

# Occupation



he end of the war, May 8th, found Fox company in Schorndorf. The town will probably be remembered most for the company party, battalion show, good weather, and even better liquor.

On May 10th men loaded on jeeps and made the ride to Schwabisch Hall. During our week's stay there, we took over the guarding of a bridge, prison, and powerhouse. As the weather at this time was warm, the people, who seemed friendly enough, were often seen sun bathing.

On the morning of the 17th, bright and early, we moved by motor convoy to the peaceful farming village of Kirchberg. Little time was lost in setting up check posts and establishing security patrols which were sent out to surrounding towns. Our stay here, long and pleasant, was further enhanced by good weather and pretty countryside views.

On the 8th of June, we boarded trucks and drove to Welzheim. After a short stay of two days we pulled out for the town of Winnenden. The usual check points and motor patrols were set up. On the more enjoyable side, however, was the G.I. movie house and "Stagger Inn", the company's first real beer "joint". While here, Captain Adams and Lt.'s Ward and Stalikas transferred to the 36th and 63rd Divisions, respectively. From the latter outfit, we received Lt. Carrow.

The company stayed here until July 8th, when we moved out for the residential town of Fellbach, eight kilometers outside of Stuttgart. Here, the company enjoyed probably what was the best set up in the Seventh Army area. Everyone lived in modern, well furnished homes. The company ate in the town hall which was also used for basketball, shows, movies, plays, and concerts. There were athletics, riding stables, and nightly transportation to the Stuttgart Red Cross. The "Stagger Inn" served beer, wine, cognac, vermouth, coke, and occasionally champagne.

For some, occupational duty will go beyond the town of Fellbach. Others, more fortunate, will make the long-awaited boat ride home.

## *This Nation We Conquered*

Stout, robust German civilians leaned from their windows, talking together in their own language... a language of "ah's" and "so's" and guttural sounds; the young girls went by, two by two, in the narrow streets, hatless and laughing. The tall straight steeple of the lone village church silhouetted itself against the setting sun and stood serene and lovely above the surrounding landscape of low rolling hills.

The war had been over for only a few days and we, still tired from the long struggle, looked, as if for the first time at the people, the houses, the villages we had conquered. The men, hurrying to their homes before curfew, looked stiff and unnatural with their narrow-brimmed hats, their dark suits, and often, their walking-sticks. They seemed, as we had expected, like characters from a "Confession of a Nazi Spy" movie. The women, sometimes at their sides, appeared a great deal similar to those we had known all our lives. They laughed and chatted in orthodox housewife fashion, or sometimes they snuggled close to the men they were with... or maybe, their loved ones had been taken away by the ravages of war and now, they walked the streets alone with no real purpose in life.

These people didn't seem so terribly different from the rest of the peoples of the world, yet embedded in the psychology of their everyday life was the idea of world conquest. Still, when they pushed and crowded onto street-cars and buses, we were reminded of the subways of New York City; they pulled the same little rickety wagons the French pulled; the young boys and girls flounced by with the same important air of the teen-ager at home. Although their costumes varied from ours and their habits, too... their motives and desires seemed the same. What it was that made their nation one of war-mongers appears a mystery as one watched the average German street scene.

Many times we resented the fact that these people, the promulgators of the horrible war that left so many others homeless, should themselves be so little touched by it. Their long tweed coats were something the French had not had for five years; their ware-houses were stocked with food the rest of Europe had been deprived of; their children looked fat and healthy in contrast to the weak little things we had seen playing in the streets of Marseille. But, as we traveled through Germany seeing the destruction we had wrought, often whole cities destroyed, we felt a swelling of satisfaction. A debt had been paid back... a debt of suffering, humility, and want. It was as if two wrongs had made a right.

As we settled to the job of occupying this strange country, we soon met the Germans, not as a race, but as individuals. Our barber was a soldier defending Bitche when we were attacking; the girl that served us beer had lost her husband at the Belfort

Pass; the woman that did our washing had a brother in a PW cage for SS troopers. Sometimes we wondered what they were thinking; the young girls that accepted us just as young men instead of the wanton destroyers of their homes; the old men, the tailor, the printer, the owner of the house we slept in the people we passed on the streets... we talked with them, drank with them, and watched them. We learned to live their kind of lives, eating black German bread, shaking hands with everyone as we met them, talking boldly of subjects we had been taught to be discreet about, drinking weak beer and strong schnapps, listening to concerts of Johann Strauss and Mozart... doing in Rome as the Romans do.

Maybe we should have been tough and brutal like they had been when they were the conquerors, but we were tired... tired of hurting... tired of kicking them while they're down... tired of carrying a chip on our shoulders. Maybe, we were just lonesome and it was sympathy and affection we wanted, and as we found out... some of them wanted it, too.

Of course, a great deal of them hated us, we were the rulers and they disliked submission from any but their own race. We patrolled their streets, enforced curfew, and punished them. Some of those that hated us would smile the most and treat us friendly... and always they lied, even when the truth would have served just as well. For this reason we often wondered if they really wanted to be friendly or were just taking us for suckers. We had to always be on our guard... never to sit with our back to the door.

On the whole, however, they were honest friendly and helpful, but were always wondering when we were going to leave their homes, wondering if we were going to leave. Sometimes, we discussed the war and politics with them. In one breath they'd tell how they hated war and in the next, express their desire for an American and German alliance in a war against Russia. For months we watched them, learning their way of life. We talked with them in very broken German. We passed them, crowded on the back of large, clumsy, wood-burning trucks, riding bicycles, pulling little wagons, or walking. Our jeeps darted in and out of the heterogeneous traffic; our tanks roared through their narrow streets headed for the docks of Marseille and La Havre; our troops reviewed at their stadiums and fields. We were forever reminding them of our presence.

As we quartered ourselves in their homes, we noticed the peculiarities of the Hitler built houses; three stories, three door-bells, three bath-rooms, three kitchens in each house and all the houses at dress-right dress. They were better houses than the average population had and we supposed they were given to those that were in the good graces of the Nazi Party. They stood as a silent example to the German people of the good things that came from allowing themselves to be regimented.

As the weather became warmer the men blossomed forth in leather breeches and alpine hats and the women could be seen working in the fields attired in shorts and tight fitting, white blouses. As the sun beat warmer through the long summer days, the light Aryan skins became a golden brown in contrast to their usual blonde hair. With long sickles they systematically harvested the abundant wheat fields and when the sudden showers came, would pitch the bundles onto a oxen pulled wagon and move it into shelter.

We loafed and wandered in the many cherry orchards. We ate strawberries that were bigger than any we had ever seen. We watched with a lazy eye as summer changed to fall and, finally to winter.

*Oscar Broman*

## *Germany*

I have not been all over the world, in fact only a small part of it. For this very reason I don't know the most beautiful spot on earth. But in all my life never have I been so thrilled as I was upon witnessing the scenic beauty of Germany. Its endless hills, and cultivated fields, its romantic trees and green terrain, the spacious sky, the glistening moon. A million trillion twinkling stars, and the flowers sleep to adorn the coming day with their delicious aroma, and brilliant color. These are the silent satisfactions that bring that inexpressable joy ... these are the things that make you forget ...

You know, there is a hill just outside of Fellbach, if you happen along sometime just get to the top of it. What a breathtaking view! Look out, way out, and the whole world is beneath you ... But soon these will be memories, memories so beautiful that they shall not be forgotten.

*Aldo Rubano*



## *"Back At the Kitchen"*

The next few lines will be devoted to the supply and morale section of the company during combat, and even at the present time. That's right, it's the kitchen, supply, and mail sections.

During combat these were the men who followed behind the troops and brought hot chow, (when possible) mail, and supplies to the men. This included 6 cooks, mess sergeant, supply sergeant, artificer, and mail clerk. The task of preparing a meal was quite a headache at times in comparison to what it is now. Now we are certain to be in one place long enough to cook. Many times the cooks would have a meal in the making and orders would come to move in thirty minutes. For the next thirty minutes the air would be full of flying pots, pans, letters, and on the side, a few rifles. The longest we were in one place was Dehlingen, France. Orders were for us to move in at night, cook a meal and leave the next day. But it wasn't until seven weeks later that we finally moved to Soucht.

The means of shelter in this occupation system is somewhat better. These nice large buildings have a tent beat in more than a few ways. Ask "Su" and "Bow" how they liked to wash the mess gear in the morning with the water all frozen.

Otto and Stack also had their headaches. Otto's questions usually were "When am I going to get these 40 rifles cleaned?" and Stack's questions were "What shall I do with these 200 wet and frozen overcoats?"

Now while in this roll of occupation, these sections of the companies are as near like garrison life as possible. The kitchen has a nice place for cooking and serving and then the dining room is even better. The supply section has a neat little room all to its own and plenty of room to work. Also, I have my mail room and the comforts of home, all in one. (Incidentally, I'd better keep my eye on that electric stove on these chilly mornings.)

There are memories that will linger with this gang for a long time. For instance: Stack following a wire to find the company; Steensen sweating out taking chow up; Otto, Gannett, and "Tip" on carrying parties; and the time I stayed by myself on a hill for a week. With the memory of these incidents in time to come, my thoughts will turn to these men: "Stack", Otto, "Bow", "Su", Joe Wharton, Gannett, Holzner, and "Tippie" ... a grand bunch of guys.

*Frank W. Stevenson* CHARKS

## *"The Cast System"*

I've often heard it said that the social register in the states goes something like this... in Boston it's who you know; in Philadelphia it's who your grandfather was; and in New York it's how much money you have.

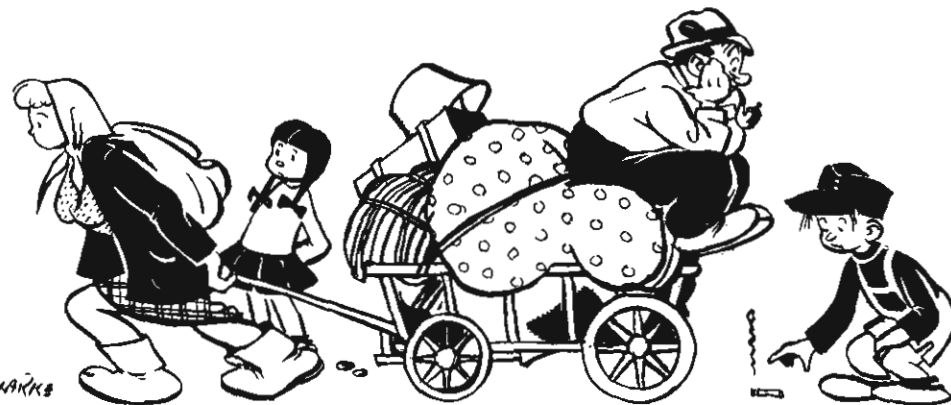
Germany, not to be outdone, has its own standards on the same subject. Here, the emphasis is placed more on what your daily activities consist of. As anyone can readily see, the upper crust, the cream of society, the local "four hundred" are the tobacco retrievers, or in more simple language, the cigarette butt hunters. This class, readily identified by their fine dress, speech, and bearing, can always be seen strolling down the best parts of town, eyes glued to the ground.

The second, or middle class, in Germany is known by the chic name of the "check-point clique". Never traveling in groups of less than one hundred in number, they congregate at any and all street corners, waiting for transportation. Their social standing is identified by the fact that they wait instead of walk.

The lowest class is referred to as the "wagon set". S.O.P. for traveling for them, is a small wagon, preferably falling apart, loaded up with five wooden chairs, two nondescript beds, pots, pans, plates, dishes, shoes, socks, shirts, pants, ties, dresses, and all points west! The tobacco retriever class will have nothing to do with these people.

Such are the social conditions and standards of present day Germany!

*Richard Gabriel*



## *"A Night in Germany"*

It was on Tuesday night around 8 o'clock when I was coming home from the Red Cross at Stuttgart that I, by mistake, boarded the wrong street-car. The night was one of those dark, misty kind and I was crowded in among a group of German soldiers who had just been released from a PW camp. There were no GI's on the car and I felt a little ill at ease as I pushed in among the group.

When the street-car came to a halt, I found myself in a lonely section of town. I waited a few minutes and finally another street-car came along. As it slowed down to a stop, I saw a woman fall from the car... at least, I thought she fell. A man in civilian clothes jumped out after her and started to hit her with his fists.

For a minute I didn't know just what to do. I had only an empty .45 in my holster and was all alone, surrounded by Kraut civilians. I pulled out my pistol and stuck it in his face. He backed away and ran off. The woman was taken home by friends.

I finally found my way back to the company area, thinking what a queer race these Germans are.

*Harry Eutsey*

## *"Krauts No Like"*

We were notified a day ahead of time that the assistant division commander was going to make an inspection of Fox company area. So, the first sergeant formed the company and the C.O. told us that we'd be restricted until the houses were cleaned and inspected by our platoon leaders. With all the fellows working like hell, the houses were soon as clean as a whistle.

After the cleaning was finished and the restriction lifted, the "first soldier" noticed that the streets needed a sweeping. Deciding the G.I.'s had done enough work for one evening, he organized a little patrol (nix combat) and went out in search

of potential street-cleaners. In no time at all, he was back with two Krauts that he caught out after curfew. I was sergeant of the guard that night so Fairchild and myself got two large street brooms and started the Krauts down both sides of the street.

After they had finished the first street, we took them over to the other street. About four o'clock in the morning, after they had finished, we took the two very disgusted Krauts over to the "Rat House" for a little sleep. I don't think they'll be found out after curfew for quite some time.

*Kenton Mace*

## *"Tally Ho"*

Tally Ho was the name given to the operation carried on in the entire 7th Army sector of occupation, the objective being; to gather up all ex-soldiers not having proper identification, to get any American property that had in some way or other gotten into the hands of Germans, and to turn in people who for any other reason did not measure up to snuff in the unit commander's estimation.

Fox company had the town of Fellbach, where it was then billeted as its initial objective and by four thirty of the morning of July 21, all members of the company were at the jump-off point and at the sound of the siren which belched forth exactly on the stroke of the half hour the door bells started ringing and people, still half asleep would come wobbling to the door, wondering just what the heck was coming off. Then the man with the paper would step forward and hand it to the Kraut. It said in German that all occupants of the house had three minutes to get out of the house bringing with them all identification papers and while one man was checking the identification of the people, the rest of the men in the group were inside, scrounging the house for things which should not be there, having one member of the household with them. The rest of the populace were still wondering what was coming off, sticking their heads out of the

windows that is so much a part of Germany, when Henry Holzer came bounding up the street in the sound truck and bellowed forth that all people would remain in their houses for forty eight hours and that no people would be allowed on the street for any reason except to truck food stuffs to other localities. However, later in the day they were permitted to go for milk but only Henry was told that and he proceeded to announce it. As fast as he would tell them they could go for milk the rest of the men in the company would run them back home, not being able to understand the lingo and not having received the order from above.

Funny things that occurred during the operation were numerous, but as space is limited, only a choice few will appear in this short episode. The first one to appear was about the twelve civilians that Vampotic and Lt. Horler caught outside their domicile and immediately put to work sweeping the streets. It was quite amusing to ride down the street and see all these Krauts sweeping away and wishing they had believed the loud speaker when it told them to stay off of the street. Then the one that Walsh tells about the woman who came up to him rather scantily clad and made motions to go back inside the house, but being unable to understand her dialect he failed to get the drift of the story she was trying so hard to put over to him. Nonetheless, he kept her there until the search of the house was completed and noticed that she figited continuously all the while. As soon as the men came out of the house and the people were told they could go back in, this particular woman knocked about everyone down getting inside and into her apartment. Walsh, being an inquisitive guy, followed her to see what was up. Well, it was early in the morning and they did get the poor girl out of bed and they didn't give her but three minutes to get out of the house. If that happened to you I bet you'd be in a hurry, too. How about it, Walsh?

Then there was the woman Enright caught with the pistol in her house and after explaining to her for twenty minutes

that she would have to go to the high "commandant" about it, she took another twenty minutes to dress and nothing he did could induce her to hurry. Finally in desperation he grabbed her by the arm and started toward the door. When he did, she broke away and went for the kitchen and there got her little loaf of black bread and a piece of some kind of meat, put them in a little bag and took off with us for the high commandant. At latest reports, they had decided just what Enright and I decided that morning ... she was a little off in the noodle. Then in the first platoon area they brought two old women in without proper identification that were so old they could hardly get up the steps but they made it only to give their names to the man there and then make that long trek back home.

It was gruesome work, for there weren't so many houses but they all had at least four floors and were quite spacious besides. However, at about seven that night all platoons finished up and came wandering home tired, bedraggled, dirty, but laughing and exchanging antics of the day with their buddies of the other platoons. That wasn't the completion of our job, however, for on the following morning we were up again before day-break and heading toward Rommelshausen where the same process was repeated. Finishing that shortly after lunch, on we went to the settlement of Stetten for our third and final town. There were many scenes that were reminiscent of combat, but looting was strictly forbidden so that took a lot of joy out the thing. It was a complete success though, as we can see from the results published in Stars and Stripes a few days later when they announced that over 80,000 people without proper identification or for some other reason were taken into custody by the troops. It was hard work, sure, but when it was completed I don't think that there was one man who participated who wasn't satisfied that he had not only helped win the war on the battlefield but had helped in securing the peace by doing his utmost to denazify the country. Thus is the ending of this short but sweet story on operation "Tally Ho".

*Lt. Carrow*

## *It Happend in Fellbach*

I was on a check point. A truck came along and I told the driver to stop. The truck halted and a pretty fraulein and an old man crawled down from the rear of the truck and started walking towards Waiblingen. The fraulein came over to me hurriedly, pointed to the old man and exclaimed excitedly that he was a Nazi leader. I yelled after him to halt. He turned and came back to me. I searched his person and bags for weapons. He sat down for about five minutes, and then tried to explain something in "Deutsch" which I didn't understand. So I told him, "Sheddup"!

He said, "Yah, Sheddup".

So I said, "Buddy, Sheddup, before I knock you on your fanny."

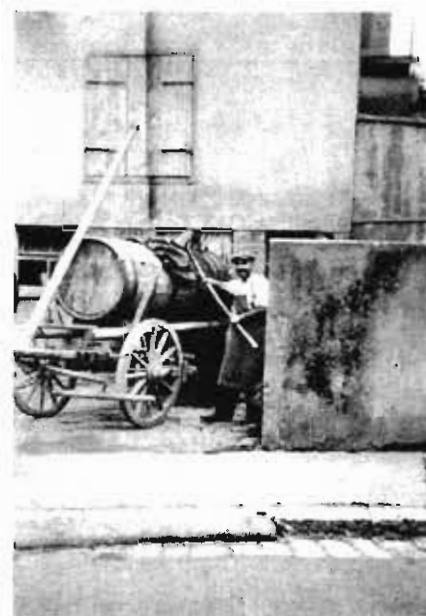
So he said, "Yah-yah, Sheddup."

So I said, "Listen Buddy... Sheddup!"

And he said finally, "Yah, das iss mine nomen, Fritz Sheddup."

Das is alles!

*Mathew Budzisz*



"Squeaking Meemie"

*"Haben Sie Clothespin?"*

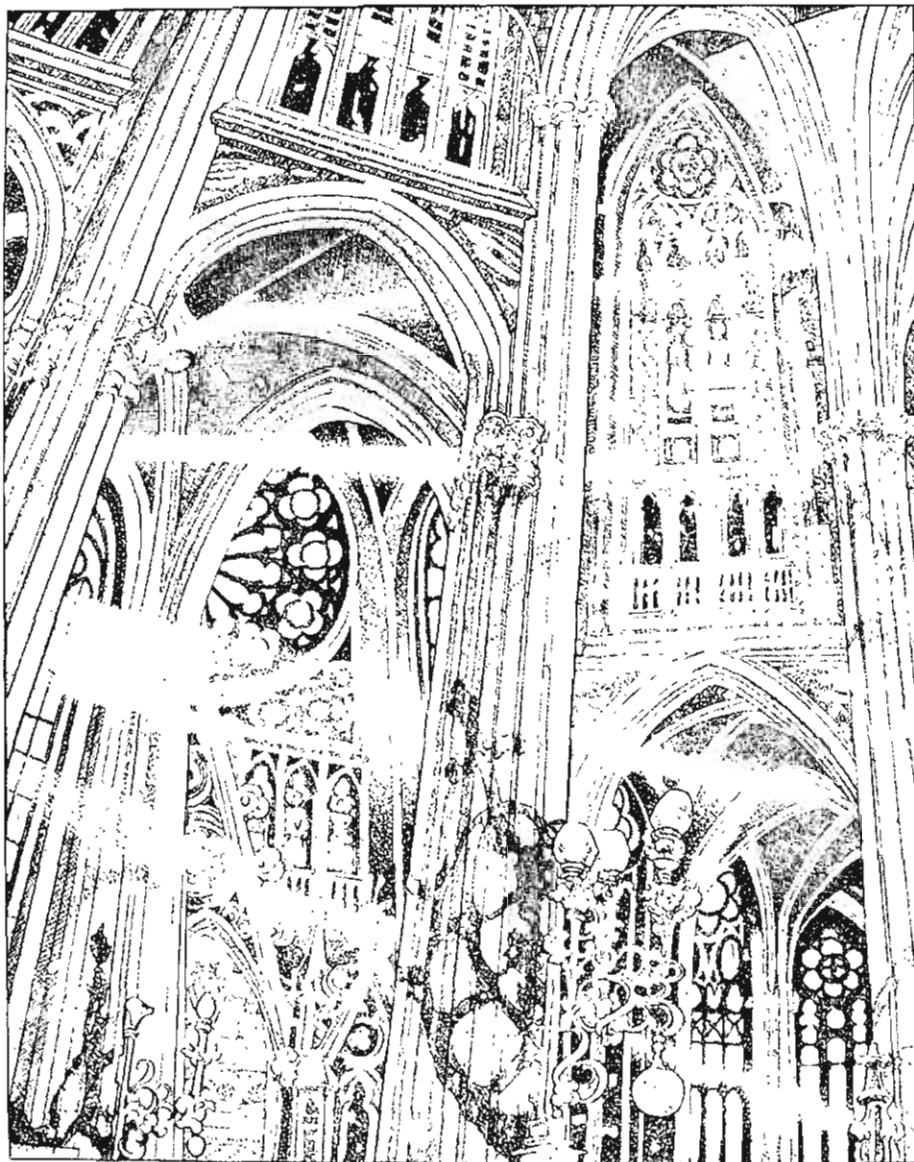
People back home will stare with wonder when an ex-GI consumes a huge chunk of limburger cheese without so much as a wrinkled nose. It all comes from nasal conditioning in the form of that old Kraut trademark, the honey wagon. That's one thing the Germans can claim that is nonexistent in the States. (Let us hope so!). It's caused more sour faces that the point system, and next to invading Russia, Hitler's worst snafu was in not dropping similer tanks on Allied troops.

It's just like being back in uniform for a Kraut to mount his horse-drawn chariot and begin to scatter hope and good cheer through the morning air. My prediction is that the above pictured four-wheeled contraption will soon replace the Swastika as the German national symbol.

*G. Tuttle*







ALDO RUBANO

### *Germany - Sunday Morning*

Perhaps a fellow had been taught during his younger life that it was proper to go to church on Sunday in order to give to the Lord that one day which He claims for His own. Then came the war. With shells whistling around every day and with so many possibilities of losing one's life in a split second each man became more conscious of religion. It now seems odd to look back upon the times when no one knew what day of the week it was. Everyone always knew what day it was at home . . . no one ever guessed that the day would come when a fellow would be so absorbed with staying alive and carrying on the war in his own little way that he would not have the slightest idea of whether it were Tuesday, Friday, or Sunday. We all gave our best I guess and between us, usually arrived at the correct answer. Sunday was like any other day. The war was a big thing and certainly did not respect Sundays.

Now and then we would be far enough behind the lines so that services could be held. The word was passed along and practically all of the men attended. It was not always possible to attend the service you preferred but under the circumstances, almost any religion seemed to fill the bill. To say that men did not pray each day would be incorrect because the most fervent prayers ever uttered were uttered not in a church but in a ditch somewhere on the battlefield when each shell or bullet that whistled overhead seemed to be the one which would bring this earthly life to an end. Let it not be said that most men were



afraid to die. Indeed not, if death be necessary in order to keep the world free from oppression, then death it would be ... but at the same time men tried to cling onto life until the last possible moment. Life is sweet. To say anything but this would not be accurate. At times men have decided in one moment that the life of a buddy was more important than their own lives and did things spontaneously which meant their deaths ... to save a buddy!

War is queer ... while front line men in both our own and the enemy lines did their best with the instruments of warfare to destroy the opponent, there were men just a little to the rear of the front lines who worked night and day with very delicate and technical instruments and trained minds to save the very lives which the enemy had done his best to destroy. Somehow it seemed so contradictory ... but such is warfare.

At times during the recent weeks of occupation we have had occasion to attend the church services of the German civilians. Although freedom of religion had been rare during Hitler's regime, the nucleus had remained and now the church was beginning to come into its own once again. There is a very "mixed" feeling at attending a German church among the German civilians in an American uniform. This feeling comes from having people on your right and left, to your front and rear, who have recently been your enemy. It is impossible for us or for the Germans to suddenly change our attitudes toward each other. That may come slowly but surely not suddenly. It is not like throwing off a cloak. They are Germans and we are Americans and our ways of life are different.

The queerest thing of all is to see the wreaths of flowers placed on the side altars or the walls in memories of soldiers who had died for their country, Germany. We do not speak of them with hate because they did as they were told to do and they gave all they had, their lives. Perhaps they knew their cause was wrong but could do nothing about it. We shall give them the benefit of the doubt. Then there were long lists of

names on plaques indicating who had died. These people we were kneeling among, were their mothers and fathers, wives, sisters, and brothers. The little kids up front were their children. We, American soldiers, had been the reason why a lot of these names were present on the plaques. The ribbons many of us wore on our chests indicated that we had an active part in causing many of those names to be carved into the stone. How should we feel in the presence of those people?

But the war is over and now perhaps the world is once again on the right path ... a path of freedom from oppression. That is our hope because looking back it seems like an awful lot of work was necessary to reach this point ... and an awful lot of suffering and pain and blood.

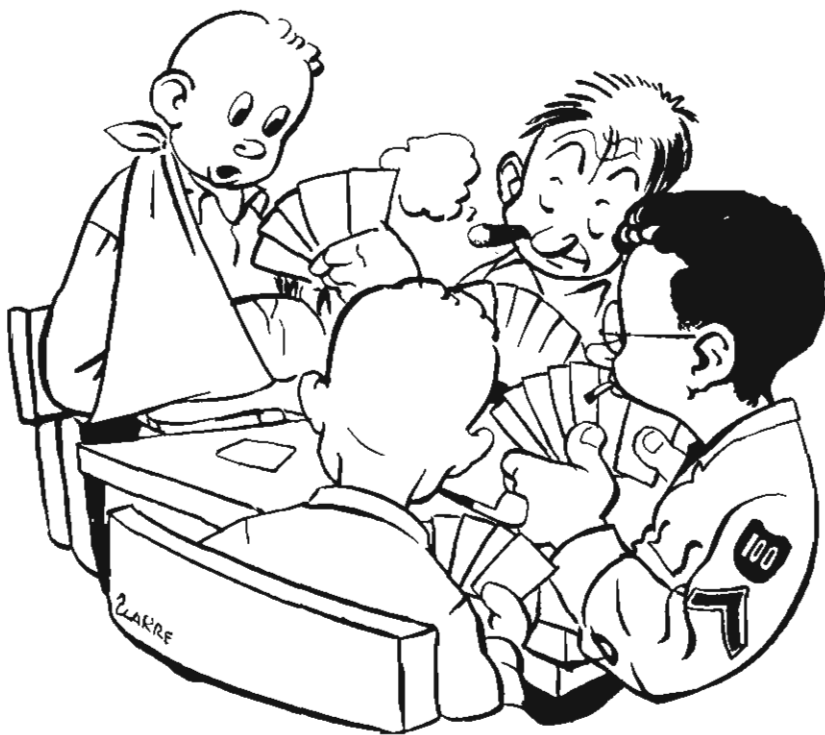
But over and above any "mixed" feeling that we may have because of being among these Germans in their own churches and joining in prayer for their dead whom we so earnestly strived to bring to that state such a short time before, is the feeling that there is a Lord in Heaven who looks upon us all as His children whether we be American, French, German, or Italian and He expects us to conduct ourselves with that thought in mind at all times. We know that we are citizens of the greatest country on earth and we are very proud of that fact. To be able to say "I am an American" gives a fellow a very fine feeling. But when we attend services these Sunday mornings in Germany and have for our comrades in prayer the very Germans whom we fought so bitterly, and when we have that "queer" feeling for the reasons stated in this little story, let's remember then that we are first of all children of the same God and that He looks upon all of us in the same light. Just as our actions during the war were justified, our presence in German churches with German civilians and former German soldiers can also be justified. These are the thoughts which Americans might have in Germany on "Sunday Mornings".

*Lt. John P. Lonsberg*

### *"Saturday Night at a Poker Game"*

If you don't know how to play poker, don't get mixed up with the fourth platoon. This doesn't mean that they are a bunch of card sharpies, but they know how to play their cards. Myself, I never stay in a game unless I get three of a kind, and even then I am a little leary about betting. I can't think of anytime where I ever won over thirty dollars. Whenever I see a game I always like to get in it. I think that some of the guys are beginning to catch on as to how I play. Now, whenever I bet, they all drop out. But we invite everyone of you to one of our Saturday night games. If you have a weak heart, bring your doctor. If you can't bring him, then bring beaucoup money.

*Howard Diamond*



### *"A Soldier's Compliment"*

Fooling around in the mess hall in Fellbach, Germany, we find Levesque, Lt. Carrow, and Walsh. Lt. Carrow came out with a bright remark, saying, "You're the best platoon sergeant named Levesque I've ever had."

"And you're the best platoon leader named Carrow I've ever had," rejoined Levesque.

Walsh, not to be outdone, commented, "You might add ... and the only one under five feet!"

The scene closed with Lt. Carrow chasing Walsh through the mess hall!

*Best Bless*



## *"Points"*

"How many points ya got, Mac?"

This question will no doubt go down in history, along with "Oh! My aching back", as one of the famous sayings of World War II.

Perhaps right now the aforementioned question doesn't have much value to us; it doesn't make much sense. Well, "Mr." former "G.I. Joe", if you will explore back into the dim recesses of your white and grey matter, you will recall that back in '45 and '46, the difference between a soldier and an ex-soldier revolved around the quantity of points he possessed on V-J Day, September 2, 1945.

Everybody talked, argued, and discussed points in those days. Soldiers wrote letters to various outfits through the perilous and hazardous "channels" ... hardy souls that these boys were! Mothers, fathers, wives, brothers, sisters, girlfriends, and even mother-in-laws wrote letters to their congressmen, complaining about their "Johnny" not being able to come home because of too few points. Congressmen asked for investigations of the point system. The War Dept. was "called on the carpet" to explain their progress and plans for demobilization of the Army. Senators and Representatives introduced alternate proposals to let all fathers out; to let Purple Heart men out; to let students out; to let older men out; to let limited service men out.

What confusion! What commotion! What a mess!

If you will recall your own feelings buddy, you will remember that you looked on the entire situation with a critical eye. You may have been skeptical, bitter, disillusioned, or happy ... depending entirely on how many points you had. To compensate for your lack of sufficient points to don a suit of tweeds and a fedora, you griped about the Air Corps. (Most Air Corps men had enough points to get out of the Army, and Navy too. You poor doughfeet sometimes didn't have enough points to get out of the Wacs!) Complaining about the Air Corps usually made you feel better.

Then "redeployment" really got under way. Shipping lists appeared on bulletin boards about as frequently as detail lists appeared. High-point men shipped out; low-point men shipped

out; other divisions joined us. Infantrymen went to Quartermaster outfits, Ordnance outfits, M.P. outfits. Most soldiers were wearing two shoulder patches at this time, representing their old division and the one they now found themselves in. The divisions that shipped home carried high-point men, and were referred to as "vehicles" for transporting high-point men to the land of milk and honey. (These men hadn't seen an American "honey" in years!)

The Army at this time was shifting its men all over the world ... and in back of all these troop movements and shipments was the point system. Points oiled and operated the vast machinery of redeployment and demobilization.

Perhaps this discussion has seemed quite "pointless" to you, dear reader. However, remember that at the time it was written the question on everybody's lips was, "How many points ya got, Mac?" Just one or two points decided whether you would get home in time for Christmas, 1945; or whether you'd join U.S.F.E.T. in Frankfurt, Germany; or whether you'd join the Army of Occupation; or whether you'd remain with the 100th Division.

King "Point" ruled supreme over poor soldier, sailor, or marine in the hectic days of '45 and '46!

*Bert Bless*

## *"See Your I & E Officer Immediately!"*

"Your attention, please!", the loud speaker blared, "If anyone is interested in taking a course in Blacksmithing or Dress designing and has a Ph. D., you're out of luck. The deadline for applications was an hour ago."

Such was the pitter-patter heard daily over the Fox company sound system along about the time that everyone was sweating out a trip home before Christmas.

The "I & E" program was really a great success, though. There were more applications filled out by Fox company men than there were doughnuts served at the Stuttgart Red Cross. None of the applications ever got beyond battalion, but nevertheless, the "I & E" program was a great success.

*William Brown*

## "The Story of G. I. Joe"

This is a story dedicated to all men with less than forty five points... a story of suffering, servitude, and disappointment... a story of poor G. I. Joe.

We'll take a purely fictitious character, named Joe Giblin. Let's say in civilian life he was a cook, no ... let's make him a bartender from some big town like ... well, like Philadelphia.

Now, Joe was in an AA outfit and he was proud of it ... that is, as proud as anyone could be of an AA outfit. By some mistake in the records he was made a corporal and with this rating he was railroaded into the infantry.

Joe suffered under the illusion under which many of us suffered that when the war was over he could go home, nurse his bottles, set 'em up for the boys, and watch his dear old buddies guzzle themselves into complete drunkenness.

At night his radio blared the good news of demobilization; letters from home said they were expecting him any day; the news papers printed in bold type the number being shipped home every month. Yet, as each monotonous day went by, the fact drove itself into his mind ... "I ain't goin' home!" With more than two years in the Army, he read how draft boards were refusing to draft men to replace him; how the Green Plan of sending men home by airplane had been dropped; how the Queen ships weren't to be used anymore for troops; how non-essential men in the States were being discharged; and the lowest blow of all, how all men with under 45 points were to stay in permanent army of occupation.

The last I heard of Joe, he was pulling army of occupation duty with the Third Division, somewhere in Germany.

*Oscar Berman*

### Editors Note:

Any resemblance between this story  
and the truth is intentional.

## "All this and Five Points too!"

The bugle corps played the "Flourishes and Ruffles" and onto the field drove the general's Mercedes Benz. Today, General Burress, "Pinky" to his boys, was going to decorate the honored men in our battalion.

The companies were drawn up in company mass formation, with the persons to be decorated at the left rear. The battalion was called to attention and presently the national anthem resounded through the cool summer breeze. Next came the order, "Persons to be decorated ... Center ... March!" When the men had been halted directly in front of the general's stand, the ceremony began ...

"For gallantry in action ... Silver Star ... Sgt. ...

"Conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty ... Silver Star ... S/Sgt. ...

"Meritorious achievement ... Bronze Star ... Pfc. ...

As the men were being decorated, "Don't Throw Bouquets At Me" was played by the band as background music.

Then as the battalion commander gave the order, "Pass in review!", the band struck up a march and the parade had started.

*Sheldon W. Kofod*



## *"God Is Where You Find Him"*

"There's no such thing as an atheist in a foxhole."

No truer statement has ever been spoken, nor ever will be spoken. Whether you be Catholic, Protestant, or Hebrew, or whether you have no particular creed at all, when those shells scream, and the jabber of burp guns turn your blood to ice, you pray and pray hard, not only for yourself, but for the men around you, as well as your family back home so that they might be spared the sorrow of the message that reads, "We regret to inform you ..."

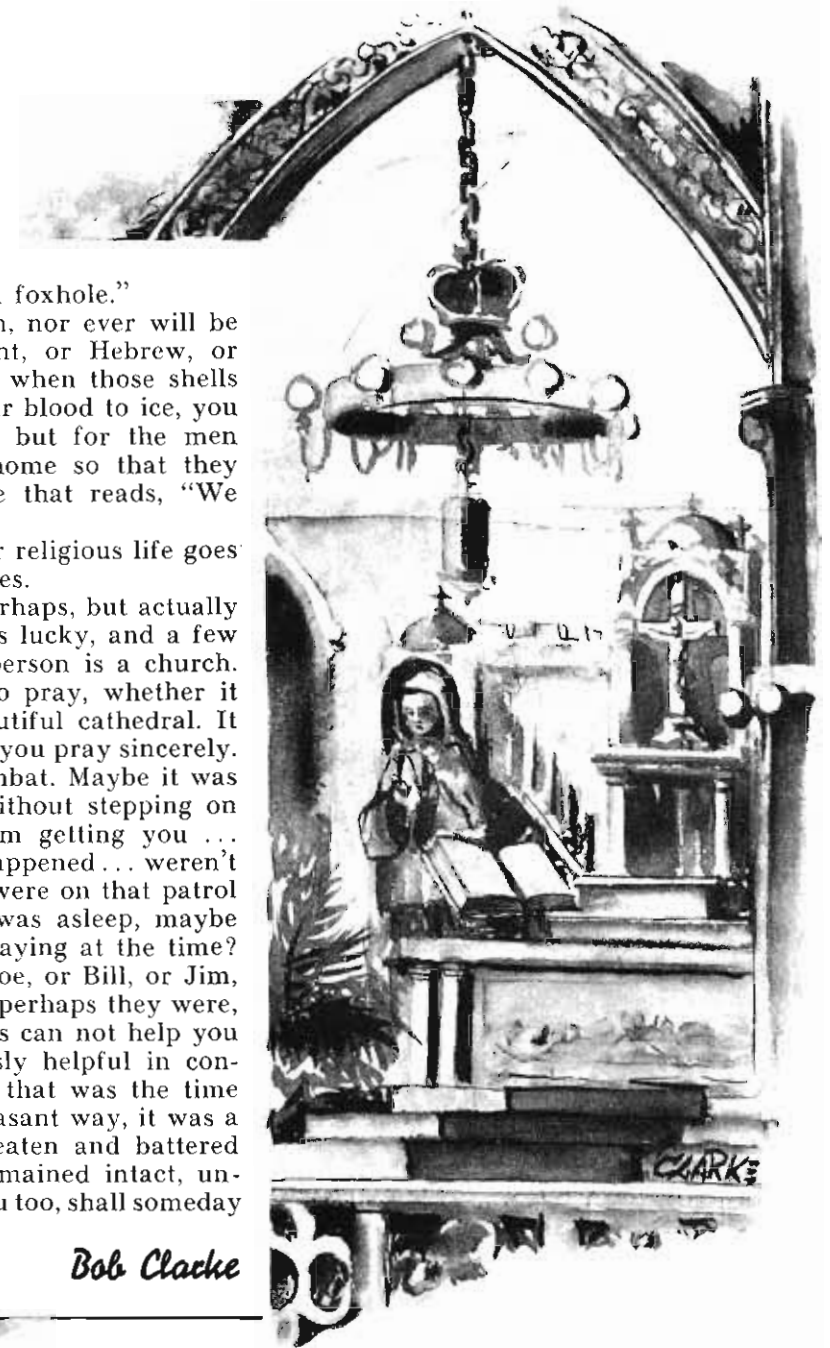
Yes, although you are not in church, your religious life goes on, even more as the intensity of fire increases.

What is a church? A religious shrine? Perhaps, but actually it is nothing; just four walls, a roof, if it was lucky, and a few pictures and statues ... that to an average person is a church. But to a combat man a church is a place to pray, whether it be in a foxhole, a battered house, or a beautiful cathedral. It makes no difference where you are, as long as you pray sincerely.

Miracles can happen and often do in combat. Maybe it was just luck that you crossed that mine field without stepping on a mine, or perhaps fate kept that shell from getting you ... perhaps, but think back to the time when it happened ... weren't you praying? And what about that time you were on that patrol and you walked past the Jerry sentry? He was asleep, maybe that too was fate or luck, but weren't you praying at the time?

You are probably saying, "What about Joe, or Bill, or Jim, they were killed, weren't they praying?" Yes, perhaps they were, but God's will must be done, although prayers can not help you if your time has come, they are tremendously helpful in consoling you. Everyone has a time to die, and that was the time for them to die. Although it wasn't a very pleasant way, it was a very triumphant way, for no matter how beaten and battered their bodies might have been their souls remained intact, untouched by human methods of destruction. You too, shall someday die, but shall it be for so just a cause?

*Bob Clarke*



## *"Life's Road Was Narrow"*

*Scattered 'oer the land are many men  
'Though in different pattern, life's road they tread.  
The mind can recall of days when  
Life's road was narrow; "rough" it was said.*

*Joined together by a common cause  
The Army was the symbol, but only that;  
For together did men follow a single pattern, because  
Life's road was narrow; treacherous, at that.*

*"This way of life is wrong", you plead.  
Yes, wrong. But together did we live thus,  
Together did we die thus. For there was a need.  
Life's road was narrow; ambiguous.*

*There existed a bond, so strong  
Of friendship, respect, and understanding too  
Danger and hardship help this along.  
Life's road was narrow; the soldiers knew.*

*And so today, wherever men may be  
That intangible something, fraternity  
Lives in our memories. You see,  
Life's road was narrow; it had to be.*

*Today, life's road is wide and glorious  
Individually and with joy, we travel it  
But ever so often, pause and think. To us  
Life's road was narrow; it isn't anymore.*

*Best Bless*



## *America's Call*

*There goes Jack, Bill, Jim, and Joe  
Heads held high as they march away  
God bless you boys wherever you go  
And we pray you'll be back someday.*

*To the Army, Marines, or Navy Blue  
From the schools, streets, and farms  
Sweethearts and Mothers are praying for you  
As you leave your country's arms.*

*Where is our boy this rainy night  
Is he well and happy, somewhere  
"Don't worry folks, I'm alright  
And how are things back there?"*

*What news will tomorrow bring  
From our lad so far away  
"Hello folks, how's everything?  
We gave 'em hell today."*

*Covered by only the sky above  
Somewhere in sleet and rain  
Bravely they give for the land they love  
And that freedom will ring again.*

*Somewhere hopes and prayers tonight  
Are a guiding light as you go  
You're out there in a terrible fight  
Yet tougher than you'll ever know.*

*Serving his country . . . a star of blue  
Yet the story is left untold  
Rest in peace, oh lad so true  
Your blue star has turned to gold.*

*We can't pay back what you gave  
We'll not forgive our enemy for what they've done  
We'll remember you as long as we live  
And the battles you have won.*

*The streets are crowded once more  
They're coming home again  
And somewhere on a distant shore  
Ships are loading our fighting men.*

*In winter, summer, spring, and fall  
Back to a land they love so true  
They've fought in answer to America's call  
And won for the Red, White, and Blue.*

*Henry Steenson*



## *"After The War Is Over And We're Not"*

"Hey Spike! C'mere and look over the plan of attack. See, right over here is the 'C.P.', and over here is the city bank."

Such is a typical conversation that might be heard in some underworld lair in downtown Chicago, some two or three years after we all get back to our original pursuit of happiness, women, and liquor.

Two ex-G.I.'s have taken to the rather underhanded profession of grand larceny, using the methods they so thoroughly learned in combat. The plan of attack for their next job is now in the making as they pore over scores of maps and blueprints.

The "Boss", "Knuckles" O'Grady, speaks, "From check point 'A' we'll send a recon' patrol to determine the strength of the guards. Then they'll return with the information to the C.P., where we'll equip ourselves accordingly. The zero hour will be at 1900! I figure that the best way to get there will be in defilade, through the subway.

"The main entrance is locked but not guarded, so one bazooka round can very effectively be used. Once we get inside, we will have to infiltrate through the guards to the far end of the building, where our main objective is located. The safe can be knocked out with one or two bee-hive charges as soon as the guards are taken care of.

"We won't use the same route to withdraw, as we used in the attack, but we'll continue on through to the rear of the building and onto the street, grid coordinates 23.5-16.8 on the map. There, a motorized unit will be waiting to transport us back to the 'C.P.'"

"Now remember, advance boldly and aggressively, being always on the alert for snipers and booby traps. Have you all got that straight? Are there any questions?"

"Yeah, what time is chow?"

*Bob Clarke*

## *It's a Small World*

You may be in England, France, Germany, etc. and once in awhile you'll meet a fellow from your home town. Things like that happen. But when you're fond of a certain girl and a certain lieutenant (I ain't mentioning any names but if he's not around, Kanter's the guy) utters the nomenclature of a particular M-1 species of femininity which you think has been clandestine, then I believe there isn't enough room in this world for the two of us. One, or the other has got to go! Love knows no ranks! But even this don't get me home on points. So Kanter, the lucky guy, he's got enough. And as I'm left stranded for the duration plus, and he partees for the good ol' U.S.A., what does he say? "I'll kiss her for you!"

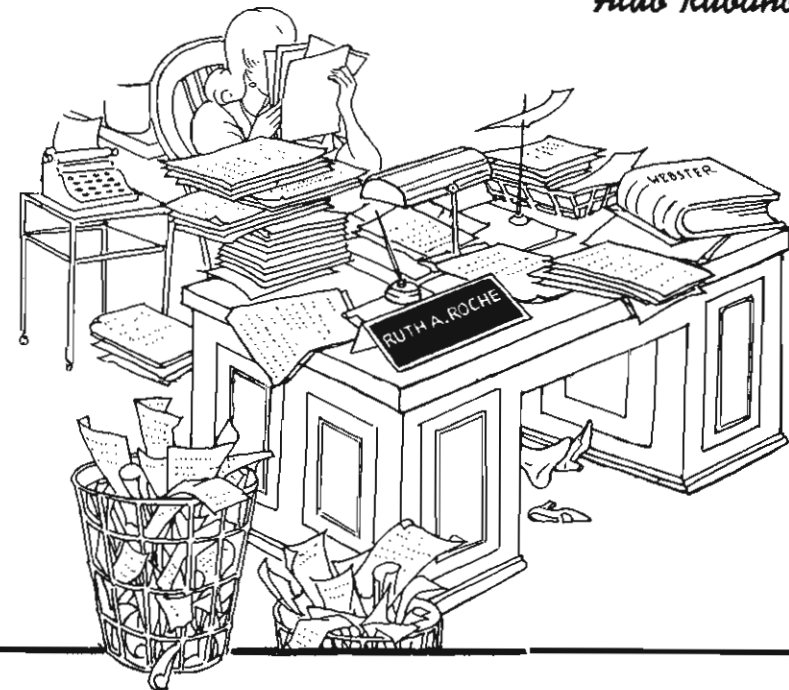
I snaps back, "Yessir!! But please don't go on any night patrols!" Now, I'm wondering how strong her main line of resistance is. And would Kanter? ... no, he wouldn't?

"Dammit, twenty points quick, I gotta get home!!"

P.S. FLASH: OFFICERS WILL STAY WITH DIVISION REGARDLESS OF POINTS!

Now we'll both toe the line together. Who knows any short cuts to New York City? Kanter's got that gleam in his eye! K.P. here I come!!!

*Aldo Rubano*



## *Chivalry is Kaput*

Not many men knew that "F" company's C.O. slept in the C.Q.'s room at the C.P. for several nights back in August, and even fewer knew the reason. It seems that a nurse and an Air Corps lieutenant had just been married and happened through Fellbach on their honeymoon. Having just read a story about Sir Gallahad, our collective officers got the knightly idea of letting the newlyweds take over their quarters for the honeymoon. So they moved out, the lovebirds entered, and everybody lived happily ever after.

**But — — —**

Lest I leave you with a false impression, let me make one slight revelation ... Our gallant officers (plus one first sergeant, no doubt with the best of intentions, plastered the bedroom ceiling liberally with "Stars and Stripes" and upon seeing the bride a couple of days later, had the nerve to ask if she had got caught up on the news.

"I certainly would have", she replied, "if those darned alarm clocks you hid about the room hadn't gone off every hour of the night."

War is hell!

*.... Ungst*



## *"Hot Shot"*

To anyone who had not been a member of Fox company or the Second Battalion Motor Pool the two words "Hot Shot" might not mean much. But to members of the units just mentioned that name has a meaning all its own. Anyone who speaks those two words smiles immediately and has a warm feeling in his heart for Hot Shot was one of our company jeeps. To most people a jeep is just another Army vehicle and may be used for a hundred and one different jobs but to the doughboys and to the lucky drivers of these Army "phenomena" a jeep is the next thing to a living character. These jeeps have been through so much combat and have weathered the storms of enemy mines, artillery, mud, rain and snow, not to mention the many strangers who sit behind the wheel and attempt to be Barney Oldfield's best rival, that if their redeployment were to be determined on a point basis they would have been home long ago.

This story shall be devoted primarily to one jeep, the jeep which is now being considered by the Fox company drivers for "The Congressional Medal of Honor". We do not mean to take any glory from the other two members of our company jeep family, namely "Hell Bent" and "Nellie Fay". They stand in a group by themselves and it would be impossible to express sufficiently the feeling which members of this unit have for these two vehicles which started out with us from Marseilles, France prior to entering combat. They started with us and they finished with us and the path of glory they blazed along the road speaks for itself. We consider them as members of our family. But Hot Shot is an orphan. When Hot Shot was but a pup she belonged to a colored Quartermaster Unit and no doubt

felt that the war would be something which would be read about in books years later as far as she was concerned. But such was not to be the case.

One day along the banks of the Jagst River a company of doughboys was battling it out with a stubborn group of SS troopers. There was one particular machine gun nest which commanded a road leading from the town of Offenau which had been captured only the day before by the same company of doughboys. Suddenly, a lone jeep came down this particular road "hell bent for election" toward that machine gun nest. The company of doughboys, namely Fox company, was amazed to see this jeep, later to be christened "Hot Shot", in this particular territory because it is quite improper for Quartermaster jeeps to be in an area where enemy machine guns are still active. The sad part of this story is that the machine gun suddenly came to life and the poor jeep met an untimely death in the ditch beside the road where machine gun bullets and flames did what they thought was a thorough job. This particular spot was to be the graveyard of two more jeeps and two six by six trucks which made the same fatal error later in the day.

The happier part of this story is that the enemy machine gun nest with its fourteen occupants was wiped out later in the day by Lt. Ward and his rough and ready first platoon. About Hot Shot, it so happened that "How" company of our second battalion had a motor sergeant by the name of Hall who had a way of finding equipment for jeeps no matter where we were or what was needed. Sgt. Hall could always find what was needed. So several days later he came across the jeep which is the heroine of our story. He immediately saw that Hot Shot was no ordinary jeep and seemed to have the qualities which could make her an infantry jeep. She possessed hidden possibilities which the quartermaster corps had apparently not discovered. She was definitely a "combat jeep". Perhaps it was this longing for combat which led her to the untimely initial death we have just described. Then again maybe she had gone A.W.O.L. and had come up front to look for some of the quartermaster boys who had been transferred to the infantry. Anyway, Sgt. Hall turned Hot Shot over to Corporal Jones of Fox company for rejuvenation. All that Corporal Jones asked was that he be left

alone for a few days in some nice out of the way spot with his good friend, Corporal Armstrong and he would deliver a brand new jeep to the company. This request was granted. Poor old Hot Shot looked a mess. It seemed as if she would never be the same. But when she made her next appearance it was to be a lasting one. When the Germans were on the run and it took all the transportation we could gather up to chase after them and drive them against the wall old Hot Shot was right in the fight. She never faltered, she never failed but was on the job day and night through mud and rain, through woods, ditches, hills, artillery, mines and whatever the enemy could throw against us. She seemed proud of her new role in the infantry and proved herself worthy of every trust. At one time she was known as Fox company's Tank Destroyer. With Armstrong at the wheel, a big bazooka strapped onto the hood and plenty of ammunition in the rear she went scouting for trouble wherever it might be found. That initial defeat at the hands of the enemy must be avenged. The doughfeet of Fox company were always glad to see Hot Shot on the scene. Other jeeps might falter and be laid up for repairs for a few days at a time but not so with Hot Shot. She went on forever and up to this date has yet to be "out of action". The tender care she has received from Jones, Armstrong, Balch, Fink and Vine earned her thankfulness in the form of good service. But Hot Shot is an "extra" jeep and is not a member of the T/O family. Therefore, when our assigned jeeps are turned in to the port when we leave this foreign land, Hot Shot cannot be turned in. You will remember that she is an orphan — but you will also remember that quite often orphans are loved more than regular members of the family. So it is with Hot Shot. What will become of her we do not now know — but you members of Fox company who have loved her so dearly may be sure of one thing, that Hot Shot will have a home where she will be well cared for and where no foreign hand other than that of an American will caress her wheel. It is fitting and proper that Hot Shot be remembered in the hearts and minds of those whom she has served so well, so let's determine that from this day forward when the name "Hot Shot" is uttered, we shall bow our heads in memory of a very good and faithful servant. "Well done, Hot Shot".

*Lt. John P. Lonsberg*

## Remember When?

...Levesque was busy with a Jerry sniper and an old lady kept tugging at his arm trying to offer him some wine.

... Skiba's squad was called the "Little Polish Army". They were going to push all the way to Poland to get a bushel of dirt to take back to Skiba's dad.

...Lt. Kanter shot a Kraut three times with a rifle with no sights on it.

... Eutsey shot so many Jerries when the fighting was going on near the pickle factory at Jagstfeld.

... a combat patrol in Goetzenbruck got to going around in a circle one night and the last man spotted the first man and started firing at him. Hours later they reported in that they had been out-numbered!

... we were informed that we would have to move to "Little Anzio", outside of Bitché... and how happy we were when the order was changed and we moved to Goetzenbruck, instead.

... the "twelve day rest" at Pisdorf we were supposed to have, before pushing off for Bitché.

... on Suicide Hill, Mace turned around and asked Lt. Lonsberg if that machine gun firing at us was our own men.

... we'd get a hay loft to sleep in back in the Vosges and how wonderful it seemed to us then.

... Sass, Cleland, Kidd and all the rest of that gang got together for a good time.

... Montgomery, Smitty, and Hannigan started the rumor back in the States that we were going to be an air-borne outfit.

... Salty Stoddard used to play "Sadie Green, the One-eyed Queen, the Vamp of New Orleans" on his banjo.

... Nick Stalikas used to sound off, even at a battalion review, "Sta-dee!"

... Harvey Era used to come in late from the non-coms club singing "White Christmas".

... the second platoon had their song fests.

... the guys put Hurley's bed on top of the barracks and fixed it up for inspection.

... we had the parties at Stagger Inn and Mc-Brearty coming around with the sandwiches, saying in a jovial friendly manner, "Get ya dirty hands off these buns, I'm givin' em out."

## Remember When?

...Sgt. Patterson would blow his top because everybody wanted a furlough at the same time.

...you'd just get settled down to rest and they'd yell "Saddle up!"

...Goldberg would say, "Racy, you're the best guy in da whole world!"

...Enright put his overseas stripes on both sleeves.

...Bless, after examining some shot gun shells said, "What are these? Films?" Later he confessed he didn't know for sure if they were films or perfume.

...Riley, back at Bragg, would yell across the barracks, "Hey, Moiphy! Ya got da erl?"

...Neal, the mail clerk back at Bragg, ruled mail calls with an iron fist.

...you rode with Jonesy in 'Hell Bent', hanging on for dear life, muttering to yourself, "What a crazy...!"

...Sgt. Patterson screamed at Ganz, "Like hell you'll tell me later, you'll tell me now!"

... the third platoon had a "front line rest center" featuring Frank Savarese's pies.

...Freid, in a sudden surge of patriotism, exclaimed, "Oh! To be up front with the "240's."

... we ate "K" rations and enjoyed them after our long march through Marseille.

... Noble would find a slab of limberger cheese and with an "air" of formality slice it and eat it with obvious relish.

... the first stakes were driven for the little tent city of Kanterville.

... Bless got his bronze star for "impartial distribution of rations".

... Pykonen used to lay wire by compass.

... Levesque was pulling on his combat pants and somebody in battalion took a shot at him. The guy in battalion headquarters said he thought Levesque was a Jerry paratrooper taking off his gear.

## Remember When?

...Nichols shot the lamb in the back of the head, knocking it down. When Nichols turned around the lamb got up and walked away.

...schrapnel made a Christian out of Packett.

...Mila wore the little flower hat in Goetzen-bruck.

...Mays said he was going to kill twenty-five Krauts a day when he got on line.

...the report came that two hundred Krauts were attacking and it turned out to be two hundred sheep.

...Limbaugh used to "smell" artillery coming before it hit.

...Hurley told us how rough it was sweating out the Jerry paratroopers back at the kitchen.

...Kofod heard Burger scream in his sleep, "It's a good BAR, it's my BAR!"

...Whitey told the joke about the talking 88's, "Yee-oo ain't goin' back to Ala-bamm!"

...George used to take us on those hair raising rides in his various De Sotos, Packards, and Chryslers.

...Mangeot staged his one man set-down strike in Fellbach.

...Chuck Johnson "caught" two Jerry bullets in his field-jacket pocket on Suicide Hill.

...Capt. Smith shot six Krauts in our first fire fight.

...Lt. Lonsberg took a patrol "half way to Berlin" when we were on the defensive at Betteviller, France.

...Lt. Lonsberg, upon giving calisthenics, had the men count off and then stated (seriously, too), "Now immediately think to yourself: 'Am I odd or even? And what will I do next?'"

...the only way you could tell Chynoweth was coming was by that long French shovel moving through the tall grass.

...who used to yell, "Hit the doit! Jerries at woik!"

...the disappointing cry coming from the kitchen, "No seconds, we gotta feed it to da pigs!"

...Ski used to "bail" George out of his hole on Snow Mountain.

...the third platoon slept in one fox hole...all six of them.

## Remember When?

...Mace and Pasciuta woke up with two German soldiers in their hole with them.

...Smitty got a bead on a Kraut and when he was asked why he didn't shoot he said, "Hell, somebody beat me to him."

...the Jerry prisoner asked if he could put his arms down because he was an officer and Arm-strong said, "Sure put them down ... and I'll shoot you."

...George asked Ski if we should come up the hill "from the bottom".

...Van Duren would receive about a dozen packages and about that time we'd move out.

...Stoddard's squad attacked a Jerry tank, two self-propelled artillery pieces, two trucks, and a half track ... all by themselves.

...that Jerry flak wagon came tearing down the street at Jagstfeld ... seventeen different men claimed they knocked it out.

...we found a cigar factory and gave every passing vehicle one box per man "on Fox company".

...Stenson went three rounds with a goose at Dannstadt and the goose demanded a return bout.

...Skiba shaved off his moustache and Lt. Kanter insisted he go on sick call because he looked so pale.

...McKissick found a concertina and the third platoon used to broadcast over the telephone at Goetzenbruck.

...Pondo found out that he was a "papa" and the whole platoon took a swig of Lt. Kanter's liquor ration to celebrate.

...Curbo corrected Mays' speech and Mays turned accusingly on Curbo, "Whar you frum, New York?"

...Hawkins asked, "Do we carry rifles out to the OP?" When he was told we did he said, "I meant, do we have them loaded."

...we'd burst into a German house yelling, "Zee-veel stoffin in der keller!"

...they'd pass it down the line, "It's safe now, Hurley's here."

...Diamond was put in the mortar section and after looking the mortar over carefully for some minutes asked, "Where's the trigger on this damn thing?"

...those rickety wooden out-houses were such a luxury; no more getting your underwear full of snow when you went out.

Notes from a "Bull" Session



## *"Night Must Fall"*

Night had already closed in on Goetzenbruck, and silence enveloped the town. That silence was shattered about midnight at the first platoon C.P. when Harvey Era fell out of bed. Harvey didn't exactly fall; he got a push from Kutzman, the platoon medic, with whom he was sleeping. Kutzman is one of those guys that moves around a lot when he's sleeping, and it seemed the bed wasn't big enough for both of them.

Harvey, still half dazed when he got up and left the room, muttered, "Gosh, he could kill a guy that way."

*George Seacles*

## *"Who?"*

One night the pass-word agreed on was "Josephine". Lt. Lonsberg quietly slipped down a dark street and cautiously entered a black doorway. He rapped gently on the door and said in a clear hoarse whisper, "Josephine".

Inside, Quez Childers heard something at the door. "Who's th-th-thar?" he drawled.

"Josephine", came the voice from the outside.

"Who?" Quez again quizzed.

"Josephine".

Quez looked a little quizzical. He leaned his head closer to the door and with an air of expectancy said, "Josephine who?"

## *"The Two Man Patrol"*

Most of the men in the second platoon remember the night two men came through our lines and were halted by Donald

Clark. They gave him the pass-word so he let them through. Calling the platoon C.P. he reported, "That two man patrol just came in."

The C.P. answered, "Okay, thanks," and hung up.

Clark only got two steps from the phone when suddenly the receiver started whistling. He picked up the phone again; it was the C.P. calling back, "Geezus, Clark! Whadayamean the two man patrol came in? We ain't got no patrols out!"

The rest of the night the phones were busy but no one ever saw or heard of our two strange visitors again.

## *Going Off The Deep End*

Everyone remembers the tall, lanky basic in headquarters who was convinced that the world was flat. His famous battle cry on Suicide Hill was, "I'm ruint!"

## *"Well Isn't It?"*

Phillips, the medic, was famous for many of his West Virginia observations on the strength of the "Zigga-freed Line", enemy airplanes "scrafing" our area, and the danger of flying bits of "scrap-nel" from exploding artillery shells. But few people know that he is on record as stating, "The Luff-waff is the best airplane the Germans have got."

(When Clay was told this story, he looked serious for a moment, then said, "I can't say it's the best; but, you'll have to admit it's a pretty good little plane".)

*Oscar Bramer*



## *The Proverb of the Lone Infantryman*

Down the narrow, twisting road a lone figure trudged. A heavy pack was hung low on his back and from one shoulder a rifle was slung carelessly. Under a bushy head of hair and a mud-caked steel helmet, two sunken eyes looked first to the right and then the left. Between those soul-wringing eyes, a nose exposed itself to the whims of nature . . . and on the very tip of it was a huge boil.

From the top of a large mass of machinery and metal called the General Grant tank, a lone tanker watched this lone infantryman in his pilgrimage down the narrow, twisting road.

"Hey! Son, come over here a minute", the lone tanker called to the lone infantryman.

Half dazed, he looked unbelievably into the eyes of the tanker as the latter produced a tall green bottle of schnapps. Without speaking the lone infantryman grasped the tall green bottle of schnapps and gulped down a few swallows of the potent stuff. He handed the tall green bottle of schnapps backed to the lone tanker and with a look of complete gratitude turned and started on his miserable way. Before he could get more than a few steps away the lone tanker holding the tall green bottle of schnapps in his right hand called to the lone infantryman, "Hey, Son, take this bottle of schnapps. If you feel as bad as you look, you need this a lot worse than I do."

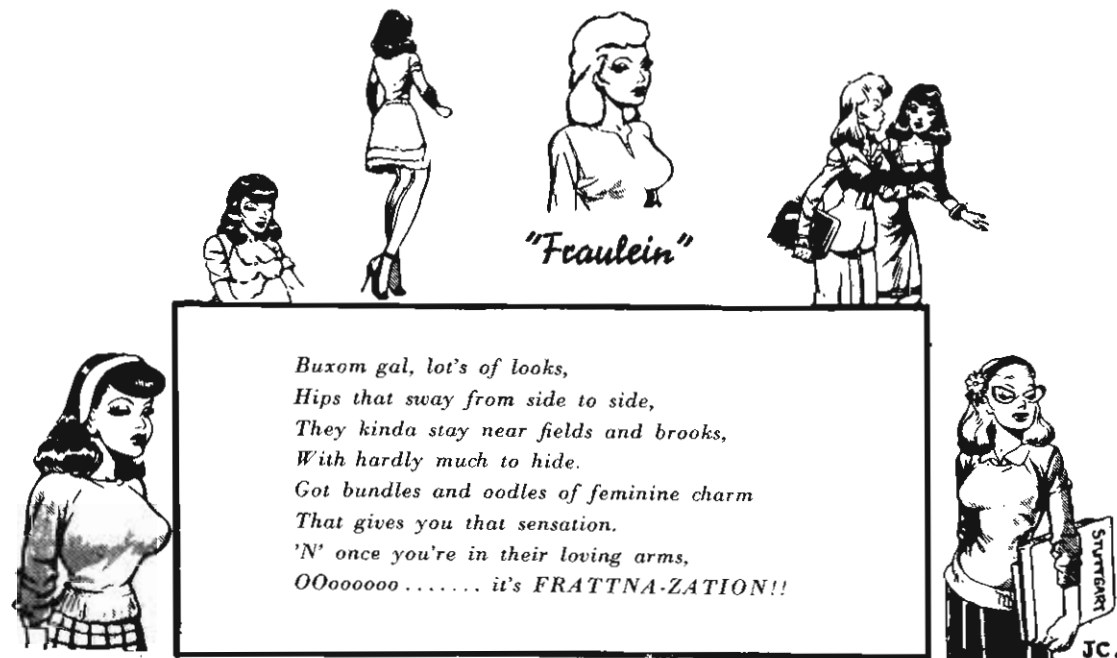


## *"Semper Fidelis - Maybe"*

*Little frau of Germany,  
Why bring your tale of woe to me?  
You have no home, or clothes, or food,  
I "feel" for you — when I'm in the mood.  
And when you demonstrate your charms,  
I'd like to hold you in my arms,  
But somehow, lieblich, I no can do,  
For way down deep, I must be true.  
I must be true to a gal back home,  
That thought pounds away inside my dome.  
There's another frau awaiting me,  
Back there in the land of liberty  
She sits and waits and stares and mopes . . .  
She's waiting very patiently . . . I hopes!*

*Bob Clarke*





### *"The Inevitable"*

When the non-fraternization first came out, I said to myself (I've been doing a lot of that lately. One more year over here, and I'll be trying to catch butterflies with soup strainers), Uncle Sammy, you are a great guy and nobody's fool. But, this time you are bucking up against something bigger than Mayor Hague, "Boss" Kelly, and Tammany Hall, all rolled into one! You are forgetting about a three letter word sometimes referred to as human nature. "Doc" Sigmund Freud, perhaps seeing non-fraternization in the future, wrote a few words for posterity on the subject. Our good government was forgetting that boys, and that includes all sizes, shapes, heights, and weights, were more than just mildly interested in girls . . . a situation that is definitely not one-sided.

The brass hats did not have to stand around in some little German village on a warm Sunday afternoon and watch pretty buxom blonde girls, with flirting blue eyes, dressed in thin silk dresses, the kind the sun catches just right, stroll around in two's and three's. After all the mud, blood, dirt and death of war, the soldier was in no mood to listen to some "bigwig" in Washington, tell him that he could not date a pretty girl, if he wanted to!

Uncle Sam, you stick to economics and politics. The soldiers will take care of the rest.

*Richard Gabriel*

## *"Pro and Con Upon Cognac's Mental Deadening Effects"*

Speaking of humorous incidents, I'm reminded of a little episode which any true connoisseur of G.I. humor cannot fail to appreciate. Our story is concerned with the night Stagger Inn first sent forth it's invitation to "allus frauleins" to grace the inn with their presence as guests of the members of "ye olde" Fox company. Seemingly the boys were a little reluctant to expose their feminine comrades to the voracious eyes of the habitual wolves who frequented the premises; for until around 8:30 no frauliens passed through the venerable portals. At exactly 8 hours, 22 minutes, and 11 seconds (I know) Jack Van Duren of the 2nd platoon (plug) strolled in with a comely lass, and, coolly ignoring his drooling comrades, proceeded to dance with her. Then came the rush; with the ice finally broken, a horde of G.I.'s rushed pell mell through the door and out into the street in search of their favorite frauleins. Or in case she was not available, any girl who walked in the vicinity was in danger. Among this aforementioned horde were Carl Hardin, Dave Clay, and myself, who, as we burst through the the door, came to an abrupt though unsteady halt when we saw something in a dress (we think) standing on the steps. Then as one man we advanced, but Clay proved to be the better man. And here, my friends, is where cognac enters the picture. From the steps in the dark she appeared quite good-looking to all of us (strange!). But as I was saying Clay reached her first, and after the usual speedy propositioning process, proceeded into the Inn in a grand manner, leaving Carl and I gazing enviously and perhaps a bit stupidly after him. After we recovered from our disappointment we sallied forth down the street in search of more man-bait. Having absolutely no luck in 20 minutes or so, we sadly returned to the Inn, and were somewhat astonished to see Clay standing all by his lonesome at the door. In answer to our queries as to "Vas ist los", he burst into tears, and sadly said, "Follow me". Carl and I tagged along a "bissel" curiously, and then at the entrance to the dance room, we saw the cause. If ever there has been a dead ringer for Dick Tracy's

Gravel Gertie, there she sat! Grey hair, and all the rest of those familiar features we see every week in the comic strip. With Clay's frantic and desperate lament, "Please tell her I've got to go on guard", we beat a hasty retreat, half stifled with laughter, which was suddenly stilled when the thought struck both of us that we might have been the unlucky devil. That's what I mean when I say, "Cognac, ugh!"

*Bob Enright*

## *"Everything I Have Is Yours"*

There she was, lonely, sad, homeless. Her eyes were dark brown and filled with tears. It was cold. Her clothes were flimsy. My brain pounded, "Don't frattenize! Don't frattenize!" But my heart pounded, "Varome nicht? Varome nicht?" I just couldn't be unconcerned so I risked my fair name, my future and six months in the guard house to do a kind deed. I brought her to our house for shelter from the night's fear and harm.

Morning came and she was gone. But that was not all. A quick inventory proved the price of my folly.

Missing: 1 bag (not her) sugar  
2 cans of pork loaf, "K's" (What did she ever want with those?)  
1 pound of butter  
2 pounds of coffee  
1 pair of O.D. pants, pressed  
3 cans of jam, strawberry  
1 box of soda crackers  
2 knives  
1 sewing kit, Red Cross  
20 marks (Lucky, I was broke!)  
1 large can of bacon and eggs

This can go on, but I can't!

Oh why did I frattenize???

J. S.

## *"Guten Abend, Fraulein!"*

We had been moving quite frequently and seldom got the chance to enjoy what we would find in the cellars, such as wines and champagne. Finally, however, we came to a town where we stayed a little longer than usual, thereby giving the boys a chance to catch up on some drinking.

I was on security guard one night; most of the boys had drank themselves to sleep, and all was quiet on the Fox company front. Around midnight one of the boys came to the door and wanted to go for a walk. He was feeling pretty good, or more correctly, pretty damn good.

I tried to talk him into staying in the house but he pulled his rank and said that he was only going about twenty-five feet away.

He staggered a little ways and stopped. In a few seconds he was whispering into a badly blacked out window from out of which shone a slit of light. In the best German he knew, he was saying, "Guten abhend, fraulien. Habenzee schnapps?"

He repeated this about six or seven times when finally someone came to the window. A very masculine voice yelled back in perfect English, "There aren't any frauliens here, but if a drink of schnapps will keep you quiet, come on up. Then we can all get some sleep". The window angrily slammed shut. (Yes, it was another G.I.)

The midnight Romeo staggered back to the house, stumbled up the stairs, mumbling all the way, and trudged off to bed. Then, once again, all was quiet on the Fox company front.

*Anthony J. Delgardio*

## *"One Night in Stuttgart"*

The Place: The doughnut line at the Red Cross in Stuttgart.

The Time: Night time.

The Date: September, 1945.

The Characters (and we do mean "characters"): Pfc. Oscar Braman, Sgt. Jim Ripper, Cpl. Bob Enright, Pfc. Bert Bless.

As we shuffle down the staircase and enter our doughnut emporium, we find our heroes merged into a solid mass of O.D.

color. The line, stretching from the back staircase to the doughnut counter moves slowly along. Have you ever seen a G.I. line that moved otherwise?

Cap perched dangerously back on his head, pipe in mouth, Braman speaks first.

Braman: I think I'll have coffee with my doughnuts tonite.

Ripper: Coke for me.

Enright: Ditto.

Bless: "Machs nicht!"

Ripper: Boy! you can really "sprinkle the Deutsche", can't you?

Braman: Well, here we are, at last. Let's sit over there where I can watch that fraulein. The other night I couldn't keep my eyes off her. Wonder how many doughnuts I ate in that time?

(Balancing their plate of coffee, cokes, and doughnuts in their hands, the four doughnut fans elbowed their way through more O.D., finally sitting themselves comfortably down at a table.)

Bless: Is that the one you mean, Braman?

Braman: Yeah, that's her.

Enright: Well, what about her?

Braman: Can't you see for yourself, man? Look at that (Censored). Isn't it terrific! I think when God created that girl that way, He must have had me in mind. "Now here is an — that a man like Oscar Braman would appreciate," He probably said Just wait till she bends over to clean off that table over there.

Ripper: H'mm, Yeah, I see what you mean.

Enright: Hey! It's about 7:30. Let's make that show.

Bless: Yeah. Let's go. Aren't you coming, Braman?

Braman: No, I think I'll stay here a while.

Ripper: Well, I guess different people have different ways of enjoying themselves.

Braman: Yeah, I guess so. Well see you tomorrow, fellas.


Bless: Yeah, I guess there isn't much we can do about that, is there?

Braman: I guess there isn't.


(The End. But don't go yet... have a few doughnuts. If you sit over there, you can find Braman contentedly munching on his "umpteenth" doughnut, his eyes glued on a certain spot.)

*Bert Bless*

### *"A Matter of Opinion"*



*A fraulein is a pretty little thing,  
Nice long hair, dandy eyes,  
Cutest nose, sweet red lips  
Mingled with her short warm sighs,  
Lovely legs and all the rest,  
It's great to feel them ... close to you,  
Do the things you want to do,  
And the part that I like best,  
IS CHAPTER FOUR OF SUPERMAN!!*



A. R.

### *"Meet Louis Armstrong!"*

It was a bright, sunny summer day as Eddie Mila, Paul Limbaugh, Art "Mustache" Silva, Donald "Ace" Rhoads, Al Carr, and myself went along the streets of Fellbach, laying communication lines to the check posts. At times, it was necessary to go into houses to string the wires. What went on in the houses where those crazy company headquarters boys went, I'm not at liberty to say. However, one incident stands out in our memories.

Mila, Limbaugh, and "Mustache" went up into one house and found a pretty fraulein there. Striking up a conversation with her, it soon appeared that the fraulein had a G.I. boy friend.....

"What's his name?" asked "Mustache".

"Jack Benny," replied the fraulein.

After a few minutes of hearty laughter from the boys, "Mustache" extended his hand to the fraulein, saying, "Meet Louis Armstrong!"

*Bert Bless*

### *"Cook or Sentry"*

As the company dwindled (men were shipping out everyday), the job of guarding the kitchen was taken over by the cooks themselves. It wasn't a new job to them but it is one that no one ever becomes accustomed to.

It was this reason that the men coming home from the "Stagger Inn" sometimes went blocks out of the way to stay out of rifle range of the kitchen. The nights were cold and the vision bad, but the cooks were always on the alert...mess kits at port arms, pots of coffee at the order.

"Wake up, it's time to go on guard, McBrearty."

"Huh...huh...guard? Guard hell, I'm a cook!"

"That's a subject we could argue on all night!"

Stenson, Frank, "Sue", "Bow", "Mac", "Iggie", Gannett, Thompson...even Otto, "Steve", and myself were pulling guard. We'd each get up in the middle of the night, stand our two hours guard, and then try (yeah, just try!) and find the guy to relieve us.

*Julius J. Racy*





## *"Athletics"*

A lot has been said about athletics in the E.T.O. after the war ended, but few outfits had the splendid facilities that were available to the men in the second battalion of the 398th Infantry. Outstanding were the swimming pool and athletic field in Waiblingen and Fox company's recreation hall in Fellbach. In nearby Bad Cannstatt was the Century Stadium, the scene of many pre-war international sports events and the home field of the Century's baseball, football, and track teams.

Probably the greatest achievement of any Fox company athlete was that of Lloyd Sherman, 100th Division entry in the E.T.O. archery tournament, who placed fourth in individual shooting and helped shoot the 7th Army team into the E.T.O. archery championship.

Jerry Howell also added to Fox company's athletic laurels by helping pitch the Century baseball team into second place in the 7th Army League.

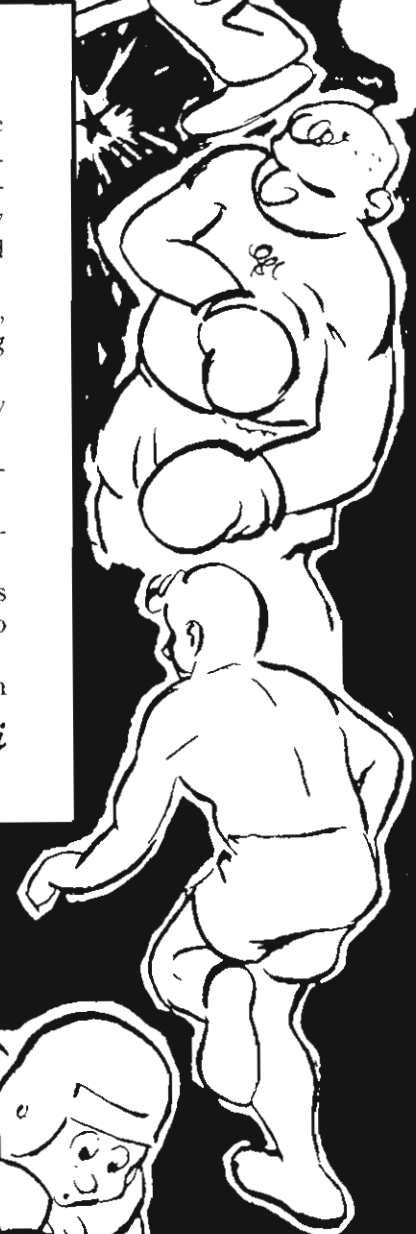
Pykonen, Fox company's only entry for the regimental track meet, placed second in the pole-vault and high-jump, and later competed in the Divisional Olympics.

Chuck Allen, triple threat back, and "Big Boy" Roberts, a 200 pound tackle, were outstanding on the 398th gridiron.

Fox company's softball team played bang-up ball, closing the season with many victories to their credit. The volleyball team also went places, only to lose out in the regimental finals to Service company.

Many others in the company also contributed greatly to our well-rounded athletic program and to them we all owe the success of these activities.

*Joe Biasi*



## *"I Remember, I Remember"*

Just how much do I remember?

My thoughts are crowded with the coming reality of all the things we longed and hoped for. The day would soon be here, and the future seems to hold nothing but happiness. Right now I'm melancholy, though, and I'm reflecting back, ... trying to recollect those reactions and feelings from the time the nose of the ship was pointed the other way. I'm not much for remembering dates, names, and places. It hardly made much difference at the time, and right now I'm just writing this down as it comes, in chronological disorder!

The boat was well out in the ocean, and most of us were well out too! When we weren't busy making for the latrine, we marveled at the mighty waters with their brilliant array of color and confusion. Soon before our eyes came Africa and then France, such beautiful fantasy! The romance, and intrigue vanished when we hit the port of Marseilles. Here we passed a bunch of hard, bittered, and disillusioned veterans. Their remarks to us were biting and sarcastic. Definitely not good for our morale! In fact, our Colonel sent word to us later, "not to mind these men, as they were Section Eight." And I was thinking along with the others, "They sure didn't send them over that way!"

Then there was a bleak, drizzly night. It was dark and miserable as we marched, and wondered, ... marched and wondered, ... wet, and marched, ... wet, and slept, ... but mostly wet. Would the morning ever come?

Our Division replaced the Forty-Fifth. Our company took a position up on a hill somewhere. The first shells to come in, and to our horror were "Screaming Meemies". And thus the first experience in hitting the dirt, or getting into a fox hole in no seconds flat! It was like being an "Eight Ball in the Side Pocket!" It all seemed pretty funny for awhile, what with all the fancy dives we took for those holes, but when we saw how that schrapnel cut up the equipment, and trees, we got scared.

The mountain climbing days were next. The "Vosges". Tired, fatigued, exhausted, and still climbing ... climbing. God, how much could a man take? It got so you'd wish enemy artillery would come in, anything so you could lay down awhile. And day after day, it was hill after hill, only each coming day there were

fewer men to climb it. Mortar shells followed us continually, they always knew where we were. One day they got three, another night five! And so, on and on. With that, we had those lousy "Shoe Mines" to contend with. And every time one did it's dirty deed, our insides would turn. They were all over the land, but just where, you couldn't tell. Who would step on the next one? ... Who? ... Just the thought of it sapped the very life out of you, and the sight of it made the strongest turn their heads.

Came "Suicide Hill". We moved out to take a Heinie strongpoint. Our artillery opened up in close support ... too close. Amid bursting shells, enemy machine gun and rifle fire, our company in a matter of minutes had half its men laying either dead or wounded, our Captain among the many. That night, we withdrew from the hill, and left about six men as outposts. And through the still, cold, starry night, we could hear the wounded calling for help. "Medic, help ... won't someone help?" Pleading, beseeching. Germans too. "Mutter, mutter. Hal-b ... halb." Our boys would sound off loud and clear the names of their lieutenant and squad. Name after name so that there would be no mistake as to whether they were German or American. The sergeant came up to me saying, "I can't stand it, ... to hear those kids calling like that!" He wanted to go out and get 'em, but no one was allowed to, for it was sure death. We pulled out the next day with a skelton and broken-hearted company.

Remember the Maginot Line, and diarrhea? There was many a day when we knew just what it meant to be caught "with your pants down"! The Air Corps and 240's were pounding out a merry tune on the pill boxes, while tanks threw everything they had at close range. They kept this up for seven days, and we infantrymen amused ourselves by reading an article in one of the army newspapers by some demented soul who insisted these pillboxes could be picked apart with a pencil! One of those days, we lost Luna, our Singing Troubadour.

Goetzenbruck was when we had a stretch of sleeping and eating in houses, after a month in "holes". And amid the fears of war, we had our "fling". Chickens, potatoes, rice, etc., came our way and we devoured these foods from the finest china-ware to be found. It was during this period the talents of the boys were readily displayed. From cooking, card playing, and love making, down to sewing, cleaning, and kibitzing.

Then there was the time a couple of platoons lay dead tired around and in front of a supposedly captured pillbox. We sure came to life when Jerries opened up with a machine gun from within. Talk about moving fast. Whew!

Crossing the Rhine was a thrilling moment. I can still see those tremendous bridges, battered and torn laying deathly still in the moving waters. A milestone for the future.

The Jagst River crossing where three battalions were pinned down for a whole day. There we lay, on a narrow river bank, our savior, as machine gun bullets flew over head thick and heavy. And there again was just another of the many instances we were so close to Mother Earth, Death, and GOD. I don't know of anyone who didn't pray, and mean it so much as they did in places and times like these! From there on in, we encountered fanatical resistance. I can't forget the night our company commander had one of the houses set on fire to prevent the Jerries from infiltrating. It turned out to be loaded with ammo and fuel. Barrels of oil began exploding sky high, and all kinds of calibre ammunition erupted. It sounded like all hell broke loose! We all looked puzzled and worried and wondered if the whole town wouldn't blow up! Anyway it gave us a laugh in a sort of scarey way, and we realized now why the "Heinies" were fighting so hard for a supposedly "jerk" town.

Finally we hitched up with the "Tenth Armored". They went wild. We had all we could do to keep up with them; it was tough going. The boys were tired and exhausted, and there was nothing in view except another big push in the morning. Things seemed mighty black. But through the black night came a rainbow. The division was taken from the line after some one hundred and seventy consecutive days.

A couple of weeks later the war in the ETO ended. Then came the "Battle of the Sexes". The German "Frauleins" out flanked us, out maneuvered us, and out numbered us! They used unfamiliar weapons, tactics, and strategy. Disregarded camouflage, and ethics, and trapped us every time! This was followed by "hand to hand" combat, and then ... "V. J. Day!!!!"

A few months later ... well here we are!

A few more months later ... well here we are!!

*Aldo Rubano*



## *S'long Buddy...*

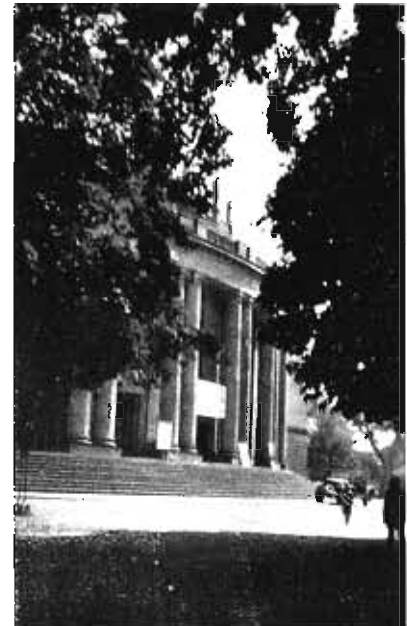
Then comes the time that we feared just a little. Our buddy throws his duffel bag aboard the truck, smiles a kind of faint smile, waves his arm in a farewell salute and as the motor starts up and the wheels begin to roll, he calls out that much used and now very opportune "So-long Buddy". It is a simple kind of expression and is used by GI's all over the world many times each day but it is that last "So-long Buddy" that has a meaning which none other ever had. There is a certain understanding present in the tone. Everything that a fellow would like to say to a friend whom he has been with for so long through months or years of training in the states, that long, long boat ride to the scene of the war, through many rough days and months of fighting against the enemy, sleeping in the same muddy, cold foxholes together, having the same tense feeling on night combat patrols and finally spending the few months of Army of Occupation together and looking over the German population with that calculating eye of one who has invaded a foreign land successfully. We made many memories together ... memories we shall never forget, thoughts which are common only to those of us who had been together so long. We understand each other. Each man has a different character. But we have discovered one thing that is common to all soldiers ... that every man has in his heart a special fondness for his special friend, his "buddy". We have found that an American fighting on foreign soil is not very prone to want to give his life to capture some inanimate object such as a hill or woods or town but can decide in a moment that the life of a friend is very important, more important than his own and will gladly make any sacrifice necessary to save or help that buddy of his.

Our Army was made up of fellows from all over the United States. Our ways of living in many cases were different, the things we liked or disliked may have been different, the types

of friends we had at home may have been different, and up until we came to the great, common melting pot called "The Army" we perhaps had nothing in common except that we were Americans ... but army life changed all that. No matter what a man had been in civilian life the jobs to be done in the Army were the same for all and it made for a great feeling of comradeship, a feeling of being in the same boat together. We had always supposed that when the time came to say farewell for the last time to that very good friend whom we had been with for such a long time, we would find some certain words which would let him know just how we felt about him, let him know how much we appreciated his friendship and those many hours of guard he stood during the night while we slept ... and things like that. We thought sure that it would be possible to have a nice little talk with him before he left. Plans might be made for a meeting at home when we were both civilians again and when we could have a good old fashioned "bull session" again, and hash over all our experiences. But at the same time we were a little afraid to make plans which might not be kept and amid the hustle and bustle of getting all the gear together and loading onto that truck for the last time, all those things which we had in mind to say never got said and that serious little talk never took place. Instead of elaborate plans for a future meeting being made, a home address had to suffice. We found ourselves slapping each other on the back, shaking hands firmly for the last time and as that truck rolled away, calling out that typically "GI" expression "So-long Buddy". It is easy to say and sounds so simple but it means so much. It would be difficult to say much more, anyway, because you find a lump sticking in your throat ... just about where your "Adams-apple" should be.

*Lt. John P. Lonsberg*

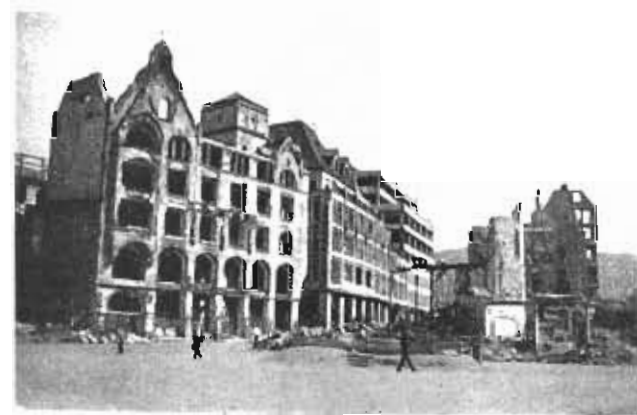
# Stuttgart.



















• *Bad Cannstatt*



• *Stuttgart*

● *Kirchberg*

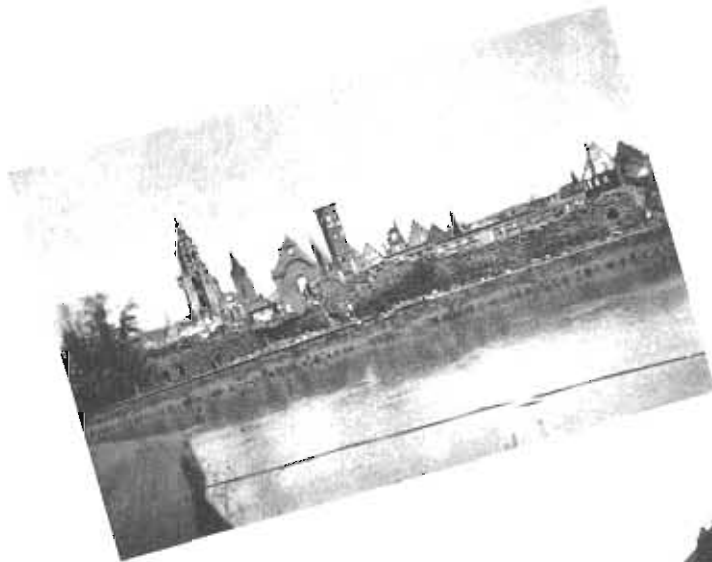


● *Waiblingen*



● *Winnenden*





● Heilbronn



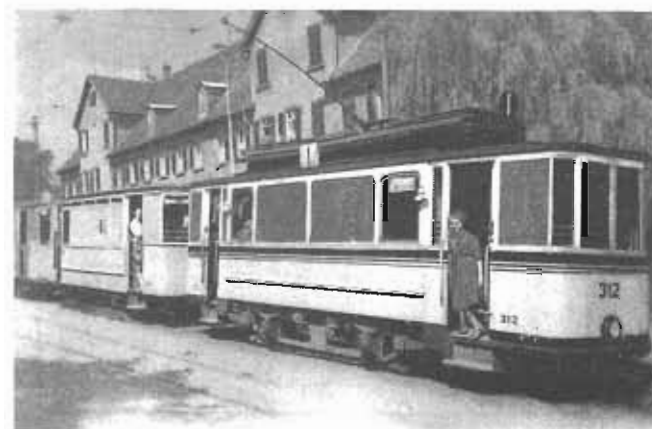
# Fellbach •

*We shall always remember  
Fellbach as the town in which  
we spent our most pleasant army  
days. As the town where our bud-  
dies drifted away in twos and  
threes, maybe never to be seen  
again. The town that brought us  
joy and melancholy. The town of  
intrigue and memories.*

*Remember?*





































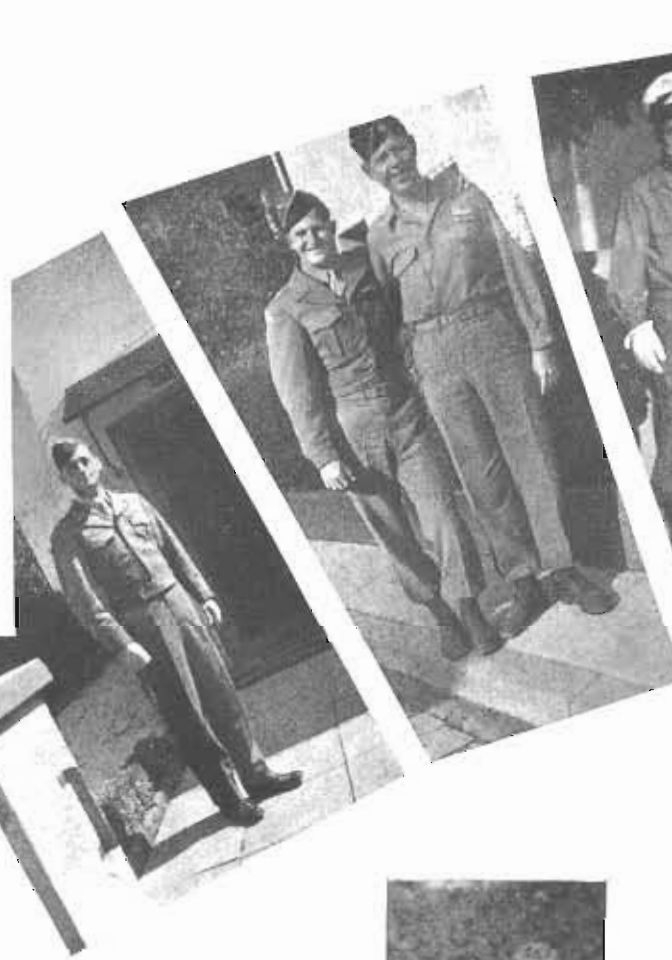


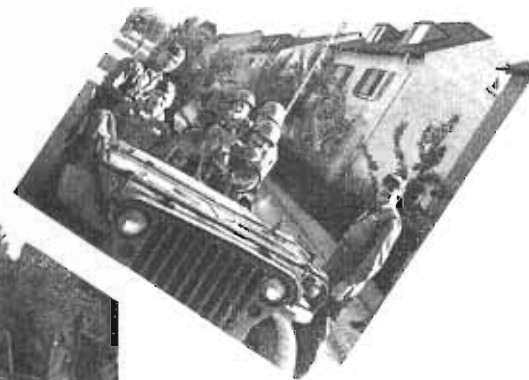


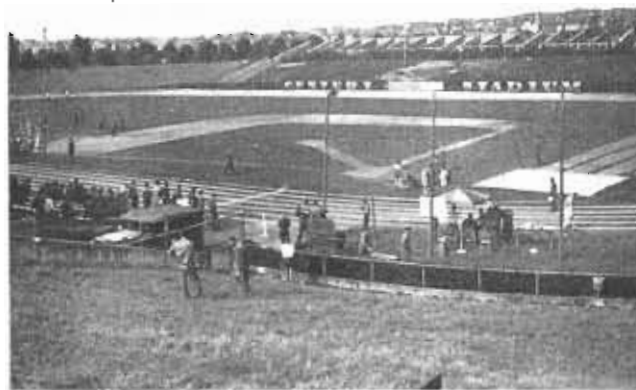






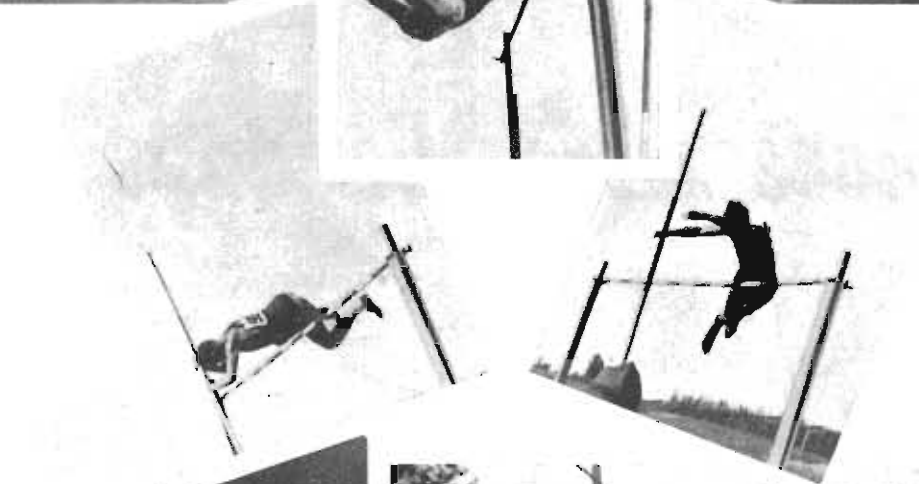
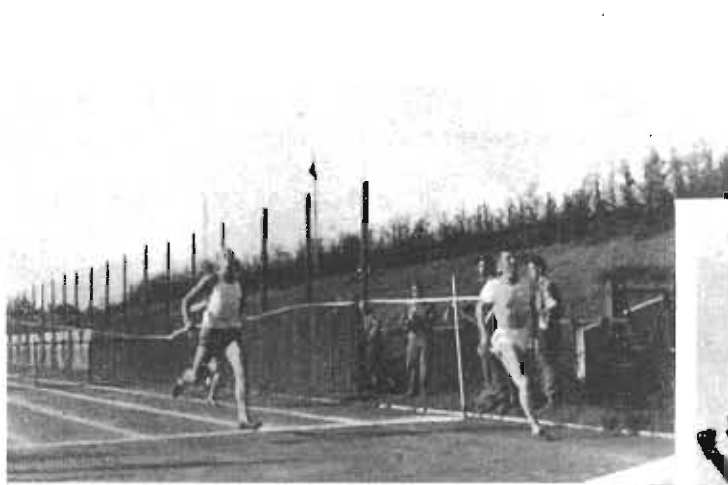












*Those were the days !!*

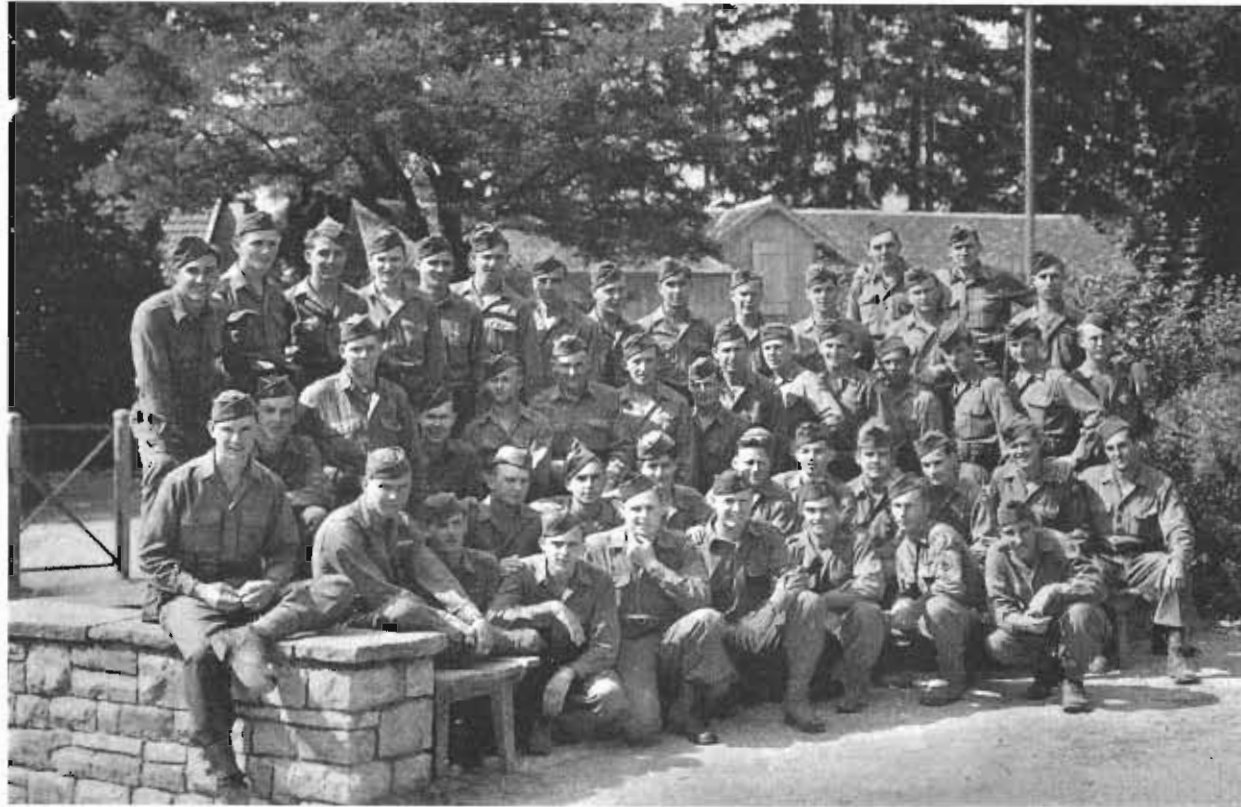


*Headquarters Platoon*





*First Platoon*



*Second Platoon*



*Third Platoon*



*Fourth Platoon*

*... And so we have come to the end of our  
reminiscent journey. Each page a memory ...  
a spiritual reunion.*

*Don't let's say goodbye ... just hello ...  
hello pal, ... Remember When . . . . .*