

"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, WWII.



The BULGE BUGLE

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

VOLUME XII NUMBER 1

THE ARDENNES CAMPAIGN

FEBRUARY 1993

SERVICES AT THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWNNS

48th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE COMMEMORATIVE SERVICES

Members of VBOB and their guests met on December 16, 1992, at Arlington Cemetery's Tomb of the Unknowns to observe the 48th anniversary of the commencement of the Battle of the Bulge.

With rain threatening the proceedings and the clouds casting their gloom over the hill side, Taps echoed its lonely call across the cemetery, touching the hearts and souls of

those who were gathered to honor the veterans of the Battle of the Bulge who perished in that battle so long ago and those of our comrades who have passed away since that time.

VBOB President Darrell Kuhn and Peter G. Dounis, Vice President for Military Affairs, laid a wreath in honor of our departed comrades.



VBOB President Darrel Kuhn and Vice President for Military Affairs Peter G. Dounis lay wreath at Arlington Cemetery's Tomb of the Unknowns on December 16, 1992.

CEREMONIES AT THE VBOB MONUMENT

At the monument to the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge which is located at the back entrance to the Amphitheater, additional ceremonies were held.

The 3rd Infantry Color Guard presented the colors and Taps were played. Observers were lead in the Pledge of Allegiance by Col. Eugene G. Drouillard (Ret.)

The guest speaker, Jack A. Sulser, President of the 106th Infantry Division, was introduced and his remarks follow:

[The following is the speech of Jack A. Sulser, President of the 106th Infantry Division Association, at the VBOB Monument ceremonies on December 16, 1992.]

Mr. Sulser was born in Moline, Illinois. Enlisted in the U.S. Army at age 17. Served in the Battle of the Bulge as a machine gun squad leader in Company F, 423rd Infantry Regiment, 106th Infantry Division. He was a prisoner of war. Upon discharge from active duty in 1945, he enlisted in the organized reserves and served as

(Cont'd. on Page 6)

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If there's a chapter near you, give their president a call. They are engaged in a lot of activities we are sure you would enjoy. You may encounter some old friends and you surely will make some new ones.

If you have information you would like to have included in *The Bulge Bugle*, please submit it to VBOB at least 6 weeks before publication date. Publication dates: February, May, August, and November.

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**"THAT LAST ONE
WAS DAMN CLOSE"**

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE REORGANIZATION

--the name
of the game



We all remember the reorganization of our units as new weapons were developed, as communications were streamlined or new tactics developed. Most of us resisted the changes because it is hard to give up the way we do things. VBOB has reached the stage of development that makes desirable a revised 'command and control' system.

A DRAFT proposal is being studied which will, upon adoption, establish a "Secretariat" which will control the day-to-day operations of VBOB.

All communications will be routed to the Secretariat which will be responsible for receiving, referring for action, distributing information and filing all correspondence, minutes, reports and financial records. Correspondence from and to members, chapters, regions, and committees will be received, recorded, indexed and forwarded to the proper officer for action. The action taken will be returned to the Secretariat for recording and dispatch.

The Bulge Bugle is the official voice of VBOB. A section will be designated to report to the membership the plans and actions being studied by the Executive Council. The Secretariat will publish, periodically, a review of current actions. This review will be forwarded to officers, committee chairmen, chapter and region presidents and other designated persons.

This proposal should provide a means for all members to know 'the score' and a pathway for their ideas to be referred to the proper officer or committee for action by the Executive Council.

William R. Hemphill

NEED INFORMATION ON YOUR MILITARY MEDICAL RECORDS?

If you need to verify information regarding your military service record--such as dates, character of service, medical treatment, while you served in the armed services, contact: National Personnel Records Center; Military Personnel Records; 9700 Page Boulevard; St. Louis, Missouri 63132. Please provide them with your name, complete address, and serial number. If you have your discharge, send along a COPY. Do not send your original discharge.

The statistics of suicide show that, for non-combatants at least, life is more interesting in war than in peace.

WILLIAM RALPH INGE

UPDATE ON DELAWARE CHAPTER VBOB MEMORIAL

The members of the Delaware Valley Chapter want to keep the members of VBOB apprised of the progress with the VBOB Memorial, as many of you have expressed support in connection with this endeavor. The following is an update of our activities:

Over 100 members and guests attended the Annual Memorial Service at Valley Forge Military Academy and College. We heard an inspirational talk presented by Lt. Col. (Ret.) Hal Ryder, President of Galaxy Tours. Delores B. MacArthur, whose husband served with the 90th Division, and Ted J. Paluch placed the VBOB wreath at the Academy Memorial Book of Honor.

After the Memorial Service the entire body walked to the Parade Grounds for the unveiling of the proposed Memorial Monument Model. Sharing the honors were Vice Admiral N. Ronald Thunman, U.S. Navy (Ret.), President Valley Force Military Academy and College and VBOB Chapter President Stanley Wojtusik. The unveiling of the Memorial Model was the official kick-off of a fund-raising drive for the monument, which will be erected at the Academy in time for the 50th Anniversary of the battle in December, 1994.

Stan Wojtusik, Ted Paluch and George Linthicum appeared on TV Channel 6, Saturday, January 9, 1993. They each outlined their experiences during the Battle of the Bulge for Paul Norton, host of the station's "Perspectives" Program.

Council for the City of Philadelphia, and Mayor Edward Rendell passed a resolution designating Wednesday, December 16, 1992, as "Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge Day" in the City of Philadelphia.

Governor Casey also signed similar legislation for the State of Pennsylvania. Both of these resolutions were on display at our Memorial Service.



Delaware Valley Chapter President Stanley Wojtusik receives Battle of the Bulge Day Proclamation from Pennsylvania Governor Robert Casey. Pictured from left to right: Ken Gorman and George Vanderslice (VBOB members); Governor Casey; and Stanley Wojtusik.

Britain is no longer a world power-all they have left are generals and admirals and bands.

GENERAL GEORGE BROWN

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BAND-AID EARNS PURPLE HEART

...My organization, the 174TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, landed on Omaha Beach on D+3, fought through the Normandy Campaign, through the siege of the Port of Brest, and all through the European struggle, including the Bulge, and to the finish of hostilities and wound up in Linz, Austria.

On June 28, 1945, I, and many other members of the 174th, were awarded, at a battalion formation, the ETO U.S. Army Certificate of Merit.

Now the State of New York has prepared a Conspicuous Service Cross to be issued to honorably discharged vets of WWII. I applied for this award quite a while ago, by sending a completed application. It was returned to me saying that a U.S. Army ETO Certificate of Merit Award does not qualify for the award.

Therefore I feel that the article on page 26 [August issue of the *Bulge Bugle*] that speaks of issuing some sort of Certificate will not be recognized by anyone, except the one who receives it.

I feel that a more complete survey of a person's record while in combat service should be examined and then a judgment be given.

If you are going to give a Certificate, why then not go all the way and issue some sort of a medal, pin, or something one can wear on one's uniform for everyone to see.

I agree whole heartedly with the context of the editorial, as to how medals and awards were handed out to those in good favor with the issuing persons.

I recall one occasion during the Bulge, when a group of fellows who were cut by broken glass from a shell burst nearby, who were treated with a band-aid, and all people involved received a Purple Heart--and they were all in a cellar of a farm house.

Leonard Schafenberg
174th Field Artillery Battalion

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

I am a WWII ETO history buff and most of the history about the breakthrough at Bastogne tells of the 4TH ARMORED DIVISION relieving the 101ST AIRBORNE--well, this is true, BUT the 4th Armored was not alone. The 318TH INFANTRY BATTALION, 80TH INFANTRY DIVISION, went in with the tanks. In fact, I have a Battle of the Bulge video cassette that doesn't even acknowledge the 80th Division participating in this battle. Another thing about WWII history writers, they will write about a battle and say--a tank battalion or an anti-aircraft unit attached to the division they are writing about. WHY don't they identify these attached units by number. After all, these small units are there as trouble shooters who many times save your butt.

Donald Schoo
3rd Army, 80th Division,
633 Anti-Aircraft Artillery Automatic Weapons Battalion

DON'T PUT OFF UNTIL TOMORROW...

My husband, ROBERT E. THOMPSON, of Bradenton, Florida, enjoyed being a member of the VBOB.... We had made plans to attend the 47th Annual Reunion of the 84TH INFANTRY DIVISION RAILSPLITTERS in Chattanooga, Tennessee, however, on July 7, 1992, he passed away peacefully without pain and knowledge of death being that near.

He was especially looking forward to meeting MATT MILETICH, of Bellevue, Washington, whom he had been corresponding with for the last two years, and to renew the friendship of BENTON McHOME, of Charleston, South Carolina/Orlando, Florida, as they had kept in contact since meeting at the BoB reunion in Charleston, South Carolina, in September, 1991.

Recently, we talked to the wife of Bob's "fox hole buddy," (ROBERT L. PIERCE, of Mobile, Alabama) and found that he had passed away

four years ago of cancer. This is an example to not put off too long in attempting to contact any individual that you may wish to resume friendship [with].

Bob really became interested in meeting other veterans of the 84th and VBOB the last few years. It is my observation that all veterans groups almost feel guilty about surviving, and they want to pay homage to the ones that were killed and so have a comradeship among each other.

Maxine Thompson
Widow of Robert E. Thompson
84th Infantry Division

NO TIME FOR MEDALS, JUST SAVE YOUR A--

...somewhere in Belgium-Holland border at night, I was driving the lead tank when we ran over an extra large Kraut anti-tank mine. It blew me out in the ditch and I lay there all night and watched my tank burn. I don't know what happened to the rest of the crew.

I was hospitalized in Birmingham, England.... The hospital transport plane C-47 that flew us wounded to England crashed in a temporary landing field. It hit a fence. The pilot was killed and all the troops were badly shook up.

At that time, no one I knew of was interested in the Purple Heart or Silver Star. Just saving your a--, if possible.

After treatment in Birmingham hospital and rehabilitation, I was back on front lines just in time for the big show in December--the Battle of the Bulge--and no one I knew mentioned the Purple Heart.

My right leg was busted by a Kraut 88 mortar shell at the river crossing at Metz, France. Again no Purple Heart.

But my old first sergeant wrote himself up a mess of medals. Our captain signed the order. He went home on early points. The sergeant was never on the front lines. I know because I was there practically every battle.

I'm not crying about the Purple Heart, just complaining about the injustice the combat veteran received. As Abe Lincoln said to: "Care for the ones whom borne the battle."

Al T. Austin
7th Division, 31st Tank Battalion, Company B

CLEAN UP YOUR ACT

Dear Publisher, Editor and anyone else that okayed the picture and nasty language of former General Patton, Jr., to be published in our fine *Bulge Bugle* should be ashamed.

All of us that were ever in contact with him knew of his foul language but just because he was a general did not excuse it. I wish I could write the real truth but if I did it would never be printed. My knowledge does not come from fictitious writers and glory seekers.

...[I] am hoping our wonderful *Bulge Bugle* will never be tarnished again. I have enjoyed the *Bulge Bugle* so much and learned of things that happened in the Bulge that I was never aware of. But one picture and article in the issue Vol. XII, No. 4, made my last issue repulsive.

Thanks for a fine job.

Jesse L. Morrison
9th Armored Division, 482nd AAA Battalion

BELGIANS REMEMBER

In September of 1990, while visiting American military cemeteries in Belgium, I was riding on a street car in Liege. As the car slowed down to discharge passengers, one of the passengers, a Belgian gentleman, bent down and whispered in my ear, "Thanks for 1945." I was overwhelmed and most pleased. He knew who and what I was, I don't know how, but he knew.

Lou Gerner
17th Airborne, 513th Paratroopers, 2 Battalion, Company "F"

FRONT PAGE OF DECEMBER ISSUE

I am enclosing a copy of your front page from the December issue and am incensed at your publishing the

(Cont'd. on Page 5)

Letters to the Editor...

(Continued from

article. Although you can't change the writings of the author, I think you could be more sensitive to the feelings of military personnel of different faiths.

My service with the 101ST AIRBORNE as a paratrooper and a survivor of Bastogne who lost a number of friends and relatives of different faiths is a disservice to them and they too cry out to be remembered.

I am one of four brothers who served in the Armed Forces during World War II and served our country faithfully and courageously and were all honorably discharged.

Allow me to point out to you that we of the Jewish faith served this country in all its wars since the revolution and were awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor many times in addition to other medals and awards.

Your insensitivity in publishing this article cries out for an apology to us of different faiths and look forward to reading this in your next issue.

Frank Goodman

101st Airborne, 501 Parachute Infantry Regiment, Company "C"

[There is absolutely no intent on the part of The Bulge Bugle staff to be insensitive to the religious beliefs, race, sex, or ethnicity of any individual or group at any time. You are correct in that we could not alter the words of the speech maker. In the blue overlay

for this article, you will note that among the crosses, are several Stars of David. We are advised that the "little white crosses" term is generic for the term "marker" in military cemeteries. The families of those interred in a military cemetery are given the responsibility for the religious designation which is put on each grave site, i.e., a white cross, the Star of David, etc. John Metzler, Director of Arlington Cemetery, advises us that in 1945 there were only two such designations—Christian and Jewish; however, today there are 30 religious designations used on grave sites.

...A HECK OF A GOOD STORY

I am referring to the anecdote by Arnold L. Ewoldt, 3040th Ordnance Base, Automotive Rebuild Co., who produced a "machine" that replaced 30 men who manufactured 50 manifolds per day for red lined Army trucks with his device, which built 400 manifolds per day. An eight hour day has 480 minutes. So, a fast calculation reveals that it took a little over a minute to manufacture one manifold. (Fifty manifolds per hour, or 400 per day.) A h--- of a good job, or a heck of a good story.

Charles "Chuck" Barnes
8th Division, Eagle TAC, 3rd Army

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Britain is no longer a world power—all they have left are generals and admirals and bands.

GENERAL GEORGE BROWN

Bob Dole

Reprinted from the Washington Post Jan. 5, 1993.

34,000 Men a Year

A man approached me in a hotel lobby in Houston this summer with what he said was an important message. He told me he had seen me on the "Larry King Show," talking about my experience with prostate cancer and the value of early cancer detection. That television appearance had encouraged him to get a checkup, after which his doctor diagnosed him with prostate cancer. The cancer was caught early, the man said, enabling successful treatment. The man concluded with words I will never forget: "Senator Dole, you saved my life."

But it wasn't really Bob Dole who saved this man's life. The real lifesaver was early detection of this man's cancer.

Just over a year ago, I underwent three hours of surgery to remove my cancerous prostate gland. In the year since my operation, an estimated 34,000 men have died of prostate cancer. That's a startling statistic, comparable to the number of women killed each year by breast cancer and the number of people who die each year of AIDS.

But the statistics about prostate cancer don't have to be so grim. Don't get me wrong, being told "You have cancer" can be a very frightening experience. It was for me. But when it comes to cancer of the prostate, that fear can be tempered by the knowledge that early detection greatly increases your chances for successful treatment. I'm one of many men who consider themselves living proof that early detection can mean a healthy future.

Naturally, I would rather have done something else than go "under the knife" a year ago Dec. 18. The good news was that doctors had detected my cancer very early, through a blood test known as PSA, or prostate specific antigen, followed by a biopsy. After reviewing treatment options, which ranged from radiation to surgery, I selected surgery.

Tests immediately following my surgery showed that the cancer had not spread beyond the prostate, and one year later, my doctors tell me I remain cancer-free. That doesn't mean recovery is easy. Many patients suffer side effects including inconti-

"Perhaps the most stunning fact I learned is that prostate cancer is the most common form of cancer among men."

nence and impotence. For me, it has been an active and for the most part trouble-free recovery year in the Senate and on the campaign trail.

But my purpose for writing this article is not to talk about Bob Dole. I am writing to pass along information that could well save your life or the life of a loved one.

Since the day my cancer was diagnosed, and in the year since my surgery, I have learned far more about prostate problems than I ever imagined I would, or ever wanted to. I was like most men, barely aware I even had a prostate, much less aware it could develop into a life-threatening problem.

Perhaps the most stunning fact I learned is that prostate cancer is the most common form of cancer among men. It used to be said that you may die with prostate cancer, not from it. But considering the fact that approximately 34,000 men die every year of the disease, it is the second leading cancer killer of men, exceeded only by lung cancer. Statistically, prostate cancer will afflict one out of every 11 American males, and one out of every three men over the age of 50.

While I am not trying to pit one disease against another, I was surprised to learn that the federal government devoted just \$28 million per year to prostate cancer research compared with billions of dollars earmarked for essential research into other diseases. With the help of Sens. Ted Ste-

vens, Jesse Helms and Alan Cranston—all of whom have been treated for prostate cancer—we were able to boost this year's funding for prostate cancer research by a third. However, we still have a long way to go to help our scientists research this insidious killer.

But the key is still early detection. With recent advances in diagnostic and treatment techniques and technology, early detection—and successful treatment—are becoming more and more common. Prostate problems can be detected with the standard digital rectal exam, with ultrasound testing, with the PSA blood test or with a combination of these tests, including a biopsy. No test is 100 percent reliable, but one thing is certain: Your chances of successful treatment are greatly increased when the problem is detected early. But don't take my word for it, take it from your doctor.

Throughout my recovery, I have spoken personally with thousands of men from all walks of life who have contacted me with concerns about prostate cancer. As a public figure and a prostate cancer survivor, I feel an obligation to alert men to the value of early detection of prostate cancer. Whether it means discussing my experience on national television, hosting a prostate cancer support group, establishing free screening booths for thousands of men at the Kansas Fair and the Republican National Convention, sharing my experience with others—as uncomfortable as it may sometimes be—has been a small price to pay knowing that it may help a man, a father, a husband or a brother.

I don't know the name of that man in Houston, but I do know his message to men would be the same as mine: Please get routine checkups, and don't neglect to have your doctor check for prostate disease. So help get the word out. It could take the fear out of the words "You have prostate cancer"—even more, it could save your life.

The writer is a Republican senator from Kansas and minority leader of the Senate.

COMMEMORATIVE CEREMONIES

(Con't. from Page 1)

platoon sergeant in a rifle company until commissioned second lieutenant in military intelligence in 1948, when he was assigned to a strategic intelligence unit of the organized reserves. He received a Master's of Political Science degree from the University of Wisconsin and was commissioned in the U.S. Foreign Service. He retired in 1984 after 34 years. He was elected President of the 106th Division Association in August, 1992.]

Officers and members of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge organization, ladies and gentlemen:

Any of us may forget a birthday or anniversary occasionally, even one of our own, especially at the age that veterans of the Battle of the Bulge have attained, but none of us has ever or will ever let December 16 go by unnoticed.

The VBOB and other organizations have done a good job reminding us and anyone else who will listen or read that the Ardennes Campaign, as it is officially known, began 48 years ago on this date and was the largest campaign in terms of numbers of troops and material in U.S. military history.

The publishers of *A Time for Trumpets* termed the Battle of the Bulge "America's greatest single victory," which might—in the usual manner—include some advertising hype. Most of the units involved in the battle during the roughly six weeks it officially lasted, despite heavy casualties in many cases, also think of it as a success since it restored the original lines and since enemy losses in men and equipment were greater than on our side and much more difficult for beleaguered Germany to replace. But for units involved from the first minute—the 106th Infantry Division, the 28th Infantry Division, and the 14th Cavalry Group—the Battle of the Bulge was a heavy defeat, felt personally and painfully by every individual soldier even though each of them knew he had done whatever he was asked to do as well as he could in the circumstances. The 28th Division was a seasoned outfit that had fought well in other major actions that veterans of the unit can look back on with justifiable pride. The 14th Cavalry was also not new to combat. For two-thirds of the 106th Division, however, those first few hours and days—3-1/2 days for most of them—constituted their entire experience of war and were a demoralizing, distressing defeat.

Although the Battle of the Bulge is generally described as taking place in Belgium and Luxembourg, two of the 106th Division's three regiments sat to the East well into Germany with the only East-West roads to their North and South held by lightly armored reconnaissance troops. To the North, the 14th Cavalry (augmented by towed anti-tank guns and armored artillery) guarded the historic German invasion route of World War I and 1940, the Losheim Gap and its road through Auw and Andler. Bleialf, the mouth of the southern road, was held by one troop of the 14th Cavalry, the 106th's own Recon Troop, and Cannon and Anti-tank units of one of the regiments. The two roads converged at Schoenberg, just inside the Belgian border and only a few miles east of St. Vith, where division headquarters was located. On a map roads look like a noose around the two regiments, and so they proved to be.

Facing these two infantry divisions, one new to the front

and the other badly depleted by heavy losses in the Huertgen Forest and replenished by raw replacements, plus the Cavalry Group, Hitler managed to assemble three entire armies, two Panzer and one infantry, by—*Time for Trumpets* was the first to reveal this—not transmitting any plans by radio. Unknown to the Germans, the Allies had been decoding the German High Command's most secret messages throughout the war. Hitler guessed rightly that the Allies had not been out maneuvering superior German forces in Normandy and Northern France by superior generalship but because they had knowledge of German plans and dispositions. Therefore, he insisted that all plans for the Ardennes Offensive should be hand-carried and that even division and regimental commanders should be informed of their objectives only shortly before the attack commenced.

The central of the three German armies, the 5th Panzer Army, was commanded by General Von Manteuffel, a career soldier and not a Nazi Party member, whose forces effected the deepest penetration in the Battle of the Bulge to the Meuse River. Von Manteuffel had personally reconnoitered the 106th Division front before the battle and recognized that the two regiments could be pinched off by driving through the Losheim Gap and Bleialf and closing the noose around them at Schoenberg before assaulting St. Vith, which was the first major objective of the offensive. He canceled the planned barrage and frontal assault on the two regiments. His forces drove quickly through the Losheim Gap and reached Schoenberg before daylight the next morning. The initial defenders were also driven out of Bleialf but retook the town briefly after being reinforced by headquarters troops, cooks, bakers and clerks from the regiment to their north. However, in not much more than 24 hours, the Germans had reached Schoenberg from both sides, surrounding the two regiments and supporting artillery units without engaging the main infantry elements of the two regiments in their Siegfried Line bunkers.

Two days after the battle began, when it became clear that the promised help in sufficient strength to reopen the way out for the two surrounded regiments would not materialize in time, they were ordered to try to fight their way out through Schoenberg. With no East-West roads available, the two regiments had no choice but to make their way westward through unfamiliar, unreconnoitered, wooded hills. One of the U.S. battalions did manage to cut the southern road from Bleialf and interrupt German traffic for a time. The northern route through Auw and Andler was filling up with German armored forces from the 6th SS Panzer Army, as well as the 5th Panzer Army, since the concentrated strength of the 2nd and 99th U.S. Divisions at Monschau and Elsenborn had diverted SS General Dietrich's tanks southward onto the same roads Manteuffel needed.

As the German-held roads converged on Schoenberg, the space available to the regiments narrowed. U.S. battalions began to get in each other's way, and there was some firing on friendly units. Moving during the night of December 18 to 19 to get into place for the attempt to break out through Schoenberg the next day, men became separated from their units. This was particularly critical on crew-served weapons. There was little coordination between the two regiments and

(Con't. on Page 7)

COMMEMORATIVE CEREMONIES

(Cont'd. from page 6)

battalions. When repeated assaults out of the hills against Schoenberg were attempted the next day, the U.S. soldiers were largely dependent on their personal weapons against mortars, machine guns, multiple anti-aircraft guns, 88mm artillery, armored vehicles, etc., of the German troops who by then had been gathering in Schoenberg for two days. By mid-afternoon of the 19th, having suffered hundreds of casualties without any apparent progress toward the objective, the two regimental commanders ordered the surrender of thousands of troops in the biggest set-back for U.S. arms since Corregidor. They made this difficult decision, which effectively ended their military careers, to avoid further loss of life, not knowing what new hardships awaited their men in prison camps or the emotional scars that would be inflicted on their troops in later life.

The Battle of the Bulge, historically, was a victory for U.S. and allied arms--indeed, a great victory--in that it exhausted Germany's capability to offer more effective defense of the homeland, thus hastening her unconditional surrender less than four months after the battle ended. But for thousands of U.S. soldiers it was a damaging, personal defeat they had months in German POW camps to think about while knowing nothing of the favorable, overall outcome. After the war, many of these men were primarily interested in picking up their lives where they had left off with jobs and families, leaving little time or interest to learn the "Big Picture" on which they had played a little part. Some may have feared that their feeling of personal failure would only be confirmed if they looked into it.

Some of the survivors of this brief combat and months of imprisonment to this day find their memories too painful to contemplate and do not want to revive them by coming to reunions or other meetings or even joining our associations. Fortunately, however, many of them found the time and inclination, as they reached retirement age during the past ten years, to learn more about the Battle of the Bulge, enabling them finally to accept their role in history. Richard Peterson's little book, *Healing the Child Warrior*, published this year and advertised in the latest *Bulge Bugle*, describes his struggle of more than 40 years, despite a successful business life, to recover from the depression of personal defeat in war and imprisonment. Some of my comrades have told me that the fortuitous publication of *Time for Trumpets* in 1984 offered them the helping hand they needed. It is interesting to note that Charles MacDonald, although a veteran of the Bulge, only got around to writing the definitive history of the battle himself after retiring from the Army Historical Office. Indeed, it was only after the story of the Ultra decoding program was released to the public a little over a decade ago that one could see an excuse for the Allied intelligence failure in the Bulge.

And so, on this 48th anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge, let us remember not only the thousands who were killed and wounded in action in this greatest land battle of the War and the hundreds who died of malnutrition in German prison camps but also those in our ranks who, though they escaped physically unharmed, are still wounded by their memories

and have yet to find inner peace. This is a task and a challenge, not only for historians and authors like Dick Peterson and the late Charles MacDonald, but also for organizations like yours and mine, Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, the 106th Division Association, the American Ex-Prisoners of War, and others to provide the information, historical context, and comradeship necessary to heal these hidden wounds.

Immediately following Mr. Sulser's address, President of the Virginia Chapter H. Dean Fravel and the President of the Maryland/District of Columbia Chapter Grover C. Twiner, laid a wreath on the VBOB Memorial.

After a moment's silence, Taps were played by a U.S. Army Band bugler and the U.S. Army Color Guard retired the colors.



Chapter Presidents H. Dean Fravel (Virginia) and Grover C. Twiner (Maryland/DC) lay wreath at VBOB Memorial site.

Everyone bowed their heads as Past President William Greenville offered the following prayer:

"Let us pray.

"Almighty God, we commend to you the souls of our many comrades buried here and in other places who served you and our nation so well in the Ardennes Campaign from December 1944 to January 1945. By our presence here today we attest to the fact that their courage and dedication will be remembered at this hallowed place for as long as this nation itself survives.

"We thank God for the quality of the men who served their nation during World War II, but most especially those of our comrades who served during the Battle of the Bulge.

"May they rest in the eternal peace reserved for those who have given their lives and of themselves in the service of our great nation.

"Amen."

From the ceremonies at the VBOB Memorial, the congregation moved to a point nearby where our dear friend and founder, Clyde D. Boden, is laid to rest.

The secret of staying young is to find an age you really like and stick with it.

Bill Hemphill

SERVICES AT GRAVE SITE OF CLYDE D. BODEN VBOB FOUNDER

Members conducted ceremonies at the grave site of VBOB's founder, Clyde D. Boden, in connection with the 48th Anniversary Observances at Ft. Myer, Virginia.

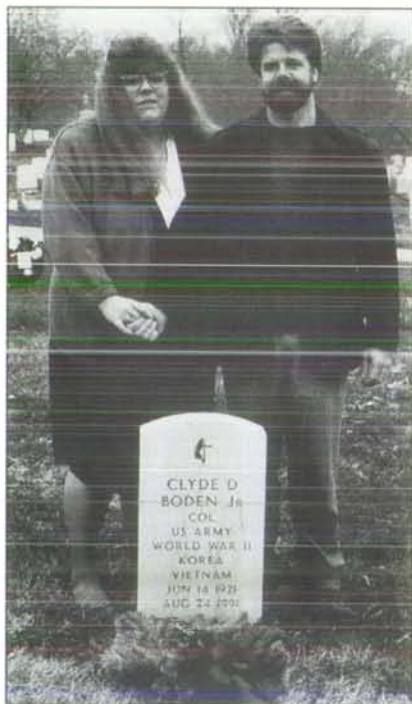
Peter Dounis, VBOB Vice President for Military Affairs, offered words expressing the sentiments of those present who knew and loved Clyde.

With Clyde's initiative and leadership, he and 12 other Bulge veterans met at the Arlington County, Virginia, Court House for the purpose of founding the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, Inc. in 1981.

Clyde's military service included combat command as an anti-aircraft platoon commander with the **84TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 557TH ANTI-AIRCRAFT ARTILLERY AUTOMATIC WEAPONS BATTALION**, during World War II in four campaigns in Europe and during the Korean War as a staff officer. He enlisted as a private and retired as a Colonel in the Army of the United States. His last reserve assignment was as commander of the Mobilization Designation Detachment of the Deputy Chief of Staff for personnel. He was a graduate of the Army's Command and General Staff College and the Army War College in Washington, D.C.

Everyone bowed their heads while VBOB Past President William G. Greenville offered a prayer.

The ceremonies concluded at this point and most of the attendees headed for the reception for new VBOB Officers held at the Ft. Myer Officers' Club.



The children of Clyde D. Boden, VBOB Founder, Barbara and Scott Boden, lay a wreath on his burial site in Arlington Cemetery

INSTALLATION OF NEW VBOB OFFICERS

With warm comradeship members of VBOB and their guests joined together at the Ft. Myer Officers Club for snacks and a few sips of holiday cheer.

The following new officers were sworn in for the 1992-93 fiscal year: William R. Hemphill, President; William Tayman, Executive Vice President; Grover Twiner, Vice President for Membership; Stanley Wojtusik, Vice President for Chapter Coordination; Peter Dounis, Vice President for Military Affairs; Peter Leslie (in absentia), Treasurer; Beverley VanHouten, Recording Secretary; and George C. Linthicum, Corresponding Secretary.



Newly installed officers for 1992-93

The following toast was offered by Peter Dounis:

"Friends and Comrades,

"I offer a timely toast, so join with me to exclaim our thanks and gratitude for being alive and able to attend and participate in our solemn commemoration of this 48th Anniversary of that awesome, grotesque, hellish, chaotic, dramatic, remarkable, monumental, costly, controversial, frigid, pivotal, historic, epic Battle of the Bulge in Belgium, Luxembourg, and France during World War II. A grim lesson, but final victory!

"It was the greatest battle ever fought by the U.S. Army, which lasted 40 days and 40 nights and an additional 15 days and 15 nights in Alsace-Lorraine area of France in February.

"Ninety-five percent of the Allied casualties were American. On President Franklin D. Roosevelt's birthday January 30, 1945, Sir Winston Churchill stated in the House of Commons speech, 'This is, undoubtedly, the greatest American battle the war and will, I believe, be regarded as an ever famous American victory.'

"To those brave Americans who did not return, we impart our sincere condolences to their families and render prayers for the repose of their souls and may their spirits have everlasting peace."

MEMBERS SPEAK OUT

FARRIS L. "RED" SKAGGS, 7TH ARMORED DIVISION, 48TH ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION, COMPANY C, has written a very informative letter relating his journeys throughout France, Belgium, Holland, etc., during WW II. He also recalls the Company Commander Capt. Harrison S. Forrester accidentally shooting himself in the foot with a confiscated German pistol. Drop "Red" a note if you remember this incident or were with his group. His address: 105 Cline Road, Clarksville, Arkansas 72830.

Jeanne Cilley Gatcombe writes to see if anyone remembers her father--**RAYMOND L. CILLEY**, 2ND INFANTRY DIVISION, 15 FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, SERVICE BATTERY. Write to Jeanne at: P.O. Box 63, Peterborough, New Hampshire 03458.

George Fusco would like to know if there is anyone out there from his father's company. He stated that in his father's platoon of 48 only 15 survived. Anyone out there from this group of the **106TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 423RD INFANTRY, COMPANY "L"?** Write to George at: 13599 Skyview Terrace West, Mount Airy, Maryland 21771

Does any one remember **EDWARD ORLOWSKI**, 10TH ARMORED DIVISION? If so, his son, Frank, would like to hear from you. Write to Frank Orłowski, RR 1, Box 80, Orford, New Hampshire 03777.

"JUMPIN'" **HERMAN (POSCH)**, 17TH AIRBORNE, HEADQUARTERS, would like to find out if anybody knows the identity of the man from the **101ST AIRBORNE** who stood with his arms upraised as the C-47's dropped food and supplies to Bastogne on the 21st or 26th of December. If you know, write to Herman at: 3601 North Valley Road, Greenville, California 95947.

New Associate Member **MANUEL T. ALCANTAR**, would like to find his old buddy **ERNIE GUNTHER**, 507TH PARACHUTE INFANTRY REGIMENT. If you can help write to Manuel at: 6423 West 77th Street, Los Angeles, California 90045.

GEORGE PETERSON, 11TH ARMORED DIVISION, 491 AFA BATTALION, writes to thank those of you who wrote and provided him with materials on the **8TH INFANTRY DIVISION**. He received ten or 12 responses. He urges all members who need something to write to the "Members Speak Out Column," he was most pleased with his results.

Michel Lorquet writes from Belgium to try to locate two men who stayed with his family (Ghislaine Dehaye) in September-November, 1994, in Dison, while they were working in a hospital located in a school in that area. Michel is a student of the Battle of the Bulge. If you can help him, please write to: Michel Lorquet, rue de la Wade 37, B4600 Vise, Belgium.

ASSOCIATE MEMBER **JEANNE W. PRICE**, widow of

JOHN K. PRICE, HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT, 107TH REPLACEMENT BATTALION, writes to find help with a book she is putting together regarding her husband's army experience. She is trying to locate a soldier who left Tidworth Garrison, Andover, England, on December 15, 1944 with her husband (may be **R. KLINE**). She would also like to locate the officer who censored a letter in France, APO 131, December 24, 1944. The censor's stamp number is #32775 and the signature appears to be **LT. A. CAPUTO**. If you can help write: Mrs. John K. Price, 319 Secret Valley, Kerrville, Texas 78028.

IRWIN B. SPANDAU, 83RD INFANTRY DIVISION, reports that he is publishing his diary entitled *Lost Diary*. This publication retells the story of a member of the 83rd as seen through the eyes and emotions of "just another soldier." You can obtain a copy by writing to Irwin at 24 Gabriel Lane, Willingboro, New Jersey 08046. The cost is \$20.00 and the number of copies is limited.

WANTED: Copy of the book *My Longest Week* by Arthur C. Brown, commander of **BATTERY B, 589TH FIELD ARTILLERY** during December 1944. Write to: C. M. Knox, Jr., 802 Bellwood Drive, Clover, SC 29710.

We received a very nice T-shirt bearing a picture of George Patton. If you are interested in receiving information regarding the T-shirt or a sweat shirt write to: Joseph Keirn, 609 South Kettle Street, Altoona, Pennsylvania 16603.

JOSEPH E. GALANO, 135TH ORDNANCE MM COMPANY, writes to let you know that for \$2.00 the VA will search their records and forward letters to veterans. Write to: Alice I. Hunter, Chief, Field Service Unit; Department of Veterans Affairs; Box 5020; St. Louis, Missouri 63115.

Photographer needed for military reunion. Have you had good luck with one? If so, write to: **RALPH SCHIP**, 26030 South Eastlake Drive, Sun Lakes, Arizona 85248.

In the last issue of *The Bugle*, we had a "Lost and Found" article. In that article **R. K. Bowman** was identified as having belonged to the **5TH INFANTRY DIVISION**. **WEBER RICK**, writes to tell us that he should have identified him as belonging to the **80TH INFANTRY DIVISION**. Does this help you to help Rick? If so, write to Rick at: 147 Val Ste Croix, 1371 Luxembourg, Europe.

MICHAEL DURCO has lost contact with **C COMPANY, 1ST INFANTRY ENGINEER BATTALION**. He was attached to the **1ST INFANTRY DIVISION, 26TH INFANTRY**. If you can help him write: 2700 East 97th Street, Chicago, Illinois 60617-4928.

EDWARD A. HILTON, of the **63RD INFANTRY DIVISION**, who was sent as a replacement to the **90TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 357TH INFANTRY, COMPANY "C,"** wants to find his squad leader--Corporal

(cont'd. on Page 10)

Members Speak Out (Cont'd. from Page 9)

Ball (no first name). Ed last spoke with him in May, 1945, while on furlough on the streets of London. Also he would like to locate anyone at the Barley Duke Hospital (a horse stable), where Ed was from January to May, 1945. He's also looking for the BAR man he was assistant to named Benny (no last name) and Tappa (no other name). Write to Ed if you can help at: P.O. Box 265, Altmar, New York 13302.

We have a request to locate **EARL CLEVELAND FRIDLEY**, of Cinco, West Virginia, or his family. We know that he was a Private with Detachment G, Supply Depot. Write to VBOB.

WILLIAM SMITH would like to contact **LT. KASTENBURG**, **SGT. CARTER**, **MAC McCANN**, **HONEYCUTT**, and **DICK RILEY**--all of **107TH SIGNAL BATTALION**, and attached to the **99TH INFANTRY DIVISION**. Write to William Smith, 12233 Whipple, Beloit, Wisconsin 53511.

MAURICE L. ALEXANDER, **30TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, would like to know if any of the members of the new Great Lakes Chapter were in the 30th or the **6TH ARMORED DIVISION**. If so, write to Maurice: 5750 Gotfredson Road, Plymouth, Michigan 48170.

FREEMAN SEXTON, **9TH ARMORED DIVISION**, **73RD FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION**, **BATTERY "C"**, would like to hear from members of his group. He would like to know what happened to Col. Brookstrum, who was missing the night before the Americans lost Bastogne hospital just outside of Bastogne. Also would like to hear about Capt. Still, whose home was in Mississippi. Write to Freeman at: P.O. Box 5144, Cleveland, Tennessee 37320.

Did you serve in a **MILITARY POLICE** unit? If you did please write to Robert G. Koval, 219 C Springmeadow Drive, Holbrook, New York 11741 (or telephone 212-337-1799). Mr. Koval is writing an article for *Military Police Journal* and would like your input.

HELP NEEDED FOR PASSAGE OF WORLD WAR II MEMORIAL BILL

The World War II Memorial Bill has been introduced jointly by Senator Strom Thurmond (R-SC), a veteran of the Battle of the Bulge, and Marcie Kaptor (D-IL). As no number has yet been assigned to either the Senate bill or the House bill, when contacting, please refer to the bill as the World War II Memorial Bill. We need 52 co-sponsors in the Senate and 218 co-sponsors in the House for it to pass.

If the 8,000 active members of VBOB call their congressmen (representative) and both of their senators upon reading this article, we should be able to get the bill passed by the end of February.

To call your senator in Washington requires a long distance call to 202-224-3131--ask the operator for the senator from

MESSAGE FROM THE VICE PRESIDENT FOR CHAPTER COORDINATION

As with any change of administration, a few things fell into the crack with respect to preparation of the "Chapters" column for *The Bugle* this time. If you will forward your information to me in the future at the address below, I'll see that the information gets prepared for the newsletter.

We have numerous new ideas for VBOB and chapter development which we are anxious to implement. We would appreciate hearing any ideas that you might have.

One of our first endeavors will be to form as many chapters as possible. We currently are working with a group concerning the development of a chapter in the St. Louis area. If you live in the St. Louis area and would like information regarding this undertaking, please drop me a line.

Maybe you can help...

Would you be interested in helping to start a chapter in your area? If so, we would like to hear from you.

As many of the members of VBOB are unable to attend national reunions, we are anxious to form as many chapters as possible. This will enable more members to experience the togetherness and camaraderie that is so much a part of being a member of an organization such as VBOB.

If you have the time to help us with this endeavor, we would very much appreciate hearing from you. We will provide you with many of the materials you will need for such an undertaking, i.e., a list of members in your area, sample press releases to send to local newspapers (we can provide you with mailing labels for some of these), sample bylaws, etc.

If you can help, please send your name, complete address and telephone number to VBOB's Vice President for Chapter Coordination: Stanley A. Wojtusik, Sr., 9639 Wissinoming St., Philadelphia, PA 19114-3104.

your state. To call your congressman the number is 202-225-3121--ask the operator for your congressman. If you do not know your congressman's name, a telephone call to your library or your post office within your zip code can produce that information. Most post offices have a list of elected officials on one of the walls.

To save long distance calls, most states will have at least five local offices for each senator and three or four local offices for your congressman.

You can always write to your senator as: Honorable (fill in correct name), United States Senate, Washington, DC 20510. Write to your congressman as: Honorable (fill in correct name), United States House of Representatives, Washington, DC 20515.

Name me an emperor who was ever struck by a cannonball.
Charles V, of France

REUNIONS

2ND CAVALRY ASSOCIATION (all Eras)--13-17 October, 1993, Shelter Island, San Diego Harbor, California. Contact: Louis T. Holz, 726 Mancill Road, Strafford, Pennsylvania 19087-2005. Telephone: 215-688-3715.

2ND "INDIAN HEAD" DIVISION, July 21-24, 1993, Ft. Worth, Texas. Contact: Bill Creech, P.O. Box 460, Buda, Texas 78610.

3RD ARMORED DIVISION, 36TH ARMORED INFANTRY REGIMENT, COMPANY "C," June 10-13, 1993, Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Contact: Roland Duschek, P.O. Box 311, Markesan, Wisconsin 53946. Telephone: 414-398-2442.

4TH INFANTRY "IVY" DIVISION ASSOCIATION, June 29-July 5, 1993, in Arlington, Virginia. Contact: Roger S. Barton, 2 Spring Drive (R-8), Walkersville, Maryland 21793. Telephone: 301-845-4168.

7TH ARMORED DIVISION ASSOCIATION, August 26-29, 1993, Indianapolis, Indiana. Contact: Carl K. Mattocks, 292 Scott Swamp Road, Farmington, Connecticut 06032.

8TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION ASSOCIATION, October 15-17, 1993, Ramada Inn, Muskogee, Oklahoma. Contact: Les Bushman, 666 WEst Germantown Pike, Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvania 19462.

9TH ARMORED DIVISION, 73RD FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, May 11-14, 1993, New Iberia, Louisiana. Contact: Ed Capron, 10625 Kenlee Drive, Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70815. Telephone: 504-924-2158.

12TH ARMORED DIVISION, NORTH CENTRAL CHAPTER, April 15-27, 1993, Ramada Hotel, St. Paul, Minnesota. Contact: J. Paul Heineman, 2415 Zenith North, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55422.

14TH CAVALRY GROUP, October 7-9, 1993, Holiday Inn Airport, San Antonio, Texas. Contact: Ralph Schip, 26030 South Eastlake Drive, Sun Lakes, Arizona 85248. Telephone: 602-895-1657.

18TH CAVALRY RECONNAISSANCE GROUP, October 7-9, 1993, Holiday Inn Airport, San Antonio, Texas. Contact: Ralph Schip, 26030 South Eastlake Drive, Sun Lakes, Arizona 85248. Telephone: 602-895-1657.

26TH CAVALRY RECONNAISSANCE TROOP, May 14-15, 1993, Holiday Inn, Normal, Illinois. Contact: George Linthicum, 2605 Orchard Drive, Broomall, Pennsylvania 19008. Telephone: 215-356-9552.

26TH INFANTRY "YANKEE" DIVISION, MIDWEST CHAPTER, May 14-15, 1993, Holiday Inn, Normal, Illinois. Contact: W. Kent Stephens, 107 Bluffview Lane, Collinsville, Illinois 62234. Telephone: 618-344-1616.

31ST INFANTRY DIVISION, May 14-16, 1993, Mobile Hilton, Mobile, Alabama. Contact: Floyd M. Rice, P.O. Box 250121, Montgomery, Alabama 36125.

35TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 134 INFANTRY REGIMENT, September 8-12, 1993, Scottsdale, Arizona. Contact: James Graff, RR 1, Box 370, Middletown, Illinois 62666. Telephone: 217-445-2570.

37TH/611TH ENGINEER LIGHT EQUIPMENT GROUP, June 25-27, 1993. Contact: Robert A. Johnson, 1206 Harrison Avenue, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho 83814.

70TH INFANTRY DIVISION, July 17, 1993, Detroit, Michigan. Contact: Malcolm Muszynski, 2651 Biddle Avenue, #514, Wyandotte, Michigan 48192.

86TH CHEMICAL MORTAR BATTALION ASSOCIATION, May 12-16, 1993. Contact: John B. Deasy, 1830 - 30th Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94122. Telephone: 415-566-2177.

87TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION, September 26-October 3, 1993, Moline Holiday Inn Convention Center, Moline, Illinois. Contact: Walter Hatfield, 1203 Nebraska Street, Muscatine, Iowa 52761. Telephone: 319-263-6925.

103RD COMBAT ENGINEER BATTALION, June 17-19, 1993, Knights Inn-Clarion, Pennsylvania 16214. Contact: Gene Griese, 1900 South Ocean Drive #402, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33316. Telephone: 305-523-3676.

109TH TANK DESTROYER BATTALION, 1993, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Contact: George O. Funke, 3260 Oakford Road, Trevoise, Pennsylvania 19053.

120TH INFANTRY, COMPANY "B," April 22-16, 1993. Contact: Murray Pulver, 10406 Aztec Drive, Sun City, Arizona. Telephone: 602-933-4372.

129TH AAA GUN BATTALION, September 17-19, 1993, Holiday Inn, Manitowoc, Wisconsin. Contact: George Koch, 246 Cayuga Avenue, Elmhurst, Illinois 60126-4505. Telephone: 703-279-6999.

134TH AAA GUN BATTALION (WWII)--September 22-25, 1993, Best Western Central, Omaha, Nebraska. Contact: Michael Kotula, Star Route Box 586, Albrightsville, Pennsylvania 18210. Telephone: 717-722-0309.

135TH ORDNANCE MM COMPANY, June 5, 1993, Ramada, Inn, Montvale, New Jersey. Contact: Joseph E. Galano, 21 Shore Blvd., Keansburg, New Jersey 07734. Telephone: 908-787-3016.

168TH ENGINEER (C) BATTALION, September 6-9, 1993, The Margate, Laconia, New Hampshire. Contact: Dick Lewis, 376 Northwest Road, Westhampton, Massachusetts 01027. Telephone: 413-527-7059.

286TH FIELD ARTILLERY OBSERVATION BATTALION, BATTERY "B," May, 1993. Contact: Tony Catanzaro, 110 Rutherford Blvd., Clifton, New Jersey 07014. Telephone: 201-472-4445.

557TH AAA, AW BATTALION (WWII), May 12-15, 1993, Holiday, Inn, Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania. Contact: Jim Nealon, 6304 Crafton Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19149. Telephone: 215-288-1157.

565TH AAA, AW BATTALION, September 10-11, 1993, Savannah, Georgia. Contact: Harris Drake, 27 Spring Haven Drive, Flat Rock, North Carolina 28731. Telephone: 704-697-0248.

609TH TANK DESTROYER BATTALION ASSOCIATION, September 16-18, 1993, Brunswick Hotel, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Contact: George Funke, 3260 Oakford Road, Trevoise, Pennsylvania 19053.

790TH ORDNANCE COMPANY, May 14-16, 1993, Myerstown, Pennsylvania. Contact: Joe Overholser, 58 Downing Drive, Wyomissing Hills, Pennsylvania 19610. Telephone: 215-670-0508.

987TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, April 19-May 1, 1993, Ye English Inn, 24 Downing Street, Hollister, Missouri 65672. Contact: W. D. Crawford, Route 1, Box 526A, Ore City, Texas 75683. Telephone: 903-968-6350.

U.S. ARMY RANGER ASSOCIATION, INC., October 13-16, 1993, Fort Lewis, Tacoma, Washington. Contact: Bill Leuders, 2427 Harpoon Drive, Stafford, Virginia 22554. Telephone: 703-690-0657.

IMPORTANT PUBLICATION NOTICE: We will be happy to run an announcement of your reunion. It is important that you get it to us as early as possible. We normally mail our publication in early February, May, August, and November. Therefore, it is necessary to receive your announcement notice no later than the first week of January, April, July, and October. Many announcements are picked up from the various publications we receive, so if complete information is not listed, please write to the contact person.

ARE YOUR DUES DUE?

DARK MEMORIES, BRIGHT HOPES

WWII Exhibit Tours the U.S.

[Excerpts from an article by Bob Dart, of the Cox News Service--sent to us by Jumpin' Herman Posch]

"For a generation of Americans, the National Archives has opened a scrapbook of memories from those daunting, dangerous years when the world was at war and they were most alive.

"Here are the personal will and political testament of Adolph Hitler, the sword of the Japanese commander of the River Kwai prison camp, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower's campaign jacket, and the surrender documents signed by Germany and Japan half a century ago.

"These items and hundreds more are part of 'World War II: Personal Accounts--Pearl Harbor to V-J Day,' the first traveling exhibition ever of historic documents and artifacts from the National Archives. The tour will last through 1995 and commemorate the 50th anniversary of the war years.

"The exhibition, which will primarily visit presidential libraries, contains an astonishing array of materials from the bowels of the National Archives in Washington. Most of the material has never been displayed before." Letters from Winston Churchill, Franklin Roosevelt, Charles deGaulle, Gen. George S. Patton. "...photographs and letters from German Gen. Erwin Rommel's famed tank operations in the North African desert and pictures from the infamous Bataan Death March. There are diaries of Nazi propaganda chief Joseph Goebbels, rare film of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, pictures of the devastation wrought by the atomic bomb.

"These are the official records, captured by the military, and turned over to us following the second world war,' said U.S. Archivist Don W. Wilson." There are diaries of Hitler's mistress, Eva Braun, with "photo albums, a lot of high-level stuff that they took right out of the bunker (of Hitler) when they overran it."

For security reasons, the exhibit will primarily be on display at presidential libraries. The schedule is as follows:

Herbert Hoover Library, West Branch, Iowa

January 30--April 11, 1993

Harry S. Truman Library, Independence, Missouri

May 5--August 15, 1993

Gerald Ford Museum, Grand Rapids, Michigan

September 11, 1993--January 4, 1994

Jimmy Carter Library, Atlanta, Georgia

January 20--May 1, 1994

John F. Kennedy Library, Boston, Massachusetts

September 24, 1994--January 2, 1995

Ronald Reagan Library, Simi Valley, California

January 28--April 9, 1995

Wilson added "There is a tremendous amount of interest in World War II. This is the last time probably that many living veterans will have a chance to reminisce, to relive."

The exhibit will be on permanent display at the National Archives in Washington, opening on the 50th anniversary of V-E day in 1995."

47 YEARS LATER

[Excerpts from article by A. J. Keifer, which appeared in The Times Express--sent to us by Martin J. Anschau]

"Gunfire filled the Ardennes Forest on Christmas Eve 1944. Nineteen-year-old Martin Anschau, of Plainfield Township, Pennsylvania, was in combat for the first time as machine gun fire raked his platoon. That night he earned his Purple Heart.

"Last month--47 years later--Anschau was reunited with the man who saved his life that night.

"The 'Diaper Division' [so-called because the division contained mostly 18- and 19-year-olds] was ordered into Belgium's Ardennes Forest to take part in the Battle of the Bulge...."

"It was cold and there was snow on the ground. Ahead a machine gun was firing at the platoon. Two men were hit. PFC. Anschau dived behind a fallen tree to dodge the flying bullets. As he was lying there he could hear the machine gun bullets relentlessly ripping the bark from the tree. And then, a bullet tore through his boot and heel. Anschau yelled that he was hit.

"While the German gunner aimed at another target, Patrick Jordan made his way over to his wounded comrade. He cut off Anschau's boot, wrapped the wound and helped him to a jeep, which was headed for a hospital to the rear.

"Later, when Jordan asked about Anschau, he was told that the Germans had shot all the ambulance drivers and left the wounded by the side of the roads to die. He assumed that Anschau was among the dead.

"Anschau made it to the hospital and spent three months recovering before returning to the platoon. In the meantime, Jordan had left the front on December 27 with frostbitten hands and feet."



Anschau (left) and Jordan at a recent 75th Infantry Division reunion

Anschau and Jordan were reunited at a July reunion of the 75TH INFANTRY DIVISION in King of Prussia, Pennsylvania. Neither had known the whereabouts of the other until they met at the reunion. They had trained together in Kentucky before shipping off to war. Needless to say, they don't plan to lose track of each other again. They and their wives have made plans for more get-togethers.

COMMODORE JEAN CEUX SPEAKS AT VBOB COMMEMORATIVE BANQUET

[The following remarks were made by Commodore Jean Ceux, Military Attache of the Embassy of Belgium, at the Battle of the Bulge Historical Foundation Commemorative Banquet, held at Fort Meade, Maryland, December 15, 1992.]

It is indeed a privilege and a pleasure to be here today for this commemorative banquet of the Battle of the Bulge.

A dinner is always a success when the food is good and speeches are short. The first of these conditions has been amply satisfied.

Forty-eight years ago, the name "Bastogne" was added to the list of crucial battles of the Second World War. In Belgium where everybody at the time considered the main fighting was finished, this German effort shocked and frightened the people. Some of whom were still curing hangovers from liberation celebrations. To the soldiers involved it must have been a nightmare. Everything turned out alright in the end. But the names Bastogne, Ardennes and Bulge remained vividly engraved in minds and hearts. They amplified friendship and comradeship between the American and Belgian peoples due to the fact that local inhabitants and liberators alike wanted to keep the memory alive of people struggling and fighting to keep their freedom, their way of life and preserve them for future generations.

It is with pride that I salute the many veterans present here today as well as those who never made it back or could not get here.

My profound thanks also to the Battle of the Bulge Historical Foundation, whose efforts to promote and to keep the present generations aware of what happened in that remote corner of the Belgian countryside are laudable.

Col. Kenser you wisely choose Stavelot, a nice little town on the Ambleve River in the Belgian Ardennes, to be a sister city to Ft. Meade, the hub of the Battle of the Bulge memorial activities.

As a final word I would like to remind you that again, today, soldiers, sailors, marines and airmen of our two nations, together with many others are still involved in dying to keep the world a safer place to live in. You tried and succeeded. May their efforts also be successful.

Happy holidays to all of you.

PLANNING A RETURN TO YOUR BATTLEFIELD?

The Discovery Channel is planning to put together a series of cable television documentaries regarding the Battle of the Bulge, the Normandy Invasion, and other areas of combat. If you are a combat division veteran and plan to revisit your battlefield site this spring, please contact: *The Discovery Channel*, Steve Hoggard, 770 Wisconsin Avenue, Bethesda, Maryland 20814.

We'll be watching for you on the tube.

The Ardennes Battle

(Winter of '44-'45)

The Western front was quiet and soldiers were at rest
They took time out from battle having done their very best.
The tired and the wounded, now at recreation time
As replacement troops arrived, to fill the battered line.

The skies lit up one early morn, from the blasts of German guns
The Panzer Troops were breaking through, on another Blitzkrieg run.
It was operation CHRISTROSE, Hitler's hidden secret pawn.
The sixteenth of December, a cold DECEMBER DAWN.

The outposts were alerted on the thin defended front,
Brave soldiers stood their ground but soon were over-run.
It was the beginnings of a battle, hereto not divulged.
It was "A TIME FOR TRUMPETS"--THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE.

Peiper and his KAMPFGRUPPEN led the foe's attack
The Tiger tanks and Grenadiers drove the Allies back.
Model and Manteuffel let the Wehrmacht on a ruse,
It was Rundstedt's Last offensive to reach the river Meuse.

Now Eisenhower's Lieutenants rushed to halt the German flow
There was Middleton and Hodges and the Corps of Len Gerow.
There were armored tanks with infantry fighting by their side
And bridges blown by Engineers to stem the rushing tide.

The noise of battle sounded throughout the dark ARDENNES
The purrs of churning motors and the tramp of marching men.
Armor clashed with armor on the roads to gain the towns
The GI's met the Grenadiers to hold the frozen ground.
Winter days were harsh that year, with temperatures so low
The bitter cold that claimed the troops became a soldier's woe.
Hip-deep snow and ice slick roads proved the Army's bane
But none-the-less with Stamina the GI staked his fame.

The battle raged from town to town, to Stavelot and St. Vith,
The armored columns turned their tanks to face the Nazi myth.
'This was the German "waterloo" as Peiper turned about
His Kampinggruppe columns shattered and Panzer tanks en route.

On Christmas Day in Bastogne, McAuliffe's troops prevailed,
The 'Battered Bastards' held the town while help was on the trail.
Armor-men and Infantry came to join the bloody fray
The hurrying Fourth Armored arrived to save the day.

The clouds above cleared that day, our planes were in the skies
Supplies and ammunition dropped--A Christmas Gift surprise.
Now Patton's Best came from the West to end the German thrust
The BULGE was closed by Stalwart men who gave their very best.

A liberated people, now toast those Battling men
Who paid the price for Freedom in the woods of the ARDENNES.
The Battle won by Stamina of youth who stood so tall
Winston Churchill said it, "The Greatest of them all."

John E. McAuliffe
87 INF 347 INF M

SENIOR CITIZENS ARE THE BIGGEST
CARRIER OF AIDS...
**HEARING AIDS; BAND AIDS; ROLL AIDS;
WALKING AIDS; MEDIC-AID; and
GOVERNMENT AID.**

Help Keep Us Solvent!!

Many of our members are behind in their dues. We ask that you will check the label which was used in mailing this publication to you to see if your dues are in arrears. Many times members do not understand our billing system and this notice is meant as an explanation. We do not send periodic statements. The only billing you receive is the mailing label which is affixed on each copy of *The Bulge Bugle* you receive. A sample mailing label, with explanation follows:

(A)RO8888 (B)06/19/91 (C)11111
(D)JOHN WILLIAM SMITH
1443 WILLIAMSBURG STREET
WILLIAMSBURG, OK 11111

- (A) = Membership number
(B) = Dues date. In this case Mr. Smith's dues were due June 19th, 1991.
(C) = Zip code information for use by the post office.
(D) = Member's name and address.

Mr. Smith owes \$10.00 to bring his dues up to June 19, 1992 (as dues were \$10.00 until December 1, 1991) and \$15.00 (the current dues amount) to bring his dues up to June 19, 1993. Dues are payable a year in advance.

Life Membership:

If a member's dues are current, he/she may opt for Life Membership. The cost of life membership is: Over 70 years of age--\$75.00, or, under 70 years of age--\$125.00. If your dues are current, you may apply your current year's dues toward life membership. In other words, if your dues are due in any month in advance of the current month, you may deduct \$15.00 from the amount and send your check for the balance.

WHAT WERE YOU DOING DECEMBER 24 and 25, 1944???

We are contemplating a special edition of *The Bulge Bugle* dealing with the holiday season experienced by VBOB members while they were in the Battle of the Bulge.

It isn't important if you are Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, or another religion, what is important is that we learn something about your memory of these days during that period of your life.

Maybe it's just a reflection of the conditions you had at that time; maybe it's waiting to open that box from home at a special time or what was in the box; maybe it's a sharing experience of some type or another; maybe it's just that horrible home-sickness you felt on these days; maybe it was your pleasure at having a hot meal during this period... **WHATEVER...WE'D APPRECIATE HEARING FROM YOU REGARDING WHAT YOU REMEMBER.**

Burial Rights

We wanted to pass along to you the qualifications for burial in a national cemetery. Jo Ann Webb, director of the National Cemetery System (NCS) states the following: "We believe one of the reasons more veterans do not take advantage of the right to burial is because they are not members of veterans organizations, which ensure that their members are aware of the rights they possess." Benefits include:

- Entitlement to burial in a national cemetery for all veterans, except those dishonorably discharged.

- Preparation of the grave site, burial of the deceased, a furnished headstone or marker, a flag for the casket and perpetual care of the grave site. Grave liners are also provided at most national cemeteries.

- A Presidential Memorial Certificate issued to survivors. Copies can be ordered by family and friends.

- Free inscriptions on the grave marker, including branch of armed forces, and recognition of receipt of the Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross, Navy Cross, Air Force Cross, Silver Star, Purple Heart, and status as a POW or MIA. Also date of birth, date of death, and war period.

- For veterans buried in a private cemetery, the next-of-kin may ask for a government-furnished grave marker. (An \$85 allowance toward the purchase of a marker is no longer available.)

- Additional allowances are given for funeral or burial expenses (\$300), and a burial plot except in national cemeteries. The burial plot allowance can be up to \$150, but only for veterans entitled to a VA pension or disability compensation, veterans who died in a VA facility or veterans who were discharged or retired because of a disability. Survivors of a veteran who dies of a service connected disability may receive up to \$1,500 in reimbursement for burial benefits.

- The spouse of a deceased veteran buried in a national cemetery, dependent children and unmarried adult children (if they become disabled before turning 21) are eligible for burial.

- National Guard and Reserve service members who die during active duty training or full-time service are also eligible.

Some things are not covered: transportation to the cemetery; the casket; cost of the service; military honor guard; bugler; or fly-over. In addition, reservations for burial in a national cemetery cannot be made in advance.

Before any veteran can be buried in a national cemetery, his or her service eligibility form (DD214) must be verified. Next-of-kin should know where this document is to avoid any delays.

When a veteran dies, the local funeral director will require this form before contacting whichever national cemetery the veteran has selected to be buried in. The next-of-kin will need the form when applying for burial entitlements.

Please provide us the following information with your story: your name; division, regiment, company, unit, etc.; where you were (as nearly as you know or can remember); and a brief description of your recollection.

THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR

[The following article appeared in the October, 1992, ...THE STATIC LINE, and was written by Lou Varrone. Mr. Varrone also drew the portrait used.]



**First Sergeant
Leonard Funk
508th Parachute Infantry
82nd Airborne Division**

"As long as I have ammunition nobody is ever going to take me alive."

"...a paragon of the stubborn G.I. who refused to be pushed around, and against near impossible odds helped defeat the final blitzkrieg of the Wehrmacht. Part of his order for the Medal of Honor reads:

"After advancing 15 miles in a driving snowstorm, the American force prepared to attack in waist-deep drifts. The company officer became a casualty, and Sergeant Funk immediately assumed his duties, forming headquarters soldiers into a combat unit for an assault in the face of direct enemy shelling and harassing fire from the right flank. Under his skillful and courageous leadership, this miscellaneous group and the 32nd platoon attacked 15 houses, cleared them, and took 30 prisoners without suffering a casualty. The fierce drive of Company C quickly overran Holzheim, netting some 80 prisoners, who were placed under a 4-man guard, all that could be spared, while the rest of the understrength unit went about mopping up isolated points of resistance. An enemy patrol, by means of a ruse (wearing similar clothing), succeeded in capturing the guards and freeing the prisoners, and had begun preparations to attack Company C from the rear while Sergeant Funk walked around the building and into their midst. He was ordered to surrender by a German officer who pushed a machine pistol into his stomach. Although overwhelmingly outnumbered and facing almost certain death, Sergeant Funk, pretending to comply with the order, began slowly to unsling his submachinegun from his shoulder and then, with lightning motion, brought the muzzle in to line and riddled the German officer. He turned upon the other Germans, firing and shouting to the other Americans to seize the enemy's weapons. In the ensuing fight 21 Germans were killed, many wounded, and the remainder captured. Sergeant Funk's bold action and disregard for his own safety were directly responsible for the recapture of a vastly superior enemy force, which, if allowed to remain free, could have taken the widespread units of Company C by surprise and endangered the entire attack."

"The medals on Lenny's tunic constitute a pyramid of honor. Including his courageous deeds during the airborne assaults in Normandy and Holland, he was awarded every last battlefield decoration the Army can bestow, making him the most decorated paratrooper of WWII."

BoB Nurses Honor Red Cross Nurses Lost at Sea in 1941

On October 2, 1992, two nurses of the Battle of the Bulge, Helen P. O'Neil and Dorothy S. Davis, attended a ceremony at the American Red Cross, in Washington, DC, to pay homage to five sister nurses lost at sea in 1941.

The nurses who perished were among those recruited and trained in 1940 to care for patients of a communicable disease outbreak or germ warfare inaugurated by Hitler. They were to assist in the establishment of a 125-bed field hospital for placement in Britain.

The Atlantic Ocean had become a dangerous war zone--one ship carrying prefabricated sections for the hospital was torpedoed and sunk. Shortly thereafter, a ship carrying the nurses and other personnel was attacked and sunk. Among the casualties lost at sea in this disaster were five Red Cross Nurses: Nancie M. Pett, Phyllis L. Evans, Maxine Loomis, Dorothea L. Koehn, and Dorothy C. Morse. Also missing was Ruth Breckinridge, the nurses' housemother.

Other nurses were soon picked up from the ocean and returned to the U.S. A number of the nurses, ended up in the frigid waters or in open boats--a few were rescued within several hours, but six were in a lifeboat for 12 days, and two others survived for 19 days in a lifeboat.

An impressive plaque was placed in the American Red Cross Memorial Garden in Washington, D.C., to honor the nurses and housemother lost at sea in 1941--the first nurse casualties of World War II.



Left to right: Dorothy Steinbis Davis, Col. Ruby Bradley, Helen Norkelunas Malarkey, Hazel Koblitz Hughes and Helen P. O'Neil

Nurses attending Battle of the Bulge soldiers:

DOROTHY STEINBIS DAVIS, R.N.--Army nurse with the 57TH FIELD HOSPITAL in the European theater, caring for the wounded of the Saar Region, Battle of the Bulge, Colmar Pocket and Germany.

HELEN P. O'NEIL, R.N.--Army nurse with the 4TH AUXILIARY SURGICAL GROUP in the ETO, she served as operating nurse for this neurosurgery group which traveled from hospital to hospital.

After Pearl Harbor, a flood of nurses volunteered for military service, risking their lives on battlefronts worldwide. Over 57,000 Army Nurses were on active duty by the end of the war in 1945. During the war, 201 Army Nurses died--16 as a result of enemy action. More than 1,600 nurses were decorated for meritorious service and bravery under fire.



**Living
Legends**

Memorable Bulge Incidents

UNEDITED AND
HERETOFORE UNPUBLISHED

BITTER DECEMBER

December 15, 1944

Joseph Jan Kiss, Jr.
C Company
38th Infantry Regiment
2nd Infantry Division
Toledo, Ohio

On the night of December 15th, we stopped and dug in by a firebreak with my squad as sort of an outpost. I dug in with Pvt. Bill Horn. At dawn I saw a small pillbox 100 feet to the right, and I went to check it out. Going down the stairs I heard a noise and I pecked around a wall with a grenade in hand, and saw Plt. Sgt. Vaughn peeking at me; he was checking also! I talked to Vaughn and returned to the foxhole. Pvt. Stanley Gawronski yelled to me, "sergeant, I just saw some Germans run across the firebreak about 40 yards ahead. I said, "Why didn't you shoot?" He said, "Well, really I couldn't see too good and besides I didn't want them to know we were here." I said, "That sounds O.K."

By now it was daylight. Bill Horn, next to me in the hole, (good looking young man, thin moustache) said, "Want a cracker, Joe?" (He had a K-ration open.) I said, "Yeah, I'll pay you back." I took it and heard a bullet hit Bill in the head. His head fell on my shoulder, blood ran onto my shoulder. He was staring at me and his mouth was opening and closing fast like a fish out of water with a slight gurgle. I felt his pulse, it was quivering and then stopped. I yelled to the other guys, "Bill just got shot. He's dead. Keep your heads down!" (Sniper shot Bill instead of me because he was a little taller and the sniper saw him better, I believe.) Then someone yelled, "Pull back. We're pulling out." (I reported where Bill was to the first sergeant and swore he was dead on a death form that he had me fill out and sign.

We pulled back in broad daylight, about seven or eight miles from near Wahlerschied to the twin towns of Krinkelt and Rocherath in Belgium under artillery fire. I hit the ground near a German foxhole, afraid to get in it as it may be booby trapped. A machine gun burst over me, tearing black bark off trees, exposing the white wood underneath, causing me to dive in the foxhole anyway.

We walked into Krinkelt at dark with German tanks on the horizon firing point blank at us. (We could see them on

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 "close-up" combatant accounts are a complement to the study of strategy and logistics and are a legacy of an important battle and victory in the U.S. military annals.

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.

account of light from the burning buildings.) We were walking along the road in a ditch two feet deep filled with water. The wounded were falling on the road and into the ditch.

We had orders to help no one. Leave them for the medics. Keep moving. The dead or wounded that fell on the road were mashed by trucks, tanks and jeeps, bumper to bumper trying to escape.

I saw men smashed flat as a pancake. You could see outlines of helmets through bodies twice a normal size, smashed flat. I had to stare at some for awhile to figure out that it was once a human being.

Some animals in a burning barn across the road were crying and it sounded like the crying of human babies.

At a crossroad someone tapped me on the shoulder and said, "What outfit, son?" I said, "Charlie Company, 38th Regiment, 2nd Division."

I saw two stars on his helmet, but I knew from pictures that he was General Walter Robertson, our Division Commander. He said, "Down this road to the left about two blocks to a brown brick house on the end." I said, "Yes, Sir," called to my squad and took off. I heard later that he was all over the area trying to build up a good strong line and gather up stragglers.

I got into the brick house just as a German tank shot an 88 shell above the door, killing one G.I. (The money from his wallet was shredded.) The Germans were calling, "Hey, Charlie Company," but we had orders long ago never to answer as they only wanted to locate you. Although 99th Division and 106th Division G.I.'s who were shot up badly kept coming through our lines for days and yelling to us (especially wounded), we wouldn't answer till we positively identified them.

I turned one tank destroyer crew in for not obeying my order to come over and knock out a German tank a block from us. We called them yellow and other things. They said, "Couldn't move til Lt. So and So came back." I said,



**Joseph Jan Kiss, Jr.
March, 1943**

"But we need you right now."

At daylight I was sitting in the barn, back against the straw, with a guard at the door. A sniper in the church across the street shot at the guard. The bullet chipped the barn door and hit the straw next to my left ear. We fought all day and all night. The sniper in the church finally took a shot at Col. Mildren, battalion commanding officer. We heard that he had a tank blow off the steeple.

Three German tanks knocked out three of our tanks by the church which looked like a tank graveyard. German artillery and Nebelwerfers (six barrel) rockets poured it on. The night of the 17th, Capt. Rollings had another guy and me hook anti-tank mines to telephone wires across the road in a ditch. We hid in the cellar across the street. If enemy tanks came down the road we were to pull the wire and drag the mines onto the road in front of them. None came.

We heard about a massacre at Malmedy (really Baugnez by a tavern), 86 killed and 43 got away. I walked within arm's reach of that Malmedy sign shown on pictures. Lots of guys said, "No more prisoners," but I never could shoot one in cold blood. In fact, I was awfully happy when they quit shooting and surrendered. I noticed a lot of them had wedding rings on. Some knelt down and prayed.

One G.I. shot a German dragging a machine gun out of a clump of trees eight times in the back with his M-1. Funny how he didn't ask him to surrender. This German seemed to be praying in French as he died.

One prisoner, a wiry guy, stood ramrod straight and wouldn't talk. This kind of gave me a slow burn, so I went to punch him, he ducked his head and I hit his steel helmet. That taught me something, but I got his brand new Schmeisser Machine Pistol.

The Germans had a gun with a cardboard barrel. Laugh, but it's true! It was used to propel propaganda leaflets into our lines about 1-1/2 miles.

Their M42 machine guns could fire 1500 RPM. It scared holy hell out of us. It was a vicious, wicked gun. Just went BRRRRRUUPPPP. We called it "Hitler's Saw." Our air-cooled only fired 600 RPM.

A German tank coming at you with its cannon and machine guns going, damn near paralyzed you. We liked to get box lunches out of knocked out Tiger Tanks. The interiors of the Tigers were nice, like pure white porcelain. They had five or six inches of hard nickel in front and were very hard to knock out.

Every 4th or 5th German carried about a 5 foot-1/2 inch hose. We wondered why. Then it dawned on me--it was to siphon gas from disabled vehicles; they were short of gas.

German artillery and machine gun fire was awful. German tracers were yellow, ours, a reddish pink, looked pretty--but deadly--like fireflies at night.

This was the coldest winter ever; it hit 27 below one night. Woke up one morning with one foot of snow on us. Son of a bitch, it was cold! (About December 20.) We found small Christmas trees in houses. Germans had tinfoil from cigarette packs and bits of torn colored paper on them. It made us sad.

The Germans yelled at us all the time to surrender, but we fought on. I saw grown men cry, but no one laughed. We all felt bad. I cursed Hitler for the 1,000th time.

About 3 a.m. December 18th our 155's knocked out a tank 150 yards from us in the second story of a building. German tankers in short black jackets, four of them, ran just below us to a drop off, about a foot. But we could see them good from above. We called to them to give up. They said, "Do you surrender, Yanks?" BAR man next to me shot them.

The German soldier was a son of a bitch to fight. You hardly ever got a good shot at one and he really perseveres. But he seems to have an uncanny ability to know or estimate correctly when the jig was up and it's no use continuing to fight any longer (and judge it better or wiser to surrender).

I saw one German with his upper half completely shot off! I also saw a German lieutenant laying 150 feet from me for about four hours not moving. I was sure he was dead. I looked real hard, but I couldn't see any signs of breathing. All of a sudden he jumped up with hands high shouting, "Kamerad, Kamerad, nichts scheissen!" and surrendered to us.

I saw Capt. Rolling's get shot in the legs, about the 18th. Someone said legs. I thought it was about four M.G. slugs in the left arm. He always had a small cigar in his mouth. Whenever he thought the prisoners were too cocky or laughed at him, he put his gun down, donned leather gloves and beat them badly. (Mean, tough Texan.)

He sent me on a suicide mission once to blow a hole in a wall with 20 lbs. of dynamite. He covered me with an M.G. from a shell hole in the road. (Remember, Capt.?)

I heard of a G.I. who jumped into a hole on top of another man who was going to shoot him, when the guy said, "God damn" and then he knew he was a G.I. Those two words saved his life.

Germans were yelling "Marschieri schnell! Schnell!" (Move quickly, quickly) But we held. We were dirty, muddy, unshaven, wet, tired, and frozen beyond belief. I wish everyone could see us now!

When bullets came close to your head, they split the air so fast that air coming back together pops like a hard clap of hands (really pops; only ricochets will buzz or whine or whirl. So much for movie phoniness).

On December 17th, rumor had it that we (2nd Division) were to hold Krinkelt and Rocherath. While 99th remnants and some 2nd Division were to go back west to Elsenborn Ridge (1-3/4 miles) to start preparing us a new line. First Division was on the way to tie in on our right at Elsenborn Ridge. (Good News.)

At 7 a.m. on the 18th, many tanks attacked us. Infantry had crept up at night to the very edge of both towns. We backed up 100 yards and our artillery smashed the tanks and our infantry drove back the German troops.

On the 19th after wrecking all the usable guns and vehicles we could not take out, we retired to Elsenborn, being shelled all the way in the rain. (After the war, I read that a German spotter with a motorcycle and radio in the woods directed that damn, accurate shellfire. We lost over 1,000 men at the Battle of the Bulge.)

I had a good hole on top of a ridge, good long field of fire. Our 38th Regiment on the front line, another regiment behind us manning a second line of defense, and another regiment behind them for reserve. Talk about power! Most times there is only one regiment behind you. With 1st

Division on our right and 9th on the left, all of us veterans, we felt pretty good. We had artillery almost hub to hub behind us for support. Sixteen batteries of Division artillery (four were 155's), seven batteries of Corps artillery, (155's, 4.5 in., and 105's and 8 in.) We also had 12 Regts. of 105 howitzers, 348 guns, tanks and T.D. guns (75 and 90 mm), also one battery of 4.2 chemical mortars. (One helluva concentration when they all fired at once, as they did at Krinkelt and Rocherath.) It was awesome. Both towns seemed to explode. We really felt sorry for those Germans. We called it a Division Serenade as all those different sizes of shells made a different sound going through the air. It sounded like a Musical Serenade.

Behind my dugout on Elsenborn Ridge was a fence row with trees about 10 feet high along it about 200 yards from me. Our anti-tank guns were hidden there. One day I was talking to a gun crew as we watched buzz bombs going toward Liege, Antwerp, Belgium and maybe to England. They made a loud, brackish noise. (Oh, yes, it was Christmas day.) Four German planes started to bomb and strafe back by our artillery. All of a sudden from the Southwest, a P-51 Mustang dove onto them and shot all four down in about three or four minutes. We were amazed, of course.

They flew over us once shooting. We dove under an ammo jeep. I heard a tinkling sound, looked up into the trees and saw .50 caliber shell casings from the P-51's guns trickling down through the tree branches. I reached and grabbed one for a souvenir and it burned my hand. It was still hot! I brought it home, but somehow it got lost, like my Iron Crosses and other souvenirs.

I decided to build a larger dugout under the trees at the fence row, as an artillery shell caved in the right front of my old dugout. The same barrage had one shell hit dead center on Barnett's hole 15 seconds after he ran to a buddy's hole on his left. (Real luck!)

I had the new hole pretty deep when the new C.O. Lt. Mode walked up. He laughingly said, "If you go any deeper, I'll court martial you for desertion!" One-half hour later I leaned back to rest and was looking out and up through the trees over my hole. I heard artillery coming and heard a tick and a branch wiggled above me as a shell whizzed over me and hit about 50 feet back. Evidently the side of the shell scraped the branch. If the nose would have hit it, it would have exploded right above me. I stared at the branch for five minutes (couldn't move). Whew!! I still see all that and Elsenborn Ridge as plain as day. (We later heard that this was called The Battle of the Bulge.)

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KID, STAY CLOSE TO ME. YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT!

December 1944

Harold Horowitz (Harmon)
K Company
119 Infantry Regiment
30th Infantry Division
Miamai, Florida

I was ordered to the 119th Infantry Division as a replacement and Curly, the BAR man, said, "Kid, stay close

to me, you'll be alright."

On Christmas Eve our company was poised to attack at dawn. My squad was out in front moving in single file at daybreak. Two badly wounded soldiers were dragged by by medics, they were outpost men shot in the semi-darkness. As the sun came up, German artillery pounded our positions as machine gun fire raked our squad. We were pinned down behind hedge rows and dug foxholes in the hard ground. A heavy concentration of 88's, treebursts, mortar and cannon laid a pattern of bombs saturating the entire area miles behind the rear echelon. Sweating, I discarded my frozen overcoat in this below freezing weather because it became too heavy and troublesome. Curly and I talked during lulls in the incoming barrage. Fifteen feet away from me he asked to change foxholes. "I have a better field of fire from yours," he said.

"I dug this. I'd rather not!"

Hours later Curly received a direct hit by a mortar shell and was blown to unrecognizable pieces.

At night we advanced to the farm house; it was pitch black inside and I stumbled over a dead cow. Searching the basement we took the two Germans, who fired the machine guns, prisoner. Moving ahead the next few days we passed many German frozen corpses left where they fell.

Eventually I was evacuated with frozen feet.

Americans can be proud of the combat soldier. He put aside his fears and courageously faced his worst nightmare.

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WHERE ARE WE?

December 1944

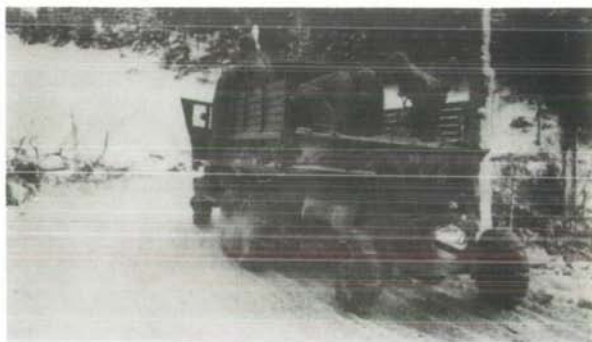
John E. McAuliffe
M Company
347th Infantry Regiment
87th Infantry Division
Worcester, Massachusetts

I arrived in France as a replacement without an overcoat (stolen), blanket (misplaced), or helmet (??). I was an ill-equipped soldier expected to fill in the gap in the battle line. Fortunately, I was refitted at the replacement depot and ready to join my new outfit with M Company, 347th Infantry.

After being briefed by the commanding officer, Capt. Green "Big Jake" Keltner in a barn, the platoon sergeant took four of us out into the snow filled woods and told sergeant Joe Kelly of the first mortar section to select two men. He said, "I'll take Manley and McAuliffe," and then pointed to the ground and said, "OK, there's your hole." Luckily we were spared the task of digging that one as the ground was brick hard. My first night of standing guard was a cold one and lonely as I stood under the snow laden firs and was told to be on the alert for German patrols with dogs. We were along the Sauer River.

A couple of nights later we moved up into a log hut with a make shift stove probably built by the Germans earlier. This was better than sleeping on the ground. It didn't last, though, as the division soon made a mass move to the St. Vith area by truck convoy to relieve the 17th A/B Division beyond Wattermal, Belgium. The names of these towns and units were unknown to me at the time and it was only years

later upon reading the division history that I was able to put the pieces together. Being in the 81mm mortars, we did not always see the enemy and upon asking what we were shooting at on one occasion, the sergeant growled, "Never mind that, Mac, just attend to your job." Likewise I envied our platoon leader, Lt. Ray Erickson, because he carried maps of the immediate area and I was always curious as to our position and that of the enemy and just what was our location. But like so many things in the army, we weren't supposed to know everything but just take care of our job at hand.



As we boarded the trucks for the trip to the St. Vith area, I purposely sat on the rear, hoping to catch a good look of the countryside. I didn't realize the others were vying for seats behind the cab to be more out of the cold and perhaps for protection. A slightly built, fair skinned lad placed his Dopp kit containing his razor and some personal belongings under my seat by my feet and entrusted them to my care. Did I look that confident and secure?

The convoy moved out and we stopped for nothing. Being on the tailgate, I was the one who emptied the urine from the steel helmets that were passed down. Along the way I saw many wrecked vehicles, disabled tanks and strewn equipment; the ravages of the initial German breakthrough. Houses were bombed out and gutted and the countryside was a very bleak sight and covered by a deep snow. We passed through a little town and two hours later I saw the same scene again. The driver lost the convoy and we were riding in circles. After eighteen hours of cold trucking, we got to our destination only to find the kitchen closed and we had no supper. Tired from the long trip, I completely forgot about the Dopp kit and that kid gave me hell for not minding it. Why he didn't choose to hold on to it himself, I'll never know. It was like he lost his only possession. I never saw him after that.

As we walked along the road among some displaced villagers, I tried my high school French on them. It was bad and didn't work anyway because they were Belgians.

That night our platoon slept in a small country catholic church. The pews had all been removed and the men spread out on the floor with their gear. I was a religious person and having attended strict catholic schools, my first impression was that we were desecrating the sanctity of the church. But those notions were quickly dispelled by the graveness of our situation and my mind turned to prayer. I remember ascending the three steps to the altar where the relics are

kept, on which the sacred chalice and host are placed during mass. I put my hand over the spot and prayed for our protection and then found a place to lie down on the floor.

The next day was typically cold and bleak and we were out on the road again. We came to a bend in the road where five G.I.s lay dead off to the side, one body propped against a wall. It was then the shells started to come in, bursting all around us. Black soot settled on us and the acrid smoke filled our nostrils.

It was like that spot was a chosen target for the German 88s. I was scared; the invoking of God's name came easy. We pressed onward and again were hit up the road a bit. I slipped and fell three times on the icy roads under my heavy equipment. No one helped me up, all were hustling towards the protection of a group of houses up ahead in the evening darkness. We took comfort in the seclusion afforded by that small compound of houses. In looking for our platoon OP, I ran smack into the muzzle end of an M-1 pointed from a darkened doorway. I was challenged; I was lost and I returned to my squad room. Those guys in the OP never did get their evening rations.

Up near Manderfeld we came to the edge of the forest and a lieutenant was sending the men out across a clearing at spaced intervals. As I came up to him he looked me over and said, "That's too much!" meaning too much to be carrying. Besides my regular gear, I was carrying 42 pounds of HE-light mortar bombs. I said nothing, and he said, "O.K. Go now." About 100 yards out, several rounds of 88 shells burst near me and I fell face down in knee deep snow. The shelling was scary enough but my next concern was getting myself up from under the weight I was carrying and from the deep snow. I weighed only 154 pounds and all the gear and ammo must have come close to 80 pounds.

On the other side of the clearing in the forest the shelling started pouring in again. This time it was the devastating tree bursts and the shrapnel was scattering every which way. A fellow named Huber from Baltimore and I took cover under a fallen fir tree. When we came out there was a guy sitting on the log holding his blown-up knee. I looked around for help and hollered, "Where is everyone?" Someone yelled, "They're down in the bunker." I asked, "What bunker?" Behind a camouflaged mound I found the stairs leading down inside. This was in the West Wall, near Ormont.

The squad slept in the bunker that night. It had been evacuated by the Germans. It was a relief to remove my boots and galoshes for the first time in weeks. When morning came I was asked to go on detail to guard an ammo stockpile. Sgt. Kelly yelled, "Alright, Mac, what's holding you up?" I was taking forever to put my boots and galoshes back on over my aching and numbed feet. They really never thawed out until the beginning of March when we had our first hot shower in two months. That winter I wore long woolen underwear and two sets of olive drabs and a sweater and field jacket with a scarf and overcoat, with two pairs of woolen socks under my combat boots and galoshes. I had no feeling in my toes for two months, but the two guys who wore the shoe packs were evacuated with frostbitten feet. We never saw them after that.

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LAUNDRY PROBLEMS

December 1944

Howard Peterson
Combat Command A
4th Armored Division
San Jose, California

On December 16, 1944, I was in Rheims, France as a member of the 325th Glider Infantry Regiment, 82nd Airborne Division. On 20 December, 1944, I was in Arlon, Belgium, as a rifleman replacement as part of CCA (Combat Command A) of the 4th Armored Division 'Old Blood and Guts' had ordered Hugh Gaffey to 'haul ass' up the Arlon-Bastogne road to break the encirclement of the 101st in Bastogne.

After a hellish ride from Rheims to Arlon in a 'deuce-and-a-half' we loaded in some half-tracks and about 1600 hours started north out of Arlon on the Arlon-Bastogne road. Progress was slow and we did not close on the blown bridge over the Sure River at Marelange until about 1300 hours on December 22nd. By now we had covered about 20 of the 28 miles from Arlon to Bastogne. While we waited for the engineers to finish the bridge over the Sure, we had a feast when one of the guys pilfered a ten in one ration off one of the tanks. I drew guard duty about 0400 hours and because it was a bright moonlight night, I thought I would be less of a target if I stood in the shadow of a tree. While leaning up against a small tree I could feel this lump on my back. When I moved to see what the lump was I found out it was about ten pounds of TNT wired to the tree with primercord so that in case of retreat the engineers could blow the trees as a form of a roadblock. I chose some other place to stand to finish out my tour of guard duty. As we were closing on Marelange in the half-tracks, as we rounded a curve and climbed a slight rise, as we emerged from a cut in the road, it seemed like there were a hundred 105's on both sides of the road and they all opened up at the same time. The sky suddenly became bright as day and the noise was deafening. I think it was at this time that I had the first of my laundry problems. To the uninitiated, that means that I was scared 's-----s.'

About 0800 hours we got across the Baily bridge over the Sure and we fanned out. CCA was given the main Arlon-Bastogne road. CCB was on the left flank using the secondary roads as its route to Bastogne. CCB was flanked on its left by the green, newly arrived 75th Infantry Division CCA was flanked on its right by the 'Blue Ridge Mountain Boys' of the 80th Infantry Division. We rode along on the backs of the Shermans. I had on my G.I. 'long johns,' O.D. pants and shirt, two pairs of socks, jump boots, four buckle overshoes, knit sweater, banana cap, helmet, 'tanker overalls,' and extra pair of socks under each armpit, my 'K' bar knife, my G.I. gloves, I had thrown away my gas mask, I had an ample supply of toilet paper inside my helmet, and my pockets were stuffed with 'K' rations, candle stubs, cigarettes, grenades, and 2-1/2 pound blocks of TNT complete with fuse to blow myself a hole in the frozen ground, if necessary. I had my good old M-1 with the regulation belt load of eight clips ball and two clips A.P. four and one on each side, bayonet, canteen, first-aid pouch, two extra bandoleers of ammo, and three bazooka rounds.

By now it had snowed and just about everything was hidden by this white blanket. As we rode on the backs of the Shermans, we stood on one foot and hung on with one hand for as long as we could stand the cold, and then we switched hand and foot and tried to get some circulation going in the hand and foot we had just used. This was made more difficult because the tank turret was being constantly traversed from right to left and left to right. The tank I was riding on and three others fanned out in the fields to the left of the main road. Suddenly the tank I was on, the lead tank, stopped and the sergeant 'volunteered' another G.I. and myself to investigate what appeared to be a squad of German soldiers moving along in extended order. 'They' turned out to be a row of fence posts, but to this day, I was sure at first, that I had seen my first 'Krauts.' Another laundry problem. One of the other tanks broke through a barbed wire fence and a strand of barbed wire slapped a G.I. across the face, turning his face into raw hamburger. A G.I., wearing an unbuttoned overcoat, jumped off his tank and when the coat tails billowed out behind him they caught in the tracks and sucked his legs into the bogie wheels of the tank.

Suddenly the tank I was riding on stopped and one of the other tanks fired a whole belt (200+ rounds) of tracer ammunition at a haystack along side a barn about 200 yards in front of us. No sooner did the tracers bounce off the haystack when the other two tanks opened fire and destroyed a German tank that had been trying to hide in the haystack. I guess that the tankers had learned from experience that tracers do not bounce off haystacks. We moved forward about another 20 yards and the tank I was riding on got mired down in a small stream that had become hidden due to the heavy blanket of snow. All I could think of at the time was to get away from the tank and I took off running as best that I could with the way I was dressed, with what I was carrying, and the deep snow. (Oh, yes, by the way, it was at least 20 degrees below zero at the time.) I must have managed about 50 yards when fire from a German Nebelwerfer began falling around the stuck tank.

They assembled us foot troops back on the road (there were 26 of us in this one bunch) and we started north again toward Warnach, a wide spot in the road about two miles further ahead. We walked strung out in a line in the ditch on the right hand side of the road so we wouldn't be such good targets for those damned 88's. A little way up ahead was an American 2-1/2 ton truck nosed down in the ditch and it had a big red Nazi flag with a black swastika on it across the front of the radiator. We had to climb the road embankment to get around the rear of the truck and as I passed by the cab of the truck I could see another good Kraut sitting behind the wheel with the top of his head blown off.

About another 500 yards up the road we came upon three tanks surrounding a farmhouse where they had a sniper trapped. The sniper had already hit three G.I.'s and they said the sniper was a woman and by the way that she fired she must have an M-1 with plenty of ammo. The three tanks proceeded to blow the farmhouse into a pile of rubble. I don't know if they ever got the sniper or if the sniper was a woman. Our orders were to 'get to Hell to Bastogne' so we took a break in a pig pen to get out of the cold. There

were a half dozen pigs and some sheep in this pen about 20' by 20'. There was also a dead pig and two dead sheep in the pen. We all smelled the same so nobody complained or paid any attention. I mean the G.I.'s or the pigs.

The town of Warnach was where the Germans had set up their command center. If you were passing Warnach in a car and sneezed, you probably would miss it altogether. To enter Warnach, you make a right turn off the main Arlon-Bastogne road. I was walking along behind a tank taking full advantage of the warm air from its radiator when suddenly I had this funny sensation in my ears and the sky turned red. (It was about 0400.) Then the same thing happened again. A hidden German S.P. gun in an orchard ahead had hit the tank twice and set it on fire. I saw two G.I.'s jump into a ditch along side the tank and start to get one of those new folding bazookas ready to fire. They didn't have much luck and one of them yelled, "Let's get out of here," and they jumped up and ran. I was young but my mommy didn't raise no dummy so I proceeded to 'haul freight,' too. In the process, my feet became entangled in some old chicken wire in the ditch and when I started to run I fell forward on my face. To this day, I don't know how I did it, but my guess is that I broke that wire with my hands.

As I ran back toward the Arlon-Bastogne road along a brush filled ditch to my left, I heard somebody yell, "Hey, infantry." I hope that that tanker realizes how lucky he was that I didn't shoot him, but he told me he had a fellow tanker man whose right hand had been almost severed and was only hanging by some skin. I put the wounded tanker's left arm over my shoulder and his buddy did the same with the mangled one. We would walk three-four steps and the wounded tanker would pass out and we would drag him three-four steps and he would come to and take three-four steps and pass out again. We managed to get him to a medic.



I got back to my squad who had assembled along side a barn and when I got there I saw about a dozen German prisoners standing with their hands against the side of the building. All but one of the German prisoners were Wehrmacht soldiers but the one on the right end was an SS Panzer soldier dressed in black coveralls. He was a handsome S.O.B. with a head wound and blood running down the left side of his face. None of the Wehrmacht soldiers had guts enough to turn around and ask for some gloves to cover their hands, but not the SS Panzer soldier. He turned around and in perfect English demanded gloves for his hands. A small American G.I. standing close by said, "I'll give you some gloves you Kraut son-of-a-bitch" and pol-

axed the SS trooper. They all turned around and put their hands back on the wall. The G.I. with the Thompson offered to return the prisoners to a POW camp to the rear but they wouldn't let him go because he had just gotten word that his brother had been killed in the South Pacific. Later we watched about 12-15 P-47's doing their job on some German columns. They were too far away to hear but we could sure see them plain enough.

We were told we were going to spend the night here and by the time I got the message the only place I could find to lie down was at the top of the stairs. All I took off were my four buckle overshoes and I used my helmet for a pillow. It seemed like only a couple of minutes but was really several hours when a sergeant came running in yelling that a bunch of German paratroopers had landed to our rear. Everybody engaged in organized confusion (or SNAFU).

It was about 0400 so I sat up on the top step and started to put my overshoes on when I got the damndest cramp in the calf of my leg that I have ever had. But being smart I figured that by the time I got the other overshoe on the cramp would have gone away. When I started to put the other overshoe on, I'll be damned if I didn't get a cramp in the calf of that leg. I beat on them with my fist to no avail and they finally went away. We were told that we were going to attack Warnach again. By the time we got started it was daylight and this 90 day wonder loogie wanted someone to use the .50 cal. on top of the tank to rake the roadside and 'scare the hell' out of the Germans. I was getting smarter by the minute and I remembered the old Army adage 'don't never volunteer for nothing.' After about 100 rounds the .50 jammed and the G.I. bailed down off the tank. As we turned a corner to the right, there in the middle of the road sat one of those German motorcycles with tracks at the back as a sort of a road block. The 90 day shavetail told the sergeant that he would back off a bit and then blast the motorcycle out of the way just in case it were booby-trapped. No sooner did the tank fire when a hidden German S.P. gun fired and set the tank on fire, but this time they were ready and two other tanks blew the German S.P. gun to perdition. Suddenly somebody yelled and two Krauts broke out of a copse of trees about 200 yards further down the road where it took a sharp turn to the left. One of the German soldiers took a half dozen steps and then retreated to the safety of the trees. The other one ran along the fence for about 200 feet, calmly climbed over the fence just as you or I might do it today, and started to run up the road. Another 20-25 feet and he would have been safe, but all of a sudden he went about ten feet in the air, came down face first and never moved. When the two German soldiers broke out of the trees, we all started to fire at them--M-1's, Thompsons, BAR's, carbines, grease guns, and maybe a couple of .45's, too.

An officer came running over and ordered two other G.I.'s and myself to search this farmhouse. As it turned out, I was the only one with any grenades left and I had bent the pins over to make sure one of them did not come out while the grenade was in my pocket. Because of my cold hands, I couldn't get the pin out so I tossed the grenade to one of the other G.I.'s. He got the pin out, but as close as he was to the door, he should have lobbed it underhand but instead he

threw it overhand and missed the doorway. The grenade hit the edge of the door and bounced back into the yard. The G.I. yelled, "I missed the door" and took off. I knew what to do, too, so I hauled ass behind a pile of rubbish in the corner of the yard. It seemed like forever and the grenade hadn't gone off. I stuck my head up to see what was going on just as the grenade went off. I guess I was just plain lucky. I had an M-1, one of the other G.I.'s had an M-1, and the third guy had a Thompson sub. I was second through the door and emptied a full eight round clip through the door in front of me. The other M-1 emptied his through the door to his left and the Thompson emptied his clip up the stairway to his right, and there we three stood just like the Three Stooges.

As we stepped back out into the yard, a Sherman started to rake the side of the building with .30 cal. starting at the eaves and working his way across the building and then down and across again. Then all of a sudden when he was about six feet off the ground he quit and took off. I am almost certain that I managed to hide my whole body under my helmet while the tanker was hosing down the wall of the house. Suddenly, out of nowhere a cow came around a corner of a nearby burning building followed by an old woman who looked to be in her nineties and carrying a switch with which she was chasing the cow. The cow and then the old woman in pursuit disappeared around the other corner of the building and was gone. Where she came from I don't know and where she went I don't know.

I got mine on Christmas eve; had to wait over four hours to be evacuated. I was supposed to be air evacuated back to England but the friggen fog had come back in so I wound up in a field hospital in Commercy, France on Christmas day, naked as the day I was born with a small Red Cross package sitting on my chest.

The records show that the taking of Warnach cost America five Shermans, 68 G.I.'s killed or wounded. The Germans lost 135 dead on the streets and in the houses with a like number either wounded or taken as POWs.

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THE LUCKY MISSING SOCK

December 25, 1944

John M. (Hillbilly) Holt
106th Antiaircraft Artillery
Automatic Weapons Battalion
Attached to a unit of the
45th Infantry Division
Grand Rapids, Minnesota

The Battle of the Bulge that Christmas of '44 was cold and wet with lots of snow. Our sergeant in charge was Sgt. Hammer (or Hamner). He told us to dig in; we dug all day to place our half track, which had four 50's and one 37mm Antiaircraft gun for shooting planes out of the air.

That night after digging fox holes, I was wet, soggy and minus one dry sock. So I went over to my buddy's fox hole to see if he had a sock I could get. Immediately after I left, the Germans lobbed a grenade in my hole. My buddy didn't have a spare sock so I crawled to the next hole. The Germans were dropping in on us from the air, also.

My buddy in the third hole had just gotten a Christmas gift from home, a pair of purple socks. Since I only needed one sock, I took it and left. I was just a short distance from his hole when the Germans lobbed another grenade in his hole.

I lost two buddies that day and for the want of a dry sock, my life was spared three times. I wear one purple sock every day since that happened and shed a tear each time I put it on.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR STORY?

HAVE YOU SUBMITTED YOUR STORY? If not, we would really like to have it. We have received quite a few lately and will be using all of them. We will use them in the order in which they were received.

These stories will be preserved as a historical record of memories of the Battle of the Bulge and we would like to have every member's story.

If it is difficult for you to write, grab some one's tape recorder and TELL us your story. Be sure to include your name, address, the date of the incident you are recording, and the unit with which you were affiliated at that time.

If you are a whiz bang on the computer and happen to have WordPerfect on your machine, TYPE us your story. Begin with your name, address, the date of the incident, and the unit you were attached to.

YOU were a part of this historical event and we want your story in its recorded history.

ANYBODY HOME?

The following photo was taken in December, 1944, near Malmedy, Belgium.



The 746TH TANK BATTALION was attached to the 9TH INFANTRY DIVISION. "D" COMPANY (Reconnaissance) was in between missions when this picture was taken. The camouflaged M4A1 tank was at the left and the tank crew's "quarters" in the foreground. The lean-to "housed" the tank commander, KARL BRUNNELL, of Long Island, New York and gunner BILLY CAMPBELL, of St. Joseph, Missouri. The pup tent was the home of driver C. E. ROBINSON, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and the bow gunner and assistant driver KEN FOGLE, of Frederick, Maryland. The occupants spent the nights in their sleeping bags nestled in pine bows in the snow. Sleeping was good in between those ungodly turns at guard duty, but the crew woke up in the mornings to see their breath frozen on the inside "ceiling of their rooms." No need to go on about the discomforts of the whole affair, as every VBOB had rough going, and you wondered if it would ever end! One other tank can be made out to the left of the lean-to.

Submitted by: Kenneth E. Fogle
746th Tank Battalion, Companies "D" and "B"

POW's REMEMBER

[The following edited article was written by Spec. Amanda Halford with the Fort Lee Traveller.]

"I am an American soldier, fighting in the forces which guard my country and our way of life. I am prepared to give my life in their defense." So states the *Code of Conduct*. The code details what soldiers can and cannot do and say and how to act if they are captured by the enemy during a war or if they are held hostage. According to Article 5 of the *Code of Conduct*, when questioned by the enemy a soldier can give his name, rank, serial number and date of birth. Former POW Roger Herndon knows this firsthand.

Herndon was a combat medic in the Battle of the Bulge. December 16, 1944, he and four other medics were captured by the Germans when they went to get some wounded.

"We spent the night patching up wounded Germans on the front line. The next day, we marched to a road camp. There we met some of Hitler's best—the SS troopers.

"One...tried to take my boots and gloves. I wouldn't let him and we started smacking each other. After a bit, he put his hand on his Luger and I gave up. Another guard told me I was being very foolish. They could have killed me.

"They took me to the Gestapo for interrogation. He asked me all kinds of things, but all I have him was my name, rank, serial number and date of birth. At first he told me that he would reward me for telling all I knew and about all the good things I would get. But when I refused, he got angry and told the guards to get me out of his sight. I thought they were going to kill me, especially when he said he never wanted to see me again. But they didn't," he said.

Instead, Herndon and the rest of the prisoners, about 200-300 of them, were marched to a railroad and loaded on a train for transport to a prison camp.

Herndon said the next day, U.S. P-51's (airplanes) started shooting up the railroad they were using to get to Stalag Luft 13-C or where he was put to work in a furniture factory. No one was hurt, however. "We worked 10 hours a day, seven days a week. On Sundays, we only had to work eight."

In April, 1945, U.S. P-51's shot up the factory. The Germans marched them from camp to camp to avoid liberation. The Germans' luck ran out on May 8, 1945, when just outside of Munich a British division liberated the POW's.

"Through it all, I thought about survival. Some days I thought I'd make it. Other days, I didn't think I would. They smacked us around a little bit, but our worst problem was the hunger. They didn't feed us enough. When I was captured, I weighed 170-180 pounds. When I was liberated, I weighed 118," he said.

Herndon's wife, Marguerite, says being a POW still affects him. He suffers from depression, and there are days she can't communicate with him. "Being the wife of a POW, you have to learn to listen. And that's hard because I like to talk..." she said.

In 1942, young Private John Millham left for basic training at Sheppard Field, Texas. He wanted to be in the Army Air Force. Little did he know what was in store for him.

Millham classified as an aviator and went to flight school. His first assignment was on a 10-member crew of a B-17 from the 457th Bomb Group in England. On May 28, 1944,

while on his 22nd mission, he was shot down.

"Our plane had been crippled badly. We were trying to get home but were shot down by some anti-aircraft fire over Bremen, Germany. Three of us were wounded, one died. We bailed out and I landed on a tombstone in a cemetery. I had a broken leg and a head wound," Millham remembers.

After two months in a German hospital, he was transferred to a prison hospital, run by captured British doctors. He said they were treated pretty good. The only complaint was that they didn't get enough food. The average weight loss in the camp was between 80-100 pounds.



John O. Millham
remembers his
time as a POW

By November 28, 1944, he was in Stalag Luft III with 10,000 other POW's. In January the Russians got too close to the camp and the prisoners were evacuated to avoid being captured. They were marched to Mooseberg, Germany.

"Some people called it a death march. I wouldn't. But there was a blizzard and it was cold," he said.

On April 29, 1945, Millham and his fellow POW's were liberated by the 3rd Armored Division.

Henry Grigg and his wife Pauline are also no strangers to the perils of a POW. Henry was a POW for seven months.

Grigg and his crew were shot down in Yugoslavia. He remembers a march from Stalag Luft IV to a new camp, which lasted 87 days in the winter of 1944-600 miles.

Back in the states, Pauline got word Henry's plane had gone down, but all the men had bailed out. About six weeks later, she was officially notified her husband was missing and had been that way for two months. Through it all, Pauline said she knew her husband was coming home.

"It never occurred to me that he wouldn't come home. I knew where he was thanks to the Red Cross. And he mailed me letters from the camp. Don't ask me how I knew he was coming home, I just did. I guess it had a lot to do with being young," she said.

Henry was wounded when he was captured. The Germans never gave him medical aid.

Pauline was at work when she got word Henry was alive. "It's kind of a funny story. When I got the telegram, I was so happy. My boss told me that no one but me had believed Henry was coming home," she said with a small laugh.

There are still 1,338 Americans missing or who were unaccounted for in Indochina and 8,177 Americans who are still unaccounted for as a result of the Korean War.

YOU MAY BE INTERESTED--

We recently read in the 99TH INFANTRY DIVISION's publication *The Checkerboard*, that members of the 99th who were in the Battle of the Bulge may be eligible to join the American Order of the French Croix de Guerre. As stated in that publication: "Many 99th officers and enlisted men were awarded the French medal as individuals and the entire Division was cited for the award in Decision 250 dated June 17, June 1946." Dues are \$5.00. Write to American Order of the French Croix de Guerre, Suite 604, 141 East 44th Street, New York, New York 10017. Tell them *The Checkerboard* sent you.

VBOB'S NEW PHONE NUMBER

Don't know if you noticed on the masthead or not, but VBOB has a new phone number. Make a note of it and put it where you can find it in case you have a question or two. You can find someone there Monday through Friday from 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. (Eastern Time). We have not put an answering machine on it--so that you will not have to pay for a call that is answered by a machine. With very few exceptions, you will find someone there at the times mentioned above.

The NEW NUMBER IS... **703-528-4058.**

To obtain your personal copy of:

"THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE THE BRAVE RIFLES"

(1-hr homevideo cassette as shown
at 1992 Nashville Reunion)

Academy Award Winner

Send check for \$26.00 to:

New Horizon Video
2218 W. Olive
Burbank, California 91506

Here's something to think about:

- At 100, Grandma Moses was painting.
- At 94, Bertrand Russell was active in international peace drives.
- At 93, Bernard Shaw wrote the play *Farfetched Fables*.
- At 91, Eamon de Valera served as President of Ireland.
- At 91, Adolph Zukor was chairman of Paramount Pictures.
- At 90, Pablo Picasso was painting some of his best works.
- At 89, Albert Schweitzer headed a hospital in Africa.
- At 89, Arthur Rubinstein gave a recital at Carnegie Hall.

Just think...Many of us VBOBers have 20 years to go before we reach our peak!! Yes? No?

Three-quarters of a soldier's life is spent in aimlessly waiting about.
Eugen Rosenstock-Huussy

REUNITED AFTER 40 YEARS

One of the last times Frank Barbagallo and Pete Venezia saw one another was in a foxhole near the Elbe River in Germany over 40 years ago. Each claims that the other saved his life.

When the war was over they returned to New York, going their separate ways, separating at Fort Dix, New Jersey, on September 22, 1945.

Venezia left Brooklyn for Ormond Beach in December, 1982. Barbagallo eventually retired in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and then moved on to Palm Coast.

A Daytona Beach radio station wished Barbagallo a happy birthday and Venezia overheard the birth wishes. Pete got on the phone and called to see if it was the same Frank Barbagallo he had known so long ago.

The result was the happy reunion that you see below.



Frank Barbagallo, left and Pete Venezia talk face to face for the first time since September 22, 1945

The two men served in the Army National Guard 771ST TANK DESTROYER unit and also in the Army 561ST FIELD ARTILLERY, BATTERY A. They fought together in five major battles including the Battle of the Bulge.

Both recalled the eggs they scrounged at a German farmhouse. They were cooking them when an air raid began. While everyone else took cover, Venezia was willing to risk life and limb to taste real food. Barbagallo convinced him to leave the farmhouse just moments before it was hit by a bomb. "More or less, I would say Bobby saved my life. I was determined to eat those eggs," Venezia said. Barbagallo said that he, too, wanted the freshly-cooked meal and that the decision to leave was mutual. "Well, I think we saved each other's lives," he said.

There's a strange twist to this story--Barbagallo said he had no idea who submitted his name to the radio station to receive birthday wishes. "I asked all my friends and my children. Nobody knows how they got my name," he said.

761ST MEDIUM TANK BATTALION

[The following is excerpted and edited from "Come Out Fighting" and was submitted by Charles A. Gates, Lt. Col. (Retired)]

"Tillet

"The simple caption of this Chapter 'Tillet' tells its own story to the men of the 761st, for not a single man who went through the battle there will ever forget the memories of those rugged days, when the enemy withstood the most vicious armored attacks the 761st could fling at him, and infantrymen of the 87th Division died by the score, in desperate efforts to penetrate, and take the town, which they did not do, until the enemy wearied of the persistent and constant attacking of the 761st and finally withdrew.

"Tillet was the beginning of the end, and no fancy words are needed to put the proper recollections of that battle into the minds of the men of the 761st Tank Battalion. They will never forget Tillet!

...When their tank had been hit by an AP shell from the 13th SS Panzer Division, in the Ardennes in January 1945, at Tillet, Belgium, these three 761st tankers crawled 5,000 yards on their bellies, through the snow, back to safety, in sub-zero temperatures. They made it, after hours of tortuous crawling and alternate running!

"On January 5th, with Able Company firing, the attack began, and Staff Sergeant Theodore A. Weston took his platoon and laid down a base of fire at enemy positions, causing them to withdraw, after having stopped advancing infantrymen of the 87th Division cold in their tracks, and killing a large number of them.

"But the advance was short-lived, for the enemy braced, and held, and the fight raged on.

"Dog Company, under Captain Dick English, was doing the supply work for the forward elements, since the condition of the terrain, and the weather had made it impossible for the trucks to bring up the ammunition and supplies needed to continue the battle. Dog Company would send up its tanks loaded with ammunition and other supplies, and the returning tanks would bring back the wounded infantrymen and tankers.

"Charlie Company got into the thick of the fight about the 9th of January, and proceeded to engage the enemy, although the company was short of men, and had few replacements. The total strength of operational combat personnel was 58 men.

"With Able and Charlie companies in the fight, Captain Gates was the directing figure, but the actual combat operations fell to the hands and minds of several enlisted men, who were all staff sergeants, and platoon leaders. These men proved their ability to perform the duties of officers right there at Tillet, and before the end of the war in Europe three of them had received battlefield commissions.

"The men who took over the direction of the fight were: Staff Sergeants: Henry H. Conway, of Chicago, Illinois, and Johnnie Stevens, of Atlanta, Georgia, both of Able Company, and Frank C. Cochrane, of Beacon, New York, Moses E. Dade, of Washington, DC, of Charlie Company, along with William Kitt, of Milstead, Alabama, from Baker Company. These men were very capably aided in their directing by Sergeant Theodore Windsor, of Cleveland, Ohio, from Charlie Company, one of the most intrepid leaders of Charlie Company, who was transferred into the company.

"Backing up the action of the fighters Able Company accounted for one 88 anti-tank gun, and a self-propelled 75, and Dog Company took a break from its supply chores to divert enemy attention from Tillet, in

an action at Gerimont, where they destroyed an enemy mortar, blew up an ammunition dump, killing 50 Germans, and capturing ten.

"At the same time, on the outskirts of Tillet, and fighting viciously to get into the town, the platoons of Dade, Cochrane, and Windsor, accounted for eight machine gun nests, one Mark IV tank, an ammunition dump, and three anti-tank guns, killing 106 Germans, but still being unable to enter the town, had to sit, and fight on, making little headway.

"It was in this neighborhood that Staff Sgt. Conway was caught on a hill, by 16 German tanks, and had to fight there alone, holding the enemy at bay, for more than an hour, with his lone tank, despite having been hit by the enemy guns. The rear hatch was blown off his tank. But the enemy did not pass, and other 761st tanks came to his assistance.

"Staff Sgt. Cochrane's tank was hit three times, but he continued to front his platoon. The turret top was shot off Dade's tank, caroming almost 50 feet into the air after the high explosive hit it, but Dade continued to fire his weapons. It was a knock-down and drag-out battle with both sides pouring in everything they had, and asking and giving no quarter.

"Sergeant Windsor, of Charlie Company, had a tank shot out from under him, and his driver Tech 5th Willie J. Devore, was killed. But Windsor got into another tank. Later, in his tank, along with Sergeant William H. McBurney, of New York City, and Private Leonard J. Smith, also of New York City, they hit a mine, and were struck by AT fire at the same time, and had to dismount from the tank. Windsor, McBurney and Smith crawled 5,000 yards from the snow-covered height where they were hit, through woods, valleys, and ditches, while exposed to the mortar, artillery and small arms fire the enemy seeking safety in rear areas unmolested by enemy fire. After hours of wriggling on their bellies through the freezing ice and snow, and alternately running for it, they reached a safe area. The fight continued at the front, in sub-zero weather.

"After the 9th the enemy was no longer able to continue his fierce resistance, and withdrew in the direction of Fosset and Roumont, with the tankers pressing on his heels, and speeding his retreat every time he offered to stand and fight. The 761st chased him out of those two towns, and that meant that the Marche-Bastogne Road was closed. That was one of the best highways in Belgium, and had been a vital supply artery for the German operations in the entire area. The 87th Division blocked it off from the rear, and the forward move continued."

If you would like to see your unit's story/history published in The Bulge Bugle, please provide same. Don't be impatient, we will use them all eventually. Accuracy--your responsibility.

**12th ANNUAL VBOB
REUNION
BISMARCK, ND
SEPT. 15-19 1993
Complete Details in
Next Issue of
BULGE BUGLE**

CAMP ATTERBURY INDIANA HONORS FOUR BULGE DIVISIONS

By John D. Bowen

The Indiana National Guard and Camp Atterbury Veterans Memorial Association held a 50th Anniversary celebration of the founding of Camp Atterbury, Indiana, on August 15, 1992. A Memorial Park and Display Area were dedicated. Prominent in the Memorial Park is a 40' long wall which holds ten 4' x 6' limestone plaques engraved with the shoulder sleeve insignias of the ten major organizations which trained at Camp Atterbury.

Sharing honors at the dedication were the following four divisions which fought in the Battle of the Bulge: **83RD "THUNDERBOLT" DIVISION** (Ohio), **28TH "BLOODY BUCKET" INFANTRY DIVISION** (Pennsylvania), **30TH "OLD HICKORY" DIVISION**, and **106TH "GOLDEN LIONS" INFANTRY DIVISION**. The **365TH COMBAT TEAM**, **365TH INFANTRY REGIMENT**, and **597TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION** of the **92ND "BUFFALO" INFANTRY DIVISION** also were honored and had seen service in the Mediterranean Theater of Operations.

The 83rd Division opened Camp Atterbury on August 15, 1942, and was the first of 275,000 troops to train there during WWII. The 83rd departed Atterbury on June 18, 1943, for the ETO. The 28th Division, though part of the Battle of the Bulge, did not train at Atterbury until September 13, 1950, when called up again for service during the Korean Conflict. They trained at Camp Atterbury until September 1, 1951, when they departed for assignment in Germany. The 30th Infantry Division served at Camp Atterbury from November 10, 1943 to January 26, 1944, and the 106th Infantry Division from March 28, 1944, to October 9, 1944. The 92nd Division units served at Atterbury from October 15, 1941, until May 7, 1943.

The camp also served as a prisoner of war internment camp beginning in April, 1943, with 760 Italians captured in North Africa, and expanded to over 3,000 Italian prisoners by May, 1944, when the last departed. Attending the dedication ceremony was former Italian prisoner, **Libero Puccini**, who had done the landmark engraving, with the date 1942, in the large boulder at the camp's entrance. The Italians also built a stone chapel which was recently restored and where a commemorative mass is held yearly the first Sunday of August. The Italian prisoners were followed by almost 9,000 German prisoners, from May, 1944, to June, 1946. Though the Italian prisoners enjoyed the respite from the war and worked with many of the local farmers, many of the German prisoners did not. Many Germans maintained their Nazi loyalties and made it difficult for the Germans who had accepted their capture. Officers particularly demanded and were given many perks associated with their rank.

Camp Atterbury also served as a major separation center. Almost 561,000 personnel were separated there. At its peak, they were processing almost 3,000 separations per day.

Atterbury's Wakeman General Hospital was known to many wounded. It was the largest U.S. Army Hospital in the nation at the peak of WWII. A pioneer in many types of plastic and neurological surgery, Wakeman treated over 85,000 WWII patients. Inactivated at the end of 1946, the

hospital was reactivated during the Korean Conflict.

In addition to the service by the 28th Division, the wall appropriately honors the **31ST INFANTRY "DIXIE" DIVISION** for its service there during the Korean Conflict.

VBOB was represented at the ceremony by **NEIL THOMPSON**, Vice President of Membership, and **JOHN D. BOWEN**, Associate Member. John was the keynote speaker for his Korean Conflict 31st Infantry Division. Other divisions were also represented by keynote speakers. During the ceremonies each division laid a wreath at the base of their insignia at the wall. Upwards of 3,000 attended.

A beautiful 6'2" 1,200 pound bronze statue of a World War II soldier, *The Point Man*, was unveiled as the central figure of the wall. This statue was designed by Alexa Laver, of Oregon, Wisconsin, who is the daughter of a previous Atterbury post commander, Col. Richard King (Ret.).

While the memorial's estimated value is \$1 million, through the use of volunteers and the local Job Corps Center, the memorial was built for an estimated \$300,000. All but \$30,000 of the funding has been raised. If you wish to help retire the note you may send donations to: Camp Atterbury Veterans Memorial Association, Building #1, Dept. B, Camp Atterbury, Edinburgh, Indiana 46124-1096. The memorial stands as a testimony to all veterans and especially recognizes the services of those who fought in the Ardennes. For those who served at Atterbury you might be interested in the book *The Atterbury Files*, which is an excellent collection of articles about the post and camp life from its inception. It may be purchased from the Camp Atterbury Memorial Association for \$15.00 softbound and \$25.00 hard bound. There are also T-shirts (\$11.00), sweat shirts (\$16.00), and a 40 minute video tape of the dedication services (\$12.00).

This Memorial Park is an outstanding way to permanently recognize the contributions each group serving at Camp Atterbury has made to the camp, the local community, and our country. It is a testimony and example for other military installations to emulate. Credit for its conception and bringing into being goes to Col. Jorg Stachel, Indiana Army National Guard, Post Commander, and Chairman of the Camp Atterbury Veterans Memorial. This recognition was conceived and pursued by Col. Stachel, who immigrated to the U.S. with his parents in 1953 from Germany. Future plans call for a museum and library.

SERVICE RECORD RESEARCH

If you have been unable to establish your service record either because you have lost your DD Form 214 or your records were burned in the St. Louis Records Center fire, there may still be a way to do so. If you were wounded or captured there is a greater possibility that a record of that action exists. **JOHN D. BOWEN**, who is a VBOB Associate Member and an active genealogical and military researcher in the Washington, D.C., area, has agreed to assist any VBOB member who has been unable to locate his records and needs to establish proof of service. John will do this by researching the unit records in the National Archives in Suitland, Maryland. John offers this service **free of charge**. You will need to provide him your full name; serial number; company; regiment; and division. If you need help, write to him at: 613 Chichester Lane, Silver Spring, MD 20904-3331 or telephone 301-384-6533.

For those who may be interested in unit histories or after action reports or just curious about what exists on your unit in the Archives, you may contact John, who is available for research on a time and copying basis.

A VISIT TO THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE 47 YEARS LATER

Excerpted and edited from an article
By Lt. Col. Edward R. Radzwich (Ret)
26 Infantry Division, 101 Infantry,
3 Battalion, I Company

Frank Rockenbrod, of Luxembourg, a man dedicated to writing a factual history of "The Battle of the Bulge," has in the past 10 years, amassed piles of information regarding American and German officers. He has searched the Archives in Washington, DC and Germany. He has accumulated tons of artifacts used by both sides during the conflict.

Frank, with the aid of others, converted a brewery into an historical museum in the Village of Dierich, which includes tanks, vehicles of all types, weapons, and large guns. There is a section devoted to the "Yankee Division." This helps keep alive the rich tradition and proud heritage of the many units of the 26th Infantry Division. There are exhibits depicting every aspect or activity of both sides during the battle, including refugees, and a Russian POW camp. (Many men of Luxembourg were conscripted, against their will into the Germany Army and sent to the Eastern front. They defected en masse to the Russians hoping to fight the Nazis. The Russians placed them in horrible prison camps and many died miserably and needlessly.)

The Rockenbrod family has a villa near Kaundorf, one of the villages in the zone of the Third Battalion, 101st Infantry. The Sure River which the battalion crossed the night of 26 December, 1944, had become a recreation area. A dam was built covering the crossing site and the destroyed bridge. Recently the dam had been drained and the bridge site and crossing site are visible again this summer for the last time.

Frank, the historian, taking this opportunity, invited members of the 101st Infantry, 3rd Battalion, and opposing German forces for taped interviews at the critical spots during our encounter. Those attending from the Yankee Division: Col. Peale, former battalion commander; Lt. Col. E. R. Radzwich (Ret.), former CO Company I; Bill Moore, of Company K, who was wounded at Kaundorf. On the 27th of June, we met with Germans from the Grossdeutschland Division who were defending Kaundorf and the heights overlooking the river crossing and the destroyed bridge. The meeting was in the Kaundorf cemetery adjacent to a very old church. In this cemetery, a German officer committed suicide rather than surrender. We were told by the Germans present, that because of the numerous casualties inflicted on his company, he requested to higher headquarters that he withdraw. He was told that should he withdraw, he would be court martialed and shot.

Frank's younger brother was able to resurrect a vintage WWII American Jeep. It looked like new. We three Americans rode in the Jeep, the others rode in a tractor and trailer fitted with seats. We went down a trail to the river crossing. More taped interviews, including a local man who met the patrol that first crossed the river.

Back in Kaundorf after the interviews, we met in the local bar and inn for drinks and a hearty country dinner. The locals now in their late 50's and 60's recounted life under German occupation and during the battle. There is no mistaking their strong feelings of friendship and gratitude for American sacrifices made nearly half a century ago. They greeted us Americans with hugs and kisses and some with misty eyes.

That evening, without the Germans present, Frank gave a slide show to the locals and us of events that took place December, 1944, and January, 1945. The mayor gave a speech. We were presented with mementoes of our visit to Kaundorf. Some were made by Frank's father in his workshop. We also received a ceramic tile with the design of the old church and the word Kaundorf.

I was most interested in the route and accomplishments of Company I. We crossed the Sure River by 1700 hours, turned left, passed the destroyed bridge and assaulted the heights overlooking the bridge, which included the Village of Liefrange. By 0300, without a loss, we took the village--killing two Germans, wounding one and capturing 15. Company K moved in on the right. At 0600 the next morning the Germans counterattacked. It was repulsed, destroying two tanks, and capturing one wounded officer. The second attack was much larger, it was

repulsed by the aid of tanks, tank destroyers and artillery. From across the river, an air strike was also called. The capture and defense of Liefrange was most important since it dominated the high ground and only then could the bridge be repaired in order to continue the attack.

The village was small with about ten houses, some barns and a very old church. I was impressed with the serene, peaceful beauty, lush green growth, and flowers blooming. What a contrast to the bitter cold winter 47 years ago. Instead of knee deep snow, now the fields are covered with knee deep crops. I met five people who were older than 65 (one 85) who remembered the action. They greeted me with hugs and wet eyes. I felt like a long lost member of a family coming home. They were eager to show me the location of my CP aid station, houses where we took prisoners, including a German radio station where we disabled German tanks by mines. I sadly learned that our attack accidentally killed a young boy and his mother.

A shrine in the church is dedicated to two American GI's: William D. Rappleye, Orange, New Jersey, and William H. Goode, of West Virginia.

Over a Luxembourg shield are five locals, including the boy and his mother accidentally killed.

Back in Kaundorf, Bill Moore found where he was seriously wounded in the chest. He located a local man who was in the underground. This man brought to his aid three medical aid men of the 28th Infantry Division, that the underground had been hiding from the Germans. Bill swears that they saved his life.

Once, Liefrange was secured and the counter-attacks repulsed, the bridge was repaired. Company I with a platoon of tank destroyers from the high ground supported the 101st Infantry, 2nd Battalion, in its assault on Mecker-Dunkrodt. It was like a turkey shoot. Company K, with tanks, went right to assist Company L take Kaundorf. Later Company I returned to battalion control and finished cleaning up Kaundorf of some die-hard snipers. (They were dressed in white camouflage uniforms.) Company I then posted the north end of the village. Next morning was to lead the attack into a forest, but the Germans counter-attacked early in the morning. Company I outpost was overrun and a machine gunner of Company M was killed. Our mines and artillery fire broke up the attack with much loss to the Germans.

After Kaundorf, the battle continued through forests (the forests are carefully managed). Col. Peale with his World War II map, located his old CP positions. Despite the fact that what were lanes then are now paved roads, paved roads that are now dual highways, we found some of our old fox holes, filled with decaying leaves. In scratching around, we dug up some shrapnel.

On the 28th and 29th, we met with a different group of former German officers. Some that we had captured, some that surrendered (a battalion commander), and some that got away. The first group in Kaundorf were portly and beefy and dressed prepared to climb the Alps, (knee breeches, etc.). The second group came in business suits, brought their wives and some drove Mercedes Benz. In the group was the battalion commander who surrendered, the regimental commander who got away, and two doctors. This group appeared to be well educated and spoke English. One is now in the German Foreign Service and lived in Washington, DC, for three years. All these were interviewed and video taped at critical spots, describing their actions during the battle, also visited the building that served as their hospital.

The last night, we had a coat and tie dinner with lots of champagne and wine. The dinner was in The Commerce Hotel in Wiltz where we were staying. (The Commerce Hotel is a hotel, a tavern, and an inn all in one. It is quaint, cozy, friendly and small--28 rooms. It is located on a narrow, cobble-stone side street and has been in the same family for three generations. The walls are covered with old pictures and citations. Several awards are from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Many members of the 28th Division (Pennsylvania) found aid and succor here during the battle.) There were speeches galore, saying nice things about each other (all taped). When my turn, everything to be said had been said, so I told a few jokes. They laughed, even if they could not understand, just to be courteous and polite I think. (I knew some men had to translate for their wives, so I went slow.)

Sunday, June 30, Frank took we Americans on a sight seeing tour to Clervaux and several old castles. (There are more castles per square mile in Luxembourg, than in any other country in Europe.) Also, we saw many scenic views in the Ardennes.

Luxembourg is beautiful in the summer, some day I hope to go back.

PICTURE THIS. . .



You're sitting in your favorite, oldest easy chair...your youngest grandchild on your knee, sipping some hot cocoa...you see through the frosted window that the falling snow has now coated the grass with a soft blanket, making your otherwise ordinary yard somehow exceptionally beautiful...the soft strains of "Baby, It's Cold Outside" filter from that new-fangled CD player the kids got you for your birthday...and a shiver runs down your spine as your mind drifts back to a somehow colder winter some 50 years ago...when you were watching the snow fall with chattering teeth and thoughts of home...when you were emersed in one of the greatest battles of all time...**the Battle of the Bulge!**



You may have thought then that you'd never want to "go back" and relive those important, yet dismal days of "the Bulge." But time is a wonderful thing, and you may find as you look back now that you remember with a chuckle or a smile the frozen rations...the helmet turned wash basin too cold to hold...the special treat of happily found chestnuts roasted over a tiny campfire...the crumpled letter from home read a hundred times, damp from the weather. And remember, too, the faces of the local people, as they welcomed you with pride and gratitude, those "Yanks" coming to liberate their homes and families!

The Bulge Bugle
February, 1993

The local citizens of Belgium and Luxembourg will be waiting to welcome you again, 50 years later, IF you join us on our VBOB Golden Anniversary Return to Europe in October of 1994! The local citizens have not forgotten that their freedom was restored by your actions, and you'll feel their heartfelt thanks at "Welcome Back" receptions. This is your chance to see firsthand your own personal contribution to history. Tour Liege, Hürtgen, Trois-Ponts, St. Vith, Vielsalm, Elsenborn, Bastogne, Diekirch, Clervaux and other important Bulge sites! The camaraderie of the war years returns, creating new, happy memories to last a lifetime. We've even included a few nights in Paris, the Queen City of Europe! And, for those who wish, you can



join us for an optional extension tour through the invasion beaches of Normandy. Families and friends are encouraged to join us on this special "Sentimental Journey." What better legacy to leave to your children and grandchildren than a personal look at history and their heritage through your eyes?

As a special incentive, **Guaranteed Prices** are available for this once-in-a-lifetime journey, as well as **FREE Insurance** to cover your deposits and travel/medical needs. But these are simply icing on the cake. The extraordinary warmth and friendship you share with your VBOB buddies...in the places where you first formed those unbreakable bonds...**THAT'S** what a veterans tour is all about.

So take that special grandchild off your knee, and go outside to build a snow fort while you tell him or her about the coldest winter you ever saw. Then, as you warm your hands around a fresh cup of cocoa, call **GALAXY TOURS** (toll-free, of course, at 1-800-523-7287) to reserve your place on this historic anniversary tour. Complete brochures with full details are available for the asking. But space is limited, so don't delay a minute longer! You can make those memories come alive!

ATTENTION VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE...



I WANT YOU! IT IS LATER THAN YOU THINK!

*The choice is yours...if you want to be sure of a place
in the festivities...decide now to join us!*



It is unbelievable! There are nearly two years to go and already *time is running out!* It seems every military unit and veteran is acutely aware that 1994 will represent the 50th anniversary of one of the greatest military actions in world history - the Battle of the Bulge - and they are making plans to take part. The "Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge" will be among them with our Golden Anniversary Tour scheduled for October 23 - November 2, 1994! Galaxy Tours (the "veteran of veterans tours") has created the special Golden Anniversary Program requested by our members, as previously announced in our Bulge Bugle. With reservations and inquiries now received daily, the tour is already in a "go position!" This personalized 11-day tour will allow virtually everyone to revisit the "special places" important to him, in the Benelux areas so well known to our members. Special events plus mayoral and civic receptions will all add more luster to this opportunity to "relive" those momentous days of our youth. Plus, we are offering an optional extension to Normandy! **Be with us if you can!** This will probably be the "last hurrah."

Unprecedented demand for hotels has reached record levels, so we must make our plans early! Galaxy Tours has offered V.B.O.B. their custom-designed Payment Options, offering **Guaranteed Prices**, plus **complete protection** through a special insurance policy covering all of your payments! The earlier you register for the tour, the more money you save! It's excellent value for money, almost too good to be true!

Call Alison Dodge at Galaxy Tours today toll-free at 1-800-523-7287; she'll be happy to send you a complete brochure and answer any questions you might have! You can even reserve your place on the tour over the phone using a major credit card!



Experience the extraordinary warmth and friendship of a veterans tour with your VBOB buddies. Our custom-designed itinerary will be adjusted to include visits to **your** special places! Don't miss out on this fascinating and memorable journey into our past. It will be a once-in-a-lifetime moment you will never forget, and 50th Anniversaries will never happen again! **REGISTER TODAY!**

GALAXY TOURS is proud to announce that they have been designated as a COMMEMORATIVE COMMUNITY by the U.S. World War II Commemoration Committee!

Skeleton 1994 Itinerary

Sunday, October 23 - USA/ALOFT.

Monday, October 24 - BRUSSELS/LIEGE.

Tuesday, October 25 - LIEGE. (Hürtgen Forest, Gey, Simmerath, Monschau)

Wednesday, October 26 - LIEGE. (Henri Chapelle, Hospitality Day with CRIBA friends)

Thursday, October 27 - LIEGE. (Northern Shoulder: Waimers, Bütgenbach, Stavelot, Trois-Ponts, Vielsalm, Houffalize, Grandmenil, Werbomont, Aywaille, St. Vith, Vielsalm, Baraque de Fraiture, Bülligen, Losheim Gap, Elsenborn)

Friday, October 28 - LIEGE/LUXEMBOURG. (Bastogne, Clervaux)

Saturday, October 29 - LUXEMBOURG. (Southern Shoulder: Mersch, Echternach, Diekirch)

Sunday, October 30 - LUXEMBOURG. (Hamm, Hospitality Day with CEBA friends)

Monday, October 31 - LUXEMBOURG/PARIS.

Tuesday, November 1 - PARIS.

Wednesday, November 2 - PARIS/USA.

Optional Extension to Normandy

Wednesday, November 2 - PARIS/NORMANDY.

Thursday, November 3 - NORMANDY.

Friday, November 4 - NORMANDY.

Saturday, November 5 - NORMANDY/PARIS.

Sunday, November 6 - PARIS/USA.

The Bulge Bugle
February, 1993

VBOB ORDER FORM

| | | |
|-----|--|---------|
| B1 | Patch 2-3/4" Diameter | 3.50 |
| B1A | Patch 2-3/4" Diameter (w\clutch) | 5.00 |
| B2 | Patch 4-3/4" Diameter | 6.00 |
| B2A | Patch 4-3/4" Diameter (w\clutch) | 8.00 |
| C1S | VBOB Silver Belt Buckle | 14.00 |
| C2G | VBOB Gold Belt Buckle | 14.00 |
| D1 | Decal 4" Diameter | .75 |
| D2 | Logo 4" Diameter Windshield Logo | .75 |
| D3 | COLOR Logo 8" x 10" for framing | 4.00 |
| D4 | COLOR Logo 1-1/8" stick-on | 10/1.00 |
| F1 | U.S. Flag Set: 100% sewn, cotton 3' x 5' Flag w/3 piece pole, gold eagle top, lanyard and mounting bracket | 29.50 |
| H1 | Hats (baseball style) one size fits all w/VBOB | 10.00 |
| J1 | VBOB 1/2" Lapel Pin/Tie Tack (w/clutch) | 7.00 |
| J3 | VBOB Tie Bar | 7.00 |
| J5 | VBOB Medallion (w/ribbon) | 32.00 |
| K1 | VBOB Logo Pocket Leather Key Case | 5.00 |

| | | |
|------|--|---------|
| K2 | VOBO Logo/Flag Plastic Key Chain | 1.00 |
| M1 | Regulation full size medals to replace those lost or not issued (Call for quote) | 20.00up |
| MM1 | Regulation miniature medals (Including POW medal) | 8.50up |
| P1 | 106th, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 9th, etc | 4.50ea |
| P2 | Enamel pins of Division Patches (Most available) | 3.50ea |
| POW1 | Miniature POW Medal (sold separately) . | 8.50 |
| R1 | Regulation campaign & service ribbons (Order your full set) | 1.25up |
| T2 | VOBO T-Shirt--(S)(M)(L)(XL) | 13.00 |
| W1 | VOBO Logo Quartz Watch (Men's) | 35.00 |
| W2 | VOBO Logo Quartz Watch (Women's) .. | 35.00 |
| WB1 | Windbreaker, unlined, dark blue with 4-3/4" VBOB patch | 34.50 |
| BK1 | "First Across the Rhine" (Book) | 22.00 |
| V50 | The Damned Engineers (VHS)(BETA) .. | 34.50 |

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Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Box 2454 • Peoria, AZ 85380 • 1-800-544-9275

| QTY | ITEM | PRICE | TOTAL |
|-----|------|-------|---------------------|
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| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | Ship & Hdlg. \$3.00 |
| | | | TOTAL \$ |

Please allow 2-3 weeks delivery time

(Two separate order forms--please clip off here to order Overseas Cap.)

The cap is olive drab color, trimmed on top with three colors: blue for Infantry, yellow for Armored, and red for Artillery. Price includes a VBOB emblem on left side; "Member-at-Large" or "Chapter name" on right side, and shipping charges.

CHAPTER NAME: _____
 Extra Lettering (President, Treasurer, etc.) _____
 ____ If not a member of a chapter, indicate here for MEMBER-AT-LARGE.

Mail your payment and VBOB Overseas Cap order to:

Keystone Uniform Cap Company
428 North 13th Street
Philadelphia, PA 19123
215-922-5493 or 215-928-1235

List cap size(s) and quantity) _____
 Total number of hats ordered _____ @ \$26.25 per cap
 Extra lettering \$ _____ @\$.35 per letter
 Total amount enclosed: \$ _____

CASING THE COLORS 3RD ARMORED DIVISION INACTIVATION CEREMONY

[This information appeared in the December, 1992, 3rd Armored Division Association NEWSLETTER.]

Deactivation ceremonies for the **3RD ARMORED DIVISION** took place at 10:00 a.m., October 17, 1992, on Brooks Field in Fort Knox, Kentucky.

Twenty-five members of the division's association watched as Command Sgt. Major Richard L. Ross passed the 3rd Armored Division banner to General Frederick M. Franks, Jr.



Left to right: Gen. Gordon R. Sullivan, Gen. Fredrick M. Franks, Jr., and Command Sgt. Major Richard L. Ross.

The 3rd Armored Division landed in Normandy 48 years ago, and was pulled out of Germany in January of this year as part of the Army's effort to cut back its fighting presence in Europe from four to two divisions, or to between 100,000 and 150,000 troops.

The only war is the war you fought in. Every veteran knows that.

ALLAN KELLER

HE SAID "THANK YOU" (Letters to Editor - Cont'd. From Page 5)

He appeared at my door as I was getting ready to leave the parking lot. His accent was thick but easy to understand. He said, "I must talk to you. I have been waiting for you to come out and hoping I would not miss you."

He had spotted the **75TH INFANTRY DIVISION** decal on my rear window and it immediately became his mission to talk to me. He spoke of the "Battle of the Bulge" (he lived there then). He knew of Malmedy (where nearly 300...comrades were captured and massacred by the German troops) and Bastogne (where the U.S. troops would not surrender). He mentioned the atrocities committed by the Germans. He told me of the monuments that had been erected in those areas...as a method of honoring those who had fought and died there.

He was well acquainted with "The Bulge." He lived there as a young man--as young as I was then. His home was occupied by the Germans. He remembered my division insignia and our part in the battle which drove the Germans out of his home, out of his town, and out of his life.

He said, with tears in his eyes, "I wanted to thank someone, so I thank you." He walked away as I sat there with misty eyes, not noticing his departure.

Edwin Armitage

75th Infantry Division, 290 Infantry, Company "C"

...BADGE ALONE IS ENOUGH FOR ME

I read with great dismay and amazement at the intensity of the complaints of old soldiers about the individual and unit recognition, and lack of individual or unit recognition awards during the Battle of the Bulge. I was a combat infantryman, and that badge alone is enough for me. It says I got close to the enemy, and survived.

I have recently returned from France, Belgium and Germany where I visited the military cemeteries of World War I and from our war. In France there are two large German cemeteries as well as French and American. In Germany there are cemeteries holding hundreds of bodies of Russian prisoners of war. And the monuments to the cremated dead in places like Dachau chill ones heart. These are the men and women who did not come back. Many of them were as young as we.

Let us thank our personal Higher Power that we came back. What does one small bit of ribbon and metal mean against the cost we all were part of paying?

Richard Peterson

106 Infantry Division, 423 Infantry, Company "I"

...ISSUED HOBNAILED BOOTS

England, 1943, I was in an ordnance company station in Tidworth and we were issued hobnailed boots--U.S. Army.

Francis M. King

78 Infantry Division, 310 Infantry, Company "B"



Jack A. Sulser, President of the 106th Infantry Division Association, speaking at the VBOB Monument ceremonies on December 16, 1992.



VETERANS of the BATTLE of the BULGE

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FEBRUARY, 1993



...MAY THE HARBINGERS OF SPRING BRING
HEALTH AND HAPPINESS TO EACH OF YOU.
WE HOPE TO SPREAD OUR WINGS THIS YEAR
IN PREPARATION FOR THE 50TH
ANNIVERSARY OBSERVANCES.

- Detach and Mail -

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APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP
VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE
P.O. Box 11129, Arlington, Virginia 22210-2129

OFFICIAL USE ONLY

Annual Dues \$15

Do not write above this line

Do not write above this line

☐ **New Member** ☐ **Renewal - Member #** _____

Name _____ Birthdate _____

Address _____ Phone () _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

All new members, please provide the following information:

Campaigns _____

Units(s) to which assigned during period December 16, 1944-January 25, 1945 - Division _____

Regiment _____ Battalion _____

Company _____ Other: _____

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

Applicant's Signature _____

RECRUITER (Optional)