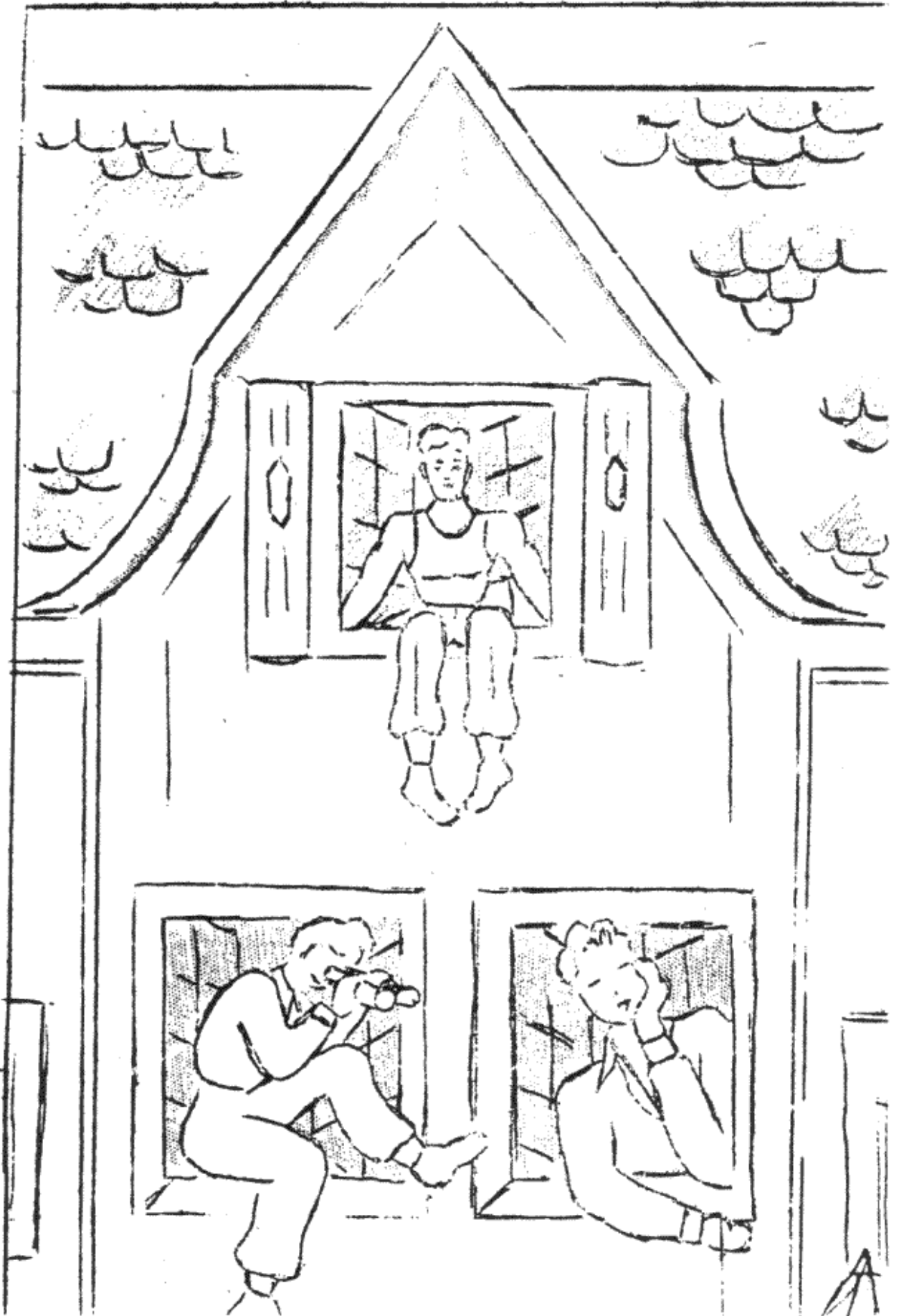


CHAINS

AND PAINS



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Prille was sentimentally describing the gentleness of the young Hungarian DP who was his current girl. "She's like a fawn."

"An what about your Russian gals, don't you miss them?"

Prille rubbed an imaginary bruise on his shoulder.

"Not me!", he pointed across the room. "Those Russian girls throw you up against the wall. If you bounced twice, then it was beginning to be fun for them."

***** PASSAU NITE CLUB

The average GI fell in the mood of the place. The music, the colored lights, the brightly painted decorations made it a pleasant place to spend an evening. If you still had no use for Heinie women you could enjoy watching the other GI's dancing and flirting.

Many saw a similarity to the old hot spots at home. Some, now all of nineteen and twenty, were discovering what the 18 year old draft had kept from them.

Women found the place attractive. Not only were there men, but free hearted men. Lightness was a luxury in Germany. Here, while drinking beer and dancing with the victorious Americans, they could forget yesterday and tomorrow. The GI's had no lack of such women. The nicest appearing found partners. The ugly and unwanted came hopping every night someone would look appreciatively on their womanly charms. They gave atmosphere to the place. Here was a bobby soxer with tassels on her socks. Her breasts were still new and she enjoyed feeling that she had them. There sat a screwy missing toothed whore with her hair dressed in the latest upsweep fashion accenting a beaklike nose. The GI's accepted them all without criticism. This was Germany and a guy had to have some kind of a life or he'd go nuts.

The SS Trooper was bemoaning the treachery of the Germans. "They were for us when everything was going all right. But I'm in here now because they squealed on me," He wasn't too down hearted, he explained to Gaylord and Kleckewitz. "When you Americans start fighting the Russians, we SS Troopers will be right up in front with you."

They were talking about women. "You must have a hard time in blond Aryan Germany - the Nazis told everyone here you dark guys were human bums."

"He was talking thru his hat", the swarthy black haired GI sneered. He pulled open his chest and ran his fingers thru the hairy mat on his broad chest. "The frauleins like that", he gloat. "They tell me "Deutch can nix so good".

GI JUSTICE

It's good "Theatre" to have the villain so really bad the audience can hate him, violently hate!

The USO brought a Broadway play to Passau. The villain was an evil Irish woman who was destroying the happiness of everyone in the family. Her hate was too strong for the GI playgoer. "The Besterd" he kept thinking and as his hate for her grew, he found himself reaching for his M-1. War had made him feel he was the arbiter of justice - and his rifle the means to execute it. It would be a long time before he outgrew the temptation to shoot the villains he met with in routine life.

The sergeant was giving his views on German women. "You have the most success with the 16, 17, 18 and 19 year olds. They're not used to anyone being kind to them".

He rambled on about his experiences then summed up his observations. "They all have the "go to hell" attitude. Haven't much to live for - that's why they're so easy".

Killing and blood was only one of the evils of war.

The big guy was different from the rest of the squad. He was older and he didn't see things the way the rest of the men did. Germans for instance. He thought they were human and treated them so. Now he was trying to explain to a Frau that she had misunderstood him. He went on endlessly trying to prove to the old woman that he had only been trying to help her get in the house, not keep her out.

The men listened. Apologizing to Germans didn't fit with their ideas.

"Ah, you hurt some poor Heinies' feelings! Isn't that a shame!" they teased him with a laugh - but it was a laugh without humor.

Living in houses brought out the homeloving side of some men. Beautiful bouquets picked by their own hands graced the boudoirs of Bean, Prilla and Haier. But it really seemed most like home when a messenger brought an ugly corporal a corsage of nasturtiums on his birthday. The attached card: "Love from Ingrid Mueller". He looked sentimentally at the bouquet. Just like he used to send his wife back in the states.

The Pre-Pearl Harbor fathers feel they should be discharged now. The longest overseas feel they are entitled to first consideration. A new idea hit the area. Let them give immediate discharge to every soldier called "Pop, Daddy, Papa and Pappy". Their buddies had recognized advanced age and decrepitude.

"I'll give a half-dollar to every man who calls me Pappy when they start that", Pappy Kirkpatrick promised.

"How you getting on with your dancing, Mac?" he answered with a voluminous critique on Heinie dancing.

"Why don't you dance their way? When you're in Rome, do as the Romans do. It's their country!"

"Oh no! It's our country. We conquered it!"

"What the hell do they think passes were issued for?" the men were whispering. "We stop them at the blocks and they tell us they left their passes at home".

Young ladies are the greatest offenders. They're so sure their charm will get them by. Arnold held up one passless fraulein: sending a rubbernecking kid with a message, the girl was released when her mother came running up with the pass the girl didn't bother to carry.

When it looks like the women can't just flirt their way past the guards, they'll frequently offer themselves.

"I don't want her", Ricjas told his fellow guard. "You can have her if you want - but she still won't get by without a pass".

Serno and Griego were polishing the non-existent glasses in the door. "Look! Glass at last!" they exclaimed as Ford came in.

"That's good. We won't freeze now". Ford answered as he passed them.

"Boy, aren't you dumb. We fooled you". They were delighted at the success of their pantomime. Ford denied he had been taken in. He knew it was just a joke.

"That guy never has admitted anything - even when you catch him at it", Serno gave his opinion to the whole barracks.

RAISING CAIN IN ABLE COMPANY

"We all got new pajamas!", was the way Sleeth described the situation. Now the men must wear ties, overseas caps and pants out of brackets between 5 PM and 5 AM.

Fuming at every new restriction, the GI's were bitterly sarcastic at this new one. As they piled up in the chow line at A Company, an 83rd soldier stopped Bouvia - "I see you guys got ties issued", he said enviously.

"We gotta wear them", Bouvia answered, not at all conscious of the envy of the tieless 83rd.

LET'S PLAY HOUSE

Weigle wished he had a big chocolate cake. Then he remembered the patent cake mix he used to find on his mother's grocery list. Even the name - Duff's. He figured he could stir in a cup of water and go thru the other motions that went with cake making. He wrote home for the easy patent mix.

Two months later cakes began coming out of Weigle's oven. He became an expert and the squad depended on him for an evenings repast.

Soon cold weather will turn the GI's indoors and with that thoughts of squad cooking. Weigle has one plan. Learn to cook and bake yourself. With sufficient supplies the GI in Germany knows still another answer. The German girls were all taught cooking. Their talent for that is still to be explored by the GI's.

"Let's play house, Hildegard", "I have a box of Duff's cake mix", the frauleins will begin to hear.

You might call it the Montesi - Burhop Educational Program. Seeing the education program was a flop to the Cheinsters who were always working you gotta give them credit for starting their own program.

They had no fixed hours and no set course of study. Their only textbook was a World Almanac they borrowed from the orderly room and conveniently forgot to return. In between guarding, eating, and sleeping either one would introduce a subject for discussion. They took it seriously and from the sound of it, Riojas in the next room demanded a ring-side seat when the blows started.

"Is that the way you decide who's right?" Arnold asked.

"Hell no", said Montesi, "When you can't holler anymore to convince the other guy, you pull out the almanac. It's three months now since we got it and I haven't had to hit Burhop once to prove he's wrong."

Beery and Highsmith told about getting a bottle of wine from two GI trucks loaded with liquor. How did they find two truckloads of liquor in the 102d area, the men sarcastically inquired.

That brought up a real grievance. Where was all the liquor? They wanted some! "Did you see in S&S that they were sending 450 tons of cognac from Europe to the States?" Carter reminded them all of a fantastic situation. "We want the liquor here, have the money to pay for it and 85 pointers could use the space going home. And they send cognac to the States. Boy, what a rotten deal!" Carter boiled with anger and disgust.

Those two bottles of beer that have been issued to Cheinsters while in the ETO: Yokevonus says they have been entered on each man's Service Record.

Passau

The GI had just come in town that night. He wanted directions to the MP station.

"We're going right by there, stick with us." Goldman told him.

"What kind of a town is this?", he asked.

"That's the kind", Goldman indicated as a pair of girls slowed up their walk and began to shine up to them.

GERMAN BOATS FOR GI'S-FREE!

Want a boat and a motor? Find an unlicensed one and Inland Waterways says take it. Bee Co collected a flotilla. They looked like amphibious engineers.

Tipton, Finlayson and Roark took out the first boat. They made the mistake of trusting their Heinie motor, and when they were in midstream near the rapids, it promptly cut off. Oars wouldn't halt the powerless boat. It ended up in splinters against a collapsed bridge with the three men pulling themselves out of the water.

A smashed boat! A damaged motor! That wasn't a clamity. Inland Waterways was very obliging. A new boat? A new permit? Sure! Anything for a fellow GI. Tipton had a new boat, a new motor, and he'd learned a lesson about the Inn river's current.

"What the hell is Strozewski up to?" the passenger on the weapons carrier wondered. There he was in the front seat grinning like an ape and clapping his hands at the women.

"It means 'Kiss me'?", the mail clerk explained. He had just learned it.

Strozewski was not stingy with his invitations to kiss. One old woman beckoned to him to get out of the moving truck, patting her lips. She was willing and ready.

The girl in the field raised up from her hoe and waggled her finger in shame at this bold GI when he clapped his hands at her.

Strozewski was getting into an hysteria of handclapping and smiling. His head swung from front to back trying to keep up with the women he invited to kiss him.

As the truck pulled into Passau the men aboard had learned there was a brand new Strozewski - but they couldn't decide whether he was a Casanova or playing the fool.

They caught the kid kiding upstairs in their house. He'd eaten Person's candy and had Saunders' ready to take away with him when they discovered him. The first platooners booted him downstairs after a blood curling demonstration with a sword. This is what they'd do to him if they saw him again. He ran shrieking from the building.

Next day he came back and stole a bicycle out of the basement. "We'll hang the brat!" swore the GI's but they smiled to think of his nerve.

White made his way through the dancing couples on the nite club dance floor. "Where's the mail clerk?", he inquired of the stag line.

"Cornaschios on the terrace", they told him. "What do you want?"

"I just want to mail a letter".

This could be the life story of an Army Mail Clerk.

A HOUSE ON CHARLEY!

The women stopped Sarno outside the internment camp. "Will my husband be there very long?"

"Twenty years", said Sarno blithely.

"Will you be here too?" she asked him.

"I hope to God not".

REUL MAKES THE GRADE

Reul wasn't content with being a barracks orderly. The best racket for an interned prisoner was to get in the kitchen. That was his ambition. Old Reul was an opportunist with confidence in his own persuasive powers. He sneaked away from his work and slipped in to see Bailey in the kitchen. "My name is Reul. I work for Mr. Sgt. Ford's barracks. I want to work for you".

Bailey, amused by his heel clicking and pomposity, sent him to see the First Sgt.

The First Sgt threw him out.

Looking at Reul anyone could tell that hatchet nose was designed for a wedge. Reul wedged his way into Capt Pages' office and appeared before the CO's desk. With a flourish Reul swung his gangling frame to attention.

Mr. Capt Page, "I wish permission to speak to Mr First Sgt Gentleman", requested.

Capt Page exploded. "Get that man out of here", he sputtered and as GI hands were throwing him out the persistent Reul inquired plaintively "Did I say something wrong, Sir?"

Ford, angry at his disloyalty, fired him as barracks orderly. Now Reul was back in the stockade with no chance for any privileges.

It happened Bailey did need a man. He rescued Reul from the stockade. "Reul, who do you work for now?" he asked his new kitchen helper.

I work for you, Mr. Sgt Bailey, and Reul proudly tilted his huge hatchet nose in the air.

Bailey turned to his assistant, "give him a cup of that cocoa". Reul had made it.

The English speaking women wouldn't take a "NO" from Klackewitz guarding the internment cap. He called over to Hart.

"There's a frau here wants to bail out her old man". That was a good joke. They both laughed.

YOU CAN FIND ANYTHING IN THIS INTERNMENT CAMP

"The Geometry book says one thing but I think it's wrong. It should be something else. Do you know?" he asked. No one bothered to answer him.

"I'll wait until the old boy comes. They let him out of the cage every day and he comes to help me. He knows all this stuff". The Geometry student stared into the air.

From behind the cupboards a bespectacled academic looking German approached Kleinwchter. He bowed to the sprawling GI.

"I think this book's wrong". Kleinwchter turned and repeated his comment. Respectfully the interned mathematician advanced toward the chair to which his pupil had motioned.

"Now, what did we do yesterday?" began the teacher.

"What's the difference between us and the prisoners"? Zapato moaned.

"We can't wear white pants", he answered his own question.

"We can, too!" Hart took it up.

"But don't get caught wearing them outside the barracks".

HAITCH AND LSS

The hay mow didn't suit her. She shook her head. So they went looking for another one. This one was soft enough. Sighs! They still use it. *****

"The American Way" should be used in GI relations with Germans in order to teach them what a fine system America has. That is for idealists, however.

When it comes down to getting something done, Mr. Steinley found the millowners and lumbermen weren't ready to business under Uncle Sam's terms. Every stumbling block possible was thrown in his way. The mills would never begin operating. The lumber would never reach the deployment centers. Something had to be done.

"Tell the mill owner if we don't get action we'll hang him!" he told the slip of a girl acting as his interpreter.

Results were immediate. This was language they understood. Insurmountable difficulties faded away. The German girl knew how to handle Germans in this manner. She became hard as stone with the mill-owners. "You do this! And that!" she barked at them.

"She sure hammers it home", Mr. Steinley spoke respectfully of his frail assistant. "A German knows how to treat Germans. You ought to see her threaten them with a swishing of her hand across her throat. They were scared under Hitler and she knows how it was done. We're getting results now".

Myers was an expert with the transit. He was going to build this shed in the back yard using a precision instrument for leveling and measuring.

For combat engineers, working by instrument was a new experience. McFarland openly expressed his doubt that the building would stand up even when thoroughly spiked together. "That transit!" he tried to convey the confusion he felt in working while Myers squinted and measured through that three legged thing.

The other men were more tolerant. "If Myers would leave his instruments alone we'd get along better. We ended up using a string every time he measured with his transit, "Burkhalter said between hammering.

Childs lit a cigarette. "Him and his transit. If a fellow worked very long with Myers he'd be talking to himself".

Myers ignored their remarks. He'd been pleased with the chance to brush up on his old trade. "To hell with the army!" When he was a civilian again he'd be working with men who respected his ability.

The sign was posted. The order given out. "Button your collars in the messhall".

That first night three quarters of the men carried their food outside and ate in the yard. The second night it rained so they came inside to eat - rather than to get wet. The third night they conveniently forgot about the rule - or rebelled.

Mills stood guard the fourth night. As First Sgt, the duty fell on him. He tried to be nice about it. He indicated it would be better if the men did. If a man was balky, he flatly said, "You must". The GI's shrugged their shoulders, they had tried and lost.

"Damn those Krauts! They ain't no good!" The truck driver ground his heel in the dirt as if he were obliterating all Germany. "I even quit my girl", he added.

That was going pretty far in showing dislike. "You quit Hildegard?" The hopeful GI's were already laying their plans.

"That's right, I got there last night and the medics had picked her up".