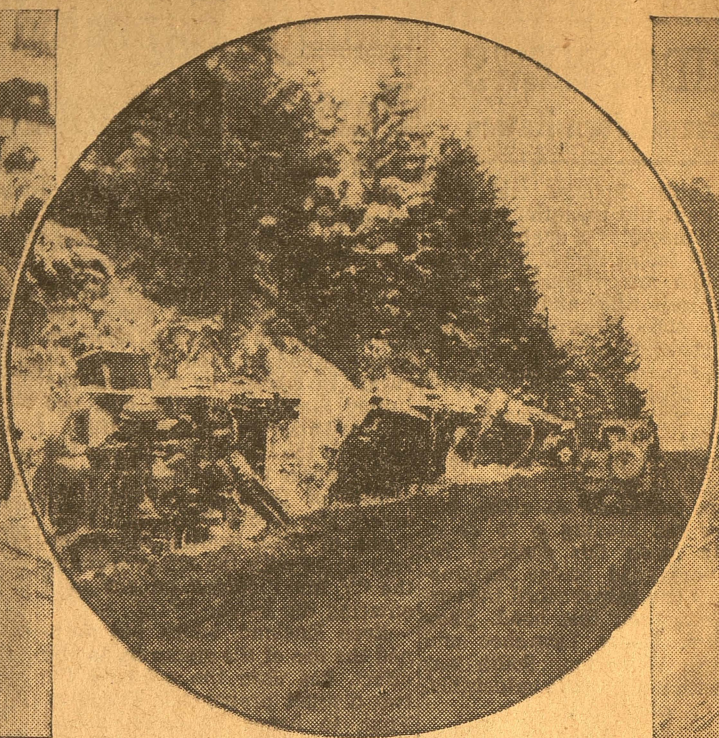




FIGHTING COWHANDS • To keep these cattle from dying of thirst soldiers hold a roundup.



OUT OF ACTION • American and German vehicles lie on roadside after being put out of action.



GERMAN RUINS • A dispatch rider of the 90th speeds through the ruins of St. Barbara, Germany.

'Combat Religion' Will Last

They Know There Are No Atheists in Foxholes

BY ROBERT WEAR.

(Star-Telegram's Own Correspondent in European Theater.)

WITH 90TH DIVISION INSIDE SIEGFRIED LINE, GERMANY (By Mail).—There was hearty earnestness about the stocky, blond chaplain, Maj. Merle Grove of Brownsville, as he came stamping into the hallway of the German farmhouse and entered the cramped officers' messroom, where the service was to be held.

His boots were muddy to his knees and he apologized for being half an hour late for the 10:30 service, saying, "We had a terrible time getting through just the few miles from the place where I held a 9 o'clock service." **DAY OF ANXIETY.**

The chaplain beckoned to the young sergeant, whose ringing baritone led off the service with the singing of "Holy, Holy, Holy."

This is a day of unspoken anxiety for Chaplain Grove, for his "boys" who plunged out in the darkness before daylight today in a renewed assault on the Siegfried Line strongholds.

Men were crowded into the two small rooms where rough board mess tables had been pushed back to make room for the service, and the low ceiling made the air thick with the odor of the Sunday dinner being prepared in the adjoining kitchen.

"Many of you men have given more thought to religion and have done more serious praying since we came into France after D-Day than you probably ever had done in your lives before," he reminded the group. "I believe you'll agree with me that you can see religion now as a real thing—and realize that before this experience, you were just playing at it. If it is true that 'There are no atheists in foxholes,' it's because you men who have been in them had reached the point where you knew there was no one else to look to but God—and you called on Him for His help."

He spoke of the craving in each soldier's heart for peace and order, and for the opposites of the filth and the horror and frightfulness they must endure to accomplish their job of restoring a world of right. **'GREW IN GRACE.'**

The men around him could think of the chaps they've known who waded into mine fields, or crossed swift rivers in wobbly rubber boats, ran point-blank up to the casements of concrete German pillboxes and tossed grenades inside, wriggled through barbed wire entanglements in the face of ripping machine gun fire.

Chaplain Grove was saying, "... this so-called 'combat religion' will last, because you men know it is something you have to keep with you every day you live."

He read from II Peter, the third chapter, from the 10th to the 18th verses, ending with the admonition: "But grow in grace

and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior," then offered a prayer for the well being "of those loved ones at home who also are praying today for the safety of these men over here."

The sergeant led the singing of a final hymn and the service was over—brief but meaningful for the group of men who filed out into the soupy mud of a German village, listening to the sound of their artillery beyond the next ridge, pounding at Hitler's "West Wall."

A few blocks away, Father Joseph V. Dossogne, Catholic chaplain, said a mass within the shattered, roofless walls of what had been the parish church. His brief sermon dealt with Lent, and the penance each soldier was enduring by absence from his family and struggle to overcome the enemies of peace and the Kingdom of God. He did not speak of it, but as a grim reminder of the war which had roared across this village only a few days earlier, and bodies of three civilians lay in a corner beside a blackened wall, awaiting burial.

Chaplain Grove, whose wife is now living with her parents at Cameron, is a minister of the Christian church in peacetime, and attended TCU. He inquired especially about Rev. L. D. Anderson, pastor of the First Christian Church in Fort Worth, and about his former neighbor in the Rio Grande Valley, Rev. Robert L. Jones, now pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Fort Worth.

"GOING TO TOWN."

Blasted walls, charred and tangled wreckage and scattered farmyard manure heaps presented an unpleasant but very real picture of war in the German village inside the Siegfried where Lt. Col. James S. Spivey of Dallas had temporarily set up his regimental command post.

"You'd hardly think that I was manager of the Terrell Chamber of Commerce before the war, from looking at this town," he grimaced, as he stood up from his map table to offer a welcoming Texas handshake.

The colonel is plainly proud of the fact that some of his battalions are really "going to town" in cleaning out pillboxes of the "West Wall," and he jokingly mentioned that one unit outran its orders early in February, temporarily establishing an unofficial "bridgehead" across the Pruem River.

"That company cleaned out the town of Watkerath, but a counterattack by tanks seemed to be forming, so we supported our boys until they could withdraw," he said.

He introduced another Texas officer, Capt. G. A. Foster of Bryan, who was in the artillery unit which laid down the fire which protected the unscheduled Pruem bridgehead until the 90th Division men could rejoin their battalion. An A&M College graduate in 1937, Foster is

a son of Mrs. Anna Foster, 4206 Prescott, Dallas. Spivey was graduated in the same A&M class and was reared in Lufkin.

Colonel Spivey inquired about Editor Fred Massengill of the Terrell Tribune, and Andrew DeShong, a neighbor of his wife's parents in Dallas, who is an official of the North American Aviation plant at Grand Prairie. The colonel said he hoped to have an opportunity soon to see his brother, Capt. Marshall Spivey, who is with a 3rd Army quartermaster supply battalion. They met briefly in England last year before D-Day.

Colonel Spivey was strong in his praise of Capt. David Belew Jr. of Fort Worth, who was a company commander in the battalion.

"He is a fine chap and a real soldier," Spivey stressed. He recalled that Belew brought a Texas flag overseas with him and had carried it since the first unit of the 90th Division went into action in Normandy on D-Day.

TEXANS REPORT.

The machinegun battalion of the 357th Infantry has just unloaded from trucks in a German village, and the grey-eyed, brisk young captain takes time out from arguing to get billets to escort the correspondent over to his men and call out, "If there are any Texans here, front and center!"

The Texans were there, all

right—Sgt. H. O. McCain of Gainesville, Tech. Sgt. S. R. Medella of Pharr, Pfc. Leon Pastano of San Antonio, Corp. Scott W. Brown of San Benito, whose brother, Joseph C. Brown of Irving, is a pilot for Braniff Airways; Pfc. Herbert J. Beck of Victoria, and Pfc. Ernest C. Medina of San Antonio.

Corp. W. I. Morris, a medical aid man from Sweetwater, wanted to know, "Have you run into any other Sweetwater men along the line?" He was a little lonesome to see one friendly face from his hometown.

Morris saw the 90th go into action on the Cherbourg Peninsula, and since that time has missed only 20 days from active duty, when he was hospitalized for a frostbitten toe.

His sister, Miss Felicia Ann Brown, is working for the Humble Company in Houston, and he wanted her to know that "everything's going fine now—but I'll be glad when all of us can get home."

McCain's sister, Miss Lorraine McCain, is working in the Convair plant in Fort Worth. He brought forward two Texans of the machine gun outfit—Pfc. Robert Lassman of Victoria, and Pfc. Marvin E. Marshall of Seagoville.

WINS BRONZE STAR.

Morris, a litter bearer for the 357th Infantry's medical detachment, has been awarded the Bronze Star for courage and

gallantry in removing wounded from the battlefield near Charnes, France, last August, when the Germans were shelling Allied forces from high ground above the town and laying down heavy small arms fire.

Morris and four other litter bearers braved this fire to evacuate nine seriously wounded men, and returned again under fire to search and make certain that none had been left.

Only a few weeks ago Staff Sgt. Aubrey G. Edwards of Vernon was presented with the DSC by Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr., for his action in saving his platoon from death or capture and preventing the enemy from enveloping the 357th's left flank.

Fifty Nazi troopers with flame throwers and demolition material had approached a captured pillbox which the men of Company K were holding, and wounded a staff sergeant by heavy fire through the doorway.

Edwards dashed through the pillbox doorway and reached a commanding firing position on high ground, where he blasted away, firing from his shoulder, until he had killed seven of the Germans and wounded three others. That silenced their automatic fire long enough for his comrades to escape from the pillbox, whereupon the remainder of the Germans—33 of them—surrendered and Edwards' platoon took over also the pillbox which the attacking Germans had been occupying.

THIS WON A MEDAL.

He doesn't like to talk about himself, but Staff Sgt. George L. von Roeder of Eastland, in the operations office of the 357th's third battalion, has something of a record of his own.

At the Saar River crossing near Pachten, when the 90th Division first tackled the Sieg-

fried Line, Sergeant von Roeder volunteered to deliver information and maps to the regimental command post, in an exposed position, and under an enemy artillery barrage, carried a wounded officer without litter across the river in a small landing boat, commandeered a car and took him to a medical aid station. His Bronze Star is one of the things his wife, Mrs. Tully von Roeder at Eastland, can be proud to keep for him. He has been with the headquarters company of the 357th's third battalion since April 1, 1942.

Von Roeder was graduated from Texas A&M in 1938 and was employed by the Farm Security Administration at Anson before going into service.

"I studied animal husbandry in A&M, but I'm a long way from base," he laughed.

Ninetieth Division awards to Texans have been plentiful in the last week. Bronze Stars were presented by the commanding general of the division to Pfc. J. B. Latham, Emory; Pfc. Lester B. Davis, Coleman; Capt. James M. Hamilton, 2825 Greene, Fort Worth; Pfc. Francis R. Murphy, 2929 Fairmount, Fort Worth; Tech. Sgt. James P. Blankenship, Gainesville; Staff Sgt. Ed M. Melton, Haskell; Staff Sgt. Loyd M. Clark, Honey Grove; Staff Sgt. Oscar H. Horn, Houston; Tech. Sgt. Edward L. Brewer, Lexington; Pvt. Arvarey Elder, Ranger; Sgt. Charles J. Matula, Runge; Pfc. Urban L. Sanches Jr., San Antonio; Pfc. Clifton C. Harbour, Shamrock; Staff Sgt. Jim L. Phillip, Shiner; and First Sgt. Randolph C. Lackey, Shamrock.

Silver Stars were awarded to Pfc. Esequiel Esquivel, Edinburg; Pfc. Willborn M. Howington, Caldwell; and to Tech. Sgt. James M. Leath of Dallas.

Bet On Barry for an Oscar

BY ROSALIND SHAFFER.

HOLLYWOOD, March 10 (AP).—When the annual Motion Picture Academy awards are handed out for the 17th time next week (March 15), they will supply the answers to some problems never before presented to filmland's voters.

Politics, for one thing, has nothing to do with the excellence of Alexander Knox's performance as "Wilson," or of the film of the same name, but it will be a hidden weight on the scale.

If "Wilson" doesn't get the best picture award, it could be traced, at least indirectly, to differences of opinion concerning the first World War President which were accentuated in the last presidential campaign.

POLITICAL ANGLE.

Knox's performance as Wilson will not be so clean cut an issue. Many will tend to discount his performance on the basis of type casting. But the political angle will have a bearing there, too, even if subconsciously.

A second innovation is the nomination of Barry Fitzgerald for two Oscars, both on the basis



TWO POSSIBILITIES • Bing Crosby, left, and Barry Fitzgerald, both nominated (Barry twice) for the coveted Oscars in the film "Going My Way."

will be the Cinderella man of the awards. If he misses the first

award for "It Happened One Night" is up for best actress

Lionel got one in 1931 in "A Free Soul." This is her first pic-