

the Tiger Rag

We Strike
The Final Blow

HQ Company

We were sorry indeed to see our former next door neighbors, the 758th Tank Battalion move back to their old quarters when we had just settled our minor quarrels and jealousies and were beginning to get along like brothers.

Everybody is asking the same question: What will the Tiger do now that the Buffalo is back? Well, here is our answer: We will continue our training as usual, also our after duty pleasures; but the line of five will have to become stronger.

The company appreciated the way in which Lt. Lincoln E. Neil assumed the duties of acting company commander the past week, everybody co-operated and there were no restrictions.

We were sorry to hear the sad news of the passing of Pvt. Bufuth E. Phillips' sister in Alexander City, Ala. He received a 15-day furlough to attend the funeral.

I wonder what is behind T/5 Harold O. Jackson's new change in thought? Those WACs are surely on the pill.

Just what makes T/4 Harold G. Knight and T/5 Harold O. Jackson think the Bronx is heaven, they should have lived in Brooklyn.

Ever since Pfc. Livingston Higgs got back from the hospital, the company has been in an uproar.

T/Sgt. Frank N. Owens had better wake up with those bowling scores, such things like 70 and 80 cannot win the post tournament.

Pvt. Lorenzo E. Wilkes had exactly thirty-five minutes to prepare for a furlough last week, everyone doubted his making the deadline, but you know how these T.D.s work. Yes, he made it to Jacksonville, Fla.

Hq. Co. was the first to take advantage of the wonderful programs. Special Service has to offer. Their absence would make this camp truly a deserted outpost.

By PVT. F. D. BRATHWAITE
AND S/SGT. W. O. JONES

'Another Desert Camp' Proves to Be 'Nirvana' To 827 Tank Destroyers

Cold wind flailed canvas and passenger alike as the truck kept pace with the column. It's chilly, impersonal thoroughness found every occupant in the vehicle. On one end of a huddled row of olive-drab figures there was a movement. A soldier shifted his weight, it was a curious move, as if he were drawing into himself all the warmth left in the world. The frigid wind whispered... "another desert camp... another bivouac... another desert camp..." and the clammy cold that reached for his heart was not of the wind.

It was a long convoy. He wondered when the next "ten minute halt" would come. The wooden seat was hard. Mile after mile the motor sang it's rasping song. Mile after mile to what? Ft. Huachuca they said. His eyes stared at the swaying floor. Empty lusterless orbs. Searing sandstorms and the open rawness of untamed desert wastelands had left their mark. What would Fort Huachuca be like? He drew back even farther into his great O. D. overcoat... Five months of "field duty"... Five months of... heat, sweat, noise and the odor of burning diesel fuel... another motor march into the night was under way... Dehydrated eggs... dehydrated milk... dehydrated potatoes... dehydrated cereals, "C rations," "K rations"... meal after meal. Hard rocks, thorny bushes, murderous cactus in the dark, tarantulas for bed mates... another bivouac. Yes, five months; and inane succession of maneuvers, bivouacs, and loneliness flooded his mind. A letter from home had helped but lately... "Another desert camp"... the desert camp," it sang.

He never knew exactly when the truck decreased its speed. His downcast eyes dilated a little as rich color drew their focus. It was the green grass in the sunshine, the trees, the red topped barracks, the smiling faces he really saw first but then suddenly there it was in



Get That Plane By RADAR

On a desolate Sunday morning three weeks ago, two dozen of us bade a sad farewell to Huachuca and departed for parts unknown.

Discounting the rickety bus to Hereford and the equally dilapidated coach, the trip was a huge success. We got there. As Lt. Young said: "I am firmly convinced—but don't quote me, as I don't want to seem too radical—that Mr. Pullman had a fine idea. Why didn't he make just one more?"

We arrived at El Paso early in the evening. Three Dodge 6x6's waited us to our new home, Camp Dona Ana, New Mexico. It was miles from everything but sand so we felt right at home. Quarters were both roomy and comfortable. Drafty, too, until we tied the flaps.

The next morning we arose bright and early and staggered to the classroom ready to absorb anything and everything relating to anti-aircraft fire. Our first instructor was Lt. Bracken of the Coast Artillery. He greeted us with "Good morning, gentlemen. This is the Browning machine gun, caliber 50, M2, H.B., A.C. Any questions?"

Our second instructor was Mickey Mcuse. Even Mickey Mouse can teach us things. He was star and cast of a training film on the functioning of the gun.

And so went the week. We started as mere larvae at the fount of knowledge, and in six short days emerged as full grown moths. Figuratively, of course.

Just seven days after our arrival the battalion detachment rolled in. We spent a hectic week firing at radio controlled planes, 400 mile an hour rockets, and towed sleeves.

Everything went well until Pvt. (censored) tried to stop a runaway gun by putting his finger over the muzzle. Despite that, the battalion fired one of the best records of all the dozens of units that, to date, have used the range.

Company B

The Company as a whole is still clicking in its many ways as usual. With its many efficient non-coms and the faithful privates. The new arrivals are certainly getting the best out of the training given to them by our faithful Sgt. Fred Pate and co-workers.

There really is no real excitement except for Co. C's GIs who think the Josephines are fine enough to chase, eh, Sgt. Burns, Louis Robertson? Speaking of the WACs, what became of the romance tangled between the two WAC privates ABC and ABC with—well you know him, or don't you? Many of the Company C GIs are on furlough and many will be as soon as the others rush the info back to us about the civilian life, eh, Bowdry? The (chef) cook S. Bennette, who hails from Alabama, is away. Arthur (Needle) Johnson, why so gloomy? Now Sgt. Giles, don't let the song "Do I Worry" get you homesick, I want to go home in May also. A hint to all easy going GIs, lock your pockets, the Land Livers are on the move again—right, Cpls. Rush and Baird? This new mad issue of "Solitude" is something fine, eh, Cpl. Powell. S/SGT E. King? Now Sgt. H. Smith, don't try to bluff Sgt. Bracy, he's a real hep T.D. Why the wedding bells, F. Bright, is she from Tennessee? Who else is waiting for the month of May to hurry here besides me? The famed bugler, N. Churchwell, is off to Texas for his furlough. Now, now, m'lads, don't say that about him. He is a fine fellow, and a swell bugler. We must mention the fine opportunities offered by the various hostesses for such splendid hospitality for recreational pleasures especially Service Club No. 1, mustn't we, Pvs. Dan Jones and J. Reid?

CPL. A. McLIN.

all it's snow capped splendor. He knew the name of the mountain... even before he heard a pretty little WAC sing out in trebled sweetness, THIS IS FORT HUACHUCA!!!
G. I. Scribe,
Co. B, 827 T. D. Bn.

A Company

"A" Co's party at the Met Hall in the WAC area was something to behold. The music was wonderful (furnished by the 29th Special Service Unit), the food was excellent (Sgt. Simpson to be commended), the girls were divine (WACs being the reason). The comments on the affair were good. It seems that this was one of the best parties held around here in a long time. With the spirit the boys of "A" Co. have, we are all sure that this outfit can meet anything.

There were a couple of Sgts. missing from the party because they were away on special duty. Sgts. Louis Dunn and Joseph Johnson were at Fort Bliss taking a special course in anti-aircraft marksmanship. Their presence was missed, but we are sure they gained a great deal of valuable knowledge. The report of the whole battalion in regards to the anti-aircraft shooting was excellent. The boys of the 827th

are "straight shooters."

With all this joyous and happy reporting must come a remark that is not quite of the same nature. The company wishes to express its utmost sympathy to Pfc. Artie Johnson whose son died recently.

Another party held by "A" Co. was the celebration in honor of S/SGT. and Mrs. Frank H. Early, Jr., on their 2nd anniversary.

New stripes have been sewn on the sleeves of the members of this company. Cpl. Evans is now Sgt. Evans. He is the reporter from the Co. and has done a very fine job. At the present time he is enjoying himself on a furlough.

Cpl. Drew is now a Sgt. Also Pvt. Van D. Smart to Cpl. Pvt. William A. Campbell to Cpl., Pvt. Rommie Rowe to Cpl., Pvt. Daniel Swint to T/5, Cpl. Robert L. Russell to Sgt., T/5 Lucious Cole to Sgt., Pfc. Ed Demby to T/5 gets them all.

We also welcome to our Co. a new man, Sgt. Theodore Redwyne, who comes to us from the 369th Coast Artillery. Sgt. Redwyne has had a number of years experience in artillery so we expect a lot from him.

SGT. FRED LAVIZZO.

'Sweetheart' of 827th T.D.



Submitted this week for the pin-up collections of Fort Huachuca G.I.s is this engaging photo of Miss Muriel Traynham, popular A. & T. college (Greensboro, N.C.) sophomore, who was recently acclaimed "Sweetheart of the 827th Tank Destroyer Bn." by certain local GIs and "Miss Co-ed" by her fellow students. A talented young lady and honor student, Miss Traynham is a pledgee of Delta Sigma Theta and is studying to enter the legal profession. Miss Traynham enjoys reading and answering the mail of her scores of pen pals, many of whom are in the Armed Services. She is the daughter of Mrs. Bertha Traynham and the late B. J. Traynham of Roanoke, Va.

Company B

S/SGT. Bennie L. Horne has just finished a course in tank and track school. Better known as "Brother," he claims Nick Hicks, "Count" and John O. are doing a nice job in school.

The boys of old Company "B" are taking to the new tank destroyers like ducks to water. If you don't believe it watch Farrington go down a hill in reverse.

The boys are getting in the groove on the furloughs again. Two men a day have been leaving for the past few days.

Then there is the T/5 who wrote two letters one night, one to his wife and one to another party. Somehow, they got into the wrong envelope. We still smell brimstone. "Pee Wee," the pet of the company, Pvt. J. T. Thompson, was transferred to Camp Polk, La. We're sorry! Everyone liked you and you go with our good wishes. Keep up the good work. We'll never forget you.

"Company B's" mess is on the beam," quotes A. V. Price. "If we had a WAC in the kitchen, we would really be on the ball."

The sharp looking placard above our orderly room is the largest in the battalion. It's a swell looking "cat" drawn by Pvt. Roy L. Burton. Good work, Burt!

PVT. J. T. SUTHERLAND

RECON COMPANY

In the past week many furloughs were granted and many from this company were made happy again. Furloughs take our men to various parts of the country—back to their homes and families. Some of our overwhelmingly happy furlough-goers were Pvt. Lemroyal James, who is journeying to Florida to enjoy civilian life shortly; Pvt. James E. Waters, who departed for Columbus, Ohio, and last, but not least, S/SGT. Cornelius Bethea, our mess sergeant, now enjoying his furlough in Washington, D.C.

Special mention should be made this week about two of our sergeants who are doing a wonderful job training our new arrivals, they are Sgt. Cleverston Dalton, and Sgt. Elmo McCrimmon. Already results are showing.

I wonder why Pvt. Jimmy Yeager is called "Father Time."

We find that T/5 Alfred Morris has hidden talent, and has been using it to croon to WACs—only.

Pvt. Arthur P. Nelson says: "I can dream, can't I?" It seems that is all he does, too.

CPL. JAMES W. CANNON, JR.

Attending Church Inspires An 827th Tank Destroyer Scribe

I went to church this morning! There's no special trick to that I know but I just want to tell you about it. A brisk shower, a hearty breakfast puts spring in the step, zest to the stride—an "O.K. stamp" on the world "in toto." My fresh uniform clothed my body with a warm goodness. The sun bathed the mountain slopes in radiant effervescence. It was as if I were one with the grandeur of that morn.

I paused at the door. Organ music is "different" somehow. For an instant the slaughter, the hate, the red chaos seemed remote. The chaplain's voice was a tranquil murmur, it all seemed far away. I took my seat and there I was quietly aware of a new firmness, a greater measure of strength.

Funny, I can't tell you what the text was or the speaker's interpretation of it. I do know the thrill of just being there, that's what's I want to tell you about.

Outside, when it was over I was yet to know another marvel. The hand-shaking and flurry as if footsteps had faded away. The mountain with its white crown, the carpeted fields; the morning was as brilliant as I had left it moments ago. But I knew now of a brighter world... within!

In my room that day I wrote to friends, to pals, to the folks. Each letter began the same, "I went to church this morning..."

G. I. Scribe
Co. B, 827th T. D. Bn.

A T.D.'s First Impression Of Mountainview Officer's Club

The dapper and debonair officers of the 827th T.D. Battalion invaded the Mountainview Officers' club with great expectancy to carry out their battle cry, "Seek-Strike-Destroy." These gentlemen were greatly disappointed, as they were greeted with cold stares and faint murmurs, "Those pussy-cats," and "Wait until the 92nd gets back." Nevertheless, one lieutenant spent a very gay evening jitterbugging all over the club with a fine member of the Nurses' Corps only to have her claimed at the climax of the dance by a captain (MC) from the Tankers, who rather indignantly said, "You've worn by girl frined out; now I'll have to take her home." (I wonder where he customarily took her?) Also it has been quite some mystery as to who was the rare beauty that our play-boy first lieutenant was sporting a recent Saturday night.

ment is too heavy. There happens to be a "Romeo" in the Medics who can go mountain climbing with members of WACville, but when the time comes for K.P. duty, "Ohhh, my ankle is killing me" is his excuse.

What great "Lady Lover" of the Medics is drinking S.A.B. since he doesn't receive letters from the young lady in Cleveland, Ohio, as often as he wishes.

T/5 W. E. WASHINGTON
and PFC. H. E. PRIESTLY

MEDICAL DETACHMENT

Only a few weeks ago, somewhere in the sandy desert of sunny California, there were twenty-three tranquil "Angels of Mercy." Our mission has been a very tedious one, especially while on maneuvers. Finally the 27th of February, 1944, rolled around with the "rolling 827" wheeling towards a well-known Fort. Even though we are the smallest unit in this outfit, we're forced to admit, without a boast or a brag, that there are many headaches to contend with; but with the aid of our commanding officer, Capt. Adrian C. Lamos, the work is fairly easy.

Pvt. Omar J. Meredith of this detachment happen to be the captain of the 827th T.D. Bn.'s bowling team and has been doing remarkable work for the team. He broke the house record by bowling 208. Keep 'em rolling, Pvt. Meredith.

Pvt. Lynwood Jackson, play boy of this detachment, participates in a well known sport which we all love. Even though he injured his ankle in a basketball game in Mexico, he refuses to give up. Nice going, "Playboy Jack."

T/5 John W. Yancey of this Detachment is now the proud father of a 7½ lb. daughter. Sorry "Goldbricks," no sick call today—the smoke from the cigars that "Pappy Yancey" dedicated to the Detachment.