

"GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN"

The old Grim Reaper, Death, has really had a holiday during the past month. He has cut down big and small-with no discrimination. Our beloved President, our G.I. friend, Ernie Pyle, our enemies Hitler and Mussolini and now WE have really felt his touch!!!! Snafu is dead-yes, its true-our buddy, our pal, our own Snafu is gone!!!! The victim of poisoning-deliberate or accidental we shall never know but nevertheless he has been taken away from us-never again to ride with us in convoy, never again to recline on Lt. Spellman's shoulder and never again to be troubled by the opposite sex and his incapacities therein. The 631st may win greater glory in times to come-but damn it-fella-I wish we had the little old man there-rambling along and always yelping at civilians "Scram bum-your no G.I.!!!!"

By Cpl F.J. Mc Gaughan

"DEDICATION TO BUCK"

Spare me a moment fellows and listen
While I tell,

The story of a fellow I'm sure you know so well.
He came to us in Breckinridge, I'll never forget that day,
The smile on his face anyone could see,
Was always there to stay.

He worked with us through basic as a soldier and a friend,
And was always in there itching, with a willing helping hand.
Of course you all remember that day when we departed,
To do our best in stopping, the mess that Hitler started.

Remember when he left us a few days in advance,
For a very important mission on the Utah beach of France.
He drove his Cat off the LCT and proceeded on his way,
To help remove the barriers old Hitler thought would stay.

Then continued on his mission under fire,
From every kind of enemy gun.

With determination and courage and never the thought to run.
He walked his dozer to Carentan where the Airborne was employed,
To assist in repairing Carentan Bridge that the Germans had destroyed.

Yes fellows, I'm sure you'll all agree when I say,
He did a lot of helping, the Airborne on that day,
He worked with us through Normandy and in to northern France,
Then on into Belgium where Hitler was making a stance.

Of course you all remember when we entered Hitler's Reich,
To put the finishing touches to the Wehrers dream of light.
It was in the town of Lencquesleu that this soldier met his death,
Trying to save his dozer from going over a cliff.

Buck was part of us and even though he's gone,
As long as there's a 631st his spirit will live on.

By Cpl. R.T. Abramson

EDITOR

T/4 Robert E. Plegler

CO EDITOR

T/5 Richard T. Abramson

ART STAFF

PFC Jack J. Feuker