

'Pooney to Pin-Ups,' Say They, A Home Girl Is Wanted

Somebody has the wrong idea about soldiers' ideal woman. The ideal woman, according to the theory of the publishing powers that be, is a movie starlet, frankly and indiscriminately seductive, wearing as few clothes as can be arranged without getting the publications barred from the mails. Now comes Gun Section 2 of

a girl who looks like a « GI's woman. » A girl who looks like she might be just ONE GI's woman, and stay that way.

They'd like to find one who has a sort of exclusive come-hither look that will say « come hither » to one guy, and « so sorry » to the rest of the gents in the world. They want a pin-up girl who

looks like she could wear and look like a million bucks in what an average guy could afford to buy her to wear, who looks like she could bake a cake, who would make a house cozy just by being there.

What they get is a lot of babes who look like they could make, (Continued on page 4.)



Battery A to say that they are looking for a pin-up girl. Our first reaction was amazement. It has been estimated by some bureau that makes estimates, that three thousand acres of Canadian timber a week are consumed making paper on which pin-ups are printed. Every Hollywood studio, and several minor sources, supply pin-up girls by the gross, and publishers see that they get to soldiers.

And Gun Section 2, battery A, can't find a pin-up girl.

The reason is that this organization isn't looking for a frankly seductive Hollywood starlet in the raw. For two weeks they've hunted through magazines looking for

Shumway Battles To Tourney Finals

Heavyweight Cecil Shumway punched his way to the Allied Boxing Tournament finals Friday by hammering out a decision over Sylvester Smith. The amateur paddler next meets the heavily-favored Perry Eryson of Sardinia.

The other Thunderbird hopeful who qualified for the Algiers matches, Jim Palmer, was outpointed and eliminated by the Navy lightweight, W. G. Cannon.

Kitchen 'Mike's Tavern' Until Engineers Get There

Humaging through a subterranean dungeon where he was supposed to set up his field kitchen, Cpl. Mike Arbochus, Scranton, Pa., uncovered a store of white wine — a thousand gallons of it.

The cook listed this as one of the spoils of war and wasted no time in getting together a detail to empty the liquid into some empty water cans, to be passed out among the various companies in his battalion.

They filled 30 five-gallon cans before a squad of engineers took over. The engineers had received orders to pipe the stuff upstairs, and orders were orders, they explained, although they disliked applying a wet blanket on the party the kitchen crew was having.

Arbochus satisfied himself with the thought that at least three companies of his battalion had been supplied with the wine, and he had put aside ten gallons of it for himself.

Ten gallons doesn't go very far, he found, for a week later he had drained the last drop out of the water can. The company had moved in the meantime, and Arbochus (Continued on page 4.)



Pointing to the brand on this box, Mr. Sgt. John Haladyns, Garfield, N. J., explains that those two letters are a veritable plague to him. His job in the Adjutant General's section centers around the distribution and filing of the many Army Regulations.

The Week's News...

Allies Beat Off Beachhead Stabs, Blast Germany

After four consecutive days of German assaults on the Anzio Nettunia beachhead, the lines remained in practically the same position, but with the Allies on the offense.

The last of the German attacks was met head-on by an Allied counterattack of Infantry and tanks which, although it did not penetrate the Nazi onslaught, stymied it. It was noted that during the week the Allied air support over the beachhead was the greatest ever given ground troops. The Germans had an estimated six divisions in the line during the attempt to throw the Allies off the beachhead.

On the main Fifth Army front the fighting teetered back and forth, and both sides occupy relatively the same positions they did a week ago. The world-famous Abbey of Montecassino was leveled by Flying Forts and Mitchells as a last resort to clear the Germans from it. They had been using the church — atop the highest hill in the Cassino sector — as an OP and firing artillery from within it.

Hometown Displays Captured Nazi Flag

This business of sending home captured Nazi flags is catching on. The third platoon of Co. C in the engineers came upon their flag in a knocked-out German tank. Each man wrote his name in the white field, and in the black swastika is inscribed the names of the men who have died in the campaign.

They sent it home then to Las Vegas, N.M. where it's been making the rounds. It's currently on display in the halls of the state university.

The air war over Germany took a decided turn as Berlin received its heaviest pasting and Leipzig — Nazi industrial center — suffered under 2,300 tons of HE. The raid on Leipzig was only 200 tons short of equalling the heaviest of the war — 2,500 tons dropped on Berlin only a few nights before — but indicative of the size of the raid was the loss of aircraft announced by the Allies; 79 planes did not return.

The Russian steamroller lost none of its momentum over the week and the pocketed Nazis were all but annihilated. An estimated 55,000 Germans were slaughtered in the Dnieper trap alone, with 18,000 taken prisoner. Meanwhile, the Red Army launched a three-prong assault on the German bastion at Pakov, where the Germans are expected to put up another determined stand. On the southeastern sector of the Dnieper, the Germans admitted that the Reds had opened up a final assault on the industrial city of Krivoi Rog.

In Stockholm, meanwhile, Finnish ministers met with neutral Swedes on the possibilities of the small Scandinavian nation's getting out of the war.

Continuing the all-out attack on Jap held islands in the Pacific, an American task force attacked Truk, the most powerful Jap base south of the homeland. The Navy Department announced that the Japs suffered 19 ships sunk and 201 planes destroyed in the initial battle for the base. Supplementing the ground fighting in the Marshall and Caroline atolls, the Allied air force struck savagely at Jap installations throughout the areas.

Tours of inspection highlighted the invasion preparations in England and Western Europe during the week. General Eisenhower, Allied Generalissimo, after watching the Allied invasion forces go through their training, expressed great approval of what he had seen. Across the channel, however, where Field Marshal Rommel made a tour of inspection, the marshal estimated that his preparations would « withstand all eventualities. »

Sonja Heine, international skating star and movie actress, was killed Saturday in an accident.



Handling the 100-pounder as easily as if it were a can of spam, Cpl. Marvin Sharpe, Jamestown, Tenn., examines the Jerry bomb dud he and his bomb disposal crew have removed from the Clearing Co. area. The dud was there before the medics moved in. In excavating one of these babies, the men work in the hole one at a time, because, as Sharpe puts it, «it only takes one little slip...»

One Purple Heart a Day Is Enough for Jagoda, Doc

By Bill Harr

Pvt. Robert E. Jagoda of Chicago, infantry, is not making a collection of Purple Hearts, and that's what he tried to tell the doctor.

Shells Miss But Don't Help Krauts' Morale

Acting as forward observer for an artillery battery, Sgt. Merle Goodman, Lancaster, Ohio, located six Mark IV's around a group of houses, and he reported the information to the FDC.

«Fire!» he heard, and he watched for the explosion. There was an explosion, a series of them, a helluva roar. The first shell had gone wild, landed about a thousand yards to the left, in among a hidden ammo dump and sent shells and smoke skyrocketing upward and left a dense pall over everything.

Goodman made corrections on the second shot, but this, too, went wild. It landed in a thicket of bushes and trees, and scattered hidden Krauts all over the landscape and sent others scurrying for cover.

Throughout all this the German tanks remained in among the houses, and Goodman made final corrections. He centered in a series of shells on the tanks, knocked out two and the other four took off.

Filled Dogtaces Form Grim Club

A new society has made its appearance in one of the line companies. Its not secret, and anyone possessing the necessary prerequisites can be a member.

The club is known as the Widow Chasers, and thus far numbers only eight members. However, it is expected to increase in membership with the news of it.

The president of the select group is Sgt. Ronald Ashilman, Limon, Colo., who became president the hard way. He lost a girl friend. The only other restriction on membership is the GI must be over 28.

Rat's Nest Smokes Out Signal Boys

When the Signal Company moved into pyramidal tents, St. Sgt. Clifford Marple of Englewood, Colo., solved the stove situation by building an honest-to-goodness stone fireplace! Before you could say «Fall Out For Caesthenics» the idea spread and similar stoves appeared in many tents.

But Pvs. Mike Grouke and Harry «Red» Thomas, both of Philadelphia, and Sgt. Herb Teitelbaum of New York City, ran into trouble with their 200-pound iron steam pipe which they were using for a chimney. The pipe wouldn't «draw», and the tent filled with smoke.

It was a lot of work taking the heavy pipe down again, but it had to be done. When Private Thomas took a squirt through the pipe he let out a yelp! There was a rat's nest in the middle of it!

Wood's General Store Opens

This Pfc. Edward Wood, Orange, N.J., is a handy man to have around.

The outfit had come down from the mountain for a rest, and the first thing that occurred to Pfc. Louis Popoloski, New London, Conn., was the empty condition of his stomach.

All his search was fruitless until he came on Wood.

«Sure, I got something to eat. Here's some rice I'll sell you.»

Popoloski was in no condition to argue.

«OK, how much you want for it?»

«Only 50-cents.»

The half-dollar changed hands, then Wood volunteered:

«If you want something to read, I got some good books from home the other day I'll sell you.»

Crooning Captives Win Sam's Heart

MP Sam Cotten of Petersburg, Va., was guarding some German prisoners one day when one of them asked him where he was from.

«Virginia,» announced Sam, proudly.

Whereupon the whole slew of captives broke out in the song, «Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.»

Major Corners Market, Hens Produce for Brass

Whether it's a warmer place to sleep, a better brand of vino or just a matter of a few hen's eggs, it's the guy with the rank who'll get it every time. That's the way Pfc. Paul De Cusati, New Haven, Conn., feels about it.

The AT soldier had stumbled on a pretty good thing, he thought. Not far from where he was bivouaced was a neat little farm house inhabited with Italians who were all out for the Allied cause. What made this important was the fact that they had eggs, and they were willing to sell them.

The first day he was up there, DeCusati bought four eggs and feasted royally on them. The next afternoon he strolled through the farmyard in a happy frame of mind. He clucked companionably at the hens, producing for victory in their little way.

A major in the medics answer-

By the Right Flank!

What with enemy air raids, fire missions and those mice, gun section two of Btry. A isn't getting much sleep these nights. When they're not crouching in their holes or tossing shells at the Jerries, the redlegs are kept awake by the noisy mice who keep munching away at the boys supply of peanuts.

They called artillery Sgt. Carl E. Blue of Btry. A «Blue pup» until he turned 21 the other day. That's right—now he's known as «Blue dog.»

If someone doesn't hurry up and get him a new wheel for his German motorcycle, mail deliveries to the engineers are going to be less regular, threatens Cpl. Arthur A. Archambault, mail orderly. He made his deliveries on the captured Kraut bike until he lost a wheel recently.

It's costing the government money just keeping Lt. Col. Lewis France, Las Vegas, N.M., in cars. The engineer officer recently had his third vehicle shot out from under him.

Fan mail from the States has started arriving for Tony Macaroni, adopted walf of a company of Thunderbird engineers. The kid recently returned to his native Sicily, so the letter and valentine greeting that came in last week from Brooklyn is being forwarded by Tony's foster-father, St. Sgt. Bennie Lavato, Mosquero, N. M.

Either Cpl. Tony Lupa is getting war nerves or he has a flair for originating new adages. The TD non-com recently completed two tasks at the same time and muttered: «Pretty good. Just killed two stones with one dog.»

Life would be sweeter to the redlegs in Btry. C if they had a guitarist to accompany the accordion of Pfc. Albert DeGennaro, Altoona, Pa.

Cpl. Richard «Louisiana» Winton is rapidly becoming the official anti-aircraft ganner for his company of engineers. His passion for firing the mounted 50 isn't any greater than his buddies', but because of his long legs he usually beats them to the gun.

That new little medic out in Atoka, Okla., is the offspring of Tech. Sgt. John L. Musler, Clearing Co.

The Man in the Morris home in Mangum, Okla., is Sgt. Charles' seven-pound son.

MP Pfc. Richard Eager won't lay out his bed sack under the general's sumptuous trailer anymore. After Eager fell asleep, the general decided to wash before retiring. Eager woke up uncomfortably wet to find himself parked under the wash basin drain.

As if K rations aren't nasty enough anyway, Cpl. Warren Rickards, Brighton, Colo., opened one the other day and found a small bit of shell nestling in his chopped beef and egg white.

Second Lt. William E. Crain, Akron, O., believes in making his recon patrols count. On a recent trip through enemy lines, the officer stumbled across some equipment of a Jerry officer and returned with a handsome fur-lined field pack, some German mess equipment and a small American gas stove which the Jerries had captured.

Short items for this column are welcome. Drop a line to the 45th Division News, care of our APO.

Christmas will be in February for Pvt. Norman Maffei, Franklinville, N.Y. He just came back from the hospital, and hasn't contacted his outfit to get his presents yet.

Home for Pvt. Joe Pfeifruk (pronounced HI-fruk), New Castle, Pa., is an enlarged foxole complete with a bedspring. He picked up the bed in the spring in an abandoned farmhouse.

Some of the newly appointed Pfc's are referring to themselves as PFCAC's, the AC standing for Act of Congress.

Regimental postal clerks Sgt. William Berkenbile, Dover, Okla., and Cpl. Gordon Martin, Oklahoma City, received a letter from an Italian family who had housed them at one time during the campaign. They're now looking for someone to decipher it.

Need a watch? Or a knife? Or a what-have-you? See Pvt. T. J. O'Connell, TD. He has a nice collection of guns, ranging from Lugers to Berrettas, and watches ranging from the lordly 17 jewel Elgin to the Italian alarm clock wrist watch. He has gotten as much as 80 dollars for a P38 from a Frenchman, 60 dollars for a Luger. (The Luger was sold to a friend)

Texan Capt. Joe Carr, of the tank destroyers, boasts that he can eat chili-con-carne three times a day and relish it.

45TH DIVISION NEWS

Address care of our APO

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Jerries Mistake Lenz For Drowsy Kommandant

Cautiously the patrol crept along the canal, all seven of them virtually holding their breath every time they heard a strange sound. And there were plenty of them; the rustle of the wind down the gully, the not-so-far-off sound of artillery, and the unavoidable-scraping of the Jodies along the ground.

Herb and Looie Pass their Time Passing Rocks

Sergeant Herb Teitelbaum of Astoria, N. Y., a radio operator with the Signal Company, was driving an officer on a reconnaissance tour when some 88's came lobbing over. They lost no time in taking cover in a culvert.

On one end of the culvert there was a pile of rocks. But the next shell plopped down close to the opposite end and showered them with dirt.

«The shells are landing on this side,» observed the officer, «So pass those rocks over here.» He was nearest to the open end of the culvert. Sergeant Teitelbaum, working in the cramped quarters, passed the rocks to the officer, who neatly piled them at his end.

But the next shell smashed down on the sergeant's end of the culvert.

«Pass the rocks back, sir!» piped Herbie in a loud but shaky voice.

This time they emulated Solomon and distributed the rocks equally on both ends of the culvert.

Mac Is Wrong, But Isn't Sorry

All day long paddlefoot Pfc. Ed McMillan, Henrietta, Okla., warned the company of his premonition that the house that they were in would be blown up. Over and over he repeated it, and kept it up till late at night.

His repeated warnings had some effect, for at the end he was the only one left in the house. Everyone else slept outside.

It wasn't a combat patrol, although they were supposed to mix it up if the need arose. Their mission was solely to contact a patrol from a neighboring outfit, which was to form its lines with the first outfit.

Second Lt. Leonard Lenz, Milwaukee, Wis., first heard the sound of the other group, a short distance ahead. The voices sounded like Germans', but it was his first patrol, so he asked Pvt. George Patterson, Mt. Holly, N.C., what he thought. Patterson thought our own GI's.

Deciding to take no chances, Lenz sent Sgt. Roy Matlock, Erick, Okla., with three men to flank the other party to discover their identity.

With Matlock and his party on their way, the lieutenant and Patterson crawled to the end of the canal and looked over the edge.

Huddled in a circle, a group of Germans were bending over a wounded man, who whimpered with pain every few moments. The efforts of the group to ease the pain failed, and the group began picking up sections of a heavy mortar.

At this same moment one of the men who had gone out with Matlock returned, bursting with the news that the party was Jerry. Lenz grabbed his arm and jerked him flat, along with Patterson and himself.

The Jerries rounded the canal's edge, a few feet from where Lenz was rubbing his face in the dirt. At a muttered command from one of them, they began setting up the mortars around the three GI's, who were sweating by this time.

One Jerry almost stepped on Lenz before seeing him. Bending over the prostrate figure, he whispered: «Herr Kommandant?»

Lenz remained silent, and the



Sgt. Jose Gonzales and his headache — white signs.

Artistic Engineers Dread White Signs

Courage Men! Rolls'll Come

The most delicious delicacy that St. Sgt. Edward «Mother» Liebold could think of was Parker House rolls. All the long way through Sicily and Italy he promised this treat to fellow members of his outfit, whenever they bitched about the food.

It fell to the lot of Pfc. Lawrence Hall, Providence, R.I., to make this pipe dream come true. A clipping reached him recently, saying that a friend of his, Mrs. Lida Young, Woonsocket, R.I., was retiring from the police department to bake Parker House rolls for her friends.

Hall is writing Mrs. Young for his platoon.

Jerry walked away.

The mortar squad remained in this spot about 15 minutes, then began taking the guns down. Much to the three GI's relief, the squad moved far enough this time for them to slip away, collect the rest of the patrol, and head for friendly ground.

They aren't artists and admit it, yet they're credited with most of the artistic handiwork decorating the highways and mountain trails in the Thunderbirds' sector.

These GI's Better Walk Next Time

After it was all over with, the two engineers decided it would have been easier all the way around had they walked in the first place.

Cpl. Donald Gabrik, Minneapolis, and Pfc. Lape Turey, Las Cruces, N.M., borrowed a couple of bikes from some friendly citizens and set out on the rough road to check equipment they had at several important bridges.

Their mission completed, the pair started home. All along the road they caught hell from MP's who kept yelling something or other at them. When they got back, the Italians raised a rumpus because the rough road had flattened all the tires on the bikes.

And then to round things out, a second lieutenant tore into them. Orders were to keep all vehicles off that road. And that included bikes, he said.

The pair of engineers, Sgt. Jose Gonzales, Las Vegas, N.M., and Pvt. Santo Russo, Brooklyn, are the division's billboard and signpost men, and a good week's work will run them in the neighborhood of 50 signs.

They work neither by temperament nor by the book, they just paint what's asked of them, and at the moment everyone wants signs that read, «Mines.» A while back «By Pass» was most in demand.

The painters put most of their signs on wood and do their best to keep the supply well ahead of the demand, but because of this, there have been many times that they were forced to give away their signs to other outfits, for a pile of wood no matter how well painted is still a pile of wood, and mighty heavy to be toting around from area to area.

Large white signs are the biggest headache to them, for in leaving them to dry, they can be spotted for miles by an alert Kraut aviator. For this reason Gonzales has a pronounced aversion toward Italian paints — they take much too long to dry.

Gonzales and Russo make the most of materials at hand in their handiwork. Everything from old crates to ration boxes are used for the signs, and their equipment is American, Italian, German and what all.

GI's Poise Takes Beating In Air Raids

The Luftwaffe has been raising hell with the GI's dignity.

Pvt. Floyd «Bud» Harbaugh, Pittsburgh, was unloading a truck when the enemy planes came over. He jumped down and started racing for the nearest cover, a stone house.

On the way, Pvt. Woodrow Parkison, Muncie, Ind., tripped him. Harbaugh picked himself up, then lost his helmet. He bent over to recover it when along came Pvt. Hal Taylor and again Harbaugh was sent sprawling. He finally made it to the house.

Pvt. Joe Zoglio, Providence, R.I., hopped out of his peep when the enemy plane started to strafe the road. In his hurry he banged his head on a tree.

Then, when it was all over, he had to chase his peep. It had rolled down the hill.

Mauldin, 'News' Vet, Goes to 'Stars and Stripes'

Those of you who turn eagerly every week to the little black-type item headed «Staff» on Page Two of the 45th Division News no doubt have noticed this week that a familiar line is missing. We print it here.

Nevermore will that line grace its accustomed place. Mauldin has transferred to the Stars and Stripes after three years of slaving for the News. The temptations to leave were great; Bill could draw for the whole army instead of just the 45th, (and the 45th would see his stuff daily instead of weekly), while the Mauldin name would go up on a ground glass door of a cozy office with a radiator. Furthermore, Bill would be privileged to wear a little gold and black tab which says «Correspondent, U.S. Army,» and travel about all over Italy prying into the workings of war.

Bill came to the News in 1940 at the invitation of Lt. Col. Walter M. Harrison, then G-2, and officer in charge of the newborn News. He was the last of the original staff members to go. When he came to the News he was a beardless youth who was nobody. He leaves

as a beardless youth who has been featured in recent issues of Time, Life and other esteemed publications as the finest cartoonist to come out of the war.

Only the paper for which he worked has failed to present a feature on him, and it's time men in the 45th were told a few things about the guy who drew for them.

The cartoonist is a thin, intense,



Bill Mauldin

pale fellow who could use three haircuts in quick succession. He has apparently lost three pounds a week for the last three years, and remains blue with cold from

late August until early July of each year. Despite his fragile appearance, he has energy in quantity, and seldom quits work until long after midnight.

Bill has been responsible for much of the drive behind the News, and has in the past bedeviled the editor, the brass hats and the Italians into getting the paper out under impossible conditions. He's as brassy as the courthouse Civil War cannon, and has been known to borrow an AMGOT colonel's only peep for hours on end, and make the colonel feel that the News business was more important than governing newly occupied territory.

A lot of people have tried to analyze Bill's cartoons, including Bill himself. We'll only say that for some vague reason disputed among authorities on such subjects, Bill's cartoons simultaneously hit the nail on the head and bring a laugh. That's most of the time. Sometimes he tries too hard, and they flop, and nobody can understand it, least of all their creator. Most of the time they're raved over.

He's an artist of sorts, drawing helmets that look like helmets,

tanks that look like tanks, and, most important, soldiers who look like soldiers. Yet, when he tries to do serious work, the result is still a cartoon. And he has yet to draw women that look like women. This bothers him not at all.

Actually he doesn't even see women, except his wife, and when he wants to look at a picture of a woman he looks at one of the many photos of her he has scattered around whatever room he happens to be drawing in.

Although he's only 22, Bill has a son, Bruce Patrick, he has never seen except in fuzzy snapshots that suggest the kid moves around nervously all the time like his old man.

Leaving the News won't keep Mauldin away from the 45th. He'll be around almost any time, talking to the GI's and getting ideas. But they'll be for the Stars and Stripes, mostly.

That's all right with us. We've always known Mauldin was too good to stay forever on a paper where only a few thousand men could enjoy his work.

Bill still drops in to chisel fruit juice and bum cigarets occasionally. We'll give him your regards.

'Now Fork Over Those Shoes,' Screams Itie

It's still a mystery to the CO of the line company that found the Italian arsenal: who has the woman's shoes?

An Italian making a sentry beat along a vacant block in one of the towns the Thunderbirds recently fought in drew the attention of Pvt. Glenn Nichols, Hobart, Okla. The native tried to make his trips in front of the street appear aimless and wandering, but he was always where he could see the blasted ruins that stood in the center of the block.

One day, while the self-appointed guard was eating, Nichols and a friend of his, Pvt. Kenny Phillips, Pittsburg, conducted a little search of the area and uncovered a young arsenal containing Lugers, Berettas, poniards, fiftes, carbines, ammunition, everything needed to keep an army going. And nestled coyly in the middle of the noise makers was a pair of woman's shoes.

The two GIs took their pick of the weapons, then called in their friends. The CO himself appropriated a neat pistol.

About this time the Itie returned to find his cache a thing of the past, with everything gone except the worst of the carbines and the ammunition. The shoes, also, were gone.

Unfortunately, the CO was found without too much trouble by the native. He must have had a good story, because the next order to the company was to the effect that all the guns and stuff would have to be returned.

The rightful owner paid no attention to the black looks that were thrown at him as the articles were returned. When the last of the GIs had deposited his spoils, however, he threw a black look at the CO, who had been standing by.

«Where are the shoes?» he demanded.

Another call went out to the company for the shoes, but no one came forward with them. The officer was pretty disgusted by this time, anyway, so he shooed the fellow out of the area. Privately, though, he still wonders who kept the shoes, and why.

Love Walks Out With Rinq, Piano

Pfc. Theodore Potenski, Crook, Colo., got one of those letters from the States the other day. It pointed out that he'd have to get someone else to pitch hay for him on that farm when this is all over. Oh, yes, and he'd better start looking for another girl, too.

The girl he left behind up and married Potenski's best friend recently, a man who used to work on the Potenski farm. As if that wasn't bad enough, they used his ring in the ceremony.

The happy couple took with them a 700 dollar piano that the artilleryman had purchased for the home-to-be.

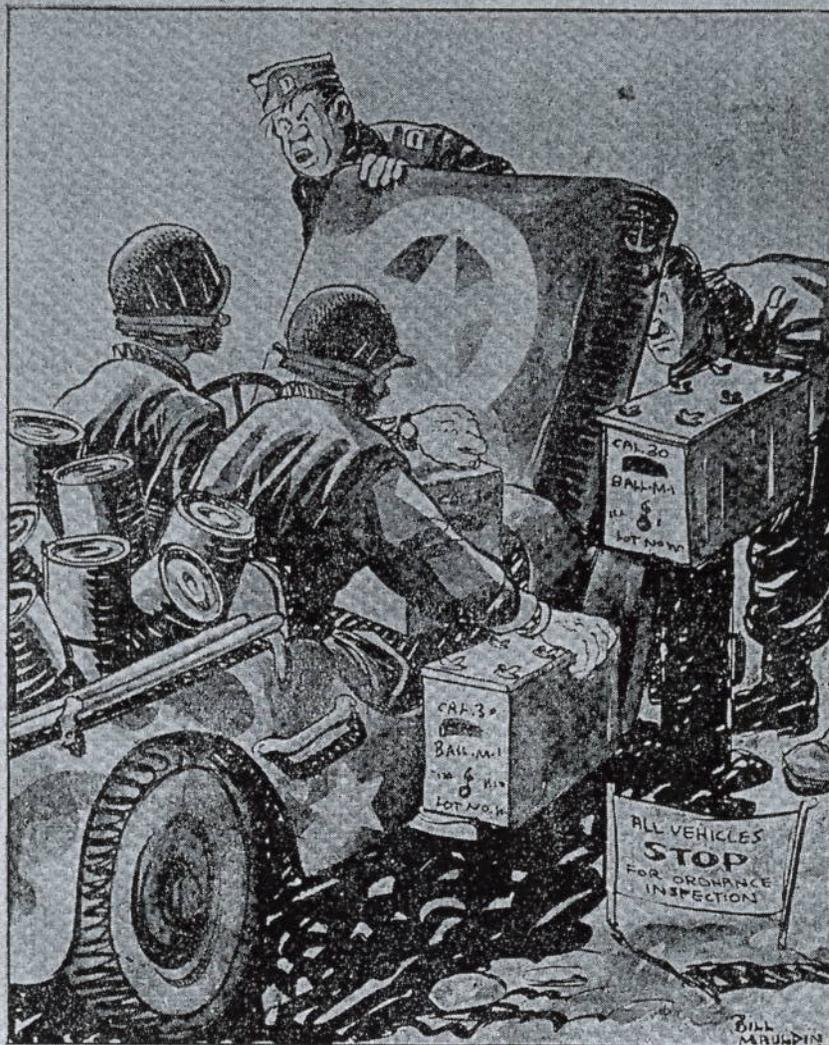
Mike's Tavern

(Continued from page 1.)

set out for the dunge'n to replenish his supply.

He was met by a lieutenant-colonel who wouldn't listen to reason and who properly informed the thirsty cook that the well had run dry.

STAR SPANGLED BANDER



«What's your CO gonna think when he finds out you got stopped fer havin' a dirty motor?»

Strozewski Leads In Air Raid Race

'Pop' Thesman Sweats Out Serial Letters

Recently Cpl. Herbert Thesman, Enid, Okla., received a wire from home telling him he was a father. No further details.

Impatiently he waited for further news of the new arrival and finally a letter came from his wife. The first two pages were full of cute things the baby was already doing, and Thesman was ready for anything when he started reading on the third page.

It didn't make sense, though. The subject was abruptly changed, with no hint of the reason.

He continued reading, however, and found that the first two pages were connected, as were the last two.

It wasn't until he had finished the last page that he found the reason for the disjointed letter. The post script said that the letter was being mailed in two parts, as it was too heavy to go in one envelope. Pages one and two and five and six were in one envelope, three and four in another.

Thesman still doesn't know what was in pages three and four.

Scores Thrice In Shelter Dash

The first thing Pvt. Walter Strozewski, South Bend, Ind., noticed about the new bivouac area the TD's were using was an air raid shelter ready-made.

The hole was plenty big — six by ten — well covered and camouflaged, and Strozewski marked it off as belonging to him.

At the first raid, he made for the hole slowly and wasn't there more than a few minutes when 11 citizens tumbled in with him. They were Papa and Momma and nine little bambinos, and they all looked at Strozewski as though he'd made off with the family belongings.

It bothered Strozewski, too, for he hadn't planned on being cramped in such a big hole. He also got the idea that perhaps the good citizens were coveting what he presumed to be his by right of eminent domain.

The next raid Strozewski was a little faster getting to his shelter, figuring that the 11 pizans might get there before him and bar his entrance. Again the covey of natives piled in on top of him, and again nasty looks were exchanged all around.

Each raid thereafter Strozewski stepped up his speed and, at the

Jerries Jump Out of the Pan Into the Fire

It's cooperation that gets results every time. Just ask 1st Lt. William J. O'Brien, Pittsburg, and St. Sgt. Billie Bennett, Arkansas.

The pair were both serving that day as FO's for a single battery of artillery. Their posts both overlooked the same terrain, but there were points visible to one man that were hidden to the other.

It was the lieutenant who spotted the tank before him in an open field. He went work on it, and before long a near miss flushed the crew out of their tank and sent them dashing out of the lieutenant's field of observation.

The officer sighed. He could still get his tank, but he couldn't get the crew.

But Bennett could and did. The Jerries had taken cover in an area under the observation of the non-com. It was his guns that finished them off.

slightest tweet of an M-1 Thunderer, the whole company would be out to watch 11 Italians and one GI race for a hole in the ground.

So far, Strozewski gets there first.

By Bill Mauldin Pin-Up Girl

(Continued from page 1.)

but not cakes; the very girls who support the state of Nevada by their marriages at Las Vegas and their divorces at Reno.

They want a girl who would feel at home in Sioux City, and they get the Belles of Palm Springs and Palm Beach.

We tried to oblige. We looked through five pounds of photos the movies sent us, and the best we could do was to run this photo of Maria Montez.

Now, there's nothing wrong with Maria except that she just doesn't fill the bill. She's another standard pin-up. But we're sending back to the States for a pin-up that'll meet Gun Section 2's needs. We'll print it when we get it.

Meanwhile, we're sending the original photo to Gun Section No. 2, and they can do as they like with it. But we don't think her photo will go up by the telephone as they'd planned for their own pin-up, to keep the guard company through long nights of waiting to relay firing orders.

When they get the right girl she'll be known as «The Girl We'd Most Like to Stand Guard With.» And that's what they'll do. Stand guard with her. Disrespectful remarks will not be tolerated. She'll be close to their hearts. She won't make their pulses pound; she'll make them look forward to home. Home with a kitchen pervaded by cake smells. Home with a girl like THAT coming to the door in a print dress.

Lesson: Don't Jump Commands

It was pretty hot, and there was too much opposition for the little patrol, so Sgt. Melvin Marshall turned to St. Sgt. Maurice Cohen and suggested they get the patrol together and go back.

Too late. The patrol had gotten itself together and gone back.

Noncom Whirlwind Hits the -er- Dirt

It happened. St. Sgt. Lewis E. Whirlwind, Claremore, Okla., was passing the time of day at the company's straddle ditch and pondering great thoughts when a flight of Focke-Wulf's made their appearance.

Guns opened up from all over, and Whirlwind found safety flat on his face at the bottom of the straddle ditch.

Shellin Is Shockin, QM Boys Discover

Some of the 45th boys were a-round when a colored QM outfit moved into the battle zone for the first time. Before long a German shell plopped into the middle of the area.

«Was anybody hurt?» someone asked.

«No, suh,» came the reply. «There wasn't nobody hurt, but we sho got a mess o' shell shock.»

TO Gets Candy

Topkick Bob Cole, Medics, has fed the detachment mascot, «TO,» life savers since it was bought in Palermo as a two weeks old pup. Now, when TO gets hungry, he makes a search of Cole's bedroll and always finds a package left there for him.