

X -- LUXEMBOURG TO THE RHINE

"Somewhere in Germany, "C" Btry was in position not very far from a road intersection that was receiving occasional interditory fire. Capt. Boston ordered everyone to sleep in some old brick or stone buildings that were close by and not in our pup tents as we had been doing. I had already put up my pup tent near the kitchen truck and decided to leave it as it was.

"At some point Clarence Fulford, the driver of the kitchen truck, and I decided to take a nap in the tent. No sooner had we settled down than a shell landed in our general area but some distance from where we were. Fulford said: 'Hare, we had better get out of here.' I told him to go to sleep and not worry so much. Another shell landed, a little closer this time. Again Fulford said: 'Hare, damned if we shouldn't get out of here.' Again I told him to shut up and go to sleep, the Germans were shooting at the intersection. Don't get me wrong, I was as scared as he was. About that time a third shell landed, almost on top of us we thought. I yelled: 'It's time to go.'

"From then on, all through the night, shells landed in our area off and on. The kitchen truck sustained some damage and one of my pup tent poles was hit and sheared off about two inches from the ground.

"If Capt. Boston hadn't ordered us to sleep in the buildings while we were at that position, I might not be writing this today."  
--- Elijah Hare

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