



ITALY

Volley ball courts and other recreational facilities have been set up and musical entertainment is offered at least once a day.

3 Hots AND A FLOP

By T-BONE

Neapolitan nite-cap: We know a Joe who felt so bad last Monday after a weekend in Napoli he decided to kill himself, went out and jumped off the curb... there's a cognac vender off Via Roma that has some aged stuff, he holds it in his hands 15 minutes before selling it... two days after Cassino fell the street peddlers flourish out with silver bracelets, rings and souvenir post cards marked "Cassino"... the sidewalk are so crowded on the drag Saturday afternoons the local pickpockets are friskin' each other... Street Scene: PBS hotshot trying to make a beachhead with a blonde WAC being trailed by 2nd louties... no need to mention the pulse-quickening parade of Italian pultritude with curves rounded as pomegranates and thighs like gazelles that grace the sidewalk, you can close your eyes (and hold your nose) and imagine yourself on Times Square (it says here).

Flash... troops of the 36th received the first canned-beer to be quaffed by GIs in Italy, as well as 60 different items on the PX ration... which is some sort of new high in rations.

Have you had your card punched... "Twelve years and still no Good Conduct Medal," bemoans Pvt. Monroe Mc Craig of Waco, Texas. "I started out with the original outfit way back in 1929. In all 12 years, I've only served 7 days of extra duty, guess the trouble is, most of the time I was either on DS or special duty."

Jerries instead of cherries... Investigating a rumor that some large cherries were available at a nearby farmhouse, Pfc. Carl Rettig of Woodlynng, N. J., and Pfc. Thomas Voltero of Chelsea, Mass., discovered a bona fide Kraut peering at them from a corner of the house. The duo flashed their shootin-irons and the Kraut came forward

and brought two more Jerries with him. They returned later and rounded up 4 more in the cellar, but never did get the cherries.

Thirteen unlucky? Not for MP Pvt. Charles A. Arlan of New York City. A new POW enclosure had been set up when Arlan and another MP learned that a number of Germans were still in the vicinity. Hopping in their jeep they took off for a nearby farmhouse. Their haul netted them 13 Krauts and that ain't unlucky.

Snake eyes... "There we were — having a friendly dice game when some Italian pi-zons asked if we'd teach them how to play the game", explained Engineer Sgt. Eugene McDonald of Wolfe City, Texas, recalling a visit he had in Rome recently with Corporal Roland J. Allen Jr., of Groves, Texas. Allen explained in great detail exactly how to roll and how to fade. When the pi-zons had mastered the game, the two GIs took the game seriously. As the game progressed the Italians began to wonder when it was their turn to win. Their pockets flushed with molto Lire, the two engineers prepared to leave, and much to the surprise of the pizons, all winnings were returned to them.

T-Boners... The next time Lt. George Actschiul of Bronx, N. Y., picks up a German canteen, he intends to hesitate and test before drinking. Being as dry as a Congressman's speech, the Lt. sighted the canteen and his first impulse was to take a swig. This was followed by a loud cry from a mouth full of gasoline. "You never know what Jerry will do to make you uncomfortable," was Lt. Actschiul's only statement. We add that it may have been a mistake... it might have been some of that Naples Cognac in the canteen... Arrivederci, T-Bone.

COMPANY L ONE OF BEST IN 36th

"When things are easy, they put Company L in reserve, but as soon as the going's tough, you can bet your life we'll be spearheading the battalion." That is how Sergeant James L. Williams of White Bluff, Tennessee summarized the recent career of Company L, one of the top notch units in the 36th, commanded by 1st Lt. Zerk O. Robertson of Merkle.

Typical of Company L's experiences is its recent encounter with the Krauts. The second platoon was leading the company as it advanced across open terrain toward a farmhouse occupied by the Germans.

"On our way over there, we had to pass through a swamp and we heard a lot of grunting — just like hogs," revealed Staff Sergeant Carl T. Engel of Orient, Ohio, one of the squad leaders who later took the place of the platoon sergeant when the later was wounded. "We all dropped to the ground," he recalled, "and after we looked around for a while, we found out where all the grunts were coming from. Nine Jerries were doing the grunting, imitating hogs in the

hopes that the men would not bother to look at them. I figured if they'd go to all that trouble we wouldn't have to worry about them. So we passed them up and let the last platoon take them prisoners."

As the second platoon advanced toward the house, it was covered from the rear by the third platoon in which Sergeant Williams is a squad leader. In a house directly to the front was a sniper who pinned down two squads of the second platoon, led by Sergeant Walter B. Olsen of Carver, Minnesota and Corporal Hayden R. Pearson of Bay city, Michigan. However, Sergeant Engel's squad was able to reach the house, knock out the sniper and take seven prisoners.

Suddenly out of the woods that were behind the house appeared a group of Germans attempting a counterattack. Company L immediately placed concentrated fire causing the Germans to withdraw into the woods. "We killed two of them and wounded four others before they were able to reach

(cont. on page 4)

HELLDRIVERS HEAVY HAULERS

There's one outfit in the 36th that can literally be called "Going Jessies" and those hearty characters are the "Helldrivers." The stamina of these speed-demons to "get here firstest with the mostest" is a well known fact to all organizations within the division. This was demonstrated recently during a most fluid-front when the Helldrivers were on the road hauling troops, supplies and ammunition for seven days straight running, with no time out for sleep except possibly the proverbial "40 winks."

Cpl. Hugh Petete of Holdenville, Okla., relates many amusing experiences the Helldrivers had when an attached Colored QM truck outfit was working with them, hauling troops. Close to the front, with artillery whizzing overhead, one of the colored troops said, "Man, does this kind of stuff go on all the time up here?" It wasn't many days after the colored QM boys were hauling the infantryman, that their white humpers were painted out, and a "T-Patch" was very evident on the hood of their vehicles.

Pfc. William M. Du Bose of Houston recalls a trip the Helldrivers took in Africa where they traveled 2700 miles in a huge convoy, and had only one nights sleep.

Pvt. Buck Bowman of Dallas has set some kind of new record, when lady luck frowned on him, and he changed ten tires on his truck in 24 hours.

It's a Small World

While visiting Rome on pass, Pvt. Edmund Barbella of New Salem, Pa., met relatives he had not known about until recently.

When Barbella, a cook, passed thru Rome with his outfit, the convoy had an occasion to stop before one of the very few houses that had been partially destroyed in the fighting for the Eternal City. "Most of the men remarked about the unfortunate family," stated Barbella.

A week later he received a letter from home stating that if he were near Rome to drop in and see his aunt who lived there. Arriving Rome on pass, he located the address.

"I was really surprised to discover that my aunt lived in the same bombed house that we had passed not many days before," said Pvt. Barbella.

Introducing himself, Barbella was welcomed with spaghetti, meat balls, hot peppers and wine. "I enjoyed sitting down to somebody else's cooking for a change," the soldier cook added.

CANTEEN

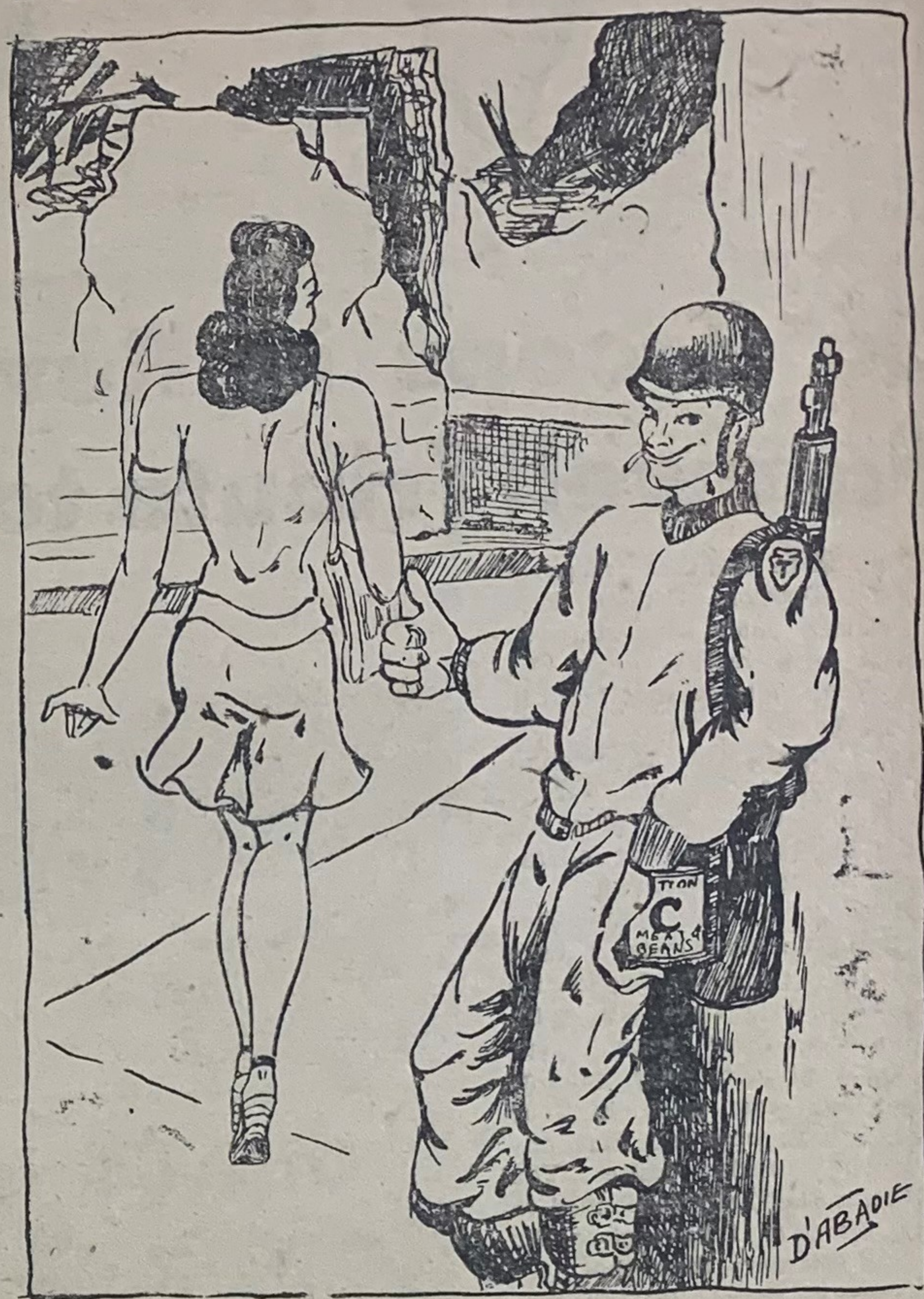
(cont. from page 1)

joint-jumpin' in nothing flat, and the rest of the time, the latest V-discs are played over the PA system.

Tuesdays and Saturdays are reserved exclusively for officers of the 36th who have the same schedule as the Enlisted Men.

The "Canteen" is operated by Division Special Service, who admit the club is a most ambitious undertaking, but the capacity crowds present for snacks each day is proof of its success. Through cooperation with ARC, it is hoped that five such set-ups as the "Canteen" can be utilized in the future for the division.

WRITE A CAPTION... Pitch Till You Win



Cartoon by Joseph D'Abadie, Combat Engineers.

At one time or another most all GIs have been familiar with the above cartoon. In order to get the best and most fitting title, we are having a free-for-all contest to see who can give the cleverest version of what this GI is saying as he holds a can of "C" rations, as a shapely signorina passes by. Submit as many titles as you wish, but get them in before July 25. To the winner will go — 4 cartons of cigarettes... Pitch till you win!

Clubmobile Dishes out 710,000 Doughnuts

If all the doughnuts, served by the 36th's CLUBMOBILE, were laid end-to-end — they'd reach! Somewhat of a record, our staticians have figured that over a period of seven months, the American Red Cross CLUBMOBILE has handed out to the troops of the 36th no less than 710,000 sinkers with coffee.

In fair weather and foul the four ARC girls have ventured close to the fighting front to dispense doughnuts and coffee with smiles. More than once the girls have been ordered back to the rear, and sometimes none too politely. The incredulous look on the face of

GI Joe as he sees the girls on the road, not far away shells falling, is something to behold.

The Clubmobile unit includes a director, 4 girls, 4 bakers GI and drivers. The girls of course are well known to all men of the division. Marge Decker of Montclair, N. J. and Elise Spalding of Boston are of the original crew, Jane Cook of Scottsbluff, Nebraska and Dottie Boschen of West Orange, N. J. joined the unit several weeks ago. The girls admit they are proud to wear the T-Patch, and the men join in to say they are doing a grand job.

T-PATCH

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G-ppe Rispoli — Arti Grafiche ed Affini — Napoli

Batterfield Commissions Awarded Two 36 Non-Coms

Master Sergeant Adolph W. Langlotz of Waco, Texas, former regimental communications chief, has received a battlefield commission as second lieutenant. He will be regimental headquarters communications officer in the infantry regiment which he joined as private in November 1940. A veteran in that he has seen action in every 36th battle from Salerno through Rome, it has been his responsibility to see that communications were maintained between regiment and battalions.

Former Staff Sergeant Francis E. Donovan of Brookline, Mass., is now a second lieutenant in the same company in which he entered as a private in February 1943. Lieutenant Donovan has had the odd distinction of being an acting non-com in all various positions he has held before receiving the actual rating. Since the battle of Velletri, when his platoon leader was killed, and during the advance beyond Rome he was acting platoon leader. Lt. Donovan wears the Silver Star for action on a patrol at Persano in which he and Sgt. Charles E. Kelly worked their way through the German lines in an effort to contact friendly units.

Steel Guitar Devised From Spare Parts

Engineer Sergeant John S. Giffen of Carlisle, Pa., made use of his engineer training by salvaging machine-gun parts to build himself a steel guitar.

Recently, Giffen inserted machine-gun mounts on each truck in his battalion. When the last truck was finished, he found he had several parts left over. Somewhat musically inclined, he assembled several of the frames together, and covered the top with shatter-proof windshield from a downed German plane. The bridge and turning screws were carved from scrap lumber and string were purchased in a music store.

"I played some fair tunes on it," remarked the Sergeant, "but it had one drawback. It was too large and cumbersome for a combat engineer to carry." He soon parted with his musical guitar but he was ten dollars richer.

Carolinian Corrals Krauts

Infantryman Pfc. Robert H. Glover of Gastonia, North Carolina personally accounted for 46 prisoners. Glover recalls one instance in which he crawled through high grass to surprise nine Jerries.

"On another occasion I was following a tank destroyer toward a house when I was fired upon. As I rushed the house with a few of my buddies, 25 Germans ran out with their hands in the air," he remarked.

Like all doughboys he looks back on one close shave. At one time he acted as a get-away for a patrol that encountered strong enemy opposition. As he attempted to make his get-away with vital information, concussion from mortar shell knocked his helmet off and his rifle out of his hand. "It was much too close for comfort," he remembers.

General Walker's Strategy

One of War's Smartest Tricks Says AP Writer Dixon

Some day war students at West Point will study the strategy which brought the Fifth Army roaring into Rome right on schedule, quotes Correspondant Kenneth L. Dixon AP writer in a recent article that appeared in the Dallas Morning News.

And these future students, all imbued with the traditions of the Military Academy, may be somewhat taken back to discovered that the man who called the signals never went to West Point.

It was poetic justice that these toughened veterans of bloody Salerno, San Pietro and Rapido River crossing should be the ones to crack the Velletri line and start the final break-through to Rome.

It was equally just that their General should be given a free rein to map an infiltration move which already had been tagged as one on the smartest tricks of the war.

The Division's faith is this quiet, grim faced General is a thing that shakes you down to your shoes soles. Time was running out when Rome still twenty miles away, so the 36th was set for another head-on assault when General Walker laid his plan on the higher headquarters table. This time it was infiltration but basically the same

old Stonewall Jackson strategy — circle and strike from the flanks and the rear. It was a spectacular scheme. If it failed at least a regiment would be trapped behind German lines.

Two hours before time to move up on the night of Memorial Day they scrapped the other plan and gave Walker the green light.

Headed by the crack Second Battalion, a regiment slipped through the lines to the right of Velletri that night without firing a shot. Others followed and by noon next strong elements of other regiments were in the Alban Hills three miles or more behind Velletri and the German lines. They circled the hills and captured the town, other outfits poured through the gap and the race to Rome was on.

Compared to the size of the job they had done their casualties could be even officially listed as surprisingly small.

A QUACK in the 36th

Pvt. Oswald (nmi) Quack of the 36th does morning calisthenics, stands in the chow line, and once went on a bender. All of which constitutes a strictly GI routine, except for one fact — Pvt. Quack is a small, yellowish, web-footed bona-fide duck.

As 1st. Sgt. Raymond E. Jones of Houston puts it, "Oswald is only a month old, and I never heard of a Quiz-kid who could do all those things at his age."

Quickly adjusting himself to army rules and regulations, Oswald hangs around the orderly tent and sweats the kitchen tent. Mess Sgt. Mancel Morren is especially fond of Oswald because he eats "corn-willie." As a matter of fact, remarked 1st. Lt. Raymond E. Pinoneault of Terrace Falls, Mass., "he'll eat anything as long

as it comes out of a mess-kit."

Extremely fastidious, Oswald dives into a helmet for a bath no less than three times a day, emerges and shakes himself dry. Commented Pfc. Leo Panagopolous, paying Oswald the supreme compliment, "He's got a wicked shake second only to Betty Grable."

Pvt. Quack has demonstrated a weakness for the bottle, a vice which becomes apparent after he has consumed a small amount of vino before calisthenics.

Oswald's chief duty is to wake the 1st Sgt. in the morning, a task which he sometimes performs with an excess amount of zeal. "If doesn't stop quacking at four in the morning, remarked 2nd Lt. Clement Riley of New York City, "we'll have duck dinner one of these days."

BRONZE STAR AWARDS

A Bronze Star Medal has been awarded to the following; Major Harry B. Kelton of San Antonio, Captain Lloyd M. Southwick of Edinburg, Texas, 1st. Lt. Frank Politzer of New York City, 1st. Lt. James R. Crocker of Petaluma, California, 1st. Lt. John J. Wickham of Quincy, Mass., 1st. Lt. Herbert S. Maskew of Galveston, Texas, Staff Sergeant Clyde E. Burton of Amarillo, Texas, Staff Sergeant Arthur Kauppinen of Athol, Mass.; T/3 Wilfred Langlois of Pawtucket, R. I., T/4 Osie Moore, T/4 Loss R. Warlick, T/5 Edward J. Marek, T/5 Steve R. Prazak, all of Caldwell, Texas, Pfc. Fred V. Davis of Buckingham, Virginia, Pfc. Martin L. Wert of Lakemont, Pennsylvania, Pfc. Frank J. Johnson of New York City, T/5 Micheal Knopie of Gary, Indiana, T/5 Clarence E. Jaroszewski of Moulton, Texas.

Tech. Sgt. Marlin L. Butler of Arab, Alabama, Sergeant Charles H. McGee of Bellaire, Ohio, Sergeant Walter J. Hess of Evansville, Indiana, Corporal John B. Blackwood of Cullman, Alabama, Pfc. Jack L. Clover of Columbus, Ohio, Pfc. Weldon Ash of Austin, Texas, Pfc. Floyd J. Elliot of Baltimore, Md., Pfc. Alfred L. Beeman of Sayre, Pa., Pfc. Joseph P. nasik of Minneapolis, Minn., Pfc. Alexander S. Kowalczyk of Baltimore, Md., Pfc. Ivan L. Benik of Miles City, Montana, Pfc. Robert C. Bennet of Holden, Utah, Pfc. Henry L. Eversman of S. Louis, Ill., Pvt. Kenneth L. Clyden of Hoopston, Illinois.

Bailey Bags Boche

Pfc. Samuel E. Bailey of Parkersburg, West Virginia was riding in a jeep with his executive officer when a Kraut sniper opened fire on them. The bullets whizzed by and punctured holes in their bed-rolls.

The two occupants jumped out of the vehicle into a nearby ditch. Bailey fired his M-1 when they could observe the sniper moving about 300 yards away. The Jerry became one less obstacle in the path to Bailey's entrance to the Eternal City.

Duet Aid Partisans in capture of 244 Germans

First Lieutenant Robert A. Findlay and Private Jorge A. Diaz, combat engineers of the 36th, helped in the capture of 244 German prisoners while visiting Italian partisans near the front lines.

The engineers were on a reconnaissance mission behind enemy lines, seeking wounded partisans. The duo soon came upon a band of guerillas who were starting out on a "clean-up" mission in the Italian hills.

Craving more action than their engineer mission called for Lt. Findlay, a former race-car driver took the road with his jeep and Diaz, an ex-professional soldier, took to the hills on horseback.

As they approached a mountain villa, they ran into a bunch of Germans — 244 to be exact. A small arsenal was also part of the booty. Diaz because of his knowledge of Italian, took charge. He lined the prisoners up against a wall and disarmed them.

The partisans immediately brought out the vino and amid the cheers and glasses of wine proclaimed their undying friendship to the two Americans. "They wanted to make me their General," said Diaz. "They said they had the men and a bit of equipment, but all they lacked was a leader." Me a General, gosh!"

JW

Four Leaf Clover for Emblem

Four infantrymen of the 36th have every right to adopt the four-leaf clover as their official emblem. 1st. Lt. James E. Roberson of Hillsboro, Texas, Staff Sergeant Frank Haywood of Asbury Park, N. J., Private Charles Wilkins of Salem, Mass., and Private Robert Bonner of Manchester, Georgia, were riding in a jeep on a motorized patrol when the vehicle hit an enemy anti-tank mine. The explosion blew off the entire front of the jeep and hurled the men about ten feet into the air.

Much to the surprise of everyone, the men returned to the ground with only a few scratches, the sum total of injuries sustained.

"The ride up was fine," remarked the lieutenant, "but coming down was a bit rugged. I think one of the men found a four-leaf clover."

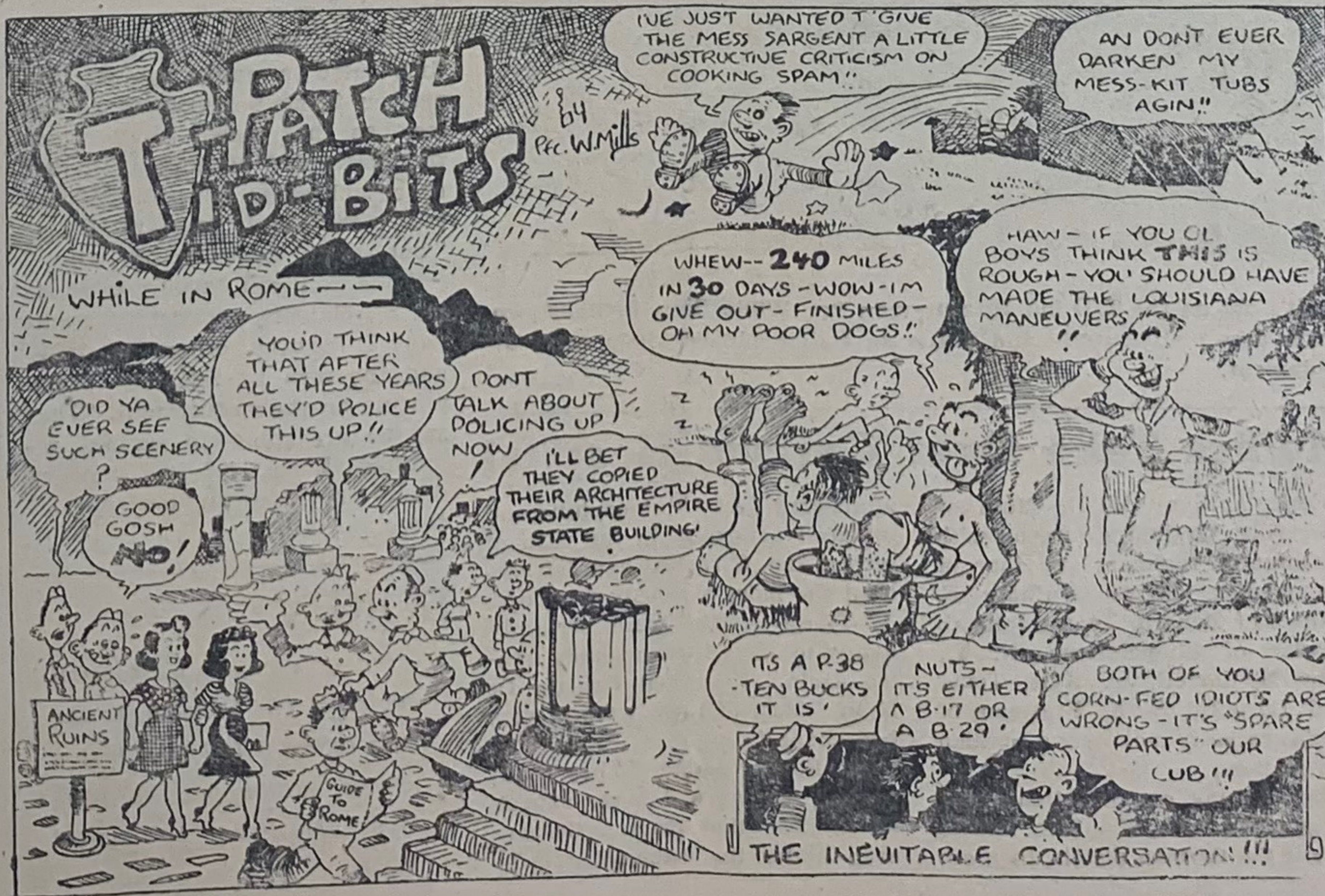
Sanders Saves Situation.

Discovering the location of a German mine field from a Jerry captive, Sgt. Richard E. Sanders, Houston, Texas, an infantryman of the 36th, recently saved the lives of many of his buddies by neutralizing the mines.

After gaining the information, he voluntarily drove to the area. As he studied the field, he noted that three mines had previously been exploded.

Although Sgt. Sanders took the caps off the mines and disconnected the detonators, he was accompanied by the German who had warned the Americans of the area.

"The mines were even booby-trapped and camouflaged in wheat stubles", Sgt. Sanders stated.



Recon Men Turn Linemen

With communications stretched to their limit during the recent drive, two Recon men of the 36th pitched in to help install and maintain communications for their headquarters.

Corporals Walter Birk of Hackensack, New Jersey and Thomas P. Bohler of Atlanta, Georgia established their lines while constantly harrassed by enemy machine-gun, small arms and artillery fire.

"I remember one time when the Krauts had us pinned down for over an hour," recalled Corporal Birk. "We had to sweat out the big ones quite a few times," added Corporal Bohler. But we maintained those lines throughout the operation and enabled the sectional commanders to keep in constant touch with each other regarding enemy movement."

"Being a lineman may be all right for some people," said Birk, "but I'll take my chances making recon missions." "Me too," added Bohler, emphatically.

LOGAN

(cont. from page 1)

ties on the men, one in particular, located in a house about 150 yards away. Immediately Sergeant Logan crossed the open terrain, running a gauntlet of fire, and again his luck held out as he reached the house. Finding the door locked, Sgt. Logan fired a shot through the lock and kicked the door open. As it swung open, the sniper had reached the bottom of the stairs. Seizing the split-second it required for the sniper to grasp the situation, Logan shot the man down.

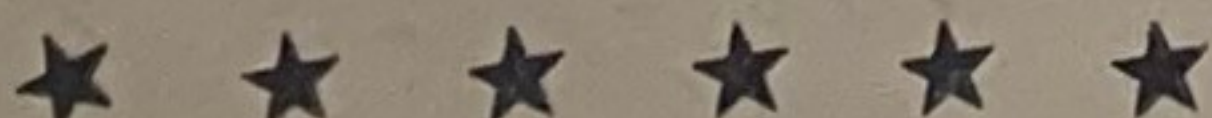
Several days later Sgt. Logan distinguished himself by voluntarily leading three reconnaissance patrols through mines fields and deep into enemy territory, each time bringing back invaluable information concerning the enemy.

Sgt. Logan heroic actions, executed voluntarily and often in the face of almost certain death, resulted in the death of at least six of the enemy, plus additional casualties, the capture of an enemy officer and enlisted man, the destruction of a machine-gun nest, the break up of a strong enemy counter-attack, and aided materially in securing the beach-head.

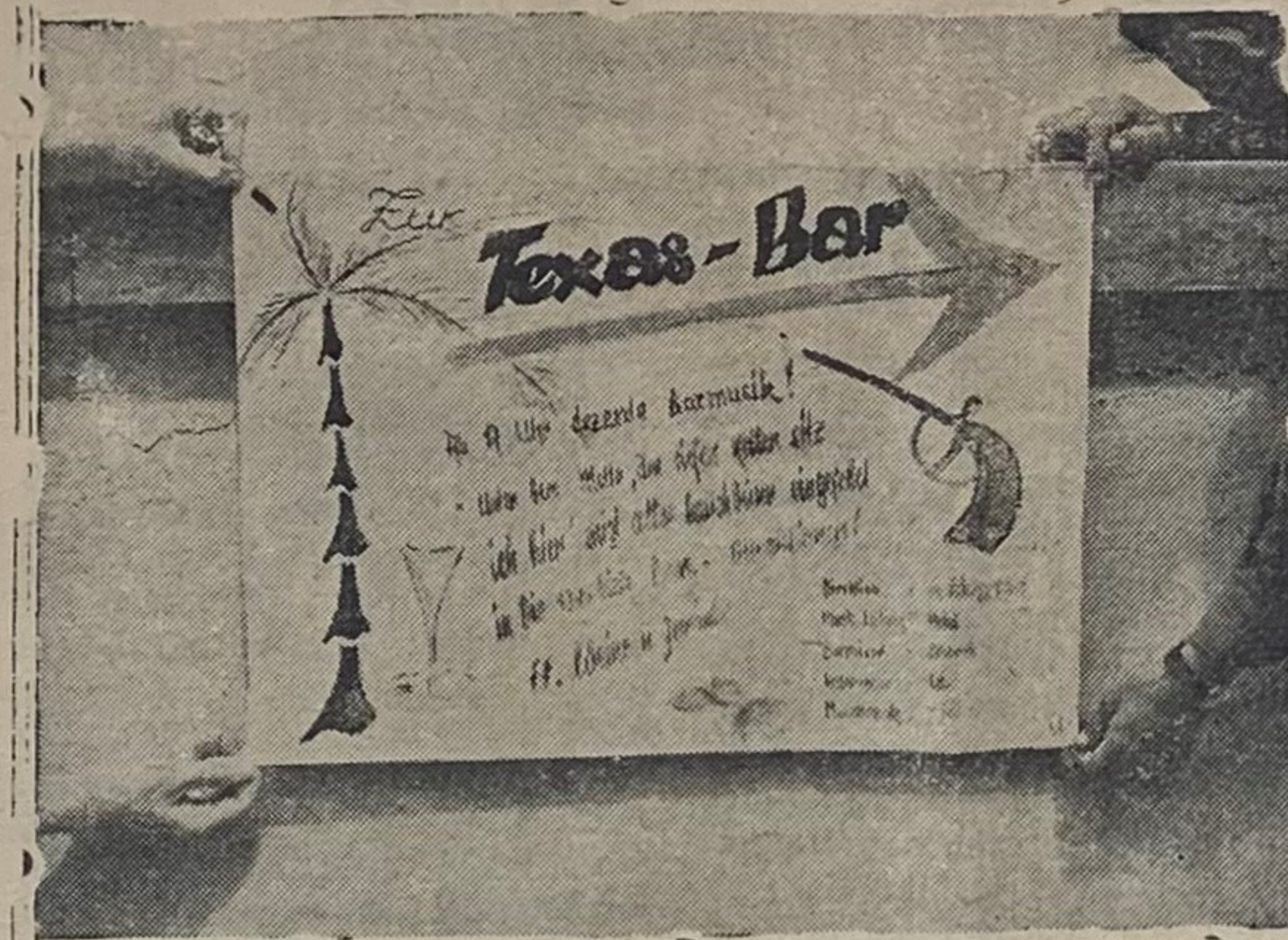
EX-36th OFFICER APPOINTED 8TH ADJUTANT

Oldtimes will be glad to receive word of the former Adjutant General of the 36th. He has recently been named Eighth Service Command Adjutant General. Col. Marvin D. Steen of San Antonio is well remembered by most of the division, though he has been gone over a year.

The Colonel served as a Captain of one of the regiments with the 36th in the first World War, and after the war was ordered to active duty with the Adjutant General of Texas to assist in reorganization of the 36th.



Sign on Barroom Wall



In a dugout abandoned by the Germans, members of the 36th were amused by the "TEXAS BAR" sign as displayed above, being held by M/Sgt. Fred L. McFadden of Dallas, and S/Sgt. Sam J. Kaiser of San Marcos, Texas. The sign was first discovered by Capt. Lee F. Allison.

Forte Scores Again-New Marching Song for 36th

Inspired by the gallant action of the division at Velletri, Composer John Forte penned a new marching song two days before Rome fell. Dedicated to Maj. Gen. Walker and men of the 36th Division, "The Eyes Of The World Are On The 36th" was first introduced by the Division Band at a farewell banquet honoring the General.

Under the direction of CWO Raymond H. Zepp of Hanover, Pa., the 36th Division Band is featuring this new marching song at all of their concerts. John Forte is better known for his "Somewhere on Via Roma," but his new "36th" song seems destined to be equally as popular with GIs of the division.

The words of the song tell of the

exploits of the division's combat in Italy. The first verse goes like this —

"Who stormed the beach at Salerno?

None shall er' forget how they met the foe..

Where they broke the yoke,

Where hearts were made of oak,

The men — of the 36th Division!

OH MY BACK!



It's not on the T/O but Infantryman Pvt. Willie Haug of Robstown, Texas uses his ingenuity and drafts an Italian mule to help carry his equipment.

Medics Take Over German Hospital

Capt. Anthony M. De Muth of Formville, Virginia, a surgeon with an infantry regiment and four of his medics, Sergeants, Elmer E. Hubbel of Menard, Texas; John G. Fowler of Cooperstown, N. Y.; John M. Garrett, Jr., Kyle, Texas and Corporal S. K. Freeman of Dallas recently took over a German aid station.

Discovering seven patients and three dead men, the 36th Medics seized the German pistols, then ad-

ministered first aid, morphine and replaced bandages. In the rush of retreat the Germans had left behind the more seriously wounded.

"Those Jerries were certainly happy to have their wounds treated again," remarked Captain De Muth, "Most of them were in very bad shape."

Sgt. Fowler added, "They really praised our work. I never expected to hear that from a German, even under the circumstances."

Infantrymen Rescue Wounded Comrades

Of the twelve 36th infantrymen who braved an intense German mortar shelling to rescue three wounded comrades not one would tell of the incident.

"Boyce is the man to see," each agreed. "He is the guy who really deserves the credit."

Private Robert J. Boyce of Parkersburg, West Virginia, is a medical aid man. The infantry company to which Boyce was attached was advancing toward German positions over exposed terrain when it ran into an intense enemy mortar barrage. Forced to withdraw the company fell back about 300 yards to a position of cover.

Three members of the unit it was discovered had been left out on the field wounded and unable to walk.

Private Boyce immediately ran out while the barrage was at its height and began administering first aid to the stricken men.

"Those shells were falling thick and fast," he remembers. "But I guess I was too busy to notice much."

Leaving their places of comparative safety, twelve doughboys of the company prepared to evacuate their wounded companions from the field. Improvised stretchers were constructed hurriedly. The first was fashioned from a folding beach chair Staff Sergeant Eluterio Cruz of San Antonio found on a nearby American tank. A second stretcher consisted of two rifles and two shirts, the third was made of two poles and a blanket.

Moving into the heavily shelled and exposed field, the men successfully brought their friends back to positions of security. Before reaching cover the litter squads were subjected to German machine gun and sniper fire.

"We were lucky on that trip," tells Cruz. "We didn't get back any too soon though. Just a few minutes after we got those men off the field our own artillery started really laying them in."

COMPANY L

(cont. from page 2)

the woods," disclosed Sergeant Olsen. "Then when they saw we really meant business, twenty-one Jerries got up out of their fox-holes and gave up."

Not to be outdone, the Germans then used a tank against the platoon firing point blank at the men as they slowly made their way forward. "We had a number of casualties as a result of that tank fire," said Sergeant Engel, "but we did knock it out later."

While Sergeant Engel was relating his platoons experiences, Company L received orders to move and the men immediately began putting on their equipment. "They say we are going up again," remarked Engel. "I just hope we don't run into another one of those tanks."

SORRY

But it is impossible to mail copies of The T-Patch. In the near future it is hoped that a special edition will be available that can be mailed home.

Jerries Await Arrival of Yanks

During a recent push, members of the division encountered a few Krauts who eagerly awaited their arrival.

As S/Sgt. Thomas Parks of Steventown, Texas led his squad in a flanking movement, the men were ordered to search a nearby farmhouse. Sgt. Parks with his men proceeded toward the house unaware of the locality of enemy positions.

While Pvt. Donald Brazer of Cannonsburg, Pa., covered one entrance, the sergeant guarded the other door. Entering the house, they found two Jerries calmly sitting at a table enjoying their noon meal.

The Krauts did not appear to be least bit disturbed, and one spoke up in flawless English, "Come on in and have something to eat. We've been waiting for you guys."

BEEKEEPER SAVES THE DAY

One of the messes of the engineers were in a predicament recently when they found they were out of syrup or jam for the morning flap-jacks.

S/Sgt. Monroe F. Kovar of Inez, Texas and Pvt. Lloyd Keef of Birmingham, Ala., made a reconnaissance of the area and fortunately ran across a good number of beehives.

Pvt. Keef, a beekeeper in civilian life, took advantage of the owners absence and quickly had the bees and hives back at his engineer company before anyone could stop him.

The following morning the engineers were treated to fresh honey for their hot cakes, with Keef tending the hives, and a good supply guaranteed for the future.

BEHIND ENEMY LINES 14 HOURS

Dodging machine gun nests and enemy tanks for 14 hours behind the lines proved more than a night-mare for Pvt. Mesley M. Jennings of Ishpeming, Michigan.

An infantryman, Pvt. Jennings was on outpost duty soon after his company had taken an important hill. The Germans launched a counterattack, succeeded in breaking through and caught Jennings under enemy and friendly crossfire.

While seeking a way back to his own lines, Jennings managed to avoid running into an enemy aid-station, but he still had a machine gun nest and two tanks to content with.

Machine gun bullets splattered all around the rifleman who kept close to the ground and escaped injury. All night Jennings tried to find his way back but always an enemy weapon kept him pinned down.

The counterattack was finally repulsed and the Krauts withdrew. A few snipers were still in the area so he waited till his buddies came along. Shortly after noon, an allied tank appeared and he hitched a ride to his company.