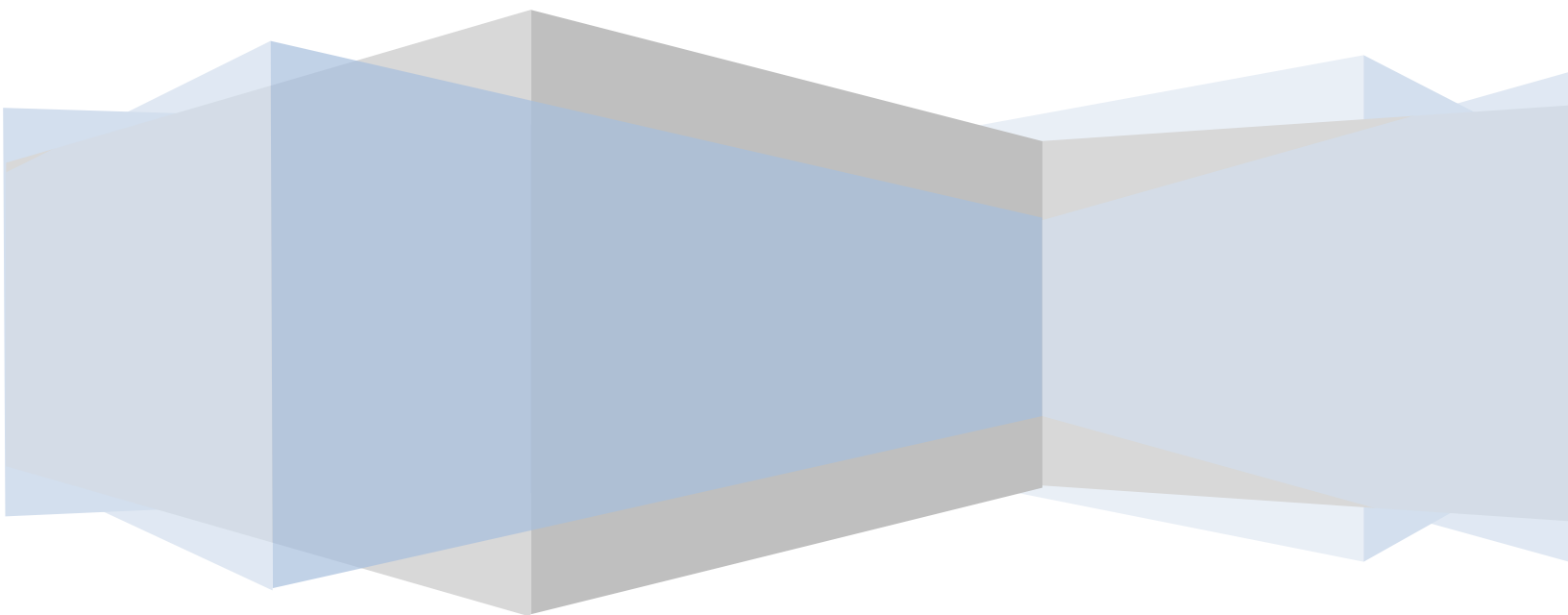


Note: This narrative was written by one of George L Buhler's grandsons for a high school English assignment. It is based on his WWII Veterans Interview.

Ghost Writer Narrative

English III

February 22, 2010



Acknowledgements

This story is written about my paternal grandfather, George Lawrence Buhler. He was born in New Orleans, Louisiana. He served for the United States Military during the Second World War. He was in the artillery division, and fought during The Battle of the Bulge. He later went on to become an accountant, and later married my grandmother, Mary. They raised nine children, seven boys and two girls, including my father. He and my grandmother are currently living outside New Orleans. I hope to one day follow in his footsteps and serve in the U.S. Military.

I arrived at Camp Polk near Leesville, Louisiana, in the middle of the night. I had just been drafted to join the fight in the Second World War. I had previously tried to enlist along with my friends; however I was rejected because of my poor vision. I would now be joining them in three months. We all filed off the bus and were issued uniforms, received our shots and physicals, and were assigned to our barracks. I was familiar with all of these procedures after previously serving nine months in the Civilian Conservation Corps.

“Everybody, outside on the double!” shouted Lieutenant Phelps.

We all hurried outside the barracks, dreading what was coming. I was twenty one years old at the time, and looking around most of these guys seemed my age or younger.

When everyone was in position, Sergeant Beaty began to speak, “In ninety days you will board a plane to Europe, to join the Allied fight against Hitler and the Axis powers. Right now you are out of shape, weak, and completely incapable of defending yourselves. By the time I am finished with you however, you will be the finest soldiers this land has to offer.”

We proceeded to run until it was daylight. This was nothing compared to what we went through during the rest of boot camp, and I didn’t realize how weak I had previously been. Just as Sergeant Beaty said, by the end of it all I was in the best shape of my life, and I was physically and mentally stronger than I had ever thought possible.

After graduating boot camp we were given one last week with our family before we would travel to New York City in order to board a plane [ship] to Europe. I was to be assigned to the Fire Direction Center with the 490th Armored Field Artillery Battery, along with the rest of the soldiers on the plane [ship]. We were to see combat immediately, reinforcing the allies in the

Battle of the Bulge. Five of the people on the plane [ship] would later be killed in action, along with many more injured from headquarters battery only.

After seeing my first live action in one of the largest battles in World War Two, I was promoted to Assistant Fire Directions Chief. It was tricky work directing the artillery fire. At times we walked a thin line between hitting our enemy, and hitting our fellow soldiers. We had cleared a way through the Ardennes into Germany, and we were soon crossing the Rhine River. Along that trip the half track I was traveling in made a rest stop on the side of the road. It wasn't soon after we had gotten out that shells began to rain down on us and the sounds of gunfire could be heard ahead. In a few seconds we were back in our half track ready to fight.

It was like this the rest of the time as we slowly made our way through Germany. It was strange to see the devastation of the war first hand, after before only seeing it on television and in the movies. It made you uneasy knowing that the enemy could attack at any moment. You always had to be alert, and you would never be foolish enough to let your guard down.

The war was coming to an end on the European front, and I was looking forward to returning home to my family and friends back in New Orleans. It had been a great experience in the military. I was proud to have served my country in a time of need and even more proud of my fellow soldiers who never gave up despite all odds. I lost a lot of friends to the war, and I was incredibly lucky to come out of the war not only with my life, but uninjured as well. The experience and lessons I learned during the war would stay with me and motivate me the rest of my life. The stress, violence, and destruction witnessed there would not be missed.

When I returned home I was glad to be back with my family and friends, in my home town. After a long rest I returned back to the school and later became an accountant, got married, and had nine children.

Artifacts



American Campaign Medal



World War Two Medal



European-African, Middle Eastern Campaign Medal

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