

THE TTF

SEE IT THROUGH

From Omaha Beach
 to Elbe Bridgehead

Doughboys Land on Omaha Beach, March in Reich One Year Later



These pictures of 331st doughboys present a vivid contrast to their life a year ago and of today. Leaving the shores of England on D-Day plus 12, they bounced around the rough waters of the channel for two days during a fierce rain storm. Then from the shallow waters of Omaha Beach, came jeeps streaming and scrambled onto the shores in waisthigh water while others landed on ramp jutting into the channel and marched ashore. At top left, is a typical scene of beachhead activity — the wounded carried to outgoing ships and still more men coming in. At right top, doughboys walk down the ramp to the beachhead to start right off on an all day march to their first assembly area on the continent. In bottom scenes, 331st doughboys, one year later stand in full review and march through the streets of conquered German soil where once the mighty Wehrmacht goosestepped. German civilians and displaced nationals standing in the rear of the parade grounds watch the Yankee ceremonies with mingled expressions of sorrow and joy. (Top Photos by Signal Corps)

Every Battle is a Big One

(Editor's note: Miss Stirling visited the 331st Infantry during the battle of the Belgian hills. She is the only woman war correspondent to have come within 500 yards of the frontline fighting lines. The following is only a part of her story written for the Atlantic Monthly magazine.)

When I read "War and Peace" for the first time I was puzzled by the battle scenes. The scattered groups of soldiers gathered round fires in woods and fields; the juxtaposing of fighting and repose — soldiers firing at the bottom of a slope and others resting a few hundred yards away; the people wandering through the battle with messages and even, in the case of Pierre, for purposes of observation.

All this seemed unreal because it was completely unlike my civilian view of war as big fights between armies neatly drawn up in front of each other, row after solid row of soldiers trying to crash through their opponents to the citadel. Now, as Corporal Struss or made our way to the Regimental Command Post, I saw my mistake. The officers directing the battle from ruined farmhouses; the deserted churches with hymn numbers still on the wall by the pulpit, and the schools with the words of the last lesson still chalked on the blackboard; the winding roads whose low surfaces were more menacing than German tanks to the truckloads of soldiers that now and again passed us; the cilia, military signposts stuck in the hedgerows, the guns in the middle of fields; the little groups of men crouching on their upturned helmets around a glimmering fire; the G. I. standing, mess kits in hand, in a show line outside what was once a stable, the unchanging background of terrible cold and loud noise. All this was, thanks to Tolstoy and Stendhal, familiar.

We turned down a lane from whose right hand ditch two G. I.'s were extricating the frozen body of a black horse. Its back legs were sticking out across the path of a bulldozer; so were those of the dead cow next to it. The line was

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331st Will Observe First Anniversary on Continent

Co A's Original Show Holds Gala Premier Weekly

"Show Down", A Company's sensational new theatrical production had its premier opening on June 2nd before a large audience of officers and enlisted men of the 115th Evacuation Hospital. Their V-E show was received with such enthusiasm among the men that it was adopted as a weekly affair.

The show opened with a few selections by the great little band combination of Cpl. Walter Carl and Pfc. Walter Wolfe on the sax, Pfc. Walter Kester and Pfc. William Zwicke on the piano and T/S Richard Bilbono on the drums. A chorus of beautiful girls, Pfc. Lorell Sorenson, Pfc. Charles Paris, Pfc. Larry Dixon and Sgt. Lehmer Hall did a rather unique dance.

The comedy team of Pfc. George "Rocky" Pop, Rajotte and Pfc. George "Rocky" Rakosi put the crowd in good humor for Pfc. Rakosi's accordion solo. Pfc. Larry Dixon sang a few songs followed with a duet by Pfc. Charles Biallemirchi and Pfc. Charles Hill. A Company's Ink Spots, Pfc. Dick Bauhs, Walter Wolfe, Walter Kester and Sgt. James Mc. Clug were called back for three encores.

The highlight of the show was Spakofaced, Pfc. Dominic Pucciano, and Pfc. Lewis Spoto. In their jitterbug act, Spakof lost his lights leaving him bare as the day he was born. Although it was not

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Leaving the rocky shores of England on D-Day plus 12 men of the 331st Combat Team will mark one year on the continent of Europe this week. The team, which was activated in the 83rd Division at Camp Atterbury in August, 1942, left the States April 6th, 1944 to bring its might across the sea. Three months later, they had their first baptism of fire in the hedgerows of Normandy.

In 10 months of fighting the 331st participated in five campaigns in the ETO — Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes, Rhineland and Central Europe. They are credited with capturing more than 15,000 prisoners and large supplies of enemy ordnance equipment.

Their hard punching drives highlighted every major battle engagement. They fought from Corrienton to Paters, succeeded in piercing one of the strongest German lines of resistance and played a major part in the big infantry breakthrough from Normandy which started tank columns rolling for Brittany and central France. From Normandy they started tank columns rolling for Brittany and central France. From Normandy they started tank columns rolling for Brittany and central France. From Normandy they started tank columns rolling for Brittany and central France.

Relieving elements of the 4th Division in the mud-holes of the Hurtgen Forest, they crushed one of the most formidable Nazi strongholds on the outskirts of the forest and drove the stubbornly resisting enemy to the banks of the Roer River just south of Duren.

When Von Rundstedt's counter-attack drove through Holland and Belgium to catch the northern flank of the Nazi salient at Orling, they fought unrelentingly for 10 days and nights in bitter cold and made a five-mile penetration into the bulge during the German tanks and infantry from the town of Peille-Longchamps and to the edge of the St. Pierre-Haz 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 Meuse through the Ardennes, vital one last German supply route reaching out to Meutelles-St. Vith highway, vital one last German supply route reaching out to Meutelles-St. Vith highway, vital one last German supply route reaching out to Meutelles-St. Vith highway.

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TTF Wins Honorable Mention in World-Wide Publication Contest

A world-wide contest among service publications held by Camp Newspaper Service in New York City, The TTF, 331st Combat Team newspaper, won honorable mention along with four other publications in the overseas letterpress category. The four other newspapers to receive this distinction are The Stars and Stripes, Front Line (3rd Infantry Division), The 45th Division News, The Dispatch (APO 52), New York, NY.

N.Y. 'Book' on Hitler

New York (CNS)—The Broadway 'Book' on Adolf Hitler is laying odds on the prospect of his reappearance. For 1 dollar you can get 100 dollars if Der Fuehrer turns up riding a burro in the Bronx.

The TTF is published in the interests of the officers and men of the 331st Infantry Combat Team. All news material is officially reviewed by military censors. Member CNS.

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- Co. A. Pfc. Max Snyder; Co. B. Pfc. Emanuel Massing; Co. C. Pfc. Bascom Biggers; Co. D. Sgl. George Odenweller; Co. E. Pfc. Arthur Burkholder; Co. F. Pfc. David Rostkorn; Co. G. T. Sgt. Robert Goldstein; Co. H. Pfc. Joseph Snyder; Co. I. Pfc. Arnold Kreis; Co. K. Pfc. Eugene Frizell; Co. L. Cpl. Clarence Barlo; Co. M. Pfc. Roy Littleale; 1st Bn. Hq. T. J. John O'Neill; 2nd Bn. Hq. Pfc. Anthony Bergamo; 3rd Bn. Hq. Cpl. Richard Sloan; Reg. Hq. T. Arthur Caronough; AT Co. Pfc. W. Base; Cn. Co. Pfc. George Muter; 108th Bn. T. Walter Weissmuller; Co. C. 308th Eng. Pfc. Anthony Scio; Co. C. 308th Med. Pfc. Malcolm Young.

A Year Ago Today . . .

A year ago June 12th, we shoved off into the rough waters of the English channel for the shores of France. And today, we march in the country we helped conquer. To veterans of the combat team, it's a far cry from the shell-pocked beach and the desolate battle marked roads over which we marched to our first assembly area in Normandy.

We can reminisce of our campaigns and deeds. We can be proud. Let us show that pride. Let everyone about us see in everything we do that we're typical examples of great Americans.

No finer expression of an American soldier's pride has ever been written than this message by Col. Robert H. York, which appeared in the Nov. 1st issue of The TTF.

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

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

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

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

Be proud. You are members of a regiment which had distinguished itself in the toughest kind of battle against an enemy which was dug in, well-trained, an enemy which had prepared for your arrival for four years, an enemy which you would never succeed and that you would be thrown back into the sea. You completely defeated this enemy and the part you played was no small part in the success attained by the Allied Forces. It was because of the help you made upon the other people of the World and the increased respect and admiration they will have for America. Be proud!

Fathers' Day . . .

Happy Father's Day, My Dad, Or Father, Pop or Pa. No matter what you call him, The thing is, MINE you are.

Happy Father's Day, it seems, Does not say all it should, Yet behind those few brief words Is sent and understood . . .

Thanks for all the many things That I alone may know; For courage you've given me, For friendship that you show.

Thanks to you for all the joy Your love has given me; That makes me want to cry, That all the world may see.

Thanks to you for everything That makes me want to cry, For you now more than ever A happy Father's Day.

Pfc. Bascom H. Biggers III, Co. C.

Clerks Hold Lifeline of Soldiers Careers Keeping Vital Service Records

With the advent of the disclosed point system for discharging men from the Adj. justed Service Rating Card, the fighting in the World War II era suddenly awakened the interest of the Personnel Section of the Adj. and a large number of men.

Throughout the numerous campaigns in which the Combat Team has participated, the company clerks were right behind the forward echelons performing their duties under difficult combat conditions, inclement weather, and heavy enemy artillery fire.

The Personnel Section were among the first 83rd troops to land on Omaha beach in Normandy, then a part of the Administration Center which was a combination of all the clerks from the 83rd Division.

When his regiment isn't buried in a sheet of papers, the clerk is pouring a type writer. He's behind the desk most of the time, and behind the night bell the other times.

Under Capt. Karl N. Smith, Personnel Officer, the 30 or so odd clerks are well educated men and skilled typists.

It is their knowledge of Army regulations and their ability to keep accurate records on pay, bonds, allotments, allowances, and the many other things that are connected with the individual and his records while in the military service.

Like most of the company clerks, Mr. Mullins, clerical and essential work, many of the duties of these clerks are former college students, hotel managers, and clerks, and by pure luck fall into their natural acumen to service life.

It's easy to understand why the loss of Mike M. Mizrock is felt by all the fellows who knew him from way back when.

Regimental S-3



Maj. John F. Staples

Maj. John F. Staples, Regimental S-3, is one of those operations officers who are least heard about. Quiet and unassuming, he has served in this post since joining the regiment in January, 1944.

In the Reserve Officer Corps for six years, he entered active service in May, 1941 as a first lieutenant with the 367th Infantry. He led a rifle platoon until December, 1941 when he went to Ft. Benning Communications School. Upon graduation from this school in March, 1942, he was assigned to the 324th Infantry of the 82nd Division as Regimental Communications Officer.

On July of the same year he left in the cadre for the 98th Division where he was promoted to a captaincy and took command of Regimental Hq. Co. of the 389th Infantry. One year later, he earned his majority and became S-3 of the 13th Det. Special Troops in the 2nd Army. He served in this capacity until transferred to the 331st.

During the period of his reserve officer training, Maj. Staples was engaged in the finance business. A native of Lexington, Ky., he holds a degree in business administration from the University of Kentucky.

Maj. Staples is married and has two children, golfing and swimming are his leisure pleasures.

Drawn by Sgt. George Khobovetz

George Co Sheds Tears for Parting Cook

It marked a sad day in the history of George Company. It apparently would have been just the opposite in other outfits when their mess sergeant is en route to the states for a discharge.

Mike M. Mizrock is not just an ordinary mess sergeant, or even an institution. He is what they call the "mother of Co. B's with O'D pants."

If one was to talk to Mike they would never guess he was the man who dished out those beautiful meals for Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Years. There's even a myth built around his culinary powers.

His cooks and KP's swear that he can prepare a meal out of practically nothing that is fit for a King. One bite of Mike's pie special, from any of his doughboys following produces such appreciative exclamations as: "I just taste just mom's".

The fellows know what Mike is made of. In Normandy, the Hurtgen Forest, and the Ardennes, where the going was tough, Mike was always up there dishing out, and cracking jokes to the fellows to cheer them up.

His meals to understand why the loss of Mike M. Mizrock is felt by all the fellows who knew him from way back when.

216 Pounder Biggest Man in Co. He Says

"Yeah, I am the biggest man in Co. I, and I'm proud of it too." Pfc. Robert B. Mullins, clerk from Mendhall, Miss., boastfully remarked.

Standing every bit of six feet and weighing 216 pounds, Mullins is often compared to a six by six truck when he walks down a street. As an explanation for his huge stature, Mullins offers the reason that he comes from big folks. His dad and three brothers are all over six feet tall.

Not only is Mullins the biggest man in the company, but he is also the most contrary. Joe water flows through my veins," he remarked. "Perhaps, the fact that I worked as a credit manager in a manufacturing concern in the deep south, can explain the reason for this," he suggested.

As far as being fat is concerned, Mullins disagrees with the popular conceits of opinion, and says that is only pleasingly plump.

Doughs Turn Cyclists To Hold 3 Lap Race

All of Co. I turned out to the races on Sunday, June 3rd. The stakes were high and the enthusiasm was at its peak. Under the direction and sponsorship of Lt. Lester Anderson, of Portland, Ore., the doughsloggers and motor enthusiasts had the opportunity to display their skills on the motor bikes as well as contribute something new to the already varied forms of GI entertainment.

At two o'clock, four motor bikes and their riders were lined up at the starting line. Each platoon was represented. At 2400, the starting signal was given and the race was on.

The course consisted of three laps, each to be ridden by a different individual. The approximate distance of each lap was two miles of the roughest, dirtiest, and hilly terrain that could be found.

T. S. Curtis Kimball, radioman from Sausalito, Mass., riding in the second lap, lost several spikes. One handle bar on his bike was broken loose and he was forced to guide the vehicle with one hand. Rounding a sharp turn, Kimball narrowly

Horse and Buggy Days Return for Doughboys

daily full control of his bike and fell off. This happened several times. He was left in the dust by the other riders. As he alone passed the posts along the way he was cheered on by fellow GIs who believed he was the lead man in the third lap instead of the last in the second.

One turn he braked himself, but even with these handicaps, he succeeded in winning his lap.

The three winners at the end of the race were: Cpl. Mark Wahl, jeep driver, from Australia, Ga., representing Co. Hq.; Sgt. J. Ojeda, bazooka man from Kansas City, Mo., of the 1st Plat., S/Sgt. Leigh Earmshaw, squad leader from California, Pa., and the 2nd platoon.

To determine the champ, each of the three rode the track for speed. They came out on top, making the run of approximately 40 miles in 40 seconds. Ojeda took second place and Earmshaw third. The prizes, first, second, and third, respectively were: 10 dollars, eight and five dollars.

Co. A's Original Show Planned It Got the Biggest Laugh of the Show

The final act of the show was a colorful satirizing while the cast sang "A Grand Old Flag." Pfc. Alphonso Krivanian carried the flag, while T. Sgt. Walter Knecht and Pfc. Carl Von Oren presented arms.

The show was directed and produced by T. Sgt. Charles Blauvelt and Sgt. Harold Carner. Staging was handled by Pfc. John Campbell, Leo Wagartha, Henry Meyers, with lighting by Pfc. Marvin Rashid.

Quote of the Week

"I've had a hand a good ones about me in my foxhole, men killed all three of 'em and I've looked the enemy dead in the eye. I'm afraid that a little matter of returning to civilian life doesn't worry me." Pvt James D. Sheldon, 37th Infantry, returned from the front at Oum an Nuyf, discussing civilian concerns about the re-adjustment of the returning servicemen.

17 Days Too Late

Although it doesn't help his discharge party, Pfc. Merrill Given, Wallerboro, 3 Co. C, F. B. A. R. man, announced the new addition to his family of a 7 1/2 pound baby, Benjamin, Alexander, the kid gave his debut on 29th of May at Given's own birthday, but just a few days too late to wish his dad a week fast.

331st Observes First Anniversary

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River's banks of the southern tip of Nussy, the first Yanks in the Ninth and First Armies to punch through to his left barrier, confronting the American Armies from the heart of Hitler's Hindenburg Line.

In 13 days, the 331st Combat Team penetrated over 200 miles, into the German Canal Zone to establish the only bridgehead across the Elbe River with the 329th Infantry Division. This unprecedented feat was made with tanks exposed and often one line reaching over 80 miles in the dust white by-passing on their right flank a pocket of 65,000 enemy troops.

Two years before V-E day, the divisions look over the Elbe bridgehead and the 331st returned to the west bank of the Elbe River to assume the role of occupation troops.

Foxhole Interviews

Questions: Are you interested in furthering your academic education or vocational training, during the period of Occupation? What courses do you intend to pursue?

Pfc. Anthony Borkwick of Detroit, Mich., 3rd Bn. Hq. Co. cook: "I used to spend my time mixing concentrated sulphuric acid solutions. Now about all I get to do is make pancake batter. Twenty-one months of Army life has made me forget quite a bit of my civilian life. I was employed in the grocery store as a supervisor over fifty men in an electro-refining war plant. I was a refresher course in mathematics and especially a practical course in trigonometry. I'm also especially interested in metallurgy as that would definitely add to my technical skill."

Pfc. Norman Metzler, Nappanee, Ind., Co. C, rifleman: "Well, I guess you just asked me the jock-pot question. Yes, I would like to take whatever the Army offers me in the way of mathematics and business courses. These, I'm sure, would aid me in the business world, which I intend to go back to. I've been seriously thinking of opening up a business of my own and I feel certain that a sound education in the fundamentals of business science wouldn't hurt anybody. I'd welcome a few algebra problems now after having ten months of blood-curdling tactical problems in my style."

Tsgt. Walter Behrmer, of Philadelphia, Pa., Personnel Sgt., Major: "Naturally, I intend to go back to what I was doing in civilian life. I need two more years of practical experience before I can fulfill the requirements necessary for becoming an accredited Certified Public Accountant. Perhaps, an army accounting course in accounting and basic business law will help me in my postwar plans. At any rate, if the teacher is interested, and has had previous experience in the field, the courses might be of some value to me."

Sgt. Chauncey Hunt, from Elkview, West Va., Cn. Co., motor sergeant: "I've had quite a bit of experience as a farmer in civilian life. The strange part of it all is that I've picked up quite a bit of mechanical knowledge in my present military occupation, and have become deeply interested in motors and motor maintenance. I intend to pursue that field when this is over. I'd like to take any practical courses on automobiles and aeronautical motors. I'm especially interested in a technical physics course, and some basic mathematics as a refresher. If the army is willing to help me, I'm at least going to meet it half way."

Oldham Wins First 331st Shooting Match

Cpl. Oscar Oldham won the first competitive shooting match held in 2nd Bn. Hq. Co. with the M-1 carbine and pistol. Representing the A and P platoon, Oldham shot a score of 97 out of a possible 100. Shooting honors with Oldham was Pfc. Charles Dooks.

The A1 platoon won both the carbine and M-1 events. They won by four points over the Communications platoon with their carbines and took a one point majority in the M-1 event over the A and P platoon.

Welcome, Old Buddy

What would you do if you suddenly had a call from your brother? Furthermore what would you say if he told you he had been assigned to your company? That is what happened to Lt. James Pearson, 323 Spring St., Houltsville, Penna. Anti-tank Co. when his brother Pvt. Joseph Pearson called from Personnel. They hadn't seen each other in two and a half years. It was a muddled red letter day for Lt. Pearson who had just received his silver bar.

Every Battle is A Big One

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widened and was joined by two other tracks converging on a stream across (steel sections). This was inadequate for the heavy traffic, and a score of GIs were busy building a two-way wooden bridge further along. (When we returned at the end of the afternoon this bridge was completed). As we crossed the stream there was a particularly loud crash. My men, being untrained, could not distinguish between the sound of our shells going out and those of the Germans coming in. But Corporal Strous said, "That," he remarked, "was incoming mail."

The C. P. was at the top of the slope, a half a mile washed church. The other half had been wrecked by a shell that came in by the altar. Here we found a slight, dark young man with a noticeably quiet voice. Colonel Robert H. York of Hartselle, Alabama, who has been in three D day landings — North Africa, Sicily, and France — and is thirty-two one of the youngest regimental commanders in the army.

Having paid our respects we went on up to a battalion outpost. The Ardennes' woods are very lovely at any time and looked particularly so decorated by glittering snow and under a sky tinged with pastel colors of the rim. The closely packed white fir trees were a child's dream of Christmas, and so was the shadowed trail along which we made our way; but, again, it was impossible to derive the appropriate visual pleasure from a scene that meant frozen feet. Presently the lane opened into a small clearing where we had fought and won a battle on the previous night. It was hardly as if a party of lunatics had been allowed to go hiking and take a picnic lunch. A German tank (one of the Giant Tigers) was falling on its side in the snow. The loxholes were rimmed with German belts, jackets, caps, canteens, bazookas (these are about four foot long and of lawn metal) and hand grenades, branches had been torn from the trees and here and there the trampled snow was streaked with red and cream colored by blood. The German bodies had already been cleared to a field below the wood where they lay in neat rows, looking like dumplings in their one piece snow suits.

The C. O. of the 1st battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Neilson, a West Pointer who was born in Norway, raised in Alaska, and has his home in Seattle, Wash., showed us how the battle had been. The Germans had dug themselves into exceptionally deep foxholes and from this position were trying to check the easterly advance of Captain Daniel Moore's company. Being anxious to show the company was making out, Colonel Neilson and Lieutenant Harold E. Woodson of Enid, Oklahoma, C. O. of the 1st battalion's heavy weapons company and several antited men came and joined in the forty-five minute struggle in which the Germans were smashed out. Lieutenant Woodson, an intelligent and unbloodthirsty man, showed me the lopped off branches that indicated the place where he had shot down a German sniper, and Colonel Neilson described how he had seen a young S. S. man fighting like a wild cat one moment and on his knees yelling "don't shoot me" the next. He said that this typical small arms infantry battle was part of a larger engagement the 331st had been fighting for the last six days and nights, and as such was only a little battle. But as Corporal Strous said afterwards, "when you get down to it, every battle is a big one."

Further on we saw Captain Daniel Moore, who had led the battle, a cheerful, composed boy from MacAlister, Oklahoma, who has been with the regiment since its activation and is one of the few original company commanders left. Everyone in the regiment seemed very proud and fond of him; and also greatly amused by him. He is known as the "Toll" Captain because in addition to a forty-five calibre pistol on his hip he always carries a tommy gun. Like most of the young officers in the 83rd he carried his toughness with tranquility and elegance — the Gary Cooper rather than the Humphrey Bogart school. With him were two of his best men, Corporal Walter Nichols of Glasgow, Kentucky, and Tech Sergeant Vernon Decker of Leadfield, Arkansas. While we were talking a messenger came over the service telephone attached to a nearby fire, that the company was being counterattacked by mortar and anti-aircraft gun fire. As they look off the Captain observed cheerfully that the great thing in a battle was never to stop. Ever since D day the 83rd has acted on this principle.

Most people here felt bitterly about the Germans. With reason. On the day we were there they had been existing since D day and night. It would be very, very incorrect to call it living — in snowbound foxholes; unable to light their rifles; frozen feet that the Germans see the smoke. Many had gone down with frozen feet. Frozen feet can be cured, but frozen hands cannot. Before the fire the supply line were fixed they had had only cold rations, and the wounded

Rifle Ranges Dedicated in Memory of Fallen

Two recently constructed rifle ranges in the combat team were dedicated to men who gave their lives for victory and freedom.

Anti-tank range was named White Range in honor of A. C. White, the first man killed in the company during early fighting in Normandy. The dedication was conducted by Capt. James D. Shorak, C. O. after which he reported the names of the company's fallen men. The ceremony ended, with a minute of silent prayer followed by taps by Pfc. Gerard Langlois, bugler.

Co. A's ceremony opened with a speech by Lt. Joseph Lynch, C. O. in which he paid homage to the men who are no longer with them. A squad fired a salute and taps were sounded while the range flag was raised unveiling the plaque bearing the name, Rifle Range, in memory of Lt. George Riley.

Following is the text of Lt. Lynch's address:

We are gathered here to pay homage, on this Memorial Day, to all our honored dead, and in particular to those comrades of this company, who have made the supreme sacrifice for God and Country. Today, we dedicate this rifle range as a symbol of our deep respect and admiration for our fallen brothers. Therefore, let us resolve to prove by exemplary words and deeds, that they shall not have made these sacrifices in vain. While it shall bear the name of only one of our late friends of battle, it shall serve as a living memorial to each and every one of them. A small token indeed, when compared to their heroic deeds, and yet, what greater homage can we pay them, than to dedicate in their honor a place where we as soldiers can further our training to assure the fulfillment of their wishes to the world. In reverent silence let us bow our heads, and promise them, that the principles of freedom and equality of nations for which they fought and died, shall prosper and endure throughout the ages. So that once again when we meet beyond the Great Divide, they will welcome us with words of praise, which today are upon them.

had to be carried back three thousand yards in the deep, stumble-inducing snow. Regimental C. P. s have been known to be in castles; but the one where we spent the evening was not of this type. The room in which Lieutenant Colonel William E. Long of Memphis, Tennessee, was working was small and grubby. There were the usual blankets over the window and G. I. stove in the corner, and on the peeling wallpaper the usual family photographs, varied in this case by two tinted daguerotypes, one of a holy picture, the other a French regimental group. The floor was bare but the two wooden tables were covered by some particularly repellent salmon-and-fawn colored oilcloth. There was a large wardrobe and some small rickety chairs stacked beside the Coleman lantern. A pathetic still life were a packet of camels, an Omnibac magazine, a back number of Yank, a roll of toilet paper, a box of candy, and a large and beautiful bottle of hand lotion which Captain Rosenbaum had just extracted, with many appreciations, from a Christmas package.

The Building — everyone here gave to the word building the intonation young children give to Fairy Palace in which Colonel Long and Captain Rosenbaum slept was a hundred yards down the road. Several dazed civilians still lived in the cellars and the front room which smelled as if several not noticeably fastidious cows were billeted there, was filled with a war — times accumulation of soiled dishes, pots and pans. We went up a small box — in wooden staircase and into what the Colonel called the Guest Room. It contained a large wooden bed piled with old clothes under a threadbare patchwork quilt. Next to this room was an even shabbier one in which the Colonel and the Captain had put their coats and a service telephone. Having taken off my boots and got into my bedroll I lay watching the gleams of light from our artillery fire that occasionally flashed through the edges of the slatted windows, and trying to distinguish between the many different points that composed the background music: 240, 155, and 105 mm. guns; 40 and 60 mm. mortar; the hoarse, cork-out-of-the-bottle and the low whine, followed by a sharp blast and cracking sounds of incoming ones; the occasional rattling of machine gun fire, and the shrill hysteria of screaming mines.

Next morning I went along to the 2nd and 3rd battalions' combined Aid Station, which was just above the little river that now had two bridges. It was in another of these luxurious buildings, electricity had been taken from the window and the snow-bright daylight was not filtering in. The basic director of peeling wallpaper, yellowing photograph, and broken chairs, piled beside the G.I. freezing were cases of plasma. The little room was crowded with exhausted, unshaven men

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Highlights of Toughest Battles



Photos: Signal Corps-top three, Vaccaro-bottom.

This pictorial review shows 331st doughboys are lighting from hedgerow to hedgerow in Normandy. The picture on top doughboys are lighting from hedgerow to hedgerow in Normandy. The breakthrough came and the drive to the Brittany peninsula and St. Malo was on. High walls, which they scaled were no obstacle in their forward push. Pillboxes before St. Malo were smashed with barabooks and dynamite. In the Ardennes campaign, the men fought in bitter cold through deep snows to check and crush the Nazi counter-offensive. The last picture is a typical scene of a mud-smeared doughboy bringing in Jerries captured in the Hurtgen Forest.

