

The BULGE BUGLE

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

VOLUME XXXI NUMBER 2

THE ARDENNES CAMPAIGN

MAY 2012



Photograph Courtesy of
The National World War II Museum

**Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge
31st Annual Reunion
NEW ORLEANS, LA
September 26-30, 2012**

Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, Inc.
PO Box 27430
Philadelphia, PA 19118
703-528-4058

Published quarterly, *The Bulge Bugle*
is the official publication of the
Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, Inc.

Publisher/Editor: George Chekan,
9th Infantry Division
Historical Research: John D. Bowen,
Associate Member

ELECTED OFFICERS

President: J. David Bailey,
106th Infantry Division
Executive Vice President:
Doug Dillard, 82nd Airborne Division
Vice President/Membership: Mike Levin,
7th Armored Division
Vice President/Chapters:
Thomas R. Chambers, 9th Armored
Division
Vice President/Military Affairs:
Alfred H.M. Shehab, 38th Cavalry Squad
Treasurer:
Ralph Bozorth, Associate Member
Corresponding Secretary:
Madeleine Bryant, Associate Member
Recording Secretary: John D. Bowen,
Associate Member

TRUSTEES

Three Years:
Robert Rhodes, Associate Member
Alan Cunningham, Associate Member
Doris Davis, Associate Member
Two Years:
John Schaffner, 106th Infantry Division
MaryAnn Bowen, Associate Member
Bert Rice, Associate Member

THE BULGE BUGLE HISTORICAL FOUNDATION

President: Alfred H.M. Shehab,
38th Cavalry

VBOB PAST PRESIDENTS

Clyde Boden*	1981-84
Robert VanHouten*	1984-86
George Chekan	1986-88; 2004-05
William Greenville*	1988-90
Darrell Kuhn*	1990-92
William Hemphill*	1992-93
William Tayman	1993-94
Grover Twiner*	1994-95
Stanley Wojtusik	1995-97; 2006-07
George Linthicum*	1997-99
John Dunleavy	1999-01
Louis Cunningham	2001-03
Demetri Paris	2008-10

* Deceased

CHAPTER PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA

Gen G.S. Patton, Jr. (11)
Vernon Miller 205-951-0265
1409 John Wesley Dr
Birmingham, AL 35210-2203

ARIZONA

Arizona (26)
Harry Robert Warren 480-986-5852
1452 S Ellsworth #2438
Mesa, AZ 85208

Southern Arizona (53)
George McGee 520-298-3220
7830 E. Hampton St.
Tucson, AZ 85715-4214

BELGIUM

5th Fusiliers of Belgium (38)
Marcel D'Haese 00-32-2-673-49-76
Boulevard du Souverain N 49 Box 4
1160 – Brussels, BE

CALIFORNIA

Fresno (5)
Arthur Steffensen 559-266-2997
7469 S. Cedar Ave
Fresno, CA 93725-9749

Golden Gate (10)
Doris Davis 650-654-0101
889 Bauer Dr
San Carlos, CA 94070-3613

Southern California (16)
Gordon Heame 818-784-8980
4363 Hayvenhurst Ave.
Encino, CA 91436

San Diego (51)
Robert D. Schrell 858-274-5738
2530 San Joaquin Ct.
San Diego, CA 92109

CONNECTICUT

Connecticut Yankee (40)
Richard Egan 203-634-0474
79 Alcove St.
Meriden, CT 06541

COLORADO

Rocky Mountain (39)
A. Wayne Field 719-598-2234
2520 International Circle #314
Colorado Springs, CO 80910-3132

DELAWARE

Brandywine Valley (66)
Charles Gaffney 302-762-3023
907 Shipley Rd
Wilmington, DE 19803-4927

FLORIDA

Florida Citrus (32)
Gerald Myers 863-686-2121
320 E. Palm Dr
Lakeland, FL 33803-2650

Indian River (41)
John Gaynor 321-549-3529
901 Culpepper Ave
Palm Bay, FL 32909

Southeast Florida (62)
George Fisher 561-585-7086
3456 S. Ocean Blvd #503
Palm Beach, FL 33480

Golden Triangle (48)
Clarence Buckman 352-687-8175
53 Redwood Track
Ocala, FL 34472

Florida Southwest (67)
Vincent Runowich 727-323-3793
4063 10th Ave N
St. Petersburg, FL 33713

INDIANA

Northern Indiana (30)
Barry Veden 219-874-9873
507 Duneland Beach Dr.
Michigan City, IN 46360

Central Indiana (47)
John Kerr 317-852-5665
1030 E. Harris St
Brownsburg, IN 46112-1704

IOWA

Hawkeye State (44)
Harold Linstrum 515-278-0081
4105 75th St.
Des Moines, IA 5032-2551

KANSAS

Northeast Kansas (69)
Tad Pritchett 785-554-9059
3627 SW York Way
Topeka, KS 66604

MARYLAND/DC

Maryland/DC (3)
John Schaffner 410-584-2754
1811 Miller Rd
Cockeysville, MD 21030-1013

MASSACHUSETTS

Lamar Soutter/Central (22)
John McAuliffe 508-754-7183
425 Pleasant St
Worcester, MA 01609

MICHIGAN

West Michigan (23)

James Wibby 231-938-2995
3471 Blackwood Dr.
Traverse City, MI 49686-3887

MISSISSIPPI

Mississippi (33)

Manning Cooper 601-825-4479
78 Fern Valley Rd
Brandon, MS 39042

MISSOURI

Gateway (25)

Kent Stephens 618-344-1616
107 Bluffview La
Collinsville, IL 62234

NEW JERSEY

Peter F. Leslie, Jr (54)

Brian B. Gillen 973-361-7248
11 Cornell St.
Wharton, NJ 07885

Fort Monmouth (56)

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

Fort Dix/McGuire (60)

Donald D'Amato 609-304-3590
1503 Denham Court
Mount Laurel, NJ 08054

South Jersey (61)

Gus Epple (VP) 609-463-9690
45 S Desea Dr
Cape May Court House, NJ 08210-2041

NEW YORK

Mohawk Valley (28)

Kenneth H. Rowland 315-736-5836
1550 Herkimer Rd #106
Utica, NY 13502

Hudson Valley (49)

Allan Atwell 518-371-8449
9 Greenlea Dr
Clifton Park, NY 12065

Staten Island (52)

William Abell 917-299-9766
297 Clarke Ave
Staten Island, NY 10306

Duncan T. Trueman (59)

Elliot Hermon 845-344-6181
3 Putter Way
Middletown, NY 10990

Long Island (63)

William Mueller 516-731-2488
27 Eve Ln
Levittown, NY 11756-5511

OHIO

Blanchard Valley (42)

Richard Switzer 419-435-5277
4361 N US 23
Fostoria, OH 44830

Ohio Buckeye (29)

John Kalagidis 330-492-2214
2545 58th St N
Canton, OH 44721-3451

Gen D. D. Eisenhower (35)

Richard Shape 937-843-3854
211 Oakcrest Ct
Russells Point, OH 43348-9508

Alton Litsenberger (68)

Wendell Ellenwood 614-389-5059
6000 Riverside Dr., Apt. #A204
Dublin, OH 43017

PENNSYLVANIA

Delaware Valley (4)

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

Susquehanna (19)

George Waters 717-488-6311
303 Honesdale Rd
Waymart, PA 18472

Western Pennsylvania (24)

Leroy Schaller 724-238-2297
1839 Route 259
Bolivar, PA 15923

Ohio Valley (31)

Pete Yanchick 724-375-6451
1161 Airport Rd
Aliquippa, PA 15001

Southcentral Pennsylvania (45)

George Schneider 717-464-9442
237 Willow Valley Dr
Lancaster, PA 17602-4782

Lehigh Valley (55)

Morris Metz 610-252-3694
125 Richard Garr Rd
Easton, PA 18040-6916

Reading (64)

George Moore 610-582-8690
207 Shockey Dr
Birdsboro, PA 19508

Cumberland Valley (6)

John Fague 717-530-8817
306 Lungan Ave
Shippensburg, PA 17257

RHODE ISLAND

Rhode Island (24)

Manuel Ribeiro 401-253-7369
50 Greylock Rd
Bristol, RI 02809-1631

SOUTH CAROLINA

South Carolina (7)

Ernest R. Kirby 803-788-4126
7524 Yorkhouse Road
Columbia, SC 29223

VERMONT-NEW HAMPSHIRE-MAINE

Tri-State (17)

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

VIRGINIA

Crater (43)

S. W. George, Jr. 804-526-6725
101 Hanover Ave
Colonial Heights, VA 23834

WASHINGTON

Northwest (6)

Arthur Mahler 425-746-3923
1821 122nd Ave SE
Bellevue, WA 98005-4623

CONTACT INFORMATION

Membership Office:

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

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

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

VBOB WEB SITE:

**www.battleofthebulge.org
or www.vbob.org**



J. David Bailey
106th Infantry
Division

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Plans have been completed for the 31st Annual Reunion of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge taking place in New Orleans this September 26-30, 2012. This year's reunion is one of the most exciting ever and it should bring a large turnout of Veterans as well as being a rallying cry for our new Associate members.

You will find an application for the reunion in the current issue of the Bulge Bugle and it is highly recommended that you complete the form ASAP and make your reservation at the Wyndham Garden Hotel. This engaging hotel located just one block from world famous French Quarters where You can step onto one of the world's most famous renowned streets with so much culture, history and entertainment, you will find a unique and exciting experience at every corner.

Our Veterans and Associated Members will visit the National WWII Museum in New Orleans which tells the story of the American Experience in the war that changed the world – why it was fought, how it was won, and what it means today - so that - our new associates will understand the price of freedom and be inspired by what they learn.

We will visit the Mardi Gras Museum which is dedicated to the history and rituals of Carnival. This facility offers an educational and entertaining view of the history of Mardi Gras and exhibits giant Carnival floats, figurines, costumes and decor. We will take the steamboat Natchez Harbor Cruise and experience the sights and sound of river life and see the bustling activity of America's second largest port.

We are fortunate to have two exceptional speakers that will address our group during the reunion:

Kevin B. Secor who has served under three Secretaries of the Department of Veteran Affairs as the Secretary's National Veterans Service Organization (VSO) Liaison, responsible for keeping VSO's informed of the Department's goals and priorities while communicating to the Secretary their concerns and suggestions. Mr. Secor will address our reunion on significant Veteran issues of the day.

Professor Andrew G Jameson who holds a PhD. in History from Harvard University and was a longtime professor at the University of California-Berkeley has been an international lecturer on the world stage. He was a nineteen-year-old infantry sergeant in the Battle of the Bulge and he will illustrate the American and German positions in the battle by PowerPoint images.

We are fortunate to having Doug Dillard and Doris Davis as co-chairs of the Planning Committee for our 31st Annual Reunion and appreciate their organization and expertise in bringing the reunion all together.

A meaningful marketing campaign by Associate Member Bob Rhodes to attract "new Associate members" has gotten off the ground and has been more successful than originally anticipated. In doing so, Bob is performing a notable task in encouraging the younger generation to become Associate Members. Over 300 new associate members have joined VBOB because of this letter campaign. These positive results lead to the conclusion that Veteran members want their legacy to continue and are approaching their off springs to carry the torch forward. One member signed for ten Associate members while several others signed for three to five additional members.

We are pleased that Bob will repeat his marketing effort in the upcoming months to encourage the younger generation to become Associate members of VBOB. But, to fulfill their new and important VBOB role, our proud young Associate members will need to learn more about the Battle of the Bulge. They'll need to understand its geography, history and importance in World War II.

I have discussed this with Patrick Hinchy whom many of you already know as he is one of the most experienced and respected veterans tour guides in Europe. Patrick will now deliberately structure tours not just as pilgrimage events for veterans, but also - to help young Associate members better understand the Battle of the Bulge. If you have any relevant thoughts, queries or requests contact Associate Doris Davis, President of the VBOB Golden Gate Chapter (doris@battleofthebulge.org) who can then discuss them with Patrick.

It was indeed an honor to lay a wreath with Mr. Luc Frieden, the Minister of Finance of Luxembourg at the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge Memorial in Arlington National Cemetery on February 13, 2012. This ceremonial event was arranged by his Excellency Ambassador Jean Paul Senninger of Luxembourg to honor the fallen heroes in America's largest-ever land battle.

Our National organization and all Chapters once again marched in the Nation's St Patrick's Day Parade down Constitutional Avenue in Washington. It was a pleasure to participate in this significant parade on March 11th because it enabled the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge to salute "Those Who Serve" as we once did. Each year that we have marched we have had continuous applause from the crowd on the parade route. Indeed, we have won 6 trophies.

At our Executive Council meeting, VBOB agreed to contribute \$1,500 to the National Museum of the United States Army. This contribution, along with a \$1,000 contribution from John McAuliffe's Massachusetts Chapter 22, will entitle the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, Inc. to earn the status of Bronze Service Star Member. VBOB's name will be displayed in the Museum's Veterans Hall and be recognized in a special book published after the dedication ceremony. VBOB will also receive an official Campaign Banner and Certificate to display in its Hospitality Room at the 31st Reunion.

The National Museum of the U. S. Army a magnificent state-of-the art facility will be built just outside Washington, D. C. to honor America's Soldier, preserve the history of America's oldest military service and educate all Americans about the Army's role in our nation's development. The Museum, scheduled to open during 2015, will be the U.S. Army's national landmark.

The Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge contribution is important in helping to build this lasting tribute to the American Soldier, educating the American public on the service and sacrifices of all who have ever worn or are wearing the Army uniform.

IN THIS ISSUE

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Chapters | 15. Attention Veterans |
| 4. President's Message | 16. New Orleans Reunion |
| 5. Letter to Editor | 20. Fox Hole Return |
| 6. Nominating Committee | 22. Goodbye Lady |
| 7. Battle of Bulge | 24. The Expendables |
| 8. After Bulge | 27. We Gotta Go |
| 9. Change of Plans | 28. Traffic Jam |
| 11. WWII Tidbits | 29. VBOB Honored |
| 12. A Cold Battle | 30. VBOB Certificate |
| 13. Recollections | 31. Quarter Master |
-

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear veterans, dear associates members, dear friends,
Here is a letter I feel the need to write after more than 20 years of researches about the Battle of the Bulge and especially about the 84th ID and other. This letter was write for the last reunion of the Railsplitters Society in last August

Day after day, my researches were focused on the human side of the Battle and of me war. My only objective was and still is to keep me memory of your sacrifice. During years. I have meet a lot of veterans by letters, pictures, messages but also in a real meeting here in Belgium and also in USA. I have had the chance to go two times in USA in a 84th veteran house. His daughter were even at our wedding with her husband here, in Belgium. In a word, friendship was and still is our onlyone precious common word.

Please, dear friend, read the letter follow. I have no change one word but You can take all this letter for yourself even You were in another division or branch of the army. The words should be the same, just the number 84 changed...

"Dear friends, dear proud Railsplitters, I'm just a simple belgian citizen and I know too well that this reunion is the last one for You... But I want say to You some words in my very poor english. I'm now 42 years old. I'm teacher in a free country. I'm married with a fabulous wife, Benedicte, that I have freely met. I have adopted a little girl, Efia who live in a free country. I can thing, talk, walk, move freely. I can say what I want. I can do what I want This freedom, You are the men who have build for us. Of course, those words are for a great Thank You. But also in the way to reassure You. Yes, the Railsplitters society is almost over... but just on the paper and official way. But in your heart, and in ours, the Railsplitters will be never NEVER, NEVER forget When I was 16 years old, I was for the first time in Verdennes. There, in a farm I had found a wood cross of a 2nd Armoured Division soldier who had lost his life me day Christmas 1944: And the same day I have found by a old man of me village, me name and the address of a medic of 333, Richard Roush, who lived in Indiana. It was my first contact with the 84th. This day, each day of my life was focused about Your division and the men who foughted with the red and white badge on the sleeve. I have looking for Your history. When I was 21 I have take the flight to Indiana. I don't knowed any word in english at this time, and Richard don't knowed any trench words. But I stay at his home during three weeks, and we understood each other.

After that, I have carry on my researches about the human side of me war and I have had the marvelous chance to meet some veterans and have a contact with a lot of You. Now, some contacts are lost because time or lack of understanding. But I'm far to be at the end of my researches. The discovery of the Richard address have change my life.

The great tactic and strategic lines can be read in the books... but the human side of me war. You have learn to me. Personnaly, I have lost my father when I was 9. He foughted in another battle against the cancer... and lost But You, You foughted... and win. For me. You are the fathers I dont have when I was more young. You have learn to me why to stay alive across the difficulties of the life. Without

You, I should be never became an adult

Last Saturday, I was again in Verdennes with my wife and my little girl 3 1/2 Years old. One moment, I feel like a call and enter in me forest just below me village. There, I found a lot of foxholes again in place. I closed my eyes, and in the silence of me nature, I have heard Your voices, me sound of the shovel, of the guns, the flames, me rifles and me voices of the men who foughted... for us and also lost their lives.

Yes, me society will be soon over. I was associate member since just one year because before, I thinkd mat it was impossible to be member because I was not a veteran. I will be never a Railsplitter, I will never worn the railsplitter badge on my sleeve, but I promis You that You all will be for ever in my mind and my task, for now, is to keep intact your memory. Now, I want thank You, in my name, the name of my family and in the name of my people. I want thank You personnaly if I know You but also if I dont know You. I allow myself to write me list of my friends. I hope that some are here today:

At me end of my letter, I can also assume You that we are a lot of people who keep your memory and me memory of whom who lost their life here, in our country. We take care of me grave and adopt them... Here, I can say the names of the soldiers we have adopted, myself, my mother, my pupils and also my little Efia who have adopod the grave of Eugene Janicki. The other 84th graves are the graves of: William A Boldt, Joseph T Lippi David Keuhn, Mike Gallus, Josphe J Cattone



My daughter put flowers on the grave of William Boldt last week. She's 3 1/2 but know very well what's happend in the cemetery. When she have put down the flowers, spontaneous she have say "Merci" and give a little kiss on the cross. Ifs a sign... a great sign that even the society is at the end and the veterans at the automn of the life, lean say one thing:

"Dear friends, dear proud Railsplitters, don't worry. You can

stay calm and serene... your task is over. You have do it far more than your best; You can now take the rest You can have. We are present... We take me torch... We work for a beter world and a more durable freedom. Good bye, dear friends, dear proud Railsplitters... Stay calm and serene... We keep watch." Best wishes to You... The Railsplitters will never dead. Here is the end of the letter to 84th veterans. But ifs not all, During those years, I have also establish the contacts with other veterans, other friends. Also with a lot of family like Delores Stemot, Bob and Beverly Pangbom, Diane Pollard, Joe and Mary Lippi, the sons of Art Mahler, Don valentine, Connie Baesman, Audrey Stewart, Gary and Rhonda Roush-Bell, Elaine Martin and I hope don't forget anybody...

For conclusion of my words, I want to send a call to all my old friends, but also to all who wish take contact for new friendship adventure. My door is open, my energy is free to be used for new discoveries. Together, We will keep intact the memory of your entire sacrifices. Thank You to You, dear american friends.

Michel Lorquet, Associate member, Chapelle des Anges,
67 B-4890 Thimister Clennont Belgium
Email: lorquet.nibus@skynet.be

THE ARDENNES WEATHER (the Winter of '44-45)

Winter came upon the darkened Ardennes Forest on a cold December Dawn, the 16th of December in '44 -
The Wacht am Rein was unleashed; it was Hitler's operation CHRISTROSE
when the Panzer troops broke through -
and they took advantage of the sullen skies, which gave them cover from the 'Jabos.

The predicted weather forecast of nine days of overcast skies was good for the build up of forces and the murky fog would conceal the Grenadiers and Panzer columns from the Allies.
The poor conditions also denied the Allied Punishing Power, but in the end they did reduce the Panzer attacking Forces.

A dismal mixture of snow, rain and fog began to fall which gave way to slippery and treacherous frozen roads, as the temperatures plummeted -
The Battle wore on in the deep cold snow of the BITTER WOODS, a "white-darkness" prevailed and a "Blood-Dimmed Tide" overlay the frozen fields.

The hanging mists clung to the ground, hampering a soldier's vision, and other times cold stiff winds cut across the plateaus buffeting the faces of the attacking footsoldier.
The 'swirling snow' - the 'morass of mud' were another enemy -

The dense fog socked-in an hundred air fields -
Soon a high pressure, "Russian High", system came in, bringing good weather - the cold dried winds cleared the skies and lifted the ground fog - and left the German forces naked

The Allies had a 'field-day' in the skies -
And the "Battle for the Billets", for the Village Shelter from the barren fox-holes led the counter attack of the Allied Forces -
The battered G.I.s came forth from the frozen BITTER WOODS to a more somber scene - with the enemy on the run — It was a BITTER WINTER in the Ardennes.

John E. McAuliffe, M-347, 87th INFD Jan. 12, 1993

NOMINATING COMMITTEE APPOINTED

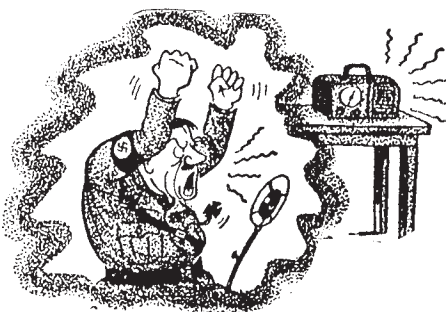
President J. David Bailey has appointed the following council members to the 2013 Nominating Committee: Alfred Shehab, Chair; Demetri Paris; Mike Levin; George Chekan; Madeleine Bryant. The Committee will present to the membership as a whole a slate of candidates for office for the annual election, which will be held in New Orleans, LA on Saturday, September 29, 2012 at the Annual Membership Meeting.

As stated in the present Bylaws, a slate of candidates for office shall be presented by the Nominating Committee and publicized separately, or in the Bulge Bugle, or other Corporate publication at least thirty (30) calendar days prior to the election. The Nominating Committee shall consider recommendations for nominations made by any Chapter or by petition from at least five (5) active members received fortyfive (45) days prior to publication of the slate of officers; the assent of the nominee shall be indicated. Publication is scheduled for August 1, 2012. Recommendations for consideration should be mailed to VBOB, PO Box 336, Blue Bell, PA, 19422 so as to arrive before the June 15, 2012 date. According to the Bylaws Nominations shall be presented by the Nominating Committee for:

President
Executive Vice President
Vice President for National and Regional Coordination (Chapters)
Vice President for Membership
Vice President for Military Affairs
Treasurer
Recording Secretary
Corresponding Secretary
Three Three-year Trustees

Those seeking consideration by the Nominating Committee should be aware that meetings of the Executive Council are held in the Washington Metropolitan Area, presently at Fort George G. Meade, MD Golf Clubhouse. Executive Council Members pay their own travel and lodging expenses. Traditionally there is no reimbursement of expenses related to meeting attendance. All Living Past Presidents of VBOB are automatically members of the Executive Council.

Reprinted from
STARS AND STRIPES
Sunday, Jan. 21, 1945



"The leaders of the party swear to go forward—if necessary to sacrifice their lives."
ADOLF HITLER, FEB. 24, 1920
"If I won't be victor tomorrow in the afternoon I shall be dead."
ADOLF HITLER, NOV. 8, 1923
"Tomorrow will see either a Nationalist Socialist government or us dead."
ADOLF HITLER, NOV. 8, 1923
"If the party falls to pieces I shall end my own life with a pistol within three minutes."
ADOLF HITLER, DEC. 8, 1932
"... until victory is secured or I will not survive the outcome."
ADOLF HITLER, SEPT. 1, 1939
"My own life and my own health are of no importance."
ADOLF HITLER, DEC. 10, 1940



(Drawings by Lt. Dave Berger)

BATTLE OF THE BULGE

by Morphis Jamiel, 7th AD, 38th AIB

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 bitterly 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 that 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 directions 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.

AFTER THE BULGE

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

Our crew consisted of Tank Commander Sgt. Raymond Juilfs, Driver Cpl. Joe Caserta, Assistant Driver Pvt. Joe Mazza, Loader PFC. Kenneth Banaka, and myself.

On the morning of 26th Feb. 1945 Units of the 3rd Armored Division were located on the edge of a small town preparing to attack across an open field to the town of Blatzheim, Germany. This area of Germany was called the Cologne Plains which was supposed to be excellent tank combat country but we were wrong as the Germans had their anti-tank guns dug in and covered with camouflage nets which completely concealed them. Just a few hundred yards into the field was a series of slit trenches which needed to be cleared out before we started our attack. Three light M-5 tanks from "B" Company were sent out to accomplish this. All three were instantly knocked out causing a number of casualties. The main attack was to begin as soon as a group of farm buildings on our left were taken by "F" Company.

Thinking this had been accomplished, we were given the order to move out in a line formation. Just as soon as we moved out into the field, we were told to return as the farm had not been taken and there were a number of anti-tank weapons located there. Shortly thereafter we were again given the order to move out. Of course, because of our false start, the Germans knew exactly where we were and we immediately lost a number of tanks including the one that I had transferred from following the Battle of the Bulge.

Tanks from "F" Company joined with "E" Company and we continued our attack. We were about halfway across the field when, in all the confusion of battle, our tank suddenly dropped off into a large bomb crater. By the time I could get all the equipment that had fallen on me from the sponson and had turned off the main electrical switches, the rest of the crew had bailed out. When I got out of the tank I found out why the rest of the crew had bailed out; there was no way that the tank could get out of that hole without the help of a T-2 from Maintenance. When I crawled out of the crater I found the rest of the crew lying on the ground behind a pile of potatoes covered with straw. I immediately laid down next to our tank commander. We had not been there long when an artillery shell landed just a short distance from us in the middle of a group of "F" Company tankers who had also lost their tank. I watched as one tanker jumped up and started to run but suddenly fell to his knees and looked around at us. He had no face, and I am sure he was dead along with the rest of his crew.

I then told our crew that we should move away from this area and walk back to the town we had left from that morning. I nudged Juilfs who didn't move, and I discovered that he had been hit in the head by a large piece of shrapnel and was dead. Joe Caserta was a little dazed since a piece of shrapnel had hit his crash helmet and made a hole but had just given him a bump on the head. He also had a small wound in his shoulder. With the rest of the crew we made it back to the starting point. My right ankle had been bothering me, but I couldn't see any problem until I finally peeled down my overshoe and saw the hole in the overshoe and my boot and the blood in my boot. A small piece of shrapnel had penetrated into my ankle joint. Joe Caserta and I were taken back to the medics located in Stolberg. The doctor probed for the shrapnel but could not get it,

so he bandaged my ankle. Joe and I went back to the Company, and neither of us lost any battle time from our wounds. After the war ended the Company was located in the small town of Munster by Dieberg. I was having trouble with my ankle, so I went to the 45th Med. Bn. They took x-rays and sent me to the hospital in Frankfurt where the shrapnel was removed. I spent about 10 days in the hospital and then returned to my Company.

If I may backtrack to how, in a very convoluted way, I eventually joined the 3rd Armored Division, I turned 18 on Nov. 9, 1942, and graduated from Northeast High School in Kansas City mid-term in Jan., 1943, then went into the Army in Feb., 1943. I took basic training with the newly formed 20th Armored Division at Camp Campbell, KY. After basic the Division downsized from the old Square Division to Tank Battalions-That caused a lot of excess men, who were formed into a provisional battalion, myself included. We were then sent out as replacements. I ended up being sent to a replacement pool in England in Feb 1944.

In May a group of us were detached to the 48th Ordnance Battalion and we spent our time water-proofing M-5 Light Tanks in preparation to take to Normandy as replacement tanks. Shortly after "D-Day" we moved the tanks to Southampton and loaded them on an LST. We landed on the beach with a one-man crew per tank about 11 PM on June 15th. I then spent the next couple of weeks driving a 2 1/2-ton, 6x6 truck picking up ordnance supplies from Omaha and Utah beaches. A replacement pool was finally set up in Normandy and we were recalled.

Shortly thereafter I was sent to "E" Co, 32nd AR, 3rd Armored Division as one of their first replacements near St. Jean de Daye. (The 3rd AD had just seen their first combat and needed replacements.) I saw combat with three different crews during the five campaigns from Normandy to Dessau, Germany, on the Elbe River. My crews lost two tank commanders, killed in action, on the way.

UP FRONT — Bill Mauldin



*"Hell of a waste of time.
Does it work?"*

A SUDDEN CHANGE OF PLANS

By Frank Chambers, 75th ID, 291st IR

Time: December 10, 1944

Place: On English Channel, Port of Southampton, England

Aboard LST--- Destination: Mainland of Europe.

The grappling hooks of the sturdy chains firmly gripped the undercarriage of the trucks and cannons. Every vehicle was securely anchored to the steel flooring of the landing ship tank (LST). The castoff from the dock was imminent. The journey across the notorious English Channel to the European mainland would be launched within minutes.

The motorized units of the Cannon Company, 291st Infantry Regiment, 75th Infantry Division were corralled in the under belly of this specialized Army transport. The ship's crew had carefully secured each unit, hoping to prevent any damage during the Channel crossing. With space at a premium, the units were anchored only with inches to spare in order to utilize the valuable cargo area.

The truck driver from the Cannon Company had observed his 2 ½ ton "Jimmy 6 x 6" being driven into the jaws of the LST. It now bore the military designation of "75-291" which was inscribed on the front right bumper with "CN 14" on the left. Across the hood of the truck was stenciled "U.S.A. 436981", which served as the "birth certificate" of this vehicle.

Just two days earlier, the 291st Regiment, including the Cannon Company, had motored across southern England from their assembly camp in Wales. The regiment had departed New York harbor and "Waved Goodbye to the Lady", the Statue of Liberty, on October 22, 1944. Their ship was named the U.S. Army Transport Edmund B. Alexander and debarked at Swansea, Wales in early November. Those several weeks in Wales provided time to prepare the trucks and cannons for combat service.

These preparations included the truck driver being assigned to CN 14 that would carry the entire Cannon gun crew and tow the 105mm cannon. The journey to Southampton had given the driver the best opportunity to test the ability of his truck while fully loaded. The response of the truck was critical as combat would undoubtedly demand every horsepower from its' six-cylinder motor. The driver felt very comfortable with his truck's performance as it sat waiting in the hold of the LST.

After being assigned to the bunk area of the LST, the motor sergeant assembled his drivers for their latest orders. In his hand the sergeant held several packets of sea sick tablets. The loading dock crew had strongly recommended to the sergeant that each driver be given a tablet to prevent severe discomfort during the overnight Channel crossing. According to the sergeant's conversation with the dock crew, they had witnessed extreme cases of seasickness on previous Channel crossings.

The driver of CN 14 quickly swallowed his tablet and climbed onto the top of his three-tiered bunk. The headroom would not permit sitting upright so he carefully stretched out in his limited space. He heard the bells of the LST clanging their signal that the ship was preparing to depart from the English shore. During the first minutes after departure, the sailing appeared to be quite smooth. The driver and his buddies settled in and were soon dozing off. Those seasick tablets were beginning to take effect and the bunk area became very quiet. A steady drone of the ship's motors was like a lullaby to the troops.

Sometime later in the passage, the truck driver was awakened by being tossed from side to side in his bunk and actually

banging his head on the ceiling. He remembered loud cursing and other expletives from his bunk mates throughout the night. On his part the sea sick tablet had prevented him from any great discomfort except a bruise or two from contact with the bunk's railing.

In a few hours the ship's speaker system gave the wake up call. The LST was not moving. The driver and his buddies of Cannon Company assembled on deck for roll call. Across the bow of the ship severely damaged dock buildings could be seen. On one building was a "hand-made" sign indicating that they docked at the French port of LeHarve. Evidently this port had only recently been reoccupied by the Allied forces. The country of France had been occupied by the German military since 1940.

The next important task of the Cannon Company drivers was to enter the hold of the LST where their trucks and equipment were stored. As they eagerly descended the metal stairs, they beheld a shocking sight: several of the trucks and cannons had broken their chains during the Channel crossing. Some tires were flattened and doors crumpled. Again many expletives filled the air as the drivers searched for their respective vehicles.

The driver of CN 14 intently scanned the scene for his truck. With a big sigh of relief he spotted CN14 near the side of the ship; firmly anchored to the deck with no apparent damage. The driver called his crew to load up for the trip down the LST ramp with the cannon in tow. In a few moments they would be on the mainland of Europe nearing the combat zone.

As the truck slowly nosed onto the LeHarve dock, complete devastation met the crew's eyes. Only a narrow path had been bulldozed through the debris to permit movement of troops and supplies. It was very evident that this vital port had been wrested from the German army within recent days. The troops on CN 14 were now face to face with the realities of war.

The Cannon Company caravan of the 291st Regiment slowly moved through the devastated city of LeHarve into the French countryside. The troops on CN 14 were certainly relieved to depart the LST and to be on solid ground. No more rocking and rolling or shouting of expletives from being tossed around in those narrow bunks and other mayhem during the Channel crossing. All the homes in this main port city seemed to be abandoned. No citizens were in sight. The truck driver had this question uppermost in his mind: "Where did the people go?"

Several miles down the highway the trucks entered the city of Rouen. Circling the city square, the Lieutenant occupying the passenger seat of CN 14 pointed to the prominent statue of the revered Joan of Arc. After they left Rouen the convoy of military vehicles motored several miles and arrived at another city---a city of military tents.

It was now December 14, 1944. The 291st Regt. had entered a bivouac camp in fields near Yvetot and Duclair, France. Located 50 kilometers north of LeHarve, the area was best described by the troops as "a swirling sea of mud". The sunny plains of France had been thoroughly churned by the feet and vehicles of thousands assembling there for deployment to the battlefields. A few wooden planks had been placed in the walking paths but they were completely swallowed by the mire. No overshoes had yet been issued to the troops so keeping a "G I shine" on combat boots was almost a lost cause. Thank goodness each soldier had been issued two pair of boots. One pair was always carefully shined and put in a safe place for that unexpected inspection. Those overshoes were back in a warehouse, waiting for orders to be issued to the troops.

It was a true trial of the troop's survival in the mud and mire

A Sudden Change... (Cont'd from Page 9)

of the camp. The truck driver was fortunate because his truck was often ordered to bring supplies to the camp from area army warehouses. He could avoid most of the mess while in the truck cab away from the camp. Other side benefits were that truck drivers were often exempt from guard duty and K P (kitchen police) since they were on call 24 hours a day. The truck driver frequently was at the wheel while his assistant caught a few winks of sleep in the passenger's seat and vice versa.

A lot of army scuttlebutt abounded in the camp as to the next destination. Many felt that Hitler was at the end of his rope. Intensive Allied bombings had seriously cut into his supply of fuel for planes and tanks. Fighting a war on two fronts had severely limited the supply of available manpower. Some sources were quoted as encountering captured German males as young as 16 and as old as 70 being held in American prisoner of war camps.. There was a lot of talk that the 75th Division would be assigned to a quiet front bordering Germany to relieve those units that had been on the front lines for more than 6 months... since June 6th. Unofficially no action would be expected until next spring after the rivers subsided. This was accepted as the "Plans" for the next several weeks. The troops were always seeking news concerning the latest "Plans"...better known as the previously mentioned scuttlebutt. The 75th Division was even rumored to be stationed in the Netherlands to wait out the winter in reasonably comfortable quarters. Maybe a few passes to Paris or London during Christmas could be forthcoming.

On the evening of December 16th, the truck driver was conversing in the proverbial chow line with a friend from Company headquarters. The friend casually mentioned that something had happened that morning up in the Belgian Ardennes Forest. The German army had made a minor breakthrough of the American lines. Surely it could not be serious because Hitler's army was supposedly too weak to mount any type of offensive action. .

As December 17th dawned, the 75th troops began their daily tasks. Chow, writing letters, cleaning equipment and similar duties were routinely on the agenda. Maybe they could apply for a few hours leave to see the Paris sights. Perhaps army life was not so bad after all. The truck driver was handed a "trip ticket" to make a run to a LeHarve warehouse. This was his authorization to leave the camp and travel the area highways. An army vehicle must have the permit to travel from the camp with a specific destination listed. The army military police (MP) were very strict and the truck driver was stopped on several occasions during each trip. Obviously there was to be no pure "joy riding" in a military vehicle.

As the truck driver returned to his home base that afternoon, breaking news had struck the camp like a bolt of lightning. The skirmish up in the Ardennes was extremely serious. Thousand of German soldiers and tanks had overrun the American troops with many hundreds being killed or captured. To add to the utter confusion, troops from the German army were rumored to be headed towards Paris to capture General Eisenhower, the Supreme Allied Commander, in his headquarters near Paris.

As the afternoon turned into night, a great uneasiness fell over the entire camp. Surely the Germans did not have the resources to cause such a serious problem. Allied intelligence claimed that Hitler did not have the men or tanks or planes to mount a campaign of this magnitude. Then, adding the rumor that General Eisenhower was in danger caused more anxiety since

the 75th Division was directly in the path of the German army's possible route to Paris. The big question was, "Where did Hitler get all of these troops and tanks?"

December 18th brought more unbelievable news: Nazi forces had crashed across the Ardennes, capturing many towns and villages in Belgium and Luxembourg. With orders from Hitler to take no prisoners, hundreds of Allied troops, mostly Americans, had been massacred. By the afternoon of the 18th, orders had been issued to the troops of the 75th Division to prepare to move out at a moment's notice.

This was certainly a "sudden change of plans". Previous plans for a quiet winter of "border watching" were quickly shelved. The 250 mile journey north into the Ardennes was to begin at daybreak. There was no sleep that night. All supplies and equipment had to be prepared for the movement. The mud and mire of the camp further complicated the task. Foot soldiers of the 75th were transported to an area train station for the northern journey and loaded onto the infamous "40 and 8" railroad boxcars of the last war fame. This designation referred to the cars' capacity of 40 men or 8 horses.

The truck driver of CN 14 and his crew were "ready to roll" at the break of dawn. The sun could not be seen because of the heavy overcast. Snow had begun to fall during the night. Everyone was happy to leave the mud behind, but their exact destination was unknown. The convoy headed north with a lot of apprehension. With a brief rest stop every 2 hours---the cooks had provided containers of black coffee---the caravan approached the Belgian border. Darkness descended quickly because of the heavy overcast. The snowfall was much heavier by the hour. No overshoes had been issued to the troops. The temperature was plummeting. Traveling in a war zone at night was a challenge. No headlights on the trucks could be turned on. Only those tiny 3 inch by 3/4 inch blackout lights were permitted. They could barely be discerned when closely following the vehicle ahead. The truck driver and his assistant intently peered through the windshield of CN 14 for painstaking hours in their journey to the unknown.

As the convoy proceeded through the darkness, an amazing spectacle suddenly appeared: brilliant flashes of light continually reflected from the low clouds. First impression was a summer electrical storm with vivid bolts of lightning but no--- it was December. That impression suddenly turned into reality. Those piercing flashes of light were bursting shells from heavy artillery fire, just a few miles ahead! The Cannon Company was nearing the front lines of battle!

The truck driver's heart was about to burst from his chest. His body was seized by a cold chill and then by a drenching sweat. Those ominous flashes reminded him of those old movies from the last war showing cannon fire and hand-to-hand combat. What lay ahead? Would he survive? Traveling a few more miles, he could hear the artillery fire and feel the concussion of the exploding shells. He admitted to himself that he was really frightened but there was no hesitation on his part. There was a job to do! His assistant driver in the passenger's seat had not spoken for several minutes. He, too, was mesmerized by the spectacular sight unfolding through the truck's windshield. The convoy slowly moved into the forests of the Ardennes, ever nearer the front lines of combat.

That SUDDEN CHANGE OF PLANS had thrust the crew of CN 14---and their buddies of the 75th Infantry Division---into the throes of war now known in history as "The Battle of the Bulge"!

SOME TIMES WAR IS FUN AND GAMES

by John Schaffner, 106 ID, 589th FA

The war was over in Europe and the 106th Infantry Division had been filled in with replacements. The job at hand was to train all of these new guys with the tools of an artillery battalion. As we know, the Army doesn't like to see the men idle. Practice for battery and battalion tests were held regularly at a range near Kempernich (sic), about 10 miles north of Camp Jones, our bivouac area. The range was in heavily rolling country which provided many good O.P.'s as well as battery positions and much progress was made with the training during this period.

On one day, when our battery was not involved in an exercise, I was ordered to go to the motor pool, requisition a 2 & 1/2 ton truck and driver, go to a POW pen, check out a truck load of German POW's and deliver them to the artillery range to perform whatever menial tasks the commander there had for them, probably garbage pits and slit trenches to accommodate 'field sanitation.' The 1st Sgt gave me a hand drawn map to use for directions. When I got the truck and driver, I handed the driver the map and asked him if he knew how to find the place. He replied in the affirmative, so we got started. We found the POW pen and loaded the back of the truck with Germans and a G.I. guard and started up the road. (The German prisoners were apparently very docile and happy to get out of the confines of the POW pen. We expected no trouble from them.) I was already lost.

The driver eventually said, "this is the place", and turned off onto an unimproved road that led us up through deserted, bombed out, villages into the hills. Next he turned into a log-

ging road, shifted into low gear and started up the hill through the woods. I figured that we were getting close because the sounds of artillery fire were very plain to the ear. No sooner than I thought about how close we were, when about four rounds came crashing down through the trees to explode not 100 yards away. BLAM!!! BLAM!!! BLAM!!! BLAM!!! We were there all right, but on the wrong end of the range! The driver slammed down on the brakes, shifted into reverse, backed into the brush, knocking down anything in the way, swung the wheel around, and said, "LET'S GET THE HELL OUTTA HEAH!!!"

Down the hill we came, on that trail, as fast as he dared drive, around a curve to the right at full speed and that truck was NOT going to stay on the road. We struck the end of a loosely piled stone wall head on. Rocks flew everywhere. The truck came to rest, on the wall, still upright, all ten wheels off the ground, still full of very scared German POW's and our one G.I. guard. We all dismounted, and after sizing up our situation, I had the POW's tear down the rest of the wall and get busy chocking rocks under the wheels. We were apparently out of the line of fire by this time so we took our time getting the truck back on the road. It seemed none the worse for wear. All that iron was still in running order. It's a good thing that those rocks were not mortared together, could have bent the bumper on that truck. I decided that I had enough excitement for one day, so we drove back to the POW pen, returned the prisoners, drove to the motor pool, returned the truck, I went back to the battery area and reported, "Mission accomplished, Sarge". It was about chow-time and I never heard another word about the big fiasco. I would like to meet up with one of those German prisoners some time to see how he remembers that day.



WORLD WAR II TIDBITS

Did You Know...

AXIS SALLY was the nickname given to the Mildred E Gillars who broadcast Nazi propaganda to the Allies. Some transactions of her broadcasts are available in the National Archives Audio Section along with those of Lord Hee Haw.



ULTRA was the code name for intercepted messages of the German High Command between Hitler and his field commanders. Copies of these messages are available at the Military Institute at Carlisle Barracks, PA. After capture of the Enigma machines the British were able to decipher the German codes. This allowed the Allies to locate the German Submarine Wolf Packs and also to know of every major German attack (except the German Counter-offensive) of Dec 1944. **Because of Hitler's not using the method of communication; before the Bulge, he was able to surprise the Allies in the Ardennes breakthrough.**



SKORZENY was a member of the SS who was responsible for Operation Grief, to infiltrate the Bulge area in American uniforms and raise confusion' and havoc among the Allied troops. It was also believed that his group would try to kill Eisenhower. Consequently Colonel Baldwin B Smith served as a double for Eisenhower during the Battle of the Bulge at SHAEF Headquarters to try and draw fire. Skorzeny was tried but acquitted due to testimony that the British used German uniforms on commando missions.

BIGOT was the code name used for the highest priority of top-secret classification for the Normandy Invasion. It included those people who were in on the plans for D-Day. (Courtesy World War II: Strange and Fascinating)

A COLD BATTLE

by E. Charles Hageman, 84th ID, 334th IR

One of the towns we took was during the worst weather during my time in the Bulge. I never did know the name of the town. It was located high in the mountains and we came in the back side by way of a long march through the snow. Several of the guys were exhausted by the time we got to the first house on the edge of town. I helped one get there and we proceeded to check the house. Neither of us had a phosphorus grenade, we preferred to clean a basement, so I yelled down the basement well *corn se*, pulled the pin, released the clip and tossed a regular fragment grenade to the basement floor. After it went off I went to the window to see Germans running down a fence line to a corner post where they crawled over and headed on. I guessed they were about a quarter of a mile away but tried to allow for the drop and laid the BAR on the window sill and let go a couple bursts. I zeroed in on the corner since they had a slight pause in that position as they crossed over. A couple went down but the others laid down and crawled under the fence. I didn't do much more but scare them but at least they were occupied and going the other directions.

We went on down the street and were lucky a sniper at a second story window missed us. Someone behind us took him out and as I turned around to see who it was I saw 6 to 8 Germans coming out of the house we had just searched. Later that day at the CP I found the guys who found the enemy. They said they heard a noise and tossed a phosphorus grenade in the basement and out came the Germans. I told him I had tossed a grenade in the basement and one of the guys said they had made a circle pile of potatoes at the foot of the stairs and the grenade apparently went off with little or no damage, except the percussion. I never understood why they didn't shoot me through the floor when I started firing the BAR at the window sill. They must have been as scared as I was.

Later on that day two of us went out to the opposite side of town and took up a guard position. We had no more started to dig a hole only to find the ground was so frozen we couldn't make a dent. Suddenly we saw a couple above us setting up a heavy machine gun and we took a couple of shots at them but didn't stop them and they were soon firing at us. Lucky for us we had put our gear down along a furrow and it provided just enough cover to keep them from hitting us and the frozen ground was so solid their bullets didn't penetrate our protective barrier. It was getting dark and I was having trouble with the BAR jamming in the terrible cold and never fired at them again. I think they run out of ammunition or someone scared them off as we didn't catch anymore fire from them. That night was the worst night of my life. It was so terribly cold, the wind blowing and the snow coming in spurts and we didn't have the usual hole to give us some protection. There was no way we could survive out there, let alone sleep. We took turns returning to the CP: where they had a fire going. German medics were helping our medics to take care of the wounded regardless of nationality. How I hated going back out to that guard post. It gives me chills and makes me sad as I think about those couple of days. Just after we reached our assigned guard post a German ambulance made a run for it behind us and I fired at it with the BAR not expecting to stop it, but it did. I don't know why I shot at it but think I suspected

there were healthy people on board and took shots at those who tried to leave. That night there were screams and crying coming from it most of the night and I assume most occupants died from wounds or froze to death. That was the only time I remember feeling sick about the injury I might have inflicted and was always lucky I didn't have to be close enough to face injury or death directly. Just before we left the area and after the storm was over and the sun was out I walked in the direction the machine gunners had been to see if I could tell where they went. As I went in that direction I looked down the mountain to see a stream meandering in the valley far below. There was what appeared to be a small bridge but I couldn't tell if it was still in position and I never did know where those two Germans headed.

We ended up back in the Leiffarth area of the Siegfried Line and had a good rest, taking part in diversion maneuvers with rubber tank and truck decoys and practiced getting in and out of flat bottom boats. We knew what was coming and eventually went up to Linnich, the Roer River town. The night was busy and noisy because we had every kind of armor firing continuously. I didn't know we had so many half-tracks. Many were lined up on the hill behind us and above the town. They were all firing their 50 caliber machine guns and swept the far side of the river bank clear up to the town on the far side of the river.

They threw smoke on us as we hauled the boats to the river and the went for the far bank. We got in the flat bottom boats and rowed across without meeting any frontal fire. We had only moved in a short distance when we reached a irrigation diversion ditch and looked for a way across in the direction of the railroad station between us and the town. I came upon a soldier trying to use a grenade launcher and stopped to help him. He had about a half dozen fragment grenades and I suggested he launch one up ahead about a hundred yards and then move up do it again. I don't know what he did but do know we didn't meet any opposition until we were closer to the town where we came upon a hastily prepared mine field consisting of the German potato masher grenades with trip wires running between their pins. The smoke had began to clear and as I approached the mines I could see that a large number of the wires were down and several of the grenades missing from the pattern. It appeared the battalion was held up and I was scared of being asked to dig-in on that river bottom mud with the town looking down on us. I went up and took a look and started meandering though the existing grenades missing any of the trip wires. When we got beyond the mine field and at the tracks between us and the town, an officer came up and asked my name. He put me in and I was later awarded the Bronze Star, not because I was being brave but because I was scared.

When we crossed the tracks and headed for the railroad station I didn't bother to go to the gate in the picket fence but kicked it down and walked over it. Lucky for me because I understood the gate had been booby trapped and I think the front door probably was wired. We went beyond the station house and didn't receive much resistance. I went in a house and watched a mortar team set-up when someone suggested we try and find where the Germans were hiding and eventually found them in holes dug in the banks of the sunken road heading out of town to the east. They looked shell shocked and well they should. One volunteered to me that he was a Pole and had been forced to fight. I felt like shooting him right there.

MY RECOLLECTIONS DURING BATTLE

by Alfred Moskowitz, 75th ID, 290th IR, Co F

The Hill - First Combat - I was a 19 year-old rifleman with the rank of PFC and as I remember it, our company was deployed along a road at the base of a hill that had open fields of frozen, furrowed ground. At the top of the hill, in a woods, the Germans were dug in. We were hidden from their view behind a snow-covered embankment several hundred yards down at the bottom of the hill. It was bright and cold that Christmas Day of 1944, and we were poorly dressed for the weather, having been ordered to leave our overcoats in the rear. Neither did we have enough ammunition -only three clips for our M1's.

While we waited there, suddenly a GI came running down the hill towards us. He was one of the men of Co. K, which had attempted to take the hill the day before, but had been repulsed by the enemy. He had been lying there on the hill all night, wounded. As he ran down the Germans started firing at him. But, wounded as he was, he made it to our lines.

I remember lying there with my nose inches away from the snow, fascinated by the glittering crystals reflecting the sun. I had an overpowering desire to remain there and not move. However, it wasn't long before our company commander, Capt. Stewart, gave the order to get up and charge the hill. Unbelievably, no one moved. He repeated the order, blowing a whistle; still no one moved. He then gave our platoon leader, Lt. Weber, a direct order to charge. When Weber started up the hill, we all followed.

As we ran up the hill the Germans were firing down at us. The bullets from their machine guns were flying just a few inches off the ploughed ground. While I was running, slipping and tripping over the frozen furrows, I was firing my M1 toward the top of the hill, not seeing any of the well-hidden enemy. As I ran, I saw men in my squad to my right, dropping to the ground, one after the other. By the time I reached the tree line at the top, I was the last one on the right flank. I dropped to the ground. (One of my buddies, Cal, was hit five times. I didn't see him again until after the war in the States.) There was shouting and shots, and then the machine gun that had been firing at us was silenced. We had taken the hill but lost thirty of our men, wounded or killed.

Moving On - When we reached the woods at the top of the hill and had cleared the immediate area of Germans, we started to move through the snow-covered forest. We had no idea—at least not the enlisted men—where we were or where we were going. There were GI's from other divisions coming through our lines. Some were from a tank outfit, I believe the 3rd Armored Division, that had lost their tanks to the Panzer division. It seemed as if it was all confusion and no direction.

At one point, where we stopped and were told to dig in, another GI and I spotted some soldiers digging on the other side of a large clearing. We told the captain, who said he thought they were men from another outfit. - We learned the next morning, as they opened fire on us, that we had been watching the Germans. Again, we got out of our foxholes and started to move through the forest in another direction. I never found out what happened at the position we left.

Under Fire - We continued through fields and forest until we came to a wooded hill overlooking a small village. We dug our foxholes on the side of the hill, each one large enough for two men. Digging in the frozen ground in the forest floor with an entrenching tool (a small collapsible spade) was exhausting but necessary for survival. Our positions on the side of the hill were being hit by German artillery fire. One day during our stay on

this hill, I got an attack of diarrhea. I got out of the foxhole and leaned with my back against a tree. Suddenly, enemy artillery fire started to explode in the trees. A piece of shrapnel hit the other side of the tree I was leaning against from just about where my head was. Holding my pants up with one hand, I dived into the foxhole. Our artillery fire, going over us, was pounding the village every day and we were getting occasional German fire in return. The open space around the farmhouses was strewn with dead farm animals.

I was in a foxhole with another GI whose name I can't remember. We took turns, supposedly one hour on duty standing in the hole, alert for possible enemy infiltrators, and one hour sleeping at the bottom of the hole. The nights were moonless and very black. We had to judge an hour without being able to consult a watch, since watches had radium dials that glowed and could betray our position. Having been awakened twelve times during the night to stand watch, I realized that it was impossible to judge an hour's time in total darkness. We were constantly hungry, lacking sleep and cold. All we had were thin combat jackets, sweaters, knit caps which we cut to cover our faces also, and knit gloves that were worn through at the fingers. We had leggings and high shoes that were always wet, and no combat boots. I got my first pair after the Bulge. I felt miserable and barely able to stay awake. However, falling asleep while on watch was a court-martial offense and could jeopardize our lives.

After we had been there a couple of days, one morning my foxhole buddy, who had been sleeping, awoke and said that he couldn't move. I called for the medics, who took him back to Company HQ. As I heard later, the thermometer that they put in his mouth indicated that he was frozen. I never saw him again, but I think he survived.

While we were there we were given C rations and K rations. Hot food, although prepared in the rear, was not delivered to us because enemy fire deterred the jeeps from carrying it to our positions. Also, some of the better-tasting C rations never seemed to reach us either. We suspected that a selection process was taking place at the rear before delivery. However, on New Year's eve, in total darkness, we got our Christmas dinner-turkey and cold mashed potatoes. Food occupied my thoughts constantly: I savored every hard candy in the rations.

I wondered why we were in these positions for so many days and why we were shelling this small village. It became apparent when our phosphorus artillery shells hit an ammunition dump that the enemy had stored there. The explosions were like Fourth of July fireworks. Yet, in spite of the pounding, another company of our men drove out Germans hiding in the destroyed buildings.

Last Days on the Front - We left our positions on the side of the hill after five days and once again trudged through the forest. By this time my feet were causing me pain with every step from irritations or blisters on my heels. I had lost weight, my gums were bleeding, I was cold and tired and I didn't know how much longer I could continue. As we came to a clearing in the forest, the sight and smell of burning tanks greeted us. Bodies and body parts of GIs were sticking out of the snow. Suddenly enemy mortar fire exploded nearby as we were digging our foxholes. We stopped digging and moved to another position as mortar fire came at us from another direction. We really didn't know where the enemy was, at least not the GIs digging into the frozen ground. However, the foxholes were home for at least a couple of days. I remember that I ate my C rations in my foxhole, surrounded by the dead and the abandoned tanks, and being numbed to the sight.

I walked to the company command post on a path through the snow, I believe to get rations. On my way, I saw, among others,

My Recollections... (Cont'd from Page 13)

the body of a lieutenant from another outfit, completely decapitated. Also, along the path, was a GI lying in the snow with an unexploded shell that seemed to have hit his leg. He had a greenish pallor and was apparently dead. I had passed him a couple of times the day before. On the second day on my trip to the CP, I was stunned to see him move and cry out for help. I went to get help, and subsequently the medics carried him off to a collecting station. I found out later that he had survived. He was lucky to have been frozen in the snow, which probably kept him from bleeding to death.

My feet were becoming increasingly painful from the infections on my heels and from trench foot. I was weak and exhausted from digging and walking. I told our First Sergeant that I needed to go back to the medical collecting station. He made me promise to return the next day (we were desperately short of men). I got into a jeep that took me to the collecting station in the basement of a house. They sat me on a chair and gave me hot coffee as a medic cut the laces from my cold, wet shoes. The first warmth I had felt in weeks was in that basement, and I immediately fell asleep in the chair. When I awoke I was being lifted into an ambulance on a litter.

My days on the front in the Battle of the Bulge had ended, but not my combat experience. On January 3, 1945, I was started on my trip back to a general hospital in Paris, where the doctors determined that I would be sent back to a hospital in the UK. Our Division reached St. Vith, I was told, with only seven men left of the original Company. After a couple of months of recovery in England, I rejoined my Company three days before the Rhine River crossing. There had been an almost complete replacement of the original Company by new men.

An Unlikely Santa Claus - I don't remember when this incident occurred in the sequence of events. However, I will relate it because it indicates the conditions that we lived through at the time, and because the incident is still vivid in my mind.

Our squad somehow was isolated from the rest of our platoon. We were holed up in a Belgian farmhouse — the owners were not there, and we took turns on guard outside the building. We were there for awhile and no rations had been brought to us. All of us were getting very hungry, with no apparent means of acquiring food. To my amazement, our Sergeant said that I should go out and get food for the squad. I thought he was joking, but he was serious and gave me an order to go. I left the house and started down the road, confident that it was impossible for me to carry out the order. I believed that the Sergeant himself didn't think I would be successful.

I came to a farmhouse occupied by a Belgian family. I knocked on the door; a very poor-looking fanner answered. In my remembered high school French I asked him, for food. He looked at me as if I were demented, because they were in very bad shape themselves. But, even knowing that it was futile, I had to make the attempt to carry out the order. I resumed trudging down the road not knowing really where I was going. Suddenly, I spotted an army truck parked, with some GIs lined up at the back of the truck. I saw that it was a supply truck for the tankers, and that they were handing out rations for their men. In desperation, I got on the line. When my turn came at the back of the truck, I asked if I could get some food for my squad, thinking that I probably would be refused because the rations were for their outfit. One of the men handing out the rations looked down at me and said, "Gee, fella." What he apparently saw was a sight unlike the appearance of the tankers, more like Willie and Joe, the characters in Bill Mauldin's cartoons. My face exhibited weeks of beard growth and was almost black with dirt, my uniform torn and dirt-covered. Without any questions, he handed me a ten-in-one

THE BULGE BUGLE

box of rations and a large loaf of locally baked bread.

I started back to my squad. When I opened the door, the men looked at me in near-disbelief at what I was carrying. These ten-in-one rations, which were far better than the C or K rations, were never available to us at the front, because they were in a large box that could be carried only in a vehicle, and not by a foot soldier. We had rations enough for all of us for one meal. I don't think Santa Claus would have been as welcome as I was with that one meal from the tankers.

I Rejoin My Company on the Rhine River - It was a long trip back to my company from England. It had been the policy to send troops, who were returning from hospital stays, to any front line outfit that needed replacements. Many of those GIs who were sent to be these replacements went AWOL and sought out their original companies. The Army eventually abandoned that policy and returned these men to their outfits.

I now had orders to return to the 290th Regiment and traveled by truck to various Replacement Depots through France. These places were transient stops for returning troops to have a place to eat, sleep and await the next truck to move you to your destination. However, it was like shooting at a moving target. No sooner did you get closer to your regiment than it had moved on to another front. So, I kept being trucked from one Depot to another until I reached my company three days before the Rhine River crossing. I rejoined the remaining few of my buddies who had survived the Bulge, and mostly new replacements. After one of the most intense artillery bombardments over our positions to the other side of the river, we crossed over on a pontoon bridge put down by the Engineers. We were now on our way, taking town after town through the Ruhr Valley in Germany. One particular incident, though, that remains vivid my memory occurred when we were approaching the outskirts of a certain town. When we got to a road we were suddenly fired upon from our rear. It seems that another company, at some distance behind us, had mistakenly thought we were Germans and started firing. We ducked down in a ditch that ran alongside the road. Then, what I thought was a remarkably brave move, our sergeant stood up and waved his arms at the men firing at us and yelled for them to stop. Unbelievably, he was not shot and the those firing at us ceased. We were then able to move on.

We Liberate a Slave Labor Camp - After fighting our way through the Ruhr Valley, our company ended up in a city named Schwerte on the Ruhr River. There we found a slave labor camp with several thousand Poles, Russians and Italians who were made to work for the Germans in that area. Now, with under two hundred men in our company, we had to occupy and police a city of thirty-five thousand Germans and take care of a camp with thousands of slave laborers. In addition, since the war was not yet over, we had to be on the alert for German snipers that might attempt a rearguard attack.

We took over the city's courthouse and seat of government. Therefore, we needed German-speaking GIs in order to communicate with the officials and police of the city. (By the way, it was a court martial offense to fraternize with the German population.) We had two of our men who could speak German but we needed a third. Since I understood Yiddish, which is in large part derived from German, I was made an interpreter. I was ensconced in an office near the entrance to the courthouse and I had the keys to the jail that was in the basement. When curfew violators were brought in, I had to lock them up. I also had to deal with relatives or wives that came to visit the prisoners.

On many occasions the German Police Chief would come to me at the office with a list of livestock that had been slaughtered on different farms, and carried away to the camp by the inmates the previous night. He seemed outraged that these slave laborers would steal this food from the Germans.



**John Glen Beville –
106th Infantry Division**

ATTENTION, VETERANS! ORDERS FROM VBOB HEADQUARTERS

We have received many more photos from members since the last issue of *The Bulge Bugle*. We'd really like to honor all our members by displaying their photos (preferably in their WWII uniforms) on our website. Once you have located your photo, please send a copy (photos will not be returned) to:

VBOB, PO Box 336, Blue Bell, PA 19422

View the photos at: www.battleofthebulge.org



**Geza Csapo – 32nd Cavalry
Reconnaissance Squadron**



**Douglas C. Dillard –
82nd Airborne Division**



**William Hornback –
5th Infantry Division**



**E. Peter Hornburg –
5th Infantry Division**



**Philip A. Palese –
474th Air Service Group**



**Alvin Sussman –
106th Infantry Division**



**Frank Vetere – 554th Heavy
Pontoon Bridge CE**

HOW TO VIEW THE GALLERY OF VETERANS' PHOTOS:

- Go to our web site: www.battleofthebulge.org
- Click on the word "Photos" (below the helmets)
- Choose appropriate alphabetized photo gallery by veteran's last name



WELCOME TO NEW ORLEANS

VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE 31ST ANNUAL REUNION



September 26 - 30, 2012

HIGHLIGHTS AND SCHEDULE INFORMATION

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED!

We will need help in many different areas and Doris will be glad to discuss them with you. Your help will be greatly appreciated! If you have talent in audio/visual equipment, please let us know. If you are willing to help us with this reunion, please contact Doris Davis at: doris@dordavis.com or (650) 654-0101.

GENERAL INFORMATION

If you will need a wheelchair, please note this on your Registration Form.

REGISTRATION FEE

All who attend the VBOB Reunion must pay the registration fee (\$25/person). (Children under 12 free.) This fee covers the expense of nametags, programs, table decorations, Hospitality Room, etc.



Horse and Buggy Tour

WEDNESDAY, September 26

Enjoy a horse and buggy tour of New Orleans "French Quarter." See more of New Orleans on a guided bus tour (with a tour guide). Visit with each other in the Hospitality Room.

THURSDAY, September 27

Visit Mardi Gras World - the largest float designing and building facility in the world. This is where most of the floats that are in

the Mardi Gras Parade are designed and built. Learn about the many traditions surrounding Mardi Gras parades, balls and music, as well as the intricacies of float designing and building. On our tour, we will see a short video and learn about Mardi Gras history and floats (www.mardigrasworld.com).

In the evening at the hotel, we will have a presentation by Mr. Kevin Secor, Special Assistant to the Secretary of Veterans Affairs, who will be speaking to us on topics of interest to all Veterans.

FRIDAY, September 28

Attend a presentation entitled "The Battle of the Bulge" presented by our guest speaker, Professor Andrew G. Jameson. Prof. Jameson was an infantry Sergeant in the Battle of the Bulge. His presentation will explain the reasons behind the German offensive, and why it failed, and the American failure to anticipate the offensive, and the epic defense of Bastogne as well as the execution of Americans at Malmedy. Both the German and American positions in the battle will be illustrated. Prof. Jameson has taught military history for many years and usually has standing room only at his presentations. He served in the 30th Division was awarded the Bronze Star, Purple Heart and the Combat Infantryman's Badge.

Following the presentation (and lunch at the hotel), visit a world famous cafe called Cafe Du Monde (www.cafedumonde.com).

Take a cruise on a paddle wheeler called Steamboat Natchez. The cruise is 2 hours long and it's quite enjoyable! (www.steamboatnatchez.com).

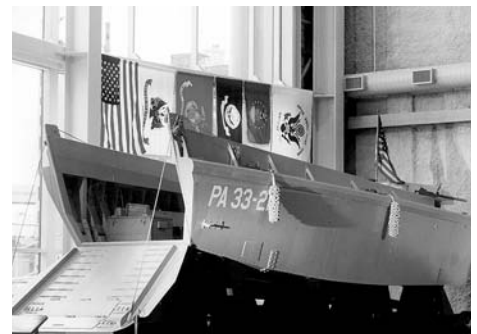
Attend a USO Show at the WW II Museum. Take a trip down memory lane with this show. Sing along with the performers!

SATURDAY, September 29

Attend the general membership meeting in the morning, followed by lunch (at the



USO Show (above) and Higgins Boat (below) at the National WW II Museum



hotel). Visit the WW II Museum. See artifacts of the war (including a real Higgins Boat) and see exhibits on D Day at Normandy, the Home Front and the Pacific. See a film entitled *Beyond All Boundaries* in the Solomon Victory Theater. (www.nationalww2museum.org)

Enjoy our farewell banquet at the hotel. Choice of meals will be Artichoke Stuffed Chicken Breast with Lemon Cream Sauce with Roasted Vegetables, or Marinated Flank Steak with Seasoned Rice. Please make your choice on the Registration Form.

SUNDAY, September 30

Farewell breakfast - on your own.

You can also register online: www.battleofthebulge.org; click on "Attend Reunion." And, "Like" us on Facebook!

VBOB REUNION REGISTRATION FORM

Deadline: September 9, 2012

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____ e-mail _____

Division _____ Regiment _____

Signature _____ # Wheelchair(s) needed: _____

Wife/Guest(s) (use additional paper if necessary) _____

	No. of People	Cost/Person	Total Cost
Registration Fee (all attendees must register, except children)	_____	\$25	_____

Wednesday, September 26

Lunch at the hotel	_____	\$15	_____
Guided bus tour of the city	_____	\$20	_____
Horse and Buggy Tours (choose time) <input type="checkbox"/> 10 am <input type="checkbox"/> 4 pm	_____	\$15	_____
Wine & cheese reception in Hospitality Room (complimentary)	_____	free	_____

Thursday, September 27

Breakfast in Hospitality Room	_____	\$5	_____
Mardi Gras World Tour (includes bus & lunch)	_____	\$45	_____
Dinner at the hotel, cash bar	_____	\$35	_____
Presentation by Guest Speaker, Kevin Secor (Veterans Affairs)	_____	free	_____

Friday, September 28

Breakfast in Hospitality Room	_____	\$5	_____
Presentation by Prof. Andrew G. Jameson (Battle of the Bulge)	_____	free	_____
Lunch at the hotel	_____	\$15	_____
Bus all day	_____	\$15	_____
Natchez cruise (includes bus cost)	_____	\$22.50	_____
Adults \$22.50; Children (age 6-12) \$11; (under 6 free)	Adults: _____		
	Children: _____	\$11	_____
WW II Museum (includes bus cost):			
Dinner and USO show	_____	\$45	_____
USO show only	_____	\$20	_____

Saturday, September 29

Breakfast in Hospitality Room	_____	\$5	_____
General Membership Meeting	_____	free	_____
Lunch at the hotel	_____	\$15	_____
Tour of WW II Museum (includes bus cost)	_____	\$15	_____
Veterans \$15 (for bus only: museum is free); Seniors \$30;	Veterans: _____		
Active Military with ID \$25; Adults \$35; Children \$15	Seniors: _____	\$30	_____
	Active Military: _____	\$25	_____
	Adults: _____	\$35	_____
	Children: _____	\$15	_____
Reception, cash bar	_____	free	_____
Banquet (indicate preference) _____ Marinated Flank Steak _____ Artichoke Stuffed Chicken Breast		\$45	_____

TOTAL _____

Mail registration form and check to: Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, Inc., PO Box 27430, Philadelphia, PA 19118
(Refunds for cancellation will be honored if notice is received prior to the end of the reunion.)



VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE, INC.

WYNDHAM GARDEN New Orleans Baronne Plaza Hotel

New Orleans, LA • September 26 - 30, 2012

REUNION PROGRAM

Wednesday, September 26

- 10:00 - 11:00 am** Horse and Buggy Tour of the French Quarter
- 11:00 am** Lunch at Hotel
- 1:00 - 3:00 pm** Guided Bus Tour of the city of New Orleans
- 4:00 - 5:00 pm** Horse and Buggy Tour of the French Quarter (repeat of earlier tour)
- 3:00 pm - 10:00 pm** Registration Desk open in Hospitality Room
- 5:00 pm** Wine and Cheese reception in the Hospitality Room
- Dinner on your own (*we will have some food in the Hospitality Room*)

Thursday, September 27

- 8:00 am** Breakfast in Hospitality Room
- 9:00 - 11:30 am** Registration Desk open in Hospitality Room
- 11:30 am** Bus departs for the Mardi Gras World
(**12:00 pm**- Lunch at the Mardi Gras World; **2:00 pm**-Tour of the Mardi Gras World)
- 3:15 pm** Bus departs to the hotel
- 5:30 pm** Dinner (at the hotel)
- 7:00 pm** Presentation by Kevin Secor (about Veterans Affairs)
Hospitality Room will be open from 8:00 am to 10:00 pm

Friday, September 28

- 8:00 am** Breakfast in Hospitality Room
- 10:00 am** Presentation by Professor Andrew G. Jameson entitled "The Battle of the Bulge"
- 11:30 am** Lunch at Hotel
- 12:30 pm** Bus departs for the Café Du Monde (in the French Quarter)
- 2:30 pm** Board the Natchez Cruise Steamboat (walking distance from the Café Du Monde)
- 4:30 pm** Disembark from cruise ship and board bus to return to hotel
- 5:30 pm** Bus departs for the WW II Museum (for those who are attending the USO dinner show)
- 7:00 pm** Bus departs for the WW II Museum (for those who are attending just the USO show)
- 9:15 pm** Bus departs from the WW II Museum to return to the hotel
(*We will arrange dinner for those who are not having dinner at the WW II Museum — those plans will be in your registration packet*)
Hospitality Room will be open from 8:00 am to 10:00 pm

Saturday, September 29

- 8:00 am** Breakfast in Hospitality Room
- 9:00 am - 11:00 am** General Membership Meeting
- 11:00 am - 12:00 pm** Lunch at Hotel
- 12:00 pm** Bus departs for the WW II Museum
- 4:00 pm** Bus departs Museum for the hotel
- 6:00 pm** Evening Banquet at the hotel
Hospitality Room will be open from 8:00 am to 5:00 pm

Sunday, September 30

- Breakfast on your own; Depart hotel



**Wyndham Garden
New Orleans Baronne Plaza**
201 Baronne Street
New Orleans, LA 70112
Phone: (504) 522-0083
Fax: (504) 522-0053

[www.wyndham.com/hotels/MSYBP/
mapanddirections/main.wnt?param=1](http://www.wyndham.com/hotels/MSYBP/mapanddirections/main.wnt?param=1)

WELCOME

VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

September 26 - 30, 2012

Hotel Information

The room rate is \$99 per night, single or double occupancy, plus taxes. Suites are \$149/night. **These rates are guaranteed through August 29, 2012. Reservation requests received after August 29, 2012 will be confirmed on a space available basis.** (Suites have refrigerators as well as a separate living room, with sofa sleeper). Parking is \$12 (discounted from \$20). They have 8 handicapped rooms: 4 with double beds and 4 with a king bed. If you need a **handicapped room**, please make your reservation soon.

Hotel amenities: High-speed internet throughout the hotel and in the guest rooms. Complimentary Business Center. Both a microwave and refrigerator can be added to your room for an additional \$10/day (if available). When you make your reservation, please mention that you would like to have a microwave and/or refrigerator.

DIRECTIONS TO THE HOTEL FROM THE AIRPORT

(the hotel is 15 miles from the airport)

East on Airline Dr/Airline Hwy/US-61 toward Warren St. Turn left onto Airport Access Road. Merge onto I-10 E. Take Exit 234 B. Stay toward the left toward Poydras St/Superdome. Stay straight to go onto Poydras St. Turn left onto S. Claiborne Ave. Turn right onto Tulane Ave. Stay straight to go onto Common St./Tulane Ave. Turn left onto S. Rampart St. Turn right onto Canal St. Turn right onto Baronne St. Hotel is on right.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS TO THE HOTEL

Take I-10 East and take the Canal Street/Super Dome Exit. (Exit is to the right). Loop around and go 5 blocks on Canal Street to Baronne Street. There will be a fork in the road. Stay right on the fork. The hotel is on the corner of Common and Baronne.

TRANSPORTATION TO AND FROM THE AIRPORT

The hotel does not have an airport shuttle. The shuttle to and from the airport can be arranged at the airport or before your departure from home. **Options:** Airport Shuttle New Orleans (a shared ride van service, \$20 one way, \$38 round trip). Call (504) 522-3500 or toll free (866) 596-2699. Located on lower level across from bag claim areas 3, 6, and 12. (www.airportshuttleneworleans.com), OR you can take a taxi \$30 one way.

NOTE: If you also need a room for Sunday night, please know that rooms at this hotel are limited. If you have plans to stay an extra night, please make your reservation early. If you have any problems with making a reservation, please contact the sales person at the hotel, Kimberly Mitchell, kmitchell@wyndham.com, (504) 522-0083, Ext 3100 or Doris Davis, doris@dordavis.com or (650) 654-0101.

RETURN TO MY 1944 FOXHOLE

by Floyd Ragsdale, 106th ID, 424th IR

Imagine that you are a WWII Veteran, planning a trip in September 2010, to Belgium, a country where you fought in the Battle of the Bulge, 66 years ago. You have made flight reservations and have paid the fare. The journey will not be a group tour. You will be going alone. At 85 years of age you begin to have reservations, concerning your judgment about that journey. The flight is not non-stop. A change of planes is required at Detroit, Michigan and Amsterdam, Holland. Flight time is four months away. Consequently there is plenty of time to fret about your decision of planning, a two-week, journey 6,000 miles from home. Why all the anxiety now that you have committed yourself to go? Reason No. 1 - Travel by Commercial Airlines is a 1st for you. Reason No. 2 - How will you get from point A to Point B at the Air Terminal in Detroit, MI and Amsterdam, Holland? Reason No. 3 - What if you become sick along the way? After all you're 85 years old. And if you do become ill; what then?

As departure time draws closer and closer, more doubts and questions pop up. Medicare, you learn, will not pay one dime of medical expenses outside the continental limits of the U.S.A. Purchasing insurance, which will cover medical & hospital expenses overseas, solves that issue. Advice is offered by someone with past experience, "Don't take too many clothes and, be careful what you put in your carry on bag. At Airport Security Check Points, even a pair of fingernail clippers can be rejected." You are advised, don't forget to obtain a passport and, put it in something that will hang around your neck. As a soldier, going overseas in 1944, details were so elementary that you shouted your name, rank, army serial number and up the gang plank you walked; no other questions asked. A week before your departure you, by chance, acquire a travel companion who is an experienced air traveler. Then for the 1st time in weeks, you have a good nights sleep. The day of departure comes and with a travel companion riding with you to the Air terminal, you feel very much at ease.

A puzzle is encountered at the Moline Airport; however, an extra fee of fifty dollars solves the mystery. A similar issue faces you at the first stop in Detroit, MI. Although the Airline personnel admitted the error was theirs, they only wanted \$2,000 to correct their blunder. The situation, here and now, is your travel Companions' flight, to Amsterdam in Europe, is four hours ahead of your flight. The circumstance, of flying alone, has been dumped back in your lap. However, your would-be travel companion is a resourceful person, and not a bit shy. Locating the boarding gate for my delayed flight is accomplished and at once we go to that zone. Two fellows are already at the gate. Immediately, your companion asks them, "Where are you guys going?" "Amsterdam, Holland" was the reply. My friend said, pointing a finger at you "So is he. Will you see to it that he and his carry on bag get on the plane; and look after his needs during the flight?"

They warmly agreed to be of assistance in any way they could. Bingo! A predicament is solved. "I'll see you in Amsterdam, Holland were the departing words of your now ex-travel companion, who then scurried off to another gate for an earlier flight to Amsterdam. Now you have two travel companions plus four hours before flight time to get acquainted with them. One of them observes the words WWII Veteran on your cap and inquires, "Where did you serve during the War?" Apparently, your cap is an excellent advertisement. His question is a good base for interaction between you and your new fellow travelers. The three of you immediately became friends. Your new

companions, are headed for Ukraine, Russia for the purpose of erecting some farm buildings in that area. They will change planes in Amsterdam. At flight time the three of you board the plane with no concerns. Before long, at 39,000 feet the earth below you looks like a plaything.

On the back of the seat in front of you is a monitor screen. It is displaying some interesting statistics showing the plane (an Air Bus) is flying over the Atlantic Ocean, at an altitude of 39,000 feet. The ground speed is 550 mph.; there is a tail wind of 70 mph and the outside temperature is minus 70 degrees; departure time from Detroit, MI is X number of hours ago and an E.T.A. in Amsterdam Holland is XX hours Amsterdam time. Curious about the Air Bus now, you ask a flight crew member about the passenger capacity of the plane. She replies, "255 passengers and a crew of 30." In other words 285 people are zooming through the sky at 550 miles per hour. Scarcely a dream 66 years ago when you were crossing the same ocean at 23 knots an hour. Finally, that little screen in front of you indicates the plane is approaching the coast of Ireland. Before long, you will be in Amsterdam, Holland. As objects on the ground become more distinguishable coupled with the sound of the landing gear rumbling out of the belly of the plane it is apparent that Amsterdam is only minutes away. The clouds are hugging the ground, yet glimpses of the runway meet the eye as the huge Air Bus makes its⁹ final approach to the Amsterdam Air Terminal.

Wow, here you are, in Holland. Your two companions assist in carrying your hand luggage off the plane. You bid them farewell and they blend into a crowd of people as they seek their next flight gate. Success! There's your original travel partner coming to welcome you to Holland. Before long, by pre-arrangement, another couple from the state of Washington arrive at Amsterdam on another flight. Now your group is complete. There is a two hour wait for another flight to Luxembourg, a city only a few miles from Belgium. An airline, named City Hopper, flies the four of you to the Luxembourg airport where a car is rented and away you drive to the country of Belgium.

Road signs, along the way, point to towns whose names you became acquainted with 66 years ago. Transportation modes for civilians in 1944 were by two wheeled open aired carts drawn by oxen or horses. In most instances people were fleeing a war zone. Fathers would lead the cart and mothers were walking along side of it; looking after the needs of their children, who were bundled up inside, surrounded by the family's possessions. A scene that, easily, brought a lump to your throat and tears to your eyes. An infantry soldier usually hiked, by road, or across country. Often his path would be through mine fields, and over open country with artillery missiles exploding overhead and on the ground in every direction. What a contrast compared to Belgium and now.

One thing that hasn't changed is the Ardennes Forest and the terrain. It reminds you of the Smoky Mountains back home. Yet, in Belgium the Ardennes forest is probably 90 percent fir-trees that are very tall and erect. The first item on our schedule is getting settled at the Bed & Breakfast Home, just a few miles west of St. Vith, Belgium, where reservations were made several months ago. What a delightful reception the proprietors give you. Soon all are located in spacious, comfortable rooms. Then you assemble in the inn's reception room to become familiar with the area. A schedule had been prepared in advance that will permit all to tour the Battle of the Bulge region of 66 years ago. Several days are left open in case extra time is needed in some sectors.

However, a good nights sleep is necessary to recover from jet lag. Your first night in Belgium, 66 years ago, mother earth was

...Foxhole (Cont'd from Page 20)

your mattress. Your cover was an inadequate sleeping bag. An unwelcome wet snow added to the misery of the night. That wasn't an evening a person cares to remember, nevertheless, many years later it is still permanently etched in your memories. In the morning of your first day in Belgium all of you go to St. Vith, a small city six miles from your home base. St., Vith was the Headquarters location for your Division in December 1944. In the center of St. Vith there is a visitor center where a friendly attendant is a great help in outlining points of appeal, in and around the area. On your to do list that morning is to exchange some dollars into Euros which is accomplished at a nearby bank.

Before noon your party, now nine people, is motoring to Malmédy, Belgium; a small village where ninety some American soldiers were massacred by German troops during the B.O.B. A museum there portrays some very authentic scenes of that tragedy. In an open field nearby a monument verifies the site where the outrageous event came to pass so many years ago. Your Army outfit was only about five miles from Malmédy when that atrocity occurred in 1944. In less than 24 hours most American troops up and down the front lines became aware of that incident. If anything, it certainly solidified your resistance to the massive German offensive against your Division.

It's now lunch time, consequently, before touring Malmédy's museum the nine of you break for lunch. Earlier, you observed that restaurants in small Belgian towns are only open for several hours at meal time. After your museum tour all of you visit the massacre site just a short distance away. On the itinerary is a plan to locate your first foxhole in the early days of the B.O.B. While driving to that area, you pass through the small hamlet of Wereth, Belgium. A ceremony is about to be held there for eleven black Soldiers whom the Germans massacred in December 1944. Your party paused long enough to attend the event and take part in the procession to the site of the atrocity. A lunch was served afterward and all of us were invited to attend. That afternoon you arrive at the site where your Army Outfit was when the B.O.B. commenced. In about 15 minutes you locate your first foxhole. Although the elements of nature partly filled it in you have no trouble recognizing the site and while standing it, you describe the action that happened there 66 years ago to your group.

This region of Belgium and Germany is situated in very hilly country and is named Schnee Eifel, which stands for "Snow Mountain" in German. In the wintertime, it is a popular ski resort. A burst of German gunfire almost terminated your life during the Bulge Campaign, yet you survived the incident. Consequently, you were hospitalized for a while. Just before going back to the front you are in a convalescent hospital in Dinant, Belgium; a beautiful location on the Meuse River. Dinant is on your itinerary and the next day four of you sojourn to that city. You have fond memories of the hospital in Dinant because the luxury of shaving and bathing every day was yours. That hospital was where you discovered fifty-four holes in your clothing caused by German machine gun fire. That incident and your dream for-wanting of the event is still very vivid in your mind.

The town of Dinant, Belgium is situated at a beautiful location in the Meuse river valley. The day is ideal for lunch at a sidewalk cafe alongside the river. We enjoy viewing the scenic river sights in addition to the sheer cliffs that rise as high as several hundred feet above the town; a sight which you were not able to admire many years ago when you were in the hospital there. Monday the 27th of September a surprise awaits you at the Burgemeister's office in St Vith Belgium. He has been made

aware of your presence in the area; hence he prepared a presentation concerning St. Vith for your group to view. You are invited to his office for coffee. That's all you know. The surprise is a slide presentation regarding the town of St. Vith, Belgium from December 1944 to the year 1958.

December 1944, St Vith, a town of 10,000 inhabitants, became a focal point in the B.O.B. Five major roads led in and out of this community. The German Army desperately needed to seize the town because of those principal thoroughfares. The American Army was determined to stop the German advance right there in St. Vith. When the B.O.B. ended there were only four buildings left standing in the community. St. Vith, once a thriving city, was a pile of war debris when the battle ended. The Burgemeister's slide presentation pictures the story of rebuilding the city from 1946 to 1958; in a period of twelve of years St. Vith is restored almost like it had been before WWII.

Saturday the 23rd of September three of your party drives to Henri Chapelle Cemetery where almost 8,000 American soldiers, most of whom died in the B.O.B are buried. A ceremony by Belgian officials, honoring those Soldiers, will take place that morning. Surprisingly, you and two additional American WWII Veterans become involved in the program. Although it is done in the German language, you recognize your name as well as those of the two other American WWII veterans when it is read; then the three of you are guided forward to place a huge wreath in a designated place on the cemetery grounds. When the ceremony ends, you visit the grave site where some of your fellow soldiers are buried. The Burgemeister of Vielsalm, Belgium, a town your outfit liberated in 1945 requested you and your group to visit his office. As your group proceeded to that municipality, you thought this was part of the itinerary. Consequently, as your party entered a Municipal Building there you automatically assumed it was to obtain some brochures about the area. However, all of your group is escorted into a very official looking majestic like office. A gentleman entered the room and introduced himself as the Burgemeister of the town. He then declared that the reason for this rendezvous was for the intent of recognizing a person present in his office to be named as an Honorary Citizen of Vielsalm, Belgium.

As your name is read you are surprised and overwhelmed by this proclamation. The composed words read in part: Certificate of honorary citizenship. In recognition of his involvement and his sacrifices for our liberty, the communal College of Vielsalm has awarded the Veteran FLOYD RAGSDALE. G. Company. 424th Infantry Regiment. 106 Infantry Division the Honorary Citizenship of the Town of Vielsalm the 26th of September 2010.

After the formalities, refreshments, consisting of beer, wine and cheese are served to everyone present. Indeed, even at eleven of clock on Sunday morning, everyone participated in the festivities. You glance at a wall clock and tell yourself at this hour back home, "You would be in church." Although you kept a journal each day that you were in Belgium, at the moment, you are hesitant to elaborate on details about those days, except for one matter.

The cap you wear indicates that you are a WWII veteran. Because many folks in Belgium can read and speak English they acknowledged you as such when they observed those words on your cap. Many days a Belgian citizen shook your hand and said to you, "Thank you for giving our country and freedom back to us. That in itself made your trip to Belgium in September 2010 worth the effort to go it alone.

The trip home was a good one, yet jet lag was just as much a problem as when you flew to Belgium two weeks before.

WAVE GOODBYE TO THE LADY

by Frank Chambers,
75th ID, 291st IR



Time: October 22, 1944 Place: Troop ship departing
New York harbor

A somber collection of “G.I.’s” pushed against the railing of their troop ship. The U.S. Army Transport Edmund B. Alexander was slowly cruising from the New York harbor into the Atlantic Ocean. Not a sound could be heard from the troops. Only the gentle lapping of the waves against the ship’s stern broke the stillness of this bright October morning. Suddenly a quiet tremulous voice penetrated the silence with: “There she is guys! Wave Goodbye to the Lady!”

The “Lady”—the Statue of Liberty—was gliding by on the starboard railing. The Lady began to fade into the skyline of New York City as the troops waved those khaki clothed arms in their salute to the Lady.

A second voice which was somewhat stronger than the first shouted: “Three cheers for the Lady” and the entire deck erupted into an explosion of three great “hurrahs” that echoed across the entire harbor. Even the ship’s captain could be seen saluting from his post high on the ship’s bridge.

As the deck became quiet again, the seriousness of this voyage once more claimed the minds of the G I’s. One in particular said to his shipmate, “When will we see the Lady again?” His buddy responded, “I just hope and pray that we will actually see her again”.

These heartfelt sentiments were shared by the soldiers of the 291st Regiment of the 75th Infantry Division. They had just departed Camp Shanks near New York City and were bound for Europe. You can be assured that all the troops were harboring those same questions as expressed by those two shipmates: Would they survive this voyage? Would they survive the battles that were underway in Europe? What was their destiny?

As the troop transport sliced through the blue waters on its eastward journey, one soldier, a truck driver attached to the Cannon Company of the 291st Regiment, was having flashbacks of his past six months Army experience.

He recalled being awakened very early on the morning of the

past June 6th to a blast from the loud speakers in his barracks back in Kentucky: “The Allies have landed in France. The invasion of Europe has begun!” He and his barracks buddies let out a cheer---a very subdued cheer---knowing that soldiers like themselves were now in extreme danger.

The sergeant at the end of the bunk rows quietly said, “Well, I guess we missed that one!

Will probably be needed for the next invasion! Maybe Southern France or someplace like that”. The 75th had been undergoing intensive training since April at Camp Breckenridge in western Kentucky preparing for combat duty. Rumors were rampant that the 75th was being trained to take part in the invasion of Europe. The Army thrived on rumors. Few, if anyone, could foresee the strategy that would be needed to subdue Hitler and his Nazi crowd that had overwhelmed most of Europe.

All these streams of reminiscence wove through the mind of the soldier truck driver as he gazed across the beautiful Atlantic Ocean. Fluffy clouds floated lazily over the ship. The ocean appeared as smooth as a table top. Just a few whitecaps broke the surface.

The ships in this convoy were proceeding on a “zigzag” path to thwart any attack from German U-boats. Additional security was supplied by several Navy destroyers patrolling the convoy’s perimeter. The truck driver soldier felt safe yet apprehensive. Just what the future might hold in the coming weeks and months was foremost on his mind.

While lounging on the deck, the 291st soldiers heard a shout from one of the sailors standing guard on the railing: “Here she comes”. He pointed to just a speck on the horizon to the rear. He elaborated that it was the famous Queen Mary on her usual solo voyage as a converted troop carrier. The Queen always sailed without escort since her speed assured her safety from enemy submarines. The soldiers continued to watch as this majestic vessel moved rapidly through the seas. In a few hours the Queen was ahead of the convoy and eventually out of sight destined for its European port of call.

Every morning the soldiers assembled on deck for exercises to keep in top physical condition. That was followed by life boat drills. Each soldier had a life preserver and a full Army back pack of equipment which made for a cumbersome task of climbing into life boats. You can be certain that the guys were taking this rehearsal very seriously. They know if they hear the command: “To the lifeboats”--- it is not a drill!

The sailing of the USAT Edmund B Alexander moves steadily eastward. With the ocean being so smooth, not a single case of seasickness was observed. This ship appeared to be among the largest in the convoy. The scuttlebutt was that the top officers of the 75th Division—the Generals and staff—were on board so the conditions were top-flight.

As the troops awakened on an early November morning, they sensed that something was drastically different: the ship was not moving! As they rushed to the ship’s railing, they saw a welcome sight! Just a few hundred yards beyond the dock was a small city nestled among the hilly terrain.

“Where are we? Do we get off here?” are a few of the many questions being shouted at the sailors. “This is the port of Swansea, Wales. Yes,” responded one sailor, “you guys get off here!” So the sea journey of this unit of the 75th Infantry Division had come to an end. However it was only the first step to

Wave Goodbye... (Cont'd from Page 22)

confront the raging conflict that lay ahead.

The debarking of the 291st Infantry Regiment began in earnest. The troops were trucked to a rolling countryside army camp consisting of British Nissen huts. As the troops dropped their duffel bags on the wooden floor of the huts, they eyes were drawn to those names that had been etched onto the supporting walls---names of previous occupants. It soon became very clear that many of those soldiers whose names they were reading had landed on the Normandy beaches just a few months past. This was a sobering occasion for these new troops.

Once on land, the 291st guys had a huge task ahead. In preparation for the sea voyage, all of their equipment, including the 105 mm guns of the Cannon Company, had been generously covered with "cosmoline" to prevent rusting from the salt water spray. The cannons had been chained to the deck during transport. Now they must spend hours removing this sticky rust preventive substance.

With the "cosmoline" removed, the equipment was completely rust free and ready for action. When and where those cannons would fire their first shots was in the thoughts of every soldier. Several retired to their assigned hut to compose a V-mail letter to their parents, wives, sweethearts and friends. They were aware that these letters would be censored by a regimental officer whose duty it was to make certain that no military secrets were revealed.

The camp near Swansea, Wales was situated on gentle rolling pasture land. The troops soon got out the softballs and bats and the footballs for some exercise and recreation. The troop carrier ship's deck was not expansive enough to permit these games. Allowing a ball to be dunked in the Atlantic was frowned upon.

The Cannon Company of the 291st Regiment did not bring their trucks from the States that tow the cannons. On the 3rd day in camp, the motor sergeant loaded up the truck drivers for a short trip to Cardiff, Wales. At this port the army had assembled a large "motor pool" of vehicles of all description. From this pool the Cannon Company drivers were each assigned a vehicle that was described as a "Jimmy 6 x 6"-- a 2 ½ ton truck manufactured by General Motors---hence the "Jimmy" name. This type of vehicle had already established a reputation for reliability and dependability in North Africa and in the D-Day landings of last June.

This one truck driver was assigned an older model "Jimmy" that likely had been in the North African campaign. The odometer registered more than 5000 miles and looked a little "war weary". It was actually a civilian model with a steel cab that had been reconfigured for military use. The newer models had cloth cabs to save precious war time metal. The other Cannon Company drivers had drawn this cloth cab model. The driver with the steel cab was quietly kidded about his "unlucky assignment" of an older truck.

This vehicle was Army # 436981 and Cannon Co. # CN 14. Rumors are bouncing through the camp. They heard that the German army was nearly defeated and that the war would be over by Christmas. Hitler was reported to be nearly out of planes, pilots, fuel and manpower. The Russian front had seriously depleted the German war effort plus the invasion of Western Europe has proceeded quite well. General Patton's

armored tanks had made spectacular progress toward the German border.

These weary Allied troops and equipment had been on the front lines in combat since June and need a rest. The 75th Division was rumored to relieve those soldiers and take up those front-line positions as winter approaches. The crossing into Germany would likely be delayed until next spring due to the flooding of the border river. Again, this was the famous rumor mill at work in the army.

The Stars and Stripes army paper earlier reported that President Roosevelt had been reelected for a fourth term. Another item in the paper referred to an event that happened three years ago--- Pearl Harbor Day on December 7, 1941. The Cannon Company drivers quietly shared what they were doing on this date in 1941. None were in service and two were still in high school. Another was the driver for the family livestock trucking business. Three were in college as was the status of this truck driver.

The next day, December 8th, dawned with the news to prepare to leave the camp. The destination was not yet stated, but all indications were that the truck convoy would be driving across Wales and England for a port on the coast of the English Channel.

The rumors were correct. Two days later the 75th Infantry Division was assembled at Southampton, England. This extremely busy port was nearly overwhelmed by ships of all description. Landing Craft Infantry (LCI) and Landing Ship Tank (LST) were nudged up to the docks awaiting their next cargoes for that challenging "channel crossing". The Cannon Company truck drivers were instructed to line up their trucks on the dock facing the yawning jaws of an LST whose cavernous belly would transport their vehicles and equipment across the channel.

As they gazed across the English Channel, the men of the 75th silently pondered what awaited them when they debark on the shores of the continent of Europe in a few hours. One soldier opened his calendar to the date: December 10, 1944. He thumbed back to an earlier date: October 22, 1944---That is when he "Waved Goodbye to the Lady".

UP FRONT — Bill Mauldin

*"Don't startle
im, Joe—
it's almost full."*



THE EXPENDABLES

By Michael Linqata, 35th ID

The Germans had broken through the American lines in Belgium on December 17th, 1944. The General Staff ordered General Patton and his troops to disengage the battle in Habkirchen, Germany and to join the battle in Belgium. On the way we stopped on Christmas day in Metz, France. Here we got hot turkey dinner. This was my last hot meal for the next three and one half months. Christmas morning the 134th Regiment was assembled and roll call was taken. The officer in charge would shout out "Company A" and the top non commissioned officer would typically respond "All present or accounted for". Second Platoon was all lined up but there were no non commissioned officers to respond in the second platoon. I guess because I was the medic, the men prevailed on me to respond. My reply was "All's present that's present". I was afraid I would be reprimanded. I wasn't. I found out later, that all that were missing, had been sent up ahead into Belgium in jeeps, to scout out the front lines.

On the 26th of December, the 134th Regiment moved to the vicinity of Arlon, Belgium. From there we pushed on in conjunction with the 4th Armored Division to relieve the One Hundred and First Airborne, that was surrounded in Bastogne. We opened and held open the road so that supplies, and ammunition could be brought into Bastogne. The 35th Division fought from Alon, Belgium, which was about 3 kilometers from Luxembourg to and beyond the town of Bastogne. We fought in and out of Luxembourg and Belgium. While I was with them we freed Bigonville and Boulaide in Luxembourg. In Belgium we liberated Tintange, Viller-La-Bonne-Eau, Lutremange, where we dedicated a plaque to the 35th Division and to General Patton on Saturday the 14th of September 2002, Lutrebois (where I celebrated New Years Day—see page 12) and Marvie, where I had to surrender twenty wounded men. The average life span of an infantryman, in the European Theatre, in WWII was about 10 to 15 days. Some were lucky, they lived longer, some not so lucky, and they died or were a casualty much sooner. The hazards that we faced from the enemy were from the artillery and mortar shells, land mines, booby traps, tiger tanks, small arms fire, trench foot, frozen feet, and battle fatigue. I don't remember a hot meal in the front.

We could not light a fire or light a cigarette in the open, because it could give away our position to the enemy. We spoke in whispers or not at all, we did not want the enemy to hear or see us. We wanted to be alert, and be prepared, at all times. We also had to face the natural enemy of freezing temperatures. The temperature was below freezing, day and night for over a month steady. When we had the opportunity we would dig a foxhole, and hope that we would be able to use it for a day or two. This provided some shelter and a degree of safety, from incoming shells or a sudden enemy attack.

The typical foxhole was about four feet deep and three feet wide and about five feet long. There were usually two men to a foxhole. At night one man was on guard while the other tried to sleep. If we had enough time we would build a roof over the foxhole and leave an opening about two feet by three feet. The roof would be logs and branches over the foxhole, then our pup tent over that, and then earth that we had removed was put over the pup tent.

We almost never had the luxury of using the same foxhole more than a day. Sometimes we thought we were going to hold a position, then start a foxhole, have it partially done, and then leave it for another position and then start another foxhole. We no sooner got settled down, and then we were again on the attack.

The Army General Staff expected the fighting to be over before cold weather set in, and did not order or supply us with warm clothes. Frostbite affected our feet, hands and ears. Also trench foot was not that unusual. Leaving ones shoes and stockings on for long periods of time, often times wet, cold and dirty caused this. If an emergency arrived we might not have enough time to put on our shoes. To survive in these frigid conditions, we wore long Johns- two pairs of woolen stockings, our army boots, two pairs of pants, two shirts and a tie, a sweater, and a coat. On our head, army issue wool cap, a helmet liner, and the steel helmet.

The ground was frozen solid and there was a foot or more of snow, and it was cold. As might be expected, high fevers sometimes disabled men. Because of the stress of battle, some men suffered mental breakdowns; we called that battle fatigue. These men would become hysterical, cry and sometimes shed tears. We looked at them and thought that they had gone crazy. In reflection, I wonder, they got away from the front lines and the terrible danger. The rest of us fought, at considerable risk. Who was crazy?

A few men were lucky; they received million dollar wounds. These were minor wounds that required the injured to be evacuated to the Field Hospital to recuperate, sometimes for a week or two. Once healed that soldier would be sent back to the line. I met a man that claimed that he was wounded and sent back five times.

Unlike the Air Corps, or the Vietnam veterans later, there was no tour of duty; we were there for the duration, if we could survive. There was no rotation for the infantrymen in WWII. The front was in a constant state of flux. We were never quite sure where the enemy was. To know, sometimes required patrols to be sent out. Our platoon was ordered to send one out, and as I was the only medic, and the men would not leave without the medic, I volunteered to go. We covered five or six miles. We were very fortunate there was no enemy in the area. If there had been we would have been dead ducks. Headquarters would make decisions, based on this type of information, as where to deploy men and supplies.

When we were on the attack or doing a patrol, we kept five yards apart from each other. This would ensure that only one or two at a time would be wounded or killed, with an enemy shell burst. The medic's position was always last in line. One day at dusk while near Bastogne, we were ordered to move into position, to support Company B. They were located about a mile away. Sergeant Masse led us. When we arrived the captain of Company B told us to set up a position across the road. We did and started to dig in. By this time it was dark. There, we were ambushed by snipers with burp guns. These Germans were about fifteen feet above us, up in the trees. They caught us unaware, opened fire and used strong flashlights to spot us. Sergeant Masse kept his composure, and ordered us to follow him out of the area. We did, and then we crossed the street, to rejoin Company B. They were not there. So we headed back to our last position. We went single file, fifteen feet apart, up a gully on the left side of the road, all the time keeping very low,

The Expendables... (Cont'd from Page 24)

and very quiet.

As we went up the hill, we heard a company of German soldiers on the right side, across the street. Then our platoon stopped moving. Again I was the last man in line, and I was very concerned about my safety. Apparently, a German soldier had seen something and crossed the street to investigate. Before he could do anything, our men got the draw on him. About that time I came up from the rear. I asked if he had any weapons on him. Our men had removed a revolver and holster, and did not think that he had any more weapons. I was not comfortable with that answer. I did another body search. He had a P38 revolver tucked under his belt, under his coat, that I removed. We led him up the hill to a newly set up American checkpoint. The new troops, first suspected us of being Germans in American uniforms. They asked us for our password, we had none. After a few minutes, they let us through. Then we commandeered a Jeep, put the German on the front of the hood, and drove him up to Company Headquarters. There to be interrogated. We were proud that we turned disaster into success. However the captain was not happy with us. In headquarters, on a further search, they found this German to have a stiletto knife in his boot, that we missed. The P38 was mine. However, I was captured a few days later. Someone from headquarters company, instead of me, probably took it home as a war trophy.

Shortly after this, during that same week, we were on patrol and had stopped at the edge of the woods, before we left our cover, to look around. Suddenly, we spotted two German snipers walking across a clearing in front and below us. They were wearing white camouflage uniforms and were carrying long barreled snipers' rifles. We set up our machine gun and fired. They were just within range. We got one of them. A trail of blood went into the woods where they ran into for safety. It is possible that these were the same snipers that had ambushed us a day or two before.

On New Year's Day, 1945 we were on the attack again. We were advancing through farm country in Lutrebois, Belgium where we were temporarily held up by a stone fence about four feet high. The Germans knew that we were advancing and they had us zeroed in by their artillery and motor shells. They were landing very close and it was only a question of time before they would land where we were. The sergeants were the first over the wall, and the rest of the men were supposed to follow them. Because I was the medic I was to be the last one over the fence. The men had good reason to fear for their lives, and were reluctant to follow the sergeant. I saw it differently; I feared that if we remained there, enemy artillery or mortar shells would surely hit us.

I made a vain attempt to cheer the men up by wishing them a happy new year with each incoming round of German shells. That did not cheer the men up. Then I tried to shame them by asking if "they wanted to live forever". They saw no humor in anything I said (the average age of these men was only eighteen or nineteen years old). I wanted these men over the fence, because we were in mortal danger to remain there, and I had to be the last to leave. We did all cross the fence after some hesitation and we did attain our objective that day.

The one night that we were quartered in a farmhouse in Marvie before the last day, something happened, that struck us as very

funny. One of the men had to respond to nature. He went outside and alongside the building that we were staying in, to do his duty. When he went outside the night was very quiet. However when he took his pants down, the German artillery shells started coming in. He was caught with his pants down. He received a small piece of shrapnel in his rump. He came back into the building on all fours, crying out, "I'm hit, I'm hit." Still with his pants around his knees. We all had one really good laugh. Here he was with a minor wound, and he would be out of action for a week or two. This is what we called a million dollar wound. He was the luckiest man there. And a purple heart to boot. I was prepared for most eventualities. When I could, I would go to the battalion aid station and load up with medication and pills for the men. The medication was in large glass candy jars. All properly labeled as to use. The blue ones were for constipation. The red ones for dysentery. The yellow ones for a cold virus. I would dispense them according to the color and the condition of the sick. I also had medications for sore muscles, and headache pills. Mostly I had to be well prepared for serious wounds.

When a soldier was wounded, the call went out immediately for the "Medic". The medic would rush to the wounded man, cut his clothing to expose the wound then remove the medical pack from the wounded's belt, and use that first. This consisted of a compress, sulfur powder and a vial of morphine. Most men at the time were afraid of addiction and usually protested the use of the morphine. All the wounded received this drug. It was necessary to calm them down and to avoid pain. Otherwise pain would be felt about a half hour later. As soon as possible, depending on battle conditions at the time, the wounded would be rushed to the battalion aid station. Usually located less than three miles behind the lines. I don't recall myself or anyone else, shedding a tear, when a fellow soldier was wounded or killed. We thought that the dead were lucky. We knew that the dead were all going to heaven. A merciful God would not send them to hell again. It was all over for them.

The less seriously wounded were also lucky. They would go to the hospital to recuperate; they too would be away from danger, and into a clean warm bed. I only felt sorry for those with very serious wounds that they would have to live with. Such as loss of arms or legs, or bad stomach wounds. But still we shed no tears. We could be next. From the battalion aid station, the wounded would be transported to a Field Hospital. If the men had extensive wounds they would then be sent to England or to the United States.

Our Infantry Divisions were about thirteen thousand men when fully staffed, three regiments in each division. At full strength there were 48 men to a platoon, 3 platoons to a company. In the 10 month period of serving in the battles of Europe, 600 different men were in and out of Company D, second platoon, 134th Infantry Regiment. This was because the casualties were so high and these men were killed, wounded, sick or captured. About 1800 men in 12 front line companies in the Infantry Regiment took the vast majority of the fatalities. These were the men in the rifle and heavy weapons companies. The other parts of the Regiment were made up of the support troops. These included headquarters companies, supply companies, field artillery, cooks, mail clerks, truck drivers, engineers, support tanks, motor pool, field kitchens, ordnance, bands and cannon companies, etc. These were usually safer positions and suffered far less casualties. These were a mile to three miles behind us, and sometimes more.

The Expendables... (Cont'd from Page 25)

The sounds of war could be deafening when there was an artillery barrage on top of us, or when we were in the middle of a fire fight. And at other times the sounds were deadly quiet. These were times we did not want to be heard and we would be listening, least there be some enemy activity, nearby. Immediately after each of the artillery barrages that the Germans laid on top of us stopped, I got out of my foxhole and looked around to see if any of our men were wounded or killed. One of these times after I tended to the wounded, I saw one of our men lying on the ground, face up, eyes open, part of his skull blown away, and half of his brains hanging out of his head. There was no blood because he died instantly. Then I did a strange thing. I gently put his brains back into his head, I bandaged him up and put his helmet back on. Somehow I did not think it proper for him to be buried with his brains sticking out of his head. I'll never forget that macabre event.

The sights of war were devastation of homes, farms, walls, and churches, burnt up trucks and blown up tanks. Artillery shells, mortar shells, shells from the tanks and bazooka shells mostly caused this. Both the Germans and we caused this damage. We saw dead animals, such as cows and horses with swollen bellies, laying on their backs and their feet pointed to the sky. We saw animal parts, and human arms and legs scattered about. Also the bodies of dead Germans and Americans some crushed beyond recognition, by tanks. The smell of war can better be described as a "stench". It was a mixture of dead and rotten animals and human parts. Add the smell of dynamite, the smell of burning buildings and the smell of burnt human and animals. It was a stench that will never be forgotten. To give another view of the horror and destruction of war: The village of Houffalize, about six miles north of Bastogne, with a population then as well as now of one thousand people, two hundred civilians were killed and only four homes were left standing after the Americans liberated the town. And yet, they were happy to pay that high price just to get rid of the Germans.

My assignment as a combat medic was no more or less dangerous than an infantryman. We were in the same foxholes. Because medics did not carry arms, we were not considered as combatants. Infantrymen, and all the others in the combat zone received extra pay, but not medics. From St. Lo, France where the 35th infantry first engaged the enemy, to VE day when the European War was finally declared over, for each one of us left alive in the front probably ten to fifteen men had come and gone. Those missing, were all killed, captured or wounded. This was typical of the price that the infantry paid in ten months of heavy fighting. In my eleven days as a combat medic with the second platoon of Company D, before we were ambushed on January 4th, "45", we lost a man that was hit by shrapnel in the rump (pg 13), one who was caught out in the open when the artillery shells were coming in (pg 15), two that I sent back to the aid station because they had high fevers, we lost our Master Sergeant because he was transferred back to the States and two men that were hit by mortar fire on the way to the attack. That is seven that I recall and maybe a couple more that I do not remember. We did not start with a full complement of men when we left Metz, France. We probably left with about thirty men, less about ten, left us with about twenty on my last day of combat January 4th, "45".

MD/DC CHAPTER AWARDED BEST MARCHING UNIT TROPHY WASHINGTON DC



Scottie Ooton, 84th Inf Div 333d Inf Co H. Scottie travels all the way from Effingham, Illinois to carry the flag.

Our VBOB MD/DC Chapter marchers were a hit again in the 41st annual St Patrick's Parade in our Nation's Capital, on 11 March. They won the Best Adult Marching Unit trophy this year. They were preceded by the outstanding James Hubert Blake High School Band of Montgomery County MD.

The theme of this year's parade was **"Feed the Soul and Nourish the Palate."** The Grand Marshal was Cathal Armstrong, distinguished Chef & Entrepreneur for this year's 2012 parade.

The Gael of the Year was Michael F. Curtin, Jr., of the DC Central Kitchen where he turns leftover food into millions of meals for thousand of at-risk individuals while offering nationally recognized culinary job training to once homeless and hungry adults. The Good Lord blessed the day with low 60 degree weather which also brought out the crowds for a beautiful Spring Day. The three hour parade was a delight to the children and those who would be Irish for the day, as floats, marching bands, drill teams, Irish step dancers and a wide variety of revelers took over Constitution Avenue, NW between 7th and 17th Streets,

Our banner carriers again were Griffen Diday and Katie Kilmer. Mike Levin, 489th Armored Field Artillery, 7th Armored Division as well as our VBOB President, J. David Bailey, rode also to the delight of the crowds. Scottie Ooton and his grandson carried the American and Irish flags respectively. There were six jeeps this year. Each of these vehicles, WWII Jeeps, have been patiently restored and were driven by members of the Washington Area Collectors of Military Vehicles/Blue Gray Military Vehicle Trust.

It was a beautiful Irish Parade, the weather was a delight and the public was particularly pleased to see the veterans and applauded and cheered the group continuously all along the parade route. The reviewing stand gave our veterans a standing ovation as they passed.



VP Membership Mike Levin, 7th ArmD, 489th AFA Bn, A Btry

WE GOTTA GO!

by Tom Bubin, 10th AD

It was December 16, 1944 The precursor day of the Battle of the Bulge and the officers and 'non-coms' of the 10th Armored Tiger Division did not know where or why they were going when the order came down for all men of the division to immediately cut off the triangular patches on their uniforms and OD paint over the unit designations on their tanks and vehicles. The date was December 16, 1944. The order came down from General George Patton who was making the 10th Armored his "Ghost Division" and getting it ready to move 100 miles north from Metz into defensive positions in Luxembourg. Secrecy was paramount and none but the officers in high command knew where our "Ghost Division" (without identity) was headed. To this day there is suspect that General Patton moved on his own instincts. When he heard that the Germans had launched a huge "last ditch" offensive in the Ardennes, Patton had started to 're-position' his 10th Armored Division before any orders came down from SHAEF - Eisenhower's Supreme Headquarters - American Expeditionary Force.

Thus the lament by its lower ranking members: "We don't know where we are going -" BUT, WE GOTTA GO. Lowly tank commanders like myself, Sgt. Tom Bubin, did not know that the Germans had launched a gigantic last ditch blitzkrieg in the weakly defended Ardennes area with the oil rich sea ports of Belgium as their target. Out-manned, out-gunned American forces were being overwhelmed and in full retreat of the crack German Panzer divisions which had the the sea ports of Belgium and splitting the Allied Lines as their military objectives. It was Hitler's plan to force an armistice because he knew all was lost after our successful Normandy invasion.

The officers of our 423rd AFABN were a tight knit group and 'like family'. Our Commanding Officer was Lt. Col William Beverley, reported to be, at 24 years of age (when our 10th Armored Division was organized in 1942), the youngest Battalion Commander in the United States Army. But he was brilliant, personable, likeable, efficient, fair and won the respect and loyalty of both the commissioned and non-commissioned officers in his battalion. Thus when the order came down to "go incognito" - it was obeyed. The officers told us 'non-coms'. "We don't know where - BUT WE GOTTA GO".

When I think about it now - I don't know how the planners put it together. How do you move 15 thousand men, thousands of tanks, vehicles and equipment over a hundred miles in 24 hours - with the defense of Luxembourg as its objective? I guess that was why General George Patton was a military genius. He figured out how to do it - navigating over a 25 mile wide swath of bad French roads, trails and cow paths, all the way into Luxembourg - from Metz in Southern France..

The Germans were completely surprised to encounter Patton's "Ghost Division, which had moved nearly 100 miles in 24 hours - suddenly blocking their path. Later, they also did not expect the savage fighting of the 101st Screaming Eagles Division which had been pulled out of rest camp near Paris to team up with Patton's Ghost Division in the storied defense of a little town in Belgium called Bastogne. Combat Command B of the 10th • Armored Division had taken up positions to block the roads into and through Bastogne a day before the Paratroopers arrived on the scene - but the 10th Armored Division was a "Ghost Division" - in action a hundred miles south of Luxembourg

THE BULGE BUGLE

bourg and not supposed to be anywhere near the area of the German breakthrough.

But this story, in the main, is about "WE GOTTA GO" and our route into the combat zone - which was not easy to navigate. It started from the relatively warmer area of Metz in Southern France. In just a few hours on the march - it turned to cold rain, then the further north we traveled - we met freezing rain and cold. Oh, it got cold in that all-metal tank! It was like the inside of an ice box.. My crew could cover up with a blanket -but it was up to "E.O." my driver and me, the tank commander, to stay on the alert. We could not go to sleep - or rest our eyes, unless the column ground to a halt for some reason or another - including gassing up, a bridge to cross one at a time or a road hazard to be circumvented. As we slowly progressed further north - then came the snow and the fog, and our MPH slowed down to a crawl instead of our planner's 5 mile per hour movement. After stopping dead in our tracks for an hour (and E.O. catching a cat nap in the driver's pit) I ventured out of the tank to see what the hold up was all about. .

I quickly saw the trouble. The narrow road we were on ran up the hill, which was heavily bordered by a forest on both sides of the road. The hill had been turned into an icy slide and tanks were piled up in disarray below because their steel treads could not grip into the slippery surface." Ah ha "I said," Now I can go back and get some sleep."

How wrong I was. On my way back to my tank, I saw a major in a jeep really earn his pay that day. He was moving our stalled column to the side of the road as he escorted a tank equipped with an earth moving blade on its front to the bottom of the hill. He cleared away the tanks piled up at the bottom of the hill and then plowed up the left side of the road to the top of the hill and came down the right side of the hill. Voila! No more ice. Just dirt. The stalled tanks regrouped and started up the road. Soon it was a muddy mess - but no longer slippery. As our column started to move, I thought: "No way the Krauts had a chance to win this war - with future Generals in our Army like that guy.

And after the war - many of our 'regular' officers made the rank of General -including our Lt. Col. Bill Beverley, Commander of the 423rd AFABN. He was a West Pointer. After the war the officers of the 423rd (who came back to civilian life) stayed in close touch with each other by telephone and letter. It became their custom to call each other on December 16th - or the 17th. The greeting was always." Hey Sam, or Owen, Carl, Bill, Dean....." "WE GOTTA GO!" and they marveled and reveled in their unbelievable, feat." 100 miles in 24 hours and we stopped the Germans dead in their tracks." The 10th Armored Tigers and the 101st Screaming Eagles made Bastogne a German "Waterloo." But you know something sad? We were the "Ghost Division". We never got any credit for being there. The 101st got all the fame and glory..

Here it is 65 years later, and the ranks of the men have been thinned to a thread of those who made this unbelievable 24 hour trek in rain, sleet, foggy mist, snow, ice and cold. - from Metz to the gates of Luxembourg city - where we denied the Germans entrance. And you know something sad? Because General Patton's mission was masked in the strictest of unclassified secrecy and it was pulled off so quickly - there is no official record of the feat. From the Germans, however, we earned the title of the "Ghost Division".

Now you know about "WE GOTTTA GO" and most of us - are truly..... GONE.

TRAFFIC JAM

by Hal O'Neill, 83rd Signal

During the Battle of the Bulge, I rode in a jeep of the Signal Company Message Center. We carried coded and non-coded messages between Division Headquarters and lower units such as the Regimental Headquarters. A fifty caliber machine gun mounted in the back fired over the heads of the driver and navigator in the front. The folding top could not be raised due to the gun and the windshield was flat on the hood to prevent reflections that might draw enemy fire. The Regimental HQs that we were trying to reach was on the move and their radio gave us two possible villages for their stopping place. We had no radio, but were given the information at the Division HQ before we left.

As navigator, I picked the most direct route, but the bridges were out and I relied on secondary roads. Some of these were jammed with vehicles and many had weakened bridges due to heavy trucks using them. I then went off the map to use small dirt roads that had intact bridges that could handle the weight of a jeep. Many road signs were down, missing or had been rotated by the enemy to give the wrong direction. After two days, we came to a better road with military traffic crossing a small river at the foot of a steep hill. The road went up the hill through a village built along the side of the road. Many buildings were burned or abandoned. A line of tanks, trucks, half-tracks and our jeep went up the hill and stopped near the top. The traffic had turned the snow into ice and a half-track slid sideways, blocking the road, with houses on either side. A tank tried to

go in back of a house, but the hill was too steep. The road had been built on the gentlest part of the hill alongside the river. The snow was too deep for the jeep, so the machine gunner and the driver went to sleep. We had K rations that we could cook on the jeep engine, but I went walking down the hill to find something better and to warm up by walking. The tanker and truck drivers were building fires from wood of wrecked houses and shared hot rations and coffee with me. A bunch of officers and some engineer troops were moving the half-truck at the top of the hill and ashes from the burned houses were used as sand on the ice.

We reached the top of the hill and in a few hours arrived at our goal, the Regimental HQ, ate at their mess and slept for a few hours before heading back to Division HQ with more messages. We made the return trip in one day since some major bridges were repaired. During the entire four days we never drove over twenty miles an hour because of the windshield lying flat and the icy roads. When night came, we looked for a place to sleep. Night driving was out because you could only use the blackout lights. We used wrecked houses, cellars for shelter and a few times, slept in the open.

When ever we saw a tank or truck stuck, we stopped to help, using man power to push or the winches on the larger vehicles. We were towed out of trouble more often than we helped since we had no winch on the jeep. It was so cold that it numbed your feet so you could not feel the clutch or gas. The driver used the throttle instead of the gas pedal. We wore towels over our faces and goggles or eyeglasses to block the wind of the moving vehicle.



VBOB NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT

*Please pay
Your dues
Promptly*
**Sign up a new
member!**

OUR JEEP

by Hal O'Neill, 8th Signal

It is noisy and. has no heater
But walking was a lot less sweeter

It bounces, bucks and spins it's wheels
And on fast turns it's tires squeal

On it's engine you can cook a meal
Somewhat flavored with hot steel

Our Jeep had a special flair
That gave it a distinctive air

it smelled of wine and chicken stew
Of gasoline and laundry, too

And to get food for our larder
We would oft times stop and barter

Or the Jeep itself would have a 50
And hit a chicken that was too slow

For in a helmet stew they are tasty
As we hid no time to make a pastry

A vacant house donated wine
That made the chicken taste just fine

And just to break the chicken habit
The next day we hit a Belgian rabbit;

To Marge

When we ride our home on wheels
Rain or mud are no big deals

This old two and a half called Marge
Across most of France has dodged

Bombs and bullets and Teller mines
A dozen or even more times

And when by night the V-1's roar
As they head for the English shore

It's shape against the misty moon
Is a silhouette of doom

And when that ram Jet engine stops
Under Marge **we** all do flop!

DO YOU KNOW ME?



VBOB Life Member Patrick Kearney (11 ARMD DIV) writes that Isabelle Copine-Picard, the owner of the Hotel du Sud in Bastogne, Belgium, would like to know the name, unit and contact information (if still living) of the American soldier who is pictured in the accompanying photograph. The G.I. was stationed in Bastogne before the "Bulge" began (before December 16, 1944), and he gave the photo to Isabelle's parents before he left town. If you can assist Isabelle, please contact her at the Hotel du Sud, 39 Rue de Marche, B-6600 Bastogne, Belgium. E-mail address of the hotel is hotel.du.sud@scarlet.be

Luxembourg Honors VBOB

by J. David Bailey, VBOB President

It was indeed an honor for me to conjointly lay a wreath with Mr. Luc Frieden, the Minister of Finance of Luxembourg at the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge Memorial at Arlington National Cemetery on February 13, 2012. The ceremonial event was arranged by his Excellency Jean Paul Senninger, Consul du Grand Duchy of Luxembourg.

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

Prior to this ceremony Minister Frieden laid a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier which his delegation witnessed at the Memorial Amphitheater.

The Minister spoke individually to all Bulge veterans present in recognition of their service to their country and Luxembourg during World War II. He was very cordial and warmhearted in his remarks to the Veterans and responsive to their comments.

I would like to compliment Consul Mario Wiesen at the Luxembourg Embassy, a great friend of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, who helped coordinate the notable event. Associate Bob Rhodes took some great pictures which were enhanced by a beautiful day and an exquisite wreath of fresh flowers.

We at VBOB are indeed proud to have the country of Luxembourg as our friend and comrade and I expressed these sentiments to Ambassador Senninger in a letter on the following day.



Minister Luc Frieden, VBOB President Bailey



(l-r) Lou Cunningham, 106th ID; Mike Levin, 7th AD; Minister Luc Frieden; David Bailey, 106th ID

2012 VETERANS TOURS

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.



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		\$

SHIPPING AND HANDLING:

Cost of items up to \$5.00: \$3.00

Cost of items \$5.01 to \$10.00: \$4.00

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

International Shipping: Please add \$4.00 to the shipping charges for delivery outside the USA

COST OF ITEMS: \$ _____

S & H: \$ _____

TOTAL: \$ _____

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.

MAIL ORDERS TO: VBOB-QM, PO BOX 27430, PHILADELPHIA, PA 19118-0430

Questions? Call 703-528-4058

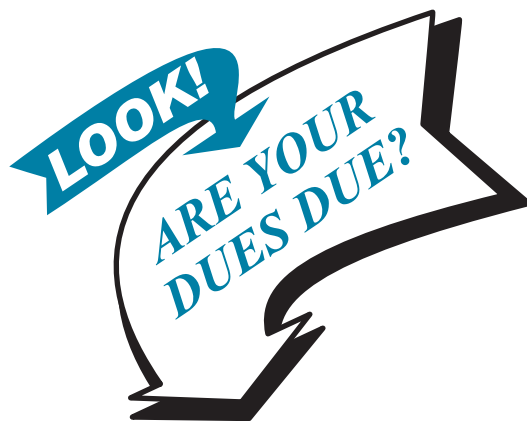
ORDER ONLINE AT WWW.VBOB.ORG





VETERANS of the BATTLE of the BULGE

P.O. Box 27430
Philadelphia, PA 19118-0430



NON-PROFIT ORG.
U.S. POSTAGE

PAID

SOUTHERN, MD
PERMIT NO. 3323

CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

May, 2012

PLAN ON JOINING US!
VBOB Annual Reunion
NEW ORLEANS, LA 🌸 SEPTEMBER 26-30

(See details inside this issue)

•Detach and Mail•

OFFICIAL USE ONLY



APPLICATION FOR NATIONAL MEMBERSHIP

OFFICIAL USE ONLY

Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge

PO Box 27430, Philadelphia PA, 19118-0430

ANNUAL DUES \$15.00

Do not write above this line

Do not write above this line

☐ 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