

# 45<sup>th</sup> Division News

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France - September 6, 1944

## Thunderbirds Infantry Company Wins Distinguished Unit Badge

Company I of a 45th Division infantry regiment this week became the second division company to receive the Distinguished Unit Citation. Men in the company will wear the blue badge with the gold frame, and the company guidon will henceforth sport a battle streamer.

On February 16 the company took up a position in front of crossroads which were the intersection of two supply routes. The orders were to hold until dawn. Rations, water and ammo were supplied for only that period.

But there was increased enemy activity during the night, and it

became evident that it was necessary to prepare to withstand another German attempt to wipe out the Anzio beachhead.

At dawn, instead of withdrawing as planned, Company I remained in place to receive a tremendous enemy artillery barrage, loosed in preparation for the assault. Throughout the day the artillery continually fell upon I Company, and before long all communications to battalion had been cut off.

At dusk the artillery was lifted and the German infantry moved in to attack. I Company beat back the Germans after stubborn resistance.

The following days — I Company stood fast from February 16 to February 21 with only 24 hours

supplies — the Germans launched six small scale infantry attacks on the position.

Enemy tanks came up and attempted to dislodge the valiant company firing direct from distances of 300 to 1400 yards.

Despite heavy enemy pressure, exposure to bad weather, insufficient water and rations, I Company held the position to eliminate the threat to the solidarity of the beachhead.

The citation will be carried in War Department general orders. The second battalion of the same regiment also has the Distinguished Unit Citation.

## Antwerp Freed, Report British Enter Holland

Rolling through Belgium with undiminished speed, British forces took Antwerp, famed Belgium port. German forces apparently left in haste because the city was undamaged and Allied authorities predicted early use for the harbor area.

The prime minister of Luxembourg reported British units had entered his country.

Advanced English forces were reported last night to have entered Holland, and while there was no confirmation of this in Allied headquarters authorities said it was "probable."

Canadian troops rolling up the coastal area were reported five miles from Boulogne where, it was expected, there would be a battle with German troops defending the city. Other forces were reported 15 miles from Dunquerque.

It is estimated that thousands of Germans are trapped around the Seildt River. One thousand Krauts were captured in Lille alone, and many of the prisoners are being taken in a drunken condition, abandoned by their officers but left with a large amount of whiskey.

Complete security silence surrounds the movement of American forces pushing through east France, but Allied headquarters reported stiffening Kraut resistance as our troops near the Reich border.

The 19th German Army, or what's left of it, is in full flight up the Rhone Valley in the South. Prisoners taken since the start of the campaign now number 65,000, and many thousands more have been shot up or killed.

A German counterattack launched north of Bourg was reported broken, but the exact position of Allied forces here is not given.

Military commentators predict that Germany will not be able to salvage more than one complete panzer division from the battered remnants of her 19th Army.

A new Russian offensive is in full swing to the northeast of Warsaw, according to reports from Moscow. Yesterday over 100 towns and villages were liberated in this sector alone.

To the South where the Red Army is sweeping on toward the Yugoslav border, Blasau, key Rumanian communications center, was taken together with 150 towns and villages. In Rumania the last German troops were being captured or killed.

German reinforcements were being rushed from central sectors of the Gothic Line to plug the deep gaps made in their defen-

ses along the Adriatic coast. Meanwhile, British and Canadian forces were making slow headway against panzer and paratroopers fighting from a ridge just across the Conca River and six miles south of Remini. This desperate defense is the only real line between the Eighth Army and the Plains of Lombardi.

Allied medium bombers continued their attacks on German supply routes in Northern Italy and sub pens in Genoa.

A powerful task force smashed at Jap bases from the Bonin Islands to the Volcanos, just 700 miles south of the Japanese mainland. Twenty one Jap ships were destroyed together with 85 planes. Five of our planes failed to return to their carriers.

The British Admiralty announced new attacks on the German warship, Tirpitz, in Norway. Several hits were scored and over 15 other ships were damaged.

## Quick Swim Nearly Fatal For MP Pooch

Angelina, a white wire-haired dog of mixed breed, pride and joy of a regimental MP detachment, created a minor disturbance recently because of her unexplained urge to go swimming.

Progress of the regiment was upheld for a few hours when the retreating German blew up a large bridge which had spanned a swift river. While the engineers hastily constructed a pontoon bridge, oncoming vehicles became massed in the vicinity and Angelina was in one of the vehicles.

While drivers and troops scanned the skies expectantly for an enemy air attack, Angelina trotted toward the river. She waded into the shallow water 100 yards above the pontoon bridge, plunged into the swift current and started swimming toward the opposite side.

All eyes turned to Angelina as the powerful undertow swept her toward the bridge, which cleared the water by the barest margin. Then Angelina, her head barely showing, suddenly disappeared beneath the construction.

A long minute elapsed, then a great sigh passed over the onlookers as Angelina, still paddling valiantly, rose to the top of the water on the opposite side of the bridge.

She finally was rescued by Pfc. Mike Lipka, Winsocket, Rhode Island.

## Nearby Jerries Safe with Alfred

"It was my first chance to kill a German in 14 months overseas and I missed," regrets Pfc. Alfred G. Stringer, Philadelphia.

Al fired a whole M-1 clip at the three Krauts from 25 yards, and the Krauts are all still un wounded members of the Wehrmacht.



Captured Krauts sun themselves in the PW enclosure, and wonder a bit how they happened to wind up in this predicament. They thought the 45th was in Italy, and now...

## A SILLY QUESTION TURNS OUT SANE

The MP's who direct traffic along the division route spend a good deal of their time answering foolish questions, and Pvt. James Ransom, Murfreesboro, Tenn., is no exception.

A peep pulled up beside him at his post.

"Seen my wife around here?" asked the lieutenant driving. Ransom wanted to know who was kidding who. The lieutenant, though, wasn't kidding anyone. He was a French liaison officer with the division, and his wife lives in this sector.

## HANS TELLS PAIR HE'S A GERMAN

Sgt. Grover Wood, Atlanta, and Pfc. Sammie Blanco crouched in the darkness and listened to the tanks pull to the side of the road.

"Aw, they're American," stated the sergeant.

"Hans!" called a voice from one tank.

"Ja!" answered another tank.

And two American soldiers, one of them very embarrassed, slipped away in the dark.

## Clerk Wins Combat Badge In Tucker's Task Force

Tucker's Task Force is what E Company calls itself, deriving it from the work it has been doing and the name of the company commander, 1st Lt. Lawrence Tucker, Tuscaloosa, Ala. The task force usually spearheads the battalion drives.

## UNIT RESERVES' FOR BOB NEALEY

Pvt. Robert Nealey, New Kensington, Pa., learned the hard way that instructions ought to be followed.

Nealey was told by his section sergeant, St. Sgt. Cecil Irwin, Woodward, Okla., to get the cooks up early enough in the morning to get breakfast on time, but Nealey forgot about it when the time came.

So, while the rest of the battery had hot cakes for breakfast (Irwin got the cooks up), Nealey munched a C ration and promised to do better next time.

Mild, bespectacled Spl. Howard Clundt, Brooklyn, is mail clerk for the force and usually remains behind at the company CP separating his envelopes and filling out money order applications. At times, though Clundt gets tired of getting second hand reports on the war and wants to get into the action himself. Besides, he was putting in his time for the combat badge.

On these sorties, Clundt pulls down the detail of first scout away up at the head of the point. The men in the company maintain he's pretty good at scouting, too.

In Clundt's latest bit of action, Tucker's Task Force spearheaded a battalion drive across a river and onto a little French town. And spearheading the task force was the blond Brooklyn mail clerk.

All the bridges over the river were gone and the recent rains had brought the level of the stream up to neck depth, and the current was strong. But Clundt raised his rifle over his head and stepped in. He was going to win him his combat badge, he thought, and the river was hardly an obstacle.

Sopping wet, Clundt ambled on into town and received the ovations of the French populace. But what was more important still was that Lieutenant Tucker handed him his badge when the company was reassembled in the town.

## Krauts Want Pilot More than Buddies

Pfc. Teddy Pilot, Lowell, Mass., took two prisoners, and marched them through the main street of a town.

Snipers opened up on him, more interested in bumping him off than they were in the safety of their fellow squareheads.

## Another Peril of Warfare: Ripe Tomatoes In the Pan

The Germans have presented one obstacle to the troops moving through the different towns. Even when they almost as formidable, danger. This is the welcome of the French people.

Pvt. Antony Yakatis, Brooklyn, was in the back of a peep full of MP's which was being given a royal welcome as it moved rapidly through a liberated town. Flowers, grapes, kisses; everything was being thrown at the grinning soldiers.

Suddenly Yakatis saw a man at the edge of the crowd taking a big windup, with something large and red in his hand. Sgt. Marvin Nail, Oklahoma, in the front seat of the peep, also saw the windup and

threw up his hands to catch the object that came hurtling through the air.

The man's aim was perfect. The huge tomato passed through Nail's hands and made a direct hit on the barrel of Yakatis's gun, which he had jerked in front of his face when he saw the object coming at him.

He spent next few miles of the trip trying to clean tomato from his rifle and clothes.

YOU KNOW THE FFI...

# They Kill With Rocks, Can Live on Grass

BY BILL BARRETT

You've seen them in your CP many times. They may breeze in about sundown with a couple of blurr guns slung across their shoulders. They're usually around just long enough to grab a cup of coffee and a K-ration, or to fill up the gas tanks of their disreputable cars, and then they're off again into the hills.

They're usually in a hurry because they're the men of the FFI — the French Forces of the Interior — or the Maquis, and they feel there aren't enough Germans to go around. So they hurry off to kill their Kraut before someone else gets him.

The FFI are the organized remnants of the French Army. The Maquis are the guerrillas of France, the little men-on-the-street who took up arms against an intolerable oppressor.

But who these men are isn't too important: it's what they do and how they do it that counts now. These men of the FFI and the Maquis kill, and they kill with a personal hatred that springs from four years of watching their fellow townsmen die at the hands of the Germans.

They kill with whatever they have handy — a stolen German rifle, a knife. They are receiving their first artillery support now and it's a luxury.

One infantry company had a small road block set up miles in front of the main body of troops. The CO investigated and found that the only units defending his flanks were FFI men. He conferred with their leader and suggested it might be wise to withdraw for the moment.

The FFI leader looked at the road block of two machine guns, a couple of mortars and a small anti-tank piece.

« Withdraw? » he cried in amazement. « Withdraw with all that artillery? »

These guerrilla bands have won the admiration and respect of the Allied powers, and more than one American or Briton has fought with them in the hills.

On record is the case of the two British flyers shot down deep in the heart of France. The first friendly party they ran across in their separate flights for freedom was a group of FFI warriors. Both Englishmen, strangers to each other, joined the same band.

They remained strangers for days. It was only after the leader found he could trust them that he introduced them to each other as fellow countrymen.

When the two English flyers reported to the division CP recently, they inquired whether they could obtain immediate transportation back to the coast for evacuation. They explained that if they couldn't, they'd like to rejoin the FFI and do a little more scrapping before they went home.

Then there's the entirely different case of George. George is a civilian Englishman of 60 years, a man who'd been a major with the RAF in the last war. When war broke out in 1940 he was working in the Riviera.

He might have escaped when France fell, but he didn't. He saw the job the FFI was doing and he joined them. He had fake identification papers made out and for four years he fought the Krauts in their own back yard, a man of 60 fighting next to youths of another country for another country. He smuggled arms, distributed the underground newspaper, struck and killed in the dark. His sector has been liberated now but George is going to stick around. He likes the FFI.

Co. F of a Thunderbird regiment reports one Frenchman who fought with them for days. Even after he was wounded he kept on carrying ammo to the mortars.

But that's the way they fight — hard and shrewd, making each opportunity count.

A small, animated Armenian dropped into division headquarters the other night for supper. He explained that he was with the FFI and things had been rough of late. As he wolfed his food he told the men that this was the first square meal he'd had in days. He'd been eating grass.

He didn't usually eat grass, he explained as he left. Usually he ate German rations which he captured himself.

But lately the Germans had run out of rations.

## Thunderbirds And Frenchman Take 200 Krauts

By MORTEN BERL

A French Patriot and three division soldiers collaborated to accept the surrender of 200 German soldiers who were trapped.

The soldiers 1st Lt. Peter J. Odo, Saddle River, N. J.; Cpl Oral (Bud) Gallop, Comanche, Okla. and St. Sgt. Fred O. Barton, Talaquah, Okla. infantrymen, were on a routine reconnaissance mission when they were confronted by the patriot. He had just been released by a German Artillery unit hiding in the mountains. The Frenchman told Odo that he had been freed in order to find an American officer to whom the Nazis could surrender.

Using every possible precaution, the lieutenant, carrying a white flag of truce, and his two men followed the patriot to the Jerry camp. There the Nazi officer in command politely handed his pistol over to the American officer, saying that he wished to surrender to the American forces and would be lieutenant be kind enough to guide his unit to the Yank lines. The Nazi then called his troops together and explained that they were prisoners of war and advised them to behave accordingly.

Within two hours the three Americans and the lone Frenchman had escorted the 200 prisoners to the 45th PW enclosure.

## George Feels TD Is Vengeful

It might have been an accident, but Pfc. George Beul, Syracuse, N. Y., feels it was jealousy.

Beul often boasts that when nobody is looking he knocks out Tiger Tanks with his carbine.

The other night a TD-one of ours—nearly ran over him in a ditch. Beul thinks they don't appreciate his crowding in on their business.

## French Chaplain Conducts Mass

Formerly chaplain aboard the French warship « Teste », Father Charles Foulon said mass last Wednesday evening for a Thunderbird infantry regiment.

After mass he related how he and the captain of the Teste were the last off the ship when it was scuttled in Toulon.



French Boy Scout Jacques Watel dropped into the MP CP to see how the troop was faring, and to pass around some fresh fruit... his good deed for the day. Above, Cpl. Matthew Ewadinger, former cop from Easton, Pa., is inspecting the Boy Scout's service stars, one for each year.

## A Local Host Finds Friends Nearly Fatal

First into a small French town were Pfc's Bill Topping, Merrick, L. I. and Victor Rodey, New Orleans. The populace welcomed them, bought them drinks and one who could speak English even invited them to his home for a meal.

En route, they met up with some members of the F. F. I. who had a lot to say in French, but neither Topping nor Rodey understood French, and they continued on to the English-speaker's home for chow.

Later, when everyone was having a good time, the F. F. I. returned and wanted to kill the host. They explained that what they were trying to do back on the road was to get the two Americans to go along with them and round up some Krauts in the hills, that the host wouldn't let them go and, as result, was a collaborator. Hence, they were going to do away with him.

Rodey and Topping had a tough time of it but managed to explain the English-speaker's way out of it. He wasn't killed.

## Foot In His Face Doesn't Please Will

« And the shell wasn't even close », muttered Cpl. Willard Henson, Poteau, Okla., as he glared at the figure of Pvt. Robert Nealey, Pennsylvania and enderly fingered his scratched face.

Two nights before several shells had whistled over the battery area, none landing near. They didn't bother Henson, who was nestled in his slit trench.

They did bother Nealey however who was on guard at the time. He took off across the area for a ditch but forgot to pay any attention to where he was stepping. Consequently he was surprised to have a figure suddenly come to life under his foot, which isn't small, and shout: « Watch where you're going, you big ox ».

## BROTHERS UNITED IN ARTY OUTFIT

In Naples some time ago, Pvt. Thomas L. Kee, Newman, Ga., met his brother, Pvt. William M. Kee. Tom was in a station hospital, in the bed pan department, and Bill was and is a member of a division artillery battery.

They compared notes, and Tom decided he'd prefer life in the artillery to life in the hospital. He applied for a transfer.

Now the brothers are in the same battery. Tom's transfer came through just in time for the invasion.

## MORTARS FINALLY GET TO THE POINT

« It must have been a mistake. » the boys explain.

Somehow the mortar section, in the care of Tech Sgt. Patrick Williams, Burgaw, N. C., became the point of the advance for the first time in their careers.

They captured seven Germans too, according to Pfc. Roy D. Anderson, Brooklyn.

## By the Right Flank...

Next time a cute little French gal asks you what the « eagle » is on your arm, tell her it's a « oisson de tonner ». That's pronounced — more or less — « wasso de tonnay » and it's French for a Thunderbird. \*

Division MP Pvt. Ernest Dorr, North Scituate, Mass., wants to meet a couple of other Thunderbirds. John Pelletier and Sam Coleman, Cohasset, Mass. Thé News will forward any correspondence. \*

Lt. Colonel William Grace, infantry, was inducted into the French Cadet Corps as a buck private recently. A French lad asked the colonel if he would honor the unit by becoming a member, and the Colonel obliged. \*

The men of A Battery lay claim to having had more delicacies since hitting France than other outfits. Their mess sergeant, St. Sgt. Albert Williams, has fed them either hot biscuits, oatmeal cookies, or cake every day. \*

Maybe some other dogface was first to bake bread in Southern France but Pfc. Vincent J. Leotta, Brooklyn, infantry, says he's the first one here to bake pastry. Leotta turned out a super-duper « Angel Layer Cake » for members of his unit. \*

Quartermaster Pvt. Bill Hoskins Oklahoma City, has a valuable souvenir of France. A gal gave him a 100-dollar French gold piece on a chain as a memento. \*

Pfc. Charlie Ishmael is about ready to give up accepting invitations from French families. Twice he has made plans, only to have them cancelled at the last moment by orders for his outfit to move out. \*

Engineer at Division headquarters, Pvt. Fred Muehlbacher, Germantown, Pa., can't set up his tent like everyone else at the CP till he strings 35 lights throughout each new area. \*

Cpl. Reggie Dull, artillery, isn't cool toward the civilians, he's just careful. Moving through a little town on convoy, Dull reached out to shake hands with the populace. What with the moving car and French enthusiasm, Dull almost lost his right arm. \*

Cook, Pvt. Athen Kosta, Brooklyn, figures he's been kissed 491 times since he's been in France. \*

Information MP's Cpl. Al Porter, Philadelphia, and Pfc. George Reagan, Des Moines, had their portraits drawn by a Parisienne artiste. There was no charge. \*

Ordnance Co. has two dog mascots. « Butch » is the brains of the pair and can do everything except talk. « Sad Sack », with four amphibious assaults to his credit, is, as might be expected, rather dull. \*

Ducks don't make good pets, so mess sergeant Raymond Aikers, Abilene Texas, gave the two he had to a little boy. \*

MP Pvt. Norbert Thibault, Cranton, R. I., has a lament: « We're moving so fast we don't have any chance to tack up off limits signs. » \*

Second Lt. Barfoot, Co. L., demands a credit line on the towns his outfit liberates. The first American flag he planted in a little town back on the coast bore the sign: « This town taken by Co. L. » \*

The difference between Italy and France, according to Pvt. Charles Pappacene, The Bronx, is that here the adults ask for bon bons to give to the children, and the children ask for cigars to give to papa. \*

Some places in France there are two prices, one for civilians and one for Americans. Pvt. Charles Helfman, Brooklyn, reports. At one cafe the French paid 120 francs, a bottle for champagne. GI's paid 100 francs for the same article. \*

Happy indeed was Pvt. Grady Brown, an Oklahoma medic, when he got hold of a German half track. He gassed it up, started it and it threw two rods through the block. He should have used diesel oil, he discovered. Too late. \*

« What kind of soldiers are we fighting? » asks the second platoon of F Co. A scout car they knocked out was carrying women's silk hose, brassiers, and other even less mentionable garments. \*

Given to making gestures of Pvt. Charles O. Howell, Valdosta, Ga. He shaves without blades in his razor. He says he saves face. \*

Pvt. Donald Rock, Cincinnati, and the FO party set up by invitation in an inhabited house, and were honored guests of the family for a four-day period. \*

When Sgt. Robert Roebeck, Anadarko, Okla., had finished giving away all his stripes and Thunderbirds to the French, he started giving away those of his section. A stop has been put to that. \*

One of the infantry outfits has a 59-year-old Russian following them around who has a definitely pessimistic outlook on life. Recently he fired his carbine at a German tank and was cautioned by other members of the platoon. He replied: « We were born to die. » \*

An infantry G company put its messkits in its rolls, and lost the rolls. They ate out of pasteboard boxes, which they didn't have to wash. \*

Somewhere in France his men hope to find a cowboy hat for Capt. Noble Riggs, infantry, to go with his boots, scarf and swank holster. Cpl. Ted Lipzer, McKeesport, Pa. \*

There was coffee but no canned milk, so Pfc. John Haynie, Bryson City, N. C., approached a cow that wasn't doing anything, and troubled her for a couple of squirts of real moo. \*

Contributions to this column are welcome. Address the News in care of our APO. \*

In June, St. Sgt. James Bernert, Cincinnati, ordered a pair of commonplace 10 1/2 E shoes. They haven't come, and the paddlefoot is about to walk through his remaining pair in this fast moving campaign. \*

Cpl. Ted Lipzer, Mc Keesport, Pa. got a radiogram saying his wife gave birth to a daughter. It's all right. He's a replacement. \*

The provincial flags of France bear a number of designs. In one is the spitting image of the Thunderbird. The Third division insignia is shown, big as life, in another. \*

Two Colorado men, Top kicks John Bolay and Harvey Vocke, were recently pulled out of a moving convoy to return to a bear area to make a recording for « Army Hour ». \*

The French housewife is « expecting », and if it's a boy the name will be Arthur, after 2nd Lt. Arthur C. Marshall, who was the first American soldier the woman met. \*

Cpl. Isaac M. Lunderback, Stanley, Va., celebrated his fourth wedding anniversary under a mortar barrage. \*

Just after the position had been shelled, the happy French gathered around for a dance at B battery. They brought a phonograph with French waltzes and Guy Lombardo and Wayne King records. \*

Two plugs of tobacco a week come to their artillery unit, and Pfc. Bill Vismiski, Harrah, Okla., and Pvt. Bernard Ewing, Tyrone, Pa., each likes to chew more than that. \*

Medic « Speedy » Williams says he served the first hot cakes on the southern coast of France. He dish them out to the Clearing Co. on D plus one. \*

Each morning a French civilian drops into the circulation office of the Stars and Stripes and asks for a copy of the 45th Division NEWS. \*

## 45th Division News

Capt. Louis Rosheger, Jr., SSO

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## Sleepytime Boy Almost Slumbers Through Landing

BY ROBERT PERKINS

Pvt. Walter V. Nevels, Liberty, Miss., is a conscientious soldier, but he has one bad habit. When he goes to sleep not even an artillery barrage disturbs him.

It was only to be expected, therefore, when he found a comfortable bunk on an LCI that he would soon be « out of this world ».

The LCI pulled alongside the troopship which was to carry him from Italy to the coast of Southern France for the invasion. Nevels' companions climbed aboard but the infantryman slept on.

Next morning the GI Rip Van Winkle awoke to find himself still aboard the LCI and safely back in the harbor. The Navy officer explained that they couldn't make the trip again for one lone soldier. They were in a harbor 20 miles away from his ship. He was told the best thing to do would be to hitch-hike a ride to the other harbor and report to the port commander's office.

Arriving there, Nevels explained the situation to several officers and was sent to another office. D-Day for the invasion was near. The whereabouts of the troopship he sought was a military secret. No one could secure any information as to its location.

Six hours later Nevels was feeling disgusted, tired and sleepy again. The lieutenant who was trying to help him had exhausted all official possibilities of locating the ship. But then he had an idea. « We'll try the unofficial way, » he said.

They went out on a pier and waited until one of the navy personnel boats pulled alongside. The officer asked a sailor if he knew where Nevels' ship was. He did and would drop him off on the way back to his ship.

Thirty minutes later Nevels was with his company and sleeping soundly. His exasperated first sergeant assigned two men to the special duty of awakening Nevels when they hit Southern France. They did, thus preventing him from missing the invasion.

## Heinie' Frets Over Borrowed Bike's Owner

A frown marred the looks of Pvt. N.R. Arruzzo, Stamford, Conn. Arruzzo was on guard at a crossroad, and he was frowning at a strange man on a bicycle. The man was a German, and Arruzzo was frowning with disapproval. The German was out of uniform.

The cyclist wore no hat. He had on a non-Kraut belt and a tan, non issue shirt. Arruzzo arrested the badly dressed Kraut.

Back at battalion the Kraut was forced to give up the bike, which he had lugged ever since he was taken. He said he had borrowed it. He wanted time off to take it back to the owner.

## GARDE ON GUARD FOR FIRST TIME

A German-speaking MP on duty at the PW enclosure overheard the German officers and non-coms plotting escape. The non-coms and officers, of course, were separated after that.

No escape was attempted because an extra heavy guard detail was drawn. For the first time, the first sergeant, Frank Garde, Marlow, Okla., did a guard trick.

## CASH PAYS CASH FOR VICHY WATER

After hearing so much about the French « white lightning, » Eau du Vie, artillery Pvt. Lester Cash, Gainesville, Ga., was only too willing to shell out hard cash, a chocolate bar and a pack of gum for a bottle.

Unable to speak French, Cash didn't get what he'd bargained for. Instead, he wound up with a bottle of Vichy water.

## Auto Crashes Are Hurting More Men Than the Enemy

So far in France, the medics reported the other day, a Thunderbird's chances of getting home alive have depended more on his ability to dodge automobile accidents than his ability to dodge enemy shells, mines and bullets.

« Most of our injured men have come in as a result of accidents rather than as battle casualties, » one medical officer said. « The division's moving fast, the roads are good, and there's a lot of driving. »

« The trucks are being driven too fast with heavy loads, and can't stop



What the well-dressed tankman will wear. This tank went rolling around France attracting more attention than the others, because one tankman wore a silk opera hat instead of a helmet.

## Is GI Fighting, Sick, Ill? Sometimes Nobody Knows!

Tangles it seems to take the whole war department to straighten out are resulting from the Thunderbird habit of not reporting in to the first sergeant when returning from the hospital, the AGO declared.

One man was wounded on Anzio, was duly reported wounded in action to his family, and the company papers showed he was in the hospital. But he had left the hospital, and returned to his squad without a word to company authorities.

The next thing his family, or the war department, heard, was from the Germans through the Red Cross. The guy was a prisoner in Germany.

But sometimes a man is listed as being in the hospital, returns to the front without reporting, is killed, no identification is found the body, and the family's insurance must be held up while things are straightened out.

Pay status, notification of relatives, pensions and other affairs are affected when the army loses track of a man on the books. A guy who is fighting day after day on the line, may be carried on the books as AWOL, simply because nobody in company headquarters knows he's there.

Another suggestion from the AGO is that soldiers should not only wear dog tags, but also put their names and serial numbers in their combat boot tops, or elsewhere in their clothing. Many unidentified soldiers are buried at Anzio, simply because nothing could be found on the bodies to show who they were. When no identification can be made, the man probably is carried as missing in action. And insurance payments must be held up a year until the soldier is « presumed dead ».

Men who are wounded and get into a British hospital, or in some other hospital where Thunderbirds do not usually go, should write their CO's as soon as they are able. They'll get their mail that way, and their families, who might have been notified they were missing in action will know the truth instead.

Sometimes a man drops out of his unit to spend a few days AWOL at some town. The unit goes into combat, casualties are suffered, and the soldier fails to answer the roll. The family is notified the man is missing in action. They grieve until the war department's second notification is dispatched. That one tells the family that the soldier has really been AWOL.

The AG also reminds GIs that regulations won't permit you to write anyone about a casualty for 90 days after it occurs. In the division several soldiers have written that their buddies were casualties, and worried the families of these men. And they were cases of mistaken identity: the soldiers reported wounded were alive and unharmed.

The AG has taken elaborate precautions for the identification and reporting of casualties, the officer reported, so that no mistakes will be made in reporting to soldiers' families, and so all claims and insurance may be settled promptly.

in time to avoid crashes, » another officer said.

And some Thunderbirds have wound up in the hospitals or have been killed because they drank, then tried to drive peeps over the curving mountain roads.

## Eleven U. S. Airmen Find Safety at 45th

BY BILL HARR

Eleven American airmen who were shot down over Southern France before the invasion returned safely to their own lines when forward units of the 45th penetrated deep into Nazi held territory.

### Life for Patch Is All Cut Plug And No Cuspidor

Candidate for the saddest hunk of life in the 45th division is « Patch, » puppy mascot belonging to MP Sgt. Elmore (Wendell) Wilkie, Lewiston, Me.

To begin with, Patch has worms. That in itself is trouble enough, but Wilkie believes the only sure cure for worms is a steady diet of plug tobacco. So Patch has been plugged with plug tobacco, the only visible effect being intoxication.

Being drunk most of the time, Patch insists, isn't nearly as bad as the hangovers.

One recent, cold morning after a big night of tobacco juice, Patch was sniffing around the area for a bicarb when he stepped on a bee. The dog cried for hours.

It would never have happened, he sobbed, if he hadn't been carousing the night before.

### FETCHES TANKS

When his company was pinned down by Jerry machine gun, sniper, and mortar fire, Pfc Marcus E. Ward crawled and ran 500 yards to contact the tanks. He led them forward and directed their fire so effectively that the Kraut positions were wiped out.

### Holy Chit-Chat

Catholic Chaplain Henry Pollack doesn't speak French, but he's found that it doesn't hamper him from talking shop with the French priests.

The chaplain conducts his conversations in Latin.



When the artillery hadn't any fire missions, the boys taught their dog, Joe to climb a ladder. Now you just show him one, and on he goes. Assisting Joe, but only by holding the ladder, are, left, Cpl. Robert G. Stubbs, Anadarko, Okla., and St. Sgt. John Gaudin, Hennessey, Okla.



First into a town was Chaplain LeRoy Raley, Cameron, Texas, and his assistants, Pfc's Alvey McCollister, LaJunta, Colo., and Raymond Bergeron, Williamansett, Mass. They were welcomed by the inhabitants, each of whom brought along several eggs, some included flowers, and one brought a dressed rabbit. Shown above are Bergeron, Chaplain Raley and McCollister preparing the rabbit.

They were sheltered and fed in a Maquis camp in enemy territory since they were shot down and all wore French civilian clothes.

Over Allied radios dropped to the Maquis by parachute they listened for every bit of news. When they heard our infantry units had taken village close to the Maquis camp, they left in a French truck, skirted the Nazi-held towns and reported to a line company's CP.

From the company they were shuttled to a regimental CP where they had their first American Army chow in France. Later, they were taken to Army to tell their story.

Second Lt. Richard F. Hirsch, bombardier navigator, and St. Sgt. Louis J. Capawana, turret gunner, both of Chicago, bailed out with four other crew members when their B-25 was shot down over Avignon — August 8 — a week before our invasion.

Nazi ground forces shot at the Americans as they floated down in their parachutes and three were killed, another taken prisoner. Hirsch was hit in the ankle by the tail of the bomber as it crashed.

After landing, the two evaded searching Germans and soon came across a small boy, who led them to a wood, then ran off to fetch his sister and civilian clothes.

After bathing and bandaging the lieutenant's ankle the civilians directed them to a Maquis camp.

« The French were wonderful to us, » said Hirsch. « They treated us like family. »

St. Sgt. William B. Erterline, Toledo, waist gunner on a Fort, parachuted in enemy territory July 12. Esterline and eight others were picked up by French patriots and taken to the camp.

Some civilian told the Germans the name of the patriot who aided Esterline, and Jerries ransacked his home, broke the furniture, beat his wife and overturned a crib with an infant in it.

Despite the fact that the Germans prohibited any ceremonies on Bastille Day, 600 French civilians gathered at an impressive burial ceremony for two dead American flyers. Jerry soldiers appeared and dispersed the crowd by firing shots into the air.

Eleven airmen met at the camp and were given clothes. There were 15 other Americans and six French flyers at the camp. One of the Americans, a captain, was badly burned and the Maquis summoned an Allied transport plane to pick him up. An American C-47, piloted by a British airman, landed near the camp but it was impossible to evacuate all the flyers. The 11 who reached the 45th were those left behind.

While living with the Maquis, the Americans helped the French un-pack supplies dropped by parachute. They also were armed with German rifles to help defend.

## American Flier Prefers the Air

Talking it over later, the boys in Co. F decided that the aviator wasn't unfriendly. He just wanted to get out of there quick, and they couldn't blame him for that.

He had been shot down over the front, this flier, and when they first saw him he was dashing down a hill out of enemy territory and Jerry tracer bullets were kicking up the dirt at his heels.

He didn't have much to say at the CP—just that he was an American aviator and this was his first trip to the front and he didn't care to stick around. Thanks.

Then he took off down the road at a good clip, and after awhile another Jerry sniper started cutting up the dirt around his flying feet.

## Cook Pots Krauts, Brings Home Bacon

Just as he was unloading his pots and pans and setting up his kitchen, Pvt. Anthony Massario, Dover, N. J., was shot at.

It was supposedly a quiet sector, but a Frenchman informed him there were still Krauts up in the hills. Massario picked up his M-1, loaded a full clip and set out.

He was gone only a short while, during which time there was intermittent firing. But Massario came back with five Germans and explained there were two others dead, on the hill.

## Liberators Ride to Town For Festival

The platoon moved down the road stealthily. Some of the men had their rifles at high port, and all of them were ready for trouble. Ahead of them lay a town they expected to find defended.

It was too quiet, like the town ahead was a large French truck. The platoon halted suspiciously and waited while the vehicle chugged nearer and wheezed to a stop.

An old bearded Frenchman stuck his head through the cab window. He came from the town, he said. The people were eager to receive their liberators. Couldn't he offer them a ride?

Could he? The men whooped and piled in the back end. They'd walked for hours and they were tired. The truck turned around and chugged into town.

As they neared the village they met a civilian on a motorcycle. The people in town had sent him to make sure the Americans were coming. He whipped his motorcycle around and sped back into town with the good news.

"I never saw such a reception in my life," confessed Pvt. Clarence Bourassa, Cohasset, N. Y. "When we piled out of the truck they handed us each a bouquet of flowers. There were flowers all over the place. Never saw so many flowers in my life."

"I gave mine to an old woman with tears in her eyes," admitted Pfc. Roland Robinson, Sycamore, Ala.

Sgt. Loren Slaton told about the bar.

"They took us down to a cafe they had opened especially for the occasion," said the non com from Lincoln, Ill. "We all drank champagne, good aged champagne."

The platoon set up road blocks at each end of town and every few minutes a little girl would bring them little cakes which were being baked on the other side of the village.

The villagers told the Thunderbirds that the only sugar they'd had in years was the amount the air force had dropped for them. But each of the little cakes had sugar liberally sprinkled across the top.

## Who Will Trade M-1 For Brassard?

Pfc. Harris is a company aid man with Co. F, and he likes his job fine. But for a few hours the other night he would have willingly swapped his red cross brassard for an M-1.

Harris brought a casualty back to the aid station and them set off in the dark to rejoin his company. He took the wrong road and decided suddenly that things were too quiet.

They weren't quiet for long. Down the road lumbered ten German tanks and they pulled into the clearing occupied by Harris. As neatly as if they'd planned it, the ten tanks surrounded him and he could hear the drivers bedding down for the night.

Then when things got quiet again, he heard something else.

"It was the guard they posted," says Harris. "At first I thought he had asthma, his breathing was so heavy."

Then it occurred to him that the guard might be sleeping, so he crawled away. It so happened the guard was sleeping so Pfc. Harris is still a medic for Co. F.

## HOW CAGLE WON HIS ARGUMENT

"You guys are supposed to dismount here," said Pvt. Guy E. Cagle, Centerville, Tenn., driver, as he pulled his six-by to the side of the road near the new CP.

The passengers put up an argument. They told him to pull on into the CP and let them unload there. Cagle was unwilling, but started the truck.

In the dark he hit a ditch, the truck turned over, and one load of GI's spilled out on the wet ground.

So Cagle had his way, and the boys were dismounted before they got into the CP.

## Dessicated Eggs Are Made Tasty

Sgt. Tony Grasso, Utica, N.Y., cook, got tired of seeing dehydrated eggs wind up in the garbage pail each morning and decided to do something about it.

One morning Tony turned out a batch of dehydrated egg omelets wrapped around slices of bacon. The boys came back for seconds.

## Pistol Packin' Mama Buffalos Krauts

They call her Pistol Packin' Mama. She's a chic French brunette, slim and tall, who marched 60 frightened Germans into the PW enclosure, aided only by a stray, unarmed GI, who served as guide.

She turned over the prisoners in good order, and clasped the hand of Pfc. Pete Peterson. The Californian's hand ached for two hours after the firm grip.

The enclosure boys pieced her story together. Her brother and her husband had been killed by the Germans, and she went to fight with the FFL. Twelve of the prisoners she had brought to the enclosure she had captured herself.

Her only arm was a small Italian

pistol. Nevertheless, the Germans were pale and nervous and scared when they reached the enclosure. They were much relieved to be delivered.

The 60 sturdy men had marched seven miles down a lonely mountain road at the point of the women's pistol. She didn't have a moment's trouble with them.

"There's a woman who knows how to handle men," said the slightly disabled Peterson.

Pvt. Bob Louseman, Louisville, got into a conversation with a German second loote. Why do you fight this war when you know you cannot win?

The loote didn't know Paris had fallen, and wouldn't believe it even when Bob showed him the report

in the Division News. He didn't know Rome had fallen. Bob forgot to ask him whether he knew Rommel had been booted out of Africa.

The loote commented that it was criminal to bomb German cities, and denied that Germany had blitzed England.

He couldn't be convinced that he had invaded Southern France and cracked the Festung Europa. He insisted we had arrived by parachute.

Back on the beach he turned out to be even more skeptical.

He didn't believe in the ducks he saw with his own eyes.

Two Germans captured by the division turned out to be man and wife. The husband was a pillbox designer.

### A 45<sup>th</sup> FIGHTER

**Father JOSEPH E. BARRY, C.S.C.**  
Catholic Chaplain from Syracuse, N.Y.

During a rush on the hill near San Stefano, Sicily, the regiment received many casualties. Father Barry, disregarding intense shrapnel fire administered comfort to the wounded and lent his to the dying. He then helped evacuate the wounded for this action Father Barry was awarded the Silver Star. And for meritorious service in combat in Sicily and Italy as chaplain, he was awarded the Bronze Star.

Graduating from Notre Dame in 1929 Father Barry returned to the university as an instructor of apologetics (religious). Later he joined St. Joseph's parish in South Bend.

At the Notre Dame Seminary, Father Barry played third base on the baseball team. He gives pride in recounting that this team beat the famous four Horsemen of baseball.

**Awarded the SILVER STAR for Gallantry in Action**

## Here's Why Tony Doesn't Like Radio

Crouching along the road with a radio on his back was Pvt. Anton J. Kanelstorfer, Vowgiac, Mich.

Then around the bend came three German tanks, their long-nosed 88's looming up all too plainly ahead of him.

Tony broke and ran, and he thought he'd unhitched his radio for greater speed. But one strap held. Tony hit the ditch, and the radio landed on top of him. Just as an 88 shell exploded nearby.

"I thought for quite a while I was hit," admits the GI.

## BOVINE VISITORS MAKE CALLS LATE

A strange noise awoke Pvt. Millard D. Rogers, Hillsboro, Ill., at 3 a.m. as he lay the field, wrapped in his blankets and shelter half.

A rough-tongued cow was licking the canvas covering.

Meanwhile, in another sector a bull was butting down the tent occupied by Pvt. Antony Shapenko, California, Pa.

## Tank KO's Gun With Some Help

Pfc. Thurman Smith, Eastland, Tenn., and others of his rifle platoon, were advancing on a tank at the head of the column. Suddenly three Nazi at guns opened up.

The infantrymen dismounted from the tank and began moving forward to take up the fight. Smith crawled to an open spot from which he could observe the Krauts. He directed the tank fire on the enemy positions and the American 75 mm. shells destroyed the Jerry weapons.

## Holt Relieved By Jerry GI

Tolling up the mountain with a case of K's was Pvt. Gerald Holt, Tullahoma, Tenn.

While he was thus engaged a timid German came up and surrendered to him.

Holt put the K's on the German's back, took the German's bayonet, prodded the Jerry in the right place to get results, and went on with his ration detail much happier about the whole thing.

## Nollen Gives Aid To Cut Off Squad

Pvt. Henry A. Nollen's platoon was pinned down by German machine gun and mortar fire. The leading squad was cut off from the rest of the unit and was suffering heavy casualties.

The Detroit first aid man, snaked his way to the wounded men and began administering treatment. When he a mortar shell landed nearby he led the injured riflemen to a culvert where he continued to administer to their wounds.

## Infantry's Guests Are Neglected

Infantry Pvt. Lee Brown, Houston, Texas, and the whole first squad spent two hours in the house after searching it thoroughly.

Then the artillery FO party moved in and the infantrymen moved out.

The artillerymen searched the house, too, and found two Germans

## Felix Has Company, Nobody Knows Why

The only man in the outfit who can speak French, Pfc. Felix Thieran, Gardner, Mass., went into town for an evening.

Early next morning, four women of assorted ages came to the bivouac area and asked the company commander where Thieran's tent was. They walked to his tent and waited patiently until he awoke.

Nobody but Thieran can speak enough French to know what the idea was. He won't say.

## SOMEONE MAKES A BAD MISTAKE

The squad was going down the road when someone gave the alarm. Three German tanks were approaching in a very businesslike fashion.

The squad ducked into the ditches, except for Cpl. Rollin Nichols, Joplin, Mo. He stood there are yelled:

"Aw, whose afraid of our TD's?"

## GUY NEEDS HAIRCUT, BUT NOT PEAVY!

When St. Sgt. John J. Malish, Osage, W. Va., came back to the bivouac area he headed straight for the wrong tent, reached in grabbed the pate of a guy he thought was his tentmate, and yelled:

"Hey, Peavy, you need a haircut."

It was Second Lt. Peter J. Doherty, Newton, Mass., who needed the haircut.

## Little House Is 'Safe' FO Liggett Says

It was just about as safe an FO as you could hope for. It was located in a farmhouse, the walls of which were a foot and a half thick. The windows used for observing fire were small.

There were just a couple of things wrong. There was no American infantry in the immediate neighborhood and the five American tanks that had accompanied the FO party coming up just disappeared after two had been knocked out.

But 2nd Lt. F.E. Liggett, Shelton, Neb., had a job to do, and he and his party settled down to do it. With him were Sgt. Charles Smith, Philadelphia, Cpl. Dick Borthwick, Dinuba, Calif., and Pfc. Rupert Rodriguez, Brooklyn.

The were enough Jerries around to shoot at. The enemy had an OP on high ground to the front and were pouring shells into our sector. So the first thing the FO party did was lay down a barrage of smoke shells that clouded up the mountain and had the Jerries firing blind.

But the Krauts continued to fire and a lot of their shells landed close to the little farmhouse. One hunk of shrapnel whizzed through the open window, bounced off the helmet of Lieutenant Liggett and imbedded itself in the wall.

Borthwick had his radio set up opposite an open door in an exposed corner of the house. From the door he could see a couple of German tanks just 200 yards away. There were other enemy tanks to the rear, so Borthwick would rush into the exposed room, tend his radio set, then dash back to another room comparatively safe. This got tiring after awhile, he says.

"I don't think the Jerries ever guessed we might be in that house," says the lieutenant, "because although things got pretty hot, we were able to stick it out and keep directing fire."

They did a pretty good job of it, too. In the eight hours they were up there they accounted for a German tank and a mortar emplacement. Biggest thrill was dropping shells into an area the Krauts tried to cross at intervals.

"We could see them plain as day," recounts the officer. "Every time they'd start across we'd drop in a concentration of shells that became tree bursts and sprayed all over the place. I'll bet we got 50 or 100 Krauts that way."

## They're Lightly Armed Task Force To Buck Panzers

This has been a very strange war, so Tech. Sgt. Linwood Brewster, Ridgeway, Va., and his men weren't much surprised when they got their instructions.

They were told to take two bazookas and some hand grenades, enter a town and knock off a couple of Mark VI's that were hanging around.

They got into the town, started to look for the tanks, then dropped into a ditch. They stayed there all night while a panzer division rolled past.

They said they thought they'd better not tackle the division without another bazooka.

## Message Delivered

### Finishes Enemy

When Nazi machine guns and mortars temporarily halted the advance of a rifle company, Cpl. Edwin V. Keim, Baltimore, volunteered to carry a report of the situation to battalion.

Although all routes rearward were covered by Kraut guns, Cpl. Keim ran, dodged and crawled under the withering curtain of bullets and shells to deliver the message.

At headquarters he was ordered to lead tanks to aid the company in short order the lumbering forts erased the Boche strongpoints and the doughboys moved ahead.

## Scout Drags In

### Eight Prisoners

Pvt. Harry L. Flynn, Denver, first scout in a Thunderbird line company, is credited with the capture of eight Jerries who were armed with a light machine gun and rifles near a small town.

Creeping over a level field under small arms fire to determine the disposition of enemy troops, Flynn encountered the Krauts as they were digging in. Despite their heavy armament, the doughboy took them prisoner and brought them in.