

# Remembering

by Bill Braunhardt, Medic, 397-D

I can't remember the name of the town we were in but the date was March 15, 1945, the day we started but to end it all in our 7th Army area.

I had just left the aid station and got in line behind the Company D machine guns when I heard the three thumps come from out in the front where the Infantry was. Shortly, back came that familiar phrase, "Medic up" so as the boys took a step to the side, I headed toward the front of the line, with most of the guys telling me to watch it, as there was a minefield and three of the Infantry boys were the casualties. No incoming or out going artillery was happening so as I headed down the path I said to myself "follow his foot steps," which I did and arrived at the wounded GI about 30 yards into the mine field.

He was lying on his side and looked over his shoulder and said, "Will I be able to play basketball again Doc?" That hit me because I had played a lot and hoped to play again in better days. His wound was foot and ankle and I did my best to comfort him and told him to "stay still and don't move around" and I would go get some help.

I headed back to the aid station, cornered Lieutenant Bunsin, and told him the story. He got a jeep and we went up to the minefield, parked. I said, "Follow me." I carried the litter and we went in and out without any problems. Other medics from the aid station helped the other two casualties.

Upon getting back to the aid station with our casualty, Lieutenant Bunsin asked me if I had any relief since start of combat. I told him no and that I had been up here all the time. So right away he says, "You're going to Nancy and after you get there, stop at the officers' quarters and I'll give you something."

Arriving at the officers' quarters he handed me a jug of Seagrams, so I headed to the nearest salon and took a seat. Along came a waitress asking what I wanted, but I had to settle for orange soda.

Not being a whiskey fan I asked the two GIs at the other table to come over and talk. So it ends up they drank the bottle, I had a couple of beers, and when it was time to go back they said "no way," and took me to their quarters where I slept on white sheets, ate like a king, had plenty of candy bars and enjoyed the finest week of my WWII experiences, thanks to two GIs whose job it was to bring in the planes for the Air Corps.

I arrived back to Company D just as we were entering Germany.

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