

The radio was on our truck. When the people had gathered around in good numbers, Langlois would take the phone down and say in French, "Hello, Hello, DeGaulle? We have liberated another town." His manner had many of the people believing he was actually calling the French leader. Frenchy kept us laughing most of the trip, but he was almost a "sad-sack" toward the last. Too many bottles, I guess.

The French would ring the church bells as we passed through and do their best to kiss us on both cheeks and render every other courtesy they could.

At one time, about daylight, on September 2, we could hear a German bugle blowing on the road to our left. A German column was trying to escape! The large amount of equipment demolished on the roads indicated the fine job the air corps had done. Many carts, guns, motor cars, tanks, and horses were strung along every mile of the road.

We arrived at Tournai, Belgium about 2200 the evening of the 2nd. We had completed our part in the 180 mile dash. The fastest, opposed march in military history was over, made by the 30th Division in 72 hours.

We stayed at Tournai until the morning of the 7th of September. We washed our clothes, got some much needed rest, and set up a light defense. It was here that Stan found some nice showers. We had completed plans to have the company take showers, but the regimental commander found out about it. He stopped the whole proceedings. We couldn't figure out why, but it was not unusual for us to have trouble figuring him out.

It was while we were here the report was broadcast that the war was over. The same afternoon we were attending a demonstration on the assault of pill box boxes. That didn't mean the war was over to us; it meant that the SEIGFRIED LINE was on someone's mind, not a happy thought. We hoped someone would out-flank it, or something else miraculous might happen.

The story of Tournai would not be complete if I did not mention the arrival

of the English after we had been there a day or so. They said, "We were supposed to be here first."

On the morning of the 7th of September, we left Tournai to which we had by this time become quite attached. It was 0530 when we left this Belgian town. We traveled about 65 miles on truck, mostly east, stopping at Laloux, Belgium. We were supposed to go another 65 or 70 miles, but gasoline was getting scarce. They had to keep the tanks moving. We stayed there that night.

On the morning of the 8th we started on foot. I was to bring up the tail of the column. I chose Langlois to go with me as a runner. We walked nearly 25 miles. I didn't let too many of the company fall out, but I lost Langlois. After we arrived at our destination, I took the jeep to find the missing members. I found Frenchy walking down the wrong road. He was heading for the First Battalion! It was that night that Lt. Stanford told Frenchy he had better get on the jeep the next day. He did, and he has been riding it ever since.

We spent a very nice night. The Belgian lady couldn't do too much for us. She cooked a nice meal with the few things she had. We ate with real silverware, a tablecloth, good spuds, and a lovely atmosphere. The lady talked a little English. Stan and I had a nice bed, sheets, and all the comforts of the best home that night.

On the 9th we took off again. This time the company did another 25 miles. I was sure wishing we had gasoline. I wondered if General Eisenhower knew how bad my feet felt that night. To walk was like walking on egg shells; I was stiff all over. But the receptions were fine in all the towns; everyone was out to welcome us as we passed through.

My aching feet! The order was to start off again in the morning. Only fifteen miles that day. By two o'clock we were on a hill that looked down on the Albert Canal and the Meuse River. This was the 10th of September. The company wet up for the night. We had a nice house to stay in. The machine-gun



section had some members of the Belgian equivalent to the FFI digging in their positions. They also were bringing soup to our men and trying to make us feel as comfortable as they could. The company was issued "ten-in-one" rations. Things were looking good. They must expect us to be here a day or so.

About nine o'clock Col. Brown called Lt. Stanford and told him to report to the Battalion CP with one platoon leader. Col. Brown, Lt. Stanford, and Lt. Tullbane departed for the Regimental CP. Stan called me about 2230, and told me to break the rations down so they could be carried. I knew something was up. Something was up! Both the second and third platoons were to cross the canal, and get at least a squad each across the river before daylight. "Part of a plan to keep contact with the enemy," Col. Sutherland, the regimental commander, called it.

All started well. They crossed the canal. The second platoon found themselves under machine-gun fire when they got two thirds of the way across the river and had to withdraw. The company CP group crossed the canal under much pressure. Stan crossed the canal, leaving part of his equipment in the original CP, part of it in the second CP, and part of it on the canal bank. I wasn't far behind him.

Just across the river, we found a beautiful chateau. Some royal blood owned the place. It was very lovely but we didn't get time to enjoy it. We took off about five o'clock. We stayed at Dalhem that night, and slept in a cow barn! Twenty milimeter fire was active when we entered town but by morning it, and the enemy machine-gun fire also, had withdrawn---as per plan, I suppose. This had all happened on the 11th of September.

The twelfth we shoved off again. Co. "K" was leading, but it wasn't long until Co. "L" took up a position on the left of the battalion. We crossed into Holland in the afternoon. People were still ringing church bells when we entered the small towns. About 1800 our company found itself well ahead of the battalion

on the left. We tried to encircle a small town, but the "Jerries" got wise and started to pull out. It was here that "Pop" Petersen knocked out a half track that was trying to escape. Col. Brown told Stan that he could not bring another unit up to him. He would leave it up to Stan to decide if we should stay or pull back. Stan said, "We had to fight to get here and we don't want to do the same thing tomorrow, so we'll stay." We did, and put up a real defense. The mortar section was even helping hold the perimeter defense before we finished re-arranging things. Every thing worked out fine.

We were on the move again the next morning. Our company was once more operating by itself. About 1100 we found ourselves pinned down by 20mm fire and small arms fire. It was here that Sgt. DeFede was killed. Stan took out on one of his reconnaissance trips here and found himself crawling 300 yards in a ditch before he returned. Of course higher headquarters was calling up every 15 minutes wanting to know why we were not moving. They even told us once that we would be at the objective at 1300. Stan, in his usual way, used his good common sense and did not try to rush matters. Finally, they sent us tanks and we went on through. We found some excellent dug-in positions in front of us. No wonder they had us stopped! We took a few prisoners.

That night, as we reached the objective, Scheulder, Holland, the battalion found that there were plenty of Germans in a large trench only about 400 yards from town. Everything opened up when this was discovered----the tankers, machine-gunners, mortarmen, riflemen, and even Langlois was firing his carbine. The "Krauts" were run out, but I can't say much damage resulted from all the firing.

Finally we set up for the night, after doing a great deal of walking to look the situation over. We put the CP in the trench. About dark, Langlois, myself, and a few more of the group started out to find some straw to sleep on. We knew the general direction of the pile because we could see an outline in the sky. We went to it only to find a large tree when we got there. It rained that



night. How well do I remember waking up and finding that rain running down my raincoat into my face! What a night! This had all happened on the 13th of September. (Lt. Stanford later received the bronze star for his action on the 12th).

We stayed in this same general area. The first platoon was sent on a mission about a mile from the company. They formed a roadblock at this point.

On the morning of the 16th we started out once more. What do you know, "L" Co. was in reserve! The battalion ran into some small arms fire and plenty of artillery; but it did not last for very long. We spent that night in a small town and took off the next morning again. About noon we arrived in Terwinselen, Holland, a large town with very nice buildings.

The afternoon was spent in trying to knock out a machine-gun position on the edge of town. First Lt. Kelly went over to try to take care of it, then Sgt. Hendricks, and before evening Lt. Hager and Lt. Tullbane were working on the situation. Finally Lt. Smith brought his anti-tank gun up and shot through the building, which all reports indicated, contained the enemy group. I don't think the crew was ever damaged---they probably withdrew.

We spent the night in a very nice house. Johnny, as Tullbane was called, spent half the night trying to get tied in around the coal pile.

It was here that the battalion picked up the Dutch officer who was always called Teddy. He truly hated the "Heinies." He helped Lt. Stanford in locating the German positions and later joined the battalion; he provided valuable help in handling intelligence work until he was called back to the Dutch Army in January. He talked excellent English.

We moved out at 1800 that night. Two battalions plus tanks and other vehicles all were trying to move out at once. Before we started it was dark, really a dark night. I don't know how we went the right way, but we finally arrived in a town called Waubach. We had moved out in the middle of feeding

the men supper, so we finished this about 2300.

As I said, it was very dark. Stan wasn't the least bit happy about the way we had to move out. Everything was mass confusion and Stan explained his feelings to Col. Brown. Uncle, as we call him because of the radio call, talked to Stan like a father and told him that everything would be O.K.! It was, except Stan had his usual case of night blindness and couldn't see anything. We got settled that night, but I don't know just how. We were sobered very much by the thought that the SEIGFRIED LINE was only about a mile away.

The next day, the 19th, Col. Brown called me down and told me in front of a company commanders' meeting that we were planning on jumping off the next day. He asked me to take a patrol down through the first battalion area and see what I could see. I gathered together some field glasses and a compass, and went on my way with a small patrol. I almost walked into Germany that night. We found two dead Germans and could see across the way where the "pill-boxes" were. Those pill-boxes gave a fellow a peculiar feeling. As we were crawling around through the bushes, some mortar rounds came in. I thought perhaps they had picked us up. I do not know for sure, but we got out of there in a hurry! It was getting dark, and Col. Brown had told me to be back before dark; so we went back.

The next day the whole thing was called off, which made us all happy. We needed a little more time to make some plans before we tried to hit this thing. We were equipped with flame throwers and dynamite charges. It takes a little time to train unexperienced men in the use of such equipment.

The following day we learned that the 29th Division was being brought up after having finished the Brest Campaign. The attack would not take place for a week. The battalion went back a couple of miles, and went through a problem that was as near to our situation as we could devise. This was done on September 27 and 28.

We moved the company CP, the second day, to a room in the Catholic Parish



School. It was here that we became acquainted with four Fathers of the Church. We always called our home there the "good Fathers' place". One of them could speak English, and two of them spoke French, so with the aid of Langlois we could carry on a conversation.

While here we enjoyed a few shows. I remember the showing of "Harvest Moon". The good Father asked Frenchy if it would be all right for his pupils to see the show. Langlois answered that he was sure that anything that was O.K. for the armed forces would be O.K. for the students. The show pictured some college girls getting ready for a dance. When this flashed on the screen the Father quickly gathered together his pupils and took them off!

Plans were ready now. We would attack any day. Each day, we would wake up thinking, "This will be the Day." We would go out and check the weather, hoping it would be cloudy so the planes could not fly, and thereby postpone the Day. Some way, this one had everyone a little worried. After all, this was the SIEGFRIED LINE! Pillboxes did not appeal to our thoughts too well. We knew that "Jerry" would be waiting for us because of the large amount of artillery, including big stuff that he had been throwing into our town. One of our men had been killed standing in the doorway of a house.

October 1 was to be the Day. Someone let the information slip, so it was postponed. While we were sweating this out, we were hearing the stories of what the paratroopers were running into in the Arnhem, Nijmegen area. The war was being prolonged by the "beating" our troops were taking there. A little bit of thinking made one realize this.

Waubach would not be fully explained if mention were not made of the courtesy patrols under the able direction of Major Rogerson. Four men and one officer were chosen to work on four-hour shifts. They patrolled the area to make certain that the men were wearing proper uniforms, and were carrying their weapons. Now, isn't that some way to be spending the days before you make an attack? The