BUFFALO BUGLE
TRUTH AND COURAGE

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PATROLS FOIL RED TRAP

It is a bright, sunny afternoon. Fleecy, white clouds drift lazily across the blue sky. One might almost disregard the mine fields and barbed wire scarring the peaceful valley. 'George' Company's sector of the BUFFALO Regiment line lies quietly in the sun.

In the bunkers men try to catch a few hours sleep or sit quietly cleaning their weapons. Since mid-morning some of them have been fighting butterflies that are fluttering in their stomachs. In a few hours they will move into Red territory and set a trap for the enemy.

It is time now to chow down, to make last-minute checks and finally to start. In single file they move out. Night noises seem to increase until they hurt the ears. Soft footsteps sound like the beating of bass drums. Each noise might be the enemy, his sights set directly on you. Crouch, scout around to make sure the path is clear, inch onward. Two hours of stealthy progress and the patrol is almost in position to set up a perimeter for more waiting.

Suddenly, out of the night, orange flames lace the air. A hail storm of lead sweeps over the men. Everyone hits the dirt. Here and there a figure twists grotesquely in a manner never intended by nature.

Sergeant Arnold Hefte, squad leader, shouts for a perimeter defense but his well-trained men have circled almost before he gets the words out.

In the darkness the enemy has sprung a three-sided trap and now are slamming the door on the exit. Cpl. Charlie Jones, assistant squad leader, and PFC Freddie Bolds, automatic rifleman, who have been acting as the rear element, are cut off from the rest and start a war with the enemy of their own.

After the initial volley, Cpl. Joseph Lemay is the only medic unwounded. He makes the rounds, caring for the more seriously wounded first. Courage becomes commonplace as severely wounded men drag others to more tenable positions. It sounds and smells like the Fourth of July but it is neither

(continued on page #2--column #2)

ON THE FRONT

In Korea, the Reds were clobbered on the ground and in the air Thursday. F-86 Sabre Jets destroyed four Russian-built MIG-15's and damaged five others Thursday to bring their total for the week to 40 destroyed or damaged. Thirty-two of the enemy jets were damaged or destroyed in the past four days.

On the ground, South Korean infantrymen showed off their new training to good advantage by taking Red punches for three days and then booting the enemy off the top of a disputed east central front hill. The hill had changed hands six times since Tuesday. To help the ROK troops, fighter-bombers worked over six separate built-up areas behind the 'Punch Bowl' and also hit frontline enemy troops.

On the western front, UN raiders attacked a western front hill near Yonchon. The Allied troops killed or wounded 20 Reds and destroyed five enemy bunkers before withdrawing.

The Navy Dept has announced in Washington that a jet plane exploded aboard the carrier Boxer Wednesday. Nine men were killed, 32 were injured and the 27,000 ton ship was seriously damaged. Enemy action was not involved.

Cause of the blast is believed to have been accumulation of gases in the plane's tail pipe after it came in from a flight. The explosion occurred as the carrier was operating 60 miles off Wonson.

Only two of the injured are listed as being in serious condition.

USAFI-- Your Guide To The Future.

THE BUFFALO BUGLE is an authorized daily publication of the 17th Infantry Regiment. Editorial opinions are not necessarily those of the Dept of the Army. AFPS source material may not be reprinted.

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Religious Services
17th Infantry Regiment
Sunday, August 10, 1952

Catholic	Chaplain Van Dyke
Third Battalion	0900
First Battalion	1100
Second Battalion Rear	1330
Protestant	**Chaplain Strube**
Service Company	0900
Third Battalion Rear	1030
Heavy Mortar Company	1400
Lutheran Communion CP	1600
	Chaplain Lewis
Second Battalion Rear	0845
First Battalion	1000
Regimental CP	1100
Christian Science Service	
Regimental CP	1500
L.D.S. Service	
7th Medical Battalion	1400
Thursday, August 14, 1952	
Episcopal Communion Regt. CP	1900
Jewish Service (707th Ord.)	1400

BASEBALL

7TH DIVISION BASEBALL STANDINGS

Team	W	L	Pct.	GB
BUFFALOES	17	6	.739	--
Polar Bears	17	8	.680	1
Buccaneers	11	14	.440	7
DivArty	9	15	.375	8½
Special Troops	7	18	.280	11

THURSDAY'S BASEBALL

The American League picture remained about the same as the Yankees, Red Sox, Senators and A's split doubleheaders. The Indians were rained out at Chicago, and the Tigers and Browns were not scheduled.

In Washington, Bob Kuzava gave the Yanks a split when he held the Senators to four hits as the Bronx Bombers won 7-1. Washington won the opener 4-2.

At Shibe Park, Philadelphia, the Boston Red Sox split a twinbill with the Athletics, winning the second game 8-4 after losing the first game 7-5.

In the National League, the Giants narrowed the Dodger lead to 4½ games as they trounced the Brooks, 8-2. Starting pitcher Al Corwin was the winner.

In St. Louis, the Cardinals defeated the Reds 7-4 for the second straight day.

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(continued from page #1-column #2)

safe nor sane. Whistles shrill and the enemy pulls away to regroup. Wounded are made more comfortable, ammo is redistributed to meet the next attack.

Working frantically over his radio, PFC Robert Rhode, takes on a new job. Although inexperienced, he calls in artillery support quickly and accurately.

With bugles and whistles blowing, another attack begins. More casualties and more work for Medic Lemay. The next half-hour is an eternity. Machine gun and burp gun fire make movement nearly impossible, but Lemay goes cooly from man to man patching and mending the torn bodies.

The attack is again beaten off and Hefte moves among his squad checking the ammo supply and fighting condition of the remaining men. Word that help is on the way stirs a ripple of hope.

Sporadic firing keeps the air filled with the smell of burnt powder. The men nearest friendly lines fire an occasional illuminating grenade to serve as a guide for the rescue party. Each flare grenade draws a burst of fire from the surrounding darkness which is returned by one of the besieged squad. Morale is diminishing as rapidly as the ammunition supply.

'George------George.'

From the night, a drawn-out cry. Help has arrived. Men relax, but quickly re-tense. Is this a trick of the enemy? Again the men crouch low over their weapons. How to be sure, a positive check of dentity? Corporal Lemay, already a hero ten times over, crawls near the phantom voice.

'Who is the second baseman for the Dodgers?' he asks. An answer from the darkness comes back, 'Jackie Robinson.'

Good, help has really arrived. The first shadowy figures slip through and take positions around the outside of the perimeter. Instructions are whispered. Relief men make the wounded comfortable and try to establish contact with all members of the rescued patrol.

The rest of the night passes somehow and with the dawn they return to friendly lines. Everyone is brought out. As the tired men stumble into their own lines each one silently thanks God that he has safely gotten one day closer to the time that he will again be home with his family and friends.

-Strohman-