



... V-J DAY ...

To us V. J. day came and went, it passed like a shadow, no celebrations, no shouting mobs, no glowing speeches, none of the flagwaving, just honest relief. Perhaps there was a reason for this, perhaps it was more sincere to sit through one of the most glorious days of history and to feel real honest relief that the days when we must risk our lives in war were over. And who can deny a soldier his thoughts? The cheering, the flagwaving, and flowery speeches didn't win the war, the breath was wasted and the flag was waved far from the enemy, it was the men who risked their hides that won the peace that this day heralded.

If some ten years from now we look back in a thoughtful moment while celebrating V. J. day, and give a little sober thought to Europe on VJ day 1945, and if we can say to ourselves "It will never happen here ever, and never happen there again", and believe ourselves when we say it, then this war will not have been a horrible tragedy. It will have meant something, and all the blood, sweat, and tears, the bodies in the dust, in the rain, in the snow, the bodies under piles of shattered brick, the homeless children, the husbandless wives, the shattered dreams, the broken lives, the sleepless nights, and the hungry days will not have been entirely in vain. It will mean that at last the human race has been shocked into sense enough to live together in peace and enjoy the plenty that God has put on this earth for all.

The American people have progressed farther along this line of thought that has any other nation in the universe. The power that we wielded banded together as an army is ours to use in civilian life if we act. Let us remember the things that we saw in the months before VJ day and use our utmost influence to see that America uses the power and influence that she has gained in the past five years through the blood and sacrifices of her armed forces to insist that the rights that so many men have suffered and died to establish are maintained, if for no other reason than respect for the dead.

Battalion Dance a Success

Monday night at the Battalion Dance Hall, the Second Battalion band strutted their wares while the local hepcats cut a fair sized rug. The music as always was excellent, and the quantity of liquid refreshments was enough to keep most of the whistles from becoming too dry. The affair took off a bout nine in the evening and lasted till twelve. The interim filled with some choice music and smooth dancing, while some of the fellows concentrated on their fraternization.

The consensus of the remarks passed reveal that the affair was considered by all to be a huge success.

In Memory of the Departed

We take a little time out of the fast changing events to pay tribute to our departed Buddy, S/Sgt Harry K. Gill.



S/Sgt. Gill was one of the few original men left in the 80th, He came to the outfit in Camp Phillips, Kansas Nov. 43 and was with us ever since. As a civilian the Sgt lived at Lansdale Pa. At the time of his induction into the army he was going to College and had just completed his first year. His studies seemed to be Mechanics and Art.

Sgt. Gill spent the most of his time over seas on the line except for one or two times that he was back for minor illness. He made his Sgt. rating during the Ardenes offensive and proved to be a very able leader. The boys in his squad and platoon say that there was none better and are much greived at the loss of a good buddy.

Not too active in sports he spent most of his lesiure time studying and would occasionally go swimming at the local swimming pool, or play a game or two of tabel tennis with the boys. He was also F Company reporter for both the Battalion and Regt. papers and we are going to miss his writing very much. Though he has physicaly departed from us his memory will allways remain in our hearts. A brave soldier and an honest man.

Divisional B. A. R. Title

Defeating the best that the division could offer in short order, Pfc. Wingate, Sgt. Stoiem, and Pfc. Holland shot their way to the title of Divisional B. A. R. champions and also to a well deserved pass to Jolly old England. The contest which saw some accurate and rapid firing was judged on the basis of the accuracy of firing, the rapidity of the firing, and how fast the men could adjust their

pieces for malfunctions. Although the contest was close at times, the winners displayed the necessary edge to nose out the field and snatch the crown Monday afternoon here in Pfronten at the Second Battalion firing range. The company congratulates our champs and extends best wishes for an enjoyable pass, "Have a bloody pint or two for us, will you chums?"

Easy Company

"News by Neu"

Saturday night the N. C. O. club held a dance. The Sec. Bn. own, "Blue Ridge Jivesters" played and the N. C. O's, and local fraulins dance the whole evening. There was plenty of beer and few Bottles of Halb and Halb. Every one that attended was well pleased and hope for more in the near furture

See Sgt. Tinney for your I. & E. problems.

P. F. C. Woodrow Rowland and P. F. C. Willian Porter are in Paris having a good time.

P. F. C. John H. Nechalson who has reatives in England is leaving to spend seven days with them.

T/4 Sollie Triffler is of to Paris to give us all the low down on the night life time in Paris.

On the speed march in Div. the fast marching squad from the first platoon of Easy place fourth out of 21 squads in the meet. Good going boys next time it will be first.

P. F. C. Jack Stratton P. F. C. Charles Stratton and P. F. C. Lucas Luna all of Easy co. placed third in the BAR meet and won a pass to Paris. There were 21 in the contest, good going boys, have a good in Paris.

T/5 Easley and PFC. Harris went to Div. for the M. L. contest hope you win for Easy.

S/Sgt. Geo. Williams of the first plat. is in Div. learning the finer points on physical training. He will shows us how to do it when he comes back.

A group of fellows went to Div. the other day to learn the arts of camouflage.

Sgt. Dillinger is going home. He is one of the lucky boys getting a discharge.

Fox Company Tidbits

Pfc. Lynn G. Bryan

Before moving to our new and thriving "Tent city" please notify its Burgemeister, S/Sgt. "Murphy" at least one day in advance so that he may obtain a suitable location for you. Sgt. "Murphy" is very proud of his thriving community and cordially invites his fellow non-coms to come take up residence with him as well as the Pvts. and Pfc. Public facilities will soon be available.

To those of you who remember "Cat", Jess S. Barton, formally of Fox Co; he is now a much envied civilian.

What is that certain "something" that Sgt. Glen has that makes these German fraulians want to shoot themselves over him?

Pvt. Robert Sharp, formally of the 3rd platoon, has been transferred to the Cannon Co. Also transferred to the

Cannon Co. are Pfc. Doyle W. Wilder, Pfc. Jerry Turco, and Pfc. Joe Arnold, all formerly of the 2nd platoon.

If you were at the battalion dance Monday evening you probably saw the reason for T/4 Joe Gasthof to come strolling in at chow time Monday morning and looking like he had not had much sleep. Maybe he was just giving her cooking lessons!

A company boxing team is being formed in the near future. If you would like to turn out, see Cpl. Angelo Burian at the barber shop.

T Sgt. William J. Smithers, while on pass to Paris last week, Visited his brother's grave in Dlosville cemetary located at Carentan, France.

Pfc. Roland Heffernan has been transferred to the Q. M.

Pfc. Donzy Lane and Pfc. William C. Jones are on S. D. to Regt. for the rifle contest.

Pfc. Anthony McMahon is at one of the Universities of southern France to study law.

A very good time was had with the French Mlle. by Pfc. Henry Boverhoff and Pfc. William Purdy who just returned from Thionville from pass.

Pfc. Herschel Hurd seems to be doing alright with the little girl down the street from the kitchen. He says he has been going down there to see about some film! Could be!

S/Sgt. Buck Snyder has just returned from a pass to Paris.

G. Company Chowline Chatter

The G. Co newsfront this week is overshadowed by the lurid tale of a bombing attack on our courageous kitchen personell. Although the story has been distorted by frequent retelling, for the benefit of posterity I shall endeavor to get it straight. Just as breakfast was being prepared, it seems that a plane or number of planes swooped down and did their dirty work. This is one place where the story varies a great deal, but according to "Chet" Peirorazi whose word is indisputable, it was fifteen F. W. 190's which dropped two five hundred pound H. E. bombs each. The other story is that it was one cub which dropped one flour bomb, but both Chet and Pfc. Blageff both scoff at that, Blageff saying "it just goes to show how people ruin a good story by talk!" Anyhow according to eyewitnesses, when it was over, Chet picked himself up and proceeded with the cooking, and for a moment he seemed to be O. K., Suddenly instead of flipping the flapjacks over the stove, he started to flip the stove over the flapjacks, and Captain Mike and First Sgt. Smith thought there was some thing wrong. When he started to put coffee in the water to make

coffee, they knew that the bomb had done its dirty work. He ignored the bag of iron filings, soot and iodine and reached for the coffee instead. Well, he resisted a bit but Blageff hit him on the head with a soup strainer and a mattres cover was used to securely fasten him to protect him and incidentaly Blageff. It was at this crucial moment, when the morale of the whole company was in jeopardy, when the fate of the breakfast, the problem, the whole nation hung in balance that Pfc. Blageff's hitherto carefully concealed heroism made its timely appearance. For when the smoke cleared there he stood hand on hip calmly flipping flapjacks, supervising the coffee preparation with the usual iron filings etc. One of the pancakes hit the stove and busted a chunk out but through this and the rest of the ordeal Pfc. Blageff displayed extraordinary fortitude. Comments of the men who ate the meal ranged from, "Never ate anything like it before" to "It sure was swell, what was it" Three men developed acute indigestion undoubtedly from the nervous strain due to the bombing. Later at a simple ceremony, Captain Mike pinned a cluster on Pfc. Blageff's Spam ribbon. Our Hero wound up a short acceptance speech in which he outlined his life from date of birth to present, including the grades he received in school, by saying "Although the cluster does not add as much as one point to my score it does add the finishing touch to my impeccable appearance." Then as the band played "Oh, The World Owes Me A Living" He marched off to the kitchen. And so another chapter of American history is recorded, The story of this man's courage will undoubtedly live forever. Rome had it's Ceasar, France it's Napoleon, England its Nelson, but G. Co. has its Blageff.

How Pow-Wow

Submitted by S/Sgt. John M. Quinn,
Co "H", Reporter

T/5 James Gerrard, Company "H", mail clerk, being practically the world's most famous horse shoe pitcher (Just ask him, he'll tell 'ya), wants to start a horseshoe pitching tournament in the Battalion. For the past few days Gerrard has been busy constructing "H" company's horse shoe courts. He's practically an authority at the game. He wants the entire Battalion to participate in the tournament. Anyone wishing to play can contact Cpl. Gerrard at H Company.

At company retreat formation a few days ago the company bid farwell to two fine officers who were leaving for another outfit. Lt. Boyer, who was spokesman for the two officers, told the company how unfortunate they were in losing two such fine officers. Best of luck Lt. Wheatley and Lt. Frost.

Company "H" has opened a new day room next to the kitchen in Gasthaus Aggenstein. It is an ideal place. Formerly it was used as a sun porch—

but now we have transfigured the place. We've got a new ping-pong table and a tournament already lined up. It has the support of the entire company and promises to be a great success. And by the way we have some ping-pong champs in Howe Company. Lt. Smart—YMCA champ from way back, 1st Sgt. Turner and Sgt. Benefiel. Then we have Strausl who almost always gets 5 or 6 points out of a 21 game.

!!! Headquarters Dots & Dashes !!!

What? they have! "No not really." Well it seems that Headquarters Finally managed to open up two Clubs in the past week. Both clubs had a bang-up, all out attendance for their opening nights and have been going strong ever since. Officers of the two clubs are: N. C. O. — S/Sgt. Di Bella, — sect' and treasure; S Sgt. Kramer, S/Sgt. Wade and Sgt. Kelly, entertainment. Pfc. — Lee, Vice-President, Pfc. Mc Monagle, treasure.

Sgt. Kelly just back from a pass to Paris seems to have had quiet a gay time while there. Now he wishes to pass down to any one that is scheduled for Paris in the future, "Don't miss the E. M. nite club in the Eiffle Tower. It is best and by far the cheapest in Paris with plenty of Girls, and the Champagne is only 360 Francs a bottle.

Pfc. R. A. Lee left Sunday for a pass in England.

— Kelly —

Holland is free. Tulips coming! Finest varieties. Top-size imported. Will make your garden a mass of color in May.

YOUR PICTURE

I open up my pocket-book
and gaze with great delight
Upon a picture I fast my look
from age it is a sight
The days are long and of times hard
here amid all this wrot
But one short look makes me so glad
and sends me deep in tho't
When I am sick it makes me well
as nothing else could do
Just on your picture do I dwell
Yes it's the one of you
It brings to mind those happy days
with laughter loud and clear
The things I love about your ways
The ones I hold so dear
Tho' old and worn still it is best
now I take one last look
Day is done it is time to rest
I close my pocket-book
T. S. Robert E. Hurley

Blue Ridge Jivesters

Thursday, August 16, the Jivesters played for a big company "blow out" at the Pvt. and Pfc. Club in H Co., and what a dance! Two combinations of the same type played. The small band from Füssen made competition for the Jivesters.

Of course we played at the Lake View Rest Camp for the regular Sunday night dance and were greeted by another large crowd.

Monday night, August 13, the Jivesters were guests of the Division Jam Band while playing a Bn. dance at our Gym here in Pfronton.

Wednesday night the Jivesters played for a dinner party and big dance at the Officers Club where our Regimental CO., Lt. Col. Fisher and party were guest of Battalion Co. Lt. Col. Williams.

Saturday night August 18 the Jivesters played for Hq. Co. dance at the Gym and had a nice time but the Halb & Halb run out before the dance was over.

Right back to the Rest Camp Sunday night, August 19 for another big dance and plenty of 80% beer. (Boys, when you take a rest, let the Lake View Rest Camp be the spot.)

Has anyone missed an overseas cap? The only guy who can hit more licks with two sticks than Gene Krupa can is Johnny Blaufus, and he has a new overseas cap.

"Lucky Stars"

The sensation of the past three months came to Pfronton on Aug. 11 in the form of a Stage Show of German origin, now under the direction of the American U. S. O. who's title is now the "Lucky Stars."

Yes, New York, Chicago, And many other bright spots were brought to memory at the presentation.

Was there an 88 tossed in the midst of that packed Gym? No, it was only a the sight of a couple of beautiful women but Charley tells me that his pulse is still thumping from it.

I guess the boys from the west will be going back to the States and trying the art of roping a female in the style that was demonstrated there. If it works, boys, just drop me a line, I may try the same thing my-self.

With the art and skill that even the Goddess of air would have trouble to duplicate, a beautiful tap dancer came on the scene and did a dance atop a rubber ball in a very unique fashion, ask the Col? I think he would like to have her come back soon again.

Tap Dancing on to the stage came a georgeous figure followed by a marimba and when she decided to play it the instrument began to talk or the next thing to it, and in a language that any one could understand.

For the finale of the show came one of the arts that always make a hit, Trick

juggling, with alluminous colored hoops which made a wonderful display in a darkened Gym.

The Gym was packed and I am sure that when I say, Every one enjoyed the show I am being backed 100%. We are hoping to see many such shows in the future. One who was there.

The Grab Bag

When you were a kid, you used to toss a penny on the counter for a grab bag filled with left-overs that the candy store couldn't sell. In a way, that's just about what you will get by reading the column. Something for everybody. . . . but you can't please everybody. Here goes.

Now that the war is over, people are happier then anybody. Some men have expressed the feeling that they would like to go home.

The Weather Man in the States said that they had an awful lot of rain during July. It must be tough in the States.

Seventeen persons were arrested after police broke up a fight outside a taproom somewhere in America. About 100 men and women were involved. Bricks were thrown, many of the participants thrown down, and trolley and motor traffic halted. The taproom door was smashed. Twenty-two policemen sent to the scene in eight red cars and two patrol wagons restored order and took three of those arrested to the hospital for treatment of cuts. The army isn't like that.

The location of the Wreckin' 2nd in Pfronton is about the best in the ETO. Beautiful mountains and broad green meadows. It's going to be hard to tear ourselves away from all that.

The Big Time Operators may be interested to know that last week the prices of Chicago wheat varied from a high of 1.66¹/₂ to a low of 1.64¹/₄.

The other night some guy stood for two hours in front of the CP waiting for a bus to take him to the States. He had been told that the Grehound Co. had opened a continuous land route from Germany to America by way of the North Pole. He went away mad because he missed chow.

The Forest Hill Boat Club is playing host to the yachtsmen of the Delaware River this week — end at its annual clam — bake and entertainment at its clubhouse in East Riverton, N. J.

There is a fable about the ant who worked all summer storing food for winter, and the grasshopper who played around. When winter came the grasshopper didn't like it.

Acuff Vs. Sinatra

In the Munich Morning Report Roy Acuff downed Sinatra with a margin of 400 Votes.

Wreckin'2nd Staff

Honorary Editor . . . Lt. Col. S. L. Williams
 Editorial Adviser Lt. Marshman
 Editor Pfc R. A. Lee
 Hqs. Reporter Sgt. H. L. Kelly
 Easy Reporter T/5 C. R. Neu Jr.
 Fox Reporter Pfc. Lynn G. Bryan
 George Reporter Pfc T. M. Forde
 How Reporter S/Sgt. J. M. Quinn
 Printers . T/5 R. E. Hurley, Sgt. F. Ashoff
 Art P. F. C. R. Ault

E. Co. Nosed out by L in first game of series

The first game of the series to decide the Regimental Champs, last Sat. resulted in a one to nothing victory for L Co. Playing in beautiful weather before a large throng of cheering G! I's who came at Col Williams' invitation, both teams turned in a splendid exhibition of softball. The game itself was highly interesting, and the teams were verly evenly matched as the score indicates, and it was only a very unfortunate mishap that kept our battalion champs from tying the score. With the tying run on second a ringing drive sailed to left field and as the fielder juggled the ball the runner rounded third with beaucoops of time only to have his feet go out from under him in his haste, and the throw in although late was in time to prevent his scoring. L Co. Threatened often in the early part of the game but some excellent pitching coupled with smart fielding held them at bay. Finaly in the fourth they capitalized on a pass, an error and a hit to chalk up their lone tally which proved enough to win. The game throughout was crammed with action and some excellent fielding. The series continues next week and promises to provide thrills galore as these two champs battle it out for the Regimental Championship.

G. Co. Chowline Chatter

The news, fellows, as you know, is mighty scarce these days, mighty scarce, with the company divided between guard, road block and wood chopping, I'm afraid you will have to excuse the dearth of printed matter concerning G. Co. However for those of you that missed our dance, Sat. nite I'll try and give you the highlights as seen through a lightly Halb-Halb tinted atmosphere. The music as usual was by that bunch of Heinie Hep Cats and although just a little reminiscent of Bach's funeral march it had enough rhythm to keep the boots of most of the boy moving anyway. Pfc. Ardry really was an outstanding figure at the dance, if you want to know anymore about it, ask him. Thea dance committee by various means and wys managed too import some Nesselwang stock that was extremely sociable if a little bit aged. The

liquid supply was at last sufficient for everybody, not one bitch, I never thought we'd see that day, but its true, nobody bitched, everybody had a good time and if you dont beleive me just ask anybody who was here what the fellows looked like Sunday morning. Sgt. Champion who was extremely active in the preparations for the affair is to be congratulated for the splendid manner in which the dance went over. Not forgetting of course the other boys, the kitchen for instance that turned out those delicious sandwiches, the bartenders who kept them coming our way, and in fact everybody that had a hand in it. The only reason I mentioned Champion by name was because he might be good for a drink of Halb and Halb one of these days, and I want to get my points in early. Thats all I can think of fellows, more and juicier gossip next week, I hope. I've got my gestapo on the lookout.

HERE IT IS! The Volley Ball Schedules for the next 2 weeks. They tell me Easy is out for the "Kill."

Will Easy get it?

Will it be close?

The next 2 weeks will tell so lets go fellows, cheer for your teams.

August 23	§ E-F	§ G-H	§ Hq-Med
August 24	§ F-G	§ H-Hq	§ E-Med
August 25	§ G-Med	§ H-F	§ Hq-E
August 26	§ Med-F	§ Hq-G	§ H-E
August 27	Open		
August 28	§ Hq-F	§ G-E	§ H-Med
August 29	§ E-F	§ G-H	§ Hq-Med
August 30	§ F-G	§ H-Hq	§ E-Med
August 31	§ G-Med	§ H-F	§ Hq-E
Sept. 1	§ Med-F	§ Hq-G	§ H-E
Sept. 2	§ Hq-F	§ G-E	§ H-Med

§ designates Home Games.

JEWISH RELIGIOUS SERVICES

1900 Hours
 Friday 24 August
 STADT CAFE, FÜSSEN
 Transportation Leaves
 HQ 2ND BN CP AT 630 PM

(On the sands of Peleliu in the South Pacific a steel-clad Bible carefully wrapped in oiled silk, was found near the body of a Marine who had been felled by Japanese bullets. Within the covers, written in a scrawling hand, the above poem was found.)

WHAT A FRIEND

Look, God, I have never spoken to you,
 But now I want to say. "How do You do?"
 You see, God. they told me You didn't
 exist,

And like a fool, I believed all this.

I wonder, God, if You'd shake my hand,
 Somehow, I feel that You will understand.
 Funny I had to come to this hellish
 place

Before I had time to see Your face
 Last night, from a shell hole, I saw Your
 sky,

I figured then they had told me a lie.
 Had I taken time to see things You made
 I'd have known they weren't calling a spade
 a spade

Well, I guess there isn't muck more to say,
 But I am glad, God, I met You today.
 I guess the zero-hour will soon be here.
 But I'm not afraid since I know You're
 near.

The signal. Well, God, I'll have to go.
 I like You lots—that I want You to know.
 Look now, this will be a horrible fight.
 Who knows—I may come to Your house
 tonight.

Though I wasn't a friend to You before,
 I wonder, God, if You'd wait at Your
 door.

Look, I'm crying! Me—shedding tears!
 I wish I'd known You these many years.

Well, I have to go now, God. Goodbye.
 Strange, since I met You, I'm not afraid
 to die.

The space below is provided in case we omitted your name the last issue.

11:00 Catholic Services
 Local Church Pfronten, Berg
 11:00 Protestant Services
 Theater. Pfronten, Berg

FROM — **2ND BN. 317TH INF. REGT.
 APO 80 C/O POSTMASTER
 NEW YORK, NEW YORK**

TO

1 1/2
 Cents
 Postage