

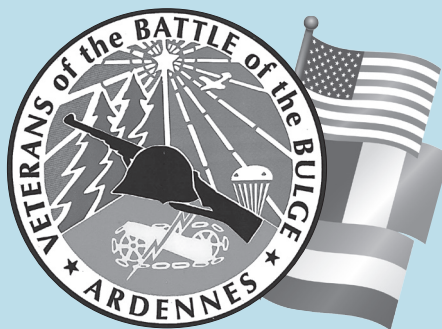
# The BULGE BUGLE

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

VOLUME XXXII NUMBER 4

THE ARDENNES CAMPAIGN

NOVEMBER 2013



## EVENTS OF REMEMBRANCE

DECEMBER 14-16, 2013  
ARLINGTON

*See pg. 16-17*



**See p. 4 for updates on the 70th Anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge**

### **Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, Inc.**

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**Publisher/Editor:** George Chekan,  
9th Infantry Division

**Historical Research:** John D. Bowen,  
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## **CHAPTER PRESIDENTS**

### **ALABAMA**

**Gen G.S. Patton, Jr. (11)**

Vernon Miller, 8<sup>th</sup> AD  
1409 John Wesley Dr  
Birmingham, AL 35210-2203  
205-951-0265

### **ARIZONA**

**Arizona (26)**

Leo Hoffman, 9<sup>th</sup> AD  
5725 E. Mc Dowell Rd, Lot 211  
Mesa, AZ 85208  
480-654-6674

**Southern Arizona (53)**

George McGee, 109<sup>th</sup> EVACH  
7830 E. Hampton St.  
Tucson, AZ 85715-4214  
520-298-3220

### **BELGIUM**

**5th Fusiliers of Belgium (38)**

Marcel D'Haese, Belgian 5<sup>th</sup> Fusiliers  
Boulevard du SOUVERAIN N 49 Box 4  
1160 – Brussels, BE  
00-32-2-673.49.76

### **CALIFORNIA**

**Golden Gate (10)**

Doris Davis, Associate  
889 Bauer Dr  
San Carlos, CA 94070-3613  
650-654-0101

**Southern California (16)**

Fred Whitaker, 87<sup>th</sup> ID  
9552 Brynmar Drive  
Villa Park, CA 92861  
714-282-7733

**San Diego (51)**

Robert D. Schrell, 509<sup>th</sup> MP  
2530 San Joaquin Ct.  
San Diego, CA 92109  
858-274-5738

### **CONNECTICUT**

**Connecticut Yankee (40)**

Richard Egan  
79 Alcove St.  
Meriden, CT 06541  
203-634-0474

### **COLORADO**

**Rocky Mountain (39)**

A. Wayne Field, 6<sup>th</sup> AD  
6030 Fencepost Dr  
Colorado Springs, CO 80919  
719-598-2234

### **FLORIDA**

**Florida Citrus (32)**

Minot N. Richardson, 26<sup>th</sup> ID  
1925 Harden Blvd #67  
Lakeland, FL 33803-1871  
863-688-7249

**Indian River (41)**

John Gaynor, 82<sup>nd</sup> AB  
901 Culpepper Ave  
Palm Bay, FL 32909  
321-549-3529

**Southeast Florida (62)**

George Fisher, 26<sup>th</sup> ID  
3456 S. Ocean Blvd #503  
Palm Beach, FL 33480  
561-585-7086

**Golden Triangle (48)**

Clarence Buckman, 106<sup>th</sup> ID  
53 Redwood Track  
Ocala, FL 34472  
352-687-8175

### **INDIANA**

**Northern Indiana (30)**

Barry Veden, Associate  
507 Duneland Beach Dr.  
Michigan City, IN 46360  
219-874-9873

**Central Indiana (47)**

Chris Schneider, Associate  
1795 Cherry St  
Noblesville, IN 46060  
(317) 362-6015

### **KANSAS**

**Northeast Kansas (69)**

Mark Collins, Associate  
PO Box 8556  
Topeka, KS 66604  
785-340-8262

### **MARYLAND**

**Maryland/DC (3)**

Albert Darago, 143<sup>rd</sup> AAA  
Walden Court #1508  
8800 Walther Blvd  
Baltimore, MD 21234  
410-665-4103

### **MASSACHUSETTS**

**Lamar Soutter/Central (22)**

John McAuliffe, 87<sup>th</sup> ID  
425 Pleasant St  
Worcester, MA 01609  
508-754-7183

### **MICHIGAN**

**West Michigan (23)**

James Wibby, 104<sup>th</sup> ID  
3471 Blackwood Dr.  
Traverse City, MI 49686-3887  
231-938-2995

### **MISSISSIPPI**

**Mississippi (33)**

James W. Hunt, 1<sup>st</sup> ID  
804 20th Ave N  
Columbus, MS 39701-2332  
662-328-8959

## **MISSOURI**

### **Gateway (25)**

Kent Stephens, 26<sup>th</sup> ID  
107 Bluffview La  
Collinsville, IL 62234  
618-344-1616

## **NEW JERSEY**

### **Peter F. Leslie, Jr (54)**

Paul M. Hennessey, 78<sup>th</sup> ID  
179 E Central Ave  
Wharton, NJ 07885  
973-366-4610

### **Fort Monmouth (56)**

Larry Lynch, Associate  
37 Princeton St.  
Red Bank, NJ 07701  
732-842-5923

### **Fort Dix/McGuire (60)**

Scott Gericke, Associate  
21 Telford Lane  
Mt. Laurel, NJ 08054  
(856) 206-9464

### **South Jersey (61)**

Edward Steinberg, Associate  
202 Holly Dr  
Rio Grande, NJ 08242-1738  
609-886-2418

## **NEW YORK**

### **Mohawk Valley (28)**

Julian Scatko, Associate  
356 Higby Rd  
New Hartford, NY 13413  
315-733-4752

### **Hudson Valley (49)**

Matthew J. Swedick, Associate  
26 Echo Lane  
Altamont, NY 12009  
518-765-0300

### **Staten Island (52)**

William Abell, Associate  
297 Clarke Ave  
Staten Island, NY 10306  
718-351-9426

### **Duncan T. Trueman (59)**

Elliot Hermon, 87<sup>th</sup> CMBn  
3 Putter Way  
Middletown, NY 10990  
845-344-6181

### **Long Island (63)**

William Mueller, 106<sup>th</sup> ID  
27 Eve Ln  
Levittown, NY 11756-5511  
516-731-2488

## **OHIO**

### **Blanchard Valley (42)**

Leonard Skonechi, Associate  
324 N. Countyline St.  
Fostoria, OH 44830  
419-435-3588

### **Ohio Buckeye (29)**

John Kalagidis, 552<sup>nd</sup> FAB  
2545 58th St NE  
Canton, OH 44721-3451  
330-492-2214

### **Gen D. D. Eisenhower (35)**

Richard Shape, 2<sup>nd</sup> ID  
211 Oakcrest Ct  
Russells Point, OH 43348-9508  
937-633-0412

### **Alton Litsenberger (68)**

Tom Tomastick, Associate  
10194 Galena Point Dr.  
Galena, OH 43021  
740-965-8329

## **PENNSYLVANIA**

### **Delaware Valley (4)**

Gary Lambert  
123 Garfield Ave  
Collingswood, NJ 08108  
856-304-3106

### **Susquehanna (19)**

George Waters, 796<sup>th</sup> AAA Bn  
303 Honesdale Rd  
Waymart, PA 18472  
570-488-6311

### **Ohio Valley (31)**

Pete Yanchick, 106<sup>th</sup> ID  
1161 Airport Rd  
Aliquippa, PA 15001  
724-375-645

### **Southcentral Pennsylvania ((45)**

George Schneider, 30<sup>th</sup> ID  
237 Willow Valley Dr  
Lancaster, PA 17602-4782  
717-464-9442

### **Lehigh Valley (55)**

Morris Metz, 94<sup>th</sup> ID  
125 Richard Garr Rd  
Easton, PA 18 040-6916  
610-252-3694

### **Reading (64)**

George Moore, 1252<sup>nd</sup> ECB  
207 Shockley Dr  
Birdsboro, PA 19508  
610-582-8690

## **Cumberland Valley (6)**

John Fague, 11<sup>th</sup> AD  
306 Lungan Ave  
Shippensburg, PA 17257  
717-530-8817

## **RHODE ISLAND**

### **Rhode Island (24)**

Manuel Ribeiro, 11<sup>th</sup> AD  
50 Greylock Rd  
Bristol, RI 02809-1631  
401-253-7369

## **SOUTH CAROLINA**

### **South Carolina (7)**

Christopher C. Carawan, 106<sup>th</sup> ID  
4709 Shannon Springs Rd  
Columbia, SC 29206  
803-784-1434

## **VERMONT-NEW HAMPSHIRE-MAINE**

### **Tri-State (17)**

Edward Deverell, Associate  
12 Stevens Dr  
Hookset, NH 03106-1683  
603-485-7464

## **VIRGINIA**

### **Crater (43)**

S. W. George, Jr., 176<sup>th</sup> FAB  
101 Hanover Ave  
Colonial Heights, VA 23834  
804-526-6725

## **WASHINGTON**

### **Northwest (6)**

Jim Pennock, Associate  
3006 NW 61st St  
Seattle, WA 98107  
206-783-0212

## **CONTACT INFORMATION**

### **Membership Office:**

Kevin Diehl, Tracey Diehl,  
703-528-4058,  
e-mail: kevin@battleofthebulge.org;  
tracey@battleofthebulge.org

*For dues, certificates, quartermaster,  
donations and membership:*  
Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, Inc.  
PO Box 27430  
Philadelphia, PA 19118  
Telephone 703-528-4058  
e-mail: tracey@battleofthebulge.org

*For stories, articles, letter to the editor  
for inclusion in The Bulge Bugle:*  
Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, Inc.  
PO Box 336  
Blue Bell, PA 19422  
Telephone 484-351-8844  
e-mail: ralph@battleofthebulge.org

### **VBOB WEB SITE:**

**[www.battleofthebulge.org](http://www.battleofthebulge.org)**  
**[or www.vbob.org](http://or www.vbob.org)**



## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

### Douglas C. Dillard (Col. Ret.) 82nd Airborne Division



This is the final message for 2013, however, I want to thank the membership for placing their trust in me, as their reelected National President, for 2014. During the past few months we have experienced a tremendous growth in membership with Bob' Rhodes Associate membership program... thanks Bob!

Our recent annual reunion in Kansas City was a great success and both Ralph Bozorth and Alan Cunningham did an outstanding job in the planning and coordination of the event. Ralph's selection of the Embassy Suites was a pleasant surprise. Mark Collins, president of the Kansas Northeast chapter worked with the Harley-Davidson Motorcycle company, resulting in an outstanding event in the program. Alan Cunningham worked out the program with Fort Leavenworth which I thought was well done and very interesting for our members. We can be very proud and thankful that the Association has such outstanding members on its National Council.

As you know, 2014 is the beginning of events in Europe in recognition of the 70th Anniversary of the Allied Forces invasion and of course the beginning of the Battle of the Bulge, 16 December 1944. On 23 September Ralph Bozorth, John Bowen Alan Cunningham and I met with the Belgian Defense Attache at the Belgian Embassy and discussed our interest in a possible tour to Belgium and Luxembourg in 2014. He asked that we submit a plan and he would also submit it to the Belgian government. The representative from Luxembourg was not available, however John Bowen and I have a scheduled a meeting with the representative on 8 October to discuss the plan. Essentially, the plan will be similar to the VBOB tour of 2004. We are not sure of the Belgian response, especially since

the Belgian elections are schedule next May and we possibly must coordinate with a new group of Belgians in their Department of Defense.

**It would help us in planning if we had an idea how many people would like to participate in the trip; therefore if you plan to go please send your response to Ralph Bozorth using one of the three following options: e-mail [ralph@battleofthebulge.org](mailto:ralph@battleofthebulge.org) telephone 484-351-8844 US mail - VBOB, PO Box 336, Blue Bell, PA 19422**

I have enjoyed representing the VBOB and I take every opportunity to publicize our Association with national leaders and potential new Associate members. Again I thank you for reelecting me as your National President. I wish all a very great forthcoming holiday season!

### VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE, INC. 2014 BUDGET

<b>Income</b>	
Donations	\$8,000
Life Memberships	\$1,500
Yearly membership dues-(2,035 @ \$15/)	\$30,500
Certificate Sales	\$1,500
Quartermaster Sales	\$5,800
Monies transferred from VBOB savings	\$12,100
Total income	\$59,400

<b>Expense</b>	
Bulge Bugle publication:	
Other services	\$2,500
Postage	\$7,700
Printing	\$11,800
Operations:	
Miscellaneous	\$1,200
Supplies	\$1,800
Postage. Mailing service	\$2,100
Printing and copying	\$1,100
Telephone	\$900
CPA-financial reports, 990 form, etc	\$3,900
Contractor-membership, QM, web site	\$23,000
Insurance	\$1,500
Licenses, permits, PO Boxes	\$400
Travel, etc	\$1,500

**Total expenses** \$59,400

Prepared by Ralph Bozorth-Treasurer 8/12/13

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### "L" COMPANY, I'D LOVE TO HEAR FROM YOU

My name is Henry "Hank" Baker and I served as a S/Sgt. in the 2nd Platoon of "L" Company, 3rd Battalion, 291st Regiment of the 75th Division in the Battle of the Bulge. I would love to hear from any and all survivors of that unit or their families.

I can be reached at:

**Hank Baker**  
**515 St. Hwy. 29A**  
**Gloversville, NY. 12078**  
**telephone 518-725-3594**  
**e-mail at hbaker002@nycap.rr.com**

Thanks, Hank Baker

### SEEKING INFORMATION ABOUT OUR FATHER

Our father, John David Foley (may have gone by last name "Moody") enlisted at Camp Upton, NY in 1944 and separated from Ft. Dix 02 June 1946. He fought in the Ardennes, Central Europe and the Rhineland (33 WD 45 as amended). He is pictured with the 37th Armored Group (or the 37th division of another unit?) in the photo below (1st row, 6th soldier from the left, dark hair). His discharge papers have him designated as being in the 273rd Infantry, 69th Division, but that division did not participate in the Battle of the Bulge, so he may have been reassigned to them. In this case, we do not know his original unit. Our father is deceased (1973), and there are no relatives who can be contacted. My two sisters and I are hoping to find someone who might have remembered "Foley/Moody" or who served in any of the same units our father served in. Please feel free to contact me if you have any information to share. We would be thrilled to hear any 'nugget' of information you might have.

**Janet Moody, 3 Stuyvesant Oval**  
**#9E, New York, NY 10009**  
**Phone # (212) 217-0999**  
**Email address: jmoody12@rcn.com**

### A BELATED THANK YOU

This is a belated THANK YOU and deep appreciation to Historian John Bowen. I assembled a booklet ....MEMORIES 75th DIVISION MP PLATOON. Without the hard work and contributions from John on material content and leads on additional material sources, it would not have gotten off the ground. There is an old saying...better late than never. VBOB is indeed fortunate to have an individual like John Bowen aboard. THANK YOU again John. Thanks also to Tracey Diehl at the Main Office for her help and information.

**Sincerely,**  
**Ed Keim, 75th ID, HQs**

## REFLECTIONS OR RESULTS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

I have thoroughly enjoyed every story published about the greatest battle ever fought by this nation; namely known as "The Battle of the Bulge" which for all general purposes, brought about the end of World War II. Now that I am in my nineties and having served in the 4th Armored Division for nineteen months overseas from France to the Czech Republic, I reminisce and wonder about how important our presence and our deeds were to that part of the world at that time and to the world today.

I know that even in a seasoned well run Division, that mistakes are made and different shortages helped to prolong the war but looking at the whole picture I think that we proved to the whole world that by an army of a free people from all walks of life and nationalities with a determination to help all people and nations to be free that we fulfilled our desire and purpose to help to bring freedom and liberty to all. World War II was probably the last war fought by this nation that there was never any doubt as to who won the war as is so often questioned by the results of most of our later entanglements.

I have often wondered why that after six or seven decades later that the nations that we fought so violently against are now some of our most trusted allies. After hostilities ceased in May of 1945 we were stationed in Munich, Germany where General Patton's 3rd Army Headquarters was located and information came to us that many large cities in Germany were not going to have sufficient fuel supplies to get them through the winter. In the Autumn months of 1945 with the use of our trucks and chainsaws with German prisoners of war doing the labor, we cut down enough trees around the city to fill the Munich Olympic Stadium with enough 8ft logs crisscrossed and stacked about 8ft high to be used to get the city through the winter.

Being of German descent I could understand most of what the prisoners were saying and they were wondering as to why we were concerned about their fuel supply. They were very good workers, as they were good soldiers and they were genuinely impressed by our caring about their well-being as also was most of the population of Munich. We later heard that through the United States Marshall Plan that food and medical supplies were made available to Germany and later to Japan to attend to private civilians who were deprived of so many things brought about by the hardships of war.

I am proud to have been known as a part of what is called the greatest generation even though the 4th Armored Division was sometimes referred to as Roosevelt's Butchers by the German press, I think that the United States' armed forces proved that civilized people can deal with other civilized people and be brought back together and enjoy peace hopefully throughout the world. I know that World War II veterans numbers are dwindling as many division reunions are closing down but I hope that some of the 16 million that were there at that time of The Battle of the Bulge will keep the memories alive through friends and relatives for many years to come and that our history of this great country, The United States of America will be remembered forever.

**Herman Basler, 4th AD,**  
**489th AAA**

# ANNUAL REUNION RECAP

Our 32nd Annual Reunion was held in Kansas City MO, Sept 3-8, 2013, at the Embassy Suites Kansas City-International Airport hotel. Over 100 attendees enjoyed the events, including trips to the Truman Library and Museum, Fort Leavenworth, The WWI Museum, and a Harley-Davidson factory tour.

## HAPPY HOUR: Attendees enjoyed the daily complimentary happy hour courtesy of the hotel



**Four generations:** Kate Nolan, 53rd Field Hospital, John Nolan (son), James Barr (grandson), Logan Renee (great-granddaughter), Nicole Barr (James's wife), Evan Barr (grandson), Grace Barr Wadman (daughter), John Wadman (son-in-law)



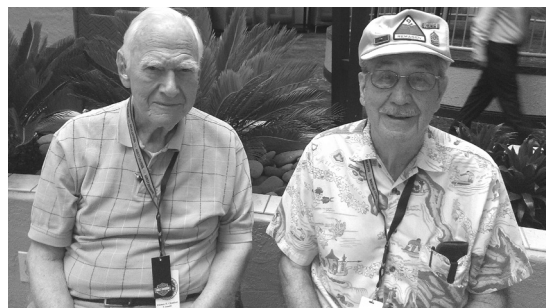
**A reunion of Vietnam War helicopter pilots** was simultaneously going on at our hotel, and one night at happy hour they saluted our vets. We salute them with mutual admiration.



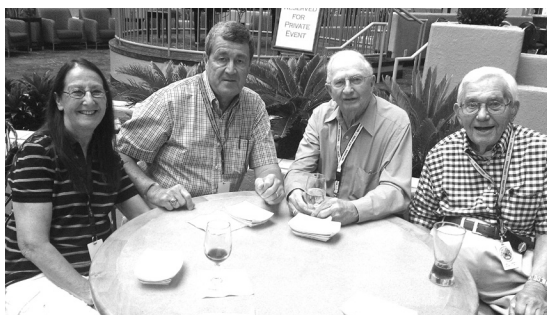
**Adrienne Hopkins, Dan Santagata, 5th InfD**



**Ada Heckman, Charlotte Loukas, Arthur Loukas, 83rd InfD, Dick Williams, 80th InfD**



**Tom Chambers, 9th ArmDD, Carl Shell, 9th ArmDD**



**Sherry Klopp, Jim Klopp, Eldon Gracy, 87th InfD, Frank Trautman, 106th InfD**



**Tom Ingram, 90th InfD, Mike Levin, 7th ArmDD**



**Becki Willard, Dottie Stitzinger, Jack Stitzinger, 87th InfD, Tom Hoke, 87th InfD**



**John McAuliffe, 87th InfD, David Bailey, 106th InfD, Joe Landry, 776th FA Bn**



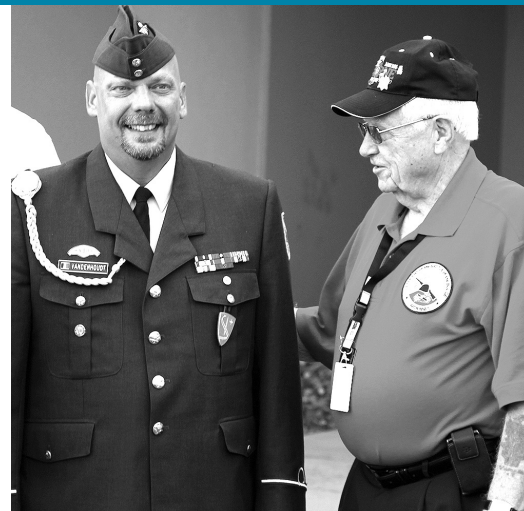
**William Gilliam, 2nd ArmDD, Elizabeth Beckett, Dorlas Gilliam**



## ATTENTION!: Our members and guests were ready to tour Fort Leavenworth



Group portrait outside the hotel on our way to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, including (far right) our esteemed guest, Marc Vandenhoudt of the Defense Attaché Office, Belgian Embassy



Marc Vandenhoudt, Belgian Embassy, and Doug Dillard, 82nd AbnD and VBOB President

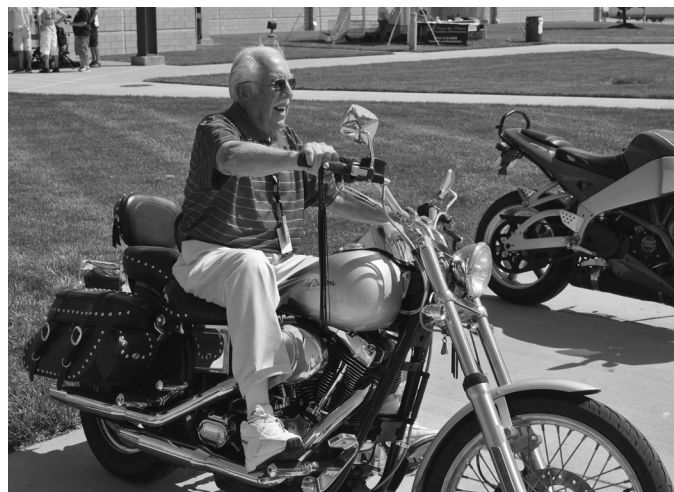
## WHOLE HOG: Harley-Davidson rolled out the red carpet with a plant tour and complimentary BBQ



VBOB guests were presented with a Harley-Davidson banner bearing the signatures of their Powertrain plant workers.



VBOB reunion attendees enjoyed checking out the Harleys on the tour.



Jessie Bowman, 87th InfD, tries one on for size.



# WAR EXPERIENCES OF ROBERT PIDCOE, 1ST ID, 26TH IR

written by Doris Davis, Associate

Bob was born on Aug. 24, 1923, in Warrensville PA. His family moved to Canton in 1936, and he graduated from Canton High School. He wanted to enlist early in the war but his parents would not allow him to. He was old enough in January 1943 when the draft board came calling, however. After basic training, combat intelligence and anti-tank training, Bob went to North Africa and Sicily where he joined the 1st Infantry Division, the famous "Big Red One". Then there followed some tough training in Scotland. "We didn't know it at the time, but we were training for D-Day," Bob said. His regiment went ashore early on Omaha Beach during the D-Day landings on June 6 1944, and took heavy fire from the Germans. Bob said the death and destruction that greeted him as he came ashore was something he never will forget. "It was a helluva sight," he said. "I thought, 'What the hell am I getting into here?' It didn't take me long to find out." And that is just how it was right through to his final great battle which was the Battle of the Bulge.

Bob carried an early version of the bazooka for knocking out tanks. "But it was woefully inadequate for that job," he said. "All it did was anger the German tanks. Pretty soon, you'd have everyone and their brothers shooting back at you. It wasn't long before they took those things away from us. And that didn't make me mad at all, getting rid of those things. Throughout the war, my main weapon was my M-1 carbine. I was issued a .45 caliber pistol too." And he also carried a New Testament and Book of Psalms carried by his father Robert Pidcoe, who served in World War I.

In the late fall of 1944 after Normandy, the 1st Division had to fight in the Hurtgen Forest on the northern side of the Ardennes where the Battle of the Bulge took place. "Oh, that was hell," Bob said of the battle. "We lost a lot of guys." He was hit in the groin by a tree burst where the tops of the pine trees were deliberately shattered by the German artillery to scatter huge lethal spearlike splinters of wood over the ground below. He was then transferred to a hospital in England where his clearest memories are of Christmas Day 1944. He and other wounded soldiers were greatly looking forward to the delicious festive chicken. But the chicken had spoiled. So they ended up eating creamed beef on toast instead - usually referred to as S.O.S (ask if you don't know what that means) - on Christmas Day.

However Bob's stay in hospital meant that he was lucky enough not to be in combat during the massive opening offensive by the German Sixth Panzer Army on December 16 1944 at the start of the Battle of the Bulge. "So I missed the worst part of the Battle of the Bulge, but I saw enough of it," he said. "It was pretty well stabilized by the time I got back to my unit in January." But the combat conditions in deepest winter were terrible. "I was living in a bunker which the Germans had made," Bob said. "It was a hole covered with logs. At night when they came to get us for guard duty, they couldn't find us because the snow had blown over the hole." Then came the end of the war and Bob reflected on the postwar Germans. "From my experience," he said, "although they had been bitter enemies during the war, the German people always treated us alright. I think most of them were glad to see us because that was the end of the war for them."

Bob is now 90 years old. This modest, unassuming man who is great company and has a fine sense of humor, was an HQ Company

corporal in the elite 1st Infantry Division ('The Big Red One'), 26th Infantry Regiment ('Blue-Spaders'). He was awarded 7 campaign ribbons, a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart. Bob was truly one of the Greatest Generation, just ordinary people called upon to do extraordinary things, the men fighting not for fame and recognition, but because it was the "right thing to do".

## I REMEMBER DECEMBER 12, 1944

by Christopher Mc Ewan, 101st AB, 501st PIR

I am 84 years old now, but I will remember this particular day for the rest of my life. It was December 21, 1944, only four days before Christmas. I was an 18 year old Army Paratrooper assigned to the 501 parachute regiment of the 101st Airborne Division. I was on a scouting patrol deep in the German fortified forest of the French Ardennes. The surprise German breakthrough on December 16th caught the American and Allied armies completely off guard. This major thrust by the Germans will become known in history as the famous "Battle of the Bulge". My company and I had moved east through the town of Bastogne and then into the dark frozen forest to try to make contact with the enemy. It was a bitter-bitter cold day.

The cold sucked the living breath out of my lungs and then froze it in front of my face. The snow lay deep and silent on the trees and on the ground. Not a sound could be heard! Not even a bird or the new falling snow. A heavy white frozen mist hung on the cold biting wind. We moved through the forest in a skirmish line. I was on the far right of the line and carrying a Browning air-cooled .30 caliber light machine gun. The cold hard steel of the gun was freezing my bare hands numb. For hours I continued moving ahead through the forest Suddenly I realized that I became separated from my company. I was in deep enemy territory and totally alone... The white frozen mist and darkness set in and my visibility was decreasing quickly. Because it was becoming dark, I decided that it would be best not to try to find my company in the failing light and to set up my machine gun. It was about a half hour later when I heard voices somewhere in the forest in front of me. They appeared covered in a foggy shroud of white mist between the trees as if they were ghosts rising from an ancient cemetery.

At first I thought it was my company, but as they got closer I could hear that they were speaking German and they were heading straight for me! It sounded as if they were a large patrol. At that moment I felt sick to my stomach and my heart was beating out of my chest. I was screaming inside my head that I should try to run and get away while I could. I was so outnumbered that if I stayed and fought the enemy my number would probably be up. But I knew in my heart that the honorable thing to do was to stay and fight until the very end. The Germans were now only about 25 feet in front of me. I could not see their faces because of the closing darkness. Then a thought flashed across my mind. Maybe, I did have a chance! After all I did have the element of surprise on my side and I did have the fire power. As the Germans came even closer, I squeezed the trigger on my machine gun and traversed the firing from left to right. The gun was firing only four to five inches above the ground; I figured that they couldn't lay any closer to the ground than that. Suddenly, I heard unmistakable sound of a German 9mm Burp-gun firing its complete 30 round clip. The bullets passed only inches from the left side of my face. I instantly decided

*(Continued)*

it was time to move! I grabbed the machine gun and moved like a sidewinder snake from side to side, still firing.

Suddenly the firing from the Germans stopped. I lay as quiet as I could. I could hear the cries of the dying men, it seemed to last forever. Finally in the total darkness it became quiet. Not a sound... The night dragged on and on. When the break of dawn came, I looked out over the bodies and laying on one another in grotesque and hideous piles, frozen and stiff in death in front of my machine gun. I saw a white cloth waving in the air. In my best German, I said, "Put down your weapons and come towards me with your hands on your head". Three German soldiers stood up and came towards me. Only these three German soldiers out of their company of forty soldiers of the 5th Panzer Division was alive. Twenty minutes later my company showed up. As I walked among the dead, I found one German soldier still alive, but badly wounded lying face down with his head turned to one side. He looked up at me with fear, his eyes pleading for mercy. I took a coat from a dead German soldier and gently put it over him. One of the soldiers from my company yelled at me, "Hey Chris did you see your jacket?" I looked over my jacket and counted four bullet holes together. One inch over and I would not be here today! As I moved out with my company, I sadly put my head down and slowly moved it from side to side thinking what a terrible waste war really is... On this day of December 21st, 1944, I received the Silver Star. Eight days later on December 29th, 1944, while still fighting in the Ardennes I receive the second Silver Star. Also over the next several months, I was awarded the Bronze Star, the French Croix de Guerre and the Purple Heart. All of which are other stories...

## **MY EXPERIENCE WITH THE 2ND DIVISION, 9TH INFANTRY, M COMPANY**

**by Charles R. Posey, Ch. Col. USAF Ret.**

I became a machine gunner replacement the day after the Battle of the Bulge. I was billeted at Camp Chesterfield in France when we were told one group was moving to the front line. I did not know the German offensive had begun. Apparently word had reached headquarters of a need for rapid reinforcements. I was blessed to be driven in a truck to provide replacement in the M Company 2nd Division 9th Infantry, a seasoned battle unit. We drove all day and arrived at Elsenborn Ridge on the Northern shoulder of what became the "Battle of the Bulge". The Second Division and the 99th Divisions had stopped the 6th Panzer German SS elite force from penetrating Belgium.

I survived at night during an artillery bombardment. I learned later that an artillery duel is primarily directed at the Infantry troops trying to kill them. During the day before my machine gun section had lost four of its gunners. They needed replacement. I had been trained at Camp Walters, Texas in both the water cooled 30 caliber machine gun and 81mm mortars. That night Capt. Hall talked to me personally and afterward I crawled into a foxhole. His words were so reassuring and I was exhausted. In spite of incoming artillery shells I went to sleep.

The next day I learned of the vicious battle that had resulted in numerous casualties but that finally the German tanks and infantry had been stopped and our division was holding on this natural defense

line on the ridge in a densely wooded area.

A machine gun section had four guns. The guns were placed on the edge of the forest with considerable space between them. Our gunners took turns at the well-fortified gun emplacement. We were protected by K Company riflemen. Each gunner had to take shifts. This often meant going to the position at night. The rifleman were crack shots, some had even been squirrel hunters before going into the service. We often made verbal code so they did not shoot us.

Not long after my arrival the German planes dropped five German soldiers dressed in American uniforms. They were dropped at night. We heard 5 or 6 rifle shots. In the morning five German parachutists were laying around our foxholes. One was still barely alive. Fortunately if given a couple hours a fox hole was not only dug but covered with logs and frozen dirt. Pine branches made a dry place to sleep on. Actually it even added a little spring for sleeping and kept me up off the ground. I had crossed the ocean with Perry who had been sent from the stockade to be sent overseas.

In a day or two I found another fox hole because he was afraid to get out of the fox hole so he relieved himself in the fox hole. The next day I learned in detail how the 2nd and 99th Divisions held against the onslaught of German tanks and infantry. In later articles I read about the precision of field artillery that supplied very accurate support. Apparently in the thirties the field artillery had learned to direct the fire of several guns on the spot, which was in many cases a German tiger tank.

Also General Eisenhower had released time-release shells that rained hell from the air on the German infantry accompanying the tanks. Even later just a year ago I was told the very heavy German tanks were built to attack the Russians on the solid ground on the steppes of Russia. Mud and ditches provided a defense for our infantry equipped with bazookas. At any rate, under the direction of General Robertson who had drilled the division in organized retreat in Ireland, using consecutive lines of troops that held the sixth Panzer unit from driving into Belgium. However Elsenborn Ridge was now the front line.

A sergeant greeted me and said if I could learn fast and he could keep me alive a month, I would have a chance of staying alive. First he said four or five soldiers grouped together make a good target. He said I had to learn to recognize the sounds of different weapons. Also don't relieve yourself in the snow because the German fighters could see it when flying low.

I didn't realize how good the German triangular listening devices were. They could hear sounds of banging mess kits. Later I learned that Belgium had one of the coldest winters and heaviest snows on record. Artillery shells were bad enough but tree bursts could send shrapnel in every direction. Although we had a tent in the area with a potbellied stove there was some risk in going there. I don't know how I slipped a Bill Mauldin Cartoon in one of my letters but it described our situation when we went on the attack. Joe and Willie had scraped back the snow. The ground was so hard they couldn't dig a foxhole. Tree bursts were sending shrapnel in every direction. Underneath was the caption



"Willie this makes me miss that warm summer mud."

Fortunately the K rations were replaced with C rations. It had a small amount of food that tasted good and a candy *(Continued)*



## Members: In Memoriam

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 *Bulge Bugle*. Also, kindly notify us of any errors or omissions.

Please send notices by mail to: VBOB, Inc., PO Box 27430, Philadelphia, PA 19118-0430; or by email to: [tracey@battleofthebulge.org](mailto:tracey@battleofthebulge.org); or by phone to: 703-528-4058.

**We have received word, as of September 30, 2013, that these members of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, Inc. have also passed away:**

Barlow, James F	3576 QM Trk Co	Kritzer, Nathan	20 ArmdD
Barrus, Irel	80 InfD	Landau, Emanuel	99 InfD
Bogdan, Peter E	Associate	Legg, Harvey A	565 Motor Ambl Co
Bowers, James, Jr	Associate	Lombardo, John B	26 InfD
Breakiron, Donald	83 InfD	Madson, Robert L	26 InfD
Buniff, Egbert	666 FA Bn	Maher, John G	28 InfD
Carnahan, Joseph B	26 InfD	Marcinkoski, Edward	106 InfD
Cipponeri, Charles	558 FA Bn	Michels, Bernard J	3442 Ord Co
Clark, Philip M	172 FA Bn	Miller, Victor	245 Engr Cmbt Bn
Coger, Geneva K	Associate	Mitchell, Glen	9 ArmdD
Cook, James R	86 Chem Mtr Bn	Pers, Richard	8 ArmdD
Dell, Frank A	17 AbnD	Pilkington, Frederick	106 InfD
Demasi, Michael A	78 InfD	Pocs, Leslie	28 InfD
Dibble, John	705 TD Bn	Ponder, Dan	5 InfD
Doman, Glenn J	87 InfD	Price, Charles M	92 Chem Mtr Bn
Fletcher, Charles W	174 FA Bn	Robbins, Bob M	240 FA Bn
Friend, Edward M	87 InfD	Simon, Harry J	11 ArmdD
Futch, Jr., Clarence W	148 Engr Cmbt Bn	Summers, John B	3 ArmdD
Gaia, Robert M	3052 QM Salv Coll Co	Sunbury, Russell	82 AbnD
Geaghan, John M	26 InfD	Talley, Jack	2 InfD
Geren Jr, Preston M	76 InfD	Taylor, Charles R	35 InfD
Hanel, Bill E	10 ArmdD	Thaxton, Jr., Frank	2 InfD
Hannaman, Bernard E	5 InfD	Tyser, Leonard	106 InfD
Hoy, Edward W	573 SAW Bn	Unrein, Anthony	94 InfD
Hull, Radford	146 Engr Cmbt Bn	Wagner, William E	2 ArmdD
Huschka, Martin	35 InfD	Wallace, Philip	101 AbnD
Jahr, Franklin W	9 ArmdD	Weathers, Sr., James R	3 ArmdD
James, John T	Associate	Williams, Dennis G	9 AF
Karlen, Joseph A	8 InfD	Yeater, Charles V	5 InfD



## 2ND DIVISION, 9TH INFANTRY, M COMPANY *(Continued)*

bar or something extra. Each one had cigarettes but I didn't smoke. Sometimes we were furious when we got a K ration that had been slit open and some of the food had been removed. The smokers were really angry when the cigarettes were gone. The Division tried to get a mimeograph sheet which gave us some idea of the events of the battle, apparently the fresh 106th Division that had replaced the Second Division had tremendous losses and I learned later had surrendered. In a book "My Way" Andy Rooney described being on the front when the 106th replaced the 2nd Division and he could immediately see the difference between the hardened combat soldiers of the 106th and the untested soldier.

Many do not know that 2nd Division was actually in an offensive move into the Ruhr Valley when the Germans began their attack. Col. Hirschfelder immediately recognized the danger and requested permission for our 9th Regiment to be allowed to retreat.

Several significant things happened as we held out against the German offensive against Elsenborn Ridge. One night a huge rocket drove deep into the middle ground right in our ring of foxholes but didn't hit any of them. There was a tremendous explosion, which shook the earth. No one got out that night. The next morning we witnessed a huge hole about half as big as a pyramid tent of course dirt covered all the surrounding trees. All of us were grateful to be alive. The hole nearly filled with snow in a day or two. Then something funny happened - a jeep from headquarters ran into the hole. The driver had to promise us candy and cigarettes etc. from headquarters if we pulled him out. Later I saw a Bill Mauldin cartoon where a jeep got stuck in a ditch the caption said the troops made him promise a lot of loot to pull him out of the ditch.

On Christmas they managed to ship a wonderful meal for the troops however about the time we had our mess kits all full of turkey and dressing and our cups with coffee or hot chocolate a Messerschmitt decided to strafe the area. I managed to dive in my foxhole without spilling my food and drink when I heard a buddy scream. He had been hit by a machine gun bullet. I set my food down and scrambled out to help him. He was grabbing his leg and screaming. Another guy and I removed his pants and yelled for a medic. To our amazement his leg was black and blue but not wounded. We found a spent tracer bullet that had hit sideways. The medic came but we were all relieved that he did so well. I climbed back in my foxhole and finished my Christmas dinner. I guess the Nazi's did not declare a truce like they did in WWI where they paused on Christmas Eve and sang Silent Night.

Around Christmas the Chaplain with the 2nd Division came to have a worship service. The ferocious Battle of the Bulge was still raging. We also got word of the Germans lining up and shooting the soldiers at Malmedy. He had a simple service with a Christmas carol and prayers. He based his sermon on the 8th Psalm. He emphasized the scripture based on the creation story in Genesis. "When I consider the heavens, the work of your fingers, the moon and the stars, which you have set in place, what is man that you are mindful of him the son of man that you are mindful of him. You made him a little lower than heavenly beings and crowned him with glory and honor." He made it clear to all the soldiers under that tent that we are loved by God and have worth and value. His message made it clear that every soldier was of great worth and cared for. Although shells were exploding not too far away no one left the service. They received a message of hope in spite of the battle raging all around us.

Little did I realize that message of hope from the Army Chaplain

laid the seed that took me from a major in organic chemistry, into the ministry two years later during the Korean War, when I was accepted into the chaplainry.

I had mentioned earlier that we had lost 4 machine gunners in the initial onslaught of the Germans. One was nicknamed Whitey and his friends saw a German tank run over him and his machine gun. However because he was in a foxhole he ducked beneath the tank. Unknown to us he was immediately taken prisoner and put in a prisoner of war camp.

When VE Day came our unit was in Czechoslovakia. Those of us who did not have 50 points were selected to be part of the second wave on the invasion of Japan. Before that we were sent back to the states. We were supposed to get two weeks leave in route. We were taken back to the United States and sent to Fort Sam Houston, Texas, which has been the "home" of the 2nd Division for many years. We were taken to the processing center to my amazement several of the unit saw Whitey. Although a German tank drove over him and smashed the machine gun, he lay flat and the tank passed over him. He was immediately taken as a prisoner of war and placed in a detention camp. Later an army unit overran the prison camp and he was first sent to the hospital, later back to Fort Sam Houston, not long ahead of us.

All of the 2nd Division troops were transferred by train to Fort Sam Houston Texas. To our amazement "Whitey" was there ahead of us. We had a celebration! There was a wonderful reunion between our guys and the living soldier.

## FROM THE HURTGEN FOREST TO THE BULGE

by Martin Sylvester, 4th ID, 12th IR, G Co

During the winter of 1944, I was front line infantry with the 4th infantry division in the Hurtgen Forest, Germany. We suffered heavy losses from constant shelling and mortar attacks. We were wet cold and exhausted. In early December, word came that we were to be relieved and sent to a holding position where there had been no activity for several months. It would be rest and rehabilitation. We were sent to a town called Echtemach, which may have been a resort town. It was alongside the Mosel river in a valley, surrounded by hills. The Germans were on the other side of the river, apparently also on vacation, and apart from an occasional shell—I guess to remind us that they were still there—there were no hostilities. It was an abandoned town, and for the first time in months we would be indoors, with showers, hot food, and no fighting. Weapons were collected in order to be serviced and reconditioned, and fresh clothing was supplied. We were told that the Germans were also in a non-combat position and that they occasionally crossed the river to wander the area, perhaps to loot or spy on our activities, no one was sure. We did, however, carry a rifle whenever we left town to explore the area.

On December 15th it was my turn to spend a few days at the observation post, a dugout on a high cliff overlooking the German positions across the river. With our binoculars we had a panoramic view. We could see the Germans lining up for exercise and chow. It seemed they always had hot food. They often gathered in large groups for a kind of comradeship and socialization. Sometimes, when the wind was right, we could hear music and singing. There were three of us at the outpost. We took turns at watch.

*(Continued)*

## FROM THE HURTGEN FOREST *(Continued)*

On the morning of December 16th, I had just awakened and opened a K ration tin of bacon and cheese when I heard "RED! RED! come here, look at this!" My buddy handed me the binoculars and I could hardly believe what I saw. It was cloudy and foggy but through the haze were thousands of Germans crossing the river. They were walking across pontoon bridges which they must have put in place overnight. We then heard small arms fire. We got on the phone and it was a while before someone picked up. Whoever answered said they couldn't talk. "We're up to our ass in krouts, we have one rifle for every five men, one automatic, and our guys are getting hit all over the place" he shouted. "We have to find a way out of here. You guys better get out while you can".

It was the beginning of what would later be called "THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE". I learned later that my outfit was surrounded and lost three companies. In the town of Echternach there were face to face encounters as the Germans moved into the town at dawn and the awakening Americans were surprised to find Germans in the street and entering their billets I heard that one G.I. was frying bacon for breakfast when a German opened the door and walked in. They were both startled, and the G.I. acted first, hitting the German in the face with the hot frying pan. He then ran out the door, down the steps and into the street, leaping over and dodging Germans who were sitting on the steps and loitering around the door to the building. The Germans began to shoot at him, and he weaved and dodged, somehow avoiding the shots and reached our headquarters where our guys were watching from a window and cheering him on. He made it to the building and through the front door without a scratch, (this incident was told to me later when I ran into some of the men who had been there).

We were unsure about how to get out of there. Small arms fire increased and seemed to be coming from the west. There were men approaching from that direction. They were Americans; medics, carrying a wounded officer on a stretcher. They put him in our dugout and left to refreive more of the wounded. We asked if we could help and were told that we had better get out. We headed east. It sounded like there was fighting everywhere. While walking along a dirt road I spotted a soldier about fifty yards away at the edge of a wooded area. At that distance I couldn't tell if he was American or German. We were pointing at each other when he dropped to the ground and there was a spray of bullets at our feet. We started to run and an American ambulance, coming from that direction was speeding toward us. We tried to wave it down. It would not stop. We ran, and ran. There were men and vehicles all moving in our direction. No one would stop. I don't know how, but we ended up in Liege, Belgium, exhausted.

In Liege people seemed to be going about their lives, and except for the presence of American military, and occasional buzz bombs, you would hardly know there was a war. There were stragglers everywhere, all from different outfits. We kept asking about the 4th infantry, and where to report, but no one knew. We were actually getting bored with Liege when we found an officer who was gathering stragglers to form a line of defense against an anticipated German attack. He put us in touch with remnants of the 4th infantry that made it to Liege. It was Christmas Eve, 1944, on the outskirts of the city of Liege. We were placed in positions some fifty feet apart from each other and told to dig in. The Germans were expected to attack at dawn, Christmas day.

We were at the edge of a wooded area, about a hundred yards from another wooded area where the Germans were waiting, an open

field between us. It was obvious that we were far below strength and would be overrun. I did not believe I would survive this one. At dawn, on December 25th, there was the most spectacular and beautiful sight. The Americans began shelling the wooded area where the Germans were waiting to attack. The sky became illuminated with brilliant, colorful explosions, one after another and some simultaneous. It was brighter and more vivid than I had ever seen. A welcome sight! The noise was deafening. It lasted only a few minutes and then hordes of Germans came running toward us. They were about halfway across the field when we opened fire. They were moving fast and it did not look like we could stop them, when suddenly, from behind us, fresh American troops came running out to meet them. It was the "bucket of blood" infantry, coming to relieve us. There could not be a more welcome sight. We jumped out of our foxholes and cheered. An officer passed the word that we were to withdraw, but we just stood there and watched the Germans falling like flies, and those that could were running back to the protection of the forest. The 28th division was called the "bucket of blood" because of their arm patch. It was red and shaped like the state of Pennsylvania, which looked like a vase. We then found and joined what was left of our respective outfits. There were quite a few of the 4th infantry and we were gathered into a fighting unit to return to the front.

## MY BIOGRAPHY

by Raymond Borowski, 5th ID, 10th IR

I was born in January 10, 1916 in Chicago, Illinois and graduated from Crane Tech high school in June 1935. I attended part time evening school in mechanical drafting at the Illinois Institute of technology from 1935 to 1939.

I was called for selective service training in the US Army on April 11, 1941 and assigned to second Battalion 10th Infantry Regiment of the 5th Infantry Division. I participated in maneuvers in Tennessee and Arkansas with the second Battalion second infantry Regiment of the fifth infantry division and departed as a private first class for Iceland on the US as Munargo on February 19, 1942.

There the fifth division relieved the British command in the vicinity of Reykjavick City where our mission was to protect the large naval base nearby Hvalfjordur. I was mayday staff sergeant while stationed there and later I had a small cadre of men were selected to return to the USA to train Morris elect these leaving for Iceland on June 22, 1943.

In the states we had two more large maneuvers in Louisiana with a 291st infantry Regiment of the 75th infantry division. It was here that I made Master Sergeant.

August 24, 1944, with a troopship blues with replacements for the ETO, we sailed for an unknown destination and landed in Greenock Scotland. From here we well a train direct the Southampton England and boarded the NL STD and went directly to Utah beach France on August 31, 1944.

Here in a concentration area I was assigned to the intelligence section of the service Company of the 3/18 infantry Regiment of the 80th infantry division. I worked with the 318th combat team intelligence officer keeping up the maps of the friendly and enemy situation in issuing map overlays to lower units.

By November 20, 1944 at Fauquemont, France the combat team entered the Maginot line and on December 18 and 19, 1944 the Regiment moved to Saar Union, France when notified to defend Luxembourg during the Battle of the Bulge. Fortunately my unit was in

## MY BIOGRAPHY (Continued)

reserve input on the alert. It was one of the bitterest cold winters and on December 25, 1944 we relieved 101st Airborne Division, which been surrounded in Bastogne, Belgium.

After a much-deserved relaxation we entered Germany on February 20, 1945 and fought in the Siegfried line fortifications. Upon leaving Belgian and Luxembourg with the German army now in a rout we had enormous problems of keeping our present supply lines but nevertheless grateful where freedom of movement.

On May 6, 1945 we entered Braun Austria and located are less tactical regimental command post. After General Eisenhower supreme commander issued the order to cease all operations on May 9, 1945 we all sweated out going to Japan but fortunately the Japanese surrender August 15, 1945. I return to the USA on September 18, 1945 and was separated for sure in Illinois as a master sergeant September 29, 1945

After the war I resume my trade as an engineering draftsman and was transferred to them and don't Illinois.

## CHAPTER NEWS

### GOLDEN GATE CHAPTER (10) VETERANS AWARDED FRENCH LEGION OF HONOR



Warren Jensen was awarded the French Legion of Honor from the Consul-General of France, Mr. Roman Serman, in San Francisco on May 27, 2013. Mr. Jensen was a gunner in the 793rd Field Artillery Battalion, XIX Corps Artillery. The unit was equipped with M115 8-inch tractor-drawn howitzers. They supported the 2nd Armored and the 29th, 30th and 83rd as well as other Divisions.

Warren landed on Omaha Beach (at Easy Red) in June, 1944 shortly after D-Day. His campaigns included Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes Offensive, Rhineland and Central Europe. He served in the Battle of the Bulge from 16 Dec '44 - 03 Feb '45. He was part of the 1st Army and then eventually with the 9th Army. He was in Giessen Germany on VJ Day. Warren is the current Secretary/Treasurer of the Chapter. He was also a founding member of VBOB National.



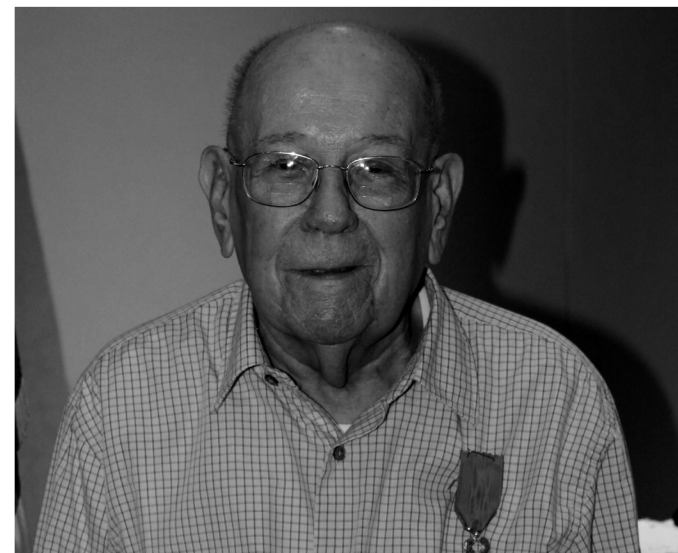
(Bill) Armstrong was awarded the French Legion of Honor from the Consul-General of France, Mr. Roman Serman, in San Francisco on May 8, 2013. Bill was in the 26th Infantry Division (Yankee Division) and landed in France at Utah Beach on Sept 7, 1944. The 26th ID was involved in the Battle of the Bulge from Dec 19, 1944 until Jan 25, 1945 while in Luxembourg. They were engaged in combat in six countries, France, Luxembourg, Belgium, Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia. Bill says he was extremely proud to have served with the Yankee Division. Bill is a former President of the VBOB Golden Gate Chapter.

**Article and photos submitted by Doris Davis, Associate**

### DONALD H. HECKMAN AWARDED THE FRENCH LEGION OF HONOR

Donald H. Heckman of Allentown and a member of the Lehigh Valley Chapter, VBOB, was recently awarded the French Legion of Honor. He joined the Army on March 29, 1943 and served until December 28, 1945. He was a radio operator with the 702nd Tank Battalion, Headquarters Company, attached to the 80th Infantry Division.

In 1997 Donald and his wife Betty returned to retrace his WW II experience via a three week auto trip planned by daughter Judy Greenhalgh and her husband George, both associate members of the Lehigh Valley Chapter.



**Check out our website: [battleofthebulge.org](http://battleofthebulge.org)**



# VBOB CHAPTER STATISTICS

October 4, 2013

Chapter	Chapter Members			
	Chap #	Members	Assocs	Total
Gateway, MO	25	125	129	254
Delaware Valley, PA	4	150	100	250
Southeast, FL	62	237	0	237
Lehigh Valley, PA	55	40	110	150
Maryland/DC	3	40	80	120
Northwest, WA	6	20	87	107
Golden Gate, CA	10	60	40	100
Florida Citrus, FL	32	40	30	70
Southern California, CA	16	35	25	60
Rocky Mountain, CO	39	30	30	60
Lamar/Soutter, MA	22	55	5	60
Peter Leslie, NJ	54	15	45	60
Hudson Valley, NY	49	41	14	55
Central Indiana, IN	47	17	37	54
Long Island, NY	63	47	3	50
Reading, PA	64	50	0	50
South Carolina, SC	7	25	25	50
Northeast Kansas, KS	69	40	5	45
Golden Triangle, FL	48	20	23	43
Southern Arizona, AZ	53	22	20	42
San Diego, CA	51	6	14	20
Gen Patton, AL	11	20	20	40
Fort Monmouth, NJ	56	20	20	40
Northern Indiana, IN	30	32	7	39
Duncan Trueman, NY	59	20	15	35
Fort Dix/Mcguire, NJ	60	8	25	33
Crater, VA	43	14	19	33
Mississippi, MS	33	14	14	28
Arizona, AZ	26	21	3	24
Cumberland Valley, PA	6	15	0	15
Mohawk Valley, NY	28	11	1	12
Ohio Buckeye, OH	29	10	0	10
Gen D.D. Eisenhower, OH	35	10	0	10
Rhode Island, RI	24	10	0	10
Indian River, FL	41	8	0	8
Susquehanna, PA	19	6	1	7
Western Michigan, MI	23	5	0	5
Blanchard Valley, OH	42	5	0	5
<b>Totals</b>		<b>1344</b>	<b>947</b>	<b>2291</b>

## Information not available for:

Belgium	38
CT Yankee, CT	40
South Jersey, NJ	61
Staten Island, NY	52
Alton Litsenberger, OH	68
Ohio Valley, PA	31
South Central, PA	45
Tri-State (VT,NH,ME)	17

## Chapters dissolved:

CA – Fresno (5)
DE – Brandywine (66)
FL – Southwest (67)
IA – Hawkeye State (44)
PA – Western PA (14)

## Notes:

46 active chapters  
 14 chapter presidents are Associates  
 Members include WWII veterans  
 Data compiled by Doris Davis

**2014**  
**VBOB REUNION**  
 Columbia, SC  
 August 31-  
 September 4, 2014  
**FULL DETAILS**  
**IN MAY 2014**  
**ISSUE.**

## TURKEY DINNER SERVED DURING THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

submitted by Mrs. Earl Turner, Associate  
and wife of Earl Turner, 26th ID

The following story, written by Paul Kelly, was from a 1948 Boston newspaper, which Mrs. Turner and her husband Earl had stored in their attic.

Bitter cold, petticoats, sheets and an amazing turkey dinner with all the fixings after days of cold D and K rations are some of the thoughts probably fleeting through the minds of veterans of the Yankee division today. It was four years ago that the Battle of the Bulge was raging December 1944 and it was four years ago that the 26th Infantry Division raced out of Metz more than 100 miles away to smash at the enemy and force a crossing of the Sure River to break through the southern wall of the bulge.

Armored units were quickly sent through on a follow-up pouring through the narrow gap and victory was in sight but it was the doughboy, who once again proved his superiority over all kinds of weapons and vehicles

It was at Metz December 19, 1944 when the Yankee division received orders to move north immediately contact the enemy and drive him back. The next time the division stopped was on January 28 when the bulge had been eliminated. Several officers including some combat unit commanders had been enjoying a brief leave in Paris on that fateful day when they returned or attempted to return to their units the next day and the day following their outfits over 100 miles away fighting to make a penetration into the German lines

With no communication between units and small units under their control the division was moved by truck 90 miles before moving forward another 25 miles on foot to search out and German elements and draw lines of offense.

Christmas dinner was served to troops on Christmas day in the vicinity of Arlon, Belgium, Arsdorff, the Sure River, Eschdorf, Boulaich and Bevigne. The usual meal for the occasion consists of turkey stuffing celery and nuts. Some of it may have been a little cold but it was there after days D ration. One unit of Yankee division's second Battalion of the 328th infantry Regiment did not get their turkey dinner that day but perhaps what they did get left a better feeling

An outstanding unit commanded by William Bucky Callahan now a sergeant of the Massachusetts State police was bitterly fighting for the town of Orange door and it was taken on Christmas Day.

The men today well remember the cold, the foot or more of snow on the ground all over the area a sudden clearing of the skies after days of fog and dampness with the zero weather. There was no mud there. The YD had had its share of that in the Saar area and the Maginot Line. This time it was cold, in the open with few towns and houses. The famous Massachusetts National Guard unit was one of the outfits in Europe to be without G.I. issue white capes for snow camouflage.

What did they do? They found slips and petticoats and sheets to protect and hide them from enemy observation. Yes it might be the bitter cold the sense of being far away or it might be the turkey dinner even the celery or it may be the petticoats and the white sheets. Those are the things they think about today.

## DIFFICULT TO FORGET

by Anthony Torrieri, 83rd ID, 331st IR, Co L



Anthony Torrieri,  
83rd ID, 331st IR, Co L

I was inducted into the Army on June 5, 1943 and had basic training with the 785th Anti-Aircraft Artillery.

On September 4, I sailed for England. While there at a training center, I received infantry and hand to hand combat training. In 5-6 weeks, I crossed the English Channel & landed in Le Havre, France. I traveled by train and truck day and night. I arrived in Belgium at a replacement depot. My stay there was not long, but was miserable in many ways.

I was assigned as a rifleman to Co. L, 331st Regiment, 83rd Infantry Division.

Before I knew it I was in combat and in a foxhole in the Battle of the Bulge. I soon realized that no training could have prepared me for the experience to come: the first dead bodies, GIs, Germans, your foxhole buddies, wounded, killed, the staring eyes and open mouths of the dead, the bitter cold, the crying, screaming etc. remains with me til this day.

For me, the Battle of the Bulge was horrible. I cannot get it out of my mind. I still find it difficult to forget and talk about some of my terrible experiences. The Rhineland and Central Europe Campaign was just as bad for me. For some of us who were lucky to escape physical injuries, we are still tormented by our memories. Many times I felt that I would never survive to see my loved ones back home again.

I participated in three major battles: Battle of the Bulge, Rhineland & Central Europe.

## UPDATES TO DECEMBER 2013 EVENT

You will note a change in the December BOB Commemoration Registration Form, in this issue on the following pages, from our August *Bulge Bugle*.

Because Ambassador and Mrs. H.E. Jan Matthysen will be leaving us after the December event, they will be unable to host their Reception at their residence this year.

Luxembourg Ambassador Jean-Louis Wolzfeld, however has stepped in to hold the Reception at the Luxembourg Embassy on the Monday, night of 16 December, in addition to hosting us on Sunday, 15 December for a buffet luncheon and movie about Luxembourg (Queen) "Charlotte: A Royal at War" and Her Wartime Service. We are most appreciative of Ambassador Jean-Louis Wolzfeld in hosting these two events this year.

**Please use the December Event Registration Form in this issue of the Bugle on p. 17 to register.**

*We would also like to thank Ambassador and Mrs. H.E. Jan Matthysen for all of the courtesies shown to our Bulge Veterans and friends and the wonderful receptions that they hosted to honor our Veterans while they were here. We wish them good health and Godspeed.*

Turn the page for full details and registration form ➡

Please use this  
UPDATED information & form!

**THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE HISTORICAL FOUNDATION, INC.**  
*Invites You to Join Your Friends for the*  
**“EVENTS OF REMEMBRANCE AND COMMEMORATION”**  
**OF THE 69<sup>th</sup> ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE**  
**December 14, 15 and 16, 2013 Metropolitan Washington, DC**

This year we have been invited to two Embassy receptions. On the 15<sup>th</sup> of December, we will bus to the Luxembourg Embassy, as guests of Luxembourg Ambassador Jean-Louis Wolzfeld, where we will view a film on (Queen) "Charlotte: A Royal at War," directed by Ray Toslevin, which will be followed by a buffet luncheon at the Embassy. Since the Belgium Ambassador will be leaving at the end of the year, the Luxembourg Ambassador will also host a reception at the Embassy, on Monday, 16 December 2013, from 6:30 – 8:30 PM, for an evening reception. We will hold our annual Commemoration Banquet, on Sunday evening, 15 December 2013, between 6:00 and 10:00 PM. Our speaker for the Banquet will be Major General James A. ("Spider") Marks, USA Rtd, currently President of SPIDERnet, LLC in Oakton VA, His last assignment was as Commanding General of the US Army Intelligence Center and School at Fort Huachuca, Arizona. The DoubleTree Hotel Crystal City by Hilton, 300 Army-Navy Drive, in Arlington VA 22202 has been selected again as our host hotel, 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 completed major renovations last year for great accommodations. **We have managed again to retain the reduced rate of \$99.00**, single or double occupancy plus taxes, as well as the same 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, 2013. Mention the **BATTLE OF THE BULGE** for this special rate.

**▪SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 2013**

2:00 PM – 9:00 PM	<b>Registration &amp; Hospitality Room open – Harrison/Jackson Room</b> - Receive name badges, Parking Passes, Banquet/bus tickets. Sign Attendance Books. (If you are only attending the Banquet, on the 15 <sup>th</sup> this year) you may pick up your tickets at the DoubleTree Washington Ballroom by 6:00 PM Dec 15 <sup>th</sup> .)
2:00 PM – 11:00 PM	Hospitality Room/Exhibits, Books, scrapbooks, memorabilia open everyday. John Bowen, BOB Vice-Pres will be the host. Refreshments and snacks will be available.
4:00 PM	We will be having our traditional <b>Tree Trimming Ceremony</b> “Salute to Bulge Veterans” in the Harrison/Jackson Hospitality Room
Evening	Dinner on your own. Hospitality Room will be open till 11:00 PM

**▪SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15, 2013**

10:30 AM	Load buses and depart promptly at 10:30 AM for Embassy of Luxembourg.
11:00 AM	Enjoy a film on Luxembourg (Queen) "Charlotte: A Royal at War" and Her Wartime Service followed by a Buffet Luncheon hosted by Luxembourg Ambassador Jean-Louis Wolzfeld.
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.
<b>6:00 – 10:00</b>	<b>BANQUET AT THE DOUBLETREE CRYSTAL CITY HOTEL WASHINGTON BALLROOM.</b>
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 MG James A. Marks, USA Rtd
10:00 PM	Hospitality Room open

**▪MONDAY, DECEMBER 16, 2013**

8:45 AM - 12:30PM	Bus loads 8:45 AM leaves Hotel promptly at 9:00 AM for <b>Wreath layings</b> at World War II Memorial, large VBOB Memorial, and Tomb of the Unknowns and changing of the Guard in Arlington Cemetery. (Note: For those taking the bus to both the morning & evening activities there is a reduced Combined \$35.00 fare. (For those only taking the bus in the morning or in the afternoon the bus fare is \$20.00 each.)
12:30 PM	Return to DoubleTree Hotel for annual <b>VBOB Luncheon</b> in Windows Over Washington.
1:00 PM	VBOB <b>Lunch 14<sup>th</sup> Floor (North Tower)</b> of hot soup, Grilled Chicken or Smoked Turkey sandwich, beverage and cookies. <b>Swearing-in</b> of new National VBOB officers for 2014.
5:30 PM - 9:30 PM	Bus loads at 5:30 PM for <b>Reception</b> at the Luxembourg Embassy from 6:30 – 8:30 PM, hosted by Luxembourg Ambassador Jean-Louis Wolzfeld. Leave Embassy at 8:30 PM and arrive back at DoubleTree Hotel by 9:30 PM.
9:30 PM - 11:00 PM	Hospitality Room Open

**TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 2013**

***GOODBYES till Next Year.***

**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.**



Seq # \_\_\_\_\_

Chk # \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_ Amt \_\_\_\_\_

**RESERVATION FORM**  
**“REMEMBRANCE AND COMMEMORATION”**  
**OF THE 69th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE**  
**December 14, 15, and 16, 2013 Metropolitan Washington, DC**

Return form and check by **December 6, 2013** 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](mailto: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>	<u>Total</u>	<u>d</u>
Registration Fee: Provides for Badges, Programs, Hospitality, etc.	_____ X	\$20.00	\$ _____	

**SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 2013**

4:00 PM Tree Trimming Ceremony Harrison Room \_\_\_\_\_ X FREE  
 5:00 PM Dinner on your own - Hospitality Room open till 11:00 PM

**SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15, 2013:**

Chartered Bus: To Luxembourg Embassy Bus Transportation	_____ X	\$20.00	\$ _____
10:30 AM Bus Leaves for Luxembourg Embassy Luncheon & Movie			
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: \_\_\_\_\_

**MONDAY, DECEMBER 16, 2013:**

Chartered Bus: All Day: Combined Morning Bus to Wreath Layings and Bus in Evening  
 To Luxembourg Embassy Reception \_\_\_\_\_ X \$35.00 \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 Morning Bus Departs 9:00 AM to Wreath Layings at WWII Memorial & Arlington Cemetery

09:00 – 12:00 AM Wreath Laying Ceremonies: Number Attending: \_\_\_\_\_

01:00 PM VBOB Luncheon at DoubleTree Hotel	_____ Chicken _____ X	\$30.00	\$ _____
	_____ Turkey _____ X	\$30.00	\$ _____

05:30 - 08:30 PM Luxembourg Embassy Ambassador's Reception: Number Attending: \_\_\_\_\_

Bus to Embassy of Luxembourg Reception Only (if no Morning Bus) \_\_\_\_\_ X \$20.00 \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 Bus departs at 5:30 PM for Luxembourg Embassy (For people only going to the Reception and no morning bus)

GRAND TOTAL (Enclose check made out to **BoBHF 2013 Commemoration**): \$ \_\_\_\_\_**NOTE: Checks will not be deposited until 1 Dec 2013 so you can register & send in 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, 2013** Telephone (1-800-Hiltons).

We have a Block of 20 rooms. Reservations based on Availability. Please do not delay.

Return completed Reservation Form for events to BOB Historical Foundation ASAP but no later than **6 December 2013**.

No cancellation refunds after December 6, 2013.

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\*\*\*

10072013

## BEING AN HONOR FLIGHT GUARDIAN

by Chandra Capps Kendall, Daughter of Chandler H. Capps, Jr. 28th InfD, (deceased)

Soldiers, Veterans. While we enjoy our everyday activities and lay our head on the pillow each night, they are the reason we can enjoy Freedom and sleep without worry. These are the men and women who defied fear and looked death in the face. Back home, they had families that loved and lost. They had courage, endured extreme cold, fought the perseverance and engineering of the German's, faced Japanese suicide bombers, POW camps, and countless other odds that were given them. I am talking about our WWII Veterans. We can never repay them for what they gave us, priceless freedom. The average age of a WWII Veteran is 91, and we lose over 600 of them every day.



In thinking of how I could do my part in thanking them, I became a volunteer for the Honor Flight organization. This organization takes the Veterans to Washington DC to see their WWII Memorial, Arlington Cemetery, Korean War Memorial, Vietnam Memorial, and the Iwo Jima Memorial. They are often greeted by school children who thank them for their service, 3 star Generals, and often Bob Dole, who will stand as long as he can to greet them, and then return to his wheelchair. This trip is free of charge to the Veteran. I serve as a Guardian on the flight, assisting the Veterans with their needs, whether it is pushing their wheelchair, getting them food, helping them on and off the bus, tending to their needs. The Guardian does not go for free, we pay all our expenses. I would like to say a special thanks to Southwest Airlines, who donate several tickets per flight to the Veterans. These flights are all over the United States, and Southwest is very generous in honoring our Veterans. I have had the privilege of taking some of our Veterans from Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina on these trips.

The Veterans are often surprised that I would take time out of my schedule to volunteer to help get them to Washington. I am amazed by their surprise. They endured the hardships of war, freezing fox-holes, enemies firing at them, wounds, taken prisoner, leaving loved ones, seeing their comrades die. I can never feel as though I have done enough, this is the least I can do.

As we reflect on the upcoming Veterans Day, lets remember the 291,557 of our young men and women in their prime who gave their lives in battle on foreign soil during this war, and lay in still unknown graves, and beneath the white crosses, the brothers, sons, nephews, cousins, and future generations that we lost, as well as countless others who were wounded and still carry the scars today, mental and physical.

These are truly great men and women, and when they are gone, a part of our hearts, history, integrity and courage unlike any other will be gone forever.

If you or a WWII Veteran you know has not been to their memorial in Washington, please contact [honorflight.org](http://honorflight.org) or call 937-521-2400.

## WOUNDED AND CAPTURED

by James W. Gardner, 106th ID, 422nd IR, HQ

I was wounded and captured the evening of the 19th of December, 1944. Several days later, on the 24th of December, I found myself in a barn-like structure awaiting my turn to go into a little room where a German medic, or doctor, was. I had a wound just above my ankle; my left hand was hit with shrapnel; I also had stinging in my left rear. A piece of steel had gone through my billfold, cutting my four leaf clover in two. I had been carrying it for "good luck" This happened during THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE.

There were both German and American wounded in this barn-like structure. I assume it was meant to be a field hospital. I watched Germans and Americans come and go from a smaller room. Many of them looked worse after they came out than when they went in. When it came my turn I did not much want to go in, but the German guard poked me with his rifle, so I thought he meant business; I went hopping into the room. I saw two people next to a table...! don't know whether they were doctors, or just medics, but they gave me an order to get up on the table. Thoughts ran through my mind like, "Will I still have two legs if I get out of this, or will I be leaving them here?" They ordered me to lie down on the table; I did, but I sat up immediately to see what they were going to do. They pushed me back down again, and I sat up again. I decided I was going to kick them with my good leg if they tried something funny. One of them hit me across the nose with a medical instrument. Thank God it was the blunt side of the Instrument that hit me. I decided I was the loser, so I laid back and cocked my head so I could watch. They immediately opened up my wounds with a sharp instrument to allow them to bleed, and then wrapped my leg and hand with paper bandages. They did not put any medication on my wounds. They then ordered me out into the bigger room, again, I hopped out on my good leg and took my place on the floor.

In a few hours I was ordered to hop outside and was then put in the 'back of a truck with several other wounded. We did not know where we were going, but we were headed somewhere. Several times the truck stopped; the driver and his partner would dive for the ditch as our planes strafed us. We were not allowed to take cover. This happened a few times, but we lucked out. We thought we saw Red Cross trucks headed toward the front with supplies. Our truck did not have a red cross on it. We finally came to a railroad yard.; here we were placed In a boxcar that had. wooden bunks in it. I suppose this was a "hospital train". At one end of the car above the door was a big picture of Hitler. Our guard, or medic, was older than the average. He looked both ways before he pointed to the picture and said, "Him no good, him no good." There were Germans in the car behind us, so the guard was careful when he said this about Hitler.

I remember, even though we were all wounded, we sang Christmas songs since it was Christmas Eve. I couldn't help wondering what my family was doing at home. I doubt that they were enjoying the Christmas of 1944 anymore than I was. I spent Christmas Day in the boxcar and then we were at the Stalag for a few days. After having our paper bandages changed (no medication) we were loaded. into boxcars for a six-day stop-and-go trip to Stalag 2A, north of Berlin. I consider myself darned lucky to be alive today.



# REMEMBERING WORLD WAR II AND THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

by Philip Walsh, 2nd AD, 66th AR, Co C

I was 18 years old when I got my draft notice from President Franklin Roosevelt. It was 1943. The notice read "greetings from President Roosevelt" and went on to say I was drafted to the US Army. I had never been away from home before and I wondered if I would return home to Maine.

I was sent to Fort Devon's, Massachusetts, for a few weeks where I received my army uniform and medical shots. I recall walking down a narrow hallway and got shots in both of my arms. The fellow in front of me passed out after receiving his. I can still hear the guys who had already got their shots saying "you will be sorry." They were right. They also warned me to watch out for the square needle that's left in overnight. I found out to my relief they were just kidding because I was a new recruit.

From there I was sent to Fort Knox, Kentucky, for 21 weeks of tank training. I remember being homesick, went to see the doctor, a major, who gave me some pink pills and said I would be fine. I wasn't. I was still homesick. When our training ended we were sent to Fort George Meade, Maryland, for advanced training. Then I was sent to Camp Shanks, New York, to board the Aquitania for Europe.

I recall when we landed in Greenock, Scotland some Scottish girls greeted us and gave us muffins filled with meat. I took one bite and threw it out. It tasted awful to me. We left Scotland by train to England. By the time I arrived in England I was no longer homesick. It was more than 6 months since I left Maine. The war was underway, and by this time I figured I'd never get home alive.

When I was sent to France I was assigned to Company C 66 Armored Regiment, 2nd Armored Division. Afterward I was deployed to Omaha Beach in June - six days after D-Day. When I landed I asked the Beach Master if many men were killed. He said if any more were killed no one would have gotten ashore. I remember one soldier, in particular who landed on the beach with me. He was from the southern part of the States and was assigned to another tank because tank commander, Lt. Johnson, also from the south, picked him for his crew because of the connection to the south.

This was the first day in battle for us. Lt. Johnson's tank was heading down a road between a row of hedges rows and ran over a mine. The explosion blew a track off the tank. The crew climbed out of the tank, started to crawl on the ground and a mortar shell landed on the back of the soldier from the south. All that was left of him was a piece of his fly and belt buckle. It was terrifying. Later I was told that Lt. Johnson was planning to get married in Paris after the war and arranged to have his bride's wedding dress made from a parachute. Unfortunately he was killed outside of Berlin at close range by one of Hitler's Youth with a Panzer Faust bazooka after he stepped outside of his tank.

We were never told where we would be deployed or given any details. That was one thing I didn't like about the Army. After Omaha Beach we were sent to another location in France. We were on the front line for 21 days with the Germans firing at us from a train with artillery guns. I remember it sounded like a freight train coming at us. Three crew members and I barely left tank for the entire 21 days.



It was too dangerous to stay outside for any length of time due to the constant shelling from the Germans. We had to be extremely careful.

The ground around the tank was all torn up from shelling and the mud was a foot thick. Every time someone left the tank they would get about two inches of mud on their boots. I remember getting mud dropped on my shoulders whenever the tank commander, a school-teacher, climbed back into the tank after checking our surroundings. I was seated at the machine gunner's seat and there wasn't any room to move. It was very tight quarters inside the tank. I also recall when the lieutenant was injured after a shell struck the side of the tank when he was underneath trying to cook a meal with a Coleman Burner. He was taken to the aid station.

We had an opportunity to take prisoners. Seven Germans waving a white flag tried to surrender to us. One of our crew members fired at them and they took off.

After 21 days in France we were on the move again, this time to Germany. We arrived to a location that looked like a park and were able to sleep outside on the ground. One morning when I awoke, I noticed the tank was leaking. I looked inside and saw about three inches of gasoline on the bottom of the tank. A new replacement had changed the fuel filters incorrectly on both Cadillac engines.

Our next deployment was to Bastogne for combat at the Battle of the Bulge where I remained for the duration of the conflict. It was winter, freezing cold, and I drove an open top half track 100 miles in the pouring rain to Bastogne. Somewhere along the way I drove off the road. I was very tired, soaking wet and it was difficult to see because there were no headlights. I accidentally backed into Captain A.Z. Owen's tank. He hollered "get that man's name." I was afraid he would send me to jail. He didn't do anything.

When we arrived at our destination near Bastogne we were exhausted and cold. We pitched our pup tents in the freezing temperatures and went to sleep shivering. What amazes me now as I think back about sleeping in soaking wet, heavy Army clothes with my shoes frozen to the ground is that I never caught a cold.

Our tank was parked next to a farmhouse. The family living in the home felt sorry for us staying outside in the cold and they invited us in to dry our clothes and get warm. We stayed with them for several nights. Unfortunately one of the soldiers flirted constantly with the homeowner's wife. The husband got fed up and told us all to leave.

One time we liberated a couple of chickens and some vegetables from a Belgium farmhouse and I cooked it in a 5-gallon can. You cannot imagine how good this tasted on a cold day especially after living on K and K rations. It was the best chicken soup I had ever eaten. A captain from Georgia said to me, "Walsh where did you get the chickens from?" Another soldier spoke up and said he got a package from the states. This seemed to satisfy the captain who helped himself to the soup without asking any more questions.

Later during the battle I was asked to drive this same captain in a jeep to a command post set up in a house near Bastogne. When we arrived we saw the T/5 Sergeant who had flooded our tank with gas when he was assigned to our crew in France. He was on duty at the command post and did not salute the captain in my jeep. The captain yelled to the T/5 sergeant "Salute me." He obeyed.

When the Battle of the Bulge ended, I was deployed to Berlin. We were the first troops to arrive in Berlin after World War II ended. I was transferred to the 12th Armored Division and sent to Marseilles, France where I prepared to go home. It was 1946. I am proud to have served my country, but I wouldn't want to go through this again.

## 2014 VETERANS TOURS



2014 and 2015 are very important World War II Anniversary years because they will close a great era in our history. The prestigious 1944/1945 70th Anniversary celebrations planned for these years in Europe will inevitably be the last great celebrations in which our ever fewer surviving veterans will be able to participate.

If you are a 2nd or 3rd generation of a Veteran, this would be an excellent opportunity to visit places that were significant to your father, grandfather (or uncle). If you can accompany the Veteran, it would be even more meaningful because he's likely to share actual stories about his experiences on the battlefields. (See the story about Bob Pidcoe, 1st Infantry Division. Bob was the Guest of Honor at the Memorial Day ceremony at the American Battle of the Bulge Cemetery at Henri-Chapelle Cemetery in May, 2013).

**PILSEN LIBERATION FESTIVAL AND PRAGUE APRIL 27 - MAY 7 2014 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. VBOB veterans of General Patton's Third Army which also liberated western Czechoslovakia are especially revered. On the way, we visit Nuremberg in depth and Flossenbuerg Concentration camp.

**US MEMORIAL DAY 2014 IN THE BULGE AND NORTHERN BULGE TOUR. MAY 21-29 2014. Arr Brussels – Dept Frankfurt.** Especially for Soldiers and Veterans and their families of First Army in the Northern Bulge. Memorialize those who gave the supreme sacrifice at the spectacular, prestigious Battle of the Bulge Memorial Day Ceremony with many VIPs at Henri-Chapelle American Cemetery. Our VBOB vets and families will be guests of honor. Then we tour the Northern Bulge battlefields in depth. Request your "special places". We are already going to St. Vith, Vielsalm, Grandmenil, Manhay, Parker's Crossroads, Malmedy, Aachen. After the Bulge we also see the Siegfried Line, Huertgen Forest and the Rhine Battlefields. Grand Finale Rhine Cruise.

**LUXEMBOURG-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP FESTIVAL AND SOUTHERN BULGE TOUR. MID-JUNE 2014.** A special tour from Paris to Frankfurt, especially for Soldiers and Veterans and their families of Third Army and First Army in the Southern Bulge. Its highlight is the Luxembourg-American Friendship Festival in Luxembourg when the US Veterans Friends of Luxembourg welcome you all as guests of honor to celebrate the Battle of the Bulge. Visit Metz, Fort Driant, Bastogne, St Hubert and many other places. Tour the Southern Bulge battlefields in depth, including a special celebration in Echternach. Request your "special places" and we will do our utmost to include them. We cross the Sauer River through the Siegfried Line into Germany and across the Kyll and Mosel rivers to the Rhineland battlefields. Grand Finale Rhine Cruise. You could also just visit the Luxembourg-American Friendship Festival independently. Optional Normandy pre-tour.

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

*"History came to life during our VBOB tour in May, 2010. We were treated like royalty by the communities - receptions, memorial events, dedications. We heard "Thank you for our freedom!" many times. I will hold on to the deep, rich experiences I had from the trip for the rest of my life!"* Madeleine Bryant (Father - Fritz Kraemer served in 84th Inf. Division)

## VBOB Videos—We Want You!

View them on our website at [www.battleofthebulge.org](http://www.battleofthebulge.org):  
click on "Veterans' Video Stories."

Tell us if your chapter would like to arrange a visit to record your members' 5-minute stories

**For More Information regarding VBOB Video, contact Kevin Diehl at the VBOB Office:  
703 528 4058 or [kevin@battleofthebulge.org](mailto:kevin@battleofthebulge.org)**





## WELCOME ABOARD!

A sincere welcome to these new members—regular and associate—who joined VBOB between June 26 and September 30, 2013:

Allen, Warren W	St Louis MO	87 InfD	Kolling, Jerel M	Mesa AZ	Associate
Barone, Dale	Washington DC	Associate	Kuchar, Joseph	Independence OH	749 Tk Co
Beville, Michael S	Jacksonville FL	Associate	Lang, Gerard	Westfield NJ	28 InfD
Blackman, Kathy	Kihei HI	Associate	Lansing, Mary Ellen	Rochester NY	Associate
Buchman, Ron	Edison NJ	Associate	Maher, Terry	Philadelphia PA	Associate
Campos, Frank D	Mesa AZ	Associate	Manuel, Rudolph R	College Park WA	76 InfD
Corbett, Rosemary E	Garden City KS	Associate	Menser, Kent	Columbia MD	Associate
Cox, John D	Columbia Hts MN	Associate	Ornberg, Kristina	League City TX	Associate
Davis, Dick	Poland OH	Associate	Pace, Kathleen A	East Amherst NY	Associate
El, Albert	Philadelphia PA	Associate	Pidcoe, Robert	Muncy Valley PA	1 InfD
Faller, Kristen	Saint Peters MO	Associate	Poetz, Keith	Oak Lawn IL	Associate
Faw, Grace C	Arapahoe NC	Associate	Pomfret, William	Weymouth MA	Associate
Fenocchi, Mary E	Utica NY	Associate	Rafel, Vicki	Chevy Chase MD	Associate
Ferlazzo, Frank	South Plainfield NJ	Associate	Rella, Nancyann	Harrisburg NC	Associate
Flaten, Judy	Warren MN	Associate	Reus, Curt	Colorado Springs CO	Associate
Fowler, Tarah	Centennial CO	Associate	Richert, Roger	Losantville IN	Associate
Freesen, Jr, Oscar R	Livingston TX	83 InfD	Rogers Jr, Roy M	Magnolia AR	Associate
Fullom, Kenneth	Camp Hill PA	83 InfD	Rosenbusch, Dawn	Rochester Hills MI	Associate
Hahn, Donald F	Winchester IN	78 InfD	Ross, Donald S	Independence MO	Associate
Hatchel, Mark	Arlington TX	Associate	Shilla, George	Sparks NV	80 InfD
Hayden, Joey	Bardstown KY	Associate	Tate, Brenda S	White Sulphur Sprgs WV	Associate
Jahr, Steve	Rockford IL	Associate	Taylor, Isabelle E	Columbus OH	Associate
Jones, Don	Baltimore MD	Associate	Trowbridge, Lance	Sisters OR	Associate
Kennedy, Nelson	Alton Bay NH	Associate	Weaver, Raymond C	Clarks Hill IN	Army Air 30 Sq

*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
- Sending us articles to be included in *The Bulge Bugle*
- Spreading the word about our website: [www.battleofthebulge.org](http://www.battleofthebulge.org)
- Attending our December Remembrance Events, see pg. 16.

## BLESSINGS IN THE “BULGE”

by Patrick J. Kearney, 11th AD, 55th AIB

It was December 30, 1944, and the 55th Armored Infantry Battalion was ready to move out. We had just entered Belgium at Florenville the previous day, and had passed through Jamoigne and Neufchateau before arriving at Ebly for over-night encampment.

As we prepared to depart for Vaux lez Rosieres and the front lines, we observed a lone jeep driving the entire length of our column, which stopped at each half-track. When the jeep arrived at ours, we saw that its passenger was our battalion and CCR chaplain, Lieutenant Regis J. Galvin, who was a member of the Order of Friars Minor (the Franciscans).

Father Galvin was wearing his chaplain's stole and helmet, and he greeted us all with a smile and some kind words. He then spoke of the work we were about to undertake, and asked everyone to remove their helmets and to bow their heads. Our

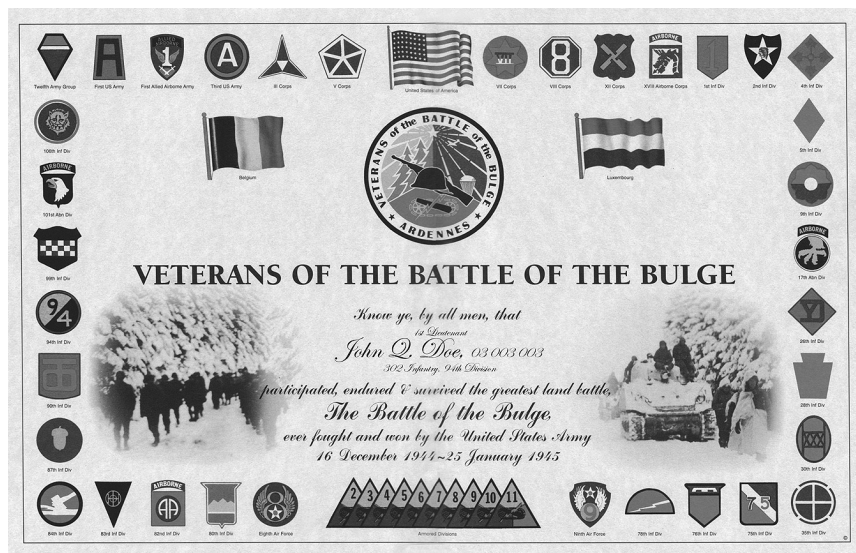
chaplain then gave General Absolution to the Catholic soldiers, and a blessing to the Protestant and Jewish soldiers, in our half-track. None of his spiritual sons were forgotten before their “baptism of fire” in the Battle of the Bulge!

But our chaplain's deep concern for our spiritual welfare did not just end on the eve of battle. At lulls in the fighting during the “Bulge”, Father Galvin drove up to our position on the front lines, donned his alb, stole and chasuble, and celebrated Mass for us on the hood of his jeep. His presence on the battlefield was a great comfort to us – as were his prayers for the souls of our buddies who had been killed in action.

August 20 marks the 25th anniversary of the death of Father Galvin. His genuine concern for others was the hallmark of his ministry as an Army chaplain. And his deep regard for others is only surpassed by the high esteem in which he is still held today by those “Thunderbolts” whom he served. Pro Deo et Patria!

**SPECIAL LIMITED-TIME OFFER FOR OUR VETERANS! Buy 1, Get 2nd Copy Free! 2 for \$15**

## THE VBOB CERTIFICATE: Have you ordered yours?



Over 6,500 certificates have been purchased by Battle of the Bulge veterans. If you haven't received yours, then you might want to consider ordering one to give to your grandchildren. They are generally most appreciative of your service now and they make excellent gifts—also for that buddy with whom you served in the Bulge. The Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, Inc. is proud to offer this full color 11" by 17" certificate, which may be ordered for any veteran who received credit for the Ardennes campaign. It attests that the veteran participated, endured and survived the largest land battle ever fought by the US Army.

You do not have to be a member of VBOB to order one, but the veteran must have received the Ardennes credit. This beautiful certificate is produced on parchment-like stock and is outlined by the full color World War II insignias of the major

units that fought in the Battle of the Bulge, starting with the 12th Army group, then followed numerically with Armies, Corps and Divisions and the two Army Air Forces. We wished that each unit insignia could have been shown, but with approximately 2000 units that participated in the Bulge, it was impossible. However, any unit that served in the Bulge would have been attached to or reported through one of the unit insignias depicted. You may want to add one of the veteran's original patches to the certificate when you receive it. **Please allow approximately 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.** The certificate will be shipped rolled in a protective mailing tube. **Please be sure that you write the name, service number and unit as you would like it to appear on the certificate.** The unit name should be as complete as possible because you want someone reading it to understand what unit the veteran was in. We will abbreviate it as necessary. It is important that you type or print this information and the unit must be one of the 2,000 units authorized for the Ardennes Campaign credit that is in the Official General Order No. 114 for units entitled to the Ardennes Battle Credit and will be the basis for sale of the certificate. **The cost of the certificate is \$15 postpaid.**

### Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge Certificate Order Blank

*I request an 11" by 17" certificate and certify the veteran named below received credit for the Ardennes campaign.*

*I have enclosed a check for \$15 for the certificate. Please include the following information on the certificate:*

First Name \_\_\_\_\_ Middle Initial \_\_\_\_\_ Last Name \_\_\_\_\_

Serial Number \_\_\_\_\_ Rank \_\_\_\_\_ Unit \_\_\_\_\_

Organization \_\_\_\_\_

(usually Company, Battalion and/or Regiment and/or Division)

☐ Killed in Action

☐ Died of Wounds

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

#### Mailing Information: (SPECIAL PRICE SHIPS TO 1 MAILING ADDRESS ONLY)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

Telephone number \_\_\_\_\_ E-mail address \_\_\_\_\_

VBOB member: ☐ yes ☐ no (membership not a requirement)

**Make checks payable to VBOB for \$15.**

**Orders should be mailed to: VBOB Certificate, PO Box 27430, Philadelphia, PA 19118-0430**

**703-528-4058**

**OR ORDER ONLINE: WWW.BATTLEOFTHEBULGE.ORG**

## REMEMBERING THE FIRST DAYS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

by Charles E. Bailey, 28th ID, 112th IR, 1st Bn, HQ Co

### Dec. 16 1944 Day One

Our Antitank Squad was located on the right flank of our Battalion. We were attacked without warning at daybreak. A German Infantry squad attacked us. Three German Infantrymen burst through the door of our billet. There were 12 of us in the building at the time. The German started firing bursts of fire from their burp guns. They kept firing for two or three minutes. Bullets were going everywhere. By some miracle not one of our men was hit or killed. The Germans ran out the door and joined the rest of their group and did not attack us again that morning. Around 7:30 or 8:00 the Germans opened fire on us with a barrage of artillery, mortars, rockets and tank fire for about an hour. This kept up all during the day and into the night. I finally made it back to my squad and set up our defenses to prepare for any attacks in our area. After the Artillery and rockets let up later that night, we had a little time to get some sleep.

### Dec. 17 Day 2

Early on the morning of the next day the Germans started to firing on us with A barrage of artillery, rockets, mortars and tank fire as well as small arms fire. This lasted for about an hour or more. About a half an hour later they sent in at least a company of infantry troops to try to capture us or to kill all of us. We fought them all morning and we killed most of their troops. We captured 12 of them as prisoners of war. We strip-ped them of their weapon and ammo and interrogated them for several minutes and got what information we could get from them and we turned them over to our MPs to take to the rear to be put in a prison compound. We were pretty sure they never got to the prison compound. The Germans kept firing on all through day and into the night. The Battalion commander decided to try and get us out of the situation we were in if at all possible. We had lost all contact with Regt. Hq. and Div. Hqs. Our Platoon Leader called me from Bn Hdqs. to bring our long-range radio up of Bn. Hqs. I decided to take it myself. As I was leaving PFC George Shute, a member of my squad volunteered to go with me.

I was told not to get in a fire-fight with the Germans if I could avoid it. They didn't want the radio damaged. It was our communication with Regt. and Div. Hqs. We started keeping to ditches and any cover that we could. We crawled on our bellies and knees for distance of about 1/4 of a mile to reach Bn. Hqs. We could see the Germans all around us, but they never saw us. We turned the radio over to the Bn. commander and was told to remain at Hqs. to help defend the Hqs. a short time later we came under another barrage of Artillery, rockets, mortars and tank fire that lasted about half an hour. We all jumped for cover where ever we could I jumped in a foxhole on top of another soldier already there. He yelled at me that the foxhole was already taken. I told him he had company until the firing let up. PFC George Shute had had taken shelter in a bombed out garage. Our Platoon Sgt. George Parks found him. He had caught a piece of rocket shrapnel and had died instantly. We endured attacks during the day and into the night. About two or three o'clock the next morning, we sneaked out from the Germans in complete darkness. We crossed the Our River and made it into Luxembourg around 3:30 or 4:00 in the morning. Here we joined up with other units. We were sent to fight in Malmedy, St. Vith and other towns along the way.

## BULGE VETERAN MEETS BELGIAN AT REUNION

by Robert Reed, 87th ID, 345th IR, HQs

I was a Private First Class in an Anti-tank Platoon in Headquarters Company. 3rd Bn, 345th Rgt, 87th Infantry Division. My division was a late comer to the war in Europe. It first saw action in Metz, December 1944. It arrived in Belgium at the end of the month.

Our squad had just moved from the town of Bras-Haut and set up its 57mm gun at the edge of the woods overlooking Vesqueville. It was January 4, 1945. We were ordered to fire at the church steeple, which was thought to be an observation post. Artillery fire was being directed at one of our rifle companies preventing its further advance. The church was almost a mile away. We fired 10 rounds and may or may not have hit our target. In any case, we disclosed our position and, consequently, we ourselves were shelled. Two men died and a third was seriously wounded.

Many years later while attending a VBOB reunion in Belgium I met a young man who lived in the Bras-Haut area. I told him of my experience. He told me that a friend of his, the grandson of the mason who restored the chapel, had found the armor piercing heads of two 57mm missiles imbedded in the wall of the steeple. When my friend, Eric Urbain and his family, visited me in New Hampshire many months later, he presented me with one of the missile heads. It holds a prominent position among the war memorabilia in my library. In the meantime, Eric and I climbed into the steeple of the church and viewed the woods where our gun emplacement had been.

Still, I wondered if someday I might meet someone from the German front who was defending Vesqueville. I wrote to a German veterans organization and received a friendly letter from Colonel Helmut Ritgen. Ritgen identified Hauptmann Ulrich Neumann, commander of the 1st Battalion of the 130th Panzer Regiment of the 902nd Panzer Lehr Division, as the man in charge of defending Vesqueville. I wrote to Herr Neumann and he invited me to have lunch with him next time I was in Germany. We set a date, and with an 87th Division buddy of mine, Vick Cross, and an interpreter friend of Herr Neumann, we had a most enjoyable lunch in Duisberg.

Colonel Ritgen, who made the meeting possible, is presently in a retirement home in Celle, where he will be celebrating his 97th birthday

## THE BULGE

by Warren M. Jensen, 793rd FA, A Bat

The Ardennes Offensive began on December 16, 1944. The weather was bitter cold, foggy and dreary. All was quiet until Dec. 16 when the Krauts attacked. There was chaos that slowly resolved itself into grim determination, desperation and numbness...you got it.

"The Bulge" refers to the progress of the German offensive and to how far they pushed our lines back. Winston Churchill is quoted as saying,

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



*(Continued on pg. 25)*



# NICHOLAS ORESKO, 96, A VETERAN OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE AND MEDAL OF HONOR RECIPIENT

by Samantha Hogan, Washington Post, Oct 7.

The German machine-gun bunkers were entrenched 50 feet above Nicholas Oresko's Army platoon and had repelled his men with bursts of fire that frigid January in 1945; they had been pinned down for two days during the brutal Axis offensive known as the Battle of the Bulge.

On the third day, Master Sgt. Oresko — 5-foot-4, 28 years old, former New Jersey oil refinery laborer — decided his platoon again would attempt to sneak up on the Germans in the deep snow as the sky darkened.

"Let's go!" he ordered.

No one followed.

It was 4:30 p.m. on Jan. 23, 1945, and the platoon was too tired or afraid to advance up the hill in western Germany.

"I looked up to heaven," Master Sgt. Oresko said years later of his one-man assault, "and I said: 'Lord, I know I am going to die. Make it fast, please.'"

He began moving. Thirty feet up, he looked back to see the first of his platoon trailing him. Then 20 feet more, and suddenly bullets began strafing him. As he closed in on the first bunker, he hurled a grenade and then rushed the opening, firing at all survivors of the blast.

He killed them all, but he was then struck by a machine-gun bullet, which entered his right hip. He fell into an enemy trench. "They saw me go down," he later told the Newark Star-Ledger. "They thought they'd killed me, but they didn't."

The Germans began firing at the other Americans, which bought Master Sgt. Oresko time to find a grenade he had lost in the snow. He then crawled toward the second German bunker, lobbed a grenade into it and again shot down the survivors with his rifle. Despite severe wounds and loss of blood, he refused to be evacuated until the mission was completed.

He was credited with killing 12 Germans and minimizing casualties to his platoon.

For his actions that day, he was awarded the Medal of Honor, the military's highest award for valor, in October 1945. Before his death on Oct. 4 at 96, Master Sgt. Oresko was believed to be the oldest surviving Medal of Honor recipient.

He was asked shortly after the war what propelled him to lead his one-man raid on a well-fortified enemy position.

"All hell breaks loose, you do something," he said.

Nicholas Michael Oresko was born in Bayonne, N.J., on Jan. 18, 1917. His father was Russian, his mother American. He worked for Standard Oil of New Jersey before joining the Army in 1942.

After his discharge, he worked for the Veterans Administration for 32 years in New Jersey and retired as a supervisor.

He had no immediate survivors after the death of his wife, the former Jean Strang, in 1980, and their son, Robert Oresko, a noted scholar of Italy, in 2010.

Master Sgt. Oresko died at a hospital in Englewood, N.J., of complications from surgery on his right femur after a fall near his nursing home in Cresskill, N.J., said family friend Jack Carbone.

It was the same leg that was injured during the Battle of the Bulge.

## FREE FOR WWII VETERANS 2014 BULGE REENACTMENT 69th Anniversary Commemoration Battle TO HONOR WORLD WAR II VETERANS Fort Indiantown Gap, PA 28 Jan – 02 Feb 2014

The World War II Federation invites all vets to the Battle of the Bulge Reenactment this coming January 2014 and will again be honoring the WW II Veterans during the week, with a Pass in Review at 1500 hours, Thursday, 30 January 2014 and a special event scheduled for Friday, 31 January 2014 .

Veterans may arrive after 1400 hours on Tues 28 Jan 2014. We will be in the recently refurbished WWII barracks in Area 13 as we were last year. These are very nice with paneling, excellent heating and air-conditioning, beautiful floors, false ceilings, plenty of light and electrical outlets. As usual, the veterans will have a hospitality suite set up in their barracks as well as memorabilia & video displays . Veterans will be free but must register ahead.

On Friday, the Federation will salute the Veterans with a Tactical Battle Briefing in the Community Club followed by a free reception for Veterans at 1600 hours (others may attend at cost). At 1700 hours there will be a Wreath Laying at the VBOB Monument. As usual there will be 1940 Movies and hospitality in the Veterans Barracks. The event includes a 5 nights bunk in the barracks and Dinner and USO-type show on the Saturday night.

Flea Market will open at 1400 hours 29 Jan 2014 and will remain open to 2100 hours. On Thu, 30 Jan Flea Market hours are 1400 hours til 2200 hours. On Fri, 31 Jan Flea Market opens at 1100 hours and closes at 2300 hours.

These are our future leaders to whom we pass the torch to protect this great country.

On Thursday the 30th of Jan we will make our annual visit to the VA Hospital in Lebanon PA where our fellow veterans there look forward to our visit each year. We will also have lunch there.

On Friday, 31 Jan 2014, there will be the traditional Friday Night Chapel Service, in the Area 12 Chapel at 7:00 PM.

On Saturday the 1st of Feb, troops will move into the battlefield at 0900 hours. Veterans will be transported by bus for a tour of the battlefield 1030-1200 hours and be served a boxed lunch. At 1800 hours we will process to the Community club for dinner and after that about 2100 hours there will be an Evening of Period Entertainment during which the Veterans will act as judges for the 1940's Talent Show, followed by dancing to a Forties Band.

*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 is 31 Dec 2013.***

## THE BULGE *(Continued from pg. 23)*

Two million men were involved in this the largest land battle the US Army has ever fought.

We were brought down to the St. Vith area. Our missions depended on the targets spotted. We wouldn't fire non-stop unless necessary. We were limited to the ammunition available to us. Sometimes we'd get a FIRE MISSION at various times day or night.

At chow time half of the gun crew would go to the rear to get fed so the rest of us had to carry out the mission. Then, sometimes, by the time we had a chance to be fed, all the food was gone so our dinner was sometimes just a piece of bread and coffee. Or we ate combat rations.

As far as getting any hot food from December 1944 to February 1945 our cooks were able, once in a while, to bring hot food up in insulated Mermite cans. The US Army has a tradition of always trying to get a turkey dinner to the troops on Thanksgiving and Xmas with all the trimmings. Kinda hard to serve it up properly in that cold weather with everything served onto one's cold mess kit all together with dessert slopped on top. That was special.

Night time could be beautiful. The searchlights would go on to create artificial moonlight for our Infantry lads. There would be flares fired and the magnesium flares would light up an area as they came down on little parachutes. Machine gun tracers from our anti-aircraft guns would make pretty patterns in the sky because every 5th round had the rear hollowed out and packed with a chemical that glowed when fired. All this was to help the gunner zero in on his target.

And the sounds that filled the night: Of weapons firing by the Infantry machine guns, mortars going off and other artillery pieces firing. And then the krauts would send over "Checkpoint Charlie" at night. He'd come over, drop a few flares and take, we think, photos, drop a bomb or two, and with his distinctive engine sound disappear back to his own lines. Sounded like the engine needed a tune-up.

One memory I've had of this Xmas time was firing a mission and the FDC guys (Fire Direction Center) said, "You guys know that tonight's Xmas Eve?" That's how we found out during the winter of '44.

Since our gun positions were generally in the open or at the edge of trees we were pretty well exposed to the chilling wind. Frostbite casualties were common due to a lack of proper clothing and boots. I wouldn't know how cold it got without having a thermometer but it was the coldest winter in Europe in 40 years. Records show that temperatures plummeted from 40 degree days down to minus 10 to minus 20 F at night. Brrrr. Bradley and even Ike felt the war would be over by Dec. 1944 so they had the manufacturing and shipment of winter clothing stopped. Some supplies were in warehouses in France but the rear echelon guys got into those. All we had were leather boots and were supposed to massage each others feet to prevent frostbite. The medical Dx was "frozen feet" but in WWI it was called "trench foot".

Not much more than commiseration with my buddies held me together mentally during times of hardship as we were all in it together.

Our bedding was just a wool Army blanket each. Yes, just one blanket. In December they issued us a mummy style sleeping bag which was a blanket with an outer shell and a zipper. Eventually they got wool gloves, a wool scarf, a sweater and galoshes or overshoes to us at the front. It was joked that it was so cold that it would freeze the balls off a brass monkey. Don't know where that expression came from but it always got a laugh.

After we would get our howitzer into firing position, next we would dig a hole for the projectiles and powder charges, and then dig our personal fox holes, then dig a small slit trench, the width of a shovel blade, and thus we could squat and straddle the trench, cover it with some dirt we had dug. TP was slid onto the handle of the shovel, which was

jammed into the dirt we had dug out. It was quite an experience to squat in icy cold weather and expose your butt to the cold.

The Belgians generally cleared out as they were fearful of the reprisals from the Germans. Those few who stayed opened their homes to the troops. If we stayed for a few days it would give us a chance to contact a farmer in France, N. Belgium, or Holland for cider, wine, or females. We tried to lure them to our area with promises of food, cigarettes. Not much success. We could not talk with any German for fear of a fine of \$65 (a months' pay for privates).

On December 23 the skies finally cleared and all we heard were aircraft engines and saw contrails and there was cheering at the event. Our guys parachuted in ammo, food and medicine to the encircled troops at Bastogne but unfortunately, the Krauts got some of the chutes. After the war a German soldier reported that that he found a canned Hormel ham hanging from a parachute and had dined with a Belgium family that Christmas. We pushed the Germans back into Germany and the Ardennes Offensive ended the beginning of February 1945.

When December weather comes in with its cold and fog, even after 68 years, my thoughts drift to the Bulge experience and I shiver as I remember those Bulge weather days of suffering.

We moved eastward quickly and eventually found ourselves below Magdeburg, Germany in support of the 2nd Armored Division and the 83rd ID which both had bridges across and troops on the east side of the Elbe river until we were ordered to hold our positions. This is now April 1945.

We went "scrounging" in Germany but couldn't go far. Some guys found weapons or other souvenirs. If we found food we feared it might be poisoned. Krauts knew we scrounged for wine and schnapps and would urinate into those bottles. Once in a small town in Germany I went scrounging for a door to put over my foxhole to prevent shrapnel from coming in. The house was untouched with even a beautiful crucifix on the wall and I spotted this grand piano. I was angry at the Germans so, in a fit of adolescent stupidity, I destroyed a good part of the piano with my carbine so the residents would have something to suffer with.

We prepared to move for occupation duties in Giessen, Germany. We liberated several German concentration camps and witnessed the results of the atrocities. Unfortunately we gave the starving inmates our high caloric rations which caused them distress and even death. This liberating of POW and concentration camps came in our drive to the Elbe River.

VE Day came May 8 and the Russians on the east bank of the Elbe River were celebrating. We could hear them yelling and firing into the air with their weapons. Flares were going off and an accordion was playing. I decided to take a lone journey across the pontoon bridge one day and got a ride in a jeep. On the east bank of the Elbe I saw a column of rough looking Mongolian troops, female traffic cops, and their kitchens pulled by horses. I thought, "I sure hope we never have to fight them." Ourselves, on the west bank of the Elbe River did no celebrating as we were due to ship out to battle in the Pacific.

In Giessen we guarded first the Polish and then the Russian DPs (Displaced Persons) or manned the checkpoints on the Autobahn. One time we took a trainload of Russian DPs packed into box cars into the Russian Zone. The four of us had a boxcar to ourselves which was loaded up with Ten-in-One rations. Our journey was overnight to the edge of Czechoslovakia. We'd distribute the ration boxes to each car at mealtime stops.

Our unit was broken up based on an individual's point system and we were sent to one of the "cigarette camps" near La Havre for weeks of idleness while we waited for transportation home by ship.

# THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE—68 YEARS LATER

by William B. Ruth, 3rd AD, 33rd AR



I was discharged from the service in December 1945. One year after the beginning of the “Battle of the Bulge.” My family constantly quizzed me on a day to day basis. Do you remember where you were on Christmas Eve? What about New Years Day? Etc. Etc. There hasn’t been a Christmas Season these past 67 years that my mind

doesn’t wander to these hectic 40 days (Dec. 16-1944 thru Jan. 25, 1945).

What made these 40 days of my life so special? I relive them every year. I have lived 33,235 days of my 91 year life. Why has this period left such a profound effect on me? We serviced the 33rd Armored Regiment of the Third Armored Division. The table of Organization for an armored regiment consisted of 3 tank battalions; each tank Battalion consisted of four tank companies each company consisting of 17 tank crews or 204 tanks and crew members. In addition each regiment had a Headquarters Co., Maintenance Co., Reconnaissance Co., and a Service Co. Of the sixteen armored divisions in Europe in WWII only two were considered heavy armored divisions. The second (Hell on Wheels) and the third armored were the only two armored divisions with regiments.

I was a high speed radio operator in our Company Commanders halftrack. Our 45 trucks were assigned to the respective companies to supply them with fuel, ammunition, food, clothing and various other duties such as picking up the dead, supplying the companies with replacements, taking members to R & R, Picking up prisoners and taking them to the rear. Some of these duties left a mark on me and my emotions. Example: Picking up our dead and placing their frozen bodies in our trucks. Often these returning trucks were loaded with replacements who had spent Christmas at home on furloughs prior to being sent overseas. One occasion when we delivered these fresh troops to their respective companies they encountered some heavy fighting and in a two day period, ten of these replacements were killed. Can you feel the emotions of their families? How would you feel using the trucks to pick up our dead soldiers and several hours later take a load of German prisoners to the rear assuring them safe passage to the States.?

Being on the radio while stationed in Breinig (near Stolberg Germany) we began getting disturbing news as early as December 14th. About the heavy movement of equipment near the German / Belgium/Luxembourg borders. Evidence that forebode action was to take place. Our intelligence ignored this information as diversionary distractions. We finally started our retreat on Dec. 18th and were part of the main defenses of the Northern flank. I’ll never forget as we pulled out of Breinig, the towns people lined up on the streets and bid us goodbye. Many of them crying. You must remember that period of time in the fall of 1944 from Sept. 15 thru Dec. 18. We had been in this area for a period of 3 months. Long enough for the Germans to learn that we were not the bad guys the Nazi party led them to believe. We even shared the churches on week ends and it was a sobering thought to see the natives fervently praying for their sons, brothers, husbands’ safe return. Just as our relatives were doing in the States.

As we left Breinig and headed westward in retreat, it was a nightmare of bitter cold, muddy and slippery roads and heavy fog limiting visibility. On many occasions we had to stop until vehicles in front of us were winced back on to the road or if mired too deep they were left for the following maintenance crews to handle. Adding to the fog and pitch black night, hundreds of German buzz bombs were being sent our way. Several crashed near by. One narrowly missed our General Rose’s jeep and knocked his driver out of his vehicle. There was an icy paralyzing mist over the entire battle front. A cloud of fine driving snow that glazed the roads to slippery ribbons. Snow drifts covered extensive fields of anti-tank mines and the hard frozen ground made digging foxholes impossible. The Ardennes looked like a Christmas card, but it was agony all the way. Because of poor weather conditions our air force was grounded until Christmas Eve thus preventing the one strength we had—that of bombing the German advancing columns. Fortunately we had some good weather for a few days and the tide of battle began to change.

I went through the five major campaigns in Europe. Normandy, Northern France, Central Europe, The Rhineland and the battle of the Bulge. Why does the Battle of the Bulge keep popping up more than the other campaigns? Our Unit saw a lot of horror in Normandy. The armada of planes we witnessed on July 26. It was H Hour. For the greatest combined air/ground operation in the history of modern warfare. This was the “big push”..the St. Lo breakthrough. Thousands and thousands of B-17’s, B-24’s and British Lancaster’s dropping their bombs on the heavily fortified German headquarters. This was a clear day and the thousands upon thousands of planes obliterated the sun.

Who can ever forget the slaughter that occurred during the Central Europe campaign in Mons, Belgium when units of the Third Armored and Big Red One had a field day when two German Armies jostled to get through the narrow intersection in Mons. The two American units took over 50,000 prisoners during the German retreat to their Siegfried line. There were untold enemies that were killed. We got an education when the Belgians, oblivious to the gun fire were risking their lives to cut up the horses that were shot during the skirmish/The Germans at times used horses to pull their equipment. The Belgians were deprived from meat during the Nazi occupation. Probably never before in the history of warfare has there been so swift a destruction of such a large force.

Who can ever forget what we encountered at the tail end of the Rhineland campaign. As we overtook the Nordhausen concentration camp. Hundreds and hundreds of bodies were piled high waiting to be put in the incinerators. Some of the bodies were still moving and you could hear an occasional muted groan coming from the heap. These poor souls were starved to death and left to die on this pile. The stench was terrible, conditions filthy and the task at hand was monumental. Sorting out these bodies was a ghastly and sickening task. I had no appetite for 3 days. We were told there were about 2,000 prisoners in this camp.

As I review these campaigns, I come to realize why the Battle of the Bulge left such an impact on me. The Ardennes was one of five battle stars. Even the bitterness of that terrible campaign, the cold, the pain, and the horrible weariness of unending combat flowed together and was fused in one vast, foggy recollection. It was like an arctic nightmare in which only the most jagged edges of pain might be recalled.



## ST VITH

by Clarence L Buckman 106th ID, HQ

Let's start when I left Boston Harbor in October 1944, on the USS Wakefield (formerly the cruise ship, Manhattan), destination Liverpool, England. I am trying to recall dates from my memory, but I do recall not staying in Liverpool for long. We picked up our equipment and we left England, were put on that a landing craft infantry and headed for Europe. The English Channel was a little rough and land mines were a float, so we were delayed while mine sweepers were called in to clear the way.

We landed in France and went by trucks to an area outside of St. Vith, Belgium, and we set up our two man tents for the night. It started to snow about 11:00 PM and sometime in the night we were greeted by a German patrol, as they left a note on our tent (written in the snow) "Welcome 106th to the front". The next few days we were sent to St. Vith to our headquarters, which was set up in a Catholic Church, (the plaque in picture was dedicated to the 106th Division in 2010)

To continue with the story, my wire crew was sent to Schoenberg, Belgium, where we set up in a home near four (4) corners of the town on a river. This was around the 10th of December 1944. We conducted our operations from here. Laid wire for the division on the evening of the 15th, from 11:00pm to about 1:00am. We were bombarded by a V-2 rocket, which landed about 300 yards from where we were working. The explosion was so great that it blew us and the truck we were working with, off the road and into the ditch. No one in our company or any trucks was hurt or damaged. When we returned, I was told to get some sleep, as I was to operate the switchboard early in the morning around 4 am.

When I started my watch, the Germans were shelling the City of Schoenberg. The commander in St. Vith called and told us that we were under attack, but we were to hold our position until 5 am. We stayed until 6 am at which time our Sgt. told us to start packing the gear and shut down operations.

Now as we were leaving for St. Vith a German tiger tank was coming down the hill, with his gun pointed directly at us. A 81st engineer Sgt. climbed onto that tank and put a grenade down its turret and stopped them from firing. We then proceeded to St. Vith and arrived at our headquarters. That same night we were surrounded by the Germans! Army headquarters sent the Airborne Troops to get us out. Note: My life and many others will always be thankful for their help.

I was later sent to the North into the Netherlands with six (6) new 2nd Lieutenants (field commissioned). Our F/Sgt. from headquarters was one of them. Later I went to Velamen, then to Stuttgart, Manlier, Wenham, Frankfurt, and onto Paris, France. I was assigned to the 17th base Post Office (parcel post and rewrap).

When Germany surrendered and the shooting ceased, I was able to see a lot of Germany and France, while traveling for and with the Army.

## THE REMAGEN BRIDGE

by Charles 'Chuck' Katlic, 99th ID

At Remagen, 65 years ago the month of February was wet and cold. The company was sending out patrols daily and cleaning weapons. On Feb. 5, we moved out from the assembly area and marched approximately three miles over rough, muddy terrain through mine fields to front line positions within 1,200 yards of Neunof, Germany.

We relieved units of the 82nd Airborne Division, dug in for the night and posted guards around the perimeter. Transportation was unable to reach our new position, so our meals were K-rations, a Cracker-Jack sized box containing chopped ham, powdered eggs, cheese and canned meat, a separate bag containing four biscuits, hard candy, instant coffee a bouillon cube, four cigarettes, matches and sheets of brown toilet paper. The meals were mostly eaten cold, since fires, which would expose our positions, were forbidden at the front.

From Feb. 24 through March 1 the company moved to Eupen and Aubel, Belgium for R&R, which for us was a logging detail. We cut trees and loaded them on trucks. The trees were used for roads through the mud and slush. I was promoted to sergeant on Feb. 21, 1945. On March 2, the company traveled 53 miles in trucks to Elsdorf, Germany. Hot coffee was served and we prepared to attack. The next day at 0500 hours, the company moved through 1st Battalion Sector into attack with F Company spearheading the 2nd Battalion push.

Our first and second objectives were small villages, which were taken without much resistance. Several prisoners were taken. The company encountered heavy resistance, small arms and artillery fire from Tiger tanks. Three of our tanks were knocked out. Artillery was called for and with the aid of smoke, we moved forward with marching fire into town.

Fifty prisoners were taken and our casualties were light. Two men were killed and eight wounded.

March 4 through March 8 we were marching toward the Rhine River. On March 9, we pulled out of Ukerath, Germany, marched about two miles and loaded onto trucks for an 80-mile trip which left us outside Bengen, Germany. We remained in the trucks all night. The next morning at 0600 hours we detrucked and marched toward Bengen, arriving there at 1400 hours, and were billeted on half-hour alert.

At 1900 hours, the company moved out in one of the most important moves Since D-Day, the crossing of the Rhine. After a 10-mile march, the company arrived in the vicinity of the Remagen Railway Bridge or the Ludendorf Bridge, which was about 75 yards distance and damaged.

At this point Company F came under severe artillery fire. Three shells landed in the 1st Platoon area causing many casualties and forcing the company to split up. Looking for cover, it was very dark and the wounded and dead lay all along the street.

It was hard to walk without tripping over the fallen. From the shelling and darkness, we were unable to reach the bridge. The intersection at the west side of the bridge was called Dead Man's Corner. After getting the company together, we headed to the bridge. Shells were landing on the bridge at approximately 30-second intervals. All through the crossing, especially at Dead Man's Corner, you could hear the wounded crying out, "medic, medic, medic." This was demoralizing, especially since we could not stop to help them. We had to keep moving to get through the railroad tunnel and take the high ground from the Germans.

To this day, I wake up at night hearing these voices crying out. This will stay with me until my dying day. It's something you can never forget. Even after 65 years. That night my religion changed from foxhole religion to bridge religion. We rushed across the bridge at about 1145 hours March 10. My company suffered 24 casualties crossing that bridge. The next day, after crossing the Rhine, we reorganized and moved into billets in the town of Eupen. We would be eating K-rations for the next nine days.

There were small counter-attacks

*(Continued on pg. 29)*



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## THE REMAGEN BRIDGE *(Continued from pg. 27)*

encountered, but the company's objective was taken at 1400 hours. From March 12 through March 30 the bridgehead was expanded on the east side of the Rhine. After many attacks on the enemy, we were moving and pushing the Germans back toward the Ruhr Valley to clean out the Ruhr Pocket.

On March 17, 1945, the Remagen bridge collapsed into the Rhine River. Eighty combat engineers working to repair the bridge were killed.

## WAR MEMORIES 1943-1946

by Harry C. Reed, 3rd AD, 83rd RCBn

Author: Evangeline Ogden

Harry C Reed was born on February 29, 1924. I was drafted in the Army on my 4th birthday. I am a leap year boy. I was drafted in the Army in Leavenworth, Kansas and was sent to Fort Knox Kentucky for basic training. After basic training, I was sent to Fort Indiantown Gap Pennsylvania. I joined the 3<sup>rd</sup> Armored Division which was ready to go overseas. From Fort Indiantown Gap Pennsylvania, I went to Camp Kilmer and then to the boats in New York. We boarded 3 boats. I was on the John Erickson. The other boats were the Cape-town Castle and the Shawnee. About 3 days out, we were told "Your are going to England". We left New York harbor on Sept the 5th 1943 and landed in Liverpool England on September 15, 1943.

I was assigned to B Company 83rd Reconnaissance Battalion-3rd Armored Division. We had intensive training in England. We had a sergeant from South Africa who had been fighting the Germans for about 2 years and he said "You recon boys never killed anyone and don't know anything about war" "three things will happen to you. "Be wounded, captured or killed". I really took that very seriously. I landed on Omaha Beach the last of June in 1944. I went 'all thru France up to Stolberg Germany. We outrun our supplies and gas. We had half of the town, and the Germans had the other half.

On December 19, 1944 we pulled out for the Hunting and Manhay area. We saw some of the heaviest fighting of the entire campaign. I was in Samree town about daylight. On December 24, 1944, my Lt. Woke me up and said, there was small arms firing up the road towards our road block on the La Roche and Vickson area. I told the Lt. We should go on foot. It was below zero degrees and snow was half knee deep and real foggy but the Lt said we are going in vehicles. He was a Lt and I was a sergeant. So he had his way. We got about half way to our road block and we ran into the Germans. They were firing cross fire on us. They were laying in the ditches. They shot my jeep up, they hit the Lt in the head, he fell back on me, the blood was all over me. I burned the 50 caliber machine gun up plus the two (2) Thompson sub machine gun and ran them out of ammunition in less than two minutes. The jeep quit running just after we got out from the German area. I tried the radio, it did not work, I look down as I was sitting on it in combat and the bullet had come between my legs and tore the radio up.

We had two (2) jeep, one (1) armored car and a tank. I was always in the lead jeep with the Lt. The driver said what are we going to do with the Lt? I said he's dead so we can't do nothing with him. We walked up to the road block, they wanted for me to go to the medics, I told them, that was the Lt's blood. They gave me clothes. After that, we finally got back to our outfit. I told my driver to find out what happened to the others. The armored car and tanks was all burned up, and the other jeep was all shot up. We never heard from our other

guys. They were either captured or killed. Out of the 14 soldiers, me and the driver were the only one escaped without a scratch. That as the time where I got my feet frozen and my nose also got frozen. That was on December 25 1944. I had no sleeping bag, no warm clothes and my feet were wet. All of our belongings was in the jeep that we had to leave. That was my Xmas present from Adolph Hitler. Every Xmas I still have that frozen feet that gives aches and so much pains up to this time.

From the Battle of the Bulge, we went on to Cologne. With the 3rd Armored Division, 8th and 104th Infantry Division, we captured Cologne. Then March 29, 1945, our Spear Head Division made history. In one day 101 miles behind enemy line.

On April the 10th, 1945, I came upon the Nordhausen hell hole where three thousand (3,000) dead prisoners was laid out. The living which weight less than 100 lbs were crawling over the dead ones. At Camp Dora, they have large ovens where they cremated a lot of bodies. The ovens were so full, they had to take the dead out on the court yard. They put down layers and layers of wood and bodies as high as it could hold, then, they burned them with fuel. It was a terrible smell.

We got to the VI and V2 rocket assembly line, which was underground. They have all kinds of explosives. They work prisoners until they could not work anymore. They fed them with 4 oz. Of black bread and small amount of soup. Whenever they can't work anymore, they send them to the furnaces to be burned, and while the others are burning at the furnaces, the other where added to the layers and layers of wood and bodies to be burned. When the war ended, I was at Dessau on the Elbe River just outside of Berlin. The Russians was on the one side and we were on the other side. Then the war was over!

I had lots of points. They said. Reed you are going home. I was transferred to the 5th Armored Division then I was transferred back to the United States of America. To be in the Reconnaissance, you've got to see just about everything.

## MY EXPERIENCE IN WWII

by Kenneth Yockey, 243rd FAB

In reading one of the articles in the "Bulge Bugle" I was reminded of my experience in WWII. As a member of the 243rd Field Artillery Battalion, stationed at Fort Jackson South Carolina, I took examinations for the Air Cadet Program and was accepted. I was transferred to the Air Corps and was shipped to Miami Beach Florida only to find that the Cadet Program was being eliminated and we would be returned to our former outfits. While there, all we did was close order drill and force marches.

Upon returning to Fort Jackson, I was assigned to the Eighty-Seventh Infantry Division, 336th Field Artillery Battalion, Headquarters Battery. At the same time there were a lot of A.S.T.P. men who had experienced the same disposition as I had at the Air Corps. Most of whom went into the infantry.

Shortly after being assigned to the Eighty Seventh, we were shipped to Camp Kilmer New Jersey After a short stay we embarked to Hoboken New Jersey and boarded a ferry which took us to a ship waiting at the dock for us to board. At the dock we were greeted by the Salvation Army, They gave us coffee and doughnuts and a pocket size New Testament. With difficulty I was able to balance all my equipment and eat and drink at the same time. When my name was called I boarded the Louis Pastuer, a French ship manned by the British. The ship had just been repainted and the odor of fresh paint was not conducive for unstable sea legs. Some of the men *(Continued)*



## MY EXPERIENCE IN WWII *(Continued)*

were Sea sick before we ever left the dock. Not too many escaped being sea sick. We were given hammocks and that was an experience in and of itself. You could hear men falling out of their hammocks all night. It took a while to become accustomed to sleeping in hammocks. Between the hammocks and the food, it was difficult to determine if the British or the Germans were our enemies.

After a stormy cruise in the North Atlantic, we landed at Liverpool, England. We were greeted by a Scottish bag-pipe band and a cold drizzle, being instructed not to loosen our back packs or put down any equipment we were carrying as we were to load on a train that would take us to our destination.

Arriving in the darkest of night we were billeted at an old building and were given mattresses full of corn shocks. Again it took some getting used to these bulky mattresses. Some men decided it was better to sleep on the floor. After being reequipped we were shipped to South Hampton and introduced to a sea of mud which supported Quonset huts. At last we shipped across the channel in L.S.T.'s. Again very few of us were not sea-sick. The Navy was really great trying to relieve our misery.

The L.S.T.s arrived at Le Harve and down the Seine River to our departure point. We then were trucked to Metz where our firing batteries took target practice at some of the remaining forts still occupied by the Germans. While there, I recognized a truck from the 243rd F.A. Battalion. By speaking to the driver, my driver and I followed him to their location only to find that the 243 had gone through quite a transformation. Where they had 105 howitzers, they now had huge howitzers when they fired it seemed that the whole earth shook. I did not meet any of the men that I used to know as the battalion seemed to be staffed with all new replacements.

Shortly after our stay at Metz, the division was transferred to the Saar Valley where we were committed to combat. The division was now in the Third Army. After some months in the Saar, we received news that the Germans succeeded in penetrating our lines in the Ardennes. I was picked to be in the advance party to pick out a bivouac area for the battalion. It was the coldest ride I have ever had in my life. I drove a jeep which had the wind shield down and the wind was like cold pin-pricks. There was no heat and everyone was shivering to the point that it was difficult to hold a canteen cup of hot coffee or chocolate when we would stop for a break. At the first stop, up went the wind shield, but it did not help. We went through Reims and visited an air base where the Air Corps treated us as conquering heroes. We were able to view some German jet-engines crated to be shipped to the U.S. Of course, we had no idea what a jet-engine was, but we pretended to know so as not to seem ignorant before the Air Corps. We then continued on our way and arrived somewhere in Belgium. It was somewhere around St. Hubert in a farmer's field. We relieved some of the 28th Division. Arriving cold and stiff, we got no relief as we were then committed to action by our Army Commander, General George Patton. The history of the Eighty Seventh Division in the Bulge is recorded in the book, "The Little Known Front" by Eric Urban.

After spending a few miserable weeks in the cold snowy fields of Belgium the division worked its way through Luxembourg and then through the Siegfried Line; which was no cake walk. Then the division crossed the Moselle River and captured Koblenz. I was assigned to a forward observation team in the Siegfried Line and then at the Moselle River crossing. Then on to the Rhine. Still assigned to the forward observation crew, I crossed the Rhine in an assault boat manned by the U.S. Navy. Some people think that I am exaggerating when I

say the U.S. Navy, but they were there and we did not lose any one at that crossing. But after the Germans realized that we were successful, they used every piece of artillery to try to dislodge us. The engineers built a pontoon bridge under the most adverse conditions. Whether they took casualties, I do not know. But the bridge was a "God-send."

Then we took an all-expense tour through Germany and ended up in Czechoslovakia. (Hope it is spelled correctly) As V.E. Day approached, the division was pulled back into Germany through Plauen. The surrender is etched in my memory as the Krauts came in a trickle at first and then in droves. All ranks came with their arms over their heads looking like whipped dogs. There were so many that at first all we could do was build pens to house them.

## THE 106TH IN THE BULGE

by Clarence L. Buckman, 106th ID, HQs

Let's start when I left Boston Harbor in October 1944, on the USS Wakefield (formerly the cruise ship, Manhattan), destination Liverpool, England. I am trying to recall dates from my memory, but I do recall not staying in Liverpool for long. We picked up our equipment and we left England, were put on that a landing craft infantry and headed for Europe. The English Channel was a little rough and land mines were a float, so we were delayed while mine sweepers were called in to clear the way.

We landed in France and went by trucks to an area outside of St. Vith, Belgium, and we set up our two man tents for the night. It started to snow about 11:00 PM and sometime in the night we were greeted by a German patrol, as they left a note on our tent (written in the snow) "Welcome 106th to the front". The next few days we were sent to St. Vith to our headquarters, which was set up in a Catholic Church.

To continue with the story, my wire crew was sent to Schoenberg, Belgium, where we set up in a home near four (4) corners of the town on a river. This was around the 10th of December, 1944. We conducted our operations from here. Laid wire for the division on the evening of the 15th, from 11:00pm to about 1:00am. We were bombarded by a V-2 rocket, which landed about 300 yards from where we were working. The explosion was so great that it blew us and the truck we were working with off the road and into the ditch. No one in our company or any trucks was hurt or damaged. When we returned, I was told to get some sleep, as I was to operate the switchboard early in the morning around 4 am.

When I started my watch, the Germans were shelling the City of Schoenberg. The commander in St. Vith called and told us that we were under attack, but we were to hold our position until 5 am. We stayed until 6 am at which time our Sgt. told us to start packing the gear and shut down operations.

Now as we were leaving for St. Vith a German tiger tank was coming down the hill, with his gun pointed directly at us. A 81st engineer Sgt. climbed onto that tank and put a grenade down its turret and stopped them from firing. We then proceeded to St. Vith and arrived at our headquarters. That same night we were surrounded by the Germans! Army headquarters sent the Airborne Troops to get us out. Note: My life and many others will always be thankful for their help.

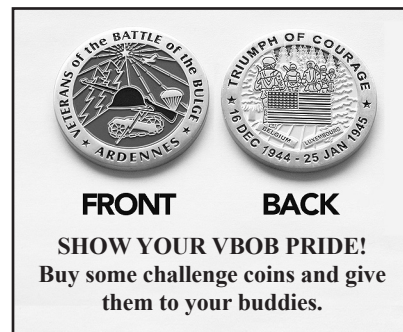
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When Germany surrendered and the shooting ceased, I was able to see a lot of Germany and France, while traveling for and with the Army.

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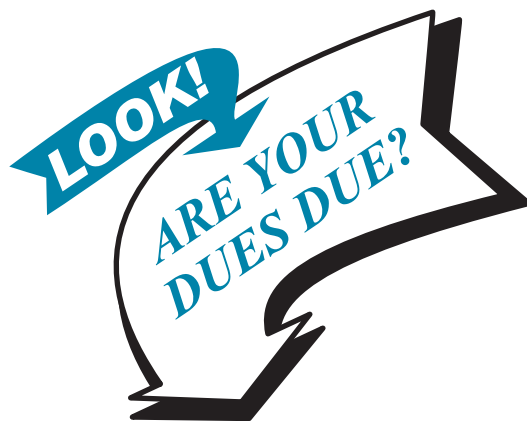
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Regular Membership is for those who have received the Ardennes campaign credit. Associate membership is for relatives, historians or others with an interest in preserving the memory of the Battle of the Bulge. Both have the same rights and privileges.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip+4 \_\_\_\_\_

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

Campaigns \_\_\_\_\_

All regular members please provide the following information below:

Unit(s) to which assigned during the period 16 Dec 1944 to 25 Jan 1945 - Division \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

All associate members please provide the following information below (Military Service is not a requirement but as a 501 c (19) we need to identify all veterans):

Relative of the Bulge Veteran \_\_\_\_\_ Bulge Vet's Name and Unit \_\_\_\_\_  
(wife, son, daughter, niece, etc.)

☐ Historian   ☐ Other   Associate's Military Svc (dates) \_\_\_\_\_ Branch \_\_\_\_\_

Applicant's Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Make check or money order payable to VBOB and mail application