

France Decorates 331st Soldiers For Outstanding Services in Liberation

Col. York Awarded Legion D'Honneur, Croix de Guerre

Col. Robert H. York, 331st Commander, and twelve of his men were decorated last week with France's highest awards « for exceptional services in war, rendered in military operations in the liberation of France. » Col. York received both the Legion d'Honneur and Croix de Guerre.

In saluting the officers and men of the United States Army, the French Government hailed their outstanding performances in the battlefield.

The presentations were made by Gen. Koeltz in the traditional military French ceremonies including the tap on each soldier with a sword and a kiss on each cheek.

The Croix de Guerre was awarded to Lt. Col. Leniel McDonald, Jackson, Miss.; Lt. Col. Henry Neilson, Wash., D. C.; Lt. Col. George Shuster; Capt. Daniel Moore, McAllister, Okla.; Capt. Robert Mitchell, Bristol, Conn.; Capt. William Waters, Indianapolis, Ind.; Lt. Frank Douglass, Winthrop, Mass.; Lt. Alexander Kahane, Houston, Tex.; Lt. Arthur Ungren, Lansing, Mich.; Sgt. Alexander White, Baltimore, Md.

A posthumous award was made to Lt. Col. James F. Faber.

Lily Pons Thrills Soldiers at Rhine in Germany Debut

Lovely Lily Pons, America's beautiful Metropolitan Opera Coloratura, came to the Rhine last week to sing before the men who helped liberate her native France. « The enthusiasm of the men over here is something the public can't give you », Miss Pons exclaimed. « In the States I sing by contract only twice each week here, every day — it's the spirit of these fine soldiers — I shall never become too tired to sing for them ».

Accompanied on her concert tour by her husband, Andre Kostalanetz and her flutist, Frank Versacci, Miss Pons gave six concerts in as many consecutive days for thousands of battle veterans — among them men of the 331st Infantry — who had fought the Nazis from Normandy to the Rhine. Flying here from the China-Burma-India Theatre of Operations, where her last performance was in recently captured Bhamma, Miss Pons thrilled the appreciative soldiers who overflowed the former Nazi gymnasium and auditorium at Krefeld.

This marked Miss Pons 106th concert in her around-the-world singing tour for the benefit of fighting men. She had sung in the Persian Gulf Command last summer and since January 13th of this year, she has given 57 soldier concerts in the CBI and ETO.

(Continued on page 4)

Easter Morn-- '45...



EMs Official Bearing Throat Wound Fools Nazi Officers Keeps Officer Fighting Mad

When the 2nd Platoon, Co. C, found themselves so far in advance of the I. P. W. that it was necessary to question and classify their own prisoners, S/Sgt. Joseph H. Gulasy, Millville, Penn., proved himself not only a master of the German language but of conducting prisoners as well.

According to one of the Yanks guarding the prisoners, Gulasy was a prime example of what the army means by fair but firm handling of our conquered enemy.

Though only a non-com, Gulasy's forceful manner had the prisoners, most of them officers, bewildered as to his rank. Their final decision, gleaned from their private conversation, was that he was a high ranking intelligence official.

Each prisoner, upon approaching the desk where Gulasy was conducting the hearing, snapped to attention and rendered a prompt salute. Their attitude during the entire questioning was strictly respectful.

It was obvious that Gulasy's manner and conduction of the proceedings left a strong impression of discipline, law and order.

Distinctive...

The battle diehards of the Three-Thirty-First, recently took time out from their «Watch on the Rhine» to

Lt. Caddie Henrage from Georgetown, Ky. is the wearer of the Purple Heart and one cluster. But he also carries with him in battle today unmistakable evidence of an encounter with the Nazis — a bullet lodged next to his windpipe. And it will always be there, according to medical authorities.

The shot inaugurated a thrilling interlude in his military career. It was inflicted by a sniper during the hedgerow days. For six weeks Henrage remained a prisoner of the Germans. For 10 days he lay in a Heine field hospital sweating out his evacuation to Germany and hoping

(Continued on Page 5)

Machine Gunner Sends Heinie Car Careening

Quiet, bespectacled Pfc. Stanley Dolsky, Co. F machine gunner from Windber, Pa., does not appear to be the rough and ready doughboy one would imagine in a frontline outfit. But his actions during the regiment's drive towards the Rhine prove again that appearances are deceiving.

Doughboys Set-up Model Military Government in Conquered Neuss Suburb

In the broken city of Neuss, the immortal symbol of American humanity was enacted again last week. Men of the 331st Combat Team came into the town as conquerors — but not to destroy, pillage or murder. They had killed or captured the last German who wanted to fight. Approximately 15,000 of the city's inhabitants climbed out of their candle-lighted cellars and began to resume a somewhat normal life amidst these khaki-clad soldiers from the States. And weary footsore doughboys from the battlefield proved their versatility while, in cooperation with the CIC, they scoured the city for civilian clothed German soldiers, searched the homes for weapons and short-wave radio equipment and checked for every possible sign of espionage.

Typical of the manner in which fighting men met their new problems of handling civilians in hostile territory, is the story of the first battalion billeted in the Neuss suburb of Buderich. Their set-up was established before the arrival of the Military Government in Neuss and encouraged by the latter because of its efficient operation.

Tackling the job like civic veterans, Lt. John Clevenger of Perth Amboy, N.J., S/Sgt. Daniel Baran of Savannah, Ga., Pfc. Frank Reichman of Ludlow Asbury, N.J. and Pfc. Walter Kohlmann of Bronx, New York set up their office in a small room of a house taken over as the

« We sent out word », said Clevenger, « that we wanted the people to send us a representative body of two or more men. The following morning six men, comprised of doctors and lawyers came to see us. They told us they had been former council members in this town during pre-Hitler days. And they also related how three of them were about to be executed on the very day that the Yanks arrived.

(Continued on Page 6)

AP Mine Sweepers Spearhead Tank Drive

The answer to the 1st battalion's attack on the town of Oberlorick, Germany is « just plain guts ».

The 1st Battalion's A and P platoon was given the mission of riding the tanks with the rest of the rifle companies and then dismounting when mines were encountered. Previous to the attack they had spent the better part of the night in filling a bomb crater in the center of a strategic highway. It was imperative that the crater be filled, so the men were forced to labor for several hours, their only weapons being entrenching tools.

After the tanks had moved along for a good distance and were nearing the objective, the lead tank ran into a mine, bursting into flames. Immediately the men leaped off and started to operate their detectors, clearing the way into Oberlorick. They uncovered many mines, the results of long hours of back-breaking labor in the pitch-blackness, and under an intense enemy mortar fire.

Fighting Men Earn US and UK Furloughs

« Hail, hail the gang's all here » rang throughout the regiment last week as groups of doughboys gathered for trips to Paris, Brussels, the United Kingdom and finally — for the lucky few — to the States. Following the ETOUSA directive, the trips are given to men longest in combat under the most severe conditions. The 30 day homeward bound furloughs and leaves are on the basis of time served overseas giving preference to twice-decorated soldiers or to men twice hospitalized from wounds in combat.

Since the program was inaugurated two officers and 24 men of the 331st have headed home. Pfc. Everett Hansen of Concord, Mass. Pfc. Carl Booker of Natchez, Miss. and Pfc. William Galloway from Cambridge, Mass. were the latest to bid their fellow soldiers goodbye, their pockets stuffed with telephone numbers for wives and folks. Hansen and Booker were overseas 22 months and Galloway 34.

Furloughs to the United Kingdom are seven days with all travel expenses paid by Uncle Sam to any point they choose. The first to renew their newlymade, English acquaintances are Maj. Lawrence LaLiberte, 2nd Bn Exec. Off., S/Sgt. Ermil Richardson, Co. C, Sgt. Clifford Nix, 1st Bn Hq. Co., T/Sgt. John McAbee, Co. G., T/Sgt. Norman Neily, Co. F, S/Sgt. Julius Canady, Co. E, T/Sgt. James Cook, Co. M, Sgt. Kenneth Hayes, Co. L, Pfc. Kurt Metzger, Co. K.

Radio Crew Hold Life-line of Regt.

It looked like the enemy was not only going to knock on the Regt. Hq.'s door, but was coming right through to the back porch.

A message was hurriedly sent by radio to Division. « Request any available armor to ward off counterattack by armor and infantry, to our position. » Within two hours, P-47's overhead, gave a « roger » to the call.

There's more to the sixteen word

3rd Bn Officers



Kneeling left to right are Lt. Mac P. Waller, Capt. Howard Sweet, Capt. Roland Eaton, Lt. Noel Anderson, Lt. Daniel Holladay, Maj. William Sellers, Battalion Commander, Lt. Jack Drapkin, Lt. Vernon Fever, Capt. Robert Windsor, Lt. Alexander Kahapea, Capt. George French, Capt. Maurice Reidy, and Lt. Herbert Brandt. Standing from left to right are: Lt. Walter Ashmore, Capt. Eno Schraft, Lt. Edward Bishop, Lt. Luther Dunn, Lt. Sampson Young, Capt. Huston Smith, Lt. Edward Kulakowski, Lt. Carl Hanson, Lt. Sylvester Smith, Lt. Richard Wade, Chaplain Edward Swarthout, Lt. Daniel Little, Lt. Ralph Blow, Lt. Frank Brew, Lt. Adolph Sharkey, Lt. Elmer Kelsick, Lt. Byron Smith, Lt. Charles Du Pres, Lt. Mitchell Weznick, Lt. John Donovan, Lt. Rufus Camon, Lt. Alvin Dietz, Lt. Paul Powell, Lt. Edwin Collins, Lt. Maurice Ridgley.

37 Officers and 150 Men in 331st Awarded For Valor

A total of 187 Silver and Bronze Star Medals were awarded 37 Officers and 150 enlisted men of the 331st Central Postal Directory during the two weeks.

The Silver Star for gallantry in action were awarded to:

Lt. Kingston Mote, Ohio; S/Sgt Joseph Sulli, New York; Lt. Daniel Halladay, Calif.; Sgt. Warren Guttendorf, Pa.; S/Sgt Leslie Haessley, Minn.; Pvt. Modesto Ojeda, Missouri; Pvt. Walter Rzesutek, Pa.; Lt. Richard Drury, New York; T/Sgt August Thompson, Miss.; 1st Sgt. Edward Nagel, Pa.; Pfc. George Evans, Ohio; T/Sgt James Lusk, Ohio; S/Sgt Albert Meier, Ohio; Lt. Noel Anderson, Calif.; Capt. Wayne Beat, New Jersey; T/Sgt Robert Clouton, Texas; Pfc. Delbert Singler, Pa.; Lt. Bernard Baugh, Wash.; Sgt. James Hampton, Kentucky; T/Sgt Henry Pierce, Pa.; 1st Sgt. George Terhanko, Ohio; Pfc. Carl Whitley, Mich.; Col. Robert H. York, Ala.; Sgt. Franz Egger, New Jersey; Sgt. Lecowen Lynch, Ky.; Capt. Harry Granelyn, Mich.; T/Sgt Paul Lewis, Pa.; Lt. Maurice Reidy, Mass.; Pfc. Herbert Ray, New York.

Recipients of the Bronze Star were: Sgt. Raymond Gross, Ill.; Pfc. Sidney Rhendahl, Minn.; Pfc. Norman Ness, Ill.; Lt. Joseph Boldjar, New Jersey; Capt. John Caddie, Mass.; Pfc. Milton Chaplin, Maine; Lt. Vernon Fever, Ill.; Capt. Marion Cooper, Ind.; Lt. Charles Ebright, Calif.; Pfc. Felix Caudill, Ky.; Pfc. Augustine Dadacki, Mich.; Pfc. Francis Graham, New Jersey; Pfc. Gerald King, Ill.; Pfc. Otto Reynolds, Wis.; Sgt. Glenn Vaughn, Calif.; Tec. 5 Charles Stuart, Va.; S/Sgt Charles Bigelow, Calif.; Tec. 4 Herman Bledsoe, Ind.; T/Sgt Leroy Titus, Ohio; Pfc. Oliver Wilson, W. Va.; T/Sgt James Archambault, Vermont; T/Sgt Earl Bemus, Texas; Pfc. James Doerner, Minn.; S/Sgt Normand Malo, R. I.; Tec. 3 Victor St. Peter, Wis.; Lt. Samuel Stranahan, Mass.; Lt. Col. Frederick Bailey, Mass.; Pfc. William Harned, Ind.; Sgt. Kenneth Hayes, Ill.; S/Sgt Charles Hull, Penn.; Pfc. Robert Idzik, New York; Pfc. Paul Kirkland, Texas; T/Sgt Victor Krull, Ohio; S/Sgt Vernon Lovely, Okla.; Pfc. Robert Norton, Tenn.; Pfc. Roy Peters, Ohio; Pfc. Walter Sherys, Mass.; Lt. Anthony Steinhauser, N. Y.; S/Sgt James Price, New York; Maj. William Sellers, Md.; Lt. Chester Adreyan, Ohio; Maj. Kenneth Scott, N. Y.; Sgt. Anthony Audakinow, Pa.; Sgt. Robert Baker, Pa.; S/Sgt Andrew Chumpak, Pa.; S/Sgt Donald Crosier, Pa.; Pfc. Lonnie Fannin, Ohio; Sgt. Glenn Keyser, Pa.; Pfc. Pruitt, Medford, N. Car.; Pfc. Daniel Morello, N. Y.; S/Sgt Charles Pate, Okla.; Sgt. Harold Lanick, Ohio; T/Sgt Vernon Nesch, Kan.; Tec. 5 Clyde Stapleton, Ind.; Pvt. John Steffens, Ohio; Tec. 5 Albert Allen, New York; S/Sgt Blackmore, Tenn.; T/Sgt Lerner Corn, Ky.; Pfc. Isaac Garnett, Ohio; S/Sgt Henry Kain, W. Va.; S/Sgt Roy Newcombe, Ohio; S/Sgt Robert Parsons, Ala.; S/Sgt Darwood Root, Mich.; S/Sgt Allison Shrawder, N. J.; Sgt. Donald Watson, Pa.; Lt. Harold Watson, Pa.; Lt. Harold Woodson, Okla.; Lt. Frank Barnes, Mich.; Pfc. William Guldberg, Ill.; Sgt. George Gutkunst, Jr., Pa.; Pfc. David Logan, Ala.; S/Sgt Harold Merrill, Calif.; Pfc. Robert Mitchell, Ill.; Pfc. Joseph Saltzman, Da.; Pfc. James Teague, Ind.; Pfc. Burton Zinsser, Conn.; Tec. 5 Achilles Bernard, Pa.; Pfc. Archie Kelly, Va.; Tec. 4 James Schaeffer, Ohio; S/Sgt Robert Stand-

fast, New Jersey; T/Sgt Frank Bunk, Pa.; Lt. Vernon C. Fever, Ill.; Tec. 4 Jack Berry, Nebr.; Capt. Jacob Dabis, Pa.; Lt. Wayne Greene, Nebr.; S/Sgt William Heirule, Pa.; Pfc. Russell Lenling, Mass.; Lt. John Piana, Mich.; S/Sgt Walter Salczynski, Lt. Candler Wisclozle, Miss.; S/Sgt R. B. Young, Tenn.; Capt. Joseph Macaluso, La.; Capt. Robert Mitchell, Conn.; S/Sgt John Gregory, Ohio; Pfc. Sol Colonios, New York; Pfc. George Connin, Ohio; S/Sgt Timothy De Salis, Pa.; Pfc. Michael Franco, N. Y.; Lt. Daniel Halladay, Calif.; S/Sgt Nick Hasychak, Pa.; Pvt. Hercules Kontoulas, N. Car.; Sgt. Alfred Rwas, Texas; Pfc. Harold Segers, Ga.; S/Sgt Herbert Allen, Ohio; Pfc. David Baker, W. Va.; Lt. Fred Cebula, Mass.; Pfc. Joe Copeland, Texas; Pfc. Robert Bast, Ind.; S/Sgt David Gorman, Wis.; Pfc. Vannie Griggs, Ky.; S/Sgt Franklin Kelly, Ohio; Pfc. David Kowosinski, Mich.; Lt. Edward W. Kulakowski, Mich.; S/Sgt William Olinec, Ill.; Pfc. Edward Patch, Vt.; S/Sgt Arthur Ryan, W. Va.; Lt. Joseph Bates, Calif.; Lt. Werner Buck, Minn.; Pfc. Eugene Frizzell, New York; S/Sgt Claudus Johnson, W. Va.; T/Sgt Brown Jones, Va.; Pfc. John Karol, Pa.; Pfc. Raymond Lougee, Conn.; Sgt. Edward Whitman, Ohio; Sgt. Ivan Helgerson, Wis.; Pfc. Willard Cornelious, Sgt. Augie Caggero, Calif.; S/Sgt Joseph Henley, Tenn.; Pfc. Frank Houser, Ohio; Lt. Donald Black N. Y.; Sgt. Joseph Friesello, N. Y.; T/Sgt John McAbee, N.

(Continued on Page 6)

Photogenic ...

Pfc. Ernesto De Francisco of Philadelphia, Pa., 1st Bn Hq Co., can boast the most photogenic face in the regiment now that he's had his picture in thousands of newspapers in the States from coast to coast. An AP photographer snapped his photo in Gey, Germany as he picked up a salvaged alarm clock.

Japs Prepare To Fight Us in Asia

Washington (CNS)—The Asiatic continent will become the main battlefield for troops of the U. S. and Japan, according to the Tokyo radio.

In a broadcast recorded by the FCC, Tokyo said: «Today, when raids on Japan itself are growing in intensity, the country which will be able to take the place of the (Japanese) mainland and in the industrial field is Manchukuo (Manchuria).

Manchuria's position in the corner of Asia, the broadcast continued, «becomes very important when it is possible to forecast that the Chinese continent will become the main battlefield for our troops and the United States.»

'Gung Ho' Prevails Among Commos

Never before has the famous-fighting slogan of Carlson's Raiders, Gung Ho (work together), been of such paramount significance.

In the recent operation to the Rhine, Hq. Co. 2nd Bn., witnessed a good example of teamwork. Members of the wire crew personnel were jeopled as a result of a head on collision with a neatly concealed teller mine. Communications to the most forward element of the battalion then close to the Rhine bank, being of prime importance, S/Sgt John Forshey, of Akron, Ohio, radio section chief, on his own initiative, proceeded to round up a group of volunteer linemen from the company's A and P platoon. The volunteers, Pfc. Anthony Berardi, Philadelphia, Pa., Pfc. William Phipps, from Alabama, and Pvt. Rex Wittmer, from Oregon, under Forshey's direction and supervision, spent a few hectic hours laying the necessary wire, and then finally policed it until the regular wire personnel were sufficiently recovered to take over.

Cardle light may be romantic but most of us could use something a little more responsive to make love to.

Three Joes and The Light That Failed

«And God said let there be light, and there was light...» But it isn't as easy all that.

Members of Co. G, Tec. 5, Robert Goldstein, of New Jersey, and Pfc. Gene Costanzo, of Pittsburg, Pa., bumped their able noggins together, and decided to build a lighting system for their company. They planned to install the entire contraption in a jeep-trailer and provide the company with lights wherever they go.

After getting their CO's permission, they proceeded to salvage motors from knocked out German vehicles, and repair an old generator that they had found. By this time, after working for three days and three nights assembling their electrical monster, «the two Wizards of Menlo Park», pressed into service one Pfc. Kermit Ralston of Terre Haute, Ind., as they debated Newtonian principles.

«Naw, I tink your wrong, muttered Goldie, blasphemously. «Baloney, da' wire's all shot ta' hell», retorted Costanzo. «Well I'll be a monkey's unk-le if da' switch aint pulled !», blared Ralston.

Fumbling in the dark, the three made the final adjustments for their power plant, that had now reached herculean dimensions. At precisely, midnight, while all the company waited in their respective billets, hopefully anticipating a ray of precious illumination to bless their tapped in bulbs, the master switch was thrown. That night Co. G wrote letters by candlelight.

Anyway He Didn't Swallow Them

The howitzers of the 908th FA Bn were adding their voices to the booming of the other big guns in laying down a preparation for the jump-off across the Roer River. No one was getting any rest from the crashing thunder. Cpl. Royce Simmons from San Francisco, Cal. had his mouth stretched open in the best Joe E. Brown fashion. It was a wise procedure to lessen the concussion caused by the guns.

Suddenly during a particularly loud barrage, a strange expression crossed his face. He reached in his mouth and pulled out his upper plate. It had been completely snapped in two by the concussion of the guns.

Greetings Across the Ocean..... March 25—Birthday greetings to my brother, Rudy. Now watch out for Uncle Sam's Greetings !—Pfc. Philip Graff, Co. G.

More Messages to Victory ...



And another shell went whistling across the Rhine. Cannon Co. together with the 908th artillery batteries are continually pouring shells into the flattened Reich easing the doughboy's job to strike through the Nazi defenses. These cannoners are Cpl. Elmer Gregory, Webster Spring, W. Va., Pfc. Anthony Krukowski, Weirton, W. Va. Pvt. William Lavender, Philadelphia, Pa. and Pfc. Leon Salyer, Nickelville, Va.

Foxhole Interviews

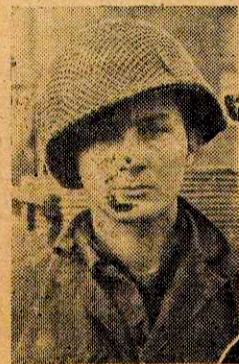
QUESTION: As a frontline fighting soldier, what do you think should be done with Germany after the war?

S/Sgt. Warren Miller of Jacksonville, Fla., rifle platoon gulde in Co. E.

« Germany has got to be policed in postwar days, and there's no question about that. We don't want to come back here and fight this thing over again. How many lessons do we need. Wars aren't inevitable and if we can stop them at its source, let's do it. As for policing this place, there's no greater experience for an 18 year man out of high school. A year of military training, occupation duty over here and then home on a rotation plan would make him more mature quicker.



Pfc. George McDavid of Gainesville, Fla., Co. G rifleman.



« Germany should be allowed to exist as a nation. Breaking it up into small states isn't the answer. But the German people have got to be policed for years after the war. It will be necessary to keep their factories open and an eye kept on them so they won't be used for military purposes. America should have a representative in each factory to watch their production. It's the only way you can keep Germany from bearing arms again and still exist as a normal country. »

QUESTION: What do you think of all the stories written in newspapers and various publications in the States advising wives and mothers how to treat returning servicemen?

Pfc. Paul Hallum, Co. D mortarman from Wooster, Ark.

« Well, I tell you, I want to go home and live a peaceful life without interference, without taking orders from anyone or any balcony at all. I have learned to appreciate the life of a civilian and boy when I return, I'm making the most of that opportunity. Outside of a strong desire to be on my own, I'm not any different than I was before the war and I don't expect any different treatment from my family. »



Pfc. Arthur Bea of Springfield, 111. Co. B rifleman.



« It will take weeks to readjust ourselves to civilian life because we're so accustomed to regimentation — following orders — strict obedience. To do things ourselves when and as we want to will be a new and strange feeling. Outside of that readjustment period though, I don't believe any of us have changed so much that we're going to act or talk differently

Mortar men Erase Camouflaged Gun

The third platoon, of Co. H, are claiming the distinction of being the first heavy weapons unit to fire across the Rhine. With their 81mm guns set up southeast of Neuss, the mortar fire was placed on a 20mm anti-aircraft gun, cleverly camouflaged to represent a haystack. With S/Sgt. Richard Dury, as observer, and under the direction of S/St Edward Gortatowski, the gun manned by Sgt Albert Supra, Sgt Beuford Shields, Pfc Coleman, Pfc Aller, Chism, Petetz and Pfc Wolf, placed direct hits on the anti-aircraft position, putting it out of action.

Bullets, Wine Make Foxhole Birthday Gifts

« What a heck of a way to spend my birthday », muttered Pfc. Marie Hicks Co. K rifleman from Punxsatawney, Pa. as he hugged the Rhine river's bank. Machine gun bullets splattered all around him. He edged his way to a trench and rolled into it. As he hit the bottom of the trench something hard and sharp dug into his back. « Damn », he cried. And he reached around to grasp the object — a bottle.

The next minute as dirt was still kicking up, Hicks was taking several swallows of some Heinie wine. By the time the contents had disappeared, a squad had come down the flank and wiped out the Jerry machine gun nest allowing Hicks to continue his birthday celebration in a safer spot.

« Two of the best presents I ever received » he said.

Lily Pons Thrills Soldiers in Germany

(Continued from Page 1)

In her backstage dressing room Miss Pons was applying her make-up as Andre Kostalanetz led his all-soldier band in their opening number. « I always refused to sing in Germany », she said. « This is the first time and I am happy. I was so happy to see Aachen for the first time. » She explained that this was also the first metropolitan season she missed since 1930. « It is so much more necessary to be here, » she said. « These men are not jitterbugs, they want good music, they love it and we must give it to them. »

Miss Pons laid down her powder puff. She listened for a moment. « That silence, that deep silence from the audience touches me deeply, » she sighed. Their appreciation is fantastic. »



Lily Pons

« Born and raised in Cannes, Miss Pons saw her relatives for the first time since France's liberation. She has six nieces and nephews in Paris and found them all well. »

During Theodore Paxton's piano solo, Andre Kostalanetz came back-stage. « These soldier-musicians are wonderful, » he said. « It's amazing how well they are still able to play after being away from their instruments for a long time. »

« When we were in China, » he added, « we flew many times over the mountains. And though the high altitudes overcame many of the boys, they still had the energy to play as soon as they landed. They're doing a magnificent job. Their enthusiasm is inspiring. »

Mr. Kostalanetz said that before he left the States he told the War Department that he wanted to make the soldier an integral part of his show, to use them wherever possible in every performance.

« This morning, » he recounted, « I was walking down the street and saw a division band practicing. I got up on the hood of a jeep and directed them. The way the German civilians looked at us they thought the war had ended. »

« In another moment, » he said « you will hear beautiful playing from the string instruments in Victor Herbert's melodies. »

« Good music is the next best thing to keep America before the men, » Kostalanetz said. « And above all, American music on the Rhine sounds very good. »

Miss Pons sang The Blue Danube, Escalita, Ave Maria, Hear the Gentle Lark, Summer time and a selection from Rigoletta. Among the orchestral numbers were Besame Moucho Holiday for Strings, Rhapsody in Blue.

Arty Bn Executive Officer



Maj. George P. Fosque

In two years, Maj. George P. Fosque rose through the ranks from a second lieutenant to earn his majority as Executive officer of the 908th FA Bn. Maj. Fosque joined the battalion in July, 1942 as a first lieutenant assuming command of Btry C. In October of the same year, he received his captaincy. He took over the duties of Battalion S-3 in February, 1943, two months later, he was wearing his gold leaf and in October was promoted to his present assignment.

1940 when he interrupted his military career to teach high school. In February, 1941, he entered active service with Division Artillery of the 29th Division as aide to the Commanding General and later battery executive officer in the 111th FA Bn.

Maj. Fosque is 26 years married and his home is in Baltimore, Md. A native of Hampton, Va. he lists horseback riding and sailboating at the head of his pastime interests.

Maj. Fosque was graduated from the Virginia Military Institute in 1939 and commissioned a second lieutenant. His first assignment was in a National Guard unit, 6th FA at Ft. Hoyle, Maryland until

Battalion Command Group Gets in the Thick of Things Selling Pace for Record Attack

« Now », continued the Major, « let's get the thing moving immediately. You all have the plan and should be able to get to the line of departure without too much difficulty. For final coordination, before we cross the line of departure, we will meet in Hemmerden. I am moving my command group there now »

At this point the Major produced an envelope of Benzadrine tablets and passed them around. This was the second sleepless night in the 331st battle to the Rhine and there was little hope that the situation would change soon.

The story of the attack as related by Capt. Harry C. Fleming of Punxsatawney, Pa., 908th FA Bn liaison officer with the second battalion produces some interesting observations on the function of a command group.

At 0100 of D-Day, the officers of the battalion met in a cafe at Hemmerden. TDs, Tanks, Communications, Antitank and A and P Platoon leaders, Artillery officers and Engineers were all closely knit into Maj. Laliberte's plan. The time was 0300 when the officers saluted the Major and went out into the darkness.

Tanks were moving along the road from Hemmerden to the line of departure. The sky was filled with tracers to the left where a tank unit was attacking.

Some haystacks were burning and three searchlights were attempting to produce artificial moonlight. Machine gun fire sounded distant and the artillery came back with the crunch of far off shelling. The road to the line of departure was a long column of tanks and half tracks. Infantry moved along the road with a file on each side. Jeeps were weaving in and out of the tank column. All this traffic and activity was accomplished with surprising silence. That had been the Major's order to all concerned, « We're goin' to slip up on the bastards, but slip up with power ».

E Company was now moving along the road sides past the tanks. The sky flared in the near west as the armor continued their attack. The tank column on the highway was halted momentarily by a mine field and a high velocity gun firing from the right.

One of the buildings beside the C. P. was burning and throwing sparks. The tracers, burning haystacks and buildings, signaled the action to the left of the highway, but the Bn's sector to the right was yet dark and silent.

Everything was set and all final coordination had been made.

The Command Group, led by Maj. Laliberte, mounted jeeps and moved through Co. E's column toward the front. There was firing ahead. A tanker reported his tank knocked out by an AT gun or enemy tank firing from the right of the highway. Col. York came walking down the road. He was looking for Maj. Laliberte. He sent for medical personnel to take care of his driver, then calmly mentioned that he

had hit a mine. Blood was running from cuts on his face, but the Colonel insisted he was alright. After a conference with the Major he left for the regimental CP.

The companies moved forward to their objectives. The next halt of the Command Group was near a large white house on the left, several hundred yards past the mine field. Radios were set up as men from Co. E cleared the buildings. Radio contact was good with G and F companies.

Capt. Mitchell to Capt. Macaluso, « See that white flag in the church steeple? » Mac to Mitch: « The hell with them. The bastards are pulling a fast one, let's go in after them. »

As F Company began their assault by fire, Maj. Laliberte, Capt. Fleming, Lt. Wiselogle, and Sgt. Coyne and Gagne started for this sector. This group had worked its way across open fields to a bomb crater to the rear of F Company. A few hundred yards to the front, the tanks were firing into the tops of the buildings. There was excellent observation from this position. Capt. Rogers was holding the rest of the command group at a forward C.P., a large white house along the highway. Maj. Laliberte now sent Sgt. Gagne back to Capt. Roger's location to find out E Company's situation, give Capt. Rogers his present location, and to tell him that he was going into town with G Company.

(Continued on page 8)

Soldiers Bring Back Synagogue to Germany

German civilians walking down Adolph Hitler Strasse in Neuss couldn't believe their eyes.

An abandoned trolley had become a GI Synagogue. Soldiers wearing picturesque purple and white prayer shawls sat comfortably in seats normally occupied by workers commuting to nationalized factories. The altar was set up on the motorman's platform, while the distinctive chaplain's flag with the Star of David mounting the Decalogue hung from the front.

Voices of doughs from the 331st Infantry blended in prayer, led by Capt Jacob M. Ott of Chicago, the 83rd's Jewish chaplain.

The bold white slogan splashed on the side of the trolley-synagogue still proclaimed « Fuhrer und Volk sind eins » — « The Leader and People are one ».

Freedom of worship had come back to the Rhine.

Plaque Awarded 908th FA

Under the provisions of War Department Circular 345, dated 23 August 1944 as amended by War Department Circular 421, dated 26 October 1944, the Meritorious Service Unit Plaque is awarded to Service Battery, 908th Field Artillery Battalion for superior performance of duty in the accomplishment of exceptionally difficult tasks during the period 1 September 1944 to 31 January 1945.

Personalities in Uniform

A sailor turned doughboy, Pvt. Clayton Loertcher Co I rifleman from Milwaukee, Wis., feels that life in a foxhole is a little more stable than a vessel at sea — especially in the midst of German submarines. Loertcher was Chief cook and baker on the Standard Oil Company's tanker, «Perry».

«At least you get to see the world», he said. His trips included England and two to Murmansk, Russia, and one to the small British island of Aruba in the Pacific. From there, the tank sailed to India and later through the Suez into the Mediterranean Sea.

«Surprisingly enough, one of our most dangerous voyages was along our own coast from New York to Texas,» he said. «German subs camped right on our keel. We managed to get through without incident, though».

Loertcher's most exciting voyage was made from New York to Murmansk. The tanker was trailing the convoy. A thick fog settled down. As the tanker approached the northern coast of Norway in the Bering Sea, the tanker was attacked by a German surface raider. A number of men were killed and the superstructure of the tanker severely damaged. Loertcher received shrapnel wounds in his leg. The tanker succeeded in slipping away through the fog but several hours later they were attacked again.

«It was miraculous that we weren't blown to bits», he said. He was hospitalized in Murmansk for a month and later returned to a Naval hospital in Chicago. When he recuperated his wife persuaded him to resign his job on the tanker. He joined the army in July, '44.

She Loves Us, Too...



America's childhood star has grown up a lovely young lady. She sends her love to the men who decided last year that she should be the movie actress to greet them in Berlin.

Old Arty Top-Kick Throat Wound

(Continued from page 1)

a rescue might be effected. His hopes rose when he heard of the breakthrough. He was evacuated, but enroute to the Reich poor transportation facilities forced the convoy to halt in the French town of Chalon.

Here he was treated by French authorities under German supervision. «I'll never forget the artillery duel that raged through the night», he said. «All of us wounded were right in the middle of it.»

In the quiet of the dawn, Hennage glanced out the broken window of his hospital prison and saw an American officer. Several minutes later, the officer and a squad of litter bearers were in the room.

Hennage rejoined his outfit in the Battle of the Bulge. «Nothing pleases me more than to advance into Germany as a conqueror instead of a prisoner,» he smiled.

57s Prove Deadly In All Ways AT Learns

The reconnaissance was made by Lt John O. Maiden, New York, Lt Thomas Gammage, Arizona, Sgt Charles F. Garton, Atlantic City, N. J., and Pfc Edwin Keno, Portland, Ore., along the west bank of the Rhine, in full view of the enemy. That morning, the anti-tank gun squads dug their positions in the open terrain.

The next day, six gun squads under the supervision of Gammage as acting battery commander, took up their respective positions to deliver indirect fire into Dusseldorf, and the immediate vicinity. They scored direct hits on buildings and other targets. With the factory site on the opposite side still in flames, Gammage said: «Well, one thing we learned is that you can lay down a small or a large barrage on a designated area, in a short time. We've gotten some fairly accurate results with indirect fire with our 57 mm gun.»

Postwar Booby-trap

One attractive gal war worker to another: «I've got the postwar world all figured out — when the guy comes back to take my job, I'll marry him.»

Surrender Demands End in Yanks Favor

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

Co C of the 331st Infantry was returning fire on a large force of Germans who had temporarily halted their advance into Niederkassel when the firing suddenly ceased and a Nazi major stepped into the road.

On orders of Lt Kenneth Bergquest, platoon leader from Minneapolis, Minn., Germans peaking Pfc Harold Ableman laid down his weapon and advanced 50 yards to meet the major.

«I demand your surrender in the name of my commander» said Ableman.

«You demand MY surrender?» scoffed the Nazi, «I'm demanding yours.»

This wasn't exactly the reply Ableman had expected, but he countered with, «We've got you surrounded—you haven't a chance. If you don't surrender at once, I'll return, and the attack will be on.»

«Impossible,» snapped the major. «You're my prisoner. I'll shoot you if you return.»

Ableman took a deep breath, turned and started back to his company. The officer didn't fire. Learning of the refusal to surrender, Lt Patrick Murphy, Co C commander from Flint Mich., ordered marching fire.

Before half a dozen shots had been fired, white flags began to wave, and the Germans swarmed out of their positions to give Co C 207 prisoners and a relieved Ableman.

Lone Mortar Crew Drives Tigers Back

A thrilling account of how the one remaining mortar crew of Co. I, helped to knock out a tank in the violent street fighting, during the battle for the town of Kappellen, was recently told.

When Co. I jumped off on the final assault of Kappellen, they had no tank or artillery support. Radio contact with the 81mm mortars was out. The 60mm mortars, however, had good observation of the terrain, and were guarding the rear flank of the company.

On the morning of the counter-attack, two of the three mortars were knocked out by enemy fire. The mortar observer later spotted three tiger tanks at a range of 300 yards. Knowing that the mortar fire would not damage the tanks, S/Sgt William Johnson, of Johnston, Pa. a mortar section leader, called for fire on the leading tank. This harassing fire proved to be effective as the tanks were forced to hightail it into the streets of the town, where they became vulnerable to the bazookas and anti-tank grenades of the riflemen, who succeeded in knocking them out.

This same mortar crew, doing the work of three, displaced their mortar back and forth, on three fixed base plates throughout the battle, placing effective fire on the German infantry. Their action helped to keep a road block open from the infiltrating enemy.

Stork Delivers GI Easter Eggs

The stork as well as the rabbit has been concerned with delivering Easter Eggs. Though he might have been less accurate than the bunny, missing his mark a day or so, the old bird didn't do bad in cracking his eggs on the chosen day.

Many happy returns of the day are in order to Pfc. Aubie Connell, Cannon Co.; Pfc. Victor Mentzel, Hq. Co. 1st Bn; Pfc. Grover Litrap, Co. B; S/Sgt. Melvin Riser, Co. A; Pvt. Robert Spears, S/Sgt. Don L. Riek, Co. C; Pfc. Robert Bowers, Co. G; S/Sgt. Mike Pappas, 3rd Bn Hq Co.; Pfc. Edward Knight, Co. M. They celebrate on March 31st.

April 1st celebrants are Pfc. Jerome Kern, Pfc. William Harris, Co. C; Pfc Paul Chambers of AT Co, Pfc Paul Click, Co B, Sgt Harold Gerard, Co A, Sgt Albert Stranlaski, Co A, Pfc Glenn Ross, Hq Co 2nd Bn, Pvt Andrew Hickerson, Co G, Pfc Ralph Burris, Hq Co 3rd Bn, T/5 Pearl Campbell, Hq Co 3rd Bn, Pfc William C. Hanlon, Co L, Pfc Albert Filleff, Co M. Sorry no Easter eggs fellas!!!

Doughs Prefer Saddling Tanks to Walking but Find Foxhole Safer

Riding a «steel monster» into battle, isn't a new experience for the battle-scarred doughfeet of the Thirty-First, but here are some firsthand impressions, of several K Co. men. When T/Sgt Theodore Ritchie, of Paris, Ky., was asked what it feels like to ride a tank, he said: «I'd rather ride a tank in open country than hoof it. The reason being, that it's easier to get away from the artillery and mortar fire by speeding through it. The thing I'm most afraid of is small arms fire, because flanking fire could pick us off; then there's the ricochets which are plenty hot.»

Lt Daniel Little of De Kalb, Ill., ventured to add: «After all my experience in actual combat, and handling troops, I find that there should be more emphasis in the training back in the states, on infantry-tank tactics, and coordination. In my opinion small arms fire is the most dangerous thing in riding a tank, to the Infantryman. It is my contention that if the doughboys run into any small stuff, they should immediately jump off, and disperse from about 50 to 75 yards between men. From then on, with the support of the tanks the infantrymen should keep advancing until the danger of small arms fire is passed.»

Another rifleman, Pvt Marvin Whidden, said: «The thing I feared the most was the 88, the best direct fire anti-tank weapon the Jerrys have. The last time I rode a tank, all I could keep thinking about was what would happen if just one 88 would hit the tank. Phew!!!»

Here's how Pfc Yuban Augustine, of Sleepy Eye, Minnesota, felt: «Riding those land going monsters, often draws fire from the enemy. Sometimes, when we get in close all I feel like doing is getting off and taking cover close to the bosom of mother nature. I know I can't dig a foxhole on a tank while I can use a shovel when I hit that good ole' terra firma which, as a doughslogger, you soon learn to appreciate.»

Radio Crew Life-line

(Continued from page 1)

is to keep radio communication open between regiment and higher echelons. In comparison to the long radio watch which these men have to serve, the number of messages they relay is small. In their hands rests the fate, sometimes, of an entire combat team.

All Hell Breaks Loose With Hq Pltn in Front

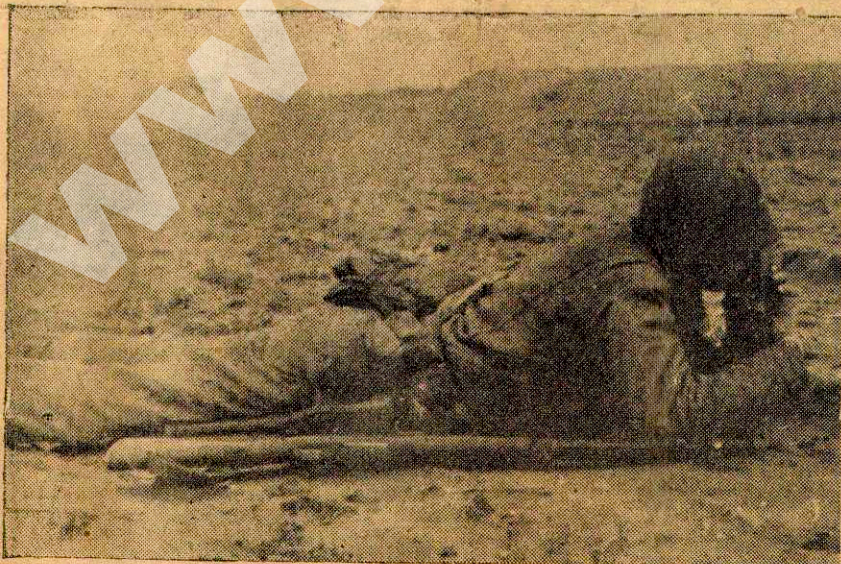
«Say» Lt. Riley, «aint Company headquarters supposed to be in the back of the column,» said Sgt. Herald Gerard, of Perry, Ill., as he tried to keep from falling off the mammoth tank he was riding. The rest of the headquarters group were too busy trying to wipe the dust from their eyes, to pay any attention.

Suddenly all hell broke loose, as round after round of the deadly 88's swished by, and detonated 30 to 40 yards away. All of the Headquarters personnel belonging to Co. A, were rudely awakened to the fact that the rest of the company was behind them. So there they were, with only carbines and pistols to fight with, and the tank just rolling on to the objective, unperturbed.

All of this might have been well and good, but the «mobile fort» unfortunately hit an anti-tank mine, sending the equestrian riders sprawling to the ground, in such a manner as to be unbecoming to the general demeanor of their persons. The other platoons guided on past them, taking their rightful place in the assault. «Les Misérables» of the knocked out tank, limped back to the Company CP at Hammertien.

Among those present were: Sgt. Chester Dukeman, of Lancaster, Pa.; Pfc. John Stewart, of Summit, N. J.; Pfc. William Zwicke, of Cudahy, Wisconsin; Pfc. John Alley, of Marion, Va.; Pfc. Alfred Hickman, of Chestertown, Md., and Pfc John Pitak, of Mahroy-Plane, Pa.

Roger Wilco...



Pfc. Carrol Jones, C. C messenger, hugs the ground as he receives orders from the company CP for his platoon leader. A hundred yards ahead the platoon is edging its way forward.

Yanks Take Over German City of Neuss — Civilians Passively Accept Fall of Naziism And Start of New Life —



Photo by Pfc. Michael Vaccaro

In the house to house search for hidden weapons and radio equipment, Lt. Conard Van Kirk and Pfc. Oliver Anderson from Co. E question civilians in a firm but polite manner to establish proper identity.

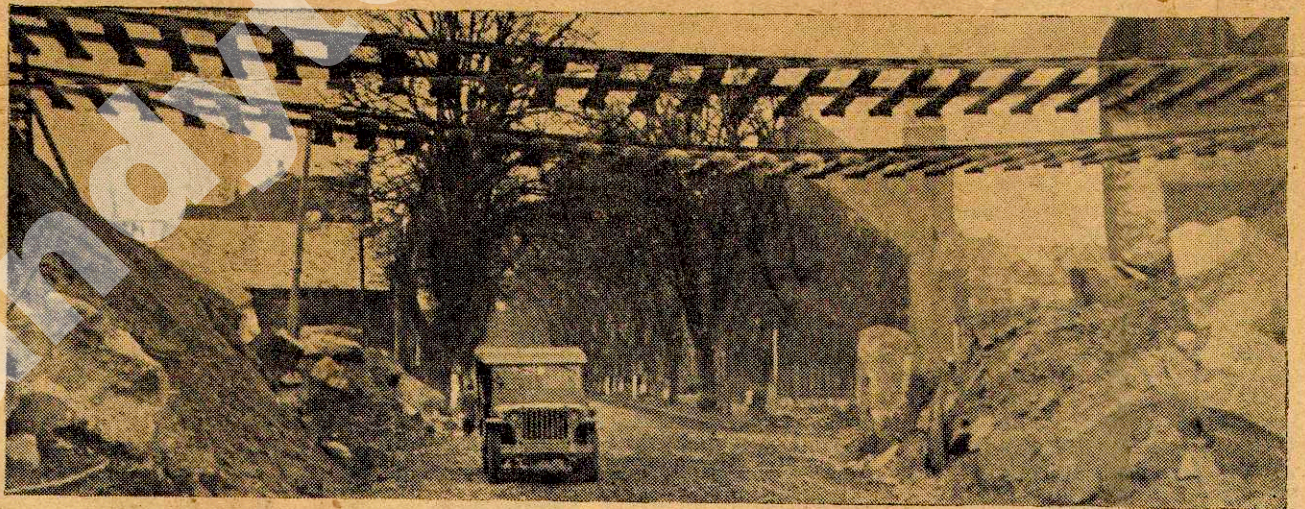
A squad of Co. L riflemen march in the streets of Neuss in the direction of a roadblock where their company is outpostting. T/Sgt. Erwin Wetzel of Barto, Pa. is leading. Squad leader on the right is S/Sgt. Cornelius Lackey from Kirk, W. Va.



These civilians in Neuss of apparently military age don't seem unhappy about being under guard by doughboys of Co. K as they await questioning by the CIC. The BAR man is Pvt. Harry Lister of Queenstown, Md. and the rifleman is Pvt. George Oliver from Greensboro, N. C.



A woman tells her troubles to doughboys of the first battalion who set up an office in Buderich to handle the problems of civilians created by the military occupation. Left to right, listening patiently are Pfc. Walter Kohlmann, Bronx, New York; S/Sgt. Daniel Baran, Savannah, Ga.; Pfc. Frank Reichman, Ludlow Ashbury, N. J.



Battle produces many an odd sight and here's one in Neuss. The foundation of a railroad bridge was blown away by shell and the rubble cleared by army engineers to produce the effect of a trestle bridge.



Civilians of Neuss realize the day of Naziism and Hitler's gang is finished as they read Gen. Dwight Eisenhower's proclamation and the new ordinances set up by the MG written both in English and German.



Photo by Pfc. Michael Vaccaro

At an important crossroads in Germany, Pvt. Marvin Whidden of Sarasota, Fla. and Pvt. John Hutchinson of Kenova, W. Va., Co K riflemen stand guard.



Pvt. David Benick from Brooklyn, New York Co. A rifleman, checks...

