

The Regiment

397



Fort Bragg, N.C.



DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR



August, 1944

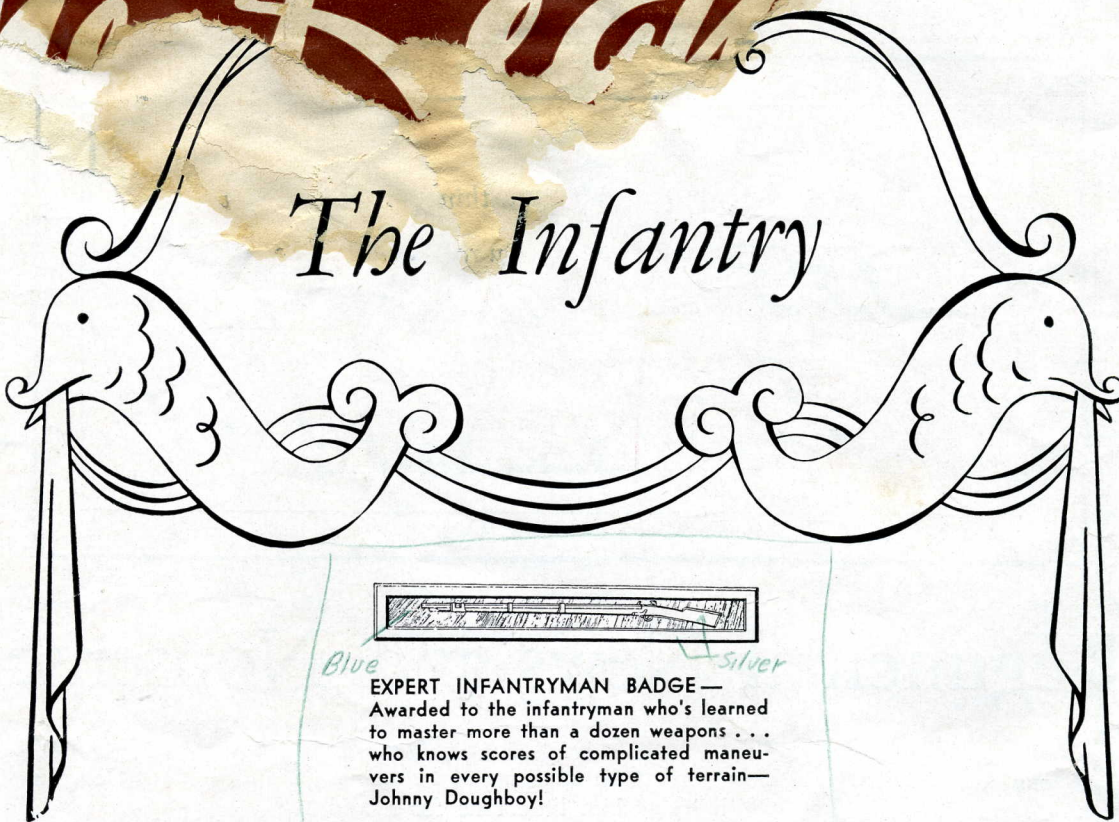
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So you're tired of working, mister, and you think you'll rest a bit.
You've been working pretty steady and you're getting sick of it.
You think the war is ending, so you're slowing down the pace.
That's what you may be thinking, sir, but it just ain't the case.
What would you think, sir, if we quit because we're tired, too?
We're flesh and blood and human, and we're just as tired as you.
Did you ever dig a foxhole, and climb down deep inside,
And wish it went to China, so you'd have some place to hide?
While motored "buzzards" packed with guns were circling overhead
And filled the ground around you with hot, exploding lead?
And did you ever dig out, mister, from debris and dirt,
And feel yourself all over to see where you were hurt,
And find you couldn't move, though you weren't hurt at all
And feel so darned relieved that you'd just sit there and bawl?
Were you ever hungry, mister—not the kind that food soon gluts,
But a gnawing, cutting hunger that bites into your guts?
It's a homesick hunger, mister, and it digs around inside,
And it's got you in its clutches and there is no place to hide.
Were you ever dirty, mister, not wilty-collar kind,
But the oozy, slimy, messy dirt and gritty kind that grind?
Did you ever mind the heat, sir, not the kind that makes sweat run,
But the kind that drives you crazy 'til you even curse the sun?
Were you ever weary, mister; I mean dog-tired, you know
When your feet ain't got no feeling and your legs don't want to go?
But we keep a-goin', mister, you can bet your life we do,
And let me tell you, mister, we expect the same of you.

—Poem found on New Guinea Beach

The Regain

The Infantry



Blue **EXPERT INFANTRYMAN BADGE** — *Silver*
Awarded to the infantryman who's learned to master more than a dozen weapons . . . who knows scores of complicated maneuvers in every possible type of terrain—Johnny Doughboy!

THE Encyclopaedia Britannica is not certain even of the derivation of the word "infantry," but it devotes thirty-one and a half of its precious columns to an exhaustive study of the genesis of the infantry, its development and its present-day use.

Infantry Seals Victory

In the mechanization of war and the great publicity given the more modern elements of national armies — the air corps, the tank corps, the mobile artillery—it is easy to overlook the fact that the foot soldier still comprises the larger part of the military organization on land (over 75 per cent of America's ninety-odd organized divisions), and that it is he who finally seals the victory. A correspondent on the battlefield of France wrote just the other day that "this is still an infantryman's war."

More often than not the infantryman, like the rest of us, now rides to work. We see pictures of him in big lorries lumbering along through the dust of battle toward the front or clinging to the top of a tank as it drives ahead in search of enemy armor. His only distinction now, really, is that he still fights on foot.

Requires Tremendous Skill

Contrary to popular opinion, the infantryman, if he is to do his part properly, requires even more careful and skillful training than do the men of other military arms. The modern foot soldier, whether fighting in the jungles of New Guinea, on a coconut palm island in the Pacific, through the hedgerows of Normandy or in the hills of northern Italy and southern France, must be able to think for himself, must have a knowledge of squad and platoon and company tactics. No longer does he stand or charge in a close-packed phalanx like the Greeks, or form in a pike-bristling barrier like the renowned Swiss infantry of the fifteenth century. The infantry is a mobile, fluid fighting force that must maintain cohesion and a continuous line to carry on its own advance or contain counter-attack, but whose individual elements must be able to change tactics almost from minute to minute as the exigencies of a changing situation demand.

War is more personal to the infantryman than to any other man of war. Even the fighter pilots testify that they seldom think of the man in the other cockpit as an individual. He seems to them like a

goggled automaton sitting immobile in his seat, his hands on the controls, only his head or his eyes moving, and that movement blurred by distance. The artilleryman seldom sees the enemy at whom he is firing. The infantryman, on the other hand, works at close quarters, recognizes his foe as a human being like himself whom he must outthink and outfight if he is to survive.

Has Long History

Infantry as such has a long and honorable history. As a military arm it has outlived many others and may well outlive the motorized elements of today. In the future it probably will do most of its traveling by air, but it still will fight on foot and answer the dictionary definition which describes it as just that.

"It might be said with perfect justice," says the Encyclopaedia Britannica, "that without infantry there would never have been discipline, for cavalry began and continued as crowd of champions. Discipline, which created and maintained the intrinsic superiority of the Roman legion, depended first on the ideal of patriotism."

There is no more honorable shoulder patch than that of an infantry division's.

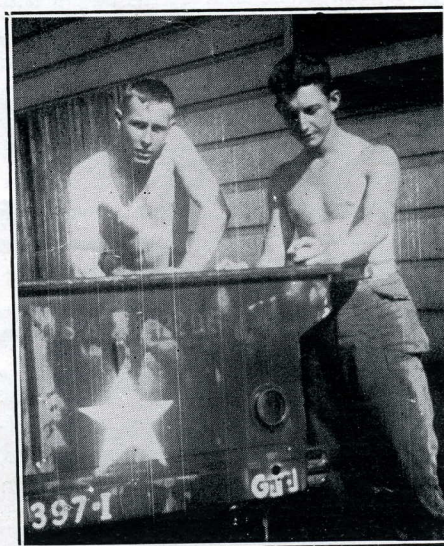


Regimental News and Nonsense

Company A

Our company lost its CO last month when Capt. Harold Everhart left for an overseas assignment. At present 1st Lt. Frederick Conley is acting in his stead. Lt. Conley is well-known to many men in the company because he has been attached to Co. A in the past, both as a platoon leader and as CO . . . Cigar smokers suddenly appeared in droves in the Company recently. The cigars were passed out by Pfc Fordham on the occasion of the birth of his first child, a girl. The proud father obtained a three-day pass to see the new addition to his family and reports she has all the qualifications of a Grade-A pin-up girl—just give her a little time . . . The results of the platoon efficiency tests given early this month revealed that the Weapons Platoon made the highest score in the company. Among the rifle platoons, the 2nd platoon was high scorer to substantiate its claim as the best rifle platoon in the company . . . Sgt. Sweener made another of his excursions North. The Purple Heart winner went to Philadelphia this time to help out in the transportation strike. "Sweeney" spent a month in New York with the New York Battalion and so is taking a lot of guff about his part-time job as a soldier. His roommate, S/Sgt. "Knuckles" Knerr complains he

has to do all the sweeping and cleaning, which leaves him little time for a cold beer on these hot Friday evening before Saturday inspections.



For the drivers in a company, their personal problems following a training "problem" are just as tedious and difficult as those the men who walk, face. The task of cleaning a jeep and its trailer is no mean one. Here Pvts. D. B. Bennett and H. P. Coates pour their sweat over "Gay II".

Company C

Considering the fact that Company C is the best company in the 1st Battalion, and also the fact that none of the men object to bragging about it, we think we should explain the reasons for its being the best . . . First is our CO, Capt. James V. Roe, who recently returned from Advanced Officer's School at Fort Benning. Who can deny that this is an important factor in determining the best company? Next is Lt. Bedell A. Tippins, a rugged individualist who has his men trained for any terrain—especially swamps . . . Next come the platoon leaders. They are fresh from Infantry School can boast "I was in the A. A." They are young and aggressive . . . Then we have the NCO's—the best in the battalion in leadership and brains; plus, of course, brawn. (But if we have to keep furnishing 1st Sgts. and other NCO's to other companies—well, we don't know.) . . . Last, but naturally not least, are the privates in the company. Though they catch KP, Guard, the rest of the details, have to run, creep and crawl in the mud, they still have high spirits and a lot of initiative. Why not, when they were once in ASTP and the Air Corps, the brainy branches of the Army? . . . With this we close the column. Hoping, of course, that now our case is clear.

Regimental News and Nonsense

Service Company

When asked to write the news for Service Company I proceeded with caution, for I wasn't quite certain as to the "elite" or "parvenus" I would dwell upon, for anything newsy i.e. murders, deaths, hangings, and all that sort of things just seem to be nil in our Company. So I sez to myself, DIRT is all that's left, so DIRT is what you'll get . . . It seems that "right will prevail". Before Sid Younger shoved off for parts unknown "W. A." and he made up. It was really kwite techin' and deserves considerable common-dashun! By the way, "W.A." was one of those fortunates who was recently promoted. Our hearty congrats to Sergeant Cox! . . .

Among others who have been honored by promotions is "Mother" Bernicker who was elevated to the supreme order of Sergeants of the Staff! A bit of alright, we always say! Then, there is the promotion of former Pfc. Bill Sterner to that coveted rank, Tec 5. As for your writer, I don't want a promotion. That statement will fully qualify me for Section VIII!

If perchance your epistles are held up, mixed up, etc., for awhile, you can blame friend Miness who recently took over the "position" vacated by Younger. . .

Word has been received from various and sundry creatures who were formerly in our Company that they are now in Italy and other places. Some of youse guys should send this magazine, or at least this page to them. I'm soit'n they woul appreciate the little word from home. . . .

We have heard that the little man with the quaint feet, Sgt. "Zeke" Batchelder finds relief from the drudgery of army life by filling in fox holes he didn't dig. He claims his score was boosted to 40 on the recent R.C.T. problem.

It seems that the Chaplain's Assistants drove in from R.C.T. problem leaving the Chaplains in the field. What is this, mutiny or conspiracy?

At a recent dinner party, "you buy your own style" Sgt. Fred Hunken entertained many of his friends (so-called) in the Soivice Club. Sgt. Hunken was attired in a natty new sand-brown creation. The blouse was fastened at the neck with a lovely fold-away four-in-hand, a beautiful sand-brown shade. In fact

everybody wore sand-brown! Oh, well, there'll be a day. (I hope) . . .

Cheers are for our Mess Sergeant, Sgt. McMenemy on the recent inspection by Lieut-Gen. Lear. General Lear was pleased by the manner in which Mac had things under hand in his Mess Hall. Well, can we help it if the General didn't care to stay to lunch. Personally, I already had visions of the General speaking to me, as I politely fall out (cold)!

Who is in in the Company that wore his dog tags in Bull Durham bags because they were to cold on his chest? I've heard of the WAC's knitting little booties for them, but this is a new high in my estimation! . . .

In closing, a little advice on Etiquette!

You may call a woman a kitten, but not a cat. Call her a mouse, but not a rat. Call her a chicken, but not a hen. Call her a vision, BUT NOT A SIGHT!

Good-night!

Company M

Company M put out the Welcome Mat recently to its new CO, Capt. David Henderson and its new top-kick, 1st Sgt. Albert Perry, both formerly of Company B. The company also has two new lieutenants; namely, 2nd Lt. Frank McDowell and 2nd Lt. Michael Seniuk . . . The company was informed recently of the demise of Lt. William Moody, over in France. Lt. Moody left us last year to volunteer for the Rangers, and was assigned to the 2nd Ranger Battalion. He was at Pearl Harbor the time it was bombed . . . Company clerk Ralph Lilore has a brother with the Supreme Allied

Headquarters in France. There is also another brother here in the 399th . . . Letters have been received from our former CO, Capt. Gustave Svoboda, and Lt. Aubrey Sunlet, who are in France. Lt. Sunlet said the weather is the same as it was in Tennessee . . . Our old top-kick, 1st Sgt. Socci wrote back from Italy as did several other men who have left us. If they are not already in combat it probably won't be long before they will be. We wish them the best of luck and a speedy return.

Medics

Congratulations to Pvt. Ben Klein for his recent matrimonial conquest . . . We are all for the promotion of Capt. Thomas Rab in as much as it meant a beer party. (We're only kidding, the Captain really deserved it well.) . . . A warm welcome has been received by Lt. Harold Peller, the most recent addition to our fold. It must be significant that Beantown and environs is responsible for our three medical administrative officers; Lts. Harold Peller, Sidney Bunsen, and Leonard Coplen . . . What a grim occurrence for Tec 3 Fred Beck and Pvt. Isaac was their re-assignment to Fort Dix, especially as the former makes his home in near-by N. Y. C. . . . "Bucking" galore is anticipated in the coming weeks. From usually reliable sources we have it that at least four non-coms will soon leave for Medical Administrative Corps O.C.S. . . . Well, so long. Shape up and shoot those asimuths away from the poison ivy so that we'll have time to be with you next month.



