

-The Battle of- Germany

Crowded truck loads of battle weary veterans roared across the Rhine River and through the rubble streets of Mannheim. Fox company was moving up to relieve an outfit of the 63rd Division in the little village of Friedrichsfield, Germany. The tired, hungry slave laborers lined the streets; some quiet with tears of happiness in their eyes, others shouting their joy.

The Germans were being over run all along the entire Western Front, strategists said it would only be a matter of days.

Easter Sunday we left Friedrichsfield to move on to Obtersheim; April 4th, to Escheseach and finally to Hohenstadt. On the outskirts of Hohenstadt, through a peaceful, fertile valley flowed the Neckar River.

Crossing the Rhine

I smiled to myself that day, a sarcastic rather than genuine smile. The stories of the beauty, grandeur, and invincibility of the world-famous Rhine River was something every G.I. was impressed with; the fellows who made the initial crossing feared it would be another Normandy beachhead; newspapers used their three inch headlines on how the Germans would use the river as a final defensive line; there was not a ten year old boy in Deutschland who could not describe, at great length, the magnificence of the mighty river.

Yes, I really had to grin to myself that clear night in March when over crowded, mud-caked trucks carried us across a medium sized unimpressive river.

Richard Gabriel





round eight o'clock at night the second platoon crossed this river, making our first bridge head on the enemy held side of the Neckar. The serene little village of Offenau had surrendered without a fight.

"Neckar Patrol"

The Neckar was a flat glistening expanse of water beautifully placid, running smoothly at the foot of an embankment which was on our side of the river. In contrast, the terrain lying just beyond the river was flat grassland, stretching out for several miles. Also across the river was the small town of Offenau, from which we could clearly hear the chimes in the steeple clock. It was this town that was to be the object of a patrol by our squad that night.

We were oriented carefully and thoroughly as to our route of approach and objectives. From our position at the top of the hill we could see a big "Deutsche" salt barge lying at anchor off our bank. Tied to its bow was a rowboat, capable of holding four or five men. This was to be our transportation across the river. We were to carry a telephone wire across the river, all the while covered by a machine gun squad from our bank. Then we were to proceed to the edge of town, and follow the first street we hit to the highway running parallel to the river, in the main part of town. In doing this, we had to keep constantly on the alert for German outposts and defensive positions. It sounded simple enough, but patrols were still patrols, no matter how they sounded.

Only men who could swim were picked, so, after a process of elimination, seven men were left. Levesque, Curbo, Fann, Graham, Chynoweth, Matheny and myself were to have the honor.

Sundown slowly gave way to pitch-black night. At nine-thirty, we started the descent down the slope to the river, scrambling through the dead leaves, bumping into trees with, it seemed, enough noise to wake the dead. The machine gun squad set up its position in a crater at the foot of the slope.

From there, they covered us as we moved across a sandbar to the plank footbridge leading to the salt barge. We boarded the barge and were nearly to the pilot house at the bow, before the old "Deutschman", in his living quarters beneath the pilot house, suspected he was being visited.

When he opened the pilot house door, his outlook on things in general was changed considerably by a BAR snout in the immediate vicinity of his paunch. Coming around to our point of view remarkably fast, he escorted us to the rowboat, which, we found, had no oars. The only solution we could see was to get poles and pole it across.

Finding the poles wasn't difficult, but after leaving Chynoweth and myself aboard the barge to cover the trip across with the BAR, the remaining men found the river too deep and fast to pole across. As a result, the current swept them downstream and only the communication wire, which stood up nobly under the strain, got them back. Twice more the attempt was made before success crowned their efforts. Upon reaching the enemy shore Matheny stayed with the phone and Fann was designated as get-away man to get back with the information in case of an ambush. The remaining three proceeded into town and, after half an hour of active reconnaissance, returned to report no enemy outposts in the town. The return trip was made without mishap.

The patrol was a complete success with the result that in the morning, the second platoon crossed the river and secured the town of Offenau.

Bob Enright





he next morning, the company filed across a quickly constructed foot bridge. A patrol had run into the enemy and were fighting fiercely.



"Battle of the Barn"

On or about April 8, Manzi, Reynolds, Bell, Cassell, Rossini, Barnhill, Newcomber, McKissick, and myself were sent out with the mission of being flank security for the second battalion. We took up positions in an old wooden barn where we could observe any enemy action in or around Jagstfeld. The rest of the battalion was located in and around the small town of Offenau, where they were preparing to cross the Jagst River and enter the town of Jagstfeld. Due to the fact that we had moved into position at night, we didn't realize how close the enemy was to us until the next morning. At daylight we spotted an enemy outpost only 300 yards from the barn, but we couldn't fire on it; we lacked adequate protection. Everything was working out smoothly until a convoy of about five trucks, carrying about ninety colored troops, who had lost their way, came down the highway near the barn. The enemy opened fire with rifles and automatic weapons, wounding several of the men and damaging some of their vehicles.

We immediately opened fire and pinned the enemy down, giving the men in the convoy a chance to take cover in the ditch by the road. The wounded men needed help so McKissick, with much risk to his life, ran to the only truck in running condition, started it up, and, with some difficulty, managed to

turn the vehicle around and drove back to the nearest town. Later we learned that it was the first time that he had driven a G.I. truck.

When he reached the first town, he found a captain from the 63rd Division to whom he explained the situation. The captain, having three recon cars under his command, came immediately to our aid.

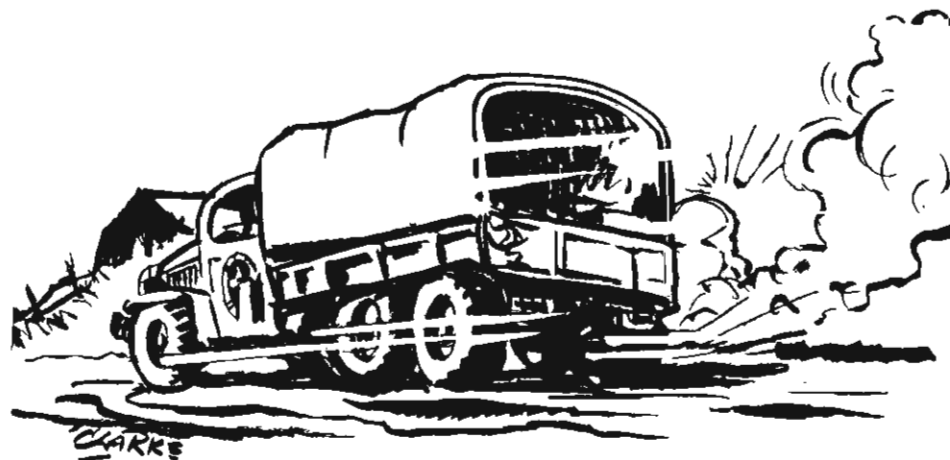
The machine guns and 37mm. cannon, mounted on the cars, proved to be a great advantage in delivering covering fire for us as we moved to a position that offered some protection. Barnhill was wounded in the hip and shoulder while moving for cover. Seeing that he was helpless, two men tried to go to his aid. In doing so, they were forced to expose themselves to enemy fire. The fire was so intense they had to return before they could reach him.

It took nearly two hours to get all the men back 400 yards to a covered position. After everyone had gotten back, the men in the convoy took off for the nearest friendly town, and we proceeded to Howe company's rear C.P. There we borrowed a machine gun and rations. We hadn't eaten in twenty-four hours!

After we had eaten, four of the men and myself took the machine gun and went out after Barnhill. When we reached him he was still conscious, despite his two wounds. He was evacuated safely, but we remained in the position to carry out our original mission as flank protection for the battalion.

Consolidation of reports by:

Lloyd Boothby und Henry Cassell





he morning brought an order to attack; mission, Jagstfeld. In order to cross the Jagst River, it was necessary for the company to carry heavy clumsy assault boats down into a wide, unprotected valley. As the boats splashed into the water, the enemy opened fire.

The company hugged the bank of the river for only a second, then charged across the seven hundred yards of open ground. The second platoon fell behind the steep railway embankment directly beneath the enemy's positions. The rest of the company was forced back across the open ground. The body of tall, lanky Joe Wharton lay dead on the open field between the second platoon and the banks of the Neckar River. With his rifle in his hand and a German "P 38" slung on his hip, Joe had been trying to give support to the boys pinned down under the railroad.

The misty rain soaked the weeds, the ground and the men; all day we layed on the slopes, in holes and in ditches. The Jerries held the ground above us, and the spasmodic burst of a machine gun would cut the brush behind us and kick up mud.

"Objective Jagstfeld"

It was about daylight on the morning of April 6. Our objective for the day was the town of Jagstfeld about a mile from the Jagst River.

After the rifle platoons had gotten across the river, we undertook and completed the operation without mishap. Upon reaching the field, on the enemy's side of the river, we took off on the double as Lt. Horler had instructed. Running just ahead of me were two men and right behind were "Con", Super and Wade. We were about halfway across the field when trouble started. I was carrying the mortar and the others had the ammo but we were in no position to use it. I did the next best thing which was to hit the dirt using the mortar base plate as a shield in front of me.

As I hugged "old mother earth", I thought of how in basic they told us to dig in when fired upon. I wonder if those boys were ever in a spot like that and if they were, how in hell did

they dig in. It seemed as though everytime I moved a Jerry would take a shot at me. Being as scared as I was was bad enough, but the rain and cold made the situation almost unbearable.

Dirt flew up beside Super, so I asked him if he was hit. "Hell no, but you should see my rifle!"

He seemed more worried about his rifle than he did about his skin.

We laid out in the open, pinned down for nearly four hours before we were able to move back to where we could find cover. It certainly was a relief to get the kinks and numbness worked out after laying in one position for so long.

Late afternoon found us heading for the town again. It took a lot of fighting but we finally captured it, just as we had done with all the others before it.

J. Gibson



"All Work and no Play"

The night before we entered the town of Jagstfeld, we made a march of about five miles in rain and mud. About midnight, we arrived at an old powerhouse on the bank of the Jagst River, where we stayed until just before daybreak. After a brief preparation, we attempted to cross the river in assault boats. The second platoon crossed okay, and moved out over an open field to a railroad track that bordered the edge of town. Nothing had happened until our platoon started across the river, and then the Jerries opened up. Luckily we reached the other bank without mishap where we held up momentarily to reorganize. Then we tried to move out and join the second platoon but heavy sniper and machine gun fire got Joe Wharton and pinned the rest of us down for nearly two hours. The thick mire we were laying in and drizzling rain that was falling on us really made our position quite comfortable in a miserable sort of way. As soon as we got the chance, we withdrew to the river bank and were forced to stay there for the remainder of the day.

At just about six o'clock, Lt. Ward told me that I would be the first man to cross the field and enter the town of Jagstfeld. I didn't know what to say, but I was really scared. I looked around at the BAR man and said, "Well here goes nothing!" and started the half mile to town. At first each step seemed like my last one, but as I neared the town, my fright turned to weariness and by the time I had entered the first house I was completely exhausted.

Calvin Addis



"Entering Jagstfeld"

As we approached the first houses of Jagstfeld, machine gun and sniper fire, coming from a pillbox located in a field near a river, opened up on us. Without wasting any time, we took cover in the houses; some, less fortunate men, were still in the field. When we had settled down, the BAR team returned their fire from the top floor of the house. The machine gun squad did likewise from the backyard. I don't know how many we killed or wounded, but I think I accounted for one that was running across the field, headed for another pillbox.

Nothing more happened until about three o'clock in the morning. Everybody, except the guards, was fast asleep when, all of a sudden, burp guns and rifles started firing at us. All the houses returned fire, aiming, in the blackness, at the muzzle flashes. One German soldier, who must have been hit pretty badly, started shouting for us to come out and aid him. His buddies had left him, but we still thought it was a trick.

Next morning, when we started searching houses again, we discovered the German soldier. He had been shot in the stomach.

Calvin Addis

Wharton

Joe, a tall, lanky, earnest, friendly, good natured, fun loving . . . Joe, for that is what everybody knew him by, was all this and more. One of the original men in the company, he "was no one's fool" when it came to the ways of the Army. There was hardly a job he could not or would not undertake and complete with a thoroughness and exactness that was characteristic of all his work. If there was a job to be done, pleasant or otherwise, he would be one of the first to volunteer. Joe possessed an inherent friendliness that, when new men came on the line, was a great help in relieving tension. The memory of Joe Wharton will live long in the hearts of his many friends and fine family.



lowly the company maneuvered to the right, and with the first platoon leading, worked their way into the streets of Jagstfeld. Firing continued all through the night; patrols came dangerously close to us and were fought off. Eleven prisoners were taken during this time.

"The House of Hell"

"Stay here until further orders," were Lt. Wards parting words to us ... the first machine gun squad. "Here" turned out to be an ordinary German house of moderate size, inhabited by an elderly couple. They seemed to be perfectly harmless but to be on the safe side we watched them constantly.

The first day bowed out amid the clatter of burp guns, aimed at eliminating all five of us. That night was as bad as the day before had been. The 88's had stopped but the mortars took up where they had left off. The mournful staccato of the burp guns seemed never to cease.

Dawn broke with the whine of 88's again. They were after our house but just couldn't quite find the range.

Frost and Freese went into the kitchen to cover the rear of the house. They were also watching an anti-aircraft gun about four hundred yards from the house which the day before had knocked out the two leading trucks of a convoy that was trying to reach our flank. Murray and Miller took the front room, ready and willing to exchange shots with the burp gunners, should they happen to spot one. My job was to move between the two pairs also keeping on the alert for trouble. We had let the German couple come upstairs so the woman began cooking for us. That was our first taste of home cooked German food.

Around noon, Murray left the house to make contact with any element of the U.S. Army that he could find. It had begun to seem as though we had been completely forgotten. Amid the whine of bullets, Murray proceeded straight up the street with a seemingly complete disregard for them.

A Howe company sergeant tried to follow in his footsteps

but was shot through the forehead before he had gone more than a few yards.

For half an hour we sweated until Murray reappeared coming down the street just as nonchalantly as he had gone up. He had found another platoon of Fox company but there were no men available to reinforce our position.

During the rest of the day, everything seemed to happen. First one man was killed and then three more were pinned down, all of which was in front of our house. Luckily, the three that were pinned down reached the safety of our doorway before the Jerries could draw a bead on them.

Meanwhile, Frost and Freese were busy in the rear of the house. A Kraut had appeared from practically nowhere and was trying to get to the anti-aircraft gun. It seemed obvious that he was trying to put fire on our house or finish off the rest of the convoy which had parked along the road unable to move either forward or backward. Freese put an end to his intentions with one well aimed shot. To be on the safe side, though, we mounted the machine gun in the window and sprayed the whole general area. The rest of the day passed with the periodical fire of burp guns, and the nerve wracking scream of 88's.

Night fall saw the departure of the three riflemen who had radio batteries to take to our flank. Murray went out in search of reinforcements again but returned with the same old story. We then barricaded the house and settled down for the night.

About one in the morning we were all out of bed and ready for anything because we could hear talking in front of the house. Murray, after calling out and getting a muffled answer, took a shot through the front door only to miss Albert Carr's head by inches. Carr was stringing wire in front of our house, and what we had heard was him talking to another wireman.

Carr had brought good news. We were going to move out the following morning. Our "further orders" had come at last. At 11 o'clock the other machine gun squad, accompanied by Chaney, joined us and we moved out to fight for the pickle factory.

Albert Schmidt



Second Platoon House



First line of houses.



A couple of more houses.



Street of houses we occupied.

E

arly on the morning of April 7th, a Jerry flak wagon rolled up the hill and slowly eased toward us. The driver was looking for his own lines and in the confusion had driven straight into ours. M-1's, carbines, and machine guns opened up on the truck; the bullets hit and ricocheted wildly into the air; the square helmeted Jerries fell under the fire. With an explosion and flash, bazookas beat the wagon into junk. Suddenly, from under the wagon, a black faced, frightened German soldier came crawling out, yelling, "Kamerad! Kamerad!"

The Mystery of "Who Done It?"

Things had been fairly quiet all morning in the three houses and barn in which the first and third rifle squads, second platoon, were holding down the company's left flank in preparation for a possible counter-thrust. The first and third platoons, plus part of the fourth, were moving into town, and until about 11:00 nothing more dangerous than an occasional stray bullet from the battle further into the town, disturbed our vigil. I had the window facing toward the town and had been straining my eyes trying to observe the progress of the other platoons. Suddenly, something unusual snapped me out of my study. It was the sound of a motor. Wondering which one of our drivers had been dopey enough to go into the battle area further down, I looked disinterestedly to see the source...and nearly jumped out of my skin. The first thing I noted was that the vehicle was towing an A. T. gun; second, there were about nine soldiers hanging on it, and when it drove still closer, I saw the cut-out place in the front of their helmets which denotes a Kraut to any doughfoot. I held my fire until he slowed down to make the curve, then I pressed the trigger of the A. R. and held it. The vehicle stopped within 40 feet. Three were killed in the vehicle and those still able, jumped out, four diving into the ditch where I couldn't see them. Two ran straight back up the way they'd come in the road. I had a fresh clip ready then and they only got as far as the corner. I never heard the machine gun at the end of the street open up, although several rifles opened up from that direction immediately after the vehicle was stopped. Undoubtedly the four Krauts in the ditch should be credited to them. Ripper joined me at the window and we fired several grenades just to "make sure". Someone behind us was using a bazooka. The vehicle started blazing and we were ducking ammunition stacked in the truck, all the rest of the morning. I don't think the whole action from open fire to cease fire covered more than 30 seconds.

Bob Enright

The Mystery of "Who Done It?"

The morning after we entered Jagstfeld, some of the riflemen moved out to clear the lower end of town.

Three of us mortar-men had spent the night with one squad of riflemen. After they left, I was in the kitchen frying some spuds, Conn was cleaning his carbine and Rubano was sitting by the window deep in thought (perhaps of better places to be). Suddenly Conn sings out, "Jerries! A whole damn truck load of them!"

A burst of burp-gun fire hit the house and Rubano hit the floor saying, "I'm getting the hell out of here."

Conn was just getting his carbine together when our machine guns opened up. The truck was brought to a stand-still about fifty feet from the house we were in. I drew my trusty forty-five (a hell of a thing to have) and got by the window. Conn was firing from the same spot I was and Rubano was upstairs firing. It all ended about as soon as it started. There were seven dead Krauts and one was left to surrender.

We were talking about it later and the machine-gunners claimed they did it all (they also had a ruptured cartridge in the chamber and had to dig it out during the fight). Then a B. A. R. man claimed he did it, so when we said anything about it, they all laughed. It seems everyone but us got credit for it but if we hadn't been there it wouldn't have been so easy. They also got decorated for it, but did the mortarmen get anything? Hell, no! Besides, the lousy Krauts caused me to forget my spuds and I let them burn.

What I want to know is . . . who in the hell did stop that truck?

J. C. Gibson



Gibson's House



Truck knocked out.

What was left of it.





The Railroad Tracks



The road through the factory district.



Where our 60 mm was knocked out.



From the window of 2nd Ptn. O.P.



gain we attempted to move through the town. Reynolds, McKissick, "Tiny" Rudis, were wounded seriously, and the fight for the town had only begun. The sound of racing motors and grinding metal tracks gave us the reassurance that our tanks had made contact with us from the north. The push through the town was slow, house to house fighting; doors were kicked down and hand grenades flung through broken windows. Block by block the town became "our territory".

The tanks rolled slowly down the streets the next morning, "50 calibers" blasting, "76's" tearing holes in the houses. In and out of the houses, keeping abreast with the tanks, the dough-foots hunted out the Jerries. As the enemy fire grew heavier, the company reached the far end of the factory district. The second platoon went back to clean out the left hand side of the town and to make contact with "G" company. They set up a strong point while the rest of the company fell back a thousand yards to keep from being surrounded. Hunt was hit this day.

The Left Side of the Factory District

A lazy warm sun watched us as we made our way through the rows of box cars to a heavily smoking building. The crumbling old structure, smoldering as it was, offered little protection and our position here was a dangerous one. Around in the back I saw some men running from house to house and recognized them as being G.I.'s.

"Hey, over there! Is that you, George company?", I yelled, and the men ran on, paying no notice of my shouts.

Again I yelled, "George company! George company!" This time one short fellow halted, looked around, and waved a sign of recognition, "This is Fox company over here, don't shoot us", I shouted. "Yeah, we know," he answered.

How he knew who we were, when we weren't even sure of our position ourselves, has long remained a mystery to me. Anyway, a part of our job was done; we had made contact with "G" company on our left flank.

Mace and Clark spotted two more men digging in only a few yards away, and assumed they were "G" company. Suddenly machine gun fire dug into the wall above Davis' and Todeschini's heads. They all four dropped flat on the floor and cursed themselves for having let those Jerries dig in so close by.

One by one, we all ran clumsily back across the line of railroad tracks to the comparative safety of the salt factory.

Oscar Beaman

"A Thousand Yards to the Front"

The "burp" gun and Mauser, not more than fifty yards from our window, cut streaks of light in the darkness to our left. The company had withdrawn a thousand yards and two squads remained here to hold the ground. A machine gun section from "H" company had stayed with us to increase our fire power, but we felt ill at ease as we looked down the long vacant streets to our rear. A burning house was to our right and the jumping shadows confused and excited the guards.

Through these shadows a Jerry patrol had encircled the house and Marion George saw the silhouetted forms creeping toward him. He yelled an alarm and then opened fire on them. The confusion and firing lasted until daylight.

The next morning we asked for fighter planes to strafe the Jerry positions a hundred yards to our front, but the Air Corps refused to take the responsibility of firing so close to friendly troops. So in desperation we told them we had withdrawn six-hundred yards and requested air support.

The roar of a P-47 and the pound of "50 calibers" changed all the topics of conversation.

"Geez... those were close!"

"Don't knock yourself out, when they're really close they sound a hell of a lot worse than that."

With that a roar of a fighter bomber was heard directly over us, coming in low. All six guns opened up.

"See what I mean? Let's get to the cellar!"

The small thick-walled cellar was crowded, but no one seemed to notice. Upstairs Clark, George, and Uss had the courage to stay on guard and attempt to shoot the Jerries as they left their holes.

That evening Curbo's squad and a machine gun section moved into a house on our right flank. A long, empty warehouse separated our positions. Later we set the depot on fire and, in turn, the boxcars were caught up in the flame. Down the tracks the flames swept, and suddenly, the boxcars started exploding.

The bursting flames moved closer to us and the threat of our house catching fire was imminent.

Amidst this confusion, the enemy patrols worked their way up to the house and were again driven off.

The next morning Uss was wounded by a bullet ricocheting off a rifle leaning against a window. A wounded Jerry came in to surrender.

During the evening our own 81 mm. mortars exploded around the house and set a little shed afire about three yards from our only door. As darkness came on, this fire illuminated our every action as Harvey Era's platoon relieved us.

We had fried chicken when we got back to the company C.P.

Consolidation of reports by men of Noble's squad

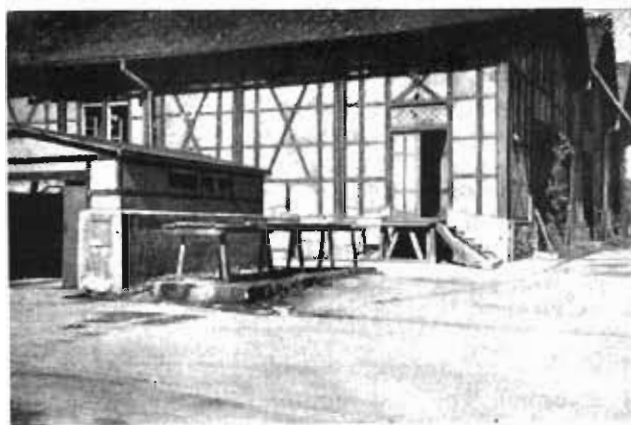


Second Platoon O.P.



The Pickle Factory





The Salt Factory



Factories



Railroad Yard



Second Platoon O.P.



The Railroad Yard

T

he streets were illuminated by burning buildings; shadows looked like Jerry soldiers and often times were. We were now fighting the "SS" in the north hinge of the strong Heilbronn defense, and while the whole world was anxiously expecting an early surrender, these Krauts were dying in their holes before admitting defeat.

The few days we stayed at Jagstfeld, the artillery and heavy mortar fire was almost continual; Uss, Garretson, Channing and Keefer were wounded.

"The Barrage in Jagstfeld"

We had just finished eating hot chow. Lying down, I glanced around at my surroundings. We were in a large hotel or apartment house. It seemed to me that there were more windows in that house than I had ever seen before. All of a sudden, in came a mortar barrage! One man was hit — Donald Channing. He was hit in the hand, but not too bad. That didn't frighten Channing much.

We had just about got Channing's hand bandaged up, when in came another barrage! This time two more men in our house were hit. One of the men was hit in the neck. He was knocked completely off his feet; one would have thought a car had knocked him down. The other victim was Dick Keefer. He had been standing beside me, and I heard him say, "I think I've been hit!" After feeling his arm a bit, he pulled his shirt back. The blood gushed out! I ripped off my belt and tied it around his arm to stop the bleeding.

Sterk, our platoon aid man, sure did a fine job that day. He was right out in the open, fixing up the man that had been hit in the neck. There was a medic for you! Those medics take more chances than riflemen do.

Let's get back to our wounded men. We have never received any word about the man that had been hit in the neck. We don't know whether he pulled through or not. The other two men are okay.

I was really scared during that barrage. The shells were landing everywhere and we couldn't find protection in a house full of windows. So we took all Jerry had to give. They didn't give enough. We took Jagstfeld and kept going.

William H. Joiner



Early on April 11th, we again moved to the end of the factory district and attacked across the railroad crossings. Down the streets of Waldorf we ran, ducking in and out of doorways; in case of artillery, diving into cellars. Jimmy Raulerson stepped on a shoe mine and was wounded badly, almost simultaneously the lead squad came to a heavily mined road block. Held up momentarily, we finally reached the north bank of the Kocher River. A patrol of the first platoon attempted a crossing of the river, but was driven back by concentrated automatic fire.

That night soft feather ticks and mattresses were our bed. "PX" rations were another luxury. Even hot chow was served to the troops. The next day was spent enjoying all possible comforts and taking an occasional pot-shot across the river at the Jerries, but night brought the order to move out.

The company marched in single file, down the dark streets of Waldorf, through alleys, over open fields and finally down a narrow wooded path to a tunnel. The first platoon led off from the tunnel to cross the river but met machine gun fire again. The company fell back for artillery support; none came. Again we tried the river, this time left of where we were before. Quietly, we crossed over the bridge and followed the left side of the first little canal. Our own heavy mortar fire burst in the trees near by and sent buzzing pieces of shrapnel splashing into the water.

From the canal we turned right and went to the next stream. Sliding down a concrete spill way one by one, each man splashed into the water. Stumbling, falling in the pitch darkness, we waded the swiftly moving stream. As the open field came into view, we all knew the Jerries must have this covered by machine gun fire, but the only sound was the slush of wet shoes into the black mud.

"My Life, My Friends, My God Pee Wee, Shut Up!"

I have always been proud of the fact that when I make a friend, I'll stick by him through thick and thin. I like my fellowmen. I like their little peculiarities, and even when I was railroaded into writing this story I didn't mind. But one night last spring my bull-dogged loyalty was stretched to its breaking point. But I shall not get ahead of my story.

The night was cold and black ... a perfect night for infiltration; infiltration, the dread of the infantryman. On that particular type of attack everything can fail if absolute silence is not kept. "F" company's attack that night was made even tougher, for three streams had to be waded.

We got past the first two in fine shape and reached the third one without being detected. Luck was with us as we found a small bridge, and we started over into the village. Would we make it? ... Just then we heard a scream ... what was it? ... had we been discovered? We lay, scarcely breathing. Just then it was passed up the line, "Pee Wee fell in, that's him screaming." Cute little Pee Wee, the smallest man in the company ... everything went black ... that dirty ... that, that ...

"Blub ... blub ... help ... blub", came Pee Wee's reply. I heard the calm voice of Lt. Stalikas quietly saying, "Shoot him! Kill him! Hit him! Push him under! ... Do something!"

With that steady statement I felt better.

"Blub ... help ... blub ... gurgle ... gurgle," Pee Wee answered.

This could have gone on forever, but Ripper decided to end it all by pulling out our poor unfortunate midnight swimmer. Of course it wasn't that easy as two rifles and a helmet were victims of the rescue. That night Ripper was voted the most unpopular man in the company.

Everything turned out well, though, for the Jerries had already left that night. The next day when asked why he made so much noise, the Brooklyn boy said, "I was drowning, wasn't I?"

"Couldn't you drown quietly?" said some G.I.

We all laughed and forgave Pee Wee. Yes, my faith in human nature was restored.

John C. Chynoweth





G. I. Sad Sack



cross another little bridge and into the city of Kochendorf, the company found themselves encircled by dark vacant looking buildings. House by house, block by block, the town was searched. In the early twilight hours, imaginary tanks and German troops were surrounded, but old wagons and civilians were all the town produced at first. Later a few prisoners were taken. They were surprised to find the Americans in the town.

"Sad Sack"

This is a sad story. It is the story of a sad sack; a Wehrmacht sad sack, at that. It is interesting to note that the American Army did not have a monopoly on sad sacks, as artist George Baker or first sergeants in reception centers would have you believe. So, if nothing else, this little tale has significance for anyone who is writing a history of the "sack, sad".

Our tale concerns a town in Germany... a small, thriving village sitting on the bank of the Kocher River... a village named Kochendorf. Our hero is Willie... just Willie for our purposes... (for his fullname, send three "K" ration box tops and three used air mail stamps)... and Willie was a veteran of the wars. Willie had been a gunner in one of the Wehrmacht's finest anti-aircraft batteries. However, one day Willie had zigged when he should have zagged as the Allied bombers came over, and so he was spending his convalescent leave in Kochendorf with his loving mother and family.

Willie was enjoying his leave. All the local frauleins were making a big fuss over him. And why not? A purple heart, a good conduct medal, and an ETO ribbon were heroically hanging from his chest. But in addition to enjoying himself in the local sportplatz and making merry in the neighborhood gasthaus, Willie had his family household duties. Each morning, Willie would climb out of bed, kiss Momma good morning, climb on his bicycle and pedal down to the gasthaus and buy the daily bread.

When we first saw Willie, he was carefully cycling down the strasse, happy with the world, whistling merrily to air his feeling of gayety, and totally oblivious of the war so far removed.

But, it so happened that while our little "caduffle-gobbling" hero had been sleeping, no one but "Fox" company had forded the Kocher and slipped surreptiously and stealthily into his quiet little home town. And just as a matter of coincidence, the third platoon had established its strongpoint just at the junction towards which Willie was traveling. There were thirty pairs of eyes on Willie as he approached the road block that had been hastily erected when the thunder of enemy artillery had come close to the virgin ears of Kochendorf. Thirty pair of eyes watched him climb off the bicycle, walk around the obstacle and wheel his bike up to the gasthaus. Alas and alack, what was there waiting in the "gasthaus" for our unsuspecting friend... you guessed it, nothing else but a Browning 30 cal. machine gun, manned by a patient and appreciative audience. Did they open fire and riddle our happy and convalescing friend? Of course not; where's your sense of proportions? Instead, all eyes eagerly watched as the hero of this sad tale laid down his bike, hitched his belt, picked up his empty jug and entered the gasthaus.

At just that moment, as if on a given signal, bedlam and Hail Columbia broke loose. Just as thirty pairs of eyes had patiently watched, now thirty mouths bawled instructions for Willie to turn, come here, there, everywhere. Poor young fellow, there were too many instructions coming from every which way and he had no choice but to spin around like a top looking vainly for the source of the commotion. But he wasn't long in searching for from everywhere came a deluge of flying G.I.s, running, climbing over one another, battling against each other to get to him. Yep, you guessed it, he had a pistol on his belt.

There he was, suddenly shaken from his world of blissful serenity, a veteran of innumerable hostilities, and now prisoner of the Americans right smack in the middle of a furlough. If you didn't see his mouth drop in surprise, his eyes bulge with fear, and his forehead wrinkle with confused astonishment, bewilderment, and confusion, you'll have to take our word for it.

Willie was heard mumbling something about permission to tell his Mom that he wouldn't be back that day with the bread as he was stumbled off to the cage, but we have strong reason to believe that she hasn't heard yet. Isn't that a sad finish to a sad story?

Lt. William Kanter



hen came the long gruelling march, over hills, in and out of towns, hunting (finding nothing), marching, climbing, until the light faded away in the west. With aching backs and blistered feet we trudged into a small German village. The Germans were on the run, and we had chased then for twenty-four hours; now we could rest for the long chase again tomorrow.

Early the next morning, the company filed out of the village. Soon the armor and supply vehicles caught up with us, only to draw rocket and long range machine gun fire. Around noon we filed into Affeltract, Germany. We were tired, disgusted and hungry. Amid the confusion, the orders came down, "Push ahead, all can be organized later." The important thing was not to let the Jerries organize a defense, but on the outskirts of Affeltract we discovered it was too late. The Krauts held a high hill to our right and the road we were on caught machine gun fire and mortar fire; Skiba was wounded. The sun shone warmly over the green open fields; groups of doughboys ran helter skelter from one patch of the woods to another. Soon the march was on again; this time to our left to out flank the enemy's positions.

Gradually a rumor spread through the troops. Some said they did not believe it, others shook their heads in a tone of deep sadness, and all felt that if the rumor were so, it meant a terrible loss to all humanity. Although at first we thought it only German propaganda, finally the word was official that President Roosevelt had died at Warm Springs, Georgia.

Most of the company moved into the little town of Eschenau, under the covering force of tanks and a few men. After this small force rejoined the company, we marched into the village of Sheppach. The night was spent in this village, with our own artillery support coming dangerously close.

An old barn door was layed across a narrow shallow stream, and over this the company filed toward the village of Adolfort. In the town a holding force of twenty "SS" troopers put up small resistance, but were quickly taken prisoners. As we searched methodically through the town, the "Pollocks" told us that in the hills in our front two thousand Jerry troops were dug in.

Our orders were to attack straight into the hills, and as we reached the outskirts of the town, the second platoon was given the point position. One squad cautiously filed out of town and onto the open field. Ellis, the first scout for the company, roused a young Jerry from his hole and sent him back. All was quiet as another squad followed the first down the long narrow road.

Around us the tall green mountains looked down on the slow moving column of men; the low hanging clouds added gloom to the already tired and weary soldiers.

Suddenly, the air echoed the whine of an "88"; the mud flew into the air and splattered on the road and against the houses. More shells followed and buried themselves in the soft black mud before exploding. If a shell had hit the hard surface of the road, schrapnel would have been thrown everywhere; but as it was, most of the bits of steel were slowed down and buried in the mud. Slowly the explosions came nearer and nearer, but many of the shells were "duds". It was obvious now that the Jerrys were firing direct fire at us from those forward mountains.

WAR OF NERVES WON BY FUTURE OFFICER

It could only happen to a guy with West Point ambitions, like Pfc. Victor L. Ellis, of San Marcos, Tex., who used to be a doggie with Fox Company, 398th Inf. Regt., but is now a plebe cadet at the U.S. Military Academy, for it took steel nerves, along with a sense of the ridiculous, to pull it off.

Ellis, who was doing first scouting for his company near Adolfort, Germany, last April, spotted a Jerry in a hole about 75 yards away. He waved to the Jerry to come in and the Jerry waved for Ellis to surrender. After a few minutes, the Kraut climbed out of his hole, walked a few yards toward Ellis, turned and went back to his hole, where he picked up a bazooka and aimed it at Ellis.

Ellis got a bead on the Jerry with his M-1, so the German calmly laid down the bazooka, gathered up his pack, picked up the bazooka again and walked toward Ellis. About 50 yards from Ellis, the Jerry dropped his gear and again pointed the bazooka at the doughboy. Still Ellis held his fire, so, probably in disgust, the Jerry picked up his things and hurried over to Ellis.

Century Sentinel, July 18, 1945



he order to pull back was given, and slowly from doorway to doorway we slipped back through the town. The "Pollocks" and "Russkis" watched with heavy hearts as we withdrew; they were afraid the Jerries would come back into town and punish them for having helped us.

Artillery was fired at us again as we hurried back to Sheppach. When we came to the little stream we saw stacks of mines that had been removed from the path we had used earlier that day. It was amazing that no one had stepped on any of those mines before they were discovered by the engineers. During this day Conley and Lt. Kanter had been wounded.

"All My Eggs in One Basket"

The incident which I am about to relate occurred in and around the town of Adolfort, Germany. It seems quite funny now that it's over, but then, during the mad scramble through Germany, it was nothing to pass over lightly.

On this one particular morning we were pushing off at about nine o'clock. Our route of march was to be across a bridge, but the fact that the bridge had been blown out presented an obstacle that could not be overlooked. Our chow for the previous week or so had consisted of "K" rations. Being no fonder of "K's" than the average G.I., I decided it was about time for a change of menu.

In the cellar of a nearby house, I found three dozen eggs in a basket. Carefully tucking the basket under my arm, I took off to rejoin my squad and show them my newly found prize.

In the meantime, Jerry had started throwing mortar and artillery shells all over the place. Orders came down for us to withdraw from the town. To do so, we had to run across a big open space and over the remains of the blown-out bridge. So with my carbine slung over my shoulder, a box of machine gun ammo in one hand and the basket of eggs in the other, I took off. Mortars and "88's" were peppering the place, but I made it over the rock-piled bridge with no difficulty.

To this day, I can't figure out how I managed to keep from breaking any of the eggs.

Steve Mondini



e marched back to battalion headquarters in Verrenberg and were told we were in Division reserve. We ate hot chow and enjoyed a good night's rest. In the last three days we had traveled 67 miles on foot. Church services were held in the local beer hall; the men, although tired, were glad for the chance.

We left the town the next day, April 16th, on "T.D.'s" and trucks. We climbed down from our vehicles in the little village of Windischenbach as the left flank security spotted a self propelled Jerry gun. The "T.D.'s" knocked it out with only two rounds.

We marched into the town of Pfedelbach to await the Tenth Armored Division. Finally, late in the afternoon, the pounding, roaring columns of tanks raced through the town. Out of the houses into the noisy dust filled streets we gathered for a combined assault of infantry and armor. Boarding trucks we rode to a very small cluster of houses where we spent the night.

Early on April 17th, we left aboard trucks and "T.D.'s". A road block halted our advance, so we detoured over a muddy field. Up the gradual incline the vehicles struggled, but a few were unable to reach the top. The men climbed down from the trucks, filing onto the road; soon the order came to "move out". Machine gun fire was heard ahead as we turned off the road into a small patch of woods. Our "50 Calibers" were cutting through the woods, but no resistance was given to our advance.

Suddenly, screaming "88's" exploded in the trees and pounded the ground around us with bits of hot metal. The ground shook as each man scrambled for some small hole or ditch in which to hide. Kegans was wounded. As the barrage ceased, we again advanced to a cluster of houses on the top of a small hill. After searching these houses we made our way across the side of a barren hill to another small village. Here we roused a few prisoners from the barns, but they were in no mood to fight.

"Duckin' 88's"

One of the experiences that stands out most vividly in my memory was the time when "F" company, accompanied by units of the 10th Armored Division, was ordered to take an insignificant little town. The town was merely a cluster of houses set back in some hills and surrounded on all sides by dense woods. That morning we were moving through those woods and up hills in a rather ominous quiet, broken only when some rifleman fell over a root and let fly a few choice G.I. curses. Our first squad was leading up a particularly steep slope when, without any warning, "88's" suddenly started coming in; and close! Luckily there were holes where dirt had been washed out from tree roots by heavy rains, and we took advantage of them "lootsweef". One round had hit directly below us in the draw we'd just left, and where most of the second squad still were. I remember someone saying, "My God, it must have hit right in the middle of them!" The fire, which seemed remarkably accurate, continued for nearly an hour while we gritted our teeth, huddled against the tree roots, and *p r a y e d*! When it abated I heard someone off to the left quite a distance call that pitiful cry we all hated to hear; "Medic!"; and then another call down in the draw behind us. Later to our relief we found that their wounds

weren't serious. That experience is rather typical, I think, of the gripping fear that the combat infantryman is continually exposed to. You have to go through it before you can know what it's like; and when you once know, you don't often forget.

Bob Enright

"You take over"

That same morning after the artillery had eased up, we moved on toward the town, and were nearly within sight of it. Then to the right of the wagon track we were following and about 100 yards through the woods ahead, an over-anxious Kraut burp-gunner opened up. Immediately all hell broke loose. The ambush given away, their other men opened fire, and we immediately engaged them in a fire-fight during which we stalled for time to enable some of the 10th Armored vehicles to get through a mined road block we had bypassed. It took about 25 or 30 minutes until they cleared the road of mines, then we moved forward together. With the half-tracks spraying the woods ahead with machine gun fire like rain, the Krauts were forced to abandon their own guns. We took advantage of the respite and moved forward faster, quickly disposing of those who hadn't fled or who weren't already hit. Our

men then rapidly took the village, and several prisoners with it. Among them was a second lieutenant who was their payroll officer. During questioning he told us in broken English something that drew a laugh even though we weren't much in the mood for laughter. When asked if he was in command he said that he guessed he was, for his captain had left rather hurriedly during the fire-fight saying, "You take command!"

Bob Enright

Parts of a "Hole" Argument

Goodner and Frost, from the machine-gun section, were digging in hard dirt one day when Nazi artillery was coming in. Each was digging his own hole and paying little attention to the other when suddenly the protest came from Goodner, "What-tha-hell! You're throwing your dirt into my hole."

Frost looked up to heaven in exasperation, "Good Lord! What are you yelling about? You're throwing dirt into my hole faster than I can dig it out!"

Meanwhile, the artillery had lifted and the company moved out with Goodner and Frost mumbling and cussing each other, only as "corn-huskers" could do.

Julius Racy



iling back in the direction we came, mile after mile of Tenth Armored vehicles passed us. We plodded along keeping to the shoulders of the roads as the noisy dust raising columns whizzed by. We marched through villages, down dirt roads and finally into a small country village where we were told we would spend the night.

No sooner had we dropped our equipment than the order came, "Saddle up!" A young boy led us through a dense woods into a small village called Mainbach; this was to be our home for the night. We cooked our supper from the usual "liberated" eggs and meat, and soon the security guards were the only ones stirring.

After breakfast, we loaded onto trucks again and rode a short way to a village. We waited around in this village a few hours then marched out into the woods. Down a long, wet valley we filed with two "T.D.'s" slowly rolling behind us. Out of the valley and onto the crest of a tall open hill we moved, into a cluster of farm houses. After a few hours we filed down into the deep, beautiful valley to our left, and climbed the wooded slopes of the opposite hill the artillery came from.

When the barrage lifted, the men slowly emerged from the ditches, shellholes, and old German trenches. Soon the column was moving as it had been before.

At the summit a small village spread itself on to the open plateau to our front. A few German soldiers were found hiding in the houses and hay lofts of this town. The French forced laborers were glad to see us, and three of them led us to the next town.

After a cautious advance into the town we found food and a chance to rest. Our Jerry prisoners were still with us; we had them busy pulling our mortar rounds in a small wooden wagon. After a few hours, we marched down the steep slopes in front of the town on to a paved highway.

"Hired Help"

"Fox" company, with tanks attached, was advancing through wooded terrain. The tanks were held up on a narrow road because of a road block, but we kept on going for about a mile until we arrived at a town. On the outskirts of the town, we were momentarily pinned down by enemy artillery fire, but soon we were able to enter the village and start a house-to-house search. In one barn we found seven Kraut soldiers. They were searched and made to come with the company.

We decided to make use of them, and so two of them were assigned to carry our machine guns and one to carry a "Howe" company machine gun. The others towed the mortars in a small wagon.

We had traveled up and down hills for about six hours before we halted. Then the prisoners were released and sent back to a P.W. cage. As they left, we could hear them cursing, but for once the weapons platoon got a break.

Yes, the old saying is true, "War is hell", especially for the supermen!

J. J. Racy





e kept to the highway a while, then turned into the woods, and finally over the top of a large cultivated hill, we marched into the little village of Kornberg, Germany. The jeeps had already arrived in the town, but before we could rest, the town had to be searched for German soldiers. Hot chow was waiting for us by the time we had arranged ourselves in the town.

A quiet, uneventful night was spent and at six o'clock in the morning on April 19th, the order came to continue the attack; at seven o'clock the order was changed.

No one knew for certain where we were going. By truck convoy the company moved back to Monchsberg. We stayed in houses for the night and the next morning found ourselves on trucks again. By eight o'clock we were in Selonan, billeted in an old monastery.

Our new jobs were guarding 6th Corps headquarters. All over the area were check posts where two men halted and examined all vehicles and their occupants. The monastery was a beautiful, thick walled building surrounded by a high wall and moat. Inside was a long dining hall where we ate out of expensive china. We were tired and weary, and this new existence was something sublime.

On April 21st, through a down-pour of rain, we moved to another village to man more check posts. This was the village of Sittenhardt. We had taken this village during our last days on the line.

April 22nd, we moved to Schwabisch Gmund. The C.P. was set up here and again men were sent out to man check posts. One of the check posts captured three Nazi officers and three non-coms. A Hitler Youth was captured sniping at our troops, and a patrol captured two snipers, one a woman.

"Souvenir Hunting"

In America it's "souvenir hunting". The Europeans call it "comme si, comme sa". What brought to mind this topic is the wrist watch I'm wearing. Attached to it is a story I'd like to relate.

Time: Late April, about the time our division was squeezed off the lines.

Place: Checkpoint No. 3, just outside Schwabisch Gmund, or better identified within the platoon as the place where we picked up 38 watches.

Our company at the time had been assigned the disagreeable task of doing routine guard duty, or so we thought. Annunziato, Eckman, Keen, Walton, Rossini, Budzisz, Cassell, and myself had been assigned to check point No. 3.

Well, it all began when a passing truck driver told of four Jerries he spotted roaming aimlessly about the countryside. Three of us took off after them; and it wasn't long before we had them under lock and key. Questioning them, we obtained information leading to the capture of forty-three additional Jerries.

Well, according to Army S.O.P., prisoners should be searched. So . . . we lined them up and began our systematic search. For my first client, I picked on a platoon sergeant. I frisked him rapidly for weapons, and then made a more detailed search for souvenirs. Finding no weapons, I began stripping him of his watch . . . quite nonchalantly. He eyed me with the most accusing look. That look so moved me that I troubled myself to write out a receipt for him. But that hardly removed my guilty feeling. So I decided to simply dismiss the incident by convincing myself that he didn't understand the Americans' zeal for souvenirs.

The other prisoners were more understanding and appreciative. They understood the unwritten code between conqueror and prisoner, and voluntarily submitted their watches.

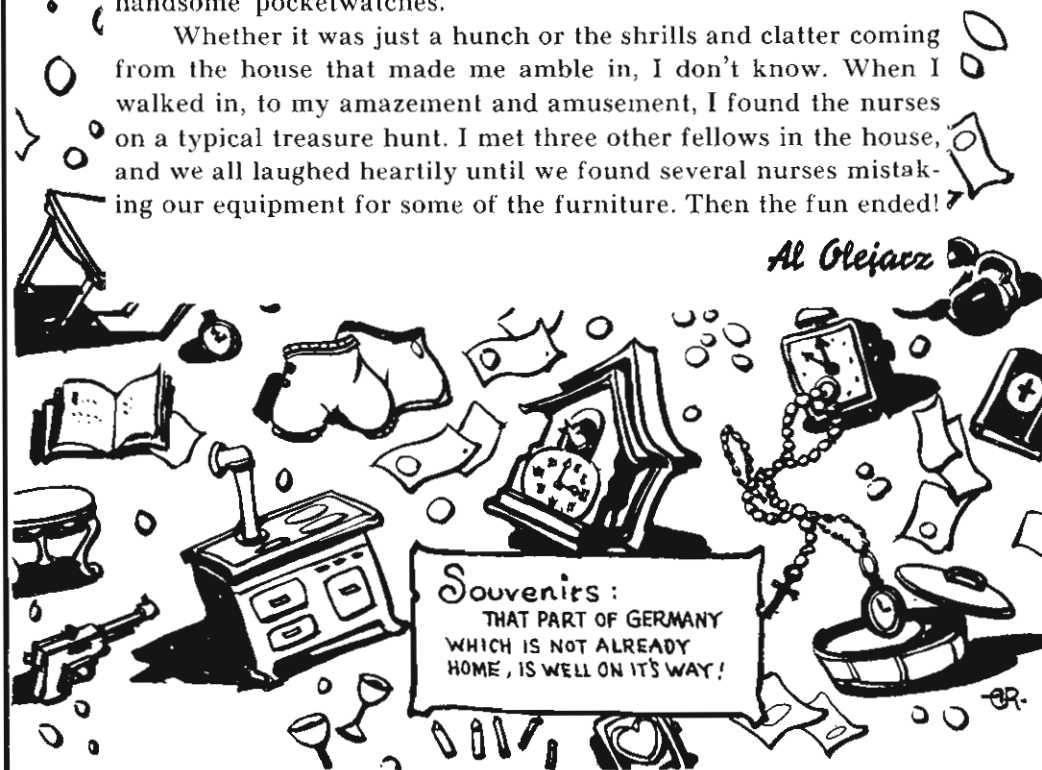
Well, it took just about one hour to complete the search. (Grand total: 38 watches)

However, we completed the search none to soon. Along came a convoy of nurses, presumably from an "evac" hospital on the move.

To the delight of all of us they stopped and detrucked, apparently attracted by the great number of Jerries. We let them have the use of our house to pretty themselves up. Later I cornered several nurses and proudly displayed my latest

souvenirs. They in turn, not to be outdone, showed me some handsome pocketwatches.

Whether it was just a hunch or the shrills and clatter coming from the house that made me amble in, I don't know. When I walked in, to my amazement and amusement, I found the nurses on a typical treasure hunt. I met three other fellows in the house, and we all laughed heartily until we found several nurses mistaking our equipment for some of the furniture. Then the fun ended!



fter three days, we moved to Goppingen and established our regular check post.

On April 26th we were relieved from Corps guard and joined the regiment at Bad Cannstatt, Germany. After a few days, we moved by motor convoy to Schorndorf, Germany. The houses there were very modern and we were very comfortable.

In the afternoon on May 8th, 1945 the telephone at the Company C.P. rang. Hurley answered it. A clear jubilant voice came over the wire from Battalion, "Inform the company commander that the war is officially over; cease firing on enemy troops unless fired upon."

"Alles Kaput in the E. T. O."

The C. P.'s telephone jangled a noisy discord; then another.

"That's enough. Let Easy company take the detail", was Sgt. Hurley's slightly witty remark. I emitted a sarcastic chuckle as I rolled over and tried to go back to sleep.

Again the phone interrupted my peaceful siesta.

"Dammit!" exclaimed Hurley, "That's our ring! I suppose it's another conference call to have us move to some other town. 'Fox C. P., Sgt. Hurley speaking, sir. What's that? You say the war is officially over? Hooray! Thank you, sir; Out!'"

"Clarke! Get your lazy carcass off that couch and round up the platoon runners. Tell them to take this message to their platoons: 'The war is over; cease firing on all enemy troops unless fired upon'."

"Okay, okay, I'm going!" I mumbled as I shuffled slowly out the door and down the stairs.

"Hey! Where the hell is everybody?"

Johnny Silva was the only one around, and he was so grossly absorbed in playing his concertina that I could have gotten better results if I had told a "Second John" what to do. After about an hour of steady hunting, I finally located the four runners, and sent them on their merry way. Soon, the entire town was bubbling over with excitement and celebration. Even the civilians, for some reason or other, had a smile of relief on their lips.

Far into the night, the wine and champagne flowed like a swollen river in spring; the laughter and singing of triumphant men filled the otherwise still night air.

Horns were bellowing a variety of sharps and flats; bells of all sizes and shapes clattered and clanged an ear-splitting tune; people were shouting and singing in every house. The war was over in the E. T. O. ... but it couldn't have ended at a more unopportune time ... I never did get back to sleep that day.

Bob Clarke

The Fish That Thought He Got Away

This story takes place in some little town with a name twice as big as "Allersklebgine" and twice as hard to pronounce as the name of most German towns are.

On this particular day, King, Kevern, and myself were on outpost guard. "The Battle for Germany" was still raging but it was pretty quiet in our sector. As dawn broke, we noticed two figures about 300 yards down the road coming toward us. Yep! it was two Krauts. It seemed quite evident that they didn't see us. We waited quietly for them to get closer when suddenly they spotted us and started to run. Kevern immediately opened up with his BAR, which quickly induced one of the Krauts to give up. But while he was coming towards us, the other one disappeared around a bend in the road. That's the fish who thought he got away.

We searched the Kraut we had, but didn't find anything. Kevern then stuck the muzzle of his BAR in the prisoner's back and told him to take him to the other fellow. King and I watched them go down the road and disappear around the bend. They had been gone about 10 minutes when all three reappeared, Kevern, prisoner, and the fish that thought he got away.

Anthony J. Delgardis

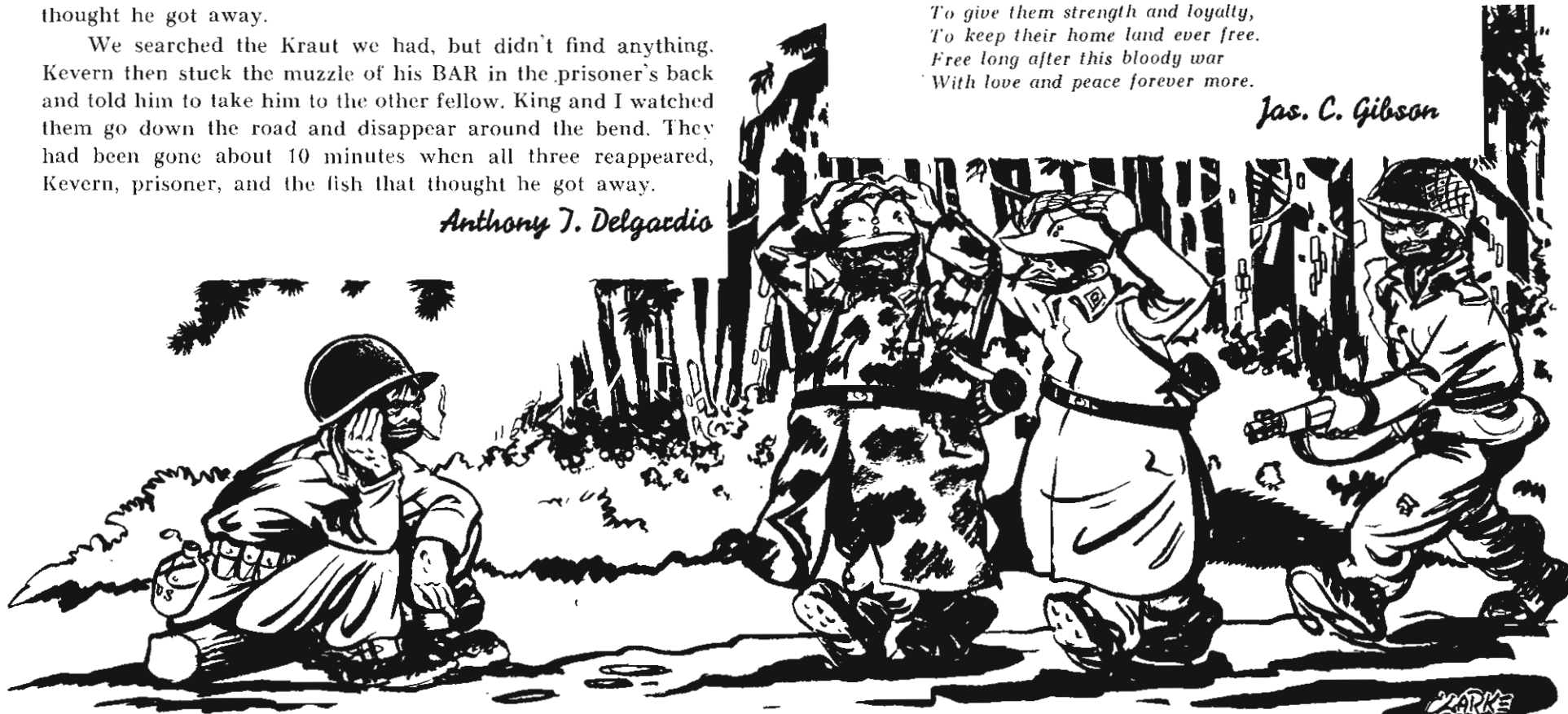
"American Faith"

*Cannon flashes light the sky
Prayers of men unafraid to die.
These are the ones who's bowed heads nod
These are the ones who trust in God.
These are the ones in mortal toil
Advancing through the German soil.*

*Cannon flashes light the sky,
As tired men sweat and sigh.
And suddenly up their backs a chill,
Eighty eights just oe'r the hill.
And out ahead a sudden clatter
Jerry burp guns start to chatter.*

*Once again they seek the Lord,
That He may swing His mighty sword.
To give them strength and loyalty,
To keep their home land ever free.
Free long after this bloody war
With love and peace forever more.*

Jas. C. Gibson



Searching Party



Doughboy

*A strong back, a perceiving mind,
A heart that's calloused, hard, yet kind
The stuff to take it, and give it too,
Doughboy, all of that's you.*

*You live in pain, anxiety and grief:
Ubiquitous death makes you his thief.
You struggle to live yet curse life too,
Doughboy, all of that's you.*

*You've led the struggle, beaten the Hun,
The battle with the Jap is done,
Who'll now make our shattered globe anew?
Doughboy, all of that's you.*

Definitions

*Line of departure . . . Like the sun, every morning when you get up, there
it is in front of you.*

Jagst River . . . new name of the River Styx.

Fox Hole . . . You dig so someone else won't dig for you.

85 points . . . "sentence suspended".

France . . . the Eiffel Tower surrounded by mud.

Bitche . . . you said it!

Lt. Kanter





Beyond Comprehension

*We pray to God, for hope, and faith
For His love, and guiding light,
We turn to Him, for health, and such,
His judgement from wrong and right,*

*We ask of Him for all our needs,
And His protection too,
And when He, His blessings give,
What do we, His children do?*

*Destroy His lands, and scar His soil,
Pollute His waters, smoke His sky,
Working day on end with schemes
So that peaceful men might die.*

*He must be a patient, loving God,
And His faith indeed be strong,
To see His world of righteous right
Turned to a world of wrong.*

*He must have dreams, and lasting hope,
To not despair at the sight of war,
At the horrible sight of blood, and hate,
That reeks from shore to shore.*

*Of untold suffering, and constant want
Life bound in tears, and fear,
Murder, killing, destruction, hate,
In a world He holds so dear.*

*He must be Divine, and of enduring love
Of infinite patience, and Heavenly will,
For not taking away the beautiful sun,
And leaving the earth, blacker still,*

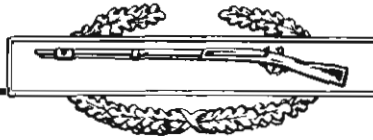
*For not taking away the brilliant moon,
And the stars that shine at night,
And crushing the earth from out the space
For doubting all His might.*

*Who are we, the infinite of all things
Who dare disturb His universe,
Who lay aside His untold gifts,
And turn His world to Satan's curse?*

*Who are we hateful, stupid, living things,
Unmindful of Him with hearts so cold,
And yet pray to Him for all our wants,
And all His kingdom holds?*

*We ask His blessings, His devotion
And oft' times think Him cool, and hard,
We deny Him, but He still keeps watching
Must not He be a patient, loving God?*

Aldo Rubano



To Our "Buddies"

*How can we forget you?
With your courageous hearts, and ready ways,
With your winning smiles,
And whistful gaze.*

*It's not a shame for us to cry
For those of you who had to die,
With mournful mothers shed a tear
To whom you were so very dear.*

*Why were you the ones to pay the price,
And we the ones to live?
Who had the right to cast the dice,
What to take, and what to give?*

*May God watch over you,
And seat you by his throne,
And with Him, watch over us,
So that we won't feel alone.*

*Tell us that you're happy
In the Kingdom in the Sky
Tell us that you're all O.K.
So we won't have to cry.*

*Time is such a short lived thing,
For sure we'll all soon die
And then we'll join you once again,
In His Kingdom in the Sky.*

Aldo Rubano