

VIII - FIRE & MUD TO THE SIEGFRIED LINE

"We were near a French town that had been heavily damaged by bombs or artillery fire. It might have been Farbersviller but I am not sure. The battalion wasn't actively engaged at the time so on a beautiful Sunday morning I went for a walk in the town. There were piles of rubble everywhere, as well as many stacks of bricks and stones from the destroyed or partially destroyed buildings.

"Wandering up one of the deserted streets, nature called. I went behind one of the big piles of bricks, took off my helmet and pistol belt, unloaded my pockets and squatted down. Hearing a rustling noise, I looked up to see a couple in their mid-thirties approaching. They were all dressed up and probably were going to or coming from church. I lowered my head. Instead of looking the other way and ignoring me, they cheerfully said: 'Bon Jour, Bon Jour.' I glanced up and mumbled: 'Bon Jour.' They didn't seem to think anything about it and continued on their way. It was a very embarrassing experience for me.' --- Frank Bujdoso

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"I don't recall where we were at the time but I do remember it was a delightful sight to see a large number of bombers flying overhead, dropping tin foil strips like raindrops to mess-up the German radar. All of us in the gun crews cheered." - Tom Haynie

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"I did not like coffee but when the weather was cold I would drink it to keep warm. I liked hot tea but there weren't any tea bags in 'K' rations. My wife, Betty, started sending me a tea bag in each letter she wrote. That turned out to be a great idea - tea bags being flat were easy to include in a letter. We didn't get mail regularly but each letter I received had a tea bag in it and I could enjoy a hot cup of my favorite beverage." -- Richard Lee

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