



Remember When?

History of Fox Company
398th Infantry
100th Division
7th Army, Europe
1944-1945

The Staff

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NOTE: FOR UNINTERRUPTED READING OF "F" COMPANY'S
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FORWARD:

We thank Lt. Allen for conceiving and recording "F" Company's combat history. His ceaseless energy and efforts shall always be remembered.

We extend our sincere appreciation to Captain Smith for his continued interest and vitality in carrying on where Lt. Allen left off.

Our deep gratitude to Lt. Adams, and 1st Sergeant Hurley for their time and vigor in completing the history.

And our heartfelt thanks for those of you who have submitted stories and information for the substance of this book.

Remember When?

To Whom it May Concern:

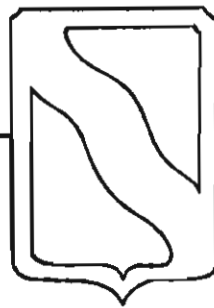
The purpose of this book is to bring to you the life of Company "F" in the past historic war — a war of such magnitude and importance that every human being felt it's force — and in it, to record the part these men played to bring lasting peace to our troubled world.

We humbly bring to you in part, the personality of this Company. The facts speak for themselves and so do we!

Really though, this book is just for us, the men of Company "F" who fought, suffered, cursed, and had fun together. For those of us who are back to our new pursuit of happiness enjoyng the benefits of what we went throught hell for, for those of us who payed the price with incurable wounds, and even life itself, this book is a book of memories, not to remind us of the ugly side of the past war, but to bring back the memories of the boys that either crossed our path or went along that same hard road.

We don't want to bring tears to your eyes, nor to ours, so we're just telling you what was, and nothing more nothing less. And really, it just isn't us, it's all of us, the COMBAT INFANTRYMAN.... We hope you will join us in our memories, but if you're too busy . . . why hell, it's fun to reminisce, even if we are alone!!

FOX



CO.

**This Volume is dedicated to those
men who served with Company "F"**

Our explanation to you:

Please don't feel neglected. We did think of you, and we wanted your contributions to our book. We know too, that you understand why this didn't come about. But we imagine that the contributions we do have, express mostly the feelings and sentiments you experienced with this company.

Prelude to Combat

HEAVE HO, ME LADS

*The U. S. was a wonderful country
It was made of good hard land,
Fort Bragg was really something
For it was packed with sand.*

*But when you're on a bouncing ship
Amid the ocean blue,
There really isn't very much
G.I.'s like us can do.*

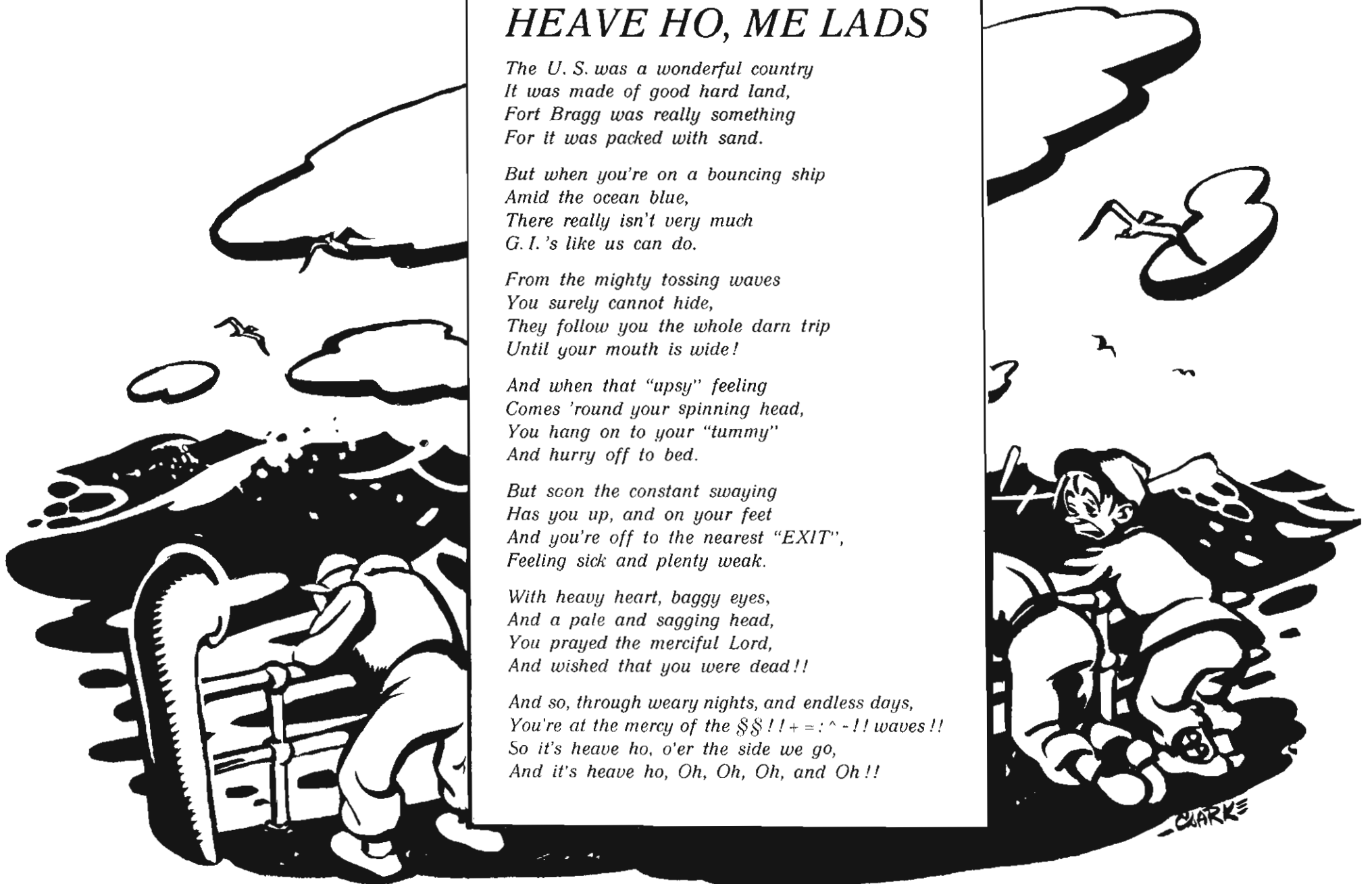
*From the mighty tossing waves
You surely cannot hide,
They follow you the whole darn trip
Until your mouth is wide!*

*And when that "upsy" feeling
Comes 'round your spinning head,
You hang on to your "tummy"
And hurry off to bed.*

*But soon the constant swaying
Has you up, and on your feet
And you're off to the nearest "EXIT",
Feeling sick and plenty weak.*

*With heavy heart, baggy eyes,
And a pale and sagging head,
You prayed the merciful Lord,
And wished that you were dead!!*

*And so, through weary nights, and endless days,
You're at the mercy of the §§!!+=:^-!! waves!!
So it's heave ho, o'er the side we go,
And it's heave ho, Oh, Oh, Oh, and Oh!!*



Marseille

New to us, but something we would soon get all too familiar with, was the cry that first reached our ears when we stepped upon the shores of Marseille, France:

"Cigarette for Papa, Chocolate, Bon-bon?" Little, dirty, raggedly dressed, barefoot boys and girls ran up to every soldier, sometimes grabbing his hand, pleading for a handout in their sing-song way.

What a strange new world opened up for us when we stepped off the boat that sunny October afternoon: strange people, speaking a language foreign to our ears; big black Arabs, wearing large bloused pants and brightly colored turban affairs on their heads; French soldiers, in strikingly mixed uniforms, guarding German and Italian P. W. details trying to clear away some of the rubble caused by war; civilians, poorly dressed in old black, brown, or grey suits and dresses, hurrying to and fro, walking or riding a bicycle, but always carrying some load; a bent over, white haired, old lady struggling under the weight of a bag of coal, wood, or perhaps just plain junk. Everyone seemed to be dragging a wagon overloaded with piles of worn-

out clothes or discarded pieces of furniture. Now that we think back about it, all Europe seemed to be dragging overloaded wagons.

This was Marseille... a rough, dirty port city; a melting pot of the world, where people of all races, religions, colors, and countries merged.

Up through the dark, winding, narrow, cobblestone backstreets, we marched; streets lined with an architecture entirely new to us; houses, painted, purple, yellow, brown, green, or blue, that stood wall to wall. The store signs read: "Alimentation; Coiffeur; Cafe; Salone."

It was all so new and vastly different from the world we had so recently left... as if this new picture and all France had stepped out of our grammar school geography book. It was like a backdrop for some play... a play with a multitude of strange and picturesque actors.

Such were our first impressions of France; impressions of a whole new world that opened up before our eyes that sunny October afternoon.

Richard Gabriel





Marseille to Epinal via a Forty and Eight

"40 Hommes, 8 Chevaux".— That little sign on the outside of a box-car isn't even a slight hint of the many and varied experiences of "F" company's men during the division's 500 mile trip toward the front. Those Frenchmen must be pretty damn small to find room for forty of them in one of those rolling cheese boxes, even without any horses.

We'll always remember those long, cold nights, huddled around an improvised stove filled with requisitioned coal and wood, with the doors boarded up to keep out the cold, but instead, keeping in the black coal dust and smoke that turned us into colored troops, usually long before morning. Then would come the hurried wash in a helmet, only half-done when the train started, and the familiar cry of "Scouts out" every time a town came into view. Half the company would take off through the town, armed with empty wine bottles and "C" Rations for bartering purposes. Our French vocabulary at that time consisted only of "Combien" and "No compris" but it proved adequate for dealing with the eager civilians, who thought a cigarette or "C" Ration was something from another world. And we won't mention those accessory corned beef and pork sausage rations that showed up each time we stopped near a food train. They say that's "verboten!"

Here's hoping that when and if the „Hundredth" starts home, our trip to the port will not be via the "40 and 8's". We want plush seats!

Gail Tuttle

The Vosges

I

n the foothills of the Vosges mountains on the night of November 6, 1944, trucks were creeping along, bumper to bumper toward the then existing German-American battle line. There was little noise aside from the rising groan of army trucks, until even this was halted by an M. P. of the 45th Division. A Century dough foot leaned out of the rear of one of the vehicles and questioned the M. P. by asking, "Say Mac, where's this convoy going?"

"About 10 kilometers up the road", was the answer. The doughfoot looked around suspiciously and inquired, "what's up there?"

The M.P.'s reply was short, but not too sweet.

"Germans!" he said as he turned and walked away.

A

fter leaving the trucks that same night, Fox company marched, through a darkness that very much resembled a heavy black velvet curtain, to an assembly area behind Charlie company of the 180th Regiment, 45th Division.

The Night Behind Charley Company of the 180th

We stumbled in a single file up the eroded embankment on the left side of the road to a spot amid the dripping underbrush where we were to sleep. Orders were given and obeyed in confusion, and darkness veiled our every attempt at organization. Van Duren and I cleared a place on a steep crest, overhung with drooping pine boughs. We figured we could keep dry by lying between our shelter-halves, but the snow-chilled rain crept under us and formed little puddles that finally soaked through our once-dry bedding. After shivering for hours, we struggled out of the soaked blankets and groping in the darkness, attempted to

drive stakes and tie ropes to support our shelter-halves. Finally, in the darkness our tent stood ready, so in we went.

A bundle-like object kept crowding us, and suddenly I remembered what one of the boys was yelling a few hours before,

"Who's got me bed roll?"

"Has anybody seen me bed-roll?"

"Common, youse guys! Where's me roll?"

"I can't sleep out in the rain! Who's got me roll? Where's me roll? Me roll? Me roll?"

And now on the floor of our little tent, hours after our pleading friend had given up in disgust, we had found the missing bed-roll. With deliberation, I unrolled the orphan bed-roll and covered Van and myself with it.

"Good-nite, Van."

"Good-nite, Johnson."

— in collaboration with *E. Johnson*
and *J. Van Duren*

T

he following morning we watched tired veterans, bearing just a slight trace of a smile on their lips.... a smile of relief rather than humor, leave their holes, which we in turn occupied.

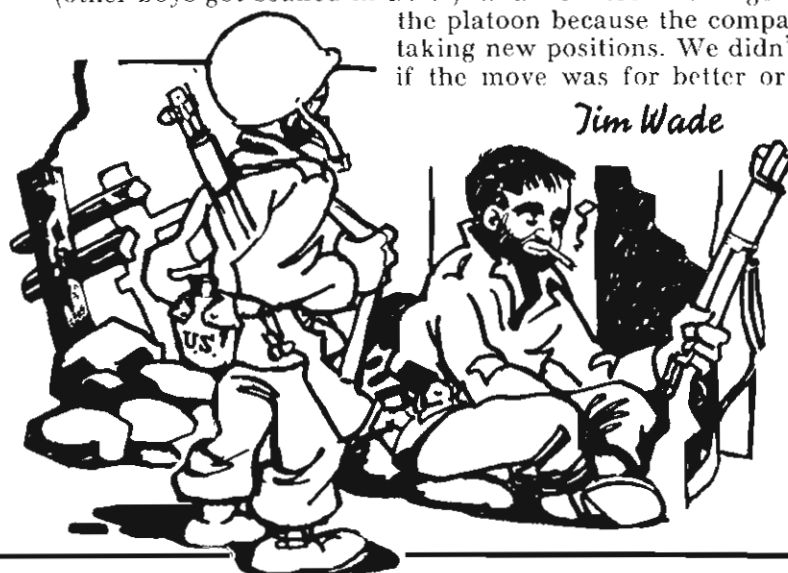
Houses Versus Fox-Holes

On November 8, just a few hours after we took over the holes of the 45th Division, Lt. Ward sent Auten, Gallegos, Rhoades, and myself into a house on the edge of Raon L'Etape, a few hundred yards in front of the Company's positions. We had a bazooka and we were "supposed" to stop any enemy tanks that came thundering down the road.

The house didn't have any windows, and we couldn't make a fire because of the observation the Jerries had, so it was a cold place. But at least we were dry. Needless to say, we were scared. At the sound of an enemy shell, we'd all jump under the beds! That night two men stood guard at the window while the other two slept under a couple of bedsprings.

Morning finally came and Sgt. Pozner ventured down to the house with some "K" rations. That day, while snooping around some Jerry equipment, I found "F" Company's first P-38. One of the fellows went behind the house to fill our canteens from a stream, and here was a shell hole big enough to bury a horse in. We knew the shells came close, but we didn't think they came that close! There were a lot of shells landing in a field to our left, and as usual, there were a few Frenchmen walking around during the shelling.

We weren't so scared the second night, but we weren't sticking our necks out. The next morning we began to like our new home (other boys got soaked in holes) and we were told to go back to the platoon because the company was taking new positions. We didn't know if the move was for better or worse.



S

gt. Levesque and his squad took up a position on the side of a steep hill overlooking the town of Raon L'Etape and the Muerthe River. On the 9th of the month, our third day in combat, we recieved our first casualty, Kinnick, who was slightly wounded by schrapnel from mortar fire.

Overlooking Raon L'Etape

When Fox Company came on line for the first time, the second squad of the second platoon was ordered to go out some two thousand yards over rough terrain to the spot where we were to make our O.P., and Levesque told us to dig in. We decided to catch up on a little sleep. They had warned us to keep one man awake in each hole. We were tired from the long march the day before and still didn't know the score about being in combat, so most of us dozed off.

As we sweated out the German artillery and mortar shells the next morning, we got a message by phone that our battalion had cut off a company of Jerries, and they were near our O.P. We were supposed to move to a new position, but Levesque decided it would be better to make a reconnaissance patrol first, so he asked for volunteers. Allen was the only one of us who spoke up. Levesque said, "Let's go, Allen and Mace." The three of us started out and covered about two and a half miles before we got back. We were very nervous and scared, but didn't hit any opposition.

When we returned the rest of the fellows wanted to know if we had seen the Germans. Levesque answered with a smile, "No, thank God!"

Kenton Mace

When ya gotta go

One mornig we crawled out of our fox-holes and started to eat our "K" rations, when all of a sudden, I got the urge "to go". I told Clay, "I think I'll go take a sun bath." So I walked out about 25 yards and saw a nice stump that I thought would be a good place. I just sat down and relaxed. Suddenly, I heard something whistling through the air. I hit the ground and the shell landed pretty close, about 15 yards, the concussion knocking me over. For a minute, I didn't know whether I was hit or not. I got up and ran for the hole. Then I felt a pain in my foot and I knew it had got me. I told Mangot that I was hit, and he yelled for "Ski", my squad leader. They brought a stretcher for me and carried me down the hill.

James Kinnick



gt. Hannigan took out the first patrol (Sgt. Stoddard's squad) to reconnoiter to the right of George company. Ellis, the first scout, spotted a road block manned by enemy soldiers, and immediately returned to the company with this information.

During our first enemy artillery barrage, Armstrong and his jeep "Nellie Fay", carrying "K"-rations to the troops, were stranded in the very center of attraction.

The First Patrol

The first squad, second platoon was picked to go on a recon patrol. Much to my regret, this was my squad and also the first patrol in the battalion. We started out early in the morning, passing through Easy company's lines. They were dug in about a third of the way up the side of a big mountain. We thought that we were doing good as we were taking the right route. We went on until about noon and decided to eat a tasty "K" ration, so two men were put on each flank about 50 yards. After we finished eating, Hannigan, the platoon sargeant, decided to go back to Easy company and go around the other side of the mountain, so we took off again, walked about 75 yards, and there I saw my first dead Jerry — what a sight to see! We continued on for about another 200 yards and stopped suddenly. I was in the rear of the squad and didn't know what was up. All at once, they turned around and some one said, "See how fast you can move." After we got back to Easy company, I learned that we had reached our objective, which was a road block.

Hannigan called back to our company C. P. and told Capt. Smith the story. We started back down the mountain to Easy company's C. P. There he told the story to Easy company's C. O. Later we learned that they had sent out a combat patrol and got to chasing these Jerries and were led into a mine field where most of the men were killed or seriously injured. This could have happened to our squad if one shot had been fired. I was too dumb to know that could have happened, but found out as time went by.

Carl Harden

The Shelling of the Nellie Fay

We went through the mountains but it wasn't near enough to the troops. The Major insisted the jeep be brought closer — a different route had to be taken. Because of this, we had to expose ourselves, which drew enemy artillery fire.

As they started shelling, the damn jeep got stuck in the mud and wouldn't budge. We left "Nellie Fay" in no seconds flat, diving into some nearby fox-holes. Steenson had a hand grenade in his pocket, and the shells were coming in so close that he heaved it a mile, for fear the concussion would set it off. Looking down the hill, we could see "Jonsie" lying flat in a puddle of water. Everytime he made a motion to move towards us, another shell would pop and he went flying back to his water-hole! The shelling kept up for ten minutes, then we ran for the jeep, unloaded the rations, pushed "Nellie" out of the mud, and took off like a bat-out-of-hell!

Thereafter, the Major decided it would be better to have the boys carry the rations 200 yards, than have the battalion pounded by artillery fire.

James Armstrong



"JONSIE, BOY WAS THAT ARTILLERY?"

"I DON'T KNOW ARMSTRONG, BUT AS SOON AS I GET SITUATED ILL INVESTIGATE!"



he following day the entire first platoon, along with one squad of the third platoon, extended over the ground vacated by Easy company.

Commanding the foremost view of Raon L'Etape stood the mountain we were later to name "Shoe Mine" or "Snow" mountain. Easy company had already taken position at the summit. On November 11th Fox company moved into this position after two or more hours of tedious climbing and marching over some of the roughest terrain ever encountered during our stay in combat. Reaching our destination, we observed with dismay, our new homes — muddy, water-filled fox holes!

Snow Mountain and a Promise

One morning we took off up a big mountain. It seemed to us, the machine gunners, that there was no end to that mountain, but we finally climbed it by going tree-to-tree. And, what was it we found on top? Dead Jerries all over the place! But all the same we started digging our new fox-holes in the snow and frozen ground. We were afraid of the Jerries, mines, and artillery. We saw our buddies hurt and killed. So then I promised God to go to church every Sunday and to confession and communion every chance I'd get, like my Mother and Father always taught me.

John Miller



he heroic story of how an aid man, Hungar, gave his life in the attempt to save a wounded infantryman comes with the next day's activities, as well as the story of Sass, Cleland, and Marcum, along with Ranieri, Lt. Lonsberg and all the other men who were there in the attempt to help.

THE STORY OF SGT. HUNGAR

Hungar and I entered the mine field, stepping into the footprints of Ashton, who was the first man to risk entry. When we found White and Armstrong of "H" company, both men had bandages on their wounds. Ashton had done this. When the improvised litter was brought in, we seemed like monsters, all crowding around in a bath tub, trying to make every move in his footprints.

Lt. Lonsberg, Sass, Marcum, and Ashton were at the foot of the litter as we placed White on it. "Doc" Ranieri had entered the field and was talking to Armstrong. Hungar and I helped place White, and then Hungar made a final inspection before we left the mine field. He spotted bleeding in White's right leg and said it needed a tourniquet to stop it. As he arose to a standing position to get the tourniquet out, he stepped back.

That one step brought on one of the worst disasters in "F" company's history, for in placing his foot on the ground around us in the mine field seemed to break into hell. ground, he exploded a German shoe mine. All the world Sass, Marcum, and Cleland were all on the ground from the concussion, cut, burned and shocked. Ranieri moved to aid Hungar and asked the other men if they were able to walk out of the mine field. Lt. Lonsberg and I carried White out, following Sass, Cleland and Marcum, who left, helping each other. Hungar was carried out shortly, and

I did not see him again until he was near the bottom of the hill. His mind was clear, and he was keeping a check on the time for his tourniquet with his own watch. We returned to our monotonous war with no idea that Hunger would later die in the hospital. He has remained in our memories ever since.

Ralph Johnson

We will always remember Hunger, not so much as a person but more as an ideal. When a long march was over, Hunger was there, patching up the blisters and listening to your ailments. He had a love for "his boys" in the company, and his folks. He spoke continually of all the things he would do back home. Whoever had the blues that didn't feel a hundred times better after he talked to Ol' "Doc Hunger!"



That afternoon, Rubano administered first aid to Leger who had received a wound in his left shoulder as the result of a mortar barrage encountered while carrying ammunition up the mountain.

Pains of Hell

When we first started our push in the Vosges Mountains, we really caught "hell" one day. Some of the other boys and I were carrying ammunition up the steep hills, and as we were climbing up, the medics were bringing our injured men down. Most of them were wounded in the legs and feet.

We were all sickened and at the same time angry. We didn't know what to say; we'd just look and cuss those "lousy" Jerries. But we kept going, and after we had gone about a thousand yards more, they threw in a barrage of mortar shells. That's when I got it.

I can't put into words how I felt, but I thought my arm was gone. It wasn't. I felt relieved but helpless.

Then Lt. Allen, who was ahead, called back and asked if anyone was hurt. I didn't say anything at the time... I couldn't! Then he called again. Champagne, who was right behind me, yelled, "Leger, you're hit! Blood is coming from your back through your clothes."

I knew it now and called, "I'm hit!"

Lt. Allen came down, but before he could get to me, Rubano was there. He took off my jacket and shirt. I wanted to see what the wound looked like, but I was afraid to look. Rubano fixed me up in no time at all.

Then the company moved on. Champagne said he would stay with me until someone could take me back to the aid station.

But ever since that day, I vowed I'd never cuss again, no matter how much I saw.

Paul Leger

The snow, for which the mountain was christened, came the following morning. With the snow, came the loss of a much-needed Texan- when Daniel accidentally hooked the trigger of his sniper's rifle while in his hole, discharging a round into his foot.



“Snow Mountain” holds the memory of cold, unappetizing meals, muddy, water-filled foxholes, dripping, snow-laden trees, and seemingly endless trips up and down the mountain. However, the country was beautiful, although no one was exactly in the mood for admiring beauty at the time. This scenery is best described by Lt. Allen in his story of Capt. Smith’s observation.

“Capt. Smith went over to take a look from “E” company’s O. P. out on the promontory nearest the Muerthe River. From this point, between the clouds that drifted by below, the mountain could be seen to drop away precipitously for nearly a thousand feet. Along the river far below, small industries were scattered above and below Raon L’Etape. Straight across the river from this point, was a small town located near the mouth of a tributary valley. Over the upper slopes and far beyond, over the wrinkled mountains, the wintery forest stretched, showing clearly what sort of country we would be fighting through. When fuzzy clouds drifted by, obscuring the view, one again felt the solitude of the mountain, cut away from the generally peaceful appearing river valley below, which the enemy held.

Further up the valley and just out of Capt. Smith’s view, the little town of Baccarat was being taken by the French. The following day we were to move into the fox holes around Baccarat guarding our only bridgehead across the Muerthe River. Our exodus from “Snow Mountain” and entrance into Baccarat was primarily by truck. Yet, in the descending of the mountain and the final searching for dug out positions around the city, all was done on foot and this meant spending many weary hours sloshing and stumbling through murky darkness.

For some of the men, the memory of Baccarat means showers and our first opportunity to sleep in houses. However, most of the abodes were of the usual models A, B, and 4F as in the illustrated fox holes on the opposite page. Our first experience with “Hot Chow” made us wonder just what satirical wit gave it that name. At least it was a change from the “K”-ration, chopped pork and egg yolks, cheese and pork loaf.

FOX HOLES

MODEL (A)
SMALL OPEN ROOM
WITH SHOWERS!

MODEL (B)
SMALL ROOM WITH
SUN PARLOR....

MODEL (C)
HIDE AWAY FOR
DREAMERS....

MODEL (D)
UP TO DATE HOME,
FURNISHED ROOM
WITH HEAT AND
OCCASIONAL SHOWERS!

MODEL "T".....
..."ROOM AND BROAD"!

MODEL (4F)
BOMB PROOF JOB
WITH RUNNING
WATER!

Tell me, seriously now, do you think, according to anything you might have picked up in high school Physics, it's humanly possible for two men, of full growth, local drugstore scale size, to sleep (that's sleep, spelled, "Move over and get your damn feet out of my mouth") in a black hole in the ground? Dimensions: two redeployed French shovels long, by one B. A. R. wide (rusty chamber preferred). Some whiskered, wise old man once said, "Two solid objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time".

... Silly boy -- he's got a lot to learn!

R. Gabriel

"Foxholes" — That one word embodies many of the remembrances of a G. I. in combat, and every member of "F" Company has his own memories of good and bad, wet and dry, and warm and cold nights spent in underground dugouts. They were of all sizes, shapes, and description — some for protection from rain and some from artillery. Each one was home for a few hours or nights, and it was always with a slight feeling of regret that we received the order to "Saddle-up"! Each little shelf for your M-1, ledge for rations, and puddle of water in one end — all were familiar parts of a log-covered apartment and could be found in no time flat, even in the dark. (Wasn't it always!)

Yes, just mention "Foxholes" and it'll bring back beaucoup memories.

G. Tuttle

—Aldo Rubano

A

fter only two comparatively blissful days at Baccarat, Saturday night brought us again on line. Our orientation by Capt. Smith was merely, "The enemy is a thousand yards to our front".

Sunday morning, Lt. Ward's platoon lead the company in an attempt to set up a left flank defense for the regiment. Aided by a squad of company mortar-men, the third platoon was moving rapidly to support the first when a merciless barrage hit amongst them. Due to the courageous action of the platoon medic, Cpl. Ranieri, five of the nine casualties were treated and removed to safety. But, four of the men, Yakimetz, Clutter, Ashton and Keel, were killed in action on this day. The wounded were Hintzel, Olinsky, Seratt, Ewing and McClenahan.

One Sunday

It was a typical fall day, cool and sunny, but like every other day we were busy digging holes. It was just then that our runner, Surmanek, came to the mortar section, located on the side of a wooded hill, and called for one of our squads. The unlucky squad reported to the C. P. and were told that they would be in support of the third platoon, whose mission was to contact the first platoon.

We got about twenty feet up the road when the air shrilled and the ground trembled as mortar shells pounded the area we were in. It was terrible. One shell scored a direct hit on the men walking. We hit the ground. Men were wounded. One man was groaning, and others lay dead in the roadway. Olinski came running across the road holding his arm which was spurting streams of blood. Manzi and the medic went to the aid of the injured men. In the midst of all this tragedy and shelling, we withdrew from the road and dug in behind a low stone wall for protection.

Meanwhile, further down the line, Ashton was instantly killed, and Hintzel and others were badly wounded. I don't think I'll ever forget that gruesome and tragic day.

Bernard Freid



ARTILLERY BARRAGE

The sub-conscious mind running wild

".... Will it get me? Bury your head, bury it! What'll Mom Oh, God, please, please That was close!! Where the hell is everyone? How come those damn Jerries are throwing it all at me?? Aw, Honey, I gotta get back to you, I GOTTA!! We're going to have great times together Geeziz, that schrapnel came close!! How I hate the thought of the next one. Will it get me?? How? Will it?? Will it?? Aw honey, hold me to you, hold me tight, Hold me Hold me. I'm not afraid to die in your arms. MMMMMM, How nice that feels, You're so warm Who cares about cold, wet mud, freezing hands, numb feet, beating heart Who cares now what comes? What goes? Who lives? Who dies? I have you Honey, You're sweet I love you. that's all that matters, You're sweet I love you Kiss me Hon, Kiss me...."

Aldo Rubano

YAKIMETZ: "Yak" was from Brooklyn and he figured the heart of the world beat there. He was a swell foot-ball player and the kind of a guy you'd like just to "bat the breeze" with. You didn't have to be around him long to know what was nearest his heart... his mother, his sister, and his girl.

JAMES CLUTTER: We remembr him lugging that twenty pound B. A. R. in the Vosges. Even when we had a particularly difficult day he was anxious to do something for the boys. He kidded and joked when everyone else was blue, and soon he'd have the whole squad feeling better. Ask a Fox company man about Clutter and he'd answer, "Clutter? He was a damn good JOE."

ROY KEEL: Roy, quiet to all outward appearances, was a friend of many. He was chummy with the boys and always ready for a good bull session. Roy, who spoke often of his wife and his home, Maryland, was a fine man who will live in our hearts for years to come.

ROGER ASHTON: A 19 year old Iowa boy, was one of the most friendly and best liked boys in the companie... A good athlete and possessing a fine mind. Roger also enjoyed church, music and a good book. He was a sincere, considerate, and wholesome even-tempered boy with a warm personality... one that will not be easily forgotten by his buddies.

In the afternoon, our company by-passed a farm house which later produced ten surrendering German soldiers. For hours, these Nazis had watched file upon file of American soldiers slowly advancing across the open field, but had been afraid to open fire with their two light machine guns. The amazed sixteen men, to whom the Jerries surrendered, were a ration crew lead by Lt. Allen.

Fox company's first prisoners

Fox company's first prisoners were flushed from a desolate farmhouse sheltered in a fringe of pines. We were returning on a ration detail when we fell upon these "supermen" who decided the "Fuhrer" had stepped off on the wrong foot. Of these ten, half were wounded and half still had a semblance of their "superman" state. As bad as they looked, however, we green troops, still held to the idea that they potentially were dangerous.

After looking for pistols, watches, and the like, we began the long trip to battalion through the errie darkness that was closing in on us.

Oh, yes, that slimy mud! Much of the way was through a pine woods which was held by our forces. We lived in constant fear that some sentry might see the file of Jerries and mistake it for a Kraut patrol. We kept our rifles at the ready and walked like close descendants of Daniel Boone and warned the Germans to do the same.

Everthing was going along with a minimum of falling over limbs and dropping in unseen holes, when suddenly — I saw stars! In the pitch black I had stumbled over a stump, and down I slid into the ooze. My rifle departed in one direction and my helmet in another. My heart vacated it's normal position and "dug in" in the vicinity of my tongue. I thought I had "had it" for sure.

Gently, a hand reached for my shoulder, and I found myself being raised to my feet. My helmet found itself resting on my head, and a mud covered rifle took shape in my hands. It seemed to me that my wishes were being answered by an act of God. However powerful he may be, that wasn't the answer. It was the Kraut prisoners. They were anxious to get back to an area of safety and decided now was no time for their guard to be rolling in the mire.

Sheldon Kofod

During these attacks many times we were unable to carry blankets or shelter halves, and this night found us in shallow holes, partially covered by rain coats. (These rain coats came equipped with rain.)

The march over the next mountain lasted late into the night of November 20th. Twelve hours of darkness and rain. No time to dig holes before dark... no sleep or rest. The chilled November wind blew our wet clothes against our chillblained bodies and brought with it more down-pours of rain to assure our continual discomfort. The morning didn't bring relief, it brought only daylight. The reason for discribing this night in particular, is that although many nights compare with it, none surpass it in actual physical wretchedness.

F

or a few hours after dark, a burning French house in the valley before us defied the rain and gave us a dark shadowed illumination. The house had been set afire by Lt. Silk of Easy company, when he and a few of his men roused the enemy from this position with almost hand-to-hand fighting.

The Night of the Burning House

The night of Nov. 20th, like so many other endless nights spent in the depressing Vosges, found the men of the company with the then all too-familiar feeling of coldness, wetness and never-ending fatigue. The month of November possesses a wind that, when you're already soaked from continually drenched clothes that cling to your body, cuts through your skin, leaving your bones stiff and sore . . . The Vosges Mountains, bad enough during the day, were a horrid dream at night . . . a blackness that seeps in during late afternoon, reaching out and clinging on to leaves, trees and undergrowth, and finally settling back, fully aware of its intensity, to await day-break that seems centuries away.

Such was the night of November 20, when the men saw in the distance a light that would dance in and around the thick trees of the forest . . . to see a light in the middle of all that darkness and rain was something! . . . something penetrating and shattering the blackness! We continued moving forward like moths attracted to a lamp . . . what was it? Could we get warm, dry our clothes, read, by its light, some of our old mail? Funny the way your imagination can work . . . you see a straw, reach for it, and your mind plays with it . . . as we drew closer, we saw flames shooting sky-high . . . crackling timber, sparks, and the sounds of exploding bullets . . . strange and out-of-place here. It was good to see that at least fire could get the better of the rain. The fire, that of a ramshackled old French farm house, lit up the sides of the surrounding hills. The company made only a halfhearted attempt at digging in on the side of the hill facing the burning house, as it was too wet, cold, late and dark to make any kind of headway on sleeping holes. Those that did were soon discouraged or rained-out. Some buddies

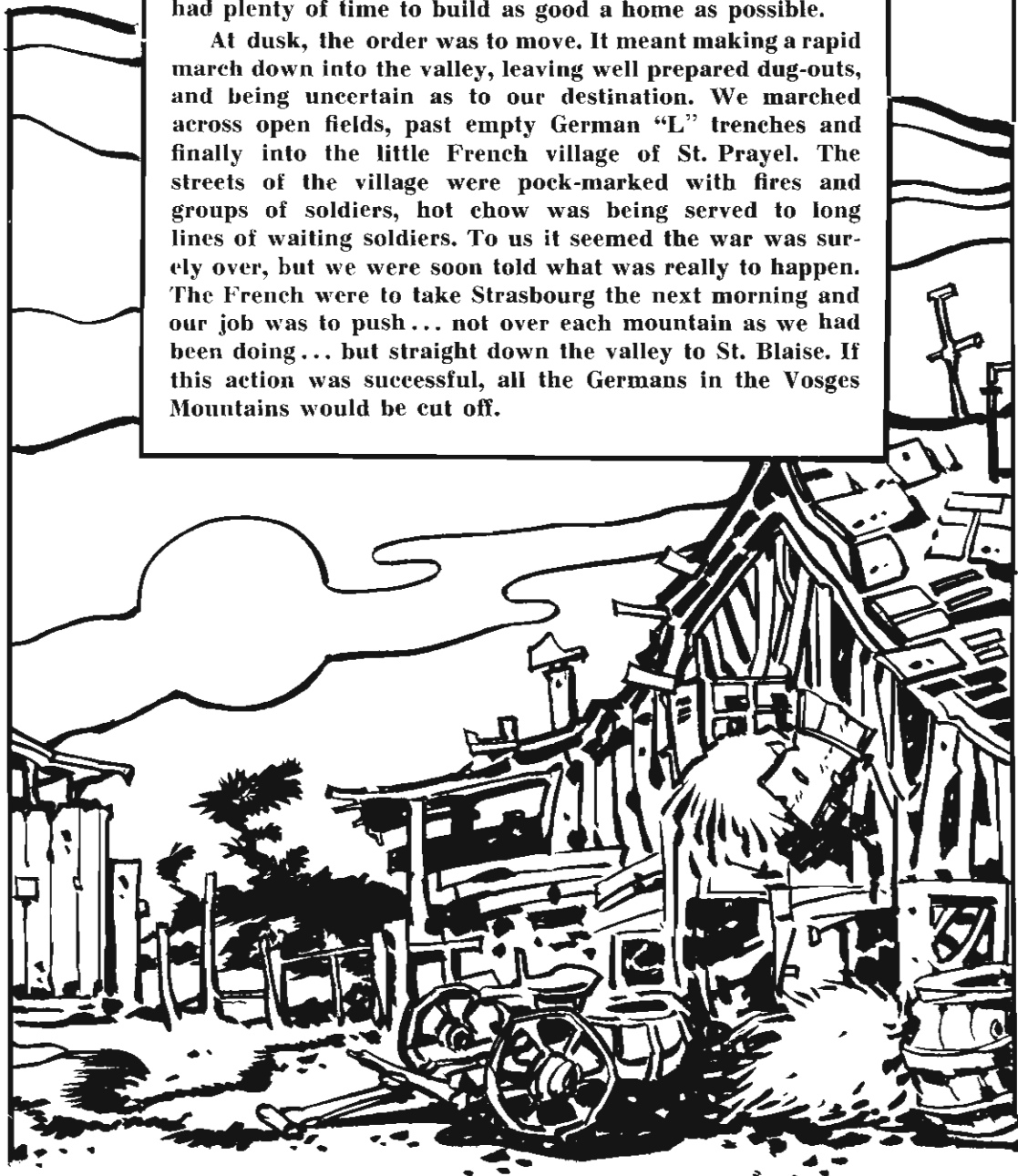
cuddled up in their raincoats and tried to get some rest, while others just sat watching the fascinating flames of the fire until dawn. The night was long and miserable. Sleep was impossible . . . you don't sleep when you're wringing wet . . . you smoke, wet, crumbly cigarettes, think about the times you've been in the hot sun, or maybe just grumble at your wretched existence . . . Dawn finally came, and with it the relief from a long, miserable night.

Richard Gabriel

T

he first platoon led the company to the crest of the next mountain. The rain had gone with the night and our bodies had dried our clothes. This was November 21st and we reached the objective with no opposition. The defensive was planned and everyone had plenty of time to build as good a home as possible.

At dusk, the order was to move. It meant making a rapid march down into the valley, leaving well prepared dug-outs, and being uncertain as to our destination. We marched across open fields, past empty German "L" trenches and finally into the little French village of St. Prayel. The streets of the village were pock-marked with fires and groups of soldiers, hot chow was being served to long lines of waiting soldiers. To us it seemed the war was sur-ely over, but we were soon told what was really to happen. The French were to take Strasbourg the next morning and our job was to push... not over each mountain as we had been doing... but straight down the valley to St. Blaise. If this action was successful, all the Germans in the Vosges Mountains would be cut off.



Surprise! St. Prayel!

Crash! Another tree had been dropped down to provide logs for our dug-outs. All around the hill one could see men shoveling dirt, chopping down trees, moving logs over to the holes being dug. Fox company was digging in for the night. It was starting to get dark, and many of the dug-outs were almost completed when the order came down from battalion to move out. To the men, exhausted from a day's hiking up mountainous terrain and digging foxholes, this order came as a shock. The men were disgusted.

"Dammit! Wha'da they think we are?" exclaimed more than a few as they started to pack up.

Then it was down the mountain in the dark. You were tired. You stumbled and fell. You cursed everybody and everything up and down the line. But somehow, you made it.

Not caring much where you were going, you were surprised to find yourself entering a small French town. St. Prayel was the name of it and it was on the night of November 21st, back in 1944. You were even more surprised to find other outfits in the town. But your surprise reached its climax when you found that you were moving into houses to sleep for the night. That was almost unbelievable! You had never slept in a house since hitting the line. Mud, dirt, and holes, had been your beds up to now. What a break!

The houses were pretty broken down at that... dirty, shabby, but they seemed like palaces that night! Sleeping on a mattress or on hay in a barn... it was Heaven!

Best Bless



he part Fox company was to play in this strategy was told us after breakfast in our thatched roof domicile. Our sleep had been in the hay loft above, and we felt refreshed and in the rare mood of wanting to do our mission.

The company was to be the division point, moving on trucks, and the second platoon roared out in front, piled on the front and back of armored vehicles of the 100th Recon Troops.

Hardly had the task force started than we were stopped by a mined road block. A German 50 mm. mortar zeroed in on the head of our column and immediately we dispersed...but too late to prevent casualties. Of all the wounded, none were from Fox company. Late in the evening the second platoon moved past the road-block and into Senones. The citizens were in the streets, smiling and shouting, "Vive la Amerique". The young mademoiselles were laughing and kissing the grimy soldiers as they climbed down from the armored cars. Senones was quite a town and the second platoon was to sleep there. The remainder of the company stayed in Moyenmoutier, the village before Senones.

Happenings in Senones

"Do you 'avez-vous' a 'chambre' for us 'soldats'?" the weary American soldier asked the elderly "Madame" when she came to the door.

She looked confused at what he said, then smiled in comprehension, "Sure, I got plenty of room! Come on in boys!"

The soldier leaned far out from the top of the armored car and pulled the beautiful young "mademoiselle" up toward him. She rubbed his dirty, bearded face with her hand, then laughed and kissed him on each cheek.

An old "Madame" was talking loudly in very rapid French to a confused American soldier (who hailed from the deep South). After she halted her mad jumble of French lingo, the soldier, recalling a famous Sgt. Montgomery statement, said with a smile, "If you do, lady, you'll have to clean it up!"

Oscar Beaman



efore day-light, the second platoon loaded on the Recon troops' vehicles again and began the confused push from Senones to Le Vermont. After a day and night of perplexed doubling-back and rapid marches to locate the enemy, the company was finally assembled in Le Vermont on November 24.

Task Force

One morning in St. Prayel, France, the men got up bright and early to find that they were part of a task force organized to chase the retreating Jerries.

"Task force!"... what a laugh!

The men were loaded up on trucks, and before long the trucks were rolling. But not for long!

The convoy stopped at a town by the name of Moyenmoutier. The reason given was a road block up ahead.

Then it started to rain. So we sat in our trucks and proceeded to soak in the rain. We couldn't put the covers over the trucks... protection against Jerry aircraft prevented that.

Hours passed. Some of the men went into houses to get out of the rain, rushing back to the trucks when several false alarms that we were moving had been given.

Soon other vehicles passed us,... artillery pieces, corps wire communication vehicles, and other "rear echelon" vehicles. Our trucks remained where they were. The men sat in the trucks, drenched from the rain and watched the "rear echelon" moving in front of the "task force".

Bert Bless



ecause we missed Thanksgiving Day dinner, the morning of the 25th was begun with a turkey dinner for breakfast. A line formed behind a truck loaded with sleeping-bags — something absolutely new in sleeping comfort to us. At 8 o'clock an eleven mile march from Le Vernont to a fox-hole was begun. Along the way, we ate our first German black bread. Diarrhoea was nearly everyman's marching companion. The night was spent testing the real worth of our new sleeping bags.

A Loose and Watery discourse

Funny thing. I mean about this being in France. Most of the doughboys, when, in the long-awaited pleasanter days of the future, they're bouncing their curly-headed grand-daughters on their good knee, will tell (that's "tell", spelled "B-R-A-G") about the time they, single handedly, wiped out a 120 mm. mortar and its crew and how, when Jerry was slingin' all kinds of lead around (at this point, the grand-daughter's eyes are popping out like the 1st Sgt's. when he looked at your rifle bore) the old man picked you (lucky you) out of the entire company, the company at that time consisting of forty-five dejected souls, to lead a demolition patrol and how you blew this up and shot that up and, and... get the idea? Me? Heck, when I reminisce about the land of wine, women, and song (the wine's diluted, the women are polluted and the songs, well, the word has "P" in the beginning, "D" at the end and "U-T-R-I" in the middle), I'll always think of the G. I.'s, M-1 (for the benefit of the laymen, the G. I.'s in the vernacular of modern medicine is diarrhoea). The G. I.'s and I'll argue the point with anybody, 'cause I'm talkin' from a wide field of experience, are worse than any barrage the Krauts can throw your way. They are to my way of thinking, a great Army equalizer. Like death and taxes, it effects everybody. Backyards, streetcorners, haylofts, helmets or houses, they're all expendable if within range! Everything else seems to fall in a category of secondary importance next to

them. You can be in the leading platoon of the leading company in a night attack, bayonets fixed, finger nervous on the trigger, bodies tense, "88's" droppin' all around, "screamin' mimmies" singing death, M.G. tracer bullets "rick-a-shaying" thru the dark against tree trunks when suddenly, well, heck, you can't help it, out come the shirt tails, down go the pants, the "long-Johns", shorts, assume the old position and then, need I continue? I've often thought if they could bottle that smell, you know the one I mean, stick it in shells, shove it down the tube of a 4.2 mortar that's pointed toward Jerryland, well, the

M

orning brought with it another rapid march down into the little town of Albet, France. Here we met our first Alsatian-speaking French, who seemed more pro-German than any group we had met before-they seemed better fed, also. We bivouaced on the outskirts of Albet, until a convoy of jeeps and trucks came to carry us into St. Prayel, the village from which our task-force originated. As we loaded the order came, "Nine men on a jeep... Forty men on a ton-and-a-half." We reached St. Prayel about 11 o'clock that night. Diarrhoea was still raging among the troops.

war would be over and you'd be back in civies so fast it'd make your head swim! G. I.'s besides makin' you unbutton and button your pants 10 or 20 times a day, making you a 100 yard dash man, second only to Gundar Haag, and puttin' a severe strain on friendships 'cause of resulting aromas, leaves you feeling like a wet rag, a dead fish or the groom the day after that first night... weak isn't the word for it... Sinatra could make mince pie of you in two short rounds... If you pull up the shade you'll go with it. The "runs" some guys call it, ... it's "gallops" with me!

The average doughboy dreams about the cutie he left back on Maple Street, banana splits at the corner drugstore, dances, hot dogs and ice cream, the favorite seat in the living room, sleeping thru breakfast... Me? Walk in my house, up the stairs, turn to the right, open the door and you'll see... Well, its big and white, made of some composition like porcelain, round and beautiful... that's for me, G. I.'s or no G. I.'s.

R. F. Gabriel



It should be said that when we left Albet our part in the Vosges Mountain campaign was over and the morning brought a trip from St. Prayel to a little town of Trois Fontaines near Sarrebourg and into the area of Bitcher.

Eight Hour Shifts

When we first went to relieve the 45th Division, our major told us that the Germans and us had certain times to fight. The Germans wouldn't start fighting before eight o'clock and would stop at five. The next day we relieved the 45th Division at one o'clock in the afternoon. Then around six o'clock we got out of our fox hole, took out heat tablets and started supper, which was "K" rations. Around a quarter to seven when we started eating, we heard the most terrible screaming of artillery shells and explosions. We dived for our holes. After the ringing had gone from my ears and the check had been made to see if any one was hit, I heard someone say out of the darkness of their hole "I guess the Jerries are working time-and-a-half for us!"

John Miller

Remember?

HINTZEL: The "Fritz" was quite a guy to the boys of the company. Somehow everyone figured he'd come back even though we knew he was hit bad. He laughed the loudest, dressed the neatest, drank the most and held it, commanded the most respect, and played the damndest game of football of anybody in the company.

OLINSKI: Louis, who spoke much of his ol' alma mater, Princeton, was an all-around-boy. He possessed a good sense of humor and liked to write, both poetry and stories. For those that did not know him well, he appeared shy but could be drawn into a friendly argument 'most anytime.

SERATT: Jim was the type of boy that usually kept to himself. He was quiet, but enjoyed talkin' about his farm down South where he was eager to return.

TO SUM UP THE VOSGES MOUNTAINS, HERE IS A GENERAL CONSENSUS OF ITS AFFECT ON THE TROOPS.

WE QUOTE:

"Rough as hell!"

"Looks like we'll never get home!"

"Ugh!"

"Damn those mountains!"

"Nothin' to 'em much!"

"Geeziz C"

"Pas Bon"

"They didn't impress me, but it did my feet!"

"Boy, could Cap. Smith hit those hills!"

"Just one damn hill after another!"

"Whew!"

"Wasn't too hard going down hill!"

"I felt like a pack mule!"

"\$ + + Ö !! = % / !!"

"Rough, Rough!"

"Worse than fighting the Heinies!"

"I sure had my ups and downs!"

"They're a long way from home!"

Out of the Vosges

"Whatever may or may not be said for the staffs and their rigamarol, they picked a beautiful day for a motor movement. The sun shone all day long and the country-side, soaked in rain, was lovely and green except for the patches of deciduous woods, which became more frequent as we made our way across the more rolling country from the foothills of the Vosges.

It seemed rather strange to drive along that highway with the railway beside it just south of Raon l'Etape, the same that we viewed from that high promontory just across the Muerthe River. This area, a couple of weeks ago, was in the hands of the enemy. In Raon l'Etape too, one felt that strange sensation looking at the people in the street such a short time ago under German rule, a child wearing an American helmet-liner, the buildings beaten by artillery fire...our artillery fire, the town that we studied in aerial photos.

The Muerthe itself was swollen by the rains and the alluvial valleys out in the country were flooded well beyond the ordinary channel which is not big.

Baccarat was the same as we left it and made our way out into the open country to the northeast. The road was good and the convoy moved at pretty close to twenty-five miles per hour with occasional stops. Instead of the woods surrounding each field here over the even crests of the undulations, the woods were often only barely visible in the sunlit distance. The ride was a pretty cold one for the frost in the air was dispelled only slowly by the low hanging winter sun which at high noon seemed to a man from the southern latitudes of the United States, like seven in the morning."

Trois Fontaine

● Quotes from Lt. Allen's notes

In Trois Fontains

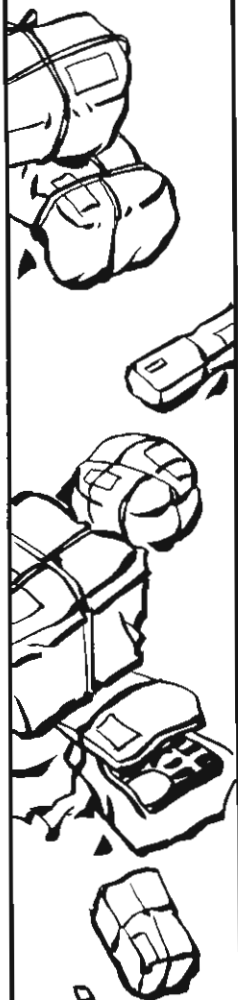
Feeling in the company was at first predisposed to be antagonistic toward the people here in Trois Fontaine (Dreibrunner) because of the substantial German element. However, everyone was favorably impressed by their extreme cleanliness, their desire to accomodate us, and not least by the girls here, who seemed prettier and certainly were more tastefully dressed than the other French girls the company had previously seen.

Speaking of cleanliness, almost every house was spotless. Wooden shoes were left outside and everyplace seemed to be well-painted, floors varnished and sometimes covered over to protect the finish. The cellars were fairly well stocked and smelled spicily of apples, nuts and other foods.

Packages

Second only to a letter from home, is a package. As everyone knows, a package is a five pound sample of someone's kitchen. Watching a fellow share his package is indeed a happy sight. Honestly, I believe a fellow gets more enjoyment out of talking about the "stuff" in his package than in the eating. He'll tell you just how Mom (Wife, Sis, or Sweetheart) goes about making such delicious cookies or fudge. Also, he'll let you know that it took so many points to send that can of good Campbell's soup. And that cake of soap, well, that's hard to explain ... guess they sent it for "that dirty old lieutenant". Yes, a package takes you back home to the kitchen and the grocery store ... and to those who sent a little bit of each.

Lt. Joe Ward



SCENE: *France*

TIME: LAST OF NOVEMBER OR FIRST OF DECEMBER OR SOME DAMN TIME

The wind is blowing, the air is crisp, it's football weather. The leaves are falling from the trees. Summer is gone for another year. Bits of manure are floating down the street. Yes, it's Fall ... Fall with all of its glory, truly the best time of the year.

"Like Hell! -- huh-huh, what do you mean Joe? Yea, I suppose it is too damn cold at night. Come over here, Joe, and sit down on this manure pile. Ah, this is comfortable ... Have some bread?"

"What's a matter, Joe? ... Look out, you dropped the bread in the manure. Here it is. I've got it. That was close. Give me a bite will you? ... I'm pretty hungry."

"Boy, I could lay all day in this stuff, its so nice and warm."

"Say, Joe, I heard a report that Patton will be in Berlin in twenty days, Good old Patton. Here is November and that means only a month more! Good old George!"

"Well, what do you think of him, Joe?"

"Now, I wouldn't say that, Joe. After all, he may be full of it, but you're laying in it."

"You know, Joe, I've been thinking What are we going to act like when we get home? Some people say we won't know how to act ... that's just a bunch of propoganda. After all we are just a bunch of guys, ain't we? We were civilians once ... weren't we, Joe? We'll be O.K.."

"Say, here comes the old lady. Hey, Madam, throw the next pile on my feet ... they're cold!"

John Chynoweth



C'est La Guerre

The fourth platoon, complete with month-old beards and wellcaked in the best the Vosges Mountains had to offer in the way of mud and dirt, straggled down the street to the little French farm house assigned them. When they started to enter the door, they were met by a flood of loud and guttural German issued by a short, bearded, old man...the boys tried to by-pass him, but he got more insistent. Pretty soon the old man was shoutin' loudly, obviously irritated, and very persistent on not lettin' the boys in...needless to say, the mortar and machine-gun men were growing very impatient and beginnin' to reach for their respective weapons. Stanley Brodsky the only one who's German consisted of a little more than "Nix verstan", moved forward and finally

figured out what the old boy was sayin'... "Please don't use my hayloft for an outhouse, 'cause the cows won't eat the stuff then!"

Richard Gabriel



Hair-Cuts ... Trois Fontaine

Whenever there was a break that looked like it might stretch into a day or longer, the self-styled barbers blossomed forth... Trois Fontaine was no exception... Two inch jobs on top, suggested by higher-ups (that's "suggested", spelled, O-R-D-E-R-E-D), were the style... The men that looked like out-of-job violin players weren't safe long on the narrow cobblestone streets of the little village... An arm would reach out, some "I'm working my way through barber's college" G.I. would grab his victim, and the hack job would begin, scissors, wire clippers, razors... Before the man was settled comfortably in an improvised barber's chair, the job would be done or as those of the profession say, "Hair today, gone tomorrow!"

Richard Gabriel

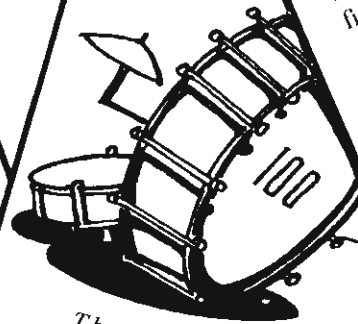
The G.I. Blues

The cause for the acute diarrhoea in the company was believed to be the "K" rations we lived on for so long in the Vosges Mountains. So, in Trois Fontaines, the second platoon gave all the "K's" we had accumulated to a very grateful old French woman.

We were accustomed to the mad dashes (made by ourselves and our buddies) and these sprints came usually in the dead of night. However, during the end of our stay in this French woman's home, our sleep was disturbed by a new sound.

The door of the old lady's room would open and bang shut... then the clomping of wooden shoes, moving rapidly across a boardwalk, and finally the swinging to of the "cabinet" door could be heard. All would be silent for an endless length of time, then the slow, weary troding of the returning shoes would signify that the emergency was over.

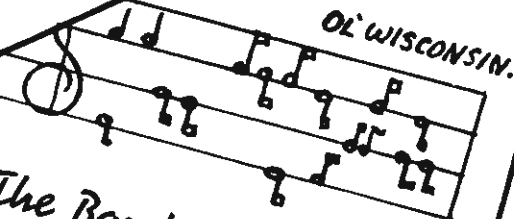
Oscar Beaman



The Band

The day the Division Band marched through Trois Fontaines every man felt the distance from home very deeply. When the band struck up the football number "On Wisconsin", I had tears in my eyes and a lump in my throat. The whole town seemed to watch the band and when they had left and the music faded away, I again felt a little homesick.

Ralph Johnson



Life is like that

To me, one of the Army's field expedients that unfairly goes against all rightful urges of nature is the straddle trench. To have to squirm into an unGodly stoopin' position everytime you want to commit one of the necessities of life is an unpardonable sin on the part of Uncle Sam for which I will never totally jorgive him!

Trois Fontaine was, after the Company got half-way settled, cursed with many of these Army invented inconveniences... There, to make matters worse, due to rotten K rations and doubtful drinking water, business was overflowin'... There wasn't a latrine that didn't have several well-trot paths leadin' to it... Unfortunately never officially recorded for posterity, these latrines were indirectly responsible for some of the fastest sprints and dashes run by man. Every platoon had their own straddle trench which was religiously visited by a group of faithful followers... Just to make things a little more interesting, exciting and stimulating, the first and second platoons dug their trenches halfway up the side of a hill... It wasn't uncommon to hear in the middle of the night, "I've got to go, but quick". G.I. scramble madly out of his sleepin' bag, trip down the stairs, fly out the house, doors slamming madly behind him, and galloping like hell to his hard sought-after destruction. After a few minutes his steps would disgustingly slow down and you'd hear a disgruntled "Damn". Well, as it has so often been said, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again".

Richard Gabriel

We regret to inform

In Trois Fontaine we got the news that Ewing had died in the hospital. It came as a shock to us who were living such an easy life those few days and it shook us back into the realization that we owed more than we could ever pay to those guys who had already done so much in this war.

Ewing was a short fellow who never wasted words. He was a hard worker and never could be heard complaining. An Ohio boy, Ewing almost always wore a worrysome smile and was liked by all who knew him. When you think of him you think of just a darn nice fellow.

Facewell

Little did I realize how long the shower I took at Trois Fontaines would have to last me. I believe it was very close to one month and twenty-nine days. The new clothing, showers, and Christmas packages boosted our morale greatly. When we finally left Trois Fontaines, some of us waved goodbye to the very lovely French girls and they waved back ... even in front of their parents!

Ralph Johnson

One Soldier to Another

The morning we had our showers in the Glassware factory, General Burress stopped near by. He got out of his car and spoke to several of the men. His aides laid out his maps and he explained our movement from the Vosges area to Sarrebourg. When he finished, the men all felt very enlightened and one "company headquarters commando" remarked, "Well, it looks O. K. to me, General!"

Ralph Johnson

William Port

We were all standing around, cleaning our rifles, smoking, talking when suddenly, "Bang!" ... Everyone turned around at once as Port leaned forward; the "P-38" still clutched in his right hand. Kutzman, the medic, ran up to Port to give him first-aid and found the bullet had gone in the palm of his hand and had followed up the arm, coming out near the elbow. Port was loaded on a jeep and quickly whisked away.

We all liked Port's easy going, friendly ways; he liked a good time and knew how to make the most of it. The guys said, "Ports a sergeant with the heart of a private."

Bitch

1st Battle of



he rugged terrain of the Vosges Mountains was behind us and we had enjoyed our brief rest in Trois Fontaines. At 4 o'clock in the morning on December 2nd, we began preparations for a 12 mile motor movement to Schonberg. After receiving a hot meal in Schonberg, we were on the march again. Our objective was a forward assembly area located on a mountainside overlooking the town of Liepstein. It was a long, fatiguing hike we made to that assembly area, and as we started digging in, our miseries were accentuated by the cold and the rain.



arly the next morning we moved out in the direction of Puberg, which the Germans had vacated only a few hours previously. The townspeople, overjoyed to see American soldiers, left the shelter of their cellars to offer us l'eau de vie (schnapps), cider, and apples. Although our advance from Puberg was held up nearly an hour by Jerry artillery fire, nevertheless, by evening we had reached our destination... a position just to the rear of Easy company.

Notes on December the 5th

There I was tired, dirty, and feeling mighty low. We had marched all day and now we were entering some little one-horse town called Puberg, and it sure lived up to it's name. Like most Alsatian towns, this joint was pretty well beat up. And like all the rest, the people began streaming up out of the cellars to see what side was marching through today. Also they carried their

little jugs with booze. But unlike the other burgs, these people had something. I took one snort and I was an Olympian God chasing Venus around a fig tree; two, and I caught my armless beauty; three, and I was flat on my face. Now mind you, I don't mind chasing unclad women around fig trees, and falling flat on my face, but this was hardly the place. You see, the Germans with their usual bad timing were throwing shells in by the bushel. Some of the boys exclaimed they were going to catch an "88", but a few of the non-drinkers calmed them down a bit. As for myself... drunk or sober... I don't like shells even if they are from a BB gun. Rather shakily, I must confess, I began digging in.

With my third shovel of dirt came the order we were going to the woods. We took off in a rather broken formation, but as each shell came in, my soberness seemed to come back. I often wonder what the Krauts thought, when they saw a company of staggering American soldiers, singing in the midst of a barrage. It must have been rather frightening because all shelling stopped for the day.

John Chynoweth

The following day we experienced our first major small arms fire fight. We had passed through Easy and George companies when we received rifle fire from Jerries dug in to our left flank, during this Gabriel was wounded. Capt. Smith led Sgt. Monchino's squad into a position where they could deliver fire into the enemy's flank.

It wasn't me, Sarge

"It was about November 22, the first time "F" company hit small arms fire, and my squad was called on to wipe out the Jerry strong point that was delaying the company's advance.

We worked our way to the top of the ridge, and I knew that they had to be somewhere just below. Having lost my grenade in creeping and crawling, I called back to Kidd to toss his into a clump of bushes which looked like the logical place for the Krauts to be hiding. He heaved it out, and we ducked our heads into the dirt. "Boom!" Then, shortly after, another went off about four feet from my head. I exclaimed excitedly, "Geez, Kidd, can't you throw any farther than that?!"

Kidd lifted his head and soberly replied, "Hell, I didn't throw that one!"

...Just then four Jerries emerged from behind the bush, waving a white cloth."

John Manzi

Meanwhile, the remainder of the first platoon, led by Lt. Ward, maneuvered into position on the left flank of the Germans, who by this time had commenced firing automatic rifles and machine guns. A few minutes later, when we had cleared the enemy from their positions and had sustained but one casualty ourselves, the score was four Jerries killed, two wounded and four prisoners.

"Charley, the Commando"

It was around Soucht, our first real fire fight, and our squad was on the right flank of the company. Suddenly, enemy fire cut the trees around us and "Ski" yelled, "Open up on them!" Barney

and I started firing immediately at the flashes of the Jerries' guns, and soon the whole squad was peppering the enemy.

I looked around and saw Charley Todeschini setting behind a tree firing up into the air. I yelled, "What the hell you doing that for, Charley?"

And Todichini answered back, "All I know is 'Ski' said to start firing!"

David Clay

"The Fire Fight"

We were on top of a hill and to our front the company was halted by the first scout... something was ahead. Capt. Smith, Lt. Horler, and Lippart went up to investigate. There was a group of Heinies that had seen us and were piling out of their truck, hitting the dirt, and running. We fired and killed one, and the rest headed for the woods.

Wortman was investigating the right flank with Luna when they spotted a Jerry half-track and started firing. The Jerries answered with bursting "20mm" fire. Wortman and Luna returned to the company to report this situation to some officer, but none was to be found immediately. Wortman took two machine gun sections back up to put fire on the half-track and Lt. Allen arrived, directing the fire of the right machine-gun. Suddenly, the enemy threw everything at us... mortars, rifle-fire, and more "20mm". We were almost surrounded by the enemy, but held our position until dark, then withdrew to Easy company's lines.

Julius Racy





es, we had come out on top after our first test at close-in combat and we took a definite satisfaction in our accomplishments. These woods were well occupied by the enemy, and even as we reorganized the company to continue toward our initial objective, we sensed that further action was soon to follow. The second platoon during a fire fight back at a road junction had its share of casualties; Barto and Ellis were hit by mortar fire.

Less than half a mile from the scene of the fire fight, we encountered a German truck which was moving up the road in our direction. The first scout Walsh signaled "Halt" to Capt. Smith, and everyone took cover. As the vehicle came within rifle range, it was fired upon by our forward elements. One of the two men in the truck was killed instantly; unfortunately the other escaped. Investigation proved that the vehicle was a prime mover, carrying supplies to enemy emplacements in the area.

The Half-Track

Around the bend in the road I saw a house nestled deep in the middle of a dense woods. I was first scout for the company, and seeing the house, I hit the ground to see if there was any activity around. Cautiously, we advanced, and while trying to break into the house, we heard the rising moan of a half-track headed our way. The company spread out and as soon as the half-track came into view we opened up on it.

It was a curious coincidence that everyone fired at the man seated next to the driver. His body was riddled but the driver jumped up, ran around the car, and ducked into the woods, unharmed.

Jack Walsh



pillbox was discovered on our right flank and the first platoon was chosen to approach it. When they had advanced to within three hundred yards of the fortification, they saw a Jerry come out and ride away on a motorcycle. However, they held their fire, realizing that they didn't have sufficient fire power to neutralize the emplacement. Suddenly a red flare exploded from the German lines and we were counter-attacked from our front and right flank. While we were

fighting to hold off these attacks, we heard a whistle from our left flank, and again the Jerries hit us. During the fighting that followed, Lt. Allen was wounded in the hand, and Ober, Veghts, and Abbey were wounded. As darkness closed over the battleground, we received word that Easy company had made contact with our rear. Capt. Smith ordered the withdrawal through Easy company's lines and we dug in for the night.

"One Day"

We started out one morning quite early, as usual, and before very long, ran into heavy small arms fire. It was on this day that I searched my first Jerry prisoner (an officer at that). He had everything from writing paper to a "music roll"! and I thought we carried a lot! We continued moving forward pushing the Jerries back all the time. About mid-day it started raining and hailing.

We reached the top of a prominent hill only to find that the Jerries were as thick as Kentucky "hill-billies at a whiskey still".

We started firing at them with more than satisfactory results. All of a sudden, an anti-tank gun, that we hadn't noticed before, started firing point blank, pinning us down in our tracks. My squad leader, St. Laurent, was yelling to me to go back and tell our C. O. that we couldn't move. At first I couldn't make out what he wanted but with the aid of a few hand signals he finally got his meaning across. I had to crawl two hundred yards on my hands and knees back to the C. O. because that anti-tank gun was getting pretty close. I reached Captain Smith, and explained the situation to him. He called for mortar fire which quickly silenced the enemy gun. After dark, we withdrew a little ways and dug in.

During the night, the Jerries pounded us with everything in the book including the table of contents, and unfortunately four men were hit.

Bill Joiner



*Jerry Hide -
out at Soucht*

"What a Story!"

We captured the town of Soucht about 4 o'clock one afternoon. (And when I say "WE", I mean thirteen confused and tired soldiers.) We had intended to enter and search the town of Meisenthal and how we wound up in Soucht is a mystery to me. What a mix-up!

We slipped into town and climbed into the first house. I guess the people didn't know whether we were Germans, Americans, or what. But soon "Whitey", being first scout, took off for the next house. We were expecting to run into Jerrys any minute. What a situation!

Finally one Frenchmann recognized us as Americans and came running out of his house yellin, "Viva L'Americain!", and the little kids seemed to know by instinct to ask for "chocolate" and "bon bon". The young girls kissed us and the old men tried to. What a town!

Soon two young French boys led us to Meisenthal through the woods. We entered the town and soon the greeting there became the same as it was at Soucht. What a patrol!

Adolph Mangeot



his had been our heaviest day of combat and everyone was weary. However, we were destined to get little rest that night because of the enemy artillery and mortar barrage that commenced shortly after midnight. At 2 o'clock, Lt. Adams passed the word around that chow had arrived, but few men cared to leave their holes even for a bite of food. From the barrage that night, we suffered several more casualties: Wheeler of company headquarters, Lawrence of the first platoon, Surmanek of the fourth platoon, Renieri one of our aidmen, and Williamson.

"Four Wounded in the Drizzling Rain"

After being pinned down for several hours in the afternoon, our first fire fight was really in session! Surrounded on three sides, we waited until dark to pull back through Easy company. Passing them we dug in on the side of a steep hill. It was raining and cold while digging in, all of a sudden the enemy artillery found its mark and shrapnel badly wounded four men who were

at company headquarters. They were transferred to the battalion medics and back to the rear. The four were Renieri, Surmanek, Lawrence, and Wheeler. They were examples of the courage of American soldiers and the will power that will never die.

Julius Racy

Robert Lawrence: When Lawrence first joined the outfit, he seemed a little aloof, hard to get acquainted with. Hailing from Massachussetts, "Larry" spoke with a New England accent that we found unusual. Before long "Larry" had a host of friends in the first platoon, and by the time we went into combat, he was "one of the boys". He took his job seriously, and did his work methodically. Although "Larry" was badly wounded, we know he will have the resourcefulness to pick up his life where it was interrupted. And he knows, too, that all of us are pulling for him.



he next morning we pulled back a few hundred yards to wooded terrain where it was possible to get more cover. Hot chow was a welcome sight, and with our stomachs full, we began work on our dugouts. Late in the morning corps artillery fired a mission to our front. Their target was the enemy emplacements we had encountered the day before.

We remained here for approximately thirty hours before orders were passed down from battalion that we were to move about four miles to the village of Rosert.

Having met units of the 44th Division as we marched along the main road into Volksberg, we were not surprised to find that Rosert also was occupied. We took a few hours rest in the village while Capt. Smith, Sgt. St. Laurent, and six men reconnoitered the terrain ahead in an effort to contact George company.

Contacting George Company

Myself and the squad of eleven men went on a reconnaissance patrol, trying to contact George company. Previously, our jeep with chow for the boys, was fired on by Jerries. Because of that incident, we were sent to "recon" the area and to contact George company, also to see if any enemy were within our area. While patrolling we saw Krauts laid all over the area, dead of course! We completed our mission, what a relief!!

Oscar St Laurent



he rest of the company, taking advantage of the break, ate "C" rations, and we also found plenty of apples in the cellars. While we were making the most of the opportunity for chow, Lt. Adams went by jeep to Soucht ... a small town a few miles ahead. During his absence, a battalion runner brought word that we were to spend the night in Soucht, so with the return of Capt. Smith and the patrol, we left Rosert.

Lt. Adams joined us on the march and we continued until we approached an enemy road block. We detoured from the road and Capt. Smith and three other men, led by a civilian, had safely completed the alternate route when a booby trap exploded. Lt. Maronie, our forward observer, was killed instantly and Baker died a few hours later in the aid station. Ganz was badly wounded.

The rest of the company waited silently along the road... watching the engineers clear and mark that deadly field. Once again we rerouted our march, and as we came to the edge of Soucht, even the thought that we would have a roof over our heads for the night, could not boost our spirits.

"The Good Die Young"

This is a story of two swell guys, Bill Baker and Lt. Maronie. Theirs was the supreme sacrifice... both were killed in action near Soucht, France on Dec. 6, 1944. It happened this way...

Fox company was on the march. Com-

ing down from the hills, the men advanced along a road. Our destination was a little French town called Soucht. Captain Smith had already entered the town to seek billets for the men, so Lt. Adams was leading the company. Acting as a guide was an old Frenchman. Then came Hudson and myself, radiomen at the time. Behind us came the 1st platoon headed by Lt. Ward and his runner Baker. Lt. Maronie, artillery forward observer, was trying to get to the head of the column after taking, as he said, "One of those pauses that refreshes."

We soon encountered a road block, left by the retreating Jerries, and had to get off the road in order to continue on our way. Led by the guide, we moved down into the grassy valley bordering on the road. We continued hiking here, passing up the road block... Then it happened! The explosion caught us entirely unawares... most of us didn't know what had happened. We found out soon enough for we heard the cries of pain from a dying man... Baker. Lt. Maronie had been killed instantly. Another man, Ganz was seriously wounded.

At first we thought we had been caught in a mine field, so Lt. Ward and Lt. Adams ordered the men to "freeze" and not move from where they were standing. I was ordered by Lt. Adams to get out on the road, picking my steps carefully, and once I hit the road to "barrel down" the road to town and get the battalion medics.

When I came back with the medics in the ambulance, it was too late. Both men were dead. Still thinking it was a mine field, we had the engineers come up to clear it. Captain Smith and his bodyguard Lippart,

meanwhile probed a path to the men for the medics to enter.

Later we discovered it wasn't a mine field but a booby trap which Baker had set off by tripping the string to a charge of explosive. I guess it was fate that permitted the guide, Lt. Adams, Hudson and myself to pass without setting off the booby trap.

I saw Baker being taken out on a litter by the medics. Did you ever see a dead buddy being carted away? It's not a pleasant sight.

Baker was only going on nineteen when he met his death. Lt. Maronie was 20 and one of the youngest artillery officers in the division. They were both pretty swell guys, possessing that strength of character and personality that made them well liked by everyone that knew them.

Unfortunately they never had a chance. The good die young.

Best Bless

LT. MARONIE

Lt. Maronie, one of the youngest Field Artillery observers in the Regiment, was a very personable fellow immediately liked by all who came in contact with him. Possessing a pleasant personality, he had a fine sense of humor and was always good for a humorous remark at the appropriate time. By his friends, and he had many, Lt. Maronie will not easily be forgotten.

BAKER

Everyone who knew Bill was his friend. He was always willing to go out of his way to lend a helping hand.

When the going got tough, Baker always had a word of encouragement for the others. We can not soon forget him because he was one of the best.



W e fared well in Soucht, the kitchen moved up with us and we had hot meals. During our two and a half days there, the fourth platoon made several contact patrols with units of the 44th Division on our right flank. On December 7, we were called upon to send one officer and thirteen enlisted men to "A" company. The men transferred were Lt. Jost, Stoddard, Siuba, Hoffman, Sparrows, O'Drain, Barlow, Stanley, Lieberman, Shellhammer, Turner, Bradford, Laymon, and Lawrence. It was tough to see our buddies leave, but the orders had to be complied with. While we were cleaning our weapons, Murrel was accidentally shot. The bad news passed quickly through the platoons.

The next afternoon Capt. Smith returned from battalion headquarters with the news that we were to move out at 3:15 in the afternoon for the town of St. Louis.

Lt. Adams and Sgt. Posner went ahead with a quartering party. After a few hours walk, we descended a steep hill into the village. The quartering party had done a good job and again we moved into houses.

"Watch Your Step"

To contact the second battalion of the 44th Division on our left, who were approximately 2500 yards off a weather-beaten road, and to keep that large gap between us clear from any Krauts, was our mission on a cold December evening.

The patrol consisted of ten men including yours truly.

Orders were to take plenty of ammunition, wool knit caps without helmets, and to blacken our faces.

We had been told that the most dangerous part of our mission would be to cross a mine field in which two of our men had already been killed earlier that day. We said very little to each other except to discuss our orders. I could see the look in each

man's eye. What was going through each of their minds was clearly written in the expression on their faces. To us the night seemed to be the darkest in history.

The leader started out with the rest of the patrol following closely. We all hoped by some miracle the mine field would vanish but no such luck. It was soon staring us in the face.

The leader halted the patrol. We reconnoitered to find the path, but the tape that was supposed to have guided us was nowhere to be found.

After a brief conference the patrol leader decided to go first with the rest of the men following immediately behind him. Each man had to place his foot in the step of the man ahead of him. To maintain contact the men held on to the belts of the man ahead of him. The patrol leader also carried engineer tape which he fastened down at our entrance into the mine field, unwinding the tape as he went. This was a guide for our return.

We began. It was the start of planted death. One misplaced step and it was certain doom. How many of us would get through? Cold sweat broke out on our foreheads. Each step might be our last one. It was like an eternity. We thought the mine field would never end, although it was only about seventy-five yards across. If it were only daylight! If we could only see! Slowly, step by step, we advanced.

Finally the patrol was across. Then, one by one, the rest of the men stepped into the clear. It was like being released from bonds. Although we could not see each others faces, we could sense a tremendous feeling of elation among us. It seemed like no obstacle would be too great for us now.

It didn't take us long after that to contact the second battalion of 114th Infantry. Our mission was accomplished. Although we had seen no human enemy and had not fired a shot, this is a night that we shall not soon forget.

John Beekman



Saint Louis Story

It was during the rainy season in Alsace, early in December when the company moved into Saint Louis. We had been living in holes for a long time then, eating "K" rations so often that even Freid grew pale and swallowed hard at the sight of a can of beef and pork loaf. Saint Louis had been pretty badly shot up, but a few houses on one edge of town were in fair shape, and the company moved into these, the mortar section in one end of the second floor of an abandoned apartment building, the machine gunners into the other. It was already dark when we arrived, so there wasn't much chance to do anything that night except black out the windows, make out the guard list, and crawl into our sacks on the floor.

But, the next morning when it began to look as though we might stay a few hours, the scouts were out, and provisions began to pour into the kitchen of the mortarmen's end of the house. Nichols, Butler, and Petralia, drew first blood after four chickens were "liberated" from the chicken coop next door. Balch, the only one in the section who would admit he knew anything about cleaning a chicken, realized his mistake when he drew the job of skinning all four of them. Schmidt, lone machine gunner, in the group, soon had a fire going, was boiling the noodles that Howell and Beekman found in the house. Hedlund and Tuttle came back from down the road with a big crock of butter and two jars of jam. There were plenty of apples in our basement, and apple tarts were planned for dessert, using cinnamon we found in our kitchen.

It was nearly noon when the meal was finally ready. Vamptic and Orel had moved two long tables together in the large dinning room, and uncovered clean linen tablecloths, gold-rimmed chinaware and silverware. Just as we were ready to sit down at

the table, the chow jeep arrived from the kitchen. No point in wasting good food; the section moved into the chow line as one man, plates extended. When the other platoons had been fed, all the seconds were appropriated and transferred to the kitchen above.

The mortar section sat down at the table, the menu running somewhat as follows: chicken noodle soup, steamed noodles, fried chicken, baked ham, carrots and peas, bread and butter and jam, with fruit cocktail and baked apple tarts for dessert. Coffee topped it all off, with a big pony of schnapps at each elbow from a supply found in the house. By this time, Rubano thought he was at the Waldorf! Just as the first round of chicken was being passed, there was a tap at the door. "Pancho" stepped in. "I have coom to veesit you", he announced in his inimitable accent, reaching for the fried chicken with both hands. No sooner had he been appeased and retired to a corner, a leg in each hand, than Capt. Smith, and his runner, Lippart, appeared. They had been on reconnaissance, and found out that the fourth platoon had looted all the chow. So they had to be fed. As they left with heaping plates, someone yelled, "bar the door!" and the meal was finished in a state of siege.

The company moved out a couple of hours later, even as plans were being completed for a bigger and better supper, but the big moment had been achieved. In the days to come, "K" rations were the only fare. Mortarmen's eyes would mist at the thought of that meal, served on clean plates in a dry house, during a momentary respite from the mud and danger that were the common lot for so long.

James Nichols



erry wasn't far from this town and so the next morning chow was served under the cover of darkness. After chow came the message to be ready to pull out on a moment's notice. At 1 o'clock, services were held in the local church... a beautiful building. However, the service was interrupted and the men were told to return to their houses and prepare to move out at 3 o'clock.

Chicken a la King

After finishing a long hike to a captured town, we were put in houses for the night. In the morning, the sun gave us a break; it was a swell day. We all took turns to pull guard. While I was on guard a bewildered Frenchman came up to me, and motioned with his hand toward the ground. I gathered that he was looking for his chickens. Only an hour ago some of the boys caught a couple of chickens (those delicious egg-makers!).

The Frenchman was really angry. After I had told him that I didn't know what he was talking about, he asked for the "Capitan". I pointed in a phony direction, while I was thinking of the two chickens that were roasting in the oven upstairs. A grand meal was had by the boys, with all the "trimmings". Maybe the Frenchman is still looking for the "Capitan". One hour later, after the delicious feed, we were on our way towards the enemy, picking our teeth, and satisfied with a belly full for once.

Gosh, French chicken tastes good!!

Julius Racy



Leaving St. Louis meant simply that we were on the go again... we were getting used to that by this time... but even the officers were totally ignorant of our mission. Their only information was that the battalion was on the march with Fox company leading, under the guidance of Major Kirkland.

The sun set early those cold winter days and soon we were marching in darkness... such a total, solid blackness that each man had to grasp the pack of his buddy ahead in order to stay in column. After the first hour, we left the road and travelled cross-country. The jeeps which were following, bogged down in the mud and lost contact with the foot troops.

"And So We Bid Farewell"

Leaving the happy atmosphere of St. Louis was disheartening, but the news was good. We were going "five-hundred yards to sleep in a town".

We took off in the usual staggered column up the steep, sloping road to Sarriensberg. At the top of the hill we thought the march was finished, but sad news was in store for us. After a break we again took to the road; another break came and darkness began to close in. Up and down the line the buzz of voices proved that something was not as we had been told. The rumors were coming thick and fast... "Night attack!"... "We got the Jerries on the run!"... "We are being counter-attacked!"

"Saddle Up!", echoed up the street. This time we headed straight into the woods. The woods were dark as pitch, the trail rutty and tempers strained to the breaking point. "Damn this snafu army!"... "Sleep in houses, yeah!"... "Five-hundred yards, hell! Five-hundred miles!" We kept plodding along, spilling into the ditches and cursing the order that made us march in this pitch darkness.

"Quiet! we are in enemy territory!"... "Keep contact!"... "Pass the word up that 'G' company's off the road" ... "No! No! Not 'G' company! The jeep, the jeep!"... The jeep's off the road!"

Cursing, falling, sweating, slipping, tired, hungry, wet, and just a little scared we pulled into Mouterhouse. No, this wasn't it, either; we had to go two thousand yards farther. Cursing the Jerries, cursing the darkness, cursing the slimey mud and unseen holes, cursing the order to move ahead, on we trudged. Suddenly, snow began falling quietly on the ground we were to use for a bed that night.

At long last we reached our objective... a high hill. The company spread out to dig in. Dig in? Don't be silly. "88's" couldn't hurt us more than we were hurting now. The five-hundred yards had stretched to eleven miles and the town had turned into a pine forest white with snow. We zipped up and let a blanket of snow gradually cover us.

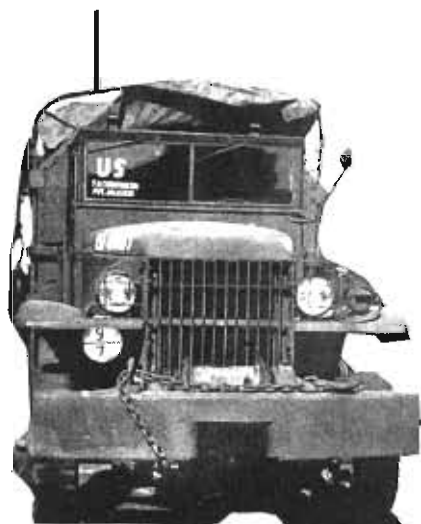
Sheldon Kofod



The Road Block: This is where Lt. Maronie and Baker lost their lives



Jerry Tanks



The House at Soucht





about midnight, we stopped near an old chateau which was the regimental headquarters of the 399th Infantry. The officers, having been summoned to the chateau, returned with the order that we would support the 399th Infantry.

Our assignment, to move into position behind Fox company of the 399th, was completed by 1 o'clock in the morning. The first platoon advanced another thousand yards to make physical contact with "F" company. The other platoons fumbled around in the blackness in an effort to prepare positions on the rear slope of the hill. The early morning hours were at hand before we had the chance to crawl into our sleeping sacks.

We had enjoyed only a few hours rest when it was time to move on. The first platoon rejoined the company and at 11 o'clock in the morning we were again advancing; this time toward one of the toughest objectives we were to encounter throughout our days in combat... the city of Bitche and its surrounding system of Maginot-line forts. The system at Bitche was the key to the southern end of the great French defense and had been considered impregnable... even the Germans had failed to reduce this citadel during their 1939—1940 campaign.

We were in the Hardt Mountains below Bitche and every hundred yards gained meant trudging up or down heavily wooded hillsides.

Although Hudson and Deskovitch were wounded, we carried on against only minor opposition for the next few hours. As we moved up to the outskirts of the fortifications, Fox company was spearheading the advance for the division.

"All in a Day's Work"

We were awakened early in the morning by Captain Smith and told that we were going to be in reserve for "F" company, 399th. After breakfast of French toast and coffee, Captain Smith was called to a company commander's meeting at battalion. When he returned, he said our orders had been changed and that we were to attack the next mountain and cut the Bitche railroad line in two. I had a hollow feeling in my stomach, for I knew it would be well defended. When we moved out, the Captain called for all anti-tank grenadiers to move to the head of the column. There were reports of Kraut half-tracks defending the area in front of us. At this, my morale hit the bottom, for I was in no mood whatsoever to tangle with any Germans. However, we took our objective and with no casualties. While digging in for the night, a burp gun opened up on our right flank. Lt. Lonsberg picked a small number of us to investigate and a small fire fight ensued with the score of no casualties for us and one Kraut killed and six prisoners. When Harden and myself were selected to march the prisoners back to battalion, I felt very happy, for I knew I would get to sleep in town that night. All had ended well for the day and my morale was considerably higher than before.

Lawrence Curbo

"I'll Never Forget"

I remember very clearly the day Hudson was hit. It was on top of one of those many hills between Soucht and Bitche.

Collins and myself had just finished digging in. Our hole was one of those super jobs with logs on top and covered over with a foot or more of dirt.

I was about twenty or thirty yards away from my fox-hole when I heard a shell coming in. Like a streak of greased-lightning, I bounded for my hole. About half way there, the first shell hit.

I still remember today, when I was starting to dive into my hole, how Lt. Mavrinac of Howe company came running over and asked if he could get in my hole, too. I never will forget the frightened look on his face. But I had to tell him there just wasn't enough room.

As a matter of fact when I did get in under cover, I wondered just how I did it so quickly. It took me at least a half minute to crawl out. This always was a feat that amazed me.

When the barrage was finally over, we all just lay there and sweated out hearing that old familiar, painful, cry. We didn't have long to wait. In a few seconds we could hear the cry "Medic" coming from several different directions. As soon as we hear it, we could see the medics wiggle out of their holes and run to where the wounded man lay oblivious of the fact that other shells might be coming in any second.

Hudson was about thirty yards away from my hole when it happened. He had been tending the radio ever since we moved up to our area. Consequently, he hadn't had a chance to dig in as yet.

Captain Smith was standing next to him at the time. He, what with organizing the company, had also been too busy to dig in. When they heard the shells coming, they both hit the ground.

The first shell exploded in the trees above their heads and tore up the ground all around them with hot shrapnel. One piece cut Hudson in the muscle of his lower leg.

After receiving first-aid from "Tex", our medic, Hudson was able to hobble down the hill to an ambulance to be evacuated.

William Pykonen

Logs and Togs

"Burma" (Oscar Braman to you) could at one time boast that he was never "caught with his pants down". He continued his boast until some "superman" and "88's" changed that. This all came to pass one day in December as the company was moving on the Maginot Line at Bitche.

One afternoon after we had reached our usual hilltop objective, the second squad was sent out to protect the company's right flank. "Burma" and I, being foxhole buddies, began to look for a place to dig in. Suddenly our eyes fell on a wood pile, the solution to our problem. We would build a lean-to of logs. As we completed the loghouse, it began to sprinkle, and "Burma" said he had "better" before the down-pour came. He moved off to drop his trousers while I crawled into the shelter to eat a "K" ration.

Suddenly, I heard the familiar scream of an "88" coming to call. Two more came fast on its heels, proving the Jerries had seen us. Simultaneously with the bursting of the shell, "Burma" burst into the shelter, head-first, followed by a cascade of logs. In his hurry, "Burma" had upset his end of the shelter. There he lay in the rain with a pile of logs heaped upon him. Weakly he called for me to pull them off. As I began to lift the logs, I noticed that "Burma's" pants were at his ankles. His white flesh gleaming in contrast to the sticky mud. I was seeing the unbelievable... "Burma" had been "caught with his pants down"!

Sheldon Kofod



ur supply lines were stretching each day and it was more difficult for our kitchen crew to get chow and water to us. We were weary soldiers when on the 13th of December we came to a position near the Maginot fort where we were to remain for a few days.

Good ol' Chow

It was early in December when Fox company was steadily closing in toward Puberg from which they could almost observe the great Fortress of Bitche. Hill after hill was being taken from the Jerries by the gallant leadership of Capt. Smith and his men. The terrain was rugged and dense forest was the only view surrounding the men. Mud was knee deep and a clear day was hardly known to the boys. Blanket rolls were not a morale builder any more for they too were soaked... grimy with mud. When night fell, the weather-beaten and fatigued men were too tired to dig in securely, so they either trusted fate or dug shallow trenches to protect them from flat trajectory bursts. They were disregarding tree bursts. The men guarded each other with the buddy system only sleeping in intervals, two hours apart.

Only foot paths were the trails on which to bring in the much needed ammunition, supplies, and food to our Joes before they would move forward on the ever advancing eastward conquest. As the wind blew every tree seemed to be a Jerry moving toward us on a night patrol. But caution was overlooked except for the stern command of "Halt", when a human being was close enough to touch in the black of night. Would rest ever come? When the night was still and a twig could be heard snapping at a hundred yards; it seemed as though we could reach out and touch a Jerry.

Then came 3 o'clock in the morning and the sound of a motor grinding through the thick wilds and underbrush. Our chow jeep was coming. Hot coffee and hot chow. The containers rattled as the vehicle sneaked and crawled through the rocks and brush. An auto could not travel on the muddy roads and fallen trees had obstructed what little passage that was left. With the quietness of a Daniel Boone, the men crept to the chow line and filed cautiously back to their area to eat the warm vitals. Omelet tasted like sirloin steak to these warriors who welcomed warm food and hot coffee as a package from Heaven. When chow was finished and mess cans were gathered to return to the jeep, the men made their rolls and waited to see how soon the well-known order "Attack" would come. Was there a Joe in the ranks who had dry feet? Never, for an extra grenade always filled the pocket that could have carried a clean change of socks.

"Say Joe, that rifle, it'll never fire; it's covered with mud and rust."

"That mud and rust will be blown out with the first Jerry who sticks his head up too high! It fired yesterday. Remember?"

Down the ranks they were ready. "We'll give 'em hell today." As ever, they moved forward; steady, stern and ready, they moved, to that never to be forgotten command, "Attack"!

Henry Steenson



he company C.P. was in an old dug-out, large enough to accommodate a dozen men or more. The rest of us found the digging easy, and there was plenty of timber to use for cover. The engineers cleared a road to our position and so our problem of getting chow and supplies was solved.

The same . . . Good ol' Chow

It was late in November before we had really gotten the problem of feeding solved. We found that the only way we could get to feed the platoons, was to divide the chow into sections and to have guides and carrying parties to lead us to the platoon's C.P. We very often found terrain impossible to travel by jeep and then formed carrying parties to get hot chow to the troops.

In December, we found the company deployed just above Lemberg, and when we arrived with morning chow and hot coffee, the troops had moved out on attack. There was "Sue", Bowlin, Blair, and myself. We were faced with the problem of how we could feed the company. We had traveled as far as vehicle could travel. Blair guarded the jeep while we proceeded to hunt the company. We found a runner who guided us to the company. Capt. Smith sent 12 men with us and we carried hot chow to the men.

The chow jeep always brought mail, supplies and food. Armstrong and I usually arrived before daybreak with hot chow, and often times ammunition and grenades needed for the day's attack. The biggest problem next to feeding safely, was to keep from artillery observation and sniper fire. Armstrong and myself had to bail out of the jeep and hug the ditch five or six times above Lemberg before we found the company. All the boys have often said that the most cheerful sight to see was Steensen coming with chow and supplies. Fox company ate hot chow almost regardless of the danger of the situation at hand.

Henry Steenson



hat night battalion headquarters asked us to send a patrol into Bitche. Pozner, Hunt, Condrey, and Channing were given the job. Their mission was to enter the town and return with a prisoner. They were the first American soldiers to enter the city. Because the Jerries were patrolling the streets in groups of three and four, Pozner and his men found it impossible to bring back a German, and they completed their trip about midnight.

Fox Company Men Enter Bitche First

FELLBACH. There has been a great deal of publicity and talk about the entering and taking of Bitche, the Alsatian fortress city, by this division. In due fairness to all concerned, it should be pointed out that the first men to enter the city were from Fox Company of the Battalion. This action took place during the first unsuccessful assault in December of 1944. Let Fox company's official record, written on the spot, speak for itself:

"Battalion headquarters asked us to send a patrol down to the town of Bitche. Sgt. Pozner picked three men and took the mission, the object being to enter the town and observe any activity and to bring back a prisoner. It was a tough assignment and the squad had a close call, but they were unable to bring back a prisoner. The Jerries were walking the streets with at least three in a group. We were greatly relieved to see the patrol return intact."

The Sergeant Pozner referred to is S/Sgt. Irving Pozner of the first platoon, wounded badly about a month later, invalided home and discharged.

The three who went with him were S/Sgt. Talmage Hunt (then a Pfc.), Pfc. Eugene Condrey and Pfc. Donald Channing. Channing was recently transferred to the 36th Division, but Hunt and Condrey are still with Fox company.

"You know how dark those nights were there," Sgt. Hunt says, "we went down a long hill in the dark, falling down a four foot drop on the way, and nearly waking the dead. As we came into the town, we heard the motor of a German tank behind us in the direction we had come from. We came to a big house surrounded by a hedge fence and went through the gate at the front. I looked around, the corner of the house and there was a Jerry standing, bold as you please. I looked at him and he looked

at me. I do not know what he was thinking about 'cause he never said a word. I guess he thought I was a Kraut, and I was too surprised to do anything."

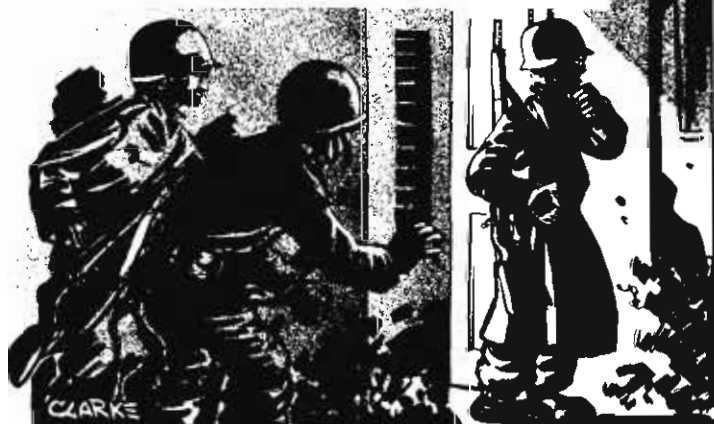
"We got out of there through a hole in the hedge," Pfc. Condrey speaking. "I was the last man through, and I remember thinking while we were all lined up that all a Jerry would have to do is walk up with a club and knock us all in the head."

Sergeant Hunt picked up the story again. "We went down to the crossroads in the center of town and turned left, still looking for a prisoner. We were passing an embankment when a door across the street opened and a Jerry with a flashlight came out. We hit the ground behind the embankment while he stood there and flashed his light around."

"We could have made history that night," Sergeant Hunt continued regretfully. "Just hit that Jerry in the head and carry him back. But we were pretty far into town, and before we could do anything, he put out his light and went back into the house. We worked our way back out of the town and came back to the company. We reported to Captain Smith, and he gave us all a shot of wine and we crawled into our holes and went to sleep."

A week later the Third Battalion made its great assault on the forts outside the city which won them the Presidential Unit Citation. The division was pulled north to support the Third Army during the Ardennes offensive, and the final taking of Bitche was left until last March.

The Badge, Aug 18, 1945



R

emaining in the area for four days, gave us the opportunity to rest, improve our shelters, and catch up on some of the meals we had missed. Besides, we took pleasure in listening to the corps artillery's "240's" blast those pillboxes in front of us. On the clear days, we could see the P-47's diving down to strafe the city of Bitche. A couple of 155 self propelled guns moved up on line with us and fired point blank at the enemy emplacements.

"Sleeping in a Fox-Hole"

"Wake up, Kofod! ... Are you awake? Good. Wait a minute, I'll wake up Burger. Hey, Burger! Wake up. Do you hear me, Burger? Wake up! Well, it's about time you woke up. Wait a minute ... Kofod's asleep again. Hey Kofod, for Christ's sake, wake up and stay awake. O.K. now, you both awake? Well ... let's roll over!"

Oscar Braman

"Picking Them Apart With Lead Pencils"

On our first attack on the Maginot Line, the infantry didn't have much luck. We couldn't get close enough to most of them to do any real good. We tried to knock them out with our artillery and tanks. At first, we had several light tanks to go in, but their 37 MM guns didn't even knock the dust off of the boxes so we tried heavier artillery. We used all of our anti-tank guns, but none seemed to do the trick. Finally, we got a S.P. 155 to come up and see what damage it could do. It kept the Jerries buttoned up but still couldn't penetrate the thick walls of the forts. The Jerries had one fort that gave us more trouble than any of the others. In that particular fort was a high caliber rising gun which would come up, fire several rounds, and then sink down back out of sight. We zeroed our anti-tanks in on the fort and every time the gun came up, we threw everything we had at it. The Air Corps finally came around, and with a few P-47's, dropped several bombs on the fort. Even this could not knock out the fort. We then got our Corps artillery to drop some 240 MM shells on it, and finally the rising gun stopped firing. I still don't know if we had knocked the gun out or whether it just decided to stop firing.

J. M. Chaney



e stuck close to our holes and "sweated" out a lot of shells by the Germans. "Poncho" Luna of the fourth platoon was seriously wounded when shell fragments hit both his legs. After Capt. Smith, Wortman, and Racy had given him first aid treatment, he was evacuated to the battalion aid station.

Little Luna

*Somewhere now in Amarillo,
Women weep who laughed before.
The fiestas spell is broken;
Luna lives, but walks no more.*

*Little Luna, hardly eighteen,
Born with visions of romance,
Soft guitars would make him tremble
To the tempo of the dance.*

*Legs as limber as a sapling,
Voice as gay as Robin's song;
No fiesta night was shorter
Than when he danced the whole night long.*

*Now in Amarillo's corners
Hidden by the creaky doors
Stand guitars without guitarists,
Luna lives, but walks no more.*

*Luna trained in Carolina
And practiced military stance;
But what he learned in Carolina
Were variations of the dance.*

*Girls would fight to dance with Luna
And formed in lines to take their place,
While men would look with admiration
And marvel at his sylph-like grace.*

*But the castanets are quiet
And the rhumba beat's ignored.
Those who danced now sit in silence,
Luna lives, but walks no more.*



*Luna never used a razor
And caught the taunts of company wits.
But Christmas Eve the mails were heavy
And Luna owned three shaving kits.*

*On Christmas Day the front was still
With only an occasional scream
Of eighty-eight to emphasize
That peace was a civilian's dream*

*Ring the bells in Amarillo
Christ was born to be adored.
Toll the bells in Amarillo
Luna lives, but walks no more.*

*"Damn", he said, "I fight, I man."
And laughed to see his buddies scoff.
He left the shelter of his trench
To trim imagined whiskers off.*

*Luna never used a razor,
Nor did he on that Christmas Day;
The shell that burst where Luna sat
Severed more than hair away.*

*Somewhere now in Amarillo
Sits a man of years a score,
While women weep and gray men whisper,
"Luna lives, but walks no more."*

*("Stars and Stripes" March 17, 1945)
S/Sgt. Orey Y. Shrogin*

O

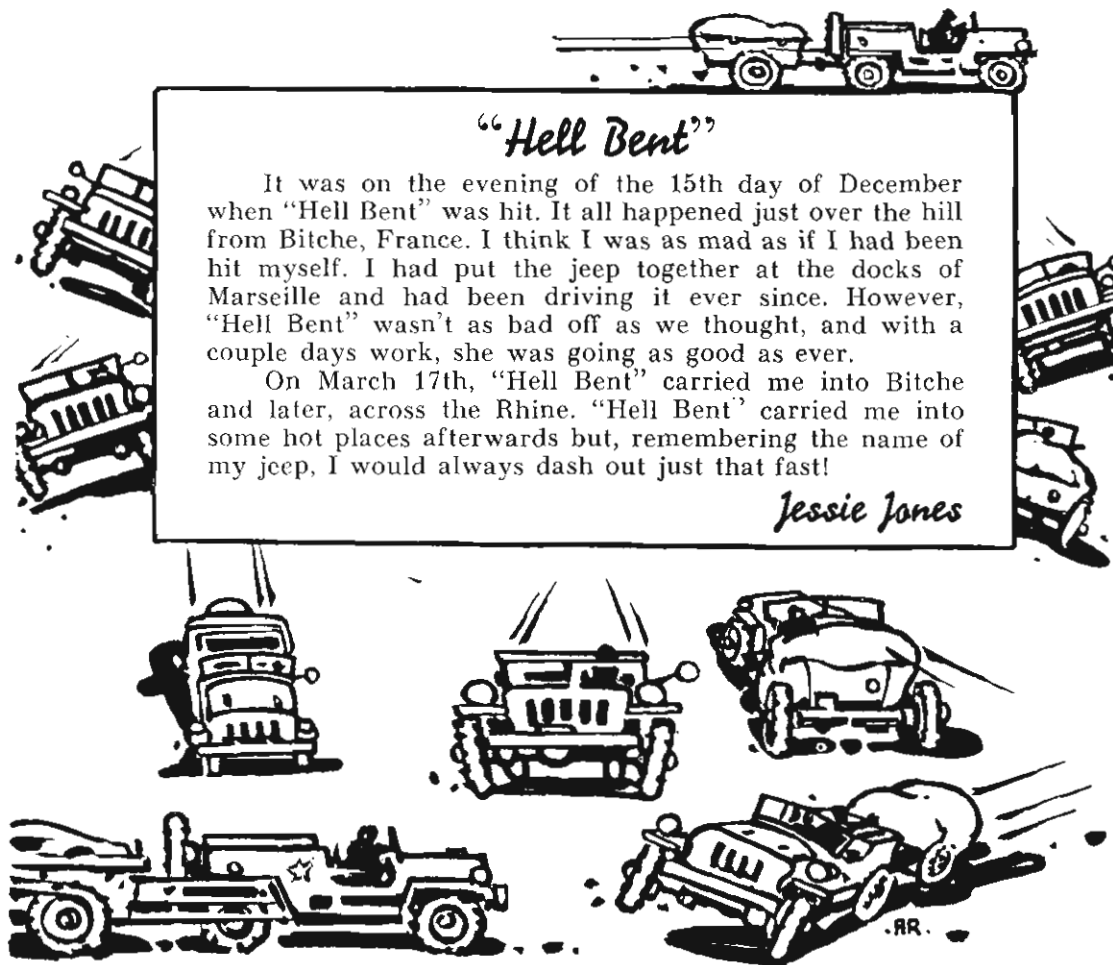
ur only other casualty during those four days was "Hell Bent". A shell fragment pierced the hood and knocked the motor out of commission. Jessie Jones' familiar comment was, "Mr. Hitler, count your chillun' now!"

"Hell Bent"

It was on the evening of the 15th day of December when "Hell Bent" was hit. It all happened just over the hill from Bitche, France. I think I was as mad as if I had been hit myself. I had put the jeep together at the docks of Marseille and had been driving it ever since. However, "Hell Bent" wasn't as bad off as we thought, and with a couple days work, she was going as good as ever.

On March 17th, "Hell Bent" carried me into Bitche and later, across the Rhine. "Hell Bent" carried me into some hot places afterwards but, remembering the name of my jeep, I would always dash out just that fast!

Jessie Jones



W

e had decided that this was the way to win a war... just sit back and let the Air Corps and artillery blast away all resistance. But, not everyone agreed with us, for on the morning of December 18, we received the order to advance. Fox company was to follow Easy company and move up with the third battalion. However, since the third battalion

was delayed, we had gone only a few hundred yards when we stopped to wait for the other companies. We sat along the roadside for four hours and finally got word that we were to return to our old dugouts. This message sounded like music to our ears, for it meant that we wouldn't have to dig in that night and would be able to get at least a couple of hot meals.

The next day brought another long wait behind the third battalion. It was cold and everyone had the feeling of dread as we sat in ditches and along hill slopes awaiting the order to move out. After five hours of shivering and restless walking to and fro to keep the bitter cold from our feet, the word was passed down the long line, "Saddle Up!"

Over hills, through woods, and down steep slopes onto paved roads, doubling back and marching past wrecked pill-boxes, we followed Easy company. Finally, from the top of a long winding set of stairs, we could see the plateau which held the battered ruins of Freudenberg Farms. Enemy sniper and mortar fire followed us as we ran and hit the ground and ran again to finally reach protection amid the piled debris of the "Farms".

To our rear was at least two-thousand yards of flat open grazing land for the now dead cattle that pock-marked the landscape. To our front was one of the most strongly defended forts in history. Settling there by the piles of debris we neither thought of what lay ahead nor cared what lay behind. We were tired and scared...and in a ditch we saw a little lamb tired and scared too, and we wished we could help it, but we couldn't even help ourselves.



The Little Lamb

Tired, dirty troops staggering under a heavy load, ... complete weariness. Whither are we drifting?

The moon was slowly descending, and backs were steadily drooping.

Even the grey dusk could not hide our utter fatigue and bewilderment. The action of our minds could be summed up as a total blank.

Moving things with no souls. Like robots we marched in single file along the embankment of a road to avoid being observed by the enemy. A narrow and seemingly endless muddy ditch dropped us below the skyline. Two shoe packs could not occupy the width of it. Slowly, quietly, exhausted, we made our way single file through sucking mud. The moon was deathly white. The trees were silhouetted in black against a colorless sky. Twisted branches reached out like hungry snakes. To our left tank traps, with their iron rusted posts embedded solidly in the ground, stood in silent defiance, like a grave yard.

A line of aching, sweating human flesh, moving, moving like a caterpillar. Even the moon looked sad. But this constant, even shuffling was soon broken, and empty minds filled with thoughts. Parched, hanging lips turned to pathetic smiles. In the muddy ditch, away from the rest of the world, lay a baby lamb, alive, but motionless, and as each soldier, one by one, climbed over it, who did not want to hold it to his bosom? Who didn't wonder as to its significance? And who hasn't carried the memory of that little lamb with him ever since?

*Oh, little lamb, alone and cold
Amidst the battle of the night,
What prophecy do you hold,
That makes our hearts so light?*

*Oh, little lamb of God,
Protect us day to day,
And as we trod the bloody sod,
Forever guide our way.*

Aldo Rubano



ur day ended in our freshly dug foxholes about a thousand yards past the "Farms". In that thousand yards was a maze of steel tank traps intertwined with barbed-wire, through which there was only one narrow, twisting pathway. Rations were carried down that pathway in the pitch darkness of night and our retreat was to be through it when the time came.

"88's"

We were tired as we passed "the farms". It took all of our energy to drop into the water filled ditches as the "88's" droned over our heads and landed a short distance from us. After we made our way through the maze of barbed wire and dragon's teeth, it was almost dark. Our last ounce of strength was spent in an effort to dig a shallow hole and fill our canteens from a nearby shell hole.

It was late and I was cold as I sat on the edge of the fox-hole guarding while my buddy slept. I had my "sack" zipped up around my waist to keep me warm. In the distance I heard the "bark" of an "88". It whistled over head and burst at the top of the hill. Another "bark" and my tired brain told me I'd better roll into the hole for this one. Luckily I did. It hit between our hole and the next. The concussion seemed to lift me ten feet and the rocks, dirt, and shrapnel flew for what seemed like hours. No one was hurt but the next morning we found three rifles ruined by shrapnel, a canteen punctured, and three clips of ammunition had exploded in one fellow's belt. We were lucky!

James Ripper



ince early morning the first platoon had been over supporting Easy company. Late that night in an attempt to return to Fox company they ran into difficulty when McNamara stepped on an "S" mine, injuring himself, Hunt and Condrey.

The "S" Mine

It happened on December 19, the day the first platoon was in support of Easy company at Freudenberg Farms. Heavy artillery fire from the pill boxes had Easy company pinned down and so we couldn't advance. After we had lain in the ditch along the road for hours, the order came for Easy company to withdraw to their old positions for the night. Our platoon was supposed to rejoin Fox company, but we couldn't contact them; and since it was getting dark, Lt. Ward decided we would dig in by ourselves.

As we were crossing one of the farms to a spot where we would have good cover, I stepped on an "S" mine. The ground was frozen so the mine didn't explode with it's full force. I was wounded in the arm and leg, and Hunt got hit in the leg. McNamara was slightly wounded also. He and Birchall helped Hunt and I to the spot where the rest of the platoon was going to dig in. After getting first-aid from our buddies we were taken back to the aid station. We were only slightly wounded, and it wasn't so bad; it meant we were going to spend Christmas in a hospital instead of a fox-hole.

Gene Condrey



he battle of the "Cabbage Patch" is familiar to us as well as to George company. We followed them on the morning of Wednesday, December 20th, across a long low open field and through a slate lined draw in single file as "88's" whined and exploded on both sides. Rocks and shrapnel were thrown all around us, but there were no direct hits in the draw. Savarese, George and Ragel were all wounded by the flying bits of steel.

Listen

The hole was very small but when I crawled into it, I saw some of my buddies laying on top of the ground all around me. Then, I bowed my head and said a few words to God.

It seemed that God answered my prayers. The barrage stopped, then came the call "Is anybody hit?" Those words nearly tore the heart out of me and I feel the same every time. I hope and pray for the day when we won't have to listen to those words.

Oliver E. Balch

One Night on the "Cabbage Patch"

The day was over but the sky was being lit by continual artillery fire. Van and I had dug us a small hole and were alternating sleeping when I noticed that Kofod and Burger were still digging in their hole. Suddenly I heard Kofod's voice in a weary whisper, "Oh, to hell with it. That's deep enough ... if we get hit, we get hit."

Immediately following Kofod's words, a terrifying scream of an "88" went over our heads and it exploded too quickly for our comfort. There was a quick scramble in Kofod's hole and rapid digging began again, this time to last many hours.

Earnest Johnson



The "Ditch"

"Cabbage Patch"



uring this artillery battle St. Laurent took a patrol out of the ditch and over by George company in search of a sniper. Vampotic also went out to observe for mortar targets, but the mortars were not used because of our precarious position.

The retreat from the "Cabbage Patch" was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the following day. As each platoon's turn came, we left our holes...running! As we ran we listened and when the whistling of an "88" was heard, we'd all dive behind whatever cover was within reach. Practically the whole battalion had to file through that one pathway made in the barbed wire entanglement.

For nearly all of the first hour of our march we were shelled, which meant getting down in and out of ditches so many times we were dizzy. Gradually we left the barraged area and the walking brought us to the side of a steep mountain, where we stayed for the night. The road below us moaned with slow moving autos and tanks, among which was our company jeep with hot chow.

Friday we moved into the positions of the 44th Division on the side of a low hill that over-looked miles of flat open country. From an "O.P." set up by the second platoon, we could see the Jerries in their holes, who seemed to be even colder, and more restless than we were.

Saturday Lt. Horler paid us and Lt. Hannigan collected it to send home for us.

The company C.P. was in a dilapidated old barn (the holes in the walls were patched with hay) and in this shelter the orders came by way of the "double-E eight" for a daylight patrol to be sent to look over a road junction straight out into enemy territory. The story of how Monchino, Powers and Channing were wounded and how Birchall alone carried out the mission of the squad, is told by Brown, who was one of the men on the patrol.

Daylight Patrol

It was during that week before Christmas, I believe December 23rd was the exact date, that this little episode became part of the history of Joe Ward's "Fightin' First Platoon".

Rumor had it that Jerry was counter-attacking somewhere in the north and had cut off the 101st Airborne. That was why we pulled out from around Bitcher and went into defensive positions along the Maginot Line.

The sky was pale blue but the wind was as cold as ice, blowing constantly across the barren hills around us.

About nine in the morning, Lt. Ward informed Monchino that regiment wanted a patrol sent out to reconnoiter a road junction about a thousand yards to our front and that he was to be in charge of it.

It seemed like a senseless idea to send eight men in broad daylight across terrain so void of cover that the Jerries couldn't help but see us. But that was not for us to decide.

Our course led us out along the edge of a draw past Howe company's foremost machine gun and straight toward the Kraut lines. As we ascended the slope at the end of the draw, we came to a paved road where we stopped momentarily for a brief orientation. From there our course was across a long flat plateau and down into a second draw. It was during this operation that I'm certain the enemy became aware of our presence.

About halfway down the slope leading into the draw there were a line of holes that looked to be alternate defense positions dug by the Krauts.

Just about this time, Monchino called a halt by one of the holes and told us that he thought he had heard a man shout as though to give an alarm. Powers confirmed this and we were about ready to take off in the fastest manner possible. But Birchall seemed convinced that there wasn't any danger as yet, so, as he was willing to act as first scout, we proceeded.

Our path from there was parallel to the contour of the hill about halfway down the side of the draw. We were dispersed in a very open squad column formation, and by this time, moving very cautiously. Suddenly Birchall, who had just rounded a

little knoll ahead of us, turned and in a very excited manner motioned for us to withdraw "toot sweet". At first, the squad seemed confused as to his meaning but they were quickly straightened out by the burst of a burp-gun. Monchino shouted to us to get back to our own lines in the quickest possible way.

As we withdrew, Raulerson, Varner and Powers found enough cover to fire from and wounded at least three of the Jerries. But we were not without casualties ourselves. Channing was hit in the shoulder and Powers was hit in the forearm and finger. One slug got Monchino just above the hip inflicting a very painful wound. In this condition, he ran nearly a quarter of a mile before he collapsed.

When we had rejoined the platoon, Lt. Ward began asking questions as to what had happened. It was then discovered that Birchall had not gotten out with us. So it was taken for granted that he had either been killed or was taken prisoner. But that was not the case.

When the fight first started, he was out in front and very probably would have been killed if he had tried to run. So he hid in some bushes and remained there all day. As the afternoon waned, the Germans, who had remained in the draw after we left, returned to their own positions.

When darkness fell, Birchall, stiff and nearly frozen, got out of his hiding place, but instead of returning immediately to the safety of our lines, as would have been expected, he proceeded to reconnoiter the road junction, which had been the mission of our patrol. Upon completing this task, he returned to the company with the desired information.

For this action, Birchall was awarded the Silver Star.

William Brown



hristmas Eve brought another long march to a final position a mile in front of the "M.L.R." (main line of resistance). Behind us all bridges were mined and miles of trees were ready to be blown across the roads in case we should be attacked. Our closest support on the right was George company ...two miles away!







D

uring the night the "240's" droned over our heads and exploded a "Merry Christmas" deep in Jerry-land. As we lay in our fox-holes we thought of many Christmases before... with "Mom" and "Dad"...with the wife or sweetheart.

Christmas in Fox-holes

It was the night before Christmas and we were all cold, tired, and wondering what kind of a Christmas Day we would have; wondering if we would have to do any fighting, whether the Heinies would give us a present consisting of an artillery barrage, or if we would get to spend a nice quiet day as we wanted to.

"Come on, wake up... Merry Christmas." It was Birchall waking me up to go on guard a few minutes after midnight. "What a way to start Christmas Day", I thought, as I got up and started walking around to try to keep warm.

The day turned out to be a nice one, and we were soon going from hole to hole, sampling all of the good things to eat that everyone had gotten in their Christmas packages. The two gas stoves were going all morning long as we made hot coffee, hot cocoa, and steaming soup. Then came the wonderful Christmas dinner with all of the trimmings including mince pie, candy and nuts. I believe everyone spent the entire day eating. It was up to Lt. Ward to add the finishing touch to a wonderful day, as late that evening he brought out a bottle of Schenley's Black Label, which he had been saving for the occasion, and passed it around the platoon.

It had been, after all, a very Merry Christmas.

Vernon Sherman





he sun broke through the clouds on Christmas Day and although it was still cold we gathered in small groups, "batting-the-breeze". In the early afternoon, parkas were brought up and distributed to the platoons. These were reversible snow coats...white on one side and grey on the other, with a separate fleece lining that came down to the knees. The climax of the day came around 3 o'clock, when "Nellie Fay" rolled up the hill sporting the most delicious meal we had ever had in Europe...turkey, dressing, peas, potatoes, mince pie, candy and nuts.

Christmas Night

We had just finished eating our Christmas dinner, which consisted of turkey with all the trimmings, topped off with cherry pie, and assorted nuts and hard candy. The fellows, I believe, appreciated most of all the issuing out of coat-length, fur-lined parkas which would help us combat the rain and coldness that seemed to be as much of our every day life as breathing. Mail came up with chow and a few packages, of which I was lucky enough to receive one...date sticks. Yes, our Christmas was quite more than we had expected with just these few things which had been a God-send. Our morale was greatly boosted by all this.

Night began to creep up on us and I found myself hoping against great odds I would be able to get four to six hours of sleep. What with the new parka and my sack, I could be half way warm. After what seemed like minutes of blissful sleep, I was awakened and told I would have to take out five men and myself and set up positions to our right front behind a knoll as a security measure, for Jerry had been reported active in this area. We were quite reluctant about giving up our sleep but more afraid of the report of Jerries being active in this particular area. This would mean another fire fight and with only six men, the prospects did not look too good. We sweated out our six hour "hitch" but no Jerries appeared. All of which brought us to the end of another Christmas and the start of another cold, miserable, back-breaking day of front line warfare.

G. Noble



about 7 o'clock in the evening (it was fairly dark) George company called excitedly over the phone that they were being attacked and to send aid. Lt. Horler took ten men from the fourth platoon, contacted George company, and dug in on their left flank. Later the second and third platoon sent a squad each to help Lt. Horler. Our men were out in the cold, without bed rolls or decent holes, for what to them seemed like an endless night. Finally, word came down from battalion that the enemy force reported by George company had been... "greatly over estimated".

At noon on Tuesday we left our hill in the direction of George company's area. We crossed two streams on logs, marched down a muddy road, then quietly crawled into the fox-holes that George company vacated. This area was to be named "Sheep-Hill" or "Rocket Barn Hill".

Soon after the company headquarters unloaded their paraphernalia in an old battered farm building, a shell crashed through the roof and exploded. Even though the building was filled with men, no one was injured...another freakish incident which the Gods of War seemingly delight to cause to happen. On Wednesday a man at a time from each platoon went back to the C. P. for an hour or so. It was bitter cold and in the old headquarters building was a roaring fire. Steensen, "Tippy" and "Sue" had baked cherry pies and were there serving it to the boys. There was a table inside with stacks of V-Mail blanks, another with soap, shaving cream and razors, and in the corner a "G.I." can full of clean hot water. Out in the holes we lived for the time when our turn would come to go back to the "company rest-center" for that blessed hour.

The Jerries were quite active in front of Easy company that night, so a patrol was sent out from the second platoon to reconnoiter; Levesque was in charge. It was a very calm night and, although sounds could be heard for miles, very little movement was reported.

"When Better Patrols are Made"

Any resemblance between persons in this article and those living or in the army of occupation is purely coincidental.

"One of you guys will have to go on a patrol with me, tonight", Levesque said as he leaned precariously into our two-man foxhole. I looked inquiringly at Mace.

"Hit makes no difference to me, Braman", drawled Mace.

"Okay, you go", I said and completely dismissed the matter as far as I was concerned.

"Now, Braman", he said, "hit really makes no difference to me."

I looked up, thought a second, rolled over, closed my eyes and said, "Okay, Mace, you go."

"Now, wait a minute, Braman. I want you to know it makes no difference to me."

"Okay, so it makes no difference, so you go."

"But, Braman ..."

"Okay, okay, we'll flip for it. What do you say?"

"Heads."

"Heads it is; you win; you go."

Mace looked a little perplexed at first, then frowned, "Now just a minute, Braman, I don't think that was quite fair."

It surprised me to think a buddy of mine actually thought I would try to cheat him. So just to show him I was a "square-shooter" we flipped again. Again it was heads, and again Mace won. The coin had hardly touched the ground before I was pushed bodily out of the hole. He handed me my rifle saying "Hope ya don't run into any trouble", as he quickly closed the canvas door to our fox-hole.

What a patrol! ... "Pretty-Boy" Allen, "Killer" Matheny, "Little Willie" Levesque and me. The Krauts must have thought we were four of their buddies coming in drunk.

We were about a thousand yards into enemy territory when "Little Willie" stopped to talk the situation over with "Pretty Boy". I bet Captain Smith could have heard that conversation back at the C.P.! Suddenly "Killer" Matheny went into the most terrible coughing and sneezing antic I've ever witnessed.

He ended it up with a gargling noise deep in his throat, that sounded like a "death-rattle".

I leaned all my weight on my left foot and took a cautious step forward. They all three looked around and in a coarse whisper blurted out, "Geesus, Braman! Can't you be quiet?"

About that time a deer jumped up out of the brush and charged through the woods like "G" company in a bayonet assault. I said to myself, "Braman, if you're goin' to have any fun out of life, you'd better do it quick, cause you've just aroused two panzer divisions."

But nothing happened and we quietly stumbled back to our own lines. Once there we were halted by Van Duren, and to our dismay, "Little Willie" had forgotten the pass-word. (Outside of probably getting us shot, there was no real danger in forgetting the pass-word.) We finally reported in ... all quiet on the Western Front

Oscar Braman



he morning brought with it a blanket of snow and a bright sun warmed us, reflecting against the whiteness. The "rest center" was to stay open all the time we were at "Sheep Hill" and even a few men were taken back to the village of Horbach for showers.

My Biggest Scare

The date was December 28th. I remember it well because it was my mother's birthday. To some, the place was to be known as "Rocket Barn Hill" and to others as "Sheep Hill". About dusk we all gathered in the barn that housed the C.P. A couple of shells had just landed nearby and everyone was quiet. Lt. Smith who was then our communications sergeant, came in with the report that one of the shells had cut the fourth platoon line. As I expected, he told me to take someone with me and go out and fix the break. Chuck Allen said he'd go, so we collected the necessary material and took off.

It seemed as though we had gone halfway to Berlin before we finally discovered the damage. There were a couple of inches of snow on the ground and the wind was bitter as I tried to hurry and get back to what protection the C.P. had to offer.

We were nearly finished when I happened to glance up and see two men in dark overcoats (every one in the company had been issued white coats) advancing toward us. It was very dark, but I could see they were both carrying rifles and had them pointed very menacingly toward us.

Chuck had his back toward them, so I explained to him what I thought was about to happen. Gradually he turned and slowly brought his rifle to bear on them. When they were only ten yards from us, I heard Chuck's safety snap off.

He was just about to fire when one of the supposed enemy blurted out in a voice that could be none but that of a G.I., "Hey, take it easy with that rifle, Jack, It's liable to be loaded."

What a relief! They turned out to be two artillery observers who were orienting themselves as to our position.

Edward Mila

The surprise came when the platoons were called and told to "come on up the C.P. and get your P.X. rations!" We had candy, beer, cigars and peanuts and in the words of Lt. Adams, "It was a beautiful sight...men walking from fox-hole to fox-hole with a can of beer in each hand and a cigar hanging between their teeth." It's odd what importance small things like that take on when circumstances aren't exactly favorable (to put it mildly!).

The day was spent in preparation...the night in suspense. To our front were two panzer divisions and two infantry divisions. Every man was given a double supply of ammunition; gas-masks were handed out. Our manpower situation was desperately low, which meant long hours on guard, usually six or seven hours a night. All along the entire European front the Jerries were counter-attacking.

"The Interrogation"

From the interrogation of a prisoner, we learned that the Jerries are calling this drive, "The Drive to the Channel". Their general told them that they would have to get their cigarettes and "hops" from the Americans. Another piece of information that he volunteered to give was concerning signal flares. The white was used to point out our troops, the red was the signal to attack, and the green to cease firing. We've seen these flares... now we'll know what to expect the next time we see them.

From the notes of Lt. Adams

Saturday was a calm day, but darkness brought an enemy patrol into Easy company's area. Our area remained quiet except for a roaming flock of sheep that kept our nerves on edge. George company sent a combat patrol out into the little village to our front. The town was called Dolenbach and it seemed alive with Krauts. They slipped quietly into the town and surprised a group of Krauts lined up for "chow". Taking the enemy completely by surprise, the patrol opened fire on the chow line, piling up enemy dead and causing great confusion. They continued through the town kicking open doors and hurling grenades inside adding to the German demoralization as they went. The patrol then quietly withdrew successfully leaving Jerries still shooting at each other.

The last day of the year slipped by with little happening. Ralph Johnson took a patrol to our rear to make certain Jerries hadn't infiltrated in during the night. "Jonesy" and Marcum brought hot chow up and stayed all night with the "troops".

Shortly after taking up our positions on "Sheep-Hill" the men were startled by a sound coming from the left front about a mile away. We had never heard anything like it before in our lives. Men on guard looked up dumbfounded; men in the holes stood up and peered out in the direction of the peculiar noise. Lt. Ward said, "It sounds like a gravel pit trying to give birth to a bolder". Suddenly, as the first sound ceased, the scream and rapid burst of rockets told us this strange roaring came from the German's rocket-launchers.

The mid-night was celebrated by the Germans, who fired their rifles and yelled. The phones were alive all night, everyone expecting an attack. Flares and rifle shots were heard to our rear, as Lt. Adams put it, "We knew we were in a hell of a spot!"

"Maybe Down But Never Out"

Early in the afternoon, Capt. Smith and myself began discussing the subject of the New Year's Day football games. We were so curious as to the results of the games that we at last placed a call to battalion S-2 and asked him for the scores. It so happened that at this same time, there was a conference meeting of the big "moguls" and they were "sweating out" the situation. When they learned that we asked such a question at this time, the tension was greatly relieved in the conference room. We seemed to have a great reputation down in battalion headquarters. No matter how tough the going gets, we somehow come through with some prize remark that captures the spirit and heart of those who are less concerned.

From the notes of Lt. Adams

One Night On Guard

One night while on guard in a place known to us as "Sheep Hill", I and two other riflemen were standing guard with one of our company's machine gun squads. The M.G. was dug in just off to the left of our fox-hole. One rifleman and a machine gunner stood guard at the time. There was plenty of barbed-wire laid out in front of our positions. Suddenly that night about 11 o'clock one of the guards woke us up, and told us that they heard the Jerries trying to cut through our wire. Then we all got in position, two men manning the machine gun, one on a B.A.R., the rest of them with M-1's. We stood quietly for a while and then we heard the wire making noise, as though it were being cut. Then we gave them everything we had, and waited a few minutes in silence. Two of us remained on the machine gun and one on the B.A.R. while the rest of us, armed with rifle's and grenades began to move cautiously from tree to tree to where the noises came from. There was another foxhole out in front of our positions that we hadn't occupied, so we threw a grenade in it. This assured us that everything was cleared out. We anxiously awaited daylight to see what we had accomplished. Morning came and we went out to count the number of Jerries we got. Very much to our surprise, the total dead was a weasel!

Elmac Fioretti



he first day of the year was quiet for us. George company sent another patrol into the village... no casualties on either side. "Steve" brought up some "P.X." candy for the "rest-center" and Chaplain Sam Tyler came up and held Protestant Services for the boys. Special service even sent up a movie, but the machine wouldn't work (as usual). Joe Whorten was now running the "rest-center".

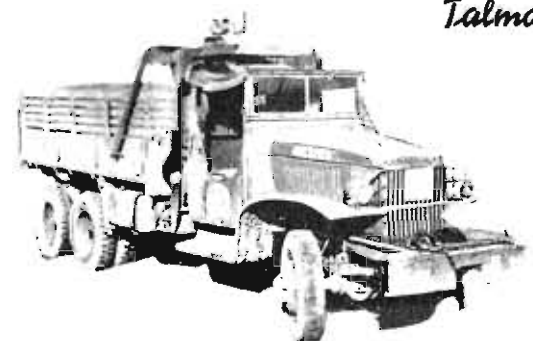
As the days went by the rumors got worse... we were practically cut off, the Germans could attack anytime, the outfits on our flanks were falling back. The monotony of long hours on guard, the continued cold, the diarrhea, and the dread of the Germans attacking was gradually pulling the men into deep melancholy. Plans were made in case we were forced to retreat, but stories of Kraut paratroopers behind our lines suggested that retreat would be impossible. "When are we going to get support?" was on every man's mind.

Bazooka Lesson

It happened one morning last December. Fox company was dug in on the side of a steep hill, and snow covered the frozen earth. The company commander got word that the Germans were supposed to have a lot of mechanized equipment out in front of us, so he had more bazookas brought up on line. I took one over to Vine and Lester's hole and had gone about half-way back to my foxhole when I heard an explosion. I rushed back to Lester's dugout. His eyes were as big as silver dollars and the bazooka was still on his shoulder.

He spoke with a slow West Virginia drawl, "I just wanted to see if it would fire or not." Since that day, the guys in the first platoon have called Lester, "Our Bazooka Kid".

Talmadge Hunt





about dusk on January 2nd, "Chuck" Allen was cut in the wrist by an exploding flare. The second platoon was out laying barbed-wire protection when someone tripped the flare. It was one left by George company.

On the 3rd all jeeps and trucks were given red panels to display on their hoods, so the air-corps could recognize them. Our front lines laid out yellow panels on the ground.

The "88's" had our mortars zeroed in perfectly. The mortar teams were firing protective fire when suddenly the shrill scream of an "88" and the rapid explosion, and continued screams and explosions, pounded the small knoll. The men were still at the mortars when Petralia and Butler were hit. Sleparski and a new medic in the company were injured by the same barrage. "Slep" had some cuts in his chest and stomach...not serious and the medic had a wound in the shoulder. Of the first casualties, Petralia and Butler had their legs badly hurt...Petralia's broken, Butlers internally damaged. At the same time Balch had fallen with a gasoline can, spilling gasoline into his face. He had pains in his eyes and ears but was not hospitalized long.

"Pat"

This is another story about "Sheep Hill", but it is really more about a fellow well known and liked to all members of the fourth platoon. William "Pat" Petralia was a likeable fellow. A little hard to understand at first, but when you got to know him, he was a grand guy. In the "old" days at Ft. Bragg, he was continually telling us of his twins and beautiful wife.

"Pat" came over with mental spirits like the rest of us, for his home. He was a little scared, not for himself so much, but for his wonderful family. From Marseille up to Sheep Hill he was the average G. I. He had his gripes and bitches and aired them freely, but, nevertheless when he was called on for mortar fire, he was always ready and willing to give it all he had.

Then came the fateful day...It was a cold clear day in January. Jerry had moved a gun up to plaster our positions and he set about doing it in a merciless fashion. Counter fire was

called for from the mortars section. Their mission was to saturate a draw in front of us so no Germans could come forward under the cover of our artillery. "Pat" manned his mortar and was dropping in shells as fast as Butler could hand them to him. Both men could hear the blast of enemy shells landing near by but a job had to be done and neither of them thought of going to their holes until the "cease fire" order came. It finally did come, and just in time for wasn't the last Jerrie shell almost on top of them? Yes, it was, and "Pat" and Butler made a dash for their holes! Then came the one shell fate had destined for both of them. There was no warning. Both of their ears were still ringing from firing their own guns so they could not hear the enemy shell screaming through the air. "Pat" felt his leg go out from underneath him, yet he knew he had to make his hole. Near by, men of the fourth platoon came to his aid. His leg looked bad. There was an ugly gash above the knee. His first words were, "What is my wife going to say?"

Everyone was sorry when the news came back to us that he had lost his leg, but all through the evacuation and general hospitals, his spirits were high and he refused to let this get him down.

"Pat's" fine spirit in face of his handicap, and his love for his family is all he will need to bring him through...He always was, and shall be, a swell guy.

Albert Schmidt

BUTLER

Butler was an easy-come, easy-go Texan, just one of many in the fourth platoon. A naturally quiet boy, he was modest and appeared bashful, except when it came to describing the wonders of his beloved home state, Texas.





arly in the morning on Thursday, January 4th, Johnson in "Whiteys" squad spotted some Jerries standing in our woods. He fired and the whole woods came alive with rifle fire. The rest of the second platoon was too far away to be of any help, so "Whitey" and his four man squad routed the approximated 25 Krauts. Following this a larger amount of Jerries attacked on our right, but were driven back by very timely and effective "60" fire. We then laid in "81" fire and artillery to put the final scare into them. The Jerries must have been trying to feel out our positions and strength.

"What a Night!"

It was about two o'clock in the morning when they attacked us. Johnson and Fuehrer were standing guard. Suddenly Johnson spotted the Germans across the open space between the woods where we were situated and no man's land. Johnson, acting quickly, told Fuehrer to get in his hole. A few minutes later, Johnson started firing and the fire works began. White worked his way down to our hole and gave us the situation. He told us when he threw a hand grenade, that would be the signal for everybody to "open up". White worked his way over to our right and threw the grenade. It hit a tree and bounced back, landing about ten feet away from him. When it went off

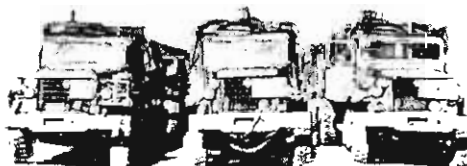
the Krauts again opened up with everything they had. We returned fire and hoped our plan would work. They finally withdrew and we called for mortar fire. The 60's threw in a perfect concentration, which supplied the finishing touches desired.

David Clay



n the afternoon we watched P-47's strafe and bomb "A" company on our left flank. We were not touched, probably because of the jeep at our C.P. with the red panel displayed. The front lines had been ordered not to lay out their yellow panels yet. So amid this confusion American planes bombed and strafed American troops.

Rockets pounded and shook our C.P. Friday morning, thirty minutes after midnight. All our communication wires were out and an anti-tank truck was set on fire. The runners, although nervous from the experience, quickly left the comparative safety of the buildings and followed the wires until the breaks were repaired. Johnson, Pykonen, Mila, and Joiner were the "trouble-shooters" that night.



Rocket Hill

It was twelve-thirty early Friday morning. Mila and I were standing guard in a little wood shed beside the barn where our company C. P. was located. Everything was very quiet and then all of a sudden, we heard the rocket shells coming in. Mila and I hit the dirt. It sounded like they hit on top of us. They threw rocks and stones all over us. Let me tell you, Mila and I were really praying! After they had momentarily stopped we tried to find a place that gave us better protection. One of the rockets hit a truck loaded with ammo. It sounded like the Jerries had broken through. Mila and I didn't know if we should go around the house or not, so finally, we made a dash around the building. We found out that one of the rockets landed about three-hundred yards away, hitting an ammo truck. We were greatly relieved, until our company commander told us that all the telephone lines were out.

He sent "Pike" and myself out to fix the lines to the battalion which had been downed by the exploding truck. Mila and Johnson fixed the others. Boy, I sure was scared and so was "Pike"! We talked, going down to the truck, about more of the shells going off. We just felt that one of the shells had not exploded and would probably explode when we got down there. We fixed the wires, shaking all the time (and it wasn't from the snow on the ground either). About three hours later we returned to our area, only to find we were on guard again.

William H. Joiner

E

arly in the afternoon large formations of Allied planes flew over us toward Germany. The P-47's dived and strafed while the B-24's and B-17's snail-paced across the sky and finally turned into small specks in the distance. On their homeward journey, a "B-17" broke formation and nosed lower toward ground amid the bursting "ack-ack" fire. While they were still deep in German territory, five parachutes opened and the men, dangling under the white silk, were carried out of our sight and out of any possible aid we could give them.

Company "G", 255th Infantry Regiment of the 63rd Division relieved us at 6 o'clock on the morning of January 6th, 1945.

The platoons left as they were ready and formed at a junction near Hottviller. From there the company marched a long seven miles to a small village on the top of a steep hill, called Glassenberg. About noon breakfast chow was handed out to the men, who were weak from the long hike.

Sunday morning a false rumor of an attack was called to us from the 399th regiment, but all the day was quiet. It seemed all the division was on edge, expecting the Jerries to take advantage of our weakened defense. We had a good breakfast, after which Protestant services were held near by. During the day the men gathered eggs and other local delicacies the village offered and cooked them into wonderful meals. The fourth platoon killed a lamb on "Sheep Hill", skinned it, carried it on the march and finally shared it with the other platoons at Glassenberg.

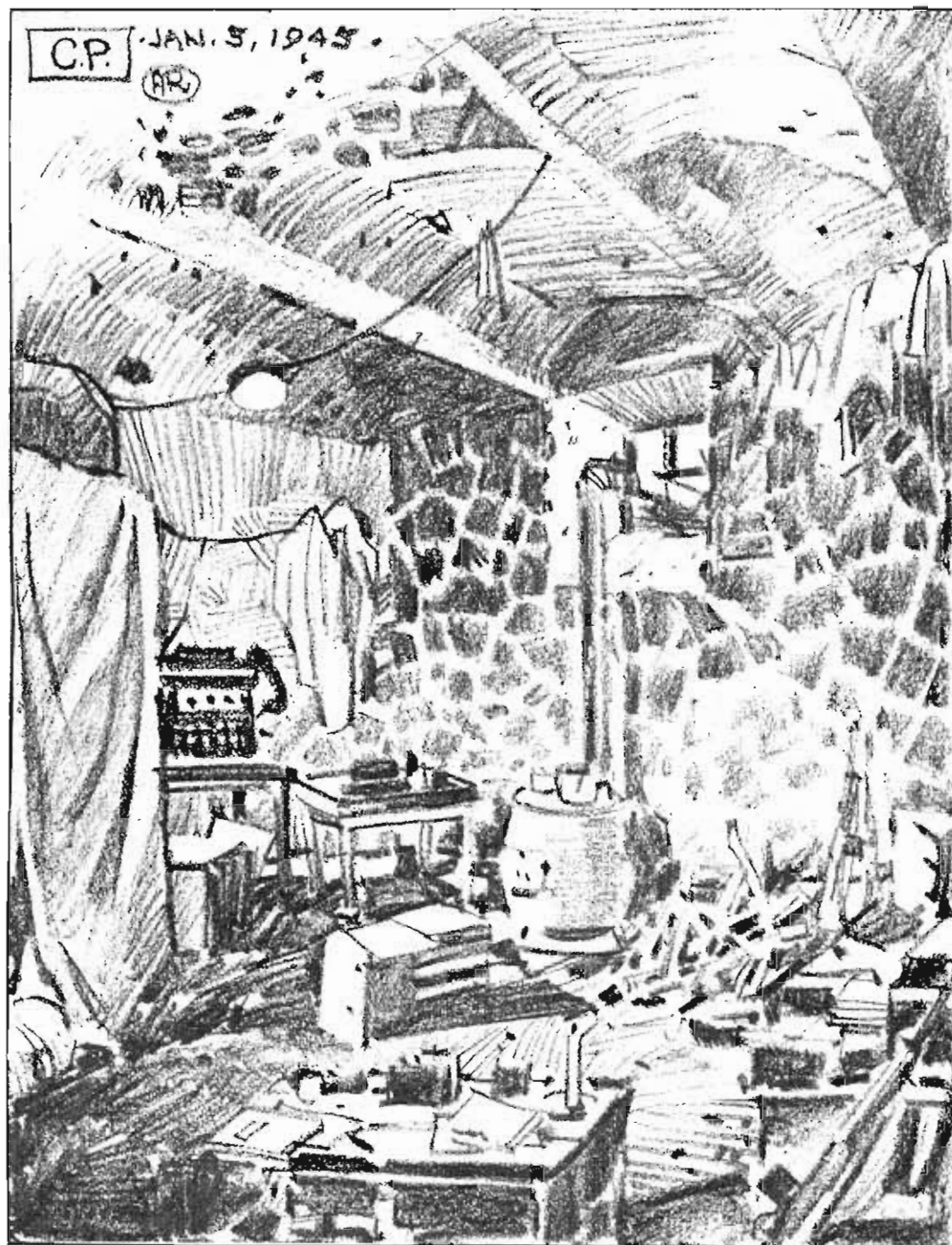
Church Services

While the thought is still fresh in my mind, and it's a thought we all want to keep, I'd like to elaborate on these church services. The environment is not quite fitting. The house of worship is usually a barn, a hay-loft, or any place where a few can gather in seclusion and worship God. As I glance around the congregation, I see dirty faces, bushy heads of hair, bearded chins, torn and muddy clothes, and eyes that have seen death and know fear, sparkling now with the enlightenment as the words of our Saviour come from the lips of the chaplain. As for the

chaplain, we are all proud of him. He follows us through all battles and when the situation permits, he is there to hold services. We are all thinking and praying more over here, and when we return home we will be better Christians.

From the notes of Lt. Adams





The kitchen wasn't having it all peaceful, either. At Echenberg the rockets were coming in as "Tippy" and "Bo" baked cake for our "rest-center". The kitchen crew and jeep drivers somehow always got the chow to us. (At least if they didn't get it to us, they spent the night trying.)

"Echenberg"

I remember it all very well. "Sue" and I were sleeping down in the kitchen. Steenson and Stackhouse were upstairs playing cards. When they started throwing shells in, I grabbed my shoes and ran for the "kellar". I guess I must have been down there about six hours. They hit an ammunition truck three houses down from ours that was loaded down with 155mm shells. You couldn't step outside for a minute what with shrapnel flying all over. I was plenty nervous but yet I could still knock off some sleep. After a while the whole kitchen crew carrying their sleeping bags, came down to the cellar. They kept up their bombardment all night, throwing in thousands of shells. Next morning "Tip" and I cooked breakfast.

"Bo" Bowlin



teve brought "P.X." rations to us...two cans of beer, Whitman chocolates, two chocolate bars, cigars and shaving equipment. As the men took turns standing guard, the rest played cards, drank, and "batted-the-breeze". The tension of battle seemed to be lifted in the houses where the eating and laughing was, but out on guard the burning city of Bitchel lit the eastern sky and remained as a continual reminder that this strong fortress still lay in enemy hands. Even amid the pushed-back chairs, the cigar smoke and the general gaiety inside, we were too quick to laugh at each others jokes, too ready to take a casual statement the wrong way. In each heart was an utter disgust for this war...a war we could see no end to.

Down in the C.P. the "Ol' Man" was pouring over maps and rehashing the situation, for in the morning we were going into the attack with the 399th regiment. Night closed on our 60th day in combat; we've lead the regiment more than any other company; we've had fewer casualties; and we've taken every objective. But we were to be jarred from this self-assurance in only a few days.

Around 2 o'clock Monday afternoon "I" company of the 399th reported a counter-attack. We grabbed bandoliers, rifles and hand grenades, almost running out of town toward the spot we were to remember as "Suicide Hill".

"Prelude to Suicide Hill"

After living in ice-covered holes on "Sheep Hill" for more than a week, Lambach looked pretty good. We entered our section of the town after climbing a half mile long hill that left most of us so "pooped" that all we could do was take off our packs and gasp, before we even thought of looking for a house to sleep in. By that time, "C" and "K" rations, that we had been eating most of the winter, were beginning to tell on the best of us.

The weapons platoon moved into two houses at the very summit of the hill, about a hundred yards apart, both of which were just outside the limit of observation of a Jerry O.P. This O.P. on a hill a thousand yards away, directed fire for the bat-

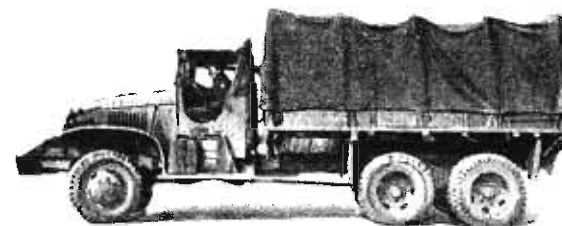
teries during the time we were there. Luckily, none of these shells actually fell in the company area.

The house which most of the platoon occupied was crowded, but fairly warm and comfortable; there were rabbits and potatoes and jam in the cellar, wood in the shed next door, and flour, grease, sugar and cereal in the kitchen. The sheep that Nichols and Schmidt had shot the last day on "Sheep Hill" had been skinned and dressed by Petrell, loaded on the jeep, and was now hanging in the woodshed, ready for the skillet. The C.P. of the third battalion, 399th was next door. In the wall there was a gaping hole through which three of us crawled in search of the cows that we had heard were there. They were in a stall next to the battalion commander's bedroom, but at four in the morning we milked them anyway, braving the guards that were thick around the C.P. We needed milk for our breakfast oatmeal.

By noon of the second day, great preparations were underway. Every stove in the house was in use, coffee was being made, oatmeal cooked, a good portion of the sheep was still intact, and rabbits and chickens from neighboring yards were being prepared. It had begun to look as though we were to stay for some time in the village, when the platoon runner brushed aside the shelter half covering our front door and shouted, "Get ready to move. Don't take anything with you but your weapons, we'll be moving in a hurry when we do!" The platoon came through the doors in a hurry; the cereal and coffee steaming on the stoves, the veal roast still sputtering in the pan.

This was the end; all our plans were kaput! The platoon moved out with the company along the snow covered trail clinging to the side of a hill in the direction of a wooded knoll in the distance. We were moving to reinforce Item company, 399th, dug in on a forested rise that was soon to be known, and with good reason, as "Suicide Hill".

James Nichols





ur officers were doubtful of our situation, and "I" company didn't bother to enlighten us. We soon found ourselves in front of "I" company; the first platoon was attacked from the flank, but drove the enemy back. The third platoon pushed out to the center, engaged continually in small arms fighting, and fought blindly until the Jerrys retreated into the heavy woods. Birchall and his five man squad fought off the flanking attack on the first platoon, then moved out toward the enemy. Birchall, Bailey, Smith and Fuehrer were wounded; Varner and Galegas killed; and "Chuck" Johnson was knocked down by a burp-gun slug which lodged in his gun belt, leaving him the only man in the squad unharmed.

VARNER

Although a quiet, passive guy when we first met him, we found under this solemnity a potential activeness that was let loose many times on the field of game and battle. He seldom seemed overly enthusiastic for any particular activity until it was actually underway. We noticed this in the battle field when he would be aroused and suddenly become a "one man" army. When he died he died fighting; but his efforts were not in vain, for the mission of repulsing a Jerry counter attack was successful.

GALEGAS

Galegas had been with our regimental Service company for a few weeks and returned to Fox company just before we moved up to "Suicide Hill". He was a guy that kept his inner most thoughts to himself but it was not hard for us to see that he felt the same as the rest of us about combat. On January 8th, the day we were called up to assist Item company in repulsing a Jerry counter attack, Galegas, while trying to gain a better firing position, was fatally wounded. Because he showed utter disregard for his own safety, we know that he was not thinking of himself, but of the other fellows in the platoon.



uddenly we found ourselves alone, without any particular objective (except to halt the Germans) so we fell back on line with "I" company. Our orders were to stay in reserve until needed by one of the companys, so now that the enemy had been routed, we expected to return to the village to await another emergency. After two hours of waiting we learned we were to be held here for the night... a night we were not prepared for. We had no bed-rolls or rations and some men even had no parkas.

"The Bacon"

The action was at it's peak. Fioretti and I got in a fox-hole. Much to our surprise, we found a pound of bacon in it. We took our canteen cups and some heat tablets and began cooking the bacon. Suddenly, a barrage of shells hit around us, and the grease went flying all over the hole, but this didn't stop us; we kept right on frying. Then came the order to move back, and we had to quit. Nevertheless we took the bacon with us, and swallowed chunks in between shell bursts! We found out later that the bacon belonged to Steed and he was worried that the Jerries had eaten his bacon, but when we told him it was us, he was greatly relieved.

William Joiner



evesque was sent out with a patrol to set up a strong-point to our left front, in contact with the 36th Division. Here he practically moved into a Jerry hole, surprising eight Krauts. (and also himself!)

Setting Up an O.P.

Burger and myself had just finished digging our two man hole when we were informed we were to go together with Levesque and seven more men to establish a security out-post about four-hundred yards in front of our company's positions. We proceeded cautiously, led by an officer from the 399th who was to show us the location of the out-post. He assured us on our way toward our destination that Jerry had been cleaned out of the immediate vicinity. We reached the outpost, an abandoned Jerry hole which was large enough to put a truck in. We found it was already occupied by men from the 36th Division and thought it would be better to look for some place where we could have an out-post established with out interference from another outfit. When we proceeded from the out-post into territory which Jerry had supposedly been cleaned out, we were in for a great surprise.

Levesque spotted a likely looking hole and saw a figure with a parka over his steel helmet looking toward the enemy positions. He asked if there was room in the hole for a few of his men. "Vas?" was the reply, and thinking it was some character trying to be smart, Levesque asked again while walking toward

the hole this man occupied. "Vas ist?" was the reply and by this time Levesque was up to him and, fed up with the fooling around, lifted up his parka hood and saw the square helmeted Jerry. "Oh my . . . back" exclaimed Levesque and the Kraut thinking he had run up against the craziest or the bravest man in the U.S. Army, quickly threw down his loaded burp gun and put up his hands. His example was quickly followed by his buddy who was near by. Prisoner number 2. By this time we figured we had enough of this "cleared" Jerry territory and proceeded to make our way back to our original position and set up our O.P. with the 36th Division doughs. We were led by our two prisoners and flanked by our men, four on each side of the road. Suddenly to our left front two more German soldiers came into view with their hands up hollering, "Kamarad! Kamarad!" Prisoners numbers 3 and 4. By this time there was quite a bit of noise and commotion which drew a mortar barrage from Jerry and found us all hugging good mother earth, worrying more about ourselves than our prisoners. The barrage lasted about ten minutes, and after things had quieted down, we put our prisoners on the road using them as bait. They drew no fire, so we cautiously made our way out of the ditches to where the prisoners stood. We started off again, and one of our prisoners made us understand two of his "Kamarads" were ten meters to our rear and turning around saw them coming out of their well-concealed positions, one laying down a heavy machine gun and the other a burp gun. They sized up the picture, and seeing everything was in our favor, came double-timing towards us, hands in the air . . . prisoners number 5 and 6. Once again we started towards our destination, restless to get back to the safety of a foxhole. We had gone about fifty yards, and to our left another Kraut was spotted by one of the boys and was made to understand he had better come out and give up or else. He came . . . prisoner number 7. We finally reached the spot we were going to set up our O.P. and turned the prisoners over to a group of our men for questioning. We then obtained the prisoners' weapons to be used in a possible defense of our O.P.

George Noble



"Wire Patrol"

Well, we just had to get communication with the company C.P., so the five of us started out to lay wire from the C.P. to our out-post. It was another one of those cold dreary nights when the wind seemed to go right through you. Another company was dug into the hill at our left, so we didn't worry to much about Jerries. We had gone about 300 yards up the snow covered road, and saw a group of men we took for G.I.'s, hailed them and asked the password. "Was Ist?" was the answer. "Krauts", someone yelled, and two of us took off for the ditch which was partially filled with slushy snow. Two of us lay there waiting for the remainder of the patrol, but the only thing which came our way was what seemed to be a never ending burst from a "burp gun". Finally Bloomberg joined us. We waited for what seemed hours, and finally began working our way back into the woods to our rear area. We heard voices, which I recognized as Lt. Adams with his North Carolinian drawl, and called out to him that we were coming in and for God sakes not to shoot. We made it, and to our surprise and relief found Levesque and the other man had been there sweating us out as we had recently sweated out getting away from the Jerry patrol we had bumped into.

George Noble



s the darkness crept in many men were in open holes. Snow, piled high against the trees and embankments, made camouflage for the men in white parkas.

"The Parkas"

It was the first night at Suicide Hill. Sgt. Orel called for eight volunteers by name. You, you, and you. Our mission was to pick up overcoats that were lying in a jeep about 200 yards down the road. It was pitch black, and I was at the tail end. We reached a fallen tree, and after I climbed over it, there was a group of soldiers in parkas. I went over to them and began talking to them, thinking they were a part of the detail. One of the G.I.'s started talking German, and I didn't know what to think. I just felt silly. Luckily they turned out to be prisoners! I left them and found the men on their way back. I took some of the coats, and again wound up at the end. Just as we got within

fifty yards of the C.P., a machine gun opened fire on us. Then all you could see on the road was a pile of coats!!

When the machine gun stopped firing, we reached the C.P. and practically had to set off a satchel charge to wake them up! Finally some bleary-eyed soldier answered, "Whadda ya want?" We dropped all the coats and departed for our holes to get a good night's sleep, which in all was one hour!

Bernard Freid



he first platoon was still out on the right front, exposed on three sides. Several times Jerries worked there way up within ten yards of their holes but were driven away by hand-grenades.

"Quick on the Trigger"

One act that we won't over look is the action of Claude King. He and Castillio were in a hole together. Castillio was on guard with a BAR when two Jerries worked their way up to the hole. The BAR was taken from Castillio's hands by one of the Germans, but King was fast enough to open fire with his M-1 before the Jerries' burp-gun could go into action. Two more Jerries followed up the shots, and they too faced King's fire. When the firing ceased, two German soldiers lay dead on the edge of the hole, and two lay wounded. Neither King nor Castillio was scratched.

From the notes of Lt. Adams



inally the enemy patrols ceased, but then came the enemy artillery and heavy mortar fire. Communications were knocked out and the runners were out searching and splicing the wires. Pitman was hit by a shell fragment in the leg and shoulder; Schmidt, giving first-aid to him, was hit in the foot. La Pietra was killed by concussion and Annunziato was left deaf by the same shell. Stimson lay all night in his fox-hole with only simple first-aid treatment. We were unable to evacuate him.

San Antonio's Own

He was the sort of fellow everyone would immediately like; the quiet type who always had a good word for everybody. Joe Pitman never complained of hardships, no matter how miserable he was. Always the same, his attitude was, "Oh well, fellows maybe tomorrow will be better." Regardless of the difficulties, he took life as it came and made the best of it.

After "Sheep Hill", Fox company moved to Glassenburg to support the third battalion of the 399th. Word came down on the third day of the company's stay there that Item company was being counter-attacked, and for us to move up immediately to help them.

Pitman picked up his two ammo boxes and as usual, was ready to go. On the long trudge up to what was to become known as "Suicide Hill", he carried these as he had done for so many months before. Because he was so small, his ammo load nearly touched the ground. Yet, he seemed never to tire and kept going when bigger and stronger men slowed down.

We reached our positions about mid-afternoon and took cover in holes that Jerries had once occupied. Things were fairly quiet for a half hour or so, and then, in came mortar, artillery, and small arms fire. Jerrie knew exactly where we were and was certainly giving us a going-over. A burp gun opened up close by. Not wanting the men to get trapped in their holes, Wortman shouted, "Someone try and find out where that bastard is." Someone tried and that "someone" was Joe Pitman. But, just as he crawled from his hole, the air was filled with a blinding flash and schrapnel cut the ground around us.

No one was killed, but Pitman was severely wounded in four different places, and I was hit in the foot. As Pitman fell back in his hole, the only words he uttered were. "God Almighty, I think I'm hit!"

Undoubtedly, he was one of the bravest and most likeable fellows the fourth platoon has yet known. Whenever the song, "Home in San Antonio", is heard, everyone's thoughts still flash to Joe Pitman, the soldier who didn't know there was a limit to bravery or endurance.

Albert Schmidt

La Pietra

Anthony, one of our many representatives of Louisiana, was a friendly fellow. A good mixer, he could always be depended on for a card game or just a plain "bull session". La Pietra made many friends in the company in whose memory he will always live.



he weapons platoon went out on a combat patrol in a search for "K" company of the 399th. They returned without any trouble, but were sent out again and ran into a Jerry patrol. After a short fierce fire-fight both patrols withdrew.

"Hello"

The night of the 8th, the fourth platoon made three contact patrols and only ran into trouble one time. We had gone only about 75 yards from our company C.P. when we were halted by some Jerries. They called out "hello" three times and then cut loose with a burp gun. But, by the time the third hello came, we all had a tree in front of us. We fired several shots in exchange although we couldn't see who we were shooting at. We lay there several minutes trying to find out where the Jerry was but were unable to spot him. The patrol decided to draw back and reorganize, but Beckman and myself never got the word that we were pulling out so we lay there still looking for something to shoot at when it suddenly dawned on us that we were alone so we pulled out of there pretty fast and found the rest of our patrol.

James Chaney

Patrols on "Suicide Hill"

When the fourth platoon came overseas, we had to take a lot of ribbing from the riflemen about our supposedly "rear echelon" status in combat. "You lucky bastards," they'd tell us, "You never have to pull patrols. What a racket the weapons platoon has." To which; looking back on "Suicide Hill", an ol' mortarman's reply is "BUSHWAH!"

"Suicide Hill" was a "bitch" for patrols. Some of the mortar

and machine gunners pulled six during the short time we were there.

The company was in a bad hole from the beginning, rifle platoons stretched to the breaking point, big gaps in the company line; the first, second and third platoons had no men to spare for any sort of patrols. Naturally, all that came up were passed on to the weapon's platoon.

It was a pitch black night, that first night on "Suicide Hill", icy, and with a foot of snow on the ground. Wortman, then acting platoon sergeant, took the whole platoon out, machine guns at port arms, on a patrol to contact the second platoon. From the first, it was pretty well messed up, because we didn't know the terrain, and had only the vaguest idea of where the second platoon was. Through the snow, over fences, across the tops of abandoned dug-outs we went, until a halt was called in a ravine beside the road that bisected the company area. After an hour's delay, in which efforts to contact the second platoon failed, we returned to our holes, only to be called out in less than an hour, this time to attempt the same mission with a smaller group. Ten from the platoon were picked.

The second patrol followed the same route the first had taken for a short distance. We crossed the road and clambered up the bank on the far side. As we entered the wooded strip above the road, a voice ahead gave the challenge. "Halt." Every man hit the ground and crawled to cover. None of our men were in here!

We had just taken cover when there was the tell-tale RURRRRRPT of a burp gun in front of us, and a red line of tracers flicked overhead. To our credit, not a man returned fire. This was a reconnaissance mission, and a fire fight would have accomplished nothing. Quickly and silently we worked our way back to the road to regroup, then back to the company C.P. to report.

As our line faced the Germans, elements of the 36th Division were on our right flank. Late in the afternoon of the day following the night contact patrols, the order came down for a group of men to be picked from the platoon to make a series of patrols to their left flank outposts. Between midnight, and dawn the next morning, which was the scheduled time of our attack.

The first of the patrols was made by Tuttle and a guide, through intermittent artillery fire that continued all night. The second, by Tuttle and Freid, was uneventful as they made the

first leg of the trip, fifteen-hundred yards down a shallow wooded valley, over a narrow, ill-defined trail. They were half-way back when they saw two figures, black against the snow, approaching down the same trail. The others saw them at the same time, and both pairs took cover. No one said a word for a space of minutes, then one mentioned a pass-word, it was answered, and both patrols continued.

Nichols and Freid made the next trip down the long valley, the dark path occasionally being lightened as a shell burst. As they climbed the hill toward the 36th Division outpost, they wondered why there was no challenge. They reached the dugout, without seeing a sign of life. Pounding on the log above the entrance, they yelled, "Hey, in there."

"What do you want?"

"We're a contact patrol from the 100th Division."

"Okay, you've contacted us."

"Right," and they took off down the icy hill, hell for leather in their pell mell descent.

Nichols and Howell made the last patrol of the night. The rest were unnecessary in the early morning, as the company began to prepare to move out, into the attack.

James Nichols



about 6:30 the next morning "Bo" and Armstrong, after a long search, brought hot sandwiches and coffee up to our area.

Around 1 o'clock we got a terrific pounding with shells continually screaming and bursting. The snow was blown back leaving dark black splotches on the sides of the hills... the air smelled of gun powder. Claude King was found dead in his fox-hole; MacDonald and Pozner were seriously wounded. Soon after Mac Donald died. Manning "cracked-up" under the mental strain and Blutter was wounded in the leg.

King

Claude, who was unsurpassable with Castillo, was a short, good natured jolly little fellow. He always wore a friendly smile and never spoke an unkind word about anybody... King and Castillo, for one thinks of them together more than as individuals, are thought of often till this day...

Mac Donald

Whenever we think of Mac, we remember his sense of humor, his friendliness, and his good fellowship. Mac was always willing to string along with the rest of the boys and do whatever the crowd wanted. Like the rest of us, he did not like the job he had to do, but, nevertheless, he did it with a zestful spirit that gave inspiration to his buddies. Because of his effervescent personality, Mac will hold forever a place in our memories.

Pozner

Irving, or better known to his friends as "Jaggy", is best known for having led the first American patrol into the fortress city of Bitch, "Jg", who was enthusiastic in what ever he undertook, always had something to say to everybody... A good natured boy, he was proud to be in the Infantry and would argue it's right with anyone....



During the day we attempted organizing a defense... our feeling toward the regiment we were supporting was more bitter. Our losses were heavy, but we had taken sixty-three Kraut prisoners in the last twenty-four hours.

Around 10 o'clock Capt. Smith was called back to battalion headquarters for orders. Those that knew about this trip were hoping the orders would be to move back under our own regiment's control.

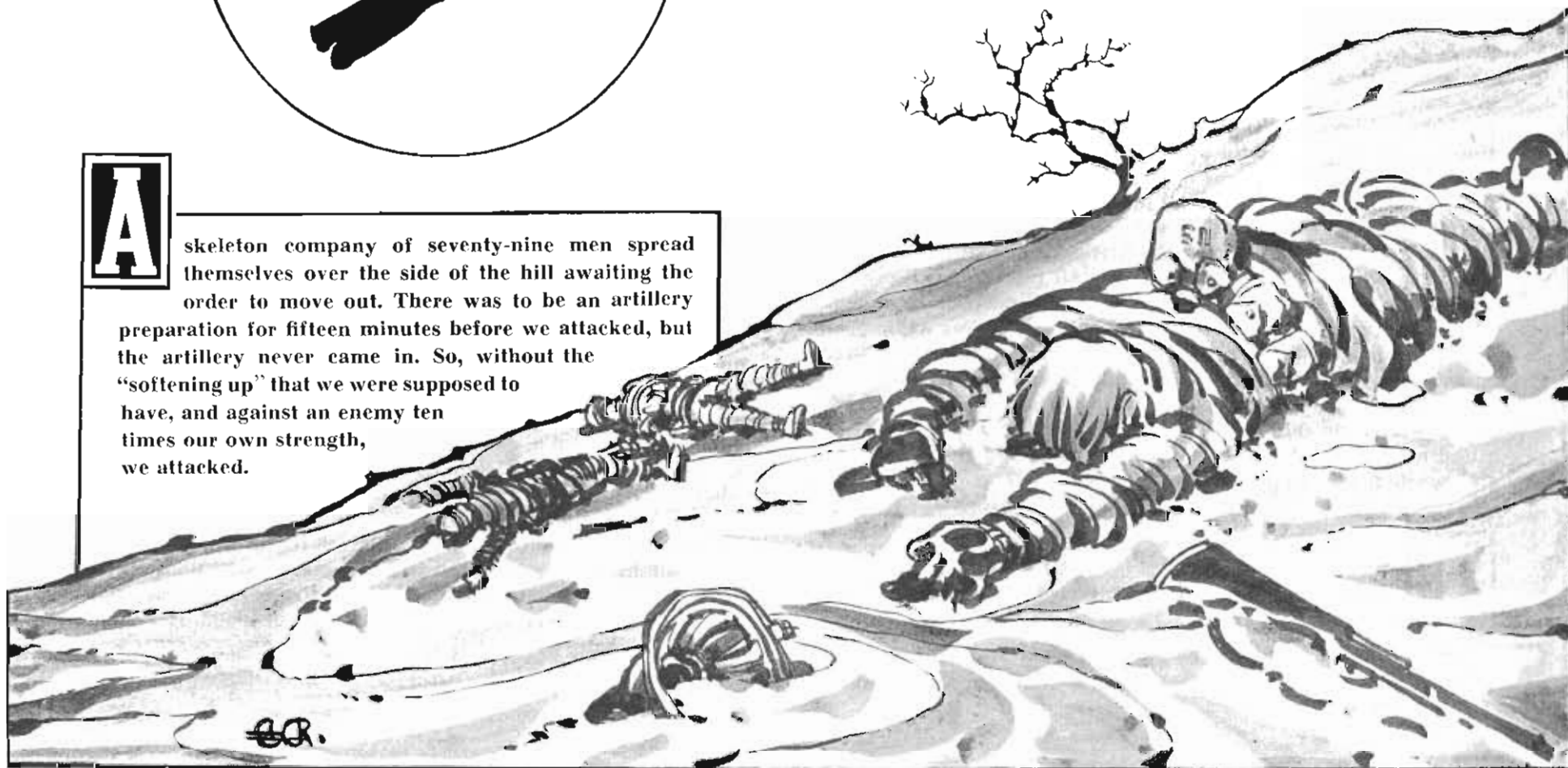
Capt. Smith called his platoon leaders together at his C.P. as soon as he returned, which was 1:30 o'clock in the morning. The Captain said before he started the details that he had tried every earthly means of getting the orders changed but that we could do nothing now but carry them out.

The situation was this. To our front a dense woods sheltered five companies of Jerries. There exact defense set-up we knew nothing about but at dawn we were to attack into the woods, take the high ground, and wait for "L" company to take the ground to our right front. Once this was done we would return to Glassenberg.

Suicide Hill.

A

skeleton company of seventy-nine men spread themselves over the side of the hill awaiting the order to move out. There was to be an artillery preparation for fifteen minutes before we attacked, but the artillery never came in. So, without the "softening up" that we were supposed to have, and against an enemy ten times our own strength, we attacked.



"The Attack"

It was on the morning of January 10, 1945, that "F" company was issued one of the most tragic orders in their combat experience. The order which was issued by their regimental commander, was that they'd attack the enemy's strong and well fortified positions on the outskirts of Lambach and Bitche, France.

The Captain oriented the platoon leaders and sergeants on how and when the attack was to take place and in return they oriented the men.

At 7:15 every man was heavily equipped with ammunition and other paraphernalia for a hard battle. Everyone was fully aware of what might possibly happen.

At daybreak the jump-off signal was given by the C.O. and the company started off quietly toward the enemy lines. The attack had been on for 15 minutes and we had gone about two-hundred yards when an enemy sniper started firing on the left front. A few minutes later some men from the company opened fire while running up on the enemy but there was no counter fire until several minutes later. A lot of commotion was heard from the enemy line, like one man hollering to another. During this time our C.O. called the artillery for a stiff concentration. For a little while everything was quiet until our artillery commenced firing effective fire on the enemy line. Immediately enemy bullets, grenades, mortars, and artillery were coming into our lines which started the real battle. During the firefight our artillery concentration was no longer effective. During all this our medics were running all over the battle-field taking care of our wounded men. After a while all our reserves were used and it was an impossibility to fight any longer, for the enemy had superiority of fire. A deadly cross fire on our left, we later found out caused a full platoon to be completely wiped out. Our C.O. was hit bad by artillery fire and our executive officer took over. The order to withdraw was given, and then the company reorganized a defensive position a few hundred yards back.

Bill Levesque



he second platoon led in a inverted "U" formation. The scouts from each squad were on line, Bloomberg, Johnson, and Mace. The middle squad was spread in a skirmish line and along with this front squad went Capt. Smith.

Everyone said that the "Ol' Man" must have thought this one was going to be tough because he was up with the point squad.

The third and first platoons followed the second and each platoon had a light machine-gun team assigned to them. Following the rifle platoons were the mortar men who were to be used as riflemen for flank protection. The last was company headquarters, giving additional fire support.

The push-off came at 8:45 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, January 10th. The sky was still hazy and we wanted to catch the Jerries napping...but no such luck!

About in the same area that Birchall's squad had been so badly shot-up, we hit sniper fire. Suddenly, all the Jerry strength was thrown at us. Bloomberg spotted the first Kraut and fired the first shot ... the shot that brought with it a torrent of enemy answering fire.

Twice in the Same Place

It was just breaking day when we started out. Everyone had an uneasy feeling that something was going to happen.

Our platoon moved out in the inverted "U" formation, on the right flank of the company. I was first scout of the third squad. We had gotten about 150 yards, I guess, when Bloomberg fired his rifle at a German. Things began to happen fast then. I saw a mound in front of me and jumped over a fallen tree and got down behind it to take cover. Whitey was right behind me and got behind the mound with me. About the time we got there, artillery started coming in.

A German burp gunner was about 25 yards out in front of Whitey and I fired a shot at him. I heard Whitey say something and looked at him. He didn't have his helmet on. I asked him what had happened and he said, "Get me my helmet, it's behind you." I reached behind with my foot and got the helmet. There was a bullet hole through both sides of it. He said it felt like some one hit him in the head with a board. Again White raised up to shoot and again a bullet went through his helmet. This time it cut his fatigue cap and drew a drop of blood. His helmet didn't even jump off that time.

Earnest Johnson



We had advanced a few more yards when Capt. Smith called back for the third platoon to work their way up on the left. Suddenly, Jerry "50's" burst on the ground and in the air above the Captain. He was hit in both legs and his right arm was badly severed. Snowden who was hit by the same shells, limped to the Captain and started giving him first-aid. A wireman from battalion was also hit and was treated and carried back soon after the Captain.

"Supporting the Third"

We were in the attack. Sgt. Wortman, Hart and myself were trying to support the 3rd platoon when a Jerry machine gun opened up on us. We lay behind the nearest trees while the bullets splattered around us. Tracer bullets were flying all over. Breathlessly we lay in the cold snow, and then the worst happened. Mortars, and artillery fire came in. We were in a hell of a fix. We crept and crawled until we reached some abandoned fox-holes where, at last, we found comparative safety.

John Miller

"Carrying the Wounded"

"The Captain's been hit!"

The speaker was Lt. Harry Smith, then a Sergeant, rushing back to get a litter. It came as shocking and depressing news to all of us, crouched there on that fateful morning of the "suicide attack". I joined Lt. Smith, Pykonen, Braman, "Slim" (the medic), and some others to help carry the Captain back on the litter.

It took about six men to carry him out. Captain Smith is a big man. Although seriously wounded, his display of courage was something to admire.

It was rough going for a while. We had to hit the ground twice, with the Captain on the litter, when a Jerry machine gun

opened up on us. I could see the tracers going right over our heads. The rough, hilly, and snowy terrain didn't help matters any.

We finally succeeded in getting the Captain back part of the way. We were joined by Johnson and Lippart. "Slim" administered morphine to the Captain. Then we continued on our way, finally putting Captain Smith on a jeep to be taken back to the Medics. We had lost our leader in battle and all of us felt the loss deeply.

We went back for the wireman, who had been wounded with the Captain when that first barrage came in. He was in great pain and kept crying out and praying to God.

"Just as long as he keeps yelling, he'll be O.K. I hope he doesn't stop talking," said Pykonen.

"That's O.K. soldier, yell your head off if you want! We're almost there."

There were many more casualties that day. It had been a "suicide attack", as we had predicted beforehand.

The company was relieved the following night. Approximately sixty men, led by Lt. Adams, who had taken over command of the company, came down off that fateful "Suicide Hill". Fox company men still talk about it. How could we ever forget it?

Bert Bless

Captain Smith

A soldier's soldier: courageous, enthusiastic, capable, and kind. Outwardly rugged, determined, and forceful. Within playful, sentimental, and thoughtful.

A rich endowment of spiritual beauty, the landscape, and reveries of his wife, contributed much to his pleasurable moments.

His abounding pride in his outfit was continuous, even after he was seriously wounded, his main concern was for the men with whom he had fought.

Yes, Captain Smith, you may have left us far behind many times with your long legged jaunts over road and mountain, but today we are with you, closer than ever wishing for your happiness and contentment.

"As I lay in the Snow"

Bullets flying, shells bursting, shrapnel whining, branches cracking, the rifle squads were in conflict. The fourth platoon was called to push up and hold the right flank with small arms. We made our way through the soft snow. As we approached the crest of the hill, an appalling sight befell us. Our Captain, always in our mind as being invulnerable, lay badly wounded in a stretcher and was being hurried back by litter bearers. Words were insignificant, and emotion and feeling played havoc with our minds.

But in battle you're not supposed to take time out to feel anything, I guess. We took our positions. Shells were exploding wildly in that indescribable cracking sound. We pressed our bodies close to the cold snow, and kept a tree in front of us for protection. One shell hit the tree I was behind. There was a deafening high-pitched burst that penetrated the woods and pierced my ear drums. I could feel the force of the disturbed air as it pushed past me. I looked about me, and there before my unbelieving eyes in the bright white snow, a ring of black powder encircled me. That to me will always be remembered as something directed by the hand of God.

Aldo Rubano



he second platoon worked it's way to the right as the third worked left; but neither could do much moving. The first tried to move forward but it was impossible; they simply held and fired.

"Two that Time"

Our squad was at the ridge of the hill on the left flank. We moved forward amidst small arms fire. Our squad was to take the high ground. We moved the squad in two's and three's, in leaps and bounds. I was at the front of the squad then, and I sighted the Jerries. The first I saw was about fifty yards away from me. I wasn't sure whether he was Jerry or not, so I kept an eye on him. Then he rose and started infiltrating towards me. He stopped inbetween two trees and began looking around. I was just at the top of the hill behind foliage; I aimed and fired. I gave him a whole clip just to make sure. He was my first

Jerry. After that there was a quick return, and a bullet whizzed by me. I looked off to my right and saw a Jerry duck behind some bushes. I couldn't see him, but knowing he was there, I fired rapidly into the shrubbery. He took off damn quick. Seeing him, I let him have another clip, he didn't get far!

Calvin Lester



n the meantime casualties were running high. Lt. Adams had taken charge of the company and had called back for "81" support which never came.

For an endless hour we were pounded, and each man wondered when his turn was coming. The medics worked speedily and bravely to help the wounded. Medvin, after being wounded himself gave first-aid to one of the men. He was running to another man when he was hit again. He treated this man, struggled to his feet and was downed by burp-gun fire. The red cross on his arm stood out brightly against the snow; yet the Germans cared nothing for what it stood for. And many men remember seeing Reilly lying there in the snow painfully thumbing through his bullet riddled Bible.

Barney had been shot by a burp-gunner early in the battle and Bloomberg in an effort to get back to him was also hit. Lt. Hannigan, attempting to let his men fall back under his own covering fire, was hit; turning and looking back at Pondo, Hannigan shook his head and slid into the snow.

"The Serenade"

We were in the attack, and I was trying to get to the machine gun with two boxes of ammo. We got pinned down. All I had was a "45" pistol, and couldn't even get that out of my holster. I lay behind a little-bitty tree about six inches thick, and a burp gun was playing a merry tune on the tree trunk. It sounded like "The Woodpecker's Serenade", but I was too scared to sing! The order came to withdraw and I and Wortman were the last to go. We ran between mortar shells and burp gun fire, and finally joined up with the 4th platoon. We were mighty happy to pull through!

Robert Hart

Medvin

Late in November, when Fox Company received its first group of replacements, Medvin joined us. Seemingly rather quiet at first, he soon dropped this reserve and became more talkative. His favorite topic of conversation was his Mother and Father and home in general. Medvin was a medic, which seemed only natural, as he had been interested in medicine for quite some time. To him, his job was more than a mere assignment. He made this quite clear by his gallant actions on "Suicide Hill", for it was there that he, after having been wounded himself, continued to give first aid to the other wounded until he was finally stopped by enemy fire.

Barney

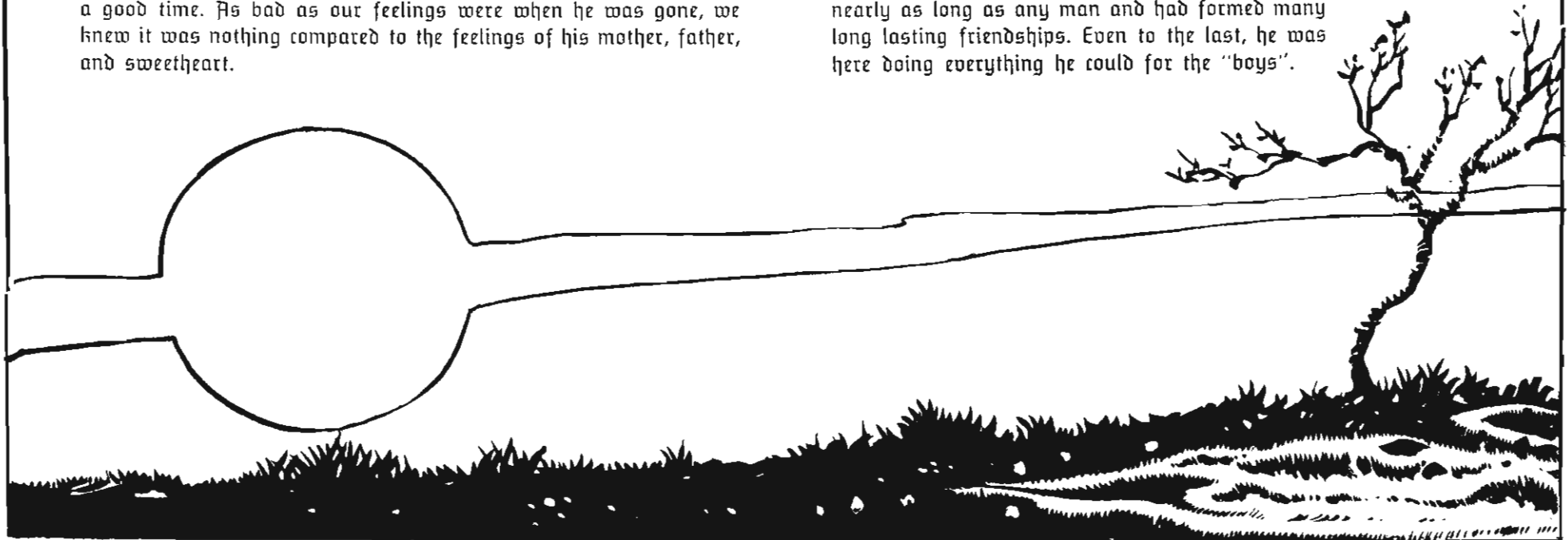
Back in New Foundland where Barney had been stationed so long, "Dot" waited for him. Everyone that knew Barney, had heard of "Dot" and had heard of the Mother and Dad back home... who seemed to be the most perfect folks in the world. To say that he did everything that could be done for the boys in his squad isn't enough; he argued for them, complained for them, and in the end he died for them. Barney didn't care if the whole world was against him as long as his squad wanted him and liked him... and they did, every last man in it. He laughed, joked and knew how to have a good time. As bad as our feelings were when he was gone, we knew it was nothing compared to the feelings of his mother, father, and sweetheart.

Bloomberg

He didn't go out of his way to impress you but gradually as you knew him, you liked him. Back in South Dakota was a dry-cleaning establishment, that he wanted to go back and help his Dad and Mother with. Most of all, he wanted to play baseball... and he was exceptionally good at it. For all his ability it never occurred to him to feel superior. He was just one of the boys. He could sing, and he liked it; most of the time the song-fests of the second platoon were instigated by him. When earnest straight-forward fellows like Bloomberg are lost... and the world in so much need for them... the futility of wars is impressed upon our minds for a long, long time.

Lt. Hannigan

Hannigan was a tough masterfull sergeant whose fairness and love for his men was almost idealistic. He didn't mince words, but when you were dressed-down by Hannigan you sort of felt you deserved it. As platoon sergeant he saw service with the first and second platoons, and when his commission came was made the platoon leader of the third. Every man that has ever served under him, has liked him. He had been in the company nearly as long as any man and had formed many long lasting friendships. Even to the last, he was here doing everything he could for the "boys".





huck" Johnson ran back and forth giving covering fire to the second platoon as they fell back...but many of the second were still out there.

"Withdraw"

The attack had started, Captain Smith had been wounded, and most of the company was already pinned down when word was sent back for the first platoon to move up on the line. Church and I were together, and we soon found ourselves up near the left flank of the second platoon with Curbo and Ripper. Though the bullets were kicking up the snow all around me, I couldn't see a single Jerry, but that didn't keep me from throwing as much lead as I could in their direction. The mortar shells were coming in in groups of threes and it seemed as if they were landing right on top of us. Each time we would look up expecting to find that the last shells had gotten the others and were relieved to see them look at us, knowing that the same thing was in their minds. Then came the order to pull back, and you could see the relief on everyone's face, but you knew at the same time that they were not only happy that they had come through all right, but that they were feeling bad about having to leave their dying buddies.

Vernon Sherman



he first count of the company showed ten wounded, twenty-one missing. But things were happening so fast that this check could not be certain.

Van Duren climbed into the C.P. dugout with the news that nine men of the second were pinned down in a big hole to the front and couldn't leave because Sgt. Smith, who was with them, was wounded and couldn't walk. There had to be a litter taken to them, so "Van" and "Phillips, the Medic" volunteered. Under cover of smoke they made the daring rescue.

Nine Men in a Hole

When the order for retreat was given on "Suicide Hill", Whitey and I started back and passed a big hole without a cover over it. It was pretty long and about four feet wide. In the hole we discovered there were more of our guys. Sgt. Smith was wounded and there were four others with him.

The mortars were still coming in and some shooting was still going on. As it was good cover, we got in the hole. It was about twenty five yards from a Jerry machine-gun that Lt. Lonsberg had knocked out with hand grenades. Jack Van Duren went back with the medic to get a stretcher. The firing ceased, but the medic and Van couldn't get back because of the sniper and machine guns that fired whenever anything moved. It was quiet and we couldn't move around, except while down in the hole; we couldn't expose ourselves for fear of the Jerries crawling up and putting grenades in the hole. They evidently didn't know we had stayed there. We counted up, and there were nine of us, not including the medic and Van.

Everything was quiet with only an occasional mortar shell or artillery. We had two men on guard all the time at each end of the hole. Then the guys began smoking! They smoked all the cigarettes they could find and then smoked butts. The quietness was terrible, for at any minute we expected a German to discover we were there. White was on guard at one end of the hole, when some German got out of his hole and started talking and chopping wood. He looked directly at White, but White wasn't sure if the guy had seen him or not. He just froze there, not moving. If he had, we would have been all killed or had to fight it out. Finally, the Jerry looked away; White ducked down and still no one had discovered us.

We were waiting for the cover of darkness before going back to our own lines. Lt. Lonsberg and some of the guys started fixing a make-shift stretcher to carry Smitty on. By taking the slings off the rifles and strapping them together we hoped to carry him in. I was on guard at the other end of the hole, when I saw a German coming up the road leading past the hole. I slid down in the hole and just froze there...afraid he would see me and give the alarm. He looked right in the hole at me and I thought he had seen me. To this day, I can't figure out why he didn't see

me. He walked away, toward our lines, until some one shot at him. He crawled back past me but I didn't dare shoot him, for it would have given our position away.

For a couple of hours we sweated there and then someone started dropping smoke in front of us. We didn't know who was responsible, but it turned out it was our mortars, trying to help us out. The medic was directing their fire and the smoke was landing perfect. Some of the rounds hit 15 yards in front of us.

Soon Van and the medic emerged from the mist with a stretcher and they got Smitty tied to it. We all took off. We were very happy to be alive. The gang thought we were killed because we hadn't come back when the company withdrew.

Ernest Johnson and Jack Van Duren

When the rest of the boys from the second saw their buddies alive and well, some bursted out crying and others said short prayers under their breath. From these men we learned that Lt. Lonsberg, Mace and Kofod had knocked out a Jerry machine-gun nest, which undoubtedly saved many men that would have been caught under it's fire.

At 4 o'clock "I" company's C.O. ordered Lt. Adams to put one of our machine guns to their front and center. This spot was covered by enemy sniper fire and Murray was shot through the neck while moving the gun into position.

"Get that Machine gun!"

Murray and myself where setting up our machine gun in front of "I" company's left flank. Sniper fire was heavy, and Murray was the victim of a well aimed round. He was hit in the neck. We both left the gun. Sometime later, I was called to retrieve the abandoned machine gun, but sniper fire was too much, and I at first couldn't make it. Soon it became urgent to use the weapon in a defensive position, so I was called on to bring the gun back at all costs. Despite the sniper fire, Hart and myself ran like hell towards the gun. Many times we hit the ground, as bullets whined past us. I made a dash for the gun, grabbed it, plus a box

of ammo, and took off with the load as if it was a water pistol! I stopped along side of Hart, and he snatched the ammo and took off like a ruptured duck! I started off behind him, but my foot hooked up in a fallen tree. I struggled fiercely to get loose. Meanwhile my pants were getting damp! Then mortar shells began pouring in. Greetings! With this inducement I broke loose from my bonds, and like a "bat out of hell", I passed Hart as if he was standing still! We finally made it to a slit trench, rested awhile, and then made our way back to Wortman.

Roy Petrell



t sun-down fifty-six men were left out of the seventy-nine that started the attack. Only four men now composed the third platoon; Pondo, Walsh, Skiba and Easton. It seemed only a matter of time until all of us would be wounded or killed. Of the original company of one-hundred and ninety-three men, there were only fifty-six still on line...and we had been fighting for only two months!

"After the Fighting"

After the fighting had died down, we dug in against the expected counter-attack and waited. Nothing had happened by sunset, so Rebolledo and I moved to other holes for the night. I was squeezed in with two headquarters men who were sent up as reinforcements. A dead G.I. had just been removed from our hole and was lying beside the entrance, it was hell to see that poor boy lying there.

All through the evening and night wounded men who had been cut off between the lines would cry out, "Medic" or some buddy's name. It was rough to recognize a friend's voice and be able to do nothing except yell encouragement and directions.

Suicide Hill was without a doubt "F" company's bloodiest battle, and will always be remembered by those who went through it. Nor will we ever forget the heroic acts of the boys who didn't come back to Glassenberg with us the next night.

Gail L. Tuttle

Suddenly, from across "No Man's Land" came the wailing voice of a man in distress. We were tense with excitement and hope. Every five minutes or so we'd hear his voice... nearer and nearer. We couldn't go out and get him, for such an action would surely bring mortar fire and machine-gun fire on him. So we waited... waited... and waited. Then like a bolt from Heaven we heard him only a few yards in front of us yell, "Capt. Smith, Lt. Lonsberg, Lt. Hannigan!" At this, a couple of the boys dashed out and assisted the wounded man up the hill... Stebing!

He was as happy to see us as we were him, but he was stiff with pain and utter fatigue. But he controlled himself long enough to tell his story.

He had seen five machine gun emplacements while lying wounded on the field, and the woods were thick with Krauts. Not knowing what to do or to expect he laid there while a Jerry

came out of the woods, bent over him, and fired a pistol directly at his heart. The Kraut had missed the heart in this case, but Stebing had watched him go from one wounded to another committing the same horrible crime on each of them. But, for some unknown reason, he halted at one man, called out a Jerry litter team and carried one of our boys off the field. Who this was Stebing didn't know.

The day ended with the following men wounded in action; Herman, Auten, Ference, Murray, Faw, McClenahan, Thomas, Snowden, Capt. Smith, T/Sgt Smith, and Stebing. Those missing in action were; Lt. Hannigan, Zarabet, Reilly, Stubrick, Castillo, Medvin, Barney, Bloomberg, and Kidd. These were our buddies; we had shared their dreams, their ideals. At first we couldn't realize they were really gone, but slowly the pangs of loneliness reminded us that these close friends could never fulfill their dreams or live to their ideals. Some of us tried to write letters to the parents and wives of our closer buddies, but couldn't because the hurt was too deep.

Zarabet

A tense serious minded fellow was left out on the field in front of our positions, when we withdrew from "Suicide Hill". He was Joe Zarabet and everyone remembers him sticking to his job, no matter how hard it became. When he was called on to do something, he complained from the first but stuck to the job until it was finished. Now he has an obstacle to overcome, he might complain a little, but will come through we know he will.

Kidd

Being one of a group of boys in the company that made it his business to see that everyone was getting plenty of fun out of life, Kidd held his own when it came to the joke making. He could see the funny side of a miserable situation and soon have all around him feeling better. His casual cheerfulness won the friendship of everyone from the "Ol' Man" down to the last replacement on line. Sometimes, we think of Kidd and of his easygoing, friendly ways and a faint smile will cross our lips, but then we'll remember why he isn't with us anymore and our disgust for war will be redoubled.

Castillo

Ramon, on the reserved side, was rather hard to get to know. He was a quiet, serious minded boy, but nevertheless, enjoyed a good laugh... He followed death of his best buddy, Claude King by a couple of days...

Stubrick

Stubrick joined the company overseas, and to the fellows of his own platoon he appeared to be somewhat hard to make friends with. This cloak of reserve prevented anyone from really knowing Stubrick well, since he was with us only a short while. But his actions on January 10th proved to us what a gallant soldier he was. When we went into the attack, Stubrick, with his B.A.R., was on the left flank. He fought courageously that day, but when we were forced to withdraw from the attack he was "missing in action".



R

ifles, ammunition, and hot chow were brought up Thursday morning. Before noon we had orders to move back... we had been replaced by "A" company of the 399th. At dusk the change was to take place.

In Glassenberg that evening we picked up our packs and

bedrolls. The men laughed and talked loudly attempting to conceal the deep feeling in each one's heart.

Finally, by truck we rolled into Petit-Redersching. We stayed in an old school house, ate a delicious supper and spent hours talking and just being friendly to one another. The company seemed closer that night than any other because we had come through a terrible thing together.



And then We Slept Warm

It was well after dark when they finally came in. There wasn't much I could say, but I managed a, "Glad to see ya, fellows". A couple of them nodded, but nobody said much. They still were looking back to see if they could see anything, and had their heads cocked as one does when listening for artillery. They had moved fast two days ago when they went up to the hill leaving their packs, and bed rolls behind. Now as they picked their equipment up, you could see them relax a bit.

After marching for about an hour, we loaded on trucks headed for the rear. We were all safe now, but still no one spoke. About an hour later, we entered an old school house. The kitchen personnel had fixed up a room with a couple of stoves in it. The whole company got into that room and even had space to spare. Hot chow would come in about an hour's time.

As we lay there on the straw, I began thinking over the last two days and how I, by the grace of God, had been chosen to

stay back to guard our supplies. At the time I was thankful, for it was my first rest, but later, when the casualties started coming in, I felt sort of guilty. I sat in the corner and listened to the M.I.A. reports being read. I found out some of my best buddies had been killed.

I had seen friends get killed before, but to sit down and hear reports come in, is something different. You feel so helpless, there is nothing you can do but think, and remember.

The kitchen crew brought chow up for a full strength company, but in the two days, we had lost half of our men. So everybody had more than enough to eat. Now everyone was talking, and some even, laughing at how scared they were. We all felt warm, when we went to bed that night. Yes, Fox company was warm when they went to sleep in a one room school-house, somewhere in Alsace.

John Chynoweth

A

march to Betteviller on Friday brought us to the last town before we entered Goetzenbruck. In Betteviller we ate "ten-in-one" rations and lived like kings. Showers, shaves and haircuts were just a few of the luxuries every man had in this village.

On Saturday Lt. Horler, Marcum and Cleland were called to the regiment to be decorated with the Bronze Star...our first citations.

At first some of the men were out in holes but on Sunday Lt. Haight, our new C.O., obtained permission to let the second platoon come back into town. Immediately "Ski" was at the stoves cooking up wonderful meals.

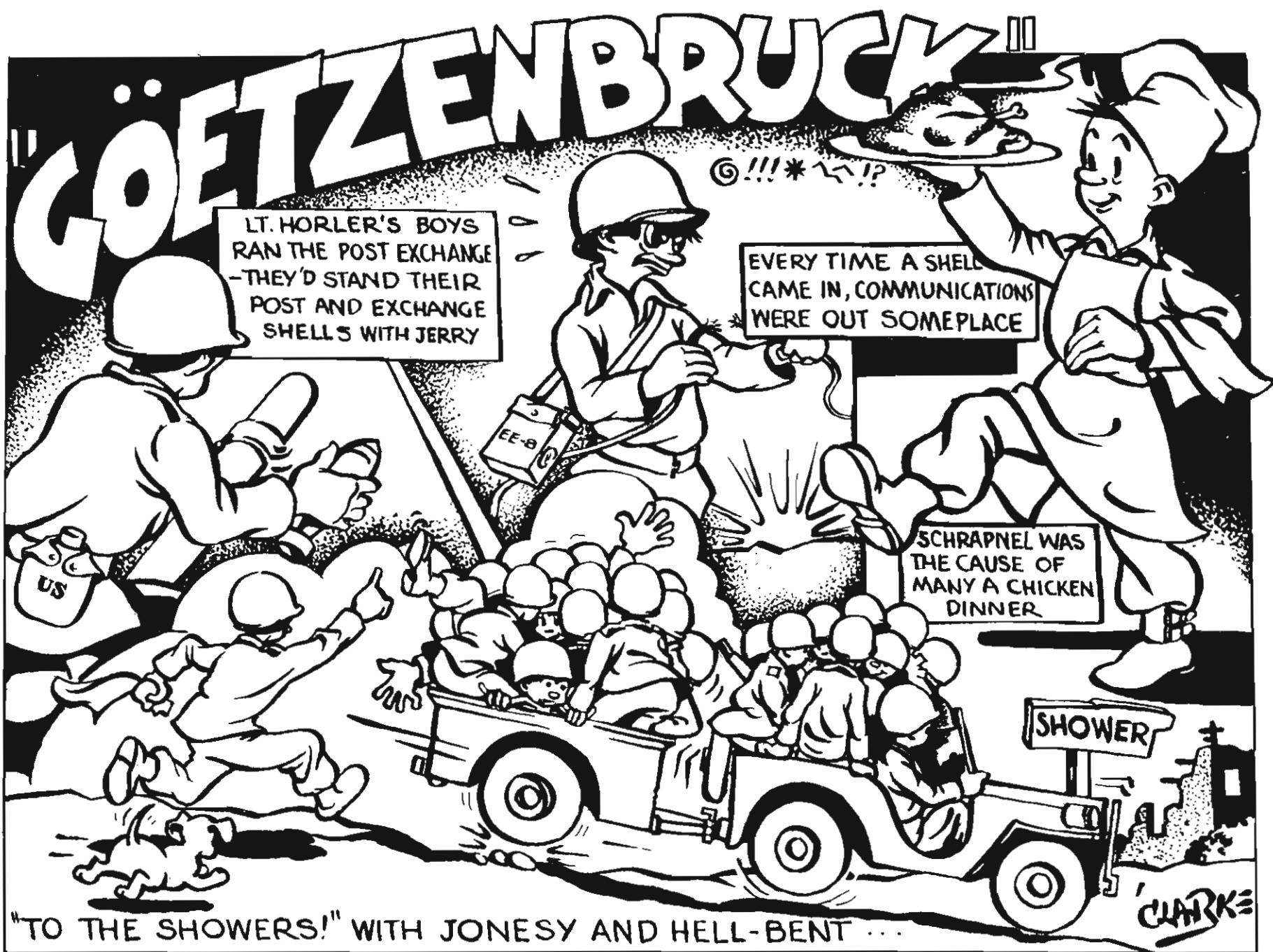
St. Laurent took out the first night patrol...reported all was quiet. Curbo took out the second patrol...still all was quiet. Lt.

Kanter lead a third patrol and Kirchman, a fourth. On Kirchman's patrol an enemy patrol was spotted and were dispersed by Easy company's mortars. Lt. Lonsberg took the last patrol out, stayed all night, had a small fire fight with the enemy, and returned safely.

We stayed in Betteviller until Friday, January 19th. While there we were paid, given our Combat Infantry Badges, and also a chance to rest up. But when we left we were one man short for Nichols had been wounded and carried back to the aid-station.

We moved back to Petit-Rederching and the first night, slept in the same school house. A B-17 was forced down while we were there and the bombardier parachuted into our area. Here we saw our first movie in Europe, "Follow the Boys". We left Monday, our destination Goetzenbruck.







The Awakening

Ernie Pyle, in tribute to the American Doughboy, wrote, "There is nothing I know in civilian life that can compare with the life, suffering and death of the Combat Infantryman." Truer words were never spoken, yet, on that glorious day when the last shot has been fired and right will have triumphed over might, I'm sure every Infantryman will feel that he would not take a million for his experiences, although he would not go through it again for a million!

As civilians, living in a complex and materialistic world with our minds in moral fogs, occupied with values that filled our stomachs and starved our souls, we gave little or no thought to the real purpose of life. Suddenly we were selected and before we could catch our breath, we were on our way across the Pond; tears shed when you said "Good-bye" had hardly dried when you realized that now only memories remained. Yes, it all happened so fast and furious that it was difficult to believe you were now at the front and in the Infantry.

That first tight spot you were in, you'll never forget the expression in your buddy's face and the feeling inside, you prayed like everyone else and managed to sweat it out. You were more fortunate than others and came out of it all right ... but a changed man. You realized how life ... the most precious thing on earth ... could easily and quickly be taken away.

You loved this green earth with the sun and sky. You thought of home and loved ones, of summer vacations and Sunday afternoon drives, of friends and fireside chats, of sweet music and the warmth of a woman's smile ... your heart was lifted. You felt a new bond of friendship toward your buddies, you had found a new source of courage and inspiration. Yes, through your suffering and sacrifice, the selfishness within you was consumed and the greatness of the human soul set free.

C. F. Cinquegrana

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 Kantez





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





In 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



Even 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.

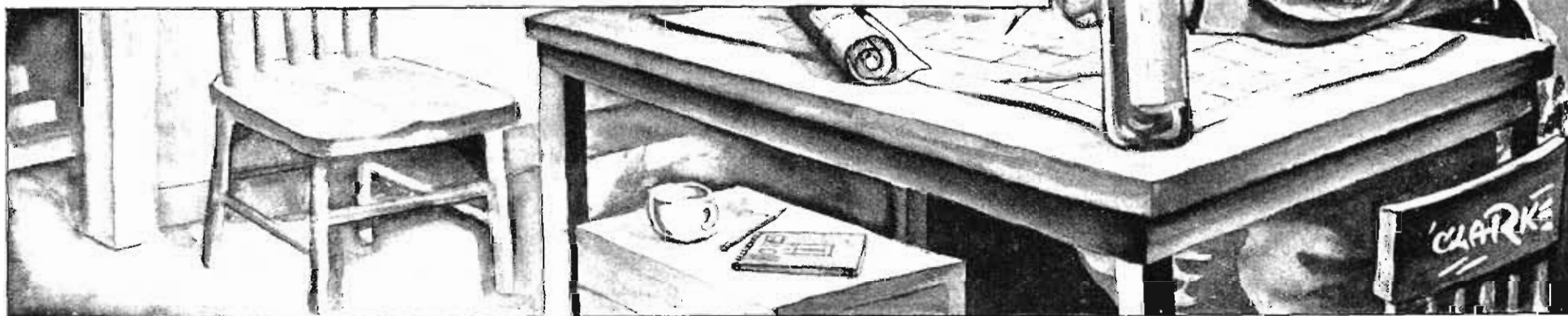
Precision Bombing

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?

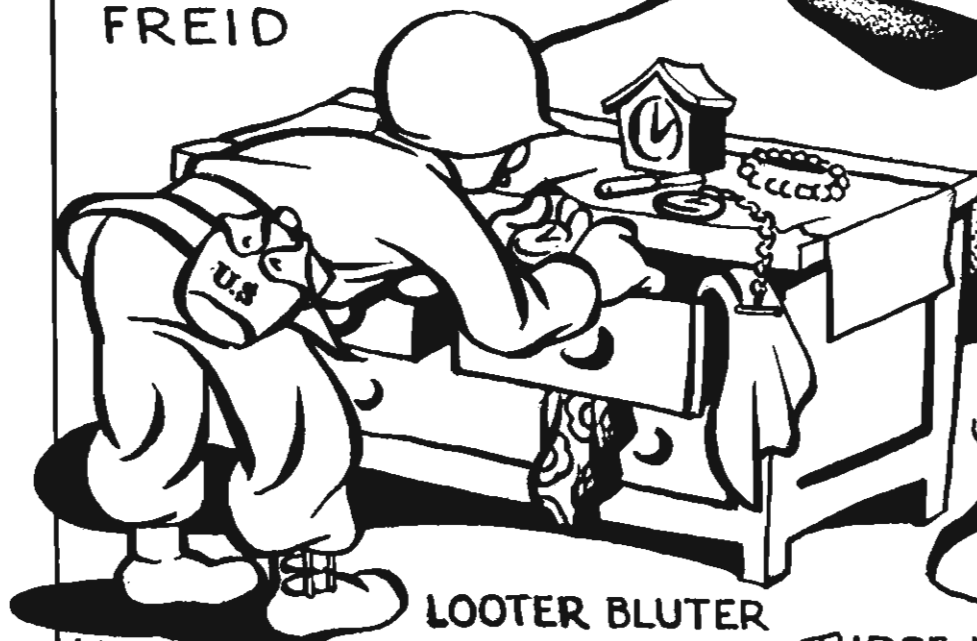


BERNARD
"GHOW"
FREID

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, clumpaty clump, clumpaty 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

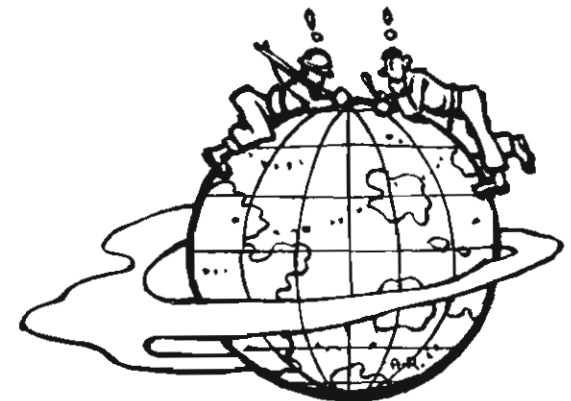
It was a clear moonlight night, one of the few we had in the town of Goetzenbruck. I was on the "O.P." that night and all was very quiet. I was about ready to think that this was to be a peaceful night. I had been on guard about ten or fifteen minutes when out from the shadows behind the Kraut dugouts, 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

ER.



"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.

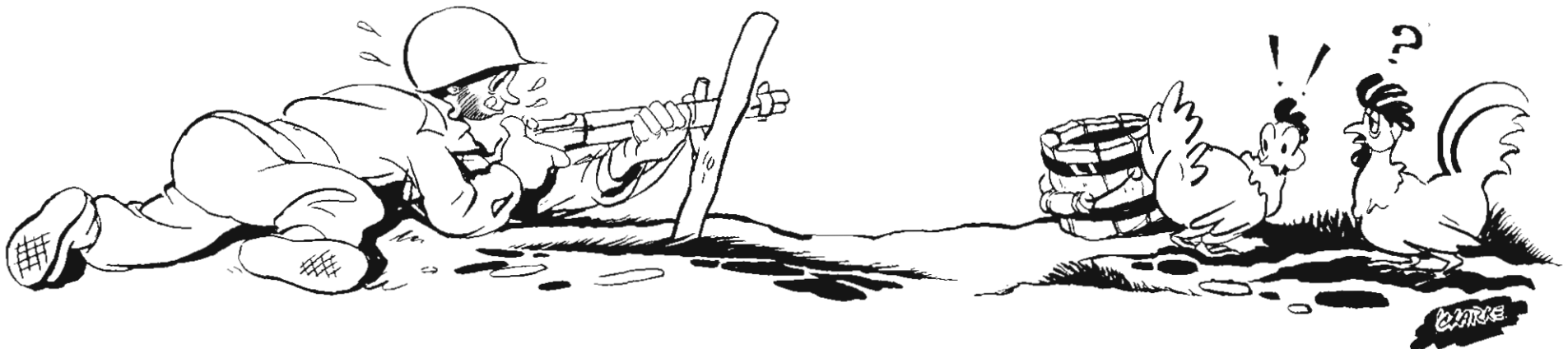
Incidentally, I can not remember if Petrell salvaged the tail feather or gave it to the woman as a souvenir!

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



Bitch

2nd Battle of

One day in the first part of March came the order everyone by this time was expecting. "Send down a quar-
tering party" ... Almost to the man, everyone knew what this meant ... rest ... going back for our long
awaited rest. It would be our first actual time off line since we hit combat on Nov. 1st. Over 140 days of
sweating out death; scared to walk off narrow, wooded paths for fear of mines; your body tense and hearing strained
when the wind would whistle through the trees like a "comin' in shell". Rest, at last. A wonderful word. Time to write
those letters that you couldn't before, time to take a decent shower and change of clothes, time to eat, time to sleep
and sleep ...

Nine o'clock on the morning of March 12th found "F" company's men waiting for their relieving outfit... "G" com-
pany 5th Infantry Regiment, 71st Division. Through them, we saw what we must have looked like to the boys of the 45th
Division when we relieved them in November. Soldiers with clean faces — G.I.'s loaded down with excess equipment —
faces that reflected apprehension, bewilderment and fear. To be moving back instead of forward, and on trucks at that,
was certainly a wonderful feeling!

Relief at Last

I could hardly believe the news when it came down
over the "EE8" at Goetzenbruck that we were finally
going to be relieved. When I broke the news to my boys,
there were a lot of smiling faces and doubtful opinions
expressed, because we had been fooled before. The
gathering together of equipment after a month's stay in

one place was an all-day job. It was hard to realize the
amount of junk each man had collected.

Then the process of burying all the material that we
could not carry began. Freid and Rubano had bed rolls
that they were just able to carry. When they found out
the rolls were to go by truck, the loot really started to
appear. The fourth platoon alone had enough stuff to
fill one trailer. There was a big argument as to who was

going to carry the chicken that we had acquired by moonlight requisition. When being relieved by another outfit, it is the policy to exchange base plates for the mortars. Vampotic did a real job this time by swapping a couple of old rusty ones for new ones and the boys were happy because this meant they would not have to clean them.

The advance party for the 71st Division finally arrived. All the troops, "green to combat", were carrying everything but the kitchen sink on their backs. After talking awhile with them, we went out to inspect the positions. A few mortar shells came in and this new officer said, "What the Hell is that?". Of course, all of us, trying to act brave, said, "That's just a few mortar shells. You'll soon get used to that". He replied, "I'm not so sure about that!" That night, we had a long talk about this new outfit relieving us and we could not realize that at one time we too looked the same way.

Lt. Thomas W. Hoelzer

"Relief"

We got quite a few little inward laughs at the way the squad who relieved us took over. The squad leader listened attentively to our description of the barbed wire, trip flares, and booby traps we had set, the guard situation, etc., then made out a guard list and posted it on the door.

It was pitch black when the outpost was finally relieved and all our men were together. We set out for the second platoon C.P. where we waited the rest of the squads. It seems that Jerry certainly was not asleep, for he started raining mortar shells just when our boys were coming back from the outpost, catching them in the open; luckily, nobody was hit, although they came close.

Finally when the entire platoon was assembled at the C.P., we left to join the rest of the company on the highway. The first squad was leading, and we were through the town and into the field when the Krauts came to life again. Without any warning enemy "88's" started whistling in. Caught in the open as we were, there were only two things to do, either hit the ground and sweat them out, or try to make it to the highway

and shelter by splurges. I chose the former, and rolled over into a rut about three inches deep in the cowpath and lay there sweating them out and wishing that the damned hole was deeper. It was so dark, I couldn't see any of the other members of the squad, but supposed they were around somewhere. When a lull in the shelling quieted things a bit, I called for Millsaps, but no answer. After trying several more times, I gave it up and was just beginning to start groping around for his corpse, when I heard Rip call from the highway. Heading that way, the first man I saw was Chynoweth feeling around for his helmet. After locating it, we joined the rest of the squad in a stable by the highway and counted noses. Everyone was there. At first we couldn't find Ignacio, but discovered that there was so much mud on his face that he just could not be distinguished in the dark. It seems that first Fann and then Ches had fallen on top of him in the mad dash for safety. A quick showdown indicated two parkas, one overcoat, and one helmet as "battle losses". But I think we all felt that we came out ahead in the long run.

Enright

"New Men"

As we sat around in our houses in Goetzenbruck waiting for the new division to come in and relieve us, we talked about what they would probably be like. It was hard to believe we were going to be taken off the lines. After so many bitter disappointments before, there certainly was more than one "doubting Thomas" on this subject.

When, around seven at night, they finally marched in, our dreams of rest started to look like they would actually materialize. The men, new to combat, were "all eyes and ears". Everything, naturally enough, was strange to them and they were eager to learn. Their faces, clean and well shaven, reflected the fear and doubt every man feels when first entering combat.

Later that night, when we marched out of Goetzenbruck to waiting trucks at Soucht, everybody let out a mental sigh of relief. At last, we were going back for our long awaited rest!

Richard Gabriel



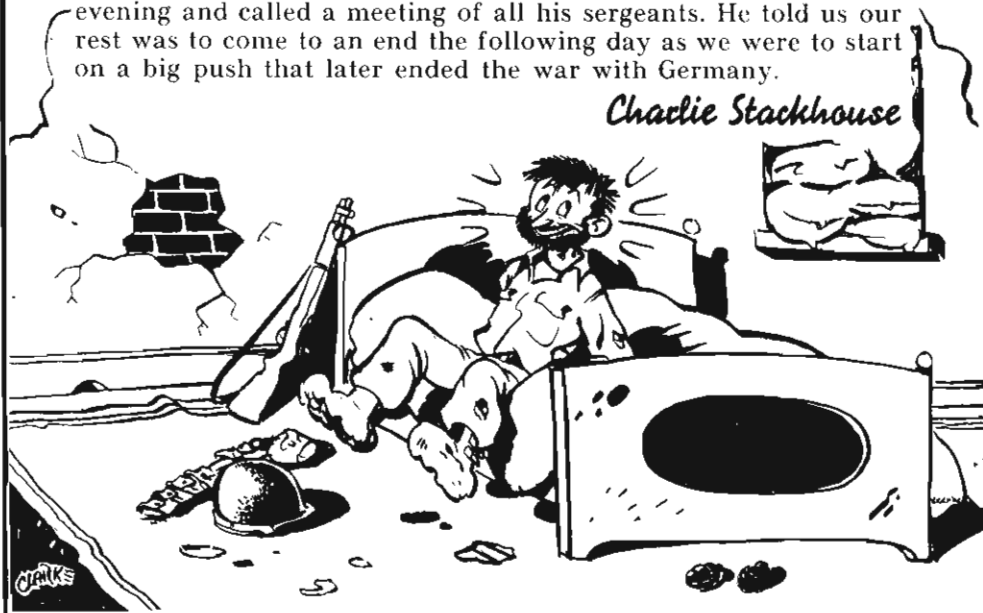
n March 13th, after a quartering party had picked out the best available houses and the kitchen and supply room had been set up, the company moved into Zollingen. Clean clothes, showers, movies, mail. Late afternoon found everything going along smoothly and then it happened.

"From Foxholes to Feather Beds"

By midnight of March 12th, the company had arrived at the quaint French town of Zollingen. Their quarters were well picked out by a quartering party which had left the line the day before.

The next morning, after a good peaceful sleep, the men started straggling toward the kitchen barn. By the time twenty five or thirty men reached the kitchen for their breakfast, the farmers, who were watering their cattle at the town trough, began to realize they had American soldiers among them and moved to welcome them. After chow, the men began looking over the village and enjoying the bright warm sun. Meanwhile, I went to our Service company, which was located in Sarre Union, to pick up clean clothing and equipment. I then spoke to Lt. Adams, who later became Captain, about going to Sarreburg and get some athletic equipment and whatever else I could get to help make our rest period more pleasant. While in Sarreburg, I made arrangements with the 7th Army Baker Company to bake us some cakes. There were to be ready in three days. When I returned to Zollingen I learned that Lt. Adams was at a company commanders meeting. He returned around six o'clock that evening and called a meeting of all his sergeants. He told us our rest was to come to an end the following day as we were to start on a big push that later ended the war with Germany.

Charlie Stackhouse



he company commander was called to a meeting. When he came back, the platoon leaders, 1st sergeant, supply and mess sergeants went into a meeting at the C.P. behind closed doors. Late the night of the 13th, the platoon leaders brought back the unwelcome news that we were jumping off with the 7th Army's initial push. The divisions objective: Fortress city of Bitche. A second crack at the city that never before had fallen. It all sounded good on paper, but the men were far from pleased.

Zollingen

We all know what it is to get a rest when you need it. During our long defense, we had had hopes many times of being relieved and of getting a rest. Finally, after a seemingly endless wait, we moved back to Zollingen.

When I arrived, the advance party had already gotten acquainted and were gradually becoming accustomed to living beyond the reach of enemy artillery.

About two in the morning, the company moved in to enjoy some hot coffee and a night of unmolested sleep for the first time since we had gone into the line.

The next day found the men engaged in such diversions as baseball, fishing and going to the movies. Also greatly appreciated were the regimental showers, which were set up close by. Mail call brought eight bags of mail with at least one box or letter for practically everyone.

Then it came. All the company commanders were called to a meeting at the battalion C.P. Almost immediately, everyone in the company knew that something was in the making. It was not very long before Lt. Adams returned with the facts. We were to jump off at 0500 on March 15th.

The platoon leaders, supply and mess sergeants, and myself were assembled around a table covered with maps and aerial photos. The tension was very great. For five solid hours we went over every phase of the operation, for the second battle of Bitche.

Before we pushed off the following morning, I was entrusted with over a dozen envelopes filled with miscellaneous items that the men wanted me to hold for them.

Personally, I was not looking forward to a lovely day and neither was Lt. Adams. I do not ever remember seeing him so worried as he was that day. In fact, I do not believe anyone was exactly looking forward to it, but as the company moved out to attack Bitche for the second time, success seemed inevitable.

B. Hucley

T

he morning of March 14th, after an excellent breakfast, was spent test firing our weapons and drawing all needed ammunition. The company moved to a rear assembly area shortly after noon chow. The afternoon was spent getting oriented on the next couple of days activities and resting up for the same. At one o'clock in the morning, after hot coffee and sandwiches, the company moved forward with Lt. Adams in the lead. It was a clear night and the units on our left, the 3rd and 45th Divisions, were moving. The artillery increased its fire until the time for their jump off which was scheduled for two o'clock. At 5:30, after marching continually, we arrived at our forward assembly area which was in the woods at the right of the French barracks. We stayed there trying to get a little rest. Rain and cold made this next to impossible. At 8:00 we moved out with Easy company in the lead, followed by George and then Fox. We hadn't advanced over 1000 yards when "G" company was held up. Jerry must have thought we were the forward company because they started throwing in plenty of mortar fire, 88's and rockets. The company secured what defilade they could from the ditches along side the dirt road. We had two casualties when, Freid and Clifford got hit by schrapnel.

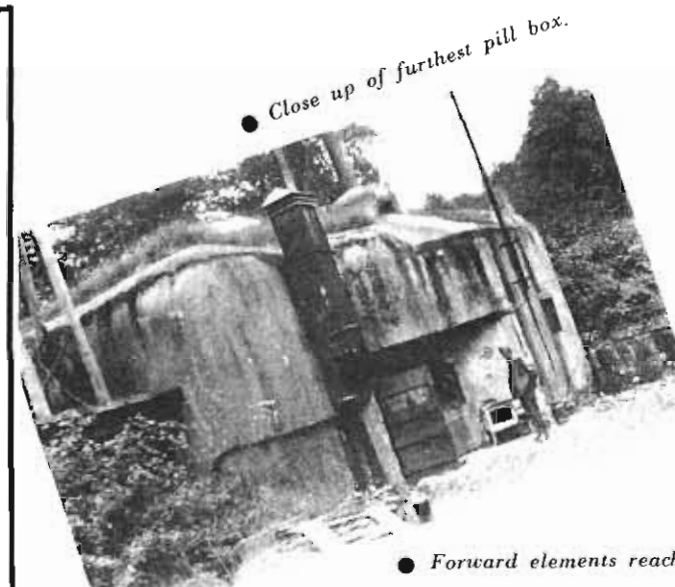
From Head to Foot

The beginning of the Bitche attack was not too tough.

The Jerries did not see us until we came out of the woods and were going down a dirt road. As the company cleared the woods, one man behind the other, it all began. For most of us, it was the first time we had heard rocket shells coming in. The only cover we could get was a ditch, about two feet deep, along the left side of the road. No one hesitated to jump into the ditch and lay down, and I do mean flat! I know I was so close to the ground, my nose was buried well into the hard surface of the earth. The rockets and mortar shells were coming in all around us. We were so close together that each man's head was touching the next man's feet, from one end of the company to the other.

The troops stayed there in the ditch at least two hours in the very same positions and conditions. Barrage of mortars and rockets came in constantly. Several men were hit. Two, only about eight feet from me, were wounded badly. With the care and protection of God, no one was killed.

Andrews

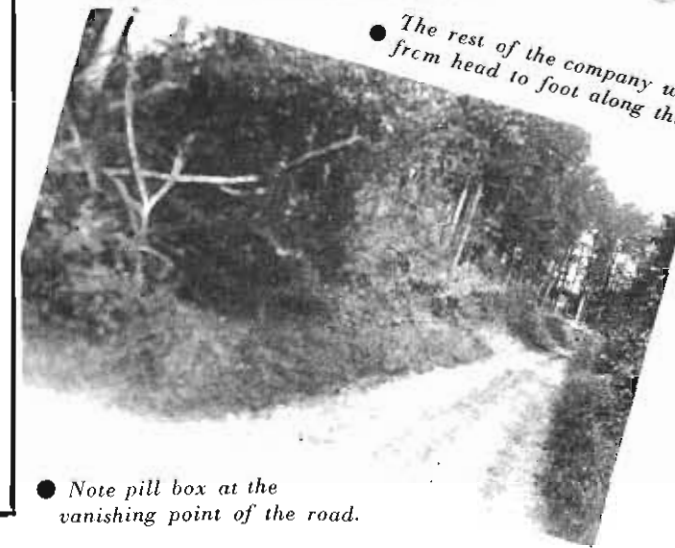


● Close up of furthest pill box.

● Forward elements reached here



● The rest of the company was lined from head to foot along this road.



● Note pill box at the vanishing point of the road.

A

fter some more "sweating out", "G" company moved forward and we followed up. Down the road, up a steep wooded incline, and across a very exposed strip of hillside we moved. This latter piece of terrain, a bad place to get trapped, was where the company underwent some heavy artillery fire when first we visited Bitche. From here to Fort Freudenberg, the company had to run, what with a mine field on the left and spasmodic sniper firing coming in from the right. No one was hit and the men soon took refuge in a banked-up trench adjacent to the fort. Freudenberg was pretty "kaput" thanks to the good work done by the 325th Engineers on the division's first trip to Bitche. To get to Fort Schiesseck, the men had to cross an open stretch of land, a covered road, through low brush, some mangled barbed wire and on to the fort itself. Again, crossing the open space was the only ticklish business. Waiting until the artillery would send over a smoke shell, Lt. Stalikas would send a couple of men at a time forward. When the entire company had reached the covered road, they moved out again. Reaching the fort without opposition, the men sprawled out around it to take a breather.

"The Second Platoon Attacks"

After the shelling from rockets and "88's" had tapered off somewhat, we moved out of the ditch, up the road, and resumed our attack. We kept to the edge of the woods as much as possible, following communication wire past some foxholes dug by our men during the first attempt at Bitche, and stepping gingerly in the places vacated by the feet of the man ahead to avoid possible mines.

We stopped for a while to give the engineers time to clean up the mines in front of us. About twenty minutes later when they had finished picking them out, we moved out again over the hill, and past a dead G.I., one of the first casualties, and I wondered how many more of us would be in his condition by nightfall. By then we were going through a huge minefield which the Krauts had laid while the snow was still on; the shoe mines, gave me a rather squeamish feeling. With sighs of relief when we had safely transgressed the mines, we turned about a half turn to the right and began to work down through some pillboxes overlooking the reserve slope to Bitche itself. It was just then that snipers opened up from a pillbox at the edge of the town, and the platoon rapidly dispersed diving into a shellhole here, or an abandoned Kraut foxhole there. Part of the first squad worked down the hill to eliminate this threat but were fired on from some houses on the flank and forced to withdraw.

To complicate matters more, Jerry threw in some mortar rounds on the road; one of which exploded about twenty yards from the depression in the bank where I was trying to persuade mother earth to envelope me.



That was a wee bit too close; so I left the depression and hot-footed it about thirty yards up the road to a bomb crater where I felt more comfortable and was soon joined by four other boys in the squad. Shortly after, we saw more of the platoon crossing the roads in dashes and moving under cover of the crest of the hill toward Ft. Schiesseck. Leaving our shell hole rather reluctantly, we joined the others and moved through some brush up to the first Schiesseck pillbox, which proved to be unoccupied probably because it had been damaged badly in the first attack. Taking three more in short order; we reached the one on the further perimeter of the defenses and dug in there for the night, our mission accomplished, extremely thirsty and hungry, but we had to be content with some stagnant water collected in shell holes near by, which we "purified" with halizone tablets. Chow never showed up; so we spent what you might call a miserable night, we called it a good many things, none printable.

Enright

The "Bee" Line Dash

It was on the day of the attack on March 15th. We were going from Fort Freudenberg to Fort Schiesseck and were crossing open ground of about 300 yards, when suddenly I heard what seemed to be a bee, whizzing past my ear. I remember Limbaugh coming up from behind and telling me that it was snipers shooting at us. As tired as I was, I started a 200 yard dash that undoubtedly broke all track records!

Arthur M. Silva

"Forget Me Not"

St. Patricks day has a special significance for me as well as for the Irish. It was on this day that I pushed off for the first time with the company in an attack. Our objective was not just an ordinary one, either. The "Ensemble de Bitché" had never before been taken by storm.

As we moved across a big open field toward the town, a Jerry concealed in a supposedly empty pillbox, opened up on us. This held up momentarily, while the platoon crossed the field, one or two at a time. I was loaded with five rounds of bazooka ammo in addition to my regular equipment, so for me, running was really an accomplishment.

The mortar shells that Jerry was dumping on us were not improving the situation in the least bit. The first hole I hit was made pretty hot by snipers, so I did not stay there long. The next one I shared with Enright and his B.A.R. We were both pretty winded, but as this hole soon proved to be even hotter than the first, we quickly took off for a defiladed area beyond a road to our left. How I made that last dash untouched is still a wonder to me.

About a half an hour had gone by when the platoon leader, Lt. Lonsberg, called for the bazooka team up front. It was then that I realized that I had dropped the ammo back at that first hole. When Lt. Lonsberg found it out, he told me to go back after it.

The thought of that field was like a nightmare, but there was no alternative. I was really beginning to sweat when a man from another platoon came by with what seemed to me to be the most wonderful news possible. A smoke screen had been laid over the field to blind the sniper and get the rest of the company across more quickly.

Well as I said before, St. Patricks day well always be as well remembered by me as by the Irish.

Kenzierski



Rear View



We were resting around this pill box when fire from within.



Front View

It was an exceptionally hot day and this was a good opportunity to get some much needed drinking water out of the scattered shell holes. No sooner had everybody got comfortable than from inside the fort firing out came the noise of a grenade followed by a burst of "burp gun" fire. Little time was wasted getting scattered out and into stray shell holes and terrain depressions. A wireman and Lt. Thomas Horler, the latter sitting halfway in the embrasure of the fort, suffered slight wounds by ricochet bullets. Obviously, the German soldier must have heard the noises, and thinking the men to be inside the fort on the top floor, fired from the stairways that led deep down into the ground. A few grenades were thrown in through the top of the fort by Charles Johnson and Powers.

The company's equipment, which included most of the weapons, packs, rations, and radios, however, was still scattered out in front of the fort. While Schmidt, Johnson and Chaney kept the German soldier "buttoned up" with bullets fired into the embrasure, Rubano went forward and retrieved the equipment. The company dug in around the fort that night, and as far as shelling went, we were very lucky, receiving only a few stray rounds. It was a long, cold night with only raincoats for warmth.

The Pill Box

The day had been a trying and tiresome one; it got on everybody's nerves. We all could remember the first assault on Bitchie and waited for that same pounding of "eighty-eights", rockets, and mortars to commence again. It was nearing nightfall and the objective of the fourth platoon was the pill box about a hundred and fifty yards across the field. Running the field at thirty yard intervals the platoon arrived safely at their objective. It was an ideal spot ... the embrasure was very large and about shoulder height and faced the opposite direction from Bitchie ... at last we were safe from shelling, for we all knew that our own artillery couldn't hurt these pill boxes so neither could anything Jerrie could throw at us. The embrasure was large enough to hold all of the fourth platoon and also headquarters platoon which joined us shortly after we arrived.

Packs and equipment were taken off and all went under the impression for a well earned rest ... shooting the bull on the days activities and what tomorrow might bring was the usual trend of conversation ... then it happened ...! The explosion of the grenade inside the pill box gave us the warning ... then came that dreaded "Brip" "Brip" of a burp gun ... Jerries were inside the pill box. Some-one hollered "scatter", but by that time most of the men had scattered already. Some on foot, others on hands and knees, duck-waddle or crawling. Lt. Horler, 4th platoon leader was wounded in the hand. A wireman suffered a shoulder wound, however all the men were out of range of the Jerrie gunners.

Fortunately, not all of the weapons were inside the embrasure. A few rifles were standing along the side of the pill box. "Chuck" Johnson and Schmidt grabbed one

each, and getting around in front of the pill box, fired back into the holes ... hand grenades were dropped in the pill box through holes in the roof by Powers and Johnson, by some nice throwing from out in front, managed to get three grenades through one of the front fire slots. The Germans inside the pill-box went back down, and once more things grew quiet.

Now came the most dangerous job of all ... the equipment and arms of fully forty men were still laying in the embrasure and someone had to get them. Volunteers were called for and Aldo Rubano, displaying his usual disregard of danger, volunteered immediately! Johnson and Schmidt continued to fire at short intervals with M-1's into the pill box fire slits to keep the Krauts down, while Rubano, between these intervals, crawled into the embrasure, gathered up as much equipment and arms as he could carry and crawled back out again, exposing himself to the burp gun fire should the Jerries ever catch wise to what was being done. Rubano's dangerous task was completed in about a half hour with the assistance of Chaney and Gabriel who took the equipment from him as soon as he rounded the corner of the pill box.

Fearing that the Jerries might crawl out of the fire slots during the night and go undetected until they opened fire on us, a machine gun was set up, manned by Murray, Miller, Frost, Freeze and myself. Our position was not only dangerous, because it had to be set out in front of the pill box, but was also nerve-racking because we had to be on constant alert all night. Eyes and nerves were strained to the limit so that our comrades could rest assured no trouble would come from within. Morning came with no more trouble from the Jerries, and the men of the fourth and headquarters platoon's moved off for the successful attack on the fortress city of Bitche.

Schmidt



he next morning, at 5:50, the company moved out with the first platoon in the lead. We covered the woods, which included a lot of very hilly terrain, from Fort Schiesseck to the main road into Bitche where we met and followed company "E" into town. Company "E" took one part of the town and company "F" moved through them to take the next section. The searching was carried on without the disturbance of snipers. This completed, the men settled back in whatever houses their platoon was situated, and ate "K" rations or dozed off to a quick sleep. "Jerry" threw some artillery in, but with cellers to take cover in, we felt comparatively safe. We did have one casualty there, though, when Mc Brearty was hit in the foot while crossing the street. That night, Hunt and Channing's rifle squads and Racy's machine gun squad went out on an all night patrol that proved very successful, killing one of the enemy, wounding two, and taking seven prisoners. The entire outpost took a pounding from rockets and artillery that night. Jerry was probably trying to cover up for his retreating troops.

The next day, March 17th, we left Bitche and moved onto the high ground outside of town.



"Oh, My Aching Arms"

I remember the day very well for I was loaded down with two boxes of machine gun ammo, a carbine, gas mask, pack with toilet articles, stationary, four cans of delicious "C" rations, cigarettes and of course some loot. A box of ammo weighs around fifteen pounds, so after you have carried two for a couple of hours without resting, your arms feel as if they have been yanked out of their sockets.

By the time we reached the road that led into Bitche, my arms were at the breaking point. As we had to wait for a few stragglers to catch up, I thought here would be my chance to rest my weary bones. I set my ammo down. No sooner had I done this than the order "Let's go" was passed down the line. I picked up the ammo boxes again. By now, they felt like they weighed a ton apiece. We saw German prisoners, about thirty of them, being led out of Bitche by one of the platoons in front of us. Once we got into the center of town, people ran out of their cellars with wine, schnapps or coffee for us. The fourth platoon marched on to the other end of town while the rifle



View of a section of Bitche. Note fortress above horizon line.

platoons took up positions in the immediate area. After much complaining, we got to our houses where we set up a defensive position. I set my ammunition down. My arms were sore and tired, I could hardly raise them. After dumping our personal equipment on the floor, we sat down to a meal of "C" rations, stew and dog biscuits. I usually had to choke them down, but that morning, after lugging those two boxes of ammo for four hours, they tasted like steak!

Harvey Freeze

Bitche

We entered Bitche on March 16th, much too beautiful a day for fighting. Everything went off as planned. By noon, I and four other fellows had a house with a nice bed for each of us. Being rather tired, I hit the sack early, but not for long. Era came in and told us we would have to go on a patrol.

The orders were that the first platoon would have to send a patrol, with a machine gun squad attached, out to contact another adjacent battalion and also guard an antitank gun. We reached our objective about eleven o'clock. It was so dark, we did not have the least idea of what was around us. They threw quite a few shells close to us but none had my name on it.

The next morning just before daylight, the truck came out and all but five of us rode back. Walking, besides myself, were Hunt, Brooks, Philips and Raulerson. As we walked back along the road, we spotted three Jerres. Hunt halted the first one, only to have him reach for his weapon. He was soon put out of the way with a clip of M-1 ammo. Raulerson and I quickly took care of the other two in a similar manner.

When we got back to town, we were told we would have to go back out again for the night. The following day, we rounded up fifteen prisoners, rescued a downed American pilot who had crashed during the night, and searched innumerable pill boxes. We also captured a car and just missed adding a tank to our

collection. When we got back with the company, Lt. Ward had had our holes all dug for us. Then as a final compensation, we were excused from guard for the night.

Well, that just about winds up one of those many forty eight hour days in the history of Fox company.

Bill Joiner



We dug foxholes again for the first time in quite a while. Shells, that night, came close overhead, but all fortunately going in the right direction. In the morning we moved out, by foot as usual, and took a long hike to a deserted town named Lengelsheim. On the way there, we saw the rocket guns which were causing us trouble in Bitche. A comparatively small weapon for the lion-like roar the gun makes when projecting a shell.

The town of Lengelsheim, completely devoid of any living thing, soon came to be called "Ghost Town". The first part of the war had left the town without a single standing building. As the Germans were moving so fast, we were at this time, in a reserve position. The company stayed in "Ghost Town" several days, receiving hot chow, mail, "PX" rations, test firing, and catching up on much needed sleep. On March 22nd we moved out, again by foot.

Void of Heart and Soul

Legelsheim, better known as "Ghost Town," contained not a living thing. People, cattle and even stray animals were only a faint, distant shadow, a shadow of a memory longtime departed. War had come early to this once peaceful French farming village and now, with weeds cluttering up once fruitful garden plots, grass shooting up between the rocks of the cobble stone roads, not even a field mouse was left to give testimony to the love, laughter, and life this village must once have known. War, for Legelsheim, had left a definite scar. Not only the obvious physical one, that of crumbling stones where homes once stood, but, where streets were full of barefoot children laughingly playing, cattle being led to and from the meadows, and men and women chatting in friendly animated conversation, now there was nothing. War had taken the very heart and soul out of this town; left it with nothing more than a skeleton like form to show for itself. Legelsheim ... a ghost town.

Richard Gabriel



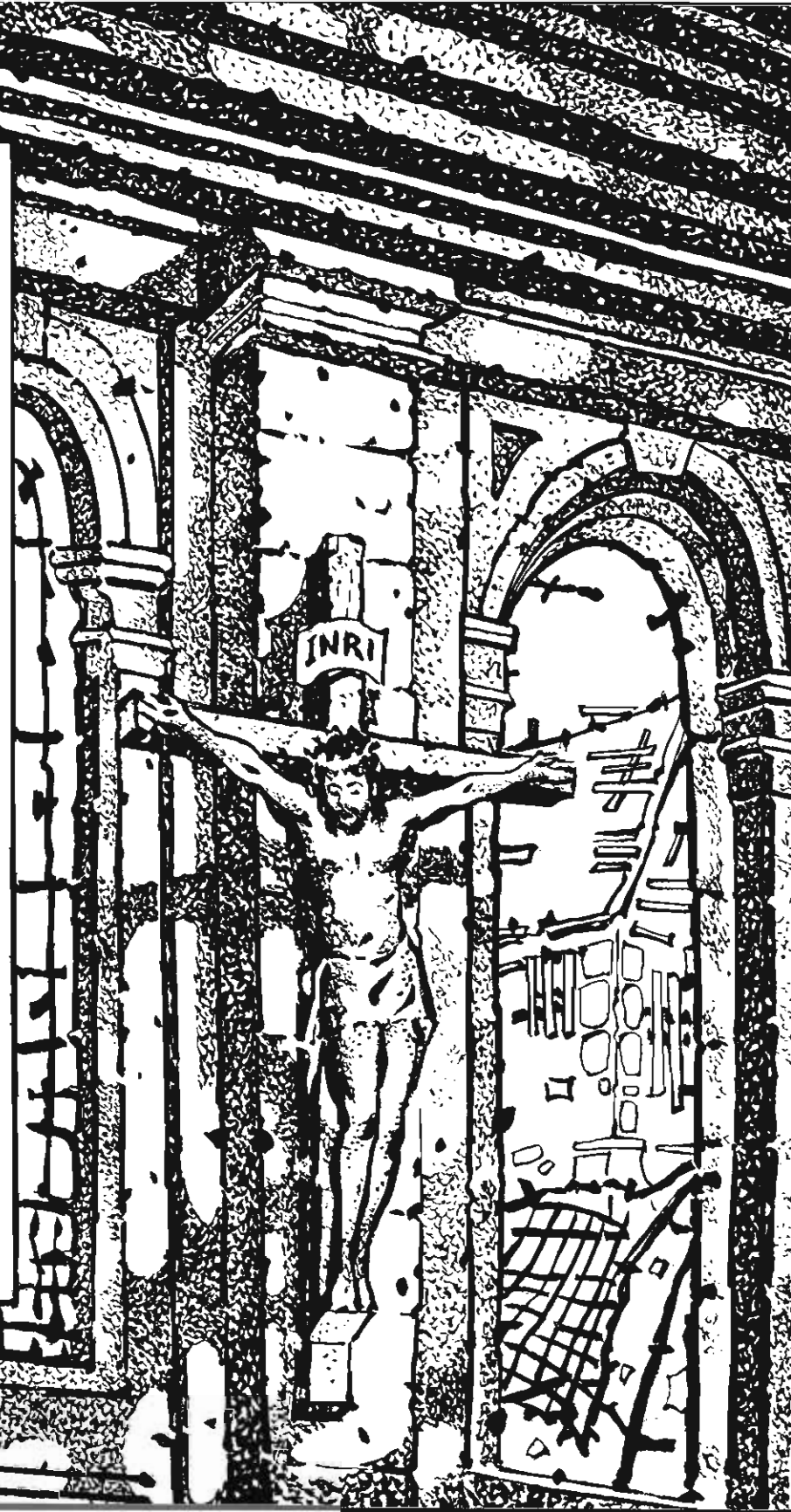
Over looking Bitche



"Bitche"

March 21, 1945

I entered the beautiful cathedral of "Joan of Arc". Within, was a winding stone stairway which led to the "Inner Sanctum". Close by the alter was an organ. I played with the keys and was thrilled by the soft mellow sounds. There I was in my solitude, within an immense and elaborate interior. There were long, long windows from the ceiling to near the floor. Tremendous statues of Our Lord, St. Mary, and other patron saints. Candelabras of gold glistened in the sun beams. Stained glass windows were shattered to the ground, so were many artistic statues, fixtures, walls, and domes. The magnificent and impressive organ pipes were bent, crushed, and fallen. Plaster, dirt, and dust covered every inch of the sacred structure. From without the windows, the tattered roofs of surrounding houses could be seen, but one could not escape the nobility, dignity, and beauty of this Church, and for what it stood. And I say again, as my hands lit on the keyboard, and the softness of the chords vibrated through the hallow walls, my heart was filled with rapture, for I was alone in the palace of the angels, alone in The Kingdom Of God. A. R.



Johnny Loses His Crease

There I was, alone with the bed rolls ... I felt pretty safe, way back here with the artillery, which had been hammering ceaselessly away at the enemy all during the night. I had been appointed by Lt. Adams to remain behind and guard the bed rolls while the rest of the company moved into the attack of Bitche. "Jonesy" and "Frenchy", two of the company's jeep drivers, had just left me after having had a breakfast of "K" Rations, warmed by a small fire which we had built. I was just adding a few more twigs to the now-dying fire, when the roar of a fighter plane came to my ears. I thought nothing of it at first, for in the past two weeks my entire time in combat, I had seen and heard scores of P-47's flying toward a destination unknown to me. Then, as if to rouse me out of an optimistic dream, the chatter of ack-ack pierced the cold morning air.

"A Jerry!" I thought, as I instinctively sought a means of extinguishing the fire. "What can I use?" "Ah! That's it ... dirt!" I hurriedly clawed at the loose earth surrounding me, and proceeded to smother the fire, little by little. "Why doesn't it go out?" I asked myself. "God! It's starting to smoke!" "He'll surely see that! Where can I go? Where? Where?" "There's a brook ... No, I can't do that ... the water will ruin the crease in my pants. I've worked so hard to keep that crease!" I was bewildered, then the roar of the plane grew louder and louder ... I looked around, and there it was, bearing down on me! Then all hell broke loose, his wing mounted guns spat flashes of fire. This time the crease in my pants had no place in my mind. With a single jump, I was off the road and into the brook ... water, crease and all!

Johnny Silva

"The Third Attack of Bitche"

No magician in the world ever made such a complete and speedy change in anything as the transformation that took place in the great fortress city of Bitche, France, on March 16th, 1945.

This day was filled with the fear and dangers of war in all its fury. We, the members of Fox company, were swelled with pride and satisfaction over our tremendous victory over the enemy. Then, as if it were a bolt from the blue, the impossible happened! The smoke had hardly cleared from the last screaming shell, when a bevy of T-5's and other strange inhabitants of that evil of all evil places, the rear echelon, came thundering down the road, armed to the teeth with countless numbers of "Off Limits" signs, tacking them up on doors, windows, and even piles of rubble.

There was nothing to do but withdraw, we were outnumbered as well as out equipped. What chance has a mere M1 or bazooka against a battery of brass? Endless lines of men and equipment drove us steadily and swiftly to the hills. One or two patrols ventured into the city, with their main objective being the shower, set up at the far end of the fort.

Quite a few were rather successful in their attempt, until a new secret weapon was put into use. This strange device was very shapely, and the effect it had on the men brought us to the limit of our strength. We had to again withdraw, this time to a town that was not only void of those psychological bomb shells, namely WAC's, but of all life entirely.

"At last", we thought, "They'll never find us in this remote spot!" But alas and alack, they fought their battle by radio and telephone, and once again we were ordered to move out, not to make room for the rear echelon as before, but to capture another town. They were tired of being in Bitche ... after three whole days!

Bob Clarke



"Dreams"

*Along the treacherous, muddy road,
 A soldier shifts his heavy load.
 He stares ahead with tear-dimmed eyes,
 And dreams of home with mingled sighs.
 He dreams, of his house, the shady trees,
 The birds nest way up in the leaves.
 He dreams of the girl he left behind,
 As he plods along that same old grind.
 The mud soon turns to shiny gold,
 As the dream of yesterday starts to mold.
 The ragged clothes become clean and new
 And the troubles in his mind are few.
 He hears the strain of a familiar tune,
 The one about the stars and moon ...
 And the very clouds begin to rise
 As a vision reaches his burning eyes.
 Before him stands the one he loves,
 Guarded by a hundred doves.
 He runs to her with outstretched arms,
 Drawn by her magnetic charms.
 He runs and stumbles onward still,
 But his efforts are for nil,
 For though the vision is in sight,
 And will be, on into the night,
 The world goes on its troubled way,
 Until he can go home to stay.*

Bob Clarke



Sgt. William Levesque

*Six foot two, eyes of blue,
 Blond, and wavy hair,
 Long, and strong, never wrong
 An answer to a maiden's prayer
 Amid cheers and shouts
 He chases "Krauts"
 And the pretty "Ma' moiselle",
 Without a doubt
 The "Krauts" take route
 And the girls all yell like hell!
 Now little "Will"
 Sends a chill
 Through every maiden's spine
 While "Jerries" cry
 The dames just sigh
 "Levesque, please be mine!"
 He had his fights
 Through days and nights
 And the "Heinnies" knew him well,
 But North and Sout'
 They know his sch'nout
 He gets 'em all by smell!*

A. Rubano

Dannstadt

I'll never forget how very welcome (?) the town of Dannstadt looked on that very hot day in the latter part of March.

We had started out, by foot, from Ludwigshafen, and by mid-afternoon, the sun became unbearable. Heavy shirts and sweaters were discarded; feet began to blister on the heated paved roads.

After a change in orders, in which we were supposed to march to Holstadt, a welcome signpost pointed the way to Dannstadt. Upon entering the town, we noticed that the houses, like those in Ludwigshafen, all prominently displayed white surrender flags hanging from windows and doorways.

Little time was wasted in getting the men situated in the various houses. The kitchen and supply were set up in the same house. Hot chow was served alongside the steps of the building.

It didn't take the fellows long, once we were settled, to find any and all sites of possible loot. One of the places that was particularly well patronized was a German soldiers' barracks. Once it was discovered, the fellows came investigating and leaving with everything from pistols to huge, colorful Nazi flags.

At the time, we couldn't have been any further away from the front lines and still remain a "front line outfit". The company was in Battalion reserve; the battalion was in Regimental reserve; the regiment was in Division reserve; the division was in Corps reserve, and . . . yes, you guessed it . . . the corps was in Army reserve!

Movies and a shower, which were set up, were well attended. The division band played for us and some fellows were able to see the Marlene Dietrich show. Just to make an even balance, though, exercises, classes, and close order drill began.

The "great event", however, was the large supply of liquor the company found. It wasn't uncommon to see "Fox" company's jeep, riding around loaded down with cases of champagne.

About the time that everybody had slept, eaten, exercised, and drank to their full, orders came down to move out. After an eight day stay in Dannstadt, we loaded on trucks that took us across the Rhine River.

Richard Gabriel



Crossing the Rhine



-The Battle of- Germany

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

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

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

Crossing the Rhine

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

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

Richard Gabriel





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

"Neckar Patrol"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bob Enright





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



"Battle of the Barn"

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

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

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

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

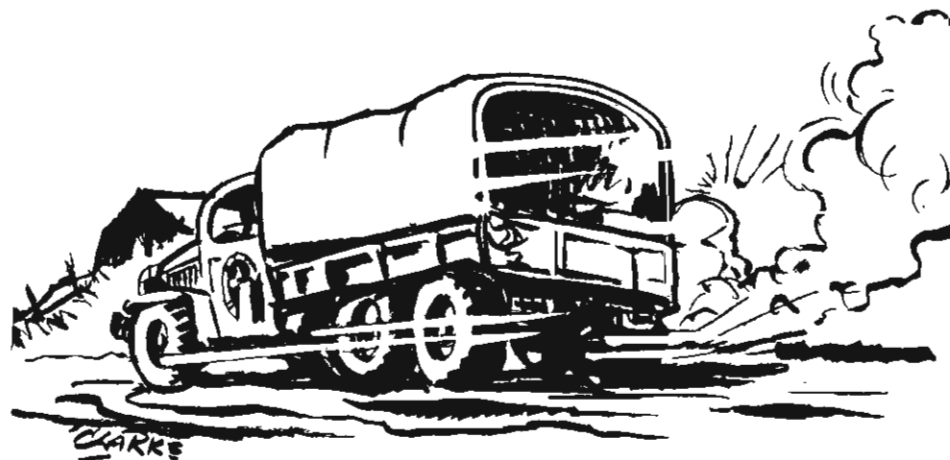
The machine guns and 37mm. cannon, mounted on the cars, proved to be a great advantage in delivering covering fire for us as we moved to a position that offered some protection. Barnhill was wounded in the hip and shoulder while moving for cover. Seeing that he was helpless, two men tried to go to his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

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

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

Consolidation of reports by:

Lloyd Boothby und Henry Cassell





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

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

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

"Objective Jagstfeld"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

J. Gibson



"All Work and no Play"

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

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

Calvin Addis



"Entering Jagstfeld"

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

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

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

Calvin Addis

Wharton

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



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

"The House of Hell"

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

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

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

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

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

A Howe company sergeant tried to follow in his footsteps

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Albert Schmidt



Second Platoon House



First line of houses.



A couple of more houses.



Street of houses we occupied.

E

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

The Mystery of "Who Done It?"

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

Bob Enright

The Mystery of "Who Done It?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

J. C. Gibson



Gibson's House



Truck knocked out.

What was left of it.





The Railroad Tracks



The road through the factory district.



Where our 60 mm was knocked out.



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



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

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

The Left Side of the Factory District

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oscar Beaman

"A Thousand Yards to the Front"

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

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

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

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

"Geez... those were close!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Consolidation of reports by men of Noble's squad

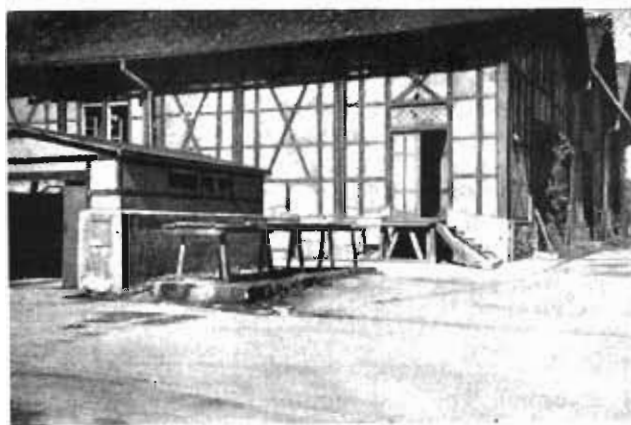


Second Platoon O.P.



The Pickle Factory





The Salt Factory



Factories



Railroad Yard



Second Platoon O.P.



The Railroad Yard

T

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

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

"The Barrage in Jagstfeld"

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

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

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

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

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

William H. Joiner



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



"Blub ... blub ... help ... blub", came Pee Wee's reply.

I heard the calm voice of Lt. Stalikas quietly saying, "Shoot him! Kill him! Hit him! Push him under! ... Do something!"

With that steadying statement I felt better.

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

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

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

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

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

John C. Chynoweth



G. I. Sad Sack



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

"Sad Sack"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lt. William Kanter



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WAR OF NERVES WON BY FUTURE OFFICER

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

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

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

Century Sentinel, July 18, 1945



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

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

"All My Eggs in One Basket"

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

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

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

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

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

Steve Mondini



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

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

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

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

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

"Duckin' 88's"

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

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

Bob Enright

"You take over"

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

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

Bob Enright

Parts of a "Hole" Argument

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

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

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

Julius Racy



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

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

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

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

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

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

"Hired Help"

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

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

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

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

J. J. Racy





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

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

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

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

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

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

"Souvenir Hunting"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

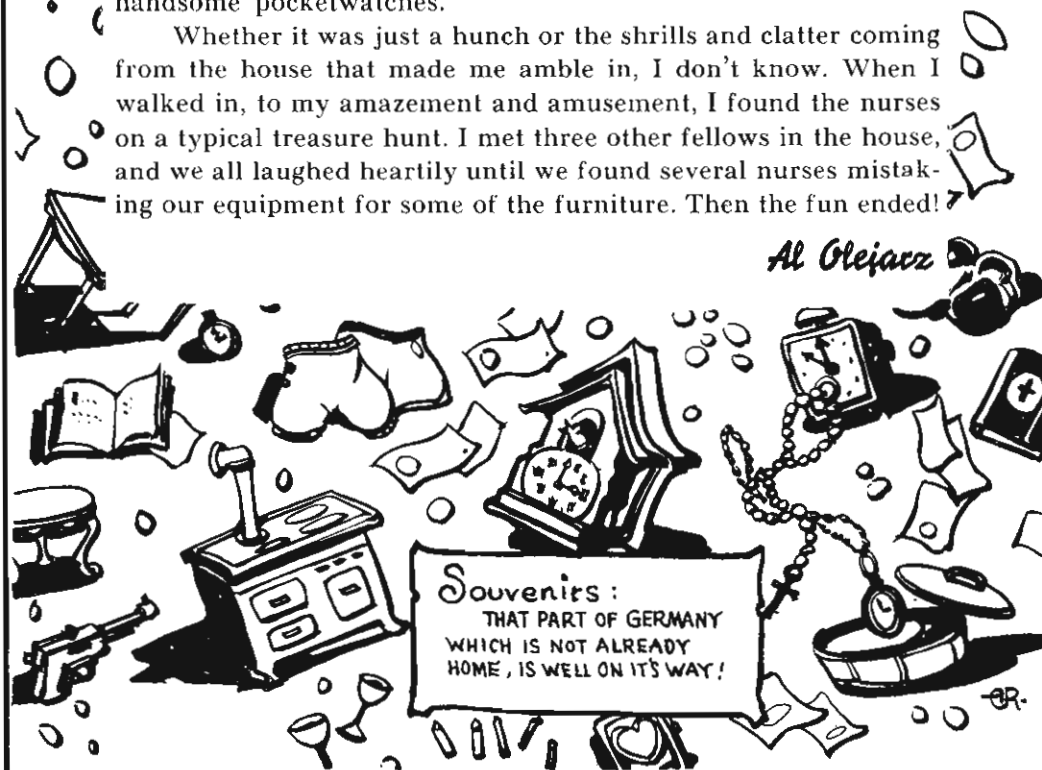
Well, it took just about one hour to complete the search. (Grand total: 38 watches)

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

Again the phone interrupted my peaceful siesta.

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

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

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

"Hey! Where the hell is everybody?"

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

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

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

Bob Clarke

The Fish That Thought He Got Away

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

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

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

Anthony J. Delgardis

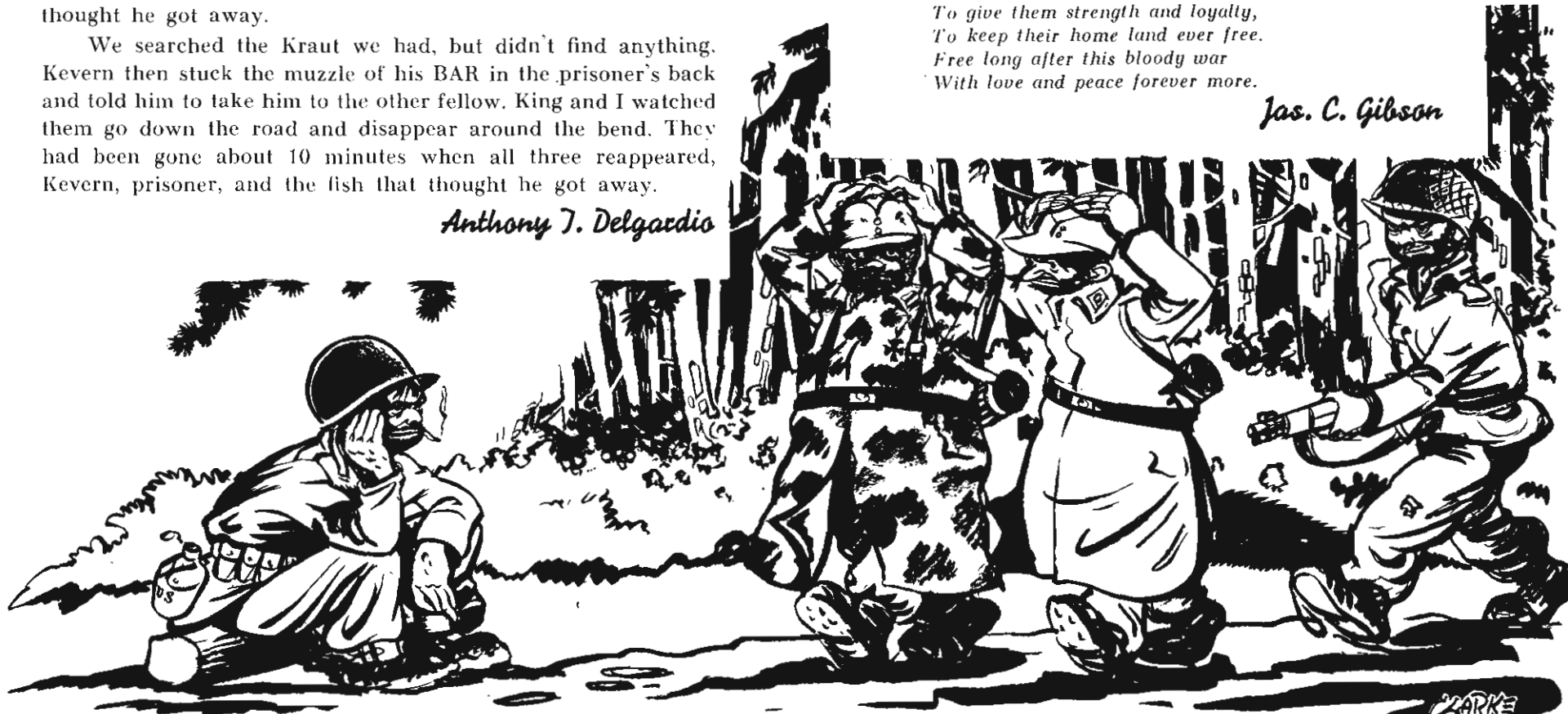
"American Faith"

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

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

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

Jas. C. Gibson



Searching Party



Doughboy

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

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

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

Definitions

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

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

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

85 points . . . "sentence suspended".

France . . . the Eiffel Tower surrounded by mud.

Bitche . . . you said it!

Lt. Kanter





Beyond Comprehension

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

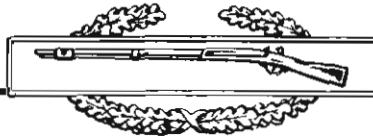
*For not taking away the brilliant moon,
And the stars that shine at night,
And crushing the earth from out the space
For doubting all His might.*

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

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

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

Aldo Rubano



To Our "Buddies"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Aldo Rubano

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.

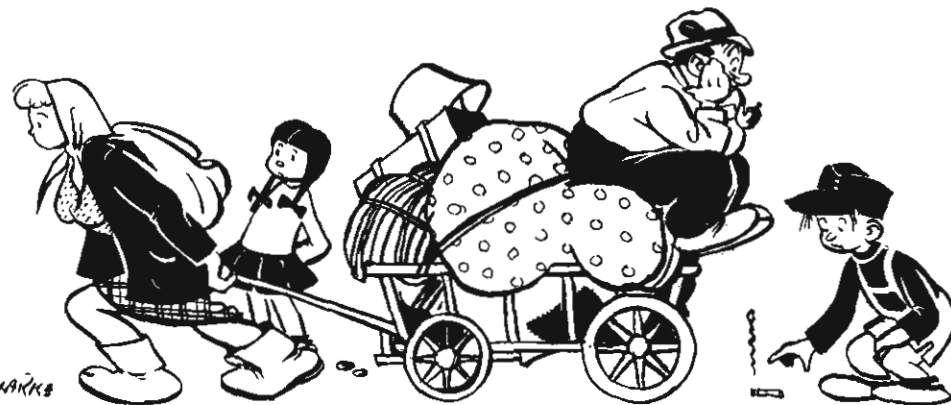
Germany, not to be outdone, has its own standards on the same subject. Here, the emphasis is placed more on what your daily activities consist of. As anyone can readily see, the upper crust, the cream of society, the local "four hundred" are the tobacco retrievers, or in more simple language, the cigarette 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."

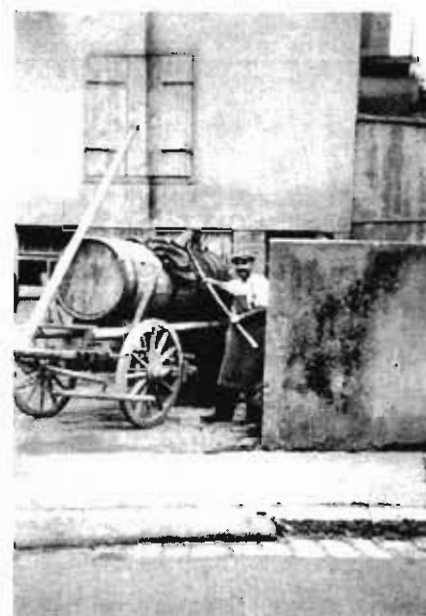
So he said, "Yah-yah, Sheddup."

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

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

Das is alles!

Mathew Budzisz



"Squeaking Meemie"

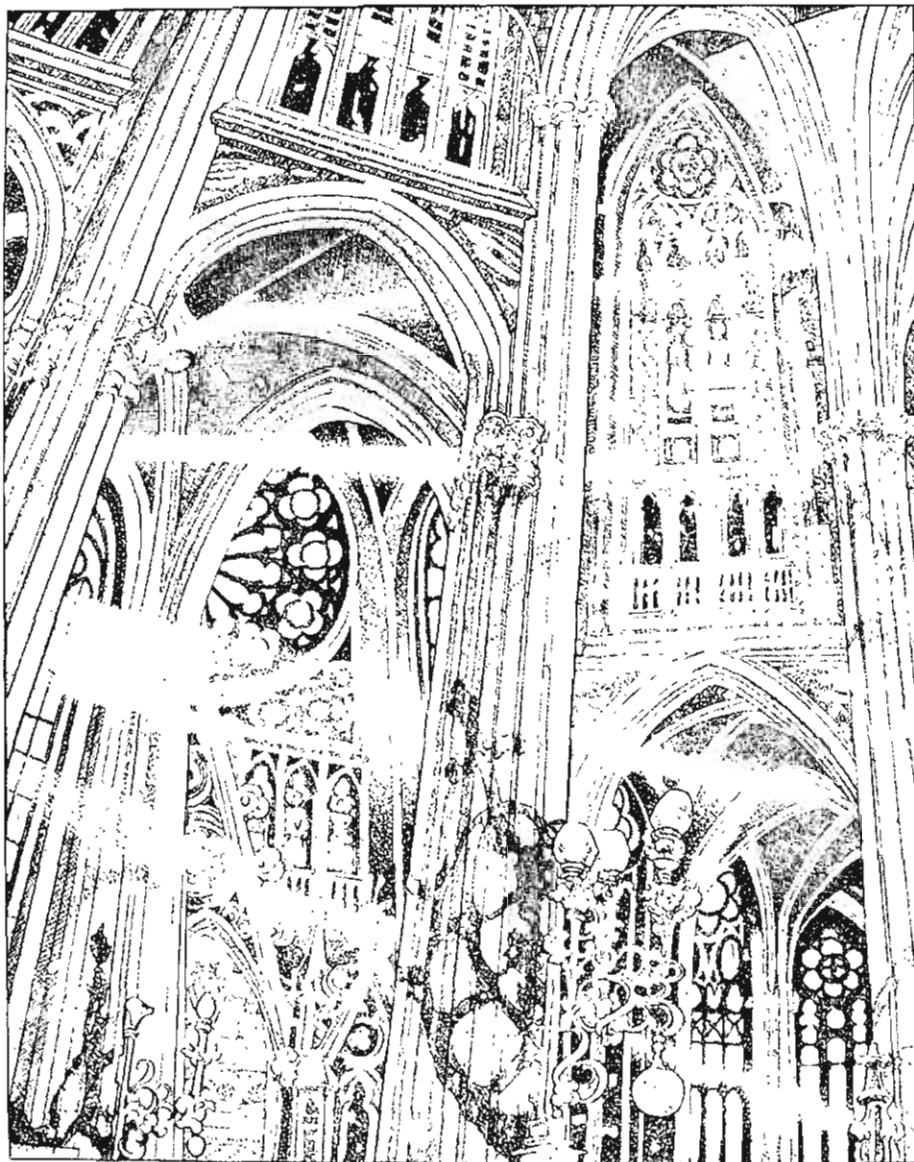
"Haben Sie Clothespin?"

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.

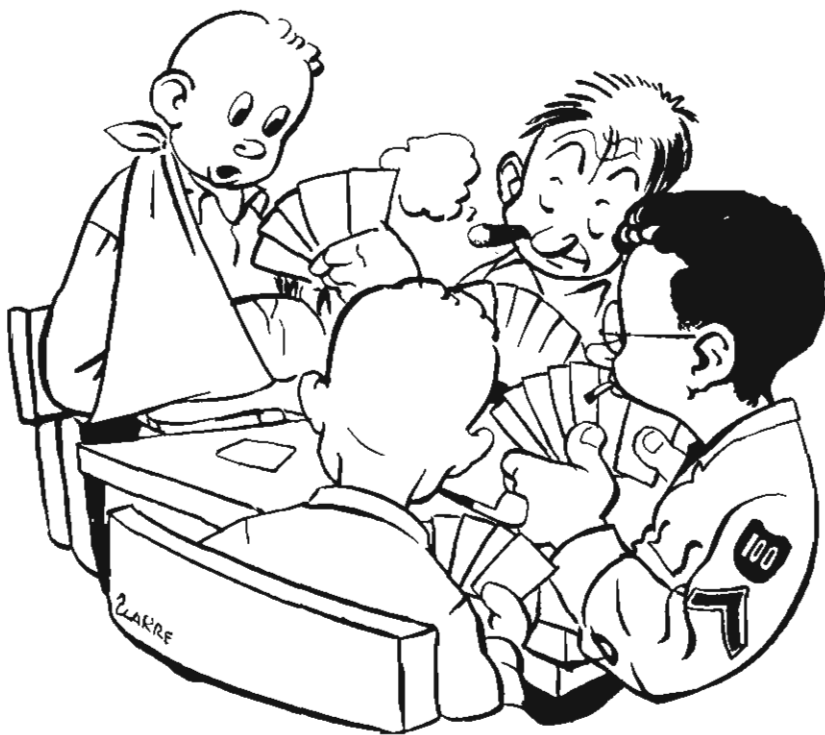
But over and above any "mixed" feeling that we may have because of being among these Germans in their own churches and joining in prayer for their dead whom we so earnestly strived to bring to that state such a short time before, is the feeling that there is a Lord in Heaven who looks upon us all as 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 ..."

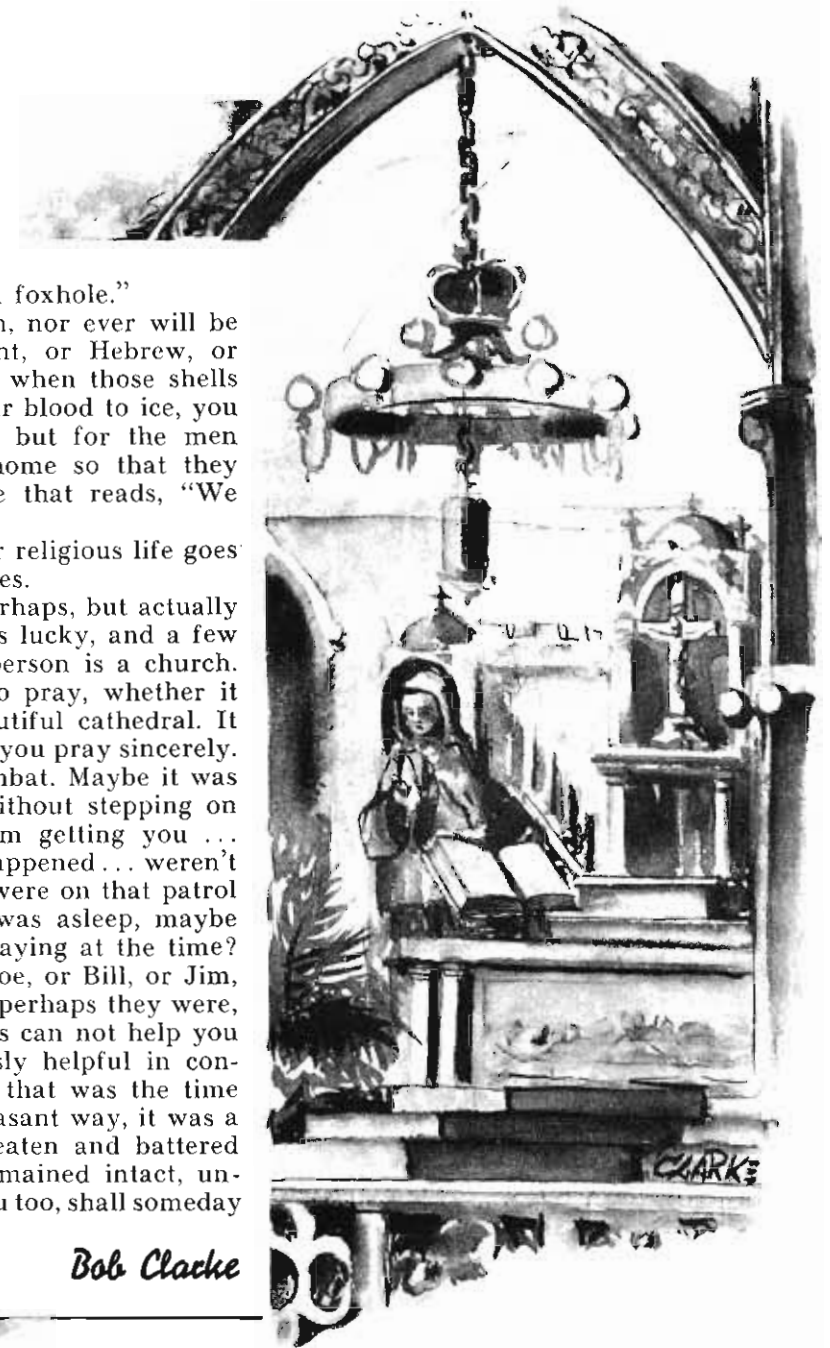
Yes, although you are not in church, your religious life goes on, even more as the intensity of fire increases.

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!"

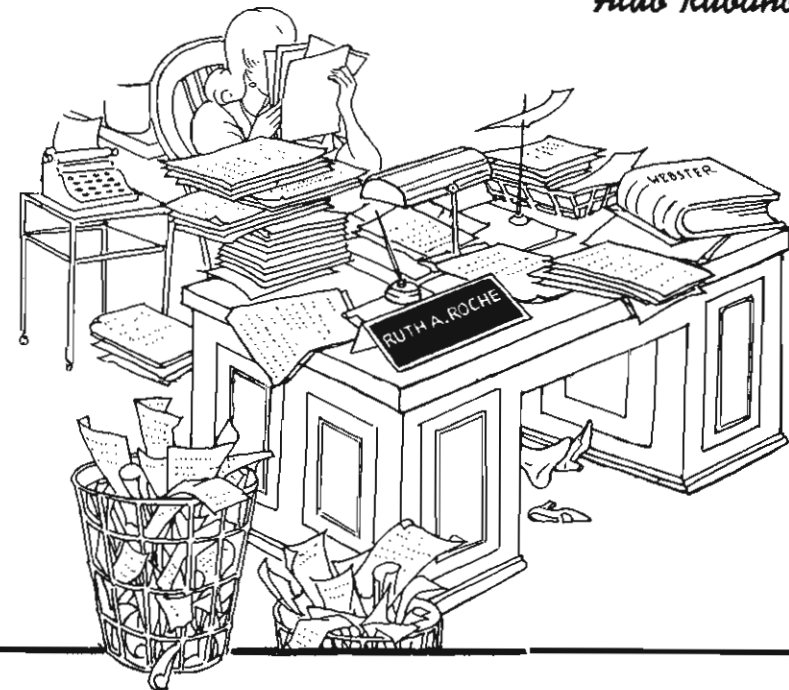
I snaps back, "Yessir!! But please don't go on any night patrols!" Now, I'm wondering how strong her main line of resistance is. And would Kanter? ... no, he wouldn't?

"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 Goetzenbruck.

...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."

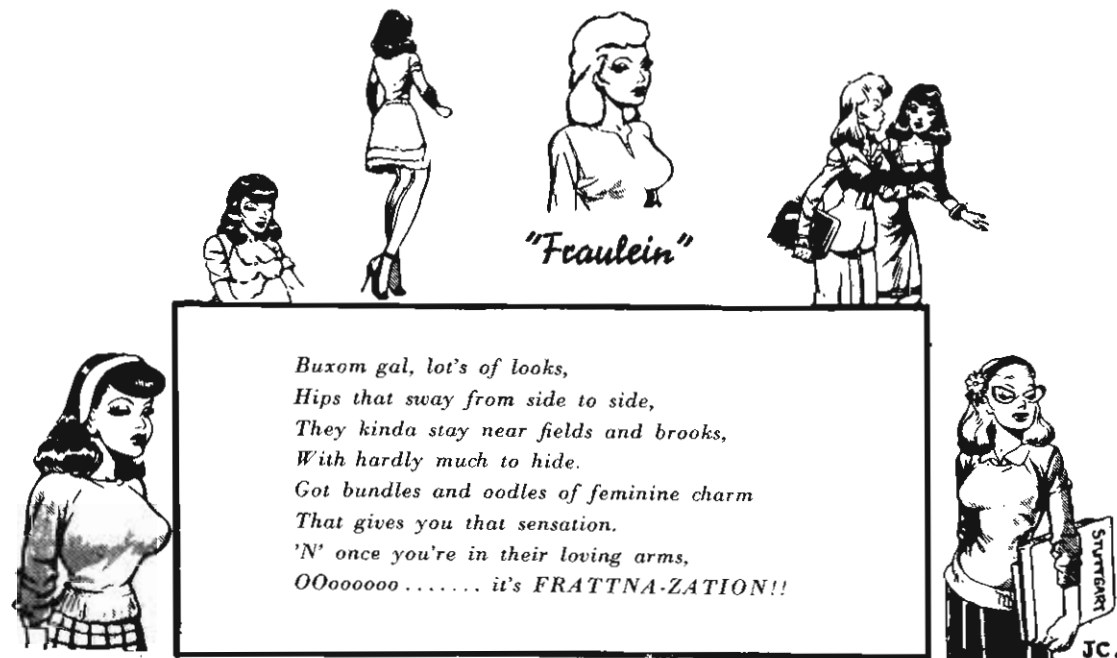


"Semper Fidelis - Maybe"

*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. Delgarcia

"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.

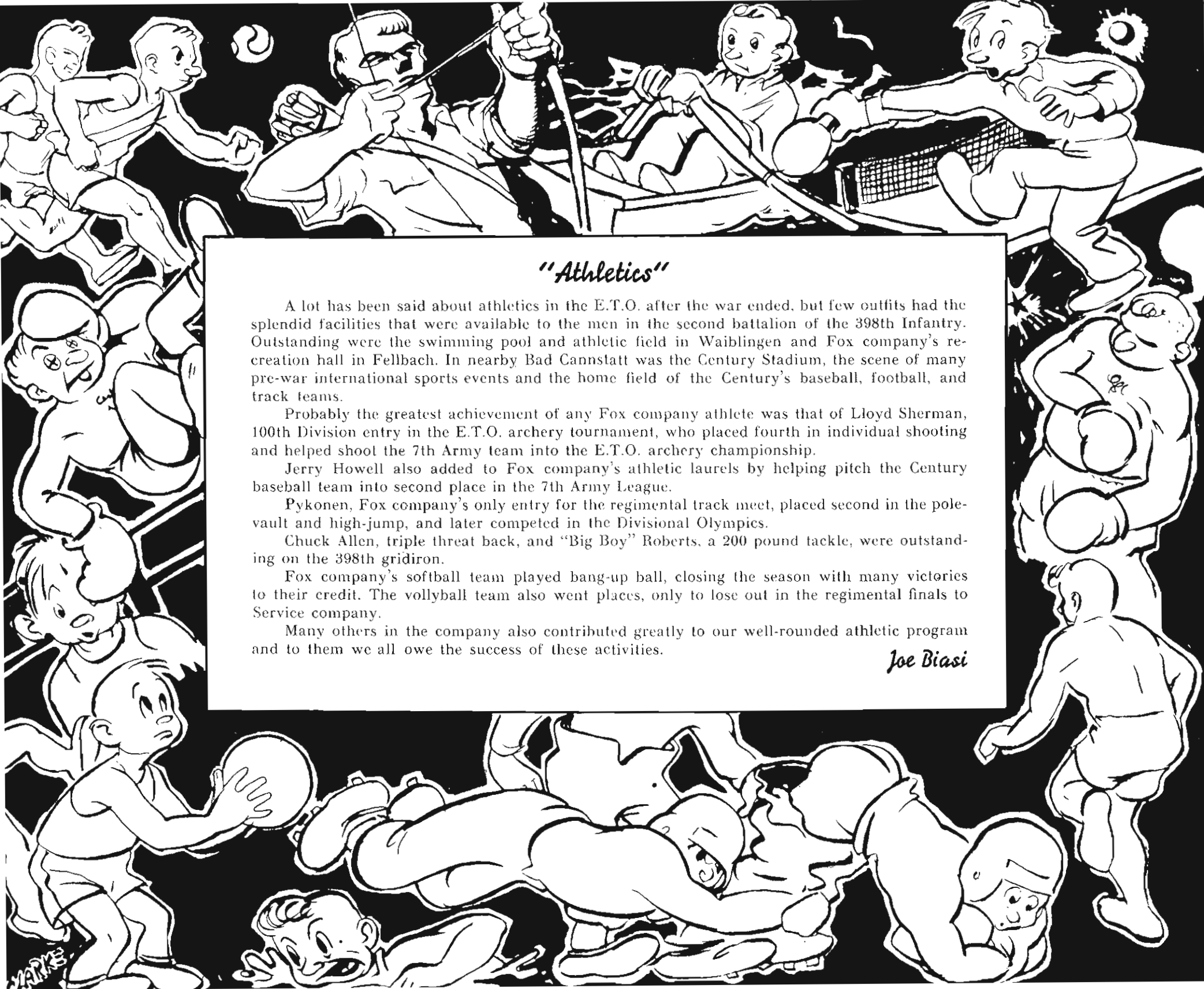
"Wake up, it's time to go on guard, McBrearty."

"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...

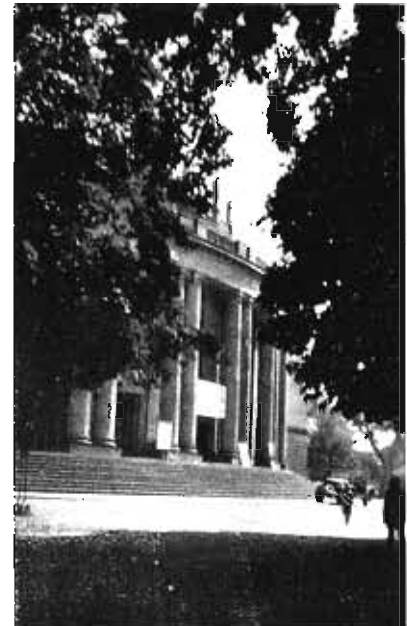
Then comes the time that we feared just a little. Our buddy throws his duffel bag aboard the truck, smiles a kind of faint smile, waves his arm in a farewell salute and as the motor starts up and the wheels begin to roll, he calls out that much used and now very opportune "So-long Buddy". It is a simple 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*

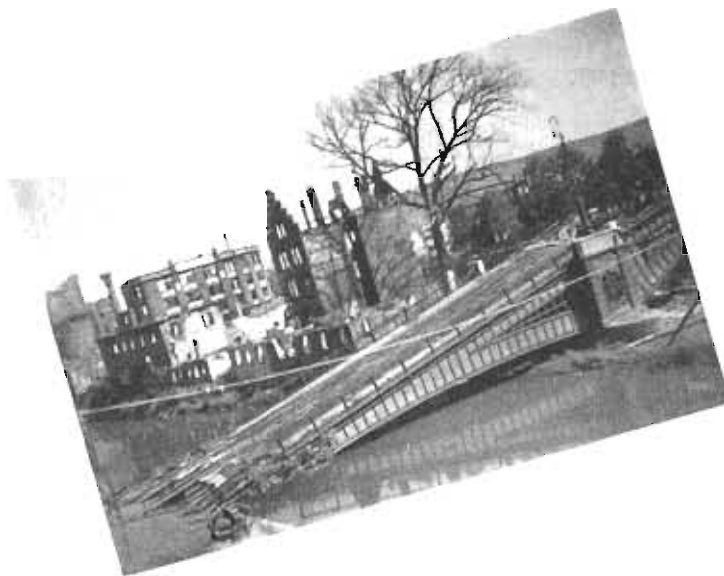
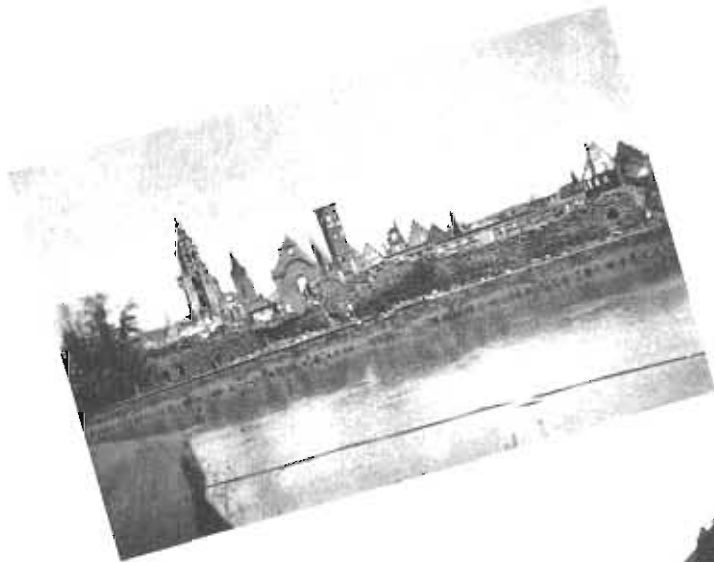


● *Waiblingen*



● *Winnenden*





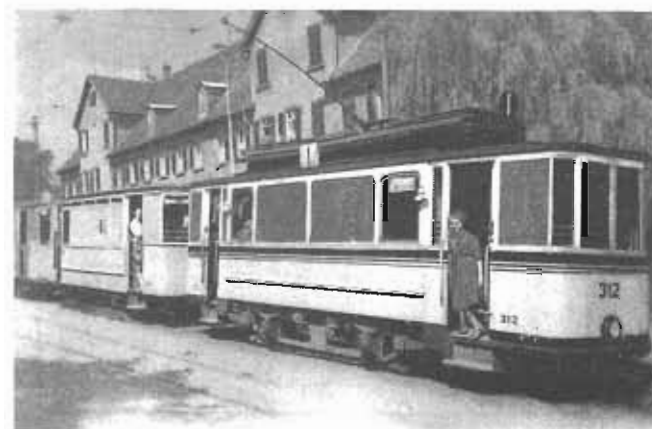
● Heilbronn

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?



























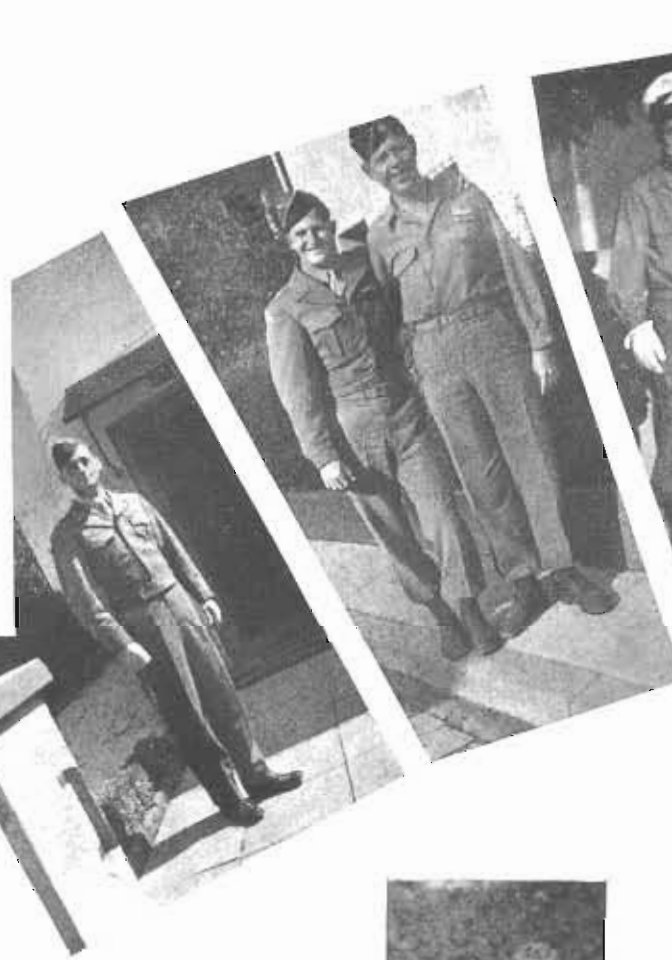


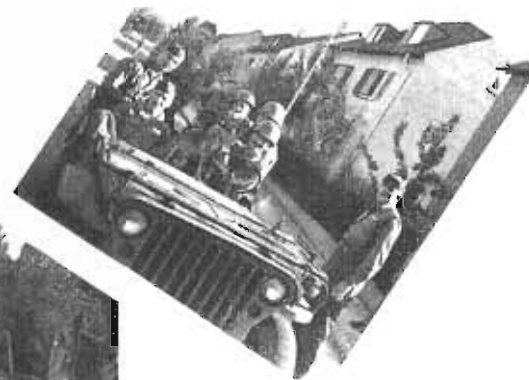


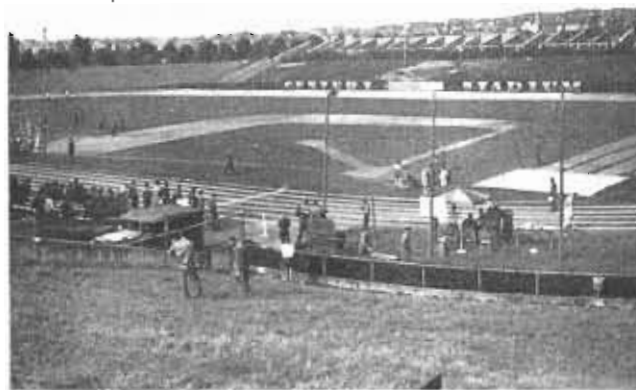




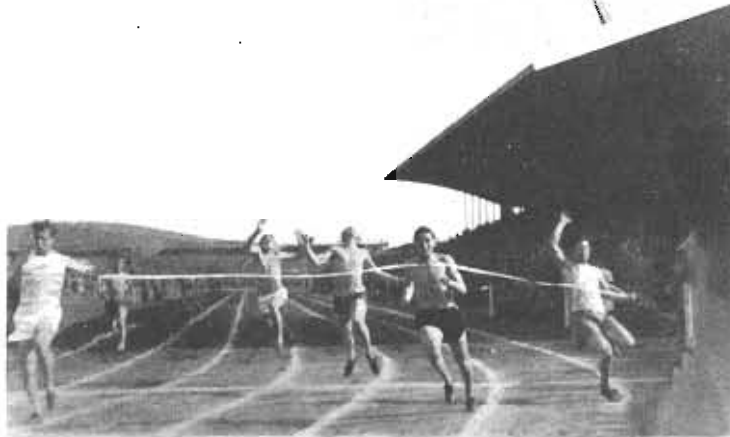
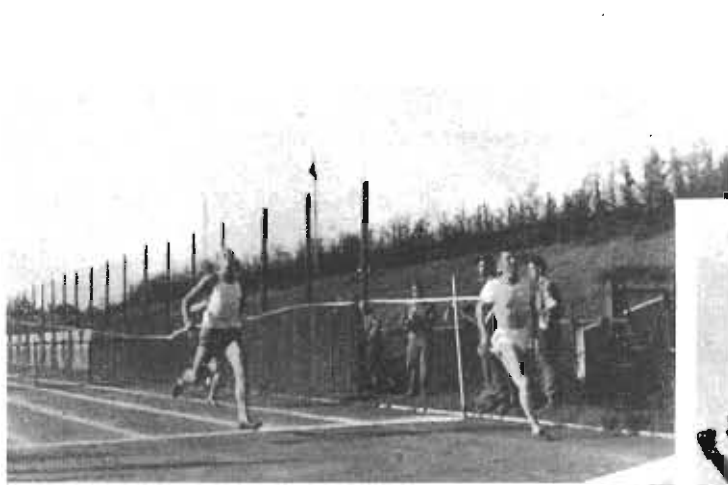












Those were the days !!



Headquarters Platoon



First Platoon



Second Platoon



Third Platoon

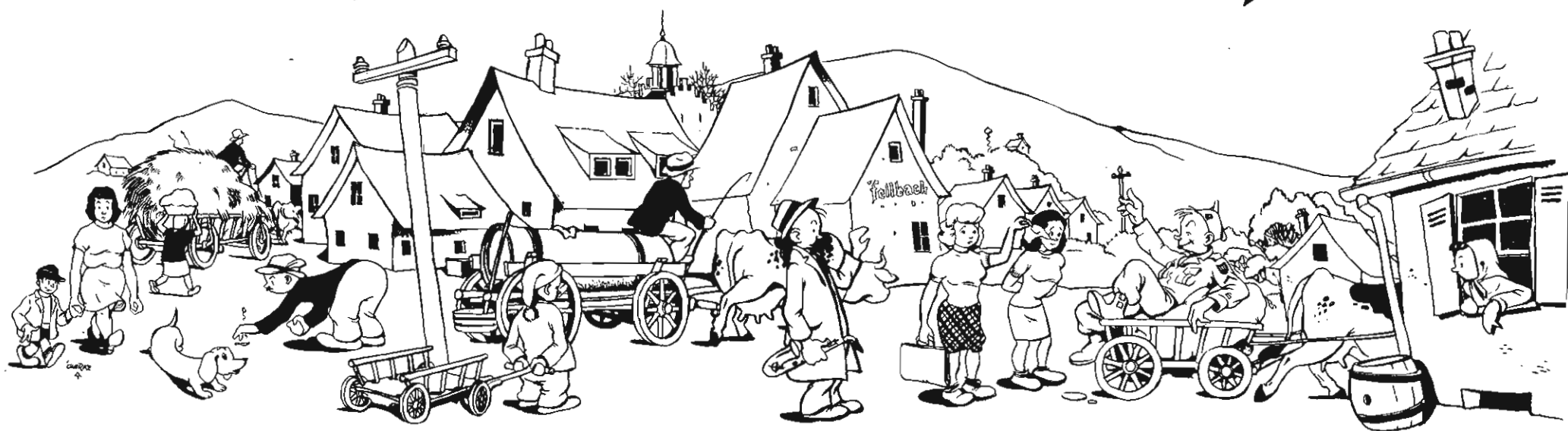


Fourth Platoon

*... 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*

The End



... We know we should have had more of this, and more of that, but did you ever know of anyone who could keep up with the Army??

"The Story of the Book"

From little acorns chestnut trees grow, or from little mole hills mountains grow, or from anything little, anything big grows. To give you a good idea, take Racy and Braman for instance. Well anyway this book of ours in its diaper stage only needed a safety pin to hold it together, but it steadily grew to be a huge monster threatening the lives and well being of many innocent persons. There was a time when gas or a few rounds from an M-1 looked like the only solution!... but every cloud has a silver lining when it's not cloudy, and into each life some rain must fall ... we're drenched!

Even now we are confronted with a problem to make this story short and interesting, or long and boring? The latter is by far the more appropriate ... we had to suffer, and now you will too!

The story of the book was a simple one to begin with, but it became complicated as time passed by. Most of you know the beginning ... things were going along fine, stories came in voluntarily at the point of a gun! Men ran in the opposite direction from anyone connected with the book for fear they would be asked to write a story. We offered battle stars and purple hearts as inducements, but even these failed to inspire our stalwarts. Anyway we got moving, and so did Fox Company! Men were being shipped out every week, and with them went stories... stories never to be gotten again. And while this endless search for experiences, and narratives was going on, we contacted a printer... How lucky, right in Fellbach! (little did we know what was to come!) Mr. Schwertschlag was his name, and through him blossomed forth many a grey hair!

Our first problem was to obtain the necessary materials for the book ... paper, cardboard, and linen. With Mr. Schwertschlag, the hunt for these essentials began. Albert Haeckel was our interpreter and he was of untold help. This was a trying episode. Mr. Schwertschlag needed transportation. A jeep and driver was put to use. Permits for paper etc. were obtained from AMG, and then the combing of many Stadts began. Fellbach didn't have enough paper to supply the toilettes, and Stuttgart

was no better off. Finally we wound up in Oberlenningen, forty-five kilometers from the C.P. here were the big time operators, the paper mill itself. But even they didn't have enough paper to fill our wants, so we did the next best thing. The best white paper available was purchased ... all they had, and then the very next best ... which was in sepia. A like search began for the cardboard and linen, with the same result. We bought all we could of the best, and then the next best and so on, but unfortunately we could not get enough of one kind ... so we hope your book is the color you like!

At long last Mr. Schwertschlag went to press, and it seemed that everything he needed was in Stuttgart. He had a bicycle ... one day it got a flat tire ... what could we do about it? We hauled the bike to Stuttgart and had it fixed. He needed papier for the Rathaus could we get the necessary papers (AMG) for him? The government was suing him, what could we do? His wife was sick, etc, etc. Soon his problems were our problems... All for the book!

Things began to get rough, so we rounded up more and more interpreters. The writing, drawing and continuous search for stories was still going on, meanwhile the proof pages began rolling in. Corrections were made, and then started those daily treks to the print shop. The big press at long last went to work, and the finished pages were under way ... but when the realization hit us that the type jumped a line on page sixteen, and after all the pages were printed ... there were nothing less than internal hemorrhages! Since then, there was a critical lookout for anything like that happening again. So all pages were read in the shop as the first page came off the press. However, throughout the book there are mistakes here and there, but if you could fully appreciate our circumstances you'd forgive us.

Rumors came along about our division leaving November 20th... more and more men transferred out. Those were sad days. Who was the next to go, and where to? How many points?... and the big chapter "Army of Occupation" dwindled down to nothing... like the size of the once spirited Fox Company. There was a growing concern as to whether the book would ever be finished. We "schnelled" the printer all over the place,

and continually showered the help with cigarettes, but our troubles grew worse. The engraver needed coal or he couldn't operate. We obtained permission for Mr. Schwertschlag to use his car, got him a driver's licence, and supplied him with gasoline, and then threw in the coal for the engraver! Meanwhile Otto Schunter our new interpreter became slowly involved with our sad plight, and soon the book was a part of him... headaches and all!

Towards the end of November, the rumors were that the division was shipping about December 20th... this raised our hopes considerably. The printer was coming along nicely now... and so was December 20th! Everytime production reached it's peak, it seemed the power plant decided to shut the electricity off for two or three days a week.

The day was drawing closer, and we still had eight color plates to deal with. These were distributed all over Stuttgart. We had a helluva time getting anyone to do the work, but it worked out. Here's how. The firm of Köstlin took four with the understanding that we supply them with coal, as the cold wave made working in their battered factory next to impossible, and they needed heat. Firma Dreher took one page, and they had to have gasoline for the processing of the color plates. Firma Schuler had everything but the man to do the work. But there was one on a rock pile somewhere in Stuttgart, and if we could get permission from AMG to release him, and then furnish him with food for night work so that the pages could be finished by the 20th of December they would handle three pages. We did it all... got night passes for all the help... supplied the gasoline, food, and coal... or what ever the hell they needed, did it by hook or by crook... all for the book.

Finally all men below 56 points had to be shipped out. There were only three men left with the book... and two had to go! Transfers were arranged for these men to go to Ludwigsburg, fairly close to Fellbach, but they remained with the division on detached service to keep with the book. The division point score was settled at 56 and over. In came the quotas, until the company was full strength once again. But it wasn't the F Company we knew, and the handful of the original men were like strangers

in their own back yard. Then came the news everyone dreamed of... on December 12th the 100th was to leave Fellbach for their long voyage home. On December 10th the last story in the book, "S'long, Buddy", was finished. And even up until the last day, work orders were made to all concerns handling a part of our book to give it priority over all other work. The money was gathered together and put in safe keeping. The sum involved was 25 000 marks... all for the making of a better book. (700 books were printed.)

December 12th came, and the Hundredth did leave. It was unbelievable to everyone... the end of a long journey... the end of a long story.

But our story was not yet finished. There were still black and white photos and eight color pages with which to contend. Now the supervision took place from another town. There were a few shakey days, but the occupation photos were completed, and on December 19th the last color page came in. The color pages were printed, and in a few days the book was finished.

And now it's "Wethnacht" in Germany.

"Merry Christmas" everybody!!

One week later the book went to the bookbinder. There they were addressed and crated, and then shipped to the States for individual distribution.

And that gives you a rough idea of how rough it was in Fellbach.

In closing this long, long story... with a happy ending... we all owe a debt of gratitude to Lt. Lonsberg... for utilizing all his rank and energy to overcome the countless problems that confronted us, the unforeseen obstacles that threatened to smash our hopes for the completion of the book; and to J. J. Racy, whose entire existence was wrapped up in the book... who lived and breathed it, and through his spirit perpetuated it. So, hats off to these two men... they never gave up.

Happy days to you all!



● *And here it is . . . the beginning of the end. Company F leaves Yorkstrasse, Fellbach, for the good ol' homeland.*

● *December 12th Mid-day. Fall out with barracks bags! O.K., fellas mount your trucks! And it's away we go!!*

● *"Forty and Eights" coming in "Forty and Eights" going out!*

Who's Who and Where?

ALABAMA

Jones, Jessie L.	Box 532	Montgomery
Thompson, Paul C.	319 Morgan Ave.	Mobile

ARKANSAS

Andrews, Charles E.	Rt. 1 Box 187	Bradley
Bailey, Willie	Box 737	Hot Springs
Daniel, Curtis A.	Box 12	St. Joe
King, Claude W.	Rt. 2	Smithville
Sass, Alfred C.	701 S. 21st St.	Ft. Smith

CALIFORNIA

Allen, Arthur P.	6528 Via Colinita	San Pedro
Allen, Charles D.	Box D	Brentwood
Dwyer, Thomas E.		Riverside
Eskridge, C.	4066 Albright	Culver City
Kaler, Carroll	219 Pine St.	Long Beach
Kinney, John J.	1420 1/2 E. 75th	Los Angeles
Mondini, Steve J.	24 Blackburn St.	Santa Cruz
Petty, Harold R.	1270 Poplar St.	Fresno
Rhoads, Donald C.	1029 N. Green St.	Hamford

COLORADO

Kirchman, Frank J.	1701 Race St.	Denver
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CONNECTICUT

Brown, William E.	17 Willard St.	New Haven
Crosier, George T.	R.F.D. 1	Somers
Levesque, William J.	417 Edgewood St.	Hartford
Silva, John	1 Prospect Hts.	Milford
Skilton, Paul E.		Morris

FLORIDA

Highsmith, Joseph O.	1837 Brockland	Jacksonville
King, Wendell H.	1668 N.W. 7th Ave.	Miami

Manning, Robert F.		Miami Beach
Pasciuta, Reinaldo G.	1905 E. Buffalo Ave.	Tampa
Raulerson, James W.		McClenny
Raulerson, Woodrow		McClenny
Stanley, J. W.		Santa Fe
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GEORGIA

Armstrong, James D.	3 Elm St.	Aragon
Blair, Rufus E.	Rt. 2	Rockmart
Cole, Herman B.	Rt. 3	Commerce
Dalton, Herman O.	Rt. 1	Crandall
Downs, William P.	R.F.D. 3	Athens
Hudson, John B.		Blue Ridge
Montgomery, Rob. M.		Graham
Tipton, George	Rt. 2 B.V. Rd.	Columbus

HAWAII

Ignacio, Walter W.	P.O. 48	Ookola
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ILLINOIS

Baker, William C.	10303 Canterbury	Westchester
Barker, William C.		Broughton
Chynoweth, John C.	219 May St.	Elmhurst
Crinion, Patrick J.	RR. 2 c/o Jary Sanner	Bethany
George, Marion L.	Box 195	Kirkwood
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Mila, Edward H.	4807 W. 25th St.	Cicero
Ragel, Jack W.	117 Clyde Ave.	Evanston
Siuba, Stanley A.	8710 Marquette Ave.	Chicago
Skiba, Frank P.	1804 W. 21st St. Pl.	Chicago
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Wheeler, Kevin E.	7939 S. SanCarmenSt.	Chicago
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INDIANA

Allen, Carlton O.	748 E. Dr. Woodruff Plaza	Indianapolis
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Mrozinski, Paul A.		La Porte
Pisarski, Alexander		Gary
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Williamson, Melvin N.		Terre Haute
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IOWA

Ashton, Roger S.	2717 Des Moines St.	Des Moines
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Frost, Willard		Bussey
Goodner, Ronald D.		Harlan
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KANSAS

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KENTUCKY

Barney, Pete Jr.	436 Wright Hollow	Jenkins
Clifton, George T.		Owenton

Ingram, Arthur F.		Scranton
Johnson, Herbert	c/o Johnson Garage	Glenmore
Joiner, William H.	708 N. 15th St.	Mayfield
Kidd, William G.	603 7th St.	Corbin
Lawrence, James B.	Rt. 1 c/o McCann	Paris
Mangeot, Adolph G.	2324 1/2 St. Louis Ave.	Louisville
Marcum, Joe L.		Marvel
Mays, James H.		Morrill
Perkins, George T.		Frouge
Reese, Charles E.	1224 Stubbins St.	Bowling Green
Smith, Mason		Cane Valley
Snowden, Ernest L.	Rt. 2	Mt. Sterling

LOUISIANA

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La Pietra, Anthony		Monroe
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MAINE

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MARYLAND

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Keel, Roy C.	General Delivery	Wellsberg
Port, William C.	407 Evesham Ave.	Baltimore
Powers, William C.	Rt. 2	Dickerson
Reynolds, William C.	2438 Frederick Ave.	Baltimore
Sadilek, Norbert A.	Doris Ave.	Baltimore
Thomas, Norman	Rt. 2	Boonboro

MASSASHUSETTS

Budzisz, Matthew J.	445 Tecumseh St.	Fall River
Carlson, Robert G.	115 Stoughton St.	Quincy
Connors, John F.	719 Moody St.	Waltham
Demauro, Anthony G.	11 Rodney St.	Wooster
Emerson, Alfred G.	71 Richardson Rd.	Lynn
Lawrence, Robert S.	Westley Drive	Leicester
Petralia, William J.	200 Columbia Ave.	Boston
Renieri, A.	17 Cottage St.	E. Boston
Rudis, Ralph R.	109 Wooster St.	Bridgewater
Scott, Kenneth, E.	18 15th St.	Webster

MICHIGAN

Freid, Bernard M.	14207 Hampshire	Detroit
French, George E.	E338 Foss Ave.	Flint
Herrman, Leslie E.		St. Joe
Jost, Louis J.	2245 E. Kirby St.	Detroit
Justice, Milford J.	515 East Ave. B.	Newberry
Matkin, Marcus L.	27227 Waldorf Ave.	Roseville
Murrell, Arthur E.		Grand Rapids
Murrell, William H.		Detroit
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Stoddard, William E.	1014 S. Fayette St.	Saginaw
Super, Theodore J.	5057 Feinwood	Detroit
Van Duren, Jack C.	200 Union Ave. N.E.	Grand Rapids
While, W. G.	8040 Dexter Blvd.	Detroit
White, William G.		Fruitport

MINNESOTA

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Eckman, Floyd D.	423 Holly	Brainard
Petrell, Roy A.	Rt. 1	Embarass
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Varner, Robert E.	Rt. 2 Box 88	Jackson

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	c/o Mrs. H. Mathews	
Moser, John A.		St. Louis
Nichols, James W.	3739 Sylvan Pl.	St. Louis
Smith, Clarence L.	c/o H. O. Stevens Rt. 3	Trenton

MONTANA

Smith, David W.	Rt. 2	Columbia Falls
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NEW HAMPSHIRE

Bernier, Arthur P.		Greenville
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NEW JERSEY

Agel, Charles J.	15 W. 29th St.	Bayonne
Annunziato, Frank M.	421 Monroe St.	Hoboken
Funk, William A.	1236 N. 26th St.	Camden
Gannett, Alfred	484 Irving Ave.	Maplewood
Howell, Gerald W.	439 Commonwealth Ave.	Trenton
Hroncich, Anthony J.	5809 Washington St.	West New York
Monchino, Domin. R.	315 64th St.	West New York
Murray, George D.	158 Sunset Ave.	N. Arlington
Olejarz, Alfred R.	56 Union Blvd.	Wallington
Olinski, Louis	297 Belmont Ave.	Newark
Pirorti, P. A.	193 Littleton Ave.	Newark
Pozner, Irving	330 W. 57th St.	West New York
Slepawronski, Edward	494 So. 10th St.	Newark
Stenson, Henry A.	13 Oliver St.	E. Orange
Van Arsdale, W. R. Jr.	130 Bayard St.	New Brunswick
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Robinson, Price R. 711 W. Marble Ave. Albuquerque

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Basileo, Victor A.	8 5th St.	Gloversville
Beekman, John J.	2594 42nd St.	Astoria, L. I.
Biasi, Joseph V.	4455 Burwood Ave.	Mechantville
Bless, Bertram O.	2329 63rd St.	Brooklyn
Blutter, Sidney D.	608 Pine St.	Brooklyn
Brodsky, Stanley	1335 W. 7th St.	Brooklyn
Carr, Raymond F.	1047 East 86th St.	Brooklyn
Chamulak, William	472 Elk St.	Albany (6)
Clarke, Robert J.	350 Florence St.	Mamaroneck
Clark, Donald L.	Arch St.	Schenevus
Clifford, Forest K.	320 N. Midler Ave.	Syracuse
Corrado, Harold E.	2882 Bailey Ave.	Bronx (63)
Davis, William R.	54 Higby Rd.	Utica
Delgardio, Anthony J.	2253 West St.	Brooklyn
Diamond, Howard B.	361 Beach 12th St.	Far Rockaway
DiPalma, Albert		Gloversville
Fox, James P.		Johnston
Francht, Joseph	40 Wycoff St.	Brooklyn
Gabriel, Richard E.	1459 North Ave.	New Rochelle
Ganz, Irving	342 E. 49th St.	New York City
Geller, Milton	2114 Atlantic Ave.	Brooklyn
Goldberg, Isidore	27 Suffolk St.	New York City
Golderman, Julius	Main St.	Valitie
Gray, Walter A.		Buffalo
Harrington, Wilfr. M.		Warrensburg
Hawkins, Will. T. Jr.		Long Island
Holzner, Henry	2426 46th St.	St. Astoria, L. I.
Horler, Thomas W.		Unionville
Hunger, Irving	68 Cannon St.	New York City
Hurley, Borromeo W.	179 W. 166th St.	Bronx
Kanter, William E.	42 Blossom Heath c/o Lapin	Lynbrook, L. I.
Kasberger, John S.	1062 Lancaster	Syracuse

Basileo, Victor A.	8 5th St.	Gloversville
Beekman, John J.	2594 42nd St.	Astoria, L. I.
Biasi, Joseph V.	4455 Burwood Ave.	Mechantville
Bless, Bertram O.	2329 63rd St.	Brooklyn
Blutter, Sidney D.	608 Pine St.	Brooklyn
Brodsky, Stanley	1335 W. 7th St.	Brooklyn
Carr, Raymond F.	1047 East 86th St.	Brooklyn
Chamulak, William	472 Elk St.	Albany (6)
Clarke, Robert J.	350 Florence St.	Mamaroneck
Clark, Donald L.	Arch St.	Schenevus
Clifford, Forest K.	320 N. Midler Ave.	Syracuse
Corrado, Harold E.	2882 Bailey Ave.	Bronx (63)
Davis, William R.	54 Higby Rd.	Utica
Delgardio, Anthony J.	2253 West St.	Brooklyn
Diamond, Howard B.	361 Beach 12th St.	Far Rockaway
DiPalma, Albert		Gloversville
Fox, James P.		Johnston
Francht, Joseph	40 Wycoff St.	Brooklyn
Gabriel, Richard E.	1459 North Ave.	New Rochelle
Ganz, Irving	342 E. 49th St.	New York City
Geller, Milton	2114 Atlantic Ave.	Brooklyn
Goldberg, Isidore	27 Suffolk St.	New York City
Golderman, Julius	Main St.	Valitie
Gray, Walter A.		Buffalo
Harrington, Wilfr. M.		Warrensburg
Hawkins, Will. T. Jr.		Long Island
Holzner, Henry	2426 46th St.	St. Astoria, L. I.
Horler, Thomas W.		Unionville
Hunger, Irving	68 Cannon St.	New York City
Hurley, Borromeo W.	179 W. 166th St.	Bronx
Kanter, William E.	42 Blossom Heath c/o Lapin	Lynbrook, L. I.
Kasberger, John S.	1062 Lancaster	Syracuse

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Passero, S.	327 Oliver St.	Port Chester
Pecylak, Peter	43 No. Bleecker St.	Mt. Vernon
Racy, Julius J.	667 McDonough St.	Brooklyn
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Reilly, Phillip P.	1299 Richmond Rd.	Staten Island
Rifici, Michael	938 E. 163rd St.	New York City
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Spallone, Reynard J.	418 Homestead Ave.	Mt. Vernon
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Stalikas, Nicholas	501 W. 173th St.	New York City
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Todeschini, Charles	317 Marion St.	Brooklyn
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Vampotic, Albert F.	78 E. Park Ave.	Grand Island
Wade, James M.	134-52 219th St.	Springfield Gard., L.I.
Wright, William H.	46 Baker Hill Rd.	Great Neck
Yakinetz, William	274 So. 2nd St.	Brooklyn
Zarabet, Joe	762 Miller Ave.	Brooklyn

Adams, George H.	106 W. Granger Ave.	Kinston
Auten, Maurice W.	McAdenville Pl.	Camerton
Carrow, Harvey H.	215 E. Gordon St.	Kinston
Childers, Quez H.	Rt. 1	Hiddenite
Coleman, Joseph F.	Box 218	Hillsboro
Georgoulis, Spiros		Wilson
Veach, R. T.	Box 301	Kenonville
Wortman, Paul J.	Rt. 1	Casar

Adams, George H.	106 W. Granger Ave.	Kinston
Auten, Maurice W.	McAdenville Pl.	Camerton
Carrow, Harvey H.	215 E. Gordon St.	Kinston
Childers, Quez H.	Rt. 1	Hiddenite
Coleman, Joseph F.	Box 218	Hillsboro
Georgoulis, Spiros		Wilson
Veach, R. T.	Box 301	Kenonville
Wortman, Paul J.	Rt. 1	Casar

OHIO

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Channing, Donald R.	Rt. 6	Lima
Clay, David D.	730 Sumbury Rd.	Columbus
Cleland, Sherrill	1568 Hillside Ter.	Akron
Clutter, James H.		New Matamoras
Conley, Dallas E.	Rt. 2	Beaver
Easton, Edwin L.		De Groff
Felt, Allen F.	Box 34 Glenwood Rd.	Rossford
Huffman, Robert R.	335 So. View Ave.	Dayton
Johnson, Earnest E.	Box 33	West Jefferson
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Mercer, Harold L.	121 Ada Ave.	Bowling Green
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Royse, Walter W.	Rt. 2	Canfield
Searles, George W.	15106 Ester Ave.	Lakewood
Schaffner, Melvin E.	12 W. Hudson Ave.	Dayton
Smith, Harry L.	Pottery Addition	Steubenville
Sparrow, Paul E.	R.R. 3 Fairground Rd.	Xenia
Stevenson, Frank L.	Stevenson's Market	Alger
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Perceful, Earlene		Roland

OREGON

Langley, Orel	Star Route,	Grande Ronde
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PENNSYLVANIA

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Ference, Paul J.	4224 Chippendale Ave.	Philadelphia
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Fioretti, Elmer J.	203 Main St.	Eynon
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Gavula, George		Erie
George, Bernard W.	1734 Kenneth Ave.	New Kensington
Gibson, James C.	R.F.D. 2	Shipperville
Graham, Robert J.	43 Evans Ave.	Pittsburgh (5)
Hannigan, Jack P.	89 Sterling	Nanny-Glo
Haught, Warren E.	262 Jefferson St.	Rochester
Hintzel, Andrew P.	516 1st Ave.	Elwood
Johnson, Ralph A.	1416 N. 15th St.	Reading
Keefer, Richard N.		Tamaque
Kerr, William	Berks County	Jacksonwald
King, Eugene J.	2109 S. 72nd St.	Philadelphia
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Lippart, George F.	Rt. 2	Clearfield
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McBrearty, Joseph F.	2919 So. 17th St.	Philadelphia
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Smith, Howard D.	428 Park Ave.	Kane
Smith, John L.	Rt. 1	Port Allegany
Surmanek, Joseph M.	379 Madison St.	Wilkes Barre
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RHODE ISLAND

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Wielan, Otto P.	158 Schuyler St.	E. Providence

<u>SOUTH CAROLINA</u>		
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Addis, Charles W.	Rt. 2	Walhalla
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<u>TENNESSEE</u>		
Bowlin, Luther		Pressman's Home
Bowman, James		Clairfield
Condrey, Eugene	Rt. 1	McKensie
Curbo, Lawrence W.	Rt. 2	Whitehaven
Enoch, James F.	509 So. 13th St.	Nashville
Fann, Joe K.		McMinnville
Ferguson, Frank B.		Chapel Hill
Gentry, William E.		Cleveland
Jackson, Thomas P.	R.F.D. 1	Erwin
Kinnick, James W.	1017 Kentucky	Bristol
Ledford, William E.	Rt. 1	Roan Mt.
Millsaps, Clarence	Rt. 4	Vonroe
Packett, Arrants H.		Sweetwater
Seratt, James S.	Rt. 1	Finger
Steed, Calvin E.	103 Poole Lane	Oakridge
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Butler, Doyle	Rt. 1	Douglass
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Johnson, Charles R.	2820 E. 4th St.	Fort Worth
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Sherman, Vernon L.	Box 1046	Robstown
Thomas, Robert S. Jr.		Hedley
<u>UTAH</u>		
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<u>VERMONT</u>	
St. Laurent, Oscar A.	Island Pond

<u>VIRGINIA</u>	
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Barnhill, Edgar W. Jr.	Suffolk
Barto, Teddy	Bowers Hill
Brooks, Norman B.	Caret
Carneal, Clyde B.	Ladysmith
Cassell, Henry C. Jr.	Portsmouth
Dean, M. T.	Coeburn
Keen, Carroll	Hampton

<u>WASHINGTON</u>		
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Hedlund, Richard J.	Rt. 2	Mt. Vernon
Newcomer, Ervil J.	4115 - 15 N.E.	Seattle
Pykonen, William A.	Rt. 4 Box 387	Port Orchard

<u>WASHINGTON D.C.</u>	
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Shipp, Clinton E.	2123 25th St. N.W.

<u>WEST VIRGINIA</u>		
Crosswhite, Oswald	445 58th St.	Charleston
Ewing, Hurling D.		Hico
Fox, James P.		Webster Springs
Lester, Calvin C.		Bud
Mace, Kenton		Putney
Stoica, Mike	c/o Mrs. G. Pigan, 3725 Terrace Way	Hollidays Cove
Wynn, H.	Box 131	Newell

<u>WISCONSIN</u>		
Beier, Leroy T.	R.R. 1	La Crosse
Lord, Erving J.	330 4th Ave. South	Wisconsin Rapids
Ponty, Hermann P.	314 S. Brooks	Madison

Get That Man's Name!!

HOW MANY OF THE OLD "G.I.s" HAVE YOU MET?