

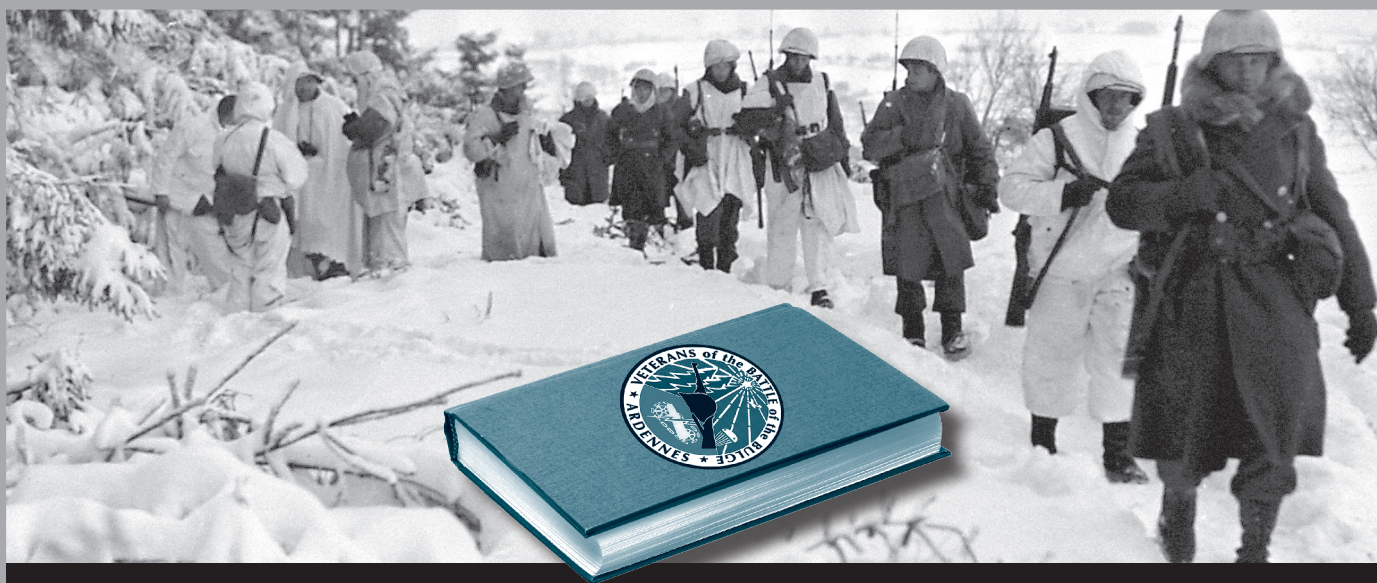
The BULGE BUGLE

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

VOLUME XXXI NUMBER 4

THE ARDENNES CAMPAIGN

NOVEMBER 2012



→ COMING SOON! ←

A BOOK OF YOUR STORIES

from *The Bulge Bugle*. We need your assistance to make it happen! See page 8 for details.



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REMEMBRANCE
December 14-16, 2012
Washington, DC
p. 16

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or www.vbob.org**



*J. David Bailey
106th Infantry
Division*

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

As my term comes to a close, I want you to know that I am deeply grateful for the opportunity I have had to serve as your National President. It has been a two-year period which I witnessed the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge (VBOB) work diligently to perpetuate the memory of the sacrifices involved during the Battle of the Bulge, and to promote friendship among the survivors of the Battle of the Bulge and their descendents.

I can say without equivocation, it has been an amazing two years in my life and a time I will always remember and treasure. Among the events most exciting to me was a visit to the White House to meet with the President and First Lady on veteran issues. Also very exciting was interacting directly with the Under Secretary of the Army who has the deepest respect and regard for the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge because of (as he states) our dedicated service and sacrifice.

I found my meeting with officials of the Veterans Administration to be very productive and informative. The VA's endeavors in claims processing, care-giving and other vital issues were discussed at their Budget Rollout, and VSO meetings which I attended. And being an Associate Member of the Veterans Day Committee representing the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge on a "special" ceremonial day at the Arlington National Cemetery has been very ; rewarding.

We are fortunate to have on the Executive Council two associate members John D. Bowen and Ralph Bozorth who are essential to our operation. They provide the capability that makes our legal, financial and administrative programs work. I thank both of them here for their continued dedication to our organization and the valuable contributions they make.

In my first year as President I personally launch a "Future Action Committee" headed by Associate Alan Cunningham to

search, investigate and establish option that may be available to VBOB in the future. Already, this committee has established a partnership with the National Infantry Foundation - and with - the National Museum of the U. S. Army, (opening in 2015) which will help perpetuate the memory and understanding of the sacrifices made by our military personnel during the Battle of the Bulge.

A meaningful marketing effort by Associate Bob Rhodes, designed to attract "new" Associate members has gotten off the ground and has been extremely successful.

Bob, building on this success, is initiating a new marketing campaign with the goal of obtaining more Associate members for VBOB.

I am happy to report that our new website -- www.battleofthebulge.org -- has just completed its first year of operation. We have received outstanding feedback on it recognizing its ease of operation, enhanced technology and up-to-date information. Sincere thanks to Kevin and Tracey Diehl for bringing us into the digital world. And a huge thank-you to George Chekan, who for numerous years has done an exceptional job as Editor of the Bulge Bugle -- the voice and heart of VBOB.

Cheers to Colonel Douglas C. Dillard, duly elected President of VBOB who will be sworn into office on December 16, 2012. As National President, Doug will be a strong leader and provide a firm vision for the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, Inc. We look forward to advancing the organization and furthering our strategic goals under his leadership.

A special thanks to Mary Ann Bowen who acted as my Parliamentarian during my tenure. Mary Ann did an outstanding job and was always there for me.

We have returned from a highly successful 31st Annual Reunion in New Orleans, Louisiana held on September 26-30, 2012. We look forward to a "Remembrance and Commemoration" of the 68th Anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge to be held in Washington, D.C., December 14-16, 2012. Make sure to get your reservation in as soon as possible.

As I complete my two years as National President, I also give special thanks to all of our member veterans. You serve your fellow veterans with pride and dignity, with the same honor and the same courage as you served our nation. For your war has not ended, nor will it ever. Service is what sets you apart, earning you proud distinction as honored veterans. Thank you for allowing me the honor of serving you.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I ENJOY THE BULGE BUGLE

I really enjoy getting your write-ups. I am 87 years old and I think of part of the war real often. One thing I think of often is just before going to the Battle of the Bulge. We moved over to the edge of Germany to help out the 84th infantry division. They had some old anti-aircraft gun positions and as we walked by going to the mess truck by it was really raining. Some of the guys stayed there because it was under ground.

We talked with some of these fellows and one of them told me he had a job working in the post office in Tennessee. I stayed with them all night and the next morning they pulled out and went to another location. Thank God I made it home.

The Lord has blessed me so much, I climbed light poles for 38 years for a utility company and I give the church \$500 a month and I never missed any of it.

My father served in World War I

**Joseph E. Foreman,
7th AD, 434th AFA**

LOOKING FOR VETERANS

My name is Marion and I have been fascinated by the Second World War since the age of 9 years. At present I am a serviceman of the National Gendarmerie, I write you this letter to know if it is possible for you to pass on (to transmit) my letter to the veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, because I would like to enter correspondence with them, to have their testimonies as well as a dedicated photo.

Best regards

Please contact me

**Marion FAVA
292 allée des fougères
62730 marck
PAS DE CALAIS
FRANCE**

THANK YOU JAMES STANLEY

"War Memoirs" by James Stanley 30th ID, 117th IR was in the August, 2012 issue of the Official Publication, Vol. XXXI Number 3. This article was so well written you could visualize his experiences. I was very touched by his war memoirs of the Army. What a wonderful, thoughtful and loving individual! And a great soldier! I'd like to thank him for sharing his tour of duty.

Sincerely,

**Betty J. Lake, Associate
Vero Beach, FL**

PLEASE CONTACT ME

My name is William (Bill) G. Parker. I would like to be contacted by anyone who served with me at Louisiana State University, Camp Maxey, Texas and particularly the 99th Infantry Division, 1st Battalion, Company A, First Platoon from Bridport England, France, and the Battle of the Bulge and the crossing of the Bridge at Remagen. I was wounded near Fleckenberg, Germany (just after passing through Geissen) from shrapnel.

I would have loved to attend the last 3 or 4 reunions but am unable to, since I am residing in an Assisted-Aid facility.

My address is:

**William G. Parker, 5480 Marengo
Ave., Apt G257, La Mesa, CA
91942-2152.**

VINTAGE POSTCARDS

I came across the Battle of the Bulge website when I was browsing online one day. I collect vintage postcards, including postcards that were mailed from soldiers back home during World War II. World War II is one of my favorite historical topics. I am looking for veterans who served in the Battle of the Bulge who live in the Philadelphia/King of Prussia area of Pennsylvania that would be willing to do an interview about their experience.

I am currently in the process of collecting information for a book I want to write. Below is a link to my blog, where you can see most of my recent posts are about World War II.

Please contact me if you are interested.

**Lora Moore
Telephone number 609-617-6945**

<http://postcardmuseum.wordpress.com/>

US HOSPITALS IN THE UK DURING WWII

We are currently researching U.S. Convalescent Hospitals and Centers based in the U.K. during World War 2 for a book on the subject. We would very much like to hear from

servicemen and women who served at the hospitals and also patients who were treated at them. We would like to hear people's memories of the bases and the surrounding area. We would also like to see photos from the time. Our aim is to paint as accurate a picture as possible of life at the U.S. Convalescent Centers through people's memories and archive material. We can be contacted via:

e-mail - francollins@mail.com

Visit us at <http://www.englemed.co.uk/books/usaaf/>

**Mr and Mrs M. Collins,
3, Ipswich Crescent,
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A RE-CAP OF THE 31ST ANNUAL REUNION OF THE VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE IN NEW ORLEANS SEPT 26 - 30.

by Doris Davis, Associate Member



Everyone seemed to have a great time in “The Big Easy.” We had 178 registered guests this year! (that’s more than last year by approximately 75 people!). We were very glad to see 65 Veterans and Army Nurses who were able to join us this year - as well as our old friends, Nancy and Bill Monson who came to help (they miss seeing the Veterans they met during Nancy’s tenure as Secretary of National VBOB.)

Some people arrived on Tuesday, Sept 25. A group of 28 of them went out to dinner at a nearby restaurant that evening. We all met in the lobby and walked to Domenico’s about a block away. The food was very good!

We began Wednesday, Sept. 26 with a continental breakfast and then a Horse and Buggy Ride through the French Quarter. The Horse and Buggy company decorated the carriages with red white and blue bows and the carriages stayed together (like a parade). With the bows and some of the Veterans wearing their caps, it made some of the pedestrians take notice and some stopped and took pictures. We returned to the hotel and took a bus tour of New Orleans and that was very interesting. Included in our tour was a cemetery (in New Orleans, people are buried above ground). We heard of the custom of visiting the cemeteries on All Saint’s Day (November 1). We drove by many significant places in New Orleans. After the bus tour, we returned to the hotel and some people visited in the hospitality room while others went on a Horse and Buggy Tour (some had missed the morning tour because of their flight arrivals). In total, about 50 people enjoyed the Horse and Buggy Tours. It was quite fun. That evening, we had a wine and cheese reception in the Ballroom at the hotel. Everyone really seemed to enjoy the food - so much so that we ran out of food and had to supplement with additional pizzas and sandwiches!

We started Thursday, Sept 27 with a wonderful breakfast (including buttered grits). We had a leisurely morning and then we left on the bus to visit the Mardi Gras Museum. Our visit began with a lunch of Shrimp Creole and Chicken and Sausage Jambalaya (unique to New Orleans). Prior to our tour, we were able to try on Mardi Gras costumes and have our pictures taken. During the tour, we learned how the floats for the Mardi Gras Parades are made (and re-cycled) each year. The characters they create for the floats were huge! After the tour, we returned to the hotel and had delicious dinner and attended a presentation by Kevin Secor who spoke about Veterans Affairs. The audience was able to ask questions of Kevin. After the presentation, many people stayed and visited. Some people made new friends.

Friday, Sept 28 began with another amazing breakfast and then

we attended a presentation by Professor Andrew G. Jameson entitled “The Battle of the Bulge”. He explained the reasons behind it, why it failed, and why it was called “the Bulge”. He presented both the German and the American positions in the battle. We were able to follow what he explained on large maps of the Bulge. A handout of his presentation was provided (and these are available if you were not able to attend). Following his presentation, we had lunch which included more New Orleans’ favorites - seafood gumbo soup and mini muffalettas. During Lunch, James Tiesler presented “It Took A War” which is a project that he and his students have worked on for 10 years. His students learn more about the war and the bravery of those who fought in the war as a result of this project. After lunch, some of us went to Cafe Du Monde for beignets and chicory coffee (or hot chocolate). At 2:30 PM, we boarded the Natchez Cruise Steamboat and had a very enjoyable cruise. Unfortunately, it began to rain before we boarded so some of us got pretty wet. After returning back to the hotel, we went to the WW II Museum to see a USO show. This particular night, they had a big band that was excellent. Their music brought back many fond memories to some. Many of us danced to the music. Some enjoyed a dinner with the show and some of us dined in the Cafe. We returned to the hotel after a very full day.

Saturday, Sept 29 began with another sumptuous breakfast, followed by the Membership Meeting. Then we had lunch that included 2 kinds of soup as well as crab cakes. We left for the WW II Museum and really enjoyed seeing the exhibits on D-Day, the Home Front and the Pacific and we saw the Higgins Boat in the main entrance area. We concluded our visit with a movie called “Beyond All Boundaries” (narrated by Tom Hanks) and we held on to our seats when the movie got “realistic.” Following our visit to the Museum, we returned to the hotel to enjoy a banquet of artichoke stuffed chicken breast or marinated flank steak. The table decorations were beautiful - thanks to William Heroman, one of our members who lives in nearby Baton Rouge, LA. He integrated a little teddy bear dressed in a red, white and blue sweater in the arrangement. They really made the banquet room tables look gorgeous!

Our distinguished speakers at the Banquet included our President, David Bailey, Lucien Leys (a representative from the Belgian Embassy) and Mario Weisen (Consul, Luxembourg Embassy).

Many of us returned home the next morning (Sunday, Sept. 29). A few people stayed over to see some of the sights of New Orleans. We look forward to seeing everyone in Kansas City, in the fall of 2013 for our 32nd Reunion of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge!

Many thanks to the caterer who provided 4 breakfasts, 3 lunches and 3 dinners - all with a variety of foods at a affordable price. She made it possible for us to sample some of the New Orleans cuisine. Then, the people from the Horse and Buggy company who were so nice to everyone. Then the people at the Mardi Gras Museum, the Natchez Cruise Steamboat, and the World War II Museum. Most of all, the hotel staff was wonderful. They said we were one of the best groups they had all year! They helped in so many ways! Our thanks, too, to our presenters, Kevin Secor, Professor Jameson and James Tiesler as well as Alan Cunningham (who presented at the Business Meeting). Overall, it was a fabulous reunion that was action packed. We couldn’t stop the rain, but we still managed to have a wonderful time.





A BOOK OF YOUR STORIES

Have your Battle of the Bulge story included in our soon to be published book – THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE – True Stories from the Men and Women Who Survived

Over the many years you have submitted stories about experiences during The Battle of the Bulge and they were published in our newsletter, the Bulge Bugle. Now VBOB would like to publish these stories in a book that will be sold to the public, thus helping to perpetuate the legacy of all who served during that epic battle. I call your attention to the first of four purposes of VBOB as detailed in the bylaws. “To perpetuate the memory of the sacrifices made by U. S. military personnel during The Battle of the Bulge.”

Our publisher has informed us that we can only print those stories, in the book, for which we receive your permission. Granting your permission is a simple matter of completing a release form, please download. Many of the veterans who submitted stories are now deceased; but their family members can grant permission by completing the release form.

We are informing all veterans, associate members, family members and friends who submitted stories by the following methods:

- This notice along with the Release is on our web site www.battleofthebulge.org
- This notice along with the Release is here in the November Bulge Bugle
- This notice along with the Release will be mailed

HAVE YOUR STORY INCLUDED IN OUR BOOK – THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE – BY TAKING THESE 2 STEPS

1. Fillout the VBOB release form on the opposite page
2. Send the completed release form to:

VBOB
PO Box 336
Blue Bell, PA 19422

If you have any questions please contact Ralph Bozorth at: 484-351-8844 or email Ralph@battleofthebulge.org

If we do not receive a signed release form from you by January 31, 2013 we cannot include your stories in the book.

RELEASE

The Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, Inc (VBOB), a national membership organization, hereinafter referred to as the Author, has collected and compiled material for a book. The book will include information given to the Author by the undersigned Releasor.

Book Title: THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

Sub Title: True Stories from the Men and Women Who Survived

The Releasor has written and submitted his/her stories to the Author so that the stories may be preserved for posterity, and he/she has consented to the publication of the stories in the Author's book titled THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE, and understand that the Releasor will receive no compensation for sharing his/her experiences.

The Releasor is forever waiving any rights to compensation or proceeds, or any other rights, including copyright ownership, arising from the publication, and hereby forever releases, discharges, and acquits the Author of any and all claims, actions, suits, and demands.

The Releasor does hereby transfer his/her copyright ownership of his/her stories to the Author, **The Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, Inc** (VBOB), a national membership organization. This document may be recorded in the Copyright Office of the United States of America.

This Release shall be binding upon and inure to the benefit of the parties hereto and their respective successors, heirs, executors, administrators and assigns.

In Witness Whereof, the Releasor has duly executed this Release dated:

Date _____

Releasor signature (your signature) _____

Releasor name printed (your name) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone _____

e-mail _____

16 DECEMBER 1944

by Samuel Lombardo, 99th ID, 394th IR, 3rd Bn, Co I

This is just an example of how little information we had on the 16th of December about the strength and disposition of the German army. It was normal for a division to have one regiment in reserve. Our high command thought that the German army was almost through then we would declare victory by Christmas of that year.

Instead of a regiment our 99th Division assigned just one company and that was my Company I of the 394th Regiment. I was a first lieutenant and platoon leader of the second platoon with additional duties of executive officer. At about 1000 hrs on the morning of the 16th of December we received a call from headquarters that the headquarters of the 393rd Regiment had lost communications with Lt. Colonel Allen the CO of 3rd Battalion.

We were assigned the mission to go to the front from Elsenborn and reestablish contact with Colonel Allen. Since I specialized in map reading my CO Captain J. J. Morris directed me to lead our company I to Colonel Allen's position and to stop on the way at the 393rd headquarters and received our final orders. After walking four or 5 kilometers we stopped at the 393rd headquarters, which was in an old house along the roadside.

Captain Maurice sent me in to receive our borders while he remained with the company along the roadside. I entered saluted identifying myself and listen to my orders, I still remember like it was yesterday. The S3 inform me that they had lost contact with Colonel Allen. They thought that a patrol in force maybe 50 or 60 Germans soldiers had come through and cut the telephone lines. Our mission was to contact Colonel Allen and have the telephone lines repaired. I saluted and began leaving and before I reached the door he called me back and told me that I should have a secondary order that was Restore the MLR.

At that moment it didn't seem like something monumental. Little did they know that there were two panzer divisions and one Volksgren

FORTY-ONE DAYS & NIGHTS OF FREEZING HELL

by Floyd Ragsdale, 106th ID, 424th IR

What does an eighty six year old veteran of the Battle of the Bulge of 67 years ago think about the 16 of December 1944? Perhaps one may believe the gray matter in the head of that Veteran should be rather rusty, so many years later. Maybe so, yet not this veteran, who served in the 2nd Battalion of the 424th Regiment.

Just previous to H hour, this soldier had been doing trench duty out in the foxholes on the front lines. During that time period, sounds of heavy vehicle motors were infiltrating the night air. A 39 man German patrol had been sighted in the area. However no action was taken by either side. Other than that, all was quiet on the Western Front Our Company (G) were all spruced up to face an inspection at 0600 hours that morning.

At 0550 hours all hell broke loose that morning. At that moment, this G.I. was at rest in a bunker. Suddenly, German artillery shells were exploding, all around us, in every direction. As I left the bunker, dashing for my combat post, an abnormal light illuminated the entire area, even though daylight was more than

several hours away. It seemed as though the earth itself was being shaken. Exploding artillery shells sent trees crashing to the ground in Ardennes forest. G Company soldiers, their guts in an uproar, and with ice cold fingers were gripping their rifles, waiting for the German Infantry to appear out of the morning fog and mist, when the barrage was lifted.

Before the day was over, in some areas, whatever direction a soldier faced, was the front lines. Unknown to 106th Division Soldiers at the time, there were ten German Soldiers to every one of ours. Hitler, Germanys' dictator, was to blame for that terrible battle. The news media named the campaign "The Battle of the Bulge."

Upper Staff Officers claimed we were in a Calculated Risk area. That parcel of land, on the German/Belgium border Sucked both sides into a trap and both participants paid a heavy price, in dead, wounded and prisoners of war before the battle was won and brought to a conclusion, by the American Army.

From that affair a band of American soldiers became "VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE". No matter when or where I meet a fellow veteran who was there, there is always something in common to share. We agree, "The battle was forty one days and nights of freezing hell."

adier division in front of Colonel Allen.

We arrived in the afternoon and found Colonel Allen and what was left of his the third Battalion. There were seven or eight officers and approximate 250 men left. They had been attacked that morning and this is all that remained.

While there contact was made with 393rd Regiment by radio and we were informed of the situation. Also while there we received orders from division headquarters to march back to Elsenborn Ridge and establish a defense line. Two days later we arrived at Elsenborn Ridge and established our line. We held until the end of the bulge when we receive orders to attack east through the Cologne Plain and then the Rhine River.

A TIME TO REMEMBER

by: Harry Wintemberg, 87th ID, 347th IR, 3rd Bn.

It was before sunrise on May 6, 1945. The day before we had raced some 30 miles through Central-. Germany heading for the Czechoslovakian border. Except for an occasional sniper, we had encountered no resistance, but instead were greeted by many villagers with hugs, kisses, flowers, fruit, candy and loud cheers as we passed through their snail hamlets, no longer than one block in length. Our platoon of about 30 men had outrun the main elements of the division, including support artillery and the kitchen trucks. Fortunately, we were well stocked with the



usual cold field rations. The lieutenant decided to select our squad of eight men to immediately proceed due east toward the German-Czech border. Our instructions were clear. We were to take two 90mm self-propelled tank destroyers (like a tank without heavy armor) and two jeeps with 50 caliber machine guns mounted on a swivel base. We were to proceed at maximum speed until we

either encountered German resistance or the advancing Russians. If we met a large contingent of Germans, we were to immediately turn back. If we met the Russians, we were to wave an American flag and wait for them to come to us. We had a very crude map of the area. It showed a few fanning hamlets and very secondary roads for the next 50 miles.

At about 7:00 a.m., our group of eight took off....a jeep in front with two men, the two TD's with two men in each and a follow-up jeep in the rear. I was riding in the 2nd jeep manning the 50 caliber was a beautiful spring day with the sun shining brightly and the temperature in the mid-70's. After a short distance we passed through a very small village and were advised by the residents that the last German soldiers had left about 24 hours before. By noon, we had advanced about 20 miles and had reached the Czech border. The guard house at the border had been abandoned. We stopped for lunch and enjoyed our "picnic" in the country. The next 10 miles was very slow going. The retreating Germans had blasted a number of trees down across the road in areas where the road was narrow and passed through a ravine. We had to stop and with chains had the TD's pull the fallen trees off the road. We lost much time. As the afternoon sun began to fall to the horizon, our sergeant decided to pull off into a small wooded area and settle in for the night. Guard details were arranged and we had supper and stretched out with our bed rolls for a good night's sleep. It was a quiet night, except for the distant rumble of artillery and were up before dawn and took off at sunrise.

We had traveled only a short distance and we came up a small rise in the road. Suddenly, the lead jeep abruptly stopped and motioned for us to do likewise. Since we couldn't see over the knoll, we walked up to where the lead jeep had stopped. Never in my life had I ever had such a terrifying experience and certainly I haven't had one like it since. Before us was a stretch of open farmland with a long gradually curving road that could be seen almost to the horizon. The road was clogged with hundreds of vehicle crawling along, bumper to bumper. There/countless German tanks, artillery pieces, small vehicles, large trucks, ambulances, ox carts, and thousands of well-armed German infantrymen.

The lead vehicle was a staff car usually used by 'high. ranking officers. Our sergeant had binoculars, but could only determine that the occupants of the staff car had stopped and held. up the entire column of troops. They had obviously seen us through their binoculars. We held a panic conference and were about to turn around and make a hasty retreat, when the sergeant yelled that the staff car had what appeared to be a large white pillow case or sheet on a long pole that had been raised. (Note: We had not had any communication with our base unit since leaving the morning before. It was now May 7, 1945. The staff car left the convoy and rapidly closed the \ mile distance as it approached us under a truce flag. We pulled the two 90mm TDs and the two jeeps up in a line separated by about 15 yards and waited while our pulse jumped to at least 150 beats per minute. When the staff car came within about 100 yards, it stopped and a German officer got out and approached our position with a white, sheet on a pole.

Respecting this international symbol of a truce we took no aggressive action. When the officer came within talking range, he said in perfect English, "I would like to speak to your

commanding officer." Our sergeant, simply replied that he was the ranking non-commissioned officer. The German said, "I am Colonel so-and-so (name forgotten) and am the regimental commander of these troops you see before you. I am prepared to honor the agreement reached this morning between the German High Command and the American forces under the command of General Eisenhower and unconditionally surrender my forces immediately." Having said that, he immediately removed his revolver from its holster and gave it to the sergeant. I remember him saying our war is over and we want to go home under true supervision of the Americans.... not the Russians." The eight of us looked at each other with one common look..... "What the hell do we do now?" We never had the chance to celebrate the fact that the war was over and this would be officially known as V-E-Day. Our minds were so mixed up with fear, panic, uncertainty what to do coupled with the elation IT was over and we survived what seemed to be the impossible.

The German Colonel sensing our dilemma, made the suggestion that he order his troops to dismount all their vehicles and discard all their weapons along the road. He further suggested that they take their field packs with blankets and food rations and set up a massive camp in the farm land surrounding both sides of the road. He was obviously very worried about the approaching Russians, as he asked if we had an American flag they could set up on a pole in the middle of the encampment. Acting like we knew exactly what we were doing, we agreed with the Colonel's suggestions, including setting up the American flag as protection from the Russians. The sergeant directed that the two of us in the rear jeep take off as fast as possible back toward our main unit. So this other fellow (name forgotten) and I left. As we passed through one hamlet, the residents were out yelling and waving little American flags (source unknown) and wanted to stop us. To avoid running over them, we were forced to slow to a crawl.

Suddenly, a shot rang out and ricocheted off the side of our jeep. Everyone screamed and pointed to the hayloft of a nearby barn. I swung the 50 caliber machine gun around and let go with about 100 rounds spraying the whole side of the barn. Accompanied by some of the locals we ran over to the barn and found our sniper laying on the floor dead. While the farmers released their vengeance on the corpse with their pitch forks, we jumped back on the jeep and left. After about 30 minutes (distance uncertain) we encountered the main body of our unit heading east in a parade-like fashion. They were yelling and drinking liberated German schnapps and wine and having a great time celebrating the end of the war. We located our lieutenant and briefed him on what we had experienced.

Within minutes we were headed back east toward the area we had left our six guys watching over a whole regiment of Germans. Again, we were in for quite a surprise. The German colonel had moved all vehicles off on to the shoulder of the road. Looking like a campground for the Barnum & Bailey Circus, there were hundreds of small tents being erected, campfires burning and in the middle of it all mounted on some type of pole was the American flag flying over this German encampment. Our battalion commander, a Lt. colonel, proceeded to discuss formalities with the German colonel. At this point, our group of 2 jeeps and 2 TD's were instructed to proceed to a nearby intersection and set-up a crossing guard until further advised. I never did learn how they disposed of the 1000's of prisoners we had "captured"!

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE BULGE (POEM)

by Jacob G. Zimmerer, 26th ID, 39th Signal Corp

On September 16th, 1944, Hitler had five confederates swear to his last offensive plan through the Ardennes to split the Allied powers.

He promised fifteen hundred tanks, one hundred trains of ammo and a force of 275,000 men to strike in November's waning hours.

Everyone available from cooks, to U-boat sailors, to band members were to be retrained for this unholy crusade.

Without its' success to sue for peace, the Nazi movement of "Gott Dammeraihg" would fade.

All new equipment from Albert Speer's factories build with slave labor would come into play.

Finally, these troops were posed to strike on a sixty mile front on December's 16th day.

With overcast skies the 106th and 28th Infantry Divisions received the starting thrust at the German border.

Allied engineers slowed the German advance by blowing many bridges to stem the initial slaughter.

At a conference in Verdun, General Patton stepped forward with a plan to disrupt their infantry and tanks,

The 4th Armored, 80th and 26th Infantry Divisions would attack their vulnerable southern flank.

The German plan was to move on the main highway through Bastogne toward the

Meuse River, splitting General Bradley's command in the west,

The 101st Airborne stood in its' way at Bastogne and this held up any chance for success.

This surrounded town, the key to the German salient, was relieved by the 4th Armored on Christmas day,

The skies cleared and 3,700 planes, bombers from England and pursuits from France came into play.

The infantry and artillery followed the tanks while the quartermaster delivered the needed supplies for an endless fire power display.

The German supply train of depots beyond the Rhine were bombed and the front line

strafing took many lives,

Artillery batteries fired nonstop with a tremendous pounding from 155s and 105s.

On the northern sector Stavelot and St. Vith's, stubborn resistance hurt their panzers

thrust, plus a critical shortage of gas.

Colonel Peiper's brutal killing at Malmedy is as an example of frustration after the initial clash.

The 82nd Airborne having motored to Marche led a steadfast defense causing a German

offensive halt,

Their efforts were hampered by superior power, air attacks and leadership faults.

By mid-January the Bulge was a narrow salient through Hauf-falize with the Germans in the jaws of the U.S. Army's vice,

The remnants of General Von Mantueffel's panzers were in desperate straits to save their lives.

There is one phase of the battle that U.S. leadership regrets, a stain for life,

For the first time ever American troops were under the orders of Britain's General

Montgomery for the northern sector's fight.

The former German colossus was badly beaten and should have surrendered to the

Allies.

Instead the following three months only increased the devastation and agony for everyone who survived.

This dictatorship was stumped on the aurora of arrogance and superiority acquired

since the time of Fredrick the Great and it did not last.

Finally at the Bulge its' invincibility on the battlefield came to pass.

CHRISTMAS ON THE MEUSE RIVER 1944

by Daniel W. O'Brien, 11th
AD, 56thAEB, Co A



Company A of the 56th Armored Engineer Battalion left Sissone Barracks in France on December 24*, arriving at Charleville-Meziers on the Meuse River that same day. The Headquarters Platoon bivouacked in a city park. Across the street to the north was the XX Corps Headquarters, located in a large building that bore the outward appearance of a church. There was a lot of activity going on, which we observed from a comfortable distance. I can recall everyone in uniform snapping to attention when a command car carrying the Corps Commander, General Walton Walker, drove up and stopped in front of the building. The general dismounted, and officially strutted across the walkway, up the steps, and disappeared into the building. I was amused to note that most everyone standing at attention was at least a head taller than the general. In retrospect, I am sure that during that critical point in time. General Walker was carrying a tremendous burden on his shoulders.

Christmas day was spent in vehicle maintenance and cleaning equipment. The 500 mile forced march across France had taken a toll on the vehicles, so the mechanics were kept busy. We were fortunate that our mobile kitchen and supply trucks were close at hand, so we enjoyed a hot roast turkey dinner with all the trimmings. The other platoons had dispersed along the Meuse River, where they were guarding bridges, and preparing them for demolition, if that were to become necessary. The First Platoon was sent to Sedan, where it was assigned to construct and guard road blocks at three Meuse River bridges. Lucky for them, they were invited

to Christmas dinner at the nearby 107th Field Evacuation Hospital. At that point in time, there were few patients in the hospital, a situation would soon change dramatically. The Second Platoon was dispersed at bridges along a rural section of the Meuse River between Mezières and Givet, where the 63rd Armored Infantry Battalion occupied defensive positions. The Second Platoon enjoyed Christmas dinner provided by the 63rd. Unfortunately, by the time it reached the troops at the more remote bridge sites, they were served cold turkey. The Third Platoon guarded a railroad bridge and highway intersections in and near Charleville, so they enjoyed a hot turkey dinner from our own mobile kitchen.

Christmas night brought our first experience with “Bed Check Charlie.” “Charlie” was an aging Stuka dive bomber, which we came to expect during each night, as he made reconnaissance flights over the allied positions. He customarily also dropped a single bomb. I was still suffering from several days with little or no sleep, and when Charlie arrived over the city, I was peacefully asleep in my bedroll, laid out next to our Headquarters half-track. I remember hearing the irregular sputtering sound of Charlie’s motor, but I was so tired, I just rolled over closer to the half-track, expecting to go back to sleep. On the far side of the city park, all windows had blackout curtains, except for one. Charlie circled toward it, and dropped his bomb. Fortunately for us, it missed, but exploded about a block away with a huge flash and roar. Charlie then went away, the single light in the window went out, and I went back to sleep.

On the next night, December 26, I was assigned to accompany Lt. Leo Tobe, Leader of our Second Platoon, and his driver, T/5 Ross Daroch, on a 90 mile reconnaissance of roads and bridges along the west bank of the Meuse River from Givet north to Dinant and Namur, in Belgium. It was a bright moonlight night, and the trip was quite an adventure. All units had been alerted that groups of German saboteurs, traveling in American vehicles, and wearing American uniforms were operating in the Meuse River area. It was known that they were creating confusion by altering road signs, cutting communication wires, and misdirecting troops. They also had achieved some success in stretching guillotine wires across roadways at neck height for jeep drivers and passengers. There were reports of soldiers being decapitated by these insidious devices. American ingenuity had responded, and already most jeeps had notched vertical angle irons welded to the front bumpers. When encountering a near invisible guillotine wire, the wire would be caught in the notched angle iron, and was severed before it could injure the vehicle occupants.

On that crisp cold moonlight night, the villages and rural scenes along the Meuse River were beautiful. On this night after Christmas, they reminded me of Christmas Card scenes. There was no snow, but the ground sparkled with frost. The villages were all unlit, with no civilians to be seen. Except for a few barking dogs, the night was totally quiet. It was hard to realize that across the shimmering moonlit river, and only a few miles away, a determined enemy was striving to bring war to this quiet and peaceful place.

At frequent intervals along our route of travel, we encountered and were challenged by units that were manning road blocks. Most of the guarding soldiers were from rear echelon service and supply units. We had to prove that we were not saboteurs. We exchanged passwords, answered many questions, in return we responded to questions about the whereabouts of the enemy, that we received from the worried soldiers that challenged us. I was seated in the

right front seat of the jeep, with a submachine gun on my lap. Lt. Tobe occupied the back seat. At one check point, a nervous guard saw the glint of my gun barrel reflected in the moonlight. With his gun pointed directly at me, he froze in terror. My gun also pointed directly at him. Lt. Tobe recognized the crisis, and by talking in a calm and quiet voice, was able to calm the frightened soldier, and reassure him that we were friendly.

Near Namur, we encountered some British troops that had just moved into positions along the Meuse River. They seemed more casual than the Americans that manned the other road blocks. Some weeks later, after the Battle of the Bulge was over, I was surprised to hear that the Brits were still occupying those same positions west of the Meuse. I also learned that while the Americans suffered over 19,000 fatalities in the battle, the British lost a total of 200 soldiers killed in action. To me, those statistics indicate that Field Marshall Montgomery, in command of the north flank of the “Bulge,” used his prerogative to send the American troops under his command into harms way. Most of his own forces remained in protected defensive positions, well beyond the reach of German armor and artillery.

The information gained on that nighttime Meuse River reconnaissance was never used, as the German attack was stemmed before it could reach the river. On December 29th, the 11th Armored Division was relieved from the Meuse River defense line, and was redeployed in Belgium, on the south flank of the Bulge, a few miles southwest of Bastogne.

MY WAR MEMORIES

by Seymour Kroll, 35th ID, 320th IR

I thought it would be a proper time to relate my experiences in the WW II arena of Europe. There are events that never seem to leave my memory, even at 87. I’ll skip right to the time I joined the division, somewhere in Belgium, on a snowy, freezing-COLD night. As a replacement, fresh from GFRS #2, in Grenoble, France. My MOS was 405, as our six-by-six lumbered through the French towns (as I recall, pausing at Lyons), then when we were all transformed on paper to 745’s (later learning that it was our introduction to the infantry-rifleman category)

After a six-hundred-mile trek north on these (you felt every bump), we green 18 or so years youths, piled off the back of the conveyance, into the snowy miserable weather conditions, into a line-up. The first words I heard, were “What do you want to be? there’s nobody left,” These charming utterances flowed through a bearded Sergeant—and what should I do, came into my psyche. What the hell, did I know about war, and what to expect...nobody told us where we were headed, and better yet, what to expect. We, the green replacements didn’t have the slightest idea where we were and now “this guy wants answers.”

How did I reply? “Machine gun.” We were billeted in that barn and I don’t recall if I slept or how I felt, but I found out that I was now attached to Co G of the 320th Infantry Regiment of the 35th Division.

A few days, later in January ‘45, we were on the move again, this time to relieve a regiment of the 45th Division in Metz, France.

That was my brief experience in the Battle of the Bulge, and I went on from there to the Rhine River, Germany, earning my combat infantry badge, and as it turned out; with no combat wounds.

VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

GOLDEN GATE CHAPTER- NORTHERN CALIFORNIA BAY AREA

held their quarterly meeting at the Four Points Sheraton in Pleasanton, CA, on June 16, 2012. The



guest speaker was Command Sgt. Major Daniel R. Soria. He was in the 101st AB, 377th Parachute FAB, "B" Battery. He was a Military Occupational Specialist (MOS) Paratrooper 7745. He jumped into Normandy on 06 June 1944 while encountering much anti-aircraft fire. He landed 21 km from his intended drop zone, St. Mere Eglise. Four days after landing, he was captured by the Germans and became a POW. He spent nearly 11 months as a POW in different camps.



Left photo: Rudy Mello, 526th A.I.B., 'A' Company visited with Mae Alm, U.S. Army nurse. She served in the Third Army, 104th Evac. Hospital, directly under General Patton. Right photo: Command Sgt. Major Daniel R. Soria with Bill Armstrong, former President of the Golden Gate Chapter. The WWII veterans below are members of the Golden Gate Chapter of the VBOB. Rudy Mello, back row, just right of the flag.



HOW TO ACCESS THE *BULGE BUGLES* ON OUR WEB SITE

Our complete archives of *Bulge Bugles*
are now on our website.

Here's how to access them:

- Go to our web site: www.battleofthebulge.org
- Click on the "Research" helmet
- Click on "Newsletter Archives"
- Enter the password: readbugles!
- Click on "Submit"
- Follow the directions



**I WANT YOU
TO SIGN UP
ASSOCIATE
MEMBERS**

KEEP VBOB GOING!



WASHINGTON, NORTHWEST CHAPTER 56

The Washington Chapter, formerly lead by Art Mahler, President (center, wearing suit) had a Spring Luncheon on Saturday, April 28 at the LaQuinta Inn in Tacoma, WA. There were about 90 people in attendance and this is a picture of the Veterans who attended. The new President, Jim Pennock, and his wife, Beth enjoy helping the Chapter since Art's retirement as President about 6 months ago.

Photo by Jim and Beth Pennock

Submitted by Doris Davis, Associate

CHAPTER HUMOR – DUNCAN T. TRUEMAN CHAPTER (59)

When our lawn mower broke and wouldn't run, my wife kept hinting to me that I should get it fixed. But, somehow I always had something else to take care of first, the shed, the boat, making beer.. Always something more important to me. Finally she thought of a clever way to make her point. When I arrived home one day, I found her seated in the tall grass, busily snipping away with a tiny pair of sewing scissors.

I watched silently for a short time and then went into the house. I was gone only a minute, and when I came out again I handed her a toothbrush. I said, "When you finish cutting the grass, you might as well sweep the driveway."

The doctors say I will walk again, but I will always have a limp.

My wife and I were sitting at a table at her high school reunion, and she kept staring at a drunken man swigging his drink as he sat alone at a nearby table. I asked her, "Do you know him?"

"Yes", she sighed, "He's my old boyfriend. I understand he took to drinking right after we split up those many years ago, and I hear he hasn't been sober since." "My God!" I said, "Who would think a person could go on celebrating that long?"

And so another fight started...

THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE HISTORICAL FOUNDATION, INC.
Invites You to Join Your Friends for the
“EVENTS OF REMEMBRANCE AND COMMEMORATION”
OF THE 68th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE
December 14, 15 and 16, 2012 Metropolitan Washington, DC

The Belgium Ambassador and Mrs. Matthysen have invited us again to their beautiful residence, on Friday, 14 December 2012, from 6:30 – 8:30 PM, for their wonderful reception. As a result we will hold our annual Commemoration Banquet, on Saturday evening, 15 December 2012, between 6:00 and 10:00 PM. Our speaker for the Banquet will be Lieutenant General Theodore C. Nicholas, Assistant Director of National Intelligence for Partner Engagement, Office of the Director of National Intelligence. Our bus trip this year on the 15th of December will be to Fort Mc Henry in Baltimore in commemoration of the 200th Anniversary of the War of 1812 and the composing of the Star Spangled Banner by Francis Scott Key. The DoubleTree Hotel Crystal City by Hilton, 300 Army-Navy Drive, in Arlington VA22202 has been selected again, with its panoramic view of our Nation's Capital. This hotel, just off Route 1 in Crystal City is a 7 minute drive from Reagan National Airport and a 2 City block walk to the Pentagon City Metro Station and the Pentagon Mall. It provides easy access to Washington DC and has just completed major renovations for great accommodations. **We have managed again to retain the reduced rate of \$99.00**, single or double occupancy plus taxes, as well as food prices and free parking. **We have blocked 20 rooms so it is imperative to make hotel reservations immediately.** Parking is complementary. This rate is available for any night(s) between December 12 and December 18. For room reservations, please call the DoubleTree Reservations (1-800-Hiltons) or 703-416-4100 by **December 6, 2012**. Mention the **BATTLE OF THE BULGE** for this special rate.

•FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 2012

- | | |
|--------------------|---|
| 2:00 PM – 9:00 PM | Registration & Hospitality Room open – Harrison/Jackson Room - Receive name badges, Parking Passes, Banquet/bus tickets. Sign Attendance Books. (If you are only attending the Banquet, (on the 15 th this year) you may pick up your tickets at the DoubleTree by 6:00 PM Dec 15 th .) |
| 3:00 PM – 11:00 PM | Hospitality Room/Exhibits, Books, scrapbooks, memorabilia open everyday. John Bowen, BOB Vice-Pres will be the host. Marty Feldman will again be in charge of refreshments. |
| 4:00 PM | We will be having our traditional Tree Trimming Ceremony “Salute to Bulge Veterans” in the Harrison Hospitality Room |
| 5:30 PM – 8:30 PM | Bus loads at 5:30 PM for Reception at beautiful Belgium Ambassador's Residence from 6:30 – 8:30 PM |

•SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 2012

- | | |
|---------------------|--|
| 8:45 AM - 9:00 AM | Load buses and depart promptly at 9:00 AM for Fort Mc Henry, Baltimore MD. |
| 10:30 AM | We will first visit the new visitor center of this star shaped fort which defended Baltimore, from the British, during the War of 1812. In spite of the bombardment the fort held with the American flag still flying which inspired Francis Scott Key to pen the Star Spangled Banner which became our National Anthem. At 11 AM we will participate in their flag ceremony holding that special garrison flag by its edges, "a flag so large that the British will have no difficulty in seeing it from a distance." If you have a Golden Age Card or National Park Service Pass please bring it. |
| 12:00 PM - 2:30 PM | We will travel to Baltimore's Inner Harbor for lunch on your own and shopping at Harborplace & The Gallery. |
| 2:30 PM | Return to DoubleTree Hotel to rest and prepare for our annual commemorative Banquet. |
| 5:00 PM | Hospitality Room Closed till after Banquet. |
| 6:00 – 10:00 | BANQUET AT THE DOUBLETREE CRYSTAL CITY HOTEL COMMONWEALTH ROOM. |
| 6:00 PM | Social Hour/Cash Bar. Seated for Dinner at 6:45 PM. |
| 7:00 PM | Color Guard & Honors. |
| 7:15 PM | Dinner served: <i>Apple Brandy Pork Tenderloin OR Chicken Florentine</i> |
| | Program: Greetings from Dignitaries, Person of Year Award, Speaker LTG Theodore C. Nicholas |
| 10:00 PM | Hospitality Room open |

•SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 2012

- | | |
|-------------------|---|
| 8:45 AM - 12:30PM | Bus loads 8:45 AM leaves Hotel promptly at 9:00 AM for Wreath layings at World War II Memorial, large VBOB Memorial, and Tomb of the Unknowns and changing of the Guard. |
| 12:30 PM | Return to DoubleTree Hotel for annual VBOB Luncheon in Windows Over Washington. |
| 1:00 PM | Lunch 14th Floor of hot soup, Grilled Chicken or Smoked Turkey sandwich, beverage and cookies. |
| | Swearing-in of new National VBOB officers for 2013. |

Notes: Free Airport shuttle provided by the DoubleTree Hotel every half hour, 3 miles from Reagan Washington National Airport. Free Shuttle from DoubleTree Hotel every hour on the half hour to METRO: Pentagon City (Blue/Yellow Line) and to Pentagon City Mall. Skydome Lounge for dinner, the area's only revolving rooftop lounge, for a spectacular view of Washington at night. 7/7/12

RESERVATION FORM
“REMEMBRANCE AND COMMEMORATION”
OF THE 68th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE
December 14, 15, and 16, 2012 Metropolitan Washington, DC

Return form and check by **December 7, 2012** to:

Battle of the Bulge Historical Foundation, Inc.
PO Box 2516,
Kensington MD 20895-0181

Questions:

John D. Bowen, 301-384-6533
E-Mail: johndbowen@earthlink.net

Name: _____ Telephone _____ Cell _____

Name of Spouse/Guests: _____; _____; _____

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

Battle of Bulge Unit You Served With: _____

E-Mail Address: _____ **Do you have a WWII Pictures to send us?**

<u>RESERVATIONS:</u>	<u>Number Attending</u>	<u>Cost/Person</u> <small>If you haven't before?</small>	<u>Total</u>
Registration Fee: Provides for Badges, Programs, Hospitality, etc.	_____ X	\$20.00	\$ _____

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 2012

4:00 PM	Tree Trimming Ceremony Harrison Room	_____ X	FREE	
5:45 PM	Bus to Belgium Ambassador Residence Reception	_____ X	\$20.00	\$ _____

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 2012:

Chartered Bus: Ft Mc Henry Baltimore Bus Transportation	_____ X	\$35.00	\$ _____
9:00 AM Bus Leaves for Ft Mc Henry			
Commemorative Banquet, DoubleTree Hotel Crystal City	_____ X	\$65.00	\$ _____
6:00 PM - 10:00 PM Please make your Main Course selection(s):			
<input type="checkbox"/> Apple Brandy Pork Tenderloin	_____ (Names) _____		
<input type="checkbox"/> Chicken Florentine	_____ (Names) _____		
<input type="checkbox"/> Diabetic Meal	_____ (Names) _____		

Sitting is assigned. Plan ahead with your friends to be seated at the same table. Tables are Rounds of 8. Please indicate friends with whom you would like to sit: _____

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 2012:

Chartered Bus: Wreath Layings VBOB Memorials, Tomb of	_____ X	\$25.00	\$ _____
Depart 9:00 AM Unknowns & WWII Memorial			

09:00 – 12:00 AM Wreath Laying Ceremonies: Number Attending: _____

1:00 PM	VBOB Luncheon at DoubleTree Hotel	Chicken _____ X	\$30.00	\$ _____
		Turkey _____ X	\$30.00	\$ _____

GRAND TOTAL (Enclose check made out to BoBHF 2012 Commemoration): \$ _____

NOTE: Checks will not be deposited until 1 Dec 2012 so you can register now.

Permission granted for Hotel to notify BoB Historical Foundation that room reservation has been made.

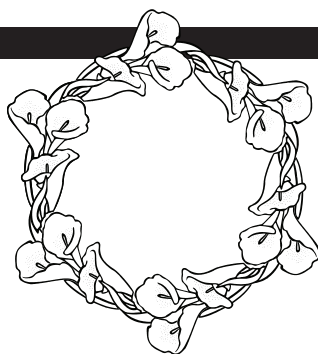
Signature: _____

NOTES & REMINDERS: Banquet Dress: Business suit/black tie optional (miniature medals encouraged) or military dress uniform
Room reservations must be made with the DoubleTree Crystal City directly, by **December 6, 2012** Telephone (1-800-Hiltons) Block of 20.
Return completed Reservation Form for events to BOB Historical Foundation ASAP but no later than **7 December 2012**.
No cancellation refunds after December 7, 2012. Hotel Reservations based on Availability. Please do not delay.

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

PLEASE BRING A PICTURE ID (Drivers License, Passport, Mil ID) for the Washington area

7/7/12



MEMBERS: IN MEMORIAM

In 2011, we began honoring our recently fallen comrades by listing them in *The Bulge Bugle*. Please notify us when you hear that any member of our organization has recently passed away, so that we may honor them in a future issue.

Notifications can be sent by mail to: Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, Inc., PO Box 27430, Philadelphia, PA 19118-0430; by phone: 703-528-4058; or by email to: tracey@battleofthebulge.org. Please notify us of any errors or omissions.

We have received word, as of September 30, 2012, that these members of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, Inc. have also passed away in 2012:

George F. Abele, Jr.	184 Aaa Gun Bn	James E Mathews	733 Fa Bn
Frank B. Albanese	5 InfD	Myron McWilliams	955 FA Bn
Francis E. Armbruster	10 ArmdD	Joseph E. Messenger	101 AbnD
Robert E. Baile	35 InfD	Paul R. Millett	168 Engr Cmbt Bn
James W. Beard	78 InfD	Raymond Nice, Jr.	291 Engr Cmbt Bn
Kenneth E. Boring	159 Engr Cmbt Bn	Robert G. Nielsen	75 InfD
Margaret K. Bozorth	Associate	Harold M. Oldenburg	3 ArmdD
James C Carey	657 Qm Co	Norman Orlaska	743 Tk Bn
Harvey E Charbonneau	87 InfD	Floyd P. Owens, Jr.	35 InfD
Alfred H. Collins	78 InfD	Patsy Palmieri	28 InfD
James T. Crenshaw	5 InfD	Albert R. Paul	89 InfD
Dick Daniels	634 AAA AW Bn	Charles E. Pealer	10 ArmdD
John F. Devine	932 Sig Bn	Franklin E. Perry	419 Med Collecting Co
Renee R. Fisher	Associate	Harold E Peterson	80 InfD
Gordon E. Frahm	926 Sig Bn	Oscar L. Peterson	758 FA Bn
Gene Garrison	87 InfD	Raymond J. Pitsch	70 InfD
Julius Goldin	402 FA Bn	Elmer Ray Propst	2 ArmdD
Mark Griffin	2 InfD	Robert C. Pryor	2 ArmdD
Billy V. Guess	78 InfD	Joseph B. Quatman	970 CIC Det
Ernest J. Hahn	6 ArmdD	Robert F. Rodenkirk	75 InfD
Lloyd Robert Hamilton	75 InfD	Melvin Robert Saier	82 AbnD
Harold M. Hartzell	28 InfD	George H. Shimkus	3 ArmdD
Donald Wilton Hogue	30 InfD	Thomas A. Skattum	99 InfD
Robert E. Howell	84 InfD	Thomas R. Slusarz	35 InfD
A. William Jasper	87 InfD	Joseph C. Solarz	6 ArmdD
Trygve R. Johnson	28 InfD	Willie G. Stem, Jr.	17 AbnD
Laudie Kacalek	94 InfD	Billy E. Stiegemeier	87 InfD
Albert Leshy	1 InfD	Kathy Thomas	Associate
Thomas R. Lewis	35 InfD	James F. Whittenburg	26 InfD
Norman Locksley	176 FA Bn	Lee (Leroy) Yongen	731 Fa Bn

MEMORIES OF WWII (1943-1946)

by Oliver C. Parker, 666th Field Artillery Bn

I was inducted into the Army in July, 1943, at San Francisco, California. Next, I was sent to my induction center at Ft. Ord, California, near Monterrey, where I was issued clothing and equipment, given a GI haircut and received my shots. Also, there I attended several indoctrination classes and took various tests. From Ft. Ord, I was sent by train to Ft. Riley, Kansas, near Junction City, for basic training. I remained there until April, 1944, when I was assigned to the Field Artillery and sent to Camp Bowie, Texas, near Brownwood, for further training. After a few weeks, I received my first furlough and traveled by train to Oakland, near San Francisco, where my parents were living. In October, 1944, my unit, the 666th Field Artillery Battalion, and all our equipment was sent to Camp Miles Standish near Boston, Massachusetts, to await shipment overseas.

We were given additional clothing and equipment plus more shots. On the morning of November 9, 1944, we boarded the New Amsterdam, a Dutch Luxury Liner that had been converted to a troop ship and sailed east. This was a fast ship that depended on speed to keep her out of trouble. There was no armed escort to help; neither was there a convoy to hinder her.

We then boarded an odd-looking train and headed south. Around three the next morning we arrived at our destination - Wightwick Hall, near Wolverhampton, England. We remained there until December 20 when we headed for the Port of Weymouth. After a one-day delay, we were combat loaded onto an LST and sat in the harbor that night waiting for the rest of the convoy to be made up.

The next morning at eight we sailed into the English Channel. Although the weather was clear, the channel was as rough as ever. We landed at the battered port of LaHarve, France, where we threaded our way through the litter of wrecked ships left from D-Day. A few minutes later we were rolling off the ramp, up the beach, and into what was left of the city.

We headed east and spent our first night in an open field near Fry, France. We almost froze the first week because we had not received our sleeping bags and combat boots. We moved on through France into Belgium where we were a part of the VIIth Corp Artillery, First Army, attached to the 83rd Infantry Division.

The first position we occupied was near Regne, Belgium. Our unit advanced through Belgium and Germany until the surrender of Germany on May 7, 1945. We then moved south through Paderborn, Kassel, Coburg, Nuremberg, Freising and Munich. Next, we turned east along the Bavarian Alps to Salzburg, Austria, then turned back north to Scharding, Austria, on the Danube River.

After the war, our job was primarily that of peacekeeper. We set up guard posts at various checkpoints and picked up DP's (displaced persons) trying to return to their homeland. We would hold them in fenced prison camps until we had a load, then return them to their homeland. We also guarded POW camps as well as continued training as we assumed we would be shipped to Japan where the war was still going on.

After Japan surrendered, while awaiting my time to return to



the states, I received a pass to Great Britain for ten days plus travel time. I, along with two guys from my outfit, took off for London where we had a wonderful ten days. Among the things we saw were the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, Big Ben, and the Changing of the Guards. On our way to London, we stopped in Paris for three days, then we stopped another three days on our return trip. Altogether, we were gone almost thirty days.

By March, 1946, I had enough points to receive a discharge, and I shipped out of LeHarve, France, and landed in New York. I then passed through Camp Kilmer in New Jersey, and was sent to Camp Chaffee, near Ft. Smith, Arkansas, where I was discharged.

P. S. I received the following medals: World War II Victory Ribbon, Good Conduct Medal, American Theatre Ribbon, EAME Theatre Ribbon and Three Bronze Service Stars. I was in the following campaigns: Ardennes (Battle of the Bulge), Rhineland and Central Europe.

REFLECTIONS DECEMBER 1944

by Jacob Zimmer, 26th ID, 39th Signal Co

Lunch time December 18, 1944 was the first sign that something big was brewing for the 26th Infantry Division. We'd been in Metz for rest and rehabilitation after the campaign in Northern France. The Division wasn't expected back on the line of fire until after the New Years' holiday.

I was one of six truck drivers of wire laying teams of the Divisions signal company. Communications are very demanding and mile-reels of wire a top priority. We motored, lead by our Colonel, to the local airport for all the wire we could carry. Something was up? We drivers spent the afternoon huddled off the runway waiting in vain for the Colonel and non-existent wire.

At five o'clock, back at the barracks, an officer from headquarters filled in the blanks at a company formation. Those nasty Germans had broken into Belgium and Luxembourg on a sixty mile front and for three full days had their way into our broken lines. The Division was expected to roll out of Metz the next morning at 6:30 toward the beleaguered city of Bastogne being threatened by Van Mantueffel's panzers.

We six truck drivers were called aside by the company signal officer to get in the front of the chow line, report to the motor pool and be ready to drive to some quarter master depot for one hundred miles of wire. It's no fun to drive black out for twenty-five miles without knowing the itinerary. By 9:30 P.M. we located the depot and each truck received sixteen miles of the desired commodity. We drove the twenty-five black out miles returning to our company about 1:00 A.M.

An officer over coffee informed us of the serious situation existing some seventy miles north of us. The 26th along with the 80th Infantry and the 4th Armored were expected to relieve the surrounded city of Bastogne. The German offensive was dependent on the highway system of this key city, one leading to the Meuse River, its main objective. December 20th was cold, raw and cloudy, with the scent of snow in the air. The road was one long bumper to bumper convoy of tanks, trucks and miscellaneous vehicles. If the Germans had only known that forty miles of army was poised to come into play on the southern flank of the new battlefield to become known as "The Bulge".

Over a period of months G2 had given every indication that

REFLECTIONS *(CONTINUED)*

the Germans were planning an attack through the Ardennes. These warnings were totally ignored by the power in command since they considered the Germans to be beaten after the loss of France and nearly one million men. The sleeping giant had awakened from its stupor on December 16, 17, and 18. Our part in preparing for this massive counter attack was just a small item when you consider the decisions being made at every echelon of the 12th Corp. 3rd Army and the allied command. Seven hundred thousand men were being moved into position for defense and the counter offensive.

By the outskirts of Arlon, Belgium, the white flakes descended from the heavens along with the early darkness of a winter evening. We drove above Arlon and dropped our gear off in a bowling alley. The G.I.s in the line companies were bivouacking off the roads in the thick woodlands and chow kitchens were being set up. We signal men went out and laid wire in order for headquarters to communicate with the numerous companies of the division.

About 10:00 RM., I laid my bedroll down on one of those polished bowling lanes and slept like a missed pin! December 21st was a work day laying and policing wire off the roads leading to the town of Grosbous. By evening the 26th Infantry was poised to attack on December 22nd as promised by General Patton at the staff meeting in Verdun on December 19th. On the morning of December 22nd the 26th Division ran into German General Bradenberger's 7th Army on the outskirts of Grosbous.

On December 24th the heavens cleared away the fog, mist and stagnant air currents depressing the area since December 16th. This unleashed thirty-five hundred aircraft for the assault on the German battlefield positions and the staging areas across the Rhine River. On Christmas Day, part of the 4th Armored reached Bastogne.

On Christmas evening General Von Mantueffel informed Model of the German high command that the Bulge was doomed to failure. It seems the United States has to be intimidated by its own laxity. It seems that little has been learned since the blunders of Pearl Harbor, the failure of our warnings before the Bulge, when we again blindly fell victims of a fairy tale ruse like 9/11!

But once aroused—and aware of the existing dangers—Watch Out!

ARMY AIR CORPS EXPERIENCES by Ralph Mellman, 10th AD, 150th Arm Sig Co

First of all, a friend of mine and I enlisted in the ARMY AIR Corps in December, 1942 while we were freshman in The Ohio State University. Both of us had been warned ahead of time that we were due to be drafted and we both wanted to become air corps pilots. He passed all the physical requirements but my eyes were not good enough to make it. I even argued that I had 20/20 vision with glasses but that I all the movies I saw with planes the pilots wore goggles and were in enclosed cockpits. My friend became a navigator in the 8th Air Force but was shot down over Germany while on a B-17 raid. Probably I, too would have been shot down except for my eye problems. NOTE the problems I had later in combat due to my bad vision!!!

I did qualify to enter a secret weapons program in the Army Air Corps due to the high scores I had in the entrance exams. This course turned out to be repairing radar and radio equipment

which at that time was still a secret program. The program was to last one year and at completion we would become 2nd Lts. Except the Army cancelled the program after 8 months and since we were in civilian clothes during this training we were in the army reserves. We were then ordered to go into active duty as buck privates. We never got credit in our resumes for the time spent in the reserves.

While I had been a senior in high school on the fateful day of December 7, 1941 I had my own 2-door old car and I had many flat tires to repair while I had the car. I also drove two gorgeous senior girls to high school and I was the envy of all my friends. I was given the car as a present when my Father who was a building contractor built a swimming pool for a friend of his. This friend had an old car sales business and he came over on day to my house and we went to a farm near by that his father owned where he had older cars stored. We stopped at a 1932 DeSoto coupe and he got in and got it started and gave me the key as a present for the work I did with my father on his pool addition. I still feel terrible that we didn't walk another few feet where he had a 1934 Essex convertible with a rumble seat. That would have made me a more enviable guy too.

When another program in which all of us guys who had been in the special programs had the next program cancelled we were sent to fill in the cadre of the Tenth Armored Division. While we were sitting in a large room every one of us were interrogated and some went into the infantry companies, some into the tank companies, some to the medics and I felt very lucky to get into the 150th Armored Signal Company. There I was sent into the Message Center portion of the company with no recognition of my radio and radar training.

A side note: I am of the Jewish faith and at no time when I was in these special programs did I ever have any anti-semitic comments toward me. The Sergeant in charge of me in the Tenth plus the Colonel in charge of the 150th were both (in my opinion anti-semitic.) The sergeant whenever he directed anyone to me he mentioned "go to the Jew Boy ". As soon as we arrived in France the sergeant appointed me and two other guys to help the engineers search for and remove land mines in the hedge row areas. Then on trip across France the Sgt. assigned me to be the "Division Special Messenger". This meant that I was on call 24/7 throughout the war.

At no time was I ever instructed on how to fix a flat tire on a jeep. The jeep was designed with wheels when they became flat would not lose the tire. In addition to the 5 lug bolts each wheel had 8 bolts to hold the wheels two sides together. On the day we started to cross France we had a flat tire. lucky that another guy showed up and told how to fix a flat. In my own car I had 2 tire tools to remove the tires but not so with a jeep.

While we were crossing France the Sgt. sent Bernard Hopkins (Hoppy) over to me to become my assistant driver. He told Hoppy that I was a "Jew Boy". Hoppy told me that he had never known any Jews before and probably thought I would spear him with the "horns in my head". We later became very good friends and later after the war I went to visit him in his home town. Hoppy ended up with cancer and he was one of the victims of the guy in Kansas that diluted the chemo on cancer patients and caused them to die. I was still in touch with his family until my wife and I too have had health problems over the past few years.

Now for my recollection of the 1944 Christmas dinner. As

usual I had been on message runs all morning. When I got back to our headquarters in Luxembourg City, there was a huge line waiting for dinner. We had a great mess group and all our meals were great. I usually missed many hot meals since I was scheduled to be on message runs all the time. When I got in line I was way back in the line. All of a sudden an enemy plane came over and strafed the area. All of a sudden the food line disappeared and I ran up to the front of the line. I rarely had hot food at meal times. I don't know why but on many of my missions, I went alone, without Hoppy.

When the war was over, All the other messenger drivers were promoted to 3 stripe sergeants, including Hoppy. I was promoted to a 2 stripe corporal. This was in strict defiance that I had been on the road 24/7 most of the time and the other drivers were on an 8 on and 16 off schedule.

When the war was over the Sgt. who never talked to me at any time to find out what I had been doing and even sent other messengers to see if I had gone the correct place and they received a bronze star medal for their trips but I never received this medal for going the proper place first.

About one week before the Tenth went home, the Sgt. who never ever talked to me for any reason lied to me and told me he was doing me a favor and transferring me to another division that was going home sooner than the Tenth. The tenth went home a week later and my new division was on occupation duty and I was stuck in Germany for an additional six months. This ruined my chances to go home sooner and to re-enter college to resume my college courses, by the time I did return home and after sitting in this new division doing absolutely nothing except to sit guard duty once a week and sit in the message Center on Christmas and New Years nights.

Needless to say, I was so confuse when I returned to college that I finally had to quit school since my grades had dropped from a 3.2 to a 2.2 range.

I NOW FEEL LIKE I AM A POW THAT WAS HELD BY THE TENTH ARMORED DIVISION FOR ALL THE TIME I WAS IN COMBAT WITH THE TENTH. EVERY TIME I TRIED TO BE TRANSFERRED TO ANOTHER OUTFIT I WAS DENIED THIS CHANCE

THE ARMY MADE ME A MAN

by Stanley Saltz, 75th ID, 291st IR

My name is Stanley Saltz and I was born in New York City on September 25, 1925 when I was 18 years old I WAS drafted into the U.S. Army. At that stage of my life I was at 226, pound fat teenager who really did not like going to school and since my parents refused to allow me to quit school and joining army, I had to wait until the draft board sent me a wonderful letter telling the Uncle Sam needs me. Since we were at war with the country of Germany the most popular song of that time was called (THE ARMY MADE A MAN OUT OF ME). No truer were ever written!!!!

The moment I put on my Army uniform my entire personality change. I no longer was a young kid out of high school, but I felt that I was a MAN. After 17 weeks of infantry training we were taught many ways to kill the enemy and above all, to take care

of your buddy. After being brainwashed for 17 weeks to become a infantryman down in Texas at Camp Walters which was located outside of Dallas, I was then sent to Camp Breckenridge in Kentucky and the 75th infantry division. I became a member of the third Battalion 291st infantry Regiment, headquarters Company, A and P platoon. I was sent to school to learn to become a sniper as well as demolition man where I became an expert in that field. It seems that I had an uncanny ability of detecting booby-traps and my reputation became known throughout my entire company.

We left on October 15 for Camp Shanks, New York, for embarkation to Europe and arrived at Swansea Wales sometime in November. After about a month we crossed the channel and landed in LaHavre, France. We set up camp outside of a little town called SU I PPES and about nine days later we headed to the front lines in Belgium. Arriving in the ARDENNES FOREST to relieve the remnants of the hundred and six division on December 24, 1944, which was the eve of Christmas day. While occupying my foxhole I heard a strange sound (grrr grrr) I climbed out of my foxhole into 4 feet of snow and crawled toward the sound I had heard, and found that the sound came from a German army police dog who was completely covered with blood and having his tongue hanging out of his mouth. I washed the blood from his body with the snow that surrounded his body and drag him back to my foxhole. I fed him with one of my K rations and gave him some water from my canteen. That animal never left my side during the rest of the war. Since I found him on Christmas Eve I named him SANTA

When I was chosen to go out on patrol, he could smell a German soldier quite a distance, away, and he would warn us by pulling on my leg. I think he was responsible for the saving of the lives of all of my squad as well as myself. I myself was wounded during an attack to take the town called GRAND HALLEAU in Belgium the night of January 14, 1945 as we were on a mine-sweeping detail along the road before we reached our destination we came under heavy artillery fire. Our platoon Sgt. Moreland brought us back in instructed us to say that we went to the crossroad as we were supposed to and if anyone asked we were supposed to sweep 1500 yards, we only swept about 300 yards. The next day we were beside the road when a tank column came along the road they just got just beyond where we had stopped, sweeping the road.. The next day while attacking the Germans the lead tank ran over mine and blew up. Later we were sent up me road further to clear a road block of trees that had been cut to fall across the road while we were cutting out the trees we came under all artillery fire or mortar fire within. We then paired off and one-man would cut while the other would listen for incoming rounds we were working quite a while taking turns with the axe and listening for incoming shells, one shell came in but did not we did not hear it' in time so that when I yelled the take cover a piece of shrapnel went into the helmet of a buddy of mine, went around the inside and out again without touching him My buddy Bill Thomas told me that I was bleeding from a head wound. Bill turned me around and took me down to the aide station, where the medics and doctors washed the head wound, gave me a few stitches and sent me back up on the line to finish the attack. I refused to give my name or my serial number, because the Army would send notification to my family that I was seriously wounded in combat. I didn't want my parents to know anything about

ARMY MADE ME A MAN (CONTINUED)

the action. Our action in combat was to prevent BASTOGNE from falling into the hands of the German Army. This battle was called THE BATTLE of the BULGE and had we lost this action we would have lost the war. Then the division was sent to Holland for a holding action on the Mouse River, after about 13 days of relaxing in Holland enjoying the Dutch hospitality. In February were sent back to France to help the French army in the battle for Colmar. This was the city that GENERAL DEGAULLE was born in and we were told not to use any artillery during this action. This was the area that I came across the first wooden mines that couldn't be detected with our mine detectors.

After this action was finished we were sent to Germany to prepare for the crossing of the RHINE River. We were stationed in a little town called ORSOY across the river from the DORTMOND. I believe that the only time I was ever frightened during any combat during the war, was when we had 126 battalions of artillery firing at the same time for the crossing of the Rhine River. After this action was completed we continued further into GERMANY. While we were attacking to take this town CASTROP RUXALL, I was involved in an action in wiping out 3 machine gun nests that with two other members of my squad. For this stupid action we all received the Bronze Star medal for Valor. The most important medal that an infantryman can receive is the Purple Heart and the combat infantry badge. I guess I was a very lucky soldier because at having my feet frozen during the BATTLE of the Bulge and many shrapnel wounds,

I came home in pretty good condition to Camp Kilmer, in New Jersey and was discharged in March of 1946. 62 years later on October 20, 2008 I was honored by the French government to become a Chef Olivier of the Legion of Honor with 29 other veterans of World War II. I always carry a picture of Santa, who, I could never forget, and myself in my wallet.

THE GI AND THE GERMAN PILOT

Submitted by Tom Leunig, Associate

Max Gendelman, a former prisoner of war struck up an extraordinary lifelong friendship with the German Luftwaffe pilot who helped him escape. "That war experience shaped his entire life," his son, Bruce Gendelman, said. "He was very psychologically complex. It was the trauma he saw and lived through. It was the inhumanity he saw."

The elder Gendelman, Milwaukee-born, went to war at 19. An Army sniper, he fought on the front at the Battle of the Bulge and was taken prisoner. He witnessed atrocities and endured a series of hardships: a long forced march, a trip inside a crammed boxcar where others died, a slave labor camp and finally a harrowing escape through the German lines.

Gendelman returned a 22-year-old survivor suffering from shell shock. He recovered and grew into a strong-willed, softhearted husband, father of three and businessman. He steadfastly resisted discussing his war experiences until a few years ago when his children finally prevailed on him to set down his story in a book.

The story's powerful core was the friendship between American soldier and German pilot. "They had this special bond where they had saved each other's lives," Bruce Gendelman said. Max Gendelman was born on Aug. 14, 1923, in Milwaukee and attended North

Division High School. As a boy Gendelman worked in his father's roofing business, carrying 100-pound bales of asphalt shingles.

In 1943, he enlisted in the 1st Army, Checkerboard Division 99th Infantry, Company L, 394th Regiment. At the Battle of the Bulge in December 1944, Gendelman's company was virtually wiped out; just 28 of the 185 men survived, according to his account. Forced into the desperate business of survival, he gathered ammunition and rations from the dead. He leaned on his Hebrew faith, reciting the Shema Yisrael prayer over and over.

Later that day, while walking through an open field with a fellow GI, they were shelled. His friend was killed and Gendelman was showered with the soldier's remains. In the evening he was captured as he sheltered in a pillbox. The Army did not realize Gendelman had been taken prisoner, and he was listed as killed in action. A service for him was held in Milwaukee. And still his mother prayed each day for God to bring her Maxie home, safe and sound.

Gendelman escaped from a prison camp near Leipzig only to be recaptured a few days later. Then he made the boxcar journey to another camp, forced to stand shoulder to shoulder with other captives. One-third of the prisoners perished in that boxcar.

He made a second escape but was once again recaptured. This time, he was taken to a prison camp on a farm near Lind, Germany.

During his months in camps, Gendelman saw German soldiers pour diesel fuel over stacks of bodies and set them alight. He learned survival. He multiplied five-digit numbers in his head to distract himself, a skill that would help his business career years later. He discovered that his understanding of German could mean survival. At one camp, a German officer had lined up the prisoners, shouted at one man and shot him in the head when he did not understand. The officer had moved on to a second prisoner and shouted the same thing when Gendelman warned: That means 'Get up. Everybody get up.' Gendelman's dog tag, which would have identified him as Jewish, had been shot away by a shell. He was blond-haired and blue-eyed. The German officer made him an interpreter.

Meeting Karl Kirschner

It was in Lind that Gendelman met Karl Kirschner, a wounded German pilot recovering on his family's farm next to the prison. Kirschner invited Gendelman to play chess. He helped the American prisoner avoid the guards and climb through a fence. Over games and coffee they forged a friendship. Kirschner longed to escape the Nazi regime, and they made their plans. Years later, Gendelman was asked how he came to befriend and trust a so-called enemy. He explained:

"It was never about 'the enemy' between Karl and me; it wasn't about the uniform that we wore. If I had felt Karl had been a true Nazi we would not have become friends - and thank God, Karl didn't see me as a threat either. And maybe it had to do with our ages. I was 21, he was 19. Maybe we were naïve, but more than that we were able to be truthful with our own feelings. And the truth was simple. We saw in each other an immediate connection, a brother."

Accompanied by a second GI, the men set off by bicycle and slipped through the crumbling German lines. Their cover story was that Kirschner was escorting the two Americans to another camp.

When they parted, Gendelman gave the pilot his American raincoat to disguise his service on the German side. After the war, Max Gendelman sponsored his friend's entry into the United States. Kirschner became a doctor and lived in the United States from 1952 until his death in 2009.

WELCOME ABOARD!

We'd like to extend a hand to these new members who joined VBOB
between June 26 and September 30, 2012:

Gina Agosta	Associate	Marlboro, NJ	James M Liccone	106 InfD	Westfield, NJ
Irene Armbruster	Associate	Upper Nyack, NY	Sarah McCorkle	Associate	Thompson, GA
Liz Bacall	Associate	Palm City, FL	Robert McKinniss	Associate	Rossville, IN
Joseph Baker	Associate	Dorchester, MA	Angus Merrill	Associate	Big Sandy, MT
Lesley Bellanca	Associate	Woodbridge, NJ	Ed Michura	26 InfD	Conemaugh, PA
Michael Benning	Associate	Mandeville, LA	Margaret Miller	Associate	Englewood, FL
Randal D Blendu	Associate	Starkville, MS	Avis R Millett	Associate	Ocala, FL
Jessie O Bowman	87 InfD	Granite Falls, NC	John Misiaszek	3 ArmD	Whitesboro, NY
George Cholewczynski	Associate	New Orleans, LA	Ronald H Moyer	Associate	Frederick, MD
Jerry Cotignola	217 AAA Gun	Boynton Beach, FL	Lucy Nice	Associate	Round Rock, TX
Louise M Crawford	Associate	Lakeland, FL	Diane Pollard	Associate	Durham, NH
Marta M Dunetz	Associate	Washington, DC	Janice Pratt	Associate	Alberta, Canada
Wayne Dunn	Associate	Parkton, MD	Doug Sharp	Associate	Wichita, KS
Ruth Elkins	Associate	Norfolk, VA	Forrest H Taylor	75 InfD	Bethlehem, PA
Barbara A Ferro	Associate	Brooklyn, NY	Mitch Varley	Associate	La Grange, TX
Dr Tonya Gibbons	Associate	Merritt Island, FL	Ralston Vogel	Associate	Allentown, PA
Gerald E Golaszewski	Associate	St Louis, MO	James P Walsh	2 AIB	Baton Rouge, LA
Michael Goswick	Associate	San Angelo, TX	Chad Weisensel	Associate	Sun Prairie, WI
Hugo B Griggs	Associate	Dothan, AL	Joseph Werdein	Associate	Little River, CA
Charles C Hileman	75 InfD	Naples, FL	Chester Wernecke	4 ArmD	Battle Creek, MI
William Homrighausen	Associate	Carmel, IN	Roger E Wheeler	78 ArmD	Berlin, MA
Linda Kissling	Associate	Cape May, NJ	Jeffrey S Wilkinson	Associate	Houston, TX
Donald L Koehn	99 InfD	Holdingford, MN	Wilbert A Young	99 InfD	Washington, DC
Bill Lamont	Associate	Lima, OH	Roman Zarka	Associate	Marietta, GA



We certainly are pleased to have you with us and look forward to your participation in helping to perpetuate the legacy of all who served in that epic battle. You can help immediately by:

- Talking to people about VBOB and suggesting that they also join
- Spreading the word about our website:
www.battleofthebulge.org
- Sending us articles to be included in *The Bulge Bugle*
- Attending our December Remembrance in Washington, DC
(See page 16 for more information.)



THE CHAMP!

In our efforts to sign up more associate members, we sent out a letter to regular members in October 2011.

The regular member who signed up the most new associates is:

J. H. HOMRIGHAUSEN
10 ARMD 54 AIB
FREDERICKSBURG, TX

with a grand total of

13

new members!

Thank you, Mr. Homrighausen.

Can you beat him this time?

2013 VETERANS TOURS

Full color brochures of the following Veterans tours will be available on the VBOB website as soon as they are finalized (www.battleofthebulge.org). Remember, these are not just pilgrimage tours for our Veterans. They are also an important and essential service to our younger generations and friends of Veterans who want to learn as much as possible about our Veterans' achievements, so that they can proudly continue to commemorate and honor them over the years to come.

PILSEN LIBERATION FESTIVAL AND PRAGUE

MAY 3 - 12, 2013 Arr Frankfurt - Dept Prague. This is the biggest and most famous World War II Liberation Festival in Europe. It welcomes all American World War II Veterans as liberators and guests of honor with their families and friends. General Patton and Third Army who liberated western Czechoslovakia are especially revered.

'MEMORIAL DAY 2013' IN THE BULGE, AND NORTHERN BULGE TOUR

MAY 22 - 30, 2013 Arr Brussels - Dept Frankfurt Memorialize those who gave the supreme sacrifice. You are guests of honor in the prestigious Memorial Day ceremonies at the Battle of the Bulge Cemeteries. Then we explore the Northern Bulge battlefields. The tour is of special interest to all First Army Veterans and their families. We also go through the Aachen/Rhine battlefields and Huertgen Forest. Our itinerary will be customized according to the requests of our group members.

LUXEMBOURG-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP FESTIVAL, AND SOUTHERN BULGE TOUR

JUNE 16 - 26, 2013 Arr Paris - Dept Frankfurt. The Luxembourg-American Friendship Festival celebrates the Battle of the Bulge and warmly welcomes all American World War II Veterans and their families as guests of honor. We explore the Southern Bulge battlefields in depth. This will specially interest all Third Army Veterans and their families. Our itinerary will be customized according to the requests of our group members.

GRAFENWÖHR US BASE AND MUNICH

JULY 31 - AUG 7, 2013 Arr Frankfurt - Dept Munich. Grafenwöhr is the biggest and most important US base in Europe. Many Veterans of Postwar and Cold War Europe have great memories of their time at Grafenwöhr. Visit it at the time of its spectacular German-American Festival, and see Nuremberg, Munich, Berchtesgaden and much more too.

FOR MORE INFORMATION about special customized group tours and/or the above tours, contact Doris Davis, President of VBOB Golden Gate (San Francisco) Chapter. Email doris@battleofthebulge.org Tel (650) 654-0101 (PST).

"Words cannot describe the experience of standing on the very ground where my Father was in World War II. I couldn't help but wonder what went through his mind back then. I felt closer to my father during my trip." Doris Davis (Father - Leonard J. Schneider served in 79th Division, 313th Inf. Rgt)

FREE FOR WWII VETERANS

BULGE REENACTMENT

**68th Anniversary Commemoration Battle
TO HONOR VETERANS of WORLD WAR II
Fort Indiantown Gap PA
22 Jan - 27 Jan 2013**

The World War II Federation invites all vets to the Battle of the Bulge Reenactment this coming January and will again be honoring the WW II Veterans during the week, with a special Reception scheduled for Friday, 25 Jan 2013, free for WWII Vets.

Veterans may arrive after 1400 hours on Tues 22 Jan 2013. As usual, the Veterans will have a hospitality suite set up in their barracks as well as memorabilia & video displays. We most likely will be in Area 13.

Attendees should bring a pillow, sheets and a blanket (or a sleeping bag) for their bunk as well as wash cloth and towel and shower clogs. All sleeping is on lower bunks. Enjoy a week of camaraderie, relaxation, WWII videos, stories and hospitality and a chance to relive your basic training days in original WWII Barracks. Enjoy the transformation of the barracks area by the reenactors to WWII period and enjoy the many restored WWII vehicles. Meet reenactors who are interested in learning from WWII veterans about the period as well as the respect that they hold for you.

We will be transported by bus on Wed to a local HS for a Veteran Program. Flea Market will open at 1400 hours and will remain open to 2200 hours. Thursday's visit by bus to the VA Hospital in Lebanon PA for our annual visit, so we can meet with fellow veterans

On Friday the Federation will salute the Veterans. At 1600 hours there will be a Wreath Laying at the VBOB Monument and 21 gun salute, and a Tactical Battle Briefing at 1630 Hours in the Community Club. There will be a free reception there for WWII Veterans at 1700 hours (others may attend at \$15.00). As usual there will be 1940 Movies in Veterans Bldg #12-15 and hospitality in the Veterans' Barracks. The cost of the event is \$70.00 which includes 5 nights bunk in the barracks and Dinner and Period Entertainment USO-type show on the Saturday night.

On Sat 1030 hrs Veteran Tour of the Battlefield, at 1300 Public Battle scenario Area 12, 1700 Buses leave for Community Club, 1800 Dinner, 2000 period entertainment & talent show followed by dancing.

WWII Veterans will be free again this year. Non Veterans accompanied by a WWII veteran and others will pay \$75 for the 5 nights in the barracks which will also include the Saturday nite dinner (Option A). Those not wanting the Sat Nite Dinner the fee is \$50 (Option B). Those not staying in the Barracks but want the Sat nite dinner the fee is \$30 (Option C).

If you would like a Registration packet contact John D. Bowen, 613 Chichester Lane, Silver Spring MD 20904-3331, e-mail johndbowen@earthlink.net or go to www.wwiifederation.org Deadline for Veterans to register is 31 Dec 2011.

LUXEMBOURG HONORS DAUGHTER OF FATHER KIA IN BULGE

John Schaffner, 106th Infantry Division, 589th FAB

On May 13-20, 2012 a small group made a week long tour of the Ardennes traveling in Belgium and Luxembourg. Only a few were veterans, but we also had one war-orphan with us, Vicki Cool and her husband, Gerald. Vicki's father was KIA during the Battle of the Bulge and is buried in Luxembourg's

Hamm American Cemetery. This place had priority for us to visit. We were greeted by the Superintendent and also members of the U. S. Veterans Friends Luxembourg Association. The Founder and Honorary President of the group delivered this speech to us on the 18th of May at the gravesite of Vicki's father.

Dear veterans of the 106th Infantry Division, dear American friends, ladies and gentlemen.

Good morning everybody.

My name is Constant Goergen and I am the founder and now Honorary President of the U.S. Veterans Friends Luxembourg Association. It is my great pleasure to welcome you today in Luxembourg and especially on the sacred soil at the American Military Cemetery at Hamm. We Luxembourgers are always glad to host our American veterans and friends from the United States because as long as we live we shall always be grateful to you and your great nation for liberating our country twice in the last century.

Almost 67 years ago thousands of young Americans came to Europe to fight a terrible war. After the initial September Liberation of Luxembourg and adjacent areas in 1944 they were all hoping that the war would come to a sudden end and that they would soon be reunited with their loved ones at home. Unfortunately, this was not to be the case. It was the second time in the 20th century history that American troops brought freedom back to this country. Nobody at that moment suspected the terrible sacrifices lying ahead, which the U.S. troops, and this means you dear veterans, were soon to suffer in order to block off and finally reject the last desperate offensive, known today as The Battle of the Bulge, the critical battle of WW II. Winston Churchill called this, "The greatest battle of WW II." On the eve of the battle, in the medieval town of Echternach, a glamorous German born star, Marlene Dietrich, was entertaining the American troops. In a deep, sultry voice she sang, "Lili Marlene," to the raucous applause of hundreds of G.I.'s.

In the early morning of December 16, 1944, the tramping sound of hobnailed jackboots broke the stillness of that cold silent night, as Nazi troopers, with visions of past glory, strutted upon the field of battle as they marched to the line of departure and formed into assault formations. The early morning stillness of the fog shrouded forest was suddenly shattered with the thunderclap of a massive artillery barrage landing on the Americans. The onslaught had begun. The German name for the operation was, "Autumn Mist." The Americans called it, "The Battle of the Bulge."

Initially outnumbered by overwhelming enemy forces and suffering from sub-zero temperatures, the U. S. Troops in Luxembourg and in the Belgian Ardennes fought bravely, and this means men like you, dear veterans of the 106th Infantry Division in the area of St. Vith and Parker's Crossroads, slowing down the enemy advance in The Ardennes.

Under the brilliant leadership of General George S. Patton, Jr., you

guys succeeded in driving back the aggressors and by early February 1945 Luxembourg was free again, liberated once more by the American troops. You did not fail us, you did not fail your country. Your legacy-Victory-in the greatest battle ever fought by the United States Army.

But the cost of victory was high. It was a time of great sacrifices. There on the cold brutal field of battle, 19,000 young American lives were cut short during the crowded hours of combat. An open field near the Luxembourg village of Hamm became the sacred burial ground for these valiant American soldier who gave their lives in order that the coming generations might live in peace and freedom. Here, in this cemetery 5,076 valiant men their final rest.

Here too, your father, dear Vicki, Pfc. Victor F. LaCount, Co B, 1st Bn, 506th PIR, 101st AB Div. KIA, 10th of January 1945 at Bois de Niblamont, north of Bastogne, was laid to his final rest. The grave of your father, as all graves at this cemetery will forever and ever be the graves of dear friends, whose memory we cherish, whom we will include in the prayers for our own beloved dead. And, they all fought for freedom too, yes, they made the ultimate sacrifice and with their death gave life to a new freedom in all the countries of the western world, among them a very small one, called Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. A country most of them had never heard of to that day.

Dear friends, Luxembourg has not forgotten, Luxembourg will not forget their sacrifices and their suffering. From the depths of our hearts we made ours the noble words of President Abraham Lincoln, "We highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain. It is for us, the living to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they, who fought here, have thus far so nobly advanced."

Dear Vicki, dear veterans, today we have the pleasure to present to you, in deepest gratitude for all you and your loved ones did for us in 1944-1945 in and around Luxembourg, The Medal of Honor of the U.S. Veterans Friends, Luxembourg.

Please step forward and let our Committee member, Jean Thiry, to confer on you the Medal.

THE QUIET SECTOR OF THE ARDENNES

by Frank Fancher, 32nd Cav Squadron

Troop A 32nd squadron, being in reserve in this so-called quiet sector of the Ardennes, was planning on a lot of rest, a little Schnapps drinking and some hell-raising. Instead, all hell broke loose all around us and we caught the brunt of German Field Marshal Von Rundstedt's counter offensive mounted by three German Armies in a tremendous two-pronged attack. One was toward Bastogne and the other toward St. Vith, our area. The bloody Battle of the Bulge was on. Massive artillery barrages preceded the attack. Poor intelligence on the part of our higher Commanders resulted in not having seen the tremendous German build up. Our lines were spread thin with only a group or regiment holding where a division or more should have been. This poor intelligence resulted in the following account by Eugene Murphy ("A" Troop Communications Sergeant):

Along with much confusion, in general along the front, these and other factors resulted in our capture by a spearheading tank element of the First S.S. Panzer Division of the Sixth German Army (the same outfit involved in the Malmedy Massacre). We were captured

THE QUIET SECTOR *(CONTINUED)*

forward of St. Vith, Belgium early in the morning of December 17, 1944, in the small village of Honsfeld on the German-Belgium border.

It was later said that the valiant defense work of the 14th Calvary Group, commanded by the spit and polish West Pointer, Col. Mark Devine, slowed down the powerful armored Nazi spearhead during the early hours of the counter offensive. The Germans were driving to capture the important road center of St. Vith and this threw the Germans off schedule, thus gaining time for our forces to regroup.

The day preceding our capture, December 16, 1944, about 7:00 a.m., 1st Lt Robert Reppa (Panama Canal Zone Commander of "A" Troop of the 32nd) assembled the troop in full battle gear and told us "C" Troop of the 18th was in trouble. Five enemy tanks were raising hell with them and they were being forced to withdraw from Krewinkel to Manderfeld. We were ordered to move up and give support. Moving up, our armored column twice was under heavy artillery fire, once in the village of Ander and another time in a wooded sector. We buttoned up and came through without any casualties.

On arriving at Manderfeld, we set up a defensive position on a hill to the west overlooking the town. More important than anything else, our squadron and group HQ was located in this town and we had to get them somewhere that it would be safer. It was almost dark, after seeing Col. Devine and his staff, escorted by an armored car and three Jeeps, on their way to his new command post in Poteau. I understand that they ran head on into a German tank. A German sentry, standing close to the armored car, yelled "Hah!" But an American officer, riding escort in the commander's position, shoved his 45 in the sentry's face and emptied the entire clip. The gunner in the armored car opened up with the 50 and 30 caliber machine guns and the light from the tracers illuminated between fifteen and twenty German tanks lined up along the road. The armored car and Jeeps were able to get their lights on and turn around and get away with only one anti-tank shell whistling harmlessly overhead.

Remaining in Manderfeld, as the afternoon wore on, the situation around us worsened. The 18th got information back to Group, and Col. Devine's Executive Officer called General "Jones at his 106th Division Command Post at St. Vith. {We were now attached to the 106th Division). In the meantime, Lt. Reppa, in a defensive position above Manderfeld, ordered Platoon Sgt. Fancher to take the first platoon and do combat patrol to the north, east and south of Manderfeld to keep the roads open between Lt. Ferrens' unit and Manderfeld. This he managed to do. A little later, "C" troop was ordered to pull back through Sgt. Fancher's first platoon and the rest of "A" troop, and then Sgl. Fancher was ordered to bring up the rear and join the rest of A troop

They reported to him that Germans were passing southwest of the 14th's position and moving toward the Our River, and if he wasn't allowed to withdraw at once, they would be cut off from the rear. Permission was given and soon the 18th was evacuating Manderfeld covered by the guns of "A" Troop of the 32nd. We of "A" Troop were last to leave town. In departing, we could hear the lumbering of German tanks approaching the east end of town. Our troop then moved northwest parallel with our lines. In the gathering darkness, artillery duels were taking place all along the line with 30 caliber and 50 caliber tracers, buzz bombs and screaming meemies. It put Fourth of July celebrations to shame.

After several miles, we came to the village of Holzheim. Here we set up in a defensive position, as an anti-buzz bomb battery was pulling out. Later a young lieutenant of one of the outfits pulling by

told us me "Krauts" had cut the road to Schonberg- They would be here any minute and if we were smart, we would follow them out north to Honsfeld. Lt. Reppa told him he didn't have orders from Squadron to withdraw, so we remained uneasily in the village. The villagers became cool and almost hostile as they began to clear their homes of signs of American occupation. Someone said, "Next they will be hanging out German flags." After about two hours without hearing from Squadron, Lt. Reppa, without order or regrets, moved "A" Troop out of this unfriendly town. He prayed we would get to Honsfeld before the Krauts. It seems that about this time the Germans were as confused with the situation as the Americans and for the moment, we were unknowingly safe.

In Honsfeld, we found the town being used by the 349th Regiment of the 99th Division as a Rest Center. Here we found the officers and men placidly taking their rest and recreation. YES! They had heard there was some trouble up front, but the situation was now in hand. Lt. Reppa tried to impress a captain of the 99th in charge of the Rest Center that the situation was everything but in hand. The captain was not impressed and informed the lieutenant, "The good word here was to RELAX." Lt. Reppa ordered us in Headquarters Platoon to set up the troop command post in one of the houses and to keep trying to make radio contact with Squadron. The "Krauts" were jamming the American frequencies, making radio contact next to impossible. Lt. Reppa then had Sgt. Creel and his 1st Platoon establish a road block at the east end of town. He then ordered Sgt. Pat O'Brien (Springfield, Illinois) and his dirty 3rd Platoon to set up a perimeter defense of the area.

On returning, Lt. Reppa was still uneasy and the 99th Division captain was amused by his nervousness. Lt. Reppa demanded to know, "Where the hell is everyone and how come I'm all alone?" The captain explained by calling his regimental headquarters and connecting the lieutenant with a Regimental staff officer- Lt. Reppa tried to explain to the officer the situation. In turn, he informed Lt. Reppa, "You have nothing to worry about. You are well behind the front lines and since you will come under my command at daybreak, I want you to prepare to make contact with the enemy."

"At daybreak," muttered Lt. Reppa to himself, "The Krauts will be here making their own contact!" The officer wanted to know what he had said. Lt. Reppa told him, Nothing, sir," and bid him GOOD NIGHT! Later a captain and his driver came into our command post, both hit with shrapnel, looking for medics. The captain was not badly hit but his driver was hit in the face and his complete lower jaw was missing. He was still walking, so the medics sat him down and shot him full of morphine, then took him, still standing, to a field hospital. I understood that later, this hospital, along with our two medics, was also captured. So under the circumstances, this fellow's chances were at best, real bad.

Once during the night, a full colonel with an antiaircraft outfit of the 99th Division with his heavy equipment, pulled back by us. He told Lt. Reppa that if he was smart, he would pull our unit out behind his. His orders were to withdraw and reform on a line a few miles back- Lt. Reppa told him that we had to await orders from Squadron. Later that night, we finally made radio contact with Squadron and received orders to move south-west at daybreak, so we awaited the DAWN!

About four a.m., American vehicles, trucks, armored cars, artillery pieces, antiaircraft units and half-tracks bumper to bumper, were still coming into and passing on through Honsfeld. As it turned out, not far behind this creeping column was German Obersturmbannfamer S.S. Lt. Col. Peiper and his spear-heading tank unit of the 1st S.S. Panzer Division.



VBOB President David Bailey meets United States President Barack Obama at the White House.



DONATIONS

We thank the following for their generous donations, received between June 26–Septmeber 30, 2012:

Andon, Arma	726 InfD	Kelly, Bernard	75 InfD
Bargar, Marvin	87 InfD	Kennedy, George	30 InfD
Bash, Amy M	Donor	Krier, Christopher	Associate
Bayruns, Frank	Associate	Kull, Grace	Associate
Blaher, William	106 InfD	Lacasse, Raymond	87 InfD
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Caldwell, Jr, Luther	106 InfD	Lyman, Gerald	76 InfD
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Csapo, Geza	32 Cav Rcn Sqdn	McCorkle, Sarah	Associate
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Joy, Marcretta	Associate	Zurbuchen, Ewald	32 Cav Rcn

BASTOGNE

by John Cipolla, 101st AB, 501st PIR, Co C

It must have been nearly morning when they were awakened by the booming voice of Co. C sergeant. "Fall out!" he shouted. "We're going back into combat. The Germans broke through and are headed this way." John dressed quickly. He had no winter clothing. His raincoat was the warmest he had. As they waited for the trucks, someone asked, "Where in the hell are we going?" An officer replied, "A town called Bastogne with orders to hold it at all costs!"

They rode all day, making the usual rest stops and into the next night in total blackout. As they crossed into Belgium, they stopped at the town of Bouillon. The weather was growing colder. When the convoy stopped, they could see silhouettes of exhausted men. They were retreating from wherever the 101st was headed. As they moved on, every time the truck stopped, John and the others would hop off. More retreating soldiers who were willing to give up their ammunition to the paratroopers. Eventually they approached Bastogne that was at a crossroads that the Germans need to control if they were to continue their advance toward Antwerp. The 101st had arrived just in time. There had been pitched engagements all around Bastogne the previous day, but the 101st kept the Germans out of Bastogne.

The next day news came that Co. I, 3rd Bn in the village of Warden had been wiped out. Only a handful made it back. Another piece of bad news. Father Sampson was missing. He had left Bastogne in a jeep with some wounded soldiers, but never returned. At 7:00 PM the Germans attacked. The paratroopers' ammunition was limited so they only fired when they saw a German. The fight went on for hours. It was like the orchard battle in Holland, only much colder and even more desperate. The attacks finally ceased at midnight.

The following morning it began to snow, something John was used to. During the day some of the men went out on patrols. As the day wore on, some guys returned wearing white bed sheets they had cut and stitched into makeshift ponchos... An attack did come, but not the overwhelming assault they were expecting. Given poor visibility, the Germans were close before John and the others could see them. Co C's machine guns and mortars quickly drove them back.

Days were now bitterly cold. The simplest task was difficult. Opening a can of K-rations, retying a boot lace, or feeding rounds into a clip with numb hands could be infuriating difficult. Water froze in canteens. As the day wore on, news began to make its way up and down the lines. Some of it was good. The 4th Armored Div. was fighting its way toward Bastogne. Other news was not so cheerful. They were completely surrounded. Ammunition was running dangerously low.

Then the news that General McAuliffe had given the Germans the "Nuts" answer when he was asked to surrender, brightened the day. The mood was lightened even further when they awoke on the morning of the 23rd to a clear, frigid day. Each of them knew, as soon as they saw the blue sky, that it was finally clear enough for Allied planes to reach Bastogne and re-supply them. It wasn't long before they heard the drone of American and British fighter planes. John and the others cheered as the fighters swooped in, strafing and bombing German positions relentlessly. Around 11:50 AM, they heard the low roar of hundreds of C-47

supply planes. They came in low to drop the supplies and equipment that the 101st so desperately needed. By nightfall they had the food and ammunition they had been waiting for. Plus blankets that were most welcome.

The next day before Christmas, the equipment drops continued. John heard that two sticks of Pathfinders had landed and set up radar beacons to guide the planes as supplies grew, so did their confidence... Christmas Day, far from Rochester, John and a few buddies decorated a scrubby spruce with foil from their cigarette packs, lids from K-rations, empty shell casing and anything that could brighten up the bleak landscape.

The Germans tried to take advantage of the homesickness. Sometime during the day of Christmas Eve John heard the whine of incoming 88s. They all would have dived for their foxholes and braced themselves for exploding shells. Instead there was nothing. All duds? Then papers began sluicing down on them. Propaganda fliers. One had a picture of a little girl. "Daddy, I'm so afraid." Next to the picture was a note intended to make the men homesick: their families and sweethearts missed them; Christmas was a time to be with those people, not in a no-man's land so far away from home! "Man, have you thought about it. What if you don't come back.... what of those loved ones?" the note ended. "Well soldier, PEACE ON EARTH, GOODWILL TOWARDS MEN.... for where there's a will, there's a way... only 500 yards ahead and MERRY CHRISTMAS."

John was not quite homesick enough to surrender to the Germans. The other paratroopers felt pretty much the same way. That night John and Simmons (John's foxhole companion) were allowed to leave their foxhole and find someplace to warm up. The men rotated like that regularly. As they came to the town, smoke curled up from the chimney of one house. The windows were dimly lighted. And they could dimly hear voices inside. They opened the door. The house was filled with Belgian civilians. John and Simmons were certainly not the first soldiers who had come upon the house to escape the cold. There were people in every room. The fire in the hearth and warmth of bodies made the house luxuriously warm, at least compared to a cold foxhole. John dozed off as he listened to the quiet chatter... The shriek and thump of distant artillery suddenly broke the quiet. John knew the Germans were shelling Bastogne. Then a booming crash. The civilians cried out in fear. The house next door had taken a direct hit.

John and Simmons excused themselves and headed back to their cold foxhole that was safer than the warm house. The shelling continued all night, Christmas Eve. They were battling hypothermia as much as they were battling the Wehrmacht. There were no major attacks on Christmas Day. December 27 arrived just like any other day. Late in the day as John was pacing along the edge of the road, he heard a distant rumble. At first he thought it was planes or the wind of a storm coming up, but then it turned into a steady thrum. Soon a dark shape became visible on the road. Tanks. They were Shermans. The lead tank stopped a hundred feet away. A soldier up the road shouted, "Come out and be recognized!"

A man's head popped out of the turret. "We're 4th Armored," he shouted in return. "The road's mined. We have to clear them," the first soldier replied. John saw a soldier, clearly an officer, climb out of the third tank. The officer stopped by the foxhole where Simmons was having a cigarette. "Soldier," the officer barked, "what are you doing in that hole?"

His face seemed familiar. John saw that he had an ivory-handled revolver on each hip. "If you were here, sir, you'd be digging," Simmons replied. "Bah!" The officer spat into the snow. "If you guys keep moving, you don't have to dig holes." He spun and stalked off. "Do you know who that was?" John asked. "No," Simmons replied. "That was Patton!"

One night when John was on his stint, he saw some figures coming toward him out the woods, silently in the darkness. He fired at the lead figure but he did not fall. The figure continued coming toward him. John fired again. Then he felt a hand on his shoulder and spun around expecting a knife in his kidney, wondering how a German had gotten behind him. It wasn't a German, It was his lieutenant! "What the hell is wrong, Cipolla?" he asked. It turned out John was firing at trees! His lieutenant sent John back to company headquarters for the night, for a much needed rest

Early in 1945 John was tabbed by his lieutenant to go out on a two-man morning patrol to check if there were Germans behind a hill who might be preparing to attack them. He was given a young, green soldier who could barely speak English, named Cutarus. For example, John had to explain what "going out on patrol" meant. When John said he wanted Cutarus to stay "20 paces behind him," the term pace had to be shown and explained fully. John saw that Cutarus's rifle had no clip in it. "Cutarus, load your gun." John ordered. As Cutarus rumbled with his rifle when he took a clip from his belt, the rifle pointed at John's chest. John ended up giving Cutarus a short lecture on gun safety.

As the two approached a knoll, a shot rang out. John instinctively dove to the ground. Then a second, a third and a fourth shot. Then a thick German voice called out. "Come out mit your hands up." Who the hell was shooting? John could see a solitary figure at the top of the knoll. A fifth shot hit John's right hand and spun him around. John cradled his Thompson in the crook of his right arm, fingered the trigger with his left hand, took careful aim and fired several rounds. After what seemed like several seconds, the German lowered his gun, bowed his head and toppled face first into the snow. As he hit, his helmet came off and rolled down the hill.

Cutarus. John realized the final shots by the German may have been meant for Cutarus. He spun around hoping the kid hadn't been hit. Cutarus was standing at the far edge of the clearing. John motioned for him to get down. If there were more Germans over the hill, they certainly heard the shooting. John crawled up the hill to the top and peered down. There were four Tiger tanks and a long line of Germans, maybe more than a company, in line for an attack. John had to get back to his lines immediately.

As he went down the hill, there was the dead German officer, Luger in hand. John fumbled with his left hand to reach inside the German's coat for his identification papers. Then he pried the Luger loose and put it in his pocket. He continued down the hill. There was the German's helmet in the snow. John picked it up, went back up the hill to the dead German, lifted his head and put the helmet back on. The officer was a young man with a blonde mustache, not a grizzled, bloodthirsty veteran.

John turned to race down the hill. There was Cutarus sprawled in the snow at the far edge of the clearing. Had he been hit? John shook him. Cutarus lifted his head out of the snow. "Ya." "Are you all right?" "I no hit." As John began to brush the snow off Cutarus's face, Cutarus grinned and spoke, "I like you See-polla." Then Cutarus saw John's bloody right hand. "You got hit." A look of terror came over his face. "You got hit." "Yes, I was hit in my

right hand, but I'll be all right."

They could hear tank engines. "Let's get the hell out of here." They raced across the clearing to the woods. John could hardly keep up with young Cutarus who ran as fast as a deer. John wondered what else he had misjudged about the kid. They reached the outpost safely. John warned the two men of the impending attack and then continued on to CQ where the lieutenant was waiting for him. John handed the German's identification papers to the lieutenant who grunted in surprise. "He was a captain." John shook his head and glanced out in the woods, not as happy as he thought he would be about killing an officer.

A while later as John sat at a table in the field hospital while a medic pulled the bullet from his hand and carefully bandaged the wound, John realized that he was in a good mood for the first time in maybe almost a month. He was finished, at least temporarily, with Bastogne, finished with the cold, the killing and the misery of foxholes. He had a warm bed, hot meals and pretty nurses to look forward to. Maybe the war would even end while he was laid up and he could go home to Rochester.

This article was condensed by Tom Hope, XIX Corps, HQ, from a 19-page chapter in a book written about Greece, NY resident John Cipolla, 101st AB Div in WWII

LUXEMBOURG HONOR SVBOB

by J. David Bailey, VBOB President



It was indeed an honor for me to conjointly lay a wreath with Mr. Jean Asselbom, Deputy Prime Minister, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Luxembourg at the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge Memorial at Arlington National Cemetery on Wednesday July 25, 2012. The ceremonial event was arranged by his Excellency Jean Paul Senninger, Consul du Grand Duchy of Luxembourg.

The occasion honored the fallen heroes in America's largest land battle in history.

The Minister accompanied by his Press Secretary, Robert Steinmetz, spoke to all the guests. Consul Mario Wiesen at the Luxembourg Embassy, a great friend of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, helped coordinate the notable event. We at VBOB are indeed proud to have the country of Luxembourg as our friend

It is noted that Ambassador Senninger will be leaving his post as Ambassador to the United States in the immediate future. As President of VBOB I acknowledged the personal bond of friendship that the Ambassador has shown to the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge during his tenure; and that he would always be remembered as our friend and comrade as well.



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A GUNNER'S TALE – BEFORE, DURING, AND AFTER THE BULGE

by Francis Resta 102nd Infantry Division
submitted by Leo Zafonte, Associate

Francis Resta was Assistant Gunner and Gunner in a mortar squad of the weapons platoon of B Company, 407th Regiment, 102nd Infantry Division, in operations north of the Bulge in Germany. After VE-Day, his unit was in the occupation Army in Bavaria (Germany) until March 1946.

The 102nd division originated in 1942 and consisted roughly half of college students who were drafted or enlisted in 1943 for the Army Specialized Training Program (ASTP), designed to sustain Engineering college graduates during the war. These inductees were given Non-Com school basic training at Ft. Benning, Georgia (for myself) and at other basic training posts throughout America. When ASTP was abandoned in 1944 to avoid drafting fathers in an election year, the college men were transferred to create three additional divisions (these became the 102nd, the 104th, and the 106th Infantry Divisions). These Divisions were sorely needed because the rapid movement of allied forces towards Germany during the summer months of 1944 following the breakout from Normandy, created strong confidence that unrelenting pressure on the German Army was a sound strategy.

For the three Divisions created prior to the Bulge, there was no time for training maneuvers with the new commands; and after 4 months advanced training for the troops, the 102nd Infantry Division was sent directly to combat in the ETO in August, 1944. We had passed through Fort Dix, Camp Kilmer and then on to Staten Island. The division boarded several Liberty ships, part of a large convoy of troop ships, many tankers and freighters, hospital ships, and still many others heading for England out of New York harbor from the New Jersey/Staten Island area. Company B, 407th, was on the "Sea Wolf", a Liberty Ship so small that I wondered when we were boarding if we were to be transported to a larger ship to cross the ocean. The convoy was hundreds of ships, as far as you could see in all directions, and it was limited to 12 knots' speed, the top speed of the slowest ship in the convoy. The convoy was too large to maneuver around storms, so we went through some exceedingly rough weather.

The ships in the convoy went on to many British ports upon arrival in the ETO, and the 102nd made an overnight stop in the harbor at Weymouth, England, and next morning passed directly to Cherbourg, France (September, 1944), for a hurried night off-loading. We were initially committed as a reserve unit for the battle of Brest, France, where the German submarine base had been holding out. However, without any commitment of our Division to combat, Brest fell and we were moved by railroad cattle cars to the German border in Holland where we were initially attached to the 29th Infantry Division (an experienced division present in Europe since D-Day).

We were introduced to combat at Birgden, Germany, a few miles into Germany from the border of Holland, and then in the push from Aachen to Geilenkirchen, Germany in November. The 102nd Division was being consolidated then as part of the Ninth Army, XIII Corps under General Omar Bradley and later

once under Montgomery for the Roer River crossing.

Much of the time we did not know where we were...we were just tired and we weren't privy to maps or tactics for the overall picture of the fighting. The fighting wasn't severe for the 407th Regiment from Aachen to Geilenkirchen, although some of the units saw heavy combat for the first time in the war in that drive into Germany. During November, the division began an offensive that worked its way to Welz, Flossdorf, and Linnich to gain control of the Roer River in this area. Our first action was in the attack on Geilenkirchen and then on Welz (November 29th) from Gereonsweiler, which was very bloody - Company B had 47% casualties (including myself) and the 407th Regiment was decimated. Before the attack on Welz, we were told that we should expect little or no resistance and the presence of only a pillbox or two, the northern end of the vaunted German Siegfried Line. Instead, we found well-fortified positions together with a German Panzer Division, possibly part of the buildup for the upcoming Bulge offensive. However, there were several German Panzer Divisions fighting us throughout the offensive from Aachen to the Roer River. In every attack we launched, the typical German response was a Panzer counter-attack. When I was wounded, I was taken by 406th Regiment men to the 406th aid station, since the 407th wasn't open.

At the onset of the Bulge on December 16th, the 102nd Division was in the northern flank of the Bulge near the Roer River. The 102nd, itself, was on line in defensive mode and did not participate directly in defense against the Bulge offensive. Other units in the XIII Corps were the 84th Infantry Division and the 2nd Armored Division; these were sent to the Bulge and were hit hard. All reserve Regiments and Divisions of the XIII Corps other than the 102nd Infantry Division were moved to defensive positions along the Bulge as it gained size. Normally, only one-third of an Army's combat companies are on-line at any one time; the rest are held in reserve, but during the defense of the northern extent of the bulge, the 102nd units were deployed along the original XIII Corps area with practically no reserve depth behind the front line companies. These units were subjected to some German feeler attacks, perhaps looking for a place to advance/breakout. At least one of the German feeler attacks was in fact successful and did break thru the lines. At this point, there was only daylight between these German units and the Atlantic Ocean. However, possibly because of poor German reconnaissance, the advancing German unit pulled back; we really did not know why. Perhaps the feeler attacks were a ruse to prompt the Ninth Army to move other XIII Corp units away from the Bulge's perimeter.

Losses of Sherman tanks in November and December were high because of the more advanced firepower of the German Tiger tanks. Only the tank destroyers were successful at fighting these Tigers.

We remained in our positions at the Roer River area from the Bulge breakout on December 16th for many weeks, which postponed the planned crossing of the Roer River and the push to the Rhine River until after January 1945. The 102nd Division remained on line in the north near Linnich, NE of Aachen for those weeks.

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