By Hal Boyle

WITH THE 111, 5TH PARA-
CHUTE COMBAT TEAM (AP) —
Every paratrooper sweat out
that 13th "black" call. Jump.

Cpl. Burton E. Meanor, Waco, Texas, made his without strength of
a paratrooper. He was doing
peacefully in his billet in a foreign
air force of any Belgian one
night when flames swept through
his third door room.

A fellow trooper accidently had
kicked over a can of gasoline
and the stream of it ran by a
hot stove and ignited.

There was only one sure-exit
— a window — and there was a
drop of three to the ground.

But Meanor didn't hesitate. He
dived out the window, coming
from force of habit as he fell, and
plunged into a deep snowdrift—
unharmed.

"That was my 13th jump — and
I didn't even have time to worry
about it," said Meanor.

A Nazi Military decoration made
a perfect target for Pvt. Edward
Dobbins, of Boston, Mass.
Moving forward on the flank of
a company attack, Dobbins saw
a German wearing an iron cross
on his chest about 10 yards away.
Dobbins, drew a bead on the
metal and put a bullet directly
through it—and the enemy heart
behind it.

In an attack to relieve a pinned
down paratrooper company, Pvt.
Donald "Kitty" Kay, of Barberton,
Ohio, his Pvt. 25,000th shot in
a month when small arms
splitpated around him.

Another fellow trooper, Cpl.
Taylor, 5th Parachute Division
voice directed under him — and
reported that he was lying on a
Nazi dugout.

Kerr, who spoke little German,
called out in a stern voice:

"There are five others inside and
surrender.

Out came the rifles followed by
three Germans with their hands
up. All Kerr had for a weapon
was an empty mortar tube—shout
as dangerous as a three-foot
stock pipe.

Returning from a minor unit to
climb out some woods for his
infantry company, Pvt. Gerald E.
Stokes, of Tampa, Fla., became
separated from his group.

When he bumped into the men
from the remaining infantry unit
he walked up to the company
commander and said:

"What's going on?"

The captains took one look at
his "Gett Mit Gun" belt, his iron
Cross and Nazi armband—all bat-
elabel souvenirs — and immedi-
ately cut him under arrest as a
Nazi spooker.

"I am a paratrooper," yelled
Stokes indignantly.

"You're too late to be a para-
trooper," retorted the captain.
Stokes was hurried back to a
prisoner of war camp, probably
the most fallen paratrooper in
the history of airborne armies.

Three Americans recognised
him and a few minutes later he
was free and feeling mad. He gave
the captain a meaning look as he
shook away.

"It's funny," said the captain.
"I thought he was the first pris-
er we had taken with a south-
en accent.

A new way to double a cigarette
has been found by Pvt. David D.
"Peeble," of Hawthrone, Wis.,
but a little difference. He was
with a group building a "toilet" for
soldiers in the field. His idea
was simplicity were with life.

"I fumed," he said, "that I could
reach into his jacket for

He found that a pief — shrun-
ken — had ripped from the
fence, cut the pipe's "gar-
ner"

"Here, fellows," he said:

"I've got two packs of em.

"What?" one of them asked.