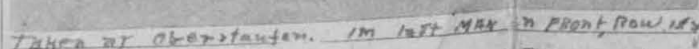




Saturday, August 25, 1945

By Sgt. Jack A. Neucks

The last is easier to write about than to achieve. We know that our life was harder, more dangerous than that of people back home. But ours was a necessary job that had to be done, and in the second place, there are very few men who are, or were, here because they wanted to be, it was simply a matter of "we're here because we're here." Those very same guys who did so much cursing at the "millionaire defense worker" piling in all "that big dough" while they were sweating it out in foxholes or more rear parts, would themselves have done



How about all this "big money" civilian workers were supposed to be pulling in? Being an old defense worker myself, I know that there were times I hit weekly pay checks in the neighborhood of 100 dollars, that this was not uncommon for many other workers who had formerly never earned even half that much. But there's more to it than meets the eye, as the books say. Prices shot up to more than match any increase in wages, and statistics can bear that out. Also most of the extra pay came as a result of overtime work rather than increased rates per hour, just a plain matter of more money for more production. It's well to remember that despite the stories of fabulous

Reports from "The Mirror Room," where the contest entries are brought, are very gratifying. Proving that the men of the company are as socially minded as they are scholastically successful, there has been a lively flow of entries from all the men. "A" men are proud of their women and have jumped at a chance like this to prove the point.

It was estimated that a crowd of 100,000 attended the opening. If all you fellows will bear with us, we'll do it in our power to make the Club better by correcting all of the shortcomings found on opening night.

Earlier this year Congress had approved a Combat Medic Badge and award of the emblem started March 1st. The badge carried no extra pay, so even men who have had the badge since March 1st will receive additional pay only from August 1st.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.

Post War America

By Albert S. Drischell

Any foreigners who may have been in America when President Truman announced the Japanese surrender must have thought that the Indian wars were still being fought. The release of long pent up emotions found wild expression in the typical "all or nothing at all" manner of which we Americans are capable. Armistice Day 1918 was peanuts by comparison. Every farm, small town, and large city made complete the job of clearing the dross of war nerves from its system; any thoughts of the future troubles that may be ahead were as nothing to the jubilant populace. Now the celebrating is accomplished and as life once again settles back to normal the present and near future become much discussed subjects.

Rosy chirping of inevitable prosperity cannot be tolerated any more than optimistic flippancy was when the war began. The nation is now faced by an emergency as great as on December 7th, 1941. Our President Truman said exactly that at the same time that he announced Japan's surrender. Whether we listened long enough to hear those words before going on the long planned victory spree, or whether we just ignored the sober words which didn't fit in with the mood of the moment, we still have the matter set before us. The reconversion of industry back into peacetime production must be faced with the same determination that originally converted the wartime lines of work. That task of re-converted by controlling experts the same the average person will merely adjust forces. The matter will be quite be- for all present practical purposes. see the picture, to see what to expect that he'll be doing in the days that

set by President Truman, 7,000,000 by Christmas. That is far from Such a statement made by the Pres- not be taken lightly. He is in the best ictly what the picture is and by making is putting the matter straight forward with around.

long predicted slump appears as certain. How long will last is to be seen, but speculation on the matter would indicate to the man studying the situation from the spectator's view, that mid 1946 may be the end of the slump and the beginning of a rise in prosperity.

There are several reasons behind such prediction. First of all, the active measures President Truman has already taken serve as a yardstick to indicate rapid government aid in making the way open for industry. Many of the controls over industry are already being removed, various boards and committees are being discontinued or decreased in authority. With these measures private industry thus gets the go ahead signal and its speed of reconversion will be the deciding factor.

The demand for civilian products curtailed by the war — automobiles, radios, refrigerators, cameras, accessories, and other countless hundreds of products — will reach peak heights. Since 1942 the number of civilian products available has been smaller. All those items will again be in demand. Nor will the demand be entirely within the country. The parts of Europe demolished by the smash of war will not be able to manufacture in sufficient quantities for their own needs. The market in these places will be open.

So much for manufacture of products that were in use before wartime. There are others, new products that will be developed. In carrying on the war, the human mind put itself to overtime exertion in an effort to reduce even further the limits of time and space. Jet propulsion, a thing of experimentation before the war, was developed into reality by both Germany and America. The revolution of the Aircraft industry is in prospect. Furthermore new plastics, valuable for their strength, light weight, cheapness, can now be used to make homes comfortable, beautiful, within the buying range of the average man. New invention is therefore another very real and practical outlet for the energy of labor.

The days ahead do hold promise alright enough, but time will be necessary, time to reconvert. Pessimism will solve no more than optimism. It is action taken that succeeds in accomplishing. That there will be a period of slump in America while the nation shakes off the bad dream of war and removes the marks of wartime production is to be expected. So watch for the slump and be prepared for it. After it is passed the years to follow should be better.

The MIRROR — Able Reflections

Printed at Oberstaufen, Germany by members of Company A, 318th Infantry Regiment through the permission of Company Commander, 1st Lt. George H. Williams.

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The Sauer River Crossing

By Sgt. Leonard Owen

February 7, 1945 was G-Day for Able Company of the 318th Infantry. This time the objective was to begin smashing of the heretofore unbroken Siegfried Line. The publicity given this line was enough to make the oldest veterans of "A" Company shake in their shoe-packs. The replacements, of which the Company was mainly composed, had not yet learned the significance of a full fledged push off of a major battle, especially a river crossing of this type, under conditions that here prevailed. The veterans were wise and knew what to expect, but even they underestimated the hell that was to actually take place. Never-the-less the veterans and the fresh replacements were not found wanting. The Sauer was classed by experts along with Bastogne, Argentan, and St. Genevieve in importance and was probably in some respects much harder to successfully attain.

The ending of the battle of the Bulge had for all practical purposes been brought to a conclusion in the last weeks of January. Our Company was given a very much needed rest of nearly two weeks at Haller, Luxembourg. From the reports that kept coming in we knew that soon would come another of those fateful days of the 80's long list of battles, hardships, bloodshed and victories. Another attack and only the men of the Infantry know the real significance of such.

The last of the deep snow that had hampered operations and made life so miserable for the past two months had vanished, but in its place was the inevitable mud for which Europe in war time is so noted. The impending spring floods that raise the normally narrow rivers to twice their regular width and speed. The road which we must follow was a maze of water and mud.

The Engineers bravely did their best to put a bottom in the bottomless road, so that the Artillery and Infantry supplies could roll to the L. P. for the big push. The two weeks rest that the Infantry received was anything but rest for the Engineers and Artillery.

On the morning of February 7, we pulled out from Haller for our L. P. which was in a dense woods just opposite the point from where we were to cross the Sauer River. A very miserable night was spent in cold muddy fox holes with the rain falling in torrents nearly all night. Just before we pushed off, one could see the tenseness written in the faces of the men and hardly a word was spoken except the necessary orders. The doughfeet here trod on the last soil of Luxembourg that they could see for a long time.

The preparatory artillery barrage had begun the previous night and continued throughout the morning. The wane of artillery overhead and the not too distant explosions where the shell struck, and the frequent explosion of the new timed shells that all seemed to be directed over our heads, all served to make the attack more awe inspiring.

The previous day the 3rd Battalion of the 318th had forced a crossing but had not been able to enlarge their beach-head so that was the mission for Able and Charley Companies. Baker Company was held in reserve.

At about 0700 the signal was given and the first wave of assault boats pushed out into the swift running stream. Wave after wave of boats crossed under the ever increasing German Artillery and Mortar. Hundreds of men never reached the German side of that bloody stream, but the brave men that were fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to set foot on German's "sacred" soil for the first time fought like devils and gradually forced their way through a curtain of enemy fire of everything that is in the book. These men were making history and they knew it and nothing could spot them. By the time night had set in the first obstacle had been cleared and the



crossing site was free from small arms fire. A few minutes rest and time to eat, then on they pushed till a strongly fortified pill-box was encountered. Rather than sacrifice the lives of his men, Lt. Santiago, acting C. O., ordered us to dig in for the night.

An account of the first phase of the battle is given by Pfc. Jensen.

"We ran, slipped and ran again down the slick bank to the boats. The river seemed to get wider, and faster all the time. It looked almost impossible to cross in those boats."

"The mortar shells kept coming in. They had the river zeroed in that day so that nothing could escape. What a relief to be out of that boat! Swimming would have been practically impossible in that current. We went a few yards up the steep incline and dug in. The shelling was getting heavier all the time. They had a lot of stuff and were quite determined that we shouldn't hold our small bridge-head. After a while we moved up a short distance and dug in again. It was a relief when darkness fell. When it got real dark we moved straight up the hill. As we neared the top, small arms fire reached out at us from almost every direction. There was no question of going back because the river was there to our backs, so there was only one thing to do and that was to battle it out. You could hear the deep throated sound of the M-1's mingled with that of the German burp guns, machine guns and rifles. It was a comforting sound to know that we were not alone. We again dug in always keeping our hands within inches of our rifles. When the morning dawned we found that the Jerries had their fox holes mingled right in with ours."

Pfc. Malone relates his experience as follows:

"When the crossing was being made I was assigned to the First Platoon as aid man. That night I attempted to join the Company. I had never been in such a dark place in all my life. It was so dark that you couldn't trust being close to your buddy but had to hold his hand when moving. It was the easiest place to be and not be able to tell where you were I have ever been in. We tried to contact the company three separate times in the night but finally gave up and waited till dawn."

War correspondent Gene Curri-

van describes the action as follows: "The boys trudged doggedly through the woods and down a steep slope to the river. It was a rugged crossing ahead — Long before they reached the river they fell on their faces a dozen times as screaming meemies tore through the magnificent coniferous forest over their heads —

The river was swollen ten feet above normal and the current was so swift that many empty assault boats were swamped on the return trip. Machine gun fire and artillery fire from over the hill made the operation difficult, but by the aid of a smoke screen which made the

river disappear in a dense fog, the assault craft managed to get across carrying the boys into Germany."

Continuing Curri van says, "Enemy forts, situated on the heights overlooking the river, were organized in depth and sited to support one another with interlocking fields of fire. Many enemy positions were cunningly camouflaged as houses, garages and similar structures. Booby traps, mine fields were added hazards."

On the morning of February 9, the attack surged ahead again. The Germans were stubborn indeed and fought for every inch of ground. They had been ordered to die at their posts and the men of "A" Company did everything in their power to force them to obey their orders.

German reinforcements poured in by the regiments, but our men were undaunted by the overwhelming odds. Men were wounded and died but there was always someone willing to take their places. By the third day it was a battle for our survival. No replacements or supplies could reach us except over that same river and those same assault boats. The Engineers could not get a bridge successfully built till the bridgehead had been enlarged enough to destroy or force the enemy to withdraw with their artillery and mortars. Finally on the fourth day this was accomplished after tank, automatic gun position and pill boxes had been put out of action practically barehanded. On February 12, a bridge was completed at Wallendorf and only then could the doughboys receive support by our Armor. Our supplies then could be brought to us by truck instead of the long trek to the river crossing point by patrols and the return climb of the steep, artillery and mortar ridden hill on which so many lost their lives.

Many times during those precarious days it was difficult to tell just where the fighting was the heaviest. Sometimes the advance point Company would be surrounded and completely cut off from the other Companies. The Germans would send patrols and even whole Companies on a flanking or infiltrating movement. In one instance a whole company of Nazis was killed or captured by 12 men, the remnants of the Weapons Platoon. The Germans had infiltrated on the right flank and our platoon had been sent out to set up a defense for the Company on that flank. Our men spotted their positions before they were aware of our presence. T/Sgt. Post and S/Sgt. Helegda did a fine job of liquidating their gunners and after that they were out with the white flag.

We were finally relieved and put in reserve. The reserve positions were about 500 yards in the rear of the front lines. Here we stayed till our replacements came in and we could move on to other battles.

The conclusive stages of this battle took place on February 13 and 14. Those hectic days that proceeded them will never be forgotten by the men of the 318th Infantry.

I happen to be with the good old 318th Infantry when they threw on the 27 of Feb. To the Rhine River.

Meet Lieutenant Palombi



Lt. S. Henry Palombi (he keeps his first name hidden for personal reasons) is in the opinion of the men under him a very fair and capable leader. He has proven himself on many occasions to be definitely for the G.I. Joe, for many times he has gone out of his way to aid him if there was a just reason.

Lt. Palombi hails from Amsterdam, New York. Prior to the time he attended college he went to work in a cigar store, of which he later became manager. After this first venture he decided to continue his education. He then enrolled into Iowa State University, which by the way has a reputation as being one of the highest rated engineering schools in the States, and there he majored in Civil Engineering.

In November of 1942 he enlisted in the E. R. C., but was not accepted for active duty until May of the following year.

Upon entering the service he was sent to the Infantry, where he received his basic training at Fort

McCellan, Ga. After going through that ordeal, he was then sent to Camp Robinson where he was made a buck sergeant and placed on the cadre as an instructor in communications. After a while he decided that the time had come to move up in the world, so he applied for O.C.S. and was accepted. In September of 1944 he left for Fort Benning, Ga. where he proved himself capable, and in February, 1945 he received his commission. The army was then kind enough to let him stay in the States a little better than a month after which, on April 2nd, to be exact, he was placed on a ship which was departing for England. A little better than a month later he was assigned to "A" Company where he was made platoon leader of the fighting First.

Mr. Palombi, which he hopes to be called soon, doesn't have any plans for the immediate future. He does know one thing though, when he gets fack, he is going down to the town of Columbus, Ga. as soon as possible to see a very pretty young lady by the name of Miss Bette F. Moore. May God Speed.

Know Your Enlisted Man



P. F. C. George R. Smith

"Smitty" as he is popularly called by the men of his platoon and the company is a tar heel from Charlotte, North Carolina. Don't let that "North" fool you... his calm slow drawl shows he's a Southerner. Received his greetings in January of '43. From his induction Station, where a person fights a losing battle to remain a man instead of a number, he was sent to Fort Belvoir, Va. for engineer training. He stayed with that engineering deal for a long time, going overseas with the 346th Engineers and helping to build airfields in England, France and Belgium. Shortly after the "Battle of the Bulge" and the bitter fighting in Luxembourg he caught up with

the infantry. First came a short course at the 16th Replacement Depot till he joined Able Company in late February, then the practical part of the education was finished in the Saar. Kaiserlautern, Newstadt, Kassel, Erfurt up through to the end. Smitty deservedly wears the Combat Infantry Badge and 5 stars on his ETO ribbon.

These days he's running around on the ball instead of battle field playing second base for our best-in-battalion team, and despite his modest denials, he's a very smooth fielder and fine clutch hitter. Oddly enough, Smitty worked in the same field that he was first put into in the army, construction engineering. Unbelievable! He also intends to go back to the same work and would appreciate it if Uncle Sam hurried things along. After all, a soldier deserves a fair chance to get a crack at the scarcer jobs that will be grabbed up by civilians... even though he hasn't paid taxes... Also unmarried, Smitty wouldn't comment much on his intentions in that field but we have a hunch there will be some changes made.

ITEM ON D.P.'s

The men that escorted the D.P. train to Brigenz, Austria must have had a good time because they came back with smiling faces. Pfc. Herbert Davis and Johnny Hooker said it was the best three day pass that they have had as yet. They enjoyed two nice days on Lake Constance. While waiting for the train to come back, Davis and Hooker saw many things of interest such as parades, boat races, etc.

COMPANY HEADQUARTERS

Well, the Headquarters Section has just come through a rough week here while most of the Company were having a pleasant time in Kempten — So I hear.

The job of keeping law and order in our section of the building along with policing the Company's entire area daily, was left for us alone.

Most of us overheard this morning. Could the fact that we had a hard night at Club 54 have anything to do with it?

Rogler boasted of being the fastest wine drinker around and from what I witnessed he wasn't kidding either.

Mike Tanzella seemed to do alright at waiting tables last night. Maybe we can get you a job, Mike!

Eddie Pessen got a package from home the other day. No, it wasn't books either — contained prima essen.

Thursday, Vern Jensen left for seven pleasant days at the Riviera.

Phil, "the Greek" seemed to be having a swell time last night. He was keeping pretty nice company, too.

Zaccio and Jim Drylie were all tired out this week when they returned from "Gai Paree." — Must be the long train ride, no doubt.

FIRST PLATOON

Most of the First Platoon was glad to get back to Sonthofen after their short stay in Kempten. The first thing that appeared on the men's mind was what sort of changes one would find with the war's ending.

While we were at Kempten, Lt. Salvio Palombi, Sgt. Studdard and Pfc. Hooker were acting as umpires in the 2nd Battalion's five day problem. This was Studdard's second time over the course. We were glad to see that Hooker had made the feat of the problem. Lt. Palombi looked as if he were getting ready to go on or... They were on the top of a hill when the news of the war's end arrived.

Cpls. Robert Peacock, Theo Mauch and Pfc. John Wilson escorted a D. P. train to Munich.

S/Sgt. Bruno Bockniak has taken over T/Sgt. Carl Hepner's duties while the latter is on a pass to London, England.

Pfc. Malcolm Crofford has opened the doors of the Post Library and from the looks of things, one would say there's a wide variety of reading matter.

Pfc. Robert E. Puckett just can't forget his friends. He manages to drop in every week-end from the

780th Ordnance School.

We received a letter from Pfc. Gregorio Vigil who is attending the Army University Center at Shrivenham, England. Vigil sends his regards to everyone.

S/Sgt. John Seaner has been making quite a few appearances here at the Ordensburg with the regimental band.

SECOND PLATOON

Generally speaking the Second Platoon accepted the move to Kempten for a few days as a good little rest from the "cottage on the hill" here in Sonthofen. Not that we don't like our happy little home but it was a big relief to get away from the training schedule for awhile.

Shortly after our arrival in Kempten we were picked to move to Salzburg to guard some D. P. camps. We enjoyed some excellent chow and plenty of it. We were surprised to get so much chow as pickings have been pretty slim for a while. We don't know how they do it over there but more power to them as well as more chow.

Lt. Hannibal and his aids, Sgt. Lockwood and Pfc. Tonelli returned Friday night from the six day problem, which they were umpiring. They had to hitch-hike from Immenstadt due to a shortage of transportation. They were fortunate in catching a ride in by jeep. They looked pretty rough when they came in but upon being questioned they gallantly replied, "It wasn't too bad." Lt. Hannibal has resumed his duties as executive officer now that he is back, and incidentally, Sgt. Lockwood left Sunday, shortly after his return from the problem to spend a pass in Paris. The pass wasn't granted as a reward for going on the problem. He's had it coming for a long while, so don't get any ideas.

THIRD PLATOON

Hello boys! I bet you didn't miss our 3rd Platoon news in the paper last week. Of course our standard of news writing hasn't been up to the paper's standard, so we had to wait for our news boy to get back from a furlough. I'm sorry that furlough couldn't be classed as such because he stayed away too long. Maybe he got the rumor before we did about re-enlisting and took his leave of absence, but where is the bonus my boy... you seem to be broke and you could be classed as broken hearted. This poor boy has really gone to the dogs, never would speak to a girl before and now I understand he can speak French fluently in such

a short time. Well we can say one thing, I bet the boy acted like a gentleman as all soldiers should and it would be a good thing if the boys of this outfit and other outfits too, would find out how to really act like one. You know boys, it won't be too long before some of you will be home. Think you can act like gentlemen! Enough is said, let's hope we'll all be home soon. I guess that's all our ambitions right now. Hope to see you all in the States soon.

FOURTH PLATOON

The "Beeler Boys" are back from Kempten after having taken over the "huge job" (?) the Second Battalion had.

Truly though we would like to know who pulled that boner of sending us down to relieve "F" Company for five days, carrying nothing but our weapons. Its okay for them to have their little jokes, but just let us do something wrong and you'll never hear the end of it.

Professor Owen stayed here to teach his class at S.I.T. (Sonthofen Institute of Technology).

Pfc. McFadden, just returned from his visit to the hospital, said he enjoyed the rest but is glad to be back.

Pfc. Barden probably won't give many more sermons since we came back from Kempten.

Seen walking on air at Club 54 (what else was there to walk on?) were: Pfc's. Stewart, Stultzs and Moore.

Pfc. Lewadowski will relieve anyone of any extra beer mugs they might have.

Everyone's outlook on life has changed since V-J Day, wonder why? Could be home is closer, we hope!

It doesn't take much persuasion to get Pfc. Roberts to show you those two cute "pointers" of his.

We finally found a dog to take home... he is a red Daschound called "Schnapps," and is he a good foot warmer!

Sgt. Jameison was seen playing in the Second Battalion band, what is this, sabotage? (To the Second Battalion, we mean.)

We are all happy to see Pfc. Turner back at the Fire Station. His few days at the hospital were used as a rest period. Oh yeah!

Pfc. Gardiner dropped in to pick up his mail and to say hello. How are your bridges coming?

That's all for another week. In case you want to get in touch with me, send me a letter in care of the "Sonthofen Jail."

Only A Dream But...

By Pfc. Eddie Pessen

We had a strange dream the other night. We had just finished reading the evening paper (part of the dream) taking in the big, black headlines which said, "Five million G.I.'s from all theaters awaiting Shipment Home." The article went on to point out that a few hundred thousand low point, rear echelon men would take care of the occupation and the rest of us were surplus. The big problem, it seemed, was one of "logistics, and time, and priorities, and transfer of invaluable machinery and equipment." The paper went on to calculate that perhaps in 28 months, say Christmas of 1947, all the surplus men would in all probability find themselves home again, ready for discharge. This was a very funny newspaper article because there actually was Writing Between the Lines! And it very plainly insinuated that since unemployment was now to be a big problem, there was no hurry returning the men to civilian life, further glutting the labor market. Better to "keep them in the army a year of 2 or 3 longer, protect them from the hazards of our unstable economy," said the very untruffled writer.

At this point the dream turned off on a weird tangent, a dirty old dog face, very much like Bill Mauldin's "Willie" was standing in a great hall before a massive oak

table, and behind the table were sitting a dazzling array of brass, Generals from ordnance, engineers, agronomy, astrology, ... learned civilian experts on problems of logistics, economics, home economics, sex and social problems, men with long beards that hung down over their frock coats ... Old Dog face was talking ... "Okay, there's 5 million men to get home. I figure there's a few thousand ships available, big ships like the Mary, the Elizabeth, down to small liberty ships, let's say on an average they can handle a couple of thousand men each. Here it is. If each of these ships make just one trip from the ETO or PTO back to the States to ports like Boston, Philly, New York, Charleston, Savannah, Frisco, ... Just one trip mind you, they can bring back every one of the 5 million men! And if that ain't enough, a few hundred C47's can help out. We boys are very willing to sweat out the job problem if that's what is worrying you. We want to have something to say about the solution of what is wrong, and we want the chance quick. Any objections?"

The experts sat stunned. They opened their mouths ... and then closed them. No they could not say in public that machines and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

Who???



What lucky man has this beautiful young lady waiting for him back in the States? We have our own ideas on the subject, but we're not saying.

Be that as it may, we'll leave it up to you fellows. From where we stand, she looks like something worth going back to.

SPORTS ROUNDUP

By P. F. C. Fred A. Rogler

Another week has passed by with a disrupted schedule. Due to the Second Battalion going on their 5-Day Field Problem and "A" Co. taking over for them in Kempton, there just isn't anything to report about for our Company.

The schedules of games in all sports has been changed. Therefore the "A" Company games listed in our last issue is obsolete and the corrected one will be found on this page.

SPORTS PREDICTIONS

I preface this article with many loopholes. First of all, I haven't seen any of the Third Battalion teams in action and therefore don't know their capabilities. All forthcoming predictions will be based on seeing a very few of the practice games played last week and hence may not be a true evaluation. However, since only a small percentage of predictions turn out to be true and no one will mind my guessing the results in advance, here goes.

Let's start the ball rolling with my pet — softball. Barring any unforeseen calamities — and they'll have to be real ones — I pick "A" Company's team to lead the league when the final whistle is blown. In the first two leagues in which we participated, First Battalion Headquarters was our toughest competitor. Their star pitcher "Lew" is all I know him by — was drafted by Division Headquarters, mainly because he is a good ballplayer, I guess. From the one practice game I've seen them play in the past week, they must have lost most of their good players via points and transfers. Our team has lost its first baseman, D'Andrea through points, and possibly Seamer to "Hamper Hullabaloo," but the rest is intact. Stambaugh has always baffled opponents with his speed and control. If there's any fault to find with the team, it could be lack of hitting power. I better to qualify this with the fact that they more than make up for this deficiency by hitting in the clutches. Stoddard is a constant threat with his bunts and speed, Moyer with his line drives, Stambaugh hitting a hard ball, Peacock and his constant hitting, and Smith's ability not to swing at a bad one, just to name a few. Rumor has it that Stambaugh was approached by Division Headquarters, but he "wasn't home." So there's the first prediction — Company "A" to win in the First and Third Battalions Softball League with no "ifs."

Prediction No. 2: Company "A" to win the Volleyball championship. This will be a closer tussle, and the Third Battalion may have a dark horse. However, we "took" all the teams in the First Battalion during the practice games, winning one of them when we were in poor form. With all this our first team isn't definite. Five of them (Owen, Hawkins, Barden, Kingman, and Andres) are pretty safe bets. However, the 6th position hasn't been filled permanently as yet. Those who could be in there are Lt. Williams (if officer's play on company teams), Thornton (if he can get away from the orderly room), Gryceski, C. Garcia, or Moore.

Prediction No. 3: Company "A" to win the Volleyball championship. This will be a closer tussle, and the Third Battalion may have a dark horse. However, we "took" all the teams in the First Battalion during the practice games, winning one of them when we were in poor form. With all this our first team isn't definite. Five of them (Owen, Hawkins, Barden, Kingman, and Andres) are pretty safe bets. However, the 6th position hasn't been filled permanently as yet. Those who could be in there are Lt. Williams (if officer's play on company teams), Thornton (if he can get away from the orderly room), Gryceski, C. Garcia, or Moore.

Prediction No. 3: Company "A" to win the Volleyball championship.

ONLY A DREAM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

equipment had priority over living, pulsating men, heads of families. They could not mumble strange mumbo-jumbo about logistics, priority, etc. After all, the war was over.

Then, most amazing of all, out of nowhere a huge flatilla of assorted sea craft appeared, men started loading on them.

The dream ended suddenly when the Sergeant showed up to ring in another day of army security. Still can't explain that sea-sick feeling we've been feeling all day.



to have a tougher job than both the above mentioned teams, but I'm going out on the proverbial limb to predict that the basketball team will lead all the others across the wire. The team lost its pre-practice game, but that can be blamed on disorganization and ineffective refereeing. We also lost our next to the last practice game due mainly to a complete lack of teamwork. That's the weak point in this prediction. However, to those who have seen all the games, our team is snappy, fast, and makes very accurate shots. Hawkins should prove a scoring threat in all games, Sowers a sure point getter when they're needed in a hurry, and all the players to fit into the vital requirement of team play.

No predictions on football or ping pong because as yet the teams have not been selected.

REGIMENTAL SOFTBALL

The box score and highlights of the game — as seen by one of the umpires — follows:

	R	H
3rd Bn. 0 0 0 3 0 0 0—3 4		
1st Bn. 0 0 2 0 4 1 x—7 7		

Batteries: Stambaugh and Frazier, 1st Bn.; Simmons, Larson, Hyde, Weyrauch, and Simmons, 3rd Bn.

The first two innings were scoreless and hitless, although we had the bases loaded in the first via three walks. Our opponents reached Stambaugh for a single and a walk in the third, but they died on first and second. In the last of the third Bakas walked, Smith singled him to third and took second on the first pitch to the next batter. Mauch fanned, and then Guzy came up with the big hit of the day — a triple to left-center which scored two runs. Johnson flied out and Guzy was nipped at the plate by a perfect throw to end the inning. The fourth was Stambaugh's bad one, a walk, an error, and three hits scoring all their runs. In the remaining three frames none of the 3rd Bn.'s batters reached first. In the 5th, five walks, Peacock's double with the bases loaded, and Stambaugh's single scored four runs. We added another in the sixth when with two out, Mauch singled, Guzy walked, and Johnson came through with a double. Nunhley, one of "C" Co.'s stellar play-

ers had to leave early in the game, due to a perfectly legal collision on the base path. Bakas finished the game at third and Rammel played in the field, both playing championship ball. Frazier proved what a topnotch catcher he is by handling Stambaugh's speed perfectly without any previous practice. Andres turned in an errorless game of ball at 1st, coming up with some tough fielding gems.

The game was scheduled for 1 p. m., but the players were not informed until shortly before noon chow. As a result, it took a lot of searching to find ten men in the battalion to make up a team. The general attitude was "I'm all dressed, 'This is V-J Day!' 'Why should I play ball on one of the few days off that the Army gives us?', etc. If that's the attitude now, I wonder what it will be like when we come up against division competition, what with missing those highly desired training schedules and all—

We're in the process of determining the 318th Regimental Battalion softball champion in order to send the winner to Division. I guess there's not much time to do the choosing, for the first game had to be played before this week-end. Due to the fact that the Second Battalion was on their 5-Day Field Problem and there was no need for transportation for a game between the First and Third Battalions, it was decided that the Second Battalion would meet the winner of the 1st-3rd tussle. The game, scheduled for Wednesday, August 15, was rained out. Thursday's weather caused a second postponement, but it was finally played on Friday, August 17.

The First Battalion, victories over the Third Battalion will meet the Second Battalion to determine the battalion champion of the 318th Regiment. The game will be played at Kempton Tuesday, August 21 at 3 p. m. The winner will then participate in division competition to determine the best battalion in the 80th Division, date unknown at present.

Final Edition

Due to circumstances beyond our control, this issue of "The Mirror" will be the final one. We're sorry that we cannot continue our little paper, but we have received orders from higher Headquarters that this is to be the last. And who are we to dispute their word.

In closing, I'd like to thank all the boys who made the paper possible. My thanks to our C. O., Lt. Williams, who made the paper possible by giving his permission when I asked about starting a Company paper. Also I would like to thank my co-workers, O'Quinn and Drischell for the part they played in getting out "The Mirror". And last, to Sgt. Dinkel, and to the staff

for their contributions, without their able assistance, the paper would not have grown as it has.

Thanks again to all of you.

The Editor

FIRST SERGEANTS CORNER

Yes, I have heard it time and time again, "I think he is chicken." Well, sometimes I believe it myself boys. But, after all, there is a job to do and I guess that is what we have to do. When it comes down to it, I like a soldier who is gripeing. I figure this way, if a man is gripeing he isn't thinking of something else to get into.

So come on down to the C. P. boys and let's talk it over, any time.

CHAPS LIKE CHAPMAN... For reasons that are quite apparent, Marguerite Chapman is a favorite pin-up lovely. And she matches her beauty with talent, too.

TIME TO REMEMBER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

salaries we hear of, the average hourly rate of pay of defense workers was about 90 cents, 36 dollars for a 40 hour work week, and even with the extra money overtime work brought in, a man with a family could hardly live on such wages. The corporation did indeed grow fat, in most cases offering fancy wage rates and thus adding it to the bill the government had to pay, as was the case with the notorious "cost-plus" contracts.

The papers, for the most part very friendly with big industry, played up strikes in a sensational way. The workers, they claimed, were sabotaging the war effort. Yet, the Secretary of Labor, the War and Navy Departments have paid tribute to the contribution of labor, have praised its great effort which saw a tiny fraction of 1% time lost on account of strikes. And this takes into account the treachery of a man like John L. Lewis who in his lust for political power, spurred the miners on to strike.

Also organized labor came in for much criticism. This is strange since almost all union leaders — except Lewis, of course — urged the utmost production effort on their memberships, came out strongly against the few "wildcat strikes" that did occur. Strikes were wrong and the unions knew it. Hell, most workers had sons or brothers in the army... The more we look at the record, the more does it become apparent that the press was deliberately giving labor a black eye and trying to create hatred and animosity between workers and soldiers.

An interesting type of "strike" which was rarely, if at all mentioned by the big papers, was that pulled by certain great industrialists. If the profits offered by the government did not quite satisfy them, no production till they got what they wanted. And they usually did get just that. The Norden Bombsight firm, as an example, was indicted by the U.S. for purposely holding up increased production because it might affect their monopoly of the trade, hurt their profits. We venture to say that this sort of dealing which was so hush-hushed caused the loss of far more "man hours" than any other combination of causes.

All this leads up to the conclusion that certain of the judgements we hold as to what went on in the States while we were over here, are not as correct as we should like to believe.

The times ahead are going to be difficult; even the most optimistic analysts predict this. It is imperative for our own welfare that we regard ourselves as part of the whole group, as part of the people of the United States. Peace, full employment, racial and religious freedom are our goals; not only for us, but for all the people of the world. Let's be mature men who can put aside petty prejudices. Let us work together with all our neighbors to create this world of Peace and Friendship among nations. Strange as it seems, this program does have enemies, powerful enemies who would keep the people down so long as it suits their policies, who by any means would split the unity of plain people, of soldiers and workers. Let's not fail for it. The stakes are too high.