



THE GOYA BATTALION
807TH TD BN

In nineteen hundred forty-two
The 807 made it's debut.
Camp Cooke, out on the western coast
Was the 807's first Army Post.
From the east, the west, the south and north
It's fighting men came rushing forth.
We learned to march out in the sun,
And the nomenclature of a gun.
Out on the rifle range we'd try
To hit the far-away bull's-eye.
From old Camp Cooke we left one day
And headed out toward Texas way.
A brand new place was this Camp Hood
With advanced training which was good.
Out in the field we spent one week
A fighting the battle of Cow House Creek.
Camp Gruber was next, in the Sooner state,
Where we trained some more, and slept and ate.
Where the native Indians watched with awe
Our daring march to Tahlequah.
In Louisiana's pine clad hills
We showed the folks out there some thrills.
They watched our tanks go rumbling by
And the dust that rose to meet the sky.
At Pilot Knob, where the dust blew free,
We trained to fight the enemy.
We assumed that we were now first-rate,
When they gave us men from the 608.
Then across the nation to Old Fort Dix,
To train out in New Jersey's sticks.
A final furlough with loved ones dear
Then Camp Kilmer; and New York's pier.
Tucked in like chickens in a giant cage,
We sailed on the U. S. S. Hermitage.
Across the ocean where the breeze was cool
To disembark at Liverpool.
A two weeks stay in Wales; then we
Crossed the channel on an L. S. T.
A dashing ride across French soil
And we were in the great turmoil.
With faith in God, and hopes held high,
We went into battle to do or die.
Peace; it seemed, would never be
And then God gave us the victory.
One summer's eve we sailed away
Back to our homes in the U. S. A.
Some stayed out there beneath the sod,
These, we left to the hand of God.
North Camp Hood, in Texas land,
Was the 807's final stand.
The Colonel's eyes were filled with tears
As he reminisced the past few years.
With victory ours; the battles won,
The 807's task was done.

-Edwin W. Saeger

