

# The BULGE BUGLE

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VOLUME XIX NUMBER 2

THE ARDENNES CAMPAIGN

MAY 2000



## BATTLE OF THE BULGE WAS LONGER, BLOODIER THAN ARMY ADMITS

By Mitchell  
Kaidy

There can be no dissent about the starting date of the Battle of the Bulge. Early on December 16, 1944, German armies jumping off from Germany smashed through American lines from both the ground and air, across Luxembourg and into Belgium.

But read a dozen books, plus contemporary news accounts, and all will appear wobbly about when the Battle of the Bulge ended. January 28 has been quoted by the Army as the "official" final day in an official Congressional resolution.

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***We're Looking to See You ...***  
**MAKE YOUR PLANS NOW TO ATTEND  
THE REUNION IN COLORADO SPRINGS,  
COLORADO**

*(See Page 19)*





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CONTACT THE CHAPTER IN YOUR AREA.  
YOU WILL BE GLAD YOU DID.

\*\*\*\*\*  
IF YOU FIND YOU HAVE A LITTLE TIME,  
WRITE TO VBOB AND WE'LL SEND YOU THE  
NECESSARY TOOLS TO GET OFF TO A  
GOOD START IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF A  
CHAPTER IN YOUR AREA.

YOU'LL FIND THAT IT'S EASY TO DO AND  
THE REWARDS TO ALL OF THOSE YOU  
BRING TOGETHER CANNOT BE  
DUPLICATED.



**Did you check  
to see if your  
dues were due?**



## President's Message

On February 25, 2000, Phyllis Boden passed away. As you may know, Phyllis was the wife of Clyde Boden, who founded the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge in 1981. She was buried in Arlington National Cemetery at the grave site of her husband, Clyde.

Prior to burial a service was conducted by the family minister at the Fort Myer's Old Chapel, ably assisted by guards of the Third Infantry.

Phyllis was interred just a short distance from the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge Monument dedicated to all the American soldiers who took part in the Ardennes Battle, December 1944-January 1945. This monument, which is in easy walking distance from the Tomb of the Unknowns was dedicated several years ago by our organization on December 16th--the eve of the battle.

As you know, our organization assembles at the Tomb of the Unknowns, together with some dignitaries, members of the press, and onlookers for an impressive December 16th ceremony each year. It is preceded by a banquet the night before and followed by a luncheon that day.

These are hallowed grounds. I am overcome with emotion and awe whenever I walk this path. After the burial and when many of the people had left, I wandered through the grave stones, reading one here and one there. Not far away, I came across a simple stone which stated "Audie Murphy - born 1924 - Texas, Major U.S. Army - 3rd Infantry Division, Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross, 2 Silver Stars, Bronze Star, Three Purple Hearts," the most highly decorated soldier in the history of the United States. His grave stone is just a hundred feet from the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge Monument.

Within easy walking distance, the graves of other American heroes, all young men, were encountered, indicating a trail of battles in Europe, the Pacific and the skies overhead.

As I exited the area to leave the cemetery, I felt very lonely indeed and very inadequate in comparison to what I had just witnessed.

In the moments that followed and on the drive home, I recalled my own entry into the military service in 1943 and of the experiences that all of us shared. The induction station, the tests, the injections and the long train ride to a basic training camp, usually some place in the south. The infantry training was hard, but worthwhile, with very little time off for recreation, except Saturday night. We made good friends and then some of us went to the Air Corps, established divisions, army specialized training program, Ft. Benning Jump School and some of us received 10 day delay in route prior to going to a port of embarkation.

In some instances, we were sent to England prior to the invasion. For the most part, England was party-time and rigid training which all ended the last weeks of May, 1944. We remember Normandy for the hedgerows, sunken roads, bed-check



John Dunleavy

Charlie, the tremendous cost in men and equipment and the exhausting toil day in and day out. After the break through, we rode on General Patton's coat tails on a wild and exhilarating ride.

The Third Army got bloodied in the Saar and the First Army at Aachen and Hurtgen Forest.

Then came the Bulge.

For the soldiers of the 106th, 28th, 4th and 99th Infantry Divisions, who were in the line during the initial assault, nothing would be the same before or after. Their courage, determination and extreme sacrifice is well known. For the rest of us, especially the infantry, it was unbelievably, bitterly cold days and nights, filled with anticipation and absolute terror.

Some of us paid the full price, some were wounded and suffered much and some got through it, but were scarred to a degree emotionally.

We arrived home to wild celebrations, reunions with our families and friends. After a time, we got on with the GI Bill, our jobs and our lives, raised families and became a part of the civilian fabric of society. A few remained in the military for the long run.

Occasionally, through the years, we would meet an old friend and discuss our military experiences. We might attend a division reunion and try to recall who had made it and who had not. Then there were times perhaps, when things got bad in our lives and somehow we received strength in thinking about the times in 1944-45 when things were really bad every day.

We are now Old Soldiers, who fought the good battles and somehow we won. We have worked hard in our civilian occupations. We have tried to raise our children to do the right thing and now just sometimes, we think about the days with the "Old Outfit."

I welcome you to put everything else aside and be with the "Old Outfit" at our reunion in Colorado Springs, Colorado, August 31-September 3, 2000, at the Holiday Inn Garden of the Gods. Rooms are \$70, while they last--overflow rooms \$90. Make your reservations today. Call 1-800-962-5470. Attractions: U.S. Air Force Academy; Foothills of the Rocky Mountains; Flying W Ranch (dinner and show); and many other things.

Don't be left out--You are one of us!■

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ARE YOUR DUES DUE?



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## SDROWCAB or SDRAWKCAB?

I cannot believe it!!!

Take a look at the map illustration on page 8 of your February 2000 issue. See anything wrong?? Take another look at the "Swastika" shown. Now, what's wrong with this picture??? Somebody put the swastika in BACKWARDS, like SDROWCAB!! Unbelievable!! Especially in a publication that covers veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, like in Belgium and Germany! Illustrated is the American Indian swastika.

While I appreciate the low rate for membership dues in this organization, perhaps an increase may be needed to hire more qualified and efficient employees to replace any illegal immigrants. I am really flabbergasted (as you can tell) to see this in "our" publication. Such an oversight is inexcusable in my humble estimation. Are all your workers so young they cannot identify the difference between the Nazi swastika and the American Indian symbol? How could something like this occur, considering all the veterans involved in its publication?

Please take measures to avoid another gross-goo like this one....

ANTHONY B. BREHLER  
76 INF 385 INF A

*[Editor's note: The map used was a part of the article from "DZ Europe." We have no license to change it.]*

## A NIGHT IN ABRAEFONTAINE, BELGIUM

Fifty-five years after the incident occurred and after reading numerous books on WWII in Europe without finding any reference to it, I was surprised to see the Town of Abraefontaine, Belgium, mentioned in the article "End of the Battle of the Bulge," by Carl Ferguson, 75th Infantry Division, November, 1999.

I was at Abraefontaine that same night, at that same spot, and wrote about it in "Sick Looking Chickens" article in the May, 1997, *Bugle*.

My squad had been assigned to the 75th for about a week to receive their prisoners for transfer to First Army enclosure. We had been staying upstairs in a house next to the large building where the 75th had set up a mess hall. The first floor of our building was demolished. The basement had hundreds of signal corps wires running through it and we were always careful that we didn't set off a booby trap. There was a single light bulb hanging from the ceiling and it actually worked. But there was no electricity in the rest of the building.

We had made numerous trips to the basement when "Bed-Check Charley" made his nightly visit dropping anti-personnel bombs around the area. This one night we knew he had us "zeroed in." All eight of us went down the steps as one, stumbling, falling in the dark. My corporal and I reached the bottom first and when we opened the door this big man staggered up and mumbled that he was the mess sergeant and that he was hit. We took him to the basement and sprinkled sulphur powder in the large wound he had on the nape of his neck. He had a wound on his back that you could place both hands in. I was surprised to see there was very little blood in either wound. We tried to assure him he was not badly wounded and took him back upstairs and put him in an ambulance they had down the street.

At daybreak we left the area to join another division. We heard later that Jerry had put a bomb through a skylight the mess personnel had overlooked. Now after all these years, I have learned more about the incident from reading *The Bulge Bugle*, thanks to the article by Carl Ferguson. Perhaps Major Broyles was the medical officer that I wrote about in my previous article.

And who knows, the mess sergeant we patched up that night in that tiny basement in Abraefontaine might read this and remember the two MP's who helped him.

CLIFFORD D. JONES  
553 MP (EG) CO

## WE WEREN'T PICKING MUSHROOMS

I received *The Bulge Bugle* for February, 2000, and enjoyed reading it very much. However, with regard to the "Letter to the Editor," by Camille P. Cohn, who names all the divisions who fought in the Battle of the Bulge, he failed to note one division—the 83rd Infantry Division.

I know we were there and we were not "picking mushrooms"! The 83rd Division is a five-star battle division and I wonder how he could have forgotten us.

JOSEPH PETRUCCI  
83 INF 330 INF

## ARTICLES TELL THE STORY

I must compliment you, you have out-done yourselves. This issue (February) is by far the most outstanding and will be forever kept in my file for further reference by me and my family. This issue has surmounted all expectations of editorial competence. Your selection of articles submitted tell the stories of the Bulge most appropriately.

To wit: "Hardships and Suffering," "The 440th Carrier Group," I personally benefitted from their resupply mission saving me of the 101st Airborne Division from possible annihilation. Hank Stairs' painting of the Bridge at Stavelot. Lt. Leland E. Cofer's account of blowing up the bridge. "Bulge Incidents." "Foxholes at Christmas." "Dark December." "Reflections" by Joseph Zimmer and his very clear and revealing descriptions of circumstances encountered by us who were there. General Colin Powell's "Tribute to the American G.I.'s." The keynote speech by Gen. William E. Carlson regarding Hitler's plans leading up to the offensive by the Third Reich and the "Wacht am Rhein."

During all my years as a member of VBOB this publication tops them all. I thank you and salute you, George Chekan, Robert Phillips, and John D. Bowen, and others, who comprise the editorial staff for a job well done. We, the membership, are indebted to you. We are fortunate to have your expertise.

JAMES HERRINGTON  
101 ABND 327 PIR

*[Editor's note: The credit goes to the membership—they provide the stories. Without their stories, we have no publication. We simply put them together.]*

## RUSSIAN PRISONERS

How come you guys don't talk about WWII service men in Russian prisons being killed? Instead of the HOAX ... in France WWII massacre by Germans?

Unsigned

*[Editor's note: This is a newsletter for and about the Battle of the Bulge and not about all of World War II. Although we receive articles about other campaigns, we limit it to the Bulge because of space limitations.]*

## MEDAL OF HONOR RECIPIENT PAUL L. BOLDEN

Your article in the February 2000 issue on page about Medal of Honor recipient S/Sgt Paul L. Bolden lists Bolden as a member of "I" Company of the 120th Infantry Regiment. This caught my attention because I joined "I" Company late in 1944 and was with them all the way through with the exception of approximately 2-1/2 months (January 15th to mid-April, 1945) while hospitalized with frozen feet acquired during the Bulge.

I didn't know or recognize him or the name, so I got out my "History of the 120th Regiment" and began checking. On page 263 is a picture of Sgt Bolden and it says he was a member of "E" Company, 120th. "I" Company did have a Congressional Medal recipient though, his name was S/Sgt Jack Pendleton. He was recognized for his actions on October 12, 1944. I do remember him.

ALAN D. MCGRAW  
30 INF 120 INF I

*[Editor's note: Your letter sent me scurrying to find the two reference sources we are using for this series. I was sure that my fingers had betrayed me once again. However, both say "I." Thanks for the correction—it's much appreciated. I hope there are no more efforts in the sources.]*

## A GREAT REVELATION

It was a great revelation to me—the story of the 440th Carrier Group sent in by Ed Zimmer and printed in the February 2000 issue. He told of supply of the besieged Bastogne by aid and the catastrophic losses.

*(continued on next page)*



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I was an eye witness to the final act of that tragedy. It has haunted my war memories for 55 years. On the very day he tells of, my unit (1st Platoon of the 89th Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron, 9th Armored Division) was nearing Bastogne. We were guarding the flank of the 4th Armored Division which was charged with being the relief column.

Within three or four miles of Bastogne, we could see the low flying C-47's coming out from over the city, having already separated from their supply gliders. Horribly, those boys had no chance. The German AA just ripped those planes to pieces. Some times one or two parachutes would open; mostly, none. We stared, and prayed, and cried for those poor boys, too far away and unable to get close enough to help.

So often I have wondered who they were. Now, Ed Zimmer has identified them. I know their heavenly rewards will be great. They gave their lives for their fellow man. The few survivors are also heroes of the highest order. As a recon soldier, I salute you all. I am so glad to have finally learned who those brave souls were and are.

DAVID R. HILL  
9 ARMDD 89 CAV RECON

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### JUST THE FACTS, MAM

In the August 1999 *Bulge Bugle*, I wrote how the 87th Division fought in Luxembourg and Belgium well beyond the accepted date that most consider was the ending date of the end of the Battle of the Bulge. I was in agreement with the letter by Ed Bredbanner, 80th Infantry Division, in the November 1998 issue who also wrote, "Who said it was so," regarding the ending date. In the February 2000 issue of *The Bugle*, you hear it from Camille Cohn, President of CEBA, who is in agreement that the 87th and the 90th Divisions fought well beyond the December 25 date including February 1st and to my reckoning beyond (see my letter, August 1999). The historians, it seems draw disparate conclusions as to the ending date.

Now I read in the February 2000 issue, a talk by Lt. Col Raymond Pierlot, Assistant Defense Attache at the Embassy of Belgium, given at the December 15th Banquet at Ft. Meade, Maryland, some figures which are contrary to the accepted figures of the official number of KIA, casualties, wounded in action and missing in action for the Battle of the Bulge ending, January 25, 1945. His numbers: U.S. casualties reached 75,255 men, including 8,407 killed is a great disparity of the VBOB position of American casualties; 81,000 including 19,000 killed. I have read other figures from different sources. The VBOB figure for KIA is more than twice the number quoted by the defense attache. Which leads me to ask, "What are the facts?" The historians are not in agreement as to when the Battle of the Bulge ended, they are unsure of the official number of casualties, KIA, WIA, and missing in action. What are future generations to believe upon reading the history of this epic battle that brought about the end of hostilities in Europe on May 8, 1945? With such discrepancies will they be saying that the Bulge never happened as they said of the Holocaust? Will the revisionists have a "field day" on this note? As Sgt. Friday said, "Just the facts, Mam."

JOHN McAULIFFE  
87 INF 347 INF

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### I COULD FEEL THE RUMBLE

I just finished reading "The Bridge at Stavelot" in the February 200p issue of *The Bulge Bugle*.

I was a Private First Class with Company C, 518th Combat Military Police Battalion. A lieutenant and ten or twelve enlisted men went to Stavelot about December 10, 1944. We had three jeeps, one of which was a radio jeep. We were doing road and town patrol.

On December 16 we heard rumors of something going on, no one knew what. About dark on the 16th, our lieutenant told Paul Krainer, a jeep driver, and me to go to a cross road about six or eight miles from Stavelot and meet Major Reynolds. The Major would give us a message after which we were to report back to our lieutenant. We were glad to get out of Stavelot and go for a ride. We met Major Reynolds, who told us the Germans had broken through our lines. "We don't know what is going on. The First Army Headquarters is going crazy to find out. You go back to Stavelot, stop every half mile, get down on the road, and listen. If you hear to see anything, go back and report to your lieutenant. We will relay the message to the First Army." We went back, stopping as told. When

we got about a mile from Stavelot, I got down on the road, put my ear on the road, and heard and felt a rumble. I asked Paul to come and listen to this—which he did. Then Paul said, "Let's get the hell out of here." We knew it was tanks.

When we reported to our lieutenant, he sent a message to First Army Headquarters. I thought our job was done so, like a good soldier, I laid down and went to sleep.

The lieutenant called me soon and told me and a buddy to go walk all around town to determine if we could see or hear anything going on. We walked until we got about one block from the bridge. Just then, we thought the whole town blew up. We were told later the Germans were trying to destroy the barricade our engineers had built on the bridge, before leaving town.

We ran back to the house where we were staying and our lieutenant said, "Pack up, we are leaving." We left, going to Trois-Point—about five miles away. We called out company headquarters, telling them where we were. The captain told us to get back to Stavelot, that we had not been relieved. So, back we went. It was still dark when we got to Stavelot so we just waited around, not knowing what to do next. Soon it started to get light and then the Germans started throwing mortar shells at us. We got in our jeeps, leaving all our barracks bags behind. We went to our company headquarters and there we saw and talked to our buddy, Homer Ford. (Homer was in the Malmedy Massacre and told us all about it. He was really "shook up." Homer was sent back to testify in the Nuremberg trials. He was in and out of VA hospitals for a few years. He died a young man.)

When the Germans got to Stavelot, we were the only American soldiers there—about a dozen GI's armed with rifles. This is my story as I lived it and remember it.

HENRY J. VERTREES  
518 CMBT MP BN C

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### WHEN DID IT ALL END?

Certainly not on January 25th. The Bulge Battle lasted well into February, 1945. The war raged on throughout most of February in the Ardennes. There were many, many towns or villages that had to be freed of the brutality the Germans imposed by force on the people there. Yes, the Germans were on the run, but many continued fighting on. I believe it was about the 5th of February when the Germans were on a genuine retreat, but not all Germans.

Many of the 7th Armored troops were pulled out of action the 24th or 25th of January, but many remained. The 23rd Infantry from the 7th Armored Division, were attached to the 78th Infantry Division, and those troops remained and fought on for the next week or so. Then the mopping up operation took place. We had to root out the die-hards from battered buildings which contained many snipers. It was not until the 7th Armored finished its job in St. Vith before being pulled out to Eupen, Belgium.

There were many other units which continued fighting after the 25th of February. This I remember because I drove an M8 armored car doing liaison between battalion and CCB. I served with the 87th Recon. I also helped out as runner, driving a jeep. I drove for Captain MacKeller, and also did some "errand" chasing for 1st Sergeant Queto.

There are many, many horror stories that should be told about things that happened during the Bulge in Belgium. Some times I wonder what was worse, the war itself or the weather during the winter of '44 and '45. If Sergeant Queto and Captain Mac are in range, I would like hearing from them.

MIKE KLEMICK  
7 ARMDD 87 RECON

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### LET'S GET IT STRAIGHT

Reference to a letter by Camille P. Cohn in *The Bulge Bugle* February 2000 issue, "When Did It All End?"

It is with saddened heart that I read this letter which, yet again makes no praise, or even mention, of the supreme effort made by the British XXX Corps in the LIBERATION of dozens of towns and villages during the Battle of the Bulge!

Members of XXX Corps, if asked, I feel sure would applaud the heroic (in most cases) efforts of the

(continued on next page)



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

units mentioned in said letter, but would be very angry that they didn't even rate amongst the "also rans".

The units of the "Crack" British Corps, in case anyone IS interested were, as follows:

The 53rd Welsh Infantry Division  
The 51st Highland Infantry Division  
The Guards Armoured Division  
The 6th Airborne Division  
The 29th Armoured Brigade  
The 33rd Armoured Brigade  
The 34th Tank Brigade  
Plus artillery and ancillary units

These units were on the right of the VII U.S. Corps in the line, on the northern shoulder of the Bulge between the towns of Hotton and Givet and experienced some of the fiercest fighting.

Also, it was the British 29th Armoured that stopped the German drive to the Meuse River and NOT the U.S. 2nd Armored. But by THAT moment in time the Germans had "shot their bolt." They were out of food, out of ammo, out of gas and out of luck! They weren't going anywhere fast!

But, seriously, let's get it straight and give credit where it's due. XXX Corps lost about 2,500 men in their NON-APPEARANCE in the famous U.S. battle, wounded, missing and killed.

We were, as Ted Smith formerly of the 1st Battalion, The East Lancs Regiment, says in Charles Whiting's book: *The Battle of the Bulge...Britain's Untold Story*: "We went, we fought, we died...we were like a lot of khaki ghosts."

Need I say more?

CHARLES BEDFORD  
53 WELSH DIV

### SPREADING THE WORD ABOUT THE BULGE

I thoroughly enjoy each copy of *The Bulge Bugle*. Please keep all the individual stories coming. Each issue fills in some gaps for me as to just what was happening in those December, 1944, days...and the weeks thereafter.

I had the privilege of being a part of the Military Historical Tours group which returned last September, 1999, on the 55th Anniversary Tour. I certainly wish I had gone back sooner, but I had no regrets on my September trip. Now I want to go back with my wife, daughter and teenage grandsons.

Upon my return I made a presentation to the Gallup Organization staff in our world headquarters here in Lincoln (Nebraska). The presentation was video taped and transmitted to our offices all over the world. I had many responses from sons and daughters of Bulge veterans who stated that their fathers had not shared much with them, so my presentation really meant a lot to these families.

FRANK CHAMBERS  
75 INF 291 INF CANNON

### BLOWING ONE'S HORN

In the May issue of *The Bugle*, Edward M. Graffed, reporting the achievements of his unit (the 731st Field Artillery Battalion) and the August 1999 issue the gentleman, Phil Mellend, told about his unit and what it did. So, in blowing their horns, I would like time to toot mine just a little. My unit started out as part of the 29th Field Artillery Regiment in 1940 at Ft. Benning, Georgia, in the activation of the 4th Infantry Division motorized.

October 1, 1940, Headquarters and Headquarters Battery and E & S Batteries were redesignated the 44th Field Artillery Battalion. When the 4th Division was up to strength, they moved out leaving the 44th Field Artillery Battalion behind, attached to the 29th Infantry School as school troops. Then, the records will show, we were changed to the 2nd Battalion, 47th Field Artillery. Then we changed once more to the 802nd Field Artillery Battalion. We served as school troops in training new inductees as well as the OCS (Officer Candidate School) as well as advanced officers.

After serving in this capacity a couple of years or so, we were considered a crack outfit--now I am blowing my horn. We were good enough that General McNair, who was commanding officer of West Point

Military Academy to Ft. Benning, came to Fort Benning to watch the 802nd Field Artillery Battalion fire demonstrations. In one such demonstration the #3 gun of Battery B had a muzzle burst killing two and wounding several others. We went right back the next day and fired the same demonstration again. After a while the War Department gave orders that school troops could stay only six months at a time so we had to start moving. We went to Fort McClellan, Alabama. There we fired demonstrations for the ITRC (Infantry Training Replacement Center) for about three months. Then it was to Camp Rucker for a General Inspection, from there to Tennessee Maneuvers. While on maneuvers we received two replacement officers from the artillery school at Fort Sill who said that the 802nd Field Artillery Battalion was accounted if not the best was one of the very best battalions in the U.S. Army--NUFF HISTORY.

In France we were part of the XII U.S. Army Corps which spearheaded General Patton's Third Army across France all the way to the Battle of the Bulge. We were assigned to support so many units it was hard to keep up with it. We were transferred out of the XII Corps to the VII, supporting first one unit then another. The last division I remember was the 3rd Division at Colmar. I was evacuated with frozen feet. But I know that we fired so much that we wore the rifling out of the barrels of our guns and had to send one gun from each section to the ordnance to get them replaced. And as far as rounds fired, we only fired 10,823 rounds in the Bulge, but over all the ammo expenditures were as follows:

France	37,534
Luxembourg	5,560
Belgium	5,263
France	14,965
Germany	8,765
Total rounds	73,087

I don't know if this is a record or not.

J. D. WINSTEAD  
731 FA BN

### \*\*\*\*\* Up Front with Willie & Joe



"He's right, Joe. When we ain't fightin' we should ack like sojers"

If you are lucky enough to have lived in Paris as a young man, then wherever you go for the rest of your life, it stays with you, for Paris is a moveable feast.

Ernest Hemingway, *A Moveable Feast*



## BATTLE OF BULGE WAS LONGER, BLOODIER

(Continued from Page 1)

More than half a century later, why is the final date of much significance? Because it raises the achingly human question of the true casualty toll in America's largest and most punishing battle in history. And following that is another overriding issue: Were GIs, including some who died in the battle, cheated of deserved recognition by citation of the arbitrary dates?

Unintentionally, Lt. Gen. George S. Patton provided the kernel for reflection in his book on European Theater operations *War As I Knew It*: "On the 17<sup>th</sup> (of January), I personally congratulated Milliken and Middleton (Corps commanders) on the successful termination of the Bulge," he writes. "Although we had not driven the Germans back to the line from which they started, we had on that date begun the final operation."

This remark, in one sense an outrageous Pattonism, has the virtue of at least sharpening the issue: Should the end of the prodigious battle be measured from where the enemy started, or should the end be measured by another standard? If another standard, what is that standard and what is its justification?

Logic and truth would dictate that the end of a battle occurs when the enemy is driven back, as Patton implied, to where he started. But few Army officials see it that way. In his postwar summary, *Crusade in Europe*, the European commander, Gen. Dwight Eisenhower, not-so-adroitly fudged the question, citing the meeting of the First and Third Armies at Houffalize on January 16, and reproducing a map showing the forces on January 18. When the issue of German casualties arises, Eisenhower states that the American toll was less than the German toll in the Bulge.

Likely reflecting Eisenhower's attitude, his aide at SHAEF headquarters, Navy Captain Harry Butcher, also mentions the two armies' linkup and pretty much emulates the boss' evasion in Butcher's widely-read book, *My Three Years With Eisenhower*.

Nor is John Toland's well-regarded volume, *The Battle of the Bulge*, of much enlightenment, the last chapter trailing off on January 16. Nor does *A General's Life* by Omar Bradley enlighten; it is content, as were others, to imply a victory and change focus after the First/Third Armies linkup.

Considered more trustworthy because it was written by a former infantry company commander, *A Time for Trumpets* by Charles MacDonald, quotes an "official" closing date of January 28, and American casualties of 81,000. The military historian, Russell Weigley, also employing January 28 as the termination, likewise quotes 81,000 American casualties killed, wounded, and missing. Although ranking high in trustworthiness, neither historian offers a rationale for the final date.

Standing alone is the sterling Robert Merriam, the official Army historian of the Bulge, who climaxes his 1946 account, *The Battle of the Bulge* by describing "the two armies moving relent-

lessly, and by early February the Germans were back to the West Wall, along nearly the entire length of the Ardennes Forest."

But Merriam is the exception: Most of the accounts deliberately or otherwise imply the Houffalize linkup of the First and Third Armies to be the end" of the massive counteroffensive. MacDonald and Weigley don't make that error, but they neglect to admit that "the end," no matter who declared it, was an arbitrary and self-serving Army decision. In this context, Patton's quote seems even more penetrating, because he at least, raises the question of how to define "the end."

This was, after all, the Battle of the Ardennes Forest, as the Army officially dubbed it, and the Ardennes extended all the way from Belgium through Luxembourg to the Rhine River. That, by all justifiable logic, should have been defined, as Patton phrased it, "the line from which they started."

The history of the 345<sup>th</sup> Regiment, 87<sup>th</sup> Division, credible because it was written the year of the battle, fully supports Camille Cohn's letter in the February 2000 issue of the *Bulge Bugle* that after January 25, 1945, about 83 towns in Belgium and Luxembourg still had to be reconquered by American divisions and units, with the last towns taken on the first of February. The 87<sup>th</sup> Division regiment's history states: "February 1<sup>st</sup> found the (345<sup>th</sup>) regiment ... billeted within one kilometer of the German border." As Cohn further states, "This is undisputed and irrefutable history which never can be changed, no matter how."

The significance of the Army's evasive and self-serving definition of the Bulge's termination is this: To make it appear Allied forces won the battle as reflected in the casualty figures, Army officialdom prematurely truncated the closing date to make the casualties look more favorable.

But those who fought the Battle of the Bulge should be the last to offend the memory of our fallen comrades by buying the fake line that the Bulge operation ended either on January 25 or 28, one week before it actually did—or that our fallen comrades after January 25 weren't wounded or killed in the Battle of the Bulge. By definition they could not have become casualties in the next official campaign, the Rhineland, which was fought exclusively on German territory.

A question then springs out: Did any American combat soldier who was wounded, or who knows of a buddy who was killed after January 28, receive an Ardennes battle star? If they did, that would constitute powerful evidence that the greatest battle in American history didn't end on January 25, or January 28, but ended, as those who fought it know, after February 1, 1945.

(A journalist for 51 years, Mitchell Kaidy has worked for three daily newspapers, a radio and television station and has won three awards. He served with a heavy weapons company of the 87<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division.)

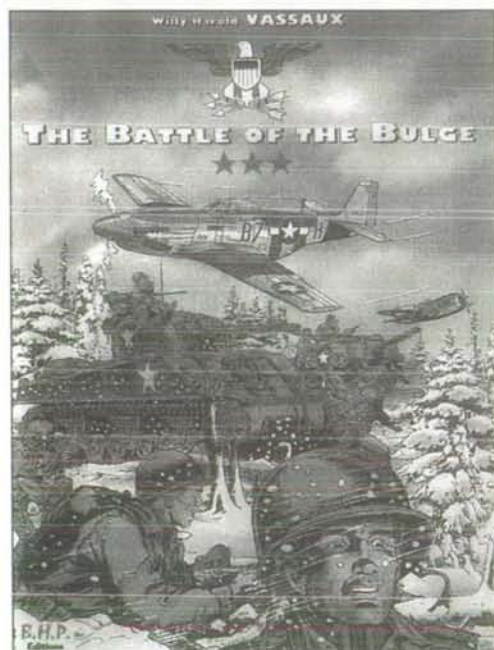


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## The story of the Battle of the Bulge in pictures... so that it may never be forgotten.

It is December 16, 1944. Hitler orders the launch of a fierce counteroffensive in the Ardennes in a last-ditch effort to save the Third Reich from defeat. It is the beginning of operation « Wacht am Rhein » ... Watch on the Rhine. For more than 45 days, allied troops battle heroically against a German army determined to regain the river Meuse and the port of Antwerp.

This is the complete story of the last great enemy onslaught before the capitulation. The account of this battle - the bloodiest, but also the most decisive which the Americans, after D-Day, fought on the European western front during World War II - is presented in this book. Each of its illustrations bears accurate witness to the tragic and glorious hours of several hundreds of thousands of men during that merciless winter of 1944 in the Ardennes.

The classic comic is a traditional art form in Belgium. It encompasses a wide range of different topics (many of which are historical or cultural). The Belgian classic comic "The Battle of the Bulge" is a true artwork: each drawing is elaborate and realistic.

The author of "The Battle of the Bulge", Mr. Willy Harold VASSAUX, is a well-recognized artist in Belgium. He is well known for the quality of his artwork and for the authenticity of his historical stories.

This volume is a unique and most interesting way to understand and to perpetuate the memory of the Battle of the Bulge, arguably considered the most important of World War II. This type of book is especially attractive to younger people.

In addition for being a reference to all Veterans, "The Battle of the Bulge" is also an ideal gift from a grandfather or grandmother to his/her children and grandchildren.

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## MEMBERS SPEAK OUT

**DONALD HOROWITZ, 551ST FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION**, would like to hear from anyone who may have served in his battalion. Write to him at: 73 Brittany B., Delray Beach, Florida 33446.

New Associate Member John J. Hojnacki would like to hear from anyone who have served with his cousin: **JOHN F. VAURA (or VAVRA), 5TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 11TH REGIMENT, ANTI-TANK COMPANY**. John died of wounds on January 23, 1945. If you can help, write to John at: 9500 River corners Road, Homerville, Ohio 44235.

Eddy Lamberty is planning to write a book about his area (Grand-Halleux--between the Villages of Trois-Ponts and Vielsalm on the Salm River) during the Battle of the Bulge. He would like to hear some personal details on experiences and situations from those of you who were there. Write to Eddy at: Rue Capitaine Lekeux 2/2e Etage, 6698 Grand-Halleux, Belgium.

**VICTOR J. DUBALDO, 726TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION**, would like to get a list or map of the travels of his battalion. If you can help him, write to him at: 41 Homestead Street, Manchester, Connecticut 06040-3024.

Jean Jacobsohn would like to hear from anyone who may have served with (or may have known) her father, **DR. PAUL D. ABRAMSON, 312TH STATION HOSPITAL** (also served with the **130TH GENERAL HOSPITAL** in England and Belgium.) Write to Jean at: 3819 West LeGrande Blvd., Mequon, Wisconsin 53092.

**CLIFFORD FLUCK, 2ND INFANTRY DIVISION, 38TH INFANTRY, COMPANY B**, writes to see if someone can shed light on a story he has been curious about. "A squad of 6 or 8 infantry men got separated from their unit but kept on hitting German convoys and destroying them until they, themselves, were being killed one at a time until only one man was left. Hitler, himself, gave an order to get that SOB or else. He was killed and when he was found he had no live ammo left. Belgian civilians had helped him with food and ammo. The Belgians reportedly put a monument on the spot where he was killed and decorate it with flowers daily." Does anyone know if this story is true or false? If it's true, we would like to have a copy of whatever information you send to Clifford. Clifford's address is: 1430 Cherry Street, New Ulm, Minnesota 56073.

**R. KEITH OSTRUM, 87TH CHEMICAL MORTAR BATTALION**, would like to hear from anyone who may have information on **RONALD MORRISON, 899TH TANK DESTROYER BATTALION**. If you have any information write to Keith at: 2931 Burton Avenue, Erie, Pennsylvania 16504-1443.

Lena McGaffey writes to see if anyone remembers her husband--**DAVID G. McGAFFEY, 30TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 117TH INFANTRY, 3RD BATTALION, COMPANY K**. If so, she would love to hear from you. Write to her at: 1203 East Washington, Washington, Iowa 52353.

If any of you are planning on going back to the Ardennes, Bart van Ginneken would like to meet you, shake your hand, and thank you. He's been interested in the Battle of the Bulge for many years but has never met a veteran of the battle. If you're going, drop Bart a note: Vossendreef 11; 4851 BP Ulvenhout, The Netherlands.

Jerry D. White is collecting information about his father's service to give to him for his next birthday. His father is **FRANK WHITE, 413TH ANTI-AIRCRAFT ARTILLERY GUN BATTALION (MOBILE)**. If you can help Jerry with his project, write to him at: 2786 Tamarack Drive, Arnold, Missouri 63010.

Can anyone provide our new associate member Daniel C. Wakins with information regarding his father, **ALMON D. WATKINS, 28TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 112TH INFANTRY REGIMENT, COMPANY B**. Daniel has some information and would be willing to share what he has. Write to Daniel at: 118 Pinecrest Drive, Jonesville, Michigan 49250.

James Plotzke writes seeking information regarding the **26TH INFANTRY DIVISION** in World War One. He's creating a family photo album and would like to purchase a 26th patch, regimental insignia and summary of the division's activities in the first world war. If you can help, write to him at: 285 Bluff Way, Oceanside, California 92054-4710.

**STEVE MESARCH, 58TH ARMORED FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION**, has about 950 picture postcards of German cities depicted prior to World War II and the early 1900's. Is there a historian out there who would be interested in these? If so, and you would be willing to pay the shipping and handling expenses, contact Steve at: 9677 Troon Court, Desert Hot Springs, California 92240-1269.

Gary Janosko would like to hear from anybody who may have known his uncle, **ALBERT (CHICK) JANOSKO, 5TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, who was severely wounded in the Bulge while serving as a part of a mortar team. If you have any information write to Gary at: 4717 River Road, Bethesda, Maryland 20816.

Stan C. Bellens writes again to offer the assistance of his group--Belgian Grateful Drivers Association--to those of you who wish guidance, information, and driving assistance on your return trips to Belgium. If you're going and need help write to Stan: Rue de la Trompette, 4-B4680 Hermee/Belgium.

Ronald E. Olsen writes to see if anyone may have known his brother, **EMIL S. OLSEN**. Emil served as a guard (military policeman) to the commanding general of the **14TH ARMORED DIVISION**. He died two days after the end of the war. Write to Ronald at: 1201 Varnum Street, Northeast, Washington, DC 20017.

N. J. Delfortrie is looking for information regarding **ROBERT B. KIMMEL, 2ND ARMORED DIVISION, 41ST INFANTRY REGIMENT**. [*Request was in French--hope we got it right.*] Delfortrie's address is: Rue de la Briqueterie 45, 4.800 Verviers, Belgium. *(continued on next page)*



## MEMBERS SPEAK OUT

Bill Moriarty would like to know if anyone may have known his father who was killed in action January 15, 1945, in the vicinity of Butgenbach, Belgium. His father was **JAMES EDWARD MORIARTY, COMPANY I, 18TH REGIMENT, 1ST DIVISION**. He was a resident of Holyoke, Massachusetts, and the father of three. I don't have Bill's address but he has a text pager: 888-581-1922.

Dwight A. Brannon is seeking information regarding his father's WWII activities. His father was **L. C. BRANNON, 54TH SIGNAL BATTALION**. If you can help write to him at: PO Box 670, Gilmer, Texas 75644.

William T. Ripley has formed a small organization which collects and preserves artifacts and stories of veterans of World War II. He invites all veterans to drop him a line concerning time in service. He has a three-page questionnaire he will forward to you. The information gleaned from these questionnaires is used to make the organization's impression better so they may give a more accurate portrayal of the GI to the public. If you would like to help, write to him at: 104 East Water, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

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## A GOOD EXCUSE

**RAYMOND R. JEMC, 87TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 336TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, COMPANY A**, writes to give the following excuse for being a tiny bit late with his dues:

In 1932 Joe E. Brown made a movie on Catalina Island which was the training camp for the Chicago Cubs. He was late for spring training and crashed his old Ford through the wooden left field fence. William Frawley (from "I Love Lucy") was playing the part of the Cubs Manager and he asked him why he was late. Joe E. Brown, playing the part of "Alibi Ike," said his calendar was slow.

Ray says that was why he was a little bit late with his dues. Thanks, Ray.

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## MORE ON PRESIDENTIAL MEMORIAL CERTIFICATES

As you may recall, we announced the availability of the above certificate in the February issue of the newsletter. **BILL GAYNOR** (Rhode Island Chapter President) called to tell us that the parchment certificates which bear the signature of the President and the Presidential Seal are for the **survivors of those killed in action during World War II**. They are not for those who fought and survived. ■

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When the age is in, the wit is out.

--Shakespeare, *Much Ado About Nothing*

## NORWALK, WEST VIRGINIA MONUMENT DEDICATED

Pictured below is a Battle of the Bulge monument dedicated by the mayor of Norwalk on December 16, 1999, the 55th Anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge. Also present were various city officials and fifteen veterans from various units who participated by the battle.



*Pictured left to right: Frank C. Nedveski and Robert R. Young, both of the 290th Infantry Regiment, 75th Infantry Division at the Norwalk dedication.*

The monument is located at Veterans Memorial Park off the Old State Road, south of Woodlawn Avenue, in Norwalk, West Virginia. ■

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## WORLD WAR II MONUMENT

Hopefully, the World War II Monument cornerstone will be laid this Memorial Day with completion of the monument by the end of 2001. This is your legacy to future generations.

If you have not as yet made a contribution, now is the time to dig down and help. Make your check payable to: World War II Memorial Fund. Mail it to: National World War II Memorial Campaign, 2300 Clarendon Road, Suite 501, Arlington, Virginia 22201. ■

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BY CHANCE  
COULD YOUR DUES BE DUE???  
CHECK YOUR MAILING LABEL



## PURDUE UNIVERSITY PAYS TRIBUTE

Several staff members of the Purdue University felt that patriotism and the honoring of veterans on what used to be called Armistice Day had almost been forgotten. They wanted to do something about it. They did, and in a big way. So, on the night of November 11, 1999, they staged a massive salute to veterans.

The "Salute 99" show was held at the Raddison Star Theater in Merrillville, Indiana. VFW and American Legion Posts from northern Indiana and northeastern Illinois posted their colors. The Merrillville High School band furnished music along with the schools mixed choir and Purdue's 100-member male choir. The Shriner's Bag Pipe Band from Michigan City, Indiana, began the festivities.

First to be honored was the Northern Indiana Chapter of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge. Chapter president, Bill Tuley, 87th Infantry Division, 345th Infantry, Company E, led the 37 chapter members down the aisle and onto the stage to the thunderous applause of an audience of 2,200.

The history of the Battle of the Bulge was narrated by a member of the Purdue staff as these veterans, some of whom had to have help getting up on the stairs to the stage, and a few who could not stand too long had to have chairs brought out for them to use. Those who could, stood straight with their heads held high, making every effort to hold their stomachs in and their chests out.

At the end of the narration, the audience rose as one and gave the veterans an ovation that will long be remembered by all 37 veterans. In turn, the veterans faced the audience and gave them a smart salute to show their appreciation.

"It was a proud moment in our lives," Tuley said. "We may never be honored again, but we will certainly remember this night."

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## MORE ON DENTISTS... GOD BLESS 'EM

### A DENTIST WITH PERKS

On 22 December 1945 our battalion headquarters was surrounded and captured at Nieubruck, Belgium.

The enlisted men wound up at Stalag VIII-A at Gorlitz, close to the Czechoslovakian border. We arrived there in early January 1945, but with the Russians advancing from the east, we were only there about five weeks--being marched back to the west until we were liberated on 13 April 1945.

While I was at Stalag VIII-A, I lost a big filling from one of my teeth. I cannot remember the details, but I wound up seeing a French POW dentist, who replaced the filling. He was a very kind man, who could speak some English. He certainly knew how to fill a tooth! He also had cigarettes and was kind enough to share with me.

James I. McGrath  
9 ARMDD 27 AIB HQ

### A MEDIEVAL PROCESS AT BEST

I remember well the visits by the battalion dentist with his T/5 helper reaching out to find us in some lonely God forsaken place! Opening his foot locker, he would set up his drill which was operated with a foot treadle by the T/5...the belt would slip and the drill would catch--a medieval process at best. If there were no cavities, he seemed to create some to justify his existence. I still have a fear of dentists today.

Randy Kerr  
353 AAA BN

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## ARIZONA MINI-REUNION

One hundred veterans, wives and guests attended the state-wide mini-reunion luncheon at the Property Conference Center in Casa Grande, Arizona, December 16, 1999.

The guest speaker was Hank Kinski, a University of Arizona professor, representing Senator Jon Kyle. Pictured below is the Marine Corps Junior ROTC from Coolidge High School smartly presenting the colors before the luncheon.



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## "CIRCLE OF HONOR" BRICKS

HARRY J. MEISEL, Chairman of the VBOB Memorial Committee, for the memorial in Orlando, Florida, advised that purchases for the placement of bricks in the "Circle of Honor" will take place only through **December 31, 2000**. It will not be "ongoing" as previously published. So if you are wanting to purchase a brick as mentioned in the February issue, you will need to do so before the end of the year.■

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## MORE WEB SITES

### 275th Armored Field Artillery Battalion

<http://www.geocities.com/EnchantedForest/creek/7185/>  
CRIBA

<http://users.skynet.be/bulgecriba>



# A SECRET TREK TO THE BULGE CHANGE OF M.O.S.

John Meli

90th Infantry Division  
359th Infantry, Company F

On December 16, 1945, the Battle of the Bulge began. Along a thinly defended front, casualties mounted rapidly, hence replacements were needed. General Patton's order came down to all units to select troops for transfer to infantry regiments. At this time, I was in Bouzonville, France, with the 1103rd Engineers, Third Army sector in communications, which was being shelled by a long range German railroad gun. The 1103rd sent the first six men. A few days later, I was among the next six to go.

This body of six engineers travelled to Metz, France, where it joined about 2,000 other men in a big compound. Here, loads of used M-1's were dumped on the floor and we made our own choice. I noticed that some of the rifles carried personal markings like notches or pictures of girls affixed to the stocks. For two days, we held bayonet practice, which served the purpose of keeping warm through exercise. Later on, a general, standing on a podium, delivered a speech and thanked us for volunteering. Volunteering?? Thereafter, we knew that tomorrow we were going to be assigned to our new outfits. That night a few older, maybe wiser, men woke us up looking for cash to help them flee the scene. The younger among us, who were in our late teens or early twenties, tried to dissuade them but it was no use. We gave them money and wished them luck. At roll call we understood that they had run away. Nobody said a word.

In the morning, my name came up. I was assigned to Company F, 359th Infantry Regiment, 90th Division, Third Army. In the Saar River section near Dilligen, Germany, this unit was in light contact with the enemy. We were quartered in houses and I thought: This is the infantry? When are we going to see some action? Within a few days my questions were answered. Orders were received: "Be prepared for movement." Into trucks we piled like cattle headed for the deep freeze slaughter-house that was The Bulge (January 5, 1945).

Lest the Germans identify the division as the 90th, it left Dillingen, Germany, undercover and arrived at an assembly area in Luxembourg. Here, we discarded our overcoats, but stayed with our field jackets and doubled the under garments. Unhappily, there was no footwear suitable for protection against the severe cold. We were supplied with triggerfinger mittens and grenades. We filled our pistol belts and hung two bandoleers of ammunition on our shoulders.

It was now January 9, 1945, close to 1400 hours. Heading for the front, we hiked in columns. While halted for a break, one GI begged me to shoot him in the leg. I took aim, because he didn't want me to hit a bone. At first, I thought he was joking, but he was serious. I said, "Come on! It can't be that bad. Take your chances."

Coming down past us were men of the 26th Division making comments about how great targets we were in the snow. Three men in front of the column broke a path so that each man could step in the footprints of the man in front. It was slow going and I thought how snowshoes would have been an appropriate accessory. Passing an area where many GI's and Germans were

laying, I knew that we were getting close to the enemy.

We proceeded across a small clearing within the woods, then suddenly an intensity of noise. The Germans had opened with burp guns and machine guns. Part of our column was in the woods past the clearing. The man in front of me fell with a wound in the neck. We hit the ground. Two correspondents behind me withdrew. I kept trying to join the others in the woods who had been cut off from us. The Germans opened fire every time I moved. Bullets cracked through the bushes. About half of the men who had been separated rejoined us. The others were either killed or captured. We learned that we were engaged with SS Panzer units that proved to be stubborn and well dug in. Taking shelter behind trees and shrubbery, we fired whenever an enemy soldier became visible.

Next came the shell fire, both our own and the German rounds. We dug in quickly. The air was brutally cold with temperatures running at zero and below. Men were lost, some killed, others either wounded or captured, and still others owing to the development of trenchfoot. It seemed that we were taking a beating with little gain. For communication pertinent to the accuracy of our artillery shooting, a phone line lead from my foxhole to the batteries. There were no bells. The observer had to blow into the mouthpiece to alert the operator at the other end of the line. Late that night the shelling stopped.

From headquarters came a command: Get out of your holes! We are moving up to reach our objective! This time, we had a tank destroyer with us. Past two unmanned 88's we headed down the road. The Germans were asleep in houses. We met resistance. A German was firing tracers over our heads. Just as we had done at earlier encounters, we hit the ground. The shooter was aiming low in order to keep us down. The tank destroyer rolled up and finished him off.

After reaching our objective, we closed the salient and dug new foxholes. Upon arrival at our new positions the enemy laid down a heavy barrage. All we could do was to sit tight and pray. One foxhole sustained a direct strike with one soldier killed and one badly wounded. Four of us jumped out of our holes and carried him in a shelter half to a medic who was treating the wounded behind a tank. The medic cut open the victim's shirt. He had a large hole in his back and was unconscious. Under the circumstances of extreme cold and wound severity, this GI died. Dodging shells, we returned to our foxholes. A counterattack was expected. Following the placement of our machine gun, we fired a few test rounds and waited. The attack never came owing to black artillery support.

Foxholes, which we roofed with logs, were prepared for two riflemen in each hole. Blankets and dry socks were brought up to us. All night it was one hour of sleep, then one hour of watch with your buddy. At that point, I sensed that I would be living henceforth with dirt, death, and diarrhea.

Up and down those snowy hills, which we called "bald ass," we flushed out the Germans under fire and gathered prisoners. I learned to speak in German: Come out with your hands high! I felt like a policeman. Reaching the Our River at a narrow point, we crossed it on a plank and thence into the Rhineland. Gone was the Bulge. Now we faced the dragon's teeth and the pillboxes. My thinking ran that I must be performing my new job well: I was given the CIB (Blue Badge) together with a \$10.00 a month raise in pay.■



# BULGE MEDAL OF HONOR RECIPIENTS

## Archer T. Gammon

### 6th Armored Division

Rank and organization: Staff Sergeant, Company A, 9th Armored Infantry Battalion, 6th Armored Division.

Place and date: Near Bastogne, Belgium, 11 January 1945

Citation: He charged 30 yards through hip-deep snow to knock out a machine gun and its three-man crew with grenades, saving his platoon from being decimated and allowing it to continue its advance from an open field into some near-by woods. The platoon's advance through the woods had only begun when a machine gun supported by riflemen opened fire and a Tiger Royal tank sent 88-mm shells screaming at the unit from the left flank. Sergeant Gammon, disregarding all thoughts of personal safety, rushed forward, then cut to the left, crossing the width of the platoon's skirmish line in an attempt to get within grenade range of the tank and its protecting foot troops. Intense fire was concentrated on him by riflemen and the machine gun emplacement near the tank. He charged the automatic weapon, wiped out its crew of four with grenades, and, with supreme daring, advanced to within 25 yards of the armored vehicle, killing two hostile infantrymen with rifle fire as he moved forward. The tank had started to withdraw, backing a short distance, then firing, backing some more, and then stopping to blast out another round, when the man whose single-handed relentless attack had put the ponderous machine on the defensive was struck and instantly killed by a direct hit from the Tiger Royal's heavy gun. By his intrepidity and extreme devotion to the task of driving the enemy back no matter what the odds, Sergeant Gammon cleared the woods of German forces, for the tank continued to withdraw, leaving open the path for the gallant squad leader's platoon.

★★★

## JAMES R. HENDRIX

### 4th Armored Division

Rank and organization: Staff Sergeant, Company C, 53rd Armored Infantry Battalion, 4th Armored Division

Place and date: Near Assenois, Belgium, 26 December, 1944

Citation: On the night of 26 December 1944, near Assenois, Belgium, he was with the leading element engaged in the final thrust to break through to the besieged garrison at Bastogne when halted by a fierce combination of artillery and small-arms fire. He dismounted from his halftrack and advanced against two 88-mm guns, and, by the ferocity of his rifle fire, compelled the gun crews to take cover and then to surrender. Later in the attack he again left his vehicle, voluntarily, to aid two wounded soldiers, helpless and exposed to intense machinegun fire. Effectively silencing two hostile machineguns, he held off the enemy by his own fire until the wounded men were evacuated. Sergeant Hendrix again distinguished himself when he hastened to the aid of still another soldier who was trapped in a burning halftrack. Braving enemy sniper fire and exploding mines and ammunition in the vehicle, he extricated the wounded man and extinguished his flaming clothing, thereby saving the life of his

fellow soldier. Sergeant Hendrix, by his superb courage and heroism, exemplified the highest traditions of the military service.

★★★

## ISADORE S. JACHMAN

### 17th Airborne Division

Rank and organization: Staff Sergeant, Company B, 513th Parachute Infantry Regiment, 17th Airborne Division

Place and date: Flamierge, Belgium, 4 January 1945

Citation: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty at Flamierge, Belgium, on 4 January 1945, when his company was pinned down by enemy artillery, mortar, and small-arms fire, two hostile tanks attacked the unit, inflicting heavy casualties. Sergeant Jachman, seeing the desperate plight of his comrades, left his place of cover and with total disregard for his own safety dashed across open ground through a hail of fire and seizing a bazooka from a fallen comrade advanced on the tanks, which concentrated their fire on him. Firing the weapon alone, he damaged one and forced both to retire. Sergeant Jachman's heroic action, in which he suffered fatal wounds, disrupted the entire enemy attack, reflecting the highest credit upon himself and the parachute infantry.

★★★

## TRUMAN KIMBRO

### 2nd Infantry Division

Rank and organization: Technician Fourth Grade, Company C, 2nd Engineer Combat Battalion, 2nd Infantry Division

Place and date: Near Rocherath, Belgium, 19 December, 1944

Citation: On 19 December 1944, as scout, he led a squad assigned to the mission of mining a vital crossroads near Rocherath, Belgium. At the first attempt to reach the objective, he discovered it was occupied by an enemy tank and at least 20 infantrymen. Driven back by withering fire, Technician Fourth Grade Kimbro made two more attempts to lead his squad to the crossroads but all approaches were covered by intense enemy fire. Although warned by our own infantrymen of the great danger involved, he left his squad in a protected place and, laden with mines, crawled alone toward the crossroads. When nearing his objective he was severely wounded, but he continued to drag himself forward and laid his mines across the road. As he tried to crawl from the objective his body was riddled with rifle and machinegun fire. The mines laid by his act of indomitable courage delayed the advance of enemy armor and prevented the rear of our withdrawing columns from being attacked by the enemy. ■

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"The willingness with which our young people are likely to serve in any war, no matter how justified, shall be directly proportional to how they perceive veterans of earlier wars were treated and appreciated by our nation."

- George Washington -



# ABLE COMPANY 666TH FIELD ARTILLERY BN

by Richard S. Ranck

*[The following is an excerpt from Able Company's history book which was sent to us by ROBERT F. CRUSIE. The foreword was so outstanding (as written by Richard S. Ranck) that we include it for your reading pleasure.]*

## FOREWORD

This is a story of Americans. Men of Polish, French, Dutch, German, English, Belgian, Spanish and Russian descent; men of Protestant, Catholic and Jewish faith; young men barely out of their teens, and middle-aged men with families; men from all occupations and walks of life. Varied though their backgrounds may be, they have welded themselves into a unit that could well be listed among the Champions. Battery A of the 666th Field Artillery Battalion is a fighting outfit that has made a spot for itself in the righting team that has written a tale of glory and triumph in all corners of the world, in a struggle for the survival of the ideals and freedoms that all Americans know and love so well.

This story was written in the sweltering heat of Texas, in the frigid cold of the Ardennes, and in the lightning thrusts across the Roer and Rhine Rivers; written indelibly in the mind of German soldier and civilian that he may never again forget; written in blood, sweat and tears by the men of Able.

It is my honor to put this story into words. May I do the real authors a full measure of justice.

...A little mail began to catch up. Our trucks and tractors caught up with us, and a thorough last-minute check brought things into working order.

On the 17th, Lt. Miller, Cpl. Jarrell and Pvt. Byrd left with the advance party, and the time had come to move, just as von Rundstedt made his daring, last-ditch thrust through the Ardennes, and headed for Liege. Tales coming back from Belgium were not so good, and we had a feeling that we were headed for trouble.

On the morning of the 20th, we bade farewell to our straw mattresses, and headed south again. At 2230, after some of the worst fog that ever existed, we pulled into RCRP 14, a scattered encampment made up of tents and Nissons, all set in a sea of mud, just outside Weymouth, England. A day, then another, filled with sleeping and C-rations, and we boarded trucks and rode north along the coast to the Port in Weymouth. A short wait, and we were combat loaded onto an LST. We sat in the harbor that night, waiting for the rest of the convoy to be made up; next morning at eight, we sailed out into the channel. Weather clear, visibility good, and the channel was as rough as ever. Many thanks for those seasick pills, though we still haven't figured out the life belts we had. The 101st Airborne was trapped at Bastogne was the news issuing from the ship's radio. Things were not going so good.

The morning of the 24th brought the news that Patton had struck back into the southern flank of the Bulge, but the spearhead was still going strong when we hove into sight of the battered port of LeHavre. We cautiously threaded our way through the litter of wrecked ships that were left from D-Day, and our LST was beached, in lieu of dock facilities, which were nil. A few minutes, and we were rolling off the ramp, up the beach, and smack into what was left of the city.

Able had landed in France on D+201.

We paused only long enough to get the column together, and headed east. A fast trip, and we halted along the road along about 2030 to hear the "cheery" news that this was our home. We looked in vain, but the only sign of a home was the wide-open spaces, and on the side of a hill at that. We grumbled, groaned, and pitched our tents. It was getting cold around Fry, France.

Christmas Day was a horror, so far as we were concerned. No turkey, no plum pudding, but the wire section had a tree, complete with

decorations of GI underwear, mess kits, C-ration cans, and some icicles someone had begged from an obliging Red Cross lassie. About the only thing we did was freeze.

The next week was spent in final checks of equipment and issuing of sleeping bags, overshoes and combat boots. The cold didn't seem so bad after that, but the breakthrough in the Ardennes was still rolling, and we had a feeling we were going to be on our way.

Battalion received its code name, and we became DEMAND ABLE.

The 30th found the German thrust slowing down, and Demand moving north through France. Charleroi, St. Quentin, Mons, passed in quick succession, and we pushed on into Belgium, by-passing Liege and moving through Huy on into Spa. Next came Awaile, and with it a horror of icy roads and drifting now, plus an initiation into the life under buzz-bombs. The tracks had a hell of a time getting in, for most of the time they looked and acted like sleds instead of tools of war. But thanks to some beautiful driving and handling, we got in with no casualties.

At Awaile, we learned we had been assigned to First Army and were to go into position at Andrimont, Belgium. The light vehicles went on in, but because of darkness, the tractors and guns were left behind, until daylight should have given better driving on the ice. Our home, that night, was a nice, cozy barn filled with hay. We slept like kings, and awakened New Year's morning to the roar of ME-109s and FW-190s roaring over our heads. Machine gunners got their first rounds in, and the war was on. We were waiting for the howitzers to come in when orders were changed, and we pulled out, heading back to Awaile. Here we picked up our guns, learning, meantime, that the German drive had been slowed to practically nothing, and that we were moving south a few miles to be in on the jump-off of a counter-thrust that was soon to come. So, again, we slipped, slithered and slid back in to Chene-el-Pierre, Belgium, where we went into position.

It started to snow like the devil, and we learned that we were now a part of VII Corps Artillery, First Army, attached as support to the 83rd Infantry Division.

Things had stabilized all along the front and were comparatively quiet--with that air of expectancy that hangs over something that is going to happen--something big. The guns were dug in, foxholes and dugouts prepared, and ammo trucked in.

Plans had been made for a counter-attack, with the 83d making the jump-off, supported by artillery of every description, and plenty of armor. Enemy positions had been spotted, strategy manned, and we were ready to go.

Late one morning, following an earlier jump-off by the Infantry, the telephone rang in the exec post. Everyone jumped, then looked a trifle amazed, as the operator whispered "FIRE MISSION." Gun crews were alerted, and they really scrambled as we got Battery Adjust, Shell HE, Charge five, Fuzze quick, Battery two rounds, Base Deflection right 50, Quadrant 350, At my command.....

A hush settled over the crew, number one reportedly ready to fire, and everyone tensed as they waited. Suddenly, the telephone operator shouted....."BATTERY.....FIRE"

WHAM!.....a shouted "on the way" from the telephone operator, the echoes rocking the fringes of the Ardennes, and the shrill whistle of a shell fading in the distance told us that Able was in the ball game, for keeps. At 1229, 3 January 1945, R. Smith yanked the lanyard on number one gun and sent our first combat round knocking on von Rundstedt's door; target Regne, Belgium--effect mutely evident in the scene of sheer destruction that later met our eyes.

With that round, a lot of grimness of the situation went out of the men of Able, and we could laugh just a little at some of the things that were happening to us. The kitchen, maintenance, and headquarters crews looked like a bunch of ostriches when a buzz-bomb busted through the tops of the pines and

(continued on next page)





## ABLE COMPANY

went sailing merrily on its way. Rothman paid the crew of number three a visit, very informally, via the snow camouflaged tarp covering their dugout; and the crew manning the "exec post" joined a famous movement...they went underground. When you wanted to find them after that, you just looked for the deepest and best dugout, cellar, or air raid shelter. P.S.--A lot of others kinda hung around on the fringes, too.

The doughs were running into trouble around Regne and needed plenty of help. The artillery gave it to 'em. The guns started a cry that became a byword, "More Ammo," and wire, survey, maintenance, kitchen, and everyone else pitched into help the fifth section satisfy the appetites of those hungry howitzers. First Sgt. Dupont had a little trouble in two feet of snow, with 95 pounds of shell on his back. Just about the only thing you could see was the shell.

The Infantry started to gain momentum, and we started to move. January 6th, we jumped to Bra and took over the foxholes that Joe had just moved out of. That things were getting hot was evidenced by the fact that Jerry was only a thousand yards away when we moved in, and nearly out of range next morning. Further testimony was borne in the fact that the 83d had set up a second line of defense BEHIND our guns. Gunner Titus slipped on the ice and caught his arm in the recoil, and Rothman demonstrated that he really knew his howitzers when he quickly drained the oil from the recoil mechanism to release him. Titus received Able's first Purple Heart when he was evacuated to a hospital. Lt. Miller and Cpl. Touchette thought all hell had broken loose when an 88 tore through the wall downstairs, as they were directing fire from the second floor of a house in Lierneux, and Tou vowed he had broken all records for hitting the floor; faster even than King Levinsky. On 7 January, General Montgomery asserted that the Germans had been stopped in the Bulge, and the Americans went to work in earnest. The 101st Airborne was relieved in Bastogne, and had become famous for their historic answer to German surrender demands, namely "NUTS"; the Infantry jumped off in the push that was to clean out the Bulge; and Able started to plow its way to Lierneux. On the edge of town, we found the Germans sorta liked an intersection through which we had to pass and we demonstrated our ability at "rapid evacuation." Never had a group of men left tracks and trucks so hurriedly, and Lt. Piesman was over his head in that ditch full of snow. While the 88s banged in, it was decided that our howitzers were not meant for Infantry work, so we holed up for the night, 100 men in two small rooms, and left it to the doughs to clean out the positions we were supposed to occupy. Next morning we slipped and slid in, to the tune of incoming shell fire.

King Cold set in with a vengeance and the boys all looked like they had put on about 50 pounds, of clothes. Someone vowed the outdoor weather was fit only for a beast, and that meant us, cause someone had thought up just such a nickname for the three sixes. Penecots and Chief of Guns Armbruster were casualties of the vicious cold and now, and were evacuated to hospitals. Eighty-eights and mortar fire were frequent visitors here, and on the morning of the 12th, a ladder of 88s walked by our right flank directly into the positions held by Charlie Battery. The first real anger welled in our hearts when we learned that Charlie had lost Pvt Gifford to a shell splinter.

Able and the 666th were tossing them out too; right about here word came down from Fire Direction Center that the battalion had fired its 10,000th round. The drive south by the First Army was paying off, and on the 12th we heard that the Germans were withdrawing their armor from the western tip of the Bulge, to avoid encirclement and extermination. This was the place for the Artillery to shine, and they "dood" it. Plenty of mechanized equipment was nailed to the wall on the way out of that narrow corridor.

On 14 January we rolled through Regne and saw the result of our part in the first combat mission. Regne was "kaput." We set up shop at Hebronval, and the exec crew fought over which men were going to sleep in the stables with the straw in them. Able threw 'em, Hitler's horde caught 'em, and the boys started to say "Adolph, count you men"

with every round that went out. The First and Third Armies joined hands at St. Vith, and much disgust reigned rampant when we learned that the Heinies had gotten nearly everything out of the pocket. Able moved to Petit Langlir, and the drive was on to finish straightening out the line. German hospitality was at its lowest ebb. They greeted us with a barrage of 88s on the way in, and Supply Sgt Brooks came up cruising when he found a latrine instead of a slit trench. It was hot, but things were getting hotter for the opposition. Number four nailed an enemy self-propelled gun with three rounds, and the Battery really rolled 'em when a forward observer spotted the artillery of two SS Divisions and called for "Corps, 100 rounds." We drew our own conclusions as to result, but incoming fire really tapered off after that. The wire section was the butt of many a laugh when they had to dig their tent out of about three feet of snow that had drifted into their convenient ditch; Alexander found a Tommy gun and had everyone looking out for the nearest foxhole; and the story goes that Cook Guthrie dragged Mess Sgt. Taylor out of the kitchen truck, feet first, when shells started dropping in, about midnight. Came the 19th, and word that all gains made by von Rundstedt, in his brilliant breakthrough, had been nullified, and we were out of range. We settled down for a couple of days of much-needed and deserved rest, while Army decided what they next wanted to demand of Demand.

Eighty-second Airborne had discovered the results of the Malmedy Massacre and was "rarin'" to go. So, they were given the job of cleaning up a little bulge between Malmedy and St. Vith. Demand was assigned to help 'em do it. The BC, exec. and first sergeant took a party on reconnaissance, looking for a new position at Neider-Emmels. Screaming Meemies started popping around, and the rest of the party had quite a laugh, from the prone position, when Lt. Piesman decided to give up trying to run away from the damned things and hit the snowdrifts while a ladder kept walking straight for him. Luckily, it stopped about 30 feet away. On the 26th, the Russians spanned the Oder River in the east and struck out for Berlin; the Yanks smashed a last-ditch German attempt to drive into Alsace; and Battery A moved into Neider-Emmels. The 27th found the Russians racing to within 45 miles of Berlin, and the 82nd Airborne jumped off to clean out the last semblance of resistance in Belgium. They got a great pre-game preparation in the form of some very effective artillery fire, and proceeded to run wild. The Krauts were on the run, but well organized, as evidenced by the scarcity of prisoners that filtered to the rear. Able jumped to Meyrode on the 29th. Here we enjoyed a two-night stand, firing like hell, and then moved on to Wereth on the first of February. We got the news that MacArthur was really going to town in the Philippines, and we kept pounding. The 3rd brought word that the 82d had crossed the line into Germany, that we were out of range, and that the Battle of the Bulge was officially over.

The end of this campaign brought the usual lot of conjecture and rumor to the ranks of Able, 26 new PFCs appeared on a Battery Order, and some badly needed maintenance was done on guns and quipment. We awaited our next assignment.

On 6 February we march ordered and started to move north. ....  
[Able Company's history was dedicated in Memoriam to Sgt. William Shema, who was killed in action in Lohberg, Germany, 27 March, 1945.]

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Our God and soldiers we alike adore  
Ev'n at the brink of danger; not before:  
After deliverance, both alike requited,  
Our God's forgotten, and our soldiers slighted.

-Francis Quarles, *Emblems*



## LIVING LEGENDS



### 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.

### MISSED AGAIN

December 1944

**Victor Dubaldo**  
726 Field Artillery Battalion  
Headquarters Battery  
Manchester, Connecticut

I was in a foxhole at a crossroads in Bastogne when a jeep came by--going like hell. The officer in the back of the jeep gave me a big salute and I just looked at him. The soldiers in the foxholes across the road said, "Hey, you know who that was in that jeep?" I said, "Don't worry he'll be right back, the front is only up the road a little." (I hadn't saluted back.) He said, "that was Patton."

Sure enough about two minutes later, back comes the jeep again I get a big salute. The soldier across the street said, "Hey, that was Patton again," noting that I had failed to salute him both times. I replied, "Shucks, missed him both times."

.....

### DIDN'T NEED THE CHARMIN

January 1945

**C. A. "Doc" Brumley**  
2nd Armored Division  
41st Armored Infantry Regiment  
3rd Battalion  
Medical Detachment  
Grovetown, Georgia

After taking the last assigned objective for Company H, 3rd Battalion, during the Battle of the Bulge, my Platoon Sergeant Bill Barker (now deceased), from East Prairie, Missouri, and I were standing behind a tank for protection from enemy sniper fire, when an enemy mortar shell exploded a short distance behind us. Bill looked at me and said, "Doc, I have been hit or have messed in my pants. Something is running down my leg."

As his company aidman, I said, "Drop your pants and let me

take a look." After checking him out, I said, "Bill, you don't need toilet paper, it's blood. A small piece of shrapnel had hit him in the left buttock. A few weeks later the shrapnel worked its way out where I removed it with forceps and he kept it for a souvenir."

The headcount after this mission totaled 14 men left in the company. To my knowledge, all others had been killed, wounded by enemy fire or evacuated due to frozen feet.

Ken Tuner, Lehi, Utah, and I are the only ones still alive who were present at the time of this mission as far as I know.

.....

### DIESEL FUEL AND SAUSAGE

December 1944

**James D. Matthews**  
3rd Armored Division  
Combat Command A  
Akron, Ohio

This story in no way influenced the outcome of the battle, but it was humorous...in an hysterical sort of way.

I was a front-line wireman with Combat Command "A" of the 3rd Armored Division in General Hodges' First Army. When the Ardennes erupted with the beginning of German's last-ditch offensive on December 16, 1944, the 3rd Armored was fighting in Stolberg, Germany, a suburb of Aachen. This area was called "Purple Heart Valley." Before daybreak on December 17, those of us in the combat commands were rousted out of our sleeping bags, and in two hours, we were on our way back to Belgium. We had been informed about Germany's break-through and knew we were in for some heavy action.

Our route took us south from Aachen through Eupen and west to Verviers in Belgium on our way to the front. The towns, which we had so recently liberated, were lined with villagers, who, with terror in their eyes, were weeping and pleading for us not to leave. We tried to still their fears and reassure them that



we would be back though we were not convinced ourselves that all would go well.

The 3rd Armored was to hold a 20 mile gap on the northern shoulder from Hotten to Lansival. The eight man wire crew plunged in immediately, laying the communications from Combat Command "A" in Spa to Combat Command Reserve in Soy, Belgium. Now I must inform you that a wire crew always moved up with the troops in the day time and laid wire, in dense blackness, all night. The senses of touch, smell and hearing became extremely acute since black-out conditions rendered sight almost useless. As usual, this story takes place in the black of night.

It is now late afternoon of December 21 when our wire truck and jeep heads for the rear in Hotten to supply depot to replenish our truck with equipment. The truck carries about 22 spools, each spool holding a mile of wire. A wire truck is very noisy. There is no opportunity for stealth with uncoiling wire spools making a helluva racket. But noise is no problem at this time. This is the rear. Right? Right! But now when you consider that the Germans are attacking from the south and the east and are shelling Hotten. We attempt to escape from the town, but we have caught the attention of a Panther tank holding a spot on the Hotten-Soy Road. We are forced to take cover back in the town.

Additional adventures keep us busy in town for some time, but that is another story. Suffice to say, the Panther is neutralized by one of our tank destroyers, and we can proceed with our mission. It is dark now when we finally inch our way out of town and begin laying wire from Hotten to Combat Command Reserve three miles up the Hotten-Soy Road. At this time, both Americans and Germans are using the aforementioned road--not at the same time, we hope.

We begin our job in the bone-numbing cold. Very little light reflects off the snow. With our usual luck, we will be working all night groping around in the chilling blackness. The wire-truck crawls at a snail's pace unreeling spools of wire. Our jeep is following the wire trail. There are two of us picking up the wire about every ten feet and tying it off the road on a tree or bush or post. It's slow-going. We get about one mile of wire down and tied every two hours. Around midnight, approximately one mile from Soy, our destination, the truck veers to go around six tanks on the road whose occupants are hunkered down for the night. The crew in the truck continues to unreel the wire as it passes the row of tanks.

No problem. I pick up the wire from the middle of the road, climb on top of a tank and throw it over to my partner who ties it off on a roadside tree. That done, I leap onto the next tank and repeat the procedure. I am thinking that the job is going pretty good, but it's awful slow.

I am also wondering how those guys could sleep in the tanks with all the racket we are making. The unwinding spools of wire scream and whine; my heavy boots clunk on the cold armor of the tanks; we are yelling back and forth to each other as I heave some more wire over the tank to the side of the road.

Suddenly, I freeze. The hair raises on the back of my neck. I'm on top of the third tank now. Fear stings my eyes and I almost soil my britches. Something's wrong! What's wrong with my nose? I can't smell gasoline! Dammit! It's diesel...diesel fuel and sausage! Krauts always smell like sausage! My mind clicked! My God! These are German tanks!

I fly off the tank and stumble in the dark to my jeep driver.

In an urgent, hoarse whisper, I spit, "These are German tanks!" He yells, "What?" I hiss at him, "Be Quiet!" as I try to shut him up. I scramble to my buddy at the side of the road. With hand signals, I motion for him to come! We pile into the jeep that the driver has already slammed into gear and make a dash for the wire truck a few yards ahead of us. The jeep pulls abreast of the truck and I yell, "Those are German tanks! Let's get the hell out of here!"

The truck loses no time accelerating at a hellish speed toward Soy. The wire reel screams and wails like a banshee. With a life of its own, it keeps on spewing wire randomly, looking like so many snakes ready to strike. One of the guys on the truck grabs a hatchet, hangs over the tailgate and frantically tries to chop off the run-away wire. The clamor of the noise of the truck, the whining of the jeep, the rattling and clanking of the wire drums and the deafening harmonics of the wire all contrive to sound like a tank gone berserk.

That fact, alone, saves our hides. The Germans in the tanks have to be awake now. They gotta be as scared as we were, thinking that all hell was breaking loose outside. Not one hatch has popped open, nor has one head peeked out of those six German tanks.

As for us, we didn't look back! No siree! We never slackened the pace of our mad dash until we had reached Combat Command Reserve in Soy. There we reported the incident to the officer of the guard. Six Sherman tanks fire up at once and left to retrace our route. When they returned as dawn was breaking, they announced that there were no tanks anywhere in the area.

However, later that same morning we went back to the place of our aborted wire laying chore. In the snow, we found a confusing jumble of tank tracks going every which on the road and neighboring fields. It looked as if anything short of an orderly withdrawal had taken place in their hurry to retreat from the area. The tracks ultimately headed south from whence they had come...unscathed and ready to terrorize another day.

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## ATTACK ON BASTOGNE

January 1, 1945

**Edwin A. Calfee**  
**6th Armored Division**  
**50th Armored Infantry Battalion**  
**Company B**  
**Bluefield, Virginia**

We were supposed to have a company of tanks but only had six. Another unit had the road blocked coming up the hill, so we started our attack with what we had. We put a squad of infantry behind each tank. We didn't get the other tanks for two days.

Everything went okay for an hour in the heavy snow. Our tank passed a bunker and a machine gun opened up on us. We had 13 men hit as well as myself. PFC Roy Neidig saw one coming out with a burp gun to kill every one that was down. He shot and killed him. The tank opened upon them and they surrendered.

Arthur Hullehen was hit in the knee. Sergeant Norman Phillips was shot in the spine. We put them on the back of the tank as that was the only way out. Sergeant Phillips died at the aid station. He had a daughter he never saw.

I was patched up and made it with four men to Bastogne and the 101st Airborne Division. They were out of everything. But



they never quit. Hitler asked them to but they said, "You got us surrounded your poor bastards." For any one who was there, it was a living Hell.

\*\*\*\*\*

### CAPTURED "88"

December 19, 1944

**George F. Threlfall**  
731st Field Artillery Battalion  
Battery C  
Jacksonville, Florida

My sergeant, myself, and a few other volunteers were scheduled to train on a German "88" that the Third Army had captured in tact. The idea was for us to harass the enemy artillery--firing point blank into woods, etc., trying to get the Krauts to fire back at us, thereby exposing their gun positions to our fire command crew, who would bring in "Long Tom" fire to annihilate the enemy guns.

On the 19th of December, we were in "Saarguemines" when my sergeant left to bring back the captured "88." That day the engineers took our "Long Tom" from us, leaving a gun crew of 15 men idle. Some of the cannoneers would be used to replace us volunteers, while others would probably find themselves in the infantry. Then the Bulge started and the 731st Field Artillery Battalion promptly headed for it. When we arrived in St. Leger, Belgium, our Long Tom was there, waiting for us. The idea of using the 88 was dropped due to us changing Corps and the urgency of much needed Long Tom fire power to subdue the Germans in the Bulge.

At the time (I was 20) it looked like a good idea to me. Now that I am a little older, I think a lot of us would not have made it.

\*\*\*\*\*

### EVERLASTING MEMORY

December 16, 1944

**Elmer E. Libby**  
Company D  
1st Battalion  
23rd Infantry Regiment  
2nd Infantry Division  
Reno, Nevada

The night of December 16th we were riding in open trucks through snow and blizzard conditions. Then we were walking most of the night with enemy heavy artillery firing. We arrived at Hunningen at approximately 5:00 a.m.

Eleven men were dropped at a house on the edge of town. At 8:00 a.m., six of us go on to M.G. outposts. Three men per gun at an outpost located in the worst area of all--middle of a wide open field.

Eight hours of cramped cold and hungry. Just when we were supposed to be relieved, the German artillery, mortars, small arms broke loose. A gunner from the 99th Division fired a few rounds until his weapon jammed. Knowing a machine gunner's fate "if one must die, die fighting," I unjammed the weapon and used it until German small arms ended.

I looked over the gun and noticed a German rifleman approximately 40 foot away. I reached for a carbine. The German fired a tracer bullet. It was aimed for between my eyes.

So help me, it seemed forever reaching me and looked as large as a cannon ball. The bullet hit the M.G. rear sight which was laying flat and glanced above my steel helmet. I dropped like I had been hit, then a small German hand grenade came bumbling in about three feet away. I reached to throw it out and it exploded. I got a headache, an ear ache and shrapnel in the right buttock.

All kinds of Germans ordered us out. A German medic put bandages over our wounds. Our lives were in German hands but we were still living. I was 19 years old. It still seems like yesterday that that cannon ball had my number on it. I give thanks to the 1/4 inch thickness of that rear sight. This was the end of the Bulge for me, but I had a long, hard POW experience.



"It happened on that last big raid up North, he fell off the ladder getting out of his airplane!"



A frostbound 88mm gun abandoned by the retreating German forces, somewhere in the Ardennes./IWM



# VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE, INC.

Colorado Springs, Colorado  
August 31-September 3, 2000

## REGISTRATION FORM

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Wife/Guest Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Division: \_\_\_\_\_ Regiment: \_\_\_\_\_

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

Please provide the name of the hotel where you have made reservations \_\_\_\_\_

	Number of Persons	Cost per Person	Total
<b>Registration Fee</b> (All attendees must register)	_____	\$30.00	_____

### Thursday, August 31, 2000:

Buffet dinner at Hotel	_____	\$10.00	_____
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### Friday, September 1, 2000:

Bus Trip to U.S. Air Force Academy	_____	\$30.00	_____
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Bus trip to Flying "W" Ranch	_____	\$25.00	_____
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### Saturday, September 2, 2000:

Bus trip through mountains to Cripple Creek	_____	\$25.00	_____
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(Gold Rush Casino)

**OR**

Bus trip to Petersen Air Museum	_____	\$10.00	_____
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### Sunday, September 3, 2000:

Trip to Garden of the Gods	_____	\$15.00	_____
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Banquet	_____	\$20.00	_____
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Indicate preference: Beef #\_\_\_\_ OR Chicken #\_\_\_\_ OR Trout #\_\_\_\_

**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

**REGISTRATION RECEIPT DEADLINE—AUGUST 11, 2000 - AFTER THAT DATE BRING FORM.**

(Refunds for cancellations, will be honored in whole or in part, depending on availability of funds.)



**VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE, INC.**  
**REUNION PROGRAM**  
**Colorado Springs, Colorado**  
**August 31-September 3, 2000**

• **THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 2000** •

12:00 Noon - 5:00 p.m.	<b>Registration, Headquarters Hotel, Holiday Inn Garden of the Gods</b> The registration desk will be open the majority of the day.
6:00 p.m. - 7:30 p.m.	<b>Buffet Dinner</b>

• **FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000** •

As needed	<b>Registration, Headquarters Hotel, Holiday Inn Garden of the Gods</b> The registration desk will be open the majority of the day.
Early	<b>Hotel will offer buffet breakfast - on your own.</b>
9:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.	<b>Board Buses for United States Air Force Academy</b> Tour of Academy with view of cadets, tour of chapel, and lunch at the Academy.
5:30 p.m. - 9:15 p.m.	<b>Board Buses for Flying "W" Ranch</b> Bar-be-cue beef dinner at western ranch in the mountains with cowboy entertainment.

• **SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 2000** •

As needed	<b>Registration Desk, Headquarters Hotel, Holiday Inn Garden of the Gods</b>
Early	<b>Hotel will offer breakfast buffet - on your own.</b>
9:00 a.m. - 3:45 p.m.	<b>Option #1: Board buses for Cripple Creek</b> Ride through the mountains to the Gold Rush town. There you will find Casinos for your enjoyment. Included in the bus trip is \$10.00 worth of coupons for your use in gambling. Lunch is on your own.
	<b>OR</b>
10:00 a.m. - 1:00 p.m.	<b>Option #2: Peterson Air Museum</b>
Dinner	<b>On your own</b>

• **SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 2000** •

As needed	<b>Registration Desk, Headquarters Hotel, Holiday Inn Garden of the Gods</b>
Early	<b>Hotel will offer breakfast buffet - on your own.</b>
10:00 a.m. - Noon	<b>Depart for trip to spectacular Garden of the Gods</b>
3:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.	<b>General Business Meeting</b>
6:30 p.m. - 7:30 p.m.	<b>Social Hour - Cash Bar</b>
7:30 p.m.	<b>Annual Banquet</b> (Guest speaker not yet confirmed) Dinner will offer your choice of prime rib, chicken, or trout. Dinner will be followed by music.

**Hospitality Room:** Location and times will be posted in the lobby.



# **VBOB REUNION INFORMATION SHEET**

Colorado Springs: We have chosen activities which we believe will give you a well-rounded experience.

However, this beautiful Rocky Mountains location will offer you the opportunity to enjoy many scenic spots in addition to the activities we have planned in conjunction with our reunion.

You may wish to tour other sites not offered on our program. Some are listed at the end of this page.

## **•THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 2000•**

### **BUFFET DINNER AT HEADQUARTERS HOTEL**

A buffet dinner will be offered at the hotel which will consist of Chicken Marsala.

No activities are planned for this day to allow for the adjustment to the altitude (6,000 feet above sea level).

This will also give old acquaintances a chance to catch up with each other's activities and those who have never attended a VBOB reunion to make new friends.

## **•FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000•**

### **Early BUS TRIP TO U.S. AIR FORCE ACADEMY**

Enjoy a relaxed, hassle-free tour of the 18,000 acre Air Force Academy. After passing through the North Gate, you will view Diamond Lil, a B-52 Bomber. Next, a lovely scenic overlook off North Gate Road. You will visit the exquisite 17-spired interdenominational chapel, where the cadets march in their inspiring Noon Formation. Other attractions: Falcon Stadium, the Cadet Glider port, and the new \$3.8 million visitors center.

*(Includes: Transportation, tour guide, and lunch.)*

### **Evening FLYING W RANCH**

The Flying W Ranch is a working cattle ranch specializing in western food and entertainment since 1953. The wranglers will dish up a delicious supper of barbecued beef, baked potatoes, the famous Flying W beans, applesauce, Dutch oven biscuits, spice cake and coffee. After supper, you will enjoy a root-em toot-em stage show, with real cowboys singing songs of the Old West.

The show is filled with great music, laughter, and complete Western entertainment which lasts for more than an hour.

*(Includes: transportation, show, meal and all taxes.)*

## **•SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 2000•**

### **Option #1 GOLD RUSH CASINO CRIPPLE CREEK**

Here's a tour that will take you back in time to the event that put the Pikes Peak region on the map, when cowpoke Bob Womack struck pay dirt 100 years ago. The cry "GOLD" reverberated around the world, and "Pikes Peak or Bust" was the rallying response of thousands who poured into the West in search of quick wealth. By 1900, Cripple Creek had a population of 55,000. Today, it has dwindled to less than 4,000, but bustles again with excitement as a new gaming center. You will travel scenic Ute Pass and have plenty of time to shop, explore, visit museums and try your luck in the casinos.

*(Includes: transportation, coupon book and lunch.)*

### **Option #2 PETERSEN AIR MUSEUM COLORADO SPRINGS**

This interesting museum has on display airplanes dating back to the days of Charles Lindbergh.

## **•SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 2000•**

### **GARDEN OF THE GODS**

Travel to the Garden of the Gods Park, the most photographed place in the United States. Bring lots of film as this is one of the world's greatest natural wonders.

This gallery of amazing red rock sculptures was created more than 300 million years ago by violent geological forces. Fantastic formations jut skyward over 300 feet.

You will view such monoliths as **Balanced Rock** and the **Kissing Camels**.

### **OTHER**

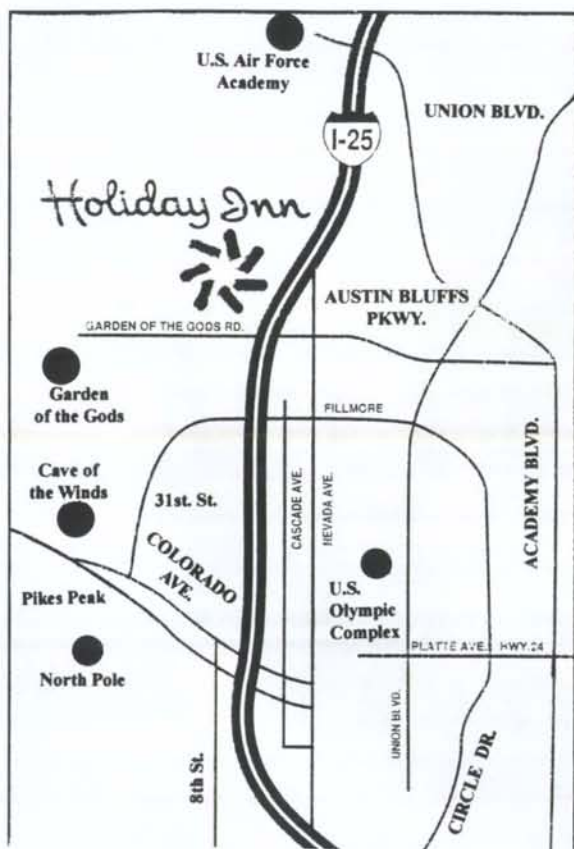
Among the other things you may wish to check out on your own:

- Colorado Springs Pioneers Museum
- Cave of the Winds
- Royal Gorge Bridge & Park
- Seven Falls
- North Cheyenne Canyon
- Iron Springs Chateau
- U.S. Olympics Complex
- Old Colorado City (shops, art galleries and boutiques)
- Red Canyon Park
- Pikes Peak (elevation 14,100)





## COLORADO SPRINGS GARDEN OF THE GODS



**From Denver:** (60 miles). Take I-25 South to exit #146. Turn right onto Garden of the Gods Road. Go West 2 blocks, make a right onto Hilton Dr.

**From Pueblo:** (45 miles). Take I-25 North to exit #146. Turn left onto Garden of the Gods Road. Go West 2 blocks, make a right onto Hilton Dr.

### GUEST ROOM REGISTRATION FORM

Guest Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Guest Group: Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone #: \_\_\_\_\_

Arrival Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Departure Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Credit Card #: \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration: \_\_\_\_\_

Room Type Requested: \_\_\_\_\_ Number of People: \_\_\_\_\_

Room Rate: \$70.00

Special Requests: \_\_\_\_\_

Reservations must be received no later than 07/31/00 to ensure guest room availability as outlined above. Reservations after this date will be subject to availability as unused guest rooms will be released for general sale. Please return this form to the address or fax number below, or you may make reservations by calling the hotel directly at 1-800-962-5470.

505 Popes Bluff Trail \* Colorado Springs, Colorado 80907 \* 1-719-598-7656

Hotel Fax: 1-719-590-9623 \* Sales Office Fax: 1-719-598-3978

*Independently Owned and Operated by MeriStar Hotels & Resorts, Inc.*



# A MEDIC'S MEMOIR

by Marge Flados  
from notes written by  
Henry McCracken  
395th Infantry Regiment  
99th Infantry Division

The memories had remained sharp and well defined in my mind over the expanse of 52 years. But as I tramped the battle sites on a 1997 visit to Belgium, where I once served as a young medic, the memories flooded back in all their gory, glorious detail. I wanted to record it as I remembered it.

I was a Medic in the 99th Infantry Division, 395th Regiment, before, during and after the Battle of the Bulge. Prior to our withdrawal to Elsenborn Ridge the Headquarters Aid Station of the 395th was in Rocherath and after the Battle of the Bulge began, the Aid Station received its share of shells pointed in our direction on the 16th, 17th and 18th. We had set up in a house on the outskirts of the town and by the 18th of December, we were receiving many casualties and some DOA, as well. That evening, an attempt to move the bodies back to the Graves Registration area on litter jeeps was unsuccessful, so we returned to our station and placed them alongside our station house in neat rows.

We had a roomful of injured men and we attempted to make them as comfortable as possible by giving injections of morphine to control their pain. Later during the night, a lieutenant from the 2nd Infantry Division stopped by with his patrol and he asked why the injured had not been evacuated. I told him that the ambulance drivers had reported that all the access roads were blocked toward the west. He then instructed us to load up all the injured and that he would try to get them through to medical units behind our lines. We did as instructed, but I never knew whether they made it or not.

The next morning we received orders to move out, and we loaded our vehicles with equipment and supplies and headed toward the 395th Headquarters Company. When we were about a mile from our destination, the road was heavily shelled and many of us opted to follow the vehicles to the Headquarters area on foot. By this time it was late afternoon and the shells kept coming. While walking along this rural road I heard a shell coming in and I hit the ground. It landed near by, took two skips along the ground, came to a stop and never exploded.

By the time we got to the Headquarters area, the trucks were already in convoy so we hopped on the nearest vehicle and headed cross-country. The ride was pleasant but short, because the trucks began to bog down and it was necessary to jump off and resume walking. No one knew our destination, we just walked in the direction we were told to go. Having not arrived at our destination by dark, it was necessary to find a place to spend the night. We came upon a dug-out about 12' x 12' and 3' deep, covered with logs and tin. It looked great to us at the time and a group of us shared the protection it provided for the remainder of the night. The shrapnel and dirt hitting our overhead cover during the night didn't keep us from sleeping and feeling grateful for our safe haven. The next morning a GI was brave enough to poke his head out to assess the situation, detecting no immediate danger, we all left our dugout and began walking once again. We came upon a U.S. Army truck that had some C rations on board that the drivers were willing to share. They were frozen solid but we ate them as if they were good.

As we approached a village, we saw a 6 x 6 truck approaching with a Red Cross flag flying from the front bumper. It turned out to be our Headquarters Medic truck out looking for me. Interestingly, I was MIA for a period of one night. That's okay, I needed the rest!

## Elsenborn

The truck driver took me to a house where our aid station was located at an intersection of the road from Elsenborn to Butgenbach. No sooner had we settled in when we were told that German tanks were coming up the road from Butgenbach from Elsenborn. The house had a small

fruit cellar with a window facing the road. Someone had left a bazooka and some shells in the aid station and Walter Pawlaski (from Minneapolis, Minnesota) and I decided to go to the cellar and from the vantage point that the window presented, fire the bazooka shells at the tanks when they approached. Medics were not allowed to carry weapons and we were a little short on expertise in the use of the bazooka, but we felt inclined to take some action in the face of oncoming tanks. We were greatly relieved to learn later that the tanks were stopped before they could proceed to our location. An officer came down into the cellar and asked what we were trying to do and we explained our plan to him. He may or may not have been amused at our bravado, but he told us that if we had fired the bazooka in those close quarters, the concussion could have done a lot of damage...TO US! So much for stopping a German panzer column in its tracks!!

Shelling continued to be heavy and it was suggested to our CO, Capt. James Fyvie (from Manistique, Michigan), that we were in a very vulnerable location, that the Germans were zeroing in on our intersection with great accuracy. He said he would look for a better location for us and promptly left. On his return, he informed us he had found a likely place for the Aid Station in a very sturdily built school house a short distance away and we lost no time in packing everything up once again and moving into the new location.

The school building was located at the edge of the Town of Elsenborn and there was nothing between us and the German lines. It resembled a fort, was well built with thick, stone walls. And a lucky move it was, for two days later a shell made a direct hit on the house we had formerly occupied.

The school house was surrounded by a sea of mud when we arrived, but it did indeed look sturdy. It had a concrete floor in the basement and we slept there because it provided us the best protection. Since the front entrance faced the German lines, we used the side door of the building.

As we settled in, the weather worsened, became colder and snow fell intermittently. We used two rooms in the building; the first room nearest the side entrance was our Medical Room and the second room was our overflow room which contained a pot belly stove with a smoke pipe sticking out the window. Whenever possible, the GIs would come in out of cold to warm up at our little stove and snatch a little sack time. Rags were placed over all the windows to maintain black-out conditions.

One night I smelled smoke and to my surprise saw that some GI had stoked up the fire, making the stove pipe red hot, setting the rags over the windows on fire. Guys were sleeping on the floor all around. There was very little water so after getting the guys out of the room we beat out the flames with whatever we could grab. In a room where we were not allowed to smoke a cigarette in order to keep any light from showing, we had flames shooting out the window! This was not lost on the Germans, because we took a few shells, as a result of this breach of our black out protocol.

We had many casualties coming in from Elsenborn Ridge, many with frozen feet. Replacements were in short supply during this time so we did not evacuate the injured as readily as previously. If a GI could use a weapon, he was not sent back for further treatment but expected to join his outfit as soon as possible.

On the 24th of December, Joe Maner and I were going back to Malméd for medical supplies and water. Enroute we were strafed by a German fighter plane at an intersection and our jeep was hit and totally demolished. The water cans were shot full of holes and an M.P. was hit in the shoulder as he was directing traffic at the intersection. I went back to take care of him. After he was bandaged and cared for, and afoot once again, we set out toward our Aid Station. As I slogged along, my right foot felt squishy, and I looked down to discover I had a flesh wound in the lower calf and blood was running into my boot.

After hearing out story back at the Aid Station, Capt. Fyvie decided I should be evacuated for treatment of my wound. My thought was that he was a doctor and could take

(continued on next page)



## A MEDIC'S MEMOIR

care of me where I was. Later on when pieces of the bullet began coming out of my leg, he again wanted to send me back to a medical field hospital. I refused for a second time. Later, I received a Bronze Star for providing care for the injured MP before attending to my own wound. Truth be known, at the time, I had not yet discovered I was wounded!!! As the war progressed, all combat medics were awarded the Bronze Star. I have two.

Trips continued to be made back and forth to Malmedy for supplies and it was my job to supply all four of our 395th aid stations, the 1st, 2nd, 3rd Battalions and Headquarters. There was an ample supply of plasma for transfusion, however, it is supposed to be transfused at body temperature. This was impossible. The plasma came packaged in a kit with needles, lines and in powder form. The powder had to be dissolved in a bottle of saline solution before it was administered intravenously. Nothing stayed warm in Elsenborn and it was a challenge to try to warm the plasma. We tried to keep the plasma warm by placing the bottles in a pan of water that sat on a little gasoline burner. The bottles stayed there until we went out in the field, then we carried the saline bottles in our arm pits to maintain their warmth.

After transfusing one GI with several liters of cold plasma--he looked a hopeless case--we placed a blanket over him because we thought he was dead. After a time we saw movement under the blanket and we hurriedly transfused him again, loaded him in an ambulance and sent him back for further treatment. Working near the front lines, we sent the wounded back as soon as possible and seldom ever knew whether they recovered. I have wondered about that one.

While we were at Elsenborn we received our first shipment of penicillin. It came to us as a powder that had to be reconstituted with normal saline. Previous to this time sulpham was the only drug we had to fight infections. Shortly after Capt. Fyvie had been promoted to major he became very ill and was running a high fever. He decided to try the new medicine on himself right then and there. It worked like the miracle drug that it was.... It made believers out of all of us.

The weather worsened and the army issued us Weasels, a more suitable vehicle with tank-like tracks for maneuvering in the snow. We promptly set about white-washing them in the hope of becoming invisible to the Germans when we were out and about.

Our 395th Headquarters kitchen was set up about a block from the school building so we had to make trips to chow. On Christmas Day it was turkey and trimmings for all. Due to the heavy shelling, we did not go in groups, but singly or in pairs. There was a jeep sitting about half way between the school house and the kitchen. Our plan included making a dash to the jeep, hitting the ground, then going the rest of the way as fast as possible. It worked great on the way over, but on the return trip, laden with our turkey dinners, we ran to the jeep, hit the ground as planned, but so did a lot of the turkey dinners. Soon the jeep was surrounded with turkey and trimmings!

Although we saw all types of injuries, some of the saddest patients were those suffering from combat exhaustion. I went to a house one day and found a GI seeking protection by trying to dig into the floor with his fingers. In Malmedy, I saw a GI walking back and forth in road ruts full of ice water obviously without any idea where he was or

what he was doing.

We had the unforgettable experience of being assigned a Medical Administrative Officer who came to the Aid Station and told us he wanted to go to the front. I told him to just step out the front door! A few days later he came into the station carrying a live bazooka shell. He said he wanted someone to detonate it so he could have it as a souvenir. I reported this incident to Major Fyvie and needless to say, the poor fellow was gone the next day.

One day a German artillery shell came scudding through the front door of the school building--but didn't explode. I have always been thankful for that dud.

We didn't use the triage system during this time. We had about 12 medics, a doctor and a dentist in our outfit to take care of all the incoming wounded. We treated other ailments such as colds, diarrhea, upset stomach as well as shrapnel wounds, bullet injuries, combat fatigue and frozen feet.

There was a big controversy over trench foot as opposed to frozen feet. Our aid station personnel received official notice that GIs in the field developed trench foot because they did not wash their feet and change to clean socks each day. We were instructed to designate the condition as "trench foot" which was considered a self-inflicted wound. Our major told me that we were never to use those two words on an evacuation card!

I admit to having had a problem with the liquor ration. We had four Aid Stations and we received three bottles per day to be used for medicinal purposes. There was scotch, cognac and some cheaper brands, but I was usually accused of keeping the best for our Aid Station. I should have documented the liquor distribution, for I really tried my best to divide it fairly and I thought that I did. Ironically, I didn't even drink liquor!

We remained in the school building until the break out from Elsenborn in late January at which time we headed back toward the twin cities of Krinkelt and Rocherath. My experience in treating these soldiers seemed like a routine job to me at the time. I was able to accept the responsibility without it creating any lasting personal problems. Of course there were times when patience grew thin but a good night's sleep and some decent food took care of those times. We were always hungry for fresh meat and we butchered a cow and a pig during our stay at the school house. We greatly enjoyed the meat for as long as it lasted! Usually the wounded men and the others who needed our help did not complain excessively or give us a hard time. I feel honored to have served as a medic in the 395th, and shall always remember and admire the courage and inner strength shown by the men on Elsenborn Ridge. ....■

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## MICHIGAN MONUMENT

The Western Michigan Chapter of VBOB is erecting a monument in Traverse City, Michigan, to honor those who served in the Bulge. Everyone is invited to attend the dedication services which will take place June 14, 2000, at 11:00 a.m. at VFW Post 2780, 3400 Veterans Drive, in Traverse City. The chapter will also be grateful for any donations received toward this project. If you would like to donate, please send your donation to James E. Wibby, 4449 Audubon Drive, Traverse City, Michigan 49686.

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*Sign in British Pub:*

**"DRINK YOUR BEER  
BEFORE IT GETS COLD"**



## DAY-TO-DAY REPORT

By Lt. Col. Thomas Sams Bishop

99th Infantry Division

*[The following article appeared in the 6th issue, 1999, of the 99th Infantry Division Association's newsletter, The Checkerboard.]*

**16 Dec.**--All hell broke loose today. German Army attacked in strength on our right boundary vicinity Honsfeld, 14th Cav. CP, on our right flank, withdrew eight miles to our rear and exposed our entire right flank. We are fighting like hell. Situation is obscure but looks to me like a big push. We are in a very bad situation. Attacking on our left, defending on our right. We have identified four German divisions so far today: 1st SS Panzer, 3rd SS Panzer, 12th SS Panzer, and part of the 8th Panzer Grenadier Div. So far, they have all bounced off.

**17 Dec.**--Jerry has broken loose. Attacking Malmedy and two columns reported moving north out of Faymonville and Waimes. Weather is against us so we have no air observation. Moved CP from Butgenbach to Camp Elsenborn. Our air caught some tanks southwest of Bullingen, knocked out a few. Our people not prepared for such a heavy attack with armor and we were not warned in time. However, we are now.

**18 Dec.**--Division will fall back tonight to positions east of Elsenborn and dig in. New line has good defensive possibilities and we will dig deep. Artillery has been splendid. our TDs have done a good job too. We have lost the following towns: Rocherath, Krinkel, Wirtzfeld, Honningen, Bullingen, and critical CR of Losheimergraben. We are taking a mauling and trying to keep on fighting. Our discipline will show up now. Very grave situation, however, we have knocked out 15 tanks and beaten off several attacks.

**19 Dec.**--Situation on our front improving but still bad. Established forward CP in Elsenborn. Shellfire comes in pretty regularly. Our casualties not too large but have lost lots of equipment and personnel.

**20 Dec.**--Weather still bad. Continuing to improve our positions. Germans continue to advance west toward Meuse River.

**21 Dec.**--Weather clearing. Improving defensive positions. Getting in equipment.

**22 Dec.**--Air weather and lots of planes. Bombed and strafed the Germans. No change in our situation.

**23 Dec.**--Our position improving. Jerry continues west. We are told we have to hold the North Shoulder. Shell fire in our town across the street from our front door. Our air is working again today.

**24 Dec.**--Fairly quiet. Presume Jerry backing off for another try. We are ready now and all dug in. Received 10 letters from home. Montgomery says: "Defense of this sector by 99th Inf. Div. one of the bravest acts of war." My boys have done a splendid job. Eight packages containing food from home tonight. Good feast.

**25 Dec.**--A most beautiful Christmas Day. Clear as a bell with our air working throughout the day. Got shelled direct on front lines by 88 mm--22 rounds right over my head and me in a one-man foxhole with two other fellows. Hard on the nerves. Continue to prepare for defense of Elsenborn. Began check on all soldiers and vehicles in the town. Completed movement of all civilians out of the area. Wrote two letters home.

**26 Dec.**--Clear day. Our air is again active. Visited Col. Moore and Col. Douglas. Our positions are good. One patrol burned six more disabled Jerry tanks today. Got artillery barrage in exchange--no casualties. The Germans have slowed down to our west but not completely stopped. We should start pushing back soon.

**27 Dec.**--Another quiet day. Seven American P-47s strafed our position and fired rockets into our artillery positions. We shot down two; one pilot was killed and one was injured. Stated he was brief wrong and was lost. Received word by telephone that our operations were going very well in the south. Generally, we are encouraged. We have been living in a wine and beer cellar (Hotel Hansen) in Elsenborn.

The Division CP is back about 4,000 meters at Dom Rurhof. Had good dinner tonight--steak, potatoes, peas, peaches, and coffee. G-2 thinks Jerry is regrouping for big final push against this entire sector from Hofen to Stavelot. Hope he is wrong but we are getting better prepared each day.

**28 Dec.**--Awoke at 0530. Artillery fire increased sharply along our front lines. At 0600 German infantry attacked 3/393, tried to infiltrate position, then withdrew. By 0800 things had quieted down. CP shelled intermittently since 0530. No communications to the rear. 0900, artillery has increased again. Snow is falling and visibility is poor. No air cover or observation. Captured five POWs, three are 353 Regt. 246 VG Div. (a new outfit that relieved the 8th PG Div. last night). Moved in from about 20 km east and committed to the attack. 0950, POW corporal states the attack is local to gain the high grant east of Elsenborn. Also says he saw SPs moving south to Racherath last night. 1000, four to six tanks reported in draw opposite 1/394. These tanks turned out to be trucks. Quiet from 1100 to 1200. Previous report of tanks may be correct as POWs, now 20, say another attack planned for 1400. The attack this morning was executed by two battalions of infantry which we badly mauled as they were just thrown against our positions. The caliber of these troops is not of the SS or Panzer that hit us Dec. 16-18. The 1/394 opened fire at about 30 yards with MGs, BARs, and achieved good results. Of 25 POWs captured, 21 are wounded, four not injured. 394 Inf. expects additional attack at dark tonight. No other attack developed during the day.

**29 Dec.**--All quiet during the early morning except for abrupt artillery concentrations. Foggy but the sky is clearing. Tanks reported at 0800 opposite Co. K. 394th Inf. in the woods. Artillery fired. Two hundred medium bombers passed overhead going east at 1500--a very beautiful sight. Remainder of the day was very quiet.

**30 Dec.**--Morning quiet except for sporadic artillery in area. Hear our people are doing fairly well at LeRochefort-Marche-Stavelot, also on the south flank at Echternach. Planned to send my boys back one at a time to bathe and get cleaned up but Col. Jeter vetoed the plan. Afternoon was fairly quiet except for a sharp increase in artillery fire on the 1/393. They received 96 rounds in 25 minutes coming from the south, southeast, and east.

**31 Dec.**--Snow fell during the night--about three inches. Cold wind out of the north. Very little artillery fire. Visited front lines and the cold dry snow burns your face. Having a fuss about two tanks on our front that are not completely destroyed. We know that they are but our rear SP does not think so. The paper today mentions the town we are in, Elsenborn, as the southern tip of the north shoulder of the penetration. This is not correct as the shoulder is 2,500 meters southeast of Butgenbach at a point called Dom Butgenbach, which is a CR.

**1 Jan. 1945.**--More snow for the new year. Some artillery in the town. Told we were moving back to Sourbrodt. Took a bath to start the year right--right out of a tub.

**2 Jan.**--Moved to Sourbrodt. Lots of confusion back here. Plans are being made (Stonewall--a plan for the withdrawal of V Corps to a holding position along the high ground southeast from Aachen to Dinant). Had a good supper. To bed by 2200.

**3 Jan.**--Demonstrated on our front with three platoons of 2/394. Used smoke, artillery, and lots of movement. Only one platoon reached its objective. Others had a pretty hard fight. All patrols returned by 1055. One platoon had two MIA and one KIA. Heavy snow fell during the night.

**4 Jan.**--Snow still falling. The country is beautiful. Very quiet all day.

**5 Jan.**--Quiet day except for a sudden increase in artillery fire about 1500.

**6 Jan.**--Quiet day. 1/39 Inf. was relieved by 2/395. Relief was completed by 0040 without trouble.

**7 Jan.**--Benny Jewell received Bronze Star today.

*(Continued on next page)*



## DAY-TO-DAY REPORT

**8 Jan.**--Snowed heavily throughout the night. About 15 inches deep and drifting badly. Major Herbst reported in on temporary duty from V Corps.

**9 Jan.**--Col. Norman left today as he was transferred to the 84th Inf. Div.

**10 Jan.**--Our patrols were active. Otherwise a quiet day.

**11 Jan.**--Quiet. Lost four men in an OP and a complete 10-man patrol. It is hard to understand the loss of the four-man OP.

**12 Jan.**--Big birthday but nobody to celebrate it with. Received cable and birthday cards.

**13 Jan.**--Our artillery active all night placing C Battery before attack. 30th Inf. Div. on our right (southwest) flank, will attack southeast to be followed by 1st Inf. Div. which will pivot to the east. Looks like this is the beginning of the end of the Bulge. The attack has been postponed for 24 hours.

**14 Jan.**--Visited Wayne Wood today. He is in rare form as he is now PRO for the 2nd Inf. Div. Completed plans for diversionary raids at 0615 tomorrow. Won 1,000 francs from Col. St. Clair by betting him there were not over 2,000 generals in the Army. St. Clair can't pay until payday.

**15 Jan.**--Up at 0545. All raiding patrols off on time. 395 Inf. waded a stream. The day is very cold and this patrol withdrew at 0850 without results to keep the men from freezing. No casualties. 394 Inf. patrol reached Phase Line #2, 800 to 1,000 yards in front of their position. Resistance is spotty and these patrols withdrew at 0850. 393 Inf. covered 800 to 1,000 yards, withdrew at 0910 with three POWs. Total casualties for today's stupid operations--three officers, 54 EM.

**16 Jan.**--Made reconnaissance for employment of 1/395 and 1/393 to assist 1st Inf. Div. Remainder of day was spent planning the regrouping of battalions on the front.

**17 Jan.**--New C/S, Lt. Col. Warren, arrived today. Col. Jeter left for assignment in the XVII Airborne Corps. New C/S is young and ambitious.

**18 Jan.**--Reconnoitered range at Camp Elsenborn to do some practice firing for new men. Had another bath and put on clean clothes.

**19 Jan.**--A blizzard during the night. We are having trouble due to drifting snow. Wind died down at 1600. Received five cablegrams and one was about Bud's death.

**20 Jan.**--Snowing again very bad. Visited Col. Moore during the afternoon.

**21 Jan.**--Visited 324 Engr. Bn. to check range firing at Camp Elsenborn. Got stuck in snow drift and had a very hard time getting out. Hear rumors of a new attack for us.

**22 Jan.**--Visited range at Camp Elsenborn and rest area under construction for 1/395 Inf. Men working in two feet of snow. Trucks are slowed down and it is very hard on the men. Seventh Army withdrew 30 miles today under pressure. Situation down there is obscure but doesn't look too good. Russians are still moving. Our Order of Battle men predict war will be over by April 1.

**23 Jan.**--CG and G-3 visited V Corps. First and Ninth Armies start their attack in six days.

**24 Jan.**--This period spent planning attack. Issued FO #4.  
*[Col. Bishop's report continues on to April...we have extracted only the portion regarding the Bulge.]* ■

Whenever a man's friends begin to compliment him about looking young, he may be sure that they think he is growing old.

--Washington Irving, *Bracebridge Hall*

## CHRISTMAS REVERIE IN A GERMAN PRISON CAMP

By: Robert A. Grimes, Stalag Luft IV—1944

Silvery moonbeams infiltrate  
The boarded windows of my prison room,  
Falling gently across the faces  
Of my slumbering comrades,  
Like ghostly fingers of an Omnipresent God  
Splashing His love and benediction  
Across the barren walls  
And into each sad and hurting heart.

The freshly fallen snow  
Lies softly on the ground,  
Reflecting the watch-tower lights,  
And muffling the distant sound  
Of Russian guns.

The night is dark; the cold intense,  
And interspersed between the cannon fire,  
The soundless silence is profound.

On such a night as this, O God,  
Thy Almighty Word leapt down  
From heavens height  
And made Himself, for us, a Royal Pawn.  
Tonight we celebrate His wondrous birth,  
(Though little celebrating there will be.)  
I sit and shiver in my dismal room  
And think about my family—worlds away,  
And how I miss not being there tonight.

I think about a stable cold and damp  
Where long ago a Mother birthed her Son,  
Then suddenly I feel a flood of warmth,  
A flow that emanates from deep within,  
And I am filled with love and heavenly peace,  
The love and peace that only He can give.

I make my way back to my lonely bed  
And realize that Christmas is not "things",  
Not tinsel, toys or trinkets we can buy,  
It is a spirit and an attitude of love.

His Love became the primal stone  
Cast into the sea of human love,  
And we are ripples  
Going outward endlessly.

Nor all the tyrant's hate  
And deeds of war  
Can stop this gentle force,  
Nor take away or change  
What I believe.  
Though I have naught—yet I have all,  
His Love this Christmas Eve.



## VBOBers MARCH AGAIN



Photo by John McShane, St. Patrick's Parade Committee

The Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge marchers in the St. Patrick's Day Parade in Washington, DC really dazzled the on-lookers and the judges as they marched to the drum beat of the Randolph Macon Military Academy which preceded them. They were voted by the Parade judges as the Best Overall Marching Unit in the entire parade on Sunday, March 12, 2000.

Never let it be said that ol' soldiers have lost any of their luster of 55 or so years ago when they last had any close-order drills. After a minute or two, the marchers had picked up the beat of the drum with their left foot and were off and in step (mostly)! It is amazing how one never forgets that training of so many years ago. We were joined by two WWII Jeeps and a 3/4 ton WWII vehicle to carry the walking wounded, under the leadership of Larry Tucker, of the Military Vehicle Preservation Group. A tip of the

Irish Top Hat goes to John Dunleavy, our National President; Syd Lawrence, MD/DC Chapter Past President; Poppy Popovich, our Northern VA Chapter President; Neil Thompson; Benjamin Layton, III; Mike Levin; Tom Dobinski; Francis Heppner; Bill and Mudge Greenville; Carl Brindle and his wife, Betty; John Bowen, Parade Coordinator; and Ed Green, who traveled all the way from North Carolina to march.

A number of reenactors drove the vehicles and carried the colors in their WWII uniforms. It was quite a blustery day so it was helpful to have the reenactors carry the flags. And were they snappy! The wind also made for cooler temperatures but as the veterans said, "This is nothing. Remember, we are Bulge Veterans!" The public was particularly pleased to see these veterans with a little ZIP and rhythm in their step and applauded the group continuously all along the parade route. The trophy is well appreciated. Now the group will have to have monthly close-order drills to maintain their reputations!

The unit was in position C25 and if any of you have access to the Internet, you can see pictures of the parade at: <http://come.to/irishparade>. A beautiful picture of the front of our marching unit was featured in the centerfold of the *Soundoff* newspaper of Fort Meade, MD the week of St. Patrick's Day. A great job VBOB marchers!

*Editorial Note:* Our chapters should not miss an opportunity to march in any of their local parades, said John Bowen, the St. Patrick's Day Parade Band Coordinator. If not asked, the chapter should make contact with the local parade organizers, and ask to be included for Memorial Day, 4th of July, Veteran's Day, and of course, St. Patrick's Day. The parade coordinators always welcome new participants, especially World War II veterans. The National Guard or Reenactors Groups should be contacted and asked to provide military vehicles for the "walking wounded" who cannot physically march, so all can participate. Always ask to be positioned behind a military school or unit band that plays military music and you will find how easy it is to pick up the beat.

## REVIEW

*Nuts! The Battle of the Bulge*, by Willy Harold Vassaux, is a slick page, 8" x 10", multi-colored, illustrated, story of the Battle of the Bulge in comic book fashion (see Page 8.) It is an enjoyable read for anyone with some knowledge of the Bulge either as a participant or one that has studied it. The illustration work is outstanding as the artist has captured realistic characterizations of the major participants. The leaders are easily recognized due to the talents of the artist. The details of the soldiers and equipment are very good. The illustrations reminded me of the great illustrations of the *Terry and The Pirates* comic strip during the WWII period. Both the American GI and the German military are authentically illustrated. It is amazing the amount of detail the artist was able to put into tanks, planes, and uniforms, and integrate all of these things into individual scenes.

The book of 95 pages brought back many memories of the comic books of the war, which was my weekly read on the war. Though those comic books of WWII were fictionalized and had a great deal of propaganda written into them, this book on the Bulge accurately follows the story of the Battle of the Bulge. The map illustrations are particularly well done.

If there is a fault to the book, it is that the names of various generals and other players, just pop onto the scene and unless you have a knowledge of the Battle, you would not know who General Middleton (VIII Corps Commander), General Hoge (9<sup>th</sup> Armored Division Commander), General Kinnard (Regimental Commander), or General Hasbrouck at Vielsalm are, or the part that they played in the epic. Harper and Rose are shown but one would not know that Lt. Colonel Harper was the one who brought the German negotiators to and from Brig. General McAuliffe, and interpreted the meaning of the "Nuts!" reply as they left as "Just go to Hell!"

Granted, in comic book fashion you cannot expect to receive a biography on each of them but there should be an appendix that lists all of the character's names mentioned with a short citation for the reader as to who that person was and their role in the Battle. If it is important to show them by name in an illustration, then it should likewise be important to explain in an Appendix, the role they played in the Battle.

**Other minor errors:** Though Creighton Abrams was later to become Army Chief of Staff, at the time of the Battle of the Bulge, he was still a Lt. Colonel, but the illustration showing him with Patton says, "General Patton, General Abrams speaking." Operation Grief, the Col. Skorzeny mission to dress in American uniforms and spread confusion and fear, is referred to as "Griffon."

All in all, I enjoyed the illustrated book which might make for a good way for Bulge veterans to sit down with their grandchildren and great-grandchildren to explain what the Battle of the Bulge was all about.

John D. Bowen

### British Canteen joke:

A matron, annoyed at the lecherous behavior of some soldiers, advised their commander that her girls weren't susceptible to their amorous advances. "Our girls have got it here," she said, tapping her forehead.

"It doesn't matter where your girls 'have it,'" the commander told her. "My boys will find it."



## LEHIGH VALLEY CHAPTER EDUCATION PROJECT

Judy Greenhalgh, President of the Lehigh Valley Chapter of VBOB, advises that the chapter has organized a group to visit schools.

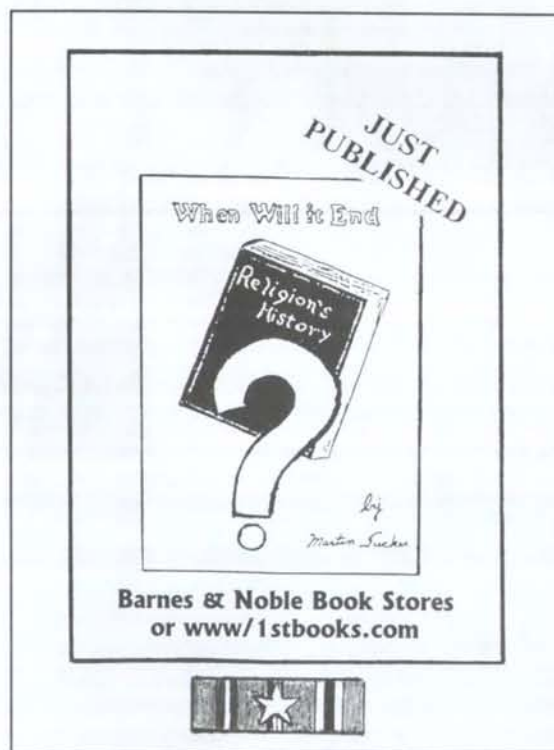
In the spring of 1999, letters were sent to 35 area social studies departments to inform them of the service. To date, the team of 15 has been invited to seven schools, involving approximately 1,200 students. Five more are anticipated for this spring. This educational service gives the students the opportunity to meet and talk with "living witnesses" to history, i.e., the European Theater of Operations during World War II.

Three or four veterans operate as a team beginning with a geography lesson and army structure. A short video details the terrible cold. Pictures, clothing, helmets and other mementos draw the students' interest. The team focuses on the soldiers' emotions and they discuss duties, clothing, rations, cleanliness, mail, camaraderie, loneliness, fear, surviving and surviving in a foxhole and/or deserted house, hatred of the enemy, liberation of towns, being a POW, the occupation and coming home.

The response of the students has been very gratifying.

Judy has graciously offered to provide any member with an outline of their program. Write to her at: Box 52, Blooming Glen, Pennsylvania 18911.

*[Thanks, Judy, for advising us of this very worthwhile project. This is the way the story will remain with future generations.]*



## SPECIAL INVITATION

*To VBOB members who may belong to unit associations which are considering relinquishing active status, please inform your unit members that VBOB extends a cordial invitation to these organizations to become members of VBOB, Inc.*

### BENEFITS OF MEMBERSHIP

*The benefits of membership in the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge far exceed the annual dues. Member benefits and services include:*

- Quarterly subscription to *The Bulge Bugle*,
- Opportunity to participate in Annual Reunions held in different locations,
- Membership in region chapters which hold monthly meetings,
- Receipt of your region's newsletter,
- Region specialty tours and social events,
- Invitation to annual December 16th wreath laying ceremony at Arlington National Cemetery, 2-day event,
- Opportunity to obtain professional BOB Certificate,
- National headquarters office,
- VBOB Quartermaster.

*We encourage the submission of unit articles and personal combat experiences.*

Thomas F. Jones  
Vice President, Membership

## 174TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION MEMORIAL

LEONARD N. SCHAFENBERG advises that his battalion now has a memorial shrine and tree located in Arlington National Cemetery in Arlington, Virginia. It is located on Grant Drive and Row 14. Leonard gives credit for the memorial to the planning of JOSEPH B. KUBECK.

Hoary, old Scotch joke

Question: Is anything worn under the kilt?

Answer: Nai man! Everything's in perfect working order.



## REUNIONS

**2ND ARMORED DIVISION**, September 13-17, 2000, Peoria, Illinois. Contact: Lewis E. Bogart, 623 Shuttle Hill Road, Muncy, Pennsylvania 17756-9701.

**3RD CAVALRY**, September 1-3, 2000, Louisville Talt House East, Fort Knox, Kentucky. Contact: Robert Persinger, 4125 Riverwood Drive, Loves Park, Illinois 61111-7668. Telephone: 815-639-0665.

**4TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, July 3-9, 2000. Contact: Roger Barton, 2 Spring Dr R-19, Walkersville, Maryland 21793. Telephone: 888-845-4040.

**7TH ARMORED DIVISION**, September 22-25, 2000, Springfield, Missouri. Contact: Charles E. Barry, 947 "A" St, Meadville, Pennsylvania 16335.

**10TH ARMORED DIVISION**, August 31-September 3, 2000, Hyatt Regency Hotel, Knoxville, Tennessee. Contact: Warren C. Schulze, 132 Rutledge Road, Greenwood, SC 29649. Telephone: 864-223-0120.

**11TH ARMORED DIVISION**, August 20-26, 2000, Sands Regency Hotel, Reno, Nevada. Contact: Bill Phelps. Telephone: 210-684-4603.

**11TH ARMORED DIVISION, 55TH ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION, COMPANY B**, September 7-10, 2000, Amana Colonies, Iowa. Contact: Gene Foster, 1401-17th Avenue, Eldora, Iowa 50627. Telephone: 515-858-2158.

**26TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, June 1-3, 2000, Hampton Inn, Westport, Massachusetts. Contact: Sam Thompson, 1 Waltham Drive, Plainville, Massachusetts 02762-2251. Telephone: 508-699-4982.

**30TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, September 20-24, 2000, Adam's Mark, Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Contact: R. M. Mann, Jr., 2417 Bitting Rd, Winston-Salem, North Carolina 27104. Telephone: 336-724-1472.

**35TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 216TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION**, September 28-30, 2000, Drury Inn Nashville South, Nashville, Tennessee. Contact: James C. Franklin, 229 Bonds Road, Thomaston, Georgia 30286. Telephone: 706-648-2837.

**58TH QUARTERMASTER BASE DEPOT**, October, 2000, Fort Lee, Virginia. Contact: John L. Cawley, c/o Moreken, 1328 Myrtle Street, Scranton, Pennsylvania 18510. Telephone: 570-398-0230.

**63RD INFANTRY DIVISION**, August 15-19, 2000, Hilton Hotel, Cherry Hill, New Jersey. Contact: Mrs. Barney Forrest. Telephone: 610-489-9523.

**76TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 304TH INFANTRY REGIMENT**, September 14-17, 2000, Louisville, Kentucky. Contact: Jay M. Hamilton, 308 Medford Heights Ln, Medford, Oregon 97504. Telephone: 541-857-9296.

**78TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, September 20-23, 2000, The Galt House, Louisville, Kentucky. Contact: Jack Dillman. Telephone: 513-793-7826.

**78TH INFANTRY DIVISION (Northeast Area)**, July 8-9, 2000, Holiday Inn, Fishkill, New York. Contact: Philip DiPace, 123 Yardboro Avenue, Albany, New York 12205. Telephone: 518-459-3815.

**80TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 317TH AND 318TH ANTI-TANK COMPANIES**, May 19-21, Little Rock, Arkansas. Contact: Francis Redar, 3102 Old Hobart Road, Lake Station, Indiana 46405. Telephone: 219-962-1962.

**83RD INFANTRY DIVISION**, September 6-9, 2000, Friar Tuck Inn, Catskill, New York. Contact: Robert Derickson, 3749 Stahlheber Road, Hamilton, Ohio 45013-9102. Telephone: 513-863-2199.

**84TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, August 26-29, 2000, Marriott Hotel, Albuquerque, New Mexico. Contact: Max Liebers, 142 Pumice Loop NE, Rio Rancho, New Mexico 87124. Telephone: 505-891-0981.

**86TH ORDNANCE COMPANY**, September 14-16, 2000, Cumberland, Maryland. Contact: Richard Schildbach, 101 South Whiting Street #514, Alexandria, Virginia 22304. Telephone: 703-370-2707.

**87TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, September 10-17, 2000, Washington, D.C. Contact: Jim Amor, PO Box 4092, Long Island City, NY 11104. Telephone: 718-937-9160.

**90TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, September 6-10, 2000, Adams Mark Hotel, Charlotte, North Carolina. Contact: Henry C. Bernhardt, 315 North Main Street, Salisbury, North Carolina 28144. Telephone: 704-637-1492.

**94TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, June 1-3, 2000, Sheraton Norfolk Waterview Hotel, Norfolk, Virginia. Contact: Harry Helms, 609 Dogwood Drive, Downingtown, Pennsylvania 19335. Telephone: 610-363-7826.

**110TH AAA 90 MM GUN MBL SECOND BATTALION**, October 4-6, 2000, Holiday Inn Hotel, Dallas, Texas. Contact: Harold W. Mueller, 9505 Sequoia Drive, St. Louis, Missouri 63123. Telephone: 314-631-5350.

**202ND ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION**, July 28-30, 2000, Holiday Inn, Downtown Erie, Pennsylvania. Contact: Paul J. Witherow. Telephone: 814-796-3075.

**254TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION**, August 4-6, 2000, National Guard Armory, Iron River, Michigan. Contact: Ed Vickstrom, 2012 Washington Ave, Ishpeming, Michigan 49849. Telephone: 906-486-4804.

**296TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION**, September 28-30, 2000. Contact: Robert Williams, 123 Robeth Lane, Wethersfield, Connecticut 06109.

**297TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION**, June 8-11, 2000, Owensboro, Kentucky. Contact: Hal Miller, 5251 Windy Hollow Road, Owensboro, Kentucky. Telephone: 270-785-4088.

**300TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION**, June 1-3, 2000, Dallas, Texas. Contact: Frank Neuhauser. Telephone: 214-328-3005.

**328TH INFANTRY COMBAT TEAM**, October 27-29, 2000, Nevele, Catskills, New York. Contact: Alex Pagnotta, 3306 Fisher Road, Lansdale, Pennsylvania 19446. Telephone: 215-412-3335.

**482ND ANTI-AIRCRAFT ARTILLERY AW BATTALION (SP)**, September 20-24, 2000, Omaha, Nebraska. Contact: Chuck Gregorovich, 908 Williams Street, St. Marys, Ohio 45885. Telephone: 419-394-3548.

**486TH TANK EVACUATION COMPANY**, September 18-20, 2000, Hart Lander Hotel, Pigeon Forge, Tennessee. Contact: Tom Horton, 1100 Lydia Street, Louisville, Kentucky 40217. Telephone: 502-634-8544.

**602ND TANK DESTROYER BATTALION**, September 7-10, 2000, San Antonio, Texas. Contact: Ray Young, Box 4573, East Lansing, Michigan 48826-4573. Telephone: 517-332-8329.

**612TH TANK DESTROYER BATTALION**, August 2-6, 2000, The Continental Inn, Lexington, Kentucky. Contact: Jack Flanagan, 139 St. Andrews Road, Severna Park, MD 21146. Telephone: 410-987-1701.

**705TH TANK DESTROYER BATTALION**, September 6-10, 2000, Cocoa Beach Hilton, Cocoa Beach, Florida. Contact: Frank W. Brooks, 1674 University Parkway #313, Sarasota, Florida 34243. Telephone: 941-355-5527.

**750TH TANK BATTALION**, June 6-8, 2000, Executive Inn, Louisville, Kentucky. Contact: Ed Garber, 3419 Burrell Drive, Louisville, Kentucky. Telephone: 502-449-1802.

**773RD TANK DESTROYER BATTALION**, Charleston Marriott Town Center, 200 Lee Street East, Charleston, West Virginia. Contact: Edward McClelland, 4384 West 182nd Street, Cleveland, Ohio 44135.



# VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE CERTIFICATE



The Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge Assn is proud to offer a full color 11" by 17" certificate, which may be ordered by any veteran who received credit for the Ardennes Campaign. It attests that you participated in, endured and survived the greatest land battle ever fought by the US Army. You do not have to be a member of the VBOB Assn in order to order one but you must have received the Ardennes credit. This beautiful certificate is produced on parchment-like stock and is outlined by the full color WWII insignias of the major units that fought in the Battle of the Bulge starting with the 12th Army Group followed numerically with Armies, Corps and Divisions and the two Army Air Forces. We wished that each unit insignia could have been shown but with approximately 2000

units that participated in the Bulge it was impossible. However any unit which served in the Bulge would have been attached to or reported through one of the unit insignia depicted. You may want to add one of your original patches to the certificate, when you receive it. Units were researched in the Official General Order No. 114 for Units Entitled to the ARDENNES Battle Credit and will be the basis for sale of this certificate. The unit insignias shown are also those used in the design of the Battle of the Bulge Memorial Conference Table dedicated and on view in the Garrison Library at Ft Meade, MD (open Mon & Wed 12:30-3:00 PM). The requests to date have been overwhelming, therefore we would request that you allow approximately 3-4 weeks for delivery.

A Special Certificate is available to spouses or children of those who made the Supreme Sacrifice in the Battle of the Bulge or who died of wounds received in the Battle of the Bulge. The individual request should have the date and place of death and be certified by the family requestor or by a buddy who was present. Multiple copies of the same certificate may be ordered if you have a number of children/grandchildren. Rank or command during the Bulge is preferred. It will be abbreviated to the WWII or three character standard. The certificate will be shipped rolled in a protective mailing tube. Please be sure to **place your name, service number and unit as you would like it to appear on the certificate**. The unit name should as full as possible as you want someone reading it to understand what unit you were in. We will abbreviate it as necessary. It is important that you type or print this information. The unit must be one of the 2000 units authorized for the Ardennes Campaign credit. **The cost of the certificate is \$15.00 postpaid.**

**Unfortunately we do not have any more frames available at this time. John Bowen is presently trying to arrange with other suppliers who will produce these special sizes in quantities of 100. This may result in a higher frame cost. Our previous order had to be for 500 frames which took over three years to sell and resulted in the non use of a garage where they were stored. We will keep you posted.**

## 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 have enclosed a check for \$15.00 for the Certificate. Please include the following information that I would like on the certificate:

First Name _____	MI _____	Last Name _____	Serial Number _____
Organization: Company, Battalion and/or Regt, Division _____			Rank (Optional) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Killed in Action _____ date _____	Location _____ place _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Died of Wounds _____ date _____	<input type="checkbox"/> POW _____ dates _____ Camp _____
<b>MAILING INFORMATION:</b>			
Name _____	Street Address _____		Apt No. _____
City _____	State _____	Zip + 4 Code _____	
Telephone Number (In case we need to call you) _____		VBOB Member: Yes _____ No _____ not a requirement	Signature & date _____
<b>Make checks out to VBOB for \$15.00. Orders should be mailed to VBOB Certificate, PO Box 11129, Arlington, VA 22210-2129. Questions can be directed to John D. Bowen, 301-384-6533, Certificate Chairman.</b>			

01/08/99



# VBOB QUARTERMASTER

May, 2000

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
VBOB Logo Patch - 3"	\$ 4.50		\$
VBOB Logo Patch - 4"	\$ 5.50		\$
VBOB Logo Decal - 4"	\$ 1.25		\$
VBOB Windshield Logo - 4"	\$ 1.25		\$
VBOB Logo Stickers (10) - 1 1/4"	10 for \$1.25		\$
Baseball Cap w/3" VBOB Logo Patch - Navy only	\$ 10.00		\$
Windbreaker w/4" VBOB Logo Patch (Navy only) <i>Please circle size (they run a little snug): M L XL XXL XXXL</i> <i>(XXL and XXXL - see prices)</i>	\$ 25.00 (M, L & XL) \$ 26.00 for XXL \$ 27.00 for XXXL		\$
VBOB Logo Lapel Pin - 1/2"	\$ 5.00		\$
Miniature VBOB Logo Medal w/Ribbon (pin on type)	\$ 8.50		\$
VBOB Logo Belt Buckle - Silver tone or Gold tone <i>(Please circle choice)</i>	\$ 16.00		\$
VBOB Logo Bolo Tie - Silver tone or Gold tone <i>(Please circle choice)</i>	\$ 16.00		\$
VBOB License Plate Frame w/Logos - White plastic w/Black printing	\$ 5.00		\$
VBOB 100 Sheet Notepad w/Logo - "This Note Is From... A Veteran of the Battle of the Bulge" - White paper with Blue printing	\$ 3.00		\$
VBOB Tote Bag - 18" x 15" natural (off-white) color tote bag with navy handles and large navy VBOB logo	\$ 8.00		\$

Only Cash, Check or Money Order Accepted

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

**DO NOT INCLUDE ANY OTHER MONIES WITH QM PAYMENT**

Please allow 3-4 weeks for delivery

Shipping and Handling:

\$0.00 to \$5.00 - \$ 2.00

\$5.01 to \$10.00 - \$ 3.00

\$10.01 and over - \$ 4.00

Please add an additional \$1.00 to regular shipping and handling for all items shipped outside the USA.

Cost of Items: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

S&H: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Total: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

**Office Use Only - Do Not Write Below This Line**

Date Received: \_\_\_\_\_

Date Mailed: \_\_\_\_\_

Payment: Cash Check MO

Check No.: \_\_\_\_\_





# VETERANS of the BATTLE of the BULGE

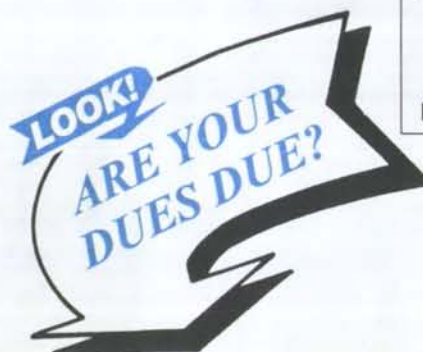
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**MAY, 2000**



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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:*

Campaign(s) \_\_\_\_\_

Unit(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)