

The BULGE BUGLE

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION • VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE, INC.

VOLUME X NUMBER 2

THE ARDENNES CAMPAIGN

MAY 1991

The city of plantations..where the Civil War began **VBOB HEADS FOR CHARLESTON FOR ITS 10th ANNUAL REUNION**

Sept. 5-7, 1991

**Sheraton
Airport Inn,
North Charleston,
South Carolina**



Our members are eagerly anticipating VBOB's 10th Annual Reunion to be held in Charleston, South Carolina, September 5-7, 1991.

The City of Charleston is a showcase of 18th and 19th century architecture. There are many sites of interest to history buffs; fine dining for gourmets; stunning gardens and plantations:

- Middleton Place, with the oldest landscaped gardens in America.
- Drayton Hall, a unique plantation and grand example of Georgian architecture (a preservation rather than a restoration).
- Magnolia Gardens.
- Boone Hall Plantation, located on the Cooper River. Portions of "Gone With the Wind" were filmed here.
- Charleston harbor, which is one of the nation's most historic.
- Fort Sumter, an island fortress in the harbor's mouth, where the Civil War began on April 12, 1861. Tours readily are available. Charleston visitors can tour nine

original slave quarters along Oaks Avenue—one of the very few remaining "slave streets" left in the Southeast. Plantation visitors glimpse a way of life which is only a memory of a time when the South lived by agriculture alone and the great plantations were the backbone of this agrarian economy.

The first settlement of Charleston was actually begun in 1670 at Charles Towne Landing, and was the first permanent English settlement in South Carolina. Here, you can visit and enjoy early colonist archaeological remnants, along with 80 acres of stunning gardens; visit the sailing ship 'America'; and see a natural habitat zoo.

The full impact of the Civil War can be felt by taking the Civil War walking tour. This is an excellent way to experience the drama of Confederate Charleston, which was the most fought-over city of the Civil War.

CHARLESTON IS FULL OF CULTURE AND TRULY HAS SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—BE THERE.

See pages 4,5, and 7



VBOB WELCOMES OUR TROOPS HOME

**VETERANS OF THE
BATTLE OF THE BULGE, INC.**

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 four times yearly.

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9th Infantry Division

Editor - Roy Gordon
9th Infantry Division

Editor - Washington Bureau
Elturino L. Loiacono - 10th Armored Division

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10th Armored Division

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Robert J. Van Houten, 1984-1986
George Chekan, 1986-1988
William T. Greenville, 1988-1990

*"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

I have high hopes the peace in the Persian Gulf will last and the region will be able to return to normal with our military personnel on American Soil.

Our Executive Vice President John Dunleavy informs us our reunion plans are set, and being finalized for September 5-7 at the

Airport Sheraton in Charleston, South Carolina. Please mark your calendar and plan to journey to Charleston where we can enjoy the friendship of the good friends we had some 46 years ago and meet new friends whom we did not know then. The bond between those of us who fought in the Battle of the Bulge together is strong and grows stronger with each passing year.

We were honored to have with us thirty-five 5th Belgium Fusiliers on December 16, when President of the Fusiliers Marcel d'Haese, National Secretary Roger Hardy and Jean Linard de Guertechin laid a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in conjunction with the VBOB wreath laid by Past President William Greenville and retiring Vice President for Military Affairs Eugene Drouillard. The Fusiliers were with us as we honored our fallen comrades at the VBOB Memorial Service immediately following the services at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldiers.

I would like to compliment *The Bulge Bugle* Publisher George Chekan, his staff, and all contributors for the informative and newsworthy articles.

We now have an agreement with the MD-DC Chapter for the labeling and mailing of *The Bulge Bugle*--which began with the February issue.

All members should check the back page of each *Bugle* for the **Dues-R-Due** date. Compliance with this notice guarantees you will remain in good standing.

My thoughts during the recent holiday were of each member and family of VBOB and the hope that they were enjoying the holiday as greatly as we.

Sincerely,

Darrell Kuhn

LOOK AT YOUR MAILING LABEL

We are adapting our mailing lists to conform with official Post Office requirements. In most instances your old five digit zip code is now followed by an additional four digits. This assists the Post Office in mail sorting and results in lower mailing costs for VBOB. If your zip code has only five digits, check with your mail carrier or post office and provide us with the additional four numbers. Thanks.

Before you read another page...

**PLEASE CHECK YOUR MAILING LABEL
ON THE LAST PAGE OF THIS BUGLE
*ARE YOUR DUES DUE?***

If so, please read the rest of this page. If not, please continue to enjoy this publication.

Many of our members are delinquent in dues payments and we simply cannot continue to operate in this fashion. At the present time, 3,022 members are behind in their dues: 333 owe 1 year or less and 2,689 owe 2 years or more.

The cost of preparing and mailing this publication is approximately \$.80, per member, per issue. And, of course, we have many other administrative costs which must be paid. With the recent increase in postal charges, our costs for postage alone have soared.

We are sure that this is just an oversight as many fail to check their mailing label. We do not send out a dues statement. *The Bulge Bugle* is our only source of reminding you that your dues are payable. Your mailing label should read something like this:

(A)RO8888 (B)06/19/89 (or 890619) (C)11111
(D)JOHN WILLIAM SMITH
1443 WILLIAMSBURG STREET
WILLIAMSBURG, OK 11111

- (A) = Your membership number
(B) = Your dues date. In this case Mr. Smith's dues were due June 19th, 1989.
(C) = Zip code information for use by the post office.
(D) = Member's name and address.

As dues are \$10.00 per year, payable in advance, Mr. Smith should submit a check for \$20.00 to pay his dues to June 19, 1991. Hopefully he would submit a check for \$30.00 to pay his dues to June 19, 1992.

The programs that we have in mind to reach out to new Bulge veterans have all had to be put on the back burner. We've tightened our belt and are punching more holes in it. But we can't continue to operate unless you pay your dues. We don't want to drop members from our membership roles because we sincerely believe we provide a good service. WE COULD DO SO MUCH MORE.

**SEND YOUR CHECK TODAY!
MARK YOUR CALENDAR SO
YOU DON'T FORGET NEXT YEAR**

VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE
10TH REUNION • CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA
September 5-7, 1991

PROGRAM

Thursday • 5 September

- | | |
|------------------|---|
| Noon - 8:00 p.m. | Arrival, registration, find old friends and make new ones |
| 6:30 - 8:30 p.m. | Mixer: Wine, Beer and Soda |

Friday • 6 September

- | | |
|-------------------------|---|
| 9:00 a.m. - noon | Registration |
| 5:00 - 6:00 p.m. | Registration |
| 9:00 - 11:30 a.m. | General Membership Business Meeting |
| 11:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m. | Lunch "on your own" |
| 12:30 - 4:30 p.m. | Citadel Memorial Service and Parade |
| 6:30 p.m. | Friday Night Buffet at Sheraton (\$6.00 per person) |
| 7:00 - 9:00 p.m. | Entertainment - Sheraton Atrium |

Saturday • 7 September

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 8:30 a.m. - 4:00 p.m. | Tours of Charleston, South Carolina |
| 1:00 - 2:00 p.m. | Registration |
| 6:30 - 7:30 p.m. | Cocktail Hour (Happy Hour Prices) |
| 7:30 p.m. - midnight | Banquet and Dance |

Sunday • 8 September

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

VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

10TH REUNION

Charleston, South Carolina • September 5-7, 1991

Headquarters • Sheraton Airport Inn, North Charleston, South Carolina

REUNION REGISTRATION FORM

(Please print all information)

As soon as possible, but no later than August 14, 1991,
mail this registration form and check to:
Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge Reunion
P.O. Box 11129
Arlington, VA 22210-2129

	Number of Persons	Cost per person	Total
Thursday • September 5			
*Registration (before 8/14/91)	_____	\$20.00	_____
(after 8/14/91)	_____	\$25.00	_____
Thursday Nite Mixer	_____	N/C	_____
Friday • September 6			
Bus to Citadel	_____	\$10.00	_____
(No private cars permitted on campus)			
Memorial Service & Parade at Citadel	_____	N/C	_____
Evening Entertainment at Sheraton	_____	N/C	_____
Saturday • September 7			
Tours: Old City of Charleston	_____	\$18.00	_____
Fort Sumpter	_____	\$20.00	_____
Patriots Point (Harbor)	_____	\$20.00	_____
Banquet	_____	\$22.00	_____
Guests for Banquet Only	_____	\$26.00	_____

TOTAL AMOUNT (Enclose check) _____

*All registrants must pay this fee.

Please provide the name you want on your name card here:

Name _____ Outfit _____

Wife's Name _____ Guest Name(s) _____

Street Address _____ City, State and Zip Code _____



VETERAN NINTH INFANTRY DIVISION HOLDS NORTHERN LINE TO STOP NAZIS

The Ninth Infantry Division-comprising veterans who whipped the Germans in Tunisia and Sicily-never yielded an inch.

-Hal Boyle (AP)

The Ninth Infantry Division, (also known as the Ninth Amphibious Infantry Division for its three amphibious landings at the opening of the North African Theater of Operations, the Sicilian campaign and the landings in Normandy to capture Cherbourg and give the Allies its first port) was busy pushing back the Germans in the Hurtgen Forest just before the Battle of the Bulge started. The Ninth relieved the First Infantry Division in the Luchem-Langerwehe-Juengersdorf-Merode region and went forward with the Third Armored Division to the Roer River.

When the German Ardennes Counteroffensive (another name for the Bulge) struck, the division contained attacks 16 December 1944 toward Mariaweller and Guerswenich. It next relieved the Second and Ninety-ninth Infantry Divisions and defended the Monschau area, restoring the Monschau Forest line by 23 December. It held the defensive sector from Kalterherberg to Elsenborn through 1945.

The division opened its next attack on the West Wall 30 January 1945 and had reached Rohren and the edge of the Monschau Forest when it was sent to resume the Roler and Urft River dam offensive on 1 February 1945. The 39th and 60th Regiments of the division reached the high ground southwest of Dreibern while the 47th Regiment of the Ninth cleared heights near Hammer. After house-to-house fighting through several towns, the 47th seized Wollseifen and reached the Urft Lake and took Dam No. 5. On 7 February the division consolidated and was reinforced by the 309th and 311th Infantry Regiments for the attack on Schwammenauel Dam which was captured by the 47th 9 February, as the 60th reached the Roer River's banks. The division then switched to the Hurtgen Forest sector again and crossed the Roer near Boich 26 February. The reinforced 329th pushed toward Thum and Berg, followed by the 60th. The 47th crossed the Roer 28 February and the division attacked toward the Rhine with the Ninth Armored Division. On 7 March 1945 the division reached Remagen bridgehead where the Ninth Armored had seized the Ludendorff Railroad Bridge intact, and the Ninth Infantry Division took over the site's defense. Both Ninths - Infantry and Armor - reached the Lahn River 28 March to set the bridgehead on the eastern bank of the Rhine River firmly in American hands.

1 April the division fooled the Germans by blocking escape from the Ruhr pocket and next attacked with the 39th to clear the eastern portion of the Harz Mountains 14 April. The 60th overran Maegdesprung and Friedrichsbrunn 18 April while

the 47th cleared Opperde and the motorized 39th reached Quedlinburg. Organized German resistance in the division's sector ended 19 April. On 25 April the division relieved the Third Armored Division along the Mulde River near Dessau and held that line until hostilities were declared ended 7 May 1945.

The Ninth was in eight campaigns. No other division was in more: Algeria-French Morocco, Tunisia, Sicily, Normandy, Northern France, Rhineland, Ardennes-Alsace, Central Europe.

Killed in Action: 3,856. Wounded in Action: 17,416. Died of wounds: 648.

The Ninth stopped Rommel's Africa Corps cold at Kasserine Pass, after the Nazis had pushed British and Americans back. The Ninth was the first unit into Bizerte, ending the Tunisian campaign.

The Ninth captured Cherbourg, Normandy, giving the Allies its first port. The Division was the first into Belgium and the first to breach the Siegfried Line, before stopping the Germans from widening their northern Bulge shoulder. The Ninth also fought back the only Nazi airborne assault in their rear while they were shoving back at the Germans in their front.

The division won more than five Medals of Honor, 66 Distinguished Service Crosses, 27 Legions of Merit, 1 Distinguished Flying Cross, 1855 Silver Stars, 61 Soldier's Medals, 2477 Bronze Stars for Valor, 3570 Bronze Stars for Merit, 126 Air Medals, 5 French Orders of the Legion of Honor, 14 French Croix de Guerre with Palm, 5 French Croix de Guerre with Silver Star, 14 French Croix de Guerre with Vermilion Star, and 37 French Croix de Guerre with Bronze Star, 5 British Distinguished Conduct Medals, 4 British Military Medals, 21 Belgian Croix de Guerre with Palm, 15 Presidential Unit Citations, 11 Meritorious Unit Citations and the Belgian Fourragere with two citations. The first Fourragere citation was for liberating Belgium and the second for saving Belgium during the German Counter-Offensive of 1944.

In early fighting in North Africa and Sicily, the Ninth was known as the Ghost Division, not only for its showing up to scare the Germans anywhere along the front, but because of censorship. Ernie Pyle, the "Doughboy's Reporter" said: "For some reason we have never fathomed the Ninth wasn't released through censorship as early as it should have been, while other divisions were and they received full credit....The Ninth is good." William H. Stoneman of the Chicago Daily News wrote: "The infantry from the Ninth Division rates a mass Congressional Medal."



VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE
10TH REUNION • CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA
September 5-7, 1991

HOTEL REGISTRATION FORM

Please complete and mail to:

Sheraton Inn Charleston Airport
5991 Rivers Avenue
Charleston, South Carolina 29418
(803) 744-2501

\$65 (Flat Rate)
Per Room, Per Night
Includes all Taxes

Name(s): _____

Address: _____

City, State, Zip: _____

Phone: (____) _____ Arrival _____ Departure _____

Non-Smoking _____ Smoking _____ Two Double Beds _____ One King Bed _____

Check-in Time: 3:00 p.m.

Check-out Time: 12:00 Noon

ROOMS WILL BE HELD FOR ARRIVAL UNTIL 4:00 P.M. UNLESS RESERVATION IS GUARANTEED WITH AN ADVANCE DEPOSIT OF ONE NIGHT'S STAY (\$65.00) OR A MAJOR CREDIT CARD. IF GUARANTEED IN ONE OF THESE WAYS, THE ROOM WILL BE HELD FOR YOU ALL NIGHT.

Card Type: _____ Number: _____ Exp. Date: _____

Required Signature: _____

Advance Deposit Enclosed: Yes _____ No _____

Please do not call the toll free number for worldwide Sheraton Reservations, as they will not be able to give you the special discounted rate arranged for your reunion.

COMPLIMENTARY TRANSPORTATION • Available 24 hours daily to and from Charleston International Airport. Please call hotel for transportation on courtesy phone located in baggage claim area.

DIRECTIONS • The hotel is located at I-26 and East Aviation Avenue. If driving in on I-26, take the exit 211-B (East Aviation Avenue). If driving in from the south on U.S. 17, get on I-526, exit on I-26 West, then exit on 211-B. If coming from the north on U.S. 17, get on I-26 West, then exit at 211-B.

REUNIONS

2ND AIR DIVISION, July 3-9, 1991, Dearborn, Michigan. Contact: New Jersey Chapter - 8AFHS, P.O. Box 134, Paramus, New Jersey 07653-0134.

2ND (INDIANHEAD) DIVISION ASSOCIATION, INC., July 17-10, 1991, Omaha, Nebraska. Contact: Henry Calder, 1511 Matogorda Drive, Dallas, Texas 75232.

2ND ARMORED DIVISION, 17TH ARMORED ENGINEER BATTALION, COMPANY A, May 2-5, 1991, Holiday Inn Downtown-Riverfront, North 4th Street, St. Louis, Missouri. Contacts: Eddie Wagner, 24 Harvey Lane, Lake Ronkonkoma, New York 11779 or Willard Curtis, 110 South Revena, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48103.

3RD ARMORED DIVISION, 36TH A.I.R., COMPANY A, June 18-22, 1991, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Contact: Clyde M. Grubb, 73 Race Street, Highspire, Pennsylvania 17034. Telephone: 717-939-5977.

3RD ARMORED FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, September 27-29, 1991, Manhattan, Kansas. Contact: Ira D. Cravens, 223 Bellerive Road, Springfield, Illinois 62704. Telephone: 217-546-2412.

4TH ARMORED DIVISION ASSOCIATION, August 22-25, 1991, Galt House Hotel, Louisville, Kentucky. Contact: National Headquarters, 4th Armored Division Association, 1823 Shady Drive, Farrell, Pennsylvania 16121. Telephone: 412-342-6058.

6TH ARMORED DIVISION & 777TH AAA AW BN, September 3-8, 1991, Marriott Hotel, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Contact: Ed Reed, P.O. Box 5011, Louisville, Kentucky 40205.

7TH ARMORED DIVISION ASSOCIATION, August 30-September 2, 1991, Stouffer's Harborplace Hotel, Baltimore, Maryland. Contact: Glen R. Fackler, Sr., 23218 Springbrook Drive, Farmington Hills, Michigan 48336.

8TH AIR FORCE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, September, 1991, New Orleans, Louisiana. Contact: New Jersey Chapter - 8AFHS, P.O. Box 134, Paramus, New Jersey 07653-0134.

9TH INFANTRY REGIMENT, "MANCHU ASSOCIATION," July 17-20, 1991, Omaha, Nebraska. Contact: Ray Tarabusi, 19 Waterford Drive, Englewood, Florida 34223. Telephone: 813-475-6063.

10TH INFANTRY, COMPANY A (WWII), June 20-23, 1991, Ramada Hotel, 700 Riverside Drive, Louisville/Jeffersonville, Indiana 47130. Contact: Frank B. Albanese, 974 Dalton Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland 21224. Telephone: 301-282-1622.

11TH ARMORED DIVISION ASSOCIATION, August 14-18, 1991, Hilton Palacio Del Rio, San Antonio, Texas. Contact: Alfred Pfeiffer, 2328 Admiral Street, Aliquippa, Pennsylvania 15001.

11TH ARMORED DIVISION, 55TH ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION, COMPANY B, September 6-8, 1991, St. Louis, Missouri. Contact: George L. Reimer, 12463 Roth Hill Drive, Maryland Heights, Missouri 63043. Telephone: 314-434-4733.

13TH ARMORED DIVISION ASSOCIATION, October 10-12, 1991, San Antonio, Texas. Contact: Miller M. Hanly, 3702 Pennsylvania Avenue, Charleston, West Virginia 25302. Telephone: 304-343-8288.

13TH FIELD ARTILLERY OBSERVATION BATTALION, September 25-27, 1991, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Contact: Paul D'Andries, 1095 Mississippi Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15216. Telephone: 412-563-4231.

17TH AIRBORNE DIVISION ASSOCIATION, August 1-4, 1991, Marriott Pavilion, St. Louis, Missouri. Contact: Edward J. Siergiej, 62 Forty Acre Mt. Road, Danbury, Connecticut 06811. Telephone: 203-748-3958.

18TH CAVALRY RECONNAISSANCE SQUADRON, July 12-15, 1991, in Seattle Washington. Contact: Ralph Schip at 10311 - 117th Place, N.E., Kirkland, Washington 98033. Telephone: 206-828-0350.

(26TH DIVISION) NATIONAL YANKEE DIVISION VETS ASSOCIATION, May 3-4, 1991, Holiday Inn, Normal, Illinois. Contact: W. Kent Stephens, 107 Bluffview Lane, Collinsville, Illinois 62234. Telephone: 618-344-1616.

28TH DIVISION, 103RD COMBAT ENGINEERS, June 20-22, 1991, Valley Forge Hilton, King of Prussia, Pennsylvania 19406. Telephone: 215-337-1200, Extension 7115. Contact: Tom Morrow, 104 Meadowbrook Avenue, Hatboro, Pennsylvania 19040. Telephone: 215-675-1697.

29TH DIVISION ASSOCIATION, June 13-15, 1991, Quality Hotel, Covington, Kentucky. Contact: George I. Smith, 2412 Griswold Court, New Port Richey, Florida 34655. Telephone: 813-372-8752.

35TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 134TH INFANTRY ASSOCIATION, October 3-6, 1991, Little Rock, Arkansas. Contact: James G. Graff, R.R. 1, Box 370, Middletown, Illinois 62666. Telephone: 217-445-2570.

38TH SIGNAL BATTALION, September 20-22, 1991, Concord Resort Hotel, Kiamasha Lake, New York. Contact: Marvin Green, 2417 Beverly Road, Cinnaminson, New Jersey 08077. Telephone: 609-387-1166.

42ND RAINBOW DIVISION, 242ND INFANTRY REGIMENT, ANTI-TANK COMPANY, July 10-13, 1991, Wyndham Greenspoint Hotel, Houston, Texas. Contact: Sol Feingold, 45 Jones Avenue, Chelsea, Massachusetts 02150. Telephone: 617-884-7562.

52ND ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION, 9 AD WW II, May 17-20, 1991, Hot Springs, Arkansas. Contact: Vern Reaugh, 222A Island Cove Court, Hampton, Virginia 23669. Telephone: 804-723-4859.

52ND AIB ASSOCIATION, A COMPANY FELLOWSHIP GROUP, September, 1991, Hot Springs, Arkansas. Contact: Joseph Tatman, 401 Canal Street, Box 107, Sugar Grove, Ohio 43155.

60TH ENGINEER, C BATTALION (35TH INFANTRY DIVISION), October 17-21, 1991, Holiday Inn, Kingston, New York. Contact: Rudy Wells, 108 Benson Court, Kingston, New York 12401. Telephone: 914-338-9253.

75TH DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION, July 11-14, 1991, Seattle, Washington. Contact: Auggie Meier, P.O. Box 11148, Tacoma, Washington 98411. Telephone: 206-564-4248.

75TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 291ST INFANTRY, COMPANY M, October 18-19, 1991, Barkley Lake Lodge, in Kentucky. Contact: Charles L. Eldridge, Route 8, Box 1155, Murray, Kentucky 42071.

78TH CAVALRY RECONNAISSANCE TROOP, May 2-5, 1991, Atlanta Airport Marriott Motel, 4711 Best Road, College Park (Atlanta), Georgia 30337. Contact: W. C. Lancaster, 5388 Old Woodall Court, Doraville, Georgia 30360. Telephone: 404-394-7158.

78TH SIGNAL COMPANY, September 20-22, 1991, Overland Marriott Hotel, Overland, Kansas. Contact: Paul Stokely, Route 1, Box 628, Center Point, Texas 78010.

83RD INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION (WW II), September 22-27, 1991, The Pines Hotel, South Fallsburg, New York. Contact: Robert Derickson, 3749 Stahlheber Road, Hamilton, Ohio 45013-9102.

84TH INFANTRY DIVISION RAILSPLITTERS SOCIETY, August 22-28, 1991, Red Lion Hotel, San Jose, California. Contact: Fred A. Leigh, 6454 Sierra Drive, Coulterville, California 95311. Telephone: 209-878-3653.

90TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION (AND ATTACHED UNITS), September, 1991, San Antonio, Texas. Contact: Carl Manuel, 1017 North 40th Street, Ft. Smith, Arkansas 72904. Telephone: 501-783-6559.

(Reunion announcements continued on page 9)

REUNIONS (Continued)

86TH CHEMICAL MORTAR BATTALION ASSOCIATION, June 11-16, 1991, Sheraton Park Plaza, 5555 Wayzata Blvd., Minneapolis, Minnesota 55416. Contact: Dean Gilbert, 1830 - 30th Avenue, San Francisco California 94122.

87TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION AND COMBAT SUPPORT UNITS, September 25-29, 1991, Airport Hilton-West, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Contact: Gladwin Pascuzzo, 2374 North Dundee Court, Highland, Michigan 48357-3716. Telephone: 313-887-9005.

99TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION, June 11-16, 1991, San Francisco Airport Marriott Hotel, Burlingame, California. Contact: Henry S. Richards, 19 Pinewood Court, San Mateo, California 94403. Telephone: 415-349-5384.

101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION, August 15-17, 1991, Reno, Nevada. Contact: Ivan Worrel, 101 East Morris Street, Sweetwater, Tennessee 37874. Telephone: 615-337-4103.

106TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 45TH REUNION, September 18-22, 1991, Marriott Hotel, Space Center, Huntsville, Alabama. Contact: Joseph (Joe) A. Massey, Route 1, Box 780, Remlap, Alabama 35133. Telephone: 205-681-1701.

129TH AAA GUN BATTALION, WW II, September 27-29, 1991, Holiday Inn, Manitowoc, Wisconsin. Contact: Charles C. Bowe, 615 Calumet Avenue, Kiel, Wisconsin 53042. Telephone: 414-894-3402.

150TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION (WWII), May 17-19, 1991, Plymouth, Massachusetts. Contact: Philip Dobruck, 873 Windsor Avenue, Windsor, Connecticut 06095.

159TH COMBAT ENGINEER BATTALION, September 12-14, 1991, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Contact: William Marco, 311 North 10th Street, Lebanon, Pennsylvania 17042. Telephone: 717-272-2178.

164TH COMBAT ENGINEER BATTALION, August 16-18, 1991, Magruder Inn, Williamsburg, Virginia. Contact: Mario Picciacchio, 934 Wallis Avenue, Farrell, Pennsylvania 16121.

174TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, November, 1991, Sandusky, Ohio. Contact: Arthur Subrink, 1830 Mills Street, Sandusky, Ohio 44870. Telephone: 419-625-9700.

177TH FIELD ARTILLERY, BATTERY C, June 29-30, 1991, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin. Contact: Anthony F. Tomaszewski, 441 - 11th Street North, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin 54494. Telephone: 715-423-1009.

179TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION ASSOCIATION, September 26-29, 1991, in Gulfport, Mississippi. Contact: James M. McCabe, 244 Burbank Street, Columbia, South Carolina 29210-7438. Telephone: 803-772-1827.

238TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION ASSOCIATION, July 18-21, 1991, York, Pennsylvania. Contact: Jesse Miller, 756 Greendale Road, York, Pennsylvania 17403. Telephone: 717-854-5269.

279TH ORDNANCE MAINTENANCE (AA) COMPANY, WWII, 1942-45, 50TH REUNION, Contact: Virgil A. Bodenhamer, 19830 Weybridge, Apt. 101, Mt. Clemens, Michigan 48043. Telephone: 313-463-2397

285TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION ASSOCIATION, WW II, October 3-7, 1991, Williamsburg, Virginia. Contact: Walter R. Maxwell, 309 Brock Road, Springfield, Pennsylvania 19064. Telephone: 215-543-6666.

291ST ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION, September 23-26, 1991, The West Bank Inn, Idaho Falls, Idaho. Contact: Willard Johnson, 648 N 1000E, Shelley, Idaho 83274. Telephone: 208-346-6169.

315TH ENGINEER BATTALION, September, 1991, San Antonio, Texas. Contact: Wilson M. Midyett, 4426 Kinglet, Houston, Texas 77035. Telephone: 713-729-8360.

328TH INFANTRY COMBAT TEAM, October 18-20, 1991, Quality Inn, Chicopee, Massachusetts. Contact: Bob V. Clapp, 208 Aspinwall Avenue, Brookline, Massachusetts. Telephone: 617-566-7147.

501ST PARACHUTE INFANTRY REGIMENT ASSOCIATION, July 11-13, 1991, Island Inn Hotel, LaCrosse, Wisconsin. Contact: Glenn Johnson, 6133 Journeys End Road, Rhinelander, Wisconsin 54501.

505TH MILITARY POLICE BATTALION (WWII), October 24-27, 1991, Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza, Natick, Massachusetts. Contact: Vincent J. Petringa, 55 Bradshaw Street, Medford, Massachusetts 02155.

511TH ENGINEERS LIGHT PONTON COMPANY, Mini Reunion: June 12-15, 1991, Holiday Inn of New Hope, Route 202, New Hope, Pennsylvania 18938. Annual Reunion: October 19-20, 1991, Fairfield Executive Inn, 216-234 Route 46 East Bound, Fairfield, New Jersey 07004. Contact: Nick Rosania, P.O. Box 412, Whitehouse Station, New Jersey 08889. Telephone: 908-534-2728.

526TH ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION ASSOCIATION, May 20-26, 1991, Liege, Belgium. Contact: Dick Stone, 6488 Church Street, Ferndale, Washington 98248. Telephone: 206-384-1974.

527TH ENGINEER LIGHT PONTON COMPANY, July 20-21, 1991, Northern Missouri. Contact: Marion L. Munsinger, 402 - 9th Avenue, Eldora, Iowa 50627-1413. Telephone: 515-858-3585.

557TH AAA (AW) BATTALION REUNION, May 17-19, 1991, Holiday Inn, Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania. Contact: James Nealon, 6304 Crafton Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19149.

644TH TANK DESTROYER BATTALION, September 6-8, 1991, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Contact: Frank Arieta, 114 West Catawissa Street, Nesquehoning, Pennsylvania 18240. Telephone: 717-669-9341.

676TH ENGINEERS LIGHT EQUIPMENT COMPANY, August 1-4, 1991, Hyatt Lincolnwood Hotel, Chicago, Illinois. Contact: John Pesta, 2003 Castleton Drive, Troy, Michigan 48063. Telephone: 313-524-9813.

702ND TANK DESTROYER BATTALION, COMPANY C, September 12-14, 1991, Hyannis, Massachusetts. Contact: George and Rita Sheehan, 67 Washington Bursley, Centerville, Virginia 02632. Telephone: 508-428-9306.

740TH TANK BATTALION, September, 1991, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Contact: Harry F. Miller, 2150 - 60th Avenue North #102, Seattle, Washington 98109.

987TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, June 7-8, 1991, Hollister, Missouri. Contact: W. D. Crawford, Route 1, Box 526A, Ore City, Texas 75683. Telephone: 903-968-6350.

SHAEF & HQ, ETOUSA, October 12-13, 1991, San Antonio, Texas. Contact: Don Thriffiley, 7340 Dundee Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70126. Telephone: 504-241-3065.

VETERANS OF WORLD WAR I, September 8-11, 1991, Daytona Beach, Florida, Surfside Regency. Contact: VWWI, 941 North Capitol Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002-4234. Telephone: 202-208-1388.

CAMP FANNIN FIRST REUNION, November 8-11, 1991, for all stationed there during WWII. Contact: Camp Fannin Reunion, Smith County Historical Society, 125 South College Avenue, Tyler, Texas 75702.

244 ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION May 6-9, 1991, George Washington Inn, Williamsburg, Virginia. Contact: Paul J. Manfort, 45 Overhill Avenue, New Britain, Connecticut 06053. Telephone 203-223-4760.

REUNION TIME IS RECRUIT A VBOB MEMBER TIME

You will be surprised to learn that many of your buddies in your old outfit do not know of VBOB's existence. Tell them...take along some membership applications.

MEMBERS SPEAK OUT

LEE ESTES (9TH INF and 310TH QM BN) would like to hear from headquarters personnel of VIII Corps relative to his remaining in position during the Bulge. Lee's address is: 322 Glenwood Avenue, Syracuse, New York 13207.

CHRISTOPHER C. McEWAN (101 ABND, 501 PRCHT INF), would like to contact some of the paratroopers he fought with in the BoB, particularly his platoon sergeant, his squad leader (whom he almost shot accidentally), or the trooper who helped him dig a foxhole and stayed with him all night at the machine gun position. Captain Stack was his commander and there was a Charles E. Brown who he remembers. He recalls: "... Before the breakthrough we were in a rest camp outside of Reims, France. I was with the 501 101st Airborne Division. I believe Company A Ordnance had taken most of the weapons and when the break through came we were loaded in open trucks and headed for Bastogne. I went up with just a knife in my boot. When we got outside of Bastogne in a wooded area, we were told that the troopers that didn't have any weapons could wait here til' they got some weapons for us. I was going to stay and wait for a weapon, but changed my mind. I'll probably pick up a weapon. I am glad I changed my mind because I heard that those guys that stayed there were wiped out when the Germans closed the gap around Bastogne. I would like to know if this was true...." He said some one might remember "...a tiger tank came out of the woods and fired 3 rounds. He didn't see us, but one of the rounds hit a chicken barn and sent chickens a hundred feet in the air." Christopher's address is: 3480 Vallejo Court, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80918.

EDWARD J. SIERGIEJ, 17TH AIRBORNE DIVISION ASSOCIATION, is trying to locate paratroopers and glidermen who served in the division during WW II (also Gold Star mothers and families of those who were killed in action). His address is 62 Forty Acre Mountain Road, Danbury, Connecticut 06811.

JOHN L. PINTO, of the 2ND AIR CARGO RESUPPLY, would like to hear from those who served in his division. John's address is: 2 Harts Hill Terrace, Whitesboro, New York 13492.

PHILIPPE NOTERMANS is writing a book about the Liberation of Belgium in September of 1944. He would like to contact veterans of the 113TH CAVALRY GROUP "RED HORSE." His address is: Route de Housse 27; 84671 Housse, Belgium.

New Member **K. K. KLING, 99TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 924 F.A. BN, A BATTERY**, writes in part: "I learned of The Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge from a Mr. JOSEPH SMOLIGA, who had a Battle of the Bulge decal on his automobile. I waited for him in a shopping center parking lot to learn how to become a member and get a decal. He sent me an application." *We're glad you found Joe and we're*

also glad to know that Joe's got that decal where people can see it.

SOL FEINGOLD, ANTI-TANK COMPANY, 242ND INFANTRY REGIMENT, 42ND RAINBOW DIVISION, is looking for members of his company. Also if any one may know the whereabouts of Danny McBride, Marvin Fielder (who were POWs) and Richard Danilowski. They have about 65 active members and are anxious to locate more. If you can help, please contact him: 45 Jones Avenue, Chelsea, Massachusetts 02150.

WILLIAM H. HOADLEY, of 8TH AIRFORCE, 351 BOMBARDMENT GROUP, has tried for years to locate the pilot of his plane who dove 10,000 feet to put out a fire on the #3 engine of his plane. The pilot was First Lt. Bill Cook. The incident took place on December 24, 1944, on a Biblus, Germany, raid. If anyone knows the whereabouts of Lt. Cook or any of the crew of this plane, please contact Bill Hoadley, 1270 Grove Road, West Chester, Pennsylvania 19380.

WALTER T. NIEDERMAYER, of the 99TH INFANTRY DIVISION, has authored an easy-to-read book recording the fury and intensity of the BoB entitled "Into the Deep Misty Woods of the Ardennes." This book records the deeds of heroism by units and the soldiers in disrupting the timetable of and in some cases completely stopping the German armies. Described as "...a must for students of military history and anyone interested in patriotism and the brave deeds of the American soldier." Please contact Walter at: 911 Yorkshire Road, Colonial Heights, Virginia 23834. Cost is \$13.50 postage paid.

MALCOLM MUSZYNSKI, 70TH INFANTRY DIVISION, reports that after 46 years, he has finally received his Purple Heart Medal. His injuries were received in the battle for Forbach, France, on February 7, 1945. Malcolm reports that after years of effort, someone finally got the right form to him and, after that, it was a matter of collecting information. He tells us his twin brother, MELVIN, was wounded on the same day. He was with the 4TH ARMORED DIVISION in Bastogne and Luxembourg.

The following are excerpts from a letter written by **ROGER B. SCHWEGER, Secretary-Treasurer of the 557TH AAA AW BATTALION**: "While attending the University of Wisconsin, in 1952-54, I joined the reserves and was assigned to the 557th. For years I have been an avid reader of military history and have read as much about every war we fought as I could find. I did find a reference to the 557th one time, but it was in an order of battle and did not really tell much about the unit. I have been curious for years what the unit did in WW II. To my knowledge there was no one in the reserve unit that had served with it in the war. I would appreciate hearing from anyone who could tell me something about the unit and where it served overseas." Roger's address is: Route #9, Box 447-S, Mountain Home, Arkansas 72653. Let him hear from you.

(See Page 12)

MEMBERS SPEAK OUT (Continued)

Were you stationed at Camp Haan, outside Riverside, California, between July 1943 and June 1944? Were you with the **75TH INFANTRY** during the Bulge? If you answer "yes" to either question, please contact: **MITCHELL DOUGLAS LEWIS**, 136 Dellway Drive, Nashville, Tennessee 37207.

New associate member **JOHN E. KEILLY**, who is stationed in Germany, would appreciate hearing from anyone who may have known his uncle **Pvt. Frederick Whiten**, who was with the **84TH INFANTRY, 335TH REGIMENT, COMPANY K**, and was killed in action Jan. 6, 1945, in the Battle of the Bulge. John's address is: Im Tannenhof 16, D-5204 Lohmar, Germany.

LEMUEL M. CLARK, of the **460 PARATROOPERS, 17TH AIRBORNE DIVISION**, would like to locate Lt. Lindsey or Lerie Bails with his group, or anyone who remembers him. Please write him at: 6101 I-40 West Apt #75, Amarillo, Texas 79106.

HILBERT R. THAETE would like to hear from anyone from **VIII CORPS FINANCE DEPARTMENT** or **63RD FINANCE DISBURSING SECTION**, which was attached to VIII Corps and stationed in Bastogne, Belgium, during BoB. He would also like to know about a VIII Corps annual reunion--dates, place, etc. Drop him a line at: 2025 Meadow Lane, Topeka, Kansas 66604. Telephone: 913-272-0134.

LEONARD SCHAFENBERG would appreciate hearing from anyone with the **174TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION**. His address is: 1911 East 29th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11229.

CHARLES A. SKLENAR is seeking persons interested in a 1992 reunion of the **482ND AAA AW BN (SP)**. Drop him a line at: 1427 South 167th Street, Omaha, Nebraska 68130 or telephone at: 402-330-0237.

JOSEPH FECSKOVICS writes that **80TH DIVISION** members in Florida who would like to know more about Post 47 can contact: **WALLY PONDER**, 4010 Leila Avenue, Tampa, Florida 33616. Telephone: 813-839-0648.

R. D. "BOB" SCHRELL writes: "...would like to hear from anyone who was in the **1ST ARMY, 509TH MILITARY POLICE BATTALION**. We were also in the **719TH**, I believe, at the end of the war. We had had infantry training before going overseas. We were special guards for Hqs in London, England, for Eisenhower and Bradley. There was a special cadre of men that hit the beach D-Day and I believe that there was not many of them that survived. Was originally from Fort Plain, New York, and have been in San Diego, California, for 30 years. Address is as follows: 2530 San Joaquin Court, San Diego, California 92109.

MICHAEL LUCIANO advises he had good response to his request for information on the Club Mobil Red Cross Girls and the 3H's (Hope, Helen and Hazel). He was delighted

to be able to let these ladies know that the coffee and doughnuts they delivered under adverse conditions had been very much appreciated. But he is still waiting to hear if anyone knows what happened to the L-4 pilots who directed artillery and Air Force fire and bombing. If you can help write him: 3 Treadwell Avenue, Westport, Connecticut 06880.

LYNN E. DRAKE, 87TH INF, 347 INF, would like to hear from anyone in his old outfit--he's been looking since the war. Drop him a note at: 10700 Rawles Road, Oakdale, California 95361.

HARRY M. KEMP has authored a 416 page story of the **109TH INFANTRY REGIMENT, 28TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, entitled "The Regiment: Let the Citizens Bear Arms!" It became available in April and the cost is \$24.95. It contains a large chapter on the Battle of the Bulge. Write Harry at: 7709 Broadway, B224, San Antonio, Texas 78209.

TOM OBLINGER would like to contact anyone who can provide information on the following outfits: **38TH REPLACEMENT BATTALION, 4337TH U.S. HOSPITAL PLANT, 342ND ENGINEER GENERAL SERVICE REGIMENT, 414TH ANTI-AIRCRAFT ARTILLERY GUN BATTALION**, or the **335TH HARBOR CRAFT COMPANY**. Write to tom at: 22788 Teppert Street, East Detroit, Michigan 48021 or call him collect at 313-774-4831.

BILL CREECH, of the **2ND (INDIAN HEAD) DIVISION**, is conducting a nationwide search for anyone who ever served with that division. Contact Bill at: P.O. Box 460, Buda, Texas 78610.

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SPECIAL NOTE: If any of you are able to locate the people you are seeking, please send us a follow-up note. We would like to know if you get together and so would our readers.

Life Begins at 80

I have good news for you. The first 80 years are the hardest. The second 80 are a succession of birthday parties.

Once you reach 80, everyone wants to carry your baggage and help you up the steps. If you forget your name or anybody else's name, or an appointment, or your own telephone number, or promise to be three places at the same time, or can't remember how many grandchildren you have, you need only explain that you are 80.

Being 80 is a lot better than being 70. At 70 people are mad at you for everything. At 80 you have a perfect excuse no matter what you do. If you act foolishly, it's your second childhood. Everybody is looking for symptoms of softening of the brain.

Being 70 is no fun at all. At that age they expect you to retire to a house in Florida and complain about your arthritis (they used to call it lumbago) and you ask everybody to stop mumbling because you can't understand them. (Actually your hearing is about 50 percent gone.)

If you survive until you are 80, everybody is surprised that you are still alive. They treat you with respect just for having lived so long. Actually they seem surprised that you can walk and talk sensibly.

So please, folks, try to make it to 80. It's really the best time of life. People forgive you for anything. If you ask me, life begins at 80.

Submitted by Bill Hemphill

28th Division G.I. War Prisoner Relates Experiences...Praises Red Cross

Carroll E. Frawley, Hdq. Co. 1st Bn.
110th Infantry Regiment, 28th Infantry Division



Cpl. C. E. Frawley

On December 19, 1944, around three o'clock in the afternoon, I was taken prisoner by the Germans, having eluded them for nearly three days after they started their counteroffensive, now known as the Belgium Bulge.

After we were captured, we were marched several days through Luxembourg into Germany, when we came to a small city called Gerolstein. Here we were kept for over a week in a large warehouse up on the side of a hill overlooking the city. We arrived at this "hell-hole", as it later proved to be, on December 24th, the day before Christmas. That day we were bombed by a flight of American medium bombers. Luckily all the bombs hit their target, which was a railroad station down in the city below us. But the next day Christmas Day heavy bombers came over on a "saturation" bombing which means that nothing in the whole city is to be spared. All around this warehouse bombs landed, but not one hit the building. Only debris from the explosion of the bombs hit the warehouse, and only one man was hit by this debris.

After we were captured and all the while we were in the warehouse, all we had to eat each day was a small cup of soup. This was nothing more than boiling water thickened with flour and seasoned with a little salt and a few potatoes and some bones thrown in. Along with the soup we received a few pieces of hard tack and that was all we got for one day, so naturally we lost weight and the pangs of hunger gave me my first taste of what suffering can be.

From Gerolstein we set out on a march for Limburg, which was the first Stalag, or permanent prison camp, we came to. It took us six days on foot to get there; we walked about 15 miles a day. At Limburg we registered for the first time as prisoners of war, and were interrogated by the Germans for any military information we might be so kind as to give them. Needless to say they got very little that they already did not know, not that any of our men gave them any secret information, but mostly because German intelligence is very good and very thorough.

We stayed at Limburg for twelve days when we were put in box cars, forty men to a car, which is a little over half the size of our box cars here in America.

We were in these cars for four days and nights with only a quarter of a loaf of bread, a little piece of cheese and one cup of water per day. At night we all had to lie on our sides on the floor of the box car to allow every man enough room to lie down, even then at least two men would have to sit up or take turns with someone for a place to lie down. We were so crowded that when one man wanted to turn over, everyone

had to turn; we didn't really sleep, just lay there waiting for daylight to break, and dreamed of food and home and pleasant things. After four days on the train we arrived in the city of Stargard on the eastern side of Germany. We walked out to the Stalag, about two miles from the train. This was Stalag II-D; it was a Canadian camp with most of the Canadians who were captured at Dieppe nearly two years before.

As we were the first Americans in this camp there was no Red Cross or anything else available for our amusement or recreation, so that all we got while there was the German rations of one bowl of soup a day and seven men to a loaf of bread plus a little margarine. We were there during the latter part of January and it was freezing cold. We were given only a few lumps of coal to heat a large room housing 22 men. In order to keep warm we had to huddle around the little fire or stay in bed wrapped in blankets. When we went outside we had to run or keep jumping around to keep warm. The Germans made us stand outside twice a day for roll call and they kept us out until they accounted for every man. Once we were kept out for nearly an hour standing in ranks, while the "Jerries" tried to find 19 men who were unaccounted for.

We were in this camp over a week when the Russians made an attack on that front and we were evacuated on foot to Neu Brandenburg, a little north of Berlin, about 120 miles from Stargard, the way we went. Actually the distance by main road was around 90 miles but we were kept off the highways because of the military trucks and refugees who were moving day and night.



Dr. Frawley with his son, Craig, in Frawley's dental chair, Washington, D.C.

We walked for six days, averaging about 15 to 20 miles a day. We walked cross country through fields, deep snow and on cobblestone roads which were very hard on our feet. At night we slept in barns in the hay and we were fairly comfortable and so exhausted that we slept like babies. The only bad thing about sleeping so comfortably was that if we took our shoes off, the next morning our feet would have

(Continued on next page)

swollen so much that we wouldn't be able to get our shoes on. Some of the men were left behind because they weren't able to get their shoes on and couldn't walk.

We were on the road nine days in all, six walking and three days we rested.

Finally we came to Stalag II-A at Neu Brandenburg, a regular or permanent American Stalag which had listed over two thousand American prisoners, but all but two or three hundred were out on working details, either on farms or in factories, etc. Here we received our first Red Cross parcels, something we had dreamed and heard of but had never seen in the two months we were prisoners. Nearly every man had lost between twenty and forty pounds. We were all weak from hunger and from the exertion of our long march. When I first got my parcel, or half parcel, as we received only one parcel between two men, I immediately proceeded to have a feast. We had dreamed for so long about what we would make, such as puddings, etc., from our parcels that many of us started to prepare elaborate dishes. Not having eaten anything really substantial or rich for so long, my stomach wasn't able to stand this rich food. I became quite sick for several days and ate hardly anything during this time, even though we had more food then than we ever had since we were captured.

We stayed at that camp for nearly two weeks and while there we received two parcels, one parcel between two men at that time. Then we left by train for Stalag X-B, between Bremen and Hamburg. This was to be my last Prison Camp until we were liberated. It took us one day and night to reach our destination, and again we were the first Americans to hit this Stalag. But we received better treatment and cooperation from the Germans at this camp than at any of the others. It was nearly three weeks before we received any help from the Red Cross. Parcels were sent to us from a port on the Baltic Sea and only three out of seven carloads of parcels got through. The rest were bombed somewhere between Hamburg and our camp. Finally they did come through and each man received a parcel. I've never seen anything boost the men's morale and send spirits soaring as did those food parcels when they came. Even on the day April 29th, when we were liberated by the British, neither our morale nor feelings showed the same satisfaction or pleasure we had when those parcels arrived.

I can truthfully say now that if it had not been for the Red Cross sending us food and medical supplies, many, many American boys who were prisoners of war in Germany would not be home today enjoying and fully realizing for first time what we in America really have, and how thankful we all should be that God has blessed us and spared us, even in wartime, most of the horror and suffering that is felt so completely in nearly all the other countries of the world.

Ed. note: Doc thinks he's alive today because of the fervent prayers of Emira's Cloistered Carmelite Nuns. Upon arriving home his first stop was a visit with his mother to the convent to thank Mother Superior for all the prayers offered. She replied, "We knew all the time you'd make it."



On August 29th, 1944, the 28th Division marched in Paris to commemorate the liberation of that city by the French two days before. The 28th Inf. Div. was the first American division to enter Paris since 1918.



A special postage stamp was issued in honor of this event and it was taken from the photograph above.

HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL MUSEUM SEEKS WORLD WAR II PHOTOS

The United States Holocaust Memorial Museum seeks color photographs depicting American soldiers liberating concentration camps at the end of the Second World War, or, alternately, black and white images showing the first contact between the prisoners and "G.I.'s. Any information welcome. Call Sarah Ogilvie collect at (202) 828-9595 or write The United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, 2000 "L" Street, Suite 717, Washington, D.C. 20036.

People never lie so much as after a hunt, during a war or before an election. OTTO VON BISMARCK

**VBOB - 1991 ETO
Tour Update:**

VBOB - 1991

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Since Saddam "gave up", the "Pre-War", interest in our tour has been renewed ... calls are being received each day.

Call us immediately - then send in your reservation - the plans must be finalized and bookings confirmed.

Tour participation priority is based on date reservation payment is received.

This is a historic time to be in Europe - with the end of the "Cold War" and now the triumph of freedom over another dictator.

What a proud, inspirational experience it will be to share the triumph of our Desert Storm "Brothers in Arms" with the Europeans.

It truly is the proudest time to be an American since the end of "Our War" - let's show our colors again in the ETO.



In Comradeship,

Earle R. Hart

Earle R. Hart
VBOB Tour Director

STARS AND STRIPES HIGHLIGHTS BULGE BATTLES

CHARLES CURLEY (2 INF 38 INF REGT 2 BN E CO) has provided a reprint from the Liege Edition of *The Stars and Stripes* which details fighting of troops of the 38TH INFANTRY REGIMENT in the mud-bogged Monschau area in December 1944.

In the seesaw combat of several days, the Germans saw 78 tanks, armored cars and trucks destroyed or disabled. In the bitter fighting the enemy dead and wounded were in the four figure mark.

Staff Sergeant Paul Hepler, machine gun crew chief, was captured there and escaped twice within 24 hours. Pfc. Isabel Sulazar, a cook's helper, single-handedly knocked out two enemy tanks with a bazooka at a range of 200 yards.

1944 MAGAZINE ARTICLE RECALLS 82ND AIRBORNE DIVISION ACTION

Action of the 82ND AIRBORNE DIVISION in and around the village of Cheneux in December 1944 was reported in *Tank Magazine*, a copy of which was furnished by RAYMOND FARY (80TH AA ABN BN, 82ND ABN DIV).

The battle which ended successfully began when PFC. RUSSEL P. SNOW, a regimental clerk, volunteered to drive half-track even though he had never handled one before. Antiaircraft Artillerymen PFC. HAROLD KELLY and PFC. HARRY KAPROWSKI, who were engaged in an anti-tank mission, offered to work the .77 which they had never fired.

Sometime later Harold Kelly received the English Military Medal which corresponds to our Silver Star. Harry Kaprowski was awarded the Bronze Star and RUSSELL SNOW received a pat on the back.

VBOB - 1991 ETO TOUR

15 MEMORABLE DAYS

Join your VBOB buddies on a tour of the Ardennes Battlefields, plus many favorite European sights - London / Normandy / Paris / the Rhine, etc.

A Return To The ARDENNES PLUS EUROPEAN SIGHTS

New Dates: Fri., July 12 to Fri., July 26

\$2760 Per Person - Double Occupancy

COME BACK TO WHERE WE ARE "ALWAYS REMEMBERED" - NOW IS THE TIME

There have been many requests for another VBOB tour - especially with a more comprehensive itinerary - covering a balance of military and tourist subjects.

Every VBOB member would be well served to visit the Allied countries that we, collectively, liberated. It is a most rewarding experience - to meet and be thanked by those to whom we gave back the precious gift of freedom - "they will never forget."

ITINERARY

Fly from JFK to London - London tour - Southampton with special G.I. Dugout evening/D-Day Museum - Cross English Channel to Cherbourg - Tour American Normandy D-Day battlefields - Paris/city tour - Rheims/cathedral/War Surrender Room - Luxembourg City - CEBA tour/ Hamm cemetery - Bastogne trip/Military Vehicle Group - Bulge trip to Liege/Malmedy/La Gleize/ - Bulge No. shoulder tour/St. Vith with CRiBA/ Rhine/land trip to Rhine/Koblenz/Remagen bridge/Ft. Ehrenbreitstein/ - Rhine cruise-Koblenz to Frankfurt - Farewell Banquet - Flight home to states from Frankfurt.

TOUR SIZE - PARTICIPATION PRIORITY

The tour size will be determined by bus capacity - tour participation priority will be based on date reservation payment is received.

SO "JOIN UP"

Sign up for 15 days of remembrances, comradeship and convivial enjoyment. Send your \$200 returnable deposit ASAP so your place will be secured and firm tour plans can be made.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OPPORTUNITIES TO SHARE MOMENTS WITH YOUR BUDDIES

Any veteran is advised to take advantage of any opportunity to relive those moments with buddies that once had been close as a brother, when you shared and shared alike - it will be a memory that time cannot erase.

MORE INFORMATION

To receive a set of detailed information and to be placed on the Tour Mailing List - fill out the form below or call.

INFORMATION REQUEST - VBOB 1991 ETO TOUR

Please send available tour information and place my name on the Tour Mailing List for further mailings.

Name _____ Unit _____

Address _____

Telephone _____

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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

Allan H. Stein
F Company
508th Paratroop Infantry
82d Airborne Division
Newport News, Virginia

A third of our company was stationed near Rheims, France. A third were on R&R in England, and a third were in hospitals or gone. I was to go on R&R the 17th of Dec.

About 7:30 p.m. we were called in by the Company Cmdr. We were to mount up, we were going into Belgium. A crisis seemed to have happened. We loaded up in open-bodied trucks and with full speed ahead, headed off for a place called the Ardennes. I had just received a package from home with four cartons of cigarettes. Where the hell do you put four cartons with the other stuff we had. Naturally, I somehow lost my gas mask. The container was a very nice place for all those little oddities one takes with one.

It was a miserable cold trip. We passed through towns where already the people were on the move. "The Germans were coming."

I was carrying the new folding bazooka, I had never fired it for effect, and was hoping to do so as soon as we hit our base. I don't know how long we travelled but we passed through Malmedy, St. Vith and unloaded in Bastogne.

Orders were that the screaming eagles were to hold Bastogne, we were headed up towards the Northern part of the bulge.

I asked if I could try out the Bazooka but was told that we didn't know who was around us. Going through the towns I was struck by the desolation and emptiness, burned out buildings, barns, black holes where shells had hit. The miserable cold. We didn't see anything or anyone for the first few days.

On the 24th we moved up to a hill and dug in. You could hardly break through the ground to dig a fix hole. I remember finally laying down and covering myself with my shelter half. I don't know how long I lay there but it was getting so warm and comfortable. The sergeant woke me up. I was covered with snow. I think that if he had not found me I would have become one of the frozen statues that we saw. I went on a patrol, my first one, with two others. Following the book, we crawled, stooped, and heard what sounded like tank engines. We came back and reported. That night we were ordered off the hill by the command of the British 2d army that we were attached to.

On the 24th, we dug into a field, that night our positions were hit by what seemed like an entire German Battalion. Our entire line opened up a continuous fire until we were down to a few clips. Cans of loose ammo was brought to us to reload our clips. At that time I thought it was the proper time to try my bazooka. I aimed it at where our outpost had been. I guys had come in. I fired it and 'bam' it hit a tree. I was reloading the bazooka when I thought some one had hit me in the face. When my ear started bleeding I realized that I had been hit by shrapnel. The next day we were

ordered to move out. It was discovered that my tree burst had broken up a platoon of Germans getting ready to hit our position. Their bodies punctured by wood and shrapnel, the bazooka worked. The field in front of us was filled with the frozen bodies of dead and dying Germans. On the way out they mortared our positions. I heard them coming in. I hit the snow, and heard a thump. I closed my eyes figured Stein you've had it. God must have been watching. I looked to my left a dud mortar was about three feet away from my head.

I think the most bizarre memories were of the frozen dead bodies being tossed into trucks like cord wood. And even today, on a cold December night, I look up at the moon and wonder and thank God, I'm still around to remember.

Oh yes! My four cartons of cigarettes were wet and of no value. I also wonder what if I had gotten to Paris, with those four cartons. They were worth a fortune. But better the cigarettes, than me.

December 16, 1944

Bryson Clarke
602nd Engineer
Combat Battalion
VIII Corps
1st United States Army
North Little Rock, Arkansas

I was with the 602nd Engineer Camouflage Bn. a First Army unit in support of 8th Corps, from Oct 1944 until January 1945. Unfortunately we were in support of the 8th Corps by verbal orders of our Bn CO and First Army Engineer, Col. Carter. My headquarters was located about 5 km. east of Bastogne between the Wiltz Luxembourg main roads in a town called Wardin the 1st platoon was in support of the 28th Division, 2nd Platoon was in support of the 106th Div, and was located in Schoenberg, and 3rd platoon was in support of the 9th Armed Div. and was located in Mersch, and the 4th Platoon was in support of the 4th Div, near Luxembourg.

On Dec. 16 I started my usual inspections of my platoons and as I approached a road junction not far from my Hqrs. I ran into a road block set up by an Infantry unit of the 28th Div, and learned of the problems ahead, and was warned not to go to far. I proceeded north to Troisvierges to see my 1st Platoon, they were working on tanks supporting the 28th, I sent them back to Bastogne with instructions to organize security. I then proceeded to St. Vith and found my 2nd platoon involved in moving the cranes and heavy equipment back for the Engineers of the 106th Div, I ordered them to Wardin and proceeded to our Bn. Hqrs. in Verviers, Belgium. I reported to the Bn. Co. He instructed me to keep abreast of the situation through 8th Corps and 1st Army would sent instructions to me.

I returned to Wardin and by that time my 3rd Platoon had arrived and we set up our meager defense, our Company

strength was 66 men and officers all specialties with no real firepower. My 4th Platoon remained with the 4th Div as I saw no real problem in their area.

I kept in touch with the 8th Corps Engineer and watched the advance of the Krauts. On December the 18th the driver of the platoon commander of the 4th platoon, walked into my Hqrs. out of breath and said that the platoon commander, Lt. Nord, driving to my Hqs. ran into the back of a German halftrack and had to surrender. The driver jumped through the back window in the 3/4 ton truck, using the truck as a shield managed to get to our headquarters Wardin. Shortly after I received a message to move to the vicinity of Neufchateau. As we pulled out an artillery unit was firing with the tubes almost parallel to the ground.

The reason I am writing this is to see if anyone of your readers remembers our unit. We worked helping to build and conceal machine guns, artillery pieces, we welded summerfield matting to tanks, painted tanks white and issued snow capes and also helped to build squad shelters. We were replaced by a Company from the 101st who were practically wiped out on the 19th of Dec. in Wardin. We lost practically all Engineer Equipment.

We went back finally to St. Truiden reequipped and were sent up to support the XVIIIth Airborne Corps on January 3rd, 1945. I have been back to Bastogne, Malmedy, St. Vith, Schoenberg and many other locations. By the way Lt. Nord escaped twice from the Germans made his way to the Russians, then to the Black Sea and finally returned to the United States. The experiences he had would fill a book and sound like a movie script.

December 16, 1944

Harry F. Martin, Jr.
L Company
424th Infantry Regiment
106th Infantry Division
Mt. Arlington, New Jersey

The morning of the 16th one of our leaders came charging into our cabin just before dawn screaming, "The Germans are coming! The Germans are coming! We'll all be killed!" Those exact words are etched in my brain for the rest of my life. Thoughts raced through my head: this had been a quiet sector for almost three months. We had only been here for five days so why are the Germans attacking us? We grabbed our rifles and steel helmets without wasting a second and got out of the cabin as fast as we could. Bill and I were assigned to the open foxhole on the extreme left flank. The rest of the platoon went to the log bunkers directly in front of them.

As soon as we got into our foxhole Bill announced that he was going to use a rifle grenade. He sat down in the foxhole and affixed the grenade to his rifle. Seconds later I could see hundreds of shadowy heads bobbing up and down coming over the crest of the hill just before dawn. They acted like they were drunk or on drugs. They came over the

hill screaming and shrieking. Their shrill screams went right through my head. I was absolutely terrified. They had already out flanked our company and now they were coming to finish us off.

Being on the extreme left flank with nothing on our left and out of sight of our platoon on the right it felt almost like we were against the entire German Army. I was horror-stricken. There was no thought of running away or surrendering, the thought never entered my mind. I had an absolute conviction to fight to the death while being certain that we would be killed. Just about this time Bill tugged on my leg. I was vaguely aware that Bill asked me to let him know when the Germans were close enough. Neither one of us had ever fired a rifle grenade before and we did not have the slightest idea of the effective range. There were so many of them storming down the hill coming right for us. There was no way of stopping all of them. I had a feeling of utter hopelessness of surviving the attack. I was panic-stricken. I felt that my entire life force had left my body. I was already dead and I was fighting like a zombie. Sheer panic set in causing me to fire my rifle without thinking or aiming. I was unaware of my body, just terror, firing my rifle as fast as my finger could pull the trigger. But they still kept coming as though they were immune to death. Apparently I was not hitting a thing. I was so transfixed with fear and terror my eyes did not focus on the individual enemy attacking. I was firing blindly as fast as I could without



thinking or looking through the sights of my rifle. All hope of living was gone. Bill tugged on my leg again and yelled, "Are they close enough?" I can remember telling him no but my brain did not register distance or range. I could not even think about what Bill was saying. He tugged on my leg a half dozen times during the battle and I kept telling him no. In my terror-stricken seizure I continued to fire my rifle frantically in the general direction of the swarming sea of terror coming my way. I could only see the huge mass of bodies charging toward me. It appeared as though the entire hillside was alive and moving in with its huge tentacles reaching out to devour me.

Some of the Germans went to their right and stormed the company command post. I was vaguely aware of hearing hand grenades exploding inside the CP. They killed our Company Commander. But with the Germans charging closer and closer, still screaming, and bullets zipping by my

head any thoughts of regret for Capt Bartel did not register, and we all would soon be dead anyway.

In the middle of this terrifying battle I heard a very confident calm voice inside my head say, "Squeeze the trigger." I instantly calmed down, took careful aim at one of the charging Germans through my gunsight and squeezed the trigger. He flung his arms up over his head and fell down dead, shot through the head. I felt a sensation surge through my whole body. I was no longer a zombie. My life force had come surging back. I was alive and for the first time I felt that I had a chance to come out of this battle.

At this very moment I was a veteran combat soldier. I continued to shoot the attacking Germans until they finally stopped coming. The battle was over. After such intense fighting it was very strange how suddenly the battle ended. How quiet everything had become. A feeling of disbelief that it was over. At the time it seemed like it would never end.

Later I thought about the voice that I heard in my head that told me to squeeze the trigger. I failed to qualify with the rifle in basic training. I had to go back and do everything by the numbers without live ammunition again. For the next five weeks after supper and on Sundays; the practice continued. Over and over they drummed the procedure by the numbers into my head, always ending with "Squeeze the trigger, do not jerk the trigger, slowly squeeze the trigger, sque-e-e-ze the trigger." After awhile, at night I dreamt about squeezing the trigger. We made fun of doing things by the numbers but it saved my life.

The battle was over. I had conquered my worse fears and I had stood to fight the enemy. The battle had started just before dawn. I have no idea what time it was over. It had seemed like an eternity. But now it was over. What a great feeling it was to have survived our first battle. I had just started to relax a little when suddenly I came to the full realization of what had happened when the Germans threw the grenades into our company command post. Capt. Bartel was dead and I was responsible. At the beginning of the battle when I was in my terror-stricken stage firing my rifle without thinking or aiming, some of the Germans dispersed to their right and surrounded the CP. If I had not been so terrified I could have stopped them before they reached the CP. Because of my inability to function in the beginning Capt. Bartel was dead. I had let my company commander down and I felt tremendous remorse.

About thirty minutes later, still feeling remorseful, I looked up as some of the men from the other platoons walked by on their way to our field kitchen. I could not believe my eyes. There, among the men, stood Capt. Bartel. He was alive! Oh, thank God! Capt. Bartel was alive! I was very surprised and at the same time very happy to see him. He had not been in the company command post when the Germans threw the grenades in. he had left that post before our 3rd Platoon was alerted. He was already up with the main body of our company. We had slept through the heavy artillery barrage that struck our forward platoons.

When the artillery lifted our company was attacked by hundreds of German infantrymen. As the men of the 3rd Platoon continued to sleep Capt. Bartel called on our 591st Field Artillery to fire on the Germans. As the Germans got closer the captain continued to call for artillery support. When the enemy broke through our lines the captain called for artillery to fire directly on Company L's positions. When the artillery did not respond he called again explaining that the Germans were in the open while they were in fortified positions.

December 18, 1944

Joe Tatman

A Company

52nd Armored Infantry Battalion

9th Armored Division

Sugar Grove, Ohio

I was in Company A of the 52nd Armored Infantry Battalion, and I do express my opinion of our capture. Perhaps some don't remember and some do. I for one, on Sunday, December 18th, A-Co. 3rd Platoon were dug in at the top of a very high cliff. Below us was a German outfit. We attempted several times to knock them out, by motor fire, but with no success.

During the P.M. hours we were taken off the line. Yet today I have no knowledge of any outfit taking over. Looks to me that this would give the Nazi a wide open gap. We were to put up for the night in Bastogne, and leave early Monday for a three day rest. As we prepared to bed down for the night, we were alerted by Division Headquarters to mount up and get the hell out of town. We could hear the Nazi closing in on us. By moving out immediately we could make it. then the head officers over our battalion ignored these orders, believing we could hold out.

So after a restless night of being on alert, they decided to mount up and make a break. Too late, the gap was closed. We tried a trail through a wooded area. But the Nazi 88 put the head vehicles and officers out of business. No way the convoy could get through.

We were stopped both sides of the trail was covered by Nazi. Anyone that was able to carry a gun and stand on his feet, ran, we had no chance. Most of our Co. was captured. Like a fool I ran full blast, every bit of 500 yards, with bullets flying all around me. Lucky no hits. After I fell in a ditch, out of breath, I raised up to find 3 of my squad had followed me. We relaxed a few minutes. I recall 3 soldiers from headquarters joined us, but could never remember their names. However I did recall them telling us about the Nazi knocking out the leading vehicles and officers.

Then the seven of us took off, we finally came to a farm at the edge of Bastogne. We then decided to hide in the hay loft for the night, then try to get back to the lines the next day. But early that day a German Company set up headquarters in the house. They put their vehicles in the

drive way to the barn.

Again we were trapped as they placed their guards all around. We ran out of food and water. One of the boys had a D ration Bar and we all nibbled on it. Imagine 7 of us on a 2 inch square bar! After 5 days and nights things began to get rough and cold. We talked about Christmas and home, never giving up our hopes.

I now recall that approximately at 4:00 p.m. Christmas Eve, a loud voice was heard. As we raised up to find a Nazi guard at the top of the ladder to the hay mow. He shot up through the barn roof and yelled at us to come down. As we came down we were lined up in front of two other guards. He then called for their head superior officer. He came out from the house near by, a smile on his face a big hand shake and greeted us like brothers. He was a lawyer in New York and had returned to his home land to settle his father's estate.

He spoke very plain English, and ask no questions. Not about our Co., how long we had been in the barn, or when we last had food and water. He took us into their kitchen, where the cooks were preparing for a Christmas party. They gave us milk and hot donuts. He talked and joked about the war and hoped it would soon be ended, so we could all be back home again.

He then sent us across town, to a big old empty house, straw on the floor, no windows or doors. Across the street, a large Catholic Church and adjoining grave yard, had been bombed by the Air Force. Bones were laying in the street and in the neighboring yards.

The guards were good to us and felt we did not need this war. As darkness grew the head officer and his C.O. came in with warm water, towels and shaving materials. he told us to shave and wash up. He and his men were having a Christmas party. They took us back to their headquarters.

In this large home was an elderly couple. They had set a large beautiful table in a decorated dining room. Across the hall where the Nazi party was going on, the table was covered with all kinds of food and drinks. Even a large meat plate, with all brands of American cigarettes.

After we ate, the officer came in and requested we join his men and sing Silent Night for them. Then they sang it to us in their language. A wonderful group.

They requested we sing, just any old song, and they would give us another fifth of wine. We sang to them, "Down by the Old Mill Stream." As the officer in charge told the guards to return us to the old house for the night, he spoke very cheerfully. He told us the Christmas party was given to us by him and his men. As we would begin our journey in Hell, he turned us over to the other Nazi guards. He and his men hoped for us the best, and hoped we would soon be released to our home land.

Did Hell begin? Yes, it sure did, and will never be forgotten. We saw a lot, and hope and pray to this day we will never see our homes, our cities, churches and farm lands bombed and destroyed as it has been in the war zones overseas. Human innocence, old folks and children's bodies,

underneath the bombed buildings.

December 1944

Gustav Berle
970th CIC Detachment
Silver Spring, Maryland

There was another side of the "Ardennes Affair" that has not been mentioned in the BUGLE. I wonder how many readers might remember, or were a part of, the army's intelligence sector?

The 970th CIC Detachment commanded by Major Riddle, an Alabama reservist, was headquartered in Eupen. Out of the boondocks, in Malmedy, were Lt. Joe Thiele of Duluth MN, Sgt. Armand Demers, a French-Canadian who used to be a Pinkerton man in Montreal, and yours truly--the only German-speaking member of the triumvirate. Our job: to find out and transmit any information of strategic value.

We got word as well as sighted in two forays to Mondschaun and Kalaterherberg that unusual activity took place on the eastside of the border. Our reports back to HQ evidently did not create sufficient alarm. When the first shells hit the square in Malmedy and the USA hospital was evacuated, we knew that drastic measures were called for. We buried all our files and even personal IDs; bundled our Polish housekeeper into our jeep along with three duffelbags crammed with Christmas rations, and headed back to Stavelot. Here we deposited everything in an abandoned farmhouse, turned around, and headed back to Malmedy. It was the last time we ever saw the young woman or our loot.

That night we kept watch alternately on our balcony, piled high with furniture barricades. Down below a half-track and a 12-man platoon kept watch. 15 of us "held" the town of Malmedy. At around midnight a vehicle came racing down the road and screeched to a halt in front of the armored vehicle. In it were three GIs, grimy and white. One had been shot; his uniform was bloodied. Their neckerchieves identified them to us and their password was yesterday's correct one. From them we found out that the German tankers had mowed down the motley company of captured GIs and this trio, and perhaps a few others, were the only survivors.

A tipoff to the finale: five days later units of the 30th Infantry broke through and "rescued" us. The colonel to whom I reported our presence took one look at my U.S. Coast Guard foul weather gear (which saved my life during the previous hectic days), brought me to attention, and barked, "Soldier, you're out of uniform. Report back in 30 minutes in proper uniform." Period. Needless to say, I never did. The three of us went "over the hill" (literally) preferring to face rumored German parachutists, on their way to Eupen. I wonder where Joe Thiele and Armand Demers and all the other 970ers are today? Anybody know?

Marvin C. Drum
C Company
814th Tank Destroyer Battalion
Jackson, Missouri

December 1944

Editor's Note: The first page of Mr. Drum's account became separated from the last page, so our last issue contained only part of his story. We are, therefore, reprinting this article in toto.

Being a young man of 18 years, and leaving home for the first time, I didn't know what it was going to be like the next 3 years from Normandy to Baltic. In Camp Hood, Texas, they formed the 814th T.D. Bn., Co. C, which I was a part of. We got our first tank in England with a bulldozer and we could knock hedge rows down. I called it Calamity Jane.

It was October 29, 1944 in Asteng, Holland, we were calling for some artillery help, but they only fired one round. Advancing against the concentrated fire of three German Tiger Tanks, our tank destroyer participated in an assault on the positions, destroying two German tanks, and damaging the remaining hostile vehicle. Although shells were bursting in close proximity we managed to do our job. We assisted in the destruction of numerous targets, including a building occupied by 50 German soldiers when our tank was struck 5 times by enemy fire and burst into flames. I crawled over 1,000 yards to join another crew of my Battalion. We had a crew of 4, Dale Dykes and myself were the only ones to get out. I was hit with shrapnel and got my ears busted.



After I got Calamity Jane 2 in early December 1944, we were near Metz. I was gunner and we got hit. Bob Shaffer was with me. They knocked our track out and caved in our ammunition departments. We had a crew of 4 and we all got out. A few days later we got our 3rd tank and again Calamity Jane got hit in the radiator, but it was repaired and we had this tank until the end of the war.

The later part of December 1944 it was bitter cold and snowing. My buddy Ernest Stevens and I were on first watch. We turned in about 2400 hours in a German fox hole. Daybreak, Stevens started punching me for my 45 pistol. I thought it was Germans. He saw a rabbit outside our fox hole (thinking of a rabbit for dinner) but found out it was froze stiff. When we talk over old times the story of the rabbit is always mentioned.

John B. Savard
G Company
38th Infantry Regiment
2d Infantry Division
North St. Paul, Minnesota

"The enemy drive was halted."
It said in the papers one day.
But little the folks back home realized
The price we had to pay.

Our position a farm at a crossroad,
To hold as long as we could.
There may be some friendly troops out there,
Making their way through the wood.

A patrol was sent out to make contact,
But none of the men returned.
The rest of the company dug foxholes,
While off to our right a town burned.

Then quickly the Germans were on us.
We could hear them scream and yell.
But our guns opened up in an instant,
and the din of battle was hell.

They seemed to be coming from every direction
Their panzers were belching flame.
The infantry man and his "burp" gun,
To kill and destroy was his aim.

Our mortars fired from back of the barn
Till all of their shells were gone.
The men in the fox holes held the line
As the night and the battle wore on.

A group of S.S. broke through our line,
In a charge straight down the road.
But our 1st sergeant using some headquarters men
Cut them down like wheat freshly mowed.

The pressure was getting stronger.
The line was beginning to tear.
Then the captain called for artillery fire
Upon our position there.

We all crouched deep in our fox holes
Or took cover wherever we could.
As the shells fell all about us,
The Germans withdrew to the wood.

We held and the first rays of dawning
Showed destruction on every hand.
Twisted bodies of Yank and German
Lay there where we made our stand.

You see that form under the blanket?
That's a buddy I'll always hold dear.
We came in as replacements together,
Now he's gone and by luck I'm still here.

Yes we held them there at that cross road
In the mud and the driving snow.
A moment of time in the Battle of the Bulge
Many long years ago.

We Need Your Story!!

***We are fast running out of stories
for this column and we need your help.
Won't you send us your story? You've
got a group of guys just waiting to hear
from YOU.***

Salute To The USO

The United Service Organizations, known to all GIs as the USO, celebrated its "50 years of service to service people" February 4, of this year. This organization was formed from six non-profit organizations: Salvation Army, Young Men's Christian Association, National Catholic Community Services, National Traveler's Aid Association, and the National Jewish Welfare Board. These organizations responded to President Franklin D. Roosevelt's "call to action" as the growing threat of world conflict loomed on America's horizon.

The USO provided that warm touch of home to more than 12 million servicemen and women during World War II. Over 3,000 clubs, lounges and other facilities worldwide provided a place to meet, dance, play games, see a movie, and/or relax. The USO/Camp Shows presented almost half a million performances to audiences totaling more than 200 million--big names like Bob Hope, Frances Langford, Joe E. Brown and Martha Raye highlighted a list of more than 7,000 entertainers.

Throughout the Korean and Vietnamese wars, the USO continued to provide service members with a wide range of specialized services. Today, in Operation Desert Storm, the USO has been on hand to provide that "little extra" that means so much to our armed forces. There are three major centers in gulf countries.

Chartered by Congress as an independent agency, USO receives no government funding. The generosity of the American public, through individuals and corporations, as well as funds from United Way and Combined Federal Campaigns, keep the organization providing these much needed services.

**SO, OUR HATS ARE OFF AND WE OFFER OUR
THANKS TO THE ONES WHO OFFERED SO MUCH
DURING OUR DIFFICULT AND LONELY TIMES SO
MANY YEARS AGO.**

Chapter News

GOLDEN GATE CHAPTER*Lt. Gen. William F. Train spoke to us at our Nov.23rd meeting. He gave an attention grabbing talk about his experiences during the Battle of the Bulge when he, a Lt. Col., commanded a battalion of the 112th Infantry Regiment of the 28th Div. The division was responsible for an entire 26 miles of front and the 112th was spread over a front of six and a half miles! The German offensive began on Dec. 16th, and the 112th counterattacked on the 17th to restore its position. On the 19th, they were ordered to withdraw and the 112th, being cut off from the division, became the 112th RCT under Gen. Montgomery. On Dec. 24th, it fought alongside the 82nd Airborne Division. On Jan. 3, 1945, the 112th was attached to the 30th Inf. Div., and on the 6th they launched an attack. Following a drive across Alsace, the 112th then joined the First French Army. That was where Bill Train picked up the French Croix de Guerre avec Palme and learned that, while the US Intelligence was completely taken by surprise by the German offensive, the French knew it was coming!

When the Battle of the Bulge ended, the 112th was short on liquor with which to celebrate, so they pooled their resources, cointreau, cognac, armagnac, gin, scotch, bourbon—all mixed together. They called this mixture the "Herman Goering Fizzle"

Our speaker for the meeting on February 9th was Lt. Gen. William H. Harrison who discussed, from the vantage point of his foxhole, the latest developments and the local impact being caused by Operation Desert Storm.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA CHAPTER*Slowly we are growing and invite all interested persons to attend a meeting on April 14.

SOUTH CAROLINA CHAPTER*We ran a contest to name our newsletter and the vote settled on T-N-T CHAT. The newsletter is designed to inform our members of events pertaining to the Past, Present, and Future. The T.N.T is easily recognized as a high explosive used extensively in WWII.

As an acronym it means THEN-NOW-THEN. THEN—past, NOW—present, THEN—plans. CHAT is "To talk in a light and familiar manner." Together T-N-T CHAT is a powerful tool of sharing memories, on- going actions, and plans for the future.

The home of our Treas., Rufus Lewis and his lovely wife Charlotte, was the site of our Anniversary meeting of 16 December 1990. This memorable meeting was the largest one that we have had since the beginning of our chapter back in 1988. We've come a long way since the meetings at the Forest Acres Police Station. Those attending this year numbered 53. What with the Christmas spirit along with the family atmosphere provided by the Lewis's, this had to be the best meeting yet. Many thanks again to our gracious hosts and ladies who helped with refreshments and door prizes.

At the meeting we approved new permanent name tags in the shape of our state with chapter name, member name, and VBOB logo.

NEW JERSEY CHAPTER*At our Dec. 15th meeting, all members agreed to keep our present officers for the year 1991. Future meetings are scheduled to be at 11:00 am on May 18, Sept. 14, and Dec. 14. The May 18 meeting may be changed to May 19 at 1:00pm for a sit down dinner for a Memorial Day program. Interested non-members check with the Pres. Andriola.

WILLIAM P. SCHNEIDER NORTHERN WISCONSIN CHAPTER*Our activities for 1990 were well attended by members and wives, some from areas of 50 to 100 miles away from Wausau, Wisc. We call your attention to our name change to William P. Schneider Northern Wisconsin Chapter of VBOB. It was back in 1989 after Bill passed away that our group decided to add Bill's name to the flag as he was the founder of our unit and an untiring recruiter. He served with the 83rd Inf. Div., 331 Rgt. Co. K.

In July, 1990, over 100 people attended our picnic, held at the VFW Burns Post 388 Club House in Wausau.

Nov. 1990, found our group, along with the VFW and American Legion, participating in the Veterans Day Parade at the War Monument at the Marathon County Court House and then on to the Wisconsin River where the Navy has a monument.

Dec. 15th, our chapter along with the VFW Color Guard and Firing squad held services at the Marathon Co. Court House. A prayer was given by Pres. Clarence O. Marschall and the placing of a wreath by Mrs. Ellen Gorman, widow of Platoon Sgt. Gorman, 83rd Inf. Div. 331 Regt. Co. B., and Past Pres. Wes Cooper. The firing squad and Taps were provided by the VFW.

Dec. 16th, our annual dinner dance at the VFW Club was attended by 98 people who enjoyed food, conversation and dancing to 30s and 40s music provided by nine people of the Senior Citizens Group called the Riverside Sounds.

Coming meetings will be held June 20, June 23, Sept. 19, Dec. 14 and 15.

SUSQUEHANNA CHAPTER*At our Oct 30th meeting, Pres. Frank Lo Vuolo showed us our new charter and the new chapter flag which had been displayed at the Annual Reunion in Valley Forge. We were given reports on the activities there by five members who had driven down.

We decided to hold meetings the 4th Sunday every other month beginning in Jan. Winter meetings will be in Scranton and in other areas in warmer months.

Since October we have signed up 12 new members, bringing our total to 54. We also have a new treasurer, Vincent Meinhardt.

DELAWARE VALLEY CHAPTER*As of our Dec. meeting we are pleased to announce that we have 234 members.

Now that the Annual Reunion has been wrapped up, we've decided we need a new goal and will be looking into placing a memorial in the Freedoms Foundation Medal of Honor Grove.

In December we forwarded a resolution of support to the troops in Desert Shield by way of Gen. Norman Schwarzkopf. We were thrilled to get a speedy, personal answer from the General.

CHAPTER NEWS (cont'd)

NORTHERN VIRGINIA CHAPTER*After our business meeting in which we discussed hats, volunteer service activities and participation in the City of Fairfax 4th of July parade, we had a Show and Tell session wherein we were shown pictures that were taken when the troops were shown Buchenwald, also pictures that showed the miserable conditions the troops of the 397th lived in when they were stationed near Hofen, namely holes dug underground in order to escape the extreme weather. Another member showed a treasured card that was issued at Christmas with a greeting from Gen. George S. Patton, Jr. on one side and a prayer for success and better weather on the other. The prayer was answered a few days later, weather-wise.

Two issues of Life magazine, circa July 1945, took us back to the events of that month. We loved the ads, especially the price of cars.

The artifacts shown were a carbine, bazooka round that engendered comments on their use and uselessness; a walkie talkie; a gun belt arrayed with canteen and other holders; a German Lt.'s helmet; a large sized coffee mug beautifully decorated and with a gay message written in German; a Nazi sword and a German Imperial sword and last but not least, the ubiquitous trench shovel.

On his last trip to the battle area, one member showed his CRIBA chauffeurs his old slit trench near Bonnerue (Moiry) and had his picture taken in it. Later the CRIBA person returned and started digging and found a bayonet and sent it to our member. This same member also proud exhibited the officer's watch that was issued to him which is still running and worn frequently.

A book containing the first pages of the Stars and Stripes was shown and the article about the battle in Stavelot and naming the husband of a widowed member.

Our resident POW showed the German Army blanket he got from the camp guard after liberation, a picture of his starved self and buddies; a German paratroopers knife and the Reichmarks he received for working on their bombed out railroad (under threat of no food). He stated that he appreciated more that he was "paid" in vegetables in his watery soup that night.

There were many reminiscences offered and in keeping with our thoughts on Desert Storm, our president showed us three wicked, curved, short swords he had collected while working in Somaliland, Saudi Arabia, and Yemen.

CENTRAL FLORIDA CHAPTER*At the Dec. 1st meeting, the following people were elected for the coming year: Pres. Tom McFadden, 1st VP George Stevens, 2nd VP Robert Stevenson, 3rd VP Norman Schoonover, Adj. Marino Michetti, Sec. Jean McFadden, Treas. Evelyn Gilberg. Many business details were discussed and Pete House announced the Reunion of Stalags 9A, 9B, 9C in Jacksonville, FL in April, 18th-21st.

The January and February meetings were held at the Kinfolks II Restaurant and we have decided to continue to meet there.

We discussed the business of getting incorporated, buying hats and obtaining membership cards. We now have twenty-four paid up members.

At the February meeting a member modeled a uniform of white short sleeved shirt, tan or khaki pants with belt and tie. The shirt displayed on one arm the Div. patch and on the other an American flag and branch of service underneath. Name tag over one pocket and ribbons over the other.

Our March meeting was a breakfast held prior to the Orange City Frontier Days Parade with as many members participating as possible.

CENTRAL NEW YORK CHAPTER*Our Italian style dinner served before the commencement of our February Meeting was enjoyed by the twenty-seven who attended. Many compliments were extended to John Vendetti Post #1 Commander Tony Roseamelia who prepared the dinner. We enjoyed ourselves so much we voted to have another dinner in the near future. We are all grateful for the cease fire in the Persian Gulf, especially President Noce whose son and two nephews are serving there.

FRESNO CHAPTER*We had our Annual Dinner meeting on Dec. 16th and we had 54 attending, including 31 members. We will continue next year with the same slate of officers.

After much persistence in tracking down members, we are happy to report 52 paid up with a happy average of 55 people at each meeting.

We showed the video "December Dawn" at the March 28th meeting. It was enjoyed by all and we are grateful for having this last project from Charles MacDonald.

We have scheduled our annual picnic for June 15 at the local municipal park.

TRI-STATE VT.ME.NH.*It is with regret that we must report that our President, Vince Dalzell was killed in a car accident in March of this year. We offer deepest sympathies to the family.

Roger Desjardins, Vice President, has taken up the reigns of the chapter and has arranged for a meeting to be held the end of April. He can be reached at (603) 532-8420.

NORTHWEST WASHINGTON*We regret to report that we have lost one of our charter members, Jack Croco. He served from 1943 to 1945 with the 10th Armored Division under Gen. Patton. Jack was co-chairman of Quality Food Centers, Inc. in the Seattle area. He was well known and well liked.

FROM THE VP*Will be traveling south to Jacksonville, FL in April for a Stalag reunion and on the way I hope to stop and see the presidents and hopefully members from the chapters of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Florida.

Bob Van Houten

I tell you how it should all be done. Whenever there's a big war coming, you should rope off a big field and sell tickets. And, on the big day, you should take all the kings and cabinets and their generals, put them in the center dressed in their underpants and let them fight it out with clubs.

LOUIS WOLHEIM, as Katczinsky in all Quiet on the Western Front

SUPPORT VBOB! PAY YOUR DUES NOW!

More sounds of war

Reprinted From The DAILY DEMOCRAT
Kennett, MO.

You may have noted that an article or column of mine has been published in the *Quarterly Journal of Military History*. My first draft was too long and the editor cut out about half of it so it would fit the "Experience of War" page. So to keep from wasting my work, here are some of the pieces that were left out:

There has never been a quiet war. By their very nature wars are noisy because they are waged with the most violence that the opposing forces can muster.

Before guns and bombs, battles were fought to the accompaniment of horses' hoof-stamping and the crashing of swords on shields. Drums regulated the steps of marching men and the laddies in kilts had to listen to the screeching and wailing of bagpipes. Add to these sounds the battle-cries of the soldiers and the moans of the wounded and dying and you had some of the sounds of war.

Few battles are won with sound, but according to the Bible, Joshua breached the walls of Jericho with the force of sound. In Joshua 6:1-20 we read about the attack, which has been put into song with "Joshua fit the battle of Jericho and the walls came tumbling down."

Joshua had seven priests walk around the walls every day, blowing their trumpets once each day



By
Dr. A.O.
Goldsmith

for six days, then on the seventh day they blew their horns seven times. It was not just the trumpet sounds that did the trick, however. As told in the biblical account, "the people heard the sound of the trumpet, and the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat."

So the deafening shouts of the people, added to the blast of the trumpets, exerted such a strong physical force on the stones that they crumbled and the besiegers took Jericho.

Critics of Bible truth may say that the account is allegorical, that trumpets could not blow down a wall, but in France and Germany during World War II we saw evidence that sound does exert force. As our artillery fired shells into enemy lines, we saw the grass behind the big guns flattened as if by a strong wind. This was not done

by the muzzle blast from the mouths of the cannon but by the deafening sound.

Many of the war sounds that stick in my memory were not those heard in battle but came to my ears before I reached the battlefield.

The whistle of the British locomotive that hauled the men of the 16th Cavalry from Greenock, Scotland, near Loch Lomond, down the west side of England to Trowbridge, is another war sound that lingers in my auditory memory bank.

The pubs in Bath and Bristol were fairly quiet except for the "plunk" of darts hitting the dartboards. At times we joined local customers in songs such as "Tipperary" and Christmas songs. We were surprised, however, when seemingly sedate girls sang bawdy ballads like "Roll Me Over in the Clover." This invitation was impractical because what clover there might have been was covered with snow.

One of the sounds still remembered from our sojourn in England was the yell, "Coal truck!" We were quartered in Quonset huts in January and regularly ran out of fuel for heating. We even resorted to burning dynamite in the stoves to keep warm. (No, burning it does

not cause it to explode.) When the truckload of coal arrived, men from each hut dashed out to meet it at the gate. As it rolled through the camp, men crawled onto the truck and tossed lumps of coal to others on the ground. By the time the truck reached the place where the coal was to be dumped, there was no coal left.

(The parts about actual battle sounds were retained in the MHQ).

We listened to German radio while in France and Germany and heard Axis Sally trying to convince us that our cause was hopeless. We listened because she played records of popular American songs.

Bugle calls orchestrated our every move when we were in camp in the United States, and "Taps" was the last sound we heard at night, so this seems an appropriate way to wind up this column soundly.

When a soldier's funeral was held where we were stationed in Massachusetts, I volunteered to blow the echo for "Taps," from behind some cedar trees. The words for the bugle call at a funeral go like this:

Day is done;
Fades the light
And afar
Goeth day,

Cometh night;
And a star
Leadeth all
To their rest.



FROM BILL MAULDIN'S ARMY

"Th' krauts ain't followin' ya so good on 'Lili Marlene' tonight, Joe. Ya think maybe somethin' happened to their tenor?"

ARE YOUR DUES DUE? CHECK BACK PAGE

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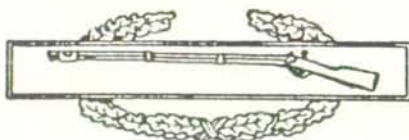
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Lucian K. Truscott III

Spare the Infantry

Gen. Colin Powell, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and Gen. H. Norman Schwarzkopf, commander of the forces in the Gulf, have a common bond. Each wears the Combat Infantry Badge. They served as infantrymen in combat in an earlier war. Perhaps that combat service is having an influence on the decision to delay the ground war as long as is militarily (and politically, I suppose) possible. Those two soldiers may not be able to recite the numbers of infantrymen who have died in our past wars as I am able to do in this piece. But they both know that those infantrymen became casualties at a frightening and disproportionate rate.



First, a word of explanation: a casualty is a man who is lost to his unit, for whatever reason. But to get a Purple Heart he has to be a battle casualty, lost to his unit as a result of enemy action. That's all we'll consider here. So if there are 5,000 casualties in a particular "action," there might be 4,000 wounded in action, 1,000 killed in action (and probably some missing in action, which we'll not consider here). But they're all casualties.

While writing about the infantry a few years ago, I got some casualty figures from both the Department of the Army and the U.S. Army Military History Institute at Carlisle Barracks in Pennsylvania. Their figures showed, among other things, that more than 80 percent of all our casualties in our recent wars have been infantrymen. This short table shows them:

U. S. WAR CASUALTIES

WAR	MONTHS OF COMBAT	TOTAL CASUALTIES	INFANTRY CASUALTIES	% INFANTRY CASUALTIES
WW I	19	224,089	195,547	87
WW II	44	823,483	661,059	80
Korea	36	109,958	92,185	84
Vietnam	84	230,398	184,318	(see text)
TOTALS		1,387,928	1,133,109	

Some interesting facts about these impersonal figures:

WW I: Though we were in the war for some 19 months, the fighting that produced these casualties took place in about 200 days from April to November, 1918.

WW II: There were some 112,776 additional Army Air Corps casualties. The Air Force was a part of the Army in those days.

Korea: Thirty one thousand, four hundred eighty two men were killed in action; 82 percent of them were infantrymen.

Vietnam: We were actually in Vietnam for 13 years, but the "heavy" fighting took place from 1965 to 1971. Also, the Army had some 28,862 killed in action in which my source did not break out infantry KIAs. It also showed 12,931 Marines killed in action, 1,242 Navy and 552 Air Force.

Let's assume those Air Force casualty figures are accurate, and let's also assume that in the first month of a ground war in the Gulf we had Infantry/Air Force KIAs in about the same ratio: 28,800/550. In a month of ground warfare in which the air forces lose, say, 25 men, the Army would lose about 1,300 killed of which 1,100 to 1,200 would be infantrymen.

We have watched with pride and awe as the young Air Force pilots (of all the coalition nations) have performed so well in our high-tech war—and lost so few men.

But my numbers show that a ground war would be ugly, deadly, bloody and horrible. We must not become committed to it if there is any possibility at all of being able to defeat Saddam Hussein with air and naval power and then simply using the ground forces to move in and take over what's left after the Iraqis move out of Kuwait or surrender or whatever it is we will want them to do. And we must not be tempted because one or another service or branch of a service wants to "get in the fight."

Do we want another beautiful but sad black wall decorated with thousands of names—some 84 percent of which would be infantrymen?

The writer graduated from West Point in 1945 and commanded an infantry company in the Korean War and an infantry battalion in Vietnam.

THE DEFENDERS OF BASTOGNE

Fred Waring dedicated "Seek, Strike, Destroy"
To the men of the 705,
His broadcast was carried from coast to coast,
We were honored by his surprise.

He sent me an autographed copy
That I keep locked in my file,
Every now and then I take it out
And cherish it for awhile.

Then my thoughts again return
To our route of action,
Which covered a large area of the map
Without much satisfaction.

We ended up in Kohlecheid Germany
For some much needed sleep and rest,
After spearheading our advance East
From our recent ordeal at Brest.

Our R & R wasn't very long
And not very much like home,
For on 18 December 44
We were ordered into Bastogne.

We weren't surprised when we arrived
To find Bastogne was surrounded,
We fought our way in, and soon contacted some men
Who were definitely dumbfounded.

They were from the One Hundred & First
Who had expected the worst,
For they didn't think we had survived,
They looked at our patch and soon made the match,
We were the men of the 705.

On what corners of this earth
That people ever roam,
You will usually hear, and often a cheer
About the defenders of Bastogne.

The weather was cold, not much to eat
Our food and ammo had all ran low,
Hands and feet were freezing, we couldn't sleep,
Fox holes were covered with snow.

The fog was thick and close to the ground
Making visibility bad, you reacted by sound,
Next morning came early, then the fog lifted,
The sun broke through and the winds shifted.

Our Air Force flew over and to our surprise,
Dropped supplies to us, from out of the skies.
Christmas came early, for all who were there,
Someone heard us, and answered our prayer.

Let it be said, for all who cares to listen,
You don't always rule your life,
Someone higher up is looking after you,
Especially in your times of strife.

By Paul A. Yeomans
President of 705th Tank Destroyer Battalion Association

It takes twenty years or more of peace to make a man; it takes only twenty seconds of war to destroy him.

KING BAUDOUIN I, of Belgium

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VBOB Membership Chairman Says:



Neil B. Thompson

Membership is the life blood of our organization. We have seen over 8000 of the veterans who saw action in the Bulge as members of VBOB. We deeply appreciate the efforts of our members who go the extra mile to sell VBOB and recruit another member. We wish to give recognition to the following members for their individual effort in recruiting: C. Barton, H. Bohn, J. Bosseler, D. Carver, G. Chekan, P. Dempsey, F. Dong, H. Dulaney, M. Femino, W. Fries, P. Gartenmann, D. Gowdey, E. Hart, W. Hemphill, K. Hohmann, D. Kuhn, R. Linkous, M. Luciano, R. Murrell, C. Parsons, C. Pomianek, J. Radford, J. Stapleton, A. Steffensen, N. Thompson, W. Thurston, G.

Vanderslice, T. Wallace, R. Wolfgang, G. Worth. Thank you Comrades. With your continued help we shall reach another new goal this year. We, at National Headquarters, express our gratitude for the support we have seen by the 2900 VBOB members who have sent their annual dues within the first quarter of this 1991 year.

We are proud to announce that over 1000 members of VBOB have joined the ranks of Life Members. Any annual member in good standing with their dues up to date can go Life by using their paid on time dues as credit for Life status. Life membership is the way to go.

It will soon be time for our 10th Annual Reunion in Charleston, South Carolina. We trust that you all will be there and help to make this next reunion even better than before.

Neil B. Thompson
Vice President for Membership

Reprinted from THE WASHINGTON POST, Sunday, February 17, 1991

Arlington Welcomes Native Son New Superintendent Grew Up at Cemetery

By Stephanie Griffith
Washington Post Staff Writer

When John C. Metzler Jr. started his job as superintendent of Arlington National Cemetery last month, one thing he didn't need was a tour of the grounds.

Metzler, 39, was already intimately acquainted with much of the cemetery's 612 acres, having tobogganed down its slopes and played among its headstones as a child.

Until he was 19, the nation's most famous cemetery also was home for Metzler, whose father was superintendent from 1951 to 1972.

Last month, Metzler assumed the job his father once had, a job he has aspired to for years.

"I never knew my dad was so busy," said Metzler, a jovial man with a ready smile. "I never understood the intricacies of the job and the people you're interacting with at high levels."

He succeeded Raymond J. Costanzo, who retired from the Arlington job after 15 years. This summer, Metzler, his wife, Kathy, and their three teenage sons will move into the cemetery's two-story stucco lodge where he spent his boyhood.

As superintendent, Metzler oversees maintenance of the cemetery's grounds and buildings, visited by nearly 4 million tourists each year. The job also carries with it ceremonial duties, such as attendance at wreath-layings at the Tomb of the Unknowns.

The most important part of the superintendent's job, which pays \$70,000 a year, is working with families as they bury their loved ones, Metzler said.

On Friday, Metzler handled the cemetery's first burial from Operation Desert Storm, that of Marine Capt. Jonathan R. Edwards. The Grand Rapids, Mich., father of three was killed in a helicopter crash in the desert.

Services also were conducted for two others who died in incidents related to the Persian Gulf war: Retired Air Force Master Sgt. Bobbie B. Mozelle, 44, was gunned down by



John C. Metzler Jr. has realized his "ultimate goal" at Arlington Cemetery.

terrorists in Turkey, and Air Force Lt. Jorge Arteaga, 26, was killed when the B-52 on which he flew crashed into the Indian Ocean.

"It is a wonderful thing to be able to extend your help to people in a time of great need and sorrow," Metzler said.

From the start, it seemed as if Metzler were destined for the job. He alone, of the four Metzler boys, had an uncanny ease with the pomp and ceremony at scores of funerals he attended as a child. After funerals of the highest-ranking dead, he said, he often was allowed to climb on the ceremonial caisson or ride the horse which had led the procession.

Metzler's first job was in cemetery management, and he has never been tempted to work in another field. Most recently, he served as area director of 40 cemeteries in the Northeast operated by the Department of Veterans Affairs.

Until the late 1970s, Metzler was out of the running for the job in Arlington, because federal requirements said the superintendent had to be a disabled veteran. Metzler served in Vietnam for three years but was never seriously injured.

Once the restriction was gone, he could attain what he called his "ultimate goal."

Although guidelines on who may administer the cemetery have eased, restrictions have tightened over the years on who may be buried there. Once open to any service member who received an honorable discharge, burial at Arlington now is available only to those who have received military combat

medals and their families. Any service member who receives an honorable discharge can have his or her cremated remains placed there.

About 200,000 veterans and their family members are buried in the cemetery. Metzler said he does not expect the war in the Persian Gulf to greatly add to the number of graves there, since most soldiers are buried in their home towns.

As he was growing up, Metzler's unusual address made for ribbing by classmates at school and difficulties in his social life. "You always got a strange look when you had to give someone your address," he said.

Once he became a teenager, problems increased.

"After 5 o'clock, the gates are locked here," Metzler explained. "We had to know when someone was coming so we could let them in."

Now, Metzler said, his sons worry that living at the cemetery might cramp their social lives. "They haven't lived in a cemetery before. They worry about there not being a corner store, that kind of thing."

Metzler has firsthand experience of burying a family member at Arlington. His father died at 81 and was buried there last year, just six months before Metzler took over the superintendent's job.

Although his father never learned that his son would follow in his footsteps at Arlington, Metzler said, his father was always "proud as can be" that a son had pursued the same line of work.

"I know my dad's up there looking down at me," Metzler said, "and I know he's smiling."



Photo by VBOB member Benjamin Layton

One of the special guests in attendance at the 46th Anniversary at the VBOB Monument, Arlington National Cemetery, December 16 1990, was Senator Robert Dole, shown here with VBOBHF Comptroller William Tayman. Senator Dole said he was most pleased to have been able to be here for our anniversary ceremonies.

Senator Dole, a WWII veteran, is most always in attendance at the 30th of May Memorial Day Ceremonies. The Senator received the Purple Heart for wounds received in action during the Italian campaign.



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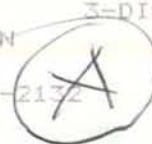
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