

The Regiment

397



Fort Bragg, N.C.



DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR





MAJ. GEN. WITHERS A. BURRESS
Division Commander

★ ★

A soldier-veteran of a year's fighting in France in World War I, Maj. Gen. Withers A. Burress, as commanding general of the 100th Infantry Division, heads an organization of troops preparing for fighting in this war.

A year after receiving his commission as a second lieutenant in Infantry in 1916, following his graduation from Virginia Military Institute in 1914, Gen. Burress sailed for France with the 23rd Infantry. He served in France at the front in the five major campaigns.

During the 1920's and 1930's, Gen. Burress continued his military profession in study and teaching at various Army institutions. In 1922, he taught as professor of Military Science and Tactics at his alma mater, Virginia Military Institute.

Both study and schooling were engaged in at the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Ga., from 1924 to 1929, and, in that year, he enrolled in the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., remaining at this post after graduation as an instructor.

Following attendance at the Army War College in Washington, he served again at V. M. I. and returned to Washington to serve in the Operations and Training Division of the War Department General Staff. He became assistant commandant of the Infantry School in October, 1941, and was assigned to the headquarters of the Puerto Rican department early in 1942.

He left his post in Puerto Rico to take command of the Army's 100th Division which was to be formed in Fort Jackson, S. C.



HEADQUARTERS 397TH INFANTRY
OFFICE OF THE REGIMENTAL COMMANDER
FORT BRAGG, NORTH CAROLINA



MEN OF THE 397th INFANTRY:

It is my pleasure and honor to have the opportunity of reaching you through the pages of this magazine. My desire has always been to meet and talk with you often, but since this is impossible, I have been able to address you only on special occasions.

The things I want to tell you are many. First of all, I want you to know that I sincerely appreciate the good work you men have done. Your training has been extremely rough, but you have come through on top.

Your enthusiasm and desire to learn has, in my opinion, made this Regiment outstanding. I am convinced that I can depend on you to complete successfully any mission assigned to you. So far as conduct and discipline are concerned, I could not ask for a better group of men with which to work.

I thank you for the excellent cooperation you have shown while working with each other and with your officers. It is this spirit which is the deciding factor in any engagement, and I am thankful that you possess it.

I am proud of you. Being entirely pleased with what you have done in the past, I can only express my confidence in your accomplishments of the future. There is a lot of hard work ahead of you.

All I ask is that you continue to work as hard and play as hard as you have. It would be impossible to ask more. Keep up the fine work!

Thank you—one and all.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "W. A. Ellis".

W. A. ELLIS,
Colonel, 397th Inf.,
Commanding.

SNOOPING *And* PEEPING

By Lt. Henderson

The CO of front-line company has reason to believe an enemy is on McCall Ridge. He wants to know exactly *where* they are, *what* they are doing, and *how* strong they are. How does he get the answers to these questions? He will send out a reconnaissance patrol—made up of men like yourself. Their instructions, in part, will be, *get the information without being seen.*

Without being seen. That sounds like a big order, but it is possible if you know what you are doing and remember what you have been taught.

Scouting by day and scouting by night are as different as day and night themselves. You can see further in daylight than at night, but you can also be seen more readily.

The best way not to be seen is not to be there in the first place. But when you are there and still don't want to be seen,



LT. HENDERSON

the word is CAMOUFLAGE—remember? Now, what were you taught about camouflage in your training?

1. Recognize and take advantage of any form of concealment available. Put mud on your face, stay in the shadows, get behind rocks, trees, or bushes.
2. Use properly the camouflage offered by nature. Use it to cover the spoil from your foxhole. Put leaves in your helmet.
3. The proper use of artificial camouflage material. When possible, wear the camouflage suit, or painted burlap bags, to blend with the surroundings.
4. Never forget that it is important to put on enough camouflage, but that it is just as important not to put on too much. Don't overdo it—this is camouflage discipline.

I said before to stay in the shadows. This is not always possible. Remember when crossing an open space that *you* cast a shadow, and that shadows can be seen even when you can't. Try this on yourself sometime. In the afternoon note the size of a shadow you make standing up, then see the difference when you get in the prone position.



Creeping and . . .

Now, you know how you are going to cross this open space without being seen. You are either going to creep or crawl. The basic difference between these is this: while creeping your body is not on the ground and your weight is carried on your forearms and legs, but the entire body is as close to the ground as possible when you crawl.

While creeping, the rifle is cradled in the arms to keep the muzzle out of the dirt, and though you present a higher silhouette, you get there faster. One big point to remember is *never* to bring your knees too far forward. Sitting down can really be a pleasure—why risk losing that pleasure?

Crawling is the best and safest way, but it is also the hardest way. Your body is flat on the ground and you are using your chin for a plow. Your rifle is dragged along your side with one finger over the muzzle. Now you are ready to move.

Push both arms ahead and cock one leg forward so it will be out to the side. (Remember—the body stays on the ground.) Pull your body with your arms and push with your forward leg. It is better to use only one leg in pushing, for even though you move faster by alternating legs, you will be more exposed due to a rolling motion of the body.

If at any time you want to cross an open area in a hurry, remember these few pointers:

Select your new position before you start your rush. Then spring to your feet quickly and move to this new position at a run, crouched low. Never forget that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line—so run straight for your next position.

It takes time to zig-zag, and that way you will be exposed longer. If you think you have been observed, move a short distance to either side and remain motionless for a few moments.



Crawling

Combat Application

By MAJOR MORRIS ZEBROWITZ



MAJOR ZEBROWITZ

I venture to say that the average man in this regiment, if asked whether he was honestly applying his every effort to further his knowledge about military affairs, could not honestly answer "Yes." I have had opportunity to witness the training in the regiment since its inception. It is not my desire to quote a series of incidents with which many of you are familiar to prove my point.

However, I was in a position to speak to several officers who had been recently wounded in action in the Italian campaign and I am going to attempt to tie in with our present training some of their experiences and show you men why you *must* know everything about your job because on your perfection depends 90 per cent of the possibility of success in combat.

Machine Gunner! Can you sit behind your gun and figure out the limit of safety for firing over the heads of your buddies. Don't try to remember. You should automatically set your sights and do your figuring.

Lt. X was the platoon leader of a rifle platoon of a regiment in the 1st Division. He had gone through the African campaign without a scratch. Replacements came into the division prior to the Italian campaign. During an attack in Sicily, Lt. X's platoon was supported by a section of heavy machine guns who were supposed to help the platoon gain the objective.

The lieutenant is now in the General Hospital recovering from a bullet through his kidney. Seven of his men were injured. Three were killed. Eleven of the thirty-five, 33 per cent of battle-tested troops were lost to that organization because some gunner failed to check his overhead clearance, or didn't know how or *was carelessly dozing* when his instructor was trying to teach him how to be a machine gunner.

Now, don't get me wrong. I'm not saying that all gunners are careless or do not know their jobs—but, do you? Think it over. . . .

Someone had given Pvt. Blank anti-malarial instruction. Pvt. Blank admitted to me that he had been ordered to put his headnet over his head, rub repellent over his skin and erect a mosquito bar. However, the training had of necessity been given during cold weather and he was careless. He did not meticulously tuck the bar under his roll at night. He said to himself, "Well, I'll rub this lotion on when the mosquitoes are flying about."

He was sent to the South Pacific. He was careless about his bar and lotion. He did not put his headnet on until forced to do so because the mosquitoes bothered him. That was too late. The malaria germ had already gotten him. Twenty-three months of training were wasted. He was a casualty; just as much so as if he had been hit by a Jap bullet. Now, do you remember

the anti-malarial training conducted during the maneuvers?

It was cold, raining, nasty. Did you say the same thing to yourself that Private Blank did? Or, did you make it a *habit* to check your net, apply lotion and erect bar carefully? *Habit* is tantamount to life insurance in battle. *Habit* in the little things can add up to 100 per cent success in battle. Did you take the simulated Atabrine tablets each day? Think it over. . . .

Let us break up the actual cases and look at the hypothetical one. You have had chemical warfare training until it seems to be coming out of your ears. You say to yourself, "What the— are they teaching us this stuff for? They haven't used gas yet and probably won't." Well, I observed gas drill the other day.

Several men were lackadaisically going through the motions of putting on their masks. They did not hold their breaths. They figured on doing that when it was necessary. Too late. Two men failed to hold the flutter valve and expel the gas prior to testing the mask. When asked, they both said that they generally did it but forgot that time. You can forget only once.

Make it a *habit* to go through the count of the drill as if your life depended on it right now. It's too late to forget when that gas cloud finally comes. And don't second guess the enemy. Learn to do it now! Make it applicable to real conditions. You can't afford to forget at *any time*.

I'm going to relate two more incidents. The officers telling me about these mentioned the fact that they were not isolated cases. They happened more than once. It can be closely associated with carelessness in two phases of our training, not on the part of the instructor, but upon yourself.

The first one was a pathetic incident of poor adjustment and sensing by a mortar observer. A company of the 45th Division had been held up during the initial stages of the Sicilian campaign. The company commander requested fire support from the battalion mortars. (81 mm.) The battalion commander ordered the support and the mortar platoon prepared to fire.

The observer was off to a flank and forward of his gun positions. He estimated the range correctly. He took his azimuth readings. He took out his notebook to figure his TOG problem, and, as simple as the formula was, he missed the answer. He gave the data to the gun positions and the shell landed on the company that had requested the help. The company commander, his bugler, recording sergeant, and three runners were killed.

Observers and squad leaders! Can you figure TOG? I know that instruction has been given. I know that some of you did not understand. Did you question the in-

structor? Or, did you placidly think that "Well, I'll get it some other time. No rush." You will be observing and figuring data shortly where you can't make an error. Get it now, or admit that you can't, and save lives later. Make sure of it in training and the boat ride back home will be much more pleasant.

One final incident. This, fortunately, did not result in the loss of other lives. But it did result in a casualty that could have been avoided. It might even have helped the man's organization to gain its objective sooner.

Pfc. Y was a rifleman, armed, as most of you are, with an M1. He carried his combination tool in the space provided. He had been taught how to use it, but, he had never practiced getting the tool out of the rifle in a hurry and using it to extract a ruptured cartridge from the chamber.

Pfc. Y was on the flank of his squad and was in position to surprise a small group of Germans who were holding up the advance of the platoon. He fired once, killing one of the enemy. His gun jammed. Immediate action still did not clear his piece. He fumbled around for his tool, fumbled it into place, and found a German bayonet in his ribs before he could say "Boo!"

The officer relating the story told me that that individual worked with the tool for at least two or three minutes, with no results. He forgot to look around when he was in difficulty. He didn't call his squad leader. He had forgotten a number of things that all good Infantrymen know. Well, he is still alive, his unit was successful, but sure quick action on his part would have saved him a great deal of pain.

Is the cover to your recess easy to operate? Can you use the ruptured cartridge extractor? Have you made any effort to time yourself? It may mean your life someday. Make it *habit*. Think it over. . . .

I can go on and cite other incidents showing the same lack of interest and appreciation for the combat significance of all our training that some of us have. A large number of men doing things carelessly may mean disaster in combat. Let's all pitch in and be precise about all our movements.

Repetition in training may be boring, but repetition forms good habits, if each movement you make, regardless of your boredom, is precise, correct, and becomes second nature. Think that over, too.



A Mother's Prayer



As Thou didst walk the lanes of Galilee,
So, loving Saviour, walk with him for me.
For since the years have passed and he is grown,
I cannot follow—he must walk alone.

Be Thou my feet that I have had to stay,
For Thou canst comrade him on every way;
Be Thou my voice when sinful things allure,
Pleading with him to choose those that endure.

Be Thou my hands that would keep his in mine
And all things else that Mothers must resign.

When he was small I tried to watch and guide
But now I pray that Thou be at his side.
And as Thy blessed Mother folded Thee,
So Loving Saviour, fold my son for me.



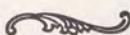
THE CHAPEL CHOIR

OUR regiment is outstanding in a number of ways, not the least among these is the Chapel Choir. This organization is unique in that it is the best known singing group on the Post, and has had more invitations from civilian bodies in Fayetteville than it can ever hope to fill.

Under the able direction of Tec/5 Francis V. Gregory, it sings weekly as a regular part of the 397th Radio Vespers every Wednesday evening over WFNC. It has

recently been the important part of entertainment both at the 2nd Battalion dance and the Variety Show sponsored in Theater No. 4 by the Special Services.

Singing unusual anthems instead of the more familiar hymns, it constitutes a definite part of the services held in the Regimental Chapel on Sunday mornings. The most recent activity of this busy choir was singing an entertainment for men in the hospital.



Twenty prominent Fayetteville women were invited by the Regiment to act as mothers for the men of the regiment on Mother's Day. Each of the women was assigned to one of the companies in the regiment, and acted as a "Mother for the Day" for that company. After being driven to the Post in jeeps, they attended the 1100 service in Chapel No. 14, where they were presented with corsages.



CH. TEETER
Reg'l Chaplain

Following the services, the "Mothers" were escorted by enlisted men to their respective company's mess hall, and had dinner with their "sons." A short tour through the Division Area and the Main Post rounded out the day.

The day was planned by the Chaplains of the regiment. Col. William A. Ellis expressed his great pleasure at the kindness of these women in "Mothering" the men for a short time on Mother's Day.

The ladies attending were Mrs. W. M. Morgan, Mrs. Sam A. Blackwell, Mrs. A. S. Cromartie, Mrs. R. L. Downs, Mrs. O. W. Holmes, Mrs. F. G. Everett, Mrs. Claude Rankin, Mrs. D. S. Miller, Mrs. W. T. Rainey, and Mrs. W. E. Whiddon.

Also Mrs. Thurman Williams, Mrs. V. B. Wright, Mrs. E. C. Yow, Mrs. S. G. Maxwell, Mrs. L. S. Gaines, Mrs. J. H. Sherman, Mrs. J. D. Devane, Mrs. Taylor Melvin, Mrs. R. M. Olive, and Mrs. G. E. Matthews.

ENLISTED MEN'S CHAPEL SERVICE



PARTICIPANTS (L. TO R.) SGT. JOHN NELSON, SV. CO.; PVTS. K. HOWARD, CO. C; TEC/5 C. S. WOLF, SV. CO.; SGT. W. G. KAY, HQ., 2ND BN.; PVT. P. D. BROOKS, CO. L; 1ST SGT. CARL HOOVER, HQ. CO., 2ND BN.

Bravery's Reward



Sgt. Anthony Shannon, now of Co. I, was a quiet, unassuming lad before he left Cardale, Pa., some twenty-six months ago, and he admits it took the violent death of one of his buddies to make him fully realize his part in this conflict of nations.

At twenty-three, Sgt. Shannon is credited with the capture of 23 German prisoners in the African theater. That action, a lone job, ended with the pinning of the coveted Silver Star on his breast by Brig. Gen. Theodore Roosevelt.

The lean Cardale man never thought when he left home that he would find himself suddenly trapped in a culvert with enemy infantrymen. But he did; and his quick wits beat some surprised Nazis to the punch. The sergeant had the "drop" on them before his audience even realized his authority.

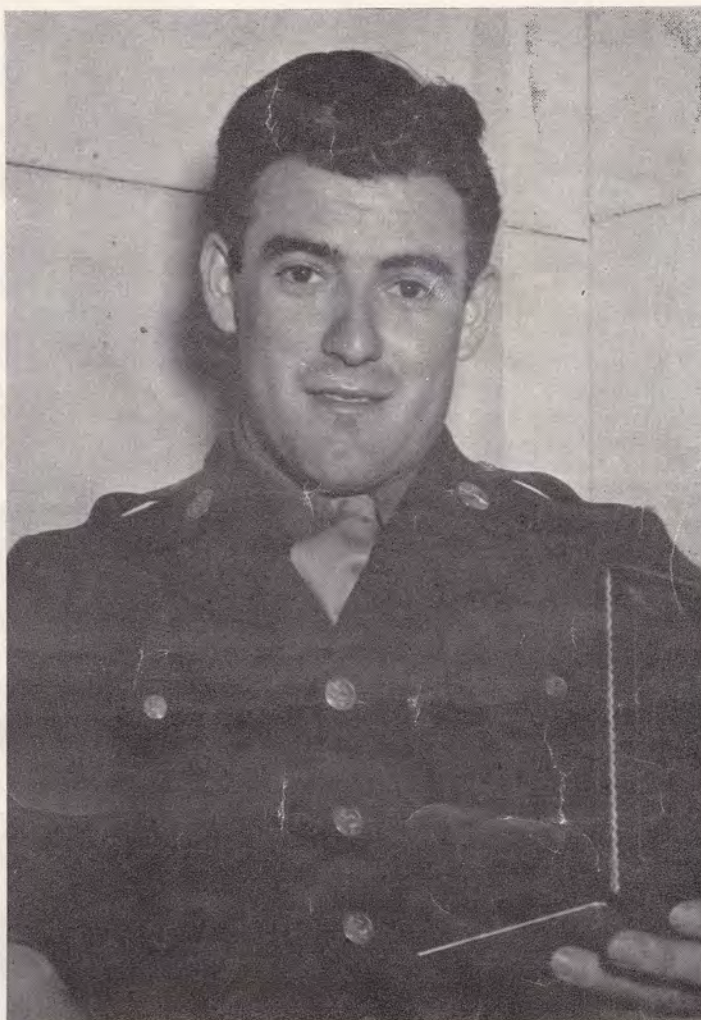
"It was easy after that," says Sgt. Shannon. "They dropped their weapons when they saw I meant business."

Shannon and his squad were sent on a mission to eliminate a troublesome machine gun nest. Surprise enemy fire caused the squad to scatter more than they had planned. Shannon and a friend were left alone. His pal poked his head too high in order to gain a better view of the situation, and an enemy pellet found its mark in his friend's head.

"There was nothing left for me to do," Shannon modestly relates. "I waited until it appeared safe, then I started running forward. Fire stopped me and I dived into a culvert—dived right into the midst of 23 surprised men.

"I bellowed some hasty commands. They took a little too long for comfort, and when one of them became panicky and started for me, I had to 'let him have it.' It was either him or me. That was the only shot I had to fire. As I said, they were easy after that. I just held them on until another platoon soon came along."

Sgt. Shannon's Silver Star was for that superb dis-



SGT. SHANNON

play of heroism at El Guattar, Tunisia. The award was made at a Regimental Review in the African theater. That such a thing would ever happen was furthest from his thoughts when he passed his basic training at Camp Wheeler, Ga., and later joined the 1st Division, 26th Regiment, at Fort Blanding, Fla.

Shannon was a private until after the initial invasion of the African coastline. His natural leadership gained for him the three stripes he holds today in Co. I. He is a veteran after 26 months' service.

The sergeant is ready once more to heed the General's wish voiced at the presentation. "I wish I could have the opportunity of presenting you with a similar award of this type at some future date," the General said.

Sgt. Shannon's priceless citation reads as follows: "For gallantry in action. Sgt. Shannon, armed with rifle and grenades, attacked a platoon of enemy infantry, driving them from their position and taking several prisoners. His remarkable courage and skill under heavy enemy fire against overwhelming odds inspired his fellow soldiers and contributed to the ultimate defeat of the enemy force occupying that sector."



Regimental NEWS and NONSENSE

Co. B—A hundred per cent turnout was reported for the softball team. Of course, the fact that the men were all drafted had nothing at all to do with it. (?)

At the company party held recently in the mess hall, a good (ahem) time was reported for all those attending. The success of the party was largely due to the efforts of Lt. O'Toole. Beer, chicken, and more beer were served.

Sporting several outstanding horseshoe teams, our company hereby challenges any other company to a meet. Anyone interested, huh?

Producer of the mellow music issuing forth from building T9 602 is none other than our brother, jivin' Swinyard; with his trumpet, of course.

« »

Co. C—Speaking of one's emotions, few of us realize that Colonel George K. Moody's suspense in that eleventh inning of a recent battalion softball game was climaxed when a C company player, Bob Nycek, hit a homer with one man on base to cinch the game. That game was ours from the beginning, for Larry Whidden started things rolling with a nice home run in the first inning.

If you're wondering why such men as Stoio, Malefronte and Weiss are out with the battalion team, you'll find your answer in that they have WAC teams on the schedule.

This company has a softball team which is really hot. We would like to play any other company in the regiment. Games would be played at any convenient time, Saturday afternoons and Sundays included. Any team interested, please contact S/Sgt. La Brecque or S/Sgt. Hurley, of the company.

« »

Co. D—A good ball club lost a heart-breaker to B Company recently after three straight wins. The score was 1-0. A miscue, a walk, and a wide peg did the trick. Hats off to Will Berthiavme and "Whitley" Yablonski for an excellent pitching and fielding job.

It is rumored that there are various and sundry machine-gun platoons that are unable to field even a passable volleyball combination. A recent exhibition didn't exactly spike the rumor, either.

The "ASTAPPERS" finally entered the company. Ask Clifton and Setter for further K.P. details. Where have they been hiding those new faces that we saw on those hikes to the range? Even the supply room inmates were out!

The S.P.C.A. is investigating Mike Catania's feud with the pups. It seems that Mike's canine friends threw a party after taps with Company D equipment, so Mike reciprocated with no food.

The Second Battalion threw itself a whiz-bang dance and party the night of April 25 in Service Club No. 2. Featuring a 15-piece band and girls from town, the entire evening was in their hands.

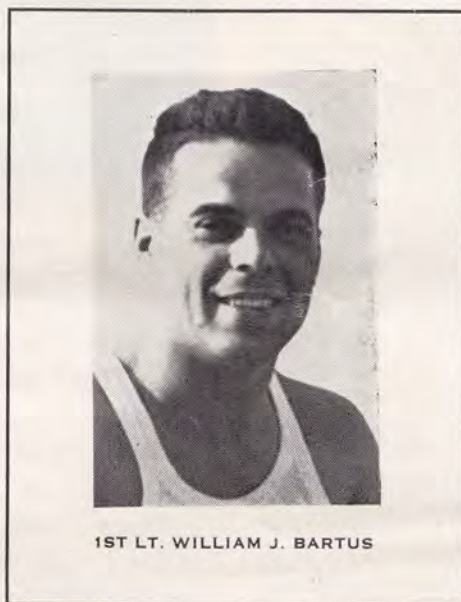
Refreshments, consisting of sandwiches, punch, cake, and doughnuts, all came from the battalion mess halls, and all catering was done by men of the battalion themselves.

Intermission entertainment was provided by soloists as well as the Regimental Choral Group.

A lot of credit goes to the Service Club hostess, Miss Tillinghast, who sure does know how to give the men a good time!

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Co. E—"You should have been with us on maneuvers!" That's what Pvt. Edward O'Donnell gets when he has any cause for a gripe. Pvt. O'Donnell joined Company E immediately after we arrived at Fort



1ST LT. WILLIAM J. BARTUS

1st Lt. William J. Bartus came to the Century Division even before its activation at Ft. Jackson, S. C., in October of 1942, and has been with the 397th Regiment for the same length of time.

His early military training, in 1941, was received at Camp Croft, S. C., as well as at Ft. McClellan, Ala., prior to his going to a Ft. Benning, Ga., OCS class in 1942.

Lt. Bartus, his wife, and five-months-old son have established their residence in Fayetteville. Looking over his career with the 397th, the lieutenant can see himself as Assistant Adjutant, Adjutant, and at present Personnel Officer.

In as much spare time as he can find, Lt. Bartus spends engaging in athletics. When he plays volleyball with the Regimental Staff members, you can always depend on a good, stiff game.

Bragg. He was formerly with that rugged Yankee Division. . . . "The Cover Boy"—Pvt. Charles Sheehan, whose picture was taken some time back while we were on bivouac. Said photo is due to be displayed throughout the country. We are anxiously awaiting the day we can see what our glamorous bivouac days look like. . . . Tec/5 Phillip Nassif, mail orderly, and his assistant, Pfc. Clifford Lashley, painted the town red recently. Florence, S. C., was the town. Their main interests were a couple of nurses. Better watch out, boys, these girls may some day become shave-tails. Remember your Military Courtesy. . . . There are no bachelor's quarters, at least for the present, for T/Sgt. George Rielly, S/Sgt. Charles Martinitti, Sgt. Louis Bolnik, and Pvt. Dominic Agatiello. The lucky boys have their wives visiting them in Fayetteville. . . . You've heard of these dance hall romances. We go one better. Our company clerk, Cpl. Harry Gratz, finds his romance on skates. Yes, the corporal has a certain way with the fairer sex, especially if its on skates and can't stand up. His masculine ability tends to keep them from falling to the floor and falling for him instead. He's really a Casanova on skates. . . . By the way, that was a whale of a party-dance the battalion threw! Many thanks to those in charge!

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Co. F—Emphasizing that "you do over there what you do over here," the enlisted men of this company are receiving first-hand information and instruction from their new CO, Capt. Nelson Kibbler, recently returned from overseas.

Citing instances and specific facts, the new commander has not only been able to point out to us our faults, but he can tell us where someone else had made the same mistakes overseas, and lived to regret it—or had no more regrets.

With the division at full strength and training intensified, the men more than appreciate these "battle tips" and adapt them for our own future safety.

S/Sgt. Frank Rosse of the Regimental golf team is looking for those demons of the fairways who can hook and slice a score card to an average of par. The greens are good, the competition strong, and the weather ideal—if you don't mind hiking for fun with a golf bag instead of a full-field pack.

« »

Co. G—This company is beginning to take shape again. When at full strength last year things were happening fast. But men left for P.O.E. and because of overage discharges, and the company was greatly understrength. However, it went through maneuvers and successfully filled all expectations.

Replacements from ASTP schools are proving to be the material needed, now,

—THE

Captain Esbitt Promoted to Major

Major William Esbitt, who has been with the 100th Division since its activation, and was assigned to the Third Battalion as Executive Officer in October, 1943, has only recently been promoted to the rank of Major. From February of 1943 until that time, he served as Regimental Adjutant.

A New York City man, he was educated in City College, receiving his AB degree in 1930, and his LLB degree from the Columbia Law School in 1933. Before his call to active duty in December, 1941, he practiced law in the city.

He joined the Century from IRTC, Camp Croft, S. C., and has attended First Service Command Tactical School (guerilla warfare), Officers Pool School, and the Advance Course Officers Course.

Because of his legal background, Major Esbitt has been of great assistance to the men of the battalion in solving domestic and military problems. The officers and men of the regiment take this opportunity to extend sincere good wishes and heartiest congratulations!



MAJOR ESBITT

to "shape up" the company once more. From their past Retreat Parades, we find them very promising. Their high average of intelligence has proved a great asset, and in the relatively short time they have been with us, training as separate unit, they have earned high praise.

When working with the company and our regular men, we feel assured they will function admirably in our advanced training. They also will find the regular men good soldiers—a close cooperating team. Maneuvers were tough, as was the basic before it.

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Co. H—Move over, "Mac," and make room for me! "Mac," more correctly addressed S/Sgt. Thomas Michael McGhan, hit the floor recently and stayed down for a couple of counts. He's our supply sergeant and you know what these wretches are subjected to; "Mac" was no exception!

For months he's seriously attacked his job and done well, but at last it got him down and into the hospital he went; jangled nerves, seeing pixies and numerous other symptoms. "I've lost my shovel . . . What about the laundry? . . . When is salvage coming in?"—day in and day out. Men, I caution you—supply sergeants may be expendable, but please! they are not salvageable!

A bouquet to the Mess Sergeant and his staff! By taking great pains with the preparation of meals and sundry other things that make for enjoyable eating, they have cut edible food waste to an incredibly low rate. Hats off to you and your staff, Sgt. Lloyd Eatsepp!

Have you noticed the new ASTP "boys"? They are a good lot of fellas and already have taken important parts in our sports, to say nothing of those boys in our new dance band—have you heard them? Solid, Jackson, solid! Welcome, men, and good luck in your new life.

Lt. Sutterfield, former battalion S-4, will be missed. He carries with him to his new assignment the good wishes of all men and officers with whom he worked. . . . To date

the results of Expert Infantryman's badge have been highly successful. Fifty-six out of seventy-three enlisted men trying for the badge are now qualified, and four of five officers are also qualified. . . . What a whiz T/Sgt. Jacobson, battalion Sergeant Major, is on quoting verbatim from field manuals, circulars and Army Regulations!

Cpl. Mickey (Bad News) Goldman, HQ, is a familiar sight in the area running to the various companies and calling them a hundred times a day. He needs more insurance. Every night about 1730 in he pops with bad news. It's either a twenty-five-mile hike, change in schedule or uniform, more details or send three men here or there immediately. Every First Sergeant has threatened to use violence on this hard-working corporal. He has managed to stay alive for eighteen months, but how much longer he can escape being a permanent casualty everybody wonders.

Captain Gerald R. Wilson, Company I CO, is the proud pappy of an 8-pound 7-ounce baby boy. . . . S/Sgt. James Hendershot, Co. K, is also accepting congratulations on a new son. . . . The battalion is well represented in the new Regimental Orchestra with Pvts. Franklin and Rosenzweig of Co. K, and Sgt. Krugler, Pfc. Stouat, and Pvts. Perrenod, Denman, and Castle, all of Co. L.

For the first time in the history of the division, a ten-man squad from Co. L recently went out on a self-sufficiency squad leadership exercise. S/Sgt. Scism was the squad's leader in this test covering three days and nights, near Lake MacArthur. The men cooked all their food and purified their drinking water with Halazone tablets.

Simulated enemy action kept the squad on a twenty-four-hour alert. Four-hour patrols were maintained during the entire period. All actual battle conditions were simulated proving the GI can take it when he has to actually depend absolutely on himself alone.

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Co. M extends a belated welcome to Captain Thomas A. Marsh, the new company commander, replacing Captain Svoboda,

and wishes good luck to Captain Svoboda in his new assignment.

The following promotions are announced: Sgts. Sabaditis, Lopez, Joiner, Eaton and Rosenberger to S/Sgt.; Cpls. Paris and Weed to Sgt. . . . All officers and men in this battalion join in welcoming the newcomers to our organization.

Pvt. Chaconas, formerly of Company I, is reported missing in action in the European theater. This popular soldier was well-liked, and we sincerely hope this report has a happier ending. . . . Lt. Taylor, formerly of Co. I, also, is now a Captain with a Ranger battalion in the European theater. He was wounded in the Sicilian invasion.

Men of this battalion were certainly under observation by the WD Press Tour Party recently. There were representatives from six news services, six magazines, five newsreels, eighteen newspapers, three photo and radio systems and a WD Official Party of eleven officers, including the famous Lt. Col Larry S. McPhail, former general manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Congratulations to Pfc. Petrovich and Pvt. Willison, Co. M, who recently became proud pappys. . . . Many other GI papas are proudly displaying pictures of bouncing boys and beautiful daughters. How about a pin-up contest for these cute youngsters? . . . Pvt. Stiegler, Co. I, former University of Minnesota star, is now playing with the Regimental basketball team. . . . is it true that a K Co. private waited so long for a bus that he had to go get another shave?

How about having an enlisted man's day in this battalion, as so many other outfits are doing in the Army right now? For twenty-four hours all officer's assignments would be handled by enlisted men, and the enlisted men's duties would be taken over by the officers. . . . Have you seen the mail clerks struggling under those heavy sacks of "sugar reports" coming in recently? Mostly for the new men. Can you beat that? . . . How about stopping this line-bucking at Camp Theatres?

REGIMENTAL PERSONALITIES



TEC/4 LACOPALUS
AND DAUGHTER JUDY

The pride and joy of Tec/4 John Lacopulos, first cook of Co. K, is not his latest dish of scrambled eggs, as some may expect, but his five-year-old daughter, Judy. Although Lacopulos has been in this man's Army for two years, and with the Century since its activation, his primary interest is still his family. After all, men, he's been married 6½ years.

A product of Philadelphia, and a cook even in civilian life, Tec/4 Johnny came to us from Fort Meade, Md. Aside from his absorption in marital affairs, he finds time occasionally to indulge in his next-favorite pastime—swimming.

Give him a pair of shears and a good swing band, and Pfc. Emanuel C. Petter, of Co. C, is happy. (A note of warning to less fortunate battalions: Petter caters exclusively to the First Battalion for his tonsorial operations.) His barbering is a hang-over from civilian life. Give him your ear for half-a-minute and he'll proudly tell you of his young son, Chrest, born March 3rd—on Emanuel's own birthday, incidentally.

He's been with the 100th since he's been in the Army—which is approximately 16 months. And, we can't think of a better place for his "hep-cat" tendencies.



PFC. EMANUEL C. PETTER



PVT. ROBERT B. CATION

Beating the Army by two months, Pvt. Robert B. Cation, Co. G, got married. That was sixteen months ago, and he hasn't regretted a minute of it. Although he's been in our division only about a month now, Cation had good experience at Fort Jackson, S. C., in the 106th Division.

Then his AGCT mark caught up with him and he had two three-month terms at the Citadel, also South Carolina, in the ASTP. Bob hails from the town of automobiles, Detroit, and himself worked for the Packard Motor Car Company.

First a soldier, then a drummer in the Regimental Drum and Bugle Corps, and finally the colonel's orderly—that, chum, is Pfc. Richard J. Mitchell. Starting his Army career auspiciously enough by entering on his birthday, December 18, in 1942, he had the further privilege of coming directly to this division.

Come the end of the war, and there'll be a Mrs. Pfc. Mitchell—that's all decided. No foolin', she's all picked out. Yessir, the end of the war will mean more than a discharge to a certain PFC. we know.



PFC. RICHARD J. MITCHELL



PFC. DAVID WILLIAMSON

Maybe he just wants to be different, but Pfc. David Williamson (don't dare call him "Dave"!) of Co. H declares boldly that he's unmarried and happy. Well, every man to his own taste.

This 23-year-old expert on the .50-cal. machine gun admits, however, that he loves to dance. Give him soft music, a gal, and a full moon—and he dances. For verification you may contact his parents, 5 Cottage Street, Worcester, Mass.

Cpl. Tovia Grynewicz, Co. A, has a purpose in the Army. Listen to his story: His people were natives of Wilmo, Poland—once.

Now his father is dead and his mother lives in Brockton, Mass. Tovia's ambition now is to get at the throats of the people who destroyed the homeland of his parents.

In his sixteen months of Army life, Cpl. Grynewicz has worked hard. He is a Ranger, now. Shipbuilding in Massachusetts develops good men.



CPL. TOVIA GRYNEWICZ



JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE

Play Ball

In a ten-inning opening thriller April 28, the 397th baseball team dropped the game by a two-run margin to the Fort Bragg RC. The final score of 8-6 climaxed the exciting fete.

A large enthusiastic crowd of GI's and officers, overflowing onto the diamond, took keen enjoyment in heckling the decisions of 1st Lt. Charles W. Craft, as well as in other usual baseball verbal gymnastics, and how!

Preceding the game, the 397th Drum and Bugle Corps took their attention and executed precision marching formation. Then the familiar cry "Play Ball!" and our men pranced confidently to their positions.

The cheering mob watched Colonel Ellis pitch the first ball, and the game was underway. With "Big John" Sabatie pitching and Zinn catching, the RC managed to ring up three runs in the first inning, but this pair held them down for the next several sessions.

In the RC line-up, "Gus" Maynard, formerly of the N. Y. Giants, started the batting order and took first base. Following in batting order were Klutz, Harris, Lockman, and Dillehay. In the second half, RC pitcher Benson rapidly disposed of Dzurisin, Sedivy, and Gerow.

The next few innings, uneventful except for a 397th threat in its half of the fourth, passed swiftly. Another RC rally in the fifth brought the score to 6-0.

In the sixth, relief-pitcher southpaw Tom Surratt held the score until the 397th came to bat. RC sent in lanky "Bones" as pitcher, and first up Sedivy nailed a singing line drive over short-stop. Gerow then made a second on an error, and "Capt." Driscoll made base to be driven in by Zinn.

Wasieleuski, Pechilio, and Beberian were three consecutive bases on balls, the latter forcing another man home. A nervous RC sent Cole to the mound, but Surratt slammed one, bringing two more men across the plate and making the score 6-4 and leaving the spectators breathless.

The RC downed one, two, three in the seventh and the 397th made two more runs, started off on a hit by Pechilio. The inning ended when Surratt hit into a double play, but the score had been tied 6-6.

The eighth and ninth innings passed scoreless and RC piled in two more runs in the tenth. The only outstanding event of the 397th half of that inning was hearing Lt. William A. Garden shrieking about his "sore back."

From Beautyrest TO BEDROCK

By S/Sgt. F. W. Hawkins

It was only natural that the "old soldiers" of the 397th were a little doubtful about the ASTP men before they arrived to take their places in the Century Division. Experienced race-horses probably feel the same when a new, young filly is housed in their stable. But when they see that the filly can run almost as fast as they can, even while still in training—well, you can see how quickly the friendship here is warming.

When the gang in the barracks heard I was selected to be a platoon sergeant to a flock of incoming ASTP boys, the first thing they wanted to do was chip in and buy me an apron.

"You know, you are just going to be a nursemaid to a bunch of college kids," one taunted, expressing the feelings of all. "They will be a gang of spoiled intellectuals who won't know their left foot from their right when it comes to drilling."

How wrong these men were! In spite of continued jibes from these "old soldiers" of the regiment, I took the job. Now, after several weeks, I think I am one of the proudest guys in the Army. My "boys" have removed my doubts, and proven the "veterans" wrong.

Instead of being unsoldierly, arrogant prodigies who sniffed disdainfully at drilling and field work, the ASTP'ers showed themselves efficient, rugged and obedient men who will bear themselves well on the fighting battlefronts.

I have spoken often with other drill sergeants. They all agree our "boys" have mixed in well and fast. Their knowledge has proven beneficial a hundredfold to the old-timers. Often at night I have seen a huddle of men around an ASTP'ers bed. They are going to them more and more for varied information—both military and educational."

I have found them doing everything to help the men. It is working both ways. It is one big family now. They have proven their worth. One example is their splendid performances at Retreat Reviews. Applause, cheers and remarks heard from the reviewing EM of the Regiment attest to that.

Above all else, these lads, instead of flaunting their college experience like a banner, subdue it. They are satisfied to remain students of military lore. Here in this regiment one youth came all the way from Brazil to don khaki.

At night when I hit my bunk, I just sit back and smile to myself. I'm proud of m'boys. And when they are placed into permanent platoons I will know I have helped to mold at least a portion of the Century Division.

The following is an excerpt from a Letter of Commendation to Colonel Ellis, Regimental Commander, from Major General Burress, Division Commanding General:

"Out of a group of Eight Hundred Seventy (870) A.S.T.P. students who recently fired on the known-distance range, One Hundred Forty-seven (147) qualified as Experts, Four Hundred Twelve (412) as Sharpshooters, and Three Hundred Eleven (311) as Marksmen, (seventeen (17) failed to qualify the first time, but qualified on the second run)."



MAJOR WM. QUINN
COMMANDER
TRAINING BATTALION

LITTLE MEN YOU'VE HAD A BUSY DAY

On April 28th the 397th Infantry gave the town of Mt. Holly, N. C., a treat by staging nine of the best boxing bouts this



SGT. EDDIE PEIRCE

section of the country has ever seen. In return, the residents of Mt. Holly gave the men of the 397th the warmest, heartiest welcome one could possibly imagine and it was certainly Southern Hospitality with a will. To the Lions Club of Mt. Holly, who proffered the invitation and organized the event, we are greatly in debt.

Our fighters who went to Mt. Holly on April 27 were given a Leap Year dance at which our orchestra played and since there were about five girls to each man our men had an opportunity to experience the feelings of a girl at the usual GI affair at which the girls are out numbered in about the same ratio. Needless to say they didn't complain.

Saturday a convoy brought in the 250 Expert Infantrymen who were the guests of the town. Upon demounting they paraded to the school yard led by our able drum and bugle corps and there treated to an old-fashioned Southern chicken barbecue. While eating, the hosts proffered in-

dividual invitations and every man was invited to spend the night in a private home.

The fights started at eight o'clock with a full house. The high school gym was literally filled to the rafters with an audience, aged 6 to 60, and from the applause, fight fans all.

In the first round of our first fight between Wires and Peck, Peck caught one on the nose that started a nosebleed which started the crowd yelling. As the fight progressed and Wires scored other face blows, his gloves spread the blood so that it gave the impression that some one was being slaughtered. Wires won this fight by a close decision.

The pace having been set by this fast and furious bout, the rest followed in the same tempo. Ewing won over Spurgeon by decision as did Laycock over Moran and some healthy blows in these fights brought the crowd to its feet many times.

Holt won over Teitz, although the outcome looked doubtful in the second round. Both of these men fought with all they had.

Christakos outclassed Springwater, although the latter got in some good head and body blows.

The Poses-Tinker fight in the 118-pound class was like a fight between two infuriated wasps. Both men were very fast and intent on winning but by working on his opponent's mid-section Poses scored a knock-down and finally won by unanimous decision.

Dalton in the next fight was out to take Shaughnessy's measure and title of Division Champion in the 160-pound class. In the second round he came near to doing just this, but Shaughnessy was too experienced for him and won by decision.

In the semi-final, Lischetti won over the popular Peroni by a knockout. This was so sudden that although the crowd was expecting a knockout all evening the real thing surprised them.

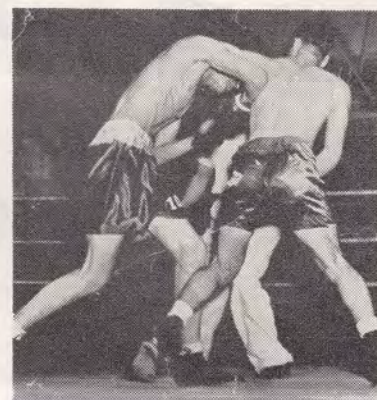
Our final fight, of course, involved our Carlo Litz, who, incidentally, was largely

responsible for the whole affair. Litz was scheduled to fight Raso who was unable to appear. Antognoli, of the 399th, pinched hit for us and put up an excellent fight but was no match for Litz who was the winner by decision.

After the fights the gym was cleared and a dance was staged. This, too, was a rare treat as there was an ample number of girls present—and all pretty, too. This made difficult the choosing of the prettiest girl present which was attempted by our committee and Miss Iris Taylor of Mt. Holly was finally chosen. At the same time a panel of judges composed of girls attempted to pick the most handsome soldier present. Pvt. Ceibell, of Service Co., was the winner and it is certain that he won't forget the occasion.

All in all, we had a marvelous time, and the men who participated will never forget Mt. Holly, N. C., and Southern Hospitality.

At this time we were officially welcomed to Mt. Holly by Mr. Clegg, president of the Lions Club and by Mr. Davis, mayor of Mt. Holly. Colonel W. A. Ellis then gave a brief address, thanking the people of



A TENSE MOMENT

Mt. Holly on behalf of the regiment and explained the meaning of the Expert Infantryman Badge the men were wearing.

Officers For A Day



OFFICERS FOR A DAY. "STAFF" IS PICTURED HERE WITH COL. ELLIS. LEFT TO RIGHT ARE: T/SGT. SHUTE, M/SGT. WITKOWSKI, S/SGT. CHILDRESS, COL. ELLIS, M/SGT. CHRISTIAN, M/SGT. GROVE AND FIRST SGT. ORTMAN.

Officers of the Regiment enjoyed a busman's holiday on a recent Saturday afternoon, when they took to the sidelines and acted as interested spectators during a regimental review on the parade grounds by the non-commissioned officers.

"Stand-in" for Col. William A. Ellis, commanding officer, was Sgt. Major Christian. He took the salute of the passing troops on the reviewing stand. His "staff" on the platform consisted of T/Sgt. Shute, M/Sgt. Witkowski, S/Sgt. Childress, M/Sgt. Grove and First Sgt. Ortman.

There was not an officer in the review. Instead, they stood on the sidelines with their ladies and friends and applauded. Among the distinguished guests were Maj. Gen. Burress, Brig. Gen. Miller, and Brig. Gen. Murphy.

The Regiment

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MAY, 1944

Commanding Officer.....Colonel William A. Ellis
Executive Officer.....Major John M. King
Special Service Officer.....1st Lt. Clark V. Whited
Editor.....Sgt. William G. Kay

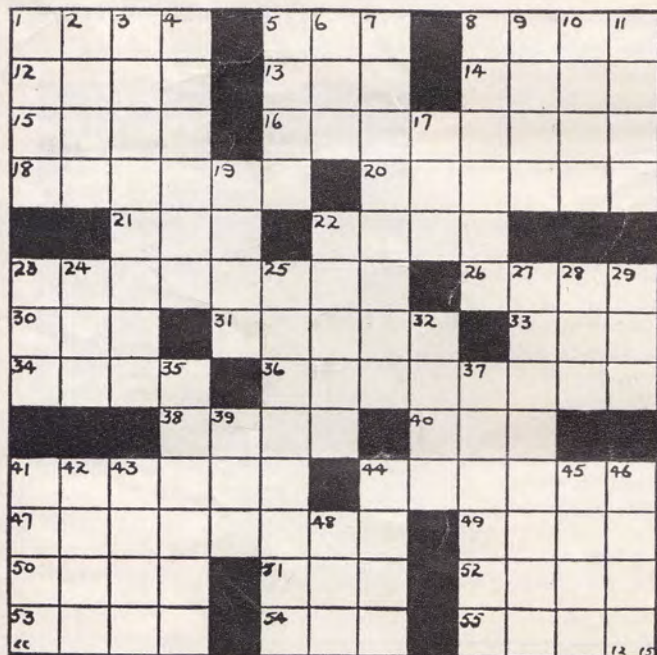
Credits: All photography by Signal Corps, U. S. Army.
Execution of design on format by S/Sgt. Barbieri, Hq.
Co., 2nd Bn. Art work by Pvt. Henry Pouch, Co. K.
All typing by Pvt. Edward F. Menerth, Jr., Co. E.

All submitted articles should be typed. However, when this is impossible, MS should be legibly written with full proper names printed. Contributions of the men are invited.

OH-H-H
How I Like To Be Beside
The Seaside



QUESTIONS



Across

1. Diminish
5. Varnish ingredient
8. Argument
12. The Turkish standard
13. The "I"
14. Streamlet
15. Amateur speculator
16. Silliness
18. Rely upon
20. Mitigate
21. Unrefined metal
22. Collection of laws
23. Not public or general
26. Transported
30. Southern constellation
31. Unusual
33. By way of
34. Germinated barley
36. Lees
38. Chooses
40. Hearing organ
41. See-saw
44. Fortune
47. Pulpits
49. Greek athletic contest
50. Poker stake
51. Cleaning implement
52. Large coarse grass
53. French river
54. Pen
55. Sums up

Down

1. Bare
2. Wings
3. Pertaining to time
4. Glowing remains of a fire
5. Loan
6. Since
7. Comforted
8. Have a greater liking for
9. Linen scrapings
10. Otherwise
11. Danish measure
17. Turf
19. Gaseous element
22. Caverns
23. A card game
24. Age
25. Patent medicines
27. Reduced to a mean
28. Fastener
29. Make lace
32. Falsehoods
35. Waver
37. A leather bottle
39. By
41. Salver
42. Eternities
43. Noted Italian family
44. Behold
45. Touched with the point of the foot
46. Aims
48. Witticism

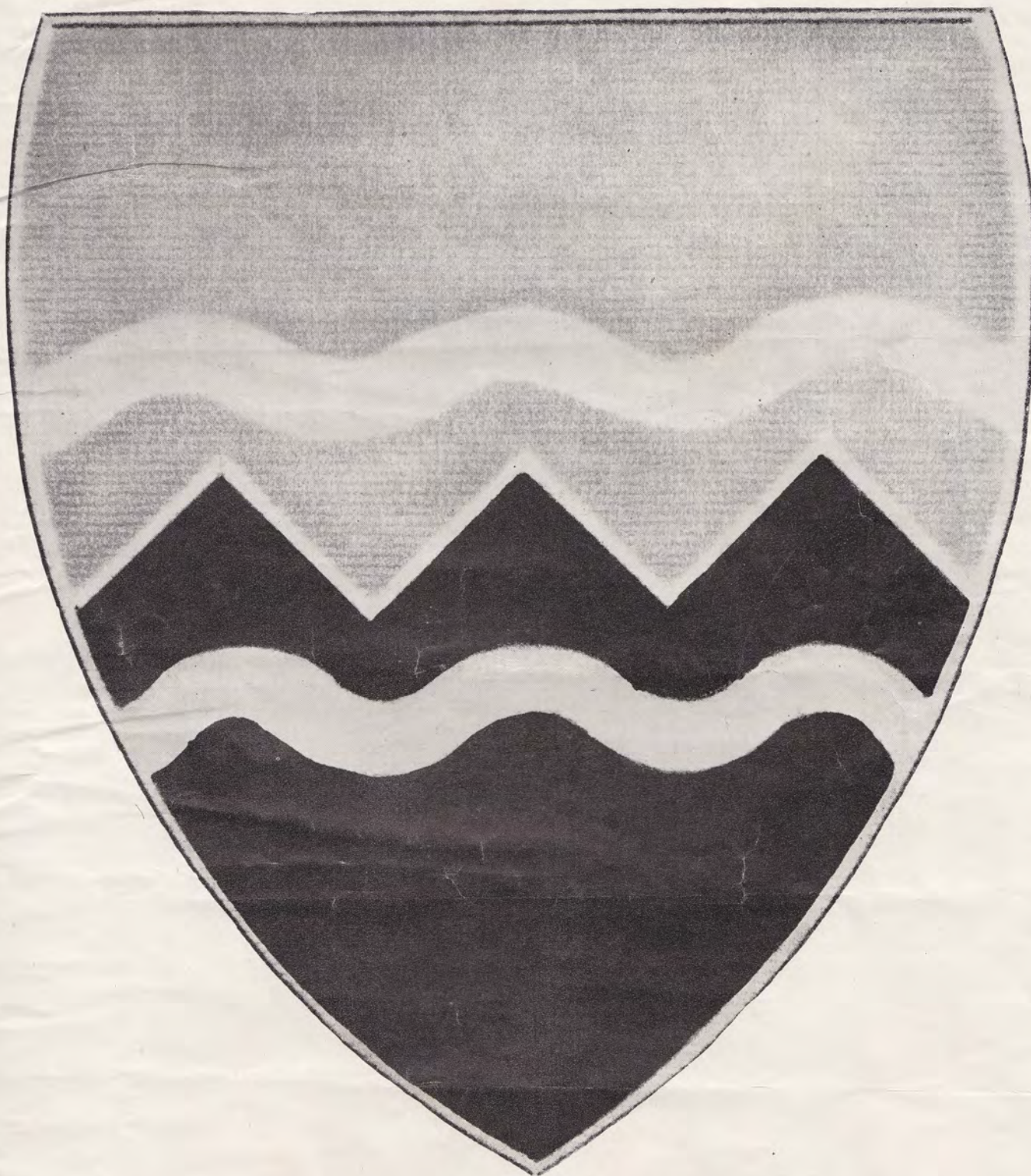
- (1) How many square feet are there in an acre?
- (2) How many inches are there in a meter?
- (3) In what war was the American flag first used?
- (4) How long is one rod?
- (5) Is a square a rectangle?
- (6) What is meant by a three-point landing?
- (7) How do potential and kinetic energies differ?
- (8) What is a magazine rifle?
- (9) What part of an inch is a pica?
- (10) How many planets are there in the Solar system?
- (11) How many centimeters are there in one yard?
- (12) Who discovered logarithms?
- (13) In contract bridge: how much is down three, vulnerable, doubled?
- (14) What does it say on the lid of a U. S. Post Box?
- (15) What part of a mile is a kilometer?
- (16) Where is Kamchatka?
- (17) Who are the Sikhs?
- (18) What river flows through Tibet?
- (19) How do you find the area of a circle?
- (20) What is the path that a baseball describes when thrown diagonally upward?

ANSWERS

- (1) 43,560.
- (2) 39.37
- (3) The Revolutionary War.
- (4) 5½ yards.
- (5) Yes.
- (6) A landing when the two wheels and the skid of the plane all touch the ground together.
- (7) Potential energy is stored up energy which becomes kinetic energy when released.
- (8) A repeating rifle.
- (9) One-sixth.
- (10) Nine.
- (11) 91.44.
- (12) John Napier.
- (13) 800.
- (14) Pull down.
- (15) .62.
- (16) In the extreme eastern part of Siberia, north of Japan.
- (17) Soldiers in the British-Indian Army.
- (18) The Brahmaputra.
- (19) Multiply the square of the radius by 3.1416.
- (20) A parabola.

Coat of Arms

397th INFANTRY



The blue on the shield represents the Infantry, and the black is for the coal region of West Virginia, the allocation of organization between the Monongahela and Ohio Rivers, symbolized by the wavy bars. The dancette partition between the two sections stands for the mountains of that section.

