



UNDERSTANDING  
SACRIFICE

# Activity: 511 Days of Combat: From Sicily to Munich with the Fighting Thunderbirds



## Guiding question:

What was the contribution of the 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division to World War II?

### DEVELOPED BY AMANDA KORDELISKI

**Grade Level(s):** 6-8, 9-12

**Subject(s):** Social Studies, English / Language Arts

**Cemetery Connection:** Rhone American Cemetery

**Fallen Hero Connection:** Technical Sergeant Bernard Fox



## Overview

Using interactive technology from the American Battle Monuments Commission, primary source newspapers, cartoons, and sketches from the 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division, and secondary accounts of the campaign from historians and archivists, students will follow the path of the 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division from Sicily to Munich. Students will examine key battles in which the 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division fought, and discuss how this experience impacted the soldiers.


## Historical Context

The invasion of Sicily was the first foothold into mainland Europe for the Allies. The four amphibious invasions the 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division participated in provided vital information for Allied command. The bitter fighting in Italy kept the battle-hardened Germans engaged and prevented them from shifting troops north when the Allies invaded Normandy. Though often overlooked or dismissed in favor of battles in Northern Europe or the Pacific, the campaigns in the Mediterranean allowed the Allies to push the Germans out of Italy and southern France and link up with troops from northern Europe to advance into Germany. The liberation of the Dachau Concentration Camp provided Allied command the opportunity to invite reporters into Germany to document the Nazi atrocities.

## Objectives

At the conclusion of this lesson, students will be able to

- Describe the role the 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division played in the Mediterranean Theatre;
- Analyze and compare primary and secondary sources from World War II to understand the role of the 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division and the importance of the Mediterranean campaign;
- Understand the importance of the Mediterranean theatre and how it contributed to the outcome of the war; and
- Understand the importance of the liberation of Dachau and how it shaped the purpose of the war for the men in the 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division.



*“The campaign in the Mediterranean is the most overlooked and underappreciated aspect of the war. The 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division was engaged in combat more than any other infantry division in the war, but their accomplishments are often overlooked because of where they fought.”*

— Amanda Kordeliski

Kordeliski teaches at Norman North High School in Norman, Oklahoma.

## Standards Connections

### Connections to Common Core

**CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RH.6-8.1** Cite specific textual evidence to support analysis of primary and secondary sources.

**CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RH.6-8.1** Determine the central ideas or information of a primary or secondary source; provide an accurate summary of the source distinct from prior knowledge or opinions.

**CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RH.6-8.6** Identify aspects of a text that reveal an author's point of view or purpose (e.g., loaded language, inclusion or avoidance of particular facts).

**CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RH.6-8** Integrate visual information (e.g., in charts, graphs, photographs, videos, or maps) with other information in print and digital texts.

### Connections to C3 Framework

**D2.His.1.6-8.** Analyze connections among events and developments in broader historical contexts.

**D2.His.3.6-8.** Use questions generated about individuals and groups to analyze why they, and the developments they shaped, are seen as historically significant.

**D2.His.11.9-12.** Critique the usefulness of historical sources for a specific historical inquiry based on their maker, date, place of origin, intended audience, and purpose.

**D3.2.9-12.** Evaluate the credibility of a source by examining how experts value the source.

## Documents Used ★ indicates an ABMC source

### Primary Sources

*45<sup>th</sup> Division News*, August 17, 1943

45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Museum Archives

*45<sup>th</sup> Division News*, February 22, 1944

45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Museum Archives

*45<sup>th</sup> Division News*, September 6, 1944

45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Museum Archives

*45<sup>th</sup> Division News*, May 13, 1945

45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Museum Archives

*45<sup>th</sup> Division News*, July 10, 1945

45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Museum Archives

Brummett Echohawk

Drawing, *A Factory Charge*, February 11, 1944

Brummett Echohawk Collection, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Museum

Bill Mauldin, Cartoon, *Bath in 15 Minutes*

Bill Mauldin Collection, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division Museum

Photograph, *Dachau: Dead Awaiting Cremation 30 Apr 45*

45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division Museum, Dachau Collection

Photograph, *Allied Forces Land in Southern France, 1944*

National Archives and Records Administration (SC-1781)

## Secondary Sources

45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

United States Holocaust Memorial Museum

<https://www.ushmm.org/wlc/en/article.php?ModuleId=10006163>

Bernard Fox Fallen Hero Profile and Eulogy ★

American Battle Monuments Commission

<http://abmceducation.org/understandingsacrifice/soldier/bernard-fox#overlay-context=user>

*Liberating Rome Interactive* ★

American Battle Monuments Commission

[http://www.abmc.gov/sites/default/files/interactive/interactive\\_files/ROME\\_web/index.html](http://www.abmc.gov/sites/default/files/interactive/interactive_files/ROME_web/index.html)

"The Liberation of Dachau"

45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division Museum

<http://45th.45wp.com/Dachau>

*Naples-Foggia Campaign Interactive* ★

American Battle Monuments Commission

[http://www.abmc.gov/sites/default/files/interactive/interactive\\_files/BOTA\\_Web/index.html](http://www.abmc.gov/sites/default/files/interactive/interactive_files/BOTA_Web/index.html)

### *The Sicilian Campaign Interactive* ★

American Battle Monuments Commission

[http://www.abmc.gov/sites/default/files/interactive/interactive\\_files/SC\\_Web/index.html](http://www.abmc.gov/sites/default/files/interactive/interactive_files/SC_Web/index.html)

### *World War II: A Visual History* ★

American Battle Monuments Commission

[https://abmc.gov/sites/default/files/interactive/interactive\\_files/WW2/index.html](https://abmc.gov/sites/default/files/interactive/interactive_files/WW2/index.html)

## Materials

- Computer with internet capability to access ABMC Interactives
- Projector
- Soldier Dossier Cards
- Newspaper Article Rubric

## Lesson Preparation

- Set up classroom technology and test all online resources before class.
- Divide the class into groups of two to four students each.
- Print and divide the Soldier Dossier Cards so that there is one for every student in the class.
- Print or make available electronically one copy of the primary source documents for each student.

## Procedure

### Activity One: Sicily (30-45 minutes)

- Project the *Sicilian Campaign Interactive* on the board and play the prelude video for the class.
- Explore *The Sicilian Campaign* together as a class or divide into small groups to explore the timeline with a group or individual device.
  - *Teacher Tip:* If students click on the “45” within the legend on the battle map, they can focus on only the maneuvers of the 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division for each time period in the campaign.
  - *Teacher Tip:* If students explore the timeline individually or in small groups, headphones are recommended for the short videos that accompany each time slot.
- Distribute (or share digitally) the 45<sup>th</sup> *Division News*, from August 17, 1943, and Bill Mauldin’s cartoon, *Bath in 15 Minutes*.
  - Ask the students to read the article “Germans Leaving Island of Sicily” from August 17, 1943, in the 45<sup>th</sup> *Division News* and explore the remaining articles in the paper.

- Direct students to the Bill Mauldin cartoon on the last page of the newspaper and compare to Mauldin's cartoon, *Bath in 15 Minutes*.
- Ask students, *Do these cartoons match the tone of the newspaper? Why or why not?*
- View the Aftermath video on *The Sicilian Campaign* timeline together as a class.
- Ask students, *How does the historical importance of the invasion differ from the perspective from the newspaper?*
- Ask students to synthesize, *How did the 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division contribute to the invasion of Sicily?*
- Students whose soldier died during the 1943 Sicily campaign can read aloud the name, rank, and date of death of their soldier and post the Soldier Dossier Card at the front of the classroom to note those who lost their lives in this phase of the campaign.

### Activity Two: Anzio (30-45 minutes)

- Project the *Liberating Rome Interactive* on the board or share the link with students to examine the site on their own device.
- Explore *Liberating Rome* through the tab marked 5-20 June 1944.
  - *Teacher Tip:* If students click on the "45" within the legend on the battle map, they can focus on only the maneuvers of the 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division for each time period in the campaign.
- Distribute (or share digitally) the Activity Two documents.
  - Ask the students to explore the February 22, 1944, edition of the *45<sup>th</sup> Division News*.
  - Project or distribute Brummett Echohawk's drawing *A Factory Charge* that highlights a charge the 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division participated in during the Battle of Anzio.
  - Ask students,
    - *How is the battle presented in the two primary sources compared to the digital timeline?*
    - *How do the battle sketches done by infantryman Brummett Echohawk compare to cartoonist Bill Mauldin?*
- Ask students to synthesize, *How did the 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division contribute to the invasion of Anzio?*
- Students whose soldier died during the Spring 1944 Anzio campaign can read aloud the name, rank, and date of death of their soldier and post the Soldier Dossier Card at the front of the classroom to note those who lost their lives in this phase of the campaign.
  - *Teacher Tip:* It is important for students to understand that reinforcements were continually added to each regiment, especially after fierce battles. More than half of the soldiers on the Soldier Dossier Cards will have lost their lives by the end of the Anzio campaign. If you feel students will lose focus after the death of their soldier, split students into groups and when

you pass out the Soldier Dossier Cards, distribute the Soldier Dossier Cards where every group has at least one soldier who survives through the liberation of Dachau.

### Activity Three: Operation Dragoon (20 minutes)

- Project the *World War II: A Visual History Interactive* on the board or share the link with students to examine the site on their own device.
  - From the timeline, click the “1944” button and then, “Southern France Campaign.”
  - View the footage of the invasion of southern France.
- Distribute (or share digitally) the Activity Three documents.
  - Ask the students to explore the September 6, 1944 edition of the *45<sup>th</sup> Division News*.
  - Project photograph *Operation Dragoon*.
  - Ask students, *Why does Operation Dragoon receive less coverage than the other campaigns? Was it less important than Sicily or Anzio?*
- Ask students to synthesize, *How did the 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division contribute to Operation Dragoon?*
- Examine the Fallen Hero profile and play the eulogy video for Technical Sergeant Bernard Fox.
- Students whose soldier died during Operation Dragoon (August to October 1944) can read aloud the name, rank, and date of death of their soldier and post the Soldier Dossier Card at the front of the classroom to note those who lost their lives in this phase of the campaign.

### Activity Four: Liberation of Dachau (30 minutes)

- *Teacher Tip:* The following activity contains graphic images and descriptions of Holocaust victims and survivors. Viewer discretion is advised.
- Project the “45th Infantry Division” page from the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum onto the board or share the link with students to examine the site on their own device.
- Project “The Liberation of Dachau” page from the 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division Museum onto the board or share the link with students to examine the site on their own devices.
- Project the photograph *Dachau: Bodies Awaiting Cremation April 30 1945*.
- Distribute (or share digitally) copies of *45<sup>th</sup> Division News* from May 13, 1945.
  - Ask students, *How is the description of the liberation of Dachau treated in comparison to the other events from the newspapers?*
- Ask students to synthesize, *How did the 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division contribute to the liberation of Dachau?*
- Students whose soldier died during the campaign to liberate Dachau (April 1945) can read aloud the name, rank, and date of death of their soldier and post the Soldier Dossier Card at

the front of the classroom to note those who lost their lives in this phase of the campaign.

### Activity Five: Munich (15-30 minutes)

- Distribute (or share digitally) copies of *45<sup>th</sup> Division News* from July 10, 1945.
- Ask students to compare July 10 edition of *45<sup>th</sup> Division News* to previous issues.
- Ask students,
  - *Does the tone of the paper change from the first issue to the last?*
  - *Soldiers were ordered to leave Dachau and continue marching to Munich just two days after liberating the camp. What is the emotional toll on soldiers to leave behind those at the camp and continue fighting?*
  - *After 511 days of fierce combat, how or why does the liberation of Dachau become the defining act of the 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division?*

### Assessment (50 minutes)

- Students will write a newspaper article in the style of the *45<sup>th</sup> Division News* and reflect on the 511 days of combat for the division.
  - Teacher can assign an article tied to the Soldier Dossier Card each student carried throughout the lesson or have students reflect on the entire campaign in the writing piece.
- The Newspaper Article Rubric can be used to score the article.

### Methods for Extension

- Students with more interest in the Italian campaign can explore the ABMC Interactives beyond the scope of the 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division's involvement.
- Students who are interested in the liberation of other camps during World War II can read *Hell Before Their Very Eyes* by John C. McManus.
- Students can read more about Lieutenant Colonel Felix Sparks in *The Liberator: One World War II Soldier's 500-Day Odyssey* by Alex Kershaw.
- Students can explore the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum website.
- Students interested in the Holocaust can read *Once* by Morris Gleitzman.
- Students interested in the *45<sup>th</sup> Division News* can research Ernie Pyle and investigate how war reporting changed during World War II.
- The American Battle Monuments Commission maintains U.S. military cemeteries overseas. These cemeteries are permanent memorials to the fallen, but it is important that students know the stories of those who rest here. To learn more about the stories of some of the men and women who



made the ultimate sacrifice, visit [www.abmceducation.org/understandingsacrifice/abmc-sites](http://www.abmceducation.org/understandingsacrifice/abmc-sites).

## Adaptations

- Teachers can adapt the project for advanced learners by requiring students to find and evaluate at least one additional primary and secondary source for each campaign.
- Teachers can condense the activities by using only the ABMC Interactives or only the *45<sup>th</sup> Division News* to cover each stage of the campaign.
- Teachers can have students draw a cartoon in the style of Bill Mauldin or a sketch in the style of Brummett Echohawk as an alternative to writing a newspaper article.
- Teachers can change the final assessment to a group activity and have students design the front page of a newspaper instead of writing one article. Students can design and publish a digital newspaper using free online digital publication resources.
- Teacher can read aloud newspaper excerpts or record newspaper articles as needed for students.

# Newspaper Article Rubric

	Advanced	Proficient	Basic	Emerging
<b>Headline</b>	Article has a headline that captures the reader's attention and accurately describes the content.	Article has a headline that accurately describes the content.	Article has a headline that does not describe the content.	Article is missing a headline.
<b>Supporting Details</b>	The details in the article are clear and supportive of the topic.	The details in the article are clear but need to be developed more.  Some details may not fit in with the topic.	Most details in the article are clear.  Article does not focus on the topic well.	The details article are neither clear nor related to the topic.
<b>Who, What, When, Where and How</b>	Article adequately addresses the five W's (who, what, when, where and how).	The article is missing one of the five W's.	The article is missing two of the 5 W's.	The article is missing three or more of the five W's.
<b>Lead Sentence</b>	Lead sentence grabs the reader's attention and focuses the reader on the topic.	Lead sentence tells most important details.	Lead sentence is not clearly connected to the article.	There is no clear lead sentence in the article.
<b>Spelling &amp; Grammar</b>	No spelling or grammatical errors.	No more than two minor spelling or grammatical errors.	No more than three spelling or grammatical errors.	Multiple spelling or grammatical errors.

## Soldier Dossier Cards



**Private Luis Blanco**

**Unit:** 157<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** New York

**Date of Death:** July 29, 1943

**Awards:** Distinguished Service Cross, Purple Heart



**Private Woodrow Wilson Thomas**

**Unit:** 157<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** West Virginia

**Date of Death:** April 13, 1944

**Awards:** Purple Heart



**Technical Sergeant Robert Blaine**

**Unit:** 157<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** Colorado

**Date of Death:** June 1, 1944

**Awards:** Purple Heart



**Private Jose Aragon**

**Unit:** 171<sup>st</sup> Field Artillery Battalion, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** New Mexico

**Date of Death:** March 28, 1944

**Awards:** Purple Heart

# Soldier Dossier Cards



## Technical Fourth Grade John Ayers

**Unit:** 171<sup>st</sup> Field Artillery Battalion, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** Missouri

**Date of Death:** February 19, 1944

**Awards:** Silver Star, Purple Heart



## Private William Campbell

**Unit:** 171<sup>st</sup> Field Artillery Battalion, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** Virginia

**Date of Death:** March 28, 1944

**Awards:** Purple Heart



## Second Lieutenant Alva Conley

**Unit:** 171<sup>st</sup> Field Artillery Battalion, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** Oklahoma

**Date of Death:** February 19, 1944

**Awards:** Silver Star, Purple Heart



## Private Joseph Wiener

**Unit:** 171<sup>st</sup> Field Artillery Battalion, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** New York

**Date of Death:** February 21, 1944



# Soldier Dossier Cards



## Private First Class Patrick McGee

**Unit:** 157<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** Oklahoma

**Date of Death:** February 23, 1944

**Awards:** Purple Heart



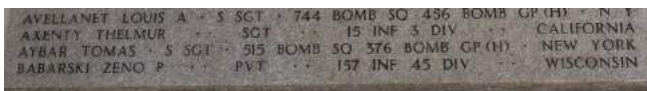
## Sergeant John Bone

**Unit:** 179<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** Oklahoma

**Date of Death:** September 13, 1943

**Awards:** Purple Heart



## Private Zeno Babarski

**Unit:** 157<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** Wisconsin

**Date of Death:** June 4, 1945

**Awards:** Bronze Star, Purple Heart



## Private Charles Finley

**Unit:** 157<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** Illinois

**Date of Death:** February 19, 1944



## Soldier Dossier Cards



### Second Lieutenant Eugene Swierkocki

**Unit:** 157<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** New York

**Date of Death:** June 4, 1944



### Private First Class Timothy Kalagher

**Unit:** 179<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** Pennsylvania

**Date of Death:** February 16, 1944

**Awards:** Bronze Star, Purple Heart



### Private Francis McCummings

**Unit:** 179<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** Maryland

**Date of Death:** February 29, 1944

**Awards:** Purple Heart



### Private Warren Verner

**Unit:** 179<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** North Carolina

**Date of Death:** February 18, 1944

**Awards:** Purple Heart

## Soldier Dossier Cards



### Technical Sergeant Bernard Fox

**Unit:** 179<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** New York

**Date of Death:** August 18, 1944

**Awards:** Bronze Star, Purple Heart with 3 Oak leaf clusters



### Private Virgil Deems

**Unit:** 171<sup>st</sup> Field Artillery Battalion, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** Oklahoma

**Date of Death:** September 5, 1944

**Awards:** Purple Heart



### Private William Lenakis

**Unit:** 171<sup>st</sup> Field Artillery Battalion, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** Ohio

**Date of Death:** August 29, 1944

**Awards:** Purple Heart



### First Lieutenant Neil Mcphail

**Unit:** 171<sup>st</sup> Field Artillery Battalion, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** Ohio

**Date of Death:** August 30, 1944

**Awards:** Air Medal with oak leaf cluster



# Soldier Dossier Cards



## Staff Sergeant George Harris, Jr

**Unit:** 179<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** California

**Date of Death:** August 19, 1944

**Awards:** Bronze Star, Purple Heart

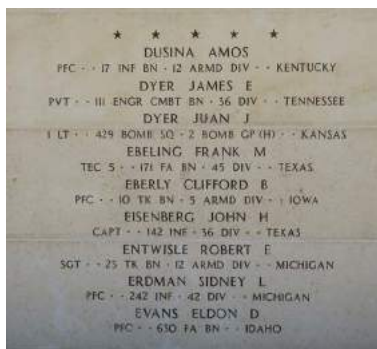


## Staff Sergeant Ephrium Rutherford

**Unit:** 157<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** Colorado

**Date of Death:** October 30, 1944



## Technical Fifth Class Frank Ebeling

**Unit:** 171<sup>st</sup> Field Artillery Battalion, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** Texas

**Date of Death:** April 26, 1945

**Awards:** Purple Heart



## Private Daniel Devlin

**Unit:** 171<sup>st</sup> Field Artillery Battalion, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** Pennsylvania

**Date of Death:** September 30, 1944

**Awards:** Purple Heart





# Soldier Dossier Cards



## First Sergeant Herbert Carlton

**Unit:** 179<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** Oklahoma

**Date of Death:** October 17, 1944

**Awards:** Purple Heart



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## Lieutenant Colonel Felix Sparks

**Unit:** 157<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** Texas

**Date of Death:** September 25, 2007

**Awards:** Silver Star



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## Private First Class Brummett Echohawk

**Unit:** 179<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division

**Entered Service From:** Oklahoma

**Date of Death:** February 13, 2006

**Awards:** Bronze Star, Purple Heart

# 45<sup>th</sup> Division News, August 17, 1943, p. 1

45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Museum Archives

## 45<sup>th</sup> DIVISION NEWS

AUGUST 17, 1943

PALERMO, SICILY

VOL. IV N° 7

### Division's Fame Spreads Over America!

The 45th is famous now. Newspapers and radio stations all over America, and British papers and stations, too, have been lauding the 45th's part in the Battle of Sicily.

Letters from America showed that special attention had been given this division by readers from New York to San Diego, Calif.

A recent program of the Army Hour in the United States was entirely devoted to the embarkation of the Thunderbirds from America. A transcription had been made there on the docks when we left.

Of course, newspapers in towns we once lived near were most interested, but remarks of important war officials and our own showing here made other papers take notice.

Acting Secretary of War Robert L. Patterson said of the 45th and the 82nd Airborne that their first time under fire "fought like seasoned veterans."

He called this a tribute to our training.

Earlier General Montgomery had taken time out to praise the 45th's faith.

This record was featured on page one of the July 24 Army Times, which went on to say:

"Particular praise was given in news dispatches from Sicily to the 45th Division which had a baptism of fire in the fighting of the landings on the island, and which kept pace with the more experienced divisions in attaining their objectives. The 45th was commanded by Maj. Gen. Troy H. Middleton."

Also on page one is a picture of Bill Mauldin in a story about the first issue of The Division News in Sicily.

### Rome Open? Well, Not Yet

The Italian government has declared Rome an open city, but no Allied government has yet recognized it as such, it was revealed today.

The British press points out that Rome is the seat of government, a railroad center and a war industries center.

Americans said we could not consider it an open city until all soldiers were gone, through rail traffic stopped, and all war industries closed.

Open cities, by international law, are those undefended cities not contributing to the war effort in any way. Under international law they are not bombed.

General McArthur declared Manila an open city, but the Japs bombed it anyway.

### For an Amateur, Victor Did Okay

It's a good thing matters ended when they did on Pvt. Victor Plexico, Blackburg, S. C., might have been faced with a real problem.

His buddy, Pvt. "Red" Scott, got away out in front in an attack on position, and three Italians armed with rifles took a careful head on his red hair.

Plexico saw this. With head bayonet, a gawdawful glance and a hideous howl he charged the enemy trio. They threw up their hands and surrendered before he scathed their position.

"Don't know what I'da done if they hadn't give up," drawled the former member of a recon outfit. "Never handled a bayonet before in my life."

### Bob Hope May Entertain 45th

Bob Hope, the comedian who traveled the "Road to Zanzibar" and the "Road to Morocco," is on his way to Sicily now, it was announced this week.

Hope probably will entertain the 45th sometime around August 21, it is believed.

This isn't certain his schedule isn't fixed but you can hope for Hope.



No, this isn't a Sicilian cork-gun, it's a baby carbine, Italian, the exact replica of the larger carbine used by the enemy at the front. Cpl. John H. Geurin, 500 Patton St., Wilmerding, Pa., sights the 25 calibre weapon which is called "G. Garbo" according to the nameplate on the stock.



St. Sgt. Robert L. Pope, Guthrie, Okla., is literally stepping up the power. That contraption he's walking all over is a captured Italian generator which builds up the power for the foot pedals are pumped. Pope holds another one in his hand.

### Hebert Tolerates No Monkey Business

Ordinarily one man can easily escort 36 prisoners even if they are Germans, but Pvt. "Frenchy" Hebert brought his charge in under an artillery barrage and he brought them in on the double.

When he finally reached his CP, Hebert had 32 prisoners. The other six tried to escape.

### Palermo Radio Aims U. S. Talent

Radio Palermo, now operated by the American Expeditionary Station, is now presenting a half hour of American music each night for the benefit of soldiers in Sicily.

The station is 965 on the dial in the regular broadcast band, and the program runs from 7:30 to 8 p. m. Tommy Dorsey, Bing Crosby, Fred Waring and others will be heard.

### Row, Row, Row Your Boat...

## GERMANS LEAVING ISLAND OF SICILY

As Germans poured out of Sicily by every available means—even rowboats!—the last act of the drama of Sicily neared hourly today.

How many troops Germany will be able to ferry across the channel to the mainland under a rain of bombs and the hail of training bullets is problematical, because in spite of reports of unearthly heavy flak the Messina Straits are alive with Allied planes harrassing the retreat.

Meanwhile, the German delaying action goes on. The American forces having taken Randazzo, moved on to take Oliveri. The British took Finestreddo and Piedmont Etnea.

It had been announced earlier that 130,000 prisoners have been taken on the island during the campaign.

The Germans had covered their retreat well. Three machine guns were placed along the top of a hill overlooking the grape orchard through which advancing troops would have to pass. There was only one way to reach the guns, and that was for a small man to inch his way through the orchard until he was close enough for a grenade.

Pvt. Manuel Pino, Denver, Colo., a scout, was small—only about 5 feet six inches tall, and not over 120 pounds. He began his slow pace through the orchard, hugging the ground every minute, taking advantage of every bit of cover the vines afforded. The machine guns splattered bullets all over the area, vainly searching for the man they knew was crawling toward them.

Finally Pino got as close to the guns as the cover would let him. Only twenty yards from the top of the hill where the guns were still chattering. The Germans threw three grenades down, but their aim was bad.

There was only one way to get the gun, and Pino knew it. He also knew there was one chance in a hundred of pulling it off without being cut down by the other two guns. There was no hesitation. Standing up and yelling, "We might as well get this over with," he threw a pistol strike at the gun.

Before he could fall back under cover, he remaining guns cut him down.

### Peepless Pair Are Alive, Anyhow

The outfit might still have the bray of the jacks, but can he ever live down the nickname he got from his squad mates?

Pvt. John Malish, Orange, W. Va., walked along behind 60 Italian prisoners and his buddy, Pvt. Thomas Farbett, rode beside the column in a jeep.

Along came a small column of tanks. The jeep pulled over and the armored vehicles rumbled on. Malish recognized the Italian model just about the time the rear tank slowed down and the commander peered over the edge of the turret. Immediately all tanks did an about face and the jeep was crushed. Nobody was hurt.

Farbett and Malish prepared the tanks with Tommy gun fire while the jeep was crushed. Nobody was hurt.

### Italian Officer Costs Bob a Nickle

There were two things about the action that surprised Cpl. Bob Whittenbeck considerably.

He traced the course of the enemy motorcycle through the turns of the mountain road while he waited in the concealment of a ditch. Then, when it rounded the turn and was almost on him, he let fly with his rifle and received his first surprise: The bullet struck the machine and both riders went sprawling when the motorcycle went out from beneath them.

Surprise No. 2 came after he'd relieved the Italian officer of his pistol. The officer asked if he might have a souvenir of Whittenbeck. Amazed, the corporal handed him an American nickel and asked why he wanted it.

It seems the Italian had been in Russia, in North Africa and now his war was ended here on a Sicilian road. He wanted a remembrance.

### McKean Now Bears Unpleasant Name

Pvt. James "jacks" McKean, Jonesboro, Ark., can forget the bray of the jacks, but can he ever live down the nickname he got from his squad mates?

McKean was an outpost guard, with orders not to shoot unless he had to. Mindful of his order, he held his fire when he saw the bushes stir down the side of the road, thinking it might be the wind. When, however, the bushes kept stirring, and in a direct line to him, that was too much. Drawing a close bead on where he figured the unseen enemy should be, he let go.

The next minute the air was filled with excited questions from other guards, the dying bray of a jacks, and the shouts from the Italian peddler who had been riding him.

# 45<sup>th</sup> Division News, August 17, 1943, p. 2

45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Museum Archives

## Mules Differ In Character, Soldiers Find; Compare Betsy with Shiftless Beasts

By Bill Barrett

### Curiosity Almost Kills Cat, And Six

A kitten almost cost the lives of six paddielect-Sgt. Clarence Reising, Pvt. Harold Schwacker, Pvt. John Suppe, Pte. Louis Paul, Pvt. John Malish, Sergeant W. Va., and Pvt. Thomas Howe, Leo Adams, Col.

This is the story of 20 mules and what happened when they started hauling equipment for a heavy-weapon company of infantry. What follows would never have happened had the outfit taken heed of its top kick and his experience with a Sicilian mule.

First Sgt. Edward Peppier, Longmont, Col., toiled along the dusty road and his company toiled along with him. Then Peppier spied an abandoned mule.

While the company toiled on ahead the topkick managed to climb the brute and climb on. This, he considered, was more like it. This, he thought, was not only better than walking, but it beat his position as first sergeant.

Then the mule threw him. Casing in the Sicilian dust, Peppier again mounted. A few more steps and again Peppier landed off his feet in the dirt.

Desperate now, he glanced down the road. The company was almost out of sight. So Peppier laid hands on the animal and learned about how stubborn a mule can be. After he dragged the beast 200 yards he gave up in disgust and abandoned it by the roadside. Then he doubled back by a half mile until he caught up with his outfit. Which, when you come to think of it, wasn't behind his position as first sergeant.

This should have steered the company clear of mules for the rest of the campaign, but it didn't. Another paddielect outfit had 20 mules, so Peppier's company grabbed them up and the trouble started.

They sent the animals back for rationes one night, and all went well after a stiff morning breeze. The patrol almost wiped out he loaded asses when they took to the German column.

The donkeys caused Pvt. Gaffly a few anxious moments too. He was on guard one night, a little shaky after a stiff morning breeze. He saw a shadowy head in the brush, took a head on it before he discovered it was a mule.

"Wait," he stammered, "halt." As his recognition dawned: "Oh, you're a mule. Pass." The patience of the outfit ran out on the long push through the mountains. Every hour the mules walked slower and every hour a few more pounds of equipment was transferred from the back of a donkey to the back of a paddielect.

Finally at the edge of a stiff grade, the mules gave out. They simply lay down and refused to move. The last few pounds of equipment were put on the backs of the sweating infantry, and the mules took a four-hour break.

Shortly afterwards 20 mules were transferred in grade to another company's rifle outfit.

### Room Is Filled With Traps, Luck

It was potentially by far the most comfortable place they had yet slept in, so Cpls. Americano Dentino and Abe Smolowicz and Pvt. Robert Fawcett set about converting the room in the abandoned farmhouse into a palace.

They moved furniture; they pulled down curtains and used them the sleep on. If there was any thought of danger it was dispersed by the fact that the movies had set up an aid station in the room adjoining. So they slept well.

Next morning they awoke to find passed on the outside of the room's entrance the notice: "Do Not Enter: Boshy Traps."

### Melon Sprez

One of the line companies had a wonderful festival the other day. A generous Sicilian tossed two million patches over to the outfit, explaining there was no other market for the fruit.

They had been through hell together, and now whenever Sgt. Lawrence C. Damato hears the bray of a disconsolate mule, he thinks of Betsy and wonders where she's at. Betsy was a mule herself, and a good one. For days she sweated along beside her sweating master, Damato, and together they climbed half the hills in Sicily. She carried his medical equipment, and whenever the going got tough, Damato was right there with an encouraging word, offering to share the burden.

As a matter of fact Damato had his hands full protecting Betsy from the dangers of war and the men in the outfit who weren't quite as considerate as they might have been.

There was the time when the company hit the mine field and the progress was held up while the sappers went to work. Damato was out at the time and one of his mules tied Betsy to a bridge. When the medic returned Betsy was lying with a mine not two feet away.

After that Damato made sure he was near Betsy when hell broke loose. That policy almost cost him his life. When the outfit was caught in a cross fire of machine guns, he refused shelter behind a tree when one of the men reaching there said it was OK for Damato to come in, but to keep that damn mule out here.

Yes, life with Betsy had its risky moments, but it was a happy one. Then one day the two of them got involved in a really heavy engagement, and Betsy had to be left behind. New life is empty for Damato. He carries his own equipment, but that's not what hurts. It's the thought that comes to him whenever he hears the bray of a passing mule. The thought that somewhere in Sicily there's a donkey named Betsy who misses a medic with all her muleish might.

### A Husband Quick, Or Hen Is Doomed

If someone doesn't show up with good healthy soner prey soon, a few men in division order are going to have a chicken fry.

Somewhere along the line they acquired a hen in a shell and abandoned chicken house. It's accompanied by the outfit ever since, the man hoping that some day a rooster would show up and little chickens would start hatching all over the place.

But the hen is nice and fat now. And the chicken-dinner operators have a strong point in their favor: The hen has taken to sleeping with the men on cold nights.

### Is Branda Now A Spouse or Stew?

Some kind of disaster, a theft, kinder words say she found a gentleman who made her forget such a thing as the army, and when the infatuation wears off she'll return, a penitent soul. Anyway, she's gone. "She" is a rabbit her owner, Capt. John Percy Gaudin, Salt-well, Okla., named "Branda." The best in the outfit had grown quite fond of her, had even made a set of leather dog tags for her. They're deciding the time they lose some other outfit bringing of the fine rabbit stew they had.

### Old Chestnut Wins Bello Rest

Perhaps once in a GI's lifetime, he'll get away with the sprained wrist, but few see the soldier who ever work it as well as Pvt. Al George Bello.

Cpl. Harold Liddle, Malden, Mass., assigned him to die a laborer. Bello showed up sporting a bandage and a tale about a sprained wrist. So the corporal did the directing.

### These Foxholes Look Like Mines

One artillery outfit boasts some pretty deep foxhole diggers.

Pvt. Roy Sick was busy digging his hole on the beach when a group of enemy bombers flew over and dropped a few bombs. Sick went right on digging.

When it was all over, he paused long enough to peer over the top of the excavation, now chin-deep.

"What was all the excitement?" he asked.

Cpl. William H. Jenkins, Oklahoma City, digs 'em deep too. When the little objects started chugging down from the plane he thought they were pamphlets. Then someone yelled, "Eggs!" and he made a dive for his hole.

Already in it were St. Sgt. Leon Doloy, Minco, Okla., and Cpl. Tobe Martin, Oklahoma City. Jenkins landed on top of them, but there was still some room. A young Sicilian in the vicinity took a flying leap and landed in on top of Jenkins.

### German Seems A Bit Gun Shy

Pvt. Stanley Kueck, first aid man, will probably be a firm believer from now on in letting the accus attend to checking on the identity of strangers along the way.

Kueck had gone a little distance ahead of the company to check up on the sound. Seeing a figure standing on a bank overlooking the road, he asked if he was from the company. There was no reply, so Kueck, cautious, walked over and laid his hand on the man's shoulder. To his surprise, it was a German. Kueck yelled for someone with a gun to come quick, and at the word gun, the man held up his hands.

### And Sure Enough, There Was One!

Pvt. Lee Murphy, Durant, Okla., is threatening death to the next man who jokes about mines.

Murphy was in the middle of a mine field, trying to figure the safest place to step. A soldier standing near him, thinking to throw a little scare into him, jokingly kicked at it little one in the ground and said, "Here one, Murphy." The joke nearly backfired when they looked closer and found it really was a mine. It was a mess up as to which was the most scared.

### One German Car Equals A Bottle

Pte. John Slovak Bellmore, L. I. New York, and three others had found a German vehicle along the way, and thinking it might be possible to fix it up pushed it to a nearby town. There they found it was not and gone, but they decided to try to salvage something out of it, if possible.

There was a crowd of curious civilians gathered around, so the soldiers announced, with gestures, that the first man who brought them a bottle of wine could have the car. Several wanted parts of it, so a number were in the race that followed. The minute the wine was handed over, the winner started stripping the tree off.

### Ellis Expects Oak Leaf Cluster

Two boys, Ellis and Henry Lewis, Kansas, Okla., are wondering how long the same things happens to one will also happen to the other.

They are both in the same company, both Pfc's, both boys, and a few days ago both wore Purple Hearts, and neither had gone to the hospital. Then the other night Henry got an Oak Leaf when a piece of shrapnel landed in his arm.

Now Ellis is wondering how his turn will come.

### Quoth the Dogface...

By Bill Mauldin

This invasion has gone to hell. My old infantry top kick, a reasonably sensible and efficient man for a first sergeant, has gone and let them make a second lieutenant out of him. Some Italian cop stole the motorcycle I had stolen from another Italian cop. Now comes the final blow. I find war correspondents are not all they are cracked up to be.

Back in the States, you could pick up a book some war correspondent wrote about his experiences, and see him pecking out a world-making story with one hand and pistol-whipping the enemy with the other. You could almost hear him say, with sweat on his brow and dirt in his ears, he would scream at a general: "Hold that battle, old boy! I want to save some of it for next week's installment." It was hot stuff. I see it up.

Then the other day I saw a group of people approach an unwary soldier who was taking a bath in his canteen cup. In the lead was a Public Relations major, slucking like an old hen over its head. The crowd consisted of nine war correspondents and one private, who acted as guide. The private took one herifical look, upset his bath water, and dove into the sea. Evidently he had experienced with war correspondents before. They dragged him squirming out, two of the officers sat on him, and the quiz began.

"Pencil ready and sharp, boys?" said the major.

"Yes," Chorus of voices.

"Notebooks ready?"

"Yes."

"Ready then," said the major to the private.

"Um-mm. Rather be in the Service Command and go home every night."

"He's proud to be part of the mighty forces of freedom that have come to stamp out the evils of oppression."

"Sound of scribbling pencils."

"How in the land?"

"Dunno. Our ration truck was checked. Aint it in two days?"

"He thinks the American Army is the best led in the world. He's particularly impressed with the new five-in-one ration. Bacon, eggs, and potato juice for breakfast, real lunch, and aspiragus tea for supper, all done up in handy dehydrated form."

"That's a damn lie. The bacon is greasy, and I aint got no place to cook it. The deer fools that dehydrate that stuff seem to think we got lukewarm water in every tin case area."

"More scribbling, a crowd from the major and the scrum of officers."

"How do you like your officers?"

"Brenn-el-ick!"

"He says they are a constant inspiration to their men. That's all, soldier, thank you very much. Give these gentlemen your name and home address, and you may continue with your blot."

There is one correspondent I know that partly revives my faith in the hood. In the first place, he's been A. W. O. L., since he's listed as being in North Africa. Second, he wears a grimy uniform, has a few discolored moustache, and doesn't loah dabbing at all. In fact, the C.O. on his command is hanging by a thread and looks beautifully sloppy. Third, he doesn't know any general, and claims he doesn't want to know any. He was a luck private in the last war.

Since nobody knows he's here, he can't get rationes, and we slip him an occasional can of meat and beans to keep the spark of life going. I strongly suspect he doesn't even know what paper he works for. Once he walked out to Bloody Ridge with a couple of other correspondents who had managed to slip out from under the major's maternal eye. It was a long walk, and at the end of it our friend stopped, waddly placed a hand on his forehead, and said as follows:

"Please leave me now. I want to get the mood. I know, I shall call it 'The Battle of the Garden of Edgewood.'" A word before that display of literary genius, the other two correspondents respectfully tipped away. Our friend promptly lay down under a bush and went to sleep.

### Moonlight's Better For Love, Not Poker

Moonlight has no softening influence on Pte. Irving Fishman, Bronx, N. Y., as Pvt. Sid Galloway, New London, Conn., Pfc. Frank Backus, Pittsboro, Pa., can testify. The three had played poker all afternoon, with Fishman doing the best of the winning. Night came and Fishman rejoined, thinking of the letter he had written his wife, promising to send money.

The other two were not so happy. They brought out their best arguments and finally persuaded Fishlight to continue the game by moonlight. Even by moonlight, however, their luck was gone. Fishman ended up a heavier winner than before.

### Butterfly Mine Wounds Laude

Pfc. Edward Laude was badly wounded, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that he saved the lives of his comrades. Pvt. Torrence Barth, California, and Pvt. Morris Tarbett, Baltimore.

The three were sent out on a patrol to contact another outfit, but they lay there, Jerry opened up with artillery on the area. They decided it was time to move.

On the way out, Laude, Harford, Conn., stepped on a butterfly mine and took the full force of the blast in his leg.

### There's a Moral: Never Guess

First Lt. Jack Weliver, Pvt. Tommy Howe and Pvt. Marco Bivini were enjoying a quiet swim in the Mediterranean when the plane zoomed in on them.

"Spit!" said Bivini astoundedly, and because he works for S.2 and is supposed to know about such things, the other two believed him until the Messerschmitt started strafing them.

They took cover behind a rock.

# 45<sup>th</sup> Division News, August 17, 1943, p. 3

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## Cannon Men Enliven Town, Shoot at Things

The small town had been in our hands only a few hours when the cannon company pulled in. If the men finally proved to be a little tricker-happy it was because of this fact and the warning they had received about snipers. Besides it was almost dark.

So when Cpl. Ray Kuskeadall, Sacramento, Cal., saw a head peering over the edge of a church roof, he first challenged the figure, and when no answer was received, he went with his rifle. The head dropped out night.

Next morning he set out to see what he'd bagged. Laboriously he climbed the wall of the church, and peered over the edge of the roof. His single shot had landed right between the eyes of a statue.

Pfc. Danie Stokes, same outfit, had been on the ball the night before too. His guard post was atop a parked vehicle near a smoldering fire started by artillery.

Near the fire was a small hut. Every few minutes a shadowy figure would emerge from the building and make a break for the fire. Every time he put in an appearance, Stokes would drive him back in the hut with a rifle shot. This kept up all night.

In the morning, Stokes advanced cautiously on the hut, all set to capture his prisoner. He was met at the door by an indignant native. The Sicilian wanted to know why, war or no war, a respectable citizen was shot at every time he tried to protect his property from fire.

## Produced

It's taking Pvt. Bernard Ramsey a little while to get used to Sicily. The other day someone showed him a small tree sprouting skinky leaves. Now Ramsey is willing to bet anyone in the woods that he can find a man named tree.

## Like Two Holes In the Rowboat

Cpl. Art Falkenberg, a cannon company paddler, found his half-track smart in the middle of a barrage of 88's one night.

At the height of the attack, Falkenberg yelled at one of his buddies to let down the shield.

"What for?" yelled the befuddled defender above the rear.

"To let out some of this damned shrapnel," was Falkenberg's reply.



Pts. Pleaz Wdisenhant, Caddo, Okla., decided that, war or no war, the company was in complete without a mascot. He walked the nearest house where he found this puppy, which the farmer was glad to trade for two cigarettes. Pooch answers to the name of "Vino" when he answers at all.

## A Funny Man Is Sergeant Pope

Sgt. Robert L. Pope, Guthrie, Okla., division ordnance, has been having a lot of fun with a captured Italian hand grenade.

The only day he approached group of his buddies.

"Look what I found," he said, showing them the red devil.

Then, when he'd gathered a large group around him, Pope pulled the pin. "Wonder what this is for," he remarked.

But nobody heard him. They were all diving for the nearest fossolo.

Then Pope casually remarked that the grenade had been stopped.

## Friendly Are These Germans, Sergeant Finds

Friendly Italian soldiers have come a dime a dozen here in Sicily, but co-operative Germans are worth talking about.

Take the three captured by Sgt. Melvin Weisz, for instance.

Weisz, Greeley, Cal., was on his way back from an engagement with a trio of Nazis whom he watched with a wary eye. In the pitch darkness of the night the four entered a draw when suddenly one of the Germans stopped, explaining to Weisz that a band of Jerries lay ahead waiting for the procession.

While the American man-on-man took cover, one of the Germans shouted something and out of the darkness stepped a German officer. When he saw Weisz he turned and ran, but the sergeant dropped him with a shot from his rifle and went on after the rest of the enemy, his prisoners obediently following.

Going over a wall, Weisz dropped his rifle. A courteous word one of the Germans stopped, picked the rifle up and handed it back to the captor. Weisz thanked him, affixed his grenade launcher and let go.

There was a flash, a roar, and in the darkness ahead four Jerries lay dead. Weisz continued with his three prisoners.

## Life Saved

First Lt. Melvin Smith rescued one of his men, Pfc. Melvin Detweiler, from drowning last week. Detweiler had gone into deep water and was floundering there when the officer reached him.

## The Boys Feel Kindly About Our Medics

Two reporters went to the field, and both came back with stories in praise of the Medics. One of the reporters is a Medic, and has taken a lot of kidding about it, so it's not surprising in his case. The other is an ordnance man, though, like Skeezix, and always in the U. S. had thought of the Medics as the red tape department. So, here's to the Medics-E-Editor.

Medics have been called everything from a pill rollers to aspirin curculla in peace time. Come war, and they make the scuffers swallow their words by the way they do their work.

Pfc. John Slovak, Bellmore, Long Island, N. Y., and Pvt. Homer Malina, Springfield, Mass., had been warned about danger of going out under direct fire to give aid. Nevertheless, when two soldiers were knocked out by mortar fire, they wormed their way up to the two and bandaged them up, still lying flat on their stomachs.

Pfc. Fred Beard wriggled his way up to two soldiers, one of whom had been hit. With the unswerving man behind Beard started to work. A bullet knocked the volunteer down, a hole in his head, but Beard finished the job, pulled the man out of line of fire, and returned to cover.

Pfc. John Slawak, Morris Hanson, Hanks, Minn., Pvt. Paul Hodges, Pfc. Helmut Gutesloh, N. Y. C., found a wounded German near a mine field. They threaded their way back toward the aid station, carefully following the lines through the mines. A bridge had been blown out, so Hanson, a small man compared to the 180 pound bulk of the German, used a woman's sary to get the man through the by-pass.

All together, they carried him about six miles down to the aid station and three from the station to the ambulance.

Pvt. Joe Bond, Arica, Ind., is usually always hungry. He was particularly so during a barrage of 88's. He huddled in his hole until the rains were too much for him. Then he crawled out and made some stew.

Sgt. Kenneth Prather, Craig, Col., wasn't even smart with a liter when he went over the top in one engagement. He came back to his CP a little later with four Italian machine gunners and their loaded weapons.

There are a lot of wounded patients in the battalion who prefer their lives to Capt. Peter C. Graf-fagnino, a medic from Louisiana. The captain picked his way into a mine field to give first aid to 29 casualties. Sappers later removed 54 mines from the same area.

## Dead Germans Are Astonished

It was hard to say which group was the more surprised, the Germans who woke up to see American soldiers surrounding them or the Americans who saw what they thought dead men come to life.

The group consisting of Corp. Joe Hopkins, Dillville, Ohio, Pfc. Stanley Kral, Cleveland, Ohio, and Pfc. Vincent Lenhard, Lorain, Ohio, had gone on a night mazing tour of the beach near their camp site. A short distance from the beach they saw a few holes with what appeared to be three dead Germans in it. Yelling "Here's some dead Germans," the three charged the hole, intent on souvenirs.

The Germans woke at the shout, saw the Americans charging them with what appeared to be bloody purposes, and raised their hands. They were paratroopers who had been separated from their outfit the day before and had spent the time in between dodging our patrols and sniping fire.

## Bomber Sets Up A Fish Fry

Tanks to a German bomber the men of one of the line companies had a fish by the other day. The Jerry dropped his bombs in the sea, damaging nothing but a school of fish.

The men gathered them up, had them for dinner that day.

## Caskets, Wheels, Dwarves Help Issue the News

With stories of the fighting Thunderbird being flashed to every state in the Union, the 45th Division News has come in for its share of publicity. Now that the folks at home know all about us, we figure its time you learned about the paper you're reading.

It's the same paper you read back in camp. The staff is the same, the name is the same and you'll be reading it at least once a week. What makes it different, what makes it news to the folks in the States is the fact that this is the first American paper ever printed on Axis home soil.

As a matter of fact, the first foreign edition was being distributed at the front on D plus three. Our headquarters then was Vittoria, which Sgt. Don Robinson, editor, and Sgt. Bill Mauldin, cartoonist, entered a few hours after the town had fallen.

They managed to find a printer out in the abandoned countryside, and he was finally convinced to return to his shop in town. Typewriters weren't available and the printer didn't know from nothing about English, so we printed a our copy in longhand, literally drew pictures of the type he was to set. Because the Italian types have few x's, y's, z's and y's, a we had to use them.

But we still needed foreign news, and we had no radio. Our ingenious cartoonist took off on his hike, got to the beach, managed to bribe a sailor with an Italian carbine. He got our first foreign news on a ship's radio. Coming back he had got rid of the bike when a Massachusetts strafed the shiny machine.

The first Division News edition on the island was a small unimposing affair, no larger than a letter. If you didn't manage to get one, it's because we printed only 1,000 copies.

The next two issues were mimeographed. Already the front was too far forward for our reporters to get there and back in a single day without a vehicle of their own, so while the staff went out after stories the other half remained in town and printed the paper.

We moved forward to Calanissetta and the same problems presented themselves. We finally located a printer, seven of them in fact, and work began on issue number 4. We called the printers the Seven Dwarves. You got the impression, being next to them, of being in Lilliputia.

But with a little help from us they did the job. Electric power was off in the city, so the huge flat-bed press had to be turned by hand, three turns of the manmash fly-wheel for one copy and we were printing a thousand copies. Just for the record, the highest number of consecutive turns on the wheel was made by Robinson who drew a super-human strength from his devotion to the sheet.

But the paper still didn't boast of pictures by Sgt. George Tapscott, an cartoonist from Mauldin. So the latter set out for Palermo where he finally located an engraver. The next issue had a cartoon, and therein lies a tale.

The engraver had been bombed out of his plant. Mauldin helped him set up a darkroom in a chicken coop. In fact he was all set to conceit he needed zinc and there wasn't any on the island.

Mauldin got the zinc. He got it from a coffin-maker who was also hiding in the country. The man gripped a little when he had to take it out of a cabinet's lining, but edition No. 5 had a cartoon.

But the troops pushed still farther forward, so we packed our typewriters and hit the road again. We ended in Palermo and that's where we are now.

We'd acquired some more equipment so it took us several days to move and get settled. There was a two-day hunt for a printer, and the next day was Sunday. Monday the shop still was empty from a bombing. That's why there was a 12 day wait between editions 5 and 6.

Now that we're settled we intend to print a paper his size at least once a week. But if we drop out of sight for a few days it may be because we're moving again.

Or maybe the coffin-maker will have run out of coffin.

## Memory Lapse Saves a Life

Forgetfulness is a bad thing usually, but on one occasion Pvt. Bill Hoffman, Wann, Okla., owes his life to it.

Hoffman had been doing some house work and found his fox hole to such good effect that the enemy brought a machine gun to bear on him. Bullets splashed dirt all over him, cutting away the earth from around him, and he was convinced that the hole might well be his grave.

About this time a half-track showed up and literally gave him curb service. It backed up to the fox hole long enough for him to clamber in, then turned into his 50 cal. gun on the machine gun.

The driver had returned for the gun should he had forgotten the previous day.

## Kosovitch Was In A Big Hurry

Pvt. George Kosovitch, Philadelphia, Pa., is a man who can have his mind on two things at once but believes in doing only one of them at a time.

Kosovitch and Pvt. Earl Mannes, Tablespah, Okla., were outposts when suddenly they saw the enemy, in line, advancing toward them. Kosovitch got the jump on Mannes and tore out for the rear, forgetting such trifles as rifle. Mannes, a thirty year, picket up both guns and started out after him, yelling for him to take his rifle. Kosovitch, never slackening his pace, yelled back for Mannes to hand it to him, but he wasn't fast enough. Mannes carried them both back.

## Paul Can Shoot, Even Strango Gun

St. Sgt. Paul Villegas is generous almost to a fault. In action on "Bloody Ridge," one of his platoon was in a hole. Villegas turned over his M1, grabbed an enemy rifle that was lying there.

And although he'd never handled such a piece before, the staff sergeant bagged six Germans with it.

# 45<sup>th</sup> Division News, August 17, 1943, p. 4

45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Museum Archives

## S. S. O. Issues Kits, Papers

Distribution of the 45th Division News will be made at the Division Special Service office just west of Cefalu on the coast road. Capt. Richard G. Hagood, division special service officer, has announced. In addition to the paper, a limited supply of magazines are available as well as miscellaneous equipment from Seventh Army. Capt. Hagood requests each division unit check at least every other day for equipment. Distribution has been made on B-kits, containing radio, photograph, transcriptions and books, and the athletic kits will be distributed as soon as the island campaign becomes stabilized.

EFM telegrams are delivered daily to Palermo, the truck leaving the Cefalu office at one o'clock in the afternoon. The cablegrams may be sent to any point in the United States, the message being limited to any three or fewer of those listed.

## Funeral

A military funeral was given Pfc. John J. Nowakowski, infantry, who was drowned last Sunday.

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

Published by The 45th Infantry Division, every now and then, for the personnel. Address: None; we're transients.

### STAFF

Sgt. Don Robinson... Editor  
Sgt. Bill Mauldin... Cartoonist  
Sgt. George Tappert... Photographer  
Cpl. Bill Barrett... Reporter  
Cpl. Fred Sherman... Reporter  
Pvt. George Riley... Driver

## Grenades, Crawford, Are Dangerous!

Either Pvt. Crawford, paddiefoot, is convinced this is all a maneuver, or he hasn't any imagination. At any rate, he's had a lot of good luck.

In a mopping-up action, his squad came upon an apparently empty hut. Crawford pulled the pin on his grenade, tossed the burning piece into the house. Then, before his mates could stop him, Crawford had vaulted into the house after it. There was a terrific explosion that bulged the sides of the feeble hut.

The buddies of Pvt. Crawford hung their heads in silence. He'd been a good guy.

Out of the settling dust that had been a Sicilian cottage stepped Crawford brushing his untorn clothes meticulously. «Wasn't nobody there,» he announced.

His squad leader, emotionally confused, took the rising private aside. Patiently he explained that after a grenade is thrown the better soldier waits for the report before he enters the building to investigate. Crawford nodded. It wouldn't happen again, he assured his sergeant. And it didn't.

A little later the same group came upon another hut. Again Crawford pulled the pin and let fly. This time, however, he didn't watch into the house after the grenade. He just ran up to the window and looked in.

They closed their eyes on what followed. What they were about to see, they figured, wouldn't be nice. And Crawford had been a good guy.

The tinkle of shattered glass resounded above the roar of the explosion. Then came a voice: «Two men dead in there.»

And there was Pvt. Crawford, alive and unscratched, combing a window out of his hair.

## German Soldier Laughs and Dies

It was Sgt. Herb Fish, Cannon City, Col., who led one of the first squads to the top of a Bloody Ridge, and while they didn't stay long, Jerry knew he'd been visited.

Going up the hill was tough enough. Fish shot more than one outpost before the top was reached and the Germans counter-attacked the small force with fired bayonets. The squad retreated in order. Fish accounted for 10 Nazis before a blow on his head sent him to the ground, dazed for a second. When he came to he discovered his helmet had been ripped down the center, but he wasn't hurt.

What made Fish fighting mad was the German who shot him assuming the American to be dead, the Nazi laughed heartily and went on his way. So Fish shot him.

However, the non-com isn't holding the helmet as a souvenir. «I might as well throw it away,» he explains. «Can't wash it in any more.»

## Top Kic Seems A Draft Dodger

First Sgt. Howard Simpson, Chickasha, Okla., a member of a field artillery battery, is being threatened with the F. B. I.

Several days ago the sergeant received a notice from his draft board in Abilene, Tex., to the effect that his case would be turned over to the F. B. I. unless he reported to the board at once.

Simpson got out of the army on the over-age clause some time ago, but rejoined his outfit later, without notifying his draft board of his

## Soviets Drive On Smolensk

While her troops still closed in on Kharkov and Bryansk, Russia sent a spearhead through the center to bear down upon Smolensk, it developed this week. This drive killed 6,000 Germans in three days.

Twenty localities were captured up to Monday morning. The Germans were counterattacking at Kharkov, using Tiger tanks in an effort to save their last exit railway.

## That's No Patrol, It's a Friend!

The American patrol suddenly halted in the dark. Ahead were cautious sounds, a light tread, the rustle of a bush.

Remembering the warning they'd received of active enemy patrols in the area, they edged to preset positions and waited. Fifteen minutes ticked by. They held their breaths, waited while the bushes parted. Out stepped a stray donkey.

## Bulletins

**RUSSIA** — The Soviets have taken Karacev, and have surrounded Kharkov.

**SICILY** — The Allies have taken Taormini.

**GERMANY** — Mosquito Bombers bombed Berlin for the third day running.

**ITALY** — Milan was bombed for the fourth time in three days.

## Welcome Boys, Welcome Indeed

A small group of Canadian soldiers, on their way back to their outfit, sighted the houses, area dead ahead. Here, they figured, they could spend a peaceful night before going on in the morning.

The next instant they were hugging the ground under a cross fire of machine guns. They'd wandered smack into the middle of a paddiefoot battalion battle problem.

Printed by I. R. E. S., Palermo, Sicily

## Winnie, F.D.R. Met Last Week

It was revealed this week that President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill met for three days at the President's Hyde Park estate as a forerunner to their official conference in Canada later in the week. It is presumed that the President and Prime Minister discussed the agenda of the forthcoming Quebec conference, at which they will be accompanied by their staffs of military and naval strategists.

## At Ease

Visitors who walk into the C. P. of one of the infantry companies rub their eyes and wonder if the heat has hit them when they see what occupies a prominent place in it.

«It is an oversize camp chair which is Lt. Woodard Lackey, Stillwater, Okla., picked up near the waterfront in Palermo.

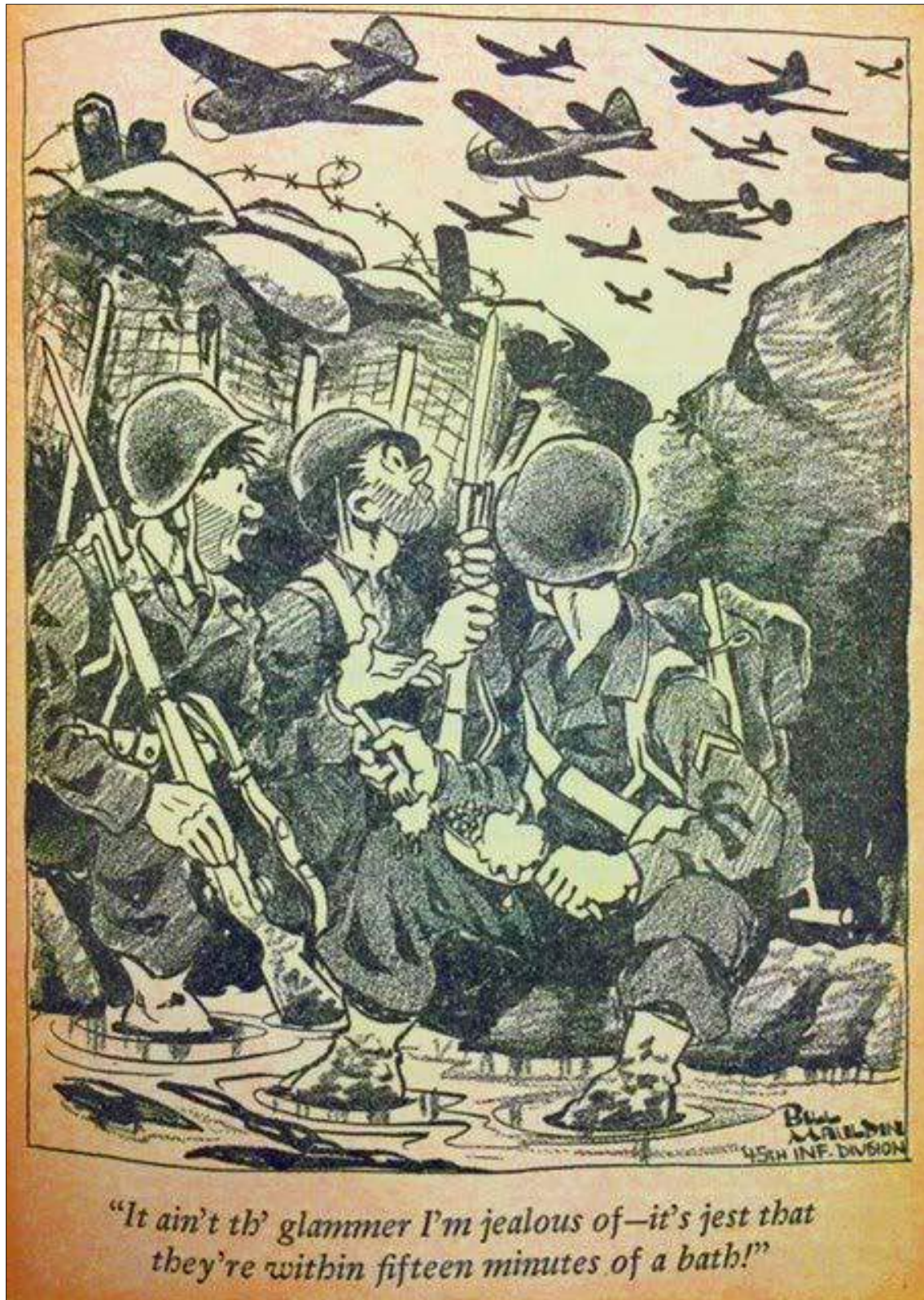
## STAR SPANGLED BANTER

By Bill Mauldin



## Bill Mauldin, *Bath in 15 Minutes*

Bill Mauldin Collection, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division Museum



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45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Museum Archives

# 45<sup>th</sup> DIVISION NEWS

FEBRUARY 22, 1944
NAPLES, ITALY
VOL. IV No. 31

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

Somebody has the wrong idea about soldiers' ideal woman. The ideal woman, according to the theory of the publishing powers that be, is a movie starlet, frankly and indiscriminately seductive, wearing as few clothes as can be arranged without getting the publications barred from the mails. Now comes Gun Section 2 of a girl who looks like a G.I.'s woman. A girl who looks like she might be just ONE G.I.'s woman, and stay that way.

They'd like to find one who has a sort of exclusive come-hither look that will say 'come hither' to one guy, and 'so sorry' to the rest of the guys in the world. They want a pin-up girl who looks like she could wear and look like a million bucks in what an average guy could afford to buy her to wear, who looks like she could make a cake, who would make a house cozy just by being there.

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

## The Week's News... Allies Beat Off Beachhead Stabs, Blast Germany

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

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

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

The Russian steamroller lost some of its momentum over the week and the pocketed Nazis were all but annihilated. An estimated 35,000 Germans were slaughtered in the Duleper trap alone, with 18,000 taken prisoner. Meanwhile, the Red Army launched a three-prong assault on the German bastion at Pskov, where the Germans are expected to put up another determined stand. On the southeastern sector of the Duleper, the Germans admitted that the Reds had opened up a final assault on the industrial city of Kirov Rog.

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

Continuing the all-out attack on Jap held islands in the Pacific, an American task force attacked Truk, the most powerful Jap base south of the homeland. The Navy Department announced that the Japs suffered 12 ships sunk and 203 planes destroyed in the initial battle for the base. Supplementing the ground fighting in the Marshall and Caroline atolls, the Allied air force struck savagely at Jap installations throughout the area.

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

Sonia Heins, international skating star and movie actress, was killed Saturday in an accident.



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

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

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

## Kitchen 'Mike's Tavern' Until Engineers Get There

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

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

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

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

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



Painting to the brand on this halberd, Mr. Sgt. John Malodjan, Garfield, N. J., explains that these two lasters are a veritable plague to him. His job is the Adjutant General's section centers around the distribution and filing of the many Army Regulations.

## Shumway Battles To Tourney Finals

Heavyweight Cecil Shumway punched his way to the Allied boxing Tournament finals Friday by hammering out a decision over Sylvester Smith. The amateur puddle-foot next meets the heavily-favored Perry Evans of Berlin.

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

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45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Museum Archives



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

## One Purple Heart a Day Is Enough for Jagoda, Doc

By Bill Harr

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

### Shells Miss But Don't Help Krauts' Morale

Acting as forward observer for an artillery battery, Sgt. Merle Goodman, Lancaster, Ohio, located all the Japs' around a group of houses, and he recorded the information to the FDC.

"First," he heard, and he watched for the explosion.

There was an explosion, a series of them, a helluva roar. The first shell had gone wild, landed about a thousand yards to the left, in among a hidden ammo dump and sent shells and smoke skyrocketing upward and left a dense path over everything.

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

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

### Jilted Dogfaces Form Grim Club

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

The club is known as the "Wide-Glances", and thus far numbers only eight members. However, it is expected to increase its membership with the news of it.

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

## Rat's Nest Smokes Out Signal Boys

When the Signal Company moved into pyramidal tents, St. Sgt. Clifford Marple of Eaglewood, Colo., solved the above situation by building an insect-toy goodness stone fireplace. Before you could say "Fall Out For Celesthenics" the idea spread and similar stoves appeared in many tents.

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

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

## Wood's General Store Opens

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

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

All his search was fruitless until he came on Wood.

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

Popolowski was in no condition to argue.

"OK, how much you want for it?"

"Only 50-cents."

The half-dollar changed hands, then Wood volunteered:

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

## Crooning Captives Win Sam's Heart

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

"Virginia," announced Sam, proudly.

Whereupon the whole slew of captives broke out in the song, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia."

## Major Corners Market, Hens Produce for Brass

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

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

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

A major in the medics answered the door. Just a little surprised, DeCasati explained that he'd bought a few eggs the day before, and that he'd like a few more.

"Well, you won't get them here," decreed the officer. "I've bought all the eggs they're willing to sell."

DeCasati turned to go.

"Furthermore, all the eggs these hens lay in the future belong to me," remarked the major.

DeCasati got in his radio peep.

"Furthermore, you'd better get flat peep out of here. The radio is drawing shell fire."

DeCasati drove off. He didn't bother to explain that the radio was turned off anyhow.

## By the Right Flank!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Home for Pvt. Joe Pfeitruk (pronounced Hi-Fruk), New Castle, Pa., is an enlarged foxhole complete with a bedspring. He picked up the spring in an abandoned farmhouse.

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

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

Need a watch? Or a knife? Or a what-have-you? See Pvt. T. J. O'Connell, TD. He has a nice collection of guns, ranging from Lagers to Berrettas, and watches ranging from the lordly 17 jewel Elgin to the Italian alarm clock wrist watch. He has gotten as much as \$0 dollars for a P38 from a Frenchman, \$0 dollars for a Luger. (The Luger was sold to a friend)

Texas Capt. Joe Carr, of the tank destroyers, boasts that he can get chili-con-carne three times a day and retish it.

## 45<sup>th</sup> DIVISION NEWS

Address care of our APO  
STAFF  
Sgt. Don Robinson Editor  
Sgt. George Tappan Photographer  
Cpl. Bill Bowers and  
Pvt. Fred Shambaugh Reporters  
Pvt. Irving Blitcher Editor  
Aunt Gracie's Dots, Anonido • NAINOLD



# 45<sup>th</sup> Division News, February 22, 1944, p. 3

45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Museum Archives

## Jerries Mistake Lenz For Drowsy Kommandant

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

## Herb and Looie Pass their Time Passing Rocks

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Mac Is Wrong, But Isn't Sorry

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lenz remained silent, and the



Sgt. Jose Gonzales and his headgear — white signs.

## Artistic Engineers Dread White Signs

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

### These GI's Better Walk Next Time

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## GI's Poise Takes Beating In Air Raids

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

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

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

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

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

## Courage Men! Rolls'll Come

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

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

Hall is writing Mrs. Young for his patron.

Jerry walked away.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

«No more will that fine grace be accustomed place. Mauldin has transferred to the Stars and Stripes after three years of slaving for the News. The temptations to leave were great; Bill could draw for the whole army instead of just the 45th, (and the 45th would see his stuff daily instead of weekly), while the Mauldin name would go up on a ground glass door of a city office with a radiator. Furthermore, Bill would be privileged to wear a little gold and black tail which says «Correspondent, U.S. Army,» and travel about all over Italy prying into the workings of war.»

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

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

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

The cartoonist is a thin, intense,



Bill Mauldin

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

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

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

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

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

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45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Museum Archives

## 'Now Fork Over Those Shoes,' Screams Ite

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Where are the shoes?' he demanded.

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

## Love Walks Out With Ring, Piano

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

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

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

## Mike's Tavern

(Continued from page 1.) set out for the clanger to replenish his supply.

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

## STAR SPANGLED BANTER

## By Bill Mauldin Pin-Up Girl

(Continued from page 1.)



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Lesson: Don't Jump Commands

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

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

## Strozewski Leads In Air Raid Race

### 'Pop' Thesman Sweats Out Serial Letters

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Scores Thrice In Shelter Dash

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Jerries Jump Out of the Pan Into the Fire

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

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

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

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

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

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

So far, Strozewski gets there first.

## Noncom Whirlwind Hits the - er - Dirt

It happened. St. Sgt. Lewis E. Whirlwind, Claremore, Okla., was passing the time of day at the company's straddle ditch and pondering great thoughts when a flight of Focke-Wulf's made their appearance. Guns opened up from all over, and Whirlwind found safety flat on his face at the bottom of the straddle ditch.

## Shellin Is Shockin, QM Boys Discover

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

'Was anybody hurt?' someone asked.

'No, sah,' came the reply. 'There wasn't nobody hurt, but we also got a mess o' shell shock.'

## TO Gets Candy

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

# Brummett Echohawk, *A Factory Charge*, February 11, 1944

Brummett Echohawk Collection, 45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Museum



# 45<sup>th</sup> Division News, September 6, 1944, p. 1

45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Museum Archives

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

Vol. V. No 8 - Grenoble

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 snowdrifts 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 Anzac 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 day — 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. Germans infiltrated in daylight, then stood up to deliver fire from burp guns.

Enemy tanks came up and attempted to dislodge the resilient company, firing direct from distances of 500 to 1,000 yards.

Despite heavy enemy pressure, exposure to bad weather, insufficient water, ammo, and rations, I Company held the position to eliminate the threat to the sanctity 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 Scheldt 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, Blazna, 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 Rimini. This desperate defense is the only real line between the Eighth Army and the Plains of Lombardy.

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 news 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, guide and toy 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 Jerries blew up a large bridge which had spanned a swift river. While the engineers hastily constructed a pontoon bridge, incoming vehicles became stranded 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 position bridge, plunged into the swift current and started swimming toward the opposite side.

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

A long minute elapsed, then a great splash passed over the onlookers. 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, Winnsboro, Rhode Island.

### Nearby Jerries Sate with Alfred

It was my first chance to kill a German in 14 months of overseas and I missed, a Private Pfc. Alfred C. Stringer, Philadelphia.

Al fired a wide M1 clip at the three Krauts from 25 yards, and the Krauts are all sick unskinned 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 45<sup>th</sup> 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 jeep 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. Crowder 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 the 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 drive.

### 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.

And, respected Sgt. Howard Cluett, Brooklyn, is mail clerk for the force and usually remains behind at the company CP separating his envelopes and filing out money order applications. At times, though, Cluett gets tired of getting second hand reports on the war and wants to get into the action himself. Besides, he was patting in his line for the coming badge.

On those sorties, Cluett 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 Cluett'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 bond Brooklyn mail clerk.

All the bridges over the river were gone and the result: mail had brought the level of the stream up to neck depth, and the current was strong. But Cluett raised his rifle over his head and stepped in. «I was going to win him his combat badge, he thought, and the river was hardly an obstacle.

Sopping wet, Cluett ambled on into town and received the ovation 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 Blak, 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 squaddies.

### 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 leave, however, there is another, and almost as formidable, danger. This is the welcome of the French people.

Pvt. Antonio Yakalis, Brooklyn, threw up his hands to catch the object that came hurtling through the air.

The man's aim was perfect. The ripe tomato passed through Nall's hands and made a direct hit on the barrel of Yakalis'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 face and clothes.

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45th Infantry Museum Archives

PAGE 2

YOU KNOW THE FFI...

## The 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 Kraton, or to fill up the gas tanks of their irreparable 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 Kraton 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 know that the only way to survive is to kill. They have a hatred that springs from four years of watching their fellow-countrymen die at the hands of the Germans.

They kill with whatever they have handy — a stolen German rifle, a rock, 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 forces, and more than one American or British 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 met across in their separate flights for freedom was a group of FFI warriors. Each Englishman 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 states for reassignment. They explained that if they couldn't, they'd like to join the FFI and do a little more scrounging before they went home.

Then there's the entirely different case of George George is a civilian Englishman of 60 years, a man who had been a major in the RAF in the late 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 false 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, amputated American 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.

## A Local Host Finds Friends, Nearly Fatal

First into a small French town were Pfc. Bud Topping, Messrs. L. L. and Victor Hodey, North Setauket, Mass. The populace welcomed them, bought them drinks and one who could speak English even invited them to his home for a meal.

So Pfc. Topping met up with some members of the F. F. I. who had had to say in French, but neither Topping nor Hodey 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 found 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 was out of it. He wasn't killed.

## Foot In His Face Doesn't Please Will

And the shell wasn't even a mere GP. Willard Williams, Brooklyn, infantry, says he's here to bake pastry. Leads turned out a sugar-dust, Angel Layer Cake for members of his unit.

Two nights before several other's had whistled over the battery arsons leading near. They didn't bother Henson, who was nestled in his slit trench.

They did bother Nealey because he 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 bug."

## BROTHERS UNITED IN ARTY UNIT

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 a member of a division artillery battery.

Their company mates, 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 mission.

## 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, Baysaw, N. C., became the point of the advance for the first time in their careers.

The captured section, Germans too, according to Pfc. Roy D. Anderson, Brooklyn.

## By the Right Flank...

Next time a cute little French gal asks you what the "waffle" is on your arm, tell her it's a canon de tonner. That's pronounced — waffle or less — a waffle de tonner and it's French for a Thunderbird.

Division MP Pvt. Ernest Dorr, North Setauket, Mass., wants to meet a couple of other Thunderbirds: John Pelletier and Sam Coleman, Coasset, Mass. The News will forward any correspondence.

Lt. Colonel William Grace, infantry, was induced into the French Order of Merit as a tank operator 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 led them rather than biscuits, oatmeal cookies, or cake every day.

Maybe some other doughface was first to bake bread in Southern France but Pfc. Ernest J. Leotta, Brooklyn, infantry, says he's the first here to bake pastry. Leads turned out a sugar-dust, Angel Layer Cake for members of his unit.

Quartermaster Pvt. Bill Hoskins, Oklahoma City, has a palatable French recipe for a nut cake and some 100-dollar French pork pie on a chain as a memento.

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

Engineer at Division headquarters, Pfc. Fred Muehlbacher, Germantown, Pa., can't set up his tent like everyone else at the CP till he strikes his 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. Alton Kosta, Brooklyn, says he's been kissed 421 times since he's been in France.

Information AF's Cpl. Al Porter, Philadelphia, and Pfc. George Rogan, Des Moines, had their portraits drawn by a Parisienne artist. There was no charge.

Ondanna, Co. has two dog masks — a Dutch is the brains of the pair and can do everything except talk. A Sad Rack with four amphibious assaults to his credit, is as might be expected, rather dull.

Ducks don't make good pets, so mess sergeant Raymond Anders, Alton, Tenn., once the two he kept to a little boy.

MP Pvt. Norbert Thibault, Creighton, N. J., has a comment: "We're moving so fast we don't have any chance to tack up off illness signs."

Second Lt. Bartoo, Co. L, demands a credit line on the towns his outfit liberates. The first American flag he played in a little town back on the coast bears the sign: "This town taken by Co. L."

The difference between Italy and France, according to Pvt. Charles Pappas, The Bronx, is that here the adults ask for bon-bons to one to the children, and the children ask for cigarettes to give to papa.

Some places in France there are two prices, one for civilians and one for Americans. Pvt. Charles Maloney, Brooklyn, reports. At one the French paid 120 francs, a dollar for a magazine. GIs paid 100 francs for the same article.

He indeed was Pvt. Grady Brown, an Oklahoma medic, when he got out of a German hand truck. He gazed it up, started it and it threw two rods through the block. He could have used diesel oil, he discovered. Too late.

What kind of soldiers are we fighting? asks the second platoon of E Co. A week ago they knocked out a tank carrying women's clothes, gas, brassiers and other even less mentionable garments.

## 45th Division News

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

# 45<sup>th</sup> Division News, September 6, 1944, p. 3

45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Museum Archives

45th DIVISION NEWS

PAGE 3

## 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 Big Van Winkle awoke to find himself still aboard the LCI and safely back in the harbor. The heavy officer explained that they couldn't make the trip again for one lone soldier. They were in a harbor 20 miles 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. 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. "I'll try the unofficial way," he said.

They went out on a plover and waited until one of the navy personnel boys 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 awaking 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. Artuzon, Stamford, Conn. Artuzon was on guard at a crossroads and he was troping at a strange man on a bicycle. The man was a German, and Artuzon was warning with disapproval. The German was out of uniform.

The cyclist wore no hat. He had on a non-cream belt and a tan, non-cream shirt. Artuzon accused the badly dressed Kraut.

Back at Hillstation the Kraut was forced to give up the bike, which he had hidden 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 tick.

## CASH PAYS CASH FOR VICHY WATER

After hearing go much about the French a while lightning, a East on Vie, artillery Pw, Lester Cash, Chatsville, Ga., was only too willing to spend 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," a 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!

Thanks it seems to take the whole war department to establish out any 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 on 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 where 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 canteen bags, hosiery or drawers 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 is usually carried as missing in action. And insurance payments must be held up a year until the soldier is returned dead.

Men who are wounded and get into a British hospital or a German 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 AGO 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 and wounded were alive and unharmed.

The AG has taken elaborate precautions for the identification and reporting of casualties; the officer reported, so that no mistake 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 hospital or have been killed because they drank when they 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.

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 the village, close to the Maquis camp, they left in a French truck, started the Nazi-held town and reported to a Maquis company's CP.

From the company they were shuttled to a regimental CP where they had their first American Army show 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, booted out with four other crew members when their B-24 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.

At one 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. Esterline, Toledo, waded glacier 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 civilians told the Germans the name of the patriot who aided Esterline, and Jerries ransacked his home, broke the furniture, beat his wife and overhauled a crib with an infant in it.

Despite the fact that the Germans prohibited any ceremonies on Bastille Day, 800 French civilians gathered at an impressive formal ceremony for two dead American flyers. Jerry soldiers appeared and depressed 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 hurt and the Maquis arranged an Allied transport plane to pick him up.

An American C-47, piloted by a British airman, landed near the camp but 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 paratroopers. 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 sea in the days, 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, and 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 as a food 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 Massacio, 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. Massacio 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 Massacio came back with five Germans and explained there were two others dead, on the hill.

## 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, Hennessy, Okla.



First into a town was Chaplain LeRoy Raley, Cameron, Texas, and his assistants, Pfc's Alvey McCollister, LaJunta, Colo., and Raymond Bergeron, Williamstown, 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.

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45th DIVISION NEWS

## 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 whizzed 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 be other than a ride.

Could be? The men whooped and piled in the back end. They'd waited 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 seen 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 Boussars, Cohasset, N. Y. When we piled out of the truck they hailed us each a bouquet of flowers. There were flowers all over the place. Never saw so many flowers in my life.

I save mine to an old woman with tears in her eyes, admitted Pvt. 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. I sat at the bar with Lincoln. We all drank champagne, good aged champagne.

The were there just a few hours. 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 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?

Pvt. Harris is a company aid man with Co. F, and he likes his job. 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 then set off to the dark to return 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 nearly 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 at Pvt. Harris's stall 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. But 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 hand of Cagle'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, Ulica, N.Y., took got tired of seeing desiccated eggs wind up in the garbage pail each morning and decided to do something about it.

One morning Tony turned out a batch of desiccated 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 POW enclosure, aided only by a stray, unarmed GI, who served as guide.

She turned over the prisoners in good order and placed the hand of Pvt. Pete Peterson, The Californian, hand asked for two hours after the first grip.

The enclosure boys pined her story together. Her brother and her husband had been killed by the Germans, and she went to fight with the PFC. 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 seared 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 a woman who knows how to handle men, said the slightly disabled Peterson.

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

The lieutenant 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 France had fallen. Bob forgot to ask him whether he knew Rome had been booted out of Africa.

The lieutenant commented that it was original to bomb German cities, and denied that Germany had captured England.

He couldn't be convinced that he had invaded Southern France and cracked the Pasung 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 pilot's designer.

During a run on the hill near the Sicilian Sicily, the 45th moved several miles steadily. Father Barry, a chaplain, writes five unblemished columns of the wounded and the dying. He then helped transport the wounded for his own force. Barry was awarded the Silver Star for meritorious service in combat in Sicily and Italy. He was awarded the Bronze Star.

Graduating from West Point in 1929, Father Barry returned to the university as a professor of apologetics. He later served as chaplain of the Sicily and Italy.

In the name of Our Saviour, Father Barry placed them atop on the stretcher when the men were recovering and the work from the hospital was completed.

Awarded the SILVER STAR for Gallantry in Action.

## 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 Barthwick, Douglas, Colo., and Pfc. Robert Rodriguez, Brooklyn.

The were enough Jerry's around to shoot at. The enemy had an OP so 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 Jerry's firing blind.

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

Barthwick 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 100 yards away. There were other enemy tanks to the rear so Barthwick would rush into the exposed room, send his radio set up, then dash back to another room comparatively safe. This got him after awhile, he says.

I don't think the Jerry's 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, says 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 had 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. They were to take out and knock off a couple of Mark IV'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 forward 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 after the lumbering force engaged the Boche strongpoints and the doughboys moved ahead.

## Scout Drags In Eight Prisoners

Pvt. Harry L. Flynn, Deaver, first scout in a Thunderbird line company, is credited with the capture of eight Jerry's 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 efforts to escape, the doughboy took them prisoner and brought them in.

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

Crouching along the road with a radio on his back was Pvt. Anthony J. Kanelletter, Vologda, 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 unswitched his radio for greater speed. But one strap held Tony to the diots, 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 he.

## Holt Relieved By Jerry GI

Toiling 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.

## Felix Has Company, Nobody Knows Why

The only man in the outfit who can speak French, Pfc. Felix Thierman, Mead, 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 Thierman's tent was. They walked to his tent and waited patiently until he awoke.

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

## BOVINE VISITORS MAKE CALLS LATE

A strange noise awoke Pvt. Richard 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.

## 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, making 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 attend to their wounds.

## 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 ditch, except for Cpl. Rollin Nicholas, Joseph, Mo. He stood there as yelled:

Aw, whose afraid of our TD's?

## 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, by three Nazi-st guns opened up.

## Infantry's Guests Are Neglected

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 position and the American 75 mm shells destroyed the Jerry weapons.

## Photograph, *Allied Forces Land in Southern France, 1944*

National Archives and Records Administration (SC-1781)





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45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Museum Archives

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

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### DSC Given Three Men Of 179<sup>th</sup>

Three more members of the 45th Division have been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, one of them posthumously, the AGO announced this week.

The posthumous award was given to Sgt. Peter C. Lotzides, Co. K, 179th Inf., for action January 3, 1945, near Wingen.

Lotzides saw one of his machine guns put out of action when the gunner was wounded, and started toward the gun to man it himself. On the way, he was twice seriously wounded and knocked to the ground by the fierce enemy fire.

Nevertheless, he reached the gun, and fired it until it jammed. He was killed while attempting to get the gun in action again, but his surprise fire from a gun the Germans had believed out of action caused many casualties among the enemy.

Pfc. Edgar B. Clum, Co. I, 179th Inf., was awarded the DSC for his actions October 6, 1944, near Grandvillers, where he manned a machine gun in the face of a counterattack.

His accurate fire killed 23 of the enemy and wounded many more. The enemy, in an attempt to eliminate the gun, fired on his position, and a fragment from a grenade hit him in the eye, almost blinding him.

Clumbe stared at the gun, however, until the attack had been repelled.

Sgt. William P. Hatfield, Co. H, 179th Inf., earned his DSC January 10 at Gottenruch, France, where he had been acting as a mortar observer with Co. G. That company was disorganized, due to heavy shelling and the loss of officers.

Despite the continued shelling, Hatfield repaired the communication lines, coordinated the fire of the 60 and 81 mm mortars, found the executive officer and gave him the details of the company's situation.

Then he returned to executive command. His actions are credited with preventing a German breakthrough in the sector.

The Bronze Oak Leaf Cluster to the Legion of Merit has been awarded to Maj. Gen. Robert J. Frederick, division commander, for his outstanding service during the period from January 1 to February 18. The Legion of Merit has been awarded to Capt. Leonard W. Chock, 126th Medical, Lt. Col. Everett W. Dhall, 180th Inf., Lt. Col. Walter S. Schlitzbauer, Jr., Div. Hq.; Lt. Col. James A. Reynolds, Div. Hq.; 1st Lt. Benjamin F. Robertson, 156th P. A., and Tech. Sgt. Henry Weinberger, 180th Inf.

The Bronze Oak Leaf Cluster to the Silver Star Medal has been awarded to Lt. Col. Raymond F. Huff, Hq., 1st Div, 180th Inf., for gallantry April 13 during a reconnaissance to find a site for crossing the Pegnitz River.

(Continued on page 6)

### Good Hausfrau Wants Less Shooting

Cpl. John Long, Wagner, Okla., had to see the European war through almost to the end before he reached the point where he believed he'd seen everything.

With a Kraut 20 mm. shooting at him from down the street, the Cannon Co., 156th Inf., soldier finally sought refuge behind one of the company's half tracks.

Then an indignant German woman came up behind him and demanded that he make the 20 mm. stop shooting while she got across the street.

### Sinatra Honored, Adolf Loses Out

Heir schlem outfits moving through a certain small town in Saxonia are in for a little jolt.

When one of the line companies of the 157th Inf., 1st Div., came through the town, the main street had the usual sign proclaiming to the world that it was "Adolf Hitler Strasse".

The Thunderbird doughboys tore it down and put a cardboard one in its place. The new sign reads: "Frank Sinatra Strasse".

# Dachau Gives Answer To Why We Fought

By Bill Barrett

Thunderbirds who last week still wondered why we fought the Germans and their beliefs, got their answer at the Dachau prison camp where death claimed victims by the carload and murder was a wholesale sadistic business.

Riflemen of Co. I, 157th Inf., were the first to see and smell the place. Dachau never would have been dealt with so thoroughly in the assault stages if these men hadn't walked by a railway siding crammed with boxcars on the way in.

It was late afternoon - about 4 p.m. - as the men made their way down the trucks. They knew that the camp ahead was guarded by SS troops and they expected a hard fight. And like all men going into an attack, be they rookies or vets, these men were afraid.

There were about a dozen bodies in the dirty boxcar, men and women alike. They had gone without food so long that their dead wrists were broomsticks tipped with claws. These were the victims of a deliberate starvation diet, and they weren't pretty.

The men looked, then shuffled on to the next car in silence. There were more dead eyes lone staring out at the German houses not 200 yards from the tracks.

Someone broke the stillness with a curse. And then with a roar the men started for the camp on the double.

Go I entered the camp from the rear and, back by the crematorium, and probably the first liberating Americans inside, were members of the first squad of a platoon commanded by 2nd Lt. Harold Meyer, Las Vegas, N.M.

With him were Pfc. Jack Edwards, Cumberland, Md.; John Dukewicz, Louisville, Wis.; David Riley, Newburgh, N.Y.; Donald Dunlap, Dayton, Ohio; and Martin Evans, Louisiana. With other men of the platoon they swept down the row of SS barracks, killing the weakly defending SS troops at every turn.

"I never saw anything like it," Lieutenant Meyer said later. "The men were plain, fighting mad. They went down that road without any regard for cover or concealment. No one was afraid, not after those

(Continued on Page 7.)

## 45<sup>th</sup> Station On the Air, It's a Job

The 45th Division has been on the air many times during its better than-four-year history, but now, for the first time, it is operating its own station - Radio Thunderbird.

When the city was captured, Maj. Leo V. Bishop heard reports that a radio studio was still intact, and contacted 1st Lt. M. Stuart Novins with a suggestion he might operate it.

Lieutenant Novins found the studio could be used with a little work here and there, and began hunting a transmitter. The first one he found had been smashed by the Nazis, so had the second. Finally a third was located, and proved to be ready to go on the air.

There was a major set-back here. There was no line between studio and transmitter, and no city power with which to put the station on the air.

Lieutenant Novins, with the help of two former Columbia Broadcasting System men, Cpl. Al Morgan, 1st Div, 157th Inf., and St. Sgt. George Huehner, 45th Sig. Co., moved the studio equipment to the transmitter location, and started a diesel generator which supplied power.

Right now the station is operating only part time, due to the fact that unsteady current makes the big, slow turning transmitters of American radio show, sound strange. Regular photograph records sound good, but only a few are on hand.

The station needs good, unscratched records, and if you'd like to contribute any, call Lieutenant Novins at PRO.

When a steady supply of current is obtained and enough records are on hand, hours of operation will be lengthened. When a line can be run between the downtown studios and the transmitter, live programs will be aired, employing division musicians.

The station broadcasts on 1411 kilocycles, with 500 watts power, and your best chance of hearing it is to try between 7 and 9 p.m.

### A & P Platoon Are Resigned

Members of A & P platoon, 3rd Div, 157th Inf., have a new name for their outfit. Instead of the Ammunition and Pioneer platoon, the boys are calling themselves the Atlantic and Pacific platoon.

Says Sgt. Kenneth Ross, Meswood, Mass.: "Now that the war is nearly over in the Atlantic most of the boys are expecting to move over to the Pacific."

### Rolling Kitchen Rolls No More

Like the one-less shay or else it couldn't stand the publicity, the Kraut bus which was being used to travel in by the 179th Headquarters Company Officers' Mess broke down.

It ran first rate until a story about it appeared in the 45th Division News and the very day the crew appeared the bus called it quits. The crew had it pulled from the road and left it with a "For Sale" sign hung on its side.



MP's Pfc. John Biscanti, Reading, Pa., and Pfc. William Bolton, Lockport, N.Y., inspect the bodies in one of the boxcars near Dachau.

## Munich Is the Largest City 45<sup>th</sup> Ever Has Captured

By Fred Sheehan

Munich, the birthplace of Naziism and scene of the pre-war appeasement peace pacts, fell to the might of the democratic world.

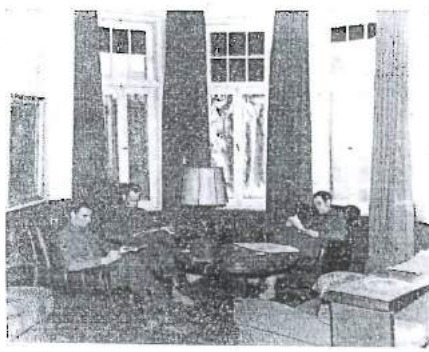
Just ten days after the capture of Nuremberg, the second city of the Nazi empire, the 45th Division lined up the prime target within its sights. And that city, too, fell, without as much struggle, for the Nazis by now were thoroughly beaten.

With all three regiments abreast, the Thunderbirds advanced upon the city. Originally it was planned that the Bavarian capital be split up among three divisions. The 42nd and 46th were to take approximately a quarter of the city apiece, while the 3rd was allotted half. But the speed of the Thunderbirds soon changed the plans.

The 157th and 179th met little resistance, and they forged ahead till they reached the Isar River, which bisects the city. The 180th on the left met and overcame what resistance the Germans could muster. By this time, the Thunderbirds had taken slightly more than half of the city. The rest was mopped up by the Rainbow and Rock of the Marine divisions. The division's bag of prisoners numbered 8,204.

Far more important than the tangible city itself were things for which Munich stood here, from an inconspicuous beer

(Continued on Page 6.)



Here's a picture that Adolf Hitler never planned on. Thunderbird GI's are making themselves at home in Der Fuehrer's own apartment in the room in which the former Nazi leader at one time entertained such people as Sir Neville Chamberlain and Benito Mussolini. Left to right, the GI's are Mr. Sgt. H. A. Horton, Lancaster, S. C.; Cpl. Charles Binford, Indianapolis, and Cpl. Herbert Flynn, Brooklyn.

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## Imprisoned Jerries Spurn Rescue Offer

It was one of those details where you feel that you've been completely forgotten, but although these 12 men of Co. F, 157th Inf., were responsible for about 200 PWs, they were content with their lot until a rescue party showed up.

### How to Use That Camera

By George Tapscott  
(News Photographer)

Many European cameras are very expensive instruments which are just as delicate as a watch, but require more care. Here are a few hints on how to keep your camera in prime condition.

Never touch the lens. Fine lenses are made of special optical glass. This glass is very soft and has a very high polish. Sweat or moisture from your thumb or fingers contains acid which eats right into this soft, polished glass. The lens is the most expensive part of a camera, and the easiest to damage.

If your lens is dirty or dusty, clean it by rubbing it gently with very soft paper. Kleaner or toilet paper are all right for the purpose. Don't blow on the lens, as the moisture in your breath may rust the steel of the lens mounting.

If something goes wrong with the shutter, don't try to repair it. Wait until you can take it to a good camera repair man. A shutter is a very complicated mechanism and hard to adjust.

Every once in a while it's a good idea to clean all the dust out of the bellows of your camera. That can get on the film, which it sticks and makes black spots on your finished prints. Carry your camera in a case, if you have one, to help keep the dust out.

The family box brownie was constructed so that you had to be at least 12 feet from the subject or the picture you took wouldn't be in focus. If you have a European camera that's pretty good, chances are you can now shoot close-ups, or portraits. They can compare favorably with the work of studio photographers, or look jaw-dropping, depending on how you shoot them.

Choose your background carefully. That's one of the first secrets of good portraiture. Pick a smooth, neutral colored surface, and then put your subject at least three feet away from it. Wooded fences, trees, brick walls and other backgrounds with patterns in them will look bad in back of the guy you're shooting.

If you're taking a portrait in strong sunlight, the guy you're shooting may have the sun glint unless you do something to help him overcome his face.

While you're setting your camera, getting the focus and so on, have your subject close his eyes. Tell him to open them when you're ready, and then shoot immediately, before the light has time to bother him.

If you want a good portrait, you'll probably do better if you don't let the subject look directly into the camera lens. Have him look over your right or left shoulder. If you want him to smile, say something funny rather than asking him to smile. Most people can't smile upon order, and give a silly grin instead.

If you have any questions about your camera or how to use it, write me in one of the 45th Division News, through APO or message center.

## 'Old Faithful,' Gun, Is Sicilian Veteran

By Harry M. Palmer

'Old Faithful,' was still "in the line" and still shooting straight after the nearly two years service which has seen it haul 75 mm. shells at the Krauts in Sicily, Italy, France and Germany. 'Old Faithful,' is the name bestowed on the 75 mm. howitzer, the last original artillery piece that the 157th Inf. Cannon Co. brought overseas in June, 1943.

It has fired approximately 12,000 rounds — maybe not as many as some howitzers — but in length of service, 'Old Faithful' takes off its hat to no one.

"We shot it first in training back in the states, then in Sicily, in Italy, France and now Germany," declared 1st Sgt. Charles Thelick, Baltimore.

"The gun has had a dozen or more gunners assigned to it since we came across. They got promoted or assigned to another post but 'Old Faithful' keeps going right on. In fact the gun is more a part of the company, I believe, than other pieces of equipment or personnel. If we lost 'Old Faithful' it would be like losing a brother."

The gun has had many escapes in its nearly two years of almost constant

Sunday afternoon the mortar section under Tech. Sgt. Major General Simonson, Columbus, Ga., was left 35 miles behind our rapidly advancing lines with 140 prisoners and a promise of a vehicle that would drop by to pick up the PWs.

Tuesday they were still waiting and the number of Jerries they were guarding had swollen to about 200 Kraut stragglers, attracted by the smell of C-rations, kept dropping in.

Early Wednesday morning about 1 a.m., the guards spotted a number of Jerries approaching in the darkness. The GIs strolled out to take them prisoners.

But the Krauts, while they didn't feel much like fighting, didn't feel much like giving up, either. They were German tanks, without tanks, but very well armed.

They spoke to Pfc. Emil Spawa, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., and said there was a still larger force awaiting their return outside town. Then their officer demanded to see the ranking officer among the PWs.

"So you're kidding? We have a hundred Americans here ready to fight."

"We know that isn't true," grinned the Jerry officer. "We've been watching you for days."

"So the Kraut got his wish and went in to see the officer, while the captured men of both sides stared at one another across their weapons. The 'visiting' officer asked the ranking PW if he wanted to be rescued with his men.

"Not at all," replied the Kraut putting an American smoke. "We like being prisoners."

"So the tankers took off into the night and as far as anyone knew, none of them stayed for steady diet of C's.

### MP's Been Away One Day Longer

MP Pvt. Jim McNeary, Philadelphia, notified a civilian roadside over to the curb where the driver, seeking information, had stalled up traffic at his post.

The driver was a pet French gal who spoke English and who was quite put out at being held up by the division cop.

"I want to go back to France," she said. "I've been away since June 9, 1943."

The MP smiled and answered with typical police department goodness. "Then you can't see your folks, can you?"

"Not at all," replied the Kraut putting an American smoke. "We like being prisoners."

### New Radio Speaks English Fluently

Lt. Joe Metz, Sharon Springs, Kas., 157th Inf., was having trouble with his radio. No matter how carefully he twisted the dials, all he got was the general language of the Howler Pie.

When he'd had about reached the end of his patience, Cpl. Jack Tuck, Fayetteville, Ark., walked in with another radio, plugged it in, and was rewarded with the strains of "I Walk Alone."

Metz brightened. "Let's keep that one!" he said. "It speaks English."

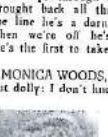
## What's YOUR Answer?

The question: Who's your favorite medic and why?

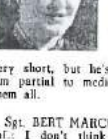
Sgt. MELVIN HOOB, Recon Co., 45th ID Bn., Boston Hayes is our company medic and in my opinion the best medic in the Army. One time at Venafio three wounded men from the letter companies were out in the mountains Hayes offered to go for them but was advised against it by one of the officers. They were in the middle of a minefield. Hayes went anyway, made three trips through the minefield and brought back all three of them. Oh the line he's a darn good medic, but when we're off he's a regular guy. He's the first to take off.



MONICA WOODS, Red Cross doughnut dolly; I don't know his name. He's an ambulance driver and he's the cutest thing in the world. He wears a wool knit cap with the visor up, and the cutest shock of blond hair stuck out in front. He's only about 15 years old and very short, but he's a darling. But I'm partial to medics. I really love them all.



Sgt. BERT MARCUS, Co. G, 179th Inf.: I don't think that's come any better than Sgt. Buck Markham. On the Push on Rome I saw him go out in an open field and patch up our own boys and those from another outfit. The artillery and mortars that were being around him didn't seem to bother him at all. I've never seen him hold back from his job, even when it wasn't part of his job. He's quite a man.



Pfc. ALLEN WILLIAMSON, Co. G, 179th Inf.: I've seen medics go pretty far forward to work on wounded GIs, but one day I saw Sgt. Charles Beaver, company aid man, pull a stunt that topped them all.



He went out past the most forward elements. When the lead element was hit, he went out to patch up a couple of wounded men. And time he's gone out under heavy fire to either give first aid or bring wounded men back to better shelter.



Jewish Soldiers Hold Services

In a cold bitter rain on the steps of the Nuremberg Rally Stadium under the famous gold swastika, Jewish members of the 180th Inf., along with five liberated Palestinian soldiers held memorial services for their buddies who died in the seizure of this famous Nazi citadel.

Chaplain Max Eichen, Tallahassee, Fla., conducted the service which, despite the bad weather, was well attended.

"These 30 men which should give us more pleasure than this," remarked the Chaplain to his audience, "for it was in this home of racism that the hideous race laws were formed. Just as this symbol of intolerance, hate, and greed has fallen so we hope and pray that all who attempt to foster such ideals may fall too."

As the congregation started to leave they witnessed the demolition of the gold swastika.

## By the Right Flank!

"They don't get up in the morning — it's bad for their health and body!" was the way a Luftwaffe doctor explained the absence of ME's in the wild blue yonder.

Co. I, 129th Inf. crossed the Danube without any of its organic equipment, but the podolizer solved that by keeping up the chase on bicycles and loading their mortars and machine guns onto a horse and wagon.

A German medic came up to Pfc. Robert E. Peters, medic for Co. K, 179th Inf. The Kraut saluted, and before he could catch himself Peters returned the salute. The incident occurred right in the middle of a lively fire fight.

Now after his hospital was behind American lines, a German doctor offered Sgt. Mario Costanza, Boston, Co. K, 179th Inf., a smoke — from a silver case filled with Camels.

The brother of Sgt. Conrad Marial wrote him from Philadelphia that he had offered to go for them but was advised against it by one of the officers. They were in the middle of a minefield. Hayes went anyway, made three trips through the minefield and brought back all three of them.

Eager to get on the good side of the authorities, two Germans walked into the CP of Co. F, 180th Inf., and asked 1st Lt. Vernon Whitehead to come with them to see their apartment. They said they wanted to billet some soldiers there.

St. Sgt. Daniel Sears, Lawrence, Mass., got optimistic and ordered a medicine for parison life after the war, when the shortage report was filled in. He has one now.

He's got the most time and the most fun, says Pfc. Honor Roberts, Okemah, Okla., has been elected company candid photographer of Dog Co., 180th.

French people living in Munich threw a birthday party for Pfc. Albert H. Siska, Co. I, 179th Inf.

Into the CP of Co. B, 180th Inf., came a German civilian. He asked to see the commandant, then gave a big Hell Hitler. They carried him away to the PW cage when they found that what he had wanted to do at the CP — just Hell Hitler.

Ordinarily Pfc. George Simon, New York City, starts to worry when people shoot at him and come close. But Simon did a lot of worrying when, during a short fire fight, he was shot through the helmet and creased across his noggin by a buddy in G Co., 180th.

There is no Hitler listed in the Munich phone book, and no Shikhegruber, despite the fact Adolf maintained an apartment there.

St. Sgt. Louis H. Arnold, Co. I, 179th Inf., used a bottle of lighter fluid as a gaggle, the other day. Learning nothing by this sad experience, he later used a bottle of nail polish as bait tonic. They may have to blast.

Sitting on a log waiting for I Co's PWs to wipe out some Krauts ahead, Pfc. Eddie Raczynsky, Jefferson, L.I., was almost scared to death by a deer. The critter leaped over the head of the 179th Infantryman, and he recovered too late to have venison for dinner.

In one day, Sgt. Wallace Greer, Co. D, 179th Inf., compelled three Krauts to shave off their mustaches. The mustaches looked too much like Hitler's.

Rowdy, poops no bigger than a comic book, it pals with D Co., 179th Inf., men, but won't fraternize with civilians. He shot bad habit is sabotaging the telephone lines. He jerks them right off their connections.

Wearing a Robin Hood hat caused 1st Lt. Seldon Laws, Sacre, Me., to be hit by 2nd Bn. Hq., 179th Inf., and also caused a Kraut SS'er to hesitate when he saw the lieutenant's head. During the moment he hesitated, Sgt. Pat Delaney, Boston, nabbed the Kraut.

No matter how long Co. D, 179th Inf., has remained in one spot, Sgt. Carl Clure, Washington, Okla., protests when they get ready to move. He always claims he hasn't had time to eat.

First Bn., 180th Inf., recently sent to the PW cage the commander of a German PW camp who had been living for some time on packages sent to his prisoners by the Red cross.

One Kraut PW held by Co. F, 157th asked permission to go back to where he was captured and hunt for his glass eye. He, Joe Clark, Philadelphia, escorted him, and they found it.

A couple of thirsty 157th GIs, Pfc. Fatman Gramon and Pvt. Howard O. Corbendall, wanted for a traffic jam, then dashed out and looted a keg of ice cold beer from the rear end of a truck — which belonged to the regimental MP's Reporters.

Short items for this column are welcome. Address 45th Division News in care of message center or our APO.

On a detail which called for carrying away dead Germans, Pfc's Donald Porretto, Mansfield, N.Y., and Frank Panning, Newwood, Mass., came upon three live ones in the 157th area, and carried them off too.

Jumping into a window, 1st Lt. William Walsh, West Newton, Mass., Co. I, 157th Inf., landed on the tummy of a sleeping member of the Wehrmacht.

Co. I, 179th Inf., enjoyed foot shoving in Munich when they found working plumbing in the CP. Hot water was furnished courtesy the mortar section.

Pfc. Edward Blasen, Union City, N.J., reports 1st Sgt. Charles Twilbeck, Indianapolis, 179th Inf., puts his charges to sleep nights by telling them their best stories.

Largely held to begin with, Pfc. Oscar Paul, Philadelphia, 2nd Bn., 157th Inf., has shaved his head and now is known as "The Brown" after the Dick Tracy character.

For a full two minutes, Capt. Francis H. Shepherd, Co. I, 179th Inf., watched a GI in a parka just ahead of him, only to discover he was a Kraut in a shelter half. The lead scout killed the German, who was the shooting, not the surrendering, kind.

St. Sgt. Edward Toubet, Latrobe, Pa., reports he saw a two-star general holding up the barbed wire in the 180th area so the men could crawl through for an attack.

Pop was watching in the PW column, the little kid said, but Pfc. Nathaniel G. Davis, Greer, S.C., refused to accommodate the youngster by freeing his old man. The kid then placed his hands behind his head and marched along with the column.

When a brother in OIF decided to visit Pfc. Benedict C. Sibinski at Co. I, 179th Inf., it took him three days to catch up with the company. The brothers hadn't met in 15 months.

Two Russians who asked St. Sgt. David Fussman's permission to tag along with his squad of the 180th, didn't tag along. They went out ahead of the lines and sent back prisoners.

Co. B, 180th Inf. recaptured an American jeep from the Krauts, then decided it was one the Krauts had taken from them in the invasion of Southern France.

St. Sgt. John Draper, Staten Island, N.Y., Co. I, 157th Inf., owes his good appetite to a German "Gott Mit Uns" belt buckle. The tough steel stopped an SS frag which was heading straight for his stomach.

45th Division News  
Fifth Year of Publication

Copies of the News may not be mailed to the United States.

Sgt. Don Robinson Editor.  
Sgt. George Tapscott Photographer.  
Cpls. Fred Sheehan and Bill Barrett, Reporters.

# 45<sup>th</sup> Division News, May 13, 1945, p. 3

45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Museum Archives

## Dachau Prison Shows Why We Fought

(Continued from Page 1.)

hysterically happy prisoners shouted as they saw the Americans burst into view. With one mighty surge for freedom they charged through the electrically charged barbed wire enclosure that separated them from the fighting. Some of the inmates were decapitated, but death had long since ceased to mean anything to the slaves of Dachau and the less fortunate were trampled under foot.

They swept down upon the Thunderbirds. Those who couldn't kiss the faces of their liberators kissed their feet. It wasn't until the podfect fired a few rounds over their heads that the prisoners realized to their blood to watch the fight from there.

But there was lust in that crowd as well as fierce joy. Hate that had simmered deep inside the men for years. They had waited this moment, and they acted.

"I saw one gang of Russians get an SS'er," recalled one GI grime. "One gang got on one leg and their buddies got the other. Then they just pulled him apart. There was nothing I could do but look away. I could hear the bones cracking."

"I tried to stop one 'feller' called another Co. I man. I stood behind the SS man and got my rifle between him and the prisoner. The Pole just laughed and drove the M1 sight through the Kraut's eye."

When the brief fierce fight had ended, the newly dead bodies of the SS garrison lay in grotesque posture around the bodies of the inmates who died by the same duty. Co. I suffered no casualties.

The Dachau prison camp was designed originally to gratify the sadistic whims of German military leaders whose greatest delight was seeing helpless victims suffer in normal conditions it housed 6 to 8,000 prisoners, and was a compact hell on earth.

When the number of inmates rose to about 37,000 (the population at the time of liberation), conditions went from bad to a deplorable state beyond description.

Dachau was one of the worst concentration camps operated by the German government. To it were sent Jews for execution, minor political enemies, and the internationally known who clung too openly with Nazi beliefs and were whisked away by the Gestapo.

There's a "gossiping guestbook" at Dachau which exists in the minds of the inmates. Each time a notable prisoner came through the gates, most of the camp knew about it by sundown.

A Dutch prisoner, who spent two and a half years in Dachau, rattled off a list of famous people who are alleged to have passed through Dachau.

Kurt Adler von Schönbühler, Austrian prime minister from 1934 to 1938, was a "guest" very recently. This report comes not only from Dachau inmates but also from a BBC correspondent with the 5th Army in Italy who this week interviewed von Schönbühler.

The Austrians had been evacuated from Dachau to a small Italian town near the Swiss border. With him were Leon Blum, France's last president, and Hjalmar Schacht, Reich's Finance Minister and victim of the Nazis' recent purges when he had "disappeared." All three had been confined in Dachau.

The Dutch Minister of War and Prince Leopold of Prussia also knew the horrors of the concentration camp, according to the prisoners, the Prussian saying time because he listened to BBC.

But there were the aristocracy, and they received special favors from the guards. They were treated to a room the size of large clothes closet with one rough bunk. The room contained running water which often didn't work.

But the common people of Dachau lived worse than the watch dogs that guard the camp's circumference.

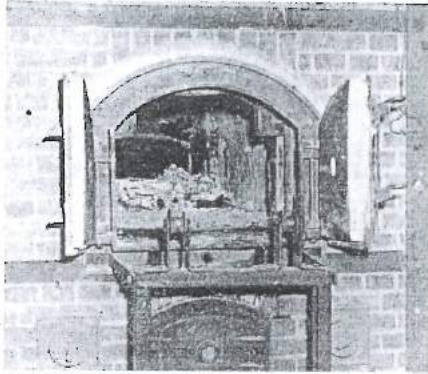
The prisoners' quarters is a land of many smells - a stink of vomit, of stale sweat on clothes never washed, of foully sick bodies. And over everything the sickening sweet smell of death.

Into a room no larger than the combined size of an average living and dining room, 450 men were herded each night. Here they slept, some of them, in crude bunks five tiers high. Each bunk is two feet wide and about a foot and a half from the bunk above it.

Those who didn't have bunks slept on the floors, on a table and under the bunks, squeezing their staved bodies into the scant light space.

They were likely to be rousted out any time during the night if the guard heard someone snoring in the dark - or if the guard just felt like it. Then they were made to stand at attention in the freezing Bavarian darkness and repeat hammering of three in unison: "I have disobeyed. I will not disobey again."

Reveille was at 4 a. m. That is, the inmates fell out at that time. Usually the guards kept them waiting in the cold until they were ready. Then they were marched



This incinerator was in operation day and night, still had bones in it.



Prisoners at the Dachau concentration camp feast their eyes on the bodies of SS men, killed during the assault on the camp. Prisoners killed a number of the guards.

to work, those who were able, and slaved away all day.

A day at Dachau was never without agony for the individual. If he escaped the wrath of his SS guards, there was always the mental torture, the knowledge of what awaited him if he didn't snap his cap off quickly enough when a German passed, if he accidentally violated the million strict rules of the camp, or if one of the guards didn't like his face.

Long before the 45th reached Dachau fantastic rumors of the camp's tortures reached the outside world. Few of them were exaggerated.

A man might be hung by his thumbs all day on the parade ground as an example for the passing prisoners. Or he might be tied to a stake in the kennel where the dogs, infuriated by the SS men, would tear out the man's testicles in one furious leap.

The most common torture, the one few men escaped, were the "bunkers". Even now the liberated inmates speak of them in hushed tones of fear. The "bunker" is a small room about three feet square and seven feet high. Here a man might be made to stand for two weeks with only bread and water to keep him alive. His thin body, starved by malnutrition, might be able to crouch or even sit in that limited space, but the guards eliminated that comfort by erecting a short, needle sharp pole situated in the center of the room. Unless the victim cared to impale himself, he stood - for two weeks in the pitch darkness.

About two months ago one of the prisoners achieved the impossible and escaped. Somehow he got through the barbed wire, across the staff flowing most surrounding the camp, past the guards and over the stone wall.

As soon as his absence was discovered the whole camp was assembled in the parade ground and stood at attention. The men stood there all that night, all the next day, without overcoats (no one here possessed such a luxury), without food or water.

They stood for more than 36 hours, until the escaped prisoner was re-captured and

put to death. Many of the inmates died in the freezing, stinging ranks, and as they crumpled to the ground, they were kicked to one side and later, when there were several dozen bodies lying about, they were gathered up and disposed of.

Death was perhaps the most constant factor at Dachau. "Exclusive of executions you could count on 100 deaths a day," one prisoner revealed.

The men died of starvation from a diet of tea for breakfast, a liter of water for drink, tea again for supper. A small loaf of bread was issued to eight men daily, and twice a week they were treated to a bowl of soup.

They died of typhus. The Germans stirred away from the infested, and when the housing problem became more acute, they mixed healthy men with the typhus cases in a makeshift system of extermination.

They died as well of guinea pigs for the advancement of Germany's war science. Hundreds were infected with malaria in the laboratories and German doctors studied their death.

Others died in tubs of freezing water. The Luftwaffe ordered a report on how long a man, immersed in ice water, can live. Doctors at Dachau cooperated by killing off more Dachau slaves in cold tubs leaving them in the water until dead, making blood and temperature tests each hour.

The dead were taken from their barracks, or from the crude hospital or from where ever dropped and stacked in the camp's streets like cordwood. A tarp which didn't cover the head or feet was tossed over the stack, and for days the dead eyes stared out at the living until the guards, always tubed in the disposition department, got around to them.

The expected end of every man in the Dachau prison was the crematorium, a sheet that hung over them like the pall of smoke that almost daily issued from the chimney of furnaces where dead bodies were being reduced to dust.

Although the furnace area is enclosed inside a high wall set off a way from the blocks, the things that happened there were no secret to the prisoners.



Here is a roomful of bodies, waiting to be stripped of clothes, then fed to the incinerators. The majority of these men starved to death.



Prisoners of all nationalities walk up and down this avenue, their only way of passing time. Many had four and five years behind them in Dachau.

### 'Shavetail' Is Right Name

Corpses, like those in the boxes who had ridden weeks without food before they died, or corpses like those who died in the camp and lay heaped in the streets, were carried here, stripped and thrown into the hungry flames. On each side of the crematoriums, in large anterooms, piles of bodies lay waiting for cremation.

"During February," one prisoner claimed, "1,300 bodies were cremated."

Behind the crematorium is the most devilish creation of the SS troops - the "shower room". Those who were about to die were herded into the room which looks exactly like a shower room. They were stripped, handed a clean towel and some soap and told to wash well, that they were going on a long trip. Then the guards went out, locked the door and turned a switch instead of a rush of hot water from the showers, a deadly gas seeped into the room and in a few moments all were dead.

Others were given a more prosaic death and shot while they leek over a ditch to catch their blood. But no matter how a man died at Dachau his body was cremated when fuel was available.

Right now military authorities are engaged in the stupendous task of evacuating the camp, caring for the sick, caring for the dead.

But although the buildings were burned to the ground and flowers bloom someday on the site where the dead have lain, Dachau can never again be just a pleasant little town 18 kilometers from Munich.

### Stars and Stripes Catches Hell

Members of the 1. Co., 157th Inf., are up in arms over a line that appeared in the Stars and Stripes recently. The article mentioned that two companies of the 157th Inf. had been surrounded but had been rescued in the early morning.

"What I would like to know," says Lt. L. R. Stewart, Washington, Pa., "is who in hell rescued us. I recall having the company surrounded one night, but the next morning we took care of the situation."

# 45<sup>th</sup> Division News, May 13, 1945, p. 4

45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Museum Archives

## Impossible Story, Pfc. Commanded Battalion In Action

This is the sort of story any GI would laugh at in a magazine. Any GI knows it's impossible. Nevertheless, Pfc. Ernest M. Friedman, Carnegie, Pa., commanded the 1st Bn., 180th Inf., in battle at a crucial time and did an excellent job of it.

### Karl Holtz Died From Tank Fire, Lieutenant Says

Karl Holtz, political leader of Nuremberg, was not a suicide, but died when a shell fragment from tank fire hit him in the head, 1st Lt. Vernon Whitehead, Co. F, 180th Inf., asserted this week.

Lieutenant Whitehead was on the scene at the time of the attack, and Holtz's body was found in the Co. E sector, which Co. F was assisting in clearing after having cleared its own sector.

"I saw the body, saw where the shell had hit, and inspected the wound," Whitehead stated. "I'm certain he was killed by one of our tanks."

Holtz's aide, a lieutenant, was captured. The aide said Holtz had ordered troops in the step to fight to the last man. The aide thought Holtz's death hastened the fall of Nuremberg.

### Kraut General Isn't Welcomed

Co. B, 179th Inf., had no sooner set up their CP in a modernistic apartment in town than they were confronted with a visitor.

An elderly German in civilian clothes was ushered into the orderly room, then began his story.

"I suppose you want me," he explained to 1st Lt. Leon Kalyan, New York City. "I'm a major general but on inactive duty."

The Kraut general said he had fought in the Polish campaign but soon afterward had been retired because of his age. He was never on active duty, he said, and had lost all favor with the party last July when his cousin, also a general, was implicated in the attempt to assassinate Dr. Goebbler.

The interview was conducted with all due military pomp and ended with Lieutenant Kaplan discharging his captive with the cord instructions to be a good civilian.

### Maine Cowboy Gets Horse Laugh

Pfc. Richard Hinkley, Bethel, Me., is known as cowboy to his buddies among his 1st Battalion, 179th Infantry Regiment anti-tank men. For the longest while, Hinkley, who is a medic with the outfit, has talked of his prowess with horses and his ability to ride them. He recently had his chance to prove his talk.

Walking through the woods Hinkley discovered a horse grazing among the trees. With a shout of delight, he mounted one and began to ride it back to where he was bivouaced. For some reason or other the horse kept running into the trees, making the ride an extremely uncomfortable one for the cowboy from Maine. After several minutes of this, Hinkley dismounted, and only then did he discover that his horse was blind. — Irv. Klofisch.

There's No Point To This Story

One of the line companies of 1st Bn., 157th Inf., was billeted in a German home with quite a library. A Lancer who reads German was glancing through one of the books and his runner asked, "What's that you're reading Lieutenant?"

"It's a book on Goebbler," said the officer.

"Oh," said the pfc. "A medical book huh?"

### Civilians Get Early Discharges

A 179th Inf. platoon under Lt. Malcolm Cain C. Spalding, Graustein, R. I., advanced into a little town just outside Munich and surprised the local schoolmaster as he was issuing uniforms to civilians of the sector.

"It was a company of the Volksturm being outfitted before our eyes," Spalding said.

When the platoon arrived, the civilians turned their uniforms in again and went home.

Normally, Friedman is a radio operator, and it was in that capacity he was accompanying the battalion commander. The CO was directing his units in an attack through a wooded area, and Colonel and Private were alone in their section of the woods.

"The colonel explained his plan to Friedman as they went along, probably just to make conversation. Or it might have been this thing called 'orientation'." It was fortunate the conversation took this trend.

Suddenly a rifle cracked, and the colonel fell, wounded by a sniper. Friedman got to his knees beside his CO, knowing the sniper's rifle might speak again at any moment. The colonel unfolded the remainder of his plan of attack to the Pfc.

Still carrying his rifle, Friedman made his way over 500 yards of fire-swept terrain to a group of tanks, which he ordered into a position in support of one of the rifle companies.

"For the next half hour I felt like the old man himself," Friedman recalls. "The colonel had told me what to do when the reports came in. So I ran around from one company to another, ordering them to advance here, or fire there."

"But the best part of the whole deal was leading a platoon of tanks up to a spot where the machine gun and anti-tank defenses were that had hit the old man. The tanks wiped them out. From there we advanced to positions where we could best support the attack."

Friedman helped materially to coordinate the movements of the leading elements and proved of invaluable aid," commented Capt. Jim D. Keisley, Durant, Ohio.

One Grenade Does the Job

A couple of thorough Pfc's, Frank Bromfield, Springfield, Ill., and Clifford Deutz, Baltimore, went about clearing out the town for Co. I, 157th Inf.

They ducked into a farmhouse, took one look at a deep dark cellar and tossed a grenade into it. Then they looked out into the yard for snipers. Bromfield whistled when someone tapped him on the shoulder.

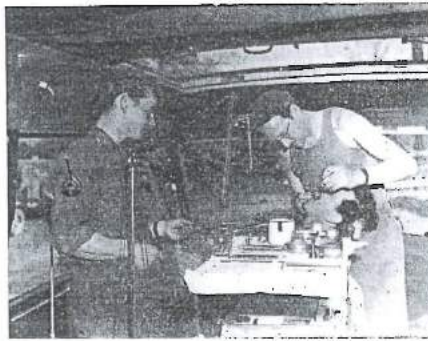
It was an SS man who had crawled out of the cellar after that one grenade.

### Tarzan Suffers Only Slightly

They call Cpl. Anthony Takaszkos "Tarzan" because he's 200 pounds of brown on a New York City frame. The other day he really earned his nickname.

He was out leading a tank into a nest of snipers when one of the Krauts let fly at the tank with a bazooka. The shell tore into Anthony's park and set it afire.

Tarzan, Co. G, 157th Inf., suffered a slight dent in his armor.



When the Krauts built their buses, they had no idea one of them would end up as a dentist's office. This is the office of the Special Troops' dentist, Capt. Charles Blum, Hominy, Okla., who is shown here doing repair work on Sgt. Bertram Goodman, 700th Ord. Co., Tulsa, Okla. The assistant is Cpl. Paul Monaghan, Janesville, Wis.

## Div. Arty. Air OP Captures a Stork

The division air OP has its 7A-GAP too, and, as you might expect of the air OP, it's a German plane. Capt. David M. Kyle, Florence, Ore., heard about it from Lt. Rodger Davis, Cleveland Heights, Ohio, who saw it on a Kraut field while he was observing fire.

Davis radioed back the location. The infantry had taken the field just a short while before, and Davis thought the plane appeared to be in good condition.

Captain Kyle and St. Sgt. Darrell F. Slate, Goshawk, Texas, took off in a jeep for the location described, and found the motor of the German artillery observation plane was still warm. The motor started easily.

Slate took off again in the jeep, this time to tell the ack ack outfit not to shoot at the black-crowned Stork. As an added precaution, he rounded up three division bombers on an escort.

All went well, and Captain Kyle succeeded in bringing home the stork. Now the plane has been painted OD, and American markings have been painted on the wings. Pilots, tired after a long day of flying over Cuba, soon came home and take the Stork for a spin to relax.

Surprise! Kraut Drives Kraut Car

Col. Richard A. Peterson, Chicago, hadn't known that there were any Kraut vehicles still being driven by Krauts.

He had a little engine trouble in convoy and was left behind his 157th Inf. unit. When he resumed his trip, the convoy was out of sight, and soon he came to the inevitable crossroad.

He turned left at random, and soon came upon a parked Kraut vehicle. He got out and blurted out a question to the two Wehrmachtors inside before he realized they weren't GIs.

Then he persuaded them to accept the hospitality of the PW cage.

They got 150 PW's who were able to walk, while strewn over the hill were at least 20 dead or dying Germans. Of about 150 Germans engaged in the action, 55 were rescued with machine guns.

Artificers Arise! You're Artists

Cpl. Milton Rice, Detroit, 157th Inf., 1st Bn., is throwing his weight around considerably these days.

Looking through a dictionary the other day he came across "artificer," his side in the outfit. According to the definition Rice is a skilled artist, an inventor, and a trained worker.

"Seems to me," mused Rice. "A man who's all those things ought to be a 7/4 at least."

## U. S. Officers Greet Patrol In Village

When someone hailed them in English as they passed through the little town on a security patrol, Lt. Edwin Jacobita, K Co., 179th Inf., and his companions halted their jeep with a squealing of brakes and tires.

The halter turned out to be an American captain, who had just escaped from a German prison camp in the hills. They didn't get to talk about it right away, because eight Germans, eager to surrender, interrupted the conversation.

The Germans said they thought the patrol's presence meant the town was under attack by a large American force, and they didn't feel like sweating it out. They were taken care of, and the captain went on with his story.

The captain asked for two policemen, and returned with them to the hills, where the three contacted two more escaped American officers, both lieutenants, colonels.

The patrol, including St. Sgt. John S. Jence, Sgt. John S. Reed, and Pfc's Woodrow Woods, Joseph Spence and William Turner, returned with their 11 guests to headquarters.

## Medic Forced To Tote Meat For Germans

Like everyone else, St. Sgt. Joe Petalo, Woodward, Okla., Glaxoing Co., thought the war was over, so he and another medic took a stroll through the woods adjoining the company area.

There they met up with four Krauts who didn't think the war was over and in the aftermath, Petalo's buddy was wounded in the thigh. As he was administering first aid, the Krauts took Joe prisoner and forced him to shoulder a lamb which they had just slaughtered.

"The shunks made me play the part of a Kraut supply wagon for 15 miles," grumbled Petalo, "but as soon as it got dark I ditched the lamb and escaped."

He made his way back to the company, and resolved that the next time he goes strolling it'll be both in good old Woodward. — Cpl. John Kling.

## Captain Acts As First Scout, Didn't Plan It

Capt. John D. Goodner, Jr., of Alexandria, Tenn., and 157th Inf., 1st Bn., is officially listed as a staff member, but these days, he's doubling as a sort of unofficial first scout.

Quartermen parties are usually routine, but on their way to something straight out of the Rover Boys and a Warner Brothers movie. On one scouting party, Captain Goodner arrived in a German town suspiciously free of white flags. The population stood in doorways gazing at the man with the railroad tracks.

Trotting out his best German, the Captain asked if the tanks had passed through in the last ten minutes.

"No," said one old man. "No tanks passed through."

"Any American soldiers pass through here?" he asked a little anxiously.

"No," said the stolid citizen.

"The Captain hesitated."

"Any German troops around?" he asked.

"Oh yes!" said the Kraut. "Plenty of SS troops just ahead of you."

"At this point," says the Captain, "I forgot all about my civilian training as a driver and made the damndest U turn you've ever seen."

Keena Totes Pal On German Bike

Riding down a road in a jeep, 1st Lt. Harold A. Linglo, Long Beach, Calif., Tech. Sgt. Robert Fitzpatrick, New York, Okla., and Pfc. John Keena, Westley, R. I., with another member of Co. D, 179th Inf., ran into heavy fire. They had to bail out.

The fourth member of the party was wounded in the leg. Keena threw the wounded man over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes, and got him away.

It was still a long way to the aid station, so Keena grabbed a bike, and managed to transport his patient. On that an obliging First Aidman tagged along behind, carrying two legions.

While the party was gone, the Germans shot holes in all the jeep's tires and bent the hell out of it with an axe.

# 45<sup>th</sup> Division News, May 13, 1945, p. 5

45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Museum Archives

## 45<sup>th</sup> Bags Well Known Krauts, Generals, in Germany



By-passed and realizing the hopelessness of his situation, Hungarian Brig. Gen. Lwinasch surrendered himself and his entire division to our attached 16th Cavalry Group. Major Gen. Robert T. Frederick (center) accepted the Hungarian's surrender.



Captured on the 45th's push from the Rhine, Brig. Gen. Gerhard Franz, (above) commander of a German infantry division demolished by the 45th, was one of the division's biggest catches in combat.



Mrs. Fritz Kuhn, wife of the ex-leader of the German-American Bund, and her daughter were brought to the 45th CP for questioning several weeks ago.

### DP's Are GI's Released from Kraut Cages

"DP", the letters you've been seeing on reports and on signs all over town, stands for "Displaced Person". Liberated Allied prisoners of war. Within their ranks are many Thunderbird fighters who experienced the thrill of being rescued by their own division, some of them by their own regiments.

All of them are bound for the States for a 21-day furlough before being re-assigned. Right now they're willing over the time in the sheer luxury of just doing nothing after months of inhuman treatment.

They're smoking American cigarettes again, sipping good American coffee, eating American chocolate, visiting and telling their stories to anyone who'll listen.

"Don't talk to me about the Geneva Convention," said Pfc. Don E. Dyke, DP from Woodward, Ohio. "The Germans may have heard of it, but they didn't observe it in caring for PW's."

Dyke, formerly with Co. E, 179th Inf., should know. He was a prisoner since last September when his rifle company came out second best in a fight with Kraut snubshiners. Although he spent his last months in the crowded confines of the Munich prisons, among the worst in Germany, he doesn't look too bad.

"That's because I took off finally," he grinned at his buddy, Pfc. Philip Kramer, division headquarters, formerly with Co. E. "I was lucky I made for a German farm outside the city, and the family there took me in. I worked for them, and they fed me. And, brother, did I eat! In a few weeks I gained 35 pounds!"

Life in the Munich camps was hell. The men worked long hours through the cold Bavarian winters without overcoats, without enough to eat. A little ersatz coffee, a thin cabbage soup, a slice of bread -- that might be the amount of food given the man for a day's work.

"We scrounged pockets into our clothes," Dyke said, "and we stuffed our pockets with spools. Sometimes we got by the guards who searched us every night, and sometimes we didn't. If we were caught, it often meant a beating. Once the Red Cross parcels that reached us occasionally contained Cratons. You can't imagine how good a Craton can taste until you have been a PW."

He told of one American prisoner, a teetotaler, who found a bottle of wine and raffled it off for smokes. Dyke won the bottle and the teetotaler collected about 100 smokes.

"They had us working on the railroads in Munich," Dyke recalled. "That was a shanking job. The Yank bombers would blast hell out of the tracks one weekend and we'd work all the following week straightening out the tracks. Friday they'd be good as new again. Saturday there'd be another raid and we'd start all over again on the same road!"

Finally Dyke escaped. The Bavarian farmer was glad to take him in -- the Americans were coming, he'd heard, and a Yank in the house would make things look better. Dyke got the job.

He worked hard, but more important, he ate five times a day in the best farmer tradition.

Then one day he heard artillery and he made his way to the top of the hill to watch the fun. The night before he'd heard that the Americans might arrive the next day. He drank the farmer's hot coffee of schnapps and generally had himself a time.

"From the hill I could see the SS troops scattering," he smiled as he recalled the scene. "There were shells dropping in all over the place and they were taking off. Then came the tanks and I wanted to see which division was coming up. When I saw those Thunderbirds coming down the road -- brother I almost fell off that hill!"

Two former Co. I, 179th men, Pfc. Calvin C. Whitney and Pfc. Shaeffer, were rescued by their regiments the other day. They were captured last October in the tough fight for Grandvillers. After four months of hell in the concentration camps they were given the assignment every PW hopes -- for farm work.

The two were sent to a farm about a dozen miles outside Munich where they worked hard, but treated well. One morning they awoke to find the house surrounded by tanks -- American tanks. Later that day they turned in to a patrol from the 179th Inf.

Within three hours they were back visiting with their old buddies in Co. I. Just like that.

Whitney told the boys how he was captured.

"It happened while we were fighting for Grandvillers. I happened to glance up and notice a GI and a Kraut standing together. Like a surfer, I thought the German was the PW, so I walked over.

"Another German, hidden behind a tree, popped out with a rifle and I thought, 'This guy has a nerve, and I slammed my weapon down with my M-1. But the first Kraut, who wasn't a PW after all, took a larger in my ribs and off we went for Munich!"

A GI chocolate bar was the first food request Whitney and Shaeffer made when they were free. By then, 16th FA, prepared a special meal for them and 26 other DP's, not from the division.

Pvt Robert Schlegel, Banks, Ore., Ho. 1st Bn., 157th Inf., became a PW because his buddy, Pfc. Walter Larsen, New York City, hadn't finished breakfast.

Last September 2, Schlegel was a mechanic in the motor pool when a look called for Larsen, his driver. Larsen was eating breakfast, so Schlegel offered to drive.

An hour later he was a PW -- he drove up next to a Tiger tank which was very noisily camouflaged.

He almost escaped shortly after. On the trip back to Germany, Schlegel and his captors stopped in a French cafe for something to eat. One FFI man there slipped the Thunderbird a note saying that if he could get out the back door the people of the town would hide him. But the place was too well guarded for that.

Schlegel stayed on and ended up in a Munich camp only to be rescued on our recent drive into the city.

He brought back some interesting information. The Krauts, he said, call our captured privates and Pfc's "arbeits" or "workers". T-5's and up are called the "unions arbeits".

### Fists As Good As His BAR, Dunlap Shows

Ordinarily Pfc. Donald Dunlap, Columbus Grove, Ohio, does his fighting with a BAR, but the other night he proved that he can do almost as well with his bare fists.

While the rest of his buddies turned in for the night in the German house, Dunlap, Co. I, 157th Inf., sat for nookie in the living room reading.

"Next thing I know," he says, "the door was open and a couple of SS officers were coming at me fast across the room."

The padlock, jumped to his feet and grabbed for his holster. But one of the SS's had a tight cross on the way so Dunlap had to forget his gun. He blocked the punch neatly and knocked the Kraut officer across the room with a solid right.

With one down, he turned to face the other who was coming at him with a chair. Dunlap blocked the chair twice with his left arm, then drove his right fist into the second Kraut's face.

The punch sent the SS man reeling for the door, and he evidently felt that was a pretty good direction. With his buddy who was still rubbing his jaw, he dashed out of the house.

Dunlap was right behind them. He slammed the door on one of their arms and grabbed for his pistol. But the SS'er, who was probably more afraid of Dunlap's right cross than he was of the pistol, wriggled free.

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Dunlap was right behind them. He slammed the door on one of their arms and grabbed for his pistol. But the SS'er, who was probably more afraid of Dunlap's right cross than he was of the pistol, wriggled free.

That's when he almost became a PW again. The only clean uniform he had was German, and the boys didn't recognize him when he emerged. They grabbed him. He explained to their satisfaction.

Cpl. Matthew Sawarwell, New York City, celebrated his entry into Germany by getting the measles -- the German measles.

### Unit Takes Prisoner Every 50 Seconds

By Norbert Salpeter

A prisoner every 50 seconds on the average over a 10-hour period is the record set by 3rd Platoon, E. Co., 150th Inf., during the fight for Nuremberg. Or, if you prefer, you can say each of the 27 members of the platoon took 28 prisoners. It was a fight, too.

Third platoon was ordered to make a frontal assault on fortified positions. As the supporting tanks and artillery poured shells into the positions, the infantrymen scaled the ancient walls, such as arches used to scale walls of besieged cities centuries ago.

Buildings near the wall quickly were cleared, and by noon 300 German soldiers had been dispatched to the cage.

The afternoon was tougher. Wallied up in several buildings were 400 Germans who seemed determined to make a last stand.

Then a new weapon was brought into play. Division men are familiar with it. The mortar unloaded its projectiles onto the houses occupied by the Germans in a brisk 10-minute barrage.

The Germans changed their minds about a last stand, or maybe they decided that had been their last one. The platoon moved in, and found very little fight left in the besieged Germans.

The PW total was swelled that day by 150 Germans.

Members of the platoon are: St. Sgt. Ross A. Challberg, Alfred E. Pope, Edward Hoffman, D. Lindine, James Coffey, Sgt. Charles Trimble, Jack Dunwoody, Jr., Travis E. Smith, Jr., Vernon M. Rush.

Pfc's Howard D. Johnson, Howard K. Grimm, Wyatt E. Thomas, Theodore A. Thompson, William Ward, Matthew G. Ubin, Francisco J. Guerra, Dorrie E. Westwood, Clyde J. VanPelt, Mack F. Jay, Don A. Bell, Clarence G. Jester.

Pvt's Leland Burrows, Henry S. Borstyn, Filadelfe Padilla, Hilly C. Burnette, Cpl's Tolmudge H. Faulk, James F. Veit.

### Wine Up to Knees Costa Rescues Six From Fire

St. Sgt. Donald H. Catania and his motorcycle patrol from Co. D, 179th Inf., were surprised at the site of the crowd outside a Munich wine cellar. The stopped and investigated.

A crowd of civilians and released prisoners (not ours) had entered the wine shop and were carrying away the wine in pails.

Nobody ever bothered to turn off a spigot, so Catania and his men had to take off pants, shoes and socks and wade in up to their knees to clear out the joint.

### Rah, Rah, Rah!

A proud graduate of East Rochester, N.Y., Spalding High School, Pfc. Edward Goodland, has taught that school's fight song to Co. I, 157th Inf., and it's now tops on their hit parade.

### Psychological Warfare Does As It Should

Recently two members of Co. K, 179th Inf., tried a little psychological warfare on their own and it worked.

Pfc's Arthur Eubanks, Sullivan's Hollow, Miss., and Frank Sarne, Philadelphia, while the battalion was in reserve, wandered off to a farmhouse to eat their K rations inside for a change. But in the house were three Krauts who had the drop on the pair and took them prisoner.

The two would have been taken back to the Kraut lines if it weren't for Eubanks' telling a convincing lie.

They were completely surrounded by an armored division and three regiments of infantry. Eubanks told his captors, and there were three flak wagons ready to open up on the farmhouse if they didn't come out immediately.

The Krauts gulped a few times then asked if they would be sent to New York if they were prisoners. One wanted to go to Texas; he had a brother there.

The GI's assured the Krauts that they could choose their prison camps and it was a deal.

### Costa Rescues Six From Fire

Pfc. Augustus Costa, Philadelphia, 1st Bn., 157th Inf., saw a barn catch fire from a direct hit. He plunged inside to rescue all the living from the barn.

They were two pigs, three cows and a horse.

Slightly burned, Costa will not get the Soldier's Medal, but he did have fresh cream in his coffee as a reward.

### Ground Force Man Takes to the Air

Rickenbacker would have hesitated; Doolittle might have turned away; but Capt. Hertram Hardin, Chandler, Ala., couldn't resist the temptation of changing a flight in a captured Heinkel glider.

It nearly had her going" was all the Captain would say as he walked away.

# 45<sup>th</sup> Division News, May 13, 1945, p. 6

45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Museum Archives

## Last Big Fight Pitted 180<sup>th</sup> Inf. Against SS Men

When most of the rest of Munich had been occupied and other troops were beginning to take it easy, 1st Bn., 180<sup>th</sup> Inf., was starting the toughest fighting it had seen since the Siegfried Line.

G-2 reports told them there were two battalions of SS men held up in the old SS college and the only way to approach it was over 1,000 yards of open ground. To make the first battalion bitter was their recollection they had passed through the 3rd Bn. the day before, and the 3rd had rounded up a thousand prisoners with practically no trouble.

The SSers were prepared to fight for their old alma mater. They had dug nice ditches in the open field, where they could sweat out the shelling, then come out into trenches to fire on the advancing Americans. Their defense consisted of rifle, bazooka, machine gun and 88 fire at close range.

To assist A and B Companies in the assault, the 20th Ammunition Division contributed about a dozen tanks - and the men in them were in their third day of combat.

The morning's attack got under way with fire from our artillery, one 81 and 81 mm mortar and chemical mortars from 2nd Chemical Bn. The fire was not precisely adjusted, and the attack got nowhere. Observation hadn't been good.

First Bn. tried it again that afternoon.

"We showed them a powerhouse," reports Maj. James H. Quello, Detroit. "Company's A and B were behind and between the tanks. Two hundred yards behind came the armored infantry and half tanks. Co. C tailed the armored infantry.

"Then we got the best artillery support I've ever seen," continued the major. "They were dropping smoke and HE just 100 yards in front of the tanks. The mortar, as usual, were right on the money."

Tanks and infantry went forward, firing to best effect. The SS men lay in their holes until the tanks had passed, then got up to fire at the backs of the infantrymen.

Co. B went into the barracks and started mopping up, and Co. A outflanked its opposition, going through to B's right, where it belonged.

Some of the stalwart SS men had taken off when they saw what was coming, but many stayed. Seventy-five were taken prisoner and 80 killed.

One of the prisoners had been run over by a tank, covered with dirt, and just his mouth and nose were showing. He walked away with his captors, who might indicate how tough the 180's opponents were.

The fight was filled with incidents. Platoon Leader, and William Trimmer, Co. D heavy 30 MG men with Co. A set up their gun to find they were directly across from a German 88 not far away. A dud crossed between 88 and MG. The 30 obviously couldn't hurt the gun, but Trimmer and Trimmer kept the lead running for an hour, all through the fighting, and kept the 88's crew flat on their backs, their gun out of the fight.

First Lt. William E. Jennings, New York City, took over one of the companies after four of its officers had been shot, recognized it on the spot, and led it in the attack.

Capt. Edward L. Kerker, Shawnee, Okla., jumped into a hole to get out of sniper fire, found five SS men there, and took them prisoner.

The CO of Co. B led his men after he had been hit in the hip, and didn't quit until he was shot a second time.

Apparently, this was the last tough battle the 45th was to fight in the European war.

## Classified

### Personal

Pvt. CLAREN MEYER, probably in the 179th Inf., got in touch with Sgt. John Niesick, Co. F, 157th Inf.

### Lost and Found

LOST—On road between Rehrmanns and Munich, May 1, Jerry dispatch case and mace bag containing writing and personal equipment. Reward for return of camera and film or all. Cpl. R. J. Borucki, 141st Tank Bn.

LOST - Barracks bag with name and serial number, Wilford W. Harr, 15070022, Hq. Co., 45th Inf. Div.

## DSC's Given Three Men Of 179<sup>th</sup> Inf.

(Continued from Page 1.)

Heavy enemy small arms fire forced the patrol to seek cover, but Colonel Hafts exposed himself to see that all his men reached safety. One of his officers lay wounded in the street. In the face of the heavy fire, the colonel went out and carried him to safety.

The Silver Star has been awarded to First Lt. Vernon B. Whitehead, Co. F (then Co. D), 180th Inf., who led his company into an attack on high ground held by the enemy in the face of heavy machine gun fire. The platoon on the left was halted, so Whitehead went over the fire-swept terrain to make an analysis of the situation, then led an attack which neutralized the enemy positions and enabled the company to advance. Throughout the attack, as the only officer present, he exposed himself to check on positions and encourage his men. He also led a tank in a move to silence a machine gun. Forty-five enemy were killed and 13 taken prisoner in the action.

First Sgt. William M. Gabriel, Co. K, 180th Inf., who placed himself at a window with a machine gun supported on his shoulder, and assisted another soldier in firing at the enemy troops which had surrounded the company CP. They inflicted heavy casualties.

Sgt. Armand Barriga, Co. C, 180th Inf., who took a machine gun on an open slope about 300 yards from the enemy, and from this exposed post, Barriga directed effective fire at the attackers, sometimes at a range of 125 yards. Two men were killed beside him, but Barriga stayed at his post and materially aided the successful defense.

The Bronze Star Medal has been awarded to:

First Lt. Charles L. Kilgore, 180th Inf. Tech. Sgt. Edmund X. Roussier, 179th Inf.

## Error Follows Error, Kraut Loses Head

Along the street in the uncluttered town walked 1st Lt. Daniel E. Awalt and Pfc. Allen B. Conway, both of Co. K, 179th Inf. A German leaped out the window and decapitated a head on the lieutenant.

As the German fled, his helmet fell off his head and struck the rifle. He missed his shot.

Then Awalt lifted his carbine to shoot the sniper, but he hit the clip release instead of the safety. The clip fell out. It was Conway's turn. He aimed his M-1.

"Just then a Kraut fell head on the side of the building," reported Conway. "There was the Kraut, still clutching his rifle - but he didn't have any head."



The famous Munich beer hall - the birthplace of Naziism - now serves as an attraction for GI sightseers. Markings on the outside of the bombed and gutted stone demonstrate the part it played for us. It served for a while as the 157th's CP.

## Artificer, Supply Sergeant Are First Into Town

It isn't often that a company supply sergeant and his artificer beat their company into a town that hasn't been taken, and when they do it's all a mistake.

Sgt. Ogd Jones, Knowles, Okla., and Cpl. Charles Koppier, Jersey City, recently made the mistake of getting to the battalion objective before any other GIs. They were driving along with the rest of their company when their captured Ford fouled up and they had to drop out of convoy.

The two worked on the car till they had it running right again, then resumed their trek to find their company. On the road they met 2nd Bn, 179, which told them the company objective, and they set out for that. That was their mistake, for the company was busy slugging it out with the Krauts well out of the town.

The first person they met was an English-speaking woman who said the had been in Jersey City and wanted to talk about the town and Haupt. As an offhand remark, she dropped the information that the two were the first Americans to reach the town.

That was enough for them.

"That was the first time I didn't want to talk about my hometown," Koppier said.

## Guardian Angel Works Up Snuff With This Looie

By Al Morgan

1st Desmond Moore of the 157th Inf. Boker Co. is being careful about wishing for things these days. He's afraid that the gods in charge of his personal welfare are just a little too much on the ball.

A recent CP was too warm for comfort. Because of the blackout restrictions all the windows were closed and a fire was burning in the stove, heating coffee. "I wish," said the lieutenant, "there was some way of getting some air in this place."

Right on cue, a Kraut artillery shell came through the roof and landed practically at his feet. Fortunately, the shell was a dud, but it did leave a wonderful hole in the roof and improved the ventilation system considerably.

Kraut claims his guardian angel is looking for stripes, but he's still a pretty careful guy about wishing for anything these days.

## 500 Is Total Of 'Fw' PW's

Alabama St. Sgt. Rayford Latham, Co. G, 180th Inf., believes he holds something of a record.

Recently he was detailed to clean out a German barracks, just inside the door he found three willing prisoners. Latham brought two of them outside and instructed the other to round up his comrades.

Latham stood again as the comrades fled out of the building. All told he had rounded up 500 Krauts in the barracks.

## Infantry CP Sets Up In Hitler House

(Continued from Page 1.)

had in November of 1923, a political fanatic launched a putsch with which he hoped to overthrow the existing German government. He was ten years too early. However, and his attempted coup landed him in jail with a five year prison sentence. But his term, which lasted less than a year, was served in comparative luxury of a prison apartment.

Hitler made use of his time in prison by writing the first drafts of the Nazi bible, Mein Kampf.

Munich had served Hitler well. It was the place to which he fled from home to set out a meager living as a painter of post cards and as a paperhanger. It was the place, too, which fostered his ideas on a German dominated world. He chose it as the site for the "peace in our time" appeasement meetings with Chamberlain and Daladier, during which he sliced up Europe and took of it what he could get.

Der Fuehrer maintained an apartment in Munich on the Prinz-Regents Platz, which was destined to become the CP of the 179th Inf. Up on the third floor, the apartment was fashionable but modest. In it Hitler entertained Chamberlain in 1938. On several occasions Mussolini went a house guest. It was well stocked with wines and liquors, and some of the bottles bore labels that stated they were personal gifts to Hitler from the Spanish dictator Franco.

The apartment was a souvenir collector's bonanza. An agent, Hitler kept at hand thousands of photographs of himself and stacks of Mein Kampf to autograph and pass out. There was also his personal gold-embossed stationery.

Also found in the apartment was a stack of Hitler's correspondence. There were letters from many of the world's dignitaries, and buried away in the pile was a bill for one toilet seat. One letter, dated in 1923, told Adolf how badly the phibetic was going for the Nazi Party and that if another was held inside Germany, the Nazis stood a very good chance of losing power. No other was held.

Although Hitler used the apartment very seldom himself, it was a place of much activity and debauchery. His housekeeper, Eva Winter, besides being the talk of the neighborhood was pal who liked a good time and was on a publicity on fine vintage label. For awhile Hitler's theoretically favored niece lived there, but when she couldn't get a start on the stage despite the fact she was the niece of Der Fuehrer, she committed suicide.

Munich was not only the apple of the Nazis' eye. It stood high on the list of the Allied Air Forces, and the piles of debris that line the sidewalks and streets from the heart of the city out into the suburbs are demonstrative scars of the bombers' accuracy.

With National Socialism only a dead doctrine to be read about in histories and German down on its knees, the 45th can well be proud of the part it played in bringing this about and stroke the two prize leathers in its cap - Nuremberg and Munich.

## New Supermen Bagged by Rear

In the best tradition of the "Little Audrey" jokes, the men of the 157th Inf. Boker Company laughed and laughed when headquarters platoon went out on a patrol. The laugh died still-born, however, the company's rear column came back with eighty five prisoners.

It all started when a Kraut prisoner was brought into the CP and reported that there were lots of Germans in a building just waiting to surrender. Sgt. Newell A. Abotic, The Bronx, the company sergeant, alerted his runners and wiremen and took off.

The building in question was a recruiting station, and the 85 PW's were brand-new Supermen who had just been measured for uniforms. The are now being measured for a shroud.

## PW's Want Drink, Want it Bad

On guard over the wounded in a town isn't quite as our hands. Pfc. Allan B. Conway, Tinsana, Calif., Carl L. Alexander, Cincinnati, and Leroy Means, Louisiana, discovered their post was a German liquor warehouse.

At the same time they found some French PW's underneath some boxes of straw. Amazed that the Americans were really here, the French were afraid. Let us have a drink, he said they.

The PW's were agreeable, and started to open a bottle of the warehouse's supply. "Now, now," said one of the Frenchmen. He dashed out the door in the face of snarl arms and snipers first just to fetch a bottle of something better.

It was pretty good, too.



In the latter stages of the Nazi decline, the one-time powerful German war machine was reduced to burning charcoal to power even its tanks. Shown above is one of the tanks that was undergoing conversion to burn the wood chips and was left before completion by the retreating Krauts.

## Photograph, *Dachau: Dead Awaiting Cremation 30 Apr 45*

45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division Museum, Dachau Collection



# 45<sup>th</sup> Division News, July 10, 1945, p. 1

45<sup>th</sup> Infantry Museum Archives

Special Edition: Second Anniversary of Combat

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

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# Thunderbirds Came Out of Storm To Invade Sicily July 10, 1943

## 45<sup>th</sup> Helped Finish Hitler And Mussolini

Two long and arduous years have passed since the 45th Division, born from the training camps of the United States, blazed its way out of a storm to land on the eastern beaches of the island of Sicily.

To many a Thunderbird, the date of this introduction into combat is as memorable as his own birthday, July 10, 1943.

Some infantrymen died before they crossed the narrow belt of sand. Others dropped without ever setting foot on a hostile shore, cut down by the hidden beach defenses. Others, only a few, trampled the whole enemy way across the island, up the Italian boot from Salerno to Rome, up through to the Vesuvius, and then thence to Munich.

Today, the 45th is one of the most honored divisions of World War II. Five thousand 45th officers and men had been decorated by the American government by the latter part of June, and heroic decorations being the

## Croix de Guerre For Division Flag

Describing the 45th as "a magnificent major unit," Gen. Charles DeLoach, President of the French national government, this week ordered the citation of this Division.

The citation ordered the division to add the Croix de Guerre with Palm to the division flag.

number of individual decorations to more than 5,500. Many more will be awarded for their contribution to the 45th's fighting efficiency before the month is closed.

**392,387 PW's Taken**  
A division's strength is something more than 15,000 men. In its campaigns in Europe, this division took 102,367 prisoners, most of them Germans. How many it killed or wounded, no one will ever know.

Field Marshal Keppeler of the German army, who vainly sought to push the 45th into the sea at Anzio or elsewhere, the famous beachhead, observed upon his capture that he considered the 45th one of the two best in the American Army. The other was the Third, a division often heard fighting on our right or left in the difficult campaigns.

Keppeler had many opportunities to estimate the worth of the Thunderbirds as they pushed his pinned command troops and his 85 men back, back and back in the Dolomites mountains.

He became recognized with Thunderbird aggressiveness and determination when he succeeded von Kaulstorf in command of the defense of the Western Front.

**2000 Thunderbirds Died**  
The cost of these campaigns may be read in the record. After establishing a record of 511 days of combat, the 45th counted its casualties at more than 21,000, several thousand in the way as far as an American division.



**TWO YEARS**  
*with the 45<sup>th</sup>*

The 45th lost 23 officers and 3,437 enlisted men of the 45th were killed in action. Seven hundred 90 officers and 11,000 men were wounded. Our hundred 36 officers and 1,416 men were at some time listed as missing in action. It's combat mission in Europe ended. The 45th halted in Munich, and there participated one of the largest cities in Europe, and one of the two most important cities in Germany from the point of view of the Nazi party. The Thunderbirds had had a major share in the taking of Munich, as they had in the taking of Frankfurt.

But the names of these places will be remembered. (Continued on Page 4)







