

“The 70th Division And All That Jazz”

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"THE 70th DIVISION and ALL THAT JASS"

ROGER FARRIS G-275

THE YEAR WAS 1944. I WAS 18 YEARS OLD, A CALLOW YOUTH AND A RECENT GRADUATE OF ALBION, NEBRASKA HIGH SCHOOL, ABOUT TO SET THE MUSIC WORLD AFIRE. I NOTED IN MY MORNING MAIL A LETTER FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT. I DID NOT RECALL KNOWING ANYONE THERE, SO I CHECKED MY XMAS CARD LIST. NOTHING THERE. THE EXACT WORDING ESCAPES ME BUT IT SEEMS THEY NEEDED MY ASSISTANCE IN ENDING WW 2. IF YOU RECALL, THAT WAS THE BIG ONE. IT DID SEEM REASONABLE AS IT HAD GONE ON FOR SOME TIME. I GRACIOSLY ACCEPTED AND COMPLIMENTED THEM ON THEIR EXCEPTIONAL JUDGEMENT IN HANDELING A NAGGING PROBLEM. THEY IMMEDIATELY ACKNOWLEDGED MY REPLY, EXPIDITING THEIR PLAN BY SENDING A TRAIN AND SEVERAL BUSSES. THAT WAS THOUGHTFUL. THEY JUSTIFIED THIS EXPENSE BY FILLING THE TRAIN WITH OTHERS. WE ARRIVED AT A MILITARY INSTALLATION CALLED CAMP FANNIN, TEXAS. IT WAS NAMED AFTER A MAN THAT DID NOT LUCK OUT AT THE ALAMO. DON'T WORRY.

UNDER DIFFERENT MANAGEMENT THIS LAND HAD GROWN ROSES AND WATER MELONS. THE ROSES WERE HELL ON SOLDIERING BUT THE WATER MELONS WERE A GREATER CHALLENGE.

* HISTORICAL NOTE.

TIME MAGAZINE RAN A BIT SEVERAL YEARS LATER REPORTING THAT CONGRESS HAD AUTHORIZED A PAYMENT OF \$18,000.00 TO A WATER MELON FARMER FROM TYLER, TEXAS. I KNEW WE WOULD NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT.

AFTER A GRUELING AND PROLONGED TRAINING PERIOD OF THIRTEEN WEEKS, WE WERE ADJUDGED CAPABLE, COMPETENT AND ABLE TO STOP THE INDOMITABLE HUN. I HAD'NT GOT IT STRAIGHT IN MY OWN MIND YET, BUT NO TO WORRY.

I WAS TOLD TO GO HOME AND HAVE A LAST LOOK AT MY FAMILY. I THOUGHT THAT CURIOUS----- SO DID MY FAMILY. HMMM----- IN TIME ANOTHER TRAIN CAME BY AND

AFTER ADVENTURES TO NUMEROUS TO RECOUNT WE ARRIVED AT FORT MEADE, MD. THE COUNTRY CLUB OF THE ARMY I WAS TOLD. REAL CLASS. IT WOULD BE A WONDERFUL PLACE TO SERVE YOUR COUNTRY AND SEE IT THROUGH A DIFFICULT TIME. UNFORTUNATELY THINGS WERE WORSE THAN I THOUGHT AND WE WERE ALL NEEDED IN A DIFFERENT LOCATION.... AS YET UNDISCLOSED.

A BRIEF INTERLUDE IN WASHINGTON AS THE WAR DRAGGED ON AND THEN ON TO CAMP MILES STANDISH NORTH OF BOSTON. THE NAME RANG A BELL! IT WAS AN ODD COLLECTION OF SHACKS SCATTERED RANDOMLY THRU A SWAMP, SPOUTING BLACK COAL SMOKE AND NAMED AFTER SOME GENERAL THAT WAS PLAYING FOOTSYE WITH POCHAHANTAS. CAMPS ARE NAMED AFTER GENERALS OR CIGARETTES. GOD IT WAS COLD AND SMOKEY! NOT TO WORRY. SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS HAD BEEN MADE AND WE WERE DUMPED ON A DOCK IN BOSTON. OUR SHIP, THE MAGNIFICENT "SEA TIGER VICTORY" WAS DOCK SIDE BUT APPEARED TO HAVE GONE AGROUND ON WHAT LOOKED VERY MUCH LIKE A GARBAGE DUMP. A CLOSER EXAMINATION REVEALED THAT IT WAS ONLY BOSTON HARBOR. GOING ABOARD I SPOTTED TWO CASES OF TEA WITH BRITISH TAX STAMPS, AWASH OFF THE BOW. LATE IN THE AFTERNOON WE WERE FINALLY LOADED, THE TUGS CAME IN AND PUSHED US OFF THE PILE, PUT JUMPER CABLES ON AND GOT THE ENGINES STARTED AND WE HEADED INTO THE UNKNOWN. OUR DESTINATION OF COURSE WAS TOP SECRET. BUT I DID THINK THAT SIXTY HUGE TRANSPORTS PAINTED BATTLE SHIP GREY ACCOMPANIED BY DESTROYERS, THREE SMALL CARRIERS AND A VARIETY OF NAVAL VESSELS HEADING EAST FROM BOSTON IN THE MIDDLE OF A WAR MIGHT CAUSE INTEREST IN SOME QUARTERS.

MY OWN CURIOSITY ABOUT OUR DESTINATION WAS CONFIRMED
WHEN I WAS ASKED TO CONDUCT CLASSES IN FRENCH AND
GERMAN. THIS PRESENTED SOME VERY BIG PROBLEMS.
WITH A TOP SECRET DESTINATION THE REPONSIBILITIES
BECAME HORRENDOUS. THERE COULD BE SPIES, INFILTRATORS
OR A SIMPLE SLIP OF THE LIP. AFTER MUCH CONCERN ABOUT
MY SECURITY PROBLEM IT WOULD BECOME SOMEONE ELSE'S.
I DIDN'T KNOW FRENCH OR GERMAN! I HAD MET A GIRL ONE
NIGHT NAMED ALICE KAPUT. NOT TO WORRY.
THE ATLANTIC OCEAN IS A VERY LARGE HUNK OF VERY BLACK,
UGLY, CHURNING WATER LYING IN AN EASTERLY DIRECTION
BETWEEN US AND THEM. IT WAS THE FIRST OF JANUARY AND
I'VE BEEN TOLD THERE ARE BETTER TIMES TO CROSS.
THE DESTROYERS AND COVERTS WOULD SIMPLY SLIDE OFF
THE CRESTS OF THOSE TREMENDOUS WAVES INTO THE TROUGH
AND DISSAPEAR FOR SO LONG YOU'D THINK THEY'D GONE DOWN
ONLY TO POP UP LATER LIKE NEW YEARS CHAMPAGNE CORKS.
WHEN I THINK OF A BEAUTIFUL OCEAN THE ATLANTIC NEVER
CROSSES MY MIND. OUR OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS WERE YET
TO COME. WE GOT THRU THE STORMS, GUN DRILLS, SUBS
AND SHORT RATIONS. I WAS TOLD WE PASSED IRELAND
THEN SOME WHITE CLIFFS WHICH HAD TO BE DOVER.
I'D HEARD THE SONG.

WE WERE NOW INTO THE CHANNEL AND THINGS CALMED DOWN,
THE DECK REMAINED RELATIVELY LEVEL AND COLOR RETURNED
TO THE CHEEKS OF THE FAINT AT HEART AND WE SAILED INTO
THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR OF LE HARVE. IT HAD BEEN BOMBED
FLATTER THAN JANE FONDA. BUT NOT TO WORRY. ANOTHER
GENERATION WOULD HAVE TO PUT UP WITH HER. THE FRENCH
WERE DECIDEDLY PUT OUT ABOUT THEIR HARBOR. CIE LE VIE!
WELL, THEY DUMPED US ON THE DOCK AGAIN. THIS TIME IN
THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT WITH A SLICE OF BREAD AND TWO
EGGS WITH BLACK YOLKS (AS OPPOSED TO THE YELLOW KIND)
WE TRUDGED ACROSS OMAHA BOXES AND MOWBRAY HARBOR
BRIDGES TO A RAILWAY SIDING, STILL ON OUR SEA LEGS.
WE CROWDED UP TO A COACH WITH LARGE ROUND WINDOWS
EACH WITH A SINGLE ROSE IN A BUD VASE, WHITE JACKETED
WAITERS AND WARMTH RADIATEING FROM THE WINDOWS. IT
SEEMED TO BE TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE. WELL OF COURSE IT WAS!
THE TRAIN WAS THE FAMED ORIENT EXPRESS. I GUESS THEY
WERE ON THEIR WAY TO CHINA. I DID KNOW THAT AGATHA
CHRISTIE MADE SOME BIG BUCKS ON THAT TRAIN, BUT WE
WERE NOT TO SEE IT. NOT TO WORRY!
ACROSS THE SIDING FROM US WAS A UNIQUE CONVEYANCE
CALLED A "40 & 8". IT WAS A FRENCH INVENTION OF SOME
DISTINCTION AND HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH MEN AND HORSES.
TIME WAS OF THE ESSENCE, SO THEY SWEEPED THE HORSE PART
OUT AND WE GOT ON.

AND SO ON OUR VERY OWN FORTY AND EIGHT WE STEAMED
 FITFULLY ACROSS THE FROZEN FRENCH COUNTRY SIDE. AWED
 BY ITS BEAUTY AND NUMBED BY ITS COLD. PARIS, CHATEAU
 THIERRY, BARLEUDUC, NEAUFCHATEAU, ETC. I'D HEARD OF
 THEM BUT I DON'T RECALL SEEING THEM. MY NEW FOUND
 FRIEND SUGGESTED OUR FEET WERE FROZEN. HE SEEMED TO
 KNOW EVERYTHING.....HE WAS FROM NEW YORK. WE RELIEVED,
 OVER PROTEST, A FRENCH RAIL ROAD WORKER OF HIS STOVE
 AND KICKED DOWN A HUNDRED FEET OF FENCE FOR FUEL..
 THIS DID NOTHING TO IMPROVE US / FRENCH RELATIONS.
 I HADN'T FELT MY FEET IN A COUPLE OF DAYS AND NOW MY
 NOSE BECAME A BIG ISSUE. IT ALWAYS WAS.
 WE EVENTUALLY ARRIVED AT A HELL HOLE CALLED
THE EPINAL REPPLE DEPOT. NOW WAS THE TIME TO WORRY!
AN OLD LINEN FACTORY, IT WAS COLDER INSIDE THAN OUT .
 I CAN'T REMEMBER EATING, THE LATRINE WAS PLANKS LAID
 ACROSS A CANAL THAT ALWAYS HAD A GALE FORCE WIND
 BLOWING. MY FRIEND AND I WALKED THRU THE BIG HOLE
 IN THE FENCE THAT NIGHT AND WATCHED THE MP'S RAID
 A BAGNIO (THAT'S A WHORE HOUSE). GI'S WERE ACTUALLY
 SLIDING DOWN DRAIN PIPES CARRYING THEIR PANTS AND
 HAULED AWAY IN 6 X 6 'S BY MP'S WITH THOMPSON'S. MY MY !
 THE TEMPERATURE MUST HAVE BEEN ABOUT 20° WHICH DOES
 SEEM TO SUBSTANTIATE THE THEORY THAT LOVE CONQUERS ALL.

THEY DUMPED US AT AN OLD CAVALRY BARRACKS SOMEWHERE, THEN IT WAS TASK FORCE HERREN, THEN I GOT SICK AND WHEN I WOKE UP I WAS NINE-TEEN YEARS OLD.

WELL, I GOT THAT OVER WITH BUT ONLY WITH THE HELP OF ALL THE GUYS THAT PUT ME AND MY GEAR ON A TRUCK GOING SOMEWHERE. GOD BLESS THEM! I WAS CONSIDERING WORRYING AS A VOCATION. THIS DAMNED DUMP AND RUN WAS GETTING OLD. ONLY LOU HOGER AND GOD KNOW WHERE IT HAPPENED THIS TIME. IT WAS AN M.G.M. SET OF AN ENORMOUS SNOWFIELD, AN ENDLESS GRAY SKY, A BOMBED OUT CHAUTEAU AND A LIGHT COLONEL STANDING ON THE HOOD OF A JEEP. NOW THAT MAKES YOUR MEN LOOK UP TO YOU. HE ADMONISHED US TO "KILL OR CAPTURE KRAUTS".

UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES IT SEEMED A REASONABLE REQUEST. I THINK THEY USED THE SAME SET FOR AUDIE MURPHYS "TO HELL AND BACK" PICTURE. BUT OF COURSE AUDIE WAS BUSY WITH THE THIRD DIVISION DOING ALL THOSE THINGS THAT GOT HIM TO M.G.M. LATER. WINTER HAD DEFINITELY SET IN--- SNOW WAS EVERYWHERE AND IT WAS BITTERLY COLD. WE WERE TAKEN TO A COOK SHACK AND TOLD TO EAT OUTSIDE WHERE THEY HAD PARKED THREE 6 X 6 LOADS OF OUR DEAD. I'M GLAD ERNIE PYLE WASN'T THERE. THAT IS BAD P.R. A FRENCH BOY AND HIS PROUD MOTHER CAME BY, THE BOY USEING G. I. ENGLISH WITH THE EXPERTISE OF A RHODES SCHOLAR. ALL FOUR LETTER WORDS. IT TOOK MY OWN KIDS TWO WEEKS AT HOLLYWOOD'S SAINT THOMAS' NURSERY SCHOOL TO EQUAL THIS FEAT.

BUT WE ALL KNOW THE SAD PLIGHT OF EDUCATION TODAY.
SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY THE MEDICS DID THEIR PREDICT-
ABLE NUMBER ON THE VARIOUS VENEREAL DISEASES.
THE FRENCH DISEASE, I LEARNED IS TRENCH FOOT. I WAS
SURE I HAD IT. ON SECOND THOUGHT IT WAS MY FEET THAT
I COULDN'T FEEL. I NEEDED MORE INFORMATION.
SOON WE WERE QUARTERED WITH A FRENCH FAMILY IN ANOTHER
SMALL VILLIAGE AGAIN KNOWN ONLY BY LOU AND GOD.
THERE WAS MOM AND PIERRE, GRAMMA, MARIE AND PIERRE-A-BEAU.
THE HOUSE AND BARN WERE UNDER ONE ROOF AND SUPPORTED
AN OLYMPIC CLASS MANURE PILE THAT WAS THE ENVY OF ALL.
EACH MORNING AS MORE MATERIAL WAS ADDED, PIERRE TROWELED
IT ON WITH THE BACK OF A SHOVEL. IT WAS WAS LIKE CBS TV.
EVERY MORNING MORE BS. IT WAS THE LARGEST LOAF OF
THAT PARTICULAR COMMODITY I'D SEEN PRIOR TO HOLLYWODD.
THE OUT HOUSE WAS MORE INVINCIBLE THAN A MARK VII TIGER
TANK AND TWICE AS DEADLY. DESPITE RUMOURS TO THE CONTRARY
FEET ARE NOT THE ONLY EXTREMETIES TO FREEZE.
THINGS WERE KINDA SLOW, BUT A RUMOR WAS CIRCULATIONG
THAT "G" COMPANY HAD BEEN SELECTED TO GO TO GROSSBLIERSDOFF.
WE THOUGHT THAT A COUPLE OF DAYS IN ONE OF THE SPA TOWNS
WOULD BE GREAT. WRONG AGAIN. GROSSBLIEDERSDOFF WAS
A SMALL TOWN NEAR BY THAT WAS FULL OF GERMANY'S FINEST
AND NEEDED ABOUT A DAYS WORTH OF RAIDING

FEBRUARY SIXTH WAS TO BE OUR DAY OUT OF TOWN, SO WE SADDLED UP, DROPPED OUR SLEEPING BAGS AND GOT ON THE TRUCKS. WE WENDED OUR WAY THRU THE TREES AND THE NIGHT AND ARRIVED NEAR A TREE LINE OVER LOOKING THE SNOW FIELD ABOVE THE TOWN AND THEY DID IT AGAIN! IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE RED BALL EXPRESS THAT BURNED RUBBER IN THE SNOW GETTING OUT OF THERE. THERE WAS NO MENTION OF RETURNING. NOT TO WORRY.

WE WORKED OUR WAY DOWN TO THE STREAM BED AND CROSSED CHEST DEEP IN ICE WATER. IT WAS INDESCRIBABLE! WE SCRAMBLED OUT NEAR WHAT APPEARED TO BE A GREEN HOUSE AND INTO WHAT CAN ONLY BE CALLED A HAIL OF HOSTILE FIRE. WE GOT CHEWED UP REAL GOOD AND I IMMEDIATELY DISSCOUNTED THE INFANTRY AS A LIFETIME PROFESSION. OF COURSE I'D NEVER SEEN A BATTALION PARADE.

WE FOUGHT BACK AND FORTH ALL DAY AND FINALLY STARTED TO PULL BACK IN LATE AFTERNOON. WE BACKED OUT WITH THE KRAUTS FOLLOWING CLOSELY. AT THAT RANGE AND THOSE ODDS MY EXCITEMENT LEVEL PEAKED. OUR SIX WOUNDED AND FOUR PRISONERS HAD BEEN TAKEN ACROSS THE STREAM.

WE USED DOORS OFF HOUSES FOR STRETCHERS. WE BROKE IT OFF WITH THE KRAUTS AND CAUGHT UP WITH THE COMPANY.

GRISEN HAD BEEN KILLED AND LEFT WITH TH FRENCH PADRE.

WE LEFT TWENTY GERMAN DEAD AND SIXTEEN WOUNDED. IT TOOK HOURS TO GET BACK UP THE HILL, LOAD THE WOUNDED AND GET BACK TO THAT LOVELY MANURE PILE. IT SEEMED LIKE HOME. WE SLEPT FOR TWELVE HOURS.

THE SCHOOL BOY BRAVADO DISSAPPEARED, THE SUPERFLOUS B. S. LEVELED OFF, A SENSE OF CAMARADERIE SEEMED TO DEVELOPEDAND EVERYONE GOT MORE SERIOUS. THE RAID HAD HAD A SOBERING EFFECT ON EVERYONE. TO SEE SOMEONE WITH A GUN SHOOTING DIRECTLY AT YOU IS BOUND TO MAKE YOU REVIEW YOUR LIFE STYLE.IT'S SUCH A PERSONAL THING. BUT NOT TO WORRY.....

WE PATROLLED AND DUG IN FROZEN GROUND WITH DUMB SHOVELS AND FROZE AND GOT SICK AND HUNGRY.

BUT THANK GOD WE DIDN'T HAVE TO SHOVEL HORSE MANURE IN LOUISIANA AND TELL OUR GRANDCHILDREN ABOUT IT GENERAL PATTON DIDN'T SEEM TO WORRY ABOUT THE SAME THINGS THE G I'S DID. ERNIE PYLE HAD A BETTER FEEL

FOR IT. WE WORKED OUR WAY UP TO THE SPICHERN HEIGHTS GETTING SHELLED ALL THE WAY. WE WERE LOOKING DOWN ON SAARBRUCKEN, ST. ARNAUL, THE RIVER AND THE TIGER'S TEETH.OF THE SEIGFRIED LINE. IT WAS POST CARD COUNTRY ----IT NEEDED AN OMP PAH BAND WITH TAMBORINE GIRLS. THE ONLY OMP PAH'S AROUND WERE 88'S.

WE WATCHED P-47'S AND ME-109'S IN A DOG FIGHT ONE DAY AND LEARNED THAT NEWTON WAS RIGHT. WHATEVER GOES UP MUST COME DOWN. ONE EVENING, BEFORE DARK, AN AIRPLANE FLEW UP THE SAAR THAT WAS TRULY AMAZING. IT WAS PAINTED BLACK, MADE NO SOUND AND HAD NO PROPELLER. AS IT WENT PAST WE HEARD THIS UNGODLY ROAR AS IT DISAPPEARED INTO THE GLOOM. WE HAD SEEN OUR FIRST JET. IT SCARED HELL OUT OF US AND WAS BUT A HARBENGER OF THINGS TO COME.

ONE NIGHT A FLIGHT OF ENGLISH WELLINGTON BOMBERS CAME OVER DROPPING ALUMINIUM ANTI-RADAR PANELS INTO THE TREES. THE FOREST WAS DECORATED LIKE XMAS TREES. AS THEY CROSSED INTO GERMANY THE ACK-ACK OPENED UP AND IT WAS NEW YEARS EVE, BUT NOT FOR THE CREWS. THE KRAUTS WERE ACTIVE AT NIGHT AND THE HOUR BEFORE DAWN ALWAYS BROUGHT AN EXCHANGE OF FIRE. THE 88'S HAD IT ALL ZEROED IN (IT WAS THEIR TURF YOU KNOW) AND THEY WERE GOOD. THERE WAS A HOSPITAL ON THE HILL THAT WAS USED FOR THE MOTHERS OF HITLER'S CHILDREN AND ON WHOM THEY BESTOWED A TOUCHING MEDAL TO COMMEMORATE THE OCCASION. ACTING ON THE THEORY THAT ALL INFANTRY MEN HAVE BEEN CALLED MOTHER'S FOR YEARS, WE BEMOANED OURSELVES WITHOUT ALL THAT FUSS.

I HOPED IT WOULD 'NT BE CALLED CONDUCT UNBECOMING A MOTHER. THE P-47'S AT THE TREE TOPS WERE STRAFING AND BOUNCING .50 CALIBUR CASING OFF OUR HELMETS, AND THE TREE BURSTS WERE TERRIFYING. AND MUD, MUD, MUD! THE GERMANS WERE DOING A LOT OF PATROLLING AND THEY WERE GOOD. ONE BIG PATROL PASSED WITHIN TWENTY FEET OF OUR TWO MAN OUTPOST. WHEN THEY PASSED I SENT POP BACK AND AROUND AND BINGO, THEY GOT THEM. WE FOUND A KRAUT RADIO OPERATOR IN ONE OF OUR SHOT OUT TANKS AND I GUESS HE GOT THE SAME AS THE TANK. FINI! OUR SQUAD WAS DOWN TO ABOUT NINE MEN BUT ALL AUTOMATIC WEAPONS. I GOT THE FLASH HIDER BLOWN OFF MY BAR WHICH WAS SOBERING. SOME TIME LATER A 2 nd LT. WANTED ME TO PAY FOR IT. THAT BAR HAD MORE YEARS ON IT THAN HE DID AND THAT IS REALLY BAD P.R.

I COUGHED SO BAD AT NIGHT THAT NO ONE WOULD STAY AROUND ME AND I WAS BECOMING PARANOID. DOC BAKER TOOK ME DOWN TO SEE DOC LEICHISH AT THE AID STATION. HE GAVE ME A PINT OF CODIENE THEN TOOK A LOOK AT MY FEET. IT WAS LIKE AN OLD FRIEND WHO WAS IN TERRIBLE SHAPE. SIZE 14'S ARE IMPRESSIVE AND I HAD A GOOD UNDERSTANDING OF THE SUBJECT. THEN A THREAT OF A TRENCH FOOT COURT MARTIAL GOT VERY DICEY AND THEN GOOD SENSE PREVAILED AND I WAS ADMITTED TO THE AID STATION. I HAD GOTTEN VERY WORRIED. . . I THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT HE WAS GOING TO SEND ME HOME. BUT HE RELENTED. MY SQUAD CAME DOWN FOR SHOWERS TWO DAYS LATER AND BY GOD I WAS GOING WITH THEM. WE DID SOME SQUAD LEVEL PLOTTING. I KNEW THE GUARD ON THE SUPPLY DUMP AND THAT HE WAS MYOPTIC AND HAD LOST HIS GLASSES. NOT TO WORRY! HE DIDN'T SEE A THING. BUT I FORGOT TO CHECK OUT SO I GUESS I'M STILL ON SICK CALL. SO WE MOVED BACK UP THAT DAMN HILL. THE NEXT MORNING WE STARTED INTO IT WITH THREE TANKS, BUSHY TAILED AND LOADED FOR BEAR. AND WE WALKED INTO A REAL FIRST CLASS BUSHWACK. THE KRAUTS WERE ALL SET AND IV'E NEVER SEEN SO MUCH MACHINE GUN FIRE IN MY LIFE. IT WAS LIKE CHAIN SAWS AND GUYS WERE DROPPING ALL OVER WITH LEG WOUNDS. THANK GOD THERE WERE NO SPOTTED OWLS IN THE TREES. THE TANKS BOGGED DOWN IN THE MUD OUR TAILS GOT VERY UNBUSHY AND THE KRAUTS TOOK OFF DOWN THE HILL AND WE HELD OUR GROUND.