

The BULGE BUGLE

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

VOLUME XIX NUMBER 3

THE ARDENNES CAMPAIGN

AUGUST 2000

GENERAL BRADLEY'S THOUGHTS

*“Holding the
Ardennes lightly
while we attacked
elsewhere was a
calculated risk.
This calculated risk
was mine and I
never regretted
having made it.”*

PAGE 11

**LAST
CALL!**

**VBOB
REUNION**

**COLORADO
SPRINGS**

BE THERE!
PAGE 18
U.S.

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

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

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



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

President's Message

Exhausted, but exhilarated, we are delighted to be sending out our August newsletter to all our members.

My wife, Mary, and I have recently returned from an exploratory trip to the Rocky Mountain area of Colorado Springs to dry-run our August 31-September 3 Reunion. As you probably know, Colorado Springs is nestled amongst the majestic mountains, about 50 miles south of Denver and is a busy metropolis even though it only takes about 30 minutes to get out of town to wide open spaces.

One mountain in particular, **Pike's Peak**, at an elevation of 14,000 feet overlooks the town and can be seen from the hotel. Thick layers of heavy snow covered the mountain top on our visit. We did a dry-run on the proposed activities planned for the reunion and found no problems with the altitude which ranges from 6,000 feet in Colorado Springs to 10,000 feet in Cripple Creek. The people in the area, who have experience with tour groups, voice the opinion that most people, in reasonably good health, should have little difficulty with these altitudes. The U.S. Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs sets forth information obtained from a medical doctor which states: "If you have a history of heart, circulatory or lung disease, check with your doctor before coming to high altitudes."

This is a truly spectacular area. We happily anticipate greeting all of you at the Holiday Inn, Garden of the Gods.

Like most of you, I have always tried to display the American Flag outside my home in Virginia on Flag Day, the Fourth of July, Memorial Day, Labor Day, Veterans Day and on other national special occasions.

This year, while viewing the national D-Day Memorial Services on TV emanating from the Eisenhower Museum in New Orleans under the direction of author, Stephen E. Ambrose, I immediately retrieved the American Flag and placed it on the flag pole outside my home. The photographs of the 116th Infantry, 29th Division and the 1st Infantry Division coming ashore on Omaha Beach on June 6, 1944, told me that my flag should be flying in honor of those brave men. I have flown the flag every day since then. A short distance from where I live lies the small farming Village of Bedford, Virginia, which lost 35 of its sons, including two brothers when A Company, 116th Infantry came ashore at H-hour. On June 6, 2001, a multi-million dollar Memorial will be dedicated in Bedford, Virginia. Some of our people plan to attend.

During the past several years, as you all know, much interest has been cultivated, concerning World War II activities. The movie, "Saving Private Ryan," two books on the "Greatest Generation" and a series of excellent books by the noted author, Stephen E. Ambrose, have alerted the American public to the war years of 1941-1945.

On Veterans Day, 2000, a huge World War II Memorial is planned to be started in Washington, D.C. Approximately 100 million dollars has been donated by American corporations and



John Dunleavy

private individuals to see this project through. WalMart Stores, which is in virtually every neighborhood in the United States has contributed both financial support and newspaper advertisements. Former U.S. Senator Robert Dole has given his dynamic leadership and expertise to get the job done. We would expect nothing less from Senator Dole, who can occasionally be seen at VBOB laying of the wreath ceremonies at the Tomb of the Unknowns on December 16th. Our organization has also given financial support to this endeavor. Our Vice President of Military Affairs, Stanley Wojtusik, has taken a keen interest in the project, as he has over the years promoting our organization in many areas of the country. He can always be counted on to do an excellent job.

With the same thought in mind, it is pointed out that our organization, since December 16, 1985, through its National Office and its chapters throughout the United States, has dedicated sixteen memorial monuments/plaques. This has largely been accomplished through the aggressive leadership and foresight of our chapter presidents and loyal members who have undertaken this task and gone the extra mile in order to honor and remember our fallen friends. Even though the memorials and monuments do not show the hearts, the blood, and the faces of the men who died in combat, they are the least we can do so that they will always be remembered for the great effort and sacrifice put forth by the living and the dead to bring about victory.

I truly believe that our organization is a great one. From its humble beginnings in 1981, when it was started by only a few individuals in Arlington, Virginia, it has spread by word-of-mouth throughout the United States so that we now have 55 chapters and 8,400 members. We have a loyal membership which submits articles each month to Nancy C. Monson, of our staff, and we have a professional editor, George Chekan, whose entire life has been in the publishing business. Through the efforts of all, we have brought together many different divisions and individual units from comradeship.

Considering the effort we all put forth in 1944-45, we can do no less than be successful

See you in Colorado Springs. □



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

IT WASN'T EASY

As a new member, I have really been impressed with *The Bulge Bugle*. We can all relate to the experiences in the entire publication. I do not miss a page.

The article "Day-to-Day Report," by Lt. Col. Thomas Sams Bishop was especially interesting—we have the same birthday. It was my nineteenth. I do not remember where I was as we were moving rapidly toward Houffalize from Laroche. I was just happy to have survived the year in one piece.

The Bulge to the Elbe River was not easy but it could not compare to America's largest battle in our history.

You and your staff are to be commended for an excellent publication.

Kurt E. Eisele
84 INF 334 INF 3 BN M

IDENTIFICATION OF SOLDIER

Your query on page 9 of the May, 2000, VBOB *Bulge Bugle*, sounded somewhat like the story of Lt. Eric Wood of the 106th Infantry Division, in December, 1944, when the rest surrendered or retreated, he refused to do either and took to the woods in the Ardennes with a few others and waged guerilla warfare. In 1945, he was found dead, surrounded by enemy dead.

An account of his exploits is set forth in *St. Vith Lion in the Way*, by Dupuy at pages 150-154. [Mr. Jewett provided a copy which appears elsewhere in this issue.]

Dean F. Jewett
168 ENGR CMBT BN B

DOES IT REALLY MATTER?

I just received and read the May, 2000, issue of *The Bulge Bugle* and can't understand the seemingly never ending quest to change the dates of the campaign and the number of casualties. Does it really matter?

As we know the War Department staff in charge of campaign definitions combined the Ardennes and Alsace campaigns into one because the Nordwind operation was also severe and occurred the same time in January, 1945. As we know the comments quoted by the author were made more-or-less after the war by "ghost" writers so the only way to get factual data is to research the many divisions and dozens of supporting units, if now possible, and improvise numbers from the hundreds of records and searching the German archives in Freiburg.

I noted that the author of the current front page story was a member of the 87th Division, which relieved the 26th Infantry Division around 12 December, 1944, and left a void when the division was ordered to BOB that required considerable combat from the 44th and other divisions to reconquer territory obtained by the 26th initially in November, 1944. The 26th departed northern Luxembourg the 27th of January as a result of the division being squeezed out by other units.

Our last days of combat occurred after V-E Day on the border of southern Czechoslovakia and the Austrian border. Do we say the 8th of May does not apply?

As the expression goes, "Does it really matter?"

Bill Leesemann, Jr.
26 INF 101 ENGR CMBT BN

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

I have written only once since I became a member of VBOB. Now, at 82, I was reading the November, 1999, *Bugle*—I felt proud that I was there. And so remembering my days in the conflict, I decided to write and thank the editor of the newsletter for keeping the memories.

Norman B. Shoultz
979 FA BN B

[Also, see Norman's note in the "Members Speak Out" column to hear from any of his old buddies.]

RESPONSE WAS GREAT

In the February *Bulge Bugle*, I asked for assistance in obtaining pictures of two small memorials dedicated to the Third Armored Division in the Hotton-Soy-Beffe area. The response has been terrific. They have come from The Netherlands, Belgium and from upstate New York—one Belgium gentleman took the time to run around the Ardennes country side taking pictures specifically for me. I not only have the photos which I was looking for, but also many other pictures of small memorials dedicated to elements of the Third Armored. I have written to all who responded and expressed my gratitude.

The name of the 23rd Armored Engineer Battalion man who I mentioned in my letter was Corporal John E. Shields. (Picture of the memorial wall is elsewhere in this newsletter.) This site is shared with Colonel Howze, of the 36th Armored Infantry Regiment.

With respect to the M-4 tank dedicated to Col. Hogan and his 400 men, I found the letter from upstate New York very intriguing. It is from a 1st Lt. AUS Ret. who was with the 771st Tank Battalion—attached to the 84th Infantry Division. He was seriously wounded on January 8, 1945, when this tank hit a German daisy chain mine as it was being pulled out of a ditch. His driver, Salvatore Demartino, was killed. (The tank had slipped on the icy road and slid into the ditch.)

I thank the editors of *The Bugle* for printing my letter in the February issue. I am very happy about the results.

Sidley O. Johnson
3 ARMDD 73 AR BN

I REMEMBER IT WELL

I'm a new member and just read an article by Carl J. Morand from McLean, Virginia, of Company D, 328th Regiment, about the first week of January, 1945, in northern Luxembourg.

Well, I remember that well except for a short period of time. I was injured on January 5, 1945, in that area. I was a machine gunner on a 30 calibre air-cooled gun. I was alternating as gunner and assistant gunner. I was in Company K, 328th Regiment, 26th Division.

I was helping the medic get a wounded GI back into a safe place when a German mortar or some sort of artillery shell fell right on us and that's the last thing I remembered until I woke up and was helping with a litter carrier when I noticed my overshoe had been blown off. I noticed blood running out of my foot—shrapnel had penetrated my shoe. I was taken to the hospital in Metz after spending a night with a tank crew in a home in this area. Shells from German artillery fell all night—some hitting the home and its chimney. My boots were full of brick and mortar next morning from sitting near the fire place. My right foot and leg was so swollen I could not wear a shoe on it.

We lost a lot of guys that morning—cold, snowy and foggy. I did not return to my outfit for about 3-4 weeks and didn't know very many upon my return. [See *Jacob's request in the "Members Speak Out" column.*]

I enjoy *The Bugle*. It brings back some priceless memories.

Jacob Eastham, Jr.
26 INF 328 INF K

THE UNSUNG HEROES

Noted the remarks made by David R. Hill found at the top of page 5 of the May issue of *The Bulge Bugle*. Glad that it has been revealed who the unsung heroes were in the endeavor to supply besieged Bastogne.

Bobby G. Cobb
9 ARMDD 89 CAV RECON E

IT WAS NO PICNIC!

I was watching C-Span one night last month and there were three men on camera talking about the Bulge. What I saw and heard made me sick.

One man was from the 106th Infantry and what he was saying made it sound like he was on a picnic. He didn't know that my company—Company A, 23rd Armored Infantry Regiment, 7th Armored Division—lost over 300 men in St. Vith.

The 106th was coming out of St. Vith and the 7th Armored was going in on December 17, 1944. I saw soldiers of the 106th on both sides of the road in the fields.

(continued on next page)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

They had put down their guns and were going to the back of us. If they had stopped there and got their guns and helped the 7th Armored, we would not have lost so many men. I don't understand it: why do men get on TV and talk like that. The 7th Armored stopped the German drive at St. Vith for five days. The railroad coming through St. Vith with supplies could not get through to supply the Germans. After the first five days the Bulge was over--the Germans were 60 miles to the back of us out of gas and supplies and had to stop and start back.

The snow started on December 23, 1944, where I was. The Germans had to fight their way back in the snow.

Steve Cowan, Sr.
7 ARMDD 23 AIB A

IT WAS PROBABLY CAPTAIN ERIC FISHER WOOD

I received *The Bulge Bugle* four days ago and was very interested by the request about U.S. soldiers having stayed in the woods during a time and attacking German troops. The article asked if the story was true. The answer is: yes, it is.

When the 423rd and 424th Regiments of the 106th Infantry Division were captured by the Germans in Schonberg, Captain Eric Fisher Wood and eight or nine of his men escaped in the direction of the Village of Ambleve.

In the vicinity of the Village of Meyerode (not very far from Ambleve), they stayed in the woods of the deep forest and during the next several weeks attacked light German forces.

They were killed one at a time until only Captain Wood was left. In an effort to kill him an important German squad came to the woods and encircled him. The captain used all of his ammo and was killed.

When his body was found there were more than ten dead German soldiers around him.

I don't know if the Belgian people helped him with food, etc., and neither do I know if an order was given by Hitler to kill Captain Wood. I don't believe that happened--Adolph was very busy with more important things.

Stan C. Bellens
Associate Member

MORE ON CAPTAIN WOOD

[Excerpts from letter to Clifford Fluck in regard to his inquiry.]

In December, 1944, I was with one of the artillery batteries who took over from our counterparts of the 2nd Division somewhere near December 9, 1944. As a veteran of the Battle of the Bulge--albeit short-lived since I was captured on December 19 and spent the next three months in a couple of German PW camps--I was intrigued by your letter.

The story you recounted is true, and probably has been changed and expanded as the scuttlebutt got around the troops after the battle was over. I know the soldier in question--he was battery exec of our unit--Battery A, 589th Field Artillery Battalion, 106th Infantry Division. His name was 1st Lt. Eric Fisher Wood, Jr., and I was his jeep driver during winter combat maneuvers in the Carolinas and Tennessee. I admired Lt. Wood a lot. He was big and brave and coolly met trouble head-on. I believe his father was a brigadier general on Eisenhower's staff who, after Wood's body was found and the story of his death pieced out, tried mightily to have his son's bravery recognized with an appropriate decoration: the Medal of Honor. I don't know if General Wood made it, but I'm trying to find out through the Internet. [On the list of Medal of Honor recipients for Battle of the Bulge action which we have, Lieutenant Wood is not named.]

The Wood story is recounted in two pages of Charles Brown MacDonald's excellent book on the Bulge--*A Time for Trumpets*. [Reprinted elsewhere in this issue.] There is also a full account of Lt. Wood's part in the events in a book called *Death of a Division*, by Charles Whiting.

I don't think the men who fought under Lt. Wood could be classified as infantry, or artillery, or what. They apparently were a rag-tag accumulation behind German lines in the Belgian woods of men who managed to squeeze away from the German attackers, and were recruited and commanded by Lt. Wood. Whiting tells the story well.... Now that I'm 80, it seems long ago and far away, but your query galvanized me into action and I'd admire to get any more information

veterans of the Schnee Eifel combat can provide. I'd sure like to find out if Lt. Wood was decorated for his valor.

Alexander "Sandy" Flandreau
106 INF 589 FA BN A

THE CHRISTMAS EVE MISSION

Our bomb group, the 487th of the Eighth Air Force, was selected to lead the entire 8th on the Christmas Eve mission which was the first mission we were able to fly since the Battle of the Bulge began. The weather had been so bad that the birds were walking.

This was the largest raid ever put up by our air force--over 2,000 planes. We had just passed over Liege, Belgium, when we were attacked by a group of German fighters. We were without our usual escort of fighters, so the Luftwaffe thought they were going to have a field day. They just about did--shooting down quite a few of our bombers. We got several of them and made a good showing for ourselves.

My plane was one of the unfortunate ones set on fire by 20mm cannon fire from the fighters. Five of us bailed out but four were either killed outright or were killed when the plane exploded in the air. Since we still had our bombs on board, it was scattered over a pretty large area.

The unusual part of this event was that just recently, after almost 56 years, I have been in contact with a person in Belgium and not only did he send me pictures of parts of our plane, clearly identified by the ID #, but detailed maps of where the parts were located. My biggest surprise was a picture of the tail assembly still intact with people standing on and around it. I was the tail gunner on that plane and had occupied that tail shortly before the picture was taken.

Charles W. "Chuck" Haskett
487 BOMB GP 838 SQD

IT WAS WOOD

The person in question was a Lieutenant Fisher Wood, of the 106th Infantry Division's artillery. Wood was escaping with his gun crew off the Schnee Eifel through the Village of Schoenberg when attacked by the Germans. Most of the crew were killed but Wood escaped into the forests near St. Vith.

The story is told in Charles Whiting's book, *The Death of a Division*, published by Leo Cooper 1979 Arrow Books, Ltd., pages 123-125. A brilliant read and true.

Charles Bedford
British XXX Corps, 53 INF 1 MANCHESTER REGT

THOSE WHO RATTLE THE CHAINS OF CASUALTY, RISK TRIPPING OVER THEM

As the years slip inexorably by, we must remain painstakingly cautious to keep close rein on unbridled writers who would turn the Battle of the Bulge into a farce.

A recent episode on the History Channel discussing the disappearance of Amelia Earheart noted that there were 29 theories as to the cause of her disappearance. As was indicated on the program, if any one of the 29 theories was accepted as fact, then what was to be done with the other 28?

At the Little Big Horn River affair, George Armstrong Custer was discovered with a bullet hole in the heart area and one in the left temple, either or both of which would have been fatal. Some say he took his own life. The Little Big Horn River affair ranks #2 behind Gettysburg in the number of volumes in the Library of Congress with the #3 J.F.K. affair closing rapidly.

Concerning the Elise Dele incident on page 4 of the November, 1999, *Bulge Bugle*, Robert E. Merriam, official historian of the 7th Armored Division in his book *Battle of the Bulge (Dark December)* January, 1957, p 63, mentions Elise Dele as a reliable German woman. *Citizen Soldiers* treats the incident rather casually on page 181. In Gerald Astor's *A Blood Dimmed Tide*, 1992, page 74, the alleged information is mentioned, but includes no names. In his book *Bastogne, the Road Block*, 1968, Peter Elstob treats the incident casually. *History of the Second World War, Battle of the Bulge*, Sir Basil Liddell Hart does not mention the incident. In his book, *The Ardennes Battle*, 1977, Hugh M. Cole barely mentions the incident on pages 59-60.

(continued on next page)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from page)

Point: Is Elise Dele (Dunkel) important to the history of the Battle of the Bulge? If so, who do you believe? Which is correct? What do you do with the others? Does this cast doubt on other parts of a writer's work?

From *Citizen Soldiers*, page 188: "I write during one of the greatest hours before an attack--full of unrest, full of expectation for what the next days will bring. Everyone who has been here for the last two days and nights (especially nights) who has witnessed hour after hour the assembly of our crack divisions, who has heard the constant rattling of our panzers, knows that something is up and we are looking forward to a clear order to reduce the tension. Some believe in big wonders, but that may be shortsighted! It is enough to know we attack and will throw the enemy from our homeland. Overhead is the terrific noise of V-1 artillery--the voice of war. So long now--wish me luck and think of me." On the back of the envelope was "RUTH! RUTH! RUTH! WE MARCH!!!"

From *Hitler's Last Gamble*, page 5: "I write during one of the great hours before we attack, full of expectation for what the next days will bring. Everyone who has been here for the last two days and nights, who has witnessed hour after hour the assembly of our crack division, who has heard the constant rattling of our panzers, knows that something is up. We attack to throw the enemy from our homeland. That is a holy task!" "Ruth! Ruth! Ruth! WE MARCH!!!"

Howard Peterson
4 ARMDD 51 AIB CCA

CLEARING THE RECORD

I caught the article you printed by me in the May 2000 issue of *The Bulge Bugle*. So I again got out the "History of the 120th Regiment." I don't know at what sources your information about S/Sgt Paul Bolden were derived from, but on page 263 it has his picture and it states he was a member of "E" Company, 120th. Also, since I didn't save a copy of my last letter to you, I may have written it as such. I don't know, it should have read: I joined "I" Company in late June of 1944 instead of "late" 1944.

Alan D. McGraw
30 INF 120 INF I

BRITISH XXX CORPS

I regret very much that the undoubted contribution of the crack British XXX Corps to the Ardennes victory has frequently gone unnoticed and unsung. I think I know exactly why: Monty "The Insufferable's" egotistical, error-filled, asinine press conference on 7 January, 1945. According to Monty, he brought order out of chaos, corrected the mistakes of poor amateurs like Ike (who was assisted by a 50% British staff, e.g., the G-2), and with a few deft maneuvers of his British troops sent the Krauts off properly. Although Churchill tried to correct the record, the damage can never be minimized, and few Americans will ever instinctively give the XXX Corps its full due for the job the gallant Welsh, Scots, and English did.

I don't think "Lightning Joe" Collins or "Old Gravel Voice" Harmon would agree that it was the 29th Armored Brigade of the British XXX Corps which stopped Hitler's tanks almost on the banks of the Meuse, but 2,500 battle casualties are entitled to full honors from all of us. Thanks to Charles Bedford for setting the record straight, in spite of Monty.

Malcolm Wilkey
VIII CORPS

THE STORY IS TRUE

[The following is a letter addressed to Clifford Fluck, who made original inquiry regarding the guerilla warfare in the Ardennes.]

I am responding to your inquiry on page 9 of the May 2000 *Bulge Bugle*.... The story is true. I am a retired air force pilot who has done considerable research regarding the Battle of the Bulge, having made five extended visits to the Ardennes.

I believe in this case, the man you asked about who fought the Germans as a guerilla fighter until he was killed, was Lt. Eric Fisher Wood, of the 589th Field Artillery Battalion, 106th Infantry Division. He was not an infantry man, but an artillery man. When his battery was cut off during the retreat from the Schnee Eifel, on or about 17-19 December, 1944, and

it was evident there was no escape, Lt. Wood ran into the forest to continue the fight.

It is thought that at least one other soldier joined up with him near Meyerode, but the details are sketchy. Too bad the names of other possible companions are not known, as they deserve great honor.

Lt. Wood was befriended by local Belgians of the Village of Meyerode, along with at least one other unknown soldier companion, until finally surrounded in the woods near the village, after carrying on his own war. The Belgians say he was found dead, surrounded by at least eight dead German soldiers.

There is a memorial marker at the location where he was found after the American forces had regained the area late in the battle. He is buried at Henri Chapelle Cemetery east of Liege, and his home town was Bedford, Pennsylvania.

The story is well known in Belgium, and has been told in several books about the Battle of the Bulge. Belgians who helped Lt. Wood still live in the village....

John J. Hoye
Associate Member

SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

In a recent issue of *The Bugle*, a writer made a couple of errors in that (1) he stated that the link-up between the First and Third Armies took place at a location other than Houffalize, and that (2) the massacre at Malmédy occurred in the zone of the 82nd Airborne Division.

As to (1) on page 492 of General Bradley's *A Soldier's Story*, the juncture of the two armies occurred at Houffalize.

With regard to (2), page 90 of *The Devil's Adjutant* confirms the massacre happened at Baugnez which was in the zone of the 30th Infantry Division.

Let's not try to revise history, friends. A noted author is doing this. On page 356 of *Citizen Soldier*, he writes "Private J. Frank Brumbaugh, of the 82nd Airborne, remembers hiking past the site of the Malmédy Massacre. GI's and some POW's were out in the field. They were digging bodies of the murdered Americans out of the snow. No POW's were near the dead Americans. They were uncovered and evacuated by members of Lt. Col. Pergrin's 291st Engineer Battalion. I was there... I doubt that a "J. Frank Brumbaugh" ever belonged to the 82nd Airborne Division. The hamlet of Baugnez was in the zone of the 30th Infantry Division. The 82nd was on our right.

Tom Raney

POW MEDAL AVAILABLE

The Pentagon has announced the offering of a new Prisoner of War Medal featuring an eagle, ringed with barbed wire and bayonets, to honor some 142,000 U.S. troops captured in four wars.

The medal will be issued at no cost to any person who was taken prisoner of war and held captive after April 5, 1917. The medal can be awarded posthumously to legal next of kin.

Eligible persons may call 1-800-873-3768 for more information. □

SOCIAL SECURITY CHANGES

President Clinton has signed into law a bill which allows people between the ages of 65 and 70 to work and still receive all their Social Security benefits. From now on, you can receive Social Security benefits (if entitled) without a reduction, no matter how much you earn. If you have any questions, call 1-800-772-1213. □

"I got the socks you knitted for me," wrote the soldier to the dear young thing he had left behind him, "but I love you just the same."

253RD ARMORED FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

[The following was sent to us by **BOYD O. McNEIL, JR.,** SERVICE BATTERY of the 253rd. The author is not identified.]

In the early evening of 19 December 1944 the 253rd Armored Field Artillery Battalion displaced from Obergailbach, France, and commenced movement to Robelmont, Belgium, near Virton, where it was attached to the III Corps and the Fourth Armored Division. The march of 132 miles continued all night as the Fourth Armored and the 80th Infantry Division moved north to halt the German break-through in Belgium. The route was through Sarre Union, St. Avold, and Metz, past three of the famous forts. In the vicinity of Longwy, Belgium, three men from "A" Battery sustained injuries from which they later died, when an M-7 in which they were riding, rolled over a steep bank. Killed were Pvt. James G. Barklie, S/Sgt. Onnie Pinola and Pfc. Arnold J. Heassly. Cpl. Darold J. Bowers, T/5 Clarence B. Callahan, and Pvt. Lewis I. Hamilton were evacuated with injuries. The weather during this entire period was foggy and wet and the roads were jammed with traffic from half-a-dozen divisions.

Members of the battalion were overcome with hospitality at Robelmont as American soldiers had never entered the town before. Troops were put up in homes for the night and the citizens served breakfast and lunch to many.

At 1300 hours on 21 December the battalion moved to Houdemont, Belgium, via Etalle, traveling nine miles. At Houdemont the battalion went into firing position and made elaborate preparations to defend the town in case of attack. This was the "rumor" stage of the German offensive. No one knew just where the advancing spearheads were, and reports of English speaking, American-dressed spies dropped by parachute or driving captured "jeeps" had every man on edge. The closer the battalion moved to the fighting the more pitiful became the plight of the citizenry. Men of the battalion had reason to understand this fear as they later moved into the fury of a fanatical German lunge. Town after town was to be destroyed, atrocities, plunder, terror--all the traits of the 1940 blitz were back.

Leaving Houdemont in a snowstorm at 0400 hours on 22 December, the battalion joined Combat Command "A" of the 4th Armored at Habey-La-Neuve, Belgium, with the mission of reinforcing the fires of the 22d Armored Field Artillery Battalion. The column proceeded very slowly during the day being impeded by enemy infantry near Buron, and blown bridges.

All during the day, men hovered around 506 radios tuned in to American news-analysts telling them for the first time the dire seriousness of the situation into which they were moving. Snow, cold, and fog added to the foreboding air of the new deadly job ahead.

At dusk Combat Command "B" halted at Fauvillers and the men went to bed, but at 2200 the column was ordered to resume its advance with the mission of pressing on to Bastogne to relieve the 101st Airborne Division which was encircled by armored German spearheads. The march was made on a cold, clear night on good roads, but the head of the column was able to advance only five miles before it was halted by German resistance. Long halts of two and three hours duration were made and officers and men suffered intensely from the cold--the temperature being about 20° below zero. While halted along the road, the 253rd was subjected to mortar fire and S/Sgt Almo S. Braggs, Headquarters Battery, Mess Sergeant, was wounded and evacuated.

At 0800 hours on 23 December the battalion went into positions at Menufontaine as the enemy interdicted the town. About noon a German ME 109 strafed Menufontaine and was shot down by the accurate anti-aircraft fire of the 253rd.

From Menufontaine fire was laid on enemy concentrated at Grandrue and Chaumont. "B" and "C" Batteries also fired on a ridge 2,000 yards northeast of Menufontaine where enemy movement had been seen. In return the enemy fired mortars, nebelwerfers and 105 mm guns on the town wounding six men, T/4 John Pristach, PFC Eugene W. Salyer, of

Headquarters Battery, and PFCs Ralph Patton and Leon C. Sireck and Pvt George C. Himes, of "A" Battery, were evacuated. Prisoners from the German 14th Paratroop Regiment reported artillery fire on Chaumont knocked out three self-propelled assault guns and killed 50 Germans.

On the night of 23 December, 1st Lt Richard P. Grossman, the battalion survey officer, adjusted fire in the moonlight from the door of the Command Post on a German position 2,000 yards to the rear of the battalion area.

During that day one of the bloodiest battles of the campaign took place in the village of Chaumont, when 18 Tiger Tanks, hidden panzerfausts (bazookas) and Panzer grenadiers made a surprise counter attack on tank riding infantry men of the 10th Armored Infantry, and forced their withdrawal at great loss to both sides. Eleven American tanks were left burning in the village.

At 0630 hours on the 24th of December, Lt Morphy directed fire from his "C" Battery position, using charge one on mortars firing from a woods nearby. No more fire came from the mortars. During the day the 8th Tank Battalion tried again unsuccessfully to assault Chaumont under diversionary fire by the 253rd and 2nd Armored Field Artillery Battalion.

At 0100 hours the battalion received instructions to send one battery to join "Task Force Fickett" and "C" Battery was sent. Taking a circuitous route they arrived at Neufchateau, Belgium, at 0730 being placed in direct support of the 28th Cavalry Squadron.

Christmas Day finally broke bright and clear, doughboys of the 2nd Battalion, 318th Infantry Regiment, 80th Infantry Division, which was attached to the 4th Armored Division, moved through Menufontaine to Burnon to reinforce the 10th. The 253rd assumed direct support of the 2nd Battalion, 318th Infantry, which attacked abreast with the 10th at 1000 hours to seize Chaumont. Observers in battalion liaison planes fired missions in support of the attack as ground observers were hampered by poor visibility because of the wooded terrain. Hundreds of C-47 transport planes were seen flying low overhead to supply the defenders of Bastogne on this day.

By nightfall on 26 December, Chaumont, Clochmont, and Hompre had been captured and Combat Command "B" was within two miles of the besieged forces of Bastogne. Using infantry wire, Liaison Officer Capt Stanley C. Raub assisted this attack by placing devastating fire on enemy leaving Chaumont.

On 27 December elements of Combat Command Reserve (the famous Lt Col Cleighton Abrams' 37th Tank Battalion), entered Bastogne on the main road between Neufchateau and Bastogne and established a passage through which hundreds of German prisoners and American wounded were evacuated. This passage was further enlarged when Combat Command "B" reached Bastogne on 28 December. The 253rd played its part in the relief of the 101st Airborne Infantry Division which had successfully withstood the onslaught of four Nazi divisions, approximating 50,000 men for seven days, thereby denying Marshal VonRunstedt an important railroad, road and communication center essential for the success of his venture.

At 1400 hours, 28 December, the battalion displaced to Chaumont, where it continued firing to the northeast. About 2130 a Junkers 88, shot down by a P-61 "Black Widow" night fighter roared over the battalion and crashed in flames 800 yards away. One enemy flyer parachuted into the area and was captured. Another was found dead near his plane.

At 2100 hours on 29 December, Service Battery at Habey le Veille was strafed by a Junker 88 and Mess Sgt Arvel J. Maples was killed and Lt William J Power and T/5 William H. Wilkin, Jr., were wounded.

On 31 December, the battalion was relieved of attachment to the 4th Armored Division, attached to 193rd Field Artillery and placed in direct support of the 69th Tank Battalion, 6th Armored Division, was part of the Combat Command "A".

(continued on next page)

253RD AFA BN

In order to better support the 69th Tank Battalion as it attacked east toward Neffe, the battalion displaced into the battered City of Bastogne, on New Year's Eve, where it remained until 15 January, 1945, although four different gun positions were occupied during this period the 253rd was subject to frequent enemy counter-battery fire which killed two members of the battalion and wounded eleven others.

T/5 Joseph J. Moran, "A" Battery, and PFC James J. Eckrote, "B" Battery, were killed, and Sgt Edigle R. Covey, Sgt. Jack O. Buel, PFC Archie Eregate, Pvt Wilford K. Nelson, and Pvt Richard T. Sinibaldi, "A" Battery, S/Sgt George J. Liegl, Pvt Evert L. Smith and T/5 Eugene F. Odum, Battery "B", and 2nd Lt Bernard J. Lyons, Headquarters Battery, were evacuated with wounds.

In this period the work of the wire crews wrote a spectacular page in the history of the battalion. Constant enemy shelling, drifting snow, hundreds of tracked vehicles, and bitter cold made the job of maintaining communications gigantic, yet time and again an observer in a front line fox-hole could call direct for the mass of artillery General Patton assembled near Bastogne to repel VonRunstedt.

The street in front of the Battalion Command Post was nicknamed "The Bowling Alley," because of the whistling shells coming in night after night, the armor piercing ones rattling down the cobblestones like bowling pins.

On January 1, "Task Force Kennedy" (69th Tank Battalion with attachments) fought into Magaret, 5 miles east of Bastogne. By 1600 hours over 600 prisoners had been taken and the din was terrific, with both American and German artillery shelling separate parts of the town and P-47's bombing a hill 300 yards east of it. Until 5 January the Germans threw continuous counter-attacks at the tankers' lines. All observers were busy 24 hours a day firing at the inspired Germans.

The afternoon of 2 January, the battalion displaced to positions 1,500 yards from the front lines. These positions became untenable, "B" Battery losing two vehicles. On the 3rd a move was made to an area in the eastern edge of Bastogne. Heavy counter-battery fire here again forced a displacement to the original positions south of the city.

January 4th was the beginning of the German's last effort to wipe out the thorn of Bastogne. As day broke, 1st Lt Roger N. Knickerbocker, "A" Battery forward observer, took 10 tanks under fire near Arloncourt and set one afire. During the rest of the day over 100 rounds per hour were fired on observed targets with withering effect. The pressure on the 6th Armored Division front was too great and a general withdrawal was ordered to stronger positions. At dusk the tank of Lt Wiley slid on an icy road and had to be abandoned and burned because it was so far forward as to prevent recovery.

On the evening of 5 January, a steadily increasing flow of armor and men into Magaret attracted all the fire Batteries "A" and "B" could provide, and as a sustained German attack developed the division artillery allotted five additional patrols sent into Magaret reported two Panzer tanks and one anti-tank gun burning and 100 Germans killed. After this effort German pressure, though still heavy, shifted south in the vicinity of Wardin, where the 253rd participated in further firing. Lt McFadden was able to spot muzzle flashes of a Nebelwerfer battery and his firing silenced the rockets.

On 13 January, "C" Battery returned to the battalion. While with the 6th Cavalry, "C" Battery furnished valuable support as the cavalry screened the area east of Bastogne and protected the left flank of the 4th Armored Division. Later it inflicted casualties on the enemy with accurate artillery fire as the group captured Lutremange, Titage and Harlange and maintained contact with the 35th Infantry Division and the 101st Airborne Infantry Division.

At 1330 hours 13 January, the 253rd supported an attack spearheaded by the 50th Armored Infantry Battalion which marked a slowly gaining attack which never stopped until the Siegfried Line was reached. Half of Magaret was retaken on the 13th, on the 14th the woods northeast of town and on the 16th the entire 6th Armored (the 153rd Armored again in direct support of Task Force Kennedy) surged forward wiping out all

resistance to and beyond the line Arloncourt-Longvilly.

At 1400 the forward fire direction center and "B" Battery moved two miles east to Neffe, Belgium. The remainder of Headquarters, "A," and "C" Batteries moved up in the morning of 16 January. As the 2nd Battalion, 134th Infantry Regiment, 35th Division, moved through the front lines pressing the attack the 253rd was placed in direct support of that unit. Second Lt John R. Andres and Lt. Cartwright in a battalion liaison plane fired three very effective problems in support of the continuing attack. This same pair spotted two tanks moving near Moinet and after expending 200 rounds succeeded in disabling both vehicles.

For the next two days, the attack was yard-by-yard through heavy woods, Lt Olson and Lt Raymond A. Nelson doing most of the firing. Enemy shelling of battalion positions continued, and on 17 January T/5 Elias E. Reed and Pvt Charles A. Dunn, of "A" Battery, and S/Sgt Hubert W. Williams and Cpl Robert K. Durham, of "C" Battery, died from shell fire. T/5 Clifton S. Fardo, of "A," was wounded.

At 1600 hours 19 January, "C" Battery again left the battalion, this time displacing on a night march to Bonnal, Luxembourg, reporting to the 6th Cavalry Group, on verbal orders of the Commanding General, III Corps Artillery. (Note: A typical weather report on this day describes the battle of the Ardennes: cold, with high wind and snow.)

On 20 January, the 253rd was again placed in direct support of the 69th Tank Battalion as the 6th Armored Division prepared to attack. The attack jumped off in the morning of 21 January with both combat commands pressing forward rapidly without enemy opposition to Troine, Luxembourg. Near Moinet T/5 Johnny G. Scott was killed and Pvt Thomas J. Carrico was wounded when the jeep in which these Headquarters Battery men were riding hit a mine.

Firing all the way, the battalion advanced a few miles a day to the east. On 22 January, all observers were busy. Two battery observers with the infantry, a tanker, and the air observers fired 17 observed missions in the afternoon. The battalion displaced to positions near Hoffeldt and Hachiville. On the 22nd, word was received that PFC Alex Huniowski, medical aid man with "C" Battery, had died of wounds incurred in an accidental rifle discharge on 6 January.

On 23 January, Tank Sgt Roger C. Nottingham, of Headquarters Battery, became 2nd Lt Nottingham by direct battlefield appointment, having assumed forward observer duties on 3 successive occasions when his officers were wounded in action (Lts Parsons, Przewlocki, and Lyons).

On 24 January, the 253rd assumed direct support of "Task Force Craig" composed of the 1st Battalion, 134th Infantry Regiment, 35th Infantry Division, and "A" Company, 69th Tank Battalion, and on the 25th moved to Trois Vierges, Luxembourg, to support the advance. Here several men barely escaped death when the "A" Battery wire truck was destroyed by a wooden mine.

January 26, the 253rd displaced to Weicherdange after a difficult 8-mile march over snow-swept one-way roads. Here it was relieved of attachment to the 6th Armored Division and attached to the 183rd Field Artillery group.

"C" Battery rejoined the battalion here after being on detached service with the 6th Cavalry group from 19 to 26 January. On 21 January the group had captured Wiltz, former command post of the 28th Infantry Division and an objective which divisions had not been able to take. An officer prisoner stated that the artillery fire was so intense and accurate that the Germans thought Wiltz was being attacked by a division instead of one cavalry group with an artillery battery.

Firing subsided to base and check point registrations and a period of relaxation started. Under Capt William C. Jackson, a rehabilitation center was established at Habay-LaNeuve, Belgium, where clothes could be washed, baths and sleep obtained for gun crews, etc., who had lived amid the roar of cannon exposed to the European winter for over three months.

At 1400 hours on the last day of January in order of march, "C" Headquarters, "A" and "B" the battalion moved to Clervaux, Luxembourg. From these positions fire could be placed into the Siegfried Line. Supporting two units which received presidential unit citations for their work, and at the irreparable cost of eleven men killed and over 30 wounded, the 253rd Armored Field Artillery Battalion had earned the right to wear the battle star--"Campaign Ardennes."■

BATTLEFIELD REVISITED

By Herndon Inge, Jr.
94 INF D 301 INF D

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My desire to retrace my footsteps back to Germany and World War II got the best of me when my son, George, was invited to a deer hunt in December 1996 near Heidelberg. He went with some Germans whom he had befriended when he was stationed there as a U.S. Army doctor in the 1980s. George invited me to go on the hunt with him, and, although I am not an avid hunter, I consented to go. The hunt was a great success and proved the Germans' ability to plan and execute large operations. The men were mostly affluent Germans who did not realize that their fathers were our deadly enemies during the war, had done their best to kill me and had ended up as my hosts for three months while I was a prisoner of war. The Battle of the Bulge, Hitler's last great offensive into the frozen, snow-covered Eifel, found me, an infantry lieutenant, in the woods with two feet of snow on the ground. When our battalion attacked the town of Orscholz, a thousand yards in front of our lines, my unit was cut off, and I was captured.

After the deer hunt concluded, George and I drove about 60 miles to Orscholz. It was a freezing, overcast day when we crossed the Moselle River and entered what was known during the war as the Saar-Moselle Triangle, formed by the confluence of the Moselle and Saar rivers with the ancient city of Trier at its apex. More than 50 years ago, about 10 miles below Trier, the 301st and 376th Regiments of the 94th Infantry Division had dug in over a 10-mile stretch across the base of the triangle that faced a section of the Siegfried Line.

Gen. George S. Patton, Jr., the commander of the famous Third Army, of which our division was a part, had ordered each battalion in the front lines to attack a town a day to keep pressure on the Germans and to break through the Siegfried Line and race to the Rhine through the Palatinate, the open country inside Germany. The German army had reached its zenith in its push to Antwerp, and it was the subject of attacks by the American Army troops designed to annihilate it and push on to the Rhine.

The frigid wind chilled George and me as we walked over the area that I remembered so well from those freezing days in January 1945. I stood at the edge of the woods from which our column had emerged at daybreak for the attack. Our battalion had trudged with full combat equipment, weapons and ammunition through a thousand yards of thick, snow-covered woods until the point of the column reached the edge of the woods, as yet undetected by the Germans dug in across the open minefield.

I, a forward observer for the six 81-mm mortars of Company D, the heavy weapons company of the 1st Battalion of the 301st Regiment, was attached to Company B, the rifle company commanded by Capt Herman C. Straub and chosen to lead the attack on Orscholz. The point of the column had stopped at the wood's edge, and we looked across several hundred yards of open, snow-covered field. On the far side we could see in the poor daylight concrete dragons' teeth stretched across the front. Capt Straub talked to the two privates who were the scouts about to venture out into no-man's-land before the woods.

Lt Tony Unrein, Company B's 1st Platoon leader, was check-

ing his map and closely observing the open field. My duties as the forward observer required me to be with the point of the column and radio back to the mortars with firing instructions.

Capt Straub told the scouts to move out on the double across the field, and they took off without hesitation. We were not far behind them and made sure that we stepped in their deep footprints since we were certain the area was covered with Schu mines, neatly laid out by the Germans and hidden by the snow.

I remember the popping of the machine-gun bullets in the cold, gray dawn as the Germans discovered us and sprayed the area. Behind me, Schu mines exploded as the men stepped on them. As they fell and lay in the snow, they cried for medics above the sound of gunfire. We ran straight ahead, occasionally hitting the snow as we had learned in training for combat, and machine-gun bullets popped and crackled among us. Glancing behind me, I saw the column moving slowly and the men disabled by the mines and hit by machine-gun bullets laying in the red-stained snow. The Germans' 88-mm antipersonnel artillery weapons opened up on us now that they had discovered us moving across the vast field. These notorious guns made three distinct sounds: the blast of the gun as it fired, the shriek when the air was disturbed as the 3,600 feet-per-second projectile raced toward us and the shell's deafening explosion on impact. The three sounds were almost simultaneously forged into one terrifying blast.

The head of the column had successfully crossed the vulnerable, snow-covered, mined, machine-gunned and artillery-impacted field, and we raced toward the thin line of pine trees up ahead. I stayed with Capt Straub and Lt Unrein, and Company B followed as we moved into the German-held woods up the road toward Orscholz. We met some resistance by dug-in Germans, whom we silenced with rifle fire and hand grenades, and continued running toward the town. We came to a large log antitank barricade that my map indicated was the Orscholz Barrier. We grouped around the barrier, keeping well back from the surrounding mined area. Capt Straub received word over his radio from battalion headquarters back in the woods that after Company B, two platoons from Company A and a platoon of heavy machine guns from Company D got across the field, the heavy artillery and full-defensive might of the Germans closed in. Company C was pinned down in the snow, and the two platoons of Company A and the remainder of Company D were in the woods, unable to continue the assault march. Our group of about 250 men was isolated within the enemy lines, several hundred yards in front of the American troops. Since the mortar platoon of Company D was stranded back in the woods, my SC 536 radio could not reach the guns to call for mortar fire. I became an extra officer in Company B.

By now completely alerted, the Germans closed in around us as we paused outside Orscholz. Had the remainder of the battalion made it across the open area, we could have attacked the town immediately.

Those of us who had survived the long march through the woods and crossed the deadly field moved to our objective's outskirts. We took shelter in some deep zigzag trenches near two concrete bunkers.

The Germans began machine-gunning the area with grazing fire and dropping mortar rounds down through the trees that exploded upon striking the tree limbs or the ground. The deadly 88s began to blast time fire at us, exploding their rounds in the air over our heads and raining down razor-sharp shrapnel.

(continued on next page)

BATTLEFIELD REVISITED

We spent the night of January 20, 1945, in the trench. All night long the shelling continued on the small area that we occupied, and there were many casualties in the cold narrow trench.

During the night, we continually fired our rifles and carbines out into the darkness, threw all of our hand grenades and were soon out of ammunition. Capt Straub radioed for our artillery, which exploded all around us and kept the Germans from overrunning us. The men who were wounded during the night were passed along the trench to one of the bunkers, where several medics worked in the dark to keep them alive with sulphur, tourniquets and other measures.

At daybreak, Capt Straub called the six officers together to say that we would try to make our way back down the road and across the open field to the woods where the remainder of the battalion had dug in. We passed the word to the men and started out of the trench as the Germans increased their firing and began attack through the woods. We moved 200 yards back toward the field. I was at the end of the trench near the bunkers, and as we headed out, a blast from an 88 caused a large limb to fall into the trench, cutting off about 15 of us from the others. An 88 shell shrieked in and exploded on a tree trunk over my head with a deafening blast. My runner, PFC Harley Terrell, and I crowded down to the bottom of the trench, our helmets touching. After the blast I said, "Let's get out of here, Terrell." He did not move. I saw a jagged hole in the top of his steel helmet. I lifted it up and saw his face was bloody. There was a big hole in his forehead. I was too shocked to cry or speak, and my stomach cramped with nausea. My comrade and faithful runner of the past 48 hours lay dead beside me. I laid him out the best I could along with several other dead GIs, bloody and frozen in the trench.

I called to the remaining men in the trench and said, "Follow me," in the best tradition of Officer Candidate School at Fort Benning, Georgia. Using all the strength I could muster, I climbed out of the trench, followed by the remaining men. The machine-gun bullets were popping everywhere, and the 88s were exploding in the snow and trees. We ran up the hill, over the crest and to one of the concrete bunkers. The steel door was pushed open, and I saw in the faint light that the wet floor was crowded with wounded and dead GIs. A couple of medics had been up all night taking care of the wounded in the freezing, dark bunker.

After a while, German soldiers came up to the bunker firing at the shut steel door. The bullets thudded against it. We were ordered in English to come out and put up our hands. We were shocked that we had been captured in combat after more than 60 hours without sleep. What lay ahead was unknown. I, being the only officer in the group, was told in English by a German NCO to take my men through the woods; we were escorted by a couple of German soldiers carrying "burp guns," so-called because of the sound they made on firing.

The Germans had closed in around us during the night and completely blocked our way back to our lines. Capt Straub and the rest of the men were soon overrun by the Germans and ended up as prisoners; they joined us the next day as we were moved back toward the rear.

On that freezing Sunday morning in 1996 as George and I stood in the field with the cold wind blowing in our faces, I thought of the men with whom I had trained, come overseas and

shared five months of combat and who had not made it across the field. Many had lain in the snow for hours, some had frozen to death and others were able to crawl or limp back through the minefield to our battalion aid station inside the woods. I remembered the shock and fatigue that we had all experienced.

I could recall the names, the faces and the comradeship that had existed between all of us in our outfit. I thought of PFC Terrell, my runner and faithful companion for the few days at Orscholz. PFC James Crawford also came to my mind. When we were standing together a few yards outside Orscholz, a sniper's bullet hit him just under his helmet, killing him instantly. He had been the only man in Company D who could not read or write and had said that he was going to school after the war. I thought of PFC James Hartness, a former Army specialized training program who had been sent from the discontinued college training program of the infantry and who had a big hole in his back. The last time I saw him was after we had pulled him on a child's sled about 10 miles toward the rear.

I thought about the two badly wounded men from Company B whom we loaded into a horse-drawn wagon to be taken to the rear by the Germans. One of them had just about lost his right arm, the other's left arm was barely hanging on, and both were bloody and in shock. One had joked that together they could make it with a good right arm and a good left arm.

As I looked up the road into Orscholz, I thought of the two German soldiers whom we had seen walking out of the town, oblivious of the Americans in the woods waiting to attack the town. They were about a hundred yards from us, a Browning automatic rifleman from Company B, hollered, "Halt." Surprised, they turned and ran back toward Orscholz as the rifleman squeezed off a few burst of ammunition, and they sprawled in the snow and lay still.

I remembered that later in the day one of the men in Company B, whom I had known since Camp McCain in Mississippi, saw a soldier in the woods in a white snowsuit and walked toward him. He saw too late that he was a German. The German aimed his rifle at him and killed him on the spot. The German was taken care of by other Company B men standing nearby.

The thoughts going through my mind were somewhat somber and sad as George and I stood in the trench, now nearly invisible by erosion and leaves. The remains of the two concrete bunkers were there.

Not only did my heart ache for all those whom I had watched suffer and who gave their lives for their country, but also for their loved ones who would never know exactly how they died and who were left with a void in their lives. I thought of PFC Terrell's mother, whom I contacted after the war, of Crawford's mother back in South Carolina and of the parents of Jimmy Hartness, who took his life after he had returned home. I thought of the two badly injured privates whom we helped into the wagon and whom I saw disappear into the falling snow headed to the rear and a German aid station. I always wondered if they made it safely. I thought of the families of the to German soldiers who were cut down as they strolled out into the enemy's sights and whose loved ones waited for them in vain.

It was a sad day for me because these memories were vivid in my mind. When I was in the trench those many years ago with my comrades facing certain death, I had constantly prayed that I would survive and said over and over a verse from the 91st Psalm, my mother's favorite: "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and then thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee." A sad day, indeed. ■

BRADLEY'S THOUGHTS

The following is an excerpt from General Omar Bradley's papers at the US Military History Institute Manuscript Archives, Carlisle Barracks, PA. This excerpt is in his own handwriting and was found in Box III, (Folder) B.

After our destruction of the German Armies in our breakout on July 25th, we were able to advance rapidly across France to the German border. It was wonderful to be able to liberate the rest of France with a minimum of fighting and comparatively few casualties.

However, with the railroads so badly crippled we were unable to move supplies forward fast enough to maintain our momentum and after reaching the Siegfried Line we had to pause and revamp our supply lines. This gave the Germans a chance to reorganize and be in a position to offer stubborn resistance when we were able to resume the attack.

By the middle of October our supply situation indicated that within another month we would be in condition to renew the attack.

General Eisenhower called a strategy conference to draft plans for an offensive in November. He could choose one of two courses.

1. He could dig in with his 54 divisions along the 500 mile front that extended from the North Sea to the Swiss border, and wait until the following Spring,

2. Or he could start a November offensive.

Almost all arguments favored a winter offensive. A delay would favor the enemy much more than it would us. My group of three Armies of 31 divisions occupied a front of 230 miles. In order to concentrate enough strength at our points of attack, it was necessary to hold the 90 mile Ardennes sector with a minimum of troops. We knew that we were taking a chance of the enemy launching an attack through that sector but after considering the problem from all angles we decided to take the risk. In the first place we did not think the Germans possessed the capability to launch a decisive attack. The fact that the offensive failed, seems to prove that we were right.

An offensive should be launched for the purpose of either destroying the opposing army, or to secure some key terrain feature. We did not think that an attack into the Ardennes would accomplish either.

I rode over the area with Gen. Middleton, the VIII Corps Commander, who commanded the sector, and we decided that if an attack should penetrate all the way to the Meuse River, the enemy would secure nothing worth while. We had carefully avoided the placing of any large gasoline or food dumps in the area and the roads are in general not suited for large operations.

Some people point out that when the Germans overran France in 1941, they used the Ardennes for the breakthrough. However, they were then operating against a French Army which had much less mobility than ours, and which was committed to the Maginot Line defensive concept. We counted on our ability to move quickly and hit any penetration in the flanks.

As an example, within less than a week, Patton switched the bulk of his Third Army, with its guns, supply, and equipment, from 50 to 75 miles into the new offensive. In the first nine days, Hodges' First Army moved 248,000 troops to meet the changed situation. The German attack was launched by four armies of 36 divisions,

seven of 24 in attack which were armored.

Of course our front was overrun, but our front line divisions fought stubborn delaying actions and slowed up the advance. One of the most important of these actions was at St. Vith. Here, the 7th US Armored Division and a regiment of the 106th Infantry Division held up the 6th SS Panzer Army for three days. On the north flank, Hodges' First Army held the shoulder near Malmedy and Stavelot and refused to give a yard.

The key points became the two shoulders and, in the middle the road center at Bastogne which was held by the 101st Airborne, a third of the 9th Armored Division and a third of the 10th Armored Division and some extra artillery battalions—approximately equal to two divisions in strength. Orders were issued by me and by Gen. Middleton that Bastogne would be held even though it were surrounded. It held until one of Patton's divisions fought their way to its relief.

The point of the German advance was finally stopped by our 2nd Armored Division which met the 2nd Panzer Division in woods and fog and in three days fighting practically destroyed it. It retreated behind the Rhine with some 1,500 men and five tanks out of an original strength of 11,000 men and ninety tanks.

In fact, all of the German divisions suffered such great losses that they were practically ineffective afterwards. Whereas we had previously been attacking against strong prepared positions, we had had a chance against them in the open where they suffered tremendous losses.

In my opinion the battle of the Bulge shortened the war materially and saved us casualties later. For example eleven of their depleted divisions were thrown against four of ours in the Remagen Bridge Head and were entirely ineffective.

To me, the outstanding things about the Ardennes battle were the fighting abilities of our American soldiers, the excellence of our leadership all the way down to the squad leaders, and the excellence and dependability of our equipment furnished by American industry.

The Battle of the Bulge was a phaze (sic) in the whole battle of Europe. For a short period we lost the initiative but we regained it in less than a month. Our casualties were high but the enemy's were higher. Holding the Ardennes lightly while we attacked elsewhere was a calculated risk. This calculated risk was mine and I have never regretted having made it. Indeed were I to live through that decision again, I would make no other. To be sure, it was not the safest choice but had safety been the byword of our generalship in France, we might have wintered on the Seine within sight of a charred skeleton of Paris.

—Submitted by John D. Bowen



CONFERENCE IN THE ARDENNES

Gen. Patton talks with grim faced Gen. Eisenhower and Gen. Bradley in the centre of the battered town of Bastogne, 5 February, 1945

MEMORIAL IN MELINES

Below is the photograph of the memorial referred to in Stanley O. Johnson's letter in the "Letters to the Editor" column.



OPEN WIDE...

SAY AHH TWICE!

Like O. Tveit's experience, we also came out of the last Bulge fight and were getting equipment and medical checks. I received a call, one a.m. from 1st Sgt. Sarver to get out of the hole and to the CP in 15 minutes—and to leave the M-1 behind. That made me nervous so I strapped a .45 into a shoulder holster under my shirt. We (I) went with a courier for maybe an hour's ride to a general hospital (perhaps the 58th?) for dental work. Walking into this clean, spotless place was going into another world. Grimy and dirty, no shower since November, shoe pacs (goulashes) torn and muddy, and tracking it all on the floor.

I was directed into the chair. A cleanly dressed captain smelling of after shave, stepped up, opened my mouth and started to curse. Each time he moved the probe he cursed, then acting disgusted he left. Needless to say I was embarrassed.

Then, a Lt. Colonel—an older man walked up to me and said, "Soldier, you need a lot of work. I'll take care of you. When you say enough, I'll stop." Three extractions and five fillings later, I said, "Colonel, that's enough. Thanks for helping me."

The next trip to the dentist was a year later (in civvies).

and

Trips to the dentist also reminded me of this experience: I tried for months, while in North Africa, to get an aching tooth fixed. On a morning in France, I was told to report to a grassy area behind the first aid station. There stood a line of GI's and a T/5 was sitting on this bicycle without wheels, pumping the pedals on command, which turned a rotary drill. The soldier on the chair (box) was suffering. One look at the blood and carnage and I walked away.

both stories submitted by:

Robert (Bob) Gaigan
113 AAA GN BN C

A DENTIST SPEAKS UP

Let me relate a couple of stories from the position of the dentist.

I was a dentist in the 2nd Armored Division from February, 1941, to May, 1945. I never saw a contraption such as T. E. Dowling described. It had to have been a home-made job as our drills were foot-driven.

The first story happened before the BoB. We were in the area of Geilenkirchen in Germany. We had cracked the Siegfried Line, and we out ran our supply lines.

Since we had to wait for our supply lines to catch up, I broke out my Cheet 60. (It looked like a trunk, but it held the chair, the drill—which had to be put together—"drill bits," silver for fillings, medication, anesthetics and extraction forceps.)

As you know, in a static situation, we were subjected to harassing fire. I was doing a filling for a GI one day when a runner came over and said the shells were landing 250 yards away. The GI in the chair said to me, "Never mind the shells—finish this filling!"

Shortly after that we took off on an all night march to Belgium.

The next story takes place during the BoB. My aid station and the 48th Medical Battalion aid station would up in the same town. The dentist with the 48th was a classmate of mine. During a lull in the battle, we were visiting at his aid station, when he got a call from division headquarters that a civilian is being brought in for dental treatment. This must be a pretty VIP to warrant a call from division. I had to hang around to see this BIG SHOT.

In came a young woman, whose face was painted up like a kewpie doll of the 1920's, and she had the shortest skirt we ever saw. After she was treated and left, my friend's assistant said, "You know, Captain, if her skirt were any higher, she'd have two more cheeks to paint."

Arthur Marc

2 ARMD 17 ARMD ENGR BN MED

IT WAS EGG-CITING...

[Thanks to MILT BARTELT, 5TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 10TH INFANTRY, COMPANY G, for sharing this story with us.]

Now here is a story of the 5th Division, who made the left turn to help cut off the Krauts.... I'll never forget our outfit (the 10th Infantry) as we walked off the road. The first day out we came across a farm and after looking around we came across a chicken coop.

Well, we liberated about six dozen or more eggs. One burlap bag, straw, eggs, more straw, more eggs, more straw and more eggs. Well, between myself and the company runner, Benedict Kansey and I think "Kip," the bar man, we carried our bag across country to our night's rest. We got a fire in the stove. Not an egg was broken. ■

LAST OF ETO "CODE TALKERS" HONORED

In November of 1999, the Department of Defense honored the last of the Comanche Indian "code talkers" who served in the European Theatre.

Charles Chibitty, an Oklahoman, served with the Army's 4th Signal Corps received several awards during ceremonies at the Pentagon's "Hall of Heroes."

Members of several tribes served as code talkers during World War II—including many Navajos who served as Marines in the Pacific (some of whom are still alive). Chibitty, 78, is the last of the 17 Comanches who served in the ETO.

Bureau of Indian Affairs director Kevin Gover said, "It's a great irony that only two or three generations after having been in conflict with the United States, our warriors would go forward and play such a crucial role in the victory over this country's enemies." ■

1ST LT. ERIC FISHER WOOD, JR. ACCOUNT OF HEROISM

[Excerpt from Charles MacDonald's book, *A Time for Trumpets.*]

...Yet as Colonel Bacon had demonstrated, that was not the only way out. Between Schoenberg and embattled Steinebruck, downstream from Schoenberg, there were four small yet nonetheless negotiable bridges over the Our. The one used by Bacon at Setz led onto the Schoenberg-St. Vith highway, which by late in the day was thick with German traffic; the other three led to woods trails that eventually joined the Steinebruck-St. Vith highway, which was under the control of the 9th Armored Division's CCB. Whoever tried to use those bridges would first have to get across the Bleialf-Schoenberg highway, but that would be a far easier assignment than trying to fight through Schoenberg.

Like most commanders of the trapped units, few of the men who tried individually or in small groups to infiltrate back to St. Vith were familiar with the general terrain or the roads. They had been there only a few days, and few knew any route other than that from St. Vith to Schoenberg by which they had arrived. Hardly anybody among the fleeing soldiers had a map and very few had a compass. Yet somehow over the next few days and nights, some managed to elude the Germans and make their way to safety. How many would never be known: perhaps two hundred or so on the 17th and 18th, probably another two hundred or so after that. Then again, many another failed, blundering into German positions or rounded up by German patrols.

One who reached the west bank of the Our but still failed to gain American lines was the executive officer of Battery A, 589th Field Artillery Battalion, Lieutenant Wood. When American troops swept back through the area in late January, they found Wood's body in the forest behind Schoenberg not far from St. Vith near the Village of Meyerode. Wood was officially listed as killed in action on December 17, the same day that he and others from his battalion had come under mortar fire near Schoenberg and scattered. When his body was found in the forest near Meyerode, seven dead Germans lay close by.

To Wood's father, a brigadier general on General Eisenhower's staff, that was an indication that his son had died not on the 17th but weeks later after having conducted a heroic guerrilla struggle in the German rear. In support of that theory, Wood's father accumulated affidavits from civilians in the Village of Meyerode.

While moving through the woods near Meyerode late in the afternoon on December 17, Peter Maraite came upon two American soldiers, one a young officer. After convincing them he was to be trusted, he invited them to his house in Meyerode, where he and his wife fed them and they spent the night. When the two departed the next morning, they said they intended to reach St. Vith, only three miles away, but failing that, they meant to collect American stragglers in the woods and harass the Germans.

Over the days and weeks that followed, civilians in Meyerode heard occasional small-arms fire in the nearby woods. Sometimes wounded German soldiers stumbled from the woods into the village, and from time to time civilians heard German soldiers complaining and swearing about resistance in the forest.

Word spread in Meyerode that a small group of Americans was roaming the woods, ambushing German work parties and preying on supply columns, and that the leader was a young officer, "very big and powerful of body and brave of spirit."

Residents of Meyerode later found the body of a young American officer in the woods--a big man "with single silver bars upon his shoulders," and close around him the bodies of seven German soldiers. That officer, Wood's father maintained, was his son, and for his valor in the forest, he should be awarded posthumously the Medal of Honor.

If, indeed, Lieutenant Wood fought a small-scale guerrilla war in the thick forest between Schoenberg and St. Vith, he was a man of incredible intrepidity. Almost every U.S. soldier trapped behind German lines had but one goal, to reach American lines, and whoever those two men who spent the night in Peter Maraite's house were, they were only a relatively short distance from American lines. What kind of charisma enabled Wood to persuade other Americans to abandon that goal (so close at hand) and join him in a long-running, virtually hopeless vendetta in the frozen woods? Where was the food to be found to sustain themselves over days and weeks? And what about ammunition?

For the Belgian civilians, at any rate, there were no doubts. Whether Lieutenant Wood died on December 17 while trying to reach St. Vith or whether he did, indeed, fight on with a small band of men, the Belgians erected a monument to him in the forest where, they say, he for long continued the fight. Set at the edge of a patch of fir trees along an almost eerily silent gravel trail, it is a touching memorial. ■

[Stan Bellens enclosed a photograph of the cross monument to Lt. Wood; however, it was too dark for reproduction.]

***** Up Front with Willie & Joe



"Go tell th' boys to line up, Joe.
We got fruit juice fer breakfast."

MY EXPERIENCES AS A POW

Richard DeGraw
634th AAA AW Battalion
Battery D

I was taken prisoner of war with this battery on December 20, 1944, during the Battle of the Bulge.

I will attempt to reconstruct from memory what happened to my battery during this battle.

On or about December 18, 1944, the battery commander had all Bofors guns and half tracks brought to bivouac area on a hill. During this time we became completely surrounded by the enemy. We used our air-cooled 50 calibre machine guns which were mounted on half track vehicles, small arms, hand grenades, and bazookas to defend ourselves; but we could not hold back the German assault. Our positions were under heavy field artillery fire all hours of the day and night.

The battery commander tried to get the battery out of the encirclement; however, all roads and fields were under heavy German fire and escape became impossible. As we saw the German tanks come into sight, we were forced to hoist a flag of surrender or the complete battery would have been annihilated. The bivouac area was set up in the woods, this provided very good camouflage for the battery during our last hours of freedom. Prior to our surrender we destroyed our trucks, guns, and half-tracks, we left nothing for the Germans to use.

The first thing the Germans did to us after we surrendered was to separate the privates from the non coms, and the non coms from the officers. With this task completed, we were forced on a march behind the German lines. We walked three days during which we had rain and snow. At night we were given shelter in barns, churches and houses. We would be assembled in groups of 20 or 25 men and the guards were posted outside of the buildings.

Each day the German guards would tell us that we were going to ride on a train but it wasn't until the third day that we were loaded into railroad box cars. During the three-day march and the one-day train ride we did not wash or shave and our rations of food consisted of three boiled potatoes and a cup of terrible coffee each day, never were we given any drinking water.

During our train ride we were sealed in the box car and were not allowed out of the car even when the train was not moving, not even to go to the toilet. We used our helmets as toilets during our train ride.

While on the train American planes strafed the train killing about six of the American prisoners of war. When the train reached its destination (I do not know where) the dead Americans were piled on the station platform and we never found out where they were buried. We disembarked at this station and started on an eight or nine day forced or death march. During the march, several of the men collapsed and we never heard of them again. Another soldier and I carried Pvt. John A. Delcomyn in order to keep him from falling out of ranks during the march. John did make it to Stalag 4B, but was never heard from after that.

We billeted at Stalag 4B for several days and then we were taken by truck for about 14 miles to Mooseburg, Germany, where we spent our time until we were liberated by the American Army.

There were about 70 or 80 men shipped to this town and they came from several different outfits that the Germans had overrun during the Battle of the Bulge.

We were billeted in what I believe was a school building. We were given a cold shower and shave once a week. Our bunks were triple deckers with wooden slats 6" or 8" apart with no mattress and only one blanket. We used our shoes for a pillow.

No time was allowed to enjoy recreational activities, not even listening to a radio. There were electric lights in the building, but they were never turned on; there was heat in the building; but we were never warm.

The food at this prison camp was poor and the portions were small, one-sixth of a loaf of potato bread was served with a bowl of watered soup and a cup of coffee. We went out in the fields to work on the railroad digging up the tracks and some times we dug up turnips. We would eat them raw and dirty. When I was taken prisoner I weighed 170 pounds. When I was liberated I weighed 86 pounds.

Our work detail was removing rails and ties from the German railroads so that the American Army could not use the railroad. We would pile the rails and ties next to the road bed, but because of our poor health, we were unable to do much work in any given day. (Talk about blessings in disguise.)

During our captivity we always had Sunday off from work and we would just sit around and talk about what we would do when we got home. I always wanted to own my own diner (had enough of raw turnips). I became an operator of my own service station. I never knew anyone that gave up hope of going home.

We were never given new clothing and I still had on the same clothing when I was liberated 118 days after I was taken prisoner. We were issued rags for socks and would fold them around our feet something like you would fold a baby's diaper. This was very uncomfortable to say the least.

During our imprisonment, only one Red Cross package was divided among seven men--no tobacco in it. The German guards had taken out the cigarettes and smoked them. A Red Cross package should have been issued once a week. We only had the one. I guess the Germans kept the rest for themselves.

Even though we were never physically abused, we were mentally abused. The lack of proper food and living conditions took its toll on our health.

The building that we were held in was surrounded with barbed wire and escape was impossible. I cannot positively say that I shared this particular experience with any of the men from the 634th, my memory seems to fade, as time goes by. One thing I do remember and that stands out loud and clear is that during my imprisonment I never saw any turncoats, we were Americans that always believed we would be liberated.

During the month of April, 1945, we had no idea that the American Army was so close to the town that we were being held prisoner in. The guards spoke very little English and as I said before we had no radio. We never heard any artillery or small arms fired prior to seeing the Americans. We were taken out to work on the railroad in the morning and the guards told us that by nightfall we would be liberated.

We were brought back to the school building at about 11:30 a.m. We were given our ration of water-soup and bread (sounds like a Chinese dish) and told we could stay outside the building and wait to be liberated. About mid-afternoon we could see our tanks and infantry coming across the field. The tank hit the fence, and ran it down. We were free at last.

The Americans gave us food, water, cigarettes, candy and toilet articles on the day we were liberated. We stayed in Mooseburg that night and the following day we were transported to an American Air Base in Germany (the name I have forgotten), where we received new clothing and ate steaks, chops, and drank milk shakes. We stayed at the air base about 14 days.

From the air base in Germany we flew on a C-47 to France, when we landed we were loaded on a liberty ship and set sail for New York Harbor and from there we went to Camp Kilmer in New Jersey. I was given a 60-day leave from Kilmer with orders to report to Fort Knox, Kentucky, where I was assigned to guard German POW's (Was this on purpose--now I'm guarding them?) I stayed there until I received my discharge on November 8, 1945.

This is my story. Maybe some of you guys will remember me--I was the driver of the battery water truck. ■

Only the dead have seen the end of war....PLATO

OUR MISSION IN THE ARDENNES

Dale L. Shoop
1st Infantry Division
1st Engineer Combat Battalion
Company B

I was a demolition specialist assigned to a land mine platoon sent in to the Ardennes to lay mine folds attached to the 18th Infantry. We were a small squad with a radio man and a medic. We dug about 60 fox holes during the war to stay alive. So the conditions were nothing new to me or the squad.

Our mission was to blow bridges, railroad tracks and lay hasty mine fields. The weather was zero and the snow was knee deep sometimes which hindered our mission and made it dangerous to work with the explosives. But we had radio contact with anything moving in the area. I could speak some German and the so could others in the group. We were picking up messages that the Germans were amassing armor but they were over in a farm house and used the cellar as a place to sleep. We could put our radio on the window sill of the house and pick up the messages. We reported these messages to a nearby headquarters and were told that the Germans would not attack because it was too cold. They said they were packing for awhile in the pines due to the bad weather. Also when the weather broke and the sun came out, the observation plane overhead said they picked up tank tracks going into the pines. They were told the same thing we were. This went on for about two weeks or longer. We were all scared but could do nothing as we were ordered to stay put.

Then some good news came over the radio. We were going back to a rest area and were being relieved by another infantry division. We were happy and morale got high. So, in a couple of days they told us to pack up our gear we were being relieved. We reported our conditions to a captain and the other division that took our place that the Germans were massing troops in the area. He said, "Thank you. We'll take care of it." We told the captain that the observation plane had taken pictures of tank tracks. We wished them good luck and told them to be very observant. They said they would.

We started back to the rest area. We got within five miles and was called back--the Germans had done what we reported. No one took it serious. They attacked. What a morale problem that caused. The rest is history. ■

THREE STIKES & YOU'RE OUT

Thomas E. "Jack" Ward
9th Armored Division
14th Tank Battalion
Company A

I was inducted into the U.S. Army in October of 1942 from my home in Catlettsburg, Kentucky. I was sent to Ft. Thomas, Kentucky, just for a short time. From there I was sent to Ft. Raleigh, Kansas, and was assigned to Company A as a cannonier

and radio operator. We had 13 weeks of infantry training before we ever saw a tank. We pulled maneuvers on the Mohave Desert in California and also at Camp Polk, Louisiana. From there we were sent overseas to England, then to France and on to other engagements. Time and space keeps me from telling everything.

On December 16th we were in St. Vith, Belgium. For two days and nights we held the Germans at bay and it was one terrible time. Then the 7th Armored Division came into the battle to help us, but a short time later they over powered us and we had to leave St. Vith. Still in the Bulge we got our first tank knocked out (strike 1). We were coming around a curve in the road when we saw a big barn over in the field. At the front of the hayloft the doors swung open and we were looking down the barrel of an '88.' They shot the tracks off of the right side of our tank. We left the tank as soon as they hit us. We knew the next round would finish the job. Most people don't know it, but when tank men hit the ground running, they have no weapons. We had 45 Colts in the States while in training but when we started overseas they took them from us. It's tough to be in battle with no weapons.

We finally made it back to our outfit. Then they sent me and my tank driver to Liege, Belgium, to get a new tank. We stayed there all night--but what a night. They put us in an old beet factory with several other troops. This place had all glass in the front. So about midnight a buzz bomb hit, all the glass was blown out and we had glass all over us. Sure lucky no one was hurt but it shook us up and we didn't sleep any the rest of the night. We left there in our tank early in the morning to go back to our outfit.

A few days later we were surrounded by the Germans again and had to make a break for it. We lost several tanks in this battle. You guessed right, my tank was knocked out (strike 2).

So back to Liege, Belgium, for another tank. This trip was a better one. We didn't get away from Liege until about noon and in the winter it gets dark early so we pulled over to the side of the road. Across the road was a farm house. So, I went over to the house and out came an older lady. Neither one of us could understand the other but I tried to ask if we could put our tank in their barn yard. Somehow she understood me and we pulled our tank into the barn yard which had a stone wall around it and that made an ideal hiding place for the tank. Then out came the husband and two pretty girls. They invited us in and cooked us a good meal. Dark comes early and there were no lights so we all went to bed early. The house was two storied with wooden floors so they put us upstairs in a bedroom across the hall from the girls' bedroom. The old man walked the hall until we went to sleep. I guess he had heard some bad tales about us Americans. The next morning we got up early and they fed us a good breakfast. We thanked them for being so good to us and left to join our outfit.

We were in the Bulge until January 25, 1945, and during most of this time the weather was bitter cold with deep snow. ■

CHECK YOUR MAILING LABEL TO SEE IF YOUR DUES ARE DUE.

Quartermaster's Sergeant: "Well--speak up there. How do you want your uniform--too big or too small?"

REUNIONS

7TH ARMORED DIVISION, September 22-25, 2000, Springfield, Missouri. Contact: Charles Barry, 947 "A" Street, Meadville, Pennsylvania 16335. Telephone: 814-333-8051.

7TH FIELD ARTILLERY OBSERVATION BATTALION, September 19-23, 2000, Fort Mitchell, Kentucky. Contact: C. Wright. Telephone: 800-925-6707.

17TH AIRBORNE DIVISION, September 17-20, 2000, New Nevele Grande, Ellenville, New York. Contact: Edward J. Siergiej, 62 Forty Acre Mountain Road, Danbury, Connecticut 06811-3353. Telephone: 203-748-3958.

30TH INFANTRY DIVISION, September 20-24, 2000, Adam's mark Winston Plaza, Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Contact: 30th Infantry Division Association, 2915 West SR #235, Brookler, Florida 32622-5167.

75TH INFANTRY DIVISION, September 7-12, 2000, Peoria, Illinois. Contact: James E. Warmouth, 6545 West 11th, Indianapolis, Indiana 46214.

78TH INFANTRY DIVISION, September 20-23, 2000, Galt House Hotel, Louisville, Kentucky. Contact: Annabelle Breeden, PO Box 38, Leavenworth, Indiana 47137. Telephone: 812-739-2364.

80TH INFANTRY DIVISION, August 23-26, 2000, Galt House West, Louisville, Kentucky. Contact: Robert H. Burrows, Box 453, Broomfield, Colorado 80038. Telephone: 303-466-5818.

89TH CAVALRY RECONNAISSANCE SQUADRON, September 21-24, 2000, Springfield Hotel and Conference Center, Springfield, Missouri. Contact: Bobby G. Cobb.

244TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, October 17-19, 2000, Biloxi Beach Resort, Biloxi, Mississippi. Contact: H. R. Dexter, 112 Woodruff Drive, Slidell, Louisiana 70461-4164. Telephone: 504-641-5597.

248TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION, September 14-17, 2000, Clarion Hotel, Middleburg Heights, Ohio. Contact: Fred Mone, 1620 Ermdale Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio 44111-3906.

280TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION, September 7-10, 2000, Schaumburg Radisson Hotel, Schaumburg, Illinois. Contact: Marlin B. Kreighbaum, 1726 West Bel Aire, Peoria, Illinois 61614. Telephone: 309-691-9410.

291ST ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION, September 28-October 1, 2000, Park Ridge Hotel, King of Prussia, Pennsylvania. Contact: Peg Pergrin. Telephone: 610-565-1518.

304TH INFANTRY REGIMENT, September 14-17, 2000, Louisville, Kentucky. Contact: Jay M. Hamilton, 308 Medford Heights Lane, Medford, Oregon 97504-7550. Telephone: 541-857-9296.

501ST PARACHUTE INFANTRY REGIMENT, July 20-22, 2000, Atlanta, Georgia. Contact: Carl Beck, 2648 Clairmont Rd, Atlanta, Georgia 30329. Telephone: 404-321-4660.

556TH AAA (AW) BATTALION, September 21-23, 2000, Kings Island Resort, Kings Island, Ohio. Contact: Paul Weaver, 211 Willow Valley Square, Lancaster, Pennsylvania 17602. Telephone: 717-464-8650.

740TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION (dates and location not given). Contact: Alfred Giusti, 24 Love Lane, Concord, Massachusetts 01742-2325.

749TH TANK BATTALION, September 3-October 1, 2000, Fort Knox, Kentucky. Contact: Jack Morris, HC 75 Box 662-B, Locust Grove, Virginia 22508. Telephone: 540-972-1423.

1255TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION, October 23-26, 2000, Orlando, Florida. Contact: Al Babecki, 915 Hemlock Street, Barefoot Bay, Florida 32976. Telephone: 561-664-0952.

SIGNAL AIRCRAFT WARNING BATTALIONS, September 16-18, 2000, Atlanta Marriott Swinnett Place, Atlanta, Georgia. Contact: Walt Bryson. Telephone: 706-356-8886.

SHAEF/ETOUSA, September 8-11, 2000, Fairmont Hotel, New Orleans, Louisiana. Contact: Don Triffiley, 7340 Dundee Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70126. Telephone: 504-241-3065.

WHO KNEW?

[GEORGE FISHER, 26TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 328TH INFANTRY, 3RD BATTALION, COMPANY K, sent us the following.]

"The *New York Times* just released an alarming survey concerning the knowledge of American history. The report, sponsored by a Washington-based non-profit group posed 34 questions to over 500 seniors at leading colleges and universities...including Harvard, Princeton, and Brown. The results are absolutely shocking!

"•Only 37% knew the Battle of the Bulge was fought in World War II,

"•Only 67% knew who our enemies were during World War II;

"•Only 53% knew who was our President when the U.S. purchased and built the Panama Canal;

"•Only 60% knew the years of the Civil War;

"•Only 34% knew that Cornwallis surrendered to George Washington at Yorktown during the Revolutionary War.

"The above represents just a sampling of the 34 questions. With the passage of time, World War II is rapidly becoming a distant memory that fewer and fewer Americans share.

"Decreasing budgets and academic indifference have combined to bring about a worrisome decline in the teaching of military history in both secondary schools and universities.

"Our children and grandchildren must never forget why they enjoy their freedom today. It is our duty to talk to them. When we are gone...who will speak for us?"

So, let's all get serious about telling the story of the Battle of the Bulge and World War II in general. After all, if you hadn't done what you did during that terrible time this newsletter wouldn't exist. For that matter, very few of us would exist either and, if we did, our lives would in all probability be dreadful. [Editor]■

CHECKED YOUR DUES REMINDER LATELY?

Every issue of *The Bulge Bugle* reminds you when your dues are due. **Where?** Just above your last name on your mailing label. The date which appears there is the date on which your dues were due. **Please check it.** It's very expensive to send out dues reminders. Dues are \$15.00 per year. Life for members over 70 years of age is \$75.00. For others it is \$125.00.

If you are one of those lucky persons who spend your winters in the south, please advise us of each move. The post office will not forward the newsletter.

Thanks for your cooperation.■

MEMBERS SPEAK OUT

ISIDORE ALLEN MARGOLIS, 571ST AAA AW BN (SP) would like to hear from anyone who served with him in WWII. He was a corporal in "A" Battery and then a sergeant in HQ&HQ Battery. His nickname was Margo. Write to Margo at: 287 Piedmont F, Delray Beach, Florida 33484.

CARROL BAILEY, 87TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 335TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, would appreciate receiving information about **WARRANT OFFICER SMITH, 35TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, or the whereabouts of his family. Write to Carrol at: 901 Oakwood Street Ext, Holden, Massachusetts 01520.

Associate member **STAN BELLENS** writes to advise that the Belgian Grateful Drivers Association ceased activity June 15th. Stan wants you to know what a pleasure it has been to have assisted those of you who have returned to Belgium and he hopes you will keep in touch.

NORMAN B. SHOULTS, 979TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, BATTERY B, would like to hear from anyone who may have served with him. Write to him at: 412 North Meridian Street, Greenwood, Indiana 46143-1253.

Louis Dory, of Ponit D'Erezee, Belgium, has asked for our help in locating some of the men of the **51ST ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION** who may have been involved in requisitioning a saw mill in his town. Some names he remembers are Capt. **SAM C. SCHEUBER**, Lt. **NORTON**, and Sgt. **CLARK**. Write to Louis at: Rue des Combattants 42; B6997 Erezee; Belgium.

Dennis J. Alien would like information from anyone who may have known his father, **HORACE S. ALLEN, 99TH INFANTRY DIVISION**. Horace was an infantry man during the Bulge and after the war served with the 20th Special Services. Even if no one knows his father, Dennis would be interested in finding out his father's regiment if someone could advise him. Write to Dennis at: 5108 Suson Woods Court, St. Louis, Missouri 63128.

Nancy Aschoff-Pardo's grandfather was killed in the Battle of the Bulge. **HARRY E. ASCHOFF, 29TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 175TH INFANTRY**, was killed in Germany on January 9, 1945. Nancy's father was two years old when his father was killed and he is desperately seeking information regarding his dad. Write to Nancy at: 14933 Wild Wood Lily Court, Orlando, Florida 32824.

JACOB EASTHAM, JR., 26TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 328TH INFANTRY, COMPANY K, would like to hear from anyone who may have served with him. Write to Jacob at: 1020 Sunrise Drive, Loveland, Ohio 45140.

Suzanne C. Wilber is interested in hearing from anyone who may have served with her dad in the Bulge. Her father was **EUGENE R. HAGEMeyer, JR., 2ND INFANTRY DIVISION, 9TH INFANTRY, COMPANY L**. Write to

Suzanne at: 29 Benjamin Street, Schenectady, New York 12303.

Lucy G. Siragusa would like to know if someone could help her locate **ROBERT "BOB" HUBER**, who was stationed in Flemalle-Haute (near Liege) Belgium. He was from New York City and was encamped at Thrixes near Flemalle, during which time he became a friend of the Bay family. Please contact Lucy at: 2446 Trace Oak, San Antonio, Texas 78232.

EDWARD O. ASSELIN, 197TH AAA AW (SP) BATTALION, 49TH AAA BRIGADE would like to hear from any one who served with him in Wegnez, Belgium, during the war. Write to Edward at: 74 Maple Street, Paxton, Massachusetts 01612-1131.

Pete Hewitt is trying to help his father, **B. R. HEWITT, JR.**, of **BATTERY A, 400TH ARMORED FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION (372ND FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION)**, with a VA claim for service connected disabilities. If you served in this unit or can help Pete, write to him at: 14454 Reuter Strasse Circle, Tampa, Florida 33613-3030.

Vincent H. Jenkins would like to locate **HERBERT W. DAWSON, 30TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 119TH INFANTRY, COMPANY G**. In 1949 Herbert was living in Trenton, New Jersey. If you can help write to Vincent at: 111 Tacoma Street, Thurmont, Maryland 21788.

Claude Schreiter would like to hear from anyone who may have known his brother, **CPL PHILIP SCHREITER, 5TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 2ND INFANTRY REGIMENT**. Philip was killed January 19, 1945. Write to Claude at: 5041 Ancil Road, Toledo, Ohio 43615.

Julia Ozer-Renard has adopted the graves of two who are buried in Henri-Chapelle American Cemetery. She would very much like to advise the families of these men that their graves are being cared for. They are **JOHN G. ARMSTRONG** and **DOUGLAS L. NEWMAN**, both of the **825TH TANK BATTALION**. If you can provide any information regarding the families of these men, please write to Julia at: Route de Wanne 7; 4970 Stavelot; Belgium.

Associate member Christian W. DeMareken would like information concerning the **99TH INFANTRY DIVISION**: books to read and other information. Write to Christian at: 244 Richards Avenue, Paxton, Massachusetts 01612-1121.

Associate member Barbara Ledbetter writes to find some information about her husband's company: **HORACE RICHARD LEDBETTER, 70TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 276TH INFANTRY, COMPANY H**. She would appreciate hearing any information. Write to her at: HC 60 Box 409, Graham, Texas 76450.

Associate member Arthur J. Meconi, Jr., is trying to find information regarding his father-in-law's unit: **JOSEPH CALDERA, 172ND ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION, COMPANY B**. Write to Arthur at: 85 Upton Street, Staten Island, New York 10304.

LOUIS EISENBERG, 28TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 110TH INFANTRY, H COMPANY, wants to know if there's anyone around who served with him. Drop him a line at: PO Box 2268, Avila Beach, California 93424.

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

REGISTRATION FORM

Name _____

Address: _____

Wife/Guest Name: _____

Division: _____ Regiment: _____

Signature: _____

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

	Number of Persons	Cost per Person	Total
Registration Fee (All attendees must register)	_____	\$30.00	_____
Thursday, August 31, 2000:			
Buffet dinner at Hotel	_____	\$10.00	_____
Friday, September 1, 2000:			
Bus Trip to U.S. Air Force Academy	_____	\$30.00	_____
Bus trip to Flying "W" Ranch	_____	\$25.00	_____
Saturday, September 2, 2000:			
Bus trip through mountains to Cripple Creek (Gold Rush Casino)	_____	\$25.00	_____
OR			
Bus trip to Petersen Air Museum	_____	\$10.00	_____
Sunday, September 3, 2000:			
Trip to Garden of the Gods	_____	\$15.00	_____
Banquet	_____	\$20.00	_____
Indicate preference: Beef # _____ OR Chicken # _____ OR Trout # _____			

Total Amount Enclosed \$ _____

Mail registration form and check payable to "VBOB":

Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge • P.O. Box 11129 • Arlington, VA 22210-2129

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

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

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

• **THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 2000** •

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

• **FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000** •

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

• **SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 2000** •

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

• **SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 2000** •

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

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

VBOB REUNION INFORMATION SHEET

Three important things:

1. Remember to bring a heavy sweater or jacket--the evenings can be rather chilly.
2. Tell your local doctor the altitudes you will encounter in Colorado Springs. He may have special instructions for you.
3. When you arrive at the Colorado Springs airport, call the hotel. They will provide free shuttle service to the hotel from 6:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. (Phone: 719-598-7656)

•THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 2000•

BUFFET DINNER AT HEADQUARTERS HOTEL

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

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

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

•FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2000•

Early BUS TRIP TO U.S. AIR FORCE ACADEMY

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

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

Evening FLYING W RANCH

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

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

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

•SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 2000•

Option #1 GOLD RUSH CASINO CRIPPLE CREEK

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

(Includes: transportation, coupon book and lunch.)

Option #2 PETERSEN AIR MUSEUM COLORADO SPRINGS

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

•SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 2000•

GARDEN OF THE GODS

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

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

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

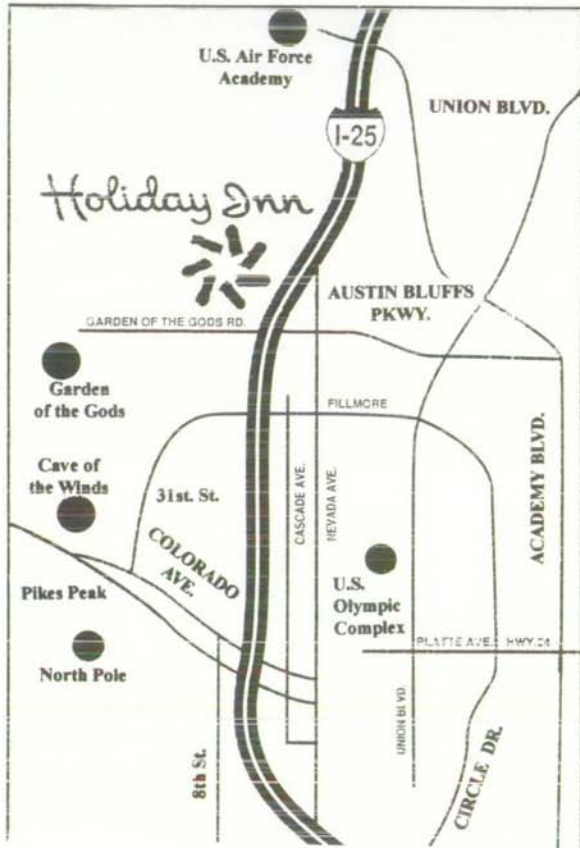
OTHER

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

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



**COLORADO SPRINGS
GARDEN OF THE GODS**



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

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

GUEST ROOM REGISTRATION FORM

Guest Name: _____

Guest Group: Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge

Address: _____

Phone #: _____

Arrival Date: _____ **Departure Date:** _____

Credit Card #: _____ **Expiration:** _____

Room Type Requested: _____ **Number of People:** _____

Room Rate: \$70.00

Special Requests: _____

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

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

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

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

BRADLEY'S OLDEST DIVISION

[RAYMOND G. CARPENTER, 28TH INFANTRY DIVISION Past Historian and VBOB Charter Member, sent the following.]

As a former combat infantryman in America's oldest division I know that my comrades will never forget our great leader, General of the Army Omar Nelson Bradley. Major General Bradley commanded the 28th "Keystone" Infantry Division from June 1942 to February 1943 and since then we were known as Bradley's Division.



The crest at left shows the 28th Infantry Division as America's oldest division--1879 to the present.

In a letter to the division of 9 April, 1944, General Omar N. Bradley wrote "It is with

a feeling of great disappointment that I must say goodbye to the 28th Division for the second time in a little over a year. It has always been my hope and desire to lead you into battle. You are soundly trained; your morale is of the best, you are equipped as well as any division in history has ever been equipped for battle and I am sure that you will make a glorious name for yourselves." How right he was in his predictions.

The comrades of America's oldest division love and will never forget our General of the Army.

As a writer and lecturer on the Battle of the Bulge, I would state that the U.S. 28th Infantry Division held the longest front in the Ardennes on the day of attack; had the least corps support of the U.S. First Army; was attacked by seven German divisions which was twice as many as any other division on the front; suffered more dead and wounded in the Bulge than any other division; and inflicted more casualties on the Germans than any other division.

The 28th had just come to the Ardennes positions from heavy fighting in the Huertgen Forest. The division had sustained some 6,184 casualties in the 18 days fighting in some of the worst conditions imaginable. In the Ardennes positions the division was in the process of absorbing replacements for these casualties and rebuilding the three infantry regiments which had been decimated. So I believe added tribute is due these men and junior officers, together for only a couple of weeks, who had not trained together, almost total strangers, and yet were soldiers all and fought until killed, wounded or overrun.

Our Keystone soldiers were greatly outnumbered, few were overrun, and many cut off. Almost 6,000 battle casualties were

suffered among the men of America's Iron Division, but 11,000 battle casualties were inflicted upon the enemy. America's oldest division had more soldiers killed and wounded than any other American division in the Bulge, and only a few 28th Division platoons surrendered after being surrounded without ammunition. For four sleepless days and nights the embattled troops of the "Bloody Bucket" division backed grudgingly toward Bastogne buying time with blood for the airborne reinforcement of that anchor position. It was a furious delaying struggle that emphasized the resourcefulness of the American soldier, despite the overwhelming weight and surprise of the first day's attack by seven German divisions of Manteufel's Fifth Panzer Army and Brandenberger's Seventh Army. It took them four valuable days to get to Bastogne, many days too late for any chance of victory. General John S. D. Eisenhower wrote that all elements of the war were present in the Battle of the Bulge, including the bravery of the 28th Infantry Division.

Pennsylvania's 28th National Guard Division did not allow the seven German divisions to smash through on the first day of the attack as was the plan of the German high command. Pennsylvania's Iron Men of the 28th fought with much professional skill and great bravery based on comradeship, pride in unit and love of family and the nation.

The Battle of the Bulge was the greatest battle ever fought by America and the only major one in the winter. The type of resistance offered by the Keystone troops was such as prompted Morley Cassidy, war correspondent, to remark: "The 28th Division has performed one of the greatest feats in the history of the American Army."

General Jacob J. Devers, Sixth Army group commander, wrote: "The officers and men of the 28th Division by their gallant conduct in the fight for freedom demonstrated to the world that there is no finer soldier than the American infantryman." ■



GI's catch up on the news reading the STARS AND STRIPES in the Bulge. 1/29/45

I WAS THERE...AT THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

By Paul Reed

[The following article appeared in the April 2000 edition of Thunder from Heaven. Paul served with the 17TH AIRBORNE DIVISION, 513TH PARACHUTE INFANTRY REGIMENT, COMPANY H.]

With the 17th Airborne in England in December, 1944, a PFC and into one month of my 19th year, I was training hard and thinking of Christmas. Catholics were thinking of Solemn High Midnight Mass and everyone was thinking of turkey dinner with all the trimmings. Patton seemed to have things pretty much in hand on the continent and my feeling and that of most was, "Go, Georgie, Go."

All of this changed drastically on December 16 when Hitler unleashed his Ardennes offensive and we were alerted. Because of really bad weather, we were unable to move from our staging area until Christmas Eve. We flew to Reims in France and instead of a Solemn High Midnight Mass we went to a simple mass--carrying rifles--and were offered a general absolution. On Christmas Day there was no turkey with all the trimmings--just beans and rice. I mean just beans and rice, not even salt.

From Reims we were trucked to Verdun, France, where our mission was to guard the bridges over the Meuse River. The bridges were one of Hitler's prime objectives. He never reached them. When the division was finally consolidated, we moved to the front lines in the vicinity of Bastogne.

The 17th took a beating in the early stages, falling right into the paths of two panzer divisions. It was rifles, grenades and bazookas against tanks. We were under heavy artillery fire from 88's. I was on a machine gun team with my buddy, John. We called to each other from our foxholes, "Are you all right?" The artillery fire was that intense.

We later remedied the calling back and forth by digging a double foxhole. This was OK except that I drank a lot of coffee. Sooner rather than later I had to relieve myself. "John, I've got to get up." First time and dirt falls on John's face, but no comment from John. Second time, more dirt but still no comment. The third time, Bible-toting, Christian from West Virginia that he was, he could no longer contain himself--"Well, s..., Reed."

I remember the Bulge, especially the snow, hip deep and so very, very cold. I remember the day that Georgie came by and his jeep slid into a ditch. While we pushed his jeep out of the snow, the general stood by and chewed out one of the troopers for not wearing overshoes. Whether this is the same jeep that is in the Quartermaster Museum at Fort Lee, I do not know. However, in the humble opinion of at least one PFC, Georgie was a great general.

I remember the Bulge and the night we were the lead company in a night attack. Untracked snow glistened under a full moon. As we came over the brow of a hill a German machine gun opened up. Tracer bullets were flying overhead and the commanding officer called for our machine gun to answer the fire. John set it up and we inserted the belt. John cocked the gun and pulled the trigger. Instead of the crackle of machine

gun fire there was only a lonely "click." The mechanism was frozen. I recalled reading of a trooper in Alaska who had had the same problem and solved it by urinating on the gun. Nothing ventured, nothing gained, I rose to my knees and did an "Alaskan." At just that moment, overhead came a V-1 rocket, trailing orange and chugging like a John Deere tracker at plowing time. And on the cold night air came the voice of our CO, "There goes one of those g-- d---ed buzz bombs." It was a sight to behold: moon, snow, tracer bullets, a buzz bomb and a quiet machine gun dripping urine.

I remember the Bulge and Patton's orders to have black soldiers man the traffic control points because there would be no black German infiltrators. Patton's orders were, "If you see a white soldier on a point, shoot the SOB." A man who shared this experience was a co-worker at Fort Lee. Joe was my friend and though black, his skin was lighter than most black men. He also drew duty on the point. However, after one night of avoiding fire from friendly forces, he went back to his CO and told him, "You send your thoroughbreds out there." It was the last time he drew that assignment!

The 17th continued on line until the Germans were pushed back beyond where they were on December 16. We were pulled back to France, refitted and filled the blank spaces in our Table of Organization. Now we were to prepare for the largest airborne operation in history--Operation Varsity--the crossing of the Rhine and on into the heart of Germany.

By the end of the war the 17th Airborne Division had suffered almost 40 percent casualties. ■

A LITTLE HUMOR...

[While this incident did not take place in the Bulge, RAY TARANG, 922ND ENGINEER (AVIATION) REGIMENT, thought you might enjoy it. We did too.]

I was a mess sergeant for my outfit and out of 30 officers and 300 men, I was the only one who spoke German. When we got to Frankfurt, Germany, we hired German people to help us with the mess hall.

One night as I was coming from the day room a lady came by me on a bike trying to run me over. As she passed, I tried to slap her with my leggings. I had fired her a week earlier for stealing.

When this incident happened, the colonel was upstairs in his room and was watching what happened. He knocked on the window and told me to report to the orderly room. I did. He told the clerk to type orders to reduce me to private.

So, since I was our only German interpreter, they needed me.

The next day the first sergeant came to get me to do some interpreting for him. I told him no, I wasn't going to do it. He reported me to the commanding officer.

The commanding officer told me I was going to be court marshalled for disobeying an order from the first sergeant. I told him to go ahead and asked him to show me in the army regulations where a soldier has to speak a foreign language.

I told him if he put them stripes back on, I could learn German again real quick. He knew I was right and told the first sergeant to promote me back to sergeant again. I was their army interpreter again.

Demoted over night and promoted within 12 hours. ■

BATTLE OF THE BULGE HISTORICAL FOUNDATION

Invites You to Attend

“EVENTS OF REMEMBRANCE AND COMMEMORATION” OF THE 56th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

December 15 and 16, 2000

Washington, DC

The Sheraton National Hotel (Columbia Pike and Washington Boulevard), Arlington, Virginia, has been selected as the site for activities commemorating the 56th Anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge, December 15 and 16, 2000. This hotel is located only a few minutes from Arlington Cemetery, and will provide accommodations for a reduced rate of \$89.00 single or double occupancy. This rate is available for any night(s) between December 13 and December 17. For room reservations please call the Sheraton National Hotel of Arlington (1-800-468-9090 by November 21, 2000. Mention that you are attending the Battle of the Bulge Banquet and events.

This year, 2000, is the 50th anniversary of the beginning of the Korean War and we shall remember and honor those who also served our country in that bitter conflict. Many of our Bulge veterans who remained in service or were recalled saw service during the Korean War.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 2000

- 2:00 PM – 6:00 PM Registration/receive name badges (hotel lobby).
3:00 PM – 10:00 PM Hospitality Room/Exhibits, scrapbooks. John Bowen & Earle Hart, Battle of the Bulge Historians will be the hosts. A private area in the Café Brasserie has been reserved for supper from 6:30 – 8:00 PM for the Battle of the Bulge Veterans (payment is on your own).

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 2000

- 7:45 AM – 8:30 AM Registration/receive name badges (hotel lobby).
8:45 AM Charter buses depart hotel.
9:15 AM Library of Congress – Special Tour of their world-renowned Map Division.
11:00 AM To Union Station for lunch on your own, model railroad exhibit, shopping.
1:30 PM Buses depart for Newseum, world's only interactive museum of news, behind the scenes to experience how and why news is made. Opened in 1997, it has welcomed more than 1 million visitors.
2:00 PM Tour of Newseum.
4:00 PM Return by bus to Sheraton National Hotel.
BANQUET AT HOTEL GALAXY ROOM (Beautiful view of city lights).
6:00 PM Social Hour/Cash Bar.
6:45 PM Seated for Dinner.
7:00 PM Color Guard/Drummer and Fifes/Ceremonies.
7:15 PM Dinner served.
Program/Speaker/Presentations to Korean War Veterans.
After Banquet Hospitality Room open.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 2000

- 11:00 AM Impressive ceremony and placing of wreath at the Tomb of the Unknowns, Arlington Cemetery.
11:30 AM Ceremony of Remembrance, Battle of the Bulge Memorial, across from Amphi-theater.
12:15 PM Buffet Luncheon, Hosted by VBOB, Sheraton Ball Room.
Swearing-in of new VBOB officers. Comments by John Dunleavy, VBOB President.
2:00 PM Farewell.

National Salad/Choice of Dressing
Chicken Roulade with Apricot Glaze

OR

Sliced Sirloin of Beef with Sauce Merlot
Twice-Baked Potatoes
Stir-Fried Fresh Vegetables
Mini-Baguettes and Butter
Year “2000” Dessert
Coffee/Selection of Teas
Glass of Blush Wine with Dinner

BANQUET MENU

RESERVATION FORM
"REMEMBRANCE AND COMMEMORATION"
OF THE 56th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE
December 15 and 16 2000
Washington, DC

Return form and check by December 3, 2000 to:
 Battle of the Bulge Historical Foundation
 PO Box 2516,
 Kensington MD 20895-0181

Questions:
 Dorothy Davis 301-881-0356
 E-Mail:
jdbowen@gateway.net

Name: _____ Telephone: _____

Address: _____ City: _____ State: _____ ZIP: _____

Battle of Bulge Unit: _____

Korean War Service: (6/25/1950 – 1/31/1955) When: _____

Unit(s): _____ Where: _____

RESERVATIONS:	<u>Number Attending</u>	<u>Cost/Person</u>	<u>Total</u>
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Registration Fee	_____	\$10.00	\$ _____
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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 2000

6:30 PM – 8:00 PM: Café Brasserie, Dinner on your own _____		<u>on your own</u>	
Please indicate the number that will be attending so that we can advise the hotel.			

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 2000

Chartered Bus (All Day-Round Trip) 8:45 AM – 4:15 PM Library of Congress Map Division AM Guided Tour Luncheon/Shopping: Union Station (On your own) Newseum PM	_____	\$15.00	_____
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Commemorative Banquet, Galaxy Room, Sheraton Hotel	_____	\$44.00	_____
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Please make your Main Course selection(s):

- Chicken Roulade with Apricot Sauce _____
- OR**
- Sliced Sirloin of Beef with Sauce Merlot _____

GRAND TOTAL (Enclose check made out to BoBHF Commemoration): \$ _____

Table assignments for the Banquet will be on your name badge. If you wish to be seated with friends, please list their names:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 2000:

11:00 AM	Ceremonies: Tomb of the Unknown Soldiers/ VBOB Monument	No. Attending: _____
12:00 Noon	Reception/Buffer hosted by VBOB at Sheraton Hotel	No. Attending: _____

NOTES & REMINDERS:

It has been necessary this year to charge a registration fee to cover the overhead costs (Name Tags, Table Cards, Decorations, Color Guard Food, Hospitality, etc.) of this event.

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

Room reservations must be made with the Hotel by November 21 (Telephone 1-800-468-9090).

Return completed Reservation Form by 3 December 2000, (Telephone 301-881-0356).

No cancellation refunds after December 5, 2000.

Please indicate in all places the number attending so that we can be advised of the proper number to plan. Thanks!

3892ND QUARTERMASTER TRUCK COMPANY AND THE STAVELOT GAS DUMP

By Corporal Vincent Tuminello

The 3892nd Quartermaster Truck was a company. In the U.S. Army, four companies comprise a battalion.

The 3892nd was part of the 97th Quartermaster Battalion (not to be confused with another unit) which was part of V Corps which was part of the First Army. Lieutenant Colonel Koosa was the commanding officer of the 97th. The 97th had a signal company, a labor company, a graves registration company which also loaded our trucks with everything the army needed, and the 3892nd Quartermaster Truck Company. Unfortunately, I can only remember the number for the graves registration company--the 606th. As a combat truck company, our vehicles had bazookas and 50 calibers on every fourth truck. We also carried white phosphorus grenades to destroy our vehicles in the event of imminent capture.



We were what was called a "bastard outfit" because we worked with whatever division the First Army needed us with. For instance on D-Day, June 6th, eleven of our trucks, of which mine was one, landed on Omaha Beach at 1900 hours. Then we were assigned to the First Division. In addition to the truck companies each division had, the army needed more trucks here or there depending on what

was going on.

The 3892nd Quartermaster Truck Company was commanded by Captain Walter Able, the company was comprised of 52 6x6 trucks, 4 jeeps, one weapons carrier and 135 men. The company was divided into squads of 4 trucks and 8 men. Every fourth truck had a closed cab with doors and a 50 caliber machine gun mounted on top and a bazooka in the cab. The other three trucks being open cab with no doors. Squad leaders such as myself were non commissioned officers assigned to the closed cab truck with the machine gun. I was a corporal.

On December 16th, 1944, the men of the 3892nd were living in huts made of logs and canvas in the woods two miles southwest of Eupen. Around 4:00 hours in the afternoon we heard incoming artillery fire and buzz bombs and huge explosions coming from the direction of V Corps Headquarters located four miles away. All noncoms were ordered to report to the company command post immediately. No one knows what is going on. The company is ordered to report to the 28th Division and move them into position.

After leaving the V Corps area all is quiet. We pick up the 28th and move them to their new position toward Luxembourg. The weather is very cold. We offer to share the cab of our truck with a lieutenant from the 28th who remarked that he did not know what was up either and was not sure where he and his men were going. He is also concerned because he does not have very much ammo. We dropped them off and returned to our CP in the dark. As we drove back all was quiet.

It is the evening of the 16th. We are put on alert for German

paratroopers.

The 50 caliber machine guns are moved from some of the trucks and set up in defensive positions around the four corners of the command post area. Our trucks are parked along a forest for about a half a mile, 30 feet apart, single file. Extra sentries are posted in pairs of two, back-to-back.

On the 18th, we are ordered to empty a gas dump at Stavelot and report to Captain Wilson, of the 97th Battalion, 606th Graves Registration Company. Only two squads totaling eight trucks will reach their destination--my squad and Corporal Broadwater's. Why the other trucks never made it I do not know. Some of them ended up evacuating the military hospital at Malmedy (the 44th Hospital). We have no problem getting to the dump. When we arrive trucks from other QMC's are already loading.

There is just one unusual incident that sticks out in my mind after all these years. That is of a lone captain on foot we met on the road outside the dump area. He told us, "It's rough up ahead, don't go in there." Later we heard of the Germans dressing in American uniforms and I have always wondered if he was one.

We report to Captain Wilson, who remarks that he is "glad to see us" and his men begin to load our trucks. We made three trips loaded with gasoline and on the last Captain Wilson reminds us not to forget to come back for him and his men. On the last trip out, artillery fire is coming in the area but not at the dump.

When I got to the gas dump in Stavelot, Captain Wilson, of the 606th, was already there for the purpose of assisting the removal of the gas. I reported to him as ordered and have no idea who was in charge of the dump then. He was sent there to get the gas out.

When we are unloading our last load, we are reunited with Sergeant Wood, of the 3892nd, who informs us that our Lieutenant Parsons has ordered us back to our company. I told Sgt. Woods that we have orders from Captain Wilson to return to the dump and intend to do so. Soon after this, Cpl. Broadwater informs me that some of his men do not want to go back to the dump and asks what to do about it. I remind the men of the "articles of war" and the punishment for mutiny and tell them if they are in their trucks right away all will be forgotten. The men readily comply.

The return trip to the dump is pretty smooth with only sporadic artillery fire in the area. We pick up Captain Wilson and his men and return to Eupen. The roads are grid-locked with tanks and trucks going in all directions. Engineers are sweeping for mines along the sides of the roads. All is quiet now with the artillery.

When we return to our CP, we are ordered to report to Lt. Col. Koosa at the 97th Battalion Command Post. He asks, "Why did only our eight trucks get through to the dump?" I told him I have no answer. ■

WE NEED YOUR SUPPORT...CHECK YOUR MAILING LABEL. Your dues date is printed directly above your last name. If your dues are due please submit them promptly and it will save us having to mail a dues reminder. Postage and printing costs have skyrocketed. Thanks.

NOMINATIONS FOR 2000-01 EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

On behalf of the Nominating Committee, I, George C. Linthicum, Chairman, announce the following slate to serve on the Executive Council for the fiscal year 2000-01.

President: John J. Dunleavy

737th Tank Battalion

Executive Vice President: Louis Cunningham

106th Infantry Division

Vice President, Membership: Thomas Jones

818th Combat Military Police Company

Vice President, Chapters: Richard C. Schlenker

26th Infantry Division

Vice President, Military Affairs: Stanley J. Wojtusik

106th Infantry Division

Vice President, Public Affairs: Jack Hyland

84th Infantry Division

Treasurer: William P. Tayman

87th Infantry Division

Corresponding Secretary: Dorothy S. Davis

57th Field Hospital

Recording Secretary: John D. Bowen

Associate Member

Trustees: Three-year Term

Richard G. Guenter

511th Engineer Light Pontoon Company

James W. Hunt

1st Infantry Division

Demetri Paris

9th Armored Division

The above nominees have been unanimously approved by the Nominating Committee which consists of all Past National Presidents.

Respectfully submitted,
George C. Linthicum, Chairman
Nominating Committee

HOLD THAT TIGER!!

In January 1945, during the Battle of the Bulge, I was selected to volunteer as a Tiger Patrol leader. Tiger Patrols were an "ad hoc" group, a Lieutenant and fifteen G.I.'s, supposedly volunteers, to do all the patrolling for a Battalion—a less than envious occupation. Needless to say, I opted not to volunteer; however, despite my refusal to volunteer, I became the leader of a Tiger Patrol.

When I found the group which had been functioning for some time, they had no transportation, and were bumming rides from anyone who would give them a lift. This was a not a pleasant state of affairs. On joining the group, my first words were something to the effect that this was a heck of a way to run an Army! From the back of a truck a voice was heard stating, "That's what we think! Just say the word and we'll have a truck by 10:00 p.m. tonight!" Naturally, I said "Go for it!" By 10:00 p.m. we had a nice winterized three-quarter-ton truck, perfect for our needs and independence. Our first patrol under my command, a "midnight requisition" to the rear, was an outstanding success.

The following night, a quarter ton trailer was liberated by "midnight requisition," and we were in business.

A few weeks later a veteran First Sergeant approached me with a proposition. If I could supply a truck, he knew where there was an unlimited amount of first-class champagne. Unfortunately, this was not on patrol to the rear, but to the front. Three of us took part in the expedition, the sergeant, the driver of the truck, and yours truly. The Patrol was successful in locating and liberating 50 bottles of truly excellent champagne. However, on the way back our truck slipped off the road because of the snow and ice. I returned to the Battalion area, located the Battalion Motor Officer, and conned him into letting me have another truck to get our truck back on level ground. This we succeeded in doing.

A day or two later, I ran into the Motor Officer who proceeded to "chew me out" for taking his truck into a "mine field." This, of course, was true; but, to have told him about the mine field in advance would have been unproductive. I assured him the mines were all frozen because of the ice and snow, and since we had returned his truck safely, there was no real problem. This did not appear to satisfy him, but I did give him several bottles of excellent champagne. I should note that he never again lent me a truck.

By way of an epilogue, of the 15 G.I.'s in our Tiger Patrol, seven were killed in action, and at least two others were severely wounded. It was not all "fun and games."

By Msgr. William F. O'Donnell
87th Inf. Div., 346th Inf.

S W E A T

... More 'n More



"What's this I hear about you applying for a medical discharge, Bonebag?"

GERMAN TUNNEL SYSTEM

To avoid the constant bombing by the Allied planes, in May of 1944, near the little town of Haslach, Germany, an underground factory was built by the Germans to produce the Messerschmidt airplane. They forced 9000 prisoners from the Dachau prison camp to dig the tunnel which was then fortified with steel and concrete. But because of the rapid advance of the Allied armies, the factory could not be put into operation.

In November of 1947, the Americans tried to destroy the factory with 64 tons of explosives, but this barely scratched the surface. In April of 1948 they tried again, this time using 84 tons of explosives. This still did not completely destroy it.

Today, it is being used as an underground mushroom growing operation.

BULGE MEDAL OF HONOR RECIPIENTS

Vernon McGarity

99th Infantry Division

Rank and organization: Technical Sergeant, Company L, 393rd Infantry, 99th Infantry Division

Place and date: Near Krinkelt, Belgium, 16 December 1944.

Citation: He was painfully wounded in an artillery barrage that preceded the powerful counteroffensive launched by the Germans near Krinkelt, Belgium, on the morning of 16 December 1944. He made his way to an aid station, received treatment, and then refused to be evacuated, choosing to return to his hard-pressed men instead. The fury of the enemy's great Western Front offensive swirled about the position held by Sergeant McGarity's small force, but so tenaciously did these men fight on orders to stand firm at all costs that they could not be dislodged despite murderous enemy fire and the breakdown of their communications. During the day the heroic squad leader rescued one of his friends who had been wounded in a forward position, and throughout the night he exhorted his comrades to repulse the enemy's attempts at infiltration. When morning came and the Germans attacked with tanks and infantry, he braved heavy fire to run to an advantageous position where he immobilized the enemy's lead tank with a round from a rocket launcher. Fire from his squad drove the attacking infantrymen back, and three supporting tanks withdrew. He rescued, under heavy fire, another wounded American, and then directed devastating fire on a light cannon which had been brought up by the hostile troops to clear resistance from the area. When ammunition began to run low, Sergeant McGarity, remembering an old ammunition hole about 100 yards distant in the general direction of the enemy, braved a concentration of hostile fire to replenish his unit's supply. By circuitous route the enemy managed to emplace a machine gun to the rear and flank of the squad's position, cutting off the only escape route. Unhesitatingly, the gallant soldier took it upon himself to destroy this menace singlehandedly. He left cover, and while under steady fire from the enemy, killed or sounded all the hostile gunners with deadly accurate rifle fire and prevented all attempts to reman the gun. Only when the squad's last round had been fired was the enemy able to advance and capture the intrepid leader and his men. The extraordinary bravery and extreme devotion to duty of Sergeant McGarity supported a remarkable delaying action which provided the time necessary for assembling reserves and forming a line against which the German striking power was shattered.

★★★

Curtis F. Shoup

87th Infantry Division

Rank and organization: Staff Sergeant, Company I, 346th Infantry, 87th Infantry Division.

Place and date: Near Tillet, Belgium, 7 January 1945.

Citation: On 7 January 1945, near Tillet, Belgium, his company attacked German troops on rising ground. Intense hostile machine-gun fire pinned down and threatened to annihilate the American unit in an exposed position where frozen ground made it impossible to dig in for protection. Heavy mortar and artillery fire from enemy batteries was added to the

storm of destruction falling on the Americans. Realizing that the machine gun must be silenced at all costs, Sergeant Shoup, armed with an automatic rifle, crawled to within 75 yards to the enemy emplacement. He found that his fire was ineffective from this position, and completely disregarding his own safety, stood up and grimly strode ahead into the murderous stream of bullets, firing his low-held weapon as he went. He was hit several times and finally was knocked to the ground. But he struggled to his feet and staggered forward until close enough to hurl a grenade, wiping out the enemy machine-gun next with his dying action. By his heroism, fearless determination, and supreme sacrifice, Sergeant Shoup eliminated a hostile weapon which threatened to destroy his company and turned a desperate situation into a victory.

★★★

William A. Soderman

2nd Infantry Division

Rank and organization: Private First Class, Company K, 9th Infantry, 2nd Infantry Division

Place and date: Near Rocherath, Belgium, 17 December 1944

Citation: Armed with a bazooka, he defended a key road junction near Rocherath, Belgium, on 17 December 1944, during the German Ardennes counteroffensive. After a heavy artillery barrage and wounded and forced the withdrawal of his assistant, he heard enemy tanks approaching the position where he calmly waited in the gathering darkness of early evening until the five Mark V tanks which made up the hostile force were within point blank range. He then stood up, completely disregarding the firepower that could be brought to bear upon him, and launched a rocket into the lead tank, setting it afire and forcing its crew to abandon it as the other tanks pressed on before Private Soderman could reload. The daring bazooka man remained at his post all night under severe artillery, mortar, and machine gun fire, awaiting the next onslaught, which was made shortly after dawn by five more tanks. Running along a ditch to meet them, he reached an advantageous point and there leaped to the road in full view of the tank gunners, deliberately aimed his weapon and disabled the lead tank. The other vehicles, thwarted by a deep ditch in their attempt to go around the crippled machine, withdrew. While returning to his post, Private Soderman, braving heavy fire to attach an enemy infantry platoon from close range, killed at least three Germans and wounded several others with a round from his bazooka. By this time, enemy pressure had made Company K's position untenable. Orders were issued for withdrawal to an assembly area, where Private Soderman was located, when he once more heard enemy tanks approaching. Knowing that elements of the company had not completed their disengaging maneuver and were consequently extremely vulnerable to an armored attack, he hurried from his comparatively safe position to meet the tanks. Once more he disabled the lead tank with a single rocket, his last; but before he could reach cover, machine gun bullets from the tank ripped into his right shoulder. Unarmed and seriously wounded he dragged himself along a ditch to the American lines and was evacuated. Through his unflinching courage against overwhelming odds, Private Soderman contributed in great measure to the defense of Rocherath, exhibiting to a superlative degree the intrepidity and heroism with which American soldiers met and smashed the savage power of the last great German offensive. ■

"I QUIT, I QUIT, I QUIT...!"

[The following was taken from the January 25, 1945, *Bulge Battle News*--the newsletter of VBOB Northern Indiana Chapter.]

Even in war there are at times humorous events which take place. One such incident happened with the 3rd Battalion of the 82nd Airborne Division, 505th Regiment.

On December 28th, about 2,000 yards from Herresbach, Lieutenant Powers led a 21-man patrol of infantry and four tanks to establish a road block. They were well hidden in the woods. Near sundown they spotted a column of Germans leading a horse-drawn gun. The column was headed by a young German lieutenant, totally unaware of the Americans watching their every move, and waiting. Lt. Powers passed the word to his men to "remain quiet, but be ready, I think we can surprise them."

The Germans stopped and started to set up their artillery piece near the road, opposite from the Americans. Now their gun was in place and ready to be loaded, when Lt. Powers stepped out of the woods, pistol covering the German lieutenant and announced that the Germans were his prisoners. At this point the American infantrymen put in an appearance with their guns leveled and ready.

The German officer, who spoke fluent English was astounded but not speechless. He grabbed his cap, threw it on the ground, jumped on it several times, and screamed, "That damned colonel! Of all the damned fool people. Why did he send me down here? Didn't he know this town had been captured! I quit! I quit! I quit!" Lt. Powers informed him he had indeed quit and was now a prisoner of the United States Army.

The German philosophized that the entire German Army in the Ardennes was messed up. He said the reason for the whole thing was that the American Army was so screwed up that they in turn had the Germans that way. How could they guess what the crazy Americans were going to do when the Americans themselves didn't know. ■

SOUTH JERSEY CHAPTER'S EDUCATION PROGRAM

Since the formation in 1999 of the South Jersey Chapter of the Battle of the Bulge, the cornerstone of our mission has been to educate our young people of the importance of World War II and particularly the significance of the Battle of the Bulge. We always felt that the future leaders of our country must have a clear and definitive understanding of what happened in that particular moment of our country's history. They must realize what the courage and commitment of our troops meant in not only winning the war but in helping to instill a moral and sincere appreciation of what freedom means.

With this in mind, the members of the South Jersey Chapter started visiting the local schools. The results have been far beyond our expectations. The administration and teachers were most cooperative and history lessons were planned around our visitation. The students were attentive, inquisitive and they promised to speak to and interview family members, relatives and friends who may have served in Europe during the Battle of the Bulge.

To date we have visited three schools. Our members are currently contacting several other schools and we are expecting to visit them in the spring and early fall. Our goal is to visit each and every school in Cape May County, New Jersey, by this time next year.

Our president and founder, Milton J. Shepherd, has been the leader in this endeavor and he continues to feel that "educating our youngsters about the Battle of the Bulge will have a lasting effect on each of them as they grow and mature in the current world." Enough praise cannot be given to the members of our chapter who visit the schools with him. It was not only a "show-and-tell" but it was a history lesson and our chapter was a meaningful part of it. We do hope that other chapters are stressing the education of our students. We would like to hear from those chapters who have made school visitation a part of their agenda. [Write to Milton J. Shepherd, PO Box 185, Goshen, New Jersey 08218, or call him at 609-465-4199.]

2ND EVACUATION HOSPITAL

Recently, I found this picture in my "collection." I was an army nurse (Lt. G. J. Candors) now Jean C. Rist. I served as an anesthetist at the 2nd Evacuation Hospital from October, 1944, until the end.



Photo taken by Captain Allen and dated January 6, 1945.

This building, a Belgian TB Sanitarium, was adapted to be our hospital in Eupen 10-12 miles from Aachen, and here we tried to patch up wounds during the German breakthrough. The tents in the foreground were "walking wounded" wards.

"Jerry" planes coming over in force dropped flares and bombs around us. The ack ack and tracers made beautiful sky patterns at night. The bright spot in the photo is a flare making it's descent.

I marvel now that I could think "beautiful" amid all that horror of maiming and mayhem! Well, I was only 23. ■

REUNION ATTENDEES...NOTE

The U.S. Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs sets forth information obtained from a medical doctor which states: "If you have a history of heart, circulatory or lung disease, check with your doctor before coming to high altitudes."

We bring this to your attention only to be on the safe side. We want everyone to have an enjoyable time with no worries and/or unexpected problems. ■

Bob Dole

One Final Salute

Fifty-six years ago today, American and allied forces launched the invasion that turned the tide of World War II. What better time than this anniversary of D-Day to remember that the peace we enjoy today was secured at a precious price—and to recommit ourselves to honor the sacrifices of the veterans of World War II with a memorial on the National Mall in Washington?

It is testament to the overwhelming success of the World War II generation that we can barely imagine a conflict in which nearly 300 young servicemen and women died each day—year after year after year. Unfortunately, the veterans of that war are now passing away in even greater numbers. Before the World War II generation is gone, we owe them one last salute, and the peace of mind that their service will be remembered.

Our country has endured three great challenges and has emerged from each stronger and more united. The American Revolution demonstrated our determination to be free, and the Civil War tested our will to extend that freedom to all. The third great moment of trial, confrontation and resolution occurred nearly 60 years ago. The struggle of free men and women against totalitarianism peaked during World War II and lingered through the Cold War. Freedom's victory over tyranny is now so complete that it is easy to forget the issue was ever in doubt.

Throughout World War II, my generation was inspired by the legacy of past defenders of freedom. Thousands of servicemen absorbed the words of the Founders etched in stone on the great monuments of our nation's capital. From the memorials to George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, young GIs drew deep reserves of faith, courage

and fortitude. These solid and silent monuments did not sit idly as war raged; they passed on America's noble purpose from one generation to the next.

No doubt future generations will be asked to mount their own defense of American freedoms. We must act now to build a National World War II Memorial to honor the achievements of the last generation and to inspire future generations. We must complete the unfinished business of World War II before the last veterans of that great conflict are gone.

Our task is nearly complete. On Veterans Day 1995, a deserved site on the Mall between the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial was dedicated. The Capital Campaign for the National World War II Memorial is closing in on the \$100 mil-

lion goal with contributions from corporations, foundations, veterans' groups and private citizens in every state of the Union.

I will be accepting today a contribution of more than \$14 million for the memorial—money collected from individual Americans in Wal-Mart and Sam's Club stores across the country. This generous spirit is being replicated in communities throughout America.

The memorial is the right statement in the right place. Its design creates a special place to commemorate the sacrifice and celebrate the victory of World War II, yet remains respectful and sensitive to the vistas and park-like setting of its historic surroundings. This summer we will seek final approval of the design from the Commission of Fine Arts and the National Cap-

ital Planning Commission so that we can break ground for the memorial on Veterans Day weekend in November.

Meanwhile, another 1,000 veterans of World War II pass away every day—so quickly that in a few years there will be only a handful left. The youngest participants in World War II are today in their mid-seventies—enjoying their closing chapters of their lives.

These veterans deserve a memorial to preserve the memory of their actions against the tide of time. It is up to us, and the time is now.

The writer, former Senate majority leader and Republican presidential candidate, is a veteran of World War II and chairman of the National World War II Memorial Campaign.



An artist's rendering of the proposed World War II memorial.

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