

The BULGE BUGLE

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION • VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

VOLUME IX NUMBER 3

THE ARDENNES CAMPAIGN

AUGUST 1990



All You Battle-of-the-Bulge History-Makers, put your A bag into your B (Battle of the Bulge) Bag and Double-Time it to Valley Forge, PA. to take your rightful place in American military annals beside the Minute Men who braved the first harsh combat winter of the American Army. September 26, 27 and 28, 1990 comprise B Day - Bulge Days. B (for Bulge) may be the second letter of the alphabet, but the VBOB is second to none in making A (for Army) history. Have a nice time...

BEN

P.S. Take good care of the ladies



**VETERANS OF THE
BATTLE OF THE BULGE**

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THE BULGE BUGLE is the official publication of Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge. It is issued five times yearly.

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*"This is undoubtedly the greatest American battle
of the war and will, I believe, be regarded
as an ever-famous American victory."*

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL

Addressing the House of Commons following
the Battle of the Bulge



FROM THE PRESIDENT

Three major items are still on the agenda. They are incorporation of VBOB, the update of the organization's administration, and the 1990 REUNION. All are moving ahead rapidly and with much success.

The corporation for VBOB has been recorded in Virginia. We are now reviewing all legal aspects required to convert the organization to this new status. As soon as these details are accomplished we will transfer our funds to the new corporation. We expect to be in place by the General Membership Meeting at the Reunion.

The review and update of our administrative arm is moving in the right direction. We expect to have our revised computer program in operation and be able to respond to members needs quicker than in the past and have a minimum of losses through the cracks. If you have contacted us and we have not responded please accept our apologies and renew your request.

THE REUNION. Exert all efforts to be at Valley Forge for this reunion. We are programmed for our largest and most successful gathering since 1981. Be a part of this success. The Valley Forge Freedom Foundation will be the setting for our memorial service with cadets from Valley Forge Military Academy participating in the ceremony. Lily Langtry's "Champagne on Ice" dinner show will be a highlight of the reunion.

Just because other items become important as we prod our way to greater successes let's never forget our Historical Foundation. We must continue to exert a major effort toward its success. Remember the Honors Banquet to be held on Friday, December 14, and keep your Foundation donations coming.

Yours in comradeship,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Bill G.'.

William T. Greenville

9th Annual VBOB Reunion

VALLEY FORGE, PA

SEPTEMBER 26,27,28, 1990

Hallowed grounds breathe history galore

PLAN TO GO THERE!

**VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE
9TH REUNION • VALLEY FORGE, PENNSYLVANIA
SEPTEMBER 26-28, 1990**

PROGRAM

Wednesday • 26 September

- | | |
|-------------------------|---|
| Noon - 8:00 p.m. | Arrival, registration, find old friends and make new ones |
| 6:30 - 8:30 p.m. | Mixer: Cash bar; hor d'oeuvres, compliments of Delaware Valley Chapter |

Thursday • 27 September

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| 9:00 a.m. - noon | Registration |
| 5:00 - 6:00 p.m. | Registration |
| 9:00 - 11:30 a.m. | General Membership Business Meeting |
| 11:30 a.m. - 1:00 p.m. | Lunch "on your own" |
| 1:00 p.m. | Board buses for Freedom Foundation |
| 1:45 - 2:30 p.m. | Memorial Service at Valley Forge Military Academy |
| 2:30 - 4:30 p.m. | Sightseeing, Valley Forge and other areas of interest |
| 6:30 p.m. | Dinner Show at Lily Langtry's |

Friday • 28 September

- | | |
|------------------------------|--|
| 8:30 a.m. - 4:00 p.m. | Tour of Philadelphia or Bus Tour to Atlantic City Casinos |
| 1:00 - 2:00 p.m. | Registration |
| 6:30 - 7:30 p.m. | Cocktail Hour |
| 7:30 p.m. - midnight | Banquet and Dance |

Saturday • 29 September

- | | |
|-------------------------|---|
| 7:00 - 9:00 a.m. | Breakfast (you pay) and farewell |
|-------------------------|---|

LAST MINUTE UP-DATE 9TH ANNUAL REUNION

RECREATIONAL VEHICLE INFORMATION

The following information is provided for those of you who are interested in hooking up your recreational vehicles during your reunion visit. If you wish merely to park your vehicle, there is a parking place at the Holiday Inn (headquarters hotel).

VALLEY FORGE TERRACE: \$12.00 per night (2 persons)--\$1.00 per night for each additional person • 32' limit on unit • gas, electric, and sewage hookup. Campground approximately 2 miles from headquarters hotel. (1-215-666-5235)

BAKER PARK CAMPGROUND: \$14.00 per night--no hookups • \$16.00 per night--electric hookup • water and sewer hookup in area but not where vehicle is parked. Campground approximately 3 miles from headquarters hotel (1-215-933-5861)

AMERICAN AIRLINES OFFERS SUPER MEETING SAVER FARE DISCOUNTS

American Airlines is offering the following "Meeting Saver Fare" discounts:

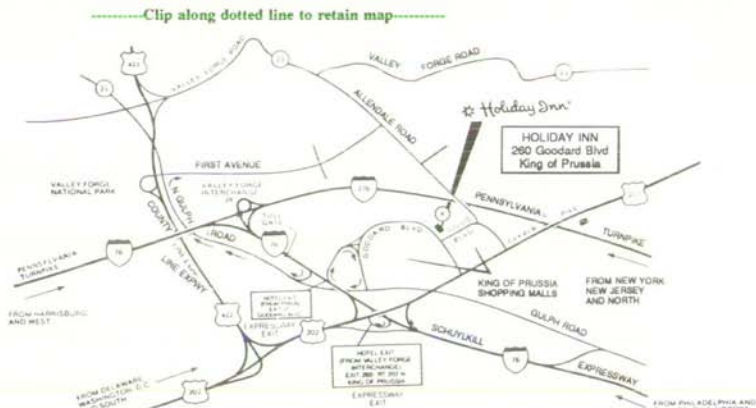
- 45% off regular day coach airfare. To qualify, a 7-day advance ticket purchase is required.
- 5% off any promotional airfare for which you qualify (including First Class).

This super Meeting Saver Fare is valid for roundtrip travel to Philadelphia on American Airlines and American Eagle domestic segments (all rules and restrictions apply), and is available only through our Meeting Services Desk. If you originate outside the 50 United States, other reduced fares may be available to you. Call American Toll Free 1-800-433-1790. **BE SURE TO ASK FOR STAR FILE #S-0390CD.**

DON'T GET LOST

For your convenience, we are reprinting the map which appeared in the June issue. We don't want to lose you now that we've got you this far. We're anxious to see you.

**VALLEY FORGE -
KING OF PRUSSIA
AREA MAP**



Members Speak Out

WALTER NIEDERMAYER (Lt. Col. Ret), who served as a mortar observer, rifle platoon leader and company commander of a rifle company during the Battle of the Bulge, has advised us of the completion of his book on the Battle entitled "Into the Deep Misty Woods," published by A. G. Halldin, Indiana, Pennsylvania. The book deals with governmental policies such as isolationism, unconditional surrender and the calculated risk theories of the upper brass and demonstrates how these policies affected the battlefield. The SS terror tactics of Sepp Dietrich's Sixth Panzer Army are vividly recounted as well as all of those brave deeds by the American Army units. Cost of the book is \$12.00 and may be ordered direct from the author at 911 Yorkshire Road, Colonial Heights, Virginia 23834.

CECIL COTTON would like to locate Raymond Hill, Cecil Glispie, Clyde Gault (or Guld), Joe Hoover and someone with the last name Tanner. Cecil was S/Sgt of Co. D, 38TH INF, 2ND DIV and the 81MM MOTOR PLATOON. He's anxious to hear from any of his old buddies: Peyton Circle, Apt 1-B, Dawson Springs, Kentucky 42408.

CHARLES E. BROWN, has been trying to back track his headquarters location which was across from a rail line. He was with the 101ST with Captain Stack and 1st Sgt Seymore (whom he believes has passed away). The location is important to him. The headquarters was an old house with deep cellars. He also remembers a fine, elderly couple who spoke German and baked fine bread. If you can help him contact him at 441 Aquarius Drive, Wilmington, North Carolina 28405.

HOBERT E. HIGBY was captured as a prisoner of war while in the 106TH INFANTRY, 590TH FIELD ARTILLERY and would appreciate hearing from anyone who was in his division. He lived in Meadville, Pennsylvania at that time. Please contact him at 920 Dolphin Drive, Jupiter, Florida 33458.

Betty Puglia would like information from anyone who knew her brother, **CARLO PUGLIA**. He was wounded on Christmas Day in the battle and passed away on New Year's Day. He was buried in France. The family never received any details and they have always been anxious to hear something. Her address is 1160 Hooksett Road #30, Hooksett, New Hampshire 03106.

BILL KYSER (or **KEYSER**) would like to locate **HERBERT A. DOWNS**, who used to live in Germantown, Maryland. They served together in COMPANY A, 324TH COMBAT ENGINEER BATTALION, 99TH INFANTRY DIVISION. Kyser wants to reunite Downs with himself and Ben B. Potter a buddy with whom they shared a foxhole in BoB. Please write to Mr. Kyser at 3226 Cawein Way, Louisville, Kentucky 40220 or call him at (502) 458-5931.

MICHAEL LUCIANO, who was with 150TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION, C COMPANY, would like to hear from the L-4 pilots who directed fire throughout the Bulge. He remembers standing on one side of an L-4 and seeing the pilot on the other peering through the flackholes. Mike thinks they were pretty special. Also he wonders what became of the Club Mobile Girls "The Threets", Hazel, Helen and Hope, who visited with Red Cross coffee and doughnuts and a pleasant word. He would like to hear any news about them.

New member **GUSTAV SWIERSZ** would like to hear from anyone who served with him. He was squad leader for FIRST SQUAD, FIRST PLATOON (under Sgt. Nelson), E COMPANY (Capt. Crawford), 2ND BATTALION, 112TH INFANTRY REGIMENT, 28TH DIVISION. His address is: 5420 Maisel Way, San Diego, California 92115.



TASK FORCE LOVELADY....

Henri Rogister, of Belgium and a member of CRIBA, has written us regarding the desire of his cousin Monique Thonon to secure information on the man or men who saved her life.

On December 19, 1944, in Parfondruy a hamlet of Stavelot, 16 Belgian civilians were murdered by the SS in a barn. Two-year-old Monique was miraculously spared. She was in her pregnant mother's arms and her mother turned her back to receive the bullets and fell on the little girl thus saving her from the bullets.

The child was found two days later by an old lady named Mrs. Hurlet, who asked American soldiers stationed in a nearby house (The Epilogue Villa) to help the wounded, little girl. It was said that the soldiers belonged to the Lovelady group (Task Force Lovelady) and that they took Monique and several other wounded to a hospital near Verviers (on the 23rd of December) in a tank.

The father returned on the 30th of December and discovered his wife among the deceased persons in a barn. He was told that the American soldiers had taken Monique to the hospital. He found her a few days later in Dison (Verviers).

Monique has always been under the impression that an American soldier had rescued her; however a Belgian war volunteer has returned to the area and he has stated that he rescued a little girl in December, of 1944. She would like to know what really happened and if the man who saved her is still alive or if someone knows what really happened. Mr. Rogister is hopeful that someone in the area of Parfondruy will be able to shed some light on this matter.

In battles won and battles lost
There always is an awful cost,
In lives of men, pain, brief and woe
That victor and the vanquished know.

If only wars need not be fought
And power and conquest never sought,
But nations strive to seek and find
A lasting peace for all mankind.

Harold F. Mohn — Charter Member, VBOB

This is the start of a series on Divisions and separate Units that took part in The Battle of The Bulge.

The story of the 106th was one of the high points in the battle experience and intense drama of this historic battle.

Additional information on other Units will be brought into this series later.

106th INFANTRY DIVISION STOOD AT CENTER OF GERMAN THRUST IN ARDENNES



Several weeks after V-E Day the 106th Infantry Division had been assigned to guard thousands of German prisoners of war. No outfit had a better right to claim that job than the Golden Lion Division, for the 106th, in the war's major setback for the Allies in Europe, had more of its men captured than any other American division.

The story began in mid-December, 1944 when the 106th which had left the States two months before, was moved up to the front and - because it was without any previous combat experience - assigned to a supposedly relatively quiet sector in the Ardennes.

Then it happened. Rundstedt who had secretly been planning an all-out counteroffensive, gave the word, and the massed might of the German armies smashed into the American lines. There is always one point at which the attack is heaviest - and that was the point at which the 106th was stationed.

The 106th was deployed along a rocky, wooded ridge called Schnee Eifel, near the city of St. Vith, with its men scattered along a 27-mile front. In the foggy dawn of 16 December the Germans began their attack, with a tremendous artillery barrage. The pro-Nazi residents of St. Vith tipped off in advance, had scurried into their cellars, and the fury of the German barrage crashed into the positions of the 106th. Then came the enemy tanks and infantry, and along with them, English-speaking German soldiers disguised in captured American MP uniforms, to add confusion to the scene.

For two ghastly days the 106th fought back, though vastly outnumbered by the oncoming enemy. The 422d and 423d Infantry Regiments held out as

long as they could, without food, water, or ammunition, and finally sent through a last radio message that they were destroying their equipment. Then there was silence. The remaining regiment of the division, the 424th, hung on grimly near St. Vith, and helped to keep the Germans from overrunning that vital communication center.

When the 106th's casualties were added up, it had lost 8,663 men, about 7,000 of whom were prisoners.

But the Golden Lion wasn't licked yet. Moved to the rear to re-organize, and with its ranks filled with replacements, it stormed back into the Battle of the Bulge in January and stayed in action till the counteroffensive had been crushed. Later it took up the fight on the south flank of the First Army's sector in the Siegfried Line, and in March it was pulled back again, this time to Rennes, and held in reserve.

As German resistance began to crumble from north to south, the 106th was brought back toward the lines to help cope with the terrific problem caused by the thousands of prisoners falling into Allied hands. By the middle of June the Golden Lions had control over 16 prisoner-of-war enclosures with 910,000 inhabitants - more than 15 times the total number of Germans taken by the AEF during World War I. Ardennes had been avenged.

The 106th, when it went into the line in the Ardennes had large numbers of members of the elite U.S. Army schooling programs, called into combat duty as the need for combat troops became more important to ending the war.

★★★

THE HEADSTONES WHITE

*The haunting sight of headstones white
Will never fade away,
They live within our inner thoughts
On each new dawning day.*

*They mark the graves of honored dead
Who gave their very all,
And shed their blood unselfishly
Lest hallowed freedom fall.*

*No words can e'er describe or tell
Our sense of love and pride,
Each time we read the names of those
Who for our country died.*

*We mourn our fallen comrades
At home and o'er the sea,
And know within our hearts and minds
They will forever be.*

Harold F. Mohn — Charter Member, VBOB



REMEMBERS YOUR ROLE IN THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE!

Galaxy Tours, the acclaimed Worldwide Leader of Veterans Tours,
with 30 years experience in 49 nations,
has returned tens of thousands of veterans to their areas of service.



Now you, too, can
SEE IT LIKE IT WAS
with your buddies and your family!
Show your grandchildren their heritage!



Join Us December 10-18, 1990
as we return to *your* special places in
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Don't put it off another year! Retrace your steps in Europe! You'll be glad you did!

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE "YOUR ROLE" IN THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE TO BE REMEMBERED?

'...an interesting question which will evoke many answers. Certainly the uniqueness of 'individual' action will be high among them. Is this enough? From every event in history, there are lessons to be learned that can contribute significantly to the reaction of people in future generations. How then should "The Battle of the Bulge" be remembered?

It is difficult to categorize, but how about, "It reflected the character of the greatest nation the world has ever known?" Indeed, it did. Few battles in America's history have reached its intensity. It thrust young, inexperienced soldiers and combat-wise veterans into the greatest battle our country has ever known on foreign soil. It stalled a powerful battle-trained adversary by stubborn opposition from every level of military rank. It proved that the principles of American military training was based upon solid assumptions and confidence in the individual soldier. It reaffirmed the faith of our Founding Fathers that the strength and character of a nation is contained in the spirit of its citizens.

Imagine the incredible circumstances that confronted the American troops who faced the last ditch fury of a dying country. It was "assumed" that the inexperienced American troops, the thin battle lines, and the harsh elements would dominate in the initial assault, and dictate the outcome of battle. Yet, it was not to be.

Isn't this reassurance of American GI fortitude and courage the most important lesson learned from "the Bulge" that needs to be perpetuated for future generations? After all, it

is the ingenuity, devotion and character of man that creates the consummate patriot to continue to fight against all odds, even when circumstances would force the less tenacious and devoted to carry on. Isn't this also the same consideration that encourages men to surrender to a superior enemy when it is known that "all hope is lost" for a given battle?

These considerations are only a few providing the basis for the Battle of the Bulge tour Galaxy Tours has arranged for December 10, 1990. Veterans are encouraged to bring family members with them to learn firsthand--in the natural state of terrain and weather--"the way it was" in a fascinating way that projects characteristics of the Bulge that cannot be understood except on the dates the battle actually happened.

The American veteran is a very unusual person who revels in other veterans' experiences as he shares them in the locations where they occurred almost as if they were his own. It is the quality that binds them together and endures.

In 1984 BOB veterans and their families (from 63 units) traveled together on a tour arranged by Galaxy. The historic facts, scenarios of combat actions on both sides, and factors which influenced the causes and outcome made the tour an outstanding success for those who took part. The same opportunity exists NOW to participate in a similar program and share with others the fun of recalling events where they happened. Fewer and fewer years are left for a veteran to enjoy this rarest of all forms of personal remembrance.

Call today for the details of this special December 10th tour. It will be one of the greatest gifts you can give to each other; indeed, to yourself.

Hal F. Ryder, Galaxy Tours

BATTLE OF THE BULGE HISTORY BOOK

YOUR FINAL CHANCE TO BE A PART OF HISTORY!



Don't let your final chance to join approximately 400 veterans who will commemorate the Battle of the Bulge history slip by.

Turner Publishing Company, the creator of over 75 **FRONT LINE** military titles and the nation's leading publisher of military associational histories, is currently producing *Battle of the Bulge*. With an extensive summary of the Bulge's events, numerous short battle and service stories written by the brave servicemen who lived them, 400 veterans' biographies and graphic battle photos featuring the glorifying triumphs and harsh realities of a war-torn era, *Battle of the Bulge* captures the veterans whose individual efforts unified to achieve this major Allied victory over Hitler's SS Troops.

Hours of interesting and informative reading--currently being written by a Turner author researching Belgium's National Archives--will be found in a leatherette hardback with Symth-sewn (stitched) bindings. Such attention to quality and style--from the book's manuscript and design to its bindings and cover materials--guarantee a history that not only you but also your children and grandchildren will enjoy.

To participate in this publication, simply submit your biography and personal photos (details are provided on the following pages), other photos, articles or 1- to 3-page short stories of military life, and a completed order form to Turner Publishing. On the back of each piece submitted, please print your name and address for proper cataloging of materials. Please allow a minimum of eight (8) weeks after the book's publication for your materials to be returned.

All materials and orders must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1990.

The book pre-sells for only \$50.00. That's a small price to pay for the history of a battle whose events cost the sacrifices of hundreds of veterans--many of whom unselfishly laid down their lives in the battle's fury for the triumph and preservation of democracy.

Preserve your history and that of fellow and past fallen veterans with Turner Publishing's upcoming *Battle of the Bulge*.

Sincerely,

Bob Van Houten
Bob Van Houten

Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge

DEADLINE
OCT. 15, 1990

BATTLE OF THE BULGE HISTORY BOOK

Turner Publishing Company

P.O. Box 3101

Paducah, KY 42002-3101 USA

BATTLE OF THE BULGE VETERANS

SAMPLE BIOGRAPHIES

Use as a guide in writing yours
in 200 words or less

Writing your biography is easy, and it takes just a few minutes! Be sure to include:

- Your name
- Date/place of birth
- When inducted/joined
- Unit(s) you were in
- Where you trained
- Battles you were in
- Memorable experiences
- When discharged
- Rank achieved
- What you're doing today

WE WILL WRITE YOUR BIOGRAPHY!

If you do not wish to write your biography, the publisher will write it for you. Just write or call the publisher for a form to fill out. The publisher's editors will compose your biography from the information on the form so you will be included in the book. *Remember: There is no charge to include your biography in the book, and you don't have to purchase a book to be included.*



WARREN LUFT, born June 7, 1923 in the town of Fredonia, WI. Entered the service in March 1943 at Ft. Sheridan and later moved to Camp Callan, CA. LaJolla and Delmar were the sights of Luft's basic training and ESS Auto Mechanic School.

He joined the newly activated 575 AAA Bn. and trained at Ft. Bliss, TX on Half Tracks Quad 50s and 37 mm. His rank was T4. They left for Camp Carson for more training, then back to Ft. Bliss and then to Camp Klimer, NJ.

Luft sailed on the *Marine Wolf* in convoy to Liverpool, England. The 575th was split up in platoons and attached to the 41st Tank 55th Inf. and other units.

Luft's job as a runner was to get and give messages to the units. He also served as Platoon Mechanic, keeping the vehicles repaired and gassed up. They moved from New Chateau to Bastogne to Foy Novill to meet the 1st Army. Then travelled East to the Rhine River to Worms, Manheim, Central Europe and finally Galneircherhein, Czechoslovakia.

In February 1946 he left for the States on the *Lehigh Victory* and received an honorable discharge in the U.S. in March 1946.

Luft was married to Dorothy in 1949. They have two sons, one daughter and three grandchildren.

Today, Luft lives on his farm in his hometown of Waubeka, WI and runs an auto repair business out of his home.



KENNETH M. PARK, born Norwalk, CT on June 15, 1921. Enlisted in the U.S. Army in NYC on Jan. 22, 1942 and was sent to Camp Upton, NY. Then sent to Ft. McClellan, AL, an Infantry Training Center, where he qualified as an Expert Rifleman with the M-17 Enfield Rifle. Promoted from Pvt. to T/Sgt., was promoted to 1st Sgt. in November 1942. He took a voluntary reduction in grade to private in order to be a part of the ASTP.

Attended the Univ. of Alabama and the Univ. of Illinois in connection with the ASTP. In November 1942, was transferred to Texas and became a member of the 277th Eng. Combat Bn. at Camp Swift. Qualified as a Sharpshooter with the Carbine. Promoted to M/Sgt. in October 1944 and became the Bn Sgt/Maj. Sailed for Swansea, Wales on Nov. 2, 1944 and then entered Belgium on Jan. 3, 1945 and participated in the Battle of the Bulge. The 277th Eng. Combat Bn. was a separate battalion attached to the U.S. Ninth Army under the command of Lt. Gen. Wm. H. Simpson.

Park now lives in Weston, CT with his wife of 45 years, Rose, whom he met while attending the ASTP at the Univ. of Illinois. They have three children: Linda, Steven and David and two grandchildren: Elizabeth and Joanna. He retired December 31, 1988 after completing more than fifty years service with a bank - as a Senior Vice President and Trust Officer.



CLIP AND MAIL TO: Battle of the Bulge History Book, P.O. Box 3101, Paducah, KY

Name _____

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Rank _____

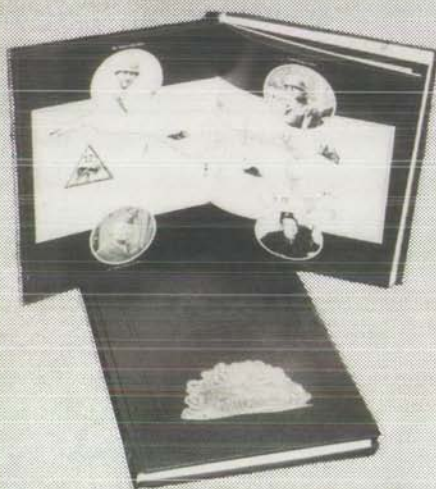
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THE FRONT LINE

of Military History



Turner Publishing Company is the leading military association history book publisher in North America. The quality of their work is impeccable. Turner Publishing also has produced titles on armored divisions, infantry divisions, marines, aviation, naval, bombardment groups and specialty books such as: *Tank Destroyers*, *The Purple Heart Legacy* and the *Guadalcanal Legacy*. Infantry titles include the 2d, 3d, 4th, 25th, 42nd, 69th, 80th, 84th, and 88th. Armored titles include: 10th, 11th, 12th and the 3d and 4th in progress.

Turner Publishing is currently producing other World War II titles, including *Glider Pilots*, *50th Anniversary of Airborne*, *Purple Heart Vol. II*, *Ex-POW Vol. II*, and many others. For a free color catalog of Turner Publishing Company's military **FRONT LINE** titles, just check the appropriate blank on the order form below.

Pictured is the 12th Armored Division History Book Volume I. The publisher is currently working on Volume II. Any Battle of the Bulge veteran who is a member of the 12th Armored is invited to participate in the second volume. Other books of interest are the *Ex-POW Volume II*, and *Purple Heart Volume II*.

ORDER FORM

Deadline: Oct. 15, 1990

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Signature

Date

The Bulge BUGLE welcomes Letters to the Editor. Keep them short, typed double-space if possible, and if a reply is needed, we'll try and get one for you, and print it in the same issue.

Dear Editor: There are veterans of other campaigns in World War II who claim Their campaign was THE most or THE most outstanding, etc. However, a careful look at World War II history reveals that the Battle of the Bulge was one of America's greatest hours on the field of battle and it did help tremendously in smashing Hitler down more swiftly.

What Hitler wanted to do was regain the initiative and compel the Allies to settle for a negotiated peace, the kind of situation that brought World War II on from World War I. Hitler aimed his 30 divisions through the thinly-held Ardennes and then northwest to Antwerp. This way he meant to cut off and annihilate the British 21st Army Group and the U.S. First and Ninth Armies north of the Ardennes. On 16 December 1944 the Germans achieved surprise in the attack and advanced rapidly against inexperienced and depleted American units.

Many small U.S. units were cut off and surrounded, yet they continued to fight with disturbing efficiency. Many individual soldiers were separated from their units, yet they joined other units and continued to battle with all their might. It was three days before the Allies could bring in reinforcements, and four weeks of heavy fighting in bitter cold and snow. The Americans fought with verve, spirit and battle know-how.

The Germans were held at a loss of 80,000 to 100,000, and the Americans had 75,000 casualties.

It was the gallant stands of the isolated units and individuals who gave the Allied command time to bring to bear the full might of America's wrath upon the hated Nazi foe. No where else in military history occurred such a resounding reversal of fortune as was brought about by a relatively small handful of dedicated, stubborn American fighting men - the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge. Victory was grabbed from the very jaws of defeat in as spectacular a fashion as any Hollywood screen writer could imagine. It was a magnificent come-from behind victory on a scale of magnitude no one can dispute.

Dr. Marvin Gordon
Military Geography Prof., G.W.Univ.
Consultant, UN & State Dept.
109th Reg., 28th Infantry Division

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Reprinted from THE ARIZONA REPUBLIC
Sunday, March 11, 1990

LETTERS

Remember our war heroes every day

Editor:

On March 3 KAET, Channel 8, aired a program *From D-day to the Rhine with Bill Moyers*, in which he accompanied a small group of World War II U.S. Army combat infantry veterans back to Europe and the locations where they engaged the enemy. Some were involved in the famous German counter-offensive in the bitter winter of 1944-45 known as the Battle of the Bulge. Several were decorated for bravery, one receiving our nation's highest award, the Medal of Honor.

I was captivated and deeply moved as these gallant, gray-haired ex-warriors, all in their 60s or older, opened up and told of their grim experiences that occurred nearly a half-century ago. Little was left to the imagination as the viewer was reminded of the pain and suffering these men endured and the raw courage it took to survive. Many of their buddies did not come home.

I was a youngster during World War II, too young to serve, yet old enough to remember the sacrifice millions of our fellow countrymen made for us in the war. I dread to think of what the world would be like today had we not been victorious. For that reason, everyone who

fought in that war has always been, and will remain, a hero to me.

I think of them often because so many things serve to remind me: our flag; a Veterans Administration hospital; a veterans cemetery; a Veterans of Foreign Wars or American Legion post; a war movie; a soldier or sailor in uniform; every man I see who appears to be in his mid-60s or older. Any one of them could have laid his life on the line for us, because so many of them did.

I think of them when I'm driving, particularly during the winter months when senior visitors flock to our Valley and we treat them as intruders on our roadways.

I think of them whenever an elderly gent with an out-of-state license takes a little too long to complete a turn, or is driving too slow in the fast lane, or commits some other irritant that could cause me to lose my cool. But I will not let that happen. I simply remind myself to relax and be patient. He easily could be one of my heroes, and I owe him that and a whole lot more.

Perhaps more of us should start doing the same.

COL. JIM FOSTER (Ret.)
Glendale

Journalist Bill Moyers Pays Tribute to Veterans of World War II

Broadcast journalist Bill Moyers accompanied a group of World War II veterans on a trip to recollect their battlefield exploits for documentary footage on World War II which recently aired. The documentary "From D-Day to the Rhine" appeared on PBS on March 11.

The film followed the veterans on an itinerary which began in Normandy, moved through the Ardennes landscape, visited battle sites such as the Bulge, and wound up at the Rhine where the armies crossed into Nazi Germany.

If you missed this airing, give your local cable network a call to see if it could be rerun in your area.

Moyers capsulized the feelings of many Americans in explaining his desire to be involved in this report. Moyers said: "It occurred to me the other day, while reading the obituary

page, that the time has come when we will read that the last American soldier to have fought in World War II has died. I remember reading a similar obituary about the last veteran of the Civil War to die, and I thought to myself how much I wished I could have seen him interviewed in person.

"During World War II, I sat in front of the radio every night in Marshall, Texas, listening to Edward R. Murrow describe the war from afar. Even as a kid, I sensed that our way of life was up for grabs, and I formed a child's deep gratitude to those men—They were boys, actually, not all that older than I was—who were fighting for us. I still feel that gratitude."

Editor's Note: This group of World War II veterans was led by Military Historian - Author Charles MacDonald, a VBOB founding member.



BATTLE OF THE BULGE HISTORICAL FOUNDATION

P.O. Box 2516 • Kensington, MD 20891-0818 • (301) 881-0356

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*Served in the Battle of the Bulge

The work continues--over the past year fund raising efforts for the foundation have been greatly expanded and the number of volunteers has greatly increased.

Last September, 1989, the American Legion of Pennsylvania approved a "Resolution of Support" for the Battle of the Bulge Historical Foundation. This was followed by like official approval by the National American Legion at their annual meeting. Since the approval of this resolution, there have been a number of contributions from the American Legion Posts throughout the country.

Contributions of \$500 or more have also been received from three Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge Chapters. The first such contribution was given by the Delaware Valley, Pennsylvania Chapter. Other contributing chapters include Fresno, California, and Maryland/District of Columbia.

On December 5, 1989, Ambassador Andre Philippe, of Luxembourg, graciously hosted a luncheon, in the beautiful embassy, for members of the corporate community and members of the Historical Foundation. This afforded a fine opportunity for the Foundation members to update the corporations on the goals and efforts of the Foundation.

Despite the snow and cold (reminiscent of the Bulge weather) over 200 veterans and relatives from 15 states and the District of Columbia attended the third "Foundation Dinner Gala" at the Officers' Club, Fort Meade, Maryland. Highlights of the evening included the moving Color Guard Ceremony, unveiling of the "1989 Patron's Fund" plaque and a concert of stirring music by the First U.S. Army Band.

Beginning in January, 1990, meetings were initiated with corporate officials including representatives of United Technologies, General Motors, Ford Motor Company and McDonnell Douglas. Negotiations with these corporations continue. In July, Senator Strom Thurmond (served with the 1st Army during the Battle of the Bulge) introduced into the U.S. Senate a "Resolution of Support" for the efforts of the Battle of the Bulge Historical Foundation. We are most grateful to Senator Thurmond for his interest and his encouragement.

Congressman Robert Michel, Minority Leader, (who served with the 9th Infantry Division during the Bulge) will offer a similar resolution to the Congress and also sign a cover letter for the fall direct mail campaign.

Plans are nearly completed for the third annual "Dinner Gala" (to be renamed "Honors Banquet" as of this year). Brigadier General David Allen, Chief of Staff, 1st U.S. Army, Fort Meade, Maryland, will serve as the honorary Chairman of this event to be held at the Sheraton National Hotel, Arlington, Virginia. Special guests at this year's Gala will be 22 members of the 5th Belgian Fusiliers. This group fought valiantly with the 1st U.S. Army in the Battle of the Bulge, and for many of them it will be their first trip to the USA. Do check the Bulge Bugle for complete information and registration form. Come to Washington and be part of the exciting "December Events of 1990"!

To realize the goal of celebrating the completion of the Battle of the Bulge Gallery by the 50th anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge, December 16, 1944, will take the efforts and support of all of those who survived that pivotal WWII encounter.

Join in this "Campaign for History"!

Dorothy Steinbis Davis, R.N.
President
Historical Foundation

BATTLE OF THE BULGE... The greatest battle ever fought by the U.S. Army
December 16, 1944 - January 25, 1945 • Belgium and Luxembourg

News Release

Strom THURMOND

United States Senator South Carolina

Contact: Christopher Simpson

(202) 224-7730

THURMOND INTRODUCES JOINT RESOLUTION TO SUPPORT BATTLE OF THE BULGE MUSEUM

WASHINGTON, July 13, 1990 -- Senator Strom Thurmond (R-S.C.), a World War II veteran who fought in the Battle of the Bulge, today introduced a joint resolution to recognize and support the efforts of the Battle of the Bulge Historical Foundation to create a Battle of the Bulge gallery at the U.S. Army Museum at Fort Meade, Maryland.

"The Battle of the Bulge, fought from December 16, 1944 to January 25, 1945, has been described by many historians as the ultimate and decisive struggle between freedom and oppression," Thurmond said. "This legacy must be preserved for future generations of Americans. As keepers of the flame, we must ensure that this brave chapter in our proud history not be lost."

Approximately 600,000 members of the Armed Forces fought in the Battle of the Bulge, making it the largest land battle ever fought by the United States.

"Winston Churchill, the former Prime Minister of Great Britain and a great statesman, described the battle as '...undoubtedly the greatest American battle of the war which will, I believe, be regarded as an ever-famous American victory,'" Thurmond said. "I commend the Battle of the Bulge Historical Foundation for their efforts to establish a commemorative museum to honor this crucial event in American history."

The Foundation has set the fundraising goal of \$1.5 million for December 16, 1994, the 50th anniversary of the battle.

THE COST OF DOING BUSINESS IS **GOING UP!**

Consideration will be given at the General Membership Meeting on September 27, 1990 to increase annual dues from \$10 to \$15 to cover increased administrative, printing, mailing etc., etc., etc.

VBOB is run by volunteers except for computer support.

Life membership is available to all VBOB members. The cost of life membership depends upon age as follows:

Age 49 and below	\$150.00
Age 50 through 69	125.00
Age 70 and above	60.00



"Anybody here know 'It's a Long Way to Temporary'?"

FLAGS FOR LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM

FRANK BREITBARTH has taken it upon himself to see that the Battle of the Bulge Museum in Clervaux, Luxembourg, has a representative flag for each state. He is able to provide these flags (3 x 5) complete for \$15.00 each (normally costing \$40-\$45 apiece). He reports that the museum still does not have every state represented. If you would like to donate a flag write to Frank at: 3840 Howe Street, #305, Oakland, California 94611.

The "Luxembourgers" have worked very hard to commemorate our efforts of 1944-45. Our helping finish the job of securing flags would be very much appreciated by them and would show our gratitude. Each donor's name will be on the flag they contribute and when the flags are complete, a plaque will be made with each donor listed by name. Although VBOBers contributed 21 flags as a result of the Reno, Nevada, meeting, there are 18 states still available. It would be helpful if you told Frank your preferences (3) and let him know that if your choice is not available you will be happy to donate a flag for any other state. As Frank says: "The main object is to finish the job. This project is to thank the Luxembourgers for their friendship and to recognize their 45 years of dedication to, what they call, 'our liberators.'"

CONSTITUTION AND BYLAWS TO BE SUPERSEDED

Notice is given to the membership as a whole as required by Article XIII of the Constitution that the Constitution and Bylaws are to be superseded because VBOB has been incorporated under Virginia non stock Corporation Act (VNSCA) effective July, 1990.

NSCA permits only Bylaws. The proposed bylaws mainly consolidate substance of current Constitution and Bylaws and requirement of NSCA.

Additional amendments propose to do following:

1. Allow corporation to support or oppose issues relating to veterans affairs.
2. Allow membership of certain veterans organizations to participate.
3. Add two additional appointed officers.
4. Rename General Membership Meeting as Annual Reunion
5. Provide that authority of General Membership to amend By laws may be delegated to Executive Council on a yearly basis.
6. Specify the proceedings accord with Roberts Rules of Order Newly Revised except on majority vote of other guidelines be followed.



Memorable **BULGE INCIDENTS**

LIVING LEGENDS

UNEDITED AND HERETOFORE UNPUBLISHED

Accounts of events and experiences in the Battle of the Bulge as recalled and expressed by veterans of the greatest battle ever fought by the U.S. Army in the greatest war ever fought are of much historical significance. These are priceless first-person recollections by living legends in what General Dwight D. Eisenhower foresaw as our greatest victory and Prime Minister Winston Churchill, in speaking before the House of Commons, characterized as an ever-famous American victory.



December 16, 1944

Robert M. Bowen
C Company
1st Battalion
401st Glider Infantry Regiment
101st Airborne Division
Linthicum Heights, Maryland 21090

In retrospect the Battle of the Bulge is viewed as a glorious victory for the American army while in reality it happened because of a monumental failure on our part to correctly interpret a massive German buildup and to take appropriate steps to meet it. As a result many thousands of Americans lost their lives and many more ended in German prison stalags. I was in the latter group.

On 16th of December 1944 the 101st Airborne Division was in a rest camp near Reims, France, having just returned from a long bitter campaign in Holland. Before that it had fought in Normandy from D Day until the end of July. In both campaigns it had about 50% casualties. When we got word that there had been a breakthrough in the Ardennes, we were hurriedly packed on open-bodied trucks and rushed with headlights blazing in the middle of the night to Bastogne. 1st Battalion, 401st Glider Infantry Regiment was led by Col. Ray C. Allen, a feisty Texan from Marshall. We were put in a defense line west of the city in the vicinity of Mande St Etienne on a salient with no friendly support on either flank. We set up roadblocks on the St. Hubert Highway about two miles from Bastogne. C Company was commanded by Capt. Preston Towns, Atlanta, Georgia, and was about 40% under strength because replacements for those lost in Holland hadn't reached us yet. Three of the

platoons were led by non coms like myself. At the time I was a staff sergeant and had led 3d platoon since 8th October when 1st Lt. Howard Kohl had been killed.

The weather was cloudy and cool when we arrived in Belgium but took a turn for the worse on the 20th when it became bitter cold and began to snow. By the following morning over six inches was on the ground and our fox holes were like refrigerators. The actions of our weapons froze as did the turrets on the TD's and tanks with us and couldn't be rotated until they were thawed.

The Germans cut the road behind us during the night of the 21st, isolating us from the rest of the division. I received orders on the morning of the 22d to take out the enemy roadblock and was given a tank from the 10th Armored Division to help. I sent a squad of men down each side of the main road, covering them with the fire power of the tank's 75 and 50 caliber guns and enfilading fire from a MG and my 1st squad on the left flank. The Germans didn't know what hit them. The fight was short and violent and when it was over twelve Germans lay dead and twenty-five more our prisoners. Sgt. Jerry Hanss, 3d squad leader, was the only casualty, a bullet wound in the calf. We settled back in the frozen confines of our fox holes, waiting for the next move of the enemy. It came the following day.

2d platoon held a roadblock farther west on the same road. It was led by S/Sgt. Grayson Davis, Charlotte, N.C. At dawn enemy tanks and infantry in snow suits struck with a vengeance. The rattle of small arms fire, the explosion of mortar shells and the sharp crack of tank guns echoed over the snowy fields when I got the order from Cpt. Towns to take two of my squads and support 2d platoon. We had to cross a couple of large snow covered fields to get there and

went as fast as we could, burdened by our equipment and the deep snow. On the way we were met by 1st Lt. Robert Wagner, San Antonio, Texas, who left his 1st platoon on his own volition to help us. His men were dug in in a corpse of trees on 2d platoon's left flank. The race to reach 2d platoon was a disaster. Wagner and two of his men and I with two of mine were the only ones to reach a large house directly behind 2d platoon's main line of resistance. The house stood on the east side of the raised highway on a hill which sloped down toward 2d platoon's fox holes. Behind the house and to a side was an inclined courtyard. A tank destroyer from the 705th TD Battalion, commanded by S/Sgt. Chester Sakwinski, Franklin, Wisconsin, would rise to the top of this incline, take a shot at the enemy tanks, then retreat before a barrage of enemy shells could hit it. The enemy tanks had done much damage to the position. Many of the men manning the line were killed or wounded during the battle and a tank and TD were knocked out. A group of medics from our battalion aid station managed to reach us and set up in the basement of the big house. Our efforts to retrieve the wounded were fruitless because the enemy infantry fired on anyone who moved. Several of our wounded lay screaming in pain and, when we tried to bring them in, were met by barrage of small arms fire.

2d Lt. Gwynn had gotten a battlefield commission on the 22d of December. He was in command of the two TD's with 2d platoon. He called Wagner and I for a conference beside the aid station about four in the afternoon when the situation began to look desperate. Shells had been dropping in the area all day. We ignored most because by their sound we could tell whether or not they would be close. The one which hit us we didn't hear until it was too late; it was a 81 mm mortar shell. We were bowled over like struck ten pins. Medics rushed from the aid station and got us inside. Gwynn was the worse hit, peppered all over with shrapnel shards. Wagner had a piece in the foot and I in the chest and right wrist. We were treated and put on the floor with other wounded. Even though I was given morphine the pain in my arm was agonizing.

Wagner left the aid station near dark in an effort to see what was happening on our front as the gunfire was sporadic at best. He saw the line of resistance had crumbled and men were trying to withdraw any way they could because they were out of ammunition. He did his best to rally them but before he could the Germans sensed our predicament and attacked with renewed vigor. Wagner was cut off from us and could not get back to tell us to make a run for it. In retrospect there was no way we could. There were too many liter cases.

The aid station was saved from being destroyed by a German-speaking medic who shouted that all inside were wounded. The Germans burst through the doors with machine pistols ready, angry because so many of their "kamraden kaput."

The battalion withdrew that night on a line where it did not stick out like a sore thumb from the rest of the division. However, on Christmas Day 18 enemy tanks supported by infantry of the 77th Grenadiers smashed through the battalion. All the tanks were knocked out by guns of the 705 TD Battalion and the 463d Parachute Field Artillery plus bazookas of our infantry. All the enemy infantry were either killed, wounded or captured. By the time the siege of

Bastogne ended what was left of the 401st hardly made up a good-sized company.

My combat career ended on 23d December but not the war. Like many other POW's, I was to endure strafing by our fighter planes, bombing raids by our B-17's, and harsh treatment and starvation on my way to north Germany to a prison stalag hospital at Bremervorde, near the port of Bremerhaven. I was liberated by the British on 1st May, fifty pounds underweight and with serious medical problems. When the war ended in August I was bedridden at Walter Reed Medical Center, fighting a lung full of blood clots while listening to a wild celebration going on in the other wards. Good treatment saved my life. Six months later I was well enough to be discharged, forever changed by The Battle of the Bulge.

December 16, 1944

George R. Kester
527th Engineer Company
Minneapolis, Minnesota

On December 16, the Germans went on the offensive, and no one dreamed how massive it would become. Rumors began to fly all about. Some were that German soldiers were behind our lines, in American uniforms, were speaking perfect English and bent on acts of sabotage and disruption. They were supposedly out to get Ike and other brass.

The next day, we were ordered to pull back with our equipment to a safer area near Soy, Belgium. Since we were now on the south side of the Bulge, we went from first to third Army and were now under General Patton. He ordered all troops to man rifles and fight as infantry.

On the evening of December 23, at about eight p.m., the roof fell in on us. A few German tanks were on a hill opposite us, about two miles away, and had been ignoring us. Suddenly, we were being bombarded. The treetop bursts were spraying the area with fragments.

I took a hit on the forehead, and I, literally, saw stars and heard the birdies sing. When I came to, I told my good buddy, George Dickerson, that I could not see. He had taken the compress I was carrying on my belt and sprinkled my forehead with sulfa and placed the compress over the wound. It had slipped down over my eyes to block my vision. (We have had a good laugh over that one over the years.)

My wool overcoat became covered with blood. I knew that I would have to get some help. Not wanting to become a captive or freezing in the frigid weather, I struggled back to the road and made my way back into Rosiers. There was no help to be found. The town was dark and empty and I could not find the command post. I approached the first house and pounded on the door. An old man opened it. I told him that I needed help, but he did not understand English and was reluctant to let me enter. I went in anyway. An old lady spread a dirty comforter on the floor, and I collapsed on it.

The next morning, I awoke to see the room full of Belgian people who were just sitting there and staring at me. I heard the tiny jingle of a bell, outside. When I went out, there, on a bicycle, was a gendarme wearing the typical uniform. He said that he would try to find help for me. We went to the other end of the village together. At the last house, there was a young girl who spoke English well. She asked me to

step inside while she would try to find help for me. Just as I entered, I heard the familiar sound of a jeep shifting down to second gear. I went outdoors. There were four GIs on patrol who loaded me in the jeep which had a 30-caliber, air-cooled machine gun on the hood. They took me a few miles down the road to Longlier where an aid station was located in a large room. Most of the GIs were suffering with trench foot.

I started a day-long process of evacuation by ambulance which went by short hops from one aid station to another. Finally, I ended up in Southern Belgium or Northern France in an evacuation hospital which seemed to be in an old warehouse or factory. There all gear was packed in case the hospital was forced to retreat.

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December 16, 1944

H. W. "Bill" Butler, Jr.
Headquarters Company
1st Battalion
424th Infantry Regiment
106th Infantry Division
Winchester, Virginia

As I recall December 1944, we were dropped in 6 feet of water and waded ashore on the coast of France. We pitched pup tents in 6 inches of mud. The next morning we loaded into GI trucks without canvas covers. We arrived in Germany after crossing France and Belgium in open trucks. The weather was rain, sleet and snow. This was the first week of December 1944. Wet, cold and miserable.



Ammunitions Squad, A&P Platoon, Headquarters Company, 424th Infantry Regiment, 106th Infantry Division. Top row, left to right: Hill William Blythe (Tennessee), Ethridge (South Carolina), R. J. Agustus (Kentucky), Abbie A. Charvasky (Colorado), Griever (Mississippi), H. W. "Bill" Butler, Jr. (Virginia), and bottom row, left to right: Luz (California) and Valesee (New York).

We unloaded in the Hutegean Forest, which until then had been the worst battle yet. We pitched our tents in a foot of snow. Here we got to hear the noise of war. Thunder and

lightening, man made. Trees bursting, cutting a forest down like a giant cutting with a sickle. Then that battle was over so we packed up and rode on to Germany--just across the Belgium border, a place called Steinebruck. A few days and then came the morning of the 16th. All hell broke loose. The greatest attack of any war came our way. Five German divisions came thru us. We were spread out 27 miles because we were in a quiet sector to gain experience. Well we gained it quick. I was in the middle of it and yet I came thru with the Lord's help, I'm sure.

We went into action without water, food, warm clothing and only basic load ammunition which was left over from World War I days--40 rounds per man.

We moved around alot. We would make a stand here and there as we had no organized resistance larger than a platoon. Everyone had their own little war going on. Sometimes rifles against tanks which was rough. And sometimes rifles against a 88mm cannon which was really rough.

We did this in the worst winter Europe had ever had. Fog, rain, snow freezing sleet combined with someone trying to kill you and not being dry since you waded ashore in France weeks ago. You had to be young to survive.

For 12 days at least we had no comfort such as fire or hot food. We ate snow for water. We didn't know what day it was, much less which week of December it was. The fact that I was in a fox hole most of the time alone, I had no one to wish me a Merry Christmas even if I had known what day it was, Christmas had come and gone. There were no decorations or Christmas carols but the Ardennes Forest was full of Christmas trees covered with snow and as daylight savings time hadn't been invented back then, it was dark almost 16 hours out of a day. When it was day, it was covered by smoke, fog, cloudy weather and the noises of war which made our day.

After the weather changed to clear, our Air Force came out to play havoc with the Germans and we started on the road back to victory. Someone found out what day it was and it was New Year's Eve. I had a toast with an Officer who was killed a few days later. So ends his days and the worse month of my life.

Thank the Lord I am here today to be reminded of the gallant stand and sacrifice that a few young men made for history in December 1944. I feel the small part I played in the war is satisfactory for the peace on earth that we have had since.

.....

December 16, 1944

William MacLeod
Battery B
771st Field Artillery Battalion
Dovlestown, Pennsylvania

We sat leisurely firing on the German positions until about 1400 hours on December 16th when we heard the sound of screaming mimis coming in. We received orders to close trails and march. This was our first taste of retreat. Our first casualty was when one of our prime movers got bogged down and with no time to get it out we had to set it on fire and move out. This vehicle had all the men's personal belongings in it.

In full retreat, as fast as the snow and ice would allow, we came upon a column of rag-tag soldiers of all mixed units

coming towards us. We asked them, "Where the hell are you guys going?" They answered that they were retreating too. That scared the hell out of us and we took the next left turn we came to.

We passed through Wallerood, Commanster, Dochamps, LaRoch, Mierchamps, Flamierge and on the 20th of December we arrived at Bastogne. Since we had lost all our 4.5 Rifles a few days before, we were converted to infantry troops and dug our fox holes in a nearby cemetery behind the tombstones.

We got our orders to pull out of Bastogne with the equipment we had left and pulled out through Sibret into Matton, France and Massincourt, France and then back into Muno, Belgium where we took up defensive positions around the town on December 23, 1944.

"B" Battery had been on the move 16 to 20 hours a day for 8 days with only the rations and supplies we had when we left Amelscheid. At this point we thought we were the sorriest bunch of sad sacks in the whole army.

It was not until later when we got the news about our comrades in Bastogne and at the Malmady Massacre that we knew just how lucky we really were.

December 25, 1944 will always be the worst Christmas in my memory. We received no mail, no packages and to top it off we could not write home to tell our families that we were still alive. The 771st was refitted with 155 M.M. howitzers and got back into action on January 19, 1945 at Vaux, Belgium and then advanced 1031 miles to Ledhovice in Czechoslovakia on May 7, 1945 where the war was finally over.

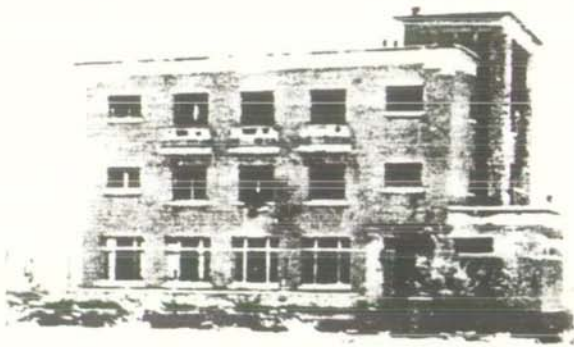
Soon after we returned to action on January 19, 1945 our unit salvaged 4 German 150 M.M. howitzers, reconditioned them and located a supply of 150 M.M. ammo. In two days we fired 1700 rounds from their own guns on the German positions.

December 16, 1944

Sam Silverman
C Company
11th Tank Battalion
10th Armored Division
Bethesda, Maryland

On December 16, 1944, I had just crossed the Dragons' Teeth of the Siegfried Line near Metz with the Tenth Armored Division. That evening we drove all night, stopping only for gas, to get to Luxembourg City. When we arrived at Luxembourg City on the 17th, there was a lot of confusion, roads jammed with carts and cars and people all saying "the Germans are coming". The 11th Tank Battalion continued to Consdorf (Command Post) about 14 miles northeast of Luxembourg City. The 11th Tank Battalion, "C" Co. under Capt. Lang, with the 61st AI (about 250 men), continued to Berdorf, which was about six miles further. The Parc Hotel (Command Post) was on the left. The Germans were in the buildings in town. I was in the lead tank, machine gunning windows and doors, so the Infantry could clear out of the buildings. We continued down the street until a Panzerfaust went by by tank, one hit the machine gun (50 caliber) on top of the tank, and the third one went into the tank where I was gunner. It hit my face and shoulder. I have a distinct memory of the feeling of being in a whirlpool with all kinds of flashing colors and

being pulled down. Other tanks from "C" Co. then took the lead.



Parc Hotel--Strongpoint from December 16 to 21, 1944. Berdorf--F Co, 12th Infantry, 4th Infantry Division, 11th Tank Bn. C Company, 10th Armored Division, 61st Armored Infantry, 10th Armored Division

December 16, 1944

Charles Hurlbut
C Company
299th Combat Engineer Battalion
Ithaca, New York

Our first contact with the enemy occurred early December 16 at Diekrich, Luxembourg where 3rd Platoon, Company C under Sgt. Eldon Walker (Oregon) was operating a sawmill. The mill received heavy shelling and our men were forced to evacuate. Reports were sketchy but it seemed evident that the Germans were making a concentrated effort to capture Bastogne--not far from our immediate vicinity. The 299th was ordered to occupy a barrier line extending northwest from Martel to LaRoche. A second barrier was established the next day from Martelange southeast to Arlon.

To carry out our assignments the Battalion was separated into smaller units with individual companies, platoons and, sometimes, squads being given specific missions. I'd like to relate the experience I encountered on one such mission:

At the time I was a Corporal in Sgt. John Wojtowicz's (Niagara Falls) 2nd Platoon, Company C. We were ordered, in conjunction with a detachment from the 7th Armored to secure and defend a particular bridge in our sector. Although it was a secondary bridge, it was on a route that was considered vital to the advancing Germans. We arrived at the site by truck in late afternoon and immediately began preparing defensive positions. I and PFC Sammy Trinca (we were both from Auburn, NY) were to man a machine gun at the corner of a small barn about 40 yards from the bridge. Working up a sweat in digging our foxhole, I discarded my overcoat, laying it on the edge of the hole. Suddenly, from behind the barn, one of our tanks came roaring directly at us! Sammy managed to stumble out of its way but I was trapped in the hole and cringed helplessly as the tank plowed

through brushing my body! The machine gun was crushed and my overcoat completely entangled in the tank's treads. Sammy and I have often joked about this incident but, at the time, it was no laughing matter!



Somewhere, during the Bulge, some guys from the 2nd Platoon, Co. C, 299th Combat Engineers, take time to display their latest souvenir. Front row, l-r: Cpl. Chuck Hurlbut (Auburn, NY); Norman Chernow (Buffalo, NY); Frank Kaderbeck (Buffalo, NY); Shorty Knutson (Wisconsin); PFC Sammy Trinca (Auburn, NY). Back row, l-r: Pvt. David Snook (Rochester, NY); Sgt. John Wojtowic (Niagara Falls, NY); Pvt. Ray Hackmeyer (Buffalo); PFC Bishop Williams (Mt. Gay, WV); Andy ? (PA).

Our men had placed explosives on the bridge in case it was necessary to blow it. The approaching Germans started dropping mortars and, as darkness fell, their flares illuminated the whole area. The shelling increased and small arms fire was being added. They succeeded in hitting several of the buildings and set them ablaze. We could hear the squealing of their tanks maneuvering in the woods across the river and we estimated it to be a sizeable force. A patrol led by Sgt. Jim Redmon (California) was sent across to determine their exact strength. Sgt. Redmond never returned. Those who did make it back told us they participated in a brief fire fight--Sgt. Redmond and possibly 1 or 2 others were killed, the rest captured. We realized we were outnumbered and would have to rely heavily on our tanks and the possibility of blowing the bridge. Eventually a Tiger tank appeared out of the woods heading right for the bridge. It immediately received our full attention and one of our tanks scored a direct hit, badly damaging it. Fortunately for us it was caught right at the bridge opening and, consequently, it very effectively blocked that entrance. We held our positions all that night under continuous enemy shelling. Some time after, the shelling eased up and there were no signs of any further German advancement. Just

before dawn we learned that elements of the 28th Infantry were being sent in to relieve us so the 7th Armored detachment withdrew and, soon after, our company departed, spending the next few hours trying to find our Battalion CP. It had been quite a night!

The 299th continued to participate throughout the Bulge in on-going actions--manning road blocks, defending and destroying bridges, supporting special task forces and the always present mine clearing. There was regular enemy contact and we accounted for many Germans killed or captured. Several of our men were taken prisoner and then shortly liberated during these confusing days. Our scattered units managed to regroup at Hachy and St. Cecil and eventually assembled at Malone, Belgium, arriving there on Christmas day.

This was certainly the saddest Christmas any of us had ever spent. Many of our men had not yet been accounted for and stragglers kept coming in daily. A hasty check revealed that our Battalion had 41 men missing in action, several had been killed or wounded and 17 vehicles were lost due to enemy action.

The German advance was being blocked in most sectors but there was still a definite threat of a major breakthrough. After the brief respite at Malone the 299th was sent to Spa on the northern flank of the Bulge. Our main priority was the guarding of 17 bridges (later increased to 25) in that vicinity. The German Buzz Bombs seemed to be drawn to our areas and one landed within our camp, destroying several billets and injuring 26 men. Our location included the Malmedy area where the despicable massacre took place and Bastogne, famed for their stubborn resistance.

My Company (C) received orders to accompany the 7th Armored in the liberation of St. Vith. This was a strategic point for the Germans and they defended it tenaciously. We finally captured the town and Company C, 299th, was later awarded the Belgian Croix de Guerre for their exceptional efforts. By now it was late January and the Allies, aided by the overwhelming power of the air force, had completely destroyed the German's desperate attempt at breakthrough. Their Bulge was kaput!

In retrospect, it has taken me a long time to fully comprehend the overall effects and enormity of World War 2 and the significant part that the 299th played. We had served in all 5 European campaigns, compiling an exceptional record and proving time and time again we were capable of fulfilling the most demanding of missions. 77 of my buddies gave their lives carrying out these missions and thankfully, in their memory, we were able to have a bronze plaque erected at Normandy overlooking the beach. We were like brothers and I'll never forget them or the others, who, like me, were lucky enough to make it home. It was an honor to have served with them and I am so very grateful to be one of those privileged few who can proudly claim "I was one of those bunch of bastards!"

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December 21, 1944

Richard J. Roush
Medical Section
3rd Battalion
333rd Infantry Regiment
84th Infantry Division
Morgantown, Indiana

We had heard of a battle going on to the south of us that was quite something and had us quite concerned. My impression from the information that we could gather at that time had Eisenhower attending weddings and playing golf. He had his head in his rear end. Unfortunately none of the rest of the officials in SHAFE had planned to do anything about it. They had no doubt heard something about it and figured it was just a little scrimmage. It had just eaten up four divisions. Of course these boys from SHAFE, not being involved in any direct combat, would not know anything about a serious situation that was developing.

It was about the 21st of December when they pulled us off of the line, took us back about 3 miles and gave us a warm meal. I knew good and well that anytime our division went to the expense of feeding you it was going to get somebody killed. They gave us gasoline, a few extra bandoleers of ammunition, no mortar ammunition, no antifreeze for the machine guns or jeep, and no cold weather gear. Maybe some of these things weren't available. Possibly that was because there never were any rations or ammunition or medical supplies for the 84th Division.

I am grateful that they did not give us any more blood plasma than what we had because it all froze anyway.

We went down in the area of Marsch, Belgium. There we began to look for Germans. We sent out various groups to go in one direction or the other. Finally, on Christmas we found the 116th German Panzer in the little town of Verdun. Some of our 334th regiment had been run out of that town by them. When the 334th came through us they said that there was nothing to worry about since there were just a hundred Germans up there that had run them out. Well, I knew good and well that a hundred Germans couldn't run the 334th or a company out of any place.

We set up our aid station in Bordeaux which is a town between Marsch and Hutton. When we went up the hill looking for these Germans we took the wrong turn which proved to be the right turn. We ran right into the lead elements of the 116th. They were about half way bedded down for the night. We got into a fire fight with them. To the best of my knowledge from what I could gather and observe they had knocked several of their own tanks out.

We captured a colonel that was a member of this 116th Panzer. He told us that he had fought in Africa, the eastern front, and a great many other battles but that this 84th was absolutely the most screwed up outfit that he had ever fought against. The 84th had his men fighting among each other. He said that he was so disappointed with this war and the fact that he was suckered into it that he wanted to help us out. He told us that we should hurry to Hutton and blow the bridge. Some elements of his outfit that were going to cross the river there would be right in our backdoor in just a matter of minutes. Well, the man was right.

We sent 40 M.M. ack ack gun, a tank and a jeep with 4 men in it. Immediately after the 4 men got to Hutton the Germans got rid of all of the equipment but they didn't kill anybody. These guys became a real thorn in the side of the Germans. They blew the bridge and took potshots at the Germans until they couldn't build a bridge. They held them on the other side of the river.

We got into a real knock down drag out fight on this end. In the area of Menil the 334th K Co. and 33rd L Co. got into it with the Germans. They knocked out a great

multitude of half-tracks, some tanks, and other armored vehicles. We just literally slaughtered them. When it was all said and done the 116th had met their first defeat. They had fought just prior to this in the Hurtgen forest where they had inflicted heavy damage to the American army there. They had gotten here just by a quirk of fate and had met their match. We put the hammer on them.

The last time that I was in Germany one of the officers from the 116th, I believe his name was Colonel Tebby, was a chauffeur of mine. He was a very kind, gracious man. Even though he had been defeated in the Battle of the Bulge I didn't say anything about it. He had driven in and was glad to have walked out on his own feet.

The Battle of the Bulge was the one place that the American army had fought where it had actually fought on a foreign soil to defend another country's soil as though it was their own homeland. This hasn't happened too many times. Usually a guy is involved in a battle in any country, but this particular time the American soldier was fighting for his life and he was fighting to save Belgium.

I had my blood plasma on a little metal pan that I had made up on top of the engine of my jeep. I just had six units. Since I had almost no antifreeze in the radiator I had to run the engine about every 30 minutes. That was nice since it kept the blood plasma from freezing. After about 5 days of this I could go no further so I just fell out and went to sleep. When I awoke my jeep was frozen and so was the blood plasma. I got the jeep thawed out and threw the blood plasma away. The morphine that all of us medics carried had to be kept next to our body. I carried mine in my underwear top. Other medics managed to carry theirs under their arm. We had to do something to keep the morphine from freezing because once it did freeze it lost its value.

A few of us were fortunate enough to find a man that had been shot and had on overshoes. I obtained a pair of shoes in this manner. I cut a blanket into two foot squares which I used to make some felt boots. I removed my boots and put my felt bootied feet into my newly acquired overshoes. This would save your feet from freezing.

There were a lot of things that were not done right but we old country boys seemed to get along a little better than the big city boys. We were working as hard as we could to teach the big city boys our little secrets. We all shared and shared alike in our misery. To stay warm and to keep from freezing were our big objectives.

Another thing that worked against the soldier was shock. It didn't really make much difference whether a soldier was barely or severely wounded in the extremely cold weather he would immediately go into shock. We couldn't do anything for him because we didn't have any means to warm a wounded soldier. We could not save him. If he did bleed a small amount it would freeze in his clothing and create more



T/5 Richard J. Roush

of a problem.

When we set up an aid station we always tried to find one that had some means of being heated. Also we always hung a few blankets at the windows so that we could use lights after dark to work with the wounded. One time we found a building with a nice big fireplace in a building that seem fairly stable. I grabbed a chair, beat it up on the floor and threw it into the fireplace. I got a fire started but the flu absolutely refused to draw. I ran outside where I found a ladder leaning against the side of the building next to the flu. I ran up that ladder and looked down the flu. It looked like about a 250 pound bomb that some airplane had apparently cut loose when he came in on a dive bomb. It had gone right down that flu and was just wedged in there and me with a fire on the other end! We left the premises immediately. We didn't want anything to do with that. We had to find another aid station.

About a day and a half before Patton and his forces met the 2nd armored at Houfflilies, where they closed the gap or completed the pincher movement in the Battle of the Bulge, I was hauling wounded civilians out of Houfflilies. I was possibly one of the few or one of the first Americans to enter that city and leave. It was a ticklish situation to get in there. An International Red Cross worker found her way into our aid station and told us of the plight of the Houfflilies people. People had been wounded for days and some of them were in terrible shape. I think that there was one old gentleman that had gangrene in one arm.

The Red Cross workers and I went into the outskirts of town and made it back to the aid station with one jeep load of wounded civilians. Getting back out wasn't as easy as getting in since they weren't going to let us come back the same way that we had gone in. So I drove through a garden and a fence. Then I just drove down a big cut in the road. I didn't know whether I was going to make it or not. This was quite a ride for the civilians. They had never been with a crazy medic before and especially a crazy medic jeep driver but I got them out of there.

The second trip back into Houfflilies I was running as fast as the jeep would run. When I went through a T in the road I just made a 90 degree turn and never really backed off the throttle much. The Red Cross lady was as white as the snow and she asked me where I was from. I told her Indianapolis because she wouldn't know anything about Morgantown my real hometown. She did understand Indianapolis and mentioned race driver which was partially right. I wasn't really a race driver. I was just a fast acting 84th medic. It finally just got so bad that I couldn't get back into the town. They had sent troops down to that end of town to keep me from doing it. However, I got about all of the civilians out in two loads.

The Battle of the Bulge lasted for approximately one month plus or minus a few days depending on where you were. In that period of time we lost about 70,000 soldiers. I don't know how many tanks and artillery pieces and other equipment were lost. It seemed as though we were just lead into this. From a soldier's standpoint I think our higher echelon knew what the situation was. I don't believe the officers in higher headquarters would ever turn down an opportunity to see how many of us guys could get killed over some damn fool thing such as this. We were fighting for the world's richest nation and I dare say we were the most

ragtag, tired, hungry, underfed, under equipped army. We had nothing but guts. It was a terrible situation. Men starving, freezing, begging for artillery, or any kind of help. We had nothing and yet in some way or another we hung on just through just nothing but guts. We whipped a pretty good army. It seemed like the old soldier on the end had to bear the brunt of everything in anybody's army. You get really disgusted at times. I realize that it takes a tremendous amount of money and manpower to get a fight this big started.

Ever since my discharge from the service I have only been hunting one time. The one time that I did go I thought of the rabbit and the dog. I've been the rabbit and I've been the dog. I'd much rather be the dog.

While all of this was going on Eisenhower was fussing with Montgomery. Once they got him thoroughly convinced that we were having a war we found out that we might be put back under British control. We were upset to hear this. The British were good to us. We just didn't want to be in the British 2nd army. It's just the fact that the top echelon couldn't make up their mind who was going to win the big medals for getting all of us killed.

In any kind of a battle whether it lasts a few hours, a few days or longer the soldier on the ground always has more than one enemy. He has the air force because if they are called out they will bomb him. He has his own artillery which will shell him right into the ground. He also has the terrain, the weather, and finally the enemy. We had basically just the enemy to contend with along with the weather and terrain. After the weather broke we never had to contend too much with the air force. But, we constantly had the artillery to contend with during this battle. We didn't have it like we normally would have because we were so short of ammunition.

Out of all of the men that were there and the ones that survived there are probably a million stories that will never be told due to the fact that they were so bad, so horrible that no body would believe them anyway. I have a multitude of stories to tell but I just as well keep them to myself. I've been back to Belgium several times since and the people in Belgium still welcome the old World War II soldier. They are still thankful that he did do his best to save their country.

Thank you for letting me share some of my memories with you.

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December 24, 1944

Bert H. Morphis
B Company
26th Infantry Regiment
1st Infantry Division
Tulsa, Oklahoma

After completing infantry basic training at Camp Adair, Oregon, I crossed the country to Camp Shanks, N.Y. in late March, 1944, and shipped to England in April, shortly after my 19th birthday. On June 13, 1944 (7 days after D-Day) I landed on Omaha Beach and joined the First Division as a replacement for one of the rifleman lost in the invasion. After the St. Lo Breakthrough we quickly fought across France, Belgium, and into Germany. On September 13 I saw the Siegfried Line for the first time (It was not the last). On September 20, outside of Aachen, a German artillery shell buried me in loose sand, knocked me unconscious,

burst an eardrum, and tore up both my legs.

After approximately 3 months in the 81st General Hospital in Cardiff, Wales, I made my way back to my outfit and joined them on Christmas Eve just outside Butgenbach, Germany. The First had been in reserve at the time of the initial attack, and had been rushed back up to the front. I came into Butgenbach after dark on a bright moonlight night, and I shall never forget the sight of that war-torn city covered with a thick mantle of snow, silvery white in the moonlight. To top it off there was not a sound of war to be heard. Everything was deathly quiet in the snow. It was as if everyone was anticipating Christmas.

The next day we were served a Christmas dinner of turkey and the trimmings, and I ate it standing in a stable under the farmhouse which served as a command post, with the cattle looking on. It was great.

Sometime later we started pushing the Bulge back slowly. We would move forward a short distance and dig in, advance again and dig in, and so on, sometimes three or four times a day, if memory serves. And this was no ordinary "digging in". It was bitterly cold, and the ground was covered with two to three feet of snow. The ground was frozen so deeply and so hard it was almost impossible to penetrate. So we carried quarter pound blocks of TNT with detonators to loosen the frozen crust. With a pickaxe we would dig a small hole to accommodate the TNT, set it off then proceed to dig our foxhole. For this purpose we carried full size picks and shovels to expedite the frequent digging in. Moreover, since we were fighting in dense forest, we carried axes and crosscut saws. An open foxhole provided little protection from "tree bursts" from artillery shelling. Therefore, it was necessary to put a cover of logs and soil over our foxholes. Our practice was to dig a hole just deep enough to work in, cut logs to provide a cover, cover the logs with dirt, then crawl inside and finish digging the hole to size. Frequently we would no sooner finish a shelter than we would move and leave it. I don't recall ever being so tired! Once I had a hole just about deep enough to cover, but instead I woke up much later lying on top of my shovel where I had fallen sound asleep while digging. Fortunately there had been no "tree bursts" in my vicinity.

I think everyone's most vivid memories are of the numbing cold. Mine certainly are! The cold was enough of an adversary without the Germans. Just staying alive took all of one's ingenuity. I remember being on an outpost right in front of the German lines where the choice seemed to be between moving and being shot, or lying perfectly still and freezing to death. Somehow we survived, I with trench foot on only one great toe.

One of my saddest memories is of seeing German prisoners carrying bodies, both American and German, out of the woods. Most were frozen in such grotesque positions, it was difficult to keep them on a stretcher. They had frozen stiff in the exact positions in which they had died.

Another thing I remember vividly is the snow. I had seen snow before, in Oklahoma and New York, but nothing like this. The evergreen trees were so thick you could hardly walk between them, and they were all totally covered with snow. If you happened to bump one too hard you found yourself totally buried in snow. Sometimes it snowed so hard that one would almost smother. You had to cover your mouth just to breathe. This was frightening to someone who

had never experienced it.

Once we had an outpost, which was manned by three or four people, a great distance in front of our lines. We lost our communications with the outpost, and feared it had been taken over by the enemy. Since I knew the way, I set out at night leading two wiremen who replaced the line as we went, until we discovered where it had been cut by a mortar round. As we approached the outpost, with no warning whatsoever, someone opened up on us with an M-1 rifle, wounding both wiremen. Not knowing whether it was being fired by a German or an American I hit the ground and immediately began yelling. Sure enough, good old Private "X" had blasted away without so much as a challenge. Later he shot himself in the leg with a captured pistol, and I never saw him again. So far as I know he never shot anyone other than Americans.

Food was always a problem. Our cooks were great about bringing hot food right up to the front lines when it was possible at all. However, most of the time during this period it was just not possible. I remember one two-week period when every morning and evening they brought each of us one Spam sandwich and a cup of coffee. When they started out it was all hot, but by the time it got to the front it was all cold. Surprisingly, I still like Spam! But I was certainly glad when we got some "C" rations we could heat up and have a hot meal. We got a large supply of rations at one time, and almost immediately got orders to move out. We had to leave most of the rations behind; so we ate all we could before we left. I ate six cans of meat and beans and almost died from the overdose.

In late January, 1945 we hit the Siegfried line again. G-2 said the pillboxes were empty, but many of us oldtime squad leaders were skeptical. Unfortunately, we had a new platoon leader who had never been in combat, and he refused to listen to our pleas for caution. Early in the morning, when it was pitch black, he led the platoon on a combat patrol into an area where there were a large number of pillboxes. We passed by one without incident, until the entire platoon had passed by. Then a machine gun opened up from behind, killing about half the platoon, including the lieutenant. The poor guy never had a chance to learn, and he took a dozen others with him!

When it was light enough to see, the twelve or so of us who had survived discovered we were in an open area with German pillboxes to the left and right of us, one straight ahead, and the one we had passed behind us--almost totally surrounded--and all were heavily manned. Fortunately we discovered that another a few hundred yards behind us had some GI's rather than Germans; so we started making our way to it a few at a time. Finally everyone had escaped but me and one other. We made a run for it with me pulling him as best I could. I had finally gotten my first overshoes just before this action and they were almost the death of me. They were two sizes too big, and I could hardly run in the snow that was probably two feet deep. However, being fired at by machine guns and rifles from three different bunkers at the same time does add wings to the feet! Somehow we made it, even with the snow being kicked up at our heels all the way. We stayed in the bunker all day with the Germans firing at us sporadically. As soon as it was dark we took off to our lines which we had left hours before. We got there safely, but we learned later that the field through which we

had escaped was full of "S" mines--the kind which pop out of the ground then explode at about waist height. The only thing which saved us was that the mines were solidly frozen in the ground and couldn't pop out. I guess frozen ground can be a blessing sometimes!

Lots of other things happened which might be of interest, but my memory has faded considerably after 45 years, which is probably a blessing.

December, 1944

Robert V. Benz
26th Infantry Regiment
1st Infantry Division
Glendale, Missouri

Two days after leaving ship I arrived in the "Bulge" at a First Infantry Division Co. CP between Butgenbach and Bullingen, Belgium one mile from Germany. I learned that the Regiment had run out of bayonets, clothing and blankets. I don't know what squad I joined, but I got a warm welcome from my squad leader whose squad was down to 5 men. I remember his name as something like Risto or Ristoff. He took me directly to his 2 man fox hole which was covered with snow. On the way we passed dead Germans whose frozen, waxen faces were splattered with blood.

We had no sooner crawled into the sergeant's dug out when I got my first baptism of fire from German 88 MM artillery. Many landed within 5 or 6 feet. I could hear shell fragments flying by and smelled the pungent odor of spent powder. This lasted about 45 minutes I guess, but it seemed like hours. He had combat experience so I wrongly assumed this no longer bothered him. I made a feeble attempt at humor and he returned a disgusted look. He was shook up! I came to understand this as you quickly come to recognize the close ones from a special sound before they hit. You want to get your whole body into your helmet while you pray and shake during these seconds. This kind of shelling continued night and day for over 6 weeks. I wanted to crawl out in the night and drop grenades into those cannons.

Col. Derrill Danial, CO. of the 2nd Battalion, passed the word down that we must hold at any cost. His words may have been "we stand and die here!" Anyway the heroic work done by the 2nd and 99th Divisions would have been lost if we had not held this position. The 2nd Battalion came under artillery fire day and night for 6 weeks with infantry attacks and deep penetrations of SS Pancer tanks. These tanks overran infantry fox holes shooting down into them as they passed over. On one occasion the 2nd Battalion HDQ was completely surrounded by SS Pancer tanks before being destroyed or driven off. The Battalion kept its pledge and held to the end. At times as many as 10,000 rounds of artillery were fired by each side in a single day.

A tall, 6 sided monument to the men of the 1st Division now stands at this crucial road junction. Cpl. Warner, who was killed as he destroyed one tank after another at this road junction, received the Congressional Medal of Honor. He was one of the hundreds of men killed here whose names are now inscribed on this monument to the "Big Red One".

The men had lived on the frozen ground, most without blankets, for 6 weeks. It was bitter cold and the field was covered with deep snow. We could not light a fire to get warm or to heat our frozen food. We drank cold coffee sometimes, other times we ate snow. Moisture from our

breath frozen on our faces and moisture from the snow froze into our clothing. Near the end of Feb. 1945 I secured my first blanket (a German sleeping bag) from an enemy soldier. When I got inside this bag I placed canned heat on my stomach and lit it after propping up the center of the bag with a German bayonet. I woke up to the smell of burning wool and smoke but this was the only time I got warm.

I made a trip back in 1985 and again in 1988. The latest trip was a "Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge" Tour with Charles MacDonald who gave us the over all picture of this epic battle. I have never been able to locate the squad leader, his name might have been Ted Resko. I am still trying to locate someone who was in the outpost on hill 625 with me. Also I would like to know the name of the GI at the road junction near Bullingen who got a bullet through his helmet from front to back. It followed a path between the steel helmet and the plastic liner so he lived to tell me about it as I was just next to him. At the moment he was the happiest GI I ever saw!

January, 1945

Walter E. Wrzeszczynski
1st Battalion
194th Glider Infantry Regiment
17th Airborne Division
Bensalem, Pennsylvania

The group of men I was assigned to were told to establish a line of foxholes in an exposed area outside of a small village. The ground was frozen and the men didn't dig deep enough. The German Artillery men observing the activity started to lob shells into our position immediately twenty feet away from me, two men occupied one of these shallow holes. In came a round which landed either in the hole or right beside it. One G.I. was killed instantly, the other severely wounded. When I picked up my plasma case and medical kit it was all blown to pieces. It was so cold I couldn't make my fingers work properly. I took care of the wounded man and luckily the forward aid station was in the village of Houmont, Belgium, right in back of our position. Later on, the same day, we dug into new positions at the edge of a forest.. Again we started to take tree bursts which resulted in wounds to the men, but not severe enough for evacuation. The next day we started to attack toward Pinsamonta, Belgium. It was so cold that if you didn't get to the wounded fast enough, there was always the possibility that they would freeze to death. On this march our Platoon leader LT. Wright was killed by a sniper. That night when I went out on patrol it was pitch black as we started to enter the forest, suddenly the moon came out and lit up an eerie scene in the draw below. Six G.I.'s were frozen in death where they had sat down to rest, their rifles between their knees snow gathering on their uniforms and helmets. This scene looked like a sculptor and it is so embedded in my mind that to this day I wonder if they were really dead or bobby trapped and why we didn't stop. However, we have a mission to find out where the Germans were and possibly capture some prisoners.

The second occurrence happened on January 7, 1945 when the entire 17th Airborne division attacked on their assigned fronts at the same time the Germans were attacking on theirs. I believe this was the only time during the Battle of the Bulge that this happened.

January, 1945

Ann Miletich
46th Field Hospital
Washington, D.C.

A LUCKY STRIKE: Sister Meets Brother in Battle of the Bulge

I received a letter dated Dec. 26, 1944, from my 18-year-old kid brother, Matt, saying, "I'm on this side of the pond. It would be nice if we could visit each other, but I doubt if we'll be that lucky." I did not know whether Matt meant we just could not expect to have such a privilege, with the war raging at a fever pitch, or whether he meant, what with his being an infantry rifleman, "something might happen to him."

I know now he meant it in the privilege sense. But way back then, I was determined to find a way to visit him, and I said so to others at the hospital. It was unusually bold for me to try to do something like that!

We treated many 84th Division Railsplitters. When wounded men were brought in, I would always look at their faces to see if it were Matt or Joe, our brother in the 9th Air Force in Belgium.

Joe and I visited each other a few times in England while waiting for D-Day. But circumstances were much different in January, 1945, with the Battle of the Bulge raging at fever pitch.

Matt arrived at the 84th Division Replacement Depot at Givet, France, on Christmas Day. Now, a month later, on Sunday, Jan. 28, 1945, I went for a walk in the morning, even though the snow was very deep. I went to pray for help to find Matt. I saw two officers walking and I thought they were from Camp Lucky Strike. I asked them if they knew the location of the 84th Division. They gave me the approximate location and said I could get specific information at First Army Headquarters in Spa, Belgium.

When I told others at the hospital that I learned the location of the 84th Division, they told Colonel Dell F. Dullum the 47th Field Hospital Commandant. While we were eating lunch, Colonel Dullum stood by his chair, and with a smile on his face he said, "I am giving Millie a jeep and a driver so that she can find and visit her brother."

The driver, a corporal about as young as Matt, and I took off in early afternoon. At Spa, we found First Army Headquarters in a large house guarded by a big, barking dog. It was frightening.

I had to wait quite a while before a tall officer came out. Then he and another officer asked me which unit I was with, and other information about myself. Then they gave me directions to the 84th Infantry Division.

We drove off through the deep snow. Sometimes the snow was so deep and the road so curving, it was difficult to see the road. We had to be wary about any stray land mines that might have been alongside the road. Our jeep was enclosed, but we had the window flaps open to see our way more clearly. It was very cold, this was Europe's worst winter in 40 years.

People now couldn't imagine what it was like then. There were no friendly looking roadside inns with twinkling lights beckoning travellers in for hot coffee and food. Often the road was hilly and narrow and the snow real deep.

God bless that young corporal! I wish I could remember his name so I could thank him now. He did a wonderful job

of driving through the Ardennes Forest. The Battle of the Bulge had upset things for the past six weeks, but now it mostly was over.

Finally we drove up to the C.P. of the Third Battalion, 333rd Infantry Regiment, in the village of Nonceveux, Belgium. I spoke to an officer who told me "You're the first woman ever come to the battalion." I had to identify myself and show my AGO pass with my picture on it. The officer asked me several questions about my parents, brothers and sisters. She also asked the several questions about Iowa, where my family lived. They had to be certain that I was not a spy. I remember sitting in that warm room heated by a little pot-bellied stove, answering those questions. Then the officer telephoned the Company I C.P.

Several minutes later, Matt walked in. He had been in the evening chow line when he was called to the Company I C.P. He was flabbergasted when he was told that I was at the Third Battalion C.P. The battalion was out of the front line for a badly needed rest.

After we hugged and kissed each other, we visited in a room for about half an hour. We talked mostly about our family and what we'd been doing. This was the first time we had seen each other since I was home on leave early in 1943.

We both felt it was kind of unreal for us to be together so many thousands of miles from home, and in such strange circumstances. Matt was very tired and dirty, and he apologized for being so dirty. I have a vivid picture-forever imprinted in my mind--Matt--very tired, wearing his helmet, rifle, mess gear, and struggling with laryngitis. He said he was one of a few survivors of his platoon, which was wiped out early in January by a German machine-gunner. Every so often, a face peered in the window, apparently to make sure things were O.K.

I gave Matt toilet articles, new socks, candy bars and some Scotch, though I doubted if he would drink it. Then we embraced and kissed and said good-bye, and I returned to Verviers.

We had enjoyed an experience given to very few in the Second World War. Matt and Joe visited in Germany after V-E Day. We all returned home. We have much for which to be thankful.

Postscript by Matt: With the toilet articles I cleaned up, combed my hair, washed my feet, and put on the new socks. I shared the Milky Way and Snicker candy bars and gave away the Scotch--that was easy!

All VBOB members are encouraged to submit typed or neatly printed heretofore unpublished accounts and photographs, if available, for consideration for publication of Battle of the Bulge experiences. Send to:

Clyde Boden
VBOB
P.O. Box 11129
Arlington, Virginia 22210-2129

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Please ship the following items:

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N 2G	VBOB Bola Tie (gold)	12.50 x	=	_____
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W 1	VBOB Logo Quartz Watch (Men's)	35.00 x	=	_____
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 Send your order and check to:
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CHAPTER NEWS

MD-D.C. CHAPTER • As of June 18, 1990 we have contributed \$575 to the VBOB Historical Foundation. This has all been from voluntary member contributions. The members continue to make donations to the Foundation and their goal is to be the first VBOB Chapter to contribute \$1000 towards the preservation of the history of this pivotal WW II battle.

At the July 8th meeting, Tom Brooks had a slide show depicting the tactical deployment of the various U.S. Army divisions and military units in Europe during WW II.

A review of our membership roster reveals 117 members.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CHAPTER • At our organizational meeting a resolution was passed that everyone who paid the membership fee of \$10 before Sept. 30, 1990 would be a charter member.

The officers elected were: Murray Shapiro, Pres., Charles Acquistapace, V.P.; Godfrey Harris, 2nd VP; Homer Jansson, Sec; Lucille Kropff, Treas; Joseph Kropff, Chaplain; Elizabeth Acquistapace, newsletter and publicity; Bob Pocklington, Sgt-at-Arms.

Bob Van Houten, VP Regional Coordination, and Beverley attended to mid-wife our new chapter.

DELAWARE VALLEY CHAPTER • We had a luncheon at Valley Forge that was well attended by members, wives and guests. All members who were present on that heroic day 46 years ago were recognized and a silent prayer was offered to our fallen comrades. Our guest speaker was Hal Ryder, President of Galaxy Tours, who was there on D Day. His speech was most dynamic and profound. He spoke not only of D Day, but of the confusion of the Battle of the Bulge. He stressed the importance of passing this history on to our children so they also would know the bravery shown by men in battle.

We regret to report the death of Charles A. Brown, Jr. on May 22nd. He resided in Erdenheim, PA. and was in 423rd Cannon Co.

We are all working hard getting ready for the Annual Reunion in Valley Forge and looking forward to seeing you all there.

CENTRAL NEW YORK CHAPTER • We participated in the Memorial Day parade in Baldwinsville. We were honored to be the 12th unit in a field of 49 units. It was a chilly, brisk evening, but the turnout was tremendous. After the parade and cemetery services, several of our members attended the Open House held at the VFW.

We were selling raffle tickets until our family picnic on July 16th. It was held at Willow Bay on Onondaga Lake. There was a tram ride around the peak and games geared to "us senior citizens".

SOUTH CAROLINA CHAPTER • We held our last meeting in Anderson and had about 35 members and guests present. Our thanks to Mr. & Mrs. Don McPhail, who did a wonderful job, working very hard setting up

this meeting and luncheon. They even provided a cake for each officer's wife to take home.

At the meeting we decided to split the state into four recruiting areas and assign a member in each area as a contact person for the different media.

Our next meeting will be a luncheon on July 28th at Fort Jackson.

GOLDEN GATE CHAPTER • On April 20th a party was given in honor of Serge and Suzanne Fontaine. Serge is a founding director of CRIBA in Stavelot, Belgium. The party was given by Ed and Reddie Prewett at their ranch in Brentwood, CA. Other guests were Pres. Fred Dong, Membership Chairman Bill Cordova, George Wendt and Michael Thome.

When introduced, Serge thanked us all for the liberation of Belgium. He was nine years old at the time.

A luncheon meeting was held on July 28th at the Presidio. The speaker, Lt. Col. Jack B. Keller presented anecdotal material from his many travels for the Letterman Army Institute of Research. The accent was on the use of lasers on the modern battlefield.

FROM THE DESK OF THE VP • On May 27th Beverley and I drove to Ligonier, Pennsylvania to attend the first meeting of the Western Pennsylvania Chapter. They had submitted their charter request some time ago so we were able to present their flag and charter to them at this meeting.

The members elected LeRoy (Whitey) Schaller president. Other business was decided on and the chapter is off to a good start.

On June 25th we attended a chapter organization meeting in Keane, New Hampshire at Libby's Family Restaurant. It was attended by 15 people. Those present elected Vince Dalzell president with other officers to be elected at the next meeting. They voted to call their chapter TRI-STATE, VT. N.H. ME. Interested persons can contact Vince at 16 Prescott St., Keane, NH 03431. Tel. (603) 352-1412.

Their charter request was presented at the July 21st Executive Council Meeting.

We also plan on attending a meeting in the Susquehanna Valley area where George Waters is recruiting members to start a chapter there. Anyone interested should contact George at 303 Honesdale Rd., Waymart, PA. 18472. Tel. (717) 488-6311.

I urge all chapters to send a representative to Valley Forge to our Annual Reunion and bring your flags so we can have a wonderful display. They looked great last year and this year we can have bigger and better, more beautiful collection.

Robert J. Van Houten
VP Regional Coordination



Chapter News (cont.'d)

LETTER FROM A VBOBER

(The kind we love to get)

Dear VBOB,

On July 16th, a beautiful summer day, Frank Tichy and I motored to Syracuse, to attend a member picnic planned by the Central New York Chapter.

The trip, of approximately 150 miles, to Willow Bay Park on the shores of Lake Onondaga, was well worth it, as we were cordially received, and we made the acquaintance of some very fine Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge.

This affair, arranged by Pres. Al Noce; Sec. John LaRose, and Treas. James Hamlett, and others whose names I cannot recall, was a very friendly and enjoyable gathering. To us, two Buffalonians, it was a day well spent and we can note, that with the group at the helm of the NY Central Chapter, the chapter should prosper.

Thad Conway, "A" Battery, 575 AAA Bn.,
11th Armored Division



Neil Thompson, Treasurer MD/DC Chapter presents \$500 check to Dorothy Davis, President, Battle of the Bulge Historical Foundation. VBOB member Donald Breakiron looks on.

VBOB Chapter Presidents

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(508) 922-5469 or 4315

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(919) 897-8295

X GOLDEN GATE CHAPTER

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(703) 573-5718

XVI SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CHAPTER

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Chatsworth, CA 91311
(818) 341-7021

XVII TRI-STATE

VT.,NH.,ME.
Vince Dalzell
16 Prescott Street
Keane, NH 03431
(603) 352-1412

TRIP FOR TWO TO EUROPE RAFFLE

A special 46th Anniversary Battle of the Bulge Tour for two, December 10-18, 1990, featuring Battle of the Bulge sites in Belgium, Luxembourg, Holland, and Germany, donated by Galaxy Tours.

Prize includes airfare from New York and all land arrangements (double occupancy), a value in excess of \$3,400! **Donations: \$5.00 per chance 6 chances for \$25.00**

GRAND PRIZE DRAWING-September 28, 1990
sponsored by VBOB, Delaware Valley Chapter

For chances, send a self-addressed and stamped envelope with your name, address, telephone number, and check to:

VBOB, Delaware Valley Chapter
Attn: Robert Fisher
318 Fairview Road, Springfield, PA 19064

MEMBERS SPEAK OUT (Cont'd)

WILLIAM "FRANK" KYSER, a new member, has spent a considerable amount of time trying to locate his old buddies from **A COMPANY, 324TH COMBAT ENGINEER BATTALION, 99TH INFANTRY DIVISION** and is still looking. If you should be on his list or know somebody who should, please contact him: 3226 Cawein Way, Louisville, Kentucky 40220.

CHUCK W. RITCHIE, would like to find an Alcan Highway (Now known as the Alaskan Highway) Driver's Award Metal for his granddaughter's collection. If you have one you would like to sell or know where he could get one contact him at 5003 Bloomfield Place, South Bend, Indiana 46619.

Talk to eligible veterans and encourage them to join VBOB. It's the only way we can continue to grow!!

REUNIONS

9TH ARMORED DIVISION, 52ND ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION, COMPANY A, September 17-19, 1990, Johnson City, Tennessee. Contact: Joe Tatman, Box 107, Sugar Grove, Ohio 43155.

9TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION, October 4-6, 1990, Marriott, Orlando, Florida. Contact: Henry Santos, 9811 Connechusett Road, Tampa, Florida 33617.

58TH QUARTERMASTER BASE DEPOT, September 17-19, 1990, Frankenmuth, 635 South Main, Frankenmuth, Michigan 48734. Contact: Albert W. Kage, G-3178 Coralene Drive, Flint, Michigan 48504, (313) 787-1020.

60th COMBAT ENGINEER BATTALION/35TH INFANTRY DIVISION, October 12-14, 1990, Cherry Hill, New Jersey. Contact: Zaro Calabrese, 1118 Warren, New Milford, New Jersey 07646.

84TH INFANTRY DIVISION RAILSPLITTERS, September 15-19, 1990, Springfield, Missouri. Contact: A. J. "Jim" Conte, P.O. Box 1524, Englewood, Florida 34295-1524.

106TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION, August 30-September 4, 1990, Sacramento, California. Contact: Pete House, 5662 Clifton Avenue, Jacksonville, Florida 32211, (904) 724-8316.

107TH EVACUATION HOSPITAL, 7-8 September, 1990, Days Inn, Woburn, Massachusetts. Contact: Giles A. Laughrea, 169 Church Street, Watertown, Massachusetts 02172.

109th INFANTRY REGIMENT, 28TH INFANTRY DIVISION (BLOODY BUCKET), 2-4 October, 1990, Clearwater, Florida. Contact: LTC James V. Christy, USA Reid., 4191 102nd Place North, Clearwater, Florida 34622-5455, (813) 573-9620.

179th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, 26-29 September, 1990, Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Contact: James M. McCabe, 244 Burbank Street, Columbia, South Carolina 29210, (803) 772-1827.

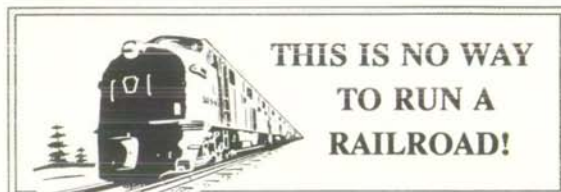
285TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION ASSOCIATION, October 4-8, 1990, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Contact: Walter R. Maxwell, 309 Brock Road, Springfield, Pennsylvania 19064, (215) 543-6666.

FORMER PRISONERS OF WAR (American soldiers interned at German prison camps 9A, 9B, and 9C), April 18-21, 1991, Marina Hotel at St. Johns Place, Jacksonville, Florida. Contact: Pete House, 5662 Clifton Avenue, Jacksonville, Florida 32211, (904) 724-8316.

705TH TANK DESTROYER BATTALION, September 12-16, 1990, Hyatt Sarasota Motel, 1000 Boulevard of the Arts, On Sarasota Bay, Sarasota, Florida 34236. Contact: Paul A. Yeomans, 5 Sugarboat Drive, Leesburg, Florida 32788.

769TH MP BATTALION, COMPANY A, October 12-14, 1990, Emily Morgan Hotel, San Antonio, Texas. Contact: Carl A. Weidner, HC 2, Box 71, Trenton, Nebraska 69044.

823RD TANK DESTROYER BATTALION, 19-23 September, 1990, Villa Hotel, San Francisco, California. Contact: Paul Vavuris, 3202 Cowper Street, Palo Alto, California 94306.



A spot check of our membership dues records indicates that approximately one-third of our members are delinquent in paying their dues. Some as much as two and three years behind.

Over the years we have tried not to remove members from our membership rolls if they were a little late in submitting dues: the feeling being that eventually (when things were a little better) they would submit their dues. However, we do not know how much longer we can continue to do this. Our expenses go up almost daily--administrative expenses, paper, postage, etc.

We need your help. If your dues are late, please submit them. We can't fail in our purpose to keep the memory of the Battle of the Bulge alive now--we've come too far and been through too much together. Let's continue to work together to accomplish our goals.

CHECK THE MAILING LABEL OF THIS PUBLICATION TO SEE IF YOUR DUES ARE DELINQUENT AND, IF THEY ARE, PLEASE BRING THEM UP-TO-DATE. THANK YOU.

OUR GREATEST VICTORY...

"...on December 22 I issued one of the few 'Orders of the Day' I wrote during the war. In it I said: we will, with God's help, go forward to our greatest victory."

General Dwight D. Eisenhower
in "Crusade in Europe".

"But when all is said and done I shall always feel that Rundstedt was really beaten by the good fighting qualities of the American soldier...He is a brave fighting man, steady under fire, and with that tenacity in battle which stamps the first class soldier...I salute the brave fighting men of America..."

Field-Marshal Bernard L. Montgomery at a press conference on January 7, 1945, as recorded in "Memoirs of Field-Marshal Montgomery".



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AUGUST, 1990

TRYING TO THINK OF A WAY...

TO HELP WITH VBOB'S MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN???



You've been doing a super job. We're growing at a great pace, but our goals are high and we've got a long way to go. If you can think of a way we can help you in your efforts, let us know.

As you know, YOU are our best membership promoter and you've been doing a great job. We can't accomplish our goals without your help. Think about others you know who were in the Battle of the Bulge, family members and friends of BOB vets who are interested in seeing that the memory carries on. Tell them about VBOB and the irreplaceable friendships they will make. Become as active as you can and tell your friends about us. **WE NEED YOUR HELP. VBOB IS YOUR ORGANIZATION--THINK ABOUT WAYS TO MAKE IT GROW.**

- Detach and Mail -

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Make check or money order payable to VBOB and mail with this application to above address.