

Goetzenbruck



t. Haught and the platoon leaders left Petit Rederching at seven o'clock on the morning of January 22nd for Goetzenbruck to reconnoiter the positions we were to take over from the 36th Division.

The rest of the company left Petit Rederching on four two-and-a-half ton trucks at 9:45 and arrived at 10:30 in Meisenthal where we were to remain until that afternoon. While waiting to relieve the 36th, we rested in an auditorium where a large map of Europe was displayed, and we had an opportunity to orient ourselves with the Russian advance. The Russians were 180 miles from Berlin and still going strong. Everywhere you could hear the men commenting on the swift westward movement of the Red Army. Many joked, saying they hoped we would not fire on any Russian patrols that might have worked their way over to Goetzenbruck.

Sgt. Steenson brought up hot chow, which was very welcome. Immediately after eating, we started on the hike from Meisenthal to Goetzenbruck.

By 6:30 we had relieved the 141st Infantry of the 36th Division and were really satisfied with our new defensive position. Most of the men were in houses. We had a lot of supporting fire from the fifteen machine guns and six tank destroyers that were deployed across our front.

Daylight showed us clearly what the enemy situation was. We observed several dugouts to our front and saw German soldiers moving around. Lt. Cook, our forward observer from the 375th Field Artillery, called for a fire mission. After the shells landed in their area, the Jerries no longer moved around where we could see them.

We had been in Goetzenbruck only one day when we were alerted to move out. Late that afternoon the forward elements of our relief, the 137th Regiment of the 35th Division, were in our C.P. By eleven P.M. we had been relieved and were assembled in Meisenthal, where we boarded trucks and returned to Petit Rederching and the old school house.

The next morning Sgt. Hurley brought up forty-two reinforcements, and we were very glad to see them. Ten new men went to each of the rifle platoons, and twelve were put in the weapons platoon.

Just a Replacement

I was a replacement... I came before the Army called a replacement a reinforcement... and in case you happen to be the brother, or father or wife of the guy who owns this book, let me tell you what a replacement is. He didn't leave the States with the outfit... he joined them "on the line"... and I mean that. About all he's heard since he raised his right hand was a line. The Army suddenly decided to dress the word replacement up and use a little psychology on the boys, but like Confucious said, no matter how you slice it, it's still (editor's note, nice weather we're having). The word replacement connotes something awful... like for instance someone has to be replaced and that doesn't help sell newspapers, war bonds and voluntary enlistments, does it? So they now call them reinforcements which made one helluva mess. Can you imagine the confusion that grew from having to change all the signs in the repple depots like "Welcome to the Second Replacement Depot", "No throwing stones at the cadre by order of the commanding officer of the Replacement Depot" and "This latrine for the use of Replacement Depot Cadre only?" Well, can you?

But all of that isn't telling you all about me, is it... and I'm supposed to be the hero of this story.

My army career started with Board 45, Armpit County when they said "Hey you" and before I could count 48, 49, 50, I was well on my way to the perfection of the skill of soldiering. I had my basic training through the courtesy of the IRTC at Camp Fallingarch during a whirlwind 17 week cycle. I later found out why they call it a cycle... when you're all through, your legs look like handle bars, and your nose looks like a foot pedal. After Camp Fallingarch, I had 10 full days to do as I damned well pleased, so I did it... that is whenever my wife would let me out of the house.

The ride overseas I won't bring up... I brought that up enough on the boat.

We unloaded at Le Havre... that's the name they give to an overseas obstacle course with a pier out in front of it and then they put us in a concentration camp on wheels called a 40 and 8... they call it that because 40 go in and about 8 usually live to come out. My eyes were just about accustoming themselves to the built in black out when someone said all out and there we were, at the Repple Depot.

The less said about that place, the better... what do you want from me... after all I'm not a civilian yet and there are such things as courts martials.

Lt. William Kante





gt. Beitz went back to Division headquarters to be commissioned.

On January 26th the order came down from battalion that a new raider platoon would be formed, and volunteers from the rifle companies in the second battalion were requested.

Lt. Silk of Easy company was to be the leader. The men of this platoon were to live in houses and remain behind the front lines when they were not out on patrols. Patrolling was to be their only job.

Fox Company did not have many volunteers, but nevertheless twelve men were put in the raider platoon.

Raiders Were Choice Men Picked from Battalion

The activities of the Second Battalion Raider Group during February and March of this year is one of the most glorious chapters of the unit in combat. The Raiders were organized January 28 at La Petit Rederching, France to harass the enemy while the Battalion was in defensive positions between Goetzenbruck, France, and Lemberg, France. Composed of choice soldiers from combat seasoned Battalion Doughs, the group had a strength of about 43 men. The name of the group was White Silk's it's leader, Lt. Edward Silk. Lt. Robert H. Rush, was the co-leader. Towards the end of their existence, Lt. Pittman took over command. The group also had a nickname, Weisels's Weasels, after the Battalion commander, which was symbolized by a stuffed weasel on the radiator of their jeep.

SS TROOPS ENCOUNTERED

The Raiders established headquarters at Meisenthal, which was a few kilometers from the front. Members participating in the raids and patrols rode to the rear CP's by jeep where the group's medic stayed until the raid was finished. From then on the men were on their own in territory that had undergone thorough daylight reconnaissance shortly before the raid. However, not all of the operations were completed at night. The territory covered was infested with mines, barbed wire, and flares and was defended earnestly by SS troops of Hitler's First Mountain Division. Many times the courageous Infantrymen matched their skills with the black devils in small arms duels at close range.

Together with the heavy mortar and artillery fire encountered, this automatic fire kept it hot for the men most of the time. The unit gave it back to the Germans with BAR's, Thompson Sub-machine guns, light machine guns and grease guns that were test fired before they were taken out on patrols and raids. The group also had grenades and flares, together with the best artillery and mortar fire in the world. After each operation, hot coffee was served to the troops.

GROUP BROKE UP FOR BITCHE

When the group broke up to return to their units to participate in the attack on Bitche March 15, they had completed four full sized raids along with at least one patrol a night and usually three or four. The smallest sized patrol was five but the usual size was eight or ten. Despite the heavy opposition, the casualties were very light.

Probably the most exciting raid was one completed about February 20. according to S. Sgt. Bernie L. Mika, acting First Sgt., of the unit. Every man was used and when they got to a certain point a flare was used to signal the artillery to box them in to prevent flank and rear attacks. The group ran into terrific enemy fire at this point. The time was early evening so the men dug in and returned their fire until they were able to slip out under cover of darkness, with only one casualty. "The reason our casualties were so low," Mika said, "was because the men knew how to take care of themselves while inflicting their deadly blows on the enemy."

The Badge Sept. 29



here was a good turn out for the church services which were held in the schoolhouse that afternoon.

The Red Cross had arranged a special treat for Sunday. About 10:30 Mr. Swisher, the Red Cross representative, and two Red Cross girls arrived with plenty of coffee and doughnuts. The coffee and doughnuts were good, but we did not enjoy them half as much as we enjoyed just seeing two American girls.

We slept a little later on Monday morning, resting before our move to Goetzenbruck, which was to be that afternoon. The outpost came in early. Just after the noon chow, two P-47's piloted by Germans, dived on Petit Rederching and strafed the town. An ack-ack crew gave them quick answering fire, and the planes departed before anyone was hurt.

At eight o'clock that evening, we rode back to Meisenthal

and detrucked. From there we again made the two mile hike to Goetzenbruck and by midnight had relieved company B of the 137th Infantry, 35th Division.

We went back to our original houses. The new men in the company made the guard situation much easier.

At noon time on January 30th an officer, Lt. Bobbit, and two enlisted men from the Air Corps arrived at our C.P. to spend a few days seeing how the infantry lived. They brought more baggage than a full platoon of infantrymen usually carried.

Lt. Silk and the raiders made their first patrol that night as "Weisel's Weasels." Encountering no opposition, they returned about midnight.

Activity for the next few days was at a minimum. On February 1st, Lt. Rush led another raider patrol out to the enemy's positions. The patrol was engaged by small arms fire and suffered three casualties, including Lt. Rush. Lt. Bobbit had remained at the second platoon outpost, and after Jerry had dropped in plenty of mortar shells on the O.P., Lt. Bobbit was ready to return to his base.

Goetzenbruck was to be made a defensive strong point, and all civilians were to be evacuated from the town to a safer place.



Exodus

Goetzenbruck . . . Just a peaceful, tranquil little Lorraine village suddenly awakened to the sharp heartache and misery that war time inevitably ushers in. That was the scene greeting the eyes of a wearied, worried "F" company fresh from the cruelest, hardest test since its own "D" Day. And what a welcome sight, too. Occasional laughter, farmers and laborers oblivious to all but their own work, smiling feminine faces, and an occasional parlor room visit for those who could vault the language obstacle. Until . . . "All civilians will be evacuated and the city defended to the teeth." We were a battle wise outfit. Had given and taken. Had killed and been killed. Had attacked and defended. Yes, wise and calloused and hard. Until . . . "All civilians. . ."

There was many a dry tear shed and a protesting cry silenced in its womb as we watched the natives stream from their homes down the road to a dubious and make shift future. The old and the young; those rejected by the sanguinary, ever consuming hunger of the German war monster. Back packs and hand-drawn carts; bedding and food, the essentials of life that were portable . . . No room for luxuries. Women's faces pouring streams of tears born of fear, misery, and helplessness . . . chaos, inferno, anarchy. Such was the lot of the farmers, laborers, people of Goetzenbruck.

Yes, people of Goetzenbruck, we watched you being driven from your homes. Orphaned by the queer machinations of an all out drive to victory. We cried with you but you did not see our tears. Our hearts bled with you and we carried your burdens with you.

Perhaps our words seem enigmatic. This is not an apology. This is an explanation. Your forced refuge was not of our doing; we were preparing the defense of your home; we were taking you from the sting of the wehrmacht, not from the protection of your roofs. We were enclosing your village, your lives from the self-appointed master race. We were struggling to restore the carefree look in your eyes, the permanent insurance against occupation, regimentation, and nazification. Your sacrifices were not in vain; we shall not stop our persevering pursuit of the common enemy.

Tomorrow . . . Goetzenbruck will reflect a new glory. Your townsmen will stand straighter, unburdened by the weight of misery inflicted by your coveting neighbors. Tomorrow, the crucifix in your home will symbolize more fully the ideals by which we join hands, today, tomorrow, and forever.

Lt. William Kantee





n compliance with the order that Goetzenbruck was to be made a defensive strongpoint, we were kept busy for several days laying barbed wire and setting up trip flares. On February 6th, Cunningham was seriously injured while placing out trip flares in the second platoon area, and Hardin was slightly wounded.

The next afternoon a barrage of mortar shells hit the third platoon area while some of the men were laying wire. Huffman and Sass were seriously injured; Walsh and Allen were slightly wounded.

Although the nights were very dark, the artificial moon light was a big help in lighting up the terrain. We felt less jittery standing guard when the artificial moonlight was shining.

The Germans, being able to observe our movements during the day, usually dropped a few mortar shells on the town at chow time. It was on February 13th that Church and Royse, as they were returning to their house after chow, were killed by fragments from a 50 MM. mortar shell.

Church

After serving for a short time in Peru with an anti aircraft outfit, Church was returned to the states and joined Fox company in May, 1944. From the start he was well known; he was one of those fellows you just could not overlook. Church was always full of fun and a willing conspirator in any practical joke. Although he was a small guy, he had sense of humor big enough for two. His death was a terrific blow to the spirit of the first platoon.

Royse

Royse was with us only a few days before he met his death. He joined the company in Goetzenbruck and was assigned to the first platoon. When we first met him, we thought he was a very serious-minded fellow, but we needed to be with him only a few minutes to be able to appreciate his sparkling wit. Royse kept the boys he lived with in constant laughter. He was a boon to their dejected morale, and his loss was deeply felt.

"Hard to Believe"

One day in February, Hart and I were walking up the road to the first platoon C.P. for evening chow. As we approached, Church and Royse were leaving; Church turned and nodded his

head to us. All at once, there was a swish and a bang. The two of them were blown off their feet and fell hard on the ground. I ran into the house and yelled for Kutzman, the medic. Kutzman was out in a second, and he and I carried Church into a house. Two other fellows carried Royse in. No sooner had we laid Church on the bed than his eyes shut and they were never to open again.

Royse had several wounds. Kutzman gave him a shot of morphine while I applied some bandages. The medic worked hard with the assistance of several of the boys. When all the wounds were dressed, I crossed the street to the C.P. and told Lt. Ward about the condition of the two men.

He called the company C.P. and told them not to send down the litter team. Enough blood had been shed, and there was no sense endangering more men. Several minutes later, Kutzman returned with the sad news that all his efforts were in vain; Royse had just died.

Both of these boys, who had made the supreme sacrifice, were very young.

I returned to the house where our machine gun was set up. I do not think I had ever felt so down hearted in my life.

Jim Wade



ven though the raider platoon was in action almost every night, we still made combat and reconnaissance patrols. Life was no bed of roses in Goetzenbruck (it never can be when you are in the infantry and on the front-lines), but living in houses, even though only partially whole in some instances, was an improvement and a decided morale builder. To be sleeping in rooms, no matter how ramshackled, with chairs, tables, and beds was a welcome relief after the long, weary haul in the Vosges. The fellows, with the inherent ingenuity that all G.I.'s seem to possess, picked up gramophones, and strains of everything from "Wreck on the Highway" to "Donna Clara" could be heard almost anytime. Amateur cooks sprung up everywhere. What with a meat shop near the C.P. and eggs, chickens, flour, and milk (the object of numerous searching parties) all augmented by packages from home, life was not at its roughest. Yes, Goetzenbruck and the life it held for the men of Fox company was a relief from the wet, dirty, and depressing existence in the woods.

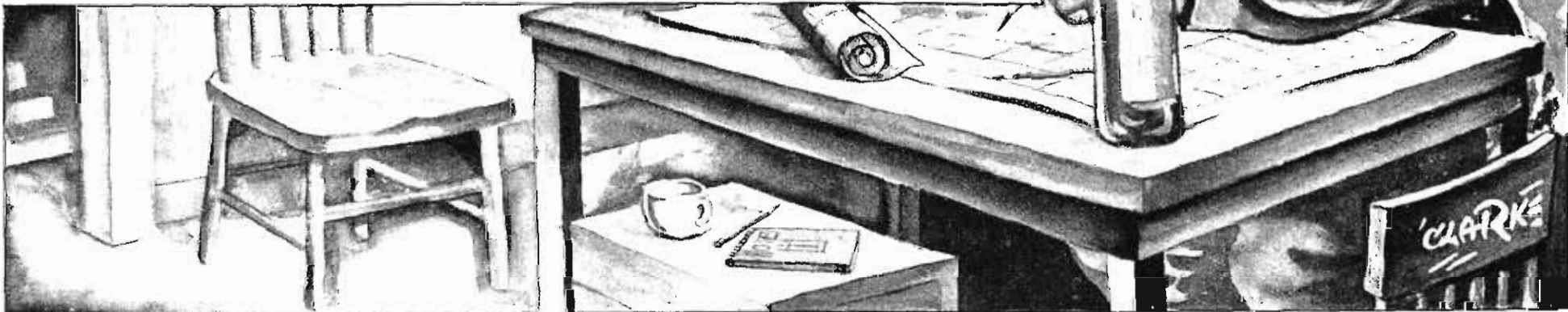
Precision Bombing

Lt. Bietz remarked one day, "Down a little and swing her to the left." Lt. Lonsberg, listening to the fire orders, broke into the conversation and asked, "Who in hell is directing that mortar fire?" Sgt. Smith, second platoon, asking for mortar fire would say, "Two for us and one for the enemy ... First and second platoons, ... all men in your holes, the fourth platoon is going to fire!"

At Goetzenbruck, we had wonderful mortar positions and, on some occasions, fired as many as 300 rounds a day. Late in the afternoon, Lt. Lonsberg, of the second platoon, would usually call me or Vampotic on the phone and ask if we would be ready to fire that night. Naturally, we always answered, yes. About midnight, when every one was in bed, the phone would ring and Lt. Lonsberg would ask, "Do you see the letter 'G' in Goetzenbruck on the map of this area?" Then the mad scramble to find our map in the middle of the night would begin. After placing my bare feet all over Howell's sleeping face a couple of times, I would find the map. By candle light we would strain our eyes to find the right position referred to. After locating it, the necessary firing data would be worked out with little pieces of string on sticks that represented so many yards on the ground on map. (If a military tactician ever reads this, my name is mud.) Then the unthankful job of getting the gunner out of bed to fire began. Brother, if you never witnessed a sleepy G.I. being suddenly jerked out of bed to fire a mortar, you haven't lived! Getting back to our precision bombing on the letter "G", one night something went drastically wrong and we peppered the second platoon C.P. "Ski" called on the phone and shouted, "Stop firing those damn mortars, you're hitting our house." Kuzminski, not realizing that there were still was some rounds in the air, was further excited when they started bouncing off his house again. He told me off in language that only a G.I. can use!

After that, every time mortar shells would drop in the second platoon area, someone would call and ask, "Vampotic, are you firing your mortars?" If he said yes, they would accuse us of the rounds falling short again, and if he said no, they would say, "Those damn Jerries are at it again!"

Lt. Tommy Horler



REMEMBER?

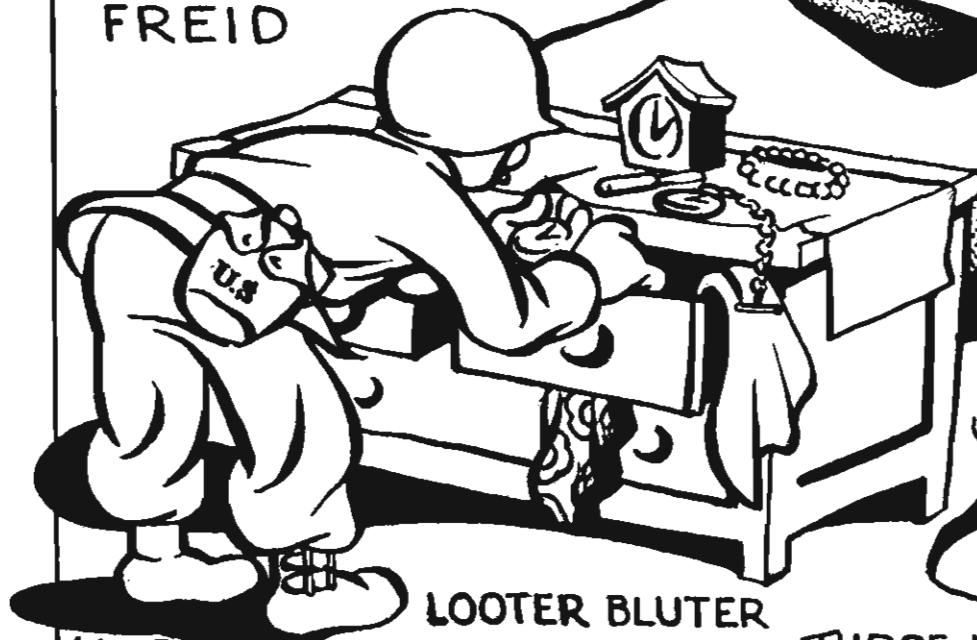


BERNARD
"GHOW"
FREID

CAPT.
SMITH



"HAIRLESS
JOE"
WARD



LOOTER BLUTER



THOSE NICE WARM FOXHOLES

CLARK

The Arrival

After months of digging in and moving out, Goetzenbruck seemed like a paradise. We had been living in the open for months with rain, sleet, and snow making life more miserable than seemed possible. Occasionally we had gone as long as a week without getting warm enough to melt the frost out of our shoe pacs. Then Goetzenbruck, a port in the storm. It did not seem that our luck could be good enough to keep us here for more than a few days. Perhaps, someone "in the know" would make a mistake and leave us here a week or longer. But gradually, as the days faded into weeks and the weeks into months, it became clear that we were destined to remain here in Goetzenbruck until the big "push off" that would inevitably come with the arrival of spring.

William Brown

"Searching Parties"

Soon after Fox company took over the defensive position in Goetzenbruck, the civilians were evacuated to a safer area. After that, it became necessary to check the empty houses to make sure no Jerries had managed to sneak in during the night. At first this was just another task; but while checking for Krauts, we managed to supplement our daily rations with many delicacies: eggs, jam, smoked meats, etc.

Once we had discovered the storage spots for these items, we "checked for Jerries" often.

One of our favorite spots was a Baker's shop up the street. Besides getting a lot of bread there, we found trinkets and old coins. Another place we feared Jerry might invade was a sort of five and ten cent store. Quite a few various items found their way into our pockets from this store.

Yes, Goetzenbruck is where we got our start in the profession of looting (or to be more discreet, "Liberating").

George Seardes

Orientation

Combat Infantrymen

A "G.I." with a short life,
and a long **serial number!**

"The GJ's"

It is a persistant deep knee
bend with cross winds, and
a **burp gun-solo!** It plays
havoc with your stomach,
and **hell** with your **drawers!**

"Rear Echlon"

Something you can't even
focus through **high powered**
lenses!

"Saddle Up"

It's putting everything on
while your heart is **taking**
off!

"In the Cards"

There was nothing to it. So many men had to go on a patrol, and the fourth platoon had to contribute three of our weather-beaten warriors for the affair.

The cards were shuffled, stacked, and cut. Racy and Rebolledo were holding the high cards: "Jack" and "Ten" respectively. Considering there were fifteen men in the deal, and that I usually come up with a "Duce", I felt unconcerned. In fact I smiled. I made a quick cut; my smile vanished even quicker, and quicker still I was number one man with an "Ace of Spades"! Naturally all my life, and everyone else's life, an "Ace of Spades" has a morbid significance. We lucky ones were oriented as to our mission. A night patrol, 12 o'clock, to the edge of some woods about three miles out. Came twelve P.M., fifteen of us, including Lt. Kanter at the helm, stole silently in the night through the soft ice caked snow. The outpost, a half mile away, thought they were being run over by a Panzer Division! So again I say we moved in silence, like a guy eating peanuts during a Philharmonic Concert, only we didn't carry our musical instruments. Though right now I'd have gladly played second fiddle for the Czar, especially if he was in New York!

We stepped easily and quietly for a couple of hours, clumpy clump, clumpy clump, and drowned out a herd of elephants that were stampeding east from Africa!

We reached the edge of the woods "noivous in da soivous". Lt. Kanter and Sgt. Skiba entered the wooded area as the rest of us lined up all along the edge ready to open fire if anything happened.

Two shells burst right in the woods, breaking the deathly silence and blasting us from our tranquil and pensive mood. Kanter and Skiba came double time from the woods. There were no "Heinies". One second later, neither were we! We tracked our way back through the deep snow, when an enemy patrol was sighted. Someone counted sixty Jerries. Another more conservative fellow estimated sixteen. I didn't see any. But then, I didn't want to see any! We spread out quickly and hit the snow. We had to hit something! They say time flies, so eventually twenty minutes went by, and I couldn't stop 'em! Well, anyway, one guy with 20-20 eyes came to the conclusion that this Jerry patrol was nothing more than a group of trees that were lost, and out past their bed-time. So we hobbled along again like the nags in the Kentucky Derby!

We pulled in at six in the morning. My eyes were just about shut, and before the spell of sleep overpowered me I recollect one of the boys tellin' some of the others, "There dey wuz, sixty!! And dere I wuz" H-mmmmm, where wuz I?

Aldo Rubano



• Remember these?

Resort Village

I came to the company with a bunch of other replacements about the second week in February. Goetzenbruck was my first view of the front line. It certainly was a big surprise. I expected to see a system of trenches and dugouts like the ones you see in the movies. Instead, what did I find? Fox company living in houses, sleeping in beds, and eating chicken for dinner every Sunday. Some of the boys even had turkey dinners, while the turkeys lasted.

Old "Pop" used to come up to our house every day to get hay for his cow. He'd usually bring us a pail of milk or a few eggs. We used to eat fried potatoes three times a day.

The butcher across the street from the company C.P. must have made a fortune on all the steaks, chops, and hamburger Fox company ate in Goetzenbruck.

I don't think the Jerry's in holes down in the woods enjoyed the Goetzenbruck situation as much as we did. But I must admit they were neighborly. They would always let us know when it was time to go and get chow. About the time we'd be ready to go for chow, they'd always throw in a half dozen or so mortar shells.

I'll always remember Goetzenbruck for our three main activities there. eating, sleeping, and standing guard. The boys who were in the Vosges say the nights there were black. but there were some black ones at Goetzenbruck too. On the lighter nights we could see pretty well from the window where we stood guard. I'll never forget the silhouette of the window with sand bags piled on the window sill, chicken wire over the window and the hole in the mesh to throw hand grenades through. The second platoon outpost stood out on top of the hill, black against the gray night sky.

William Kere



Meat House



Company C.P.



Mortar House



Machine Gun House



First Platoon House



Second Platoon House



Second Platoon House



Second Platoon House



Second Platoon O.P.



Church Services and Movies

Contentment

If for no other reason, I shall always remember Goetzenbruck for the house we lived in; a ramshackled, crumbly, "shut the door, the damn chickens are coming in" affair. Modest, simple and reserved, it was no Park Avenue home; for sure.

You could almost always stagger into our combination kitchen, washing, sleeping, dining, living, and rumpus room and find someone playing cards, cooking redeployed eggs, or maybe just a few stagnant bodies stretched out on the floor.

The problems of the world seldom penetrated our peaceful abode. There, our only concerns were whose turn it was to get wood for the fire, when chow was coming, or who used the outhouse last and why the hell didn't he shut the door behind him. Shells came in, but only often enough to rearrange the relative position of the men in the house. Some would head for under the sink, men sleeping in bed would scramble under it, and the poor soul caught in the outhouse would just have to pay his respect to Mother Nature "mach schnell".

Life progressed along slowly and uninterrupted in this little French town. How often I have thought I would like to return there, to its simplicity, peacefulness and tranquility. No worries or cares there or no problems. A man with twenty points could live and die peacefully there!

Richard Gabriel

On the Air

"But I didn't hear nobody pray" "This is Beekel" "What's that, Joe?" "C.P.", "C.P.", this is the "O.P." "Red flare in front of the third squad" "Artificial moonlight from 2200 to 2400 tonight" "That one hit near Sherman's house".

... That's only a sample of a typical one-minute barrage on Fox Company's overworked telephone system at Goetzenbruck. just waited awhile and the Ward vs. Kanter pun fest would go off the air in favor of a relayed radio program. But Lt. Ward didn't realize the size of his audience the night he whispered instructions to two first platoon men to fire through his basement door at some noises that were potential Krauts. Half the company was spending a quiet evening listening to the somewhat comical chain of events.

And then after Al Vampotic hooked all the sound power phones together, it was always possible to call the third squad, second platoon, and request "Fireball Mail", "Wreck on the Highway", or, yes... even Frankie, on their liberated phonograph. Of course each number was interrupted at least twice by reports of flares, shots, or wormy K-rations, but that didn't bother anyone so hard up for entertainment. It certainly beat twiddling your thumbs.

So, as a civilian in '47, I'll take a party line every time...

Gail E. Tuttle

It Happend in Goetzenbruck

It wasn't late but it was dark. The guards were relaxing behind sand-bagged windows, making little attempt to do the impossible ... see. Suddenly a flare spread its blinding light over the area and the guards all along the line tensed behind their weapons. Almost instantly, another flare popped. Not a shot was fired. It was only the relief coming in from the out-post. It's lucky they shouted the pass-word loud that night!

In the dark, two G.I.'s crawled cautiously forward. Joe slid his bayonet in and out of the ground as quietly as possible. He carefully probed every inch of the soil as he moved slowly forward. Suddenly, he stopped. As he moved the bayonet cautiously it struck a hard surface. Both doughboys began to dig in the soft ground. Deliberately first, and then speeding their work, as the excitement increased. After removing all the dirt, they reached cautiously down and lifted out three bottles of wine and two of schnapps. "Not much stuff buried in this cellar", said Joe, "Let's go next door."



Goetzenbruck "50 MM Corner"

The sharp crack of an explosion sounded through the room and a piece of hot metal sang through the air. Doughboys dropped from their chairs to the floor. Not a word was spoken. One raised his hand to his forehead and felt hot liquid between his fingers. He turned pale. He didn't dare look at his fingers. Suddenly he forced himself to look. "What, it isn't blood", he cried happily, "Who left that can of meat and beans on the stove? The darn thing blew up!"

The rip of a burp-gun echoed up the draw. We glanced at each other nervously and "Ches" eased a little closer to his rifle. Without a word, I walked to the soundpower phone in the other room and put the receiver to my ear to see if anyone was reporting trouble. I gasped at what I heard...

the nosey voice of Roy Acuff, singing "I saw the wreck on the hi-wayyyy, but I didn't chear nobody pray" I was in no mood for music. I could still hear the burp-gun's chatter. Frantically, I called the C.P. Time, after time, I called. The minutes seemed like hours. At last, I heard someone answer me. His only words were, "Shad-up, yer spoilin' the music."

James Ripper



"Open House, Open Door, Open Heart"

It was at the O.P., the house nearest Jerryland. Brave men walked in and out. But who walked in when I walked out? She was a lonely Mademoiselle, and some big strong Sergeant. I Wonder who? Was giving her some much needed comfort. The situation was perilous, for the girl!

Strange how two people can wind up on a couch even way out here in Goetzenbruck? Love is far reaching. Anyway the room was a battered affair, again I say the room, you need not think otherwise. But the kisses were hot enough to start plant life in the snow. The birds twoiped, and two hearts beat.

The Jerries soon changed the tune. In came one of those precision mortar barrages and the kissin' sounded something like this. "Mmm, MMM!"

(A shell hits the house) "Oh! Oh!"

(A second later) "MMM, MMM"...

(Another shell) "Oh! Oh!"

(A second later) "MMM, MMM."

And still another shell finds its mark Bang ...!!

I rushed in to administer first aid, But it was not necessary, for both were under the couch unmindful of the world around them!

Aldo Rubano

"Mademoiselle"

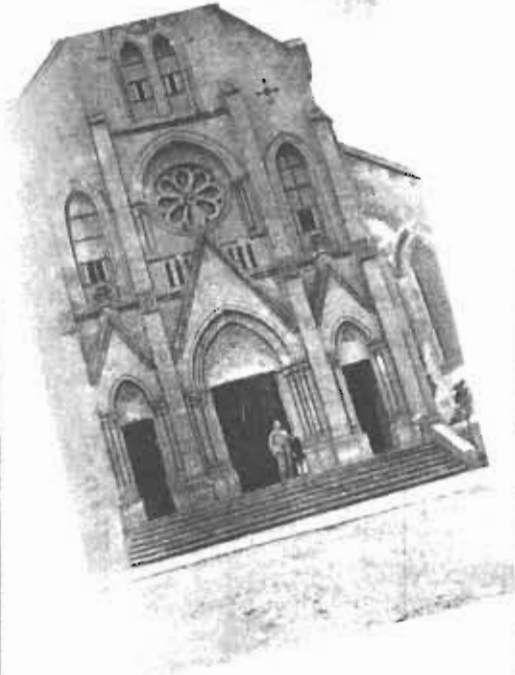
*She's lots of French, and all that's nice,
Sweet 'n coy 'n gay.
She's got those eyes full of spice,
That melts your heart away.
'N when she puckers up her sweet red lips.
And whispers "Mon Cheri",
The only thought that comes to mind, is,
"Baby, come 'n sleep with me!"*

The Poultry Farm

Our first week in the town of Goetzenbruck was pretty exciting. After awhile, though, things calmed down and we concentrated on making things as comfortable as possible.

One day, someone mentioned they would enjoy having a nice chicken dinner. The idea sounded pretty good to all of us, so we grabbed our rifles and helmets and started our house-to-house search for chickens. Before the day was over, we had all the chickens in town collected at our house, pretty close to a hundred of them. Our house was called the "Fourth Platoon Poultry Farm". We had eggs and fried chicken until they were coming out of our ears!

G. Balch



The Church in Goetzenbruck

*And now we pause to say a
prayer for our buddies who
are not with us to day*



*... for all of those who left us
with a smile left us with a
tear ... left us with a memory
God bless you all.*



To our girls and wives
back home:

"Sweetheart"

When summer comes, and the earth is covered with green, when the warmth of the sun's radiant light once again fills my heart ... then will I think of you, think of you as I do today in the cold silent night. Alone I stand beneath a sky of blue and the glistening moon looks silently down. And in my meditation my thoughts go back to you, our first kiss, your soft hair, the long walks with talk that didn't really matter, the hand clasp that said, "You are mine", and the look, "I love you"; my thoughts of you have always been of sweet love. I groped through forests black, and staggered down endless roads. Each morning brought fear, and the day was only to dread the night. How futile, how unkind, and yet ... how sweet the thoughts of you.

Though we are apart, my heart will find you always. Think of me, send out your loving thoughts, and mine will reach out to rest with them, to plan, to love, and dream together.

Night School

I've spent over 16 years in the pursuit of knowledge ... in schoolrooms of all descriptions; classes, demonstrations, lectures, and discussions ad finitum: but there's one class that I attended which I doubt if I shall ever forget. The schoolroom was the vast space in front of the OPLR at our winter quarters in Goetzenbruck, and my teacher was Ralph Johnson, who is a very interested and conscientious student of anything he undertakes. His powers of concentration, as I can prove, are superhuman and his avid ability to wrap himself up in a subject can only be described in superlatives.

If you were along at the time, you'll recall the intricate and multiple communication set up that kept the company informed, and the maze of wires and terminals that were used. One night, a cold and dark one as fate would have it, our lines suddenly went colder than a clam with rigor mortis, and Johnny was called down to make the necessary ameliorations. I, being the curious one, decided to trudge along to witness the operation and, incidentally, to take a look at the situation "out there". So off we went from the comforts of the C.P. into the dark and dismal front.

Things went smoothly and after lapping the entire front several times on our hands and knees searching for the interruption, our endeavors were rewarded, and the break was found. The splice was made in due time and communications restored again ... but only after Johnny had given a complete expostulation not only on the procedure of repairing wire breaks but also the theory and laws of physics involved therein. Sounds silly doesn't it ... but you should have seen it ... "Here's what you do, sir, take the wire like this and scrape off the insulation with, your pliers."

"Yes, OK, Johnny, but can't we hurry just a little?"

"Here, suppose you try it one time."

"Say, don't break it ... I can try it when we get back ... besides, it's dark out here."

"No, not that way. Hold the wire like this and then wrap the tape this way."

"Well, that's done, now can we go ... hit the ground, that's coming in!"

"Now be sure that you wrap it all; if the wire is exposed, it might short on you."

"OK, OK, but we're exposed out here, too. Let's go inside for the critique."

"Yessir, but don't forget that the wire ..."

"Pvt. Johnson ... this is an order. We will now go in."

Let me tell you: Johnny is quite a character.

Lt. Kantec

My First Prisoner

We were preparing to move out to our foxholes one night, while in Goetzenbruck, when we were told to be on the look-out for a twenty man enemy patrol. The weather was misty and very dark except for the "artificial moonlight". Somewhere around 9:30 that night I was on guard in my foxhole when directly to my front appeared a man. Figuring he might be a scout for the patrol, I let him come within ten feet of my hole. I halted him, and my first prisoner turned out to be one of our Air Corp officers who had been shot down during the day.

Harry Eutsey



Night Patrols

Among the things which will always be remembered most vividly are the night patrols. However, they are also the things which cause more talk, laughter, and "bull sessions" than any other single thing. Men have a way of becoming very good friends after being on night patrols together. Perhaps it is the feeling of being with men which a fellow can trust to do his bit in an emergency, to act properly and quickly when the time comes, and to do his best to help a buddy who might be unlucky enough to become disabled that makes one feel "close" to the fellows he patrols with at night. During the day you might look over the ground you will patrol over at night. A certain piece of enemy territory to the front might not look so far away but at night when you leave your own lines and go forward into the dark abyss called "no man's land" that same distance seems to be many times greater and you feel "all alone". But that feeling of loneliness is overcome by the feeling of being near some good men whom you trust to the utmost. No one knows what you might run into ... maybe nothing, maybe more than you can properly handle. But you are convinced of one thing ... that you will do your best when the time comes, that you will try to accomplish your mission above all other things, that you will try to get back, and that you will do all in your power to help the other members of the patrol to get back in case they are unlucky. There is a feeling of tension when you leave your lines behind and that feeling is ever present until those same lines are reached again, maybe several hours later. The old saying which is so often heard, "Glad to be back", could never be more fitting. If the enemy was met and through good fortune, good judgment, superiority of numbers or anything else which might have contributed somewhat, victory was ours and our mission was accomplished, we felt a very definite feeling of elation ... a feeling well deserved. But if the opposite were true, if the enemy had guessed that we were coming that night and had been waiting for us with plenty of firepower, if someone had been unlucky enough to make that fatal step onto an enemy mine, or if our own or enemy artillery seemed persistent about wanting to fall on the very same ground that we wanted to patrol over, then there was a feeling of bitterness that was difficult to overcome and a feeling of resentment toward patrols and anyone who had anything to do with planning patrols. Naturally, in their hearts all men realize that patrols are a very necessary part of warfare. Unless patrols go first to feel out the strength of the enemy and to determine just where his positions are and whether or not a major attack into that same area is wise, it is very certain that more men would be lost in the long run. Our campaigns would not have been as successful without patrols. They are a very important part of warfare. They are the feelers which measure the strength of the enemy. Soldiers have a feeling of comradeship toward each other which one who has not been exposed to the same conditions cannot understand. It comes from being together under many trying conditions of cold, fatigue, fear, hunger, loneliness, and many other intangibles which are so everpresent during war.

But it would be wrong to say that there is not a great amount of fun. Soldiers can have fun under any conditions. Americans have a habit of laughing, even if it is a matter of laughing at a fellow because he looks so wet and miserable after trying to spend a sleepless night in a wet foxhole. And as we have said in the beginning, night patrols contribute to a great extent to this feeling of comradeship. I'm sure that although night patrols are among the things which the boys "liked least", they will be "remembered most".

Lt. John P. Lonsberg

It's a "Bissel" World

One night in Goetzenbruck, Mace and some of the other boys captured a Jerry down by one of the Second Platoon's O.P.'s.

While they were trying to se-arch him, the Jerry pushed their hands away, so I proceeded to "conk" him on the head with the butt of my rifle.

Later, I was hit and sent to Nancy, France, to a hospital. The first morning I was there, I noticed a "P.W." washing pots and pans. He looked familiar, so I went over and asked him where he was taken prisoner. He said, "Goetzenbruck nach Bitcher." Then he looked at me, a little surprised. He moved his hand up to his jaw and rubbed it and pointed to me. "You!" he said.

Ach! Mine Himmel

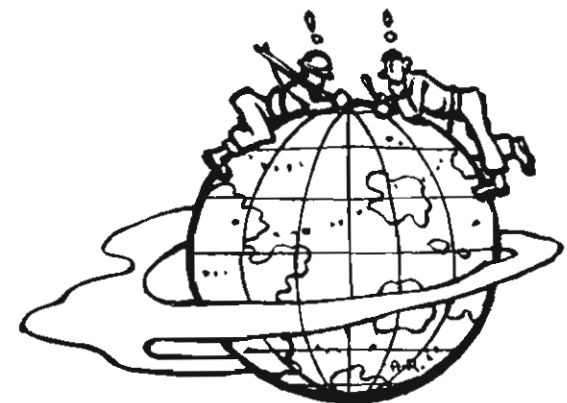
It was a clear moonlight night, one of the few we had in the town of Goetzenbruck. I was on the "O.P." that night and all was very quiet. I was about ready to think that this was to be a peaceful night. I had been on guard about ten or fifteen minutes when out from the shadows behind the Kraut dugouts, I thought I saw two forms come slipping toward the Jerry "O.P.", then, they seemed to disappear... then, I thought I heard the tile crunching and snapping as though someone were walking toward the house. Suddenly, it seemed to stop. In the plainest Kraut I've ever heard someone said, "Gotte Verdammit." I knew then and there that I was not hearing things nor seeing them either.

"Sha' nuff!"

I was down by the "C.P." one day when a "six-by-six" rolled up the hill and stopped by us. A colored truck driver leaned his head out the window and asked, "Ken you boys tell me what town this is?" We said that this was Goetzenbruck and pointed to where Saint Louis and Meisen-thal were. He said, "Whar is da front line?"

And when we told him that it was three hundred yards down the road, he turned and sat back in the truck. Then suddenly two bulging eyes were focused into mine, "Did y'all say only three hundred yards?" "Did When I nodded my head, I heard the most terrible grinding of gears and a racing of motor... swish, the truck was gone. The last I saw was a cloud of dust rolling back toward... rear echelon!

● *"Tini" Rudis*



"Souvenirs"

When we were all set up in our defensive position in shattered houses, and fox holes, the next thing was the looting or taking souvenirs for which the boys had itchy hands. Anything they found was theirs. One incident: Orel, Crosswhite, and myself were searching cellars in an empty house for "schnapps" and other drinks that make G.I.s happy. Orel found several bottles and took a sip from each bottle. One bottle had vinegar in it. He spit it out and made a face, but continued digging thru bins of onions, potatoes, and under mattresses, but in vain! Sometimes coming back under Jerry artillery and mortar fire, we took our chances of getting hit, and for what? some lousy schnapps!

Another time Johnson, of the first platoon, looking out of Sherman's house, saw a dead Jerry about 30 yards from the house, and laying next to him a machine-pistol! With delight in his eyes, and anxiety for the Kraut weapon, Johnson, in broad daylight, crawled and walked... and, quite unconcerned, brought back the machine pistol and cleaned it up. Why? Well, it was a souvenir, wasn't it!

There was a bakery just around the bend from our house. Petrell and myself sneaked in back of the houses to the bakery

and raided the place. To our delight, we found some schnapps and cooking pots and pans, preserves, and meat. With our hands full of everything but bread, we made our way back. For what? "Nicht" souvenirs, but what a meal! Seems funny that the bakery had everything but bread.

In the house where my machine gun squad was set up, there were 45 chickens when we arrived in Goetzenbruck. When we left, there were 5 chickens. We had eaten about 20 chickens; the other 20 chickens were killed by Jerry artillery and mortar fire. I'm indeed thankful that our platoon contained some good cooks for our dinners on the front line.

One fine day, Orel was cleaning the guts out of a chicken. One look at the chicken's insides and Orel dashed out of the house to "puke his brains out". No chicken for him that day! The trouble with a city fellow is that he thinks he knows everything, but a farmer knows a little more... especially when it comes to chickens.

After "V-E" Day we had some more experience with "chicken". But that's another story...

Julius J. Racy

Sarreburg ... 50 Miles

It had been three months since our five days of Corps reserve in November, and it was really something to be told to be ready to go to Division Rest in the morning. It didn't take long to throw all my belongings into a corner and gather up the few things that had to be taken. Thoughts of showers, clean clothes, movies, and especially of no artillery made the evening a pleasant one.

Once the chow jeep left Goetzenbruck, the next morning, it seemed like a different world. Overnight in Meisenthal and then on to a truck for the final trip. Each sign along the road announcing Sarrebourg a little closer raised our morale considerably. That one sign at the edge of the city, though, made us completely at ease, "General's Headquarters"... that was all we needed.

Post-war passes to Paris and Riviera may seem good now, but it doesn't take much remembering to realize that they don't compare to being jerked off the line... even for Division Rest.

Gail E. Tuttle



"Chicken a la M 1"

We all wanted and dreamed of chicken for dinner. The problem of where to find the poultry was the least of our worries. Who was to go was our main concern. After a bit of hemming and hawing, Petrell and Goodner agreed to go out and find a hen. When the bird was finally "requisitioned", killing it was a simple matter. Ammunition was plentiful. A few rifle shots were heard outside, and upon investigation, we saw a hen and a rooster laying on the ground, the hen ready for cleaning and cooking. About this time, a very excited woman came running up, angrily waving her finger at Petrell. In his hat was a big, colorful tail feather which had once belonged to the now deceased rooster. Circumstantial evidence was against him. Although Petrell "nix verstanden" a single word she was saying, he felt quite thoroughly chastised.

The meal itself went over very big. We had chicken, mashed potatoes, onions, bread, butter and coffee. As Goodner and I had done the cooking, Goldberg "volunteered" to do K.P.... Racy just sprawled on the bed, complaining that we had fed him too much.

Incidentally, I can not remember if Petrell salvaged the tail feather or gave it to the woman as a souvenir!

William Orel

"The Devil Listens to Idle Talk"

I had to stop dunkin' Gibson's swell cake in some cow's purple milk, it gets that way when you mix it with raspberry jam, because Cinquagrana sez, "You guys gottit easy!" and then we surround him. Did you ever hear of the Vosges? Con scratches his head. "Now what the hell is that, some new itch?" And we poured it to him. Mountains that reached the sky. Snow ten feet deep. Mortars and two cases of "K's" on our backs. No sleep, cold, and always climbing. S'funny but all our talk had no affect on him. He takes it all in and then mutters, "You guys gottit easy." WOW!! I blew a fuse. EASY? (No, this is Fox company!) "Con, as much as I hate it, I hope to hell we move out of here in a couple of days and go into combat again, just to see your "Fannie" drag along the ground! It seems no sooner I utter those God forsaken words when the Seventh Army decides to push off. Well, to make a long story short CINQUAGRANA DID DRAG HIS "FANNIE", BUT WE DRAGGED OURS RIGHT BEHIND HIM!

Aldo Rubano

