

# The BULGE BUGLE

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION • VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

VOLUME IX NUMBER 2

THE ARDENNES CAMPAIGN

JUNE 1990



## HISTORY-MAKERS OF THE BULGE:

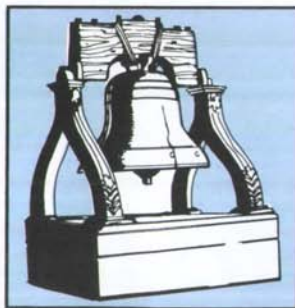
JOIN THE REVOLUTIONARY  
SOLDIERS OF VALLEY FORGE  
IN A SYMBOLIC SETTING FOR THE...



**NINTH  
ANNUAL  
REUNION**

## VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

**SEPTEMBER 26, 27 AND 28, 1990  
VALLEY FORGE, PENNSYLVANIA**



VBOB joins the Minute Men for the first time in a spiritual encampment. The VBOB Reunion will blend the past and the present in a memorable event you and your family will not want to miss.

The Ninth Reunion will be a chance for your family to see the type of terrain you spent your "Valley Forge" in - the only thing left out is the snow and the Germans.

Tell your WWII buddies about the encampment. It will be a chance for them to join VBOB and experience an historic joining of Bulge veterans with America's thrilling military past. VBOB, too, joins history in this unique encampment.

Details are on inside pages. This is an Army related activity you'll be happy you volunteered for !!!

Don't let this historic moment pass by your family. At Valley Forge they'll be better able to appreciate what you have done for America.

**TO OUR AIRBORNE FRIENDS...  
CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES FOR A SUCCESSFUL  
JULY 4-9 REUNION IN WASHINGTON, D.C.**

## VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

P.O. Box 11129  
Arlington, Virginia 22210-2129  
(703) 979-5270

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

### BULGE BUGLE STAFF

**Publisher** - George Chekan  
9th Infantry Division

**Editor** - R. L. Lemmon  
Third U.S. Army Engineers

**Editors** - Washington Bureau  
Elturino L. Loiacono - 10th Armored Division  
Roy Gordon - 9th Infantry Division

### VBOB OFFICERS - ELECTED

**PRESIDENT** - William T. Greenville  
86th Chemical Mortar Battalion

**EXEC. VICE PRES.** - Demetri Paris  
9th Armored Division

**VICE PRES. FOR MEMBERSHIP**  
Ollie Chaplin

**VICE PRES. FOR MILITARY  
AFFAIRS** - Eugene G. Drouillard  
75th Infantry Division

**VICE PRESIDENT FOR REGIONAL  
COORDINATION** - Robert J. Van Houten  
16 FA OBN Battalion

**TREASURER** - William R. Hemphill  
3rd Armored Division

**RECORDING SECRETARY**  
Eva M. Popovich OSS

**CORRESPONDING SECRETARY**  
Beverly Van Houten

### APPOINTED

**NATIONAL DIRECTOR, PUBLIC  
RELATIONS**  
Nancy Monson

**HISTORIAN** - Helen Berry, Widow  
of Walter E., 4th Infantry Division

**CHAPLAIN** - Msgr. William F. O'Donnell  
87th Inf. Division

**LIAISON OFFICER FOR INT. AFFAIRS**  
Robert F. Phillips  
28th Infantry Division

**PHOTOGRAPHER** - Sam Silverman  
10th Armored Division

### HISTORICAL FOUNDATION

**PRESIDENT** - Dorothy S. Davis  
57th Field Hospital

### PAST VBOB PRESIDENTS

Clyde Boden, 1981-1984  
Robert J. Van Houten, 1984-1986  
George Chekan, 1986-1988

*"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

The Executive Committee has renamed the Ninth General Membership Meeting the Ninth Annual Reunion. "Meeting" sounds like it's all business, whereas "reunion" means seeing our old buddies and meeting new ones. We will, however, hold our annual business meeting during the reunion.

Where? At Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. When? September 26, 27, and 28. We will meet in the heart of the largest VBOB membership area. There are more than

3,000 members within 3 hours' driving time, and it's only a short run from the Philadelphia airport to the Holiday Inn at Valley Forge.

The Delaware Valley Chapter, headed by Stan Wojtusik, with a membership of over 180, will be the host Chapter. The Chapter has arranged for the Valley Forge Military Academy to participate. Historic Philadelphia with the Liberty Bell, Independence Hall, and other early American attractions will be one of the tours. Shades of Reno will show through as Atlantic City, the gambling capital of the East, will be another tour. Our goal for this meeting is 500 members. If you accept the challenge, we will top this number.

What's going on within the organization? We are one step from being incorporated, a major move. Our reorganization of administration is progressing, but at a slightly slower pace than hoped. It takes a little longer when we are all volunteers. We are planning a spring affair to begin next year just to keep the blood flowing. It will be held in April or May.

The Historical Foundation is on an even keel with its approach to corporations and foundations with results expected in the near future. This does not mean that we as members can slack off. It is imperative that we keep up the good work with our individual \$10, \$25, and \$100 donations, and also subscribe to the 1990 Patrons Fund with \$500 for personal donations, and \$1,000 for organizational donations.

See you in September in Valley Forge.

Yours in comradeship,

William T. Greenville

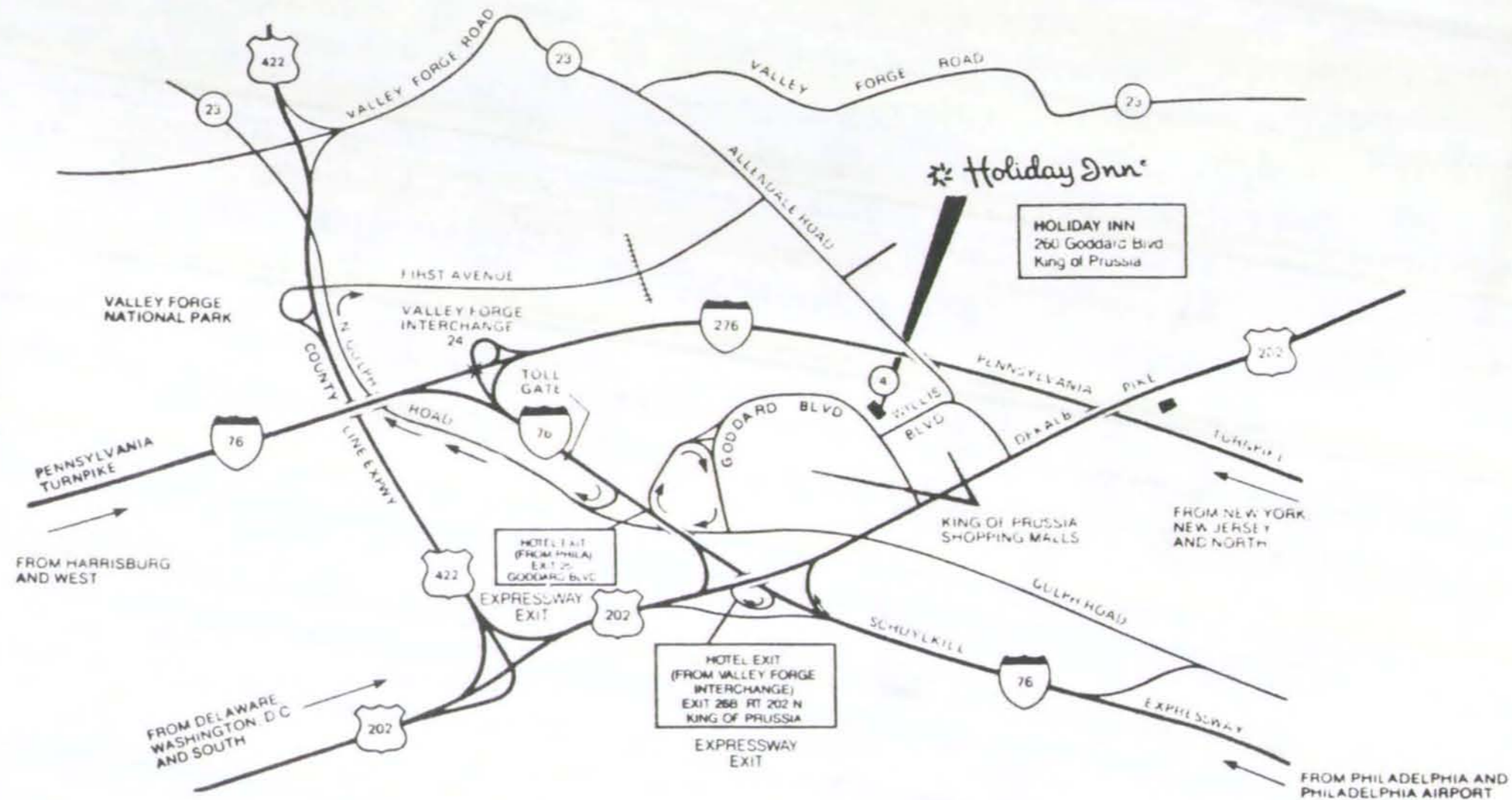
**VALLEY FORGE, PA.**  
**9TH ANNUAL VBOB REUNION**

**SEPT. 26, 27, 28, 1990**



Hallowed  
Grounds  
Breathe  
History  
Galore:  
Plan to  
Go There!

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



*Pennsylvania Avenue after the Civil War. Here were soldiers in their last grand March before returning home.*

*American veterans from the Revolution to Panama do have a bond of shared experiences in good times and bad. Critics frequently malign us as pot-bellied, self-proclaimed heroes with our hands out for all we can get in benefits. Most of us know better. We've done our bit and we're proud of it. We hope, as well, that we may pass on the torch to our children and grandchildren.★*



Bud co-authored "Men of Company K" with John Campbell, both long-time active charter members of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge. The book appeared on The Washington Post best seller list.

His marriage to Rosemary Swanson ended in divorce.

Survivors include, in addition to his wife, Marjorie; sons Ted, Tim, Tom, and daughter Terry; his mother, Marian Leinbaugh, of McLean, Virginia; his sister Peggy Jones Bicket, of Pinchurst, North Carolina; and a grandson Ian.

Rest in peace, Bud. "...All is well. God is nigh."

---

## SOLDIER -

How sleep the brave, who sink  
to rest,  
By all their country's wishes  
blest!

WILLIAM COLLINS-Ode



# VBOB ANONYMOUS QUESTIONNAIRE

My experiences in the Army during World War II had such a significant impact on my life that I wrote Growing Up in the Wartime Army; however, I did not realize this until I reread my diary, letters and various writings 35 years later!

VBOB members and others have told me that much of what I wrote about--popular songs, letters from home, girls, drinking, socializing, griping, having fun, enduring hardships, making new friendships, suffering losses of buddies and other experiences--were much like their own.

Now here is an opportunity for you to express your wartime feelings about a number of items. The results will be of interest to us and others; review and analysis will reveal some interesting patterns. So, take a few minutes now and complete the following and mail on or before August 1, 1990, to Clyde Boden, VBOB, Box 11129, Arlington, VA 22210.

Cliff Hope  
16th Field Artillery Observation Battalion

	Liked		No	Did Not Like	
	Very Much	Somewhat	Opinion	Somewhat	Very Much
1. Bivouacs	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
2. Calisthenics	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
3. Chow	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
4. Guard Duty	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
5. Hikes	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
6. Inspections	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
7. Infiltration Course	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
8. KP	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
9. Maneuvers	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
10. Obstacle Course	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
11. Overseas Duty (Combat)	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
12. Overseas Duty (Non-Combat)	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
13. Parades	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
14. Retreat	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
15. Reveille	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
16. Schools	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
17. Service Clubs	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
18. Sports	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
19. Training	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
20. USO	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

Home state when entered service \_\_\_\_\_ Branch of Service \_\_\_\_\_

When World War II ended: Age \_\_\_\_\_ Rank \_\_\_\_\_

Years of active duty military service \_\_\_\_\_

Did you enjoy your military service? Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_

Comments: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## MEMBERS SPEAK OUT

Do any VBOB members remember seeing the movie "GOLDEN EARRINGS" in a large barn with a hundred or so other men, some night before Christmas or about in some town south of Bastogne? This was 3rd pushing up from the South. (Will person who submitted question also please write again. Your little note got separated from your envelope. Thanks.)

Anyone who knew T/4 CLARENCE E. BOWMAN, HQ BATTERY, 734RD FA BATTALION, 9TH ARMORED DIVISION, 3RD ARMY, write: S/SGT GARY SCHONE, P.O. Box 4008, Norton AFB, California 92409-0008.

Would like to hear from anyone from 23RD SPECIAL TROOPS, 603 ENGINEER BATTALION H-S COMPANY. Unit was disbanded in Pine Camp, New York. Write: WILLIAM F. BRANDLE, 912 Grambling Street, Johnstown, Pennsylvania 15904.

Interested in hearing from anyone in 462 AAA D BATTERY-TROY WILKERSON, 2515 Phoenix, Fort Smith, Arkansas 72901.

Since World War II, I came back to farming, milking cows, raising hogs and feeding cattle. I retired in 1981, but had rented the farm out in 1980. I attended the 34th Grand Reunion of the Battle of the Bulge in December, of 1978, which took us to Belgium, France, Luxemburg, and Germany. We traced the route that we went and then went on the route the Germans took. This last winter I was a helper in writing the History of B Co. After all companies' reports are in, it will be assembled into a book of the Battalion. I enjoy good health except for the usual aches and pains of men our age. We spend a lot of time traveling and when at home I work with wood, as that is my hobby--HOWARD K. THOMSEN, 707th Tank Battalion, Co. B, 14940 Pawnee Road, Bennington, Nebraska 68007.

I'm rather disappointed that none of my comrades of the 328TH COMBAT TEAM (26TH "YANKEE DIVISION") ever assert themselves in The Bugle. One of these times, I hope to see something from them, since we had such an important part in helping win the BOB--CHARLES B. ADAMS, 7963 Aquadale Drive, Youngstown, Ohio 44512.

R. KEITH OSTRUM advises that he has copies of the history of the 87TH CHEMICAL MORTAR BATTALION available to anyone who might be interested. Please contact him at Box 69, Findley, Lake, New York 14736-0069. Cost is \$6.00 including postage and handling.

GENE S. CROCKER, member of the 1058TH ENGINEER P.C. & R GROUP, would like to hear from anyone. Address: 8200 Park Vista Circle, Charlotte, North Carolina 28226 (telephone: 704-542-8294).

FRANK BONGERMINO would like to hear from Lt. Doren or anyone who served with S/S William Horan or him in COMPANY F, 2ND BATTALION, 109TH INFANTRY, 28TH DIVISION. Please contact him at 929 Calhoun Avenue, Bronx, New York 10465.

Anyone from the 61ST CHEMICAL CO, 3RD ARMY, who remembers when I was wounded in Organswany, Germany and subsequently taken to the 15th Army Field Hospital, please contact me: VINCENT MEINHART, 1449 Cornell Street, Scranton, Pennsylvania 18504.

## SLATE FOR 1991 PRESENTED

The VBOB Nominating Committee  
submits the following nominees  
to be our leaders in 1991:

**PRESIDENT**

**Darrell Kuhn**

**EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT**

**John Dunleavy**

**VICE PRESIDENT  
FOR MEMBERSHIP**

**Neil B. Thompson**

**VICE PRESIDENT FOR  
MILITARY AFFAIRS**

**Earle R. Hart**

**VICE PRESIDENT FOR  
REGIONAL COORDINATION**

**Robert J. Van Houten**

**TREASURER**

**William R. Hemphill**

**RECORDING SECRETARY**

**Frances W. Doherty**

**CORRESPONDING SECRETARY**

**Beverly Van Houten**

No nominations were received from the Chapters nor from any members.

In accordance with Article VI of the VBOB By-laws, nominations from the floor will not be accepted at the General Membership Reunion in Valley Forge, PA in September when elections will be held.

## THE YOUNG LIEUTENANTS

*Where are the young lieutenants  
who sailed across the sea?*

*Where are the proud young men  
who went across with me?*

*Some are home, now older,  
some sleep beyond the sea-  
and all are so much humbler  
than ever they thought they'd be.*

Dale Carver 106th Infantry Division

## CHAPTER NEWS

**GOLDEN GATE CHAPTER** • We had our first anniversary luncheon on February 24th at the Presidio Officers' Club.

The Honorable Leo McCarthy, Lieutenant Governor of California and San Francisco Mayor Art Agnos were the special guests. There were between 70 and 100 people attending.

We are pleased to report our membership has grown to 50.

**CENTRAL NEW YORK CHAPTER** • We held a regular membership meeting March 27th. The next meeting will be July 16th at Willow Bay for our annual picnic.

The chapter has made a Battle of the Bulge tape in cooperation with Cooke Cable TV; five members were interviewed with actual battle scenes interspersed between interviews. It is about 30 minutes long.

**DELAWARE VALLEY CHAPTER** • Dave Pergrin of the 291st Engineers and author of "First Engineers Across the Rhine" and the award winning film "The Damned Engineers" was named a distinguished member of the U.S. Corps of Engineers for his efforts as a volunteer lecturer at the school of the Corps of Engineers, assisting in the development of training materials for officer candidates. Our heartiest congratulations.

**NEW JERSEY CHAPTER** • Our chapter held meetings on November 11 and February 17. We voted to have four meetings a year--February, May, September and December 15th.

The meetings are held at the AMVETS Post 30 in Nutley, New Jersey.

The objectives of the New Jersey membership will get together to help keep VBOB objectives; since the bond between the men is an accident of history and needs repeated telling to affirm what war is really like to eliminate the scourge of future battles.

**NORTH CAROLINA CHAPTER** • President Robert Stickland was interviewed by a reporter who was interested in learning about VBOB. He later called to say that he was a Navy man and had received the Ardennes Star because the Navy was there to help the troops across the Rhine.

**NORTHERN VIRGINIA CHAPTER** • Our chapter has been accepted by the National Executive Council and elected officers at our April meeting. H. Dean Fravel was elected President.

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CHAPTER** • May 3rd was a red letter day. Nineteen men and eight woman met at the American Legion Hall in Woodland Hills and voted to seek chapter status. On May 19th we were accepted as the 16th chapter by National. Murray Shapiro was elected President and he and Bob Pocklington spearheaded the organization and election of other officers.

On February 9, a TV program titled "Third Degree" (a guess what I do or where I was program) had Murray Shapiro, Bob Pocklington, Ed Goursky and Paul Martines (all Bulgars) as contestants. Although we were guessed, we received nice prizes.

**GENERAL GEORGE S. PATTON, JR., ALABAMA CHAPTER** • April 13th we held the first meeting of the year with a luncheon at the Holiday Inn in Homewood. We had a good business meeting and Dr. John E. Kent, program director, called on some members to tell of their experiences on the front lines during the battle. Glynn Arrington, Joe Massey and John Harbert responded with interesting speeches. We realized that we had two nurses in attendance who served in the European Theater. We asked them to share their stories with us.

Three guests at the luncheon became members of the chapter.

## VBOB CHAPTER PRESIDENTS

**I WISCONSIN CHAPTER**  
Clarence Marshall  
2505 Teal Avenue  
Wausau, WI 54401  
(715) 845-2632

**II CENTRAL NEW YORK CHAPTER**  
Alexander F. Noce, Sr.  
Champion Mobile Homes, Lot 16  
Eldridge, NY 13060  
(315) 689-3457

**III MARYLAND-DC CHAPTER**  
Blaquie Culp  
101 G St. S.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20024  
(202)554-0312

**IV DELAWARE VALLEY CHAPTER**  
Stanley Wojtusik  
9639 Wissinoming St.  
Philadelphia, PA 19114  
(215) 637-4191

**V FRESNO CHAPTER**  
Kenneth Hohmann  
4111 N. Sherman St.  
Fresno, CA 93626  
(209)227-5232

**VI NORTHWEST CHAPTER**  
Casimer Pomianek  
6232 53rd St.  
Seattle, WA 98115  
(206) 523-0055

**VII SOUTH CAROLINA CHAPTER**  
Albert Bruce Chestnut  
102 Rum Gully Rd.  
Murrell's Inlet, SC 29576  
(803) 651-7019

**VIII C.G. PAUL NEWGARDEN CHAPTER**  
Matthew Femino  
P.O. Box 734  
Beverly, Mass. 01915  
(508) 922-5469 or 4315

**IX NORTH CAROLINA CHAPTER**  
William Robert Strickland  
R.D. 3, Box 514  
Dunn, NC 28334  
(919) 897-8295

**X GOLDEN GATE CHAPTER**  
Fred Dong  
1748 Leavenworth St.  
San Francisco, CA 94109  
Phone Contact John Deasey  
(415)556-2177

**XI GEN. GEORGE S. PATTON, JR CHAPTER**  
Charles M. Hunter  
3645 Kingshill Rd.  
Birmingham, AL 36223  
(205) 967-0389

**XII NEW JERSEY CHAPTER**  
Anthony W. Andriola  
33 Clover St.  
Nutley, NJ 07110  
(201)667-9363

**XIII GEN. GEORGE S. PATTON, JR CHAPTER #13**  
George Waldron  
3801 Soquel Drive  
Soquel, CA 95073  
(408) 475-3989

**XIV WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA CHAPTER**  
Leroy D. Schaller  
Rural Route #1 Box 341  
Bolivar, PA 15923  
(412) 238-2297

**XV NORTHERN VIRGINIA CHAPTER**  
H. Dean Fravel  
3218 Nealon Drive  
Falls Church, VA 22042  
(703) 573-5718

**XVI SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CHAPTER**  
Murray Shapiro  
10847 Delco Avenue  
Chatsworth, CA 91311  
(818) 341-7021

## INTERESTED IN FORMING A CHAPTER?

Have you been thinking about forming a VBOB chapter in your area? We will be happy to assist you in this endeavor. Just drop us a note and let us know of your interest.

# VBOB ORDER BLANK

(For Office Use Only)

DATE RECEIVED \_\_\_\_\_

RECORD # \_\_\_\_\_ GROUP A V- \_\_\_\_\_ GROUP B R- \_\_\_\_\_ LP # \_\_\_\_\_  
 CUSTOMER # \_\_\_\_\_ GROUP C HO- \_\_\_\_\_ GROUP D GV- \_\_\_\_\_

Please ship the following items:

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Address: \_\_\_\_\_ (no.) \_\_\_\_\_ (street) \_\_\_\_\_ (city) \_\_\_\_\_ (state) \_\_\_\_\_ (zip)

	ITEM	PRICE	NO.	COST
A 2	Plaque 5" x 7" (Brass Plate--includes engraving on this plaque only) Name: _____ Unit: _____ Unit: _____	\$18.00 x	=	\$ _____
A 3	Plaque 5" Diameter	11.00 x	=	_____
A 4	2 Pen VBOB Desk Set	21.00 x	=	_____
B 1	Patch 2-3/4" Diameter	2.50 x	=	_____
B 1A	Patch (w/clutch)	4.00 x	=	_____
B 2	Patch 4-3/4" Diameter	6.00 x	=	_____
B 2A	Patch (w/clutch)	8.00 x	=	_____
C 1S	VBOB Silver Belt Buckle	12.50 x	=	_____
C 2G	VBOB Gold Belt Buckle	12.50 x	=	_____
D 1	Decal 4" Diameter	3/1.00 x	=	_____
D 2	Logo 4" Diameter Windshield Logo	.50 x	=	_____
D 3	COLOR Logo 8 x 10 for framing	4.00 x	=	_____
D 4	COLOR Logo 1-1/8" stick-on	10/1.00 x	=	_____
H 1	VBOB Logo Baseball Cap	7.99 x	=	_____
J 1	VBOB 1/2" Lapel Pin (w/clutch)	7.00 x	=	_____
J 2	VBOB 1/2" Tie Tac (w/c. bar and chain)	7.00 x	=	_____
J 3	VBOB Tie Bar	7.00 x	=	_____
J 5	VBOB Medallion (w/ribbon)	32.00 x	=	_____
J 9	Life Member Stars (for medallion)	2/1.00 x	=	_____
N 2G	VBOB Bola Tie (gold)	12.50 x	=	_____
N 2S	VBOB Bola Tie (silver)	12.50 x	=	_____
W 1	VBOB Logo Quartz Watch (Men's)	35.00 x	=	_____
W 2	VBOB Logo Quartz Watch (Ladies')	35.00 x	=	_____
	Postage/Handling for Above Items			2.00
	<b>TOTAL OF ABOVE ITEMS</b>			\$ _____
V 2V	Video Cassette (VHS) (tape of 1987 GMM at Syracuse)	17.50 x	=	_____
Z 1	March To Victory (soft cover)	10.50 x	=	_____
Z 1A	March To Victory (hard cover)	20.50 x	=	_____
BK 1	First Across the Rhine	23.95 x	=	_____
BK 2	A Time for Trumpets	21.45 x	=	_____
V 50V	The Damned Engineers (VHS)	36.50 x	=	_____
V 50B	The Damed Engineers (BETA)	36.50 x	=	_____
	No Postage/Handling for These Items			-0-
	<b>GRAND TOTAL</b>			\$ _____

☐ I have enclosed my check/money order for \$ \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Please charge my (VISA) (MasterCard). Expiration date: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Account No. \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

(Charge not valid unless signed)

Send your order and check to:  
 VBOB - P.O. Box 11129  
 Arlington, VA 22210-2129

# REUNIONS

**773RD TANK DESTROYER BATTALION ASSOCIATION**, September 24-26, 1990, at the International Inn, 6327 International Drive, Orlando, Florida. Contact: Edward H. McClelland, 4384 West 182nd Street, Cleveland, Ohio 44135.

**264TH FA BATTALION (WWII)**, June 23-24, 1990, Florence, Kentucky. Contact: Lyle M. Clark, P.O. Box 383, Wellington, Ohio 44090.

**131ST ORDNANCE MAINTENANCE BATTALION, 9TH ARMORED DIVISION**, August 30-September 2, 1990, Salina, Kansas. Contact: Al Irvin, Mound City, Kansas 66056.

**291ST ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION**, September 24-27, 1990, Treadway Resort, Newport, Rhode Island. Contact: Joseph H. Geary, 55 Cottrell Road, Saundertown, Rhode Island 02874.

**7TH ARMORED DIVISION ASSOCIATION**, August 29-September 3, 1990, Anaheim Marriott Hotel, Anaheim, California. Contact: Glen R. Fackler, Sr., 23218 Springbrook Drive, Farmington Hills, Michigan 48024.

**COMPANY B, 55TH ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION, 11TH ARMORED DIVISION**, September 7-9, 1990, Des Moines, Iowa. Contact: Gene Foster, 1401 - 17th Avenue, Eldora, Iowa 50627, (515) 858-2158.

**168TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION**, September 4-6, 1990. Contact: Richard Lewis, 376 Northwest Road, Westhampton, Massachusetts 01027.

**60TH COMBAT ENGINEERS, 35TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, October 12-14, 1990, Cherry Hill, New Jersey. Contact: Zaro Calabrese, 1118 Warren Street, New Milford, New Jersey 07646.

**134TH INFANTRY AND 35TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, September 13-16, 1990, Topeka, Kansas. Contact: James Graff, Route 2, Box 54, Middletown, Illinois 62666, (217) 445-2570.

**4TH ARMORED DIVISION ASSOCIATION**, August 30-September 2, 1990, Omni Hotel, Charleston, South Carolina. Contact: Samuel A. Schenker, 1823 Shady Drive, Farrell, Pennsylvania 16121.

**9TH INFANTRY REGIMENT "MANCHU ASSOCIATION,"** July 18-21, 1990, Las Vegas, Nevada. Contact: Ray Tarabusi, P.O. Box 1186, Englewood, Florida 34295-1186.

**789TH AAA, AW BATTALION**, October 11-15, 1990, Louisville, Kentucky. Contact: Anthony Rauscher, 139 Lakeview Drive, Haines City, Florida 33844.

**825TH T.D. BATTALION**, October 24-28, 1990, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Contact: Wilbur Hirsch, 5005 Highland Drive, McFarland, Wisconsin 53558, (608) 838-8679.

**129TH AAA GUN BATTALION**, September 15-16, 1990, Holiday Inn, Manitowoc, Wisconsin. Contact: Charles C. Bowe, 615 Calumet Avenue, Kiel, Wisconsin 53042, (414) 894-3402.

**526TH AI BATTALION**, August 23-25, 1990, Post Falls, Idaho. Contact: George Wendt, 1420 Roosevelt Drive, Modesto, California 95350-4219, (209) 524-4615.

**687TH FA BATTALION**, September 14-16, 1990, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Contact: Nels Block, Jr., 2306 9th Street, Harlan, Iowa 51537, (712) 755-5510.

**505TH MILITARY POLICE BATTALION**, September 20-23, 1990, Quality Inn Airport, Nashville, Tennessee. Contact: Vincent J. Petringa, 55 Bradshaw Street, Medford, Massachusetts 02155, (617) 391-4385.

**238TH (C) ENGINEER BATTALION ASSOCIATION**, July 20-21, 1990, Salem, Virginia. Contact: Jessee L. Miller, 756 Greendale Road, York, Pennsylvania 17403, (717) 854-5169.

**527TH ENGINEER LIGHT PONTON COMPANY**, July, 1990, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Contact: Marion L. Munsinger, 402 - 9th Avenue, Eldora, Iowa 50627, (515) 858-3585.

**78TH DIVISION VETERANS' ASSOCIATION**, August 15-19, 1990, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15222. Contact: Red Gonzales, 104 Oak Glen Road, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15237, (412) 364-1609.

**27TH ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION ASSOCIATION, 9TH ARMORED DIVISION**, July 24-29, 1990, Rome, New York. Contact: Dick Ballou, 11 Wolcott Street, Camden, New York 13316.

**159TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION**, October, 1990, Nashville, Tennessee. Contact: G. V. Letcher, 1104 Jacque Circle, Birmingham, Alabama 35235.

**164TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION**, August 17-18, 1990, Lionville, Pennsylvania. Contact: Mario A. Piciacchio, 934 Wallis Avenue, Farrell, Pennsylvania 16121, (412) 342-5928 or Ross Fletcher, Route 2, Box 849, Nicholsville, Virginia 24271, (703) 479-2152.

**U.S. ARMY PICTORIAL CENTER ALUMNI (aka SIGNAL CORPS PHOTOGRAPHIC CENTER)**, September 15, 1990, Jackson Heights, Queens, New York. Contact: Sam Polidoro, 2090 Jericho Turnpike, New Hyde Park, New York 11040.

**203RD FA BATTALION**, September 20-22, 1990, Embassy Suites Hotel, Tulsa, Oklahoma. Contact: Bill Cottingham, Route 1, Box 307, Big Cabin, Oklahoma 74332.

**2ND "INDIAN HEAD" DIVISION ASSOCIATION**, July 18-21, 1990, Las Vegas, Nevada. Contact: Bill Creech, P.O. Box 460, Buda, Texas 78610.

(Continued on next page.)

## REUNIONS (Continued)

**2ND "INDIAN HEAD" DIVISION ASSOCIATION**, July 18-21, 1990, Las Vegas, Nevada. Contact: Bill Creech, P.O. Box 460, Buda, Texas 78610.

**94TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION**, July 26-28, 1990, Town & Country Hotel, San Diego, California. Contact: Gilbert E. Kinyon, 5252 Chelsea Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037.

**702ND TANK BATTALION "RED DEVILS"**, September 6-9, 1990, Hazleton, Pennsylvania. Contact: Red Devils, 31 Fayette, St Dunbar, Pennsylvania 15431, (412) 277-8450.

**103RD ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION**, June 21-23, 1990, Western Motor Inn, Winchester, Virginia. Contact: Biff Whitehorne, 113 Oats Avenue, Winchester, Virginia 22601.

**"B" BATTERY, 179TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION**, September 26-29, 1990, Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Contact: James M. McCabe, 224 Burbank Street, Columbia, South Carolina 29210, (803) 772-1827.

**11TH ARMORED DIVISION**, August 15-18, 1990, Portland, Oregon. Contact: Alfred Pfeiffer, 2328 Admiral Street, Aliquippa, Pennsylvania 15001.

**13TH FA OBSERVATION BATTALION**, September 21-23, 1990, Louisville, Kentucky. Contact: Joe (Meag) Meagher, P.O. Box 17472, Louisville, Kentucky 40217, (502) 636-1611.

**3RD ARMORED DIVISION**, September 17-20, 1990, Sparks, Nevada. Contact: 3rd Armored Division Association, P.O. Box 61743, Phoenix, Arizona 85082, (602) 840-0398.

**90TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION**, October 18-21, 1990, Hilton West, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Contact: Carl W. Manuel, 1017 North 40th Street, Ft. Smith, Arkansas 72904.

**87TH "GOLDEN ACORN" INFANTRY DIVISION**, September 12-16, 1990, Charleston Marriott Town Center, Charleston, West Virginia. Contact: Gladwin Pascuzzo, 2374 North Dundee Court, Highland, Michigan 48031, (313) 997-9005.

**304TH INFANTRY REGIMENT ASSOCIATION**, October 26-28, 1990, Menger Hotel, San Antonio, Texas. Contact: Haig Bogo Sian, 109 State Sir Place, Red Bank, New Jersey 07701, (201) 741-5958.

**76TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION**, October 26-28, 1990, Menger Hotel, San Antonio, Texas. Contact: Elliott C. Cutler, Jr., R.R. 2, Box 68, Jackson Avenue, New Windsor, New York 12550.

**771ST FA BATTALION, BATTERY A**, September 7-8, 1990, St. Louis, Missouri. Contact: Chris Christofferson, P.O. Box 523, Moline, Illinois 61265, (309) 796-1144.

**448 AAAW BATTALION**, June 21-24, Harley Hotel, Columbus, Ohio. Contact: Ike Kendall, P.O. Box 448, Silver Lake, Indiana 46982.

**6TH ARMORED DIVISION**, September 4-8, 1990, New Mexico. Contact: Ed Reed, Super Sixer, P.O. Box 5011, Louisville, Kentucky 40205

**777TH AAA AW BATTALION**, September 4-8, 1990, New Mexico. Contact: George F. VonKantor, P.O. Box 247, New Hyde Park, New York 11040.

**405TH AAA GUN BATTALION**, October 20, 1990, Roanoke, Virginia. Contact: Warren E. Dillard, 2033-10th Street, N.W., Roanoke, Virginia 24012.

**17TH AIRBORNE DIVISION ASSOCIATION**, July 5-8, 1990, Hyatt Regency-Crystal City, Arlington, Virginia 22202. Contact: Bart Hagerman, 825 Newberry Street, Bowling Green, Kentucky 42103, (502) 842-2381.

**1056TH ENGINEER PC&R GROUP**, October, 1990, Richmond, Virginia. Contact: Thomas E. Finnegan, 420 South Webster Avenue, Scranton, Pennsylvania 18505, (717) 344-6966.

**738TH TANK BATTALION**, June 23-25, 1990, Defeated Creek, Tennessee. Contact: Allen K. Saunders, 12072 Mereview Drive, St. Louis, Missouri 63146, (314) 569-3078.

**7TH ENGINEER BATTALION**, August 3-5, 1990, Rodeway Inn, Ft. Wayne, Indiana. Contact: Charles Marks, 8234 Parkridge, Fort Wayne, Indiana 46825, (219) 489-4265.

**2ND ARMORED DIVISION**, May 29-June 3, 1990, Fort Hood, Texas. Contact: Michael E. Ryan, 490 Taunton Place, Buffalo, New York 14216.

**501 PIRA**, July 12-14, 1990, Sheraton Columbus Airport Hotel, Columbus, Georgia. Contact: Sumpter Blackmon, 240 Linton Road, Columbus, Georgia 31904, (404) 322-4203.

**SHAEF AND HEADQUARTERS, ETOUSA VETERANS ASSOCIATION**, October 13-14, 1990, Abilene, Kansas. Contact: William Lahman, 2230 South Overlook Road, Cleveland Heights, Ohio 44106, (216) 721-0921.

**8TH ARMORED DIVISION**, July 2-5, 1990, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Contact: Daniel M. Garside, 180 North LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois 60601, (312) 372-4610.

**328th INFANTRY COMBAT TEAM (WWII)**, October 19-21, 1990, New York Catskills area. Contact: Bob V. Clapp, 208 Aspinwall Avenue, Brookline, Massachusetts 02146, (617) 566-7147.

**14th TANK BATTALION, 9TH ARMORED DIVISION**, August 29-September 2, 1990, St. Louis, Missouri. Contact: Dee Paris, P.O. Box 6141, Silver Spring, Maryland 20906, (301) 946-4820.



## FOR THE 'BIRDS'?



...You betcha. It's our VBOB Treasurer William R. Hemphill and his 'Joe.'

Joe greets the visitors to Bill's VBOB office with a cherry "Hello" and occasionally will let you know that "Joe's a good boy."

Joe is a Blue Fronted Amazon parrot Bill's wife, Dorothy, brought home from a pet shop. He has been an integral part of the Hemphill family for approximately 23 years. Incidentally, he will celebrate his 24th birthday on the 4th of July, 1990—not really a birth date, but a hatching date.

Joe? Is it a nickname for Joseph? Or, could it be Josephine? We're not really sure. But we do know how he came upon the name: his beautiful feathers of greens, yellow, red, and blue. His coat of many colors brought to mind the Bible story of Joseph and the coat that was given to him by his father.

Joe leads a social and much-privileged life:

- He's greeted and talked to by the many people in and out of Bill's office.
- He has a couple of cages—with one for dining of course. (He's been known to eat 'people food'.)
- Bird sitters.
- Has his own house guests.
- One of Joe's cages fits nicely in the car at a level which allows him to 'people' watch.
- Etc. etc.

Both Joe and Bill would be glad to have you stop by the office (1200 South Courthouse Road, Room 418, Arlington, Virginia 22204) any time you're in the area. (Beware of the green dive bomber.) This is one bird who's got it made....



## ARE YOUR DUES IN ARREARS?

Please check the mailing label of this Bugle to see if your dues are running a little late. We depend on your dues to keep VBOB going. Thank you for your attention to this matter.

## - THE REUNION -

From all across the land they come  
With just one thought in mind,  
To share again the memories  
Of days they left behind.

'Tis forty years ago and more  
They stood on foreign soil,  
And said goodbye to friends they'd known  
In blood and sweat and toil.

They are Fathers, Husbands, Friends,  
Of many different kinds.  
But just for now, they are veterans  
Of another war and time.

Theirs is friendship forged in danger,  
And tempered under fire.  
But these are Combat Engineers,  
And fighting men don't cry.

They bow their heads in tribute  
To those not here today.  
Those men who once they knew as friends  
Who fell along the way.


Their ranks are growing thinner now,  
The passing years will tell.  
But they are soldiers, everyone,  
Who served their country well.

And so they meet, embrace and talk,  
And remember days of yore.  
For theirs is just a deep desire  
To see their friends once more.

This may be the last reunion  
For some, it is a last goodbye  
'Till they meet again in Heaven,  
At the great Reunion in the sky.

- Bob Wolfgang

59th Combat Eng. Bn.



**MARK your calendar for...**

**VBOB's**

**9th GENERAL**

**MEMBERSHIP**

**REUNION**

**VALLEY FORGE, PA**

**SEPT. 26-28, 1990**

# 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

Clifford (Pop) Bird

C Troop

32nd Mechanized Cavalry Squadron

Paoli, Indiana

Yesterday this 80 year old ex-bugler finished reading a book, *They Also Serve*, by a horse who helped pull artillery caissons in World War One. In telling about action at Marne, the 26th and 28th Divisions were mentioned. That brought memories of the 112th (28th) snatching a hundred or so of us, stragglers, away from the Germans.

The 32nd was attached to no division, on call for any needing help. There was never a dull moment. We were either helping or driving blackout to another outfit. We were ambushed twice with elements of other outfits, the second one was a real "scatterment."

Dec. 16th, C Troop (maybe others) were sent to Manhay to help the 603TDs out of a trap. After they left we headed south and found our road blocked. We headed into the woods on a famers logging road. The snow was melting and was I proud of my Willys jeep as it pulled through the deep ruts of the M8s and half tracks. We bypassed the road block, picked up some black artillery men on foot who had been overrun before they got set up. We stayed at a village for the night, headed west the next morning. At a tee in the road two big redfaced soldiers directed us south. Afterwards I believed they were Germans in GI uniforms. They didn't look kosher. Soon we were mixed in with others, some were 7th Armored. And as the convoy went into the woods below Vielsalm all hell broke loose, shells walking up the road. Bumper to bumper there was no turning around. My buddy

bailed out and it seemed a shell burst helped him through the two strands of wire. I bailed out into the ditch. Several men were coming up the ditch, two were helping one who was screaming, "The Sons of Bitches are burning us alive." I gave my jeep a wide berth as I was also a demolition man and hauled a case of TNT, Composition C (plastic explosive), as well as mortar rounds and other ammo. Much later I saw it again and on this Thanksgiving Day I can be thankful I wasn't in it when it was hit.

I'll omit a lot as it would take too long. I always thought the two or three houses out in the open was Hausenfeld (House in Field). Anyway we got to Vielsalm, spent a few days getting reorganized. One day the supply sgt for the 106th Div. asked for someone to go with him to try to get supplies to his men. I volunteered, Sgt. Myers okayed and we headed south. A few miles below Vielsalm we ran into a hail of lead. How that driver turned the sixty so quickly I'll never know and we left there with the Sgt and I lying on the supplies, firing back. My fear at the time was that a bullet would hit the ammo beneath us. I think the Sgt was near tears, realizing that the 100th was lost. Later I was to see a young Engineer Capt almost in tears. I had just stepped off of the bridge at Remagen when it crashed into the Rhine. He ran up to me and said "I had men working on it and if they could have welded thirty minutes more it wouldn't have dropped." If any of you saw Andy Rooney's film clips of the 9th Armored reunion at the Bridge a few years ago, I was one of the guys helping carry bodies from the twisted steel.

From Vielsalm we were sent to Defeld with orders to hold until all stragglers were back. When the Germans were almost upon us, Col. Devine ordered us to pull out--and

none too soon. For saving us he was courtmartialed by the stipes higher up. I have that from an ex Lt. Col. here who knew the whole story.

We were a large convey. That evening as part of us drove through a village, German tanks pulled from behind the buildings and began picking off our vehicles. We had hit a dead end and were turning around, and no place to go. A Colonel told us to take off, with our vehicles if we could. I don't know why but I was alone down into the valley and up into the woods. That night I overtook a tank on a farmers road, stopped to turn it's gun so it could get through the trees. It was loaded but room for one more by the machine gun. About midnight the tank dropped us off in a village and we scattered into the buildings for a nap. Next morning the village was full of GIs from various outfits and I seem to remember the 99th, 79th, and I'm sure there were men from other outfits. I've often wondered who was fighting the delaying action as it came closer and closer to the village. We were getting worried and a young Lieut formed us into a column and marched us west on a narrow road, a river on one side, a young mountain on the other. The skys had cleared and a German plane came floating over (we saw many dog fights above us), spotted us and began turning to make a run. From somewhere a Spit-fire dived at Jerry, he turned to flee but over the next hill we saw a black column of smoke rise. We blessed that fighter as we had little room to escape on that road.

Later in the day we met a column of vehicles from the 112th hunting for their men. They loaded us and took us to the rear where they were encamped. Those guys were so good to me that it warms my heart 45 years later. My first chow since I had grabbed a box of rations out of my knocked out jeep--the day before was a can of C rations. A gourmet dinner wouldn't have tasted better. The next day was Christmas, how they did I don't know but we had turkey and fixins'.

Lieut Truet, one swell guy, put me with the Recon platoon, that made me feel at home the eight days I was with them. He offered to keep me, I was greatly tempted as the officers and men were great but worried about my buddies. The remnant of the 32nd was finally located and two Sgts drove nearly all day to deliver me to Bauxhorn, Belgium. For several days troopers straggled in from that trap. From Ralph G. Hill's research I get the idea we were scattered at Pateau, but not sure.

Lt. Truet, Sir, I hope you and your men made it home safely. I'm sorry I didn't get yours and the two Sgts home address. Old Pop Bird is still a fan of the 112th and the 28th Division.

P.S. This is too long but any GI involved in the Bulge could write a book about his experience.

\*\*\*\*\*

December 17, 1944

Jack J. Mocnik  
A Company  
526 Armored Infantry Battalion  
Pittsburg, Kansas

I was in "A" 526th A.I. Bn. We were billeted in a chateau (Grimonster) Moeyliege, Belgium. On the evening of 17 Dec 44 I had been visiting a Belgium family named Hoffman, who had five beautiful daughters, they had a mill and small cafe. I was returning to camp when our half

tracks were moving out and I asked what was going on. My buddies said get your A-- in here, there is supposed to be some German Paratroopers up here some where and we are supposed take care of them. Paratroopers hell it was the heading elements of Co 1 Jochim Pipers 1st SS panzer division.

I jumped aboard the companies' maint half track and we drove all night until we arrived in Stavelot Belgium at about 04:00 hours 18 Dec 44.

At the time I was the jeep driver for Lt. Rogers the ant. tank plt. leader, but here I was with the maint. track no helmet no weapon. These problems I cured shortly. We had 50 cal. machine guns on all our half tracks and we were in perfect position to fire on the German flank. We were on one side of the Ambleve River and the Germans on the other side. The 50 cal gunner Dale Nelson was killed during this early morning fight, shrapnel from mortars. We really gave them hell with the 50" and they responded with MG and mortars on us.

Capt. Mitchell sent his driver William (Wimpy) Cordova some where and he didn't come back, so Capt Charles Mitchell (Sparta Tenn.) came and got me and I remained his driver and body guard until the end of the war. The engineers were supposed to blow the bridge across the Ambleve, but they didn't. We could have held back the German Inf., but our 57 mm anti tank guns were inadequate against the Tiger Tanks, even so S/Sgt Walter Smith knocked out one Tiger and some how another one was knocked out. I do not know who did this, I would like to say that even tho I haven't mentioned it, the Germans were really giving us hell. The town was red hot with shell & MG fire. Capt Mitchell and I drove the jeep up a road between Stavelot and Spa where a very large fuel dump was, there was a Belgium soldier, dressed in English uniform I heard the Capt tell the Belgium soldier that we were trying to move back and reorganize. We were being overrun by German tanks. We drove back into town and found all the men we could and told them to move back and during the confusion of battle and German tanks among us we all were a little antsy. Most of the tracks went to Malmedy and 27 men 3 officers went up the road to Spa. We burned about a quarter mile of the fuel dump, then we set up a road block. We had 1 bazooka and one 57m anti tank gun. After making a recon back to Stavelot to see what the Germans were doing with Lt Wheelright (one helluva a man) we returned to tell Major Solis and Capt Mitchell what we saw. The first elements of the 117 Regiment of the 30 Inf Div arrived, and Capt Mitchell led the remains of "A" back into Stavelot this happened around noon on 18 Dec 44.

I left out a lot of things, I was busier than a one armed paper hanger, doing everything I was ordered to do and trying to stay alive at the same time. My opinion is that what we saw green infantry men did in 8 hrs was helpful in stopping the breakthrough.

We had no artillery just 60mm mortars, track mounted 50 cal MGs and 3 pump 57 mm anti tank guns with obsolete ammunition.

I have read all the books and articles about Stavelot most of it not true. You have to remember, every one took off, except "A" Co and I know we didn't stop them but we damm sure didn't run, really not bad for a bastard Bn and about 200 green troops, and no help.

I have been corresponding with Mr. Laby Ing, a Belgium civilian who is writing a book about the 1st SS Panzer Div. on the day 18 Dec 44.

.....

December 24, 1944

Frank A. Kaye  
(formerly Frank Kozlowski)  
Brooklyn, New York  
564th Squadron  
389th Bomb Group  
8th Air Force  
Savannah, Georgia

Flying missions over the Bulge was somewhat different than fighting the war hip deep in snow on the ground. Never the less, it was on Christmas Eve and again on Christmas Day while flying over Ardennes that I was feeling sorry for myself, thinking of all the festivities I would normally be celebrating back home on this the most festive of all holidays.

Our Christmas present to the Nazi's was delivered Christmas Eve by more than 2000 heavy bombers and 900 fighters. This, the largest force of bombers on a single mission was designed to pound the hell out of all communication lines supplying and reinforcing the German armies in their counter-offensive.

The December 24th mission started for Germany in the early morning and the first bombers were entering Germany as the tail of their large column was leaving England.

During the three day week end of flying, the 8th Air Force knocked out 218 enemy planes while we lost approximately 38 heavy bombers and 40 fighter planes (Stars & Stripes) ironically this was our 24th and 25th mission on this the 24th and 25th day of December.

These missions were always outstanding in my mind but not the most memorable, like the day we were told that there would be no mission scheduled for New Years Day and we would plan accordingly. Well there was one hell of a New Years Eve party going on at the NCO Club, when about 3:00 am the party came to an abrupt halt. The band was silenced and the announcement came that due to the extreme conditions at the bulge we had to immediately prepare for a special mission.

There was no time for sleep. A fast good-bye to your dancing partner, a quick change to flight gear and a grumbling trip to the briefing room. Talk about DUI--How about FUI.

At the briefing, however we were told that whatever target was selected, it was insignificant but the extreme condition at the Bulge called for some moral support. When we left the briefing room for our planes, it was like a bunch of college kids returning to the second half of a close game. Gung Ho for a victory.

God Bless any enemy encountered this day.

In the anxiety to get going our nose gunner Dick Carlson, Penn., accidentally fired a quick burst from his twin fifty calibers across the flight line almost hitting the engineering officer who was sitting in the shack a couple hundred yards away. He tried for days to find out who did it and I'll bet he's still talking about it today.

It was customary for Catholic crew men to receive Holy

Communion before leaving the briefing room, but there was no time this day so Father Beck the Catholic chaplain from Ohio rolled from plane to plane looking for Catholics. He knew his crews real well so when he pulled up to C-Charlie our B-24 he shouted "Come get it Polock!" I being the only Catholic in the crew received mine under the wing. Before he drove off, I asked him where he got the jeep? As I never saw him on anything but a bicycle. He smiled and said God left it for him at the chapel. But I knew he swiped it. Later just before take off, our waist gunner Travis West a wise cracker from Texas asked what that was I had for breakfast.



We loaded up with extra crates of 'K' rations in the event we were downed so that we could share with any ground troops. In some cases they were dumped over board hoping they would get to the right people. It wasn't Christmas turkey but that bouillon, cheese, candy and cigarettes could taste pretty good when nothing else is around.

We breezed through another seven missions after that memorable day and shortly after I was back in my home town where I met Hank Altyn, one of the guys hip deep in snow that January. He told me of the effect of seeing thousands of American bombers overhead when things were looking so bleak at the time.

And Hank made my war worthwhile.

.....

December, 1944

Walter Shuster  
C Company  
77th Armored Battalion  
7th Armored Division  
Shelton, Connecticut

I was an overworked Corporal, with Co. C, 77th ARMD. BN., 7th Armored Division, sent with a littler squad of 4 men to help our infantry deal with emergency tree-burst wounded at The Bulge.

Our 7th ARMD. Div. infantry was dug in top of a hill just outside deserted St. Virth. The CP was a small house at the base of the hill, proven safe from German artillery. Black splotches from Jerry shells that overshot the CP pockmarked the field of white snow back of the CP, but, in front (up the hill) other shots, a bit lower, caused tree-bursts--that was havoc to our men in open foxholes there, but spared the command post.

My men and I came in O.D. overcoats, now doubly "protected" with a red cross brassard on each arm (instead of the single one we usually wore as Battalion Medics back of the line).

Permanent front line medics most always wore huge vestments, like a priest, with a big red cross painted front and back, and a helmet also painted all around with red crosses; good identification as medics.

We came with 2 brassards!

Arrived at dusk, just in time to wiggle a man out a little over our heads, out the narrow halls of the house, to a jeep drive by a courageous Mexican-American who would try to escape encirclement with the day's last patient's litter tied atop his jeep. It was deadly cold outside. Often wonder what became of them, ever since.

Inside the small kitchen, G.I.'s in white snowsuits hovered, an inch, over the coal stove--taking turns, for minutes, with others from foxholes up the hill--to soak up a tiny bit of warmth.

We medics were welcomed guests, standing around the walls of the kitchen.

During the long harrowing night there was an occasional "burp" of a German gun--scary "screaming meemees"--and the usual harassing fire.

Burp gunner then sounded closer--somewhere between us in the house and our guys on the hill.

Heads perked up. This one G.I. got mad. Just said: "I'm going to get that bastard," and took off into the night--just like that; into the foot deep snow; into the wooded hill that dark cold night to hunt that German.

Till next morning, my squad and I thankfully, weren't called yet. The day was bright and a bit warmer. We sat near the CP trying to thaw out, when down the path comes a G.I., rifle cradled in armpit, prodding a shot blond German soldier in the back and spitting out swear words--some of it, for our benefit.

After questioning, the German was found to be a Czech. He was sent to the P.O.W. cage, (escorted).

Called to the CP, the CO told me about having a fair night, with one exception; his Company was being replaced--we had only to pick up a dead man up in the woods--not S.O.P. but morale dictated it--before we moved out, and replacements moved in.

A white suited rifleman guided my squad up the wooded hill. He warned us not to touch the uniformed German officer's body in the snow--because the Luger was gone--besides, across the path were the Germans, watching us--blending into the snow, as were our G.I.'s on the near side--in their white snow suits and snow covered foxholes.

So here we were unarmed, on a mission between German and American lines, in our dark olive drabs and tiny brassards outlined against the snow--trying not to look like soldiers; hoping a truce on shooting medica was operative in this area today!

Our guide dropped off into a snow covered foxhole as my squad and I continued to a stand of old evergreen trees, where we found a G.I. body outside a tiny (former) German concrete bunker, on our side of the line.

He was clutching a dressing; as if trying to reach back to put it on a small clean hole on his shoulder blade, before he died. --Without help--all alone.

The saddest sight of all the war to me.

I'd seen cords of dead bodies and many wounded before, but this lonesome scene on the pine needles and snow got to me.

My squad tried arguing about picking up the dead, till a

piece of German shrapnel flew through the pine tree branches, in a path of destruction; knocking dead branches off a long line of trees and seemed heading for us.

Then my guys picked up my lonesome friend in a hurry, and would have rushed right into the mined strip--except that this time they didn't argue with the Corporal!

As the replacement Company took over the line, my squad and I found a cellar in a demolished St. Vith house where we waited to get back to our own Company area, if, and when, that got to be possible. We were still surrounded on three sides in a long pocket poking into the German Bulge.

Found a tiny pot belly stove without pipe. Desperate for heat, I managed to rip off some rain pipe without getting shot--but just as we were getting heat, the cheap rainpipe's solder melted, and we got smoke.

Outside the cellar window there was smoke also, attracting German fire--so had to kill the fire and stay cold.

Don't remember, now, how we got back to our outfit, or, the date.

Had close calls (and more fearsome), at Metz and the Moselle and Holland, but, I can never forget the cold in St. Vith--and the awful sadness of one desperate American G.I. dying sadly there, so all alone.

P.S. Not just a story of a medic's day at the front. It is much more. I see so clearly now.

It is images of those brave ones there. The infantry, on the cutting edge--winning the battle, as seen through the eyes of a supporting medic --the lonely brave soldier that died on post, among the pines--the "Mexican" infantry medic driving to Battalion aid with a casualty, while surrounded on three sides--the hero going into the night to protect the group from infiltrators!

I couldn't say if it was he that got the German officer within our line that night, or, the prisoner next morning, or, later guided my group up the hill. He could have been the same man, or three of them doing these things.

(Socializing was a word or grunt minimized--stripped to essentials of the job at hand, from hooded, unrecognizable forms. No one dared getting close personally that quickly at the front.)

Ever hoping the heroes and our hill guide, and the "Mexican," and his patient survived. I'd sure would like to hear from all who remember that time.

Not the little guy in an Ayer cafe, (after the war), that threw the cigarette butt at us because he didn't like purple (medical) piping on our overseas caps--he's not in the same league of men I knew so short a time at St. Vith, Belgium.

For all time their valor will be etched in my mind, as they have these past 45 years in my heart.

I salute the cream of the 7th Armored's crop of men which I was so honored to be with that one winter day in 1944, in the Battle of the Bulge. Thank you guys.

.....

December, 1944

Lee C. Estes  
G Company  
10th Infantry Regiment  
5th Infantry Division  
Syracuse, New York

Soldiers of the Bulge  
Where are those soldiers of yesteryear?  
Who stood their ground in snow and cold  
Memories locked in minds without tears  
They go about life, just growing old.

The men who held that "forested line"  
Occasionally cross each others' path  
Chat with each other for a little time  
Tell of their ventures and have a laugh.

Where was your outfit? What was your patch?  
I was just north of you, maybe 10 kils  
I was patrolling; my buddy took watch  
I was a cold and tired medic, gave out shots and pills.

I was in field hospital, busy all night  
We did our share in that horrible mess  
Nurses we were, waging our fight  
Saw horses our tables, O.D. was our dress.

I was a scout, out probing the line  
No armor could get through dense trees  
So I weaved warily through the pines  
Someone had to do it--thought I would freeze.

History, never-ending, will prove as time will show  
They fought like uncaged tigers  
In blood-reddened fiends of snow  
Men of fine morals and men of great fiber.

When they are called up yonder  
And their life on earth is done  
God will ask in utter wonder  
Who made "Bugle soldiers?" I know why you won.

To army nurses who patched up G.I.'s  
Despite cold and snow and fear  
God almighty will prove wise  
Saying, I'm in need of angels, awfully glad you're here.

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December, 1944

Elmer H. Grant  
B Company  
8th Tank Battalion  
4th Armored Division  
Cortland, New York

I was wounded at Elsternach and Chaumont. We fought to the 82nd Air Borne Div. Troopers. Were the first I met in Bastogne. Some were frozen--feet, faces--I can not talk more about this now.

\*\*\*\*\*

January, 1945

Bob Wandesforde  
C Company  
1st Battalion  
8th Infantry Regiment  
4th Infantry Division  
3rd Army  
Seattle, Washington

Towards the end of January, our company pulled up to a line of infantry strung along an icy, wind swept ridge behind a low bank. They had laid out about 5 dead GI's in a row, waiting to be picked up. A sight no one ever got used to.

We were directed to take up the left flank, which



National Guard--1939

Finally, just as it was getting dark, we heard the tanks, slipping and sliding in the snow, clanking up the road. We wasted no time to meet them and point out the outpost. One tank got into position and let off 2 rounds.

2 rounds? We begged them to plaster all the buildings, but our pleas fell on deaf ears. The tankers were edgy because it was getting dark. Both tanks took off, back down the road as fast as they could go.

I was surprised to see how clean and trim the tankers appeared. I hadn't washed or shaved for weeks. Everything I wore or carried was mud brown. I had trench foot, my hands and face were black, my finger tips and lips were split and raw. While moving up one night I had walked in my sleep and fallen in a cement drainage ditch leaving dried blood and scabs on my face. I had eaten almost nothing but K-rations or C-rations in my filthy, black canteen cup, warmed over a sterno, and had slept in bombed out houses or in the snow for over a month. But I didn't look any worse than the rest of my outfit and I considered myself lucky to be alive.

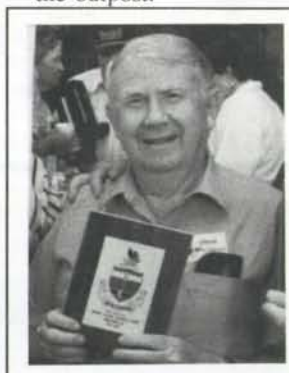
At first light we hit the field with that peculiar little hop when a man tries to run in the snow that's up to his knees.

We made perfect targets out in that white field, as we braced for the outpost to open up with everything they had. But nothing happened and we reached the first house safely. Fearing a trap, we strung out hugging the buildings, and crept around to the inside of the square.

Our squad leader, "Hutch" passed an open doorway which entered into a hallway, next to a flight of stairs that led down to a black basement. It seemed ok, so the squad cautiously moved on by, still hugging the buildings. I was last, and started across the doorway, when I heard low voices coming from the basement and footsteps on the stairs.

overlooked a road. Across the road and through a thin line of trees was a long, wide field leading to a square of 5 or 6 farm houses and barns. The Germans had set up an outpost and no doubt watched us dig in.

Our squad had instructions to cross the field and take the outpost at first light in the morning. If we were lucky a couple of Shermans were supposed to show up before dark and blast the buildings, hopefully clearing the outpost.



The "Old Coder" in 1989

I jumped back to the left of the door and signaled Hutch, pointing to the doorway. Everyone turned and stopped, rifles at the ready. I was in a good spot as I peeked around the door frame and pointed my rifle down to where the Germans heads would appear as they came up the dark stairs. I released the safety with my finger firmly on the trigger when the first helmet came into view. I tightened my grip on the trigger. I was so keyed up I don't think I was a human being. The helmet made a sudden stop as the two eyes below it popped into my sights. They opened wide and stared into the muzzle of my M1, barely 4 feet away. Then in a flash they riveted onto my eyes with a look I will never forget.

We stared at each other for a few seconds. I pushed the safety on, pointed the barrel up and signaled the squad it was OK.

Those eyes belonged to our well liked platoon leader, Lieutenant Oree Howell.

No one in our squad knew he and another man were down there. No one could figure how they got there before we did. I never found out. The matter was closed.

But sometimes, after all these years, I can still see his eyes boring into mine and the hair stands up on the back of my neck and I thank God I didn't squeeze that trigger.

\*\*\*\*\*

January, 1945

William O'Donnell

346th Infantry

87th Division

Bethesda, Maryland

A Matter of Perception--Towards the end of January, 1945, I was the leader of the Tiger Patrol of the 3rd Bn of the 346th Inf., 87th Division. A Tiger Patrol was made up of a Lieutenant and 15 Infantrymen selected from the three Rifle Companies of a Battalion. The members were "volunteers." ("You have just volunteered!") The Tiger Patrol was established to provide a select unit to be responsible for all patrolling for the Battalion. Our Patrol was completely equipped for its mission, including our own transportation, thanks to a number of selective midnight requisition patrols behind our own lines. To avoid being used for purposes other than our primary mission, we arranged our own accommodations, well removed from the Battalion C.P., and generally unknown to them. We keep in contact by checking in on a schedule selected by us. And it worked.

One evening we were comfortably settled in a small hut located in a wooded area, and for us, a well camouflaged spot, about 50 yards off a road. We had received mail that day, which included a supply of cigars for one of our senior members. After supper I was offered a cigar. I think it was the first (of many) I had ever smoked. Feeling somewhat benevolent, I decided to pay a call at the Battalion C.P. to see how the war was progressing. Unfortunately, it was pitch black outside, so it was difficult to find the road. As I reached the road I tripped--my helmet and liner went one direction, I another. After a diligent search to no avail, I stepped up on the road, in a frame of mind that hardly needs description. As I started down the road puffing on my cigar, a group of GI's came up the road. They were replacements headed for front line positions. One of them recognized me,

called out and we had a brief chat. I then continued on my way. Several months later, after the war was over in Europe, I passed an M.P. post. A soldier called out and asked me if I remembered the night we met on the road in the Ardennes. He then told me he was one of the replacements I encountered on that ill-fated evening. He said, "I'll never forget that evening. I was scared stiff about returning to combat after being hospitalized for wounds. Then I saw you casually walking down the road with no helmet and smoking a cigar, so I knew it couldn't be too bad."

Combat was hell. But sometimes it was more hellish than others. Note: Msgr. is the V80B Chaplain and Pastor of Our Lady of Lourdes Catholic Church in Bethesda, Maryland.

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## 4th Armored Division



The following memorable incidents were submitted by members of the 4th Armored Division.

December 18, 1944

Edward Rapp

D Company

35th Tank Battalion

4th Armored Division

Sun City West, Arizona

On December 18, 1944 our 4th Armored Division was in reserve in French Lorraine resting from the previous exhausting battles against the mud, cold and German armor, replenishing our losses, cleaning our weapons and ourselves. We heard reports of a two day old German offensive up in Belgium and Luxembourg, and we soon received orders to drive north against the German breakthrough. Our objective was to be Bastogne, Belgium 130 miles away where the 101st Airborne Division and other units were being encircled. The 35th Tank Battalion commanded by Lt. Col. Delk Oden was assigned to travel north on the Arlon-Martelange highway with our light tank Company D in the head of the task force Combat Command A Commanded by Brig. Gen. Herbert L. Earnest.

Other than occasional artillery airbursts, a shell crated road and a blown bridge that had to be bridged, a road block quickly overcome, a short small arms fire-fight, we were soon covering the miles to Bastogne. Toward evening, we were now close to the village of Warnach approximately eight miles south of Bastogne. It was now almost nightfall and the roads and fields were icy and snow covered...it was terribly cold!

Gen. Earnest ordered Lt. Col. Oden to forge ahead with his task force in a bid to reach Bastogne. The road ahead climbed out of the valley and onto a chain of ridges; these ridges closely flanked the higher ground so that the pavement ran through a series of cuts that limited maneuver

off the road. Our point unit D Company (light tanks) had just gained the ridge line when, at a sharp bend, the German artillery in Warnach opened fire. Fortunately, our tanks were able to leave the highway and find cover behind the rise to the west of the pavement. For an half an hour our artillery worked over the enemy location, and the artillery observer with our tanks "walked" the fire along the successive ridges while the tanks moved north in defilade. At the same time the half-tracks of Co. G-51st Armored Infantry Battalion, clanked forward along the pavement.

When the company of armored infantry in half-tracks appeared around the bend in the main road, the gunners in Warnach, apparently waiting for such a thin-skinned target, knocked out the first two half-tracks causing numerous casualties.

Looking out from my tank turret, I saw a U.S. soldier slogging his way towards us in the deep snow. A shell burst near him, knocking him to the ground. A few moments later he arose and came to our tank with a message that we were to provide a platoon of tanks to support their infantry attack into Warnach. Capt. Sam Ridley chose our third platoon to join up with the infantry to go into Warnach. Then and only soon thereafter did we notice that the infantry runner had been wounded and was holding his hand over his stomach. Having no available medical vehicle with us, our tank crew lifted him on to the tank rear hoping to locate medical assistance for him at his infantry company. Keeping off the pavement, we went "cross-country" through the fields and soon located the waiting infantry platoon which was made up of about thirty-three men. The wounded runner was taken off our tank and I remember him shaking and going into shock. Today I no longer have any recollection as to what eventually occurred to this young brave infantryman.

After what seemed like a great deal of discussion and controversy between the infantry and tank platoon leaders, an infantry patrol went into Warnach to reconnoiter the village. After a short period they returned with their view that they had not seen any Germans. We could not believe this...perhaps the Germans let the patrol go by so that they could get bigger "game." Regardless, to bypass the village at night was out of the question. The third platoon of light tanks and the rifle infantry platoon proceeded on to the snow covered fields....it was now almost midnight (Christmas eve) as we approached towards the rear of the village homes. Seeing a haystack that surprisingly did not have any snow on it, I fired an HE (high explosive) 37 mm shell into it and it immediately burst into flames...was the haystack hiding ammo, gas, etc?

A few moments later, our tank seemed to lurch to a stop and I heard our driver Ford Gurrell yell that he could not restart the tank, and our tank commander Sgt. William Lucas, yelling that we've been hit! I was not aware of anything hitting the tank as I was so absorbed in looking for targets and engrossed in my gunnery. We could not keep sitting in a stalled tank and we now could hear small arm fire hitting the side of our tank turret. Sgt. Lucas and myself (gunner) jumped out of the tank and ran for cover behind a snow-filled privet hedge. Not seeing our driver and bog-gunner (assistant driver) Marcelle Noll with us, we realized that I had not reentered the tank turret which had the turret lip covering the driver's and bog gunner's hatches. Their closed and now covered hatches prevented them from

getting out of the tank when the tank turret and cannon were not centered. Instinctively, I ran back to the tank, climbed into the turret and centered the turret enabling them to raise their hatches and jump out and join us behind the near privet hedge.

It seemed that from all directions of the homes around us, we were receiving only small arm fire. Bullets seemed to "whisper" as they hit the snow. We could see two of our other tanks knocked out nearby and could hear men calling for medics.

Two infantrymen were setting up a machine gun beside me. I asked: "Hey fellas, we're tankers and not accustomed to being caught out in the open without our tank...what do you fellas do in a case like this?" One replied: "We were never in a case like this!" I sheepishly crept away. Suddenly, an infantryman climbed up onto our tank turret and began to fire our 30 cal. tank commander's machine gun installed on the outside of the turret. While fully exposed, standing on the turret, he continued to fire in the direction of the homes until he had expended all of the belted ammunition...no doubt his brave action kept the Germans under cover and away from us.

Lying in the snow, every few moments, one of us would raise our heads over the privet hedge trying to get oriented as to where we were and to see what was going on around us. When Noll raised up, he suddenly fell backwards. He seemed to be shot somewhere in the upper torso. He lay on his back muttering in shock. There was so little that we could do for him. Like all tankers, Noll was wearing "long john" winter underwear, uniform, sweater, tanker jacket and overalls. We tried but could not get to his wound in the positions we were in and in fear to raise our bodies any higher. We urged him to try and crawl with us for now word had gotten around to get back to the highway. Noll could not be of any help to us when we tried carrying him in our slouched positions. Regretfully, we had to leave him. Being disoriented as to which direction the highway lay, we soon lost track of each other in the darkness and confusion.

The Germans were now beginning to mortar shell the area that I had been running here and there trying to locate the highway when suddenly something hit my face and I found myself sitting on my rear end in the snow. I was shocked in disbelief to find that when I put my hand to my face that my lip was cut and that I was bleeding. Between my lower lip and teeth there was a tiny pin head of a shell fragment which I quickly spit out when I became aware of it.

Getting myself together I once again began to run towards the highway with another man from our tank platoon and came across driver Eugene Hyden...Gene had been the driver of another disabled tank...he was lying in the snow with what seemed to be a bleeding lower part of one of his legs. Together we managed to carry him to the highway, but today, so many years later, I have no recollection as to what became of him. Nor can I recall how I found myself in the basement of a house with medics and other disoriented, shocked and wounded men. My driver Gurrell and Sgt. Lucas were sitting nearby looking all worn out but not hurt. I was tagged by a medic and put in an ambulance and fell asleep.

Awaking, I recall lying on a cot in what seemed like a make-shift aid station and hearing a nurse and doctor discussing my lip wound. They swabbed my lip with salve,

jabbed me with a needle, and I was soon asleep.

The next day being Christmas we were served a hot turkey lunch with all the trimmings. I was having a difficult time getting the food into my mouth because of my swollen lip and now black and blue face. A day or so later all walking wounded were facing a doctor who told us that since there were so many disabled men who needed cots, we were urged to volunteer to return to our units. I was feeling alert and rested and agreed to do so.

While on the truck going back to the front, I saw my tank company in bivouac in a snow covered field along the highway. I left myself off and was surprised to see that they had bivouaced their tanks around a German anti-aircraft gun with three dead and frozen stiff German soldiers still sitting at their respective positions looking almost alive. None of us had the least notion of removing them.

Shortly thereafter and much to our surprise and perhaps disappointment, Ordnance had repaired and returned our tank. It had been fully looted of all personal equipment except for my precious sleeping bag still strapped to the rear of the tank, (a civilian sleeping bag sent to me by a relative while I was in England) with many small holes from shell fragments. I borrowed a needle and thread and sat most of the day sewing up the holes. My driver Gurrell and Sgt. Lucas had by now also returned but for now we were lacking a bog gunner...Marcelle Noll lies at rest in the American cemetery in Hamm, Luxembourg. New Years eve, our platoon of light tanks was patrolling the highway beyond the now relieved village of Warnach.

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December 24, 1944

W. King Pound  
D Company  
35th Tank Battalion  
4th Armored Division  
Washington, D.C.

My recollections from that day, December 24, 1944, 4th Armd. Div. driving back and forth on the Arlon highway drawing fire from the Germans on the other side of the bank. It was cold, snowing and everything else. As night fell, we were assembled off the highway. Brig. Gen. Earnest came along and it was then that the plans for the attack into Warnach were formulated. It seemed to me that my tank commander Staff Sgt. Gaynor Caldwell was pretty much involved in the discussion and that he was against it. Night attacks were not exactly in vogue for tank units.

Nevertheless, orders were issued and sometime close to midnight we started across the snow covered fields toward the objective. We were accompanied by an infantry platoon of G Co.-51st Armored Infantry Battalion of our 4th Armored Division. As we worked our way towards the village Sgt. Caldwell told me to start shooting the co-ax 30 cal. machine gun at some of the thatched roofs of the houses so as to gain illumination. This I was doing when I heard Caldwell hollering at me to get the hell out...we've been hit! I didn't even realize it as I was so involved looking for enemy vehicles and other targets. I jumped out of the turret and started falling back. I had forgotten to take my side arm and tommy gun.

All hell was coming from the village. Caldwell crawled

over to me and said: "Go back to the tank, you left the turret hanging over the driver's and bog-gunner's hatches and they can't get out and he's been hit". I ran back to the tank, centered the turret and Hyden started to climb out. His foot was bleeding and he couldn't walk. I carried him piggy-back and we started scurrying to get to our lines...probably a mile or so. No one was around us...I didn't see a soul. We headed over to the tree line to avoid being seen. We could hear the Germans coming in their vehicles behind us looking for survivors. We lay down in the snow...one of the vehicles passed us. We got going again and I heard another motor. It sounded like one of our Sherman tanks coming to get us, and I started towards the sound. Hyden said: "Hell, that's not ours, that's one of theirs!" We laid down again in the snow. It was a German armored personnel carrier not more than twenty feet away. I could see the Germans looking around. Yes, I was indeed "slightly" scared! I had a hand grenade and could have thrown it, but on figuring the odds quickly, decided against it. Luckily the Germans went on. About fifty feet from the highway, I collapsed. I could not carry Hyden any further. I learned afterwards that Ed Rapp and another tanker came along and got Hyden the rest of the way. Finally, I was able to get up and was taken to G-1 for interrogation and then went back to a safe house.

Either imagination or recollection tells me that there were German tanks or anti-tank guns that were positioned alongside of the buildings in the shadows. That's why we couldn't see them and they wacked us quite quickly as we went by. They just had to swing from one target to the next and we were out of it.

Christmas day we were in a Belgian farmhouse and got mail from home. Some of my neighbors sent miniatures of Seagrams 7...how appropriate! Somehow I got involved in driving a disabled tank that was being towed back to Ordnance and I swung off onto the shoulder of the highway and the rear track detonated a mine. No one was hurt but it shook the old nerves up a bit once again.

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December 21, 1944

Al Gaydos  
Headquarters Battery  
66th Armored Field Artillery Battalion  
4th Armored Division  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Our field artillery battalion had three forward observer Sherman tanks. One or two were always selected to go along with whichever tank battalion was leading in an attack. I had a brother in the #1 tank and I was in #3 Tank. He had been attending an officer's meeting and got the information that my tank was to go along with the light tank Co. D-35th Tank Bn. leading Combat Command A going north on the Arlon Highway to Bastogne, Belgium...this was December 21, 1944.

My brother advised that as soon as the light tank company made contact with the enemy, the medium Sherman tanks would come up with infantry and artillery. We pulled out of Arlon at dusk and were met by a M.P. Colonel who told us to get off the road, go along a pine woods to join a platoon of light Stuart tanks of D Co.-35th Tank Bn. Our officer

talked to the tank platoon officer and they both came back to my tank, closed the hatches, turned on the dome light and discussed our mission. We were to drive on to Bastogne and when we had made contact with the enemy, we were to radio our position.

We gassed up at 11 PM, no one slept; German two engine planes were buzzing us in our open field. We pulled out the next morning at 5 A.M. during a heavy snowstorm. Shortly thereafter, coming into a village, a group of infantrymen told us that they had seen a German patrol at 4 A.M. At 8 A.M. it was daylight and we were ready to cross a bridge about a quarter of a mile away when it was blown up in front of us. It was still snowing as we continued on a road through a thick pine forest. As we were about to exit from the woods, out walked two Germans with rifles and hands in the air...deserters? It was slow going because of German paratrooper action all around us. On the 24th, it was dark, and we could now see the village of Warnach about a mile away.

Over my tank radio, I was able to hear everything that was going on. When the light tank platoon with the infantry rifle platoon went into Warnach and were quickly overcome, this was the conversation Col Oden with Capt. Ridley of D Co's tanks. Col. Oden said: "Take your light tanks and go into that town and see what's in it". Capt. Ridley replied: "I am too light...how about we send in some of our big stuff"? Col. Oden said: "I don't give a damn, we have to get to Bastogne"! I can remember hearing that two tanks were hit right away...the firing, the silence and then new conversation. Col. Oden said: "Put someone from the infantry on the microphone...son, what is your rank"? "I'm a private."-a voice replied. "Consider yourself a Sergeant...how about you taking a patrol into that town"? Followed by Col. Oden saying: "Forward Observer, I want you to fire into Warnach as I am sending in a patrol...make it easier for them"! Our F.O. officer: Five volleys, O.K.? Col. Oden: "Fine, eighteen guns, each gun five rounds"! The patrol went in when we lifted our fire. The Germans put out during the volley and came back in after the patrol came back. Col. Oden asked the newly made Sgt. "What did you find son"? "We saw no Krauts, but did retake one of our own 6x6 trucks with two Krauts in it...but no others".

We drew fire all night and the next day Sherman tanks and infantry went in and finally took possession of the town after a hectic and bloody confrontation coming out with lots of German prisoners.

We were still with D Co.'s light tanks. In the afternoon we were joined by the rest of their company's tanks and remained in an open field. Suddenly ten German paratroopers stood up from a tree line about fifty feet away. They were loaded with our American cigarettes, gum, G.I. shoes and our olive drab shirts under their jackets. While a tank officer was searching them, one of the tankmen jumped out with his tommy gun and told the officer to move away as he was going to kill them all! In the distance we could see a lot of German tanks coming toward us. Just then our P47 planes came over and had a field day. Finally we moved forward with the tanks and infantry across open ground through a pine wood forest and took up positions on the other side of the woods in an open field. While standing in the turret, I heard two explosions and learned that two gasoline trucks coming to gas us up had hit mines

on the road.

The next morning, Germans were seen on the highway about a mile from us. We were not left with some infantry in half tracks, our Forward Observer tank and what was left of light tank Company D...about five miles from our objective...Bastogne.

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December, 1944

Delk M. Oden  
35th Tank Battalion  
4th Armored Division  
Falls Church, Virginia

On the way north to Bastogne we lost a full day at Martelange while the 51st Armored Infantry Battalion cleared the town of Germans and our engineers bridged the river. That night I thought was unusual. The snow seemed so bright that you could see 50-100 yards from your tank in the dark.

We had an AckAck battalion attached to us so I directed them to set up their 40 mm guns...one on each side of the light attack of D Company going into Warnach...direction firing for access to guide the tanks toward the enemy. I hoped that it would be of some help.

The German 5th Parachute Division were in the town and were very tenacious. I left a company of the 51st Armored Infantry Battalion to clear them out and it took them that night and all the next day to do so.

I should have sent our heavier Sherman tanks against the German tanks and infantry in Warnach; however, because of the speed of the light tanks of D Company who were leading all the way from Arlon up to that point, the heavier Sherman tanks were not up yet and we had not encountered German tanks. When there seemed to be no great German tank threat, I always preferred to lead with Capt. Sam Ridley's terrific light tanks of D Company-35th Tank Battalion.

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**CORRECTION:** The February, 1990, issue of *The Bulge Bugle*, Memorable Bulge Incidents column, contained the following error: Robert J. Rodgers was misidentified as Robert J. Rodgen.

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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

*You are invited to attend the*

## DECEMBER EVENTS

OF

CELEBRATION & COMMEMORATION

ON THE

## 46th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

After enjoying the September General Membership Meeting in Philadelphia, plan to meet your friends at the December Events celebrating the progress of the Battle of the Bulge Gallery and commemorating the 46th Anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge!!

This year, joining the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge in the Celebration and Commemoration Events of December 1990 will be our "Comrades in Arms," the 5th Belgian Fusiliers of Belgium. This group served heroically with the First U.S. Army during the Battle of the Bulge and is making the trip to be with their American friends at this special time. They will attend the Honors Banquet on December 14 and participate with the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge in the impressive wreath-laying ceremonies at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and the Battle of the Bulge Monument on December 16.

An exciting Honors Banquet, hosted by the Battle of the Bulge Historical Foundation, is planned for December 14, 1990. It will be held at the beautiful Sheraton National Hotel, Arlington, Virginia--the hotel is dedicated to making the veterans most welcome. Special guests for the Banquet, along with the Belgian Fusiliers, will be Ambassador Herman Dehennin of Belgium, Ambassador Andre Philippe of Luxembourg, and corporate representatives. Also, Senator Strom Thurmond (82nd Airborne Division) and other dignitaries have been invited. This will be the third black-tie gala commemorating the progress of the Battle of the Bulge Gallery.

A "Stage Door Canteen" will be a fun event on December 15 (wear your WWII uniform--or whatever parts of it you still have--everyone can still fit into their dogtags!!). Red Cross Donut Dollies (who served in the Battle of the Bulge) will be there with coffee and donuts. A disc jockey will bring back fond memories with the music of Glen Miller and those other Big Bands--wear your dancing shoes!

MARK YOUR CALENDARS FOR DECEMBER 14, 15, AND 16, 1990 --  
FOR THREE EXCITING DAYS IN THE WASHINGTON, D.C. AREA  
WITH YOUR BATTLE OF THE BULGE COMPATRIOTS.

(An agenda and reservation forms are on the following pages. Please send your room reservation(s) directly to the hotel; mail your Banquet and Events reservations to BoBHF.)

The Washington Area Collectors of Military Vehicles will drive several of their restored WWII vehicles to the hotel for your inspection and reminiscing.



## THE AGENDA FOR DECEMBER EVENTS

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1990 -- 6:30 P.M.

### HONORS BANQUET

Commonwealth Ballroom, Sheraton National Hotel, Arlington, Virginia

Hosted by

Battle of the Bulge Historical Foundation  
and

Brigadier General David J. Allen, Honorary Chairman

6:30 p.m. - Social Hour (Cash Bar)

7:30 p.m. - Seated for Dinner

Posting of Colors . . . . . 3rd Infantry Color Guard

Pledge of Allegiance

Invocation

Toasts

### DINNER MENU

Fresh Fruit in Pineapple Boat

Garden Salad

Boneless Cornish Game Hen

Wild Rice

Fresh Vegetable Medley

Crusty Rolls/Butter

Ice Cream Snowball with Hot Fudge Sauce

Coffee/Tea

9:00 p.m. - Introduction of Guests

Comments

Speaker

Unveiling of 1990 "Patron's Fund" Plaque and Presentation of Honors

Entertainment

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1990

10:00 a.m.-11:30 a.m. - Third Annual Meeting

Battle of the Bulge Historical Foundation

Sheraton National Hotel, Arlington, Virginia

A progress report of the 1990 activities and plans for 1991 will be presented. You will have an opportunity to meet the officers and the members of the Board of Trustees of the Foundation and to ask questions and offer your comments.

1:00 p.m.-4:00 p.m. - Battle of the Bulge Documentaries

6:30 p.m.-11:00 p.m. - "Stage Door Canteen" Party

\*Music of the '40s for dancing and listening

\*Refreshments

\*Special Events

\*Remember--Wear your WWII uniform

The Sheraton will serve a special Battle of the Bulge dinner in their beautiful rooftop restaurant "STARS" for those who might like to take time from the Stage Door Canteen party to enjoy a breathtaking view of Washington, D.C., by night.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1990

11:00 a.m. - Special ceremonies for the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge

Tomb of the Unknown Soldier

Arlington National Cemetery

Wreath-laying Ceremony at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Arlington

Cemetery. . . . . Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge and  
5th Belgian Fusiliers

Wreath-laying Ceremony at the Battle of the Bulge Memorial, Arlington

Cemetery. . . . . Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge and  
5th Belgian Fusiliers

(Parking available near "The Maine Memorial" off Farragut Drive--please inform the guard you are attending the Battle of the Bulge ceremonies.)

12:00 noon - Reception--Officers' Club, Fort Myer, Virginia

Cash Bar and Luncheon Buffet

We hope that many of you will be able to attend some or all of the activities planned for these "Three Days in December"--and enjoy the camaraderie of those who served in this historical battle 45 years ago. There will be special exhibits, archives, documents, and a comfortable place to visit in the Hospitality Suite of the Sheraton Hotel during these three days of events.

## RESERVATION FORM

RETURN FORM BY DECEMBER 5, 1990, TO:

BATTLE OF THE BULGE HISTORICAL FOUNDATION  
P.O. BOX 2516, KENSINGTON, MD 20891-0818  
Please make checks payable to: BoBHF Banquet

Tel.: (301) 881-0356

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1990 - HONORS BANQUET

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ TEL# \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

UNIT \_\_\_\_\_

SPOUSE/GUEST \_\_\_\_\_

NUMBER OF RESERVATIONS  TOTAL COST @ \$40.00 PER PERSON

Table assignment for the Banquet will be on your name card. If you wish to be seated with friends, please include their names with this form.

DRESS: Business suit or Tuxedo with Black Tie (Miniature medals encouraged)

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1990

10:00-11:30 a.m. - BATTLE OF THE BULGE HISTORICAL FOUNDATION MEETING

Number of Persons Attending

6:30-11:00 p.m. - STAGE DOOR CANTEEN

Number of Persons Attending

Total Cost @ \$5.00 per person

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1990

11:00 a.m. - CEREMONIES AT TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER AND VBOB MEMORIAL

Number of Persons Attending

12:00 noon - LUNCHEON RECEPTION AT FORT MYER OFFICERS' CLUB

Number of Persons Attending

### HOTEL RESERVATION FORM

**\*\*THESE RATES ARE FOR DECEMBER 13, 14, 15, AND 16--**

**Please state that you are with the Battle of the Bulge!!**

**Mail reservation form to:**

**Sheraton National Hotel  
Columbia Pike & Washington Boulevard  
Arlington, VA 22204**



#### Please Print

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Arrival Date \_\_\_\_\_  
day of week month date time

Departure Date \_\_\_\_\_  
day of week month date time

Single \_\_\_\_\_ Double \_\_\_\_\_ **\$55.00 plus tax  
per room (single or double)**

NAMES OF PERSONS SHARING ACCOMMODATIONS  
\_\_\_\_\_

Rollaway: \$15 extra per night/9.5% tax

**Reservations must be received at the hotel by November 30, 1990.**

*Reservations received after this date will be accepted on a space and rate available basis only.*

#### FIRST NIGHT DEPOSIT OR MAJOR CREDIT CARD FOR ANY ARRIVAL AFTER 4 PM

A guaranteed payment assures you that a room will be held for your day of arrival. The room will become available for resale if you have not registered by 6:00 AM THE FOLLOWING MORNING. You will be billed for the first night's room & tax revenue if the reservation is not cancelled before 6 PM (EST) on the day of arrival. Please ask the clerk for a cancellation number (703) 521-1900, or call toll-free at 1-800-468-9090 or in Virginia, 1-800-541-5500.

#### **GUARANTEE INFORMATION: (Please Print)**

Firm name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Credit Card \_\_\_\_\_  
AX, VISA, MC, DC, CB (circle one)

EXPIRATION DATE: \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNATURE: \_\_\_\_\_

**CHECK OUT TIME IS 1 PM; ROOMS WILL NOT BE READY FOR  
YOUR ARRIVAL UNTIL 3 PM.**



## INTRODUCING A NEW FEATURE IN THE BUGLE-- BOOKS YOU MAY ENJOY...

Paul J. Gartenmann, of Barcroft Books, has agreed to review a book (or books) for

this column which he feels will be of interest to members of VBOB. Mr. Gartenmann is a member of VBOB and has been extremely helpful to our organization over the years. If you order books your check should be made payable to: **Barcroft Books**, and mailed to same at 3621 Columbia Pike, Arlington, Virginia 22204. Phone: (703) 521-0743. We also honor Visa/Mastercard--please include your number. On occasion we accept venison or wampum.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Periodically, I will take a shot in attempting to keep the membership apprised of publications, new and old, which might merit consideration. Understand, however, although I will obviously attempt to retain a certain objectivity, my lifelong preoccupation with military history, my service as a rifleman in a rifle company in the ETO, that I am not a flack and have very definite views.

"One stellar work, unfortunately out-of-print at the present, is fellow VBOB member Robert J. Phillip's striking account of the very early days in To Save Bastogne, the battle of the bulge before the 'Battle of the Bulge,' the story of those of the 110th Regiment of the 28th Infantry Division who held: who, like most of the guys up there at that time, given a fighting chance, traded lives for time. We have hardback copies, at \$19.95, plus \$2.00 postage/insurance.

"We also can furnish Clarke of St. Vith--the Sergeant's General by Ellis and Cunningham. Bruce Clarke hardly needs any introduction! Hardback only, at \$15.95 plus \$2.00 postage/insurance.

"Krinkelt-Rocherath: The Battle for the Twin Villages by W. Cavanaugh is available at \$22.50 plus \$2.00 postage/insurance. Those of you have been on Mac's tours to the Ardennes know Will and can attest to his expertise on the subject, ably reflected in his book.

"We can also obtain reprints of most division histories--armored/airborne as well. Price range: \$25.00-\$45.00.

"This is my post-retirement folly. We order any book if it is in print; we mail. We do not issue a catalog, but we are good at what we do.

"Please try to be specific in your correspondence; however, we welcome your inquiry on any publication or any subject in military/history. If we do not know the answer chances are we know someone who does. If we're not in, please leave your query and telephone number on the answering machine. I'll get back to you.

"I will close with the thought for today:

"This nation had yet to learn the important truth that the most splendid bravery of our soldiers cannot always atone for the neglect or incompetence of those in high places."

"Hayens, after the loss of Menorca, in 1756!"

## ARE YOUR DUES DUE?

## COULD YOU HELP US?

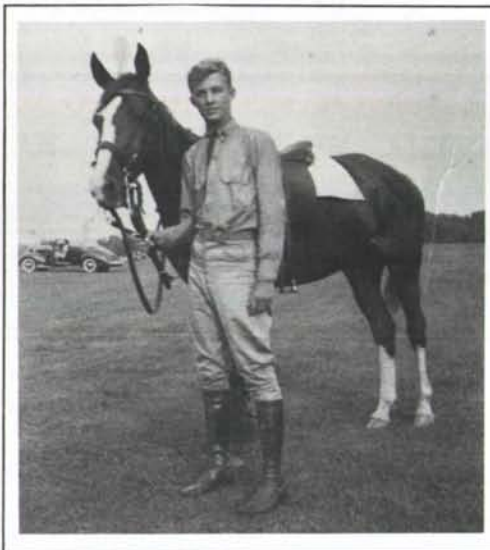
We receive numerous inquiries from members (and people who are not members for that matter) for information on certain divisions, regiments, batteries, companies, etc., etc. We would like to be able to direct these inquiries to someone who could be of help to them. If your organization has a secretary or someone who could be of help in this matter, please advise us the name and address. We will compile a list that will facilitate us in answering these inquiries.

## WWII CHARACTERS AND OTHER THINGS

Soldiers in Europe in World War II got kicks out of seeing Kilroy signs and reading Bill Mauldin's Willie and Joe cartoons and those of Sad Sack and others.

VBOB members who recall interesting anecdotes about characters, signs, symbols, etc., and would like to share them with other VBOB members, are encouraged to mail them typed or neatly printed to VBOB-Characters, P.O. Box 11129, Arlington, Virginia 22210.

## From The Archives



Clyde Boden stands with Elhazard at Fort Hoyle, Maryland where he received the VFW's Award for Proficiency while training with the 6th Field Artillery Regiment in Citizens Military Training Camp in August 1938. He was following in the footsteps of his father who fought in Europe in World War I with the 79th Infantry Division and who was an active member of the VFW and the American Legion.

Clyde, a native of Shamokin, Pennsylvania, and a veteran of World War II and the Korean War, now resides in Arlington, Virginia with his wife Phyllis. He is a retired Army colonel and the founder and first president of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge.

"Nothing in life needs to be feared.  
It only needs to be understood."

Marie Curie — Recipient of two Nobel prizes

## DELAWARE VALLEY CHAPTER SPONSORS 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!

### GRAND PRIZE DRAWING

September 28, 1990

sponsored by

VBOB, Delaware Valley Chapter

Donations: \$5.00 per chance      6 chances for \$25.00

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

All requests for chances must be mailed before September 15, 1990. You do not have to be present to win. This prize is transferrable.

Funds received from this raffle will be used to cover expenses for the Reunion and to support the Historical Foundation and VBOB.

Many thanks are extended to Hal F. Ryder of Galaxy Tours, 724 West Lancaster Avenue, P.O. Box 234, Wayne, PA 19087, for this generous donation.

## FOR VETERANS ONLY ★★★★★★

In October 1988, a national television news magazine, called "FOR VETERANS ONLY", was introduced on Public Television. In the sixteen months since, this unique program has reached an acceptance standard across the nation unequalled by any other program in the history of P.B.S. Telecast each week on more than 160 P.B.S. stations from coast-to-coast, it now reaches an area encompassing 60,000,000 homes and a viewing audience of nearly 5,000,000 plus the Armed Forces Network, overseas.

This 30-minute TV series is produced exclusively for America's 27,000,000 veterans and our Armed Forces around the world. It uncovers news stories about America's veterans you never see on the evening news or on the front pages of newspapers. It examines the issues and reports the facts about timely issues concerning all veterans.

Check your local TV directories for the time and P.B.S. stations to see this "FOR VETERANS ONLY". It is worth your while! If your local P.B.S. station does not carry it write to them and ask why? It is produced by a non-profit corporation and is given free each week to participating P.B.S. stations. More importantly, it provides a superb service to the American Veteran.

## VBOB REPRESENTED IN MEMORIAL DAY CEREMONIES AT ARLINGTON CEMETERY

VBOB President William Greenville and VBOB member, Earle Hart, along with over 30 other representatives of veterans organizations, laid a wreath in memory of our fallen comrades at ceremonies at the Tomb of the Unknowns in Arlington National Cemetery on Memorial Day, May 28, 1990.

U.S. Vice President J. Danforth Quayle presented a wreath on behalf of the American citizenry before proceeding to the Memorial Amphitheater to address a crowd estimated to be over 5,000.

The U.S. Army Band ("Pershing's Own") and the U.S. Army Chorus offered several stirring musical selections.

Vice President Quayle called attention to the depth of gratitude all American citizens owed our fallen war heroes, stating that they "gave up their tomorrows so that we might have our today...."

Memorial Day observances began May 5, 1868, with the issuance of General Orders No. 11, by Major General John A. Logan, Commander-in-Chief, Grand Army of the Republic. An excerpt from the order states: "Let us, then, at the time appointed, gather around their sacred remains, and garland the passionless mounds above them with choicest flowers of springtime; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledge to aid and to assist those whom they have left among us a sacred charge upon the Nation's gratitude--the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan."

★★★

## A Letter From Belgium...

Clyde Boden, VBOB  
P.O. Box 11128  
Arlington, Virginia 22210  
United States of America

March 7, 1990

Dear Sir,

I am 10 years old and I am very interested in the history of the Battle of the Bulge. Since I live in Belgium (near Antwerp), it is not difficult to get to the Bulge and I spend all my holidays in the Ardennes. I am an associate member of VBOB since 1989 and I am also a member of CEBA Luxembourg, a Battle of the Bulge Study Group. I am a very close friend of CEBA's secretary, Mrs. Kimmes, in fact, I spent last week at her place.

Whenever I go with my friends Pierre and Geert Van Nimmen to the Ardennes, we stay in OUREN, a village near the place where the borders of Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany come together. We have lots of friends living there who always talk about the battle the 28th Division fought over there. Bams are still filled with war souvenirs from the Americans, for example wooden crates from "K"-Rations, 50 & 30 Calibre ammo boxes, canteens, helmets and even bayonets. Whenever we go over there, we also go searching with the metal detector and we always come back with a lot of war material, especially bullets and grenades, but I found also an American gas mask!

But let me get straight to the point: We are trying for the last 5 years to discover what unit fought in OUREN and in that perimeter, and to contact some veterans who remember that place. We never made much progress, until now, when I discovered in the "Bulge Bugle's Bulge Incidents" two stories from veterans who fought in or near Ouren. They are MURRAY SHAPIRO and ROBERT J. RODGEN, two members of the 112th Regiment, 28th Division. You would really help us a lot if you could give us their complete addresses, and if you cannot do that, can I send you a letter so that you could send it to them?

Many thanks in advance and we really hope you can help us further with our study of that little village's history in the Bulge. I hope to get a letter from you very soon.

Yours Sincerely,

(Signed)

Niko Van Kerckhoven

Brielstraat 63, 9360 Buggenhout Belgium



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# VETERANS of the BATTLE of the BULGE

P.O. Box 11129  
Arlington, Virginia 22210-2129

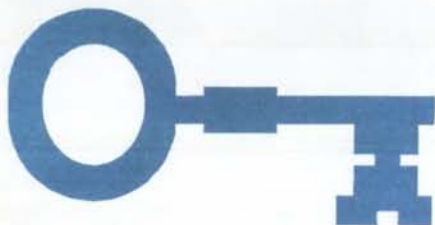
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YOUR DUES-R-DUE



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1322 TENBROOK COURT  
ODENTON MD 211132132

JUNE, 1990



## YOU ARE THE KEY.... ....TO OUR MEMBERSHIP GROWTH

VBOB can't grow effectively unless you help. Our current members are the strength of our continued membership increases. If you know others who were in the Battle of the Bulge, family members of BOB vets, or friends who are interested in keeping the memory of the Bulge alive, tell them about our organization. They will enjoy the comradeship.

**VBOB IS YOUR ORGANIZATION. YOU CAN HELP US GROW!**

----- Detach and Mail -----

**APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP**  
**VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE**  
P.O. Box 11129, Arlington, Virginia 22210-2129  
Annual Dues \$10 DONATIONS ARE WELCOME

Do not write above this line

Do not write above this line

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Birthdate \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Phone( ) \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Unit(s) to which assigned during period December 16, 1944—January 25, 1945 (Div, Regt, Bn, Co) \_\_\_\_\_

Campaign Ribbons and Battle stars awarded \_\_\_\_\_

Wounded \_\_\_\_\_ Captured \_\_\_\_\_

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