



The BULGE BUGLE

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

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

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THE ARDENNES CAMPAIGN

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**I WANT YOU
TO CARRY ON**

★ THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE ★

Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, Inc.

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703-528-4058

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or www.vbob.org**

J. David Bailey
106th Infantry
Division



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Thank you for the opportunity to serve The Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge (VBOB) one more year. It is an immense honor and responsibility that I take very seriously. Rest assured that I will put forward my best efforts in carrying on the "great and grand" tradition of our organization

I must begin by acknowledging John Bowen and Ralph Bozorth, two outstanding Associate Members of VBOB. Through their leadership, vision and dedication, and by their very sound and responsible direction over our administrative and procedural responsibilities, they have taken VBOB to higher levels.

Our future goal is to make VBOB an even stronger organization by increasing the number of our Associate membership. Currently Associate Bob Rhodes, in his marketing program to recruit new Associate members, is working for the best interest of VBOB. Associate Alan Cunningham is Chairman of the Committee --The Future of VBOB - which has as its major objective planning ahead by exploring all available options open to VBOB as the years progress.

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**HAVE YOU SENT
YOUR STORY IN?**

Recently, I made the acquaintance of William Muchleib, President of the Pearl Harbor Survivors Association, when we both served on the Veterans Day National Committee of the Department of Veterans Affairs. Sadly his association has disbanded as they did not have a strong Associate membership to take over some of their major responsibilities.

Indeed our veterans continue to take leadership roles at VBOB as we recently had sworn into office Douglas Dillard as Executive Vice President, and Mike Levin as Vice President - Membership. On the Executive council we have three veterans who have served as President of VBOB. They are -- George Chekan, Dee Paris and Lou Cunningham and each continues to make major contributions to VBOB. And, accolades to George Chekan who through the years has continued to do such a great job as the Editor of the Bulge Bugle.

As President, I made two major appointments at our November meeting. They are: Msgr. Frank J. Kazista, an Army veteran, recently retired from active ministry, who will serve us as Chaplain; and Nancy Monson, a favorite of VBOB, who will serve us as Standing Committee Chair of Publicity.

The Commemorative event for the 67th Anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge in December was very well received by Veterans and their guests. The reception and dinner at the beautiful Belgium Embassy hosted by Ambassado and Mrs. Jan Matthysen was a special evening for those attending.

On December 16 the Wreath laying at the World War II Memorial and at the two VBOB memorials in Arlington was memorable. We took great pleasure in seeing our two WWII nurses, Dorothy Barre and Hope Kirkendall of the 16th General Hospital, lay the wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

At the Business Session, after the Arlington event, the officers and trustees on the Executive Council for 2012 year were sworn into office. Afterwards Douglas Dillard our new Executive VP who is responsible for the next Annual Reunion of the VBOB shared the stage with Council member Doris Davis in a preliminary review of our 31st Annual Reunion to be held in New Orleans the last week of September, 2012. As arrangements are materialized Doug and Doris will finalize our plans for this eventful reunion which we believe will bring a large turnout of Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge and also be a rallying cry for our new Associate Members. The some details of this special event will appear in the next issue of the Bulge Bugle.

On the evening of December 16, Council member Alfred Shehab, who is BOB Historical Foundation President excelled as Master of Ceremony at their Commemorative Banquet. The Person of the Year award was bestowed to Dr. John McAuliffe, President of Lamar/Central chapter for his distinguished service to VBOB.

This past Christmas I received a special message from George Fisher, President of our Southeast Florida chapter. George enclosed the program for their chapter's 67th Anniversary Gala entitled "The Christmas We Never Had" which was held at noon on December 18, 2011 with an attendance of 300 people.

I encourage other chapter Presidents to notify National of special events and we will share them, as appropriate, with other chapters. Meantime let's work together to accomplish our objectives at VBOB. We must not only act, but also dream, not only plan, but also deliver.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

by Peg and Ralph Bozorth, Associates

MARCHING ONCE MORE

Over the holidays we once again watched “Marching Once More”, the movie created by Brenda Hughes, of Wetbird Productions. This remarkable and powerful DVD is about the 2004 trip to Belgium and Luxembourg including recollections by those who served in the Battle of the Bulge.

Without a doubt the movie is the finest tribute to the courage and sacrifice of our men and women who served in that horrific battle. The hospitality shown by the citizens of Belgium and Luxembourg is something you cannot forget even if you did not go on the trip.

We urge everyone to purchase a copy. It is a must see for our children and every generation thereafter. The DVD is listed on our web site and can be ordered by contacting:

Brenda Hughes
WetBird Productions, Inc.
1-888-703-5033 or
910-509-7499

I READ EVERY ISSUE

I am a recent Associate member of the VBOB organization. I enjoy reading every issue of “The Bulge Bugle”. It is in my opinion one of the best WW II newsletters. Thank you for all your efforts on this fine publication. I submitted an article from a local paper about my friend SFC Vincent DeMartino, US Army (Ret.). Vinnie served with the 95th Infantry Division during the Battle of the Bulge. He served with HHC / AT platoon (57 mm). He served during the Ardennes campaign. I thought you might like to read it. Vinnie volunteers at VAMC Northport, NY as a VFW Service officer. After over twenty years service in the US Army he is still busy helping veterans.

Thank you for your valuable time and I hope you enjoy reading about my friend Vinney in [the article](#).

Richard L. Wahl
Farmington, NY

Editor’s note – the story is available on our web site
www.battleofthebulge.org

DOES ANYBODY KNOW?

Refer to the November 2011 issue, page 11. There is a story entitled “HOW I SPENT CHRISTMAS DAY 1944”. If anyone knows of a solution or a treatment that has been successful for this injury, please contact me.

Charles Hunt Jr.
8903 N. Ott Road
Edwardsport, IN 47528

WE GOT SHAFTED

In reading your story in the B.O.B. submitted by Rocco Gedaro, referring in part to rank. Yes I must agree, we Infantry EM got shafted all the time and I can add to your story, perhaps one up you!

I was promoted stateside to Pfc as we graduated me Rangers at Camp Croft. I previously had graduated in Armored at Ft. Knox, then in Mountain at Camp Hale. My contingent of Rangers were sent to the 99th at Camp Maxie and on to the ETO to relieve the 9th Infantry in Belgium. During our fight in front of the Siegfried Line and ending at Elsenbom, we sustained heavy losses I was ordered to be Squad leader and made S/sgt, (they said) with the responsibilities (but no pay, it resulted) and they addressed me as such for the rest of the war. Again at the end of the Bulge and our attack. Regiment threw a massive barrage of artillery on our Bn, wiping out most of the company by (friendly Fire) for a second time. About that time, I was called back to company HQ where Capt. Pat told me that he had a bunch of black soldiers coming up and he wanted nothing to do with them. So, being as I came from Barston he said, I inherited them. I was now responsible for my 12 men and 27 Black soldiers with one buck sgt. We went on fighting across Northern Germany and south to ward Austria to end the war and some time before then the Blacks had disappeared.

Many years after the war, I gained a number of Morning Reports as many of you have. They start out as I was recorded, joining the 99th as Pvt. in the ETO. Some how we did not exist before that! Through out most of the time in the ETO, I am listed as PVT, but a few times I am PFC, some times as buck sgt. then back to Pvt in the 7th Evac hospital and at wars end as S/sgt. Shortly after that 2,000 of us High pointers were pulled out for home and suddenly I am at the very bottom of a list of 49 men as Pvt, lower than all my men and in the states for discharge as Cpl. (I didn’t know that I was promoted)? At least I was awarded my C.I.B but the Blacks never saw one, I’ve learned. Oh yes, I did wear a white horizontal bar on the back of my helmet, all during combat along with four bullet holes through that helmet. I guess that was how the men knew who I was.

I noted on the Morning Reports that Capt Pat did not sign any of the reports, but a Capt. John Collins whom we never heard of. I learned later that Collins was back in Regiment and did all the Morning Reports and After Action Reports for the regiment. Apparently regiment didn’t know that our companies were in front of them fighting the war.

Curt Whiteway
Co. E, 394, 99th Inf

WE NEED YOUR STORY!!

We are running out of stories and we need your help. Won’t you send us your story? You’ve got a group of guys just waiting to hear from YOU.

MEMBERS: IN MEMORIAM 2011

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

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



We have received word, as of December 31, 2011, that these members of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, Inc. have also passed away in 2011:

ANDERSON, RAYMOND D.

BACON, HAROLD L.

BARNES, GEORGE J.

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BECK, JOHN D.

BLAKENEY, TILSON

BROWN, ALVIE L.

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ZILLAS, NICHOLAS

DEFENSE OF MONSCHAU BY THE 38TH CAVALRY SQUADRON

By Alfred H.M. Shehab, 38th Cav Recon, 102nd Cav Group

By mid-December 1944, the United States 1st Army had made tremendous advancements since the landings at Normandy not six months earlier. Sitting at one of the easternmost penetrations of the 1st Army was the town of Monschau, Germany, of which the 38th Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron (Mecz), 102 Cavalry Group (The Essex Troop)* was assigned to defend. The defensive line extended from just south of the town, northwest, then north along the Mutzenich Ridge to the train station on the north side of the village of Konzen. It was a very large sector, giving the squadron commander, LTC Robert O'Brien, no choice but to employ the entire strength of the squadron in the line, leaving no reserve. It was here that I commanded the 3rd Platoon of Troop B, now numbering about 30 men, occupying a front about 1,300 yards in front of Konzen.

Through the months of November and December, the sector was relatively quiet except for ceaseless and aggressive dismounted patrols, which gave us patrol dominance. The usual clashes with enemy patrols were frequent and deadly. I had found a hunting lodge at the edge of the woods, and there established my command post from which to base our patrols. The short spurts of battle continued through the first weeks of December, as further advancements were slowed by the gasoline shortage the entire Army was experiencing. Sometimes, at night, a few of us would slip into Konzen and leave copies of The Stars and Stripes just to let the Jerries know we were there. I must have been an absolute fool! But, when you are young, you do things that you look back on and wonder how you survived them. At the time, it was just something to do to pass the time and mess with the enemy's head.

On the night of 15 December 1944, we heard a huge number of airplanes flying overhead. Running outside to see what was happening, I saw loads of people dropping. The Jerries had dropped a bunch of paratroopers. Standing outside the hunting lodge that was now my command post, I grabbed an M-1 rifle and started shooting at them. At the same time, our .50 calibers mounted on armored cars opened up, spraying the sky with fire.

Receiving an order from command to take out this battalion of paratroopers, my driver and I headed out into the woods to see what we could find. We picked up a couple of them, each of whom was carrying a bottle of rum. After hearing this, I had difficulty keeping my lads in. Now they all wanted to go out and capture paratroopers!

The next morning, 16 December at 0530 hours, which is an un-godly hour to start anything, much less a war, the Germans opened up with an intense barrage of artillery, mortar, and rocket fire. We holed up in our defenses, hoping not to suffer a direct hit. Communications had been nearly severed, and there was a confusion as to what exactly was happening. In that, I was lucky in a sense. From what I understand, at headquarters, they had become rather distressed as to what was going on. They were actually worried. But we young lieutenants didn't know any better. To us, it was just another fight. It was not until later in life when I started reading the history of this thing that I got frightened about what went on.

A few hours later, enemy paratroopers became active behind our lines. A large-scale assault was developing on the B Troop front, with a platoon of Jerries attacking our rear. I was forced to draw on my already lightly held main line and send a combat patrol to ward off the German attack. Entering the forest, my men flanked the Germans and drove them south, killing several and taking two as prisoners. Still, the enemy refused to relent, and escalated its attacks against our thinly defended position.

The attacks continued for the next few days, and though a number of observation posts were overrun, we had held out. At one point, one of my lads came running in and said, "Lieutenant, I don't know what's going on behind us, but boy, there is something out there!" At that, I went out, and sure enough, heard a lot of noise coming from the woods. Crouching behind a tree, I hollered, "Who's there?" A voice came back, "Well, who the hell are you?" So I replied, "Well, who the hell are you?" We finally made a deal. We would each get an officer and meet him in an open space. It turns out it was the 49th Infantry, which had sent two companies from about twenty miles up the road. They had been told that we were wiped out. At that, they moved in and relieved the 30 men I had, assuring that the Germans would never gain control of Monschau. For its defense of Monschau, the 38th Cavalry Squadron received the Presidential Unit Citation.



Three German assault guns and a Volkswagon, knocked out on a road near St. Vith/ US Army

MY ARMY CAREER

by Gerald J. Bregman, 7th Armored Division

My army career started when I was drafted into the army on 6/14/1943. I was sent to Camp Shanks in New York State. From there we were put on a coal burning train to Georgia. When we arrived we were all covered with black soot. We were taken to Camp Stewart in 85° heat. When we arrived in the camp a lieutenant got up to make a speech about our training but it was so hot that some of the men started to pass out. They then allowed us to drink some water and go to our barracks. We were then trained to be anti-aircraft gunners. The food they served us was terrible since I had come from a Jewish kosher home so I mostly ate cookies and candy at the PX or bread and potatoes in the mess hall.

When we went out on field maneuvers and dug a hole at night to sleep in it was always full of water due to the land we were in which was swamps. They then decided they didn't need any more anti-aircraft personnel so we were then sent to Camp Pickett in Virginia and trained to be infantry men. We were then taken to NYC and put on a troop ship which took us to northern Scotland. From there we were taken by train to a port in England and put on a troop ship to cross the channel to Normandy. Most of the troops on the ship got sick from the food and the rough seas. We landed at Normandy and I was assigned to the 7 Armored Division. At Metz with General Scott Paxton. From there my company was sent to Holland with the British troops, but the fighting was all done at that time in Holland.

The Battle of the Bulge broke out and we were sent to Belgium where I became a POW on 12/22/1944. We were marched back into Germany with American and Allied Bombers dropping bombs on us at different times during the march. We were then put in box cars and taken on a trip for 5 days without water

and food except for some snow we got thru the windows and taken to Stalag 2A. When I was taken to be interrogated I threw my dog tags away because I was Jewish and afraid because of what might happen to me. They then transported myself and 24 other POWs to a rock quarry where we were forced to break rocks from early morning to till dark in very cold weather. I fortunately had very warm clothes on but I still had frostbitten toes. They fed us very little food. One of the POWs had to have some toes amputated so he could work at the quarry, but stayed at the barracks and cleaned the guards' quarters and stole potatoes from them which he traded me for some German cigarettes since I didn't smoke. I put some of the potatoes under my mattress which my fellow POWs stole from me at times.

After 5 months of working at the rock quarry we were moved to a rest camp across the road from an airport. This camp was located between the American lines and the Russian lines, but the British Air Corps were strafing and bombing the airport and our camp and I was almost killed twice. The guards took off and left us free. We then walked back to the American lines at the Elbe River and flown back to France and put on a troop ship which had 500 too many troops so we took turns sleeping on the deck outdoors. I was returned to the USA on 6/12/1945 and went home on leave since my family didn't know what happened to me. While in France when I first landed my brother was killed in an air raid in London. When I asked the Red Cross to send me home for his funeral and to see my family they refused my request. I have never made a contribution to the American Red Cross since that time. I then was sent to Fort Devens, MA and was discharged on 12/3/1945.

I received a disability payment of 30% from my frozen toes. After 50 years or so I now receive 100% disability for other problems. I recently received my medals from the war, including a bronze star and the French Legion of Honor Medal.

LOOKING FOR INFORMATION

My name is Gerard Roggen and I am Belgian and a historian of the Battle of the Bulge.

I am looking for information about Willie L. Elam, serial number 38043752, who was killed in action near Amonines, Belgium on December 28, 1944. He served in the 3rd Armored Division, 36th Armored Infantry Regiment with his best friend Elmer C. Sherrer who serial number is 3800851.

Both of these men were killed in their jeep at the same place and were buried in a temporary American Cemetery at Fosses-la-Ville near Namur from 1944 to 1947. They now rest in peace in the American Cemetery of honor at a Chapelle. Since 2002 I have been in contact with the Sherrer's family. If you knew Willie L. Elam, who was from Mesquite Dallas Texas please contact me.

Gerard Roggen
#66 Rue Haut-Vent
5070 Fosses La Ville, Belgium



"Why th' hell couldn't you have been born a beautiful woman?"

187TH ARTILLERY BATTALION

by John Sudyk, 187th FABn

Our unit the 187th Field Artillery Battalion ..A 155 nun Howitzer unit. We are what is called a Bastard unit, because we are not in a Division but are considered Corp Artillery. When a Division needs support on an Attack or to stop one we are thrown in to help. We have supported some 18 Divisions during the War in Europe. Supporting the 29th Infantry at Omaha Beach, we fought all the way to Czechoslovakia. 1150 miles Five Battle Stars and the Arrowhead. Our memories of the Battle of the Bulge were, being in the Hurtgen Forest area and then to the Bulge area.

On the morning of Dec. 16 strong German attacks on Kostomich were fired on and no ground was lost. Our Battalion continued to fire in support of the 78th Infantry Division defense of the area during the 17 18 and 19 of Dec. and in spite of heavy German attacks there were no substantial changes in the line. On Dec. 20 we used the T 76 Posit Fuse for the first time. This fuse on our shells allowed the shell to burst in the air above the enemy troops .similar to time fire. This without any settings to be made on the fuse.

On Dec. 21 after a night of usual missions our Battalion started a Displacement at 0930 moving about 50 miles to Basse Bedeux, Belgium. We were then supporting the 505th Air Borne Infantry Division ,who were holding the river crossing at Trois Ponts. I cant forget as we were advancing forward to new firing positions when we came to positions held by the our 82nd Airborne Troops. They were holding a defense position along a road lined on both sides with large Pine Trees. They were placing charges on the trees to detonate them if the Germans overran their position. As we approached their eyes lit up and large smiles on their faces, they looked as if we saved the day for them. They had a 37 mm gun pointed down the road, which could not stop a horse coming at them or a German Tank.

We yelled at them to not blow the charges on the trees if we had to retreat back to other positions. We advanced a few miles to a small Belgium town and started to put our guns in firing position and got our foxholes dug, During the night the German Artillery had our position spotted and hit our battery with 50 rounds of shell fire. Thank God we had our fox holes dug, no deaths, only equipment damage.

In the morning we had a surprise visitor, General Gavin, the commander of the 82nd Airborne Division came to see our guns in action. What a surprise-He saw the shell holes on the night before shelling and he immediately ordered us to pull back a few hundred yards to new positions. Since The Germans had us pinpointed we may get another barrage from them.

During the period Dec.21 to 25 we had many support and observed missions that were fired. The enemy made many attempts to cross the river as many as four in a day and these were fired on and successfully repulsed.

The 82nd Airborne troops said that they were more successful in the Bulge than the 101st Airborne because they never let the Germans surround them.

THE BULGE BUGLE

THE MARE WITH A PURPLE HEART

submitted by Elliot Herman, Pres Chapter 59

The horse was a Marine Corps pack horse during the Korean war, and she carried recoilless rifles, ammunition and supplies to Marines. Nothing too unusual about that, lots of animals got pressed into doing pack chores in many wars.

But this horse did something more ... during the battle for a location called Outpost Vegas, this mare made 51 trips up and down me hill, on the way up she carried ammunition, and on the way down she carried wounded soldiers.

What was so amazing? Well she made every one of those trips without anyone leading her!

You can imagine a horse carrying a wounded soldier, being smacked on the rump at the top of the hill, and heading back to the "safety" of the rear. But to imagine the same horse, loaded with ammunition, and trudging back to the battle where artillery is going off, without anyone leading her, is unbelievable. To know that she would make 50 of those trips is unheard of. Hell, how many horses would even make it back to the barn once, let alone return to you in the field one single time?

She was retired at the Marine Corps Base in Camp Pendleton where a General issued the following order: She was never to cany any weight on her back other than her own blankets. She died in 1968 at the age of 20. If she had been a two-legged Marine she would have earned a Navy Cross!

P.S. How bad was the battle for Outpost Vegas? Artillery rounds fell at the rate of 500 per hour, and only two men made it out alive without wounds. Just two. And a horse, and she was wounded twice.

So here is a clip of her story - if you want to see photos to prove where she was and what she did, go on line to <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YIo3ZfA9daO>



Major E. L. Booch, provost marshal of the 11th Armd Div, Third Army, talks to two Nazi boy soldiers, captured near Kulmbach, Germany, 15 April 1945.

REFLECTIONS DECEMBER 1944

By Jacob G. Zimmerer, 26th ID, 39th Signal Co

Lunch time December 18th, 1944 was the first sign that something big was brewing for the 26th Infantry Division. We'd been in Metz for rest and rehabilitation after the campaign in Northern France. The Division wasn't expected back on the line of fire until after the New Years' holiday. I was one of six truck drivers of wire laying teams of the Divisions' signal company. Communications are very demanding and mile-reels of wire a top priority. We motored, led by our Colonel, to the local airport for all the wire we could carry. Something was up 7. We drivers spent the afternoon huddled off the runway waiting in vain for the Colonel and non-existent wire.

At five o'clock, back at the barracks, an officer from headquarters filled in the blanks at a company formation. Those nasty Germans had broken into Belgium and Luxembourg on a sixty mile front and for three full days had their way into our broken lines. The division was expected to roll out of Metz the next morning at 6:30am toward the beleaguered city of Bastogne being threatened by Van Mantueffel's panzers. We six truck drivers were called aside by the company signal officer to get in the front of the chow line, report to the motor pool and be ready to drive to some quarter master depot for one hundred miles for wire. Ifs no fun to drive black out for twenty five miles without knowing the itinerary. By 9:30pm we located the depot and each truck received sixteen miles of the desired commodity. We drove the twenty five black out miles returning to our company about 1am, December 20th.

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

Over a period of months G2 had given every indication that the Germans were planning an attack through the Ardennes. These warnings were totally ignored by the power in command since they considered the Germans to be beaten after the loss of France and nearly one million men. The sleeping giant had awakened from its' stupor of December 16,17 and 18.

Our part in preparing for this massive counter attack was just a small item when you consider the decisions being made at every echelon of the 12th Corps, 3rd Army and the allied command. Seven hundred thousand men were being moved into position for defense and the counter offensive.

By the outskirts of Arlon, Belgium, the white flakes descended from the heavens along with the early darkness of a winter evening. We drove above Arlon and dropped our'gear off in a bowling alley. The GIs in the line companies were bivouacking off the roads in the thick woodlands and chow kitchens were being set up. We signal men went out and laid wire in order for headquarters to communicate with the numerous companies of the division. About 10pm I laid my bedroll down on one of those polished bowling lanes and slept like a missed ten pin.

December 21st was a work day laying and policing wire off the roads leading to the town of Grosbus. By evening the 26th Infantry was poised to attack on December 22nd as promised by General Patton at the staff meeting in Verdun on December 19th. On the morning of December 22nd the 26th ran into German General Bradenberger's Seventh Army on the outskirts of Grosbus.

On December 24th the heavens cleared away the fog, mist and stagnant air currents depressing the area since December 16th. This unleashed thirty five hundred aircraft for the assault on the German battlefield positions and the staging areas across the Rhine river. On Christmas day, part of the 4th Armored reached Bastogne. On Christmas evening General Von Mantueffel informed Model of the German high command that the Bulge was doomed to failure.

It seems the United States has to be intimidated by ifs own levity. It seems that little has been learned since the blunders of Peart Harbor, the failures of our warnings before the Bulge, when we again blindly fell victims of a fairy tale ruse like 9/11

But once aroused - and aware of the existing dangers -
WATCH OUT I

St Patrick's Day Parade Sun, 11 March 2012, 11:30 AM

Our National organization and all Chapters have been invited once again to march in our Nation's 41st St. Patrick's Parade, down Constitution Avenue from 7th to 17th Streets NW. VBOBers can march or ride in our Nation's Parade as you feel up to it. Vehicles will be available for the walking wounded, furnished by the Military Vehicle Collectors Society, however as many of you as can march are asked to show the younger generations how it is done!

So get your marching shoes shined! We will gather outside the old Smithsonian Castle, on the Mall side, Jefferson Drive. Look for the VBOB Flag and WWII Uniforms & the WWII vehicles.

Please wear an overseas cap and your medals or ribbons. The march is about one mile.

Those who would like to car pool and need a Parking Pass can park on Jefferson Drive inside the mall entering from 14th Street but you would need to get there by 11:00 AM or earlier to park. You will need to contact John D. Bowen, our Secretary, a week ahead to obtain the Parking Permit allowing time for the mail to get it to you.

Mark your calendars for the 11th of March. See you there! Call John Bowen, 301-384-6533, or johndbowen@earthlink.net for further information and to let him know that you are coming.

Best Metro stop is Constitution on the Mall and just walk towards the Capitol and the Smithsonian Castle will be on your right on Jefferson Drive. See you there!

BONDING

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

Bonding is an emotion that is unique and hard to explain. We all have witnessed the elation and camaraderie between veterans when they attend a reunion. One can feel the emotional yearning in ex-soldiers when they're around those comrades who had shared dangerous experiences. It seems they possess a unique friendship fostered by mutual memories in times of great stress and under adverse conditions. This "Banding of Brothers" named by the historian, Stephen Ambrose, follows them through their lives. Upon seeing one another after many years it renders a very personal gratification.

It is this bonding which has existed for thousands of years, producing a cohesion for dedication above and beyond duty. Through the centuries, almost every generation went through wars that produced this same dedication that we veterans of WWII experienced.

It is this bonding, that in the course of battle, ignites a desire in the individual to extend one's self beyond his own capabilities. It is this bonding that produces heroes and heroic acts during periods of danger and emotional upheaval. An individual never knows or can foresee how he will react on any particular occasion until those circumstances are present which call for action. At that moment, the training, camaraderie and bonding to his fellow soldiers, kicks in and heroes are made - not born. It can happen to anyone and did happen to many of you.

It is the number one purpose of military training that all services must instill in every serviceman from induction until discharge. Men from every economic, religious and ethnic background are welded together over a period of training into one force with the aim of instilling selflessness and well-being toward his fellow soldiers. The chatter in the mess hall, the latrine rumors, training classes, K.P. and the marching on the parade grounds, all add up and lead to the cohesion of all for one and one for all. Success on the battlefield depends on this camaraderie for producing morale, from the squad and company to the highest echelon. Morale reinforces patriotism and vis-a-versa.

The thoroughness of the German military carried this bonding one step further. Boys from school days and the same neighborhood were attached to the same squads and assigned similar tasks. This bonding became as close as family ties and marriage, and in many cases, closer.

In America, this bonding carried over into our daily lives and conditioned one's individual character in order to cope with the many nasty little happenings we dealt with from day to day. Our lives have been made so much richer by our service and by the well-being shown toward our fellow comrades. It helped us in so many ways which led to our productive lives and the ingenuity and drive of our generation.

During WWII eleven million of us served in the armed forces. Wonder if without our service experience, we'd be known as "The Greatest Generation"?

MY TANK WAS HIT

by Oda C. "Chuck" Miller, 3rd AD, 32nd AR

I was a Corporal Tank Gunner on an M-4 Sherman tank in "E" Company, 32nd Armored Regiment of the 3rd Armored Division during WW-II. My tank Commander was Sgt. Bill Hey, Driver Roy Fahrni, Assistant Driver PFC Peter White and Loader Pvt Homer Gordon.

Our Unit was located in the small town of Bushbach, Germany, a suburb of Stolburg preparing for future action in the Roer valley when the German army started its counter attack in the Ardennes Forest better known as the Battle of the Bulge in Belgium. Units of the 3rd AD were pulled back into Belgium to help counter the German offense. One morning in early January 1945 we were in a small town named Sart, Belgium. We moved out in line formation over an open field toward the town of Grand Sart. Our first bad experience was when we ran over a land mine. The explosion really rocked the tank and filled it with black smoke. We were lucky however and the only damage was a couple of flattened bogie wheels and the rubber tread blown off of a few track blocks. We continued on and I was firing the 75mm gun at a tank next to a barn. I had fired one round of Armor Piercing when all of a sudden we received a direct hit to the turret. The shell hit the cupola ring and a flash of fire hit in my periscope. The shell blew the Tank Commanders hatch open, took part of his head off and then proceeded to blow off the anti-aircraft mount and gun. Bill Hey was killed instantly and he fell down on my back covering me with blood. By the time I could get Bill off of my back the assistant driver had bailed out and the loader had crawled through the turret and out the assistant drivers hatch. All I could think about was getting out of the tank, since when they hit you once they generally keep hitting you till the tank catches fire, instead of checking to see where the gun tube was located.

When I finally got Bill off of my back and crawled out of the turret I rolled over the duffel bag rack expecting to land on the back of the tank but ended up falling all the way to the ground, (the deep snow cushioned my fall). I had mistakenly left the gun slightly to the left over the drivers hatch. When I hit the ground I crawled to the back of the tank since we were receiving machine gun fire. When I got to the back of the tank the driver started backing the tank since he could not get his hatch open because of the gun tube. I had left the controls in power traverse and as the tank backed up the gun traversed to the left and he was able to open the hatch and get out. We made our way to a small creek bed and made our way back to the town of Sart. Everyone thought I had been hit since I was covered with my tank commanders blood. The next day the Graves Registration people removed Bill Hey's body and we took the tank back to Battalion Maintenance for repairs. We then had to remove the good shells and clean the inside of the turret. Bill's brains were in my seat and blood covered everything including the radio. It was a very gruesome job. I never talked about the experience for years after the war. At the conclusion of the Battle of the bulge I transferred to another tank with a new crew. I had another bad experience near Blatzheim, Germany, but that is another story.

THE 10 IN 1

Duncan T. Trueman Chapter 59

Our December meeting as always, commemorates that December in 1944, which I am sure we all remember so fondly. Please, keeping that in mind, try to remember where and what you were doing on 15Dec44, and again on the 25th. It would be nice if we could pass those memories around among us at the meeting.

The conversation around the table at the November meeting turned to those delicious meals we were served on Thanksgiving day in '45, and so I include here a brief listing of what the Army supposedly fed us. According to the Stars and Stripes, every man, woman, and even that Sergeant they had to keep muzzled and on a leash, was fed a full Thanksgiving dinner, complete with turkey and all the fixings. It was supposed to be true, but I've run into a couple of guys who said that was just some Rear Echelon Commando's pipe dream! I know that I had mine with everything piled up together on a steel tray, which I ate standing at a mess table welded to the deck on the USS Monicello, a Navy transport, on my way to England.

When it could, the Army really did try to do well by us, an effort which unfortunately some Mess Sergeants and Army cooks managed to mess up. First was the "A" ration, which included all fresh food. Then came the "B" ration, which included canned or otherwise preserved food items. No need to describe the C-Ration - Dog food in two small cans! The D-Ration was that high energy bar of chocolate and cereal, which could be melted to produce a pretty good beverage if your canteen cup could stand the heat from the wood fire, or that little stove-in-a-can (if you were lucky enough to have one) or cooked up with those crackers to make something resembling chocolate pudding. The K-ration was more dog food, in a GI Cracker Jack box. Finally there was what I personally consider the best of the field rations offered to us in combat, the 10-in-1 Small Detachment Ration, commonly referred to as the 10-in-1.



The 10-in-1 Small Detachment Ration consisted of one 5-in-1A and one 5-in-1B unit, and was composed of 5 menus, varying between 8500 and 4050 calories and supplying between 91 and 121 grams of protein. The vitamin and mineral content was slightly below requirements, and the ration weighed 5 more pounds than specifications called for.

The full day's rations were divided into two sets of two cartons, each set with food for five men so it could feed ten men for a day or five men for two days (or even one man for

ten days). The four cartons were placed into a larger packing carton. Each separate carton contained one of five different menus containing a wide variety of canned food and accessory items such as cigarettes, matches, P38 can openers, toilet tissue, soap, and paper towels.

A typical menu follows:

Breakfast: Cereal, Sliced Pineapple, Pork Sausage, Crackers with Jam, Coffee, Milk, and Sugar.

Dinner: Luncheon Meat (AKA Spam), Cheese, Crackers, Fig Pudding or Fruit Cake, Cocoa, Chocolate Bar (ID Ration).

Supper: Spaghetti and Meat Balls, Peas, Crackers with Army Spread (Canned Butter), Coffee, Milk and Sugar, Caramel Nougat Bar, Peanuts.

Water purification tablets were included to purify drinking water.

SON NOW AN ASSOCIATE MEMBER

I recently started receiving your newsletter and when I saw the merchandise you had for sale, I knew I had to get some as Christmas gifts for my Dad. My 88 year old father, Sergeant John J. Emerick of the 166th Engineer Combat Battalion – 3rd Army, served at the Battle of the Bulge and was so thrilled to receive these presents, that he brought out his military flag and we posed in our matching new VBOP caps!



I hope you enjoy the attached photo and please feel free to use it on your magazine – I know as a faithful subscriber, he would get a kick out of it! Thanks again!

Mark Emerick

P.S. My father signed me up for the magazine in December and I plan to become a lifetime member!

IMPORTANT PUBLICATION NOTICE: We will be happy to run an announcement of your reunion. It is important that you get it in as early as possible. We normally mail our publication in early February, May, August, and November. Therefore, it is necessary to receive your announcement notice no later than the first week of January, April, July, and October. Many announcements are picked up from the various publications we receive, so if complete information is not listed, please write to the contact person.

THE UNKNOWN BULGE AIR BATTLE

by Jerry Puff, Associate Member

Recently I was catching up on some back issues of the Bulge Bugle and I came upon a story entitled The Unknown Bulge Air Battle submitted by a gentleman named Anthony Strank, 981st Field Artillery Battalion, A Battery. He told of witnessing probably the largest air to air combat battles of WW II in Europe while on the ground in an area approximately 2-3 miles west of the German town of Duren on 16 or possibly 17 December 1945. Mr. Strank stated that it appeared that no one had written a word of it or makes no mention of it. In my research I did find a written account on this air battle and would like to pass it on to Mr. Strank.

Mr. Strank was correct in his analysis of what he and Battery A of the 981st Field Artillery saw in the Bulge one day but I will leave it to the reader as to the date or dates after reading the balance of this letter and the quotation of the commanding German general. The detailed account of this huge air to air combat between the Allies and the German Luftwaffe is in a book called Hell Hawks! by co-authors Robert F. Dorr and Thomas D. Jones, copyrighted and first published in 2008. It was later published in hardback in 2010. Hell Hawks! is the story of several Fighter Squadrons of P-47's from just prior to the Normandy landings 6 June 1944 to war's end in May, 1945. The squadron stories of Hell Hawks! that readily come to mind, but are not all inclusive, are the 386th, the 387th, and the 388th Fighter Squadrons. These fighter squadrons did put P-47's in the air on 16, 17, and 18 December, 1944 for bombing and strafing but they reported no air to air combat.

Quite possibly these squadrons were the only ones that flew those days in the terrible weather conditions with almost zero visibility. While researching for my own writing I came upon this account of the air combat over the Ardennes on 17 December. In fact one account of the actions of the 388th on 17 December probably identified the savior of the 112th Infantry Regiment of the 28th Infantry Division that day. The 112th reports indicate that during the fighting in their area they were holding their ground when suddenly roughly a half dozen German tanks came forward as the spearhead of the German advance. Suddenly, out of nowhere, came U.S. fighters bombing and destroying two of the tanks and driving the balance back into the woods from which they had come, thus saving the day for the 112th. The ground forces had no idea what force or destiny had brought the fighters to their defense. Reports of the 388th indicate that they spotted six to eight German tanks that day destroying two.

In Chapter 11 of Hell Hawks!, Death From Above, the authors describe German Operation *Bodenplatte* (*Baseplate*), a mission by the Luftwaffe to surprise and destroy Allied fighters on the ground early on New Year's Day. The purpose of the mission was to relieve the tremendous bombing pressure brought against German ground troops in the Bulge. As such, the Germans hoped to retain much of the ground they had captured in the previous two weeks of combat and that this would slow down or stop the counterattacking American forces.

Somehow Herman Goering managed to marshal! (gather) 875 single engine German aircraft from a very weakened Luftwaffe for the *Bodenplatte* operation. Their leader was Oberstleutenant Helmut Bennemann a German ace with 90 victories to his credit. Unfortunately for Bennemann, most of his pilots lacked his skills as many were either poorly trained or lacked sufficient hours in fighters other than to qualify to fly them.

They did catch and destroy many Allied (British and American) aircraft on the ground at their bases. However, some Allied aircraft were already in the air; example the 387th Squadron was already in the air 45 minutes when the Luftwaffe attacked the 388th Squadron attempting to take off. Both squadrons were scheduled for bombing runs that day. The inexperienced German pilots lost many planes to anti-aircraft fire from units covering the air bases because they didn't know enough to not come in on identical approaches for their bombing runs.

In fact all Allied fighters were longing for the day when they would have air to air combat instead of their everyday bombing and strafing missions. The Allies quickly recovered this New Year's day and began attacking the fleeing Germans. For their part, the German Luftwaffe quickly ran for home, many to bases in Stuttgart chased by Allied fighters. The end result was a devastating defeat for the Germans. Dorr and Jones state that *Bodenplatte* was a failure: 40 percent of the 850 German fighters involved were destroyed or damaged, 234 attacking pilots were killed, captured, or wounded. Those losses were irreplaceable. Allied fighter ground losses were very large but Allied losses could be replaced.

In the words of author's Dorr and Jones, The Allies never lost their grip on the air over the Bulge. Instead, *Bodenplatte* broke the back of the German fighter force. No less an expert than Generalleutnant Adolf Galland, Commander of the Luftwaffe's fighter arm, saw his services' epitaph written in the heavy losses suffered over the Bulge, capped by *Bodenplatte's* failure." The Luftwaffe received a death blow at the Ardennes offensive. In unfamiliar conditions and with insufficient training and combat experience, our numerical strength had no effect. It was decimated while in transfer, on the ground, in large air battles, especially during Christmas, and was finally destroyed."

So was the air battle over the Battle of the Bulge? I am submitting this in hope that Mr. Strank will read about the Unknown Bulge Air Battle.

Reprinted from Stars and Stripes, Dec. 30, 1944

A Nazi's Letter Home:

'A Grand and Beautiful Task'

WITH THE AMERICAN FORCES IN BELGIUM, Dec. 29.—Just how important the Nazis believe their breakthrough attempt to be is illustrated by a letter from a German soldier to his wife, which was captured by an American armored unit. The letter reads: "Again we have a grand and beautiful task before us which, with God's help, will decide the war in our favor. If you are following the official communiques, you will see that something is going on in the west. It will be a decision. I am proud to be allowed to be present at such an historic moment. If everything goes well I will soon be with you again." The Americans found the letter on the German's dead body.

2011

A YEAR IN REVIEW

New membership during 2011

Members: **89**

Associates: **351**

Current membership: 4,344

Members: **3,318**

Associates: **1,026**

Donations: \$8,048 from 269 people

Web site content

524 veteran photos

75 stories & news items

35 books listed

All Bulge Bugles

Chapters

Current: **53**

Disbanded: **3**

Governmental activities

- IRS 990 form filed
- VA annual corporation continuation report filed

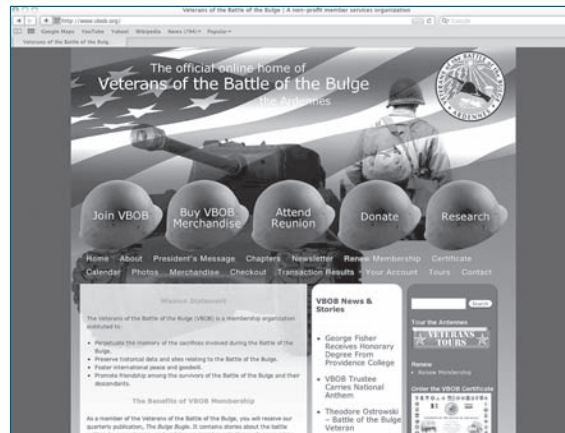
Congratulations

to our veterans who were awarded the French Legion of Honor.



Thanks to all who submitted photos, stories, donations, chapter activities, and especially, new members.

We couldn't do it without your contributions!



Special thanks to George Chekan, who has served as Publisher/Editor of *The Bulge Bugle* since 1990 — 88 issues

May our deceased rest in eternal peace!

Here's wishing you a happy, healthy and prosperous 2012.

—Submitted by Ralph Bozorth, Associate

A BRIEF HISTORY OF RED CROSS CLUBMOBILES IN WWII

by Elma Ernst Fay U.S.R.C. (ret.)

The American Red Cross Clubmobile was conceived by Harvey D. Gibson, Red Cross Commissioner to Great Britain, who wanted to create a mobile service club. Early Clubmobiles were remodeled London Green Line buses driven by an English driver and operated by three American women. Each Clubmobile contained a kitchen with a built-in doughnut machine and a primus stove for heating water for coffee. The rear of the Clubmobile contained a lounge with built-in benches that could be converted into bunks. Each Clubmobile carried a Victrola with loud speakers, current phonograph albums, paperback books, cigarettes, candy, and gum. These Clubmobiles were stationed in a town near American Army installations and followed a routine of going to different bases each day where the Clubmobilers would talk to servicemen while they served coffee and doughnuts and played music.

In 1944, in preparation for the invasion of Normandy, two-and-a-half-ton GMC trucks were converted into Clubmobiles containing kitchens with doughnut machines and coffee urns. Like the larger Clubmobiles, the GMC trucks contained Victrolas and a supply of albums, cigarettes, books, candy,

and gum. These Clubmobiles were staffed by three American women, one of whom would drive the truck in addition to serving soldiers. They traveled with the rear echelon of the Army Corps and received their orders from the Army.

The Red Cross required Clubmobilers to be between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five, to have at least some college education, and some work experience. In addition, they had to be healthy, "physically hardy," sociable, and attractive. Clubmobiles were arranged into ten groups identified by a letter of the alphabet and were managed by the group leader who was responsible for personnel issues, supplies, and housing for Clubmobilers in her group. Each group was comprised of several clubmobiles, which were staffed by three women, one of whom was the crew captain and was responsible for reports, personnel issues, and coordination with the group captain and Army concerning assignments. Clubmobiles were given names of states and cities in the United States, although many clubmobiles were unofficially renamed by their crews. They served troops in England, France, Italy, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany, until May 7, 1945. A limited number of Clubmobiles continued service in Great Britain and Germany through 1946.

Source: <http://www.clubmobile.org/history.html>

ODDS, ENDS & EXPERIENCES

by Frank Vetere, 554th Heavy Pontoon Bridge Battalion, Combat Engineers

On the way to war, my last leave to Detroit, Michigan, my home from camp swift, Texas, near Austin, was a memorable one, family, friends, dinners. One of the fun things was dancing in Windsor, Ontario, Canada just across the Detroit River via the Detroit Windsor Tunnel. Had a friend Rita Parent whose brother Roger was in the Canadian army, in administration, stationed in London, England. I said to Rita, jokingly, "let me have a note from you and perhaps if I get over there I will look him up and hand deliver it." What are the odds? After my return to Texas our battalion received orders for overseas deployment. Left the United States from Boston in a huge crowded troop ship. Space was limited. The room I was assigned held 40 men. Four floor to ceiling posts held 4 bunk beds. I drew top bunk with a large wire caged light just above my stomach. Every other day while underway there were inoculations, kind of a speedy process for so many men. Injection needle broke off in my arm.

Waited a long time for someone capable of surgically removing it. What are the odds!. Fresh water was for drinking only. Cold salt water showers with usable salt water soap left body greasy. "Oh well". The food was tolerable under those conditions. The troop ship zig-zaged across the Atlantic Ocean, in convoy, to Greenock, Scotland up the Firth of Clyde, north of Glasgow. Trained down to England. Long trip. All the road sides on the bottom quarter of England were laid with military supplies, getting ready for the big one. About 5 miles from London, on the Thames river is where we practiced water maneuvers with our storm boats. Still had time for weekend leaves.

I wanted to go to London's Picadilly Circus because that's what my dad did during his service time in world war I. My

THE BULGE BUGLE

first visit to London's Picadilly Circus area, crowded with G.I's and M.P's, was spent with two buddies. Had a meal and too much to drink. That was a nice day. My second visit to London was a lark to say the least. It was to find and hand deliver the note given to me by Rita Parent to her brother Roger. The street signs and buildings and subways are different from what I was used to back home. It was almost dusk when I reached the address given to me. The woman who answered said, "he's not home now, but I have an extra bed in his room if you would like to stay." "Sure" I said. The next morning I'm peering at the bed on the other side of the room from my bed blanket, and the person on the other side doing the same. I said "are you Roger Parent." He said "yes." I said "I have a note from your sister, Rita. "Great" he said, and at that precise moment the pulsating engine of a German V-I flying rocket bomb stopped overhead, dove down blowing up in the intersection just doors from where I was staying. The tooled plaster ceiling came down on us. The day was spent dumping plaster rubble outside and saw many citizens and machines clearing the area. Went back to my billet dazed and a bit dismayed over the days event. Was'nt long after that our battalion received the next assignment—combat. France, Belgium, Holland, Luxemburg, Germany.

All that before I was twenty two years of age. With all the odds came the end. War declared over. What an experience!

Each man must himself alone decide what is right and what is wrong, which course is patriotic and which isn't. You cannot shirk this and be man. To decide against your conviction is to be an unqualified and inexcusable traitor, both to yourself and to your country, let men label you as they may.

MARK TWAIN

A GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL

The 2011 December Commemoration of the Battle of the Bulge, was held at the DoubleTree Hilton Crystal City, in Arlington VA from 14 – 17 Dec 2011. The weather was delightful for the four days and great time was had by all.

Some people arrived for a couple of days ahead of the rest to enjoy Washington. After registering with Mary Ann Bowen and Candie Shimming, people headed for the Hospitality Room hosted by Marty & Phyllis Feldman, to renew acquaintances and meet new friends. The Hospitality Room as always was well stocked with snacks and refreshments by Marty and Phyllis. The Room was decorated for the Holidays with an ample supply of books and memorabilia about the Bulge spread out on tables lining the walls of the room.

At 4:00 PM, Associate Trustee, Bob Rhodes hosted the decorating of our Christmas tree with the photos of Bulge Vets who had provided them this year or in past years as well as the insignias of the various units that served in the Bulge. For Veterans who had attended previously but were not here this time, an Associate member volunteered to place the photo on the tree. In short order what was essentially a bare tree, soon began to sparkle as the Vet photos were added as well as the unit insignias. The Tree Decorating has now become a tradition on opening day to honor all of our Bulge Veterans.

After time for a bite to eat, where some took advantage of the revolving restaurant, with the spectacular views of Washington, Arlington Cemetery and the Pentagon, many boarded the bus for a tour of “Washington under the lights.” Peggy Powell, a professional step-on-guide, entertained us with her knowledge of Washington and pointed out the beautiful buildings and monuments downtown, under the lights. We made stops at the Capitol Christmas Tree and those who wished were able to take pictures of both the beautiful tree and the west side of the Capitol. Our next stop was to visit the National Christmas Tree and Menorah on the Ellipse on the south side of the White House. The White House was especially radiant with clear air this evening. The World War II Memorial gave all time to walk around the Memorial in the evening. We then visited the Korean War Memorial, which at night makes the Patrol surreal with the low lighting and the larger than life soldiers. The beautiful Lincoln Memorial, blazing in its white marble splendor, beckoned to the hearty souls that climbed the stairs for an up close view of President Lincoln. On to the Iwo Jima Memorial, a drive by the Pentagon and the Air Force Memorial Spires. In two hours we returned after a lovely tour.

The next morning, on our way to Fort Meade, we first stopped for a guided tour of the NSA Cryptological Museum. This is a fascinating museum and breathes new light into cryptology, intelligence gathering and the history of ciphering. They explained the German Enigma which had particular meaning to the Bulge Vets. The Allies had broken the enigma code and had been reading the German’s messages for a long while. As a result when Hitler was amassing his Armies for the Bulge, there was no indication of it in the German messages that we were reading. Thus when our front line troops were sending back indicators of German movement, tank noise and vehicle movement, those in our higher intelligence echelons thought they were privy to everything that the Germans were doing so they dismissed these indicators being sent to them. One of the other artifacts there was the only surviving Bombe “computer” which was used to break the Enigma Codes.

After this Museum tour we proceeded to Ft Meade’s Club Meade for a buffet lunch and greeting from the heart given by the Garrison Commander Col Edward C. Rothstein. Following lunch a wreath was laid at the MD/DC Chapter VBOB Memorial next to the Ft Meade Museum. The group was divided in half so that half could visit the Battle of the Bulge Conference Room in the Meade Medal of Honor Library, while the other half toured the Ft Meade Museum. The Battle of the Bulge Conference Room includes the beautiful long overall Conference Table made

in Stavelot of the Oak from the Ardennes. Engraved along the edges of the table are small and large evergreen trees representing the 161 children and adults that were massacred in Stavelot by the Germans during the Bulge. Inlaid on the top periphery of the table are the patches of the major units (12th Army Group, Armies, Corps and Divisions) that fought in the Bulge and received the Ardennes Campaign Credit. The room also contains model displays of dioramas, tanks and vehicles of both the Allies and the Germans, accurately painted by the Washington Area Model Club. The Table also includes 20 Memorial Chairs.

That evening the attendees were invited to the Belgium Ambassador’s French Renaissance residence which was beautifully decorated for the Christmas Season. Each Veteran and his guests were greeted, with a warm welcome, by Ambassador and Mrs. Matthysen. As they entered the residence we could hear the delightful voices of the Madrigals of Walter Johnson High School of nearby Bethesda MD singing Holiday songs. An open bar and delicious finger foods were served prior to remarks expressing thanks by the Ambassador, of his country’s gratitude to our Veterans for liberating them not once but twice during World War II. “Those who fought in that long, cold, fierce battle were so involved in the daunting task of routing the enemy that they probably did not have time to consider their role as peace-makers. With hind-sight, however, we know that they did make a significant contribution to winning the war and creating lasting peace in Europe.” Belgium is forever grateful for the sacrifices of our Veterans. In that accord he then bestowed on three Bulge Veterans: Sossio E. (Pat) Capasso; Ted Hauprichts, and Harry E. McCracken, the special Belgian Award, the Fourragère 1940. These veterans were part of a unit cited twice in the Daily Orders of the Belgian Army for heroic actions during the Battle of the Bulge. Following was a sumptuous buffet of food and desserts especially prepared by the superb chefs at the Residence. The next morning everyone was up early for wreath layings at the World War II Memorial and in Arlington Cemetery. VBOB was joined at the VBOB Monument for wreath layings by Ambassador Matthysen of Belgium and Counsel Mario Weisen. Executive Director Kathryn Conlon and Arlington Cemetery Superintendent Patrick K. Hallinan were there to welcome us and greet us. We were extended every courtesy by them. Following these wreath layings we then proceeded to the Tomb of the Unknowns where Nurses 1st Lt Dorothy Barre and 1st Lt Hope Kirkendall laid the VBOB wreath in memory of all VBOB Veterans who have died. It was now time to head back to the DoubleTree Hotel for the VBOB Luncheon in Windows Over Washington with its great view of the City. The warm soup hit the spot. Following lunch and remarks by VBOB President J David Bailey he installed the elected officers for 2012.

That evening the Combative Banquet was held preceded by a reception in the Commonwealth Room. The Banquet opened to the stirring beat of the Fife and Drum as the 3rd Inf Bn Color Guard posted the Colors; the anthems of Belgium, Luxembourg and the United States were played. Greetings were brought by Brigadier General Mike Delobel, Military Attaché of Belgium representing the Ambassador of Belgium and Counsel Mario Weisen, representing the Ambassador of Luxembourg. He announced also that the Luxembourg Government would be donating a sizeable donation to the US Army Museum to recognize & honor the importance of the Battle of the Bulge. A very interesting talk was given by Brigadier General Morrill, Rtd. on the importance of maintaining the organizations and retaining the histories of our military for future generations. Following his talk, the Battle of the Bulge Person of the Year Award was announced. John E. McAuliffe of the Lamar Soutter/Central Massachusetts Chapter of VBOB was honored as the recipient for his continuous and significant contributions to maintaining the memory and history of the Battle of the Bulge. VBOB Certificates were given in appreciation and Battle of the Bulge Commemorative Plates provided by Glenn Yarborough and the Belgian/American Association were given out to all new attendees.

SCENES

FROM OUR EVENT

IN WASHINGTON DC

DECEMBER 14-16, 2011



Dinner guests of the Belgian Ambassador and wife



Dorothy Barre, 16th General Hospital & Hope Kirkendall, 16th General Hospital at banquet



VBOB Memorial in Arlington Cemetery



World War II Memorial

WE DEFENDED THE BRIDGE

by J. Bryan Sperry, 75th ID, 291st IR, 1st Bn

My unit was the first battalion of the 291 regiment of the 75th division. We finished the bulge at Malingen, Belgium, we went 200 miles south to the Colmar pocket, went back up to Holland for defensive work, and then went north to the Rhine valley near Wesel, Germany. After sitting there for several days, they gave myself and two others, orders to herd the cattle out of the valley and up to higher ground. The next morning i was on guard at two am and they opened up with artillery onto the opposite bank of the river. The ground shook and a fire storm appeared on the opposite bank of the river. This continued until daylight. At that time the planes came and dropped strings of small bombs along that bank. This continued all morning. I assume that the bridge was built during the bombardment. At least it was there and infantry units began to cross.

After we crossed my antitank platoon was assigned the job of defending the bridge. We were, in particular, supposed to watch for one man submarines. After it got dark, German planes came to try to destroy the bridge. I set up a 30 caliber machine gun that I had picked up and I picked out a spot where I thought a plane was and I began firing. I had tracer bullets so I could see where I was shooting. I recall seeing one plane to catch on fire. It continued toward the river and I put 200 bullets into it. It finally went down on the other side of the river. I think another one exploded. This was not really my job but they said to defend the bridge so I did it.

SAVE THE DATE!

SEPT 27 - OCT 1, 2012

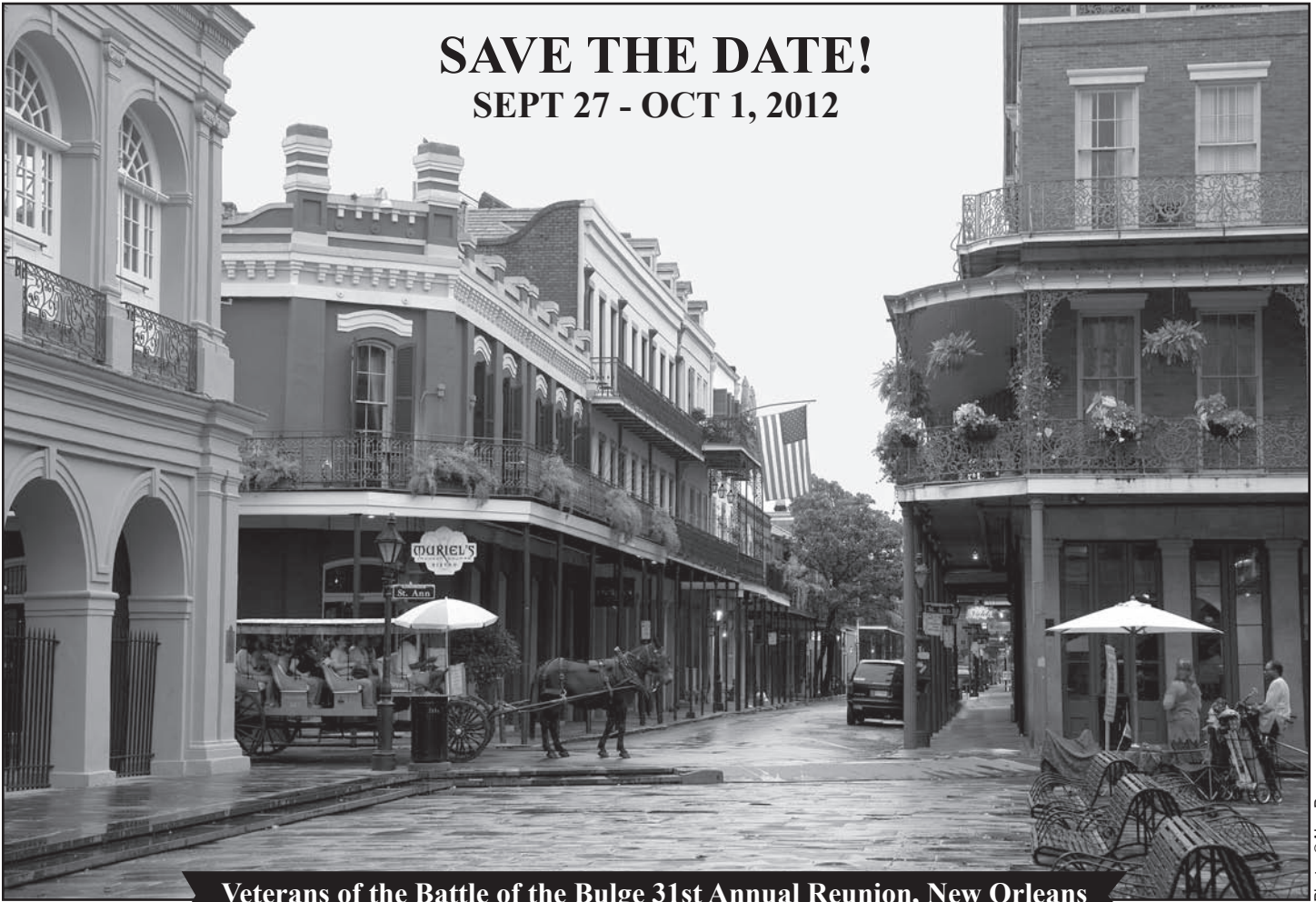
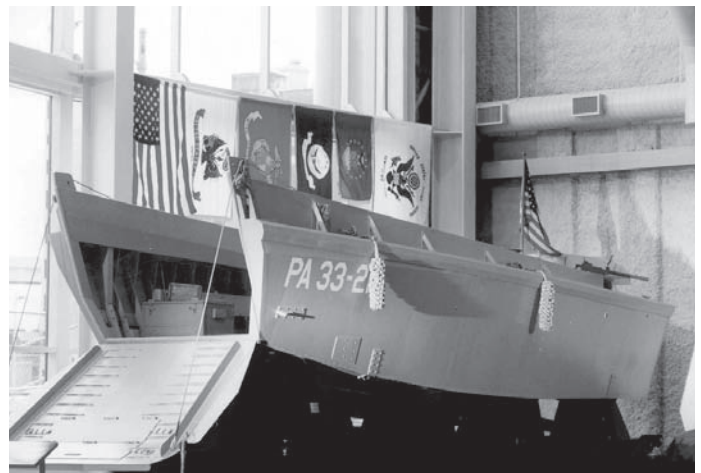


Photo: ©Alex Demyan

Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge 31st Annual Reunion, New Orleans

- Visit the **WW II Museum** and see exhibits featuring D-Day at Normandy, the Home Front and the Pacific
- See **Jackson Square** and the **St. Louis Cathedral** (attend Mass in the Cathedral)
- Attend a **USO Show** at the WW II Museum
- Enjoy **New Orleans cuisine** (including creole gumbo, crab cakes and bread pudding)
- See how the Mardi Gras Floats are made at the **Mardi Gras Museum** and have lunch in a setting that resembles the movie set of *Gone with the Wind*
- Take a cruise on the Mississippi River on the **Natchez Steamboat**
- Enjoy a beignet and a cup of chicory coffee at **Cafe Du Monde** in the French Quarter
- Take a horse and buggy ride around the **French Quarter** (or you can stroll, if you like)

Courtesy of The National World War II Museum



Watch for more details in the next issue of *The Bulge Bugle!* (May, 2012)

IN THE MEANTIME, INVITE THE FAMILY TO SHARE THIS REUNION WITH YOU.
THERE WILL BE LOTS OF FUN FOR EVERYONE!

REMEMBRANCES OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

by Robert I. Gilbert, 2nd ID, 38th IR, Hdq Co

My battalion had moved up past heartbreak crossroads (see note) in an attempt to capture the Roer Dams to prevent the Germans from blowing them and flooding the battle plain. At the end of the second day we were told to hold up for further orders. That evening at dusk we were told to leave everything and begin a leapfrog action to the rear. When we got back to the highway leading to Rockrath-Krinkelt (on the Rockrath sjde) it was already dark.

We began our movement toward the town. When we reached the crest of the hill just before Rockerath, we met all these men loading up and moving away. I thought, Oh we are going to load up and move to another area. Much to my surprise this was not so... those loading were another division leaving the area. As we topped the ridge there was a beautiful sight ..Tracer bullets flying everywhere explosions in the town and between us and the town. It did not take long to realize that these Christmas fireworks were extremely deadly. We had to fight our way into the town where some buildings were occupied by Germans and some by Americans. A firefight with tanks and TDs going on around us.. We held on to that building (not far from the church) during the night and the next morning were moved to the edge of town , back toward the ridge. Here we were gathering men from different outfits (some units had been overrun and these were men separated from their units)into the company trying to build it up into Co strength.

As we were moving into position on the edge' of town three German tanks pulled into a field about two hundred yards from a line we were try trying to establish. The German men got out of their tanks began brewing coffee and eating. This was not something we wished to attract their attention as we had no shelter or fox holes, only the screen of a few bushes, so we lay on the ground watching them, expecting every minute to be shot at.

Finally some smartass officer came along and started sniping at them. Fortunately for us they just got into the tanks a left. Why he did not simply rake the area with machine gun fire I don't know. If they had come through us they could have cut the road needed for support.

We began digging in and held the position until we were ordered to move to Elsenborn ridge. We stayed in the village for two more mghts and often could have reached out and touched a German tanks as they moved around. An illustration the the quality of the division, its organization, esprit De Corps etc.,is the fact that during this time the company CO would bring in a few men at a time, give them soup, coffee etc let them sleep for half hour and the bring in another group. The Co cp had a barn attached with lots of hay so the men could rest before going back to the line. About 5 pm on the day we moved back to Elsenborn Ridge the Bn CO sent for me, pointing to two TDs he said " Take these out beyond the crossroad so we can mine it. There are some German tanks out there and we must not let them come in behind us. So climbed up on the back of the lead TD and said "lets go." Their

response was " It's suicide out there" I said this whole thing is suicide, but get going."

Anyhow we moved out. Just beyond the crossroad the Germans began shelling us and the TD commander buttoned up leaving me hanging on the the turret. When we had gone far enough that I thought they could have mined the crossroad and the shelling was getting very personal, I jumped off and made my way back to the village. Imagine my surprise to find that everyone was gone. So there I was alone in Rockerath with no idea which direction the bn had moved. I knew they had not moved back in the direction of Heartbreak crossroad so I took another route. After about an hour of marching alone and not really sure that I was on the right road I caught up with another unit, but at least I was with American troops.

Late that night I found a unit of the 2nd 6n, climbed into a fox hole and went to sleep. The next morning, I was rudely awakened by someone shaking me and saying" What are you doing here? I'm your replacement. You are supposed to be dead."

Note : Heartbreak cross road is the name given to a major well fortified crossroad leading into the heart of 'Belgium which had cost many lives trying to take and then we had to leave it and hurry back to defend against the German assault.

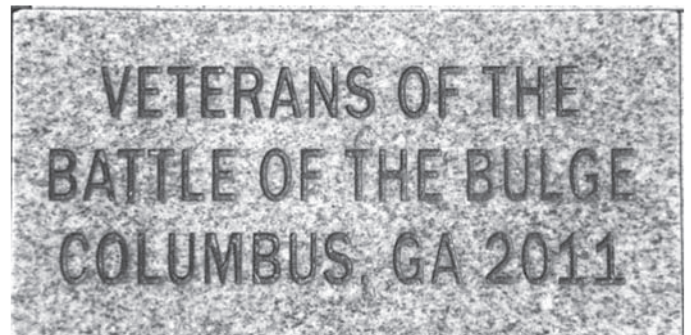
NORTHERN WISCONSIN CHAPTER TO DISBAND

The northern Wisconsin chapter of Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge -- the nation's first chapter established for veterans of the World War II battle -- held its final ceremony Friday and will disband within the next two weeks.

About 20 people attended the ceremony outside the Marathon County Courthouse to remember the start of the Battle of the Bulge on Dec. 16, 1944, which continued across the fields and forests of Germany, Belgium, France and Luxembourg until Jan. 25, 1945. The crowd also saw the last formal gathering of the northern Wisconsin chapter, which formed in 1982 with 150 members. Fewer than 10 members still are living, and "it just doesn't pay to go anymore," chapter President Clarence Marschall said Friday.

COLUMBUS, GA CVB HONORS VBOB

The Columbus, GA Visitor and Convention Bureau donated a "paver" to honor the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge who held their reunion in Columbus from September 20-25, 2011. The "paver" was dedicated at the National Infantry Museum adjacent to Fort Benning on November 11, 2011.



MA CHAPTER (22) VETERANS RECEIVE FRENCH LEGION OF HONOR

Eleven (11) Veterans of the Central Massachusetts Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, Chapter XXII received the prestigious French decoration, which is called "Chevalier de la Legion d' Honneur." on November 29, 2011. The French "Consul General de France" came from Boston, MA. to pin these medals on the chest of our Veterans; all of them fought on the French soil from Omaha Beach, Normandy or Southern France all the way to the Northeastern border of France and Germany. This very special ceremony has been organized by Dr. John E. McAuliffe, a retired Worcester dentist, who created Chapter XXII VBOB nineteen years ago and has been its President for all these years. by Christian W. de Marcken, Secretary of Chapter XXII
Photos by Robert Rhodes, Associate member



DONATIONS FROM 10/1 – 12/31/11 THANK YOU FOR YOUR GENEROSITY

ALTMAN, ASHLEY
AWALT, ARLOS
BANKE, VICTOR
BARDOLF, THOMAS
BARRE, DOROTHY
BAYRUNS, FRANK
BERARDI, ANTHONY
BERTHOLD, JOHN
BOAS, ROGER
BORA, DOUGLAS SR
BRUMFIELD, VERNON
BUSH, KENNETH
BUTZ, JAMES
CHRISTIAN, MALCOLM
CIULLO, RALPH
CLEMENTE, ROCCO
CLEMENTS, AUSBY
COSTALES, ROBERTO
CSAPO, GEZA
DEMMER, JOHN
DENIUS, FRANKLIN
DOBECK, FRANK
ELLIS, GEORGE

FAGUE, JOHN
FEBO, JOSEPH
FEIERABEND, JIM
FIRLICK, LEONARD
FRANCO, ARNOLD
GAFFEY, JOHN A.A.
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GREINETZ, HOWARD
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GROSSENBACHER, ALFRED
HALVORSEN, WILBUR
HARTFORD, WILLIAM
HOULE, WILLIAM
HUNT, JAMES
IACONE, JOSEPH
JUDGE, JOHN
KAPLAN, LOUIS
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KOSKINEN, ESKO
KREIGHBAUM, MARLIN
LABAY, JOSEPH
LOCKSHIN, JAMES

LUFBURROW, JOHN
LUFKIN, KENNETH SR.
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MCCORMICK, CLARENCE
MERRIGAN, JAMES
MINTO, JOSEPH
MISCHENKO, JOHN
MOY, BENJAMIN
MURRAY, GEORGE
MYHILL, ALFRED
NOVETTI, PALMER
OTTO, MERLE
PAGLIUCA, FRANK
PATULLO, FRANK
PETERSEN, WALTER
PRICE, WILLIAM
QUINN, JOHN P
REED, RUSSELL
RICCI, CHRISTINE
ROBERTS, JOHN D
ROSE, FRED
ROWLAND, KENNETH

SAWYER, BEVERLY
SEITZ, CLINTON
SHELTON, NANCY S
SHOCKEY, ROBERT
SHOOPS, JAMES
SMITH, ANNA
SMITH, HENRY
SPONHEIMER, ALBERT JR.
STEIN, RUSSELL
STEINBERG, FRANK
STOLMEIER, JOSEPH
SUMMEY, EDWARD
TAMMARA, RANDY
THOME, MICHAEL
VANDERPOEL, CHARLES
VENDITTI, ANNA
VEREKER, LYNN
WALDRON, EARL
WOLLET, JOSEPH
YUKNAVAGE, CHESTER

WELCOME TO VBOB

Thank you to all our members who made our associate membership drive so successful!
We'd like to welcome aboard these new members—regular and associate—who joined VBOB between October 2 and December 31, 2011:

MICHAEL E BELCHER	JONATHAN HANSON	NANCY D ALLEN	GERALD P HOFF
MICHAEL SCIARRETTA	BENJAMIN SCROGGINS	STEVE LYSSENKO	STEPHEN M HOFF
MERRITT STRUNK	ROB ANDERSON	JIM FANCHER	THOMAS J HOFF
CARIE GILEN	BEVERLY G KNAP	MARY G MACDONALD	HAROLD CRAMER
KENETH W MARION	ALAN R DYNOWSKI	ARTHUR HUBER	CHARLES T WHITE
FRANK FRIAR	ANDREW DININ	JOHN SHEHAN	CHARLES T WHITE JR
KEN TUCKER	WILLIAM D BADER	FRANK GODWIN	AUBREY BOUDREAU
MICHELE BOWDEN	NANCI TIBBETTS	ANGELA MEKER	SHARON BROWN
RONALD KENNEDY	CHARLENE HENDERSON	NICHOLAS FRITSCH	MICHAEL KOHLENBERG
RICHARD SIMCOCK	ROBERT PEISCHEL	MARY BETH TORRE	CHARLES K NORTON
GARY WOLEN	JAMES GROSS	WILIAM G BUSHMAN	JIM MALLORY
JENNIFER HURLEY	PAUL KUONEN	JAMES SATTEL	J ROGER HERSHEY
GEORGE KEAVENEY	WILIAM C FORTH	FRANK TAVELLA	DON REGIER
FRANK TEDESCO	JOHN S ARCO	GEORGE H THOMPSON III	DANIEL SAUNDERS
EDWARD L WOODSON	BETTY J GUERIN	JOHN WALTERS	RANDY TAMARA
DONALD H BROCK	RODNEY SIMMONS	STEPHEN M CLAMPETT	ELAINE FALBER
SERGE DROUHAIT	JOHN P ANGELES	SUSAN KESTER	MARK J EMERICK
DOMINIQUE POTIER	HELEN T SKRZYPCZAK	MARC S LAMB	ALEX M KANE
GERARD ROGGEN	PAM SOLHEIM	ELIZABETH CHARRON	HARRY A WATT
HAROLD FISHER	STUART BILL	PAUL PELOQUIN	ELWANDA LAWSON
JAY BECKER	CHARLES K KNISELY	NANCY MUGELBERG	ADAM VOGT
BEVERLY KING	STEVEN THOMAS	JOHN CARTER DEAN	ANNE LYNE MCDONALD
MARIA ROTHSTEIN	ROBERT F YOUNG	RICHARD A FORD	MICHAEL STATZER
TRACEY DIEHL	BEVERLY BRUMFIELD	MARY C SPARKS	IRENE GUTSHALL
ROBERT C VAN NEST IV	COLIN JEFFRIES	DAVID W WHITE	THOMAS E PRICE
JAMES H BRYANT	JUNE P SULTAN	LESLIE E LILY	FONDA RICHARDSON
EDDY WHICHARD	DIANA DUNAWAY	KAYLEEN A EVANS	PAUL FATE
SHIRDAN BARBER	DARRYL BALDWIN	CHARLES FOWLER	RICHARD COB
JAMES N SPINDLER	LINDA BALDWIN	FRED KURZ JR	MERLE E HOLSEN
BRIAN WELKE	JAMES DEGAETA	FRANKLYN E MAIZE	ANTHONY MASTROMATTO
JAMES R COOK, JR	CHARLES R POSEY II	JOHN ROBERTS	DEBRA K STARR
DAVID SEGROVES	TIMOTHY J JONES	NICHOLAS CARYER	JAMES P DEFRATES
DENISE TROUTMAN	WILLIS E SAMPLE	WILIAM B KREIGHBAUM	JOHN LAHMAN
TERRI ALLORE	REBECCA ELKINS	KATHLEEN M ROQUEMORE	CHRISTINE RICCI
SUE MEAD	SALLY WILLIAMS	JANET L VARNEY	JANE JACKSON
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MALCOLM MARSH III	JOHN R SEMES	JOSEPHINE ST GEORGE	JOHN M HOMRIGHAUSEN
CLARENCE E STEVENS JR	SUE LANDAW	JOHN E LUFBURROW JR	JOSH STAMPFER
GRACE I LUPTAK	MARC BUSHMAN	JAN SUMMRALL	DENIS SLATKAY
S MELISSA POWELL	PATRICK F LEGG	TED HEROMAN	ANDREW DEL ROSI
DAVID A KOLB	MCHAE TROXELL	JAMES SCHMIDLI	JOSEPH P. LABAY JR
JOHN E FIKE	MARQUITA J CARLETON	MARTIN SCHMIDLI	TRUDY PAYNTER
CONNIE PARKER	THOMAS NOLLETTI	DAVID L MARSTRELL	MAURICE MEANS
SANDRA EVANS	RALPH C NOLLETTI	ANNA SMITH	PHILLIP SHERMAN
MARK FOSTER	MYRNA SANDERS	N TYSON PARKER	STEVE KRETSCHMAN
LAURETTA E COYNE	MARK J CLAS	JAY MULLINS	CALVIN REAMES
MATTHEW MURPHY	JIM CONOLY	DOUGLAS J HARVEY	DAVID EMERICK
SANDRA BERINATO	ERVIN SHUDAREK	SCOTT MCKELVEY	CARIE MCDONALD
CARL L ESPY, JR	WANDA K NEWELL	CALVIN E REAMES	JOSEPH E BLES
JAMES M GREEN	DAVID GEORGE	CRAIG J WILLIAMS	DAVID B MARINUCCI
KATHLEEN S FLYNN	JOYCE GEORGE	SPIEGEL YATES	GLENN FULLER
FAHERTY FAMILY	MARK GEORGE	DAN SULTAN	JERRY ALLEN
DANIEL GILLEN	MICHAEL GEORGE	SHANA DOLAN	

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

- Talking to people about VBOB and suggesting that they also join
- Spreading the word about our website: www.battleofthebulge.org
- Sending us articles to be included in "The Bulge Bugle"
- Attending our annual reunion, October 2012 in New Orleans

COMMEMORATION OF THE 67TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE-ARLINGTON, VA DECEMBER 16, 2011

Address to the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge by Paul Goffin, former Vice President of the Belgian American Association and trustee of BOBHF

Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, families, and friends of the Veterans, I am grateful for the honor of participating in this important commemoration. It's a privilege to be with you. This week, in the Ardennes and Luxemburg, there are commemoration events celebrating the Battle of the Bulge and the liberation of both countries. These include concerts, parades and wreath laying's in the military cemeteries of Hamm, Luxemburg and Neupre and Henri-Chapelle, Belgium. Some 18,000 marble headstones stand in perfect military order, worthy of the dignity of those who rest there. Each headstone is a testament to the price paid for freedom. In September 1944 I, with my family, my neighbors, my whole village and my whole country, Belgium, were thrilled with joy and admiration for those who liberated us from the Nazi tyranny. But the joy was of short duration, three months later, in December 1944, the news spread like fire that "the Germans are coming back and shooting even civilians". It took three to four weeks before the good news reassured us that not only were the Germans contained but that they were crushed. The response brought by 45 units assembling more than 600,000 men of the United States Forces was swift and decisive and became known in history as the Battle of the Bulge.

But that victory came at a tremendous cost. About 19,000 U.S. soldiers died, and 47,000 were wounded. The British suffered 1,400 casualties with 200 killed. The Germans themselves experienced 100,000 killed, wounded or captured. To this list let's not forget the 2,500 civilian casualties of which hundreds were massacred by the German troops. So one can question was this bloodshed worthwhile? The positive answer lies in the word "liberation".

Its meaning is something very beautiful and literal. It's the triumph of freedom over tyranny. That's what it meant in 1944 and what it still means today.

The story of the Battle of the Bulge, both in combat and in decisiveness, is recounted today to our troops in Iraq and Afghanistan by our military and political leaders. They characterize it as part of a struggle that brought freedom to a huge part of Europe and helped make this country more safe and secure. The discipline, courage and motivation displayed in the Battle of the Bulge prevails today in the Armed Forces of the United States.

Sixty seven years ago you fought valiantly in the Ardennes and we were liberated. We owe you the life of freedom we know today. We are lucky to be together here this evening and thank the good Lord. We might be a bit balder and bit rounder around the waste but our feelings have not changed we have the same gratitude and affection for you as in 1944. You are the best, God bless you and God bless America.

Reprinted from Stars and Stripes,
Dec. 22,1944

GI Rejects Furlough to U.S.

WITH THE 30TH INF. DIVISION.—T/Sgt. Frederick Unger turned down a 30-day furlough in the U.S. the other day to tick with his platoon in combat on the Western Front.

Unger, who has been awarded the DSC, the Silver and Bronze Stars and the Purple Heart with Oak Leaf cluster, was the No. 1 man in his outfit when rest and recuperation furloughs to the States were handed out. In combat six months, he has fought with the 30th through Normandy all the way up to the Siegfried Line.

But when he was offered the furlough, he declined, saying: "I'm adjusted to combat now, and I don't want to have to readjust myself to it after a furlough at home. When I go home, I want to go home to stay."

Unger, a rifle platoon sergeant from Long Island, won his DSC for ordering the men of his platoon to shelter during an artillery barrage while he stayed out in the open to direct mortar fire. Stunned and shaken by a shell blast nearby, he was taken under protest to the aid station, and insisted on returning to the lines the next day.

COMBAT ENGINEERS DESERVE PRAISE

After reading the story By Carl Miller, 202nd Combat Engineers, I found in my archives a photo of the Pontoon Bridge across the Rhine River at the Wesel crossing. [I had a permit to carry a camera].



After the Bulge our Battalion was moved north to prepare for the Rhine Crossing.

My job was to organize a convoy of our 65 assorted vehicles. In the lead jeep I had a good view of the bridge. The photo [enclosed] is a good rendition of its construction. The truck on the bridge was the tail end of another convoy. We had to follow slowly at a specific distance between each vehicle. When we landed on the other side, we assembled in prep for our move forward. Hunkering down for chow, K rations, one of the GI's tuned on the platoon's radio for a broadcast from BBC. The announcer kept on praising the British paratroopers who lead the way for the crossing. At the end of the broadcast almost as a post script, he mentioned that "The American 101st Airborne" also participated.

No mention was made of the vehicles that were able to get across the Rhine on the bridge built by the American Engineers.

Carl, the 202nd Combat engineers also deserved some praise too. A great job!

Ed Hoy 573rd Signal Battalion

BATTLE OF THE BULGE

by Jack M. Reese, 75th ID, 291st IR, 2nd Bn, Co F

I was inducted at Camp Shelby, MS, after being drafted from Engineering School, had Basic Training at Keesler Air Force base in Biloxi, MS, and was sent back to engineering school at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, NY in the ASTP Program. After about six months, the ASTP program was discontinued and I was assigned to the 75th Infantry Division, sent to maneuvers at Fort Polk, LA, and from there on to Camp Breckinridge, KY for Infantry Basic. I was first made BAR man in my platoon, then I fired Expect with a rifle and every weapon they let me shoot on the range, so I traded that twenty-one pound BAR for a thirteen pound lighter 0-3 with scope and made platoon sniper.

Along with thousands of other nineteen-year olds, we were sent to Europe in September 1944 and must have been destined originally for southern climes as we were issued no cold weather gear of any kind. Then we were suddenly on our way to Belgium to stuff a hole (the bulge). Landing at LeHarve, France, we were trucked to 40 and 8 boxcars and railroaded to near Marche, Belgium, just before Christmas. We were told to dig in—the Germans were coming. It was so bitterly cold. We, southern boys, had never experienced anything like this weather, plus having no gloves and no way to keep our wet feet from freezing. I, somehow, kept my feet from freezing by wearing two pairs of socks. I put on one pair, wrapped my feet in toilet paper and then put on the other pair. This only worked if you were not marching, for then it would just chew up to a wad in your socks.

That first day were just half-heartedly digging a fox hole until a mortar round landed nearby and inspired deeper digging incentive. Over the years, I have described that first foxhole as so deep that one shovel full more and I could have been tried for desertion. Christmas Day was the first clear day allowing air support. From before dawn until after dark—there was a constant roar that filled the sky. There was no dissention between the Air Force and the Army that day. The rumble of the bombs making it to the target at our front was a comforting sound, and the foil raining down like silver snowflakes in attempts to foil the radar, which didn't always work as I saw five of our B-17s shot down that day. I could pick up the plane in my scope and count the crew members bailing out. I believe the full crew got out of the first four, but nobody got out of the fifth.

Only several days later, while still in the same fox hole, I became violently nauseated and was evacuated to a field hospital and diagnosed with yellow jaundice, thanks probably to the greasy C rations which is all we had to eat. Buzz bombs were daily visitors to the hospital area with one hitting the nurses quarters, as I remember, they were working quickly. From there I was sent back to a hospital in England. For years I had a guilty feeling because during that time I missed some of the fiercest fighting my company was engaged in. When I returned several weeks later my unit had many new faces. The push of the bulge was over and we were just attacking small villages, defended mostly by "volks-strum" (old men and boys), mostly anxious to surrender. Our last stop was pulling occupation in the small village of Antehruck, Germany, for about two months, where we manned roadblocks and searched for German soldiers.

Nearby was Herman Goering's private hunting preserve. My

best buddy was Daniel J. Mooney from Braddock, PA, who had never fired a weapon until in the military, but he was a crack shot with a M-1 rifle. The two of us supplied the mess hall with venison shot from Goering's tree stand for a short time until all weapons had to be turned in.

I would be remiss if I don't mention the kindness of a young Belgium couple who took four of us in while we were at a replacement depot in Venders. We were on our way back to our units after the hospital stay. Two of us were returning to our old units and two were replacements. The couple was named Lariette and in 1945 they had a twelve-year old son named Leon. Unfortunately, I lost more definite identification. The Lariettes were typical of all the Belgium people we met. Mrs. Lariette did laundry for all four of us and used the last scrap of almost non-existent sugar to cook us goodies. I wish we had not lost contact as I would like to find them so I could express gratitude for the kindnesses I remember so warmly. My experience has been that of all the European people, the people of Belgium have been the most appreciative.

On a subsequent visit to Mons, Belgium, upon being identified as American, a man extended his hand and said, "Thanks, Yank! Nuts. Eh!"

HONOR FLIGHT CHICAGO

On Wednesday, October 12, I participated in a Honor Flight that other members of the 80 Division Veterans Association might find interesting. The day started before dawn at Chicago Midway Airport. The veterans were greeted by Honor Flight volunteers, put in wheelchairs at the curb, if needed, and registered. A fully loaded plane then took off for Washington, D.C. Upon landing, we were greeted by the fire department with a fire hose spray and a group of military and civilians people.

We were put into buses and driven through Washington. First to the Air Force Memorial, had a breakfast box lunch and then back on the bus. We went, to Arlington National Cemetery. watched the changing of the guard and sang the National Anthem. We also saw the Vietnam Memorial and the Korean Memorial. Drove next to the WW II Memorial and watched another changing of the guard. It had been drizzling off and all day long, but at this time it started to really pour. We then went to the National Air and Space Museum and then back to Dulles. We were given a dinner box lunch and entertained by volunteers with a 1940's party. Amazingly, our volunteers pushed us in the wheelchairs and stayed with us until we went back on the plane.

Before landing we had another surprise arranged by the Chicago volunteers and our wives and kids! Mail Call. It consisted of letters from family and friends. Deplaning we were welcomed by active duty, reserve, and retired military. Finally meeting our families and friends in a special area. On a Wednesday night after 10 o'clock at night, there were over 3 thousand people there to greet us. It was indeed the parade and welcome we had never received in 1946. A very long day; but one of the best days of my life.

Col. Lionel J. Rothbard, USA Ret.
Company B, 305th Med. Bn.
587th Amb. Co.

146th ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION-ESSAYONS

An excerpt submitted by Wesley Ross, 146th CEB, 3rd Platoon,
Company B

Third Platoon, B-Company, 146ECB was laying a large AP minefield near Elsenborn to deter infiltrators. New Year's Day morning 1945 was clear and very cold. While we were adding the red metal triangles to the barbed wire perimeter fence—to indicate an American anti-personnel minefield—the sky was suddenly filled with twenty eight ME-109s flying northwest at 1000 feet. We later learned that they were part of Operation Bodenplatte—the plan to attack our airfields and destroy our planes on the ground—a continuation of the Bulge. A number of our airfields near the front in Belgium and Holland were successfully attacked that day, and several hundred of our planes were destroyed on the ground. German losses were only about half of ours, but their losses—and especially losses of trained pilots—were losses that they could ill afford. Luckily for us, our P47s were rendezvousing near Liege for a strike of their own, and they caught these Germans by surprise as they were coming in. It must have been some dogfight, but we saw only the tail end of the action from our work area.

In twenty minutes, as we watched in fascination, four ME-109s were shot out of the sky. The first fell 1500 yards away, and they kept dropping closer and closer until the last one was only 300 yards from our work area. The script was almost the same in every case. The 109 pilots, who were flying southeast and very close to the deck heading for home, were being slaughtered by the P47s. Our pilots were definitely the aggressors, and must have had superior training and experience. We didn't see any parts being shot off the 109s, but two were spewing smoke—before they crashed and sent up big black pillars. The third “downed plane hit 600 yards away, and several of us headed out to see what we could find—such as Lugers or P-38s! We had just started off, when another 109 came limping toward us, smoking and losing speed and altitude. The P-47 kept boring in and firing short machine gun bursts. The 109 was hidden by a group of pine trees when the pilot finally hauled back on the stick in an attempt to gain enough altitude to jump. His plane rose only a few hundred feet and came back into our field of view, and then stalled just as he bailed out. We charged down the hill to the crash site, fully expecting to find a dead pilot in or near the wreckage, since we were sure that he had lacked sufficient altitude to eject safely.

The pilot could not be found, but the wreckage was on fire and its magnesium castings were burning brightly. We poked around in the wreckage until the machine gun and cannon shells began to cook off, and then scurried away. We searched the surrounding area and finally found the pilot's chute in a pine tree about one hundred feet back in the direction from which we had come. Landing in the tree surely kept the pilot from being severely injured or killed. He had slipped his chute and laid low until we had passed, and then backtracked up our trail in the snow. We followed his tracks, but lost them at dusk in the area where the snow had been heavily trampled. After escaping death in such a remarkable exit by parachute,

we were saddened the next morning to find the young pilot dead within our AP minefield. He had crawled under the wire barrier and suffered modest wounds when he detonated one of our anti-personnel mines. We surmised that he believed he would freeze to death before morning, so he killed himself with his 9mm P-38. (Mentioned in battalion records of 03 January 1945.)

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1944

by George D. Whitten, 166th CEB

I was on a machinegun post with two comrades, when a gentleman who lived behind our foxhole came out and offered us some “schnaps.” to celebrate Christmas. One of our men was a French Canadian who spoke French, and he asked him to take a swig first. He did. Then we all had a sip because we were on duty and could not drink.

I then asked him how many “kinder” he had and he held up three fingers. I had three peppermint paddies from Schrafts candy company, because a friend of my father was Chief Engineer at the factory and had access to the candy, of which he sent me a package. In our trucks we each had a compartment where we kept our things, and I also had three oranges which I gave to him. A few minutes later he returned and asked us to Christmas dinner. The Lieutenant returned at that moment and gave us permission. We had rabbit (I had never had rabbit - it tastes like chicken), potatoes, peas and I don't remember dessert. That was the best Christmas dinner I ever had or will have.

We then gave the farmer a package which contained one days meal for ten men, canned bacon, coffee, scrambled eggs, beef stew, crackers, toilet paper, hard candy and cigarettes.

VETERANS' STORIES WANTED

I am a Freelance Writer & Amateur WWII Historian in Savannah, GA and I have created a blog dedicated to telling the stories of WWII vets who are still with us. I write on a regular basis for The Spirit Newspaper in Pooler, Ga and am the go to for any and all military/veteran based articles. I seek to interview veterans and feature them on my blog as I feel it very important to pen the experiences of these men and women before it is too late. If you are interested in being interviewed please contact me:

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Get in a tight spot in combat, and some guy will risk his ass to help you. Get in a tight spot in peacetime, and you go it all alone.

BRENDAN FRANCIS

BATTLE OF THE BULGE

by Morphis A. Jamiel, 7th AD, 38th AIB, Co B

We had just finished fighting the Krauts (Germans) in northern Germany and expected a rest period. Our hopes were shattered when an officers meeting was called and we were informed that our outfit had a secret mission to perform. All they could tell us was to expect a long journey.

Everyone was tired and cold but we managed to crawl into our half-tracks and try to get some sleep. It was so cold outside and the inside of the steel half track felt like a refrigerator car. The men huddled together in order to keep warm. No one got much sleep due to the cramped space.

We traveled all that night and the next day without any rest period. The following night we arrived at a small town in Belgium, which they called St. Vith. It didn't hold much interest to us at that time. Another officers meeting was called and we were told of the German's expected drive. We were also informed that our mission was to hold the high ground east of St. Vith at all costs and to prevent the Krauts from taking the town.

It was approximately eleven o'clock in the evening when the men finally assembled and ready to move on foot. It was bitter cold and the men stomped their feet and rubbed their hands in an attempt to warm them. A reconnaissance patrol returned and guided our company up one of the main roads leading into St. Vith.

We walked approximately one and one-half miles to a road junction. This was to be the company's left boundary. My platoon was assigned the mission of holding the road junction. The rest of the company deployed to our right along the road running perpendicular to the road we advanced on. There were dense woods on both sides of the road, which restricted our visibility to the width of the road, which was approximately ten feet. If the Krauts attacked, they would come within ten feet of our position before we would see them.

The men were instructed to dig two men foxholes so that one could sleep while the other stood guard. The ground was frozen which caused some difficulty in breaking the top layer. The difficulty increased when the men encountered tree roots and large rocks. The tired men finally gave up in disgust. This proved fatal later on. The hard ground, cold weather and the nature of the situation prevented the men from getting much sleep.

The next morning things were quiet so I ordered the men to dig their foxholes deeper and to place some logs overhead to protect them from artillery fire. Whenever artillery rounds fall in woods, they hit the top of trees and explode causing the shrapnel to fly down into the foxholes with deadly effect. Four medium tanks were assigned to support the defense of the road junction.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, the Germans launched a small attack to feel out our positions. We drove them off but they succeeded in discovering that some of the foxholes were not dug deep enough to form a strong defense.

The following morning the Krauts heavily shelled our area and the men with shallow foxholes and no overhead cover paid dearly for their lack of preparation. About two o'clock in the afternoon, the Krauts attacked the center of our company with two tanks and a company of infantry. There was plenty of shooting but we couldn't see the Germans because of the dense wooded area. Finally the tension was broken when the Germans appeared firing direct fire into our troops. The noise was terrific and the explosions deadly. One of our tank

destroyers, which maneuvered into position, knocked out one of the German tanks. The German infantry then appeared out of the woods ten feet from us. The dopes walked straight up and started to cross the road. We destroyed them all. After the attack, we checked the bodies and determined them to be paratroopers. Their canteens were empty but emitted a strange odor. They may have been drugged or intoxicated which explained their foolish action.

During the following two days, the Krauts shelled our position with harassing fire. Several cases of trench foot and frost bites developed, which seriously reduced our number. Our defense line was now thinly held. During the hours of darkness, German vehicles could be heard assembling for a possible attack. Often German voices could be heard in the woods to our front but appeared to be a safe distance away.

During the fifth day, the Krauts threw an unusual amount of artillery on our position and on the town of St. Vith. Our ammunition and ration dumps were destroyed. We did not receive any food or ammunition that day. Just at darkness, the Germans began their mighty offensive, which was opposed by a group of hungry, tired and cold men who determined to hold their ground.

It seemed like all hell broke loose. Our nerves were shattered by this time. We fired wildly into the darkness toward the road. The Krauts were yelling in German, which sounded like a million men. They were firing all types of weapons in our direction. The familiar sounds of burp guns, machine pistols, 42 machine guns and carbines were heard.

My runner, sent to contact the unit on our left flank, returned with the information that they had pulled out. About this time the Krauts broke through the center of our defense and were behind my platoon. It was dark and no one knew who the other person was. From that point on it was every man for himself. The troops ran in all direction under the cover of darkness. The mental strain the troops were subjected to and the fear of death had shown its effect. Some of the men escaped while others were captured. At this time the German tanks could be heard slowly moving down the road toward St. Vith. It was pitch black. Our gallant tankers sent to defend the road junction, fired toward the noise of the German tanks. They missed and as a result gave away their positions.

The Krauts immediately fired flares, which lit up the entire countryside. Our tanks stood out in the light and became easy targets for the German tanks. In less than two minutes, our tanks were in flames. As the tank crews emerged through the hatches, they were met with machine gun fire from the Germans. They fell back into their tanks and were cremated. A few of us ran into an abandoned house behind our lines. Our house stay was cut short when a German tank fired two rounds of high explosives into the house. Only three plastered covered men emerged from the ruins and went streaking cross-country out of St. Vith.

Three days later, we heard a German news flash stating that our outfit had been completely destroyed. Little did the German know that we were back licking our wounds and regaining our strength. In less than a month, we were back into action and succeeding in driving the Krauts out of St. Vith and regain our former positions.

CORRECTION

Refer to the November 2011 issue, page 13. The correct telephone number for Dean F. Jewett is 207-284-6778

MY FIRST DAY IN BATTLE

DECEMBER 24, 1944

by Nathan Hurtis Gillie, 75th ID, 290th IR, Co C

We crossed the English Channel and landed in La Harve, France around the middle of December 1944. La Harve was completely torn apart. We walked up to the top of the cliff and were picked up by open trucks. It was pretty chilly there in December and it was a cold ride in an open truck. We were hauled out to a muddy field somewhere in France. After a few days the truck carried us to catch the “forty and eights” (small trains that were used in World War I) to take us closer to the front. We were to go near the northern part of the Bulge. We got off the train after two or three days near the front. My company (Company C) was assigned to the 3rd Armored Division. We spent a cold night on the side of a hill, with the temperature below freezing, with artillery firing all night. We did not know if the firing was in our direction or if it was coming from the enemy or from our side. We were picked up early the next morning of the 24th. We had not had any food or anything at this time. We were assigned to the 3rd Armored Division and were picked up in halftracks. We were carried up to an area near the town of Manhay. The halftracks carried us up a highway called North 15 until we came under artillery fire and we disembarked from the halftracks and went on up North 15 on foot to where Major Olin Brewster had a road block. He had 6 light tanks and a company of Airborne Force Paratroopers holding a roadblock on North 15 against the enemy.

We did not know at the time but we were up against one of the elite SS groups, they were part of the 2nd SS Panzer Division. Major Brewster told my company commander, Captain Walsh, to attack the Germans and take a logging road at a cross roads just ahead a few hundred yards. We were about a quarter of a mile behind the German line from our objective. We were in an area where there had been a farm house. There were two farm houses there, one on the right side of the road and another further down the road that appeared to have been a dairy farm with a barn which we would use for our CP. We were very green, we had only one man in the whole company that had even been in combat. His name was Carlos Ward. He had been in combat in North Africa. There were two houses at this village called Belle Haie, a large house and a smaller house on the right side of the road on North 15. The house was in a clearing, there were woods two to three hundred yards all around both houses. Captain Walsh was asked to attack and to clear the woods. The method the Captain used was to put the first platoon under Lieutenant Eberle on the right side of this road and they were to attack into the woods. This first platoon was backed up by the weapons platoon under Lieutenant Dick Salaad and the 2nd platoon under Lieutenant Colcord and we were ordered to attack the Germans who were dug-in in the wood in an open area.

They had a tank with machine guns and were dug-in so that we could not see them. It was probably about two hundred yards to the woods from where we jumped off. When we got near the woods, they opened fire with everything they had, mortars, machine guns, and burp guns. We were pinned down in the snow. Several of the sergeants and our Lieutenant

Colcord were wounded, so there was no one in charge. I was not trained as an infantryman, but I was lying there in the snow watching and I figured that the 1st platoon had already been down into their objective and they were going all the way down into the woods. You could tell by the way things were going that they were cleaning the Germans up. They were doing a good job. At that time I was a PFC. I had been trained in the 822nd anti-aircraft battalion, but I knew enough to know that the first platoon was already deep into the woods and all the Germans had to do is send a tank down the road and wipe the rest of us out. So, I got up and started back across this open field to try to get back close to the road to the CP to try and let Captain Walsh know what was going on. I did not know if I could make it or not, but I got up and tried. I did know that if we didn't do something, they were going to kill us. I ran as fast as I could. The bullets were whizzing by me. My canteen was hit, my shovel handle was shot into, I had bullet-holes in my overcoat. I zigzagged and the bullets somehow missed me. I got back and told Captain Walsh what was happening. He asked me if I thought I could get back over there to my platoon and pull them back to the line from where we started, which was a line of bushes and trees across the road from the CP. I told Captain Walsh I did not know if I could make it again, but I would do my best. I started back across the field, zig-zagging again and running as fast as I could.

They fired at me again with everything they had, but I made it. I told my platoon to pull back and I reported to Captain Walsh again. Then he sent me back again to get the first platoon. I went up into the woods and they were getting deep in the woods on the right side of North 15. They had some of the weapons platoon with them. I went about three or four hundred yards before I found them. They were giving the German SS troops hell. None of us had much ammunition left. We had nothing to eat that day or the day before. One of the men I came up on had taken away a German soldier's machine gun and was using it on them. I remember thinking to myself, “this is the platoon that I want to be. in”. I went back after getting word to Lieutenant Eberle of the first platoon.... There were a lot of heroes that day including Lieutenant Eberle and several others won medals including the silver star. I went back and reported to Captain Walsh again. I was beginning to get tired, real tired, dead tired. Captain Walsh asked me once again if I thought I could get back over to the third platoon and bring them back and then we would have all of the platoons pulled back and in order. Lieutenant Parks was in command of the third platoon. When Captain Walsh saw that the first platoon was doing good and the second platoon was pinned down in the field across from the CP, he sent third platoon around to our left through the woods to flank the Germans and relieve the pressure on the second platoon. Then he asked me, and I was afraid he was going to, “Gillie, do you think you can go and find Lieutenant Parks and pull them back here where the rest of us are?”

We did not know it at that time but he had been killed and the platoon was either captured or killed. For the rest of the war we were a two platoon company. A regular company should have four platoons, three rifle platoons and a weapons platoon. I cut back and reported to Captain Walsh that I could not find any of Lieutenant Parks' platoon. It was getting late and dark and cold. I was wet with sweat and I went into the house to try

My First Day... (Cont'd from Page 26)

and get warm because I knew that my clothes would freeze onto me if I didn't. Throughout the time that my company was having all this trouble. Major Brewster never lifted a finger to help us. After dark the Germans were firing tracers across the road that we had come in on to let us know that we were surrounded and that they could just wait until the next morning and finish us off. Major Brewster tried to get orders from his commander. Colonel Richardson, to withdraw. It was about midnight on the 24th of December and a lot of other things happened. A German tank came roaring down the road by our CP and a German soldier tried to get through on a motorcycle. We got him. Another one tried to go into our CP and we got him too. I was standing outside and watching all this happen. Major Brewster told Captain Walsh that his group could stay and hold the roadblock and he was getting out of there. He had a company of Airborne Paratroopers with him, the 509. Now he had five tanks, one of them had been destroyed. Captain Walsh told Major Brewster around midnight that if he was going out of there then we were too. We were not going to stay there and be wiped out. We got everybody out on the road leading out of there.

Our tanks were lined up and ready to head out, the Parachute Company 509 was with us. We started out and had not gone too far when Major Brewster and Captain Walsh had a difference in opinion on which way we should get out of there. So Major Brewster and his group had turned to the right and we went with Captain Walsh to the left toward flashing artillery fire in the distance. We knew it was our artillery, after a while you would know and would be able to tell by the way it sounded. Major Brewster went into a small village ahead. The Germans used powerful bazookas called the panzerfaust. It is a shoulder held weapon that shoots projectiles that will blow up a tank or an entire house. They blew up Brewster's lead tank as well as the rear tank. I guess they were right behind him. I don't know if Major Brewster had orders or not but he left some men behind to put thermite grenades on their tanks, set them on fire and destroy them, and he got out of there.

Later,

Major Brewster was taken from his command and placed under arrest for destroying the tanks while he still had fuel and ammunition. I did not know this until after the war was over. Later on he somehow managed to get out himself out of trouble. Some of his friends helped him and he was placed back on duty. We started through the woods. We had not eaten in two or three days. We were cold, hungry, and lost. The Germans were all around us. They were busy in an attack, trying to take over the whole area while we were trying to get out of there and avoid them. Early the next morning, we had stopped up on a hill and could see down in the valley a road with some vehicles and soldiers on the road. It was so far away, that we could not tell if they were our soldiers or not. Captain Walsh asked for volunteers to check out the situation. One of our guys said "I'll go". Captain Walsh told him, "now look, if these are our people you're all right, but if they're not, you're a dead duck". The young man said he knew but he would go anyway. Captain Walsh was very disturbed at this time. While this boy was making his way down there. Captain Walsh went over next to a tree and hung his head, knowing

that he would have to write letters to all these boys' mothers and wives that had gotten killed. We had left wounded people behind and he was undecided about whether to try and go back and get them, but he made the right decision. If he had tried to go back, he would have lost the rest of us. After a while this man came back that had volunteered saying they were our people.

They were running a telephone line down there. They were from the 82nd Airborne. They showed us the right road to go in on. We started down the road and Captain Walsh went to the headquarters of the 82nd Airborne and borrowed a truck to take us out of there. That goes to show that all of the men that were left we could put on one GI truck, a six by six. Captain Walsh had earlier put us out on top of a hill in the sunshine. The sun was so warm. We were so hungry and so tired and so beaten up. The commander there at the 82nd Airborne invited Captain Walsh to join and fight with them. Captain Walsh told the commander that his men were not able to fight. He told him that we had not eaten in three days, we were out of ammunition, and that he wanted us out of there. The commander told Captain Walsh he would give him a truck and he could get his boys out of there, saying that his boys had done enough.

I had a cousin who was a real hero. His name was Billy Bell. His father, my Uncle Noah Bell had been in World War I. Billy was in the 82nd Airborne and had been awarded silver stars and all kinds of awards. He was the real hero in our family. For my part, in the battle, going through all that hell of fire and running errands for the Captain, I was given the bronze star. Now the bronze star is a very small medal. It's about the smallest one you can get unless it's the purple heart. Later I got that one too, but that's the one you don't want to get. But it meant so much to me because one of the best soldiers and one of the best people I ever knew. Captain Harold Walsh, our captain recommended it for me.



An American studies a captured Nebelwerfer, the five-barreled rocket launcher that the Germans used to supplement their conventional artillery. Its projectiles made a horrifying screeching noise that earned them the GI nickname "screaming meenies."

LUXEMBOURGERS ATTEND CHAPTER MEETING

submitted by George McGee, 109th Evac Hospital

On August 24, 2011, Southern Arizona Chapter 53 was honored to have Roland Gaul, Founder and Curator of the Musée National d'Histoire Militaire (National Museum of Military History) in Diekirch, Luxembourg, visit the chapter with his very charming partner, Patricia. Before coming to Tucson, Roland requested an opportunity to lay a floral tribute at the BOB Monument and meet with the Chapter members while he and Patricia were vacationing there that week.

At 10:00 a.m. Chapter members and visitors gathered at Presidio Park, site of the 2009 VBOB National Convention wreath laying ceremony. George McGee, President of Chapter 53, opened the ceremony with a greeting after which David Powell, Chapter 53 Chaplain, said the invocation. The group of about 15 veterans and visitors recited the Pledge of Allegiance and George introduced Roland.

Roland was very gracious in his remarks noting with some humor the contrast of the 100° weather in Tucson compared with the freezing conditions during the Battle in the Ardennes. He expressed the gratitude of the Luxembourg people for their liberation to the 28th Division, 109th Regiment, stating to the amusement of the audience that he would, otherwise, "...not be here or I would be wearing a German uniform."

He reassured the veterans that museums and the military in Luxembourg go to great efforts to educate their youth about the liberation and to preserve the memory of the Battle of the Bulge and the men who fought in it. "...we need to make sure the torch of remembrance is continued."

Roland recalled that the Luxembourg government invited veterans to participate in the 60th and 65th anniversary

ceremonies held in Luxembourg commemorating the Battle. Now there are plans being made for the 70th anniversary.

He closed his remarks by stating, "...you will always, always be welcomed in Luxembourg and I can make you the promise that it will never be forgotten."

Roland Gaul's Remarks

"It's definitely a great, great honor and a pleasure to be here. The time is particularly fitting for a Battle of the Bulge related ceremony. I'm talking about the weather.

I had the honor to be here in 2009 on the occasion of the National Reunion here. I was present when we placed the wreath here on this monument and I fell in love with the country. I fell in love with all the veterans and you fine folks and I made myself a promise to come back. Today we're staying at the White Stallion Ranch and we're discovering the other aspects of the locale not [military] related because I also have a significant other that needs to be taken care of.

None the less, I'm from Luxembourg, I'm Roland Gaul, I was born in 1955 and since I'm an only child I became accustomed to locally related stories. So the parents and grandparents always told me of the Nazi occupation until September, 9/11/1944. That's when my hometown got liberated by elements of the 5th U.S. Armored Division. Then, unfortunately, we had some unwelcomed visitors come back again in December which led to the Battle of the Bulge and then you fine folks liberated us and brought us back to freedom.

We have not forgotten, Luxembourg has not forgotten. I am certainly not an isolated case. There are many, many of my generation who still believe in you, we love you folks and what you have done. You brought us back freedom, otherwise, I would not be here or I could be wearing a German uniform. So thank you very much for that!

HAVE YOU SENT YOUR STORY IN?

We would like to have your story. We have received quite a few lately, but the true story of the Battle of the Bulge won't be complete until you submit your recollections. We will use them in the order they are received.

***ALL STORIES will
be submitted to the
HISTORICAL
FOUNDATION
after they are published to be
included in their collection.***



A patrol in the Ardennes wearing snow-suits, made out of village bed-linen.

2012 VETERANS TOURS

PILSEN LIBERATION FESTIVAL TOUR April 30 (Arr Frankfurt) - May 9 (Dept Prague)

The increasingly famous annual Pilsen Liberation Festival celebrates in three days of historical events. Pilsen was liberated by the Americans twice - first from Nazi and then from Communist domination. All American veterans and their families (especially of Third Army which helped liberate the former Czechoslovakia) will be guests of honor. During the tour, we see the huge Merkers salt mines where the Third Reich's treasures were hidden, Nuremberg with its Nazi Rallies area and War Crimes Trials Palace of Justice, Flossenbuerg concentration camp where many VIP prisoners were held, as well as the beautiful, historic Czech capital Prague.

OPTIONAL EXTENSION TO MUNICH May 9 (Arr Prague) - May 12 (Dept Munich)

Visit Salzburg and Hitler's mountain HQ around Berchtesgaden, Obersalzberg and the Eagles Nest. Tour Dachau Concentration Camp and Munich.

IO6th INFANTRY DIVIS - BATTLE OF THE BULGE TOUR May 13 (Arr Brussels) - 20 (Dept Frankfurt)

After bearing the brunt of the unexpected massive initial German Bulge offensive on Dec 16 1944, two regiments were cut off without supplies and became prisoners of war on Dec 19 1944. They had a tragically short but honorable, courageous and important war because they delayed the German capture of St Vith, which was vital to the German offensive as a forward supply depot and communications center. The third regiment escaped encirclement and went on to heroically defend St Vith and stop a German breakthrough on the northern shoulder of the Bulge. Our tour covers in depth all three regiments, including the prisoners of war's long march into captivity.

VBOB BATTLE OF THE BULGE 'MEMORIAL DAY' TOUR May 24 (Arr Brussels) - June 2 (Dept Paris)

Take part in Memorial Day in Europe, followed by an in-depth Battle of the Bulge tour. The awe-inspiring commemorative ceremonies at the American Battle of the Bulge Cemeteries are Memorial Day as it should be celebrated and experienced. American and international military and VIPs participate. You are guests of honor. Request in advance your "special places" in the Bulge battlefields and we will do our best to include them in the tour itinerary.

OPTIONAL EXTENSION TO D-DAY NORMANDY June 2 (Arr Paris) - 8 (Dept Paris)

Celebrate the anniversary of D-Day and tour Normandy in depth.

HONORING GENERAL GEORGE C MARSHALL ON THE MARSHALL PLAN'S 65th ANNIVERSARY Sept 28 (Arr Paris) – Oct 7 (Dept Paris).

Franklin D Roosevelt and Winston Churchill hailed General Marshall as "the true organizer of victory." This tour covers Marshall's achievements in Europe. Firstly, the WW1 battlefields from Cantigny to the Meuse-Argonne where the young Marshall first showed his promise; then his greatest achievement, organizing the final defeat of Germany in WW2 and post-war European peace and security, in which we highlight Normandy, the Battle of the Bulge and the Marshall Plan.

82nd AIRBORNE DIVISION TOUR Oct 6 (Arr Paris) - 18 (Dept Amsterdam)

A special 82nd Airborne WW2 heritage tour for 82nd AB Golden Brigade Vietnam veterans, and covers 82nd ABN's most famous WW2 combat operations, D-Day Normandy, Operation Market Garden and the Battle of the Bulge. 82nd ABN WW2 veterans, their families and friends are especially welcome.



FOR MORE INFORMATION on all tours, contact Doris Davis, President of VBOB Golden Gate (San Francisco) Chapter. Email doris@battleofthebulge.org Tel (650) 654 - 0101 (PST).

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 by any veteran who received credit for the Ardennes campaign. It attests that you 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 you 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 insignia depicted. You may want to add one of your 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 place your 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 you were 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 I certify I received credit for the Ardennes campaign. I have enclosed a check for \$15 for the Certificate. Please include the following information that I would like on the certificate

First Name _____ Last Name _____

Serial Number _____ Rank _____ Unit _____

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

Signature _____ Date _____
I certify that I have received the Ardennes Credit.

Mailing Information:

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Telephone number _____ E-mail address _____

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

Make checks out to VBOB for \$15.

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

Questions can be directed to John D. Bowen, telephone: 301-384-6533 or by e-mail to: johndbowen@earthlink.net



VBOB QUARTERMASTER ORDER FORM

IMPORTANT NOTE: QM prices have changed due to increased manufacturing and shipping costs. Therefore, we will no longer accept old QM forms from previous issues of the *Bulge Bugle*. Please complete this form and send your payment to the address listed below.

Please ship the selected items to:

Name _____
(First) (Last)

Address _____
(No. & Street) (City) (State) (Zip Code)

Telephone number _____ E-mail address _____

ITEM DESCRIPTION	PRICE EACH	QUANTITY	TOTAL PRICE
VBOB logo patch 4"	\$5.50		\$
VBOB logo decal 4"	\$1.25		\$
VBOB windshield logo 4"	\$1.25		\$
VBOB logo stickers 1 1/8" (in quantities of 10)	\$1.25		\$
Baseball cap with 3" VBOB logo patch (navy only)	\$12		\$
Windbreaker with 4" VBOB logo (navy only) Please circle size (they run a little snug): S M L XL XXL XXXL XXXXL	\$36		\$
VBOB logo lapel pin 1/2"	\$5		\$
VBOB logo tie tack	\$3.50		\$
Miniature VBOB logo medal with a ribbon (pin-on type)	\$8.50		\$
VBOB logo belt buckle silver tone or gold tone (please circle one)	\$16		\$
VBOB logo bolo tie silver tone or gold tone (please circle one)	\$16		\$
VBOB license plate frame with logo (white plastic with black printing)	\$5		\$
VBOB 100-sheet note pad with logo "This Note is from....A Veteran of the Battle of the Bulge" (white paper with blue printing)	\$6		\$
Large VBOB logo neck medallion with a ribbon (Ideal for insertion in medal shadow box)	\$25		\$

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Cost of items \$10.01 and over: \$8.00

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Only cash, check or money order accepted. Make checks payable to: VBOB

Do not include any other monies with QM payment.

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

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Questions? Call 703-528-4058

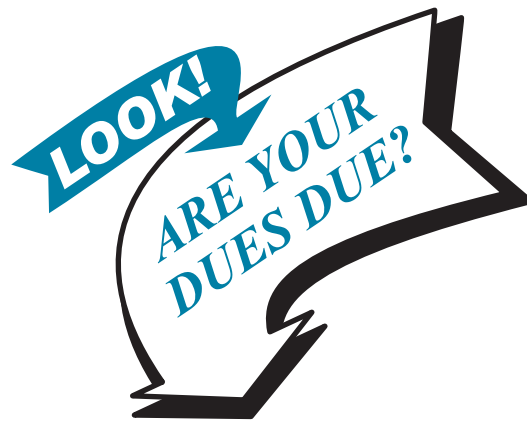
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February, 2012

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GET A NEW MEMBER!

•Detach and Mail•

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☐ Regular Membership ☐ Associate Membership ☐ New ☐ Renewal - Member # _____

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.

Name _____ DOB _____

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