

# The BULGE BUGLE

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

VOLUME XXII NUMBER 1

THE ARDENNES CAMPAIGN

FEBRUARY 2003

## BATTLE OF THE BULGE INTELLIGENCE *German Attack Costly*

*HOW DID THE  
PREPARATIONS  
FOR THIS MASSIVE  
COUNTEROFFENSIVE  
GO ALMOST  
UNNOTICED???*

Page 8

Mark your calendar...  
**YOUR NEXT VBOB REUNION-  
QUINCY, MASS.**

*(8 Miles South of Historic Boston)*

**SEPT. 4, 5, 6, 7, 2003**

*Details in next Bulge Bugle*

*One if by land and two if by sea...*



*Come with me to historic Quincy!*

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

\*\*\*\*\*  
IF YOU FIND YOU HAVE A LITTLE TIME,  
WRITE TO VBOB AND WE'LL SEND YOU THE  
NECESSARY TOOLS TO GET OFF TO A  
GOOD START IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF A  
CHAPTER IN YOUR AREA. YOU'LL FIND  
THAT IT'S EASY TO DO AND THE REWARDS  
TO ALL OF THOSE YOU BRING TOGETHER  
CANNOT BE DUPLICATED.

# President's Message

As this is the first *Bulge Bugle* of 2003, I feel it is appropriate to begin by wishing you and your families a very **Happy and Healthy New Year**. And--a **Peaceful** one as well.

As you are aware, I have a deadline from Editor George Chekan and Administrative Director Nancy Monson to have my copy as early as possible to help them as they assemble the pieces that go into making our magazine one of the very top veterans' publications.

I don't know what the headlines are as you read this issue, but as I write this morning, headlines and the news anchors all have WAR in their print and vocal headlines.

North Korea and Iraq are most frequently named, but I hope as you turn the pages you find the world is still a peaceful one.

It might seem to be a long way off--but we do have our 59th anniversary observances coming in September of this year in Quincy, Massachusetts. As we prepare for that reunion, September 4th to 7th, 2003, we are already starting to work on plans for fitting observances of the 60th anniversary across the Atlantic as well as here at home. Our wartime allies in Belgium and Luxembourg are working with a special VBOB Committee composed of Past Presidents George Chekan and Stan Wojtusik, Vice President of Military Affairs, along with our Historian Bob Phillips to arrange suitable ceremonies overseas.

They have been in contact with members of CRIBA and CEBA in Belgium and Luxembourg to determine VBOB's role in the anniversaries of the liberation and of the battle of the Ardennes. For much of both Belgium and Luxembourg, this was a 2nd liberation from German rule. I am delighted that our U.S. Ambassadors in Belgium and Luxembourg are deeply involved in the planning of appropriate programs in both countries.

Here at home, members of VBOB's Executive Council, including our past presidents, are reviewing ways that we will be observing the anniversary in the United States.

In the months ahead, I urge your chapters, and you as individuals, to give us your input as we prepare for what is for us an historic occasion, and one we want to use to keep the Battle of the Bulge a part of our country's heritage. We know almost 20,000 Americans died for our victory, and that 600,000 fought to win the battle. It's up to us, the survivors, to make sure future generations will remember that their freedom came with much sacrifice, and **at a terrible price**.

You are the men and women who deserve the credit for that. This was brought home to me most impressively last November 11th. My wife, Charlotte, and I, along with George Chekan and Stan Wojtusik, had the privilege to represent VBOB at President Bush's Veterans Day Breakfast at The White House. While we are a comparatively young veterans' organization, we were welcomed on equal footing with the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and other more senior organizations. We had an excellent opportunity to meet and talk with both civilian and military leaders of our Armed Forces, as well as other high government officials, and informed them about



**Louis Cunningham**

VBOB. Let me repeat--**you** deserve the credit for that.

And you are the ones who have helped us to make progress in our drive to enhance the deteriorating VBOB Memorial in the U.S. Military Cemetery in Arlington. It is in a prominent place, on the opposite side of the Amphitheater of the Tomb of the Unknowns. Unfortunately, the weather has taken its toll on the stone and it is wearing away. I am happy to report that the bill authorizing us to enlarge and improve the memorial has passed both Houses of Congress. We are hoping that we can cut through the Washington red tape and soon have a more suitable memorial--one that can be seen more than a few feet away--and will keep you informed of future developments in this important--to us--project.

It is my hope that at our 2003 Annual Reunion at the Marriott Hotel in Quincy, Massachusetts, we will be able to display pictures of this unveiling and dedication of the new monument in Arlington. **Be sure you have marked those dates--September 4th to 7th--on your calendar.** Quincy is almost at the heart of New England's role in our American Revolution. We are making plans for trips to nearby Boston, to Lexington and Concord, and to other points of interest in and around Boston, and to the Cape Cod area.

In closing, I would like to thank Dorothy Davis, John Bowen, and Stan Wojtusik for the many hours spent in planning the annual commemoration banquet and the moving ceremonies at Arlington Cemetery for the 58th Anniversary of our battle, December 15th and 16th. The speakers at the dinner, and at our ceremony at the VBOB stone, were outstanding. As always, it was a great chance to meet and compare notes with VBOB members from across the country. The weekend had many highlights--and one of them was the closing luncheon where Shirley Ricker Theis delivered a poetic tribute to her father, Homer Ricker, Jr., 35th Infantry Division, who lost his life in the Bulge. Her words moved us all. No father could have had a more sincere epitaph.■

## ANSWERS TO TWO BIG QUESTIONS

**Am I eligible for disability for frost bite and/or trench foot?** This question can only be answered by your local Veterans Administration Hospital.

**Am I eligible to be buried in a military cemetery?** You probably are. You are probably also eligible for a headstone or marker. You can find out calling 890-827-1000.■

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### WWII SECRET WEAPON BRAYS

I can think of a couple of things that an infantryman should get a medal for in the European Theater of Operations. It involves another WWII secret weapon that was right before everyone's eyes and that was the Army's **Two Legged Mule**. There should be an infantry man's medal for the tonnage he carried on his back. There could be two classes of awards. For a total of 5000 lbs plus a gold medal and up to 5000 lbs, a silver medal. The silver medal inscribed "Oh, my aching back" and the gold medal with "Oh, my poor aching back." It would be an exclusive medal earned in organizing silence but was crucial to victory. How those musket bag straps cut into the shoulders, and thank the Lord for Rotex to ease the pain. Or at least a pair of socks, dirty or clean, made no difference. In any violent activity carrying heavy loads for long distances and living like an animal in the cold, rain, or icy mud in a hole in the ground, day and night is the essentials of a fighting soldier trade. You have to live, sleep and eat like a pig without catching pneumonia, dysentery or dying of exposure and exhaustion or both. This should qualify you as an Army Two Legged Mule and make you eligible for this prestigious award.

In re: May 2002 *Bulge Bugle*, page 10, "21 Gun Salute." It has been my belief that most men of war carried 42 guns, 21 on each side and when they sailed into a port on their left side (starboard to right) they would empty their guns one at a time for a total of 21 to show the port city their guns were empty and meant no harm.

On page 11, "Jerks, Sad Sacks, Profiteers and Jim Crow" is more of Ambrose copying the works of someone else. I read that years ago, word for word because there is also [information] about drinking too much and not enough women companionship in the same work.

Howard Peterson  
4 ARMDD 51 AIB CCA

### REMEMBERING SO LONG AGO

It's that time again! We, the Battle of the Bulge veterans, recollect that period of 58 years ago, what we were all experiencing that late December and early January in 1944-45.

The winter conditions in Belgium were horrendous. Very cold temperatures and deep snow.

In my locale, my two VBOB friends--Frank Witkowski (75th Infantry Battalion) and Frank Tichy (575th Antiaircraft Artillery Battalion, 11th Armored Division), and I, again hope to get together on New Year's Day and at 3:00 p.m. (Eastern Time) sip our bourbon, beer or iced tea, as a toast, to those who made the final sacrifice or served in the Battle of the Bulge.

Thad Conway  
11 ARMDD 575 AAA BN

*[Thad and his friends observed a ritual we encouraged quite some time ago. We're curious. How many of you join in on this observance?]*

### CAN SOMEONE HELP?

I have been reading with interest in our publication concerning who should be eligible for the CIB. I would be grateful if someone could explain to me why my brother, Staff Sgt. Lowell Bruner does not qualify for the CIB. Lowell was an infantryman belonging to Company G, 29th Infantry Regiment, 75th Division, and was killed in combat fighting in the Bulge. Furthermore he served with distinction according to Company G combat history record.

On one occasion on a night patrol he entered a German outpost, and took one of their automatic weapons and killed them all. In another incident he captured nine Germans single handedly. These are only two incidents among others that his comrades in combat have related to me. Had he been an officer, I am sure he would have been awarded a whole box of medals, but the Army has seen fit that he should only be given The Purple Heart not even the CIB.

Can anyone from the *Bulge Bugle* explain this to me?

I have written several other letters concerning this matter but have only gotten the usual run around.

John R. Bruner

*[If you can help John, please write to him at 52 - 85th Avenue, Clayton, Wisconsin 54004.]*

### PLAGIARISM REARS ITS UGLY HEAD

*[We received two letters from the same member on this subject, we reprint both here for your information.]*

**First Letter:** I would like to respond to Charles R. Miller, 75th Infantry Division, 20th Infantry Regiment, Company A on page 6 of the November 2002 *Bulge Bugle*. I, too, had problems with the publishers of Dupuy's "Hitler's Last Gamble." I am the Howard Peterson mentioned on page 220 of said work. There are two versions of said book. One before, and one after. In the before edition, someone inserted a derogatory three line sentence to my "Bulge Incident," which by the way was usurped without my permission. In the after version, said sentence has been removed.

In October, 1995, I wrote a letter to the publisher of said book. In December of 1995, I once again wrote the publishers of said book. I wrote again in February 1996. In May, 1996, I received a response from the publisher's law firm, first stating that because I had not addressed my letters to any single individual and they had no record of my previous letters.

So how did I get their attention? I used the words "derogatory, slander and libel." I also might add that this letter was of an extremely nasty content. I was bombarded with legal mumbo jumbo about certain copyright laws--blah, blah, blah. I was recited the old honey dripping bull about being in the Bulge, etc., etc., etc. Oh, yes, I forgot. I also used the words "insidious and malicious."

For now, the last paragraph in the law firm's letter states, "This letter is intended for settlement purposes and is not intended to be a comprehensive defense to the questions you have raised: therefore, this response is without prejudice to the rights, remedies and defenses available to ..., all of which are expressly reserved."

So, Charlie, I too was quite upset. If you would like more information, let me know.

Some things I questioned. On page xvi, of the preface, it states that "the data were painstakingly reviewed and praised by two prestigious historians...."

On page 2 of Chapter 1, it states that, "soldiers proved that they had been specially selected, trained, and indoctrinated to be elite fighters." (...has to do with the cause of the letters from me.)

On page 78, the word refers to three British transports, the "Queen Mary," the "Aquitania," and the "Wakefield." I went over seas on the U.S.S. Wakefield, the old luxury liner the U.S.S. Manhattan. I have a video as to how the "Wakefield" because a U.S.S. vessel as opposed to a U.S. vessel.

On page 220 of said book, it states that CCA, 4th Armored Division, approached Tintange. This is not so. Our objective at that time was Warnach on the Arlon-Bastogne road. Tintange was to the north and east of Warnach and not on the Arlon-Bastogne road.

My Bulge incident was taken from vol. XII, no 1, February 1993, p 20.

There is also a footnote which I proceeded to answer in a not too friendly manner.

I have proof and can supply copies of what I say, IF I so choose.

Second, to Murray Shapiro, 28th Infantry Division, 112th Infantry Regiment, Company M, I refer to the last paragraph of your work on page 29 of the November 2002, *Bulge Bugle*, welcome to the club, only mine took place in 1993.

It appears as though well thought of writers and historians are repeatedly and more frequently turning to *The Bulge Bugle* for reference material. This material seems to be used in a rather flagrantly, abused manner. Perhaps something should be done to at least preserve its original and author's accuracy.

**Second Letter:** I am writing this on the 58th anniversary of my Bulge incident--December 23, 1944.

When fellow VBOB members Charles R. Miller and Murray Shapiro voiced their displeasure about the injustice of people twisting, turning, distorting, abusing and misusing the facts about the Battle of the Bulge incidents in the November 2002 issue of *The Bulge Bugle*, I decided to pick up a cudgel also.

When some aspiring writer or self-appointed historian wants to lend credence to what he or she might write about the Battle of the Bulge, what better chance to get it straight than to turn to *The Bulge Bugle* as a source.

*(continued on next page)*

In the book "Hitler's Last Gamble," there are no less than 25 references to *The Bulge Bugle*. A small few, like mine, on page 220 are direct quotes. I can only speak for myself as to the accuracy of the quote and its abuse.

In the bibliography there is no mention of *The Bulge Bugle* as a primary or as a secondary source of information, however, in the notes chapter three are references to *The Bulge Bugle* that give volume number, number, month, year and page number(s).

*The Bulge Bugle* does not have a disclaimer as to what and what cannot be used. However, the law does limit the amount of words that can be legally used without obtaining written permission from the individual quoted. Neither can anyone change, alter, or misconstrue what was changed without notifying the reader of any such changes or alterations of the actual quote.

There are also those who are reaping huge monetary awards from "Bulge Bugle Incidents" which are more than simple lapsus linguae in an attempt to make their work more reader-friendly.

Speaking from my own experience with the authors and publishers of "Hitler's Last Gamble," I had to threaten a lawsuit for the removal of a derogatory, libelous and slanderous sentence inserted into my quote without my permission. Even then the publisher's lawyers tried to say that they were right and that I was wrong.

On page 220, it says "of particular interest" yet in the footnote one of the authors states that he finds what I carried and what I wore neither surprising or remarkable. If this is so, then why bring it up in the first place?

I let the insertion about my jump boots being relics pass. I have already brought to light that the U.S.S. Wakefield was not a British troop transport. On page 5 is an alleged letter written by a young SS panzer grenadier to his sister on the back of an envelope but he had been unable to post it. The same incident has been referred to by Stephen Ambrose and John Eisenhower and each is different so which is the correct one, if any?

On page 194 is the alleged incident about General McAuliffe's reply to the German surrender note and LTC Harry Kinnard is not even mentioned.

Perhaps we all fall within the shadow of Zeno the Stoic's Three Propositions which state: First, no one can truly know the meaning of anything. Second, even if we discovered the meaning, we couldn't explain it to anyone else. Third, even if we found a way to explain it, those we explained it to would get it wrong.

Howard Peterson  
4 ARMDD CCA 51 AIB B

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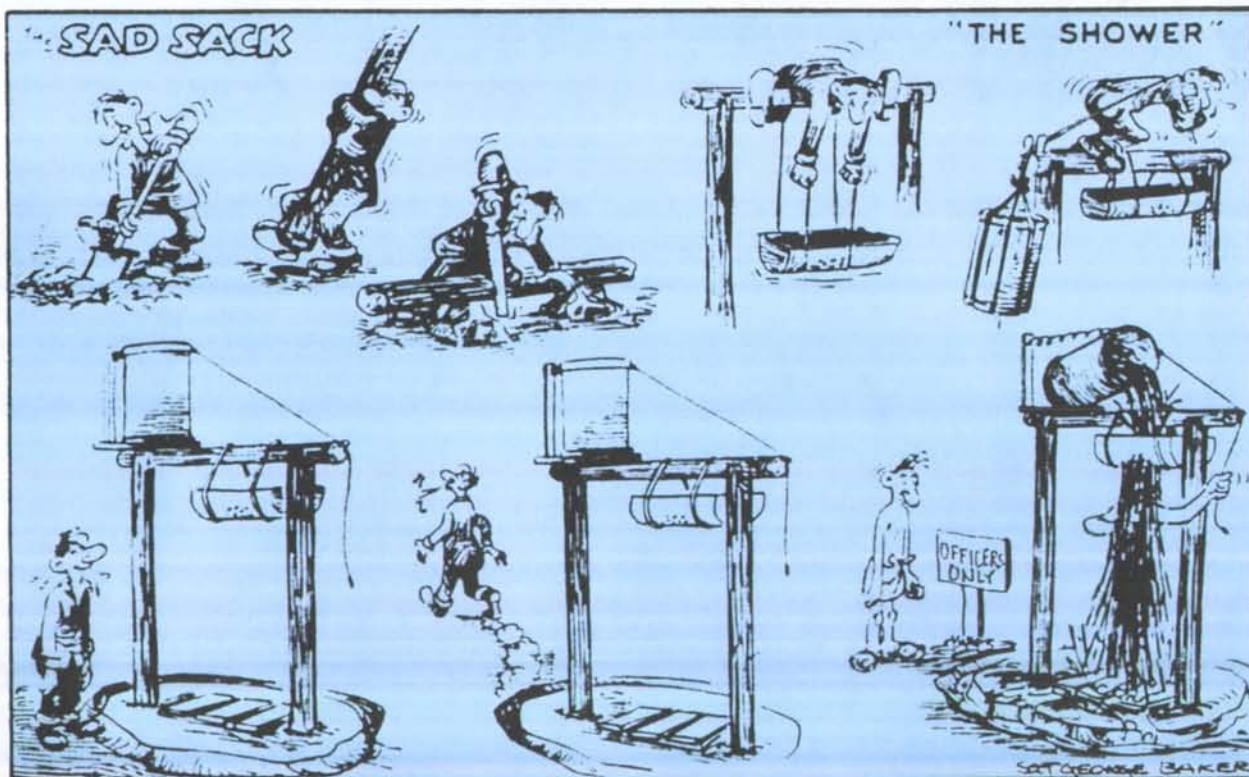
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## Delaware Valley Chapter

### Visit to USMA, West Point, NY

November 9, 2002, the Delaware Valley Chapter (DVC-VBOB) members and friends departed the Philadelphia Naval Base assembly area for a bus trip to the United States Military Academy (USMA), West Point, New York.

When we arrived at the USMA, we were waived through the checkpoint as we had been cleared in advance. Waiting at the entrance gate was a MP vehicle with flashing lights to escort the bus to a designated area near the parade grounds.

M/Sgts. Osbourne and Moore, USMA Public Relations Office, were escorts and guides for the day. M/Sgt. Osbourne lead the group to a designated section of the reviewing stands specifically marked "Reserved--Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge." Prior to the parade, the USMA Drill Team entertained the spectators with their remarkable silent, precise formations and routines; a testimony to their strict military training.

At 1200 hours the Corps of Cadets marched from various portals of the barracks area to "The Plain" by companies to form an impressive formation of the legendary traditional "Long Gray Line." With the blare of a bugle to commence the review and the sound of *The National Anthem* by the Army Band created an atmosphere of pomp and circumstances, pageantry and patriotism, an experience to remember. Passing in review the cadets presented a magnificent picture of perfection in dress, military precision and traditional pride; a tribute to their high moral and ethical standards.

After the parade members were privileged to greet and, as a group, have their picture taken with the Brigade Command Staff of the Corps of Cadets. Also members were able to greet and shake hands with Pennsylvania Senator Rich Santorum.

M/Sgt. Osbourne then led the DVC group to the Cadet Mess in Washington Hall. A noble hall--walls adorned with portraits of former superintendents; a mural depicting the history of the Weapons of War; flags from all States placed alphabetically; and historic flags from the American Revolution to the current U.S. flag when USMA was founded in 1802. This was the same mess hall that General Douglas MacArthur made his final roll call speech in 1951 to the cadets (sic). "In the evening of my memory, always I come back to West Point. Always there echoes and re-echoes--Duty--Honor--Country. My last conscious thoughts will be of the Corps--and the Corps--and the Corps."

A surprise and thrilling privilege to have lunch in the same mess hall the cadets use for their meals--a typical cadet meal was served. (FYI--The USMA Treasurer receives \$4.60 per cadet, per day, for food.)

After lunch, we proceeded to the statue of General Dwight D. Eisenhower for wreath laying by John Williams, 8th Armored Division; Chuck Laphan, 106th Infantry Division; and Norman Clegg, 87th Infantry Division. Thence to General George S. Patton statue for wreath laying by George Linthicum, 26th Infantry Division; Frank Young, 462nd Antiaircraft Artillery Battalion; and Bill Smoyer, 583rd Motor Ambulance Company.

After the wreath laying ceremonies, members and friends boarded the bus to Michie Stadium for the Army-Air Force football game. (FYI: Michie Stadium is dedicated to the memory of Dennis Mahan Michie, a cadet, who was instrumental in initiating football at the USMA in 1890.) The game was preceded by a sensational parachute descent by four airmen parachutists from the Air Force Academy and four USMA

parachutists who landed on the 50-yard line--the most thrilling pre-game event of the afternoon. The Air Force out played the Black Knights--Army lost 30-40. As a result of the win, Air Force earned the Commander-in-Chief Trophy. The pageantry of the Army Band at half-time was superb, only to be out done by the singing of *The Alma Mater* for both the Army and the Air Force at the game's end. An emotional moment for each team.

Highlight of the day--an unbelievable experience. In the third quarter of the game, over the public address (PA) system, it was announced that the attendance was 41,000. The PA immediately followed-up with the announcement that members of the Delaware Valley Chapter, Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, were in attendance. Members stood, identified by their colorful hats, and received a standing ovation that lasted about five minutes. Thereafter, as fans passed by where members were seated, they would stop and shake hands with as many members as they could reach to show their appreciation and gratitude. The young, middle-aged and older fans could not say enough to express their thanks. For the DVC members, this was an awesome experience to be relished forever in their memories.

An amusing scenario of the game--in an unrehearsed plan--Dan Iannelli, 487th Ordnance Evacuation Company, took it upon himself to corral the Army cheerleaders. Lo and behold, Dan lead the cheerleaders to the DVC seating section. The surrounding fans got great enjoyment and levity out of Dan's action. Fans voiced their remarks at "they could understand how we won the BoB with the likes of Dan's ingenuity." The cheerleaders put on their act for DVC and greeted and thanked as many members as they could reach.

After the football game the group was bused to "The Thayer" for dinner. (FYI. Hotel Thayer named in memory of General Sylvanus Thayer, Engineer, Superintendent from 1817 to 1833, and was responsible for the initial organization of West Point.) A delicious buffet dinner was catered with an entree of prime beef and a side table of salads and deserts. The decor and table settings were fabulous.

To the astonishment of members and friends seated, enjoying their dinner, bottles of wine were placed on the tables. An act of "thanks" from an anonymous provider. This act of kindness was out done by a "coup de theatre" (a surprising turn of events). This unknown benefactor picked up the tab for the dinner. This "angel" was later identified as a gentleman from Sebastopol, California, by the name of Brice Jones. DVC President Stan Wojtusik graciously thanked Mr. Jones for his offer to pick up the dinner tab. How do you say "thanks" for this big gesture on the part of Mr. Jones? A simple "thank you, Mr. Jones" seems so inappropriate. We say: God bless you, Mr. Jones, and thank you from all the veterans we represent.

We departed USMA at 2115 hours for home. The day was an eventful one with many surprises, such as, the VIP treatment; meeting the Brigade Staff; lunch in Washington Hall; wreath laying at the statues of "Ike" and "George"; and the great standing ovation at the game--not to be forgotten, the "angel" who picked up the dinner tab. Yes, it was a great day.

To M/Sgts. Osbourne and Moore, our escorts and guides, we say "Thank you." To our bus driver, Jeffrey, we say "Thank you for a safe and pleasant ride."

Marty Sheeron  
53rd Field Hospital

## MEMBERS SPEAK OUT

**STEWART BOONE, 99TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, advises us that his division association chorus is offering a CD of patriotic and familiar music at a cost of \$10.00 each. Stew, as you may recall, played *Taps* at the VBOB 50th Anniversary Commemoration. Also featured are soloists and a narrative of the 99th's action during the Bulge. Order from: Stewart Boone, 806 Center Street, Garden City, Kansas 67846 (for rush orders, call 620-276-6930).

**Associate member John G. Westover** advises us that the Southern Chapter (Arizona) is preparing to raise a Battle of the Bulge memorial. If you would like to contribute, please write to John A. Swett, 10691 East Northern Crest Drive, Tucson, Arizona 85748. The monument will be of gray, Georgia marble, six feet high, five feet wide and weigh 2,800 pounds. The logo will be reproduced in VBOB colors.

**Fabrice Benoit** is a student at the Institute Saint-Aubain (Belgium). He would like to hear from any one who took part in the Battle of the Bulge for a school project. If you have time, drop Fabrice a note telling him of your experience. His address is: 4, route de Marchovelette; 5310 Waret-La-Chausse; Belgium. His e-mail address is: Fabrice1111@caramail.com.

**A.C.H.G. Nouens** recently purchased a pair of WWII jump boots which bore the name of **JOSEPH C. MCGREGOR, 101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION, 501ST PARACHUTE INFANTRY REGIMENT, COMPANY E**. McGregor is mentioned in the book *Battered Bastards of Bastogne*, along with the names of **FRANK E. MCCLURE** and **BERNARD A. JORDAN**. Mr. Nouens would appreciate any information you can provide on any of these three men. Write to him at: Vredestraat 173; 6511 AD Nijmegen; Holland.

**CHARLES R. POSEY, 2ND INFANTRY DIVISION, 9TH INFANTRY REGIMENT, COMPANY M**, would like to hear from anyone from his company who was holed up on Elsenborn Ridge. Write to him at: 1330 Rio Linda, San Antonio, Texas 78245.

**AL BEINEMANN** writes to let us know that in his request for information in the November issue, contained a misspelled name. He spelled it Carl J. "Strawser" and it should have been **CARL J. "JACK" STRAWSER, 51ST COMBAT ENGINEER BATTALION, COMPANY C**. If you recall Carl, write to Al at: 2405 North 25th Street, Sheboygan, Wisconsin 53083-4432. *[Al, happy to reprint this request again and also glad to know other people make mistakes.]*

**WESLEY ROSS, 146TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION, COMPANY B**, would like to get (as he says) his "ducks lined up" to put together a battalion history. He would enjoy conversing with anyone who was in the **2ND RANGER BATTALION** who may have recollections of the following situations: (1) Sometime between 25 August when his unit passed through Paris and the unit's arrival on the German border on 14 September 1944; his platoon, as well as a platoon from the 2nd Ranger Battalion, was attached to a troop of the **38TH**

**CAVALRY SQUADRON**. This made for a small mobile force in an area where enemy resistance was light. On several evenings in France and Belgium, his unit and the rangers played softball--a number of the rangers had visibly healed puncture wounds. (2) D-Day morning, the 2nd Ranger Battalion attacked Point du Hoc where they silenced the big guns situated there. The beach-obstacle demolition teams greatly appreciated the guts of these rangers in carrying out that mission.

**WILLIAM DUDAS, 2ND INFANTRY DIVISION, 38TH INFANTRY REGIMENT, COMPANY G**, would appreciate hearing from veterans during the December 13, 1944, mission to capture the Roer River Dams. The officer in command was **CAPT. ED FARRELL** (special combat team, special forces). The team was out of Camp Elsenborn. Write to Bill at: 3721 30th Street, Grandville, Michigan 49418.



### WEST POINT, NY, NOV. 9, 2002 ARMY - AIR FORCE FOOTBALL GAME

Highlight of the day - an unbelievable experience. In the third quarter of the game, over the public address (PA) system, it was announced that the attendance was 41,000. The PA immediately followed-up with the announcement that members of the Delaware Valley Chapter, Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, were in attendance. Members stood, identified by their colorful hats, and received a standing ovation that lasted about five minutes.

Everything, everything in war is barbaric. . . . But the worst barbarity of war is that it forces men collectively to commit acts against which individually they would revolt with their whole being. —ELLEN KEY, *War, Peace and the Future*



## ARE YOUR DUES DUE?

## BULGE INTELLIGENCE

# German Attack Costly

*[The following article was written by Roger Cirillo of the U.S. Army Center for Military History brochure (CMH Pub 72-26). The article was submitted by DEMETRI PARIS, 9TH ARMORED DIVISION, 14TH TANK BATTALION.]*

### Command Level Attitude

"The Ardennes held little fascination for the allies, either as a staging area for their own counterattacks or as a weak spot in their lines. General Dwight D. Eisenhower, the Supreme Allied Commander, had concentrated forces north and south of the area where the terrain was better suited for operations into Germany. Field Marshall Bernard L. Montgomery's 21st Army Group to the north began preparations for the planned crossing of the Rhine in early 1945. Lt. General Omar N. Bradley's 12th Army Group to the south and Lt. General Jacob L. Devers' 6th Army Group in the Alsace Region would also launch attacks and additional Rhine crossings from their sections.

"Located in the center of Bradley's sector, the Ardennes had been quiet since mid-September. Referred to as a 'ghost front,' one company commander described the sector as a 'nursery and old folk's home.'

### Command Level Action

"The 12th Army Group's dispositions reflected Bradley's operational plans. Lt. General William H. Simpson's Ninth Army and most of Lt. General Courtney H. Hodges' First Army occupied a 40 mile area north of the Ardennes, concentrating for an attack into the Ruhr industrial region of Germany. Lt. General George S. Patton, Jr.'s Third Army was in a 100 mile sector south of the forest, preparing a thrust into the vital Saar mining region.

"In between, the First Army held 88 miles of the front with only four divisions, two 'green units' occupying ground to gain experience and two veteran units licking wounds and absorbing replacements: an armored infantry battalion and two mechanized cavalry squadrons. Behind this thin screen was one green armored division, whose two uncommitted combat commands straddled two separate corps, as well as a cavalry squadron and an assortment of artillery engineer and service units.

"Bradley judged his decision to keep the Ardennes front thinly occupied to be a 'calculated risk.' Nor was he alone in not seeing danger.

### Command Thinking

"Commanders and intelligence officers (G-2) at every level--from the Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Force (SHAEF), to the divisions holding the line--judged that the Germans were too weak to attempt regaining the initiative by a large-scale offensive. Despite their awareness that enemy units were refitting and concentrating across the line, they concluded exactly what Hitler had intended them to conclude.

"With only enough troops in the Ardennes to hold a series of strong points loosely connected by intermittent patrols, the Americans extended no ground reconnaissance in the German sector. Poor weather had masked areas from aerial photography and the Germans enforced radio silence and counter-security measures.

"Equally important, the Allies top secret communications interception and decryption effort, code-named ULTRA, offered clues but no definitive statement of Hitler's intentions.

"Yet, Wacht am Rhine's best security was the continued Allied belief that the Germans would not attack, a belief held up to zero hour on 16 December.

### The Result

"At daybreak of 16 December the German Army had concentrated a total of twenty divisions--with nearly 400,000 men, more than 2,600 artillery pieces and multiple-rocket launchers, and about 1,400 tanks and assault gun--on a 110-kilometer front facing the U.S. First Army. That this concentration was completed almost without the Allies noticing is one of the most troubling aspects of the Ardennes Campaign. The Allies had near-complete air superiority, their signals intelligence was of the highest order and they had built up an accurate accounting of the disturbing resurgence of strength in the German armed forces since their crushing defeats of the previous summer. How were the signs missed? How did the preparations for this massive counteroffensive go almost unnoticed?

"Answers range from the fantastic to the mundane. One of the most fantastic is a supposed plot by Bradley, Eisenhower, Churchill and/or others to make the American forces fight harder. Typically mundane is the argument that nobody listened to the warning of Col. Benjamin 'Monk' Dickson (First Army G-2, or chief of intelligence) about the German buildup because he was a known pessimist and thought to be over-stressed." ■

## 80TH DIVISION TAKES HEIGHTS IN ARDENNES

*[The following article was taken from the newsletter of "The Blue Ridger," the publication of the 80th Infantry Division. This article was written by Lee McCardell and was sent to us by PAUL PLASTER.]*

With the United States Third Army, January 7, 1945. The fire-clad hills rise to a height of more than 1,500 feet where the main highway from Ettelbruck to Bastogne crosses the Sure River in the heart of the Ardennes. The river flows through a narrow gorge. The road zigzags down one steep side of the gorge, crosses the river on a high, double-arched stone bridge and forks, just before it begins to climb again.

The right fork zigzags up a steep mountainside, then strikes off across a high plateau toward Wiltz. This plateau commands the high ground of the battle area in that sector. Captured yesterday by the 80th Infantry Division, it is held tonight by the same men who took it--troops commanded by two young Maryland officers.

The Germans counterattacked them fiercely at 3 o'clock this morning. They shelled them again this afternoon. The snow was black and grimy from the smoke of the exploding shells. From the hills you could look down into the deep river gorge and see the complete pattern of shell bursts, black against snow.

### Little Other Activity

Little other activity was reported in the Third Army zone. West of Bastogne, our infantry had advanced about one mile northward on a 3-mile front near the village of Flamierge. Southwest of Bastogne, the 35th Infantry Division had thrown back a counterattack by a German battalion with twenty tanks, knocking out six of the tanks near the village of Harlange.

But the Sure River crossing was the day's big news. We peered out to look at it. The icy roads were still burdened with snow and sleet. More sleet was falling in fine, white, frozen pellets. It reminded us of pictures we used to see of the Russo-Finnish War.

Preparations for the river crossing began the day before yesterday. Engineers sanded the icy zigzag road leading down to the bridge whose two high stone arches, had been blown by the Germans. They took up the mines which our infantry had planted this side of the bridge as a protective measure in the early days of Field Marshal von Rundstedt's winter offensive.

### Started to Build a Bridge

When it first became dark the night before last, a company of engineers commanded by Lt. Joseph Lelevich, of Kulpmont, Pennsylvania, began putting a Bailey bridge across the first of the two broken arches of the old span. Half an hour later the Germans began shelling the engineers and finally drove them back up the road from the bridge abutment.

Most of the engineers were New Englanders, but there were a few Southerners, among them T/5 William G. Rose, of New Castle, Virginia, a bulldozer operator; PFC Paul Rash of Pulaski, Virginia, a platoon runner; Pvt Charles Walls, of Narrows, Washington, and Private Robert Williams, of Charleston, West Virginia.

"It was pretty hot for a time", Rose said today. "I hit the ditch. I guess we all hit the ditch."

German artillery was zeroed in on the bridge site. One shell hit the center pier of the ruined double arch.

### Went Back Later

Later that night, the engineers, went back to the river with steel

treadways for another type of bridge. They thought the construction of the treadway would be less noisy than the building of a Bailey bridge. But the Germans kept dropping time fire in the bridge site. They were still shelling the site this afternoon.

The Sure River isn't very wide here, not more than 90 feet, but it's deep and swift. And it looks mighty cold down there in its gorge.

Meanwhile two infantry forces, one commanded by Lt. Col. Hiram Ives, of Baltimore, and the other by Lt. Co. Elliot Chestor, of Annapolis, had rendezvoused in the village of Hederscheid, 2 miles south of the river. They were scheduled to cross the Sure at 4 yesterday morning. They crossed about two minutes late.

### Used Secondary Road

Ives' infantry climbed the opposite heights, using a narrow, secondary road whose hairpin turns make it a series of steep switchbacks. So narrow was the road and so sharp its turns that some of the American tanks which tried to follow the infantry slipped over the edge. One had to be abandoned.

A mile beyond the river is the village of Goesdorf. It was Ives' original plan to deploy his force when approaching the village and enter it only after the American artillery, firing from below the river, had worked it over.

"But it was getting late," Ives said today. "It was almost 7:30 when we reached the point where we were to deploy on either side of the road. We talked it over and decided to try to slip in without any artillery preparation. Luck was with us."

### Move In From West

"Our force moved around and in from the west side of the town. The rest of us went up the main road, entered the town, turned east on the crossroad at the village church and had almost reached the eastern edge of the town before a single shot was fired. The other force drew fire as they entered. It took us about two hours to clean out the Germans from the place."

Of the force of about 50 Germans in the village proper, Ives men killed eight or ten and took most of the remainder prisoners. From the talk of the prisoners we later learned that the American attack came at a time when the Germans holding that sector of the enemy line were being relieved by other troops. As a result, there was considerable confusion and disorganization.

While Ives' force was advancing on Goesdorf, Cheston's infantry was moving parallel to the Bastogne road, up the narrow stream's valley along the foot of the wooded hills. A mile or two upstream it turned northeast, climbed the snow-covered cliffs and struck out for the village of Dahl, one mile north of Goesdorf.

### Took Germans by Surprise

"It was a little rough making that climb in the dark," Cheston admitted today. "But we spread out when we reached high ground and took the Germans in the village by surprise. The villagers told us there were only 36 Germans in the town itself and when we finally counted up the dead wounded and prisoners, we had exactly 36."

Five German tanks or self-propelled guns north of Dahl were destroyed by American artillery fire. Our infantry had neither tanks nor tank destroyers with them in the initial assault. The only road by which armored vehicles could follow our troops was under enemy observation, and they caught one tank destroyer.■

**A POEM**  
By Warren G. Sody  
101st Airborne Division  
502nd Parachute Regiment  
1st Battalion  
Headquarters Company

**Preface**

The 101st Airborne Division had been rushed to Bastogne, Belgium, to secure and hold this most important crossroads area on December 18, 1944. Immediately, the advancing German Army surrounded and bypassed our defense in their great Ardennes breakthrough. This was known as the "Battle of the Bulge," and the Germans pushed 50 miles past our defense position at Bastogne. Although surrounded, we did not surrender to the German's request. General Patton's tanks finally broke through to our position about December 27, 1944. I was wounded very seriously near Champs, Belgium, around December 29th. Two days later from this outpost an ambulance evacuation team took me to a field hospital for an operation.

**ARDENNES**

Listen, Listen, Listen through the cold wintry night,  
My hands, feet, and face almost frozen in foxhold deep out of sight,  
Shiver I from snow, fever or from sheer fright,  
The advancing enemy is forthcoming tonight,  
I await alone in my thoughts of home which are always bright.

Hear the rustling of afar infantry vehicle movements,  
Tho soon the Nazi Bulge storm troops will be the coming events,  
Faintly the distant metallic clanking of tank treads are my torments,  
Tends to arouse greatly my inter-fears into fragments,  
The hair on the back of my neck stands erect of nearing accidents.

Unconsciously my individual preparation for battle begins as I dig in,  
Surveying 180 degrees into the darken night and all that remains is dim,  
Dawn will break in any movement, then my opponents will check-in,  
From the rear comes supporting artillery fire, as if a no-win,  
A slight relief is realized and this is my desire here-in.

Lightness and the quietness is broken bringing the agonizing sight of a  
mighty advancing army,  
So many tanks and moving at a deadly charge at my position like  
deadly  
bees,

I see their leader on a black horse with a long black cape and skull face  
as the murderess,  
His ghostly skull face smiles as he prepares his death charge in glee,  
For what a field day here at Bastogne will be his deed.

Alone, Alone, Alone and now without fear,  
This rider shall not enter here,  
He will be forced to reverse with a sneer,  
I opposed his scythe of death which turned and swept in such a sphere,  
Go, Oh Go, Ye horseman on your way today for you shall meet me  
later for I am your better peer.

December 18-29, 1944  
Bastogne, Belgium

**SOLDIERS TAKE NOTICE**

*[Source: 8th Infantry Division - thru VII G-2 Rpt #126  
based on research by John D. Bowen in the National  
Archives Suitland Branch US Army Unit Records.]*

Among the German soldiers wandering and milling around the 8th Division area openly and some still hidden out in the woods, there still exists some fanatical Nazis whose sole and determined purpose is to hamper and destroy the American soldier. To cite an example: A soldier of this division approached one in the masses of the Wehrmacht now surrendering and asked him to give up his pistol. The German soldier took out his pistol and shot the soldier. **BE ON GUARD** at all times against small acts of sabotage, subversive actions and ambushes. There are still some fanatics who insist upon furthering the cause of the German Wehrmacht by their treacherous acts.

**THE WHEELS OF GOVERNMENT  
GRIND SLOWLY**

It only took 50+ years for **KENNETH L. REITTER, 413TH ANTI-AIRCRAFT ARTILLERY GUN BATTALION, BATTERY B**, to receive the medals to which he was entitled.

Kenneth, from Rock Springs, Wyoming, received the American Campaign Medal; the Army of Occupation Medal (Germany Clasp); the World War II Victory Medal; the Bronze Star Medal with "V" Device for Valor; and the European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign Medal, with a Silver Service Star and Bronze Arrowhead on October 26, 2002.

The Bronze Star Medal with "V" Device for Valor was presented in recognition of Kenneth's "heroism in ground combat" in the Battle of the Bulge.

Congratulations, Kenneth.■

**WITS OF WAR:**



"PUT IN ANTI-FREEZE YOU SAY? BUT,  
MEIN KAPTAN, THIS /S ANTI-FREEZE!"

## WWII MEMORIAL DEDICATION 2004

In the last issue of the Bugle we asked those of you who were interested in attending the WWII Memorial Dedication event on 19 May 2004, with other VBOBers, to please advise us by the Veterans Day 2002 deadline. A date we figured would be easy to remember. This deadline was set because we were going to meet with some of the hotels on 17 November to begin negotiations for space and we wanted to have a feel for how many rooms we would need. As it turned out the deadline established and the mail delivery of the Bugle were not in sync as many of you did not receive your Bugles until a few days before the deadline and most of you received your Bugles after the deadline.

In spite of that, the response so far has been overwhelming. In spite of these problems we have had requests for 125 rooms as of the beginning of January. We are presently in discussions with hotels and it is expected that the room rate will be under \$90 + taxes which is an excellent price for a room in a deluxe hotel in the Washington area in May. By the next issue we should have a firm rate for rooms and the hotel selected.

In order to be fair to all, we will continue to accept requests until the room block is established as we know that many of you probably thought that you had missed the deadline so there was no need to send in the form. Those who have already sent in their request need not do so again and you will be advised by mail or e-mail when the rate is established and the hotel selected so that you can contact the hotel and firm up your reservation. We realize that 2004 is still a ways away and much can happen to individual health and other circumstances. The hotel selected will allow for cancellations up to a few days before the actual event, so you should not worry about getting your name on the list. In most cases people have indicated that they are staying for three or four days and for most room reservations there are two people sharing a room. So in this short period we know of at least 250 people who are coming. We would expect this number to quickly double. We know of one unit that is planning for a mini-reunion of 40 people. A number of veterans are coming with sons and/or daughters. Rooms will be single or two beds in a room for the same price. We would most likely plan a banquet for Battle of the Bulge Veterans at the beginning of the events once the WWII Battle Commission has firmed up the actual schedule.

At the present time there will be the Memorial Dedication on the 29<sup>th</sup> of May, there will be a Memorial Service at the Washington National Cathedral and there will an event of the Mall put on by the Smithsonian Institution dedicated to WWII. There has been some talk of a parade but nothing has been firmed up on that. Of course on the 30<sup>th</sup> there will be the annual Memorial Day

events at Arlington Cemetery which are not part of the WWII Memorial Commemoration per se but which you might want to stay over for. We will also be planning some tours of some of museums for your interest.

If you are planning to come please return the following information to our Secretary, John Bowen at 613 Chichester Lane, Silver Spring MD 20904-3331. You may put it on a separate piece of paper, rather than cut up your magazine or e-mail it to

**johndbowen@earthlink.net**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP+4 \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone \_\_\_\_\_

E-mail \_\_\_\_\_

# of Rooms \_\_\_\_\_ # of people \_\_\_\_\_

I would be interested in bus transportation for \_\_\_\_ people.

I will plan to stay \_\_\_\_\_ nights if there are tours and a banquet.

Bulge Unit: \_\_\_\_\_



THE WHITE HOUSE VETERANS' BREAKFAST, Nov. 11, 2002. L to R: Louis Cunningham, President VBOB, Charlotte Cunningham, Stanley Wojtusik, Past President, Vice-President Military Affairs, George Chekan, Past President, Editor, Bulge Bugle.



The crew of an M5A1 light tank of B Company, 759<sup>th</sup> Tank Battalion eat K-rations while warming themselves by a fire on 30 December 1944. The crew's Thompson submachine-guns are close to hand, resting against a tree.



"You blokes leave an awfully messy battlefield."

## You Must Go...

At the VBOB 58<sup>th</sup> Anniversary closing luncheon, December 16, 2002, Shirley Ricker Theis delivered this moving tribute to her father, Homer Ricker, Jr 35<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division, who lost his life during the Battle of the Bulge.

I recently have returned from Belgium. My father fought in the Ardennes with you during the cold, nasty winter of 1944. He did not return.

It took me 58 years to acknowledge my need to follow his footsteps and find his place of peace. It was a friend who recognized what the void in my life meant to me, and the words, "You must go" was the final encouragement to send me on a long overdue pilgrimage.

Now, I can say to you, if you have not returned to experience the Ardennes today...*you must go.*

If you have not seen the lovely homes, with their window boxes cascading with riotous colors...*you must go.*

If you have not seen the children, with clean rosy cheeks, waiving to you and shouting their welcomes...*you must go.*

If you have not been introduced to fathers and sons whose passion is not Little League or Pop Warner, but honoring you with their small museums and collections...*you must go.*

If you have not seen the tears of gratitude in the eyes of the local priest, or met the 69 year old man who takes your hand, and in the only English that he knows says, "Thank you very much!" and then to learn that he will never forget the face of the American soldier who saved his life...*you must go.*

But if you never have the joy of these experiences, know that the families of the Ardennes honor you for your sacrifice and the United States of America is proud of you.

Well done, good and faithful Soldier.



"—an' quit calling me 'ol' blood and guts', Airman Kidneybean!"



THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

Crawford, Texas

August 28, 2002

I send greetings to the veterans and family members of those who fought in the Battle of the Bulge.

As a Nation, we look to our Armed Forces for their example of courage and sacrifice. The men and women who fought for America during World War II not only protected our country, but helped to shape its character. More than half a million American soldiers fought at the Battle of the Bulge, and 19,000 sacrificed their lives. One of the fiercest battles in American history, this stand was a critical victory for the allied forces, and helped lead the way to the liberation of Europe.

On behalf of a grateful Nation, I thank you for your dedication to defending freedom, and I salute your proud contributions to the United States.

Laura joins me in sending our best wishes. May God bless you, and may God continue to bless America.

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Geo Bush".

## BATTLE OF THE BULGE 16 & 17 DECEMBER 1944

*The following narrative of SYDNEY JOSEPH LAWRENCE, was written by the Maryland/DC Chapter President DEMETRI PARIS and was provided to us by his widow, Mrs. Mimi Lawrence. It accounts for his first two days of the Battle of the Bulge.*

I was a first lieutenant with Battery B, 134th Antiaircraft Artillery Gun Battalion (Mobile), 49th Antiaircraft Artillery Brigade, First United States Army. We moved into the Ardennes sector of Belgium on 23 November 1944. With Battalion Headquarters at Bullingen, B Battery first occupied a position near Murringen, and later moved to the vicinity of Hunningen. Our mission was one of defense against the V-1 flying bomb. With the emplacement of our four 90mm guns and fire control equipment, and four quad-mounted 50 cal. machine gun trailers, we formed part of the V-1 defense belt established by US V Corps. Personnel were divided into two duty shifts of twelve hours duration each. During off-duty hours we were billeted in a stone farm house about a mile from the gun position. This is where I was on the morning of 16 December 1944.

That morning I was awakened about 0330 hours by the rumble of artillery. This was unusual since the whole area had been quiet for some time. I called out to a fellow officer whose sleeping accommodations were a section of floor adjacent to mine. Unbeknown to me he had left to investigate the cause of this early morning disturbance. Getting no response I became apprehensive I was missing out on something. I hurriedly put on my boots and over shoes, having slept in my clothes, and left the house.

Outside in the courtyard a guard was posted. He had no information other than to report a shell had landed and exploded in the courtyard just before I came out. I then started on foot for the journey down a snowy country lane towards the battery position. There was no further artillery action. On the way I passed the howitzer site of a 99th Infantry Division field artillery unit (105's) which had kept its company for the past several days. I could barely make out the huddled forms of the gun crew. All seemed peaceful enough.

I checked in at the Battery Command Post and learned that communication with Battalion Headquarters revealed nothing of an urgent nature. Daybreak came but the day promised to be a cloudy overcast day with a bit of haze and fog which we had come to expect. There were no aerial targets.

About noon there came the roar of a heavy artillery shell which exploded nearby. One officer was wounded. I was dispatched to examine the area for damage and, if there was any discernable path of destruction of foliage and earth, to attempt to establish the direction from which the shell came. I made a sketch and turned it in; the wounded officer was sent to the aid station; Battalion Headquarters was notified; and the quiet returned.

About 1400 hours the noise of small arms fire broke the silence. There was some automatic rifle and/or machine gun fire and the battery communications went out. Ambulances were traveling in both directions over some of the country lanes and men of an infantry detachment informed our wire repair party there were many dead, both German and American, just around that bend in the road. Communications were restored and a

check with Battalion Headquarters assured us that although a localized skirmish was in progress it was well contained. The battle noise continued however and was sifting from our front to right rear. We had no orders to do anything.

It got dark quite early that afternoon and by 0600 hours we had been ordered to evacuate the highly classified radar and fire control equipment along with the new proximity fuze for our artillery ammunition. This step was taken to minimize the possibility of having the equipment and fuze captured by the enemy. The sound of battle subsided but further orders came down to load all personal equipment on trucks for removal to a rear area. Among my personal belongings as an 8 x 10 photograph of my fiancée (now my wife). I took a long and thoughtful look at it, gave it a kiss, and resigned myself to the thought that if this was how it must end for us, well. I placed the picture in my duffle bag which went on the truck. The situation was not good.

We were to stay in position--we had the 90mm guns (but no fire control equipment) antiaircraft machine guns, two heavy machine guns for ground fire, rifles, carbines and bazookas--but no word from a higher headquarters as to what was really going on. We knew Battalion Headquarters was still in Bullingen but otherwise there was no contact, visual or otherwise, with any troops in the vicinity, if indeed they were there. It is now about 1700 hours, cold and dark.

Two rumors were circulated--one of a downed airman stumbling into one of our battery command posts, friend or foe not confirmed; the other of a coming German paratroop drop. A buzz bomb flew over and machine guns filled the sky with tracer bullets. At approximately 2100 hours "march order" was received. The stated plan was to regroup at Bullingen and proceed to the town of Malmedy. (Subsequent events prohibited the latter.)

Unfortunately we didn't just hook up guns to tractors, machine gun trailers to trucks, and move out. Everything was frozen solidly to the ground. Equipment was loosened only by applications of hot water on hinged parts and by pick and shovel work in the gun pits. Heating the water was a tedious process. We were under strict blackout conditions and any fire had to be well concealed by heavy tarpaulins formed into makeshift tents. The withdrawal was haphazard. Each major piece of equipment was sent on its way as it was freed from the ground and made ready for transport. Finally the withdrawal was completed--almost. A two-wheeled dolly had to be left because there was no transport to tow it. Since it was not self-propelled and was not a weapon, we had no qualms about leaving it.

I left the position in company with the officer who had been wounded earlier, and four enlisted men, all piled onto a single jeep. An eerie silence had set in and we saw no other troops. It is by now 0300 hours on 17 December. We are the last to clear the position.

On the move to Bullingen a few flares lit up the sky and occasionally a shell whistled overhead. Out of the haze came an infantry unit marching in two single files, one of each side of the road.

Another peculiarity in the traffic of this mystery network was a greater-than-usual occurrence of clear text--that is, of messages which were not masked by codes and ciphers. Most often the clear text consisted of a single number three digits long. But there were also occasional clear text questions, like "Was ist ios?" "What is

*(Continued on next page)*

## BATTLE OF THE BULGE 16 & 17 DECEMBER 1944

wrong?"--an indication that things sometimes got fouled up in the German Army, too. Another frequent question was "Wo ist Bader?" (Where is Bader?) In fact that question occurred so often that this mystery network began to be called the "Bader" network at the 118th.

A breakthrough in identifying the Bader network as the gun network occurred when the four letters ARKO occurred in a message. That was a standard German military abbreviation for "artillery commandant" or "artillery commander," especially for an artillery unit attached, not to a mere division, but to a higher echelon in the Wehrmacht--say a German corps or army. Those four letters, ARKO, led to the hypothesis that the Bader network might be the network for the big gun that had been shelling crucial points up and down the Moselle Valley. According to this hypothesis, the three-digit numbers were the bearings reported by the Ops; the long dashes were signals for firing the gun; and Bader was, perhaps ARKO, himself.

The hypothesis looked good, but could not be proved or disproved until the times of the long dashes were compared with the times that the big shells hit. If these times did not match, then the Bader network was the gun's network. On the other hand, of those times it did match then the Bader network was, indeed, the gun's network. In that case the 118th might be able to help Patton get the gun. To prove or disprove the hypothesis, an officer in the 118th took intercept logs of the Bader network to an artillery officer on General Patton's staff. The artillery officer had a record of when the big shells hit and the intercept logs showed when the long dashes had been transmitted. The times of the two events matched perfectly! Thus the Bader network was positively identified as the gun's network. That positive identification had several consequences. When the Bader network went on the air that night, the direction-finding (DF) platoon of the 118th plotted the location of the radios in it. Highest priority was given to getting the location of the radio transmitting the long dashes, for that radio was presumably on the gun-train itself. When the location of that radio was plotted, the best Allied night reconnaissance planes, Black Widows, were dispatched to that area. Black Widows--so called because they were painted black for night flights--were P-61s equipped with microwave interception radar instruments for "seeing" in the dark. In addition, the men in the Black Widows strained their own eyes to see the flashes caused by the firing of the cannon. But the Black Widows failed to pinpoint the location of the gun, perhaps because the gun, for security reasons, never shot while Allied planes were close enough to observe the firing flash.

Another consequence of the positive identification was a phone call early every night from Patton's G-2 to the 118th. Always G-2 asked the same question, "Is the big gun going to shot tonight?" The 118th could answer that question because the Bader network was on the air an hour or so before the first shot was fired, and the 118th routinely intercepted this preliminary traffic. On most nights the 118th's answer was "Yes."

On one memorable night the gun's target was again Nancy. At that time the 118th was in a chateau on a ridge over-looking the city, about three miles away. After hearing the long dash, soldiers in the 118th looked down on the darkened city to see the impact-flash of the shell. Every time except once the long dash

was followed almost instantly by a vivid flash in the city below.

Close cooperation between the intelligence and artillery units on his staff enabled Patton, finally, to get that gun. After the combination of direction-finding and Black Widow surveillance failed to locate the gun with sufficient precision for attacking it, another tactic was tried. In this tactic the long dashes intercepted by the 118th were transmitted by Third Army's telephone system to Third Army's own artillery OP's. As a result, American Ops spread out along Third Army's front were alerted for the firing of the railroad gun in the same way that the German Ops were alerted. Every time a long dash was broadcast, Americans got bearings on the gun-flash, and the Germans got bearings on the impact-flash. To enhance the accuracy of the Americans got bearings, Third Army Artillery was silenced for a moment after each long dash; the temporary reduction in the fireworks of war increased the conspicuousness of the flash of the railroad gun. The location of that gun was thus pinpointed with such precision that the monster could be attacked directly. It was promptly put out of business and Patton (among many others) slept better.

At least partly because of its role in getting that gun, the 118th Signal Radio Intelligence Company was awarded a Presidential Citation.■

## NORTHERN WISCONSIN BULGE MEMORIAL

The Northern Wisconsin Chapter of VBOB held an annual wreath laying on December 16th and dedicated a Battle of the Bulge Memorial on December 14th.



*Pictured left to right: Lester Schwarm, Arthur Frge, Clarence Marschall and Woodrow Timler.*

The memorial is located on the Marathon County Court House Square in Wausau, Wisconsin. Lester Schwarm and Clarence Marschall had the honor of unveiling the monument. The monument was designed by Lester Schwarm and was paid for by area donations.■

## 2002 VBOB COMMEMORATIVE CEREMONIES

On a brisk, windy, raining morning, December 16, 2002, Delaware Valley Chapter (DVC) members and friends (numbering 32) traveled by bus to Arlington National Cemetery, Virginia, to attend and participate in the Commemorative Ceremonies of the 58th Anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge.

The day began at 1105 hours with the laying of a wreath at the head of the Tomb of the Unknowns by VBOB National President Lou Cunningham (106th Infantry Division) and Stanley Wojtusik (106th Infantry Division), VBOB Vice President for Military Affairs. The mournful sound of *Taps* was rendered by a bugler from the U.S. Army Band. The Tomb of the Unknowns bears the inscription: *Here rests in honored glory an American soldier known but to God.*

Unfortunately, the DVC group missed the impressive ceremony at the Tomb of the Unknowns. The reasons being: (a) a miscommunication on destination; (b) an unscheduled 20 minute stop at the Chesapeake House, Maryland; (c) a missed turn-off by the bus driver; and (d) a circuitous route to Arlington National Cemetery.

At 1130 hours DVC members and friends, joined by other members and members from other VBOB chapters, proceeded to the National VBOB Monument. Call to order was made by Stan Wojtusik for the advancement of the Colors by the U.S. Color Guard from the 3rd Infantry Regiment (The Old Guard). Stan led the Pledge of Allegiance. VBOB Historian John Bowen offered the opening prayer. Stan introduced guest speaker John C. Speedy, III, Deputy Director, Army International Affairs. Mr. Speedy spoke on the courageous accomplishments of VBOB members during the BOB. After the speech, a wreath was laid at the VBOB Monument by Jack Hyland (84th Infantry Division) and Mac McConnell (415th Field Artillery Group). *Taps* was rendered by the Bugler from the U.S. Army Band.

After the ceremonies at the VBOB Monument, members and friends boarded buses for the Fairview Park Marriott, in Arlington, Virginia, for a luncheon. After lunch, George C. Linthicum, VBOB Past National President, introduced the incoming National VBOB Officers for 2002-2003. After introduction, George had the honor of swearing in the slate of Officers. Lou Cunningham began his second year as VBOB National President.

Attendees were privileged to hear a moving speech by Mrs. Shirley Ricker Theis regarding her visit to Belgium. Shirley's father served with the 35th Infantry Division and was killed in action in January, of 1945. Shirley's visit included the area where the 35th was deployed and a visit to her father's grave site in the Henri-Chapelle Cemetery, outside the Village of Henri-Chapelle, Belgium.

At the close of the luncheon, DVC members and friends boarded the bus for return to Philadelphia via I-95 North.

Submitted by:  
Marty Sheeron  
53rd Field Hospital



VBOB Monument, Arlington Cemetery, December 16, 2002.  
Chaplain John Bowen delivers opening prayer.



*"No, thanks, Willie. I'll go look fer some mud  
wot ain't been used."*

SAVE THESE DATES--  
VBOB REUNION  
SEPTEMBER 4-7, 2003  
QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

## CHRISTMAS 1944

[The following excerpt appeared in the December 25, 1992, *Des Moines Register*. The article was written by Eliot Nausbaum and reflects the Christmas experience of **WENDELL C. OBERMEIER, 75TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 899TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, HEADQUARTERS.**]

Although in the military service in 1942 and 1943, I was one of the fortunate ones to receive a furlough to be home for Christmas both years. December 24, 1944, was different--our first day in combat. Even though we were not in direct combat with enemy forces, we could easily hear the bombs and artillery explosions. Along with my survey crew, I was billeted in a brick house somewhere in Belgium. Sleep was difficult.

A motherly Belgian woman, shawl over her head, kept a warm fire burning in her kitchen stove. She had no desire to sleep and appeared terrified. I could hear her praying, although I could not understand her language. Her cadence told me it was the Lord's Prayer.

Christmas Day broke bright and clear, an answer to General Patton's prayer during the Battle of the Bulge. Allied bombers filled the cloudless skies. As far as our eyes could see, planes were coming and going, using foil to interrupt anti-aircraft radar.

The strips of foil falling, twisting and turning in the sky at sunrise, twinkled like a giant Christmas tree.

We were observing this using artillery spotting scopes. I was watching one flight of eleven B-17 bombers. Suddenly, caught in a barrage of enemy flak, seven planes plummeted from the sky like cereal poured from a box. Parachutes filled the air. We all prayed silently as the four remaining planes continued on their mission. There are no atheists at a time like this.

Christmas noon--a short prayer by our chaplain to help us through the tragedy we had witnessed then our Christmas dinner.

Our mess sergeant's cooking was not like Mother's, but we had a delicious turkey dinner with all the trimmings. We had to eat in shifts because we were in a combat alert situation. Our meal and knowing our families were enjoying the same things, seemed to bring us a little closer to home.

As I write this nearly 50 years later, tears come to my eyes as I think of the airmen who lost their lives or parachuted into enemy territory that Christmas Day. ■

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Après la Guerre—Air: 'Sous les Ponts de Paris'

Après la guerre finie,

Soldat anglais parti:

Mam'selle Fransay boko pleuray

Après la guerre finie.

Après la guerre finie,

Soldat anglais parti:

Mademoiselle in the family way,

Après la guerre finie.

—Voices from the Great War

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## ONCE IN A LIFE TIME

Andrew Korte

3rd Armored Division

36th Armored Infantry Regiment

Company F

Most of the time the unpleasant things that happened during war we try to forget and just recall the nice things that happen. Those that come only "Once in a Lifetime."

I joined the 3rd Armored Division, 36th Armored Infantry Regiment, Company F, in December 1944 after the start of the "Bulge" as a replacement. On January 1st, our division moved out in convoy to a new location to help close up the bulge.

I believe it was the night of January 2 we came into a very small village very late, and Sarge said, "I don't plan to sleep outside tonight." We went to a door in the village, knocked, and it was opened by a short-stocky man and we went in. Company F was under strength. As I remember there were only eight of us.

We could not speak their language, and they couldn't understand ours, but by sign language, we learned the family was the man and wife, their daughter, and her little girl and small boy. The daughter's husband was a prisoner of war in Germany.

There was a pot of coffee on the back of the stove. Sarge checked it and said, "Just as I thought, this is rye grain." He sent one of our riflemen to the halftrack for a pound of coffee from the 10-in-1 ration box. He emptied the "coffee" pot, put in new water and our new coffee and set it back on the stove.

The Old Gentleman was trying to smoke a pipe, the bowl of the pipe was almost all burned away, and it wasn't tobacco. He sent the private back to the 10-in-1 rations for a pound of Prince Albert tobacco, and bring in a new pipe from one of the P A tins.

Sarge filled the new pipe with new tobacco, lit it, and gave it to the Old Gentleman who was sitting in his easy chair. Just as he started to smoke his new pipe, the coffee pot started brewing the new coffee. The smell of the brewing coffee, along with the pipe tobacco, filled the room with wonderful aroma.

But I will never forget the Old Gentleman. I can still picture him in his easy chair, enjoying something he hadn't had for a very long time. The taste and smell of real tobacco and real coffee, all in the same place at the same time was a blissful pleasure, and for me a "Once in a Lifetime," very special memory.

Then Sarge gave the pound of coffee to the Lady of the House, and gave the pound of tobacco to the Old Gentleman. From that point on we were family and we were home. We spent the night sleeping inside.

One of the nicest things I remember about the war, was to spend an evening in "Our Home" away from home, with "Our Family."

I have no idea who this family was, I was wounded on January 8, and I heard a few years ago, from our CO, that Company F was ambushed on January 13, with the loss of twelve men and two officers.

Sometimes all we have left are memories. ■

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**PLEASE CHECK YOUR MAILING LABEL--YOUR DUES MAY BE DUE.**

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## 'LILI MARLEEN' COMPOSER DIES

[The following excerpt appeared in *The Washington Post*,  
Wednesday, October 23, 2002.]

Frankfurt, Germany--German composer Norbert Schultze, 91, whose song "Lili Marleen" struck a cord with World War II soldiers fighting on fronts from Europe to Asia, died October 14, in Bad Toelz, near Munich. The cause of death was not reported.

Born in Braunschweig in 1911, Mr. Schultze studied music theory and theater in Cologne and Munich before beginning his career as a theater music director in Heidelberg.

He began writing songs and several children's musicals in the 1930s. His songs were successful, but never wildly popular.

In 1938, he set to music the words of a World War I-era poem by Hans Leip about a soldier who is called to the front, leaving behind his sweetheart who waits for him in the lamplight. It sold only several hundred copies.

Three years later, a version of the song, recorded by Lale Anderson, was broadcast from a German radio station in occupied Belgrade to forces in North Africa. It was an instant hit with the soldiers.

Although the Nazis banned the song, it spread like wildfire through barracks, hospitals and bunkers on both sides of the front--wherever there were lonely soldiers longing for their left-behind lovers.

British commanders reportedly hated hearing their troops singing the German version of the song and hired a lyricist to compose an English version of "Lili Marleen," that first aired on the BBC in 1944.

The song was translated into about 30 languages and was performed by countless singers, including Marlene Dietrich, Edith Piaf and Greta Garbo.

Yet Mr. Schultze, who wrote a book in 1966 titled "With You, Lili Marleen," never considered the song his greatest work and was often plagued by its enormous success.

"When I hear it today, I don't have the feeling that it is not from me," the Monday edition of Berlin's *Tagespiegel* newspaper quoted him as saying in 1996. "Musically, I had bad luck."

Throughout World War II, Mr. Schultze composed scores for Nazi films, which hurt his image for years after the war and left him able to find work only as a gardener. He later apologized for supporting Hitler's regime. ■

old friends and events began striving for focus.

My closest Army friend was a small Irishman Daniel J. Mooney, from Braddock, Pennsylvania. Mooney never fired a weapon until in the military, but with an M-1 rifle could hit any target he could see. Then I remember a Russian Jewish lad dubbed Nathan "Chicken" Henn from New Jersey. "Chicken" he was not and, in fact, he was perhaps the most dedicated soldier I ever knew. He hated the Nazis with a justified passion and lost no chance to demonstrate his contempt with his BAR in the field or in fluent German while shaking his fist at prisoners passing by on trucks traveling to the rear. Then there is French, Murph, Sgt. French, Captain Cox, Captain Jimmy Drake, Sgt. Chitwood (who became Lt. Chitwood in the field). Sgts. French, Berkebile, Schiller, Helpenstein, and Col. Short and many more. Were are you guys? Are you still alive? Are you real?

Actually Mooney the only war buddy I've seen since the war, came to Mississippi in 1946 or 1947 after retrieving my watch from a soldier in Kentucky (who's name I've forgotten). This Kentucky soldier was on guard one night wearing my wrist watch (the last one in the platoon with a luminous dial), and he caught a piece of shrapnel in the neck during the night and was evacuated. He later wrote to me that he was home and still had my watch. Mooney knew this and stopped by Kentucky on his way to Mississippi and returned my watch.

A once vivid memory comes less frequently, but I remember it as being Christmas Eve 1944 or it may have been Christmas Day. It was the first clear day allowing air support. From before dawn until after dark there was a constant roar as our bombers filled the sky. There was no dissension between the Air Force and Army that day. We were like the cheering section at the football game. Foil rained from the sky like snow all day as we presumed the planes were dropping it to "foil" radar. It didn't always work, however, as I saw five of our B-17s bombers shot down that day. I've always thought I was in Verlaine, Belgium, that day, but my National Geographic Atlas reveals no such small Village.

It had to be near March which I clearly remember as being the spot where my infatuation with Mother Earth began. On a ridge near March a mortar round triggered an immediate passion to bury myself in "ma" earth. Over the years I have described that first foxhole as so deep that one shovel full more and I could have been tried for desertion.

That Christmas, when the B-7s were shot down, I was still platoon sniper and carried an '03 rifle with an 'A-3 scope. (I later abandoned my '03 for an M-1, the sound of that 8 round clip ramming home was a lot more satisfying than the sound of feeding one round at a time under that scope.) The planes were so big you could only see the vapor trails with the naked eye. But when I spotted smoke I could pick up the plane in my scope and count the crew members bailing out. Having trained as an aerial gunner at Keesler Field prior to 75th Division days I knew, at the time, the number in a B-17 crew. I believe the full crew bailed out of the first 4 planes but nobody got out of the 5th. If any B-17 crew member reads this who bailed out on or about Christmas '44 in that part of Belgium, I would sure like to hear from you. I had you in my sights but my finger was not on the trigger. The rumble of the bombs from those making it to the target at our front was a comforting sound. You always wonder if one of those bombs saved your life. Something did. ■

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## REMEMBERING

Jack Reese  
75th Infantry Division  
291st Infantry Raiment  
2nd Battalion  
Company F

After 50 years, once vivid memories fade and you begin to question what you truly remember about those days in Belgium and Germany so long ago. It seems impossible that I learned only last month (May 1944) of the existence of a veterans of the Battle of the Bulge organization and only at the organization meeting of a Mississippi chapter of VBOB learned that there is, and has been from some time a 75th Infantry Division Association. I joined both and a flood of faded memories about

## REFLECTIONS

*These Reflections were presented at the Battle of the Bulge Commemoration on 15 December 2002, by Joseph Zimmer, 87<sup>th</sup> InfD, at the Fairview Park Marriott, Falls Church VA*

"The history of the world," Thomas Carlyle, essayist, wrote in 1841, "is but the biography of great men. It is the story of not only a few great men and women, but of masses of ordinary men and women." We here tonight are part of that remarkable history of our beloved country. Fifty-eight years later, we remember once again, the Battle of the Bulge, the valor, courage, sacrifice which evidenced the success of those 41 days in the dark, cold and terror of the Ardennes Forest.

Of our dead, the wordless world of their sleep still echoes and can be heard, because of the way they died and the cause of freedom for which they gave their last full measure of devotion -- their very young lives. Each of the 19 thousand, who died, every drop of blood shed, invigorated our nation and Western Civilization. Charles de Gaulle put it well when he said, "graveyards are full of indispensable men."

We survivors are touched again as we gather to keep alive in the special vault of the National Imagination, the gallantry, honor and victory of that great battle. As Sir Winston Churchill, perhaps the greatest leader of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, addressing the House of Commons following the Battle of the Bulge, reminded his people: "This is undoubtedly, the greatest American battle of the war and will, I believe, be regarded as an ever famous American victory."



THE WHITE HOUSE VETERANS' BREAKFAST, Nov. 11, 2002  
L to R: Stanley Wojtusik, Past President, National Vice President, Military Affairs, General Richard B. Myers, Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff, George Chekan, Past President, Editor, Bulge Bugle, Louis Cunningham, President, VBOB.

I'm inclined to think that a military background wouldn't hurt anyone.

WILLIAM FAULKNER

We are honored to have our Belgian and Luxembourg friends, Secretary of Veterans Affairs Principe and General Nicholson join us in our program and to honor our comrade Alfredo Martinez with a long overdue medal, the Silver Star, for his bravery at Bastogne and, to help he and his wife Margaret celebrate their 57<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary.

Who knows what our comradeship means, but surely it means more than just that we are all haunted by ghosts; because, they are not just echoes of voices, once heard, but, the murmur of heroes in the sense that, through them, something of the power and richness of life itself not only touched us once long ago, but continues to touch us these many years.

There is a heroic dimension to our lives that rightly, must be passed on to our children, their children and, future generations to come. It must be there for the weeks and months, perhaps years, that lie ahead, as we prepare the moral benediction of extending our ideals and superiority, in the war against terrorism. Godspeed to our men and women, in those far off places, today's heroes, who will be placed in harm's way. They are perhaps, a part of a future "greatest generation." As the storm clouds of potential war now gather, we can look these men and women in uniform in the eye. They are the best our country has to offer. As I wrote this, the music of the Christmas season wafted throughout our home and gave great comfort in these drenching moments. Best to each of you in the holiday season ahead, and in the New Year 2003. May it offer peace, not war, for our beloved country and, the world at large, for which we continue to do so much. We are futurists of a sort. We don't have to be Renaissance men or women in a non-Renaissance era, but the trick is to always have some interest in our future -- because we will spend the rest of our lives there. May our lives continue to be good to us, 'til we meet again.



WITS OF WAR

## CHICKEN FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER

*[The following article was written by MERLE J. THOMPSON, 9TH ARMORED DIVISION, 14TH TANK BATTALION.]*

My account of the "Chickens in the House" will have to start the afternoon before on 23 December when my company was moving and the 3rd platoon was sent on another mission from the rest of the company. We were given orders to move to this village as fast as possible and get there before the Germans. We had to set up a road block and stop them. If they arrived before us, we were to stop them where we met them.

We arrived at this village after dark. We never saw any soldiers but we thought that the German infantry was already there, at least some of them. We set up a road block and stayed in position all night. We were where we could observe the enemy attack other tanks and help each other in case we were crept up on. We stayed on after all night, already tired and cold.

All during the night we heard noise coming from one house. We really did not know what or who it was and we didn't want to abandon our tanks and find out, especially since it was dark and we were short of men.

At daybreak the next morning, I alerted everyone in the tanks to be ready to assist me. I left my tank and went in the house to investigate the noise. The front room was full of chickens. It seemed the resident put all the chickens in the front room before they left. They left containers of water and feed for them. I guess when they left they probably thought it might be possible to salvage some from the ordeal if they got back in time.

### **Mess Sergeant Arrives**

Anyway, the mess sergeant arrived about 0900 hours. He had some cold hotcakes and lukewarm coffee. When we complained he said we were lucky to have what he had. He gave each one a hotcake with a spoonful of jelly in the middle and a cup of lukewarm coffee. I asked him if he could cook the chickens if he had them. He jumped at the chance.

We found a basket that was similar to our cotton picking baskets in Alabama. We went in the house and rung the chickens' necks and put them in a basket. We thought we had them all so we opened the door to leave but one chicken was still alive and tried flying out the door. One of my men shot at it and missed. Someone else took it up and tried but missed. Before I knew it, we had several men shooting with no luck. So you can realize how tired, nervous and bleary-eyed we were. I stopped the shooting and we forgot that lone chicken.

I was wounded the afternoon of 24 December. I sure had been looking forward to that fried chicken for supper but I never received it. It was in the back of my mind for the remainder of the war. I never found out what became of the chicken. But I can still think how good the fried chicken would have been. That stayed with me for the rest of the war.

*(This account was written by Meron Thompson on May 5, 1992 in response to a request from George Winter, author of "Manhay the Ardennes Christmas 1944" published in 1990. It was submitted by Demetri Paris.)* ■

## ELSENBORN RIDGE

**By Chares R. Posey  
2nd Infantry Division  
9th Infantry Regiment  
Company M**

I was enroute from Camp Chesterfield to be a replacement in M Company, 9th Infantry, 2nd Division. While we were being transported we heard rumors of a German breakthrough. By the time we got to Elsenborn Ridge, the story began to unfold. Col. Hershfelder had managed to retreat from the German breakthrough; however, there had been a lot of casualties. The first I heard about was "Whitey" had been run over by a German Panzer. Everyone thought he was dead. To our surprise when the war was over in Europe and we got to Ft. Sam there was "Whitey." He had been taken prisoner.

I arrived at M Company as a machine gunner 30 caliber water cooled. The first evening I was in the camp I had dug a fox hole. We were being shelled constantly. Tree bursts scattered shrapnel everywhere. Then to my surprise Capt. Man, company commander, came to talk with me. He had received a battle field commission. He spent a little while giving me encouragement. He was part of a historical unit--the Honshu Regiment. I do not really remember what he said but when he left I went to sleep.

I don't know if any of the men I served with are still alive. I have lost touch. I remember a Sgt. Flores. He got a silver star for bravery. Satoff was our Medic. I remember a Sgt. Figero. One guy who came to the front with me was named Perry.

We were shelled night and day and strafed by Messersmitts.

The cooks said they would come up to our forward position if we would dig a kitchen for them. A funny thing happened while we were working on it--there was a tree stump we could not pry loose. Someone in higher Headquarters had decided to issue 1/4 sticks of dynamite for us to dig fox holes in the frozen ground. "Ha Ha--not a good idea." Any way, someone suggested that we use a few sticks to dislodge the tree stump. We used 4 or 5. When it exploded the stump went into the air like a rocket. We finished the kitchen. We even fixed a shelf not so deep for the cooks to sleep on. A few days later a very angry artillery officer came up. He wanted to talk with our CO. It seems the stump hit one of his trucks. He was furious. But when he met Capt Man they knew each other and had gone to the same high school, I think in Pennsylvania.

To complete this story about the 1/4 sticks of dynamite. When we began to advance some one drilled a hole and ignited the stick--"Bam". This was followed by a series of explosions. The German observers had triangulated on the explosion and dug a few more fox holes for us. Needless to say, immediately they took away all the rest of the dynamite from us.

We should have know better because even when we had dropped a mess kit the German artillery would guess we were eating and shell us. I am grateful that John Eisenhower mentioned the stand at Elsenborn Ridge in his book *The Bitter Woods*. ■

*[See note from Charles in the "Members Speak Out" column.]*

## A FLASHBACK ON THE BULGE

Sheldon F. Tauben  
75th Infantry Division  
289th Infantry Regiment  
2nd Battalion  
Headquarters

### December 1944--The Ardennes Forest

Thirty foot evergreens, heavily mantled in fresh white snow lined the path through the forest. To call the 5 foot passageway a road would be a stretch of the imagination. Bumping along at about 10 mph in complete darkness (not even blackout lights allowed) Edmund managed to remain on the path by peering into the sky, using as a guide, the dim starlight that showed through the open space of trees above. Looking directly ahead was of no use given the darkness surrounding us.

Edmund Trahee was the jeep driver and I rode "shotgun" actually "M-1 carbine" to be specific one round in the chamber, safety off a gloved index finger in the trigger guard. I was ready for anything although uncertain as to how effective my light piece would be when the S--t hit the fan. I would have preferred a Thompson but the T.O. called for a carbine.

Slowly we made our way from the small battered village that was the command post of the 289th Infantry Regiment (75th Infantry Division) through the forest about 7 to 8 miles (it seemed like 20!) to the 2nd Battalion Headquarters located in the small forest clearing. Perimeter guards lowered their M1's when we called out the password.

Battalion HQ was a 10-man canvas tent erected over a 10'x10'x3' excavation dug by the A&P platoon to house several officers, the battalion aid station and a small field telephone switchboard set up in a corner manned by Cpl Love, a Texas original who as part of the wire team kept in touch with the battalion's three rifle companies and a heavy weapons company strung out through the dense woods in front of us. The telephone lines were in constant need of repair or replacement keeping Sgt. Daniel's communication squad on the go.

Our jeep cargo that night, a few gallon water cans, 4 cases of "C" rations, several batteries for the radio (jeep mounted) and 3 boxes of 30 cal ammo were quickly stored in the tent leaving Edmund and myself a few minutes to relax after our tiring nighttime passage through the woods. However, rest was not to be as less than five minutes later over the same "road" we had just struggled with, came the unmistakable sound of a firefight the heavy thump of the 30 cal M-1's countered by the rapid chatter of two German "burp" guns. The flash and boom of 3 or 4 grenades came through the dense woods muffled by the heavy snow.

It was over in a few minutes and shortly followed by the arrival of 5 or 6 riflemen from "F" Company who were on a night patrol when they stumbled upon a squad of Wehrmacht troopers clad in white camouflage who had likely infiltrated between the borders of our own and the 3rd Battalion. The Germans had straddled the road hidden in the trees; the road that only moments before, Edmund and I had traveled with such difficulty. Fortunately no one was injured but the patrol had made a hasty retreat, and breathing heavily, were happy to have gotten safely through the brief encounter.

As the Germans, even in limited strength, now commanded the

only route back to regimental headquarters, it was possible that the 2nd Battalion was cut off. Two telephone calls from "G" Company and one from the heavy mortar squad of "H" Company soon confirmed that other German infiltrators had been spotted in the forest nearby. We were warned to be on the alert. Capt Breen, HQ Company Commander, doubled the perimeter guard and called for a tank from regiment to break through the road and re-open communications. Three or 4 wounded men from "E" Company were in need of evacuation, but unless the road was cleared it would be impossible to get them to a field hospital.

The rest of the night passed by without event and at 7:00 a.m. the battalion was ordered to advance 2 or 3 miles toward the small village of Bech, carrying our wounded with us.

Rifle companies from the 1st Battalion, held in reserve, come in behind us closing the gaps in the lines. After a series of tank-assisted assaults the German infiltrators were either killed or captured.

Making our way into the village of Bech we met no resistance aside from a few scattered 88 MM rounds, and no injuries were reported.

Our communications wire squad got busy stringing new phone lines and it was well after dark before we ended the day. A small barn was converted to Battalion HQ and for the first time in 2 weeks we slept inside a building instead of a cold slit trench in the snow.

As I started to doze, relatively comfortable in my sleeping bag, it suddenly dawned on me that Edmund and I had been through a potentially hazardous experience.

The road we struggled through had undoubtedly been under the direct observation of the Wehrmacht intruders. The fire fight started just moments after we passed through the same area and arrived at 2nd Battalion HQ.

Upon reflection, it seemed obvious that two lone GIs were an insufficient target for the German squad. They were probably looking for the Battalion HQ group. To shoot us up as easy targets would have alerted our local units to take up the chase thus foiling their plans and risking capture or worse.

That dark night in December of 1944 in the Ardennes, although we had passed through a potential ambush unscathed, the menacing muzzles of several machine pistols likely followed us down the road, restrained from releasing their deadly hail of lead only by a white-gloved hand held up by an unknown German trooper. I would like to know who he was and if he survived the war. ■

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## MATERIALS WE USE

We try to restrict the information contained in this newsletter to stories about the Bulge. So, if you submit a story about D-Day, personal information, or other things not related to the Bulge or chapters, you may wonder why we haven't used it. Our space is limited and we try to select stories which are of interest to all members. We encourage you to submit your story. Even if it never appears in print, it will be stored in our archives and will be a part of the history we pass on. No story is ever thrown out. It's just that we have to draw a line somewhere or we would reprint all of WWII. We get some wonderful stories which are not Bulge related and we thank you for everything you submit. ■

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# A GARGANTUAN BATTLE

By Floyd Ragsdale  
106th Infantry Division  
424th Infantry Regiment  
2nd Battalion  
Company G

The various dilemmas, related to the Battle of the Bulge, that have appeared in each issue of *The Bulge Bugle*, unquestionably give man diverse views of a gargantuan battle that so many GI's participated in.

Much as been written about the Battle of the Bulge but this is an individual story that gives a personal touch to that campaign. Those tales relate what the individual GI had to withstand. Not only fighting against extreme odds in numbers but the bitter cold weather as well.

A simple decision concerning matters at hand could save one's life, or take it away. One night, after resting for several hours in a bunker, it was my turn and that of a fellow soldier to stand watch for several hours out in the foxholes. As we approached our battle stations, he asked, "Which fox-hole do you want?" "It doesn't matter," I said. Then I thought it best to take the one near our mortar position in case a flare needed to be fired. That decision saved my life but took his. In another hour he would be killed instantly by a direct hit from a German 88 artillery burst. Enclosed is a story with a better ending. It happened several days after the 16th of December, or about six weeks before that battle would be brought to a conclusion.

Someone said, "Old soldiers never die; they just fade away." Yet, we should not let our stories fade away with us. Needless to say, there is a multitude of stories yet to be told.

## Five Uneasy Men

Over the years many incidents of army life from basic training to combat in the Battle of the Bulge have faded from reminiscence. Yet some situations seem to be engraved in my memories and are easily recalled; as if they took place just a short time ago.

This story concerns five men, of whom I was one, from G Company, 424th Regiment of the 106th Division. It occurred several days after the colossal German offensive began. The stage is in the Schnee Eifel Region of the Ardennes Forrest. Our company had a sweeping, unobstructed, view of the terrain in front of us and well concealed foxholes. The gunfire laid down on the advancing German infantry was lethal the first two days of that engagement.

Late at night, on the 17th of December I observed, from my foxhole, a German armored outfit advancing directly toward our company. When they were about a hundred yards from us they abruptly turned parallel to our lines and faded into the distance. Little did we realize, at the time, that the Germans had punched a hole between our Regiment and the 423rd Regiment to our left.

Battle news, beyond our Company, was sparse and there was an abundance of rumors.

Before the night of the 18th had passed five of us from G Company, separated from our outfit, were in a precarious predicament that was to last until the next morning.

That evening, as twilight covered the battle sector, combat activity diminished to occasional gunfire. Well into the night two of us located at our mortar fortification received a company messenger who relayed orders that everyone should pull back from their posts in a systematic way. Heavy weapons and related ammunition are to be left behind. The word was, travel light. Our squad was the last one in our area to leave. The Germans, some how, knew the moment of our withdrawal as they commenced firing volleys of rockets (screaming meemies) at intervals all through our exit maneuver. They made frightful sounds when launched; the louder the noise the closer they came. As our squad descended the hill, the Germans fired them in our direction. As the first one exploded, everyone hit the dirt. I believe that a volley contained six

rockets. We fell, with faces buried in the turf, as each one fell closer and closer from left to right, exploding with a deafening discord. A slight feeling of relief came when they began exploding to our right; then the chances of remaining alive a while longer increased dramatically. Several more barrages detonated around us before we reached Company Headquarters. It was an intensely scary incident.

Arriving at Company Headquarters officers ushered everyone into bunkers and instructed us to remain inside for further orders. The interior was dark as pitch. Our squad leader fell into a deep sleep. Everyone was fatigued from ceaseless battle conditions since the morning of the 16th.

Some time later, maybe several hours, the bunker door opened. A calm low voice advised, "We will move out soon, proceed single file; each one take hold of the man's coat belt in front of you. Move quietly, no conversation; the woods are full of Germans." Of course it was quiet--too quiet. A GI behind me said, "Do you have a hold of the man in front of you?" I replied, "Yes." Wondering then, my hands sought the arm of the man ahead of me; then groped for his hand that was firmly attached to a wooden post. With disgust I said, "You have hold of a post." That statement provoked instant response from our gunner who yelled, "You a dumb s.o.b." What fighting words! One shoved the other outside the bunker and both faced off like two bandy roosters. The commotion awoke our squad leader who, surrounded in complete darkness, didn't remember where he was or what day it was. He came out of the bunker like a wild man yelling "Where is the company--Where am I?" Two of us subdued him by wrestling him to the ground and slapping his face to end his nightmare. The squabble no doubt lasted just a few moments, but at the time it seemed like an eternity. Somehow the other two came to their senses and stopped quarrelling. Then we realized that we were alone. The Company was nowhere in sight.

Five of us, now separated from the company faced a serious situation. Our immediate concern was being taken prisoner or shot; a compelling incentive to get out of there. Without a map, our intuition and clues had to be trusted. We looked for foot traffic in the various paths that led out of the vicinity. We pursued the path with the most footprints after a while, forks in the trail appeared and, dead reckoning had to be applied from that moment on. A footpath led us near a log home in the forest. In a way it was a welcome site with smoke curling from the chimney top. How easy it was to imagine the warmth and comfort inside. Yet, a premonition forewarned us about that place. Quietly, we circumvented the cabin hoping to be unobserved by the inhabitants.

Through the night, five motivated GI's traversed hills and valleys, pausing now and then to whisper opinions and offer suggestions. All froze at the slightest movement, or sound, in a forest that was no longer friendly territory.

As dark gave way to daybreak, another cabin came into view; in like manner we bypassed it. Further ahead loomed another hill to climb. As the ascent started voices became audible. Are they American or German, we wondered? Cautiously we moved forward, to listen. As the crest of the hill was reached not a soul was in sight, however the sounds increased in loudness. Reaching the summit of the next hill we observed army personnel. But, are they friendly or enemy? Gingerly, we moved ahead seeking to ascertain their identity. Finally men wearing familiar olive drab clothing could be seen. What a relief to see American soldiers! Lo and behold what a revelation; it was our own regiment. Exhausted, yet jubilant in overcoming extreme odds we soon learned that our situation remained acutely grim. There were many rumors and sounds of combat surrounded us.

For some reason our company was not engaged in any action that day. To say the least, for the next few hours some shut eye and rest felt like a luxury. We had no thought, at the time, our division was involved in the largest campaign in the history of the American Army and that it would last almost another six weeks. There were two enemies to fight. The German Army and bitter cold days and nights still ahead of us. ■

## THE CALCULATED RISK

**Howard Peterson**  
**4th Armored Division**  
**51st Armored Infantry Regiment**

No one succeeds in everything they undertake, so in that sense, we are all failures. Every day in all walks of life, people engage in calculated risks. Those that are successful do not fail, or to put it in another way, those that fail are not successful.

Theory and opinion: how easily we deceive ourselves into seeing something that is not there. The more that we hunt them, the faster they run, and when they stand still we do not notice them and rush on by. Theory and opinion have always been enemies. If we commit all of our resources to one or the other, then we cross over the border between wisdom and folly.

Commanders are at the heart of warfare because it is their decisions that shape the events of warfare. It is their judgements that dictate the flow of action and foreshadows the future. A commander is the source of authority and a repository of responsibilities. He has the power of what takes place and compel obedience to his wishes. No one else can issue orders except in his name. To him alone belongs the credit or blame for whatever results from the exertions and endeavors of subordinate commanders. Staff officers may recommend, but it is the commander alone who decides. And what holds this whole military structure together is discipline, which is the buttress and it enhances the omnipotence of command. Permeating a well functioning organization are mutual trust and confidence.

Decisive results in any war reobtained only by offensive action wherein the commander can exercise his initiative and impose his will upon the enemy. The will to win is the essence of the spirit of the offensive and it is a source of strength for the attackers. Offensive operations are undertaken to carry the fight to the enemy.

The fighting had been of the dirtiest kind. Infantry losses were high, especially in the rifle platoons. Not all of the casualties were due to enemy action. Cases of frostbite, trench foot and respiratory problems had taken their toll. Because of this depletion of infantry strength, divisions in action were quickly exhausted and had to be rested. Without enough troops to do the jobs required while maintaining strong enough concentrations for successful attacks, offensive strength fell off markedly. When newly travelled infantrymen were rushed from the United States they had to be put on the line at once without time to become bloodied.

Throughout late November and early December the thinly stretched condition of the rifle troops was a constant concern. In order to maintain an attack status in the vicinity of the Roer dams in the north and in the region of the Saar to the south, the static front in the Ardennes had to be weakened. It was concluded that a definite risk was being taken in this vicinity but it was felt that it would be a grave mistake to suspend operations elsewhere to sit and wait for replacements from the United States just to make it safe everywhere.

Surprise is a much sought after commodity in warfare. However, surprise achieves only local initial success due to what von Clausewitz has labeled the diminishing power of the offensive. To achieve surprise, one must engage in deception. Deception is the oldest tactic in the book. Deception is not a lie--actually, it is more of a ruse tended to mislead. Deception can be a spoken word, an act, or both.

A look at a map indicated that if Hitler were to attempt a serious counterattack, due to our concentrations to the north of, and to the south of the only place available was in the Ardennes. Before a calculated risk can be undertaken, anticipation and reaction must be considered. While surprise is obtained through deception, of the anticipation is reasonable and the reaction swift, then von Clausewitz was correct in his assessment of the diminishing power of the offensive.

The anticipation was that if Hitler were to launch such an attack, due

to our concentrations, to the north and to the south of the Ardennes we were in a strong position to concentrate against the flanks of any such attempt. Two other things that must be considered in anticipation are weather and ground, or terrain. A competent commander must always consider the ground over which he attacks because it is the ground that determines how he will supply that attack. The Ardennes road system was not compatible to supply large concentrations. By anticipation, we did not place large concentrations of supplies in the path of the anticipated offensive. Because of the ground in the Ardennes, the massive weight of the Tiger tank was its own worst enemy. But because war is nothing if it is not two sided it is not wise to assume that the enemy will do everything that you expect him to.

The Bulge was really a salient. A salient can have mixed blessings. Although it offers an opportunity for future forward thrusts, all those inside the salient are subject to bombing and shelling. And worst of all, a salient has two long and very vulnerable flanks. If it is possible for one to penetrate deeply into these exposed flanks, the troops inside the salient are in danger of being cut off and isolated. An advancing Army is particularly vulnerable on its flanks. Strong and brisk attacks at the flanks can cause considerable dislocation and check the entire forward momentum of the attack.

A fighting withdrawal is a difficult maneuver but can be effective in blunting the main thrust at the front of the salient and possibly divert it from its primary objectives. In so doing, it allows the defender time to bring up reinforcements and thus be able to alter the tactical situation. There is nothing more productive in producing casualties in a battle than an acquired symbolic important in excess of its tactical or strategic value.

However, military doctrine still insists that lost ground should be retaken as soon as possible. Today, we hear that every failure is a breakdown in intelligence or communications. The failure of information to not reach the top is not untypical. Timely intelligence is a major factor in frustrating an adversary. The acquisition of timely, reliable and accurate intelligence of timely, reliable and accurate intelligence can provide the basis for planning and executing operations, against an enemy. However, each item of information that is obtained must be evaluated for its pertinence, reliability and accuracy. Prior knowledge of an enemy's plans permits the development of adequate countermeasures.

When the attacks against the Roer dams had to be called off, the Sixth Panzer Army was lost and could not be located by any available means. At this same time intelligence began reporting a growing anxiety about the weak Ardennes front where it was known that the enemy was increasing his infantry strength. This type of report is common. If a commander takes counsel of all the gloomy intelligence estimates that he receives, he would never win a battle. He would be sitting on his duff waiting fearfully for the predicted catastrophe. There are reasons when a commander often finds it expedient to take his G-2's assessments with a grain of salt.

It was felt immediately that the December 16th attack was more than just a spoiling attack, unless it was a feint. But if it were a feint, then there had to be major military objectives elsewhere. But it had been anticipated that there was nowhere else along the entire front that he could attack except in the Ardennes.

Now the swift reaction began to unfold. It was agreed that 12th Army group should begin to shift increased strength toward both flanks of the Ardennes salient. If the calculations as to the German intentions proved correct, then the calculated risk taken would be justified by our ability to react swiftly.

Intelligence is a very fickle, very tricky, very complicated and very complex affair. First it should be remembered the sheer plethora of intelligence that was received from all along the front. We had no reason not to believe that the Germans could not, or would not, resort to subterfuge. Ultra's intercepts were not so numerous because Hitler had resorted to the use of land lines. Intelligence can be used to create deception and for surprise

*(Continued on next page)*

## THE CALCULATED RISK

(Continued from Page 23)

or intelligence can be used to counter exception and/or surprise. Relevant information has to be separated into its timeliness, its reliability and its accuracy. The relevant must be separated from the irrelevant. Then that relevant information must be separated again into what is relevant. Then that information must be separated again. Even timely, reliable and accurate information has a short spanned 'shelf' life. Then what might prove valuable later has to be stored away.

After all of this information is sorted out, an assessment is made of, and as to, the enemy's strength, capabilities, possible offensive and defensive actions. Based on the liveliness, reliability and accuracy of that information. What that assessment indicates as to the enemy's capabilities and intentions is what a commander uses to assist him in his decisions, often which can involve a calculated risk.

The strain placed upon everyone was, to say the least, tremendous, due to the commitments of our own offensive strategy. There is no doubt that the Germans managed some spectacular gains early on, but it was calculated that there being no military objectives in the Ardennes at first it pointed to two--the Meuse River and Liege. Advances of such magnitude can be disturbing to any army but in war, one must never forget those capricious gods of Chance and Blunder. Suppose Hitler, had miscalculated and the skies had cleared on the 20th or the 21st or both.

Each intelligence officer makes his own assessment with the information that he has on hand, but there is little, if any, support to the contention that command was adequately forewarned of impending danger because there is no one, not even intelligence, that can be couched in absolute terms. There are always numerous courses or paths open to the enemy and these are seldom positive indications as to which course or path he will pursue. Intelligence can only make assessments in terms of relative probabilities and sometimes at possibilities.

Regardless of what some history buffs and as much as generals wish to believe, war can never be tested ahead of time. For anyone to think that they might penetrate the mysteries of war ahead of time is merely caught up in a persistent illusion.

Intelligence allows one to speculate as to an enemy's intent. That intent is speculation on his capabilities. His capabilities are speculative on his possibilities and probabilities.

Sherlock Holmes was of the belief that if one took all of the possibilities and all of the probabilities, what was left was probably what would or could happen.

Assume that command had been forewarned on the 15th. What could command have done to deny the Germans their initial successes? What every one's feelings may be about the cause of the Battle of the Bulge due to hindsight, it proved to be Hitler's death knell and, at the time, it was justifiable to empty a calculated risk.

In his book, *Crusade in Europe*, on page 140, Eisenhower states, quote, "The responsibility for maintaining only four divisions on the Ardennes front and for running the risk of a large German penetration in that area was mine."

And finally, the one major item most seem to forget is that in our drive across France, we had the help of the FBI, the Maquis and the French civilian populace. Their intelligence was almost always timely, reliable, and accurate. The closer we got to the German border the more suspect became information from

questionable sources. Hitler had gone to the use of the land line. The weather negotiated air reconnaissance. What was left was a suspect underground, a suspect civilian population and prisoners of war who some didn't even know as much as we did. Had we had timely, reliable and accurate information it is possible that the German salient might never have existed. And by the Germans coming out spoiling for a fight was what we needed. When the weather was clear, take note of what our air power and our artillery were able to accomplish. Think how much worse it could have been if we had had to go in and root him out. In the big picture, it was justified to take the calculated risk. We didn't have to go looking for the German, he came out where we could see him.

Case in point: There are stories that a little Belgium girl with red ribbons in her hair pointed out Americans to Germans. There are stories of a woman who had information on the German build-up. It doesn't seem likely that the Germans could have allowed this woman to move about freely. And it cannot even be agreed upon whether she was German or Belgium.

It should be kept in mind that this front was 75-80 miles long. The attacker knows where and when he will strike. To have been able to pinpoint the exact location and time and day of the attack would have been asking for quite a bit considering Hitler's policy of secrecy. Even so the Germans could have been lying. Suppose they had attacked 5-10 miles further north. Suppose they had attacked 20-25 miles further south.

This might be a good example of why history is capable of always providing something new to be learned because of speculation is the secret vice of every history buff. In any case, it seems to be unavoidable when passing judgements. ■

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## THE LONE HOWITZER

By Michael F. "Mike" O'Connor  
965th Field Artillery Battalion

On December 19 or 20, 1944, some enterprising members of 'A' Battery, 965th Field Artillery Battalion (155 MM Howitzers), under the leadership of Sgt. Edward Arata, retrieved a lone 155 Howitzer which had been located in a field in Grufflange, by an OP crew the day before.

Sgt. Edward Arata and his crew secured a Diamond 'T' prime mover and relocated the piece, which was set up in firing position, still up on its jacks and the spades dug in. They removed the gun and, after a quick check, it was placed in firing position along with 'A' Battery's other 4 Howitzers in support of the 7th Armored Division around St. Vith.

'A' Battery continued to use this piece during the rest of the Bulge and across the Cologne plain towards the Rhine River. Ordnance finally caught up to Sgt. Arata and took the Howitzer away much to his dismay. The use of the extra piece probably helped put a dent in German spearheads. ■

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**Paying your dues before you receive a reminder saves us money and will prolong the life of the organization. Check your mailing label to see if your dues are due. Thanks.**

## BATTLE OF THE BULGE STORIES COMPILED

[The following article appeared in *Sunday Life*, (unknown date) of Starkville, Mississippi, and was written by Vicky Newman.]

Like most veterans, throughout most of his lifetime, the late Jack Reese [75th Infantry Division, 291st Infantry Regiment, Company F], of Starkville, never talked too much about his World War II experiences. But in his later years, he became involved in the Mississippi Chapter of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge. That involvement would lead Reese and his wife, Gloria, to embark on a task of a lifetime—an effort to compile the first-hand personal accounts of veterans of what some believe was the most infamous battle of the war.

Begin in February 2000, the written accounts were collected and turned over to the Veterans Museum at Camp Shelby. After Jack Reese died in September 2001 the work was continued by his wife, Gloria, until her own death last June, just nine months after Jack's death.

"This was something that both my parents thought was important," said Mike Reese, the couple's son.

Now, through the efforts of a Columbus man, Dr. James Hunt [1st Infantry Division, 18th Infantry Regiment, Company K, and VBOB Trustee], the powerful and poignant recollections of veterans are being published and soon will be available to the public. Also a veteran of the Battle of the Bulge, Hunt took up the task where the Reeses left off.

"I'm trying to finish the work they started," Hunt said. "Most people don't realize the casualties and the terribleness of the Battle of the Bulge. It was worse than D-Day."

*What is Brave: Reminiscences of Fear, Loneliness, Hope and Endurance* recounts the recollections of survivors of the Battle of the Bulge, which Winston Churchill termed, "The greatest land battle of World War II."

Some 77,000 Allied casualties fell from December 16, 1944, through January 16, 1945, in the northeast of France and Belgium in the Ardennes mountains. The "Battle of the Bulge" was so named because the Germans had penetrated deep into Belgium creating a dent or "bulge" in Allied lines.

Now, nearly 60 years later, survivors of the Battle remember horrors that most would never guess. The scene that lives on in the memory of John Thrash [90th Infantry Division, 357th Infantry Regiment, Company G], Decatur, a machine gunner during the Battle of the Bulge. "Unreal cold, ice, snow, dead soldiers and wounded everywhere you looked. I always knew to be at full alert and not to make a mistake, always realizing the next breath could be my last."

Hunt recalls the horrors he witnessed as his squad was sent to the Bulge as replacement troops.

"Just outside of Malmedy we saw six to eight jeeps pulling a trailer with side planks 4 to 6 feet high. Each trailer was loaded with dead GIs, frozen stiff. Yes, these were the men from the captured U.S. artillery outfit machine gunned by the hated S.S. Storm troopers."

Dr. James E. Booth [14th Armored Division, 62nd Armored Infantry Battalion] of Eupora, president of the Mississippi Chapter of VBOB, learned first-hand of the horrors. As a member of a machine gun squad, he was posted on a hill above

the field where so many were massacred. In below-zero temperatures, he saw soldiers who had fallen as casualties, and had then been killed and stripped of their new, warm clothing and left there, naked and frozen to the ground. Those who were captured alive were taken as prisoners, leaving none to retrieve the bodies of the dead.

Because of his protected position, Booth was a survivor of the infamous battle, but brought back his share of psychological wounds. "The wounds are still there, today," Booth said. "You may not see them but they are there. You can't tell people what you went through. But people need to remember what war is."

In his written account, Booth recalls an attack that took place December 15, 1944, at a railroad overpass bridge near Wissenburg. "Suddenly, artillery shells started dropping on the bridge. There were immediate screams for the medic coming from all directions. My squad leader, Sgt. Hatch...was crying 'My leg is gone.' It was too dark to see so I felt for his leg and found it was almost off below the knee. There were too many wounded on the bridge for the medics to take care of so several of us who were not wounded helped carry them off."

Of 213 original men in the company, Booth said 140 were replaced, and 43 were killed.

Among the wounded Booth helped to remove from the bridge was Robert Basil Young from Tishomingo County. Young survived and returned home. He died a year ago.

After witnessing the unending stream of casualties, soldiers who had lost limbs and their lives, and wearing their blood until it dried and flaked away, Booth would return to his home state to become a doctor and general surgeon in Eupora, where he still practices.

"So many were wounded, I was always wanted to help with the wounded, even though I was not a medic," he said. "I went to school immediately when I got home."

A medical doctor for 50 years now, he says he plans to retire and to die some day, but has not yet scheduled either.

Hunt said he believes the book is the first effort to collect and compile veterans' stories in one publication. About 100 veterans participated in the project, sending in their personal stories. The 200-page book will include some stories that are reproduced in the handwriting of the veteran.

The book included an introduction by Hunt. The title was created by Dr. Ralph Hitt, who scribbled the words on a matchbook cover [*What is Brave: Reminiscences of Fear, Loneliness, Hope and Endurance*]. Lawrence Stewart is the graphic artist for the front and back covers.

The books are expected to arrive in early January. The cost of the soft cover books will be \$20 per book, including shipping and handling. To reserve one or more copies, call Hunt at 662-328-8959, or mail a check, payable to the Mississippi Chapter VBOB, to James Hunt, 2502 Magnolia Circle, Columbus, MS 39705. ■

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The H-bomb rather favors small nations that don't as yet possess it; they feel slightly more free to jostle other nations, having discovered that a country can stick its tongue out quite far these days without provoking war, so horrible are war's consequences. *E.B. White*

# REUNIONS

**8TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, September 10-13, 2003, Wyndham Roanoke Airport Hotel, Roanoke, Virginia. Contact: Archer H. Futch, 1252 Westbrook Place, Livermore, California 94550. Telephone: 925-447-4858.

**76TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, September 4-7, 2003, Marriott City Center, Charlotte, North Carolina. Contact: Bob Donahoe, 160 Sea Gull Lane, Eastham, Connecticut 02642. Telephone: 508-240-1201/

**84TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, August 22-27, 2003, Crowne Plaza Hotel at the Crossings, Warwick, Rhode Island. Contact: Bill Almeida, 119-4th Street, Bonita Springs, Florida 34134. Telephone: 239-947-5048.

**86TH CHEMICAL MORTAR BATTALION**, May 4-8, 2003, Newport News, Virginia. Contact: George L. Murray, 818 West 62nd Street, Anniston, Alabama 36206. Telephone: 256-820-441

**150TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION**, May 14-16, 2003, Shoreway Acres, Falmouth, Massachusetts. Contact: Curtis F. Shaw, 25 Sagamore Road, West Yarmouth, Massachusetts 02673. Telephone: 508-771-1270.

**CAMP FANNIN**, April 2-6, 2003, Tyler, Texas. Contact: Camp Fannin Association, P.O. Box 132024, Tyler, Texas 75713 (www.campfannin.com.)

From *The Stars and Stripes: World War II and the Early Years*, by Ken

Zumwalt (Eakins Press, 1989)

On Saturday, December 20 [1944, *The Stars and Stripes*] reported that Gen. George S. Patton's 3rd Army had retaken thirteen towns and his 4th Armored Division, which broke the siege of Bastogne, was pouring into that city and widening the corridor.

On the back page . . . was a box which said:

"GIVE UP," SAID NAZIS;

"NUTS!" SAID GENERAL

"When the Germans demanded the surrender of the American forces holding besieged Bastogne, the 101st Airborne's acting commander, Brig. Gen. Anthony C. McAuliffe, according to the Associated Press, gave the enemy one of the briefest replies in military history.

"'Nuts,' he said."

Three days later there was another box pertaining to McAuliffe's comment, and this one rightly made the front page.

NO COMPRIS "NUTS,"

SAY PARIS PAPERS

"The French press was full of praise for the American stand at Bastogne but it was a little baffled by the word 'Nuts' with which Brig. Gen. Anthony C. McAuliffe rejected the Germans demand for surrender.

"*'Vous n'êtes que de vieilles noix,'* was the way Paris papers rendered it: 'You are nothing but old nuts.'

N O S W E A T



"Well, it looks dark and cloudy to me, Col. Angelhair!!"

## THE ARLINGTON LADIES

[The following article appeared in the December 2002 issue of "The Ivy Leaves," the newsletter of the 4th Infantry Division, and was written by Chuck McKee.]

While recently attending a funeral at Arlington National Cemetery, I observed a middle-aged woman standing near the ceremony. She was well dressed, and with an army escort. After the services had ended, I approached her and introduced myself asking if she knew the deceased. She answered, "No, I'm an Arlington Lady."

She went on to explain that the late Air Force General Hoyt Vandenberg had never wanted his members to have a bleak and friendless funeral. He and his wife often attended the funeral services of air force personnel. Soon her other air force friends and wives joined them. Their invariable presence at the funerals earned them the nickname--The Arlington Ladies. This lady was one of 150 Arlington Ladies, all volunteers. These dedicated women have carried on a tradition for more than 50 years; No soldier will be buried alone at Arlington National Cemetery.

Dressed in ordinary clothes, an Arlington Lady can be recognized by the simple lapel pin with the service branch insignia representing the army, navy, or air force. Their duties go beyond the graveside and the title of professional mourners. They give comfort instead of showing sorrow, helping others through the worst times and letting them know that their loved one has not been forgotten.

Many families cannot attend their loved ones interment at Arlington because of distance, financial limitations, or illness. The Arlington Ladies often write detailed letters to them of the services beginning with the weather and ending with soulful sounding of *Taps*. When requested by relatives, an Arlington Lady will place a wreath on a veteran's grave for Memorial Day, or other holidays.

The Arlington Ladies honor those whose final resting place is our nation's most hallowed ground, reserved for the patriots who made the ultimate sacrifice to ensure its freedom. ■

# VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE CERTIFICATE

## Have you ordered Yours?

Over 6,200 certificates have been purchased by Battle of the Bulge Veterans. If you haven't received yours then you might want to consider ordering one to give to your grandchildren. They are generally most appreciative of your service now. They make excellent gifts for that buddy that you served with in the Bulge. The Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge Assn. is proud to offer this full color 11" by 17" certificate, which may be ordered by any veteran who received credit for the Ardennes Campaign. It attests that you participated in, endured and survived the greatest land battle ever fought by the US Army.

You do not have to be a member of the VBOB Assn in order to order one but you must have received the Ardennes credit. This beautiful certificate is produced on parchment-like stock and is outlined by the full color WWII insignias of the major units that fought in the Battle of the Bulge starting with the 12<sup>th</sup> Army Group followed numerically with Armies, Corps and Divisions and the two Army Air Forces. We wished that each unit insignia could have been shown but with approximately 2000 units that participated in the Bulge it was impossible. However any unit, which served in the Bulge, would have been attached to or reported through one of the unit insignia depicted. You may want to add one of your original patches to the certificate, when you receive it. Please allow approximately 3-4 weeks for delivery, they are normally printed at the end of the month. The certificate will be shipped rolled in a protective mailing tube. Please be sure to place your name, service number and unit, as you would like it to appear on the certificate. The unit name should as full as possible as you want someone reading it to understand what unit you were in. We will abbreviate it as necessary. It is important that you type or print this information. The unit must be one of the 2000 units authorized for the Ardennes Campaign credit in the Official General Order No. 114 for Units Entitled to the ARDENNES Battle Credit and will be the basis for sale of this certificate. The cost of the certificate is \$15.00 postpaid.

### VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE CERTIFICATE ORDER BLANK

I request an 11" x 17" Certificate and certify that I received credit for the Ardennes Campaign. I have enclosed a check for \$15.00 for the Certificate. Please include the following information that I would like on the certificate:

First Name \_\_\_\_\_ Last Name \_\_\_\_\_ Serial Number \_\_\_\_\_

Rank : \_\_\_\_\_ Unit: \_\_\_\_\_

Organization: usually Company, Battalion and/or Regiment & Division

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

I certify that I have received the Ardennes Credit

#### MAILING INFORMATION:

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

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP CODE: \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_ E-Mail: \_\_\_\_\_

VBOB Member: ☐ Yes ☐ No (no a requirement). Make checks out to VBOB for \$15.00. Orders should be mailed to VBOB Certificate, PO Box 11129, Arlington, VA 22210-2129. Questions can be directed to John D. Bowen, 301-384-6533, Certificate Chairman. Or by e-mail to: [johndbowen@earthlink.net](mailto:johndbowen@earthlink.net)

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

## A SMILE DURING THE BULGE



**Frank P. Leathers**  
**80th Infantry Division**  
**317th Infantry Regiment**  
**Company B**

I thought that I would share a Battle of the Bulge story that has a bit of humor near the end. As you know, GI's searched for any expression or event that was humorous, since humor helped lighten our burden.

[As 2nd scout in the 2nd Platoon of my company, this meant that I was the point man on a number of attacks.

In December 1944, after taking Metz in France, we moved southeast and had stopped in a little farm village. My squad found a hay barn in which to sleep. Looking forward to a good night's rest, I had burrowed down in the hay. Just as everyone had settled down, our sergeant came in and said in a loud voice, "Let me have your attention! The Germans launched a counterattack on the 16th and have broken through our line up in Luxembourg, so get ready to move out in a few minutes."

We loaded onto trucks and traveled all night and the next day. Late the next night we stopped at a school building for a few hours of rest. We loaded back onto the trucks and rode a few hours until the trucks stopped. We were told to get off and march until we met the enemy, because they did not want to risk losing the trucks. Several inches of snow covered the ground.

We marched the rest of that day, arriving at nightfall at a small clump of trees. As we moved out beyond the trees, several of our tanks which were concealed there moved out, and we were ordered to attack them. We moved down the hill across an open snowy field, quite visible in our dark clothes. When we reached the bottom of the hill among some small hedge rows, the Germans opened up with heavy gun and small arms fire. Our tanks did not return the fire and we infantrymen were not ordered to fire, why I will never know. The tanks stopped and the tankers started begging us to dig in around them, which we did. I started digging my hole near one of the tanks by a small hedge row. After a few minutes of not returning fire, the Germans ceased firing.

It was a cold, clear night. Off to our left were a large farmhouse and a barn. During the night a number of the men slipped over and got in the barn. I kept digging and by morning I had a roomy foxhole.

At daybreak the Germans began firing, concentrating most of their heavy shelling on the barn, resulting in a number of our men being killed or wounded. We still did not return fire. This reminded me of what President Lincoln said to General McClellan during the Civil War, "If you don't plan to use your army, let me borrow it."

After about thirty minutes of German shelling, things got quiet. Later in the morning I noticed a number of our platoon members crawling toward us. A water can was sitting about ten yards away and I yelled to Mic to grab the can of water and come get in the hole with me. This he did, setting the can on the mound of dirt I had dug out of the hole, putting it higher than the hedge. The Germans fired and hit the can. The concussion was awesome, the shrapnel practically cut the overcoat off Mic, although neither of us received a scratch.

In mid-afternoon we received an order to withdraw a few at a time. A tank that had been abandoned during the night sat about

50 yards behind me. A tanker ran to it, started it and backed it over the hill. The Germans were firing at it all the way. They also fired at the men running. I watched two men running about five yards apart when a shell hit between them killing both men. Shells were dropping all around us as we retreated. One shell hit near me and the fellow running to my left was hit in the leg. I helped him over the hill where a passing jeep took him to the rear.

For the night we dug in just over the crest of the hill. The next day five men from our platoon were ordered to go back to the farmhouse to serve as a lookout post. I was one of those men. One man in the group was named Wurst and another Wilhelm. Would you believe the family that lived in that house had stayed there, living in the cellar.

When the Germans would fire their artillery pieces, we could locate them and direct our artillery fire on them. When we received orders to return to the line two days later, we were not given the password, so Wurst said to Wilhelm, "Wilhelm, if you will not call me Wurst, I will not call you Wilhelm as we go back through our line tonight." We were halted at the line and had to talk our way through.

The snow continued falling as we moved along the south line of the Bulge in defensive positions. As we moved from one defensive position to another we had to dig in at each stop. This kept us active in that horrible weather. The ground was frozen making digging very difficult. At one stop we were assigned a hilltop overlooking a valley from which the Germans were expected to attack. We arrived at night and as we started to dig the sparks would fly when we hit rocks exposing our position so that the Germans started shelling us. I was hit in the shoulder with a hunk of shrapnel.

Our sergeant went back and brought us some heavy picks which helped a great deal. Our little shovel and pick which we carried on our belts were no match for the frozen ground.

Down the hill behind us was a little village where there was a brewery. We built a fire in one of the big open-topped tanks. This was inside a building so we blacked out the windows and took turns coming in from our holes to get warm and to get a little sleep. One night when the Germans knew that a number of us would likely be gathered in the brewery they fired their screaming-meemies sending a huge shell through the roof. Thanks to the Almighty it was a dud, otherwise we all would have been killed.

One of my buddies from Idaho stood too long in a doorway during the day there and was killed by a sniper. The doorway served as a frame, making him a perfect target. He left behind a wife and a little girl.

Another assigned position was along a road where we dug in without being shelled. However, during the night we heard someone digging in the ditch by the road in front of us. After concluding it was a sniper, we fired a flare which exposed him, enabling us to do our job.

I suppose that after 50-plus years a confession is in order. I had observed that heavy picks and shovels were mounted on the sides of our tanks and that every jeep driver has an army blanket folded in his seat. When we stopped for the night and the situation quieted down I would slip away from my group after dark and go wandering back among the tanks and jeeps to "borrow" a heavy pick and a blanket.

Another enemy during that awful winter we faced was frostbite.

*(Continued on next page)*

## A SMILE

(Continued from Page 28)

A number of the fellows were sent back to the hospital with frostbitten feet. To avoid that problem as best I could, I carried two pair of extra socks on my belt. At night when possible I took off my boots, massaged my feet and put on dry socks, then put the damp ones on my belt to dry.

On Christmas Eve the weather cleared and we started moving with tank support toward Bastogne to relieve the 101st. I got hurt near the town of Wiltz and was evacuated back to a general hospital in France, so I never got to Bastogne. I later rejoined my unit fighting in the Maginot Line.

From there we fought through the Siegfried Lines crossing the Rhine at Mainz, [eventually] joining the Russians at the Enns River where we received the cease fire order May 8, 1945. ▣

## FALLEN PRE-BULGE SOLDIERS FIND FINAL RESTING PLACE

Associate Member Walter Jager, a Dutch WWII veteran medic, who served with the 29th Division, advises us that three fallen soldiers were reinterred on July 22, 2002, in Henri-Chapelle Cemetery.

They had been buried on a mountain in the Ardennes just one day before the beginning of the Bulge. They were found in April of 2001 and it took over a year to determine their identification and notify the families. The soldiers were a part of the 99TH INFANTRY DIVISION serving in the region of Rocherath, Krinkelt and Wirtzfeld (just east of Malmedy).

Members of the Dutch Stormtroopers attended the ceremonies, giving comfort to the families in attendance. Over a hundred Belgian veterans attended the services.

The names of the soldiers were: PFC SAUL KOKOTOVICH (15-12-1944); PFC JACK C. BECKWITH (15-12-1944); AND SGT FREDERICK ZIMMERMAN (16-1-1944). [The dates cited are the dates provided. Perhaps Sgt Zimmerman's date should be "16-12-1944," which would mean he was killed on the first day of the Bulge.] ▣



"Do it on the way down."

## VBOB FOUNDER REMEMBERED

A brick was recently ordered for VBOB's founder and has been placed at the Battle of the Bulge Monument in Orlando, Florida.



Clyde was not much for personal recognition, but he would be pleased. Others who are planning monuments with inscribed brick walkways might want to consider laying a brick for Clyde. VBOB might not be in existence if not for him. We have all shared a lot due to his foresight. ▣

## MORE THAN A KITCHEN INCIDENT

Richard (Roy) Rogers  
215th Field Artillery Battalion

Early in our combat experience in Luxembourg our gun squad slept in a tent for one night. The Germans had possibly observed us that afternoon moving into position, even though it was lightly snowing. About midnight the shelling started and because of the late arrival and inexperience we had no holes dug. That was the time with no hole to sleep in and the last time for a tent.

Luckily our gun was spared but the guard on #3 lost a leg. The big loss for all was our kitchen. A shell had apparently hit the center pole killing all 5 cooks and injuring the driver. We were a green outfit but after that night some of us were showing a bit of brown.

About noon the next day word came down to send a few men at a time to the mess truck. There was nothing hot to drink but they did pass out frozen 2 quart cans of grapefruit juice to those who wanted them. The cans were holed with shrapnel as was the truck. We survived nicely on K Rations. I still have good memories of those K's. ▣

MAKE PLANS NOW TO  
ATTEND THE VBOB  
REUNION Quincy, Massachusetts  
September 4-7, 2003

# THE "A" I KNEW

by Edward J. Gerrity, Jr.  
10th Armored Division  
54th Armored Infantry Battalion  
Headquarters Company

*[We have taken the liberty of altering the story provided by Mr. Gerrity just a little bit. What did we do? Every time the gentleman the story is about is referred to, we have used "A." See if you knew him or can guess who the story is about.]*

Fifty-eight years ago this month (December) I met "A." It happened on an icy snow-covered two lane road near the small village of Marvie, a few kilometers from Bastogne in the Belgian Ardennes. A couple of days later, General Anthony McAuliffe was to make American military history when he refused the enemy's demand to surrender Bastogne with the simple reply: "Nuts."

Snow was falling and we were taking heavy artillery and mortar fire when a tank retriever, a huge vehicle, drove up, its motor roaring. A helmeted figure jumped from the turret and dove into the ditch where I was taking cover. With me were several other members of the Intelligence and Reconnaissance (I&R) Platoon, Headquarters Company, 54th Armored Infantry Battalion, 10th Armored Division. The figure identified himself as "A"--everybody calls me "Ted" *[this is a big hint]* and said he was a replacement for Service Company of the battalion. Lieutenant "A" asked where he could find the company. "What can I do to help," was his next question.

I said he could do us all a favor by ordering the driver to pull the tank retriever about 100 feet up the road and shut off its motor. Its noise had drawn the attention of the German spotters and the heavy fire on the road had intensified. "A" jumped out of the ditch, ran to the big vehicle, and gave the order. Then he jumped back into the ditch. I pointed across the road where two ambulances filled with wounded men were parked beneath pines heavy with snow, waiting for the fire to lift so they could head south to Arlon and the hospital there.

When the fire eased a bit we ran across the road to the ambulances, each of which carried four wounded. One of them, Bill McGovern, from my platoon, had caught a piece of shrapnel in his right leg and could not walk.

"A" and I spoke with McGovern and the other men and I told the drivers to get ready to roll once the enemy fire stopped. It did shortly after and we waved the ambulances on their way. Long after the war ended, I learned that the ambulances were the last two to get out of Bastogne before the Germans completed their encirclement.

On December 26, 1944, the Fourth Armored Division broke through the circling enemy and the pressure on Bastogne was eased. The Allied Forces in the area had been supplied by air drop with food and ammunition while surrounded. During that time I had not seen "A" again for he found Service Company and it was busy in another area of the defense line. Combat Command B (CCB), of which the 54th was a unit, was held in Bastogne until mid-January of the new year. CCB had been placed in reserve as fresh units followed the 4th Armored into

Bastogne and began to push back the enemy. CB and the rest of the division then was sent to Saarburg, where it would be a part of General Patton's drive across the Saar River and on to Trier. We had taken heavy casualties and replacements arrived to be assimilated into the various units of the division.

In the time before the attack late in February, I met "A" again. We had time for only a brief conversation. We crossed the Saar with the 94th Infantry Division and Trier, which had known the tread of Caesar's legions, fell on March 1. It was from Trier that Field Marshal Gerd von Runstedt had launched the assault on the Ardennes. The goal was Antwerp, the main source of Allied supplies. Hitler's hope was for a negotiated peace. But his gamble failed and Churchill called the "Battle of the Bulge" the greatest feat in the history of American arms.

"A" and I met again on the way to Trier at a village named Zerf. The enemy had its artillery zeroed in on a road intersection where our vehicles had to make a right angle turn on the key road to Trier. Casualties were high. Among them was Lt. Col. James O'Hara, our battalion commander, who barely survived. "A" led the men clearing the road of smashed and burning vehicles under heavy artillery fire. We had time for a few words as we took cover from a heavy barrage and then our platoon moved toward Trier.

*[From here on, it's a give away.]*

Our next meeting was after the war at a division reunion in Baltimore where "A" was now the county executive. In 1966, he became Governor of Maryland. In that capacity he entertained his old comrades-in-arms at the Governor's Mansion in Annapolis at a later convention. At one of the inevitable breakfasts, brunches or parties that surround national conventions of both major parties, I ran into "A" with his wife, Judy.

I remember asking him who the vice presidential nominee would be since Richard Nixon was a shoo-in for the presidential nomination. "Heck," he said, "I have no idea. You probably have a better chance than I," a reference to his early support for Nelson Rockefeller. Nixon was nominated as scheduled and I left the following morning to catch a ... flight to New York.

A group of passengers was standing in the lounge waiting for the flight and watching television. A visibly surprised announcer interrupted the program underway to announce that Nixon had nominated "A" to be his running mate. The crowd began to murmur and a man standing next to me said, "Who the hell is 'A'?" I said, "I know him. We were in the Army together." The man looked at me for a long moment and said, "You're full of baloney," and walked away. Except he did not say baloney.

Not long after, "A" was to become a household name. *[No need to keep the suspense building. You know who it is. It's Spiro T. Agnew, former Vice President of the United States.]* First when he took on the media. Later, he met his personal Waterloo. He maintained that he had been set up by a zealous prosecutor who manufactured evidence. He wrote a book about it. The Agnew I knew was a fine soldier. He received the Bronze Star for gallantry in action and his military career was distinguished.

At this time of year, I remember Ted Agnew and Bill McGovern, both of whom survived combat only to leave us later. They are among the missing, together with a lot of fine men we left behind in the Ardennes. A couple of years ago I visited some of them in the American Cemetery in Normandy. We owe them a debt that can never be repaid. ■

# VBOB QUARTERMASTER

## FEBRUARY, 2003

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VBOB Logo Stickers (10) - 1 1/8"	10 for \$1.25		\$
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Windbreaker w/4" VBOB Logo Patch (Navy only) Please circle size (they run a little snug): S M L XL XXL XXXL (XXL and XXXL - see prices)	\$ 25.00 (S, M, L and XL) \$ 26.00 for XXL \$ 27.00 for XXXL		\$
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Miniature VBOB Logo Medal w/Ribbon (pin on type)	\$ 8.50		\$
VBOB Logo Belt Buckle - Silver tone or Gold tone (Please circle choice)	\$ 16.00		\$
VBOB Logo Bolo Tie - Silver tone or Gold tone (Please circle choice)	\$ 16.00		\$
VBOB License Plate Frame w/Logos - White plastic w/Black printing	\$ 5.00		\$
VBOB 100 Sheet Notepad w/Logo - "This Note Is From... A Veteran of the Battle of the Bulge" - White paper with Blue printing	\$ 3.00		\$
<b>BACK IN STOCK</b> Large VBOB Neck Medallion w/ribbon Ideal for insertion in medal shadow box	\$ 25.00		\$
VBOB Tote Bag--18" x 15" natural (off-white) color toe bag with navy handles and large navy VBOB logo	\$ 8.00		\$

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# VETERANS of the BATTLE of the BULGE

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Arlington, Virginia 22210-2129

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**FEBRUARY, 2003**



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WORLD WAR II MEMORIAL DEDICATION**  
(Details in this issue)

*Detach and Mail*

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

Annual Dues \$15

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☐ New Member ☐ Renewal - Member # \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Birthdate \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Phone ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

*All new members, please provide the following information:*

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

Unit(s) to which assigned during period December 16, 1944 - January 25, 1945 - Division \_\_\_\_\_

Regiment \_\_\_\_\_ Battalion \_\_\_\_\_

Company \_\_\_\_\_ Other \_\_\_\_\_

Make check or money order payable to VBOB  
and mail with this application to above address:

Applicants Signature \_\_\_\_\_

RECRUITER (Optional)