

The BULGE BUGLE

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION • VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

VOLUME VIII NUMBER 4

THE ARDENNES CAMPAIGN

NOVEMBER 1989



THE TROOPS ARRIVED EARLY...

...for a delightful stay in Reno, Nevada, September 25-28, 1989

Many Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge arrived early to get a head start on the activities at our General Membership Meeting in Reno. Some of the highlights were:

- Recalling the historic events of 45 years ago and meeting troops we were too busy to meet then;
- Encroaching on Donner Pass and Truckee, followed by an attack on a 'Ribs and Chicken' lunch in Virginia City--'Mark Twain' provided the support on the Virginia City campaign with some super banjo music and sharp wit;
- Visiting Carson City and the northern shoulder of Lake Tahoe which we left in our wake before the trip was over;
- Having the weather in our favor this time--warm days, cool nights, and low humidity;
- Being met by the Italians (Liza Minelli) and the Russians surrounding us with a warm glow (Yakov Smirnoff).

The only assault we encountered was that dreaded one-armed bandit.

Join us for the...

See Page 4

VBOB COMMEMORATION AND CELEBRATIONS - Dec. 14,15 & 16th

MEMORABLE BULGE INCIDENTS - *Living Legends* See Page 12

THE BULGE BUGLE is the official publication of Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge. It is issued five times yearly.

BULGE BUGLE STAFF

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9th Infantry Division

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Third U.S. Army Engineers

Editors - Washington Bureau
Elturino L. Loiacono - 10th Armored Division
Roy Gordon - 9th Infantry Division

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87th Inf. Division

LIAISON OFFICER FOR INT. AFFAIRS
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28th Inf. Div. 110 Inf. F

PHOTOGRAPHER - Sam Silverman
10 ARMDD 11TK BN C

PRESIDENT

HISTORICAL FOUNDATION

Dorothy S. Davis, 57th Field Hospital

PAST VBOB PRESIDENTS

Clyde Boden, 1981-1984
Robert J. Van Houten, 1984-1986
George Chekan, 1986-1988

"This is undoubtedly the greatest American battle of the war and will, I believe, be regarded as an ever-famous American victory."

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL

Addressing the House of Commons following the Battle of the Bulge



From The President

GMM89 was a great success. The meeting attracted many members as well as new members from the West Coast. A highlight of the meeting was a letter from Andre R. Meurisse of Bullingen, Belgium. There were so many requests for copies of the letter that I decided to reprint it in the Bulge Bugle. The letter that follows speaks for itself.

Yours in comradeship,

William T. Greenville

June 1989

From someone "over there," someone who can't believe it!

I'm not American-born and do regret not being American-born because I really feel to be someone of American fiber is an honor. That's why I believe this statement of mine cannot be considered in any way as interference in a foreign country's matters.

Since the tender age of 7, I have always been a 103% pro-United States citizen of Belgium. I am a lifetime member of the 101st Airborne Division and 2nd Infantry Division Associations, two brave units among the bravest U.S. Armed Forces units--the simple addition of their designated unit numbers equals 103, making me a 103% pro-United States citizen of Belgium.

I was born in Bastogne and got wounded in my right shoulder during the 8-day siege of the town by Nazi Germany forces at the time of the Battle of the Bulge.

Cont'd on page 3

"The biggest flag I have is the American flag because it represents the nation that, in the history of humanity, paid the biggest price in the name of freedom."

The young and not-so-young Americans at war in that bloody battle that reddened the snow all over the Ardennes region not only saved my arm from amputation but most of all restored our freedom; and it is their own sons, grandsons, and nephews that chiefly contributed to upholding that freedom by their constant presence behind their flag held high on the peacetime frontline in Western Europe from 1945 up to this day.

You see, for us all in the Ardennes who suffered from starvation, enslaving action, deportation, bodily persecution, and daily assassinations during four long years, the U.S. flag was for everyone of us the lightful Christmas star sending down its warming rays of hope on us poor frightened people moaning in the black and endless hostile night, and will for ever remain for us like a spot of light at the end of a long, long, dark-as-night tunnel. Please, don't let that burn out!

And more precisely about myself; each time when I see an American flag waving in the wind somewhere, it is always with an immense feeling of fond respect, pride, and gratefulness coming up as a big, big wave from deep inside me that I salute the flag using this right arm that was taken care of by those brave men and one woman* whose flag was the ever-cherished star-spangled banner.

The biggest flag I have is the American flag because it represents the nation that, in the history of humanity, paid the biggest price in the name of freedom.

Here in two points is what I think of that madness in interpreting the law:

1. Killing in the name of freedom the one and only freedom-rallying flag on this earth is pure and absolute nonsense!
2. The burning of the American flag is the same as doing the enemy's job, and to pass a law legalizing it, sounds to me like a cry of victory from the enemy of my country!

Now a multiple question.

- . Who and where is this unnameable species of people that lives with all advantages included, under the freedom of the Stars and Stripes and wants at the same time to make burning the flag legal, regardless of all those who fought, died, endured heavy hardships, and those who still suffer today?
- . Why not also allow burning the Constitution and blowing up the Statue of Liberty?
- . What further absurdity will come about?

In conclusion, about making legal something that is obviously not moral, I say this:

USA: FREEDOM IS YOUR FAME, LIBERTY IS YOUR NAME

If burning Old Glory becomes legal, then be sure that it is your FAME and NAME that will burn out in the process!

Finally, all that I've written is my just and personal opinion. It has to be taken as a whole and means that no part of it may be considered separately.

Signed: ANDRE R. MEURISSE
Bullingen, Belgium

*The "one woman" Andre refers to is VBOB's own Ruth Puryear, Nurse with the 107th Evacuation Hospital.

You are invited to attend the

DECEMBER EVENTS

commemorating the

45th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE (WW II)

Each year on December 16 (the date of the beginning of the Battle of the Bulge, 1944) commemorative ceremonies are held at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Arlington National Cemetery. On this, the 45th anniversary of that pivotal WWII Battle, special events have also been planned for December 14 and 15. It will be a time for the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge and their friends to pay homage to the many who never came home; to reminisce about that historical encounter--and to celebrate the progress made in the development of the Battle of the Bulge Gallery, to be built at the U.S. Army Museum, Fort Meade, Maryland.

"DAYS INN", U.S. Route 1 at Braygreen Road, Laurel, MD, has graciously provided a large Hospitality Room to serve as a "gathering place" for the Battle of the Bulge Veterans during these three days. There will be a large collection of personal Bulge artifacts, documents and maps on exhibit for your browsing pleasure and quiet corners for visiting. The Hospitality Room will be open during the following hours:

Thursday, December 14---2:30p.m. to 5:30p.m.

Friday, December 15---4:00p.m. to 6:00pm and 8:30p.m. to 10:00p.m.

Saturday, December 16---3:00p.m. to 4:00p.m.

THE AGENDA

Thursday, December 14, 1989

DINNER GALA

Fort George G. Meade, Maryland Officers' Club

Hosted by

Battle of the Bulge Historical Foundation

and

Brigadier General David J. Allen, Honorary Chairman

6:30p.m.-Reception/Cash Bar

6:45p.m.-Receiving Line

7:30p.m.-Seated for Dinner

Posting of the Colors. 519 M.P. Battalion Color Guard

Pledge of Allegiance. Eugene Drouillard

Innvocation. Msgr William O'Donnell

Toasts

DINNER MENU

Cream of Broccoli Soup

Cesar Salad

Roast Prime Rib of Beef au Jus

Tomato Provencale

Green Beans Almondine

Stuffed Baked Potatoes

Chocolate Mousse Supreme

Coffee and Tea

9:00p.m.--Introduction of Guests

Comments

Unveiling of the "Patron's Fund" Plaque

Retiring of the Colors. 519 M.P. Battalion Color Guard

9:30p.m.--Entertainment. The First U.S. Army Band

Friday, December 15, 1989

10:00a.m. to 11:30a.m. Second Annual Meeting
Battle of the Bulge Historical Foundation

U.S. Army Museum, Fort George G. Meade, Maryland

A progress report of the 1989 activities and plans for 1990 will be presented. You will have an opportunity to meet the officers and the Board of Trustees of the Foundation and to ask questions and offer your comments. Displayed in the small exhibit room of the museum will be an interesting collection of Bulge artifacts and photos.

2:30p.m.--45th Anniversary Commemoration
Military Review. The First U.S. Army, Fort Meade, Maryland

4:00p.m. to 6:00p.m.

8:30p.m. to 10:00p.m. Hospitality Room Open

Saturday, December 16, 1989

11:00a.m.--Special ceremonies for the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge
Tomb of the Unknown Soldier
Arlington National Cemetery
(Parking available near "The Maine Memorial" off Farragut Drive--please inform the guard that you are attending the Battle of the Bulge ceremonies)

11:30a.m.--Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge Monument Ceremonies
Posting of the Colors. Color Guard
Placing of a Wreath
Brief Program

12:00 noon--Reception--Officers' Club, Fort Myer, Virginia
Luncheon Buffet
Cash Bar
Comments--President of VBOB, William Greenville

We hope that many of you will be able to attend some or all of the activities planned for these "Three Days in December"--and enjoy the camaraderie of those who served in this historical Battle 45 years ago.

SO THAT WE MAY BETTER PLAN FOR THESE ACTIVITIES, PLEASE RETURN YOUR RESERVATION FORM BY DECEMBER 5, 1989.

DELAWARE VALLEY CHAPTER OF VBOB FIRST TO DONATE \$500 TO MUSEUM

The Delaware Valley Chapter of VBOB (one of the newest Chapters) was the first to contribute \$500 to the Battle of the Bulge Historical Foundation. The chapter has requested the following inscription for the "Patron's Fund" Plaque:

DELAWARE VALLEY CHAPTER
IN HONOR OF THOSE WHO SERVED
AND
IN MEMORY OF OUR COMRADES
WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES

This contribution was made in person by the Chapter President, Stanley Wojtusik, to the President of BoBHF, Dorothy Davis, at the Annual Membership Meeting in Reno.

This generous support of the Delaware Valley Chapter is greatly appreciated.

A REMINDER: All donors of \$500 contributions received by November 6, 1989 will have their name and unit inscribed on the "Patron's Fund" Plaque. This plaque will be unveiled at the Dinner Gala and will be displayed in the Fort Meade Museum until the Battle of the Bulge Gallery is completed.

Contributions may be sent to:
Battle of the Bulge Historical Foundation
P.O. Box 2516
Kensington, MD 20895-0818

RESERVATION FORM

RETURN FORM BY DECEMBER 5, 1989 TO:

BATTLE OF THE BULGE HISTORICAL FOUNDATION

P.O. BOX 2516--KENSINGTON, MD 20895-0818

Tel# (301) 881-0356

Please make checks payable to: BoBHF GALA

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1989--DINNER GALA

NAME _____ TEL# _____
 ADDRESS _____
 _____ UNIT _____
 SPOUSE/GUEST _____
 NUMBER OF RESERVATIONS _____ TOTAL COST AT \$28.00 PER PERSON _____

Table assignment for the dinner will be on your name card. If you wish to sit with friends--please include their names with this form

DRESS: Business Suit or Tuxedo with Black Tie (Miniature medals encouraged)

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1989

10:00a.m. to 11:30a.m. BATTLE OF THE BULGE HISTORICAL FOUNDATION MEETING

Number of Persons Attending _____

2:30p.m. MILITARY REVIEW IN HONOR OF BATTLE OF THE BULGE VETERANS (FORT MEADE)

Number of Persons Attending _____

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1989

11:00a.m.--CEREMONIES AT TOMB OF UNKNOWN SOLDIER AND VBOB MEMORIAL

Number of Persons Attending _____

12:00 noon--Luncheon Reception at Fort Myer Officers' Club

Number of Persons Attending _____

If overnight accommodations are desired, the names of several motels near Fort Meade are listed. Make your reservations directly with the motel. A small block of rooms has been reserved at the "DAYS INN", and this will be the location of the "Hospitality Room" during the three days of events. It is highly recommended that you make your reservations as soon as possible if you wish to stay at the "DAYS INN".



RESERVATION REQUEST

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ ST _____ Zip _____
 Telephone _____

To guarantee reservations, please enclose Check/Money Order or use your favorite credit card.

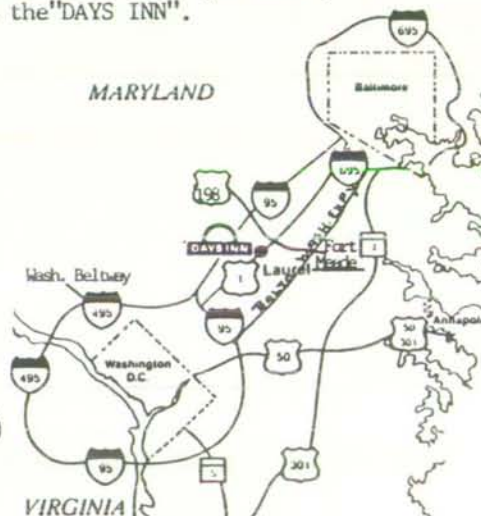
Card Type _____

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Cancellation policy - 6 pm on DAY of Arrival Date
 SINGLE ROOM: \$40 + TAX; DOUBLE ROOM: \$45 + TAX

MAIL TO:
 DAYS INN • LAUREL • U.S. Route 1 at Braygreen Road • (13700 Baltimore Avenue) • Laurel, Maryland 20707

GROUP/COMPANY NAME	
BATTLE OF THE BULGE HISTORICAL FOUNDATION	
Date of Arrival _____	ETA _____
Date of Departure _____	
Number of People _____	
Accommodations Requested:	
Single _____	Triple _____
Double _____	Quad _____
Executive Suite _____	
Extra Person _____	
(INCLUDES CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST)	



OTHER MOTELS

Holiday Inn
 3400 Ft. Meade Rd.
 Laurel, MD 20707
 Tel# (301) 498-0900

Best Western
 15101 Sweitzer Lane
 Laurel, MD 20707
 Tel# (301) 776-5300

VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

Celebrate

EIGHTH GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING

More than 175 members, spouses and guests from all corners of the U.S.A. celebrated the eighth General Membership Meeting, Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, at the Flamingo Hilton, Reno, NV during September 25 through 28.

Many new members enjoyed their first meeting with VBOB, along with the many members who were attending their eighth meeting.

A popular place during the three day meeting was the "Unit Sign-In Book" corner. The books contain the names of the veterans who attended the 1986, 1987 and 1989 meetings--- many of those present spent time searching through the books looking for the familiar names of buddies.

The signatures in the books, this year, represented 52 different units that had served in the Battle of the Bulge including the following:

INFANTRY DIVISIONS--2, 4, 5, 9, 26, 28, 30, 35, 45, 70, 75,
78, 80, 83, 84, 87, 94, 99 and 106.

ARMORED DIVISIONS--2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10 and 11.

AIRBORNE DIVISIONS-- 18, 82 and 101.

<u>MISCELLANEOUS</u>	Corps--7, 8 and 20.	51 Field Hospital
<u>UNITS--</u>	275 AFN BN	57 Field Hospital
	14 Cav Group	107 Evacuation Hospital
	86 Chemical Mtr BN	76 General Hospital
	168 Engineer C BN	722 Railroad Operating BN
	178 Engineer C BN	705 Tank BN
	241 FA BN	740 Tank BN
	561 FA BN	743 Tank BN
	16 FO BTRY	54 Signal BN
	93 Gasoline BN	629 Tank Destroyer BN

Entertainment for the meeting included an afternoon bus tour to historical Donner Pass and Truckee. On September 27, many of the members enjoyed a day-long trip through the scenic mountain areas of Truckee Meadows, Washoe Valley, Carson City and Virginia City. The beautiful scenery was accompanied by some fine Banjo music on the bus.

The Farewell Banquet was a sold-out affair. For the pleasure of the members, there was a program by a Ladies Clogging Group (many feet were tapping under the table to the beat of the Clogger's music) and a fine Barbershop Chorus.

Certificates of Appreciation were presented to retiring Vice President for Membership, Neil B. Thompson and to Helen Berry, Mary De Leon, Frances Doherty and Eva Popovich.

Plans for next year's General Membership Meeting are already underway-- watch the Bugle for the selection of the 1990 site!!



VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

P.O. BOX 11129 ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22210

September 22, 1989

Policy Statement No. 1

Subject: Historical Accuracy

1. Some official and unofficial documents and publications contain errors of fact about units that participated in the Battle of the Bulge. Statements concerning the 6th Armored Division, 99th Infantry Division, 106th Infantry Division, and 825th Tank Destroyer Battalion are just a few examples of the type of misrepresentations that must be corrected.
2. Articles and excerpts from documents and publications have been reprinted in unit publications, including our own Bulge Bugle. The articles and excerpts usually identify the source, and consequently are not edited nor verified. This situation is of major concern to the members of the more than 2,000 units that participated in the Battle of the Bulge.
3. To review such reported errors of fact, a Historical Review Committee will be appointed to research and report its findings in writing to the President of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge within a reasonable time of receipt of a request for correction of a disputed statement.
4. Disputed statements shall be submitted in writing to the Chairman of the Historical Review Committee at the above address. The submission shall include a copy of the disputed statement(s); title, author, and date of article or publication; and the recommended correction with justification and citation of authority.

William T. Greenville
President

Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge

The following members of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge have been appointed to the Historical Review Committee by the President of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge:

Chairman

Hal Cushman Pattison

Vice-Chairman

Charles B. MacDonald

Members

Earle R. Hart

William Allen Knowlton

Harold P. Leinbaugh

Robert F. Phillips

President of the Battle of the
Bulge Historical Foundation
(Dorothy S. Davis)

Members Speak Out

Jack Brewer, 3d Armd Div, Co B, 2d Bn, writes to say that any veteran of WWII who received the Combat Infantry Badge, Combat Medic's Badge, or who was cited for meritorious conduct or heroism in armed combat is eligible for the BRONZE STAR. Members interested are urged to contact the Awards and Decorations Branch of the US Army, Washington, DC.

Robert P. West, Btry. A, 308th FAB, 78th Div. asks why the 78th was omitted from the list of units participating in the Battle of the Bulge. Please address your replies to him at 485 Loma Linda, North Port, FL 34287.

Harold B. Downes, B Co, 502 Prcht. Regt, 101st Abn. Div, is seeking info. After his unit returned from Holland, he was stationed in Reims, France. He was wounded in the Bastogne area on Christmas Day while on patrol. After 14 months' hospitalization, he was medically discharged 14 Feb 46. He wishes to hear from any members of his company or regiment. Harold can be reached at 528 Pilgrim's Harbor, Wallingford, CT 06492.

Leo Vellec, 638th TD Bn, would appreciate hearing from buddies who served with him. He has been very ill. Please write him at RD 5, Box 479, Centerton Rd, Bridgeton, NJ 08302.

LaMar C. Berrett, Co. A, 23d Inf. Bn, 2d Inf. Div, would like to hear from his buddies of the Battle of the Bulge or 3d Inf. Div. Band. Write him at 1032 E. 400 So, Orem, UT 84058.

Ex-Sgt. Alfred F. Rado, Port Orange, FL, writes that he was in the Ninth Signal Co, 9th Inf. Div. While he had planned to attend the VBOB reunion in Pennsylvania, ill health precluded that. He says Hello to all his 9th Div. friends. Write to Al at 219 Sand Pebble Circle, Port Orange, FL 32119.

Thomas J. McGowan sports an auto license plate numbered "0026PH" to denote the five Purple Hearts he earned during WWII. These are in addition to his five Bronze Stars and the Croix de Guerre. He served with Patton's Third US Army. He became a prisoner of war on two occasions and escaped. He was wounded several times by shrapnel, suffered a skull fracture, broken jaw and gunshot wounds to a leg and hand. He served nearly two years in a hospital in England recovering from his wounds. His bravery is attributed to saving hundreds of lives. Thomas is 69 years old.

COURT DECISION ON FLAG-BURNING



The following is from the Richmond (VA) Newsleader newspaper and written by VBOB member, Ruth M. Puryear:

I was an Army nurse with an evacuation hospital in World War II. During the Battle of the Bulge our hospital was forced back from Bastogne into France. We went out on trucks, taking the wounded with us, stopping at three places, just to be forced back again by advancing German troops. For four days we had no extra warm clothes, and the snow was deep. We had lost all our clothes and most supplies when we left Bastogne. All the food we had when traveling was K-rations and very little water. We had given our canteens to the wounded.

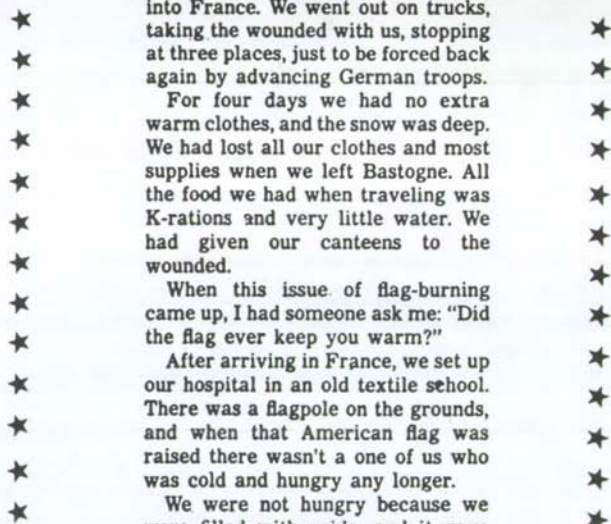
When this issue of flag-burning came up, I had someone ask me: "Did the flag ever keep you warm?"

After arriving in France, we set up our hospital in an old textile school. There was a flagpole on the grounds, and when that American flag was raised there wasn't a one of us who was cold and hungry any longer.

We were not hungry because we were filled with pride, and it gave each of us a warm glow, so we were not cold.

This was the day before Christmas 1944, and we all agreed it was the best Christmas gift we had ever been given. Please have pride in our flag!

RUTH PURYEAR,
Former 1st Lieutenant.



Good News For VBOBers

Research proves that people can enjoy sex all the way up to the nineties! BUT... if it gets any hotter than that, you better call it a night!
W.R. Hemphill

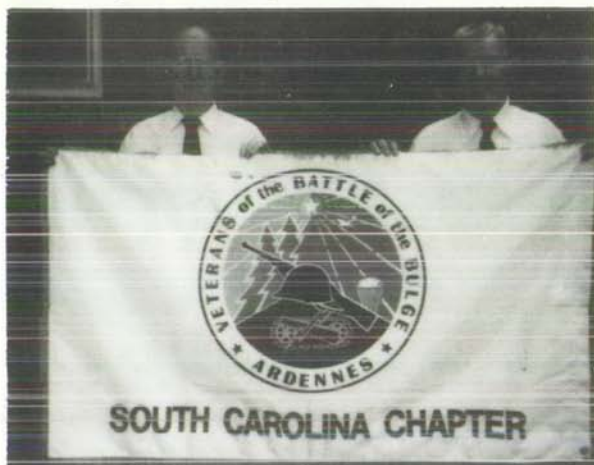
Chapter Activities



C. G. PAUL NEWGARDEN CHAPTER (MASS)
Robert Van Houten, Pres. Matthew Femlino and
Mrs. Newgarden holding their brand new charter

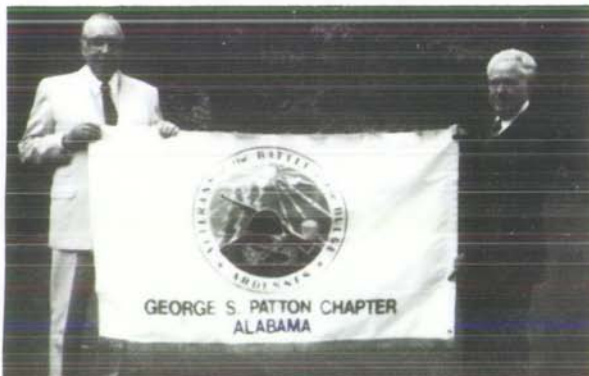


Ricky
Worth,
presenting
flag from
Woodmen
of the World
to S. Carolina
President
Bruce Tate



SOUTH CAROLINA CHAPTER
Rufus Lewis and Bruce Tate

**NORTHWEST
CHAPTER**
Pres. Chuck Pomianek
with plaque
presented to him
for excellency
in recruiting



GEORGE S. PATTON CHAPTER
Pres. Charles M. Hunter and V.P. Herschel Simmons



CENTRAL NEW YORK CHAPTER
Pres. Alexander F. Noce, Sr.
Sec. John D. LaRose

VBOB CHAPTER PRESIDENTS

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637-4191
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98115 (206) 0523-0055
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bia, SC 29206 (802) 782-1030
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Matthew Femino, P.O. 734, Beverly,
MA 01915, (508) 922-5469 or 4315
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9827
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(205) 967-0389
- XII. **NEW JERSEY**
Anthony W. Andriola, 33 Clover St,
Nutley, NJ 07110 (201) 667-9363

★★★



Has anybody in TRUCKEE seen Mudge?



VBOber William E. Dingfelder proudly sports his VBOB license in New Jersey



July 1989 - Wes Cooper President (right) and Clarence Marschall President Elect (December 16, 1989) with the new VBOB Chapter flag for Wisconsin - location of picture - front of Burns Post 388 VFW in Wausau.

FLASH! FLASH!

Because of the strong interest by Divisions, Units and persons, the Turner Publishing Co. has extended the deadline of the history of the Battle of The Battle of The Bulge book to January 15. Send in your story now to:

**Turner Publishing Co., P.O. Box 3101
Paducah, KY 42002-3101**

★★★

The membership records of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge include the unit of each member as available and generally consists of Division, Regiment/Battalion, and Company. About 2,000 units were involved in the Battle of the Bulge. Our current VBOB membership represents in excess of 1,500 of those units. We would like to represent all of those units.

"America is great because America is good and if America ever ceases to be good she also will cease to be great."

Alexis de Tocqueville



Memorable

BULGE INCIDENTS

LIVING LEGENDS

Accounts of events and experiences in the Battle of the Bulge as recalled and expressed here by veterans of the greatest battle ever fought by the U.S. Army are of great historical significance. These are priceless, unedited, first-person recollections by living legends in what Prime Minister Winston Churchill, in speaking before the House of Commons, characterized as an ever-famous American victory.



Victor C. Rauch
C Battery
592nd Field Artillery Battalion
106th Infantry Division
Loudonville, New York

December 16, 1944

A Cadre Sgt at Ft. Bragg told us newly arrived recruits that you have it made. Your in the Artillery and thats practically Rear Echelon. The enemy has to go thru the infantry to get to you and that just doesn't happen. Well, that Sgt never envisioned anything like the Battle of the Bulge.

The most memorable event that I can remember has to be the very first day (12-16-44). It would shatter the idea of Artillery being safe in the rear. As members of C Battery 592nd F A BN, 106 Infantry Division, we found ourselves isolated from our Infantry. No longer in the rear, we were now in the front line.

The shelling of our batteries had long since stopped. Our Howitzers had stopped firing. It would only be a question of time before we would be visited by German Infantry. We would have to leave this hot spot but would need an Infantry screen to accomplish it. At this time, it was out of the question.

Day had passed, night was falling and our situation grew more acute. Finally, late at night, a reserve Infantry Unit was able to provide a screen at Aux. We got the word to March order. The only problem was my particular Howitzer (155 MM). It was stuck in the hole. The arrival of a German Burp gunner was harrasing our effort but finally, we did get it out and we joined the column.

We exited Laudesfeld against the firing of German Burp guns and headed down Skyline blvd, not realizing that the Germans were waiting for us at the roadblock. We were able to turn right at the engineer Cut Off

avoiding the trap. Unfortunately one of our other batteries missed the turn off and lost 32 men to that roadblock.

The next day found us exchanging one hot spot for another but thats another story. I don't believe that I will ever forget that first day.

.....

December 18, 1944

Bob Hall
Headquarters Company
3rd Battalion
119th Infantry Regiment
30th Infantry Division
Aston, Pennsylvania

I had quite a few memorable events during the Bulge, but I guess this would be #1--

At Stoumont, Belgium on Dec. 18th, 1944, I was ordered with two other men to go up to the top of a hill and set up an observation post. This was the night of the 18th--



Robert F. Hall

At daybreak, we observed tanks and infantry coming toward us. My buddies took off to the rear and I waited a few minutes longer and ran about 300 yards to a house. I could not go any further and joined about 30 other 30th men in the cellar. Shortly, I looked out the broken window pane and a German soldier was right there--he was less than a foot from me, without

knowing it. I immediately went to another part of the cellar and was captured Dec. 19th and released in LaGleize on Dec. 24th--by the way, my two comrades were not captured. I recently visited one of my buddies Ellis Aldridge in Hagerstown, Maryland, who was with me that morning at the observation post--I guess being less than a foot from the enemy without him knowing it is a rarity--that's why I selected this.

December 23, 1944

Harry Reed
83rd Armored Reconnaissance Battalion
3rd Armored Division
Eldon, Missouri

The most memorable event for me in the battle of the bulge was around the Hottel Soy area on Dec 23 about 3 o'clock in the morning we heard small arms firing at our road block about a mile from the small town we were at. So we took 2 jeeps 1 armored car 1 Light Tank I was in the lead jeep about half way to the road block we run in to Germans on both sides of the road they were cross firing on us we finally made it through to our troops our Lt was in the front seat he was hit in the neck and killed. The jeep had bullet holes all over it and all the tires was flat I had a 50 Cal machine gun mounted on the jeep I fired it till it burned up and 2 other automatic weapons till all the ammo was used up I do not remember firing them. My driver told me I was sure mowing them down. Me and the driver was the only ones to come out alive out of the 12 men. All the vehicles were destroyed I was awarded The Bronze Star and Purple Heart.

Note: An account of this action and other recognition he has received as a successful businessman are contained in his hometown newspaper.

December 23, 1944

Bill Zimmerman
999th Field Signal Company
Cheltenham, Pennsylvania

I was in the hospital in Liege, Belgium--December 23rd, 1944 from concussion shells. Nazis overran our forward positions. The German prisoners cleaned the hallways unattended. When the green infantry boys awoke from their morphine shots I heard screaming en masse: Christ! We're in a German hospital! They grabbed their clothes and ran down the halls in their underwear yelling "I don't want to go to a concentration camp--over and over again. The German prisoners laughed at the sight. The hospital put visible M.P.'s in the halls.



December 23-24, 1944

Stan Davis
C Company
21st Tank Battalion
10th Armored Division
Kissimmee, Florida

I was a Tank Commander in C Co 21st Tk Bn 10th AD and our Company was a part of TEAM OHARA of CCB, 10th AD during the Battle of the Bulge from 18 Dec 1944 to 16 Jan 1945. My most memorable event took place on 23-24 Dec 1944 at Marvie (SE of Bastogne and part of the final perimeter).

On the 23rd we were in a defensive position on the road to Wardin, just north of Marvie and successfully held off an early night attack on our positions. We moved back a few hundred feet to get out of the light of burning buildings and were reorganizing our positions when LTC OHARA called another Tank Commander and me to his CP. The town of Marvie was under heavy attack by German tanks and infantry who had taken about one half of the town. Marvie was defended by troops from the 327th Glider Bn of the 101st Airborne Div and had no tank support in town. It was just about midnight and we had a brief discussion about the advisability of moving tanks into unknown areas in total darkness but the situation in Marvie required immediate action so we mounted up our crews and moved out to Marvie which was about one half mile away.

We were not familiar with the road network in Marvie but there was a single road from Bastogne going into the north end of town which split, giving parallel roads through town and merging into a single road south from Marvie with three or so cross roads connecting the two roads in town. We moved slowly on the road to Marvie and were met at the split of the road by a member of the 327th who advised us that German tanks and infantry were in the southern part of Marvie just south of the church, he thought there were three tanks. The 327th was dug in mostly in the foundations and the first floor levels of the homes. He also said that there was an American half track on the left hand road which had been knocked out by the 327th in the confusion of an earlier battle.

He said that the German tanks were giving them a lot of trouble and that they needed some help to prevent the German tanks and infantry from taking the town and moving on in to Bastogne. The German tanks would have to attack on the two roads because of the many residential buildings in town so we decided that each tank would advance as far as possible on one of the roads to set up a blocking position to prevent the German tanks from advancing through Marvie. My tank took the left hand road for a few hundred yards to where we could make out the church and the knocked out American tank. The Church was on the left hand side of the road and there were cross roads just north of the Church and another just south of the Church where the 327th was dug in and holding, there was sporadic fire at this time. We backed our tank into a small court yard with a building to

our rear and to our right, the north south road to our left and the Church and knocked out track to our immediate front at about 20-25 yards.

The sporadic fire continued for a while but not in our immediate area, then we could hear tank engines and knew that tanks were moving around to our front but we could not see them because of the darkness and the buildings. We were sure that at least one of the tanks was moving slowly along the road toward us but we still could not see them. Visibility was very poor but we could just about make out the shadow of the knocked out track so I directed my Gunner to aim just to the right of the track where there was a little room for a tank to try to advance. I told my Loader to put a round of AP in the chamber and be ready to fire and to sure his ready racks were filled with both AP and HE rounds, we had a 75mm gun. In a short time we knew the German tank was at the knocked out track and the revving up and the straining of the motors told us they were trying to push the track out of the way so they could advance along this road through Marvie.

We opened fire at point blank range with both AP and HE Ammo and the German tank returned the fire putting rounds into the buildings to our right and to our rear setting the buildings on fire. We continued to fire mostly AP with a few HE as fast as we could reload with the Germans doing the same thing, after several shots were exchanged the German tank stopped firing and we could see shadowy figures bailing out of the tank so continued with HE fire and machine gun fire until they disappeared.

We had a short period of relative quiet during which we prepared to fire on the other tanks if they appeared. We then heard tank engine noises indicating tanks backing and moving around and one tank coming towards us, at this time we aimed our gun as well as we could just over the top of the silhouette of the apparently immobilized first German tank and when it sounded like the second tank was getting close to the first tank we fired a couple of rounds. The track and the German tank just about completely blocked the road so the second tank backed up, turned around and headed south out of town.

We then could hear the third tank moving around and it sounded like they came out of the cross road, making a right turn and headed south out of town.

The smoke from the burning buildings made it necessary for us to move, but we were worried that there might be someone left in the immobilized German tank or that a gun crew could sneak back into the turret and use the tank gun. While we were moving and for the rest of the night we kept an AP round in the chamber and our tank guns aimed as well as we could on the apparently abandoned tank, we moved forward about 20'. I could not make radio contact with our other tank and we had no communications with the 327th.

We spent the rest of the night in our combat positions and as soon as we had some visibility we checked out the German tank and found that we had been fortunate enough to hit and damage their left track which immobilized the tank, we disabled the tank guns. I then went to the right hand road looking for our other

tank and learned that it had fired a few rounds during the night, had some gun problems and moved back to our original starting positions during the night.

The American half track and the German tank made an effective road block on the left hand road but the right hand road was open so we took up a position to defend against attack along this road. During the day we moved our tank off to the right to have a good field of fire to the south of Marvie and at night we positioned ourselves on the right hand road with an AP round in the chamber and the gun aimed at the intersection south of our position. We spent the nights in the Tank with the Gunner awake at all times and in firing position with the crew shifting every couple of hours to take their turn as Gunner. We remained the only tank in town and supported the 327th with our 75mm gun for a little over a week while the battle moved back and forth in front of us but the German never made a deeper penetration into Marvie.

My crew members were GIUNTA, GRANT, DUESCHLE AND BARTOLIN.

Note: The above action was covered in the 10th AD book "IMPACT" on page 109. It was also covered in the book "Bastogne, The Story of the First Eight Days" by SLA Marshall on pages 126, 127, 129, 130, 131 and Fig 27. The extract of the action and award of the Bronze Star from the 101st Airborne Division is contained in division records. I later received a battlefield promotion to 2nd LT, stayed in the Reserves and Retired in 1976 as a COL with 34 years service.

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December 24, 1944

Herbert Crowell
G Company
2nd Battalion
119th Infantry Regiment
30th Infantry Division
Sebring, Florida

We were the lead squad into LeGlaze. I was the bazooka man that day.

I fired two rounds into the first vehicle (half track). Three Germans were eating breakfast near by. Day was just breaking.



H. Crowell--1943



H. Crowell--1984

I had one round left. I used this round on the king tiger that is at the Museum Tank 213.

December 24, 1944

William J. Gaynor
B Battery
67th Armored Field Artillery Battalion
3rd Armored Division
Warren, Rhode Island

My most memorable Bulge incident was Christmas Eve in the Ardennes. It was a crisp cold night and it was snowing lightly adding to the snow that was on the ground. The Germans were throwing wave after wave of German troops in an attempt to overwhelm our troops. They used tiger tanks to try and overrun our position but our artillery, mortars, rocketfire and our lines managed to hold but the accurate 88's caused a lot of death and destruction upon the GI's and armor. The snow on the ground turned red from the heavy losses of both sides. Christmas day was another day, the Germans are still trying to destroy the 3rd Armored Div. and all of its units. But we are giving the Germans the death and causing a lot of destruction to their tiger tanks.

This is an incident that I will always remember and especially all my falling combat friends and buddies.

P.S. This letter is the best I can do as I have arthritis of both hands, legs and feet--do to frost-bite, frozen hands and feet and trench foot. I got in this condition in the Battle of the Bulge. I know I made a few mistakes in spelling but I could not do this over again. My hand is numb.

December 25, 1944

Andy Kissel
A Company
53rd Armored Infantry Battalion
4th Armored Division
Coatesville, Pennsylvania

Christmas morning, we were shooting into a school building in a town in Belgium. I can't recall the name. On our left flank was an American tank. It was also shooting into the school. All of a sudden, I heard a loud explosion. I looked toward the tank and it was on fire! Men were coming out of the turret on fire! We looked behind us and saw two Germans who had fired a bazooka rocket at the tank. The 1st sergeant yelled at us to chase them. I and two others and the sergeant chased the Germans up to the last house in the town. Then they put their hands on their heads and surrendered. The 1st sergeant shot them right there.

On the way back to town, we heard somebody hollering at us. We looked up on a hill and we saw two Germans waving their hands at us. We went up to them, v-e-r-y cautiously. There was a truck there with a Red



Andy Kissel

Cross on it. When we opened the rear door, we found wounded American soldiers. The two Germans were doctors. The American soldiers said that the doctors took real good care of them. We went back to the town and told our officers about them and they sent some of our people to get them.

The fighting had stopped in the town, so I went into a Belgian house. It was really nice. I went into the kitchen and opened a cupboard. It was full of American canned goods--the BIG cans! I opened up a big can of Bartlett Pears and gobbled them down! That was my Christmas dinner, 1944.

That was how I spent Christmas Day, 1944 and I will never forget it as long as I live.

December 26, 1944

Emanuel Lamb
H Company
331st Infantry Regiment
83rd Infantry Division
Long Beach, New York

I joined "H" Company, 331st Inf. 83rd Division on about Dec. 26, 1944 as a replacement. We were in Ottre, Belgium at the time and I was appointed as a platoon messenger by my platoon leader. The town of Bihain which was about 2 miles from Ottre was just taken by our elements of the 330th Inf and parts of the 331st too. The shelling all around was extremely heavy, since the Germans were attempting a counter-attack to retake the town. My Lieutenant told me to into Bihain and contact machine gunners of the 2nd platoon and find out exactly where they were in Bihain and report back to him. I started down the road about 5 or 6 A.M. searching each house along the narrow streets and looking for someone



in the 2nd platoon. All along the street there were G.I.'s hiding in doorways ducking the shells that were coming down and when asking some of them if they had seen or no where the heavy machine gunners were in town, they directed me to the end of the street and told me to check there. But getting down that street was extremely dangerous due to the shelling that morning. I did finally get to what looked like a doorway to a house, the G.I. standing there asked me who I was and to identify myself, which I did. He then opened the door slowly and told me to ask one of the officers inside perhaps they might know where the "H" Co. machine gunners were. I then discovered that this was the 2nd Battalion Hqs. staff, commanded by Lt. Col. Leniel MacDonald. There was a small table in the center of the room, and a map of that area was spread out on it. The Battalion Commander was discussing the on going battle with his staff. They had a little candle stuck in a cut out potato for light and the scene around the table with the staff officers around is something I'll never forget. It was my 2nd or 3rd day in combat so to me it was quite an experience knowing that I was actually on the front lines. I did finally find my machine gunners of the 2nd platoon in the last house on the street. They had the gun up on the top floor in an open window and that's where they had stopped the counter attack coming into Bihain during the night. Our units then took the towns of Langlier and Petite Langlier and then into the St. Pierre-Hez forest to flush out the Germans in the woods in the midst of a raging snow storm and bitter cold weather fighting there in the woods for over a week in January, 1945. Our Division then secured an area which allowed an armored division to go through and cut the vital St. Vith-Houffalize highway, which was the last German supply route reaching to the western end of the Bulge.

Note: This action was reported in the "TTF," the 83rd Infantry Division newspaper.

December, 1944

H. Rodger Stroop
Headquarters Battery
309th Field Artillery Battalion
78th Infantry Division
Holland, Michigan

It was a Saturday or Sunday afternoon, near Christmas of 1944, when Fire Direction Center of Headquarters Battery, 309th F.A. Battalion, 78th Inf. Div. was working out of a semi-demolished farmhouse on the outskirts of Rotgen, Germany. The Siegfried Line was visible across a snow blanketed field, and the day was overcast and dreary.

Because F.D.C. usually did its calculating on various Artillery targets between midnight and early morning, and as I was a member of that group, I was allowed to attend a movie which was to take place in an old barn near our Service Battery at about 2 P.M. on this day. Service Battery was located on the same narrow road as we were, and about 3/4 mile north of our position. Also, because I hadn't had a break in several weeks, and had a buddy



in Service Battery I thought it a good idea to take in the show, and visit my friend.

I can't remember the name of the movie, but I do remember having a great visit with my buddy. The show ended about 4 or 4:30, and because it was getting dark, I thought I'd better head back to my battery. I also usually tried to get a few hours sleep before the midnight shift.

Just outside Service Battery and along side the road returning to my group was a railroad spur on which there was a boxcar of ammunition being unloaded onto a truck by 5 or 6 G.I.'s. I can't remember the unit they were with, nor did I pay much attention to them other than to say "Hi", and ask how they were doing.

About 2 or 3 hundred yards down the road, coming straight toward me at treetop height was a German fighter plane. I looked the pilot straight in the eye, but at that moment he opened fire from guns mounted on both wings of his plane, aimed at the boxcar. A second or two later the boxcar exploded, as did the truck parked alongside. The guys working there were killed instantly. I dove into a ditch along side the road, and watched the German fighter take off for the sky.

Ten or twenty seconds later the plane returned to review the damage accomplished to be met by a hailstorm of anti-aircraft and 50 caliber machine gun fire. The plane went down with a trail of smoke about a mile from where I was lying.

An hour or two after returning to my battery the medics advised us that although the plane was demolished, the pilot was only slightly wounded and taken as a prisoner of war.

December, 1944

Ira A. Bonnett
84th Infantry Division
Monson, Massachusetts

I don't remember Patton's Sgt's name but I remember the smile on his face when Patton told him to stop. Gen. Patton said to me are you an American soldier and I said yes sir. I had a hole in my helmet as big as a quarter and my clothes were ripped from barbed wire and my shoes were wore out and I needed a shave. Gen. Patton said if you had any rank I would break you here and now. I said Gen. Patton I came over here to fight them not to impress them. Gen. Patton blew up and told his sgt. to take off. I never wore my rank as no matter if I was right or wrong I got in hot water. I was a warrant officer still waiting to get sworn in.

December, 1944

Lloyd Kahn
E Company
333rd Infantry Regiment
84th Infantry Division
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I am going to tell of the memorable event that I got involved with in the 84th Infantry Division sector of Battle of the Bulge. After they broke through our lines on that December day, there was a lot of confusion on the entire Western front at that time. The 84th Division was in the 9th Army sector at the time near the British 2nd Army. We got strict orders to go south and join the 1st Army. We arrived there under cover of darkness not knowing what was going on and also not knowing of the enemies whereabouts. There was a lot of wild confusion going on at that time. We had to send out our reconnaissance patrols to find out what was out there since SHAEF (Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force) headquarters couldn't give us any information. They didn't know anything at the time. We just had to go find out for ourselves.

We were parked in and around this town of Marche, Belgium. Our reconnaissance patrols found out plenty. We were just in the path of a whole tidal wave of German tanks heading toward us. We didn't know it. I was just out of high school at that time and I had studied the French language for 3 years prior to my going into the army. Little did I ever realize that I would have to put it to use at such a timely moment to avoid a lot of confusion in which there was plenty of. My company commander used me as his interpreter to pick up vital information as to the enemies whereabouts. We were in a real tight squeeze without realizing it. The information we got had to be called to the attention of higher headquarters. We were almost surrounded at Marche, Belgium. Somehow we managed to pull out of it when General Patton's tanks gave us support, together with being attached to the VII Corps and the 2nd Armored Division giving us tremendous tank support. Nothing more I can relate from that famous battle which we all took a part in.

God bless you all.

January 5, 1945

Matt Miletich
I Company
333rd Infantry Regiment
84th Infantry Division
Bellevue, Washington

Sudden Death! My Most Memorable Event in Battle of the Bulge

It was January 5, 1945, and the Battle of the Bulge still raged at its peak, three weeks after the German Army had smashed against the American Army in the Ardennes Forest. Second Lt. Allen G. Burrows, of LeRoy, N.Y., our platoon leader, led us along an icy, slippery road in the Ardennes. Our 1st Platoon of Company I, 333rd Infantry Regiment of the 84th Infantry Division, was on a combat patrol with the mission of

attacking a machine-gun emplacement near the villages of Lamormenil and Freyneux, Belgium.

The memories of this fateful January 5th would dictate how I would live the rest of my life. Our confrontation with the enemy machine-gun would be the first combat for many of us--brand-new rookies to war--our "Baptism of Fire."

Our patrol consisted of 18 enlisted men and Lieutenant Burrows. We met another GI with his rifle aimed at the back of two enemy soldiers, marching them back to our rear. As he took them in the direction we just came from I told myself, "Those Germans are getting out of the war just as we're about to get into it."

The ragged-looking prisoners had their hands up, clasped atop their billed caps. "They sure don't look like the propaganda pictures I've seen of Hitler's 'Master Race,' I said to myself. I mentally discounted them. Only 18 years old and seven months out of Albia High School in Albia, Iowa, I still had some immature cockiness in me.

The two prisoners were the first enemy soldiers I had seen since joining the 84th Infantry Division as a replacement rifleman on Christmas Day, 1944.

I had never heard of the Ardennes Forest. We were fighting in the Battle of the Bulge but I wouldn't learn it was called that until two weeks later, when I saw a copy of the Army newspaper, "The Stars and Stripes." That's more than two friends--Private Eddie Miller of Ames, Iowa, and Private Harold Moneypenny of Akron, Ohio, ever learned, for on this afternoon they were destined to die in the bloody snow of Belgium.

Eddie and I were inducted into the Army at Camp Dodge, Iowa, in June, 1944, along with many other Iowa high school graduates. We became acquainted with Harold while traveling in the replacement pipeline.

When we were assigned to the 3rd Squad of the 1st Platoon, we were told to use the "buddy system" of picking a fellow soldier as a buddy and look out for each other. We three became "buddies."

We snaked along the side of the slippery road a little farther. Then Lieutenant Burrows led us into the tall fir trees of the Ardennes. The dark forest swallowed us as if we were dwarfs. The forest shielded us for a few more minutes. Then we stepped out on the icy road again.

It was early afternoon. We stopped for a few minutes and I gazed out on an open expanse of snowfield. The snow was newly fallen and crisp and shimmering white. The land was as flat as a football field but larger.

Looking beyond the field I saw what appeared to be a farmhouse perhaps 200 yards away. But hard on my right and a little way into the field about 100 yards away, I saw a pile of black dirt. That, I thought, is the enemy machine-gun, dug into the frozen ground. It had a good field of fire at anything coming up the road. It had a beautiful shot at the snowfield but I never expected to be going into it.

The machine-gun was our objective and I expected Lieutenant Burrows to give us some directions as to how we would overpower it. But all I heard was his terse, abrupt order--"Fix bayonets and follow me into the field!"



Matt Miletich

His order hit me like a slap in the face! Surprised and shocked, I told myself, "He's crazy! That's not how they trained us at Camp Blanding, Florida, where I had taken infantry training in the blazing hot summer of 1944. The officers and sergeants drummed into us, "Never-expose yourself until you have to. And keep your head and ass down if you don't want-them shot!"

Now, I thought we might try to sneak up the ditches along the sides of the road, or use the forest we had just walked out of as cover to sneak up on the machine-gun crew.

"Hey, wait a minute, Lieutenant! Isn't there a better way we can do this?" That's what I felt like shouting at Lieutenant Burrows. But I was new to combat and a raw, green rookie at that. The only rank lower than a buck private rifleman in the infantry is a prisoner in the stockade. And that's where I might have been sent if I had tried to suggest a better plan. I probably would have been court-martialed.

Click! Click! Click!" the cold, metallic sounds of our bayonets snapping onto our rifles broke the ominous, sickly silence in the snow. I clamped my mouth shut and shut off my feelings. I "went on automatic," reacting like a robot--totally without thought.

As if I were part of a machine, I walked with the other men across the ditch and climbed the barbed wire fence. I threw my left leg mechanically over the fence and onto the snowy ground on the other side of the fence. Then I swung my right leg over. My right pants leg caught on a barb of the top strand of wire, a few inches above the ankle. I was stuck in a clumsy position. I knew from growing up on an Iowa farm that I might get caught worse if I hurriedly jerked at my pants leg. I calmly reached my right hand out and slid my pants leg free.

I put my right foot on the ground and strode briskly to catch up with the other men who had started walking toward the enemy machine-gun. "Zing!--a bullet shot by my ear!

The reflexes I had learned in basic training took over my responses. I dropped into the snow, crawled forward a couple of yards and got the machine-gunner in the sights of my rifle.

Some force that was greater than myself--the instructors' voices at Camp Blanding--told me that the most important thing to do now was to stay calm and hug the snowy ground tightly.

I fired eight times at the enemy machine-gunner. I saw something move but I don't know whether I hit him or an assistant gunner. I quickly shoved a new clip of ammunition in my rifle and fired four more times.

Suddenly I realized the only sound I could hear besides the machine-gun was the loud "boom, boom, boom" of my rifle.

My rifle roared as loud as a cannon in the snowfield. God, all the others must be dead, I thought. What chance have I got, fighting a machine-gun with a rifle! The machine-gun's bullets were digging huge, gaping black holes in the snow all around my head and shoulders. How I escaped being hit by them is more than I'll ever know. The machine-gun was dug into the ground and I was lying on top of the clean, white snow and wearing dark, dirty olive-drab clothing.

The bullets were slamming into the snow all around me--just inches away! I'd better play dead fast, I thought."

I dropped my rifle in the snow and played dead, letting my head and body go limp in the snow. The German machine-gunner stopped shooting at me.

I laid as motionless as I could for about an hour in the cold of the January afternoon.

(It's true, I thought years later, when I read Sir Winston Churchill's statement that "There is no greater exhilaration than being shot at and missed." Before the afternoon was over I was shot at and missed enough to last three lifetimes. I felt almost invulnerable--as if I couldn't be hit.)

I was lucky that I realized when I did that I apparently was the only man still alive and able to fire a rifle. If I hadn't stopped shooting when I did, I couldn't have lasted very long with his withering fire concentrating right on me.

(I learned later that a German machine-gun fired about 1,000 bullets a minute, compared to the American machine-gun's shooting only 350 bullets a minute.)

It was mid-afternoon and very cold, lying motionless on the snow. But the cold didn't bother me as much as the thought that some of the men might be wounded and dying from exposure and lack of medical attention. I don't recall hearing any of them call for help, though Calvin Bock, who was near me in the field, told me many years after the war that he heard them calling for help. I still ask myself if my mind erased the memory of their cries as a means of wanting to wipe out such memories.

After lying still for an hour, I decided to try to sneak out of the field to get some help. I think that human beings have an instinct to do this when they have witnessed a catastrophe.



Dragging my rifle with me, I inched along, crawling about three feet toward the fence. As I did, I caught a glance of Calvin Bock near to me just on the right, moving in a crouch. Suddenly the machine-gunner started firing and Calvin dropped out of sight. (But he escaped without being hit and he made it safely back to our lines.) I played dead and the machine-gunner stopped firing.

It was still daylight. I remained frozen in place for another hour. I was so close to the fence--it was only about three or four feet away--that I thought I could sneak to it and roll under the bottom strand of barbed wire and into the ditch.

I sneaked all the way to the fence. Suddenly a furious burst of bullets from the machine-gun sawed off a fence post inches from my face, spraying a fountain of wood chips right in front of my eyes. The top of the post dangled on the strands of barbed wire and danced crazily back and forth and up and down.

I stopped immediately and the machine-gunner quit firing. My head lay right next to the sawed-off post and my body was at an angle with the post. I lay there about an hour, but I still thought that I could sneak away. If I rolled under the bottom strand of wire and into the ditch, I'd be out of the machine-gunner's line of fire.

I rolled into the ditch. I got up in a crouch, ready to sprint across the icy road and into the safety of the trees.

Suddenly an enemy burp-gunner shot at me from about 20 to 25 yards away, right out of the woods that I had planned to run into. That surprised me. I didn't know the enemy was so close.

As soon as I heard the abrupt "barrupt" burst of bullets that gives the burp gun its name, I wheeled around and did a backward swan dive, pretending to be hit. I let my rifle fly into the air.

"This time," I told myself, "I'd better really play dead until it gets dark. I lay as motionless as I could, my head hanging back on the road and my legs sprawled crazily in the ditch.

I laid still a long time. When I was satisfied that it was dark enough, I crouched up in the ditch, ready to sprint across the road. Just then I thought that there might be some wounded men still alive in the field. It's dark enough for me to go in and check on them, I thought.

I called out softly into the field, "Hey, is anybody alive in there." One man answered. I hurried to him. It was Private Albert Huber of Scranton, Pennsylvania, lying several feet in from the fence. He was shot in his right leg. He told me that Lieutenant Burrows and all the other men apparently were dead.



I started dragging Huber out of the field but being dragged hurt his wounded leg too much. "Just go and tell the medics to come help me," he told me.

I sneaked out of the field without anymore trouble from the Germans. I threaded my way through the trees for several minutes in what I thought was the direction we had originally come from.

Shortly I ran across two soldiers from my company. I had no idea they were so close. Company I was dug in there. Perhaps the company had planned to attack the village just ahead after we wiped out the enemy machine-gun. I don't know what the plan was. I never was told.

I told the two men what had happened. One said, "We saw everything that happened but we couldn't do anything about it." At that I burst out crying, saying over and over, "You've got to get some medics for those guys up there. You've got to get some medics."

The two men--whose names I don't recall--asked me about Lieutenant Burrows. "He's dead," I answered. "He was up in front of the platoon." I told them that Huber said all the other men were dead.

I told the two soldiers that I had caught a glimpse of Calvin but that he dropped out of sight when the enemy machine-gunner began firing.

He and I were the only two men who escaped being killed or wounded. The two men told me another GI escaped with a wound in his hand. I learned later that this was Charles T. Tyson of Shamokin, Pennsylvania.

I sat down on the ground and warmed myself under a blanket that the Company I GIs gave me. I think one of them gave me a hot cup of coffee.

I can't remember anything else from this night. It's a blank.

I slept in the old barn that the 1st Platoon was housed in. Two and one-half squads had been assigned to the combat patrol the day before. On the morning of January 6, Calvin and I and three or four men from the half of a squad that had had a different assignment the day before, were sent up to join the rest of the company. Company I and the other companies in our battalion had smashed their way into the village that had been protected by the enemy machine-gun.

As we approached the snowfield that had been the scene of our disaster the day before, I turned my eyes away from the bloody field.

As I turned my eyes toward the fir trees, I saw a big pile of dead American soldiers. Their bodies had been tossed together on the edge of the forest, like carelessly piled firewood. My eyes landed right on the face of Moneypenny. The sight of my friends' bodies lying there and the lifeless face of Harold Moneypenny, with its white eyes fully open and staring up at the tall trees, a black hole open where his mouth was, and his steel helmet still hanging back on his head, exposing his crew-cut hair, is burned indelibly into my memory. The stubble on his unshaven cheeks was so black, the insane thought, "he needs a shave" popped into my mind.

"I could wind up on a pile like that in a minute from another stupid order like the one that put them there and there isn't a damn thing I can do about it," I thought.

We walked a short distance to the village. It looked as if there had been a furious fight. But it had been captured and there wasn't anything for us to do there. We went back to our little barn and spent the night there.

The next morning we packed our gear, getting ready to go back into the snowy hills of the forest. Suddenly--"ka-boom"--a rifle discharged right by me. I looked up and saw "Private X" hopping up and down muttering that he was shot in his foot.

I had learned to hate his big mouth on our long trip overseas. He constantly razed another kid who was as skinny as I was. I ignored him and kept on packing my gear. Two men led him to the battalion aid station.

In a few minutes the men of Company I began the hard climb through the heavy snow of the Ardennes Forest, where we soon would fight more Germans and our Company Commander, Captain James W. Mitchell, would be killed by a German machine-gun.

P.S.: Albert N. Huber, who had moved from Scranton to Newark, N.J., died suddenly of a massive stroke in 1972 aged 52. Charles Tyson died several months ago aged 77. Matt Miletich and his wife, Arlene, visited Calvin Bock and his wife, Ferne, at their farm in Roe, Arkansas, in 1982 while attending a Reunion of the 84th Division "Railsplitters Society" in Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Update: My wife and I, and our son, Steve, and three other relatives, visited the Belgium villages of Lamormenil and Freyneux in 1986, during a trip to Europe. I probably wouldn't have been able to find this open field without the help of Bud Leinbaugh, who told me this incident occurred near Lamormenil and Freyneux, Belgium. I'm 95% sure that we found the right place--but not 100%.

Note: An account of this action was published in the New York Times.

January, 1945

**Herbert Reiman
3rd Battalion
335th Infantry Regiment
84th Infantry Division
Jamaica, New York**

I recall two most memorable incidents during the BOB, and they both occurred on the same day.

I was a T/3 Combat medic with the 3rd Bn., 335th Inf. Regt., 84th Div., serial #121-60-191. I was top non-com with the responsibility of the battalion and line company medics and the setting up of forward aid stations for treating the wounded as we advanced positions.

Soon after our counter-offensive began on Jan. 3rd, we incurred extremely heavy casualties in our battalion and in our support troops of tankers, anti-tankers, combat engineers, etc. They were pouring into my forward aid station much faster than PFC Johnny Andrako and I could treat and evacuate them. They were lying on the floor and on litters all over the place until we could get to them.

One G.I. was standing against a wall and kept on calling me to help him. "Hey doc. Hey Doc." Every couple of minutes he called to me, "Hey doc. Help me." But because he was standing, I didn't think his wounds were as life-threatening as the ones sustained by the men on the floor--many unconscious and just bleeding to



death. We had to get to these men first to save their lives.

I really don't know how many hours later I finally asked this man where he was hit. He answered by handing me his left hand which was hanging by threads from his wrist and forearm. It was all but severed.

I re-aligned the "threads" and the hand to the wrist as best I could under the circumstances, immobilized the arm from shoulder to finger tips, shot some morphine into him, applied sterile dressings, and got him evacuated back on the first available litter jeep.

Much later I learned through the medical grapevine that my first aid dressings were not disturbed all the way back through battalion, regiment, collecting and clearing stations until he received surgical treatment, and whether it is true or not, I heard his hand had been saved.

The other incident occurred in that same forward aid station. Our troop advance was stymied there for almost two days. We had so many casualties lying on litters all over the place, we did not know where to stack them. As Johnny and I glanced at each to determine who needed our immediate attention, I must have pushed a littler with a less seriously wounded G.I. under a bed. Almost two days later (Johnny and I never slept), we heard some low moaning coming from under a bed. I had forgotten all about the Joe I had pushed under there almost 48 hours earlier. We must have had a very good sleep. We dressed his minor wounds, and he walked out of there to find his outfit. Unfortunately, all my memories are not as pleasant as this one with the happy ending.

VBOB members are encouraged to submit typed or neatly printed accounts and photographs, if available, for consideration for publication of these Battle of the Bulge experiences late in 1990. Send to:

Clyde Boden
VBOB
P.O. Box 11129
Arlington, Virginia 22210



REVISED LIST OF VBOB ITEMS FOR SALE

Several members have called for illustrations of the memorabilia prior to placing the cash on the line. Here's our photographer, Sam Silverman's effort. Wish it could be in color. Please use entire ORDER FORM on reverse. Tear at perf on (left/right). THANKS

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I ran across a most interesting book which I believe our readers will enjoy. It is entitled "First Across the Rhine" by David E. Pergrin, a VBOB member. As a WWII bridge builder, I recommend Dave's book very highly; it is most interesting!

EDITOR'S SQUARE

A cousin of one of the truck drivers who hauled out the frozen bodies of our troops in Belgium writes to say he was M. E. (Buddy) Lancaster of Cleburne, TX who relocated after WWII to East Texas where he spent some 30 years before and after service in the Quartermaster Corps in Ft. Worth. She wishes to hear from anyone who knew him. Contact Mrs. Johnny S. Noonkester, 5209 Nolan St, Ft. Worth, TX 76119.

For those VBOB members who travelled back to Europe in 1986 and earlier, you may wish to know that our dear friend, Madame Marie-Madeleine Fourcade, the greatest female leader of the French Resistance, died at age 80. Thanks for this item, Ruth C. Long.

WANTED - Info or location of WWII Signal Corps photographers or other special coverate units and anyone attached to the 12th Army Group HQ Command of the five Signal companies assigned in Europe. A special need of information on the different units of the 165th Signal Photo Co, particularly of photographers Spangle (filmed in Roetgen-Remagen areas), Kitzerow and Taylor (filmed in Baugnez, Geromont and Malmedy areas). Please provide any info you may have to Buddy Lovette, Rt. 2, Box 284, Moravian Falls, NC 28654.



Department of Veterans Affairs

VA's eligibility assessment procedures apply to all nonservice-connected veterans regardless of age. The law allowing veterans 65 years of age or older to receive care in VA facilities regardless of income was repealed in 1986.

Honorable and general discharges qualify veterans for benefits unless other statutory bars to entitlement exist.

CHAPTER NEWS



GOLDEN GATE CHAPTER

Bill Cordova, Exec. VP & Membership and Fred Dong, President, Golden Gate Chapter



REUNIONS

291st Engr. Combat Bn, Oct 1990. Contact Joseph H. Geary, 55 Cottrell Rd, Saunderson, RI 02874.

5th Inf. Div, Labor Day weekend, Greensborough, NC. Contact W. A. Starfield, Rt. 5, Box 82, Reidsville, NC 27320.

86th Chem. Mortar Bn. Assn, Mar 1990, San Antonio, TX. Contact LTC John B. Deasy, 1830 30th Ave, San Francisco, CA 94122.

561st FA Bn, 4-6 May 90, St. Louis, MO. Contact R. P. Zwisler, 2810 Heidelberg Dr, Boulder, CO 80303.

52d Armd. Inf. Bn, 9th AD, WWII, 18-21 May 90, Valley Forge, PA. Contact Vern Reaugh, PO Box 3467, Hampton, VA 23663. SASE, Please.

VETERANS of the BATTLE of the BULGE

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November 1989



Our organization, the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge is growing but not nearly fast enough. 300,000 veterans of the Ardennes campaign are still out there who should be members. But they are not the only ones who should be members. Your Vice President for membership elect, was not one of those veterans. Nonetheless, he is a Life Associate member who is very proud to be part of the organization that is dedicated to perpetuate the memory of the sacrifices involved.

World War II started with Pearl Harbor and ended with Hiroshima but many important historical facts are not fully covered during the period in between. Involve your children and grandchildren. Tell them what dad or granddad (ma or grandma) did in "the war". Sign them up as Associate members. The ranks of those who were there are decreasing. Those who were there will never forget. Let us make equally sure that those who were there are never forgotten.

Ollie Chaplin
Vice President - Elect

Help maintain the special bond that exists between all Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge!

Detach and Mail

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