kingston, New York, Co. L rifleman.

« I may stay in the army. Before the war I worked on a railroad. My dad's a fireman on the railroad and if I change my mind I may try to become a fireman too. But I like the infantry and the army and I strongly believe I'll stay in. »



Arrangements were recently made where amateur camera fans can have their film developed and printed at the Army PX. Address your film to Lt. Milton Wolin, PX officer, 331st Infantry.

SS Atrocity Spurs Nazi Strength Crumbles Men to Objective From Artillery Barrage

It was a battle of infantry versus tanks. And to men of Co. E. it was one of their most night-marish experiences yet encountered. Co. E, led by Capt. Francis Oliver, was slashing their way through the forest south of Biham toward the Houffalize-St. Vith highway when they met stiffening enemy resistance and were finally stopped cold by direct fire from Tiger tanks.

Several men went forward with bazookas and were killed by enemy machine guns protecting the tanks. Another squad tried to outflank the machine gun nest and were pinned down by crossfire from another machine gun. A patrol went forward to determine the number of tanks in the vicinity and reported seeing six. The assault platoon started to draw back.

The medics were called to pick up the wounded. The black night and the heavy snowdrifts through the dense woods delayed them. When they reached the area, there were no wounded. The Jerries had killed and looted every doughboy. Tec 5 Lloyd Kitchens of Pachuta, Miss. was the only man they found, unwounded but unconscious. And he was bruised and frozen. The Jerries had kicked, pounced on his back and jumped on his hands. But he didn't cry out in pain. With his last ounce of nerve he acted dead.

The men were told what had happened. And that's all they needed to know. « Tanks, be damned », they yelled. At dawn of the following day a platoon led by Lt. Joseph Sloan of Birmingham, Ala. and T/Sgt. Julius Canady of Winsboro, So. Carolina — every man boiling mad — jumped off with fixed bayonets and stabbed and shot their way forward. They destroyed two machine gun nests and killed approximately 40 Nazis. An American tank covering their flank knocked out one Nazi tank and the doughboys managed to by-pass the others. In less than an hour they were on their objective, a vital crossroads approaching the German supply route.

Happy over their smashing victory, three of their wounded refused to be evacuated. They were Sgt. Fred Bevins of Watertown, Mass., S/Sgt. Casper Goshgarian of Boston, Mass. and Sgt. Ted Karpinski of Cicero, Ill. Pvt. Don Miller, medical aid man of North Carolina, worked through the day and night patching up the wounded. Pvt. Henry C. Oehman of Middletown, Conn. was wounded five times by a burp gun, refused the « indignity » of a litter and walked back three miles over the rough wooded terrain to the battalion aid station.

Pvt. Henry L. Barker of Virginia was smiling as he cleaned his BAR. He proved that two Jerries and their burp guns were no match for him.

Two forward observers of the 908th FA Bn chalked up two more scores in helping the frontline infantry last week. By their accurate observation and direction of fire, one had a direct hit on a Nazi strongpoint holding up a battalion's advance and the other smashed a column of Nazi tanks and repulsed a counterattack.

A well dug-in Mark V and two machine gun nests near the crest of a ridge about 600 yards south of Otter was holding up the advance of the third battalion. Artillery was the only effective answer so S/Sgt. Richard Pemberton, 908th FO, skirted through the woods to the flank, directly east of the strongpoint. This placed him 250 yards from the target but it also left him vulnerable to American guns west of the strongpoint, that were overshooting. Pemberton had to sweat out American shells while directing fire on the strongpoint. But in seven rounds of artillery, the tank and machine gun nests were completely knocked out.

A column of six Mark Vs proceeded down the road from Courtill in a southwesterly direction. The American troops at the edges of the St. Pierre-Hez forest. Perhaps the Nazis hadn't realized that anyone would be observing their movements because of the heavy artillery barrage they were laying in the woods. But Lt. Donaldson Robbins, 908th FO, was lying in the northeastern edges of the woods overlooking Courtill and he watched the column come out of the town. A heavy artillery barrage demolished three tanks, crippled one and sent the other two scurrying back to Courtill.

A Formal Note, Perhaps?

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla (CNS) — Before S/Sgt Charles Kralj, La Salle, Ill., writes to his girl he showers, shaves, combs his hair and changes into ODs.

ry C. Oehman of Middletown, Conn. was wounded five times by a burp gun, refused the « indignity » of a litter and walked back three miles over the rough wooded terrain to the battalion aid station.

Pvt. Henry L. Barker of Virginia was smiling as he cleaned his BAR. He proved that two Jerries and their burp guns were no match for him.

Infantry and Artillery Marriage Produces New Kind of Soldier

The Cannon Company of an infantry regiment can easily be termed the bastards or orphans of a combat team. For the men of the company are neither infantrymen nor artillerymen but a cross between the two. These half-breed, but loyal, American soldiers are commonly referred to as cannoners. Yet their table of organization is patterned after an infantry rifle company instead of an artillery battery. As a part of an infantry unit they can be called doughboys and wear the Combat Infantry Badge while they perform the duties of red-legs.

This unique outfit was conceived in 1942 and made a part of the infantry regiment to add more firepower to a combat unit. The original plan was to have the Cannon Company right up on the frontline with the rifleman. However, it was found impractical to tow a huge 105 mm. howitzer gun in the midst of fluid frontline fighting within the range of enemy small arms and mortar fire. According to combat men, if the gun had been designed as a self-propelled piece, it could have been effectively employed alongside the infantrymen in the same manner, perhaps, that today's armored tanks fight with the doughboys.

But in its present formation, the Cannon Company has still proudly taken its place in the combat team and gained the prestige that the artillery enjoys among frontline men. The Cannon Company of the 331st Infantry under the command of Capt. Herman A. Mundt of Ft.

Collins, Colorado, has kept pace with the infantrymen by displacing their guns in the most forward positions to obtain the maximum effective fire upon enemy strongpoints. With this procedure, Cannon Company has been able to lay smothering fire on enemy positions through the day and night. Last week they celebrated the firing of their 15,000th round of ammunition.

The platoon leaders and platoon sergeants of the company act as forward observers staying with the most forward elements of the infantry. Via radio, they report targets to the company CP. These forward observers have earned a total of 10 Bronze Stars and one Silver Star.

Three two-gun platoons comprise the TO of Cannon Company. Each gun or section consisting of a gunner corporal, seven cannoners and one truck driver, is commanded by a sergeant. The platoon leaders and sergeants are Lts. Donald Kern, Donald Johnson, Donald Black and James Munroe; tech sergeants Guy Madison, Kenneth Dorsey and Simon Etzel.

Cpl. Eric Rosenbaum of New-York and Tec 5 Albert Allen, Emira, N. Y. work in the fire-direction room. Here they receive the map grid coordinates of enemy positions as radioed to them by the FOs. With a deflection fan and slide rule, these positions are plotted on a board which conforms to the grids of the map carried by the FOs. Fire directions are then given to the cannoners by phone.

Being Interviewed...



Monica Stirling, War Correspondent for the Atlantic Monthly, interviews fighting men at the battalion OP in the St. Pierre-Hez forest. This was her first visit with an infantry unit. Left to right are Cpl. Walter Nichols of Glasgow, Ky., Co. B, Capt. Daniel Moore, C.O. of Co. B. and T/Sgt. Vernon Decker of Leachfield, Ark., Co. B platoon sergeant.

Bihain Counterattack

(Continued from page 2)

counterattack. The suddenness of the attack had evidently caught the battle-weary infantrymen, who had originally captured Bihain. Col. Neilson aroused and organized the men to meet the Nazi attack.

And the climax of the German counterattack came with the presence of two tank destroyers under the command of Lt. Horace Lamb of Texas. As the battle got underway, the two tanks were edging up northern approaches to the town. It didn't take Lamb long to take an estimate of the situation and shells spewed forth from his 90 mm. guns. At a distance of 1300 yards, three enemy Mark Vs were knocked out.

The Nazis came tumbling out of their burning tanks. But they didn't have far to go. For within easy rifle range were Lt. Joseph Macaluso, C. O. of Co. G. and T/Sgt. Leroy Titus. They each took turns shooting the Jerries like « clay pigeons ». Titus had eight to his credit and Macaluso had six. Said Macaluso, « No man in my company will out shoot me ». And three more Jerries fell before the C. O.'s blazing gun.

Dough Takes Beating

(Continued from page 1)

For 10 hours until night-fall, Shoemaker lay in the same position not daring to move. Then under cover of darkness he crept away from the scene of massacre. Instead of returning to his company, he saw an opportunity to reconnoitre enemy positions and spot the exact locations of the machine gun nests. Carefully, he crouched forward in the snow until he reached the crest of the ridge. Plotting the gun positions, he proceeded to return to American territory when he heard a German patrol approaching. He leaped behind a tree and pressed his body against it. It was a sentry patrol establishing their outposts for the night. One man was stationed right next to Shoemaker's tree. When the patrol continued on, Shoemaker grasped his trench knife and working himself silently around the tree, stabbed the Jerry through the back of the neck.

Just as he struck out for the battalion CP, American artillery came pouring into the area. He hit the ground and crawled under a knocked-out tank. The gasoline in the tank exploded and the concussion drove Shoemaker deeper into the snow. By this time he was out of breath and worn out. When the artillery barrage lifted, Shoemaker still had enough strength left to burrow 500 yards through heavy snowdrifts to the battalion CP.

Yank Makes Tanks Dance

(Continued from page 1)

stumbled on the Jerry chow-wagon. He was about to cross a trail in the woods when he saw the wagon coming up. « This », thought Cooper, « is child's play », and he took his time loading his bazooka.

Cooper was asked how he felt about his accomplishments and he modestly responded. « My C. O. called me up to do a job and there was only one thing to do — and that is do it. »

Night of Hell

(Continued from page 1)

directed their guns into the woods and poured fire on the doughboys who crouched in their water-filled foxholes. The other tank covered several Jerries who jumped into one truck that was still running and backed down the road protected by the tanks.

That night a snowstorm raged. In the words of the men. « It was a night of hell ». For hours they stuck to their posts in their freezing wet clothing. A cold K ration was their only supper. Two men died of exposure. Supplies couldn't get through to them because of the density of the woods. A previous artillery barrage upon the area had clipped many of the trees. And the strong winds blew the weakened trees on the men. It seemed that all the elements of nature were against them.

In the late hours of the night a German convoy streamed up the road, this time covered by six tanks firing directly into the woods. In spite of the snow, and the blizzard and the tanks snells, all three companies kept their machine guns blazing. It was only under the protection of Tiger tanks that the convoy wasn't annihilated and it managed to limp through.

Hampered by the deep snow and slush and an almost lack of visibility, S/Sgt. Lucien Charron of Co. A led a patrol back from the company's forward lines, taking with him the wounded men. He established the first communications and supply link to the rear when he contacted Lt. Howard Hambrook, battalion A and P platoon leader. Hambrook had personally led his men laden with food, dry clothing and ammunition, through 1000 yards of winding foot trails that were almost impossible to follow.

While supplies trickled in by hand, a platoon of Co. C, 308th Engineers led by Lt. John Pisarcik was hacking a road through the woods. Several expedient methods were tried, one by using the sheer weight of a tank to fell the trees. But the engineers finally had to saw and chop an open route. Working through the blizzard night, they completed the supply route by noon of the following day.

Sidelights...



Battle Barbecue

The basement of a house in Schneidhausen, Germany provided good cover for men of Co. C as enemy shells fell over the town. And the same place by a quirk of fate provided a good meal. Fire was so heavy the men couldn't leave the house to seek any food and the chow truck couldn't get to them. Pfc. Robert Todak of Toledo, Ohio was convinced that even a deserted house in a deserted town should offer something in the way of food and he started a thorough search of the place. Several minutes later, he came back with a rabbit, some potatoes and onions. A small fire was built and the rabbit was skinned. To top the meal off, the men ate from some real china-ware found intact in the kitchen.

Brothers Meet Brothers

Pfc. Samuel Arsich of Akron, Ohio, Co. M, met his brother Jerry in another infantry unit recently. A few days later, he bumped into his brother Louis in an AA unit. The two went in search of Jerry and the stories flew fast with Jerry leading. He was the last to leave the States and home.

For the first time in four years, Capt. John Caddle C. O. of Co. H, 331st Infantry of the 83rd, recently met his brother George C. O. of Co. D, 333rd Infantry of the 84th.

Another of those brotherly coincidences occurred last week when Sgt. Tony Tataruk of Portland, Maine, Co. Co. learned that his brother Frank, also a sergeant, was recently assigned to Co. F of the same unit.

Farmer at Heart

When Co. D took over a deserted farmhouse for a CP, Tec 4 Leonard Mills, medical aid man, decided something had to be done about the farm's regular inhabitants. Daily he milked the six cows and fed the other livestock. When the company moved on, he was worried who would take care of things, after he left.

First Tooth Yanked

Tec 5 Curtis A. Kimball of Saugus, Mass., comes up with another first claim. He had the first tooth pulled in the regiment while sitting on a gas can. Lt. Fred Sherman, Asst. Regimental Dentist, took the honors.

Fit for a King

War does have its compensations according to two men of Co. K. Pfc. Charles Wright of Oklahoma and Pfc. Donald Wright of North Carolina were returning from guard at their forward outpost when they noticed two deer loping in a peaceful scene occasionally disturbed by Jerry shells. Temptation was strong and raising their M-1s they brought the principles of good target practice into play.

The aftermath depicts a happy group of combat men voraciously partaking of venison that would be the envy of any high class restaurant.

Free Hair-cut

Pfc. Jack Rubino of Berkley, Mich., Co. F, has thick bushy hair and really proud of it. And today more than ever he doesn't believe in GI haircuts. Rubino was crossing a road zeroed in by Heinie machine gun fire and just as he took his last step leading to safety, a bullet pierced his steel helmet through liner and all. His unruly and bushy hair caused his helmet to ride high on his head, and all Rubino suffered was a hair-cut at the Heinie's expense.

Not Related Either

Lt. Joseph Sloan was heard by a passerby introducing himself to a certain party in town and he stopped and aid. « You're not Lt. Sloan ». « I certainly am », replied Sloan. « Well, what company are you in ? » insisted the passerby. « Co. E », replied Sloan impatiently. « Lt. Sloan of Co. E is still at the front because I just left him there », indignantly stated the passerby. Before a fight started, it was learned that there actually was another Lt. Joseph Sloan of Co. E in another regiment.

Loves Her Anyway

Pfc. John E. Panter of Port Huron, Mich., Co. K rifleman, was huddling in a snow-filled foxhole trying to keep warm when his mail clerk handed him a package from his wife. « Gee », he said to his buddy next to him bundled up in a blanket. « This looks like something to eat ».

Eagerly he ripped open the package and found a set of crossword puzzles with a note enclosed. « Honey, please try to work these puzzles in your spare time. »

Swift Night Attack Escapes Enemy Artillery and Catches Dreaming Nazis Off-Guard

Between the Ronce Forest south of Ottré and the town of Petite Langlir a German-held strongpoint and a 3rd Battalion objective, lay 700 yards of open ground. Co. K. was assigned the mission to lead the attack upon the town. Capt. Marion B. Cooper, Company Commander, knew that his only hope of success was to strike at night and to strike quickly. For the woods would soon be pounded with enemy artillery and mortar and the sloping plain before him afforded no protection from the enemy weapons that were poised in the town awaiting the possible attack.

As night fell, the company spread its lines thin and shoved forward. The men were practically on the outskirts of town when they heard the enemy shells whining over their heads and blasting the forest in the area they had left. Within the next few minutes the nonchalant Nazis, relaxing, watching their artillery fall into the woods, were stunned by the sudden appearance of American doughboys.

Right on the heels of Co. K, followed Co. I doughs. In an hour and a half of close-up fighting, hundreds of SS troopers were lying dead in the streets and houses, two MarkVs turned tail and approximately 100 remaining Nazis threw in the towel.

Fierce fighting SS troopers met more than their equal in these American infantrymen who had fought for five days and nights without rest in the bitter cold with many of their weapons as well as their feet frozen.

Stalks Jerries Like Game

Back home, T/Sgt. Larry Dalton of Somerset, Ky., never missed a chance to go game-hunting. Now as an F Co. platoon sergeant he is stalking another type of game, one he enjoys even more.

Stealthily leading his platoon through snow-covered forest at night in a recent operation, Dalton's keen ears caught two Jerries talking. Accompanied by Sgt. Durwood Root of Detroit, Mich., and Pfc. Steve Perune of Ohio, Dalton followed the well-defined footsteps and stalked his game to their lair. He cut his 14th notch on his rifle butt. Not wishing to be hogish, he let Root kill the other.

German Counteroffensive Fails

(Continued from Page 1)

Not only faced with Germany's reputedly finest soldiers, the Panzer Grenadier and SS troops, 331st men were forced to fight the weather as well. Through heavy snows, the doughboys pushed forward as the cold bitter wind cut their faces and tore through their clothes. In the snow-covered forests, the men found no shelter. And though battle lulls permitted them some rest in their steady advance, fires couldn't be built and hastily dug foxholes in the frozen earth were of no aid against the cold. For 10 consecutive days and nights with little sleep, cold rations, their guns kept from freezing only by their continual operation — the men dug the enemy from their defenses capturing over 400 prisoners, a Nazi supply dump knocking out Mark Vs and trucks and left the Ardennes strewn with the bodies of Nazi supermen.

The second battalion was the first in the regiment to deliver a blow into the counteroffensive. Jumping off from Ottré southwest to Bihain, they helped repulse a vicious German counterattack and then continued south sweeping out strong enemy machine gun nests and tanks from the forest up to its southern edges. Behind them came the first battalion. Pushing from the vicinity of Bihain to the southeastern edges of the forest, they launched a night attack over a mile of open ground upon the town of Langlir. They entered the town through heavy enemy artillery fire and direct tank fire. And after close-up bayonet and trench knife fighting, Langlir was

secured by American doughboys at 1300.

At the same time, the 3rd battalion sent waves of white-clad infantrymen across the snow-covered slopes and ridges directly south of Ottré leading to the Ronce forest. With the help of artillery, they smashed an enemy strongpoint of well-dug in tanks and machine guns and reached an open plain that lay between the southern edges of the woods and Petite-Langlir. A swift night attack upon this Nazi-held town brought another strong and vital objective into American hands.

Toward dusk of the following day, the three battalions abreast launched an attack into the St. Pierre-Hez Forest south of Langlir and in the most decisive battles of the entire operation made a two-mile penetration and secured an assembly area for the armored units. In this drive, the third battalion made a record achievement in slashing through to their objective by 2200 of the same day while the others reported on their objectives in the early pre-dawn hours of the next day.

After the armored units advanced through the 331st sector to cut-off the Houffalize-St. Vith highway, the tired doughboys turned their efforts east into the heart of the salient to flush the Nazis from the St. Pierre-Hez Forest. And through a raging snowstorm the 1st battalion stabbed forward through dense woods just south of St. Pierre-Hez Forest to cut off both the Houffalize-Courtil road and the last escape route to Courtil from Halconreux.

A Few Hours Rest...



Photo by Pfc. Michael Vaccaro.

Tired men of the second battalion before the attack on the Nazi salient started got a few hours rest in a barn in Ottré. They are Pfc. Bernard Riddick of Decatur Ill., Pfc. Maclovio Vaca of San Apolo Cal. On the bench is Pfc. R. L. Griffin of Cecil, Ga.

Feet First...

This column was due to expire but we just received word of more recent daddies in the combat team.

Tec 5 Melvin C. Sparks, Bidding, Ky., Co. M, 7 pound, 14 once girl. Cpl. Jack Wilkinson, San Diego, Cal., Co. M, 6 pound girl. Pfc. Joy B. Lovelace Rutherford, N.C., Co. M, 6 1/2 pound girl. Tec 5 Harold Schneck, Pinegrove, Pa., 2nd Bn Hq Co. girl. S/Sgt. Daniel Logsdon, Colfax, Wash., 2nd Bn Hq. Co., boy.

Practical Gift...

Pfc. Charles Johnson of Gary, Okla., 1st Bn Hq Co., claims the most practical xmas gift yet, — a roll of toilet tissue.

Em Awarded Bars

(Continued from Page 1)

Lt. Delbert Williams is 28 years, married, has one daughter, owned an automobile garage before entering the service. He was born in Lowell, Ohio, attended school in Centerville and his family now resides in Marietta. Bearer of the Purple Heart and Bronze Star, Williams has won the respect and popularity of his men. He leads a weapons platoon.

Lt. Donald Helm is 24 years and married. He attended Baltimore City College and was active in football, lacrosse and wrestling. A former communications sergeant, he transferred to a rifle platoon and now leads the latter. He wears the Purple Heart Oak Leaf Cluster.

Lt. Robert Hammock is 23 years and single. He attended the Fork Union Military Academy in Virginia for two years and then joined the Du Pont Industries serving as foreman of their Richmond plant. He leads a rifle platoon.

Lt. James Pearson is 26 years, married and has a son. He enlisted in the 3rd Cavalry in 1940 and later became member of the cadre that activated the 331st. He leads a mine platoon in the Anti-tank Company.

Lt. James Monroe is 24, married and has a son. He was a member of the Arkansas State Highway Department and a teller in a New York City bank. He entered the service in February, 1942 at Ft. Sill, Okla. and was a member of the cadre that activated the 908th FA Bn. He joined the Cannon Company at its formation and is now a forward observer.

Lt. Sampson Young is 34, married. This rangy six foot soldier leads the anti-tank platoon in 3rd battalion. He was manning the anti-tank gun in Normandy when the battalion was flanked by an enemy counterattack and threatened to be cut off. His accurate firing of the weapon helped materially in repulsing the enemy. He has been awarded the Bronze Star.

Lt. Byron Smith is 24 years and single. He was a fireman on a railroad before entering the service. He leads a rifle platoon and is the bearer of the Bronze Star.

A man becomes old only when regrets take the place of dreams. John Barrymore.

