In Germany

T-PATCH

36TH DIVISION NEWS

Vol. 3. No. 3 | SUNDAY, 22 APRIL 1945 | WEEKLY

111th Engineers Teach Caution At Mine School

They call it the "mustard pot," but the simple title hides one of the deadliest training aids at the mine school run by the 111th Engineer Battalion. Couple the "mustard pot" with a collection of shu mines, teller mines, ramp mines, eismines, S mines and every trip device in the huge German arsenal, and you will see why the school is considered one of the best equipped of its kind.

To walk down the rows of mines and charts and displays with the school's supervisors, Lt. Lee Beahler, Jr., El Paso, Tex., and Lt. Arthur O'Connor, Jr., Brentwood, N. H., and to hear them talk about the exhibits, makes one think that they are mine collectors discussing their hobby. But actually, mines are their business, and they are enthusiastic about mines in that rather morbid way of men who have handled them for a long time. They have seen what the Germans can do with a four pound cigar box and a detonator, or with a complicated fourteen pound block of steel and wire and dynamite. They have put their school together primarily to teach caution, and not to museumize the deadly collection.

To that end, they not only work with charts and diagrams, but also with the enemy mines which they have collected. The students, who have come from the various regiments and battalions with the Division, are taught the textbook material on mines, but afterwards they have to handle the mines and familiarize themselves with them.

"We have one of the most complete sets of enemy mine charts I've ever seen," said Lt. Beahler, "and our collection of mines includes working and cutaway models of every mine we have ever encountered."

The first phase of the school's instruction includes daily talks by Sgt. James D. White, Detroit, Mich., and Sgt. Jerrel Julian, Commerce, Tex., on the enemy's utilization of the different types of mines. They stress the fact that the Germans have different kinds of mines for every purpose, and that they use no two in the same way. In mountains, for example, the Germans will employ many smaller anti-personnel mines, but in flatlands they will use teller mines and ramp mines, which are primarily defensive weapons against tanks. The talks include descriptions of the patterns the enemy uses in mining areas and the manner in which he camouflages them.

Booby traps take up a good deal of time. The standard larger German mines are all equipped for booby trapping, and the enemy booby traps his mined areas as well as houses and equipment and civilian material. The mine school has models of every type booby trap the Germans use, and Sergeants White and Julian devote a good portion of their time to explaining how the enemy rigs up his traps for the unwary—in everything from rifles to desk drawers to latrines.

The detonators used in mines are the most important feature, because to neutralize a mine, it must generally be defused or the detonator disconnected. The "mus-

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45th Commissions Former T-Patchmen

Lt. Col. Laurence C. Brown, Commanding Officer of the 157th Infantry Regiment of the Forty-Fifth Division, has forwarded the following information to the Commanding General:

"1. Technical Sergeant Robert W. Kirby, Jr., and Technical Sergeant David D. Cornwell, who were transferred from the 36th Division to this organization in January, 1945, received battlefield promotions on 7 April 1945 for exemplary performance of duty and high initiative and leadership.

2. We appreciate the high caliber of men who were transferred to this Regiment from your Division."

1940 Wiesbaden — 1945 Austin

The Division Commander, Major General John E. Dahlquist, examines the plaque taken from the 36th German Division, as the Assistant Divisional Commander, Brigadier General Robert I. Stack, holds it.

For its lightning advance through France in 1940, the German 36th Division was awarded a plaque which was placed in its garrison headquarters at Wiesbaden.

For its lightning advance through France, the American 36th Division was presented with the same plaque, which has been forwarded to Governor Coke Stevenson of Texas for placement in the archives of the 36th Division Memorial. History almost repeated itself.

The plaque was originally presented by a grateful High Command to the German 36th Division for its battles at Verdun and the Forest of Choiseul in the blitzkrieg of France.

Then four years later, the American 36th blitzed its German counterpart.

To the victor belongs the spoils. Believing that the American 36th had proven its claim, the 7th Army PWB presented the plaque to Maj. Gen. John E. Dahlquist, who in turn donated it to Governor Stevenson.

141st Regimental Commander Commends F Company Patrol

by Pfc. Clarence Lasky

Showing exceptional ability and courage, members of a patrol made of men of the first platoon of Company F, 141st Infantry Regiment, penetrated deeply into enemy territory on the night of February 13th, 1945.

The object of the patrol was to gain information of enemy defenses and strength. The patrol made its way through heavy brush and woods, and the men found it necessary in many places to work their way forward by creeping and crawling. In other places they waded through mud and water often hip deep. This progress was accomplished in absolute silence, showing the skill of the men involved.

While deep in enemy territory barbed-wire entanglements were encountered. In a daring attempt to outflank the barbed-wire and to determine what lay behind it, the patrol started to work its way across an open area which was flooded with water. As the patrol moved across this area, one member stepped upon an enemy mine, slightly wounding three. Again showing great courage and skill, the remaining members of the patrol quickly and silently applied first aid to the wounded men and began the tedious and dangerous task of carrying them to safety.

As these men were carrying their wounded buddies, they were fired upon. They remained with the three wounded men. Then another member of the patrol was wounded by small arms fire. When the

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V Minus 1

This huge cannon was left by the Germans on a railroad siding in the Division sector during their hasty retreat across the Rhine.

King Company, 143rd Opened The Road Through Bitschoffen

Night Attack Against Stronghold Penetrates Nazi Moder River Line

When the 36th Division jumped off for Germany March 15, there was one road which had to be opened at all costs. Along it two entire regimental combat teams were to move. And on that road, there was one strongly-fortified and garrisoned town which had to be reduced. The town was Bitschoffen, and King Company, of the 143rd Infantry Regiment was assigned the task of reducing the enemy positions there.

The attack began along the Moder River line at 0100, and six hours later King Company had overrun defensive positions calculated to withstand a battalion assault and opened the supply route for the regiments.

King Company went into the assault without having made a preliminary reconnaissance at Bitschoffen. It had been impossible due to the nature of the terrain. The CO, however, had been given some idea of the nature of the enemy positions from a unit which had occupied nearby La Walck. He knew that deep minefields had been laid, and that the lanes of approach had been covered by machine guns firing from excellent positions. He knew that the enemy was very sensitive to night patrols and was certain to respond vigorously to any preparatory thrusts of his company. He knew that he would have to attack over completely exposed terrain which offered absolutely no cover or concealment. But he knew also his men. Although over a third of them were reinforcements going on their first attack, their morale was high and they could be counted on to fight.

There was no artillery barrage for the King Company doughboys as they moved forward. It was a night attack and surprise was an important factor. At 0045 hours, the Second Platoon moved out to attack the town from the left. At 0100 hours the First Platoon moved out along the right of the highway to attack Bitschoffen from the east. All during the night the enemy had been using flares. As the slopes leading from the Moder River offered absolutely no concealment, the Germans almost immediately spotted the troops and opened fire with several machine guns. Apparently they hoped to bring answering fire that would reveal the exact positions of our troops, but the doughfeet held their fire and the Germans did not call down any concentrations.

Then the Second Platoon ran into the first of the shu mines. There were casualties, but the explosions also gave away the platoon's position. The Germans immediately responded with heavy mortar and artillery fire. The same thing happened to the First Platoon.

Said Staff Sergeant Frank Hazzard of the Second Platoon: "Although the terrain offered no concealment, we continued slowly forward until the machine gun, grenade, and rifle fire became so great we were forced to stop."

The attackers were plainly visible to the enemy, and the fire from the entrenched enemy was so intense that they were forced to withdraw.

Four tanks were brought forward, the company reorganized, and a second attack was launched. With two tanks on either side of the road, the infantrymen tried to maneuver around the minefields. The platoons moved forward and with them the tanks, but the enemy had minefields covering the town from every conceivable angle. Amidst exploding mines, fire from at least six enemy machine guns, mortar and artillery fire, the company was forced again to withdraw.

Casualties were heavier this time. The enemy knew exactly what Company K intended to do. Said Staff Sergeant William Trimpe of the Third Platoon: "We were unable to advance further. As we passed through an enemy mine field near a sand pit, four of our men had their feet blown off."

For the second time, King Company reorganized for an attack.

The Third Platoon went into the zone held by the First, with three tanks attached, while the Second Platoon went forward again with two tanks. Four tanks got stuck. The Second Platoon ran into another minefield. Exploding mines and heavy fire made it impossible to move, but the doughfeet stubbornly stayed where they were and returned the enemy fire.

On the right, the Third Platoon with one tank made good progress, advancing up to and through one minefield and taking prisoners as they went. By 0600 this platoon had overrun the enemy defenses on its flank and entered the outskirts of

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Pompous Ceremony Adds 56 Germans To 142nd PW Cage

Baker Company, 142nd Infantry entered badly-battered Dorrenbach, nestled in the center of heavily pill-boxed slopes, composing a part of the vaunted German Westwall.

Fighting had been extremely tough for the Texan doughs, and when the two Germans, under the cover of a large white flag approached 1st Lt. William Repke, Newark, N.J., he was ready for anything.

As Lt. Repke stepped forward, he was handed an envelope addressed to the "Next Allied Officer." He read the letter and learned that an officer and 55 men wished to surrender at once. Fearing a trap, Lt. Repke assembled the 2nd Platoon and followed the two German scouts to a double-decked, company-sized pill-box.

When the lieutenant entered, the German commander called his men to attention and formally surrendered himself and the 55 men.

It proved an impressive ceremony, but even more impressive was the spectacle of the long German column moving through the streets of Dorrenbach toward the PW cage.

These MGs Snorted

Their machinegun set up in a barn, Pfc. Harold R. Glover, Canaseraga, New York, and several of his 142nd Infantry buddies waited for developments.

Hearing someone open the barn door, Glover alerted the crew. Then he crawled on hands and knees toward the noise until he came face-to-face with two snorting, disgruntled hogs.

T-PATCH

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Goodbye, Mr. Roosevelt

We must say "Goodbye" to Mr. Roosevelt, and we regret to say "Goodbye." Mr. Roosevelt was America's greatest democrat (spelled with a small d). America and the world will place him high on their list of great. He was such a human man—afflicted by the diseases that other men have. He had such a human family—wife talked too much, kids always in a scrape. He loved people. People loved him, loved him too much; made him President too long.

Yes, he was our greatest democrat. He had complete faith in the people. That's the test of a democrat. Honestly explain, point out, demonstrate; then let the people decide. Let the people decide, it's their problem. That's a democrat. Roosevelt knew people that are hungry, cold and afraid cannot think. That was 1932. Remember 1931, 32, 33? Fed people, warm people, reassure them—sure, spend money. Let the people think, a democracy must have people's decisions. That was the democrat Roosevelt.

The were few fundamental changes in the Roosevelt administration. He did many things as emergency measures. Some things he did in an effort to push the people to a decision, make them face the problem, make plain the burdens of a democracy. That was the greatness of our President.

Now America has a new President, but America's burdens are unchanged. We may make our decisions a little louder, a little plainer, but we must make them honestly and confidently as we reverently turn to say, "Thanks and goodbye, Mr. Roosevelt."

P. J.

Goodbye, Ernie Pyle

In saying goodbye to the infantryman's favorite war correspondent, Ernie Pyle, we reprint a column he wrote while with the 36th Division in Italy, December 1943.

"In this war I have known a lot of officers who were loved and respected by the soldiers under them. But never have I crossed the trail of any man as beloved as Captain Henry T. Waskow, of Belton, Tex.

Captain Waskow was a company commander in the 36th Division. He had led his company since long before it left the States. He was very young, only in his middle twenties, but he carried with him a sincerity and a gentleness that made people want to be guided by him.

"After my father, he came next," a sergeant told me.

"He always looked after us," a soldier said. "He'd go to bat for us every time."

"I've never known him to do anything unfair," another said.

I was at the foot of the mule trail the night they brought Captain Waskow down. The moon was nearly full, and you could see far up the trail, and even partway across the valley below.

Dead men had been coming down the mountains all evening, lashed onto the backs of mules. They came lying belly-down across the wooden packsaddles, their heads hanging down on one side, their stiffened legs sticking out awkwardly from the other, bobbing up and down as the mules walked.

The Italian mule skinners were afraid to walk beside dead men, so Americans had to lead the mules down that night. Even the Americans were reluctant to unlash and lift off the bodies when they got to the bottom, so an officer had to do it himself and ask the others to help.

I don't know who that first one was. You feel small in the presence of dead men, and you don't ask silly questions.

They slid him down from the mule, and stood him on his feet for a moment. In the half-light he might have been merely a sick man standing there leaning on the others. Then they laid him on the ground in the shadow of the stone wall alongside the road. We left him there beside the road, that first one, and we all went back into the cowshed and sat on water cans or lay on the straw, waiting for the next batch of mules.

Somebody said the dead soldier had been dead for four days, and then nobody said anything more about it. We talked soldier talk for an hour or more; the dead man lay all alone, outside in the shadow of the wall.

Then a soldier came into the cowshed and said there were some more bodies outside. We went out into the road. Four mules stood there in the moonlight, in the road where the trail came down off the mountain. The soldiers who led them stood there waiting.

"This one is Captain Waskow," one of them said quietly.

Two men unlashed his body from the mule and lifted it off and laid it in the shadow beside the stone wall. Other men took the other bodies off. Finally, there were five men lying end to end in a long row. You don't cover up dead men in the combat zones. They just lie there in the shadows until somebody comes after them.

The unburdened mules moved off to their olive grove. The men in the road seemed reluctant to leave. They stood around, and gradually I could sense them moving, one by one, close to Captain Waskow's body. Not so much to look, I think, as to say something in finality to him and to themselves. I stood close by and I could hear.

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Chaplain's Column

Some time ago, as I was arranging services for an army chapel, I was told that I should put on a show. With all due respect to the individual's desire to see the chapel attendance increased, I could not share his idea of patronizing the sensational and spectacular. It is my belief that the Master would have us go about our work not in a flashy manner, calling undue attention to ourselves, but sincerely endeavoring to live and preach the gospel of Christ. Great crowds are sometimes desired but Christ has said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

The Christianity that counts is clear-cut. The individual devoted to it has a definite experience of Christ in his heart. He knows that although he was once lost in trespasses and sin, he has been born again. It is one of the great experiences which he will never forget. The demarkation line is very plain. The decision has been made, once and for all. He has settled it to go through with God, whatever the cost.

Again the Christianity that counts is constant. There is scarcely any virtue deserving higher appraisal than that of faithfulness. An individual that starts out with God should set his face like a flint toward the one objective of doing His will. If he does this, he will not swerve from the beaten path of duty. He may be slighted. He may be completely ignored. Still he can be counted on through it all. His behavior is not determined by weather conditions, changing environment nor any other thing. The Spirit of Christ, working within him stabilizes him so that he can be counted on.

Christianity that counts is consecrated. The Hebrews freed their servants every seventh year. Occasionally a servant who loved his master would insist on becoming a lifelong slave. This was done by piercing his ear through with an awl. From thenceforth and forever, he was a part of that household. Because a Christian loves the Master, he gives himself unreservedly and forever. No love is more dynamic to his life than the love of Christ.

Again, Christianity that counts is commendable. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant"—this is the greatest goal of life.

WILLIAM T. ARMSTRONG
Chaplain, 143rd Infantry.

Inquiring Photographer

THE QUESTION: "What would you do with Hitler if you captured him?"

Sgt. VICTOR DAVIDSON, Friendship, N.Y., squad leader with Company B, 142nd Infantry: "I'd make him broadcast to his own people, then maybe they would all quit. Perhaps we could go home sooner. After that I would turn him over to the one that wanted him the most."

Pfc. ROBERT M. ZIECH of Millur, Wisc., rifleman with Company F, 142nd Infantry: "I'd work him until he was so weak that he couldn't work any more. Then I'd give him just enough to eat to keep him alive. As soon as he was able to stand—back to work he'd go. I'd keep this up until I could think of something better to do to him. You can bet that working would be the easiest thing I would have him doing."

S/Sgt. J. M. HAARBURGER, New York City, POW interrogator: "I'd let out my personal feelings toward him, then strip him and make him crawl at least a 100 yards. I would put him on bread and water until he almost starved to death. After that I would turn him over to the proper authorities."

Cpl. EDWARD GALLAGHER, Jamaica, N.Y., clerk for Division Headquarters: "I'd take Hitler and put him on exhibition, and make a little money on him . . . that is, as long as the people would let him live. We could use the money to help pay the war debt, thereby saving the poor tax-payers a lot of money."

Pfc. LEO BERNARDI San Francisco, Calif., rifleman with Company G, 142nd Infantry: "If I should capture Hitler, the place to take him would be back to the company and let the boys work on him—the boys left in the company who have seen their buddies cut down by Hitler's men."

Cpl. SAMUEL M. BENTON of Charlestown, South Carolina, cook with 36th Division Headquarters: "I know what I'd like to do with Hitler, but if I told you, I'm sure you wouldn't be able to publish it."

Patient Deserts Litter, Medics

Sgt. William G. Hutchinson, Minneapolis, Minn., and his squad of medics were busy littering a patient toward the aid-station when a hail of screaming meemies came in on them.

"Before we could set the patient down and take cover," recalled Pfc. Murray Weinstein, Brooklyn, N.Y., "the guy jumped from the litter and took off."

"We all hit the dirt after that," added Private Ray Hines, Argyle, Kansas. When the barrage subsided, the litter bearers looked for their patient, but as Cpl. Sylvester Gonzales, San Gabriel, Cal., put it, "He'd vanished."

"It beat anything I'd ever seen," said Sgt. Hutchinson.

THE G-3 SECTION:

Tactics And Training From Africa To The Rhineland

by Sgt. EDWARD A. REINERT

One of the more important ganglia in the nervous center of a division engaged in combat operations is the G-3 section from which emanates the planning for training and tactics along such lines as indicated by the CG.

When the 36th landed at Oran more than two years ago to begin overseas training, the section was headed by Lt. Col. Joseph B. McShane. August, 1943 proved a feverish month for G-3 personnel as the division's role in the Salerno invasion gradually blossomed into fruition. Detailed planning included all the minutia of shipping space, order of the attacking waves, phase lines, and in general, who and what went where and at what time.

On D-Day, G-3 set up in a tobacco warehouse with the minimum of equipment carried ashore by pack. For the first time the tremendous pressure of combat operation was realized.

Month followed month, plan followed plan, always it was necessary for the G-3, now headed by Lt. Col. Fred W. Walker, Jr., to have the next operation mapped out, the possibilities inherent in the situation and terrain foreseen and welded into a coherent plan in conjunction with the planning of higher headquarters.

Through the corridor of Purple Heart Valley to the bastions of Monte Cassino G-3 continued to put out thousands of overlays. At Cervaro, neighboring the famed abbey, Lt. Col. Fred A. Sladen became the 36th Division G-3.

When the division was withdrawn to Southern Italy for several months, the G-3 section planned for new fields to conquer. Then came a short stay on the Anzio beachhead and the breakthrough at Velletri. From Rome to Campigliano G-3 planned the way within scope of its orders.

As the 36th trained near the quiet beaches of Gaetna and Paestum, G-3 set up shop with a divided section once more to work on a giant integrated master plan, the invasion of Southern France.

On D-Day, 15 August 1944, after an uneventful cruise, G-3 officers and enlisted men scrambled ashore at 0930 hours. The beachhead was firmly secured within a day and existing plans had to be hastily scrapped and new ones substituted.

Shortly the division was spearheading with divergent branches and task forces shooting out to either side, racing against time to cut off the retreating German 19th Army in the Rhone Valley. It took too long to make the cumbersome field order, so the short Operations Instruction was invoked permanently. At Montelimar the larger part of the German 19th Army was destroyed by the 36th Division.

After months of furious fighting against savage resistance, the 36th Division pushed through the Vosges, Alsace and into Germany.

For a period Lt. Col. Charles J. Denholm served as Division G-3. Upon assuming command of the 143rd Infantry Regiment, he was succeeded by the present G-3, Maj. Ross Young, with Capt. Fred A. Stallings as his assistant.

Sgt. Reinert, Newark, N. J., and Chief of Section, Master Sergeant Lester Chumbley, San Antonio, check the situation map in the G-3 office.

Sgt. Joseph Pulizzi, Brooklyn. N.Y., monitors telephone messages for the G-3 Journal.

Corporal Pipes German Organ

Before sweet music flowed from a little German church in a frontline town, no one in the 133rd Field Artillery Battalion, knew that Cpl. Joseph M. Varipapa, Brooklyn, N. Y., could play a pipe organ.

As the artillerymen entered the church, they saw "Pappy" perched on a stool, playing some of the American hymns they hadn't heard since they left the States.

FROM THE OTHER PATCHES

45th DIVISION NEWS: "Sgt. John Freeman, Venita, Okl., Thunderbird MP, brought in the biggest prisoner on the division blotter. He was a German captain, seven-feet, two-inches tall, and was nabbed by the 180th Infantry."

GRAPEVINE, 26th INFANTRY DIVISION: "It can now be revealed that the 'Yankee Division' had the distinction of being one of the two divisions selected to test winter clothing. The results of the test showed: A. The new winter outfits were a definite success. B. The men would rather be testing blue pin-stripes for Hart, Schaeffner and Marx next winter."

THE MULE, 75th INFANTRY DIVISION: "Cablegrams announcing the arrival of grandsons were received the same day by Maj. Gen. Ray E. Porter and Brig. Gen. Gerald St. Claire Mickle, Division Commander, and Assistant Division Commander, respectively."

THE FRONT LINE, THIRD INFANTRY DIVISION: "A German woman stopped the doughs of Item Company, 15th Infantry the other day by bellowing, 'Anyone here from Omaha?'"

CENTURY SENTINEL, 100th INFANTRY DIVISION: "The distinction of being the first Centuryman to step across the Franco-German border went to Capt. Fred Batrus, Washington, D.C., K Company Commander, 399th Infantry."

Overpass Bypassed

German engineers demolished this overpass along the autobahn running to Kaiserslautern from the west.

A group of 111th Engineers examine the wreckage of the bridge preparatory to constructing a bypass on the road leading north from Kaiserslautern.

A Shave Has High Priority Over Hun

Maybe Pfc. C. A. McMillan, Lubbock, Tex., has been overseas too long, but anyway, it seems that a shave is more important to him than capturing Germans.

Pulling his jeep into a town that had been occupied some two hours earlier by the infantry, the hatched-faced Texan went to a pump in front of the barn to wash up and shave.

He was on the delicate "upper lip stage" when an old German civilian ran up to him and with excited gestures made him understand that several Krauts were hiding in the barn.

Mac, an unarmed Medic, waved the man away with his razor und went on with his shaving.

Shortly thereafter the old man returned with two armed GIs who entered the barn and came out with three Krauts. As they herded the prisoners past Mac, he didn't even look up. He went right on and finished his shave.

Homefolks Curious, Confirms Sergeant

"When will the war be over?" was the question most frequently asked of Sgt. Curtis C. Rogers, Henderson, Tex., 132nd Field Artilleryman, during his 30-day furlough in the United States.

"Were you afraid?", "What time do you eat and sleep?", "Do you live in barracks?" proved to be other queries most commonly asked.

On the way home Sgt. Rogers traveled from Southern France to Naples to Oran to the United States. This route retraced the voyage that had brought him to France. The journey to the States took nine days.

Back in New York, the sergeant was immediately sent to Camp Shanks, New York. Traveling on a Pullman, with other Texas-bound boys, Rogers headed for Fort Sam Houston, where he was completely outfitted and payed.

"When I reached my home town, I felt lost," he explained. "The town hadn't changed very much. Food and entertainment were plentiful and the people were wonderful. But all my buddies had gone to war."

Reporting back for duty, Sgt. Rogers was sent to Fort Dupont, Delaware. There another eight-day furlough enabled him to go home four more days.

Returning by way of England, St. Rogers stepped into the orderly room of his battery exactly five months after he had left it.

Kirby Captures 20

Radioman, Pfc. Clarence Kirby of Knoxville, Tenn., 142nd Infantry, was following the rapid advance of his company when he was halted by a Jerry who asked where the Americans were.

"They're all over," replied Kirby.

The German shouted to his comrades in a nearby pillbox. "It's safe now," he yelled.

Twenty more Germans were added to Able Company's PW count.

Frankenstein, Germany, Lacks Only Hollywood's Monster

By John A. Westenberg

The ruined castle on the rocky crag broods over that narrow church and the small village which wanders through the valley below. The castle is old, so old that it seems part of the rocks and turf from which it springs, and the trees and moss that grow around it seem as if they had grown with the castle since centuries past.

The church and castle of Frankenstein

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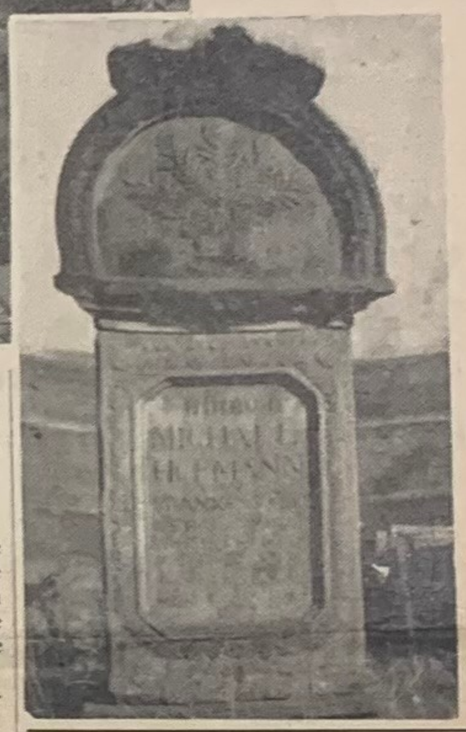
The tomb of the Baron von Frankenstein



Early in the morning, thick fogs swirl up to cover the ruins. They come from nowhere, to cover the high steeple of the church and to cloak the small cemetery that clings to the slope leading to the castle above.

The townspeople walk wearily along the streets, and the carts creaking through the ruts seem sometimes of another world, in the grey mists of the morning. The castle dominates the spirit and the scenery of the town.

It is the town and castle of Frankenstein.

Frankenstein. Remember the Baron von Frankenstein, and the wierd movie? Remember Boris Karloff as the monster, and the baron, the sinister baron from whom the German town took its name, the violent dabbler in medicine and the arts of witchcraft? The baron is buried now in the small cemetery climbing the hill next to the narrow church. His castle is in ruins. His monster is an ash in the road. But the town is the same as it was when the book was written, and the castle still looks down on the town, shattered but dominant.

Observers Score Two Bulls-Eyes

Cub observer, 1st Lt. Anthony T. Redden, Ambridge, Pa., and 1st Lt. Robert B. Mohney, Topeka, Kansas, pilot, flying for the 133rd Field Artillery Battalion, recently scored two bulls-eyes with the same artillery barrage.

Soaring over enemy lines, Lt. Redden spotted a tank below. He called in his fire mission, observed where the shell landed, made adjustments and then called for the battery to fire for effect.

Just as the battalion fire direction center radioed him that the rounds were on the way, Lt. Mohney called attention to an enemy personnel truck, barging along the road toward the tank.

It was too late to make corrections so as to include both the tank and truck, so both men hoped the truck would come within range of the already directed artillery barrage.

That's exactly what happened. When the smoke and dust cleared, the two enemy vehicles had been knocked out.

142nd Infantry Holds First Award Ceremony In Germany

by Pfc. Howard Jones

Showing exceptional ability and courage, members of a patrol of the first platoon of Company F, 141st Infantry Regiment, penetrated deeply into enemy territory on the night of February 13th, 1945.

Heading the list of Silver Star recipients was Chaplain James P. Sweeney, first chaplain of the regiment ever to be decorated. 1st Lt. William O. Repke and 2nd Lt. James G. Eberhardt were next to receive their Silver Stars. First among the enlisted men were Pfc. Ewel Bell and Pfc. Lawrence A. Butler, members of "C" Company's 3rd Platoon. Both received an Oak Leaf Cluster in lieu of a 2nd Silver Star. Bell was also awarded a Bronze Star Medal. Others to receive their first Silver Stars were:

T/Sgt. Ralph E. Cain, Co. D
S/Sgt. Russell E. Pierce, Co. A
Sgt William H. Heatherington, Co. A
Pfc. Omer Younkin, Co. A
Pfc. Frank L. Nahlen, Co. B
Pfc. John O. Gregory, Co. A
Pvt. Hubbert W. Aiken, Co. C

Five men who previously had received the Bronze Star Medal were awarded clusters. Sgt. Howard Nix, another member of C Company's 3rd Platoon, received his second and third Oak Leaf Clusters. The following received a cluster in lieu of a 2nd Bronze Star Medal:

S/Sgt. Raymond F. Simons, Co. D
T/4 Anton Jockich, Med. Det.
Cpl. Arvil R. Moore, Co. D
Pfc. Gerald U. Devins, Co. C

The recipients of their initial Bronze Star were:

S/Sgt. Henry V. Tyson, Co. D.
Sgt. Oscar L. Larrimore, Sr., Co. D
Pfc. Arty P. Ceresina, Co. A
Pfc. Elmer Sprehe, Co. A
Pfc. Clarence C. Kirby, Co. A
Pfc. Joseph B. Szelogowski, Co. B
Pfc. Abraham Amchin, Co. B
Pfc. Francisco W. Estrada, Co. A
Pfc. Jack H. Watson, Co. A
Pfc. Wilfred J. Morin, Jr., Co. B
Pfc. William Wilson, Co. C
Pfc. Robert E. Belcher, Co. A
Pvt. Russell W. Crow, Co. C
Pfc. Denzil A. Board, Co. A
Pfc. Henry J. Ehmer, Jr., Co. A
Pfc. Sumner N. Gay, Co. B
Pvt. Jose O. Hernandez, Co. C
Pvt. Joseph E. Arledge, Co. C
Pvt. Anthony T. Rogalski, Co. A
Pvt. Judas E. Levi, Co. A

The Immortal Pfc

By Pretsch, 141st

"Are you really a PFC—or are you just impersonating a non-com?"

Mine School

(Con't From Page 1)

tard pot," one of the newest types of German mines, is highly dangerous because it cannot be defused by any of the standard processes. As Lt. O'Connor explains it: "This is one mine which the Germans brought out to answer the engineers trying to neutralize mine fields. When the pin is removed, it is safe for forty seconds, and then it will explode at the slightest pressure on its top. The only way to handle it is to get a safe distance away and then explode it."

The "mustard pot" is not the only mine the Germans have developed to fool the mine detectors. There is the eismine, which is made almost entirely of glass. The shu mine was also developed for this purpose, a wooden container not unlike a cigar box, with a plastic detonator.

"There is one thing about the German mine systems," says Sgt. White, "which makes neutralizing them a slow business. Every mine is equipped with standard threads, and so is every detonator. When the Jerries rig up a mine field, they can rig up one mine in half-a-dozen different ways. The only way to deal with the mine fields is to go through them very slowly, taking out each mine separately, or else locating them all—which is just as slow—and then blowing up the whole works."

"There are so many mines they've laid," added Sgt. Jerrell, "that we've never found all of them. On some of the mountains, they just scattered them all over. Maybe ten years from now some Frenchman is going to go up on a hill and stumble over a mine."

Why We Fight

Thomas G. Hocker, Jr., is the fourteen month old son of T/Sgt. Thomas G. Hocker, 36th Signal Company, and Mrs. Callie Hocker, Denison, Texas.

Judge Hardy's GI Andy

Puckish Mickey Rooney autographs for the doughs of the 36th after a show presented from the back end of a six-by-six.

Private Mickey Rooney, celebrated screen star, and Hollywood's own "Andy Hardy" recently included the 36th Division in his tour of the western front.

Arriving in the area with two "jeep show" units, Mickey hopped up on the back of a 2½-ton truck and began the show by telling the boys of his travels as a GI. Rooney was in form. To many of the T-Patchers he seemed more squirrely and even shorter in stature than he had appeared in movies they had seen.

He swapped jokes with the doughs and told them that he realized the infantry was the toughest branch of any in the Army. Last winter Rooney had nearly been trapped in the Ardennes breakthrough. When they took his picture, Mickey took out his camera to snap the infantrymen.

Rooney rounded out his show with a few impersonations of celebrities and film stars and a song. A three-piece swing band and a singer accompanied him.

133rd Introduces New 36th March

Whipped together in two days and produced by 1st Lt. Paul Dixon, Morristown, N. J., the 133rd Field Artillery's recent talent show moved at a fast clip with good music, dancing and gags.

The extravaganza introduced a new "36th Division Marching Song," words and music by Pfc. Louis De Piro, New York City.

From the sands of Salerno to the banks of the Rhine,
Ever forward we're pushing, staying right on the line,
When you go where the fighting is thick,
You will find, the Thirty-Sixth,
Fighting shoulder to shoulder we will go down in fame,
Every soldier a hero, so remember the name.
Yes, we'll fight till we're marching right through Berlin,
Carry on Thirty-Sixth and we'll win.

Those participating in the show were: M/Sgt. Charles Howser, Frankfort, Ky.; S/Sgt. John Speakman, Minneapolis, Minn.; Cpl. James Allen, Summerville, Mass.; Cpl. Bill Lehmberg, Bridgeport, Tex.; Cpl. Gilbert Black Tedders, Ky.; Pfc. E. Martinez; Pfc. Frank Lee, Dallas, Tex.; Pfc. Paul Barnett, Weatherford, Tex.; Pfc. Frank Sconzo, Sayville, N. Y.; Pfc. Arthur E. Chapdelaine, Northboro, Mass., and Pfc. Bernard Littman, Clearfield, Pa.

Hey, There!

Her heart belongs to Daddy, but she's all for the 36th. Texas' own Mary Martin pitches in between trips to Hollywood and Broadway, to bring the boys back to Weatherford.

143rd Officer Captured At Drusenheim, Escapes From Main River Camp

Missing ever since the 2nd Bn., 143rd Infantry attacked the Alsatian town of Drusenheim, 1st Lt. Lloyd R. Williams, Huntsville, Tex., came back through enemy lines on the morning of April 5th.

Lt. Williams had been captured by the Germans and quickly taken to a large PW enclosure situated on the banks of the Main River north of Nuremberg. There he spent four hungry and miserable weeks living on German black bread (8 men to a loaf per day) and thin potato soup.

On March 27, an armored task force broke through to liberate the camp. However, the main Allied force was far behind and the task force was forced to pull out, taking only a few of the freed men back. The others formed into small groups and made their way back as best they could.

Lt. Williams and his group worked their way westward, reached another bend in the Main River and reconnoitered the area for a safe crossing. On the third night, they ran into a German road block and all but Lt. Williams were recaptured.

The following night while Lt. Williams was removing his clothing, prior to swimming across the river, a German sentry approached. The Texas officer, quickly ran behind a bush and when the lone Kraut stopped to examine the clothes, Williams clubbed him over the head knocking him out.

Picking up his clothes, he placed them on an improvised float of branches and swam to the other side, pushing the raft before him. From there on in, he subsisted chiefly on potatoes which he had stuffed in his pockets. He allowed himself only nine per day.

With the sun and artillery fire as guides, he walked until exhausted, located a good shelter and went to sleep. A short time later he was picked up by Seventh Army units fighting in the Wurzburg area.

Chevrons Inverted, Ticket Punched

It can now be revealed that Sgt. Howard V. Nelson, Kilgore, Tex., doesn't aspire to be a seamstress and that S/Sgt. Roland T. Venable, Brownwood, Tex., doesn't aspire to be a chaplain, but recently they had everyone in the 133rd Field Artillery Battalion worried.

Since Sgt. Nelson was promoted after the battalion had entered Germany, he couldn't ask a civilian to sew on his stripes. Taking needle, thread and shirt, he sewed for thirty minutes while talking to Sgt. Venable. As he smoothed out the shirt to have a look at the secured chevrons, he realized he had sewn them on upside-down.

Sgt. Nelson held the ticket; Sgt. Venable punched it.

Bitschoffen

(Con't From Page 1)

Bitschoffen.

The enemy troops in the village were completely surprised. Working quickly from house to house, the Third Platoon reduced the last German positions and advanced to the main street. They shifted to flank the enemy position, knocked out the machine gun and captured two heavy mortars and their crews, even while they were firing at the Second Platoon. They went on to capture a company command post, then slammed into the rear of the Germans fighting the Second Platoon.

Before 0700 the town was secure. Sixty-six prisoners were taken. The supply route was opened.

I & E Offers New Courses

Soldier! Do you plan to return to high school or college; operate a business or enter a trade? Then investigate the possibilities of studying through Correspondence or Self-teaching Courses. You can learn anything from motor mechanics, mathematics, operation of a business, to the management of a farm. There is a wide choice among the self-teaching courses.

See your Information & Education Officer, or your Special Service Officer for full details and the necessary application blanks.

German civilians examine a news map located in an occupied German town in the 36th Division sector. Not only does the map keep the battlefronts charted, but posted alongside it is a transcription of the BBC news in German.

Ernie Pyle

(Con't From Page 2)

One soldier came and looked down, and he said out loud, "God damn it!"

That's all he said, and then he walked away.

Another one came, and he said, "God damn it to hell anyway!" He looked down for a few last moments and then turned and left.

Another man came. I think he was an officer. It was hard to tell officers from men in the dim light, for everybody was bearded and grimy. The man looked down into the dead captain's face and then spoke directly to him, as though he were alive, "I'm sorry, old man."

Then a soldier came and stood beside the officer and bent over, and he too spoke to his dead captain, not in a whisper but awfully tenderly, and he said, "I sure am sorry, sir."

Then the first man squatted down, and he reached down and took the dead captain's hand, and he sat there for a full five minutes holding the dead hand in his own and looking intently into the dead face. And he never uttered a sound all the time he sat there.

Finally, he put the hand down. He reached over and gently straightened the points of the captain's shirt collar, and then he sort of rearranged the tattered edges of the uniform around the wound, and then he got up and walked away down the road in the moonlight, all alone.

The rest of us went back into the cowshed, leaving the five dead men lying in a line end to end in the shadow of the low stone wall. We lay down on the straw in the cowshed, and pretty soon we were all asleep."

Postal Note —

Division personnel confined to a hospital for fifteen or more days should drop a card to their unit mail clerk, notifying change of address.

141st Patrol

(Con't From Page 1)

way was clear, they continued on their dangerous journey until they reached the safety of their own positions.

The commendation read:

"I wish to commend you, the patrol leader, and the members of the patrol, which staged a patrol on the night of 13-14 February 1945. The performance of the patrol, under very trying conditions, is indicative of the outstanding leadership, ability of the patrol leader, and the soldierly qualities of the members of the patrol. In carrying through the mission assigned it, which was to capture prisoners or determine the location of enemy positions, the patrol accomplished the latter. It turned in defensive information on enemy defenses in the area covered. It determined the presence of mines and wire in area that had not, hitherto, been covered.

The aggressive, tenacious manner in which this patrol carried through its mission, reflects great credit upon the organization. It was work, well done."

Col. Charles H. Owens
141st Regimental Commander.

The following men participated in the patrol: 2nd Lt. William C. Chaddock, Benton Harbor, Mich., patrol leader; T/Sgt. John E. Elrod, Hartwell, Ga.; S/Sgt. Rudolph Galko, Milwaukee, Wis.; Sgt. Sidney H. Gross, Bronx, N.Y., Sgt. Charles Rush, Sewell, N.J.; Pfc. Earl Callender, Mechanicville, N.Y.; Pfc. Thomas E. Carey, Jersey City, N.J.; Pfc. John F. Carr, Jr., Crabtree, Pa.; Pfc. William Denham, Etowah, Tenn.; Pfc. Rudolph P. Kohler, Garfield, N.J.; Pfc. Russel Mangold, Cincinnati, Ohio; Sgt. James E. McClung, Clarksburgh, W.Va.; Pfc. Ralph E. McCorkle, Guide Rock, Neb.; Pfc. Everett J. McRoy, Dexter, Mo.; Pfc. Robert Skiles, Grand Saline, Tex.; Pfc. Joseph Ursia, Westfield, Mass.; Pfc. Joseph P. Ziomek, Derby, Conn.; Pvt. Joe P. Smith, Lubbock, Tex.; Pvt. Jerome S. Weiss, Nashville, Tenn.

Male Call

By Milton Caniff