

The BULGE BUGLE

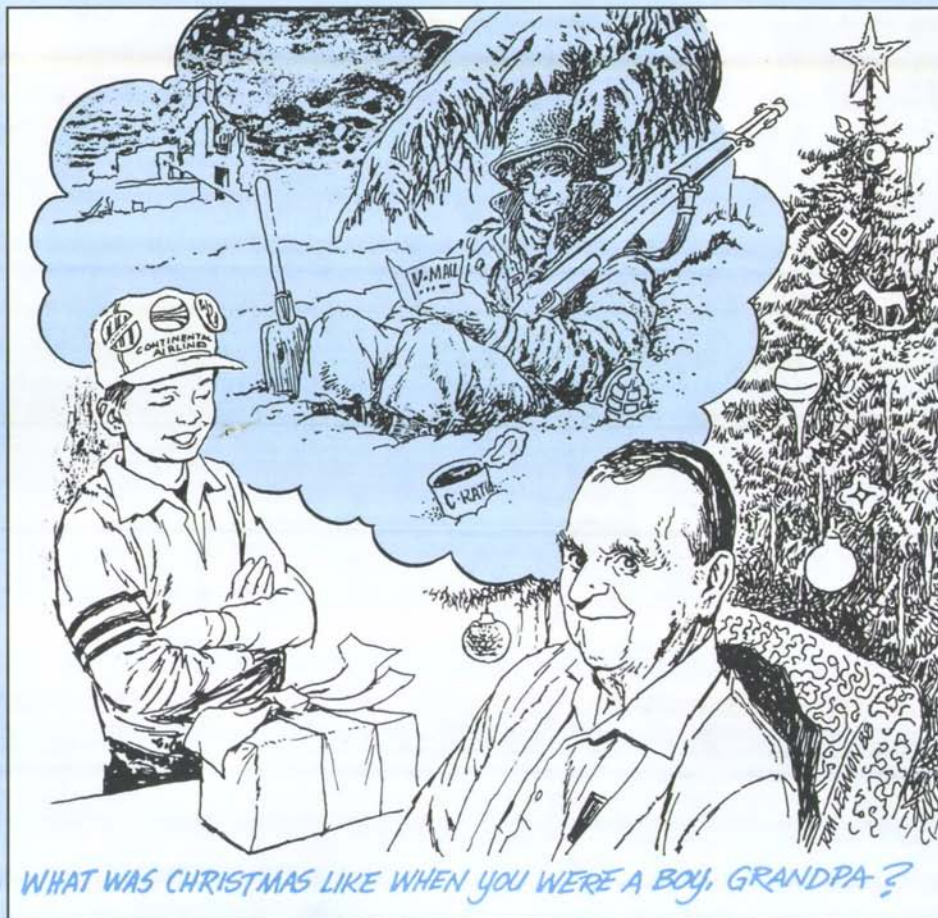
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THE ARDENNES CAMPAIGN

NOVEMBER 2004

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ARTIST - TOM LEAMON - 88



A CHRISTMAS MOMENT OF 1944 REMEMBERED

Alfred A. Alvarez, 16th Inf. Reg.
Company C, 1st Inf. Div.

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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.

President's Message

This year has been a momentous one for all veterans of World War II and our families. For us, the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, it has been a memorable one as we gathered together in Washington at the end of May for the dedication of the World War II Memorial and took part in our very successful annual reunion. I am still hearing words of praise for how smoothly everything went. We are grateful for the hard work John and Mary Anne Bowen and Dorothy Davis and their committee, put into making it the success it was.

Now we look ahead a few weeks for another significant event--the Sixtieth Anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge.

I will join a delegation of our members and our families back to Belgium and Luxembourg from December 10th to the 20th to participate in observances that will mark the anniversary in both countries. Earle Hart and his committee have been working closely with officials overseas, and here at home, to put together an itinerary that will take us to ceremonies in both Luxembourg City and in Brussels as well as various towns and villages where fighting took place. Please don't miss Earle's report elsewhere in this issue.

I don't know about you, but just thinking that it has been 60 years since we lived through those terrible days of December-January, 1944-1945, will make Thanksgiving Day, 2004, a day to be ever more thankful for the time we have been given with those we love.

While time has taken its toll on the brave people of Belgium and Luxembourg who lived through those days with us, many of whom remain and will be with us for special ceremonies in Bastogne, Belgium, and the U.S. Military Cemetery at Hamm, Luxembourg, December 15-16, we have also made arrangements for our annual memorial observance, Thursday, December 16th here at home.



Vice President for Military Affairs, Stan Wojtusik has arranged for our ceremonial wreath laying at the Tomb of the Unknowns in Arlington National Military Cemetery in Arlington, Virginia. This will take place at 11:00 a.m. and following the ceremony another wreath will be placed at our Battle of the Bulge Memorial located just behind the amphitheater. I know for various reasons many cannot make the overseas trips, but I hope as many as possible will take part in the ceremony at Arlington.

In the meantime, I hope many of our local chapters will be holding their own Sixtieth Anniversary ceremonies. As you do, please notify your local television and radio stations and daily and weekly newspapers in advance about the event. In this way we might attract more veterans of our battle into our



George Chekan

organization and enlist new members to fill in the ranks for those who have left us. No matter how hard we try, there are still some of the 600,000 troops who fought in the battle who still don't know about us. So as chapters and individuals, let us continue to reach out to them. You know how much VBOB means to you and it could be the same for new members.

Our 60th Anniversary observance will continue into January, as Dave Shaw and John Bowen prepare for the annual Reenactment of the Battle of the Bulge to be held at Fort Indiantown Gap, in central Pennsylvania, January 25th to 30th, 2005. Dave expects an ever larger contingent of "troops" to turn out for this year's mock battle, hundreds of reenactors recreate a specific engagement from our battle. Last year over 1,500 in American, British, Canadian and German WWII uniforms and arms took part. This year, Dave advises that Battle of the Bulge veterans will be their guests on Friday. If you haven't gone to one of these, you will be living in up-dated WWII barracks, so be prepared. You can read more about this in this issue. Hope to see you there.

Later on in 2005, September 28th to October 1st, we will be gathering in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, for our annual reunion. Executive Vice President John Dunleavy and I made a recon trip to the area, and have selected the Holiday Inn Airport as our headquarters hotel. If you are putting together your new calendar, mark the dates, and we will be giving you more information in future editions of *The Bugle*.

In closing, I speak for all of your officers and trustees in wishing you a really thankful Thanksgiving Day, a happy Christmas and Hanukkah holiday season. May you all have a happy, safe New Year and resolve to please your family by finally putting your World War II memories on paper.

And finally--but most important, remember, and pray for our American men and women who will spend this special time of the year, serving our country in Iraq, Afghanistan, Bosnia and other hot spots around the world. Let them know that our thoughts and our prayers are with them.■

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Did you check to see if your dues were due?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

REMEMBER THE 94TH

Under memorials to Americans in Luxembourg, I do not see mention of the 94th Infantry Division. We have a lot of 94th Infantry Division men buried in the Luxembourg U.S. Cemetery, including two men from my outfit the 94th Division MP's.

Albert N. Leone
94 INFDP MP

BUGLE INSPIRATIONAL

Thank you for your inspirational works! The August, 2004, *Bugle* was a masterpiece and a commitment to your prowess! Congratulations!

Joseph S. Fragomeni
78 INFDP 303 ENGR CMBT BN

Just received my latest issue of *The Bugle* and was reminded to send my dues. Keep up the great work. Each issue is excellent and as we get older the memories are even greater.

Felix J. Melieno
955 FA BN

[We have to put ourselves on the back once in a while. Thanks for the kind words Joseph and Felix.]

JOB WELL DONE

My wife and I want to thank the officers and office personnel for the job they did at the 2004 Annual Reunion and the dedication of the WWII Memorial. A job well done and we appreciate it.

We are planning on attending the 60th Anniversary of the Bulge (in Belgium and Luxembourg) and are looking forward to it.

On December 14th (an unscheduled day on the trip) we plan to visit our C Company, 134th Infantry Regiment, 35th Infantry Division, memorial at Neiswampach, Luxembourg. It honors 12 men of C Company who were killed in action January 24-26 attacking in and around that village.

James G. Graff
35 INFDP 134 INF C

[Our pleasure—to see so many happy faces.]

LET'S GET IT RIGHT!

Margraten Cemetery is in Holland. Henri Chapell is in Belgium. I have visited each several times.

H. J. Loveless
7th ARMDD

ARE WE ALL "NUTS"?

...As a member of the special service forces, later called "The Devil's Brigade," which was never mentioned in any of your magazines, my men and I were also in Bastogne and the word "Nuts" was never used by General Anthony McAuliffe. It was suggested by Colonel Kennard, his aide, that the general did say "F---" you. A lot of money was made from the "nuts" which wasn't true.

You never printed my Passau, Germany, story because it wasn't a "Bulge" story. However, it was the last battle of the war in Europe and I believe it should be printed, simply because it would be interesting for the members and their families. Also, Strom Thurmond was in the 4th Infantry Division.

Leonard F. Morris
Special Forces

[We have hundreds upon hundreds of WWII stories. They're all interesting. We try to stick to our portion of that devastating war. We can't possibly cover other campaigns and theaters. We throw nothing away—all will be referred to some archives or library at some future date. But in the meantime, if it's not "Bulge" related, we will probably not use it.]

CORPS IS NOT UNIT IN A DIVISION

Regarding the article in the August issue entitled "28th Signal Corps in the Bulge," which was interesting and well written, I don't intend to nit pick such a minor error, but for the sake of accuracy, a corps is not a unit within a division. An Army Corps was a unit with an army that commanded several divisions. The Signal Corps was a separate entity, as was the Air Corps at that time. The units within an infantry division are regiments, battalions, companies, batteries as the artillery HQ, platoons such as the MP unit, and troops such as the Recon unit. The signal unit of an infantry division was a company, not a corps.

I was a teletype operator in the T&T section of the 94th Signal Company of the 94th Infantry Division, which was part of the 20th Corps of the 3rd Army during the Battle of the Bulge.

Shelby C. Trice
94 INFDP 94 SIG

[We hope Shelby sent this in. He forgot to sign the post card, so we looked in the memberships for someone on the 94th Signal Company who matched the postmark "Mobile, Alabama," and came up with Shelby.]

WHY SO LONG?

I was a combat engineer in the 145th Engineer Combat Battalion attached to the Third United States Army, and we were in the Bulge almost from the beginning to the end.

With regard to the letter of Robert Galgan, 113rd Gun Battalion, Battery C: I would like him to tell me **why** it took 60 years to have his say. (May, 2004, *Bulge Bugle*.)

Mind you, I don't disagree with some of his conclusions and in the light of our bungling in Iraq it solidifies my thinking as to the failures of the generals.

Cy Leighton
145 ENGR CMBT BN

[If you have further comments and wish us to send them to Cy, put them in a stamped envelope with his name on the front, and we will forward them to him.]

COMMENTS ON MAY 2004 EDITION

I was very pleased to read the article on pages 14 and 15 about the 10th Armored Division by Ray Moore and Jim Short. ...thought that including the map was a very good idea and timely as we are fast approaching the 60th anniversary of the BOB. Thank you for using it.

I joined the 10th in December of 1942, and was with them throughout all of their battle activities from Metz to Garmisch/Partenkirchen serving as a gunner, driver, tank commander, platoon sergeant and acting platoon leader. Received a Battlefield Commission, signed up for and served in the reserves for 31 years and retired as a colonel. I served in the Bastogne area for 30 days and was personally involved in preventing the German capture of Bastogne in the area south of Warden and around Marvie and in the offensive action northeast of Bastogne. I lost two tanks and one man in offensive action on January 3 and was back at the same spot ten days later with replacement tanks and men to rejoin offensive which was successful. We left Bastogne in the middle of January to go to France, get new equipment and replacements and join in the final offensive in Germany.

I was very unhappy to read the article on pages 24 and 25 written by Robert Galgan of the 113th Gun Battalion, Battery C. I was very disappointed and surprised that you would print the article with so much negative language and with such highly critical terminology.

I checked on the 113rd Gun Battalion in a very detailed publication by the Center of Military History, *United States Army European Theater of Operations, The Ardennes, Battle of the Bulge* by Hugh M. Cole. This publication lists and gives detailed information on all of the units involved in this action and the single reference for the 113th is on page 375. They refer to some major action that took place on 23 December at La Gleize along the north bank of the Ambleve where German troops under Peiper were driven into the cellars by incessant shelling which was made more effective by the now POZIT fuze which the 113th Field Artillery was using. The 113th was north of Bastogne where I spent all of my time and in an area where the 7th Armored and the 82nd Airborne were fighting.

I did not spend any time in the Hurtgen area and have no personal

(Continued on next page)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

knowledge of the fighting there and have not read much about the battles there.

I recognize that the fighting and battles in the Bastogne area were much more publicized than other locations probably because it was surrounded for several days the breakthrough by armored divisions got a lot of headlines. There were many, many tough battles all over the large initially successful penetration by the German Army.

It is my impression that Mr. Galgan is not basing his opinions and comments on any of his personal experiences, but rather on information that he has read in various books and publications. It is also interesting to note that his list of "Culprits" includes some of our better known and experienced generals. He did not include General Patton on his list.

In John Toland's book entitled *Battle: The Story of the Bulge* on page 33 and I am quoting a telephone conversation between General Bradley and General Patton when Bradley relayed Eisenhower's orders to Patton to send the 10th Armored Division to Luxembourg City, "The line crackled with Patton's...if the 10th was stolen from him, he might not be able to break through to the Saar and what did they want with another armored division anyway?" Bradley patiently explained the situation, "but God damn it." Patton said: "There's no major threat up there. That's just a goddam little spoiling attack. They want to throw us off balance down here. Make me stop my offensive." "I hate like hell to do it, George, but I'm taking that division. Troy Middleton must have help."

Another small book entitled *Bastogne the Road Block*, by Peter Elsob, states on page 36. "The 10th Armored Division had been taken away from General Patton despite his howls of protest that the German attacks against VIII Corps were not a major threat. "Hell, it's probably nothing more than a spoiling attack to throw us off balance down here and make third Army call off its offensive."

It would appear from the above that Patton did not at that time recognize the major threat either.

There are certainly many unknowns when looking this far back in history. We have no way of knowing what would have happened if Hitler had kept all of his manpower and equipment to defend heavily fortified positions and the many rivers on the road to Berlin. The Allied casualties could well have been much greater than what we suffered in the Hurtgen and the Ardennes.

Some time ago I ordered a large certificate from VBOB with information about my participation and around the outside of the 10"x17" certificate are the insignia of all the major units which took part in this greatest battle ever fought by the United States Army, which included:

- 1 Army Group (two or more armies)
- 3 Armies, First, Third, First Allied Airborne Army
- 6 Corps (two or more divisions)
- 10 Infantry Divisions
- 3 Airborne Divisions
- 10 Armored Divisions

Stan Davis

10 ARMDD 21 TK BN K

WRITE YOUR CONGRESSMAN...

Erwin Rubin, 45th Infantry Division, writes to ask your cooperation in changing the Army Regulations on Awards. As the regulations are now written, "All Army personnel who complete a four month MOS course, after 10 April 1981, are awarded the Army Service Ribbon. If you served overseas after that date, where no other award is authorized, you are awarded the Overseas Service Ribbon."

Elimination of 1981 would entitle all who served prior to that date to be eligible. This could mean a lot to thousands of veterans and especially to the families of personnel who died of war related actions.

So, if you agree, write your Senator and Congressman requesting the removal of the 1981 date from the regulations. ■

MEMBERS SPEAK OUT

Gene Boisseau writes to see if you can provide information regarding his father's unit. His father **ARMAND BOISSEAU** served with the **941ST FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, HEADQUARTERS AND HEADQUARTERS BATTERY, or 172ND FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, D BATTERY**. If you have information or can tell Gene where to find it, write to him at: 1320 Naval Avenue, Bremerton, Washington 98337-1105.

Calvin B. Hiatt wants to know if you can recommend a good history book of the Battle of the Bulge and/or a written history of his father's unit--**281ST ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION**. Write to him at 1201 West Sears, Denison, Texas 72020.

Marie Stopfer would like to hear from anyone who may have known her father **KENNETH R. STOPFER, 28TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 110TH INFANTRY REGIMENT, 3RD BATTALION, HEADQUARTERS**. He was captured in Wiltz, Belgium, on December 20, 1944. He died in Stalag 12A on February 16, 1945. He is buried in Lorraine American Cemetery and Memorial in St. Avold, France. If you can provide any information, she would be most grateful. Write to her at: 7 Stanley Road, West Orange, New Jersey 07052-3618.

JAMES W. McMACKIN, 7TH ARMORED DIVISION, 77TH ARMORED BATTALION, COMPANY B, would like to hear from anyone who served with him. Address: 6706 Ralston Beach Circle, Tampa, Florida 33614-4208.



16 December 1944 - The day of the German attack. U.S. troops being issued hand grenades near Wiles, Luxembourg, (Courtesy of Robert F. Kirk)

SOMEONE OUT THERE CAN'T GIVE YOU THE TIME OF DAY

As mentioned in the last issue, a ladies watch was turned in at the Reunion Registration Desk. No one has claimed it. Maybe they didn't notice the article. In any event, we still have it. We'll give it back if you send us a description. ■

PICNIC ANYONE?

Looks to us like the members of the Genesee Valley Chapter had a good time.



This picture of the Genesee Valley group was sent in by **THOMAS W. HOPE, XIX CORPS, HEADQUARTERS.**

Tom wants to know if members in the Minneapolis/St. Paul area of Minnesota would be interested in forming a chapter. If you would, contact him at: 58 Carverdale Drive, Rochester, New York 14618-4004. He'll help you get started and so will we.

[Tom asks what program we use to do the newsletter. Well, I'm embarrassed to say that it's WordPerfect 5.1. While we have all the new programs, time hasn't permitted us to transfer all the micros, etc., over to one of them. I keep telling myself that time is the culprit, but maybe it's stubbornness.] ■

...PROUD TO HAVE SERVED

JAMES O. McKINLEY, 35TH INFANTRY DIVISION,, 320TH INFANTRY REGIMENT, COMPANY H, proudly displays proof of his Bulge participation on his pick-up's front bumper. James had the tag made at a local mall.



N O S W E A T



"Hey, Gravygrease, I had a pot of dirty laundry boiling on the stove—have you seen it?"

You Should go to Russia...

I was invited to speak on a Chicago TV program... At the last minute a retired brigadier general turned up to participate in the discussion. For ten minutes, he talked in a calm, cool, nice way about nuclear war and the possibility of the world being blown up.... As the arc lights were turned off at the end, he turned to me and aggressively said, "You should go to Russia." I thought for several seconds and decided to let him see the true fear in my soul, and I said to him, "I f. .king want my kids to grow up." Well, he could talk about nuclear war with absolutely no emotion, the deaths of hundreds of millions of human beings, but when a lady said "f. .k" to him, he was undone. He went wild and almost physically attacked me. The producer came running out to separate us, and there was nearly a brawl on the floor of the TV studio.

Helen Caldicott, *Missile Envy* (1984)

COMIN' UP!!!

December 10-20, 2004
60TH ANNIVERSARY
COMMEMORATION
Belgium
Luxembourg

January 25-30, 2005
60TH ANNIVERSARY
REENACTMENT
FT. INDIANTOWN GAP, PA

Sept. 28 TO Oct. 1 2005
ANNUAL REUNION
HOLIDAY INN
PITTSBURGH AIRPORT

A CHRISTMAS MOMENT OF 1944 REMEMBERED

Alfred A. Alvarez
1st Infantry Division
16th Infantry Regiment
Company C

All my little cherubs bounced around my lap--"Grandpop," "Grandpop," tell us a Christmas story, "OK," "OK"? Non-plussed, I looked out the slightly frosted, North Carolina window of our warmly comfortable, family home. Was there to be an early unforecasted snow sprinkling? Would we get that never happening "snowy Christmas" this year? "hmm!" "hmm!"

"Well kids, it was a long time ago during that terrible war of my youth--when peace toward men was denied to the entire world!" (Could it be over 50 years ago?)

But to the children, I said: Once upon a time (with my thoughts actually on a Christmas period, that year of 1944!)...where n snowy Belgium, the cruel and relentless foe, had surged forth and blown us completely aside! Yeah! It was over 50 years ago! During that dark December, when, as a newly-minted corporal, in the back wash of this over-run battlefield, I acquired some strange traveling companions! Out of a shell-splintered forest emerged, Magnes, a New Jersey young, Jewish soldier, equally lost from his unit. Upon entering a destroyed village we found Trios, a black soldier, who had recently arrived replacement to the front.

Seeing that they both looked to me and my two stripes for guidance I said "let's head North," by following that North Star! So off we trudged on a wagon track in knee-deep snow, stumbling in the eerie winter darkness. We floundered along stepping in each other's foot-steps hoping desperately we were headed toward some friendly folks. We needed shelter, our shoes and pants and field jackets plus our steel helmets were not much good against this ungodly cold. The war may have passed us by, but this severe weather was still working against us!

Magnes, in the front suddenly whispered, "I think I see a light!" "Where?" we asked. He responded, "There to the right." A little, blinking, beacon in the falling snow. Taking heart we cautiously, stumbled over towards it. In the continuing snow we bumped into a wire fence, showing some habitation. There it was, a small farmhouse, covered now with snow, but still a haven out of this fierce cold and constant wind-blown snow! We quietly and carefully checked around and it seemed vacant so we finally opened the rustic door and entered. There was no one in it. Looking around, we noticed cut wood and a fireplace. Thank goodness for our boy scout training, and we scratched up a small fire! Huddling around a small blaze, we slowly worked some life in our nearly frozen limbs and now considered food! Suddenly, while staring at the fire and taking stock of our rations, we all became conscious of a squeak, then we gazed in unison as the trap door in the floor started rising! We tensed, expecting an enemy and what a relief and total surprise to see a nun! A sister, complete in her churchly habit, peeking at us, then defiantly staring at us, as she emerged from below.

Initially, she may have been frightened by what appeared to her as three apparitions, enhanced by cellar lighting, illuminating us like demons! The three of us, dirty, disheveled, hood covered helmets, our clothing blackened with campfire smoke and now

wet from the melted snow, we certainly must have looked like demons from Lucifer's closet!

Then as more cellar light played on us, she saw our helplessness on our dirty, young faces. She focused her gaze at me since the light must have reflected off my crucifix I wore on my helmet band. Her first words were directed to me: Christian? Nervously, respectfully and immediately, I replied: Yes, Sister. My training at parochial school elicited the instantaneous truth. At altar-boy training, a sister with her fierce eye brooked only the truth! Her nervousness of any seemed to ebb as she looked at the others for their confirmation.

Even my Jewish friend asserted: We're all Christians, Sister. No longer were we ferocious warriors, just three lost teenagers under the relentless confidant yet questioning gaze of a domineering Sister of the Benedictine order!

Magnes, my Jewish companion, tried in halting Jersey Yiddish and actually said: We are three lost Americanish soldaten! Now fully in control she smiled, assumed a school-marmish manner and asked us if we could help her. No! Really, she told us we would help her! Beckoning us downstairs, we followed somewhat meekly and clumped down the cellar ladder. The room below must have been some kind of an animal shelter with shelves on the walls, as well as the floor, laden with straw, hay and an abundant nitrogen smell!

In the meager light of a lantern we could make out cows, sheep, pigs, dogs, all mooing, bleating and barking at our invasion! As the light penetrated to the far reaches of the cellar, it reflected on the eyes of a group of small children. Moving the lantern about, we uncovered a number of coal-smudged children. Literally "angels with dirty faces" cowering in fear around a young mother and her newborn baby.

Everyone, but our nun, was nervous in this awkward situation so everyone started to talk at once. Through halting translations, on both our parts, came out their story. Hiding from the war they had sheltered here in the dry, warm cellar but hadn't eaten in sometime. So, we three Americans checked our pockets and I came up with an orange. After peeling it, I cut it up in little pieces with my bayonet. The children looked on with their soot-blackened seraphim-like faces around the smoking pressed-coke fire. Squealing with delight as the orange juice dripped from their lips. Now they wanted to eat the orange skins. Sister Rose Marie explained that most of the children have never seen, let alone tasted an orange, since the war! So now they nibbled and ate the orange skins and expressed their enjoyment with universal "oohs" and "aahs." Now, Sister Rose Marie, quietly and fairly stopped the children from yelling and grabbing when Magnes opened a Hershey chocolate bar! He wanted to break it in many little sweet portions for all. No, said sister, we will wait till later. Not to be outdone, Trios lately arrived from the States, distributed some of his loose change, mostly copper pennies to their unceasingly, delightful amazement! Surely, St. Nicholas' elves were among them.

Sister Rose Marie, now completely in charge, had us stoke up the fire, gather more wood, arrange more beds, cover the windows to keep out the cold and also any possible enemy. Once again I got the thought that nuns are trained by demanding sergeants!

Now we got ready for bed. But first, the children would have a winter washing and feast! We heated snow in some buckets and poured the resulted hot water in our mess gear. With this, we washed many grimy

(Continued)

A CHRISTMAS MOMENT OF 1944 REMEMBERED *(Continued from Page 7)*

faces and hands, listened to their giggling, as we cleaned our own. Now her instructions to her brood of children were not strange and were easily understood by us adults. Get in your beds and go to sleep. There's nothing to worry about, the Americans are here. Chimed in "now for a snack."

Sister Rose Marie while berating us for destroying the village, now laughed at us, three city boys amateurishly attempting to milk a non-receptive cow! All our efforts brought amusing glances from our farm-knowledgeable audience. She then rolled up her sleeves and proceeded expertly and quickly to show us how to milk. With grandiose gestures of one who knows her craft she filled up our steel helmets with the steamy warm milk. We at least assisted in mixing it with shavings from our chocolate ration bars and in no time produced a foamy hot cocoa and served it in our canteen cups.

The frightened mother with her new born child eagerly sipped her warm cocoa and looked at us with adoring eyes. Someone arranged a bottle of cow's milk for the baby but we were too embarrassed to look or find out how she fed her baby. Suddenly and slowly we, the American soldiers and these German ladies and children, exchanged more looks and you could see that we were experiencing a wonderful moment. Here, were all the children, clean, all snug in their blankets of hay and straw, slipping hot cocoa and clutching their pennies, just wonderfully happy and safe. To top this moment, Sister now led them in singing thanking us for their beautiful evening. We listened to their Christmas carols in German. It was both warm and amazing to realize that "Silent Night" with a German set of words and accents was the same as we had heard in the States.

As we accompanied them in English we were transported back to our home towns. Snowy Belgium was like snowy Chelsea, Massachusetts, and Christmas "here" was Christmas "there," it was the same all over the world.

Eventually, all were asleep. We assured Sister by arranging our guard shifts among the three of us and the night ground down slowly. Finally, the errant sun broke out of the clouds. The new day commenced with a promise. The bombardment had quieted down and much of the shooting had ceased. It was obviously the time to leave, so we said our many sad good-byes.

We three wise men quietly marched away from that snowy farm house near Bastogne, Belgium. Our trek through the deep snow brought us back to the safety of our lines.

"Grandpop, who was the lady with the baby?" "Were the children in the hayloft maybe really angels?" "Were you three soldiers following the North Star really the three Wise Men?" "Was this a Christmas Story?"

Like grandfathers all over the land, I mused, smiled, wondered, cleared my throat, stroked their hair, then finally admitted I didn't know. Then rethinking it, I reflected "old soldiers remember ancient battles but because of the sliding of years, the moments of terror fade and what remains is the fond recollections of intensified life of moments so electric, so bursting, that everything after seems of minor consequences."

So I answered their question: Maybe the Christmas story isn't about the place and possibility not the time. It is really about that special spirit of the simple goodness, of we gentle folk, during our moments of wonder. Just giving of ourselves out of love. ■

A LIGHTER BIT OF ACTIVITY IN THE BULGE (or "4 Nights in a Bar Room")

Al Daunoras
80th Infantry Division
305th Engineer Combat Battalion

[The following article appeared in a 2003 issue of the Central Indiana Chapter newsletter.]

After General Patton told General Eisenhower his troops would be "on the way," one battalion, the 2nd of the 318th Infantry Regiment, 80th Infantry Division, was sent as the advance party for the division. The 305th Engineer Battalion was customarily attached to the division for engineering duties--one squad per battalion.

My squad, the 2nd of the 1st Platoon, was with the early arrivals. Having ridden about 100 miles at night, to get near Bastogne, to a little hamlet as our destination. Of course, a squad is one of the last to know who was who and where was where. (I found out 40 years later, it was the Village of Assenois, about one mile south of Bastogne.)

We threw our excess gear into an occupied building, which happened to be the "local tavern," then drove out to some cross roads and were told to guard that intersection, as the Germans were most everywhere and the situation was very fluid--to say the least! We were on guard all day and gun fire could be heard in the distance, but nothing near our location.

When it got dark, we were relieved by another group of GI's who stayed all night. We went back to our "tavern" for a meal of "K" rations and the rest. The tavern owner, his wife, and an old, old grandmother lived there. I remember his mother had to sleep sitting up in a big rocking chair as she had some kind of ailment and could not lay down. Pop, the tavern owner, gave each of us one big glass of beer after we ate. Then we bedded down in our sleeping bags, on the floor.

This was our routine for the next four days. Guarding the crossroads by day; sleeping in the tavern at night and having one glass of beer. Of course we had our regular two-man, two-hour shift of guard each night. We were never called on for any engineering duties: mine clearance, booby traps, roadwork or whatever. The situation was chaotic and there was movement of troops everywhere.

I have a vivid memory of one light-hearted incident. There was a huge wooden barrel, about eight feet tall in the middle of the square; the infantry, tanks, and trucks were everywhere. Someone shot a hole in the barrel to see what was inside. A spurt of one-half fermented cider or wine, shot out of the hole and soon there was a line of GI's waiting to get a canteen full. I tasted the stuff and didn't like it--too sour. A field kitchen was set up nearby and soon a chow line was formed and the cooks began serving chow to anyone in the area.

The "drinking line" was moved to the "chow line" around supper time. Later, the "drinking line" was resumed, but the hole had drained the barrel down to the hole--no one had plugged it up when chow was being served.

Someone just another hole, lower down, in the barrel. So we had a new drinking line--the GI's had to kneel down now to get their drink.

I have often wondered if any of the 4th Armored or the 10th Armored were there or remembered? ■

REMEMBER OUR FALLEN COMRADES--EVERY DAY

Submitted by John F. Magill
17th Airborne Division
466th Parachute Field Artillery Battalion
Headquarters

The initial psychological adjustment to front-line combat duty was a ponderous thing. Such an adjustment demanded more than mere training and "esprit de corps." It drew on every bit of reserve and stability that a man possessed. The first twenty-four hours were the critical ones.

First came the unique stench of war. I couldn't describe it, except that it included the smell of burned-out buildings and bodies. Then came the sight of dead horses and cattle, grotesque in their rigid state; next came the sprawled, inert forms of the German dead--still somehow somewhat impersonal. Finally, moving ever closer to the shell fire, I encountered the first American dead. The impact of the olive-drab garbed soldiers struck home. I couldn't seem to avoid the open, unseeing eyes of the young American boys who had not been picked up by the burial detail yet. This was not death as I had remembered it where the dead were respected. This was the raw, devastating, by-product of war, with no reverence and no respect.

I lost my radio operator and an F.O. officer (within the first twenty-four hours) to the psychological trauma and their inability to cope. What trouble me more than a little was the realization that both of these men seemed to be towers of strength while in training.

For me, it wasn't the coveted wings or shining boots that served as a mainstay; it seemed more a combination of things, some conscious and sub subconscious. The conscious aspect told me the horrible task ahead was necessary; it told me the world, Marge, Dad, and Mom were not safe with Nazi ideology; it told me that exhibited fear is contagious, that I owed it to my buddies not to show this gnawing feeling in the pit of my stomach. The subconscious aspect seemed to be a supporting, bolstering thing. For want of a better way to describe it, I sensed it as things like believe and faith.

As we honor our fallen comrades, let us highly resolve that we will always love and serve our country but that we will always seek alternatives (all alternatives) before we send **our bravest and our finest** into deadly, insane combat. **Going to war must become our last resort.** Keeping the peace must be a mission of the world not a single nation. **Honor the hundreds that have paid it all in Iraq and Afghanistan and the thousands who have been maimed in mind and body by resolving on this day that we will seek peace always, keeping war as a last resort.**

The above excerpt is from my late daughter's book, *A Soldier's Psalm*. The haunting statement below was issued by Otto von Bismarck in 1870.

"Anyone who has looked into the glazed eyes of a soldier dying on the battlefield will think hard before starting a war." ■

ARE YOUR DUES DUE?

INSIDE A TANK

By Oda C. "Chuck" Miller
3rd Armored Division
32nd Armored Regiment
E Company

My name is Oda C. "Chuck" Miller. I was a corporal Tank Gunner on an M-4 Sherman tank in E Company, 32nd Armored Regiment, of the 3rd Armored Division during WWII. My Tank Commander was Sgt. Bill Hey, Driver T-5 Roy Fahrni, Assistant Driver PFC Peter White and Loader Pvt. Homer Gordon.

Our unit was located in the small town of Bushbach, Germany, a suburb of Stolburg, preparing for future action in the Roer Valley when the German Army started its counter attack in the Ardennes Forest, better known as the Battle of the Bulge in Belgium. Units of the 3rd Armored Division were pulled back into Belgium to help counter the German offense.

One morning in early January 1945 we were in a small town named Sart, Belgium. We moved out in line formation over an open field toward the town of Grand Sart.

Our first bad experience was when we ran over a land mine. The explosion really rocked the tank and filled it with black smoke. We were lucky however and the only damage was a couple of flattened bogie wheels and the rubber tread blown off of a few track blocks.

We continued on and I was firing the 75mm gun at a German tank next to a barn. I had fired one round of armor piercing when all of a sudden we received a direct hit to the turret. The shell hit the cupolo ring and a flash of fire hit in my periscope. The shell blew the tank commander's hatch open, took part of his head off and then proceeded to blow off the anti-aircraft mount and gun. Bill Hey was killed instantly and he fell down on my back covering me with blood.

By the time I could get Bill off of my back the assistant driver had bailed out and the loader had crawled through the turret and out the assistant driver's hatch. All I could think about was getting out of the tank since when they hit you once they generally keep hitting you till the tank catches fire, instead of checking to see where the gun tube was located.

When I finally got Bill off of my back and crawled out of the turret, I rolled over the duffel bag rack expecting to land on the back of the tank but ended up falling all the way to the ground. (The deep snow cushioned my fall.) I had mistakenly left the gun slightly to the left over the driver's hatch. When I hit the ground, I crawled to the back of the tank since we were receiving machine gun fire.

When I got back to the tank, the driver started backing the tank since he could not get his hatch open because of the gun tube. I had left the controls in power traverse and as the tank backed up the gun traversed to the left and he was able to open the hatch and get out. We made our way to a small creek bed and to the Town of Sart. Everyone thought I had been hit since I was covered with my tank commander's blood.

The next day Graves Registration people removed Bill Hey's body and we took the tank back to battalion maintenance for repairs. We then removed the good shells and clean the inside of the turret. Bill's brains were on my seat and blood covered everything including the radio. It was a very gruesome job. ■

GERMAN OFFICER VINDICATES 106TH RECONNAISSANCE TROOP

Louis E. Cunningham
106th Infantry Division
106th Reconnaissance Troop

The U.S. Army's official position is that the reconnaissance troop defending Grosslangenfeld collapsed under the first German onslaught. The fact is the troopers fought bitterly for two days and were overrun only when, out of ammunition, they attempted to escape to St. Vith.

There is now on the internet an account of this battle recounted by a Lt. Gerhard Wurm, who commanded a platoon of the 3rd Company, 164th Regiment, 62 Volksgrenadiers, who spearheaded the attack on Grosslangenfeld. In this account Lt. Wurm describes the murderous defense put up by the reconnaissance troop. In his words:

"Just after moving through Habscheid we received heavy fire for the first time and the battalion got ever more spread out and had difficulty achieving the targets for the first day. Since we received heavy fire from the north by Grosslangenfeld, a reinforced company received orders to support the regiment, which was already fighting there.

"Along the road from Eigelscheid we pushed in a northerly direction toward Grosslangenfeld and received such heavy fire from 37 mm cannon, mortars, and light and heavy infantry weapons that we withdrew into the forest on the right river bed to the left. At the same time the Americans are under attack from west by parts of the Regiment 190, which stood on the tree covered Hill 508. A courier from the neighboring company sent orders to coordinate the next attack which now should start at the same time in order to deny the Americans the possibility of a concentrated defense of their positions and force them to surrender. Our company should start the attack and five minutes later the other company should attack from Hill 508 and push into the village.

"However, the attack does not go as planned. The resistance is much stronger than we had expected and coordinated very well tactically. The defenders of the town seem to be everywhere and defend against one wave after another. We take heavy losses and there are rumors that our two companies are facing an entire battalion. Until the late evening it is not possible to penetrate the town and the fight goes relentless on until 10 o'clock, when an American armored car was hit by a Panzerfaust and begins to burn. And then "peace" falls over the village, but I do not want to leave my foxhole because every movement draws direct fire and so I hope3d for break in the fire, since I would like to take a look at the rest of my platoon. I creep up and down our positions and see a high number of wounded and dead in their foxholes. From my platoon is not much left, only some eight men were still fit for action and most of their ammunition had been used up. Under these circumstances we await the next morning in icy cold weather.

"Just even with the dawn the attacks resumed. The battle

now took on a gruesome form, as now we could see the bodies of our comrades who were killed the day before and during the night, which were strangely frozen, preserved in their death throes, their blood turning the surrounding snow pink. A few looked like they were only sleeping, but among others, one recognized the hideousness of death immediately."

The lieutenant was wounded in this third attack and his account of the battle stops at this point. But in the concluding paragraph of this account, he says:

"The Ardennenoffensive did not bring the hoped for success. Apart from me, I have only met one surviving member of the company, Josef Graf, who was captured around noon of December 17th. In conversation with other comrades of the division, I learned years after the war, that our company was up to 90% destroyed and was sent to break the toughest resistance and faced the hardest fighting in the battalion's area. The defenders of the town were out numbered and already shattered by our artillery fire. Nevertheless, they fought bitterly and held out heating back the attack of two full companies. To these American soldiers I can only pay my fullest respect."

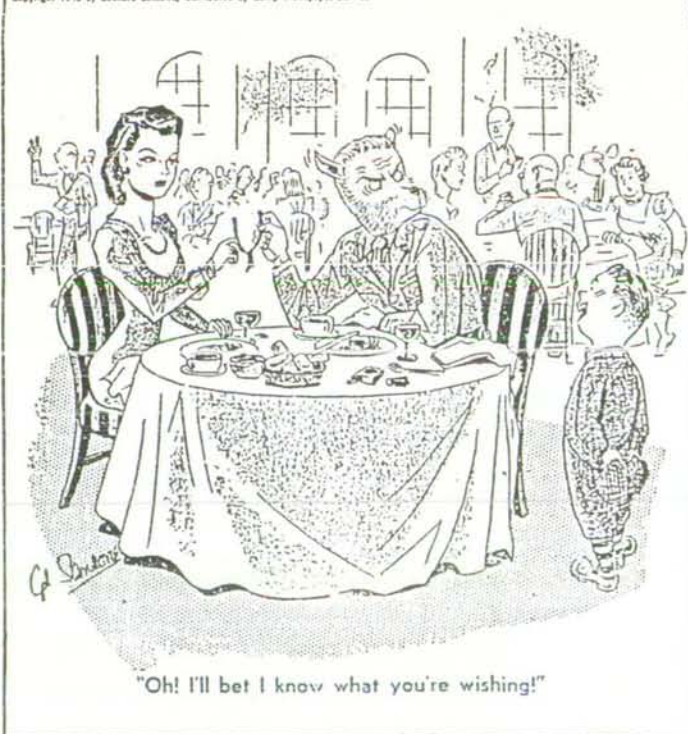
Editor's notes: (1) The website containing Lt. Wurm's account plus pictures and a battle map is: www.62VGD.com/wurm.htm and (2) the armored car referred to was actually the halftrack containing the recon troop's store of ammunition.■

THE TALE SPINNER

The Wolf

by Sansone

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"Oh! I'll bet I know what you're wishing!"

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IS THIS ORGANIZATION WORTH YOUR SUPPORT ?



OPEN LETTER TO ALL CHAPTERS

At the last Executive Council meeting, held at Fort Meade, Maryland, there was much discussion about mandatory membership at the chapter level as required by the Bylaws. Although no proposal was formally adopted, every chapter should make every effort to support the national organization.

I must share some stark statistics. There are four million World War II veterans alive in the USA and we are dying at the rate of 1,500 a day! All the chapters have had losses...national lost approximately 500 members since the start of this year.

We must keep the spirit alive and our national organization is our voice in accomplishing this. Therefore, I would suggest that you contact the national office and request extra copies of *The Bulge Bugle*. Display the newsletter at your next meeting and urge your members to complete the application form on the back if they are not members (or if their dues have expired) and mail it in.

National has built many memorials throughout the United States, donated \$10,000 to the World War II Memorial and is in the process of designing and building a new monument to be placed in Arlington Cemetery. These projects are expensive and deserve our financial support. **These are your legacy!**

If your chapter is planning anything special for our 60th Anniversary, please let me know. I will be preparing an article about chapter activities.

With warm regards,

George Fisher
VP for Chapter Development

...apparently not everyone thinks so...

We recently determined this when we asked the chapters to provide a list of their members so that we could put chapter codes on the members' information to provide the chapters with a list of their members.

Quite a few of the chapters had more non-national members than they had members who did belong to the national. As you can imagine, this will surely lead to the demise of the organization. Maybe this isn't important to some but your support leads us to believe that the work of the national is important to seeing that the sacrifices made in the Bulge are never forgotten.

So, maybe you can help.... If you belong to a chapter...ask the fellow setting next to you if he belongs to national. If he says "no," tell him what it means to you. You may be able to convince him that his support is needed to continue the organization.

Thanks for your help.

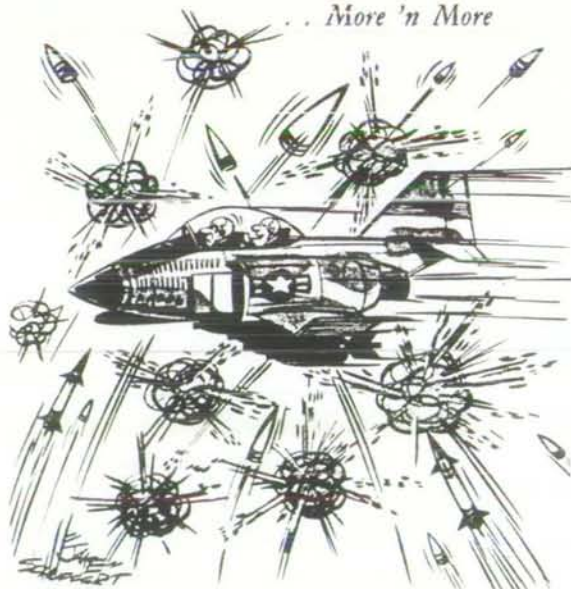
WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA TO UNVEIL BRICK WALKWAY

The Western Pennsylvania Chapter unveiled a Memorial Brick Walkway September 4, 2004, at the Pennsylvania Army National National Armory on Donahue Road in Hempfield Township, Greensburg, Pennsylvania.

If you would be interested in buying an inscribed brick (\$50.00) to honor a veteran living or deceased, please call Harvey Waugaman at 724-834-4474.

N O S W E A T

More 'n More



"Hey, Elrod—here's that \$20.00 I owe you!"

"THE RIDE" WAS OVER 350 MILES, BUT WHO KNOWS THE TRUTH?

Mitchell Kaidy
87th Infantry Division
345th Infantry Regiment
Company D

[Mitchell Kaidy is a triple prize-winning journalist, from Rochester, New York, who served in the 87th Infantry Division from March, 1944, to the division's demobilization after the European war.]

When in the movie *Patton*, a fictional General George Patton exclaims, "No rest, no sleep" for his Army after a "move of 100 miles," then adds, "we're going to fight in the morning and the afternoon," he lifts the lid on the real episode that for over half a century had lain submerged.

The episode involved two of Patton's then-experienced divisions which were forced to truck their troops huge distances at breakneck speed to enter the raging Battle of the Bulge at a time of severe anxiety and pressure over the German penetration of American lines and the envelopment of the City of Bastogne.

The divisions involved were the 87th Infantry and the 11 Armored. Totalling over 28,000 soldiers with attached units, they were thrown into battle virtually without patrolling, after the Germans delivered a momentous surrender demand of the 101st Airborne Division in Bastogne.

The real Patton knew that those two divisions didn't travel a mere 100 miles. Nor did they, as some histories claim, move 50 miles. For the 87th Division the curving journey on backroads from Germany's Saar Valley totaled over 350 bone-chilling miles in open trucks, during which a section of the convoy was bombed and strafed, causing casualties.

The experience is documented in the 87th Division history recorded in 1945: "On December 23, orders were issued...to break contact with the enemy in the Saar region, turn its section over to another division and get going to Belgium in a hurry. Brigadier General John L. McKee, assistant division commander, took charge of the movement...in three stages to Dieuze, to a forest near Reims (both France), to the vicinity of Seviscourt and Bertrix (Belgium), a total of over 350 miles, (which) was accomplished with the loss of only five days' fighting for the division."

In the case of the 11 Armored and attached units it was approximately the same distance and conditions. After crossing the English Channel, landing at the French port of Cherbourg, and hurriedly setting up a defensive line at Reims, the 11th faced the additional challenge of attacking without being fully-equipped with tanks and artillery.

Having been part of the 87th Division forced motor-march, I can say that for those who traveled from the Saar Valley to the outskirts of Reims, then into the Ardennes Forest of Belgium, the experience can never be forgotten. Nor, at least while they survive, will it be.

How can any participant forget the endless rows of helmeted and sardine-packed GI's on wooden benches clutching rifles in

a 2-1/2-ton and 3/4-ton trucks and jeeps, all the vehicles shorn in tarps in case the enemy, then in full-throated pursuit of its huge counteroffensive, penetrated toward France? How can any survivor forget the days of near-zero windchill, the sting of flying sleet, and the cold rations for breakfast, lunch and dinner? How can anyone forget that those convoys were so pressured some men were forced to make ablutions from moving trucks--and some didn't make ablutions at all for insufferable periods? And for the 346th Regiment of the 87th Division, which sustained casualties when its column was bombed and strafed? Shouldn't all that be unalterably embedded in history?

Of all the error-laden accounts about that period, the most puzzling was delivered a few years ago by the prize-winning historian Doris Kearns Goodwin. Here is what she wrote about the Battle of the Bulge in her history of the Roosevelt era, *No Ordinary Time*: By Christmas the worst was over...General George Patton, the Third Army commander, was able to move his entire army the 50 miles from the Saar River to Bastogne...." (She was wrong on two critical matters, as well as on her implication that the Third Army alone defeated the Germans.)

In error also is the unusually reliable Martin Blumenson's biography of George Patton. Although it doesn't fall into Goodwin's error about the "worst being over" by Christmas, by focusing his account exclusively on the III Corps attacks, he loses sight of the newly-reinforced VIII Corps, including the 87th and 11th Armored, and later, the 17th Airborne Division. So he too overlooks those critical attacks, which drew from George S. Patton some of his strongest and most eloquent commendations.

All reliable histories agree that during the Bulge Patton was forced to speedily reshuffle parts of his Army. But the man who above all should know, SHAEF Commander General Dwight Eisenhower, refutes the ludicrous notion about the "worst being over" on Christmas. In his classic account, *Crusade in Europe*, he writes the opposite: On the 26th Patton at last succeeded in getting a small column into Bastogne, but he did so by a narrow neck...that gave us only precarious connection with the beleaguered (101st Airborne) garrison. It was after that date that the really hard fighting developed around Bastogne...."

And the official Ardennes historian, Robert Merriam, further shatters Goodwin's delusion about the significance of Christmas by observing: By the first of the year nine German divisions were closeted around Bastogne, closing in for the kill."

There. On two crucial facts, celebrated historian Doris Kearns Goodwin is blown away. In fact, the worst started, not ended, on Christmas Eve when Adolph Hitler grew increasingly alarmed over his Armies' failure to capture the Bastogne highways and rail terminal in order to funnel supplies to his troops.

After hot-footing it for those 350 miles, the two inexperienced American divisions leapt off their trucks and into their tanks and, with little patrolling, counterattacked the German attempt, nearly successful, to surround Bastogne. The two-division attack is authentically framed by official Army historian Merriam in his book *The Battle of the Bulge*: Their progress was tediously slow. Their casualties exorbitantly high; all of them new to combat, they had to fight in the severest cold, on icy roads over which tank movements were almost impossible. These new troops had been moved over long distances, and then immediately committed to action with little time for reconnaissance.

(Continued)

And then Merriam's most salient observation, resonant even today: But had the attack been delayed long enough for adequate reconnaissance, it is probable the Germans would have launched another attack and surrounded Bastogne.

These blood-strewn events took place from December 28-31, 1944. On January 1, 1945, Patton was able to stand before the press and declare: We hit the son of a bitch...with the results that he is damn well stopped and going back...to me it is a never-ending marvel what our soldiers can do...it is a very marvelous feat: I know of no equal to it in military history.

"No equal in military history?" In 23 histories I've read about the Bulge, I have found only one account about this singular episode, and of the distances plus conditions the two divisions faced. And, except for Patton's account in *War As I Knew It*, and VIII Corps Commander Troy Middleton's biography, there's little recognition of the unique "meeting engagement" that caused the "exorbitant casualties" cited by Merriam. A meeting engagement is the extremely-rare clash of two armies in simultaneous attacks.

Why the glaring omissions? Down through the decades, content to copy from one another, even our most reliable historians (like Brumenson) failed to access original sources such as division histories and after-action reports written the year of the battles, so they imply the 87th/11th Armored attacks either didn't exist or travelled 50-100 miles instead of 350 miles to start their assaults; denigrating the two division's (later three) decisive and blood-stained feat in liberating Bastogne.

A virtually-on-the-scene record written by the participants is immeasurably more reliable than derivative accounts in which one historian copies from another--or relies on sometimes erroneous and unenlightening high-echelon records. About the 350-miler roadmarch/meeting engagement, a first-hand record, reflecting subjective as well as objective observations by the participants, has been available for over half a century!

I do not have before me the written account of the 11th Armored Division's 350-mile odyssey, but I have received oral accounts from some of those who made the arduous journey, then teamed with the infantry to prevent Nazi Troops not only from surrounding Bastogne, but from capturing the city. For this recounting of the 87th Division role, I rely on my own memory backed by detailed contemporary accounts recorded a few months after the battle by the three regiments of my infantry division.

Unlike *No Ordinary Time* and the Blumenson biography of Patton, the movie *Patton* makes no pretense of being historically accurate; it is largely entertaining and theatrical. However indirectly and inadequately though, the movies does call attention to the exhausting forced march/attack. But the most evocative and accurate source remains the record written by the GI's themselves, a source which has been available since its publication the year the events took place, and fully deserves to be quoted and accepted among the never-to-be-forgotten episodes of World War II. ■

**Can you find a new member?
We need your help to ensure
the organization's survival.**

LOST

This picture was taken in Spa, Belgium some days before the Battle of the Bulge. It shows (third from right) Captain Theodore Ferrant (unit unknown) with a Belgian family. First from the right is Monique Delcourt who remembers very well Capt. Ferrant. He was billeted in Saint-Hubert, Belgium but he used to drive unto Spa with his driver (name unknown) probably for some meetings with 1st Army Headquarters. He happened to know this family and after war he exchanged letters with those Belgian civilians during more than 10 years. However, when the mother of the family passed away, the children were not able to locate any new address for Capt. Ferrant. They tried to write to his old address (which was: 21 Roaring Brook Chappaqua, NY 10514) but the letter came back with the notice "moved."

Monique remembers a funny anecdote when Capt. Ferrant drove the whole way from Saint-Hubert until Spa with a live chicken in his jacket in order to give real fresh food to the family. The family put the chicken in a lot but they became so attached to the chicken that they never could kill it for eating.

Monique Delcourt is now living in Bastogne, Belgium (17 rue Bois d'Hazy B-6600 Bastogne, Belgium - Phone +32.61.21.28.76) and she would like to locate Capt. Ferrant, again. She recently requested the assistance of our Associate member, Roger Marquet, to try to locate him.

If you can help, please write either to Monique or to Roger Marquet at Chenogne, 1d B-6640 Sibret, Belgium who's e-mail is hb051701@belgium.net.

The good news: The new computerized voting terminals in Boone County, Indiana, automatically counted all 144,000 votes in last year's election.

The bad news: Boone County has only 19,000 registered voters.

-- from *Readers' Digest*

BULGE ATROCITIES

The Malmedy Massacre and the murder of innocent Belgian civilians

[The following article appeared in the Spring, 2004, issue of 30th Division News. The official publication of the 30th Infantry Division Association.]

A couple of years ago, Robert Warnick, who served in the 120th, met Christian W. deMarcken at a New England Chapter meeting. Robert received copies of official documents which form the basis for his account that follows. Terrorism is not just the "peacetime" activity that our forces are combating today. Hooliganism occurs ruthlessly in wartime as many of us learned by seeing the results as Warnick. Although ultimately responsible as commander of the Panzer unit that contained those who committed the barbarous acts described below, the German commander, Lt. Col. Peiper survived the Nuremberg trials. He was eventually burned to death when the fancy estate that he acquired in France was torched.

Robert Warnick writes as follows: Note: We are indebted to Mr. Christian W. deMarcken of Paxton, Massachusetts, for securing a copy of the official Belgian Government War Crimes Report issued in 1945 which documents the murders of 130 Belgian civilians in the La Gleize-Trois Ponts-Wanne-Stavelot pocket during the week of December 18, 1944. Sworn affidavits and testimony of German soldiers who participated in these atrocities, of Belgian civilians who witnessed them and of their American officer interrogators form the basis of the report.

Mr. deMarcken is an American citizen who was a young boy living in Belgium during WWII. He has devoted much of his time in the years since then to researching the actions of American troops who liberated Belgium--especially the 30th Division--and working to ensure that this information is properly maintained in museums throughout the country so that these records will not be lost to future generations.

I was a lieutenant in the 120th Infantry. During the initial German assault on the Ardennes, December 16th and 17th, 1944, the German 1st SS Panzer Division and in particular the troops commanded by Lt. Col. Joachim Peiper, had lined up about 150 American prisoners in a field near Malmedy and had ruthlessly tried to execute all of them with machine gun fire. Eighty-four were killed and I saw the bodies of those dead GI's when the 120th Infantry moved into positions near Malmedy. Many of the others were wounded but managed to escape and report this mass murder.

Colonel Peiper and his depraved band of young fanatics (17 and 18 years old) continued their barbarous actions during the week of December 18th by systematically killing 60 men, 47 women and 23 young children. Not a single one of these victims had committed any act whatsoever that could possibly be construed as hostile towards the Germans. In fact, few of them were even aware that the Germans were close enough to them to cause concern.

On Tuesday, December 19th, about 20 people in Parfondruy had taken refuge in the cellar of Mr. Jules Herlet's farmhouse. That afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Herlet left the cellar to go to the stable to feed their animals. Just then about 100 Germans appeared. They were systematically machine-gunning all the

houses as they marched along the Stavelot-Coo road. Mrs. Herlet told the Germans that the people in her house were civilians and asked them not to fire on them. However, one of the Germans entered the house and deliberately fired his machine gun down the cellar stairs. This attack was followed by more unprovoked random killings. All in all six farms were set ablaze and 26 people from the town (population 104) were killed.

About the same time that afternoon most of the inhabitants of the Village of Ster (between Parfondruy and Coo) were seeking refuge in the cellar of a Mrs. Gaspar. A few of the men left the cellar to get some air but they were apprehended by the same group of Germans who had just been on a killing spree in Parfondruy. They forced all of the men whom they had not killed to march in front of them. The German column then turned towards Renardmont. Here they proceeded to pull Raymond Desonnay and his friend, Joseph Drouget, from Desonnay's home and assassinate them. Raymond's father, Camile Desonnay, was also taken and forced to join the group of prisoners in front of the column. Because of an old injury, Mr. Desonnay could not maintain the pace so the Germans took him into the kitchen of his home and shot him. He suffered severely from the wounds and his daughter begged the Germans to allow her to assist him. They simply laughed at her and refused to let her help her father. He finally died the following day.

While all of this was going on, the Germans arrested a 75-year-old widow and her daughter. They were then murdered behind their home. The Germans finally found what they were looking for at the Legrand farm--a laundry room that was big enough to hold the prisoners they had taken. After brutally beating the men with their rifle butts and forcing them to enter the room, two of these SOB's knelt down and proceeded to fire away into the room. Somehow eight people managed to escape. One of the Germans proceeded to shoot any of the wounded who were still moving. The result was the death of twelve men and one woman.

Mr. Marcel Legrand, the owner of the farm, saw the Germans killing the people in the laundry room and he hid in the attic of his house. That evening when he was sure the Germans had left, he went downstairs and found the bodies of his wife, his mother-in-law and his two children aged five and eight. The SS troops had tried to eliminate everyone who had witnessed their massacres.

Later that week, probably December 23rd or 24th, I participated in an attack against these same German troops--members of the 1st SS Panzer Grenadier "Adolf Hitler" Division reinforced with paratroopers. I was a member of Company G, 120th Infantry. We had hastily been attached to the 177th Infantry the night before the attack and I had no idea where we were when we moved up to our assembly area. (I know now that we were positioned on the Stavelot-LaGleize road somewhere west of Stavelot.) It was a bitterly cold night, and when we reached our designated area, we tried to get some rest in the vacant house nearby. Strewn across the living room floor of the house that I entered were the bodies of several civilians whom the Germans had slaughtered. One of them was a young infant.

The following morning Company G jumped off and attacked across an open field towards the railroad line and the Ambleve River. After some initial success, we were halted by very heavy German fire. Some of our men were wounded and we called for an ambulance. It arrived and was well-marked with the Red Cross on both sides and Red Cross flags displayed on the fenders. When the ambulance tried to enter the open field to pick up the wounded, the Germans destroyed it with direct tank fire from positions behind the railroad. We were unable to retrieve any of our wounded until after dark.

After all these years, I now realize that the German soldiers responsible for the brutal massacre of American prisoners at Malmedy and the innocent civilians near Stavelot were apprehended and held accountable as war criminals after the war by the Allied War Crimes Commission. ■

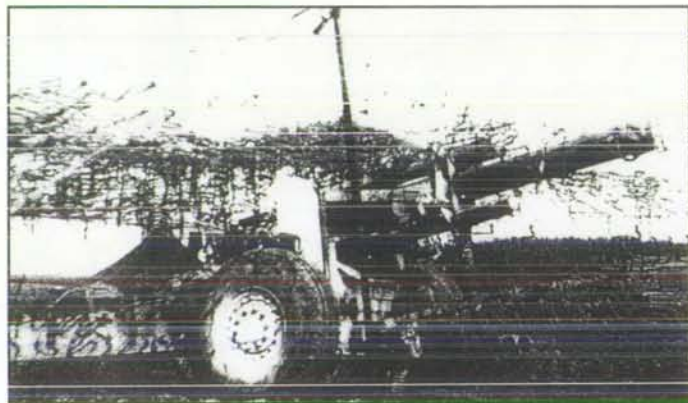
NO SWEAT



"Take your hat off in the mess hall, Sgt. Cheeseburger, haven't you any respect for the dead!"

IN SUPPORT OF MANY...

ED TURRELL, 81ST FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, sent us a notebook for the archives which contained a picture we are sure will bring back some memories for many of you.



155 Field Artillery Howitzer

Ed took the picture and developed it. His chapter uses the materials in the notebook for their presentations to schools, etc., in his New Jersey area. Ed is president of the Fort Monmouth Chapter. □



VBOB. Inc. is non-partisan. It encourages candidates of all political persuasions and incumbents to support legislation important to: National Defense and to Active, Reserve, National Guard, retired members of the uniform services, other veterans, their families, and survivors.

NUTS!

OF McAULIFFE AND HIS PARATROOPERS



(This is a translation of the poem shown on the opposite page.)

Followed by his bands of killers.
The Boche has returned to the heart of the Ardennes.
Villages are aflame. The snow of the plains
Is stained by the sinister glimmer of burning towns.

His face is contorted with an idiot grin
Of the brute who slobbers for the next feast.
He encircles Bastogne, and full of an obscene pride
Thinks that she will fall without fighting, without honor.

For his order calls upon the besieged soldiers
Who, outnumbered ten to one, are fighting like
madmen, to surrender or to die.

McAuliffe says "Nuts!" Von Rundstedt pales under
the affront.
In his flight he leaves behind him only ruins.
The one will enter History, the other goes to Oblivion.

DON'T FORGET OUR NEW YEAR'S TOAST

In tribute to all who served in the Battle of the Bulge, let's all drink a toast again this year (the eighth year). The choice of beverage is yours. Again this year the time will be: Noon—Pacific time; 1:00 p.m.—Mountain time; 2:00 p.m.—Central time; and 3:00 p.m.—Eastern time on New Year's Day.

It's our special way to be together again, even it is only in our thoughts. We shared so much so many years ago, we should remember those we were with and be grateful for each and every one.

Comments from our members indicate that many of you join in this special observance.

A HAPPY AND HEALTHY NEW YEAR TO EACH OF YOU AND YOUR FAMILIES. □

MAIL CALL FOR IRAQ

Remember how important "mail call" was to you way back when? Well, here's an address where you can drop a note to one of the men serving in Iraq.

Soldier Letters
25th Infantry Division Association
PO Box 7
Flourtown, PA 19031-0007

This is a service offered by the 25th Infantry Division Association and we are sure your letter would be appreciated. □



This poem has hung in Bastogne homes for many years.

Photos and article submitted by:

John J. DiMino
13th Machine Records Unit (Mobile)
VIII Corps

The Story of the 'Memorandum Receipt'

By January 16, 1945, the Battle of Bastogne was coming to an end when General Troy Middleton, VIII Corps Commander, ordered the 101st Airborne Division to be replaced by the 11th Armored Division. However, there was still one more day of fighting; time for a few more men to die, a few more to be wounded and many more to be cold and miserable, for on January 17 there was snow and rain most of the day.

The 501st Parachute Infantry Regiment had started the fight for Bastogne on December 19, 1944, at Neffe and now, almost a month later, on January 17, 1945, the 502nd started a final attack to close a line of defense five miles northeast at Bourcy. This village was taken by 10:30 a.m. Eighty-four Germans were captured, bringing the number to 1,728 captured during the month at Bastogne.

At the close of the day, VIII Corps had established a defensive line from Houffalize to Bourcy and this started the withdrawal of the 101st to be held in reserve, southwest of Bastogne, three to twelve miles down the Bastogne-Neufchateau Road. By January 18th, the 11th Armored completed the relief of the 101st.

During the morning of January 18th, 500 men from all of the 101st units assembled in the square of the battered town. The square is now called McAuliffe Square. Standing on a parachute-draped platform, the VIII Corps Commander, General Troy Middleton, presented the Silver Star Medal to Major John D. Hanlon, Commander of the 1st Battalion of the 502nd, Lt. Frank R. Stanfield, of the 506th, and S/Sgt. Lawrence F. Casper and Pvt. William J. Wolfe, of the 327th Glider Infantry.

Following the awards, the Mayor of Bastogne, M. Leon Jacqmin, turned to General Taylor and said, "For their gallant stand, I, as Mayor, present to your Division the flag of Bastogne." Taylor accepted on behalf of the division. General Middleton then thanked the 101st for taking over after his corps left Bastogne a month before: "From personal acquaintance with your gallant fight at Carentan, knowledge of your deeds in Holland, and now, here in Bastogne, I think you're the best bunch of fighting men in the United States or any other army in the world!"

(A few days later, he wrote General Taylor: "I have been permitted to serve with or have personal contact with some 30 divisions in the U.S. Army. Of these divisions, I am pleased to say I place your division at the top of the list.") He was interrupted by General Taylor, who demanded a receipt for the return of Bastogne. A ready-made "memorandum receipt" was handed to the Corps Commander, which he signed "Received from the 101st Airborne Division the Town of Bastogne, Luxembourg Province, Belgium. Condition: Used but serviceable, Kraut disinfected."

The generals then made their way through the snow and past the debris to the street corner to review the troops present at the ceremony. As the marching men turned their eyes right, they saw above the reviewing officers' heads a sign, "Bastogne--Bastion of the Battered Bastards of the 101st."

Photos and article submitted by:

*John J. DiMino
13th Machine Records Unit (Mobile)
VIII Corps*

MEMORANDUM RECEIPT VIII CORPS

DATE 18 JAN 1945

RECEIVED FROM THE 101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION

THE TOWN OF *B*ASTOGNE, LUXEMBOURG PROVINCE, BELGIUM.

CONDITION: USED BUT SERVICEABLE, KRAUT DISINFECTED

SIGNED

Troy H. Middleton
TROY H. MIDDLETON
MAJ GENERAL USA
COMMANDING



General Taylor (Right) is congratulated by General Middleton, VIII Corps Commander, after receiving the above memorandum receipt for Bastogne

STAINED GLASS POST CARD WINDOW STILL AVAILABLE

As you may recall, VBOB dedicated a stained glass window at the U.S. Army War College, in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, on September 11, 2001. We have been able to secure a full color, post card picture of this beautiful window.

During the dedication, Robert R. Ivany, Commandant of the War College, said: "This window will serve as a glowing inspiration for future generations and as a lasting reminder of the heroism of the American soldier. For this gift we are grateful, and for this 'Triumph of Courage' we are forever in your debt." Your dues made this gift and remembrance possible.

If you would like one, please send \$1.00 (cash, check or money order) along with a self-addressed, stamped (37 cents) envelope to VBOB. (The post card is 6" x 4"--make sure your envelope is big enough to accommodate it.)

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**

OH, TANNENBAUM

[Sam Tannenbaum sent us the following article regarding his search for what happened to his father **PVT HENRY I. TANNENBAUM**, who was killed in the Battle of the Bulge.]

The first time I saw this picture was when Tony Vaccaro, 83rd Infantry Division, 331st Infantry Regiment, 2nd Battalion, Headquarters, sent me a catalog of an exhibit of his photographs that had been touring France in December, 1996. The caption read, "White Death: Photo requiem for a dead soldier, Private Henry I. Tannenbaum. Tannenbaum means Evergreen Tree; it was taken during time of year when the name Tannenbaum evokes thoughts of snow and Christmas."

Private Henry I. Tannenbaum was my father, a member of Company F, 2nd Battalion, 331st Infantry Regiment, 83rd Infantry Division, who was killed on January 11, 1945, during the Battle of the Bulge. He had returned to the front line after being wounded in the Hurtgen Forest. I became a war orphan at two and a half years age. Tony was a soldier with a camera who knew my father as a fellow New Yorker.

Tony credits "White Death" with the start of his photo-journalism career. "White Death" appeared in *Stars and Stripes* magazine. The walls of Tony's home are covered with his photographs of presidents and kings, world renowned painters, authors and movie stars. Many of the photographs have appeared in *Life* and *Look* magazines. Tony has had an amazing impact on my life.

I had "White Death" inserted at the end of a chapter I wrote for *Lost in Victory: Reflections of American War Orphans of World War II*, published by the University of North Texas in 1998. The VA estimates over 183,000 American War orphans as a result of World War II. In 1994, I helped form a group now known as the American World War II Orphans Network (AWON). For more information about AWON and how I met Tony, thanks to a Luxembourger named Jim Schiltz, readers with Internet access, can click on <http://www.awon.org/awtannen.html>

In 1999, "White Death" was selected as Photograph of the Century by *ZEIT* magazine published in Frankfurt, Germany. In presenting the award, Josef Haslinger, an Austrian novelist who was active in the anti-Waldheim movement, wrote about the story behind the picture.



"The photograph was taken on the morning of January 11, 1945, near Ottre, in Belgium. The name of the dead

soldier was Henry I. Tannenbaum. He was part of a raiding party of four tanks and twenty soldiers that ran into a German ambush. Some of his comrades were killed outright, but most were left wounded. Then a German soldier came out of the woods and executed each of the injured men with a shot through the head. The surviving witness was Sergeant Harry Shoemaker. He pretended to be dead and brought the photographer (Tony Vaccaro) to the scene of the event that next morning."

Tony Vaccaro wrote *Entering Germany* in 2001, published by Taschen, and in it he included a two-page spread of "White Death," at the front of the book. In *Entering Germany*, Tony tells of returning to the scene some 50 years later and discovered that the Belgium landowner had planted evergreen trees in the former wheat field. Where one Tannenbaum had fallen, there was now a forest of Tannenbaums.

In June, 2002, citizens of Belgium and Luxembourg forever grateful to American soldiers for their liberation erected a monument to my father near the place Tony shot "White Death." The memorial plaque reads in part: "We remember Private Henry I. Tannenbaum, New York, killed in action near Ottre, January 11, 1945." It is signed by U.S. Veterans Friends Luxembourg and the Community of Vielsalm (about 20 miles north of Bastogne, Belgium). For more on the memorial, readers with Internet can click on <http://awon.org/memorials/ottre/>

July 10, 2002, I visited a Tony Vaccaro photo exhibit called "The Last Battle," in the George C. Marshall Museum in Lexington, Virginia. The signature piece of that exhibit is a larger than life-sized reprint of "White Death." The caption reads: "The last battle took place east of the Elbe River in Germany. It lasted 26 days and abruptly halted 45 miles outside of Berlin." As a member of the 83rd Infantry Division, Tony Vaccaro recorded "the last battle" in startling black and white photographs. Here they speak of the horror and irony of war. The photographs are not retouched, so they appear, as the artist states, "to show that they are not only images of war, but they also went through war."

The Last Battle was also on display at the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum in Savannah, Georgia, in June, 2003. For more on that display, readers with Internet can click on <http://www.awon.org/pooler/>

In addition to Tony, I have spoken to many wonderful members of the 83rd Infantry Division: Manny Lamb, Stew Barrick, Cliff Wooldridge, Jack Straus, Larry Dalton, David Hume, Robert Sessions, Bernie Cove, and Ralph Gunderson. Unfortunately, none of these men remembered my father.

I am still searching for another war buddy of my father's named Dave/David Brooks of the 83rd Division, who wrote to my aunt about the massacre at Ottre in February, 1945. They met at Fort Meade, Maryland, in July 1944. He recalled my father conducting religious services for soldiers of the Jewish faith in England. They recovered from wounds in Aachen, Germany, in December, 1944.

[If you are interested in finding out more about the American World War II Orphans Network (AWON) you can write to Sam at: 7713 Viniste Drive, Boynton Beach, Florida 33437. The organization represents 183,000 war orphans whose fathers were killed during World War II.]

ARDENNES WINTER CAMPAIGN

[The following article was submitted by W. A. LEHNDORFF, 36TH INFANTRY DIVISION, COMPANY H.]

Spearheading with the 3rd Armored Division

The front suddenly erupted in an action that shocked the allied world. German General Field Marshal von Rundstedt, generally accepted as the Reich's most able military leader, had gambled most of his remaining western reserves in a bold stroke to smash completely through allied lines of communication and supply feeding the Anglo-American armies. The great counter-offensive swept into the Ardennes on December 16, 1944, broke through a thin American line and began to swiftly exploit initial gains. That Jerry was capable of such a counter-offensive was quite generally conceded. Intelligence knew that the Sixth SS and Fifth Panzer Armies had been out of the line. The questions remaining were this: how much power can the enemy muster and where will the blow fall? Now, the 3rd Armored Division, and other units of the First and Third Armies were to have the answers delivered in hot steel and experience the full fury of a Nazi force which held, for a horrible swaying moment in history, the initiative of battle.

Hold That Tiger

The "Spearhead" Division picked up its tracks in a hurry, and roared to of the Stolberg salient. First to go to the threatened area was Combat Command Hickey which was detached to the V Corps, on December 18, to defend the European area. There the command rounded up parachutists and remained in Corps reserve until attached to division on December 21 in the Grandmenil area.

To Combat Command Boudinot went a grim task. Attached initially to V Corps for defense of Vergers, it was immediately switched to the XVIII Airborne Corps upon arriving at its assembly area and, working with the 3th Infantry Division, helped create and eliminate the lamed "La Geize Pocket" resulting in much destruction to the 1st SS Panzer Division one of Germany's elite of the elite.

On December 20 Task Force Lovelady, moving south from [?] Lorraine, encountered and destroyed an enemy column, set up a road block, met opposition at a junction near Trois Ponts, established another road block, and third at Grand Co. At this point, Lovelady was ordered to move east from Peit Co. to Parfondry an operation bent on the retaking of Stavelot.

At Parfondry, Task Force Lovelady found evidence of German atrocities in the bodies of murdered Belgian women, children and the aged. And, in this town, the enemy cut off the route of Lovelady's entrance plus his route to the road block near Trois Ponts, where Major George Stallings was in command. It was not until the 24th that the junction of these two forces was made.

Meanwhile, Task Force McGeorge had attacked south from LaReid on December 20, using two columns, with Battle Group Jordan given the mission of taking Stoumont and joining McGeorge at La Gleize. After attachment to the 119th Infantry, Jordan's force aided in the taking of the town. The two groups attacked La Gleize on the 24th, and entered after destroying 26 tanks, four self-propelled guns, and taking 150 prisoners.

On the 25th, Christmas Day, Combat Command Boudinot

assembled near Spa, and reverted to division control.

Meanwhile, after Combat Command Hickey and Combat Command Boudinot had been detached, the remainder of the division began a "hell for leather" march to the Hotton-Manhay area on December 19, with only Combat Command Howze and the 3rd Armored Reconnaissance Battalion left under division control.

By noon of the 20th, these units had arrived, and were given the mission of securing the road from Manhay to Houffalize. Task Force Kane was given the highway as a route of advance. Task Force Orr: Erezee, Amonines, Dochamps and Samree, and Task Force Hogan a secondary road parallel and east of the Ourthe River. This small force, actually one-third of the division, was attempting to cover an arc of 15 miles cut by more than three roads and trails!

Heavy fighting broke out around Samree and Dochamps. The road junction south of Manhay on the Houffalize road was also a hot corner. Task Force Hogan, ordered to seize the crossings of the Ourthe between Gouvy and Houffalize, met heavy defenses and was forced to pull back to Beffe. Short of gasoline, Hogan holed up in Marcouray where he organized a strong perimeter of defence based on high ground. He was shortly surrounded and faced with the threat of complete annihilation.

Combat Command Hickey was re-attached to division on December 21, and began moving into Grandmenil. The 83rd Armored Field Artillery Battalion had been attached the previous day. On December 22, the 1st Battalion, 517th Parachute Infantry Regiment and the 643rd Tank Destroyer Battalion were attached.

Task Force Dan was ordered to cut the Marche-Bastogne road and Combat Command Howze, which had established a road block in the Soy area, was reinforced. On this day Task Force Kane holding a position 1,000 yards north of Dochamps, and Task Force Orr, reinforced, ground forward to take Amonines.

On December 23, the Division was further strengthened by the 20th Regimental Combat Team of the 75th Infantry Division, the 509th Parachute Infantry Battalion, and the 188th Field Artillery Battalion. Task Force Dan was attached to the 84th Infantry Division and the 3rd reverted to VII Corps after being with the XVIII Airborne Corps for several days.

Task Force Richardson took over Kane's road block, which had been cut by the Germans. Hogan remained surrounded in Marcouray.

With the attachment of the 289th Regimental Combat Team of the 75th Division, the 730th Field Artillery Battalion, two companies of the 87th Chemical Battalion (4.2 mortars) and the return of Combat Command Boudinot on the following day General Rose had under his command a force approaching corps strength. In addition to the organic elements of the division there were two complete regimental combat teams, two battalions of parachutists, two companies of 4.2 mortars, four battalions.

The Battered Spearhead Holds

On December 24, knowing the German was to continue his attack, it was ordered to stabilize the line. To straighten the defensive position. Combat Command Howze was ordered to advance. It was also necessary to withdraw Richardson's road block to narrow the Manhay-Grandmenil sector. As Combat Command "B" of the 7th Armored Division was going through Manhay, eight enemy tanks and some infantry managed to get behind Richardson's road block and into the town. Richardson withdrew, having only light tanks.

(Continued)

WINTER CAMPAIGN

(Continuation and ordered Major Brewster at the road block, to fall back to Malempre. Caught on the move by fire from both sides, Brewster quickly lost two of his four tanks. He destroyed the remaining vehicles and came out on foot.

Task Force Hogan, still surrounded hopelessly, was running out of ammunition and medical supplies as well as gasoline. Several attempts at supply by air had failed, the parachuted material falling into enemy hands. The 54th Armored Field Artillery Battalion had attempted to fire shells packed with medical supplies in on the beleaguered forces, but were unable to do so.

After refusing a surrender ultimatum, Hogan ordered all vehicles destroyed. He and his men, the famed "400", infiltrated enemy lines on Christmas night, reaching American positions after a 14 hour march through German territory.

On December 26, Kane's force was withdrawn. The line was secure. Combat Command Boudinot relieved Combat Command Howze in the Soy area on December 27, and defenses were further improved. In front of the "Spearhead" Division at this time were miles of wire and hundreds of anti-tank mines. Our armor was dug-in ready to defend.

von Rundstedt Loses The Gamble

There was a short breathing space in which to take stock of the situation. Certainly von Rundstedt's great gamble had failed, by a margin too close for comfort. Committed here against the 3rd Armored Division had been: the 2nd SS Panzer Division, in the Manhay-Grandmenil sector and, on the night of December 27, the 12th SS Panzer Division in the Samree Dochamps area. The Manhay north-south road was the boundary between the Sixth SS Panzer Army on the east, and the Fifth Panzer Army on the west. Their avowed intentions were a powerful drive to Liege and then a sweep to Antwerp coordinated with a curving thrust to take Aachen. Because divisions like the 3rd Armored fought to the last cartridge and the last drop of gasoline, Jerry ground to a halt in flame and death and destruction.

There were the usual heroic small actions. One of these, an event which played no small part in halting von Rundstedt's drive, was the engagement at Hotton, beginning on December 21. Here, the division had left a small force of Headquarters and 143rd Armored Signal Company personnel, a few MP's of Major Charles Kapes' detachment, some infantry of the 36th Armored Infantry Regiment, and a few men of the 23rd Armored Engineer Battalion.

The force was later joined by a platoon each of tanks from G Company, 32nd Armored Regiment; C Company, 33rd Armored Regiment; and B Company, 36th Armored Infantry Regiment, all elements of Combat Command Howze.

However, no such strength was represented when the enemy began his all-out attack on December 21. The piecemeal task force held, and on the 22nd, was reinforced by parachutists of the 517 Parachute Infantry.

Still out-gunned and out-numbered, the defensive line held and beat off several German attacks which penetrated into the outskirts of the town. When the besieged group was relieved on Christmas Day it had already accounted for nine German tanks, and had held its position doggedly in the face of superior forces, heavy shelling, mortar and small arms fire.

The enemy bolstered his waning drive with an attack by the 12th SS Panzer Division. This drive penetrated to the Briscot-Sadzot area, where it was sealed off and repelled. An attack

above Magoster, on the same day, was broken up by artillery. After less than two weeks of heavy fighting, the offensive was smashed. Now Jerry dug in and knew that the pendulum must swing back. By the end of December, the 3rd Armored Division was out of the line and preparing for a new offensive.

The Bitter Battles

Hilly terrain, the worst weather a Belgian winter had to offer--and the best of remaining German troops faced the division when it jumped off on January 3 from a line of departure, roughly Manhay-Snamont.

With Combat Command Hickey on the left, Combat Command Boudinot on the right, and the 83rd Armored Reconnaissance Battalion echeloned to the rear, the "Spearhead" advanced 11 hard-won kilometers in six days, reducing village after village.

Colonel Hogan's force re-equipped, operated down the Manhay road, under Combat Command Howze.

Towns with the names of Malempre, Floret, Jevgne, Baneux, Lansval, Xhoul-si-Ploux, LaVaux and Lierneux, fell in swift succession.

Major George Stallings, subbing for Colonel Lovelady, took Fraitre on January 6, surprising a German battalion in an assembly area and taking 250 prisoners. Hogan's force cut the crossroads formed by the junction of the Manhay-Houffalize and La Roche-Salmchateau roads, a crossing which now bears his name in countless yellowing newspaper files.

In bitter, crisp cold, the combat commands drove forward. There seemed to be a paralyzing icy mist over the entire battle front, a cloud of fine, driving snow that left every tree silvered and weighted with the clinging stuff. All of the roads were glazed to slippery ribbons, and tank tracks skidded alarmingly on the shoulders. Snowdrifts covered extensive fields of anti-tank mines, and hard ground made foxhole construction a nightmare when shells were falling. Men came out of the line with frozen feet, were treated at aid stations, and trudged back up to fight again. The Ardennes looked like a Christmas card, but appearances were again deceptive: it was agony all the way.

Task Force Dan, back with the division, took Sart, Granregd Sart, and Provedreux on January 7, while Richardson seized Verleumont and Joubieval and Welborn took Regne, Hebronval and Otter.

Lerneux was the site of a famed Belgian institution for the mentally ill. German forces carefully booby-trapped the place, even though a number of the affected inmates were at large. Here, in an abandoned building, division headquarters was established for several days. Nearby the 45th Armored Medical Battalion established a rest center which catered to lightly wounded and near frozen men. During the period of time from January 10 to 20, the "Spearhead" advanced another fiercely contested 10 kilometers.

In the first stages of this drive, the 12th Volksgrenadier Division, recalled from Stolberg campaigning, was encountered and thoroughly chewed up. As this unit faded, the 326th Volksgrenadier Division was put into the line and the 9th Panzer Division was reported to be on the front. Later, the 15th Panzer Grenadier Division came from the south to help hold 3rd Armored Division advances.

On January 13, Colonel Yeoman's 83rd Armored Reconnaissance Battalion accomplished a spectacular drive in this so-far battle of attrition. His forces cut deep into enemy positions and established road

(Continued)

WINTER CAMPAIGN

(Continuation)

blocks astride the Houffalize, St. Vith road, a key highway. Meanwhile, Task Forces Kane and Hogan battled into Mont le Ban. The same day, Lovelady took Lomre in a coordinated tank attack. The following day, Task Force Welborn's men entered Baclain.

The towns of Sterpigny and Cherain are engraved on the memories of 3rd Armored Division tankers. Here, part of Task Force Welborn was cut off on the 15th, and its light tanks destroyed by a marauding Panther. A single Sherman bounced three rounds off the frontal armor of the Nazi, only to be destroyed by this potent enemy. Richardson's forces strengthened the group on the following day, and later pushed eastward.

Cherain was initially attacked by Task Force Lovelady, which lost heavily in tanks to the German defenders and their carefully emplaced anti-tank guns. The town finally fell to Hogan's infantry—I Company of the 36th.

As the "Spearhead" fought south of Cherain on January 16, German vehicles, attempting to pull out of the rapidly closing bulge pocket, streamed across the 3d Armored Division's direct front. Slipping and sliding on the icy pavements, these columns were taken under fire by artillery of the 67th Armored Field, the 83rd Armored Field, and the 183rd Field Artillery Battalion. Thirteen of a total 27 enemy tanks observed were destroyed by the concentration of shellfire. It was a highly satisfactory sight to the tired and half-frozen Yanks on this line of battle. During this time the division had worked closely with the 83rd Infantry Division.

Gradually, the division units were withdrawn. Finally, the entire "Spearhead" was out of contact and billeted in the Ouffet-Durbuy area for rest and refitting.

A final chalk-up of enemy losses for the "bulge" meetings with 3rd Armored Division elements totaled: 8 tanks, 20 self-repelled guns, 76 motor transports, eight artillery pieces, 23 AA and AT guns, 1,05(?) estimated Nazis killed, 545 estimated wounded and 2,705 hard-won prisoners of war.

During the campaign, known facetiously as "the bitter battle for billets in the Belgian bulge," the Germans had attempted to infiltrate sabotage teams, clad in American uniforms, through our lines. There were few U.S. soldiers who had not only been asked for the password, but forced to name the capitol of their state, give Sinatra's first name, or other similar, spontaneous proof of nationality.

The "Bulge" campaign was finished. It had been one of the hardest—if not the hardest—fights in which the division had ever engaged. The "Spearhead" emerged victorious, but badly mauled. ■

REUNIONS

75TH INFANTRY DIVISION, August 31-September 4, 2005, Weston, O'Hare, 6100 River Road, Rosemont, Illinois 60018. Contact: James E. Warmouth, 6545 West 11th Street, Indianapolis, Indiana 46214 (Phone: 317-241-3730). (Note: This is for "2005." Announcement in the August issue was incorrect.)

ANZIO BEACH VETERANS, 14-17 April, 2004, Williamsburg, Virginia. Contact: John Boller. (Phone: 631-691-5002).

Tank Drive



Patton's 4th Armored Division entered into the well-known Battle of the Bulge on December 19, 1944, after a 160-mile drive into Belgium which took twenty-one hours to complete. It was during those dark winter days of December 1944 that the Germans, realizing the tide of war had turned, massed an attack through the Ardennes Forest in an attempt to split the Allied advance by driving a wedge northwest to the sea. Pictured are Shermans moving down a snow-covered Belgian road.

Reprinted From The Washington Post Oct. 22, 2004

Who Deserves the Infantryman's Badge?

I take exception to military historian and retired Army Col. John M. Collins's statement, "There isn't anything that equals the Combat Infantryman's Badge."

Many of us are proud recipients of the Combat Medical Badge. I believe it is to medical corpsmen what the Combat Infantryman's Badge is to infantrymen—equal in every regard.

WILLIAM R. FYLES
Marion, N.Y.

The controversy about the Combat Infantryman Badge is not new. However, the currency of the story seems to be fostered by the modern climate of political correctness in which everyone must be "equal." In this instance, that argument just doesn't hold water.

All combat arms soldiers have a secondary mission to perform as infantry as required. But the badge is not awarded solely for performing combat operations. The key to the basis for the badge is the selection, training, performance and daily activities of a military occupational specialty infantryman while engaged in combat.

We who are tankers, artillerymen, engineers, etc., may be called to conduct and participate in infantry operations, but when the battle is over, we revert to our assigned specialties.

As a field artillery forward observer in 1965 in Vietnam, for example, I accompanied my supported infantry company on daily combat operations, sharing the same dangers and privations as the infantry soldiers. When my tour was completed, I reverted to my artillery battery, where "three hots and a cot" were daily fare, while the infantry company continued to slug it out in the jungles with cold C rations and makeshift cover.

The advice prevalent then holds true today: "If you want a CIB, change branches and become an infantryman."

GREG MASON
Manassas

"The
Last
Hurrah"?
See
Page 28

ETTELBRUCK

**Robert T. Murrell
80th Infantry Division
318th Infantry Regiment
Company M**

On the morning of 24 December, 1944, the 3rd Battalion, 318th Regiment, relieved the 1st Battalion in its mission of containing and if possible capturing Ettelbruck. I Company occupied the high ground northwest of the town.

Urgent and sudden orders were received after the regiment had virtually gone into division reserve attaching the regiment minus the 3rd Battalion to the 4th Armored Division. At 1700, 24 December both the 1st and 2nd Battalions and Regimental Headquarters were entrucked and joined the 4th Armored Division that evening. The 1st Battalion was attached to CCA, detrucking at Ell, while the 2nd Battalion and Regimental Headquarters proceeded to Fauvillers where they joined 4th Armored Division CCB.

The mission of the 4th Armored Division with the attached battalions of CT 318 was to drive a wedge into German lines to relieve our troops encircled at Bastogne. These troops consisted of the 101st Airborne Division, CCB of the 10th Armored Division and miscellaneous engineer and other units as well as stragglers.

Both battalions in support of the armor jumped off at 0800, 25 December 1944, the 1st Battalion capturing its objective of Tintange while the 2nd Battalion captured the Town of Chaumont and its objective. On the 26th of December the 1st Battalion advanced approximately 3,000 yards against heavy opposition through thickly wooded and extremely mountainous terrain. The 2nd Battalion attacked with the 10th Infantry Battalion capturing the Town of Grandrue and clearing the woods 1,000 yards to the north.

On this latter date opposition had considerably stiffened and the enemy was resisting fiercely, our advance. Enemy opposition to our troops was identified from prisoners as coming from all elements of the German 5th Parachute Division which had been considerably reinforced by attachment of the 408th Artillery Corps (6 battalions of artillery). The 5th Parachute Division was fifty percent stronger in infantry manpower than any normal German Volksgrenadier Division which had been encountered during the last few months. Each of the infantry regiments had three battalions and the personnel consisted mostly of the cream of the draft age Hitler Youth with fanatical morale.

Early in the evening of 26 December 1944, tank elements of the 4th Armored Division were able to get into the beleaguered city but unable to return. First Lieutenant Carr, of Company E, led a four man patrol through nearly 4,000 yards of enemy held territory, with the use of red and green flares and made contact with elements of the 26th Engineer Battalion within the city at 0430, 27 December, 1944. They were escorted to the 101st Airborne Command Post from where Lt Carr and his patrol brought back an overlay of the positions inside the circle and a situation report of the unit. They arrived at 2nd Battalion Headquarters in time to participate in the morning's attack.

On 27 December, the 1st Battalion took Livarchamp and Honville and cleared the woods south and east of Assenois and

advanced to this village. On the morning of 28 December 1944, the 2nd Battalion jumped off and reached its objective close to Bastogne on the same day, the 2nd Battalion encountered the 2nd Battalion, 104th Regiment, 15th Panzer Grenadier Division in defense of Honville and this battalion had been thrown in as a last ditch defense of the encircling troops to prevent our wedge from becoming a reality. No other elements of the 15th PGD were identified.

Casualties suffered by the 1st and 2nd Battalions were heavy, but nevertheless every mission was carried out successfully and every objective was reached. The limited number of front line personnel available from 26 December on through 28 December (1st Battalion had only 96 riflemen) makes the job done by the two battalions of CT 318 an even better one. The staff of the 4th Armored Division accordingly was full of praise.

The 3rd Battalion CT 318 continued to maintain positions on the high ground northeast of Ettelbruck. Patrols of the CT 318 entered Ettelbruck and reported it clear of enemy troops. Additional patrols were sent out to determine the condition of bridges in the area east of the town. Artillery fire was received in the battalion area the night of 26-27 December 1944.

On 26 December a patrol of 3rd Battalion CT 318 took several prisoners in Ettelbruck and found that all organized resistance had ended. Thereupon at dawn 27 December, one platoon of Company I was sent into the town clearing and capturing 40 prisoners. In consequence the battalion took up defensive positions on the high ground around Ettelbruck.

The 3rd Battalion CT 318 on 28 December continued to outpost the vicinity of Ettelbruck. At 1745, the battalion was ordered to move one company along with one platoon of heavy machine guns to the high ground north of Ettelbruck and another company to patrol the town. Roadblocks were set up and maintained on the bridges to the northeast and roads to the north of Ettelbruck. The positions designated were occupied by 0105 for the night. Battalion patrols were active in the vicinity of Warken and east of Ettelbruck.

On the evening of 28 December, the 1st Battalion CT 318 was relieved from attachment the following day the 2nd Battalion was relieved also and rejoined the 80th Infantry Division in its sector.■

ACHTUNG!

[The following appeared in the March/April, 2004, issue of the VBOB Gateway Newsletter (St. Louis chapter). We thought you would enjoy it.]

An officer in the U.S. naval reserve was attending a conference that included admirals from both the U.S. Navy and the French Navy. At a cocktail reception, he found himself in a small group that included personnel from both navies. The French admiral started complaining that whereas Europeans learned many languages, Americans learned only English.

He then asked, "Why is it that we have to speak English in these conferences rather than you speak French?"

Without hesitating, the American admiral replied, "Maybe it's because we arranged it so you did not have to speak German."

The group became silent.

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March 30, 2004

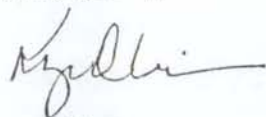
Dear Mr. Chekan:

It was a delight to have met and made your acquaintance yesterday. Speaking for myself, I was mesmerized as I heard the World War II information we all learn about in class come alive with stories and memories I am sure we all will never forget. Your extra care in bringing along some of the artifacts of the time as well as using a student to model them was a masterful move that will remain a long term memory for our students.

I am still amazed as I realized that I can tell people I met someone who actually saw Eisenhower, Churchill, Patton and John F. Kennedy. Your clarity and simplicity of your presentation showed that you really worked hard to give our students an outstanding product.

Please express our gratitude and appreciation to your 'Battle of the Bulge' veterans: our generation of Americans owes you all a tremendous debt that we can never pay, but it is my job to let the future *know* about that debt and to make the future generations understand the sacrifices you made to enable us have the endless possibilities we enjoy today and for the rest of our lives.

With deepest appreciation and admiration,



Kaye Oliver
Calvert High School Social Studies



"...but it is my job to let the future know about that debt and to make Future generations understand the sacrifices you made..."

History teacher
Kaye Oliver of
Calvert High School
Maryland, sent this
letter of appreciation
to me. I thought that
I would share it
with you.

George Chekan
President
VBOB

*"...If there were no national organization,
there would never be a Long Island Chapter."*

Reprinted from the
Long Island, NY Chapter
Newsletter, Nov. 2004
David Saltman, President

National VBOB membership. Membership in our national organization is vital to the success and maintenance of VBOB. If there were no national organization, there would never be a Long Island chapter. Unfortunately, 500 members have been lost to our national roster since the beginning of 2004, a very large percentage. With almost 1500 WW II veterans dying every day, and a national membership of less than 10,000, it is imperative that all chapter members who are not national members, join. The National annual dues are only \$15 per year, which also entitles members to receive the quarterly "Bulge Bugle," a publication that contains many veteran stories. If you would like to see a copy of the National publication, please phone me and I will bring a recent copy to the next meeting which you may keep. For your convenience, I will gladly send your membership to National, or you can send it directly with your \$15 check to VBOB, P O Box 11129, Arlington, VA 22210-2129.



2005 BULGE REENACTMENT 60th Anniversary Commemoration Battle TO HONOR WORLD WAR II VETERANS Fort Indiantown Gap PA 25 Jan – 30 Jan 2005

The World War II Federation has added a sixth day to their Battle of the Bulge Reenactment this coming January and they will be honoring the World War II Veterans during the week, with special events scheduled for Friday, 28 Jan 2005.

This is a great week for veterans which allows you to relive your initial days in the Army, living in genuine GI bunks in original WWII barracks. You need only bring a set of sheets and a blanket or sleeping bag and your pillow. All sleeping is on lower bunks. It gives you an opportunity to enjoy the camaraderie of fellow veterans, enjoy WWII videos, peruse material on the Bulge and partake of the hospitality. It will also give you an opportunity to visit the reenactors barracks which they will have transformed back to the days of WWII and be able to interact with them.



Photo WWII Federation, Inc. Typical Reenactors Squad Room Display

You are their role-models and they are trying to learn about what it was like back in the 1940s. They do this to honor you.

Veterans may arrive after 1700 hours on Tues 25 Jan 2005. The Veterans Barrack will be 12-15. At 2000 hours, on Tues, they will be showing 1940 Movies in Bldg # 12-15. As usual, the veterans will have a hospitality suite set up in the barracks as well as a memorabilia display.

On Friday, the Federation will salute the Veterans with a Tactical Battle Briefing at 1230 Hours in the Community Club followed by a free luncheon for Veterans at 1330 hours (others may attend at \$6.00). At 1700 hours there will be a Wreath Laying at the VBOB Monument and 21 gun salute. As usual there will be 1940 Movies in Bldg #12-15 and hospitality in the Veterans Barracks. For those Bulge

veterans who attended last years Reenactment this year's will be free to you but you must register.

On Wed, 26 Jan the Flea Market will open from 1400 hrs to 2100 hrs. On Thu, 27 Jan Flea Market hours are 1400 hours til 2200 hrs. On Fri, 28 Jan, Flea Market opens at 1100 hours and closes at 2300 hrs. Final day for the Flea Market is Sat, 29 Jan, opening at 1100 hrs and closing at 1900 hrs.

Registration hours are Tue, 1700 to 2000 hrs; Wed & Thu, 1000 – 1200 hrs, 1400-1700 hours and 1900-2100 hours; Fri, 1000-1200 hrs, 1400-2300 hours; Sat, 0600-0700 hours

On Sat, troops will move into the battlefield at 0900 hrs. Veterans will be transported by bus for a tour of the battlefield 1030-1200 hrs. At 1800 hrs dinner will be served in the Community Club and at 2100 hrs there will be an Evening of Period Entertainment during which the Veterans will act as judges for the 1940's Talent Show.

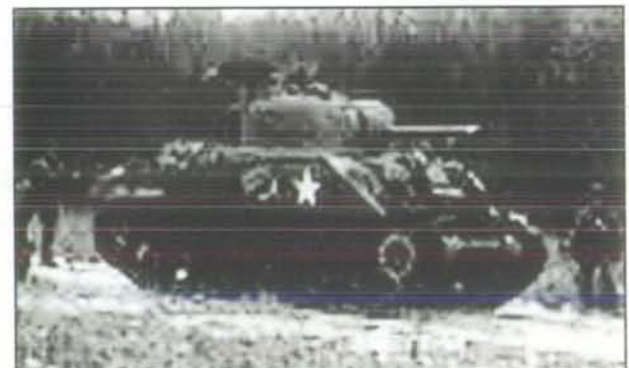
Option A with a bunk in the barracks and with Dinner on Saturday will be \$65 for the 6 days (If you attended last year's Reenactment and you are a Bulge Veteran, then it is free to you this year. **Option B** with a bunk but without meal will be \$45.00. **Option C** at \$20 is for Veterans only and is for the Dinner Meal & Entertainment only, for those not staying in the barracks.

If you would like a Registration packet send a self-addressed stamped envelope to John D. Bowen, 613 Chichester Lane, Silver Spring MD 20904-3331, e-mail johndbowen@earthlink.net or go to www.wwiifederation.org

Deadline is 31 Dec 2004.



Photo by Jim Marcom, WWII Federation, Inc. Reenactor Patrol



WWII Federation, Inc. Reenactment Sherman Tank

A POW'S STORY

**George L. McGraw, Jr.
17th Airborne Division
513th Parachute Infantry Regiment
Company C**

[The following excerpts appeared in November, 2003, issue of The Thunderbolt, the newsletter of the 17th Airborne Division.]

Our time in England was spent training for combat, making practice combat jumps, door to door combat in Bristol, England and forced marches. We were put under guard twice in marshalling areas and alerted for combat jumps but both missions were canceled. The Battle of the Bulge started mid-December 1944 and soon after it started the 17th Division was alerted and flown to Reims, France, on the 24th of December. We had "K" rations for Christmas dinner on the 25th.

From Reims, France, the 1st Battalion was taken to the Verdun, France, area where we were in a defensive position in case the Germans attacked that area. We stayed in the Verdun area until the 3rd of January, 1945, at which time we were trucked to the Ardennes Forest in Belgium where the Battle of the Bulge was being fought. After getting off the trucks we walked about five miles to the front. Arriving at the front after dark we moved into a heavily wooded area and were ordered to dig slit trenches to sleep in. The ground was frozen solid and the temperature was about zero degrees. The 87th Infantry Division would be on our right flank and on the left flank the 11th Armored Division. We would have 52 battalions of artillery supporting a three infantry division attack on a 15 mile front. We would also have the Air Corps supporting the attack--weather permitting. Very little resistance was met from the Germans. Mostly Volkstrum, which is the old men of the home guard. About midnight the Germans started shelling our position with screaming meemies, which is an artillery shell designed to make the most terrorizing and horrifying noise you can imagine. This shelling lasted a couple of hours and we had about 20 casualties in Company A. During the whole two hours there was someone calling for the medics.

At dawn, we were on the line of departure and waited for the 30 minute barrage of artillery that we were promised was supposed to soften up the Germans. Not one round of artillery was fired at the Germans. The battalion moved out in diamond attack formation with my squad on the left flank at which point we realized there was no support on the left flank. We were immediately pinned down by German machine gun fire coming from a wooded area to our front. After firing our rifles into likely targets (visibility was about 105 feet) the machine gun fire ceased and we reached the woods where seven German soldiers came out of the woods with their hands on their heads and surrendered. One of the soldiers was a young boy of about 14 and the Company B radio sergeant made him carry the company radio on his back. The rest of the Germans were sent to the rear under guard. We were stopped from advancing any further because the 2nd Platoon in front of us could not advance because of a German tank attack.

We moved to our right about 50 yards and took cover where a road had been cut through a hill. German tanks were attacking on the right flank and we realized that we had no support on the right flank. We were taking heavy casualties. By this time all of our machine gun crews were destroyed and our aid station was full of wounded troops. Company C did not have a single officer or sergeant left. They were all dead or wounded. Five American medium tanks came from the area where we had attacked about 11:00 a.m. The tanks were lost and said they would give us a hand against the German tanks. The tanks then parked on an open, snow-covered hill in full view of the German tanks. The German tanks fired five armor piercing rounds and made direct hits on the American tanks which killed all of the tank crews except one

man who was in the turret of the tank closest to me. We pulled him out of the turret and he had both legs shot off just below the hips. He was pleading for someone to take his pistol and shoot. He had lost so much blood that he died in about five minutes. About 12 Noon, I was looking at two lieutenants and two sergeants, when a shell came down in the middle of them and killed all four instantly.

By 1:00 p.m. the battalion had used all its ammunition except 30 caliber M1 rounds and the German tanks were working their way around the right flank to encircle what was left of the 1st Battalion. Captain Ganaway, B Company Commander, called battalion headquarters and asked permission to withdraw and was told to stay where we were at all costs. By 2:00 p.m., the German tanks captured our aid station and made all of the wounded who could stand come to where we were in the road cut. A German officer walked in front of the tank with a white flag and when he got to Captain Ganaway, he told him that if he did not surrender the German troops were going to kill our wounded and then run over the rest of us because he knew we were out of ammo. With Captain Ganaway from 1st Battalion Headquarters was a Major Rosen who had come up to observe the action. Major Rosen took the responsibility to surrender what was left of the 1st Battalion which consisted of about 150 men. We had started that morning with about 500 men. (Later, I found why we had no artillery or support on either flank. It was because the attack was scheduled to take place on the 7th of January and someone had screwed up the dates and we attacked on the 4th.)

After the terror and horror of combat came the terror and horror of being German Prisoners of War. We were captured by SS troops, the diehard Nazis that lined up 250 American troops with machine guns and killed them about two weeks earlier. This happened about ten miles from where we were. After Major Rosen, who was the S2 (intelligence officer) from battalion, surrendered us the young German soldier that had been carrying the company radio talked to the German captain about ten minutes and I bet he told the captain he had not witnessed any mistreatment of German prisoners by us which probably saved our lives.

After the surrender we were made to discard all of our equipment, and with but a few exceptions, we were allowed to keep all of our clothing. This was important because the temperature was about 10 or 12 degrees. The Germans did take some of the gloves from a few of the men. We were marched to a Belgium village where we were interrogated by an officer. He wanted to know where the 193rd and 194th Glider Regiments of the 17th Airborne were and I gave him my name, rank and serial number. He threatened me with torture if I did not tell him. I told him that I was only a private and would not know where the other units of the 17th Division were located. After interrogation we were given a can of soft cheese (about 16 oz) and a loaf of black bread and told that this would be our food for seven days. We started walking, mostly at night in zero degree weather toward Germany to the east. When we stopped we were put up in barns with the livestock. After a couple of weeks of walking with boots wet or freezing, we began to have men whose feet were frozen. If their feet turned black and were necrotic the Germans would take them to a hospital and amputate their feet. I had a good friend named Mayo that had both of his feet amputated. We all wondered if we would be next.

After several weeks of walking, we stopped in a German town named Geraldstein on the Rhine River where they were using American troops to dig graves in the frozen ground for German civilians who had been killed in bombing raids. The day before arriving, an American POW had refused to work a second shift of eight hours in the freezing weather with hardly any food. A German sergeant named Eisenhower told the American he would shoot him if he did not get up and go to work. The American did not get up and the sergeant shot him in the head and killed him. I understand the sergeant was apprehended after the war and hung. I was praying that we would not be kept in Geraldstein and my prayer was answered the next day when we left. We walked another three weeks during which time one of our comrades was shot and killed when he tried to escape. We also lost more men along the way because of frozen feet.

(Continued)

A POW'S STORY

(Continuation)

After three weeks, we reached Frankfurt, Germany.

In Frankfurt where we stayed about ten days, I had diarrhea so bad that I truly thought I would die. From the time I was captured, my weight had gone from 175 to about 120 pounds. I think I lost about 25 pounds there. I was so weak I could not get up to relieve myself and burning up with fever. But somehow I survived and we were put in railroad box cars for Muhlberg, Germany. With 80 men in a boxcar designed to hold 40, we didn't have room to all sit down at the same time. So, we had to take turns. We spent four days and nights in freezing weather without food or water and were not allowed off the boxcars. One night one of the men had relieved himself in a metal can and threw the urine out an opening in the corner of the boxcar and the urine hit a German guard. The guard opened the door of the boxcar and pointed his rifle at us. I figured some of us were going to die, but the guard, after cursing quite a bit, closed the door without shooting. During the trip there were air attacks on the railroad yard where we were and fortunately our boxcar was not hit. When I arrived at Muhlberg and jumped off the boxcar, I had no feeling in my feet and felt like I was walking on two stumps. Upon closer inspection my feet were not black and necrotic but they would be swollen and painful for months.

After arriving at Stalag 4B approximately the middle of February, we were given a shower which was the only time in five months of captivity I had a complete bath. We were photographed and given dog tags with our POW number and the number of the stalag. Stalag 4B was a break from walking 15 or 20 miles each day, but we were on a starvation diet. Each day we received about seven or eight hundred calories which consisted of two or three small, Irish potatoes, a slice of black bread about three-quarters of an inch thick and a cup of watery soup. The bread was made with saw dust flour. This was not one of three meals, but all the food we received for the entire day. We were not receiving any vitamins and very little protein. My weight upon arrival at 4B was about 120 pounds and when I left April 12th, I weighed between 95 and 100 pounds. While there were some activities to take part in for the most part life was constant hunger filled with boredom and tedium. The most excitement we had at 4B while I was there was a P47 American fighter plane which was shot down. Fortunately the rounds that were fired hit an empty building and no one was hurt. The machine guns that were always pointed at us from the guard towers were a constant reminder that being alive was at the whim of the guards. A POW was killed in the camp one day for taking potato peelings from a garbage wagon.

One of the men from my company became infected with a disease, developed a high fever one afternoon and was dead the next morning. You can imagine the fear we all had wondering if we had been exposed to the disease. Only six men were allowed to attend the funeral service of our comrade. I believe that this soldier had a close friend who would contact his family and tell the circumstances of his death. This was important because the Germans did not notify anyone of his death.

After two months of inhumane treatment at Stalag 4B, a group of us were put on boxcars the 12th of April and shipped to Leipzig, Germany. It was an overnight trip and we arrived early on the 13th. About noon on the 13th the German guards told us that President Roosevelt had died the day before. This news cast a spell of depression and gloom on all of us. One of the POW's borrowed a pocket knife from another POW and walked over to a fence and knelt down and cut his throat. I don't think the man died but I am not sure. The Germans then told us because Leipzig was a hospital center for the western and eastern fronts and the city would be declared an open city and surrendered to the Americans. After the surrender (expected to take several days), we would be liberated. We went from depression to elation, but were soon to find our elation was false hope because about 4:00 a.m. the next morning we marched out of Leipzig toward the Russian front which was about 100 miles to the east. Later, we learned the SS had killed the German army staff officers and taken command fought for the city.

We spent two weeks walking around the zone between the Russian

and American front. Early one morning when we were near the Russian front we were awakened by a barrage of Russian artillery which was landing very close and getting closer. The German guards marched us back toward the American lines. We had stayed in a large barn for several days when I talked my buddy A. C. Wilson into walking into a small town that was nearby. Wilson at first was reluctant because he said that he didn't want to get shot this late in the war. I convinced him we should go and that if anyone said halt that we would halt and return to the barn and we walked into the town. In this small town was a German anti-aircraft unit that had all of their guns covered and were probably trying to decide whether to fight the Russians or surrender to the Americans. One of the German soldiers in this unit was eating some rice and meat. He was old and looked like he was sick. I asked him if he would give us the rice and meat for some Polish cigarettes that I had which he agreed to. While Wilson and I were eating the food, I asked him where and how far the Americans were and he replied eight kilometers to the west. Eight kilometers is about five miles which is about a two hour walk. On the way back to the barn I told Wilson that we should get our blanket and canteen cup and head for the Americans. Again, he was reluctant. I told him I would wait until 2:00 p.m. and if he wouldn't go, I was going to shake his hand, wish him luck, and say goodbye. At 2:00 p.m., Wilson and I walked off from the barn and didn't look back. We had not walked much more than a hour when we saw an American Army colonel and a first lieutenant who were about two miles in from the American lines. They were directing allied POW's to Halle, Germany, where an infantry division was set up to take care of men who had been POW's. This was April 24th, 1945, and there has never been a happier day in my life.

The first thing I did in Halle was to send a cablegram and a V-Mail letter to my parents in Savannah, Georgia. They had not known for almost six months whether I was dead or alive. The only report they had about me was a telegram reporting that I was missing in action. While in Halle I ran into Leonard Hall, who was a POW at Stalag 4B and one of the best friends that I have ever had. Leonard had been the Sergeant Major of the First Canadian Parachute Regiment and was captured shortly after D-Day. The night I was leaving Stalag 4B for Leipzig, Leonard gave me a package of cigarettes which was the most valuable present that anyone has ever given to me. With cigarettes you could buy food. Without them you could starve to death. Leonard was at 4B when the Russians liberated the camp and he became friendly with a Russian officer who invited him to go to Muhlberg for some fun. Leonard asked the Russian what he had in mind for fun and the officer told him that they had captured an SS officer and they were going to make the local butcher cut his heart out while he was alive. Leonard declined the invitation.

While in Halle we were fed a very bland diet and small portions because our stomachs would not tolerate any kind of spicy food and was shrunk to about one-fifth of normal size. I think I weighed about 90 pounds when I arrived in Halle. We could eat several times a day or often as we wanted and we were gaining weight every day. After a week or so in Halle we were flown to Verdun, France, and put on a train to LeHavre, France. After a month at Camp Lucky Strike, we left France on the S.S. General Black, an army troop transport ship. On the S.S. General Black, in a raging storm in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, we had an abandon ship drill which we found out the next day was close to the real thing because one of the boilers had fallen off its foundation and had almost blown up. A few days after the near miss we arrived at Camp Miles Standish in Massachusetts. We were shipped to an army installation near our homes and given long furloughs. I spent the summer of '45 in Savannah resting and trying to forget the horror and terror that I had been through. What happened to me is not an isolated case. My story is just one of many, many thousands--many of which were much worse than mine. While I believe my experience made me a stronger person, it showed me the dark side of humans which I hope most people never have to see. ■

**60TH ANNIVERSARY
BULGE TOUR
BELGIUM & LUXEMBOURG
December 10-20, 2004**

The final details for commemorating the 60th Anniversary of the Bulge are almost complete. It will be the most elaborate, memorable ever held in Belgium and Luxembourg and will be attended by all top officials and heads of state. All realize that this is the "Last Hurrah" for these every 10th year commemorations.

At this writing there are approximately 200 persons going on the tour--about one-half veterans. There is still room for more but you must sign up immediately. I am especially interested in more veterans--those in Belgium and Luxembourg are most anxious to have at least a few veterans attend their many events.

The easiest, quickest way to get the tour information is to send an E-mail to Earle Hart: earlehart@att.net. A less preferred, slower method is to contact Nancy Monson at the VBOB Office: Telephone 703-528-4058 or FAX 703-528-5403.

The Belgian and Luxembourg Governments are giving generous support to the tour--in different forms. The final details will be known shortly. It will result in a substantial reduction in the tour cost for qualified veterans, and somewhat for non-veterans. Understandably, they are directing a majority of the support toward the veterans.

Essentially all basic tour arrangements have been finalized--commercial air flights, hotels, buses, itinerary. There are unresolved issues regarding the Belgian AirBus which are being worked on.

The individual program details for each event are only partially finalized. They will be E-mailed to the participating members upon receipt plus a special program will be handed out prior to each day's events. The itinerary published in the August *Bugle* has not been changed. A packet of tour information, travel literature, etc., will soon be mailed to all participating members.

There are many people working very hard on both sides of the Atlantic to make this final remembrance a "once-in-a-lifetime" success--one to never forget--and for generations to come.

Come join us if you can, you'll never regret it.

**VETERANS: Save
FLY THE AIRBUS - \$500.00**

The Belgian Government has recently issued instructions that only "Veterans" are authorized to fly on the AirBus - no "Companions".

Accordingly, it is requested that the maximum number of veterans fly on the AirBus. We want to take the fullest advantage of this cost saving opportunity, in spite of the admittedly very limiting restrictions. Those that do, will receive a \$500 reduction in their tour cost. The final cost to qualified veterans, flying on the AirBus, will be approx. \$1500. Additional support is expected shortly from the Luxembourg government which will lower the cost even further - and somewhat for non-veterans.

**THE MANY AIRBUS ADVANTAGES
VS. COMMERCIAL**

There are many incorrect perceptions of what is involved in flying the AirBus as compared to commercial airlines. First, it is exactly the same as the commercial version only with a Belgium emblem and includes all the same facilities, etc. The one different aspect is walking up 23 easy steps on the ramp to the plane. Once you're in, the leg room is greater than on commercial versions - 200 vs. 267 seats.

Compared to International flights at commercial airports, the checking-through processing time and fatigue factor is substantially less with the AirBus, thanks to it's limited, expeditious processing and the lack of competing crowds. The bus from the hotel will stop at the uncontested terminal curbside within a few steps of the entry. No remote parking areas from which to hustle your bags in uncertain December weather, etc.

Customs and security are essentially pre-cleared before arriving at the airport. The baggage check is virtually a "walk-through" - bags are typically not opened. The entire process is quite free of hassles and relaxing - no tiring, long periods of standing and maneuvering your bags, etc. No long queue lines waiting at: porter and cab stands, ticket counter, customs, security, baggage inspection, baggage carousel, etc.

Buses will take AirBus passengers from the terminal to the plane (and back), avoiding walking and exposure to the elements. This procedure is still encountered on commercial flights - a family member was just bused to a British Air flight, out on the strip, at Heathrow (London) airport - so commercial flights are not a certainty to avoid ramp stairs.

Baggage handling on the AirBus is a major advantage compared to commercial terminals. Military personnel will handle the bags at both military terminals. At commercial terminals the individual will have to handle their bags a lot - even if they can locate a cart or porter. The commercial airport in Brussels does not have porters so people will have to handle their bags through the entire check-in/out process - plus to the bus pick-up location.

The Belgian AirBus flies out of Andrews Air Force Base, just east of the Washington, DC Beltway (I-495). Arrangements for transportation from the AirBus Gateway hotel to the base, plus security pre-clearances, are being handled by the U. S. Department of Defense's (DOD) WWII 60th Anniversary support group. Tour members will be issued DOD ID name badges - the ultimate in security ID's.

For AirBus reservations and questions, please contact Jenny the Tour's Ticketing Agent:

**Tel: 217-352-5344 Fax: 217-352-5927 E-Mail:
bvoyage@prairienet.org**

**Earle Hart, Chairman
VBOB Bulge 60th Anniversary Committee**

If you haven't expressed interest before and received materials, please do so immediately. If you're seriously interested you should proceed to apply for your passport at your local post office at your earliest opportunity--it may take 4 to 6 weeks to get it.■

VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE CERTIFICATE

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

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

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

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

VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE CERTIFICATE ORDER BLANK

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

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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.

YANKEE DIVISION DRIVE SAVED BASTOGNE

26th Relieved Pressure on Unit that Broke Siege

By Andrew Tully
(Traveler Staff, Correspondent)

[The following newspaper article (name unknown) was sent to us by BERESFORD N. CLARK, 26TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 328TH INFANTRY REGIMENT, AT COMPANY.]

WITH THE TWENTY-SIXTH DIVISION IN LUXEMBOURG. Jan 5(?)--This is the first of three stories on the important part of New England's Yankee Division played in stopping the recent German counter attack in Luxembourg.

This is a big story. It is the story of the big thing that was done by the men of the 26th Infantry Division. It is the story of how this division was called upon suddenly in a crisis and how it did the thing that could and may be written into the history of this war as the major reason why the German counter attack of December 18, 1944, met ultimate failure.

Was Blacked Out

It is only now almost three weeks after the men of the YD flung themselves into that awful breach that the whole story can be told. For a while during the early stages of the operation the 26th was blacked out. It could not be identified in print.

Later that blackout was lifted. But the story could not be told because it was not a complete story. Yet now it is complete and there is not a gram of stale material in this late telling of it. For this big thing that the men of the 26th did among the snow-covered hills and angry gorges of Luxembourg is one of the few stories of truly magnificent achievement that have come out of this war.

Putting it "simply and without embellishment," they did this: They rushed 60 miles to the underside of the counter-attack east of Arlon, Belgium. They stopped the Germans in their sector, which was what they had been ordered to do at any cost, then they did a more magnificent job. They smashed the German attackers back into a retreat that saved the important Belgian City of Bastogne from capture by the enemy.

Probably no one can say what would have happened if Bastogne had fallen, but it would have been bad, very bad indeed. Bastogne is an important supply center and road net terminal. Inside the city was the valiant 101st Airborne Division, which was starting an epic defensive stand. The city's fall would have been a serious blow, perhaps even a disastrous blow to the Allies.

Meriwell Twist

And it was the 26th Division called to the rescue in a veritable Frank Meriwell twist which saved Bastogne, for when the YD sent the Germans in its own sector reeling, enemy forces

harassing the 4th Armored Division on the 26's left flank had to retreat to avoid being flanked. And thus the pressure on the 4th Armored was relieved, permitting its tanks to roll forward to the north and break the siege of Bastogne.

The YD did this big thing because it was fast and because it fought furiously and without let up. It left its area at dawn on December 20 and its first units drew up around Arlon that night. It attacked on December 22 and since that day it has pushed its assault day and night without cease. Up until today it has advanced 17 miles into the Jerry Midriff. That is 17 miles as the crow flies. Actually the YD traveled many more miles than that on icy roads which wind around miniature peaks like the frosting on a birthday cake.

It seems a long time ago now to that night when the YD got that summons to move. The men of the 26th were resting a little that night, resting and relaxing in the building where the officers were billeted they had set up a little night spot dubbed the "Wolf's Den." Some Red Cross girls had come over. Among them was a round-faced, smiling girl named Mary Small from Cohasset and the officers were dancing and drinking mild wine. Even the big brass was there. Maj. Gen. Willard S. Paul, of Shrewsbury, the division commanding officer, and Col. Bernice A. McFadyen, the chief of staff sat at a corner table.

Wanted on the Phone

About 10 o'clock an aide poked his head cautiously in the room, looked around and then walked over to the table where Gen. Paul and Col. McFadyen sat and saluted smartly. The big brass grinned. "At ease, son," Gen. Paul told the aide. "Yes, sir, the chief is wanted on the phone, sir," the aide said as if saying one long word.

Col. McFadyen excused himself, muttered something about "routine" and left. Gen. Paul turned back to the young lieutenant he had been chaffing about the latter's bashful attention toward a Red Cross girl.

A few minutes later Col. McFadyen, returned, marched softly to Gen. Paul's table, whispered something in the latter's ear. The general's mouth grew tight and he straightened up in his seat then both got their coats and helmets, apologized to the guests for having to leave and departed.

That was the night of December 18. The division was on 12-hour notice to move. Next day it received its marching orders merely that the 26th was moving north. A few hours later, the order was elaborated and the 26th was told that it would go into line on a seven mile front east of Arlon. Shortly after midnight on the morning of December 20 the cavalry reconnaissance troop moved out and the rest of the division followed in daylight.

The 26th Division arrived in its new sector late that afternoon, detrucked and went into hidden bivouac in a stretch of beautiful fir trees. All the next day the men lay concealed in these woods. Equipment was cared for, weapons were cleaned, additional ammunition was issued and vehicles were given a final checkup. Every man was given an extra pair of socks. His other clothing was inspected. Line troops got three days' emergency rations. Next day before daylight the Yankee Division attacked. ■

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