

SHORT SNORTS

DOOGIES FIND NO TIME FOR POKER

« Have we taken any prisoners today? », yelled Pfc. John Herrera Delta, Colo., to his buddies of the 143rd, as he poked his head into the platoon CP recently.

« Why? », called back T/Sgt. Hank Hash of Killen, Texas.

« There are three Germans out here, » was Herrera's laconic reply as he continued to lather his face.

The poker game ended suddenly as Sgt. Hash, S/Sgt. Bobby Carr of Waco, Texas, S/Sgt. Irwin Sisser of Brooklyn, Pfc. Paul Martello of Roscoe, Calif., and Pfc. Raymond Wills of Providence, R. I., picked up their rifles and dashed out to investigate.

Martello spotted the Krauts. He killed one and wounded another. The injured Jerry and the third member of the patrol quickly surrendered.

MESS SGT. SWAPS C'S FOR B'S

Sizzling steak, hot pan biscuits, fragrant steaming coffee... sounds like a meal back in the states, but that's what the men of Battery B ate just two hours after they landed on D Day.

Thanks to the efforts of S/Sgt. Joe H. Williams of Fort Worth, Texas, the men stepped off their landing craft and dined on the best food the Navy supplies.

« It took a little special scrounging, » said Williams, « but the men certainly lit into that food. It was the best surprise I could have given them. »

« I wonder if the Navy enjoyed our C Rations as well, » he added

KRAUT STEALS M. P.'S CLOTHES

« I'll do my own washing after this, » said Pvt. Leo Durkin, Wilkes Barre, Pa., recalling a tragic accident that occurred recently.

Arriving at his traffic post in a forward area, Durkin looked the situation over and decided that he and his partner would bunk in a house nearby. « I walked over and got permission from the lady that owned the place, » said Durkin.

The two men brought their barracks bags along with them to change clothes during their three day stay on the traffic post. « We asked the lady of the house if she would wash our clothes, » said the MP.

After a little coaxing, the woman took the clothes and told them it would take at least three days. « We took her word for it, and when we departed, we left all our clothes at the house. »

Returning two days later, wearing the only clothes he had left, Durkin was surprised to find that he could not get near the house. It seems the Krauts had slipped in and taken over. « There went all my clothes. I hope the Kraut that got them gets more use from them than I did, » said Durkin.

STUBS SHACKS UP WITH TWO JERRIES

« It was raining, so those of us who were off duty climbed into a hayloft of a nearby barn to get some shut-eye, » explained Pfc. Edward Stuba of Youngstown, Ohio.

« Eventually I had to go on guard. When I returned two hours later, I could not find my blankets. After looking around, I noticed two men making use of them, I lifted one corner of the blanket, but I did not recognize him. Then I asked him his company, but he pretended to go back to sleep.

Stuba continued, « Then I yanked the blankets from both of them. There was no mistaking the German field hat. They offered me no trouble when I pulled my gun on them. »

HEY FELLAS! WHERE'S YOUR HELMET LINER?

Steel helmets have been responsible for many things during this war, even saving a man's life, but Pfc. Neel N. Kent of New Albany, Miss., wishes to give credit to his helmet liner for saving his life.

During recent action, a rifle bullet pierced the infantryman's helmet. However instead of going through the liner, it deflected sufficiently so that it circled around his head between the two before spending itself and lodging there.

All Kent got out of the incident was a ringing sensation in his head for a short time, and he still wears the ventilated headpiece to prove his point.

SURGEON AIDS STORK

Enlisted men have been assisting the stork time and again, but at last an army physician, trained for such duties, managed to beat the GI and deliver a healthy baby boy.

Major Joel B. Cunningham, of Camden, N. J., regimental surgeon with 143rd, was in attendance at the bedside of a French woman who was awaiting the stork.

Notified of the woman's condition by the regimental executive officer, Major Cunningham waited for the stork to complete his work and at 1700 hours the baby arrived. Both mother and son are doing nicely.

French Warn Yanks Of Mines

« It's a lucky thing those Frenchmen went ahead of us, » remarked Pvt. James Pellerite of Corona, N. Y., « Otherwise I might not be here, » he reflected as he told the tale of valuable help given to the Yanks.

An infantryman with 142nd, Pvt. Pellerite was riding in the lead vehicle of a motorized convoy. The frenzied gestures of a Frenchman standing in the middle of the road brought them to a halt.

An interpreter soon learned that a group of FFI would lead the column down the road. « He just pulled ahead of us, » said Pellerite, « and just as we prepared to follow him, his car struck a mine and everything went up in smoke. »

The Frenchman suffered only slight injuries, but their car was rendered useless, however the men were able to continue the ride.

The convoy was off again. Once more there were French partisans who waved them to a halt. « The road ahead is mined, » exclaimed the Frenchman to the interpreter. « If he would follow him he would be shown their location. »

S/Sgt. Charles Wolfe of Dallas, accompanied the partisan. Five teller mines were pointed out to the Texan, who tied strings to the mines set in a straight line, but only after defusing the detonator. The mines were pulled from the road and the convoy went forward.

DUO OUTDUELS TIGER TANK

Pfc. George Hill, River Rouge, Mich., and Sgt. Francis Crowe, Dayton, Ohio, a bazooka team with one tank to its credit, had the satisfaction of forcing a German Tiger to turn tail.

The 143rd Infantrymen were held up by direct fire from the tank as they tried to cross a small creek, so the Private and the Sergeant, already experts at tank-busting, crawled to within a 100 yards of the treaded monster.

Pvt. Hill aimed and Sgt. Crowe loaded, and they threw two rounds at the tank, which limbered off, frazzed by their fire.

IN MEIN KAMPF, HITLER STATED THAT HIS PLAN WAS TO DESTROY FRANCE FIRST, THEN ENGLAND AFTER WHICH HE WOULD HAVE THE UNITED STATES CORNERED WITHOUT A FIGHT!

ORDNANCE CELEBRATES ANNIVERSARY



On September 25th, the 36th Division Ordnance Company celebrated its second birthday.

In a personal letter addressed to his men, Capt. Benjamin F. Swank, Jr., of Brownwood, Texas, commended the men for the fine job they were doing. « It is with great pleasure and pride I review our accomplishments of the past two years, » he said. « Your attention to duty, determination and will to see a job well done, has resulted in the excellent record we have achieved to date. In behalf of the officers, and myself, again I extend my appreciation and thanks. »

FFI MARCH THROUGH VALENCE



Armed with every type of weapon, members of the F.F.I. are shown here parading joyously through the streets of another liberated French city, with a group of German prisoners

DE-HYDRATED ALMONDS :

Sgt. Davis May Sue Hershey For New Set Of Teeth!

There have been some sweet signorinas in Italy, sweet mademoiselles in France, and the one and only sweet back home, but recently, S/Sgt. A. B. Davis of Brownwood, Texas, met the sweet that tops them all.

It all began when Davis received his chocolate ration which he pocketed for later consumption. The meal finished, he carefully reached for his chocolate bar, gently removed the wrapper and sank, his teeth into it... that's as far as he got.

The following letter was soon on its way — a chocolate bar enclosed :

« Hershey Chocolate Corporation, Hershey, Pa.

Dear Sirs :

Am returning one piece of machinery (name unknown) which was received, erroneously enclosed in one Hershey Tropical Chocolate Bar.

Being overseas for quite sometime, and being in the habit of eating anything that is served, I wonder if the enclosed item could be a « dehydrated almond » or some monstrosity. However, I am inclined to believe that the same is of family — common, ordinary, steel nuts. — and was enclosed unknowingly. (Or was it? Sabotage seems so unlikely.)

They say war is hell and that the life of a soldier is full of surprises, but last night I experienced the climax. After chow in the evening, it is our custom to enjoy our daily chocolate bar, but last night's bar was not up to standard, and therefore was not enjoyed as expected because of unknown unedible substance contained within. Even the famed expression, « C'est la Guerre », will never explain this to my satisfaction.

To dispel any doubt that may be lingering in your mind as to the veracity of this experience, I am having the four GI witnesses to the event sign this letter as such.

This letter is not being written to cause trouble or to harass any personnel that may be involved, but merely to prove a point. We may have been served steel (usually hot) via land, sea, and air, but this is the first time we have it served cold and chocolate covered.

Here's looking forward to more chocolate with softer nuts. »

(Signed)

S/Sgt. A. B. DAVIS.

TEDESCHI TRIP TRIO'S TROUT

Fishing seems like a delightful past time for three 155 Artillerymen, who used their « small toms » (carbines) to catch their game in the Moselle River... but the sudden presence of two ME 109's sent them headlong into the river for cover.

Cpl. Robert Hilley of Dallas, Pfc. George Clemens of Moscow, Ohio, and Pvt. Fred Burnham of Glenfalls, N. Y., saw the Moselle and were attracted by its possibilities.

While busily engaged in their favorite sport, two enemy planes came zoomin' over. Ack-ack guns opened up and the trio could see no better place to hide than the water. In they plunged.

« Damn! but that water was cold, » said Hilley. « But look at the ribbing they got from the guys in camp, » explained Burnham. « Yeah, but those fish weren't so bad. Bet they wish they could have eaten a few, » added Clemens.

FLASH BACK-

No. 2

71ST INFANTRY BRIGADE RELIEVES ELEMENTS OF 2ND DIVISION, ATTACK AND TAKE ST. ETIENNE

During the night of Oct. 4-5, 1918, the 71st Infantry Brigade of the 36th Division, began to move from the Epernay - Châlons-sur-Marne area, to support the 2nd Division, then attacking as a part of the French XXI Corps, French Fourth Army. The movement was completed during the morning of October 5th and the brigade assembled north of Somme-Py, 8 kilometers southeast of St. Etienne-à-Arnes, where on October 6-7, elements of the brigade took over the front line of the 2nd Division, which extended from a point 1 kilometer northwest of Médéah Ferme to a point about 1 kilometer southeast of St. Etienne. Some of the elements of the 2nd Division remained on the front line.

Early in the morning of October 7th, command of the front line of the 2nd Division passed to the 71st Infantry Brigade. On October 8th, the brigade

and elements of the 2nd Division attacked in the direction of Machault and captured St. Etienne.

During the night of October 9-10, the 36th Division completed the relief of the 2nd Division, assuming command of the zone of action of the latter at 10 AM, October 10th.

The front line extended west from a point about 1,800 meters south of Scay Ferme to include St. Etienne. The 71st Infantry Brigade occupied the front line with all battalions. On the right, the 141st Infantry extended its right and relieved the 1st Battalion of the 2nd Engineers. A provisional battalion of 142nd Infantry, designated as the 3rd battalion moved from Hill 160 and relieved elements of the Engineers north and east of St. Etienne.

(Con't Next Week).

T-PATCH

36th « Texas » Division News
Published by Division Special Service Section in collaboration with Public Relations Section

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Vol. 2 N° 6

EASTERN FRANCE

Oct. 15, 1944

IMP. « LE PETIT COMTOIS », BESANCON

★ MAIL BAG ★

A NON-TEXAN TELLS OF TEXAS

SURE AS DEATH AND TEXAS

When I was a stranger to Texas, I envisioned the state as an endless flat desert punctuated by scattered sun-bleached bones. I was mistaken. Texas is the largest, the finest, the most healthful state, the backbone of the nation's war effort, the pride and joy of the whole world of which it is the geographical, economic, medical, and cultural center. I know all this for certain. The Texans have told me.

The state consists of a large number of small towns separated by an even larger number of gas coupons. They are distributed in an area roughly the size of Texas. The weather, the Texans are proud to say, is average all year round. This means that it is cold as hell in the winter and hot as hell in the summer, or average as hell all year round and twice as uncomfortable. If there is a freeze, its ignoble origin, and accordingly ignored.

I am sure you will like to know that the state is full of fine old houses, built at fabulous cost and furnished with all the wealth of the Indies, — if the rents charged are any criterion. Not the least desirable of these habitations are the « garage apartments, » which have the layout and convenience of a hayloft over a barn, of which they are direct descendants.

For English speaking newcomers, I must insert a word of caution—learn the language before

you do anything else. Thus you will avoid the mistake I made when I asked the way to the station hospital and was told to « walk a right smart piece down the road. I will not bore you with the details of my search for an honest, intelligent, not straightlaced girl to escort as directed, in the course of which I met the person who was subsequently to become my loving wife and mother of several of my children. Also, I might add (from experience), when you leave a business establishment of any variety in this charming state and the sales girl urges you to « hurry back, honey, » this is not an impatient invitation to amorous dalliance but a local trade boost.

But let us give Texas its due — it is out to fight the war to a finish. Texans are on every battlefield, as one might expect from the righting tradition of the state and the smooth operation of the selective service system. On the home front they are doing their bit in helping curb inflation by appropriating the Army payroll and putting it away.

Well, anyway, Texas has one advantage over any other state in the Union (NB — the last word mentioned will be deleted in local issues as it is considered a dirty word here). You can take a girl farther in these parts without getting into trouble with the G-men about the Mann Act than any other place. Think of that.

C. B.

POSTAL POINTERS

The War and Post Office Departments have made special arrangements to receive V-mail Christmas Greeting from overseas forces in advance of the holiday period and hold them in the United States. The letters will be released in the mails on Dec. 10th for delivery.

V-mail Christmas Greetings must be received in this theater not later than Nov. 15th. to permit microfilming to the states.

Mimeograph reproductions are unsatisfactory and will not be used. Not more than 10 V-mail Christmas Greeting will be allotted to each individual.

The date of preparation (or mailing) should not be shown on the Greeting. The words « Christmas 1944 » should be inserted in lieu of the date line in the return address part of the forms.

All drawings must be submitted to the Chief Base Censor for approval prior to printing.

Pipe Dream

When the 36th passed through the town of St. Claude, Capt. Justin V. McCarthy of New York, 143rd Infantry, met up with Jacques Forestier, owner of the famed Forestie-Bourgies Company, renown pipe manufacturers. Before he left, Capt. McCarthy, Special Service Officer, arranged to purchase 100 pre-war pipes from Monsieur Forestier who had hidden them from the Germans.

Capt. McCarthy then conducted a lottery for the right to purchase one of these treasures. One of the lucky winners was Pfc. Oscar Oller, East Alton, Ill., who sent it to his wife for safe keeping and eventual use when Oller returns to the states.

CHAPLAIN'S COLUMN

Our life here on earth has very appropriately been referred to as a journey. According to Holy Scriptures we are but pilgrims and sojourners here below. For this pilgrimage or journey, various things are necessary. We could enumerate hundreds of items that seem to be indispensable. But I believe that the most of us of late have learned to do without lots of those « so-called » indispensable things. At the same time, however, many of our fighting men have, perhaps for the first time, really and truly realized that there is one thing that is absolutely indispensable for our life's journey, and that one thing is God's Holy Word.

I have had men tell me that they had come to the point where they were unable to carry on. The order was given to advance under intense small arm's fire. They needed courage and strength to go ahead, and this they received only after they had reminded themselves of what the great Master had said, « And lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. » What courage, what fighting courage all of us would acquire if we would take the Lord at his Word. What heroism we would be able to produce if we solely believe in Him and His Word as that which is absolutely indispensable for our pilgrimage here below.

« Heavenly Father, may Thy Word be for all of us a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path. » Be Thou with us on our life's journey, and we shall be safe. Amen.

CHRISTIAN A. LEHNE,
111th Engineer Battalion
Chaplain, U. S. Army.

Artilleryman's Nightmare



When an artilleryman hears « Cease firing, end of mission, » he generally heaves a sigh of relief and takes a breather, but not so with the cannoners of the 36th.

North of Montelimar it spelled the beginning of their worries. A battery commanded by Capt. Gerald Evans, Wyola, Mont., was pouring it on a German convoy when the cry came « Cease fire ». The guns stopped in the middle of a fire mission. S/Sgt. A. J. Averitt, Grand Prairie, Texas, turned from his phone.

« Three guns are loaded, sir, » he reported to the battery executive, Lt. Charles A. Bent, Milton, Mass.

Lt. Bend turned to Capt. Evans « Three guns are loaded, sir, » he said.

Capt. Evans phoned FDC. « Three guns loaded, sir », he reported.

The man at FDC mumbled something and hung up. Then came the order to move position. The guns, still loaded, were coupled to their trucks and moved out on the road.

For three days, the guns still loaded, stayed on the road. On the afternoon of the third day, Lt. Bent decided he had better unload the guns by the unorthodox method of ramming the shells back out the way they came. The first shell came out neatly.

Something went radically wrong with the second.

Lt. Bent reported to Capt. Evans. « Sir, there's something wrong. We tried to ram the shell out of number two gun and seems to have broken off the fuse. »

« Migawd! » cried the Captain, « Do you want to get us all blown up? That thing will explode. » He jeaped down the convoy to FDC and reported there. « Take it to ordnance, » he was told.

Sgt. Jake Sullivan of Dallas, Texas, chief of the gun, and Lt. Bent took their TNT filled gun to ordnance, very slowly on the rough French highway.

(Con't. page 4)

The Case Of The Careless Kraut

S/Sgt. Francis E. Chaney, Fairport Harbor, Ohio, artillery supply sergeant, has a tale of capturing Jerries under a situation where many men would have done other things.

One night, after hauling a convoy of ammunition and gasoline to the line batteries, Chaney opened his roll in an old deserted barn. He had just laid down when a suspicious, rainy sound began in the loft above him.

The sergeant took his gun and went up into the sagging loft. He took a German prisoner. The German was very apologetic. The sergeant was very uncomfortable.

CLOSE CALL FROM CLIPPING

Add this to the department of hair cutting, French fashion.

Pvt. Calvin F. Cales, 141st Infantryman, was digging-in close to a building when a rat pistol burst slashed into the ground by his hole.

His only souvenir is a hole through his helmet and a few hairs slightly shorter than their neighbors.

"Quick, Watson, the Water Pistol," Here Comes The Jerries!

Pvt. Thomas J. Mullen of Staughton, Mass., and Pvt. Sam Morris of Ellwood City, Pa., have often been kidded by their buddies of the 143rd, because of their habit of going out on a two man patrol in search of food, especially fresh eggs.

« We were talking to a French woman in her kitchen, » said Morris. « We were trying to buy eggs. Then all of a sudden she got all excited. I went to the window and saw three Krauts coming into

the yard. »

The men grabbed their rifles and stood on each side of the door. The door opened and three very surprised Jerries stared into the rifle barrels of the two infantrymen.

« We could have taken them with a water-pistol, » said Mullen. « I think they were glad to see us. One was a medico, who was good enough to fix a shrapnel wound I had. The other gave me some ammunition for my German pistol. »



Benson, are you forgetting my lecture on booby traps so soon?

DREGS FROM THE VINO KEG

He asked for burning kisses,
She answered low and cool,
I may be a red-hot mama,
But I ain't nobody's fuel.

Statistics tell us that for every man 85 years old there are seven women but, it's too late then.

An absent-minded guard wander ed into a WAC barracks. Embarrassed when he met a nude Jane he covered her with his rifle.

Men fall into two classes:
Old and bent.
Young and broke.

GI Joe isn't interested in grammar. He always ends a sentence with a proposition.

She's been in more laps than a napkin.

There's been a dire shortage of bourbon around the county seat of the nation. So everyone in Washington has been forced to grin and bear it!

Miss Glamor Gall of '09 concealed her instep, her daughter shows her step-ins.

Yardbird wants to know whether a gal in a strip-poker game is a good loser, or just conceited.

She drank to the Army,
She drank to the Navy,
And once more for Victory,
Hang the expense.
They later found Mabel
Down under the table
All Out
For National Defense!

Of Men and Guns - in France

"LITTLE HAM" RETURNS AFTER FIVE DAY BEHIND LINES

Like a wounded fox dodging the hounds, Sgt. Bill Glenn, better known to his buddies as « Little Ham, » escaped capture and certain death for five torturous days and nights in the midst of seven geful Germans who were on a mission of murder and destruction.

The stocky five foot three infantryman from Dallas, Texas, and his platoon officer entered a small town liberated by the Americans when they heard German tanks in back of them.

« We were looking for some pipe to build a water tank, » said Little Ham, « We never expected the Germans to re-enter, the town. »

The German tanks began shelling the building nearby. I told the officer, « Let's get out of here, » and we took off for a road junction and the area where our outfit was bivouaced.

Outside the town, they ran into a road block guarded by a group of FFI. Little Ham stopped the vehicle and then heard the tanks coming down the road. « All of us started running across a field toward a canal where there was a terrace paralleling the bank, » he recalled.

« The Kraut machine guns opened up on us, and many of the French were cut down, the rest of us finally getting behind the terrace. »

« There were six tanks. They began ripping the field with machine guns and 77mm cannon. Those of us they didn't get the first time hid behind the terrace, but the tanks started moving down the wall pretty quick. One let loose with a direct shot with his 77. It hit the man next to me in the chest and three fragments from

the explosion hit me in the leg. The poor guy's head and shoulders flew across the canal. »

Little Ham dove into the water and swam across. Four Frenchmen, one of whom was also wounded, made it to the other side. They all crouched behind a wall and the Jerries began spraying them with their machine guns.

« Every once in a while they would drive a tank over to where the wounded and dead ones were in the field and let loose their machine guns, » said Little Ham. « I was scared and prayed alot. That head and shoulder was right there beside me. I knew if I was captured I would be killed along with the Frenchmen. »

« Then I heard screams and machine gun serenades. The Germans were killing the Frenchmen they had captured. I didn't dare look over the wall. I used my bandage dressing on the guy with the bullet hole in his leg and didn't have anything left for my frag wound but sulphur powder. »

When darkness fell, Little Ham and an 18 year old French lad sneaked out. The tanks were still on the other side of the canal, for they could hear the crew laughing and talking.

Glenn and the French lad stayed in a hay barn that night. Next morning at daylight they heard the Germans coming. « We hid in a vineyard near the farm-house, » remarked Little Ham. « The Germans searched the house for men of fighting age, and then burned it down with phosphorous grenades. We saw them doing that several times during our five days. If there were no young men in the houses, they left the people alone. If there were, they just killed the families and burned the houses. It was horrible. »

On the second day, Little Ham and the lad made their way to a hill overlooking the area where his company had been bivouaced. The company was no longer there. Little Ham decided it was time to return

(Con't. page 4)

Aid Station Recaptured



Roused from his bed at 4 AM, 1st Lt. H. E. Hayden of New York City, was called to lead his platoon in the rescue of an aid station captured by the Germans.

In the zig-zagging war front, a medical aid station which was situated at the bottom of a hill and what would have been a normally safe distance behind the combat men holding the hill, found itself surrounded by Germans, and then captured.

« There was heavy fighting going on when we arrived, » said Lt. Hayden, « Then the Krauts shot flares and exposed us. It was a hot brand of fighting and was almost hand to hand with plenty of hand grenades going back and forth. We were catching it from their tanks too, and they had already run through our battalion aid station. »

S/Sgt. F. K. Moskus of New Kensington, Pa., had on a BAR belt. A bullet cut through it. He got into a doorway just as a German major ran into us and yelled to them that they surrender. Sgt. Moskus let him have it with a hand grenade.

Soon however, the Texans drove the Germans away and recaptured the aid station. 2nd Lt. Harold Preston of Lorraine, Texas, who was with the group captured, said that the Germans had treated them very well. « They were in such a turmoil they couldn't treat us otherwise, » he observed. « All our men got out, » he added.

MP'S FOIL

JERRYS ESCAPE

Sgt. Jack Hoover, Binghamton, N. Y., and Pfc. D. L. Faulkenberry of Bowie, Texas, 36th Division MP's, recently prevented the escape of the first German prisoner to make the attempt in the 2,500 they have handled.

One evening they loaded 25 captives on the truck for transportation to the rear. Suddenly a German medical officer tried to take advantage of a dark corner; he ran for the woods.

Sgt. Hoover, driver of the truck, stopped immediately. Faulkenberry covered the rear and guarded the other prisoners. Hoover fired his pistol in the direction of the escaping officer. Searching the immediate area with his flashlight, he found the German, wounded in the leg and lying in a ditch.

« We couldn't let that guy spoil our record, » explained Faulkenberry.

OF MEN AND GUNS

(Con't from page 3)

to his unit, but everywhere he turned were Germans. Even the French turned away. They hadn't seen an American and thought Little Ham was a German. However, Glenn's French companion proved a great help.

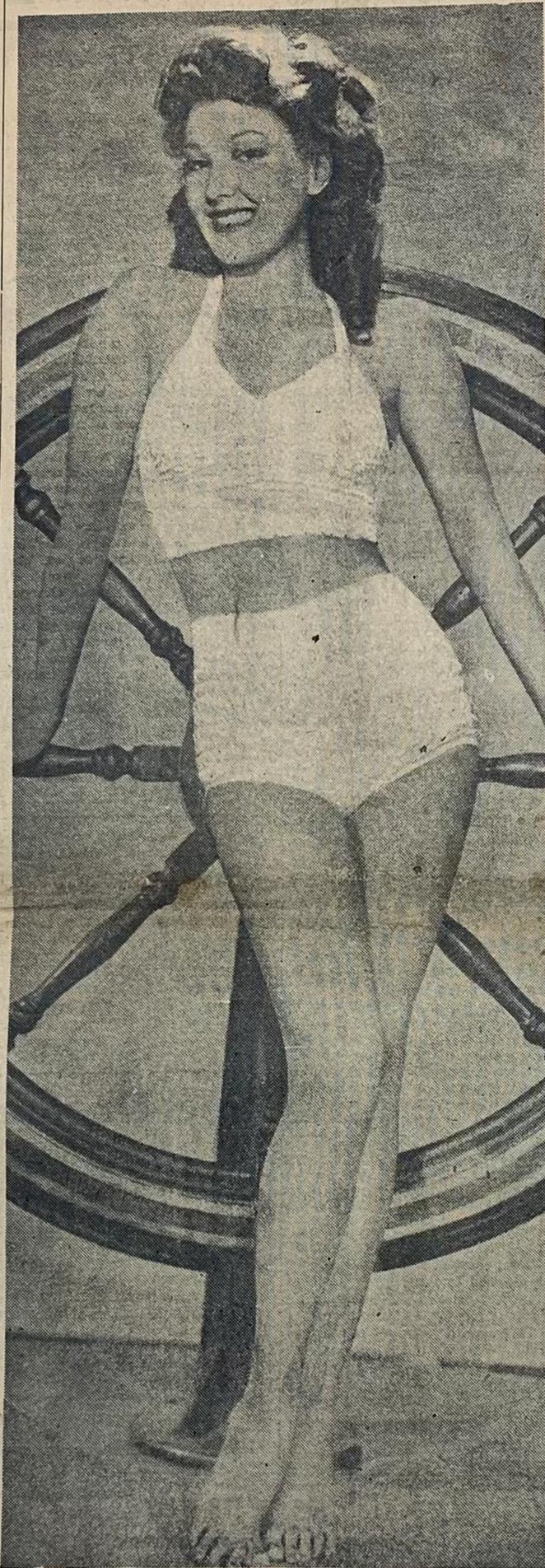
« He would send the old people into the village to find out where the Germans were, » he recalled. « We had a damn good grapevine system working during those five days. »

« My legs got pretty tired from the fragmentation wounds, but I was too keyed up to bother about that. I was sure we would never get out of that trap. »

For cigarettes, Little Ham picked green tobacco and dried it in the daytime. At night he slept in barns. Food was obtained from the farmers.

After four days he saw a Piper Cub. « I yelled and waved, » Little Ham explained, « but they didn't see me. The next day our boys drove the Germans out and retook the country. »

Cinema Fluff



A PARKER-PIN UP
SCREEN STAR JEAN PARKER IS QUITE AN ACTRESS. QUITE

Infantrymen Take No Chances On Out-Post Duty

Two 143rd infantrymen have learned to be cautious with the Germans, but at the same time they have not lost their spirit of mercy and compassion.

Privates Isadore Abrams of Philadelphia and Martin Johnson of Baxley, Ga., while on outpost duty, one dark night, captured three Germans and the next morning they captured six more. Abrams saw a Kraut approaching his foxhole and immediately opened fire on him. There soon followed a cry for help in several languages. Fearing a trap, he had Johnson

cover him while he investigated the area from where the cries were coming. There Abrams found not only the Jerry he had seen earlier and fired on, but also two others, all willing to surrender to him. « They were teen-aged youths », remarked Abrams. « Badly frightened but uninjured. »

The next morning Abrams and Johnson led a patrol through the same sector and captured six more Krauts. Though they had plenty of weapons and grenades, they gave up rather than engage in a fire fight.

NIGHT PATROL ENTERS KRAUT MOTOR POOL

When a patrol leaves the 36th on a night mission, it turns up most anywhere behind the German lines. One of the more recent patrols invaded a German motor pool.

« When we got there, there were some recon cars, trucks, a heavily armored car, and a tank parked in the pool, » stated Pfc. Robert L. Boothe, Blue Ridge, Va., « I had a few rifle grenades with me so I moved around until I got into position to fire on the tank. I had to be careful to avoid the Germans who were sleeping next to their vehicles, » continued Boothe.

« It took only one shot to pierce the heavy wall of the tank. She was finished, » added Boothe. « Then all of us took off at a mean clip as the aroused Krauts were trying to stop us. »

I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED

« I didn't know it was loaded, » said artilleryman Pvt. Emmett Bumensil of Houston, Texas, as he removed a piece of shrapnel from the cigar.

He examined the box of Coronas that he had just received from home. Not a mark on it.

« Can it be they bombed Texas? » he said.

MESS SGT.

MISSES BOAT

« It's no go, fellers, » he said. « Dehydrates again this morning. » And S/Sgt. Bill Saxton, Long Beach, Calif., leaned back wearily in his muddy battered jeep.

It wasn't the sergeants fault. Early that morning he had set out to get some fresh eggs for his battery. He had driven a few miles when Jerry shells slammed into the earth nearby, forcing him into a ditch. When the shellfire lifted, the sergeant turned the jeep around and started off in search of farms some distance back.

A final salute from the Krauts flipped both sergeant and jeep into a muddy roadside shoulder, and there he sat until a pair of infantrymen hauled him out.

Artilleryman's Nightmare

(Con't from page 2)

The howitzer mechanic at ordnance took one look at the gun and backed away. « We don't want it here! » he cried.

Sgt. Sullivan and Lt. Bent agreed with him. They didn't want it either, so they uncoupled it and left it by the roadside. The executive left Sullivan sitting there with the gun and went back to report to Capt. Evans.

« Let's fire the gun, » he suggested. The captain did not share his idea. He would not risk any man in his battery to fire the gun. One false move against the armed sensitive fuse would blow the gun and gunner sky-high.

« I'll fire it, sir », said Lt. Bent. The captain gave his consent.

Rounding up his gun crew, Lt. Bent returned to where Sullivan was guarding the howitzer. The gun was swiveled around and pointed at a large hill side where some French gardeners were working. The Frenchmen were rather perturbed that so large a cannon would be aimed at them, but the Lieutenant explained what had happened and they cleared the area, standing around to watch the procedure.

With a long lanyard to the gun, Lt. Bent crouched in a foxhole, heaved back. There was a deafening blast and the huge gun slammed back in recoil. The shell screamed wildly through the air and thudded hollowly into the hill. The Frenchmen went back to work. The gun rejoined the battery.

MAN BITES DOG! Private Orders General

Pvt. Arthur C. Gilderman, Proctor, Minn., recently had a very informal interview with a general. The general was lying flat on his back.

Gilderman was returning from having led a bunch of prisoners to the stockade, when he noticed a German sitting in the bushes off the road.

« He had a pistol in his hand, » recalled Gilderman, « but I fired a round over his head. He put the pistol in his holster and came out. »

« I asked him for the pistol, but he refused. So I made him lie flat on his back while I took it and searched him. »

« Then I made him walk back to the POW cage with his hands on his head. He didn't much like the idea of being ordered around by a private, » added Gilderman.

The prisoner who objected to privates ordering him around, was none other than Major General Otto Richter, commander of an Infantry division which the 36th had smashed the preceding night.

Ersatz Alarm Clock, Combat Model

The GI spied the big modern French house untouched by shells. The family was living in the basement, so Pvt. Don Wiseman, Worth Arlington, N. J., took over a bedroom and settled down for a good night's sleep.

« That was a terrific bed, » said he. A 'TERRIFIC' bed. Down as thick and soft as a new snow. I went to bed about eleven o'clock and snored through the first good nights rest I had had in a month... until six o'clock. Promptly at six, Jerry threw a time burst at my bedroom window. I rolled over and tried to turn off the racket. Then I headed for the cellar steps. »

GI AROUSES SLEEPING NAZI

In a dawn attack on the town of Herpelmont, Pfc. Hal Holtzer, Bronx, N. Y., advanced slowly upon enemy concentrations on a nearby hill.

Suddenly Holtzer noticed the body of a German stretched out before a fox hole with a blanket covering his face. Holtzer lightly touched the finger. To the amazement of both individuals concerned the German awoke.

« How in the hell does anyone sleep through an artillery barrage like that? » inquired Pvt. Holtzer.

COMMANDO YARBROUGH

Tommy gun blazing, Texas style, hand grenades flying, Pvt. Willis « Commando » Yarbrough, Albermanle, N. C., took a house like an Indian storming a frontier fort.

The house shielded a machine gun which was holding off an entire company of riflemen. Picking a spot underneath a window, the Private dashed across 50 yards of open field and threw himself down, only to rise up again and hurl three grenades in the window.

The Germans threw two back at him.

Yarbrough retreated around a corner to the front, smashed open the door with his foot and burst into the main room, his tommy gun spitting his anger.

The two Germans still alive had to leave. He killed them both, accounting for the entire squad of the gun.

Then Yarbrough walked back to his squad and said, « Let's get going! »

« Yarbrough was a one-man riot squad that afternoon, » said Pfc. Donald Reed, Cooperstown, N. Y.