

# INTRODUCING!

THE "THIRD'S" OWN NEWSPAPER

WHAT'S MY NAME???

All about the Big Contest on Page 6.

Issue I

3rd Bn. 301st Ord. Regt.  
Camp Beauregard, La.

October 15, 1942

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T/5 Jack N. Lighthall- - - - -Artist  
T/5 John J. Trant - - - - -Features  
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### THE GRASS IS GREENER

You say the grass is greener across the fence. Think again, Soldier, cause here's another gold nugget from your own back yard. It's your own newspaper and will be just as good as you yourself make it. If you have a good suggestion bring it around.

We'll tell you where the dances and parties are, who won the football games, and who got the cookies from home; we'll even tell you where the little blondies live and whether they have "bigger and better" sisters.

If we make remarks that seem to offend, just remember that it's all in fun.

Yes, soldier, this nugget is solid 14 Karat; will not rip, ravel, tear, or crack in the creases!

You'll really enjoy the column of "Route-Step" Jones. It's a riot. And you'll recognize the editing of "Censor-Drunk" Haley. The sports section is one to watch with interest, and the cartoonists are the best in the country.

This is the real thing--give it your support.

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### TO THE MEN OF THE 3RD BATTALION

By Lt. Col. Don J. Stith

This first edition of the Battalion Newspaper is another evidence of the fine spirit and morale of the men in the Third Battalion.

I am sure there has never been, or will ever be, an organization with the fine type of men we have in the 'Third'.

You have done all and even more than you have been required to do, and again this reflects on your fine spirit.

It is my desire that you continue to broaden your knowledge in not only your particular work, but in everything that this Battalion will be required to do so that when we are in the theatre of operations we will do our job in the same manner that has been characteristic of our record in the past.

We came into service with a definite purpose in mind; to get this conflict over as soon as possible and only be doing our job in the most efficient way possible can this be accomplished.

Our Battalion has received many commendations for the things we have done, and I am sure you will not fail when the going gets tough, and continue to receive commendations for efficient operation, so that when our work in the Service is completed we can take our places in civilian life again and be leaders in the reconstruction period which will follow.

Keep up the good work!!

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### RECONNOITERING

By-----Jack Trant.

This column, as soon as the writer recovers from "furloughitis", will contain facts and figures about the outfit--no military secrets, mind you, but interesting information as to what the individual soldier in the 301st is, does, and thinks. (Some say they really do.)

The question for next week is: "In How Many Months Do You Think The War Will End, and Why?" or "When D'you Wanna G'home", if you are a wishful thinker. Naturally the answer to the former query is all that we are interested in, and you can sign your initials or those of the dirty guy next door who keeps throwing cigarette butts at your bed, and deposit it in the suggestion box at Battalion Headquarters.

About all we can offer as a prize is one of Dewey's chickens for the best answer and five discarded insignia (red balls to you) for the runner-up.

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### WANTED

All newly married men of the 3rd Bn. who have not already confided the secrets of their wedded bliss to the Battalion Headquarters, drop over and let us in on the ground floor. Seriously fellows, this information is for our records.

# SPORTS

WE WUZ ROBBED! ! !

The Official Scorer of the game between the Battalion Team and Louisiana State Normal announced that we were beaten 68 to 0! We repeat---We WUZ ROBBED! Recapitulation (and how do you like that word) proves the correct score was 67 to 0! We were WHUPPED and how we were whupped, but not 68 to 0.

Never in the memory of the oldest inhabitants have the L. S. N. boys met a team capable of absorbing such ab-NORMAL punishment with a grin! With the score 67 (not 68) against them - with the first string hors-de-shoulder blades and the reserves groggy that Battalion team proved to the gloomy weissenheimers that they could still stand up on their hind legs and claw and chaw back!

Ratcliff, sports writer for the newspaper will welcome with open arms news items pertaining to athletics in any way. Just come over into Company "M" area and yell for "Sandino".

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## ATTENTION BOWLERS!

Several Keglers are interested in forming either Company or Battalion Bowling teams. There will be a meeting in the near future to work out the details necessary.

One of the most popular meeting places for sport fans while in New Orleans is the spot owned and operated by Pete Herman, former bantamweight boxing champion, Martin Burke, former leading light-heavy weight, is also managing a beanery in the French Quarter.

This boy Connelly looks like one of the best bets in the backfield of the Battalion football team. He was kicking 'em high, wide and handsome in a practice session one day this week. And this lad Perrin, hits plenty hard, as does Sherr-

Now that the World Series is over, its a darned sight easier to figure out what happened to Brooklyn in the National League! And to Cincy and the Pirates and Cubs!

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Congratulations to T/5 Harold Leisester of Headquarters Company on becoming a proud father of a baby girl. How about a cigar, Harold?

The boys in Company "I" are getting married at a fearful rate. Pvt. Crayton Cummings joined the married men by marrying Miss Viola Zier of Wichita, Kansas.

What's this guy Frick of Headquarters Company Got? His storm and strife comes all the way from Wichita, Kan. to really tie him in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Out-scored? Plenty, but not out-gamed, as plenty of the Louisiana State Normal players ungrudgingly admitted after the game was over.

The boys in the Press Box had plenty of praise for the spirit shown by our gang and they were particularly "high" on Sherrell, Ellis and Hereford. Sherrell they stated frankly, was one of the best if not the best back to show in their stadium this season and they included the backs from L. S. U. in that too

Yep! We lost the first game. So what? So did the St. Louis Cardinals, remember?

Here's the obituary - and because of lack of space it has to be damned near as short as our end of the score.

Battalion kicked off and Vige ran the ball from his own five to the seventeen. Vige, alternating with Clawson and Scott, slapped us back to mid-field on a series of half-spinners and reverses. Then Scott, on a quick opening play, broke over his right tackle and waltzed forty-six yards for a touchdown. Davis' kick for the extra point was blocked.

Vige kicked off for the Demons and Hereford gathered the ball to his manly bosom on his own three yard line. Then "Bull" took off like a scalded cat, dodged two tacklers, stiff-armed another and with no more than "shadow" blocking to help him, squirmed back to the fifty yard stripe. It was a forty-seven yard run and one of the prettiest of the game.

From this point until the end of the quarter it was just a question of whether the Battalion could hold 'em back and the Battalion did just that. We were pushed all over the field but when the Demons got close to pay dirt the "pushing" would stop and Buckovatz or Hereford would kick right out into more misery. The quarter ended 6 to 0.

Well they got twenty more points in the second quarter but they sure earned every one of them. Ellis, time after  
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## MAMMA'S BOY

You say he can't stand the army,  
The life is too rough, how sad!  
Do you think that he's any better  
Than some other mother's lad?

You brought him up like a baby,  
He doesn't smoke or drink, is your brag.  
If all the others were like him,  
Well, what would become of our flag?

You say, "Let the roughnecks do the fighting,  
They are used to beans and stew."  
But I'm glad I'm classed with the roughnecks,  
Who Fight for the Red, White and Blue.

You say his girl couldn't bear to send  
Her Sweetheart out with the rest.  
Do you think that she'll be proud of him  
When she feels the Jap's breath on her breast?

You can thank God the stars of Old Glory  
Are not blurred with any such stains,  
Because there are ten million roughnecks  
Who carry red blood in their veins.

They go to drill in hot weather,  
And come in with a grin on their face,  
While your darling sits in the parlor  
And lets a man fight in his place.

You're right, we do smoke and gamble,  
But we fight as our forefathers did.  
So go warm the milk for his bottle,  
Thank God we don't need your kid.

By----PFC Clarence Hoover

Editor's note\* This little masterpiece, published in the Phillips County Leader, was knocked off by PFC Hoover between times during a 15 day stint on the rifle range. He wasn't fooling either, because he also managed to grab a top score.

Now how's for some of you latrine fatiguers to start carrying a pad and pencil in case the mood catches you?

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HAWKINS: "There's a certain reason why I love you."

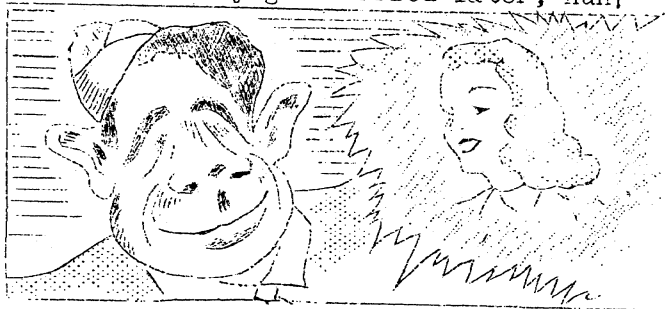
LA. LASS: "My Goodness!"

HAWKINS: "Don't be absurd."

WALLY JOHNSON: (Observing some local hepcats.) "What in the world are they doing?"

SGT. GROUT: "They're dancing!"

WALLY: "They got married later, huh?"



## BATTALION TEAM PLAYS SOUTHEASTERN SAT. NITE 8PM.

The Battalion football team, determined to show that it can bounce back from a thoroughly punishing licking, is being put through plenty of contact work this week to ready it for the fracas with Southeastern College next Saturday night at Bolton Field.

Head Coach Morton of the visiting team Southeastern College of Hammond, Louisiana, is regarded by football fans of this section of the country as one of the "coming" coaches in college ranks. As a highschool mentor, his teams built up the astonishing record of forty wins against four losses in the last four years.

The Battalion team, in todays (Tuesday) practice was running plays from both a single and double wing-back formation fostering the belief that they will use a much more open style of play Saturday night. Service men in uniform will be admitted for 25 cents plus tax.

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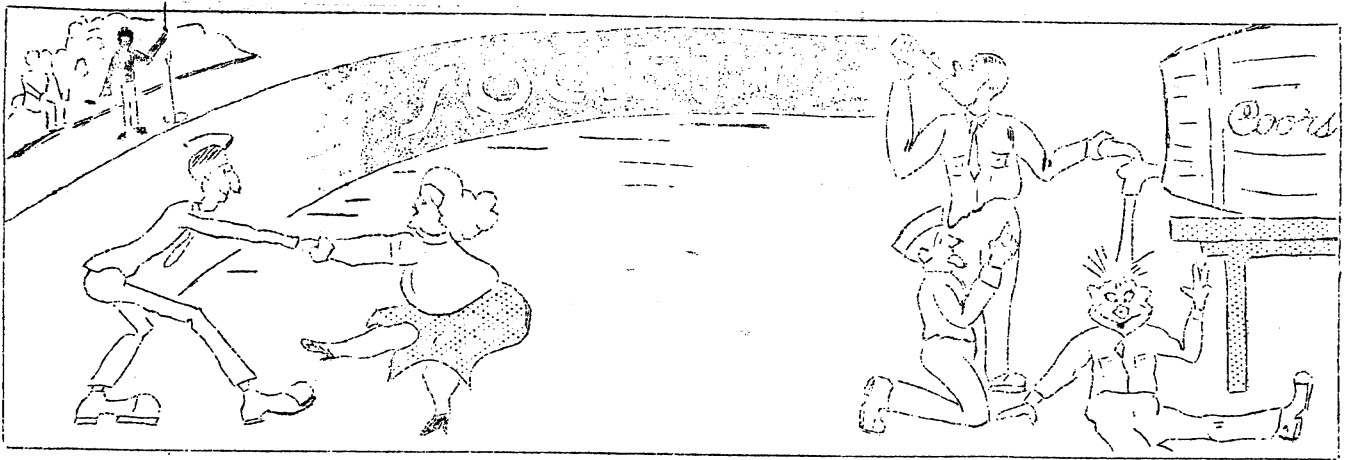
WE WUZ ROBBED ! !

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time, came up with some teeth-rattling tackles and on one occasion dumped Scott with a low, mellow plunk that shook up the hormones of everyone in the stadium.

The LSN boys weren't pulling any punches and they ran the score up to 47 to 0 by the end of the third quarter but during this period they got well acquainted with the pride of Lincoln, Kansas, Mr. Sherrell. He made runs of five, seven, nine and twelve yards, fired a pass to the omnipresent Ellis that was good for eleven yards and a first down and backed up the line like a call for volunteers.

That last quarter, for the benefit of those of you that have read this far, was pure, unadulterated intestinal fortitude and I mean GUTS! Every man on the team had been battered from the W.K. Pillar to post but they kept pitching. Perrin, who was shook up like a gin fizz after missing a shoestring tackle, got up and kept throwing some mighty good blocks. Valenti, Calkins, Johnson, Todd, Roberts and in fact the whole outfit never quit on a single play. O'Neil, before he was injured, proved himself a mighty rugged gent and when neither he nor Ballowe could handle the center post any longer "Offside" Bales himself took over and I wish to report that there's plenty of football left in the sergeant yet. He can still dish it out, and still take it! As I believe I mentioned before, the game wound up 67 to nothing, but I managed to wangle Coach Turpin of the Louisiana State Normal boys out of taking me back to his lad's dressing room after the game and I wish to cheerfully report that they were as weak as PX beer! See you next week.



Among the outstanding events of the week will be a trip by the Battalion Male

Chorus to Verda, Louisiana where they will present their songs to the Baptist Church. These trips are always looked forward to for after the meeting the people of the church always invite the men out to a home cooked chicken dinner served as it was in the bygone days when we all were putting our feet under our own tables at home. These trips help to build the name of the 3rd Battalion so that if and when we go north to Wisconsin the people South of that famous Line will have pleasant memories of the famous Battalion of church singing men.

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Now to further the calander will be a Bingo Party at the DeSoto U.S.O. where the grand prize for the evening will be a prepaid long distant call home for the lucky winner. This will be Wednesday at 8:30 P. M. Here's your big chance for that free call home fellers! Lets climb on the Bingo Band Wagon.

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Here we go again! An Open dance at the DeSoto U.S.O. club with the Victory Belles as the ladies of the evening. 'member those other good times we've had there? Well, we will have a convoy leaving camp at 8:00 P. M. Thursday, Oct. 15th., from the Motor Pool. So sign up with your First Sgt's. so we'll know how many trucks we'll have to have.

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A last minute flash just before we went to press. THERE WILL BE A POST DANCE FRIDAY, October 16th, and the 3rd Battalion will have 100 tickets again. Remember fellows, we won't be here much longer so lets have fun at these post dances while we can. Again sign up with that First Sgt. as admission is by ticket only!

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Your social reporter will try and keep you posted on the doings in and around camp so that you can all have a good time. If you hear of something going on drop a word to the editor so he can let the other boys know and we'll all have a good time.

#### FORTY-SIX CLUB DINNER

The Forty-Six Club, made up of the first forty-six men to arrive in Camp Sutton when the 301st Ordnance was activated, held a short business meeting followed by dinner at the Log Cabin Inn last Tuesday the sixth.

These men were sworn to service April 6th in Denver, and arrived at Camp Sutton on April 13th.

Officers elected were Ratcliff, Pres., Gifford, Vice-Pres., McNare, Secy., White Sergeant-at-arms and Walsh, Roberts and Arnhold, Directors.

Guests of Honor were Col. Stith, CO of the Third Battalion, Lt. Sevier, Battalion Adjutant, and Capt. Middaugh, Capt. Holstine and Lt. Cohan, the three last named having been or being Company Commanders of the Forty-Six. Major Lester and Lt. Cashion, also former Company Commanders of the group, are still associated with the 301st but are not stationed at this post and were unable to attend.

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If you have noticed how red the face of Sgt. Laring of Headquarters Company is, don't think it is sun burn for it isn't. It seems the Sgt was buying a nightgown for his wife and asked the salesgirl to try it on to see how it looked. As the Sgt was admiring this work of art the sales girl's husband walked in. His face hasn't lost that radiant glow yet. Look and see for yourself.

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And how about the Sergeant that forgot to get his bunk in order for inspection! ! ! Oh My--

What is the great attraction for Sgt. Ham Sammon around the Astor Hotel??????

Charley Fussenegger, formally chief poisoner of Headquarters Kitchen, tied on the ball and chain Oct. 5th in Alex, La. with a little girl who came all the way from Topeka, Kansas to forge the last link.

What Sergeant and Corporal are viaing for honors in New Orleans over the same girl?????

"Hello, Captain, where are you bound this trip?"

"I can't say, for I'm sailing under sealed orders from my government. I may be bound for Iceland, Cape Horn, Australia, Alaska, or Ireland; I do not know where; that is not my business. My Business is to go wherever I am sent, and to do whatever I am ordered to do. Like the great old Patriarch of the Bible, Abraham, the Man of Faith, I go out not knowing whither I go. But I am happy to obey orders. We under authority are not here to answer questions, but to obey, believing, that what we are bidden is best for the Country we Love, the Homes we want to protect, and even our own personal Happiness."

Every good soldier knows what the Captain means. We did not come into the Service for personal glory, or the pay we get, or for our comfort, but under authority to do what we are told to do believing it best for our Country, our Homes, and even for ourselves. We are here on a mission, and though we do not know whither we go, we go without question.

There is another King, and a greater one than even all the Kings of Earth together, who gives orders to his Soldiers, even Jesus Christ, the King of Glory. Those who follow Him are called by the Apostle Paul--'Soldiers of the Cross'. Men who travel under his flag, the Sign of the Cross, are, like Abraham, to go at his command without question. One of his orders is, "Render unto Caesar, the Things that are Caesar's, and unto God the Things that are God's." Meaning--'Give both your country and your God their due.'

Nothing is as important while we are in the army as that of keeping our contact with God. We need him now, we are going to need Him in Battle, and we are going to need Him when we come home. This Great Country of ours stands in this World-Wide conflict more or less as a representative of God Himself.

While we go today as Soldiers for Our Country, let us also keep in mind that we are also going as Soldiers of the "King of Glory". I believe when History records this war men will read the record not of just another international squabble, but of the most gigantic, far-reaching, hate-inspired assault against God's Kingdom the world has ever known, and as we walk today in this world filled with hatred each of us should be able to see that only the Love of Christ and His teachings can bring us the Victory in this world and the one to come. As Americans we are here to give for America as becomes Americans; as Christians we are here to render unto God His Due.

This contest is strictly limited to all youse Yardbirds, G.F.U.s, and B.A.P.s, of the Third Battalion.

We could have dreamed up a name for this rag, but seeing as how its your paper you can start from scratch with us (And don't forget the enormous reward) by even selecting its title.

Any time that the lightning strikes and you come out of it with an idea for a name for the paper, a column of scandal, a lousy piece of verse, or even some perfectly legitimate news, you will find a nice big box in the Day Room in which to dump your contributions. If you sign your name to your stuff, you'll get credit in the paper--but you don't have to stick your neck out by signing anything unless you want to.

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Wiceguy: "One thing a Soldier must always remember during a bombing, is not to lose his head and go all to pieces."

Lt. Thomas: "What's wrong with these eggs?"

K.P. "I don't know--I only laid the table."

The tattoo rage has sure hit the 3rd Battalion. The other day I walked into the shower house and excused my self ten times before I realized all the nudes were tattooed on some brawny chest. And that isn't all is it boys-----?



The other night at the PX there was quite a discussion about the way the tickets for the Jan Garber dance were given out. It seems some Companies put notices on the Bulletin board announcing the fact that tickets could be had at a certain time but when the fellows called at this time they found the list was filled and had been for some time. They were told they should have gotten there earlier. Now I would like to know how some men get away with such disregard for official notices. Why bother to even print them if they are to have so little attention paid to them? I don't know who is responsible but I for one think this practice should be done away with in the future and there are many who agree with me.