



Vol. 3—No. 11

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November 1945

# "ALL AMERICANS" . . . REGULAR ARMY!

## Our Last Mission Accomplished

One of the most delicate yet cumbersome problems of our country's occupation army has been beautifully mastered here in Berlin. It was the real test of whether four different armies could occupy a starving, war-torn heart of a hating and hated people, render to it a system of existence without dissension, and do it without friction among themselves. There were questions on everyone's mind: How long would we last with the Russians? Would we really impress the vanquished with our stern intention? Would we compare to the other armies in sharpness of military manner? One may not have thought much about the answers to these questions as we prepare to leave Berlin, but the right answers may mean this job has been done for the last time. They didn't do it right the first time but there's not much doubt that we're doing the best of our knowledge and ability the second.

As to the answers. Well, there are some who still think we came here as a curtain call to the population, and drink up the fat gut. There are others who are positive that our entire division came from Chicago. But above all they learned the one thing that counts: That because they have incurred the animosity of the entire world—even of the complacent Americas—there can be expected absolutely no leniency or forgiveness from the people who fought them. And we in turn have incurred their deepest envy for our particular way of life. Someday maybe they'll comprehend that way and strive to develop something similar themselves. It was our mission to sow these seeds of envy and respect. And as we leave, it is now up to our followers to nourish them in the interests of future security for everybody.

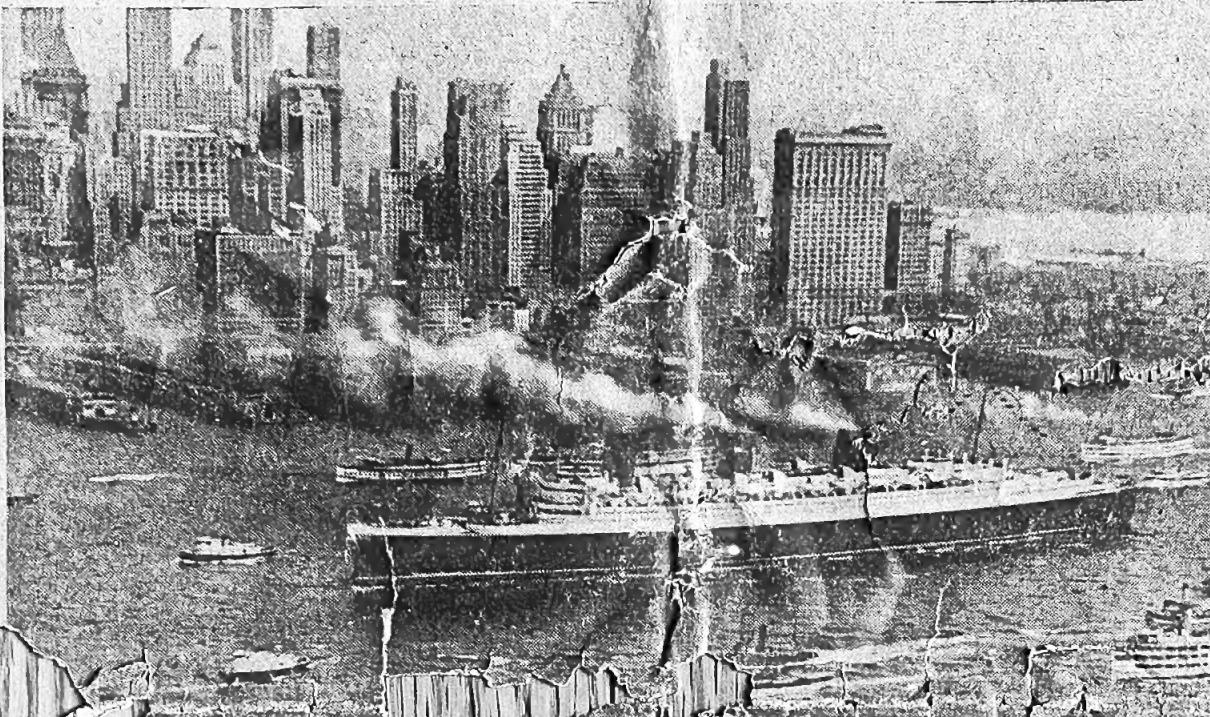
We have surprised everyone including ourselves at the efficient manner in which we co-operated with the other three occupants of this city. Our guard has been superb, despite the fact that every trooper has pulled a good deal more than his share and is plenty sick of it. There are even a few people who, not having developed respect for a pair of shining boots and a bayonet, have developed—the hard way—a vital respect for our marksmanship. The people have also been awed with our mechanical might. They've heard the roar and singing gears of U. S. Army six-by-sixes that'll make more noise and lug bigger loads than anything they ever heard of on six wheels.

We've straightened things out plenty around here, and the people know pretty darned well where they stand. Suffice it to say, the last mission of the 505th Parachute Infantry Regiment and its mother, Airborne Division, the 82nd, has been accomplished.

Phil Wheelock

Lt. Col. Barney Oldfield, ex—505th PRO officer and creator of the unit's STATIC LINE has returned to the 82nd Div. as coordinator and director for the Division's stateside publicity.

A select group of 505 men have been written up for their combat achievements by Col. Oldfield's staff for publicity in their home states on or about their individual discharge date.



Capt. of the "Undersea" a Liberty Ship said, "will be home in fifteen days on the name of McGillicuddy."

## Homesick Musings

You should see the colors we have up here. When the soft autumn breeze wafts itself up from the west the big oaks and poplars and maples release their hued foliage—reluctantly, a few colors at a time and the pile up in gaudy, bronze-yellow masses along the curbs.

And they swirl in the wakes of the big trucks and settle again each night under a shiny coating of autumnal mist. When the wetness begins to rot them underneath a little, you can catch a big whiff of musty, pungent earthiness. When you walk down a shining, silent, cobblestone street, dimly lit with antique street lamps, you can smell a smouldering bonfire somewhere. The blue smoke from a leaf and pine needle smudge fire fuses with the low lying night fog and gives off a scent as of incense in a humid room. It's as though the Yanks have brought with them a touch of their own Injun Summer to make them homesick everytime they start dreaming.—That's about all there is to do—dream, I mean. If you don't dream of your home and girl while walking a four hour post, you're in the Red Cross dreaming of them over a cup of coffee and some doughnuts. Every pretty girl you see reminds you of her. Colors and music and starlit nights—they all have her in them.

That's why it hurts so, being maybe months from home yet. But you can dream, trooper, you can dream.

Phil Wheelock

## How Duisburg Fell

We still have a hero drifting about in our midst. T/5 Alex B. Atkins, of our 2nd Bn. S-3 section, and formerly of the 507th, is one of the five troopers who affected the surrender of Duisburg on the strength of a rumor that the krauts might have evacuated the town. T/5 Atkins and four other troopers took off for Duisburg, 30 miles behind enemy lines, in a jeep. All main routes of approach were blocked or demolished, but they found a kraut who led them to a back road from which they entered the place. They shot up the town, captured a bunch of Jerries, and hauled the mayor back to Mülheim to sign the formal surrender.

## 78th's 309th Regt. Inherits 505th's Area

Yes, at last we are really going. We are saying goodbye to Berlin... and all of Germany.

Behind us we leave to the 309th men a host of responsibilities, well discharged by the 505th men, that

ranged in character from Honor Guard to riot squad detail.

Most of the 505 men have been in several countries throughout the ETO and now have reached the satiation point with Europe and European customs. They feel the work associated with their duties in Berlin's American Sector has been tough and trying... but never dull.

There has been fitting recognition given to the regiment's personnel for its endeavors in Berlin.

Marshall Zhukov has praised them... the Belgians have honored them... the Holland Government has written them into immortality for that country's liberation from Nazidom... yet the lighter side of living has had its place, arising from contact with Berlin's conquered people.

It has been said of the military in the past, "Morale is highest when the men are voicing their dissatisfaction." This has always been the case while stationed in Berlin and as such for what it is worth... leaves no doubt in the observer's minds... 505 men are returning home with a zest for living that cannot help but spill over into the diverse channels of civilian accomplishment and success.

The men of the 505 bequeath to the 309th their duties, associations and pleasures with the hope that they too will experience the satisfaction this unit has achieved in adding a bit more to democracy's prowess that has begun to capture the rather recent warped minds of the conquered. That the 309th will remain alert to the few hard-to-reach "holdouts" bent on creating disturbances and ill feelings between fellow allies by their petty utterances and truth distortions under the guise of being persecuted by fellow members of the NSDAP.

The Berliners' attitude is one thing that cannot be passed on to the 309th by the 505. They will have to become acquainted with it themselves through contact and experience with the people.

Perhaps they too will notice that many Berliners admire democracy be-

(continued on Page 2)

## 505 — May It Never Die!

At last, the people back home have not forsaken this, our outfit, the oldest and fightingest airborne Division in our history. We couldn't believe that because of (Let's forget it), our people would bury the blood-filled annals of six, completed, soul inspiring missions of this war and two in the last, and forget an outfit that played an awfully big part in the fact that they are still free Americans today.

But the old outfit had some people speaking for it—people who knew it for what it had accomplished. People like Gen. Eisenhower, Gen. Bradley, Gen. Dempsey, Gen. Clark, and certainly not least, Gen. Jim Gavin himself who carries a lot of weight back home and who undoubtedly feels as strong a sentiment toward this outfit as any general ever has. These people had seen the All-Americans in action—the stuff they were made for—and they have been thankful to the Division's existence. And now to the people back home, unde realized when they had them, who had

So the Division is once again at its proper place, American, where it can maintain its great record, and instill in the souls of future airborne men the esprit and tradition that will be their heritage from the very first men who fought and died with it—where, most of all, it can never be forgotten.

And in years hence, when the shining boots will be on other young, itchy feet, and the wings on the chests of other young blue-braids, we'll be reading about them and their 82nd A/B Division. They'll be putting on air shows and exhibition jumps so that the people will always know that the bulwark of their security rests in able hands.

May God deny the possibility, but if ever again we must drag out our old shooting irons in the defense of our freedom—our existence—the first outfit to jump into that defense and the last to come out will be our outfit, our old jumping dogfaces, the 82nd Airborne Division.

Phil Wheelock

## 82nd Division Spawns Many Brass Hats

HEADQUARTERS 82ND AIRBORNE DIVISION—Probably no unit in the United States Army has any more illustrious alumni of leadership than the 82nd Airborne Division.

General Omar Nelson Bradley, former 12th Army Group commander in Europe and new head of the Veterans Administration.

Lieutenant General Matthew B. Ridgway, former commander of the XVIII Airborne Corps, and now commander of the Italian Theater.

Major General Maxwell Davenport Taylor, who left the division's artillery command to boss the 101st Airborne Division, and is now the commanding general of the United States Military Academy at West Point.

Major General Joe Swing, once the division artillery commander, who led the 11th Airborne Division in the Pacific, the unit which first landed in Japan.

Major General William Miley, who generalized the 17th Airborne Division, after apprenticeship as assistant division commander of the 82nd.

And Brig. Gen. Stuart Cutler, present commander of the 101st Airborne Division, who was once a regimental commander in the 82nd.



Symbolic significance is as follows: The Parachute signifies a Paratroop Infantry Regiment. The blue is the Infantry color. The red is for courage. The Flying black panther symbolizes the speed and courage characteristic of a good parachutist.

The symbols in the field of red indicate the campaigns in which the Regiment has participated:

The Olive Tree is for Sicily. The Cross of Lorraine for France. The Lion of Flanders for Belgium. The (continued on Page 2)



PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER . . . . . Major CHARLES PATERSON  
EDITOR . . . . . ED. PARETTI  
ASSO. EDITOR . . . . . MIKE BRADFORD  
ARTIST . . . . . 'BRUSH' GULKA  
1st Bn. Corres . . . . . BOB CORNETT  
2nd Bn. Corres . . . . . RED WEELOCK  
3rd Bn. Corres . . . . . JOE JOHNSTONE  
PHOTOGRAPHERS . . . . . JAMES CHENOWETH  
"MAC" NERNY

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## FAREWELL

**Chaplain Philip M. Hannan**

At last, most of you are returning home. No one is more happy (and relieved) by your imminent return to home than I. Good-by and God bless you in my fervent wish.

Like all chaplains, there is a word of advice I'd like to impart. Be careful of your conversation and opinions.

We were all taught during the war that careless talk is dangerous—"Loose talk costs lives." The same statement is also true of the post-war period. The talk of the veterans will undoubtedly sway public opinion. And enlightened public opinion can mean the difference between world security and another war.

I remember vividly in 1939 how public opinion in the United States prevented the avoidance of this war. Some of you may remember that when war threatened in 1939, President Roosevelt warned Germany that the frontier of France was the frontier of the United States. I happened to be in Europe at the time and that statement made such a colossal impression on Germany and Italy that no acts of aggression would have been committed by the Axis Powers if they were convinced that we would enforce the warning. Unfortunately, public opinion in the United States did not approve the President's statement and he was forced to retract it. The Axis Powers, released from the threat by public opinion in the U.S., soon plunged the world in war.

You never account for good as well as honest so people over here are fundamentally the same as in the United States, and you will be helping to create a foundation of trust and hope.

Well, what is a good rule to follow in regulating your experiences and opinions, tell the whole truth. In other words, tell the whole truth. Tell the good points of the different nationalities you have met. An honest account of your experiences and views will convince your hearers over here that your people over here are fundamentally the same as in the United States, and you will be helping to create a foundation of trust and hope.

Let's take a look at your audience back home. Your hearers, or audience, can be divided into three general groups, and your conversation will be geared according to their expectations: first, there will be your wife or girl friend; secondly, your immediate family and close relatives; thirdly, the fellows you meet at the corner bar or club or fraternity or union meeting. Your conversation with these different groups will be very different.

Your recital to your wife or girl friend will be very prejudicial in your favor. There is a saying that every man has two characters—one for the woman he loves, the other for the rest of the world. To your wife or girl friend, you will naturally be the soldier who suffered the most or accomplished the most in the war, a combination of Daniel Boone, George Washington and Napoleon. That is expected and no one would care to change that arrangement. I hope that she believes every word you tell her.

With the members of your family and close relatives, you will be more circumspect and truthful in your recounting of experiences. Your brothers or sisters will know when you are stretching the truth and they won't believe you when you are lying.

Most of all guard your conversation and statements when you are at the corner bar or at the club or at meetings. There you will tend most to exaggerate and distort because you will have had a few beers to help your imagination and you will be straining to be entertaining and outstanding. The proportions of the deeds recounted will be fantastic; I say this after having listened to some while on a leave to the Riviera. I was told by infantry officers, who did not know that I also was from the infantry (airborne) that they had mortar gunners who could set up a mortar in front of a house to fire on the enemy hiding behind the house and of a battalion of infantry that had withstood the attacks of two SS Panzer divisions for sixteen days!!

Frankly, that type of hyperbolic lying does little harm. But exaggerating and lying about the people in Europe will do a great deal of harm. Most of us will have a tendency to depict Europe and Europeans in single and contrasting colors; the English will be pictured as internally slow, the French as lazy, the Dutch and Belgians as wonderful, the Germans as plodding and cruel. And we will have the tendency to present the problems in Europe as insoluble, because we could think of no solution. And since all of us had a generally miserable time over here, we will strongly urge all Americans to avoid any contact with Europe or Europeans as far as possible. Distrust, bewilderment, confusion will probably be the main reaction we engender towards Europe and Europeans.

But if you are thoroughly honest, you will also include the fact that these people have problems that we do not have and that they have, in general, the same reactions we have under the same circumstances. You might also remind your friends that you have met any number of Europeans who could be substituted for your neighbors Joe Jones and Ludwig Schmalz and you would never notice the difference. You could also add that you have met a number who seemed to be exactly like yourself. Fundamentally, we have all realized that there is nothing that Europeans have learned in the United States that they could not also learn or be taught here in Europe. And we all know that if we do not assume our responsibility for helping and instructing them, that no other nation can, and that if we do not extend that assistance, we will ultimately pay the price for our negligence. Ever since Cain killed Abel we are all chargeable for neglect in helping and assisting our brother wherever he is.

Remember, as during the war, loose talk will wreck someone's life. It will not, I hope, endanger your own life, but loose talk may endanger the life of your son. By your conversation and talk build a future of hope and trust, not a future of hate and war.

## There've Been Some Changes Made

The guys will sure be glad to get the hell outta Berlin. What with guard every other day and restrictions in between and the Air Corps undermining the black market and the MP's putting the squeeze on more all the time it'll be a happy day when airborne takes a powder.

Lootin' just ain't what it used to be anymore—in fact it just ain't. The Leicas are most all bought up and it's getting to where it pays a man to start smokin' again. In fact, it's gettin' so bad you can often spot a trooper hawkin' his wares in a U-bahn station—or even the Wannsee bahnhof, eracent. Of course there's a good bit more fire water around than when they came here, but then that only means more places "Off Limits" to the Airborne. The MP's are so thick it's nauseatin', annoyin' an' antagonistic to say the least. The women are gettin' wise and you can usually expect a charge for it. Yeah, the old town itself simply aint what it used to be.

In fact the place doesn't even look airborne anymore. You can walk past a dozen soldiers on the street before you'll come to a pair of glistening boots. There are as many different shoulder insignia adorning the night clubs as there are colors in the spectrum. The 78th advanced detail brought as many vehicles with em as there are in our whole outfit. Their boys hang around gettin' the wits scared out of em at all the details an' guard they're gonna hafta pull. And they gotta stand in our mess



lines, too, poor souls. After several days here, if their eyes could speak, it would be the same as we who've become somewhat benumbed to it: "God, what swill!" They gawk at us drilling an' paradin' an' fallin' in an' out like people possessed until they go to bed at night prayin' fervently that their own brass won't get any of the same ideas.

But the own's not gonna be the same without that certain type of airborne atmosphere and spirit that just ceases to exist when these jumping dogfaces bid farewell—or rather good riddance—to the place. The off limits signs'll come down, an' the barkeeps'll drag out their best wine glasses again, and' good schnaps will replace the rotgut. The heat in the buildings'll come on, soon's we leave, an' the prices at Alexander Platz'll go up again. They'll take the boards off the windows and they'll increase the downtown speed limits—an' the Russians won't have anybody to fight with anymore.—And still it won't be the same. Anyway, good riddance, Berlin!

Phil Wheelock

## Regimental Insignia

(continued from Page 1)

"Fascis" for Italy. The tulip is for Holland. The broken Swastika for Germany.

The motto "H-Minus" is indicative of the Regiment's usual mission of cropping into combat before the ground attack is launched. It also indicates constant preparedness.

Shortly after the 505 was activated, a Unit Insignia was proposed. After much discussion it was decided to wait until the 505 acquired some combat history.

Now that its combat history is complete, the Insignia pictured above has been submitted, and is in the process of being approved by the War Department.

Study it, and know its meaning. 505's record is incomparable and legendary.



## HOME COMING

BY C H E N

Now, at last, you're home again,  
Severing the final link that bound you  
And your fellow men to freedom's task  
From which no man may ever shrink.  
You're home again—I And are you now  
A stranger in the cradle where your life began?  
A foreigner? An immigrant who trespasses?  
A wanderer just passing through?  
A visitor who thinks, perhaps a stern rebuff  
Is all that's due to him?  
A stranger in the town?  
Look about you, native son,—  
Hear the rushing, surging wave  
Of friendship whispering, "Well done!"  
Well done—and welcome home again  
To friendly hearts—familiar scenes—  
The yesterdays of memory—  
The future of tomorrow's dreams—  
Welcome to the rock from which  
You sculptured freedom's throne.  
Welcome to your world of happiness—  
And welcome home!

\*

## PERHAPS

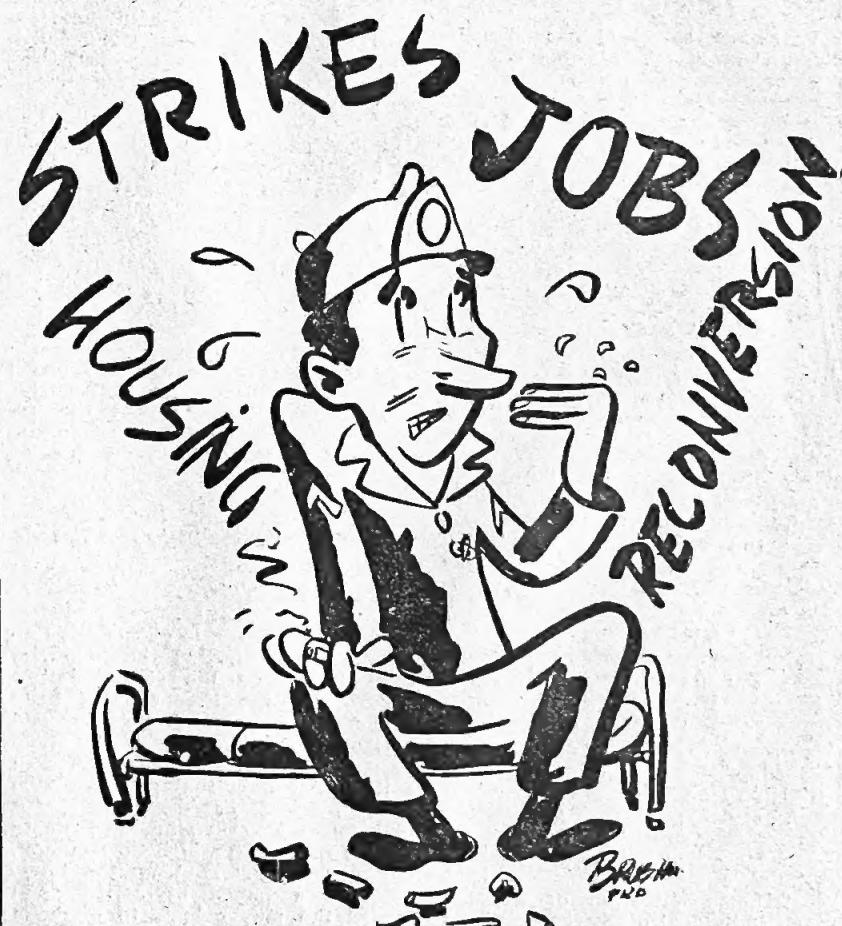
By: JAMES CHENOWETH

Perhaps a hundred years ago  
A young man stood on high  
At the fading light of midnight's  
Ever regal sky.

Perhaps his wish, his murmured prayer  
Arose above the trees  
To melt the silver-studded night  
And haunt the passing breeze.

Perhaps he heard a distant sigh  
Come singing from the blue;  
Perhaps he smiled—and just like me—  
Perhaps he dreamed of you.

## 1H' GOOD "OLE" U.S.A.



*T/Sgt. Foote and Cpl. Hebert*

Concentrating on.....boids and flowers?

## "Two 505 Troopers Marry Eto Women"

T/Sgt. Gaston S. Foote Jr. 314 North St., Portsmouth, Virginia and T/Sgt. Raymond A. Hebert 216 East Dwight St., Holyoke, Massachusetts both of the 82nd Airborne Division's 505th Pritch. Inf. Regt., where furloughed during the month of October to marry their respective fiancees.

### SPECIAL SERVICES

First off we want to say "So long" to four of the S. S. S. that left us this last shipment. Their job well done and eager to become civilians we hope they are well on their way home.

S-Sgt. Don Lassen, bookkeeper, T/Sgt. Wayne Herber, the man who kept the movies going despite obstacles such as, bad projector, generator, and etc., Pfc. Frank Gallucci, our Theatre Manager, who also managed to paint signs for the Red Cross, Athletics, Movies, and such. Then there is Lt. Don Moxley, a man that was with the Regiment when it was activated as a Buck A-Private, working his way up in a line company until he made 1st. Lt., after which he was made Regimental Athletics officer in Suippes, France, then came the Rhine Crossing and he took over from Capt. Carl E. Schenck as Special Service Officer, Capt. Schenck having been sent home on furlough, never to return but we found out later that he wound up as Public Relations Officer in Parachute School, probably a civilian by now. Now Lt. Moxley is also home, or should be, he had enough points to start a meat market.

Our new Special Services officer is Lt. Thomas G. Hartley, a good man and we know that we will do fine under his supervision.

As for the present, the Special Service Staff, cut down to the minimum, are still doing the best we can. Free Beer since the 1st of October along with one free pair of wings per man, two Xmas cards, free Stars and Stripes, to every other man.

Everyone in the Regiment seems to be quite interested in the Fourragures, well here is the situation: responsible persons have left to purchase same, the source of monies which will pay for them is—1. A loan of 2200 dollars from the Officers Club fund, 2. 1500 dollars from the Special Service fund. When we do receive them you will receive one or more depending on how much material was found.

Well fellows, that about winds things up, best of luck to you all, Cpl. Matt Gowdy

Friends and co-workers in the 505 command post for the past several months, Sgt. Foote and Corporal Hebert look forward to home and family life in the near future in view of the Division's present schedule for zone of the interior redeployment.

Sgt. Foote entered the army 18th July, 1943 from Petersburg, Virginia taking an engineer basic cycle at Fort Leonard, Mississippi. Becoming assigned to Fort Belvoir, Virginia, he completed his draftsman training there. Arriving in the ETO during March of 1944 he became assigned to the 660th Topographic Engineer Bn. in London England. Dissatisfied with rear echelon work regardless of its importance, Foote volunteered for the paratroops and was accepted in August of '44. Upon completion of jump training he became assigned to the 82nd's 550th Pritch. Inf.

Veteran of three campaigns, Sgt. Foote wears battle stars on his EAME ribbon for the Rhineland, Ardennes and Central Europe.

His wife the former Miss Florence Count, makes her home at present in Bolton-on-Dearne, Yorkshire, England.

Corporal Hebert entered the army during February 1943 from Fort Devens Massachusetts, becoming assigned as a military stenographer at Camp Maxey, Texas. Reassigned he became an aviation mechanic student at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Camp Blanding Florida claimed him next for a full infantry basic cycle. While stationed here he volunteered for the Paratroops completing parachutist training during June of 1944.

Corporal Hebert wears battle stars for the Rhineland, Ardennes and Central Europe campaigns.

When the 505th unit was stationed near Thaon, France, Corporal Hebert became engaged. His wife's maiden name was Miss Blanche Parmentelot. She resides at 42 Kleber St., Thaon, France.

Following his release from service, corporal Hebert expects to become assigned as a civilian worker for the American Government with Paris, France as his headquarters.

Hold everything! Just received word Sgt. Foote left for school in England. Looks like the lucky man will be able to hold hands with his wife after school hours.

### ~~CHAIRBORE PERSONNEL~~

This place is beginning to look like a Repple Depot with the characters that are arriving and departing every day. "With one difference" Herr Oberleutnant Katz might well say, "We don't beat our inmates—we just work them to death."

A new character was added to the section when Lindenbaum, the jocular jeep jockey, joined our ranks. The kid must think his name is Lindberg—he's the only man in Berlin whose driving makes the Russkies turn the color of Allietingelt with envy.

Turning the Tables Dept. Who was the super-duper paratrooper, lately redeployed, who went through four rugged campaigns in the ETO but didn't get a pistol until he arrived in Berlin—when a WAC presented him with a spankin' new Mouser.

There wasn't a sound but the rustle of a few leaves as the long columns of men stood solid and silently at attention. The drums rolled, our CO marched briskly across the field. The general was stiff and formal as he pinned the ribbon on my chest, but when the "Old Man" came up I could tell by the firm grasp of his hand that he wanted to say few words to me, and so, as the general went on, to present the other awards he bent his head to my ear and said in that deep but gentle voice of his: Pending the availability of the Good Conduct Medal, the wearing of the Good Conduct ribbon is authorized."

In coordination with the Regimental I & E program, we proceed with lesson 11½ in Basic French. The first sentence, chillun, is "Quest-ce que c'est, Babe?" or "Does anyone know any feelthy stories?"

A salute to "Our boys in the armed forces"—the simple tools who volunteered for the Regular Army, "Prima Soldats" all of them—but who likes Prima Soldats? "Backbone of our country" (does anyone feel insecure?) "Patriots" (a bit mercenary, perhaps—but all army pay is blood money as far as this writer is concerned). No thanks, the only way I'll be a regular is by eating Kellogg's All-Bran.

Before we get in trouble with USFET, TSFET and a few regular army Joes, we'd better cut that line short. *Denis the Menace*

### MEDICS

"Big Jim"

We as in all other outfits have said farewell to a bunch of swell guys. To "Gordy" Engel we tip our hats for the swell guy he is and the laughs we had by his sharp wit.

Old "Lover" Zellmer we are glad to leave because now the Junior NCO Club will have more liquor for its patrons.

"Bunky" Davidson was our singer. He could be heard singing "Tie me to your apron strings again" most any time of the day or night.

To "Mule Lover" Zeller we give our applause for the fine exhibition of dancing he so gracefully gave at the NCO Club on his last night. "Have you ever seen a farmer push a plow?" Poor girl...

In the group that went to the 508, they had among them a guy who could be seen at quite a distance due to the scarcity of hair on his head. Come on laugh "Mussolini" Riedl.

The Weber Cafe's gift to the "fratiliens" also went 508 side. He really slayed (spelled S-L-A-Y-E-D) the chicks in that neighborhood. His name? Why "Tyrone" Jenkins.

Our serious boy who believe it or not did not fraternize was little Johnny West. Remember that cute little mustache?

"Frenchy" Tremblay also bid us farewell. He and Morland (God bless you ladies) Stein where great boasters of their feminine accomplishments.

Our hats are off to all of you fellows.

We have acquired a new mail clerk and any blood donation would be appreciated. "Hello Plasma".

Since "Gordy" Engel has bid us adieu, we've been looking for a man to take his place as Medics' Reporter and we've found him. None other than "Big Jim" Donahue.

### TARNISHED BRASS

*Morton Katz*

At long last we have drank, or is it drunk, up all the Kraut cognac in the McCreaus USO, and the nights are full of the inbibing of good French motor fuel . . . Joe Roggenkamp conspicuous by his absence as he sparks the "Swing Shift" in our local administrative sweat shop . . . Don Gehring pulled out of the 101st Boneyard a little golden about the eyes just call me "Forever Amber," he sez . . .

Added to the long list of last-minute "quickie" promotions, or those for whom the ETO weather has worn off the party yellor color from the bars, are "Clay" Asbra, Frank "I'd Ryder be PX Officer than President" Ryder, Dave Navon, local handyman, and Ozzie Schock, grid-iron mentor . . . thanks to hard work in higher echelons, it only took a fast three months for Ozzie's paperwork to make the grade . . . down in the Frankfurt country, new changes from gold to silver included Ed Barker, Gene Murdoch and Tom Schexnayder . . .

Big changes in the high brass section as "Butch" Kaiser of the local horsey set moves up to the big-shot level at OMGUS and old-time politician Bob Piper of the young country-club set takes over the Exec slot . . . also becomes loyal cry ing-officer, assistant adjutant and grand Mogul . . . included in notes on practically anything is the fact that Darrell Lutz, newly arrived from 508th Red Devils speaks fluent Japanese . . . which explains why he's in the ETO . . .

Dave Lemkowitz lookin' grayer and grayer as the barbed-wire stockade gets fuller and fuller . . . new administration sweeps George Newell into office as Grand High Sheriff and keeper of the iron-bound hotel . . . Roy McIntosh, the drill sergeant, off on a Denmark jaunt . . . how's about filling a few cavities, Doc? . . . Gabby Atkins busily recruiting new members for America's postwar army . . . no enlistments for the WAC, though . . . keep on drinking beer and we'll be ordinary . . . Cal Mullins . . .

Lots quieter after the departure of ole masssa Press Presnell . . . Gordy "Believe it or Not" Ripley . . . Dusty Wasecka, on his way to a honeymoon . . . Art Tower, overseas OCS boy who made good . . . Tom Rogers . . . Trav Lyon . . . John Cooper . . . Merrill Shepard . . . Ernie Smith . . . lots of luck gang and hope to see you soon . . .

Gone to ye Frankfurt crowd to guard the sacred precincts of USFET . . . Bob Trost . . . Lighthorse Harry Pritchett . . . Virg Ulrich . . . Ben Murdoch . . . Wally Meyer . . . Ollie Merritt . . . Wally Liles . . . Hank Kilburn . . . Frank Jedlicka . . . Morry Jasper . . . George Hessberger . . . Coleman Everett, old 509 Vet, and stopper of beaucoup Kraut hard ware . . . and the bookie keed Walt "Pappy" DeLong . . .

Don't think we don't like writin' this column . . . 'cause we don't . . . we're just waitin' to get to that promised land where ya kin fraternize wit' th' natives . . . in public . . . they spik English . . . see youse keeds at the docks, we hope . . . don't miss that boat . . .

### Musings

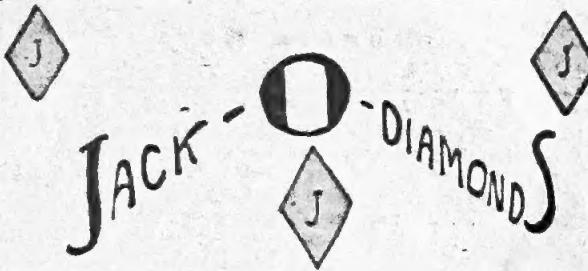
of a Potential Retournee

What are we gonna do without that old line about taking her back to America? The first time you get up in the morning and leave two cigarettes on the pillow you'll probably get 'em rammed down your throat.

Now that promotions are frozen (were they ever not?) there's no more bucking. (Oh no?) It's taken opposite extreme: Nobody gives a damn!



# FIRST BATTALION



## HQ CO. — SUGALSKI

Flash! Headquarters company goes to press again, don't expect too much though as I have the typewriter out here on post with me and I'm a "cookin'" for the O. D. They say he's really CS. Hell, he won't even let you crawl into your "fahrt sack," in spite of the cold. Evacuations from trench-foot appear to be imminent—Reinforcements pour in from the 308th! What do you say boys? Frankfurt was never like this, was it?

Latest reports from that most harasses element, S/Sgt. McGeehee-hee (acting Lieutenant, Inf.), says that he actually saw the first soldier pitching horse-shows with P. T. Harris. Haven't seen them in such a long time that I thought they had shipped out with that last bunch. Incidentally, we owe a bit of thanks to McGeehee for the wonderful job he's doing handling the PX rations and the Company finances.

By the way, we have some soldiers in our midst. Some of the guys actually signed to stay in the army—There are rumors going around that they did it only to get out of this outfit. A few of the more chicken hearted ones decided at the last minute to sweat it out with the rest of us. Three years does seem like a long-time.

I hear Kentzel is corresponding with the Colonel lately. Warum? You don't think the Colonel will tell you what time it is, do you? Maybe your "Buddy" will have a change of heart and will return your B. I. watch. At any rate, the bath tub is no place for sleeping.

S-4 Louis Theiss must have a high priority on his requisitions for pretty Wats. What do you say, Louis? How about getting enough for the whole battalion.

What accounts for the strange reformation in McFarlan these past few days? Is it the scarcity of Liquor or the absence of his bar-fly buddy, Heller?

You're digging in the wrong place, Balch. See Sgt. Pentz. He's got a map of all the buried boxes in his area.

Just think. It's less than a month to our scheduled sailing date! If you're planning on getting home for Christmas with us—Remember, VD means trouble, not travel. Let's all make the boat.

## A. CO. — BUSHMAN

Here it is the first part of November and it will soon be time for the Turkey to start hiding, so he won't get caught under the Mess Sgt's cleaver. A lot has happened since the last printing of this column. For example a lot of the fellows are looking at the "Lady with the Torch" by now that were here just a few weeks ago. I kinda think we all envy them somewhat but are still glad that they could go back to the place that we all think about so much but never get to see. We also lost some good men to the 508 but they aren't entirely lost as the 508 attached to the 82nd. There were some very capable men that joined us from the 508. Among them was S/Sgt. Adams, our new operations Sgt. The only difference between S/Sgt. Adams and Sgt. Smith is that S/Sgt. Adams confines his operating to duty hours. S/Sgt. Morgan accomplished his one ambition in the army, that was to become a Platoon Sgt. well he now is the Platoon Sgt. of the 1st Platoon, and doing a good job. Keep it up Morgan. S/Sgt. Hunt claims that Schnapps can be bought in Frankfurt for 100 marks, boy take me to Frankfurt!

## B. CO. — MALLIS

It's been nearly a year and a half that I've been with B Co. and about the fifth or sixth time that I have been contracted to present Baker Co's side of the news. I'm sort of proud of Baker Co. in a way, they've done a damn good job in both garrison and combat. You boys that come in with me back in Quorn (and there aren't many left) will long remember the times we had at the "Any gum chum" dance halls in Leicester and the "Free for All" pubs in Loughborough. We then made our first combat jump in Holland fighting thru towns like

## Hq & Hq. Co. All Ears

That noise you heard the other night was the gang on another get-together. But, after all, what is a company party—simply bedlam between drinks.

That low whistle of admiration was for the beautiful buxom blonde our C. O. was escorting. Setting good examples for his men.

Lt. Toland and Pfc. Olsen, collaborating on a dance, stopped the show. After that performance, everything else was anti-climatic.

In answer to numerous queries your erstwhile reporter has this to say contrary to many opinions, "Two gun Flynn" was at the party. The redhead was so cornered he couldn't be seen. If they were much closer they would have been Slanese twins.

That resounding cheer was for our "Goon Platoon." Finally escaping the confines of the orderly room, they actually went on M. P. duty downtown. They probably caused more trouble than good, but we'll give them an "E" for effort.

Our boy Harmon can be seen about the company these days. What was the trouble, buddy, that Paris pass too much for you? While we're at it, we might add that Walter A. Don't-Shoot was sweating a little also.

The recent movements due to redeployment has left some open places in the "Four O'clock Club." The qualifications are very stringent. Unless you can consume two dozen doughnuts, four cups of coffee and two cokes at one sitting, do not bother to apply. President Thomas is interested in interviewing all applicants at his special table in the club every afternoon. Better hurry, there aren't too many openings.

Our card shark, Snyder, is willing to take on all comers in "Casino." Watch him close fellows, he has a deft hand and a sharp eye.

Dear Ed: I'm worried about my boy friend in the service. What is the best way to hold him? Nina

Dear Nina: The best way to hold a man is in your arms.

Dear Ed: What is your idea of a sweater girl? Moe

Dear Moe: A sweater girl is one of those large breasted women who always seems closer to you than you are to them.

Joe Bloke says that alimony is the high cost of leaving.

## "You've Had It Chum"



"Kind of Dull Hobby, Don't you Think?"

## "Schwarzer Markt Kaputt"



"I'm Serious — Have One."

## A Week With My Furry Roommate

By Phil Wheelock

### Tuesday.

I have been playing hide n' seek with an audacious little field mouse who obtrusively insists upon sharing my meager candy rations with me and his other associates. I know I'm developing a rodent complex, from too many hours in the dark room, but I will not stoop to rubbing elbows at the snack bar with that horrid little creature with the buck teeth. I keep telling him it's most embarrassing having him creeping in on me at all hours of the night like this—that he ought to at least knock or something, or better yet, get his own ration card. But being a kroun mouse, I guess he just doesn't understand.

### Wednesday.

He and I have become quite good friends, though we try each others nerves a good deal. And I'm still wracking my brain for a fitting name for him without playing on his extremely expressive facial features. He's a cute little bastard, in sordid kinda way. But I fear he'd resent "Buck" or "Twitchy", as descriptive as they may be.

### Thursday.

Wow? What a temper! He simply flies into a skittering rage when I forget and turn on the light without warning him. He's usually caught in some embarrassing position with his pants down and he won't squeak to me for hours. I couldn't resist dubbing him "Buck", at last, figuring that being a kraut mouse he wouldn't resent it. In fact he rather likes it—those ghastly teeth of his are his pride n' joy. Guess he isn't colored blind like most mice, 'cause he's started calling me "Red" already.

### Friday.

Buck n' I reached a few compromises last night after lights out. I promised not to forget about the lights if he'd swear not to stub all sixteen toes on my nose on his way to the other side of the bed. He also promised not to crawl in my sack for warmth anymore if I'd not open the window so far. He just never understood how annoying that could be.

### Saturday.

Buck says he's not as young as he used to be anymore and he asked would I please bring him some coffee to dunk the hard crusts from the mess hall. Guess he's afraid of wearing that yellow coating off those four primary masticators of his. Not that I don't trust him, but I'd feel a lot more comfortable if he'd just round off a couple of those razor edges on a piece of G. I. beefsteak or something.

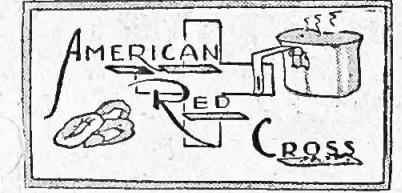
### Sunday.

Oh, I'm afraid poor Buck'll never forgive me for this! I left a canteen cup full of beer under the table last night and this morning all but a few drops was gone. The poor guy! He must have fallen in and drunk his way

out! It really wasn't funny at the time, but I laugh now that I look back on the last time I saw him. There he was, vaguely creating a few lopsided figure eights on the floor while struggling pitifully to maintain a straight and level course to his hole. After a dozen or more snout-punishing misses he finally staggered in, quite coincidentally I fear, and all I could hear for several hours afterward were sporadic spells of muffled, staccato squeaks.

### Monday.

I haven't heard from Buck since, although I did set some black coffee out for him. Guess he figures he's been deceived by his best friend and has gone sour on human nature. It's a shame, too. I'm going to miss his company in those long winter evenings. He's the only buddy I ever had with such passionate whiskers and beady red eyes. Well, good luck, ol' boy, wherever you are!



No doubt most of the 505ers are aware of the big change at Mittelhof Manor since the Static Line's last issue. So it will come as no surprise to announce that Anne Ferris is the new Director. Anne who is from Vickburg, Miss., came overseas in May 1944. Her first duty was with the 15th AAF at Foggia, then she was with the 5th Army, at Florence, and she is crowning her career with the aforementioned present duty.

Last week saw the advent of three mascots. Das kleine hunds have been dubbed respectively, in the usual order of appearance, Zinta, Piglet and Pooh. They're pretty wonderful dogs and we urge you to come to the club if for no other reason than to feast your lucky eyes upon such unadulterated beauty.

Maybe you all heard about last week's dance, but just to make sure you're fully apprised, I'll run the risk of boring you by telling about the superlative Wednesday evening we had, and will undoubtedly have again every Wednesday hereafter. First of all, we had so many nice British girls speaking nice English language that the men almost forgot to eat—almost. There were the usual sandwiches, and then we served ice cream and chocolate frosted cookies until 11 p.m. The girls told us they had had a lovely time, and hoped we'd ask them again. Which we have. So please come and show them what we mean when we say 505 has the nicest boys of all.

ANNABELLE



What Makes you Think I'm From Chicago. Huh Fräulein?

## PAY JUMP

By Phil Wheelock

It was a hazy, French, Spring afternoon, and the slate-grey C-47s were roaring in one right after another on practice take-offs and landings. They'd come in fast and low, bounce their tires with a terrible screech on the patterned steel runway, and rise, slowly, lazily again at the other end of the field. The steady sequence of it all would soon have become monotony if it hadn't been for the fact that one of those ships was ours, that at any minute one of those babies wasn't going to take off again like the rest, but would make a complete landing and swerve around to the left and come to rest very near us, her engines growling idly.

We boarded the ship in reverse order to our numbers—20, 19, 18,—so that number one would be nearest the door. The name of the ship was Dolly—probably the pilot's girl. I remember wondering if the nude pin-up was anything like any Dolly I'd ever known, but then the only Dolly I could recall was an old plough horse back on a farm in Illinois. It's peculiar how such insignificant little thoughts enter your head at a time like that—when you should be concentrating on something important, like your counting, maybe; you didn't last time and you damn near made premature use of a reserve.

Her engines coughed, spit a little fire, and after a mad race of rubber against steel her tail became buoyant, and we became, by inches, free in another dimension. The guys all smoked—one fellow even puffed on a pipe. We stared across at each other—abstractly—pondering, probably: "Jesus! what am I doing up here?"

## 309th TAKES OVER

(continued from Page 1)

cause it wins wars. Others admire American methods because the soldier has so many mechanical contrivances to assist him. Still others are awed with his personal allotments of chocolate, cigarettes, and utter disregard for money. Yet beneath this admiration, often noticeably superficial in character, the men and women of Berlin feel that if their government had been endowed with the foresight to provision their troops in a like manner the ramifications of exploitation of countries the Wehrmacht rolled into and crushed... would have been limitless.

It is small wonder 505 men are cynical where ex-members of the master race in Berlin... are concerned. Theirs is a knowledge gained from fighting the sons and husbands of many of these people on ETO battlefields... further augmented by contact and observation of Berlin inhabitants.

I don't have to do this! And we sat and stared, and smoked—and we vibrated in the horrible racket of the engines. It wasn't long before the jumpmaster began to appear apprehensive—the co-pilot had said it would only be a six minute run. That was good, the short time, I mean: "Awright! Stand up 'n' hook up!" the jumpmaster bellowed aft. You couldn't hear him back in number 17 position, but you knew that was what he said, because all jumpmasters say that when that little red light flashes on. And though you couldn't see it you knew that little red light was there too, because you'd been closer to the door than this before—on other jumps. The guy behind me had trouble with his snap fastener—it wouldn't close on the anchor line. It seemed like hours that I feverishly helped him with that damned thing. I remember getting awful scared just looking at his pallid face with the cold sweat running free. It finally snapped shut, and with an attempted grin of relief he smacked me hard on the shoulder: "18 Okay!"

Just before he left I caught a glimpse of the number one guy in the door. How much like an immovable statue he looked because everything about him but himself quivered violently in the prop wash—even the flesh on his right cheek flapped loosely. Then out he went—and that awful shuffle began. Only by the time we started moving back there I had to couple to keep behind number 16. How impendently imminent is the crescendoing click-click of the snap-fasteners as they collect together aft. Right then—when we began to double—I suddenly lost that giddiness—I knew I was going out that door—and fast—just like the others. Click-click—then yours clicks—and out you go—into that hideous stillness, that rush of nothingness. And though the hard part—conquering your fear—is over, you really sweat now, because for three or four of the most God-awful long seconds in your life there's a 28 foot piece of silk that's got to come out of that pack—and come out right. Then you get that "clunk!" And when the yellow spots clear you lift your helmet off your painful nose and you look up—straight up between the risers—and there she is, symmetrically silhouetted against the great blue yonder.—Oh, what a beautiful sight she is—especially when you're under it.

Sometimes I think I'd like to have a private 'chute, all my own. And I'd name it Mary, because next to my girl there's no more beautiful sight in the world than that awesome, trim, graceful canary silently suspending me up there in the middle of nowhere, but on top of everywhere.

## 2nd Bn. Farewell Party

Everytime we get ready to pull out of someplace the outfit pitches a party. Only this time pulling out meant more than the usual farewell for parts unknown—it meant that we—uh, well, many of us were leaving for home. And of course the party turned out to be more than a mere shindig. And the lifting of the officers' fraternization ban had its effects, too. Some of them, including the battalion C. O. and his exec. must have worked fast (or did they?) to grab themselves a date in time for the well planned event.

Almost everybody had a good reason for tryin' to get drunk—some because they were going home, others because they weren't. The free liquor ran out just in time to prevent the barroom from becoming a boxing ring—with thanks also to the sober vigilance oft Lts. Mullins and Johnson. A lot of guys were nicely lit up before entering the smoke filled Harmonie club, and some even brought their own hooch along just in case. One joker going up the steep steps to the ball-room used his head to shove a tray fulga dishes into a waiter's face. Toward the middle of the bawdy evening there were several meat-heads layin' bets on whether they could get down the steps without havin' to do a parachute roll at the bottom.

Most everybody had dates along. But cheeze, what fine lookin' things some of 'em were! You'd think the guys would at least fight a match before bringin' 'em in outta the dark! The few stags came with the philosophy that if they got tight enough they'd dance with the waitresses (not bad at all, as it worked out).

The meal that we went without a meal to provide for, was quite okay, only you hadda get there early an' find a seat to boot or you where outa luck. It wasn't too crowded, though. After the first half hour seats were had only in shifts on a share-the-table-corner plan.

Drinks where served from behind the counter by waitresses and Capt. Martin who sampled more'n he served. You hadda tip a waiter (before somebody else did) to get somethin' to eat or drink! "Have ya seen my buddy, bub?—He's got bottle o' rum what b'longs to the both of us."—What we saw of the Moor show was fine, but it didn't last long in spite of the numerous fanfares.—The G. I.'s sorta took over from there, so to speak.—The fate of the wine glasses: "Tosh 'em over yer left shoulder, chum,—bringsha luck!"

The dates weren't all fräuleins by any means. There were Wacs of all nationalities except Russian. And there was, Mary Jo from our own Red Cross, too. Generally the dates retained a little more sobriety and reservation than did the escorts, but they seemed as happy as if they too were soon going home to heaven.

Everybody remembers a swell time at our last 2nd Battalion party—and there wasn't much of a bed-check that night either. Phil Wheelock

## 2nd Bn. News and Comic Shorts

Schnapps, Fräuleins, 30 days! Schnapps, Fräuleins, 30 days! Cheeze, what a vicious circle—ain't it never gonna end!

The restriction happy 2nd Bn. plans on a parade to end all parades. We're gonna receive the "Order of the Greasy Doughnut". They're pinnin' a hole on each man.

If this outfit doesn't straighten out (there where 156 men AWOL the other night) they'll hafta string a double-apron fence around the whole area an' call it the stockade.

Some warehouse decides to rid itself of tons of extra 10 in 1 rations so the paratroopers (long, well renowned consumers of same) where selected to eat up the booby prize. If we couldn't have visited the Red Cross every night we'd have starved to death.

Besides there being good central heating in the area, F and E Cos. have been fortunate enough to have built in big washrooms with water heaters and beaucoups bowls and mirrors. By this, now, the 78th boys will well profit.

Check this joker: PFC Robin Brown, of Hq. 2nd has left for a 10 weeks course in liberal arts at Oxford. He's the only one in the Division!

With some of these gimmicks it's nip 'n' tuck. One nip 'n' ya tuck 'em in bed.

## SECOND BATTALION SPEARHEAD

### HQ. CO. — FENDEL

Well, well, well, it seems that certain staff Sgts. out of S-3 frequent houses of ill repute on Saturday nights. No kidding, Sarge, you oughta know the M. P.'s like to invite hotel visitors in for the week-ends.

It certainly seems as though the Bn. Staff football work-outs and black-board sessions are paying off. Last week they managed to hold Hq. Co.'s pick-up team to a scoreless tie and as I write this they are doing a bang up job on the officers' team which is only 12 points ahead in the last period.

I can't figure it out, but our new top-kick behaves like a blushing bride every time somebody walks into the orderly room. Don't be frightened, dearie, no one is going to bite your pretty little head off.

Flash! The officers just won the game. Incidentally, the Colonel caught a pass for a short gain. It seems the EM went easy on him as no one knocked him on his—

"Pappy" says he's given up drinking for while (yipe!—it's a dirty lie) but that mouse of his with the anebreiated swagger is still trying to get down off the ceiling and back into his hole. Pappy: "Aha! So that's where my 'lunch' went!" (Confidentially, 'lunch' hell! That mouse ain't had a bite to eat since "Pappy" moved in!)

### D CO. — TODD

There has been some rumor here in the company that all men are enlisting for another 'three years to get away from the guard duty we now have the "privilege" of pulling. Remember, boys, once home you'll never again be on post.

The new 1st Sgt. says he's going to give up his seven years credit in the old army and retire, as the past weeks' guard rosters have shattered his mind too much to carry on in the service. We might add here that our new first soldier, 1st Sgt. Graham, was the first enlisted man to jump over Tempelhof. Yes, when the General and his staff jumped, our one and only was clad in a major's get-up for the occasion. (He's still looking for that DSC.)

Ah, yes, we hear that our two football heroes on the Regimental team have been issued uniforms for the past week! Nice going guys—hope to see you in "action" soon!

### E CO. — ERICKSON

Bigest of all surprises to yours truly was the large number of bomb happy individuals who in the depths

of despair were willing to sign their monickers away for three more years as government issue. Drake claims it was all the beautiful fräuleins that led him to do it. And Muncy had two choices, the army or marriage—the latter proved to be too much for him. Sanders, a 551 boy—uh, oh well, that explains his case.

Certain members of the third platoon are giving away free baths at all hours of the night.

Falhelm is seen constantly in the company of two sergeants.—Could it be he is bucking, or is he worrying about 7 days hard labor?

Many of us are wondering about the reasons behind all the broken hands in the orderly room.

And we're all sweating out the return trip to the States with the help of the 508 boys who once again are with the division.

### F CO. — PORTA

Things are very quiet around F company since we lost quite a few of the boys. I hear they have quite a setup in the 508 but a according to reports the Fräuleins and the schnapps are rather scarce in Frankfurt.

The boys are very inquisitive about the thirty-two packages that the captain received. My guess is that the captain will have anything but a dry Xmas.

I didnt know we had so many "selection eights" in the company. Boy! what an-enlistment drive won't bring out! Oh well, I guess there are a lot of guys that found a home in the army, or could it be the delicious chow, we get that they fell in love with.

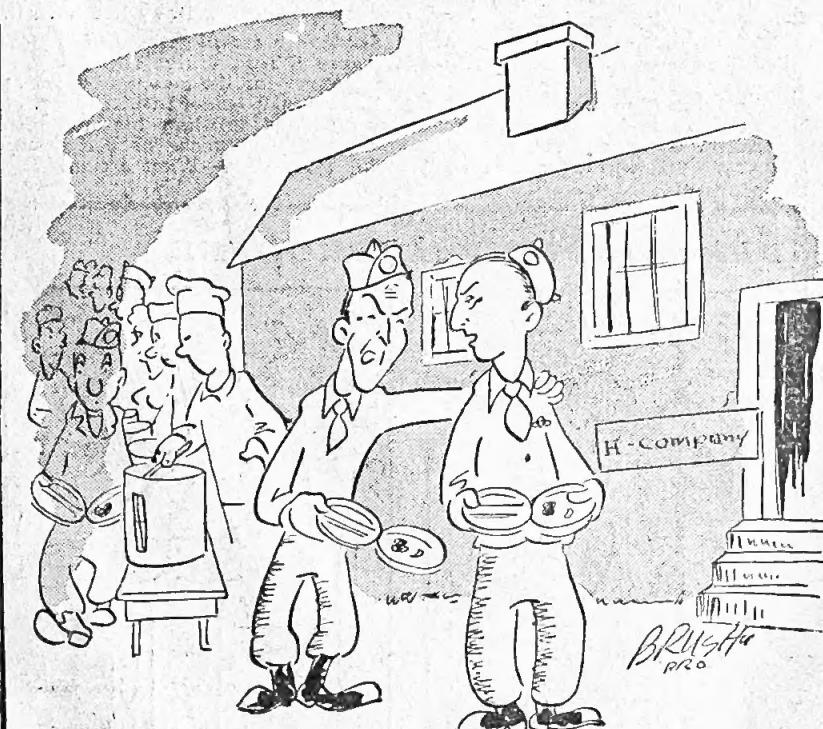
I see we have a new assistant mail clerk in the company, this guard deal was getting kind of rough wasnt it Ryan?

The Red Cross commandos, Holmes and Kearney came across a new idea; it seems they started to a movie with McKeage and somewhere in the process McKeage got slightly inebriated, they took him to the Titania and checked him at the check room then picked him up after the movie. Now you know what to do with your friends that can't seem to navigate alone.

No fellows, Neipling didn't get hit with a truck. The damage you saw was caused by his girl friend's fin-gernails, he claims that he cut them off, but I wonder?

Who told McKowiak and Boe that there was gold buried around the swimming pool, I wonder if the captain had anything to do with it.

## "You Get No Bread With One Meat Ball"



I told ya "Mac" we get the bread to morrow

**HQ. Co. — WACKER**

Lots of old buddies were pulling that last big one a few days ago as the 80 pointers prepared to leave the company. Without a doubt some left with Reluctance for where else can you get so much for so little.

This loss of men was only for a matter of hours as high point 508'ers arrived to provide fresh meat for the guard roster. By coincidence there was a sharp increase in the foreign trade market.

Two new men were welcomed into the ranks of privates recently. Bob Weaver was observed coming in from an early morning run, and McFeeley received his promotion for rearranging the interior of the Femina.

Bearing out my earlier prediction Sgt. Whitten has dood it. Yeh signed for a year, so I hear. Shorty Gentis is another with illusions about those Ninety days.

Falling in with the latest style, to own a dog, Steve Wierza came up with one of the Heinz "57" Variety. Don Branch swung a nice deal for a grosse German police. Cost him practically nothing.

**CO. G. — MONTAGUE**

The addition of the 508th men to G Companies roster, halted only momentarily our Company's routine schedule. Automatically, 505 and 508 troopers melted together in mutual comradship. J. D. Miller, formerly from Frankfurt continually tries to prove that a Fraulein did not cause that crack in his scalp—still blames it on a jeep. Sgt. "Moon" Mullins continually broods over his wife, a pretty WAC now stationed in Frankfurt. In "G" Company's Orderly Room, Sgt. Hobson is now Acting First Sgt. and with Gambrell and Blackman as assistant clerks you can understand why Hobson worries so much.

"G" Company is now infested with acting Non-Coms, one of the most unorthodox Non-Coms in the Company is C. P. Thomas, with Carroll York taking honors as the most orthodox. Does anyone know what Orthodox means???

Latest rumor in "G" Company is that Le-Roy Silvis will reinlist for 3 years in order to keep his position as Company Mail Clerk. Ogeron now can claim the record of having eyes for the oldest women in Schlechtensee. But Mico takes Company honors for having the best appearance at all times. Mico says that his secret is Lux toilet soap. Grover still likes to tell "Baldy" Mallette that he goes with the ugliest women in Berlin, followed of course by Benson, a very close second. Lt. Hudson, with his ever beaming smile is creeping up, ready to crash thru the door on a routine Saturday "Morgen" inspection.

So best of luck, and see most of you back in the USA.

**"H" Co. — STEBBINS**

The past few weeks have seen many new faces in Company "H", but it's still pretty much the same old

place..... Laughin' Mac still goes by the same old adage that "quantity makes quality".... what was it she weighed Mac... 160???,.... and the 1st/soldier still holds the record for gallons consumed, altho T/Sgt. Blair just in from the 508 is fast catching up.....

How come Meissner wears those technicolored "undies"?.... and how come Paganelli trades all his smokes for candy even tho he swears he doesn't like candy?.....

Incidentally, Abbot and Costello have some prima competition in the form of that Kidd-McKay combo....

Wonder why only two of the boy's signed up for the R. A.?... thought sure that T/Sgt. "are you sure she was one" Smythe, and Mexico John Piper would be candidates for offices in the 30 year club.....

Am still wondering who carried the company clerk home from the 3rd Bn Beer Hall the other night, but will have to figure that out later as I have to rub dubbin on my combat boots before guard mount..... Oh yes,... for those of you who can't make the team, you might ask Wierzbicki the technique he used in wooing Marlene.... rumor says that Miss Dietrich won't ever be able to forget him.... how about that Biski???

**CO. I.—POLONI**

For once even the C. O. of Co. "I" must admit that the place is Buzzy and that everybody smells. Now please don't become alarmed because it is definitely not a matter of low morale but rather the fact that practically everybody from Private to six strikers are suffering from a bad dose of Scabies. So as a result the Bn. medics are having hard time holding the "I" Co. alive and doing a good job of spraying everybody from head to toe. There is where the statement "You smell" comes in, boy is that stuff RANK Quotations from the guys are to emotional to print in this paper VIVI La Scabies

Says P. F. C. Stuppli, My formular for romancing with willing Frauleins is to meet them instantly. Love them instantly and Parte Toute Suite — Could be Stuppi my boy.

According to T/Sgt. Hubbard of the rugged 2nd Plt. his greatest civilian problem will be explaining to American Women the theory of "Love based on Chocolate"—funny I've been thinking the same thing.

There are a lot of ways a guy can get his hand injured but as yet none of P. F. C. Davis' alibies seem to add up about his badly banged up knuckles—of course if you have a good imagination you too can have allusions—come now Davy lets have it.

Anytime a crowd gathers in "I" Co., anymore it isn't difficult to discover the reason—for the magnetic voice of P. F. C. Yanko—chief BULL shooter of the outfit is thrilling his audience with another suspense packed drama of his sixty days—What a man!

**"LAST 40-8"**

By the time you read this you will have had your last 40-8 ride in the ETO.

Perhaps the most significant point of this particular trip is that it concerns POE. It always was so that no matter where you went in the army, inevitably you had to ride a train... or shall we say its equivalent.

Don't get excited now. I know what you are thinking. There are trains and trains but of course the best one is usually liberally sprinkled with civilians and other characters resembling same.

Heaven forbid the day when as a civilian... in the future. K rations in all their appetizing elegance should up in the dinner as an item on the bill of fare. I believe civilians call the thing a menu. However this last (we hope) 40-8 train ride should have proved a memorable one. Did you notice the minute the french civilians caught sight of the AA shoulder patches how ecstatic they became in welcoming the return of their old friends and liberators. Could it be they thought we were just passing through. I know in my own case how surprised the little old French women who sold me the bottle of cognac became when she saw my AA patch. For some reason she took off like a ruptured stork screaming "Mon Dieu, AIRBORNE!" Honest, I didn't ask her for anything but cognac.

During the daytime not one single train we paused beside was looted. Ah yes, a tribute indeed to the good manners of all. But what the hell was with those men during the night who yelled, "I'm next, throw me a crate of oranges over here!" Perhaps I was just hearing things.

Its a wonder those guys up front near the locomotive didn't cause a hot water shortage or a major breakdown in the locomotive's operations. Keeriste, how much hot wafer can a locomotive produce anyway.

Well it seems the art of rail-hoboing is not confined to America. After seeing the hobo females take off just before daylight from various cars I would say their technique was not hastily acquired.

It looks like that card shark up in car six of our train did all right for himself. Any man who can pile up winnings for one trip of 60,000 marks can afford to light his cigars with hundred mark notes.

There seemed to be only one thing missing from the whole set-up on this train ride and that was a little composition C. You can't beat the stuff for quick cooking or warming your vitals in the dark cold of night—can ya?

I wonder how the special services boys made out who went by truck to Camp Oklahoma. Imagine playing nursemaid to 30,000 worth of gin and cognac. Some guys sure get the breaks or hangovers which ever it is or was.

**Pensive Boys?**

Dear Ed: Do you think I should remain true to my girl back home?

A Deck Joe

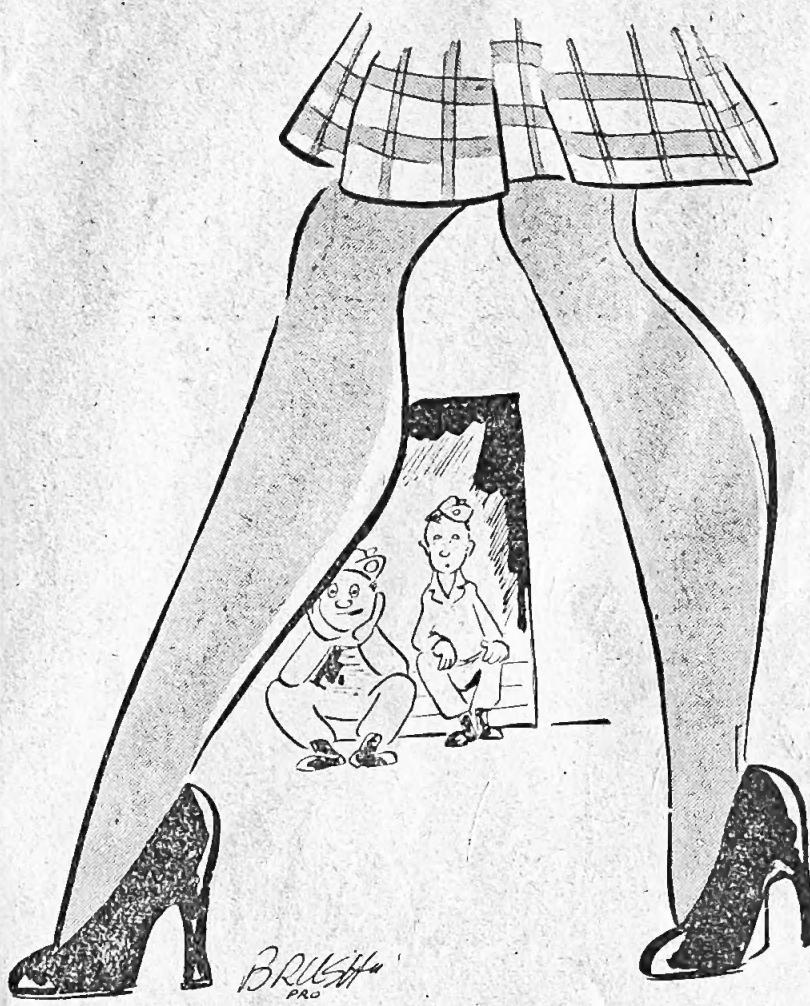
Dear Joe: Make love to every woman you meet. If you get five percent on your outlay it's a good investment.

Dear Ed: All I can think of is girls, girls, and more girls. What's the trouble?

K. P.

Dear K. P.: It seems you have a bad case of Dame Dreaming.

Dear Ed: Do you think a woman is cleaner minded than a man? Hank Dear Hank: Yes, I do, because she changes her mind more often.

**I'm Close To Two Of 'em**

"My Thoughts Are Just 30 Feet Away."

**PROPWASH**

*By Michael Bradford*

Very few people seem reluctant to leave Berlin. That probably accounts for so few 505 applications to acquire a civilian position in Berlin.

Among the dyed-in-the-wool hold-outs for a transfer to BD is Bob Long of the Medics. It seems he has found one of the few German women of English Ancestry that is eligible in all ways. If you have not met her as yet by all means drop around to the Jr. NCO club. She not only speaks five languages but is a top boogie-woogie pianist that won't quit.

It is with great regret the Sr. NCO's accepted past president 1st Sgt. Shepard's resignation. Able administrator, successful non-com and no mean politician, he was responsible for setting before the club committee many swell innovations that made the D. Z. one of the best NCO clubs in Berlin. His parting shot to the press was, "The sheriff's job in my county back in Mississippi is open now and the folks say they want me to have it." Hey—men! Can't you picture all sorts of possibilities? Think of some miscreant who fell in the toils of crime gettin' red lined for signing his name in the ration column the wrong way.

Shorty Barefield of the Jr. NCO Club has gone in for sponsoring art. Already a "regular" at the Femina club he has now graduated to the ranks of dating the floor-show stars. Yes, Berlin has been good to shorty or vice versa.

Bennie Siemanowicz of the "Jack-O-Diamonds" sure gets around. Just saw the latest picture of him taken at Tempelhof during the presentation of English medals to 82nd men.

The rumor factory sure is kaput now. That little get together with Colonel Ekman squared us all away on the redeployment question.

Corporal Conyers of Regt'l S-2 busier than usual these days. Acting section chief under Major Paterson demands a man's best.

Met some old friends in the group of 508 men that joined us in Berlin. They liked the way the 505 championed a recent incident they experienced in Frankfurt in story printed in Yank magazine.

They 505 Red Cross club is getting a heavier play lately. One old timer in the unit has suddenly become a regular there. When asked why his comment was, "I'm trying to brush up on my English and put a little extra weight by muncin' beaucoup do-nuts."

For some of the men here in Berlin it gets dark a shade too early. The only way they get a chance to see their "steady" by daylight is to form in the chow line a half-hour ahead of time so that they can rush like mad to the railroad station and catch the local to town.

Who is the most photographed EM photographer in the Spearhead Bn.? Ask the CP group and they'll come up with something like "You must mean 'Old Red Head' of sports."

As the saying goes all that glitters is not gold but be that as it may take a look around in your own chow line and see how many men are sporting dental creations—courtesy of Capt. MacIntosh.

Perhaps the most unusual case of hidden talent concerns Pfc. Gutterjohn of Regt'l Hdqs. company. Believe it or not "Little-John" Gutterjohn is a former staff member of Radio Station WHN New York. Special Services would do well to line him up for the future. He is a natural mimic as well as a superb vocalist.

**SUPER DOOPER PARATROOPER**



## 505 Takes Final Game

Playing on a slow muddy field, the 505 Panthers wound up their 1945 season by defeating the Div Arty eleven, 21 to 0.

Both teams entered the game tied for third place in the division league, and the win clinched it for the 505.

The first tally came early in the second quarter when Crist sparked a panther drive with a series of yard gaining plunges through the Div Arty line. Momentarily halted on the 5 yard line, the touch down play caught the Div Arty club off guard. Expecting a running play, they were surprised when White flipped a short pass over the goal line to Womack. Schock converted on the score was 7 to 0.

Threatening again in the same quarter the Panthers were halted and held on the 2 yard line.

Pay dirt was reached again in the 3rd and 4th quarters, with Crist scoring both times. The fourth quarter touchdown was set up when Cashoreli ran back an intercepted pass from his own 35 yd. line to the Div Arty 20 yard stripe.

Schock made two more successful conversions for a perfect day.

With the season ended there is much speculation about the possibilities of a post season contest for the Panthers.

## Third-Bn Team Cops Badminton Crown

Fresh from a victory that netted them a regimental championship, Gordon Jensen, and Hunter MacDonald, 505 doubles team from the third battalion, went out to win the division badminton championship.

Taking four straight sets, two from Special Troops and two from divarty, there was only one time that Jensen and MacDonald were seriously threatened. Coming from behind in the first game with Special troops, the third battalion boys won that game 15 to 13.

The scores were: first game, 505-15, Special Troops-13, second game 505-15, Special Troops 13, third game, 505-15, Div. Arty-8, fourth game, 505-15, Div. Arty-13.

## G.I. Performers



Marking the first time that a WAC has appeared in a G.I. show, staged in the ETO, Terry Herman, Mary Grady, Mickie Zimmer and Connie Congelas, grouped around Roy Page are selling their wares over AFN Berlin. Appearing in the "Dont's Black Market" scene of the show "Your On Your Way" these girls are only a few of the many in that show.

## Special Troops Quintet Wins Meet

A four day, sixteen team tournament opened the 82nd basketball season. As was expected the strong Special Troops five won the tournament. Never scoring less than 50 points a game, on one occasion Special Troops amassed a total of 106 points. The star scorer for the Special Troops quintet was Sam Voneda. Voneda has starred for many other basketball teams during his army career.

A fast 1st battalion 505 team, coached by Mike Chester, reached the semi-finals only to be knocked out of competition by Special Troops.

Re-entering the tournament in a special consolation game, the 1st battalion team took fourth place, with Shorts taking the scoring honors.

The second battalion reached the quarter finals while the third battalion was eliminated in the first round of play.

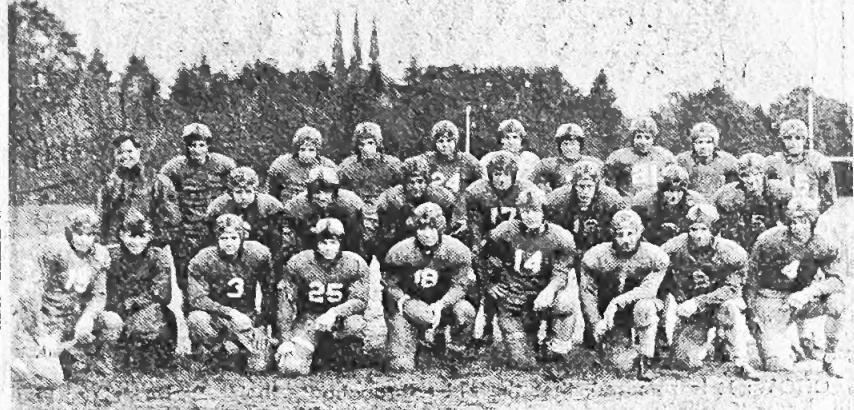
Second and third place positions in the tournament were taken by the 80 AA and 3rd battalion 504 respectively.

Probably the largest personal guest book in history belongs to Man o' War. It contains names of more than 2,000,000 persons who have visited this famous race horse during the 24 years he has been in retirement on Faraway Farm near Lexington, Kentucky.

To keep out jitterbugs and other acrobatic exhibitionists, a New York City dance hall admits only men and women over 28 years of age.

The only threat made by the Spe-

## Panther Football Team :::



Front row left to right: Schock (coach), guard; White, fullback; Nordwood, end; Krueger, halfback; Baranowski, halfback; Thomas, halfback; Paladino, quarterback; Wood, guard; Cashoreli, quarterback.

Center row left to right: Perkins, tackle; Swogger, guard; Walters, guard; Womack, end; Stuart, halfback; Crist, fullback; Spyres, end.

Rear row left to right: Lanaghan, guard; Chuderovicz, guard; Offenhauser, guard; Bonczkowski, fullback; Crytzer, end; Wachols, tackle; Kistler, fullback; Hess, center; Marshall, tackle; Shidla, center.

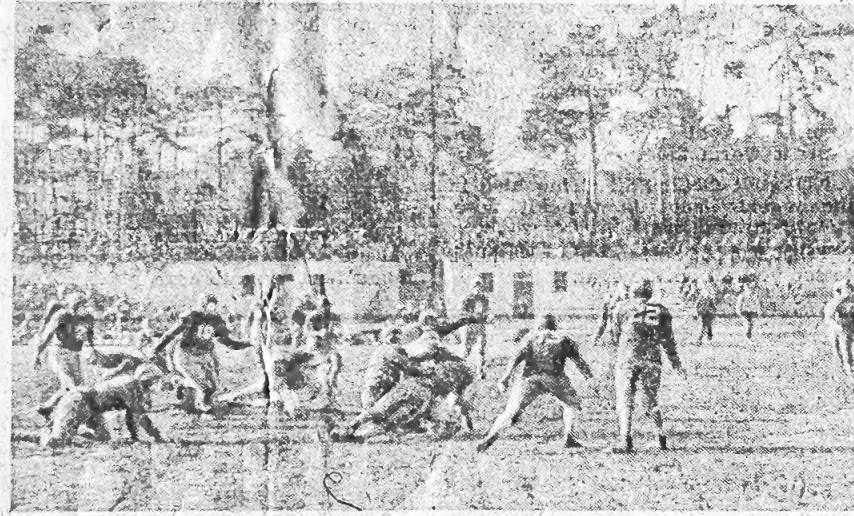
## 505 13 Special Troops 3

### Womack And Thomas Score

In a game that featured a strong ground attack and weak aerial deliveries, the 505 outplayed and outscored the special troops eleven to the tune of 13 to 3.

The only threat made by the Spe-

### ... In Action



Thomas, panther halfback, is brought down, after one of the many yard gaining plays, through the center of the Special Troops line.

## 82nd 14 100th 7

Sparked by the lightning like speed of Jimmy Ostendarp and the pile driving plunges produced by Frank Jolley, the 82nd "All Americans" coached by Captain Cellar turned thumbs down on the 100th Divisions' chances for an undefeated season by a score of 14-7 at Stuttgart, Germany. Ostendarp kept the Blue Devils in hot water all afternoon with his terrific speed. The All Americans scored first blood in the second quarter on a pass from Pastin to Ostendarp. Not a man was near the speed merchant from the 82nd Troopers. Fighting desperately to overcome the troopers early marker, the unfortunate Blue Devils fell short of the goal line on many long drives down the field. Then came the fourth quarter with only five minutes to play. From all indications the Century eleven was out to score and finally did on an eight yard pass into the end by Andy Victor. It was a last ditch stand produced by the troopers which held until the fourth down. With less than three minutes remaining in the game the Blue Devils charged down to the 82nd's 30 yard line on short passes from which point Ostendarp, 82nd's star backfield ace, intercepted one of Victor's short heaves on his own 24 and raced the length of the field for the winning touchdown. A full house was on hand for the contest and was treated to one of the best games of the season. This defeat gave the 3rd Regiment a clear shot at the 7th Army championship. Remaining victories for the Troopers would enable them to nab a third place in the 7th Army league comprised of nine teams.

## Welcome To The 508th Men

Following the arrival of the 508th men, many familiar faces turned up during roll call. Among the group where men whom 505 personnel had soldiered with back in the days of Normandy and straight on up through the campaigns of Holland, the Bulge, and the Elbe assault. So it is not surprising to see men getting together down at the Red Cross Club or over in front of the Lumina Theater, renewing old acquaintances.

The 505 welcomes the 508th men for another reason. They feel they gained some splendid candidates for any organizational duties or extra-curricular activities such as athletics that the unit might be called upon for participation.

The most significant thing for the 505th is that the unit now has personnel from every combat-veteran Airborne unit in the ETO. Because of this, when the unit is redeployed to Camp Chicago, everyone can anticipate many mutually beneficial "get-togethers," time permitting.

Perhaps, with luck, another Sinatra, Bob Hope or outstanding musician will be found in the group who will help pleasantly—while away the days spent on the boat.

In any event, regardless whether it is here in Berlin or Camp Chicago, the 505 extends its hand in friendship to you all and says, "Welcome . . . let's get acquainted . . . make yourself at home . . . join us in our clubs and entertainments."

In case you might not know it our "Old Man", Colonel Ekman used to be your regimental executive officer under Colonel Lindquist.

cial Troops came after an exchange of punts in the first quarter.

The running of halfback Canedo, an interception by Murphy put the Special Troops in a scoring position on the 505 14-yard marker. Unable to move any further, using good football sense, Special Troops booted a clean field goal for their only score of the day.

The first Panther score came in the waning minutes of the second quarter, when Wood, 505 guard, made a beautiful block of an attempted Special Troops punt on the 25-yard line. Womack recovered the ball and raced for the touchdown and Schock converted. At the Halftime the score remained 7 to 3.

With eight passes attempted and only one complete the absence of White (due to a shoulder injury) was noticeable throughout the game. Making up for their inability to get off any good passes, Thomas, Paladino, Baranowski, and Crist backed a running attack with a net gain of 215 yards.

The second half was all 505 in the statistic column. Collecting many first downs it wasn't until the last quarter that the 505 scored again. After a long march to the 10 yard stripe, the 505 was penalized 15 yards, then Thomas connected with the first successful pass of the day. It was a short pass over the flat, taken by Kryster. Kryster was halted on the 5-yard line. Carrying the ball through center, Thomas made the final score with 50 seconds remaining in the ball game.

These statistics clinch the game for the Panthers:

	505 Sp. Tr.
First downs . . .	13 5
First downs (rushing) . . .	13 4
Yds. gained (rushing) . . .	215 76
Passes attempted . . .	8 9
Passes completed . . .	1 1
Yds. gained (passing) . . .	20 11
Passes intercepted . . .	0 3
Intercept. returned (yds) . . .	0 4
First downs passing . . .	0 1
Punts attempted . . .	5 6
Punts completed . . .	5 5
Average punt (yds.) . . .	44 31
Yds. lost (penalties) . . .	30 40

### What I like about the Army—

Speaking of toothbrushes, I darn near gagged on mine the other day when I discovered the new V. D. poster that I was brushing my teeth in front of.

Those supply room goof-offs.

Well, whaddaya want?

Uh—I'd like—

We ain't got it!!

## 82nd WINS LAST BERLIN GAME

Bidding Berlin adieu, Jimmy Ostendarp ran wild and sparked the "All American" eleven in a 13 to 0 triumph over the 3rd Division, Blue Devils.

Touchdown honors went to Ostendarp and Jolley. The 82nd has one more game to play in the Seventh Army League.



**CHOW:** It is rumored, that the old Fish Hut (OMGUS, EM CLUB) on the far end of (?) Lanke, has more chow at the snack bar, than is found in some of our better mess halls.

**A RECORD:** The record library at AFN now has close to 30,000 selections. So if your not to hard to please



Clara Building Roech  
string ensemble conductor

they may be able to play your favorite number on request.

**MUSIC APPRECIATION:** Failure to book the "Roech Little Symphony" in the 82nd circuit, was due to the fact that certain brass (not 82nd) thought our men would not like symphony music. Belying this underestimation of the men who fought this war, Clara Roech and her 13 piece string ensemble played to packed houses

throughout their Berlin stay (one column cut, clara Roech).

**STAGE HIT:** Now playing at the Titania Palast is the Broadway stage hit "Up in Central Park." A Sigmund Romberg musical, "Up In Central Park", is a tale of New York City during the 80's. Other Broadway stage productions to hit Berlin will be, "Night Must Fall" a murder mystery, and "Kiss and Tell" a comedy of three years running.

**COMPOSERS:** "In Spite of Everything", one of the many original song hits in the G. I. Berlin Production "Your on Your Way" has an interesting history. Len Pablish wrote the music three years ago while Lou Alexandra had a set of lyrics 2 years older. Brought together in the show Lou and Len found the music and lyrics matched. So presto, "In Spite of Everything" a song hit.

**STEPPING STONE:** Mel Galliart formerly program director for AFN Berlin, has been given the assignment of program director for the entire German network. Mel has left for Frankfurt, AFN headquarters.

**NOT FAR:** Not too far away in the English Sector is the Jebrow theatre. Some of the best English Variety shows are staged there each week. The Jebrow is located on the corner of the Kaiserdamm and Immern Allee, take the U-bahn to the stop that was formerly Adolf Hitler Platz. The show is worth the trip.

**NUMBER ONE:** Still riding high in the number spot is the hit tune, "Sentimental Journey".

**THAT'S ALL:** So long old pals hope to see you all on the boat.

## Keep Up With The World

### HUMAN MILK BUREAU

Americans had a life expectancy at birth of 35 years in 1800, of 39 years in 1850, of 49 years in 1900; while today it is 65 years ... The record for furnishing milk to a human milk bureau was made in 1925 by a Los Angeles woman who, over a period of 11 months, sold a little more than 767 quarts which, at ten cents an ounce, brought her 2456 dollars.

\*

... Despite the dominance of political parties in this country, thousands of public offices are filled in nonpartisan elections. California, North Dakota and many other states vote for all judicial and local officers without the use party designations, while Minnesota and Nebraska also choose members of their legislature by this system.

\*

... When a family living in the mountains of Albania loses its last man in a blood feud, the eldest single daughter must renounce marriage, don trousers and become the head of the house, carrying on the vendetta and living as a man the rest of her life.

\*

... A new microprint reproduces photographically 150 pages of an ordinary book on the back of a library index card, and a carding machine magnifies them to legible size. Since the index card also serves as the book, overcrowded libraries may keep new volumes in this manner and do away with and shelves.

\*

... The only large Christian country in the world that is still without compulsory elementary education is Spain.

\*

... Of America's 13,000,000 Negroes, about 12,000,000 are not fullblooded, having had at least one white ancestor.

\*

... The Maharaja of Gwalior, India, owns one of the costliest miniature railroad trains in existence. Made of silver and operated by electricity. It travels slowly around the great dining table in the royal palace during meals with its dozen trucks loaded with fruits, nuts, condiments and wines automatically stopping momentarily before each plate.

These West Coasters Are Prepared For... Rain Too!



**HIGH! HIGH!**—the fashionable Santa Barbara Biltmore hotel became exceptionally popular Paramount's "College Holiday" company arrived, location bringing this bevy of beauties among Left to right are Helene Moler, Kay Griffith, Louise Small, Lucille LaMarr, and Billie Lohman.

## Oscillating News

**Capsule Cure:** When a young wife became seriously ill, her husband managed to send her south for a rest despite a slim budget. Knowing they had no money to spare, the wife didn't expect any gifts from her husband and was surprised to receive one. It was a large box of capsules, to be taken morning and night. In each he had put a little note about a happy or funny memory they shared.

**HORSES:** come higher in Hollywood than pretty girls. A starlet starts at \$ 75 a week, but Twentieth Century Fox has just signed a four-year-old stallion to a long-term contract which begins at \$ 300 a week.

**ED:** Four starlets, one stallion . . . what's the name of the picture?

**GROUNDS:** In Portland, Me., Edwina Hammond sued for divorce, complained that her husband made her live in a chicken coop. In Miami, Kathleen Wyatt sued for divorce,

complained that her husband demanded canned peas every night. Ed: Peas at night, and peas in the morning . . .

**BARE NECESSITY!** In Pittsburgh, police nabbed John Koerber, 50, in the act of housebreaking, naked except for a watch.

**A BULGARIAN** diplomat, Boyau Athanasov, recently arrived in Washington without funds to prepare for the reopening of the Bulgarian legation. His first official act was to borrow \$ 50 from the Legation of Switzerland. Ed: Smells like International Finance.

**UPS AND DOWNS** of Elevator Strike: Dave Dubinsky's AFL International Ladies Garment Workers Union lost five million bucks in five days in the New York elevator strike. Ed: Reminds us of stock market crash some years ago. Scott issue is a new bottom. Thousands were wiped out.

