

The BULGE BUGLE

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THE ARDENNES CAMPAIGN

MAY 2001

"LOST" BATTALION BESTOWED HIGH HONOR

[The following article appeared in The Washington Post, February 24, 2001. The article was written by Steven Vogel.]

The end was in sight for Army Lt. Richard Durkee and his paratroopers. After four days of bitter fighting in the frozen Ardennes during the Battle of the Bulge, the men were closing in on their final objective, a Belgian town guarding a critical German escape route.

Durkee had moved forward through the deep snow to take out a German machine gun nest on a bluff defending the fortified town. He looked behind, expecting to see his platoon moving up. There was nobody save one soldier.

"Send up the damn men so we can attack the town," Durkee called.

"Sir, I can't" the soldier replied. "They're all dead."

Durkee fell back to find that more than 15 men had been caught in crossfire from German machine guns, and their riddled remains were strewn in the snow.

"Oh, that was terrible," Durkee, 82 of College Park (Maryland), said recently, his voice shaking at the memory. "There was my platoon, body upon body."



[Lt. Col. Wood Joerg, shown in southern France (1944), commanded the 551st Battalion.]

When the battle was over, more than four-fifths of the 643 men in the 551st Parachute Infantry Battalion were wounded or dead. The Lost Battalion, they would later be called.

Yesterday, at a packed Pentagon ceremony, the Lost Battalion finally received recognition. More than 40 veterans, including Durkee, were on hand as Gen. Eric K. Shinseki, the army chief of staff, awarded the 551st the Presidential Unit Citation, the highest honor that can be given to an Army unit.

"We are in the presence of heroes," Shinseki told the audience.

"After such a long period of time, it's not only vindication, it's verification of what we accomplished," said retired Col. Douglas Dillard, 75, a Bowie resident who served in Durkee's company and spoke on behalf of the veterans.

Until now, the battalion received little credit for its role in the Battle of the Bulge, the largest and bloodiest land battle fought by U.S. troops in World War II. A surprise German offensive through the Ardennes in December 1944 had sent the Americans reeling and threatened the Allied advance in Nazi-held Europe.

(Continued on Page 8)

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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.

President's Message

Hardly a week goes by that I do not hear from some planned activity or dedication of a monument taking place in the name of our organization, somewhere in the United States. We often hear of WWII outfits which are disbanding because of lack of interest and low enrollment. I can assure that such is not the case for the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge. Nancy Monson, our Administrative Director, assures me that we are gaining new members each month and the level of interest of our members is high.

This, of course, in my view is due to the fact that some of our chapter presidents still have the fire in their bellies to arrange interesting meetings, promote comradeship and to think of additional ways to get new members. In many ways, the results have been astonishing. We are forever grateful for their efforts.

At this time, I'd like to cite some specific examples:

In Orlando, Florida, Harry J. Meisel, who in December, 1999, was Chairman of the VBOB Committee to erect a huge statue of the American Soldier in downtown Orlando, which was attended by over 1,200 people, has for many years provided excellent leadership in that area. Mr. Meisel has not only given of his time and effort to our organization but has been unselfish in other anonymous ways. Harry will be working with Lou Cunningham in planning the September Orlando Reunion.

At the December 1999 Monument Dedication in Orlando, the keynote speaker was Brig. Gen. William E. Carlson (Ret.) His speech was a memorable one and we are calling upon him to again deliver in September 2001. In addition, Brig. Gen. (Ret.) Albin F. Irzyk, a battalion commander of tanks in "Patton's Best," 4th Armored Division, has also informed me of his willingness to be on hand and to help in any way possible. We are indeed honored to have men of such calibre and ability.

Recently, Jim Hunt, of Columbus, Mississippi, was chairman of a memorial committee to erect a VBOB monument at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. Jim, a First Infantry Division veteran, gathered together at Camp Shelby U.S. Senator Trent Lott, the governor and other state dignitaries all in the name of the veterans of the Battle of the Bulge.

On May 5, 2001, at Manassas, Virginia, the Freedom Museum, comprising more than 60 operating military vehicles (WWII tanks, half-tracks, jeeps, etc.) will be on display for the general public. It is expected that over 1,000 people will attend this event and we have been asked to give a talk on WWII Armored Warfare. We intend to take part in this event.

The next day May 6, 2001, Doris M. Forman, a VBOB Associate Member and spouse of S/Sgt William J. Forman, rifleman, 26th Infantry Division (deceased) will sponsor a dedication of a memorial monument for VBOB at Ft. Monmouth, New Jersey. The Acting Governor of New Jersey



John Dunleavy

and general officers of the post are scheduled to attend along with VBOB members and citizens in the area. Stanley Wojtusik, Vice President of VBOB, will take an active part in the ceremony. Mrs. Forman, whose family history of military service dates back to the Revolution, is highly commended for her loyalty and deep interest in this and other matters.

Not enough good things can be said concerning Chapter President George Fisher of the Southeast Chapter of Florida. Several years ago, George started with nothing and today has approximately 200 veterans and wives who attend their meetings. These meetings are often luncheons at restaurants or hotels. George has involved the press and on one occasion had U.S. Congressman Clay Shaw attend their function. George has assured me that he will have 200 attendees at the September 2001 Reunion in Orlando. George Fisher does a good job for VBOB on a continuous basis.

Richard Guenter, of our Executive Council and former commanding officer of the 511th Engineer Light Pontoon Company in WWII, assigned to Third U.S. Army, is always available for his sound advice and steady hand. Guenter takes part in all of our Executive Council meetings and is constantly thinking of ways to benefit VBOB.

Jack Hyland, of Pennsylvania, a former executive in the communications industry, and former infantryman with the 84th Division, can always be counted on for his wise counsel at our meetings. Jack has a ton of experience in many areas and we appreciate all that he has done for our organization.

Peter Leslie, of the New Jersey Chapter, has done a remarkable job of opening new chapters in the New Jersey and New York areas and nurturing them along so that they will be productive. Peter served in Richard Guenter's command, 511th Engineer Light Pontoon Company in WWII, and continues to "bridge" into new areas for our organization.

I could go on and on about the men and women of our veterans group, concerning their unselfish efforts for the good of the organization. Their efforts have been a source of great inspiration to me. I consider my job to be a "labor of love." Whenever I think back about the exhausting toil and the sacrifices made by our men on a 24 hour basis from Normandy to the end of the war, I consider it to be an absolute privilege to be associated with such men.

Lou Cunningham, George Linthicum, and Harry Meisel will be working diligently to make our September-October Reunion in Orlando a success. No horses will be spared and through all of our efforts, it will be successful. Let us all be proud to represent our organization in all possible ways.

Stay well and I look forward to seeing you in Orlando.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WE FELT THEIR PAIN

[Excerpts] We of the 343rd Medical Battalion had the painful [experience] of treating the wounded who came to our station. Col. Mahr, our CO, and all of the members of the evacuation system worked day and night transferring the wounded of the Bulge to Parisian hospitals until the end of the Bulge came ... and the war came to an end.

We recognized the pain and malice that we had to put up with, the pain and suffering of the thousands of wounded, crying and begging of the wounded not to cut off their arms or limbs. Now, at age 87, as I recall the pains of that battle, I often have to cry.

...Could you just mention that we felt the aches and pains of the boys and men we treated when they were in such agony.

Victor DiRuggiero
343 MED BN

AN ERROR ON THE MAP

How many of your members from the 84th Division pointed out the error in the map on page 28 of your February 2001 edition? The map shows Marche, Belgium, at the western edge of the Bulge to be within the German lines. In fact the 84th Division was moved from the area of the Roer River in the 9th Army sector to stop the German advance before Marche and the Germans never entered Marche.

As a footnote, Captain Frank Price, who was the S-3 of the 2nd Battalion, 335th Infantry Regiment, 84th Division, was involved after the war as an employee of Doubleday and Company in editing General Eisenhower's book *Crusade in Europe*. The map on page 354 of that book, before publication, showed Marche within the maximum German penetration in the Ardennes. Frank told me in 1949 that he personally had the error corrected and a look at the map as it appeared in the book shows that Marche is excluded, but just barely, from the maximum German penetration.

As a note of possible interest, the German 7th Panzer Division, which in 1940 drove through Marche on its way to the Meuse and ultimately through France, was commanded by General Erwin Rommel.

I very much enjoy reading every issue of *The Bulge Bugle* and sincerely thank you for all your efforts.

Bernard W. Lyon
84 INF 335 INF HQ

CORRECTION

The article regarding the 38th Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron, which appeared on page 27 of the last issue, should have stated that Arthur V. Whitely was with the 102nd Cavalry Group, 38th Cavalry Squadron (Mechanized), Company A.

Arthur V. Whitely
102 CAV GP 38 CAV SQD (M) A

TIME TO LOOSEN UP

The February issue, I thought, was the best ever. Survivors of the BoB are beginning to loosen up and tell their experiences in greater detail. It is great that they are, because these experiences should not be lost. We can learn much from what one can read between the lines, and that is that communications and information down to the soldier who was to do what is required of him is sadly lacking. The big picture is not related. In so many of these stories, had the men known more about the why and wherefor they could have done their jobs so much better and many lives were lost through "ignorance."

I was especially interested in the story of Sam Peters, of Company F, 2nd Battalion, 328th Infantry Regiment, 26th Infantry Division. After VE day, I was transferred to that unit as battalion commander from being a S-2 of CCR, 8th Armored Division, in combat. That unit was selected as Honor Guard for General Patton's big show of the Lippizon horses in Vienna. Major Leonard Weakeley, Executive Officer of the 26th, was the overall commander and was next in command. Patton had had those horses removed from the Germans before the Russians moved in, thus saving them for posterity. He rode the big white beauty that Hitler had planned to give to Japan's Hirohito after their victory.

I always believed my battalion was selected because there were so many returned Purple Heart recipients in the ranks. General Patton hugged every one of them with tears in his eyes as he walked by them. What an experience!

Wellington S. Smith
8 ARMD

IT WASN'T A TYPO

In the February, 2001, issue of *The Bulge Bugle* on page 30, there is an article about Lou Varrone. I would like to correct this article.

Mr. Varrone was a member of the 82nd Airborne Division during World War II and he was not in the 87th Division....

Glynn L. Arrington
82 ABND 504 PIR HQ

[It wasn't a typo—it was a dumb mistake. Sorry.]

CONCENTRATION CAMPS

In a partial response to John M. Payne's letter in the February 2001 issue on page 26.

John mentioned an experience with a camp he saw in Luxembourg, the town of Grevenmacher. One man thought it was a Gestapo concentration camp. The Gestapo did not operate concentration camps (CC's), but did have many terrible prisons and delivered prisoners to concentration camps. The Gestapo was the German State Police and normally took over buildings for their prisons where they tortured people.

There were many types of camps under the Nazi system from Gestapo prisons, Konzentrationslager (concentration camps), Soderlager, (special camps) Transfer camps, Arbeitserziehungslager, (workers educational camps) Ausenkommandos, (work camps) etc. in all about 5,000 camps now listed in "Das Nationalsozialistische Lagersystem" by the International Tracing Service.

For each main concentration camp there were hundreds of sub camps, example, Dachau with about 209 sub camps. I went through many of the 1,400 pages but at this point have not found the camp you mentioned but it might be listed under another name and requires deeper research. From what you mentioned about the ovens, I would discount work camps and I am leaning to perhaps one of the sub camps of the "Struthof-Natzweiler CC's. This system was among the worst type of camps of terrible brutality. There were about 50 camps in that system. The Grevenmacher area is near the 134 Buchenwald system plus 120 work camps, but there were a category #2 and Natzweiler was category #3. Gravenmacher shows a Gestapo prison in the area and many near by in Germany.

I will continue searching for your camp, but it would help a lot if I had more information. The main Natzweiler camp is now a museum in Northern France. The chicken wire sounds like a temporary camp of some kind and is possible for a Gestapo prison but ovens normally were not connected with them, so the ovens and chicken wire on the building does confuse things. Natzweiler was where they experimented on victims and I won't go into details but Dr. Hirtz was in control from Strasbourg. Then they burned many of the bodies, thus I feel this might have been connected. I'll check with Aaron Kornblum who did a special study on the Gestapo prisons just in case. Process of elimination. There is no set rule of behavior for the camps at the end of the war. Up north at Halle on the Salle in a German Artillery base, we found a gas chamber/shower room and ovens.

I found one other bit of info. There was one transient camp in Luxembourg called Gruenbunnun that collected 3,000 Jews and sent them on to Lodz Ghetto 1941-42 and declared the nation as "Jude Fien," but this does not fit your description at all. If you have any more memories, please write me. (#4983 U.S. Route 2, Marshfield, Vermont 05658).

Curtis R. Whiteway
99 INF 394 INF 3 BN

WWII MEMORIAL

I am writing to comment about the letter in the February issue written by "Unsigned," criticizing the construction of the WWII memorial. His argument is that the money could be better used for disabled veterans. He also wrote,

(Continued on next page)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Continuation)

"Our deeds speak for themselves." This latter is questionable.

Several months ago, one of the leading newspapers conducted a poll of the senior classes of some of the best-known and prestigious colleges and universities in the country about WWII. Thirty-three percent did not know who our enemies were.

Think, in a few years from now, these young people and many of their peers from other colleges and universities, will be in important positions in the work place.

Because we, veterans, are human, we are proud of our service and want to feel it is appreciated. But, the Memorial will be more than that. It will be a place of educational value to the many who will visit in the years to come, that the events that came to happen in this time period of history, must never happen again.

Someone said: "No tyrant ever came to power without the consent of the masses." This is true. Examples: The Tyrant Kaiser Wilhelm, WWI; Tyrant Adolph Hitler, WWII, the tyrant who lead civilization to the brink of extinction. Now there can be a better saying: "There can be no tyrant where the masses are a people who are not apathetic; or people who have an intelligent interest in national and international affairs."

At the end of WWII, General Bradley said: "We know more about killing than we know about living. Winston Churchill said: "The terrible Twentieth Century." Today the world is a dangerous place, one example: the knowledge to build and launch weapons of mass destruction. What will this new Twenty-first Century be for our children and our grandchildren?

I made a donation for the building of the Memorial. Because of my age and illness, it is unlikely I will see it built, but I am happy to know it will be.

Preston L. Fitzberger
4092 QM SVC CO

STILL WILLING AND ABLE

Thanks for printing the column on the 38th Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron (sent by Arthur Whiteley). I was supply sergeant for my Troop A and my captain, William J. Buentzle, told Cecil Carnes from *The Saturday Evening Post* that I was the best supply sergeant in the ETO. That was when we broke into the Liberation of Paris on August 25, 1944.

I am 83 years young and still able to soldier if asked by my country. I joined the army reserves after discharge in 1945. They picked me up for Korean in 1950 but while in training at Camp Breckenridge, Kentucky, they told me that they had too many sergeants and sent me to Stuttgart, Germany to help the 7th Army Headquarters with occupation duties. I did four and one-half years in WWII and three in the reserves. Yes, the army stays with me every day.

David A. Levine
38 CAV RECON SQD A

MORE ON BRADLEY'S "THOUGHTS"

I didn't intend to write you concerning General Omar Bradley's "Thoughts" on the reasons for thinning out the Ardennes-Eifel front in the fall and early winter of 1944 (*The Bulge Bugle*, No 3, 2000). However, with Professor Jerome Long's letter (*Bugle*, No 1, 2001), the discussion seems to be continuing, so I will pass along to your readers what I have learned perusing secondary sources in preparation for writing *The Shock of War*.

There is a clear indication in General Bradley's first book of World War II memories, *A Soldier's Story*, that he wanted the German commanders to go on the offensive somewhere along his front. Here is what he wrote:

"By evening (of December 16, 1944), it had become disconcertingly apparent that this was no demonstration. Eight new German divisions had been identified in the attack. The enemy had centered his blow against Middleton's VIII Corps front-deep in the Ardennes, the most vulnerable point in our entire Allied line.

"Well, Brad,' Bedel Smith (General Eisenhower's Chief of Staff) laid his hand on my shoulder, 'you've been wishing for a counterattack. Now it looks as though you've got it.'

"I smiled wryly at the recollection. 'A counterattack, yes, but I'll be damned if I wanted one this big.'" (*A Soldier's Story*, Rand McNally paperback edition 1951, pps 449-450.)

General Bradley and his Army and Corps commanders were unquestionably frustrated in the late fall 1944 by the stubborn German

defenses along the Siegfried Line and the awful casualties this stalemate was inflicting on their forces in the field, particularly the infantry regiments that were taking the brunt of it.

They must have all given more than a little thought to what might be gained if the Jerries would only come out of their holes and cellars and bunkers and try to take ground. An initiative that would allow the Army Air Force and Artillery to go to work on them. But from General Bradley on down, they didn't seem to adopt serious plans at any command echelon for preparing their own divisions in the Ardennes or elsewhere for a coordinate defensive operation to take advantage of such a brash German move.

In fact, the leading American historian of the Battle of the Bulge, the late Charles B. MacDonald is more than a little critical of General Bradley on this score and quite candid about the failure of the general to prepare his command.

MacDonald reported in his *A Time for Trumpets*, his detailed history of the Battle of the Bulge, that a few weeks before the Germans struck General Bradley told Major General Kenneth Strong, General Eisenhower's intelligence chief at SHAEF, "he was aware of the danger in the Ardennes" and had "earmarked certain divisions to move into (the area) should the enemy attack there."

MacDonald, however, could find no evidence in his thorough-going research that General Bradley ever issued orders, secret or otherwise, to his subordinates to implement a plan of action in the event the Germans counterattacked in the Ardennes.

In a second book of memoirs written in collaboration with the journalist Clay Blair and published in 1983, General Bradley gave more details on the preparations he made, or claimed he made: "I discussed the possibility in detail with Middleton (Major General Troy H. CO of U.S. VIII Corps) of a German spoiling attack in the Ardennes.

"We made plans to defend against it," wrote General Bradley. "If the Germans hit his sector, Middleton was to make a fighting withdrawal--all the way back to the Meuse River if necessary.

"We chose the specific defensive positions he would hold. Since there were only a few roads through the area, we thought our tactical air forces could interdict them with relative ease, further delaying the Germans.

"Middleton was to vacate no gasoline or food dumps or anything else of value to the enemy within that line of withdrawal. If Middleton were forced to withdraw, he would slow the enemy as much as possible, and I would order reserve armored divisions (the 7th and the 10th) and other units to close pincers at the base of the German salient and cut him off." (*A General's Life*, Simon and Schuster, 1983, page 354)

Again, MacDonald could find no evidence that General Middleton acted on Bradley's orders, if such they were. He did not alert his division commanders to the plan. (They would have had to perform the "fighting withdrawal.") And further, MacDonald could find no evidence that Bradley ever alerted Middleton's superior, General Courtney Hodges, 1st Army CO to the plan, nothing about the fighting withdrawal, nothing about keeping supply dumps out of the area of a possible German strike.

Nor could MacDonald find evidence that General Bradley informed Hodges about the two earmarked armored divisions. Nor did he inform the commanders of these divisions they would be called on to mount a large- and dangerous-counterattack if the Germans struck.

(See *A Time for Trumpets*, pages 73-74, William Morrow, 1985)

In short despite that General Bradley wrote after the war, it was obvious to MacDonald that whatever conversations he had with Middleton about the dangers of a German attack in the Ardennes he did nothing concrete to prepare for it.

This is particularly disturbing given the amount of intelligence on German preparations for some kind of large-scale aggressive action along the Ardennes-Eifel border in the weeks before the Null Tag (D-Day) kick off. Contrary to the generally accepted view that the Germans had successfully covered up these preparations, much hard and even more soft information was being received by intelligence staffs at Army, Army Group, and SHAEF headquarters.

In fact, another highly regarded American military historian, Forrest C. Pogue has written acidly, we might add, "In analyzing the intelligence situation before the Ardennes counteroffensive, one may well ask what additional information the Allies would have needed to predict the December 16, 1944, attack." (*The Supreme Command*, U.S. Government Printing Office, 1954, page 371)

Charlie MacDonald started his massive job of research for *Trumpets* with a high regard for

(Continued)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Continuation)

General Bradley. By the time he finished writing, he was no so sure. I know because he told me so.

Joseph C. Doherty
99 INFD 393 INF 4 BN

[J.C. Doherty is the author of a three-volume history of the battles between the U.S. Vth Corps and the German 1st SS Panzer Corps and 67th Infanterie Korps on the north shoulder of the Bulge southeast of Liege, Belgium. His history is entitled "The Shock of War: Unknown Battles That Ruined Adolph Hitler's Plan for a Second Blitzkrieg in the West, December-January 1944-45.]

NEW YEAR'S TOAST

Seeing your notice, in the November, 2000, *Bugle*, to remember our New Year's Toast to all who served in the Battle of the Bulge, reminded me of New Year's Eve, December 31, 1944, on a hospital train leaving the Cotton area of Belgium. At 5 minutes to Midnight a German plane flew over and strafed the train, and continued on 20 minutes for Paris, France. What a New Year's celebration!

That's why at our Senior Citizens Club at 12 Noon Pacific time I got up to stop the singing to offer a toast. The article copied below from the *Sierra Madre Mountain Views*, January 18, 2001, tells what happened:

"The Senior Club has had a busy year with trips, catered luncheons, guest speakers and sing-a-longs. One important event happened at our meeting on December 31st, New Year's Eve. Bill Newbery, Senior Club Treasurer, WWII veteran and member of VFW, stepped to the podium at exactly 12 Noon. He asked all present to offer a toast to honor and remember all those, who in 1944, were fighting the horrendous Battle of the Bulge. These men and women who fought in WWII are the heroes of the "Greatest Generation" and deserve all the honor and gratitude a grateful country can offer. Bill Newbery was there and we thank him for reminding us. Hats off!"

[See Bill's request in the "Members Speak Out" Column.]

W. H. "Bill" Newbery
75 INFD 290 INF H

WHAT ABOUT MY BATTALION?

Why doesn't the 8th Armored Division and 80th Tank Battalion get any recognition?

Jiken Berthold
8 ARMDD 87 TK BN SVC

AND WHAT ABOUT MY OUTFIT?

I really enjoy reading *The Bulge Bugle*, but I keep looking for something about my outfit, 18TH CAVALRY RECONNAISSANCE SQUADRON, 14TH CAVALRY GROUP, TROOP C, but have yet to see anything.

Robert G. Bunce
18TH CAV RECON SQD 14 CAV GP TP C

[When you (as members) want to see something about your group, you must send it to us. Your contributions are responsible for the contents of this newsletter. Of course, we cut and trim and do some editing, but the articles are sent by you. We do not have staff to research things, so we rely on you entirely.]

NOT AGAIN

This is in response to associate member Prof. Jerome H. Long, Joseph B. Quatman, special agent, Army CIC, and Demetri Paris, 9th Armored Division in the February 2001 *Bulge Bugle*.

The responsibility for the "calculated risk" was Gen. Eisenhower's, not Gen. Bradley's, and Eisenhower admits to it in his book *Crusade in Europe*.

Calculated is: to ascertain beforehand; form an estimate of; inclined to reckon or estimate, especially for one's own interest; an estimate of probability. Risk is: a chance of encountering harm or loss; to expose to a chance of injury or loss.

Gen. Marshall's orders to Gen. Eisenhower were to secure a lodgment on the Continent of Europe, break out and close to the Rhine. After the unsuccessful attempt on Hitler's life in July, resistance groups were told

to lay off, Hitler was more important to the Allies alive than dead.

Hitler had limited his communications to land lines so ULTRA intercepts pertaining to an offensive were almost non-existent. We had entertained resistance group aid all across France. That reliable intelligence was dwindling. A commander has to rely on his G sections. Our G sections had issued their assessment of the situation.

Now look at a map. We controlled north of the Ardennes. We controlled south of the Ardennes. Gen. Marshall had ordered Gen. Eisenhower to create a strategic reserve of two infantry and one armored division east of Paris. The 82nd and 101st were R&R at Rheims. When you attack an enemy on a broad front, he must defend on a broad front. Eisenhower and Bradley saw an opportunity to execute a huge encirclement. To do this, manpower was essential. Seriously entertaining the possibility of a German offensive, the only area available to Hitler was the Ardennes.

An intelligent commander always studies terrain. The Ardennes did not contain one east-west road. Valleys, rivers, it was December, fog, snow, rain. To execute his envelopment plan, Eisenhower took a "calculated risk" based on reports from his G sections.

Eisenhower and Bradley made plans to react to such a possible breakthrough. Hitler did not believe that we could react as quickly as we did. Hitler did not think that the 82nd and 101st could be deployed as quickly as they were. He did not believe that Patton could react as quickly as he did.

Now, which Belgians do you believe? Which POW's do you believe. Reliable intelligence has a short lived "shelf life." Hitler eliminated and created divisions with a wave of his hand. Hitler was trying to deceive the Allies. Prof. Long's vitriol is laced with maybes, could, should, ifs and might with nothing to back up what he writes.

I do not understand Mr. Quatman's statement to the opening day of Hitler's offensive is in dispute. Does he possess information that the rest of us are wrong in using December 16th? He states that the bottom line is that the United States practically abandoned the Ardennes front. Where does he get this information? There is no determined thought that no German winter offensive would not take place.

As for Mr. Paris, there is more to Mr. Cole's book than two selected pages. My suggestion is that you go back and start on page 35 to 55 and pay close attention to page 50.

Howard Peterson
4 ARMDD 51 AIB CCA

A SHOT IN THE ARM

I've been a reader of *The Bulge Bugle* since the beginning. I learn of things that happened close by, etc., during the battle.

I consider all veterans in the combat area, one way or another, a shot in the arm toward victory.

I will never forget when all of us heard that the SS had shot down in cold blood the 80 GIs.

James L. Whichard
VIII CORPS HQ & HQ ARTY

JOHN WAYNE UBER ALLES

The *Boston Globe* recently published an article (1/21/01) on WWII German POW camps located in the New England States and included coverage on the Houlton, Maine camp where I served as sergeant of the POW compound from July 1945 through November 1945.

The Houlton POW camp was actually located within the Houlton Army Airfield Base which had been used to ferry planes to Europe in the early days of WWII. The base was situated near the Canadian border as was the town of Houlton itself.

As the war progressed, the need for the airfield was reduced, as was the number of Army Air Force personnel stationed there. These reductions in turn allowed the POW camp to be fashioned out of some existing Army barracks, mess halls, recreation rooms, etc., with all such buildings forming the compound enclosed by high fences, barbed wire, guard towers, etc. Since my office was inside the compound, I can attest that the shelter, clothing, food and other necessities furnished to the POW's were more than adequate.

The POW compound itself was run like a small military camp with German supply sergeants, cooks, barbers, laundry workers, medical personnel, etc.

(continued on next page)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from Page 6)

The barracks, bunks, blankets and stoves were essentially the same as those used by the U.S. airmen and soldiers stationed at the base.

Clothing for the POW's was used GI clothing (seasonably correct) with large P.W. initials stamped prominently front and rear.

Prisoners going to work on the huge Aroostook County potato farms, canning factories, etc., were loaded on trucks inside the compound and were accompanied by GI guards to the work site, on the site and during the return to the compound. Head counts were frequent and thorough throughout the day both within the camp and at the work sites.

All work was voluntary, i.e., this was not forced labor. The harvesting of potatoes was labor intensive since the machines simply dug up the potatoes and left them sitting on top of the soil to be picked by hand and put in barrels. The farms of Aroostook County were huge in acreage and civilian labor was in short supply.

In many respects, the camp was run like a business. Area residents who employed German prisoners on their potato farms, timberland, or in their canning factories paid the camps money, which in turn was used to cover the expenses of housing, clothing and feeding the prisoners, as well as stipends for each working prisoner.

I remember the discipline at the camp as being fair, but strict. Some of the prisoners spoke English fluently and were considered likely to attempt escape, prompted largely by periodic rumors that the prisoners would be sent to Europe to disarm mine fields planted by their fellow soldiers. Consequently, careful head counts were required when the prisoners were leaving for or returning from work details, and there were frequent barracks inspections. When the very few escapes did occur, the military's search was assisted by FBI spotter planes from Augusta. The standard punishment for escapees, in addition to loss of some privileges, was that each one walked back to camp from the location where he was recaptured. To the best of my knowledge, the longest walk was about eight miles by a prisoner who had been missing more than 48 hours.

Two episodes in my service assignment to the Houlton AFB POW camp, one involving some of the GI guards and the second involving the German POW's, may be of interest.

I went overseas with the 26th Yankee Division and served as a rifle platoon sergeant in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia, leaving my company on May 5, 1945 (two days before the end of WWII in Europe) to come home on points.

In a bit of an "O. Henry" type twist of fate, these GI's were ex-POW's of the Germans and most of them were from the 106th Division, having been captured when the Germans smashed through in the Ardennes in December 1944. These GI's were by and large still bitter that they had been overstretched, undersupplied and generally unprepared as newly arrived in the sector for the massive German tank and infantry attack in the Bulge.

These GI ex-POW's thus became the jailers at Houlton POW camp. Certainly the difference in the treatment they had received from the Germans was at the very low end of the scale or indeed off the scale compared to the fine treatment afforded the German POW's at the Houlton POW camp, which is the only one with which I am familiar.

Lastly in a light touch, the German POW's were shown movies on occasions and as I was making the rounds inside the compound, I stopped by the mess hall to check on some particularly exuberant cheering. The German prisoners were watching some Pacific war movie--and enthusiastically rooting for John Wayne. So much for erstwhile allies when John Wayne was *uber alles*!

John M. Geaghan
26 INF 101 INF 3 BN I

A FAMILY MATTER

I was with the 160th Engineer Combat Battalion at Sauerlautern trying to get some tank destroyers across the Saar River, if this could be done and direct fire put on the pill boxes the river could be bridged, armor could move through the defense ring, race up the east side of the Saar and get into the Trier area where many rail centers were, this would prevent the forces being assembled for the proposed Bulge offensive.

This was happening the first two or three weeks of December 1944.

The 160 pulled out of the Sauerlautern area and moved north to the Bulge hinge area with the 5th Infantry. This movement along with many others is what is described as the "Patton 90 degree turn."

On December 24th, my cousin, John Stonefield, was killed near Bastogne. John was a gunnery sergeant with the 705th Tank Destroyer Battalion, they were a part of the 101st Airborne Division defensive line.

I was with the 160 ECB until August 1945, came home, and learned of John's demise. Family members did not know much about his death and John's father chose not to talk about it.

As the years moved on I often wondered how I could find out more, most of the older family members had passed on.

I became a member of VBOB and at times saw in *The Bulge Bugle* that information was often asked about a buddy.

In the May 1999 issue of *The Bugle*, I requested information from anyone who knew anything about John's death that December 1944 day. It was almost immediately that Bill Beigel, of Torrance, California, wrote me and suggested that I write for John's "Individual Deceased Personal File" (IDPF) at:

Commander, PERSCOM
Attn: TAPC-PAO (FOIA)
Public Affairs
200 Stovall Street
Alexandria, Virginia 22332-0404

I wrote and they sent me a stack of copies about one-half inch thick, the following is what I found in the stack: A list of personal effects and their disposition. A lengthy report describing how John was identified by his shoe size from the other three in the M-18, the fourth crew member was not injured. A map showing the location where the tank destroyer was hit. This was at the village of Mande St. Etienne, Belgium, December 24th, at about 21 hours. A "Report of Burial" describing conditions of the remains which brought to the cemetery. Letters and forms to the parents requesting whether the remains be brought home or left in U.S. military cemetery. His parents requested remains stay at the American military cemetery. "Disinterment Operations Record" outlines remains identification when placed in container and sealed. A notification that the U.S. flag used during burial has been forwarded to parents. Letter calling attention to parents that the cemetery is Henri Chappel, Belgium, and location of grave, also the "grave site" will carefully and consequently maintained in perpetuity by the United States Government." Also a military funeral service was conducted over the grave at the time of burial.

I want to thank all that did such a fine job in putting these things together.

I also received a copy of a photo of what is believed to be the M-18 in question from Tony D'Angelo, of Wellsville, Ohio. I also received several photos of John's grave marker from Francis Walsh, Galloway, Ohio. Thanks to all you guys and also thanks to VBOB for helping me in getting things started.

This is indeed a family matter.

Earl Stonefield
160 ENGR CMBT BN

[See how much it means when you take the time to help those who request information. You're the best.]



"THE FOREIGN PRESS ACCUSES US OF NOT BELIEVING IN DISARMAMENT. THAT'S RIDICULOUS! DIDN'T WE DISARM CZECHOSLOVAKIA, AUSTRIA, POLAND, BELGIUM, HOLLAND AND FRANCE?"

WITS OF WAR

"LOST" BATTALION

(Continued from Page 1)

On January 3, 1945, the 551st spearheaded the 82nd Airborne Division's counter-attack in the northern section of the German "bulge," the 60-mile salient the German forces had pushed into American lines.

The battalion was given the task of capturing the town of Rochelival, a key position holding the last bridge over the Salm River, the last avenue of escape for the German army in that sector.

Durkee's Company A saw the worst of it, losing 40 percent of its men in the first two days. As they rested in the forest on the night of January 4, the cold was getting worse.

"I went around and told the [non-commissioned officers] to make sure the men didn't fall asleep, because if they did, they would surely die," Durkee said.

Moving forward the following day, Durkee's platoon was pinned down by a German position.

Durkee ordered his men to hold fire, because another American platoon lay in their line of fire.

Dillard was lying in the snow wondering what they would do when he heard Durkee's order: "Fix bayonets."

The bayonet charge--highly unusual for U.S. troops in World War II--caught the Germans by surprise, and more than 60 of them were killed. "It seemed like a lifetime, but it only lasted five minutes," Dillard said.

The paratroopers took Rochelival on January 7, and Adolf Hitler ordered a retreat the following day.

The men of the 551st had paid a terrible price. The unit was so depleted that the Army soon disbanded the battalion, shipping the survivors to other units.

Their records would be lost, their actions largely forgotten, their sacrifice not honored.

This was not the case at yesterday's ceremony as Shinseki and other speakers saluted the "Goyas," the nickname by which the paratroopers were known.

Many credit the belated recognition to Gregory Orfalea, a District resident whose father served with the 551st. Pvt. Aref Orfalea was the messenger for the battalion's commander, Lt. Col. Wood Joerg, who was killed in the fight for Rochelival.

But growing up, Greg Orfalea heard no war stories from this father. "If you got him a little warmed up, he would say, 'All my friends were killed around me' and that would stop all conversation," Orfalea said.

After his father died in 1985, Orfalea, a writer, attended a 551st reunion and soon began interviewing the veterans.

"There was a sense of waste and low-grade anger that they had been destroyed without any recognition," Orfalea said. His 1997 book, "Messengers of the Lost Battalion: The Heroic 551st and the Turning of the Tide at the Battle of the Bulge," generated momentum to change that.

For Durkee, yesterday's honors filled a hole he had felt for 56 years. "I had a feeling in my gut--I've got to tell the world about these guys, these guys from the 551st who fought and died, and nobody knows who they were," he said.

[VBOB records the following active members who served with the 551st: **MAX B. BRYAN, WESLEY A. RICHARD, SR., THOMAS V. TRENGROVE, PASQUALE J. CASANOVA, STANLEY M. KARGOL, AND JOSEPH M. CICCHINELLI.**]

28TH INFANTRY DIVISION 112TH INFANTRY REGIMENT HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

By Earl T. Chamness

[Our thanks to Earl's son, Jim, for helping Earl get his story to us. We have reproduced the portion related to the Battle of the Bulge.]

...The 28th was destined to move again--destined for another job (the Gloomy Hurtgen Forest). It is southeast of Aachen. D-Day for the battle of Hurtgen Forest was November 2, 1944, H-hour was 0900. Snow blanketed the fields. Odds didn't favor the 28th. Terrain and weather made support from heavy weapons impossible. Casualties were heavy, and withdrawals were often necessary. Nearly 1,100 prisoners were taken.

By the end of November, we returned to the same area the 28th troopers had pushed to the Siegfried Line two months earlier. It was quiet now, occasional artillery and mortar fire disturbed the prevailing peace. Line upon line of [previously humming] pill boxes now seemed lifeless.

But contact with the Germans for more than four months had taught the "Keystone" men not to relax their defenses. Positions were established with more care than ever before, manned with vigilance comparable to Hurtgen Forest defenses. Wire entanglements were laid, mines planted, and patrols probed with regularity. So quiet, so peaceful, but ominous!

December 16, 1944, at about 5:30 a.m. yours truly was lying on a kitchen floor by my telephone switchboard. Traffic had slowed so we were trying to get some shut-eye. Suddenly, all hell broke loose. Mortars coming in, shells going over head, and many guns firing all over the place. The switchboard rang, I answered, but recognized it was not an American speaking. Heinie had captured one of my phones!

Our head sergeant shouted, "Close up board, let's get out of here!" So we put everything in a jeep and trailer and took off across the snow covered fields. I was in a jeep and we came upon a captured American ammunition convoy. Jerry had just stopped the convoy, so our driver took us across some more snow covered fields till we got out. Later we found our lines, were put in covered trucks and passed through Spa--a resort town.

We finally came to Bastogne, and since it was getting late, we were told to bed down in a barn. German paratroopers were everywhere and we were warned about them. We were so tired we went right to sleep in the hay.

I woke up about 5:00 a.m. and we immediately got ready to move out. We were quite surprised by the size of the military traffic at a certain road junction--tanks, big guns, everything!

Jerry had large search lights scanning us, so we quickly got into 4x4 trucks and took off again. We traveled quite a while until we came to a railroad. Each day that followed started and ended similarly. As it turned out, I was lost from my outfit for about a week. In the meantime, heavy fighting was going on all around us.

The 28th eventually came together minus many of our troops. I was put to work trying to identify many of the dead GIs, but I never recognized any of them. This fighting became known as the Battle of the Bulge.

From there, we received orders to go to Colmar--another hard battle. ■

SAGA OF THE 99TH INFANTRY DIVISION

by Sid Salins

John Wresinski and I were members of "H" Company, 393rd Infantry, in the 81 mm mortar platoon. Our 2nd Battalion having been attached to the 395th Infantry Regimental Combat Team, and this to support the 2nd Infantry Division in its attack north to the Roer River Dams in Germany on the 13th of December, 1944. Three days later, we marched right into Hitler's greatest counter-offensive, the bloody Battle of the Bulge. We began now to reverse our forward advance and form a defensive corridor through which the forward elements of the 2nd Division could affect an orderly withdrawal. We extricated ourselves down a crooked escape route between the beleaguered 394th Regiment and our 1st battalion 393rd. Bone tired, weary and hungry, our withdrawal began a series of stopping, digging in, moving out, stopping, digging in and moving out. Fortunately we were only bothered by occasional random shelling and small arms fire (the main German counter-attack proceeded on either side of our right and left flanks). Finally, we were ordered to stop our withdrawal adjacent to a secondary road running east and west.

At this selected point Bob Mikesell, 5th squad leader, and I, 1st gunner, dug out our mortar emplacement, followed by a two man foxhole for ourselves. All others in the platoon, except one, John Wresinski, did likewise. Against "SOP" (standard operating procedure), John seemed to be wandering around aimlessly scrounging for an extra "K" ration when Bob instructed me to "get on his ass and to begin digging himself a foxhole." I did after which he retorted, "F--- that sh---! I'm tired of digging! Move in, move out, dig in, move out! We'll be here less than an hour at the most until they have us move out again!"

John proved right. Just after dark, our battalion CO received orders to move south in the direction of the twin villages of Rocherath and Krinkelt where we would be hooking up with our two other battalions. We rolled up our packs again, loaded mortars and machine guns on our shoulders and started trudging again through the steady light snow toward our prescribed rendezvous point with our sister battalions. We maintained reasonable intervals between ourselves in a long winding column and carefully stayed one or two tree depths inside the wood line on our right so as not to be visible for the Germans who could be heard on the high ground less than a mile on our left.

Now approaching the towns of Krinkelt and Rocherath, some three miles from where we departed, we could hear louder crackling sounds of small arms and heavy artillery, not to mention the back and forth creaking sound of bogey wheels on the big German Tiger tanks and our own over-matched Shermans.

Obviously, one hell of a fight was now going on to gain possession of the valuable crossroads and communication centers in these twin villages. Shortly, we could see less than a mile distant the town of Krinkelt completely lit up with flames, the entire dark sky turned crimson from the fires. We worried about our 2nd Division buddies and our other two battalions. How in hell were they going to be able to suddenly detach themselves from such an intense occupation with the enemy? Our "front line" CO, Lt. Col Peters, or "Pete," as he preferred, had a bad taste in his mouth and smelled a rat. Just suppose, he thought, that "Goddamn Kraut commander" got into our communication line, tried to decoy our unit to a non-existent friendly sister unit's meeting place and set a neat little ambush by his panzers? What a disaster that would be. Believing that help was on the way from us, our 1st battalion will refuse to extricate itself from Rocherath and will be cut off from the left by the panzers and on the right by the inferno ranging in Krinkelt. This will leave us sitting ducks for a direct assault by two columns of "king tigers" belching fire and trampling over our

thin line of human infantry.

Checking and rechecking through the combat team commander back to Division headquarters and General Lauer, the truth soon became evident: those orders to move onto this area and vacate our previous temporary defensive line had been duped into our communications lines by "Jerrys" using letter perfect English, part of a master plan for confusion and destruction. A complete group of English-speaking Germans, specially trained for this endeavor, dressed in American gear, misdirected traffic as "MPs." We discovered this ruse in time! Our column now came to an abrupt halt as we could see and almost feel the flames of Krinkelt licking at our heels. Ordered back from whence we came, we reeled around 180 degrees and trudged along the exact path we had just made, cold, tired, hungry, but frankly glad to be heading away from the inferno that continued to rage in the twin villages. Our return was twice interrupted by random enemy shell fire in the area hoping to catch us off guard. In spite of sustaining several wounded, we were able to make our way back to those now good looking, previously dug foxholes, about 3:00 a.m. We plopped bodies hurriedly, grasping for a few hours' sleep, oblivious to occasional stray rounds of artillery and intermittent small arms fire emanating from the perimeter outposts of our new defensive position.

Mikesell and I had reset our 81 mm gun in place and slid down into our foxhole when a serious amount of enemy shelling began saturating an area about 100 or so yards north of us. The sky lightened, the ground trembled and trees burst which told us that perhaps the Germans discovered we were not fooled into the ambush. They apparently knew we were returning to our former positions and were now going to lay it on us with comprehensive artillery!

Amidst this near chaos a familiar dog face appeared at the edge of our foxhole...it was John Wresinski pleading, "I've got to get down before they start shelling inside this road...can you guys move over...please?"

"Hell, no!" Mike screamed. "God Damn you, Wresinski...we told you we dig in every time we stop...you were told that last evening--now get the hell out of her and start your own GD hole!" Mikesell was boiling mad, almost to the point that John would get hurt in order to learn a good combat lesson. But for some unknown reason, I became somewhat empathetic and I called out to John, "Cross the road...just on the other side...that big old artillery emplacement...around the perimeter are dugouts...they'll give you protection."

"I saw those little holes yesterday, Sid," John replied, "and they ain't worth a shit!...besides I'm scared to go over by myself, there ain't another GI dug in on that side!"

"Bull shit, Wresinski...get your ass over there before a piece of that '88' busts you in the ass!" screamed Mikesell. "Come on and go with me, Sid, I can't see a GD thing and I'm not even sure where the emplacement is..."

"Oh, for Christ's sake," I said. I climbed out of our hole and began to lead him across the road, found and jumped into the big gun hole and pointed him to one of the little hatches dug off the edge of a big circle and started to head back to my own accommodation with Bob Mikesell. The shelling traversed back in our direction and Wresinski grabbed my arm--"Stay here with me." I don't know why but I said Ok and we slithered into the shallow dugout. The artillery had some plywood boards used to crate big guns and those had regularly become portable proofs for the narrow holes. Now, at least, we were covered, but we had one big problem: Wresinski was 6'2" and I 6'0", and as we lay sideways in our cramped dugout, our feet protruded into the big round gun circle. "To hell with it I thought and closed my eyes exhausted. Forty-five minutes later, just before daylight we were awakened by the rumble of those bogey wheels. A piercing round of '88's whistled over our heads as a German tank neared. We heard a tank turret rotating towards us, another round seeming to skim the plywood over our heads. Wresinski crossed himself. "God, help us," he murmured, which caused a terrifying fear to enter my mind. We didn't dare move, obviously we couldn't see out, and so I pictured a giant Tiger tank commander peering out of his turret window

(Continued on Page 10)

MISSING "OLD GLORY"

Information submitted by:
Samuel Lombardo
99 INF 394 INF I

Six weeks in the Battle of the Bulge created a yen on the part of Samuel Lombardo to see "Old Glory" again. He asked his commander for one for he and his men but was told they could not be authorized for one when the enemy was so close. Sam didn't take this lightly and decided that they would make one.

They used a white surrender flag secured from a former town resident, found some blue curtains and red pillows and began their labor of love (fighting the pillow feathers all the way). A small sewing machine was procured and the men worked diligently for two and one-half months, as they followed the Germans eastward.



Sam Lombardo (last man on right) and the men of his platoon who contributed to the flag making, in March, 1945, at Abeilistadt, Germany, with the regimental flag.

The one-sided flag was the first American flag to cross the Remagen Bridge and was a morale booster for the other GIs. Lombardo remembers an American newspaper called them the "Modern Betsy Ross."

The flag is on display at the National Infantry Museum in Fort Benning, Georgia. ■

PURPLE HEART STAMP

Senator William J. Larkin, Jr., (New York) has asked for your help in a letter writing campaign to petition the U.S. Postmaster General to authorize the creation of an official postage stamp displaying the image of "The Purple Heart" medal. Write to: Dr. Virginia Noelke, Chairperson; Citizens Stamp Advisory Committee, Room 4474E; U.S. Postal Stamp Development; 475 L'Enfant Plaza, SW; Washington, DC 20260-0010.

Your letters will help to achieve this objective.

Thanks to Senator Larkin for his support of this project and asking us to help. ■

BRONZE STAR AFTER SIX DECADES

In January, 2001, WILLIAM DUDAS, 2ND INFANTRY DIVISION, 38TH INFANTRY REGIMENT, 2ND BATTALION, COMPANY G, received a Bronze Star for courage in the Battle of the Bulge.

Like so many others, Dudas' records were destroyed in the St. Louis fire in 1953. Someone contacted U.S. Senator Carl Levin (D-Michigan) and he pushed to have the records of Dudas and the others reassembled. This resulted in the determination that Dudas' service in the battle warranted a Bronze Star. Dudas said that he and two other men are all who are still living out of the 250-man company he fought with during the Bulge.



Bill Dudas displays his Bronze Star, presented to him last week for courage during the Battle of the Bulge.

SAGA OF THE 99TH

(Continued from Page 9)

rotating around the perimeter of the big circle and finally stopping and uttering, "Achtung, Amerikannischer, fier einse, fier tsvie!"

Terrified, John whispered, "Can you turn your head enough to see out?"

"Hell no!" I said visualizing us getting blown to bits. "I'm not moving! And don't you dare! If that Kraut sees our motionless feet he'll take us for dead. We barely breathed. The bogey wheels rumbled, squeaked; another burst of fire from the big gun shook earth into our faces. Then another burst, but this time from more of a distance. Then the next burst seemed to be further, at least 200 yards away. Other tanks rumbled by, but thank God they seemed to veer past us. A sliver of daylight appeared in our hole. I gingerly eased my way out, feet first, caught a glimpse of the departing tanks and relaxed. However, Wresinski and I saw the "meat" wagons, quite busy, hauling dead and wounded out of the area. The panzers had taken their toll, four of them had surrounded our general area and poured shells in taking out a great number of personnel.

The good Lord was with Wresinski and me on that cold winter night and I have often wondered why. ■

SAVE US SOME MONEY...Check your mailing label to see if your dues are due. Printing and mailing reminders is quite expensive. Thank you.

ATTRACTED TO THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

By Murray Shapiro
28th Infantry Division
112th Infantry Regiment
Company M

[Excerpts] Company M suffered horribly in the Hurtgen Forest. I was to experience only a small part of the rest of the fighting; but during which I did pick up two valuable souvenirs. I was rushing through part of the forest during intermittent enemy artillery fire. Trees were splintered, fires everywhere. I passed a knocked-out German tank. A kraut was draped over the turret, dead. His upper torso was bent over toward the ground. Out of his pockets dropped a thick aluminum spoon and fork, neatly folded into a soft kit; and of greater value, a German rifle-cleaning kit with everything one needed, again neatly folded into a compact kit. I used them through most of combat. I began to sense immediately that we were a bunch of amateurs fighting a well-organized, well-trained and well-supplied professional army.

From the Hurtgen we were sent to rest, recuperate, rearm and receive replacements in the quiet (?) Ardennes Sector. By now I was a veteran, and the new replacements looked up to me as the font of combat wisdom--ridiculous, of course.

When we arrived in the Ardennes, we first were positioned as a m.g. platoon along a ridge facing the Siegfried Line. It was snowing and very cold. The ground was so solidly frozen one could not dig the fox holes and slit trenches we were able to excavate in the Hurtgen. I asked the 1st Sgt. who was emplacing us where I would put my squad. "Right here," he said. [Fortunately, when we had a chance to organize watches, we were able to dig small caves in the rear, eventually equipping them with make-shift fireplaces made from mud-filled Spam cans; so when we were not on duty we could warm ourselves a bit.]

We, heavy weapons men, and I suppose the artillery and other supporting units, began to get comfortable, as much as we could. As miserable as we all were, we felt good compared to the riflemen. Our general, Norman Cota, wanting to keep us alert and fit, used the rifle companies for scouting parties and to knock out an occasional pill box on the Siegfried Line in front of us.

My gun was part of a section of two. Sergeant McGinnis and I covered a gap in the lines between "K" and "L" company of about 300 yards. With our cross fire, it was supposed that we could trap any breakthrough there. We relieved our gun positions every evening after dusk and before dawn. On the night of December 15, 1944, I was taking the relief up with Sgt. McGinnis. We had got used to the regular gun fire of burp guns, enemy artillery, mortars, etc. Tonight, however, was strangely different. One could still hear an occasional burp gun, but artillery and mortar fire were diminished. Replacing the normal sound of battle was just raucous, solid noise. The Germans had brought up loud speakers and were playing records of just plain, loud noise. In addition to this, our eyes were blinded by several searchlights whose beams were directed directly toward us.

After we had put our two replacements at each gun, I told McGinnis to take the other men back to the company as I wanted to scout around. I traveled as far to the left flank as I could to get out of the searchlight beams, took out my binoculars and counted four or five German tanks moving up. I literally ran back to our company area and to the captain's large cave reporting what I had seen.

"Well, sergeant, if you think it's important, call up battalion S-2, and report it." Which I did immediately, cranking the phone set and getting a sergeant almost at once.

"My captain wants me to speak to your officer." "Sir," I reported to the officer when he came to the phone, "my captain wants me to report to you what I have just seen." [And so I did.]

"Hold on, sergeant," S-2 said; then returning he informed me thus, "Sergeant, you have to be mistaken. We have no reports of enemy activity up and down the line." [I have talked to a few sergeants who were in like positions of mine during the 55 years since this event, and some tell me they also reported something of what I did!]

The next morning, it was Sgt. McGinnis and my turn to man our guns. We took up two gunners with us and began our trek to our camouflaged positions, turning off the road to go behind the hedgerows which formed a solid wall to the rear of our guns, and turning right at the cave of an anti-tank gun crew. My M-1 was strapped to my back [I refused to accept a pistol when I was told to trade it for my rifle] as I was carrying a bag of potatoes in one hand and a cup of butter in the other. [It was a long day on the gun and we usually read and cooked food, using our K-ration waxed containers as smokeless fuel. We each carried about 8 to 10 K-rations.]

As we came upon the anti-tank gun crew, I noticed the sentry fast asleep at the entrance. I suggested to McGinnis that we wake him, but he thought they would get mad at us, so we let them all sleep. Almost half-way up the slope to our guns which were midway down the reverse slope, we could barely see through the fog about 10 hunched bodies moving toward us. We stopped dead in our tracks. Our minds not wanting to accept what our eyes were barely seeing.

"What the hell is that," I asked. McGinnis suggested it was K Company's cooks delivering hot rations to fox-holed troops. We stood there contemplating this when suddenly ten more hunched bodies appeared on the left and ten more on the right, coming at us in a semi-circle. [They were hunched over carrying weapons and ammo, not breakfast.]

"Let's get the hell out of here," I shouted. Needless to say, the other three men were already acting before the words were out of my mouth. The two gunners ran wide, escaping the hedgerow so they could warn the company; McGinnis and I ran straight backwards to try to alert and save the anti-tank crew. [Our two m.g. guns, incidentally, had already been silenced by the Germans.]

McGinnis arrived first and began firing his pistol. I jumped right on the sleeping sentry, shook him and shouted to wake up his men. I crawled back out of the entrance, unstrapped my rifle, pushed the safety; but before I fired I saw a German hand grenade silhouetted on top of the earth mound which formed the roof of the cave.

Shouting, "Grenade!" I instinctively hit the ground. Too late for McGinnis. The blast blew off my helmet and made me a bit groggy; but the cold and danger restored my alertness immediately. The heinies were charging in with bayonets. Grabbing my helmet and rifle, I made my way to the hedgerow and wiggled my way through using my helmet as a battering ram. Normally, one couldn't get through such a tangle, but I did. My rifle was hopelessly tangled and had to be left there. My great coat was in shreds with all the brass buttons ripped off. My machine gunner's gloves were in shreds; but I made it to the other side and eventually back to regiment where I and 39 other men were put on a rear guard the next day, stopping a German tank column of 10 tanks and a company of infantry.

It may have been fate that I was finally attracted to the Battle of the Bulge; but fate treated me kindly; I survived when so many others did not. There are two things I do not understand to this day: 1) How did I survive without a wound except for frozen toes, and 2) Who the hell gave General Omar Bradley the title of "The Soldiers' General"? This guy, who gladly sacrificed so many of us in his "gamble," did not measure up to the likes of MacArthur or Patton, both of whom had the least number of casualties within their various commands. ■

**...Big plans being made for the
Orlando Reunion. Make your plans
to be with us.**

602ND ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTALION, BATTERY D

By James E. Rieford

During the fall of 1944, our battery was set up as defense for Leige, Belgium. Much of the U.S. supplies were being shipped into this area at that time. The Germans were sending many VI Buzz Bombs to this area to destroy as much as they could. Our unit consisted of four 90 mm guns and four 50 cal water-cooled machine guns which could not be used in an area occupied by so many civilians.

I suppose some one decided we could be more useful if we were set up in an uninhabited area where we could destroy these VI Bombs as they passed overhead. Our entire battery, which was a semi-mobile unit, was moved to the Ardennes Mountains early in December and we were able to destroy many of these buzz bombs. Unfortunately some one forgot to issue proper clothing and boots as the weather turned very cold with much snow around the middle of December. I'm sure our mission was successful and we were very lucky to get out when only one route remained open.

I did not keep a diary of dates and movements of our battery, and would be interested in hearing from some other members of my outfit. [See *Members Speak Out* column for address.]

THE MIGHTY 252ND ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION WE WERE THERE

By Richard D. Curtis

In October, 1943, I was assigned to a newly-formed unit, the 252nd Combat Engineers, and sent to Camp Gruber, Oklahoma, for basic training in a new cadre of non-commissioned and commissioned officers. We were shipped to England in August of 1944 where we went through some intensive training and then crossed the English Channel where we were dumped out in waist-deep water, crossed the beaches, and went up through St. Mere Eglise where so many soldiers had given their lives three months earlier during the invasion.

Being combat engineers we were trained in infantry as well. The front lines had moved north about 50 miles. We were assigned the task of removing personnel mines from hedge rows and fields so they could be used for staging areas for equipment. In the process of neutralizing the mine fields, our companies lost 13 men of which one of them was a very dear friend of mine.

After a week or so clearing mines, we were ordered to head north, following the front lines, repairing roads, building air fields, and other dirty jobs that engineers do in war time. We arrived in Maastricht-Heerlen, Holland, area in November 1944. We took over a saw mill and became engaged in felling trees and cutting them into lumber to build bridges. We were billeted in coal miners' barracks.

On or about December 12, 1944, I was assigned the task, as a squad sergeant to take two heavy army trucks and travel south to a small village in the Ardennes. There we contacted a small lumber mill owner to make arrangements to bring back heavy timbers for some bridges that we were to repair. We arrived in this small village on the evening of December 13th. We were billeted in, as I remember, a kind of community hall for the

night. We visited a little pub in the center of the village before retiring. While there, we were told that the German front lines, which was seemingly somewhat dormant at that time, was just a couple of miles deeper in the Ardennes. All during the night we could hear sporadic gun fire and we knew the Germans were close.

At the end of the day on December 14th, we had the two trucks loaded with the timber that was needed and, since it was getting late in the day, I decided to spend the night there and return to Maastricht, the next morning.

Arriving safely back in Holland that evening we unloaded the lumber, not realizing that soon the place where we picked up the lumber and lodged on the 14th and 15th, would be overrun by the Germans on the 16th, as they began their offensive to overthrow the allies.

It wasn't long after that, on January 5, 1945, the 252nd Engineer Combat Battalion was ordered to the front lines. We were placed under the 9th Army (British, I believe) and replaced an infantry division that was ordered elsewhere. For six days we sat in fox holes, on the banks of the Wurm River, protecting the north flank of the units engaging the Germans a few miles to the south. Although our losses were minimal with three dead and some frostbite casualties, we served our tour of the Ardennes well.

When the Allies finally broke out of the German offensive the 252nd was drawn back to Maastricht, Holland, to pack up and head north to the Rhine River. One of our main jobs there was to help the 1146th Engineers build the famous Rhine River bridge, which was named in honor of President Franklin Roosevelt, who died just before the bridge was completed in April.

After 45 years I decided to investigate why the 252nd never received any recognition or received the commendation ribbon with the battle star for their part in the Battle of the Bulge. In 1993, I contacted the Veterans Personnel Records Division, in St. Louis, to see if they had any records concerning the 252nd Engineers serving in the Ardennes encounter. Two years later, I received a letter from them saying that they had no record of the 252nd Engineer Combat Battalion serving in the Battle of the Bulge, therefore, the unit received no credit for its part in it. (I have this letter on file and the unit was disbanded.)

The sad ending to this story is that the unit had soldiers who lost their lives in the Ardennes encounter just the same as other units did and they got no credit. I believe this is a disservice to those who served their country in this battle. I personally knew a man who served in a Signal Corps during the event who sat in a plus hotel in Luxembourg and his unit got credit for the Ardennes.

The reason that I feel we never received any credit or recognition for service during this battle was the fact that we were attached and detached to so many armies and battalions that no one took the responsibility to see that the 252nd Engineer Combat Battalion did serve in the Ardennes Battle of the Bulge with honor. I still have a good memory and "We were there." I can remember it very vividly because I became a Christian while serving on the front lines.

[Richard would like to know if anyone can tell him the name of the village where they picked up the lumber. If you can help, write to him at: PO Box 14, Flora, Indiana 46929-0014.]

MEMBERS SPEAK OUT

John R. Puckett would like to find a documented history of the **254TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION**. Do you know where he can get one. Write to him at: 5192 Wellshire Place, Dunwoody, Georgia 30338-3424.

ALLEN A. CRAMER, 11TH ARMORED DIVISION, 21ST ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION, writes to tell us what a wonderful reunion he and several members of his unit had in 2000. If you would like further information, write to Allen: 29 Brookway Drive, Shrewsbury, Massachusetts 01545.

CECIL D. GILLIAM, 788TH ANTI-AIRCRAFT ARTILLERY AUTOMATIC BATTALION, BATTERY A, would like to know if anyone can tell him where to get a history of his unit. He would also like to hear from any members of his unit and any one of those transferred from the battalion to the infantry in December of 1944. Write to Cecil at: 2503 Earlcove Drive, Dallas, Texas 75227.

NEIL LITWILLER, 26TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 328TH INFANTRY REGIMENT, 2ND BATTALION, COMPANY E, would like to hear from anyone who remembers the following incident: While in Metz getting ready to go to the Bulge, Easy Company, asked for volunteers for patrol duty. When they arrived at the Mon Schuman area, they put on white capes and started patrol. In a short time mortar fire hit. Neil was taken back to Mon Schuman Corners where the 2nd Battalion had an aid station. There was so much enemy fire coming in that it was impossible to come up with ambulances to evacuate the wounded. Later on there was a direct hit on the aid station, blowing a large hole in the roof killing 4, wounding and rewounding several others. If you can help write to Neil at: 1390 West Coe Road, Riverdale, Michigan 48877.

If anyone can relate how **RAYMOND H. MUIR, 5TH ARMORED DIVISION, 46TH INFANTRY BATTALION**, was killed in action on 16 December, 1944, please contact his nephew, Charles R. Anderson, PO Box 62, Weymouth, Massachusetts 02188.

JOHN WENZEL, 201ST GENERAL HOSPITAL, would like to hear from any staff member or patient. Write to him at 23 South Point Court, Bluffton, South Carolina 29910.

NATIONAL ORDER OF BATTLEFIELD COMMISSIONS is trying to locate all men who received a commission on the field of battle against an armed enemy. Contact: J. Angier, 67 Ocean Drive, St. Augustine, Florida 32080.

CORNELIUS J. MURPHY, 32ND RECONNAISSANCE GROUP, is looking for anyone who may have served with him. He was captured on December 16th. During his capture he was in Stalag XIII A in Lukenwalde, Germany. He would like to hear from anyone else who had a room there and, if possible, obtain a picture of the stalag. Write to him at: 3 Mallard Drive, Jay Beach, Lewes, Delaware 19958.

HOWARD PETERSON, 4TH ARMORED DIVISION, 51ST

ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION, writes with a puzzle for you which resulted from a recent discussion he had regarding the total number of Medal of Honor dual recipients. He reports: The number seems to be 19 or 20 based on the WWI exploits of one Marine Corps Gunnery Sergeant Charles F. Hoffman and one Gunnery Sergeant Ernest August Janson. It seems as though they are one and the same. If one counts Hoffman and Janson, then the number would be 20, but if counted as one, then one or the other received four Medals of Honor and then it would be, which one? Got the right answer? Write to Howard at: 195 Blossom Hill Road, San Jose, California 95123.

JAMES E. RIEFORD, 602 ANTI-AIRCRAFT ARTILLERY BATTALION, BATTERY D, would like to hear from anyone who served with him or anyone who has information on his battalion. Write to James at: 5835 Lincoln Pointe Blvd., Evansville, Indiana 47715-6505.

Joe Winiarz is researching his grandfather's military history. His grandfather was **PVT WILLIAM J. CLIFFORD, 53RD ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION**. He was killed in action on 24 December 1944 in Bigonville, Luxembourg. He is buried at the American Military Cemetery in Hamm, Luxembourg. If you have any information you can provide write to Joe at: 2355 U.S. Rt 11, Kirkwood, New York 13795-1812.

W. H. "BILL" NEWBERY, 75TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 290TH INFANTRY REGIMENT, COMPANY H, would like to hear from anyone who served with him at Wy, Belgium in the fall/winter of 1944. Write to Bill at: 454 East Highland Avenue, Sierra Madre, California 91024.

Iris Knight (formerly Drinkwater) wants to know if any of you were at Norton Manor Camp, Taunton, Somerset, U.K. prior to D-Day. It was a factory-type business with large numbers of young girls involved in laundering clothing. She sent a picture of Cpl. Cherter (or Chester) [space did not allow reprinting] who was among this group. If you can help, write to Iris at: 4 Tom Lyon Road, Liskeard, Cornwall, PL 14 3UJ, United Kingdom.

John J. Hojnacki is looking for information regarding the circumstances of a relative's death in the Battle of the Bulge. He was **JOHN F. VAVRA, 5TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 11 INFANTRY REGIMENT, ANTI-TANK COMPANY**. He was killed on January 23, 1945, and is buried in Hamm Cemetery. If you have information send it to John at: 9500 River Corners Road, Homerville, Ohio 44235-9763.

PAUL L. LEHMAN, 8TH ARMORED DIVISION, 36TH TANK BATTALION, COMPANY A, sent us a very interesting story in; however, it was not about the Bulge. He would like to locate the following from his unit: **IRWIN BRIGHAM, ROBERT SHAW, WALTER BOYD, O'NEIL MILES, and DWIGHT SMITH**. If you can help, write to Paul at: 106 Ketners Road, Pottsville, Pennsylvania 17901.

Godfrey R. Harris, is looking for someone whomay remember his brother, **STEPHEN L. HARRIS, KIA, January 11, 1945, Petite Langlier, Belgium**. Write to Godfrey at: 4209 Abbington Court, Westlake Village, California 91361-4504.

(Continued on Page 24)

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

[The following address by DAVID SALTMAN, 638TH TANK DESTROYER BATTALION and President of the Long Island Chapter, was presented on a chapter trip to West Point, December 13, 2000, and includes Carl Christ's documentation of the air force participation.]

Late in 1944, Adolf Hitler was deeply touched by the heavy losses in manpower, materiel and territory suffered by the German army and planned a surprise attack in the Ardennes. Even though this had been done before in 1914 and 1940, the Allies were caught off guard. Hitler planned an offensive on 16 December 1944 using the 5th, 6th and 7th Field Armies with the objective of splitting the Allied Forces, capturing the Belgian seaport of Antwerp and cutting off the allied supply lines. The salient was a line from Monschau, Germany, south to Echternach, Luxembourg, a distance of 130 kilometers (or 84 miles).

Despite overwhelming evidence, including air reconnaissance and front line division reports, Supreme Allied Headquarters and 12th Army Group were operating under the delusion that the German Army was not capable of launching a major offensive. Only Oscar W. Koch, G-2 of the Third Army, felt that Hitler would make a last-ditch offensive effort to make up for his heavy losses. Generals Eisenhower and Bradley believed that the end of the war was near, that Germany was incapable of an offensive operation. They were proven wrong.

The G-2's (intelligence officers) of the various headquarters noted the shift of troops from various places, but refused to believe that Germany was capable of making a strong counterattack. When the Ardennes was discussed, everyone said it was too unlikely that an offensive would be launched in that area. They disregarded the experience of 1914 and 1940 and proved the old adage: "Those who fail to learn the lessons of history are doomed to repeat them."

On 16 December the enemy had a 3 to 1 advantage in manpower and a 2 to 1 advantage in tanks and general artillery superiority. Hitler was well aware of the American advantage in air power, therefore he planned an attack when the weather would be overcast. At 0530 hours, before dawn, the German artillery started the invasion with a massive bombardment, followed quickly with heavy infantry and armor attacks.

There were 250,000 German soldiers, 1,900 pieces of artillery and 970 tanks and self-propelled guns in the initial attack. Part of the attacking force were German paratroops in American army uniforms who were dropped behind the lines. Field Marshall Walter Model was the German Army Group commander.

The American First Army took the brunt of the attack. At the time of the German offensive, there were only 83,000 American troops with 394 pieces of artillery, 242 tanks and 182 self-propelled guns. Increased strength of personnel eventually reached 600,000, when troops were brought in from many sources, mainly Ninth and Third Armies. Called the Battle of the Bulge, it was the greatest battle ever fought by the United States Army.

The Sixth Panzer Army expected an easy passage through the American 99th Division but were surprised at the resistance they encountered. The veteran 2nd Infantry Division added considerable strength to the defending American troops but the new 106th Division did not fare as well. Two regiments were surrounded and captured. At St. Vith, the 7th Armored Division and the remaining regiment of the 106th formed a horseshoe-shaped defense and initially held the town. In other areas the German attack was slowed by American troops who fought valiantly and disrupted the Nazi timetable.

In the vicinity of Malmedy, Belgium, 86 American prisoners were executed by the troops of Kampfgruppe Peiper at the Baugnez crossroads between Malmedy and St. Vith. This was known as the Malmedy Massacre.

Brigadier General Anthony McAuliffe, acting commander of the 101st Airborne Division in the absence of Major General Maxwell Taylor, was in command when the division entered Bastogne. It was quickly

surrounded by German troops. The 101st put up such strong resistance that the main body of enemy forces was ordered by General Manteufel to by-pass the town and continue their drive toward Antwerp. The defenders were hampered by the foul weather which did not allow American air support.

The remaining attacking forces set four German officers to confer with the American commander and brought a note saying that "the Americans were surrounded and should surrender," signed by the German commander. General McAuliffe sent back a note which said, "Nuts!" signed by the American commander.

On 23 December the weather cleared and German planes bombed Bastogne. The weather also favored American planes which dropped desperately needed supplies to the defenders of Bastogne. Third Army, commanded by General George Patton, sent elements of the 4th and 10th Armored Divisions which broke through the attacking perimeter and also brought relief to the 101st.

The German 1st Panzer Division found an opening in the American lines and raced forward. SS Lieutenant Colonel Joachim Peiper, one of Hitler's best and most daring officers, was in the forefront of the enemy advance.

At Trois Ponts on 18 December, U.S. engineers blew the bridges that Kampfgruppe Peiper needed to cross and effectively stalled his advance. Another setback for Peiper, who desperately needed American gasoline to refuel his trucks and tanks, occurred when Belgian Fusilier guards, with American assistance, denied Peiper's troops access to a 1,000,000 gallon gasoline dump. They dug a ditch from the supply area to the road and lined it with gasoline jerricans on the Stavelot-Spa road. When the enemy troops approached, they set fire to the gasoline and it was impossible for Peiper's troops to cross.

Later, when the sky cleared, American planes located a column of Kampfgruppe Peiper's forces, dropped bombs and strafed the German troops. This was another effective delay that prevented Peiper from reaching the Meuse River.

On 21 December in the area of Elsenborn Ridge, SS Panzer grenadiers fought fiercely but once again American troops prevailed. They killed 800 German troops, destroyed 47 tanks and tank destroyers. The defending Americans lost 250 men, 5 anti-tank guns, 3 Sherman tanks and a tank destroyer vehicle. U.S. artillery fired more than 10,000 rounds in support of the attack.

The 2nd Infantry Division, commanded by Major General Walter Robertson performed well beyond expectations in delaying the 6th Panzer Army, the main attacking force. The attackers failed to open three of the five routes assigned by the 1st Panzer Corps which were needed to cross the Meuse River, the first major German objective en route to Antwerp.

Kampfgruppe Peiper made a sizable penetration but its advance was stalled by a powerful array of American artillery. However, Peiper succeeded in making the deepest German penetration of the Ardennes at La Gleize and Staumont, about three miles short of the Meuse River. By December 25th, Peiper's forces were desperately short of supplies and gasoline and so badly beaten, that reaching Antwerp was totally out of the question. Hitler stubbornly dreamed that victory was still possible because had compelled the Allies to withdraw forces from the main line of attack in Germany in order to defend the Ardennes.

On 8 January 1945, Hitler finally conceded the failure of his attack in the Ardennes and authorized the support of German troops.

Air Support:

Air Support by the B-26 Marauder medium bombers of the Ninth Air Force was reduced by the serious snow falls which carpeted most of Europe. Runways and taxi strips were constantly swept. Planes were often bogged down on the runways and hauled out by tractors. Wings accumulated snow,

(continued on next page)

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MEMORIAL ADDRESS

(Continued from Page 22)

motors developed bugs from the cold and electrical systems in the planes "shorted out." The number of missions that could be flown were limited. Only eight missions could be flown in the month of December. An additional six missions were flown in January until the end of the Bulge.

Railway and road junctions were the main objects of attack assigned during the Ardennes Campaign to disrupt the enemy's lines of communication and cripple their lines of supply and reinforcements.

Dawn on 23 December brought improved conditions for flying. The Ninth Bomber Division gave the order for the mediums to take-off. The bomber crews knew that their sorties were a matter of life or death to the beleaguered Allied troops on the ground.

With the sudden re-opening of the Allied air campaign and with so many bombers in the air, fighter resources were stretched. Mediums would have to brave the defenses alone. Some crews had never seen an enemy fighter in the air. Two days before Christmas many of them saw enough to last an entire combat tour.

One Marauder group with an escort of fighter planes nearing its target at Euskirchen Bridge was devastated by the Jagdwaffe. Thirty-seven Marauders were shot down that day and 182 planes sustained various categories of damage. In addition, three Thunderbolts were shot down. The day was the worst for the Marauder losses in the entire war.

When weather permitted, the Ninth Air Force blasted the German rail network. Luftwaffe attacks dwindled under the renewed onslaught from Allied fighters. Help from above--in more than one sense--soon enabled the Allied ground forces to gear up for a final push into Germany.

In the Ardennes Campaign, the Ninth Air Force B-26 Marauder groups lost 49 planes, with a complement of six to eight men in each plane, approximately 316 airmen. Some were able to parachute to safety. Some managed to escape and evade capture. Others became prisoners of war.

Allied air power played a major role in the German defeat as part of the air-ground offensive. We are pleased to honor, on this day, the 18 West Point graduates assigned to the 344th Marauder Group of the Ninth Air Force. Prior to D-Day, three of the 18 were to lose their lives in combat missions. Of the remaining 15, seven courageously led flights against the enemy during the Battle of the Bulge.

The 344th Bomb is very proud of one of West Point's finest--Major Lucius D. Clay, Jr., son of 4-star General Lucius D. Clay, who flew and led flights during the Battle of the Bulge. He later became a 4-star general himself, following in the footsteps of his father....

On 25 January, 1945, the last of the surviving German troops retreated to Germany. The supporting American forces from the Third and Ninth Armies went back to their previous battle positions, having accomplished their mission in eliminating the Bulge in the Ardennes sector.

We are here today to honor and memorialize the gallant men who lost their lives in the air and on the ground in the greatest battle in American history. We also fervently recall the men who returned to the United States and who have since passed away to join their fallen comrades in the Kingdom of Eternal Rest.

May the memory of their courage and sacrifice live on forever.

Carl M. Christ, Ninth Air Force
David Saltman, Ninth U.S. Army

The Orlando, Florida, Reunion should be a big one. Make plans to come, you'll be surprised how many new friends you will find and maybe some old ones too.

THE ATHEIST

Death I view with object sorrow
but walk with pride and never cower
from shock. There is no power
that marks the fall of man or sparrow.
For puny lives those pray who can
in foxhole, dugout, trench and line.
Not I! Such meanness is not mine.
I'll live unbroken and die a Man.

If wrong I'm proven when comes death
to me, cursing weakness with ebbing breath,
A sacrifice worthy of a king,
no repentant, sniveling, praying thing.
One who lived what he was born to be
without fear will face eternity.

THE ATHEIST, OLDER NOW

Blessed at birth by what I once called chance,
poor but able, I gloried in the upward fight;
with intelligence, vigor, toil allied with right
To self I did my stature thus enhance.
I learned and lived a code of behavior superior
to that of lessor, weaker men at whom I sneered.
Godless, I soldiered with honor, nor death feared.
For a self image, I gained much, all inferior.

Of my strength and mind I made a god in youth.
Now in age, a child, I seek Your truth.
Amidst the ashes of accomplishment, destitute,

Dale Carver, 106th Inf. Div.

Eds. Note: "Remember the Chaplain's admonition: "There are no atheists in foxholes."



REUNIONS

2ND CAVALRY, October 10-14, 2001, Baltimore, Maryland. Contact: 2nd Cavalry Association, PO Box 915, Southeastern, Pennsylvania 19399.

4TH ARMORED DIVISION, September 9-15, 2001, Landmark Resort Hotel, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Contact: 4th Armored Division Association, 1823 Shady Drive, Farrell, Pennsylvania 16121.

9TH ARMORED DIVISION, 19TH TANK BATTALION, October 18-20, 2001, Louisville, Kentucky. Contact: Robert Keenan, 145 West Lincoln Street, Oregon, Wisconsin 53575. Telephone: 608-835-3033.

9TH ARMORED DIVISION, 16TH ARMORED FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, August 28-September 2, 2001, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Contact: Harold Trethaway, 6 Oak Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania 18702. Telephone: 570-829-4792.

10TH ARMORED DIVISION, August 30-September 3, 2001, Executive Inn West, Louisville, Kentucky. Contact: Les Nichols, 9411 Springmont Place, Louisville, Kentucky 40224. Telephone: 502-327-9188.

11TH ARMORED DIVISION, August 13-18, 2001, Kalamazoo, Michigan. Contact: 11th ARMDD, 2328 Admiral Street, Aliquippa, Pennsylvania 15001.

11TH ARMORED DIVISION, 55TH ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION, COMPANY B, September 6-9, 2001, Amana Colonies, Iowa. Contact: Gene Foster, 1401 - 17th Avenue, Eldora, Iowa 50627. Telephone: 641-858-2158.

26TH INFANTRY DIVISION, June 5-7, 2001, Cape Codder Resort, Hyannis, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Contact: Robert R. Raney, 27 Forest Street, Peabody, Massachusetts 01960-4138. Telephone: 978-531-2257.

30TH INFANTRY DIVISION, June 4-8, 2001, Cape May, New Jersey. Contact: Warren Cadiz, 154 Montgomery Avenue, Oceanside, New York 11572.

35TH INFANTRY DIVISION, September 26-30, 2001, Rosen Plaza Hotel, Orlando, Florida. Contact: 35th INFD, PO Box 5004, Topeka, Kansas 66605.

35TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 134TH INFANTRY REGIMENT, September 27-30, 2001. Contact: James Graff, 1146 100th Avenue, Middletown, Illinois 62666. Telephone: 217-445-2570.

75TH INFANTRY DIVISION, September 5-9, 2001, The Double Tree Hotel, Denver, Colorado. Contact: James Warmouth, 75th INFD, 6545 West 11th Street, Indianapolis, Indiana 46214. Telephone: 317-241-3730.

83RD INFANTRY DIVISION, September 26-29, 2001, Holiday Inn Hampton Hotel, Hampton, Virginia. Contact: Robert Derickson, 3749 Stahlheber Road, Hamilton, Ohio 45013-9102. Telephone: 513-863-2199.

84TH INFANTRY DIVISION, August 18-21, 2001, Radisson Hotel, Branson, Missouri. Contact: Daryl Mitchell, PO Box 136, Nixa, Missouri 65714.

86TH CHEMICAL MORTAR BATTALION, May 6-10, 2001, San Antc Texas. Contact: James J. Doyle, 722 West 41st Street, Houston, Texas 77018-5406.

95TH MEDICAL GAS TREATMENT BATTALION, August 16-19, 2001, Charleston Marriott, Charleston, West Virginia. Contact: Walter Gantz, 829 Palm Street, Scranton, Pennsylvania 18505. Telephone: 570-347-9354.

95TH INFANTRY DIVISION, August 23-27, 2001, Biltmore Hotel, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Contact: Lester Wolf, 8032 South 86th Court, Justice, Illinois 60458-1445.

106TH INFANTRY DIVISION, September 6-10, 2001, Fairview Park Marriott, Falls Church, Virginia. Contact: Marion Ray, 704 Briarwood Drive, Bethalto, Illinois 62010. Telephone: 618-377-3674.

109TH INFANTRY REGIMENT, September 5-8, 2001, Indian Town Gap, Pennsylvania. Contact: George H. Bunnell, 175 Cedar Drive - Berlin, Barre, Vermont 05641-1339.

158TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION, October 14-16, 2001, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Contact: James Johnson, 5141 Highway 78 Lot 61, Stove Mountain, Georgia 30087. Telephone: 770-982-8714.

159TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION, September 6-9, 2001, Holiday Inn Central/Greentree, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Contact: Nelson Hilf, 432 Ridgemont Drive, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Telephone: 412-921-1427.

202ND ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION, June 21-23, 2001, Middletown, Ohio. Contact: Gordon F. Wilson, 5931 Daybreak Terrace, Baltimore, Maryland 21206. Telephone: 410-866-8291.

277TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, September 28-29, 2001, Somerset, Kentucky. Contact: James T. Holloway, 306 Murphy Avenue, Ferguson, Kentucky 42533-9417. Telephone: 606-678-8897.

300TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION, June 14-17, 2001, Holiday Inn Select, Dallas, Texas. Contact: Frank Neuhauser. Telephone: 214-328-3005.

398TH ENGINEER (GS) REGIMENT, September 19-22, 2001, Sacramento, California. Contact: Ross Harris, 2512 Mimosa Street, Santa Rosa, California 95405. Telephone: 707-579-1909.

501ST PARACHUTE INFANTRY REGIMENT, August 2-5, 2001, Sheraton Park Ridge Hotel, King of Prussia, Pennsylvania 19406. Contact: Clair L. Hess, 557 Powderhorn Road, King of Prussia, Pennsylvania 19406-3053. Telephone: 610-354-9612.

631ST TANK DESTROYER BATTALION, July 19-21, 2001, Pittsburgh Airport Marriott, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Contact: Frank Braden, 161 State Street, Coreopolis, Pennsylvania 15108.

635TH TANK DESTROYER BATTALION, September 12-15, 2001, St. Louis Marriott, St. Louis, Missouri. Contact: Richard Chaney, PO Box 189, Myrtle Creek, Oregon 97457. Telephone: 541-863-3016.

705TH TANK DESTROYER BATTALION, September 5-9, 2001, Radisson Inn, Colorado Springs, Colorado. Contact: Frank W. Brooks, 5229 Ravensworth Road, Springfield, Virginia 22151. Telephone: 703-256-0868.

965TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, September 26-October 3, 2001, Orlando, Florida. Contact: Joseph Padgett, 6 Par Drive, New Smyrna Beach, Florida 32168. Telephone: 904-427-1763.

SHAEF, October 12-15, 2001, Galt House, Louisville, Kentucky. Contact: SHAEF Communique, 2230 South Overlook Road, Cleveland Heights, Ohio 44106. Telephone: 216-721-0921.

MEMBERS SPEAK OUT *(Continued from Page 21)*

Wayne DeVries would like to hear from anyone who can give him information on his father, **RAYMOND J. DEVRIES, 9TH ARMORED DIVISION**. Raymond was killed in action on December 29th in Belgium. He had been awarded the Silver Star. Wayne would appreciate any information so write to him at: 3 West End Avenue, Suite 201, Old Greenwich, Connecticut 06870.

FURTHER ON SGT. DAY G. TURNER MEDAL OF HONOR RECIPIENT

**From Vernon "Red" Frazier
80th Infantry, 319 Regiment, Company D**

In order to illustrate the battle conditions that precipitated Sgt. Turner being awarded the MOH and his later death, I have taken in part from my personal journal description of the actions in which our units of the 1st Battalion, 319 Infantry, were involved.

I was an instrument corporal in a heavy machine gun platoon (Company D), supporting a companion company on the same extended line with Sgt. Turner's Company B.

Starting January 6, 1944, our days of intense combat started another phase in the 80th's efforts in the reduction of the Bulge. We opened with an attack and capture of the Village of Goesdorf, Luxembourg. Company B supported by Company D's 1st Platoon attacked up a secondary road meeting heavy machine gun fire, while we charged up the main road into the center of the village.

With the village secured by 1300 hours, the battalion was ordered to advance and occupy a portion of the Village of Dahl, that had been taken by our 3rd Battalion.

Taken in part from the "After Action Report" of the 319th Infantry:

"Dahl had been taken by the 3rd Battalion by 1400 hours and the 1st Battalion was ordered to move from Goesdorf to Dahl and relieve units already in established positions in defense in the north and northeast sectors of the town.

"January 7th, the enemy launched a number of probing attacks, but withdrew after fierce encounters. January 8th, at 0500 hours, the enemy delivered preparatory barrage lasting 45 minutes. Under this cover an estimated battalion of infantry supported by tanks and other armor advanced to assault the position of Company B. A withering crossfire from the tanks assisted the advance. Despite the apparent overwhelming enemy forces, Company B delivered violent fire on the attacking elements.

On the company's right flank an estimated company, forced an outpost to withdraw to a house which became a strong point in the defense. Despite the constant reinforcement of the enemy, the men in the house with staunch determination retained their position. They fought room-to-room and the enemy suffered heavy casualties. Save for the squad leader, all the defenders were wounded--but enemy lost the initiative due to their own casualties.

Due to the rolling terrain the enemy approached within 150 yards and posed a threat to the defense line. Both sides rushed in reserves. Company B committed its reserve platoon as the Germans repeatedly pushed into the weak point. Company Headquarters section was rushed to the threatened flank and won new positions. (Company C and our 2nd Machine Gun Platoon was brought up behind Company B's line and waited for commitment--which proved unnecessary.)

Heavy attrition cost the enemy the attack and attempted to withdraw under smoke cover, but the wind dispersed the smoke screen and caused a disorderly rout. Murderous

artillery, mortar, and machine gun fire pursued the retreating enemy.

While I have no first hand knowledge of Sgt. Turner's death, I can only relate my own experience occurring at the same time and the combat conditions that contributed to his death.

February 7th, at 0500 hours, 1st Battalion with Companies B and C, the assault units. We crossed the Our River under hazardous conditions--conditions aggravated by intense enemy artillery fire.

Once across we had to cross 200 yards of open, plowed, muddy ground, and under intense heavy machine gun fire from the ridge top pillboxes, the mortars and artillery would soon begin.

By 1000 hours the rifles had cleaned out part of the ridge top knocking out several pillboxes and bunkers. Each pillbox had to be demolished or occupied because the enemy would try to reoccupy them later. This required very close-in fighting because of interlocking fields of the pillbox fire and open trenches.

I remember my platoon leader and I observing two of our machine guns poring torrents of red tracers directly into the gun ports of a pillbox from only 100 yards, keeping it buttoned while the rifles approached with satchel charges. The next thing I knew the Lt. was standing up and blazing away with an M-1 at the same target. This is the last I ever saw him! He just disappeared from the line and he never returned--no explanation.

The satchel charges did the trick and we could finally get in, the whole insides were burned to a crisp--nobody survives two charges like that!

This type of action was going on all across the ridge. Company B, Sgt. Turner's outfit, and Company C were to be heavily involved with extremely intense conditions that would last for the next seven days, until a bridge was finally construction on February 14th. ■

Orders from Headquarters?...

...Nah, Just some Poop from the Group!

Be assured that we at National are pleased as punch when we hear from our chapters.

Now that we number about 8,600 members in 65 chapters, we are indeed a going concern.

Serious recruiting in the northeast by our former National Treasurer Pete Leslie has led to significant growth in membership and chapters.

That 1/4 to 1/3 of the chapters keep national informed of their activities is greatly appreciated. We wish that more would do the same.

Some report annually with year-end reports of elections, address changes and activities. Others report regularly throughout the year by form letters or newsletters of which there are many clever publications.

We are happy to know what is going on out there in the "boonies" and to share with others as we do through distribution of our quarterly Board Meeting minutes to Chapter Presidents and article in *The Bugle*.

Richard C. Schlenker
Vice President for
Chapters and Regions

3RD ARMORED DIVISION MEMORIES

[The attached was received from new member **MARVIN H. MISCHNICK**, Division photographer of G-2 Section, 3rd Armored Division Headquarters.]

I was a member of the 3rd Armored "Spearhead" Division. The division got its nickname because it was the spearhead of the Allied Armies across the European Continent. The Division under the command of Major General Maurice Rose, who was killed in action in Paderborn, Germany, while leading his men. The division that spearheaded all the way from Villers Fossard and St. Lo in France in June of 1944 to Dessau and the Elbe River in Germany. The division that closed the Falaize Gap in France and the Ruhr Pocket in Germany. (It was not any of General Patton's divisions or any part of his Third Army, as has been mistakenly reported by some historian.)

The 3rd Armored Division was the first armored division to enter Belgium, the first to breach the Siegfried Line, and the first to capture a German town (Roetgen). The Spearhead Division was the pride of the 7th Corps Commander Lt. Gen. Joseph L. "Lightning Joe" Collins, and the U.S. First Army, at first under the command of Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley, and later under Lt. Gen. Courtney H. Hodges. I mention this, because nobody seems to know that it was the U.S. First Army that spearheaded across Europe. Nobody seems to ever have heard the names of Maurice Rose, or Courtney H. Hodges. Everybody seems to think Gen. George Patton and the Third Army won the war. It's time that people knew about a heroic and creditable 3rd Armored Division, and about Gen. Maurice Rose. I recommend reading Andy Rooney's book titled *My War*.

I was the division photographer of the division headquarters, Forward Eschelon during our participation of the Battle of the Bulge, and also during the whole liberation of the European Continent. My work was published in two editions of the books titled *Spearhead in the West*, which is the history of the 3rd Armored Division. One edition was printed in Germany in 1946 during our occupation there just after the war ended. The other edition was an up-to-date model of 1992. And also in the book *Death Traps*, by Belton Y. Cooper.

Going from the serious now to the lighter side, I'll tell you something a little humorous as well as newsworthy and a personal memory of the Bulge. Our division had a CP (Command Post) bivouac at the insane asylum at Lierneux, Belgium, in January, 1945. In refreshing my memory of an incident there, I remember walking through a long dark and dank tunnel on the way to our kitchen truck to get chow. And after chow, we had to walk back through the tunnel. All through the tunnel were individual mental patients scattered about who looked at us as if we were strange creatures from the planet Mars. It gave us the feeling that they were in great fear of us, and perhaps suspecting that we would torture them. Our bivouac at the asylum at Lierneux was also the place where Cpl George Stettinfield and I had mixed a batch of home-made ice cream that we made with snow in George's GI helmet. Lemon flavored ice cream with the synthetic lemon powder (which we called "sympathetic" lemon powder) from our K rations. After we ate it, George remembered that he had previously washed his feet in that very same helmet.

I also remember a couple of other incidents in Hebronal, Belgium. When our CP bivouacked there, it was very cold, cold, cold. It was have been 30 degrees below zero. I had my fingers frost-bitten while taking pictures, because I couldn't operate the cameras with gloves on. (Now, to this day whenever the temperature gets below 60 degrees, my fingers get numb.) I also had to carry the cameras underneath my overcoat and combat jacket to keep the camera shutters from freezing. There were not too many buildings around where we could sleep without freezing to death. I found one out-building. It was a small wooden barn about 10 feet square and about 15 feet high. Actually, it was a cow shed. In this very small cow shed, was a stall with a bull in it. The bull was NOT very happy either, with a stranger coming in there. So I didn't stay in there too long. I decided to walk around the out-side of the shed to look for any other possible place to sleep for the night. When I got to the side of the cow shed, I saw a closed wooden door up about 10 feet from the ground. After piling up a few things to stand on, and reach that door, I opened that wooden door to have a look inside. It was the storage room for hay for the bull in the stall below. I climbed in there and bedded down for the night. It happened to be directly above the unpleasant bull. I didn't think the bull got too much sleep that night, because he knew I was still present right up above him, and it made him nervous. Of course, I was a little nervous too with him being about two feet below me. I also kept worrying about how many rats or mice would be crawling over me in that hay pile. But one good thing came from that cold, cold night. The heat from the bull manure (proper civilian name for it) kept rising up to where I was sleeping and kept me as warm as toast, while it was 30 below zero outside. And that's no bull. ■

THE GREATEST ARMY

[Received from **EDWIN A. CALFEE**, 6TH ARMORED DIVISION, 50TH ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION, COMPANY B.]

This is the story of New Year's morning of our attack on the Germans to break through to Bastogne and the 101st which stopped the Germans. We were supposed to have tank companies, but the road was blocked coming up the hill of our attack point. We got orders to go with what we had. We were the front of the attack. I put a squad of infantry behind each tank--we only had six. We went for about half an hour when our tank passed a German bunker machine gun which opened up on us. Myself and 13 men were hit and down in the snow. An SS trooper came out and was going to kill all--Sgt. Norman Phillips was killed and Arthur Hullihen was wounded bad. Roy Neidig came out from the other side of the tank and the German dropped his gun and asked for mercy. Roy pointed to the men in the snow and shot and killed him. The tank backed up and fired into the bunker, killing several. We took 12 prisoners. I got on the outside radio phone and two tanks came up and two squads of men. We got the wounded out to aid stations and most were sent home. I was patched up and made it on to Bastogne. Then on to a hospital in England. December 31st, Roy Neidig by himself went on a patrol of our area. He saw a big tiger tank with a track off which was still firing on us. He went back and got a big tank destroyed and took them to it and they destroyed it. No officers were around: they said they got lost. But, the whole company got there? I have discussed this with my men and they remember that.

We were out numbered but not out fought. I know we were the greatest army in this world.

REFLECTIONS by Joseph Zimmer

These reflections were given by the author at the MD/DC Chapter of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge Association meeting, on Sunday, 11 February 2001, at the Ft Meade Golf ClubHouse. Joe served with Company B, 345th Infantry, 87th Infantry Division. His thoughts are shared with those who were unable to attend.

Here we are today, in early February 2001, well into the 21st Century. We discovered last December, that the year 2000 Census tells us that we are a nation of 281.4 million. Within those numbers are about 24 million veterans of past wars of the 20th Century.

We Veterans of World War II, Brokaw's "Greatest Generation" and Ambrose's "Citizen Soldiers," and more recently Bob Dole's passing generation, are in that census number, to the tune of 5 million men and women. An historian recently stated that perhaps we were the gold standard of America's men and women. Many sacrificed their lives, some their health and bodies. But all of us sacrificed time we could never make up. To paraphrase a popular song of the past to each of we veterans of WWII, "There will be other songs to sing, another fall, another spring, but, there will never ever be another you."

We marched into a hell toward a heavenly and noble goal, we who fought in the Battle of the Bulge. God is the author of miracles, and, how many miracles brought us home. We are this story's author to be sure. It was a profound period of our lives as we learned responsibility for getting things done. Our trainers and our leaders tested us constantly and, wanted so much for us to succeed and to become good at what we had to do. It was like a tribal bond, and, sometimes very hard to get past. A bone unexplainable, as a witness to the randomness of life – all in the wink an eye – the constant question: why him and not me? It was even more remarkable, when, you consider the varied walks of life we came from, students, farmers, grocery workers, mailmen, plumbers or barbers to name just a few.

Stability, loyalty, commitment, trust were our watchwords, one of every nine Americans at the time. It all was the largest migration in our history – 8 million to west coast, Midwest, and south, a democratic cauldron. Two million women worked in defense plants and 225,000 in shipbuilding. Perhaps most of us, if not all, would feel that, serving in the US Army, in the greatest armed conflict in the history of mankind, was the best accomplishment of our lifetime – the period of our manhood that mattered the most.

Poor is the nation that has no heroes. Poorer still is the nation that has them but forgets. But to many Veterans, it seems like they are remembered, particularly in Washington DC, only on Veterans Day. Speeches are all well and good, parading us for photo ops or during political campaigns or events, do serve some noble purpose. Let future generations be reminded that courage, duty, honor are not lost values. That America is forever grateful to our deceased veterans; those wounded who bear the scars of their disability, the prisoner of war, the missing still, and we who survived unscathed.

Our lives have a sound track. Many have passed on and our remaining WWII men and women, are joining them, says the VA, at the rate of 1,500 a day. The spirit must live on. Let us savor each day, the moments our chapter meetings and events give us, for all too soon they'll just be memories. Traditions are important, give us strength, even those under attack currently, like our beloved Pledge of Allegiance, our motto on our coinage, "In God We Trust," our National Anthem. Where are those super liberals, crazies, coming from, calling them violations of our Constitution in some form.

It is timely and worth of us, I believe, to mention our wives, companions or in today's parlance, significant others, who are with us today and keep us in good spirits and contented. Their caring and love sustain us. We continue to try to return the same to them as well, the quality of life we enjoy. What a bulwark they are to get us through what we experienced those many years ago. They share our comings and goings and, there is a beauty beyond the senses in their beauty of the spirit. Happy Valentine's Day to you all.

Congratulations to John Bowen as the recipient in December 2000, of the first annual award of the BOBHF, of which I am a member, for his contribution to preserving the history of our battle. We are so proud of you, John, a quiet man, who gets so much done for our Chapter and National in such silent ways. Congratulations also to you and Mary Ann on the recent birth of your grandson. The afternoon lingers on. It is time to say "Au Revoir," 'til next we meet.

(The Editor appreciates Joe's comments and congratulations. JDB)

New Challenge for VBOB

Earlier this year, Major General Robert H. Scales, Jr., USA, then Commandant of the U.S. Army War College at Carlisle Barracks, PA., invited the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge to place a memorial stained window in the hall of honor in Bliss Hall, the conference center at the War College.

President John Dunleavy and the executive board of VBOB accepted this invitation promptly and formed a special committee headed by Stanley A. Wojtusik, Vice President Military Affairs to develop this important project for our organization. The committee visited a number of nationally known stained glass artists studios and has designed a window that will have an honored place at the War College.

The studio selected, the Willets Stained Glass Studios in the Chestnut Hill section of Philadelphia, is famous for the artistry and quality of their work. The most famous in the United States is the main stained glass window in the Cadet Chapel at West Point.

Cost of the creation and installation of the window, and the ceremony at the dedication in September, 2001, is approximately thirty-five thousand dollars, and a drive is now under way to collect the funds to pay for this important memorial. A letter has been sent to all VBOB Chapters, and to many businesses, seeking their participation in this project.

Committee Chairman Wojtusik told the *Bulge Bugle*, "We have sent letters to many nationally known businesses asking for their financial support, but we know from experience that if this fund drive is to succeed, it is our VBOB Chapters and members that are our major source of funds. We know we can count on them."

When installed it will join memorial windows including those commemorating D Day, MOPH, World War One and the Gulf War.

Those wishing to contribute to make this memorial a reality can send their checks to Stanley A. Wojtusik, Vice President-Military Affairs VBOB, c/o 9639 Wissinoming St. Philadelphia, PA., 19114.



VBOB Officers visit War College to survey site of stained glass memorial window shown outside of Bliss Hall, where the memorial will be placed are: (L to R) Col. Thomas Sweeney, USA (Ret) Professor at the War College and liaison to VBOB for many years, Executive VP Lou Cunningham (106 ID), Executive VP-Military Affairs-Stan Wojtusik (106th ID), Past President George Linthicum (26th ID).



MICHIGAN CHAPTER MONUMENT DEDICATION- at VFW Post 2780, Traverse City, Michigan, June 16, 2000. Left side of Monument (L to R) Fred Faulkner, Jim Wibby, Guest from Grand Rapids, Wayne Mentier, Jim Pekkala, Maury Cole. Right side of Monument (L to R) Fred Kerb, Howard Redfern, Wilber Miller, Charles Lewis, Tony Stefan, William Nemecek.

Manton S. Eddy spearheaded Patton's charge across Europe, only to be relegated to obscurity.

By Harold E. Raugh, Jr.

Major General Manton S. Eddy has never received the recognition he deserved for his leadership, professionalism, bravery and battlefield successes. As commander of the 9th Infantry Division and later the XII Corps, Eddy played an important but relatively unheralded role

in the Allied victories in North Africa and Europe during World War II. His interwar assignments were typical of most professional officers: student and instructor at the Infantry School; Reserve Officers Training Command (ROTC) duty; a two year posting to Schofield Barracks, Hawaii; and then assignment as a

initial German breakthrough. The 9th next fought in Sicily, and, in November 1943, it redeployed to England to prepare for the invasion of France.

Its mission was to land on June 10, 1944, and to serve as the VII Corps' reserve. Eddy came ashore at Utah Beach on June 8, and shortly after his division landed, he relieved the faltering 90th Division. Eddy was then directed to cut off German forces in the Cherbourg Peninsula and to seize the vital port city. This was arguably Eddy's finest hour. He aggressively led his soldiers, effectively employed superior firepower and maneuvered his command through the difficult and deadly hedgerow country toward Cherbourg. In recognition of his leadership and heroism during the actions to seize the city, Eddy was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross.

Eddy continued in command of the 9th until he was promoted to take charge of the XII Corps in August 1944. His new command frequently spearheaded the lightning advances of Lt. Gen. George S. Patton's Third Army as it charged across Europe and crossed the Rhine. The pace of the advance, however, took a toll on the XII Corps' commander. With victory in sight, Eddy was diagnosed with life-threatening high blood pressure and was relieved by Patton less than three weeks before the end of the war in Europe.

Eddy's absence from the victory celebrations, according to Phillips, is one of the reasons that he has been forgotten. His military career, however, was not over. After a medical examination, Eddy was allowed to return to duty in 1946. He received his third star in 1947 and retired in 1953 after 37 years of service. Nine years after his retirement Eddy passed away.

In his book, Phillips relies heavily on Eddy's diary and information provided by five of the general's wartime aides. While such half-century-old reminiscences are valuable, their credibility and accuracy need to be watched carefully. One other weakness is the author's extensive use of unattributed quoted dialogue.



Despite his distinguished service to General George S. Patton (left), the contributions of Maj. Gen. Manton S. Eddy to Allied victory in World War II have largely been forgotten.

in the Allied victories in North Africa and Europe during World War II.

The purpose of Gerard Phillips' book, *The Making of a Professional: Manton S. Eddy, U.S.A.* (Greenwood Press, Westport, Conn., 2000, \$65), is to help rescue this forgotten American commander from the relative obscurity to which he has been relegated.

Born in 1892, Eddy joined the U.S. Army in 1916 and was commissioned an infantry second lieutenant two years later, after America's entry into World War I. Assigned to the 4th Infantry Division, Eddy (by then a captain) deployed to France in May 1918 and saw combat as a machine-gun company commander until wounded in action three months later. After recuperating, Eddy served as a battalion com-

mander until the armistice in November. His interwar assignments were typical of most professional officers: student and instructor at the Infantry School; Reserve Officers Training Command (ROTC) duty; a two year posting to Schofield Barracks, Hawaii; and then assignment as a

student and instructor at the Army Command and General Staff School. It was during World War II that Eddy's leadership qualities became apparent. After service as a regimental commander in the 44th Infantry Division, he was promoted to brigadier general in March 1942 and assigned to the 9th Infantry Division at Fort Bragg, N.C. Only four months later, he received his second star and became the division's commander. During the invasion of North Africa in November 1942, Eddy commanded the Provisional Corps of the Western Task Force. Six weeks later, he rejoined the 9th, which was still consolidating when the Germans attacked Kasserine Pass in February 1943. Eddy helped restore the situation after the

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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 insignias 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.**

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