

The BULGE BUGLE

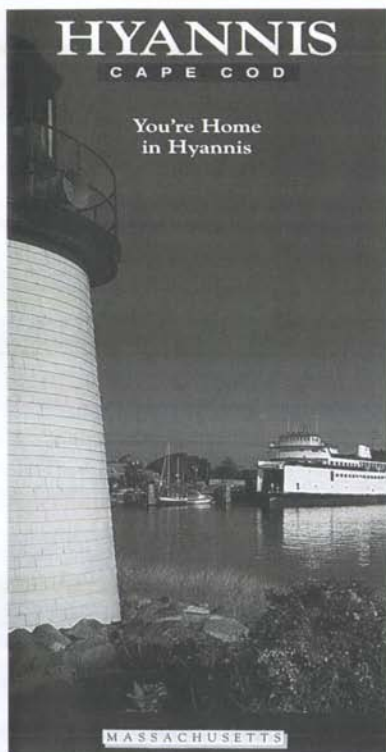
VOLUME XV NUMBER 3

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See Pages 25, 26



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A LEGACY OF PRIDE

A Tribute to the Dedicated Commitment of an Extraordinary Man

Colonel Clyde D. Boden

Instead of the usual President's Column, I would like to take this opportunity to recognize the efforts of the founder of VBOB, Clyde D. Boden. A man of great vision, Clyde gave each of us something special: an organization dedicated to those who served and endured horrible adversity during the Battle of the Bulge.

There is probably no person who has not at one time or another wondered what cherished words of identification would be most appropriate to define his life. The most eloquent words could be combined to establish sophisticated and impressive images of personality, character, and compassion, but it is almost certain that no four words could be more meaningful than simply "A Legacy of Pride." The dignity manifested in such simplistic reference epitomizes the inner core of a person's being.

So it was with Colonel Clyde Boden, the founder of VBOB (Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge). In his humble but direct and concerned way, he was a leader who brought forth the essence of the true spirit of a war time veteran--those intangibles which have made the World War II veteran--or GI, as he is commonly called--a legend in his own time to masses of people in liberated countries around the world.

Clyde Boden worked ceaselessly to inspire the founding of a veterans organization which would insure the recognition and perpetuation of the courage and sacrifices of those who had served in America's biggest battle in history--the Battle of the Bulge. It was a timeless task and one which he knew had potential obstacles to overcome because of the controversial attitudes of many people concerning individual Army units even at the expense of others who had also served faithfully in this critical battle.

He understood the weaknesses of man and the difficulties that would be entailed in creating a structured veterans organization in which hundreds of units took part and in providing a foundation in which each individual soldier would gain the same esteem and pride for his service regardless of unit designation. He knew also that it was "the individual soldier" who turned the tide of battle in the Bulge in favor of victory--and who epitomized the character and commitment which had been our heritage from our founding fathers.

Yet, he could not be deterred in his determination to achieve success in what he considered to be "his most noble project."

Today the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge organization numbers approximately 9,000 active members. His dynamic but resourceful leadership paved the way to such success, and with it, he left "A Legacy of Pride" which has gradually grown into fruition among other leaders of the organization.

The development of local chapters throughout the country, inspired by one of the charter founders of VBOB and others who



Clyde D. Boden
VBOB Founder

"caught the spirit" of the real meaning of The Bulge attest to the resourceful and meaningful direction that Clyde Boden established as the framework of his beloved VBOB organization.

The same spirit has spread across the nation with others "carrying the torch" into greater opportunities to assure the perpetuation of the principles, lessons, and values of one man's personal goals and achievements. It reaches into every corner of our country. It is manifested in visible symbols made possible because others have been led to believe, as Clyde Boden believed, through memorials and personal activities in education and schools, and equally important, in the spirit and pride of men and women of all ranks and services who took part in one of America's greatest military victories.

Clyde Boden was buried in Arlington National Cemetery on August 19, 1991--a fitting tribute to a soldier who cared; a man who devoted his life to serving his country and his fellowmen with unending allegiance and respect; a person whose "Legacy of Pride" will be an inspiration for generations to come.

There can be no greater tribute for anyone.



Stanley Wojtusik
VBOB President

.....

Kilroy Was Here

In 1945 the phrase **KILROY WAS HERE** appeared almost overnight throughout the world, at least wherever American GI's set foot. Kilroy represented a kind of upstart conglomeration of all GIs. The phrase was scribbled by U.S. Army gagsters on streets, billboards, latrine walls and other surfaces.

What happened when - Gorton Carruth

Willie and Joe and Sad Sack

Cartoonists **Bill Mauldin** and **George Baker** gave armed services newspapers their most popular features. In "Up Front with Mauldin," a pair of long suffering GIs, Willie and Joe, endured combat stoically ("Just gimme th' aspirin. I already got a Purple Heart"). Baker created the "Sad Sack," an unlucky, confused, unkempt but well-meaning GI forever in trouble. In post war years, Baker's "Sad Sack," became a regular feature of comic sections, and Mauldin took naturally to political cartooning.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

[Apparently, though some were unhappy about so much on "Rations," there are many who want more. So, we have more. After all, this is your newsletter and we want to be responsive to your comments and thoughts.]

HE GOT IT RIGHT

I have read in every copy of *The Bulge Bugle* something about the good old field rations. I would just like to thank Mr. R. D. Winkler of the 87th Division. This is the first time any one got it right. Now this man must have eaten them. And my first choice was the beans and meat or beans and franks. I still eat them. Of course, I have to make my own, from pork and beans. No, I'm not nuts--I just like them.

[Mr. Hoffman also sent a tape of a funny experience during the Bulge. It may be a while before we find the time to transcribe it.]

Herman Hoffman
372 ENGR CMBT 1 BN A

...COULDN'T HELP BUT REPLY

I could not help but reply to Leonard N. Schafenberg's letter in the May, 1996, *Bulge Bugle*. Mr. Schafenberg, being a Field Artillery man probably did not have to worry too much about the ration part of his service in the army as did those of us who were in the line companies. We did not, at all times, get three meals a day because we had to carry our rations on our persons. We did sometimes go without because of a lack of means to resupply us or the area lacked trails or roads to where we were fighting.

When we had "C" rations to eat (I must say here that we did not know there was anything to "C" rations but hash stew and the breakfast ration eggs or cheese until after the war was over. It seems the line companies got what was left after the rear echelon people got theirs), we did not throw away the empty cans. We would cut a slot down two sides, bend the slots in, put dirt in the bottom, pour in gasoline and use this as our stoves for heat and cooking.

We on Elsenborn Ridge were in the open and could not build fires for heat and our cooking so these little cans came in handy.

Gasoline, as it burns, gives off an oily black soot so those of us who had been using it for our stoves were covered with this black, oily film--clothes, skin and all. Replacements would come up to us, their clothes clean, white skin, shaved faces and all--one look at us--black faces, beards, etc., really put a fast damper to any good thoughts they might have had.

Jim Langford
99 INF 394 INF I

A TIME FOR SHARING

I read with great interest R. J. Trammell, Jr.'s, account of the attack of the 1st Battalion, 318th Infantry to relieve the 101st Airborne at Bastogne. I was a platoon leader in Company A. We were in mostly open terrain and received small arms as well as mortar and artillery fire.

The jeep delivering our Christmas dinner ran over a mine killing the mess sergeant, injuring the driver and destroying our dinner. The other companies in the battalion generously shared their dinner with us. We had plenty.

On December 28th, we had received orders to attack to enter Bastogne. We had dug in (not well due to the frozen ground) around the perimeter of a small patch of woods. The 4th Armored Division artillery was to support the attack with fire on another patch of woods to our right flank. Someone made a grave error and the artillery fired on us, causing tree burst casualties. I don't know how many.

A colonel from the 4th Armored Division visited our company command post when we returned to our parent unit in Ettlebrick to investigate. There were three of us (lieutenants) who insisted it was American, not German, artillery that fired on us. This colonel didn't understand (or believe) that it was American artillery until the company commander, Lt. Goercke, asked him if he has ever heard incoming German artillery rounds. I don't know the results of the investigation.

In addition to the President Unit Citation, we received a piece of red silk from supply parachutes dropped on Bastogne. We used them as scarves

for a short time. I still have mine. The 2nd Battalion received blue ones. As we were forming up to march on an assembly area on December 29th, I counted 39 of us--one was a replacement medic. We were about 181 strong on December 19th. R. J. Trammell, Jr.'s, estimate of 20 per company was close.

George W. Kane
80 INF 318 INF A

FURTHER INFORMATION ON USS LEOPOLDVILLE

A little further information on the lead story in May, 1996, *Bulge Bugle*: In 1964 a Jacquin Sanders wrote a book titled *A Night Before Christmas, The Sinking of the Troopship Leopoldville*, published by MacFadden-Bartell. I have a soft cover copy but it was apparently in hard cover too.

At the time I was interested as I had crossed the channel on New Year's Eve 1944 to LeHarve. We had only left the States on December 22, 1944, and landed Greencock, Scotland, on December 19, 1944. I joined the 35th Division on January 8, 1945 southeast of Bastogne.

I don't know if any of these books are still around but at least let people know that there was an account of this tragic episode. The crew ran off and left the GIs to their fate.

On page 209 of the book a footnote and I quote: Today there is hardly a veteran of the 66th who does not believe that his outfit was headed for the Battle of the Bulge and was "saved" from that fate only because of the Christmas Eve calamity which so decimated the division that it could not be sent immediately to a crucial war area. However, the fact is that before the disaster, even as the men were crossing the channel, their commanding general was in France laying plans with the commander of the 94th Infantry Division for the relief of that outfit in the Lorient-St. Nazaire perimeter. The combat experienced 94th was then to be sent--as in the event it was...and with severe casualties--to the Bulge. In the end the 66th carried out exactly the mission for which it was sent across the channel.

In glancing through the book I found this. So take it for what it is worth but like all GIs we lived by rumors whether true or not.

James G. Graff
35 INF 134 INF C

USS LEOPOLDVILLE...BETTER UNDER THE RUG?

After reading "Remembering the Leopoldville..." I was elated. Finally, someone had the good sense to bring up this disaster at this late date. I always believe that it was one of those incidents in WWII, that the higher authorities would have rather swept under a rug and left there.

A number of years ago, I read a book, not really knowing what the story was about, and was appalled when I got through. It had an unassuming title, "The Night Before Christmas." The author wrote the true story about what happened to the men of the U.S. 66th Infantry Division and the Leopoldville. I couldn't believe all that I read. The story of Rep. Ackerman's address to the House is the first that I have ever read or heard about the incident since I read the book.

I always remembered the title, but forgot the author's name. I called the library here in Richmond and the book was located by its title and I was given the author's name. His name is Jacquin Sanders and again the title is "The Night Before Christmas." The book is still in the public library here and I would think that a copy would be in the libraries in your area. If you could obtain a copy, I think it would be worthwhile to read it and pass on the information to other members of the VBOB.

Maybe, with things like this coming out and made a little more public, someone will tell what really happened that created the situation called "The Battle of the Bulge." I have always felt sorry for the men of the 106th Division that relieved the 2nd in Schnee Eifel. Why did we know something and they didn't? Some Polish and Russian deserters would come through this quiet sector and tell those on line about the "Grosser Panzers" and that the Germans would be in Liege by Christmas. Apparently, the word never reached those in the rear. I have found over the years and from some of the letters of the *Bulge Bugle* that there are many others with the same thoughts that I have had. Oh, Well!, that's all history now.

Charles D. Curley, Jr.
2 INF 38 INF 2 BN E

(Continued on Page 5)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from Page 4)

VARIOUS AND SUNDRY

I enjoy your publication immensely; it is so much better than the sad obituaries and dreary "sick calls" of other veterans newsletters.

First, let me tell L. N. Schafenberg, Headquarters, 174 Field Artillery Battalion (May, 1996) to lighten up. I enjoyed your coverage of rations. I served in a reconnaissance outfit from Normandy to the Mulde River, and ate my share of K-rations, C-rations, and Ten-in-Ones. It is interesting to read about other GI's comments, 52 years later.

On the "Jeep/Peep" controversy: I side with Jack Mocnik, 526 AIBA (May, 1996). The 1/4 ton 4x4 vehicle was the "Peep" in my outfit. The "Jeep" was much larger, like a command car. So there, too!!

On Bastogne: it was only a small part of the Battle of the Bulge. After the relief of the embattled troops, it was blown out of proportion by the American press to comfort the "home front," and by the publicity-crazed Patton to satisfy his ego. The encounter at Bastogne was not THE Battle of the Bulge, but the myth, perpetrated by latter-day historians, became a symbol of the entire battle. I wish these historians could recognize this fact: the Battle of Bastogne is symbolic.

Sydney O. Johnson
3 ARMDD 83 ARB A

WHERE WAS THE 5TH?

In the May *Bulge Bugle* Leonard Loiacono, of the 5th Infantry Division, wrote about a civilian in Luxembourg telling them that he fought with the 5th Division in World War I. I wondered if that fellow really was with the 5th Division in WWI. When I was on a messenger run a civilian came up to the peep (in Luxembourg, also) and asked if I knew where the 5th Division was, that he had served in that outfit during World War I. I wasn't taking any chances telling him where the 5th was located. Maybe he was a spy. I told him I didn't know. This civilian was a rather short man and spoke good English. Were there several such WWI veterans of the 5th Division living in Luxembourg? I was aware of German soldiers in American uniforms at the time and I had my suspicions about him. One of our MP's captured a German in American uniform. He looked a bit questionable. He was wearing captain's bars and corporal's stripes.

Just a couple of lines about C, D and K Rations. I hate cheese and I remember that I never had any cheese in any C or K Rations. No one mentioned C Ration chicken and rice, my favorite. I never saw any toilet paper in any rations. D Rations were intended as a full meal, merely a thick chocolate bar full of nutrients to replace a meal. One could not melt that chocolate no matter how hot the weather. The "10-in-1" Rations was a large cardboard box with enough food, supposedly, for ten men for a day. I remember Foster from New Hampshire eating a whole can of bacon from a "10-in-1" Ration about ten o'clock at night. The "10-in-1" was hard to come by. My buddy and I requisitioned one one night from a sergeant's trailer. He had requisitioned it earlier.

John R. (Bob) Hovenstine
10 ARMDD 150 ARMD SIG CO

EXCHANGING VIEWS...THAT'S WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT

I don't know why Leonard N. Schafenberg, 174 FA BN HQ (Letters to the Editor, May, 1996) feels that you waste space covering so much WWII field rations. Exchanging views and writing about some of our experiences is one reason we find *The Bulge Bugle* interesting and enjoyable to read. But I am sure a FA man did not experience the same rations or the lack of them that an infantry man did. There were some days when we only got one K ration and had to eat it while walking or dodging small arms fire. We did not have any place to stow anything extra nor transportation to carry it.

Speaking of *Bugle* articles, I was especially interested in Jim Langford's "Memorable Incident" in the May, 1996, issue. Not only because he is a fellow 99'er. He also mentioned that the 394th Infantry sent out two patrols January 15, 1945, one of which was out of the 1st Battalion consisting of 28 men with only 15 or 16 making it back and most of them were wounded. That was my patrol. I remember that there were 31 men (either of us could be off by 3 men). Numbers that I am sure of, only 13 of us made it back and 9 were wounded. I will not forget that one because I was one of the 9. This is the same patrol I wrote about and sent in March 1, 1996 for possible use in "Memorable Incidents," which

I titled Suicide Patrol, January 15, 1945.

Keep up the good work, I look forward to each issue of *The Bulge Bugle*.

B. C. Henderson
99 INF 394 INF

HEY, WHAT ABOUT THE 578TH FIELD ARTILLERY?

Please include the 578th Field Artillery Battalion when you report on the Battle of the Bulge.

The 578th Field Artillery Battalion was at St. Vith and beyond. We supported the 106th Infantry Division. The 578th FA was a black field artillery battalion that landed at Omaha Beach in the early days of World War II in France; and earned five campaign stars.

[Hey, we did it--we mentioned them. Now, if someone has an interesting story about the battalion they would like to submit, we would welcome it. As we have said many times, we try to use what we receive but we do not have a research staff and depend upon you our members (and, incidentally, the best source) to provide us the information we use.]

Frederick A. Moseley
106 INF 578 FA BN

GRAND HALLUEX

I just read the Battle of Grand Halluex, Belgium, article. I have a map on my wall of that part of the country. I was with the 592nd Field Artillery, 106th Infantry Division, but became real sick and my feet [were bad] so I was sent back. So I was not there when Mr. Dounis was. The 424th (106th) was there but they were with another division. I don't recall which one at this time.

Mick "Pappy" Conner
106 INF 592 FA BN

RIGHT ON THE BUTTON

Mr. T. O. Hoffmeister's account of the 90th Infantry Division's withdrawal from the Saarbrücken area December 21st, 1944, is quite accurate. The plan was to have all troops back across the Saar River by 0300/22. This was accomplished using only a foot bridge maintained by the division engineers.

He stated that a company of engineers only remained after his 358th company departed. The fact is only three engineers of Company A, 315th Engineers (division engineers) remained. We were to blow up all the equipment the infantry could not carry and two railroad bridges across the Saar. This was scheduled for 0500/22--two hours after the infantry units were across the river. We were told that the foot bridge would be left in position, if possible. If unable, a boat would be provided. Should neither be possible--swim! Remember this was December 21st and 22nd.

By 2200/21st, the Germans had discovered the withdrawal and were infiltrating the area and becoming aggressive. I received a gun shot wound in Dillengen around 2300/21st and was evacuated. My replacement was an engineer from Knoxville, Tennessee, near my hometown. He received the bronze star for blowing the bridge to which I had been assigned. Quite an assignment for a 19-year-old! The war ended for me that night. I was hospitalized for a year before being discharged.

Curtis "Curt" L. Ivey
90 INF 315 ENGR BN A

SOMEONE KNOWS THEIR HISTORY

The May issue of *The Bugle* contained a letter from B. C. Henderson pointing out an error in the previous issue which featured an article from the WW II Memorial to be erected in Washington, D.C. The Henri Chappelle Cemetery had been listed as being in France rather than at its proper location in Belgium. In acknowledging this error you mention that there was another error. I find three errors (or omissions) in this article. These being: (1) The omission of the Normandy Cemetery which overlooks Omaha Beach, (2) the omission of the Epinal Cemetery in the foothills of the Voges Mountains in France, and (3) the Tunisia Cemetery is called the North Africa Cemetery and is located near the ancient city of

(Continued on Page 6)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from Page 5)

Carthage, Tunisia in North Africa, not South Africa.

Two additional errors appear in the May issue of *The Bugle*. One is in the article "Stavelot Remembrance" by Roger Hardy. Following the ceremony in Stavelot a trip was made to Baugnez, the site of the Malmedy Massacre when Peiper's Kampfgruppe assassinated captured American soldiers. Mr. Hardy reports that the site contains the names of 76 victims imbedded in the memorial wall. There were 86, not 76. I saw the bodies, their locations marked by mounds of snow in an open field. Since then I have made many trips to the Bulge area and especially to the Baugnez memorial. The count of the bronze plaques in the wall is always 86 and in agreement with the official count.

The Southcentral Pennsylvania chapter of the VBOB has in its membership two of the few survivors of the massacre, namely Harold W. Billow, and Robert "Sketch" Merig, both of the 285th Field Artillery Battalion, B Battery.

The other error is in the front page of the May issue. Rep. Gary Ackerman (D-NY) in speaking about the sinking of the "Leopoldville" says that there were 2,235 American soldiers on the ship and 802 of these were lost when torpedoed by a Nazi sub. He says, "The result was a tremendous loss of lives--almost one-third of the division was killed." The number killed is a little more than one-third of those on board, not one-third of the 66th Division.

George F. Schneider
30 INF 120 INF 3 BN HQ

COMRADES DEFENDED

To John Durba: It is so difficult to answer the two letters that you have written to *The Bulge Bugle* (November 1994 and May 1996). It is apparent that you have done much reading, and it's obvious that you have picked out the lines which suit you underlying hatred of the 101st Airborne Division.

To begin with, John, you never were in Bastogne, like you seemed to wonder about. But the 10th Armored CCB was there with us and, John, they don't feel like you do about the 101st. I wonder why?

John, if you think that you are being so mistreated by VBOB, I'll gladly pay you your \$15.00 membership fee back to you. If you think that by making these remarks that you can or will cause indecision in the VBOB organization which was founded on the belief that over 2,000 different groups came together as one fighting unit and eventually prevailed in its efforts to keep the German Army from winning. This organization believes that we should remember the KIA's, WIA's, MIA's, and the POW's, and the men who suffered the torture of the damned to help Europe become free--not to try to spread dissension among our members by asking them to write protest letters.

John, if it will make you happy I'll protest your arrogance and overbearing attitude towards your American comrades. I truly don't degrade my American comrades after reading, like you do, and if you are good at it, how come you quote people like General Bradley, General Eisenhower, Hanson Baldwin, Russel Weighley, General Mantenffel, and General Yodel, to try to prove your little point? When and where was it that you saw any of these people out on the MLR? All great men, but you don't see them out there with snow up to their a--.

To illustrate further, when in February the Allies were to counter attack, General Gavin's 82nd was temporarily assigned to assist in securing the dams, and to cut off German forces fleeing the area. General Gavin made a first hand survey of the terrain before committing his troops in accordance with the Fifth Corps plan. The shock of what he found stayed with him the rest of his life. Tanks and trucks had been abandoned every where and the dead bodies of the men of the 28th Division were reappearing out of the deep snow. General Gavin returned to the Fifth Corps headquarters boiling mad. He was convinced that inept and unrealistic headquarters planning by staff officers who had never seen the terrain had been responsible for the tragic losses of thousands of men in the 9th and 28th Divisions in the fall. The Fifth Corps plan for 82nd's part was no less inept, and was remote from realities. You have got to know by now, John you can't quote people who were not out on the front line.

I bet you don't make your silly little remarks in front of any Third Army men. Facts are, John, Third U.S. Army units lost some 2,300 KIA's just in the vicinity of Bastogne. Other losses just at Bastogne: KIA's, WIA's, MIA's, 101st AB, 3,705; CCB 10th Armored Division, 468; 705th Tank

Destroyer Battalion, 155; 755th Field Artillery Battalion, 29. These facts speak for themselves and you should apologize to everyone in VBOB for making remarks that are underhandedly derogatory towards past and living veterans of the Bulge.

Besides, John, from what I've read you have a tendency to shade the facts to your advantage. By the way, can you please explain to me why CC-B of the 7th Armored Division received a Presidential Citation and CC-A didn't for St. Vith. Weren't you side by side? Incidentally, my best friend was in 508th Parachute Infantry, 82nd Airborne Division. He let me read 508's regimental history. I know why you liked 82nd Airborne so much. They helped save your butt when you had to withdraw from St. Vith, didn't they? Does 82nd Airborne ask for praise for this? This should tell you we were all Americans, dependent on one another, no matter what the situation is or was or would be.

Let me give you the name of a book that will tell it like it was in your area. Start with Chapter 38, the book is written by Clay Blair, called "Ridgway's Paratroopers." Now I know right away you are going to say it's biased. Not so, remember he was General Hasbrouck's boss for a while and as such depended on him and the 7th Armored. But it may give you a little different light on things. The 82nd had always been Ridgway's baby, and in his mind the 82nd would always be first. He even complained to Eisenhower when the 101st became the first division in the history of the Army to win a Presidential Citation in entirety. He felt that the 82nd should have it also but "Ike" told him to forget it. It is even rumored that Generals Gavin and Taylor also had a falling out over it. Lots of infighting and replacement of general officers which little people like you and I have difficulty in understanding the reasons of rank which at times can be brutal and devastating to career officers.

John, I'm going to put you in some high class company now. Walter Cronkite rode into Holland on September 17, 1944, with General McAuliffe in a glider with the 101st. On September 22nd he sent a message back to England, saying he had visited one of our prison areas and said he couldn't find any Nazis, they are a sorry looking lot, they were 16-year-olds out of military schools, 60-year-old men from labor and guard detachments, and this is the bottom of Hitler's man-power barrel. There is more but it doesn't make any more sense than the drivel you hand out. So, at least, you are in good company. To you and Walter, Holland KIA's, 858, WIA's, 2151, just for the 101st. Enough said.

I'm going to give it up now, John. I know your attitude won't change. You know, John, when General McAuliffe received the ultimatum from the Germans to surrender, his eventual answer of "nuts" to the German emissaries was not understood by the mystified Germans. Colonel Harper explained it's simply meant, "Go to Hell." So with that I think it's time to say to you, John, NUTS!

Lloyd E. Jones
101 ABND 501 PIR A

WE WERE ALSO AT THE BULGE

...We [246TH COMBAT ENGINEERS BATTALION] were at the Bulge when the Germans attacked on December 15, 1944. We laid mines, dynamited trees to block the roads and built bridges and many times deployed as infantry. We were at the Hurtgen Forest and were awarded the Ardennes Campaign Medal and the Presidential Citation. We were at the Stolberg Valley, Eichwilder and on the St. Vith Road. We were moved all over the northern Bulge and if German offense had not been stopped when it did, the German 6th Panzer Army would have run head-on to us between the Roer River on the way to Liege and Antwerp which was their plan--to encircle the U.S. 1st and 9th Armies, along with the British and Canadian Forces. The 246th suffered many casualties from Normandy to the Roer River and on to the Elbe River.

Thanks to *The Bulge Bugle* and all of you who keep it going--people will not forget one of the biggest battles of World War II. Thanks again.

Leo Hernandez
246 ENGR CMBT BN

"THE TRAGEDY OF WAR IS THAT IT USES MAN'S BEST TO DO MAN'S WORST."

--Harry E. Fosdick

(This quote was provided by FRANK A. FLATO, 11TH ARMORED DIVISION, HEADQUARTERS COMPANY)

MEMORIAL TO BE DEDICATED AT VBOB REUNION IN HYANNIS, MASSACHUSETTS

A memorial plaque will be dedicated September 10, 1996, in Hyannis, Massachusetts, during ceremonies in conjunction with the Annual Reunion of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, Inc.

Mr. Charles R. DeChristopher, Sr., of DeChristopher Bros., headquartered in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, has generously contributed a polished stone for our use. Mr. DeChristopher was the designer/sculptor of the VBOB Memorial erected at the Valley Forge Military Academy.

The plaque will honor all who served in the Battle of the Bulge and will be unveiled by Mrs. Jean E. Gavin, wife of General James M. Gavin, who was the youngest commander of an American Division-- the 82nd Airborne, one of the over 400 units who fought during the Battle of the Bulge.

Our heartiest thanks to the DeChristophers for their generous contribution.



[Pictured above is Charles R. DeChristopher, of DeChristopher Bros., Inc.]

The following names are being submitted to you for your consideration for National Officers for 1996-97 term which begins December 16, 1996.

Stanley Wojtusik, President
George Linthicum, Vice President
Thomas Jones, Vice President, Membership
Richard Schlenker, Vice President, Chapters & Regions
Elturino L. Loiacono, Vice President, Military Affairs
Peter Leslie, Treasurer
Dorothy S. Davis, Corresponding Secretary
Louis Cunningham, Recording Secretary
 Trustees: (Three Years)
Richard G. Guenther
John Bowen
Curt L. Ivey
 Trustees: (Two Years)
Frances W. Doherty
Peter Dounis

All of the above have been contacted and have agreed to fulfill the office they are nominated for if elected. The submission of this list carries my recommendation that each be nominated.

Grover Twiner, Chairman, Nominating Committee



Post card submitted by Andre Meurisse, Bullingen, Belgium

There is many a boy here today who looks on war
 as all glory, but boys, it is all hell.
GENERAL WILLIAM SHERMAN

HISTORY DIDN'T REPEAT ITSELF

[The Headquarters Office receives many newsletters from the local chapters which have some very interesting items in them. This is one such item. It comes from the Northwest Chapter. The president of the chapter is Lou Winsor and he lives in Gig Harbor, Washington.]

The most impressive argument for ascribing sole authorship of the Ardennes idea to Hitler is found in the simple fact that every major military decision of the German High Command for months past had been made by the Fuehrer, and that these Hitler decisions were made in detail, never in principle alone.

The major reasons for Hitler's selection of the Ardennes were stated by himself, although never in a single tabulation on a single occasion nor with any ordering of importance:

- The enemy front in the Ardennes sector was very thinly manned.
- A blow here would strike the seam between the British and Americans and lead to political as well as military disharmony between the Allies. Furthermore an entrance along this seam would isolate the British 21 Army Group and allow the encirclement and destruction of the British and Canadians before the American leadership (particularly the political leadership) could react.
- The distance from the jump-off line to a solid strategic objective (Antwerp) was not too great and could be covered quickly, even in bad weather.
- The configuration of the Ardennes area was such that the ground for maneuver was limited and so would require the use of relatively few divisions.
- The terrain to the east of the breakthrough sector selected was very heavily wooded and offered cover against Allied air observation and attack during the build-up for the assault.
- An attack to regain the initiative in this particular area would erase the enemy ground threat to the Ruhr.

Although Hitler never referred directly to the lightning thrust made in 1940

through the Ardennes as being in any sense a prototype for the operation in the same area four and a half years later, there was indication of a more than casual connection between the two campaigns in Hitler's own thinking. For example, during the 16 September expose he set the attainment of "another Dunkirk" as his goal. Then, as detailed planning began, Hitler turned again and again to make operational proposals which had more than chance similarity to those he had made before the 1940 offensive. When, in September 1939, Hitler had announced his intention to attack in the west, the top-ranking officers of the German armed forces had to a man? shown their disfavor for this daring concept. Despite this op-



position Hitler had gone ahead and personally selected the general area for the initial penetration--perhaps with considerable stimulation from Generalfeldmarschall Fritz Erich von Manstein. The lightning campaign through the Netherlands, Belgium, and France had been the first great victory won by Hitler's intuition and the Fuehrerprinzip over the German General Staff, establishing a trend which had led almost inevitably to the virtual dictatorship in military command exercised by the Fuehrer in 1944. Also, the contempt for Allied generalship which Hitler continually expressed can be regarded as more than bombast. He would be prone to believe that the Western Allies had learned nothing from the experience of 1940, that the conservative military tradition which had deemed the Ardennes as impossible for armor was

still in the saddle, and that what German arms had accomplished in 1940 might be their portion a second time. Two of the factors which had entered into the plans for the 1940 offensive still obtained: a very thin enemy line and the need for protecting the Ruhr.

The German attack could no longer be supported by an air force which outweighed the opposition, but this would be true wherever the attack was delivered. Weather had favored movement through the Ardennes defiles in the spring of 1940. This could hardly be expected in the month of November, but there is no indication that Hitler gave any thought to the relation of weather and terrain as this might affect ground operations in the Ardennes. He tended to look at the sky rather than the ground, as the Luftwaffe deteriorated, and bad weather-bad flying weather-was his desire.

In sum, Hitler's selection of the Ardennes may have been motivated in large part by the hope that the clock could be turned back to the glorious days of 1940.

SEARCHING FOR SOMEONE?

Have you wished you could find:

- That old buddy from the service?
- That person who owes you money?
- Someone you went to school with?

If so:

1. Fill out the information slip below. (If you have more than one request, make a copy of the information slip and use one for each request.)
2. Cost is \$5.00 (either cash or check) for each name submitted. (Make check payable to Nancy C. Monson.)
3. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Mail completed information slip, self-addressed envelope and payment to: VBOB-Name Search, PO Box 11129, Arlington, VA 22210.

Keep in mind, we will send you a list of possible persons, with address and phone number. There is no guarantee that the list we send you will contain the name person you are looking for. If no information is found, your money will be returned.

In the case of a common name, it is very important to include a middle initial.

INFORMATION SLIP

Name of person to locate: (include middle initial, if possible)

Possible U.S. area (state) where this person may live:

OUR WIVES HAD IT ROUGH, TOO

[The attached was received from **JOSEPH W. BULKELEY, 10TH ARMORED DIVISION, 61ST INFANTRY BATTALION, COMPANY B**]

... I don't know where else to express my thoughts, and perhaps I can use as an excuse the fact that the majority of the 10th Armored enlisted personnel were probably on [the same train as me, which] left Fort Devens, Massachusetts, reception center about November 8, 1942.

The army routed us out of the barracks long before daylight and somebody with a bullhorn read off the names of those men shipping out. After morning chow we brought our barracks bags out into a field and an officer called out an item of clothing. We took the item out of the barracks bag and held it up so he could see it.... Later, as we boarded a long line of passenger cars I asked a lieutenant where we were going and he told me: **It will be a long ride and a fast one.**

Our train ride took us out into Western Massachusetts and along the once famous Mohawk Trail and in evening we slid into the railroad station in Troy, New York. The areas around the station and even out into the cinders where the railroad tracks were was filled with weeping, wailing women. These were the wives, sisters, mothers, and sweethearts of the men who were already boarding the train and their cries of anguish filled the November night.

This was November, 1942, and many of these wives, sweethearts, sisters and mothers had not been separated from their men before. The train started and these women ran alongside stumbling and sometimes falling in the cinders alongside the tracks. The train gathered speed and the women were no longer able to keep up. And in moments, they were lost from view and their cries could no longer be heard. But these were our mothers and out sweethearts and for most of them there would be endless weeks and months and sometimes years of waiting. And for some, the waiting would never end.

FIRST EPISTLE TO THE SELECTEES

According to PFC Harold Fleming

[The following article which appeared in a World War II *Yank* magazine was sent to us by **JOHN B. SAVARD, 2ND INFANTRY DIVISION, 38TH INFANTRY, COMPANY G**.]

1. Lo, all ye miserable sinners, entering through the Gate of Induction into the Land of Khaki, harken unto my words; for I have dwelt in this land for many months and mine eyes have witnessed all manner of folly and woe.

2. Verily have I tasted of the bitter Fruit of TS and drained the dregs of the Cup of Snafu:

3. Gird up thy loins, my son, and take up the olive drab; but act slowly and with exceeding care and harken first to the counsel of a wiser and sadder man than thou:

4. Beware thou the Sergeant who is called First; he hath a pleased and foolish look but he concealeth a serpent in his heart.

5. Avoid him when he speaketh low and his lips smileth; he smileth not for thee; his heart rejoiceth at the sight of thy youth and thine ignorance.

6. He will smile and smile and work all manner of evil against thee. A wise man shuns the orderly room, but the fool shall dwell in the kitchen forever.

7. Unto all things there is a time: there is a time to speak and a time

to be silent: be thou like unto stone in the presence of thy superiors, and keep thy tongue still when they shall call for volunteers.

8. The wise man searcheth out the easy details, but only a fool sticketh out his neck.

9. Look thou with disfavor upon the newly made corporal; he prizeth much his stripes and is proud and foolish; he laugheth and joketh much with the older noncoms and looketh upon the private with a frown.

10. He could fain go to OCS, but he is not qualified.

11. Know thou that the Sergeant of the Mess is a man of many moods: when he looketh pleased and his words are like honey, the wise KP seeketh him out and praiseth his chow and laugheth much at his jests:

12. But when he moveth with great haste and the sweat standeth on his brow and he curseth under his breath, make thyself scarce; for he will fall like a whirlwind upon the idle and the goldbrick shall know his wrath.

13. The Supply Sergeant is a lazy man and worketh not; but he is the keeper of many good things: if thou wouldst wear well-fitting raiment and avoid the statement of charges, make him thy friend.

14. He prizeth drunkenness above all things.

15. He careth not for praise or flattery, but lend him thy lucre and thy liquor and he will love thee.

16. Hell hath no fury like a shavetail scorned: he walketh with a swagger and regardeth the enlisted man with a raised eyebrow; he looketh upon his bars with exceeding pleasure and loveth a salute mightily.

17. Act thou lowly unto him and call him sir and he will love thee.

18. Damned be he who standeth first in the line of chow and shortstopeth the dessert and cincheth the coffee.

19. He taketh from the meat dish with a heavy hand and leaveth thee the bony part.

20. He is thrice cursed, and all people, even unto the PFCs, will revile him and spit upon him: for his name is called Chow Hound, and he is an abomination.

21. Know thou the Big Operator, but trust him not: he worketh always upon a deal and he speaketh confidentially.

22. He knoweth many women and goeth into town every night; he borroweth all thy money; yea, even unto thy ration check.

23. He promiseth to fix thee up, but doth it not.

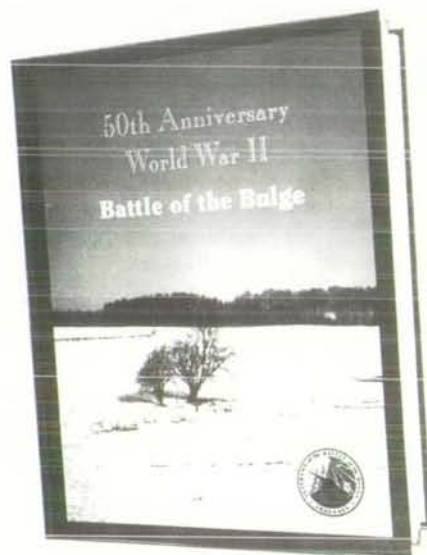
24. Beware thou the Old Man, for he will make thee sweat; when he approacheth, look thou on the ball; he loveth to chew upon thy posterior.

24. Keep thou out of his sight and let him not know thee by name; for he who arouseth the wrath of the Old Man shall go many times unto the chaplain. Selah.



"It's from the old man. He says we're due for typhoid booster shots."—Cpl. Fred Schwab.

The National Commemoration of The 50th ANNIVERSARY of WW II Battle of The Bulge



Published by:
The Veterans of The
Battle of The Bulge
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This book is a Souvenir Program Book prepared as a "Remembrance" for those who participated in the 50th events, BoB veterans who were not present, BoB families, and others who are interested in the enduring BoB legacy.

These books were presented to all attending the 50th Commemoration in St. Louis and The Battlefield Tour in October, 1994. Numerous letters have been received expressing thanks and appreciation for this outstanding keepsake book. Many veterans have requested extra copies of this truly "once in a lifetime" 50th Anniversary Commemoration.

A limited number of additional copies have been printed. Copies of this 152 page, 8 1/2 x 11 1/2 inch hardbound, full color cover book can now be ordered from VBOB, P.O. Box 11129, Arlington, VA 22210-2129. The cost of the book including shipping and handling is \$20.00. Make checks payable to "VBOB" - these books will also be on sale at the 16th ANNUAL VBOB REUNION, Hyannis, Massachusetts - September 8-11, 1996.

William P. Tayman Chairman, VBOBs
50th Anniversary Commemoration

As I Remember... By Phyllis Hankel

[Editor's Note. We sometimes forget that our support troops also included the ladies, bless 'em, who supported our efforts. We've published scores, nay—hundreds of stories by the men. Here, then, is the story of a lady which will bring back memories to many of you.]

I am the wife of Harry Hankel who served in training and in combat with Company D of the 14th Tank Battalion of the 9th Armored Division.

We lived in Manhattan, Kansas when we were first married. When Harry went to the desert training center at Needles, California, I followed and lived at Boulder City, Nevada. After desert training and maneuvers, the 9th Armored Division went to Camp Polk, Louisiana. Lucille Ping, whose husband was the company maintenance sergeant, travelled with us to Camp Polk, Louisiana. She and I went from door to door looking for an apartment. Many of the doors had a hand-made sign reading:

*"If you are from the North,
do not bother"*

and we knew that meant "do not knock or bother us."

Also, when we went in a restaurant, Harry was not allowed in the restaurant because he was in the service. So I would enter, get what we wanted to eat and we would either eat it in our automobile or go to a park.

The next morning Harry and I were covered with welts—I mean big ones. We thought this was funny. I knew we hadn't been outside long enough to get mosquito bites. Harry said, "Let's pull down the sheets and see what's on the bed." Well, we found the biggest and fattest bedbugs. When we rented this place, the landlady told us that if she caught any of us Northerners pulling the mattress out in the yard, she would put us out of the cabin.

But we did. I'd heard my mother talk about this and her experience through the years. I used kerosene to "paint" the corners of the mattress and then left it to air out all day. Next, we filled some tin cans with water and placed them under the feet, under the bedposts of the bed. We didn't have any more bedbugs.

The cabin walls were made of big, wide boards, like slats, with bug legs in the cracks. We weren't used to living like this. All the girls helped each other to boil a pot of water on the stove and used pans to throw it on the slats. Then we would sweep up the cockroaches. We never had cockroaches in the cabins after that. We felt our cabins were pretty clean.

There were sandfleas and all kinds of bugs that we weren't used to having. But we managed and we stayed with our guys. There was a wooded area behind the cabins. When the men were out training, somebody would try to get in the cabins, using a knife around the windows. Of course, we girls were scared to death. So the men decided that, when they were out on bivouac, the wives would go to one of the other homes. Many nights we slept three in a bed. The men felt their wives were safer. One night we looked out and here came Betty Hutson. She was swinging her pajamas around on the top of her finger and saying, "And this is Southern hospitality!" She stayed with us that night.

We did not have a refrigerator nor ice. Harry built a small insulated box. We would go to an icthouse in Leesville, then stand in line, sometimes two hours, for a cake of ice to put in this chest to keep our food.

When Harry and the 9th Armored Division went overseas, my father came to Camp Polk to help me pack and drive back home to Stromsburg, Nebraska.

Submitted by Dee Paris, 14th Tank Battalion 9th Armored Division

VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE, INC.



REUNION PROGRAM Hyannis, Massachusetts September 8-11, 1996

• SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1996 •

- 12:00 Noon - 5:00 p.m.** **Registration, Headquarters Hotel, Cape Codder Hotel, Hyannis**
The registration desk will be open the majority of the day.
- 7:30 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.** **Welcome Wine & Cheese Reception**
Hosted by the Cape Codder Hotel (Attendees must be registered)
Welcome Address: Township Manager Warren J. Rutherford

• MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1996 •

- As needed** **Registration, Headquarters Hotel, Cape Codder Hotel, Hyannis**
The registration desk will be open the majority of the day.
- 8:10 a.m. - 12:00 noon** **Whale Watch Trip by Boat**
Buses depart the Cape Codder for a morning of whale watching on Cape Cod Bay. A naturalist will be aboard to highlight the marine life. Bring your camera. Vessel equipped with indoor and outdoor seating, plus galley. Bus back to hotel.
- 12:00 Noon** **Lunch on your own and the afternoon free**
- 6:00 p.m. - 9:30 p.m.** **Clambake Buffet**
Meal consists of garden salad; New England clam chowder; steamed clams; 1-1/4 pound native lobster; broiled chicken; corn on the cob; seasonal fruits and melons; garlic roasted potatoes; drawn butter; clam broth; corn bread; strawberry shortcake; and coffee/tea. Cash bar.

• TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1996 •

- As needed** **Registration Desk**
- 8:30 a.m. - 10:00 a.m.** **Hyannis Harbor Port Tour by Boat**
One hour cruise featuring beautiful scenery of Hyannis Harbor and Lewis Bay. After the cruise you have the option of shopping for some Cape Cod souvenirs.
- 11:00 a.m. - 12:00 Noon** **Plaque Dedication/Memorial Service** (Tour bus will deliver you to the site and is also available from the hotel at 11:00 a.m.)
- 12:15 Noon** **Lunch on your own**
- Time to be announced** **Membership Meeting at Cape Codder Hotel**
Annual membership meeting. All are welcome to attend.

• WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1996 •

- As needed** **Registration Desk**
- 8:30 a.m. - 3:00 p.m.** **Tour of 'Plimoth' Plantation, Plymouth and more**
Motorcoach tour of 'Plimoth' Plantation complete with costumed interpreters portraying 17th century colony residents. You'll view Plymouth Rock and the Mayflower. Also you will visit the Cranberry World Museum.
- 12:00 Noon** **Lunch on your own and the afternoon free**
- 6:30 p.m.** **Annual Banquet with guest speaker, dinner and dancing**
Cash bar. Dinner includes choice of roast sirloin of beef OR baked scrod; New England clam chowder; chef's potato and vegetables; roll/butter; Boston cream pie; and tea/coffee.

VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE, INC.
Hyannis, Massachusetts
September 8-11, 1996

**COMMEMORATION
REGISTRATION FORM**

Name _____

Address: _____

Wife/Guest Name: _____

Division: _____ Regiment: _____

Unit or Company: _____

Signature: _____

Please provide the name of the hotel where you have made reservations _____

	Number of Persons	Cost per Person	Total
Registration Fee (All attendees must register)	_____	\$35.00	_____

Monday, September 9, 1996:

Whale Watch Boat Tour	_____	\$23.00	_____
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Clambake Buffet	_____	\$36.00	_____
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Tuesday, September 10, 1996:

Hyannis Harbor Port Tour	_____	\$23.00	_____
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Wednesday, September 11, 1996:

'Plimoth' Plantation and Plymouth Rock Tour	_____	\$31.00	_____
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Banquet	_____	\$35.00	_____
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Please indicate whether you prefer: Beef #____ OR Scrod #____

Total Amount Enclosed \$ _____

Mail registration form and check payable to "VBOB" to:
Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge • P.O. Box 11129 • Arlington, VA 22210-2129
(Refunds for cancellations, will be honored in whole or in part, depending on availability of funds.)



VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1996 – THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1996

PLEASE RESERVE THE FOLLOWING ACCOMMODATIONS:

PLEASE CHECK ONE: EUROPEAN PLAN

_____ \$84.00 PER ROOM, PER NIGHT, SINGLE/DOUBLE OCCUPANCY, + 9.7% STATE TAX
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1996 THROUGH THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1996

_____ \$90.00 PER ROOM, PER NIGHT, SINGLE/DOUBLE OCCUPANCY, + 9.7% STATE TAX
EARLY ARRIVALS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6 & SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7
LATE DEPARTURES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13 & SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

**ALL ROOM REQUESTS HAVE BEEN NOTED ON YOUR RESERVATION
AND WILL BE HONORED BASED ON AVAILABILITY**

*A LIMITED NUMBER OF NON-SMOKING ROOMS ARE AVAILABLE--PLEASE CHECK YOUR PREFERENCE:

SMOKING _____ NON SMOKING _____

(I) (WE) WILL ARRIVE ON _____ AND DEPART ON _____

NAME (1) _____ GROUP TITLE _____

NAME (2) _____ GROUP TITLE _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP CODE _____

DAY TELEPHONE: (____) _____ TODAY'S DATE: _____

ONE NIGHT'S DEPOSIT OR A CREDIT CARD GUARANTEE IS REQUIRED PER ROOM PLUS 9.7% ROOM TAX.

(PLEASE ENCLOSE CHECK, MADE PAYABLE TO THE CAPE CODDER HOTEL.) FOR THOSE USING CREDIT CARDS AS A GUARANTEE, PLEASE COMPLETE THE SECTION BELOW. YOUR DEPOSIT WILL BE APPLIED TO THE LAST NIGHT OF YOUR ROOM RESERVATION. A BLOCK OF GUEST ROOMS IS BEING HELD AT YOUR GROUP RATE UNTIL AUGUST 6, 1996. PLEASE NOTE THAT THE NUMBER OF ROOMS BEING HELD MAY BE SOLD OUT PRIOR TO THIS DATE. WE ENCOURAGE YOU TO MAKE RESERVATIONS EARLY TO ENSURE GROUP RATE AND AVAILABILITY. OUR FAX # (508) 778-6039

CREDIT CARD TYPE: _____ CREDIT CARD NUMBER: _____

EXPIRATION DATE: _____ SIGNATURE: _____

NO REFUND GIVEN IF:

- A. RESERVATION IS CANCELLED OR CHANGED WITHIN 72 HOURS PRIOR TO ARRIVAL.
- B. IF GUEST DOES NOT ARRIVE ON DATE SPECIFIED, ROOM IS CANCELLED AND REINSTATEMENT AT GROUP RATE IS SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY.
- C. NO REFUND GIVEN FOR EARLY DEPARTURE. DEPOSIT IS APPLIED TO THE LAST NIGHT OF YOUR ABOVE RESERVATION.

CHECK-IN TIME AFTER 3:00 PM -- CHECK-OUT TIME BY 11:00 AM

PLEASE COMPLETE AND SEND WITH YOUR DEPOSIT TO OUR RESERVATIONS DEPARTMENT
OR

**CALL US AT 1-800-THE TARA
WE ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO YOUR VISIT!**

Route 132 & Bearse's Way ■ Hyannis, MA 02601 ■ (508) 771-3000 ■ FAX: (508) 771-6564

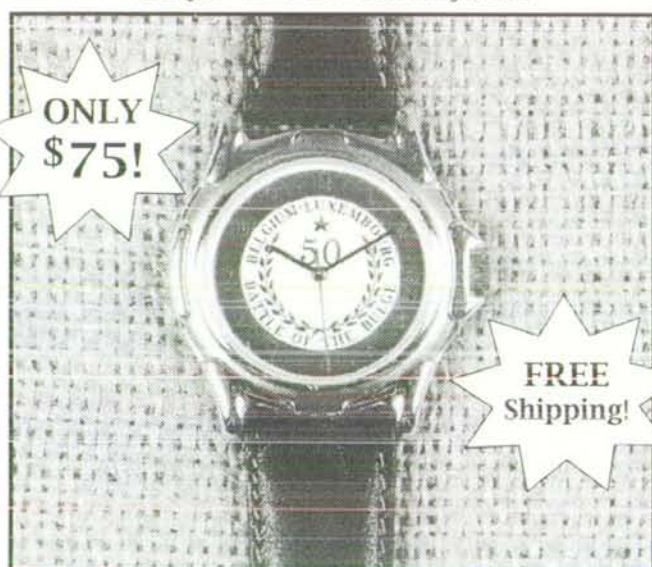
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Don't miss this opportunity to wear a piece of your own history! 430 veterans have purchased this wonderful piece, specially handcrafted for VBOB! To make your purchase, please fill out the order form or call ARDENNES WATCHES at the number listed below. If paying by check or money order, please include payment with order.

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Signature on card _____ Exp. date _____



5100 Massachusetts Ave., NW
Washington, DC 20016
Tel: (202) 364-7166
Fax: (202) 362-6822

Lilly From Piccadilly

by Micky Balsam, Flying Eagles Orchestra

*I took a trip to London,
To look around the town;
When I got to Piccadilly the sun was going down.
I've never seen such darkness,
The night was black as pitch;
When suddenly in front of me,
I thought I saw a witch.*

*I could not see her figure
I could not see her face,
But if I ever meet her,
I'll know her any place.
I couldn't tell if she was blonde
Or a dark brunette,
But Gosh oh gee, did she give me
A thrill I won't forget.*

*They sing of "Dirty Gertie"
and Ma'moiselle in French,
But give me a Commando
In a foxhole or a trench.
And in the thick of battle
You'll find me happy there,
But say, chums, be sure she comes
From Piccadilly Square.*

*Now when my children ask me
"Please tell us, Daddy dear,
"What did you do to win the war?"
I'll answer with a sneer.
"Your Daddy was a hero;
"His best he always fought,
"With bravery he gave to the
"Commandos his support."*

Refrain:

*Oh, it was Lilly from Piccadilly,
You know the one I mean,
I'll spend each pay day,
That's my hey hey day
With Lilly, my black-out Queen.*



From BAD News Journal of BAD 2 Assn. Jan. 1993

Let me have war, say I; it exceeds
peace as far as day does night; it's
spritely, waking, audible, and full
of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy,
lethargy: mulled, deaf, sleepy,
insensible; a gutter of more bastard
children than war's a destroyer of
men.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Coriolanus

**You're
Home
In Hyannis**

REUNIONS

7TH ARMORED DIVISION, September 5-8, 1996, Galt House, Louisville, Kentucky. Contact: Glenn R. Fackler, Sr., 232218 Springbrook Drive, Farmington Hills, Michigan 48836-3371. Telephone: 810-476-0777.

9TH ARMORED DIVISION, 73RD ARMORED FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, November 6-10, 1996, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Contact: Ed Capron, 10625 Kenlee Drive, Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70815. Telephone: 504-924-2158.

9TH ARMORED DIVISION, 27TH ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION, November 6-10, 1996, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Contact: Ed Capron, 10625 Kenlee Drive, Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70815. Telephone: 504-924-2158.

14TH CAVALRY RECONNAISSANCE GROUP, September 16-28, 1996. Contact: William I. Barton, 243 Heath's Bridge Road, Concord, Massachusetts 01742.

17TH AIRBORNE DIVISION, August 29-September 1, 1996, Clarion Plaza Hotel, Orlando, Florida. Contact: Edward J. Siergiej, 2903 Revere Place, Deland, Florida 32720-1459.

28TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 112TH INFANTRY, September 13-14, 1996, at Erie, Pennsylvania. Contact: Frank Olsen, 3953 Ridgeway Parkway, Erie, Pennsylvania 16510. Telephone: 814-898-0143.

32ND SIGNAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALION, October 3-6, 1996, Holiday Inn-Midtown, Savannah, Georgia. Contact: James G. Hargroves, 5410 Waters Drive, Savannah, Georgia 32406. Telephone: 912-355-2842.

35TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 216 FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, (includes HQ, A, B, C, and Service Batteries), September 16-19, 1996 at Drury Inn, Nashville South, Nashville, Tennessee. Contact: James C. Franklin, 229 Bonds Road, Thomaston, Georgia 30286. Telephone: 706-648-2837.

78TH INFANTRY DIVISION (TEXAS), October 21-23, 1996, Plaza Hotel, Killeen, Texas. Contact: Clarence O. Simank, Route 2, Box 2608, Kempner, Texas 76359. Telephone: 817-547-3282.

90TH INFANTRY DIVISION, September 26-19, 1996, Omaha, Nebraska. Contact: Alan Cornett, PO Box 730, South Hill, Virginia 23970.

179TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, October 3-6, 1996, Holiday Inn West, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Contact: John Benton, 4356 Hale Drive, SW, Lilburn, Georgia 30247-4114. Telephone: 770-921-2540.

275TH ARMORED FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, September 15-19, 1996, Hyatt Hotel, Fairfax, Virginia. Contact: Earl Redcay, Jr., 9 Oak Lane, Stevens, Pennsylvania 17578-9706. Telephone: 717-336-6077.

460TH AAA AW BATTALION, BATTERY D, September 5-8, 1996, Harley Hotel, Columbus, Ohio. Contact: John H. Reichenbach, 5700 Satinwood Drive, Columbus, Ohio 43229. Telephone: 614-885-4067.

612TH TANK DESTROYER BATTALION, August 21-25, 1996, Days Inn Hotel, Nashville, Tennessee. Contact: Jack Flanagan, 139 St. Andrews Road, Severna Park, Maryland 21146. Telephone: 410-987-1701.

1056TH ENGINEER PC&R GROUP, September 27-28, 1996, Cleveland, Ohio. Contact: Jim Matilo, 24799 Lake Shore Blvd., Euclid, Ohio 44123. Telephone: 216-731-0652.

Too late arrivals for timely announcement, but you may wish to write to them:

511TH PARACHUTE INFANTRY REGIMENT, held a reunion July 10-13, 1996. Contact: Wilbur Ingalls, 52 Maywood Drive, Little Rock, Arkansas 72212. Telephone: 501-868-7224.

UP-DATE ON WORLD WAR II MEMORIAL

As promised, we will attempt to keep you up-to-date on the national memorial for World War II veterans--your memorial.

Changes in the rules and regulations affecting the designers have delayed the submitting of designs until August 12th.

And that it is for this issue. Hopefully the American Battle Monuments Commission can begin to make some progress once the designs have been received.

DID YOU LOSE A PRAYER BOOK?

Andre R. Meurisse, VBOB member of the 5th Belgian Fusiliers, advises that a friend of his, Georges Guebel, of Longvilly, recently showed him a copy of *Abridged Prayer Book for Jews* in the Armed Forces of the United States (issued by the Jewish Welfare Board). Guebel had found the book on the outskirts of the town of Bastogne.

Handwritten in the book was the following information: **HERBERT McNEIL and ROBERT RUCKER, 4405 QMSER CO, APO 403, Postmaster, NYC.** Georges Guebel's address is: Longvilly, 12/6600-Bastogne, Belgium. If you can help him locate either of these men or provide information, please contact him.

Georges is President of the Club of Marchers, known as "The Swallows." "The Swallows," in observance of the 50th Anniversary, printed a post card which is shown below.



Ils ont marché pour nous.

Translation from French: They Marched for Us
Swallow = (their emblem) 44-94 = 50th Anniversary

The post cards were distributed to similar clubs from Belgium, Luxembourg, Holland, Germany, etc., who met to take part in a cross-country march commemorating the Battle of the Bulge in 1994.

CHECK MAILING LABEL FOR DUES DATE!



MEMORABLE

BULGE INCIDENTS

UNEDITED AND HERETOFORE UNPUBLISHED

Accounts of events and experiences in the Battle of the Bulge as recalled and expressed by veterans of the greatest battle ever fought by the U.S. Army in the greatest war ever fought are of much historical significance. These "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.

"WET TOWEL" PATROL

January 15, 1945

B. C. Henderson
99th Infantry Division
394th Regiment
Company B
The Woodlands, Texas

I arrived on Elsenborn Ridge on December 20, 1944, from a "Repo-Depo" located in a brick factory near the town of Welkenraedt, Belgium, which was south of Aachen near the German border. I was assigned to B Company, 394th Infantry, 99th Division. Running night patrols, beating back German attacks and dodging mortar and artillery shells was routine. On occasions we were assigned a detail to walk back two or three miles to the town of Elsenborn to pick up some "wet towels" (replacements) and bring them back to the Ridge under cover of darkness where they would be assigned to a unit.

This one patrol on January 15, 1945, was more deadly than most other patrols. It consisted of 30 enlisted men and one officer made up of men from all sources within B Company. This almost depleted the company because all units were so under strength. Most of the men were so new to the front that many didn't know each other's name.

We jumped off from the Ridge at approximately 04:00 hours in knee deep snow, with clear skies, but very cold, to go into the wooded area about one mile to our front. Our mission was to penetrate as far as we could into the woods to determine the strength of the Jerries. We moved down the ridge to almost the edge of the woods and held up, waiting for our aircraft to strafe the woods, which was to take place just before day light to soften the Jerries.

It had begun to get light and no aircraft and we sat there in the snow sticking out like a sore thumb. The order was given to move into the woods. Just as we entered the woods the Jerries opened up on us and at about the same time here came the P-51's and strafed hell out of us. So we were getting it from the front and above. The fire fight was very heavy and we could only penetrate into the woods approximately 100 yards.

We were pinned down at this point by a machine gun nest. The man on our light machine gun had been hit and as he was pulled back, I moved up to the gun to take his place. I had just positioned myself in his impression in the snow and I caught a

bullet in the arm. Sergeant Cornett took the bazooka and one man and worked his way into a position to fire the bazooka and knocked out the machine gun nest. This action earned Cornett a Silver Star. We were almost out of ammo and our casualties were heavy so the order was given to withdraw and make our way back up the slope to our lines on the ridge.

We spread out as much as possible going up the slope to make smaller targets for the Jerries to pick us off. That was the longest mile I have ever traveled, going up that slope which had very little vegetation, in knee deep snow, bright sunshine, mine fields and with a bullet in my arm. The Germans were shooting at us with rifles and machine guns as we were trying to make our way up the open slope. I tucked my wounded arm in the front of my jacket and would run as far as I could with the bullets kicking up the snow all around me. I would fall face down in the snow from exhaustion and the firing would stop, I guess they thought they got me, but as soon as I could catch my breath I would get up and run some more and the bullets would start kicking up the snow again. I finally made it back to our lines without getting hit again.

The final count upon arriving back at our lines was only 13 of the 31 men made it back and 9 of us were wounded. The wounded were loaded onto jeeps for a ride to the aid station in Elsenborn. I rode back with Sergeant Doeblner, who had stepped on a mine and half of one foot was dangling, held on by a small bit of the leather on the boot. I never saw him again so I do not know what happened to him. I went back to my fox hole and he went to a hospital.

[On April 30, 1945, we overran a German prison camp at Moosburg, Germany, and one of the prisoners we liberated was one of our own from that patrol on January 15, 1945, his name I cannot remember. I have tried for a long time to learn this man's name, I would very much like to contact him.]

.....

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU ASK FOR

December, 1944

Sinclair F. "Cully" Cullen
75th Infantry Division
290th Regiment
CN Company
Greenville, California

When it comes to Bulge Memory Lane, I only remember the humorous things. Like the night we were being relocated from one snowy place to another.

They put us in an abandoned nunnery. My platoon was assigned a large room, except me and my partner. We got the hallway--sort of as guards. In this hallway was an iron wood stove and a chimney--but no connecting flue. In a little while we had made a flue out of cans and had a nice fire going. We had even found some straw and a nice pile of fire wood.

Then, in came our lieutenant who had assigned us the area with his gear. "You are being relocated into the room with the rest of the platoon. Move all your gear in there, leave the room just as you found it except the wood and straw stay here, and don't put out the fire," he said. So we moved all our gear to the other room. My partner even added some wet wood to the fire.

As we left the room, the lieutenant seemed happy, until I took the flue down and jumped on it. He yelled, "I told you to leave it like it was." I replied, "We did, Sir, there was no flue, we built it, and we have obeyed your orders, exactly as they were commanded." The room quickly filled with smoke and the lieutenant went somewhere else to sleep.

.....

A HINT OF DEUTSCH

December 29, 1944

Jack Graber
75th Infantry Division
219th Regiment
Company I
3rd Platoon
Troy, New York

...[We] had relieved elements of the 424th Infantry at Manhay and took up defensive positions. I inhabited the cellar of a bombed out farmhouse with three others. We received heavy shelling while we were there.

At one point I started up the basement stairs to the main level when we took a direct hit knocking me backwards down the basement stairs. Unbeknown to ourselves, a 1st lieutenant artillery observer, who attempted to take cover in the ruins of the farmhouse, was killed in the blast.

A few days later while at the same location, a message was received that there was an American jeep ambushed with its five occupants killed and their 82nd Airborne uniforms and dog tags had been taken.

That same night while on guard with another squad member named Janik, we heard the eerie sound of a vehicle moving down the road. I remember that night was pitch black when the jeep approached, headlights out of course. When the jeep was right in front of the farmhouse, I yelled, "Halt!" They stopped immediately and, because it was so dark, they were looking all over. I didn't think they could see us when I asked for the password. After a pause one hollered "We forgot, but we're looking for Item Company, 82nd Airborne." After noticing his slight German accent I immediately demanded that they throw out their weapons. When they complied, I was sure they were not GI's. They were taken to Company Headquarters and I

never heard anymore about this incident.

On January 5th, 1945, the company withdrew at 2300 hours from Manhay after attacking forces had advanced beyond our town. While in Manhay, we had four killed and five wounded. The German soldiers we captured at Manhay during the first few days of January could very well be the same Germans that ambushed Corporal Robert Mangers [mentioned in Marino Michetti's "Memorable Bulge Incident". If anyone has any more information on this incident or the German prisoners, please write.

.....

January 12, 1945

Chalas E. Mirick
30th Infantry Division
119th Regiment
Company H
Diana, Texas

On January 12, 1945, we jumped off somewhere in Belgium. About 7:00 a.m. a driver named Steard, with the 740th Tank Battalion, in a white tank dozer with a grater blade on it, stuck his head out of the tank and asked if anyone was from Kentucky. I told him I was from Pineville and he said he was from Manchester. We moved out around 7:30. We were on a steep and narrow road when we were pinned down and not able to move. A lot of the men were hit by sniper and mortar fire. When some of the tanks started moving up the road they ran over some of the wounded and dead, some were Germans.

We took some prisoners and if any of them were wearing anything GI, we stripped them down to their longjohns, including the boots, and sent them back to the rear.

About 10:00 a.m. my squad leader, Cheatham R. Hutchings, was hit in the face with mortar fire.

[For over 43 years, Chalas thought Cheatham was dead, but he was able to contact him through VBOB contact and they had a grand reunion.]

.....

...ON A HILL OUTSIDE MALMEDY

December, 1944

Russel E. Albrecht
30th Infantry Division
120th Regiment
Company A
Morgan, Minnesota

...Then we got to Malmedy and came walking over the bridge coming into town. We got to one end of town and the sergeant and I were given a telephone and were told to go out on a hill, on a slope by the fence, and were told to dig a hole. We were to be an outpost and were told to listen to the Germans who were in a house right below us. The reason we were out there on that bare hill was because if the Germans were going to come up with tanks, that's where they would have to come up. Otherwise, they would have to use the highways and the Germans knew those would be mined.

We were in that hole for six days with no overcoat and no

overshoes--we each had one blanket. When one blanket got wet, we let it freeze and put it over the end of the hole so one guy could sit under there and not have the snow fall on him. It snowed every day until two days before Christmas. We watched night and day--off an hour, on an hour. Our canteen froze, so we licked snow.

We were behind this fence which was covered with a kind of evergreen. We'd peek through and watch the Germans and listen to them. A lady was the boss. We would call back and tell headquarters what the Germans were doing down there. The Germans had a bunch of tanks and halftracks, not that we could see them, but we knew they were there. We watched the Germans walk over to a haystack and then disappear--they evidently had an opening and a tunnel to someplace.

They came up the hill on the 23rd during the night, probably about 1:30 a.m. We heard a tank start up and we listened--you could tell they were coming closer. We couldn't see them, it was too dark. They got closer and closer and finally the lead tank was just about up to us. We were laying in the hole and I was hollering on the phone for artillery. I said, 'Shell number 9, shell number 9, and hurry up!' The artillery had a map with squares numbered on it, and I knew that the number where we were was number 9. They called back quick and said, 'Say, we can't shell number 9 because that's where you are!' I said, 'That's where they are too, just let 'er come and get going!'

All we had to do was lay there and hope we didn't get a direct hit. Then the lead tank decided that it wasn't the best idea to go up that hill so he turned around and with the rest of them went back down the hill. Then we'd call in and tell the artillery to keep lengthening the fire another 100 yards, or whatever, just by sound. When the shell would explode, we'd get a little glimpse of where they were. Then, in the morning when it got light there was one tank and one halftrack that were knocked out."

[Faye Berger transcribed this for her father and the following are her comments.]

On Christmas Day, Dad received permission to crawl into Malmedy to get medication for his chest pain. It was then that he learned he was suffering from bronchitis, pleurisy and pneumonia, and he was taken to a hospital. Later, he learned that his foxhole had a direct hit and the sergeant was killed.

In July 1985, Dad received a Bronze Star, and he can only guess that the reason for it was his actions on that hill outside Malmedy. I would appreciate any information you might have on this incident. *[If any of you know anything write to Faye at: 7810 Winnetka Heights Drive, Golden Valley, Minnesota 55427.]*

Hotel reservations at the Cape Codder Hotel (reunion headquarters) are going fast. If you haven't made your reservation yet, please do so right away. Arrangements have been made for overflow at the Days Inn, the Ramada and the Quality Inn. The Cape Codder will refer you to one of these locations if space is full. It looks like a big reunion.

WE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOUR STORY

It has been quite some time since we asked for submittal of stories. This was because we had a tremendous number on hand and people were beginning to become upset with us because their story was not being used. We can now say we are "reasonably" sure there is a light at the end of the tunnel and can again begin to accept stories.

If you submit your story, please keep in mind that we use them in the order in which they are received.

Another thing, we have tended to get away from the fact that your story should deal with one particular incident--not the history of your unit. **Please make it one event on one day. If necessary, a little bit of explanation to put the story in the right framework.** If your story does not deal with one specific event, we will put it with the materials on units and thus printing will be delayed considerably--we have a lot of this type information.

Do not send anything that you wish to have returned. Make a photocopy of the material. We cannot guarantee that materials will be returned to you.

Up Front with Willie & Joe By Bill Mauldin



"Th' hell this ain't th' most important hole in th' world.
I'm in it."

2ND EVACUATION HOSPITAL

[The attached letters were received from JEAN C. RIST (CANDY in 1945. Jean was in the Army Nurses Corps.)

Dear Sirs:

In May, 1994, I joined VBOB and asked that a note be printed in *The Bugle* asking vets of the 2nd Evacuation Hospital to respond. I heard nothing until early this year (1996) when I got the enclosed letter from Jerry Hrbek. I was so glad to hear from someone. It was such a great response and such a dramatic story that I wanted to share it with others. Jerry has given me permission to share it with you for publication. We thought that just maybe the corpsman involved, a nurse or doctor with a good memory might be moved to answer.

I would still like to hear from 2nd Evacuation members who might remember a nurse called "Candy."

.....

Dear Ms. Candy,

Isn't it amazing how people get around to doing things? I read your request on page 19 of the VBOB magazine last year and had every intention of writing you then but you know how people forget and put things off. Last night, I randomly picked up a copy and as things would have it, I got the August 1944 issue and somehow opened it to page 19.

We were an MP Escort Guard outfit attached to the 99th Infantry Division's Divisional MP. Our specific duty was to pick up prisoners the infantry or anyone else had captured and bring them to collecting points for interrogation. We had been doing this since D+2 (June 8th) in Normandy. Some of our experiences were unbelievable. On December 16th the 6th Panzers hit us. We were in an old house with 19 prisoners in the Village of Berg between our camp in Elsenborn and Werzfield. My story previously printed in the VBOB told of what happened that day.

I can't recall the exact date but I was taken to the 2nd Evac one evening in January of 1945. Those nine days between December 16 and 25th were an experience one just can't forget. I woke up lying on a stretcher outside the vehicle. There were two GIs having a smoke about 50 feet from me. No one was paying any attention to me so I stood up. I had the feeling that my brain was detached from my skull and one hell of an earache. The place was really swimming. Next to me was a large pyramidal tent. I walked into it and toward a large pot-bellied stove that glowed white hot. I stood there looking at the stove with an awful pressure in my ears. Someone behind me said something. I turned to see a GI sitting on two lockers. He said, "Hi, Herb." I walked over to him and noticed his right leg was amputated above the knee. I said, "Geez, Ron," I think his name was Ron and I recognized him from some place. "You got a good one." He replied, "Hey man, just think how lucky I am, I'm going home and you've got to go back up there." I'll never forget those words. I thought, boy if only I could swap with him.

I turned and walked to the stove. A nurse came running up to me. "Hey, soldier, watch that stove!" she said. I was not very steady on my feet. She grabbed me by the arm to steady me and another nurse took my other side. I staggered to the back of the tent, the two of them holding on to me. We went out of the tent. It was set up next to a big brick building. They got me through the door. We stepped into a small foyer. There was a stairway going up. I said, "It's okay. I can make it." They let go of me and I got up to the fourth or fifth step. My head felt like someone was pulling it backwards. I fell back down the stairs and those two nurses caught me in mid-air. Somehow they got me up to the floor above and some medics took over.

They put me on a bed in a room next to a radiator. I must have just passed out. The next thing I recall I woke up in a toilet, my left arm in the bowl and I was lying on the floor. Some medics got me back to bed. I must have been out for some time then, maybe three or four days. I finally woke up and heard two young officers talking. I opened

my eyes. One had a stethoscope and the other was taking my pulse. He said, "I can't even get a pulse. You can't hear anything on the 'scope either." "You got me," said the first one. "What do you think?" The second officer said, "Well, I've seen this before. The guys just lose their will to live. It's just too much and they say 'the hell with it'."

Next to me, sitting on the other bed or a foot locker, whatever, a corpsman took hold of my hand. One of the officers said, "Soldier, can you hear me?" My eyes were open and I knew exactly what was going on and I nodded yes. The officer said to the corpsman, "See if you can get something warm into him. Some soup, maybe." They got up and left. I closed my eyes. The radiator next to me was awful hot. The corpsman was still holding my hand. After a while he shook my hand slowly and said, "Hey, can you hear me?" I opened my eyes and nodded affirmatively. "Did you hear what the doctor said?" I nodded again. "Don't you want to go home and see your Mom?" he asked. I felt a frown come over my face. I shook a negative answer. I felt so much anger toward my mother that I believe I would have yelled at her if I could. I had a hate for her because she gave birth to me and put me in such a circumstance. It was a build up of "what's the use." It was just one battle after another since Omaha Beach, St. Lo, Battle of Falaise, Sousson, BoB. Nothing but one death after another. Soldiers in ODs, black uniforms, blue ones, green ones, tan--young kids, children, women. Maggots wind up winning it all. I just kept shaking my head--no, no, no. I didn't care whether I saw her or not. I blamed it all on her.

The corpsman just sat there holding my hand. After a while he said, "Hey, how about your Dad?" The man saved my life! When he mentioned my Dad everything reversed itself. Yes, I wanted to see my Dad. He was always there for us, not saying much and really taking time for granted. I recall telling my mother many times that I loved her, but I don't recall telling Dad that. "Yeah, I've got to talk to him," I thought. My face must have lit up because the medic got up slowly and said, "I'll be right back."

When he returned he had to wake me up. He had a bowl of soup and he helped me sit up and fed that soup to me spoonful by spoonful. I fell asleep and when I awoke he was there again. He helped me finish the soup. I fell asleep again. When I awoke he wasn't there and I never saw him again. That man gave me everything I have today; three grown children, 8 grandchildren and my wife for 48 years. I've thought of him often and prayed to God that he's had a wonderful life.

Later they shipped me off to Dimant, France to a rehabilitation hospital. Eventually I found myself back at the front. This time at Remagen in March '45.

For the 2nd Evac Hospital at Eupen I have only wonderful thoughts of all you did. I saw many of your ambulances in and around Aachen and Aix la Chappel.

Our headquarters were in the old Gestapo building on the cross road through Eupen where the road went right to Aachen and left to Liege. Yes, I was a survivor, with thanks to you guys at the 2nd Evac. God love you and may you live forever. If not in life, at least in the hearts of those you helped.

My problem started on December 19th or 20th at Camp Elsenborn. The jerries jumped us with these Stukas "Dive Bombers." After the raid and for weeks after my head spun, my ears hurt and I walked like I was off balance. They eventually took me to the 2nd Evac because I kept passing out.

After 45 years it started again in a nerve condition involving the right side of my face. The Atlas had slid off the last vertebrae in my head at a 45° angle. The seventh nerve was wound around the blood vessels. Spinal manipulation and subluxation therapy solved the problem. The body can sure take some punishment.

Thank you for being there for us.

With sincerity,
PFC Jerry C. Hrbek
99 INFD MP PLTN

A DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE

[The attached was received from Renée Fisher (Mrs. Charles E., Sr.). She was a school girl in Luxembourg in 1940, when her family left to join her cousins in Paris. The family spent the war in France. She now lives in Florida. These are some of her reflections.]

General Patton believed in the super natural with extrasensory perception. When he lingered close to death for 12 days, the whole world knew that this was his worst and last battle. Even Feldmarshal von Runstedt said later: "Patton was your best--a true military genius." He knew where the Germans would launch their attacks in the Ardennes.

General Patton intended to resign from the armed forces on or about December 26, 1945, "after finishing my job!". He had no intention of returning to Europe after his visit home. He also told his daughters and son that he would never see them again. According to his will, he wanted to be buried in one of Europe's smallest countries--Luxembourg.

I shall never forget his funeral, as I had the honor of being present at this most poignant event--Christmas Eve, 1945.

While serving in the French Resistance as a radio monitor (due to my knowledge of French, German, English and some Italian), I was well informed concerning military strategy of all allied forces as well as of the German and Italian "plans" to conquer them. I reported all translated information to the various allied underground headquarters based in the same Chateau de la Vigne, Ally (Cantal) where I was "engaged as governess" to two children--seven and nine years of age.

The long awaited message on June 5, 1944, was: .../.../ BBC London speaking, **Attention-Attention**: "The cherry is pink --... I repeat: "The cherry is pink"--meaning: The invasion of France is forthcoming--and on June 6, .../.../ BBC London speaking. The cherry is red--the cherry is red--meaning the allied troops are crossing the Channel, landing at Omaha and Utah beach heads--stand by! Oh, yes, I did! Hundreds of messages followed day and night. The war fierce and tragic. Food was scarce and medical supplies hard to obtain. My brother fought in the Resistance--with a rifle across his shoulder! Every one lived by one motto: **Survival**. Day by day and night by night; it was frightening and nerve wrecking.

Then, one morning (maybe early afternoon), May 8, 1945, while listening to the BBC announcements as usual, there it was the message we waited for the past five years: .../.../ **Attention-Attention**, BBC London speaking, interrupted by another deep voice with a very heavy British accent which said: "This is Winston Churchill (dragging very slowly) "Friends, the war is **OVER**--I repeat, friends the war is **OVER**. Was it true? Did I hear correctly? I cried of joy--for quite a while.

Then I jumped on my bike and on my way to the schoolhouse, I shouted my good news to the peasants in the fields and in the school. **THE WAR IS OVER!** I pedaled to the village pub screaming along the way: **THE WAY IS OVER**. People did not believe me, and in the pub, they declared: "Mademoiselle du chateau is crazy." They called three other villages for verification. After one hour, the news had reached the French broadcasting network. The people in the pub were convinced. I ran to the village's only church, climbed up the steeple and hanging on the big rope--going up and down. I was ringing those giant bells and thus announced "The end of war and peace" in this tiny village of Ally.

A few weeks later, the owners of the chateau, Monsieur et Madame Jegou, their children, Annie and Joel and I moved to Paris. Here I reunited with my brother who had become a radio announcer in French



and German, and with a girlfriend who I had met in Nice and now was working as a reporter and writer at *The Stars and Stripes*.... She speaks six languages. At her office she met and fell in love with a young soldier from Keene, New Hampshire, whom she married at Notre Dame. Their's was the cathedral's first wedding ceremony since the war. I was her only maid of honor.

Later that day, the news of General Patton's death and funeral were announced and my friend was chosen to cover the event in Luxembourg for the paper. She asked me at once to replace her on this mission for two reasons: as a new bride she had other plans than to spend her time at a funeral, and I was from Luxembourg and spoke the language. Also, it was my first visit to my country after five years of war, and an opportunity to reunite with my grandmother. I was delighted.

Luba's American uniform suited me to a T. All I needed was enough courage to travel in a semi-open jeep from Paris to Luxembourg through bombed out villages with a driver called Charley who spoke only English. Driving through snow and ice, as this was the coldest winter ever recorded to date, and just a few stops at Red Cross canteens kept Charley and me alive on this unforgettable, horrifying, and dangerous journey of 32 hours.

We arrived at Luxembourg City just in time to witness the arrival of General Patton's coffin being carried through the station's hall, followed by family members, and military entourage. My hands were still so frozen that I was unable to snap a picture. The coffin was placed on a hearse followed by a horse with a boot hanging backwards from the saddle. The funeral cortege was composed of the priests, the general's family, royalties, and several heads of states and countries followed by the driver and myself in our jeep with signs of *The Stars and Stripes*. I felt so proud and yet so sad for the loss of this great American soldier. Thousands upon thousands lined the streets of Luxembourg to salute this great hero who led the brave 3rd Army through thick and thin in order to liberate the occupied countries from the Nazis. People saluted the American jeep and I returned their salute with pride. No one recognized me! I was courageous, I dared wearing the American uniform--I was so proud. There still is no prouder person to date in this country!

The funeral procession filed through the city and along some country roads to the American Cemetery at Hamm. Along the way and everywhere people saluting, waving, and crying. This was the very first funeral I ever attended. I shivered not only because of the icy and dreary weather, but mostly because of the circumstances.

A few week prior to this event, I had learned that my dear parents, also in the resistance, had been caught and massacred by the Germans.

Now, I stood at the foot of the grave, looking at the flag draped coffin, listening to the soldier standing next to me sounding taps. These gruesome--yet beautiful tones went through me like cutting knives. I looked at the people across the coffin--everyone was wiping tears. Short prayers and speeches were given and then I joined in a last salute. Before leaving the grave of this great hero, I put my hand on the American flag and swore that I would go to this country where respect and honor mean so much. This event will never be forgotten!...

I visited my grandmother and went back to Paris on another freezing trip and reported to *The Stars and Stripes*. A few weeks later I packed my belongings and returned to Luxembourg in order to apply for my papers to the United States. One year and a half later, I set sail on the Swedish liner "Gripsholm" and landed on Easter Sunday, April 6, 1947, at New York. That very night, my sponsor invited me to the famous Broadway show "The Easter Parade" at Radio City Music Hall.

What a wonderful beginning in the New World!

HOW I ARRIVED IN BASTOGNE IN DECEMBER, 1944

[The following was written by (then) CORPORAL FERNAND RENSON, of the 5TH BELGIAN FUSILIERS BATTALION. It was translated from French into English by ROGER HARDY, the National Secretary of the Fusiliers organization and Chairman of the VBOB Chapter in Belgium.]

Having enlisted in the Belgian Army in 1937, I was in the 2nd Regiment de Chasseurs a Pied (infantry) when the Second World War started and took part in the Bataille de la Lys (Battle of the Leie River) in May 1940 when I was wounded twice.

At the liberation of Belgium in September 1944 I signed on as a war volunteer and on the 9th of October 1944 I was incorporated in the 5th Belgian Battalion of Fusiliers--the first Belgian unit created on Belgian ground since 1940. I became a member of the 4th Company, 1st Platoon, commanded by 1st Lt. Biva. Our training took place in the Tresignies Barracks of Charleroi, 40 miles south of Brussels. These barracks were very familiar to me because they were those of the 2nd Regiment de Chasseurs a Pied until early 1940. My soul was full of sorrow and feelings of revenge as I had lost a very dear friend hanged by the Germans during the occupation and my future father-in-law was a political prisoner in Buchenwald (from where he would never come back) according to gathered information.

On 13 December 1944 my platoon was sent to Malmedy and attached to 200 Gasoline Supply Company (1st U.S. Army) as a protection unit. From the beginning we were getting along very well with our American comrades-in-arms; they appreciated our assistance during the supply of gasoline to the combat units, our guards and conveying duties, the loading of jerricans on the GMC's, etc., and during these activities we used to hear sporadic shootings.

On 16 December around 5:30 a.m., we heard shells whistling over our heads and exploding behind us in the town--some were very close to us. Then orders arrived; we had to work fast and the jerricans were so heavy. Our men on guard were now on full alert as the news was not good.

... a narrow escape from the same death.

The next day, we were ordered to leave Malmedy at once with around 30 GMC's full of gasoline jerricans, tankers, and jeeps and other vehicles. Our Belgian platoon was divided as convoyers on the GMC's and we moved in the direction of Francorchamps. However, before reaching this town, we were ordered to turn back as the roads were so crowded and full of traffic. We then took another small road leaving Malmedy on our left in the direction of Ligneuville, Vielsalm. It could be around 1:30 p.m. when we reached Ligneuville but without knowing (we would know it later) that very close behind us the Germans were assassinating many American prisoners of war--76 GI's coldbloodedly massacred. We had just had a narrow escape from the same death. We continued our way to Vielsalm, then

after a meeting between our 1st Lt. Biva and the American officer, we carried on towards Hotton, Melreux in the direction of LaRoche.

Finally around 6:00 p.m., we arrived in Saint-Hubert without having come across any friendly movement, and we stayed there in the forest until the 20th of December (in the morning), with guard turns of two hours in the cold, snow and hail storms. I got bronchitis and high fever but after having been well cared for by an American medic I carried on with my guard duties alongside my comrades.

On 20 December very early in the morning (around 3:00 a.m.), we were informed that the German tanks had arrived at Barriere de Champlon. We were ordered to call back our men on guard all over the depot and gather our belongings as fast as possible. We jumped on board of the GMC's and the convoy moved east in the direction of Bastogne. On the way, we came across small groups of soldiers, even some Canadian soldiers and a column of German prisoners. We progressed slowly because the road was in bad condition.

... our platoon was considered as lost.

Suddenly our convoy was cut at a crossroad by movements of tanks and vehicles; as far as I can remember it was around Moricy and Tillet. Finally, we arrived in Bastogne on the market place with only four or five GMC's. In the first GMC there was our Sergeant Dankenis and an American NCO; in my GMC there was my friend Velghe and in the other vehicles three or four Belgian soldiers; one was Guy Baert. I have forgotten the names of the others.

At the market place we were stopped by an American officer for a while. He let us know that the officer talking to the men was MacAuliffe. Later we were advised to move as quickly as possible to the south on the road to Neufchateau. We followed this road as ordered and after a certain time we unexpectedly arrived on the rear of the 200 Gasoline Supply Company from which we had [originally] been cut. As the night was not yet finished, we could see in the dark the flashes of the gunnery on our left in the direction of Luxembourg.

We were alone on this road, riding with all lights out, passing in LaCuisine, Florenville, Pure (a small village at the French border), then in Bouillon and finally arriving in Mars-la-Tour. The American captain in charge of our convoy went to Sedan to take new orders and we stayed there a few days, hearing that we were now attached to the 3rd U.S. Army, carrying on with our guard duties.

Our 1st Lt. Biva went to Brussels to report and also to get new pairs of shoes for us. There, he heard that our platoon was considered as lost. We had a few days of rest and after a farewell défilé we took leave of our American friends of the 3rd Army with warm hand shakes which spoke volumes for our mutual esteem and friendship.

Around the 12th of January 1945, we rejoined our 4th Company in the Malmedy area.

IN FRONT OF PATTON, A BATTLE OF THE BULGE DIARY

By Denis Bergeron

There is usually a prelude and a sequence to our BOB experiences. In other words, we didn't just start out our military career in the Ardennes just before Christmas in 1944. My 80th Blue Ridge Mountain Infantry Division had left New York harbor on July 4, 1944, on the Queen Mary. After becoming part of the newly formed Third Army, we landed at Omaha Beach, August 4, 1944. It was continuous fighting at the Falaise Gap, the Moselle River, and the Alsace Lorraine after landing. Our division was actually getting a rest with hot showers, clean clothes, hot food, and entertainment December 14, 15, and 16. We went back into combat at Bitch December 17 but got the word we were to move north to Luxembourg City post haste. The Germans had broken through the Allied lines and started what was termed as "The Battle of the Bulge," and our help was needed immediately. The entire Third Army responded to the new threat. Our division, regiments, battalions, and companies all got ready in a few hours and we became part of a seemingly never-ending convoy. The convoy moved 24 hours a day for more than two days. I was in a tactical radio team of four; we had kept voice and Morse code operations going 24 hours a day since we landed in France, and we kept it going 24 hours a day during the Bulge.

Our regimental CP stayed at Luxembourg City December 20 through December 22, and then moved to Mers, some 20 miles north. We set up operations in a cafe. Sounds pretty good, huh? But no, darn it, the place was all out of spirits and beer. But it did have a store and it was warm. I spent Christmas Day and New Year's Day at that location. There was a lot of artillery noise most of the time. There were a lot of planes in the air most of the time, including bombers heading into or returning from Germany. There were a lot of local plane fights between the American Mustangs and the German Messerschmitts; I saw several ME 109's shot out of the sky by our planes this one day when our planes didn't even swerve off their course. We were all buried in winter weather. One of our regiments was the first to relieve the GI's in besieged Bastogne on Christmas Day. Meanwhile, we got attacked by some of our own planes. I guess it was pretty mixed up from the air. At first, we painted our vehicles white as an effective form of camouflage. Later, we all put on those large Chinese red displays on our vehicles so that our planes would know we were friendly. The only trouble was that the Germans started to put the same kind of displays on their vehicles and that really confused the situation. Anyway, we were all very proud that our division had been in first on the Bastogne rescue. The entire Third Army, with its divisions, regiments, battalions, and companies proved again how maneuverable it was by relocating the entire army from one battle zone to another 150 miles away in a couple of days.

We went further north to a little Luxembourg town named Oberfulen. We were just about buried in snow. We painted all of our vehicles and visible equipment white since the camouflage nets didn't really camouflage anything in the snowy world we were in. We worked the same as always. There was incoming shellfire at night, and there was strafing by enemy aircraft during the daytime. We had hot meals but it was zero degree Fahrenheit weather outside. We occupied the house of a former collaborator, so we didn't feel one bit guilty taking advantage of the comforts it had to offer. We met a few of the civilians but it was difficult to converse with them since they spoke a mixture of French, Belgium, and German, which results in their native Luxembourg tongue.

One afternoon we observed the shelling of the next town. It was intense shelling. It seemed as though every burst sent half a rooftop flying. Next, we had shells coming in some 50 yards from where we were, aimed at some of our artillery pieces. We got ours, too, about one o'clock in the morning; there was the familiar shriek of the 88's,

about 20 in all in about ten minutes. Just for the record, that's a lot for one spot.

Our next move over snow covered wintry looking scenery took us to Wiltz in Northern Luxembourg, a few miles from the Belgium border. We stayed there a few days. There were many airborne infantrymen in the area. I also got many Henie souvenirs. Realize that all of the places we were in were full of ammunition of all types, full of all types of knocked out vehicles, full of all sorts of equipment. The war debris lined the roadsides, and were evident in the fields, the houses, and the ruins. War debris was just an accepted part of the scenery, so much so, that I omitted describing it before. We would pick up and save souvenirs, never anything prohibitively large but small things we could hold onto until we got a chance to pack, mail, and ship them home. Souvenir collecting was a great habit for just about everyone; each of us would try to imagine how the folks at home would react when and if we could send them this or that souvenir.

The Battle of the Bulge was just about over and our division went to Larochette, Luxembourg, to rest, clean up, and relax. The points of penetration made by Hitler's supermen had been retaken. The battle line was again straightened from St. Vith to Wiltz. The radios and the GI newspapers described how Von Runstedt's last chance was destroyed by the victorious American troops. To the citizens back in the States, this victory meant that the Germans could be put back on the defensive which was true. But to the cold, hungry GI's fighting in the Bulge area, it meant a few days of rest with hot showers, clean clothing, hot chow, and maybe a movie or two. It was a chance for everyone to take stock of what was happening. It was a chance for just about everyone to do a lot of talking; you'd be surprised at how much the GI's wanted to talk, and now that we weren't just trying to stay alive from minute to minute, there was much conversation.

GI's talked and joked in Wiltz this one night. The front was several miles away and the soldiers were resting. They had endured a long while of warfare in cold, snow and discomfort, and they had survived. We were in this hovel that had once been a six room house but now consisted of rubble and a few walls. But the GI's had made the place almost liveable. Their roof was a canvas. Their stove was made from several pieces of steel, a chimney of sections of sheet metal found here and there in the ruins. They had C rations, K rations, potatoes found in cellars, and plenty of coffee. There were about ten guys in this hovel of comfort. And, of course, everyone smoked. Cigarettes were such a continuing part of the scene that I simply omit to mention them. Many stories were told in the course of the evening and night. I'm sure many such conversations took place all over the front but these guys had stories which were common to all infantrymen; their stories were comical and exciting. Their philosophies were representative of the infantry GI's. Their feelings were historic.

World War II battles involved great numbers of soldiers, but the numbers can be broken down into armies, corps, division, regiments, battalions, companies, and platoons. This places the soldiers into smaller and smaller groups; and many small episodes result. Each soldier recalls the general outcome of battles, but specifically remembers his own work, surroundings, operations, and escapades. So each guy will tell his family and friends details about his particular experiences in the Battle of the Bulge when he gets home. The battles called for numerous instances of individuality and courage and the American soldier was found to be the key determining factor of battle.

Our GI's in this hovel in Wiltz knew that Wiltz had been taken by the Germans in 1939, retaken by the Americans in 1944, and hadn't suffered the destruction of many cities until the past few months. But Wiltz was ruined now as a result of constant aerial bombing and artillery shelling followed

(Continued on Page 23)

IN FRONT OF PATTON

(Continued from Page 22)

by the battle involving tanks and infantry. The entire area is hilly, almost mountainous, covered with pine and fir trees, and covered with deep snow and ice at that time. You entered the city via narrow winding part paved snow covered icy roads with steep grades and cliffs on both sides. In the center, considered the center of North Luxembourg, there is a swift flowing river. There were continuous cement walls with buildings built into each other in the center of the city. Again, not a building had escaped total or partial destruction.

So, with a cozy hovel, plenty of hot coffee, and time to converse, we recalled how we were in the Lorraine area only one month before, how the people were so frightened, and how we'd like to see them again after the war. Most GI's didn't realize that we were in on relieving the Bulge until we were actually on the move north. One of the guys told about riding on the tanks, or on foot clearing mines, roadblocks and enemy positions. It was an arduous slow moving trek with the Germans trying to stop us but not able to cope with all the firepower we had. The infantry would lead and clear for the armor, and then the tanks would take the lead until more infantry action was necessary. And the cold weather was so much worse than the Lorraine. Everyone knew of different guys who had suffered from frostbite; some cases of frostbite were so severe that there was danger of gangrene setting in and the guys had to be sent to the rear for treatment, or even worse, amputation of limbs. We hated to even think of amputation. And we reminded ourselves that there were still a lot of GI's still sleeping, eating, and fighting in the snow that very night.

One doughboy told about the fighting near Etelbruck north of Merish. The Henies were there with all of their battle tricks. It was rough infantry fighting all the way, for every field and town and village. Movement was slow and each yard had to be fought for. The GI's had to dig in; they dug foxholes in the ice and snow using dynamite blasts. They used small heat tablets to warm their rations. It was bitter cold and they stayed in the same frozen foxhole for days at a time. When the shells came at them, they did what seemed natural, they prayed. They couldn't do much else. Someone had written that there are no atheists in foxholes and we all agreed with that. Just about every infantryman had walked from Luxembourg to Wiltz; truck moves just weren't practical in the kind of close combat that had been going on. They had dug in a hundred times, maybe more. They thought that maybe the fields and woods were better, though, than the vulnerability of being in the towns because of the constant shelling.

Those of us who had been set up in the towns a lot compared our exposures to the infantry and we agreed that it was better to endure the shelling than to stay out in a foxhole in this winter weather. We did have guys get hit trying to get rations at a CP, and we did have shelling, strafing, and direct tank fire. But very few shells hit the actual structure we were operating from. So the infantry guys got our respect for what they had to endure.

"About those tanks getting loose," broke in a dough, "I wouldn't say they were really loose but sometimes they'd get through our positions or by them. Our TD's (Tank Destroyers) took care of them though. There isn't much use trying to stop one with an M1 rifle but the bazookas took care of them. One of my buddies was on a bazooka team, and he used to say that if a tank got close enough for him to use his bazooka, he'd want to get somewhere else fast. Well, sure enough, he knocked out a tank one evening during a small counter attack. He did it with two shells, too. He got hit by shrapnel about five days ago and he is in England now. Imagine, he'll probably see the States soon. But me, I just hope I last this whole thing out and get to see Hitler's grave. I don't want a Purple Heart." About that time, each of us thought about the guys we knew who had gotten hit, got the Purple Heart, and were still in hospitals somewhere.

There were many ways that the hospitals became crowded during the winter of 44-45. Here and there, now and then, someone else was getting killed or wounded. The front was rarely a solid line of Henies

facing a solid line of Americans. The front was many miles deep, and it was replacements, positions, CP's, guarded roads, small towns and fields.

We remembered this town that was occupied by the infantry and then by elements of attached units. One anti-aircraft truck was leaving a field after it had been in it a few days when it hit a mine leaving the front of the vehicle in shambles. Medics ran to the scene to aid the injured driver. One of the medics hit an anti-personnel mine and he became a casualty. Before any further movements, engineers cleared the mines from the area.

We talked about booby traps. What a heck of a way to become a casualty, being tricked by the enemy. When we first got into combat we were very cautious in any sort of structure of house or shelter, very cautious about booby traps, slowly, as the war progressed, we realized that booby traps were rare indeed. So the vigilance relaxed. But every once in a while, someone would turn on a faucet, or just open a door, and get zapped by a booby trap. We still had to be especially aware when the Henies had just left a place.

The subject turned to experiences of being strafed by enemy aircraft. We'd all tried to get a look at them but we all took cover fast as we could. All of our firepower was used hoping to do some damage. But we'd all seen gas trucks blow up, vehicles get knocked out, and more casualties.

We talked about our perception of how things worked. We were part of an infantry division. The general idea is to get our doughs going and be with them to support them. All work centers about their successful action. Therefore, when we were in towns half Henie and half American, there were many casualties on the infantry back up supports. We talked about getting hit by shelling or shrapnel, taking chances, and related philosophies. One guy would be outside, work, come in to protection and a few minutes later his vehicle would be hit. We'd all be pleased when our stuff was going towards the enemy but you feel you're too young to die when the whistling screaming 88's are coming at you. We all agreed that the 88's made a crunching sound as they landed, like "HUUURUNHUUURRUNCHPE." Some spelling but that was the consensus.

We talked a lot about fighting, surviving, and how so many got killed or injured. In spite of all of this, we were proud of the Third Army. We never doubted the capabilities of the higher staffs and we marveled at the outcome of our battles so far. We started to wind down the conversation with discussion of home, letters from home, and questions like, "Where I'd be tonight if I weren't here." Speaking of home, we agreed that we had to beat the enemy in order to get back. In battle, self preservation is basic; you want to take the enemy, not be taken. Also, you realize that there is no other possible way to get back home except by defeating the enemy.

The end of the Battle of the Bulge did not end the war for most of us. There was still the Maginot Line, the Siegfried Line, the Breakthrough into Germany, the fighting all through Central Germany, the linkup of our troops and the Russian troops, and the fighting south into the Nurnberg area, and into the Austrian villages. My division was at Brannau, Austria, on D-Day; that's Hitler's birthplace and we got souvenirs in the house in which he was born. The division became an occupation force in Bavaria until we were all shipped home in December, 1945.

[The author, Denis E. Bergeron, was with 80th Infantry Division, 80th Signal Company, Tactical Combat Radio Team and also attached to the 317th and 318th Infantry Regiments.]

NOTICE!! The headquarters office will be closed September 5th until the 23rd of September.

MORE "PEEP" ON THE "JEEP"

Submitted by: Warren Jensen

XIX Corps Artillery, 793rd Field Artillery Battalion, Battery A

[From Warren Jensen: Regarding the last issue of *The Bugle* and the remarks about our old friend the Jeep. The enclosed article from the April, 1993, issue of *Soldiers* magazine should prove enlightening.

It is surprising that on the subject of C and K Rations that no mention was made of the roll of Charms candy found in either the C or K rations. Horrible hard candy! It must have been in the C ration as you do not show it displayed in the February 1992 issue--only the dextrose bar which was equally awful.]

"THE MIGHTY LITTLE JEEP"

Story by 1st Lt. Miguel Monteverde, Jr.

When the war was at its hottest
And the going got too steep
One pal that I could count on
Was the mighty little Jeep

---Pvt. Jesse Wolf

That's how one GI summed up his feelings toward the squat, spare, hard-riding--and all but indestructible--truck, utility, 1/4 ton, M-151, more commonly known as the "Jeep." And while the attachment to his steel steed that moved Wolf to poetry was extreme, millions of American soldiers who served between World War II and the early 1980s do have fond memories of the Army's "go anywhere, do anything" vehicle.

Like many military developments, the Jeep was born out of anticipated need; in this case, a lightweight utility vehicle that could travel cross-country and carry a substantial load. As World War II raged in Europe and the Army began to prepare for American involvement in the war, the search stepped up for such a vehicle.

The final specifications for the new Army 1/4 ton, 4x4 truck were approved in June 1940. They called for a 4-wheel-drive vehicle that weighed no more than 1,300 pounds, could carry up to 600 pounds, had a wheel base of approximately 75 inches and a maximum height of 36 inches. The Quartermaster General, whose branch would head up the project, then sent out invitations to bid to 135 manufacturers with the stipulation that 70 vehicles be delivered in 75 days.

Of the 135 manufacturers contacted, only two responded: the American Bantam Company and Willys-Overland Motors. While Bantam met the 75-day limit, Willys was not able to obtain the axles it needed in time and was granted a 45-day extension. But because the extension carried a \$5.00 a day penalty, which ultimately made the Willys bid higher, the original order went to Bantam.

Throughout the next few months, the Bantam was put through a battery of tests. But its differential, as well as the front and rear axles, went bad. They also were not powerful enough and they stood too high. But despite the flaws, there was general enthusiasm for this new vehicle.

Meanwhile, Willys-Overland developed and submitted two pilot models according to their own specifications and at their own expense. One, a 4-wheel steer version, was scrapped. Although not flawless, the greater power and ruggedness of the second Willys model led to its eventual victory in the procurement battle and the Jeep was born. But it wasn't called that--yet.

There's a lot of disagreement about the origin of the Jeep's name. Early in its development, the vehicle had a number of different nicknames, including "Bug," "Blitz Buggy," "Midget," "Puddle Jumper" and "Peep," but none stuck.

Irving Hausmann, a test driver for Willys-Overland, may have been responsible for the adoption of the name. After picking the name up from soldiers, he called the little car a "Jeep" at every opportunity. Then, after demonstrating its capability on the steps of the Capitol in Washington, DC, Hausmann told a *Washington Daily News* reporter that it was called a "Jeep." Forever after, both the car and the name gained

national recognition.

It's far from clear where those soldiers from whom Hausmann heard "Jeep," originally got the name. Many people think it came from the character Eugene the Jeep, in the "Popeye" comic strip. As a Jeep, Eugene was capable of traveling between the third and fourth dimensions and of being invisible. The Army Jeep was also capable of extensive travel and virtual invisibility.

Others suggest that the name "Jeep" is simply a derivation of "GP." Originally called General Purpose and then "GP," the theory exists that the troops shortened the "GP" designation to the one syllable "Jeep." Regardless, the name caught on in the ranks, and lives on today as the brand name of a company famous for its civilian off-road vehicles.

Once the Jeep was fielded and made it out to the troops, it was an instant hit. Its performance in World War II further endeared it to many servicemen--American and Allied alike.

One of the Jeep's most famous exploits was when a fleet of them went up against none other than Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, the German "Desert Fox." During the siege of El Alamein, the British, under Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery, were planning a major assault against the Germans in an effort to drive them from Egypt.

In the dark of night, a fleet of Jeeps set out into the desert. Traveling by night and hiding by day, they made a wide arc around and then into German territory. Once deep behind enemy lines, the crews concealed the Jeeps behind a hilltop and waited until they heard the familiar noise of gasoline tanks on their way to refuel the Germans' Mark IV tanks.

When the fuel tankers got close enough, the Jeeps swept down the hill, firing a barrage of incendiary rounds from heavy machine guns. In minutes the tankers were blazing infernos and the Jeeps were gone. At dawn, when the Mark IV's arrived with nearly empty gas tanks, they found that their fuel had gone up in flames and they didn't even have enough fuel to escape Montgomery's advancing British forces.

Another story illustrates the varied uses of the Jeep. As General Douglas MacArthur prepared for a possible Japanese invasion of Australia, troops worked frantically to establish air bases. One of the tasks involved was the laying of 20 miles of underground communications cable, a job that would ordinarily have taken many days. Signal crews using three Jeeps tackled it with ease.

The first Jeep, pulling a plow, dug the proper size ditch. A second Jeep, following the first, carried a spool of cable that wiremen quickly laid in the ditch. The third Jeep, attached with a grader, followed the first two filling the ditch and smoothing it over. The task was completed in record time and MacArthur had his communications system quicker than he could have imagined.

The Jeep played a significant battlefield role in subsequent wars as well. Its ruggedness and versatility allowed it to be used for just about anything. Medics used it to transport the wounded; artillerymen used Jeeps to haul their smaller guns. The signal corps converted them into radio patrol cars.

The Jeep is gone from the ranks now, replaced by the Cucvee and Humvee. Like the soldiers it served so well more than 40 years, it has retired and moved on to the civilian world.

[Although we had a previous article in the newsletter regarding the Jeep, we thought you would enjoy this informative article.]

**YOU ARE INVITED TO ATTEND
"EVENTS OF REMEMBRANCE AND COMMEMORATION"
ON THE 52ND ANNIVERSARY OF
THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE**

**December 15 and 16, 1996
Washington, D.C.**



The Sheraton National Hotel (Columbia Pike and Washington Boulevard), Arlington, Virginia, has been selected as the site for activities commemorating the 52nd Anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge, December 15 and 16, 1996. A number of meaningful events have been planned for the commemoration of this special anniversary.

•SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15•

- | | |
|------------------------|--|
| 10:00 a.m.--12:00 noon | •Registration/receive name tags (Sheraton National Hotel) |
| 12:15 p.m. | •Chartered buses depart hotel for downtown Washington events (\$12.00 per person round trip). |
| 1:00 p.m. | •A ceremony and viewing at National Archives of the memorial "Urn of Earth" from the battlefields of Bastogne. This urn was presented to President Truman in 1946 and until recently was located in the Truman Library. |
| 1:30 p.m. | •Following this ceremony, the buses will transport us to the Holocaust Memorial Museum where a tribute to the veterans of the Battle of the Bulge and the liberators of the camps will be held. After an orientation to the Museum, there will be an opportunity for a brief viewing of the exhibits and will conclude with a candlelight ceremony in the Memorial Room. (Return to the hotel by 5:00-5:30 p.m.) |
| 6:00 p.m. | •Evening activities will be held in the Galaxy Room (top floor) of the Sheraton, with its beautiful view of the city lights. Social hour from 6:00 to 7:00 p.m. (cash bar). |
| 7:00 p.m. | •Commemorative banquet (\$42.00 per person) will begin with the stirring 3rd Infantry Color Guard (Old Guard) presenting the colors. There will be comments by dignitaries and special entertainment. In addition to the true honorees (the veterans who served in the Battle of the Bulge), also attending will be members of the Embassies of Belgium and Luxembourg and military VIPs. |

•MONDAY, DECEMBER 16•

- | | |
|------------|--|
| 11:00 a.m. | •The impressive wreath-laying ceremony at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge Memorial, Arlington Cemetery. After these moving ceremonies, a reception/buffet (cash bar available) will be hosted by the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge (VBOB) at the NCO Club, Fort Myer, Virginia, and will include the swearing in of newly-elected VBOB officers. |
|------------|--|

Arrangements have been made with the Sheraton Hotel (which is located only a few minutes from Arlington Cemetery and Fort Myer) for a reduced room rate of \$69.00, single or double occupancy. This rate is available for any night(s) between December 13 and December 17. For room reservations, please call the Sheraton National Hotel of Arlington (1-800-468-9090) by **November 20, 1996**. **Mention that you are attending the Battle of the Bulge Banquet and events.**

Banquet Menu

Tomato Bisque with Chive Cream
Esquire Salad with Choice of Dressing
Sliced Sirloin of Beef
Served with Sauce Merlot
Roasted Bliss Potatoes
Stir-Fried Vegetables
Baguettes and Butter
White Chocolate Mousse in Chocolate Shell
Coffee, Selection of Teas
Glass of Rosé Wine Served with Dinner

RESERVATION FORM

"EVENTS OF REMEMBRANCE AND COMMEMORATION" ON THE 52ND ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE December 15 and 16, 1996

Return form by December 3, 1996, to:

BATTLE OF THE BULGE HISTORICAL FOUNDATION

P.O. Box 2516, Kensington, MD 20891-0818

Please make checks payable to BoBHF Commemoration

Telephone: 301-881-0356

Name: _____ Telephone: _____

Address: _____
(Street) (City/State) (Zip)

Battle of Bulge Unit: _____

Spouse/Guest: _____

Did you participate in or support the liberation of a concentration camp? Yes ____ No ____

If yes, which camp(s)? _____

Will attend the following activities (please complete):

No. Attending

•SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15•

1:00 p.m.--"Urn of Earth" Exhibit, National Archives

2:00 p.m.--Holocaust Museum Tribute/Tour

•MONDAY, DECEMBER 16•

11:00 a.m.--Ceremonies: Tomb of the Unknown Soldier/VBOB Monument

12:00 Noon--VBOB Reception/Buffer, NCO Club, Fort Myer, Virginia

Payments	No. Persons	Cost Per Person	Total
Sunday, December 15			
Chartered bus for Washington, D.C., activities	_____	\$12.00	_____
Commemorative Banquet, Sheraton National Hotel	_____	\$42.00	_____
Total amount (enclose check)			_____

Dress: Business suit/black tie/military dress uniform (miniature medals encouraged).

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

Reminders:

Room reservations by November 20 (Telephone: 1-800-468-9090).

Return completed Reservation Form by December 3 (Telephone: 301-881-0356).

No cancellation refunds after December 5, 1996.

MEMBERS SPEAK OUT

Our good friend and member **STAN C. BELLENS, JR.**, from Belgium writes again this year to offer his services during your return trip to Belgium. He states that he knows the Ardennes area like the inside of his pocket and will be willing to help in any way. Write to him at: 4, Rue de la Trompette, B-4680 Hermee, Belgium.

HANS WIJERS would like to locate veterans from the 4th Armored and 28th and 106th Infantry Divisions. Write to Hans at: Zegerijstraat 27, NL-6971 ZN Brummen (GLD), The Netherlands.

JOSEPH E. GALANO, 135TH ORDNANCE COMPANY, writes to let us know that in January he attended the first day ceremony for the issuance of the commemorative stamp honoring Ottmar Mergenthaler, inventor of the linotype. While touring Bulge sites in Belgium, he learned that his grandson, **GEORGE O. MERGENTHALER, 28TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, was killed December 18, 1944, near Eschweiler. There is a monument in his memory nearby. His family contributed to the reconstruction of the village church which now has a beautiful stained glass window as tribute to the U.S. Army.

ROBERT LATZ, 264TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, would like to hear from anyone who served with his group. Write to him at: PO Box 654, Racine, Wisconsin 53401.

MONTGOMERY MOULTON, 11TH ARMORED DIVISION, 575TH AAA AW BATTALION, would like to have the "Blut Und Eisen" poster. Does anyone have one they could send him? His address: 2306 Park Avenue, Santa Clara, California 95050. *[Incidentally, if you have two the office would like to have one.]*

HENRY G. FIEHLER, 215TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, would like to find some information about his battalion. He believes they were attached to: 3rd Armored Division and the 3rd and 7th Armies. Write to him at: 1326 Castle Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19148-1507.

ALFRED ALVAREZ, 1ST INFANTRY DIVISION, 16TH INFANTRY, COMPANY C, would like to know if anyone remembers "Task Force Davisson" in Weims/Walk, Belgium, 16 December, 1944. Write to Al at: 337 Collinwood Drive, Fayetteville, North Carolina 28303.

DONALD SCHOO, 80TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 633RD AA AW BATTALION, writes to ask if anyone has pictures or other articles they could send him copies of for his lectures for high school children. He reaches about 600 with his talks and could use some more materials. Contact Don at: 411 North 9th Street, DeKalb, Illinois 60115-3450.

RUDI SIMONS spends his free time doing research about downed planes and missing airmen of World War II. Lately he has been working on downed planes in the Ardennes area. If you have any information on downed planes (American or German), log books, copies of journals, etc., please contact Rudi. His address is: Putstraat 6; 3700 Tongeren; Belgium.

Gilbert Braun writes again to see if someone can identify the soldier named "Lucky" *[maybe it was Lucky]* that he has been looking for. He also sends a picture of his mother with a soldier named Ernie Swarier and a picture of a soldier they called "Dark Eyes." He would like to find the identities of these men. If you can help write: Rue de L'Invasion #20, B-4837 Baelen-Membach, Province de Liege, Belgium.

The **293RD ORDNANCE MM COMPANY** has been looking for Vincenzo J. (Jimmy) Manella for the past 40 years. His last known

address was Somerdale, New Jersey. If anyone can help contact: Carmine A. Baselice, 183 Hebbard Avenue, Paramus, New Jersey 07652-4421. Telephone: 201-262-4436.

Associate member Gary Purgett, son of **EARL "DODD" PURGETT, 441ST TCG, 302 TCS**, would like to locate a picture of his father's downed C-47. The C-47 was on its way to deliver supplies to Bastogne at 11:50 a.m. on December 23, 1944. It was hit over Tenneville and crash landed between Villermoux and Bastogne. Six cases of ammo were salvaged. The C-47 "Erma Mae" tail number is 42-100870, has a 2L on the front. If anyone has any photos or remembers this incident, please write to Gary at: W9435 Kroll Road, Ladysmith, Wisconsin 54848.

DONALD "PAT" DORE, 9TH ARMORED DIVISION, 52ND ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION, COMPANY A, would like to know if there is anyone out there from his company. Pat was taken prisoner on December 17 at St. Vith and was wounded twice. If you can help Pat, write to him at: P.O. Box 561, Bangor, Maine 04402-0561.

WILLIE H. MARTIN, JR., 110TH AAA GUN BATTALION, BATTERY B, would like to hear from someone he served with. If you can help write to Willie at: 110 Wyatt Drive, Danville, Virginia 24540.

WILLIAM V. NELSON, 11TH ARMORED DIVISION, 492ND ARMORED FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, BATTERY A, would like to know if there was 775-155M Howitzers in the Bulge? He would also like to know if they would be listed by their number 755-155M Howitzer. Write to William at: 1815 Lakewood Drive, Maplewood, Minnesota 55109.

BILL KORANDA, 87TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 912TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, BATTERY B, would like to hear from any one who was stationed in Macclesfield, England, during WWII. Write to him at: P.O. Box 1, Seymour, Wisconsin 54165.

Some one sent in a notice regarding **VETERANS RIGHT MARCH** to be held August 24, 1996 in Washington, DC, from Noon until 5:00 p.m. The rally is to support the Veterans Administration and Veterans Benefits. The march will begin at the west side of the Capitol building and proceed to the Lincoln Memorial.

TIMOTHY OCZYKOWSKI, 5TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 2ND INFANTRY, COMPANY E, writes to let us know that there is a World War II Museum in New Hampshire. The museum will gladly accept donations of World War II items. Address for the Wright Museum is: Center Street (Route 28), Wolfeboro, New Hampshire. Their telephone number is 603-569-1212.

WILLIAM A. GAINES, 559TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, would like to secure information regarding his battalion to pass on to his grandchildren. Can you help him? Write to him at: 439 Pinson Road, Northeast, Rome, Georgia 30161-8230.

Jason Kaufman would like to hear from some one regarding the **1ST INFANTRY DIVISION**. His grandfather, **CHARLES WHARTON**, served in that division. If you remember Charles or have information you could share on the "Big Red One," Jason would love to hear from you. Write to him at: HCR Box 1424, Payson, Arizona 85541.

ROGER HARDY, 5TH BELGIAN FUSILIERS, reports that a silver bracelet has been found in the vicinity of Bastogne which bears the following inscription: "FRANK L. BARNES, 15312371...All my love

(Continued on Page 28)

BOOKS YOU MAY ENJOY

We are happy to place a small review of books which have been donated to our Archives at no cost. Advertising is otherwise available at \$500 (full page); \$250 (half page); and \$125 (one-quarter page). The following books have been generously donated to our collection:

He Rode Up Front for Patton, by Brig. Gen. Albin F. Irzyk. Recounts the author's time during WWII, including first-hand accounts of events such as the Third Army's approach to Bastogne, the Battle of the Bulge, VE Day and the liberation of a German concentration camp. A revealing, dramatic novel to be appreciated by veterans and young readers alike. Relates intriguing personal encounters with General George Patton, and throughout the book there is a clear sense of the awesome fear and responsibility that faced this young leader and the many soldiers who fought with him. Order from: Pentland Press, Inc., 5124 Bur Oak Circle, Dept. I, Raleigh, North Carolina 27612. Cost is \$35.95, including shipping and handling (NC residents add 6% sales tax.).

Pulse and Repulse, by H. Rex Shama, glider pilot with the 49th Squadron, 313th Troop Carrier Group. All eight airborne operations in the Mediterranean and Europe, 1942-1945, extensively chronicled. The 432-page hardback book gives most emphasis and coverage to Operation REPULSE, the Troop Carrier actions during the Battle of the Bulge. Included are 20 operational maps, 60 photographs, bibliography, all sources by chapter and a comprehensive index. Eight years of research which included the National Archives in Washington, DC, and the AF Historical Research Center, Maxwell AFB, Alabama, where unusual accounts heretofore missed or ignored were uncovered. First hand accounts of many veterans verifying the many actions not told before. Also pertinent are interesting accounts of the commanders and their problems and decisions...both good and bad, fortunate and unfortunate. Order from: Eakin Press, Austin, Texas 78709. Cost is \$31.95, including shipping. Autographed copies \$31.95 to H. Rex Shama, 5305 Riverton Road, Jacksonville, Florida 32277-1329.

Crusader in Europe, by Richard L. Jepsen. This soft-cover book covers the author's experiences and combat actions with 30th Infantry Division, 120th Infantry, Company D, from Normandy to Magdeburg, Germany. Also included is a supplement regarding the anniversary celebration of the end of WWII in France, Belgium and Holland. There are humorous events as well as the serious moments of military life of a heavy machine gunner during WWII. Order from: Richard Jepsen, 2409 Lookout Drive, Manhattan, Kansas 66502. Price is \$20.00, including postage.

CHAPTER UPDATE

Since the last issue of *The Bugle* there have been three new chapters added: Hudson Valley (Albany-Troy, New York); Lone Star (Carrollton, Texas); and San Diego, California. You will find them listed on page 2 of this issue. Congratulations of the new chapters and welcome.

On July 13, 1996, a Region IV meeting (Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan and Ohio chapter representatives) was held at Days Inn, Toledo-Perrysburg, Ohio. Many things were discussed and Stewart McDonnell and Don Ratliff were elected as Regional Coordinators.

Grover C. Twiner
VP, Chapters & Regions



Drawing by **ELDON J. MAYS**, 83RD INFANTRY DIVISION, 331ST INFANTRY, 3RD BATTALION/101 AIRBORNE DIVISION.

MEMBERS SPEAK OUT

(Continued from Page 27)

Laura 9.15.44," Anyone who can trace Frank, write to Willy Dancart, 125, rue de Marcinelle, Nalines 6120 Belgium.

EDWIN A. CALFEE, 6TH ARMORED DIVISION, 50TH ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION, COMPANY B, would like to know if anyone knows the whereabouts of the families for the following members of his unit: **NORMAN PHILLIPS** (Carneiga, Pennsylvania); **ROY NEIDIG** (Trevorton, Pennsylvania); and/or **HOMER MONTGOMERY** (West Portsmouth, Ohio). Edwin was their squad leader and can provide information to these families. Write to Edwin at: 141 Shenley Avenue, Bluefield, West Virginia 24605-1418.

Charles W. Callen is trying to find information regarding his father, **WENDELL E. CALLEN**, 28TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 110TH INFANTRY, who was killed in the Bulge on December 20, 1944, probably near Clervaux, Luxembourg. Write to Charles at: 1915 Holiday Road, Coralville, Iowa 52241.

New Associate Member Imogene A. Garrett would like to know if anyone remembers her husband, **HORACE G. GARRETT**, 208TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION. If you served with him or can provide information regarding the unit, please write to Imogene at: 342 South Lincoln, Orleans, Indiana 47452.

.....

That Old Flak Magic

submitted by Bob van Buskirk

*That Old Flak Magic has me in its spell
That Old Flak Magic that they heave so well
Those icy fingers up and down my spine
That same old story when they shoot on time
For I'm the flyer they have waited for
The Joe that fate has them created for
And every time they shoot at me
Darn it; down and down I go
Round and round I go, under the spell
Under that Old Flak Magic called
Dirty rotten hell*

From: "The Sky Was Never Still"

BATTLE OF THE BULGE CERTIFICATE

Certificate Sales have been brisk and a number of questions have been asked which may be of interest to others: **Can certificates still be ordered?** The answer is **yes**. They make wonderful gifts. Certificates can be ordered at anytime. **Can I order additional certificates for my children/grandchildren?** Again, the answer is **yes**. **Can I order certificates to give to the widow or off spring of a buddy I served with?** Yes, if you will certify that he/she was entitled to the Ardennes Battle Credit. **What about those who were Killed in Action or Missing in Action?** A **specially worded certificate** is available for those who made the Ultimate Sacrifice or did not return; however, you must certify the date and location. They are a wonderful tribute to give to the widow or next of kin. **Is there something to mount these on?** Yes, there is a simulated walnut plaque with an acrylic overlay and decorative tacks to mount the certificate. Framing is \$29.95 plus \$8.00 shipping and can be secured from John D Bowen, 613 Chichester Lane, Silver Spring Maryland 20904-3331, Telephone 301-384-6533. John will mount the certificate, without additional charge, if you send him your certificate or if you order the plaque at the same time as the certificate is ordered. Just check "hold for framing" on the order blank. Checks for the plaque should be made out separately to John D. Bowen.

What others have to say about the Certificates:

"The plaque arrived in perfect condition and it is a beauty. It immediately became a centerpiece in my home. My children and grandchildren all expressed delight over the plaque...." Henry F Tiano, Salem Oregon.

"I received the wonderful certificate. Words can't describe how I feel about it. I am so proud. I want to thank you for the work you put into this...." Bob Charles, New Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"...Thanks for your persistent effort preparing and distributing this fine item." David H Jones, Denver, Colorado.

"The certificate/plaque came today and its soooo beautiful, and you did such a fine job, we do thank you so much. I have a friend coming from Scotland in a few weeks and can't wait to show the plaque to her...." Linda & Harold Fleming, Temple Hills, Maryland.

"Thank you for the VBOB plaque you put together for me. What a beautiful frame, one anyone should be proud to hang on their wall...." Donald Champlain, Melbourne, Florida.

"This is to advise that our VBOB plaque arrived in good condition Aug 29th! To say that we are delighted would be a gross understatement! You are to be commended for an excellent job, done so graciously. It is on the wall of our study, along with numerous other plaques, etc - and everyone who sees it expresses enthusiasm for the beauty and significance of the handsome certificate.... Congratulations to you and others involved." Wayne E Soliday, Sun City, Arizona.

VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE CERTIFICATE ORDER BLANK

I request an 11" x 17" Certificate and certify that I received credit for the Ardennes Campaign during my military service. I would like the following information on the certificate: Check here if VBOB member ____ (although not required.)

First Name _____ MI _____ Last Name _____ Serial Number _____
Organization: Company, Battalion and/or Regiment, Division _____ Rank (Optional) _____
____ Hold for framing information _____ Killed in action _____ Died of Wounds Received _____

MAILING INFORMATION:

Name _____ Telephone Number _____
Street Address _____ Apt No. _____
City _____ State _____ Zip + 4 Code _____

Signature and date _____

Make checks or money orders in the amount of \$15.00 for each certificate payable to VBOB and mail to: VBOB, PO Box 11129, Arlington, VA 22210-2129. *** Checks for mounting in the amount of \$37.95 should be payable to John D. Bowen, 613 Chichester Lane, Silver Spring, MD 20904-3331 (Telephone: 301-384-6533).**

Nazis Who Met Their Fate on The Gallows

by Christopher Matthews

Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower received the Nazi surrender at Rheims Cathedral 50 years ago this past Sunday. Among the defeated on V-E day were the top leaders of the Third Reich, the men who shared responsibility for a war that killed 50 million people, among them the 6 million Jewish victims of the Holocaust.

This is the story of how some of these men faced their ultimate human justice.

On Oct. 16, 1946, the Allied tribunal at Nuremberg executed on the same day Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel, Nazi Security Chief Ernst Kaltenbrunner, Nazi ideologue Alfred Rosenberg, Polish boss Hans Frank, Interior Minister Wilhelm Frick, slave labor boss Fritz Sauckel, Gen. Alfred Jodl, Holland boss Arthur Seyss-Inquart, and arch-Nazi Julius Streicher, ramrod of Adolf Hitler's "final solution" for European Jewry.

My Hearst colleague Joseph Kingsbury-Smith was the only American reporter present at the executions. His eyewitness account, managed without a recording device of any kind, stands as a stirring achievement of the journalist's craft, as well as an unforgettable record of human justice.

The Kingsbury-Smith dispatch, written immediately after the hangings, began with the Nazi who escaped the rope.

"Hermann Wilhelm Goering cheated the gallows of Allied justice by committing suicide in his prison cell shortly before the 10 other condemned Nazi leaders were hanged in Nuremberg jail. He swallowed cyanide he had concealed in a copper cartridge shell, while lying on a cot in his cell.

"The one-time Number Two man in the Nazi hierarchy was dead two hours before he was scheduled to have been dropped through the trap door of a gallows erected in a small, brightly lighted gymnasium in the jail yard, 35 yards from the cell block where he spent his last days of ignominy."

Field Marshal Keitel, who had claimed in his trial to have only been following orders, used his last words as a prayer for God's mercy on the German people. "More than 2 million German soldiers went to their death for the fatherland before me. I follow now my sons."

Mr. Kingsbury-Smith described the reaction of those present. "After his black-booted, uniform body plunged through the trap, witnesses agreed that Keitel had showed more courage on the scaffold than in the courtroom, where he had tried to shift his guilt upon the ghost of Hitler, claiming that all was the Fuehrer's fault."

And so the hangings proceeded with one condemned man after another ascending the 13 steps in a gymnasium the American guards used for basketball. To give the Nazi leaders their last moments of privacy, Mr Kingsbury-Smith noted in his dispatch, there hung a dark canvas curtain "so that no one saw the death struggles of the men dangling with broken necks."

As they were led to their deaths, only one man mentioned the name that had brought this day upon him.

Asked his name at the bottom of the scaffold, Julius Streicher let loose with a piercing scream:

"Heil Hitler!"

P.O.W. Military Funeral



Two hundred and two American P.O.W.s from all branches of service died in the European and Mediterranean theaters during World War II. Prisoners bravely faced death every day. Accident, illness, enemy small arms fire, and Allied bombs were just some of the threats.

The cause of death and identity of this American aviator imprisoned at *Stalag Luft III* were not recorded with these photos, which are from the American Red Cross Archives. Fellow prisoners are shown standing at attention during the funeral procession. At the grave a comrade holds a small American flag while a German camp official places a wreath to honor the fallen airman, for this man, prison camp was the final mission.

(COURTESY AMERICAN RED CROSS)

VBOB QUARTERMASTER ORDER FORM

August

Dear VBOB Customers: Well, by now you are probably wondering (or maybe not) who your new quartermaster is... it's me, Lynne in the VBOB Headquarters Office! Our first order form was a big hit! You've kept me really busy! Please note a few changes this time: We are no longer carrying the white baseball caps, we decided to just go with the navy (they are the most popular). Also, we have sold out of the *The Damned Engineers* Video, Lapel Pins, 2-Button Golf Shirts and Windbreakers. We are not going to reorder the video and shirts at this time, but we are working on getting more windbreakers. On this order form, you will also notice a new item, well not really new, but new to the order form. It is the MBI (Memorable Bulge Incidents) Book (explanation next to the item below). The book is not bound, but it is three hole punched ready for a binder. We have sold quite a few at reunions, and are now making them available to everyone. We will have our merchandise at the Hyannis Reunion in September - See you there! Lynne

Please ship the following items to:

Name: _____
(first) (last) (phone #-will call only if there is a problem)

Address: _____
(no.) (street) (city) (state) (zip)

Item Description	Price Each	Quantity	Total Price
Patch - 3"	\$ 4.50		\$
Patch - 4"	\$ 5.50		\$
Decal - 4"	\$ 1.25		\$
Windshield Logo - 4"	\$ 1.25		\$
Stickers (10) - 1 1/8"	10 for \$1.25		\$
Baseball Cap w/Logo Patch - Navy only	\$ 10.00		
Lapel Pin - 1/2"	\$ 5.00		
Large VBOB Logo Neck Medallion w/Ribbon	\$ 20.00		\$
Mini VBOB Logo Medal w/Ribbon (pin on type)	\$ 8.50		
<i>Memorable Bulge Incidence Book</i> - This is a compilation of all of the MBIs that have been published in the <i>Bugle</i> from 1991 through 1994 (Book is not bound - it is three hole punched, you provide the binder)	\$ 15.00*		\$

Only Cash, Check or Money Order Accepted

Make Checks Payable to "VBOB" - Mail Orders to VBOB-QM, PO Box 11129, Arlington, VA 22210-2129

You can put dues and QM payments in same envelop, but please make separate checks

Shipping and Handling:

\$0.00 to \$5.00 - \$ 2.00

\$5.01 to \$10.00 - \$ 3.00

\$10.01 and over - \$ 4.00

*The S&H is already included in the MBI cost. If ordering other items with the MBI, do not add the MBI cost of \$15.00 into the price for S&H.

Cost of Items \$ _____

S&H: \$ _____

Total: \$ _____

Office Use Only

Date Received: _____

Date Mailed: _____

Payment: Cash Check MO

Check No.: _____



VETERANS of the BATTLE of the BULGE

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

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED
FORWARDING and RETURN
POSTAGE GUARANTEED

AUGUST, 1996



THIS BIRD ISN'T HEADED SOUTH YET. HE'S SET FOR A LANDING IN HYANNIS FOR THE VBOB REUNION, SEPTEMBER 8-11, 1996. We hope you are making plans to be there too. You'll be glad you did.

YOUR DUES-R-DUE



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

Annual Dues \$15

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☐ **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.*

Applicants Signature _____

RECRUITER (Optional)